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MIDLAND BANK

HEAD OFFICE, POULTRY, LONDON, EC2

1965 No. 2



The Editor has asked me to contribute a few words to the second edition of "Facet." It may interest readers to know that when I showed the first edition to friends in the entertainment and journalistic world, it met with high praise and considerable surprise at the professional standard reached. I hope that the response to this second number will be at least as appreciative and that sales among girls in the school will be even greater than before.

"Facet" does not set out to be a chronicle of academic and other achievements which are more properly recorded elsewhere, as in the Speech Day programme. The aim of this magazine, as its name suggests, is rather to reflect the many aspects of daily life at Sydenham School and the varied talents and interests of its members. These have this year been given greater scope by the introduction of the house system, which is, of course, the greatest change which has taken place within the last twelve months. The new organisation has increased mutual awareness and co-operation among girls of different ages, interests and backgrounds. This is, perhaps, the greatest advantage which a large school has to offer. Here every girl should be able to discover, in preparation for life beyond school, that however much we may differ in external attributes we are indeed "members one of another."

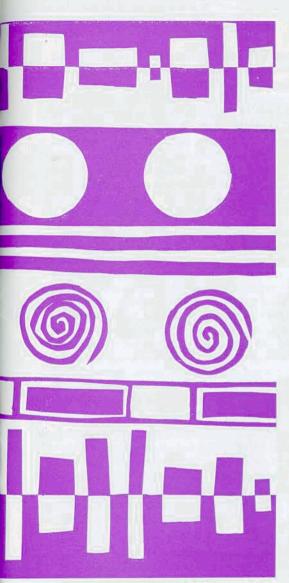
This year's reorganisation has made heavy demands of the staff, particularly of house mistresses and house tutors, to whom must go the warm thanks of us all. The rich and varied school life portrayed in these pages owes much to their efforts. Initial work is inevitably a vital part of any worthwhile task and in this case it has been surely done. I hope that in future we shall see house members at all levels taking an increased interest in and responsibility for the conduct of their affairs.

On the academic side of school life we have been fortunate, in these days of acute teacher shortages, in retaining a particularly well-qualified staff in all departments. All girls, therefore, have every opportunity to develop their abilities to the full and, as they proceed up the school, an increasing measure of choice in their range of studies.

"Facet," in so far as it constitutes a mirror of our collective talents and efforts, is, as the first editor put it, "a true representation of Sydenham School." It will, I am sure, continue to fulfil its early promise.

The Governors and Staff would like to thank an anonymous parent of a former pupil for the generous gift of £10, which will be used to purchase a trophy to be awarded each year to an individual girl for some outstand-

ing achievement.



C. Rowland 7th.

Editorial

This is the second edition of "Facet." As you may have noticed, the cover has maintained the same design; this, however, does not mean that the contents have remained the same. When you read this year's edition, you will find many new ideas and features. The school has seen many changes since the last copy on sale. We have said goodbye to many old members of staff, and Sydenham has seen a revolutionary change, in the "house system"; how this will finally develop will not be known until a few more editions of "Facet" have been to print.

When Hilary Dickson and Linda Andrews circulated among you in order to find out what you wanted in this year's edition, they learned that you wished us to interview a "pop-group"; no one will ever realise how difficult this proved to be! We wrote off to many "stars" and the replies slowly began to dribble in. The first came from Mike Sarne; we received an extremely nice photograph, some very interesting information and a letter which, to the great sorrow of us all, said that it would be very difficult to arrange an interview. However, we had some very enjoyable times, whilst reviewing the play performed by "Brockley County," interviewing Cathy McGowan and visiting "Ready Steady Go!"

I think that everyone who reads this, will find something to their liking, as we have endeavoured to satisfy all tastes.

Pat Winnister

Editor	Pat Winnister,
Editorial Committee	Linda Andrews. Hilary Dickson. Marilyn Hooper.
Literary Adviser	Mr. Shiach.
Business Adviser	Hazel Cadwell.
Advertising Manager	Mr. Leech.
Art Editor	Mr. Thomson,
Art Committee	Mr. Cowley assisted by Teresa Zaremba and Pauline Howes.

Our thanks to Miss Fleming, Pat Newman and 6.C. for their valuable help in typing "Facet" the second!

FUR

Fur is soft.

It has a feel like snow or the gentle touch of water. It gives my fingers a tingling sensation. It urges me to stroke it. It tickles the back of my hand Like feathery grass or the spray of a fountain. It is like touching a baby just out of the bath. It is very feminine.

It is warm and light and people love to wear it.
It makes me think of my big white cat,
Or the polar bears I saw at the zoo.

RABBITS

Rabbits for habits,
Rabbits for habits,
Why can't we have
Rabbits for habits?
While they sniff and snuff,
And we still stuff.
Why can't we have
Rabbits for habits?

Rabbits for habits,
Rabbits for habits,
Why can't we have
Rabbits for habits?
While they kick and scratch
We still snatch,
Why can't we have
Rabbits for habits?



V. Little 3G2

by 2E

AYLWARD HOUSE

24th July, 1964 (a memorable day in the annals of Sydenham School) saw the birth of the slogan, "tremendous enthusiasm and boundless energy". And on that day, after weeks of feverish activity, meaningless scraps of paper were endowed with life, three hundred names became flesh and blood. Purple House, for good or ill, had come into being! There was a pleasing boldness about that colour "purple"; it spoke of royalty, of vivacity, of richness, of elegant manners. Could we live up to it? That was, and still is, the question. Then later we found ourselves with a name to match, Gladys Aylward House—the house of that undefeated "Small Woman", the pint-sized missionary of indomitable courage and tenacity, laced with humour and a deep awareness of the needs of others. What a challenge for us all and how far have we met it in our first attempts to build the foundations of a lively, forward-looking house?

Well, we certainly have all the necessary ingredients; a keen staff, anxious to use their many and varied talents for the benefit of us all; a fine body of prefects, ably led by Rita; competent officials in the fourth and third year, and some lively first and second years. Countless activities have been introduced; something new is always cropping up to be explored, and explore it we always do. Charity efforts have been remarkably good; duties have been done with commendable efficiency and modesty; in hockey we have a most rewarding team; the parents' evening was a grand success. We look forward to an unprecedented number of house journeys. The senior girls will be sampling the mysterious dishes and exotic flavour of Spain at Easter, or they may prefer to commune with canoes, yachts, ponies and nature under canvas in Mid Wales during Whit-week. On many a summer weekend, hardy groups of girls will tramp the lanes of Kent, or add a light feminine touch to camp life for some of the lucky boys of Forest Hill.

With all this, and much more that I have no space to recount, it would seem that firm foundations are being laid, but no building will rise unless every girl in the house realises that she has a valuable and valued contribution to make. A cheery smile, a flashing purple button; these are just a beginning. Let us nourish the growing awareness that we belong to and are responsible to each other, and to the school. Then, and only then, will Aylward House be worthy of its proud name and royal colour.

One vital thing is missing from this first report—our united thanks and my personal gratitude to Miss Roberts and Miss Sutcliffe for their constant support and unflagging enthusiasm, without which your house mistress would have fallen by the wayside many weeks ago.

1.W.



THORNDIKE HOUSE

Not so much a timetable-more a way of life

It is no use pretending otherwise . . . meeting as a 'House' last September was very different from meeting as a year group. We were colourful; in more than one sense of the word, we were green; and we were nameless—but not for long.

By half term we were "christened" and we suddenly felt that we had personality and purpose. Dame Sybil Thorndike was delighted to allow us to use her name, and a gay little group of 6/7th Form girls met her at Greenwich Town Hall on a Sunday afternoon in December. We could hardly believe our ears when it was announced to a packed Hall that she had accepted our invitation, and that we were to meet her. At eighty-two Dame Sybil is full of vigour and joy of living—attributes which we hope will run through Thorndike House like a spark through stubble.

With Christmas came our first big effort to help others. Simply splendid hampers, twenty in all, and beautifully decorated, were sent to local old people. Only the girls who delivered them know the surprise and joy these old people felt; but their beautifully written "thank you" cards made many of us feel ashamed of our handwriting. This effort "made" our Christmas at school, though we had a middle school party and a film for the seniors. The Green Singers, just at this time, could be heard straining their vocal chords nearly every lunchtime; and if, at the concert, our lanterns shone more brightly than our voices, nobody remarked upon it. As a final festive flourish our Formation Dancing team won a small silver cup, presented by Peggy Spencer . . . It had been a good first term.

(All term . . . may it be said, everybody had been working very hard at most complicated timetables, in this, our 'new way of life.').

This term has been wonderfully lively! The Table Tennis team under Mr. Packer's expert coaching have won all three matches against other houses. Our swimming team, though good, did not win the swimming match against Keller House, but the standard of swimming and shouting was very high. Never have I heard so few make so much noise for so long.

We have been very proud this term of Thorndike House actresses—true, as it were, to the Thorndike tradition. Six of our girls had important speaking

parts in the school play 'Pygmalion' and four others worked hotly at the unglamorous chores behind the scenes. (All the term everybody is working very hard at most complicated T.Ts . . . !).

Charity efforts have been redoubled. Cakes have been made, sold (and we hope digested), cars washed, and wild guesses guessed. 1G1 collected £1 just by giving—which is the best form of charity, after all! The Green Plates have been held at the doors after Prayers on Tuesdays and gradually we have reached our target. Then came the day of decision. Through the Save the Children Fund, were we to sponsor one child or two? There was only one thing for it: we adopted parliamentary procedure "Those in favour of both say 'Aye'. The 'Ayes' had it and thanks to efforts by Staff and girls a receipt for £30 and two little snapshots are to be seen on our noticeboard. (And all the term everybody is working—at most complic.—T.Ts...).

On March 18 we sent a Greetings Telegram to Dame Sybil, who was opening that night in a new play at the Duchess Theatre. How thrilled we were when, a few days later came a reply from Dame Sybil expressing her pleasure in a characteristic way: "Bless you for thinking of me."

There is much more we could tell you about. Of calm young "first years' who face Television cameras with adult composure; of Dorothy, our House Captain, who did very well in a Public Speaking Contest; of 'The Two Pats' who go round with recording gear and interview such people as Cathy MacGowan; of Cheryl Godfrey who danced at the Carl Alan Award evening and came within winking distance of Princess Margaret (though I gather neither of them winked). (And all the time—everybody etc., etc.).

Soon the games tournaments will be with us, and those girls who go to Spain and Eire will not. Soon we shall be seeing a performance of the "Merry Wives of Windsor." All the Merry Wives are from Thorndike House and how pleased we are! All too soon public examinations will be here, bowing us low under a load of academic care. But the good temper and comradeship, which many of us feel in a free and easy relationship with one another, will carry us through. You see, it is not so much a timetable . . . more a way of life.

AUSTEN HOUSE

The first term has now safely passed and, in retrospect, appears far more successful than one could have hoped for after the first confused weeks.

This confusion of plans and ideas gradually crystallised and we were all able to see the lines along which we were developing, with the happiest results.

We have had a large group of girls going to the swimming baths regularly each Tuesday under the instruction of Miss Copp. The vaulting and table tennis every Friday evening has been supervised by Mr. Caplan, and the House Choir has practised conscientiously with Miss Barlow. Prefects such as Rosemary Long, Jacqueline Richardson, Diane Morris, Kathryn Rowland have taken on groups for various activities such as stamp collecting, netball, hockey and first aid.

In common with other houses, we entertained the new First year girls at the beginning of the term.

In December, the Staff and girls of the house made a splendid effort to raise the sum of £27. 0. 0d, when the parents were invited to a gift and toy sale, It would be impossible to mention all the girls who worked so magnificently by making toys, by giving their time to sell and by organising competitions. Mrs. Smith with a devoted band of girls made tea and produced light refreshments for the parents who so kindly made all this possible.

Over half of the money raised was put towards the cost of helping a poor family in Korea, whose miserable life in Pusan was revealed to us in a film shown on two successive days by Miss Copp, who devoted her lunch period to this task. We have undertaken to give regular help to this family.

Our Christmas festivities took the form of an entertainment and parties, to which we invited some old members of an L.C.C. home for old folk in Westwood Hill, Sydenham. Most of them are quite elderly and many had not been out for over a year, so that, simple as this was, it was quite an event for them.

We have started the new term with confidence, and are pressing forward with new plans which should make this term even more successful than the first. A theatre party to see "Maggie May" has been arranged while other outings are envisaged.

Above all there is a fine spirit shared by staff and girls alike, a good augury for future success.

J. E. Wrycraft

JANE AUSTEN 1775-1817

Although Jane Austen lived in an age when women had few methods of self expression and were expected to make marriage their sole aim in life, she was able to poke fun at the ardent matchmakers of her day. Her short life was spent in Chawton, a village in Hampshire, Winchester and Bath. The competitive life of the habituees of Bath is the theme of some of her writing, for she disliked town life. Her sympathies lay with country people, wealthy people it is true, but she had a firm conviction of the importance of the person, of individuality and of justice. Many great people have admired her work; Disraeli read "Pride and Prejudice" seventeen times, while Scott commented, "the exquisite touch is denied to me." Her characters are derived from the narrow world by which she was bounded, but, for all that, they are real and typical of the age in which she lived.



ELLER was just a name to most of us. After all, Helen Keller is not like Dame Sybil Thorndike or Jane Austen—a name whose greatness is recognised immediately. Some knew she was blind—a few that she was clever. We "looked her up" and a prefect told the house about her. We were mildly interested but still seemed content to call ourselves "Orange House."

Then one day, we all saw a film. We watched Anne Sullivan, Helen's teacher, trying to teach the blind and deaf child, who until the age of seven had grown up like a wild animal; because of her physical handicaps, her family presumed she was untrainable. Then, before our eyes, as the film progressed, we saw the dishevelled child, holding out her hands under the water pump, trying to utter the word, "water". For the first time in Helen's life, the knowledge dawned on her: "Things have a name."

Today, we look to a future in which something of Helen Keller's spirit her ability to triumph over great odds—will be imparted to every member of our house.

LIZABETH JOHN our House Captain, writes:

Having succeeded, or failed, for six long years under the "status quo", it would not be surprising if I were firmly prejudiced against the "newfangled" system which prevails now. Strangely enough, I am not. There may be two possible reasons for this unexpected attitude. The first, and less worthy, may be that I am now, in my old age, "on top of the heap" (or nearly!) As "I am all right, Jill", the new order suits me well. The second is that I genuinely feel that this system is better, both from a social and an academic standpoint. The opportunity is now equal, not more equal for some, and, with George Orwell, I know this situation to be right and just. So, while I have every reason to be conservative, I am not. Rather, I have enjoyed this year, mostly for the second reason I

mentioned, but with, I fear, perhaps a little of the first.

Mrs. Turner, our P.E. member of staff, writes: EVEL with Thorndike, holding third position in the Tournament! All Keller teams played well, especially our first years who will receive a shield for winning their section. They had two excellent teams and played a very high standard of netball. The second and third years probably met the hardest opposition as we have only one school team player in these years. Our seniors did well in their section, losing only one match each. The over-all standard of netball in the tournament was high and although Keller House can improve, the result was most encouraging.

A 1st year, Alyson Utting, writes:

OST, at first, we all felt, but soon found that the helpful prefects assisted us to the classrooms in the large school with which we were not familiar.

Our first house meeting was a complete success. Everyone was excited, including the first years, at the thought of having five new houses. We soon became accustomed to the new surroundings, although we sometimes lost our way in the long corridors of Sydenham School. Our form tutor was very understanding and helpful when we did not know to which classroom to go. In a few weeks' time we had appointed Group Representatives and Charity Representatives and that feeling of being lost soon wore off.

EVERY MONDAY—Chess Club meets.

EVERY TUESDAY—is Keller House Duty Day.

EVERY WEDNESDAY—Badminton and Table Tennis Clubs.

EVERY THURSDAY—Swimming Club.

EVERY FRIDAY-The House Choir practises.

REGULAR contributions to charity have been our aim, week by week, but at Christmas we made a special effort to help both blind babies and old people.

We sent a cheque of £20 to the Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Children, and we hope that the money will be used in furthering the work that is being done to ensure their happiness and welfare.

Towards the end of term, all the tutor groups in Keller House were busily covering cardboard boxes; many girls brought gifts, and in a very short time each box was full of Christmas fare. On the last Thursday of term, one representative of each tutor group accompanied Mrs. Spate to take these gifts to the old people at St. Francis' Hospital, Dulwich, and we hope that they provided a little extra for them during the festive season. We also bought a radio for the hospital, and we have since heard that this has brought many hours of enjoyment to the old people.

All the girls in Keller House have made a great effort to raise money, and I am sure that they will continue with their efforts for Oxfam this term.

E.S.



It seemed to shake the room,
The crockery fell from the cupboard,
And crashed in pieces on the floor.
A muffled groan was heard in the dark:—
The world could take no more.

The room was still again,
Then someone said to me "It's fate,
That's put us all into this mess,
All we can do is sit and wait,
Just wait for its return."

by J. Parker. G6

KATHLEEN FERRIER HOUSE

A revolutionary change was looming up at the end of the last school year. The reorganisation of Sydenham School from a division into years, to one into houses, was planned and discussed at innumerable meetings. The thought of my future house filled me with trepidation, followed me on to the Baltic Cruise, occupied my mind during the remainder of the summer holidays, caused sleepless nights and was predominant at the beginning of the term. At that time we were again staggering from meeting to meeting, discussing details, distributing the colours, ordering badges, fixing duty days, house assemblies etc... etc. All five housemistresses had from the start been in agreement that a house system was preferable to a division into years-in theory. How would it work out when put into practice? How would the older girls, steeped in the old tradition, react?

Well—the verdict of Ferrier House is that it works, it is a success!

At my first house assembly it was great to see the eager little faces of my first years lifted high to look at me, and, seated on benches (as a special privilege), my prefects and 6th and 7th year girls with slightly blase expressions on their faces, perhaps to hide selfconsciousness and apprehension. Being a housemistress certainly brings variety! We deal with everything, from lost hats to boy friend trouble, from scratched knees to examination worries. My prefects are a blessing! They run the table tennis club. the debating society, the swimming club. On duty days, they seem to smell where trouble is brewing and efficiently deal with it. Those duty days! They are exhausting for staff, prefects and all girls in Ferrier House, but oh! how rewarding when everything runs smoothly. Every girl gives a helping hand when called upon, whether she wears an Edelweiss. shield, bar prefect button or just a button. After all, for whatever goes wrong on a Wednesday, only we can be blamed.

The unavoidable frantic race to keep up with the next house has turned into amiable competition. We have won, drawn, and lost friendly matches against other houses in table tennis, badminton and hockey.

As in any family, the big girls look after the little ones—and after me. The fourth year monitresses soon made the first years feel at home, and at our Christmas Concert the older girls played charming

hosts to the old people who were our guests. The monitresses and prefects organised and ran the party given for the new entrants—and also later the grand farewell tea for Mrs. Stroud, did all the washing up and clearing away, cheerfully, efficiently, without being asked.

Dear members of Ferrier House, whatever you may think by the time I have finished with the button-less, hatless, mascarad, nail-varnished sinners, I for one am glad that the majority of you will stay with me for quite some years to come.

If all this sounds like a song of praise, well, so it is—because: "Our house is a nice house, our house is."

We have a great variety of activities in Ferrier House: we sing and dance and play the recorder; we play netball, hockey, badminton and table tennis; we swim and intend to go on rambles; we act and write our own revue; we publish our news-sheet and we learn to play chess. Our girls have distinquished themselves in many different spheres. They have helped to win second place for Lewisham in the Road Safety Quiz; they have assisted the police in catching burglars; they have brewed pot after pot of tea at the Retail Distribution Centre and instructed one grateful housemistress in the use of an adding machine. They have made splendid films of the Baltic Cruise, have knitted blankets for Oxfam, washed cars, made bookmarks and pop-blotters and performed plays for charity. They shine in musical activities of the school and house, and they won the Hockey Shield. They perform and help to win in quizzes on television, tap dance, ballet dance, formation dance, and perform in the Pantomime at Catford Town Hall. Two of our Head Girls are from Ferrier House and both Modern Language Scholarships, one for French and one for German, went to Ferrier House Prefects. At the recent School Play three girls were involved and one prefect was working feverishly behind the scenes. But they are exasperating too. When preparing for our grand Christmas Concert, they were delightfully vague right up to zero hour. They ran when they saw their housemistress approaching, but when they were cornered they did try to reassure and calm her down with encouraging answers such as, "Well-we are thinking about it." Or, being well versed in literature. "Something will turn up," or, equally vague, "I think we may start rehearsing soon." They were right, of course! Whilst their housemistress envisaged disaster and began to wish she had never invited anybody, they were in fact "thinking about it," "starting rehearsals" and "something" or rather many things, did "turn up." It was grand!

But then, of course, Our House IS a Nice House.

W.S.

JACQUELINE WOOLLARD writes;

Most Monday mornings, instead of going to assembly, the school prefects have a meeting with Miss Phipps to discuss varying school business. However, since it is first thing on a Monday morning, very few of us are sufficiently wide awake to put forward any worth while suggestion.

As House Captain, I see the girls into House Assembly on a Tuesday, and make sure there is a large plant on Mrs. Stammers' table so that the First-Years are shielded from the sight of her irate face when we've done something we shouldn't have done, and haven't done what we ought to have done weeks ago.

For the first few weeks of each term much of my time is spent making out new duty lists, only to scrap them and make fresh ones when prefects come and say they can't do such-and-such a duty because they'll be having French Oral, or their Optional has been changed or they're going home for dinner; if only all those prefects who can't do a certain duty could discover the fact at the same time.

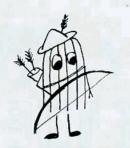
On Ferrier House duty day, I chase up prefects to do their duties, listen to the grumbles if their duty necessitates their going out into the cold or rain, and sometimes do duties myself when, through absence, there is no-one left. All this and 'drag' the weighty chain of office round with me all day!

During the week there are occasional meetings with the House Mistress—as we pass in the corridor—or when Mrs. Stammers comes to the prefects' room or yours truly visits hers.

This account is rather disjointed, but that's what it is like being a House Captain, rushing from one thing to another. However, I think the best part is the number of girls you get to know, and it's surprising what a difference it makes to be greeted with a smile or 'Hello' in the rush to the prefects' room.



Plin Minister



Roplin Hood



Kiplin



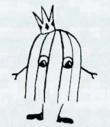
Aeroplin



Hasplin.



Dick Turplin



Plince Charles





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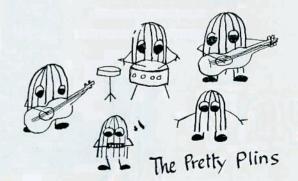
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Dumplin



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13





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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 £340 a year. By 20 you will be getting at least £470, by 31 a minimum of £735, plus certain allowances if you work in large towns (£150 a year for employment in Central London). 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 to the Women Staff Manager, 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

Barclays Bank

Money is our business

Pygmalion-Sydenham School

A last minute substitute and a twisted ankle minutes before the curtain went up, did not deter the cast of our school production of "Pygmalion." They proceeded to perform excellently on both nights. All the long weeks of rehearsal were rewarded for everybody concerned by the standard of the performances.

Any girls' school producing Shaw's play faces problems. The casting is all-important, and here Miss Garrood's professional "savoir faire" brought success. Vanessa Powney as Eliza was excellent, firstly in her "common" role, and latterly in her "more genteel" aspect. The exchanges between Eliza and Higgins, played by Jeanette Maykels, were taut and well-acted. Jeanette managed to produce a vicious bellow from her slender frame, that was guaranteed to make any malingerer in the audience jump to attention. It was increasingly obvious in rehearsal that Marion Wadey was gradually assuming the personality of Colonel Pickering, and so it was no surprise to us when she gave a faultless performance.

Sydenham's answer to Stanley Holloway, Georgina Polycarpou, brought a "bounce" to her part, whilst Sheila Imberg, Madelaine Batters and Jane Edginton made a thoroughly convincing, repulsive Eynsford Hill family. Hilary Dickson and Susy Way managed to appear as pillars of Edwardian society, in roles as Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Pearce respectively. Splendid support was given by the rest of the cast.

The "back-room" boys and girls deserve a great deal of credit. I have never known a show that went on with so little panic or harsh words. There was a happy atmosphere and everybody enjoyed being a part of it. The Art Department and, in particular, Mr. Latter, Mr. Thomson and Mrs. Wilson, are to be congratulated on their sets.

The Needlework Department with Mrs. Youles and Miss Weston, must have known their efforts had been worthwhile when the audience gave those gasps of admiration when Eliza emerged resplendent in that stunning yellow outfit. Miss Carey and Mrs. Tillotson gave of their time generously to take care of the lighting and make-up respectively.

To Miss Garrood, our director, must be all our praise. She brought a professional touch to the production, that revealed itself in the acting, the "pace" and in many other different ways. I hope she will be encouraged by "Pygmalion," and that we shall see more productions from her in the near future.

The Physicists-Brockley County

A very difficult play, excellently performed under difficult conditions, was the final verdict reached after we had seen "The Physicists" performed by Brockley County, in conjunction with the girls of Eltham Hill.

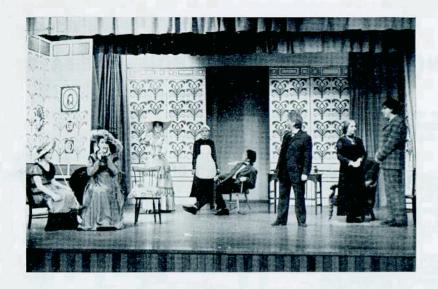
The stage at Brockley County was rather small, but the performers overcame this difficulty by using their limited space to the full. As the main character, Mobius, Graham Leworthy gave a superlatively good performance, and with professionalism portrayed the part of a man with shattered nerves. Costume for Mobius presented no difficulty, as he was a present day physicist; his two companions, however, Beutler and Ernesti believed themselves to be Newton and Einstein. Their costumes were very good and we congratulate the ward-robe staff.

Inspector Voss (Michael Cambridge) conveyed to his audience the personality of his subject, and with the help of good make-up, gave the outward appearance of a haggard policeman; the casting was extremely well done and this could be seen especially in the cases of Inspector Voss and the Fraulein Doktor. The Doktor played by Susan Coward took her part well. In the first scene, she portrays the part of an extremely concerned doctor, but after her third and best nurse is murdered, she exhibits her true mentally-disturbed character and this hunch-backed neurotic living in her own little world of the imagination, managed to hold her audience under a spell from start to finish.

Because the whole action of the play took place in one room, the actors could not risk confining their speech to within the area of the three walls, they had to act out to their audience; this difficult feat was achieved for most of the performance.

The Physicists were the three main characters of the play and the actions revolved round them; therefore their performances had to be almost faultless; in actual fact, they were faultless; they lived in a world of their own, and at all times performed for their audience, who applauded and responded with great vigour throughout. The play from the beginning was humorous, but it was obvious that something sinister was afoot. The combination of humour with tragedy was achieved with great success, and we congratulate everyone concerned with the play, especially the producer, Mr. D. J. Kelleher.

Pat Winnister





QUINT

There was an old lady from Wapping, Who had to do all of her shopping; She entered the store By the revolving door, And came out again without stopping. L. Andrews 60 H. Dickson 6P

There was a young man from Ealing Who walked upside down on the ceiling; The ceiling gave way, I'm sorry to say, Oh, what a peculiar feeling!

There was a young man from Hong Kong Who wanted to write a pop song; He sat up all night, But it wouldn't go right All it would do was go wong.

There was a young girl lived near me, Whose curly long hair one could see, But one day it was sheared And we all laughed and jeered, Because it wasn't a she but a he! Pat Winnister 6G

There was a young man from Harlow
Who couldn't make his car go!
He called a mechanic,
Who got into a panic
Because the diagramatic representation of the
Carbon molecules was spiflicated in the carburettor.

H. Dickson 6P L. Andrews 60

TRAVEL

SYDENHAM SENIORS INVADE THE IRON CURTAIN

As the jazzed-up version of the reveille once again blared over the dormitory loudspeakers, at the unearthly hour of seven o'clock a.m. aboard the M.S. Devonia, grunts, moans and curses issued from the sixty prostrate bodies of the Sydenhamites who had embarked upon the Baltic cruise, along with six hapless members of staff.

But today, nearly half way through the two week schedule of the cruise, was different. The faint throbbing of the ship's motors, and the absence of the swishing waves against the sides of "the dark and airless hold" (which was our dormitory), told us we were in port. This was no ordinary port of call either. We had, at last, reached Leningrad, and were behind the mysterious Iron Curtain.

Eagerly, the Sydenhamites rushed up the neverending flights of metal stairs to daylight and the lower deck, where the rails were already crowded by our eight hundred odd shipmates from the other schools aboard. So this was Russia!

On the quayside, which was a wide, flat expanse of concrete and lawn, were already gathered some inquisitive Russians, who had come to view the curious ship-load of English schoolchildren. Barriers were put up, to make them keep their distance, and gangplanks lowered, with a policeman in a little sentry box at the end of each, to check our identity cards if we disembarked. Then a most unexpected thing happened. A regimental brass band in full regalia seemed to materialize from out of nowhere, and commenced to play several lively, military marches, for the next half-hour to welcome us.

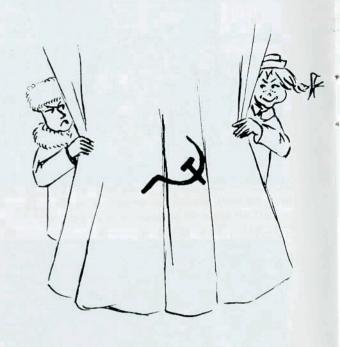
After breakfast, we were to go on a sight-seeing expedition and thirteen coaches were waiting to take us around the famous city. In our coach, as well as an English speaking guide, were two Russian students our own age, Yuri and Olga, who, although shy at first, soon became friendly, and pinned the metal

badges, which most Russian children seem to wear, onto our cardigans in exchange for our tin dormitory badges. (This, unlike the ship's officials, we considered no great loss!).

We spent the best part of the next three days viewing the beautiful and impressive old city, which included visits to the famous Hermitage Art Museum, the Peterholf Palace, and one of the many Palaces of Culture where we were invited to a dance and afterwards a variety concert of a very high standard.

Our visit to Russia, as well as the other Baltic countries, was not without some memorable events. On one occasion about twenty of us invaded the gardens of the Hermitage and proceeded to eat our packed lunches there. Since most of us were thirsty, Mrs. Walton-gallant soul, who had several sentences (words?) of Russian at her command, took four of us through the museum barriers to the bar. Unfortunately three of us were left behind in the crowd and were accosted by a large, bald Khrushchev type of Russian official who stood before us, gesticulating wildly, with a fearful frown on his face. Since we had no idea what he was so adamant about, we squawked for help at the tops of our voices. Mrs. Walton, who came rushing to our aid, suavely 'explained' to the bewildered guide that her innocent charges had no intentions of smuggling their Russian masterpieces in their outsize duffle bags.

Another memorable event was when our Russian friends were refused permission to accompany us in the coaches to the Peterhof Palace on the outskirts of Leningrad. However, undaunted, the boys paid about £3 (eight roubles) for a taxi to take them there. Being kind-hearted, we decided to smuggle them back with us in the coaches and there were four somewhat flattened Russians who emerged from the coach under the formidable gaze of the coachman.



The unfortunate boys had had to be concealed by two females sitting on top of them!

Unfortunately, as all good things, our visit to Leningrad came to an end. Amidst multi-coloured streamers and cheering accomplices, we waved goodbye to our Russian friends on the quay-side, regretful yet happy to be returning home.

Chastity Bernstein (Anita Muscio) 6th Form

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

As the end of term drew near, everyone began to think of their holidays, especially those who were going to Czechoslovakia. Soon Tuesday, 28th July arrived and all 29 girls met Miss Carey, her sister and Mrs. Spate at Victoria.

At 11.30 a.m. we took the Dover/Ostend boat and then boarded the awaiting Swiss Continental Express Train, travelled through Belgium, and reached the frontier at 8. 0 p.m. The next part of the journey was by night and we arrived at Nuremburg at 3. 0 a.m., where we had a continental breakfast and viewed the city. We then took another train to the Czechoslovakian capital "Praha," where we were met by our courier Radim Jetel, who accompanied us to the "Union Hotel."

On our first complete day in the city of Prague, we went sightseeing and saw many beautiful and ornate buildings, including St. Vitas Cathedral which is 1,000 years old. The next few days were spent in an excursion to Slapy Dam, Lidche and Karlstien Castle.

On the Sunday, we travelled by coach to Spindleruv Mlyn in the Krkonose Mountains (Giant Mts.): here we studied the resort and its surroundings, the following day we went to the tiny cinema in the centre of the village; the film was "Roman Holiday," which had Czechoslovakian sub-titles. In the afternoon we went for a walk up the mountains, by the Laber valley and then up the Bilbar valley which is a tributary of the Labar. Tuesday was the day for shopping for presents, and, that afternoon, we took a chair-lift up the mountain side, the car reaching a height of 3,000 feet.

The next day we returned to Prague by coach. At Podesbardy we stopped for a drink of the mineral water for which the town is famous. The following morning, we left the hotel to go to the station to catch the 11.46 a.m. train, and here we said good-bye to our courier; we were now on our way home. We arrived at Nuremburg, had dinner and then caught another train to Cologne. We soon arrived at Ostend where we caught the ferry to Dover Marine. Our trip behind the Iron Curtain was over.

Marilyn Wilsher and Lois Willoughby 6/7th C

MARCHANTS HILL

In July 1964, Mrs. Spate, Miss Knight and a party of 28 fifth year girls went to Marchants Hill. The party left school on 11th July and returned on the 25th.

Marchants Hill Rural Centre is situated near Hindhead in Surrey and it is run by L.C.C. All the buildings are timbered and stand in a clearing surrounded by woods. There are five dormitories, each named after a local place.

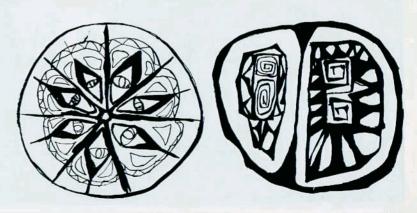
The camp has its own swimming pool, playing fields, outdoor gymnasium and table tennis room. The main assembly hall served many purposes; dances, films and the morning assembly were some of them.

There was a set routine for the day which consisted of rising at seven o'clock, washing, dressing, stripping beds and then breakfast and a general assembly. After assembly, each school had its own programme arranged, either to go to local places or bigger outings to places such as Guildford or Chichester. After returning from a day's outing, we showered, changed and had supper; we then usually went to our classrooms to write diaries and discuss the arrangements for the next day.

The rest of the evening, we either had dances, films or table-tennis; all of which we did with the other schools.

Although there were a few important rules to obey, these were not restricting and so a good time was had by everyone.

S. Deyes S.O.3





COME DANCING

After many hours of rehearsal, a coach-load of us went to the Empire Theatre in Leicester Square where we were to open and conclude the "Carl Allen Awards." We managed to pass the hordes of policemen on duty outside, and showed our "official" badges to the doormen. Once inside, we didn't have time to drink in the splendour of the surroundings, for we had precisely three minutes to get to our positions, and down onto the floor, ready to dance the gay "Finjenka."

The suspense as we waited for our cue from Mr. Eric Morley, the Producer, was agonising, but as soon as Joe Loss had done his opening spot, we ran onto the floor. The Count and Countess of Snowdon, Peggy Spencer our 'coach' and all the other important people sat just next to us, and smiled at us encouragingly as if they knew the agony we were going through.

The introduction ended, and we were off! I somehow managed to trip over Jimmy Saville's foot as he sat there smoking his outsize cigar, and jumped into Alma Cogan and Lionel Blair who joined us for the last part of the dance.

This finished, we watched the rest of the show from the balcony, where we had a superb view. Everyone was very kind, and the waiters smuggled us refreshments of which we were in dire need. After the Shadow's edition of 'Flingle Bunt' we were on again, and as I stood waiting for our signal, Peter West showed me the telegram from the Beatles—WOW! It must have cost quite a bit! When we started to twist, the Shadows came and danced with us; they were very friendly, and seemed as interested in us as we were in them. Jimmy Saville came over to talk to them and I must have looked a little sheepish, for he told me not to worry—he had hard feet!

Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon also twisted, and were surprisingly good; I tried not to stare, but it is not every day that one sees Royalty dance—and in such a manner!

At a quarter to twelve, we decided to leave, for coats and handbags had to be collected from the 'Cafe de Paris' just down the road, where we had spent the former part of the evening. Fond goodbyes were said to one and all, and we walked away, our feet showing the first signs of tiredness, after four hours solid standing.

The coach was waiting for us outside, along with a large chauffeur-driven car ready to bear away Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon. I felt quite grand as hundreds of people watched us pile in, very tired, but content, I did not feel like a Sydenham schoolgirl at all!

Cheryl Godfrey 6G

We arrived at Rediffusion House soaked to the skin, put down our bags, took off our rain hoods, and were informed by a large commissionaire that we had entered the wrong building. We trundled along to the next building where we went through a large opening, coming to an abrupt halt when we found it was a highly polished glass door. We walked up to the reception desk and asked for Miss McGowan, not realizing that we had mistimed our entry and were 3 hour early. Seating ourselves in front of the doors (which was a stupid thing to do, as every time the door opened we were nearly blown sky high by the draught) we decided to do a bit of star spotting to pass the time. Among others, we saw Sam Kydd, Wally Whyton (minus Pussy Cat Willum, much to our disappointment), Howard Williams and Harry Fowler.

At last, it was time to drag our frozen bodies to Cathy McGowan's office on the 6th floor. We were shown in by her secretary, seated and given a cup of coffee. We then commenced the interview; regrettably the tape recorder decided not to work. However we managed to take down most of Cathy's answers on paper. She told us an amusing story about when her mother bought her a new mac which was (as they so often are) too long, making her look like Olive Oyl walking down the road. So one day, in her needlework lesson, she took 3" off the bottom—the result being "HIDEOUS."

Cathy has two wishes; the first is that she could have long finger nails and the other that she could write a book. Her favourite artist is Cliff Richard; she claims that she goes "stark raving mad" at the sight of him.

She is extremely superstitious and refuses to walk

under a ladder, place her shoes on a table, or pick up her glove if she drops it. We were surprised at the fact that she doesn't like travelling and can't see how anybody could treat an aeroplane as a holiday camp.

As Cathy munched a buttered scone (her dinner), we asked her if her circle of friends had altered much since she had been on "Ready Steady Go." She claimed that it had not, but admitted that she is now friendly with a number of pop stars and journalists. She has never hated anyone she has had to talk to on the programme, but added that a minority of the pop stars are "big heads."

She enjoys spending any free time she gets eating fish and chips out of newspaper and could not care less what anybody says about her.

We asked her if she could give us a rough estimate of her wardrobe; she obliged as follows:—

30 pairs trousers. 4 watches.

15 hand bags.

30 jumpers.

37 pairs shoes,

and numerous dresses, suits and skirts.

After picking ourselves up off the floor, we found that it was time to end the interview. As we looked out of the window at the still-pouring rain, we said our goodbyes to Cathy and her staff. We made our way to the lift accompanied by Cathy ranting and raving over "The Fugitive" and "Dr. Kildare." We got in the lift and pressed the button for ground, but found ourselves on first. We decided to walk the remainder of the way rather than risk returning to the 6th.

Pat Newnam
Pat Winnister 6G

AN INTERVIEW WITH CATHY McGOWAN OF READY-STEADY-GO



J. Wilson 4SI

MODERN ROBIN HOOD

He switched off the headlights and glided smoothly onto the grass verge. There was a squeaking sound as he disturbed a nocturnal animal. He opened the door of his sleek sports car, leaned back to pick up his bag and stepped out. He was a tall man who moved silently.

No street lamps illuminated this part of the world; it was a quarter moon Confidently he walked up the long drive, He knew every inch of the way . . . he had to!

He did not climb the steps to the main entrance but took the path skirting the house from behind him. The pale moon reflected on the panes of glass in the french windows. Somewhere in the distance, a dog barked; he stood with bated breath, but not another sound came to his keen ears.

Within seconds, he was in the room; he drew the heavy curtains and switched on a torch, which he did not really need for he knew exactly where the

safe was. In five minutes, it was open. He left as quickly and as silently as he had come. The engine purred, and he pointed the car towards town.

After his quiet evening, he felt the need for noise, warmth and people. He left the car in an ill-lit street, as he had no further use for it. Some minutes later, he entered the warm, smoky atmosphere of Joe's coffee bar, which was almost full; somewhere in the smoky haze, a juke box was playing a hit record of several weeks back. He ordered some coffee, and took it to a table. As he drank his coffee, his eyes scanned the walls, which were plastered with posters and advertisements. He called to the barman for a large envelope on which he wrote boldly:—

"OXFAM . . . "

He stuffed the fruits of his night's work into the envelope and as he sipped the last of his coffee his eyes rested once more on the picture of a starving child.

by Helen Morrison 101.





5 Mann C. Townsend J Newmon . 45



THE END OF THE LINE

and Knit
and drink and sit and knit
and sit and brew and drink and sip and knit
and sit and brew and drink and sip and knit and dream
and sit and brew and drink and sip and knit and dream and sit and brew and drink and sip and knit and dream
and sit and brew and drink and sip and knit
and sit and drink and sip and knit
and drink and sip and knit

Sit

and knit and Sit

AND PASS

A FLOWER

A flower fresh and gay,
Was eagerly pursued;
T'was cherished for a day,
A toy for idle mood;
Its fitful purpose served
Forgot; T'was cast aside,
No tender care preserved
Its charm. The flower died.

by Linda Stout



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THE ANTEROOM OF HELL

His trembling hand slowly pulled the knife from the back of the body. Stupe-fied, he looked down at the blood seeping into the pale blue woollen jumper. He felt numbed. Why had he done it? What was he doing here? "I don't know!" he screamed. "Oh God! what have I done?" His voice echoed and died suddenly. His hand felt cramped. Looking down he saw the blood from the blade trickling over his prominent blue veins. Panic-stricken, he released his grip and the knife fell with a resounding clatter to the ground.

Impulse forced him to look at the still form on the ground once more. He turned it over but did not recognise the face. He raised his head, looking for some kind of help, and was for the first time aware of his environment. As his eyes roved over the stalactites hanging from the roof of the cavern far above him, he was reminded of the knife dripping with warm blood. Unable to endure it any longer, he ran, not knowing where, and fell against the icy stone wall. He clutched at the crude rock desperately but his finger-tips only seemed to feel the features of a human face.

"Help me, someone help me!" he cried, as he slumped to the ground with his head in his hands.

His dry throat and sweating face urged him to drag himself to a pool of clear water. Looking down, he saw his dishevelled reflection, and his eyes were immediately drawn to the ugly red scar round his neck. As if coming from the bottom of the pool he heard a voice say: "As a penalty for this most brutal murder which you have committed, you will hang by the neck until dead."

"No!" he sobbed, as his hands clutched the rope burns around his neck.

This abrupt memory of the past was too much. He got up and ran. Everywhere was ringing with laughter. Hundreds of blades dripping with blood seemed to hang in the air before him, and the face of the dead man jeered mockingly at him. Instinct made him run further into the depth of the cavern. He tripped, and as his hands clawed the ground in desperation, he heard a voice say, "Welcome sir, we've been expecting you."



HOW MANY LONDON DISTRICTS CAN YOU DISCOVER?

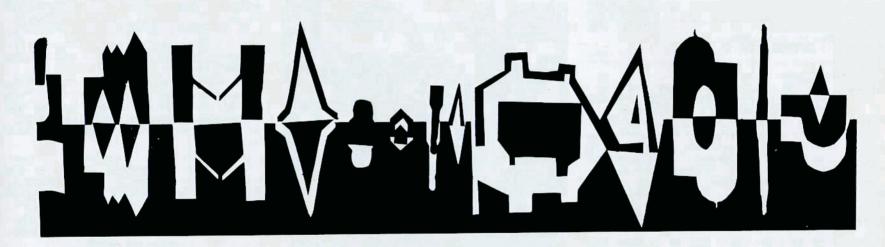
Example: Dirty Monks-Blackfriars.

- 1 Rough seas do this to bad sailors.
- 2 If a shopkeeper wishes to succeed he must do this.
- 3 A coloured old lady.
- 4 A nobleman's levy.

- 5 This was very fashionable for girls and P. J. Proby to wear.
- 6 A nobleman crosses the river here.
- 7 A noisy place this.
- 8 A feline crossing place.
- 9 A coming lawn.

- 10 A boring old woman.
- 11 This old woman must have kept sheep.
- 12 A church on the West Bank.
- 13 The hen seems to have the mastery over this pig.
- 14. An angry monarch.
- 15 An oriental pig.

by Miss Baker



ANSWERS:

East Ham.	91
Kings Cross.	τL
Peckham.	13
Westminster	15
Woolwich.	11

Dulwich.	10
Hither Green.	6
Catford.	8
.gnitooT	L
Knightsbridge.	9

TO HANG A MAN

We are sure that at one time or another you have all played 'hangman' but how many of you have delved below the surface of this game and realised what it must feel like for a man to be hanged.

As you can see by the two letters which we have printed, opinions on the subject of whether or not the hanging bill should remain, are mixed. This controversial difference prompted us to inquire amongst the sixth formers and staff to find their views on this topic.

We were somewhat surprised at the result. 28% of the girls wanted the hanging bill to be abolished whilst the remaining 72% believed that the death penalty should remain. The staff however were of a different opinion: 67% were in favour of the abolition, and 33% were in favour of keeping hanging.

We leave it up to you to make up your own minds; should we employ the rule of an "eye for an eye" or should we "turn the other cheek"?

Pat Newnam Pat Winnister 6G

67 Malling, Lewisham Park, London, S.E.23. 9th April, 1965.

Dear Mr. McNair Wilson.

I am writing I feel on the behalf of many people who, like me think that the death penalty should not be abolished.

Murders, of course, will never stop but let us at least have some hope that the thought of the death penalty will deter many a potential killer. Most murders are cruel and senseless and the people who commit them have no place in a society such as ours. If we let these people off with only a term of imprisonment they will kill again and there is only one way of stopping them. Sentence them to death.

People will not be able to sleep easily in their beds with the thought that maybe someone will be murdered that night and the offender going free. Soon people will be saying that people should not be shut away in a prison. These people are even more a menace to the society than the murderers themselves.

They say forgive and forget but nothing is ever as easy as that. How does one forget that one's child was killed, or that one's mother or father was murdered? How does one forgive? To say that the murderer should go free is as much a crime as to kill. Although you have not killed you may, by saying that, have helped to make up someone's mind for them. To kill.

Yours sincerely,

Janet Eddington.



28b Longton Grove, Sydenham, S.E.26. 9th April, 1965.

Dear Mr. McNair-Wilson,

There has been a great deal of talk lately concerning the retention of the death penalty. Of course, there are two sides to everything, but I feel deeply about this and would like to tell you my feelings. If this bill does not become an Act, there will, I feel, still be the same number of murders committed. The penalty of death has never deterred a would-be murderer.

It was written in the Bible, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Is this supposed to mean that if one living being is killed, another must also be killed? It was also written in the Bible, "Thou shalt not kill." It is true, of course. One should not, but if a man feels he is compelled to take another's life, if he has been driven beyond hope of return to commit a murder, then what can be done? Do these people have to die for what has driven them to commit this terrible thing?

Why must man always want to take revenge? To feel satisfied at having done what he has? There must be many a Judge or lawyer alive to-day who has spent many a sleepless night arguing with himself as to whether or not he was right to have put a man to death.

This thing is senseless. Is it supposed to give one a feeling of self-righteousness? If a member of a Jury or a Judge were asked, "Who, eventually, is going to be the one to benefit?" I don't think he or they would be able to provide an honest answer.

Could you, yourself, say to a man, "I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until dead"—to a man whose life had already been ruined.

Could you wake up in the morning, feeling like any other human being, knowing that a man, or several men, were dead because of your judgment?

There must be some way in which these men could be helped, and be put back into the world from which they were taken.

I leave this with you, Sir, to study, if you think it worth a little of your time.

Yours sincerely, Christine Sweeney (Miss)

This Year's Top Ten

1 One little word four little letters

2 UM UM UM UM UM UM

3 Tobacco Road

4 Climb every mountain

5 Donkey serenade

6 We'll keep a welcome in the hillside

7 Bread and butter

8 We're poor little sheep who have lost our way

9 What have they done to the rain?

10 Money is the root of all evil

Miss Love

Mrs. Stammers

Miss Roberts

Mrs. Dunnicliffe

Mrs. Dobbin

Mrs. Bennett

Miss Baker

Miss Barr

Mrs. Mackintosh

Miss Penny

The Facet Team

The Waters

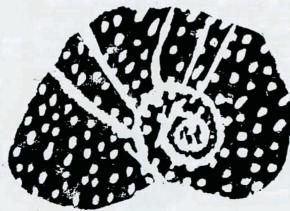
This world is wrong,
For this is not true life
God, if you're there make a change,
For Lord you're all.
Peace to this world would be heaven,
For God, if you're there, make a change,
The King of all!
God, you made us; don't destroy us,
For, if you're there, make a change.
Death comes day by day;
Lord You're all!
God, if you're there, make a change!

by Elizabeth Jones S.O.1

Rhymes

Meat and fat stuffed in skin, All tied up brown and thin; In the fire a spitting rage, On a stick just a sausage.

In its shell a little snail, Slimy stream from its tail, Heavy boot on its back, Nasty mess on the track.



L. Andrews 60

Change

Rushing, Running, past the motionless, Turning, Gurgling, through the day, Can't stop, won't stop, never will, And then, a tumultuous fall.

To the clear bubbling substance That no man will ever touch, Running free, dancing, laughing, Saying, "Oh no, you can't catch me."

Fearless gurgle, never stopping, Rugged pathway forming always, Dancing foam, lilting singing Oh! "Come back to me."

by Alyson Utting

I had just come out of the pictures. I was on holiday in Wales. My friends had left me and I was walking down the Crescent, when I heard footsteps close behind me. I wheeled round to find nobody. Imagination, I thought. As I walked on, I heard them again, heavy-sounding, just like my Uncle in "mine boots." I slyly looked round, to see what looked like a figure of a man darting into the doorway of Owen's, the butchers. I looked at my watch so that anybody behind could see me. I pretended I was late and began to run. Whoever it was behind me did so too. A horrible tremor ran through me. I slowed down, and so did the footsteps. I turned round! I could see a shadow looming out of one of the shops.

I began to break out into a cold sweat. What was I to do? I had to walk down the lane which had no lighting or houses, just fields, and then up the path. My mind began to spin, a voice inside me kept saying, "Run! Run! Run!" but I knew this would be foolish. My heart began to thump so loudly, I felt sure my pursuer could hear it. Suddenly, I felt like breaking down and crying, but what use would that be? I began wishing the ground would open up and swallow me; I also wished I had let my Uncle come and meet me. My heart began to beat faster, the footsteps became louder.

I decided to face my follower, but panic took over. I began to run for all my worth. Down alley ways, up them. Oh how I wished I was home, at least there would be houses I could knock on to ask for help, which I badly needed. Here the alley ways were between shops where nobody lived above. The sweat poured off me, my feet felt like heavy bricks. I had to slow down for breath, my mouth had gone all dry. I heard his footsteps coming towards me. I ran off once more.



FEAR

S. Newton 2YI

I saw my chance of escape. There were two alley ways, and a deep shop doorway. I flew into the dark back of it, just as the pursuer rounded the corner. I held my breath, as he stood at the end of the alley. I felt sure the heavy thumping of my heart would give me away. Just as I couldn't stand it any longer, he ran down the nearest alley to him. As soon as he had gone down it, I sped back the way I had come, my heart in my mouth.

I had only had a glimpse of him.; I could only-see him vaguely. He was of big build, with eyes of a wild animal in pursuit of his prey. I didn't stop running until I reached my Aunties. I banged loudly on the door. I got no answer. I was gasping for breath. Where were they? I would try Aunty Marlene's: as

I did somebody came round the corner of the house. I screamed as loud as my lungs would let me.

"HELEN!" my Aunty exclaimed. "What on earth's the matter?" she asked. "Your Uncle and I have been out looking for you," she told me sternly.

As she escorted me into the house, I told her of my ordeal. She listened carefully, taking in all the details. She then packed me off to bed telling me not to worry, and that she and my Uncle would take care of the matter, as soon as he arrived home. I sank down between the sheets of my bed, glad to have it all over with. Fear is a horrible thing to be in control of you.

Helen Grant S.C.2

YOUR STARS

AQUARIUS: January 20th-February 18th. Water Carrier.

Replace certain household articles or you're very likely to have a

few wet week-ends.

Unlucky Place-Drysdale.

PISCES: February 19th-March 20th. Fishes.

You will be in the swim this year, but be very careful or you will

find yourself in hot water.

Unlucky Food-Roe.

ARIES: March 21st-April 19th. Ram.

Don't do any gate-crashing or you will make yourself unpopular-

Unlucky Food-Cream-horns.

TAURUS: April 20th-May 20th. Bull

Be very careful in china shops this year and don't visit Spain in

summer for your eyes might give you trouble.

Unlucky Colour-Red.

GEMINI: May 21st—June 20th. Twins.

A case of mistaken identity could lead you astray this year so

make sure you know which you are.

Unlucky Place-Siam.

CANCER: June 21st—July 20th. Crab.

Although it may be difficult, avoid walking sideways. You will take the bait and be lured into a fishmeat factory with candid

results.

Unlucky Fruit-Apple.

LEO: July 21st—August 22nd. Lion.

Go for a screen test with M.G.M. and you will be successful (the other one's getting past it!). You'll find keen competition from

Lenny this year.

Unlucky Breakfast Cereal-Cubs.

VIRGO: August 23rd—September 22nd. A maid.

As in the past, white will reflect your character. You don't need

any advice from us as you've done all right up till now.

LIBRA: September 23rd—October 22nd. Scales.

Despite all your efforts, things just won't balance this year. Weigh up the pros and cons before making a major decision.

Unlucky Food-Fish.

SCORPIO: October 23rd—November 21st. Scorpion.

Don't bite off anyone's head for he might well be a very in-

fluential person; able to crush you.

Unlucky Place-Iceland.

SAGITTARIUS: November 22nd—December 21st. Archer.

Don't aim too high this year of you might get into trouble with

those above you.

Unlucky Place-Bow.

CAPRICORN: December 22nd-January 19th. Goat.

You will find you are allergic to mohair, so keep away from it.

People will try to milk your best ideas.

Unlucky Name—William.























A CAREER IN THE W.R.A.C.

CAPTAIN JULIE MELVILLE, W.R.A.C.

I suppose that I decided on a career in the Army in the first place because I wanted to travel. My parents had always travelled a lot and by the time I was ten I had visited most parts of Africa and quite a bit of Asia, so that I developed "itchy feet" from a very early age.

When I joined the WRAC in 1949, it had just become a fully fledged part of the Regular Army, and we were to be the first officer cadets of the newest Corps of the Army. It was all very exciting and we felt we were "making history".

The N.A.A.F.I. and the Q stores become real places

After we had passed our Regular Commissions Board we went to the WRAC School of Instruction. Here, places like the NAAFI and the Quartermaster's Stores, up till now something of a joke, became a reality! We were given everything at the Quartermaster's Stores from pyjamas to our Hartnell designed best uniform.

Commissioning and First Command

After eleven extremely busy months at the Officer Cadet Wing, I was commissioned and sent to command my first platoon of thirty staff car drivers in a Mixed Transport Unit at Hounslow in Middlesex. I was entirely responsible for running the platoon—looking after their pay, accommodation, food, working conditions, general welfare and advising and helping them with their personal problems. I also had to test their driving ability, map reading, and knowledge of London.

My next posting was to a similar job with a transport unit stationed at the Headquarters of the British Army in

Germany. Besides the British men and women working in this Company, we had two platoons of Poles and two platoons of Germans. There were lots of leave centres where I spent many a happy weekend either skiing in the winter or sailing in the summer. I managed to save enough money to buy an old car and visited France, Spain, Italy, Holland and Denmark during my two year tour.

After a period with the Army Team of Lecturers, I was sent to our Staff College for six months where we were taught about "paper work" rather than about "people". Much to my surprise I passed the course and was graded as a junior Staff Officer able to replace a man in a Staff Headquarters.

In Command in Hong Kong

Then came my most exciting posting so far. I was sent to command the only WRAC unit in Hong Kong. This was a "plum" job, as I was completely my own boss, the nearest other WRAC unit being some thousand miles away in Singapere. My platoon consisted of clerks, switchboard operators and postal workers. As we were the only servicewomen in the Colony, we were very spoiled by all the male units. It was a lovely unit to command—it was so small it was rather like a family and I got to know my girls very well. I seized the opportunity to visit Japan, Macao, Singapore and Malaya during my holidays.

After Hong Kong I came home to our only Regular WRAC Battalion in England at Richmond Park, Suttrey. I commanded a Company consisting solely of Postal Workers This was a complete contrast to my Hong Kong job because the girls were shift workers and I had to cope with all the administrative difficulties that go with that type of work.

Germany and then ...?

I am now back again in Germany working on the staff of the Joint Army and RAF Commanders-in-Chief. We not only work for them in their capacities as British Commanders, but also in their NATO roles as Commanders of Head-quarters Northern Army Group and Second Allied Tactical Air Force. It is fascinating working with the RAF and also with the Netherlands, Belgian and German officers who are members of Northern Army Group and Second Allied Tactical Air Force. Once again I feel that I am watching history being made.

I often wonder where I shall go next. It is a life I enjoy although of course it has had its snags like everything else. I have been given responsibility young, I have had plenty of variety both in the people I have met and the places I have visited and I feel that I am doing a worthwhile job! If you would like further information about the Women's Royal Army Corps, you can arrange with your Headmistress to visit a W.R.A.C. unit and see the Service at work, or just write for a W.R.A.C. booklet to The Director WRAC, Department MP I (A), (SYD/W20), Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London, W.I.



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INTERVIEWS

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE TALK TO TWO NEW MEMBERS OF STAFF

MR. LEECH, Head of Commerce

It was a bleak, windswept day as Pat Newnam and I trudged up the stairs to the art-room to interview Michael Leech. We sat down opposite our nervous subject who answered most of our questions. We found out some very interesting facts about our quiet Commercial head! Among his possessions, there is a model of a war time bomber which he has kept from his early years.

Mr. Leech is a bachelor, who lives in a bachelor flat; he considers himself to be more of a "mod" than a "rocker," he likes "Les Swingle Singers," Count Basie and Woody Herman; he is quite a musician, being able to play the piano and trumpet. (Music staff please note).

He says that present-day fashions are no more outrageous than they have ever been; coming from an ex-boy scout that is really something! Mr. Leech attended both training college and university; he has a number of hobbies including travelling; he has visited most European countries, Canada and the U.S.A. He enjoys both "prom" and jazz concerts, is interested in geology, and is a keen sportsman. He especially likes football, swimming and he is a left-handed tennis player.

When questioned about his favourite cartoon character, Mr. Leech laughed in his usual ringing way, and said that he liked "Granny" by Giles, and to quote him, "You know, the one with the canary." We gather he meant Silvester.

Mr. Leech has a very high impression of the Friday services arranged by the girls, and the number of varied out-of-school activities.

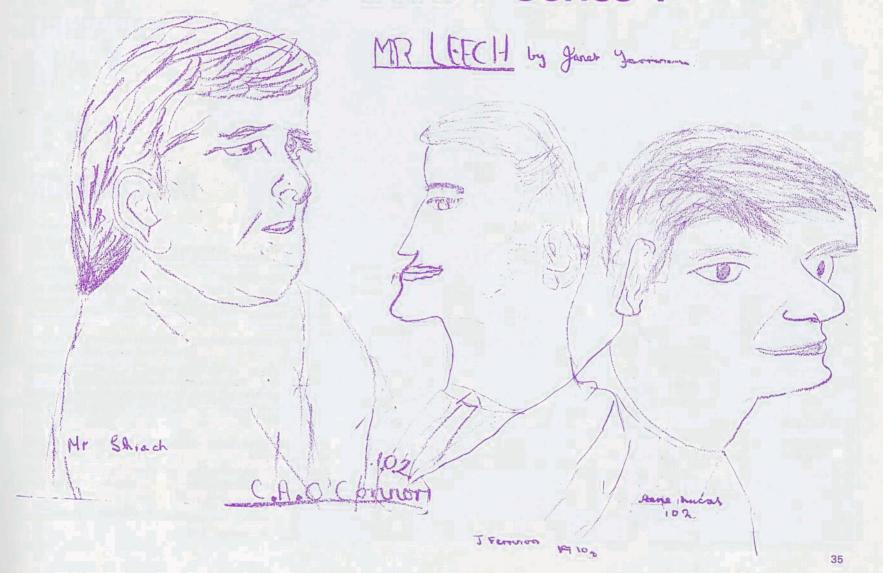
As the pips sounded and the rain continued to fall, Pat and I said thank you to our dolly mixture-loving, Commercial head.

Pat Winnister.

MR. THOMSON, Acting Head of Art

Us	Good morning Mr. Thomson.
Mr. Thomson	Good morning.
Us	Your name is Alan isn't it?
Mr. Thomson	Yes.
Us	And you are married?
Mr. Thomson	Yes.
Us	What do you consider yourself to be?
Mr. Thomson	Pardon?
Us	We hadn't finished a mod or a rocker?
Mr. Thomson	I don't know. I'm just me!
Us	Individualist eh? How many bow ties have you got?
Mr. Thomson	I've no idea, they're just something to wear around my neck,
	I never think of them in numbers.
Us	What do you think of today's fashions?
Mr. Thomson	Well, I like girls to look like girls.
Us	How about music?
Mr. Thomson	It's all right for listening to, it's not much good for anything else.
Us	Got any favourite composers
Mr. Thomson	Bach, Prokofiev, and I like the Supremes and Helen Shapiro.
Us	Where were you before you came here?
Mr. Thomson	Well, I was having a cup of coffee in the staff room and doing
Us	No, before you came to this school.
Mr. Thomson	Oh, I was in another comprehensive school but co-educational,
	about the same size as Sydenham.
Us	And before that?
Mr. Thomson	I was in business on my own doing exhibition and display work,
	and before that, I was a director of a furniture firm.
Us	What do you think of this school?
Mr. Thomson	It is very feminine.
Us	You expected it to be masculine with 1750 girls waltzing
Mr. Thamson	around?
Mr. Thomson	I meant it's pleasantly feminine; the girls in a mixed school tend to be aggressively feminine.
Us	Have you ever been embarrassed by anything that has happened
US	since you came here?
Mr. Thomson	Well, the second day I was here I got into the lift with a girl and
IVII. THUINSUN	told her off for using the staff lift. The next day I met her at a
	staff meeting. This was of course a tremendous compliment;
	not all members of staff have such youthful complexions.
Us	Well, I think that will do for now, thank you.
Mr. Thomson	Pity, just as I was getting to enjoy it.
Us	Do it again some day perhaps.
Mr. Thomson	Fine, I'll look forward to it.
Wil. Thomson	Tille, Til Took Torward to It.

PORTRAITS OF STAFF Series 1



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

CIVILISATION

Scene Any staff room in any school! The room is dim.

Enter stage Wright Miss Roberts with paper under arm.

Miss Roberts What do you fancy for the 2.30?

Mr. O'Shea I don't like the backing.

Mr. O'Shea I don't like the bad Miss Wright LeyCow, then?

Miss Roberts Too much of a dark horse.

Mr. O'Shea Who's that over there?

Miss Roberts It's Mc.Nil on the telephone.

Mr. O'Shea | I know he's small but that's ridiculous.

McNil No boys, not tonight. I must wash my sporran, it's so dry and

(on the phone) lifeless. Right, yes, fine, bye!

Mr. Shiach Yes, I've had trouble with mine too.

(approaching)

Mr. McNil Oh! by the way, I meant to ask you—what do you feed your

haggis on?

Mr. Shiach I'm worried myself about mine—it's got a dull coat and a very

dry nose.

(Enter Miss Copp)

Miss Copp What are you retorting about?

McNil Haggis!

Miss Copp Oh well, rubber bungs to you as well!

(Goes off in a respiratory tract towards corner armchair, on which reposes Mrs. Walton).

Mrs. Walton I'm worn out. I've just been playing cards with the natives.

Miss Copp Zulus?

Mrs. Walton No, sometimes I won.

Miss Copp Have you seen Latter lately?

Mrs. Walton I would't know. I can't tell Maw from Latter.

Miss Copp Oh you must do. Look they've just come in the door. On the left, the one that's one degree asunder, that's Latter.

Mr. Latter How are your etchings?

Miss Maw Oh much better now thank you. I crushed the ends and put them in water and they picked up marvellously. Mr. Leech

and Mr. Thomson look as if they're having a very interesting time over there.

Mr. Latter Yes, they're probably talking about birds again.

Miss Maw Birds?

Mr. Latter Mmm, they're up at four every morning and out in the fields bird-watching. Then they come to school and try to do some

in their lunch hour but there isn't much except sparrows, and the odd wren around here. You find the best birds in the

country, you know.

(Enter Miss Phipps)

Miss Phipps Ah, Miss Maw, Mr. Latter, did you know the television cameras

have just arrived.

Everybody TELEVISION CAMERAS! (There follows a stampede towards the door)

Scene ends with a look around the room.

H. Dickson, L. Andrews

THE DAY'S END

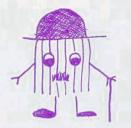
We sit by the telly, silent
And still, dead to the world,
Like lumps of clay.
And when at last the Queen
Comes on and the white dot
Has completely gone, they rise
In their houses, thousands upon thousands.

They all do the same, up to the Bath-room they go in each home, Again and again.
Then in with the curlers, on With the cream, out with the Teeth, wind up
The clock, set it for six, fall Into bed like heavy bricks;
And at last as they lie in Bed, they switch off the lights
And the country's dead.

Janet Barczyk S.G.3

Illustrated by L. Taylor
& L. Barlow IR1

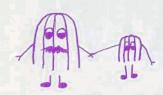












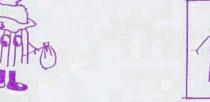


Safty Plin

Poplin



Striplin Tramplin



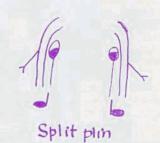














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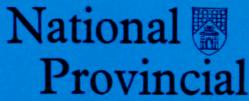
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