



FACET

***Cover design based
on Christmas decorations
made by 1M***

FACET

The magazine of SYDENHAM SCHOOL

Editorial

This year Sydenham School's magazine has adopted a new title, a new cover and a very new approach !

The whole society in which we live has been immersed in changes. Changes in politics, economics, fashions and even in music—all these have presented themselves before us and demanded our respect and attention. Thus we have had to adapt ourselves to the present environment as quickly as possible in order to avoid being squashed by the ever-dominant times.

Our school itself has swayed to the modern trends. Being in itself a complete society, Sydenham has plunged boldly into the future, never to retrace its steps. A whole army of male staff have joined our ranks. Whether the object of their invasion is peaceful or otherwise remains to be seen . . . but whatever the outcome, the school will benefit greatly. Sadly, we have waved farewell to many long-serving (and suffering?) members of staff. However, they must have left in the knowledge that we as a living organism are forging ahead, educationally and otherwise. A new Headmistress has introduced a new and different school uniform. So many changes have come about that it seems vital that we should launch a completely "modern" magazine to accompany our present much-changed character.

It is our aim to present you, the school, with the first edition of a magazine that will prove to be one of the most sought after aspects of life at Sydenham ; a magazine that every girl will clamour to possess ; a magazine that every girl will regard as a written interpretation of her own thoughts, opinions and attitudes. Indeed such a magazine can only be defined by the word "Facet" which in itself is to be a true representation of Sydenham School !

Beryl Barker

Editor	Beryl Barker.
Editorial advisor	Miss Birch.
Art Editor	Mrs. Handford, assisted by Mr. Cowley.
Financial Advisors and Secretaries	Katherine Rowland Mr. Weinstock.



Our thanks go to Miss Coker who has undertaken most of the typing of the magazine articles, and all those who have formed part of the magazine committees and assisted us so well, in the production of Facet the first !

FACE to FACE

Miss LOVE

Interviewed by

**BERYL BARKER and
JOSEPHINE CLARK**

Eighteen months ago, Sydenham regarded the stranger on the platform with interest. Then, Miss Love was just a new headmistress.

Time, however, has proved her to be a vital and necessary part of this thriving community that we are proud to call our school.

Now we present to you, the school, Miss Love in a face to face interview in which she frankly answers our questions and supplies you with all the information you would like to have about your Headmistress . . .



Question number one

Beryl Miss Love, where were you born?

Miss Love In Reading, Berkshire.

Beryl How would you describe your parentage and early education?

Miss Love My father died when I was a year old and so I remember very little about him. I had an older brother and my mother was left to support us. She did this by training and earning her living as a secretary after our father's death. I went to boarding school at the age of eight.

Josephine Did you entertain the idea of teaching in your early years?

Miss Love Not really . . . I wanted very much to go to University and in those days there were few careers other than teaching open to women graduates, unless they had private means.

Josephine Were you teaching during the war?

Miss Love Yes. I taught at a number of schools, including a boys' grammar school evacuated to Oxford, at which I taught for two years.

Josephine Were you evacuated anywhere else?

Miss Love Indeed I was. In September 1939 I went with Honor Oak girls' school to Reigate; St. Dunstan's went there from Catford. Unfortunately, during bombing, four of the boys were killed and many parents decided that their children would be safer back in London. Many of the pupils from both schools were taken home. That was when I went off to Oxford. Then, in 1942, I returned to London to teach in an emergency grammar school for girls in south west London. In 1944, at the age of thirty-two, I applied for the post of Headmistress at the County Grammar School for Girls at Wokingham. To my surprise, I was appointed and I remained there till 1949, when I joined the B.B.C. as a regional education officer.

Beryl What exactly did you do for the B.B.C. at this time?

Miss Love My first B.B.C. job involved travelling widely throughout the country, visiting schools of all types and discussing education in general and school broadcasts in particular with teachers and other educationists. I found this a welcome change from the mainly administrative responsibility I had carried during the war and as Head of an overcrowded county grammar school. It was also a period of great educational change, after the 1944 Education Act, and my new job gave me opportunities of observing developments in the new Secondary Modern Schools. After two years, I was promoted to be Assistant Head of B.B.C. broadcasts to schools and was later put in charge of the newly formed television branch of the service.

Josephine You have travelled widely, especially in America. What have you gathered from your travels in the way of differences in education between British and American education?

Miss Love Well, first of all we must remember that America is very much a foreign country. Although she shares our language, her society and way of life are very different from our own. So far as education is concerned, America is again vastly different from this country. For instance, all state schools out there are Comprehensive. A much higher percentage of children are able to receive a University education than in England. Because of the mixture of races, greater emphasis is placed on training for citizenship than in our schools.

Beryl What made you apply for the Headship of a school such as Sydenham?

Miss Love Actually, I had always been interested in Comprehensive schools. They were and still are, a new and exciting experiment in education, and attracted me very much. I did not wish to go back to a Grammar School, but on to something which presented more of a challenge.

Face to Face continued

Beryl

What is your opinion of Co-educational schools?

Miss Love

I am most sympathetic towards Co-educational schools. In fact, I suspect that basic discipline is somewhat easier if the two sexes are together. There is much to be said for letting boys and girls grow up together, as in a family. Perhaps too, schoolgirls are less inclined to waste time dreaming and talking about boy friends if they attend the same school and thus come into daily contact with one another.

Beryl

Do they necessarily promote educational advancement in your view?

Miss Love

Well, possibly the ideal thing is to have two separate schools linked together to form a close working community. When there are links such as ours with Forest Hill Boys School, many educational difficulties can be overcome, and many social advantages gained. Such a link might also prove useful in overcoming staff shortages by combining some small sixth form advanced Science groups for example.

Beryl

What methods do you consider most effective in dealing with difficult pupils?

Miss Love

I do not believe in repressive discipline. Set rules should be reduced to the absolute minimum, and the reasons for them explained to the girls. Most young people are responsible and will observe rules if they understand the need for them. One usually finds that anti-social people are either basically unhappy, or feel in some way inferior. Often, there are domestic circumstances or health reasons which cause them to be difficult.

If a pupil is persistently unco-operative, then the best form of punishment is to remove their privileges. I do not approve of expulsion unless the child concerned is likely to benefit from a change of environment or by receiving special treatment elsewhere.

Josephine

Do you believe in Corporal Punishment?

Miss Love

Corporal punishment is only a temporary measure of suppression. One must concern oneself with the next twenty-four years, rather than the next twenty-four hours, and realize that such punishment does not do much to mould an agreeable adult out of a naughty child.

Beryl

What is your opinion of teenagers today? Are they really so different from their predecessors?

Miss Love

Today's teenagers are growing up in circumstances very different from those of their predecessors. Nowadays, young people are materialistically better off than those of an earlier generation. Thus, they can be more more independent. They are more exploited by commercial interests than ever before. One very good point about them is that they do not accept opinions unquestioningly.

I spent some time in the 1930's in Hitler's Germany, and observed that the youngsters of his youth movement accepted everything that was handed down to them by their superiors. Today's teenagers take nothing for granted.

Josephine

What are your plans for the school's future? Do you intend bringing about any drastic changes?

Miss Love

Obviously there will be changes in the future. Every community must adapt itself to changing circumstances in the course of time.

Beryl

In conclusion, Miss Love, can you tell us what to you is the most important element of school life?

Miss Love

Happiness. The pupil must be happy at the school in order to benefit by education. She should accept the staff as her friends. They are there to assist girls in their school careers and to help them to grow up into well-adjusted young women. If a girl is happy at school, she will put her abilities to the best possible advantage, and, conversely, if her talents are not given full scope, she will not be happy.

Junior School Report

Junior School seemed to have recovered its usual ebullient spirit in spite of the fact that in July last it had to say goodbye to Mrs. Craig as well as to Miss Parry, Miss Lovell and other valued members of staff. We wish them all a busy and happy retirement.

Holidays to Sayers Croft and Broadstairs, and Bexhill, as well as excursions to Canterbury have featured in our programme and later it is hoped to take a party of girls to see a performance of marionettes.

The Junior School Netball teams—with both first and second years—have been most enthusiastic and consequently have had a most successful season.

Money for charity has been raised by many ingenious ways, inspired by the coming visit of Mr. Pastry. The contorting of the body into strange, weird and wonderful shapes would seem to be the most popular of these.

Strangely enough, work has also featured in our programme and the results of the Christmas Examinations were on the whole very encouraging. Most girls I think take their work seriously and we like to see their doing this happily, enjoying work with play.

Mrs. Sharp.

4th Year Report

"If you are doing anything in the 4th year, could you write a bit about it?" *IF* we are indeed! We *are* indeed doing a great variety of things in the dinner hour and after school. Never fear, Great Britain! Future Olympic hopes execute the most daring feats in the Vaulting Club with Miss Smart. Future Kathy Gales are being trained in Judo and Fencing. We seem to be getting a little bit tired of jiving, twisting, shaking and wobbling; and although our Wednesday afternoons were revitalised through the invasion of the 5th years, the first tentative steps are being made to branch out into Ballroom Dancing. After all, haven't we got efficient teachers right amongst us in 4SE3, 4 and 5!

One Rambler herewith confesses shamefacedly to a feeling of relief when one cold, dark, grey Sunday morning, wet snow began to fall. But if there ever comes a fine Sunday, just watch us go rambling off into the countryside!

Miss Roberts and Miss Northcroft have their hands full with the influx of 4th years to their Badminton Club, and we look forward to the next show of the Film Club, to which 40 of our girls have been invited by Miss Wright.

Baby Care and Home Nursing will soon be in the capable hands of Mrs. Shelton. 4th year girls are looking ahead!

Theatre visits organised by Miss Coker have proved to be a great enjoyment. We have seen "My Fair Lady" and "Oliver". "Half a Sixpence" and "Pickwick" will be the next treats in store.

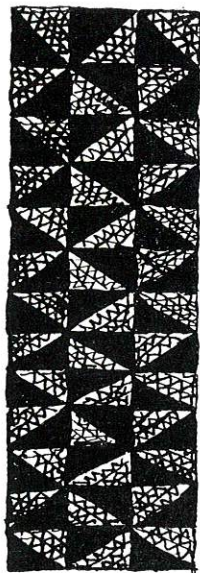
The Drama Club with Mrs. Uglow, who kindly continued running it after the 3rd year, has had its ups and downs, but has been greatly enjoyed by the "faithfuls."

In the Language Club we shall soon hear of other countries and other customs, and Educational Visits may yet materialise.

Charity efforts can boast a tremendously successful concert organised by 4C1. 4 alpha have sold cakes, and those made with their own fair hands were delicious too.

I am sure I shall never be approached again with "If you are doing anything in the fourth year . . .", but rather with "I know you are doing all sorts of things in the fourth year, just keep it short."

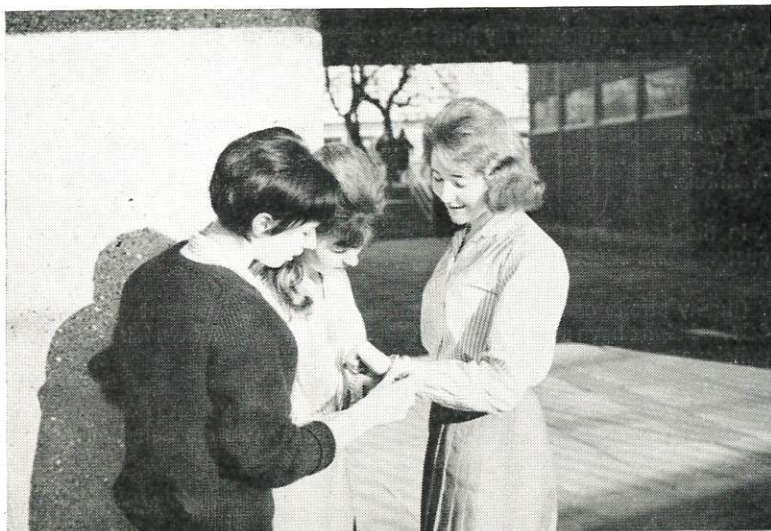
Mrs. Stammers.



Fifth Form Report

"Virtue cannot live in solitude; neighbours are sure to grow up around it." So said Confucius, and this, I hope, is a lesson learned by the present Fifth Year girls. During my happy association with them over two rewarding years, their greatest achievements have been in connection with the Autumn Fair, and in reaching their target of £100 for the Mr. Pastry Fund. In both instances they strove selflessly and unitedly to acquit themselves honourably, and in so doing found they had many "good neighbours" they knew not of. Of course they had their ups and downs—as doubtless certain individuals will recall—but happily the ups far exceeded the downs, and for this my sincere thanks go to the form tutors for their unfailing good humour, inspiring selflessness and unflagging hard work. To those girls who are soon to launch themselves upon an unsuspecting world—in some cases armed with fencer's foil or judo hold—may I offer my best wishes for a happy future in which your gifts may be fully developed; and to those who are to embellish the sixth form may I say that you will enrich your own lives and that of the school if you take as your motto the quotation with which I began. My thanks and good wishes to you all.

Miss I. E. Wright.



Sixth Form Activities

This year our Sixth Form has been larger than ever before and so there has been an almost alarming increase in the number of societies and clubs run for and by us at school. For a long time we have had a strong link with Forest Hill Boys' School and have frequent Committee meetings with them to arrange joint activities.

Besides the usual dances and debates on subjects like "Honesty is not the best policy" and "A modern scientific education produces a race of morons," we have now founded theatre, tennis, and Badminton clubs, a dancing class, have joint sailing and skating lessons and even dare to challenge the boys to netball matches (so far we have lost!).

The Inter-School play has become a traditional annual event much looked forward to. Last year's production was "Richard of Bordeaux." Besides this we put on our own production of "Trojan Women" and even hired special equipment to have a backcloth of flames.

School play visits have included "Scofield's Lens" and "She stoops to conquer." Already there have been Theatre Club outings to productions like "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" and "The Bed Sitting Room."

Last summer a group of American girls on tour of European Schools came with us to Hampton Court. Each girl had been selected from every state individually to represent America on a visit intended to strengthen American-European relations. They were only one of about eight parties on similar visits and we were all sorry to have so little time together.

Another highlight in our year was the Hallowe'en Tramps Hop. This was the first dance arranged entirely by the Committee and, fortunately for us, it was a real success. Formal dress was strictly forbidden and most of the dancers did in fact look very much like tramps! Almost half way through the evening they were fed with hamburgers and hot potatoes baked in their jackets.

This was followed by an equally enjoyable though more traditional Christmas Dance.

It only remains for us to add that this past year our School debating society has progressed from internal to inter-school competitions and that we sent a party to the Eltham Green Sixth Form Conference which has inspired us with hopes for an annual conference of our own.

Finally, we hope that we have been able to give some idea of our present Sixth Form activities although we feel that it must still be incomplete, without mentioning the support we give the other functions arranged by the whole of the school.

Kay Ramsden. 7th.

Foyer Fantasia

Being a conversation between a burly V.I.P. and a Frail Year Head.

Have you had a happy year?

Yes indeed! I have been very happy, and I do believe all the sweet little angels in my year have been reasonably happy too. Of course, not all have "A" for being angels. Several have had "B" or even "C—"; but generally speaking, wings have grown longer and haloes brighter. One thing does disappoint me; no one sings quite as loudly and as lustily as angels should, but perhaps next year when they all "fly up", the heavenly choir may improve.

Have you made any special efforts to help others?

O yes, many—but then, angels always do, don't they? Early in the school year we held our Autumn Fair. We had a wonderful "shop under the sea" (as a contrast to our astral efforts), and although we did not make the largest sum of money, we gave very good value; and our rooms smelled most wonderfully of seaweed and fresh air! Our efforts for Mr. Pastry's Fund have been reasonably good too. We have had guessing competitions, have dressed dolls, held jiving sessions with refreshments at give-away prices—even cleaned shoes and cars! I feel I must mention here the angels of 3B who have bamboozled crowds of ordinary souls into Room 37 at tuppence a time to see slides of various subjects. There we saw weddings of tutor angels, leading angels on holiday, lesser angels at school—there was even one slide of the head angel, an awesome appearance!

Have you met many angel parents?

Yes, very many. And how worthwhile these meetings have been. Many have come individually

and the encounters have always been pleasant. Problems have been discussed and usually solved; and even if they have not, it is always good to meet an angel mother and talk as woman (angel) to woman. Then there was a very well attended evening meeting of father and mother angels, at which the future of young angels was discussed. This was an inspiration to us all here, as so many came. The hall was quite full, and if the atmosphere was not exactly "heavenly" I am quite sure it did us good to hear the speakers and meet each other that evening. We hope to have another of these meetings, before so very long.

What special plans have you for the future?

O, something quite outstanding! We are going to produce an extract from "A Midsummer night's Dream" in July. Already casting and rehearsing have begun. I have heavenly dreams of faery dancers and singers, green lights in forests, with Puck and Titania bathed in faery green gloom.

Have you been satisfied with the everyday work—because that is so important, isn't it?

Yes, I have been very satisfied. Very many angels have gained credits in all subjects. Of course even an angel can work harder or should do better with more effort, but most took home good reports at the end of last term.

Am I right in thinking that you will not be very happy when this year ends?

The end of term will be sad! All my angels will leave me and (as I said before), will "fly up"; but that is what angels should do. And who knows—I may fly up too . . . though I have an ugly foreboding that my progress may be in the other direction . . .

Mrs. Bagshaw

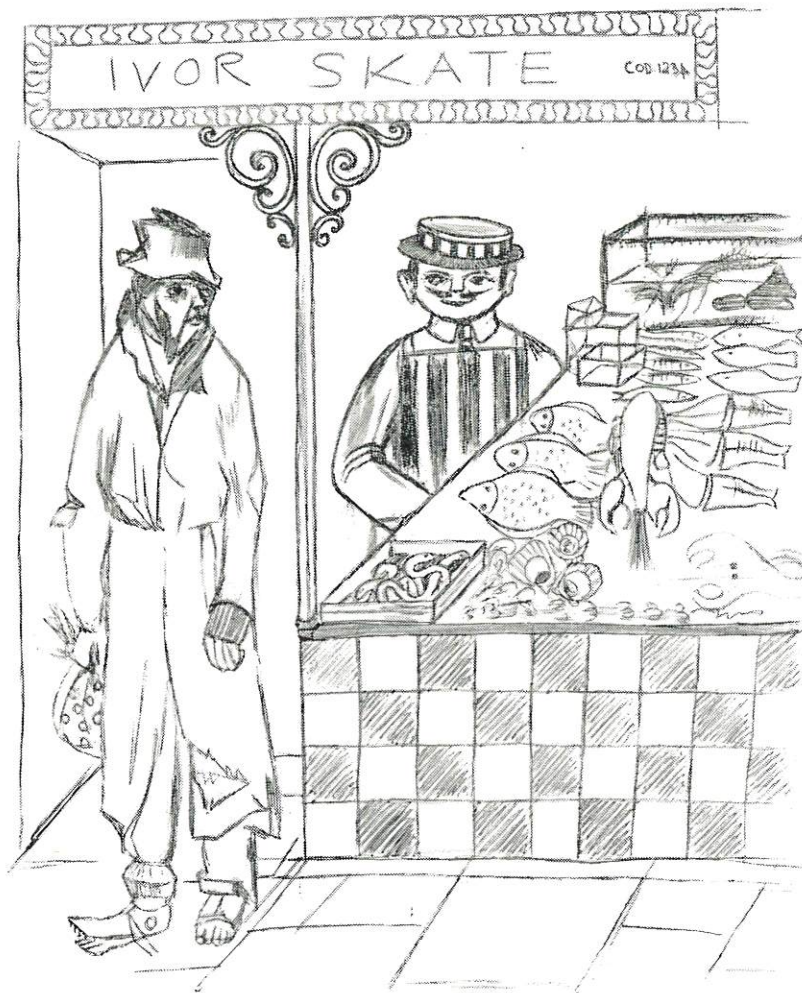
Angels not Angles



Heel raps

Heel raps
 On iron pavement;
 Shatters
 The crystal wire-glass
 Of the night.
 A dry-wine night,
 Cold and Clear,
 Crisp
 As chilly taffeta.
 Breath in a cloud
 Of diamond-dust,
 Frost—frail
 Patterns on glass,
 Beneath a sky
 Of jet and steel.
 "Three o'clock and all's well."
 All in an aching silence
 Still
 On
 Still.

Angela Morley.



has Willoughby 5P

The Seeker

His overcoat was dusty grey
 His hat without a brim.
 His trousers ragged, his shirt off white.
 Nobody liked him.

He strode along the street.
 His shoes so full of holes,
 Full of dirt and grit,
 And hanging off the soles.

His eyes were deep sea blue,
 His hands were hard and horny,
 His skin a walnut hue,
 His toes were black and corney.

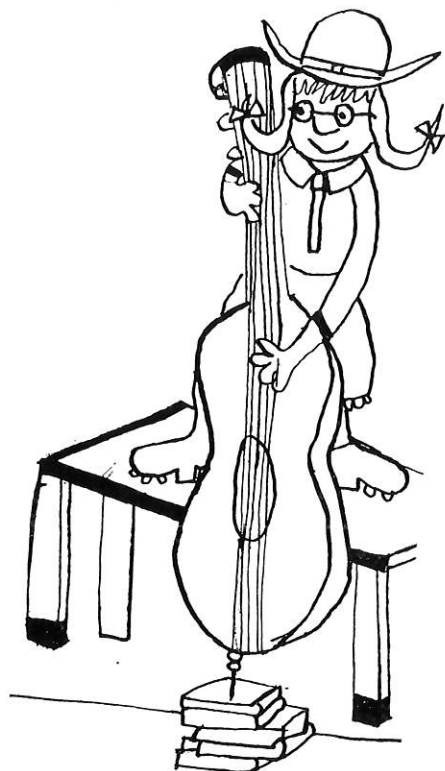
His hair was black as coal,
 His nose was like a beak,
 His lips were cracked and scarred
 When he sauntered down the street.

He gazed into the shop,
 His face was lean with hunger.
 He smiled a weak, weak, smile,
 As he looked at the fishmonger.

Still he strides along the street.
 His face determinedly set.
 And still he takes enormous strides
 For he's ne'er found happiness yet.

Jean Davis, Form 1P.

Very Educational



I should think nearly every girl today has heard of the "Beatles," and well over half adore or at least like them. Why? Because they come from Liverpool ... play beat music ... are good looking ... different ... talented ... or because its fashionable to like them?

At any show in which the Beatles are going to appear, there are hundreds of fans waiting, just to catch a glimpse of them. They have to be protected by the police from their own fans, who become an uncontrollable, screaming mob at the sight of them.

After one show there were so many people that the police had to hold the girls back, using force, while the Beatles ran clinging together from the stage door to their waiting van. On another show they had to have a first aid post on the side of the stage to deal with the constant flow of fainting girls. It is quite common to see girls standing in queues for these shows, with black eyes, cuts and bruises, but they still manage to lapse into hysteria again as soon as a Beatle passes the windows.

All these girls hope to get the Beatles' autographs and will stand for hours, knowing that they will probably fail. I know because I am one of these 'autograph hunters' and speak from experience—once I stood for seven hours. It makes you very patient! I think it is worth it, as you have a great deal of fun (once you get used to the waiting), meet many people and see new faces.

Penny Ward 5K.



Pete and the Zodiacs

It all started originally in 1961 when four boys at Forest Hill School got together a group called the Thunder Beats. This group was dissolved after a few months and the Cyclones were formed with the addition of a vocalist. This group gained more success with the vocalist and when two of the Cyclones left school another group was formed in 1963 with Peter Thurston, a pupil at Forest Hill. Two of the original Cyclones joined Pete and they became Pete and the Zodiacs with a line-up of Howard on drums, Steve, Dave, Roger on guitars and Pete as vocalist. This group started playing at local dance halls and clubs. They also played successfully at their own School Socials and at our School in June 1963.

The group, Pete and the Zodiacs entered for a big competition and came first; they are now the Best South East London Beat Band.

The talented Peter Thurston has now left the Zodiacs and has done a successful three months run in a London Club. This Summer he hopes to make a successful record for a big recording company.

Pat. Smith 5C.



My hand

It looks fierce,
White on the top of knuckles,
Clenched tightly,
hard.

Limp, longer weaker,
Red on the knuckles,
Pinky fingernails,
Joints slightly bent.

Veins running everywhere,
Smooth, soft,
Lots of lines, curved,
Different sizes.

It hurts to touch hot things,
It slithers on smooth soft things,

Hands are useful,
To give and take, caress and sympathise.

Linda Rapely 2

Rats Rats

Rats, Rats
They take your cheese
And they make you sneeze.
Rats Rats, get rid of the rats.
Rats, Rats,
They make you squirm.
And bite you in turn.

Rats, Rats, get rid of the rats,
Rats, Rats,
If you have a rat in your hat,
You can keep your hat,
But get rid of the rat.

Valerie Little 2N



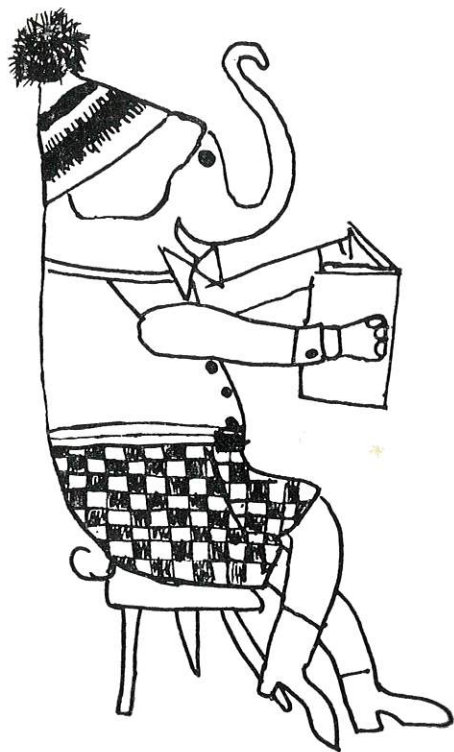
Drawings by Sandra Sheen 5C

Hats Hats

Big hats,
Small hats,
Little round and flat hats,
Top hats,
Bowler hats,
Man about town hats,
Frisly hats,
Lacey hats,
Big floppy Ascot hats,
Clowns' hats,
Dunces' hats,
Afternoon racing hats,
School hats,
Teachers' hats,
Headmasters' walking hats,
Men's hats,
Ladies' hats,
Little babies' sun hats,
Loose hats
Tight hats
Fit just right hats.
Cowboy hats,
Gangster hats,
Famous private-eye hats,
Welsh hats,
Scottish hats,
Lovely Irish linen hats,
Sun hats,
Rain hats,
Warm woolly snow hats,
New hats,
Worn hats,
Dusty and dirty hats,
Straw hats,
Flower hats,
Goodness knows what hats.
But whatever size or shape hats,
Their owners think them great hats.

Judith Ginn 5K

A PRIDE OF BOOKS



I have enjoyed this year. I have been a wild, irresponsible, spendthrift. In previous years I was a good housewife. I spent the housekeeping money only on the plain, the nourishing, the hard-wearing. Consequently our libraries boast a good selection of books of the kind which aid the homework essay on coal-mining or cotton. We have excellent material for the project on 'London' or 'Pond Life' and a score of other divergent topics. We can find explanations of Einstein's theory; we can advise on French cookery and on the care of hamsters.

It was Miss Kimsey's generous gift, on her retirement, that disturbed my careful soul. With that money in my pocket, and with Mrs. Handford's vigorous encouragement, I went out one sunny afternoon on a glorious spending spree. I returned triumphant with magnificent volumes of Michelangelo and Leonardo, with Braque and Henry Moore, and several beautifully illustrated, sun-soaked accounts of Spain and Italy and France. After this first wild gallop, there was no turning back. Now, in the Senior library, we can show you the treasures of the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery: we can open up the glory of the Ravenna Mosaics. You have opportunity to make up your own mind about Kokoschka and Picasso. And if you think that the graphic arts have been unfairly favoured, then look at the new MacDonald books on Science, Mathematics, Nature, or at the Nelson Atlases of the Bible and the Classical World.

This year I intend that we shall add to our treasures, for this, I believe, is the way to build a library. We must always have sufficient books to meet the everyday needs of our readers. But to be complete, to come somewhere near achieving the purpose of our

existence, we also need those books which make us catch our breath, the books which open windows and help us to see visions and dream dreams.

Thanks

Without the co-operation of a number of willing helpers, our two libraries could not function as they do, all day and every day, including the very busy lunch-times.

I am most grateful to all those members of staff who have carried out their duties so faithfully throughout the past year and I welcome those who have cheerfully joined the team for the new year. To Miss Martin and Mrs. Heester I owe particular thanks for all that they do to help me.

Several girls have worked hard at all kinds of odd jobs behind the scenes, energetically tackling any task presented to them. We regretfully said 'Good-bye' to Mabel Bright and Audrey Walters who left school in July. Avril Hinam-Colman went to Australia last term. Thank you Mabel, Audrey and Avril for all your help and co-operation.

Denise MacLeod and Jane Wheeler still carry on cheerfully and efficiently and I am most grateful to them. I am sure that the gaps in the working party will soon be filled.

It is wonderfully encouraging to work with so many who regard the function of the Libraries as important enough to merit the sacrifice of some of their very precious free time.

D. Household.
Librarian

The Manor

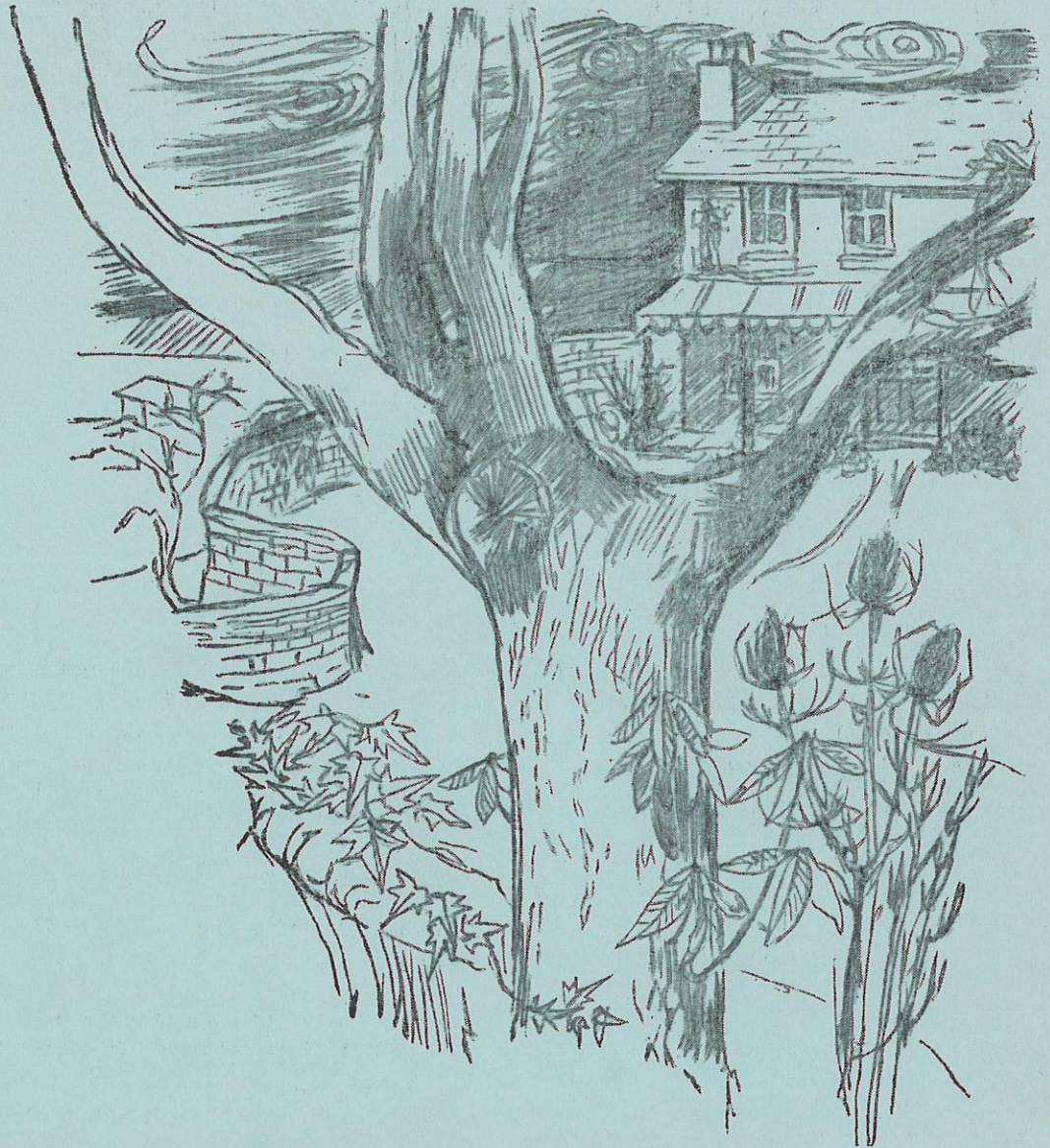
By Sandra Jenkins Form 3P

(The story takes place in Kent)

Alec, carefree and happy, was on his way to meet his fiancée's parents, when he saw the old manor house up for sale. He stopped his car to go and have a look at it. He thought how nice it was with its big rooms and great hall; he thought he would buy it as a surprise for his future bride.

After looking the house over, he decided that that was the place, in which they would spend many happy years. So he went back to London and phoned up the agents about the house. He also phoned Mary to tell her that he could not make it, as something had turned up unexpectedly.

So for the next couple of days, Alec was very busy furnishing and redecorating the old manor house.



Six weeks later a happy boy and girl were married in the old village church in Kent. Although Mary was delighted at marrying Alec, she was not happy about the house, as she had heard the story behind it. Two weeks later they came home from their honeymoon and moved into their new home. Very happy in the forthcoming weeks, she forgot the rumour of the house.

Then, one afternoon in late Autumn, when Mary was arranging flowers in the hall, a door banged and she heard a scream. She was a little nervous, but she took no notice, as she thought it was the wind in the trees. After arranging the flowers, she walked through the garden. As she was walking, she felt she did not want to go back in the house, so she carried on walking until it was dusk.

A storm was brewing. On entering the hall a petrified maid met her and said she was leaving, as she could not stand the house any longer, as strange things were happening, furniture was moving and the lights went out. And the last few weeks she had been very frightened and now she felt that she could not stand it any longer.

As the maid was talking to the mistress the lights went dim and flickered and the phone rang, Mary and the maid screamed. Mary picked up the phone. It was Alec saying that he would not be home that weekend as he would be on business. Hearing this, she was very disturbed, and asked the housekeeper if she could stay over the weekend as she was on her own and after what the maid had said she was a little nervous so the housekeeper said she would stay until the master came home.

They picked up the phone to call for a taxi for the maid, but the telephone had been struck by lightning. The storm was heavy overhead and in this house three lonely women sat and waited for the next move. As Mary sat in the drawing room waiting for dinner to be served, there came a bang at the door. The maid opened the door and saw a gypsy who stood and asked for hot milk for her baby. The maid asked Mary and she said it was alright. Mary came to the hall and asked the gypsy lady in and she said she would not enter the house because it was evil. This frightened Mary more and she asked the gypsy the meaning of her words. The gypsy took the milk from the maid and walked away into the night saying "You will find out soon that your man is not true." She forgot the house and started to wonder about Alec as some thoughts passed through her mind. What did the gypsy woman mean? Why did Alec phone and say he wasn't coming home that weekend just when she needed him most?

After dinner she wandered around the house terrified, wondering what the noises could be. She knew from the story that a murder had once been committed. But she put out of her mind the thought that the house was haunted and she wandered into the kitchen to talk to the housekeeper. She said she would ask Alec to sell the house or have it pulled down. With this the housekeeper shouted and screamed, saying it was her sister, who was murdered in the house by her husband, and since then she had not been in her right mind, and she did not want anyone else to have the manor house while she was living. She said it was she who had paid the gypsy woman to

come to the door and say Alec was unfaithful.

Mary ran out of the kitchen up to the maid and told her what had taken place, and they decided to wait until Alec returned. Alec came back the next day.

Mary told him what had happened. Alec went to phone the police. Later, the housekeeper was put in a home and Mary and Alec lived happily for many years, in peace.



WHAT DO THEY THINK OF US?

We are fortunate enough to have in our midst a number of foreign girls of various nationalities. Thus, we thought that it might be of interest to you if we interviewed these girls to find out what they really think of Britain and the British!

Amongst the questions we asked them were:—

"Do you like Britain?"

"What is your impression of the British people?"

"What do you think of Britain's standard of education?"

"Are we, in your opinion, a generally religious country?"

Pat Russell, a South African, held very strong views. To quote her:

"The weather is disgusting, the British are far too prejudiced against coloured people, English children are ill mannered and always swearing and the prices of food are too high. Fish over here is rarely fresh and the curry is—disgusting!"

Se Joseph of Trinidad stated that she liked England but the weather was too cold. "School is lovely and the teaching is good, but the girls are noisy. Some English people are nice but others are very selfish."

Jennifer June from India said:

"I like England. Some of the people are all right. The educational standard here is not as high as in India. As far as religion is concerned, the English are a lot of hypocrites."

Roman Virginia Scala thinks:

"Britain is horrible. The weather is too cold. However, I like English people, but they are, in my view, a non-religious race. The standard of education here is much better than that of Italy and the standards of living are much higher."

Samina Khan from Pakistan likes the people over here but not the climate. "I do not think much of the educational standard in England. The standard in Pakistan is much higher. The English are non-religious even though they pretend to practise their religion."

New Zealander Linda Spriggs does not like England. "It has a horrible climate. The people are all right and their standard of living is high."

Caral Chin-sue of Jamaica likes some of the English people. "Education here is better in some respects than in Jamaica, but it is really a non-religious country."

Cypriot Amelia Davey said:

"I like England because in a Cypriot village there is not enough to do. Here there is dancing and the cinema. As a whole, Britain is a non-religious country."

Another South African, Miriam Joppa, thinks there is more freedom over here. The climate is horrible and the educational standard is lower. The English are basically non-religious.

Lorna Johnson of Jamaica prefers her own country because it is warmer. "The people here are quite nice."

Evelyn Haynes from South America thinks Britain and the British are "all right."

P. Joseph says that:

London is a very big place. It has many good things about it. Most of the places are like those at home.

Many parts of England are very beautiful and when the seasons are changing you feel as if everything is changing too.

Some of the people in England are rather proud, and, for one, I am not and I do not like people with too much pride. They have a very funny reaction towards people of their own kind.

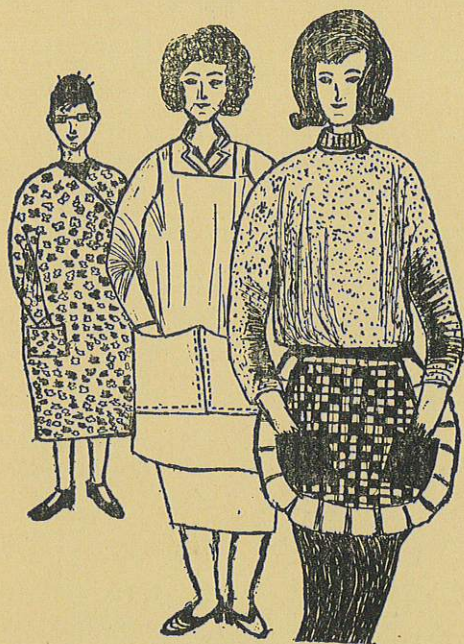
The schools are very good. They have very, very good teachers who have a lot of experience in different subjects. They try their very best to get their pupils to learn so that they may gain much from education.

What have some of the foreign members of staff to say about us?



Frenchman, Monsieur Cerf, likes English people and approves entirely of our educational system. Mrs. Stammers of Germany stated that English and German education differed entirely. In Germany there is none of the close contact between pupils and staff that we have. Here schools encourage social activities which link staff and pupils, but in German schools education is to the fore and there is no time for recreation as we know it.

FROM GRAN TO MUM TO YOU



For all you future housewives

In the modern age of today a greater number of people are entertaining and wine is one of the best accompaniments.

With labour saving gadgets the housewife has more leisure time. Why does she not make a wine to serve to her guests?

Answer: She does not know how.

It is so easy but the main disadvantage is the long fermenting period.

The Method

- 1 Fruit usually ripe. Remove stalks and discard any bad fruit.
- 2 Boil water and pour over the fruit. Then pulp the fruit and leave it to stand for a week stirring daily.
- 3 Using a muslin bag strain the pulp.
- 4 Put juice back into the fermenting vessel and add sugar.
- 5 Dissolve the sugar and leave to ferment with the vessel closely covered with material.
- 6 Signs of fermentation after a day or two is that the "must" is acquiring a scum and must be removed periodically. Tiny bubbles bursting on the scum with a faint hissing sound shows that fermentation has really started.
- 7 After a fortnight fermentation should have died down and the wine should be finally skimmed and strained again.
- 8 Transfer wine to the cask, jars or bottles. Cover with a pad of dampened cloth.
- 9 Rinse out the pad daily because fermentation proceeds and a certain amount of froth is thrown up and absorbed by the pad.
- 10 When hissing ceases clear the wine by melting a little isinglass in a small quantity of wine by heating. (1 tea spoon to bottle poured into the wine).

Bottling

At the end of the first fermentation the wine is still alive so the bottles must not be corked.

The second fermentation which takes place in the

jars or bottles is when the sediment sinks to the bottom and this sediment must be got rid of at the end of fermentation.

The wine can be drawn out by a glass syringe with rubber tubing attached and the jars or bottles are rinsed out and the wine replaced. The corks cannot be tightly fixed until perhaps two months later.

One of the many recipes which can be found in good cookery books.

Champagne-English

3 gallons unripe yellow gooseberries
3 gallons water
12 lb. loaf sugar
1½ pts. gin
½ oz. isinglass.

Follow method previously given but leave pulped fruit for 48 hours stirring occasionally. After adding the sugar leave it standing for 3 days. Then strain the liquid into a clean cask adding the gin and isinglass previously dissolved in a little water. Then wine should stand undisturbed in a cask for 12 months before bottling.

Storing Wine

Wine should be stored on its side so that the wine is covering the cork and this prevents the entrance of any air. Keep in a temperature of 55—60°F. Red wine should be decanted so when it is poured it leaves its sediment behind.

Spirits are stored upright as the spirit can eat away the cork if stored on its side.

Soups—Sherry Dry Wine

Shellfish, fish—Dry white wine

Meat dishes, poultry—Red wine

Coffee—Old Tawny Port or a Vintage Port.

Betty Warren 6C

The Cheshire Homes

Our visits to the Cheshire Homes in Bromley and Dulwich have given us great happiness. We have made many friends there and learned much from them.

It is with pleasure that we print this article by John Beckingham who is making a career in journalism and script-writing. We wish him success.



Most people have heard, or read, something of the extensive and comprehensive work done by Group Captain Leonard Cheshire V.C. to help the more severely disabled members of our society. Several years ago, he visited a friend in hospital who was suffering from cancer. Learning that this unfortunate person would have to spend the rest of his days in the chronic ward, the Group Captain decided to take the man into his own house and care for him, give him a home life that would otherwise be denied him. Soon, Leonard Cheshire became known as the man who looked after the chronic sick and

people started asking him to care for friends and relatives who were similarly placed. With an old house in Hampshire, Lea Court, at Liss he started the first Cheshire Home, and so began many years of hard, untiring work which has built up from such small beginnings a group of forty Homes for the permanently disabled.

One of these Homes is Athol House, The London Cheshire Home at Dulwich. Opened nearly three years ago, the Home has accommodation for twenty one residents. At present there are twenty of us, looked after by eleven full-time and part-time nursing staff, six domestic staff, and many voluntary helpers.

Since I came here, over two years ago, I have been constantly surprised and delighted to see numerous young people offering to help in and around the house. The pupils of several local schools have shown a great eagerness to offer their services, among the first being members of Sydenham School—in particular Miss Elizabeth Thompson, your head girl, who has continued her voluntary services at weekends and during school holidays for nearly three years. During this time, she has made a valuable contribution to the home by her efforts to extend our needs amongst her fellow pupils. One contribution in particular which the School made will be appreciated for a long time to come. I refer to the very handsome book shelves in our lounge which without your very generous cheque might still be in abeyance. These are tangible evidence of your interest, but we are aware, from the numerous girls who come here to help, that we retain your continued loyal service. Therefore, it is with the greatest pleasure that I accede to Mrs. Heester's request to tell you something about the daily activities of our home.

Each one of the twenty residents here helps in whatever way possible in the running of the house.

For example, there are several who take turns to help with the washing up in the kitchen, others help with laying tables or the ironing. Some whose disabilities preclude them from doing household chores, spend their time in the workshop, typing, duplicating or putting circulars into envelopes for various firms. We run the workshop ourselves, contracting for work from outside organisations on a purely business basis. In fact, doing the above mentioned jobs we are able to compete with any other firm doing the same kind of work. Whatever money is earned, part of the profit goes to the people who did the work, the remainder to the Workshop Fund. This fund is used to increase the amenities of the workshop such as installing new cupboards, benches etc., for replenishing stocks of materials for duplicating and typing, and also helps to pay those residents who do household work.

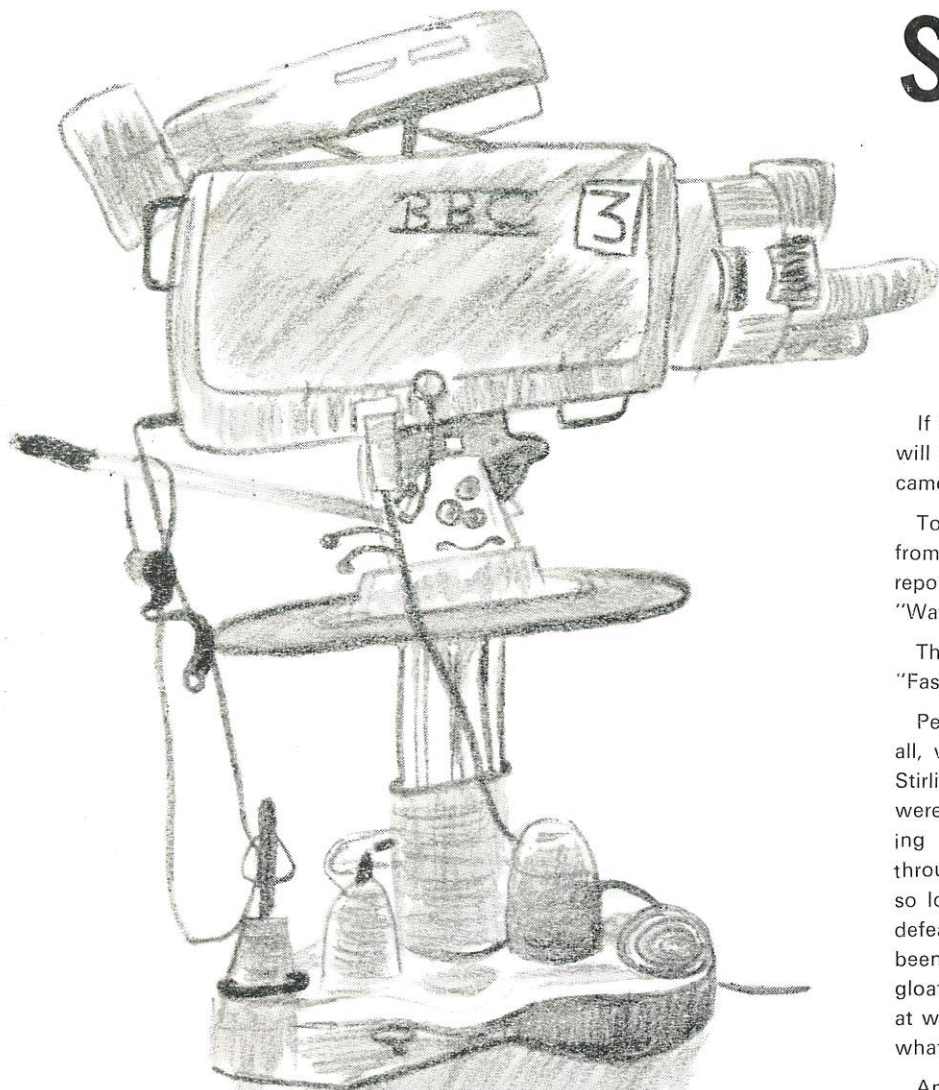
Every month, the residents hold a committee meeting. At this meeting, with all the residents present, we discuss all matters which directly concern us in the running of the house; hear reports from our own treasurer and social secretary; and once a year elect our representatives to the House Committee, which in turn has representatives on the main Management Committee. In this way, residents and management can work closely together to produce a smoothly functioning home.

Our social secretary plays a very essential part in our daily activities by ensuring that all our social functions run smoothly, that all the generous people who come to entertain us are made welcome, and perhaps most important of all, makes sure that we have no two commitments on the same date.

I hope I have fulfilled Mrs. Heester's request for a brief resume of the activities at The London Cheshire Home. It only remains for me to extend to you a very warm welcome should you care to visit us. We can always find you something to do!

Sydenham

'On the Air'



Audrey Christie 3

If you care to cast your minds back over the past eighteen months, you will no doubt recall that our school has been spotlighted by the television cameras more than once.

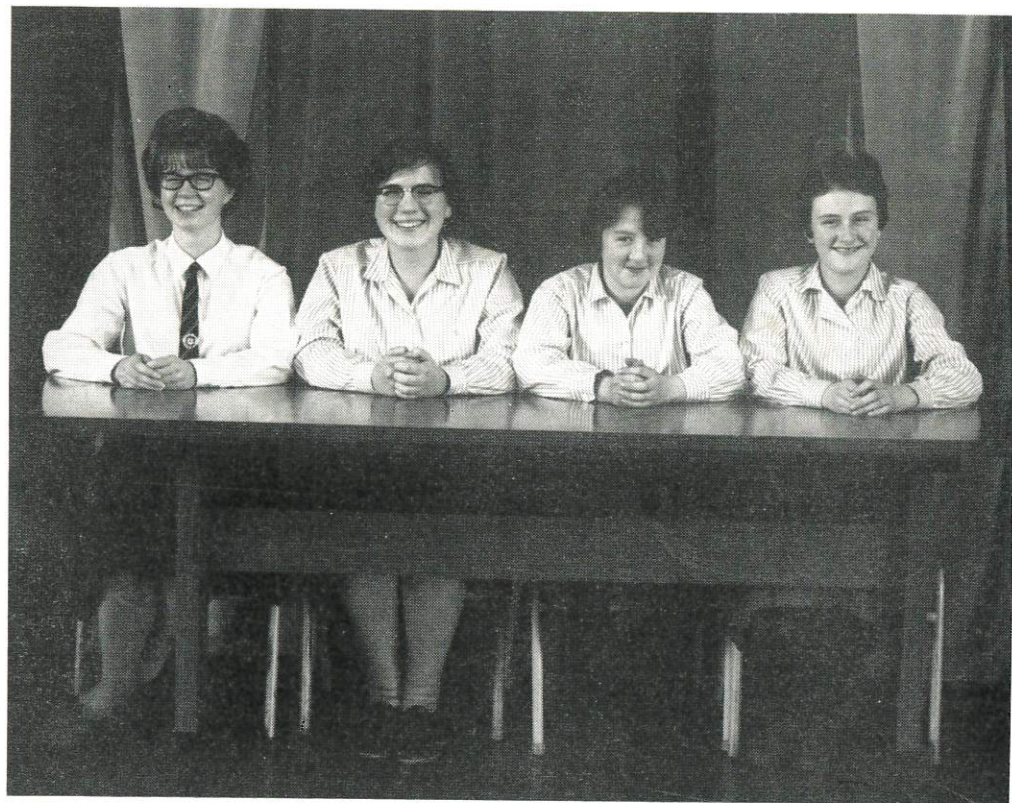
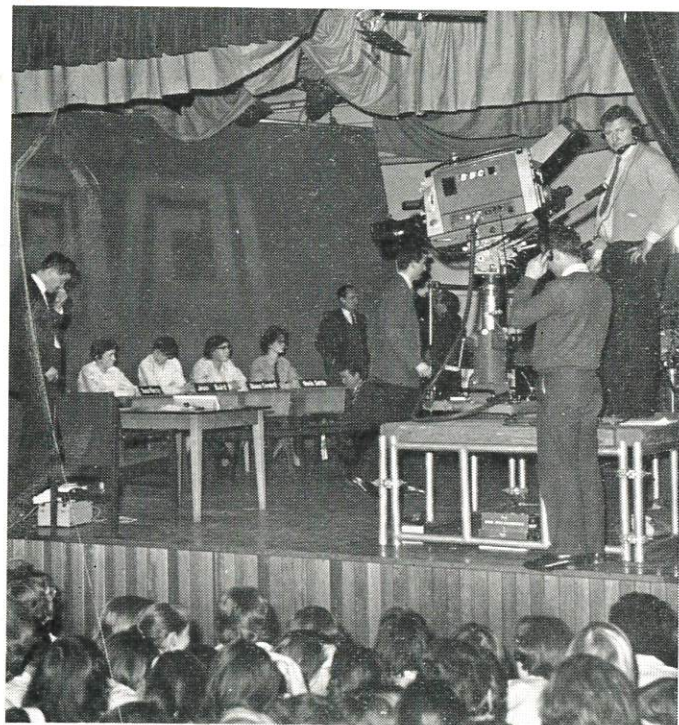
To begin with, Linda Ludgrove, armed with her Olympic medals, returned from Australia, a sun-burnt and proud figure, and with her arrived a swarm of reporters and television journalists eager to show the public scenes with the "Water Queen" surrounded by her school colleagues!

Then our third year girls appeared on the television screen in the programme "Fascinating Facts!" and our name was once more in the public eye.

Perhaps, however, the most spectacular, exciting and interesting event of all, was that in which four of our numbers competed against the boys of Stirling High School of Scotland, in "Top of the Form." Hundreds of us were able to make up the audience and watch as great, ugly, and yet fascinating B.B.C. cameras surrounding them, our form representatives battled on through round after round, retaining the calm poise and dignity which has so long been ours. Although the finish of the programme saw Sydenham defeated we could hardly be disappointed. The very fact that our school had been chosen to participate in the "battle of wits" was indeed something to gloat over. In addition most of us were able to see the television technicians at work and saw exactly how a programme such as that was produced, and what really lay behind the finished product.

And now, what of the future? Are we going to smile into the cameras once more as competitors in some educational series? Or will a second "Sports Wonder" bring us back on the screen?

TOP OF THE FORM



*Doris
Settle
7th*

*Diana
Condell
5W*

*Jean
Baird
3W*

*Diane
Murray
2S*

My Summer Holiday in Poland



This Summer I went to Poland for my holiday and I enjoyed my stay there immensely.

The mountains made a specially big impression upon me. I stood and looked at the beautiful mountain scenery, with small lakes scattered here and there. The mountains looked so serene and still, that they just took my breath away. On some of the mountains I could see snow and as the sun shone down on them it glistened and sparkled which added even more beauty to the scenery.

Near one of the biggest lakes stood a chalet the inside of which was like a huge hotel. As I stood by this lake, I saw that underneath the water something shone. Then I noticed silver and gold coins lying on the bottom. Later I found out that people from other countries who came to visit the mountains in Poland dropped Polish coins in the lake so as to come back once again. I dropped some coins in too.

After sailing across the lake by boat I climbed up to the top of the mountain. I looked down and felt giddy because I was so high up, but the view was lovely. When I looked all around me I saw the "Sleeping Prince" on one side. This is a mountain in the shape of a man sleeping. You can see his face, his eyes, his nose, mouth, chin, neck, and chest.

TRAVE

The people who live in the mountains believe that the "Sleeping Prince" will one day awake when needed and fight for Poland.

Apart from visiting the mountains I went all round Poland, stopping for a day or two at towns and cities.

In Warsaw I saw the old part of the town. The houses there are very small, really more like cottages, and very sweet. On some of the walls of these houses there are plates with names of famous people who have once lived in these particular houses. There are quaint little cafes, some of them open, so that you can sit eating your ice-cream in the fresh air. The shops too are small and you walk along very narrow little streets. I feel as if a big lorry or bus could not get through, although they can.

When I feel tired or unhappy I like just to stand and stare at woods, forest, and rippling streams. Then I remember how beautiful those mountains were and I wish I were still there to see them again.

Christine Wodarz Form 4A

LOGUE

After hearing Mrs. Stammers' groans during beginners' German lessons we realized that our command of the language was something less than perfect. So, when the German Course was suggested, we put our names down for it.

The course was held at London University in Russell Square during the four days following Easter Monday. There were several classes to choose from, ranging from beginners to advanced. We joined the former. This class was held between 9.15 and 12.45 but others were held in the afternoon.

It was with some apprehension that we set out with our note-books and pencils on the first morning, and not without reason. The tube was packed as it was the rush hour so we had the choice of all the morning papers being crushed near us. We emerged from the lift at Goodge Street, flattened but still alive and followed a crowd of studious looking persons in the hope that they would be making for the University. They were, in fact, making for "The Rising Sun."

We did eventually reach our destination, an immense building with innumerable floors. Fortunately there were several little men scattered about, pointing in various directions and muttering "this way, ladies, please."

Our class in room 345 consisted of about 30 people, young girls and boys, housewives and one

or two husbands.

The morning was divided into four lessons each lasting $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour with a half hour break at 10.45. There were four teachers, three of them men. The first two lessons were occupied by grammar and reading but in the third lesson (everyone's favourite) we sang German drinking songs. As the teacher provided the actions to go with the songs this lesson proved very amusing and our choruses and knee slapping could be heard throughout the third floor. In the fourth lesson we read and translated some short plays.

At break and lunch time everyone made for the dining hall to revive themselves. This involved going up and down in lifts and finding a way through a maze of corridors, so it took some time and we invariably got lost. Lunch could be bought very reasonably and we can thoroughly recommend the food, which proved vastly superior to school dinners.

The other occupants of the building seemed to consist mainly of foreign students and various professors who discussed theology and politics while tucking into fish, chips and beans.

At the end of the course we left rather reluctantly with our books full of notes and songs. We hope that our German benefited from the course, but this was certainly an enjoyable way of bettering oneself.

Julia Pallanca 5R

German Easter Course at London University



A Moment's Fame

The first we knew of it was an urgent summons to Miss Wright's tent during our school adventure holiday in Wales. We were told that Peter Lawrence had asked that two Sydenham girls should stay for a further week's free holiday in order to make an advertising film! Excitedly we telephoned our apprehensive parents for permission and then our week of fame began.

We were shocked on the Saturday to see how professional the film unit was—there was even a producer's chair! We were introduced to the producer and the other "stars," and were then left to sail an Enterprise yacht on the lake and enjoy the evening's camp fire. Early the next morning we had to pack our rucksacks, so that our "arrival" might be filmed. This three minute shot took $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to shoot. We did nothing but tramp in and out of the gate in blazing sunshine and repeat our lines until we knew them backwards. Never mind, it had its compensations, for the afternoon was free, so we canoed happily around the lake, carefully dodging the dinghies and fast-sailing catamarans. Later we were filmed inspecting the dinghies on the shore. The second day was ruined by torrential rain, though we did walk twelve miles, to Brecon and back, our feet crying out for help over the last half of this marathon.

On Tuesday we were filmed canoeing, though luckily the boys were the ones who volunteered to capsize. During this week we learned three vital words—clappes, sound and action. We began to hear them even in our sleep. Wednesday showed us how odd filming really is—there is no continuity of action. We had to pretend we had just arrived and were being introduced to our tents and the familiar chore of washing up. Mr. English, the producer, explained how he would take the film back to London, where it would be edited, cut and spliced together to make the sound correspond with the action.

On Thursday we were woken early, so that close-ups of teeth cleaning operations could be taken. How our teeth gleamed by the time that was over. After breakfast we had to rig the Enterprise and take her out on the lake. In the afternoon, in perfect sailing weather, we sailed in the speedy catamaran and in the evening watched the weekly regatta, remembering the previous week when all the Sydenham girls had taken part.

The next morning we rose at dawn to begin our return journey to London. Now we are eagerly awaiting the release of the film, just to see if perhaps, one day in the future, Sydenham School has produced two embryo film stars.

*Linda Baker 5K
Penny Feltham. 5K*



A snail's opinion of human beings

To any mother any morning

How snug the bed on which I lie!
Let no harsh daylight hurt my eye.

Nor sun beam through my curtains peep,
But let me blissfully still sleep.

For while thus in my bed I lie
Guiltless of any crime am I.

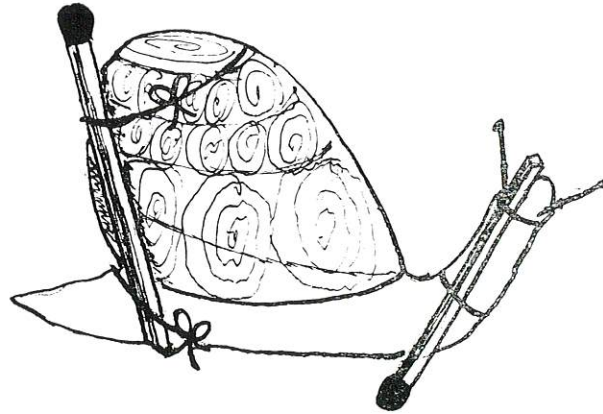
I do not break a single rule
Imposed on me by Sydenham School.

Throughout the day none can have said,
"Why is your hat not on your head?"

No P.E. Staff can on me glower
Because I did not take a shower.

If I'm to be the perfect girl
Under the bedclothes let me curl.

O. Hoo 1Z



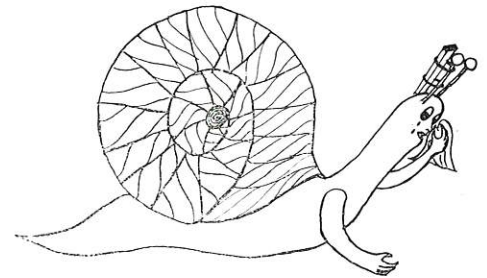
knew what to do. First you have to retreat into your house and then you have to put out your feet and start paddling for the shore. (In this case the side of the bowl). Before I reached the side the little girl who was helping her mother clean the lettuce saw me and gave a shriek. The mother scooped me up in a spoon and threw me out into the garden. Luckily I landed on a piece of moss and was not hurt, only badly shaken. It took me five whole days to get home which was the other side of the garden.

I suppose I am lucky in one way though that I am not a French snail.

Linda Chivall 4S.E.2

Human beings are terrible people. They are always rushing about, and quite often some of our houses are destroyed by their great, big, clumsy feet. Whenever we try to rest on a lettuce those cruel people come along and knock us off, and quite often we are seriously injured. One of my friends broke his feeler and he had it in a splint for months.

One day I had a very frightening experience. I was in the middle of a lettuce, having a rest, when along came one of those human beings and picked the lettuce I was on. When they took the lettuce inside they pulled off the outer leaves and put the remaining part of the lettuce in a bowl of water. It was lucky that I had been to survival classes and



What you say

Dear Editor,

Should there be prefects in school? Girls resent being shouted at by older pupils and will naturally rebel against them. A reprimand from a tutor, for whom they have respect, means far more to them, especially as they know that the prefects broke the same rule themselves perhaps only a term or two back.

The prefects have a pretty rough time as well. Unless they carry out their duties properly girls can often get away with "blue murder," so should they report mischievous girls to the already overworked tutors? Or should they try to deal with them themselves knowing that they must not give any kind of punishment? The prefects are perfect targets for "playing up" (so are some tutors!) and many would dearly love to throttle a few girls!

But what about the members of the sixth and seventh forms who have not been chosen to be prefects? They realise that not everyone can be chosen, but many feel that they are just as responsible as the prefects, so is it fair that the prefects should have so many privileges over their friends? Why can't they have a common room like the prefects? Why can't they play records, or go out during the dinner hour? These are just a few of

their complaints.

The staff say that there must be a link between themselves and the pupils, but are the prefects helping to make this contact? There have been many wise changes in this school during the past year, so how about a change here? I say, "no more prefects!"

A sixth form prefect

Dear Editor,

Certain members of the sixth form feel very strongly that in years to come they should have a memento of their school life.

In the good old days when Sydenham was the Country Grammar school it was customary to have a school photograph taken annually. Surely this procedure could be reintroduced.

Of course we realize it is impractical to take a photograph of the whole school. But we suggest (demand!) that photographs could be taken each year.

In the matter of photographer we do not expect Anthony Armstrong Jones, but we would like a professional photographer and not some amateur.

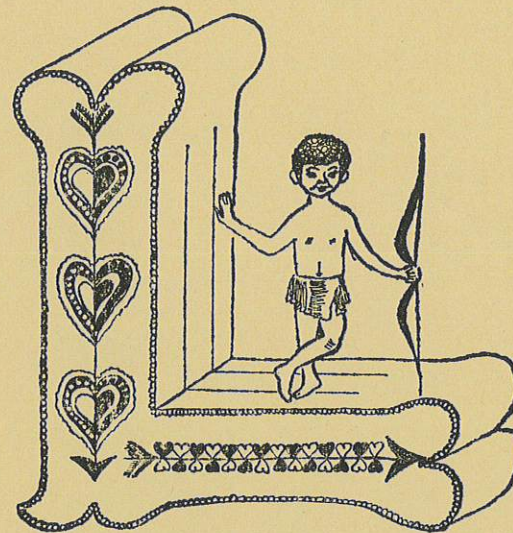
The Antediluvians



TOP OF THE FLOPS

(by 6s)

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| 1 Miss Love | <i>Let there be love</i> |
| 2 Mrs. Turner | <i>I could have danced all night</i> |
| 3 Mr. O'Shea | <i>A picture of you</i> |
| 4 Mr. Macnaught | <i>Donald where's your trousers</i> |
| 5 Mrs. Stammers | <i>Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner</i> |
| 6 Mr. Edwards | <i>With a song in my heart</i> |
| 7 Miss Roberts | <i>5—4—3—2—1</i> |
| 8 M. Cerf | <i>Thank heaven for little girls</i> |
| 9 Miss Pearson | <i>I know a bonny Scotsman</i> |
| 10 Mrs. Mallet | <i>If I had a hammer</i> |
| 11 Miss Thornton | <i>It's an open secret</i> |
| 12 Miss I. Wright | <i>My last cigarette</i> |
| 13 Mrs. Bagshaw | <i>There's no business like show business</i> |
| 14 Miss Cary | <i>I love to go a-wandering</i> |
| 15 Miss Household | <i>Money</i> |
| 16 Mrs. Handford | <i>Baubles, bangles and beads</i> |
| 17 Miss Weston | <i>Needles and Pins</i> |
| 18 Mrs. Evans | <i>Sugar and spice</i> |



- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| 19 Mrs. Stroud | <i>Open the door, Richard</i> |
| 20 The Old Girls | <i>We'll meet again</i> |
| 21 Miss Northcroft | <i>Multiplication</i> |
| 22 Miss Barlow | <i>Roll over Beethoven</i> |

WHAT IS GENERAL KNOWLEDGE?

?

Is it knowing who was the first person to sail the Nile, or is it merely knowing how to peel potatoes? This is the question we challenge you to answer. In order to do this, however, you must first prove yourself in possession of this "salt of intellect" and tackle the questions below!

WHO WAS "NOSEY" PARKER?

None other than Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1559-1575. He possessed an unusually long nose and an undesirable reputation amongst those who despised him, for being constantly preoccupied with other people's business.



?

WHY DO WOMEN WEAR HATS IN CHURCH?

Because, as the noble St. Paul would have it, "Every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head."

?

WHO WROTE THE "SECOND" BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM?

A cheery Welsh gentleman by the name of Henry Brinley Richards.

WHICH IS THE HEAVENS' LARGEST STAR?

Possibly—note, possibly—Betelgeuse in Orion,

which is so large that, if it replaced the sun, it would occupy more than all the space between the latter and the earth. It has a diameter of between 250,000,000 and 300,000,000 miles.

WHICH LAKE IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST?

Undoubtedly the Caspian Sea, being 170,000 miles in estimated diameter.

WHO WAS THE SMALLEST KNOWN DWARF?

A charming little man called Jeffry Hudson. He stood one and a half feet high. Unfortunately he later grew to over three feet and so was displaced by Che-mah, a Chinese gentleman, who measured two feet one inch.

WHO WAS THE FATTEST MAN?

Daniel Lambert. He weighed 32 stone when he died at the age of 36. He sported a waist measurement of nine feet four inches. If you are interested in learning more about this big man's vital statistics, just drop in on Leicester Museum where his favourite clothes and his most comfortable armchair can be found.

Well? How did you manage? If you were able to answer all these questions, then you are most certainly one of us. If you did not, then you just have not got what it takes.

The Intelligentsia.

Lonesome

Spring is a wonderful season, I had never dreamed anything sad could happen then. A few years ago, I discovered just how miserable you can feel at that time of year. It was early spring, and a chilly night when I . . . but let me tell you from the beginning.

I first met him, Lonesome, when I was strolling through a small copse, on about an acre of common land near my home. You see I live on a ranch in Argentina, South America, with my parents and sisters. When I was about half way through the copse I heard and saw the bushes moving. For a few minutes I was scared, but the fear soon subsided when I saw a black muzzle appear between the bushes. It was closely followed by two large, deep brown eyes and two black ears. He came towards me very slowly on four long slender legs, while I stood still so as not to frighten him. While he made up his mind that I was not going to hurt him, I was wondering what he was doing by himself. There was no other horse in sight, so I came to the conclusion that either his mother had died or he had been abandoned.

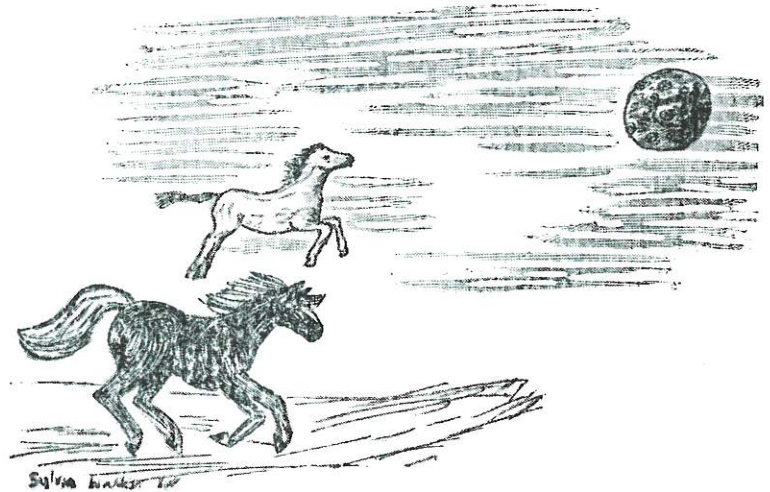
My one weakness is horses, especially colts and with the idea that he was alone, I longed to take him back to the ranch with me. But suppose I did and he was with one of the packs of wild horses that frequently roamed our countryside? They would come in the night to set him free again. I suddenly had an idea right out of the blue, which is unusual for me. I would turn around and walk towards home. If he followed, I would keep him, but if he stayed where he was, I would leave him.

Slowly I turned and walked towards the ranch. I had gone about twenty yards when I stopped and looked to see where he was. To my dismay he had not moved. A lump formed in my throat, but suddenly he began to attempt trotting towards me. He was weak and found this difficult, so he resorted to walking. I do not think I have ever been so glad to see any animal move. We returned to the ranch together in this way. At first I stopped about every ten yards, but soon the distance became shorter until we were walking together, I with my hand on the back of his neck to guide him.

We arrived, to find Mum in the process of making a large apple-pie. She was not unaccustomed to seeing me bring home injured animals and new found friends, but when she saw Lonesome she just stared in amazement.

"Cathy," she cried almost horrified, "O Cathy, what have you done? Do you realise that if you leave him in one of the corrals, the fences may be trampled to the ground by a pack of angry, wild horses trying to set him free? You must release him at once." She said this all in one breath and was beginning to frighten me, she was going so red.

Well, everything turned out alright in the end. Dad agreed to let Lonesome



stay, but for a few weeks Mum was rather worried about it all, although she soon made friends with him.

Lonesome grew into a large, strong, black stallion. He was always friendly and seemed to be happy and content. But one day he had me rather worried. He was restless, frisky and he would not let me ride him. I could not sleep that night, I could hear him pacing around and round the corral and suddenly he stopped. Even more worried I got out of bed and ran to the window. There was a full, bright moon so I could see him standing, looking towards the moon. I followed his gaze and saw a pure white horse with a long tail and flowing mane. "A mare," I thought, "O, no, Lonesome, please don't go." The mare tossed her proud head willing Lonesome to go. He turned, looked up at my window as though he were saying good-bye, then he vaulted the fence and galloped towards her. On reaching her he turned, tossed his head towards me and then they both galloped off over the hill towards the moon, and that was the last I saw of him.

Rosemary Hannan, 4B.

JUDO

Do you know there is a Judo Club which takes place in the gyms on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday; we are rather full up at the moment, but you are welcome to join if you are 15 or over.

For any further information, get in touch with Miss Arnold, Principal, Sydenham and Forest Hill Evening Institute.

We are taught by Christopher Travers who is a "brown belt," and is training for his "black belt."



MEMORIES OF MY JUNIOR SCHOOL

An assortment of memories

The first thing that comes to mind if I remember my Junior School is my appalling *naughtiness*, mixed up with self confidence. In my first year we had a very elderly teacher called Miss Willoughby, who had travelled round the world twice and who was always comparing us to the Chinese. I particularly detested her and on every possible occasion I annoyed her. Once we were having a spelling test (you know the thing, cat, dogs, little) "Oh Miss, that's too hard," and I refused to write anything down. I was feeling particularly disgruntled, because my milk had been warmed, and for a full hour (I timed it) she argued with me. Giving up in despair she went away murmuring, "Chinese children would not have . . . manners . . . obedient . . ." and so on. When she came back, I had gone and there was a neatly written list of words I had copied from somebody else.

In my second year although not so wilful I was still rather wild. With ten other children I made an Indian band, myself chief Hawk-eye, with a squaw called White-dove and son called Red-fox. With this band of dancing Indians, I would go yelling and whooping across the playground at top speed, scaring to death the smaller children and bowling over the bigger ones. Then for some reason or another the woman, who stood in the playground supervising us, fell out of favour and we laid our plans. With a long rope (borrowed from father's shed) we stalked her, and slipping the noose over her head, we bound her up like a mummy. However, her muffled threats soon persuaded us to release her, and rather annoyed, she marched us up to the principal. I got three slaps on the legs, and my band of rebel Indians was dissolved. After that we took to playing martyrs; one girl, Nero, and the other a Christian maid; or as an alternative we banded together to make up Robin Hood and his merry men.

In the third year I put my mind to more serious

things and I won a prize for the best painting in Lambeth, and a consolation certificate for a quiz. However, I still played with two other girls, a game which involved three daring French boys in the war. What marvellous escapes we had! And how the food practically sprang up from the ground when we were starving! We played this in our spare moments, in the cloakroom, at dinner time, and in playtime. After we had got tired of this we played Cavaliers, my role being a coquettish young Cavalier being tracked by my Roundhead father.

Then, we stopped playing games nearly altogether. The 11 plus was dawning and I had made up my mind to "pass." I did luckily, and our teacher (as a reward) organised a professional play called "The King who took Sunshine". I took the title role and I enjoyed it immensely. In the first half, my temper was so bad that the Queen decided to do something about it. From an old woman she obtained a bottle of "sunshine" and I had to take it. At the end all the helpers were given a box of chocolates.

I loved my old school better than anything, and somehow I think however nice Sydenham might be, it will not quite make up for the school of so many nice and happy memories.

Suzette Jones 2H

First Day at Sydenham

When I first arrived at Sydenham School, I was most amazed at its enormous size. I was directed into the Junior Hall where I found a large number of new arrivals already seated, and I was told to sit down on the floor and wait for the headmistress to arrive, who would direct me to the form I would be in. I had come to school with my friend, so I began to talk to her until Mrs. Craig (the Head of Junior School) arrived and then there was silence in the hall.

My friend and I were both put in different forms. I, and the rest of my form, were shown to the cloak-rooms and where to put our hats and coats.

Next, we were taken to our form room and introduced to our form mistress. We were then placed in alphabetical order, the register was called and our dinner money collected. Mrs. Smith (our form mistress) took us to the Dining Unit where we had our break. After break there was Assembly. This was followed by form period. We were given our time-table and homework table and the next thing that had to be done was to go to the dining unit and practise getting our lunch.

After lunch I had my first French lesson, and at half past three we were dismissed. So ended my first day of Sydenham School.

I enjoy being a pupil of a large school. There is so much activity and there are many friendships to be made.

Margaret Moore Form 2J

The doors opened on the first day of Sydenham School, I stood bewildered in the doorway! I felt like a mouse in such an enormous and beautiful school.

We were shown into the main hall; I was so frightened I stood trembling.

As I looked round at the fierce-looking mistresses, I wished I could run home. I sat and waited until my name was called.

The rest of the day went so quickly and there were new friends to make and mistresses to meet. I could not wait to get home and tell everybody what a wonderful day I had, even if it was scaring.

Jennifer Williams Form 2J

It will be interesting to hear what they have to say about their *last* day at Sydenham.



SYDENHAM ON THE SPORTS FIELD

Are we a school of academically-minded brains, or are we better described as the traditional "Jolly Hockey Sticks"?

Well, whatever the answer, it cannot be said that we do not put our best into sport activities. Why! Amongst our community, we have a number of tall, noble figures who have fought valiantly to retain our sporting spirit, and who, with mighty arms outstretched, have lifted hockey sticks high in the air, sent rounders balls sailing adventurously over garden walls, and directed tennis balls to their selected destination with the ease of miniature Amazons.

We can boast too, of wonder water babies like Linda Ludgrove (pictured on page 32) apart from girls who have claimed places in various county and local teams through their skill in hockey and tennis.

The following reports cover this year's and some of last year's sport activities.

SWIMMING REPORT. 1963

The Swimming Teams had a very successful season which was helped to a great extent by the enthusiasm of the Juniors.

Three cornered matches were held with Mary Datchelor and Maida Vale on May 22nd and with James Allen and Honor Oak on May 24th. The Senior Team won on both occasions and the Junior Team came second. Several good Junior swimmers swam in the Senior team.

The usual excitement was experienced at the preliminaries of the London Schools' Championships which were held at Greenwich Baths. Six girls were entered for individual events and teams were entered for three events. In the Finals held at Marshall Street Baths on July 9th, Lesley Butler came second in the One length Breast Stroke race. Linda Ludgrove and Judith Kelly gained first and fifth places respectively in the 100 yards Backstroke race. Linda also gained fourth place in the 100 yard Freestyle race. The Medley Team were placed third in their event.

One pool at Forest Hill Baths has been completely modernised and at the official opening on June 29th, six girls gave a water ballet display under the direction of Mrs. Owen Smith. An augmented version of this display was shown at the West Lewisham Gala held at Downham Baths. Both displays proved to be a great success.

NETBALL REPORT, 1962—63

This season, owing to the bad weather, practices were rather limited. Despite this drawback the teams remained enthusiastic.

The Under 12 VII only had two matches but they worked with a good sense of team spirit. During the season their footwork and marking of the opponent improved greatly. An Under 12 team also played one match.

The Second year "A" and "B" teams played very well indeed in their few fixtures. There was great competition for a place in the teams, which naturally made the standard of play much higher. The footwork and ball control, which in the beginning was very weak, became very advanced for Second Year girls. This enthusiasm at practices made both of these teams a pleasure to coach.

The Third Year netball practices began enthusiastically but the very cold weather later in the winter deterred the large majority from attending. The few remaining girls gave of their best in the limited time available when the courts were not covered with snow and ice.

The Under 15 VII played with great determination which gave excellent results. Together with good spacing the centre court players were quick and accurate in their ball control. The shooting was of a moderate standard generally. Perhaps one of the most exciting games played was that against Forest Hill Boys' School. The result was a draw with eight goals to each side. The support given to the team on this occasion was outstanding and everyone enjoyed it.

The Second VII concentrated on accuracy of footwork and timing. They marked their opponents well.

Finally, on behalf of all teams, I would like to thank Mrs. Rowe, Miss Booth, Mrs. Turner and Miss Joseph for giving up time to coach the teams. Thanks must also go to the kitchen staff and girls who helped to make tea after the matches.

Lesley Crocker, 7th



TENNIS REPORT. SUMMER 1963.

1st & 2nd VI

This year for the first time we entered the Nestle's ladder Competition. Difficulties were encountered, owing to some of the girls being unable to fit in matches because of their external examinations. Lack of courts also proved a problem. Unfortunately Pat Winnister of 5P who reached the top of the ladder early, was not available to play in the knockout tournament against other schools.

Jacqueline Mundy of 2C played against Hinchly Wood School and was defeated. Their representative was unhappily for us a 6th form girl.

Owing to the Aberdane Cup being played rather earlier this year the first VI were unable to have the essential practice required for such a tournament, and unfortunately we were eliminated in the first

round, although we finally finished 2nd to Baston School. It was a morning well spent and thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part.

The results this season were rather mixed but each team has played with a determination which I am sure is due to Miss Smart's continual encouragement. For this I should like to thank her. My thanks also go to those girls who gave their time to umpire and arrange the refreshments for the players and staff.

HOCKEY REPORT. 1962-63.

1st & 2nd XI

Owing to the bad weather conditions which prevailed through the winter, practices and matches were often cancelled. Those matches played had disappointing results mainly through lack of playing as a team. Many girls are very keen and willing to practice hard, but unless every member of a team attends each full practice held at Anerley, matches are played with little or no understanding of each other's play.

Winnie Moncrieff, Marian Grant, Christine Glen and Janet Turner went to the West Kent Schools Trials and Winnie Moncrieff was chosen to play in the team as goalkeeper. When Winnie left at Christmas, Janet Holloway played in the 1st XI as well as the Under 15 XI when matches did not coincide.

Janet Turner, as Captain, held the teams to-

gether under very difficult conditions by her keenness and cheerfulness.

V.S.

Under 15 XI

In the Autumn Term the team suffered from a shortage of 4th Year girls willing to attend practices regularly. Many of the better players were not sufficiently interested to attend, and several more were spasmodic in their interest. A few from 4A, with several from the 3rd Year, worked hard throughout the season and made very good progress. During the Spring Term, practices were completely disrupted by the weather, but the enthusiastic members of the team still managed to improve by playing in the gym, using sticks covered with cotton wool.

Janet Holloway was a keen and efficient Captain who worked hard keeping the team together in these difficult conditions.

If the standard is to improve this year, girls are needed to attend practices regularly rather than occasionally.

H.C.

AUTUMN FAIR



One November afternoon the Junior building nearly came apart at the seams. It seemed that the total population of South London had come to Sydenham to buy nearly everything under the sun. This was of course the Autumn Fair. For weeks beforehand girls had been staying after school to give a hand in the preparations. Each year took a theme. While the firsts gave us the "fun of the fair" the seconds were "out of this world." The thirds went under water and the fourths decorated their room with witches' cauldrons and magical trees. The fifths took their inspiration from the Westerns and this popular theme and a lot of hard work won for them the year prize. The sixth year contribution was a hot dog stand. Tommy Steele kindly opened the fair and was presented with a pair of cufflinks. His sister and some of her friends performed a scene of "Half a Sixpence", his current musical. Nearly everything was sold and the day's events were concluded with a dance in the evening. School funds were swelled considerably and now it will not be long before we get that covered way between the Schools.

Well done everyone!

Wendy Mathews 6A



THE TROJAN WOMEN

The choice of "The Trojan Women" as a school play was an ambitious one, but the production amply justified such ambition.

The acting was of a very high standard, especially the work of the Chorus, which presents difficulties for modern cast and audience alike. The movements, both of individuals and chorus, were effective, although perhaps a little more variety could have been introduced here. The speaking and characterization of individual parts were consistently good, but the audience, unlike its Greek counterpart, tended to feel the modern craving for fast action. It was obviously the first example of Greek drama that many had seen, and it is to be hoped, not the last.

Mention must be made of the contribution from the Art Department in the form of beautiful costumes, and an excellent stage effect of fire.

"The Trojan Women" is a play which demands a great deal, both of its cast and its audience, and the Sydenham cast and producer are to be congratulated on a memorable performance.

A. Birch.



CORIOLANUS

As I drew near the great glass building ahead of me, my heart began to pound like a drum, and my stomach fluttered. All the time I was thinking of the hours to come. Excitement! Nerves! I suppose you could call the feeling a mixture of the two. I was late and dreading that I would not have time to change, I began to run. It didn't really help matters, because it only made me feel breathless and I had to crawl the rest of the way. It took me all my remaining strength to push open the swing doors leading to the foyer and as soon as I entered the hall I sensed a feeling of emptiness.

I looked up at the dark stage with its low arches, the beautiful fountain and the balcony and stairs leading down. I pictured Coriolanus standing on the balcony, proud and unperturbed, his assassin waiting behind him to plunge a knife into his back. I shuddered a little as I thought of him falling to the floor, where the rabble descended on him with their bats and clubs, still crying in fierce, demanding tones for his death.

Later in the wings, I turned to my companions and whispered a few words of reassurance. I remembered the nights before and felt a little sad, that this was our very last performance. Then the picture of thought changed and I thought about the people out front; my heart was in my mouth. It's got to be good tonight! It's got to! I was shaking slightly and I couldn't remember a single line. What was it Mr. Gretton had said? Relax, breath deeply, don't panic. Oh goodness: Let's get on there.

I thought of the people on the stage. Already I could hear the commanding voice of Gordon Button (he played Coriolanus as Coriolanus was, strong, proud, and rebellious.) Hearing him made me look back on the hours of hard work, all that hard work that was to be over in a few hours. There were the crafty, witty tribunes, Scinius Velutus acted by Rodger Sloman and Junius Brutus by Michael Samudo. They portrayed their parts so convincingly, and then there was Henenuis Agrippa interpreted so brilliantly by David Parris.

Then I turned my head to one side to view Elisabeth John and sighed. If only I could reassure her, say something to her that would make her realise what a wonderful Volumnia she made. She stood there solemn in her stern black attire, clenching and unclenching her nervous fingers—then all of a sudden we were on; good luck! good luck!

And now that it's over; the stage is empty once more. Our last performance was over. In the dressing room everyone was laughing about their mistakes, which they could never make again.

Coriolanus had played his last!

Ann Simpson 7th

Bonfire Night

Bonfire night showed us shattering sparks
Of brilliant fireworks
Silhouetting themselves against the dark evening sky;
Bonfires burning, warming the air around them;
Flushed excited faces peering from all directions
Through the chilly air;
Rosy faces with the warmth,
Rosy noses with the cold,
Rosy bodies with the excitement,
The ground was covered in ashes and burnt grass.
The smell of smoke was unbearable,
But still it went on, and on, and on . . .

Pauline Carter. Form 1P

The Guy

He slowly burns upon the fire,
A figure full of woe;
A worried frown upon his face,
He knows he soon will go.

Planted right upon the top,
Slowly beginning to toast,
Getting redder and redder, the poor old guy
Soon begins to roast.

The flames begin to leap and prance,
Half of him is red;
Higher and higher the flames will dance,
But now the guy is dead.

Geraldine Farrell. Form 1P

THE KNIGHT OF HOPE

He is an eccentric, vital, fascinating character, whose adventures are seen everywhere by young people of all types. No one seems able to resist laughing with him, at him, or for him, so great is his impact upon the television and cinema screen. Of course I need hardly provide you with his name, for, no doubt, most of you have grown from infancy with the knowledge that "Mr. Pastry" is indeed an interesting figure.

The amazing talent he has for making people, old and young, contract with mirth is not however the only thing that one can admire him for. Away from the cameras and spot-lights he shows his deep interest in those less fortunate than the able-bodied youngsters, who clamber over chairs and other obstacles in order to get his autograph after a performance.

Mr. Pastry, alias Richard Hearne, has during the last eight years devoted much time to a very special campaign. He has used his popularity to arouse interest and response from the public at which he directs his plea for charity. It was the sight of young spastics, robbed of so much of the joy of youth that inspired Richard Hearne to action. He had heard about water-therapy and how it provided handicapped children with the freedom of limb movement they did not know on dry land. Apparently, once in warm water they could relax their muscles and swim just like other children. Unfortunately, however, few children had the pleasure of being able to enjoy swimming because the specially heated pools were far too expensive and

an occasional visit to the local baths was all the centres for spastics could afford to give them. The great "figure of fun" decided that handicapped children should not do without what was to them a wonderful luxury and a source of great happiness. Thus he took it upon himself to provide the money with which to build the swimming pools at the spastic centres. Each pool was estimated to cost at least £5,000, and if he was to fulfil his promise to open a pool in every handicapped children's home in the United Kingdom, Richard Hearne was obviously undertaking an extremely difficult task.

But undaunted, forever the children's hero and the knight of hope, the determined "Mr. Pastry" spoke at every public function he attended, of his plan to build the very things that would bring back the vitality of childhood to so many deprived young people.

Soon his campaign had infected everyone with its determination. Voluntary organizations, clubs, local authorities, and even schools became inspired by the campaign. Money was raised at quite a surprising rate. Never did this wonderful performer lose hope or give up his constant drive for the cause he had selected to finance. He showed so many people just how lucky they were to have health and strength of body, that just out of realization of their own good fortune, they began to subscribe to the funds.

Now, in 1964, his ambitions are near to being realized completely. Richard Hearne is on his fortieth project and his funds, none of which are

consumed in the running of the campaign, are still swelling. Now he can rest assured that his indefatigable driving power is having its effect. Spastics are restored to normality once they can relax in the swimming pools built just for their use, and know that they are doing exactly what nearly every child does—just playing or swimming in water.

When we at Sydenham had the privilege of being visited by Mr. Pastry, only a short while ago, in order that he might be presented with the money we had raised towards his cause, we were able to learn much about his work and gather a great deal more about this amazing man The bright lights, fame, the pretences of the show-business world, and the hustle and bustle of his own private life have not made Richard Hearne blind to the existence of misery in the world; nor have they made him oblivious to the fact that there is an urgent need for hope and prayer in life to-day. Indeed, the fumbling old man of the screen has served as a knight of hope and happiness to so many handicapped children.

He will always be recognized for his service as a social worker as well as for his talent at making people laugh

Beryl Barker 6S

I personally owe a great deal to the comprehensive system. I failed my eleven plus but came here and worked my way up to the border line grammar form. I passed six G.C.E. examinations last summer and am now doing a full A-level course.

If a child fails the eleven plus in an area where there is a comprehensive school, she can attend it and, usually, gain some qualification for a future job. For the late developers, then, the comprehensive system overcomes the educational barrier of the eleven plus.

If a child only manages to scrape through this vital exam, she may not do as well at a grammar school as she would in a comprehensive. At grammar schools the emphasis is laid on the more brilliant pupils. The bottom forms are not given much encouragement or attention and their members often leave with poor qualifications for future jobs. They would have taken either more G.C.E.'s (having more encouragement) or some R.S.A.'s or a secretarial exam at a comprehensive school where the best is got out of every pupil.

At these large schools there is a great deal more equipment than would ever be found in a smaller school. Also if one or two pupils want to take a certain A-level subject, they will still, probably, have adequate tuition. A grammar school girl must either change her mind or battle on alone except for two or three lessons a week. There are many



different courses which should suit the abilities of each individual—ensuring that she finds something (however small) to interest her in the routine of school life.

I am definitely not in favour of abolishing the eleven plus and making all secondary schools comprehensive. The latter's main advantage is the opportunities offered to the middling people. Obviously, at a grammar school where the lowest standard is much higher than our lowest, the girls may be forced to work much harder, but most of last year's fifth year received certificates for external exams and several had nine good G.C.E. passes. Every girl with any ability can do very well and achieve a reasonable ambition.

Girls who leave school at fifteen do not really get enough responsibility. In a secondary modern school the fourth year supplies both prefects and head girls. In a large comprehensive school, even the senior prefects are too numerous to have much responsibility.

Girls of many different nationalities, creeds and abilities learn in these large schools to respect each other's feelings and views which is, I consider, very important in the selfish world of today.

Unfortunately the comprehensive system has not dispensed with the three basic evils—staff, work and pupils.

Marion Robsin 6A



The Comprehensive System

BELOW: pictures of the party of Chilean visitors including the Mayor of Concepcion, the Editor of El Sur and the Programme Manager of Radio and Television looking round the school.



Sally gets her scoop

Sally was feeling miserable. She had been miserable for several days. Sally Irving was editor of her school's magazine "Happy Days." She and her assistants had been looking for a "scoop" for ages and one had not turned up. But to top it all Miss Rosaine James was staying in the village. Rosaine James was a famous show-jumping star and she had come for a rest and a holiday and she did not want to be disturbed, especially by a few schoolgirl reporters.

Miss James had previously won at several big shows on a young horse she was training, named Fineboy. She had brought Fineboy with her with the intention of schooling him, ready for one or two shows in the future.

Sally and her two friends had decided to go down to the Fox, the inn where Miss James was staying, to try their luck at getting an interview.

They found Miss James jumping Fineboy in the paddock, and unknown to her they hung over the gate to watch. Then suddenly a paper bag blew into view just as Fineboy was jumping the brush-fence. He shied in mid air, throwing Miss James, and landed. He then galloped off, cleared the hawthorn hedge bordering the paddock and clattered down a leafy lane opposite.

Sally's mind was racing. She knew that the lane led to a dangerous ditch, over which a bridge was being built. There was no way round it and at the pace that Fineboy was going, he would probably go straight in it.

Shouting to her friends to follow, she dashed from the gate and into the wood opposite. It was a short cut and with some luck they might get to the ditch before Fineboy. They pelted through the bracken and arrived at the ditch not a minute too soon, for they could hear hooves rapidly approaching. She called to her friends to spread across the road and they stood with their arms out-stretched, awaiting Fineboy's arrival. They could see Fineboy coming towards them. Then suddenly just as they thought their last moment had come, he slithered to a halt and Sally clutched his bridle.

After they had soothed him, they took him back down the lane. There they met Miss James limping towards them with a twisted ankle, the result of her fall.

Of course Sally got her interview and some photographs of Miss James and Fineboy, as well as a reward of free tickets to the next show at which Fineboy appeared.

Linda Hicks, 3M.

Now our readers are invited to submit their problems to:—

GERTRUDE GINGHAM

Dear Gertrude,

I am thirteen and have two boy friends of whom I am very fond. Neither of them knows of the other's existence. Do you think it is wrong to keep them both in the dark?

Two-Timer

Dear Two-Timer,

Undoubtedly, you have your problems! It is obvious that somehow or other, these boys are eventually going to find out that you are "two-timing" them. When they do, you will probably lose them both. However, so long as you do not profess love to either of them, I cannot see that you are doing wrong. Remember though, that you are being insincere.

Dear Gertrude,

Please help me! I am a second year and I am tired of being persecuted by the prefects. They are always seizing me in the corridors and reporting me. What can I do?

Victimized

Dear Victimized,

I suggest you try to change your physical appearance, and stop engaging in activities which cause you to be reported!

Dear Gertrude,

My boy friend is very nice but he always makes me walk on the gutter-side of the pavement when we go out. Is this very ill mannered?

Gutter-walker

Dear Gutter-walker,

Indeed it is! How could you bear to associate with such a wretched male? Give him up quickly!

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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 Singapore. My platoon consisted of clerks, switchboard operators and postal workers. As we were the only service-women 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, Surrey. 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 Headquarters 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 1 (A), (SYD/W20), Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

for a career with prospects

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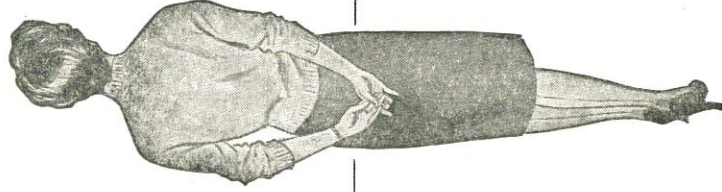
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