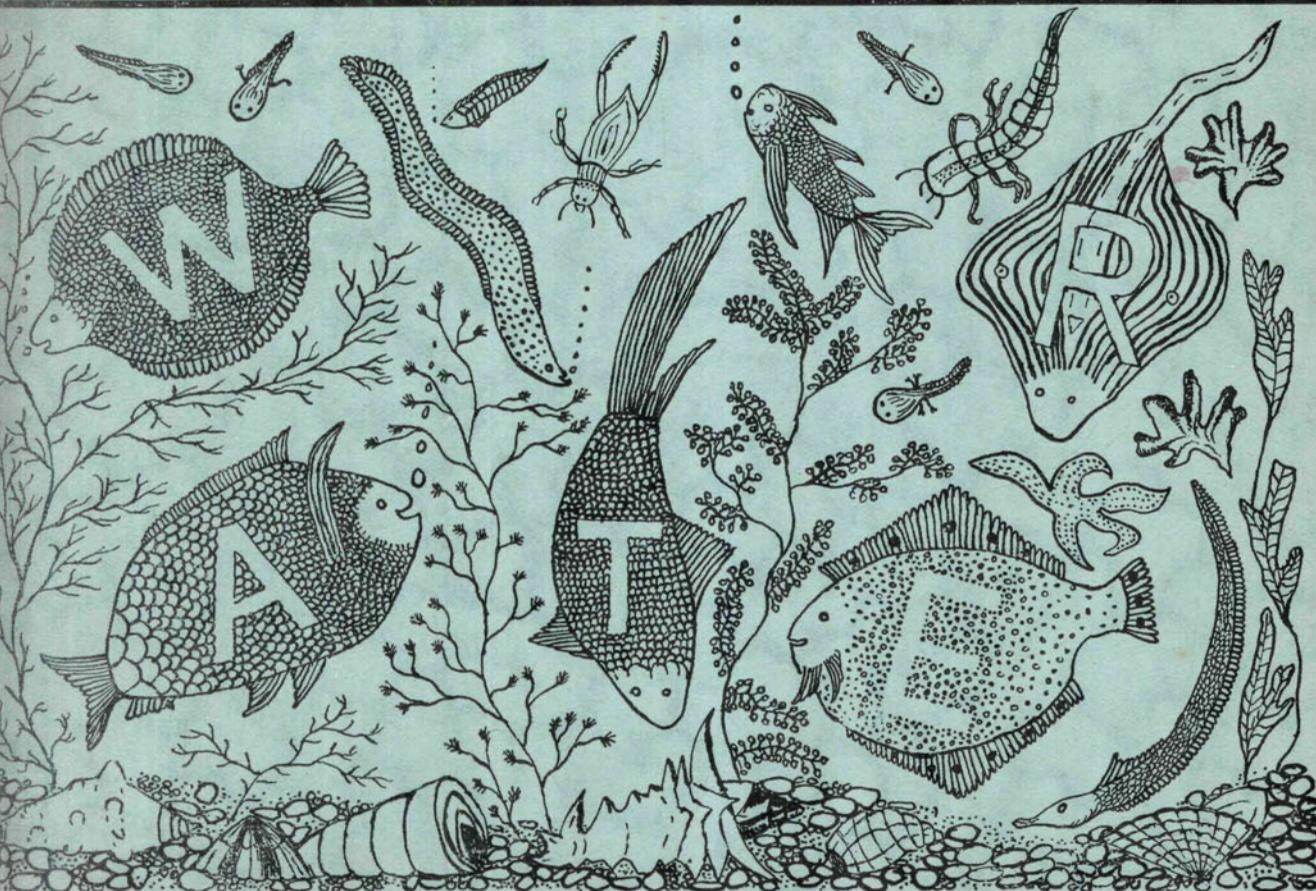
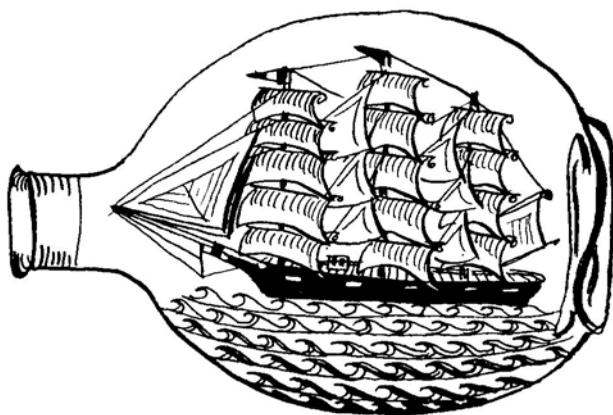


**SPECIAL SURVEY NUMBER THREE**





N L C S  
M A G A Z I N E



WATER  
SUPPLEMENT



Photo: Alan Meek

Mary Done Swimming Pool. Cutting the first sod

# Dr. CLAY

At the beginning of term the school heard with a sense of personal sorrow of the death of Dr. Clay on 10th April. He was the well loved friend of us all. His association with school was a long one; he became a Governor representing the *Worshipful Company of Clothworkers* in 1929 and was Chairman of the Governors from 4th November 1938 until his death. We were indeed fortunate to have a Chairman who cared so deeply for the fundamental values in education, and who had such a wide knowledge and experience of educational work. He was himself a distinguished scholar, being a physicist and mathematician. He held a London Honours B.Sc. degree in Physics, in 1892 he was placed in the First Class of the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge and in 1901 obtained the degree of Doctor of Science of London University. For some thirty years he was Principal of the Northern Polytechnic. His especial field of study was in optics and he was President of the Optical Society in 1927, and shortly before his death was made an honorary Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society.

Of all his gifts he gave freely to school and took a keen interest in everything that happened in our daily life. Nothing pleased him more than to see the school at work and at play. So much that we have at Canons was due to his wisdom; he watched with care the erection of the new school building which was added to the Old House and was completed in 1940. One remembers his joy in the grounds, his love of trees and flowers, his interest in the school decorations, his delight in the installation of the organ. And it was through his knowledge and foresight that we were able to procure the fine organ now in daily use. For some years it was stored at school in a dismantled state, and when the installation was possible at the time of the Centenary, through the generosity of Old North Londoners, he it was who watched over the work of construction and even during one holiday made, with the help of senior girls, the cables which run under the Hall floor and connect the organ with the console. He was closely associated with all our projects; the two most recent about which he was most enthusiastic were the creation of the Drummond Library and the construction of the Mary Done Swimming Pool. He was so much part of our life and knew of all our hopes and plans that our sense of loss is deep. We are grateful that he was spared for so long to give us the great benefit and privilege of his wisdom and kindly interest. He was a true friend of the school and firm in his support of all our endeavours; he encouraged us to aim high and at nothing less than the best. His leadership as our Chairman was a constant inspiration and this inspiration will remain with us.

At his funeral on 13th April, the Governors, Staff, girls, parents and Old North Londoners were all represented and this was a small indication of the respect and affection which everyone had for a wonderful Chairman and a dearly loved friend.

K.A.

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## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE 1953—1954

*Chairman:* DR. ANDERSON

*Editors:*

JANE MACDONALD, MISS CLAY

*Committee:*

MISS PARKS, MISS GORDON, MISS KEIGHTLEY, JENNIFER THWAITES (until Christmas 1953)

MARY McNELLY (since Christmas 1953), JEAN ARNO, HELEN POLLARD,

KATHERINE WALDRAM, ELEANOR BRON, EVELYN KAYE, HAZEL BROOKES

*Co-opted for Art:*

EVELYN GILES      WENDY SYMONDSON

## THE MARY DONE SWIMMING POOL

We are blessed with so much at Canons that it is difficult to think of anything that we seriously lack, but there is something which we have not been able to include in the curriculum, namely Swimming. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Done, in their generosity and thought for us, have wished to rectify this state of affairs. Great was our delight when we heard that the licence, so long awaited, was granted and that the builders could begin to construct the pool to be named after Mary Done, who died in August 1942 whilst still a pupil of the school.

On a snowy day in March the first sod was cut by Mrs. Done in the presence of the whole school, and the three hearty cheers which followed were but a very small and informal thank you to Mr. and Mrs. Done for their kindness to the school. We all look forward to the day when the Pool will be officially opened and we can express to them more formally our thanks. But the delight and pleasure they have given to us will be seen, not so much on this special occasion, as in the good use to which this gift will be put by present and future generations of North Londoners. This will be the best thanks we can give for such a marvellous gift.

K.A.

## EDITORIAL

How often has one heard 'The school would be perfect if only it had a swimming pool.' Now we are to have one, given by Mr. and Mrs. Done in memory of Mary Done, and it will be all the more exciting because we have waited so long for it. The first sod has already been ceremonially cut by Mrs. Done amid much rejoicing, especially among the juniors. We must beware, however, of coming to take this gift too much for granted, as we take so many other school possessions. It is too easy to forget just how lucky the school is.

This year we have also some very good news. Dr. Anderson is President-Elect of Association of Headmistresses, and Miss Parks is President of the Assistant Mistresses' Association. It must surely be unusual to have both Presidents from the same School. We congratulate both of them very much.

It is often wondered why the magazine has a supplement. We think it gives point to the original contributions to have a central theme, and that it is interesting and satisfying to explore the many possibilities of a single subject. This year, that subject is 'Water,' one which lends itself to diverse interpretations. It is not an obvious choice, as the last two supplements have been, but that is no reason why it should not be as enjoyable. We are particularly grateful to the Science Club, which has held a photographic competition on the subject 'Water,' for helping us in illustrating this supplement.

# SCHOOL OFFICERS 1953-1954

Senior Prefect . . . . .	ELIZABETH HUGHES
School Captain . . . . .	ELIZABETH BUXTON
Librarian . . . . .	SYLVIA WAIN
Bromley Secretary . . . . .	AUDREY SALMON
Editor of the Magazine . . . . .	JANE MACDONALD
Secretary of the School Advisory Council . . . . .	HILARY WELLER

## *School Prefects:*

JEAN ARNO  
DOROTHY COODE  
ELIZABETH DURBIN  
DIANA FERGUSON  
JUDITH GORDON WALKER  
ANN HARRISON  
SHEILA HARRISON  
GILLIAN HUGGINS  
PAMELA INGRAM  
JENNIFER LANGFORD  
JANET LAWRENCE  
JANE MACDONALD  
GILLIAN MAY  
JILL McCULLOCH

WENDY MERTENS  
SHEILA MYERS  
SUSAN PURKIS  
JUDITH RATCLIFF  
JENNIFER SIDWELL  
JENNIFER THWAITES  
SYLVIA WAIN  
KATHARINE WALDRAM  
HILARY WELLER  
JUDITH WILLANS  
SUSAN WILLANS  
BOBBIE WITHNALL  
JOAN WOOD

# STAFF NEWS

At the beginning of the Summer Term 1953, we welcomed Mrs. Tucker, who came to help with the teaching of Modern Languages, and we were pleased to keep Miss J. Funnell for another term, this time as a substitute for Miss Gordon who had leave of absence.

In July, Miss Nicolson retired after thirty-two years at school. We are always delighted to see her when she comes back, and hope that she will do so as often as she can. We also said goodbye in July to Miss Cawley, whom we congratulated in last year's magazine on her appointment as Head Mistress of Whalley Range High School, Manchester. Miss J. Linnell also left at the end of the Summer Term and now has a temporary teaching post until she marries.

We welcomed as new members of staff in September, Miss J. Clark (Science), Miss B. Danielli (Physical Training), Miss E. Dobson (Mathematics) and Miss M. Tame (Mathematics). Miss Widlake has come on three days a week this year to help with the teaching of Geography.

At Christmas, we said goodbye to Miss Murray who has gone to teach in New Zealand, and to Miss Pusey, who is now teaching children who are mentally and physically handicapped. Our good wishes went with both and in their places we have Miss M. Haley (History) and Miss R. Waddington (Form I). We have also been very grateful to Miss Powell for helping with the teaching of Art during the Spring Term, instead of Miss Keightley who was ill.



"Women have much more liberty than perhaps in any other place," so wrote a foreigner visiting England. This was written not in the twentieth century but in the sixteenth century by Frederick, Duke of Württemberg, visiting England in the reign of Elizabeth I. It is quoted in a fascinating book written recently by Professor Carroll Camden called "The Elizabethan Woman." In this book she examines the education, marriage customs, the pastimes and amusements, the dress and general adornment of the woman of the age of the first Elizabeth.

The Elizabethan girl, she tells us, was brought up in far narrower circumstances than the modern girl and had little chance for the self-expression advocated by so many child psychologists! In 1598, Robert Cleaver writing on education gave parents four precepts for the education of their children; he told them to instruct their children in the fear of the Lord; to rear them to love virtue and to hate vice; to be examples of godliness to them, and to keep them from idleness.

What should the Elizabethan girl be taught? She should be taught good manners because "a well nurtured and mannerly maiden is as a polished stone of a Pallace, and the honour of her father's house." Many books of manners were published; for example, Jacques Legrand's "Book of Good Manners" published first in 1487 ran through six editions in twenty-eight years. Then the girl must be taught the practical pursuits needed to run a household. This was all important. A story is told of James I to whom a learned young lady was presented and her knowledge of Latin, Greek and Hebrew extolled. James asked, "But can she spin?" Richard Mulcaster in 1581 wrote: "I thinke it, and knowe it, to be a principall commendation in a woman: to be able to gouerne and direct her household, to looke to her house and familie, to provid and keep necessaries . . . to knowe the force of her kitchen." Many cookery books appeared in the sixteenth century and also books of instruction in all household duties; one bears the nice title: "A schole-house for the Needle."

All writers seem to be agreed on the necessity of training young women in religion, duty to parents, good manners, and the care and supervision of the household. They were not agreed concerning the advisability of educating young women in the arts and sciences or in general learning; indeed, some authors compare a woman with an education in such subjects to a madman with a sword. Others, however, suggest that girls might study drawing, writing, logic, rhetoric, philosophy and languages, but generally the domestic arts formed the main education of the Elizabethan girl to fit her for her place in society and to enable her to develop herself as a person.

Let us now turn the pages and come to the nineteenth century and to 1850 and to the beginning of grammar school education for girls. Let us look at the aims which Miss Buss had for her new venture in education for girls. These are stated quite clearly in the

first prospectus of her School in 1850: "On account of the influence of Female Character upon Society, it becomes of the greatest importance that the future mothers of families should be so educated that they may be enabled to diffuse amongst their children the truths and duties of religion, and to impart to them a portion of that mass of information placed by modern education within the reach of all." These aims fundamentally are very similar to those of the sixteenth century, but the pattern by which they are to be achieved has altered. Home and school together are to be responsible and the school subjects now include: "Scripture, English, History, Geography, the Elements of Latin, Writing and Arithmetic, French, Drawing, Singing, Plain and Ornamental Needlework, and the leading facts of Natural Philosophy and other Branches of Science." The fees were £2 2s. 0d. a quarter and the prospectus mentions that: "A large garden will be appropriated to the recreation of the pupils." In that garden there was a see-saw for the use of the youngest pupils.

During the fifty years that followed, there was considerable development in the curriculum and the most startling advances were made perhaps in Science and in Physical Training, which was not even mentioned in 1850. In Science at first the classes were taken by the Founder's father and one of his pupils wrote: "His Chemistry series was marvellous, especially for smells and explosions." Then in 1866, Dr. Hodgson gave a course of thirty-eight lessons on "the structure of the human body with application to health." These lessons were most successful and Miss Buss said: "The usefulness of some knowledge of this subject to young women need scarcely be pointed out. They and their parents have frequently expressed their sense both of its importance and of their gratitude to Dr. Hodgson for the sacrifice of his time and labour for their benefit." As the Science teaching developed, the need for practical work by the pupils themselves became essential and in 1886 a fine laboratory was equipped, the first in a girls' school.

Physical training too took its place as a school subject for girls in the second half of the nineteenth century. At first musical gymnastics were introduced; Miss Buss believed that these classes were a good antidote to the mental strain of examinations. The parents endorsed this view. Miss Buss quoted that: "One gentleman indeed considers that his daughter's health has been greatly benefitted by it, and that its use counteracted any ill effect the great amount of mental work, caused by her preparation for the Cambridge examinations, might have induced." Finally, in 1880 the school achieved "a proper gymnasium with parallel bars, horizontal bars, a ladder fixed against the wall, a giant stride, dumb bells." In the pictures of the gymnastic displays and lessons you will notice how the dress changes as physical training develops as a subject and greater freedom comes. At first the girls are wearing the long full skirts of ordinary everyday dress, than in 1900 they are wearing a special dress, in 1920, gym tunics and in 1950 skirts are abandoned!

In 1872 Miss Buss decided to introduce "the art of swimming" into the curriculum and called on the Superintendent of the St. Pancras Baths to find out how to obtain the use of the Baths. She applied to the authorities for permission to use the Baths and the reply was that "ladies may have the privilege of using the swimming baths on Saturday mornings from 6 to 11 a.m. for two months (June and July) conditionally that you will give your guarantee that not less than thirty bathers attend weekly, and that the charge will be sixpence exclusive of bathing dresses." So swimming began and Miss Buss engaged a Miss Humphrey as instructor. Rules for swimming included:—"Each pupil must provide herself with a swimming dress, or hire one at the charge of twopence each time. No one may remain in the water longer than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. The pupils in the school must pay attention to the directions of the teacher on duty." Then on 26th July, 1873, there was a contest of two lengths which was won by Mary Burgess. Swimming proved to be a most successful addition to the curriculum. An account in the school magazine of 1876 shows the enthusiasm: "Great is the fun, and loud and merry the chattering when we enter. The water is slightly warmed, so no one can feel the slightest trepidation at entering. The doors of the queer little bathing houses open one after another, flannel clad figures run along the sides of the bath; some go cautiously

down the steps into the water, others plunge in from the sides, and from the spring-board at the 'deep end.' Then we begin to strike out with determination and energy. Some of us swim easily and gracefully, others slow and laboriously with a great deal of puffing and spluttering, with many involuntary mouthfuls of water, and with a great deal of speedily-felt fatigue . . . But the hands of the great clock move on, soon, too soon, we find that it is time to come out of this pleasant element." And now in 1954 we are to have a swimming pool of our own here at Canons, the Mary Done Swimming Pool, and we shall have the joy of having swimming as part of our school curriculum once more.

The sixteenth century, the nineteenth century, the twentieth century—times change and the content of the curriculum alters and develops, but fundamentally the aims of education remain the same. If we examine what we are trying to do in school here and now in 1954 I would say that we have three main aims:

The first is to enable each one to develop her own powers and to train her mind in honest thought. There is no easy way or short cut to achieve this. It means work, hard work for each one and it results in the happiness of fulfilment.

The second is to fit each one to play her part outside the school as a member of the wider community. This comes from the experience of living with one another in a school community and implies standards of behaviour and courtesy. Membership of a community also involves service; the least that those who take the benefits of any community can give is their willing service.

Lastly, and this in a sense grows out of the two previous aims, we try to put each one in the way of arriving at a standard of values based on belief.

What did the sixteenth century say?

"To instruct in the fear of the Lord."

What did the nineteenth century say?

"To diffuse the truths and duties of religion."

What shall the twentieth century say? What shall we say?

From the wonders of all the new discoveries in knowledge comes a deeper and surer faith in God, and that this is the rock on which we build our life.

In the Book of Deuteronomy, chapter 32, verse 4. Moses said of God: "He is the Rock, his work is perfect, for all his ways are judgment, a God of truth without iniquity, just and right is he."

St. Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians, chapter 10, verse 4, wrote: "And all did drink the same spiritual drink; they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them; and that Rock is Christ."

I pray that, above all, our endeavour in school shall be that with heart and mind we may seek to build surely on this Rock of faith.



## BOOKS IN THE ENTRANCE HALL

You may, perhaps, have wondered what is inside the two cupboards in the Entrance Hall. You can see, of course, that they contain old books but you may not know more than that. However, I have been looking at them and there is an interesting and quite valuable collection.

The oldest book that the School possesses is a copy of the 'Breeches' Bible, so called from a verse in Genesis which says that Adam and Eve made themselves breeches of fig-leaves. The Bible was printed in 1580.

At the very beginning of the seventeenth century the first English version of Camden's 'Britannia' was published by Bishop and Norton. It is a survey of the British Isles and contains many of the maps which formed the basis for the old printed maps such as those of Speed's Atlas. A series of reproductions of Speed's Atlas has just been published by Phoenix House Ltd., and the two first volumes of this work are in the Library. Another seventeenth century book is 'Stow's Survey of London' which was first published in 1603. We have the 1653 edition.

There are four especially noteworthy books published in the eighteenth century which the School possesses. The first is the magnificent 'Flora Londonensis.' This was written by William Curtis who founded the 'Botanical Magazine.' It is in three volumes with lithographed illustrations coloured by hand, showing all the flowers found growing around London. It was printed in 1777 and the School's copy came from Warren Hastings's library. Another book, describing not only London but the whole of the British Isles, is 'A Tour of Britain' written by Defoe and published in 1778. In the second volume Defoe describes the former Canons as 'one of the most magnificent palaces in England . . . but such is the fate of all sublunary things, that all this grandeur is already at an end.' In the eighteenth century a fashion began for binding books in paper covers which were generally marbled. As these books would naturally not withstand very hard wear, they are rather uncommon and the School is lucky to have fine examples of this kind of binding; the Poems of Milton, Pope and Butler, and also 'The Silver Thimble,' by the authoress of 'Instructive Tales,' which is a highly moral story for children concerning the adventures of 'Miss Careless' and 'Miss Steady.'

Two books published in the nineteenth century are concerned with art; the first is 'Le Reçue et Parallele des Edifices de tout genre, anciens et modernes' printed in the Revolutionary Year Nine (1802). It contains every conceivable architectural form from Gothic Cathedrals to Chinese pagodas. A few years ago, the signature of the owner 'John Nash, Architect' was found inside the front cover. The second is not, properly speaking, a book at all, but a collection of the original drawings for book-illustrations by Robert William Buss. These were found in a sale and presented to the School by Miss Myers.

The other two nineteenth century books of especial interest are 'Sense and Sensibility,' which shows the fashion for the novel bound in three volumes, and the 'Poems, chiefly lyrical' by Lord Tennyson. The latter is the first edition published in 1830 by Effingham Ullson of London.

SYLVIA J. WAIN (*Librarian*)

## MR. BOURDILLON'S LECTURE

It was with great excitement that we assembled in the Hall on Friday, 26th February, to hear Mr. Tom Bourdillon speak of his experiences as a member of the British expedition which climbed Everest. Needless to say, we had all followed the progress of that party with great interest. Many of us, too, remembered the letter which had been sent from Nepal the previous year by Jennifer Bourdillon, an Old North Londoner, who, as the wife of the speaker, had accompanied him for part of the 1951 Reconnaissance party.

Our eager anticipation was rewarded by a fascinating lecture which was illustrated by a wonderful selection of lantern slides. These were coloured and one was struck most forcibly by the contrast of the exotic richness of the sub-tropical flowers and shrubs to the stark whiteness of the peaks and the deep blue of the crevasses. Those of the ice fall

were particularly impressive, the extraordinary shapes and terrifying height of sheer blocks of ice. Mr. Bourdillon told us of the immense preparations which preceded the final attempts and emphasised the spirit of team work. Although the speaker did not wish to praise any individual more than another, John Hunt was conspicuous for his leadership and inspiration and Hillary and Tensing for their strength and determination. But we also heard of the lighter side of the expedition in many amusing anecdotes. Mr. Bourdillon's charming understatement only helped to increase our admiration and respect.

We were indeed privileged to hear this account of a story, in itself so moving, but which, with the personal detail and direct impressions of one who was there, is even more enthralling.

E.F.M.D.

## THE CORONATION

The few weeks before the Coronation were a time of mounting excitement. There were all the London decorations to see, and home ones to put up. At school itself we were given a flagstaff by Mr. and Mrs. Done, and we proudly and with much ceremony hoisted the flag for the first time. There was also much discussion about the presents given to each girl and to the school by Harrow County Council. The school was given a sum of money to be spent on the grounds, and the girls could choose from pencils, spoons, mugs and penknives, all very gay in patriotic colours. We were to have a week's holiday for the Coronation so that we could enjoy the events immediately before and after, and there was much preparation to be done for the day itself.

Coronation Day, when it came at last,—and many of us must have been glad enough to see it after a night in the rain—seems to have justified all expectations. The experiences of North Londoners were varied and produced an inexhaustible fund of stories afterwards. Enormous numbers—or so it seemed to anyone walking round London that night—camped in the streets, liberally provided with macs, rugs, food and pastimes. The food most often came to grief, we gather. Can this have been because it was soft to sleep on? In spite of the rain there were plenty of things to cheer, from nigger minstrels to ornate cars loaded with visitors. The night was cold but there was an undercurrent of excitement, and when the news of Everest arrived at about two o'clock it really did seem as if the world had transformed itself and everything was possible.

The morning came, grey, cold, but infinitely exciting. People arrived to claim seats and the school party assembled on the Victoria Embankment. They had not long to wait before the procession began, with the Lord and Lady Mayoress escorted by pikemen. After this followed the Colonial Rulers, including, of course, the suddenly and tremendously popular Queen of Tonga. At last the Queen herself came. Every child in that crowd of schoolchildren cheered itself hoarse. Then she was gone.

In the Abbey the contrast to the scene outside was startling. Instead of the noise and excitement there was colour and calm. Individuals stood out, the scene was richly impressive and the service, in the words of at least one of the North Londoners there, sincere and unbelievably moving. Others saw it on Television and there was much argument afterwards as to the relative advantages of seeing it like this in one's own home or of standing in the crowd and seeing only the Procession. However it was, all were agreed that the Coronation Day was unforgettable.

Other North Londoners were in the villages. There, the celebrations were equally wholehearted and possibly even more colourful. Trees, houses and haystacks decked themselves with innumerable flags. That afternoon there were fancy dress parades, pageants, sports. In the evening there were bonfires and fireworks, and much dancing. The fireworks in London were perhaps more magnificent, but could they have been as much fun?

# NORTH LONDONERS ABROAD

## THE SCHOOL VISIT TO GERMANY 1953

We met at Victoria Station on August 25th and my chief recollection of the journey is the amazement we all felt when, as we stood on the platform surrounded by mountains of luggage, Jean Arno strolled up carrying just one tiny holdall! I still can't imagine how she got everything in it. We arrived at Stuttgart at 8 a.m. the next morning where we were met by our hostesses. My hostess, Susi, after one look at me, rushed me home to a bath, breakfast and bed.

The beds were one of the nicest things about the German homes as instead of blankets and eiderdowns they have enormous pillows which cover the entire bed. Mine was white but they are sometimes red and every morning the people hang them out of the window to air. The German food was marvellous although three things I did not like were German sausage (all fifty varieties), peppermint tea and a speciality of South Germany which I was given for breakfast one morning, 'onion cake.' I liked the bread especially some salty rolls called 'brezels' and I think we all liked the cakes which are made on absolutely enormous plates and eaten with cream. We were given huge slices and in fact at all the meals we were given far more than we could possibly eat.

The German people are extremely hardworking and the women of the family often run the farm during the day while the men work in factories. We frequently saw women of about seventy cutting hay with heavy hand scythes in the blazing sun. They have also recovered from the war very quickly although they were badly bombed. The Königs-strasse in Stuttgart, in which there was not a single building left standing, is now the most up to date shopping centre in the town. I understand however that in the north of Germany, in Berlin and Hamburg, conditions are still very bad.

As a race the Germans are far more polite to each other than we are. When we arrived at school in the morning all Susi's friends shook hands with me and did the same again when we said goodbye. We also shook hands whenever we met in the street. Whenever I came down to breakfast the entire family shook hands with me. The girls also give a little curtsey when shaking hands with anyone older than themselves and never use the second person singular when speaking to an older person. I felt very flattered when Susi's younger sister, Ute, gave a little curtsey to me. When a boy is introduced to a girl he clicks his heels and bows as well as shaking hands. One thing we were always forgetting to do was to say 'bitte' if anyone thanked us for something. This means roughly 'that's all right' and it is thought very rude not to say it.

One of the things that I liked very much about Germany was that every village, however small, had a swimming pool. I visited a village called Beutelsbach where some of Susi's relations lived, which only had about fifteen houses in it but which had a large swimming pool which was evidently the social as well as the athletic centre for the young people during the summer. Another thing I liked very much were the hats which every horse or cow wore in summer. Cows are used as well as, or sometimes with, horses for farm work and they both look very picturesque wearing bright red or blue hats which cover the ears and have little decorated eye-fringes in the front. The funniest recollection I have of Germany is of the 'lederhosen' or leather shorts, worn by all the boys and a lot of the men. It was very amusing to see business men going to their offices wearing very short leather shorts and carrying briefcases.

The thing that impressed me most about the German people however was their friendliness towards us and towards everything English. In the school in Ludwigsburg we were bombarded with questions about England—our school and the Royal Family being the favourite topics—and we were loaded with gifts of fruit and sweets when we left. I didn't speak any German when I went and I wondered how I would fit in with Susi's family but from the beginning I was made to feel completely at home. I know that we were all sorry to leave and I, at any rate, am looking forward very much to visiting Germany again.

P.H.

## THE ITALIAN EXPEDITION

The most interesting part of the journey to Rome came on the second day when we passed through Switzerland and Northern Italy. The contrast between Switzerland, so spotlessly neat and green, and the wilder, more profuse Italy was striking. Italy was full of colour, especially in its houses, which were mostly yellow and pink, and later on in its grey, olive-covered hills.

Rome was much more alive and much more vigorous than we had expected. Remains of classical Rome were indiscriminately jumbled with mediæval palaces and modern blocks of flats. In every corner of Rome there are fountains. In the Piazza Navone there is one fascinating one by Bernini for the square in front of a church built by his greatest rival. The figures on the fountain are turning away from the façade in horror and disgust. There is a tradition about another that whoever throws a coin in it is certain to return some day. We sadly visited it on the last day.

Our longest expedition was to Pompeii. When we arrived at the station we were besieged by pedlars selling coral necklaces and other jewellery, to which most of the party succumbed. Our first impression of Pompeii itself was of sun and dust, heat, cypress trees and lizards running over bare stones. Most of the houses lining the streets were just walls and floors, but some of the larger ones were fairly complete and must have been pleasant houses to live in. They were cool and shady, with flowers and green plants growing in the inner courtyards. It was just outside Pompeii that we saw our first oranges growing on trees.

Italy is full of flowers. Everywhere we went we saw houses, bridges, stations, covered with wisteria. Lilac also was abundant. Cypresses, of course, were ubiquitous, and their pointed tops quivered eternally. Olive trees, with their characteristic grey leaves covered the hills round Florence and south of Rome.

Florence was greyer and quieter than Rome and very mediæval in atmosphere. The streets are narrow and arched over, and the churches most distinctive with their facing of many coloured marble. All over Florence, not only in the museums and picture-galleries is the work of great artists and sculptors.

In Florence, as in Rome, we were struck by the friendliness and cheerfulness of the Italians. It made us the more sorry to leave Italy. We loved every minute of our stay, and we are indebted to Miss Dowding for giving us a holiday we can never forget.

M. MCN. AND J.M.

## JOURNEY BY SEA

We sailed from Port of London on December 23rd, passed down the Channel and out into the Atlantic. The Atlantic is not a friendly ocean: grey and mountainous, it streams past the porthole. The ship strains and creaks in making headway, and as you walk across a room the floor falls away under your feet. Up on deck the wind blows strongly bringing sudden squalls of rain. Everyone sits huddled in the public rooms feeling rather miserable.

The first land we sighted was the Azores, four days out from England. The ship's notice-board gave us due warning: "The vessel will pass between the S.E. and Central groups of the Azores and should be abeam of the N.W. point of San Miguel at about two p.m. tomorrow, Sunday, 27th December." The notice then gave some miscellaneous information about the islands: "The Azores or Western Islands form a province of the Republic of Portugal . . . A Portuguese settlement was made in the fifteenth century . . . The Flora are European and the Fauna are also European, the only mammals being rabbits and weasels." We gazed at the bare, dun-coloured hills sticking up out of the water and tried to relate them to these facts.

After we left the Azores the weather became steadily warmer. The sea turned from grey to slatey blue. The sun beat down, but the strong breeze blowing across the ship made the decks very pleasant. We lay spread-eagled on our towels turning various shades of

pink and brown. The cabins became intolerable and many people slept on deck although this meant being woken at six when the decks were washed. The notice-board told us that as we approached the tropics there was an increasing loss of body salt, and that to avoid lassitude we must drink salted water. We did this once or twice and then forgot. Someone reported that the Captain was seen to down a good strong glass at every meal. A small canvas swimming pool was rigged up in the bows of the ship. The water gushed in from a pipe and spilled out over the edge: it was beautifully cool and salt. The pool only held about ten people, and, as you peered over the side at the sea rushing past, you seemed to be swimming in a floating tea-cup.

The first stop was Curaçao, an island of the Dutch West Indies Group. The ships stop here to pick up oil. Oil is the wealth of Curaçao. The refining industry was started in 1916 and since then the island and its native population have enjoyed great prosperity. The crude oil is shipped over from Venezuela because Curaçao has the deep water harbours suitable for large vessels. The island is trying to build up a tourist trade and the pamphlets refer to it as a "Jewel set in the Caribbean." The smell of oil, however, which pervades the air is not an attraction. We anchored in Caracas Bay and could look up at the green and orange cliffs rising behind the harbour.

After some vigorous bargaining with a taxi driver we drove into the capital, Willemstad, a lovely city built round the inland harbour of Shottogat. The Sound runs right up into the centre of the town and is crossed by a pontoon bridge on floats which swings open to let the ships pass through. The banana boats which have sailed the thirty-eight miles across the straits from Venezuela moor along the quay and unload straight on to the market stalls. The whole impression is one of colour. The architecture is seventeenth century Dutch, but the "step-roofed" houses are painted orange or pink or yellow, as if someone had been let loose with a paint-box in the Hague. Against the pink walls stand the palm trees and the whole is backed by a blazing blue sky. The native women and girls, dressed in emerald green satin or pale organdie, all look as if they were on their way to a party. They are not of a very trusting disposition: when we saw an old native woman weighed down with bananas and offered to help her carry them across the bridge, she shook her head violently and clung to the bananas. The shopping streets are a strange mixture of o'd Dutch houses and shiny American shops and milk bars. We wandered round, hot and fascinated, until it was time to go back to the ship. At noon she sailed for Panama.

It was a lovely run from Curaçao to Panama. We had a following wind which whipped up the Caribbean so that the blue waves were topped with foam. The sea seemed to dance along beside us; at sunset the sky turned pale green and mauve. The sun was hot but there was always a breeze. It was easy to imagine the sailing ships in the days of Drake and Hawkins heading confidently westwards across these waters to the Spanish Main.

Then one morning we were in Limon Bay at the entrance to the Panama Canal. It takes seven hours for a ship to pass through the canal and the heat in the windless atmosphere is stifling. The canal, which was opened in 1914, is a tremendous feat of engineering for which the U.S.A. government can take the greatest credit. The main difficulty in construction was that the Isthmus of Panama is several hundred feet above sea level so that ships have to be raised and lowered as they pass from one ocean to the other. When our pilot came aboard he brought with him a guide who proceeded, in a rich American accent, to bombard us with information about the canal and its construction. Most of his statistics concerned water and the movement of water. We would be drawn up to Gatun Lake, he said, through three locks. The volume of water moving into each lock was twenty-three million gallons. As the lock took eight minutes to fill this meant that the water moved at the rate of approximately three million gallons per minute. In that eight minutes the ship was lifted 28½ feet. Lake Gatun was eighty-five feet above sea level and was, with the exception of Boulder Dam, the largest artificial lake in the world. The Lake was formed by damming the Chagres River . . . and so on. The spate of words continued but we were quite unable to take it in.

Going up through the locks was fascinating. The ship was drawn by four pairs of "mules," one on either bank; these are tram-like vehicles which manoeuvre it into position in each narrow lock. The whole operation was carried out without noise or fuss, while we hung gaping over the rail. After the locks we entered Gatun Lake, a small inland sea. The Lake is dotted with islands thick with tropical vegetation, but the air is still and dead. Occasionally we saw a native canoe moving along inshore, slow and primitive. Beyond the lake is the nine mile Gaillard Cut. Here the jungle comes down in places to the canal's edge and there are banana and coconut trees and gum trees brilliant with crimson flowers. Beyond, apparently stretching away for ever, are the dark, tree-covered hills of Central America. Three more locks took us down to the Pacific Ocean, and at four p.m., we anchored in Balboa Harbour. As the sun went down, the surrounding hills turned black and the lights on the ships came out like stars.

Panama City is a bus ride away from Balboa. It is what one imagines a South American city to be: hot, garish, cosmopolitan. At night the streets are blazing with neon lights and filled with people wandering and loitering. The shops are still open at nine o'clock. The poorer houses have their street doors open and one looks straight into the crowded living-room, the walls decorated with devotional pictures. People are sitting out on the balconies. The next morning we toured the suburbs and saw the modern coloured houses set among their lovely gardens. We saw the fabulous Panama Hotel, reputed to be the most expensive in the world. We visited Old Panama which turned out to be a disappointing heap of ruins, blamed, like many other things in this part of the globe, on "Henry Morgan." The round tour was very cheap because the bus we caught converted itself into a taxi and drove us about for two hours at a charge of fifty cents apiece. The buses lead a free life and seem to be able to go wherever they like.

We sailed from Panama for Wellington, twenty days away across the Pacific. The weather became gradually cooler and less settled but the sea remained blue and inviting. We were absorbed in activities on the ship and took the ocean for granted; we only looked at it if there was something interesting to see such as a school of porpoises leaping neatly through the water. We stopped once in mid-Pacific, at Pitcairn Island, the small volcanic island originally settled by Christian Fletcher and the mutineers from the *Bounty* in 1790. There are only about two hundred inhabitants and they make their living by selling fruit and souvenirs to the passing ships. At one time the British Government thought the island could no longer support the population and evacuated them to nearby Norfolk Island; but within two years many felt homesick and returned to Pitcairn. The islanders came alongside in their long narrow sailing boats and climbed aboard. They are wild-looking, olive-skinned people with huge bare feet. Two hours of bargaining began, the price of pineapples ranging from three shillings to two for sixpence. Then a whistle blew and they all slid back to their boats.

Our first sight of New Zealand was a long coastline of smooth, bare hills. They were like the Scottish hills but more forbidding. They looked parched and desolate. This was the east coast of North Island. As we rounded the Cape into Cook Straits the sea became much rougher and the wind blew coldly. Then we were in the smooth waters of Wellington Sound and could see the lines of wooden one-storey houses on the shore. Behind were hills, not bare but covered with trees. Gradually the movement of the ship ceased; she turned slowly and then remained still. We saw other ships at anchor in the dusk. Beyond a mass of lights were twinkling. Along the waterfront, through the town and up the hillside. They were the lights of Wellington harbour.

C.H.M.

## REFLECTIONS ON BARCELONA

I have many memories of Spain; far too many to write in one short article, and many unspoken ones which I will treasure in my mind.

Going to Spain is like visiting another world: I was quite unprepared for what I was to see. The plane dipped down out of thick clouds, and we were flying over the blue Mediterranean; and then on over what I think must be the most beautiful city in the

world, Barcelona. The 'plane flew low; we were passing over groves of evergreens on the shore, then dry parched land, and with a gentle bump we landed, and a holiday only previously dreamed of began to come true.

The drive from the airport into the city was full of new things to stare at and wonder about—things only touched on in Geography: the dead flat coast-land and the mountains rising sharply behind the city; the irrigation-canals; the absence of trees; the many peasants' carts on the old road beside us; the tired, willing horses pulling their loads; the houses of white stone and of a novel type of architecture with irregular, flat roofs; peasants toiling in the fields; and the long straight road leading to my new home somewhere in the streets of Barcelona.

In Barcelona itself most of the population (two million) live in flats: tall, majestic, white buildings, all clean and fresh. The Spanish and Catalán people and tongues (for Barcelona lies in the province of Cataluña) are different; but all are very proud of their homes. Where I lived, the rooms were large and spacious, with beautiful furniture, many original paintings, elaborate chandeliers; parquet floors in dining-room and sitting-room, and always a gramophone and a vast stock of records for use at dances and parties.

I lived a life of luxury, waking at ten to ring for breakfast in bed. We had lunch at three, and dinner at nine o'clock at night, retiring to bed any time from twelve o'clock to four o'clock in the morning. To me the meals were banquets, with wine to drink and a maid to wait on me, wonderful food to eat—normally three courses, although on feast-days, of which there seemed a great number, there were five courses and several wines, and champagne with which to toast.

Of Barcelona I saw quite a lot, though mostly from a car, as now I had become the daughter of a well-to-do family, and that meant that I should lead a rather sheltered life. It is a very beautiful city with wide roads, the main ones tree-lined, and some with a broad walk down the middle, which at night is packed with promenading people. The transport is varied: single and double-decker 'buses and trolleybuses; rattley old trams with hard wooden seats; and trains which are just like a larger version of the trams with rails and an overhead pick-up.

The people pile on to the trams; there is apparently no such thing as "full up" as the men cling on wherever they can find a footing. I found travelling rather difficult and was always terrified of crossing the road.—I had no idea where to look, and from which direction the cars would hurtle towards me, for all traffic keeps to the right. However I eventually became used to it.

The Spanish people are among the friendliest in the world. Their kindness makes one feel at home at once, and, as I knew no Castillian when I went there, they all tried their utmost to speak to me in English. The younger people, especially the girls, I found, were more precocious than their English counterparts. Living in a foreign country is a wonderful help towards learning a language, and with a lesson every day my vocabulary grew rapidly, but I understood a great deal more than I spoke.

As I visited the country in the winter, we did not do all that much sight-seeing. Barcelona is beautifully laid-out and is surely a joy to drivers. There is, however, an old quarter, el Barrio Gótico (the "Gothic" quarter), which is made up of narrow, cobbled streets which turn sharply, making it easy to lose one's way: a place of great historic interest by day and a place to which to give a wide berth at night.

The Cathedral is a magnificent building, and when flood-lit at night its beauty is breath-taking. It lies in the Barrio Gótico, and some days there is an open-air market on the Cathedral steps. The Spanish are proud of their heroes, and many monuments have been erected in their honour, so many that the Spaniards forget for whom they all are. On the quay-front is a monument to Christopher Columbus (the "Colón") from the top of which can be seen a lovely view of the city, but the day I went the view was somewhat hazy. Also in the harbour is a fine replica of Columbus's tiny ship, the *Santa María*—how brave he was! Another church that has to be seen to be believed is the "Expiatory Temple of the Holy Family" (La Sagrada Família) which is, as yet, unfinished, and may be so for a century or more. The West Door and one wall have been completed in a style amazingly intricate and fantastic. With the murder of the

architect, Gaudí, and the partial destruction of the plans during the last Spanish civil war, there remains much to be done before even the working-model is finished.

Behind the city, raising a graceful peak some 1,600 feet, is the mountain of Tibidabo, as fascinating as its name implies. The road winds up past villages to the arid slopes planted with many ever-greens, and eventually reaches the summit whence, on a clear day, is seen a wonderful and extensive view of the city and foot-hills.

We visited many other places and made new friends who extended their hospitality to me, inviting me to dinners, parties, excursions, and apéritifs.

In Spain, December 25th is not celebrated the same way as in England: after Midnight Mass, the family unites to have a big breakfast and formal party during the early hours of Christmas morning and to pass the rest of the day quietly. The New Year is celebrated with large parties and the traditional eating of the twelve grapes as the clock strikes midnight. Twelfth Night (Epiphany) is really the equivalent of our Christmas, when every member of the family puts a shoe in the window with food and wine for when the "Three Magi" come, who, if one has been good, will leave all the things for which one wishes.

My five weeks in Spain passed all too soon, and the time came to arrange to return to England, to leave the glorious carefree life and the musical voices of the Spaniards, to come back to the cold weather and my own tongue. The last Thursday night was a hectic rush: shopping, apéritifs, a dance party, dinner, at eleven a last visit to the cinema, finally returning to the apartment for a light supper and a champagne toast to our successful return to England, and to my next visit to Spain.

The last night was quieter, with a visit to a friend's house to bid farewell to the family, then we returned and had a solemn dinner with all of us near to tears at our coming departure. The following morning everybody came to see us three girls off safely: the Spanish girls with whom I stayed back to their school in England, myself back to North London Collegiate School. In heavenly sunshine the families bade farewell to their daughters and the Figarolas to their new-found one, me. Later the 'plane rose gracefully off the ground like a silver bird, and the holiday, which had surpassed all expectations, had just about come to its end, though it will remain imprinted on my mind for ever as vividly as when it happened.

A. C. BEALES, V.

## A MOONLIGHT VISIT TO THE TAJ MAHAL

As I jumped out of the train at Agra in India, I pulled my coat tightly around me; it was bitterly cold, yes cold! I say this to all those people who imagine India as a land of everlasting sunshine. The time was about 10.30 p.m., and my friend and I lost no time in securing a somewhat dilapidated old taxi. After giving the driver his instructions, we sat back and with a jolt started to move. I was excited; I was off on one of the most exciting adventures of my life, a trip to India's Taj Mahal.

As we jogged along the rough road, which I would have called a dusty track, my mind wandered back to the history of the Taj Mahal. It was built by the Moqul Emperor Shah Jehan, in the sixteenth century, for his favourite wife Mumtaz-Mahal. It was said to have cost him five to six crores of rupees (£325,000), which in those days was a considerable amount of money. A legend tells us that the Empress Mumtaz had a dream in which she saw this wonderful building. She told her husband about this, and expressed her desire to have it for her tomb. He searched India for an architect who could draw plans from her description, but none could do it. One day an old man came to the palace, and told the Emperor that he could help him. He gave one of the architects a magic drug, and told him to drink it. While under the spell of the drug, the architect saw a vision of the building, and drew plans for it feverishly. When at last the magic drug wore off, he had finished the plans, and fell back exhausted. Shah Jehan was delighted, but immediately had the architect's eyes put out, so that he could not produce similar plans. The Taj Mahal was almost completed, but Mumtaz died just before its completion. So she was buried in the Agra fort nearby, until the day when the Taj Mahal was finished, and she was moved there with much ceremonial.

Suddenly a jerk awoke me from my thoughts, and the taxi driver announced that

we had arrived. We walked up to the huge gateway which led to the tomb and then I saw it, a huge building of solid white marble. It looked almost ethereal. All I could do was gasp with wonder and gaze and gaze at it. I had been told it was beautiful, but nothing like this. It was a rare occasion, when one could observe it by moonlight, and only came several times a year, and so I felt really glad that I was lucky enough to be there at that time. We progressed slowly up the marble path, to our destination, which was about four hundred yards ahead. I looked around me. Gardens lay either side of the small stream which led to the Taj Mahal. Fountains occurred at short intervals along the stream, and marble steps led over it, at equally frequent distances. The stream was lined with short conical shaped trees, ever-green, as Shah Jehan had wished the memory of his wife to be. As we came to the stairs leading up to the tomb, an old man shuffled out of a door, and covered our feet with some canvas cover shoes to protect the marble inside. We climbed the staircase and walked the last few paces to the door. The magnificence of the place overawed me. No wonder it was called the "Palace of Royalty," which is what Taj Mahal means; no wonder some people thought it to be the most beautiful building in the world. It did not need much to convince me at that moment. The huge dome stretched up two hundred feet into the air, and the eight walls glistened in the white moonlight. At the four corners surrounding the building, minarets rose sharply where, at the time of its completion, Mohammedan priests had climbed to the top three times a day, and summoned the faithful to prayer.

As we entered the building an old man met us and led us quietly in. There was an eerie silence in there and I shuddered. The old man flickered the lamp on the walls and, after explaining, first in Hindi to my friend and then in English to me, that the walls were solid marble, tapped them with a stick. The noise re-echoed round the dome, an echo which lasted for fifteen seconds. Then he showed us the beautiful floral designs, which also covered the walls, and were beautifully set in; the flowers were made of onyx, jasper and cornelian, all semi-precious stones. After this we walked around the beautifully carved ivory screens, which encircled the two mock tombs of Shah Jehan and Mumtaz-Mahal. Shah Jehan was also buried there. He had attempted to build himself a Taj, on the opposite bank of the river Jumna, all in black marble. But he had died soon after it was started, and so was buried with his beloved wife. As we entered through the door of the screen, two men came forward to meet us; they took us in, and explained what was to be seen. The floor on which the monuments were erected was once of silver and gold, but one of Shah Jehan's sons, Aurangzeb, had stolen it, and placed ivory there instead. The fake tomb of Mumtaz stood right under the centre of the dome; it was a fairly small rectangular structure and was made of white marble, inlaid with more precious stones, which wound their way around the tomb in a mad whirl of beautiful designs. Her husband's was next to hers, much bigger but with the same designs. After we had examined these carefully the men came together and, lifting their faces to the roof, chanted loudly a verse from the Mohammedan bible, the Koran. This was so that we might again hear the wonderful echo, and when the sound had died down, they sprinkled our hands and faces with scented sandal-wood, and, giving us lotus blossoms, blessed us and bade us goodnight. The guide met us and took us out of the building, where he led us down some steep stairs into an underground vault, where the real tombs were. Here another guide showed us around. These tombs were exactly the same, apart from their being slightly smaller. When he had shown us he also blessed us with flowers and scented sandal-wood, and we retraced our steps until we once again reached the fresh air. After we had bidden our guide goodnight, we walked once around the building, stopping for a moment to gaze across the sacred river, to where the foundations of the black marble Taj Mahal lay. Finally we descended the staircase to ground level, and after our cover shoes had been removed, started our walk back along the marble path. The silence was strange, and I couldn't help feeling a little sad that the visit was over. But I had achieved one of my greatest ambitions. How I wish I could have been there when Shah Jehan came in all the glory of his time to bury his wife in ceremonial splendour! There was history in one of its most colourful portrayals. As I took my last look at the Taj Mahal, it left on my mind an impression that I know will never fade, an ambition achieved. I had seen one of the most beautiful of the wonders of the world.

YVONNE WILLEY, V14.

# GAMES REPORT

SUMMER TERM 1953

## TENNIS TEAMS

	<i>First VI</i>	<i>Second VI</i>
<i>First Couple</i>	Enid Austin Margot Hassell	Susan Franklin Gillian Tooth
<i>Second Couple</i>	Johanne Bisset (Captain) Wendy Dewhurst	Shirley Newman Margaret Mitchell
<i>Third Couple</i>	Pamela Dickson Elaine Freeman	Susan Kenyon Joan Wood (Captain)

## ROUNDERS TEAMS

	<i>First IX</i>	<i>Second IX</i>
<i>Bowler</i> . . . .	Joan Wood	Elaine Freeman
<i>Backstop</i> . . . .	Johanne Bisset (Captain)	Gillian Tooth
<i>First Post</i> . . . .	Vivien Smith	Jill McCulloch
<i>Second Post</i> . . . .	Wendy Dewhurst	Ann Harrison (Captain)
<i>Third Post</i> . . . .	Pamela Dickson	Janet Holden
<i>First Fielder</i> . . . .	Hilary Weller	Audrey Aubon
<i>Second Fielder</i> . . . .	Elizabeth Buxton	Susan Franklin
<i>Third Fielder</i> . . . .	Enid Austin	Bobbie Withnall
<i>Fourth Fielder</i> . . . .	Susan Kenyon	Margaret Thomson

	<i>Under XV</i>	<i>Under XIV</i>
<i>Bowler</i> . . . .	Ann Axtell	Alison Morgan
<i>Backstop</i> . . . .	Diana Harrison	Janet Wells
<i>First Post</i> . . . .	Julia Froggatt	Diana Franklin
<i>Second Post</i> . . . .	Vivien Cass	Islay Mertens
<i>Third Post</i> . . . .	Judith Hart	Juliet Wain
<i>First Fielder</i> . . . .	Vivienne Abulafia	Kate Willans
<i>Second Fielder</i> . . . .	Eva Mitchell	Gillian Taylor (Captain)
<i>Third Fielder</i> . . . .	Josephine Griew	Frances Newman
<i>Fourth Fielder</i> . . . .	Margaret Barker (Captain)	Sheila Pearce

AUTUMN 1953 — SPRING 1954

## HOCKEY TEAMS

	<i>First XI</i>	<i>Second XI</i>
<i>Goalkeeper</i> . . . .	Susan Purkis	Elizabeth R. Mason
<i>Right Back</i> . . . .	Frances Kemp	Virginia Harvey (Captain)
<i>Left Back</i> . . . .	Sheila Williams	Dorothy Coode
<i>Right Half</i> . . . .	Katrina Taylor	Pauline Noel Johnson
<i>Centre Half</i> . . . .	Susan Franklin	Alison Bisset
<i>Left Half</i> . . . .	Gillian Kenyon	Rosemary Clarke
<i>Right Wing</i> . . . .	Jill McCulloch	Bobbie Withnall
<i>Right Inner</i> . . . .	Pat Simpson	Judith Holt
<i>Centre Forward</i> . . . .	Elizabeth Buxton (Captain)	Elaine Freeman
<i>Left Inner</i> . . . .	Gillian Tooth	Wendy Mertens
<i>Left Wing</i> . . . .	Ann Harrison	Susan Dakin

	<i>Third XI</i>	<i>Fifth Form XI</i>
Goalkeeper . . . . .	Ruth Lowenthal	Janet Mellors
Right Back . . . . .	Susie Mercer	Gina Appleyard
Left Back . . . . .	Elizabeth Hughes (Capt.)	Janice Ludgate
Right Half . . . . .	Sylvia Wain	Stella Piddington
Centre Half . . . . .	Jean Brown	Gillian Taylor
Left Half . . . . .	Susan Joyce	Frances Jenkins
Right Wing . . . . .	Eva Mitchell	Judith Taylor
Right Inner . . . . .	Elisabeth Mason	Margaret Barker
Centre Forward . . . . .	Margaret VandenBossche	Vivienne Abulafia
Left Inner . . . . .	Sonya Wright	Margaret Scarles (Capt.)
Left Wing . . . . .	Evelyn Giles	Diana Harrison

### NETBALL TEAMS

	<i>First VII</i>	<i>Second VII</i>	<i>Third VII</i>
Shooter . . . . .	Elaine Freeman	Virginia Harvey	Judith Hart
Attack . . . . .	Mary Henderson	Barbara Jones	Shirley Newman
Centre Attack . . . . .	Elizabeth Buxton (Captain)	Hilary Weller (Captain)	Josephine Griew Julia Froggatt
Centre . . . . .	Bobbie Withnall	Frances Kemp	
Centre Defence . . . . .	Susan Franklin	Stella Vaughton	Elisabeth Mason
Defence . . . . .	Ann Harrison	Eva Mitchell	(Captain)
Goal Defence . . . . .	Susan Dakin	Dorothy Coode	Katrina Taylor Margaret VandenBossche
	<i>Under XV</i>	<i>Under XIV</i>	
Shooter . . . . .	Vivienne Abulafia	Sheila Pearce (Captain)	
Attack . . . . .	Vivien Cass	Lydia Adam	
Centre Attack . . . . .	Juliet Wain	Anita Hughes	
Centre . . . . .	Gina Appleyard	Valerie Mytton	
Centre Defence . . . . .	Gillian Taylor (Captain)	Sally Fletcher	
Defence . . . . .	Janet Hallpike	Mary Buss	
Goal Defence . . . . .	Elizabeth Davies	Diana Franklin	

### GAMES COLOURS

SEASON 1952-53:

Hockey Colours were awarded to:—Janet Halton  
 Netball " " " " —Enid Austin, Elaine Freeman  
 Tennis " " " " —Johanne Bisset  
 Rounders " " " " —Elizabeth Buxton, Hilary Weller

SEASON 1953-54:

Hockey Colours were awarded to:—Elizabeth Buxton, Susan Purkis

### RESULTS OF MATCHES FOR SEASON 1953—1954

NETBALL.

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Goals for</i>	<i>Goals Against</i>
First VII ...	6	2	—	4	120	109
" A " VII ...	2	1	—	1	—	—
Second VII ...	6	5	—	1	101	75
Third VII ...	3	1	—	2	46	58
Under 15 VII ...	8	7	1	0	111	72
Under 14 VII ...	8	5	1	2	93	79

## HOCKEY

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Goals for</i>	<i>Goals Against</i>
First XI ...	9	5	1	3	22	11
Second XI ...	8	5	—	3	—	—
Third XI ...	3	2	1	—	—	—
Fifth Form XI	6	5	1	—	18	1

## RESULTS OF MATCHES FOR SUMMER TERM 1953

### ROUNDERS

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Rounders for</i>	<i>Rounders against</i>
First IX ...	2	2	—	—	36	8
Second IX ...	2	2	—	—	26½	2½
"A" IX ...	3	3	—	—	30½	9
"B" IX ...	3	1	—	2	25	26½
Under 15 IX ...	4	3	—	1	24½	15½
Under 14 IX ...	4	3	—	1	50	18½

### TENNIS

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Lost</i>
First VI ...	4	4	—	—
Second VI ...	3	1	—	2

The year 1952-53 was successful in all games. Although the First Hockey team were unable to win the Middlesex Schools' Hockey Tournament twice running, they reached the final before losing to Ashford County School by four goals to one. The First Tennis Team played very well indeed. They won the Area final of the Aberdare Cup and finished third in the final for the whole country. The winners were Benenden School; Cheltenham Ladies' College came second and Lowther College came fourth. The Rounders teams, both senior and junior, once again achieved a high standard of play.

The Pamela Flower Tennis Tournament was won for the second time by Enid Austin who beat Pat Simpson in the final by 8-3, 6-1. In the final of the Upper IVth Tournament, Margaret Barker beat Gillian Taylor by 7-5, 6-0.

The match results of the season 1953-54 have not been so good as those of the previous year but in spite of this, both the Hockey and Netball teams have played many enjoyable matches and all the teams have improved greatly throughout the season. The First Hockey XI, containing only two members of the 1952-53 team, did not do well in the Autumn term, to a large extent because the forwards were slow to take their opportunities in the circle. In the Spring Term the weather was bad but the play of the Hockey teams improved beyond recognition. In February, on a very wet pitch, the First XI drew with Ashford County School who had beaten them by four goals to one in the Autumn Term. In the first round of the Middlesex Hockey Tournament, the First XI won their matches 5-0, 6-0, 5-1, but in the finals played the following week in fine weather and on dry ground, the team's play was very disappointing. Owing to the determination of the defence, no goals were scored against them but they were unable to score and Notting Hill and Ealing School won the section which was decided on corners. One of the most enjoyable matches played by the First XI was the last match of the season against the Old North Londoners. After a very hard match, the School won by four goals to three. The Second XI and the Third XI played well in their matches. The Second XI's best match was against Godolphin and Latymer School when the school team scored a goal to draw just as the final whistle went. The Third XI did well in matches against the corresponding teams of other schools and especially when they drew 2-2 with the Second XI of Cophall County School; but, although they enjoyed playing, they were unable to compete with the First Teams of other schools whom they played in the first round

of the Middlesex Tournament. The Vth Form XI was the only hockey team to finish the season with an unbeaten record, and the standard of their play deserved this success. The First XI entered for the Middlesex Schools' hockey trials and although it was disappointing that no one was chosen to play in the team, Elizabeth Buxton, Susan Purkis and Sheila Williams were chosen as reserves.

Although the three senior Netball teams all failed to play together as well as one might have expected from the individual standard of play, they played many enjoyable and exciting matches. The matches played against St. Paul's were closest, both at St. Paul's in the Autumn Term and at school in the Spring Term, the First VII lost the first match by nineteen goals to twenty-three but the other school teams won, all by very narrow margins. In the Spring the results were reversed. The First VII lost again by twenty-four goals to twenty-seven. The Second and Third VII's both lost and the two junior teams drew their matches.

In the Autumn, a Table Tennis match was played against the Bromley Boys at Bromley. The two teams who went both lost, but the match was thoroughly enjoyed by all the players. Gillian Tooth again won the Table Tennis Singles Tournament when she beat Elizabeth Appleby in the final by two games to nil. The Doubles Tournament played in the Spring Term was won by Gillian Tooth and Pat Simpson.

During the past two terms some members of the Upper VIth Form have been playing Badminton and learning to fence in their spare time. There has been great enthusiasm for fencing. In the final of the Badminton Tournament, Elizabeth Buxton beat Pat Simpson by two games to nil.

The news that at last we are to have the swimming pool, which has been promised for so long, has brought great excitement, and we hope that soon it may be possible to include swimming matches in our fixtures with other schools.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the many people who make it possible for us to have matches against other schools, especially Jennifer Langford, the Games Secretary, Miss Turpin, the tea helpers, and, of course, all the Gym staff.

E. BUXTON. *School Captain.*

## FRANCES MARY BUSS HOUSE

To many people, the Frances Mary Buss House is just a name, but to those who have visited Bromley it is very much alive. Some of the Seniors go to Bromley, as often as they can, to help with the Play Centre and Junior Girls' activities. These include being a good audience at impromptu concerts, reading stories, helping with handwork, and organising netball practices.

On December 11th, six Seniors played a table tennis match against the Bromley boys. After a hard fight, victory went to the boys, who won 5-4, 6-3.

School again gave a Christmas party to children from the Edith Neville School in St. Pancras. So many toys and books were given, that a large number were able to be sent to Bromley for the Christmas parties there.

The Frances Mary Buss House has now been re-decorated, and stands out from its drab surroundings. The windows have been brightened up by the addition of window boxes made by the boys. Many bulbs were planted, to brighten the House in spring. Whether the House is just a name to you, or a familiar place, it fulfils a great need, and our weekly collections help to make it possible.

AUDREY SALMON (*Bromley Secretary*).

# MUSIC

## SENIOR CHOIR

Senior Choir this year numbered about sixty people, including the Upper IVths. Most of the Autumn Term was spent working on the first part of Bach's 'Christmas Oratorio' and the other songs for the Christmas Concert held at the Royal Festival Hall on December 1st. Nearly everybody wanted to sing, but in the end twenty-eight people from the Fifths and above were chosen. There were several rehearsals on Saturday afternoons conducted by Ernest Read, which were thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. Singing the Hallelujah Chorus was an unforgettable experience and the difficult Palestrina motet was managed very well.

In the Spring term we concentrated on Founder's Day. We decided to sing 'Hie Away' with words by Sir Walter Scott and music by Thomas Dunhill for the afternoon concert, and we also learnt the various descants necessary.

J.C.

## THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The school orchestra has met regularly throughout the year, and several new members have joined us.

*We have enjoyed playing a number of works, and on the last day of the Christmas term we played arrangements of two choruses and an aria, from Handel's 'Messiah' to the school and last term we played Mozart's "Shepherd King" overture.*

The experience and enjoyment gained by playing in even a small orchestra is well worth the time spent on it, and we hope that more string and wind instrumentalists will join us in the coming term.

We are most grateful to Miss Massey and Miss Hedges who have taken such trouble and given up so much of their time to improving the standard of our playing.

P.H.



# CLUB REPORTS

## THE CURRENT AFFAIRS SOCIETY

At the end of last year the Current Affairs Society decided to put itself on a constitutional basis, and a full general meeting was held to approve a constitution. Officers are now elected formally, by ballot, and a general meeting is held at the beginning of every term when all suggestions for meetings and speakers are discussed.

The Society has been trying to justify its name by being really topical and up to date in its discussions and debates. A meeting was held to discuss the proposed Central African Federation soon after it was brought into being, and when the Government suspended the Constitution of British Guiana we held a lively debate as to whether this action was justified. In the Spring term we followed this up by inviting Mr. Karl Davidson to school to speak on the situation in British Guiana. As a Jamaican with first hand knowledge of the country and people concerned, he was able to tell us a great deal about conditions and to relate British Guiana to its West Indian context. Also, when the report of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment was published, we discussed the findings in detail in a dinner-break, and then invited Mr. Harold Lever, M.P., to speak to us on the general issue. We were pleased to welcome to Canons, large numbers from neighbouring schools to hear Mr. Lever, as this was also the first meeting of the new Inter-Schools' Discussion group now formed in our area. This group is now functioning very successfully and many North Londoners attended a Social at Haberdashers' Aske's School and saw the United Nations film, "World Without End" which was shown there. Later in the Spring term we attended and took part in a debate on German Re-armament at Hendon County School.

This last question has been in our minds throughout the year, and came into the talk on Germany given by Miss Orford in the Autumn term. She had had experience there with the British Control Commission and also had many personal anecdotes to tell us. The subject also figured prominently in the discussion on French politics and relations with E.D.C., which took place last term.

A very lively debate was held last term on the way in which the strike weapon had been used during the past year. The main speakers went to great trouble to produce relevant facts and figures so that this was one of the most well-informed meetings of the year.

Our statisticians have been much in evidence during the last few months so that the last meeting of the Society before the Budget was able to present members with two complete but very different draft budgets drawn up by our own financial experts, neither of which, however, escaped criticism in the discussion which followed.

Much work has also been put into a survey of newspaper reading in the senior part of the school, in an attempt to find out how much this is related to education or to the occupation and political opinions of the families concerned.

On the whole, the tendency this year has been towards finding out facts and figures for ourselves, and the Society has tried to encourage individual members to carry out research on topical subjects and give talks on these in dinner-break meetings.

S.M.

## THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Society began a very busy year by drafting and amending its own constitution. This resulted in two fundamental changes in procedure: firstly, it was decided that the officers of the Society should be elected by the Society as a whole, and not, as formerly, by the Committee; and secondly, that the Society should have a Chairman as well as a Secretary and a Treasurer.

After-school meetings, so far, have taken the form of a play-reading of J. B. Priestley's 'Time and the Conways,' which was very well cast and thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended; the showing of a film, 'The Lady Vanishes,' the merits and defects of which were heatedly discussed in a dinner-break meeting; and an excellent and lively talk given by Miss Elizabeth Sweeting, Stage Manager of the Aldburgh Festival, on 'Stage Management and Production.' Various members of the Society have also given talks in dinner-breaks. One was given on the poetry of Dylan Thomas soon after his death, and two on 'The Novel' and the second on 'The Poem,' and it is hoped that it will be possible to arrange a third on 'The Play' in the Summer Term, to complete the series. A very entertaining meeting was held at the end of the Christmas Term, when some of James Thurber's short stories, and some of T. S. Eliot's poems from 'Old Possum's book of Practical Cats' were read.

During the latter half of the Spring Term, the Society's time has been taken up in selecting a play to act at the end of the year, and in holding auditions for parts. Selection of a play took much longer than was expected, as the Society was dissatisfied with the Committee's first choice. However, an agreement was reached, and 'Twelfth Night' was eventually chosen. The first rehearsal will be held before the Summer Term opens, and we are all looking forward to a lively production.

J.W.

## THE MUSICAL SOCIETY

Because attendance was so poor at its after-school meetings last year, the Musical Society decided that for the future it would organise more meetings in which members could take an active part, with a view to increasing interest in music, among more members. So far this has proved very successful, and we are glad to record a far better attendance at our meetings and increased support from the higher Forms.

Our after-school meetings have consisted of an informal concert held in the Autumn Term and a competition in the Spring Term. Both meetings revealed much hidden talent, for there are many people, especially pianists and instrumentalists, who have no chance of displaying their musical gifts in school. These not only deprive others of great enjoyment, but lose the valuable opportunity of getting accustomed to playing in public. Ease of performance can only be obtained by long experience, and those who strive to attain it know how difficult playing to one's friends can be. Nevertheless many items in our competition were played very competently, and the general standard was high. Mrs. Brain kindly agreed to adjudicate, and gave each competitor a helpful criticism.

We are pleased to announce that first prize was awarded to a violinist, Cecily van Gelderen, and second to Valerie Cleaver, Olga Estermann and Verena Johnson, for their singing of a madrigal. Valerie Cleaver and Jane Brown shared third place for unaccompanied singing and for playing the 'cello.

Mention should be made of various branches of musical activity sponsored by the Musical Society. This year a Folk Dance Group has been started under the guidance of Evelyn Giles. It meets in dinner-break, and has recently become an affiliated member of the Folk Dance Society. The recorder group, too, for the Lower IVth and below meets regularly in dinner-break.

Among the older girls there is a small but enthusiastic madrigal group, and a large and flourishing Opera group. This has held dinner-break meetings, but the highlight of

the year was the expedition made to Covent Garden, to see "Aïda." For most of us it was the first opportunity of seeing this opera, and we should like to thank Miss Worthington for making such a very enjoyable visit possible.

M. McN.

## POLYGLOT CLUB

This year the Polyglot Club has been loyally supported by its members and the younger ones especially have proved most capable and helpful. There have been three social evenings after school, some dinner-break meetings, and plans are made for a French play reading of Dr. Knock.

The 'Soirée Française' held last term included a French film entitled: 'Les Voix de Fleuve' which gave an interesting account of the river Rhone from its source to its delta. The film was followed by games, an amusing charade about school life and a short reading of French poems by members of staff and a group of girls from the Upper V.

Later in the term, in response to popular request, the Polyglot Club held an International Christmas Party. The evening began with a form of treasure hunt which had been cleverly devised to test one's knowledge of foreign countries. Eventually when everyone was quite exhausted from searching through scraps of paper, we watched a German sketch which was written and produced by the Fifth form. It showed some of the Christmas customs in Germany and was extremely well done, considering that some of the girls had only just started learning German. The actors themselves then taught us a German Christmas carol which they had sung in their sketch. This was followed by a short but interesting talk about Spanish Christmas customs and the Spanish class then sang some carols. After we had played several games and learned an Italian round, the meeting came to an end and we went home, clutching what remained of our prizes.

This was not the only social which concerned Polyglot members, for this year some of the senior girls were invited to a party at the French Institute. The evening proved most enjoyable and provided a good opportunity for becoming acquainted with French girls and boys. We were royally entertained with films, games, some dancing and at dinner we even had some champagne.

A German evening was held on March 11th when two short films were shown, one was 'Papageno,' a silhouette film with theme music from the 'Magic Flute,' and the other was entitled 'Winter Paradise, Austria.' Inga Haussman, a German girl from Ludwigsburg who is at present attending a college in London, then gave a talk in simple German about her observations on English and German life. The evening was very enjoyable.

There have been several dinner-break meetings so far this year, when foreign gramophone records have been played. Many members came at first out of sheer curiosity when they heard that the Club was producing a 'Continental Cabaret,' but everyone came to the later meetings bringing with them their knitting so that they seemed just like 'Les Tricoteuses de la Guillotine!'

Through its meetings the Polyglot Club in its humble way tries to promote the study and appreciation of modern languages in the school, for surely, there is no better means to develop a complete understanding of the problems and way of life of other nations.

L.D.

## SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club began the year with an after-school meeting at which Mr. Mills, Chairman of the Greater London (Red Cross) Blood Transfusion Service, entertained an audience of seventy with a most interesting talk on the history and development of blood transfusion. Mr. Mills, himself a pioneer in the work, was an excellent speaker, holding the attention of an audience which consisted of many non-scientists.

The Club's interest in the biological aspect of Science was furthered by lectures on "The Background to Vitamins," given by a representative from the Crookes Laboratories Ltd., and "Old and New Fashion in Drugs," given by Mr. Perrin, Chairman of the Wellcome Foundation. The latter talk was illustrated by lantern slides and consisted of a brief survey of the methods practised in medicine throughout the ages. We are very grateful to Mr. Perrin for the offer of an expedition to the Wellcome Foundation Museum, which we shall take advantage of in the Summer Term.

The popularity of films was shown by the large audience which attended the showing of a fascinating colour film, "The History of the Discovery of Oxygen."

The first of our expeditions, to the National Institute of Medical Research, Mill Hill, has already taken place, and another, to the Royal Mint, is arranged for the Summer Term.

Other activities of the Club included a photographic competition (one of the entries being shown in this magazine), and an exhibition of the Club's practical ability, which was given on Founder's Day.

In conclusion I should like to thank the members of Staff who have given their help and shown so much interest in the Club.

G.M.

## IOLANTHE

For the first time for many years, the school gave a musical play last summer. It was a joyful success which completely confounded the pessimists who had gloatingly foretold disaster from the first.

The sparkle and gaiety of the whole production appeared spontaneous and was so, but only because of the thought, work and care for detail that had been taken in advance. Both scenes, the delightfully blue-green water meadow and the House of Lords, were a joy to the eye. So were the dresses. The fairies—elegantly absurd as Gilbert imagined them—had a delightful tinsel glitter,—(a masterly use had been made of milk bottle tops). The peers in their ermine, scarlet and coronets were a very fine body of men—a nice contrast to the Dresden China prettiness of Strephon and Phyllis.

The singing was happy, spirited, and charming. Especially memorable were Lord Mountararat's sonorous tones, the sentry's song, the fairy queen's moving renunciation of love, the spirited finale to Act I and the trio for Chancellor and two Lords—the most hilarious moment of all. Piano, string trio and occasional woodwind gave excellent support throughout.

Everyone in the play acted with spirit and gaiety. Some of the most enjoyable performances came from Margaret Pollard—a fine figure of a sentry,—Joan Wood as the ebullient Fairy Queen, Pat Goodier,—a graceful and dramatic singer as Iolanthe—and Eunice Brown as a splendidly aristocratic and disdainful Lord Tolloller.

M.J.H.C.

# ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

## SHORT STORY COMPETITION

This year we had a short story competition. It was divided into different classes, one for each layer, and the entries in each class had to begin with the same sentence. The entries from the Senior school were disappointing—in fact there were none from the Upper Sixth. The Upper Fourth were particularly productive, and it was a pleasure to judge their numerous entries.

As a whole, it appeared that many of the entrants did not know the difference between a short story and an essay. An essay may be a digression on a subject, but a story should have both form and purpose. In other words, it should tell a story. This is apparently not so obvious as it seems—a pity, because much good material was wasted.

The Prizes were finally awarded to Sallie Collison, Upper III; Anne Peachey, Upper IV; Susan Heptinstall, V; and Carol Smith, Upper V. Their stories will be found among the Original Contributions. No prize was awarded in the Lower IV, as the entries were not of a high enough standard.

EDITOR.

### GINGER CAT

Once there was a ginger cat,  
Who liked to wear a Sunday hat.  
Her favourite was a turquoise bonnet  
With a wreath of mouse-tails on it.

But one day, in the "Pussy Mews,"  
She read the following startling news:  
"All fashionable cats this spring  
Will wear hats trimmed with sparrows' wing."

She crept outside and sat quite still,  
Underneath the window-sill.  
Soon came sparrows—one, two, three,  
To eat the crumbs put for their tea.

She aimed her spring for the nearest bird,  
But someone coming then she heard.  
She leapt up to the apple tree,  
Then looked to see who it could be.

It was the gardener, fat old John,  
He went down the path and soon was gone,  
She ran down the tree and on to the ground,  
But of the sparrows there wasn't a sound.

She looked about but found no trace,  
And went inside with a mournful face.  
She looked at her hat and sadly said,  
"Mouse-tails will have to do instead."

JUDITH WILKINSON, Upper II.

## THE STATUETTE

At last I got the door open. Inside the shop was dark and dingy. I coughed once or twice and tapped on the counter impatiently but only the echoes answered me, so I presumed the owner of the little shop was enjoying an afternoon nap. I passed the time by looking at the dusty antiques that surrounded me. I poked around, examining the vases and pictures with distaste for they were dirty, ugly things, warped, crude and without beauty. Suddenly my attention was caught by a little figure set aglow by a beam of sunlight which had penetrated the dirty windows. I was so fascinated by the little figure that I picked it up and ran my hands gently over it. It was the model of an old man whose face, although wrinkled, shone with contentment. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship. I was possessed with a longing to own this little statuette.

Suddenly I became aware I was not alone. I was gripped with terror. There was someone behind me. I turned round quickly and came face to face with an old man.

"Good-day," I said, "I want to buy this figure." Even as I uttered the words I saw a wretched, miserable look come into his pale watery eyes. In a low frail voice, yet with surprising firmness, he said, "That is not for sale."

As I spoke I realised with sudden horror that the little model I held was the very image of the old man before me, and yet it was not, for the face of the statuette was aglow with happiness and the old man portrayed unhappiness and utter dejection. This strange likeness only increased my urge for the model. "Please I must have it, I will give you a high price if only I can have it." I offered a fabulous amount; far more than the figure was worth and yet I knew it would be an insult to offer less than I did. At long last the old man gave in and I left the shop clutching my purchase.

When I reached home I placed the little figure on the centre of my mantelpiece where the sun shone upon it, making it almost seem alive.

As the days passed, I was aware of a change in the figure, although at first I could not define it. Then, suddenly as I sat gazing into the firelight I realised that the figure was happy no longer.

I jumped up in terror. I looked at the figure with fright, I had made no mistake. The face of the model was changed. The figure was now identical with the owner of the antique shop as I had seen him last.

I sank down again and plunged my perspiring head into my hands. I was obsessed with strange fear; my whole body was keyed up; as if waiting for something to happen. I turned to the window and looked nervously out. The air in the room was stuffy and everything was unnaturally quiet.

Suddenly there was a shattering noise. I turned round. There on the carpet was the statuette broken into many pieces.

In a whirl of terror and fear I gathered up the broken pieces. I tried to drive away the thought that was hammering in my brain; the model had broken on its own accord. I put the pieces in a piece of paper and placed them in my pocket. I then set off for the antique shop. I would demand an explanation from the antique dealer straight away!

I walked along the street peering through the evening shadows for the antique shop. I walked to the end of the road but could not see the gloomy shop. I retraced my steps several times, but still I could not find it. I began to grow desperate, at last I determined to question a young lady who was walking towards me. I questioned her but she seemed not to know of an antique shop. "No antique shop? but I was sure there was one there." I pointed through the darkness to the shadows across the road.

"There used to be a shop there, ten years ago, but that was bombed."

"Is the owner alive?" I asked.

"Yes, I think so, though I don't know where he is."

I thanked the girl for her information and bid her good evening.

I crossed the road and before me saw a derelict ruin of a house. I lit a match and gazed at the sign over the door. I recognised it immediately. There was no mistaking it although the shop was even shabbier and was a decaying shell of broken masonry. I moved towards the door and opened it. I was drawn into this shop by some hidden power. I gave a frightened shout as something warm and heavy brushed against my cheek. Feverishly I searched for a match and lit it with trembling fingers.

There before me, hanging from a beam by a rope was a body. It was the body of the old man. His face, although distorted by death, was no longer unhappy, it was lit with a blissful peace. I wondered if the old man had grown happy when the statuette grew sad. I smiled and casting the broken pieces of the model among the ragwort and nettle that grew over the floor, I walked into the velvet night leaving the door swinging behind me.

ANN PEACHEY, Upper IV.

## THE ROAD

It's hardly a road really, just a twisting lane, clothed in sweeping skirts of clematis and traveller's joy, with grass and dandelions growing cheekily in the ruts and dips of its scarred surface. It runs, untouched by Council schemes for better surfaces, dipping and turning as it pleases, here and there curtseying to the downs or humping its back over friendly streams. It is seldom wide enough for a car to pass so its pure air is never tainted with petrol fumes and the rabbits dig happily at the dandelions in the ruts. The birds seem never to stop singing for when dusk falls the nightingale takes over from the blackbird and the nightjar croaks joyfully until the mist rises from the streams and the sun turns the downs to pink and gold.

The lane never loses its beauty for when the hedges unwillingly discard their blaze of colour, the kind snow gives the bare, black, branches foliage of pure white, stark but as delicate as the tracery of a fern.

When the days lengthen into summer the shepherd takes his flock to graze on the downs. But his slow, unhurried country ways do not break the peace of the lane.

But it was not always like this, quiet and peaceful. Once, long, long before the shepherd or his father can remember, this lane was a highway of activity, a place where men trod with hate, love and remorse in their souls.

For it was a part of the *Pilgrim's Way*, which runs from London to Canterbury, across the downs and the meadows, the woods and the rivers, to the Cathedral beloved by all Christians for the memory of that Saint who died so bravely within its walls. Once men famous throughout the ages trod this humble lane, kings and poets, priests and pilgrims, their packs on their backs, and their staffs in hand.

What tales the road could tell! Of Chaucer who walked and talked with the pilgrims, setting down and immortalizing the tales they told him. Of Henry, King of England, walking with bare feet to the grave of the man who had served him so well but who had not feared his wrath. Perhaps Chaucer slept beneath that rolling down, and maybe the King's footprint lies hidden with the beggar's beneath the sod.

These are things only the road knows and it guards its secrets well, as it runs laughing with the wind and chattering with the friendly streams. Perhaps the rabbits know and it may even have taken the shepherd into its confidence, but these of the country will not give the road away. So it smiles to itself and the linnets sing in the clematis and the dandelions.

ROSEMARY WARD, V.

## SUNDAY CINEMA

The ageless Sunday cinema  
Washing in the heat and silence  
Of the back street;  
Smelling of the flies  
And the sweat and dirt on the fading screen.  
The hero's voice sounded loud,  
Unnaturally loud, as he died;  
The banging shots fell into  
The pit of the road,  
And were lost in the dust.

Hollow music,  
Canned love;  
And the breathy whisper  
Of the actors  
Held limply the young souls,  
Swaying between the ice cream  
And the monstrous faces  
Flicking on the dusty screen;  
Wavering to the usherette  
And back on the sounds  
To the patch of light  
That was their life for an afternoon.

CAROLINE MEDAWAR, Upper V.

## THROUGH THE MIST

They rubbed the mist off the window and saw a big black chest standing in the garden. The earth round it was bare, and a mist prevented them seeing very far.

Suddenly the lid of the chest opened, and after a pause, a tall, youthful figure sprang out. She was clothed in green, and in her hand she carried a wand. As soon as the lid of the chest shut after her, a change took place; blades of grass showed; somewhere a bird started singing; buds appeared on the bare branches of the trees, and a few snowdrops could be seen. The children pressed close to the window, trying to see the tall stranger's face, but as more buds appeared on the trees, and other birds sang, the stranger slowly faded away. The children had seen the Spring.

The lid of the chest opened again, and more slowly this time, another tall figure stepped out. She was clothed in gold, and in her hand she carried a bunch of roses. Where her feet touched the ground the grass grew more luxuriant, the trees burst into full leaf, and the air was filled with a drowsy hum. They were so busy watching a baby bird the children did not see another figure, clothed in russet brown, step out of the chest. As though drawn by a magnet Summer merged into her sister. The leaves and ripe fruit dropped off the trees, and a trail of mist followed the dignified figure.

With a creak the chest lid opened for the last time, and slowly, stiffly, an old man stepped out. Before his frosty breath Autumn shrivelled up like a leaf. Everywhere he touched, icicles appeared, and from a leaden sky, flakes of snow floated down. The garden was in the grip of Winter.

Suddenly a voice awoke the children, and they looked into the garden; the box had disappeared, and so had Winter. The garden was the same as before. It had all been a dream.

SALLIE COLLISON, Upper III.

## THE MILITARY CANAL, ROMNEY MARSH

Canal in haste dug out, when Bonaparte,  
Clutching all Europe in his greedy hand,  
Reached out for Britain from near Boulogne's strand,  
But valiant Nelson robbed you of your part.  
A hundred years and more, with peaceful art  
The farmer tills your banks, where anglers stand,  
And nothing moves across the marshy land  
Save birds and sheep and now a rumbling cart.  
Another tyrant threatens. Arm your banks  
In grim defiance of the German's claim!  
The sky defeats him. He holds back the tanks  
For which you wait. His army never came.  
Another war avoided; still you lie  
The only noise the lamb's weak bleating cry.

HELEN DAVEY, Lower IV.

## THE WIND

The weather is fresh.  
There are leaves on the ground.  
That means that the wind  
Is somewhere around.

On with your cardigans.  
Make yourselves warm.  
The wind is arising  
And threatens a storm.

Into your houses.  
Do not delay.  
There's a rumbling of thunder—  
The storm's on its way.

The tree-tops are rustling.  
There's a crash and a crack.  
The storm is beginning—  
Winter is back.

JEAN REILLY, Upper II.

## THE SEVEN DAYS OF THE WEEK

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday; the seven days of the week; seven days of light and shadow, leisure and labour.

Monday begins by being a black day but turns out to be as blue as the sky and as white as the clouds on a fine, windy day.

Monday begins with snoring humps awakened by the loud, insistent shrill of an alarm clock. Monday starts off with yawns and scowls, but by the time breakfast has been finished and people are no longer hungry or tired, the yawns have changed to smiles and only a trace of grumpiness remains. Monday means washing day to Mummy; a day of soap suds and flapping clothes billowing in the breeze like people dancing for joy. To Daddy, Monday means back to the office; travelling in crowded trains, and then working in his laboratory with the noisy hubbub and crowded streets far below and the grey buildings of London stretching to the misty horizon; a world of smoking chimney pots.

Monday spells paint, ink and hockey to me; chatter and laughter, a ringing bell and the squeak of chalk being used on the board.

Tuesday is a day of work and bustle. There is a 'must-get-on-with-it' atmosphere. Tuesday means forking out treasured pennies from the depths of my not-very-full purse for Bromley, and rushing down the road at the last moment to catch the bus for school. Then follows wrinkled brows, scratching pens and groans throughout the day. Tuesday is a day for arguing. Will we have sausages or mince-meat for first course? Will we have milk jelly or 'stodge' for pudding? Both these questions are debated hotly. Tuesday is a yellow day to me, the golden yellow of sunbeams and daffodils.

Wednesday is silvery green like dewy grass. I think of hurling myself desperately at obstinate bucks and trying in vain to stretch just an inch further to touch my toes. Wednesday means rushing upstairs four at a time from gym with unbuckled shoes and untidy hair, in an effort to arrive in time for French and wracking my brains to think how to say "Sorry I'm late" in French. Wednesday evening means plenty of time and leisure to me for Daddy goes out and Mummy does not have to wait until he comes in to cook our supper; so in winter we have crumpets round the fire, and in summer, salad in the garden.

Thursday is a pink day like the colour of creamy, pink icing on a sticky currant bun. Thursday is so near the end of the week and yet not quite near enough for me. Thursday means trilling up and down the scales in singing and often a delightful test in Geography. Thursday is the day when I dawdle home and eye the sweet shop longingly.

Friday spells super smells, spilt water, broken test tubes and fights for stools to sit on. It also spells the weekend. I think Friday is the best day of the week; a day of looking forward and back; a day of anticipation and the only day when I ever really try to hurry home. I do not know the colour of Friday as it is like a lake shining in the sun neither one colour nor the other.

Saturday is stipend day; the day when Daddy sadly parts with some of his shining coins. Saturday is a multi-coloured day, full of wonderful plans and dreams. There is the gloomy shadow of homework in the morning but once that has been disposed of there is a lovely carefree feeling. Saturday means 'Nedding' to me. 'Nedding' is manoeuvring Mummy's basket on wheels named Neddy (a new arrival to the family) in and out of shops, avoiding people's black stares as Neddy gets stuck in a doorway and saying "Sorry" politely to the owners of squashed toes when I have steered Neddy badly. Saturday evening is always a thrill; sometimes a game of cards; sometimes a put on the putting green in the park and sometimes a look at television. So many things to be done and planned on Saturday evening when poor schoolgirls have stuck (or should have) all the week to the motto: "Early to bed, Early to rise, makes a girl healthy, wealthy and wise."

Then comes Sunday, a purple black day. It spells church to me; pealing bells and snowy-clad choir boys; burning candles and old oak pews; weird chants and the flash of the golden incense casket swinging to and fro and the pungent lingering smell of the burning incense. Then a silent, lonely walk across the green hills of the park and the sound of the church bells fade into the distance. Sunday means roasting chestnuts in winter and rambling across the countryside in summer, and then gradually dusk creeps on and when the stars begin to twinkle another day, another week is over.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—the seven days of the week pass quickly and what was the future a short while ago fades into the past.

A. PEACHEY, Upper IV.

## THE NIGHT-VIGIL

The Hill is a black mass  
reaching above into a darkness broken with stars.  
And every point of light is shimmering down.  
Above is moon-glow, grey-soft and lifting  
while below cling ebony shadows.

Frost is too, and every spearlike blade  
or hanging thread,  
is wrought with silver gilt and gleam.  
Grass sparkles are like eerie creatures of another depth.

Strange lights waver afar  
across the ice-cold air.  
Little winds come running down the hill-side  
and pines cry softly at their touch,  
dark, thick branches swaying  
above the lake-face.

There the earth sky lies,  
the bowl upturned  
to show a million stars  
among a million ripples.  
One white lamp.  
Night this is and lingering  
but earth breathlessly awake in the stillness,  
listens . . .

I too, watch and wait.

J. ARNO, Upper VI.

## THE WANDERER

I must begin my wandering today. I cannot wait for money and security, or travel at a later date. Not for me tired trains or rattling buses, dusty fellow passengers and general luggage fusses.

I will walk through quiet country lanes, and talk with bright old women by their cottage gates.

I will sleep in friendly farmers' barns, and in return will help toss hay, hoe fields or pick the fruit. And at sunset, sweating, come to the farm house for the evening meal, eaten in the hot bright steaming kitchen with the other hungry men.

I will go to the far countries, and to get there I will work in boats. Tramp steamers, small and smoky, swabbing decks and cleaning engines, throbbing wheels, and shining brass. In great ocean liners, white-coated, waiting at table, washing up, and waking passengers with breakfast tray at ten.

And when, at last, I reach the distant land I will see strange sights to stir my soul, and send me on to search for more.

I will find secret, hidden bays, with the bright and shining sun sending spiky shafts of light into the surf, which sifts the soft and silver sand upon the shore.

I will kneel on dusty carpets in dim and ancient churches lit by burning candles, still and silent in the shadow of the Cross.

I will stand alone on the summits of green hills in the dawn, and I will be a dark shadow against the golden morning. I will stretch out my arms to the misty mountains of the distance, and the sleeping world will be mine.

DALLAS HAMMOND, Upper IV.

## THE END

Mrs. Graham lay dying. She had had a good and fruitful life. As she began to depart she heaved a great sigh. Her numerous friends and relations surged forward to take a last glimpse of her. Then as she went away she could still hear them talking, squabbling as to who would have her small fortune. She was borne away by a pair of gentle comforting hands. Mrs. Graham was then put upon a comfortable chair. She began to be a little nervous. Thoughts flitted across her mind, then she began to remember. She had been here before, but this time would be the last for she had now completed the cycle of life. A hand took hers and led her into another room. In a chair all alone sat a tall well-built man, with a bowler hat and a long curly grey beard. Behind this man there stood a dark man dressed in a long white robe. In his hand he held a scroll and as Mrs. Graham came in he began to read out all the good and bad things Mrs. Graham had ever done. When he had read, the tall man said to Mrs. Graham, "You have had a good life, and now you may pass on." He held out his hand and gave Mrs. Graham a small light parcel. Another dark angel took her along a long passage and into yet another room. Here she was told to open her package, and in it she found a small pair of transparent wings. These she put on and immediately a door flew open and she went through it. Here there was a long, long passage padded with clean fresh white leather, and at the end of this passage was a small door set wide open. Through the door she caught a glimpse of the Elysian fields, green and glittering with dewdrops in the early morning sunshine.

Theresa Richards, Lower IV.

## THE SHIPS

They sailed over the horizon  
With the wind at their heels they rose  
Over the crest of the waves, and came  
Silent and morose.

Fame had they brought to England  
But fame that was dearly bought  
For the banners were tethered which flew in the wind  
Torn, in the battles they'd fought.

Few were the men who manned the sails  
Few were the sailors aboard  
And silent were the ships as they sailed through the darkness  
When the stormy wind roared.

They had fought in a battle, with few against many.  
Though strong in the faith which they kept,  
But when darkness brought victory, like bird on the wing  
Many were they who wept.

The tell-tale few brought home to their land  
A jewel of infinite price  
For freedom of faith and a land of our own  
Are worth their sacrifice.

They sailed on past the horizon  
To the safety of harbour they came  
They brought with them freedom and hope for the future  
And for England—fame.

Caroline Hogarth, Upper IV.

## KAT

It had happened to her before. Two years ago, on her wedding-eve, she had seen, in a dream, her future.

A sumptuous banquet had been held, celebrating the royal wedding; and the halls and passages of the palace had echoed and re-echoed, with the joyous sounds of music and merrymaking. The great doors stood open wide, and in the bright light of a thousand burning rushlights, they had danced and feasted the hours away, with music of a score of gaily-clad minstrels forming a fitting background for the revelry. Now wild and exhilarating; now soft and haunting, it had flowed like wine from pipe and string, for the delight of the happy young bride-to-be.

Then, after many hours of gaiety, she had taken her leave of the company and retired, exhausted and happy, to her bedchamber. There, guarded by the heavy scarlet and white bedcurtains, she had fallen asleep and dreamed . . .

She was alone, in a small, cold room, shadowy in the corners, because the only light to enter filtered through the one narrow window and cast a bright pattern on the stone floor. It was a bare, draughty room, and the furniture was plain and inadequate.

The air was filled with the far-off sound of many voices, shouting incessantly. All else was silent. From the window she could see the black, oily ribbon of a river, crawling ever onwards, to the sea.

She turned from the window to face the thick, oak door, shut fast, and with never a chink in its stout frame, heavily bolted and barred.

To her watchful eyes, ever fixed on that door, it presently seemed that it vibrated and swung outwards; then, as she rubbed her eyes, bewildered, a figure presented himself on the threshold, clad in sombre black, from his neck—(his face was misty and indistinct)—down to the pointed shoe which peeped from beneath his robe. He remained quite motionless, while she watched him, in the shadow of the doorway, so that his features were hidden. A slanting ray of sunlight caught, and held for a moment, something bright, clasped in his outstretched hands; she looked down and saw it sparkle on the delicate links of a finely-wrought gold chain which streamed across the smooth, white fingers, and cascaded downwards in a shimmering fall. Against the dull, black robe, it held an airy beauty, such as she had rarely seen before. It had a delicacy akin to that of dew-bespangled gossamer, dancing in the sunlight . . .

She stretched and turned her head upon the gold-fringed pillow, pulling the heavily-embroidered quilt up to her chin. Bells pealed joyously through the air, and, opening her eyes she saw it was morning. Hastly she sat up and rang for her maids, for today she was to become a bride—and a queen.

With the ensuing bustle and excitement, the dream had been temporarily forgotten. Arrayed in all her wedding finery, with the jewels the King had given her, around her slender neck, she had gone forth to meet her bridegroom.

On the smooth lawns of Hampton Court, he had come to her; an awe-inspiring figure, resplendant in scarlet, with a huge ostrich feather curling from his flat cap, and she had experienced a thrill as she realised that she pleased him, and that he cared for her.

Throughout the day, and for many days to follow, he kept her beside him, his small eyes ever on her, and his loud, raucous laughter breaking forth as she answered him with humble restraint.

He adored her. He sent her gifts of jewels and furs; of gorgeous silks and foreign perfumes. He ordered banquets, and balls in her honour, to which came foreign princes and ambassadors, to admire her beauty.

Throughout London her initial was intertwined with his over gateways, and she was ever beside him at State functions.

For two years this blissful life continued, bringing fresh joys daily, to the young queen. And then everything went suddenly wrong.

The King was more than thirty years her senior, jealous and hot-tempered; while she was yet a girl, young, and eager for life. The Court was full of handsome, dashing young men, who danced superbly, and proved excellent company with their tales of love and adventure.

Away from Great Harry, the Queen turned from dancing and music, and began to amuse herself in a more dangerous way. She strolled at dusk across the lawn in the company of a younger, more appealing man, unseen by any eye save those of her ladies, whom she had always believed faithful to her.

However, she was grievously mistaken. Less than a month later, the tale had spread until it reached the ears of one more dreaded than any. The King, angry and shocked, at first refused to believe the poisonous rumours, but gradually his uncontrollable temper mastered him, and he struck.

. . . . .

So now she was here, all alone in a small, cold room with only one window. Her jewels, servants, and friends all gone, and in their place heartless strangers.

She crossed the stone floor, and looked through the window at the Thames, crawling past Traitor's Gate towards the sea—and freedom.

Then, as she looked, there flashed upon her the dream of two years ago. So vivid had it been, that she remembered it clearly, although she had not thought about it before. Had there been any prophecy in it, or was it just an idle fancy? She felt a stab of excitement as she remembered the glittering chain of gold and wondered what it foretold.

Harry had often sent her jewels, as tokens of his love for her; would he use the same method to tell her of his forgiveness? Hope returned with the first ray of sunshine, which slanted through the window on to the floor. This was the last time she would see it. Tomorrow she would be gone.

Footsteps sounded along the passage, and the door was unbolted. As it swung open she beheld the figure of her dream standing upon the threshold.

As before, he held the sparkling chain between his thin, clasped hands; she saw it clearly against his dark robe. He also clutched a leather-bound book. Slowly, she sank to her knees before him, her staring eyes upon that dazzling chain. From it hung an object, unseen in her dream; a crucifix!

CAROL SMITH, Upper V.

### ON GOING TO AN OPERA

At last the door opened and I sank down comfortably in a green velvet chair. The music had started some time before and I had entered at the pause between two movements.

The orchestra started up again with the low beating of the drums, then a flute took the tune in hand and piped away whilst the drums in the background continued their "tum-tum te tum."

Then suddenly the flute ceased to sing and the drums came on with a terrific roar and a clash of cymbals. The green hall seemed to grow brighter and I felt a sudden sensation in my ears.

Then just as suddenly, the music quieted the hall grew less bright and the music came to a slow stop.

I left the room and walked away from the music, watching the red walls fade into the distance.

I gave my ticket to the ticket collector and walked away from the tube station to the Festival Hall.

SONYA LEFF, Upper IV.

## THE HORN

*(Translated from 'Le Cor' by Alfred de Vigny)*

I love to hear the hunter's brazen horn  
Arouse the silent woods at eventide:  
It sings the hunted hind's last cry forlorn,  
It echoes through the shadows far and wide.  
The hunter's faint farewell, quite free from grief  
Is borne by bluff North wind from leaf to leaf.

And many a time, alone, at dead of night,  
I smiled to hear it, but more often cried,  
Believing that the sound retold the plight  
By which the gallant Knights of Roland died.  
O plaintive horn, I hear where'er I tread,  
Your never-ending curfew for the dead.

Often a traveller, out when all is still,  
Is halted by a lilting, brazen voice  
Which mingles with a lamb's sweet bell until  
The peaceful listening woods seem to rejoice,  
And gentle music echoes through the night  
As innocence and memory unite.

The listening hind, forgetting all her fear,  
Stands motionless, poised high upon a rock;  
The waterfall, like thunder to the ear,  
In shimmering torrents, flows toward the lock;  
And ever in the waters as they roar  
I hear a sad plaint, sung for evermore.

O, restless Spirits! Valiant Knights of Old!  
Do you return again to this dark glade?  
Is still the gallant Roland unconsolated,  
In Ronceval, an ever-restless shade?  
Is it your voices speaking in the horn  
Whose notes upon the evening air are borne?

CAROL SMITH, Upper V.

## THE ISLAND

The silence was awful. The last scientist had left an hour before and the island lay desolate, scorched by the noonday sun. All was in readiness for the great moment when the dark, sinister bomb, nestling in the heart of the island, would leap into destructive life at the touch of a human hand upon a control panel. The dummy men clad in their protective clothing were lined up in rows, their inanimate gaze fixed upon the far horizon. The dark houses, built to withstand the fury of the bomb, were clustered together in twos and threes. Cases of foodstuffs lay open to the air which soon would be contaminated by deadly, radio-active dust. The fantastic shapes of the recording instruments were darkly silhouetted against the livid sky.

In a boat, many miles away, four men sat silently round a table. A clock ticked the seconds away remorselessly . . . five seconds . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . the men became tense . . . one . . . zero! The tallest of the men reached forward and pressed a switch among the complicated mass of levers and dials before him. Still there was silence. Then came a dull thunderous roar and a great black cloud, licked by tongues of flame, rose slowly and majestically from the devastated island, a monument to the eternal stupidity of man. In the boat the scientists congratulated each other upon the perfection of a weapon with which they were able to blast themselves and their fellow-men off the face of the earth.

SUSAN HEPTINSTALL, V.

## THE FOUR WINDS

The east wind came whipping so bitter and keen  
O'er the fair eastern lowlands and fine autumn scene  
The east wind came swiftly with ice in her hand  
And the cold, bitter winter lay over the land.

The north wind came pelting from desolate plains  
Making wild, barren deserts of old leafy lanes,  
The north wind came hurtling like arrow from bow  
And covered all England in garb of white snow.

The west wind came gently with warm, balmy showers  
And beckoned to Spring to wake all the flowers  
The west wind came softly and none heard her come  
Till they noticed quite suddenly, winter had gone.

The south wind came blowing from coral-reef seas  
With breath of adventure, of warmth and of ease  
The south wind came wafting o'er England's green field  
And giving to wheat crops a good heavy yield.

The four winds were keeping a tryst they had made,  
They competed their strength in an autumnal glade.  
The leaves on the trees fell to earth and lo! then  
The east wind began all the year's work again.

ROSEMARY PLUCKNETT, Upper IV.

## STING OF THE BEE

Her voice is warm and low. She speaks: sounds melodious; sweet as honey, smooth as honey. The sounds, the sounds, but listen to the words. The sting of the bee behind them still.

See! Her tongue a curved knife etches little red furrows on the heart. Slowly and painfully ploughs up the unresisting plum, seering, scalding in an unceasing search.

And we are wounded deep and we speak. And our tongues become infused with words, coloured with heart's blood, scarlet drops. And we do not understand how to stop and we hate to go on. And the honeyed words intrude insistent into every pause and we must continue.

The flow slows, stops and we are done. She goes away, and is satisfied, and we remain, bewildered. And the drops flow again, but they are tears. Transparent as our souls, now emptied.

And someone comes to us. Our voice is warm and low. We speak: sounds melodious, sweet as honey. smooth as honey. But listen: the sting of the bee behind them still.

ELEANOR BRON, Upper V.

## CAN HISTORY BE OBJECTIVE?

Before considering whether history can be objective, it is necessary to decide what history is, what are its aims and limitations. If it is the duty of the historian to pass any form of moral judgment upon the historical facts with which he is concerned, to favour any one faction at the expense of the others for any reason whatsoever, then objectivity is impossible. Any history written with the view that the present is the consummation of the past already is biased in that the successful party to a conflict, the party whose ideas were subsequently adopted, is favoured because its opinions and actions led to views and institutions nearer to modern ones. If history is to be objective, the 'whig interpretation of history' must be avoided at all cost; the past must be considered for itself alone.

Once this is accepted as a limitation on the historian's outlook, his task in writing history becomes much easier to define. He must examine the past for its own sake, trace the web of facts and discover how each one grew from the others, judging each action not by any external standard but only by the standards and ideals of those concerned with it. Henry of Navarre's policy must not be judged from a Protestant or Catholic viewpoint, when his conduct at once appears hypocritical, but from his own viewpoint, that France, and what he believed to be good for France, came before his personal religion. His actions can then be considered in relation to their effects on France, and not by any other standard, for that was the standard he himself would apply to them. Other bases for examination of his conduct are irrelevant and unobjective, being arbitrarily chosen by the historian. It is for the historian to describe, and explain, applying no standards to his description and explanation other than those current during the events he describes among those whom the events concern. The fact that Civil War followed ultimately from the eleven years of Charles I's personal rule must be considered in relation to the fact that the King's action during those years was contrary to what the Parliament supporters believed to be their rights, whereas Charles and his ministers considered themselves to have adhered to the letter of the law, and to be justified in their actions. It is for the historian to examine these claims with reference to all the factors concerned, in this case the religious beliefs which profoundly affected the actions of both sides being particularly important, as well as various personal, political and economic factors.

Thus, while it is for the philosopher alone to criticise the principles on which actions are based, it is for the historian to analyse the actions and principles. To what extent can he be objective in so doing? According to Bacon there are five types of bad habits of mind into which man tends to fall, five types of influence on thought which prevent it from being objective. These include 'idols of the school'; the teaching to follow rules blindly, without recognition of their limitations. In history this takes the form of fitting the facts to a pre-conceived theory, an example being much of the Marxist view of history. Then there are 'idols of the theatre'; reverence for work already done and reluctance to contradict established masters in a subject, to set up new theories. 'Idols of the market place' are the false impressions, the emotional overtones conveyed by words; and examples of historical names and labels, with an emotional meaning arousing echoes in the mind of the historian today, abound. Examples are democracy, liberty, Puritan, Protestant, Catholic, Whig, Tory, Socialist, Communist and Capitalist. It is however possible for the historian to guard against all three of these types of influences in his work, if he is fully aware of the danger, and continually refers his work back to the facts themselves, taking no theories for granted.

The other two bad habits of mind are more serious where the historian is concerned, because they are less easy, or impossible for him to observe. They include 'idols of the tribe', ways of thinking common to all humans, such as a tendency to over-simplify, to impose a pattern on events, which the Whig interpretation of history as progress from the past to the present in spite of the efforts of reactionaries is an example. To some extent the historian can guard against this, but there are always more facts in any situation than he can know, more influences than he can trace. The history that the

historian can write must always be less complex than the events that happened, and thus all history is a simplification. This simplification by the historian must ultimately be a personal matter, he himself must decide which factors should be emphasised, and to what extent. And it is here that the fifth cause of human error becomes important, the 'idols of the cave'; personal prejudices resulting from the character and background of the individual. Of these the historian cannot be fully aware, and it is these that to some extent will influence his selection of factors to be emphasised.

Though a large measure of objectivity in history is possible, the historian being able to eliminate those influences on his judgment of which he is fully aware, nevertheless the fact that the historian is an individual, with individual prejudices, must influence the selection and presentation of facts in his writing. Although he may succeed in considering the past with respect to its standards alone, in considering it for its own sake, as far as he is aware, nevertheless the historian's individual outlook must affect his conclusions and expression of his conclusions, and so history cannot be entirely objective.

JUDITH REED, Upper VI.

### THE OWL

The owl just sleeps and sleeps all day,  
Inside a farmhouse shed,  
And then goes out to seek his prey  
When we are all in bed,

He goes to find his supper now,  
(He likes a fat field-mouse),  
O'er moonlit field and silver bough,  
And past our silent house.

He sees a mouse and swoops down there  
And carries it away.  
He has a feast, enjoys the fare,  
And sleeps again next day.

A. BRIAULT, Form III.



# Scholarships, Exhibitions and Prizes, 1953

State Scholarships - - - - -	MARILYN MALIN in History and Latin JUDITH RATCLIFF in French and Latin JUDITH REED in Pure Mathematics and Applied Mathematics MARGARET MITCHELL in Pure Mathematics and Applied Mathematics
Clothworkers' Leaving Exhibition - -	MADELEINE CORNEY
Sophie Bryant Leaving Exhibition - -	VALERIE MUNRO
Prance Memorial Exhibition - - -	DOREEN WELLER
Ridley Memorial Scholarship - - -	JOHANNE BISSET
Mensbier Memorial Scholarship for Modern Languages - - - - -	JUDITH RATCLIFF
R. W. Buss Scholarship for Art - - -	MARGARET McKECHNIE
Maclean Fraser Scholarship for Music -	VALERIE FLOYD

## PRIZES AWARDED IN UPPER VI

Dr. Anderson's Centenary Prize - - -	MARGARET HASSELL
Clothworkers' Prize for Design - - -	VIVIEN SMITH
Marion Elford Prize for Art - - -	JUDITH HAYLOR AND JOSEPHINE PERKIN
Frances Mary Buss Prize for Music - -	ROSEMARY SAUNDERS
Lupton Prize for Scripture - - -	PATRICIA SCHOLES
Back Memorial Prize for Scripture - -	FRANCES BREUER
Jane Agnes Chessar Prize for Geography -	DOREEN WELLER
Emma Guggenheim Prize for Science -	PATRICIA FARREN
G. E. Holding Memorial Prize - - -	DOREEN WELLER
Hester Armstead Prize for Classics - -	JUDITH GUTMAN AND MARILYN MALIN

## PRIZES AWARDED IN FORM VI

Clothworkers' Prizes for	
English - - - - -	SYLVIA MAIZELS
History - - - - -	JUDITH GORDON WALKER
Languages - - - - -	MARGARET POLLARD
Mathematics - - - - -	ANN MATTHEWS
Science: Physics and Chemistry - - -	JANE MACDONALD
Biology - - - - -	JEAN ARNO
Greek - - - - -	MARY McNELLY AND HELEN WADE
Fanny Green Prize for Music - - -	MYRA ROBERTSON
Lucy Welch Prize for Music - - -	PHILIPPA HARRIS
Hester Armstead Prize for Classics - -	JUDITH GORDON WALKER, MARY McNELLY, HELEN WADE, AND JUDITH WILLANS
Webb Memorial Prize for Hygiene - - -	SHIRLEY SELBEY
Joan Brackenbury Prize for Domestic Science	ANN POND
History Picture - - - - -	SYLVIA MAIZELS

## UPPER V

Clothworkers' Scholarships - - - -	MARY RAWITZER AND MARION HALL
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## ROTARIAN PRIZES

EUNICE BROWN, SYLVIA MAIZELS AND JANET McALLISTER

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATIONS—1954

JUDITH REED a Scholarship in Mathematics for Modern Greats at Somerville College.  
 JOAN WOOD a Scholarship in Physical Science for Medicine at St. Hilda's College.  
 JANET McALLISTER an Exhibition in History at St. Hilda's College.  
 GILLIAN ROBERTS an Exhibition for Medicine at St. Hugh's College.

# Concerning Old North Londoners

## MARRIAGES:

28th June, 1951	-	Vivienne Latner to Michael Goldblatt.
March, 1951	-	Pamela Hailey to Ernest Riggs.
14th March, 1952	-	Margaret Dixon to Christopher Marris.
20th October, 1952	-	Valerie Kay to Ernest D. Bello.
9th June, 1953	-	Irene Levinson to Ronald Persey.
13th June, 1953	-	Anne Robinson to Geoffrey Holmes.
4th July, 1953	-	Priscilla Rooke to D. Beale.
30th July, 1953	-	April Rogerson to Brian Halton.
July, 1953	-	Ann Smart to John Allen.
2nd August, 1953	-	Zena Wolfen to Victor Oster.
8th August, 1953	-	Rosemary Lambert to Bernard John Moody.
9th August, 1953	-	Honor Brotman to Samuel Stamler.
15th August, 1953	-	Margaret Jones to Frederick Kenneth Deeble.
29th August, 1953	-	Gabrielle Martin to Charles Willis Walker.
22nd August, 1953	-	Hilda Cox to Robert Stoneley.
6th January, 1954	-	Alix Lee to Felix Pirani.
20th March, 1954	-	Paddy Gillam to Montague Jones.
20th March, 1954	-	Christine Struppe to Ronald Taylor Quinn.
March, 1954	-	Mary Greene to Robert Sloman.
3rd April, 1954	-	Mary Letty to John Leonard Machin.
1st May, 1954	-	Charmian Quinton to Peter Fleischl.
		Jill Black to Ken Taylor.
		Joan Brown to Hugh Micklem.
		Allison Huxley to T. F. Huskisson.
		Daphne Wilks to D. W. Bateman.
		Brenda Bates is now Mrs. Setchell.
		Jean Chatham is now Mrs. Tough.
		Valerie Fine is now Mrs. Barnett.
		Rita Fleminger is now Mrs. Brodie.
		Teresa Milton is now Mrs. Doidge.

## BIRTHS:

3rd July, 1951	-	To Gwyneth Griffiths (née Thomas) a son, Martin John. (Also a son, Hugh Evan, 22nd November, 1949).
26th January, 1952	-	To Morfudd Jenkins (née Thomas) a son, Gareth Idris.
25th November, 1952	-	To Vivienne Goldblatt (née Latner) a daughter, Sally Diana.
26th January, 1953	-	To Shirley Moore (née Tavernor) a daughter, Jane Elizabeth.
20th June, 1953	-	To Madeline May (née Mackenzie) a son, Rex Gilbert Neil.
24th June, 1953	-	To Mavis Greathead (née Cosgrove) a son, Timothy John.
1st July, 1953	-	To Cynthia Deutsch (née Armstrong) a son, Jonathan
August, 1953	-	To Charlotte Franklin (née Hajnal Konyi) a son, Simon Colin.
10th October, 1953	-	To Norma Ruth (née Maynard) a son, Nigel Martin.
10th October, 1953	-	To Lisa Thaler (née Pollak) a son, David.
11th November, 1953	-	To Valerie Bello (née Kay) a son, Joseph Michael.
November, 1953	-	To Maureen Orchant (née Clapper) a daughter.
20th December, 1953	-	To Joan Jackson (née Wilson) a son, Andrew.

19th January, 1954	-	To Pamela Kingston (née MacEwan) a son, Anthony.
15th February, 1954	-	To Isobel Murray (née Mitchell) a son, William Douglas.
15th February, 1954	-	To Muriel Majerus (née Ulmann) a son, Michael.
19th February, 1954	-	To Margaret Olwen Elliott (née James) a daughter, Karen Mair.
March, 1954	-	To Leonora Collins (née Dorf) a daughter, Joanna.
March, 1954	-	To Mrs. Slaughter (née Park) a son, Ian.
April, 1954	-	To Ennis Brandenburger (née Freedenberg) a daughter, Rachel.
7th April, 1954	-	To Caroline Merriam (née Wallace) a son, Graham.
14th April, 1954	-	To M:s. Hodkin, a son, David Anthony.
21st April, 1954	-	To Norma Rinsler (née Lee) a daughter, Susan Elizabeth.
24th May, 1954	-	Noëlle Tatham (née Lazenby) a daughter, Jennifer.

## DEATHS:

14th December, 1952. Mrs. Odames (née Muriel M. Barber), (1901—1907).

1st June, 1953. Mrs. Darbyshire (née Leslie Burkitt), (1932—1939).

13th June, 1953. May Ricketts (1916—1922).

30th July, 1953. Astrid Solomon (1943—1950).

6th September, 1953. Betty Perkins (1923—1932) in Los Angeles, as a result of an accident.

25th September, 1953. Myra Cotton (1897—1901).

October, 1953. Mrs. Hannah Closs (née Hannah Priebisch), (1916—1922).

October, 1953. Mrs. Macmin (née Margaret Armstrong), (1893—1897).

October, 1953. Miss Rose Stern (Member of Staff, 1902—1930).

19th November, 1953. Alice Spink (1883—1885). Her companion writes: "She would have been eighty-seven years on the 4th April, and retained her keen interest in everything connected with the North London Collegiate School to the last."

21st November, 1953. Mrs. Kaye (née Ethel G. Willis), (1887—1898).

24th December, 1953. Mrs. Lugard (née Mabel Day), (1889—1904). Her husband writes . . . "She was intensely proud of the school and was very happy during her days there."

29th December, 1953. Margaret Kerly (1881—1891).

1953. Dorothea A. Symes (1905—1907).

29th January, 1954. Jessie Goadby (1894—1896), formerly Head Mistress of the Gartlett School, Watford.

February, 1954. Mrs. Edith How-Martyn (née Edith How), (1891—1893).

16th March, 1954. Winifred Binns (1906—1911).

1954. Janet W. Fisk (1892—1896).

MISS STERN. Many Old North Londoners must have felt it as a personal loss when they heard of the death of Miss Stern. During her long time at the North London Collegiate School she taught Chemistry to many generations of girls, and also took a lively interest in various school activities, and was always a most helpful and approachable member of the Staff.

After her retirement, Miss Stern still kept up her interest in the school; she was delighted to hear any school news and always had a wealth of information about Old North Londoners.

During the War she had the misfortune to break a leg, and afterwards became increasingly crippled.—She bore her disabilities with great courage, and always appeared to be her usual cheerful self with a great sense of humour. She was completely modern in her outlook and a most stimulating person to know.

Many Old North Londoners used to drop in to see her in her delightful home at Fairwarp, and Miss Stern was always glad to see them and to exchange the latest news. The warm welcome they unfailingly received will remain a pleasant memory.

L.P.

Miss Stern was kind to new young members of Staff. She had a robust common-sense outlook and was passionately devoted to the school, and its traditions. She inaugurated the general pattern of Jewish prayers and took a great deal of trouble to make these prayers of real value to the Jewish girls.

C.S.

"Stern by name and stern by nature" were the words in which she introduced herself to me. Luckily Miss Stern also had a sense of humour and a twinkle in her eye for many sinners.

Although she was a merciless judge of slackness and inefficiency, she had a very real patience with the hard working but not so bright pupil. She taught her classes to be independent and nothing pleased her more than to find that they were really experimenting and carrying on without too much help.

K.N.H.H.

MRS. EDITH HOW-MARTYN. Mrs. How-Martyn was a pupil of the school from 1891 to 1893. She was a student of the London School of Economics. She obtained the degree of B.Sc. (Econ.), with Public Administration as a special subject in 1916, and the M.Sc. (Econ.), in 1922. She was an active worker for women's suffrage and the welfare of women. She was the first Secretary of the Women's Social and Political Union, founded in 1906, she was also for many years, Secretary of the Women's Freedom League. She and her husband, who formerly lived in Hampstead, left for Australia in 1941.

JANET W. FISK. Janet Fisk was the daughter of Mrs. Fisk who took over Montague House, one of the school boarding houses, from Miss Toplis in 1900, until it closed in 1910. She entered the Accountant General's department of the G.P.O. in 1897 and was later in the Employment department of the Ministry of Labour. Her friend writes: "She had a sweet disposition and was liked by her colleagues."

MARGARET KERLY. By the death of Margaret Kerly, the school loses one of its old pupils and very faithful and interested friends. Miss Kerly was a pupil from 1881 to 1891. She taught at Oldham and after travelling for a year in Canada and the United States of America with a Gilchrist Travelling Scholarship, she was appointed Head Mistress of the County School for Girls at Tunbridge Wells. In 1911 she became Head Mistress of the Coborn School for Girls, where she remained for over twenty years.

Miss Kerly always took a great interest in the Society of the Frances Mary Buss House. She was a subscriber from the beginning and through her good offices for several years the Society received a donation from the Delmar Charitable Trust. She was a member of the Executive Committee for two periods of three years, from 1924 to 1927 and from 1933 to 1936. She rarely missed a meeting at the House and any appeal could be sure of her support; she was particularly interested in the provision of pictures for the House.

HANNAH PRIEBSCHE (Mrs. Closs). Many old pupils who remember Hannah Priebisch Closs will be very sorry to hear that she died in October 1953, at the age of forty-seven. She was the daughter of Professor Robert Priebisch of London University, and was a pupil of the school from 1916 to 1922. She went on to the Slade School, studying the History of Art, and later married Professor August Closs.

She published in 1936, "Art and Life," for which she was honoured by the Eugene Field Society in the United States. "Tristran" appeared in 1940. She then began her trilogy of novels dealing with Provence at the time of the Albigensian Crusade. The first two volumes "High Are the Mountains" (1945) and "And Sombre the Valleys" (1949), were well received, and have already been translated into French and German. The last volume "The Silent Tarn" was nearly finished before her illness. She also wrote various essays dealing with the inter-relationships in art and literature between East and West. She leaves one daughter Olwen. Her many school friends mourn the loss of a gifted and gracious personality.

## NEWS OF OLD NORTH LONDONERS

Much of the news of Old North Londoners was included in Dr. Anderson's letter which was circulated in the Spring Term. Some additional items are now given:—

Jacqueline Ainsworth finishes her Froebel training in July and has been appointed from September to Notting Hill and Ealing High School.

Janet Arnold qualified as an ophthalmic optician in 1949 and is now practising in Finchley. In 1952, she paid a visit to the United States and was entertained by some of the optometrists. A short account of her impressions was published on her return in the *Optician*.

Chaya Bhattacharyya, after graduating from University College, London, in June 1953, is to go up to Newnham College next October to read for the Law Tripos.

Pat Broad has been working at Greenwoods in Essex, the Country Centre of the West Ham Central Mission.

Doris Carden finishes her training at Chelsea College of Physical Education in July and has been appointed to Hemel Hempstead Grammar School.

Miss B. Carey, who was a former member of Staff, is now Head Mistress of King's Norton Grammar School, Birmingham.

Ann Carlier finishes her training at Bedford College of Physical Education in July, and has been appointed to South Hampstead High School.

Wendy Carter (née Goodman) has gone with her husband to Malacca, Malaya, and will be there for three years.

Irene Clifford is leaving her present post, and has been accepted as a student at University College from October, to read for a History Honours degree.

Deirdre Corder has now qualified as a State Registered Nurse at University College Hospital.

Jennifer Cuany has a secretarial post with the Glyndebourne Opera Company.

Margaret Dennis is teaching at Slough High School.

Ann Duffy has been appointed stage manager to the Glyndebourne Opera Company for this season and will be at the Edinburgh Festival.

Ohna Evans (née Macdonald) is living in Cambridge. Her husband is a lecturer in the Faculty of Agriculture.

Ruth Fagg is on the staff of St. Christopher's Preparatory School. Her sister Mary, is a Queen's District Nurse in Hastings.

Joyce Fulcher (née Hickman) is living near Brentford. She writes: "I gave up farm work last summer. Since finishing studies at Studley College and obtaining the National Diploma in Dairy Husbandry, I had a job with a pedigree Guernsey herd in Surrey. The care of cows, their milking, calf rearing and all the hundred and one jobs connected with the animals, not to mention ploughing, lending a hand at harvest, hay and hoeing times, not so directly connected with the cows, all add up to a most absorbing and worthwhile occupation."

Brenda Geare is teaching at Wimbledon High School.

Barbara Goldstein has passed her L.R.A.M. diploma.

Clare Hardwick is working for the Cameroons Development Corporation in Victoria, British Cameroons, West Africa.

Sheila Harrison (née Thubrun) is now home after spending about fifteen months in Accra and Kumasi; whilst there she was for a time in charge of the physiotherapy department in Kumasi Hospital.

Margot Hassell, who is at Girton College, has been playing tennis for Cambridge.

Lois Hemmons was awarded a Ph.D. in Genetics at Glasgow University in 1953.

Christine Hill has gone to Canada for a year and is a physiotherapist at a hospital in New Brunswick.

Kate Hilton (née Kaufman), who has two daughters (born in 1945 and 1947) has been giving voluntary help one afternoon a week at her daughter's school by acting as accompanist. She is also assisting her husband in his business.

Regan Kenner (née Kislingbury) is in Louisiana. Her husband is Professor in the Art department of the North-Western State College of Louisiana. She has a daughter and two sons. She is now studying for a B.A. degree.

Valerie Kitching has started training as a nurse at Charing Cross Hospital.

Margaret Marris (née Dixon) is with her husband in Freetown, Sierra Leone, and is teaching at the Army school for European children.

Hilary Mousley has a post as reservation agent with Trans-world Air Lines.

Valerie Munro, who is at St. Anne's College, Oxford, has a Blue for swimming.

Margaret Pile is training as a Probation Officer.

Hilda de Pinto is now Matron of the Princess Alice Memorial Hospital, Eastbourne, and has a busy training school for nurses.

Miss K. M. Reynolds (pupil 1909—1912, member of staff 1924—1930), has been Head Mistress of the Park School, Preston, since 1931 and is retiring in December.

Pamela Riggs (née Hailey) has for some time been working at the Middlesex Hospital. She is now in the Convalescent Section of the Almoner's department and thoroughly enjoys her work.

Barbara Roberts became an Associate of the Library Association in August 1952, and has spent a year with the Detroit Public Library.

Marion Romney, who is to be married on 13th June, has been working as a secretary in the German department of King's College. She has been accepted as a student at University College from October to read for an English Honours degree.

Pat Rothwell is working at the Central Public Health laboratory at Colindale.

Lilian Salmons has been working as secretary to the Production manager of a firm of pharmaceutical manufacturers.

Padmini Sen Gupta (née Sathianadham) has done a good deal of work on the Women's Welfare side of the Indian Jute Mills Association. Her husband is the Industrial Relations Officer to the Association. Last summer she and her family visited school.

Barbara Simpson has a secretarial post with the British Electrical Development Association.

Daphne Slee has been a member of Number 3605 (County of Middlesex) Fighter Control Unit (R.A.A.F.), but is changing her work to that of Ground Radar Mechanic. She was a member of the party of auxiliary airmen and women who were flown to Malta to take part in the air exercise.

Abigail Sperber, who is at Bedford College reading for a degree in History, has been awarded the Bryce Memorial Scholarship.

Patricia Smith is enjoying her nursing training at King's College Hospital. She writes: "Now I am a second year nurse and have earned a white band to wear on my sleeves!"

Eluned Thomas has gone to Canada as secretary to the Omega Watch Company.

Dr. Anderson asks Old North Londoners to send their news to her at School and any who are not members of the Old North Londoners' Association are cordially invited to join the Association, Annual Subscription, 5/-; Life Membership, £3 3s. 0d.

*Secretary:* Gwen Mercer (née Mitchell), 35 Longcroft Road, Edgware.

*Treasurer:* Peggy Owen (née Cadman), 28 Bellfield Avenue, Harrow Weald.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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IOLANTHE

*Photo: Alan Meek*

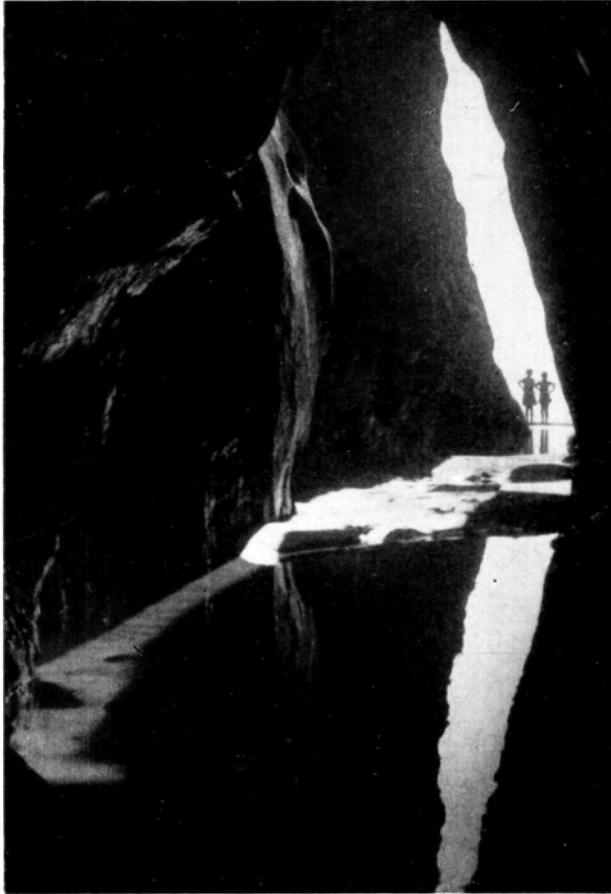
“Though the views of the House have diverged  
On every conceivable motion,  
All questions of Party are merged  
In a frenzy of love and devotion.”



IOLANTHE

*Photo: Alan Meek*

“Bow thy head to Destiny,  
Death thy doom, and thou shalt die.”



WATER

Taken by KATRINA TAYLOR



