

Hoorah for Kew High School

The lofty sunlit walls scraped sun and star,
Fresh painted halls of learning – all was new,
By tram and path, mixed cultures near and far,
Ah, heady days, when high school came to Kew.

~

What made this special, looking back tonight?
A heady blend of students, staff and place,
The yawning gap was plain, 'twixt right and wrong,
Prepared each eager mind for life's long race.

~

Each tie was straight, each hem was set just so,
Gowns academic clad staff's regal frames,
The hallways bathed in purple-golden glow,
From days long past, let's name some memorable names.

~

Geoff Ellingham placed art on higher plain,
Cec Morley's woodwork planed for all to see,
Miss Hyatt's curs'd, misplaced apostrophe,
Great teachers bring back golden thoughts again

~

Some broke the mould, as Judy Curphey did,
Gave hidden talents no dark place to hide,
Leads, chorus, musos did as they were bid,
Sent throngs of merry thespians far and wide.

~

And students! What a happy, bubbling throng,
The Holahs, Snibsons, Bakers, De Jongs all,
In class, on field or bursting into song,
Held parents, teachers in perpetual thrall.

~

To this great school a youth, bare twenty one,
Joined other staff on '68 - Day 1,
With nervy brain and limb in chem lab stood,
Looked 'round, thought 'Out of depth, not good'.

~

But then across the new lab's airy space,
Tanned legs, blonde hair, a pony tail, 'tis true,
My temples throbbed, legs weak, felt pulses race,
From Cupid's bow, love's arrow swiftly flew.

~

So when I gaze upon this gifted throng,
This happy blend of staff and students who
Blend hearts and minds, blend classroom, field and song,
My only thought is 'Kew High School, thank you'.

~

Roger Dench