

County High School for Girls SHAFTESBURY



Volume 16

December, 1953

County High School for Girls Shaftesbury

MAGAZINE

VOL. 16

DECEMBER, 1953

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*Printed at the
"Standard" Office
Stoke House
Frome*

EDITORIAL

Annus mirabilis, Miss Dunford described our school year on Speech Day. Indeed, for a school to experience a General Inspection, and a Coronation in the same year is surely unique. In addition, we have made school history by sending our first school party abroad. We have, therefore, used a good deal of space in this magazine in which to describe in detail these three subjects. We are afraid this is at the expense of the original contributions, to which we hope to devote more space next year.

You will learn from this magazine how full the life of the school is, with outside interests such as the Young Farmers' Club, Brass Band playing, and travel. We hope that by next year, more unusual activities will have interested others of our members.

EDITOR.

* * *

STAFF NOTES

We were sorry to have to say "Goodbye" to Miss Handford last Easter, when she left us to marry Mr. Roy Jones. We hear that she did a little teaching in a Bristol School during the summer. We welcome in her place Miss Beer, who has come to us from a large Essex school.

At the end of the Summer term, Miss Logg left to go to Chelmsford High School. We shall long remember her as the first organiser of a very successful school party to a foreign country as well as the no less important organiser of the G.C.E. examinations. Miss Williams, her successor, comes from Bristol.

We now have an additional part-time member of Staff, Mrs. Wagner.

We were glad to be represented by Miss Watkins at the Oxford Summer School in Classics and were particularly interested as one of the lecturers was Lady Helen Asquith.

M. E. W.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Miss Logg :	Gift of money
Mary Morris :	Money
Janet Gilbert :	Money
Deirdre Maclean :	Money
Mrs. Sidford :	Money
Mr. Jenkins, H.M.I. :	Books
Mrs. G. M. Sladen :	Models of Ships Books for Library
Mr. Johnson :	Bound Volumes of <i>Punch</i>
Miss Harold :	Money

LEAVING GIRLS, 1952—53

Autumn Term, 1952		Spring Term, 1953	
Form U.VI.	S. Thorne	Form U.V.	M. Alford, J. Cox, C. Titt
Form L.VI.	J. Gilbert	Form L.V.	J. Emberton
Form U.IV.	P. Morton	Form L.IV.B.	V. Coates, I Mackenzie
	I. Vine	Form III.	G. Tucker
Summer Term, 1953			
Form U.VI.	D. Alford, J. Haskell, M. Hull, D. Johnson, D. Maclean, J. Walker		
Form L.VI.	M. Morris		
Form U.V.L.	J. Green		
Form U.V.	R. Bartlett, J. Fennell, J. Fursey, P. Gatehouse, G. Gowen, M. Guy		
	V. Hardy, C. Humble, U. J. Laws, P. Lovell, P. Sidford, R. Stobbings, J. Stokes, B. White		
Form L.V.	M. Webb		
Form U.IV.	S. Barr, B. Batstone, B. Harris		
Form L.IV.A.	S. Jonko, P. Stevens		
Form L.IV.B.	D. Bennett, G. Fuller, B. Hardiman, C. Young		
Form III.	W. Thomas		

NEW GIRLS, 1953

Spring Term, 1953			
	<i>Present Form</i>		<i>Previous School</i>
M. Webb	...	...	Ashford Grammar School, Kent
F. Jones	... L.IV.	...	Chichester High School
Summer Term, 1953			
G. Hann	... U.IV.D.	...	Hindon V.C. School
D. McCredie	... U.IV.B.	...	Tisbury V.C. School
S. McLeod	... U.IV.B.	...	Government School, Stanley, Falkland Is.
J. Legg	... L.IV.	...	Blandford Grammar School
Autumn Term, 1953			
B. White	... U.IV.B.	...	Blandford Grammar School
R. Lawrence	... L.IV.	...	Ipswich High School
S. A. Mullington	... L.IV.	...	Croft House, Shillingstone
P. Bailey	... III.	...	Fovant V.C. School
J. Benfield	... III.	...	Iwerne Minster C. of E. School
J. Booth	... III.	...	Cann Primary School
R. Booth	... III.	...	Ebbesbourne Wake V.C. School

R. Brayford	... III.	... Spetisbury Primary School
M. Breeds	... III.	... Shaftesbury C. of E. Junior School
A. Collis	... III.	... Fontmell Magna C. of E. School
P. Collis	... III.	... Berwick St. John Primary School
D. Cookman	... III.	... St. Leonard's, Blandford
J. Down	... III.	... St. Leonard's, Blandford
C. Harding	... III.	... Alcester St. James C. of E. School
E. Harding	... III.	... Dorchester Primary Girls' School
J. Hayden	... III.	... Gillingham Junior School
K. Hetherington	... III.	... Ludwell Council School
D. Hitchings	... III.	... Mere Junior School
P. Hughes	... III.	... Rydal School, Radipole, Weymouth
J. Hunt	... III.	... Manston C. of E. School
J. Jay	... III.	... Fovant V.C. School
L. Millar	... III.	... Spetisbury Primary School
M. Moldram	... III.	... Motcombe C. of E. School
P. Palmer	... III.	... Mere Junior School
R. Phillips	... III.	... Shaftesbury C. of E. Junior School
J. Pitman	... III.	... Manston C. of E. School
F. Pollard	... III.	... Milborne St. Andrew County Primary School
H. Rideout	... III.	... Fontwell Magna C. of E. School
P. Ridout	... III.	... Tisbury Mixed Junior School
J. Rose	... III.	... Cann Primary School
R. Spencer	... III.	... Donhead St. Andrew Primary School
A. Welford	... III.	... Covent of the Sacred Heart, Weymouth
P. Wells	... III.	... Croft House, Shillingstone
J. Wyllie	... III.	... Wareham Junior School

PREFECTS AND SUB-PREFECTS

Autumn Term, 1953

Head Girl	...	J. Peel
Deputy Head Girl	...	R. Burden
Prefects	...	D. Bowden, J. Cardnell, S. Zinkova, M. Bond, W. Case, V. Sharp, S. Sheppard
Sub-Prefects	...	T. Wright, C. Alford, P. Furnell, J. Goddard, S. Jeffries, M. Mendo, A. Warde, J. Whitmarsh, M. Bradford, S. Clarke, J. Stone, M. Stone, M. Wilson

Form Captains

Upper V.	...	M. Wilson
Lower V.	...	A. Hitchings
Upper IV.D.	...	P. Gray
Upper IV.B.	...	J. Priddle
Lower IV.	...	P. Potter
III.	...	F. Pollard

Magazine Committee

Editor	...	W. Case
Sub-Editor	...	S. Zinkova

Form Representatives

Upper V.	...	R. Jones
Lower V.	...	R. Phillips
Upper IV.D.	...	J. Allardyce
Upper IV.B.	...	M. Williams
Lower IV.	...	M. Norris

PRIZE-WINNERS

Subject Prizes

Religious Knowledge	...	...	...	Diana Johnson
English	...	...	...	Jean Walker
History	...	...	...	Myra Hull
Music	...	...	...	Ann Hitchings
Art	...	...	...	Jean Haskell
Speech Training	...	...	...	Brenda Tomlinson
General Knowledge	...	...	...	Joan Pile

Good Work Prizes

Lower V.	...	...	...	Joy Godfrey
				Patricia Hilton
				Marion Worthington
Upper IV.	...	...	...	Sylvia Hiscock
				Ruth Phillips
Lower IV.	...	...	...	Ann Hall
III	...	...	...	Mary Norris
				Philippa Potter
				Daphne Woodman

Prizes for Special Progress

Lower V.	...	...	...	Mary Cox
Lower IV	...	...	...	Stephany Jenko

Cambridge General Certificate of Education

Advanced Level: Daphne Alford (one subject); Jean Haskell (one subject); Myra Hull (three subjects); Diana Johnson (one subject); Deidre Maclean (two subjects); Jean Walker (two subjects).

Ordinary Level Christine Alford (four subjects); Mary Morris (two subjects); Judy Peel (two subjects); Tessa Wright (one subject); Sonja Zinkova (one subject); Ruth Bartlett (five subjects); Mary Bond (eight subjects—prize awarded); Margaret Bradford (three subjects); Elizabeth Brooks (four subjects); Wendy Caso (eight subjects—prize awarded); Janet Fennell (three subjects); Pamela Funnell (four subjects); Jill Fursay (five subjects); Jean Goddard (six subjects—prize awarded); Gillian Gowen (three subjects); Joan Green (six subjects—prize awarded); Margaret Guy (five subjects); Virginia Hardy (four subjects); Cynthia Humble (three subjects); Sally Jeffreys (six subjects); Una-Jane Laws (three subjects); Pamela Lovell (five subjects); Marina Mende (six subjects—prize awarded); Yvonne Morgan (one subject); Eileen Parsons (three subjects); Valerie Sharp (eight subjects—prize awarded); Sheila Sheppard (six subjects—prize awarded); Patricia Sidford (seven subjects—prize awarded); Ann Stevens (three subjects); Jennifer Stokes (one subject); Ann Ward (five subjects); Janet Whitmarsh (six subjects).

AN ACCOUNT OF SPEECH DAY, 1953

The fact that School had expanded, and more and more parents and friends of the School wanted to be present at our Speech Day, caused the exclusion of the Third Form from attending on October 14th.

Visitors and girls, rose as Mrs. Bradford, the chairman of the Governors, led the way on to the platform. She was followed by our guest speaker, Miss Harold, of the Haberdasher Askes School in London, the Mayor and Mayoress, Mrs. Matthews, the Wiltshire representative on the governing body, Miss Dunford and Mr. Chesterfield.

After a few introductory remarks, Mrs. Bradford asked the Headmistress to give her report.

Miss Dunford spoke of this year as one in which it had been difficult to concentrate on steady work, since it held both a General Inspection and a Coronation. Nevertheless, it was a great year in many ways. With reference to examinations, it was the first time that Art had been taken (and passed) at Advanced Level. At Ordinary Level, Latin and Mathematics seemed at last to be on a sound footing. The General Inspection was a great success and the official report contained sound criticism and constructive suggestions.

The prizes and certificates were presented by Miss Harold. In her speech, she stated that in her picture gallery, one of her three favourite paintings was one of Gold Hill, in Shaftesbury. This, however, was not the only reason for her delight in being asked to our Speech Day, for she had formerly met Miss Dunford on a visit to her school in London. Miss Harold gave a picture of this school as it was a few hundred years ago—when a school for boys—comparing it with a school to-day. She found that, apart from the style of language there was little difference.

Miss Harold stressed how difficult it was for a Headmistress to interview prospective pupils and to know whether the right girls had been picked for entry into the school. She compared the development of the child to a artist painting a picture; for as the years go by, more and more of the child's character is revealed, just as more details are added by the artist to his painting.

Miss Harold was thanked by Mrs. Matthews and was then presented with a bouquet by the head girl. Mrs. Bradford was also presented with a bouquet by the captain of Lower IV.

Then followed the programme of entertainment opening with items by the Choral Speaking Group, trained by Miss E. Moore. By special request, "The Rain Chant" was included.

Musical contributions were provided by the Choir, trained and accompanied by Miss Drake, under the conductorship of Dr. Johnson. The choir having finished their group of songs were joined by the School, who sang the two-part setting of "Thou crownest the year," by Bach.

Thus, with a picture of almost the whole School massed on and around the platform, we leave behind yet another successful Speech Day in the history of our School.

SONJA ZINKOVA, *Upper VI.*

* * *

SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT, 1952—3

During this year an amendment to the Council constitution has been made. It had been found that the Third Form and Lower Fourth Form members were too young to serve on Council. Representation now begins with the Upper Fourth form; this reduces Council to a more workable size.

Through the proposal of Council members, a Coronation outing was arranged to the Blue Pool, Corfe Castle and Studland. The Coronation was also marked by the planting of trees on the Sports field and by the buying of a seat.

The most important new enterprise was the setting up of a Coronation Fund. One use of this fund is to help girls in school to partake in school activities which previously, for financial reasons, they have not been able to enjoy. It is hoped that this fund will flourish and will be a real help to girls in school.

Council now has an established place in school life, where problems can be discussed openly. We hope that it will continue to be a really useful organisation.

JILL CARDNELL, *Secretary.*

* * *

SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE REPORT

At the end of the Autumn Term last year, we collected toys for Father Christmas at the Town Hall; we also collected clothes to send to parts of Europe. Christmas cards and seals were sold to the School for the Pestalozzi Village Fund.

During this year, we have supported a great number of causes to aid the blind and sick, and the wounded. The whole School made an outstanding effort for the Flood Appeal Fund, which the Lord Mayor of London inaugurated. We gave both to the Netherlands and our own country. There was also a collection for the Westminster Abbey Restoration Fund.

This year we bought a few boxes of Christmas cards for the U.N.I.C.E.F., which we sold on United Nations Day. The committee hopes to support as many causes again next year.

BRENDA TOMLINSON, *Secretary.*
Upper V.

GAMES REPORT

Hockey

At the end of last season the team won most of their matches. So far this season we have not been so successful. This is partly because we lost an unusually large number of last season's players, and the new team is only just beginning to play together as a team. We hope they will improve as the season progresses.

In the House matches held at the end of the Spring Term, Barnes House won the cup.

Colours were awarded to M. Alford, M. Guy, and M. Wilson, at the end of the Spring Term. This term it has been decided that hockey colours shall be awarded as soon as a girl merits them, so that she will have the honour of wearing them straight-away. So far this term, colours have been awarded to R. Burden, Y. Morgan and J. Whitmarsh.

In future the Games Captain and Vice-Captain are to be appointed and not voted for by the Seniors. This year the captain is M. Wilson, the vice-captain, J. Whitmarsh and the secretary, V. Sharp.

At the recent hockey trials held at Sherborne for the Junior Dorset County team, Mary Wilson was selected to play right wing, and Janet Whitmarsh was selected as a reserve for centre half. We warmly congratulate both of them.

1st XI 1953-4

Goalkeeper: M. Stone
Left Back: S. Woodhead
Right Back: V. Sharp
Left Half: W. Case
Right Half: Y. Morgan
Centre Half: J. Whitmarsh

Left Wing: E. Parsons
Left Inside: R. Burden
Centre Forward: A. Hitchings
Right Inside: M. Bradford
Right Wing: M. Wilson

Matches

September 19th	...	1st XI	v. Dorchester	...	...	Home.	Lost	9-0
September 26th	...	1st XI	v. Blandford	...	...	Away	Won	3-2
October 10th	...	1st XI	v. St. Mary's 1st XI	...	...	Home.	Drew	2-2
		2nd XI	v. St. Mary's 2nd XI	...	...	Home.	Lost	6-1
October 17th	...	1st XI	v. Lord Digby's	...	...	Home.	Won.	2-1
October 24th	...	1st XI	v. St. Monica's	...	...	Home.	Drew.	5-5
		1st XI	v. Old Girls'	...	...	Home.	Lost.	2-1

* * *

Tennis

This year we had once more to use the town courts for tennis. The courts on our own field have now been wired off and we look forward to using them in the not-too-distant future.

The team worked hard and played their best, but on the whole we found that other schools had a higher standard of tennis than we have. We are not discouraged but all the more determined to do better next year.

At the end of the season tennis colours were awarded to S. Zinkova, V. Hardy, J. Walker, W. Case and R. Burden.

Team

1st Couple :	S. Zinkova, M. Guy (captain)
2nd couple :	J. Walker, R. Burden.
3rd couple :	W. Case, V. Hardy

Matches

May 9th	...	Lord Digby's	...	...	Away.	Lost	48—51
June 13th	...	Dorchester	...	...	Home.	Lost	21—78
June 27th	...	St. Mary's	...	...	Home.	Lost	27—72
July 4th	...	Blandford	...	...	Away	Lost	44—55
		Old Girls	...	...	Home	Lost	48—51
July 11th	...	St. Monica's	...	...	Away.	Won	45—34

The Boarders beat the Day Girls in their annual match, 20—16.

In the House Matches Wren won the cup and Hardy were runners-up.

This year instead of the usual single championships double championships were played. The results were as follows :

		Champions	Runners-up
Senior	...	W. Case, M. Guy.	V. Hardy, S. Zinkova
Intermediate	...	P. Gray, R. Tyler.	J. Cox, J. Lidford
Junior	...	B. Hardiman, J. Williams.	J. Wyman, J. Squires.

* * *

Sports

Sports Day was held on our own field on May 27th, 1953. Unfortunately, after a lot of hard work had been put into preparing them, they had to be abandoned before they were finished because of very heavy rain, but parents and friends enjoyed watching the first events. For the first time the long jump was included in the programme.

During the afternoon the Old Girls' Association and the Parents' Association each presented a seat for use at the Games Field.

Wren House won the Sports Cup and the Individual Championships were as follows :

		Champion	Runner-up
Senior	...	E. Brooks	A. Hitchings
Intermediate	...	J. Sidford	J. Stone
Junior	...	B. Hardiman	P. Stainer

The North Dorset Sports were held on our field again this year. We entered quite a few competitors, and most of them did very well and qualified for the Dorset County Sports.

These were held at Parkstone. Some of the Seniors took up javelin and discus throwing so that they would be able to compete in these sports. Unfortunately it rained and these events and many others had to be cancelled.

Elizabeth Brooks qualified for the Inter-County Sports. She went to Swindon and tied for 1st place in the high jump. She jumped 4 ft. 7 in.

R. BURDEN.

* * *

THE SWIMMING GALA

The appointed day dawned cold and wet—was this our reward for all the work that had been put into arranging the gala? During the morning, programmes were still being printed and there was that last minute rush concerning the necessary equipment for the novelty races and the seating arrangements as it was wet. Miss Beer, Pamela Lovell and I went to the Baths at the end of the morning. In misty rain we tried out the novelty races. For example we tried swimming to the music of the "Blue Danube," which was indeed a new experience and not a very successful one because of the rain.

Fortunately, our fears need not have caused us so much anxiety as by the afternoon the rain had stopped and though weakly, the sun was shining. The races were swum well to time, so that there were no chilly long waits. The diving events interspersed the races and new events, the plunge and novelty races, were added to the interest of the competitors and spectators.

At the end of the afternoon Miss Dunford presented the individual cups, which were awarded as follows:

<i>Junior School Cup :</i>	H. Moody
<i>Runner-up :</i>	A. Gibbons
<i>Middle School Cup :</i>	S. Clarke
<i>Runners-up :</i>	J. Cox and B. Rebbeck
<i>Senior School Cup :</i>	M. Wilson
<i>Runner-up :</i>	V. Sharp.

V. SHARP (*Swimming Captain*)

THE COUNTY HOCKEY TRIALS

On the wet and wintry morning of October 24th, four of us—Mary Wilson, Margaret Bradford, Wendy Case, and myself—set out for Sherborne, equipped with hockey things, sweets and many good wishes. Inside ourselves we were all feeling slightly nervous, but did not show it and were not unduly worried by the state of the weather.

Because of the bus-times we found that in order to arrive on time, we should have to go by 'bus to Gillingham and train from there.

It must have been a weird sight for our fellow passengers to see four heads bending down low over their feet, while they were strenuously trying to change into their red socks and hockey boots.

When we had arrived in Sherborne, we collected what we hoped to be all our belongings and rushed in the direction in which we thought to find the girls' public school.

Ten minutes later, we were still no nearer, but after asking four people the way, who had either never heard of the school, or were a "stranger in these parts" we arrived, puffed and practically incapable of speech, with just two minutes to spare.

On the stroke of two, we ran out into the drizzle and on to the field where all the other competitors were waiting. (We hoped it was not for us!).

Lists were read out and we played in our allotted games. I cannot say it was pleasant playing, but at least we experienced something new, which came near the mark of ice-hockey! I heard many say that it was impossible to judge players under such conditions, but to my mind, if you could play then, you could play at any time! By the end of the afternoon, when play had been stopped many times by cloudbursts, the pitch looked like an exceedingly ill-kept farmyard; and the players without exception, were mud from top to toe.

After scrubbings-down in the cloak-rooms, when we all looked a good deal more respectable, we hurried to the gym, where, amidst a tense silence, the results were read out.

We listened—startled—and the words penetrated:

We had a county player and a reserve namely, Mary Wilson, and myself.

Yes; it had been worth it, even the coating of mud!

J. WHITMARSH, VI.

THE BOARDERS' REPORT

This has been quite an eventful year for the boarders of both houses. But, unfortunately, we have had to say "goodbye" to many of our number. These included both the Head boarders, Diana Johnson and Jean Walker. We wish all of them happiness in their future careers, and we should also like to welcome all the newcomers.

The Boarders' Club is now firmly established and all the members find it very enjoyable. Towards the end of the Summer Term, the members of the club were invited by the President and Vice-President to an outing to Stourton. We all went round Stourton Gardens, and enjoyed singing "rounds" in one of the domed temples there. After we had had our tea in the village hall, on account of bad weather, some of us went swimming in the lake, while others either went for a walk or visited Stourton House. On the way back to the village hall, most of us took part in a Scavenger Hunt organised by Miss Dunford and Miss Maddick.

Besides this outing the boarders also had their annual House picnics. "Sunridge" spent an enjoyable day on Bourne-mouth beach, while "Barton Hill" had an equally happy picnic on Hod Hill.

The Upper V and VI form boarders had a pleasant summer evening with some of the senior Grammar School boys. After we had showed the boys round Barton Hill, we all took part in such games as tennis, croquet, and darts, in the garden. Supper was served in the Junior Common Room, and afterwards we walked down to the School hall where we danced for the rest of the evening.

The boarders have become very enthusiastic sportswomen. During the summer many of us went swimming before breakfast and this term both junior and senior play netball regularly each week.

At Sunridge the Quiet Room and a dormitory have been combined to form one large room which has now become the Middle School Common Room. Otherwise no other major alterations have been made in either house.

This term we had a great deal of fun and some success entering in Shaftesbury Carnival. Barton Hill boarders won a First Prize for their entry, which was a skit on an old stage coach.

As usual the boarders' Christmas party was a great success last year. The food was excellent and the entertainment very original, being a play based on the legend of the ghost of Barton Hill! We are now looking forward to this year's party.

R. BURDEN

V. SHARP *Head Boarders*

* * *

SHAFTESBURY CARNIVAL

OCTOBER 3RD, 1953

As we awoke on Saturday morning, our first thoughts were on the carnival, everywhere we went the talk was about the carnival; what we should look like and whether we should win. All the boarders at Barton Hill, except three, were in a skit together on the Red Rover stage-coach, which came up from Gillingham.

After dinner, we were all in a hurry and scurry to get ready. We all got dressed in our various clothes and tumbled into the coach, which was a truck, with a large mother duck and her four ducklings round her. We had three horses, each of which consisted of two girls, pulling us. Round the side of the truck were four walking people, two each side. As we made our way to Castle Hill, where the judging was to be held, Jenny Prothero blew a trumpet which made a hideous noise.

When we eventually arrived there, after a few mishaps with the horses coming apart, we found a crowd of children all dressed in various fancy dresses waiting to be judged. We were placed in our group and then Mrs. Bealing took a few photos of us. After waiting for a quarter of an hour the judges came round and asked us a few questions. Then a gentleman came and gave us a blue ticket, which was first prize and valued £1.

Then the procession started and when we came to the entrance of Castle Hill, we got stuck! After a few pulls and tugs here and there we were off at last. As we were trotting into the High Street, the front horse, Wendy Case and Valerie Sharp, started to dance with the band. When we went down hill it was very difficult to go slowly and when it came to our turn to go uphill, it was quite the opposite. We turned at St. Rumbold's road and started our return journey.

As we arrived back at the Commons, we turned in at the Grosvenor Hotel, where we had been invited to a free tea. We, being the eldest, had to wait for the small children to have theirs first. After, we eventually had ours, we tramped home tired and hot, but happy.

H. CHEATER

ELIZABETH FARMER *Upper IV.*

BARNES HOUSE REPORT

This year Barnes House is bottom. This is due mainly to the lack of effort in the examinations. The total number of points gained were very few. If everyone will make a special effort this year I am sure we can raise our position.

At the end of the Spring Term we had to say "goodbye" to our House Mistress, Miss Handford. We welcome Miss Watkins in her place, and we also extend a welcome to all our new members.

In the Autumn Term, 1952, Mr. Farley Rutter came to School and lectured to the House on William Barnes. All members were interested to hear more about the poet, after whom their House is named.

We were successful this year in winning the House Dramatic competition with a production of "The Princess and the Woodcutter," by A. A. Milne. Producer and cast are to be congratulated upon winning this for the second year in succession.

The hockey team are also to be congratulated on winning the hockey cup, and our swimmers for once more winning the swimming shield.

RUTH BURDEN.

* * *

HARDY HOUSE REPORT

Last year, for the third in succession, Hardy was top house. Due to the splendid effort of hard work throughout the year by most members, many points were won from examination results.

This year, let us also work to improve our sport. Everyone of us can try, in hockey, tennis, or athletics; to win points for the House in this field.

At the end of last year our House Mistress, Miss Legg, Margaret Guy, our captain, and Jean Haskell, vice-captain, left us. We also welcome all new members, and hope they will work hard for the House.

If everyone pulls her weight this year, I am sure we can maintain the high standard set for this House in previous years.

WENDY H. CASE.

WREN HOUSE REPORT

After being bottom for several years. Wren House has now gained second place in the House Competition. This success has largely been due to Diana Johnson who was our House Captain last year and to Myra Hull, her deputy. We are very sorry to lose them and wish them both good luck in their careers.

A warm welcome is extended to all newcomers to Wren, and we hope that they will try all they can to put Wren into the top place.

TESSA WRIGHT.

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THE HOUSE PLAYS

To encourage dramatic interest in School and to give more people a chance of taking part in dramatic activities, house plays had been suggested in the Autumn Term of 1951. These proved so great a success that the idea was repeated in 1952, and once again each House presented to the School its own particular choice. This time there was even more variety. Hardy looked to Shakespeare, Wren chose an amusing Eastern piece and Barnes presented A. A. Milne's "The Princess and the Woodcutter."

In its choice of an extract from "Macbeth" Hardy was particularly ambitious but its achievement did not fall short of its aim. The play was very well presented, the murder of Banquo being especially vivid. Lady Macbeth was, indeed, a gracious hostess and Macbeth looked a troubled, haunted man throughout.

Wren's presentation of "Abu Hassan pays his Debts" was lively and amusing. The appropriate scenery and opening Eastern music helping to create just the right atmosphere. There were two typically Eastern merchants, one tall, thin and shrill-voiced, the other just his opposite. There was a large cheerful Caliph and his beautiful daughter, Zoebeide, as well as a ruthless, cold steward and fussing Princess's maid. Abu Hassan was a cunning, amusing character and his wife, Nouz Hatoul, was really delightful.

Barnes' production of "The Princess and the Woodcutter" was very amusing. A sturdy woodcutter, whistling gaily as he chopped his wood, opened the play. He made an unusual "beau" for the sweet, shy little princess whom he loved. The King was very jovial and amusing while his wife was both nervous

and fussy—a delightfully amusing couple. The three princes were excellent although all were so very unlike. The Blue Prince appeared a rather bored young man; the Red Prince arrogant and patronising, while the Yellow Prince was charmingly courteous, his frequent courtly bows causing great merriment.

The second, and final, performance was open to friends and parents of School, a collection being taken in aid of the King George VI Memorial Fund. Mr. Ware came to adjudicate at this performance and everyone in School anxiously awaited his decision. Barnes House was delighted to hear that they by a small margin had achieved most points with Hardy and Wren tying for second place. We are very grateful to Mr. Ware for his friendly criticisms and suggestions. As the Dramatic Society is producing a big play this year it may be the end of 1954 before there are other House Plays—a time to which we all look forward.

S. SHEPPARD, VI.

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DRAMATIC AND LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

Membership of the Society is limited to VI and Upper V Form girls. The number is encouraging, especially as there is a good percentage of day girls among them. Last year no production was undertaken, but meetings for other activities were held.

Two debates took place; the first on the motion that the work of George Bernard Shaw will not live as long as that of William Shakespeare. This was a very lively debate with much heated argument, opinion being very equally divided.

The other debate was on whether scenery enhances or detracts from a play. This was very interesting, although there was a great inequality of opinion. Only one member of floor supported the view that scenery detracts from a play. However, many members expressed the view that scenery should be kept as simple as possible.

One meeting was devoted to the reading of "You Never Can Tell," a comedy by George Bernard Shaw. This comedy lends itself to play-reading as lack of action does not detract from its humour.

Extracts were read from two modern works, "A Sleep of Prisoners," by Christopher Fry, and "The Cocktail Party," by T. S. Eliot. Members have also had the opportunity of studying and practising make-up.

This year, the main project of the Society is a production of "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith. Miss Moore is producing the play, which we hope to perform in the Spring of 1954. Other activities are continuing for those members who are not interested in acting.

The Society is once again an active organisation. We hope that it will flourish and the members will be enthusiastic and successful in future efforts.

JILL CARDNELL, *Secretary*.

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MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

Autumn 1952—Summer 1953

At the end of the Autumn Term, 1952, the School joined with the Grammar School in the Annual Carol Service in Trinity Church. The next memorable item was the arrangement by Doctor Johnson of "The Holly and the Ivy," the opening verse being sung as a solo by Janet Whitmarch. The two Schools were joined by the congregation in the singing of the well-known Christmas hymns, as usual.

It was a great honour for the choir to be asked for the second year in succession, to lead the singing at the Youth Carol Service in Dorchester. Among the items on the programme were "Past Three O'clock" and "This Frosty Night." "The Three Kings of Orient" were performed by Tessa Wright, Patricia Sidford and Christine Titt.

During the Easter Term Miss Drake was ill for quite a long time. We all missed her dreadfully and are very glad to have her amongst us again. However, we were very grateful indeed for the help Mrs. Cameron gave with our various music classes, and may I take this opportunity of thanking her warmly from us all.

The Chaplain of the local American Base invited the choir to lead the singing in an Easter Carol Service, but owing to Miss Drake's absence this had to be abandoned.

During the Summer Term there were several musical events. On Saturday, July 11th, the Orchestra went to Dorchester to take part in a Concert organised by the Dorset School of Music. They joined members of other orchestras in an arrangement of "Brother James's Air" and "Water Parted," several members of the 'Cello Class joined forces with other 'cellists in a performance of some of their "Primary Pieces."

At the end of the term a concert was held in aid of choir funds. On Tuesday, July 21st, the programme of songs and instrumental items was performed to the School, and on Friday, July 24th a public performance was given. The songs were taken from the repertoire the choir has collected in recent years, and many old favourites appeared in the programme. Gilliam Gowen sang "The Cockle Gatherer" very charmingly and Margaret Williams gave an enchanting demonstration of Penillion singing in "The Ash Grove." Penillion singing is, if I can remember rightly, a variation of a certain tune which the Welsh usually make up as they go along. Although Margaret did not do this, the result was nevertheless very attractive.

During the concert Doctor Johnson played three piano solos: A Sonata, by C. P. E. Bach and two descriptive pieces: "The Old Musical Box" and "The Juggler." These were very much enjoyed. In fact there was an ardent request for an encore by both audience and performers alike, which was graciously carried out by Doctor Johnson.

There were also various recorder solos. Jane Brayford played an arrangement for the descant recorder by Carl Dolmetsch, of the much-loved "Greensleeves," Ann Hitchings played a sonata by Hook for tenor recorder; and Wendy Case played two movements from a sonata for the treble recorder, by Handel. Several members of the 'cello class gave an orchestral touch by a performance of the "Primary Pieces" they had played at Dorchester. I know we all enjoyed giving the Concert immensely and hope very much to give another one later on.

A great effort is being made by Miss Drake to recruit as many accompanists as possible both for prayers and for choir and singing classes. Miss Drake's absence several mornings a week and also the "separate" prayers on Wednesdays, makes the shortage of pianists even more acute. We do hope that more and more people will step forward and give this very welcome bit of service to the School.

DIANA BOWDEN, VI.

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THE ORCHESTRA'S VISIT TO DORCHESTER

On July 11th the school orchestra went to the Corn Exchange at Dorchester to take part in an orchestral concert. The orchestras from many schools in Dorset were combined to form one large one.

During the afternoon a practise was held. Arthur Trew, the composer of three or four pieces, was present for the beginning

of the rehearsal. He conducted a few 'cello pieces which he had written, and his piece "Water Parted from the Sea" which the whole orchestra played. Afterwards he gave us a criticism. Dr. Johnson soon arrived to continue the rehearsal.

At about 4.30 we all retired for tea. However, we soon crept back to the hall to hear John Francis, a boy of 14 practise his solo on the violin.

The concert began at 6.30. Some of the items included a flute solo, a duet for piano and recorder, and some orchestral pieces: "Allegretto in G," by James Hook; "The Lord's My Shepherd" and a few more. The concert was the first of its kind held by the Dorset Rural Music Society and it was a great success. We are hoping to take part in another in the near future.

MARY WILSON, *Upper V.*

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THE BARNES' MUSICAL EVENING

On Saturday, the 17th of October, at 7.15 p.m. the Barnes Society met once more, under the chairmanship of Mr. F. Dennett (honorary secretary of the Society of Dorset Men) to perform the works of the Dorset poet. Mr. Alan Bailey came again this year to sing all the solos with the exception of "The Clote" which was beautifully sung by Miss Kathleen Welch, and "The Farmer's Woldest Da'ter" which was sung by Mr. Peter T. Joyce with great swing. Once again we had lively recitations in dialect by Mrs. Conyers of Blandford, whose last year's performance had by no means been forgotten.

The evening was a memorable one for all present but especially so for Mr. Frederick F. Coaker, of Shaftesbury, who was the sole composer of all the musical settings. Mr. Coaker stood up to speak to us at the end, and he told us how the words had suddenly inspired him to write these settings.

I must not fail to mention that a small section of the Choir were asked to sing two songs at the evening performance. We sang part-songs called "Spring" and "Summer and Winter." The first was performed after us by the Arts Club Singers to show the difference in tone colour when mixed voices sing it. Miss Drake conducted both the Choir and the Arts Club Singers. When we went home that evening, we all hoped to repeat the occasion many, many times in years to come.

MARINA MENDE. VI.

THE DOCTOR BARNADO'S LECTURE

One day in the middle of October Miss Sturton came to Shaftesbury High School. She gave the Third Form, Lower Fourth and Upper Fourth a lecture on "Dr Barnado's Homes."

Miss Sturton told us about the beginning of the Homes and who Dr. Barnado was. She also showed us a little collection box which was shaped like a house. If any of us wanted these boxes, we had to fill in a form, to join the Dr. Barnado's League.

We enjoyed the lecture very much, and hope that we shall hear more about the Dr. Barnado's Home in the days to come.

ROSE NAPPER, *Lower IV.*

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THE W.R.A.C. LECTURE

Everyone went to the Lecture expecting to see some very stiff military female—but instead we found that Captain Hayes was a very attractive young woman looking very smart in a green uniform.

She began by saying that members of the former A.T.S. had proved themselves to be as capable as the men; and this had led to the forming of the permanent W.R.A.C.

Their uniform had been designed by Hartnell, which was of special interest to me as my aunt with another girl went to Buckingham Palace to try on the uniforms.

The recruits first went for a six weeks' training course at Guildford, where they learnt about pay, promotion, and the different kinds of jobs. From these, they went to different places to specialise in such things as clerical work, domestic science, gym, driving and engineering among other things. For nurses, there was the band of Queen Alexandra's Nurses—this entailed a longer course at Guildford.

There was a very entertaining film showing the arrival of Joan Mallory and her two friends when recruits began their different careers. Joan started at control, gained promotion and becoming an O.C., went abroad involved in secret work. The Personnel Officer, finding out that Doris, the second, had cooked for a large family, suggested that she should take up Domestic Science. The third became a driver.

The W.R.A.C. marching tunes are "Greensleeves" which is a slow tune and for a faster one "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill."

After the film, a vote of thanks was given by Judy Peel and then girls were able to ask questions.

ANN WARD, VI

THE LECTURE ON KENYA

A lecture was given to the Middle and Upper School by Mr. Brown, a District Commissioner from Kenya. He gave us a general outline of Kenya and how we had brought it benefits. Mr. Brown told us that Africa had been called "the Dark Continent" and had been unknown for a long time, until, with the increase in population, new countries came into being. Before the English settlers, the Arabs and Persians had been in Africa for slaves, and had taken over parts of the land. The last Arabian sultan was the Sultan of Zanzibar. At the closing of the last century the British Government took over Uganda so that unfriendly powers should not get possession of it, and after the last war we held Zanzibar, Kenya and Uganda.

The people who inhabited these lands were very primitive. Mr. Brown told us that to get a comparison between them and ourselves we should have to pretend that we were Ancient Britons, in the Stone Age. This had been the main cause of the trouble in Kenya, as the natives were not far enough advanced to understand civilisation. Mr. Brown described the country around Kenya, and gave us a rough idea of the whereabouts of the Kikuyu tribe. The first English people to go to Kenya were the missionaries, and then the settlers. People were invited to go and farm the empty land, but, when civilisation came to them, their population was increased because of the drop in the death rate, so there was not enough land to go round and there was poverty. The missionaries were the first people to educate the natives, but now there is a system of State education and schools, although this is not nearly enough.

The poverty of the natives led to the fear that they would be driven out of their land by the whites, as in South Africa. Mau Mau, Mr. Brown told us was a fear. The natives were conscious of being inferior to the whites, and were afraid they would be kept down for ever, as has happened in South Africa. The English brought civilization too quickly to the natives; the first thing they did was to build a railway from Mombassa to Lake Victoria. Africa is poor and new land must be opened up, therefore, Mr. Brown told us in conclusion, that the British must treat the natives as equals, and clear up the Mau Mau fear. The responsibility lies on us in this country.

After his speech, Mr. Brown kindly answered questions put to him by the girls. Did the native children like being taught? Yes, they were very eager to go to school, said Mr. Brown, and wanted to get on in their new world. Was there a colour bar in British East Africa? We were told there was not an official

colour bar, as in South Africa, but our settlers had been very unkind in creating a social colour bar, which in some ways was worse. Were we doing right in sending armed troops to cure Mau Mau, as it was a fear? Mr. Brown answered that force was not the only method, he agreed, but that law and order had to be maintained so as to protect others, before we really did stop their fear. After other questions a vote of thanks was given and the lecture came to its end, all of us, very much enlightened on our responsibilities abroad.

ADRIENNE LAWRENCE, *Upper V.*

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THE CORONATION

THE CORONATION SEAT

The Parents' and the Old Girls' Associations decided that as this was Coronation Year, they would each make the gift of a Coronation Seat to the School. The School decided that it, too, should have a Coronation Seat, and after a great deal of discussion it was agreed that each form should make a special effort to raise sufficient money to pay for it.

The Third Form decided to have a sale of "Mystery Parcels." They collected together a great many small objects, ranging from tea-cups to chocolate bars, and wrapped them, pricing them at sixpence and threepence. Then, at Break, the parcels, in two large boxes, were sold from the summer house.

For their effort, the Lower Four (B) form collected groceries and sold them at Break in the Laboratory. In addition to this, they also sold flowers and baskets of fruit.

Lower Four (A) decided to hold a fruit and flowers stall. A poster, designed by one of the girls from the form, was pinned up announcing the sale. Then, at Break, one day all the produce consisting of strawberries, eggs, flowers and other fruits were sold.

The Upper Fourth form put on a play in the Stalbridge Hut. They acted the first Scene of Act II of Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

The actresses played up very well, under great difficulties and were well-received by the audience.

After much thought, the Lower Fifth form decided that they would all do odd jobs at home, and for the Staff throughout the term. The Form Captain kept the money and as the term went on their wealth steadily increased. It was surprising

to hear of the number of jobs that were offered, such as cleaning bicycles, weeding gardens, cleaning windows and even cleaning shoes ! The boarders increased the sum, considerably, by selling fresh produce from their gardens at Barton Hill. Cleaning the staff's cycles had certainly been an arduous task and muddy shoes often proved hard to clean and polish but the whole form felt that it was well worth while to be able to share in paying for such a splendid Coronation Seat.

The members of the Upper Fifth organised a weight-guessing competition. They filled two large baskets with tempting sweets, groceries and fruit and carried them round to the various forms. No-one guessed the correct weight but many people came very near and the contents of the baskets were shared out.

Upper Five (L) gave a gramophone record recital one afternoon. Previously they had put a notice on the school board asking the school to write down which records they would like played. They obtained as many of these as possible. The majority of the school came to this recital.

As food is one of the Boarders' main problems at break, the Sixth Form decided that it might be profitable to have a tuck-shop, and sell the foods out of the form-room windows. It was also thought that people would like some lemonade after games lessons. The Boarders were in charge of the lemonade and beakers were borrowed from Barton Hill, and this refreshment was on sale daily. Sandwiches, cakes and fruit were sold on several occasions, and very quickly sold, too, confirming the form's realisations that food *would* be profitable.

The money raised was more than enough and the money left over was used in other ways—as mentioned in a later article. With the School Coronation Seat, we are now the proud possessors of three Coronation Seats on our Games Field.

SUB-EDITOR.

THE CORONATION OUTING

The whole School assembled in the Hall as usual for prayers, before setting out on the expedition. As soon as prayers were over, everyone piled into the luxurious coaches that were waiting outside the School. The journey itself was very enjoyable, because everyone was in such high spirits.

The first place we went to was the Blue Pool. A number of us had never had the opportunity of seeing it before, and one and all were impressed with the pure blue of the water, and the

beauty of the surroundings. Most people walked round the pool and through the trees before returning to the coaches.

After another journey, much shorter this time, we arrived at our next destination. This was Corfe Castle. The whole School made its way through the picturesque little town of Corfe, until we came to the gates of the grounds.

When everyone had been admitted, there was much discussion as to what we were all going to do. Most people climbed up to where there was a better view of the surrounding countryside; some even ventured to scale some perilous heights, while the less energetic ones stayed at the bottom! After a time, when the castle ruins had been explored from top to bottom, everyone assembled again by the entrance gate.

By this time everyone was beginning to feel the need of something to eat. The Staff went to an hotel in the centre of the town, while we all made our way to a hill nearby overlooking the little station. There was a great deal of exchange of sandwiches, and everyone enjoyed eating a picnic lunch in the sun.

As the time drew near to be back, people began to stroll along towards the coaches. When we arrived, there was a large crowd gathered round the drivers, who had an extraordinary spider. The group did not disperse until the mystery was solved!

At last the coaches arrived at the third place, Studland. Some of us went with Miss Dunford to see the historical little church. It was in a very pretty setting of trees, and there was a real charm to be found within its ancient walls. One of the church wardens gave us a lecture on the history of the architecture of the place, and then we made our way down to the beach.

Although it was only May the sea was surprisingly warm, and a large number of people bathed. Those who did not go right in, paddled.

We had our tea on the beach in addition to various refreshments from the hut at one end. But all good things come to an end, and before long we were back in the coaches on the return journey.

When we eventually arrived at Shaftesbury, we were all very tired, but happy. Everyone agreed that it had been almost perfect; there was a unity about it which made the Coronation Outing something that we shall remember for a long time.

JANE BRAYFORD, *Upper V.*

THE CORONATION PROCESSION

This was the moment I had been waiting for. The Union Jack fell from the Abbey and the standard went up to tell us that the Queen had left the Abbey.

Everybody had heard the service through the wireless that broadcast it, throughout London. We were standing along Whitehall and we only saw the Queen going back to the palace as she had taken a different route on her way to the Abbey.

When the Procession started, the roaring and cheering was deafening and the people in the balconies stood up waving hats and anything they could get hold of.

The Mounties were one of the favourite groups and also our Navy. There were men and boys of about eighteen to nineteen. The colours of their clothing were wonderful and their weapons shone brilliantly.

Just before the Prime Minister's coach passed by, down came the rain. Already Queen Salote had gone by in an open coach, but we heard afterwards that she didn't put her hood up. She said: "If these people stand out in the rain to see me, I can stay out in the rain to wave to them." She also was one of the favourites. Still the rain came down in torrents.

Next came the Irish state coach bringing the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. The Princess Margaret was on our side and we could see her very plainly. She looked very lovely from the position in which we saw her. As she reached us, she turned and then moved on.

Then came more bands and finally the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh. The coach was magnificent and the eight grey horses looked very proud with beautiful manes and glossy sides.

And then the Queen herself. She was very pretty, I never imagined her to be as she was; she had a smile for everybody at whom she looked. She looked our way then she passed by and the remaining horses and guards followed hers.

After the procession we tried to look round London, but it was too packed to see much. But I still think it was the best day I have ever known.

JANET WILLIAMS, *Upper IV.*



Coronation Outing at Corfe Castle



Shaftesbury Carnival—Barton Hill Entry

WATCHING THE CORONATION THE "HARD" WAY

My sister and I arrived in London, at midnight, to find a place where we could watch the Coronation Procession. We hardly realised it was night, due to the many lights, the masses of people and busy traffic. We first walked down the Mall towards the Palace; the decorations in the former were magnificent, and the Palace in contrast to the packed Mall, was quiet and serene.

After an hour, we found a place in Piccadilly; and tried, unsuccessfully to get some sleep, by propping each other up. But all through the night and early hours of the morning, newspaper men were selling the next *Evening Standards*; students were reciting Shakespeare and careering around in cars; the pavement was extremely hard; and so sleep was impossible.

It was not until 3.30 in the following afternoon that the Queen went by on her return journey; people who thought they saw everything on television, in the dry, would have admitted they were wrong. The colour and splendour; the march past of armies representing different nationalities; the faces of distinguished people; and the Queen herself, looking like a picture from a book, made up an unforgettable experience.

After the Procession, everyone got entangled in a full-scale London crowd. We at last made our way, slushing through the West End gutters, back to our coach, tired and looking like tramps, but with the thought that we would not have missed the experience, not for all the television sets in existence.

JENNY PROTHERO, *Upper V.*

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THE CORONATION TELEVISION

It was the morning of June 2nd, 1953, the day that everybody had been waiting for for months. The morning was bright but with a strong outlook of rain for the London area. However, this did nothing to dampen people's spirits. My family and I were eating breakfast when our next-door-neighbour came to the door. I had no idea what for. I had made all arrangements to go to the Shaftesbury Coronation Celebrations with some of my friends but when our neighbour asked me to go in and watch television in their house for the day, I was very much pleased at the idea. Dressing carefully, I put on my red, white, and blue ribbon which had been bought especially for the day.

At half-past ten I went in with my parents and sat down in expectation. It was a very clear picture and I was thrilled. We saw some beautiful shots of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on their journey from the Palace. On their arrival at the Abbey we had a lovely picture of the Queen in her magnificent dress embroidered with the emblems of the nations, and her husband by her side in the uniform of the Admiral of the Fleet.

During the long service, which I followed by programme, the room in which I was sitting was so quiet that I could almost feel the tense atmosphere which filled the vast building of Westminster Abbey. After a hurried lunch we watched the journey of our Queen through the streets of London, passed throngs of eager, expectant and loyal people, whom the Queen was going to rule over, we hope for many years to come.

At 5 o'clock, after the Royal family, and dignitaries from all over the Commonwealth had returned to the Palace and were standing on the balcony, there came a fly-past of over three hundred jet aircraft flown by members of the Royal Air Force. Then, after the service had closed down until the fireworks display during the evening, for the first time I began to think over the event to which representatives from practically the whole world had participated.

Sixteen years ago on May 12th, 1937, the day had dawned on George VI's Coronation. Sixteen years have passed, full of improvements, war, inventions and hundreds of other things. Now the day, June 2nd, 1953, was drawing to a close, a day which would go down in history, and I had watched practically all of it. Our Queen is now our sovereign and we are THE NEW ELIZABETHANS.

HILARY JONES, *U.IV.*

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THE SPITHEAD REVIEW

My parents and I left our house on the eventful morning of the review at 8.30. Between Cashmoor and Ringwood, only two vehicles were passed. At Cadnam Roundabout, however, we had a long delay due to an accident: but we arrived in Portsmouth without any other mishap.

The blue ticket on our windscreen guided us Fort Gillkicker way, and we crawled slowly along with spectators for Fort Blockhouse as well; then we branched off towards Gillkicker Point—the tip of Gosport, and ten minutes brought us to the sea—and the Fleet. It was magnificent.

A quarter of an hour later, we were toiling up the steps to the top of the Fort. The place was teeming with the Navy and some Army, and I quite expected the Air Force to turn up at any minute!

We were shown to the bank leading from the Fort to the sea, and, because it was so steep, and many people had their best, slippery shoes on, many catastrophes occurred during the day.

After lunch we had the loudspeakers telling us about the ships getting into place; then without warning we were told that the 25-gun salute was to be fired—and it was! It was wonderful, very like a battle from long ago come to the present day. Then the longed-for moment arrived and the Royal Yacht sailed slowly round the bend into sight.

I confess I became a little bored while the Queen was sailed round her fleet in her little glass cage, we were able to see the sailors cheering as they lined the decks to see their Sovereign through our binoculars, but soon she had gone round to the other part of the fleet—out of sight.

Everyone dispersed after that for an hour, and then with a stampede we all rushed for our places again to see the fly-over. There were many false starts and everyone got so excited that anyone would have thought that the ships were going to fly! But at last it began. I took lots of photographs which did not come out as I did not look at the lens at all.

After this we went back to the car where we had a "high-tea" and read. Some of the time we listened to the wireless programme, which was by a commentator on the *Victory*, so that we knew exactly what the Queen had for dinner and grew quite hungry again!

At 7.30 the stampede began again. It was drizzling now and we were all shivering—but we did not mind. We waited in complete darkness on our slope, and then, suddenly—the illuminations went on. The Queen had pressed the button on *Victory* to put every ship in light. Everyone exclaimed and cheered with delight, and for a quarter of an hour we enjoyed the lights; then they went off, and the fireworks began. They were worked by wireless so that each ship sent their fireworks off at the same time. It was beautiful.

By 10.30 it had finished and once more the stampede began—this time to get away quickly I was amazed at the "road-hogs" and bad drivers that were driving erratically about the parks.

We took six hours over that short two-hour journey. Five-and-a-half from Gosport to Southampton, absolutely exhausted us ; for we moved for about two yards, then stopped for a quarter of an hour—this went on all the way ! There were over two thousand cars to feed into one bottle neck road—let alone the motor-bikes.

Many vehicles stopped altogether and the occupants retired to the nearest inn for the night, but Daddy would not give up, although he could not speak of that nightmare journey for a long time after !

In spite of a tiresome end to it, that memorable day had been wonderful, and I enjoyed it almost as much as the Coronation itself.

SALLY CULVERHOUSE, *Lower V.*

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THE CORONATION GARDEN PARTY AT LAMBETH PALACE

It was Saturday, June 27th, and after an early morning rise we left Iwerne Minster on our way to Wimborne, where we met the coach which was to take us to London. After passing through beautiful countryside, we eventually reached Bishop Tait's School in London ; here we tidied ourselves before meeting at Lambeth landing stage.

We there proceeded to Lambeth Tower, where we entered the Palace Gardens. In the beautiful grounds we walked among the people from various dioceses, talking to them and the Archbishop of Canterbury, while waiting for the arrival of H.R.H. Princess Margaret.

The arrival of the Princess was heralded by the National Anthem, after which the Archbishop gave a welcoming address followed by a buffet tea. Clad in a tiered frock of white organdie, with high-heeled white shoes, and a white half-hat and carrying white handbag and gloves H.R.H. looked just like a fairy tale princess. As she walked round she seemed so interested in everyone to whom she spoke.

After tea, a representative from each diocese was presented to Princess Margaret who, after presentation, walked among us. At approximately 5.30 p.m. H.R.H. left and we all went round to the front of the palace, where we cheered on her departure.

After Princess Margaret had left, we collected our belongings

from the school, and then walked to St. Martin-in-the-Fields, via Thames Embankment, Westminster Bridge and Whitehall.

Approximately two thousand youth members filled the beautiful old Church, where Evensong was led by the Bishop of Portsmouth, who gave an excellent address.

After the service was over, we proceeded homewards, stopping on the outskirts of London for supper. Feeling very tired after an exhausting but very pleasant day we arrived home just after 1 a.m.

This day had been a joyous one and will live vividly in our memories for many years.

CYNTHIA M. HUMBLE

UNA JANE LAWS

Upper V.

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A VISIT TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

We came down the steps of the hotel. The commissionaire waved for a taxi, and with a screeching of brakes one arrived almost immediately. We got in.

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver.

"Buckingham Palace," replied my father.

The driver turned round with a look which plainly said: "Come off it!" but he actually said nothing; shrugged his shoulders and drove on.

We drove along the Strand across Trafalgar Square and up the Mall, right to the very gates of the home of our Queen.

While Father paid the taxi-driver, Mother and I climbed out of the taxi. We walked into the Palace courtyard and joined a queue which had formed there.

Slowly the queue moved until at last we reached the steps which led to the Palace doors. On the steps a blue carpet had been laid. Royalty, it seems, welcomes even very humble guests in a royal manner. The stewards, who were directing the visitors, were dressed in white and red and they looked very smart.

My father was to receive a decoration from the Queen and he was taken into an ante-room with the other people who were to be decorated.

Mother and I were shown into the white and gold ballroom, which is probably the most famous room in the Palace. An orchestra which was sitting in a musician's gallery was playing.

On three sides of the room were tiered rows of seats and at the far end of the room were two thrones. There were many people already seated on white chairs which were upholstered in red, and it was to two of these chairs that Mother and I were shown.

By the time we had sat down, it was about 10.35 a.m. and the investiture did not begin until 11 a.m. so there was plenty of time to look around me, and plenty to look at.

The room was lighted by chandeliers. These were very beautiful and looked as though they were made of thousands of pearls. On two of the walls were hung tapestries depicting scenes from ancient history.

Being in the ballroom took me back in imagination to the days of the last century when balls must have been held in that very room with exactly the same type of music being played in exactly the same place as it was while I was there.

There were many people to look at; some sporting exotic hats; some in expensive furs; others in immaculate suits and a few old gentlemen in morning dress.

Suddenly there was a stir. Everyone craned his neck. Was it the Queen? It was not but her presence was being heralded by the entrance of five Beefeaters who took up positions around the throne.

After a few moments, the Queen entered, followed by a number of officials. Everyone rose to his feet and the orchestra played the National Anthem. The Queen then told us to be seated and the investiture began.

The first person to be decorated was a young boy who had rescued his brothers and sisters from a burning house. Before he received his medal, the Lord Chamberlain read an account of his bravery to the assembly. After this, the boy bowed to the Queen, moved forward to receive his medal and to shake hands with the Queen. The Queen spoke to him for some time, then he moved back bowed again, and went to his seat. This procedure was followed by all the people presented to the Queen.

Two gentlemen were then knighted by the Queen in the traditional manner by laying a sword on her subject's right shoulder.

After that there were many decorations, military and civil, before my Father's turn, so there was plenty of time to study the Queen.

She was wearing turquoise and grey and she looked very small but very stately against the members of her Household, who were grouped round. She stood all the time and the investiture lasted from 11 o'clock until 1.30 p.m.

When the last person had been presented with his medal, the Queen smiled at us all and we stood as she went out.

On our way out, Father joined Mother and me and showed us his medal. We walked down the large gallery to the doors from which we were to go out. On the walls of the gallery were many pictures and huge vases were arranged in alcoves or on carved desks.

At last we arrived at the doors and stepped out into the sunshine.

I shall never forget the smooth, well run ceremony at Buckingham Palace and I hope that one day I shall be able to go again.

TESSA WRIGHT, VI.

* * *

THE EXPEDITION TO BELGIUM

This year, for the first time, a school party of seniors went abroad for seven days. The party was in charge of Miss Logg and Mrs. Powell. We travelled through the "Gentours" agency, and all our daily excursions were arranged by the agency, with two or three days left free with which to do what we liked.

On April 10th, 1953, the party assembled at Semley station to catch the 8.35 a.m. train to Waterloo. We took a tube from there to Victoria, and boarded the boat train for Dover at about one o'clock. This journey took about two and a half hours. After travelling through a very dirty part of London, we were glad to see the countryside again. At Dover, we walked straight past the Customs, as we were a school party, showed our passports to an official, who gave us a green ticket. We walked about three yards with the ticket, then gave it up to another official. All this was very strange.

At last we boarded the boat, *Prince Badouin*. We explored the dining salon, the bar, lounge, and cabins, where some people were already looking green on their bunks. After an hour or so we could see the coastline of France, and the oil-fields of Dunkirk. We reached Ostend at 9 o'clock, having missed an hour on the way over. Without fuss, we passed through the Customs, and were directed to a coach by an official of "Gentours." We were not able to see much of Belgium on the journey to the Hotel, but we discovered that the roads were cobbled, and very bumpy to ride on. At the Hotel Jacobs we were allotted our rooms, had a lovely supper, and went to bed.

Those of us who went to Bruges carry happy memories of kindness of the hotel proprietress and her family. They were very kind and helpful, making our stay very enjoyable.

Most of us slept two in a room, and shared a double bed. although there were one or two larger rooms for our party. . .

The food was delicious. For breakfast, there were fresh rolls and butter with coffee. When we were going out for a whole day Madame gave us packed lunches. We noticed that continental cooking makes vegetables more interesting. Unfortunately, some of the party found carrots cooked in butter, and chopped chicken with cream too rich for their tastes, but it was an experience, anyway. Pastries were the *piece de resistance*; delicate puff-pastry tarts were filled with cream. Throughout our stay we drank nothing but coffee and although it was delicious, our first thought on regaining English soil was a cup of tea. We were horrified to discover that in Belgium it was considered bad manners to require water with meals.

Apparently, baths are not regarded as essential to cleanliness in Belgium. A notice on our bedroom wall informed us that anyone wishing to bath must pay 30 francs, approximately. However, as the water was never above luke-warm we decided not to waste our precious money.

On leaving the Hotel, Madame wished us goodbye, and told us to come back when we were married. I think we shall all wish to revisit her long before that.

During our week in Belgium, we went for two-day excursions in a coach, and one afternoon excursion. We had arrived late on Friday night. We set off at eight thirty on Saturday morning for Brussels. It was a beautiful day, clear and sunny. We noticed, as we drove along in the coach, how tall and top-heavy the trees were, how flat the country was, and that we could see straight ahead along the road for miles, without an incline. On the way, we stopped at a small village, called Hetelgem. The bus halted outside a cafe. There, we saw Jan Van Enst, an unusual artist, at his work. Instead of using paint, he made his pictures by sprinkling coloured sands on to a canvas wet with glue. This art is called *tableaux en sable fixe*. He showed us a telefilm of his pictures, and how he made them. There were also several pictures of his on show in the cafe. Before we left, we bought reproductions to take home.

We arrived at Brussels at about midday. Before getting out of the coach, we were taken on a tour of the city to see the places of interest. We saw the Hotel de Ville, Palais de Justice, Palais du Roi, and were eventually set down in the Market

Square. This was surrounded by the most magnificent buildings, highly decorated with ornate stone work. There were numerous artists in the square trying to sell paintings, and there were also stalls of vegetables and flowers. Nearly everyone, spying a lace shop, crowded in to buy handkerchiefs and lace butterflies. Then we drove in the coach again to the side of an avenue to have our packed lunches. After eating, we entered a cafe to quench our thirst. The waitress did not understand English, and although we tried to make it clear that we wanted still lemonade, not mineral waters, we were given fizzy drink after all. In Brussels, the trams run down the middle of the street. We wished to take a tram to the Palais de Justice, because it is built on a hill, from which there is a magnificent view of the City. There was a continuous line of trams and when at last we managed to catch one, we held up all the trams behind us. This was because one always buys one's ticket at the door of the tram, before boarding it. The conductors in the trams behind jumped out and brandished their fists at us, because we were so many that it took a long time to push our way into the tram. When we arrived at the Palais de Justice we admired the view, and were pestered by old women to buy snapshots. We decided to walk back to the coach, from the Palais de Justice. On the way, we saw many photographs of the royal wedding of Prince Jean of Luxembourg to Princess Charlotte of Belgium, which had just taken place, in the shop windows. Outside one large shop, we saw a man selling nylons, proving to the crowd that his stockings would not ladder by sticking pins in them. Passing the King's Palace, we saw the Royal Standard flying, so we concluded he was in residence.

At four o'clock we got back into the coach, ate our tea, and set off for Bruges again. On the way home, we stopped at Ghent, to visit the Cathedral. All the Belgian churches and cathedrals seemed very foreign. Many of us were horrified to see aspidistras in flower-pots covered with crepe paper on the altars. However, in the cathedral at Ghent, I saw something I shall never forget. It was a tryptick of "L'Agnea Mystique," by Jan Van Eyck. Although it was nearly six hundred years old, it still retained its most beautiful colouring. A reproduction of the three middle panels can be seen in one of our local churches in Shaftesbury. The panel which impressed me most, was the one depicting St. Cecilia playing her harp to a chorus of angels. The facial expressions of the Angels were beautiful. Many of us bought reproductions of this lovely work, but I am sure the colour will always be fixed in our minds.

Our next all-day excursion was to the island of Walcheren,

in Holland. We were very excited to be visiting a second foreign country. We left the Hotel fairly early in the morning, and set off by coach to Breskens. We were very thrilled to have our passports stamped at St. Anna ten Muiden when we crossed the Dutch frontier. We crossed the Scheldt by ferry to Flushing. At Breskens, some of us walked over the dyke, and talked to some old Dutchman there about the recent flood disaster. The ferry journey took about a half an hour. At Flushing we had our lunch, sitting either on the beach or the sea-wall. The coach then took us to the centre of the island, to Middelburg. During the war, this island had been bombed by our own men, to prevent the Germans from making a base there. The people, since the war, have shewn great courage. They have rebuilt their island on the exact pattern that it was before the war, because it used to be a great tourist centre. We spent the afternoon walking round the town of Middelburg, noted for its butter market. Many Dutch women were in their native costume. The shops were full of small souvenirs, postcards, and a great deal of delft china. I persuaded a couple of elderly Dutch women to pose for me to take photos, although they knew no English, and I knew no Dutch. It was a lovely fine day, and we were very sorry to leave Holland.

Our third excursion by coach was to Blankenberge and Knoeke. These are two of the most modern Belgian holiday resorts. We did not stop at Knoeke, but we motored through a woody, residential area, where people with "much much money" lived, we were informed by our driver. The new houses were all of different styles with lovely gardens, and very large windows. On the sea front of Knoeke we could see the sand dunes off the coast of Holland. We spent the remainder of the afternoon in Blankenberge, which was similar to Bournemouth. Many of us bought nylons, which were cheaper than in England, and we spent our time hunting in the large shops for little gifts to take home to our families.

We seemed to visit other places, but only absorb them superficially. After seven days we felt we knew Bruges. It is really a delightful old city, it is a city of canals, churches and bells.

There were many "quais" bordering the canals, the most beautiful being the Quai Verte, an avenue of trees bordering the water. Sir Winston Churchill was recently among the many artists there, capturing its beauty on canvas. The most striking thing about Bruges was its cobbled streets. They are protected by the government to retain the charm of the old city because they are so picturesque, and the tiny cobbled streets go everywhere, by the canals, over the fifty bridges, to the railway

station and to the churches. Bruges is dominated by the Belfry, in the market square. It is very high and very old. We climbed the 370 steps to the top, from where we could see Holland, and the many church spires of Bruges. The bells are very famous. They used to be rung by hand, but they are now regulated by machinery. They are a carillon of eight bells, which play every quarter of an hour. The tune is changed once every three years. We get so used to hearing the lovely notes that we did not notice them, by the end of our holiday.

In Bruges we visited the large Modern Art Gallery, artistically arranged, with sloping roofs and rooms leading off like a rabbit warren. There we saw some beautiful Flemish originals, including Marmion's "Weeping Madonna."

We visited the Grunthuse Museum to see exhibits of old armoury and lace. We went into the Cathédrale, an ornate, depressing building, full of madonnas dressed in gold clothes, with tinsel on their heads. The high altar was almost obscured by ferns, and we were turned out before we were able to examine anything closely, by the caretaker, who wanted his lunch. However, in the Cathédrale we did see Michael Angelo's "Virgin and Child," carved in white marble. It was very beautiful, although smaller than we expected.

One of our most interesting visits in Bruges, was to the Béguinage. It is a delightful community of little white houses, enclosed in an orchard, with a church. Although it is now preserved as a museum piece, it was once the home of a Sisterhood similar to nuns, but with more lax regulations. The Béguins were rich ladies who renounced their names to live in seclusion in the white houses. Their special care was for the paupers, for whom they provided cottages. It was springtime, and the grass was sprinkled with a glory of narcissi and large-trumpeted daffodils. The little houses are now inhabited by elderly lace-makers, who sit in front of their cottages on fine days weaving lace on cushion-like structures. The head Béguin, and only active surviving member of this Sisterhood, lives nearby. In the cottages themselves, we saw relics of the ladies who had lived in them, linen presses, crude pottery, and delicate cracked china. There were two persuasive old ladies there, who tried to make us buy lace, made by the inhabitants of the cottages. Alas, it was too expensive, and we left them with no more money for the upkeep of the property than before, except our entrance fee of a few francs.

We also went to St. John's Hospital in Bruges, run by Nuns. There, we visited the pharmacy, with a stone floor and a beamed ceiling, and with intricately carved, highly polished

oak chests. The stuffy atmosphere and musty looking wooden ladles and stone jars surprised us, in a hospital, but there were actually nuns working there as we watched. In the grounds of this old hospital, is a gallery of a collection of works by the great Flemish painter, Hans Memling. We enjoyed these paintings very much, and we were especially interested in the Shrine of St. Ursula, which resembled an Ark that could be carried on two poles.

On the Sunday, in Belgium, we attended a Roman Catholic service in the most beautiful church in Bruges, Notre Dame. For many of us it was a very unusual experience. We found seats in a discreet corner. We knelt backwards on our chairs, like everyone else. We found that there were two collections, one to pay for the seat, and the other for Charity. The whole congregation did not say a word, but the priest and the choir chanted. At the sound of a bell, everyone turned their chairs round to listen to the sermon, which was in Flemish. After the sermon, and more prayers, the bell rang again and the service ended. We all went out into the light again after a remarkable experience.

The railway station in Bruges is new, and the people are very proud of it. The entrance hall was very large, and was called "The Hall of Lost Footsteps," which told the story of frescoes round its walls.

.... At last our holiday ended. We left Hotel Jacobs after breakfast, and were driven in a bus to Ostend, where we boarded the ship for home. At Waterloo, we left our friends from Lancashire and Yorkshire, who had been staying at the same hotel. How lovely it was to have a cup of tea, to see hills, and green fields with sturdy trees from the train windows. Yes, it was a lovely holiday, and we all thank Miss Dunford, Miss Logg and Mrs. Powell for arranging such a perfect holiday abroad for us.

(This account has been written by many of the girls who went to Belgium. To make it a complete picture of a happy holiday for the reader, I have joined each separate account into one whole article.—EDITOR.)

* * *

THE GENERAL INSPECTION IN RETROSPECT

At this time last year I was writing: "The Inspectors will help us to see our weak points, give us constructive criticism and help us to point the way forward." Now as we look back months after the Inspection we remember most clearly not the criticism

but the appreciation, the way in which each one of the Inspectors realised our difficulties, sympathised with what we were trying to achieve and paid tribute to what was good in our school life.

The Inspectors' Report was published in July and has been most carefully considered by the Governing Body and the Dorset Authority. As we hoped, the criticism was constructive and has pointed the way forward.

As far as the boarding-houses are concerned, the main comment was that, as we know, Sunridge lacks some of the amenities of Barton Hill House. This criticism has been met in part by the reduction of the numbers of boarders at Sunridge from 27 to 25 and the putting together of two small rooms to make a more spacious third sitting-room, so that the original senior and junior common-rooms are no longer overcrowded.

The Inspectors emphasised that our work is hampered by the inadequacy of our Library and by our lack of a Domestic Science room. Already the Authority has generously given us new Library furniture, and we are planning to increase the number of our books as soon as possible. A new Library in the stable building at School and a Domestic Science room in the garage at Barton Hill are castles in the air at the moment, but we may yet see the dream become reality in the not too distant future.

We looked on the Inspection as rounding off a phase of the School's history, but it is proving to be not only an end but a beginning and we can look forward to another period of expansion and development.

M. K. D.

* * *

Some Impressions of the General Inspection

I

Last March we were visited by Her Majesty's Advisers. We knew them as Lady Helen, Miss Venables and Mr. Jenkins. They were sometimes at the back of the Hall with the Staff at Assembly, and we hope they enjoyed it very much. They praised our love and arrangement of flowers and the air of reverence in the Hall at Prayers. They were very disheartened with our handwriting and they severely criticised it and so we have made a great effort to improve it. We find it rather difficult to keep up the standard of writing when we are bubbling over to write so much in such a little time.

Lady Helen listened to one of our English lessons, and she seemed quite delighted at the essays on the subject of "An

Amusing Game" which she heard. Miss Venables came into our Biology lesson in which we were studying primroses; she also came to our Mathematics lesson. Mr. Jenkins came on to the tennis court in a games lesson. He showed us the old-fashioned way to sprint, which was very interesting. Although we had awaited their visit with a certain amount of awe, by the end of the week when it was time to say farewell we were very sorry.

PHILIPPA POTTER and JENNIFER STAGG, *L.IV.*

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II

During the Spring Term we had a General Inspection. A few Inspectors came in the first half of the term but the real part was when Lady Helen Asquith, Miss Venables and Mr. Jenkins were here for three days in March. They saw every part of our school life, going into any lesson, inspecting the buildings and having lunch with us.

We were rather nervous on the first day, but when the Inspectors arrived, they were not nearly so awe-inspiring as we had anticipated. Everyone was on their best behaviour and trying hard not to let their school down in any small way at this critical time. Then the Inspectors arrived, but if anyone had expected three grim-faced slave-drivers, they were pleasantly surprised, for we soon discovered that they were nothing of the sort. All they did was to walk round the school as they pleased, into any lesson at any time, and ask one or two questions.

VALERIE BEHAN

RUTH PHILLIPS

Lower V.

III

On March 18th, the first day of the Inspection the Sixth Form invited Lady Helen Asquith, Miss Venables and Mr. Jenkins to tea.

We had been dreading this tea-party, but were determined that even if we were a failure, the food would not be, and so we set to work to make the cakes and sandwiches ourselves. Having had a day's lessons, in which we indirectly met the Inspectors, we had to rush round after school doing new flower arrangements, and trying to put the form-room furniture in a more homely way. We placed the plates of cakes and sandwiches on a large table, and after much debating we had two large tea-pots, and we handed these around until everyone had had enough.

There had been much discussion as to whether we should have lemons for the tea, and what sort of china we should have, but these problems were all settled before the afternoon. There was a feeling of apprehension before the Inspectors came in, but when they had arrived the shyness soon wore off, and we found ourselves talking quite freely, and what is more, enjoying it, to our surprise.

After about an hour, they went, and a great noise followed their exit. We all felt so relieved, and quickly began to eat the rest of the cakes, on which, incidentally, we had been congratulated by the Inspectors.

JUDY PEEL, VI.

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MAPS FOR THE INSPECTORS

One of the many pieces of preparation required from us for the Inspection in the Spring of 1953 was the making of a set of maps to show facts about our school. There were then 184 girls on the register, 48 being boarders.

We were asked to show where these lived, how the day-girls travelled to and from school and how long they spent in travel.

Members of the Sixth Form and U.V.L. were entrusted with the responsibility for this work and shared it according to the special talents of each.

First many questions had to be asked (and accurately answered) throughout the school, for us to collect our *data*. The senior girls on each bus route were a great help to us in this part of the work; and we were very glad that the Lower Sixth included at least two reliable mathematicians when given statistics had to be converted into percentages.

After much checking of figures we were able to work out our diagrams to accompany each map. Meanwhile we had learnt the whereabouts of innumerable villages and hamlets in Dorset and Wiltshire and their accessibility from Shaftesbury.

Then came preparations for putting our results on paper. Those who delight in coloured inks and crayon-pencils would have enjoyed our kaleidoscopic array. But how deft we needed to be in the use of these. One wrong letter, one tiny smudge, one inaccuracy and the whole would have to be repeated. How great was the care, how infinite the patience, how philosophical the acceptance! It was as though I walked on Parnassus.

We were able to make two sets of maps, one for the Ministry of Education and one, an exact duplicate, for the school to keep. Many parents and old girls, as well as present members, have already seen and admired the school copy. Isolines take on a new interest when they are in orange and emerald, azure and amethyst, and reveal that a few of our number leave home before 7.50 a.m. and arrive back after 5 p.m.

We do not know when we may next be asked to do more of this kind of work, but members of the team confessed their enjoyment in doing it, and we trust that equal talent will be forthcoming on another occasion.

Map-Making Team: D. Alford, R. Burden, J. Haskell, M. Hull, M. Morris, J. Peel, V. Sharp, S. Zinkova.

G. M. P.

* * *

UNUSUAL ACTIVITIES

(1) Bell Ringing

Since last year very little has happened concerning bell-ringing, but three more of Sunridge middle school boarders have just joined Margaret Stone and myself so now we need only one more girl to form an entire High School band, for our six bells. These three have been practising hard all the first half of term and our captain, Mr. Cook, says they are now far enough advanced to ring rounds with an ordinary team.

As for method-ringing, we are still plodding on without a great deal of success, due to the lack of experienced method-ringers. Still, I think the motto each one of us feels is "Press-on," and in "pressing on" we always hope for fresh ringers."

SALLY JEFFREYS, VI.

* * *

(2) Brass Bands

Visit to the "Daily Herald" National Brass Band Festival, Empress Hall, 1953

On Saturday, 17th October, I set out to London to the National Brass Band Festival sponsored by the *Daily Herald*. I was joined at Gillingham station by my bandmaster, and when we boarded the train we joined other members of Wincanton.

Band who were going to London with us. We were not idle on the journey up to London, but busied ourselves by harmonising a melody that the bandmaster had composed. We arrived at Waterloo about eleven o'clock, and took a taxi to the Empress Hall.

There were a great many people at the Empress Hall from all over the country, come to listen or to cheer on the bands that they supported. We entered the large hall and found our seats, which were actually on the ice rink, and sat down to hear the area champion, and runner-up bands, from all over the British Isles, compete for the title "Champion Band of Britain, 1953." The contest test piece was an overture called "Diadem of Gold" and I listened to about twelve of the eighteen bands playing it.

I saw many well-known personalities there, including Dr. Denis Wright, Frank Phillips, the B.B.C. announcer, and many well known cornet players like Willy Lang, Ken Smith and Norman Ashcroft. The contest ended at about four o'clock, and we were given the results. The winner was Foden's Motor Works, conducted by the person of whom even brass band despisers have heard, Harry Mortimer, O.B.E. After the result had been announced, we left the hall and went to Piccadilly, where we ate enough to fortify ourselves for the coming entertainment, and discussed whether we had been seen on television, for the contest had been televised and broadcast.

We returned to the Empress Hall for the evening concert, given by the area champions. This evening our seats were fairly high, and we had a good view of all that was happening, including the very interesting television cameras. The magnificent cup, contested each year, was on show, and very beautiful it looked. It was a wonderful concert, and there was some wonderful playing. Among the pieces played were the "Post Horn Gallop," overture from "William Tell" the "Barcarole" from *The Tales of Hoffman* and other well-known pieces. The conductor was Sir Malcolm Sargent, and the Lord Mayor of London presented the prizes. The fanfare for him was played by trumpeters of the Household Cavalry. The last composition by the massed bands, was Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" and everyone in that great hall sang together "Land of Hope and Glory" conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

We returned to Fortes for supper at eleven o'clock. Sitting on Waterloo Station, we went through the score of "Diadem of Gold" and "Overture Glastonbury." Our train left Waterloo at one-thirty Sunday morning, and I arrived home at about five, very tired, but very happy after being present at the largest Brass Band contest in Britain.

ADRIENNE LAWRENCE, *Upper V.*

MY VISIT TO LONDON AS A YOUNG FARMER

On April 30th, I attended the annual general meeting of the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, at the Central Hall, Westminster. Everywhere coronation stands were being built, and my friend Mary and myself had some difficulty in locating the hall as the large-scale scaffolding disguised everything.

The Duke of Norfolk presided over the meeting although at the time he was very busy with Coronation affairs. We discussed our financial status, the need for more members and other matters of interest. Attending the meeting were people of about seventeen nationalities and some were in national costume. The meeting lasted all day, and in the evening we returned to a school where we were staying with the headmaster and his wife. We had interesting discussion with them for the headmaster was a former Grammar School boy and his wife a former High School girl.

Next day we went on an organised trip to the Ford Works, at Dagenham, fifteen miles east of London. We travelled by motor boats, passing the docks and a guide named the larger boats and their cargoes. We lunched on the boats and I entered into conversation with a Press editor who was very interesting and had travelled a great deal.

On touring the immense factory I saw within a few hours the production of motors from the raw materials, from blast furnaces pouring smolten (metal) iron to the finishing and driving off of motors. We walked round the factory in a party of foreigners, with a guide who could speak many languages. I enjoyed myself talking to them and made friends with "Ruth," an Austrian girl and spoke to a tall blonde boy from Finland, a girl and boy from Norway, a Swedish girl, two Indians, two Danish boys and a Jamaican. They were all young farmers in their own countries and could speak English fairly well. The Jamaican caused great amusement when posing for a photograph for while wearing a white mackintosh down to his ankles, wellingtons, a green trilby hat, he would persist in carrying a red umbrella. On leaving the factory we were presented with a beautiful little book, *Elizabeth R*, as a souvenir of our visit. We returned up the river Thames by boat and this time we were with a party of Young Farmers from Devon, Wales and Isle of Man, but I did not see any other members from our own club. I have never met so many interesting and friendly people in a day before and it was a wonderful and thrilling experience.

RUTH BARTLETT, *Upper V.*

OUR EASTER HOLIDAY, 1953

In April of this year, we two were lucky enough to be chosen to join the Farmers' Weekly Course. This is an annual award for the best work submitted in competitions during six months. We think they must have rewarded us for being determined because the essays we sent in were very ordinary.

We were invited to go to Kent with fourteen other girls and boys for a fortnight. The scheme was to help us to study the country of Kent; the general look of it; its buildings, ancient and modern, and its farms. Perhaps this sounds rather a "stuffy" occupation for the Easter holidays, but the organisers seemed to have thought of all that and were determined to make us enjoy it.

We stayed at Wye in a large country house and had wonderful food supplied by the Agricultural College farms. (They didn't seem to know anything about rationing.) We went round every day in a private 'bus and had things explained to us by professors who were also from the College.

The first day we went exploring the different soils of Kent. Our guide had an auger which he screwed down into the soil and then showed us how it varied at different depths and explained why hops and fruit flourish in some places. We learned that two thirds of most plants and trees are below ground.

The next day we went to Romney Marsh. We saw the Military Canal which was dug by hand in Napoleon's time. We also saw engines pumping water from the flooded lands at the rate of 7,000 tons an hour.

Another day we went to see ancient cultivations of the Iron Age. They said it was the Iron Age oxen which gave us the modern acre. They were bred to plough a longer furrow than the Bronze Age oxen. We went along the Pilgrims' Way to Godmersham where the records go back to 824 A.D. and then we came to Canterbury Cathedral. We had read about Thomas a Becket being murdered, but our guide knew how to make it real and thrilling.

At the 15th century Moot Hall we saw a ducking stool used at one time to duck nagging wives in the river. The boys didn't let us forget that.

The fortnight slipped away. We visited poultry farms, and fruit farms and tree plantations and saw mills.

Even the B.B.C. was interested and spent two days with us. They put us on T.V. in the Children's Newsreel. We should be glad to write essays every month if we could have such another holiday.

JANET and BRIDGET SALISBURY, *L.V.*

MY JOURNEY TO ENGLAND

On June 20th, 1953, we left Port Stanley, the capital of the Falkland Islands, for Montevideo in the s.s. *Fitzroy*. The *Fitzroy* left at eight o'clock in the evening. The wind was blowing hard and it was very cold. About midnight the ship started to roll, as it was only small. The next day was no better and the majority of the passengers stayed in bed. By the next day the wind had ceased a little and we were soon in finer weather.

At three o'clock on June 25th we arrived at Montevideo in Uruguay. First of all we went to the Customs Office and then we were taken to an hotel for the night, where no one could speak much English.

Next morning, at nine o'clock, we made our way back to the docks and boarded the *Alcantara* which was to take us the rest of the voyage to Southampton. When we arrived on board we had the problem of finding our cabins, and also of finding our way around the boat.

The first two evenings there was dancing in the lounge. On Sunday the 27th, we arrived at Santos, and that evening there was an orchestral concert by the *Alcantara's* band. Next day the games started. There was deck tennis, table tennis, deck quoits and angle golf. To play, you had to put your name down and then they were arranged into groups until all games were played. At first they were played all day but later on it got far too hot and could only be played in the morning and late in the afternoon. That same day we arrived at Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. It is a very interesting place. There we went up the famous Sugarloaf Mountain which is very steep and smooth that no one can climb it. The only way to get up is by a carrier basket on a wire. At the top is a dance hall and several houses. Trees grow up there, and there are some gardens. In the evening there was dancing on the deck. The deck was lit up with coloured lights. Next evening there was a film, *The Wedding of Lilli Marlene*. On Wednesday, July 1st, we arrived at Salvador and the next day Recife, both of which are in Brazil.

On Friday evening, there was a carnival dinner and dance. During dinner the band played and at 9 o'clock the dance started, but first of all there was a parade to judge the winners of the Fancy Dress.

The next four days we did not call at any ports as we had to cross the Atlantic. During that time there was a fancy dress party for the children. During the day games were played and in the evenings there was either dancing or a film.

On Wednesday, July 8th, we arrived at Las Palmas in the Canary Islands. There the men came on board the boat and spread out their goods for sale. The next day we arrived at Madeira. There the boat was surrounded by a number of little rowing boats, in each of which there was one man and two boys. Some of the people on the *Alcantara* threw money overboard and the boys dived to get it before it sank. The people of Madeira are very clever at making blouses and tablecloths which they embroider themselves. While we were there we went on an excursion which took us to a shop where we could see them being made. Another thing Madeira is famous for its wine and while on the excursion we went to a wine shop and were allowed free samples of any wine we wanted. We set off on the excursion by taxi to the top of a great hill from which we could look down over the town and far out to sea. We went back by sledges which were controlled by four men. That evening there was a distribution of prizes to the winners of the games. After that there was the farewell dinner and dance.

The next day we arrived at Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. After this the weather began to get cooler. After Vigo in Spain, we had rather a rough crossing through the Bay of Biscay. At midnight we arrived at Cherbourg, in France, but we could not go ashore there. At two o'clock the next day we arrived at Southampton, and from there I was taken by car to school in Shaftesbury.

SHIRLEY McLEOD, *Upper IV.*

* * *

AN EASTER HOLIDAY IN NORWAY

At last we were off. The movement of the 'plane gave us a queer sensation as it rose into the air. The houses seemed to get smaller and smaller and we could see the roads twisting and twining among them. Then the 'plane rose above the clouds, and we saw no more except a silvery white blanket of cloud, with fascinating patterns on it.

Half-way over, the air hostess put the clock an hour forward. After a while we were given a very nice dinner and a cup of tea.

After approximately two and a half hours, we sighted islands and then the coastline, and soon we were circling above the airfield of Sola. Here our uncle and some of our relations were waiting for us. Willing hands grabbed our suitcases and we were bundled into a taxi. As we were driven to my uncle's home in Sandnes, I noticed how different it all was. I had expected wooden houses and stone fences, and yet something

seemed odd. Then I knew, the houses were not placed in the same way. They had been built all over the place, whereas in England the houses are usually built in orderly rows by the roadside.

The High Street of Sandnes was very different from any English street. A part of it was a dock, and we could see the ships anchored there. There were beautiful displays in the windows, and a few people chatting happily in the nearly deserted street. We went to bed happy and very, very tired that night.

The next day was spent quite quietly, just going out to see my cousins and my grandmother, but on the Saturday after Good Friday, we were off again, this time to Oslo as we wanted to spend Easter there with my other grandmother. We caught a train at about nine in the morning and we arrived at nine in the evening. Looking out of the carriage window was great fun and we saw waterfalls, snow-capped mountains, coniferous forest, and quaint little towns nestled down by a lake or fiord. We went through a great many tunnels, the longest being when we stopped between two mountains at a queer little station, and then went back into the tunnel again for quite a long time. When we eventually arrived at Oslo it was drizzling with rain, and we were pleased to see my cousin waiting for us.

We boarded a taxi and drove through the seemingly endless, brightly-lit streets of Oslo. I amused myself by watching the advertisements, shown in coloured electric lights which flashed on and off. The one which fascinated me most was the one that advertised butter, the trade mark of which was a ship in full sail. The lights were so well arranged, that we saw the waves moving up and down and the ship seemed to be sailing with great speed. We spent the night and the following eleven days in Oslo.

The day I enjoyed most was when we went with Uncle Torstin, to see the Viking ships, the Kon-tiki raft, and "Norsk Folke Museum" (the Norwegian People's Museum). First we went to see the Viking ships. There were three in all, but only two of them were anything like whole. They had tall, carved, front-pieces and a great many oars. Then on to the Kon-tiki raft. I really cannot imagine how anyone could cross the sea on such a frail looking craft. It was made of very light wood, and had a low hut built in the middle. At the rear was a funny kind of basket thing, which the people had climbed into to bathe or to watch or catch strange fish. After a good look round we went to "Norsk Folke Museum." Here all the old houses, farm implements, kitchen ware, and many other things had been collected

together and put on show. We looked at a great many things, but by no means all. We could go into the old houses and the inside surprised me. The stairs were built of logs nailed on top of each other. It was a pity that people were not allowed to climb up them because I would have loved to do this.

We went back to Sandnes *via* Grimstad, Mummy's home town. I loved Grimstad with its narrow cobbled streets and its little church perched on a hill, overlooking the harbour.

The last days were spent shopping in Sandnes and Stavanger, because we had promised to bring back little things for the family and friends.

On Monday, 27th April, we said goodbye to Norway sadly and left Sola airfield early. At about six o'clock we were back home in Wiltshire finding it hard to believe that, only that morning, we had been in the country we had learnt to love. I hope to see the mountains, the waterfalls, the wooden houses, the quaint towns, the fiords and the lakes again in the near future.

ARLANG GODESETH, *Lower V.*

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee 1952—53

<i>Chairman</i>	...	...	...	Miss Dunford
<i>Secretary</i>	...	...	...	Mrs. Drew
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	...	...	Mr. Hutley
<i>Staff Representatives</i>	...	...	...	Miss Drake Miss Dickson (1953) Miss Piggott (1953-4)
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>	...	...	...	Mrs. Hopkins Mr. Welch Mr. Tyler Mr. Mullins
<i>Representative on Governing Body</i>	...	...	...	Rev. H. D. Peel

As the Spring Term meeting this year came a short time before the General Inspection, Miss Dunford, in her remarks as Chairman, gave an account of the preparations which this involved. She then invited criticism from the parents on any part of school life that seemed in need of reform or that was not clear to parents.

At the meeting in the Summer Term, Miss Dunford reported some of the events of the Inspection and the suggestions made by the Inspectors. Miss Genge, who was visiting the School for the last time as the Ministry of Labour Careers Officer for the district, gave a most interesting account of careers of all kinds open to various types of girls. After this, parents were able to ask Miss Genge questions while tea was handed round.

The Parents' Association celebrated the Coronation year by a very generous gift of a seat for use on the Games Field.

At the General Business Meeting this term, the Committee was returned with only one change. There was a record attendance of nearly a hundred members. The Secretary and the Treasurer gave their reports and the Governor elected from the Association made some interesting remarks about his experiences.

In her remarks as Chairman, Miss Dunford said that she had discussed the matter of report slips with the most responsible girls in the school and that, although they had not been unanimous in voting that they should be abolished, the majority were in favour of this being done. Miss Dunford told the parents that reports, which were made with great care, were meant primarily for them, not for their daughters.

Miss Dunford reported some of the criticisms of the Inspection and what was being done about them, and mentioned the deficiency of our Library with regard to the number of books. In the discussion following this report, the Rev. Brayford made a proposition, which was seconded and carried, that the Staff should prepare for each meeting a list of books badly needed for the Library, with the cost, so that parents could give some of these to the Library.

Mr. Tyler suggested a New Year Social and after discussion this was warmly welcomed and plans were made to carry it out.

Very few letters for this section have been received this year. Please try to write a few lines on any subject connected with school for inclusion in next year's magazine.

From the Parent of an "Old Girl"

When I was asked to contribute to the Magazine as the parent of an Old Girl, my first thought was to say "Thank you" to Miss Dunford and her Staff for their teaching and also for the high standards in all things which they have set. The girls under their care cannot help but benefit. May they in their turn set high standards wherever they go.

I have been very impressed with the stability and poise gained during the two years spent in the Sixth Form. Taking a long view, those years, in my opinion, will be invaluable to them in their careers, especially those who will eventually reach positions of authority. I believe that all girls of good character and ability to tackle advanced work should be encouraged to stay.

E.J.

The School Choir at Fordington St. George's

I should like, through the medium of your magazine, to offer my warmest congratulations to the School Choir and Choir Mistress.

On the two occasions that you have sung at Fordington St. George's in Dorchester I very fortunately have been able to be there and I don't think I have ever enjoyed a Church service as much as those; your singing was lovely.

After the service I overheard some remarks of other members of the congregation and I felt quite proud to think, that through the Parents' Association, I was, in that small way, connected with you.

I was very disappointed, when at our Parents' Association Committee Meeting last evening I raised the point of getting a bus to take as many as could of the Parents' Association to hear you this year, Miss Dunford told us that you would not be going this year as she felt it was only fair to give another school the chance, but I feel sure that the service will suffer a little because of this.

Footnote.—In case this should cause a little swelling in the upper storey thereby causing any trouble in getting those school hats on properly, I would like to add that as far as I can remember the Church choir of Fordington St. George about 33 years ago was just a bit better than yours due to the fact that it was of the opposite sex to yours, and also that I was one of its members. J.T.

Focus on Uniform

On the homeward journey after a meeting recently there was time to reflect on the evening's topics. For instance navy blue costumes *versus* grey. There must always be diverse opinions on such issues. Had fathers turned up in strength they might have had second thoughts on the subject; especially as Miss Dunford was most sympathetic and understanding.

Is a new approach needed to School-wear? The above average size is not catered for in shops. That applies to coats, costumes and gym tunics. Shops which specialise exclusively in children's wear may not undertake to execute an order. Materials are not stocked or "just out of stock." Substitutes would not pass regulations. As the day wears on mother and daughter do not acquire clothes by a COMPLEX. The unequal struggle ends by getting a woman's outfit which makes the girl feel that she has already one foot in the grave. It is this exhausting search which is the main objection.

It is not untimely to mention summer frocks. Must three dresses be made up exactly alike for the girls over sixteen years of age? Can guaranteed fast coloured material be obtained? White collars and cuffs are a nice finish only if the main colour doesn't run. Five frocks in all are rather many in our climate.

Hats? Well it's traditional M.W.

Special Meeting of Boarders' Parents, September, 1953

Congratulations I feel are due to Miss Dunford and her Staff for the very sound idea of calling a meeting of Boarders' Parents. It is so nice to know your opinions are valued and ideas wanted, a perfect example of true democracy.

Parents, naturally missing their offspring, often wonder during the course of the day what darling —— is doing now. Miss Dunford in her very interesting introductory talk gave us such a detailed account of the girls' time table, that no matter what hour of the day, we could be mentally in unison with our children. One of the virtues of this meeting was, that we, particularly parents of newly enrolled girls, now understand how best we can back up the School in all its high aims for the children and assist in carrying out the rules for the welfare of the pupils, *i.e.*, not too much tuck, etc. ; in fact to feel that we are taking a small part in the school life.

My wife and I left the meeting refreshed by buns and tea, happy and proud that our daughter was at Shaftesbury County High School and confident that she should leave the school a "young lady" in every sense of the word, and should she not do so, would have only herself to blame.

The success of the meeting was due to the bond which held all present, the welfare and future of the girls. V.P.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee—1953-54

<i>President</i>	...	...	Miss Dunford
<i>Vice-President</i>	...	...	Mrs. Raad
<i>Secretaries</i>	...	...	P. Holland G. Hussey (<i>nec</i> Woodman)
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	...	G. Harding
<i>Staff Representative</i>	...	...	Miss Drake
<i>Sports Representative</i>	...	...	M. Hall (<i>nec</i> Gibbs)
<i>Committee Members</i>	...	...	B. Carter (<i>nec</i> Mullins) B. Knapton A. Rawson

O.G.A. Summer Meeting

JULY 4TH, 1953

The Summer Meeting was held on Saturday, July 4th, at School. There were only 21 members present. After a short business meeting in the new Sixth Form Room, we had tea in the garden. Members were then free to wander over the buildings and grounds as they wished, or to watch the tennis match between past and present girls at the Recreation Ground. The Old Girls won the match. The score being 51 games to 48. Some Old Girls went to the playing field to see the O.G. copper beech and Coronation Seat.

Tenth O.G.A. Annual Dinner

OCTOBER 24TH, 1953

The annual dinner took place on Saturday, October 24th, when 50 members were present. We were all glad to return to the Royal Hotel which can now cater for a larger number so we hope to make this our regular meeting place.

We assembled in the Lounge at 7 p.m. for the annual general meeting. Miss Dunford reminded us that it was just 15 years since the first dinner had been held. The Secretary gave her report and stated that there were 126 Life Members and 14 Annual Members in the Association. She announced the result of the hockey match played in the afternoon against the School. The O.G. had won by 2—1. The Treasurer reported a balance in the bank of £89 13s. 6d. It was decided that £1 1s. 0d. should be given to the School's Coronation Fund.

Miss Dunford gave a brief account of the developments at School. She read the concluding sentence of the General Inspection Report as it concerns all members of the School, Past and Present: "The School is established in the all-round goodwill of its neighbourhood, and it is thoroughly earning a good reputation."

Miss Dunford then showed the new crest-brooch which is worn in School by prefects and sub-prefects. This was enthusiastically adopted as the badge of the O.G.A. and many members bought their brooches during the evening, the cost being 3s. 6d. The question of the summer meeting was discussed as the numbers have become so small. It was decided to try the experiment of an evening meeting next year with a buffet supper after the tennis match instead of tea. We hope that this will make it possible for more members to come.

After the meeting we had dinner in the old Club Room of the Hotel. The toast of the O.G.A. was proposed by Dorothy Strange (*nee* Burr) who told us how Brenda Yeatman, an O.G. had called upon her sister, Betty Horrell (*nee* Burr) in Australia with a School Magazine in her hand and how the two families had become friendly. She urged girls leaving school to join the Association at once. Mary Underwood (*nee* Woodman) illustrated another link between past and present in revealing that her husband was actually an Old Boy of the School.

Mrs. Raad proposed the toast of the School. She gave us news of former members of Staff and how they had gone out to different parts of the the world and yet were still linked with us. In replying to this toast Miss Watkins, member of the present Staff reminded us that it was actually United Nations Day and how international the School had become. We have Czech, Hungarian, Norwegian and Russian girls in school at present, as well as the first girl ever to come to England from the Falkland Islands for secondary education, and O.G. have gone out to Australia, Ceylon, Canada and Sierra Leone.

The singing of *Auld Lang Syne* brought our evening, with its strong international flavour, to an end. It had been indeed one of the happiest O.G. dinners we have had.

* * *

Visit from an Old Girl

On June 6th of this year Mrs. C. P. Rees (Edna Bird) called at school on her way to Lyme Régis for a holiday from her home

in Suffolk. She was at school here in Miss Dunn's day from 1908-1912. She was very interested to see all the developments and hear news of the school.

* * *

Former Members of Staff

MISS ANDREWS is Biology lecturer at Hull Municipal Training College.

MISS BUCKERFIELD went to Nyassaland as Assistant Education Officer two (or three) years ago. Extract from letter received by Mrs. Raad, 6.9.53 :

"Last year I was asked to start a new Training College for Women at Kabba and that is my present job—I have never had to work as hard as I did in 1952 and early 1953. But perhaps next session will be a little easier. The climate at Kabba isn't too bad because it is 1,400 ft. up, but during the rains it is rather damp. However, we have grand new buildings and equipment so that is a compensation."

The address is Women's Training College, Kabba—*via* Owo, Nigeria.

MRS. JESSIMAN (Mrs. Blackall) brought her husband and son to see us when they were home on leave this year. She gave us a book for the Library about Malaya. They have now returned to Singapore.

MRS. JONES (Miss Handford) is living in Bristol. She had hoped to come for Speech Day but was unable to do so and is coming to see us soon.

MRS. LAWSON (Miss Newton) and her husband have just moved from their Manse at Waytown to one at Charmouth. This is a much more convenient centre for their three Congregational churches.

MRS. LEE (Miss Crow) has a daughter, Elizabeth. She and her husband are happy at Skegness, but prefer it in the winter months, out of the season.

MISS LEWIS is French Teacher at Nottingham High School.

MISS LOGG is happy in her new post at Chelmsford High School.

MRS. WHITE (Miss Rhodes) spends three days each week lecturing in Maths at Brighton Training College.

O.G. NEWS

Engagements

Janet Ayers to George Oglanby
Grace Cowdry to Ronald Way.
Audrey Cox to Desmond Caines.
Mavis Cox to Robin Munday.
Hilda Galliver to Donald Howell.
Mary LeBechee to Fraser Bruce.
Pamela Talbot to John Carter.
Mavis Wilkins to Anthony Lovell.

Marriages

Hazel Bartley to Richard Brockway.
Audrey Busby to Harry Ayles.
Pamela Cherbury to John Albericci.
Marion Coombs to George Tozer.
Jean Conibear to Stanley Smith.
Eileen Digby to Gordon Cullingford.
Rosemary Edwards to W. Chrzczonowicz.
Mary Fitzmaurice to James Ferris.
Joan Hobbs to Robert Hindwood.
Rosemary Matthews to Richard Arnold.
Barbara Mercer to Leonard Yates.
Ruby Mullins to Henry Gabb.
Jennifer Purver to Sgt. Earl Greene, U.S.A.F.
Betty Sims to Colin Horton.
Sybil Toomer to Peter Topp.
Mary Woodman to Roy Underwood.

Births

Betty Carter (*nee* Mullins) a daughter, Catherine Mary.
Pamela Cordery (*nee* Mills) a son, Timothy Attwood.
Betty Edmonds (*nee* Eddington) a son, Gregory.
Ethel Hiscock (*nee* Coombs), a son, Alan Robert.
Audrey Jakins (*nee* Winskill), a son, Stephen Richard.
Irene Meaden (*nee* Garrett) a daughter.
Joy Puttick (*nee* Grey) a daughter, Sarah Rosamund.
Mary Young (*nee* Harris), a son, Robert James.

Death

Adoline Millard.

* * *

Daphne Alford (1953) is enjoying her first term at Weymouth Training College.

Molly Alford (1953) is training as a solicitor's clerk in Mr. Arkell's office.

Grace Coombs (1949) had a very happy cycling tour in Belgium this summer.

Janet Cox (1953) is working at Kelly and Stainer's confectioners' shop in Shaftesbury.

- Josephine Emberton (1953) began work in a Solicitor's office in Dorchester but is now working in a confectioners' shop there.
- Janet Fennell (1953) is doing clerical work at the American Base near Shaftesbury.
- Jill Fursey (1953) has joined our growing band of O.G. at the Radio Station, Shaftesbury, and is enjoying her work very much indeed.
- Pamela Gatehouse (1953) is training as a solicitor's clerk, in the office of Rutter and Rutter.
- Janet Gilbert (1952) is enjoying her training as a nursery nurse in the National Children's Home and Orphanage, at Alverstoke.
- Gill Gowen (1953) decided to try to find a job in this part of the country where her friends are, rather than near home in London. She has been accepted at the Radio Station, Shaftesbury.
- Joan Green (1953) is working in Mr. Hitchings' Chemist Shop in Shaftesbury and hoping to train as a dispenser.
- Margaret Guy (1953) has begun the Secretarial Course at Weymouth Technical College.
- Jean Hall (1948) After a few years teaching experience at Paignton Jean has gone to Ringwood this term.
- Myra Hull (1953) is enjoying her first term at Weymouth Training College.
- Cynthia Humble (1953) is taking the Secretarial Course at the Poole Technical College.
- Anne Johnson (1951) is now at Puddletown looking after two children, but in the New Year she is going to help her father in his business in Shaftesbury.
- Diana Johnson (1953) has begun her nursing training at the Bristol Royal Infirmary. Later she hopes to go to the University for a Social Science Diploma.
- Una-Jane Laws (1953) is with Margaret Guy at the Weymouth Technical College but is taking a course in Domestic Science.
- Pamela Lovell (1953) has begun her nursing training at the Royal Berkshire Hospital at Reading.
- Deirdre MacLean (1953) was awarded a Sutherland County Grant on the result of the Advanced Level of the Cambridge General Certificate of Education and entered Edinburgh University this term.
- Mary Morris (1953) is working at the Porton Experimental Station and living in the Y.W.C.A. Hostel in Salisbury. She is enjoying it all.

Jean Nathan (1951) was unable to complete her course at Reading University and is now working for the Surrey County Council in one of the Epsom and Ewell Libraries. She hopes to take the examination and qualify as a Librarian.

Mary Perry (1950) is now training at the Royal Hampshire County Hospital at Winchester.

Daphne Pickford (1950) became Assistant Lady cook at St. Hilda's College, Oxford, in April and is enjoying it very much. She has met Janet Ayers and had a good gossip.

Jenny Purver (1950) is now living in Northamptonshire but will be going to America with her husband next August.

Pat Sidförd (1953) is living at home at present and helping on the farm.

Barbara Smales (1951) is now teaching at a Secondary Modern School in Portland.

Ruth Stebbings (1953) has begun the Secretarial Course at Salisbury Technical College.

Jennifer Stokes (1953) is a telephonist at the Shaftesbury G.P.O. after training in Bristol.

Kathleen Stone (1951) is enjoying her Nursing Training at Bristol Royal Infirmary.

Sally Thorne (1952) is applying for a direct commission in the W.R.A.C. but is joining the ranks until her board in January.

Christine Titt (1953) is a nursing cadet at the Westminster Hospital, Shaftesbury.

Jean Walker (1953) was unable to take up her vacancy at Bristol University as she did not qualify for a County Major Scholarship and so sat for the Executive Grade of the Civil Service Examination in October.

Mary Webb (1953) is working on a farm near Templecombe.

Brenda White (1953) has obtained a post as a clerical worker at the Dorset Bacon Factory at Iwerne Mibster.

* * *

Extracts from Letters

PAMELA ALBERICCI (*nee* Cherbury) (1951) writes :

" I still have the same job at the Animal Farm; Porton Down, and I still like it. Dr. Paterson, my chief, is arranging for me to spend two months on a Histology course in another department, so that I can come back to the Farm and do our Histology here.

Now we have to send our specimens away for sections to be cut, so only the really important ones go while some that may be very interesting have to be thrown away.

"Janet Ayers and I are both working for the same exam at present, that of the Institute of Medical Laboratory Technicians. One has to do two years with Higher or three years without it in an approved laboratory."

DAPHNE ALFORD (1953) writes from Weymouth Training College :

"I share a lovely ground-floor room with three other girls—who were all born in the North of England, consequently we sometimes have a little difficulty in understanding one another. One of them lives in Cumberland, right on the border. All three are very friendly and we all get on very well together.

"Both Myra and I considered ourselves very lucky to be able to play a recorder, but as soon as Mr. Stanley discovered that we could he set us to teaching a group each. I don't know how well those girls will be able to play when we have finished. We also have to learn to play the piano sufficiently well to teach songs to infants."

RUTH BARTLETT (1953) is at the Somerset Farm Institute and writes :

"Life for me at the moment, is full of hard work but I am enjoying every minute of it. A lot of the work I have previously done with Miss Dickson so I can understand our rather lengthy lecturer.

"We have very little free time here, for our evenings are filled with study and the daytime is one long rush from lecture halls to the practical work on the farm. I now know all the students, there are only 45 of us, by name, and all are very nice and friendly."

MOLLY BURDEN (1952) writes from Bristol University :

"Our Course this year includes the Physical Basis of Geography, detailed study of the British Isles, Geomorphology, Human and Historical geography (mainly anthropology so far), an afternoon's surveying and another on Meteorology and Map projections.

"The Physical Basis lectures are on oceanography and later climatology. They are straightforward, and it is possible to economise on reading there, and concentrate on the shelves of books concerned with the British Isles. Geomorphology I don't find particularly interesting, but surprisingly the anthropology is, although the names are confusing, until you find they nearly all end in 'thropus' and then fit the appropriate prefix.

"The survey lectures are to culminate in a field week on Dartmoor next Easter. The practical work so far has been confined to a thorough revision of the use of log tables.

"The meteorology is the most interesting. Already I have fallen into the habit of looking at the sky and murmuring 'cirrus stratus' or 'cumula nimbus' or whatever I hope is appropriate. There is a good deal of entertaining literature on the weather."

PAULINE EDMONDS (1949) writes :

"During the past months most of my time has been spent in rehearsing for shows. In January after passing my advanced Speech and Drama Exam at the Guildhall, I took an Audition for Lloyds Operatic and Dramatic Society. I was successful and performed at the Scala Theatre for a week in 'Belinda Fair.' We had a professional producer Freddie Lloyd—who is controller of the theatre and also produces for the Baltic and the Stock Exchange. As a result of being in that Show I was picked out of the whole cast to do Ballet in 'Hiawatha' at the Albert Hall, running from June 29th to July 11th, with Gordon Clinton, Elsie Morrison, William Herbert, and Phyllis Mander as the principal Soloists, and Ponell Lloyd as producer. It meant taking Ballet lessons and rehearsing all Saturday afternoons ; but it was an opportunity I shall never forget."

JENNIFER EDMONDS (1949) writes :

"I am now a member of the British Red Cross Society and have passed an exam in First Aid and Home Nursing. In the Home Nursing I came top in the written paper and had 90 per cent. I have joined the National Hospital Service Reserve and shall be doing my hours at Beckenham Hospital shortly.

"I am going to try and get into a London Hospital for training and if unsuccessful apply to Beckenham."

MYRA HULL (1953) is at Weymouth Training College and writes :

"In future, if anyone I meet has doubts about going to College, wondering whether perhaps she would feel lost or unhappy, I can assure them that it is worth it if only for the companionship of people one's own age. In this college the thing which has impressed me most is the friendship between us all. Not once have I felt out of place or lonely here and surely that is what is most needed in a community such as this. The Second Year Students, all of them are only too pleased to help us in any way. I do so hope that as many girls as possible will stay at school, go into the Sixth and from there on to College."

MARY ORMAN (1952) writes from Southlands Training College :

"I now have some offices in College. I've been elected President of Girls' League, and only hope I shall prove to be

worthy of the honour. It's rather a responsibility, and I have my first meeting tonight. Also, I've been elected Precentor, which is the only singing job in College. I'm very thrilled about that—I never dreamed of being first singer in College."

MONICA PORTER (1951) writes from Salisbury Training College :

"The first part of the term has not been as trying as I expected it to be. After a two-year break in my studies, I was surprised to find how quickly I was able to adjust myself. In my case I should say that the two-year break before going to College is an asset, because I find that my outlook is rather broader than the outlook of those who have come straight from school.

"We have been to the new school at Bemerton Heath three times to see demonstration lessons in music and moment. It is amazing how Miss Drake's drilling comes back to me, it is most helpful.

"One of the funniest things that we have had to do at College is 'baby spotting.' Two Tuesday afternoons we had to go out into the town and around the market and ask mothers' questions about their babies. As the afternoon wore on we became less inclined to ask mothers, because the majority were polite but thought us a little peculiar ; and when some of those mothers started talking about their offspring it was hard work indeed to stop them. However, such is the lot of a student teacher."

MARY STAINER (1951) is teaching at Poole where her family now lives. She writes :

"School starts next Monday and I'm now in the middle of making out my schemes for the first term. There are 700 children and about 15 or 16 staff, so there are over 40 children in each class.

"I have the C stream in the 9th year, and another new member of staff will be having the D stream. Sometimes the thought of it quite scares me although I enjoyed working with backward children on school practise very much.

"For the first term we have to write out lesson notes and have one lesson each week supervised and I'm sure if I survive one year there I shall be well prepared for the next job! At the end of the first year I take the 'A' stream."

AUDREY WILKINS (1952) is training as a physiotherapist at Bristol Royal Infirmary and writes :

"Has anyone else at school thought of doing Physio yet? I am sure people do not realise what an interesting and worthwhile course it is. We had our first Department dance last

Friday and it was a terrific success. It was held in the Grand Spa Hotel in Clifton and we had a truly lovely evening.

"The news must have reached you that Mavis is engaged—when she is going to be married has not yet been decided.

"Irene has completely settled in Kenya and loves it out there—they come on their first leave in a year's time so we are longing to see them."

* * *

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Of a Nurse's Training

I can't remember whether or not we had been on the wards when last I wrote but we have now. Before I was very worried, because I wasn't absolutely sure that I was cut out for a nurse. So many of the girls here have a real vocation. I am sure now. I am on a Women's surgical or rather orthopaedic. It is amazing how quickly the patient recovers from broken bones and slipped discs. I had the honour of giving a blanket bath by myself last Wednesday. It makes you so happy to hear your patient say: "Thank you, Nurse, that was nice. I feel so much better now." Most of the nurses with whom I have come in contact are a very decent crowd who in spite of their somewhat heartless superficial talk really take care and pains with their patients.

I do hope that some more girls from school will come here to train. I am sure that if they are interested in nursing they couldn't choose a better provincial hospital.

DIANA JOHNSON.

Bristol Royal Infirmary.

* * *

Of an Australian Tour

i. THE FLIGHT OUT

After leaving Heath Row airport, I flew to Zurich, now the next stop is Beirut over 1,500 miles, about double the London-Zurich distance. This takes about seven hours. We have evening dinner and tea on the plane from Beirut to Singapore. As far as I can see the Alps, many snowed capped, mingle with the pure white clouds. We are travelling at about 13,500 feet. The land below is slowly becoming less mountainous, we must have crossed the Swiss-Italian border—everything looks like one of those miniature models with match box houses and plasticine hills. The B.O.A.C. have given the passengers a packet of a map book showing the route, a timetable and a life jacket apparatus instructions, in case needed!

ii. IN AUSTRALIA

After two weeks' stay in Perth, we are on the move ! This time its by car across the Nullabor Plain to Adelaide, and then on to Melbourne. We left Perth yesterday. We passed through the tree-covered Darling Range behind Perth, and further east through clearings in the trees where there were farm settlements, and rows and rows of vines, just beginning to bud. (Its early Spring here). Also orchards with the brilliant pink blossom of the peach trees. (The other day I also saw vines, and oranges and lemon trees which most people grow in their gardens). The rest of the countryside was hilly, and covered with gum trees.

This morning, after a real Aussie breakfast of chops and egg, we looked over the "town." It reminded me of the main street one usually sees in an American cowboy film ! The hotel was very old fashioned, which gave it the air of the "Gold Rush City" !! The surrounding scenery consisted of sandy slopes, with little scraggy trees, with corrugated iron huts here and there. (People actually live in these huts !) We are now passing through, what is called "The Bush." Our next stop is Norsrian, where we will stay the night. This is in the gold mining area, so that I'm hoping that we can go down one of the mines.

My major disappointment is the weather—it rained this morning and is still very cloudy. I was hoping that it would be boiling hot ! When we arrive in Adelaide, I hope to see Gill Rashley (do you remember her ?) Everyone we meet ; even the English-Australian garage man, who mended our car at Southern Cross. says that if we stay in Australia for another nine months, we'll want to live here. At the moment I'm still very certain that nothing can beat Good Old England.

VIRGINIA HARDY.

* * *

Of a Nurse's Night Duty

We are called at 7.30 p.m. and go to breakfast at 8 p.m. on duty at 8.30 p.m. I am on a ward called Summerhayes which is about the easiest ward in the hospital and so usually we are very quiet—last night was an exception—we were hectic.

From 8.30 until 11 p.m. I am kept fairly busy, taking "Nightcaps" around and collecting and washing up the crockery, packing up drums, laying trolleys up for the morning and doing everything possible ready for the morning which is always a busy time, even on Summerhayes. Then at 11 o'clock I have an hour off and usually read in the Linen Press—where we have to go as we are "on call." After that at 12.15 I go to dinner until

12.45 when the Senior Nurse goes to dinner, while I do any necessary writing such as making up various books.

When the Senior comes back she writes the Night Report on the patients while I cut the bread and butter for breakfast. That's at about 1.30—What an unearthly hour to cut bread and butter isn't it?

Roughly from 2.30 until 4, the Senior is away from the ward, having her hour off and $\frac{1}{2}$ -hour tea break and as I've said, there is nothing definite to do as a rule except answer patients' calls.

At 4 p.m. I go to tea and at 4.30 when I return the work begins and we start to wake the patients up, take their temperatures and do the toilet rounds. That usually takes us until 7 o'clock and then we have another hour to work. During this time we clear up generally but can't do very much as the day staff come on the ward at 7 a.m. At 8 a.m. we have supper and at 8.30 we can have coffee in the Sitting Room. All night nurses are supposed to be in their rooms by 1 p.m. Usually I go earlier than this—if we like we can get up at 5 p.m. provided we are in bed by 10 o'clock.

Every fortnight we have four consecutive nights off which makes a long break.

Surprisingly I love night duty and I dreaded doing it, but now I feel as if I shall hate to go back on day duty.

JUDY HATHERLEY.

Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital.

* * *

Of a London Training College

I have settled down to my new and interesting life at Goldsmith's, and I am thoroughly enjoying it. There are twenty-six girls in this hostel, and fortunately it is the smallest.

We have a fifteen minutes' walk to College every day. College is a huge building, and I am sure I shall never be able to find my way around. We have "lost ourselves" at least once every day. The hall, which seats a thousand people is magnificent, and there is a most beautiful organ, which gives one a thrill to listen to. I have joined the Music Club, and everyone is made to feel that they have a part to play.

When I chose Goldsmith's I never realised what a wonderful reputation it had. I feel so proud to belong here. I shall never regret my choice. I am certain that my two years here will be very happy and worthwhile.

The work I get through in a week quite surprises me. I am taking Art as my main subject, and I have done at least six pictures already. I find the course most interesting.

The one thing that impresses me most of all is the social life. I am so glad I came to a mixed college. There are all the clubs imaginable. I belong to the Art Club, and the Table Tennis Club, besides the Music Club. There is never a dull moment. A perfect balance is made between work and play.

We visit a school every Thursday for observing children. I go to a beautiful modern infant school, which has seven hundred children. I have never seen anything like it. We each have to observe one child, and I had a very talkative little girl last week. I do not know how I managed to write down all she said, but I had great fun.

JEAN HASKELL.

* * *

Of A Career on the Stage :

i. WHILE TRAINING AT THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART

Yes, I am ever grateful for my experiences and the contacts I made at Salisbury. On Sunday one of the producers I was friendly with there, phoned me and asked me if I would play a small part in *Twelfth Night* and play a "walk-on" in *Hamlet*. These two plays are for the Coronation season at the Embassy Theatre, and the plays run alternatively for a month, opening on May 20th. The Company is superb with some of the best well-known Shakespearean actors in the country. It really is wonderful to be working with and being able to watch such experienced people.

ii. LOOKING FOR A JOB

Since the end of term I have been in London writing to my contacts and Repertory Theatres and having interviews and auditions. I've trusted in Providence and so I have not become unduly depressed. One day I decided to trust my luck to a couple of theatrical agents. One said he would try to get me some

television "walk-ons," but the other one took a great interest in me. I had an interview, and then he asked me to do an audition. I did so a week later, and I surprised myself by making a very favourable impression. At the end we had quite a friendly chat, and he said: "A very good audition, so I'll see what I can do for you." I was quite prepared for him to walk home and forget all about me. I understand that so many agents treat young beginners in that way. Still, I now see that he obviously meant what he said as yesterday (only four days after I did the audition) he phoned me up. He is trying to get me into a company as "juvenile actress," and in the meanwhile he has a small job for me. I will not be acting, but I am to be assistant stage manager for the play *Gaslight*, starring Rosamund John. We start rehearsing on August 24th in London, and then we play in Canterbury for a fortnight. At the end of that I hope my agent will have something else for me, and I hope he will continue to be helpful for the rest of my career.

STELLA LUDLOW.

* * *

Of a Scottish University

I am just loving it here in Edinburgh. The Freshers' Conference was great fun "a potted panorama of University life" as it was described in *The Student*.

Of course, everyone has been trying to rake us in for all the clubs and societies. We decided that the best thing to do would be to go to some of the free meetings before we actually joined anything. I discovered that the Highland Society spoke in Gaelic and that the Classical Society wrote their minutes in Latin, and I am wondering whether the Doggerel Society hold conversations in doggerel! However, I have actually joined the choir section of the Musical Society, conducted by Professor Sidney Newman. We are at present rehearsing for a Carol concert.

They have the most horrible custom here of tramping people into their seats if they are late for lectures. The lecturer has to wait for the noise to die down. The culprit edges into his seat and the lecture proceeds, after a sarcastic remark from the lecturer, that even if some people think the lecture begins at five minutes past ten it actually begins at ten and is due to end at eleven. I have managed not to be late so far!

Altogether I am always very busy, and for the first week I was in a whirl, which now I am fondly believing has subsided a little.

DEIRDRE MACLEAN.

O.G.A. Life Subscriptions since December, 1952

Bartlett, Ruth, Home Farm, Iwerne Minster, near Blandford, Dorset.
Gilbert, Janet, Anglesey Lodge, National Children's Home, Alverstoke, Hants.
James, Mary (*nee* Garrett), Wolfridge Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.
Johnson, Diana, c/o Mrs. Johnson, Penwithen Hostel, Winterborne Monkton, Dorchester, Dorset.
Lovell, Pamela, Martin's Cot, 2, Angel Lane, Shaftesbury.
Richmond Ethel (*nee* Brice) Prior's Farm, Semley, Wilts.
Thorne, Sally, Worgret Lodge, Wareham, Dorset.

O.G.A. Annual Subscriptions, 1952/53

Dowland, June, Ash Tree Cottage, Cann, Shaftesbury.
Emberton, Josephine, 5, Milford Road, Dorchester, Dorset.
Edmonds, Pauline, 1, Southend Road, Beckenham, Kent.
Galliver, Patricia, The Pharmacy, Tisbury, Wilts.
King, Diana (*nee* White), 21, Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury.
Titt, Christine, County Police House, Fontmell Magna, Dorset.

O.G.A. Annual Subscriptions, 1953/54

Fennell, Janet, Ackland, St. John's Hill, Shaftesbury.
Fursey, Jill, Vue House, Victoria Street, Shaftesbury.
Galliver, Patricia, The Pharmacy, Tisbury, Wilts.
Gatehouse, Pamela, Sunlea, French Mill Lane, Shaftesbury.
Guy, Margaret, 2, Gloucester Row, Weymouth.
Humble, Cynthia, 2, Valley View, Iwerne Minster, near Blandford, Dorset.
King, Diana (*nee* White) 21, Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury.
Laws, Una Jane, Bozley Hill Cottage, Cann, Shaftesbury.
Lillington, June, 10, Bell Street, Shaftesbury.
Miles, Heather, Melbury Mill, Melbury Abbas, Dorset.
Stebbins, Ruth, 3, Fairey Crescent, Gillingham, Dorset.
Stokes, Jennifer, Armoury Yard, Victoria Street, Shaftesbury.
Tucker, Yvonne, 74, St. James, Shaftesbury.
White, Brenda, Layton Lane, Shaftesbury.
Wright, Barbara, 78, Wyndham Road, Salisbury, Wilts.

Change of Address

It will be a great help in the efficient running of the O.G.A. if members will kindly report changes of name and address on a postcard to the Secretary, c/o Shaftesbury High School.

O.G.A. Badges

These can be bought at any O.G. meeting or from the School Secretary at any time during term, *but they cannot be sent by post.* The cost is 3/6.