County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY

Vol. 18 December, 1955

County High School for Girls
Shaftesbury

MAGAZINE

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Life Members since December 1954

Burden, Ruth, " Greenlea," Ashwell, Mere Wilts.
Gibbs, Ruth, Edwards Farm, Cann, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Parsons, Eileen, Bishops Otter College, Chichester, Sussex
Pomeroy, Heather, Bake Farm, Coombe Bissett, Wilts.
Rebbeck, Beth, Blatchford Farm, Hartgrove, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Stone, Joyce, Drones Lane, Compton Abbas, Dorset
Tidey, Ann, John Astor House, Foley Street, London, W.1.
Ward, Ann, 10, Springdale Avenue, Broadstone, Dorset
Whitmarsh, Janet, Abbey Walk, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Woodley, Ruth, Watery Lane, Iwerne Minster, Dorset

Annual Members 1955/56

Alford, Molly, 41, St. George's Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Andrews, Shirley, French Mill Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Ardley, Barbara, (*née* Wright), The Cottage, 25, Fowlers Road, Salisbury, Wilts.
Barter, Sonia (*née* Sidford), c/o Bridzor Farm, Tisbury, Wilts.
Bennett, Lesley, 5, Cotlands Road, Bournemouth
Bradford, Margaret, North Farm, Ashmore, Salisbury, Wilts.
Brooks, Jo, (*née* Wilkins), c/o Parson's Paddock, Chilmark, Wilts.
Cox, Mary, Lower Frome Vauchurch, Maiden Newton, Dorset
Fursey, Jill, 6, Turks Close, Motcombe, Dorset
Gatehouse, Pamela, Sunlea, French Mill Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Gowen, Gillian, 53, Milton, East Knoyle, Wilts.
Guy, Margaret, 2, Gloucester Row, Weymouth, Dorset
Harding, Margaret, Beatrix Nursery, East Knoyle, Wilts.
Howell, Sally, Whitesands Cross, Donhead St. Andrew, Nr. Shaftesbury
Humble, Cythina, Glyn Gift, Mill Street, Fontmell Magna, Dorset
Hutley, Jeanne, Boyne Cottage, Salisbury Road, Shaftesbury
Jones, Ruth, Bimport Street, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Lees, Yvonne, (*née* Tucker), The General Allenby Inn, Winterbourne Zelstone, Blandford, Dorset
Mende, Marina, Kingswear, 78, Penn Hill Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset
Moores, Janet, 21a, Breach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Pile, Joan, 37, The Street, Motcombe, Dorset
Porter, Monica, The Rectory, Chilmark, Salisbury, Wilts.
Powell, Kathleen (*née* King), Council Houses, Overway, Donhead St. Andrew
Sharp, Valerie, " Stanhope " Ringwood Road, Parkstone, Dorset
Sidford, Patricia, Bridzor Farm, Tisbury, Wilts.
Tolman, Angela, Westminster Memorial Hospital, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Tyler, Rosemary, Pigeon House Farm, Todber, Sturminster Newton, Dorset
Welch, Beryl, Layton Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Wilkins, Audrey, Parson's Paddock, Chilmark, Salisbury, Wilts.

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EDITORIAL

This year, our magazine was able to go to the press earlier than usual, thanks to the hard work put into it by the girls of committee. With their splendid help and suggestions, everything has been run smoothly and rapidly.

You will notice, as you read through the pages, the varied interests of the articles. We have very much enjoyed our activities. We have visited three other schools in the past year: the Grammar School and Sunny Hill for debates, and Bryanston to see the Passion Plays. Outside school, many of us have developed new hobbies and we have been pleased to write about them and to share them with others.

We really do thoroughly enjoy our opportunities, and hope we are not among the people whom Miss Reader-Harris mentioned on Speech Day. She spoke of those who use such cliches as "I couldn't care less" and "So what." While we are at school, we are given an excellent chance to choose between the right and the wrong way of life. Let us prove that we have chosen the right.

EDITOR.

* * *

Magazine Committee

Editor: SUSAN CLARKE

Sub-Editor: SUSAN BROADHOUSE
MARY NORRIS
FRANCES POLLARD
ROSEMARY BRAYFORD
GILLIAN RALPH
JENNIFER GATEHOUSE

"APARTHEID"

When I went to Africa in June, I only knew in theory what this word meant and I called it "apartide." When I returned in September, I knew that it should be pronounced "apartate" and knew from my own experience just how evil the practice is. Apartheid means segregation, but the line is drawn horizontally across the community with people of European descent above it and Africans below it. This is bound to lead to injustice on a grand scale.

Let me tell you of one or two experiences which illustrate this. A friend of mine, the Rev. Arthur Blaxall is doing a wonderful work for blind Africans. He found an African boy in Durban, who was blind and deaf and dumb, and wanted to take him to the nearest home for the blind which was at Ezenzeleni near Johannesburg. This involved a very long journey with a night on the train, which would be an ordeal for the boy even with Mr. Blaxall to help him, but Africans and Europeans are not allowed to travel in the same carriages. Mr. Blaxall applied for special permission to travel in the African part of the train with the boy. This was refused and the only concession officials would grant was that a berth should be reserved for Mr. Blaxall in the end compartment of the white carriage and one for the boy at the end of the black carriage so that they should be as near as possible.

The problem forced itself upon me almost as soon as I landed in Cape Town. I needed to leave luggage at the station. There was one "Left Luggage" cloakroom and one counter, but a flimsy partition divided black people from white people as they dealt with luggage there. The entrances to the Post Office were clearly marked "Blankes" (Whites) and "Non Blankes" and though black and white were served in the same hall, it was at separate counters, and writing tables also were separate. Many times in Africa I entered a building by a "Non Blankes" door without thinking. It all seemed so unnatural and artificial. Perhaps most of all one minded the superior attitude of shop assistants who refused to serve cultured Africans until every white person had been attended to, and, when we protested, the answer was always "It is our custom to serve Europeans first."

I found the problem in its most acute form in Johannesburg. I was staying outside the city and travelled in by suburban train. I was warned that I must get in at the rear of the train which was reserved for Europeans. Naturally on leaving

Johannesburg I went to the back of the train again, only to find that I must travel in the front part of the train on the return journey, in order to get out at the same part of the station at my destination as that from which I had started. In Johannesburg, too, I saw for myself the working of the Western Area Scheme, which is one of the most flagrant examples of injustice to be found in South Africa at the present time. The removal of 60,000 Africans from the Western Areas to Meadowlands, twelve miles from the centre of the city, has received praise in some English papers as a slum clearance scheme. But the worst of the slums remain untouched while brick buildings which could provide good accommodation for many years to come, and some African houses in which we ourselves would not mind living, are being pulled down. The reason for such destruction is that white people have built houses nearer and nearer to these good African homes and object to the proximity of Africans. The aim is also to prevent Africans from having freehold rights in urban area, and those who have such rights are made victims of "legalised theft" and no such rights are permitted in the areas to which the Africans are removed.

How has such a situation arisen? It is impossible to try to explain adequately in such a short article, but one factor is that when white people came to South Africa they brought with them customs which didn't work out as they had done in their homeland. These European settlers had been used to all kinds of segregation between various classes in society. Quite naturally they reproduced a similar kind of social structure in their new life in South Africa. But there black people occupied the places which had been filled by poorer classes in the countries from which the settlers had come. In Europe there was always the chance that a man might rise from one social class to another. In other words, there was always fluidity in the European class structure, but in South Africa it has become frozen. However well-educated or prosperous an African becomes, he is kept in a special class apart solely on the basis of the colour of his skin. As more Africans become cultured and prosperous, more and more legislation is passed to keep them in their place. The position is complicated by the fact that the non-Europeans outnumber white people by five to one, and Europeans fear that if they make any concession they will be submerged by the vast black sea all around them.

In such circumstances, it is not easy to find a solution which will deal justly with people of different cultural traditions, speaking a dozen different languages and who are at practically every conceivable stage of civilisation. Because South Africa

is in the throes of an Industrial Revolution, millions of Africans have slipped almost overnight from tribal life to highly industrialised communities. It is natural that as they settle in towns, read newspapers and listen to the wireless, they ask what the future holds for them. They begin to realise that the white man cannot do without them any more than the African can do without the white man. Yet both are afraid of one another. The great need is to discover some way through these fears. The present South African Government proposes to deal with the problem by a policy of increasing separation, by attempting to "unscramble an egg" which is becoming more completely scrambled. For our part, we need to remember that people in South Africa are watching us closely to see how we solve the colour problem in our own country, intensified as it is by the arrival of increasing numbers of Jamaicans. South Africans feel that we have been quick to judge them, but are reacting in a similar way when our own position of superiority is endangered.

Humanly speaking there seems little hope of a peaceful solution of South Africa's problem. Only the grace of God can bring it about. It is in Christian fellowship that peoples of all races learn best to understand and appreciate and respect one another and find there a unity which is strong enough to overcome their differences. My memories of the colour problem in Africa are not only dark ones, of fear and suppression and distrust, but also bright ones of happy meetings of Christian Africans and Europeans in private homes, where there were no barriers but only understanding and fellowship, a foretaste of the multi-racial society which is to come. Loveliest of all is the memory of a Communion Service at a Mission Station at which two priests officiated, one white, one black. The service was in Shona and, though I understood nothing of the language, I knew just what they were saying. When we knelt at the communion rail there was an English woman on my right and an African woman on my left. The African priest gave me the bread and spoke in Shona. The English priest gave me the wine and spoke in English. We were one in that Body "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free but Christ is all, and in all."

M. K. DUNFORD.

* * *

STAFF NOTES

We are happy to record that we have had no changes on the teaching Staff during the year. For a few weeks in the

summer term we welcomed back Mrs. Scalbert, who helped us while Miss Dunford was away. We are enjoying our addition for this year of a French Assistante, Mademoiselle Dubois.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Powell and Miss Light who left Sunridge at the end of the summer term. We welcome Miss Robson and her sister in their places.

We were delighted to hear of the birth of Sheila Cameron on November 7th.

During the year, several Staff have been to Conferences and on holidays abroad. At Christmas, I very much enjoyed meeting some German inspectors and teachers at a Conference about English books to be used in German Schools. Miss Watkins spent an engrossing fortnight at the end of the summer holidays at the British School in Rome. Miss Williams, Miss Matthews and Miss Langton nobly gave up part of their holidays to attend courses in their subjects. All these activities have given us plenty to discuss and to think about, but our great interest this year has been Miss Dunford's visit to South Africa. We have been greatly stimulated by all she has told and shown us of her experiences which will enrich our lives for years to come. We missed her very much while she was away and were delighted to see her again.

M.E.W.

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GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Governors :	Prizes.
O.G.A. :	Contribution to Coronation Fund.
Mr. and Mrs. Pye : (Janet Dawling)	Five Library Books.
Kitty Hetherington :	Library Book.
Mrs. Bradford :	Athletic Sports Championship Cup. Game of 'Scrabble' for each boarding-house.
Mrs. Powell and Miss Light :	Two books for Sunridge.

LEAVING GIRLS, 1954–55

Autumn Term, 1954		Spring Term, 1955	
Form U.V.	G. Hopkins	Form U.VI.	S. Jeffreys
	B. Tomlinson	Form L.VI.	B. Woods
Form U.IV.	A. Mitchell	Form L.V.	J. Pile
		Form U.IV.	F. Jones, S. Harding
		Form L.IV.	J. Benfield, D. Cookman

Summer Term, 1955

Form U.VI.	C. Alford, M. Bond, W. Case, M. Mendo, V. Sharp, S. Sheppard, A. Ward, J. Whitmarsh
Form L.VI.	L. Bennett, M. Bradford, E. Brooks, R. Jones, P. Hilton, E. Parsons, H. Pomeroy, B. Rebbeck, J. Stone
Form U.V.	V. Behan, A. P. Coleman, S. Culverhouse, R. Gibbs, M. Green, J. Moores, R. Tyler, R. Woodley, B. Price.
Form L.V.	F. Genge, S. Howell, A. Phillips
Form U.IV.	C. Mills.

NEW GIRLS, 1955

Spring Term, 1955

	Present Form	*Previous School*
Susan Green	— L.V.	— St. Leonard's, Motcombe

Summer Term, 1955

P. Houston	— U.V.	— Bentley Grammar School, Calne
V. Sedgwick	— U.IV.5	— Government School, Stanley, Falkland Is.
D. Wills	—	Elmhurst Grammar School, Street

Autumn Term, 1955

J. Burridge	— U.V.	— Maltman's Green School, Gerrards Cross
M. ffrench	— L.V.	— St. Brandon's, Clevedon
H. Hunt	— U.IV.4	— Shaftesbury Secondary Modern School
J. Marsden	— L.IV.	— R.A.F. Children's School, Khormaksar, Aden
S. Bateman	— III.	— Woodlands C. of E. School
E. Bartlett	— III.	— East Knoyle C. of E. School
N. Behan	— III.	— Ludwell Council School
H. Brown	— III.	— Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
S. Church	— III.	— Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
M. Cocks	— III.	— East Knoyle C. of E. School
V. Drew	— III.	— Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
J. Fordyce	— III.	— Milborne County Primary School
J. Garrett	— III.	— Donhead St. Andrew Primary School
N. Grieve	— III.	— Burghfield Primary School
C. Head	— III.	— Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
J. Humphries	— III.	— Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
C. Hutchings	— III.	— Wimborne Primary School
R. Jackson	— III.	— Tisbury V.C. Mixed
S. Jordan	— III.	— Oakhurst Girls' School, Rondesbosch, Cape Town
L. Kibbey	— III.	— Wimborne Primary School
R. Moores	— III.	— Enmore Green Council School
H. Napper	— III.	— Shroton C. of E. School
R. Parsons	— III.	— Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
S. Perkins	— III.	— Stour Provost County Primary School
G. Ridout	— III.	— Cann Primary School
H. Swann	— III.	— Evershot Primary School
M. Whitty	— III.	— Tisbury V.C. Mixed School
S. Woods	— III.	— Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
J. Woodman	— III.	— Lyme Regis Preparatory School
M. Wyatt	— III.	— Kempston Preparatory School

PREFECTS AND SUB-PREFECTS

Autumn Term, 1955

Head Girl	W. Colyer
Deputy Head Girl	S. Clarke
Prefects	J. Brayford, B. Hitchings, A. Lawrence, M. Wilson, S. Woodhead, M. Woodman, M. Worthington
Sub-Prefects	I. Dean, S. Gray, J. Harding, R. Phillips, J. Baigent, H. Jones, S. McLeod, H. Moody
Head Boarders	J. Brayford (Barton Hill House); M. Wilson (Sunridge)

* * *

SPEECH DAY, 1955

The School's Annual Speech Day was held on Wednesday, 26th October. To enable people to catch their 'buses afterwards it was decided to start at 2.15 p.m. instead of 2.30 p.m. as in previous years. The girls all reached the cinema by two o'clock and a quarter of an hour later, most of our parents and friends had arrived and everything was ready for Miss Dunford to enter with the other people who were to sit on the stage.

The Mayor, Mr. Bridle, was the first to go on to the platform. Unfortunately, the Mayoress was unable to attend. Miss D. Reader Harris, the Headmistress of Sherborne School for Girls followed the Mayor. She had kindly consented to present the prizes and certificates this year. The Chairman of Governors, Mrs. Bradford was followed by Miss Dunford. Also on the platform were Mr. Chesterfield and Commander Leveson-Gower.

Mrs. Bradford opened the proceedings by welcoming the visitors and then asked Miss Dunford to give her report. This told of how the School had expanded since 1945 and had now got a laboratory and boarding-houses as well as a playing field which we did not have then. Miss Dunford also said that we were "bursting with pride" concerning our school work and its results. This year we obtained three County Major Scholarships and eight girls obtained the Cambridge General Certificate of Education at Advanced Level. At Ordinary Level we had a higher percentage of passes than ever before.

After Mrs. Bradford had thanked Miss Dunford for giving her report, she asked Miss Reader Harris to present the prizes and certificates. Unfortunately many of the girls who had been in last year's Upper VI were unable to leave their colleges to receive their awards. However, the other prize-winners

received their awards from Miss Reader Harris before she gave her speech. In this Miss Reader Harris spoke of the ever increasing use among young people of cliches such as "I couldn't care less" and "so what?" These show the careless attitude of many young people. While we are at school we are given a good chance to choose between the right and the wrong way of life. It is up to us to take the right one as nobody else can choose for us.

At the end of the speech, Commander Leveson-Gower was asked to give the vote of thanks. He did not speak very long and afterwards the people from the platform went to their seats in the cinema.

It was then time for the Dramatic Recitals. The first one was by Susan Clarke and was a very amusing piece about a Victorian girl, called "A Young Lady's Education" by Jane Taylor. Ann Milroy then intoduced the next recital which was by Elizabeth Harding and Leslie Millar. This scene took place in the breakfast room at the court of King Henry VIII at the time of his marriage to Catherine Howard. Most of the talking was an amusing argument as to whether Alexander the Great's horse was black or white. Both these were presented in costumes which were very effective.

After the Dramatic Recitals, the School Choir went on to the stage. They sang five songs some of which were accompanied and others not. The songs were "My Bonnie Lass She Smileth," "The Golden Bird," "A Measure to Pleasure your Leisure," "The Galway Piper" and "The Bold Unbiddable Child." These were conducted by Miss Drake with Doctor Johnson at the piano.

The rest of the School then went on to the stage and we all sang "Except the Lord Build the House" by C. Armstrong Gibbs. This was a three part song, which was unaccompanied. Speech Day ended when everyone arose for the National Anthem.

I think that we all enjoyed our Speech Day very much. Afterwards it was said that it had been one of the best Speech Days that the School had ever had and it went down in the School log book as a Red Letter Day.

JENNY HARDING, *Lower VI.*

* * *

IMPRESSIONS OF SPEECH DAY

This year Speech Day was held at the Cinema on October 26th. It was cloudy and drizzled a little but luckily there was

no hard rain. I enjoyed it very much. Rosalind Jackson who sat in front of me kept her head quite low so I could see everything. It was very hot in the cinema and rather stuffy, but when Miss Dunford made her speech everyone was so intent on listening that no one noticed. In her speech Miss Dunford told us quite a lot about the School ten years ago and she said how it had improved during the last ten years.

Our visitor this year was Miss Reader-Harris, who is headmistress of Sherborne School for Girls. She gave a very interesting talk in which she put a lot of quotations. She looked very glamorous for a headmistress. A vote of thanks was given by Commander Leveson-Gower. The Head Girl, Wendy Colyer presented Miss Reader-Harris with a bouquet. Then Heather Swan, the smallest girl in the School, presented Mrs. Bradford also with one. Two Dramatic Recitals were given by four of the girls and were very much enjoyed by everyone. I think the person who acted the king made her voice a little too squeaky. She must have been eating as many potatoes, buns and cakes as she could before hand to get so fat. But, of course, she might easily have put cushions inside her clothes. Our School Choir followed by singing some very fine songs. The whole School then joined in singing "Except the Lord Build the House." The singing was lovely and the way that the choir got up and off the stage was very quick and efficient.

A lot of parents were present and I am sure they enjoyed it very much. It really was a most successful day.

THREE MEMBERS OF FORM III.

* * *

PRIZE-WINNERS

Subject Prizes

Religious Knowledge	Sheila Sheppard
English	Wendy Case
History	Mary Bond
Geography	Jennifer Harding
French	Maria Mendo
Latin	Barbara Hitchings
Mathematics	Valerie Sharp
Science	Valerie Sharp
Music	Jane Brayford
Art	Sally Culverhouse
Accompanying	Mary Bond

Good Work Prizes

Upper V.	Joyce Cox Penrose Colyer Ivy Dean Aslaug Godeseth Jennifer Harding Sylvia Hiscock Ruth Phillips
Lower V.	Ann Hall
Upper IV.	Mary Norris
Lower IV.	Celia Layzell Patricia Ridout
Form III.	Ann Milroy Gillian Ralph Diane Rowbottom

Prizes for Special Progress

Lower V.	Shirley McLeod
Upper IV.	Jean Brain
Speech Training	Janet Alner

Guildhall School of Music and Drama Certificates

Speech and Drama	Grade VI.A.	Wendy Case (with Merit) Janet Whitmarsh (with Merit)
Public Speaking	Introductory Grade	Susan Clarke (with Merit)
Choral Speaking	Intermediate Grade	Senior Choir (with Honours)

Cambridge General Certificate of Education

Advanced and Scholarship Level: C. Alford, M. Bond, W. Case, M. Mende, V. Sharp, S. Sheppard, A. Ward, J. Whitmarsh.

Ordinary Level: V. Behan, A. P. Coleman, P. Colyer, M. Coombs, J. Cox, S. Culverhouse, J. Dawling, I. Dean, R. Gibbs, A. Godeseth, S. Gray, M. Green, J. Harding, J. Hayter, S. Hiscock, J. Moores, R. Phillips, D. Pitman, B. Price, B. Salisbury, J. Salisbury, J. Sidford, M. Toogood, R. Tyler, R. Woodley

Champion House Cup: WREN

Head Girl's Award: M. BOND

* * *

THE SHAFTESBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL DANCE

On December 11th, the Sixth Form of the Shaftesbury High School, went to a dance held at the Grammar School. It was a unique occasion, being the first between the two schools, and everyone felt rather nervous. We all arrived at 7.30 p.m. and with Miss Dunford, Miss Woods, Miss Drake and Miss Tilstare, we went along to the hall. Here Miss Dunford introduced us to Mr. and Mrs. Brett, and then we found our special partners. Soon things were going with a swing and everyone looked very happy and carefree.

Then came refreshment time and we trouped along to the Sixth Form room, where all kinds of delicacies were laid out on the tables.

After that we went back to the Hall, and had some more dances and games. Then at 10 p.m., Mary Bond, our Head Girl, thanked Mr. Brett and the boys for a lovely evening and we all went home, having had a most enjoyable evening.

SALLY WOODHEAD, *Upper VI.*

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SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT, 1954—55

During the past year we have very much enjoyed the work of the Flower Guild, and have appreciated the exhibitions of floral arrangement which have been held. The Flower Guild was formed originally to arrange flowers, mainly in the Dining Hall and was first suggested by Miss Dunford at our meeting in the Autumn Term, 1954.

Another suggestion made in Council, which was not perhaps so popular among some people, was that the School levy should be raised. After discussion in the forms it was decided to raise it from 1s. to 1s. 6d., beginning with this (Autumn) term.

We should like to thank the Picture Committee, which was elected from Council, to choose a picture for the Hall. A new picture has been bought to tone with the furniture and paintwork.

With the added interest roused by the Visitors' Gallery, School Council continues to flourish. We look forward to lively discussions in the meetings of the coming year.

RUTH PHILLIPS, *Secretary.*

* * *

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

During the last year we have supported the British Empire Cancer Campaign, Friends' Service Council, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and Guide Dogs for the Blind. At Christmas we had a collection of toys of which the heavier ones were sent to the Shaftesbury appeal and the others to the Save the Children Fund.

When Miss Dunford was in S. Africa she became so much interested in the schools, especially in those of the St. Faith's Mission, that we decided to support them this term. We had a collection of books to send as well as money which amounted to £2 5s. 6d.

DAVINA FARRANCE, *Upper V, Secretary.*

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THE BOARDERS' REPORT

We were sorry to say "Goodbye" to Mrs. Powell and Miss Light from Sunridge at the end of the Summer Term. This Term we welcome Miss Robson and Miss Winifred, her sister, who have come to us from Southern Rhodesia. We hope they will be very happy with us. Barton Hill lost seven of its Senior Girls, and their places have been taken by six new Junior Boarders. Only two girls left Sunridge. This Term we are able to complete our numbers with three new Juniors. There were one or two more changes during the year.

The Boarders' Club had a very successful Winter Session with several highlights. Some of the evenings were enjoyed so much that we hope to be able to have some similar ones this year. The Club went to see Clayesmore's production of "Hamlet." For the first time the Boarders' Party had to be held in the Stalbridge Hut because of the increased numbers. The Head Girl and her Deputy were invited to it. The House Staff and the Secretary did an extremely humourous skit on the Staff-Room, and Miss Dunford interviewing girls. The Dining Hall was beautifully decorated, and the food, delicious.

Both Houses went for a Picnic on the last Saturday of the Summer Term. Sunridge went to Sandbanks, where they took to walking, bathing, and looking for crabs! They thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Barton Hill went to Studland and had a marvellous time, spending most of the day in the sea. The rest of the time they lay in the sun, walked, played Cum-Bak Tennis, and ate. Both Houses arrived home tired, and happy, and very sun-burned.

Some of Sunridge was decorated during the Summer holidays, mostly the dormitories. They also had a number of new wardrobes fitted. Barton Hill has had two new dressing-tables.

Unfortunately the Boarders' had no brilliant victories in tennis or hockey. They drew one hockey match with the Day Girls and lost another. The tennis match resulted in a win for the Day Girls.

M. C. WILSON,
M. J. BRAYFORD.

THE GAMES REPORT

Tennis

The exceptional fine weather this term aroused much enthusiasm for tennis. A higher standard of play has been reached throughout the school, and the First Tennis Six have put in a great deal of hard practice out of school hours, with the result that the season has been a most successful one.

We are trying to raise money to buy umpires' ladders for the courts at the field. Three American Tournaments were held, and these contributed £4 towards the fund.

Matches, 1955

Opponents	*S.H.S.*	*Place*	*Result*
Lord Digby's	1st VI.	Home	Lost 38—43
Gillingham	1st VI.	Away	Won 53—28
Blandford	1st VI.	Away	Won 64—35
Blandford	1st VI.	Home	Won 74—25
Old Girls	1st VI.	Home	Won 53—28
Shaftesbury Ladies	1st VI.	Away	Won 63—36
St. Mary's Convent	1st VI.	Away	Lost 46—53
The Hall School	1st VI.	Home	Won 52—29
Gillingham	1st VI.	Home	Won 73—26
Dorchester	2nd VI.	Home	Lost 33—66
St. Mary's Covent	2nd VI.	Away	Lost 41—58

Team

1st Couple	W. Case (Capt.), E. Parsons(Vice-Capt.)
2nd Couple	M. Wilson, R. Tyler
3rd Couple	M. Bond, M. Bradford
Reserves	J. Cox, A. Gray

(W. Case, E. Parsons, M. Wilson, M. Bond, retained their colours)

Double Colours were awarded to: R. Tyler, M. Bradford

Championship Cups

Upper School	Winners	M. Wilson, R. Tyler
	Runners-up	B. Woodley, M. Woodman
Middle School	Winners	P. Walter, A. Gray
	Runners-up	S. Pallister, J. Squire
Lower School	Winners	E. Harding, L. Millar
	Runners-up	P. Hughes, A. Welford

Inter-School Matches

House Cup	Winners	Barnes
	Runner-up	Hardy
Boarders *v.* Day Girls	Winners	Day Girls 19-17

WENDY A. CASE (*Captain*)

Hockey

The hockey season, despite the weather was successful. The team were very proud in having a County Match played on their own field, and they found the experience very beneficial. Mary Wilson, who was again selected to play for the Junior County Team, enjoyed her matches against Hampshire, Somerset, and the Hanoverians.

Matches, 1945-5

Opponents	*S.H.S.*	*Place*	*Result*
St. Mary's Convent	1st XI	Home	Lost 0—5
Blandford	1st XI	Away	Won 3—1
Old Girls	Scratch team	Home	Lost 1—3
Beaminster	1st XI	Home	Won 4—0
Sherborne	1st XI	Away	Lost 0—6
Beaminster	1st XI	Away	Won 3—1
Gillingham	1st XI	Away	Won 3—0
Parkstone	1st XI	Home	Lost 2—3
Parkstone	2nd XI	Home	Lost 0—6
Lord Digby's	1st XI	Home	Won 3—1

Team

Goalgeeper	A. Tyler
Right Back	V. Sharp (Secretary)
Left Back	S. Woodhead
Right Half	J. Cox
Left Half	W. Case
Centre Half	J. Whitmarsh* (Vice)
Right Wing	M. Wilson*
Right Inner	M. Bradford* (Captain)
Centre Forward	J. Stone
Left Inner	E. Brooks
Left Wing	E. Parsons*

(* denotes colours previously won)

Colours were awarded to: S. Woodhead, J. Stone, W. Case, V. Sharp, B. Tyler, J. Cox, E. Brooks.
Double Colours: W. Case.

House Matches: Winners—Barnes
Runners-up—Wren

M. BRADFORD, *Captain.*

Swimming

This year there has been a marked increase in enthusiasm for swimming and a swimming club has been held every Monday after school

Our Gala was a great success, held again on a lovely sunny afternoon, and the championship Cups were awarded as follows:

Lower School	E. Harding
Runner-up	A. Gant
Middle School	A. Lazarides
Runner-up	S. Brooks
Upper School	S. Clarke
Runner-up	M. Wilson
House Swimming Shield	Barnes
Runner-up	Wren

Susan Clarke again took part in the Dorset County Championships. We congratulate her on her results.

2nd	220 yds. Free Style
2nd	100 yds. Free Style
2nd	100 yds. Back Crawl

VALERIE SHARP, *Captain.*

Athletics

During the last year much more enthusiasm has been shown in athletics throughout the School. The keen practice of the competitors has shown good results in the following athletic meetings: *North Dorset Sports*—These were held at Blandford on May 21st. Only Junior and Secondary School competitors took part, with the exception of the Intermediate Long Jumpers. These were the results obtained:

Intermediate	Long Jump	1st J. Sidford, 3rd J. Cox
Secondary	High Jump	2nd, C. Burton
	Hurdles	2nd, H. Cheater
Junior	Long Jump	3rd, A. Welford
	High Jump	3rd, E. Harding
	Hurdles	3rd, P. Hughes

Dorset Sports—These were held at Pamphill Secondary School, Wimborne, on June 18th. The following results were gained:

Intermediate	High Jump	2nd, J. Stone 3rd, A. P. Coleman
	Javelin	2nd, G. Hann; 3rd, P. Hilton
	100 yards	2nd, A. Gibbs
	150 yards	3rd, P. Houston
Senior	Discus	1st, E. Parsons
	100 yards	2nd, M. Wilson
	220 yards	2nd, R. Jones
	Hurdles	1st, E. Rebbeck
	High Jump	1st, E. Brooks, who gained a record height 4ft. 8ins.

North Dorset was top in the Senior Section only and our School again won the Grosvenor Cup.

School Sports—These were held at our own field on June 8th. Against our tradition, the weather was warm and sunny and the sports were enjoyed by competitors and spectators alike. Miss Moore took some films to add to the School film.

Senior Champion	E. Brooks
Runner-up	M. Wilson
Intermediate Champion	H. Cheater
Runner-up	A. Hall
Junior Champions	L. Millar, A. Milroy
Runners-up	J. Booth, P. Hughes

Mrs. Bradford very kindly presented the trophies and we should like to thank her very much for doing so. She has also given to Elizabeth Brooks a replica of the Senior Sports Cup which Elizabeth had won for four consecutive years.

ELIZABETH BROOKS, *Captain.*

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DRAMATIC AND LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

The Dramatic and Literary Society finished last year's meetings with a play-reading of Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" which was shared by the Grammar School Dramatic Society. Some of the parts seemed to be very appropriately cast and it was a most enjoyable evening. The refreshments were provided by the Sixth Form members and were very much appreciated.

This term two meetings have been held. At the first there was a reading of "Quality Street" and at the second Miss Williams arranged a series of miming exercises which were much enjoyed.

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THE DEBATE WITH THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

In the Spring Term the seniors were guests of the Grammar School at an inter-school debate. Refreshments were provided before the opening of the debate and already groups could be seen arguing and voicing their opinion on the subject.

The subject of the debate was that:

"This house is of the opinion that the insecurity of the Elizabethan Age would be more beneficial than the security of the Welfare State."

The High School representatives, Adrienne Lawrence and Ruth Jones opposed the motion, and David Johnson and Alan Lawrence of the Grammar School supported it. Mr. Hopton took the chair.

After the speakers had given their arguments, the debate was thrown open to the house. There was a lively and enjoyable discussion from the floor and plenty of speakers. After the opposer and supporter of the motion had summed up, a vote was taken. This resulted in a victory for the opposition. The debate was very successful and was enjoyed by all who attended it.

ADRIENNE LAWRENCE, *Upper VI.*

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SOME MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

The. School Orchestra

Our orchestra is only a small one, consisting of six first violins, nine second and five third violins, four cellos, two descant recorders, one flute, one cornet and a pianist, with Miss McGill as the conductor. We have a great deal of fun, and have done many interesting things together during the last school year.

Last Speech Day we played a " Larghetto " and a Pavane to a packed cinema. Then later, in November, we went to Blandford to a Dorset Rural Music School Concert conducted by Bernard Shore. It was very successful and we all enjoyed ourselves tremendously. On May 7th some of the orchestra went as a group to the North Dorset Music Festival. They were awarded a silver cup, and performed in the evening concert. In the Summer Term we went to Salisbury Cathedral to hear the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, who played magnificently. Their conductors were Douglas Guest and Charles Groves, and the soloist was Bernard Shore on the viola. They played many beautiful things, including Vaughan Williams' choral work, " Flos Campi," with orchestral accompaniment, and solo viola, and some of Brahms's works.

One of our plans for the future is a big Festival next June, for which we are now practising hard. Altogether I think the orchestra has had a very full and interesting year, thanks to Miss McGill.

The Carol Service

Last Autumn Term as usual, we held our Carol Service jointly with the Grammar School in Holy Trinity Church. There was one slight difference this time, for the two choirs sat together in the choir stalls, and not in the front of the nave, as they had previously done.

The service was a great success. The Girls' Choir sang, "He Smiles within his Cradle," "O little one sweet, O little one mild," "Ding, dong merrily on high," and a few others, while John Millar, from the Grammar School, sang a solo, "Thou didst not leave his soul in Hell." The Junior reader from the High School was Ann Milroy, and the Senior, Janet Whitmarsh.

The Church was packed with visitors, who afterwards said that they had enjoyed it very much.

Musical Concert

This Autumn Term we were honoured with a visit from Carl Dolmetsch and Joseph Saxeby. They gave us a very interesting musical lecture on many different kinds of instruments first telling us about them, and then playing them.

Mr. Dolmetsch played the descant, treble, tenor and bass recorders; and the sopranino, an even smaller kind of recorder; and old English violin, and a treble viol, which produced a sound rather like bagpipes or an oboe. It had six strings, and was played rather like a small cello, only held on, instead of of between the knees. Mr. Dolmetsch then played an instrument called a rebeck, which is the ancestor of the violins, and which comes originally from Arabia. It is shaped rather like a wooden spoon, only it has a piece of wood over the top. It is played rather like a violin, but is held under the arm instead of under the chin.

While Mr. Dometsch played these instruments, Mr. Saxeby accompanied him on the harpsichord. He also played some very beautiful solos, and one or two duets with Doctor Johnson.

The concert ended with some recorder duets and trios, and thus one of the most enjoyable musical afternoons we have ever had in this School came to an end. I am sure everybody is very grateful to Dr. Johnson for arranging it, and to Mr. Saxeby and Mr. Dolmetsch for playing so delightfully for us.

ROSEMARY BRAYFORD, *Upper IV.*

The Choir

The School choir has had a number of successes this last year. The first success, in the Autumn Term, being when the girls took part in a combined effort with the Grammar School choir, at the Carol Service, which was much enjoyed. Then, later on in the year, in the Spring Term, on February 26th, the choir claimed a second prize in the Competitive Musical Festival-in Weymouth—with eighty five marks for, "The Golden

Bird," and eighty-eight marks for "The Lord is My Shepherd." Later still, in the Summer Term, the choir won honours nearer home —at Shaftesbury, in fact—in the Dorset Music Festival, with eighty-five marks for "A Measure to Pleasure Your Leisure," At the end of the Summer Term, the choir lost many girls, unhappily, but for all that, the singing, on Speech Day, this Autumn, was much appreciated.

ANN J. HALL, *Upper V.*

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THE CHESTER MYSTERY PLAYS

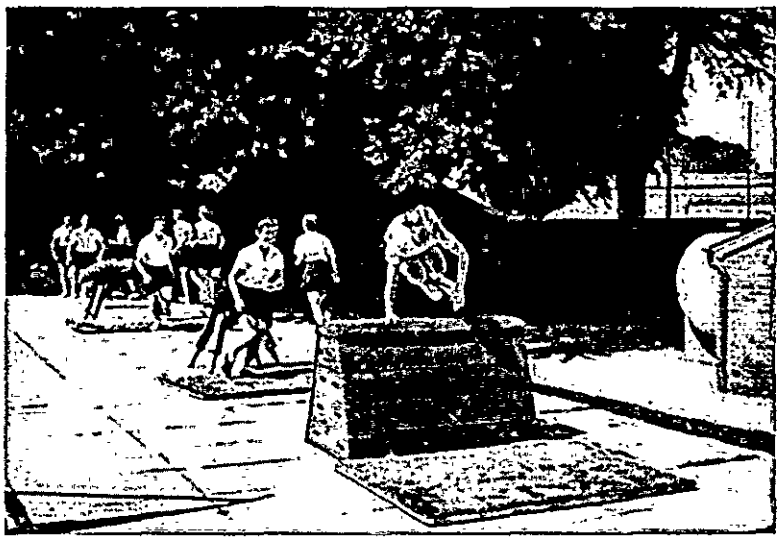
On the 21st of July, 1955, about 100 girls went to Bryanston School to see a performance of the Chester Mystery Plays in the Greek theatre there. This particular cycle of plays was first performed by a trade or guild during the Middle Ages. It took place at Whitsuntide, though the other cycles celebrated the feast of Corpus Christi.

The plays started with the magnificent sight of God and his angels, clad in white and yellow satin, standing on a marvellous erection above the Greek theatre. God then proceeded to tell the angels that he had to go, and that not one of them might sit on his throne in his absence. Lucifer, however, did so, and was banished to Hell, muttering curses as he went. God then created Adam and Eve, but eventually they were banished too.

Mary then made her first appearance, and after the birth of Jesus some very rustic shepherds came to worship him after they had fed on some realistic, but not very tempting looking, morsels. The three Kings appeared next, and were questioned by Herod, who was dressed in a robe of various shades of purple, red, orange and pink. He was very affected and polite towards his visitors, but was at his best in a fine rage after they had departed.

After this the most striking figure of the play emerged. Timothy Cree, in white, not only looked and had the voice for the part; he *was* Jesus to as great a perfection as humanly possible. Implored by Martha and Mary, he raised their brother Lazarus from the dead, but by allowing Mary Magdalene to anoint his feet he provoked Judas Iscariot into betraying him. The night before he was taken, Jesus went with his disciples in to the Garden of Gethsemane and prayed. The apostles slept. Suddenly a low muttering was heard, and lights were seen in the distance. It was the soldiers, headed by Judas, who had

Photo by] MISS DRAKE AND THE CHOIR AT WEYMOUTH [*Herbert, Weymouth*



AN ACTIVITY LESSON [*Photo by Bealing*

promised Annas and Caiaphas that they should have Jesus. Jesus, very calm, was hustled away, while the disciples fled.

Annas and Caiaphas were ready for Jesus, and accused him of wrong-doing. He answered not a word, even when the mob struck him and spat in his face, and so it was decided to take him before Pontius Pilate. Pilate, however, could find no reason to punish Jesus and indeed tried hard to save him; but he had to yield, and the crowd bore him off in triumph to be crucified.

Then came the focal point of the plays. Jesus was nailed to the cross, where he prayed for his enemies so earnestly that they were moved. Summoning up the last of his strength he shouted "Eloi, eloi, lame sabachathani," and died with the shout ringing in everyone's ears.

The cycle ended with God's deliverance of the Last Judgement. He divided the Good from the Bad according to what they had done to their fellow men. The Good then ascended into heaven singing a Gloria, but the Bad, exchanging their white robes for black ones were driven into Hell by Satan and six of his imps. The impression was very effective indeed, to the end when a green firework exploded in the entrance to Hell.

So the plays ended. Seeing them had been a wonderful and moving experience, and I am sure that they gave everyone something to think about.

PENROSE COLYER, *Lower VI.*

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THE FLOWER GUILD

I think that the Flower Guild is quite the most delightful thing that School Council has thought up! It was decided in the meeting on February 16th that all girls interested in floral arrangements should form a society in School to hold meetings and generally to improve their ability. After an informal first meeting in Miss Dunford's study, where ideas were discussed over tea and cakes, the group settled down to fortnightly practice meetings in the Lab.

Mrs. Guy, a friend of Miss Drake's came to our first meeting to criticise our efforts and offer her advice, which was most helpful. By the end of the Spring Term, membership was extended to the Upper IV form; nine girls were admitted on satisfactory completion of arrangements which were judged by Mrs. Kirk. This brought our membership up to twenty-six which included three members of Staff.

On Parent's Day, we staged our first exhibition, the greatest emphasis being on miniatures. Our next exhibition was on July 20th and was open to the School; the object being to raise funds as we were in a poor financial condition. Thanks to the generous contributions of the Staff and girls, we are now relatively stable, although .....

Our thanks are due to Miss Dunford, our President, who takes such an interest in our work and to Miss Drake our Chairman, who has worked enormously hard for us, and has pointed out our mistakes in such a charming way, and generally made the meetings run smoothly and happily. Our thanks also go to Miss Tilstone, our deputy-Chairman, who allows us to use the Lab; to Janet Whitmarsh, our very artistic and efficient first secretary; and to all you who take an interest in our work. This term our big effort will go into making Christmas decorations which, we hope will bring an extra touch of beauty to School.

MARION WORTHINGTON, *Upper VI, Secretary.*

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CAREY CAMP, MAY, 1955

Last term, Mrs. Davidson, who teaches Biology at Gillingham Grammar School, organised a party to go on a field course at Carey Camp, near Wareham. Miss Tilstone, Sally and I were invited to go, and in due course everything was arranged and we packed our gear in to a school 'bus, climbed in after it and set off.

When we arrived at the Camp, it soon became apparent that our party contained the only six girls in the entire place! We were allocated tents, and given blankets to make up our beds. We slept on palliasses the contents of which resolved themselves into lumps around the edges, leaving the contours of the ground beneath to make their presence clearly felt.

The first night was extremely cold and uncomfortable. The monotonous notes of the cuckoo were perhaps the worst deterrent to sleep. I think the cuckoo is an extremely bad sport. At two o'clock in the morning he wakes up, makes a dreadful din to wake all the other birds up and then promptly goes to sleep again until seven or eight o'clock—I used to enjoy the dawn chorus.

I suppose we looked a trifle odd, clad in mackintoshes and wellingtons and clasping sponge bags as we walked across the grass and through the pine trees to the ablution block. This

was built of concrete and galvanised iron with a view of the trees and sky filling in the spaces. It required great strength of mind to creep out of a tent into the cold air like this every morning, but I am glad to say that all the girls managed it.

After breakfast, we had to perform various camp duties and then we were free to go out and make soil tests, estimate the density of population of various plants and to hunt for beetles and woodlice. Most of the beetles were quite intelligent; they escaped by eating through the corks of the bottles. The woodlice hadn't a chance; they only curled up—if thy could—and stayed quite still and apparently content in the bottles.

The highlight of our stay was a lecture and farm walk given by Mr. Alan Sturdy, on whose land the camp is situated, and who has reclaimed much of the land around. His methods are somewhat unorthodox—he uses the birch and gorse (furze to a Dorset man) to fill up holes (caused in glass-making about 100 years ago), topping this off with soil chopped off any prominent mounds. This does not gradually cave in, as the soil is so acid that the bacteria, which normally act on the buried vegetable matter, are not present and so no decomposition occurs. He also uses the clay from the walls of his old farm-house in the place of cement on the farm roads !.

We learned much about land drainage, artificial fertilisers, grass mixtures, springs and the Ferguson System of Farm implements. Mr. Sturdy had some large photographs of the progress which had been made and this was very impressing. The farm carries twenty dairy cows and their followers—we saw some calves in pens made of straw bales in a Dutch barn, with only a single strand of electrified wire to keep them in. Most of the fences around the farm are electric and in this way the cattle get used to the idea from a very early age. We also saw the dairy which is in the same style as that at the Dorset Farm Institute at Kingston Mauward. The milk passes straight from the cow, through a filter and cooler, to the churn. The weight is recorded in the process. This system requires extremely efficient sterilisation which is met by a large electric steam cabinet.

Besides the farm, we also saw a dead buzzard in the garden, a fuschia with prickles like a gooseberry, a climbing hydrangea, a tea tree with huge pink flowers, a hydraulic ram and a fascinating electric gadget controlling the electric fences which emitted red and green flashes.

The following day we went by coach to Durdle Door, to find, among other things, the woodlice which live on the sea-

shore. I also found some stones with holes in them, which are very useful " containers " for miniature flowers. We walked over the hills to Lulworth Cove, collecting and making notes on the chalk flora as we went. A mist came in from the sea and for an unknown reason we found a species of Love-in-the-Mist which does not usually flourish in such adverse conditions.

We left Carey on the Saturday morning, having spent three days improving our biological knowledge ! When I reached home, I had a bath, treated my numerous gnat bites, ate an enormous dinner and went to bed to dream of leeches, platyhelminthes, Salad Burnet, pH. Bacteria, woodlice and so many other things that I didn't have time to wake up until the following afternoon. The camp was great fun and I learned a lot, but—never, never shall I go on a field course again.

MARION WORTHINGTON, *Upper VI.*

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THE GENERAL COURSE FOR SIXTH FORMERS

Last year, a General Course for Sixth Formers was introduced the reason for it being that the majority of Lower Sixth Girls were only staying at school for one year. It was a very interesting and varied course, consisting of English, Human Biology and Social Studies.

In the English Lessons, our knowledge of books and plays was greatly advanced, and we gained confidence in speech-making by practising in front of one another. Human Biology consisted of a great deal of work, as we were to take it in the General Certificate of Education at the end of the course. Thanks to Miss Tilstone, all of us passed and it helped a great deal those going to train as nurses. To most of us, the Social Studies and the Social Geography were two completely new subjects, but they were very interesting ones. We learnt much about the English Government in comparison with other Legislations abroad, and in Social Geography, our attention was focused upon our food and how it is obtained.

The highlight of the course came in the Summer Term, when, with many thanks to Miss Piggott, we had two outings. The first was to the Mayor's Ceremony which we all enjoyed and which we were all very grateful for, as many of us will not have the opportunity again. The second outing was to the Town's Water Works. At the beginning of the lesson, Mr. Teesdale came to the school to talk to us and to explain to us how Shaftesbury got its water and how it was distributed.

After this, we went with him and Miss Piggott to the Water works, where we were shown the wells and pumps, and told how they worked. To end up with, we were shown how to test water for chlorine. All of us were greatly interested and we thanked Mr. Teesdale very warmly for giving up part of the morning for our benefit.

Thus, the General Course proved to be a success, and I hope that the girls taking it this year will get as much fun out of it as we did.

SUSAN CLARKE, *Upper VI.*

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THE SIXTH FORM VISIT TO SUNNY HILL SCHOOL, BRUTON

We had been very much impressed by the Series of Religion and Philosophy Broadcasts for the Year. The Upper Sixth said that they were so much more relevant to life today than the series of the previous year. It was strange how different parts of them kept coming up in our ordinary life, perhaps in the Bible Fellowship, or in Church. We all felt it would be very interesting to find out if the broadcasts had meant as much to other Sixth Forms as they had to us. Sunny Hill was chosen partly because it is Miss Dunford's old school.

The two Headmistresses, Miss Chappell and Miss Dunford, discussed what form the discussion should take, and all the other details. Sunny Hill invited us to go down there to have tea, and then a discussion, and then to go over their school. To decide which were the questions which most people wanted to discuss, we voted on eight, four on the problem of Suffering, and four on the problem of Evil and the Doctrine of Redemption. The four questions which were finally chosen were:

1. Does Man's Free Will make suffering inevitable?

2. Why, since God died for the Sin of the whole World, is there any Eternal Condemnation?

3. Since the World was made by God, how did Evil come into it?

4. Is Man responsible for his own sin?

As the day grew nearer, we began to feel rather apprehensive about it. (So did the Sunny Hill girls, we discovered afterwards!) However, they made us feel at home straightaway, and took us down for a delicious tea as soon as we arrived. We all mixed up well, so that by the time tea was over, we were no

longer strangers, and there was not much that we did not know about the differences in the running of each other's boarding houses and schools.

After we had finished tea, we went to the Lab. for the discussion. From our School, Wendy Case and Marina Mende, and from Sunny Hill, two girls named Heather and Mary, each introduced a subject. From their lead we went on to have the most interesting discussions, and found that there was not nearly enough time for all we wanted to get through. I think we were surprised to find how like us they were in that the same problems had worried them, and it was very good to have fresh ideas about questions with which we were already familiar.

There was very little time left for seeing the School, but in small groups they hurried round with us, because we badly wanted to see and compare everything. We managed to go all the way round, and even had a glimpse of the Juniors going to bed. Things which impressed us particularly were their lovely Hall, the long row of Music Rooms for piano practice, the Dispensary, complete with State Registered Nurse, and the beautiful and unusual setting of the School as a whole. They are, however, not nearly so fortunate as us in their boarding house. Both the Common Rooms and the Dormitories are very cramped.

The 'bus did not finally leave until much later than we had expected. The visit resulted in a return one here, at which we had a very exciting tennis match, a very pleasant tea on the lawn, and a tour round the School and Boarding Houses. Quite apart from this, however, we felt that our expedition to Sunny Hill had been an extremely happy and valuable occasion.

M. J. BRAYFORD, *Upper VI.*

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TALKS BY REPRESENTATIVES FROM FIVE DENOMINATIONS

Last year, girls taking the Lower Sixth General Course, decided, in Religious Knowledge, to learn about the different denominations of the Christian religion. Unfortunately, before they had half finished, Miss Dunford left to go on her tour of Africa, but before she went, it was decided to carry on with the lessons by inviting preachers of different denominations to School. In order that as many girls as possible could benefit from the talks, the rest of the Sixth Form was invited.

Altogether, five representatives came, the first being the Reverend Lenn, the Congregational Minister. He told us very clearly how Congregationalism began in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, and also the beliefs of the denominations. It is the beliefs which are the cause of the different denominations, and when all five preachers had spoken to us, we realised the difficulties which would have to be overcome before all the denominations could be united. The second preacher was Chaplain Pritz, a Baptist, from the American Base. Many of the girls had met him before at different meetings, and had told us what a good preacher he was. Once again, the background or history of the denomination was told, so that we could fully understand why the Baptists have only the two ordinances, Baptism and Communion.

The third speaker was Mr. Stephen Rutter, who told us about the Society of Friends. Most of us had heard a little about this sect, such as their testimony of taking no oaths, and their belief that they should not fight, but thanks to Mr. Rutter we gained a much clearer idea of their beliefs, their background, their church ceremonies and weekly service. Not only did we learn much about the sect itself, but also about the way in which Quakers contact God, so that there is no need for Sacraments of any kind. The Reverend Ivens was the fourth speaker, and he gave us some very clear ideas about the Methodist Church, and how it was run. He also told us why the Methodists differ from other denominations, and the beliefs that the members hold.

The last preacher was the Reverend Horlock-Jones, who pointed out to us the four differences which the Church of England has from other denominations. Although he was telling us what could be termed as just 'plain facts,' there was something specially important about it as it made many of us realise why we belonged to the Church of England. After hearing about the other denominations, some of the people belonging to the Church of England had begun to think why they did believe so much in that one denomination, but the Reverend Horlock-Jones told them the reason and explained it with great clarity.

I doubt if many of us will forget the talks for quite a long time, and because we have learnt more about the differences of the denominations, we now realise why we belong to the denomination that we do. We thank the Ministers most sincerely for giving up their time to come and help us.

SUSAN CLARKE, *Upper VI.*

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE DORSET NATURAL HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

As I had won a prize in the County Competition, in February this year, I was invited to the annual general meeting of the Society which was the County Museum in Dorchester. I was very thrilled because it meant that I should get a day off school in a particularly wet and depressing February and that I should have a chance to see my brother, who is at boarding school in Dorchester.

I met my parents in Blandford, and we drove from there (rather slowly because of the snow), to Dorchester. We had dinner (I particularly remember the mushroom soup) and then went to the museum as the meeting was to be held in the library there.

We were greeted by Colonel Drew, the Curator and Secretary and taken to the library, where a cheerful fire was burning in the grate. The library is a gracious room overlooking the main street—(unfortunately there is a bus-stop just outside) —and when we arrived was about half full of people. It wasn't as formidable as I expected. Everyone was very pleasant but I was a little taken aback by the cold, aloof glances from several brass-rubbings hanging from the bookshelves.

The President came in and sat in the imposing Presidential Chair and the meeting began. Colonel Drew read the Minutes of the last meeting from a simply enormous Minute-Book—it must have made his arms ache dreadfully. I remember hearing about the windows in the Museum becoming dangerous because the original iron frames were expanding and buckling and so shattering the glass; the effort being made to preserve Napper's Mite; the Lidd courses; Brownsea Island; the birds on Portland Bill—my own doctor at home was mentioned in this connection—lots about the Lepidoptera—I was glad I knew this meant Butterflies and Moths as it was very hard to take an intelligent interest in these proceedings without a certain knowledge of the Latin terms and names used.

The Presidential Address was given by G. Dru Duny, Esq., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., F.S.A. on "Dorset Stone Effigies of the Camail Period." I needed a knowledge of Latin before but the need for French here was absolutely vital. The brass rubbings looked coolly down at us as the various points of interest in their armour were pointed out with the help of a long stick. The Camail, is the piece of chain mail which was attached to the bassinet, protecting the neck, and was in fashion from roughly

1340 to 1410—a period almost corresponding to the Hundred Years' War. The well-dressed knight also wore an embroidered jupon, often decorated with his family crest, and his knees and elbows were given additional protection by other things. The body is encased in chain mail and the limbs in plates of armour. (Today we arm several men at once by placing them in tanks.)

The knights used to have effigies of themselves placed in churches and so the study of these effigies had arisen. The earliest example of an effigy in complete mail is in Salisbury Cathedral and dates from about 1240. Apparently chain mail was made something like our knitted garments today, and some enterprising man had actually produced some from steel wire and outsize knitting needles ! I should not care to have been married to one of these knights who required such attention.

Next we heard a paper by Major H. O. Lock—" Napper's Mite, Dorchester: its Past, Present and Future." Napper's Mite is one of Dorchester's old almshouses ; it was instituted by Sir Richard Napper for the care of ten old men, and is opposite the original site of Hardye's School. There are records of Sir Richard's payments to a priest who took services there, and who was supposed to hear the ten old men say their Catechism every week !

There were seven more items on the Agenda, mainly reports and elections—the President for 1955-56 is Mr. Alan Sturdy, whom I was to see later in the year at Carey Camp, and I remember one of the men at the Press table sneezed very loudly three times and the grandfather clock had a peculiarly high chime. The whole meeting was so different from anything I had previously experienced, and was so extraordinarily enjoyable that I shall not forget it for a very long time.

MARION WORTHINGTON, *Upper VI.*

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OUR PRODUCTION OF " COMUS "

One English lesson Miss Woods told us that she had an unusual thing for us to do. This was to perform the play " Comus " by Milton, to part of the School. Wendy Case, a Sixth Former, was to be producer. Of course, we all agreed at once that it would be fun to do and after a lot of discussion the parts were decided :

Comus	Rosemary Lawrence
The Attendant Spirit	Sally A. Mullington
The Lady	Mary Norris
Sabrina	Rose Napper
Brothers	Daphne Woodman
	Heather Jesshope

The masque was written in honour of a young girl and her brothers. It tells of how she gets lost in a dark wood, is bewitched by Comus and is at last rescued by her brothers, helped by Sabrina and the Attendant Spirit. Unlike most masques, the main setting is out of doors.

In due course Wendy came to our English lessons and we began to learn our parts and discuss clothes. As time went on, however, we realised that part of the play had to be cut and some very hard work put in, if we were ever to perform it before the end of term. A few days later more was cut out, and after this still more, until finally we were down to the barest minimum. This was very depressing after all our hard work, but still it had to happen.

Then, when we were practically ready, the blow fell. There was no time left for the fitting of clothes, so it had to be performed in school uniform !

In spite of all the difficulties, however, the play went off with hardly a hitch. We performed it on Miss Dunford's lawn. Quite a few people listened, including Miss Dickson, our old Science mistress.

S. A. MULLINGTON, *Lower V.*

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A VISIT TO SEE PICASSO'S PAINTINGS

All art exhibitions hold a fascination for me, and an exhibition of modern contemporary art, I felt, would be particularly interesting. So, on the afternoon of Friday, September 30th, I set off, with several other members of my Form to Blandford. We were accompanied by Mr. Cameron who had previously told us that we might not all be impressed by what we saw of Picasso's work. That, I thought, was a mild way of putting it. I tried to tell myself that I must not be disparaging about someone whose artistic ability was far greater than my own.

So I entered the Corn Exchange at Blandford with my mind full of curious expectancy. On entering the room where the paintings were displayed, I was extremely surprised, and I

may add, a little pleased, to see that not all the artistic efforts around me were of a fish on a plate, or a face in coloured cubes.

I began my viewing with some of Picasso's more 'realistic' paintings which I found to be quite attractive. Passing on, however, I came upon one called "The Card Player." Where was the player? I blinked and looked again, but all I could see were some queerly-shaped objects which might have represented cards, plus some dark indistinguishable objects which in my opinion might have represented anything. I moved on telling myself that my mentality was not high enough to be able to appreciate it.

We were then addressed by a gentleman who was defintely pro-Picasso. After his lecture, I attempted to study the paintings more closely, but I am afraid with little success. Some of the paintings, however, I did like, and as I left the exhbition and went into the cold, grey afternoon once more, I ruminated upon my visit and now I am determined if possible, to see more of Picasso's work, which is defintely fantastic and controversial, if not altogether to my taste.

HILARY JONES, *Upper V.*

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A "RUSH SUNDAY" SERVICE

Last Whitsuntide I had the honour to be asked by the Matron of the Bristol Royal Infirmary, if I would like to attend the "Rush Sunday" Service at St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. It was a magnificent service.

"Rush Sunday" has been commemorated since the year 1493 when, in accordance with the mediæval custom of Salisbury for Whit Sunday, the Church was strewn with rushes. The people who attended these services carried nosegays of herbs, as a protection against disease.

This Service is the only one of its kind in the country and the congregation is invited by the Civic Authorities.

The rushes are freshly cut from the fields around Bristol and are strewn on the ground. The left side of the body of the Church is occupied by the wives of the Corporation and the right by the Corporation itself. In each pew there are nosegays of flowers, numbering over two hundred, every one being different, with a large carnation in the centre.

When the congregation was seated, the traditional procession around the Church began; after which the Mayor, who

led the procession, was met by the Vicar and Churchwardens at the West Door, where they were presented with bouquets of flowers.

The choir then proceeded up the aisle, followed by twelve of the City Police, carrying silver maces. All that could be heard was the sound of the rushes as the procession moved into the Church, and took their places. The Vicar came last of all, in his crimson velvet and gold State robes, carrying a bouquet of deep red roses and lilies of the valley.

The Vicar then delivered a short address and the service began, with the music of the choir and organ, filling the vast church with the hymn, "Come thou Holy Spirit, come..."

There then followed the National Anthem, and the remainder of the service, the Psalms and Te Deum Laudamus being sung by the Choir. The sermon was preached by the Vicar, the Rev. Cartwright, and the Service concluded with the hymn, "Thy Hand, O God, has guided..." and the Blessing.

The congregation remained standing, while the procession left the Church. The Mayor re-entered his State coach with a fanfare of trumpets, and returned to the City Hall, where a lunch was held for the Civic Authorities.

It took the congregation nearly an hour to leave the Church, Garth Benson playing the organ all the time. Many people picked up rushes as they left, as a memento of a very unusual service.

I shall never forget that "Rush Sunday" Service as long as I live—it will remain as a memory of the most impressive service I have ever been to, in my life.

C. RICHMOND, *Upper V.*

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MY FIRST HUNT

Last Christmas, Daddy gave me a pony for my Christmas and birthday present. Monkey Tricks is a bay mare, fourteen hands two inches, with a white blaze down her face and one white sock. She has been hunted for three seasons and is a good jumper.

"Wake-up! Wake-up!" someone was calling me. "You'll be late."

I jumped out of bed and began to dress hurriedly. It was a quarter to eight on Boxing Day morning. I had to clean out

the stable, feed and groom Monkey Tricks, have my breakfast, change, saddle-up and be at Hinton St. Mary in time for the Day meet.

As I neared the Manor where the Meet was to take place, I passed crowds of people walking and pushing 'bikes. Everyone stared as I passed and I could feel myself going red, but I was glad that Monkey Tricks looked so nice and that I had spent so much time grooming her. I was one of the first to arrive and by that time I was a little nervous and very excited. This was my first hunt and Monkey Tricks was behaving beautifully although she was sweating a little with the excitement. The Master and hounds arrived with the Whip following close behind. There were fifteen riders, including one or two people I knew, and hundreds of people. The Master and Huntsmen finished their drinks and we moved off.

We trotted down a muddy lane, the hounds leading the way, showing splashes of white, black and tan, their sterns waving. We stood listening near the covert; the fox was away; presently the hounds tore after it in full cry. The excitement was terrific. The horses were mad to be off. It was all I could do to hold my pony. Then we were off.

We galloped over field after field, all with gates and small fences. At the end of one field there was no fence and instead, a deep, yawning ditch. My heart came into my mouth. Monkey Tricks lowered herself carefully down the side and gave one mighty leap out, very nearly leaving me behind. Taking a hasty glance back I saw two or three tall hunters refusing this place and my enthusiasm was in no way diminished.

There was a brook ahead: "Follow me. This is a nasty place," called a farmer on a big cob. Already there were horses refusing. One horse was wading from the water, riderless. The farmer gave me a lead over this almost invisible place. Then it was my turn; Monkey Tricks leaped up and out. The next thing I knew was I was cantering across a ploughed field with my cap down over my eyes.

"That's a game little hunter you've got there," said the farmer, making me swell with pride.

That field made Monkey Tricks blow a bit and I was not altogether sorry to see that in the next field the Huntsman was off his horse and the hounds were scrabbling to get a piece of the well-deserved fox. I had quite a shock when I looked at myself, for I was covered in splashes of mud from head to foot. Just solid mud all round my ankles! Monkey Tricks was covered in lather and mud. It was past half-past-two and I had a good

seven miles to go before reaching home, so I said good-night to the Master and thanked him for a good day's sport, and began my journey homewards.

It was past four o'clock when I reached home and already growing dark. I slipped out of the saddle and simply limped into the stable because I was so stiff. I gave Monkey Tricks a good rub down and washed some of the mud off her feet and legs. I gave her some hay and a good straw bed reaching nearly to her stomach. Mother brought out the bucket of bran-mash and after making sure that Tricks had everything she needed, I went indoors to a hot bath and buttered toast for tea.

Later that night, just before I went to bed, I came out to the stable to say good-night to Tricks and see that she was alright. She whickered to me as she crossed the stable to the door; I patted her and gave her a sugar-knob; then shut the door, and went to bed, to dream of that glorious sensation when taking those fences and to feel the wind on my face again as we galloped across the fields.

MARGARET ROSE, *Lower V.*

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"THE FARMERS' WEEKLY" COURSE, 1955

Every year *The Farmers' Weekly* holds a holiday course for boys and girls between the ages of twelve and twenty. The people chosen to go on this course have to have won competitions regularly in *The Farmers' Weekly* and if they are lucky enough to have been chosen, *The Farmers' Weekly* pays all their expenses which include those for accommodation and travelling. The Courses are different each year. This year it was the East Riding of Yorkshire; last year it was the South of Scotland; the year before, Kent and some years back, they even went abroad—to France.

This year I was lucky enough to be chosen to go to the East Riding of Yorkshire. The journey north seemed endlessly long, but it was very interesting to note the changing countryside. Some parts seemed flatter than the undulating countryside that I am used to here in the south, but on the whole it was very similar even if it was a little more bleak. In York, we were joined by the three Welsh boys who were not with the main party of eight boys and six girls travelling from London, and, then we all set out by 'bus for Beverley which is the local capital of East Riding.

All those attending the Course came from various parts of the South of England except for the three boys from the South of Wales and one girl from Leicestershire. We were chosen from these regions so that we should have a chance of seeing the agriculture in a part of the British Isles which was not well known to us.

In the East Riding we stayed at the East Riding Institute of Agriculture at Bishop Burton. The Institute building was only finished in 1953 and is, therefore, very modern. All the furniture is in a beautiful light colour, and the chests of drawers have formica tops. The Institute can accommodate forty students, each of whom has his own study-bedroom. There is also a very useful library, pleasant common-rooms, and a spacious dining room with large windows. The dining room is always beautifully decorated with numerous vases of flowers.

The Institute itself is situated in beautiful park-lands with some rare trees planted there by the Hall-Watts who were for many years the squires of Bishop Burton. Their manor stood on the site of the Institute. A part of a Roman Embankment, called the Reine by the local inhabitants, runs round part of the Institute and Roman remains are quite often found on it, exposed by weather and quite often by animals making their burrows there. The Institute's land consists of four hundred and twenty-five acres. Most of this is arable, though there is pasture round the trees in the park-land. The main crops are cereals of various sorts, and some root crops on which the sheep are folded. The stock consists of thirty attested British Friesians, forty-five heifers and one bull, a beef herd of Aberdeen Angus cross Shorthorn cows and one Aberdeen Angus bull, approximately thirty pedigree large white sows and gilts and two hundred and seventy breeding and fattening stores and a flock of Border Leicester cross Cheviot sheep.

We also visited various farms in the neighbourhood of the Institute, and we tried to visit the most typical farms of that area. We went to see the farm, or rather farms, of Mr. Godfrey whose farm was a typical Holderness farm. Holderness is the flat strip of country north-east of the Humber. The land is rather monotonous to travel over as the land is so very flat. The main problems of Mr. Godfrey are drainage of this very low land and salt due to flooding. The Government grants money to the Holderness farmers when their land is flooded so that they can buy gypsum which puts back the fertility into the soil. Other problems are wild oats, slugs which have been known to clear off a good crop in one night, and the getting of electricity to the farm buildings. On one of the farms of one thousand,

eight hundred and sixty-three acres, forty-nine men were employed and approximately a hundred women came to help during the potato harvest. There were also twenty-six tractors and six combines on this farm. Mr. Godfrey's stock consisted of approximately four thousand bacon pigs, four thousand hens which were mostly in batteries, one thousand four hundred turkeys and one hundred and forty ducks which were fed off the waste from the hens and turkeys. Mr. Godfrey also had a hundred fat cattle, but no dairy cows strange as it may seem to us who live in the south.

Mr. Godfrey's crops are potatoes, wheat, barley, seeds (grass) and peas. To Mr. Godfrey, forty acres of peas was just a little patch. It is from the East Riding that we get most of our dried peas. In the East Riding they are harvested just like a corn crop and thrashed through the threshing machine which is familiar to us.

We visited two typical Wold farms. One was of five hundred and twenty-five acres and the other of several thousand acres. The farm buildings of the smaller farm were built ninety to a hundred years ago, but although they are very picturesque, they are not convenient for adapting to the buildings needed for the farming of today. It was not until fairly recently that water was laid on to this farm, and before it was laid on, the farmer had to cart his water several miles from the village pond. The main crops on this farm are potatoes, peas, sugar-beet, wheat and barley. The peas on this farm are again for drying, and the hulm would be turned into silage in a good year, but in a bad year it would be burnt. The stock on the farm was a hundred and fifteen Ayrshire cows, twenty-three breeding sows, some of which are Essex and some Large White and one Landrace boar. These are no sheep as would be expected on a Wold farm, for the farmer says that the land is sheep sick.

Mr. Stephenson who was the other Wold farmer whose farms we saw, farmed in a different way. His chief crops are roots and barley, while the chief livestock are sheep which are folded on the roots and white clover leys. The fields on these farms are very large, they could be anything up to three hundred and fifty acres. Mr. Stephenson has six twelve-foot combines and twenty tractors, several cars, his own private petrol station and also an aeroplane which won the King's Cup Air Race in 1954.

We were also taken to see York, Hull and Beverley. At York and Beverley there are beautiful Minsters (Cathedrals), the one at Beverley is the more feminine of the two. We were taken to the top of one of the towers of Beverley Minster but

unfortunately it was a misty day so that we were not able to see far. At Beverley the river was so narrow where the shipyards were, that the trawlers built there had to be launched sideways. At York we visited the Castle Museum, and were very much interested to see an old street with the early street-lamps and shop windows showing sweets and shoes amongst other things. We could actually enter the sweet-shop and see the famous sweets with their love-messages on them. Also in the museum were two large cases full of Valentine cards over the years, and in the Agricultural Department you could press a button and hear two old ladies of the North Riding speaking together, and to my surprise, the intonation was remarkably like Scandinavian. York also had well preserved city walls built in Roman times.

At Hull we saw ships being unloaded and were surprised at the skill with which the men worked the cranes. I think the one unloading wool was the most skilful. There had to be a most carefully calculated swing to land the bales on the narrow ledge from which the bales were taken into storage. We also saw a trawler in dry dock for repairs and painting, and really the trawlers seem surprisingly small for the large amount of fish that they bring in. Many firms have their factories at Hull, for instance B.O.C.M., which has a huge factory near one of the docks.

Half a day was spent exploring Bishop Burton, the village in which the Institute lies. Bishop Burton is a very attractive little village, with a small church in its centre. In the Church is a wooden bust of John Wesley which came into the hands of the late Rev. W. A. Pearman through a sale. The Rev. W. A. Pearman sent it to the late J. Elwell of Beverley for renovation, who is reputed to have presented his account for the work in the form: "To inoculating John Wesley and curing him of worms, 7/6."

Also in the Chancel of the Church is one of the four earliest "chalice" brasses in the county, and, indeed in England. This form of brass is believed to have originated in Yorkshire.

I am sure that all those who attended the Course are just as grateful as I am to *The Farmers' Weekly* for the wonderful time they gave us in Yorkshire. We are also very grateful to all the farmers who answered our questions so patiently. I am sure it must have been nerve-racking for them to have questions fired at them, first in a pronounced Welsh accent and then in broad Somerset, amongst all the other varying accents that we had.

ASLAUG GODESETH, *Lower VI.*

LIFE IN GERMANY

At the end of the summer term, I set out gaily for Germany, and found it not a land flowing with "milk and honey" but with wine, chocolates and cream cakes! The German people are some of the friendliest in the world, and are always ready to offer assistance. (I twice had my bicycle mended free of charge.) They also enjoy talking English, which is a decided disadvantage, but which can be very useful when there is any difficulty with one-way streets and parking facilities!

Having toured Hamburg with the family with whom I was staying, the daughter of the family and I set out for a tour of the Harz mountains and surrounding districts. Our route included a visit to Hameln, home of the Pied Piper, and also to Kassel, where there is a famous Bundesgartenschau—a huge display of flowers and fountains, and including outdoor concerts.

The youth hostels in which we stayed were generally more modern than the English ones, and certainly much larger, containing anything up to five hundred people. They are open all day, so that we generally arrived at noon and spent the afternoons inspecting some of the beautiful old Catholic churches, of which there were often three or more in a town. These churches are rich in architecture, and also in wonderful paintings, often brilliantly coloured, ranging from Roman times to the present age in their style.

Having returned to Hamburg, I spent three days going to my friend's school, the equivalent to an English grammar school. However, it was extremely different, for instance it began at a quarter past seven or eight in the morning. Needless to say, this early start does not produce a very congenial atmosphere, and most of the morning is spent (or mis-spent) in eating breakfast!

Altogether, I prefer English schools, but my German holiday was enjoyable and profitable in every respect—an experience not to be missed.

WENDY R. COLYER, *Upper VI.*

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MY VISIT TO FRANCE

On the morning of August 2nd I sat anxiously on the platform of Salisbury station, waiting for the early morning train which was to take me to London on the first stage of my journey to France.

It had been arranged that I was to stay with Colonel and Madame Mesnard and their family. Actually they live in Paris but had rented, for the Summer season, a villa at Saint-Palais-sur-Mer. This is a tiny watering place, three miles north of Royon, between Bordeaux and La Rochelle, in the South of France. It was very pretty, and, unlike most sea-side resorts in Great Britain, not in the least crowded. As a village it is much smaller than Shaftesbury and in the winter can only boast of a few hundred inhabitants. The majority of the houses are villas which remain locked up during the winter months. But in the summer it is a very different matter. The villas are unlocked, dusted and aired, new shops are opened, a market is organised and the population gradually swells to three or four thousand.

The beach itself is not very large and perhaps similar to many of the smaller bays in the Isle of Wight. The currents are as dangerous as those in Cornwall and one cannot bathe beyond a certain buoy on the left-hand part of the beach. The country-side surrounding Saint-Palais-sur-Mer is very beautiful. It is supposed to be one of the healthiest districts in the whole of France, due to a large pine forest that stretches for many miles in the Charente-Maritime. This is very similar to the New Forest, only more desolate.

I found the Mesnards a very kind and friendly family. They were quick and ready to see a foreigner's point of view and took the greatest pains to make me feel a member of their community. I was touched on my arrival to find a beautiful doll, dressed in the traditional costume of the district. A special welcome meal had been prepared for me and a picture of Her Majesty, the Queen, was hanging in my bedroom.

I soon settled down into the family routine and, although I found a little difficulty with the French conversation at first, speaking in English was easy, since the family had spent three years in America.

St.-Palais-sur-Mer was a rest and relaxation for the Mesnards from the busy life of Paris. Thus we took full advantage of the seaside pleasures and did not travel a great deal—it was very hot during the month of August and we were glad of our many bathes in the sea !

There were more things organised on the beach, even for a small place like Saint-Palais, than in England. The morning was filled with gym classes (on the beach) graded according to age and ability. Once a fortnight a " grand concours " was held. Everyone who wished to enter was to construct something out of sand in a time limit of three hours. The possibilities of sand

art were amazing. In the afternoon there were competitions, games and fancy dress parades arranged by the gym instructor or sometimes by advertising firms. If none of these pleased, the children were always free to watch the Punch and Judy Show or just swing quietly on the swings.

On August 15th I attended a service for the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which was very interesting. It began in the evening by a short service in Church and was then followed by a long procession round Saint-Palais, which was attended by almost the entire population of the village. Each person carried a lighted candle, surrounded by a kind of paper shield on which was written the words of canticles sung during the procession. It must have looked very impressive from a distance. Once back at the church another small service was held outside the building to complete the evening. This service is based on the service at Lourdes and the hymn of Our Lady of Lourdes is a theme which re-occurs constantly. Throughout the whole service there was a wonderful feeling of rejoicing and unity.

One French custom which appealed to me was the idea of having two "Birthdays." Each person has two names (or more), and one of these is the name of a Saint. A great fete is held on this Saint's Day. Thus all those who bear the name of "Marie" celebrate their fete on the fifteenth of August. Presents are given and a great dinner is held, very similar to our Birthday tea. At the end each person is given a piece of lovely cake.

I found the French people much less reserved on the whole, than English people. Even from my very first contacts this was self-evident. Everywhere there was a great feeling of friendliness and politeness. I was especially amused to see the porters on the stations shaking hands with each other every time they met.

Time passed quickly and as I sat in the train coming home it seemed almost impossible to believe that I had stayed in France for six weeks. I thought of all the happy times I had had and realised just how much I had enjoyed it. I do so hope to return there one day.

BARBARA C. HITCHINGS, *Upper VI.*

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MY SUMMER HOLIDAY IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

I spend my Summer holidays in the Lake District each year. I stay with my family at a Holiday Fellowship Guest House called Derwent Bank, near Keswick. The House caters for

ninety guests and has an ideal situation with lovely views. There are gardens and lawns running down to the shores of Derwentwater.

We enjoy mountain climbing, and dressed in the proper climbing attire, we are fit to face any weather. Some of the mountains I have climbed are Skiddaw, Causey Pike and Great Gable. It takes a long time to reach the summit but on the way up we rest at intervals amongst the heather and bracken. On a clear day, if we are high enough, we can look back and view a beautiful panorama of lakes and mountains. Sometimes we can see the Solway Firth and the Scottish hills. We spent a happy day visiting the home of Beatrix Potter at Hilltop Sawrey, near Windermere, where she wrote "Peter Rabbit" and many other children's favourites. We spent another day visiting William Wordsworth's home at Grasmere.

From Derwent Bank you can easily reach Bassenthwaite lake, Thirlmere, Grasmere, Ullswater and Rydal. We picnicked at Ullswater, where Mr. Donald Campbell made his water speed record in the "Bluebird." It was very thrilling to see the boat. Near Derwent Bank is a landing stage for boats and a ferry. Mr. Gill, the boatman, has lived there all his life and is an old friend of mine. He lets me take the ferry over to Keswick for him.

I have a dinghy of my own and my sister and I enjoy exploring the islands and bays. One day we had a family picnic on St. Herbert's Island, the largest island on Derwent Water. We had a huge bonfire and boiled our own billy can for the tea. We bathed from the island but the water was very cold. My brother was a forestry worker for a year at Thirlmere, planting young trees on the banks of the lake. We spent a nice afternoon seeing the friends he had worked with and also discovering how the trees had progressed.

The woods in the Lake District are especially beautiful. They are carpeted with luscious green moss of many varieties and many-coloured toadstools and ferns grow there as well. Towards the end of my holiday the trees are just a blaze of colour; the bracken on the fell side is changing colour and everything has a brownie-gold tint.

After our day's outing we join in with the other guests. One night there is a boat race, another a table tennis tournament, a concert and dancing. Each year I say, "My holiday is the best one I have had." I love the Lake District and Derwent Bank. I wish all my friends could "Have a go" as Wilfred Pickles would say.

MARGARET BREEDS, *Upper IV.*

AUTUMN ADVENTURE

Winter was drawing near and the people of Rondebosch, a small residential area of Cape Town, were anxiously watching the waterfall of grey clouds which was pouring slowly between Table Mountain and Devil's Peak. Yes, this was a sure sign of rain and everyone was cross. This was the first day of the holidays and rain would spoil it all. However, the clouds floated and at 9 o'clock it was getting steadily hotter. Everyone beamed and said, "I told you so; another perfect day."

A small, old-fashioned Austin and a long, shining car parked side by side stood outside the Doctor's house. A crowd of children rushed into the Doctor's shining car, followed by "Dr. Rex," a stout, tall, jolly man with very little hair. Mrs. Jordan and one of the children and piles of food, a tin bath, cooking utensils and everything you need for a camping holiday, were bundled into the Austin. Then, after the rush to say good-bye to the cook, the houseboy and the maid, they started off on the long journey.

So far I've been rather mysterious about where they were going and what they were doing. I am one of the children of the owner of the battered but reliable Austin, and all five of us had been kindly invited to stay in the Doctor's little shack in the country. The shack was beside a river called the Elephant River. The country folk call it "Die Olifant Rivier." The shack is called "Af-en-Toe," another Afrikaans name. This means "There and back," a very suitable name for a hut in the bush and scrub of the mountains, only visited in the holidays.

The road was long and very hot and in places, very dusty. This was the longest journey the Austin had ever made and she stood it very well. We hardly noticed what happened and the time passed very slowly. At last we reached the town of Citrusdal. Once past the town we saw rows and rows of orange trees with fruit glistening against the dark leaves.

Then suddenly the hut came into sight and everyone yelled, "I saw it first!" Everyone began to talk at once and when we arrived, there was a race to the river. When we reached the banks, we were so eager and excited that we took off our shoes and dipped our feet in the water. Oh, how cool and tingling it felt to our hot, bare feet!

There were very few trees in sight and they were on the surrounding hill-tops, several miles away. There was a carpet of veld flowers, of all colours, kinds, shapes and sizes covering the wild, bushy countryside. With shrieks of delight, my sister

and I fell on our knees and began picking them; while our brothers looked on scornfully and said, "They can't even *look* at something without wanting to pick it!"

But we took no notice and went further, picking, looking and enjoying ourselves 'till a stern voice called us back. It was Dr. Rex, looking very grim. "You are not to go any further than that gate," he said. Sadly, we looked at the white sand-banks that would be so nice to roll down and play about in. Dr. Rex saw the question in our eyes and said, "Because a little further on there is quicksand!"

We looked at him. This could be one of his jokes, but no, he was serious and so William (my elder brother) said, "Yes sir," in a very responsible, firm, worried voice and the rest of us said, "Oh we shan't!" except Charles who said "Whassat?" and Lucy who said "Dunno." Dr. Rex lifted her up and said, "Darling, it's horrible like me and you're the fattest girl in Rondebosch!" Lucy punched him and sang,

"*Af-en-Toe,*
I love you,
Tootle-tootle
too-too-too!"

Some days later we were settled in and everyone except Mrs. Wilson and Mummy went for a long walk. We found a cave and a horse's shoulder-bone. Dr. Rex said that it had been eaten by a lion and made some very realistic growly noises. He frightened Lucy so he borrowed Rory's water-pistol and went off "to fight the lion." He came back and declared that the lion was out and we had better get home before it came back.

Back at home, we fetched water from the river for cook and the boys went off to the nearest farm to get milk, which was all creamy and yellow and was delicious on our porridge. After porridge we had bacon and sweet-corn.

After breakfast, the boys went off by themselves and so did Lucy, and I was by myself. Lazily I walked down to the river. I dangled my feet over the edge. The water was cold and tinglingly fresh. I put my weight on the one foot and a piece of the bank collapsed. My foot fell in the water and I had trimmed the edge.

By the way, I was not playing by the great roaring Olifant River but by the little stream that branched out of it and joined it again. There was an island in the middle, too, and Dr. Rex had said that here there was quicksand too, and we mustn't go near it.

I rather liked trimming the edges and after a while I had trimmed all the stream I wanted to. I was not allowed past the gate but I didn't go near to where the stream met Die Olifant anyway, as I was afraid of the great, rushing waves. I wanted to go on trimming the banks but there was nowhere else to go . . . except The Island.

I waded across the shallow stream and looked around. No-one was near. I put my feet cautiously on to the island. Yes it was safe ! Ha-ha who says it's quicksand ? Who says it's dangerous ? Dangerous, bah ! A few steps more and I was on the island. I waited to sink down into oozing mud, but no, it was safe. I was relieved and disappointed. I went on trimming the edges until my foot was tired, then I put it in a puddle and went on trimming with my other foot.

Suddenly, I realised that the foot in the puddle was sinking ! I was terrified, it was now up to my knee and I was sinking fast ! I was pulling my leg off, but I didn't care. I had to get off this horrid island. I felt as if I was going to fall and ran off as fast as I could and then suddenly realised that I was free. I waded through the stream, washing the hateful, oozing mud off my leg, praying hard for forgiveness and feeling glad that I hadn't put *two* feet in.

After that I felt that I had better find the others and tell them. Yet, when I *did* find I didn't feel I *ought* to tell so we walked back together and made a dam of mud which the spiteful little stream knocked down. Then we built a " cement factory " which is a bank of mud. We used the " cement " to make castles and mud-pies.

At night, though, I didn't feel too happy. The shadows looked like ghosts, marching up and down. They stopped and pointed at me and began to march towards me ; I sat up and a pillow biffed me over the head. " Go to sleep ! " a sleepy voice said. The ghosts disappeared and I lay down and thought about what would have happened had I put two feet in the puddle. I would have gone down, down, down and my body would never have been found ! After a while I cried myself to sleep.

Next morning I woke early. I hated this river, I hated Dr. Rex and Mummy and everyone ! Why couldn't I run away ? I got out of my camp bed and went to the door. It was a freezing cold day and no-one would be about for about an hour.

Suddenly Dr. Rex who, I thought was asleep, said in a loud whisper, " Get back into bed, it's freezing ! " I hurried back to bed and got under the blankets. They were warm

and comfortable and seemed to say, " You weren't going to leave us, were you ? " and I snuggled up to show that I would never do it again.

It was a wonderful river and the family is perfect and Dr. Rex had been awfully kind but I was glad when that holiday was over.

The river flows on past the shack still, and there is usually a flood in winter and many people are killed in the quicksands but the river just laughs. It roars with laughter as it thunders on to Clanwilliam Darn.

SARAH JORDAN, *III.*

* * *

MY VISIT TO THE SEVERN WILD FOWL TRUST AT SLIMBRIDGE

The Severn Wild Fowl Trust is a very beautiful nature reserve, containing many species of Duck, Geese and Swans. The first enclosure is known as the Rushy Pen in which live about 400 birds. Big pools of water have been made for these birds. Many are very tame and will come right up to your feet waiting to be fed. They have really lovely plumage, particularly the males.

The day I visited the Wildfowl Trust, in one of the pools in Rushy Pen, a Mother was swimming with her ten or more fluffy yellow chicks. Father was keeping a watchful eye on his family, and if one of them happened to stray, he would give them a gentle reminding peck and send them back to mother. We walked on a little further and stopped to look at a duck with pretty plumage. Presently two other ones came along and seemed interested in us. As it happened I had some chocolate in my pocket and I gave one of them a small piece of it. It came right out of the water and I gave it some more. Then I turned my attention on the other one and Daddy took a snap of me feeding this one. Apparently the first one liked the chocolate, and afterwards it pulled my cardigan sleeve for some more. When the photograph was developed, it showed the first one coming up behind me, to pull my sleeve.

Presently we sat on a seat to read the pamphlets we had been given as we entered and tried to identify some of the birds. One of the birds, a fairly small one, caught an eel about 1 foot long. It was rather funny to see it trying to prevent the eel from going back into the water.

At the top of Rushy Pen are the rearing pens where we saw many tiny chicks which had been hatched from the eggs of the various birds. A waterfall cascaded down, at one end, to flow into minute streams for the chicks to swim on.

The Decoy Pool where the birds are ringed for identification and the Observation Hut we were not allowed to visit which was rather disappointing. However, we went on to the Big Pen, where we saw birds from many parts of the world.

Some of the birds' habits amused me very much and I enjoyed my visit, as did my parents. It is certainly a place worth seeing, and I hope to go again.

DAWN HITCHINGS, *Upper IV.*

* * *

THE PONIES OF BRITAIN SHOW

Just before the end of the Summer Term I had a letter from my mother to say that I was to ride a pony at the Ponies of Britain Show, at Rochampton ! This gave me quite a shock because it is one of the biggest pony shows there are ! I did not know whose pony it was, or anything about it, until at last I had a letter from my sister, Belinda, who is married and lives on a farm on Exmoor. She said in the letter that the pony was an Exmoor pony which had won lots of prizes, but, because he was so lively and frisky, no one could be found who would ride him for his owner, and so she had said that I would.

I had only been home for a few days before Belinda came to fetch me. She came in a small van and brought her dog and her three half-grown puppies. The next morning we set out, stopping to pick up a yearling Dexter heifer at Camelford, to Hawkridge, which is where Belinda lives. About two days before we went to Rochampton, I went and rode the pony, whose name was Pipit, to get used to him. From then till the day we went, Belinda and I spent all our time cleaning harness and grooming her Exmoor stallion, Heather Minstrel.

We went to Mere, where we stopped to have supper. From there we went across Salisbury Plain and at last reached London.

After having seen that the ponies were all right, we had something to eat. We slept in an empty loose box with Heather Minstrel on one side of us, whinnying all night for Pixie, his companion, and Pixie the other side, fighting with another mare who had been put in her box with her. With a thick sleeping bag, deep straw and two dogs who would lie on us,

we were boiling hot. At last dawn broke, and we got up and loaded up the ponies. When we had cleared out all the loose boxes we went and found somewhere to have breakfast. Then we drove to the show ground.

Our two lorries had already arrived, so Belinda got Heather Minstrel, and led him about, to stop him from getting bored. Everywhere there were lorries coming in with ponies, and grooms rushing about with buckets of water and dandy brushes. We walked slowly over to the collecting ring and waited for the class to begin. Heather Minstrel's class was first of the morning, so we did not have long to wait. All the stallions walked round the ring looking magnificent. Their coats gleamed and their white halters stood out clearly against their dark faces, and the buckles on their head collars shone in the early morning sun. Heather Man, half brother to Heather Minstrel, was, as usual, called in first, then Ash Hill, a stallion from a neighbouring farm, and then Heather Minstrel ! He came out of the ring looking very pleased with himself, his yellow rosette pinned neatly to the side of his brow band. Pixie's class was next, and she came first, another two-year-old mare that lives on the common with Belinda and her husband's ponies, came third. As my class was not till late in the afternoon I had a good deal of time to look round. I wandered about looking at the ponies in the show ground loose boxes until it was time for the Welsh Mountain pony class, in which I was especially interested, as my pony is a Welsh Mountain one. The trotting action of the stallions was marvellous. There were three Welsh Mountain classes, two of which were won by Miss Brodrick's famous Coed Coch ponies.

We bought some dinner at the show-ground, and then in the middle of the afternoon Belinda and I had a bathe in the swimming pool, which is just next to the show ground. At about half-past-three I got changed in the back of a lorry and went in search of Pipit, who had arrived later that morning.

At last it was time for my class ! There were twelve Welsh riding ponies, one Welsh Mountain, a Dartmoor and three Exmoors besides Pipit. All the first six ponies were Welsh, and the judges hardly looked at the other breeds. As soon as my class was over we loaded up the ponies and set off for home. We stopped in Mere again for supper, and then drove straight home.

JANE WYLIE, *Upper IV.5.*

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

The Falkland Islands are a group of small islands situated off the eastern coast of South America—the nearest place being three hundred miles away. There are two larger islands, East and West Falklands and about one hundred small islands.

The population consists of 2,000 people, 1,200 of whom live in the capital. The main occupation is sheep farming—the wool being exported and the meat frozen and also exported. There are enough cattle to supply the population with milk, but all the other goods both food and clothing are imported.

Stanley which is the capital is situated on the East Falklands. The houses are made out of brick and timber and are all supplied with electric lighting from a power station; but peat has to be cut for fuel. Each family grows its own vegetables and keeps its own hens for eggs.

There are no trees, no railways or 'buses, as there are only fourteen miles of roads, the rest being tracks, although most families have a car.

One boat carries passengers, mail and cargo to Montevideo on the average of once per month. There are also small boats which carry passengers and cargo around the islands. There are three aircraft which carry passengers to and from Stanley to all the various settlements and some of the small islands.

For entertainment there are a few clubs—a girls' club, a boys' brigade, a folk dancing society, and a badminton and tennis club. There are often dances, and a cinema twice a week.

There is a Broadcasting Station, many of the programmes being relayed from the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Stanley has two schools; one for the infants, the other for the older children ranging from eight to sixteen years. At Darwin, which is one of the largest settlements, there is a boarding school for the children of the surrounding places. There are also teachers who travel round to the various settlements and islands.

There are three churches—the Church of England, Roman Catholic, and a Methodist Church. There is also a Wireless and Meteorological Station.

The climate is similar to that of the British Isles but it does not get so cold in winter, or so hot in summer due to the cool air from the surrounding sea.

VALERIE SEDGWICK, *Upper IV* 5.

GOLDEN EAGLE

A quivering speck, a dot in the sky,
An unknown quantity sailing on high;
A murdering monarch, king of his race,
A big golden eagle waiting in space.

His eyes peering down, his long talons spread,
Ready to swoop as heavy as lead;
No merciful thought or softening will,
But cruelty and malice intending to kill.

A sudden quick plunge, a bolt from the blue,
The cruel talons piercing the flesh through and through;
An agonised scream, heralding death,
Driving away the last gasping breath.

The eagle ascends through the clear mountain air
Winging his way to a well-concealed lair;
The prey in his claws, another fight won,
He speeds on his way, equalled by none.

MERRIL F. JONES, *Upper V.*

* * *

THE SABBATH DAY

And I rose early that morn,
And went into the sepulchre
Before it was dawn.
But as I drew near,
My heart went cold,
Filled with a sudden fear.
For the stone was rolled away,
And the inside was empty,
Cold and grey,
But for two angels in white,
Sitting there,
Filled with a shining light.

Slowly I turned, and saw
A Man,
Standing before me.
I said, "Tell me I pray,
Where is my Lord,
Where have they taken him away?"
But all he said to me
Was in a gentle voice,
"Mary."

I knew that voice, like a gentle chord,
And I was shamed,
For it was my Lord !
Though before me He had been,
And the Son of God,
I had not seen.
But I looked again,
He smiled,
Then there was no shame !
So I rejoiced, and went my way,
Joyfully,
That Sabbath Day.

A. MILROY, *Lower IV.*

* * *

DAYBREAK

Slowly, softly, now
The darkness rolls away,
And on the East horizon
Red, dawns another day.

Orange, now pink,
Fills the brightening sky ;
And through the cool fresh air
Swallows, rise and fly.

The gliding river is grey,
The Western hills are blue ;
And behind the ancient oaks,
Sun glitters on the dew.

ANN MILROY, *Lower IV.*

* * *

A FIELD OF WHEAT

Oh, most gorgeous field of beauty,
Every, single, golden head ;
Sun and rain is all that's needed,
Earth is thy most humble bed.

When those swishing heads have ripened
To their utmost, in that field,
Then it's cut, and to the cutter
Every beauteous head must yield.

See them fallen, oh what sorrow !
Like men in battle, lost, and dead ;
It was so gladdening, just to see there,
Every, lovely, swishing head.

HEATHER COLYER, *Lower IV.*

OPERATION DANDELION

The dandelions grew so thick
You couldn't see a thing
Except those golden-yellow heads
The dandelions bring.
Operation Dandelion
Was the remedy;
And then, who was to do the work
But members of Form III!

One by one those yellow heads
Were uprooted from the ground,
And put into a great big box—
Hard packed, all safe and sound.
Operation Dandelion
Had been the remedy;
And those who did the glorious work
Were members of Form III.

Those sturdy yellow dandelions
(Obstinate things, indeed.)
Had done the disappearing act
To give the geese a feed.
Operation Dandelion
A first class remedy;
And those who killed the yellow pests
Were members of Form III.

GILLIAN RALPH, *Lower IV.*

* * *

PEOPLE

Some people are tall, and dark and slim,
Some people look happy, while others look grim,
Some people wear socks right up to their knees.
Who would you like to be
Out of these?

Some people are fat while others are thin.
Some people have freckles all over their skin.
Some people have darns all over their clothes,
Who would you choose to be
Out of those?

HELEN BROWN, *III.*

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee 1955–56

Chairman	..... Miss Dunford
Secretary	..... Mrs. Welch
Treasurer	..... Mr. Parham
Staff Representatives	..... Miss Brewington
	Miss Watkins
Parents' Representatives	..... Mrs. Rowbottom
	Mr. Humphries
	Mrs. Norris
	Mr. Corp
	Rev. H. Brayford
Representative on Governing Body	..... Rev. G. K. Horlock-Jones

At the first meeting in 1955, Dr. Whiles gave a most stimulating talk on " The Adolescent Girl " which was followed by some interesting questions and answers. Second-hand uniform was on sale and summer dresses were arranged for inspection.

The Summer Meeting was held in May. Miss Dunford talked about uniform and showed parents the new crest that would be used as blazer and hat badge in September. She outlined her plans for her visit to South Africa. After this, Mr. Parham took the chair for a discussion as to ways of raising money for the School. When many ideas had been talked over, it was decided to provide a box at Parents' Association meetings for parents' gifts when they felt they would like to give towards something needed for the School.

Miss Dunford was unfortunately unable to preside over the Annual General Meeting in the Autumn Term. Miss Woods welcomed parents of new girls to the Association and reminded them of Miss Dunford's at home on Wednesday afternoons. The Secretary and Treasurer gave their reports. After the latter, it was suggested that the Association might like to add to its stock of equipment for tea and cakes at meetings by buying plates, jugs, sugar basins and spoons, and many parents offered to give one of these. Every parent is bringing a tea-spoon to the next meeting !

The Reverend G. Horlock-Jones gave a most interesting report as Parents' representative on the Governing Body and said that the relationships between the County Authority, the Governors and the School was a sympathetic one so that he did not feel he had to insist on justice being done.

Miss Woods talked about uniform and the necessity for

keeping it as smart as possible. She then thanked those parents who had sent her articles for the Magazine.

After the elections, members enjoyed tea, cakes, and general conversation. Thanks to Mr. Welch's organisation, it was easier this time to take the tea round and for members to talk to the Staff and to each other.

* * *

The Palace of Westminster

By ROBERT CROUCH, M.P.

Each year thousands of visitors come to the Palace of Westminster, and I think school children out-number adults; it is also interesting to note the number of visitors from the Empire who come to see this historic building.

Starting from the Norman Arch through which all parties must enter, we pass up the beautiful staircase into the Robing Room, where the Sovereign and her entourage adjust their robes before entering the House of Lords' Chamber.

Passing through the Royal Gallery, we pause for a while to admire the beautiful paintings of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort and their successors. Personally I consider the painting of Queen Alexandra the most outstanding. We then pass through a Writing Room of the House of Lords prior to entering the Chamber itself. Immediately one is struck by the beauty of the whole Chamber. The Throne is inside on the left, and immediately in front is the famous Woolsack, upon which the Lord Chancellor sits. Standing at the foot of the Throne, it is most impressive to gaze at the very beautiful paintings depicting many scenes from our great history. On passing down to the Bar of the House, which is as far as Members of the House of Commons may go, we are able to turn around and fully appreciate the magnificence of the Throne, and the whole setting.

We now make our way through the Lords' Lobby, and arrive at the Central Lobby. This is a vast octagon-shaped hall, with a domed roof decorated with gold leaf, and lighted by a gigantic chandelier. It is in this Lobby that members of the public come to meet their M.P.'s. We then pass into the Members' Lobby on our way to the House of Commons' Chamber, which has been completely rebuilt as the result of the bombing during the War. The Chamber and the two Lobbies have been furnished with gifts from all parts of the Empire—tables, ink-

stands, chairs, despatch boxes, and the various other articles required for use and decoration. I think we all agree that the acoustics in the new Chamber are the best of any building in London, and that whilst the size is the same as the old Chamber, the seating has been so re-arranged as to accommodate nearly twice as many in the Strangers' and Press Galleries.

The Speaker's Chair, the gift of Australia, is at the West of the Chamber. We now return through the Central Lobby and turn right into St. Stephen's Hall. This is a most historical Hall in which Parliament sat for hundreds of years, when the Sovereign used the Palace as a residence, and brass plates have been put on the floor to mark the spot where the table stood.

We then come into Westminster Hall, which is the oldest part of the Palace. It was built by William Rufus and has survived the centuries. I think it is worth mentioning that its destruction by fire bombs during the war was prevented by the untiring efforts and leadership of Colonel Walter Elliot. He was determined that this oldest part of the Palace should *not* be destroyed by fire. In this Hall, our Parliamentary system was undoubtedly founded. It is still used for large ceremonial occasions, one being the lunch given by Members of the Imperial Dominion and Colonial Parliament to Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, on the eve of the Coronation.

In the East End is the Crypt of the House of Commons, and no visit to the Palace is complete, in my view, without seeing this most beautiful Chapel, which is under St. Stephen's Hall. It is perhaps interesting to relate that it was used by Oliver Cromwell as a stable.

Finally, visitors are taken on the Terrace, where they get the best opportunity of appreciating the vastness and magnificence of the building. In the summer, tea on the Terrace is a great attraction to the ladies, although they usually have to hold on to their hats, on account of the breeze from the Thames.

If I have succeeded in interesting any reader, I should like to say how pleased Members of Parliament are to show their constituents round the Houses of Parliament.

* * *

School Uniforms

There are arguments against the wearing of school uniforms being continually raised, but they are pointless.

School uniforms are traditional in most established schools

in the country. What a feast of colour and style would be on array at Speech Day and other open days were the modern "Self Expression" allowed to percolate into school clothes. Again, with the wearing of school uniform there is no novelty to interfere with the smooth running of a well conducted classroom, but the distraction caused by the apparance of a teen-ager in "The Very Latest, my dear" would hardly assist concentration on school subjects. No, let us keep our girls as young and uncomplicated for as long as possible. They gather up speed with dress quite quickly enough without assistance while at school.

D. C. HARDING.

* * *

Dear Madam,

Dirt-concealing dark brown paint is out, and dirt-revealing colours are in. Red blouses might be suspect, but what about chunky warm red cardigans?

Girls' heads being as different as their finger-prints, should we not imitate General Montgomery and adopt the beret?

What of the fearful waste of washing three frocks a week with dirty tops and three with dirty skirts and then having to iron the lot? Surely in an age of economic planning we should rationalise and adopt separates in a non-crushable material, thus producing more leisure for Mother and more pleasure for daughter.

Yours hopefully,
MOTHER OF THREE.

* * *

"Spare The Rod and Spoil The Child"

Adages have played a great part in building up the English character. Where will you find a firmer faith in strong drink? And is not this due to the almost universal acceptance of "Good wine needs no bush"?—both by those who give, and those who take.

The adage which is our subject perhaps more than any other has left its mark. Our parents and grandparents were as convinced of its truth as of the divine right of the British to rule. And in that faith they brought up their children and spared no pains—neither in themselves nor their children (always they assured us they suffered more than we).

It is remarkable that while we of this generation hated the rod, so that we resolved to cast it away with the adage, and

took oaths never to use it on our children, we became probably the best lot of parents ever.

It only remains for someone to determine whether this is because the adage is true or false. Are we the splendid people we are because our parents spared not the rod ; or because we threw it away ?

Perhaps the answer will have to wait until we see what our children make of life. Will they blame us when they have children that we did not at least keep a rod in pickle ?

D.O.G.

* * *

The day dawned and mother departed for Hospital. Nothing desperate, just a straightforward case of "Tonsil Removal." Journey to hospital not quite the same as "off for the day." Journey home, guess we shall forget that part.

First morning, alarm must have struck a silent note. Father sound asleep. Too late for work, best foot forward for "Father combined Mother act," prepare breakfast and four daughters for school. First query : why have you not gone to work ? Before I had fully explained that, four daughters were ready for school, departed leaving instructions, only one large and one small loaf, Dad, don't forget to pay for papers, money for coal on the sideboard, don't forget to tell milkman less milk, don't forget to feed chicken.

I did all I was told to do and a few more chores I should have done weeks before. Later, four daughters home from school, one with groceries, another with milk and bread, a general inspection and enquiry, to see that I had done all that I should have done.

You see, mother had drawn up prior to leaving, a list of duties which each of us had to perform ! So table was laid and the meal served, my part came more into show over the sink.

For my part there was a slight but major alteration to routine. The alarm had to be left on the landing and my bedroom door to be left open. Result ! 6.30 sharp the alarm and four voices, "Dad, time to get us." So easy.

Downstairs, wash, shave, prepare breakfast. Before that had been properly digested, daughters all around me dressed and ready by mutual aid for school. To query as to whether they could manage, Oh yes ! but you will be late. And so we saw the ten days out, they just in their own way guided me through.

"Spare the Rod"? We have never had one!
"Spoil the Child," well I must admit I have been completely ruined.

R. FORDYCE.

* * *

Homework

The subject of "Homework" is a sore point with many. I have heard so often "Why give a child homework when she is at school all day?"

I, for one, entirely agree with homework. It makes the child do that little extra study which will help her in her school life.

Apart from the good it does to the child, it is one way in which a parent can be in constant touch with the child's progress. It gives them the opportunity to see her books regularly, getting to know the subjects she is good at or her weak subjects, and if possible to find some means of helping her to make better progress either by co-operating with the teacher or encouraging her to read books on the subject.

I feel teachers do not give children homework which will entirely fill their evening leaving them no time to themselves and if a child does have to spend the greater part of the evening at it, it is because there is a subject to be done which is either one of her weak subjects or else she had not been paying proper attention in class.

I say carry on with homework.

S. HOLLOWAY.

* * *

Homework For Beginners

The task is done, the ink near dry
Now thrust before paternal eye.
(No doubt for him to laud it).
Deluded man, he well may try
To nod, and then applaud it.
T'will not suffice, he must apply
A comprehensive audit.

No time to spend fondly yearning
For long since lost youthful learning,
Once embarked upon the cruise.
Hoist the sail! There's no returning—
Heroes must receive their dues;
Such names as theirs brook no spurning.
Sail then we, Odysseus.

There is silent satisfaction
When addition and subtraction
Having error, not one jot;
That an acrobatic fraction,
Slipping neatly from its knot,
Causes might stupefaction
When it ends up in a blot.

No victor yet his laurels won
By virtue of one lone race run,
Divorced from preparation.
To leap too soon from shade to sun
Will end in reparation.
Betwixt "well done!" and well begun
Must be no separation.

R. H. JACKSON.

* * *

School has ended, oh what fun!
Now the homework has begun.
Fresh and able after tea
To tackle what they're teaching me!

For my desk I now am bound,
Books and papers all around.
Can my atlas and my pen
Be found in this belittered den?

Now I'm working with such speed,
Hope to get it done, indeed.
English, Maths and History,
To get it right's the mystery.

Books are open ev'rywhere,
Wading through I've had my share;
All the answers must be right
Before I pack up for the night.

Ah! It's finished, now I can
Follow out my music plan.
Instruments claim my attention,
What they are I need not mention.

What's the time? Why, 'tis quite late.
Bed for me I'll contemplate.
In the morn I'll catch my 'bus
Hoping for "A" and not "D plus"!

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee 1955–56

President	Miss Dunford
Vice-President	Mrs. Raad
Secretaries	G. Hussey (*née* Woodman)
	A. Rawson
Treasurer	G. Harding
Staff Representative	Miss Drake
Sports Representatives	B. Hall (*née* Gibbs)
	B. Knapton
Committee Members	M. Baker
	B. Carter (*née* Mullins)
	A. Johnson

O.G.A. London Meeting

MARCH 19th, 1955

The Old Girls' Association held its first London reunion on Saturday, March 19th. There was so much enthusiasm among the 22 members who gathered at the Central Club of the Y.W.C.A., in Great Russell Street, that it was decided to make this an annual event in March, and the Association looks forward to steadily increasing numbers at such future reunions as more girls go up to London training colleges and hospitals.

O.G.A. Summer Meeting

JULY 9th, 1955

The Summer Meeting was held on Saturday, July 9th, 1955, at Barton Hill House. There were 45 members present. The proceedings began with a Tennis match against the present School on the School Courts at Wincombe Lane, commencing at 5 p.m. The match resulted in a win for the School by 53 games to 28. Then followed the buffet supper at Barton Hill House. During supper, Miss Woods read a radiotelegram of best wishes for a successful meeting, from Miss Dunford. She also gave news of Miss Dunford's tour in South Africa. Members were able to walk round Barton Hill House and the Main School.

Twelfth O.G.A. Annual Dinner

NOVEMBER 12th, 1955

The Annual Dinner took place on Saturday, November 12th, at the Royal Hotel, Shaftesbury ; sixty-two members were present. Everyone was disappointed that Miss Dunford was unable to be present, as they had hoped to hear something of her South African tour. We assembled in the Lounge at 7 p.m. for the Annual General Meeting. After the Minutes of the last meeting, the Secretary gave her report and stated that there were now 149 Life members and 27 Annual members in the Association. The result of the hockey match was the same as last year, a win of 3 goals to 1 for the Old Girls. The Treasurer reported a balance in the bank of £90 10s. 1d. It was decided that one guinea should be given to the School's Coronation Fund as in previous years. A proposition was carried that the Committee should be very warmly thanked for all the work that they had done during the past year. Miss Woods gave a brief account of developments at School and showed members the crest which was decided should be adopted as the O.G. badge to be worn on a plain navy blazer. It was decided that the London Reunion should be held at the Y.W.C.A. as last year.

After the meeting we moved to the dining-room for dinner. This year the toast of the Old Girls' Association was proposed by Miss Lay, a member of Staff during the war. In her speech she tried to find a collective noun for Old Girls, and thought that perhaps a " gaggle " was too undignified. She pointed out the value of an Old Girls' Association and showed that there are very strong connections between School and Old Girls, in whose behaviour were reflected the traditions of the School. She finished by quoting Sir Hugh Robertson's farewell words to his Choir " May you go on living graciously ; may you ever have a song in your hearts and may the Good God fill your sails." In replying to the toast of the Old Girls' Association, Vera Milverton (*née* Harris) said that it was particulary nice of Miss Lay to join them on this occasion, because there must have been times when she was quite tired of seeing them. She thanked the Committee for all the work they had done in helping the O.G.A. to prosper. Mrs. Raad who was presiding over the Dinner in Miss Dunford's absence, proposed the toast of the School. She congratulated the School on its record of three County Majors and looked forward to a time when it would be an unusual thing to leave school without one. She had receivedvisits from Mary Hart and Doris Mitchell and gave the Association some news of them. In replying to the toast of the School,

Wendy Colyer, the Head Girl, spoke of the interest they had in watching the careers of Old Girls and stated that they had often been helped in choosing a career by hearing of the experiences of those who had had several years, training.

Auld Lang Syne brought another very happy reunion to an end.

* * *

Visit of an Old Girl

At the beginning of this term, Peggy Jones (*née* Cocks) called to see us. She was driving from Bournemouth and taking her son back to school at Monkton Combe near Bath. She was a boarder here and left in 1933 and had never been back since.

* * *

Former Members of Staff

Mrs. JESSIMAN (Mrs. Blackall) had a daughter Patricia Alexandra in June and Philip enjoys being her big brother. He now goes to school in Singapore.

Mrs. JONES (Miss Handford) came to see us in the Summer Term and brought Susan Mary, who seemed to enjoy a visit to Miss Dunford's Study but not to the Sixth Form !

Miss LIGHT is training as an Auxiliary Nurse at Christchurch Hospital.

Miss PHILLIPS came to see us this term and was astonished at the many changes since she was here. She had not seen the new laboratory or Barton Hill House or the playing-field.

Mrs. POWELL is helping at Jonathan's Prep School near Southampton for the time being.

Mrs. ROMBULOW-PEARSE is now running a Prep-school with a partner, in Bournemouth.

Mrs. SCALBERT came back to teach on two afternoons a week to help us while Miss Dunford was abroad. Ann and Frances are at the Town School now and the twins, Pamela and Patricia, will soon be going there.

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O.G. NEWS

Engagements

Marion Bright to Tony Savage
Brenda Bracher to Eric Macey
Pat Galliver to Eric Snapes
Thelma Hull to Edward Green
June Lillington to Anthony Postons
Janet Riches to David Burton

Marriages

Janet Ayers to Mr. Oglamby
Margaret Burton to John Boughtwood
Marie Bartlett to Percy Davidge
Esme Coombs to Elved Phillips
Grace Cowdry to Ronald Way
Joy Freeman to Kenneth Read
Ann Green to Mr. Pike
Ann Huby to Derek Purdon
Pat Holland to Mr. A. Ballard
Rita Holloway to Osmond Richard Baker
Dulcie Holloway to George House
Sally Hemmens to Wilfred Baker
Greta Lane to Robert Lane
K. Osment to H. V. Ryall
Sonia Sidford to John Barter
Pamela Talbot to John Carter
Mavis Wilkins to Anthony Lovell
Barbara Wright to Walter Ardley

Births

Margaret Adams (*née* Coombs), a daughter
Pat Baker (*née* Talbot), a son, Ian Kenneth
Jean Brickell (*née* Pitman), a son
Mary Burge (*née* Fanner), a daughter, Angela
Pat Brooks (*née* Wilby), a son, Stephen
Hazel Brockway (*née* Bartley), a son, Stephen Richard
Barbara Clark (*née* Pike), a daughter, Pauline Lesley
Brenda Croxford (*née* Ridcout), a son, Philip Martin
Jean Graff (*née* Walby), a son, Christopher
Eileen Hogg (*née* Elford), a daughter, Nicola Mary
Dorothy Henson (*née* Lee), a son
Joyce Hiscock (*née* Garrett), a daughter, by adoption, Carol Mary
Mrs. Jessiman (formerly Mrs. Blackhall), a daughter, Patricia Alexandra
Kathleen Kerswell (*née* Gray), a son
Greta Lane (*née* Lane), a daughter, Denise Mary
Mary Murray (*née* King), a son, Alan Ross
Ruby Peel (*née* Hicks), a daughter, Jane Elizabeth
Mary Underwood (*née* Woodman), a daughter, Jane Susan

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DAPHNE ALFORD (1953) has completed her course at Weymouth Training College and is now Teaching at Ludwell Primary School and living at home.

CHRISTINE ALFORD (1955) has followed her sister, Daphne, to Weymouth Training College and is enjoying it all even more than she expected.

MOLLY ALFORD (1953) has joined the group of our O.G. who are working at the Wincombe Radar Station.

SHIRLEY ANDREWS (1954) has been working at the Westminster Hospital in Shaftesbury for a year and now hopes to go to Salisbury Infirmary for her nursing training.

RUTH BARTLETT has finished her course at the Cannington Farm Institute in Somerset and is now making Caerphilly and Cheddar cheese on her father's farm.

MOLLY BURDEN (1952) has obtained her degree in Geography with Second Class Honours at Bristol University and is now spending a few months at home before seeking a post.

ELIZABETH BROOKS (1955) has a temporary job in Shaftesbury and is applying for entrance to training college next year.

MARGARET BRADFORD (1955) has begun her nursing training at Bristol Royal Infirmary and has been in touch with DIANA JOHNSON there and hopes to see Mrs. JONES (*née* Handford).

MARY BOND (1955) is our first girl to go to St. Gabriel's Training College in London and is thoroughly enjoying it all.

LESLEY BENNETT (1955) is taking a secretarial course at the Bournemouth Technical College.

WENDY CASE (1955) won a County Major Scholarship but decided to go at once to the Rose Bruford Training College of Speech and Drama in London rather than wait another year and go to a university.

JILL CARDNELL (1954) decided that she was not suited to nursing training and was very fortunate in being offered a vacancy at Bretton Hall Training College at short notice this term. This is near Wakefield in Yorkshire.

MARY COX (1953) has left Boots the Chemist in Dorchester and is now working in the office of Footes, the Seed Merchant, there.

ANN PAT COLEMAN (1955) is enjoying her training at the Salisbury School of Art.

MARY GATEHOUSE (1951) is now working in the Shaftesbury Office of John Jeffery & Son, Auctioneers.

JANET GILBERT (1952) passed her nursery nursing examination and is now training at the Royal Hampshire Hospital at Winchester.

FREDA GENGE (1955) is helping at home during her Mother's illness.

JOAN GREEN (1953) is working for the firm of Humphries and Son. Her family may be moving to Bournemouth shortly.

MARY GREEN (1955) has taken a temporary post at Gillingham, but hopes to train as a nurse later. Her hobby at the moment is rifle-shooting and she hopes to appear at Bisley one day !

RUTH GIBBS (1955) is helping at home at present.

VERONICA GRAY (1939) is going to Hong-Kong to teach in an Army School for 2 years.

JEAN HASKELL (1953) has finished her training at Goldsmiths College and is now teaching at the C. of E. School, Shrivenham, Nr. Swindon.

MARGARET HENSTRIDGE (1953) is in her second year at the Salisbury College of Further Education and will be taking her final examination next summer.

PAT HILTON (1955) is an Assistant Junior Laboratory Technician at the R.A.F. establishment at Farnborough. She hopes to take Maths, Physics and Chemistry at Advanced Level of the G.C.E. later.

ANN HITCHINGS (1954) is spending a term at Worcester as part of her training in nursery nursing. She is staying in a hostel full of Nursery Nurses from the Church of England's Children's Homes and attending lectures at Bromsgrove College of Further Education.

GEORGINA HOPKINS (1954) is training as a Nursery Nurse at the Church of England Children's Home at East Grinstead.

MARGARET HARDING (1949) is now Senior Staff Nurse at the Beatrix Nursery at East Knoyle.

MYRA HULL (1953) has completed her course at Weymouth Training College and is now teaching at Cann Primary School and living at home.

SALLY HOWELL (1955) is working at the Royal Hotel until she can begin her nursery nursing training at the Beatrix Nursery at East Knoyle in January.

BETTY JONES (1949) obtained her Industrial Nursing Certificate at Birmingham Accident Hospital and is now nursing at the Albert Docks Seamen's Hospital in London.

SALLY JEFFREYS (1955) has been working as an orderly at Odstock Hospital.

RUTH JONES (1955) has gone to Coventry Training College. Our last girl there was HEATHER MILES.

STELLA LUDLOW (1950) is likely to be at the Midland Hotel, Derby, for a few more months and then hopes to be married.

JANET MOORES (1955) is helping to look after the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Ingram-Spencer at Childe Okeford. As she is working under a trained nurse and is very happy. She is going to stay on there and not begin her nursery nursing training next year.

JOYCE MAIDMENT has been appointed Lecturer in Domestic Science and Home Craft at Radbrook College, Shrewsbury.

MARINA MENDE (1955) won a County Major Scholarship and has gone to King's College, London, to work for an Honours Degree in Spanish.

JENNIFER PROTHERO (1954) has gone to the Dorset Farm Institute at Kingston Mauward this term.

ANN PHILLIPS (1955) is receptionist at the Royal Hotel, Shaftesbury.

EILEEN PARSONS (1955) is at The Bishop Otter Training College, Chichester. RUTH BURDEN is her college-mother.

BRENDA PRICE (1955) is working for a firm of solicitors, Harding, Jackson & Co. in Salisbury and says she likes her job very much.

MONICA PORTER (1951) has finished her course at Salisbury Training College and is now teaching at Berwick St. John Primary School.

HEATHER POMEROY (1955) hopes to become a Librarian and meanwhile is working for W. H. Smith in Salisbury.

BETH REBBECK (1955) is our first girl to go to a big London store for training. She is working at Harrods.

JOYCE STONE (1955) is taking a secretarial course at the Poole College of Further Education and says she has never had to work so hard before ! She hopes to train as a policewoman later.

VALERIE SHARP (1955) won a County Major Scholarship and has gone to Bristol University to work for a Special Honours Degree in Mathematics.

SHEILA SHEPPARD (1955) is our first girl to go to the Avery Hill Training College in London. She is enjoying it so much that she says it is worth any sacrifice to get there.

THE SIDFORD FAMILY—DIANA (1950) is now a State Registered Nurse and is hoping to go to Australia shortly. SONIA (1951) is married to John Barter and lives at Bowerchalke. PAT (1953) is working at home. In September the Sidfords had a wonderful family reunion when Diana, Sonia and Pat's father and mother joined with Ann Hitching's parents and Janice Sidford's parents in the home of their step-sister and step-brother at Broadchalk to meet their sister and her husband from Australia and another sister and her husband from Canada.

CHRISTINE TITT (1953) is training as a nurse at the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital at Bournemouth.

BRENDA TOMLINSON (1954) has given up her nursery nursing training at East Grinstead and is now living in York and has been appointed to be a helper in the School Dental Service.

ROSEMARY TYLER (1955) has joined our Group of O.G. who are working at the Wincombe Radar Station.

BETSY WOODS (1955) is working for the Southern Electricity Board in Shaftesbury.

RUTH WOODLEY (1955) hopes to become a dentist's receptionist but meanwhile is working in the office of Edward Phillips and Son at Okeford Fitzpaine.

ANN WARD (1955) has taken a temporary job at the British Drug House at Poole, but hopes to join the W.R.N.S. as soon as she is 18.

JANET WHITMARSH (1955) is enjoying her first term at Goldsmiths' College in London. It is her father's old college and we have had one Old Girl there previously, Jean Haskell.

THE WILKINS FAMILY—IRENE (1940) came home in July with her husband and two children, Diane, aged 3½, and Gillian aged 7 months, and will be returning to Kenya next January. MAVIS, (1947) was married in May and lives in Chilmark and helps in her father's office part-time. AUDREY (1952) has just taken her final Physiotherapy exam at Bristol Royal Infirmary and is going to stay at home until Irene returns in January, and then she hopes to find a post not too far from home.

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Of a School of Drama

I think there can be nothing so thrilling and exhausting as one's first few weeks as a Drama student. The first day was indicative of what life here is like. Without any warning, on the very first afternoon, the whole College assembled in the Barn Theatre. Then, one by one, every new student was asked to go up on to the stage, under full lighting, and asked first to "tell the College about yourself"; then to "perform anything you like, not too long," and then to do a piece of improvised acting.

The first week continued much in the same vein. No doubt new students are broken in as gently as is possible, but Mime, Fencing, Movement, and dancing classes reduce one to a state of perpetual stiffness! But seriously, never in my whole life have I enjoyed anything as much as Mime. We work almost entirely to music, and our accompanist is a genius. During three weeks, I have been anything from a snake-charmer to a road sweeper. Today, for instance, we were told, "You are a dirty old bundle of rags, sticks, old boots, and straw. Someone turns you into a Guy Fawkes, and having placed you on the top of a bonfire, watches you burn to cinders from the feet up." Well, it does sound crazy, doesn't it? But you've no idea how satisfying lessons like this can be.

I can't go into details about all the lectures now. Every day we realise more and more how little we know about anything.

Acting exercises with Miss Bruford are in themselves an unforgettable experience. I'm just beginning to realise what a conflict there is between "natural" acting, and the perfectly controlled technique which one needs for the professional stage. It is so hard to realise that one can only appear sincere, if one's technique is perfect. Miss Bruford has forced me to realise that acting does not represent life on the stage, but, as Shakespeare says, 'holds up a mirror in which to reflect it.'

I am completely tied every weekend now. Each Saturday, we give a performance of a play or pantomime for children from schools in Kent and Middlesex.

I am lucky enough to have got on to the stage Management for this Children's Theatre, and am gaining such wonderful experience from the wings. We gave the first performance this Saturday, so up till this time, many evenings have been filled up with long rehearsals. I'm sure you would all laugh to see me struggling frantically to construct ice-bergs, Spanish Palaces, and Indian Wigwams, in a matter of seconds, on an almost pitch-dark stage. Being a stage hand can be almost as nerve racking as being a performer, I think.

WENDY CASE

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Of a Farm Institute

I have been here for just over a week, and it is great fun: but lots of work as well—lectures from 9.0 a.m. until 1.0. p.m. After not taking notes for over a year, I've had to get my fingers working again quickly.

In the mornings, as I have mentioned, we have lectures, but we do practical work before breakfast; changing duties each week. For example, we have been seeing to the poultry this week; and next week we are milking—5.45 a.m. ! ! Every afternoon we do practical work, with supper at 6.0 p.m.

The food is very good; with tea at break, and coffee at bedtime. As there are only six girls we each have our own rooms with a basin, Dunlopillo mattress: luxury in comparison with the attic at the farm.

The grounds are lovely. We have a large lake at the front. There are lovely lawns; and on the staff side there is a beautiful rose garden with yew walks. All around us there are lovely walks; but not quite so lovely as the ones around Shaftesbury.

There is a good deal of sport played here: ordinary soccer, rugger, table tennis, hockey and darts—we are going to enter

a team in the Dorchester League Table Tennis. Most of the matches are played against other Institutes or local schools.

JENNY PROTHERO

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Of Farnborough R.A.F. Research Station

Twenty five new S.A's (Scientific Assistants) are in Group L.1.A. at the R.A.E. Technical College, on a full time introductory course for six weeks. In the group are 18 girls and 7 young men.

The College itself is a large L shaped building 4 storeys high and is one of the merriest, friendliest places I have ever been in. At first, we were the object of intense curiosity, both at College and at the Hostel, but that is no more and we are just more Students and fellow-hostellers. Our time-table consists of 8 different subjects: Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Drawing, Laboratory Maths, Laboratory Technique, Liberal Studies and Training Shop.

The introductory course at College ends in a month's time, when we have an exam. on work covered during the 6 weeks. Then, for the following year, we attend college on 3 half-days per week and for the next two years on 1 day per week. The rest of the time is spent working at the actual R.A.E. At the end of 3 years, we take G.C.E. at A-level. Although 3 years sounds quite long enough, in which to study for A-level, if it is worked out, we study for less time than if we were at School. I have not worked this out myself, though, but we've been told it's true !

The Hostel is very nice indeed. The main reception block contains Reception, Dining Hall (serving excellent meals) Assembly Hall-cum-badminton room, table tennis room, Quiet Room, cloakrooms, and Tea Bar (open from 8.30 p.m. till 10.30 p.m.) serving drinks, sandwiches and delicious Hot Dogs ! Over in the Grange is a projection type T.V. set. Across a meadow lie the sleeping blocks 12 in all, I think, 9 or 10 for men, the rest for women. With five others from L.1.A. I am in G block. The blocks accommodate 64 each, in 32 double rooms.

To get to the College in time for the first lecture at 8.45 (8.30 on Mondays) we have to leave by 8.15 so we have plenty of time to have a really good breakfast. Everyone is expected to be quiet after 10.30 p.m. but doors are not closed until 11.30 p.m. We " knock-off " for lunch at 12.15, which enables us to find a good table in the R.A.E. Canteen, a feat which, after 12.30, is an absolute impossiblity. Lectures begin again at 1.30 p.m. and end at 5 p.m. so that by about 5.30 you are enjoying the evening meal in the Hostel dining hall.

PAT HILTON.

Of Industrial Nursing

Last year I completed my Industrial Nursing course. This is a post-graduate course which can only be taken at The Royal College of Nursing, or at The Birmingham Accident Hospital.

During the twelve months, one works as a staff nurse on the various wards and departments, and takes lectures and tutorials in hospital time.

The work is varied and interesting, as The Accident Hospital is the only hospital in the country, equipped to deal solely with accidents; its Burns Unit is world famous and it is one of the centres of Medical Research.

The lectures range in subjects, from Industrial Relations, when one deals with the complexities of piece rates, time and motion study and the growth of Trade Unionism, to Industrial Toxiology and Social Services.

Our weekly visits took us to the numerous factories in and around Birmingham, culminating in a visit to a Staffordshire coal-mine. A party of us, looking as though we had descended from outer space, (wearing old boiler suits, safety helmets and Davy lamps) went in fear and trepidation to study the hazards of coal-mining.

During the last few years industrial medicine has increased in importance, and now plays a prominent part in the occupational health of the country.

There are many openings for nurses in industry, as widely separated as oil fields in Arabia, to the Atomic Station at Harwell.

At the moment I am working in the casualty department of a Seamen's Hospital in London. Our patients are seamen of all nationalities and dock workers from the 'Royal' group of docks.

Our hospital is situated in the centre of dockland, and the ships entering and leaving the docks can be seen from the hospital windows.

I find casualty work very rewarding, and after gaining more experience I hope to obtain an industrial appointment in the near future.

BETTY JONES.

* * *

Of Working with Harrods

My first impressions of my work will have been much the same as those of any newcomer, I should imagine. The immensity of the whole building amazed me most, and at first it was not over difficult to become lost in the underground passages that riddle the basement and sub-basement. These passages cover

a much greater area than the actual store, for they run right under Old Brompton Road to the warehouses on the other side. The basement is just like an underground town with its storehouses, stockrooms, bakeries etc. The passages, all of which are named, are almost always busy with traffic and trolleys are always running up and down. Most of these travel at quite a speed, especially those that are motor driven. In fact I always have to keep my eyes and ears open for them. During the first few weeks the number of new faces I saw every day was quite frightening, (I am sure it was much worse than going to a new school). However, surprisingly enough, after a few days I began to recognise more and more faces.

The first week was taken up in 'staff training' when 'all we newcomers' were taught all that we should be expected to know on reaching our department. Naturally, with such a large store and with so many employees (over 5,000) there was a great deal for us to learn about the management and all the different kinds of work we should be expected to do on reaching our various departments. During this first week we all sat at desks. We have lessons, film strips, we even had to revise everything for a test at the end of the week; in fact we all felt quite at home (or at school anyway !) Conducted tours were arranged for us nearly everyday. One day we went on a shopping tour of Dicken & Jones and D. H. Evans, (both connections of Harrods Ltd.).

Every Monday evening a few of us go to school near Leicester Square to study Textiles, one of the subjects we have to study for N.R.D.C. (National Retail Distribution Certificate) a three year course. We are given a half-day release from work to attend the classes for the other four subjects on Thursday afternoons. The other four subjects are English, Geography, Accounts, and Retail Distribution.

In spite of the amount we learnt in our first week, when we reached our departments we found that putting everything into practice was quite different from theory. It takes about a month really to settle in. Now after that time we are rapidly getting busier and busier as it gets nearer and nearer to Christmas. Of course being busy means extra running around, and aching feet at the end of the day. However it is greater fun being busy than having nothing to do. My work is very varied and although most of it is running around I have some office work to do, which often gives a welcome rest. One of the most interesting pieces of work I have ever been given to do is to go out on a Special Delivery with a parcel. I have been out on three since I have been here, and twice they were to places I had never even heard of before. However the Underground Trains are

a great help and it is a lovely way in which to get to know London.

I cannot possibly tell you of everything that has happened for it would all fill a book, but I have tried to pick out the most interesting things. I hope that sometime in the future Shaftesbury High School will be better represented at Harrods Ltd.

BETH REBBECK.

* * *

Of A Mathematician At Bristol University

The University is immense: the number of students is approximately 2,700: by all common algebraic laws I should have felt infinitely small during the first week, but I didn't. There was so much to see, so much to learn, so many people to talk to that I lost all my apprehensions in one second. Through the Pre-sessional conference the 'Freshers' were introduced to University life; we learned about the organisation, the finance and general life of the Union; we also learned that it was the done thing not to work, not to wear drain pipe slacks, and not to fancy ourselves in a duffle coat carrying a furled umbrella! On the other hand it was the done thing to frequent the bar, drink coffee and scale the statue of Queen Victoria, and if we felt the urge to knock off a policeman's helmet, the Union Organisation would provide the policeman.

Throughout this first week various tours of the University and its numerous annexes were arranged, and thus we got to know the giant buildings which would be our seat of learning for the next four years. I was impressed by the order of everything. Every single door has a number on it, so in theory you can always find the room for which you are looking: in practice it doesn't always work. By the simple law of averages you get lost once in every three days during your first fortnight.

You may have gathered that I am reading Mathematics. This department of Special Honours is the laughing stock of the University and you are known as "one of them." This is because the first year starts with about 66% more students that it ends with. This year, however, there are only 14 of us starting there will probably be −2 remaining next year. The work is, in parts, difficult, but it is exhilarating. The rate at which we learn, or not as the case may be, is amazing, and what we learn is amazing.

I am loving every minute of this term and could write a lot more, but in 4 hours, time I have to be at a dress rehearsal .... that is University life.

VALERIE SHARP.