

# County High School for Girls SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 25

January, 1962

# County High School for Girls Shaftesbury

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## MAGAZINE

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VOL. 25

JANUARY, 1962

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## EDITORIAL

When we consider the word "tradition" we are tempted to look on it with an exaggerated sentimentality or an aggressive cynicism. It is difficult to find a satisfactory explanation of the word, since in a community, such as a school, it is something embedded deep in the character of the community and in the individual.

Tradition in our school is more than the ancient buildings and the evidence of others' schooldays spent here many, many years ago ; it even goes further than the handing down of rules and customs through the generations. It is, in fact, the very character of the school, which we hope is evident not only on our great days, but in everyday life.

I hope that in this edition of the Magazine our Old Girls will recognise something of the tradition which they have helped to establish ; and that those girls who have been members of the School only for a relatively short time, too, will be aware of their inheritance of our tradition.

## Magazine Committee

*Editor :* HEATHER SWANN

*Sub-Editor :* LESLEY KIBBEY

*Form Representatives :*

ERICA SELIGMAN

BARBARA SKEW

PAT TURNER

SALLY PILE

DIANA DUNSTER

\* \* \*

## STAFF NOTES

At the end of the Summer Term, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Bell and Miss Langton left us and we miss them all very much. Mrs. Bell is now living at Devizes doing part-time teaching. Miss Langton has gone to work in Windsor Castle, in the Round Tower, as one of Her Majesty's Archivists. Her place as school secretary has been filled by Miss Maddick. At Barton Hill, as Housemistress, we have Mrs. Walbank and Sean and Judith in the holidays. We hope that she will be very happy there.

Mrs. Bell's place has been taken by Mrs. Hosford, who already seems to be one of us, and next term we shall have a full-time P.E. Staff again, Miss Fraser, whose home is in Dorchester. In the meantime, Mrs. Kirby teaches P.E. in the mornings and Beryl Knapton in the afternoons and we are extremely grateful to them for filling in this term for us.

Mademoiselle Milcendeau left us in July and we are glad to hear that not long ago she passed her examination "avec mention." We welcome Mademoiselle Padel to Shaftesbury and hope that she will be able to stand the rigours of our climate.

We have been very sorry that Miss Dunford has been away from us for so long and we hope that by the time this Magazine comes out, she will be quite better.

M. E. W.

## AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION

One summer morning at School I was looking through my letters, rather casually, when my attention was caught by an important looking envelope which was larger than the rest. On the back of it was printed, "The Lord Chamberlain's Office." When I opened it I found an imposing looking card bearing the words "The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by her Majesty the Queen to invite Miss Marjorie Dunford to a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, July 6th, 1961, at 4 p.m." No reply was needed unless I were unable to accept the invitation.

When the great day arrived I went up to London early to meet two headmistresses from other parts of the Kingdom who had also been invited to the Garden Party. We hired a taxi in good time, and gave the driver the official yellow label, with "Buckingham Palace" on it in large black letters, to fix on his windscreen.

I thought we should go straight into the grounds and so was surprised and pleased to find that we had to walk across the forecourt of the Palace and then through the building itself. The interior did not strike me as being attractive though full of interest. At last we emerged on to the terrace at the back of the Palace which looks over a vast lawn. Along the left-hand side was the longest marquee I had ever seen, with innumerable small tables in front of it. At the far end of the lawn was the Royal Enclosure with its own marquee.

It was a warm sunny day and we walked slowly to the rising ground on the right of the great lawn where there were chairs in the shade of the trees. Two of the first people I saw were Mr. and Mrs. Graham Weall, the Mayor and Mayoress of Shaftesbury. They are our neighbours at School but neither of us had known that the other was going. Later I met the Bishop of Truro (formerly Bishop of Sherborne) and Mrs. Key. They were glad to meet someone from their old diocese and to have news of Dorset. We sat in the shade and watched the steady stream of people pouring from the Palace and spreading over the lawn. There was every conceivable kind of costume, simple or elegant, civilian or uniform, national or international in sombre or brilliant colours.

Suddenly this vast kaleidoscope of colour froze into stillness as the bands struck up the first notes of "God save the Queen." Then we saw her, away in the distance, coming out of the private wing of the Palace by the beautiful herbaceous border. As she

approached the great crowd of thousands of visitors parted into a lane for her to pass through. Followed by the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal Family, the Queen moved slowly towards the Royal Enclosure, where groups of people had been invited to meet her. Then she went to the Royal Marquee for tea and was joined there by distinguished guests. We saw Lord and Lady Harewood, Lord Mountbatten and his daughter, Mrs. Churchill and Sir Anthony and Lady Eden among many others.

When the Royal Party had obviously settled down for some time, we joined the queues at the long marquee for tea. There was an abundance of dainty sandwiches, cakes, ices and, to my relief, iced coffee as well as tea. We did not spend long over tea but took the opportunity to walk all round the grounds. We were surprised at their extent. It was hard to believe that this was not a mansion in the country but a Palace in the midst of a great city. We followed the main path and came at last to the lake. I sympathised with the visitor who said, "Oh, if only I could take a colour photo," for there, where the trees drooped low over the water, the sun shone through the green leaves on to the salmon-pink, shading to cream, of a dozen or more flamingoes with their long necks twisting in and out like snakes.

We crossed over the bridge, where the Royal children have so often been photographed, passed the tennis courts and rose-garden, and the Queen's summer-house, and came back to the great lawn in plenty of time before the Queen left the enclosure. Once more the crowd parted to make a lane for her. We were fortunate in being in the very front of it so that we could drop a curtsy as she passed. She looked so small and young but very charming. A few yards behind her came Prince Philip, with his hands clasped behind his back in his characteristic attitude, stopping to speak to someone here and there as he passed.

When the Royal Party had entered the private wing of the Palace the thousands of guests moved slowly towards the terrace and through the Palace once more. Then we were out in the fore-court again. With some difficulty I found a taxi and soon was in the train speeding back to Shaftesbury. As I journeyed I thought over the events of the afternoon and all that I had seen. Was it real or was it a dream?

M. K. DUNFORD.

## GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

|                                   |                                                 |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| Mr. C. P. Milroy :                | Endowment of the Lucy Milroy Music Prize. Books |
| O.G.A., P.A. and Present School : | Dais for Hall                                   |
| Sally Church :                    | Library Book                                    |
| Janice Richards :                 | Library Book                                    |
| L.V. Leavers :                    | " Songs of Praise " for Hall                    |
| Heather Colyer :                  | Books for Library                               |
| Upper V :                         | Picture for Hall                                |
| Miss Langton :                    | Money                                           |
| B. and D. Hitchings :             | Money                                           |

\* \* \*

## LEAVING GIRLS, 1960/61.

### Autumn Term, 1960

*L.VI.* P. Gill, R. Lillie, J. Low.

*U.V.* C. Mearns.

*U.IV.* J. Mearns, L. Stoneham.

### Spring Term, 1961

*L.V.* L. Mitchell, J. Richards.

*L.IV.* A. Gray, J. Padfield, K. Taylor.

### Summer Term, 1961

*U.VI.* J. Cobley, K. Coles, H. Colyer, J. Marsden, A. Milroy, G. Ralph, B. Robinson, B. Sergeant, G. Taylor.

*L.VI.* S. Church.

*U.V.* N. Behan, J. Brooks, P. Cornish, V. Croxford, S. Daniels, V. Hardiman, E. Hardy, C. Harris, C. Langer, M. Moody, A. Pidgeon, J. Powell, M. Wyatt, J. Feltham, S. Goddard.

*L.V.* R. Groves, D. Keevil, A. Kegel, M. McQuillin, R. Riggs, A. Warren.

*U.IV.* B. Tomlinson, A. Fraser, G. Perks, L. Gardner.

*L.IV.* E. West.

*III.* J. Cambrook, H. Dyer.

\* \* \*

## NEW GIRLS, 1961

|                          | <i>Present Form</i> | <i>Previous School</i>                    |
|--------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| <b>Spring Term, 1961</b> |                     |                                           |
| M. McQuillin             | Lower V             | West Bridgford Grammar School, Nottingham |
| A. Rowlands              | Upper IV            | Aldershot County High School, Hants.      |
| A. Page                  | " "                 | Shaftesbury County Modern School          |



### Summer Term, 1961

|             |          |                                       |
|-------------|----------|---------------------------------------|
| A. Kegel    | Lower V  | Hildegard-von-Ringen Schule, Germany  |
| P. Isaacson | Upper IV | Bentley Grammar School, Calne, Wilts. |
| D. Isaacson | Form III | "                                     |
| L. Ball     | Lower IV | Gartree High School, Cadby, Leicester |
| K. Cothill  | Upper IV | Gateacre Camp, Liverpool              |

### Autumn Term, 1961

|              |          |                                        |
|--------------|----------|----------------------------------------|
| J. Mitchell  | Lower VI | St. Gabriel, Newbury, Berks.           |
| S. Pickford  | " "      | St. Mary's Convent, Shaftesbury        |
| M. Skinner   | Upper V  | St. Albans Grammar School              |
| J. Stanley   | Lower IV | Shaftesbury Secondary Modern School    |
| M. Webb      | " "      | South Wilts Grammar School, Salisbury  |
| J. Blanchett | Form III | Fovant C.E. School, Fovant, Wilts.     |
| P. Carter    | " "      | Hindon Primary School                  |
| C. Coleman   | " "      | Shaftesbury C.E. School                |
| S. Davidson  | " "      | Park County Junior School, Aldershot   |
| J. Deacon    | " "      | R.A.F. Primary, Luqa                   |
| D. Dunster   | " "      | St. Leonard's School, Motcombe         |
| M. Edmunds   | " "      | Ludwell County School                  |
| S. Goddard   | " "      | Motcombe Junior School                 |
| S. Hardiman  | " "      | Cann Primary School                    |
| Y. Lean      | " "      | Knighton House, Blandford              |
| S. Lodge     | " "      | Donhead St. Andrew Primary             |
| M. Mack      | " "      | Fovant C.E. School                     |
| M. Mackay    | " "      | Shaftesbury C.E. School                |
| W. Major     | " "      | Colerne Primary School                 |
| L. Mercer    | " "      | P.N.E.U. Shaftesbury                   |
| B. Moore     | " "      | Bowerchalke Primary                    |
| J. Mundy     | " "      | St. Mary's C.E. School, Bradford Abbas |
| A. Notley    | " "      | St. Leonard's School, Blandford        |
| J. Sharkey   | " "      | Fovant C.E. School                     |
| P. Stubbs    | " "      | Shaftesbury C.E. Primary               |
| S. Thomas    | " "      | Ludwell County School                  |
| R. Turner    | " "      | Melbury Abbas C.E. School              |
| R. Wareham   | " "      | Shaftesbury C.E. Primary               |
| J. Welford   | " "      | Convent of the Sacred Heart, Weymouth  |
| D. Williams  | " "      | Gillingham County Junior School        |
| M. Mepstead  | " "      | East Knoyle C.E. School                |

\* \* \*

### SCHOOL OFFICIALS

*Head Girl :* CAROLYN HEAD

*Deputy Head Girl :* GILLIAN RIDOUT

*Prefects :* ROSALIND JACKSON, HEATHER SWANN,  
SUSAN PERKINS, ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

*Sub-Prefects :* DAISY CLIFTON, CORAL HUTCHINGS,  
LESLEY KIBBEY, ANN RAMSDEN,  
STELLA DIBBEN, MICHELLE EMERY,  
ROSEMARY STURMAN

## CALENDAR FOR 1961

|           |                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|-----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| JANUARY   | Sixth Form Dance at Grammar School<br>Mr. Prins' Lecture<br>Domestic Science Room used for first time                                                                                  |
| FEBRUARY  | Sixth Form expedition to Bristol for French play<br>Boarders to Concert in Bournemouth<br>Broadcast to Falkland Islands                                                                |
| MARCH     | London Old Girls' Meeting<br>Confirmation<br>Lower V Expedition to London. "Midsummer-Night's Dream"<br>French Play-reading at Clayesmore<br>Sixth Form Conference S.C.M. at Bryanston |
| APRIL     | Guides' Bazaar<br>Upper IV to Bournemouth Hard Court Tennis                                                                                                                            |
| MAY       | Guide Camp in Jersey<br>North Dorset Festival<br>Careers Convention at Sherborne                                                                                                       |
| JUNE      | North Dorset Sports<br>Parents' Day<br>Concert—Yehudi Menuhin in Bath<br>Dorset Sports                                                                                                 |
| JULY      | Old Girls' Meeting<br>Holy Trinity Fête<br>Talks on Denominations, Christian Marriage, and Banking<br>Expeditions to Bristol, Wilton and Poole                                         |
| SEPTEMBER | Stuart Hibberd lecture at Grammar School                                                                                                                                               |
| OCTOBER   | Speech Day<br>Stratford Expedition<br>Fashion Parade                                                                                                                                   |
| NOVEMBER  | Old Girls' Supper<br>Concert at Grammar School<br>French Play-reading at Clayesmore                                                                                                    |
| DECEMBER  | Carol Service<br>Upper V Party                                                                                                                                                         |

## RED LETTER DAYS

### Parents' Day, June 7th

This was one of the happiest days of the School year. Nearly everyone had some role to fill, either in the Athletics part of the day, or in preparing the form rooms or the Hall for the Flower Exhibition or the Domestic Science Room for its first "open day." Both preparation and clearing up were done cheerfully and well, as was also all the work involved in serving teas to parents and friends.

It would have to be a very dull programme of sports events not to make a pleasant afternoon on our lovely field on a fine day, and as the one arranged by Mrs. Brooks was very well planned and carried out with speed and interest, we all enjoyed it very much. On such a family occasion, we always love having our Chairman of the Governors with us, Mrs. Bradford, who gave the cups to the winners at the end of the meeting.

The Domestic Science Room was much admired after this part of the day. Other attractions were the exhibitions in the Science Laboratory and the Flower arrangements in the Hall. Form rooms were as usual "on show" with examples of school work arranged on the desks.

### Speech Day, October 18th

*(As seen through the eyes of some of the Third Form)*

Yesterday was our School Speech Day. The Third Form did not take part but just watched. The first speaker was Mrs. Bradford, and then Miss Woods gave the report for the past year.

After this very interesting speech, the prizes were given away by Mr. Bradley. It was very exciting to see the girls walk round and receive their prizes. Then Mr. Bradley gave a speech, when the very loud applause for the "House Cup" presentation had died down. Next Mrs. Nichols gave a vote of thanks and at the end, Carolyn Head, Gillian Ridout, Rosalind Jackson and I (Deborah Williams) went behind a curtain for the flowers. The Head Girls gave a posy to Mr. Bradley, I gave chrysanthemums to the Mayoress, and Mrs. Bradford and Miss Woods were given carnations.

Then some sixth-form girls cleared the platform and the choir began to sing, conducted by Miss Drake and accompanied by Dr. Johnson. Nearly all the School sang "Thou crownest the year" at the end. Then we all sang "God Save the Queen." Everyone looked very nice in their clean white blouses and red ties. After this, the parents went outside and then the School put hats and coats on and went home.

Afterwards the Upper VI form helped to entertain the Governors and visitors at School, where there was tea.

## SCHOOL COUNCIL ACTIVITIES, 1960-61

One of the major purchases made by School during the year was an oak dais for the hall, bought with the donations of the Old Girls' Association, the Parents' Association and the staff, the School fund completing the necessary amount. A new piano stool has been bought with the gifts of several old girls, and with the addition of a navy cloth, made by Miss Hughes, for the hall table, our hall furniture is now complete.

A recent decision made in Council is the alterations concerning school parties. House parties have been done away with, and the House Captains and VI Form concert their efforts to arrange a party for the entire Lower School. The Upper V now invite their friends to a party held in School, and the VI form continue to give their customary biennial dance. Although the Middle School had no party last year, but enjoyed various expeditions instead, discussions about the possibilities of their having a separate party are under way.

A grant was made from the School Fund by Council to enable the whole School to attend a performance given by the Western Theatre Ballet in the Arts Theatre in the Autumn Term, 1960. Another matter discussed in Council was the question of House brooches. Now girls in the Middle and Upper School need not wear House girdles, but instead may buy the small enamel badges in their House colour.

The revision of the constitution was a very necessary and important change. The effects of this change in brief are that levy money has been raised to 2/6 per head per term, of which 6d. per head goes to subsidise production of the Magazine. The School Fund is in future to provide grants for all Christmas parties, the Upper VI and Upper V Expedition in their G.C.E. term, the cost of bouquets and of engraving all trophies.

I should like to express appreciation of the enthusiasm shown by Council representatives during the year.

HEATHER SWANN, *Secretary.*

\* \* \*

## SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

Throughout the year the School contributed very generously to the appeals we put before them. In fact we collected a sum total of £38, which was given to various causes, including "Oxfam," funds for Cancer Research, and the National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies.

The response of the School for clothes to be sent to the Oxford Famine Relief Committee was so generous that we were able to send 5½ cwt, for which we received a very appreciative letter.

I should like to thank the committee for their work and enthusiasm during the year.

GILLIAN RIDOUT.

\* \* \*

## HOCKEY REPORT

There were several new members in the team which started the season and consequently the early results were not good. Unfortunately, many of the first term's matches were cancelled and valuable match experience was lost. In the spring term, however, we had more successes and the results were better.

Last season we found it possible to run only a 1st XI and Under 15 XI, but we are starting this season with three full teams, which have already had quite an encouraging start.

We must thank Mrs. Brooks for the careful and regular coaching that she gave the teams last season and we are sure that her lessons will not be forgotten and that they will prove valuable to us in the future. Regular practices were held for both senior and junior parts of the School. We hope that this will encourage the juniors and that they will provide a good School team in the coming years.

### Matches, 1960-61

| <i>Opponents</i>                | <i>Shaftesbury High S.</i> | <i>Place</i> | <i>Result</i> |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| Dorchester — —                  | 1st XI — —                 | Home         | Drew 1-1      |
| Blandford Modern School — —     | U.15 — —                   | Home         | Lost 1-6      |
| Old Girls — —                   | 1st XI — —                 | Home         | Lost 1-4      |
| Queen Elizabeth's, Wimborne — — | 1st XI — —                 | Home         | Lost 0-5      |
| La Retraite, Salisbury — —      | 1st XI — —                 | Home         | Lost 1-2      |
| St. Monica's, Warminster — —    | 1st XI — —                 | Away         | Won 8-1       |
| Lord Digby's, Sherborne — —     | 1st XI — —                 | Home         | Lost 7-8      |
|                                 | U.15 — —                   |              | Lost 1-10     |
| Yeovil High School — —          | 1st XI — —                 |              | Won 3-2       |
| Sunny Hill, Bruton — —          | 1st XI — —                 | Home         | Won 5-2       |

### Inter-School Matches

Boards v. Day Girls. Day Girls won.

| <i>1st XI</i>          | <i>Teams</i> | <i>Under 15 XI</i> |
|------------------------|--------------|--------------------|
| C. Hutchings*          | L.W.         | G. Perks           |
| A. Middlemas           | L.I.         | A. Goulding        |
| A. Milroy* or S. Lewis | C.F.         | A. Middlemas       |
| C. Head* (capt.)       | R.I.         | M. Pickford        |
| S. Daniels             | R.W.         | B. Skew            |
| R. Jackson             | L.H.         | A. Rowlands        |

|              |      |                        |
|--------------|------|------------------------|
| E. Alexander | C.H. | S. Lloyd               |
| G. Taylor    | R.H. | C. Ottey               |
| P. Cornish   | L.B. | E. Cole                |
| A. Ramsden   | R.B. | M. Moores or A. Gunton |
| S. Woolridge | G.K. | B. Foote               |

\* denotes colours awarded

Colours awarded to : G. Taylor, P. Cornish, A. Ramsden.

\* \* \*

## TENNIS REPORT, 1961

We were very fortunate in being able to play all our fixtures except one, which was cancelled because of bad weather, so we had quite a full programme of matches. As usual we had both first and second VI matches, but a new junior team was formed which practised regularly and had one or two matches. We hope this will encourage the junior part of the School and raise the standard of tennis in future years.

As the summer term is so short, we had several matches with nearby schools on evenings in the week and we found this quite a success.

I think it can be seen from the results that this season was quite a good one, starting off with a convincing win and continuing with very many close results. The standard of tennis this season was better than it was the year before, as shown by the match results. We have to thank for this Mrs. Brooks, who coached us week by week. To her we owe a great debt. We hope that we shall continue to do even better in the years to come.

CAROLYN HEAD.

### School Tournament Results

|                           |     |        |          |
|---------------------------|-----|--------|----------|
| <i>House Tennis Cup :</i> | 1st | Wren   | 28 games |
|                           | 2nd | Barnes | 24 games |
|                           | 3rd | Hardy  | 14 games |

*Boards v. Day Girls:* Boards won 44-43 games

### *Doubles Tournament :*

Junior Champions : Z. Glinos, J. Lesquesne  
 Middle Champions: A. Stainer, E. Cole  
 Senior Champions : A. Milroy, H. Colyer

### Matches 1961

| Opponents                | Shaftesbury High S. | Place | Result        |
|--------------------------|---------------------|-------|---------------|
| St. Monica's, Warminster | 1st VI — —          | Away  | Won 45-19     |
| Lord Digby's, Sherborne  | 1st VI — —          | Away  | Lost 3-6 sets |
|                          | 2nd VI — —          | —     | Won 5-4 sets  |
| La Retraite, Salisbury   | 1st VI — —          | Home  | Lost 33-34    |
|                          | 2nd VI — —          | —     | Lost 32-35    |

|                          |           |     |      |              |
|--------------------------|-----------|-----|------|--------------|
| Cranborne Chase, Wardour | 1st VI    | --- | ---  | Lost         |
|                          | 2nd VI    | --- | ---  | Lost         |
| Old Girls                | ---       | --- | Home | Won 5-3 sets |
| Blandford Grammar        | 1st VI    | --- | Home | Abandoned    |
|                          | 2nd VI    | --- | ---  | ---          |
| Gillingham School        | 1st VI    | --- | Away | Won 44-13    |
| Cranborne Chase, Wardour | Junior VI | --- | Home | Lost         |
| La Retraite, Salisbury   | 1st VI    | --- | Away | Lost         |
|                          | 2nd VI    | --- | ---  | Won          |

#### Tennis Teams

|           |              |                                                                    |
|-----------|--------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1st VI    | 1st Couple : | A Milroy*                                                          |
|           |              | H. Colyer                                                          |
|           | 2nd Couple : | C. Head ( <i>captain</i> )<br>C. Hutchings ( <i>vice-captain</i> ) |
| 2nd VI    | 3rd Couple : | L. Kibbey<br>A. Middlemas                                          |
|           | 1st Couple : | R. Sturman<br>P. Cornish                                           |
|           | 2nd Couple : | A. Stainer<br>E. Cole                                              |
| Junior VI | 3rd Couple : | S. Lloyd<br>A. Semmence                                            |
|           | 1st Couple : | A. Middlemas<br>G. Perks                                           |
|           | 2nd Couple : | V. Harrison<br>M. Moores                                           |
|           | 3rd Couple : | C. Ottey<br>B. Skew                                                |

\* denotes colours already won.

Colours awarded to : H. Colyer, C. Head, C. Hutchings, L. Kibbey.

\* \* \*

### SWIMMING REPORT, 1961

Swimming has never been one of the most popular sports in the School, owing more to the weather than lack of skill. However, judging by the response during the last season, it appears that enthusiasm is on a definite increase. As in the previous year, few seniors were seen at the baths, but this was mainly because it was difficult to arrange lessons for the senior school.

A large number of girls attended Swimming Club regularly every Monday evening, and benefited from extra-coaching they obtained. For the first time in School history, we took part in a

swimming match. This was a triangular one, also involving Gillingham School and Shaftesbury Secondary Modern School. To our surprise and delight, Shaftesbury High School won with ease. Only the junior and middle school took part, and I feel this outstanding result will give the teams greater confidence for future matches we hope to have during the next season.

The Inter-House Gala, held at the close of the summer term, was graced by fine weather. The swimming was of a good standard and there are some very promising swimmers in the lower school. The Gala ended with an exciting relay which resulted in a closely fought finish.

LESLIE KIBBEY.

#### Individual Championships

*Upper School :* Lesley Kibbey, Jenny Powell  
Runner-up : Carolyn Head

*Middle School :* Sheila Stride  
Runner-up : Jean Stride

*Lower School :* Valerie Greenland  
Runner-up : Maureen Deacon

*House Relay :* 1st Wren, 2nd Barnes, 3rd Hardy

*House Shield :* Won by Barnes  
Runner-up : Wren

\* \* \*

#### THE SCHOOL BADMINTON CLUB

The Badminton Club was held during the Autumn and Spring terms last year, on Tuesday evenings at the Secondary Modern School. Attendance was irregular, but numbers occasionally rose to as many as sixteen. All those who joined the Club derived much pleasure and some skill from the game.

The session ended with an American tournament which aroused much competition. The winners of this were Carolyn Head and Sally Daniels, who won all eight games they played. Well done!

Refreshments were provided each evening by two of the girls, and the proceeds of this, and a termly subscription of 2s. 6d. per head went towards the equipment.

It is hoped that this year's session will be as successful as last year's and that numbers and interest will increase.

We all wish to thank Mrs. Davison very much for giving up her time to teach us and making the Club such a success.

E. ALEXANDER.



## MUSIC REPORT

With Christmas not far away the choir has already started practising for the Carol Service. We hope that this will be as enjoyable as the Carol Service last year. Last year Mr. Brown, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors, took recordings of the Carol Service and Morning Assembly in order to give a lecture on "Music in Schools."

Looking back on the past year, we realise how fortunate we are in having Miss Drake as our music mistress. She accompanied a party of senior girls both to Salisbury Cathedral to hear Handel's Messiah, and to Bath Abbey to hear Verdi's Requiem, where we had the most thrilling experience of hearing Yehudi Menuhin as violin soloist. We could not actually see him from where we were sitting in the Abbey, but we did see him talking to his wife and son after his wonderful performance.

At the North Dorset Music Festival held at Shaftesbury Modern School, the School Choir and a choir composed of girls from the Upper V and VI forms were awarded certificates.

At Speech Day this year the Choir sang four songs and the whole School (except the III form) sang "Thou crownest the year," an anthem. Following the Carol Service the Choir will begin preparing for the opera "Hansel and Gretel," which will be performed in the Arts' Theatre. This will certainly be a new experience for us, and we are looking forward to it very much.

S. E. J. P.

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## ORCHESTRA REPORT

This was the first year in which we have been administered by the Dorset County Council. During the beginning of the year Dr. Johnson kindly came every week to give us special coaching. We enjoyed this very much and hope we show improvement. At the end of the Spring term the experiment of forming smaller groups for chamber music was tried; it was most successful.

Although we meet regularly every Wednesday lunch-hour, our only public performance of the year was at the North Dorset Festival in May, at which we gained second award in our class with a certificate; we were asked to take part in the evening concert, and played Handel's "Water Music."

We are grateful to Mr. Long for all his patience, and thank him most sincerely for all his professional tuition.

We will warmly welcome any new member who could come to enlarge our orchestra.

rita parsons, *Leader.*

## FLOWER GUILD REPORT

Monthly meetings were held throughout the Autumn term, but the main event was, of course, Speech Day. The Hall was decorated for tea and we were proud that Dr. Chesney, who was the guest speaker, complimented us on our beautiful arrangements. She is herself a very keen flower arranger and we feel honoured that she was favourably impressed by our minor efforts. There was not an exhibition of Christmas decorations again this term; the idea now being dropped completely in favour of a spring exhibition.

The first meeting of the Spring term was held in the newly-completed Domestic Science building. This was an extremely successful experiment, and it was decided to continue with it permanently.

The work of the term was shown in an exhibition on the last day of term. This was held in the Domestic Science room, and it was thought appropriate also to serve coffee, and biscuits cooked by senior members, to a group of special guests and parents of the members. The new room was much admired, as this was its first public use. The arrangements were well appreciated. We owe a great "thank-you," to Miss Hughes who so kindly helped us make the coffee, and allowed us to use her beautiful room—making the whole thing possible.

The guests were enthusiastic in praise of our flowers, and although no charge was made they gave generously. The School was also invited to see the exhibition—a small fee being charged for admission, making the total proceeds for the day £2 15s.

Monthly meetings continued throughout the Summer term up to Sports Day, when the usual exhibition was staged. This year it was in the Hall, and staging was kindly lent to us by the Town Floral Arrangement Group. As the room was very large, seats were provided for visitors to admire the exhibition at leisure; even so a great deal of time was spent in efforts to detract notice from sadly flowerless parts! The exhibition was, however, highly successful.

Another highlight of the term was the competition organised by the Flower Guild, with the help of the Town Group, at the Holy Trinity Fête held at the Grammar School in July. This took the form of yet another exhibition, this time supplemented by arrangements "not for competition" by the Town Group! Interest was added by comments on each arrangement written by the judge; it is hoped that members profited by them!

Buttonholes were also made by the Flower Guild and sold by senior members. These proved very popular and they sold quickly. The proceeds from them, together with the exhibition entrance fee, reached the grand total of £5. This was an excellent reward for much hard work, and a good omen with which to end a most successful and happy year.

Our thanks are due to Miss Drake, for devoting so much of her time and energies to helping us, and also to Sally Church for being such an enthusiastic and hard-working secretary during last year.

RITA PARSONS (Secretary)

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## THEATRE REVIEW

### "The Miracle Worker"

This intense play is actually based on real-life drama. It describes the few days in the life of the young Helen Keller (played by Janina Faye), when, by what can only be described as a miracle, she was transformed from a savage, dirty animal-like creature, bestial in her emotions, to a seemingly normal six-year-old, not only clean and well behaved, but someone who was at last able to gain contact with the world around her using the medium of speech. The story builds up to a thrilling climax. The audience experiences joy and relief together with the teacher from the blind-school who had herself once been a victim of blindness (played by Anna Massey) who has managed to teach Helen names, but cannot teach her to connect them with objects, when Helen eventually realises that the fluid she can feel pouring from the pump is actually water, and can connect the word and the liquid.

The scenery is effective, but uncomplicated. Most of the action takes place in and around the home of Helen's middle-class family, who are American Southerners. Often scenes are short and the producer has avoided boring curtain falls, and scene changings by placing two different settings side by side on the stage, fading out one group of people and properties while the other is gradually illuminated. The whole play takes place in dim lighting, often only half exposing the characters, and provides the audience with a slight indication of how it must feel to be in perpetual darkness.

Although the entire cast played their roles competently and with assurance, Janina Faye was especially good. She was excellent in a very difficult part. For any experienced actor to

play a blind person is difficult, but this fourteen year old girl portrayed a blind, deaf and dumb child both vividly and dramatically. Never for one moment did she give any indication that she was aware of the people or scenery around her, and she appeared to rely entirely on touch. To be in a prominent role that barring the last few minutes, utters not one syllable, and is forced to express oneself without words, as impressively as Miss Faye did, is no mean achievement.

But if Janina Faye was outstanding in her role, Anne Massey, as Annie Sullivan, was brilliant. One is easily able to identify oneself with the plain, Irish teacher, completely alone in the world, who at first states her inability to love her pupil, despairs at achieving her purpose and who, fighting against both time and conformity, perseveres, so that she not only achieves her aim, but grows to love Helen. One can sympathise with her in her vicissitudes, sometimes be shocked by her brutal methods, pity her when after hours of stress, her efforts are fruitless, and rejoice with her at her incomparable triumph.

But this is not a play of sentiment. There are moments of sadness and despair, but never did I feel the need to reach for my handkerchief. There is a vein of harshness and stark reality that runs through the play, defying tears. After leaving the theatre I was as tired as though I had been through the most strenuous three hours of my life, such was the impact of this vigorous and rewarding play on me.

L. KIBBEY, VI.

### **"Becket" by Jean Anouilh**

The author explains in a programme note that when he wrote the play he did not do any research on the story to find out what were the true characters of Henry II and Thomas a'Becket. He created characters to fit the theme he had chosen, the conflict between power temporal and spiritual.

One of the reviews of the play which I happened to read after I had seen it stated that "Becket" was not as profound a play as Anouilh claimed, but was nevertheless "magnificent entertainment." Reading this I was angry, since I had been full of admiration of the play, but then, casting my mind back, I remembered leaving the theatre dazed with the tremendous acting I had seen but I, too, was uncertain about what is now called a play's "message."

The acting was, as I have said, very exciting. The production was by the Old Vic Company, and down to the smaller parts, many of which were comic, the performance was excellent.

Many figures come vividly to mind, unmistakeably Norman or Saxon, and, though in comparatively unimportant parts, they, further back in history, kindled partisan feelings far more strongly than, say, the Cowboys and Indians we regularly see on the television screen. The most remarkable of these, the phlegmatic English barons, the prissy Queen, the urbane though harassed King Louis of France and even Henry's tiresome eldest child remain so memorable that, like that famous book "1066 and All That" which must be the bane of all history teachers, the minor characters of "Becket" have permanently prejudiced my view of mediaeval history.

If this was the effect of the minor characters how much more powerful were the major characters. Henry II, played by Christopher Plummer, and Becket himself, played by Eric Porter, were strongly contrasted and both equally compelling. Henry was no less compelling for being a weaker character. He was a pitifully vulnerable and human person, violent, restless, sly rather than clever, and unable to trust his subjects. His fears were well grounded, for the Saxons in his kingdom hated him; they were ashamed of their defeat and downtrodden by Norman overlords. The King's best friend and the man whom he trusts is, however, a Saxon, Thomas a'Becket. He is fiercely hated by his own people, as a traitor, and, outwardly always the clever and unscrupulous courtier, privately he shows marks of compassion to other Saxons, and disgust with himself.

The entire plot hinges on Becket's change of heart after his appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury. (This was a ruse of Henry's to have the Church on his side.) It is after this crucial point that one must consider whether or not the play is portraying its theme with complete sincerity, whether it is truly concerned with the power of the Church and of the King. To tell the truth, I don't believe that since seeing "Becket" my ideas on "spiritual and temporal" authority are more clear-cut... Certainly Eric Porter's Becket, with his haunting, most intelligent face, could not fail to give an impression of sincerity—the scene where, sending away his rich clothes and furniture, Becket asks God if he isn't just making a fool of him, I remember as particularly notable for this. However, I can understand why the critic I mentioned earlier considered the play merely good entertainment. The versatile Anouilh introduces comedy always at some unexpected time, and a distracting variety of funny scenes follow Becket's conversion, so that almost before one has time to think of the significance of the change one is laughing at the King of France, the boorish barons, or the very stylised satire of the Pope and Cardinal at Rome who appear for one brief scene to intrigue in horrible Soho gangster accents.

I thoroughly recommend "Becket" for an exciting story—truly, history brought to life, if not accurately at least with magnificent characterisation and a lack of formality; the occasional violence and avoidance of archaisms in the language bring home the truth of the feeling behind these words better than would a careful reproduction of what might most probably have been said and done.

S. JORDAN, VI.

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## REVIEWS OF PLAYS SEEN AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON IN OCTOBER

### "Romeo and Juliet"

"Romeo and Juliet" was the first play that we saw in Stratford, and I believe that affected our judgement of it to a certain extent. While we left Stratford after "Hamlet" in a mood too regretful to be hypercritical, this first production stimulated much comment.

It is strange that before I saw this performance of "Romeo and Juliet," the play had never seemed to me to be an improbable fantasy—which I suppose one has to admit it is. The other production of it that I saw this year was at the Old Vic in London, and, comparing the two, I found the first more impressive. The Stratford "Romeo and Juliet" seemed to labour under the difficulty of over-lavish sets, for it had a revolving stage: no doubt very expensive and modern, but too elaborate and distracting. Juliet would run in, for instance, on the top floor of it, as somebody else walked off below; in fact, it sometimes seemed that the actors had to make their exits and entrances very precipitously in order to catch the right section of the revolving set. At times, the curious steps and galleries had an impressive "rightness" in their context, but then sometimes they were incongruous, and caused such mental notes to be made as—"Oh, there's that staircase again..."

Most of the acting, however, was good—Dorothy Tutin's performance as Juliet I admired very much, for though she is more mature than the Juliet of one's imagination, she acts with great feeling—I thought her performance most moving. Brian Murray as Romeo was not as truly in his element as he was in other roles (he played Cassio in "Othello" and Horatio in "Hamlet"), he was less strained and more convincing in these plays, so that we appreciated him properly only afterwards. Dame Edith Evans played the Nurse, somewhat under-playing

the comic side of the old woman. She gave to this part something which I had not realised was implicit in it, a hint of senility. I had always thought the Nurse just a garrulous, funny, kind-hearted character; Edith Evans made her seem somehow more frail. Other supporting actors were good, but the one outstanding was Ian Banner as Mercutio. Mercutio must be a jewel of a role for a young character actor. This one played it perfectly, with all the right mannerisms, and inflexions of the voice; above all, with relish.

Costume design has always interested me greatly, but I'm afraid that these costumes, though fairly "easy on the eye" were not startlingly beautiful or memorable; I thought the best of them were Juliet's simple white frock, and Mercutio's black and white costume, curiously appropriate on so gay a character, just because he also wore a large straw-hat at a ridiculous angle.

The scene that provoked most comment among us was the final scene, that of the vault—I am returning now to the question of scenery, for my last criticism is for this shock at the end of the play. This vault was exceedingly gruesome, the remains of Juliet's forefathers, with the heroine herself just visible, shut up in layered coffins like an eerie chest-of-drawers. This horrid sight was still causing shudders when, the play over, and the stage silent, we were leaving our balcony seats.

S. JORDAN.

### **"Hamlet"**

Before beginning in earnest I must confess that I had never seen all of "Hamlet" enacted before seeing the Peter Wood production at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford.

On the whole I thoroughly enjoyed this production, which was in some ways quite original. The only character that I thought rather disappointing was Hamlet himself, portrayed rather mildly by Ian Banner. I was shocked to hear the only speech I know by heart—"To be or not to be, that is the question" so lamely spoken. I, like most people, quite expected this to be said outside on some balcony or courtyard, instead it was almost a court scene. The actor gave the impression of nervousness in the first act but at the end was very much better.

Of the other characters, Claudius by Paul Hardwick was played very well. He was in all respects the tyrant king, very well supported by Elizabeth Sellers as Gertrude his queen. The Chamberlain, Polonius (Redmond Phillips) I found rather irritating, perhaps he was meant to be; if so, he succeeded very well.

The other characters were on the whole good. I think the fights, especially in the last scene, were excellent. Before I close this review, a word about the ghost. I do not think that I have ever seen anywhere, on television, stage or in the cinema, a better ghost. I believe that most people thought they were seeing things when it was first meant to be seen, as only the greyest shadow was visible; even when he was talking to Hamlet I didn't think he appeared to have any feet. A great deal of this small miracle was due to the excellent lighting controlled by John Wychham.

If not for anything else but the ghost I should recommend anyone to see the Stratford production by Peter Wood of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," as it has brought one or two ideas worth thinking over, into a famous play.

JEAN ANDREWS.

### **"Richard III"**

This play offers wide scope for a display of acting ability, and Christopher Plummer in the title role took advantage of the fact. His admirable portrayal of Richard largely made up for the lack of support from the rest of the cast, who did not appear to put all they could into their parts.

The producer obviously deemed it unnecessary to use much scenery, and although we know that good acting can cancel out the need for elaborate scenery, I am sure that most of the audience were rather tired of the one solid-looking, grey pillar which remained the sole piece of scenery, except for an occasional banner or chair, for the entire action other than the battle scene.

It is, however, appreciated that interesting sets are much more easily arranged for, say, "Hamlet," than for "Richard III." The same remarks apply to costume, for the queen and the two ex-queens appeared in black mourning garments most of the time, but they, in their relatively small parts, were able to give some much needed support to Plummer in their one scene alone when they lament the death of their relatives.

Some scenes were very well produced, especially the scene when the two opposing camps are pitched at Bosworth and the ghosts of Richard's victims haunt him in his dream and console the Earl of Richmond in his. This scene was the best in the whole play and it really took up the spirit of the plot.

Throughout the play Richard rivetted attention; he added the light relief of typical Shakespearean humour which always occurs, despite the grimness of the plot, and the actor built up



dramatic tension and really created the person of Richard so that one pitied and despised him at the same time.

As I left the theatre I felt that the whole success of the play had depended on the portrayal of Richard, and that the other actors had lacked their necessary proportion of the energy and vitality that Christopher Plummer had put into the title role, therefore, perhaps, the play was not all that it could have been.

However, it must be remembered that not only does the play lack the substance of some of the histories, it also presents a number of production problems and, on the whole, despite its shortcomings, I enjoyed the play and thought that it was well worth seeing.

STELLA DIBBEN.

### " Othello "

In its earlier performances reputable critics have dismissed this production as a ponderous and marathon ordeal, rather to be borne than enjoyed. I, less critical, however, cannot altogether share the sentiments of the critics. When the stage hands have completed their work, apparently much accelerated since the first performance, Zeffirelli showed some extremely attractive tableaux. Costumes, in rich harmony with the set, were difficult to criticise.

The casting of Gielgud as Othello was, perhaps, unhappy. In the first instance he did not look the part. His slight figure and finely chiselled features were not suggestive of a Moor, and this no make-up could hide. The lightness of his voice was another setback, and when he was being seized by sharp pangs of jealousy his stance was often awkward, and his reelings uncomfortably exaggerated. He did, however, capture effectively Othello's grandeur and passion for melodrama, giving an interesting, if novel, portrait of the Moor.

Ian Banner played an exciting Iago. His wickedness brought a fiendish life and humour to the play. He was, indeed, an endearing villain. One delighted with him as he foiled Othello, stupid in his jealousy, with his cunning, self-effacing tales of Desdemona's unfaithfulness.

Dame Peggy Ashcroft gave to homely big-hearted Emilia new life and vigour, while a sparkling and spirited Desdemona was played by Dorothy Tutin.

JULIA SMITHERS.

## FILMS

### **"The Parent Trap" starring Hayley Mills**

The film provided panoramic views of California and the lavish delights of a millionaire-type ranch house. The dialogue in the main was most amusing but in the later romantic scenes was inclined to be "corny." The ease with which Haley Mills played opposite herself was commendable and, in fact, one was rarely conscious of the difficulties that the dual part must have entailed. Her acting was delightful and refreshing in what was, from necessity, a rather precocious part. The plot involves the attempts, eventually successful, of twin daughters to ruin their father's proposed re-marriage and re-unite their divorced parents. Altogether it was a charming, if sentimental, afternoon's entertainment.

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## TELEVISION

### **"Emergency Ward 10"**

"Emergency Ward 10" is a serial on the commercial television. It is very funny in parts and also contains some drama. It is a programme about the life and work of the staff of an imaginary hospital, the Oxbridge General, but it must not be taken too seriously as real hospital life, for it is too light-hearted to be a real hospital.

There are some very good actors and actresses, including Jill Browne and Charles Tingwell. Also, the five script writers take it in turns to write each episode to involve no monotony. On the whole, for light-hearted amusement, I would suggest that "Emergency Ward 10" is the most popular programme on television.

MARY KELLEY.

### **Review of a Television Programme**

I find that most television programmes thought worthless by the critics are the ones I most enjoy. Westerns are my favourites; these are very relaxing as the only intelligent thinking required of you is to know which are bad men and which are good. In some Westerns, however, they make the bad men too bad and so contrast them unfavourably with the ones always on the side of the law and always right. (In this type of Western, I always like the bad man best.) Also, some Westerns have the

infuriating habit of letting the hero come through from a gun fight unscathed, whereas all the enemies are writhing on the floor.

Even in my favourite Western, "Rawhide," this occurs. I like "Rawhide" mainly because it is the only programme I can listen to without the remarks of my father becoming intermingled with the voice of the handsome hero telling us how he is going to kill an army of men, single-handed. It also has something to do with the Wild West, as it is about cowboys. Admittedly, the *cows* are scarcely ever in the limelight and their place is always, or nearly always, taken by some so-called beautiful girl, who often ruins the episode entirely. I also like the signature tune of "Rawhide," and unfortunately so does the family. When a member of the family sings the words of "Rawhide" it sounds as though the cows are dead and at the butcher's being cut up, as the words sung are "Pull them out, push them in."

Is there anything that can replace a programme like "Rawhide"? You have a romance, a fight either using guns or hands, a display of horsemanship, and sometimes even a thriller, rolled up into one episode of any Western such as "Rawhide." Many people love watching Westerns and so could some others if they would only remember not to be critical.

ELIZABETH ROWBOTTOM.

### Television

Every luxury once owned becomes a necessity and that is certainly the case with our television set. When it first arrived it did not affect our life. We still went to bed at the same time and had our meals at the usual time. Now bed times depend on if a programme has finished and even meals revolve round the times of various programmes. We all have our favourite programmes. Daddy enjoys the sports one and particularly wrestling and boxing. Although we all pretend to be uninterested there are little chuckles of delight from the twins when a man is thrown six feet into the air and then out of the ring.

All the family, except Mummy, enjoy Westerns. We all sit in great tension while the good man is about to be shot by a bad man, when Mummy wants to know who is good and who is bad. We eventually found a difference between them, the good men usually wear white hats and the bad ones wear black hats.

When the television first came we were told that when the tube eventually wore out we could not have another one. This gave us a very anxious time when our picture began to grow smaller and smaller. We wondered if we should still have it at

the end of the week. Could it last out until the end of Wimbledon fortnight? Would we ever know what was going to happen to the critically ill patient in "Emergency Ward 10"?

But we need not have worried, because we did not realise how attached Daddy had become to it. The first time the picture became distorted we had another television in the corner within a few hours, and life still revolves round the television.

ANN SCALBERT.

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## MUSIC

Modern classical music is perhaps least interesting to those to whom music is something only to be heard and not to be played, or studied; and yet it is of special interest as 20th-century composers, in their efforts for self-expression, have boldly defied many of the laws of harmony, thereby creating the most sensational and original sound-effects. Much of it is on records and I think that many people are discouraged from buying them by their first impressions, but after a few hearings the strident dischords and unconventional patterns fall into place and the true beauty of the music emerges.

Two records I very much enjoyed hearing in the holidays were Ravel's piano concerto in G major for the left hand only, recorded on Decca by Jacqueline Blancard with L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; and Julius Katchen playing Bartok's Piano Concerto No. 3 with the same orchestra.

The former was in three movements and my greatest impression was of the opening: a doleful theme raised from the depths by a solo contra-bassoon. The theme is gradually taken up by the woodwind and then the strings. Further on in the movement, after the piano's entry, there is a sudden clash and the piano flies off into a lurching tarantella with impertinent comments from the piccolo. The second movement has a charming sound-picture which reminds me rather of a Chinese musical-box. The whole concerto is light and charming, despite its lugubrious opening, and is full of the misty effects typical of Ravel.

The Bartok has two movements, the second of which is definitely the more attractive. Being able only to recall my impressions, as I have not the record at School, I remember well the end of the first movement. A solo phrase from the flute, that one could hardly recognise as a cadence, is left hanging on the air. The second movement has an unquestionable climax which

is a theme, Hungarian to the last vibration, that bowls along at full blast like some wild czardas, and then, only too quickly, is swallowed up by the ensuing idea.

This concerto is not as light-hearted as the Ravel, but both are fascinating in their own way and are well worth buying:

E. M. S., U.V.

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## EXPEDITIONS

### The Guide: Camp at Jersey

On the Friday evening of the Whitsun week, a number of guides piled into the coach which was to take them to Weymouth. Captain was shouting orders, everybody got in everybody else's way and scattered sleeping rolls, ground sheets and Guide berets all over the place. At last the coach moved on.

At Weymouth, the Guides boarded the "Isle of Guernsey," which was due to leave at 12.30 a.m., but did not leave until 2.30 a.m. because a propeller was jammed with driftwood. No-one slept more than three hours that night and when we arrived at St. Helier we were taken to our camp site by coach.

The first thing we did was to have breakfast. Then we pitched camp. Soon the field was transformed into a reasonably orderly camp. We had a rest in the afternoon and wrote letters home. That night we hoped for a good night's sleep, but no!; the ground was lumpy and everyone was tossing and turning.

Later in the week we went on a tour of the island and we also went to Guernsey and Sark. The weather was very nice all the time and we enjoyed bathing and sunbathing on the beach.

We came back to Weymouth on the "Isle of Guernsey." We were meant to travel on the "Caesarea" but the bookings were muddled. The "Caesarea" is a much newer ship and has a nicer interior. When we arrived in Shaftesbury anxious parents were waiting to meet their children as the boat was late and we arrived in Shaftesbury two hours late, but we all agreed that we had had a lovely Whitsun holiday.

V. GREENLAND.

### L.V. Expedition to London

At 8.30 a.m. on March 23rd, the members of form L.V. gathered in the car park waiting for conveyances to take them to Gillingham Station; a mob of sleepy, country-dwelling school-girls, looking forward with some trepidation to their day in

London. We were hustled into a variety of cars, and eventually caught the 9 a.m. express train to Waterloo. We eagerly surveyed the country landscape for two hours, and then large factories and grimy-looking houses enveloped us. We were in London. Somewhat dazed we got out of the train and marched in crock, to the amusement of our fellow travellers, to the escalators leading to the tube trains. To some members of the form, these were new-fangled inventions, and they found the steps a preferable way of descent.

The tube trains, rumbling through dark tunnels, provided a new source of suspicion for some, but all fears were conquered and we arrived at St. Paul's. We spent a long time in this church designed by Sir Christopher Wren, after whom is named one of our houses. A few of us climbed the many steps to the Whispering Gallery and the Stone Gallery, and were rewarded by a view of the city, while others, notably the more frail members of the party, descended to the crypt. After admiring Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," we went outside, overawed by the vastness of the Cathedral, and made our way down Whitehall to Trafalgar Square, where we were to have lunch. Lunch for us, yes, but the crafty pigeons in the Square had similar ideas, and as soon as food was produced the luckless owners were surrounded by these birds, whose horny beaks and sharp claws clutched unmercifully at the fine threads of their cardigans. Before long, the pigeons had gained a large lunch and we retreated to the National Gallery.

After a while, led by Miss Woods and Mademoiselle Milcendeau, we made our way back to Waterloo and to the "Old Vic," where we were to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream." We had an excellent view of the stage, as we sat in the middle stalls. I went with the impression that I was going to see what the London newspaper critics had described as "a cheap performance of one of Shakespeare's most well known works," but soon found that I was suffering under a delusion. Puck was a constant source of amusement, and was played with vitality and originality by Tom Courtenay. The workmen were hilarious and kept the audience really laughing throughout their scenes.

After the performance we walked up to the station and waited for the train, eagerly discussing the play. Weary, but contented, we made the journey home, dreaming of a steep drop from the top of St. Paul's into the City of Westminster. The whole landscape began to rotate in a dizzy manner, and finally nothing but blackness and sleep, until, with a jolt and a jar, sense was regained and we were once more on Gillingham Station.

H. JONES, U.V.

## The U.V. Post-G.C.E. Outings

The Upper Fifth this year had three weeks of the Summer Term to wile away after their O-level G.C.E. exams had finished before the end of term, and were very fortunate to have two outings arranged for them during this time.

The first, on July 14th, was a whole-day expedition to Poole Potteries and Bournemouth. We were glad to be allowed to wear our private clothes and make-up, and we made the journey in a private coach with our Form Mistress, Mrs. Davison.

At Poole Potteries we were formed into parties of eight in an attractive waiting-room—tiled throughout, of course, in contemporary-styled Poole-tiles, and with a mosaic floor.

The first department we visited dealt with the individual art of "throwing," and we were introduced to the firm's chief thrower—though not to shake hands. We learnt that he had undergone a five-year training in his trade, and we could understand why on watching an apprentice potter aiding the shaper of damp egg-cups. The thrower had a charming assistant who spent all day weighing out for him the exact amounts of well-mixed clay that he required for each pot.

Our blue-overalled guide then took us the length of the main pottery-shed and explained the terms "turning," "slip-ware," "slip glaze" and "moulds" to us in their relative capacity. We marvelled at the skilfully evolved methods, and the stacks of perfect objects slowly drying between the various processes. We were particularly aware of the amount of destruction of imperfect vessels that went on, and found that all the clay was returned for re-mixing to the lower regions whence it appeared on a private escalator in neat sausage-shaped rolls at one end of the shed.

We crossed a bridge over the entrance of the kiln and were issued with a set of statistics concerned with the firing of the different products. It was a long kiln—220 feet in length—but we only saw the entrance and a fleet of trucks that went into its iron maw. There was a large fresco opposite the bridge we were standing on, that depicted the various stages in pottery manufacture, from the Cornwall clay mines to the consumer examining the goods, and this had been executed in large panels rather than tiles, by an 18-year-old student.

Some of our number were particularly interested in the gallery where several girls worked patiently decorating by hand the items which were to bear the "traditional" design. Their techniques were absorbing and their precision awe-inspiring. We found that they were the "prize pupils," as it were, and that

beneath us in a further gallery, 20 similar young ladies were doing the same thing.

After a glimpse of the museum of earlier examples of Poole pottery, we were left to join the throng in the showroom busy seeking bargains amongst the "seconds" that were interspersed between the showpieces and sets.

We had a blowy lunch on the edge of the beach and were then released to wander through the shops and avail ourselves of the bargains in the newly-begun Bournemouth sales. We returned to Shaftesbury before 6 o'clock.

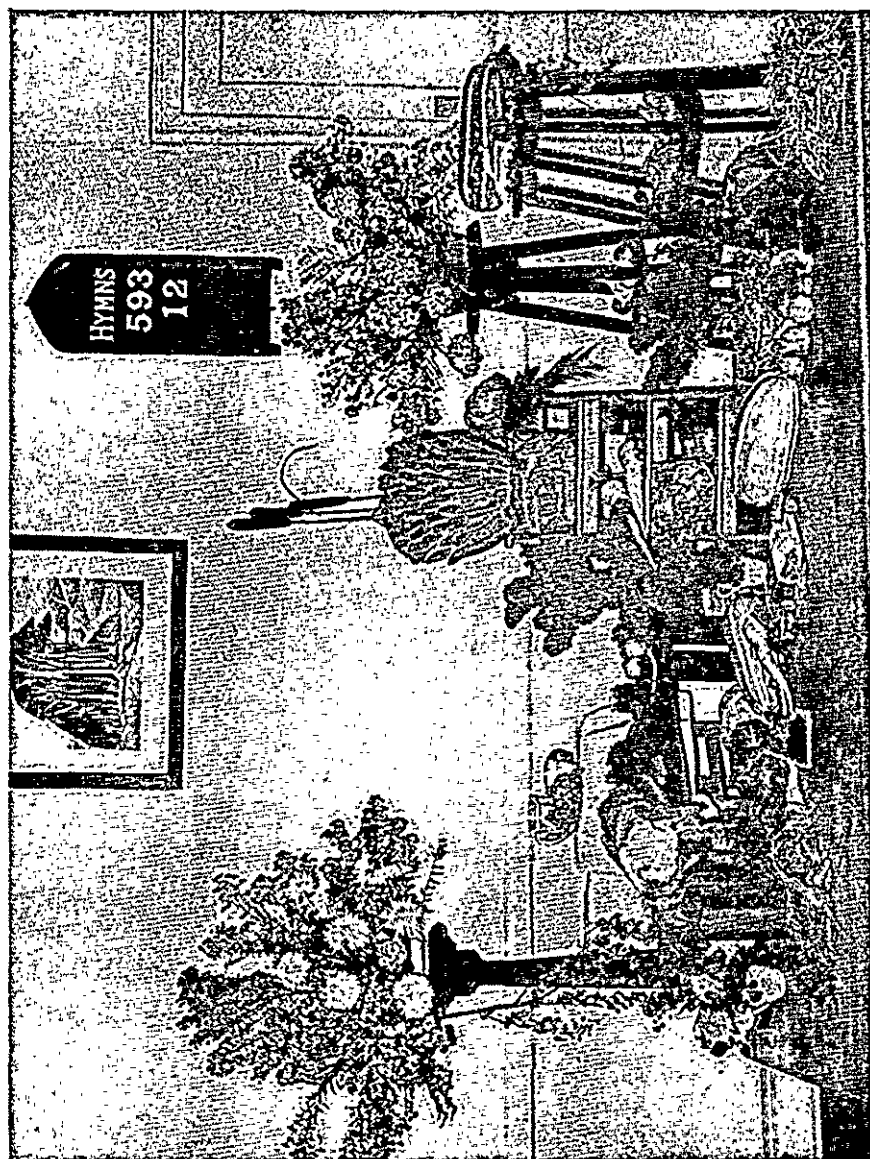
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The Wilton Expedition on July 21st was an afternoon one, and began with a coach-trip to the Royal Wilton Carpet Factory, founded in 1699 by Royal Charter. Our guide here gave us a preliminary briefing on the history of carpets woven on the spot, and the importance of the old buildings which then surrounded us, as we stood in the courtyard that served as a garden and car park.

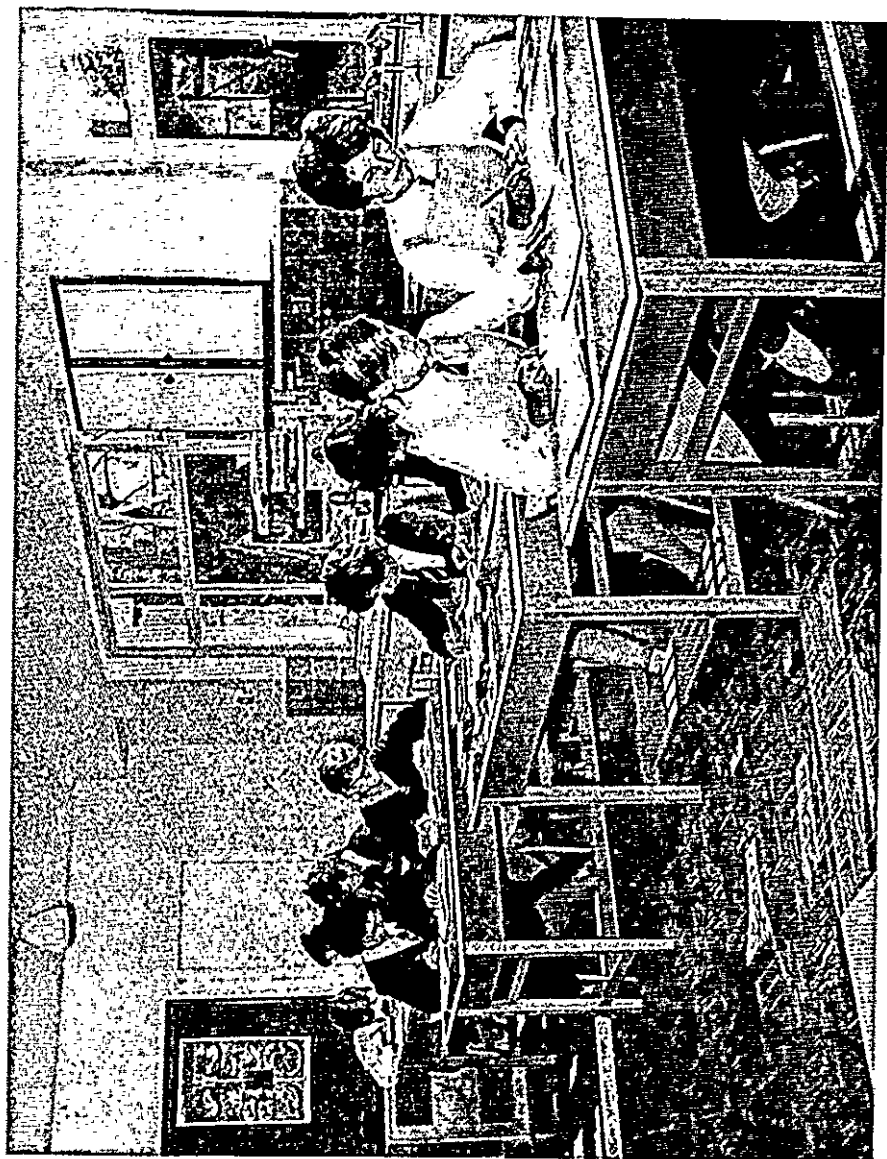
We were first taken to the wool shed where we examined the various grades of baled wool, and watched an extremely energetic noisy and grubby machine washing the wool which it gobbled up as fast as the girls could feed it. We weren't fully aware of the skills in dyeing as we watched vats being filled with and emptied of I.C.I. dyes, and loaded and unloaded of hanks of carpet wool. Nor could we hear very clearly what our guide was saying above the noise. No-one found the smell of the wet steaming wool anything other than nauseating. We were pleased to leave the wool being conveyed to storage in an escalator leading way above our heads, and to enter the weaving sheds and learn the various techniques of carpet-weaving as applied to Wilton and Axminster types respectively. The Wilton looms were much older, and consequently more noisy, but the "gripper - looms" that issued miles of patterned Axminster, far quieter. More interesting processes were those of checking the carpets for flaws, done by girls in a box fitted with electric lights, who shot up and down on moving stools as the carpets passed over their heads. Also the backing machine which coated the backs of the carpet with a sticky substance that ensured immeasurably long life!

The mathematicians were interested in the five-year-old Danish building which one reached on crossing the river (no longer in use by the Factory). It was constructed of seasoned wood with the roof in the form of a hyperbolic parabola, which





THE SIXTH FORM HARVEST FESTIVAL



THE NEW DOMESTIC SCIENCE ROOM

is a geometric form allowing all the force due to the weight of the roof to be taken up by four external supports, thus leaving the expanse of floor free for the giant gripper-loom. Three were in use and a further one was being assembled. Apparently it takes five days to load one of these machines with the 2,000 wool bobbins required in a patterned Axminster.

We bought the customary souvenirs and took our leave for Wilton House. This magnificent building and grounds impressed us all very much and we did enjoy seeing all the treasures there, particularly the Van Dyck collection, but we were not a little weary after finally raiding the "Coke" bar in the tea-room, and made our journey back unusually quietly, thinking about all we had seen.

UPPER V.

### Sixth Form Expedition to Bristol

One day, after Advanced exams were over, Upper VI and their Form Mistress piled into Heather Colyer's family car and set off for Fry's Chocolate Factory at Somerdale, near Bristol. Any doubts we may have had about our driver's ability to get us there safely were soon dispelled as we sped smoothly over the lovely countryside and we reached the Factory very punctually. Our tour was well organised by a pleasant and knowledgeable woman who showed us all the processes and gave us samples of the different chocolates or raw material as we passed through the rooms. In some of these the noise was so great that we felt sorry for anyone who had to work there, but the employees assured us that they had soon got used to it. I think most of us would have found the rather sickly smell of the chocolate in some of the rooms more trying, especially in hot weather.

We were most impressed by the welfare side of the Factory. There are very good facilities for washing and for resting as well as for recreation and eating. We finished our tour with a tea in an airy canteen and here we were presented with a very nice tin of assorted chocolate bars. All this was free and we felt made a good introduction to life in a factory.

After this we went on to Bristol. We noticed that our driver was looking rather worried and listening to queer noises, but knowing little about cars, the rest of us paid no heed to this. However, when we reached Bristol, Heather decided to leave the car at a garage for an overhaul, which apparently it badly needed, while we went on foot to explore the city and finally to have a delicious supper with Miss Allen Dunford at her flat. By the time we had reached the garage again the repairs had been done and we enjoyed the return journey through what is surely some of the loveliest country in the west of England. Altogether, it was a very successful expedition.

## SIMPLICITY FASHION SHOW

The first fashion show to be held at Shaftesbury High School took place on Tuesday, 31st October. The week beforehand there was great excitement amongst the girls who were over 5 ft. 2 ins., as they were in the range of heights to be chosen for models. Of course, measurements played the most important part. On Monday morning the list of models was put up on the School notice board in the hall and immediately everyone crowded round to see if they had qualified.

Later in the day, models were given instructions, very neatly printed, to read so that they would have some knowledge of modelling.

Two girls were appointed to help dress the models and another two were appointed to help with the tea which was to be served to the guests after the show.

The great day came and the Domestic Science room proved a very good place in which the models could change and get organised. Before changing into their clothes, the models had a practice in walking up and down the hall. At half-past one the models all lined up in order of height and were each given a specific article to wear. Some people were given more than one set of clothes to model.

At half-past two the Middle and Upper School were all shown their seats in the hall and by quarter-to-three the School was introduced to the very charming lady called Miss V. Duthoit, who described each article as it came forward. Considering it was the first time many of our girls had ever modelled, they managed to display the clothes extremely well. Miss Duthoit spoke so pleasantly to them all the time that they must have felt quite at ease. The actual show lasted for about forty-five minutes and afterwards Miss Duthoit was invited to have tea in the Domestic Science room. At about quarter-past four, when all the clothes worn by the models were packed, Miss Duthoit had to leave. Although the afternoon seemed to have flown, the fashion show proved to have been a great success.

J. LOCK AND M. RIGGS.

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## FORM REPORTS

### Sixth Form

The VI form enjoyed a hard working year, relieved by many varied social activities, indeed to the outsider it might seem that the VI form enjoyed one madly gay social whirl! Among our

activities, we enjoyed French play readings with Clayesmore, a historical visit to London; a biology expedition to the Natural History Museum, a visit to Bristol to see "Britannicus," and S.C.M. Conference at Bryanston, the VI form conference at Dinton, several social evenings with the Grammar School VI form, which culminated in a dance at the beginning of the Spring Term, and finally a dance at Clayesmore attended by most of the VI form, provided an agreeable end to the year. Despite these various diversions, the A-level results were outstandingly good, with three County Majors, one bursary and a State Scholarship.

We enjoyed arranging and attending the Junior Party in the Christmas term, which we will do again this year, as well as making preparations for our own dance to be held in the Spring term. The VI form harvest festival offerings were appreciated by the old-age pensioners of the town at the beginning of the Autumn Term. We look forward to another equally interesting year, well remembering the maxim that "All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl!"

H. M. SWANN  
L. C. KIBBEY

### Upper V

Upper V began their G.C.E. year with Mrs. Davison as Form Mistress, and twenty-seven members, although we were very sorry to say goodbye to one of our number just before Christmas, when she went to join her parents in Singapore.

The Form had a very pleasant surprise in the Christmas term, when we were informed that the House parties had been dropped and instead U.V could have a party at the end of term and invite their friends. We very much enjoyed all the preparation for this and, needless to say, on the actual evening a very good time was had by all!

We were also pleased that a few girls were able to take maths and biology in the November exam., with a high percentage of successes.

When July came round we were determined to be cool, calm and collected, and equally successful. The exam. period passed off happily and serenely and, although we did not attain the heights of last year's U.V, the results were quite good.

We rounded off the year with an expedition to Poole Pottery and then a visit to Bournemouth, where, although the day was extremely cold and windy, some brave hearts ventured to go swimming. Some of the Form went to Wilton House and Carpet Factory too.

We were sorry to see about half the Form leave in July, but we were consoled by the fact that they were all going to good jobs or training and promised to write to us often. We considered that it was a successful year in every respect, and, to quote our Form Mistress, it was a year of "ups and downs, but mostly ups."

### Lower V

During our life through Shaftesbury High, our Form has differed greatly in numbers, and while in Lower V it ranged from 29-30 pupils, including a German pen-friend of Susan Pile, Adelheide Kegel, who spent the Summer term with us, and a Swiss friend of Erica Seligman, Irène Tuuod, who came for a week at the end of term.

We were, as expected, disappointed at not having a Christmas party, but were recompensed with a most enjoyable visit to London, to see St. Paul's Cathedral and "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" at "The Old Vic," and all came home tired but greatly impressed by the production.

Both the standard of sport and music rose during this year. We had many representatives in the North Dorset Music Festival, and came away with several first and second awards and also a great number of certificates. As a body, we entered in the sight-singing class and were awarded the top grade.

At the North Dorset Sports we were well represented and achieved several certificates. Some girls got through to the Dorset Sports, and Susan Harcourt-Brooks to the South Western Counties Meeting. We have played against the Modern School at both hockey and netball. We won the netball, drew one hockey match and lost a match at home and away respectively.

We were invited to play St. Mary's Convent in netball and lost by only a few goals. Many of the Form played in both the 1st and 2nd Hockey XI's, and the 1st and 2nd Tennis VI's. We joined in a mixed form netball tournament one Saturday morning and also demonstrated our formation ballroom dancing to Miss Privett, the County Physical Education Inspectress. We took part in a swimming gala against Shaftesbury Modern School and Gillingham School, which we won.

In the Summer term we attended a lecture on Careers and a talk on Christian Marriage.

During the year, several members of the Form were confirmed. On the whole, the standard of work has risen, as we achieved two good work prizes this year, and we hope for the coming year, tremendous success in G.C.E.

## Upper IVA

"Once upon a time, when we were in the Upper IVA" . . . it seems such a long time ago now we are veterans of Lower Fifth. Still, looking back, apart from a few minor mishaps, our course through last year was a fairly happy one.

One fly in the ointment at first seemed to be the loss of the parties. Last year it was decided to abolish the old House parties, where each House had a party organised by its seniors. The Juniors (III form and Lower IV) were allowed to have one party on their own, and the Upper V form were allowed to give a dance and invite their own friends. However, this left Lower V and Upper IV without a party. At this decision most of us were rather disappointed, but we cheered up a bit later when it was announced that we were to have a day out instead.

It was arranged later in the year, in the Summer term in fact, that the Upper IV were to go to Bournemouth to see the hard court tennis championships there, and also to go round Christchurch Priory.

All well and good, till the day arrived. It poured with rain and that day of the championships was postponed! But, nothing daunted, we splashed gaily round Christchurch and then, having had lunch on the 'bus, we arrived at Bournemouth Swimming Bath for a swim. Apparently fate was against us, as the baths did not open till threequarters of an hour later; so we did a very fast and very wet tour of the shops till it was time. Having had our bathe, we emerged once more into the outside world (which was scarcely less wet than the bath itself!) and came home, wet, bedraggled, but well-satisfied.

At the end of the Summer term the invitation was given to members of our Form to join the Choir! So, during the lunch hours, various caterwaulings, thumps on the piano, and shrieks of rage could be heard issuing from there as choir tests were taken by quivering, nervous would-be choristers.

Having left Upper IV behind us, we embarked upon the new school year with mixed feelings. Out of the 16 of our form, eight go down to the Grammar School for physics and chemistry. Of the eight left, four are in the choir, so the four left feel a little ridiculous filing into prayers on their own!

The first lesson at the Grammar School was rather an ordeal as none of us knew where to go or anything about the lessons. Still, we soon settled down and it has now become part of our weekly routine.

Next year we take our G.C.E., though some of us may take mathematics and English language this year instead. Little do we know what is in store for us, but though we may be living in fear and trembling of that coming horror, we have a very happy year to look back on at the moment.

### Upper IVB

This year we welcomed two new girls to our Form, Aroha Page and Kerry Cothill. They seem to have settled in very well.

We were in one of the two forms last year who did not have a Christmas party as the House parties were abolished. But, to make up for it, a trip to Bournemouth was arranged to see the Hard Court Tennis Championships. Unfortunately it poured with rain, which forced us to change our plans, though we enjoyed ourselves very much.

We all thank Miss Essex very much for being such a patient form mistress to our excitable form! This year we welcome Miss Hughes.

Finally, we must congratulate Ruth Morley and Janet Harvey on both receiving a progress prize and Sheila Stride for winning a Speech Training Certificate.

### Lower IV

As we had expected, in our second year we were sent up at Barton Hill. On two mornings every week prayers were held there and taken by Miss Woods and Miss Dunford. In the summer there was a continual race to bag the tennis court there. On the whole the Form preferred to spend the time on their hands, instead of taking walks on their feet around the gardens.

About half the Form started Latin with Mrs. Bell.

In the Autumn term the Netball rally was held at Weymouth and our team came fifth.

The sight-reading group of our Form did very well in the North Dorset Music Festival, in which they came first, tying with Lower V and Upper IV. Many girls did very well in individual classes and other group classes.

We should like to congratulate Zelda Glinos for winning the Junior Athletic Cup and Frances Scalbert, the runner-up. Also Valerie Greenland for winning the Junior Swimming Cup, and Maureen Deacon, the runner-up.

Seven of the Form achieved good work prizes, and several girls were awarded deportment stars.



### **Form III**

Here we are at the end of our first year at the High School, and a very full year it has been.

We gathered timidly on the first day, secretly feeling rather proud to be the first to be wearing the new school uniform.

The Carol Service was most enjoyable and one lesson was read by Carolyn Hunt. All our parents commented on the high quality of the music.

We all enjoyed the hilarious Christmas party.

The following term we played a netball match against the Modern School and lost by one goal.

At Easter, a Parisienne friend of one of the members of the Form came to School and amused everyone by saying that some of us opened our mouths too widely while speaking French.

We were kept busy preparing for examinations, the Music Festival, the Swimming Gala and Parents' and Sports Day.

Three girls got deportment stars and two good work prizes. At the end of the first year four of our friends left, as did Mrs. Bell, our Form Mistress, who had helped us so much to feel at home in our new school.

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## **LINKS WITH THE OUTER WORLD THE COMMONWEALTH**

### **Commonwealth Youth Quest**

Again, as a representative of the Falkland Islands, I was chosen to join the Commonwealth Youth Movement of 1961. The C.Y.M. was founded by Major Ney in 1937. Since then he has done much towards furthering Commonwealth relations.

The aims of C.Y.M. are to promote understanding between all parts of the Commonwealth. "Our aims are peace, brotherhood and understanding." This year the countries represented were Canada, Aden, Mauritius, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, India, Gibraltar, Swaziland, Fiji, N. Rhodesia, Malaya, Falkland Islands and United Kingdom. We also had two honorary members from Belgium and two from Germany.

The tour lasted for about six weeks, during which time we visited places in England, Scotland, France and Belgium.

Our programme was very varied, and we had a thoroughly enjoyable time. Most of the time we stayed in private homes, but in Glasgow, London and Ypres we all stayed at the same place.

Besides seeing the places of interest, we also spent a day at I.C.I., visited the headquarters of S.H.A.P.E. and N.A.T.O., attended many luncheons and dinners, which were held specially for us. We also saw several shows, including "My Fair Lady," and also visited the London Planetarium.

The climax of the Quest was the Vigil which was held at St. George's Memorial Chapel, Ypres.

Everything worked as arranged, with one exception. We arrived in Brussels twenty-four hours before we were expected. Consequently there was no-one to meet us, and for two hours we sat on our suitcases outside the station. Passers-by stared at us, and soon we were besieged by stamp collectors wanting us to give them stamps from our countries.

The atmosphere throughout the Quest was one of friendliness and co-operation. Within a day we felt as though we'd known each other for years. Everyone was sad when the Quest ended, but now I've lots of pen-friends in many parts of the world, and I hope that one day we'll meet again on another Quest.

DAISY CLIPTON, *Upper VI.*

### **Commonwealth Technical Training Week**

This year I was privileged to represent the Falkland Islands at the inaugural meeting of Commonwealth Technical Training Week, which was held at the Guildhall in London on May 29th, 1961.

The idea of Commonwealth Technical Training Week was born in Australia. It was there that H.R.H. Prince Philip saw a State Apprenticeship Week in operation, and felt that here was a conception which could be immensely valuable throughout the Commonwealth, if it were varied to suit the circumstances and needs of the individual territories.

The aims of the Week were to stimulate awareness of responsibility of the community towards young people entering employment; to stress the importance of schemes of induction and training, both for employer and employed; to give increased opportunity to young people to learn of the available opportunities for training and education; and generally "to emphasise the significant place of the young worker in society."

The meeting was well attended, and nearly all Commonwealth countries were represented. After a short address by the Lord Mayor of London, H.R.H. Prince Philip was introduced.

In his speech, which was concise, but included all necessary points, the Duke emphasised the necessity of entering a skilled profession after leaving school. We were amazed to hear that

82% of school leavers enter unskilled jobs. After the vote of thanks, representative apprentices and trainees were presented to the Duke, who seemed to find a friendly word for everyone.

After the meeting we were invited to lunch in the Guildhall.

You will be interested to hear that Sir Frederick Handley-Page, chairman of the committee, was very impressed by our School badge and uniform, but he especially liked the new boarders' summer hats!

### A Visit to Kenya

Last Summer holidays I had the exciting experience of flying for the first time to Kenya. After a flight of approximately sixteen hours, stopping at Rome and Khartoum, I arrived at Nairobi airport. The flight had been very comfortable, although while crossing the Sahara Desert and Mediterranean Sea I had kept my fingers crossed and hoped that nothing would go wrong with the plane, which was a B.O.A.C. Britannia.

On arrival, I was met by my family, and taken on a short, pleasant trip through the modern part of Nairobi City on my way home, seeing a few herds of zebra just outside the airport. Our bungalow is situated in a large garden just inside the grounds of the British Military Hospital, five miles outside the city.

During my stay I visited many places of interest, including Armand and Michaela Denis' farm, Thika Falls, where "Tarzan" has made a film recently, Mount Kenya, and two game parks. While driving through these parks one was able to see many wild creatures, including giraffe, lion, monkeys, baboons, zebra, hippopotamus and crocodiles, also an alarming number of vultures and other birds of prey.

One afternoon we visited the Ngong Hills, which are about twenty miles from Nairobi, and are the home of the Masai Tribe. They are a proud, strong race, and although they are not very friendly, they would not harm Europeans. Their children are often sent out into the bush to look after small herds of cattle, with only a spear as protection against the wild animals. Their homes are clustered together in small villages, and are made of wood with rough thatched roofs, similar to those of the primitive people in England.

Unfortunately not all the tribes are like this, and the more civilised ones, such as the Kikuyu, who were the leading tribe during the Mau-Mau trouble, and even now still take Mau-Mau oaths, occasionally attack the Europeans.

On September 9th I left the warm sunshine of Nairobi, flying in a Boeing 707, stopping at Rome and Frankfurt, to return to a dismal rainy scene at London Airport.

ANNE ROWLANDS.

## Ghana

My first view of Ghana was when, through the little window of the aeroplane, I saw little flimsy-looking crafts, skimming along at a fast pace. They rather looked like rafts, with a large sail, which allowed the full force of the wind to get in it. As the plane neared the airport, we passed over hundreds of closely packed, squalid-looking mud huts, with little tiny children running around naked. I was met at the airport by grinning Ghanaians, who politely pushed us towards a brilliant yellow 'bus. The Ghanaians are not a small people, their sizes varying as English sizes do! They were on the whole always cheerful, laughing people, with white teeth, looking even more white against their dark skins. They all love bright colours, and love perfume of any sort.

My first impression of the main street of Accra was one of noise. Every car, wagon, 'bus had a huge horn attached which made a noise of a maddened bull. One horn was enough to scare any offender, but when there were hundreds, one can imagine the din! There were about three main English shops. One was at the top of Accra, the other at the bottom.

To get from one to the other, one had to traverse a mile of chaos.

This was appropriately called "The Mad Mile." It was practically impossible to walk along this road, as the noise and bustle was a danger to one's life! One would be knocked, deafened and nearly killed in the process! As well as this it was so hot and humid, that only the thought of a bathe in the sea or in a bath would keep one going (but not the thought of another large, stuffy shop, and the walk back again!).

The sea was something of constant delight to everyone. In it could be spent endless hours of bathing and surf-riding or playing, with guards watching you all the time. At the slightest sign of impending disaster, they would jump, shout, ring their bells and whistles, thoroughly enjoying themselves, not caring whether the poor person is being killed or drowned. The guards' wives would stand watching, giggling and nudging each other.

The women wore long kenti clothes, wound all round their body from their ankles to their shoulders. The younger, more modern, women dared to wear little blouses under the kenti cloths. The babies, of course, are always carried on the women's backs, wrapped up very carefully in these kenti-cloths, the ends fastened round the mother's waist.

The people of Ghana still have very cruel habits. I have often seen little animals tied to a tree or wagon with ropes

around different parts of their bodies. These are tugged and pulled, while the little children throw sticks or stones, anything within reach, at the poor animal. The children often find great amusement in pulling at crabs' legs or in tormenting anything.

The policemen are very funny to watch on their motor-bicycles, or standing on pedestals directing the traffic. They look so serious, waving on one stream of cars, also waving on another stream of cars so that they meet headlong. There are traffic lights, but these have either been broken, are not worked properly, or are just not bothered about!

There are horses in Ghana, but as the heat gets so intense, with any little cut they have going septic, they die very quickly, as the Ghanaians know very little about medicine, and cannot really be bothered with them.

There are no really lovely things hand-made by the Ghanaians, except for one or two wooden ornaments which are bulky and cheaper to buy in England! Elephant tables seem to be very common, but even these crack in the intense heat. Rain, when it comes, comes quickly and hard. Nothing weak can withstand it, and the rain will go straight through the canopy of a car. After the rain there appear hundreds of "flying ants." They get into the house almost anywhere, and as soon as they are in, their wings drop off, and the ants die!

Fruit is in abundance, which is about the only thing that is. The coconut never seems to be allowed to get hard, so it is soft and not at all nice. There are no apples, but the pau-pau (a kind of melon) is very common.

The Ghanaians love the cinema, and although they do not understand a word of the language, they will cheer and boo, dancing around as Cowboys and Indians!

The Ghanaians love wearing uniform, and will wear it as much as they can, marching along the streets, ordering the people about or telling them off. A lot of the Ghanaians will go to any length to obtain something bright or different, especially cameras, toilet paper, talcum powder or soap!

The Ghanaians live in little villages, and belong to different tribes, for example, Fou-Fou. The villages have very interesting names such as Buga-Buga and Togohard.

Places of importance are Kumasi, Takoradi, Tema, a new harbour taking the place of Takoradi, Tamale and Secondi. A fairly new addition to Ghana is the Volta dam and the Volta bridge built by the English. The bridge is a fantastic affair of steel framework going in a huge curve, holding a narrow bridge up. The dam was not started until a little while ago, so there was not very much to see.

But for all their faults, and for the backwardness, the Ghanaians with whom I came into contact were cheerful, laughing, kind-hearted and except for a few lazy ones, very helpful. So that I was really very sorry to leave Ghana, and yet glad that I should miss "their" summer!

S. LLOYD.

### **Salamis : An Ancient City of Cyprus:**

Salamis is, to Cyprus, what the Parthenon is to Greece. It stands by the sea, with some of it actually in the sea; an entire city, which, although now mostly crumbling relics of ancient times, must have been a magnificent city in its own time.

It is a strange feeling to walk over the mosaic floor of one of the villas, and think how many Romans must have walked there before. It is also very strange to see the beautiful statues of Gods and Goddesses, many of them with their heads knocked off, as, when the Romans were converted to Christianity, they destroyed many of these magnificent, marble, life-size figures. But there are still relics also of the days of Christian persecution; these are the priest-holes. It was here that fugitive priests hid and lived secretive, miserable, and nervous lives, for perhaps many years.

The Romans, despite their cruelty and love of savage sports, such as gladiator fighting, were very advanced for their period of time, for living standards in the home. Their red clay pipes, which carried water to the baths, or heated their villas, are even copied today, by modern architects, who even use the same clay.

Many hundreds of years have now passed since Roman times, but many ideas still live, and also Salamis still stands as

*"A Relic of the Past."*

JILLIAN PARKIN, U.I.V.

### **My First Impression of Malta**

My heart was in my mouth as our plane touched down on the airstrip at Luga Airport in Malta. I was now arriving in a strange country seen only once before from the rail of a ship. On the way to our flat in a rural village, we passed through a few small villages, past minute fields, very dusty with an occasional group of prickly pears. It is only on certain parts of the island that more vegetation is found. We passed through Silema, a small, fairly important coastal town. We soon arrived at Immserah, the village where my parents live, only to be greeted by the smell of goats, goats being one of the methods of earning a living in Malta. The journey in all took about a quarter of an

hour. The longest journey in Malta, unless you travel all the way round the island, takes about threequarters of an hour. The reason for this is that the island is only eighteen miles by eight miles in any case. Then followed six weeks of swimming in the clear, blue Mediterranean Sea ; of snorkling with masks and flippers, only to be terrified by the strange sea animals underneath me. Apart from swimming, we also went out for a day in a launch, dived and fished after the tiny shells and stones on the bottom of the sea.

All too soon, the twelfth came ; I was awakened at two o'clock ; my plane left at four. My last glimpse of the island was as my first, through a plane window, at five in the morning. Five hours later, I was back in England.

MAUREEN DEACON, *U.IV.*

### **Impressions of Geneva**

I had never been to Switzerland before and was curious to see what it was like. I, like many other people, had always pictured it as a country with many massive mountains, tinkling cows and slopes covered with rustic chalets and brilliant flowers. So you can imagine that going under that impression I was most surprised to find—I was right! Sitting on a mountain-side in the scorching sun, nipped by a keen breeze, I quite expected Heidi and her goats to come round the corner. However, I was disappointed to find that the national costume of the area was seldom worn and so no-one resembling Heidi ever came my way ; though I met with many an Almuncle, as about 20% of the Swiss boys have beards! Uniform is non-existent in both boys' and girls' schools and I found that although the method of teaching was very Victorian, the girls were treated much more like young ladies in school. My Swiss friend was very much amused, when she came to school here, to see the boarders on Sunday, turning out in white gloves and hats, and walking to church in a crocodile. I should have taken this as a fore-warning as the Swiss people never dress up and so my best clothes were useless! They all seem very easy-going folk who take things as they come and do not bother about pointless refinements : I had to defy all my lessons in etiquette when confronted by a dish of potatoes and cheese which I was expected to eat with my fingers!

Geneva itself is a beautiful place, unspoiled and uncrowded. In every street there is some house of architectural interest, perhaps with pointed windows or a tower, in unusual brick or with an ancient door. The back streets are not spoilt by the aggravating antique shops that litter every alley in England : they are full of interesting people who live quiet lives behind the shutters.

Further up Lake Lemman is the Château de Chillon, which juts out into the Lake, gracing the landscape with its mediaeval splendour. There I saw the pillar where Bonivard was chained for four years, and where Byron scratched his name.!

This was one of the many interesting sights to see that enriched my interesting and eventful stay in Geneva. Also, I thoroughly recommend Geneva as a place in which to learn French, as the people speak much slower and more simply than in France.

ERICA M. SELIGMAN, U.V.

### **Impressions of Austria**

My fortnight in Austria was sponsored by the Dorset and Somerset Federation of Young Farmers, and twenty-five young farmers were able to take part.

The first three days were spent in Vienna, where we hardly had a spare minute. The only afternoon that was free, five of us decided to queue in order to get standing places to see "The Masked Ball" at the Vienna State Opera House. After queuing for two and a half hours, we were lucky enough to meet some students who wanted to sell their tickets. The opera was wonderful and we were delighted with everything.

We explored several churches, all of which were exceptionally well kept and elaborately carved with decorated ceilings and stained glass windows. I found St. Peter's Church had particularly beautiful carvings and paintings. At St. Stephen's Cathedral we were shown ancient catacombs which were communal burial places. For over three hundred years dead people just piled up in these catacombs.

All the Austrian people made us feel most welcome. We went to a "Heurigen," a type of Dutch Supper, at which visitors bring their own food, bread, cheese, tomatoes, gherkins, meat, etc., and are supplied with wine. It was, in fact, a wine tasting festival and a wreath of evergreens or a branch of fir hanging on a pole was a sign that the new wine had been pressed and was being drunk on the premises. We were supplied with music by the tavern's "Schrammel" quartet, consisting of a first and second violin, guitar and accordion player.

The next place at which we stayed was Mold. It was a very pleasant journey from Vienna to Mold, through countryside which was rather flat and had no hedges because there were no cattle in this part. The chief crops were roots, potatoes and corn, especially maize.



We arrived in Mold, at least we were told that it was Mold, for the station consisted of one little wooden hut at the side of a single-line track in the middle of a mangold field. We were driven from this hut in private cars to the Agricultural School which was to be our home for the next six days. My first impression of the school was that it was very modern, but out of place in the very heart of the country. The ploughed field came right up to the outside wall of the building.

We had a very varied programme in Mold, where we visited different types of farms, some of which were very well kept and others were most primitive. One day we went on an excursion from Mold to Gmund by train on a single-line track, the wooden seats being most uncomfortable and if we wished we could stand out on a small platform between the carriages. We therefore christened this the "Wells Fargo" line! In Gmund we visited a Potato Factory for producing starch and a Milk Dehydrating Plant.

After lunch we visited the Iron Curtain between Austria and Czechoslovakia. Two lines of electrified fencing separated the two countries and whilst taking photos we were watched continuously by guards with field glasses from the top of look-out towers.

The impression here was that you could sense the unfriendly, unnatural atmosphere. No-one seemed to be living in the houses because, apart from the guards, not a soul was in sight.

For several evenings we were entertained by Austrian Young Farmers, who were full of fun and always ready to laugh. They entertained us with very funny sketches and also taught us some of their National dances. Many of them could speak very little English, but we had a lot of fun trying to make each other understand. Language seemed to be no barrier to a wonderful evening's entertainment.

We were very sorry to leave Mold, as our stay had been most enjoyable there, but the last place we visited, Salzburg, proved to have certainly the most beautiful scenery and we appreciated the more civilised mode of transport.

We stayed at Klessheim School near Klessheim Castle. During the two days we were here more farms were visited, where we saw good Pinzgauer cattle herds, the only type bred in Salzburg. We saw one of the best herds in Salzburg, recently highly decorated with first prizes and owned by the Congregation of Sisters of Charity.

One of the most enjoyable afternoons was when we visited the Salzkammergut Lakes, stopping at St. Gilgen, where we went to the top of the mountain, 1,520 metres high, by cable car. We then continued by coach to Wolfgang, where we crossed the lake by steamer to see the White Horse Inn.

During the whole fortnight we only had two hours free for shopping, but I found the shop assistants most helpful while I was shopping for souvenirs.

My last impression of this wonderful Austrian holiday was how delightful a good-hot cup of tea tasted when I at last reached England.

SUSAN PERKINS, *U.VI.*

### **Impressions of a Holiday in France**

The memories I have of my brief holiday in France are merely colourful impressions of a succession of lazy days spent on the beach, at the popular holiday resort where I was staying.

I shall not easily forget the market where elderly women in their rusty black dresses and wooden sabots presided over stalls of every type of fish imaginable, as well as crabs, crayfish, shrimps and other crustaceans; the narrow streets packed with bronzed holidaymakers on their way to the beach; the beach itself, a length of golden sand, covered with the reclining forms of the French on holiday; the numerous cafes around the harbour, where we would go in the evenings for "crêpes à la Grand Marnier"; the fisherwomen mending their husbands' nets; "la Chaume," the fishermen's quarter, interesting in its squalidity, yet frowned upon by the more respectable townspeople; and the evening sun shining on the tiny fishing boats, which were preparing to leave the safety of the port and to venture out on the high seas . . .

These are only a few of my impressions, as it would be impossible to describe the flavour of French life, which characterizes it, in any account, no matter how detailed. I was delighted to have the opportunity to meet such a variety of characters from the rebellious crowd of teenagers on the beach, a lady who made a habit of smoking cigars, to my correspondante's grandmother who kept a souvenir shop, and held somewhat extravagant views of Protestants and the behaviour of teenagers. Most of the French people I met thought the English to be a stiff-upper-lipped, blue-blooded race, whose nouriture consisted of heavy puddings and gigantic breakfasts, living in a perpetual pea-soup fog!

I am now longing for another chance to re-visit France, but until then have to make do with these few vivid memories:

HEATHER SWANN, U.VI.

### La Belle France

It was the first Saturday of the summer holiday when I flew off into the low clouds around London Airport, bound for Le Bourget in Paris, to spend a month with my French friend and her sister and parents. I felt very shy at first, but their great kindness soon put me at ease.

At the beginning, I stayed in a flat in Paris near the Sacré Coeur, surrounded by many busy roads and expensive shops. It took quite a long time to get used to the food, and many a time I longed for a cup of English tea at 5 o'clock. At breakfast, we drank cocoa or ricory from handle-less bowls, and ate delicious French bread. Lunch, and supper at 8 p.m., consisted of five or six different courses, and took ages to eat, always ending with a great variety of cheeses and fresh fruit, while we had wine or cider to drink.

In Paris I visited many famous buildings, including L'arc de Triomphe, Notre-Dame, and Les Invalides, where Napoleon I lived. Inside I saw the beautiful tomb and his old hat, gloves and sword. I walked up 800 steps to the second floor of La Tour Eiffel, and sank, exhausted, into a seat in the café there. The wonderful view of Paris beneath me soon revived my spirits, and after a glass of orange squash I began the journey down, which wasn't half as bad!

After a week in Paris, we all went to stay in a beautiful little country house in a village forty miles to the south, called Gizancourt. Here we went out early one morning, hoping to find some edible snails. We found two large ones and by the time we had prepared them for the table, with their elaborate dressings, I wasn't quite so enthusiastic.

However, I was persuaded to eat the snails and, to tell you the truth, they tasted quite delicious. Nearly everywhere we went we saw cows being milked, by hand, and the patient little donkeys standing ready with their carts, to pull the milk down to the farmhouse. I tried my hand at milking with some success.

After two weeks at Gizancourt, we went to stay in an enormous, thirteen-bedroomed house, at Etretat on the Normandy coast, belonging to the great-grandmother. Different members of the family come to this house during the three summer months when it is open. To get to Etretat, we had to cross the famous suspension bridge of Tancarville across the mouth of the Seine, which took a million working hours to erect!

Etretat is renowned for its marvellous diffo, rather like Durdle Door, but on a much larger scale.

On the day we left, the people were celebrating their liberation from the Germans during the last war ; on September 2nd of each year they hold a procession.

One day we visited an animal park, where nearly all the animals roam about at will. It so happened that I was carrying my tennis racquet with me that day and when I reached a monkey tied to a tree with a long chain, it ran towards me looking quite fierce, to my horror, and grabbed one end of my precious racquet. Of course, I kept hold of the opposite end and we had a tug-of-war. Eventually I let go and the rascal ran up to the top-most branch of the tree with its prize. I thought I had seen the last of my tennis racquet, but no! For some unknown reason it returned to me, dropped the racquet and seized my ankle and began to gnaw it! Somehow I shook him off and was rushed into the office to have ointment put on the wound. The scar will always remind me of the wonderful holiday I spent in France and the great kindness I received from my gay, charming French friends.

JOAN CUSTARD, *L.IV.*

### **Pilgrimage to Lourdes**

During the Easter holidays this year I had the wonderful opportunity of being able to go on a pilgrimage to Lourdes with my French friend. Late one evening we set out, along with fifteen thousand other French guides, on two special trains from la gare d'Austalitz. At about six o'clock the next morning we awoke to the scene of snow-peaked mountains and brilliantly shining sun. However, before we had time to admire the lovely views, we found ourselves sitting in a charming hotel eating a typically French breakfast of coffee and rolls.

After we had unpacked, we were taken by the priest who was in charge of our group, to the first mass at La Basalique. This magnificent Basilica, which was of white-stone, was set on the edge of a river and surrounded by beautiful mountains. We then proceeded to La Grotte, the place where the Virgin appeared to Bernadette. This was a cave set back in the mountains and lit continuously by ever burning candles. On the roof were hung the crutches of those who had been cured either at the baths, or at the Grotto or during the mass. Near to La Grotte stood the baths, where each year many who have great faith are cured.

A wonderful atmosphere could be felt at La Grotte, mingled with a feeling of close unity-one to the other. Although no one was actually cured from our party of girls, I had found something much more wonderful which will remain with me for the rest of my life, and I hope that one day I shall be able to return to find that wonderful happiness once again.

ANN STAINER, U.V.

\* \* \*

## MY IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLISH SCHOOLS

This year I attended Shaftesbury High School for the Summer term, and I had a really lovely time there. But I noticed quite a lot of differences between German and English schools, and I now want to point them out.

First of all, English students spend quite a lot of time at school, while in Germany there are only lessons in the morning. That may affect the student's attitude to school, and in my opinion English schools play a greater part in the student's life than in Germany.

The school systems are quite different, too. The aim of German schools is to give the students a proper general knowledge, while English schools prefer a system of specialisation. Thus German students have to go on with all subjects until leaving school, and English students can choose their subjects (at least after some years) of their own free will. By concentrating on so few subjects, English students are able to acquire a considerable knowledge in these subjects, perhaps a greater knowledge than German students. But there remains a danger of getting one-sided and lacking in general knowledge, while the German student has to acquire an elementary knowledge in all subjects, even though he might not like them particularly.

Then there is the difference between English examinations and German "Klassenarbeiten." While English schools are accustomed to examinations at the end of every term, in Germany there are written tests scattered all over the year. Thus the teachers are able to control the student's work permanently, and the marks on the report do not necessarily depend on one examination. But these tests are only held in languages and maths, and they are not usual in other subjects. In Germany actually more stress is laid on oral work than in England, and there are many more oral tests for the purpose of improving the student's ability to express his or her thoughts quite clearly in words.

In English schools there generally is a strong feeling of school-spirit which you can hardly find in Germany. But there often is a kind of form-spirit, though that is not quite the same. As German students wear no uniforms and German schools have no boarders, the students altogether don't feel such a strong community as English students do.

HEIDI KEGEL.

\* \* \*

“ 999 ”

Restlessly I turned over in my bed, unusually hot and sticky, then, suddenly the room was glowing into blinding light.

At 1 o'clock on July 19th, somebody had switched the landing light on, and I heard my father calling my brother, “ Andrew, the Dutch barn is on fire.” In my semi-conscious state I didn't really take this in, but gradually it dawned on me. I flung myself to the window and there, against the black sky, a sheet of golden yellow flame confronted me.

For a minute I stood petrified ; but roused once more, I saw Daddy and Andrew running up the slope to the farm buildings, intending, if possible, to save some of the machinery.

By this time the dogs had given the alarm and everybody was awake. Mummy had already dialled the Fire Brigade. She tried her utmost to persuade my sister and myself to stay in the house, but we flatly refused. We grabbed our coats and literally tore up to the farm buildings.

Andrew was playing a power hose on the flames and had already moved a Land Rover and van from nearby. Daddy and a farm labourer were desperately trying to unhitch a manure spreader from a tractor, deep in the heart of the flames. The two combines, already prepared for harvest, were blackened and useless ; a fertiliser and forage harvester were barely recognisable as 600 tons of straw and hay flared high above the roof of the barn.

Daddy's main objective was to remove the pigs from nearby buildings. It was as we were driving them to the paddock and to the orchard that the police arrived.

I was standing in the middle of the drive, when a dark, brawny object lurked towards me. Thinking it was somebody I knew, I cried out . . . no reply !. Suddenly a pair of strong arms came around me ; and as I was trembling with fear, the deep voice of a policeman asked me who I was and where was my father and he tried to console me by saying there was nothing to be frightened of.

I shall never forget that moment. There was I standing foolishly in the middle of the drive, with only a coat over my nightdress, in the arms of the law, with a terrific fire blazing and crackling away in the black distance.

The poor man had cause to be puzzled, and the only thing I could say was, "The pigs, we're moving the pigs." And oh! how cantankerous pigs can be. Quite contented to stay in their warm sties, some of the larger pigs utterly refused to move and had to be man-handled. Still, one could hardly blame them as turning out into the cold night (in spite of a roaring fire) was risking pneumonia.

About half-an-hour later Shaftesbury Fire Brigade rolled in, closely followed by Blandford and Poole Brigades. For their supply of water they had to dam a stream flowing through the village. However, there was not much they could do to put the fire out, for by now the flames were dancing wildly from every corner of the barn. But they did do a wonderful job by washing the roofs of surrounding buildings, thus preventing the fire from spreading.

Onlookers from the village gazed in wonderment at the blazing mass, as a slight breeze blew the flames dangerously one way and then another. All the hay which was not ruined by fire was ruined by smoke and water, consequently there was a great loss.

One fireman terrified us all by collapsing on the grass when making his way to the house. Mummy and others had to carry him home and revived him with strong tea and Aspros. To another, we had to lend a pair of socks, as he hadn't had time to put any on, and another I noticed had only his pyjamas on under his coat.

At about 3.30 a.m. the B.B.C. cameras arrived from Weymouth; the Southern Electricity Board were also there, with a blinding searchlight.

At 4.0 a.m. the fire was more or less under control, although the firemen were still there for the following fortnight. After this work the firemen and policemen came in shifts for tea, which Mummy and my sister were supplying until 6 o'clock.

As I looked out of my bedroom window at 7 o'clock the flames had died down considerably. Only a black, black cloud remained over the farm, and the disgusting smell of charred hay was all around. And now I had to go to school; how like an extraordinary dream it all seemed!

MARY BARTLETT, L.V.A.

## , POETRY

### Man's Folly

The thick grey column,  
Rounded with bulges,  
Rises towards the overcast sky.  
Like an umbrella opening,  
The mushroom takes shape.  
Beneath its shadow  
Fire is raging  
For miles and miles around,  
And men, women and children,  
Every office, house and church  
Are razed helpless to the ground.  
When the bomb is dropped,  
The blast is so immense  
That everything for miles around  
Is blown into little bits,  
Which rise and rise and rise  
In that symbol of destruction—  
That devastating mushroom  
Of radioactive dust.

And just to think that one day soon  
There may be me or you  
Inside that cruel mushroom:  
*Completely made by Man.*

\* \* \*

### The Portrait

One yellow circular blob—  
For her face.  
An orange-brown background ;  
A thick red line  
For her lips.  
Long green hair,  
Two blue circles  
For her eyes:

He mixed his paints ;  
I watched.  
" They'll say it's not like her.  
I know. So what ?"



He painted with an abandonment  
That only too few know ;  
He painted with exhilaration  
That I know how to share.  
You take the largest brush  
Pressing deep into the paint ;  
You watch the colour gouging out  
In a rich and sticky mess ;  
You pat it on the large canvas  
With an intent and studious air,  
While the glorious smell of oil paint  
Assails your sense of smell.  
You heap more colour on  
Of many a varying hue,  
Then cajole and smooth  
And twist the paint  
Until it does exactly that  
Which you would have it do.

For a yellow blob  
He made a face.  
The background now was dark.  
Pink soft lips had vanquished  
The red unfeeling line ;  
Her hair was now a lustrous black ;  
The eyes were wide and bright.

No criticism can dampen  
The pleasant glow of pride  
Which pervades the happy painter  
Having given of his best.

ROSEMARY WAGNER, *L.VI.*

\* \* \*

### Chrysanthemums

Dew drenched and wind swept, no longer they sway,  
Sweeping the clouds from the sky,  
No more with billowing breezes they play,  
No more with raindrops they sigh.

Gone is the hour of that autumnal morn,  
When shyly the first leaves unfurled ;  
Gone are the blooms, like the harvested corn ;  
All the last buds have uncurled.

Once like a Poplar tree, proud as a queen,  
Growing with tall outstretched bough,  
Now like the Willows, who weep by the stream,  
Sadly their heavy heads bow.

Nothing remains of their bronzes and yellows,  
Rosy pinks, snow white or green,  
Only remembered by fruit, which now mellow,  
Chrysanthemums bloomed here unseen.

SARA PICKFORD, *L. VI.*

\* \* \*

### Orphans

Mourning their loss,  
They stayed there.  
Transfixed with grief  
They lay there.

Their mother lay silent and still ;  
The hunter had left them his kill.  
She lay there : once fierce and bold  
Their guard and protection of old.  
She'd nourished and fed them,  
Cared for, and led them  
Through dangers and hazards untold.

What could they do without her ?  
In that forest with perils unknown,  
Surrounded by jackals and tigers  
There, they were left, all alone.

Mourning their loss  
They stayed there :  
Until in the end  
They died there.

SUSAN PILE, *U. V.*

\* \* \*

### Ode to a Pop Singer

From Cliff to Elvis Presley.  
From Faith to Marty Wild,  
The clothes that set the fashion,  
The hair : the dog-chewed style.

Whose knees are made of rubber,  
Whose ties a boot lace string,  
A speckled shirt, oh brother  
To get them in the swing!

With glitter slung on side  
And hands gripped round the mike,  
A mouth so open wide,  
The song could scarce fly out.

" Oh yeh, yeh, bom, bom, bom,"  
They have no other words.  
The song has just begun  
When longing shouts come out.

From now to kingdom come,  
The world's dominions through,  
We'll go on eating gum  
And, sing, and dance, and chew.

CAROL EMERY, U.V.

\* \* \*

### Prep

The lesson's drawing to its close,  
The minutes pass—suspense is great.  
What unknown tortures they impose,  
While patiently we wait, and wait.

"And now, your prep," we heave a sigh;  
With pencils poised we wait our doom;  
What heavy, toilsome burden's nigh?  
What hours of dark frustration loom?

"Ten lines from 'Mentor,' done in best,"  
"Oh no!" we groan; and then—"not more?"  
"Page fifty-three—translate the rest."  
And then the staff sweeps through the door.

Occasionally some kind staff,  
(There are, alack, so very few!)  
Omits our prep, or gives us half  
Because we have "so much to do."

Then reverently we ope' the door,  
And reverently we watch her out,  
And then agree, both one and all :  
There should be more like her about.

When four o'clock comes round at last,  
With fervish haste we pack our prep.  
Don our hat, gloves, coat and scarf,  
And hurry home with quickening step.

We've had our tea, and washed the dishes ;  
Feeling, carefree, happy, too,  
And then, a cloud of gloom amasses ;  
We've horried, beastly *prep* to do.

My pen's run dry, I've lost a rubber ;  
My temper's slowly wearing through ;  
I see the time, and get still madder—  
Still got Maths and French to do.

But then I hear a well-known tune,  
And up I jump to see " Ward 10,"  
The break is over all too soon,  
And then it's back to work again.

At half-past eight, assailed by thirst,  
I make a cuppa (*prep* is done).  
Why is the school-girl race so cursed ?  
And yet, some even say it's *fun*!

VANESSA HARRISON, L.V.A.

\* \* \*

### The Waterfall

Sometimes laughing, dancing water,  
Bubbling over mossy stones,  
Sometimes frothy, roaring, rushing,  
A boiling mass of seething foam.

In the summer sunshine sparkling,  
A rippling flowing water wall,  
Rays of golden sunlight glancing  
Off the glittering waterfall.

In the autumn, leaves are falling  
From the birches growing round ;  
Golden guineas falling lightly,  
Swirling giddily down and down.

In the bitter freezing water,  
When the ground is deep in snow,  
Silhouettes of bare black branches  
Frame a frozen waterfall.

GRETA STUBBS, *U.IV.*

\* \* \*

### Smiles and Frowns

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,  
No matter how large the key  
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,  
'Twould open, I know, for me.  
Then, over the land and the sea, broadcast,  
I'd scatter the smiles to play,  
That the children's faces might hold them fast  
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough  
To hold all the frowns I meet,  
I should like to gather them every one,  
From nursery, school, and street ;  
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,  
And, turning the monster key,  
I'd hire a giant to drop the box  
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

J. LEWIS, *L.IV.*

# PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee, 1961

|                                             |       |       |       |       |       |               |
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|                                             |       |       |       |       |       | Mrs. Jordan   |
|                                             |       |       |       |       |       | Mr. Pickford  |
|                                             |       |       |       |       |       | Mrs. Mitchell |
| <i>Representative on the Governing Body</i> | ..... |       |       |       |       | Mr. Page      |

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association was held last year on Friday, November 25th. Nearly one hundred parents were present, and the usual business of electing officers for 1961 was transacted. Afterwards we had the usual pleasant tea and cakes, and a chance to talk to the staff, including the new Domestic Science Mistress, Miss Hughes.

In the Spring Term the meeting was held on Friday, March 10th. After a short business meeting a Brains Trust was held. The chair was taken by the Rev. Page. The panel consisted of Miss Ebbs-Canavan, Headmistress of Ashmore Primary School; Mr. Barnett, Headmaster of St. Aldhelm's Secondary Modern School; Mr. Jones, Headmaster of Blandford Grammar School; and Mr. Birley, Assistant Education Officer for Further Education. We all enjoyed their interesting and often amusing answers to a wide range of questions submitted by parents.

In place of the usual summer meeting, a number of parents and their daughters attended a Careers Convention held at Sherborne on June 2nd. A wide variety of lectures were given, and parents could choose the subjects which interested them and ask questions when the lecture was over. A full and interesting exhibition was also on show to illustrate some of the careers under discussion.

The Annual General Meeting for 1961 was held on Friday, 1st December, and will be reported in our next magazine as usual.

Just one further point—your editor is experiencing some difficulty in coaxing parents to contribute to this section. This year, as you see, we have only one contribution, and we are most grateful for it. We know how much you enjoy reading the ideas of other parents, and we do exhort you to put pen to paper and let us have your thoughts before the next magazine is printed.

**"To every man according to his several ability"—**

**St. Matthew 25 : 15**

I start with a text, but what follows is not a sermon, but rather some rambling thoughts on old assumptions and current trends in educational practice. I consider first the child of primary school age, and would watch her as she plays with her friends, and observe how she shrinks from certain categories of decision. She will say with gusto what she likes in the way of sweets, etc., but looks for protective shelter when harder decisions have to be made. Hence the rituals that appear in her games. Who shall decide who is "on"? The decision is a hard one so we revert to the old formula, "Eeni, meeni, mini, mo." What game shall we play? Again resort is made to an unpublished calendar which decrees when various games are "in season." All really part of a wide, wise and ancient security pattern. There was a time when in the face of this, there was an enthusiasm for free activity in Primary Schools. Now, a breeze of change is blowing, and G. H. Bantock writes, "To face young children with the continual necessity of choice which is what in fact progressive theorists do, is to remove from the children the sense of security which an imposed ritual can often afford immature minds. To have to perform set tasks at a set time creates with young children a background of security that is vital to their development." Not all the freedoms practised in Primary Schools will go, but perhaps the unwise ones will go.

We are more concerned with children of Secondary School age. Breezes of change have made their effects felt here, and like other "breezes" not all the results have been desirable or worked as planned. I shall shortly be "sticking my neck out." But, first may I state some old assumptions, which are derived from the teaching of the parable of the talents from which my text is quoted. These are, that to each one of us certain talents are given, and that we have to use these rightly that other talents may develop or be given to us. The way in which we use these, and the milieu within which we use them, the inter-play and combination of the talents, the highlights, the background against which these are picked out, all these are the factors which determine our individuality, or to us a stronger word, our uniqueness. This argument can be carried to the point where the uniqueness of each person is evident. That places terrible responsibilities on each one of us. What shall I do with my life? What shall I be? It also places heavy responsibilities on the teacher and on the parent. In the secondary stage of education, it is more natural for the child to make the kind of decision

from which the younger child shrinks. Instruction and training must go on under at least some form of discipline. But over and above this other interests must always be placed before the child perhaps repeatedly, so that new skills and aptitudes may be realised and thus new talents recognised and developed. In Scouting, for instance, badge work has this value, and so have S.T.A.s (Spare Time Activities). There is an artist working in Dorset—a sculptor—and I was told at Gilwell Park that this man first became aware of his talent by being given a piece of wood and a pocket knife and being left to whittle. I think of the glorious way in which Edward Wilson spent the last months of his life, and of how everything he had done and learnt and suffered up to that point, was a preparation for his magnum opus. Suppose some part of this preparation had been left out! Here is one aspect of the tragedy of war, accident, disease, laziness, etc. It is the loss to the world of what might have been. I want to ask . . . is it always wise to take opportunities away, perhaps to deprive children of chances of discovery. To say in short that a given subject should be dropped?

ANON.



# OLD GIRLS' SECTION

## Committee, 1961/62

|                               |       |       |       |                                                                                               |
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| <i>Assistant Secretary</i>    | ..... | ..... | ..... | A. Rawson                                                                                     |
| <i>Treasurer</i>              | ..... | ..... | ..... | Y. Humphries                                                                                  |
| <i>Staff Representative</i>   | ..... | ..... | ..... | K. Drake                                                                                      |
| <i>Sports Representatives</i> | ..... | ..... | ..... | R. Gibbs<br>B. Knapton                                                                        |
| <i>Committee</i>              | ..... | ..... | ..... | A. Pike ( <i>nee</i> Johnson)<br>B. Pike ( <i>nee</i> Welch)<br>H. Young ( <i>nee</i> Clarke) |

## The Seventh London Reunion

On Saturday, March 4th, 26 members of the O.G.A., two former members of Staff met Miss Dunford and four members of the present Staff at Bedford College for the annual reunion. It was a beautiful spring day and we country-dwellers could for once envy Londoners their parks, for the crocuses in Regent's Park were in shining sheets of colour. We had an interesting meeting, hearing the School news from Miss Dunford and being brought up to date with O.G.A.'s news. It was most interesting to hear of so many Old Girls abroad, in Athens, Istanbul, Canada and America.

We had a very good tea and then talked until it was time to catch our 'buses or trains.

## O.G.A. Summer Meeting

The Summer Meeting was held on Saturday, July 1st, 1961. The meeting began with the Tennis Match at Wincombe Lane Field at 5 p.m. This resulted in a win for the School.

Once again the buffet supper was able to be served in the garden of Barton Hill House, as it was such a lovely warm evening. The Committee and helpers provided a wonderful supper.

This was followed by an informal business meeting, also in the garden. Miss Dunford took the chair and told members that

she had received an invitation to attend a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, and felt that that was a great honour for the School. She then gave news of the School, and the developments to buildings during the past year.

After this members were free to wander round the garden, and to go to School, and inspect the new Domestic Science Room, now in use. This brought a very happy reunion to a close.

### **O.G.A. Autumn Reunion, November 11th, 1961**

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Girls' Association was held in the School Hall on Saturday, November 11th, attended by 50 members.

As in 1960, a buffet supper was served instead of a formal dinner, at the request of the majority of those present at the 1960 Annual General Meeting.

Supper was preceded by a business meeting, when it was regretted that Miss Dunford was unable to be in the chair owing to illness. It was the unanimous vote of the meeting that a Greetings telegram and flowers be sent to Miss Dunford as soon as possible. In her absence the chair was taken by Miss Woods, who welcomed members to the School and gave apologies for absence, news of old girls and interesting information about the School's present development and achievements.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and signed. The Secretary's report was given by Gillian Hussey, in which she gave the present number of members as 232. This year it had been necessary to cancel the hockey match owing to bad weather. The Treasurer's report was given by Yvonne Humphries, who reported a balance of £109 15s. 10d.

The Secretary and Treasurer were both thanked for their work and also those members who had assisted with typing during the year.

The toast of the O.G.A. was proposed by Betty Drewitt. She reminded us that among the many serious and lasting good things which accrue to pupils of S.H.S., there are those learnt "on the side" so to speak. Namely to endure a dormitory mate who grinds her teeth and milks cows in her sleep, and to learn to ask for things, later in life, in such a way as to ensure success.

Janet Alner replied to the toast on behalf of the O.G.A. members.

As always, it was a great pleasure to have Mrs. Raad at the meeting and to share in her congratulations to the School

and its past and present pupils—on their successes during the year. She proposed the toast to the School and the Head Girl replied.

It was suggested that, as the coming year is to mark the Silver Jubilee of the O.G.A., some scheme should be set in motion to commemorate the event suitably, and that a small committee should be set up for this purpose.

As usual there was enough news to be exchanged to last until 9 p.m., when Auld Lang Syne was sung.

JOYCE MAIDMENT.

### Former Members of Staff.

Mrs. BELL and her husband have left Tollard Royal and are living near Devizes, where he has joined a firm of solicitors.

Miss BREWINGTON is leaving Warwick in December and in January is going to teach at the Palace School, Ely, which is near her home at Wisbech.

Mrs. BROOKS pops into School very often from Sutton Waldron. We were delighted to hear about the birth of her daughter.

Mrs. EDOINGTON (*née* Abbott) is living at Teffont Magna, near Salisbury.

Miss L. ROBSON is now living at Leatherhead. She is keeping house for Miss Ash, her former Headmistress, at the Godolphin School, Salisbury.

### Engagements

Rosemary Brayford to Terry ?

Jennifer Edmonds to John Blundell

Mary Edmundson to William Robertson Bell

Merril Jones to Michael Trew

Christine Harrison to Keith Pavey

Denise Moores to Derek Parfitt

Ruth Spencer to David Fletcher

Janet Squires to Christopher Richard Faulk

### Marriages

Janet Allum

Valerie Behan to Brian Watkins

Mary Bond to Harold Hammond

Sally Culverhouse to Captain John North

Dawn Field

Aslaug Godeseith to Michael John Abbott

Anthea (Pixio) Gray to David Roberts

Ann Hall to Henry George Wakeham

Pat Hayter to John Percy Mills

Ann Johnson to Richard Pike

Deirdre MacLean to John Mitchell Smyth

Shirley McLeod to Edward Kennedy Cox

Janet Moores to Keith Davison

Rosemary Moores to Rodney Cox

Mia Morey to David James Rainshaw Rolling

Mary Morris to Roger Stuckey

Janice Priddle to Edward Cranton

Beth Robbeck to Derek Francis Baker  
 Bridget Salisbury to Edgar Buckland  
 Janet Salisbury to Peter Hutchings  
 Barbara Smales to James Arthur Hampson  
 Helen Watts to Geoffrey Culliford Salvigo  
 Beryl Welch to Allan Anthony Pike  
 Janet Whitmarsh to David Nixon

## Births

Jill A'Barrow (*née* Baigent), a daughter, Caroline  
 Shirley Alabaster (*née* Gray), a daughter, Deborah Ann  
 Judy Allum (*née* Peel), a daughter, Rachael Hilary  
 Janet Burton (*née* Riches), a son, Paul  
 Mary Bush (*née* Gray), a daughter, Susan Caroline  
 Sonya Cassell (*née* Zinkova), a son, Robin  
 Shirley Compton (*née* Pitman), a son, Mark Edwin  
 Julia Cove (*née* Bown), a son, Duncan Leslie  
 Mario Davidge (*née* Bartlett), a son  
 Ruth Drake (*née* Bartlett), a son, Andrew Roy  
 Diana Harvey (*née* Johnson), a daughter, Maureen Jean  
 Diana Heath (*née* Woodrow), a daughter, Susan Jane  
 Selly Hitchings (*née* Woodhead), a son  
 Rita Hookins (*née* Jacob), a son  
 Mary Hayward (*née* Green), a daughter, Susan Mary  
 Christine Kennedy (*née* Alford), a son, Andrew Martin  
 Janet Kenney (*née* Cox), a son  
 Audrey Lamont (*née* Wilkins), a son, Neil  
 Mavis Lovell (*née* Wilkins), a son, Anthony Clive  
 Janet Oglanby (*née* Ayers), a daughter, Sarah  
 Dorothy Ransome (*née* Coombs), a daughter, Sarah Jane  
 Margaret Saunders (*née* Gray), a son  
 Benita Streeter (*née* Chick), a daughter, Susan Jayne  
 Rita Taylor (*née* Mullins), a daughter, Melanie Louise  
 Jenny Williams (*née* Harding), a son, David Francis  
 Barbara Williams (*née* Lowen), a daughter, Victoria Susan  
 Gertrude Wills (*née* Harding), a daughter, Jan

## Death

GILLIAN LUNNON (*née* Gowan). Gillian died in childbirth on March 4th, 1961, at the age of 23. She was buried at East Knoyle on Thursday, March 9th. Miss Dunford, Miss Maddick and several Old Girls were among the large number of people present.

## O.G. NEWS

PAMELA ALBERICCI (*née* Cherbury) sent us a photo of her three children, Julian, Amanda and Antony, and says they keep her busy and happy.

LINNETT ALLARDYCE (1958) has spent the summer with Jane Wyllie in the Isles of Scilly. Miss Dunford and Miss Watkins were surprised and delighted to see her in the garden of Treco Abbey and to have a chat with her.

BARBARA ARDLEY is now living in Nottingham, but called to see Ruby Peel in March while she was in Salisbury. They had not met for 27 years and so found plenty to talk about.

ROSEMARY ARNOLD (*née* Matthews) is happily settled in New York and has contacted Jenny Greene (*née* Purver). She looks forward to visiting her old school again one day.

- WENDY BALL (*née* Colyer) (1955) and her family are now living on a barge at Chelsea. Heather helped them get it ready in the summer holidays.
- NICHOLA BEHAN (1961) is working in the National Provincial Bank in Shaftesbury.
- ANN BLUNDEN (*née* Ward) (1956) is looking forward to the arrival of her second baby on Christmas Day. She is now living at Steep, near Petersfield.
- MARY BOND was married in August and is now living in Orpington in Kent. She was very pleased at getting a post in the Warren Road Primary School there, where there are nearly 700 children.
- SUSAN BOREHAM (1960) has given up the idea of training as a nurse. She worked for a time in Boots and is now training as a Librarian. She is the secretary of the Kingston Christian Youth Fellowship.
- JILL BROOKS (1961) is a Student Research Scientist working for the firm of May and Bakers at Dagenham.
- JENNY BURRIDGE (1958) obtained 2nd Class Honours in her degree in Maths and Geology. She is remaining at Reading University for a fourth year for research work.
- CHRISTINE BURTON (1958) is very happy in her teaching post at Christian Malford, near Chippenham, but is hoping to get a teaching post abroad to widen her experience.
- SONJA CASSELL (*née* Zinkova) (1954) and her husband have returned from Rhodesia and have settled in England again.
- SALLY CHURCH (1961) is working as a clerk in Mr. Arkell's office for a year until she is old enough to begin her nursing training at the Royal Masonic Hospital.
- JENNY COBLEY (1961) is thoroughly enjoying her work as a probationer to a firm of Architects in Exeter.
- KATE COLES (1961) was awarded a Wiltshire County Bursary and is enjoying every minute of the first term of her training as an Occupational Therapist at St. Loyes' College, Exeter.
- HEATHER COLYER (1961) won a Dorset County Major Scholarship and is taking a General Degree Course at King's College, London.
- PENROSE COLYER (1957) finished her course at St. Clare Hall, Oxford, with 2nd Class Honours in London's external degree in Modern Languages.
- PENNY CORNISH (1961) is living at home and enjoying her Art training at the North East Essex Technical College.
- JULIA COVE (*née* Bown) (1957) now lives in a flat in the centre of Cheltenham. She has one little daughter, Gillian.
- JOYCE COX (1956) has been promoted to the rank of Assistant Experimental Officer in the Chemistry Department at Farnborough, and hopes to go on a Scientific Russian course in the near future. She shares a flat with three other girls.
- JANE CROUCH (1960) has begun her nursing training at the Westminster Hospital, London. She appreciates the excellent modern equipment of the Wolfson School of Nursing which was opened by the Queen Mother in March.
- VALERIE CROXFORD (1961) is a Traffic Handler at Wincombe Radar Station.
- SALLY DANIELS (1961) is taking a course at the School of Equitation at Fulmer, Bucks.
- WENDY DANIELS (*née* Case) (1955) and her family have now settled happily at Mayford, near Woking. Sally Pemberton (*née* Thorne), Ann Blunden (*née* Ward) and Sonja Cassell (*née* Zinkova) all visit her with their babies. Wendy is looking forward to the coming of her own second one in April.
- JULIE FELTHAM (1961) is taking the two-year secretarial course at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education.
- DAWN FIELD (1959) is now in Germany as her husband is in the army and was posted there.
- GILLIAN FOOKS (1960) has a secretarial post with Edward Erdman and Co., Estate Agents, in London.
- ANN GIBBONS (1957) is now working at St. Nicholas' Hospital, Plumstead.

- SANDRA GODDARD (1961) is taking the two-year secretarial course at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education.
- JENNIFER GATEHOUSE (1959) has begun her nursing training at Salisbury General Infirmary.
- JENNY GREENE (*née* Purver) (1950) now has five children, four girls and a boy. Three of them attend a Sunday School of about 750 children in their Church at Barrington, Rhode Island, U.S.A.
- ROSEMARY GRAVES (1961) is taking the two-year secretarial course at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education.
- MARGARET GUY (1953) is in her 3rd year of nursing training at Guy's Hospital and only wishes she had taken it up earlier. She had a wonderful holiday in Spain this year.
- GILLIAN HANN (1956). Her parents have moved to a farm at Whitestone, Exeter. She has been in the Westminster Bank, Wiveliscombe for over four years now. She enjoyed meeting Wilfred Pickles and his wife when they came to Wiveliscombe for a "Have-a-Go" programme.
- VALERIE HARDIMAN (1961) is working at Lloyds Bank in Salisbury.
- ELIZABETH HARDING (1958) has been awarded a Dorset County Bursary and is training at the Old Vic Theatre School at Bristol.
- ELIZABETH HARDY (1961) is working at Lloyds Bank in Shaftesbury.
- CAROL HARRIS (1961) is working at the National Provincial Bank in Gillingham.
- CHRISTINE HARRISON (1959) is engaged to a policeman in London and hopes to be married just before her 21st birthday next year.
- KITTY HETHERINGTON (1954) came to see us in the summer. We were glad to see her again. She had just finished an Intensive Secretarial Course at Bromley Technical College and was hoping for a post in the War Office.
- ANN HITCHINGS (1954) has returned to England after a very happy summer spent in looking after her cousin's children in Malta.
- GEORGINA HOPKINS (1954) has enjoyed her nursing training at the Royal Free Hospital very much. She sees Marion Worthington there.
- AUDREY HORLOCK JONES (1960) was glad when her first year at Cheltenham Training College came to an end and that the course had become a three-year one, so that her second year would not be her last.
- BARBARA HORLOCK JONES (1956) after becoming an S.R.N. at the West London Hospital, decided not to continue nursing for a time and instead became a Matron at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School.
- ADRIENNE HOWELL (*née* Lawrence) (1956) and her husband have moved back to the West Country, though they were very happy in their jobs in Croydon and in their membership of the Croydon Borough Band.
- HILARY HUNT has passed the Advanced Teachers (Honours) Examination of the Association of Russian Ballet. She is on the Staff of the Legat School of Dancing.
- MERRIL JONES (1957) is still working in the Llandudno Public Library. She has been working hard for her professional examinations, runs a Youth Club at her Church and is Secretary of the Youth Council of Churches in Colwyn Bay.
- RUTH JONES (1957) produced Obey's "Noah" in her Secondary Modern School in March. Her "Noah" was only 14 years old.
- HEIDI KEGEL (1961) has returned to her own school at Cologne, though they have moved into new buildings. She looks forward to visiting Shaftesbury as soon as she can.
- CHRISTINE KENNEDY (*née* Alford) (1955) has returned to England from Cyprus with her husband and two children.
- KIRSTEN KLOSE (1956) has completed her main medical examination at the University of Kiel and is now studying in hospitals away from Kiel. Her sister, Abel is studying History at the University of Kiel.
- RUTH LILLIE (1960) is taking a one-year secretarial course at the Bournemouth Municipal College and enjoying it very much. At first she lived in a Y.W.C.A. Hostel, but now shares a flatlet with two friends.

- JACKIE LLOYD** (1960) has joined her parents in Ghana and has a secretarial post there.
- JAN LOW** (1960) is taking a course at the Pallantype Secretarial College in London.
- JACKIE MARSDEN** (1961) was very pleased to be accepted at the College of Interpreters at Geneva.
- DEIRDRE SMYTHE** (*née* MacLean) (1953) gave up her work in the Civil Service and taught in the English High School in Istanbul, where the junior girls are non-Turkish but most of the seniors are Turks. After her marriage at Malvern in November she and her husband settled in London, where she was hoping to continue to teach.
- FELICITY MCKENNON** (1960) is working for the Wiltshire Mental Health Department. She is teaching mentally sub-normal children at the Salisbury Centre.
- CORRIE MEARNS** (1960) has passed in five subjects at "O" Level at her new school in Kuala Lumpur and is now working for Advanced Level in English and Biology.
- ANN MILROY** (1961) was awarded a State Scholarship, our second girl to win this honour, and is studying hard with the Westminster Tutors ready for the entrance examination of St. Hilda's College, Oxford.
- MARY MOODY** (1961) is working in the National Provincial Bank in Salisbury.
- MIA MOREY** (1959) was married in July. Her husband is in the army and has been posted to Germany.
- ROSE NAYLER** (1959) is greatly enjoying her first teaching post at the North Petherton County Primary School near Bridgwater. She lives in Bridgwater.
- RUBY PEEL** (*née* Hicks) (1935) was unable to come to this year's summer reunion as she did last year. Her husband is a lecturer at Salisbury Training College and her son is a boarder at Shaftesbury Grammar School.
- VICKIE PITCHER** (1958) has been selected to start training for a commission in the Equipment Branch of the W.R.A.F. in January.
- ELIZABETH PRATT** (*née* Jean Nathan) (1951) moved into a new home at Brentwood, just two days before her second daughter, Rachel Mary, was born.
- ANN PURDON** (*née* Huby) (1950) is now working for the newly opened McGill University Press. She still does as much acting as she can. Her husband is enjoying his course at the McGill Medical School.
- ROSEMARY BRAYFORD** (1960) is still working at the Manchester University Settlement, but has given up the idea of going to a University now that she is engaged to be married.
- GILLIAN RALPH** (1961) was awarded a Dorset County Major Scholarship and is "enjoying myself tremendously" in her first term at Southampton University.
- BETH REBBECK** (1955) thoroughly enjoyed her honeymoon in the Isles of Scilly. She is living at Windsor and has met Miss Langton there.
- CATHERINE RICHMOND** (1957) has left the Westminster Hospital and is continuing her nursing training at Bromley Hospital, Kent.
- RACHEL RIGGS** (1960) is taking the two-year secretarial course at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education.
- BERYL ROBINSON** (1961) was awarded a Wiltshire County Major Scholarship and is having a strenuous time at Manchester University, as her lodgings are half an hour's bus ride away. She finds her Science lectures very stimulating.
- BARRIE SERGEAN** (1961) is studying Russian for a year at the Holborn College of Law and Languages and is enjoying it very much. One of the first girls she saw on her first day there was Karen Godwen, who is taking a secretarial course with modern languages.
- BARBARA SMALES** has returned to her former post at the Secondary Modern School in Portland now that she is married and settled there.
- JENNY STAGO** (1960) is thoroughly enjoying her second year at the University College of North Staffordshire. She says that it is thrilling to see all the new University buildings being built around them.
- GILLIAN TAYLOR** (1961) is training to be a teacher at St. Gabriel's College, London. She says she is having "the time of her life" and is thoroughly enjoying exploring London.

MARY VERRIOU (*née* Wilson) (1956) is living in Athens where her husband is an engineer.

MAUREEN WHITTY (1960) has begun her practical training in Horticulture at Trepane's Market Garden at Wimborne.

JENNY WILLIAMS (*née* Harding) (1957) says she has no news for the Magazine now, as she is just "a housewife and a mother."

MARIAN WYATT (1961) has been awarded a Junior County Bursary and is taking a course in Embroidery at the Hammersmith College of Art.

JANE WYLLIE (1956) is living with her parents on the Island of Tresco in the Isles of Scilly and working in the beautiful gardens of the Abbey there. Miss Dunford was delighted to meet her and have a chat there in September.

JEAN WINCHESTER (*née* Hall) has given up her teaching post at Redhill and is now a "full-time housewife."

ANN WAKEHAM (*née* Hall) is in charge of the Art at a school at Grafton Park in London. She was married in October and next year she and her husband hope to sail to New Zealand in their yacht "Wanda."

### Around the World in 68 Days

The 12th Quadrennial Congress of the International Council of Nurses was held in Melbourne from 17th-22nd April, 1961, and the Board of Governors of the Westminster Hospital Group very kindly gave a monetary grant and leave of absence to enable me to attend this important gathering of 2,300 nurses from all parts of the world, including over 100 from Great Britain.

Seizing the opportunity of a lifetime and discovering that a round-the-world tourist air ticket was about the cheapest way of getting from England to Australia and back, I planned with three of my colleagues, a journey and itinerary which in my less excited moments appeared to be suitable training for an Olympic Games champion. However, we were undaunted to the end, physical fatigue mastered by a sense of wonder and of eagerness to miss nothing that we could possibly find time to see and to do.

From Australia onwards we were known as "The Four Jolly Matrons," a term rarely applied to Directors of Nursing!

On the morning of the 4th April, 1961, kind friends gathered in the hall to wish me "Bon Voyage." From the Queen Mary Nurses' Home, dressed for the tropics, I stepped out into the pouring rain and the dreary atmosphere of a wet spring day, trying to suppress thoughts of what could happen to heavy planes on wet runways and how easily whirling mists might lead to mistakes. The taxi broke down in Vincent Square, mercifully out of sight of the Home. Eventually, after an unexpected farewell from Sisters and Nurses at the Air Terminal, I joined Miss T. Turner, O.B.E., from St. Thomas' Hospital, Miss H. Downton, from University College Hospital, and Miss G. Watts, from Leeds, and we were airborne.



A stop for refuelling at Athens gave us a tantalising glimpse of the city bathed in glorious sunlight. Then on to Istanbul for a wonderful view of the Dardenelles in the setting sun; then Tehran and the new experience of seeing the multi-coloured twinkling lights of the city as we came in to land.

It was hot in Bombay at 6 a.m., where we spent an hour, saw the sunrise and heard the twitter of strange birds and insects amongst the bright flowers at the airport.

Later in the morning we arrived at Colombo and were met by Miss Jayawardena, the Chief Nursing Officer, and her friend, who gave us a delightful welcome to Ceylon and who were very kind during the thirty-six hours we spent in their lovely island. They took us to Kandy University and we thoroughly enjoyed the journey, our car wending its way past elephants and oxen and through picturesque villages. Occasionally our hostess stopped for us to quench our thirst with the juice of the King Coconuts which was drunk from the shells of the nuts. We were told that the juice was sterile, contained phosphates and could be used for intravenous infusions.

The hills around Kandy and exquisite gardens near the bridge gave me a strange sensation of revisiting a place I had known, but thoughts of re-incarnation were dispelled on discovering "The Bridge on the River Kwai" was filmed in this area and at the Mount Lavinia Hotel in Colombo.

We arrived at Singapore very tired at 5 a.m. to be cross-examined by a Customs Officer who was searching for dangerous drugs, high explosives and undesirable literature!

During the two days in Singapore I visited the Singapore General Hospital and was impressed by the new buildings and the plans for the future. There was a delightful new self-contained Children's Unit, of 300 beds, very well equipped with modern appliances, presenting a bright and gay appearance both inside and out, a modern training school for nurses well run by the Principal Tutor, a Scotsman, and an Outpatient Department so popular that sometimes police have to be called in to control the crowds.

That night we flew towards Australia and after refuelling at Jakarta, an unfriendly place, were bumped about in a thunderstorm and had to fasten our seat belts. I was very conscious of the fact that only a sheet of aluminium stood between me and eternity and prayed hard—other passengers seemed quite unconcerned and some actually slept! We arrived in Perth on a fine Sunday morning and were given an almost royal reception by Miss Siegel, O.B.E., Matron of the Royal Perth Hospital, accompanied by some of her staff.

The two and a half days in that lovely city passed far too quickly. We spent one day at the Royal Perth Hospital and, at a luncheon party given by the Chairman of the Board of Management, were given an opportunity of meeting medical, administrative and nursing staff connected with the Hospital. During our stay we were also entertained by members of the Royal Australian Nurses' Federation and I enjoyed the kind hospitality of Miss Delaney and Miss Bruce, two of our trainees, who were glad to have the latest news from "Westminster."

During a short stay in Adelaide we thoroughly explored the Queen Elizabeth Hospital at Woodville, 486 beds, which was opened by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, in 1958.

The following day we visited the Royal Adelaide Hospital and saw the old part of the hospital and the new units, recently completed. The Radiotherapy Wing was a delightful place, charmingly decorated, shown to us with great pride by the Sister-in-Charge.

The large recovery room for all patients undergoing major surgery was well staffed and equipped with excellent facilities for resuscitation and other emergency treatments.

During the late afternoon we left for Melbourne and, on arrival, were most impressed by the detailed arrangements made by the Australian nurses to welcome their visitors. Every Congress participant was met at their point of entry and our delightful hostesses made sure that everyone was happy and comfortable.

I was most fortunate in being invited to stay in the new Nurses' Home of the Prince Henry's Hospital and shall always remember the wonderful hospitality and kindness of Miss Morgan, O.B.E., the Matron, and her staff. On the first evening they asked me to attend the "Graduation Ceremony" which is the counterpart of our "Presentation of Awards and Certificates" and I was bidden by the Chairman to present the first certificate.

The Congress was opened by His Excellency General Sir Dallas Brooks. As one of the five official delegates from Great Britain and Northern Ireland, I attended all the meetings of the Grand Council. When the business part of the Congress was over, papers were read and lively discussions took place on many aspects of Nursing Service and Nursing Education, and a new President was elected—Mlle. Clamargeran, of France.

Social events included a party given at Parliament House by the Government of the State of Victoria and a banquet given in the Royale Ballroom of the Congress Hall, a tribute

to Miss Daisy Bridges, O.B.E., R.R.C., who was retiring after thirteen years as General Secretary of the International Council of Nurses. It was gratifying to take part in the tremendous ovation given to Miss Bridges, a British Nurse, who trained at The Nightingale School of St. Thomas' Hospital.

After the Congress I was invited by the Hospital and Charities Commissioners to give a talk on "Work Study in Hospitals" to some of the Australian Matrons and other Hospital staff, who were most interested in this subject.

I visited a small country Hospital near the Wild Life Sanctuary at Heasville and it was fascinating to fondle a Koala bear, make friends with a Kangaroo and watch the antics of a Platypus.

I also visited Hospitals in the city and was very impressed by the new wing at St. Vincent's Hospital, a teaching Hospital—two graduates became Rhodes Scholars—founded in 1893 by the Sisters of Charity, a Catholic Order. The Mothers Superior in charge of the Hospital have always been enlightened and far-sighted. The present Mother Superior, who was almost solely responsible for planning the new extension, was indeed inspired. The Central Sterile Supply Department and Recovery Room were most efficient and up-to-date in every way. The soft colourings of the decorations and furnishings in the well appointed wards and departments were of infinite variety and impeccable taste. The visit was an extraordinarily happy and satisfying one and I sensed that a great vocation had been translated into action.

I left Melbourne with real regret, joined my friends, and travelled to Sydney, where we were the guests of the Matron of the Royal North Shore Hospital. To reach the Hospital from the airport we had to cross the famous Sydney Bridge and we were delighted to have an early opportunity of seeing this remarkable feat of engineering.

The few days spent in Sydney were full of interest—we stepped back into the past in the Matron's office at the General Hospital where the influence of Miss Florence Nightingale was very much in evidence. Miss Nightingale approved the plans of the Hospital and sent an Englishwoman, Miss Lucy Osburn, to be the first Matron.

The next part of the journey took us to New Zealand and, from the air, we had a superb view of the mountains of the South Island before we came down in Wellington, where we were met by a reporter and photographer and our words of wisdom were reported in the evening papers.

We had an opportunity of visiting the Public Health Department, the Post-Graduate School of Nursing, and the

Wellington General Hospital, and of seeing part of the North Island before going on to Christchurch. We felt very much at home in this city, which resembles an English university town. There was a peaceful, carefree atmosphere and the scene was enhanced by the soft colourings of the late autumn flowers and leaves. We were very comfortable in the Nurses' Home of the General Hospital and cared for by a kindly Home Sister.

Mrs. Chambers, the Matron, had planned a comprehensive programme and we were able to see her Hospital, which is being re-built, a geriatric Hospital, and the new Princess Margaret Hospital—a magnificent building, well planned and equipped. All the cleaning is carried out by a firm of commercial cleaners who also have contracts in many other hospitals. We discussed the "pro's" and "cons" of this arrangement with the Matron, who was entirely satisfied with the work and conduct of the employees of the firm.

I have not made a study of the mysteries of the International Date Line and therefore cannot explain why we arrived in Honolulu before we left Christchurch, but it was good to have "extra" time in such an exotic place. We stepped from the airport and were unexpectedly garlanded with fragrant plumeria blossoms fashioned into leis by "Harriet" and "Flora," two Hawaiian nurses. We spent a happy carefree Saturday and Sunday on Oahu, entertained for part of the time by an American nurse, who took us for a tour of the island which included a visit to Pearl Harbour.

In San Francisco we spent three days at the Moffitt Hospital, part of the University of California. Our official schedule did not include a visit to the wards, but at our request this was arranged.

Miss Downton and I stayed with an American doctor and his wife in their home overlooking the bay. Every afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Scarlett fetched us from the Hospital and took us for trips around San Francisco, across the famous Golden Gate and Bay bridges and to Chinese and other restaurants for our evening meals.

The following day we crossed the coastal plain, saw fruit growing in abundance and, in the evening, came to the Sierra Nevada mountains and the district known as "Yosemite." We spent a night at an altitude of 5,000 feet at Big Tree Lodge in the midst of a forest near "Old Grizzly," the giant redwood tree, 3,000 years old.

The next day we went higher, through snow-covered areas to Glacier Point, where we enjoyed a magnificent view of the mountains before gradually descending to the Yosemite valley, which we left at 6 p.m. to drive 200 miles back to the city.

After a night's rest, we proceeded to Vancouver. Our headquarters were at the Vancouver General Hospital, where we were given an opportunity of going round the Centennial Pavilion, the newest block of an unusual design. We attended the " Graduation Ceremony " when all nurses carried bouquets of red roses and recited " The Nightingale Pledge " composed by an American nurse.

After a few days we travelled through " The Rockies " by train to Calgary, and were fortunate to enjoy perfect weather and clear visibility on a never-to-be-forgotten journey.

We proceeded by air to Toronto, where our programme was exacting and included a discussion with the Dean of the School of Nursing, University of Toronto, visits to three Hospitals and another " Graduation Ceremony."

Before leaving Canada we admired the Niagara Falls on our way to Washington, where we visited the Institute of Public Health, the Washington City Hospital, and found time for a conducted tour of The Capitol. Boston next, and two interesting days at the Massachusetts General Hospital before our last weekend, spent with friends at Darien on Long Island Sound.

Four hectic days in New York, visits to Hospitals, Clinics, the offices of the League of Nursing, where examination papers were being marked by machines, the headquarters of the United Nations, and a view of the city from the top of the Empire State Building concluded our fascinating tour—the flight home across the Atlantic our last adventure.

The mental stimulus and refreshment of spirit created by these experiences will remain an inspiration and joy for the rest of my life.

MARY YOUNG, *Matron.*

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL,  
LONDON.

### First Impressions

#### 1. *Of St. Loyes School of Occupational Therapy, Exeter*

When I arrived at St. Loyes I was greeted by the Secretary and immediately introduced to some other 1st Years and given a cup of tea. Much to my delight, I discovered that I was rooming with a girl I had already met at my Grant Interview.

Millbrook House, the resident boarding house, is situated in very nice surroundings by the river and although not a large building, it seemed very complex for the first few days till we became used to the various corridors and craft rooms.

The first day was spent in getting to know each other and surnames primarily, as no-one ever uses Christian names during working hours. At meal times we continued to use surnames as we didn't know or couldn't remember which name belonged to which person. Piles of books were given out and the Principal gave an introductory talk.

On the second evening here, the 2nd Years invited us to an informal party which consisted mainly of noisy chatter, food and drink. They gave us the "gen" on what Exeter was like and useful tips, etc. We gave them a party in return, which turned out to be a jazz session in the Common-room. Apparently this is a tradition at St. Loyes, even though there wasn't a real reason for a party.

The Orientation course is divided into four sections, Basketry, Weaving, Jewellery and Soft Toys, for which we were divided into groups of twelve. Each course is ten days long and craft-work is interspersed with anatomy and psychology lectures, drama and physical recreation.

The courses are very interesting and varied, but extremely hard work, as not only does craft work have to be complete, but a folio of notes, samples and drawings, too. An example of the amount expected of you in a course is in Basketry. Here, we made a tray, waste-paper basket, picnic basket, nail-brush, with samples of leather modelling and leather thonging. This is perhaps the most concentrated of the orientation courses.

We now go on to seven-week courses in Basketry, Jewellery, Embroidery, Dressmaking, Technical Drawing and some people begin hospital practice.

The Staff often cause much amusement, such as the Psychology lecturer, who, although he speaks well, adopts a rather unorthodox position for a lecture by sitting cross-legged on a table at the front. The needlework instructor is Polish and her pet phrases are "Ziz is Ziz and Zat is Zat, No?" and "This is just a dash too big" or "a dash too much stuffing in this toy."

Free time is from 5.15 p.m. each night and there are records in the Common-room, country dancing at St. Luke's College, Young Conservatives' Club, Jazz Club, and many have their transistor radios. Weekends are free and we are allowed one off each month, so that we may go home occasionally.

At present we are looking forward to the end of term dances and concert and wondering if we have been accepted finally or not, as this term is our probation period.

Although the pace is terrific, it is great fun here and there is a wonderful sense of companionship in the house. Not only

does this training give a good medical understanding, but the craft-work is very practical and we also gain knowledge of book-keeping and typing.

My first impressions of St. Loyes and Occupational Therapy are very favourable and I hope others may be drawn to it through this article.

KATE COLES.

## 2. *Of Living in Athens*

The climate here is very different from that in England. Last Sunday (February) I sat on the balcony and sunned myself! We do have rain though, and we saw some snow once. Storms do not last long and as soon as they are over the sun comes out again.

I live in a top-floor flat facing a hill called Lycabettos. The Parthenon is in the opposite direction. I was surprised to see that it is a pale mustard colour. The marble has worn from white to this yellow shade. It is a magnificent building, although it is a ruin. From it you have a marvellous view of Athens and Piraeus right to the sea. All over Athens new blocks of flats are going up, but they harmonise with the older red-tiled houses. Most of the buildings are white, fawn or ochre colour.

At present I am trying to learn the language which is very difficult. There are two sorts of Modern Greek and a mixture of both is the vernacular. My fiancé's name is Basil Verrios but my surname will not be the same as his. Mine will be Verriou. This is just an added complication of the language.

Greece is an ideal place for a holiday and more and more British people come here. In the summer the temperature is always around 90 degrees, and the sea is deep; deep blue. Wherever you go you seem to see it and the mountains, which are everywhere.

MARY VERRIOU (*née* Wilson).

## 3. *Of Malta*

From where I sit I can see the village of St. Paul's across the bay. Typical flat-roofed houses, all shuttered, keeping them cool, the occasional large rambling villa once owned by a baron or count now made into flats; the somewhat rattly old 'bus which should pass every half-hour but time means nothing to the Maltese; the church, one of the 300 on the Island and even then the Maltese declare there aren't enough. Everywhere there are shrines, on the sides of the roads, on buses, in cars, in trucks and by front doors. Yes, the Maltese are strong Roman Catholics.

It is only in the last few years that they have dared to wear bathing costumes and, occasionally, I see an elderly woman bathing in her dress. Bikinis on the beaches, shorts and strapless dresses on the streets, are banned.

Behind the village are the rocky hills with a few small patches of green and trees scattered over them. To my right is a valley stretching for three miles to the other side of the island, a green valley, for here the farmers grow the vegetables for the island. The problem of irrigation has been dealt with by the use of windmills.

The beach where I am sitting is all rock with ramps leading from the many boathouses to the sea. Outside their houses the fishermen sit preparing their nets for the night's fishing. Their gaily-painted fishing boats are amongst the speed-boats, the sailing dinghies and motor-boats.

Just outside the bay is the island where St. Paul was shipwrecked. His statue has been placed there to remind us of this great historic event.

ANN HITCHINGS.



## Life Members since December, 1960

Alner, Janet, Nurses Home, The London Hospital, London, E.1.  
 Bartlett, Edith, Amberely, Christy's Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset.  
 Burton, Christine, Daylesford, Christian Malford, Chippenham, Wilts.  
 Bruce, Mary (*née* LeBecheo), High Gables, Corston, Bath, Somerset.  
 Dillow, Bertha (*née* Caudle), 52, Crofton Park, Yeovil, Somerset.  
 Hardy, Elizabeth, "Mich-Col," 15, Old Boundary Road, Shaftesbury.  
 Warren, Dr. Joan, The Barn House, Broadmark Lane, Rustington, Sussex.

## Annual Members 1960/61 (since December, 1960)

Crouch, Christine, Greenmount, 26, St. Leonards Avenue, Blandford Forum, Dorset  
 Day, Patricia, Clayesmore School, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum.  
 Dobie, Janet, 1, Church Path, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum.  
 Gray, Shirley, Brinscombe Cottages, Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury.  
 Humble, Cynthia, 62, Crouch Hill, Hornsey, London, N.8.  
 Lawrence, Rosemary, Douglas Mansions, 120, Cromwell Road, London, W.7.  
 Swain, Ethel, Dale House, Salisbury Street, Blandford Forum, Dorset.  
 Underwood, Valerie (*née* Sharp), 571, Wimborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth.  
 Welch, Beryl, Layton Lane, Salisbury.  
 Worthington, Marion, 51, Swain's Lane, Highgate, London, N.6.

## Annual Members, 1960/61

Alabaster, Shirley (*née* Gray), 136, Wigley Road, Hanworth, Middx.  
 Ardley, Barbara (*née* Wright), 6, Jenned Road, Arnold, Nottingham.  
 Chant, Margaret, Ridgeway Cottage, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum.  
 Cheater, Heather, 41b, Trinidad Crescent, Parkstone, Dorset.  
 Chinn, Kathleen (*née* Hutchings), Causeway Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.  
 Cobley, Jennifer, "Mariners," West Hill, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.  
 Coles, Kate, The Stores, 41, Church Street, Maiden Bradley, Wilts.  
 Colyer, Heather, Orchardene, Shillingstone, Dorset.  
 Cox, Rosemary (*née* Moores), Homelea, Stour Row, Dorset.  
 Davison, Janet (*née* Moores), 21a, Breach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury.  
 Day, Patricia, Nurses Home, Mount Kernon Hospital, Northwood, Middx.  
 Farrance, Davina, 22, Courtfield Gardens, London, S.W.3.  
 Gatehouse, Jennifer, 20, Hawkesdene Lane, Shaftesbury.  
 Hann, Gillian, The Guest House, Wiveliscombe, Taunton.  
 Hardiman, Valerie, "Firslyne," Fovant, Wilts.  
 Hitchings, Barbara, "Novar Cottage," Bearley, Stratford-upon-Avon.  
 Hitchings, Dawn, Newholme, Salisbury Street, Mere, Wilts.  
 Humphries, Yvonne, "Laburnum Grove, Littledown, Shaftesbury.  
 Hunt, Hazel, Glyn Farm, Compton Abbas, Dorset.  
 Hutchings, Janet (*née* Salisbury), Chings Ridge, 42, Roberts Road, Haylemore, High Wycombe, Bucks.  
 Milroy, Ann, Beech House, Lower Washwell, Painswick, Glos.  
 Moores, Denise, 21a, Breach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury.  
 Norris, Mary, Netherdown, Compton Abbas, Dorset.  
 Perrett, Olive (*née* Coombs), Withies Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.  
 Pike, Beryl (*née* Welch), The Rectory Flat, Compton Abbas, Dorset.  
 Ralph, Gillian, Dry Lane, Gillingham, Dorset.  
 Ridout, Patricia, William Temple House, 29, Trebovir Road, Earl's Court, S.W.5.  
 Swain, Ethel, Dale House, Salisbury Street, Blandford Forum, Dorset.  
 Taylor, Gillian, The Rectory, Shroton, Blandford Forum, Dorset.  
 Underwood, Valerie (*née* Sharp), 571, Wimborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth.  
 Welford, Anne, 29, Carlton Road South, Weymouth, Dorset.  
 Whitty, Maureen, "Ben Venuto," Stapehill Road, Stapehill, Wimborne, Dorset.

## DATES FOR YOUR NEW DIARIES

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*LONDON REUNION* ..... SATURDAY, MARCH 3rd

*SUMMER REUNION* ..... SATURDAY, JULY 7th

*O.G. DINNER*  
(25th Anniversary) ..... SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd

**N.B.** Reunions are normally held on the first Saturday in March, July and November.

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To all members of the School,

Whether near or far,

We send our greetings and good wishes.