

County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 26

January, 1963

County High School for Girls Shaftesbury

MAGAZINE

VOL. 25

DECEMBER, 1962

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EDITORIAL

Recently, when I was reading a well-known woman's magazine, I suddenly came across a letter from a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl complaining that since she had started going to a Grammar School she was unhappier than she had ever been before.

This made me wonder whether anyone at our own school felt like this. I had always been of the opinion that ours was a very happy and friendly school, but it did occur to me that not all might agree. Then articles began to come in to me for the magazine and I saw the many ways in which people have enjoyed themselves during the past year.

For music-lovers there was the opera and all the fun and excitement which it entailed. For the more energetic people there were various sporting functions, giving them opportunity both to join in themselves and to watch professionals. Some people, who enjoy helping others, served on the Social Service Committee, one of the many activities of Shaftesbury High School. One of the words that the girl used to describe her school-life was "dull". Whatever else one might call it, I am sure life at our School is never dull, perhaps because we are made to think of others beside ourselves.

It has impressed me how well the Magazine Committee has worked together and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking them for all the hard work which they have put into their somewhat difficult task. I must also thank Miss Woods, the never-tiring strength and stay of the Magazine, without whom the Magazine would never survive.

THE EDITOR.

Magazine Committee

Editor: JACQUELINE SCAMMELL

Sub-Editor: ELIZABETH COLE

Form Representatives: BARBARA SKEW
GABRIELLE PAGE
JANE WOOLLEY
TRICIA CROSLY
DIANE DUNSTER

* * *

STAFF NOTES

In February we were very glad to welcome Miss Dunford back to us after her long absence. Miss Williams, who had come from Salisbury to help us, was able to stay until Half-term and we were very grateful for her cheerful "filling-in."

Miss Fraser joined the Staff as a full-time P.E. Mistress in January and she soon showed us that she had a great deal to give us. Two new activities have become popular after school: Scottish dancing and a Gym. club.

Mademoiselle Padel had really become one of us by the Summer Term and we had enjoyed her willingness to share in all parts of school life. Her successor, Mademoiselle Faucher, has very quickly settled down with us and we hope that she will be happy in Shaftesbury.

We missed Miss Watkins while she was away for her appendix operation but glad that she felt so much better after it. It was nice to have Miss Joscelyn to help us in Miss Watkins' absence.

Mrs. Davison is still doing valuable work as an Executive Member of the A.A.M., and we are interested to hear of what happens in other schools (when she comes back after a London Committee meeting).

Mrs. Davison, Miss Matthews and Miss Maddick went with me to Norway in the Summer holidays (and with twenty girls), and we enjoyed our varied expeditions and the country in general very much.

M.E.W.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Mrs. Raad:	'Cello, Books for the Library
Miss Langton } Ann Milroy }	Teak Garden Seat
Coral Hutchings:	Biology Book for the Library
Jean Andrews:	Money
Dr. Johnson:	Set of Music
Mr. Harcourt-Brooks:	Case for Bass Recorder

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LEAVING GIRLS, 1961/62

Autumn Term 1961

L.VI. M. Emery.

U.V. A. Read.

Spring Term 1962

L.V.B. J. Bachelor.

Summer Term 1962

U.VI. H. Brown, D. Clifton, C. Head, C. Hutchings, R. Jackson,
S. Jordan, L. Kibbey, R. Parsons, S. Perkins, A. Ramsden,
G. Ridout, H. Swann.

L.VI. J. Andrews.

U.V. C. Emery, A. Gunton, S. Harcourt-Brooks, C. Hayter, S. Lloyd,
S. Mitchell, J. Priddle, M. Rutter, J. Squires, S. Webb.

L.V.B. E. Gentles.

III. J. Mundy, C. Coleman.

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NEW GIRLS, 1962

	<i>Present Form</i>	<i>Previous School.</i>
Summer Term, 1962		
L. Bradford	L.VI	Lyme Regis Grammar School.
N. Nadin	L.V.	Lady Manners, Bakewell, Derby
J. Speers	L.V.	Blandford Grammar School.
P. Gibson	U.IV	Briggs Girls' High School, Lincs.
S. Keyte	L.IV	Utttoxeter Grammar School
P. Whatley	U.IV	Gillingham School
J. Williams	L.IV	Weymouth Grammar School

Autumn Term, 1962

J. Buchan	L.VI	St. Mary's Abbey, Mill Hill
C. Price	U.IV	St. Nicholas and St. George's, Tanganyika
S. Lofting	L.IV	Windsor School, B.F.P.O. 20
B. Nadin	"	Shaftesbury Modern School
S. Adams	III	Bowerchalk Primary School
D. Allum	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary
A. Anderson	"	Emsworth County Primary, Hants
R. Ballam	"	Milton C.E., Gillingham
A. Bickford	"	Cann C.E. Primary
J. Bohot	"	Enmore Green Primary
S. Bowes	"	West Moors C.E. School
J. Brooks	"	Ludwell County Primary School
G. Campbell	"	Buttocks Heath Primary, Hants
R. Clements	"	Cann C.E. Primary
G. Combe	"	Devizes County Primary, Salisbury
P. Crosley	"	La Retraite, Salisbury
J. Curtis	"	Manston V. A. Primary
D. Dart	"	Motcombe C. E. Primary
M. Davies	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary
J. Donomey	"	Iwerne Minster Primary
A. Evans	"	Gillingham Primary
J. Farrand	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary
S. Fenton	"	Aborfield C.E. Primary
P. Gale	"	Brimpton C.E. School
J. Gauld	"	Toller Porcorum, Beaminster
J. Haskett	"	Enmore Green Primary
E. Jopson	"	Convent of the Sacred Heart, Weymouth
P. McDermott	"	Colehill County Primary
P. Scalbert	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary
P. Scalbert	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary
S. Stanley	"	Ludwell County Primary
J. Turner	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary
S. Young	"	Shaston P.N.E.U.

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SCHOOL OFFICIALS

Head Girl: ROSEMARY STURMAN

Deputy Head Girl: STELLA DIBBEN

Prefects: ELIZABETH ALEXANDER, ELIZABETH COLE,
ROSEMARY WAGNER

Sub-Prefects: JULIE AUSTIN, LINDA BRADFORD, JENNIFER
CARY, ANNE MIDDLEMAS, JUDY MITCHELL,
SARAH PICKFORD, JULIA SMITHERS.

CALENDAR for 1962

JANUARY	Boarders to Bournemouth for Concert. Mr. Evett's Lecture
FEBRUARY	Upper IV Expedition to Southampton to see Ballet.
MARCH	London O.G. Meeting. Lower V Expedition to London. South Kensington Museum and "Richard III." S.C.M. Conference at Milton Abbey School.
APRIL	OPERA—"Hansel and Gretel." Bournemouth Hard Court Tennis Party in Holidays.
MAY	R.S.P.C.A. Lecture for Lower School. "Indian Tea"—Film and Talk.
JUNE	PARENTS' DAY. North Dorset Sports. Concert at Bournemouth—Lower IV and U.IV.
JULY	OLD GIRLS' MEETING. SCHOOL EXPEDITION Upper V Expedition to Poole Potteries. Upper VI Expedition to Studland. Dorset Swimming Gala at Bournemouth. Scottish Dancing Party with Milton Abbey Club. Yardley Lecture on "Good Grooming." Political Speakers' Talks to Sixth Form. Lecture on "Civil Defence." Talk on Banking for VI. SWIMMING SPORTS.
AUGUST	EXPEDITION TO NORWAY.
OCTOBER	SPEECH DAY. Concert by Carl Dolmetsch and Joseph Saxby. French Play Reading. VI at Clayesmore.
NOVEMBER	Mr. Prins' Lecture on "The Child in Art." U.IV Expedition to "Twelfth Night." OLD GIRLS' DINNER, 25th Anniversary.

SOME RED LETTER DAYS

First Impressions of a Speech Day

A stream of sunlight fell through the side door, a sharp contrast to the dark cinema with its patterned walls. Already there were parents taking their places; the murmur of voices could be heard above the click of seats.

It was our Speech Day, my first Speech Day, and we had walked from School through the streets of Shaftesbury to the local cinema.

Suddenly the buzz of voices subsided and the School rose as Miss Dunford strode swiftly down the centre of the cinema, followed by Miss Young, our famous Matron and an Old Girl of the School.

When everyone had taken her place and all was quiet, Mrs. Bradford, the Chairman of the Governors, made a short speech. This was followed by Miss Dunford's report on the previous year. Some of the items she mentioned were the universities and colleges various girls had gone to, the play production of "Hansel and Gretel" in the Arts Theatre, and numerous other things. Then came the presentation of the prizes and certificates by Miss Lavinia Young. The girls lined up in single file to receive their prizes. Miss Young then gave a very interesting speech. Next the Reverend C. Page gave a warm word of thanks to everybody.

Peggyanne McDermott, our Form Captain, the Head Girl and Deputy Head Girl gave bouquets to Mrs. Bradford, Miss Dunford and Miss Young.

The chairs were taken away from near the stage and the Governors, Miss Young and Miss Dunford moved to seats reserved for them in the stalls. During the chair removal, the door fell off its hinges when it was pushed, but I do not think many people noticed it. Then we all sat back and listened to the Recorder Society, which played very well, and after that we had the most wonderful singing that I had ever heard from the Choir.

The song for Speech Day came next, it was called "Above Him stood the Seraphim." The taller girls were at the back and the smaller at the front. You could hear a whole chorus of voices joining in with the song. Everyone had their eyes on Miss Drake, who was conducting; Dr. Johnson, the County Music Organiser, accompanied at the piano.

After the last notes of the National Anthem had finished we put on hats and coats for the walk back to School.

I had enjoyed it a great deal and I now look forward to the next Speech Day when perhaps I too can join in.

FORM III.

Parents' Day, 1962

We were again fortunate this year that it was a fairly warm and sunny day for the Games field can be too blowy for comfort. Miss Fraser organised the Athletics Competitions which form the most important part of the day, with great efficiency and we enjoyed them very much. The energy we expended in watching them made us welcome the next item on the agenda—a good tea at School or at Barton Hill according to Form. After this, there was plenty of time to wander round the school and look at the exhibition of books in the Form-rooms and the Floral Exhibition in the Sixth Form Room. When we had seen these, we could vary our interest by admiring the clever scientists in the Laboratory who had much to show us.

Of course, the main interest of the day was really to talk to all the many parents and friends who had come to see us and in them we are indeed fortunate.

REPORTS

SCHOOL COUNCIL ACTIVITIES, 1961-62

The Council did not make any major purchases during the year, but it was concerned with many matters of use and interest to the School. During the year many useful points were raised and the airing of views between the Staff and girls has been valuable both for the members and the rest of the School.

As a result of such discussion fire-practices were held again after a lapse of several terms, and a drinking fountain is now on the list of commitments for the financial year.

For some time there have been suggestions on Council that colours should be awarded for athletics, swimming and netball. A decision was reached after Miss Fraser's arrival in January, and new colours are awarded for athletics and swimming, but netball colours are not being awarded until play reaches senior standard.

The Council made grants during the year for the Middle School Expedition, which they had in the Spring Term instead of a Christmas party, and for the School Expedition to Berkeley Castle, Slimbridge and Bath in July.

Owing to the work of the Council we now have a menu for School lunches on the Hall Board and we are building up a repertoire of modern hymn tunes for the morning Assembly.

I should like to express appreciation for the enthusiasm of the members of Council and the interest of the School throughout the year.

STELLA M. DIBBEN, *Secretary*.

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

During the past year the School supported the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, the Mission to Lepers and the St. James's Settlement in Hong Kong. Collections were also made during Christian Aid Week and for the British Honduras Hurricane Appeal. The total of all the collections amounted to over £40. Another collection, in the form of clothes, was made for refugees in Algeria.

Spastic seals were again sold at Christmas and toys were collected for the Dr. Barnardo's Home at Gillingham.

I should like to thank the Committee for their work during the year.

JENNIFER CARY, *Secretary*.

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HOCKEY REPORT, 1961-62

During the Autumn Term we had no permanent Games Mistress, but both Miss Knapton and Mrs. Kirby shared the task of taking the School for hockey and netball. We are most grateful for all the help they gave us.

At the beginning of the Spring Term, Miss Fraser joined us as Games Mistress. We hope that she has enjoyed her first year with us and will also enjoy those to come.

A great many of the hockey matches were cancelled owing to the bad weather but we had a number of pleasing results. There have been regular practices for both teams throughout the season and these have improved our hockey tactics. As our standard has improved, we hope that we shall continue to do well in the season to come.

A. M. MIDDLEMAS.

Hockey Teams

1st XI
 L.W. C. Hutchings* (*Capt.*)
 L.I. A. Middlemas
 C.F. S. Lewis
 R.I. C. Head
 R.W. S. Harcourt-Brooks
 L.H. R. Jackson
 C.H. E. Alexander
 R.H. A. Rowlands
 L.B. A. Ramsden
 R.B. R. Sturman
 G.K. S. Woolridge

2nd XI
 L.W. V. Greenland or G. Dibben
 L.I. A. Goulding
 C.F. P. Isaacson
 R.I. M. Pickford
 R.W. B. Skew or J. Gaichouse
 L.H. M. Moores or S. Bartlett
 C.H. C. Ottey
 R.H. A. Page
 L.B. E. Breeds or A. Watterson
 R.B. J. Young
 G.K. B. Foote.

*Denotes colours.

Colours awarded: R. Jackson, R. Sturman.

House Hockey
 Barnes, 1st
 Wren, 2nd
 Hardy, 3rd

House Netball
 Barnes, 1st
 Wren, 2nd
 Hardy, 3rd

TENNIS REPORT, 1962

As the Summer Term was a short one and the weather frequently bad, our match play last season was, most unfortunately, limited to two meetings with other schools and a third with the Old Girls. However, we were able to gain some experience from these matches.

Barnes and Wren fought out the House Championship, the latter clutching it by two games; Hardy coming third.

Mrs. Fraser's coaching at regular practices was invaluable, and her enthusiasm and encouragement follows up the hard work Mrs. Brooks did to improve both the teams' and the School's standard in tennis. We owe a great deal to both of them.

Matches					
May 12th v. Blandford Grammar	...	...	...	Cancelled	
May 19th v. Yeovil High School	...	...	Away	Abandoned	
May 26th v. Hall School, Wincanton	...	...	Away		
				1st VI Won 47-39	
				2nd VI Lost	
June 30th v. Lord Digby's	...	...	Home	1st VI Lost 30-59	
				2nd VI Lost 33-59	
July 7th v. Old Girls	...	...	...	1st VI Won 82-70	
July 21st v. Cranborne Chase, Wardour	...	...	...	Cancelled	

Three matches arranged after school on weekdays were all also cancelled.

Senior Championship Cup:—A. Middlemas; S. Lloyd.

Middle School Championship:—V. Harrison; M. Moores.

Junior School Championship:—D. Isaacson; J. Ballam

1st VI			Tennis Teams		2nd VI	
C. Head*	}	1st Couple			<i>Chosen from:</i>	
C. Hutchings*					V. Harrison, M. Moores.	
L. Kibbey*	}	2nd Couple			E. Cole, A. Stainer.	
A. Middlemas*					S. Woolridge, C. Ottey.	
					A. Semmence, B. Skew.	
R. Sturman	}	3rd Couple			A. Goulding, A. Scalbert.	
S. Lloyd						

*Denotes colours previously awarded.

Colours awarded: A. Middlemas, S. Lloyd, R. Sturman.

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ATHLETICS REPORT, 1961-62

The standard of athletics has much improved during this year. This is largely owing to the encouragement and enthusiasm of Miss Fraser and the athletics captain, Rosalind Jackson.

Far more girls were entered for both the North Dorset and the Dorset County Athletics Championships. Two girls entered

for the South Western Counties Sports at Sherborne—Susan Harcourt-Brooks for long jump, placed second; Zelda Glinos for hurdling.

Results

North Dorset Sports at Sherborne:

Points

Seniors	1st
Secondary	"
Intermediate	"
Junior	"

House Athletic Sports:

Wren	1st
Barnes	2nd
Hardy	3rd

Individual Cups:

Junior: D. Isaacson.
Middle: M. Pickford
Senior: S. Brooks

Mrs. Bradford, Chairman of the Governors, presented S. Brooks with a special cup for winning each of the individual cups while she attended this School.

I am sure the School would wish to thank Miss Fraser for giving up so much time after School hours to coach members of the Athletics Teams, and we hope that the standard set up this year will be maintained in the future.

E.A.A.

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SWIMMING REPORT, 1962

Last season our swimming standard greatly improved. Swimming Club members were required to undergo strenuous training on Monday evenings. Our efforts were somewhat rewarded by gaining some final placings in the Dorset Swimming Inter-Schools Swimming Sports in spite of the extremely keen competition there. Next year we hope to do even better in order to meet this challenge.

Results

Inter-House Sports—Barnes—House Swimming Cup.

Individual Cups: Senior School—J. Stride; Middle School—S. Stride; Junior School—D. Parsons.

Dorset Swimming Sports:

- 2nd, J. Stride—100 yds. Breast Stroke (15-18)
- 3rd, M. Skinner—100 yds. Front Crawl (15-18).
- 3rd, S. Bartlett, 100 yds. Back Crawl. (13-15).
- 3rd, J. Stride, 100 yds. Front Crawl (15-18).
- 1st, Shaftesbury High School Relay Team (under 13).

MUSIC REPORT

Choir

This Easter the Choir performed Humperdinck's opera "Hansel and Gretel" in the Arts Theatre. It was produced by Mr. Benson to whom we are extremely grateful for making it such a success. Rosemary Wagner as Hansel and Julia Smithers as Gretel were ideal. Elizabeth Alexander made an excellent witch. Other soloists were: Jennifer Priddle (Mother); Ann Gunton (Father), Elizabeth Cole (Sandman) and Vanessa Harrison (Dew Fairy). The rest of the Choir appeared and sang, sometimes as Gingerbread Children and sometimes as Angels.

At Speech Day this year the Choir only performed three songs, "On the Plains," "Enchanting Song" (Bartok) and "Tune thy Music to thy Heart," as the Recorder Society also contributed to the entertainment. The whole School (with the exception of Form III) sang "Above Him stood the Seraphim," by Richard Dering. We were honoured to have Dr. Johnson to accompany us: he composed "Tune thy Music."

Rehearsals for the Carol Service have now begun. We really cannot thank Miss Drake enough for all the hard work she puts into music.

Recorder Society

This is a new society in School which has come to stay after a good beginning nearly a year ago.

We meet in the lunch hour on Mondays. New members are welcome; there is no age limit but Miss Drake must be assured of a member's ability to play not only the descant but the tenor and treble recorders.

Our most valued possession is a new Dolmetsch bass recorder. This is a magnificent instrument which cost £30 and is, therefore, treated with great care.

The Society performed for the first time at Speech Day. We played four dances by Taverner, a Galliard, and a movement by Dowland.

Orchestra

We had to say goodbye to Mr. Long in the Summer Term and thank him for his service to us. In his place we welcome Mr. Purcell.

The Orchestra meets as usual on Wednesdays in the dinner hour. We have been concentrating on expanding and improving our repertoire.

The wind section is well represented, but we could do with more strings as the viola is not learnt now. Miss Drake enjoys

conducting when there is no wind part, and Mr. Purcell is then able to assist where necessary.

JOAN TRUSTRUM, *Leader*.

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FLOWER GUILD

The Flower Guild remains a small society, but what it lacks in quantity it hopes to make up for in quality. During the past year we held an exhibition in the Vith Form room on Parents' Day and arranged the flowers for the tea-table on Speech Day. On both these occasions our arrangements were greatly appreciated by parents and friends of the school. Some of our members accepted an invitation from the Shaftesbury Floral Decoration Group to go with them to the annual area exhibition of the Floral Arrangement Association of South-West England held in Montacute House. All the Flower Guild went to the exhibition of the Shaftesbury Floral Decoration Group in Mrs. Weall's house, which showed how flowers can be arranged in the home. Both these displays gave us many new ideas which we hope to put into practice this year. We did not hold an exhibition last year, but hope to do so soon. We are very grateful to Miss Drake for the encouragement she has given us during the past year and we should also like to thank Rita Parsons for her enthusiasm and work as Secretary.

SUSAN PILE, *Secretary*.

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GYM CLUB

Last Spring Term a Gym Club was included in our school activities. The Fifth and Sixth Forms were invited to join, and the meetings which were held in the School hall every Monday at 4 p.m. were well attended. We should like to thank Miss Fraser for giving up so much of her valuable time to raising our gymnastic standard.

S.M.L.

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BADMINTON CLUB, 1961-62

With the start of the new School year enthusiasm for badminton increased. The Club flourished until the Spring Term, when the stress of pending examinations accounted for the decline in attendance. Fortunately the Club did not close and it now continues with renewed vigour. We are very grateful to Mrs. Davison for willingly devoting so much of her time to the success of the Club.

A.M.M.

SCOTTISH DANCING

Scottish Dancing, once a week, was started by Miss Fraser last year. It was held on Tuesday afternoons after school. It was very successful and we had a good turn out of Upper Sixth, Lower Sixth, Upper Fifth and Lower Fifth girls. Some of the Upper Sixth who had done the dances before helped us in the formations.

We learnt the three types of dances: the jig, the reel and the Strathspey, and danced examples of each. Some of them were the eightsome reel, one of the most popular dances, "St. Andrews' Cross," "Hamilton House," "Petroneila," as well as several different Strathspeys. It was all great fun, and I think everyone enjoyed it.

A. SEMMENCE.

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SHAFTESBURY YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHRISTIAN COUNCIL

This Council was formed in May 1961 with the aim of drawing the youth of the churches of Shaftesbury into greater understanding and unity. During the past year we have realised the reasons for which we are divided in a series of talks on the different denominations. We have learnt about the traditions and doctrines of the Anglicans, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Society of Friends, Roman Catholics and the Plymouth Brethren. Recently we held a conference on winning other people into the Church: for this is our aim for the coming year. In July, we sent two delegates to the Leicester Conference of Christian Youth. We held several socials during the year to which all young people are invited, whatever their denomination. In spite of the great barriers between us there is already a feeling of unity of purpose within the Council.

SUSAN PILE, *Secretary*.

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THEATRE REVIEW

"HANSEL AND GRETEL"

The Opera Group's production of Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," was a very successful and a most worthwhile enterprise. The excellent understanding between the conductor, the accompanist(s) and the producer resulted in a flexibility and liveliness seldom found in amateur operatic productions in—or even out of—schools. A well-judged and satisfying balance was struck between the vocal and dramatic possibilities of the score and the libretto and the capabilities of a young cast. All too often such a balance is sadly lacking, and youthful inexperience is butchered to make an adult holiday.

The stage sets—culminating in that splendidly bogus and baroque confection, the Witch's House—were excellent; so, for the most part, were the dresses, whose colours blended pleasingly, especially during the final scenes. The lighting was well contrived, although I felt that the Sandman, the Witch (ah, particularly the Witch!) and even the angelic host itself would have benefited had there been time and opportunity for further experiment with dramatic and subtle effects.

The Babes in this Wood were very good indeed. It was a considerable achievement to sustain—as they did—the difficult opening scene. The duet, "Crosspatch Away!", was vigorously attacked and admirably sung. I particularly enjoyed the dancing lesson, during which Hansel contrived to inhibit Rosemary Wagner's natural gracefulness, while Julia Smithers as Gretel (whose movements were precise but perhaps less spontaneous) taught him to twist. Then, from Gretel's gentle and charmingly sung introduction to the Second Act right through to the dramatic events in and around the Oven, and the subsequent triumph of Virtue, these two players never faltered. They set a high standard in song, speech and mime, and are to be most warmly congratulated.

Dramatically, the crisis of the opera occurs at the oven door. Here the tension might, I think, have been greater if the light had been less. Elizabeth Alexander made so energetically sinister a Witch that she deserved, I thought, an even more macabre setting for her horrid end. We should have enjoyed seeing a diabolical glow whenever the oven door was opened (just as we should probably have shivered with added pleasure had the Witch uttered a despairing shriek as she was hurled to her gingerbread fate). Her "Nibble, nibble, mousekin" had the authentically ominous ring about it, while her spell-binding routine was horrific in the extreme. Her broomstick dance was excellent, but might have been even more convincing if she had seemed to be more obsessed by it. As it was, she seemed to be giving us a music hall turn rather than to be whipping herself up to undertake ever more dreadful ploys. Nevertheless, hers was a most evil-spirited performance, and what more could one ask of a Witch?

The parents have to make the most of limited opportunities. Anne Gunton, in the role of Peter, gave a careful, rather subdued performance. The exacting "besom" song was entertainingly and robustly sung. She did well, too, in the concluding scene (where, however, more strategic positioning might have offset her natural handicap of not possessing a resonant baritone voice!). The Gertrude of Jennifer Priddle had some confident and forceful moments: she should do her best to check a tendency to recite her lines—a potent destroyer of illusion.

The Sandman (Elizabeth Cole) did not seem completely at

case in her stage clothes, but she moved well and was pleasantly relaxed in singing her rather difficult lullaby. Vanessa Harrison made a dynamic Dew Fairy. A good make-up and a phenomenal bluebell. Her brief appearance was perhaps a shade too hurried for (our) comfort, but she moved gracefully on her course.

The anonymous band of Angels made an impressive and a distinctive contribution. Their ballet was carried through with a stately and rhythmic assurance that betokened admirable training and much practice. The Gingerbread Children were excellent. On their release from the Witch's spells, they turned out to be an exceptionally colourful and charming lot. Their "We thank thee all our life" was appropriately heartfelt, moving to a fine climax at the entry of the Parents.

The inspiration and the skills of those who for long have been so closely associated with the School's musical and dramatic work were, of course, the foundation on which this delightful production was built. We are very grateful indeed to all who contributed—on either side of the curtain—to the success of the four performances: particularly to Mr. Barrington Benson, the Producer; to Miss Kathleen Drake, the Conductor; and to Dr. Reginald Johnson, who besides acting as our Musical Director shared with Mr. Ronald Smith the exacting work of accompanist.

Finally, we are greatly indebted to the Shaftesbury and District Arts Club for the use of the Oldmarket Playhouse, and for the specialised and indefatigable help given to us by so many of its members, before, during and after each performance.

S.R.W.

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THE DOLMETSCH CONCERT

On Friday, October 19th, we were privileged to have a visit from Carl Dolmetsch and Joseph Saxby, both internationally known musicians. The Recorder Society enjoyed playing to Dr. Dolmetsch and we were encouraged by his praise and mild criticism. We finished our playing with a Dowland Galliard, conducted by Carl Dolmetsch himself, and then spent a few minutes in informal conversation with the two renowned visitors.

The concert, at which the whole School was present, took place in the afternoon. Before it began we had time to survey the large collection of stringed and wind instruments, including a portable harpsicord played by Mr. Saxby. Then Dr. Dolmetsch, Mr. Saxby and Dr. Johnson entered and the concert started with an introduction to Dr. Dolmetsch by Dr. Johnson, a friend of the School and known to all. Arnold Dolmetsch, he said, had revived the recorder as a popular instrument and had selected some of the best music, mostly from the Elizabethan period.

Dr. Dolmetsch then played music from varying centuries and of different types and metres on all five recorders—soprano, descant, treble, tenor and bass. We also enjoyed a recorder trio, Dr. Dolmetsch playing a descant, Mr. Saxby a treble and Dr. Johnson a tenor. Dr. Dolmetsch then amazed us by playing numerous instruments including a viol, a rebec, a tabor (which a Third Form girl was invited to play to accompany Dr. Dolmetsch) and a tambourain. Between his various solos we heard a duet on the harpsicord played by Joseph Saxby and Dr. Johnson, and a beautiful twentieth century solo by Mr. Saxby.

We were sorry when the concert came to an end, but were glad when Dr. Johnson reminded us that it was in Shaftesbury High School fifteen years ago that he had first met Dr. Dolmetsch, and under Miss Drake's initiative Shaftesbury High School became the first school in Dorset to teach the recorder in a lesson, thus inspiring Dr. Johnson himself to encourage recorder playing in schools. The concert certainly taught all aspiring recorder players that they have only just started on their journey to perfection, and are unlikely ever to attain such a standard. However, I am sure they will agree with me that it was a most worthwhile and enjoyable afternoon.

H.J. L.VI.

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"TWELFTH NIGHT"

The afternoon of November 7th found the U.IV in the care of Mrs. Hosford and Mademoiselle Faucher, clambering into a coach bound for Sturminster Newton to see "Twelfth Night."

We arrived after a very pleasant journey and we were shown into the Hall. The play was acted excellently by the Osiris players. The comedy scenes were very good with Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch joking and playing pranks against the unfortunate Malvolio. Everyone noticed the clear diction of the actresses which made the play all the more enjoyable.

Such opportunities as this visit gave us, encourage us to appreciate the plays of Shakespeare more.

M. COLE. U.IV.

* * *

"RICHARD III"

Richard III, played by Paul Daneman, was a pleasure to watch. Paul Daneman got over Richard's character extremely well, and not once did he forget he was meant to be a hunchback and a cripple always restricting his movements; he also limped very realistically. The cunning and contemptuousness in Richard's nature was put over forcefully, especially the scenes where Richard

shows his contempt for people weaker than himself; in soliloquy scenes, of course, as Richard is too clever to show his dislike of people to their faces, only behind their backs.

Joseph O'Connor, who played Buckingham, played his part in a forthright manner, perhaps too much, but he did manage to convey to me the greediness and ruthlessness embedded in his nature, for power. I think one of his main faults was that he flounced too much around the stage.

Queen Margaret, played by Patricia Jessel, I thought was the best of the three women. She spat out her curses with venom without losing her dignity and didn't get too carried away. She managed, as indeed did all three women, to move across the stage as ladies of that century would have done, always picking up her gowns correctly and turning, which I think is very hard with the long flowing trains gracefully and quickly.

The children in the play were wonderful to watch, especially the younger of the two princes, who brought out the cheekiness and sparkling, bubbling over with fun, personality that I'm convinced Shakespeare intended the young prince to have.

The scenery and costumes in general were good, although I did feel that a little more scenery would have been appreciated.

SHEILA STRIDE. U.V.

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A VISIT TO THE WINTER GARDENS

One morning in prayers, Miss Dunford announced that the Dorset County Council had offered every secondary school in Dorset 60 seats for a Children's Concert in Bournemouth on the 22nd June, 1962. Lower IV and Upper IV were to represent the School.

The 'bus collected us a few minutes late and we therefore arrived at the Winter Gardens a few minutes after the scheduled time.

We entered the hall very unobtrusively and the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, conducted by James Loughran, deputy to Silvestri, began with the first item, "The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba."

The concert continued for an hour or so, and many people delighted in using the opera glasses.

All too soon we found ourselves on the 'bus on our way back to Shaftesbury, where we arrived just in time for the second lunch and an ordinary afternoon of work.

L. JORDAN. U.IV.

VISITS TO PLAYS AND BALLET

"THE SNOW MAIDEN"

London's Festival Ballet performed at Bournemouth during the week 19th to 24th March, 1962. The matinee performance on Saturday was "The Snow Maiden."

The Snow Maiden lived in the forest with her father, Jack Frost. One day a young man and a maiden from the nearby village were walking in the woods together. When the Snow Maiden saw the young man she fell in love with him. She begged her father to be allowed to go to the village, but he warned her against this. However, she persuaded him to let her go. When she got to the village she joined in the revels and the young man fell in love with her.

The village maiden became very jealous and appealed to the King to take her part and command the young man to marry her. When the Snow Maiden and the young man came to his court, however, she so charmed the King with her beauty and grace that he agreed that she should marry the young man.

Unheeding of her father's warning to stay in the forest, she returned to the village with the young man. For a little time they were very happy, but as the sun rose the beautiful young Snow Maiden, being made of snow, melted away in her lover's arms.

This ballet had great scope for mime, with its scenes of sadness and joy. There was a great contrast between the graceful dancing of the Snow Maiden and the exuberant and lusty dancing of the village folk. All this was inspired by Tchaikovsky's exciting music. Although there was a lot of difference between the dancing of the Snow Maiden and the village folk they were both surprisingly light and a delight to watch.

The story of the Snow Maiden was made exceedingly clear by the miming so that one can sit back and really enjoy it. I think it really was worth seeing.

SALLIE PILE. U.IV.

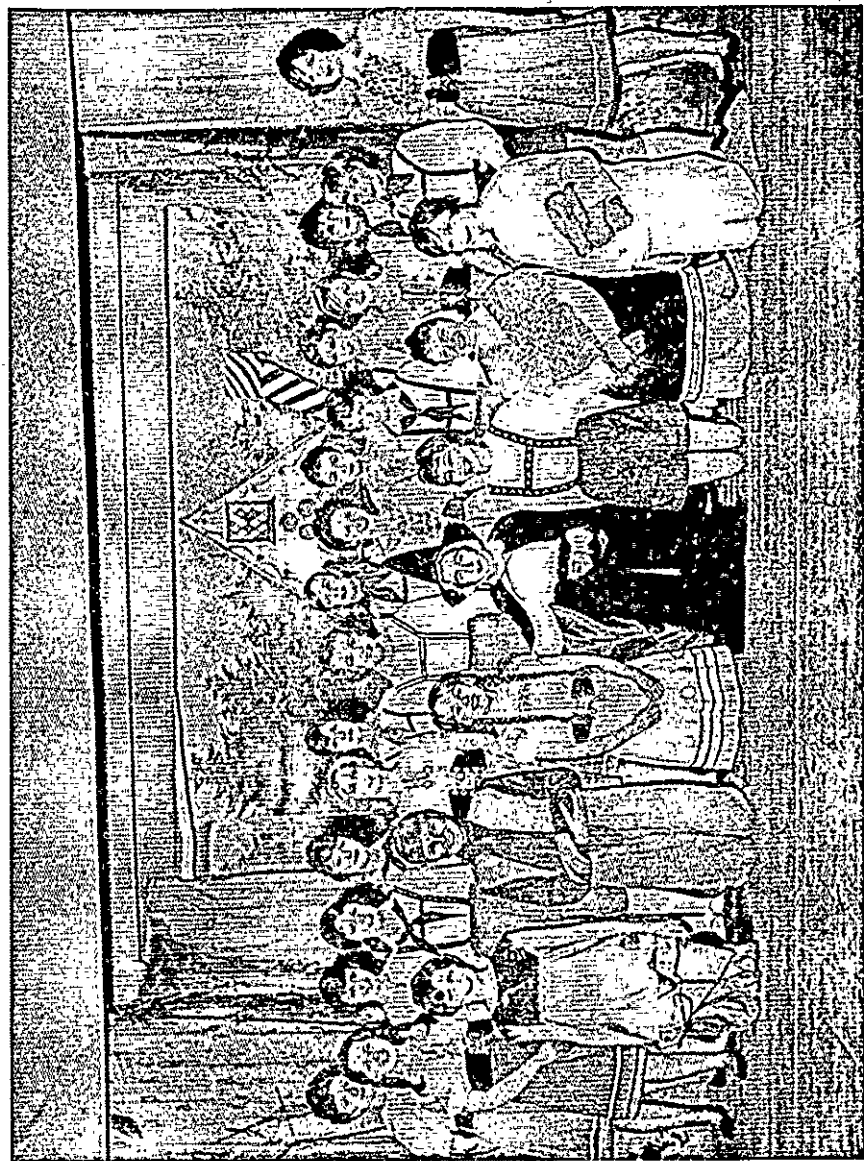
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"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

On a bright, sunny afternoon during Summer examinations all the Form set off on an expedition to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Wardour Castle.

After a short, bumpy coach ride we arrived at the lovely old castle set back in beautiful surroundings.

Flocks of schoolchildren ascended the slope to the castle. The stage was in the immediate grounds in front of an enchanting grotto among the old, stately trees. Beside this fairy cave there were steep banks covered with many colourful plants.



"Hansel and Gretel"

(Photo by G. Beal Inc.)



Old Girls' 25th Anniversary Dinner

(Photo by G. Beal Inc)

There were many aesthetic old-fashioned costumes worn by the actors. The play itself was superbly acted and was enjoyed even more as the actors and actresses spoke in a "witty way." For the fairy scenes, eerie music floated out of the grotto and boughs were placed on the stage. The fairies tripped lightly down the paths of the banks from the woods to the stage, in their ragged net costumes; it was very effective. The palace scenes were regal, and in the last scene we were all delighted with the quaint red chairs and cushions which made it very grand.

Our last thrill was when the coach left as soon as the performance was over and we saw all the performers leave hurriedly over a stone wall. As they waved to us we eagerly waved back to them.

We all arrived back feeling tired, yet contented with our expedition to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

DEBORAH WILLIAMS.

JENNIFER DEACON. *L.IV.*

* * *

U.IV CRITICS

RECORDS

Nowadays the majority of records bought by young people are "Pop" records, although many classical ones are also bought.

I find that listening to different kinds of records puts me in a different frame of mind. When I listen to "Pop" music I feel light-hearted, no-care-in-the-world and full of zest; but when I hear classical music I feel serious-minded and studious.

If you have a headache it is much nicer to listen to refreshing classical music than rowdy "Pop" music that could make your headache worse than ever. But if you are having a party "Pop" music would be more appropriate to make it go with a swing.

So it is really a good idea to take an interest in classical records as well as "Pop."

SUZANNE MUNDY.

* * *

"THE SILVER SWORD"

This book is suitable for people of all ages, and although I have read it at least twenty times I am quite sure I'll read it another twenty.

The story is about a Polish family who get split up during the war, and how they make their various ways to Switzerland to become a family once more. Did I say family? Well, a family-plus because on the way the children adopt Jan who plays an important part in their journey.

On their travels the children have many exciting adventures. There's the time Jan makes friends with a chimpanzee, the time Edek gets lost, the time Jan decides to rob the train, the time they nearly get caught by the Burgomaster, the time the "silver sword" gets lost, and, finally, the terrific storm when they have so nearly reached their destination. During all this Ruth, the eldest, manages to keep calm and keep the children under control. This is often difficult as Jan is highly excitable; Edek, her brother, is never in very good health; Bronia, the youngest, is quickly tired and often discouraged.

And the Silver Sword, how does that come into it? Well, that is all the children have to remind them of their parents and it is this that makes them keep together, fight for each other, and eventually find their parents.

The author describes the events, the scenery, the children and all they come into contact with, so vividly that by the end of the book one feels as if one has lived with the children all through their adventures.

This, as I have said before, is a wonderful book and I advise all who are able to read it.

CAROLINE PRICE.

* * *

"THE GUNS OF NAVARONE"

This film is a fictitious story about six men who are sent to a group of islands in the Eastern Mediterranean in the possession of the Nazis during the last war. The island to which they are sent is called Navarone. The two guns on the island were so well protected that even full-scale air attacks did not harm these guns. These six men are chosen for the job of blowing up the guns and are given one week in which to do it. They succeed in this mission, but not without loss of life.

Among the actors were David Niven, Antony Quayle, Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn and James Robertson Justice who had a small part in the beginning. One of the two actresses was Gia Scala.

Some of the film sequences were excellent, the most spectacular being when the guns and the fort are blown up. There are other good sequences, particularly when the six men are climbing the steep, smooth, slippery and wet cliff to set foot on the island. There are some humorous sequences where the Nazis are outwitted by the Greek Resistance on the island.

Of the six men who are sent to the island of Navarone, one is seriously injured and is captured, one decides to remain behind and assist the local Resistance, two are killed and two are picked up by the British warships and return successful.

The film was very well cast and the acting was excellent. The photography, too, was very good. This film provides a rather exciting yet enjoyable evening's entertainment at the cinema.

ELIZABETH TEASDALE.

* * *

"WEST SIDE STORY"

"On the West Side of New York City a lifetime can last forty-eight hours." Gang warfare is going on between a group of American boys who call themselves the "Jets," and the "Sharks," some boys who emigrated from Puerto Rico.

As in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, a boy falls in love with one of the "enemy's" girls. In "West Side Story," to add to complications, the girl, Maria, is the sister of the Sharks' leader, and the boy, Tony, is a joint leader of the Jets. The result of the love affair is a tumble between the two gangs.

"West Side Story" had the best modern music I have ever heard. It was stimulating, wild and though full of discords was extremely expressive. In one scene in the gym at a dance one can feel the "throbbing rivalry of steps" as the gangs show off in front of each other.

The songs also give one the feeling that the story is true, and did not seem to be out of place, though some of the lyrics had no particular meaning. In some cases though, like when Officer Krupke, the "cop on the beat," tells the Jets off for beating up the Sharks, they lampoon him in "Gee, Officer Krupke," and the lyrics and the dancing make it very amusing.

The chief characters were supposed to have been juvenile delinquents with the wrong attitude to life, which the actors stressed so much so that I have heard on television that "West Side Story" shows what it is like in that part of New York and the life its inhabitants live. The man who was speaking about this was a policeman, and he said that Officer Krupke and his superior, Lieutenant Schrank, did not do the American Police Force justice!

"West Side Story" was one of the best films I have seen, although it had a good deal of violence it had all the other ingredients of a good film.

LUCY JORDAN.

* * *

EXPEDITIONS

U.V. Expedition to Poole Potteries

For those who had withstood the toils and hardships of "O" level G.C.E. the treat of an expedition was in store. In the morning

we were to visit Poole Potteries and during the afternoon we were able to do as we wished in Bournemouth. Eventually we were all installed in the 'bus, and a coach load of happy, carefree faces was to be seen travelling out of Shaftesbury in the direction of Poole. The coach having been parked, we circled the pottery buildings and eventually found the entrance, some of us having to wait in a very up-to-date waiting room until a guide was ready for us. The first craftsmen that we visited were those who worked in the original way with a wheel. Here we could see that precision was needed along with very skilled hands that moulded and drew the clay into shapes of vases and pots whilst the wheel spun at a tremendous speed. Other craftsmen in this room smoothed and shaved and dried articles which were then white in colour, and fitted handles on to vases that needed them.

The next room that we visited was of considerable size and housed many racks on which white clay pottery of many different shapes and sizes had been placed in order to dry. Also here the more modern method of making pottery was in practice. Huge plaster of paris moulds stood on benches and in these was poured the liquefied clay which was allowed to dry before being removed as a piece of pottery from the mould. In this room there was a continual buzz of talking from the workers and a continual clang of trolleys driven by men as they passed to and fro laden with white pottery.

In another room, women sat painting the baked pottery by hand. This work appeared to be very skilled, and the painted articles were finished off by glazing, which really did make them look very beautiful.

We were very fortunate in our visit to the pottery as our guide was the mother of one of the girls from our School. Having given our concentration to the pottery during the morning we were free for the afternoon, some of us visiting the shops in Bournemouth, whilst others were content with an afternoon on the beach. We returned happy and pleased with a well-deserved day out.

A. STAINER.

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Upper Sixth Form Expedition to Studland

On Tuesday, July 24th the Upper VI set out on their expedition. It is usual for the form to have a day off from school at the end of the Summer Term, after the Advanced exams. are over and this year we chose to have a lazy day at Studland.

It was a bright morning as we piled into the minibus which we had hired for the trip carrying our sunbathing attire, swimsuits, sandwiches and mackintoshes. The last item was not necessary, I am glad to say but the others were essential.

We arrived about mid-morning and headed straight for the beach where we settled ourselves in a suitable spot. By this time the sun was shining brightly and most of us thought it warm enough to change into bathing costumes and shorts suitable for sunbathing. It certainly turned out to be one of the better days that we had this summer.

We ate our lunch on the beach to the accompaniment of music from a radio and the shouts from a party of small boys further down the beach. Ice creams and fizzy drinks followed our lunch. Then some of the party settled down to do a little more sunbathing, after carefully applying suntan lotion. A few of us spent not quite such a lazy day, as we went for a walk along the beach towards Poole. We walked quite a long way, across a deserted stretch of sands until we rounded a small headland and found another group of holiday makers. By the time we returned it was mid-afternoon and some of the others had walked off in the opposite direction to meet us.

Some of us decided that it was sufficiently warm to go for a bathe in the sea, although not everybody was of the same opinion. We ate the remainder of our sandwiches and other food for tea and then after a little longer on the beach, we began to collect our belongings together, change and tidy ourselves for the return journey.

We arrived back in Shaftesbury safely, although a little weary and, I believe, a little sore from the sun, despite protective measures, after a very successful expedition enjoyed by all.

C. HEAD.

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Expedition to the Hard Court Championships

On Tuesday, 24th April, about twelve members of the Upper School set off for the Tennis Championships of Great Britain at Bournemouth. We arrived at 11 a.m. and could choose the matches we wanted to watch. It was a beautiful day and we immediately hurried through the Gardens to the Centre Court in time to watch the doubles match between Pickard and Apey and Aguire and Hann. This was most exciting and the minute it ended the players were at once surrounded by enthusiastic "autograph hunters," who plagued their heroes until they either triumphed or were cruelly crushed.

After watching a somewhat humorous match between Cox and the ever-popular Drobny, we had a break for lunch. By mid-day it was swelteringly hot and we invaded a huge marquee for cold drinks and ices to eat with our packed lunches. During this process we caught sight of Angela Mortimer and, snatching pens and programmes, we pursued her in haste endeavouring to obtain

her autograph, but in vain. She looked round despairingly like a cornered crook and, after a gasped "No," fled hurriedly away. We had many similar experiences in which we were disappointed, and formerly esteemed players dropped considerably in our estimations.

In the afternoon we saw matches between Jacques and Carpenter, Mortimer and Catt, Truman and Wilson. I am sure that all aspiring tennis players had their hopes crushed while watching the perfection with which these players returned the strokes. I think that most of us admired the young Australian, Martin Mulligan, who won his match rising from insignificance to a position of dominance in the British tennis world.

It was a most enjoyable day and some of our number were inspired to improve their tennis, even to the higher realms of Wimbledon.

HELEN JONES. *L.VI.*

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The School Expedition, 1962

It was time for the coaches to arrive. The whole School craned their necks to see if they were in sight. Just as everyone was getting impatient, four luxury coaches drew up in an orderly line outside the entrance. Soon we were on the way. The first stop was to be Berkeley Castle, then Slimbridge and, lastly, Bath.

When we arrived at the castle we were divided into groups and shown round by our own guide. She told us all about the paintings and tapestries and showed us some very old and interesting books. After going over the castle from top to bottom we had our picnic lunches on the lawns of the garden then we had to move on.

It was not long before we reached Slimbridge. Four people were waiting to show us all the birds. We saw fowls from many countries and used up all our films before we got anywhere near the end of our tour. At the far end of the grounds stood Peter Scott's tower, a high structure which enables him to see for miles.

When we reached Bath we had a marvellous tea and saw all round the wonderful ruins. The hot water springs fascinated everyone.

At last we had to go home, but it had been a wonderful day.

JENNIFER BLANCHETT. *L.IV.A.*

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Expedition to Porton

In the Summer Term, Mrs. Davison took the VIth Form biologists and one U.V girl to Porton, the Microbiological Research Establishment near Salisbury.

On arrival there we were divided into two groups, each of which was taken on a conducted tour of some of the laboratories.

One of the most interesting things we saw was an electron microscope which was housed in a dimly lit room of its own. This is used to study viruses and other minute organisms which it magnifies 20,000 times making them clearly visible. There are only about six such microscopes in the country, this one being German made.

Another very interesting laboratory was that in which cultures of viruses and bacteria are produced. We had to enter through double doors, which are a safety precaution. Here we were shown how cultures are prepared. We were then confronted with a large screw top bottle in which was a creamy looking fluid. We were rather shocked to learn that this contained enough typhoid to infect the whole of Salisbury.

We also saw the preparation of slides which includes setting the organ to be sectioned in wax, making very thin sections of it, drying them, staining and finally mounting them.

In another laboratory proteins were being split into their amino-acids by a process known as paper chromatography.

The afternoon proved to be very enjoyable and educational.

J.M.A. U.VI.

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FORM REPORTS

The Sixth Form Report

In September, four of the Lower VI began taking "A" level Geography lessons at the Grammar School—the first set of girls to embark upon this new road.

The first Form Prayers of the year took the form of the Sixth Form Harvest Festival. Donations of fruit and vegetables were given by girls throughout the School, and these were later taken to the Hospital and Old Folks' Homes.

During the Autumn Term the French group had two visits to Clayesmore School, the first of which was to see a play, "La Malade Imaginaire," enacted by a visiting drama company. On the second visit they joined with the boys in reading the play "L'Alouette." They were received most hospitably on both occasions.

Many of the Christmas plans were not able to mature as the boarders were prematurely sent home on account of a 'flu epidemic, and "non-crowded activities" were ordered for the last few days for the sake of the health of the remaining day-girls.

Similarly, extensive preparations for the Sixth Form dance, which was to have been held early in the Spring Term, came to

nothing, the dance having once been postponed and then finally cancelled because of German measles, which continued to rage for the rest of the term.

Rehearsals for the opera at the end of the Spring Term took up much of some girls' time. The VI provided both Hansel and Gretel and the Witch, besides other members of the cast.

Quite a number of "athletes" took part in the North Dorset sports and procured the Senior Girls' Cup for the School. This same team contributed many points at the County Sports towards North Dorset winning the Senior Girls' Cup there.

One day, after their "A" level exams, and their subsequent week's holiday, the Upper VI went to Studland for their outing. They also held a Scottish country dancing party to which they invited some Milton Abbey School boys. This was a very successful occasion.

Many of the VI had looked forward to the Clayesmore Dance in July, which believe it or not, was also cancelled—this time owing to mumps at their school.

The year ended for the VI with an enlightening series of political talks, and one on Banking with advice for potential account holders.

Upper Vth Form Report

We began our Upper Vth year knowing that ahead of us lay twelve months of extremely hard work. We feel, however, that after all our determined efforts we have not let the side down as we obtained fairly satisfactory G.C.E. results.

We were very glad to be able to welcome Meriel Skinner at the beginning of the year, and Linda Bradford in the Spring Term. We hope that they will be very happy with us.

One of the outstanding features of the year was our Christmas Party, which was held on Saturday, December 9th. We were all allowed to invite our male friends, and the party was undoubtedly a great success, the general opinion being that it was the best party ever!

Our sports throughout the year also improved. Several members of the Form played hockey and tennis for the School teams, under the careful guidance of our Form games captain, Anne Middlemas.

Both Anne and Susan Lloyd were awarded tennis colours after gallantly winning the Senior Tennis Doubles Cup. We should also like to congratulate Jean Stride on being awarded Swimming colours. Several members of the Form entered the North Dorset Sports and Susan Harcourt-Brooks succeeded in reaching the South Western Counties. Two girls, Susan Harcourt-Brooks and Elizabeth Cole, were made sub-prefects during the year.

We were very pleased to welcome several of the girls pen friends during the Summer Term, who included Genevière Méron; Nicole Boismartelle and Brigitte Rozier from France, and we also welcomed Heidi Kegel from Germany.

After our G.C.E. examinations were over we were all very fortunate in being allowed to visit Poole Pottery. After a conducted tour, which proved to be very interesting, we went on to Bournemouth and passed the day pleasantly away by either swimming, skating or admiring the shops.

We should like to thank Miss Matthews for being our Form Mistress throughout the year, and for all the patience and attention she gave us.

On the whole, our Upper Vth year was one of successes and improvements, and we are all very grateful to the Staff for their hours of careful tuition.

Lower V Form Report, 1961-62

The term began inauspiciously because Miss Dunford was still indisposed owing to a prolonged attack of shingles, but we soon settled down to work and things soon returned to normal after the hectic settling in.

However, towards the end of term that stealthy warrior, German measles, began to take a steady toll of our ranks. Suddenly an embarrassing red pox would appear on the stricken face of the next victim and that was the last we would see of them—for a week or two at least! This menace was ably assisted in decreasing our attendance by that even more unsightly visitor, mumps. Until, a week before the end of term, the boarders were sent home much to their delight, even though it meant missing their party which was the day after.

We returned after Christmas much refreshed but still dogged by the measles. The Lower V, instead of a party, were taken to London by Miss Woods and Miss Hughes to see *Richard III* at the Old Vic. We were also allowed to wander through the halls of the Natural History Museum where we had lunch in the charming company of certain of the inmates. Some of us then went on to the Victoria and Albert Museum where some of our number managed to engage in a full-scale battle with a lift attendant and in consequence found themselves stranded on the top floor and well and truly lost. It took a large search party to recover them from their plight but after this delay we managed to reach the theatre with, surprisingly, no more mishaps and enjoyed the play very much.

The days and weeks speed by until with a jolt some of us were brought down to earth by the appearance of Maths and English "O" level papers, a year in advance. Still, we took these in our

stride and still found time for athletics, in which we acquitted ourselves creditably, managing to send all the Form's boarders and a large number of day-girls to the Dorset Sports; also Margaret Pickford secured the School Cup. In swimming we were not altogether lacking in talent. Sheila Stride, in particular, won the Middle School swimming cup.

Soon, almost unbelievably quickly, the year came to its end and we departed for the Summer holidays to keep a wary eye on the post towards the end of August! Most of us had no need to worry because there were very few failures, and we have come back this year ready and waiting for what it holds in store.

Form Report U.IV

We began the year with Miss Piggott as our Form Mistress in Room I. During the year two new girls joined the Form. These were Jean Spears from Malaya, who became a boarder, and Nicola Nadin who came from Kenya. In the Spring Term as we did not have a party at Christmas, the Form went on an expedition to Southampton, there to see the Royal Festival Ballet in *Sleeping Beauty*. This was enjoyed by everyone.

Since having used modern hymn tunes in our Form prayers they are used quite frequently by the School now. Another event greatly enjoyed by the Form was an outing to the Winter Gardens in Bournemouth to hear a concert organised by Dr. Johnson.

A good number of the Form went to the Dorset and North Dorset Sports, gaining good results. Zelda Glinos went to the S.W. Counties. For the first time a few people went to the Dorset Swimming Sports in Bournemouth and did quite well. Department stars were won by Andrea Watterson and Frances Scalbert, and a few members of the Form joined the Choir and the newly-formed Recorder Society. Altogether this was a year of achievement for Upper IV.

L.IVth Form Report

Last year, as L.IVths, we were fortunate to have as our Form-room, Room 7 at Barton Hill with Miss Watkins as our Form Mistress. We had four new girls this year: Jane Stanley, Maureen Webb, Penny Gibson and Pauline Whatley.

Halfway through the Spring Term Miss Watkins had to go into hospital, so Miss Fraser became our temporary Form Mistress.

During the year we went to several concerts and also a lecture. We went to a concert at the Winter Gardens in Bournemouth to hear the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. We also went to another concert held at the Grammar School and had an R.S.P.C.A. lecture.

Several people from our Form went to the North Dorset Sports and some went on to the Dorset Sports.

Dorothy Isaacson won the Junior Athletics Cup, while Diane Parsons carried the Junior Swimming Cup away!

We should like to congratulate Mary Cole and Jane Woolley for winning good work prizes, also Mary James for winning a progress prize. Elizabeth Teasdale was the only person in the Form to be awarded a deportment star this year.

III Form Report

The year flew by for us in Form III. We felt that Mrs. Hosford was a friend and great help; as she, like us, was new.

Penny Stubbs, a member of our Form, read at the Carol Service, which was appreciated by us for its music and joyfulness.

Unfortunately there was no Christmas Party as the boarders went home early because of illness, but the cake was readily eaten!

In our second term we competed against the Modern School in a netball match, but lost.

During summer examinations we went on an enjoyable expedition to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Wardour Castle.

After this it was Parents' Day. We joined this with an exciting Sports Day.

In the Swimming Gala one of our swimmers, Máiri Mackay was runner-up in the Lower School Championship.

There were two Good Work prizes and three deportment stars won.

We very much miss (from our Form) three girls who left during the year, but we welcomed two new girls who are filling their places. It was a happy and interesting year for Form III.

* * *

Our Holiday in Norway

On Wednesday, August 15th, Miss Woods and Mrs. Davidson met most of the party of girls who were taking part in the holiday on Gillingham station—and the holiday began. They spent that night in London at a Y.W.C.A. hostel and enjoyed supper at the Strand Corner House, and a sight-seeing tour of Whitehall and Westminster before settling down for the night. Next morning a fleet of taxis took them and their luggage to King's Cross in time to find their reserved places on the Newcastle boat train. Here they were joined by Miss Maddick, Miss A. Dunford and all the

other members of the party except Miss Matthews, who had already been a week in Norway, and Carol and Susan who were to meet them in Newcastle.

For most of them this was the first sea voyage of any length and most were rather apprehensive as they found their berths and pondered on the little brown paper receptacles clipped to the bed-rail. However, there were few casualties, and most of them enjoyed the fairly calm journey. It was a most comfortable boat and there was interesting food to be eaten. One of the highlights of the holiday was the approach to Bergen. For about half an hour before Bergen it was fascinating to watch the dim, cloudy islands gradually darken and become individual in shape; to see the houses on the smallest islands and to look further inland with eager anticipation at the mountains. Bergen, itself, is a most attractive city, colourfully set round a sweep of the coast and surrounded by the many small islands that shelter the harbour.

Here the party was met by Miss Matthews and eventually was able to rescue its baggage from the customs shed and to find the bus for the last stage of the journey. This was a varied one as there were winding roads by the fjord-side and a short but beautiful ferry journey across one piece of water. All the way, they noticed the lovely birch and fir trees by the side of the hills which grew to the stature of mountains by the time the Hardanger Fjord was in sight. Snow could be seen in the distance and as the coach followed the road by the fjord-side nearer Bakke, the great Folge glacier appeared to be crawling over the highest point, like a grey, prehistoric, wrinkled reptile.

At last the hotel was reached and they were relieved to be there at last for the journey was beginning to become wearisome. The hotel proved to be by the side of a beautiful part of the fjord with lovely views over the water to the mountains and with more accessible foothills behind it. The girls were delighted to find that the hotel possessed four rowing boats which they might borrow when they wanted and most of them learned to row a little before they left.

There were many pleasant shorter walks to see the nearest village and the roaring waterfalls which were everywhere; and longer ones to the glacier and up to the seter behind the foothills (a more difficult expedition than it looked). There was one shopping expedition to the nearest town, Norheimsund, and one to one of the few remaining old buildings in Norway. (As most of the buildings were of wood, many were destroyed before this century by fire.)

Altogether, it was most enjoyable holiday, the varied activity of which is shown by the following articles.

Three Pictures of our Norway Holiday

Our Expedition to the Sundal Glacier

It was eight o'clock in the morning when we dragged ourselves reluctantly out of bed, washed and dressed and stumbled unwillingly to breakfast. The day was bright and clear and our low spirits were soon dispelled by the cheering rays of the sun which penetrated every nook and cranny and set even the shadows dancing with life. We ate a hearty breakfast (unusual for most of us and we knew we should probably regret it later) and by half past nine we were all ready assembled at the little landing stage. Soon our launch came chugging round the corner, leaving behind it a white wake which spread fanwise, lapping the edges of the fjord. We were characteristically late in setting out, but when we were on our way and the launch was slicing its way into the cool green waters of the fjord, we began to look forward to the day ahead of us.

The journey by launch was fascinating at first, but it was a long one and the interest soon wore off. The land, rising steeply from the edges of the fjord, was rocky and profusely scattered with small, unhealthy-looking fir trees which spilled over the edge of the steep cliffs like a green mantle, and when we went fast they flew past in a semi-hypnotising blur.

Halfway down the fjord we suddenly came across a waterfall spilling its frothy contents with a tinkling splash into the water. This was the Maumanger waterfall which, our guide assured us, was in some way connected with the film "Vikings". The launch edged close (dangerously close, I thought) to the foaming torrent so that those who wished to could take photographs. Then we moved on, and soon could see the tiny village of Sundal, our destination, in the distance.

At Sundal we had a cup of tea in a little hotel at the waterside, and then we began our climb.

For the first part of our climb we followed a little mountain path for a couple of miles. By this time the sun had really made its début and we began to get hot and stripped off a few layers of our clothing. Most of the time we were following what appeared to be a small river gushing down the hillside. The water was a bluey-green colour, composed of melted snow and ice, and freezing cold. The path, which twisted and turned with the river, was small and rough and quite rocky in places, but the beauty of the scenery on that fresh summer morning made up for any discomfort we might have felt underfoot.

It was twelve o'clock when we finally came to a stop at a large lake set in the middle of a ring of mountains. It shimmered in the sun like a large green gem carelessly flung down by some

mythical Norwegian giant. We tore off our shoes and socks and, sitting on some rocks, dabbled our feet in the icy-cold water. If we did it for too long at a time our feet ached with the cold and then we had to drag them out and dry them in the hot sunshine which made them steam like twin boilers. We ate our packed lunch here, basking on the rocks like contented seals with all the ingredients to make our day perfect—hot sunshine and a glorious view wherever we turned.

There were three or four unsafe looking rowing boats moored to the rocks; most of them were half-filled with water from some long-forgotten leak. When we had finished our lunch we were rowed across. The lake was fed by numerous small waterfalls which splashed gaily over the rocks and into the lake and provided a pleasant accompaniment to our journey across the water. The opposite shore did not look as if it would harbour any safe landing places, but our guide seemed to know what he was doing and landed us all safely.

The glacier had looked quite near from the lake, but the nearer we actually got the further away the glacier seemed to be and the more unattainable it looked. From a distance it was greenish-grey in colour and looked like a fat, sluggish caterpillar sprawling, replete, over the rocks after a large and heavy meal.

We began, most energetically, to climb a small hill which stood at the foot of the mountain, but tired after a while, as our feet slipped from under us on the wet, winding path which rose steeply from the lakeside. When we reached the summit of the hill, we flopped down, exhausted, among the bushes of fat black bilberries and stared in despair at the rocky plain which confronted us: yet another obstacle to be overcome before we finally reached our goal. The rest was a short one, and after having left our rucksacks behind on the hill-side we set off again, clambering over the rocks on the plain.

The worst part of the climb—the last part—was yet to come and we looked apprehensively up the steep rock face to the glacier which sprawled, so it seemed, insolent and mocking at the top. The climb was far worse than most of us had anticipated and yet, when the summit was reached, it was unanimously voted as being eminently worth while. We clambered up narrow cracks in the rock, hauling ourselves up by anything and anyone within reach, sometimes slipping, frightened and then looking down and becoming even more frightened. We frequently stopped for rests and yet, when we finally reached the top, we were nearly all exhausted.

Seen from nearby, the glacier was a beautiful deep bluey-green in colour and it was twisted and warped into grotesque shapes. Shallow tunnels penetrated far under the glacier and it seemed only to be balanced precariously on the slippery rock, as

if a strong wind or a loud shout would loosen it and send it crashing down the mountainside. It was slowly melting in the warm summer sun and on the end of every peak of ice hung a drop of water which shimmered and quivered in the blue glare until it dropped down . . . down . . . on to the rocks below. It seemed incredible that the frothy, tumbling waterfalls had originated here, or that the glacier itself stretched twenty miles along the summit of the mountains as we had been told.

It was soon time to start back and we began to scramble down the rocks, half glad to be leaving the sullen, menacing mass of ice behind. The view was magnificent—the lake made a splash of colour among the grey rock of the mountains and the fjord could just be seen, deep blue in the far distance.

Somehow we scrambled down the rock face, stumbled across the plain and reached the little hill where we had a rest. When we finally reached the boat, we flopped in, too exhausted to talk, and the guide rowed us back across the lake—a feat of endurance in itself. The walk back to the little village of Sundal was accomplished in half the time of the climb up and there was a lovely tea waiting for us at the little hotel. We ate waffles and cakes by the dozed—the mountain air had made us hungry—and bought post-cards to show our accomplishment (which look negligible in black and white).

Many people slept on the journey back in the launch and it was six o'clock when we finally reached the hotel landing stage and tumbled out of the launch tired and weary, but very satisfied and happy.

VANESSA HARRISON. U.V.

The Day We Didn't Find the Seters

First of all let me explain what a seter is: a seter is a mountain shack used by Norwegian smallholders as a dwelling place during the summer months. They take their few head of stock to this mountain clearing and use the lush grass for pasture.

It was a beautiful morning on Monday, August 19th (one of the best we had, in fact!) and after having a good breakfast we were told that a pleasant, unexhausting walk had been planned for us. This was greeted with sighs of relief as only the day previous we had all scrambled up to the base of the Mauranger glacier. When Miss Matthews said that it was only a short ramble we were all quite keen. Little did we guess that the short ramble was going to prove a long, rather strenuous climb!

The first quarter of a mile was all right—just a gradual ascent. After this, the heat of early morning began to be felt by everybody; and although the sun was hot, under foot it was still quite wet and occasionally one would find oneself slithering down a wet

rock or sinking into a muddy, squelching bog! I should point out before I go any further that Miss Matthews and two of the girls had taken this route earlier in the holiday and although they had not reached the top, had carefully made arrows showing the direction. If they had not we should have been lost from the very beginning because the many tracks were very misleading.

After about three-quarters of an hour of climbing one member of the Staff pleaded for a rest. A clearing was found and there we stopped, scratched our horse-fly bites and surveyed the view. It was a beautiful scene: a deep expanse of dark blue water lay below us and rising alongside the glistening fjord were the hills and mountains hugged by a film of mist. Colourful little wooden houses nestled in the forest-laden hillsides, and snow was just visible capping the mountain tops.

About two people had brought water and only some of us were fortunate enough to have a sip of that cool, translucent liquid which felt like silk on our parched throats and was so gratefully received.

We resumed our climb but soon realised that we were lost. Miss Matthews took out her map and if we studied it once we studied it twenty times—but to no avail. Still we struggled on—the majority having given up and returned—a few of us reached the mountain top. This task accomplished we were rather disappointed at still having seen no sign of habitation.

The few of us left found ourselves continually sinking into marshy ground and looking over the sheerest of cliffs, and even walking into anthills, some of them two feet high, as one of our members did (she found Norwegian wood ants most aggressive!).

We had not found a seter yet—once we heard a cow-bell which raised our hopes, but they were soon dashed when we lost the right track home.

Somehow, I don't quite know how, we scrambled down the mountainside, jumping off small precipices and slithering over mossy rocks. Eventually we found ourselves in a field and there—we couldn't believe our eyes—a buxom Norwegian woman. Never had there been such a welcome sight. She muttered at us in Norwegian (I think we were trespassing) and not knowing a word of Norwegian we just said, "Bakke Hotel." She seemed to understand; she turned and walked across the field, we followed after her not knowing quite if that was what she intended. She was very kind and set us back on our right road in spite of her rotund figure, which made it rather difficult for her to walk the distance she led us.

To see civilisation in the form of a village gave us the energy to stumble the last few hundred yards back to the hotel, and to our lunch which I think we had truly earned.

A few days later it was decided to make up another party to the seters, but the response was not overwhelming. Somehow I fear our party would never make history by conquering Everest or attacking the north face of the Eiger.

MARY BARTLETT. U.V.

Norway—North Sea Journey

We were all rather sad on the morning of Sunday, August 26th, because we had come to the end of an exciting and adventurous holiday in Norway.

Many melancholy expressions could be seen as we waved good-bye to our new-made friends. In a coach we retraced our route to Bergen.

The departure of our ship, T.S. *Leda*, was scheduled for four o'clock. After a look round Bergen we boarded the ship and went to our cabins. An argument over who should have the top bunks followed, and then we grabbed our cameras and went on deck to photograph and take a last look at Bergen.

Soon T.S. *Leda* was securely roped to a powerful tug and, with much swirling and churning of the water, we were pulled into position; our engines started and our eighteen-hour journey had begun.

Bergen is situated on a fjord and it took some time for us to reach the open sea. As we passed down the fjord we took a last look at the colourful, isolated Norwegian houses.

It was at this time that we heard rumours of a rough crossing ahead of us. As we reached open sea the wind began to howl and the ship began to rock. The rumours had proved to be true.

We stayed on deck as long as possible, but it was very cold so we spent most of our time in the warm lounge, talking and playing cards.

Before retiring we descended to the dining-room for a night-cap to warm us up. We then went on deck for a last breath of fresh air. By this time it was raining and the wind was very strong. We stayed on deck for some time, spellbound by the white-capped waves lashing at the boat. We hopefully gazed at the sky for a break in the cloud, but it remained dark and gloomy so we retired to our beds, dreading the night ahead of us.

The rock of the ship was so great that it was almost impossible to stand in the cabin as we got ready for bed. We quickly clambered into our bunks only to find that we were nearly thrown on to the floor again as the ship rocked.

Having no daylight in our cabins we had no idea of time, but most of us had very little sleep that night.

The next morning the majority of the ship's passengers were too unwell to leave their bunks. The survivors ventured on to the deck only to find it deserted and slippery. Much of it was cordoned off because of the fierce lashing waves. We then heard that the wind was blowing at gale force eight. After hearing this a few more people returned to their cabins.

Only the crew had smiles on their faces, nearly everyone else looked a little green in the face and shakey on their feet.

Fewer than six of our party ventured into breakfast that morning, but those who had gained their sea-legs ate heartily.

During the course of the morning we realised that one of our party was missing. We went in search of her and found her on the first class deck singing the hymn, "For those in peril on the sea," to herself.

Soon after this we sighted land and the invalids began to recover.

At twelve-forty-five, nearly an hour late, we docked at Newcastle. We were all very glad to be on dry land, although some people still seemed to sway from side to side as we passed through Customs.

To cap the day's excitement we lost two girls. They caught the wrong train from the dock and were rather unpopular because they were carrying our lunch! Fortunately we met them again at Newcastle station.

We missed our connection in London owing to the delay and had to make numerous 'phone calls, but soon after midnight we all arrived safely back in Shaftesbury. After sleeping in four different beds during our holiday we were all extremely glad to sink into our own that night—or rather, morning!

M. MILES. U.V.

Silent Night, Holy Night

At last, velvet softness of blue and black
 creeps cat-like from the east—
Across the dozing field
 street-lamps pretend the day—
throw into stark relief
 grotesque stiffness of pollard willows
Hugging the river,
 cropped arms on a stubbed bole
 raised in welcome to release—
Cloud blockades hide sailing stars,
 add depth to blackness,
 soothe my sores—
Hand in hand with cruel day
 angry winds are gone—
I strain, hear nothing,
 lifeless cast-off leaves are still,
 birds have silent sleep—
I see white opacity of river-mist,
 invisible—
I feel peace of cool night air,
 invigorating—
Twelve clear chimes
 of church clock counting
 cross house, river, field—
Behind Satan's bitter day,
 ahead God's quiet night . . .
And I discard dark glasses till tomorrow's scorch
 and soak my eyes in night's sweet softness.

R. WAGNER. U.VI.

* * *

St. Paul's Cathedral

(On climbing up the Dome)

Steps, stone steps. . .
Hollowed in the middle by feet
Long since dust in the box in the peat.
Walls, stone walls . . .
Grey from contact with unseen grime
Of clergymen's clothes and passing time.
Up and round . . .
Passing closer, ever closer
Stone walls threaten claustrophobia.

Round and round . . .
 Up the spiral of countless stairs
 The walls are watching you unawares,
 And whisper
 Into the silence tales of men,
 Bishops, priests and Christopher Wren,
 Who, perhaps
 Climbed these very steps with tiring breath
 To see once more before his death
 His love-child,
 His gift to God, and from the dome
 The view of London town, its home.
 Walls, stone walls . . .
 Here a heathen has scratched his mark
 Despite the warning of the God-fearing clerk.
 Up and round . . .
 Through the darkness, the whispering walls
 Deny the splendour of lower halls.
 Steps, stone steps . . .
 Hollowed in the middle by feet
 Long since dust in the box in the peat. . .

R. WAGNER. *U.VI.*

* * *

The Picture

Out of this world;
 Homer, perhaps,
 When Charybdis, whirling
 Caught up her prey.
 No!—black and grey clouds
 Are vanished from sight;
 Not here pounding waves
 Beat tattoos on the sand,
 Not in this bay.
 A seagull circling
 Lazy, contented, over
 Rock-pools; rivulets
 Gently lapping rocks;
 And the shelter on the
 Cliff-top placidly basks in the
 Evening sun.

J. MITCHELL. *U.VI.*

Night

Slowly, silently the night draws near,
Wrapping the earth in a dark velvet blanket;
The sheep wander lazily down from the hill,
The long grass quivers, all is hushed, then still.

The bustling town finds peace at last,
The shimmering moon steals through the sky.
While in the heart of the sleepy country,
The lamb nestles close to its mother.

The whispering breezes sigh for the night,
And soon all around a deep sleep reigns,
The once chattering brook, and melodious birds,
Are asleep for the night!

The old have found peace, the young have found rest,
But soon the dawn will creep over the hill,
The sun will flicker, rise and then shine,
And night will be shattered again!

ELIZABETH COLE. *L.VI.*

* * *

Love's Simplicity

If Christmas were but a crib,
A candle, a carol or two,
It would be complete.

No Christmas cards
By Gordon Fraser,
No turkey, teasing mistletoe....

Just a candle and a crib
At Christmas.

E. SELIGMAN. *L.VI.*

Alliteration

Moving, mumbling, mixing, muddling
That, I think though anything, could be threads in a loom.
And when the wind whisks and whirls the leaves from trees
or sails from ships then
there comes disorder and dashing
which you can't stop, like the thick threads.
Noise of nails and scraping scalpels,
harsh and shaking metallic waves
Jostling and jerking like pattering people.
Moving, mumbling, mixing, muddling
Until the weaver leads us limply to the loom.

JOAN TRUSTRUM. *L.VI.*

* * *

Hodie Christus Natus Est

In the cold, frosty air, on a Bethlehem hillside
Beneath a blanket of twinkling stars, a group
Of shepherds, watching through the darkness,
The blurred white forms of their sheep.
Suddenly a dazzling light, a heavenly choir,
A shining form, a message of glad tidings—
"Christ is born!"

Nearby, in the damp mustiness of an old stable,
A mother and new-born child; an ox and ass
Who gaze upon the infant ring in silent wonder.
The stable door creaks open. And on the threshold
The shepherds, hesitant and timid. The mother lifts
her head,
And gives them one sweet smile, so that falling to
their knees
They worship and adore.

Across the sandy desert, three magi, journeying
Out of the East, following a single shining star
They bring rich gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh;
Gifts fit for a king. Slowly they toil on towards
The tiny sleeping town of Bethlehem, so they too
May pay homage to this Child, this infant ruler
Who now lies sleeping in a mangerful of hay—
Christ the King!

JACKIE SCAMMELL. *L.VI.*

Reflection

I am tired of my work, and so I look up
And gaze at the view from the window:
The stark, grey road, along which
They compete in the race of life today;
The houses, which conceal the lives of the folk
Who live inside.
The flowers in the gardens, the bushes and shrubs,
All take me further away.
Away to the distant fields, and the farms
Which nestle close to their Mother Earth—
Still further away 'til the landscape ends
And the blue sky begins.
The distance is veiled in soft, grey mist
And, as I continue my gaze,
A curtain is opened, and I can see
A different picture before me.
The window pane, the only part
Of this picture that I can touch,
Has changed.
It is my life, at present; now
In front of me roars the river of life,
Crossing my path.
The telegraph pole, alert and straight,
Marks a definite point in the future.
The houses show short stopping places
Discernible,—and yet not completely;
Their windows guard the details
Of those future times
Which are yet unknown to me.
The fences and hedges are barriers
To be overcome, or trials to endure.
The mist has descended over the distant fields,
I cannot see further.
The rest of my life lies hidden before me,
Troubles, hazards, joys; I know not
Which of these I shall meet.
But, at the edge of that shroud of mist
That envelopes my life,
Lies the golden sun, shedding its beams
On the world, giving light and strength,
Showing us men a glimpse of the glory
Of that life, that we cannot imagine.

SUSAN PILE. *L.VI.*

Subscriber Trunk Dialling

The Group Routing And Charging Equipment called
Grace,

In the apparatus room, has her place,
She routes the calls, and charges them too;
It's really marvellous the work she can do.

Supplied with 3d. bits you must be,
When wishing to use the new S.T.D.
It's quicker, it's cheaper, to control your own call,
Instead of operators handling it all.

On local calls, time did not matter,
But you now only have three minutes to natter.
You then hear the pay tone, pip, pip, pip,
To carry on it's another 3d. bit.

One shilling per minute from a private line,
Was the charge to London during daytime.
Twelve seconds for 2d., and that is all,
But you're saving 2d. per minute, per call.

The demonstration I saw was helpful to me,
If you saw it, too, I expect you'll agree.
Subscriber Trunk Dialling is here to stay,
So save up your 3d. and dial away.

G. MULLINS. *L.V.*

* * *

Letters

We're big, we're small,
We come falling to the floor.
All have met us;
Of course, we're letters!

We're thin, we're fat,
Landing on the mat.
All have met us;
Of course, we're letters!

We are all shades
From white to jade.
All have met us;
Of course, we're letters!

MAUREEN WEBB. *U.IV.*

Shaftesbury Museum

A letter, a lock of Queen Victoria's hair,
An old wax doll, whose face was once so fair,
White cotton buttons sewn on cards,
And wide white lace made in yards.
One corner holds a small, black case
With mysterious bottles and yellow paste.
Two lovely, opened Victorian parasols,
Which were once done up in nice, neat rolls.
Fans and fan boxes elaborately made,
And pairs of boots gradually fade.
In a large, upright, wooden case
Is an embroidered smock and pattens unlaced.
A crook, looking rather shabby with age,
I wonder: "What was its owner's wage?"
Pipes of clay in leather cases,
Some with stern, but happy faces.
An old, dried cat in a picture frame,
The poor, old thing had no name.
There's a Roman coffin, a mediaeval treasure,
And maps and plans, all made to measure.
All these things and many more
May be found behind the museum door.

P. MATTHEW. *U.IV.*

* * *

Autumn Leaves

Now that it's autumn, the leaves are turning brown,
Soon they will be whirling on their way down,
Chestnut trees turn quickly, but willow trees are slow,
I'm glad that the pine needles don't have to go.

When the wind howls and the clouds scud along
The leaves rustle sleepily as if to say, "Not long;
Soon we'll flutter down and lie on the ground,
The children love to play with us and kick us all around".

Last night 'twas very cold; I heard the owls hoot loud,
And when I woke this morning—what a lovely crowd
Of leaves in the gutter, leaves in the square,
Dancing down from tree-tops and whirling everywhere.

L. MERCER. *L.IV.*

The Weather

The blazing fire, the darker nights,
The winter's drawing near,
The sun has gone, no more to shine
On a day so bright and clear.

On a day so bright and clear,
When we could play so gay,
Within the fields, or at the sea,
Or in amongst the hay.

Or in amongst the hay,
When all the mowing's done;
But no, no more can we do this,
Now all the fun is gone.

Now all the fun is gone
The sun no longer shines,
Instead we have the rain and snow,
To make us mope and whine.

To make us mope and whine,
For there is nought to do,
Save stay indoors to paint and read,
And listen to the radio.

And listen to the radio,
Until the sun once more
Comes to shine with spring again,
And we can play outdoor.

J. A. LEWIS. *L.IV.*

* * *

Seen from Shaftesbury

Above the grey roofs,
Silver with rain,
The sound of the church bells
Echoes again.
The spires of the churches
Rise high
Against a large back cloth
Of darkening sky.
Withering beeches
Their golden leaves shed,
And lofty, grey poplars
Stand high overhead.

Stretching below,
For miles and more,
We gaze at an ocean
From shore to shore;
Small thatched cottages,
Fields and farms,
Bustling rivers with silvery arms;
Willows that drop to the water's edge,
Plains only broken by gate and hedge;—
All can be seen
From the hilltop town;
Across the wide valleys,
Down and down.

T. CROSLY. *Form III.*

* * *

Ballet Lessons

Tripping lightly to and fro,
Stretching knee and pointing toe,
To ballet lessons, here we go;
Every Saturday morning.

First we jump and then we skip,
Then across the room we trip,
Happy smiles on every lip;
Every Saturday morning.

Ballet lessons are such fun,
I am sad when they are done,
How I long for them to come:
Every Saturday morning.

PATRICIA J. SCALBERT. *III.*

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee, 1962

<i>Chairman</i>	..	..	..	..	..	Miss Dunford
<i>Secretary</i>	..	..	..	..	..	Mrs. Pile
<i>Treasurer</i>	..	..	..	..	..	Mr. Head
<i>Staff Representatives</i>	..	..	..	..	..	Mrs. Davison
						Miss Watkins
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>	..	..	..	..	..	Mrs. Scalbert
						Mrs. Jordan
						Miss Ebbs-Canavan
						Mr. Pickford
						Mrs. Ball
<i>Representative on the Governing Body</i>	..	..	..	..	..	Mr. Page

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association was held last year on Friday, December 1st. About 85 parents were present, and Miss Woods took the Chair in Miss Dunford's absence. We had all been very sorry to hear of Miss Dunford's distressing attack of shingles, but we were glad to hear that she was now recovering. Apart from the usual business of electing officers for 1962, we had an opportunity to see and discuss the proposed new School summer dress for our girls.

Instead of the usual Spring meeting, members of the Parents' Association were invited to attend a Careers Convention at the Shaftesbury Modern School, arranged by Miss Beeby, the Youth Employment Officer. This took place on March 30th. There was a Careers Exhibition in the School Hall during the afternoon and a series of Careers Talks were given in the evening. Parents took particular interest in the talks on careers in Teaching, Nursing, Domestic Science, and the Services.

On Wednesday, May 23rd, the visit to the Salisbury College of Further Education, which had been suggested last year, took place. Parents travelled by car and by coach, and met at 7 p.m. at the Churchfield Building of the College. They were welcomed by the Principal, Mr. Trustram, who gave a short talk on the courses provided by the College. The Heads of the Secretarial, Domestic Science and Nursing Departments were there to answer questions. The party then went by coach across Salisbury to see the Engineering, Science and Woodwork Departments, where again the Heads of Departments gave short talks and answered questions. We ended up with a visit to the site of the new college, now under construction, where all the departments will be housed

under the same roof. Miss Dunford expressed to Mr. Trustram the real appreciation that we felt at the amount of trouble he and his staff had taken to show us everything.

On Friday, June 29th, we had an extra meeting in School. The parents were addressed by Dr. Turner, the Deputy County Medical Officer, on the subject of the proper care of the feet, and the importance to school-age children of wearing correctly made shoes which provide adequate support. A film and slides were shown, and the parents' questions were answered by Dr. Turner, by Miss Beatt, a chiropodist, and by Mr. Bagshawe, the School shoe supplier. On the strength of what we had seen and heard, we all support Miss Dunford's decision that uniform shoes should be adopted for school wear.

* * *

The following most interesting article was contributed by Miss Ebbs-Canavan, Headmistress of Ashmore School:—

ASHMORE SCHOOL, 1770-1962

It is difficult to write of Ashmore School without referring briefly to the history of the tiny village it has served for 192 years. The village, perched high on the downs of the Dorset-Wilts border, is mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and Domesday Book, no doubt, because of its huge dew pond. The list of Rectors in the little church goes back to 1314, though the building itself is only about 100 years old. None of the Lords of the Manor, after a Saxon called Brihtric, lived in the village until it came into the hands of the Barber family. They made their home at Manor Farm and for 100 years lived there. In 1765 the estate was sold to a Quaker, John Eliot, of London. Neither he nor his son John, who later inherited the estate lived in the village. John Eliot, Sen., refused to pay tithes on religious grounds and went to prison till his friends paid them for him. He said that a man who depended upon Ashmore alone for a livelihood would "be poor indeed". It was during this period and in the years which followed that the Church seems to have neglected the village. The Rectors appeared only at the Times of Protestation, and the work was left to curates.

In 1770, John Eliot, Sen., had already established a small school which was taught by Dinah Newhook at a salary of 6s. 4d. per month for teaching ten children. Her origin is unknown for she does not appear in any church register of those times or earlier, and the only "Newhooke" entries are of an Abia, daughter of Leah, 1785, which would not appear connected with Dinah. Her

activities in the school are equally unknown, as is the duration of her work. By 1812 the school had been taken over by a Mrs. Frances Stainer, née Rabbets, and we have an interesting letter on her methods of teaching. The writer either a curate living in Shaftesbury or an estate agent:

"The only thing I need mention of the state of Ashmore is that I rarely go there but that I visit the school, which Mrs. Stainer keeps the Children in good order as to cleanliness and regularity; but when I come to speak of her method of Teaching, I must stop short. I was in hopes when I let her have Fennings Spelling Book or Books, I was in great hopes she would have taught the children to divide their words into Syllables, but lo! I see no alteration, which I am sorry for; and if I was by chance to put in a word or two of advice respecting the proper method of teaching, I am afraid her temper would not admit of it and therefore I desist. John Upjohn, 27th, 10th Mo., 1812."

It is also of interest to note the letters were still unstamped and an address "Bartholemew's, Tottenham," was sufficient! We have no record of Mrs. Stainer's education, perhaps she was a pupil of Dinah's or she may have been educated elsewhere, a family bearing her maiden name had recently come into the village.

Another change had come to the village with Samuel Hall, farmer and bailiff at Manor Farm. He was distressed at the dissolute character of some of the villagers and after proving to them his physical superiority he converted them to Wesleyanism. There then grew up in the village two devout sections, church and chapel, and this had far-reaching effects on the school.

It was found that the girls were well cared for in the little school, but the boys "were taken away to drive the plough, etc., before they were sufficiently advanced even in reading." Night classes were arranged for the winter months for the boys aged 7 to 14 years. Again the cost was too great for parents whose income would be about 6s. 0d. to 7s. 0d. per week, so a subscription list was drawn up headed by J. Eliot, Jnr., his sister and brother-in-law, Luke Howard, F.R.S., the Rector and a few public-spirited farmers. Eight pounds, ten shillings was subscribed and on this the Evening School was opened on January 10th, 1814, and taught by Thomas Rabbets. Thomas belonged to a village family whose first records appear in 1715, records prior to that time are few and incomplete. An interesting letter from Sam Hall, "... the properest place (to hold the classes) would be at Staghead as I have given up for that purpose. Thos. Rabbets have but one room as could possibly have the school in and that being a small one and a family of small Children (having no other room to sit in) would prevent the school Boys from Learning." Staghead cottage is still in use, and receiving a new thatch at the moment. The rules and syllabus were drawn

up, twelve boys chosen to attend and Thomas, for the sum of fourpence per week for each boy and ninepence for candles, began to teach "Reading and Spelling with a little Writing and the first Rules of Arithmetic." Any boy wishing to continue after the age of 14 could do so, but must pay his own fourpence each week.

Frances Stainer's Day School continued, and was eventually taken over by a younger relative, Hannah Stainer, for in 1838 came the first open clash on religious grounds. The Rector, G. Chisholm, wrote in distress to Robert Howard, then Lord of the Manor, that Hannah had told the children they must leave the Church Sunday School and attend the Chapel Sunday School, to be held at Sam Hall's, or on Mr. Howard's order she must turn them out of the Day School. Fees at this school were largely paid by the Howards. Robert's prompt reply says much for his tolerance in an intolerant age. "I am adverse to all compulsion in matters of religion, and wish that any poor child in Ashmore, as well as elsewhere should attend such religious instruction as its parents prefer. . . . I write by this post to 'H' to do away with misapprehensions of my sentiments, if any such exist."

The present school, completed and opened on Monday, 18th April, 1842, was lovingly and carefully planned with regard to the children's and their mentor's comfort. A letter from Robert Howard's mother, Mariabella (Eliot) gives details of this planning, but is too long to quote. A young woodman, Joseph Stainer, was appointed headmaster. He had been one of the first pupils of the Night School, entering it at the age of nine years. He taught until 1872, when rising standards of education and school buildings caused the school to be pronounced inefficient by H.M.I., Mr. Tregarthin. It certainly seems to have been very primitive, depending on a shadow cast by the sun on the master's desk to warn them of noon. The buildings were put in order, and every effort made to obtain a Third Class Certificate for Joseph, but this proved beyond his capabilities; so his daughter, Elizabeth, who was already assisting him, qualified and took over the school. Joseph continued to help with the older boys, teaching them hurdle-making, and, no doubt, insuring discipline among them. In 1873 the reinspection was satisfactory, and the school qualified for a government grant. Expenses were met as usual by the children's weekly 2d., the grant and the deficit made up by the Howard family. Their interest in the school did not end there, for they were constant visitors and helped in the actual teaching as well. There is in the village a very old man who speaks lovingly of a Miss Howard who taught him his alphabet. "A is the Almanack which hangs on the wall, B for the Bell the scholars to call, C is the Clock which always tells true, and D is the Door the children come through," and so on. They rewarded the children for regular attendance, and, when this

became a normal part of school life, gave prizes for good work. As many as 80 children received the annual gift of a frock or trousers at the school treat, and the Log Books from 1872 record many gifts—knives for the five best boys, a penny to each child who learned a hymn, workbaskets for the girls, the promise of a treat at bonfire night if the boys were diligent. When the Stainers retired in 1876 after 37 years' service, Martha Plowman was appointed headmistress, and remained for 39½ years. During her time the school was affiliated to the Diocesan Schools and became in part a Church School but with this reservation: the Catechism was not taught, owing to the large number of Wesleyan children in the school. There was much correspondence between Church authorities and the Howard family on this matter. The syllabus seems to have been flexible and even modern. The Log Books record Domestic Science at a very early date and visits from guests of the Howards who told of their travels.

Through the years as grants became larger the buildings were altered, children's fees abolished and, finally, the Howards and their descendants were no longer responsible for the annual deficit. The school buildings were let to the Managers at one shilling per year, and eventually, in 1944, the school became a County Primary School. In 1958 it was sold to the County and 188 years connection with the Eliot-Howard-Sturge family ended.

The rules of this little village school drawn up in 1842 are: 1, "The School is conducted upon the principles of our Common Christianity. The children of parents of every religious denomination are admitted and treated on a perfect equality—the precepts of religion being taught from the pages of Divine inspiration *only*. Order, attention, obedience, instruction and amusement are constantly inculcated, and obtained not by harshness or corporal punishment but by a persevering and uniform system of management, uniting firmness with kindness, and by the influence of affection.

"2, Any poor child is admitted from three years and upward at twopence per week.

"3, They must come with clean faces and hands and hair properly combed and cut."

Times and methods change, but the ideals and traditions of Ashmore School are no mean heritage, alike for staff and children.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee, 1962/63

<i>President</i>	Miss M. K. Dunford
<i>Vice-President</i>	Mrs. M. Raad
<i>Secretary</i>	G. Hussey (<i>née</i> Woodman)
<i>Assistant Secretaries</i>	E. Phillips (<i>née</i> Coombs)
	A. Rawson
<i>Treasurer</i>	Y. Humphries
<i>Staff Representative</i>	K. Drake
<i>Sports Representatives</i>	R. Gibbs
	B. Knapton.
<i>Committee Members</i>	A. Pike (<i>née</i> Johnson)
	B. Pike (<i>née</i> Welch)
	M. Young (<i>née</i> Harris)

The Eighth London Reunion

March 3rd, 1962

For the third year in succession we held our London Reunion in Bedford College, but the numbers were disappointing. Miss Dunford, Miss Woods, Miss Drake, Miss Moore, Miss Maddick and Miss Matthews represented the present Staff, but only twelve Old Girls and three former members of Staff were there to meet them. In spite of this it was a very happy gathering. After our meeting, tea and much talking, Clare Harris and Mary Norris showed us round the College and we all enjoyed this immensely.

We have already booked the same beautiful room in The Holme for our next meeting, but unless there is a considerable increase in numbers in 1963 we shall, very reluctantly, have to give up the idea of an annual London reunion. The members present were so anxious that this should not happen that the following have taken responsibility for contacting their year groups:

1953, Cynthia Humble; 1955 Eileen Parsons; 1956 Jane Brayford; 1957 Jenny Williams (*née* Harding); 1959 Janet Alner; 1960 Rosemary Brayford; 1961 Gillian Ralph.

Are there any volunteers for 1954, 1958 and 1962?

O.G.A. Summer Meeting

The Summer Meeting was held on Saturday, July 7th, 1962. Unfortunately there were only a few Old Girls to watch the Tennis

Match on the School field in Wincombe Lane. Four couples played and the School won by 82 games to 70.

It was a lovely evening so that we were able to have the buffet supper in the garden of Barton Hill House. Again the Supper Committee excelled themselves. There were 44 members present and we were delighted to have Mrs. Raad with us. It was a pleasure to welcome Mary Verriou (*née* Wilson) who happened to be in England on holiday from Athens.

We moved over to the far lawn in the sunshine for the short informal business meeting. Miss Dunford was in the chair and gave a brief résumé of School news. She said that teaching had taken the place of nursing as the most popular career for Old Girls.

After the meeting members wandered round the gardens and down to School, and it was well after 9.30 p.m. before the last of the groups had reluctantly dragged themselves away and brought a specially happy reunion to an end.

O.G.A. Autumn Reunion

The Autumn Reunion and Annual General Meeting of the Association was held on Saturday, November 10th, at School. This was a very special occasion as it marked the 25th anniversary of the O.G.A.

Nearly a hundred members, with Miss Dunford, Mrs. Raad and several members of Staff, met at Sunridge at 6.45 p.m.

At 7 o'clock we proceeded to the School Dining Hall where we were served with an excellent turkey dinner by candlelight.

To judge from the extraordinary volume of conversation, people had plenty of news to exchange! At the end of the meal, Jean Walker proposed the toast of the O.G.A. She pointed out that we were in fact celebrating the 25th anniversary of a revival of the Association—there had been an O.G.A. even earlier in the School's history, but it had lapsed for many years. She recalled her own time at School, and spoke of the value of having an O.G.A.

Helen Perry (*née* Hall) replied to the toast on behalf of the Association. She told us some amusing anecdotes of her school-days, and said how pleasant it was for Old Girls to be able to visit School.

Mrs. Raad proposed the toast of the School, and the Head Girl replied. Miss Dunford thanked all those who had helped to organise and carry out the arrangements for the Dinner, and then we went over to School to have coffee in the Domestic Science room. An exhibition in the Lab., showing the history of the School, was interesting and often amusing.

At 9 o'clock we met in the Hall for the business meeting. Miss Dunford read greetings from Old Girls all over the world and gave news of others and of former members of staff. The

minutes of the last meeting were read and signed, and it was announced that the hockey match against the School had resulted in a draw at 2 all.

In her report, the Secretary thanked the Committee for their help during the year, and especially the extra work for this meeting. She said that she was willing to be elected for one more year but suggested that an assistant should be chosen for that year with a view to taking over as secretary next year. This was approved and the other members of the Committee were re-elected except for Hetty Young (*née* Clarke) who felt that she must resign: Mary Young (*née* Harris) was elected in her place.

The Treasurer reported a good credit balance, but pointed out that it was increasingly difficult to meet the cost of Magazines because of the number of life members whose subscriptions have already been used. It was proposed and carried that there should be a voluntary silver collection at this and future meetings, and that contributions should be invited from Old Girls who could not attend the meetings.

After the business meeting, Miss Moore showed the School film right through, and the singing of Auld Lang Syne concluded a very successful and enjoyable evening.

MARY NORRIS

The Silver Jubilee Fund

Our 25th Anniversay was a very happy, unforgettable one. For the sake of the many Old Girls all over the world who would like to have shared it with us, we are giving a list of the hundred and one members who accepted the invitation, though a few of these were unable to come at the last minute. We are also publishing a photograph of the Dinner in the Magazine. Prints are clearer than this reproduction and can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope with the cost (Postcard size 1/-, or 8 in. x 6½ in. 2/6) to School.

As the expenses of running the Association and meeting the cost of the Magazine are now so heavy, and we do not want to raise the subscription if we can help it, it was proposed at the Annual General Meeting that we should inaugurate a Silver Jubilee Fund.

A silver bowl was put in a prominent place at the meeting and about £7 was contributed to it. Collections will be taken for the fund at all Old Girls meetings in future, and it was suggested that Old Girls who are unable to come to meetings, but enjoy having the Magazine might also like to send a contribution.

(Signed) M. K. DUNFORD
M. RAAD

Miss Dunford
Mrs. Raad

Present Staff:

Miss Woods
Miss Drake
Miss Maddick
Miss Matthews
Miss Moore
Miss Watkins

Past Staff:

Mrs. White (*née* Rhodes)

Old Girls:

1916 Hilda Bevan
1922 Rose Clarke (*née* Rigler)
Marjorie Tucker (*née* Perrott)
1924 Edith Bartlett
Alma Collier
1926 Olive Perrott (*née* Coombs)
1927 Betty Pike (*née* Genge)
Mary Young
1928 Dorothy Strange (*née* Burr)
1929 Hetty Young (*née* Clarke)
1930 Kathleen Ayles
1931 Joyce Morgan (*née* Gray)
1932 Hilda Garrett (*née* Harris)
1934 Alma Mathew (*née* Hardy)
1935 Joyce Hiscock (*née* Garrett)
Sheila Humphries (*née* Ropley)
Joyce Maidment
Ruby Peel (*née* Hicks)
1936 Dorothy Barrett (*née* Hiscock)
Kathleen Chinn (*née* Hutchings)
1938 Barbara Austin (*née* Follett)
Betty Drewitt
Olive Willis
1939 Gertrude Wills (*née* Harding)
1942 Mary James (*née* Garrett)
Cynthia Pritchett (*née* Hine)
1943 Nita Morgan (*née* Head)
Mary Young (*née* Harris)
1944 Jean Graff (*née* Walby)
Gillian Hussey (*née* Woodman)
June Marshall (*née* Davis)
Helen Perry (*née* Hall)
1945 Betty Carter (*née* Mullins)
Joan Lewis
Vera Milverton (*née* Harris)
Mary Murray (*née* King)

Old Girls—contd.:

1946 Irene Walby
Ruth Tubbs (*née* Follett)
1947 Ann Rawson
Mary Bush (*née* Gray)
June Tucker
Sybil Topp (*née* Toomer)
Rita Banfield (*née* Caddy)
Alma Bradley
Ruby Gabb (*née* Mullins)
Pat Baker (*née* Talbot)
Margaret Baker
1948 Mary Fraser Bruce
(*née* La Bechee)
Jean Winchester (*née* Hall)
1950 Beryl Knapton
Pamela Carter (*née* Talbot)
Mildred Read (*née* Topp)
1951 Jane Patterson (*née* Rushforth)
Anne Pike (*née* Johnson)
Esme Phillips (*née* Coombs)
Helen Savidge (*née* Watts)
Nancy Roberts (*née* Talbot)
Sonya Barter (*née* Sidford)
1952 Ruth Drake (*née* Bartlett)
Sally Pemberton (*née* Thorne)
1953 Cynthia Humble
Diana Harvey (*née* Johnson)
Jean Walker
1954 Beryl Pike (*née* Welch)
Rita Taylor (*née* Mullins)
Margaret Stone
1955 Heather Pomeroy
Ruth Gibbs
Eileen Parsons
Valerie Underwood (*née* Sharp)
1956 Joyco Cox
1957 Philippa Potter
Yvonne Humphries
Susan Broadhouse
1958 Wendy Bartley
1959 Margaret Chant
Mary Norris
1960 Anne Welford
Susan Woods
Gillian Fooks
1961 Heather Colyer
Gillian Ralph
Valerie Hardiman
Elizabeth Hardy
Jennifer Cobley
1962 Coral Hutchings
Ann Ramsden
Rosalind Jackson

Former Members of Staff

- MRS. BELL had a son, Thomas William Delacombe, born on June 6th.
- MISS BREWINGTON is very happy in her new post at the Palace School, Ely. This is a school for physically handicapped children of all ranges of ability. Miss Brewington is teaching the oldest and brightest class this year, and hopes that one of her girls may be able to pass in English G.C.E.
- MRS. BROOKS is doing some part-time teaching at Cranborne Chase School at Wardour Castle. Her daughter, Claire, is now one-year-old.
- MRS. EDINGTON (*née* Abbott) has a son, Martyn John.
- MRS. JESSIMAN (*née* Blackall) has returned from Singapore and is now living in Scotland at Helensburgh in Dunbartonshire.
- MISS LANGTON is very happy in her work as a Royal Archivist at Windsor Castle. She and her sister now have a flat in Windsor and are making their home there.
- MISS TOFIELD has a very interesting post as Warden for the Tregoyd Courses at Lord Hereford's house at Aberclifi. These are run by the Oxford Education Committee. Girls from Secondary Modern Schools go there for three weeks in their final year at school. The course is like a combination of an Outward Bound School and a Finishing School. There was an excellent programme about Miss Tofield's work on Welsh I.T.V. on February 8th.
- MRS. WHITE (*née* Rhodes) is still on the Staff of Brighton Training College. We were delighted that she was able to come back for the 25th Anniversary Dinner.
- MISS WILLIAMS now has a lectureship in French and Divinity at Stockwell Training College, Bromley. She will be resident in the College for her first year.

Engagements

Christine Burton to Edward Haines
Gillian Hann to Raymond J. Holliday
Barbara Horlock-Jones to Basil de Villas
Hazel Hunt to Rodney Parker
Catherine Richmond to John Gardner.

Marriages

Ivy Dean to Dr. John Bull
Jill Fursey to Brian Whitlock
Suzanne Gray to Dennis Weedon
Carol Harding to Terence Pitman
Denise Moores to Derek Parfit
Ruth Spencer to David Haywood Fletcher.
Janet Squires to Christopher Faull
Joyce Warcham to Reg. Legg
Marion Worthington to Michael Modelski

Births

Margaret Adams (*née* Coomb), a son, Michael Peter.
Pamela Carter (*née* Talbot), a daughter, Christine Alexandra
Mary Crocker (*née* Forsey), a son, Paul
Julia Cove (*née* Bown), a son, Adrian Shaun Douglas
Rosemary Cox (*née* Moores), a son, Steven
Sonia Cassell (*née* Zinkova), a daughter, Louise

Wendy Daniels (*née* Case), a daughter, Claire
 Janet Davison (*née* Moores), a son, Mark Antony
 Diana Evans (*née* Stainer), a daughter, Suzanne Mary
 Pat Fursey (*née* Walters), a son, Stephen John
 Mary Gray (*née* Rixon), a second daughter
 Pamela Holdsworth (*née* Broomfield), a son, Jonathan Mark
 Diana Hunt (*née* Blandford), a second daughter, Kay Lynne
 Thelma Mascal (*née* Peach), a daughter, Julie Patricia
 Diana Mulvey (*née* Sidford), a daughter, Margaret Mary
 Sally Pemberton (*née* Thorne), a son, Jeremy Charles
 Ann Pike (*née* Green), a son, Jonathan Mark
 Beryl Pike (*née* Welch), a daughter
 Anne Pike (*née* Johnson), a son, Richard Charles
 Rachel Price (*née* Dunning), a daughter, Brenda Diane
 Sally North (*née* Culverhouse), a daughter
 Nancy Roberts (*née* Talbot), a son, Andrew Scott
 Mary Skinner (*née* Gillings), a daughter, Victoria Penny
 Benita Streeter (*née* Chick), a son, Colin Paul
 Rita Warren (*née* Brain), twins, Sandra and Michael
 Jennifer Williams (*née* Harding), a son, Phillip Thomas
 Jean Winchester (*née* Hall), a daughter, Julie Dawn

Death

The Rev. N. N. C. Raad, M.A.(Cantab.)

On Sunday, September 16th, in a nursing home at Bournemouth, the Rev. N. N. C. Raad died suddenly after a second coronary thrombosis.

Mr. Raad was born in London in March 1888, and educated privately till he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he obtained his B.A. in 1909 and proceeded M.A. in 1913. He entered the Unitarian ministry at Ringwood, St. Thomas's Chapel (now the Old Meeting House) where he preached till 1915. He then joined the Congregational body, served at Alwyno Road, Wimbledon for seven years. Failing health forced him to give up a regular pastorate and he became, in 1923, proprietor of the Grosvenor House School, of which his wife was Head-Mistress. In 1944 the school was taken over by the D.C.C., and after a year Mr. and Mrs. Raad retired to live in the Well House, Bournemouth.

Mr. Raad was a preacher born and equally a poet. He contributed sermons to the *Christian World Pulpit* for 40 years until he was forbidden by the doctors to preach again. He published four volumes of poems and there remains a vast number of poems, written chiefly in Bournemouth, which his friends hope to publish in due course. Both sermons and poems illustrate the great ideals of his life—love of God, love of beauty in nature and belief in humanity; hatred of violence in any shape, particularly war.

Many of the O.G.A. will remember the lessons he gave to the VIth Form in English literature, and the enthusiasm he felt and inspired. Others will recall his dislike of noise—notably the bathroom door.

He had the cause of education very much at heart and strove to raise the standard in this School. He introduced the first P.T. teacher in Dorset; opened the way for Dorset and Wiltshire "free place" scholars, and strongly supported his wife in her efforts to get the School "recognised" by the, then, Board of Education.

Until his last fatal illness he had the interests of the School at heart: read the Magazine and rejoiced at School successes and never seemed quite to realise that the High School was not his—save in memory.

Mr. Raad leaves a widow, son and grandson and the memory of a man, physically nervously frail, who loved beauty, tried to serve humanity and to live up to the motto he chose for the School—"Non sibi, sed omnibus."

O.G. News

- SHIRLEY ALABASTER (*née* Gray) (1957) and her daughter, Deborah, have exchanged visits with Jenny Williams (*née* Harding) and her son, David.
- JUDY ALLUM (*née* Peel) (1954) was delighted that her Mother was able to visit them in Cyprus this year and see Rachel for herself. Judy and Tony appreciate the warmth of the climate in winter but not the heat of summer. They are hoping to go on more expeditions now that Rachel is a bit bigger.
- JANET ALNER (1959) is waiting for the result of her final examination, and in May goes to Southmead Hospital for her Midwifery, Part 1. She and Jane Brayford are working in the same ward at the London Hospital at present.
- JEAN ANDREWS (1962) is at home for a few months until she begins her Nursing training at the Royal Victoria Hospital at Boscombe in June.
- ROSEMARY ARNOLD (*née* Matthews) (1947), her husband and her son, Richard, have become United States citizens as their younger son, Raymond, was born there and was the only American in the household. She says she is now "a typical American housewife, except for an English accent." It was like an O.G. Reunion when Rosemary visited Jenny Greene in Rhode Island. Rosemary enjoyed meeting the Rev. and Mrs. Wells from Iwerne Minster. They stayed with her on the way to Florida, where they were taking over a parish for three months.
- WENDY BALL (*née* Colyer) (1955) is now living in Islington. Helen is 18-months-old, and Wendy is expecting a second baby in January.
- SONIA BARTER (*née* Sidford) (1951). Her husband has given up farming and is hoping to become a Probation Officer. He has gone to London University and meanwhile Sonia is remaining in Bowerchalke with her two children.
- MARY BELL (*née* Edmondson) (1952) was married in 1961. Her husband teaches History at a Secondary Modern School for 600 in Wantage. Mary does part-time District Nursing.
- INGER BJELLAND (1958) has been studying in U.S.A. for 18 months and has become engaged to a student at Princeton University.
- SUSAN BOND (1956) is now a qualified S.R.N.
- SUSAN BOREHAM (1960) has returned to her original idea of nursing and has been accepted at the Westminster Hospital, London.
- HELEN BROWN (1962) has gone to the City of Birmingham Training College and is the first of our girls to do so. Her parents have left Shaftesbury and gone to live in Salisbury.
- SONYA CASSELL (*née* Zinkova) (1954) and her husband have had their shop modernised and moved into a new bungalow on the outskirts of Ludgershall. Sonya was very disappointed that she could not come to the Silver Jubilee dinner as her daughter arrived a fortnight late.
- HEATHER CHEATER (1957) was married in April and for the present is living with her mother and nursing in the Maternity Ward of Poole General Hospital.
- SALLIE CHURCH (1960) enjoyed her year in Mr. Arkell's office, but was glad when the time came to begin her nursing training at the Royal Masonic Hospital.
- DAISY CLIFTON (1962) began her work in October as a Laboratory Assistant for Imperial Chemical Industries at Welwyn.
- KATE COLES (1961) is finding her second year at St. Loyes' a very intense one. She began it by doing seven weeks Hospital Practice at St. Loyes' College for the Rehabilitation of the Disabled, working under Sidney J. Lock, one of the great names in Occupational Therapy.
- ALMA COLLIER was not able to come to the Summer Reunion because she had been in hospital for several weeks.
- HEATHER COLYER (1961) has started happily on her second year at King's College, London. She is now living with Wendy in Islington.

- PENROSE COLYER (1957) spent two terms at Croft House, Shillingstone doing a commercial course and some teaching and then went to St. Clare's Hall, Oxford, for the Summer Term to teach English to foreigners. She is now staying with relatives in the Lebanon, at Beirut, for a year.
- GRACE COOMBS (1949) is teaching in an Army School at Hamm in Germany. She is learning German so that she can travel freely. She spent a winter half-term ski-ing in the Harz Mountains.
- JANE CROUCH (1960) has given up her nursing training. She took a temporary post working in a hotel, Knoll House at Studland.
- JANET DAVISON (*née* Moores) (1955) flew to Lagos on November 7th to join her husband. She looks forward to attending an O.G. reunion when they come to England on holiday.
- JANET DIXON (*née* Whitmarsh) (1955) developed glandular fever before the end of 1961 and was unable to attend the London Reunion in March 1962. She had been enjoying teaching 4-year-olds in North Kensington after her marriage.
- MICHELLE EMERY (1961) left here after one term in the Lower Sixth to live at home and complete her Science course at Weymouth Grammar School.
- CAROL EMERY (1962) has joined Michelle and her brother at Weymouth Grammar School for her Sixth Form Course.
- CHRISTINE EVANS (*née* Williams), Miss Dunford was glad to meet her at the Tercentenary celebrations of the Shaftesbury Congregational Church. Her husband is still at Brockenhurst County High School and they have two children Deborah, aged 7, and Jonathan, aged 2.
- RUTH FLETCHER (*née* Spencer) (1958). Her husband is Assistant Manager at a farm at Steepleton and Ruth has a full-time post in Sanctuary & Sons' Estate Office at Bryanston as a Secretary.
- GILLIAN FOOKS (1960). Now that her father has retired they are living at Wheatshaf, near Sherborne. Gillian took a post as Secretary-Receptionist at a Newquay Hotel for the season and enjoyed it very much. She is now hoping to find a post as a school secretary.
- JENNY FORDYCE (1960) is now at Salisbury Training College after her Sixth Form course at Dorchester Grammar School for Girls.
- ELIZABETH GENTLES (1962) has just become a dental receptionist for Mr. Pinniger.
- RUTH GIBBS (1955) is enjoying her work as a part-time P.E. Mistress at Shaftesbury Modern School.
- JENNY GREENE (*née* Purver) (1950) enjoys the Magazine very much because she says it makes her feel quite young, even though she left school twelve years ago. She was looking forward to staying with Rosemary Arnold in New York and having a guided tour as she had only seen the city on the day she landed in U.S.A.
- ANN GUNTON (1962) is taking a two-year Commercial Course at Folkestone Training College.
- SUSAN HARCOURT-BROOKS (1962) is thoroughly enjoying her training as a nursery nurse at the National Children's Home at Ebley in Gloucestershire.
- ELIZABETH HARDY (1962) is working in Lloyds Bank in Shaftesbury having spent a few weeks at the Lloyds Bank Training Centre at Hindhead.
- CHRISTINE HAYTER (1962) is enjoying her training as a nursery nurse at St. Mary's, Cold Ash, Newbury. This is a Church of England Children's Society Home.
- CAROLYN HEAD (1962) is now at the I. M. Marsh P.E. College at Liverpool. Term started several weeks late as the buildings were not ready for the first-year students.
- PAULINE HIGGINS (1960) is now a qualified N.N.E.B. She is staying on at Ebley till November and then hoping that she may be able to work with blind children.

- BARBARA HITCHINGS (1956) is still teaching at Stratford-on-Avon. She is sharing an old, pre-Tudor cottage with two other girls. She hopes to go skiing at Christmas.
- GEORGINA HOPKINS (1954) is now an S.R.N. and has been Staff Nurse in the operating theatre at the Royal Free Hospital. The Matron told her that all "red-heads" love theatre work. She is now doing her Midwifery at Queen Charlotte's Hospital.
- BARBARA HORLOCK-JONES (1956). After being a Matron at St. Paul's Choir School in London for a time, Barbara is now taking her Midwifery course at Chiswick.
- ADRIENNE HOWELL (*née* Lawrence) (1956) has returned to Mere. Her husband shares a sub-contracting business with his brother and they are building their own house. Adrienne is teaching at Gillingham Primary School. She and her husband still enjoy "banding."
- HILDA HOWELL (*née* Galliver) (1949) writes that her daughter, Jacqueline, is now at school. Her sister, Pat, and her family have moved to a new house in High Wycombe. Her brother, Harold, is in Bristol.
- HAZEL HUNT (1957) is now working in the Pearl Assurance Company's office in Shaftesbury.
- CORAL HUTCHINGS (1962) is enjoying her year at Poole Technical College very much. She is applying for entrance to Medical School for next year.
- ROSALIND JACKSON (1962) is our first girl to go to Leicester University. She won a Wiltshire County Major Scholarship.
- BETTY JONES (1949) now has a great opportunity to use her Industrial Nursing Experience. She is Sister-in-Sole-Charge at the J. Arthur Rank Precision Instrument Factory at Shepherd's Bush. She supervises the health and welfare of 1,500 employees.
- HILARY JONES (1957) is still enjoying her work with the B.B.C. very much. She is sharing a flat with her sister, Betty, at Ealing Village.
- SARAH JORDAN (1962) is our first girl to go to Trinity College, Dublin. She won a Dorset County Major Scholarship.
- JANICE JOSIFFE (*née* Sidford) (1956) lives in Sussex and travels there for the firm of Christopher Hill for whom her husband also works.
- LESLEY KIBBEY (1962) finds her course at the Rose Bruford School of Dramatic Art a very strenuous one, but is enjoying it. She won a Middlesex County Award.
- ABEL KLOSE (1958) is going from Kiel University to study in the south of Germany, since in Germany students can change universities as much as they like.
- KIRSTEN KLOSE (1956) was very pleased to have Jane Brayford staying with her at Kiel in April. Kirsten had a term at Freiburg and then was returning to Kiel University to write a thesis for a doctorate.
- BERYL KNAPTON (1950) unfortunately hurt her knee and was unable to enter for the County Hockey Trials this year, or to play for the Old Girls against the School.
- CAROLA LANGER (1961) has just begun her nursing training at the Moorfields Eye Hospital in London.
- JUDITH LILLIE (1960) obtained her G.C.E. in General Science and Domestic Science at Salisbury Technical College, and is now a Cadet Nurse at Salisbury. She hopes to begin her training there next April.
- JACKIE LLOYD (1960) has returned to England from Ghana with her parents.
- SUSAN LLOYD (1962) had a wonderful summer holiday. Her family drove across Europe to Athens visiting Paris and Rome on the way. She is now taking a Commercial Course at Workshop.
- STELLA LUDLOW (1950) has worked in the Marketing Division of Crawford's Advertising for 3½ years and finds the work varied and interesting. Her outside activities this year have been an Easter Pageant and a Gilbert and Sullivan production.

- JACKIE MARSDEN (1961) has changed from the Interpreters Course at Geneva to Political Science in the Faculty of Economics and Social Science (in French). She is enjoying it and finds time for a part-time job in the evenings as a telex-machine operator in a stockbroker's office.
- ANN MILROY (1961) went to the Edinburgh Festival with Audrey Horlock-Jones. She is now in her first term at St. Hilda's College, Oxford.
- SUSAN MITCHELL (1962) has gone to Portsmouth High School as a day-girl for her Sixth Form Course.
- EILEEN PARSONS (1955) has been seconded from Croydon to the Chelsea P.E. College at Eastbourne for a year and is thoroughly enjoying this further training.
- RITA PARSONS (1962) is very happy at Portsmouth Training College. She says that Blake Hall, where she lives, is like a luxury hotel. She has joined the College orchestra.
- RUBY PEEL (*née* Hicks). In September her twin sons, Mark and Robert, joined their two brothers as boarders at Shaftesbury Grammar School.
- SUSAN PERKINS (1962) has gone to Salisbury Training College and is in touch with Penny Wells there.
- ANN PIDGEON (1961) is thoroughly enjoying her work in a solicitor's office in Mayfair. She shares a flat with three other girls.
- VICKI PITCHER (1958) has completed her six-month Officer Training Course and passed out as a pilot officer. She is now on an Equipment Course for four and a half months training to be an Equipment Officer.
- JENNIFER PRIDDLE (1962) was accepted for the Civil Service on her G.C.E. results and is working in the War Department at Salisbury.
- ANN RAMSDEN (1962) has gone to Goldsmiths' Training College in London and is living with 26 other students in a residential club. She was amused to find that her dancing tunic had to be made of the same material and colour as our School summer dresses.
- ANN READ (1961) is taking the two-year Secretarial Course at Salisbury Technical College.
- GILLIAN RIDOUT (1962) is enjoying a few months with her parents in Cyprus before going to the Margaret Macmillan Training College in Bradford in January.
- MAUREEN RUTTER (1962) is enjoying her secretarial course at the Wokingham Institute of Further Education.
- EILEEN SEDDON (*née* Coombes) (1948) has come home from abroad and is living at Tollard Royal for a few months. She has two children now. Her husband is in the R.A.S.C. and in January is going to the Staff College at Camberley.
- BARRIE SERGEAN (1961) finally decided to give up the idea of going to a university and so left the Holborn College. She was accepted for training for the Post Office Continental Exchange.
- PAT SIDFORD (1953) went to U.S.A. in June, 1961, and became a secretary in the New Zealand Embassy at Washington. Now she is working for the Wells Fargo Company in San Francisco. She is returning to England in December.
- JEAN SQUIRE (1962) is working in the Midland Bank in Shaftesbury. She went to Bristol for several weeks for training.
- JENNY STAGG (1960) had to do a month's teaching practice at a Secondary Modern School in Stoke-on-Trent in September before her third year at Keele began.
- PAT STAINER (1956) is now an S.R.N. She won 1st Prize for Orthopaedics and 2nd Prize for Practical Work in her finals at Charing Cross Hospital. She will do her Midwifery at Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, and Salisbury Infirmary.

HEATHER SWANN (1962) is taking the two years Secretarial Course at the French Lycee in London. On her first day there she met Claire-Elizabeth, who had stayed with Sarah Jordan in Shaftesbury and came to School.

MARY VERRIOU (*née* Wilson) (1956) came home from Athens for a holiday this summer. We were delighted to see her at the Summer Reunion and hear about her life in Greece.

ANN WAKEHAM (*née* Hall) (1958) is living in the south of France on a small yacht. In the summer she and her husband worked as crew on a chartered yacht and went to Corsica.

SUSAN WEBB (1962) has been accepted for service in the W.R.A.F.

JANET WHITE (1957) qualified as an S.R.N. at Boscombe and is now doing her midwifery at the Kingsbury Hospital.

BARBARA WILLIAMS (*née* Lowen) (1954). Her parents returned from Germany in June and were buying a business. Barbara and her husband took a villa in Majorca for the month of June.

MARION WYATT (1961) is finding the full-time embroidery course at Hammer-smith Art College very interesting.

Life Members since December, 1961

Andrews, Jean, Home Farm, Stour Row, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Ardley, Barbara (*née* Wright), 6 Jenned Road, Arnold, Nottingham.

Fletcher, Ruth (*née* Spencer), Keepers Cottage, Steepleton, Blandford Forum, Dorset.

Hammond, Mary (*née* Bond), "Lochiel," 33 Broomhill Road, Orpington, Kent.

Jordan, Sarah, Manor Farm House, St. James, Shaftesbury.

ANNUAL MEMBERS—

Brayford, Rosemary, 2 Upper Kent Road, Victoria Park, Manchester, 14.

Fookes, Gillian, "Scarp," Wheatsheaf, Nr. Sherborne, Dorset.

Humble, Cynthia, 62 Crouch Hill, Hornsey, London, N.8.

Pavey, Christine (*née* Harrison), 69 Furleigh Road, Stoke Newington, London, N.16.

Pratt, Elizabeth (*née* Nathan), 138 Priests Lane, Shenfield, Brentwood, Essex.

Annual Members 1961/62 (since December, 1961)

Annual Members, 1962/63.

Banfield, Rita (*née* Caddy), 68 Stone Lane, Yeovil, Somerset.

Bartley, Wendy, Norfolk Cottage, Motcombe, Dorset.

Carnegie-Brown, Heather (*née* Cheater), 41b Trinidad Crescent, Parkstone, Dorset.

Chant, Margaret, Ridgeway Cottage, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum.

Church, Sally, 17 Haines Lane, Shaftesbury.

Cobley, Jennifer, "Mariners," West Hill, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.

Cridland, Norah (*née* Jesse), The Green, East Knoyle, Salisbury.

Dean, Kathleen (*née* Hunt), West Gomledon, Nr. Salisbury, Wilts.

Fookes, Gillian, "Scarp," Wheatsheaf, Nr. Sherborne, Dorset.

Gatehouse, Jennifer, 20 Hawkesdene Lane, Shaftesbury.

Hann, Gillian, The Guest House, Wiveliscombe, Taunton, Somerset.

Harcourt-Brooks, Susan, Ebley House, Ebley, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

Hardiman, Valerie, "Firslyne," Fovant, Salisbury, Wilts.

Head, Carolyn, 12 St. Georges Road, Shaftesbury.

Hitchings, Barbara, "Novar Cottage," Bearley, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Hitchings, Dawn, "Beechcroft," Castle Hill Lane, Mere, Warminster, Wilts.

Humble, Cynthia, 62 Crouch Hill, Hornsey, London, N.8.

Humphries, Sheila (*née* Rapley), The Bungalow, Shooters Lane, Shaftesbury.

Humphries, Yvonne, "Laburnum Grove," Littledown, Shaftesbury.

Hutchings, Coral, Merley Hall Farm, Wimborne, Dorset.
 Jackson, Rosalind, College Hall, Knighton Road, Leicester.
 Milroy, Ann, Beech House, Painswick, Nr. Stroud, Glos.
 Parfit, Denise (*née* Moores), Kites Nest Cottage, Bourton, Dorset.
 Parsons, Rita, "Roseville," 13 Grosvenor Road, Shaftesbury.
 Patterson, Jane (*née* Rushforth), 37 Mistover Road, Wareham, Dorset.
 Pike, Beryl (*née* Welch), The Rectory Flat, Compton Abbas, Dorset.
 Pike, Betty (*née* Genge), The Firs, East Stour, Gillingham, Dorset.
 Potter, Phillipa, 7 Charlton, Nr. Shaftesbury.
 Ralph, Gillian, Dry Lane, Gillingham, Dorset.
 Ramsden, Ann, 4 Woodstock Drive, Ickenham, Uxbridge, Middx.
 Reynolds, Phyllis (*née* Johnson), Cedar Cottage, 360 Topsham Road, Countess
 Weir, Exeter, Devon.
 Ridout, Gillian, c/o 5001 Squadron, R.A.F., Akrotiri, B.F.P.O. 53.
 Swann Heather, The New Vicarage, Camden Square, London, N.W.1.
 Welford, Anne, 1 Connaught Road, Weymouth, Dorset.

* * *

A Royal Archivist

The Royal Archives are the private papers of the Royal Family, belonging to the Queen and can, therefore, only be consulted and used with her permission. The collection was started by the Prince Consort and has since grown enormously through the discovery of many of King George III's and King George IV's papers, and the recovery of papers belonging to the exiled Stuarts.

Work in the Royal Archives is varied and very interesting. Our main job is indexing, first under the names of the writers of the various letters and the recipients, and then under subject headings. Each letter is read through carefully and notes made of anything interesting which it contains and these notes are then typed on to cards under the appropriate headings. This is really an essential piece of work, as many seemingly trivial enquiries are received and have to be dealt with. For instance, somebody thinks that their great-grandfather played a trumpet at a concert given for Queen Victoria and wants to know if there is any reference to this, so one then has to hunt through all the cards bearing the appropriate name, or giving details of concerts, in the hope of finding some mention. The looking up and answering of these enquiries and the preparing of material for those coming in to do research, takes up a lot of time and I tend to get side-tracked by finding the most fascinating pieces of information quite unrelated to the question. Another thing which I find absorbing is the detective work which sometimes has to go into identifying the writer or recipient of a letter when nicknames are used. Sometimes there is a clue in some relative mentioned in the letter and I pore over the ramifications of Lodge's Peerage vainly trying to disentangle the offspring of much-married peers.

We work up in the Round Tower, in a part to which the public are not admitted, the Muniment Room being part of the original Great Hall, with the old roof timbers still visible. My table is in the window and I have a wonderful view down over the Middle and Lower Wards and the roof of St. George's Chapel to the river and far beyond. Every morning the changing of the Guard takes place down below and, although I thought I had become quite hardened to this by now, a Scottish regiment has just taken over and every morning they come marching up led by their pipers in a swirl of kilts and sporrans, and I gaze entranced from the window.

J. LANGTON

First Impressions

1. *Of Leicester University.*

The first few days spent at Leicester were not at all happy ones. Wednesday morning was spent attempting to register. I had an unhappy beginning as, after various minor queues, I had to wait three hours to see the head of one department. After such a small school as the High School, I seemed to be caught up in a whirl of students, and it was quite possible not to see a single person one knew during the day.

College Hall is only two years old. We each have a single study-bedroom, which is furnished simply but elegantly. What is more important for me at least, is that Hall is always warm. Not only is there central heating but we have an electric fire, too.

The greatest difference between School and University is that we are not compelled to do anything (apart from arriving back each night by 11.15). For those who do not intend working it is probably the only time in their life that they can sit and talk all day quite unmolested. Of course, that is not a profitable way of organising one's life. Next September these brethren will find the need to search for another appointment.

Leicester is a very young University, with no tradition on which new generations can build. Those of us here now, and those to come in the next few years, have the task of setting this tradition which will be followed by later generations of students. This was the theme of the addresses given to freshers during the pre-sessional congress. It seems to be, and is, a very great responsibility. At the present, there are very few departments here. The Lord Bishop of Leicester called us "the godless sisters" of the three Midland Universities, since we have no Theological faculty. This, no doubt, will spur the new Vice-Chancellor on to ensuring greater scope in what is, in all truth, still a fast growing University in all respects. Its building programme is colossal. There are more and

more students each year and more departments and societies to attract them.

On the whole, life here seems to be very pleasant indeed. Apart from catering for the academic side of life with a Library housed in a building bigger than School, our material comforts are well ensured.

ROSALIND JACKSON.

2. *Of the I. M. Marsh College of Physical Education, Liverpool.*

After two postponements I arrived here on Wednesday, October 17th, at six o'clock in the evening, being the last to arrive. I was hurriedly taken to my room, which is not actually in college, by my college "mother." She is somebody in the second year who takes on the job of helping you settle in and to answer any problems that arise. I did know my college "mother" before I came, but most people do not. I was then taken to supper in the new dining hall which was being used officially for the first time that night. It is very modern, glass panels from floor to ceiling on two sides and the ceiling is made to absorb sound so that it does not seem too noisy at meal times. The tables are round and seat eight people and I must admit the meals are good.

The following day which was a Thursday we, the new students, spent most of the time collecting new equipment, books that had been ordered, uniform and checking other things that we had brought with us. In the afternoon we played games. The time was divided between hockey, netball and lacrosse, and I had my first experience of learning lacrosse. By now we have had several more lacrosse lectures and are becoming more practised in the skill.

I said before that we were delayed in returning to college, this was because there had been a lot of new building going on and still is, so the place was just not ready for one hundred new students. There are still workmen about the college and they will be here at least until next Easter. They are still in the process of building an indoor games arena, which promises to be very large and efficient, and is at the moment the only one like it in the country. They are also building a swimming bath which at the moment is only in the early stages, and they are completing a new ten-storey residential block which is supposed to be ready by next Easter. The other new part of the college that is already operational is the block which contains science, art and craft, and education rooms, a new animal house, which the animals have not been moved into yet, and a new gym. This has some most modern equipment which most of us have never seen before. I am sure we are very fortunate indeed to have all these new facilities and when all is completed it should be one compact and very efficient unit.

We have seven lectures a day, starting the first at 8.40 in the morning and ending the last at 5.45 in the evening, each lecture being almost an hour long. We have a coffee break in the morning, and a tea break in the afternoon, with a break for lunch of an hour and a quarter. The lectures are either practicals or theory, but we usually have at least one free a day. However, we are kept busy and the day is a long one and we are usually quite tired by the time the end comes.

I have now been here just over a week and I am beginning to settle down to find my way about, and I am not finding life quite so hectic as it was in the first few days. Last Saturday I was able to go into Liverpool and explore some of the shopping centres, and in the same evening I went to the theatre with my college "mother," which is a custom here. Now that I have settled down to college life I am beginning to enjoy myself.

CAROLYN HEAD.

3. *Of the Rose Bruford School of Dramatic Art.*

We have been at college for five days now, and every one has contrived to make the new students feel really "at home." The course is tremendously intensive and the college timetable—which at first sight appears very complicated—is a marvellous piece of organisation.

Our year is a really mixed array of students. Apart from the people who have just finished school, like myself, we also have an accountant who took ten years to decide drama was his vocation; an actor who is married and has come back to relearn his profession; three Africans (one of whom had a leading role in the West End musical "King Kong"); a South African; a Scot; an American; and a Jamaican. Also a few ex-university students and various student-teachers, secretaries, clerks and people who have been in rep. It seems practically every county in England is represented and there certainly won't be any lack of examples when we come to study dialects!

We were certainly plunged into things head first. On the first day of term we each had to perform in front of the college and staff, and then improvise a scene with three other people! I think the attitude is that having done this one doesn't really care any more about making a fool of oneself! Also, they're probably the most sympathetic audience we'll ever get, having undergone the same thing themselves.

LESLEY KIBBEY.

4. *Of a London Comprehensive School.*

Having done a lot of things, including being a Market Research Executive for twenty months, I have at last got a teaching post.

I am at one of the most famous or rather notorious Comprehensive Schools in London. It is in the thick of the East End and Dockland slums. There are 1,500 kids and over 100 staff. It is co-educational and I and two other women are the only female academic staff (not counting women who only teach girls house-craft, pottery, etc.) who handle boys and girls together. It is the same school as the one, "Spare the Rod," was written about, amalgamated with another such ghastly Sec. Modern in the district. We have seven blocks and run about from place to place. There are ten streams going down to remedial level. It is a tremendous experience because one is faced with completely unbridled hostility (there is no discipline, you have to make your own and that's a real battle), which if you can't control you are literally liable to be torn up if you don't have a cane. Many of the kids are on probation for criminal offences, and this is the school which takes in those who have been thrown out of the better schools in the Shoreditch, Hackney, Bethnal Green, Dalston, and Spitalfields areas. There are no schools after this one, only remand home.

It is really social work, not teaching for the most part. Try and teach F and G streams (I.Q. 70-60) French! It's a farce, and one only really keeps order and goes on taming these poor kids. The girls are more difficult than the boys, usually. They don't get the cane so easily so they try on more before they stop fooling. They are real fish-wives and though they can't spell or read (some really can't) they are every poor man's lawyer. The "mums," bristling fiercely with curlers and slippers, that come up here day after day to protect their darlings from the teachers, who kept them in for ten minutes, are really worth filming with sound-track, if possible.

I had my troubles during my first few weeks. I had to develop a great bellow to make myself heard in the din; then to start on something at once whilst they are still fairly quiet. "Be quiet" or "Silence, please," is a big joke here. "Shut up" or "Belt up" is about all they react to. One learns with lower school never to turn one's back when writing on the board! Very dangerous! You get pens and other sharp missiles catapulted at you. You can't ask anyone to own up, they laugh, and give false names if you ask their names. You've got to beat them at their own games and think faster. First one has to show them who is boss by being ruthless with them and really winning, then you can make friends. I have started on the latter. One thing: they never bear malice outside a classroom. In the playground you will have them come and talk to you even after a caning. They are marvellous kids in a way, because they have so much "guts." They bounce back again and again and only become manageable from confidence in you. They all have personality and yards of cheek! They come up and

pull your leg even aged eleven. They are not cowed or frightened of teachers. This is where the classroom relationship is so hard to establish.

We can't leave empty rooms open, they burn them and throw furniture out of windows! We can't give them textbooks: these are torn up if they keep them after lessons. And the classes are roughly thirty kids. It's quite a battle. I've had fights with my kids in the first two-three weeks: desk flung at me in a riot and a piece of iron which was about to be used on my head. But now I've just about got them where I want them and soon I'll be able to share a joke or two with them. That's the test. Many teachers can't do this kind of work. They are broken by these little (and big) monsters and three actually ran out in the first week of the term. Now they've offered me a post here to start Spanish in the school next term. I think I'll accept because I feel it will be valuable experience, and also now I rather like working here.

MARIA MENDE.

5. *Of Education at a Technical College.*

The position of Grammar Schools in our educational system is long-standing and assured. The technical colleges in their present form are relatively new, but are playing an increasingly important part in meeting the new demands of society. Folkestone Technical College was not developed so much as some of those technical colleges in the more highly populated and industrialised areas of the country, but it will undoubtedly benefit from the creation in the near future of the new University of Kent at Canterbury.

I am taking a course of Business Studies for the Ordinary National Diploma sponsored by the Ministry of Education. This is a combination of subjects which permits the successful student to apply for entrance to a University or Teachers Training College, to proceed with further business studies or enter employment immediately as a qualified person.

Technical Colleges teach teenagers and adults so that in general terms the culture of the college is adult. For girls who feel a strong need to enter the adult world early, but do not wish to cut short their studies, and for those girls who seek a broader and less academic curriculum than is traditional with the Grammar School V1th Form, I would certainly recommend a course at a technical college.

ANN. GUNTON.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Annual Subscription, 5/-.

Life Subscription, £3/3/0.

Secretary: Mrs. G. Hussey, "Upton," Old Boundary Road,
Shaftesbury.

Treasurer: Miss Y. Humphries, "Laburnum Grove," Littledown,
Shaftesbury.

DATES FOR YOUR NEW DIARIES

LONDON REUNION: SATURDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1963

SUMMER REUNION: SATURDAY, JULY 6th, 1963

O.G. DINNER: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1963.

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

To all members of the School,

Whether near or far,

We send our greetings and good wishes.