

County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 29

December, 1965

33, Bower Gardens,
Salisbury,
Wilts.

December, 1965.

Twelfth London Reunion. O.G.A.

Saturday, March 12th. 1966.

Dear Member,

We found Over-Seas House such a convenient meeting-place last year that we decided to meet there again in 1966. Unfortunately there was no room available for the first Saturday in March, our normal date, so we have booked one for March 12th. instead, and hope that this will be just as convenient for all those who want to come.

A room is being reserved for us at :-

Over-Seas House,
Park Place,
St. James's Street,
London, S.W.1.

from 2.p.m. to 5.p.m. We hope to be ready for a short business meeting at 2.30.p.m. and then have tea and talk. The charge is 5/-.

Please tell any other Old Girl, who may not otherwise hear, about the meeting. We rely on year-secretaries to do all they can to rally their contemporaries. I will gladly supply any addresses or other information they may need.

It is essential that we provide accurate numbers in good time to make the necessary arrangements. All acceptances must be received by Monday, February 28th.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Marjorie K Dunford.

Suggested ways of reaching Over-seas House.

1. Underground. Green Park Station. From Piccadilly turn right into St James's St., and right again into Park Place, and Over-Seas House faces one at the end.
2. Bus. Same route.

O.G.A.LONDON REUNION. MARCH 12th.1966.

I am able /unable to attend the London Reunion.

I enclose a postal order for 5/-.

Name.....

Address.....

Please delete what does not apply and return as soon as possible and at the latest by Monday, February 28th, 1966, to :-

Miss M.K.Dunford, 33, Bower Gardens, Salisbury.

County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY

MAGAZINE

VOL. 29

DECEMBER, 1965

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PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

OLD GIRLS

**To all Members of the School,
Whether near or far,
We send our greetings and good wishes.**

EDITORIAL.

After much coaxing and "gentle" persuasion we have at last managed to produce yet another School Magazine, which, we hope, will be enjoyed and appreciated by all its readers.

We feel it is well worth the effort, for we are continually hearing how much interest not only the present members but also the Old Girls take in the School's activities. How important it is at a time when our future is uncertain that we should maintain the old traditions of the School!

We should like to thank all those who have contributed to our magazine, especially those on the Committee who attended the meetings with such good will and also Miss Woods whose assistance and support was invaluable.

THE EDITORS.

Magazine Committee

Editors: JOAN CUSTARD
SALLIE PILE

Committee: MARY MACK
RUTH CLEMENTS
JACKIE DAVIES
CHRISTOBEL POWELL
HEATHER MIDGLEY

* * *

School Officials, September 1965

Head Girl: SALLY BARTLETT
Deputy Head Girl: ELIZABETH IMBER
Prefects: SARAH BURT, MARY KELLEY, JEHANNE
LEQUESNE, ANTHEA MITCHELL, FRANCES
SCALBERT
Sub-Prefects: ZELDA GLINOS, HELEN ROBINS, JENNIFER
WILLIAMS, MARY COLE, JOAN CUSTARD,
PENELOPE GIBSON, LUCY JORDAN, SALLIE PILE

A LAST YEAR THAT WASN'T

At one time, we thought that the past year would be the last one for the School in our present buildings, but quite early on in the first term we realised that this would not be so. Now we feel rather in the middle of a period once more and able to plan for a year or two in our own buildings.

As I look back over the year, I am grateful for a great deal of help from many people. First from Miss Dunford who has never been very far away and always ready to help; then from the staff who made the change as easy as possible for me; and, of course, from the girls, so many of whom are quick to adapt and ready to think things out for the good of us all. It was for them a year of steady work that led up to our unusually high number of entrances to a University. This was encouraging for the present Upper VI, nine of whom are aspiring to University places. We hope they will get there.

The greatest change this term is, to me, the fact that Miss Piggott is no longer with us. She retired in July but is still near us, so that we often see her. We very much miss her advice and sense of humour; her memory for past events and her feeling for tradition in its best sense.

There are many happy memories that come to me as I think over the year. I can see again the Barton Hill boarders silhouetted against the skyline as they ran round the outer walls of Old Sarum; the eager third formers as they reported the conversations they had had with their old people when they took them little gifts at Christmas; the choir sitting in Holy Trinity singing the lovely music of Fauré and Mozart and Bach; I remember one or two brave girls who overcame some difficulty and one or two more who "owned up". I enjoyed many visits from old girls bubbling over with pleasure and enthusiasm for their work in new surroundings; and particularly one or two visits of old girls with their families—and more recently, our latest baby—Susan Wakeford. All these memories make the year seem in retrospect an interesting and worthwhile one. There are so many advantages to living in a place like Shaftesbury that we sometimes take them for granted, but from time to time we seem to savour them especially. I am glad to think that quite a few girls do feel that they want to do something in return for all the good things they receive and help in many ways in the town and further afield as they have by adopting four girls in a West Indian School. In this way we can pay more than lip-service to our school motto, "Non sibi sed omnibus".

M.E.W.

LEAVING GIRLS, 1964/5

Spring Term 1965

<i>U.VI</i>	M. Skinner.
<i>L.VI</i>	M. Hopping.
<i>U.V</i>	S. Browne.

Summer Term 1965

<i>U.VI</i>	M. Bartlett, B. Foote, A. Goulding, V. Greenland, V. Harrison, P. Isaacson, M. Long, M. Miles, M. Moores, C. Ottey, M. Pickford, E. Rowbottom, A. Rowlands, A. Scalbert, B. Skew.
<i>L.VI</i>	R. Rossiter, P. Turner.
<i>U.V</i>	J. Ballam, D. Isaacson, K. Jesse, P. Jolliffe, E. Lewis, C. Price, J. Stanley, J. Woolley, D. Robinson, C. Krieger.
<i>U.IV</i>	E. Woolley.
<i>L.IV</i>	A-M. Hellmers, J. Sheeran.

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NEW GIRLS, 1964/5

	<i>Present Form</i>	<i>Previous School</i>
Spring 1965		
E. Grainger	<i>L.V</i>	Loreta College, St. Albans.
N. Holmes	<i>III</i>	Didcot Grammar School, Berks.
P. Miller	"	Sek-Kong School, Hong-kong.
Summer Term 1965		
J. Fairbrace	<i>U.V</i>	Queen Elizabeth School, Wimborne.
C. Krieger	"	Schadow Schule, Germany.
M. Evans	<i>L.IV</i>	Bourne St. School, Singapore.
A-M. Hellmers	"	Denmark.
Autumn Term 1965		
E. Morley-Hill	<i>L.V</i>	Marymount, Arlington, Virginia.
E. Sandy	"	Eggar's Grammar School, Alton.
A. Targett	"	Cleveland Grammar School.
L. Todd	"	Eggar's Grammar School, Alton.
L. Bartlett	<i>U.IV</i>	Queen Anne's School, York.
A. Beswick	"	St. Georges School, Hong-Kong.
J. Hebden	"	St. Georges School, Hong-Kong.
M. Reynolds	<i>L.IV</i>	Abersychan Grammar School, Monmouth.
V. Rees	"	King Richard School, Cyprus.
A. Alford	<i>III</i>	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary.
L. Alford	"	Cann Primary.
E. Benning	"	St. James Primary.
A. Botley	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary.

NEW GIRLS, 1964/65—continued

H. Burgess	III	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary.
S. Diamond	"	La Retraite, Salisbury.
M. Ford	"	St. James Primary.
L. Foyle	"	Fontmell Magna Primary.
M. Frankland	"	British Forces School, Tripolitania.
M. Fulford	"	Leadenhall School, Salisbury.
S. Hannam	"	Motcombe Primary.
B. Harris	"	Motcombe Primary.
C. Hillier	"	St. Leonards, Motcombe.
J. Hopping	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary.
C. Lambie	"	Fovant Primary School.
J. McMorran	"	Motcombe Primary.
H. Midgley	"	Hayling County Primary.
C. Monk	"	Athelstone School, Malmesbury.
J. Morgan	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary.
E. Palmer	"	St. John's Primary, Weymouth.
C. Perry	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary.
P. Piper	"	Fovant Primary.
S. Pope	"	West Orchard Primary.
L. Reeves	"	St. Leonards, Motcombe.
A. Shorten	"	Fontmell Magna Primary.
E. Stanton	"	St. Davids, Haigh, Wigan.

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SOME INTERESTING EVENTS IN 1965

JANUARY.	Rev. T. May's visit—"Personal Relationships". Cycling Proficiency Badges given out.
FEBRUARY.	Visit of Sir Thomas Lees to school and boarding houses. Sunridge boarders went to Convent for lecture on "Rembrandt" by Mr. Prins. Lecture on "Malaya".
MARCH.	London Old Girls' at Overseas Club. Lower School saw "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Sunridge boarders went to Concert at Gillingham School. Confirmation. Joint Concert with Grammar and Modern School in Holy Trinity.
MAY.	Visit of Father Huggins. Lecture on "Honey Bees". Junior Boarders went to Stourhead. Senior Boarders to Opera at Gillingham.

JUNE.	Lecture on "Australia". Parents' Day. Dorset Athletics Meeting.
JULY.	North Dorset Swimming Gala at Gillingham. Auditors. Bishop of Salisbury at Schools' Service. U.IV to Max Factor factory. L.V to Windsor. U.V to Bournemouth. Talk by Beautician. Civil Defense Talks. Garden Fête. Visit to Oil Refinery.
SEPTEMBER.	Speech Day. Talk on "Oxfam".
OCTOBER.	Visit to Roman Villa at Chedworth. Old Girls' Meeting.

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STAFF NOTES

At the end of the Summer Term we said Goodbye to both Miss Piggott and Mrs. Wakeford. After so many years we shall miss Miss Piggott's quiet help and friendliness in the Staff room. We wish her well in her retirement.

We were delighted to hear that Mrs. Wakeford had had a little girl.

We welcome Mr. Duckworth to teach History and Geography, and Miss Cane to teach Biology. Our new French Assistante, Mlle Martin is helping with duties at Barton Hill House. We hope they will be very happy with us.

REPORTS

FORM REPORTS

Third Form Report

We started school with Mrs. Hosford as our Form Mistress. She helped us settle down very quickly and made us feel part of the School. Julia Berry was voted our Form Captain and Philippa Jenkins her deputy. The first term passed quickly and at the end we were very much pleased to receive the tidiness picture. During the term, the form made Christmas presents for the old people in the old people's homes, Shaftesbury

At the beginning of Spring Term, two girls joined the form, Nicola Holmes from Didcot Girls' Grammar School and Penelope Miller from Victoria Junior School, Hong Kong.

During the Term we went with the L.IV to a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Salisbury, which we all enjoyed very much. At Easter we once again made presents for the old people.

At the Athletics Sports in May, several people did well. Catherine Carter was third in 150 yards, 100 yards and Long Jump, and Susan Hurst was fourth in the 100 yards and fifth in the 150 yards. Catherine Carter and Susan Hurst went to the North Dorset Sports and ran in the 150 yards, Claire Norman and Penelope Joyce went in for Hurdling, and Julia Berry and Anne Linley went in for Long Jump. Catherine Carter came first, so she went to the Dorset Sports. In this she came third.

When the Swimming Sports Day came in July, Celia Finch and Claire Norman did very well. They both swam in their House Relay and did extremely well, considering that only four people in each House swim in the House Relay. Julia Berry, Celia Finch and Claire Norman went to the North Dorset Sports in Gillingham and Celia Finch went to the Dorset Sports. There her team came second, so she went on to the South Western Counties' Swimming Sports in Plymouth. There they came third as a final position.

In the Summer Term we went on a Form Expedition to Bristol Zoo accompanied by Mrs. Hosford and Beryl Foote, and we all enjoyed the day very much.

At the end of the year, three of the form won good work prizes, Julia Berry, Catherine Carter and Anne Linley. Also, Julia Berry, Rosalyn Kohring, Anne Linley, Claire Norman and Christabel Powell won Deportment Stars. Well done!

Altogether we have had a happy and successful year!

Lower Fourth Form Report

We began our Lower Fourth year having Miss Lloyd as our Form Mistress. It was Miss Lloyd's first Term at the School and our first Term in Room Seven at Barton Hill. It was awkward and different at first, but with Beverley McLeod as Form Captain and the Mistress' help over forgetting books, we soon settled down to enjoy the Lower Fourth. A few weeks before the end of Term a measles epidemic broke out and our Christmas party was stopped, but we all had slices of a huge cake to make up for the loss.

In the Easter Term we had House Netball matches, and in the Lower School Section many of our Form took part and captained the teams. Although eventually Wren won everybody had enjoyed the games immensely. Exams began and our Form was divided between Barton Hill and Room I. Although no-one gained distinction, quite a few people did fairly well.

As always, the Summer Term is by far the best at Barton Hill. A few lessons are held in the garden and tennis can be played on the lawn during break. On Parents' Day the Form did well in both the Athletics and the Form room arrangement.

Towards the end of the Term the Tennis Championship was held and Sheila Thomas became the Lower School Champion. In the Swimming, Maureen Smith won the Lower School Cup, and with the help of a relay went on to do quite well in the County Sports. For the last few days we had to manage without Miss Lloyd, as she was taken ill.

All the Lower Fourth had enjoyed having Miss Lloyd as their Form Mistress and having Barton Hill as their Form room.

Upper IV Form Report

With Miss Matthews to guide us,
And new girls three,
Room 2 was our form room
And Upper IV were we.

Much happened that year
We would like to recall,
A concert in Bournemouth
Appreciated by all.

Christmas came quickly—
The snow and the rain,
When all this was past
'Exams' came again.

Preparations for sports day
We soon had to face,
Joan Curtis shared the cup
In the middle school race.

We went on our outing
Of which we all did dream,
To the Max Factor Factory
where we received some cream.

Success for Pat Bolton—
The very next day,
For in the swimming sports
She carried the cup away!

Three girls were in hospital—
Ann, Ruth and Jane.
They all have recovered
And are at school again.

Four good work prizes
We add to our name
A progress one too,
And a deportment star to gain.

Liz Woolley we lost—
She is missed by everyone.
And we should like to thank Miss Matthews
For all that she has done.

Lower Fifth Form Report

During the Autumn Term we were very lucky to go to yet another concert at Bournemouth with that marvellous James Lochran as conductor.

We were also privileged to be taken to Salisbury to see Sheridan's "The Rivals", which we found to be hilarious entertainment.

Towards the end of the Term we held our Coffee Morning in the Domestic Science building, and despite the rain, we had a fair turnout, and were able to send a substantial cheque to the "Save the Children Fund".

The Spring Term was less interesting, although the March blizzard cheered many up, by the slackening of work.

Our Form is well known to be quite musical, and half of us sang with the rest of the School at Holy Trinity Church, aiding the Grammar School and Secondary Modern School Choirs.

The highlight of our Summer Term was our Form Outing, for which we did not go to London as is tradition, but to Windsor Castle, where we met and had lunch with Miss Langton, whom we found was a very charming (and generous) person.

Our boat trip up the Thames gave us our first view of Etonian life, and a few experienced the rigours of boating on their own afterwards (having hired a rowing boat).

We congratulate Jenny Welford for winning the Tennis Cup, and Susan Lofting for her success at winning 'half' the Athletics Cup.

Special thanks to Deborah, who faithfully got us another Good Work Prize this year, and to Hilary Pope who got a Progress Prize.

Upper V Form Report

The year the Staff had warned us about, our parents had worried about, and we had tried to forget, had arrived. We settled down quite happily in Room 3 with Miss Essex as Form Mistress.

The Autumn Term passed quickly with a mixture of hard work, play and shivering hockey practices. Christmas came along and with it the usual festivities among which was the Fifth Form dance.

January found us returning to School with the shadow of "Mock" looming over us—in the words of a member of Staff, "A foretaste of what is to come!". Time passed and the Spring examinations over, we began to plan our Bazaar which the Form held in the School hall. We managed to raise thirty pounds and threepence for Oxfam by the sale of books, hand-made articles, food and white elephant goods. It was in the Spring Term too that the majority of our "unmusical" form joined the massed choir to sing in Holy Trinity Church.

Time went too quickly with the formidable warnings of the Staff telling us to pull our socks up and work harder! The sun shone deceptively brightly until it was eclipsed for three weeks in June, when with many looks of anguish and much chewing of pens and pencils we struggled through "O" level. Then came our fortnight of freedom—or we thought freedom until Miss Essex presented us with various duties which, however, we found quite enjoyable to execute.

Our Form expedition to Bournemouth to the beach and to see "The Sound of Music" proved to be a very happy occasion—for

us if not for Bournemouth! All too soon came the end of Term when we found to our joy that we had five sub-prefects to carry us into next year, and to our astonishment the Tidiness Picture!

The last few hours in the Fifth were spent with mixed feelings; joy because of the approaching holidays, sadness because some of our number were leaving, thankfulness to Miss Essex for being such a patient Form Mistress, and anticipation as we realised that next Term we would be part of the elite VIth Form!

Sixth Form Report

With some trepidation we crossed the threshold of the Sixth Form Room and found ourselves immediately at home, receiving a warm welcome from the Upper VI. The previous year many of our Form had left the School, but we were joined by a new girl at the beginning of Term.

During the year, meetings between some of the Grammar School Sixth Form and their counterparts at the High School, were held with the object of devising a new form of Church Service. The outcome was interesting, but this year we hope to develop this idea further.

At the end of Term the School Dramatic Society presented Käpek's "Life of the Insects". This was produced by one of the Upper VI and was felt by some to be too ambitious, yet by hard work an excellent play was enjoyed by all.

The highlight of the Christmas Term was a highly successful Sixth Form Dance.

In February, we were very pleased to hear that an old girl from our Form had got married, and this news made us all feel very young.

In the course of the year, many sports colours were awarded, and two of our girls went to the South-West Counties Athletics Meeting.

For our Summer Fête the Sixth Form provided refreshments, which were especially popular on account of the weather.

To crown the Summer Term were the "A" level examinations, and all our sympathies were with the sufferers.

Our good wishes go with those who have left School, and we hope that they return soon and see us as we complete our school-days.

SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT 1964/65

School Council was not as active as last year, but the meetings that were held were all very interesting and included several rather animated discussions.

The School Fund was augmented in the Summer Term by some of the money raised by the School Fête.

Council made the usual grants for dances and expeditions, although the Lower School Party did not take place owing to an infectious illness. Council also granted money for new lights for our annual Christmas tree; as well as this, one Council member made some more decorations for the tree.

It was with great regret that we said 'Goodbye' to Miss Pigott, whose valuable advice on constitutional matters will be sorely missed. On behalf of past and present members of Council we give her our sincerest thanks for her valuable service to Council, and all of us offer best wishes for her retirement.

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SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

The collections throughout the year amounted to £25, which includes a collection of £10 for Christian Aid week. Although this is not an increase on last year, various Forms in the School have been working hard. The III Form went to great trouble making gifts for old people in Shaftesbury, both at Christmas and at Easter. The Upper IV have worked hard at cleaning St. Peter's Church. Lower V have raised a total of £55 12s. 3d. for Christian Aid and Save the Children. They also organised a Coffee Morning during Christian Aid Week. Upper V organised a Bazaar in School and raised £30 for Oxfam. Several members of the VI Form have been visiting old people in Shaftesbury, and they also organised an Exhibition in the Town Hall during Christian Aid Week.

In the Christmas Term we had a large collection of clothes which were sent to Oxfam, and also a good toy collection which went to various children's homes. Seals for Spastics were also sold. During Christian Aid Week, Father Huggins from the W. Indies talked to the School. The Church has a Secondary School there and several Forms have undertaken to pay for the education of some of the pupils.

£40 from the School Fête proceedings held at the end of the Summer Term was kept aside for charity. £30 of this is going to the restoration of the Shaftesbury Arts Theatre, recently damaged by fire. The other £10 is going towards starting our scheme for Father Huggins' school.

The School's social service work now consists of more than the usual half-termly collections, and we hope this increase in activities will continue.

J. LÉ QUESNE, *Secretary*.

HOCKEY REPORT

There were several enthusiastic new members in the Hockey teams which began the 1964-65 season, and although most of the results were not outstanding, the teams gained a lot of experience. Unfortunately we were unable to send any teams to the annual Hockey Tournament this year.

We must thank Miss Fraser for devoting so much of her time to give regular coaching to both senior and junior teams.

F. SCALBERT, *Hockey Captain.*

Hockey Teams

1st XI		2nd XI	
G.	B. Foote	P. Gibson	
L.B.	A. Mitchell	S. Browne, J. Welford, S. Lofting	
R.B.	F. Scalbert	S. Bartlett	
L.H.	R. Rowlands	H. Robin, D. Isaacson, J. Le Quesne	
C.H.	C. Ottey	J. Ballam	
R.H.	M. Moores	Z. Glinos	
L.W.	P. Isaacson	P. Jolliffe	
C.I.	A. Goulding	S. Pile, G. Moore	
C.F.	J. Bourne	V. Greenland	
R.I.	M. Pickford	J. Stanley	
R.W.	B. Skew	J. Hillier	

Old Colours: A. Rowlands, M. Moores, B. Skew.

New Awards: B. Foote, C. Ottey, P. Isaacson, A. Goulding, M. Pickford,
F. Scalbert.

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GYMNASTICS CLUB

The Gymnastics Club had a most successful year. Miss Fraser helped the junior members to learn various vaults and agilities, while the seniors attempted more advanced work unsupported.

During the Summer we put on a display for the Parents' Association. This consisted of a series of vaults and agilities put to music, and for this we all wore black leotards. We later performed the same display to a group of the Modern School.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Fraser for giving up so much of her time to help us. F.M.S.

Old Colours: M. Pickford, A. Rowlands.

New Awards: H. Robins, F. Scalbert.

Reaward: M. Pickford, A. Rowlands.

TENNIS REPORT, 1965

We were very unfortunate this year in that many of our matches were cancelled because of the persistent bad weather.

The 1st VI were not as successful as the 2nd VI, but the matches played were enjoyed and experience was gained by everyone.

We should like to convey our thanks to Miss Fraser for her encouragement and invaluable coaching throughout the year.

JANE BOURNE.

Tennis Teams

1st VI		2nd VI
V. Harrison		V. Greenland
C. Otley	1st Couple	P. Isaacson
M. Moores		Z. Glinos
M. Pickford	2nd Couple	F. Scalbert
A. Goulding		J. Bourne
A. Scalbert	3rd Couple	P. Jolliffe

The House Tennis Cup was won by Barnes.

Colours awarded to: V. Harrison, M. Moores.

Senior Championship: V. Harrison. Runner-up: M. Moores.

Middle School Championship: J. Welford. Runner-up: G. Moore.

Junior School Championship: S. Thomas. Runner-up: J. Davies.

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ATHLETICS REPORT

Seven records were broken on Parents' Day which was held on 2nd June. For the first time standard points were increased and counted more towards the House Cup. Wren won the Cup with 995 points, Barnes were 2nd with 836 points, and Hardy 3rd with 747 points.

The Individual Championships were won by: —

Lower School: J. Davies (runners-up: E. Gray, K. McDonald).

Middle School: S. Lofting, J. Curtis (tie) (runner-up: G. Moore).

Upper School: F. Scalbert (runner-up: R. Rossiter).

Forty girls represented the School at the North Dorset Athletics Meeting held at St. Aldhelm's School on 22nd May. In spite of rain at the end of this meeting several girls qualified for the County Championships, breaking several records. Five girls were awarded North Dorset colours. The Dorset Sports were held at Wimborne on 19th June. Two girls broke County records and three girls, J. Bourne, R. Rossiter and F. Scalbert were selected to represent the County at the S.W. Counties Schools' Athletics Championships at Bristol. R. Rossiter came 3rd in 880 yards, and F. Scalbert was 2nd in the 80m. Hurdles.

F.M.S.

Old Colours: M. Pickford, R. Rossiter, F. Scalbert.

SWIMMING REPORT, 1965

The standard of the School's swimming improved greatly in 1965. The improvements, mainly due to Miss Fraser's hard work in coaching us, were particularly marked in the School Swimming Sports when many records were broken.

A team was entered for the North Dorset Swimming Sports which were held at Gillingham. We were quite pleased with our results and several girls got through to the Dorset Swimming Gala held in Poole. From the results of this Gala, Celia Finch was selected to swim for Dorset in the South Western Counties Gala held in Plymouth.

A three-cornered match was also arranged against Gillingham School and Shaftesbury Modern School. The results were:— 1st, Gillingham School; 2nd, Shaftesbury High School; 3rd, Shaftesbury Modern School.

Individual Cups:—

Lower School—Winner: M. Smith. Runner-up: J. Davies.

Middle School—Winner: P. Bolton. Runner-up: E. Woolley.

Upper School—Winner: V. Greenland. Runner-up: P. Jolliffe.

House Shield:—

1st Wren 189 points.

2nd Barnes 120 points.

3rd Hardy 63 points.

Colours already held by:—

V. Greenland.

New Colours awarded to:—

S. Bartlett, P. Jolliffe, A. Mitchell.

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CHOIR REPORT

At Christmas the joint choirs of the Grammar School and High School again took part in the Annual Carol Service, in which this year a new modern carol was introduced, "Eastern Monarchs sages three". Our choir sang "There is no Rose" by John Joubert.

In March our choir, with the choirs of the Grammar School and Modern School, joined by the East Knoyle Choral Society and some invited Soloists, performed, in Holy Trinity Church, "Vivaldi's Gloria, Mozart's Coronation Mass in C, and Faure's Requiem" accompanied by part of the Dorset Orchestra. This musical offering was a great experience and thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part.

On Speech Day the Choir performed three songs, "The Lord is My Shepherd", the 23rd Psalm set to music by Schubert, "The Ascension", by Martinu, accompanied on the violin by Mr. Purcell,

and "See the Gipsies", a modern Gipsy Dance by Kodály. Again we were fortunate in being accompanied on the piano by Doctor Reginald Johnson, and the massed song "Tune thy Music to thy Heart" was written by him.

Finally, many thanks to Miss Drake, without whose patient teaching our choir could not exist.

HELEN ROBINS, Upper VI.

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ORCHESTRA REPORT

Now a small orchestra we began the year with no further losses of members. We achieved some fairly good results of several simpler works for small orchestras.

At the end of the year we lost only one member, our much valued pianist, Margaret Pickford, whom we thank for her long service to the orchestra. There are several clarinetists and violinists lower down the School who will be joining us soon. We invite any as yet undiscovered musicians to help increase the size of our orchestra.

We thank Miss Drake for so patiently conducting and aiding the orchestra, and Mr. Purcell for so willingly helping and playing with the struggling violins.

F. M. SCALBERT, *Leader of the Orchestra.*

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RECORDER SOCIETY REPORT

During the year, we recruited one or two new members, and several people have now learned to play the bass recorder. Although nothing outstanding has happened during the year, we have met regularly every Monday lunch hour and have very much enjoyed playing together.

SARAH BURT, U.VI, *Leader.*

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CAMPANOLOGY CLUB

This has been another successful year for the Campanology Club, during which we have entertained the members of various Women's Institutes and also the School at concerts and other occasions during the Terms.

We should like to thank Pat Turner very much for teaching us the art of campanology and for giving us the opportunity to give others pleasure through our knowledge, and we all regret that our Club can no longer continue now that our leader has left.

JANE KERLEY, Lower V.

FLOWER GUILD REPORT

During the year the Flower Group has held many enjoyable meetings, and it has been found that our members prefer the cheezy biscuits to the plain ones! A number of girls entered the Shaftesbury Chrysanthemum Show, Carolyn Hunt winning a 3rd prize for her miniature, and Pamela Carter a 2nd Prize for her perpendicular arrangement.

Our exhibition for Parents' Day was as usual enjoyed by all, as were the table decorations in the hall on Speech Day. We are sorry to loose Mary Long and Ann Scalbert, our keen leaders, but are hoping to increase our numbers from the lower part of the School. We must again thank Miss Drake, without whose patience and encouragement we could not hope to achieve such a happy and successful Group.

PAMELA CARTER, Upper V.

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THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Although at the moment the High School has no Debating Society of its own, some of the Sixth Form enjoyed the hospitality of the Grammar School Society during the winter months.

During the year the Debating Society held its own General Election, the Socialists winning by one vote over the Tories. The motion "That a Comprehensive School is best for Shaftesbury" was carried, and the motion, "The age of chivalry is dead" was unanimously defeated.

The most popular meeting of the year was the "Hat night" when members were pounced upon to defend without notice the most ridiculous motions such as "Belisha beacons blink 'off and on' as opposed to 'on and off'."

Those who attended thoroughly enjoyed the meetings and would like to express their gratitude to the Grammar School for their hospitality. We are looking forward with pleasure to more debates.

M. KELLEY.

EXPEDITIONS

SIXTH FORM EXPEDITION TO FAWLEY

At the end of the Summer Term the Sixth Form Chemists of the High School and Grammar School spent an interesting day being shown the Esso Oil Refinery on Southampton water.

On our arrival at the refinery (which is the largest in the United Kingdom), we were shown into the reception hall where a larger-than-life-size-cartoon-tiger was displaying a notice with the words "1965, the year of the tiger". The familiar figure of the tiger is much in evidence at Fawley.

From the reception hall we were ushered into the lecture room where the complicated process of refining the crude petroleum was explained to us in the simplest possible terms. Not only does the establishment refine oil for motor car consumption, but also supplies some of the large chemical concerns with oil which is the raw material for many products including synthetic fibres, polythene and detergents.

After the lecture we were given an excellent lunch and then taken in a Company coach around the refinery itself. The refinery occupies a large area of land, much of which has been reclaimed from the mud banks of the Solent. We were able to see some of this land reclamation in process. Across the refinery are huge hundreds of thousand gallon tanks full of oil at some stage in the refining process and connecting them are miles of complicated webs of ironmongery. Wherever one goes in the refinery one cannot escape the pungent oppressive smell of waste gases which hangs heavily in the air. Because of the large quantities of oil there is an obvious fire risk, but the Esso Company take many precautions to prevent a fire occurring, and to ensure that, if a fire does occur in any particular part of the plant, that part is quickly shut off. Also at the refinery we were shown how the Company purifies the water they have used in order to prevent chemically polluted water entering the remains.

For me the most interesting part of the refinery was the control room—the nucleus of the establishment from which at the push of a button any individual part of the plant can be stopped working if an emergency, such as a fire, arose. The room is small and the walls are flanked with many computers, calculators and complicated dials which would puzzle even Dr. Who! The experts are able, at a glance at these dials before them, to diagnose trouble almost before it begins. This to me is the most remarkable part of the refinery and the highlight of our day there.

THE SCHOOL'S CONCERT AT BOURNEMOUTH

Just after the beginning of the School year the Lower V and we (the Upper IV), along with Miss Drake and Miss Fraser, set off at nine o'clock, destination: The Bournemouth Winter Gardens.

We arrived at Bournemouth just before eleven o'clock and joined the many other schools queueing to enter. We sat in the balcony alongside Gillingham School.

Gradually the orchestra filled up, starting with the string section until finally the whole orchestra had assembled.

We listened to many pieces of music, introduced by the conductor, ranging from the 15th to 19th centuries. All too soon the concert was over and we were told from which door to leave. We soon made our way back to the bus, and left for School.

We arrived back at half past one after having a very enjoyable morning at the concert.

Lower V.

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THE U.IV OUTING

It was the day of the Upper Fourth Outing, Tuesday, July 13th.

We clambered into the coach armed with swimming gear, lunch and mackintoshes.

Our destination, Canford Cliffs, was reached by about eleven o'clock and the majority of us took advantage of the bright sunshine and warm sea whilst others of our party walked into Sandbanks.

The morning passed happily, except perhaps for one of our company, when some sea creature took a fancy to her toe and she emerged from the water with a very swollen foot.

Our afternoon was spent in viewing the "Max Factor" factory at Parkstone. This proved to be a very interesting experience for all of us, especially when afterwards we were invited into the canteen for tea, and we were all given a tube of sun tan lotion as a gift. Mrs. Hosford and Miss Matthews, to whom we are very grateful for accompanying us, received perfume, and Mr. Hardiman, the coach driver, was given some shaving lotion.

We returned to School at about half past four after a very eventful and memorable day.

MOIRA DAVIES.

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THE UPPER FIFTH FORM OUTING TO BOURNEMOUTH

For our Form Outing last year, we decided to go to Bournemouth, to spend the morning on the beach at Branksome, and in the afternoon to go and see "The Sound of Music".

Therefore at half past nine one morning 'at the end of last term, when our dreaded 'O' levels were over, we were all waiting outside the School gates, with Mrs. Whaley and Miss Essex, for the coach. It came at last, we climbed aboard, and said goodbye to Shaftesbury for a few hours.

Once we arrived in Bournemouth, most people went for a swim while others wandered along the beach, or went to buy ice-creams. By mid-day, exercise had made everyone hungry, so we all sat down on the sand to eat our picnic lunches—which, of course, most people had already attacked on the journey down. Then we all climbed into the coach again, to go to the cinema.

"The Sound of Music"—for the benefit of anyone who has not already seen it, is the story of a nun (Maria—played by Julie Andrews) who, because she cannot settle down to the quiet way of life in a convent, goes to look after the seven Von Trapp children.

Captain Von Trapp, who had never really recovered from the death of his wife, treated his children as if they were his army, and forbade Maria to teach them any songs and games. She disobeyed his orders, however, and when he returned from a trip to Vienna, with his fiancée, he discovered what a musical family he had. His anger soon melted, and Maria found she was in love with him. The Captain's fiancée, not unnaturally, was rather jealous at this, and Maria returned to the convent. She could not bear to be parted from the children, however, and was soon back again. The Captain broke off his engagement shortly afterwards, and he and Maria were married. Then, because the Second World War had broken out, the Captain was forced to flee the country (Austria). He did this under cover of a music festival, which the whole family entered and won, and crossed over the mountains to safety.

Without exception, we all thought this a marvellous film, and a very good ending to our Form Outing.

* * *

OUR JOURNEY INTO "HARDY COUNTRY"

For our G.C.E. 'O' level we had to read Thomas Hardy's novel "Far From The Madding Crowd". As the story was set in the beautiful country of Dorset, in which most of us are lucky enough to live, we were very pleased that Miss Lloyd had arranged for us to go out one school day in order to explore the places that Hardy mentioned and to discover for ourselves why he loved Dorset so much.

It was still quite chilly when we climbed into the bus, but soon we began chatting noisily until we reached the outskirts of Blandford—or Shottsford Forum, as Hardy knew it. After crossing the River Stour we proceeded through Winterborne Whitchurch and Milborne St. Andrew, two charming villages with thatched-roofed houses, and then on through Puddletown or "Weatherbury". A little further on we came to Yalbury Hill, now slightly flattened and widened, and caught a quick glimpse of the countryside on either side, coloured bright red by the red-campions there among the bracken, and sheep dotted over the gently undulating hills. We could easily imagine Gabriel Oak, the shepherd in "Far from the Madding Crowd", in their midst, and were beginning even then to feel how much of the natural beauty of Dorset we had missed and how much we had taken for granted.

On arriving at Dorchester we were feeling, as young adventurous country maidens of our age incessantly do, rather hungry, and enjoyed our packed lunches at Maiden Castle, to scramble back into the coach all looking rather like Ken Dodd's on account of the wind through our locks on top of the tumuli! We returned to Dorchester, or "Casterbridge" as Hardy called it, and explored the museum and some of the churches Hardy mentioned. We were very impressed with the number of books the novelist had written, which filled an enormous bookcase, and were able to read a history of his life, and buy postcards to remind us of our visit.

All too soon we were on the homeward journey, but stopped at Stinsford where Hardy's heart is buried, along with his two wives and daughter, to study the gargoyles on the church which were, like most others, extremely grotesque. Here we were also shown where the old choir sat in the gallery, just above the door, which we hear of in "Under The Greenwood Tree".

The last point to be noted was the old farmhouse of Bathsheba, which was very stately and impressive in the midst of beautiful trees and rolling hills. We all found that the expedition put new life into our Hardy reading, feeling that now we knew more about his county and could share his feelings for it. I am sure every one of us realised that we must explore our county fully in order to appreciate everything in it and to see how beautiful the countryside is that we are part of, but never really saw properly until we looked at it through the eyes of Thomas Hardy.

JOAN CUSTARD, Lower VI.

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THE VISIT TO THE ROMAN VILLA AT CHEDWORTH

On Thursday, October 28th, Miss Watkins and Miss Woods took the Latin scholars (Lower Fifth upwards) to the villa at Chedworth. Evidence, such as floors and mosaics, show the villa



SPEECH DAY, 1965

By A. J. Realing



1st VII NETBALL TEAM

Back Row L. to R. S. Young, P. Gale, J. Custard.
Front Row L. to R. F. Scalbert, S. Bartlett, Z. Glinos, A. Mitchell.

[by A. J. Bealing

to be mostly 4th Century, but these parts are said to be additions to the original which was built in the 1st Century A.D. Many parts were in surprisingly good condition, including the baths, of which there were several, although they did not use them all at the same time. Fortunately we had a very interesting guide, and between him and Miss Watkins we were fed with much food for thought on life in Roman Britain.

Upper V spent their lunch hour on an old Roman 'via' and we were accompanied by ghosts of Roman chariots and horsemen.

We descended upon Cirencester to visit the excellent museum there, where Jenny Blanchett found a Latin acrostic which Miss Watkins had once given us in class.

TWO IMPORTANT SCHOOL DAYS

SPEECH DAY

The Third Form was very excited as it was to be our very first Speech Day.

Everybody turned up on Wednesday, September 2nd in their School uniform.

At last the great moment came. The School lined up outside their classrooms ready to march to the cinema where the Speech Day was going to be held.

We had to wait for a little, while the teachers in their robes walked up and down the lines. At last the procession started to move.

When we got to the cinema we were shown to our seats. Minute by minute the cinema was getting more crowded. When everyone was silent, Mrs. Bradford, the chairman of the governors and Miss Woods, made some remarks telling of how the School had progressed throughout the last year.

After this, the speaker, who knew Miss Woods very well, gave her speech. Then Mr. Cole made a vote of thanks to her.

After this the choir sang three songs and then the rest of the School sang. The Third Form did not sing because we couldn't learn the song quickly enough! The songs were accompanied by Dr. Johnson.

This was the end of a lovely day.

MARILYN FORD, Form III.

THE SCHOOL FÊTE

On Wednesday, July 21st, we held our School Fête. There was much preparation for this, and as the weather was rather doubtful in the morning we decided to have it indoors. It was a good thing we did, for in the afternoon it poured with rain.

The fête was opened by the Mayor and Mayoress, Alderman and Mrs. MacDonald. Two members of the Third Form, Anne Linley and Catherine Carter, presented the bouquets.

There were many stalls, including fruit and vegetables, flowers and buttonholes, home-made produce, a book stall, and white elephant. In the Domestic Science room the VI Form served teas which were very delicious. The parents had a bottle stall. L.IV had a pets corner in which they had a parrot and owl, guinea pigs, hamsters, rabbits and a grass-snake: L.V had a fortune telling stall which was very popular indeed, for there was always a long queue waiting. We, the Third Form, had a handiwork stall, an egg guessing game, and a "guess the name of the doll" competition. There were many entries for this and was very popular. The doll was won by Shelagh Beck. We were very grateful to Anne's grandmothers who dressed the doll and also chose the name for it—'Kirsty'.

We had many sideshows, a bran-tub which was very popular with the younger children. We also had skittles, a treasure hunt and various other competitions which we all enjoyed.

We owe many thanks to all the staff who all helped us, especially to Mrs. Casidy and Mrs. Hosford who helped our Form with its stalls and sideshows.

CHRISTINE MEADEN, L.IV.

A DEBATABLE POINT—Ghosts

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

Believe in ghosts? Of course I believe in ghosts. This does not necessarily mean that I have seen one myself—I haven't—but I have come to the conclusion that here and there among the hundreds and thousands of ghost stories that have perfectly natural explanations, there are the few that remain mysteriously unsolved. The dictionary defines a ghost as something made preternaturally visible, and a phantom as a fancied vision. This may be true in some cases, but surely everyone in this world who has seen a ghost at sometime in his or her life cannot be suffering from hallucinations? It is not possible. Neither is it possible to explain the very real sense of evil that pervades a particular house, or a particular room; the atmosphere one can cut with a knife and feel instinctively must have witnessed some ghastly deed during its history.

When we die we believe that we pass into the next life or the spirit world. This we are told is neither "down there" nor "up there", but all around us and undoubtedly the veil between the two is very thin—particularly so to some people. There is a ghost story handed down in my family from my grandmother who slept one night in a very old house in Shrewsbury. During the night the form of a monk came and stood at the foot of her bed. It stood there for a few minutes and then went out again as quietly as it had come. The next morning everybody was most anxious to hear how she had slept. She told them what had happened: — "Oh yes", they said, "that was our ghost".

This is just one of many ghost stories, most have a natural explanation, but what of the others? In this age of sound and light waves, is it not more than possible for events to impress themselves on the atmosphere?

CHRISTINE ELKINS, L.VI.

VIEWS OF AN UNBELIEVER

Ghosts are figments of the imagination, created by aspiring authors in order to put a little spice in their stories and hold the interest of their readers. How any rationally-minded adult in this materialistic age of planes and pills could seriously consider the existence of such phenomena is something I am as yet unable to understand.

The thought of a floating semi-transparent phantom flitting nostalgically from room to room of an ancient manor house is credible perhaps, to an enlightened few, but not to those who, like myself, find such spectral visions beyond our comprehension and imagination.

That I might, whilst on my own at night in a lonely house, come face to face with such an apparition has never entered my head. My fears at such a time are much more concerned with the very real presence of a burglar or an escaped mental patient.

Many people believe ghosts are the spirits of the dead remaining on earth to haunt the living. Some of these unfortunates (a very few), even claim to have seen such supernatural visions. Of course these appearances were usually viewed at twilight, when it is impossible in the deceptive dusk, to tell a gatepost from a cow, or in the early hours of the morning, when the moon is playing strange tricks, and at that time even the stoutest hearts are inclined to falter at a strange noise or flickering shadow.

At seances, where everybody is concentrating on hearing or seeing something spectacular, it would be quite possible to imagine that one had in fact done so. (Hypnotic trances are not unknown). The mediums, who earn a great amount of money by the use of their supposedly mystical powers, are quite capable of deceiving their gullible clients. Yes—ghosts can be a profitable business for some!

J. BALLINGER, L.VI.

HOLIDAYS

ARCHAEOLOGY ON BERWICK DOWN

For three weeks during the summer holidays we had the good fortune to be on an archaeological dig at Tollard Royal, Wilts., under the direction of Dr. Wainwright (investigator of ancient monuments, Ministry of Public Buildings and Works!), alias 'Sir'. This, the site of an Iron Age Farm, was one of the few that the great General Pitt-Rivers did not excavate.

We arrived on the 16th of August and pitched our tent rather precariously, hoping the wind (which, by the way, is extremely violent up there!) would not blow it down. In fact we did manage to keep it up with no major mishap during the time we were there.

On the first day we met the 'gang' at 8.30 a.m. and found them all to be very friendly and helpful. The site was divided into 52ft. sections and the workmen, combined with the bulldozer, took off the turfs and we were left to clean the top soil from the bedrock which then had to be scraped and brushed "so clean that you could eat your dinner off it!" This then showed up the grain storage pits which we had to excavate very carefully, sifting through all the soil looking for 'finds'. These were generally small pieces of pottery (iron age C and occasionally B), bones, teeth, daub, charcoal, iron nodules, pot boilers, napped flints and brooches. The daub and charcoal showed that there had been huts nearby, and when investigations were carried out the post holes of two hut sites were found.

We learned the various techniques of excavation and the elementary rules, e.g. the maintaining of a dead-straight section and the methodic sifting of rubble, etc. The work was hard at first and we suffered from severe attacks of 'digger's arm' and 'scraper's finger' until we got used to it. We both developed beautiful muscles and sunburned shoulders, and learned to handle picks and shovels with great expertise.

We met many new friends there, and had a thoroughly good time. We certainly mean to do more archaeology in the future. After we left we heard reports of more finds. Two animal skeletons were found in the ditch, a Roman horse and a Roman dog. They had been thrown there by people from an adjacent Romano-British Village. Several pieces of Samian (good quality Roman pottery) were discovered (and also some carbonised wheat. The latest discovery has been a human skeleton—a woman with a bracelet still on her arm. This was the highlight of the whole dig and wound it up to a most honourable finish!

JILL HILLIER, SARAH BURT, U.VI.

NORTH SPAIN

North Spain is a land of mountains as we found when we spent four hours looking for a flat piece of ground on which to camp. The Spanish call these mountains 'Sierra' which means teeth, and how well they are named, for they look like jagged rows of teeth as they rise out of the plains. But how unlike our mountains they are! Some are covered with wild lavender, gorse, thistles, other such plants and pine trees which are tapped for resin; others are just bare rocks which, in the early morning are shrouded in mist, and later in the great heat of the day they shimmer under the sun. In the hottest part of the day the only life to be seen is a pair of eagles circling lazily over head. Here and there little streams from 8,000 feet come gushing out of the mountain sides over a rock slab (it was from these that we got our drinking water).

The best thing, of course, would be for you to visit the North of Spain, but, let me warn you, the roads are awful in more ways than one. There are good roads but not in this part. The best roads, although covered with tarmac, are very badly banked, and if you are not careful you will find yourself heading for a hole, two feet wide by one foot deep at least, which has, it seems, mysteriously opened up before you. If you survive these man traps and reach the side roads the prospect is as bad; having no tarmac and being rough and stoney like the worst farm tracks, these roads wind giddily up mountain passes wide enough for one car but no more. And on one side there is often a drop 1,000 feet down to a stream below, and nothing to stop you going over it.

The only traffic which uses these roads is donkeys, ponies, mules, sheep, oxen (bullocks) and pedestrians. It would be difficult to get a car along many of these roads and impossible for a tractor to plough the steep fields; some are so steep that only hay is grown, and that is cut by hand. Besides being used for cultivation, e.g. ploughing; the bullocks are used for many odd jobs. Everyone uses a pony, donkey or mule for transport and takes an umbrella with him, for if it rains he has a shelter, and if the sun is shining, what a lovely sunshade! Because these are the only travellers the roads do not have to be good.

Along the coast live a race of people who are fairly dark with Moorish features, but living high in the Asturias mountains is a fair race of people with very Nordic features. These people are shepherds and they keep flocks of sheep which, like most of the other animals, have bells round their necks; from the distance these bells sound like a stream.

Yet it is in this land of simple and hard working people that some of the earliest traces of man are to be found; caves, axeheads and such like, but by far the most striking remains are the cave

drawings. Drawn with charcoal, sand and blood, the ones we saw at Altamira were full of life and movement, exciting and easily recognisable although they were drawn 50,000 years ago. They were said to be for a kind of sacrifice, but no one knows for certain.

This part of Spain has a great history, but I can only tell you that the Moors overran all Spain except the Asturias in the 8th Century, and it was in one of the valleys we saw that they had their first defeat; although it was not till the 15th Century they were finally driven out; this was the turning point of the war.

It was higher up in the valley of Coverdonga (the scene of this battle) that we saw some very beautiful lakes at 6,000 feet, of a green blue colour surrounded by mountains called "Picos de Europa" which were capped with snow. On the flat land and less steep slopes round about, cattle, sheep, ponies and other animals grazed all summer.

We found the peasants very friendly. They offered to let us camp in their paddocks with a lot of waving of arms; although we spoke no Spanish and they spoke it non stop, very fast, all the time, we managed to understand a little.

For all its difficulties I think our holiday was worth while, and I advise all who can, to go to the Asturias.

B. CRIPPS, U.IV.

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A BALTIC CRUISE

In May of this year, I was one of a party of children from my Primary School, to be lucky enough to go on an educational cruise. The ship was the S.S. Devonian, and it was the first cruise for junior schools. Altogether, there were eight hundred and thirty-four children aboard, as well as the teachers, the crew and cabin passengers.

On the day we were due to sail, we arrived at Southampton, and having gone through the passport and customs office, said goodbye to our parents. Then we boarded the Devonian which was to be our home for the next ten days. Having been shown to our dormitories we unpacked. Then we had fire drill. At last, to the sound of the ship's band, we sailed.

The following day was a lazy one as there was not much to do. So we explored the ship. On Sunday morning we awoke to find that we were in the Kiel Canal. As soon as we could we went up on deck, where we took our first glimpse of Germany. We could see for miles around us because the land was very flat. There were lots of other vessels on the canal, some of them were even going as far as the Arctic. The German families that were camping or fishing on the banks, all waved to us and seemed very friendly. It took most of the day to go through the canal.

The Devonian docked at Copenhagen early the next morning, and we prepared to disembark. As soon as this was over, we boarded the coach that was taking us on a tour around the city. Our guide was Danish but she spoke very good English. Our tour took us to a beautiful church where all the bricks had been hand polished. After that we saw the crown jewels and old national costumes in the Rosenbourg Palace. Going back to the ship we saw the famous Little Mermaid.

During the afternoon we visited the Tivoli Gardens. They were very pretty, with fountains and ornamental pools, also there were lots of different amusements. That night was spent in the harbour.

Tuesday morning was spent on board H.M.S. Leander by invitation of the captain. It was very interesting. The Devonian sailed at noon, bound for Heligoland.

Wednesday was taken up with lectures and visits to our classroom.

The next morning the Devonian anchored in the North Sea because the harbour in Heligoland was too shallow. Small boats had to come and fetch us from ship to shore. The crossing was very rough but great fun. The Island of Heligoland is very colourful. For our entertainment the school children gave a display of dancing in their national costume.

On Friday afternoon we reached Amsterdam where we had a delightful trip along the canals in a waterbus. Friday night was spent in a noisy dock.

Saturday morning we spent shopping. The shops are very nice but terribly expensive. Once on board we set sail for home.

On the last evening there was a fancy dress parade around the decks. Our School entered as the Liverpool football team and won first prize.

Sunday morning came too soon and the ship docked at Tilbury.

It was a wonderful experience that I shall never forget.

PAULINE PIPER, Form III.

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HOLIDAY JOB?

Out came the buckets, piled high with a wide selection of vegetables. Their young muscles flexing, the children heaved the leguminous heaps out of the kitchen, through the dining room tramping on their father's wallpapering tools on the way, and out into the hot, bright sun. Exasperated shouts from Monsieur and Madame resulted, so I quickly busied myself with some knives, as though to profess my innocence of the crime. The noise from inside the newly built villa quietened down until all that could be

heard was the amateur brush-work of Monsieur, as he keenly spread the sticky paste on the back of the paper and the top of the table.

Meanwhile, outside, the sun's rays fell obliquely onto the sea, dancing on the surface of the Golfe de St. Tropez like a silver liquid unable to mingle with the deep blue waters, remaining suspended as sparkling globules; they reached the earth, quivering, creating a white glare, a reflection of the villa's walls, which made the vegetation appear less colourful, more dehydrated and shrivelled than it was. But the cultivated type sitting on the balcony awaiting our attention, was in perfect condition and so, implements ready, comfortable positions taken, we commenced upon one of our daily chores—catering for the eleven of us!

Inevitably such great numbers devour enormous quantities of food. And the task of peeling, scraping and chopping to the tune of: "Que sont ces légumes?" "Umm?" "Eh bien! Voici un navet et ça c'est un poireau" was not very inviting. On this point my Gallic friends and I agreed. Somehow the dry, warm atmosphere dulled our taste for work, enticing laziness. But this would not be permitted as well we all knew—our hands could easily be occupied by painting a few windows, "de-lumping" the wallpaper paste and other such delightful jobs, as directed by an authoritative adult.

Instead we just temporarily postponed our work and took up Jacqueline's suggestion of dancing. At first our attempts were somewhat inhibited, mine in particular, but once I saw Jacqueline, a pretty though plump seventeen year-old, lumber across the balcony, followed by her younger brothers and sisters with high kicks and writhings, accompanied by squeaks of delight, I joined in. My contribution to the quickening pace of this off-beat improvised ballet, was an imitation of Mick Jagger which caused great mirth. Genevieve, the fourteen year-old, although she was suffering from boils and was supposed to be incapacitated, mustered up a few squirms as she tried to copy me.

Like the shot of cannon-fire, there was an explosion from Madame as she dashed out of the house onto the balcony shrieking "Are you mad? What on earth do you think you are doing? This balcony has no support, you'll break it—there are already cracks in the steps which you always run up".

Silence fell, as this scolding report boomed out. Slowly we dispersed to our various parts of the fated construction, and settled down to our allotted duties.

The sun beat down. No one spoke. Only the flicking of peel with knives broke the guilty silence. Carrot after carrot, with a few potatoes for a change, I scraped on. Bored, I looked around and noticed some ominous black lines crazy-paving across the tiles.

Glancing away, my eyes fell upon a strange "objet d'art". Previously I had been told that the statue sitting on the sideboard in the dining room was "maman" by "papa". Neat and slim was this, but the one which was obscurely placed on the balcony yet still subject to the fast-changing weather of the Midi, looked worse for wear. Was this distended shape modelled in orange clay, "maman" again? If so was it she as in her latter years after having her nine children? Needless to say, I never enquired.

The vegetables, stripped of their skins, were escorted into the villa once more, as we filed in.

A stomach has several activities in which its muscles delight, including those of giving the sensation of butterflies fluttering in it, and of rumbling, amongst others. Since lunch never took place until half past two in the afternoon, mine as usual was yearning for food, when it had the shock of its churning life. Out of some newspaper, head first, dangling tentacles after, came an OCTOPUS! By leaps and bounds my stomach performed a most wonderful sequence of difficult exercises, communicating to me that a meal of suckers was not desired!

The daily ritual did not occur until three o'clock that day. Monsieur, an expert on cooking, was not satisfied with his "specialité". I am afraid "moi non plus". I did like the sauce though—I was told I ought to since it contained wine and butter "jamais de la margerine"—"et un peu de sel" piped up Marc-O (Marc-Olivier) the ten year-old baby of the family who, under his father's tuition, had learned to chant that utterance every time it was necessary.

Geneviève, my exchange, dressed in her usual attire of minute shorts, paint spattered T-shirt and unravelling straw-hat, carried out her sacred rite—complimenting the chef—by using the most eloquent adjectives to show her appreciation of the meal, on behalf of us all. As a result, such evocative words as "succulent", "merveilleux", etc. poured out of her. Whether it was a practised art or a natural instinct—she ate like a starved French horse—I do not know, but whenever superlative words were needed, Geneviève was always called upon to supply them.

Typically French, the morning's strife was quite forgotten and the children boldly hinted:

"Le ciel est si bleu, bleu, bleu,
Et la mer si belle, belle, belle",

a ditty signifying that a dip in the sea would not be amiss. But we never bathed: despite calm waters, clear skies and a baking sun; the most we did was paddle.

Evening now drew near. Rippling down the mountain side, through the trees, playing with leaves like whirlpools, came the cool currents of air. The fading golden glow of the afternoon sun, tinged with the rivulets of breezes, still caressed the seashore. Dark shadows grew longer as we set about our final duty of the day.

Any empty buckets, watering cans and other containers were clustered together "*pour arroser le jardin*". Each child was allotted one section of the garden, provided with a water-holder, and instructed upon the approximate volume of water required by each plant. Suddenly water was splashing everywhere. It spouted from the "*robinets*" placed at strategic points of the garden—I was nearly doused by Geneviève who turned on a shower above me as I dutifully filled my milk churn. Some of the fluid reached the cans, the rills resounding and bouncing on the bottom. Two cans for this, three for that; the crumbly soil sucked the life-giving liquid up. At last, the garden wallowing in mud with our toes sinking into the softened earth, we turned to Domi who was in the course of spraying all the trees—to him this meant drowning every leaf—with the hose.

The hilly air made us conscious of the cold fact that the sun was no longer with us. Black against the darkening sky, the mountain stood impressive, yet sinister, like the tree which overshadowed us, its leaves whispering. All round, everything was reduced to a strange monochrome, making the white form of the villa appear ghost-like.

On leaving this eery atmosphere to the Mistral, I climbed the steps onto the balcony with due care to the cracks, and looked out to sea. Across the calm bay, metamorphosis seemed to have taken place. For instead of the ugly grub of a tourist town St. Tropez normally was, at that moment with its many flickering lights fading into the distance on the hills behind, and with a clear reflection glinting below, it appeared as a multi-coloured butterfly fluttering at the water's edge.

So ended one day in many during my stay at Ste. Maxime. The scenery was superb; I loved the deep turquoise sea, and the steep forested mountains contrasting with the white, pink-roofed villas, which I saw while I was not retrieving litre bottles of milk from a splintering death as we wheeled round the twisting road on the way back from a shopping spree. I was extremely fortunate to have gone there, but it was most annoying that after all my sun-bathing and even using chemical means of cheating which were greatly frowned upon by the family, I only succeeded in burning my left shoulder.

"Tant pis!"

LUCY JORDAN, Lower VI.

"OUTWARD BOUND," RHOWNIAR, TOWYN, WALES, AUGUST, 1965

My four weeks at Outward Bound were so crowded with events that I cannot give you more than a brief impression of our activities. With much trepidation we arrived at Aberdovey Junction, to be crammed into the three waiting vehicles, and driven the two miles to the School. We were then divided into groups of twelve and taken by our Group Instructor through the house to our Dormitories. The new part of the School is very cheerful and modern, having being added to the original house two years ago.

Our activities ranged from Rock Climbing to a Public Speaking Competition in which we were all expected to take part. The course is organised into tasks and talks, usually three of each, building up into a climax, a three-day rigorous expedition to put into practice what we had learnt. For the final expedition each group is self sufficient, including planning of route, food, equipment, etc. Essential clothing and equipment is loaned by the School. In our group we took part in competitions such as Initiative Tests, Cross Country Run and "The Wall" which the whole group has to get over in the shortest possible time. I also enjoyed sessions on Ropes. Other activities included Canoeing, and "Drown Proofing", a method of floating when the body may be in water for some hours and survival may depend on preventing exhaustion caused by efforts to reach safety. One afternoon, dressed in our red School anoraks, we sold flags for charity for the Towyn Community Association, and another day our Group had to make a survey of Towyn, and prepare an illustrated folder of our discoveries.

Among our indoor activities were First Aid and Home Nursing, Drama, Movement to Music, and Discussions on a variety of subjects. One Saturday night we had a Bar-b-que and Sing-song in "The Barn", a lovely converted building full of atmosphere. Two thirds of my group were still at school, some were sponsored by Local Education Authorities, and some by their schools, while I was sponsored by The Friends of the Wiltshire Association of Youth Clubs. Two girls were from Public Schools, one from a Convent, and one from a Modern School, others from Grammar Schools, and two from industry.

There are only two Outward Bound Schools for Girls, the other being on Dartmoor. Each Centre caters for eighty girls for courses of four weeks duration. On completion we were each awarded a badge as a mark of our success, but it was stressed at the beginning that the whole course was within reach of the average person.

It is difficult for me to pick on a particular highlight as I enjoyed it all, although together with a large number of the other girls I greatly enjoyed Rock Climbing, which I had never done before.

HELEN ROBINS, Upper VI.

WITCH MUSIC?

During the Easter holidays I spent three weeks in France with my French pen-friend Antoinette. She had a charming family and altogether I was very happy there.

I found, during my stay, that Antoinette and I had one thing in common, this being that we both played the piano. However, when one day I went with her to a music lesson I found that the environments and the methods of teaching differed somewhat from a normal lesson in England. But I must point out one thing before I continue, and that is that I believe that this teacher's methods are unique!

We arrived at the house which seemed badly in need of a coat of paint. On entering, it seemed at first pitch-black, but gradually when I became accustomed to the gloom I saw we were in a corridor and that at the end of it a staircase led to the upper storey.

The steps were very rickety and I grovelled in the darkness to find the light switch, touching a spider's web in the process. The light did not improve matters much except for helping me see my way, for it lit up many of the nooks and crannies which were full of all kinds of weird insects. I shuddered and continued to ascend the stairs.

We halted near the top and Antoinette knocked on a door in the wall which, being painted the same colour as the walls surrounding, was hardly visible, and if Antoinette had not been there I would never have noticed it. A high-pitched voice from within shrieked "Entrez!" We obeyed, although with some delay, for we had to clamber from the stairs to the doorway which was on the level of the landing a few steps above.

The teacher, or "Madame", was a hunch-backed old lady of about eighty, and since she had only one tooth which was very prominent when she smiled, and straggly white hair which she sometimes forgot to put in a bun, she seemed to resemble the conventional idea of a witch.

This feeling increased when I was introduced to her, for she held out a much roughened and scrawny hand to me, asking me if I should like to play the piano to her. I hurriedly declined, being content to sit on her bed and watch poor Antoinette at her mercy. I was glad I did so when I saw her leaning over her pupil, harshly criticising, and leering at her, telling her that she was "une enfant méchante", and in such a tone that I thought she was going to shriek out "Double, double, toil and trouble". Instead she went to stir her cauldron which was boiling on the stove!

Once there was such a hiss that I really thought she had brought her black cat, but it was only her cauldron (a black pot) boiling over.

The pupil's lot Chez Madame was certainly not a happy one, when her mad daughter decided to take the lesson, for her motto seemed to be, "The pupil is never right", and would make the poor child shake in terror.

Madame charged a set fee per month and the pupils could come and go as they liked. Antoinette only went to the classes because her parents felt sorry for this old person who was so much scorned and yet was really only a very old lady, who at one time had been famous for her composing (although she had never been seen to put finger to key), but was now obliged to give lessons to earn enough money to provide for herself and her daughter.

SALLIE PILE, Lower VI.

* * *

HIGHLAND HOLIDAY

This year my family and I travelled to Scotland for our holiday into the Highlands. We had been to Scotland before but not in that part.

We stayed in a little village called Killin in Perthshire. Killin nestles right at the foot of the towering mountains and very near the shores of Loch Tay.

Although we were miles from the big towns, we didn't mind because my family and I love the country.

My father and brother would go and fish while mother and I walked and climbed.

One sunny evening mother and I got the car out and drove up one of the mountain tracks for about four miles, then parked it at the base of Ben Ohlas and started climbing.

As we got higher we could feel the misty air tugging our hair, and far above us we could see the thick mist looming above us like a huge white sheet.

We climbed higher and higher. I even surprised two mountain hares having a nap, one just below my own feet.

It was very peaceful and no one was near, only the bleating sheep gambolling up and down the boggy tracks which they had made through the years.

Here and there we noticed little boards pointing to the very rare flowers which would only grow in those parts.

In between the mist we could see the lovely view far, far below, of the Loch and bubbling streams running down the rocky slopes. On the opposite side there was a very different sight, a huge reservoir of still dark waters. Later we found out that it was one

thousand and fifty feet deep, and that made a shiver like ice run down our backs at the thought of falling into its gloomy depths.

From time to time, we visited the local craftsman and watched them working. In Braemar we saw the wood-carver, and in a little cottage under Ben Larvers we saw a man carving all sort of things from deer antlers and horns from the sheep and cattle.

Some of the little shops around sold beautiful tweeds and tartans, and my father bought Mummy and me each a beautiful talisman brooch which were copies of Old Celtic jewelry.

The day we went to Braemar was very interesting because such a lot happened. As we were travelling towards Braemar we saw a baby deer, which we thought was bottle-fed because it was so tame. It cheekily put its big antlered head through the opened car window and we all got out to take a photograph of it, but it lowered its head and reared on its hind legs, for it was spoilt and wanted food not photographs!

When we stopped to have dinner, mummy spotted, on the heathery mountain-side, a line of men waving flags. We realized they were beating for grouse and caper-caillie. The man nearest us was carrying a red flag and all the others had to keep in line with him. When the guns fired we were glad to see that some of the birds escaped.

That day we saw the ski-lifts at Glen Shee and travelled over the Devil's Elbow which is the highest public road in Great Britain.

We were sorry to leave the Highlands because we had loved them so much, but we had an interesting journey back. It was very long, over five hundred miles, and we had to travel all through the night. When we arrived at Carlisle, we had supper in one of the Chinese Restaurants there.

Much later, about half-past three in the morning, we went into one of the huge new Service Areas on the M.6. They can be seen from far away looking like Crystal Palaces gleaming with many lights like illuminated bridges over the road. No taps, no towels, everything was done by automation.

We were glad when we arrived home, but we hope to go back again very soon.

CLAIRE PERRY, III Form.

* * *

A HOLIDAY IN GERMANY

In important feature of the "A" level examination in German is the Oral Test, and in order to reach a reasonably high standard it is necessary to visit a country where the language is spoken. This year I was extremely fortunate in being able to travel to Germany

and I went with a party, the holiday being organised by the Christian Education Movement in Schools. It involved 11 days by Lake Constance with other English and German girls, and 9 days in a German family.

On August 5th I met the rest of the English party and we travelled together to Lindau, a most attractive town on Lake Constance by the German/Austrian border. There, we were met by the camp leader, Fräulein Nübel, and one of her assistants—Fräulein Breugler, who took us back to the house where we were to stay. It was about one hundred years old; the central hall was dominated by a magnificent wooden staircase, and it was really a Domestic Science College rented by the Evangelisches Jugendwerk (C.E.M.'s German counterpart) during the holidays.

We settled in well—three English girls to a dormitory, and were able to choose our beds since the others were not yet there.

The next day, the German girls arrived and pandemonium reigned, since communication for some of the English girls was difficult, as they knew little or no German. However, we managed to make ourselves understood and names, etc. were exchanged.

For the first few days we were very lazy and spent the time in swimming, sunbathing and rowing, but towards the latter part of our stay, outings were arranged—a trip on the lake to go to an island, where tropical plants were grown; a visit to the famous Bregenz Festival where we saw Strauss' "Eine Nacht in Venedig", and a coach tour when we visited four countries—Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Lichtenstein—all in the one day.

Daily Bible Study Groups were held, and I found these most interesting and stimulating. The discussions were especially valuable and one of our leaders was most helpful when she answered our questions.

All good things must come to an end, and with the usual exchange of address we left Lindau for Stuttgart. There we were met by the daughters of our respective "families", and Gisela (my new 'sister') took me to her home to meet Vati, Mutti, Ohma (the grandmother), and Fritz, an adorable little baby. They were German-speaking Yugoslavian refugees and we had several interesting conversations (in German!) about the life in—and their flight from—Yugoslavia.

During my stay there, I cycled a great deal and made expeditions to Ludwigsburg, Bad Liebenzell in the Black Forest, and Stuttgart, where I visited the famous television tower—the view was magnificent despite mist and rain.

Too soon my day of departure came, and I left Stuttgart at midnight. The English party was reunited, and it wasn't until 5 a.m. that we decided to try and snatch some sleep—there was so much to tell about a wonderful holiday in Germany.

S. J. BARTLETT, Upper VI.

SWEDEN

During the summer holidays I and ten other Guides went to Sweden to attend an International Guide Camp—a welcome change from our 'O' level exams!

We left for Esberg on the Krome Princess Ingrid, a Danish boat. We spent a rather rough night, arriving in Esberg about mid-day. Then we went by train to Copenhagen, where we spent some time in the famous fair ground—the Tivoli Gardens. After our brief stop we caught a luxury night-train to Norrköping, where we were to spend the next few days in a large gymnasium, in the company of Guides and Scouts from Iceland, Germany, France, Libya, Japan and England. Together we left for our camp site, the Guides being left on the mainland and the Scouts on an island.

The old Flanders and Swann hit, "Mud, Mud, Glorious Mud" proved to be an apt theme tune to our camp. When we arrived, Sweden had just experienced the heaviest rainfall in ten years, and with four thousand Guides tramping around, it was not really surprising that the once dense grass was now a sea of mud. A slight disaster for the British Guides who had brought no Wellington boots! The rain held off long enough for the Crown Prince to open the camp and for Lady Baden Powell to call on us. Then the rain came on again. Camp sites were washed away and tents were literally floating on the mud. Guides, Guiders and Scouts spent all their time rescuing tents, kits and digging channels to dispose of all the water. Every afternoon different countries were able to put on displays of National costumes and customs. The camp ended with a large camp-fire in which fireworks were let off and a Scout Badge was lit up by millions of fireworks.

Before going home we spent a hectic week as guests of Swedish Guides. We were taken to Stockholm to visit old and famous castles, and we took part in the Swedish way of life. After three weeks in Sweden we left Gothenburg on the Swedish Lloyd Line to spend two days on board before docking at Tilbury.

Despite the mud we all agreed that our trip to Sweden had been one we would never forget.

BARBARA CRIDLAND, Lower VI.

* * *

THE NAIROBI NATIONAL PARK

Now famous throughout the world, the Nairobi National Park is a fine natural game sanctuary set right on the city's southern boundary.

Within five miles of the centre of the city you pass through a modern gateway in a slender fence which divides the people's city from the animal's playground. The game animals, both large and small, live much as they have always done. They are not protected from each other and they are not fed artificially.

Lions are the chief attraction, and it is not unusual for a pride to make a kill in full view of visitors. Two lions were expelled from the Park because they drove all the other lions out of it. They were known as the 'Spivs'.

There are other minor dramas: a turtle chasing small fish in the hippo pool; an incongruous secretary bird hunting snakes in the grass; and an unwary buck being caught by a crocodile.

A great variety of other animals can be seen, from stately giraffe nibbling the thorny shoots at the top of a tall acacia or moving across the plain, to the bizarre silhouettes of wildebeeste and always there are herds of Thomson's and Grant's gazelle—sensitive, graceful animals that delight the eye.

What wonderful work these National Parks and Wardens are doing!

E. GRAINGER, Upper V.

POEMS

FROM DOLLS TO HUMANS

You humans think you're all the rage
At entertaining on the stage.
But act whatever part you please,
We'll do it better, and with ease!
Fashion models, space pioneers,
Housewives, dancers, puppeteers—
On with the lights to start the show,
Pull the strings and watch us go!

MARGARET BROOKS, L.IV.

* * *

THE SEA

The seas never ending,
Coming in, going out;
The waves always tossing,
Rising, rising, curling, curling,
The scent of the salt sea
Scented, seaweed-laden
The sea, always in me
Rippling, rippling, dimpling, dimpling—
Ebb and Flow.

CHRISTABEL POWELL, L.IV.

* * *

SKI-ING

Your skis are on
You're climbing the hill.
To the top you must climb before your skill
You can show to the crowd below.
You're off, and the rush of the wind on your face, is setting the
stride for a fabulous pace.
The corner comes, and around you go with a jump or a plough,
Then straight again till the end of the race.

PENNY WELFORD. U.IV.

MY MUM

My mum is a woman who works on the buses
With boys making trouble, and women great fusses
Over some small matter of dropping a ticket,
Or "Stop! That's my son over there playing cricket.

Upstairs and down stairs she trudges all day,
Breaking up fights, stopping children who play
With the bell, and give the driver a fright,
She hasn't got hurt yet, but some day she might.

When she gets home and goes up to bed,
She goes straight to sleep the minute her head
Touches her pillow. Sleep talk? She just can't stop,
With a "Hold on tight" and "No seats on the top!"

E. GRAY, U.IV.

* * *

THE HUNT

The sunrise is come and the night turns to day,
The horses will gallop, the hounds they will bay.
They gallop along with the wind in their mane,
In pursuit of the fox they will kill or will maim.

Tally-ho for the kill, and the horn it will blast
We've caught him, we've caught him, we've caught him at last.
No thought for their prey, he's his life to live,
Life they will take and not one will they give.

KAREN MCCABE, U.IV.

* * *

THE GOLDEN STALLION

He stands still as a statue,
The only movement, wind in tail and mane,
While high above the kestrels mew
And fall from the sky like stones.

The muscles under a golden hide
Tense and ripple, as his senses tell him danger;
He lifts his golden head, snorts his pride
Then listens silently with forward pricked ears.

He turns like the wind, snorts again
And gallops down the hill to join his mares,
With flying hoofs, tail and mane,
Then stops to smell the breeze once more.

B. CRIPPS, U.IV.

Parents' Association Section

Committee, 1965

<i>Chairman</i>	...	...	...	...	Miss Woods
<i>Secretary</i>	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Pile
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. Teasdale
<i>Staff Representatives</i>	...	...	...		Miss Piggott Miss Drake
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>	...	...			Mrs. Young Mrs. Peckham Mrs. Bartlett Mr. Smith Col. Le Quesne

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association was held on Friday, December 4th, 1964. Miss Woods took the chair, and nearly 100 members were present.

Miss Woods talked to the parents about the progress of plans about the School's future. It was decided that the parents should, if possible, have a special meeting before any public meeting took place, in which the proposed plans would be discussed.

After the election of officers and committee for 1965 the parents had the customary refreshments, and enjoyed an opportunity to meet and chat to the members of the School Staff.

The Spring meeting was held on Friday, March 12th, at the School. Miss Woods took the opportunity to tell the parents that as yet there was no indication of when a public meeting about the future of the School would be held. It now seemed unlikely that any radical change would take place for two or three years.

The speaker at this meeting was Mr. Greenwood, Assistant Officer for Further Education for the County. He gave the parents valuable general information about the grants available to school leavers who wished to continue their education, and after his talk parents had an opportunity to ask about individual cases.

The Summer meeting was held on Thursday, July 15th, at the School, when after a short business meeting, the parents saw a Gymnastic Display by members of the Gym Club under Miss Fraser's direction. The display took place on the tennis court and we all enjoyed a pleasant evening.



OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee

<i>President</i>	...	...	MISS M. E. WOODS
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	...	...	MRS. M. RAAD MISS M. K. DUNFORD
<i>Secretary</i>	...	...	KATHLEEN CHINN (<i>née</i> Hutchings)
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	...	...	RITA TAYLOR (<i>née</i> Mullins)
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	...	YVONNE MAIDMENT (<i>née</i> Humphries)
<i>Staff Representative</i>	...		MISS K. DRAKE
<i>Sports Representatives</i>	...		RUTH EVERITT (<i>née</i> Gibbs) BERYL KNAPTON
<i>Committee Members</i>	...		JOYCE HISCOCK (<i>née</i> Garrett) SUSAN PARKER MARY YOUNG (<i>née</i> Harris)

The Eleventh London O.G.A. Reunion March 6th, 1965

We had expected that our Tenth London Reunion, that unforgettable one at the Westminster Hospital, would be our last, but it was decided to make a great effort to keep in touch during the period of uncertainty about the School's future, and that a London Reunion was the best way for people who find it difficult to get to Shaftesbury. The 44 acceptances for this 11th Reunion proved that our hope was justified.

As Bedford College, our meeting-place for several years, was unable to accommodate us, we were fortunate to be able to hire a room at the Headquarters of the Overseas League, Overseas House, in Park Place, St. James' Street. This proved to be easily accessible and very comfortable.

Our meeting followed the usual pattern, a short business meeting, and then tea and chat. We were all grateful to Miss Woods for coming to give us the latest news of the School.

It was interesting that the years best represented at this Reunion were 1948 and 1964. It was especially cheering to have the group of girls who had so recently left school, and we hope they will continue to keep in touch with us in this way.

By general agreement we decided to meet again at Overseas House next year. Unfortunately it has proved to be impossible to book a room there for our usual first Saturday in March, so, as it is so conveniently situated, we have decided to postpone the Reunion until the second Saturday instead. Therefore our Twelfth Reunion will be held at Overseas House on Saturday, March 12th, 1966.

MARJORIE K. DUNFORD.

* * *

The O.G.A., Summer Reunion, July 3rd, 1965

The Summer Reunion, on Saturday, July 3rd, began at the Games Field with the tennis match against the School. The result was a win for the Old Girls, and we congratulate our VI.

Afterwards a buffet supper was served indoors at Barton Hill, as the weather was very cool. Members of staff and Old Girls chatted and exchanged news about careers and families. After supper Miss Woods took the chair for a short business meeting. Apologies for absence included those of Miss Dunford, whom we were disappointed not to see. Miss Woods told us the School news, during the course of which we learned of a number of girls' success in gaining entrance to University, and of other achievements. She could give little information, however, about the changes in organisation of Shaftesbury's secondary education.

More informal talk followed, and the School was open for inspection. The sight of the hall, for instance, arranged for public examinations, brought back vivid memories of school days.

Thus ended another pleasant Reunion.

GILLIAN RALPH.

O.G.A. Autumn Reunion, 1965

This year the Annual Autumn Reunion took place at School on Saturday, October 30th, as the following (November) Saturday would have come within the Half-Term Break, with the School closed, heating off and those at the hub of arrangements for this function out of Shaftesbury. For the sake of those specially interested it seems worth reporting that this Autumn Break had an extra day added to it, the gift of the Government, to help the School remember Magna Carta in this, its 750th anniversary year.

Although our preceding golden autumn days had been followed by some rough and showery weather, the afternoon of October 30th was fine and pleasant and so made possible the customary hockey match between the Old Girls and the present School—seven aside and a “win” for the Old Girls, “three—one”. Their numerical deficiency was doubtless compensated for by the inclusion in their team of some distinguished names in the world of local hockey.

For the evening meeting there gathered in the School Hall three present and past Headmistresses, six present and past Staff, and about thirty Old Girls, as well as Sally Bartlett, now Head Girl at School, and her Deputy, Elizabeth Imber. Here was special interest—a mother and daughter both able to be present at an O.G.A. reunion. We look forward to other examples of this in the future.

This meeting was thus a relatively small gathering, but it lacked nothing in good spirit, liveliness and fruitful ideas.

Miss Woods presided over the business-meeting in the Hall where we enjoyed the pleasure of extra warmth from an open fire—customary, we remembered, on festal days. She welcomed Mrs. Raad and Miss Dunford who, in their turn, both added items of news interesting to those present. We were told the School seemed likely to retain its separate identity for at least another two years. The Secretary of the Association, Kathleen Chinn (*née* Hutchings, and taking over from Esme Phillips), and Treasurer, Yvonne Maidment (*née* Humphries) presented their reports. From these we learnt that numerically membership of the O.G.A. remained very nearly the same as last year's, and our finances showed a total credit balance of a little over £70. This amount, however, represents a repeated annual decrease from the previous year of a little over £20. The Treasurer pointed out that this was not a healthy sign and the meeting was invited to discuss how the annual decrease might be stemmed. It seemed to be associated with the price of the School Magazine (which in any case would probably have to be raised) and the cost of hitherto supplying this free to life-

members. Suggestions were made for the Committee to consider, and doubtless we shall hear more on this point.

Much agreeable chat followed the business meeting as we prepared to move to the Domestic Science Room for our "fork-supper". A most colourful and appetising display met our eyes as we entered. Everyone enjoyed the attractive arrangement and great variety of choice. Those Old Girls present represented a considerable span of years in the School's history—from the 1930's to the 1960's—and a lively and eager exchange of news and views showed the mutual interest and easy friendliness that pervaded the whole gathering.

Time passed all too quickly. We were glad of a chance to express our thanks to the Committee and all those who had helped in any way to plan and arrange the re-union.

Then once again, in the Hall, we sang "Auld Lang Syne", and though after it we went our separate ways, there was no denying that we remained "one in spirit" and remembered "absent friends".

G. PIGGOTT.

* * *

News of Mrs. Raad

We are delighted that Mrs. Raad has been able to attend both the Reunions at School this year. Her Old Girls will be interested to hear that her grandson, John Raad, is to be married at Alverstoke on February 19th, 1966.

* * *

Former Members of Staff

MISS ANDREWS is teaching Domestic Science at Ilkley. Mrs. Raad spent a week with her during the summer.

MRS. BELL is still living at Market Lavington, near Devizes. She had a daughter on January 26th, 1965.

MISS BREWINGTON is now Head of the English Department at Chesterton Girls' School, at Cambridge. This is a large Secondary Modern School which has a beautiful Library and where G.C.E. is taken at "O" Level.

MRS. DAVISON called to see Miss Dunford in Salisbury when she was on her way to stay in Shaftesbury during the Summer Holidays. We were all glad to see her looking so well after the operation, to see the photos of her two grandchildren, and to know how happy she is in her new post.

MISS LANGTON was present at Buckingham Palace in February when her brother Henry was knighted. She entertained Miss Dunford and Miss Moore in the Round Tower to watch the Garter Procession at Windsor Castle in June. Recently she enjoyed a fascinating day at the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane. She believes that they have 25 miles of papers there. She particularly enjoyed seeing a copy of Domesday Book and an interesting collection of Royal signatures.

MISS MOORE returned from South Africa in May and so was able to attend Parents' Day and Speech Day. She has had a private gate put at the end of her garden so that Miss Dunford, whose new home is on the other side of her garden wall, can go to see her without having to go round the road.

MRS. POWELL thought she would like a change, after several years at Milton Abbey School, and so became housekeeper at the Châtelard School in Switzerland. The girls there are mainly English and American, but there are some from all over the world. Jonathan has been determined to be a journalist ever since leaving school and finally obtained a job on the Kentish Times.

MISS ROBSON is living a busy life at Laverstock, near Salisbury. She was so impressed by Miss Dunford's enjoyment of typing classes last year that she is taking the course at the Salisbury College of Further Education herself this year. She has found a surprising number of people, whom she knew in Rhodesia, who have retired and are now living within a ten miles area of her home.

MRS. WHITE (*née* Rhodes). Miss Dunford was delighted to meet her and her husband and Andrew, who is now 18 months old, when she was in Worthing recently.

MISS WILLIAMS. We congratulate her on achieving her B.D. in June.

* . *

Engagements

Margaret Baker to David Pike.
Linda Bradford to Robert Usmar.
Elizabeth Burton to Jeffery Steward.
Jennifer Cary to Nigel Peter Owen Green.
Gillian Ralph to Godson Chiemeka Ilo.
Elaine Whatley to Derek Roger Howard.

Marriages

Hazel Collier to Mr. Stickland.
Heather Colyer to Noel Antony Hardy.
Jackie Downey (Marsden) to Jean François Waigel.
Jennifer Gatehouse to Richard Merefield.
Elizabeth Hardy to Richard Walker.
Yvonne Humphries to Brian Charles Maidment.
Lesley Millar to Mr. Jackson.
Patricia Ridout to Richard Martin Siddall.
Hazel Salisbury to Frank Hurd.
Janet Walker (*née* Alner) to Geoffrey Rhoades.
Penny Wells to Mervyn John Marsh.

Births

Pat Baker (*née* Talbot), a daughter.
Bridget Buckland (*née* Salisbury), a son, Clive.
Ivy Bull (*née* Dean), twin sons.
Shirley Cox (*née* McLeod), a son.
Janet Faulk (*née* Squires), a daughter, Anita Rachel.
Dawn Ford (*née* Hitchings), a son, Mark Christopher.
Cherry Giles (*née* Case), a daughter, Lucy Jane.
Ann Gill (*née* Parham), a son, Mark.
Clare Golden (*née* Harris), a son, Michael John.
Valerie Haggard (*née* Hardiman), a son, Robert John Charles.
Christine Haines (*née* Burton), a daughter.
Mary Hammond (*née* Bond), a daughter, Sally.
Janet Hutchings (*née* Salisbury), a daughter, Penelope.
Christine Pavey (*née* Harrison), a daughter, Karen.
Sally Pemberton (*née* Thorne), a daughter, Lucy Frances.
Esme Phillips (*née* Coombs), a daughter, Serena Sian.
Ann Pike (*née* Johnson).
Beryl Pike (*née* Welch), a daughter, Rosalind.
Elizabeth Pratt (*née* Nathan), a son, Daniel Jonathan.
Ann Purdon (*née* Hubby), a son, Christopher James.
Susan Saunby (*née* Bond), a son, Mark.
Sybil Topp (*née* Toomer), a son, David Frederick.
Audrey Virgo (*née* Horlock Jones), a son, Paul.
Jenny Williams (*née* Harding), a son, Timothy James.
Rosemary (*née* Brayford), a daughter, Nicola Jane.
Diane (*née* Rowbottom), a son, Yemi.

* * *

Death

MAY SHORT.

Our oldest Old Girl died at the Grenville Place Nursing Home at Blandford Forum on April 14th, 1965, at the age of 93.

May Short first attended Miss Dunn's School at High House in High Street, Shaftesbury. At Easter, 1884, Miss Dunn transferred her school to Grosvenor House in Bleke Street, uniting it with the small one already existing there. May Short was a Boarder and had many stories to tell of those early days of Shaftesbury High School.

We shall never forget the summer day when May Short came to visit us. She was delighted to find so much of the garden still unchanged from her own schooldays. When her visit came to an end the girls gathered round the big gate and sang to her as she drove away, while she waved to us like a queen. As long as the School Film lasts we have a lovely record of this memorable day.

O.G. News

- ASLAUG ABBOTT (*née* Godeseth) (1957) enjoyed a trip to U.S.A. recently as a physiotherapist on board the Queen Elizabeth.
- PAMELA ALBERICCI (*née* Cherbury) (1951) gave local Salisbury O.G.'s a delightful evening at her home in November. Her three children waited upon the ten guests.
- ELIZABETH ALEXANDER (1963) was unable to come to the O.G. Dinner because she was attending a Drama Weekend for 3rd Year Students at St. Mary's College, Cheltenham.
- JUDY ALLUM (*née* Peel) (1954) and her family moved to Ranby Camp, Retford, in June. We were very grieved to hear of the death of her daughter, Rachel, in August. Julian is now a year old. Judy and her family are spending Christmas in Berlin with Mr. Brett's daughter, who married a friend of theirs from Cyprus.
- BARBARA ARDLEY (1934) will have completed 25 years' service with NAAFI in January, and will then be due for a long service memento. Her husband qualified last year and was given a stereo record player.
- JULIE AUSTEN (1964) is now specialising in Botany at Reading University. She is keen on rowing, and has enjoyed field courses in Geology at the Isle of Wight and in Botany at Cader Idris.
- PAT BAKER (*née* Talbot) (1947). Her husband has moved this year to his first parish. They have two boys and a girl at school, and now have a baby girl.
- LESLEY BALL (1964) is now living at Catterick Camp in Yorkshire.
- JANE BALLAM (1965) has gone to Dorchester Grammar School for Girls as a day girl for her Sixth Form Course.
- SONYA BARTER (*née* Sidford) (1951) is in her first year at Salisbury College of Education as a mature student. Now that her children are at school she finds she can manage quite well and is enjoying the course very much.
- MARY BARTLETT (1965) is taking a Commercial Course at the Technical College at Kingston-on-Thames.
- LINDA BRADFORD (1963) has completed two years of her nursing training at the Royal Masonic Hospital, and, on her 20th birthday, became engaged to Robert Usmar whom she has known since her school days.
- JANE BRAYFORD (1956) left the London Hospital at Easter, after working for a year as a staff nurse there, and spent three months in Alsace staying with friends and working in a hospital. She is now at Manchester taking her Midwifery, Part 1, and often sees her sister Rosemary there.
- MONICA BRIGNALL (*née* Porter) (1950) has given up teaching to look after her baby, but is looking forward to returning to it later. She now lives at Odstock, and we were glad to see her at the local O.G. meeting.
- JUNE BUCHAN (1963) is now taking a French course in Paris.
- MARY BURDEN (1932) is now Head of a School of Occupational Therapy in Western Australia. Gabrielle Page, who emigrated to Australia with her family, is applying for entrance there.
- ISABEL CAIRD (1964) has finished her course at Fisher's Secretarial College and is working for a Travel Agency in Ayr and enjoying it very much.

ROSEMARY CARTER (*née* Morgan) (1950). It was good to see her again in October. She helped Pam Albericci in entertaining the local O.G. in Salisbury.

JENNY CARY (1963) is in her 3rd year at Bournemouth Municipal College. Her fiance is taking the postgraduate course in Education at Oxford.

SONIA CASSELL (*née* Zinkova) (1954) has returned to Mere to live where she and her husband are running the Wyvern Restaurant.

JENNY COBLEY (1961) went to Geneva in July as a secretary with the World Council of Churches.

ELIZABETH COLE (1964) has thoroughly enjoyed her first year at the College of St. Matthias, Bristol. She has been elected Vice-President of the Union Council.

KATE (*née* Coles) (1961) spent a very rewarding period working in the Psychiatric Department of the Digby Hospital in Exeter after obtaining her Diploma in Occupational Therapy, until her marriage on Whit Monday. As her husband works in Shaftesbury she was hoping to continue her work in the Old Manor Hospital in Salisbury.

GRACE COOMBS (1949) is now teaching at Cann Primary School and living at home at Ashmore.

FELICITY CORP (1960) has passed her Part 1 Intermediate Examination in the School of Librarianship at Birmingham. She has a busy life as she is Chairman of the Birmingham Library Students' Association, and in November organised the first nation-wide library students' conference in Birmingham.

RUTH FLETCHER (*née* Spenser) (1958) is now living at Hanford. Now that she has a daughter she has given up her job but does the paper-work for her husband's farm at home.

BERYL FOOTE (1965) is one of the pioneers at Warwick University. She is studying for a degree in Engineering Science.

JOYCE GATEHOUSE (1964) is thoroughly enjoying her training at Weymouth College of Education. Her main subjects are P.E., English and Biology.

CLARE GOLDEN (*née* Harris) (1959) is now living at Bowerchalke where her husband has started a Spraying business. Her parents have moved from Sixpenny Handley to near Wimborne, and Clare is able to help them as their Secretary on three afternoons a week.

SANDRA GOLDEN (1964) has her first post at the Royal Insurance Company in Queen Street, Salisbury.

ANN GOULDING (1965) has gone to Brighton College of Education.

VALERIE GREENLAND (1965) is our first Old Girl to study Dentistry. She is training at Guy's Hospital.

JENNY HACKER (*née* Burridge) sailed for Australia on January 6th, 1965. Her daughter Alison was then five months old.

VALERIE HAGGER (*née* Hardiman) (1961). On returning from Aden her husband has become an Instructor at Lulworth so Valerie and her son Robert have joined him there.

CHRISTINE HAINES (*née* Burton) (1958) has given up teaching now that she has her baby. She is living at Wilton.

HELEN HALL (*née* Perry) (1944). Her daughter, Clare, is now in her first year at the High School and is very happy there.

- VANESSA HARRISON (1965) is reading for a degree in English and Drama at Leeds University. She is enjoying her new life though she finds the University huge and impersonal.
- CAROLYN HEAD (1962). Her first post is that of P.E. Mistress at Frome Grammar School.
- GILLIAN HUSSEY (*née* Woodman) (1944). Her son David has gone to the Grammar School this term following in the steps of his father and grandfather.
- PATRICIA ISAACSON (1965) has gone to Balls Park College of Education in Hertfordshire.
- AUDREY JENKINS (*née* Winskill) has moved to a farm near Taunton. She has two children, a boy and a girl. Mary Bush (*née* Gray) met her at the Bath and West Show.
- KAREN JESSE (1965) is taking the one-year Secretarial Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- PAT JOLLIFFE (1965) is taking the one-year Secretarial Course at Salisbury College of Further Education.
- HELEN JONES (1964) was offered a place at Cardiff University but decided to continue in her evangelical work abroad.
- LESLEY KIBBEY (1962) left the Rose Bruford School of Drama owing to ill health. She is now at the North London Drama School.
- BERYL KNAPTON (1950) has had a splendid record as a hockey player. Whilst at school she was a reserve for the Dorset Junior Team. For seven years she has played in the Dorset Second Team and this year is a reserve.
- ELIZABETH LEWIS (1965) is taking a Secretarial Course at Yeovil Technical College.
- MARY LONG (1965) is taking a Secretarial Course with languages at Weymouth Technical College.
- BARBARA MARKS (1963) is continuing her nursing training at Salisbury Infirmary.
- JENNIFER MEREFIELD (*née* Gatehouse) (1959) qualified as an S.R.N. before she married. She now lives in Reading and met Jenny Fordyce who is teaching in an Infants' School there. They go to typing classes together.
- MARGARET MILBANK (*née* Rose) (1957). She and her husband have emigrated to Australia. They arrived at Brisbane in June and find it a beautiful city with a perfect climate. Margaret has a post as secretary and book-keeper. She is anxious to know if there are any other O.G.'s near Brisbane.
- MARY MILES (1965) has gone to Nottingham University to read for an Honours Degree in Botany and Zoology.
- ANN MILROY (1961). After obtaining Second Class Honours in History at Oxford, Ann has gone to U.S.A. for a year to lecture in History in the State University of Chicago.
- JUDITH MITCHELL (1963) has been accepted for training at the Italia Conti Stage School. She and Rosemary Sturman are sharing a flat.
- MOLLIE MOORES (1965) has gone abroad for a time before beginning her training. She is staying with her sister in Lagos.
- CHERYL OTTEY (1965) has gone to Sheffield University for an Honours Degree in Economics.

- EILEEN PARSONS (1955) is now Head of the P.E. Department at the Orpington Girls' Grammar School where there are nearly 600 girls.
- RITA PARSONS (1962). Her first post is at Sandford Junior School in South Dorset. This is an Aided School with just over 200 children.
- SALLIE PEMBERTON (*née* Thorne) (1952). Her husband obtained his Fellowship and is now at the Westminster Hospital in the Department of Clinical Measurement dealing with artificial kidneys.
- HEATHER PENNY (*née* Pomeroy) (1955) is living at Winterslow since her marriage. She is still working at W. H. Smith's in Salisbury.
- SUSAN PERKINS (1962) is living at home, as her first post is Infants' Mistress at Enmore Green Primary School.
- MARGARET PICKFORD (1965) is our first Old Girl to go to Nonington P.E. College. She is taking a combined course of P.E. and Music.
- ANN PURDON (*née* Huby) (1950). Her husband graduated at McGill University last May and is now practising as a doctor in Victoria, British Columbia, which, Ann says, is a much better place than Montreal in which to bring up a family. Penny is 8 and Mikey 3.
- GILLIAN RALPH (1961) enjoyed her training as a teacher at Southampton and obtained a post at the Newlands Junior School at Milbrook, Southampton.
- ANN RAWSON (1947) has been promoted from Assistant to the post of Matron in the Children's Home near Devizes. She has enjoyed a course of lectures and visits arranged by the County Authority for those working with Educationally Sub-normal Children.
- JANET RHOADES (*née* Alner) (1959) is now living in Finchley where her husband is working for an engineering company. She hoped to become a Staff Nurse at the Royal Northern Hospital.
- MAUREEN RIGGS (1964) has decided to go to Salisbury Infirmary instead of Leicester for her nursing training.
- RUTH ROSSITER (1965) has been helping on her father's farm, and now has a temporary job at the Tax Office in Salisbury before going to the Westminster Hospital to train as a nurse in the New Year.
- ELIZABETH ROWBOTTOM (1965) has gone to Manchester University to work for an Honours Degree in Economics.
- ANN ROWLANDS (1965) is attending Cardiff Technical College and hoping to add two more "A" Levels to her Certificate.
- ANN SCALBERT (1965) is enjoying her nursing training at the Westminster Hospital and says that the Nurses' Home is very luxurious. She has seen Miss Young twice and is very sorry that she will be retiring next year.
- ERICA SELIGMAN (1964) spent the Summer Term in Germany. She is now taking a four year course for her Mus. Bac. and Organ Diploma at the Royal Manchester College of Music.
- ANTHEA SEMMENCE (1964) has thoroughly enjoyed her first year at Reading. She is a keen member of the Sailing Club.
- PATRICIA SIDDALL (*née* Ridout) (1960) is living in Cambridge where her husband is studying for a Ph.D.
- JENNY SIDFORD (1963) has taken her Finals in therapeutic radiography at Southampton this term. She will spend her third year of training at University College Hospital in London.

- BARBARA SKEW (1965) is our first Old Girl to go to the Westminster Hospital to study Medicine.
- MARY SKINNER (*née* Gillings) (1950) was in England from U.S.A. for a short time in September and was able to visit Pam Albericci (*née* Cherbury).
- JOY SOBELL (*née* Slade) (1948) sailed for Australia on May 1st on the Orsova (P. & O. Line). Her husband is working in the Ministry of Defence in Canberra.
- ANN STAINER (1964) enjoyed her year at Brighton College of Education, but her heart was set on a degree and she is now in her first year at Warwick University studying Modern Languages.
- JANE STANLEY (1965) has gone to Ipswich Grammar School as a day-girl for her Sixth Form Course.
- SHEILA STRIDE (1964) is having an audition for the Rose Bruford School of Speech and Drama in December.
- PATRICIA TURNER (1965) has gone to Portsmouth College of Education.
- MARY UNDERWOOD (*née* Gatehouse) (1951) is living in Salisbury. It was good to see her again at the O.G. gathering at Pam Albericci's house.
- JEAN WALKER (1953) has given up her post as District Midwifery Superintendent at Salisbury, and has gone to the new University of Bath to take a Social Science Course.
- ANDREA WATTERSON (1964) is now working in the office of Rutter and Rutter, Solicitors, Shaftesbury.
- BARBARA WILLIAMS (*née* Lowen) (1954) finds it difficult to believe that it is 11 years since she left school. She has two children, Victoria is 4, and David John is one year old. She is very happy in her home at Matching Green, near Harlow.
- JENNY WILLIAMS (*née* Harding) (1957) is kept very busy by her three sons, David, Philip and Timothy, but finds time to do some home-typing for her husband's firm, George Philip, the Atlas Company.
- JANET WOODMAN is Secretary at Westminster College, the College of Education near Oxford.
- JANE WOOLLEY (1965) has gone to Tavistock Comprehensive School as a day-girl for her Sixth Form Course. Elizabeth is there too.
- MARIAN WYATT (1961) obtained her National Diploma in Design and has a part-time post at the Somerset College of Art at Taunton.

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Life Members (since December 1964)

Moore, Miss Eda, Grove House, Shady Bower, Salisbury, Wilts.
Moores, Mollie, 21a Breach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

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Annual Members 1964/65 (since December 1964)

Cobley, Jennifer, "Mariners", West Hill, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.
Chant, Margaret, Ridgeway Cottage, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
Cole, Elizabeth, 32 Lambrook Road, Fishponds, Bristol.
Floyd, Jessie, College House, Furzedown Training College, Welham Road, S.W.17.
Haggar, Valerie (*née* Hardiman), "Firslyne", Fovant, Salisbury, Wilts.
Ralph, Gillian, Dry Lane, Gillingham, Dorset.
Stubbs, Greta, c/o 6 Seymour Road, London, N.3.
Sturman, Rosemary, 45 Kingscourt Road, Streatham, London, S.W.16.
Wagner, Rosemary, St. Anne's College, Oxford.
Welford, Anne, Golf Society of Great Britain, 199 Knightsbridge, London, S.W.7.

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Annual Members 1965/66

Austin, Julie, "Sorrento", Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Cluett, Jean (*née* Shute), "Trevoise", Cadmore End, High Wycombe, Bucks.
Davis, Elizabeth (*née* Linley), Chingola High School, P.O. Box 272, Chingola, Zambia.
Ford, Dawn (*née* Hitchings), West End, Duchy Cottages, North Road, Mere, Warminster, Wilts.
Gatehouse, Joyce, Kingsettle Cottage, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Lawrence, Rosemary, "Rosings", Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Maidment, Yvonne (*née* Humphries), Ivy Cross Cottage, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Merefield, Jennifer (*née* Gatehouse), 6 Valerie Court, Bath Road, Reading, Berks.
Parker, Susan, Cribbage Hut Hotel, Fovant, Salisbury, Wilts.
Rossiter, Ruth, Mill Farm, Ludwell, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Skew, Barbara, 33 Wyke Road, Weymouth, Dorset.
Underwood, Valerie (*née* Sharp), 14 Shapland Avenue, Beer Cross, Bournemouth, Hants.
Wagner, Rosemary, St. Anne's College, Oxford.
Wyatt, Marian, 2a West Street, Crewkerne, Somerset.

First Impressions of Warwick University

The most impressive thing is that it's not properly built yet. There are buildings, paths and a car park, but the rest of it is a sea of mud. There are workmen all over the place and the lecturers have to compete with hammering and workmen whistling, shouting and playing their transistors.

We were sent to one room for a seminar which had a waste-paper basket and a telephone and a desk, but the door wasn't on its hinges and there were no chairs. We went into another room which had a more lived in appearance, but no one came, although we waited the whole hour. (The professor was probably waiting for us in another room).

Despite the chaos I think we shall miss the workmen when they go. In his welcoming address the Vice-Chancellor said he had difficulty in telling who were students and who were workmen, but he said that he discovered that the workmen didn't turn their transistors off when they went into the library.

The buildings we are in at the moment are only temporary. The permanent library, science buildings and a hall of residence are being built on the main site, which is about a quarter of a mile further down the road. They are to be ready for the next Session in 1966. The University is in a beautiful position in the Green Belt between Coventry and Kenilworth. The name is rather misleading because it's about ten miles from Warwick, although I suppose it's meant to be the University of Warwickshire. However, it is within the Coventry city boundary.

The first day there were a lot of reporters and photographers about, and the B.B.C. and T.V. were there interviewing people. One of my fellow engineers had an interview on television, and his photograph in both the local paper and the Sunday Times.

There are 300 odd undergraduates. 24 of us are engineers, 9 of whom are girls. All the scientists are doing a common course for the first term. All the undergrads science, arts and humanities are having a course of lectures called "Enquiry and Criticism" for a year, which is given by a variety of lecturers, both arts and science. The aim is to get us thinking, I think. The first lecture was by Professor Griffiths, who is Professor of Philosophy, which I found rather confusing; it was called "The Concept of Knowledge". We also have a seminar once a week in which we discuss the lecture.

Everyone seems to be settling down very well and there are societies springing up all the time, e.g. dramatic society, folk society, opera society, various sports clubs, tiddlywinks society and others.

Some of the lectures I find rather difficult to understand. The Mathematics lecturer is very obscure and, but for Miss Matthews' excellent grounding, I should be completely at sea. However, on the whole it's not too bad and there are plenty of seminars and example classes in which to get your problems sorted out. One thing is evident, that you only get as much out of a University as you put in. Things are not all sorted out for you as they are at school.

BERYL FOOTE.

* * *

Working in an International City

Geneva has rightly been called the "crossroad of the nations". It is best known for the European office of the United Nations which is situated in the fine building originally erected for the League of Nations, but there are a great many other international organizations which have their headquarters here. Among the better-known of these are the International League of Red Cross Societies and the International Labour Office, but one which seems to be lesser-known, even though its influence and membership are world-wide and its work of prime importance, is the World Council of Churches.

Situated on the edge of the city in a modern building, the World Council of Churches provides a conference centre and general secretariat for its two hundred member churches. Its membership is widely diversified both in tradition and in nationality, having representatives from such countries as Japan and Greece, India and England, Ethiopia and Canada and whose denominations range from Eastern Orthodox to American Presbyterian.

The work of the World Council of Churches is divided among several departments or divisions. The Division of Inter-Church Aid, Refugee and World Service deals, as its name implies, with the relief of natural disaster and refugee problems by co-ordinating the work of churches throughout the world to provide self-help programmes and also to establish hospitals and homes for the aged and other social projects. The Department of Finance is closely involved with this, providing travel loans to emigrating refugees and administering emergency funds to those places where they are needed.

The Division of World Mission and Evangelism is concerned with missionary work of all denominations, both within the church and outside it and finances over two hundred colleges for the training of the ministry.

There is a Department of Information which does the work of a private news agency in issuing weekly news bulletins, films and radio and television exhibitions. It deals with the day to day contact between the World Council of Churches headquarters and all its member churches and with communicating the news of the ecumenical movement.

The Division of Ecumenical Action has a programme which tries to bring before laymen the true meaning of Christianity in modern life. At the nearby ecumenical study centre it organises groups from all over the world which meet together to consider the various rôles of men and women, youth and families in the witness and work of the church.

The Division of Studies provides a meeting ground for theologians of all denominations who concern themselves with the fresh discovery of the Bible, and with such current problems as race relations and religious liberty. Their work is published periodically and made available to the churches as food for thought and study.

The Commission of the Churches on International Affairs has the responsibility to make a Christian witness in world affairs. It carries out this aim by trying to formulate a Christian approach to world crises and by issuing statements, either to the member churches of the World Council of Churches or to governments and international bodies concerned in any current world problem. Representatives of, or observers on behalf of this Commission attend international conferences such as those convened by the United Nations and other similar bodies, and an important aspect of the activities of the Commission is to be found in the day to day contacts and informal consultations of its officers with both government officials and church leaders.

On reading through what I have written this far, it all seems very informative and somewhat impersonal, but I should point out that the life of the World Council of Churches—known as the W.C.C. to those who work here—is far from impersonal. There is the most wonderful atmosphere in the building, largely due to the high proportion of young people on the staff, and not a trace of “holier than thou” is to be found!

I am particularly lucky to be working for the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs—also shortened by necessity to C.C.I.A.—as my work brings me into daily contact with nations and governments about which I have had previously only the sketchiest of ideas. Consequently my knowledge of political geography and the like has been vastly improved in the few months that I have been here, as has my grasp of current events. This is

hardly surprising as the slightest development in any of the world's many trouble spots sets my telephone ringing like an hysterical alarm-clock, while the piles of post and telegrams, both going out and coming in, assume alarming proportions!

Geneva itself is a fascinating city set at the foot of Lac Léman with the Jura mountains to the West and the Mont Blanc range to the East. Its gardens and attractive waterfront, together with the charm of the "vieille ville", set on its little hill, provide the tourist with more photographic material than he can possibly use on one town, while for the more serious visitor there is the interest of the international quarter with its many important organizations. There seems to be a modern-day pilgrimage from all parts of the world to the United Nations headquarters alone.

For those who live here, the cultural life of the city is very strong with concert-halls and theatres, art galleries and exhibitions, and while the lake provides summer recreation in sailing and swimming, Geneva is well-placed for winter sporting too. Of course the greatest thrill in living and working here is the sense of international co-operation which one finds, and although French is the official language in this part of Switzerland, as you sit in one of the pavement cafés—so much a part of life on the Continent—or as you walk along the streets, you are just as likely to hear Japanese or Turkish being spoken!

The thought of a united world does not seem too far-fetched in these surroundings. Needless to say, even a united Europe is still a great way off, but this is certainly one of the best places in which to work for these aims in an atmosphere of international co-operation.

JENNY COBLEY.

* * *

From Russia with Love

6,000 miles in three weeks, these are the bare statistics of my journey into Russia. Just after Whitsun, I applied for a place on the National Union of Students' educational exchange visit to the U.S.S.R., and it was a wonderful moment on August 24th to leave the white cliffs of Dover, knowing that within a very short space of time a whole new world would be opened up to me.

Our first port of call in Russia was Leningrad, but during the course of our journey to that city we were to spend a day in Berlin. The latter city held an air of sadness, and I personally felt as if I was on a very small island in a very big ocean. To stand on one of the pedestals overlooking the "wall" and know that although life continued on the other side, it is a life which no person living under a democratic government would wish to exchange.

Although military forces were well in evidence in the U.S.S.R. there was not the tension that one found in East Berlin and East Germany.

Leningrad, known as the "Venice of the North" by the Russians, is a very beautiful city, with long broad avenues. It was built by Peter the Great, as his capital, and was the first city in Europe to be built to a plan. Even in the 20th century this plan still holds fast. It contains a mixture of old and new Russia, with the Czar's Winter Palace, the Hermitage which contains a fine collection of French impressionists, representing the old, and the headquarters of the Revolution representing the new. The city rings of Lenin, with portraits, busts and statues to be seen at almost every corner. The Summer Palace at Peterhof, a short trip by hydrofoil up the River Neva is reminiscent of Versailles. There is an air of majesty about the city, and one senses a panorama of Russian history passing by.

From Leningrad, we travelled on to Moscow, which for me did not have the enchantment of Leningrad. It is surprising how proud the Russians are of their history, but they are also very conscious of today, as can be seen with the Exhibition of Economic Achievements. This has an unnatural blend of old and new, containing up to date facts and figures about Russian present-day life, but housing the exhibition in 19th century style pavilions. Being a librarian, my big moment in Moscow was when I visited the Lenin State Library, which is the biggest library in the world, and the Russians are very jealous to preserve this status. Red Square, the Kremlin, the Lenin Mausoleum, all of these are a must for visitors, at least as far as the Soviets are concerned. Perhaps the most impressive building in Moscow is the university, which stands on a rise on the bank of the River Moskva, and commands a magnificent view of the city.

From Moscow, we moved on to Volgograd, formerly Stalin-grad, which although it has a long history, is a city which had to be virtually rebuilt at the end of the last war. It too, is a very beautiful city on the banks of the Volga and with a September temperature comparable with the French Riviera. Here we saw one of the biggest hydro-electric stations in the world, and also the Volga-

Don canal, both of which gave an impressive indication of the power of Russia's engineers.

I found the Russians very friendly people who went out of their way to make one feel welcome. It was pleasant to note that they consider English to be the world's major language. However, I did find the language barrier a difficult hurdle to overcome. In three weeks one picks up very little Russian. It is now my ambition to learn the language, return to Russia and learn still more about this intriguing country. To anyone considering a visit, I would encourage them to dispel any ideas they have conceived about the country and to go with an open mind. The Russians are eager to meet us. In three weeks I have learnt far more than my pen could ever begin to account for.

FELICITY CORP.

* * *

Education or Indigestion?

"What's life like at a T.T.C.?"

Asks a 1st Yr. over college tea.

"College life is really grand—

You play with water and with sand

As if you were kids in the Infant Class

Or playing "Indians" on the grass.

You learn such words as "Integration",

"Sublimation" and "Motivation"—

Names like Dewey, Piaget and Freud,

Pavlov, Gestalt and Sir Ronald Gould.

Boring?—Never, because you see

You wonder if there ever will be

Computer-teachers and teaching machines

Enough to replace us human beings

In the Automation of Education.

There's leisure ahead, so some will say

When we can sit around all day

Pressing buttons so bright and gay

While the children absorb, like little sponges

All the mass of visual images."

ELIZABETH ALEXANDER.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

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Subscriptions

Annual 5/-	These should be sent direct to the Treasurer
Life £3-3-0	(address above).

At the Annual General Meeting we discussed the funds of the O.G.A. which are sinking very low. It is the expense of the Magazines and their postage, which is the main drain upon our funds. It was suggested that Life Members, whose subscriptions may long have been used up over the years, might like to send the cost, which is now 3/-, to our Treasurer. It would be a great help to O.G.A. also if members would let the Secretary know if they no longer wish to be notified of meetings or receive the Magazine.

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DATES FOR YOUR NEW DIARIES

LONDON RE-UNION: SATURDAY, MARCH 12th, 1966.

SUMMER RE-UNION: SATURDAY, JULY 2nd, 1966.

AUTUMN RE-UNION: SATURDAY, ? , 1966.

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