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County High School for Girls SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 31

December, 1967

County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY

MAGAZINE

Vol. 31

December, 1967

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

EDITORIAL.

We have been extremely fortunate this year in such an encouraging response to our plea for contributions and we are only sorry that we have been unable to print them all. We hope however that the articles we have chosen will interest all our readers, whether present members of the School or old girls.

Our sincere thanks to Miss Lloyd for aiding us in our selection, and to the members of the Committee.

THE EDITORS.

Magazine Committee

Editor: HILARY POPE
Sub-Editor: VIVIANE ROBERTSON
Committee: ROSALIND BALLAM
CAROLINE CAIRD
VIVIENNE GASTER
PENELOPE JOYCE
LESLEY MARSHALL
CHRISTINE LEWIS
PATRICIA EVANS

* * *

School Officials, September 1967

Head Girl: JACQUELINE LEWIS
Deputy Head Girl: JEAN EDMUNDS
House Captains: Wren: JUDITH HASKETT
Barnes: SUSAN LOFTING
Hardy: PAMELA CARTER

* * *

LEAVING GIRLS, 1966/7

Autumn Term, 1966

C. Finch.

Spring Term, 1967

J. Ballinger.
K. McCabe.

Leaving Girls Continued

Summer Term, 1967

III	A. Burge, P. Hallett, A. Maynard.
L.IV	H. Burgess.
U.IV.W	E. Charles, V. Burton.
U.IV.G	V. Jenkins, C. Norman.
L.V	J. Davies.
U.V	A. Anderson, P. Bolton, T. Crosley, C. Crozier, J. Curtis, D. Dunster, S. Fenton, P. Gale, J. Gauld, S. Hardiman, P. McDermott, E. Morley-Hill, B. Moore, L. Sandford, A. Targett, L. Todd.
L.VI	Y. Lean, J. Sharkey, R. Turner.
U.VI	L. Abrahams, J. Bourne, C. Burton, M. Cole, J. Custard, C. Elkins, A. Gauld, P. Gibson, S. Hughes, M. James, L. Jordan, R. Marks, S. McMorran, H. Mead, S. Pile, E. Teasdale.

NEW GIRLS, 1966/7

Present Form Previous School

Spring Term, 1967

A. Cooper	III	Awali School, Bahrain.
E. Bell	U.IV.G	Basingstoke Grammar School.
D. Sutton	U.IV.W	Westridge County Secondary School.

Summer Term, 1967

D. Donougher	III	Victoria Junior School, Hong Kong.
L. Hunt	L.IV	Shute School for Girls, Axminster.
C. Tyson	"	R.N. Grammar School, Malta.
C. Donougher	U.IV.W	St. Georges School, Hong Kong.

Autumn Term, 1967

S. Axe	L.VI	Modern School, Shaftesbury.
S. Dawson	"	Launceston College, Launceston.
E. Rutherford	"	St. John's School, Singapore.
J. Henderson	U.V	R.A.F. Grammar School, Changi, Singapore.
C. Munday	"	Aldershot County High School.
D. Brentnall	L.V.W	Hazelwick Comp. School, Dumfermline.
A. Milloy	L.V.D	Ecole Sainte Chantal, Cherbourg.
D. Swindells	"	The Dick Sheppard School.
D. Cole	U.IV	Woodmill Junior School, Dumfermline.
C. Hole	"	Fareham Grammar School.
J. Hunt	"	Dorchester Grammar School.
A. Jennings	"	South Wilts Grammar School.
L. Marshall	"	Clapham Comp. School.
M. Moore	"	The Holt School, Wokingham.
J. Morgan	"	Aylesbury Grammar School.
V. Jolley	L.IV	The Holt Grammar School, Wokingham.
P. Sinclair	"	Haberdashers' Aske's.
T. Yorke	"	Andover Grammar School.

C. Ball	III	Foxhill School, Woolwich.
E. Barton	"	Darwin Boarding School, Falkland Island.
J. Bates	"	Axminster Junior School.
J. Blagden	"	Ebbesbourne Wake Primary School.
G. Burrows	"	Iwerne Minster Junior School.
S. Calladene	"	B.F.E.S. Sennelager.
S. Cameron	"	Cann Junior School.
A. Castle	"	Shaftesbury Primary School.
R. Condón	"	Ludwell Junior School.
R. Coomber	"	Convent of the Cross, Waterlooville.
C. Drake	"	Buckland Newton Junior School.
P. Evans	"	Alcester St. James Junior School.
S. Haskett	"	Enmore Green Junior School.
F. Hawson	"	Manston Junior School.
S. Holden	"	Wardour R.C. School, Tisbury.
J. Howard	"	Bosmere Junior School.
J. Long	"	St. Andrew's School, Malta.
B. Lovell	"	Hanford School.
A. McGregor	"	Stone Lane Junior School, Gosport.
B. Moore	"	Charlton House School, Gillingham.
R. Mullins	"	Ludwell Junior School, Shaftesbury.
T. Pope	"	East Orchard Junior School.
K. Porter	"	Fareham Park School, Fareham.
E. Scott	"	Wardour R.C. School, Tisbury.
S. Spiller	"	Motcombe Junior School.
K. Stone	"	Portland Underhill Junior School.
R. Thick	"	Swallowcliffe Primary School.
B. Turner	"	Valley View Primary School, Kitwe, Zambia.
R. Warren	"	Shaftesbury Junior School.

STAFF NOTES

At the beginning of term we were very sorry to hear that both Mrs. Cassidy and Miss Lucas were in hospital, Mrs. Cassidy at Salisbury and Miss Lucas at Bristol. It is good news to hear that Miss Lucas is now back at home. We wish Mrs. Cassidy a speedy recovery.

Their work is being done by Mrs. Whaley and Mrs. Strawbridge, and we are very grateful for all the help they are giving us.

We are pleased to welcome Mlle. Le Boëdec the new assistante, and hope that she will enjoy her year with us.

TREES

Last year, we had to have the horse-chestnut tree in the school garden felled because it had become too rotten to stand up to the gales without risk. I thought back to the first year I was here and was interested to see how many games centred round that tree. To-day, there are similar little groups playing round the stump that we left in the ground. The little horse-chestnut tree planted nearby is growing fast, but I do not expect we shall see its full stature as a feature of our school grounds.

This October, we were very sad to see the beautiful great beeches at Barton Hill swaying dangerously apart in the fierce, tearing winds. The Forestry men again advised us that if we did not have the trees down, they might be dangerous, and so one of them, and the sycamore next to it, have been felled. If the ground is not poisoned by the fungus that caused the rot in the tree, we shall have another tree planted and here we may see the result for we hope to keep Barton Hill for boarders for many years to come.

The felling of the trees is like the ending of traditions and ways of life. It is always a wrench when a good tradition has to give place to a better; always a little sad, when a pleasing way of behaving or dressing, is replaced by others, more up to date or suitable for this situation. Sometimes this is seen in little matters such as the length of skirts or the dislike of wearing school hats that has led to a half-hearted observance of full school uniform out of school; sometimes to such matters as giving up the Prefectorial system because we (Sixth Form and Staff) feel that everyone in the Sixth Form should be a responsible person; one day, it will be giving up this school and becoming part of a larger quite different community.

Whether our changes are successful depends, just as the planting of a new tree depended, on the state of the soil. Our general attitude to each other and to people everywhere is the soil in which changes takes place. If we are aware of the needs and concerns of others, we shall do no harm and can do much good by changes of all kinds. If we are thinking of the good of all children in our town, we shall be able to make of the new school when it comes, a successful community. But we can only do that if we are all the time practising what our school motto, "Non sibi, sed omnibus" suggests. In small and large matters, we must try to keep our soil free from the poison of selfishness, so that the trees we want to plant may have a chance of taking root and growing to full stature.

M. E. WOODS.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SPEECH DAY

The day was Wednesday, October 4th, the time ten past two in the afternoon. The school and the staff walked over to the cinema where the annual Speech Day was to be held. All morning the members of the staff and some girls from the fifth and sixth forms had been arranging flowers.

We entered by a side door, walked across the stage and up the aisle to our seats at the back. Those people with jumpers on, took them off with their hats and coats. Then everyone waited for Miss Woods to lead her guests down the aisle and up onto the stage.

Our parents were seated at the back of the cinema in the Circle, while a few were sitting in the Stalls with us. At a quarter past two an excited murmur proclaimed Miss Woods' arrival, with her guests. Everybody stood up as Miss Woods, Mr. Hine, the Mayor, Mrs. Pritchett, the Mayoress, Miss A. M. D. Ashley, B.A., Principal of the College of Sarum St. Michael, Mrs. W. G. Bradford, Chairman of the Board of Governors, and Mr. F. Rutter walked down the aisle to the stage.

The speeches were very interesting. Mrs. Bradford opened Speech Day with a speech of introduction. Then Miss Woods made her speech and told us of the many things the School had taken part in last year. Miss Ashley then presented the prizes and certificates. After this, Miss Ashley made a speech in which she asked us to look back into the past, at two schools founded during the reign of Queen Victoria. One, by Miss Bus the other by Miss Beale. Miss Ashley also looked at the present and into the future.

Mr. F. Rutter proposed a vote of thanks. Then the School Choir sang four short songs and one entitled "How lovely are thy dwellings". The whole School, except Form III sang "Tune thy music to thy heart" by Dr. Reginald Johnson, who accompanied the choir, which was conducted by Miss K. M. Drake, L.R.A.M.

P. EVANS, III.

REPORTS

Third Form Report

Our Form Mistress in our first year was Miss Lloyd, and our Form Room, Room 1. When we voted at half term Nancy Lofting was our first Form Captain.

In the Spring Term a new girl arrived, Alicia Cooper, who came from Bahrain. The new Form Captain was Pamela Jacobs.

In May the Hockey season ended and we enjoyed the Athletics. About six of our form took part in the North Dorsets, C. Cox, N. Lofting, P. Jacobs, L. Healey and S. Tucker.

Soon after this the Swimming Sports came. H. Pritchett, N. Lofting and D. Donougher did well. D. Donougher won the Swimming Cup. Through all the sporting season we had three good Games Captains, L. Rossiter, S. McCracken and N. Lofting. Five of our form were very proud to receive Deportment Stars.

We were surprised and proud to win the Tidiness picture and congratulate Nancy and Helen on winning good work prizes. We would like to thank Miss Lloyd for being a kind and helpful Form Mistress.

Lower IV Form Report

We started our year with one of the new teachers, Miss Lawrence, as our Form Mistress. We spent an enjoyable year with our form room, room 7, at Barton Hill, and the Lab, as our form room in school.

During the year we had five new members in our form: — Christine Tyson, Susan Bowes, Lesley Marshall, Linda Hunt and Joanna Morgan, who soon became real members of our form.

We were pleased that Judith Morgan won the Junior Athletics Cup and Gail McIlroy the Tennis Cup. Several of our form members were entered in the North Dorset Sports, and those who did extremely well went on to the All Dorset Sports.

We all enjoyed our outing to Weymouth, despite the weather, during the summer term, and also an extra outing to Old Sarum and Salisbury Cathedral.

We also worked hard at various tasks to raise money for our West Indian girl to be sent to school.

At the end of the term we were sorry to say goodbye to Helen Burgess who went to live in Wool, near Wareham.

We spent a very enjoyable second year at the High School and would like to thank Miss Lawrence for all her help and ideas.

Form Report, Upper IV G

We were introduced into our Upper IV year by Miss Watkins and with three new girls: Clare McIsaac, Elaine Charles and Elaine Bell. With these new girls, our form numbered nearly forty, so Miss Woods decided to split us into two forms, the first half of the alphabet continued with Miss Watkins, and the last half with the new science teacher, Mrs. Gee.

The Form Captain, Lynne Joyce, adapted easily to the very much smaller form and life continued as usual.

The Upper IV Netball team which was both G and W played very well, winning most of their games. Maureen Reynolds achieved a very high standard of Putting the Shot at South Western Counties and won her School Athletic Colours.

In the Spring term we held a film show in aid of our West Indian girl whose education we are paying for. We managed to raise £3. 17s. 0d. which was not quite as good as we had hoped.

At the end of the year we said goodbye to Claire Norman, and wished her the best of luck in her new school. On the whole we thought that Upper IV was a very successful year and would like to thank the Staff, especially Mrs. Gee, for making it so.

LV W Form Report for U IV Year

Upper IV began their year as one form with Miss Watkins as their Form Mistress. There were several new girls making the form so large that Miss Woods decided to split the form into two. The first half of the alphabet remained with Miss Watkins as their Form Mistress, while the second half were taken over by Mrs. Gee, the new Science teacher.

Upper IV W as they were then called has many successful achievements during the year, including Christine Donougher, a new girl, winning the Middle School Swimming Cup, and Susan Hurst winning the Middle School Tennis Cup.

A coffee morning was held in February which raised £12 to go towards the education of a West Indian girl for which they were paying, and the form knitted squares for a blanket which, when finished, was sent to Oxfam.

The form were delighted at being taken to Southampton by Mrs. Weedon and Mrs. Whaley to see "The Sleeping Beauty", a ballet by the Royal Ballet Company.

At the end of this year Julia Berry, Catherine Carter and Vivienne Gaster received Good Work prizes. The form said goodbye to Valerie Burton and Elaine Charles who were moving to other districts to continue their school life. Upper IV W are very grateful to Miss Watkins, without whose support and help we would not have enjoyed the year so much.

Lower V Form Report

We started the year with Mrs. Weedon, a new member of Staff, as our Form Mistress. Sandra Crew was voted our Form Captain for the first term, and we welcomed our new girl.

After Christmas, we had the unpleasant prospect of exams very shortly after we returned to school. However, we all enjoyed a visit to Southampton with Upper IV to see "The Sleeping Beauty" performed by the Royal Ballet Company. At Easter we said goodbye to Karen McCabe, who left to start work.

Towards the end of term we had a very interesting outing with Miss Lloyd to see the film of "Julius Caesar" at Salisbury.

In the Summer term we had two Geography expeditions with Mr. Duckworth, one to a coal mine at Radstock, and the other to a farm. We held a Whist Drive, which was very successful, to raise money for our West Indian girl.

We decided to visit Bournemouth for our Form Outing. We spent the morning shopping and swimming, had lunch on the beach, and in the afternoon we went to see "Dr. Zhivago". We all enjoyed our day out very much.

At the end of term we were very sorry that Jacky Davies left to be a day girl at home.

We had a fairly successful year on the whole, with two Good Work prizes, a Progress prize, and members of the form representing the School at the North Dorset Sports and Swimming. We would like to thank Mrs. Weedon for all the help she gave us.

Upper V Form Report

At the beginning of the year we were very glad to welcome Suzanne Carr.

Under the patient tuition of the staff we were very pleased that some girls were able to take Maths and Latin in the November examinations and all of them were pleasantly surprised by their good results.

After the Christmas holidays we came back to hard work and revision with mock 'O' levels shortly after the term started. The examinations brought some girls down to earth with a bump and we all realised that there was much work to be done before the final examinations in the summer.

We visited the Salisbury Playhouse with Miss Lloyd to see an excellent production of Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan". This was very enjoyable and invaluable to us as it was one of our 'G.C.E. set books.

Mr. Duckworth took us on a Geography expedition first to Dorchester Museum which was very interesting, and then on to Durdle Door to study rock structure. It was pouring with rain and a gale almost swept us off the cliffside! However, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and it was a memorable occasion for all.

In the Summer term some of our form went to the North Dorset Sports, but only Patricia Scalbert went to the Dorset Athletics.

We were fortunate to be able to take our examinations in July in a calm and serene atmosphere. Here, thanks were due to Miss Matthews, our Form Mistress, for her capable and efficient organisation which made this possible.

Good Work prizes were awarded to Jane Kerley, Jane Farrand and Patricia Crosley. Progress prizes were awarded to Jeannette Brookes and Patricia Bolton. Denise Allum was awarded the Lucy Milroy prize for Music, and Jane Kerley the Accompanist prize. Elizabeth Sandy was awarded a Department Star, and Patricia Scalbert was awarded her Athletics Colours. Tennis colours were awarded to Shirley Young and Jane Kerley.—congratulations!

Near the end of term we went on two form outings to celebrate the end of examinations. We went to London with Miss Matthews and Miss Fraser, where we spent an extremely pleasant day. We arrived before lunch and the party split up. Half went sight-seeing for the entire day while the other half admired the big shopping centres before lunch, had a picnic at St. James' Park, and went to the theatre to see "Fiddler on the Roof". Everybody agreed that it had been a very enjoyable occasion.

We were also fortunate to go on an unusual expedition to Berkley Power Station. We had a conducted tour around the buildings which we found very interesting.

As the end of term approached we felt sad as half of our members were leaving and over the last year we had grown into an especially close-knit form. We hope that they will be happy in their new schools and first jobs.

VI Form Report

We certainly did not feel as different as we thought we would when we eventually attained the status of members of the élite VIth. But here we were entrenched within the hallowed surroundings of the VIth form-room feeling deliciously free after 'O' levels.

During the year several expeditions were enjoyed. The English group were enchanted by two visits to Stratford to see 'Henry IV' (Part 1) and 'The Taming of the Shrew' with the Grammar School, while the Divinity Scholars were fascinated by a visit to a Synagogue and thrilled to see "The Bible". Miss Lloyd took some of her 'specialists' to see the film version of "Julius Caesar" and to visit Wordsworth's favourite spots at Racedown and Pilsden Pen. An unusual but far from uninteresting day was spent during the Easter term at a Commonwealth Conference for VIth forms, held at Foster's School.

The year provided novelty in other ways too. For the first time a Reading and Speech Making Competition was held, and we were particularly delighted that Pamela Carter and Hilary Pope (Senior Reading) and Jenny Blanchett (Senior Speech Making) won honours for the VIth form.

Towards the middle of the Summer term a noticeable gap appeared in the ranks as the Upper VI went into hibernation leaving the Lower VI to take over their responsibilities. We were sorry to say goodbye to so many and wish them all the best of luck in the future.

No report would be complete without renewing our thanks to Miss Fraser, whose friendly advice and bright smile do so much to boost the sometimes failing morale of the VI form.

* * *

THE SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

The School Council has been very active this year and several long meetings were held in the VI form room.

Owing to the large amount of money which has accumulated in the fund, £30 was spent on paper-back books for the library and a "whirligig" clothes drier was purchased for £8 to dry swim suits and towels. A new honours board and a record player have also been ordered, and we are hiring a film for showing at Christmas.

Besides these major items, money has also been granted to most forms for their annual expeditions and to pay for the repairs which occur from time to time.

Many interesting discussions took place, the most important of which was on the subject of the formality of Council. It was decided that Council should remain as formal as possible, as a knowledge of formal procedure was of great value to girls after they left school, and it is for this reason that we are very grateful to all who help to run the School Council.

PAMELA CARTER, *Secretary* 1966-67.

* * *

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

The work of the Social Service Committee continued successfully last year, with a good deal of backing and enthusiasm from the School.

The termly collections remained on average at £4 and were for a variety of causes ranging from Cancer Research to the "Butt's Mead" Old Folks' Homes, Shaftesbury!

Individual forms worked well to collect their year's money for their West Indian pupil. We enjoyed everything from Whist Drives to Film Shows in this cause.

I would like to thank all last year's Committee and wish the succeeding one even more success.

J. BLANCHETT, *Secretary*.

* * *

CHOIR REPORT

We worked hard towards perfecting our contributions for the Carol Service in which we again sang "There is no rose of such virtue" by Christopher Brown for our independent effort, as it had proved so popular the year before. We enjoyed the rehearsals almost as much as the actual performance, which was generally agreed to have been one of the most successful.

Our choice was essentially one of contrast. We performed four of Dvorak's "Gipsy Songs" arranged by Dr. Johnson: — "My Song Rings Out", "Hark! What Bell-like Music", "Strike the Strings Right Gaily" and "Sleeves so Broad", all typical examples of lively gipsy music. These were followed with the deeply moving "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings", an air from Brahms "Requiem".

A highlight of the year occurred when Dr. Johnson managed to attend a choir practice and provide us with breath-taking accompaniments to his "Gipsy Songs" together with all the favourite songs we had learnt over the years. We hope that we will be able to coax him away from his ever pressing work once more before too long!

The choir are indebted to Miss Drake for devoting so much time to us, and it is our sincere hope that she feels all her effort has been duly rewarded.

HILARY POPE, Upper VI.

* * *

RECORDER SOCIETY REPORT

This year was particularly successful as many new members joined our Society making it the largest for several years. We enjoyed two delightful "Recorder Days" which we shared with Cann Primary School and Blandford Grammar School. We much appreciated the invaluable assistance of Dr. Johnson on both occasions. In the Spring term we took part in an Arts Club concert at the Modern School which was most enjoyable. We continue to meet regularly each week and we should all like to thank Miss Drake for her help.

P. STUBBS.

* * *

ORCHESTRA REPORT

The members of the orchestra have enjoyed another pleasant year of making music together. We have entertained the School at small concerts, given at the end of each term, and this has given us extra incentive. We are still only small, but our woodwind section has expanded, with three clarinets and a flute, and we have gained a 'cellist. We should like to thank Miss Drake for all the trouble she has taken directing us, and for her perseverance when our wrong notes must have been so disheartening. We must also thank Mr. Purcell for his invaluable assistance at each of our practices. We look forward to our next year with the orchestra, and especially to our newly formed group, which has begun to play various chamber music.

JANE KERLEY.

* * *

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Last year the Dramatic Society acted a Biblical mime play of "Adam and Eve", which was successfully produced by Elizabeth Teasdale and Christine Elkins at the end of the Christmas term and enjoyed by all the School at one short performance.

In the Summer term we intended to act Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle", but were unfortunately unable to do so, as several of our leading ladies left early at the end of the term. However, we enjoyed rehearsals.

This year we are planning to produce 'Twelfth Night' which we hope will be a great success.

Our grateful thanks to Miss Fraser for the running of this amateur drama group.

VIVIANNE ROBERTSON.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

This year members of the Sixth Form again enjoyed attending the Grammar School debates. E. Teasdale, L. Jordan, P. Gibson and M. Cole were all brave enough to speak, and all the motions were vigorously debated: —

“This House is of the opinion that a scientific education is the best training for life in the second half of the 20th century.” (Carried).

“This House believes that the colour-bar should be discouraged.” (Carried).

“This House considers a swinging Britain to be a decadent Britain.” (Defeated).

There was also a most amusing Hot Night with such motions as: —

“That funerals are a grave matter.”

“That oxtail soup is a load of old bull.”

We hope that the Debating Society will continue to be successful and that the High School will take an even more active part in the proceedings.

SUSAN LOFTING, Upper VI.

FLOWER GUILD REPORT

During the past year the Flower Group has had a number of meetings each term, and we have managed to find several keen flower arrangers in the lower forms. Five of us entered the Shaftesbury Chrysanthemum Show and did quite well; Janet McMorran winning the First Prize in the novice class. Everyone was delighted that Miss Drake won three First Prizes and the Cup.

Our exhibition in the Sixth Form room on Parents' Day was admired by many parents, as were the table decorations in the Hall on Speech Day.

We should all like to thank Miss Drake for giving up so much time to help us.

LUCY MERCER, Upper VI.

HOCKEY REPORT, 1966/67

We played very few matches this season, owing to bad weather during the Spring term, but those held were enjoyed and fairly successful. Our first fixture was at the All Dorset School's Hockey Tournament at Talbot Heath, which did not prove to be a good “break-in” to our season!

We enjoyed a trip to the International Hockey Match (England v. Ireland) at Wembley in March, which however shattered several dreams.

So far this year we have been more successful with our results and hope to continue this way. Our grateful thanks go to Miss Lawrence who devotes so much time to us.

Teams:

1st XI		2nd XI
P. Gibson	G.	Y. Lean
P. M. Scalbert	L.B.	L. Mercer
A. Anderson	R.B.	S. Lofting (Capt.)
S. McMorran	L.I.	E. Sandy
J. Lewis	R.I.	J. Davies
J. Edmunds	L.H.	P. Gale
M. Cole	R.H.	J. Gauld
A. Gauld	R.W.	S. Young
J. Ballinger	L.W.	H. Pope
J. Bourne (Capt.)	C.F.	S. Thomas
P. Carter	C.H.	J. Haskett

Under 15

G.	J. George
L.B.	L. Bartlett
R.B.	M. Evans.
L.I.	S. Hurst
R.I.	E. Gray
L.H.	S. Crew
R.H.	C. Caird
R.W.	R. Sendell
L.W.	B. McLeod
C.F.	J. Davies (Capt.)
C.H.	L. Woodbridge

Colours: Rewarded—J. Bourne. New Award—S. McMorran.

SUSAN LOFTING.

NETBALL REPORT

Although few matches were played during the year all teams had successes.

One of the highlights was a Staff versus School match held in the Spring term, which resulted in an 8—8 draw. Staff playing were Miss Fraser, Miss Lawrence, Mrs. Whaley, Mrs. Gee and Mrs. Weedon.

We should like to thank Miss Lawrence for her encouragement and look forward to another successful year with her help.

Teams:

1st VII		2nd VII
J. Custard*	G.S.	P. M. Scalbert
J. Bourne*	G.A.	L. Sandford
J. Ballinger	W.A.	J. Gauld
S. McMorran (Capt.)	C.	S. Fenton (Capt.)
A. Anderson	W.D.	S. Hurst
S. Young	G.D.	C. Crozier
P. Gale	G.K.	A. Targett

* Denotes Colours.
New Colours: S. McMorran.

S. YOUNG, Captain.

TENNIS REPORT

The Tennis teams played more matches than usual last year, for they were impeded little by bad weather. All the matches were enjoyed very much and the team's enthusiasm was reflected in their successful results.

We all thank Miss Lawrence very much for the trouble she has taken to coach us and look forward to the pleasures which the next season will bring.

JANE KERLEY.

Teams:

<i>1st VI</i>		<i>2nd VI</i>
M. Cole		H. Mead
J. Bourne	<i>1st Couple</i>	S. Pile
J. Kerley		P. Carter
S. Young	<i>2nd Couple</i>	J. Custard
A. Gauld		P. J. Scalbert
S. McMorran	<i>3rd Couple</i>	P. M. Scalbert
Colours held by M. Cole.		
Newly awarded to J. Kerley, S. Young.		
* * *		

SWIMMING REPORT

The standard of the School's swimming remained good in 1967, although the season was late in starting because of alterations that had to be made to the swimming pool. Due to Miss Lawrence's hard work in coaching us, however, the season went well.

A team was entered for the Preliminary County Secondary School Swimming Sports, and several girls went through to the Dorset Finals at Bovington Camp. Unfortunately, however, no one was selected to swim for Dorset in the South West Counties Gala.

Our own Swimming Sports led to the breaking of several records, the most outstanding of which, was the "plunge": Margaret Brooks added over two feet to the old record.

Individual Cups:—

Lower School:

Winner: D. Donougher. Runner-up: J. Palmer.

Middle School:

Winner: C. Donougher. Runner-up: E. Pritchett.

Upper School:

Winner: S. McMorran. Runner-up: P. Gibson.

House Shield:—

1st	Wren	148 points.
2nd	Hardy	105 points.
3rd	Barnes	80 points.

HELEN BAIRSTO, Lower VI.

GYMNASTICS CLUB

Gymnastics Club was held, as usual, on Monday afternoons, for an hour, after school.

We welcomed three new members to the Club who, with the aid of Miss Lawrence, learnt various vaults and agilities. We hope they enjoyed their gymnastics during the year.

We are very grateful to Miss Lawrence for giving up so much of her time to help us.

PAMELA SCALBERT, Lower VI, *Leader*.

* * *

VISITORS TO FOREIGN PARTS

Many girls come to us from foreign lands and we find their experiences of great interest.

GHAR DALAM CAVES AND HISTORY OF MALTA

Ghar Dalam Cave is in Malta.

Ghar Dalam in English means Cave of Darkness. This cave is in the hillside of a valley, it was full of water long ago when Malta was joined to Africa. This cave was also made by water, it is very long and only half is explored, which is a mile. Many bones of animals have been found.

Long ago, when Malta was joined to Africa, many animals from Africa walked to Malta, Elephants, Red Deer and Foxes. The piece of land which joined Africa to Malta sank and tilted Malta to one side, the valley emptied so the animals could live in the caves except the elephants. Malta tilted even more, the valley filled up with water so the animals were driven out of the caves on to the ridge. After a few months food got scarce on the ridge, so most of the animals, except the elephants, died. As the elephants did not get much food they shrank to about 5ft. tall. Malta was slowly tilting so the valley dried up and the animals lived in the cave which they found, Ghar Dalam. This cave is a pot hole. As time passed on men used this cave as a farm shed, so kept animals in it. The floor got higher and higher till it was five layers thick. These layers through the years got pressed down till they were less than a foot above each other.

Through those years stalagmites and stalactites formed, they are 3 feet high, and grow one inch every thousand years.

Now you can visit this cave and see the bones of these animals (some have been made into whole skeletons) and the layers of the floors and the stalagmites and stalactites.

Malta is slowly tilting one to two inches every thousand years and now stands on three legs like a table.

CATHERINE BALL, Form III.

A TRIP IN THE FFESTINIOG RAILWAY

Last year we went to North Wales for our Summer holidays. It was great fun, and we did many exciting things there, but I think the thing that I enjoyed most, was a trip in the Portmadoc to Ffestiniog train, which runs on a narrow gauge track. It is probably one of the oldest narrow gauge railways in Great Britain, as it was made in roughly 1870. Some of the track was damaged and closed in 1940, but the steam engines can still run about two thirds of the way there, as the line is being repaired.

One day we all went to Portmadoc, bought our tickets, and waited on the crowded platform for the next train. In came the train at last, this one that we went on was called "Larl of Merioydd", which is pronounced 'Earl of Merioneth'. The carriages were quite gay inside. Some had grey and yellow tables in them, and others had red and green cushioned seats in them. On the outside some were painted green, some red and yellow, with the name of the train printed in gold letters on the engine.

The ride was lovely. First we crossed a long bridge, and on the other side we could see Snowdon from the window. We saw many lovely Welsh mountains and views, and sometimes I felt the train was nearly tipping, as it ran close to the mountain edge. Now our journey was over, as we arrived at the latest station that had been opened. We had our tea, and looked at the station, then decided to have a look round about it. My sister and I went over a gate, and climbed a hill, from there we had a very good view. There was a river with trees all the way down, and a waterfall at the bottom.

Now we had to go back to the station. The train we came back on was called 'The Blanche'. Back we went, past the mountains, into the tunnels through the high rocks, back over the bridge to Portmadoc, after a lovely day with a trip on the railway.

SHEILA CAMERON, Form III.

* * *

NGORONGORO CRATER

My home is in Tanzania and during my Summer holidays I was lucky enough to visit Ngorongoro Crater which is part of the Rift Valley. This crater is one of the largest craters in the world, being approximately eight thousand feet above sea level. The floor of the crater is about ten miles in diameter and two thousand feet below the rim.

We set off in the early morning in a Landrover with an African driver guide who could speak perfect English and was very pleasant. After travelling a few miles along rough dirt roads we began our descent into the crater down a rough, stoney, single-tracked road, dropping two thousand feet in less than two miles.

We drove across the crater floor which is estimated to contain over 25,000 animals. We were able to see clearly and photograph huge herds of wild beasts and zebra gathered around waterholes or lakes. In addition we were able to get within three or four yards of a lioness and her cubs, but were unable to photograph her as she was so well camouflaged in the undergrowth. During the safari we came across a rhinoceros which, after allowing us to photograph him, ambled unhurriedly away.

After a light packed lunch, which we had in the shade of a thorn tree, the driver went in further search of big game. He was able to find African Elephant, but would not approach nearer than 30 yards—he also kept the engine running as an elephant is a dangerous and unpredictable beast.

After leaving the elephants far behind in the long grass, we were able to see two lions, probably father and son, lying panting and playing in the hot African afternoon sun, although there was shade within easy reach. We had our head and shoulders out of the top of the sliding roof of the Landrover to take photographs of these two lions, but after one insignificant growl from the younger lion they both ignored us.

On our return we saw different varieties of gazelle, ostrich and hippopotamus almost immersed in the water near the lake shore, and many hungry, mangy looking hyenas in search of a kill. We saw cuddly looking waterbuck and topi, also a scruffy jackal.

After having spent six hours in the crater viewing African wild-life we ascended another tortuous twisting road to return to the lodge for a very welcome cup of tea!

JAYNE PALMER, Upper IV.

* * *

A VISIT TO HONG KONG

Hong Kong or "the Pearl of the Orient" as it sometimes is known, is a place with a charm and appeal of its own. During my stay there, I found something new and interesting to see every day.

Walking through the centre of the town where all the large department stores and offices are, one sees cars, buses, trams and people everywhere. The people come from all over the world. Some are French, some German, English, Japanese and American, but there are most of all, Chinese.

The side alleys are often the dwellings of many of the Chinese. They sleep on the ground or on boxes, but are awake at day-break to sell their cheap goods which can be anything from plastic toys to cotton blouses. The mothers, while waiting for customers, knit or sew and talk together; the fathers sit and watch the tourists or

discuss their various problems with each other. The children play together, finding a source of enjoyment out of a cardboard box or a piece of string.

In these more 'Chinese' areas the buildings are duller and greyer than those in the centre of the town. Washing hangs from the windows above the shops on long bamboo poles and mingles with the colours of the large signs written in Chinese characters. In these areas the smells of dried fish and meat, herbs and other foods particular to the Chinese, mingle with the smell of dust and cars. Chinese music blares out, drowning all other noises.

I found the beaches on the island delightful. Three of the main beaches are Deep Water Bay, so named because the water becomes very deep very near to the shore, Repulse Bay and Big Wave Bay, named this because the waves are said to be the biggest here than at any other beach. In summer these beaches are tightly packed with people.

I found Hong Kong to be most beautiful at night. From the Peak, the highest hill on the island, the harbour seemed like a lake, the boats were lit up and their reflections shone on the water. The boats were large aircraft carriers, ferries or the traditional junks. The lights of the sky-scrapers and flats were all colours, white, blue, red, green, and the island seemed to have a fairyland charm. It is difficult to believe what the darkness hides; dirt, poverty and sadness.

Hong Kong is both good and bad, beautiful and ugly to the eye, but I found it one of the most interesting places that I have visited and I would like to return there some day.

CHRISTINE DONOUGH, Upper IV W.

* * *

A DIFFERENT WORLD

My home is in Ayrshire, in Scotland, but as I am a boarder at the School, I have lost touch with most of my friends at home.

Because of this, it was arranged that I should go for a working holiday to the Isle of Arran, which is just across the Firth of Clyde from Ayr.

I had to travel to Fairlie, a small town on the coast, to get the boat, "The Duchess of Hamilton", which took me to Loch Ranza, at the North end of the Island, where I was to work.

On the way to Fairlie, I passed through busy towns, with factories, railway stations and heavy traffic, all of which were quite natural to me.

On reaching Loch Ranza I was impressed immediately by the silence of the place and the lack of heavy traffic. Sheep were grazing everywhere, even on the grass verges by the roads, as the sheep there have right of way.

The day on which I arrived was beautiful, and the blue cloudless sky allowed me to see the rolling hills, covered with purple heather and bracken, to their full advantage.

I worked in a Guest House, in Loch Ranza, as a chambermaid, waitress and dishwasher, for boarders who came for their holidays in Arran, for a whole month, and during that time I learned to do many things which I had never had a chance to do before, such as fishing and golfing, though I was not very good at the latter.

When I returned home, having had a wonderful holiday, I went to Brodick, a town more popular for holidaymakers than Loch Ranza, where I caught a steamer which took me to Ardrossan, where I caught a train to Ayr.

On the way back in the train, I was almost deafened by the noise, and longed for the beautiful clean little village of Loch Ranza, as I saw the dirty streets and crowds of people milling around.

I am hoping very much to return next year for another rest from the busy towns and cities.

CAROLINE CAIRD, Upper V.

* * *

UNKIND BEAUTY

Magpie, Magpie,
With your beautiful plumage,
Your black and white feathers
Burnished in sunlight,
Why is your beak so cruel and strong?
Why does your conscience
Allow you to thief?
Have you a conscience?
You prey on small neighbours
And innocent creatures.
You steal from us, humans,
Our food and our treasures.
Were you less destructive,
Men would not choose to kill you.
Oh! Foolish Magpie—
You beautiful bird,
You beautiful villain.

VIVIENNE GASTER, Lower V.

VOLCANO

A hot summer's day,
All is peaceful,
No noise,
You can hear the insects.
There is heat, heat, heat,
But then staring up into the sky
I see smoke above the volcano,
Pale smoke.
I sit up suddenly,
My mother will have seen it.
My dress is in a mess,
I have been told I should not lie on the ground like a boy.
She is in a temper.
She must have seen me,
But no she is not cross with me!
Why is this?
I look up as something falls on my arm.
I look around and find stones flying around.
The volcano is rumbling, rumbling, rumbling.
It is getting dark,
The great cloud is blocking out the sun,
All around me there is terror,
People are running,
We are some of the lucky ones.
We are on the edge of the town.
It will not take us long to leave.
There is terror, terror, terror,
Many people die.
When it stops, the white ash drifts in.
All is peaceful, the peace of death.

JENNIFER BLAGDEN, Form III.

* * *

NOT ENOUGH

In I walk, through the gates, and say
"How much is it that I have to pay?"
"It's only two and sixpence" he replied.
With pleading eyes, I stared at him and cried,
"Two and six is far too much for me,
Please reduce it down to one and three?"
But no, the keeper firmly shook his head,
"The fee is two and six" was what he said.
And so I sadly turned myself away,
I cannot ride the elephant today.

The man will stand there, holding out his dish,
 The seals will jump and dive, to catch their fish.
 The monkeys high above, will swing and prance,
 The chimpanzees will show the crowds their dance.
 The lions will roar, the tigers in play, will fight,
 The birds in their cage, will flap their wings in flight.
 But all this fun is not for me to see
 Because Dad only gave me one and three.
 I, outside, must stand alone,
 And wander sadly to my home.

PAM SCALBERT, Lower VI.

* * *

TEMPEST

The midnight gale rages and roars;
 Showing its mighty temper to the sea,
 Which, in response, furiously lashes itself
 Into monstrous cliffs and bottomless canyons,
 Leaping into the air in vain but determined attempts
 To seize the wind and pin it down;
 Then in roaring misery falls down hard,
 And desperately tries again.
 The gale now roars with mirth,
 And everlastingly teases the sea;
 Now here; now there; now gone;
 And the great, clumsy ocean is no match
 For this mighty and nimble wind.
 And like the wind it rushes round,
 Boiling, seething, frothing, foaming,
 Throwing up spray and roaring all the while;
 Till, as dawn breaks, rosy, in the east,
 Both wind and sea begin to tire
 Of this gargantuan game of 'Tag',
 And gradually, each subsides,
 And goes to rest, and tends its wounds,
 And soothes its ruffled pride.
 So when morning's cold, grey light
 Reveals the scene to sleepless eyes,
 All is quiet once more;
 The petulant swell, subsiding,
 Belies last night's fury,
 And the wind no longer roars and howls.
 Then sailors, and their friends on land,
 Give thanks to the God who kept them safe,
 And pray for the souls of those He called;
 While the sea and the wind live on.

DIANE BRETNALL, Lower V.

SHOPPING WITH DAD

Catch the '31' with Dad,
And sit down on the bus all clad
In Beatle cap and denim jeans
With yellow stitching down the seams.
Hop off at the other end
As bus shoots off around the bend,
Dad and I are off to shop
And fill our baskets to the top.
I grab Dad's coat and make him dash
Into 'Hickies', out comes cash
In goes record, then we're off
To see what's in the other shops.
Poor old Dad, all in a flurry,
But I don't mind, we needn't hurry.
We both slow down, only walking,
Chattering and busily talking.
We then go into 'Smiths' to find
We've left our shopping-bag behind.
In 'Hickies'. So we're off again
Into 'Hickies' but in vain,
Our bag isn't anywhere
"I could've sworn I'd left it there!"
Then suddenly, over the floor there lies
A familiar bag, the same shape and size.
Relief to us all, again we are out
Walking quickly around and about,
Into the newsagent's for Dad's papers,
Back again, and into the draper's.
Into all others, don't think we missed one,
Hardly can stand, never mind run
When our bus comes to a halt at the stop,
We've only just made it, on we hop.
"Here's the conductor Dad,
What did he say?
You can't be serious
Did you say you can't pay?"

after reading

'Miss Thompson goes Shopping'
by Martin Armstrong.

MARY MOORE, Upper IV.

PLATO'S CHILDREN, YOU AND I.

You are the sister of the girl I adored,
Your eyes, that laugh, the walk—even your voice
All taunt and provoke the memory hoard.
Unfortunately, love does not admit choice.
But you yourself are of different quality,
You possess a mind of your own: remote,
Strange and beautiful, an unknown quantity.
You have imagination, thoughts that float.

Do you (will you) remember where we walked?
Along a peopled shore of a crimson lake.
Can you recall about what we talked?
I granted you three wishes—yours to take.
In the soft dusk you laughed, content
And threw my gift into the cool air.
I grinned: wishes are best thus spent
But could you have known, did you care?

I hinted at my thoughts but they remained unformed,
Responsibility and honour made known their hold.
The strong citadel of time held and stands unstormed,
Our deepest thoughts are still provokingly untold.
We talked, bravely, about the future
And even, boldly, held—firmly—hands.
Plato's children for whom exists no cure
Except love and hope: Time understands.

ANON.

* * *

This essay was the County winner in the "Brooke-Bond Essay Competition", and we are all very proud that a member of our School should achieve such a high standard.

WHEN I WAS FIVE

Have you ever been five? That beautiful age when everything is rosy and you are just starting school and making friends, and you love things like snow; and guinea-pigs; and Christmas trees; and chocolate. I was five once. It must have been a long, long time ago because I am eight now. Well, *nearly* eight. I had been going to the tiny school at the end of Lupin Lane for two months, and it was almost Christmas. I loved Miss Alexander-Brown, who taught us. At least I think I loved her. I always thought that you could only love people in your own family, like your mother or baby sister; but we were told by the Vicar today that "thou shalt love thy neighbour", and since Miss Alexander-Brown only lives half a mile from our house, I suppose she is my neighbour, and I must love her.

Anyway it was a cold afternoon, and the day before the last day of term. We were having one of those terrible lessons which are not *really* lessons at all, but times when your teacher wants to do something, and tells you to "get on with something quietly". I was deeply absorbed in a book containing enormous print, just suitable for five-year-olds, about a little boy and girl called Dick and Jane and their dog Spot, who went for a picnic. Suddenly it began to snow. I nudged, hard, and in the side, Michael Wetherall, the boy who sat next to me and copied my arithmetic. He was already gazing, rapt, out of the big, light, French windows. "It's beautiful", he said. I became wild with excitement. It was actually snowing. Snowing big, fat flakes that looked like white chicken feathers drifting to the ground. Soft, and wet, and beautiful. I think Miss Alexander-Brown was excited, too, because she looked up from her sewing and a tiny smile caught her thin lips and lit up her pastel blue eyes. I could hardly wait for school to close: this was just too wonderful for words.

Three-thirty finally rolled around and Miss Alexander-Brown dismissed us and helped everyone put on their gaberdine mackintoshes, and scarves, and woollen mittens. Then she told us to hurry home and not to "dawdle", since it was dark soon, and it was awfully cold.

I stepped outside the front door and down the steps, enchanted, with a smile lighting up my face and a satchel over my shoulder. It would be too quick if I walked straight home, for home was only just down the road. I wanted to stay out here; and play; and build snowmen, and feel the snow brushing my nose and landing on the top of my striped woollen hat.

I saw the path leading to the wood; the snow would be thick there, and the branches of the trees heavily laden—thick, and white.

I had only been to the woods a couple of times before, but I was sure I could easily find my way home. Cautiously I picked my way over a few dead branches lying in the snow, looking back and watching the footprints I had made with my wellingtons.

When I reached the French windows of our tiny classroom I poked my head round to see if Miss Alexander-Brown was still occupied with her needlework. She was. With a little skip of excitement, I ran to the path. It was narrow, and winding. It scared me a little at first, and I wondered if I should turn back. I bit my lip, and my heart was beating so fast that I thought it would pop out of my duffle coat. I took the plunge—a very big plunge, for a five-year-old.

My red wellingtons made big, beautiful footprints, and I kept turning round and retracing them, trying to place my small foot exactly in the hole in the snow, and getting great joy from doing so. I ran on, skipping, and running, and falling over, and making tiny childish noises of sheer delight. And the snow stung my eyes and made my nose run, and it was wonderful.

But the daylight cannot last forever, especially when it is so near Christmas, and soon the sky began to put on its black evening gown. I could not see nearly so much as I had been able to, but the snow still looked luminous in the twilight. Shivers began to creep up my spine—I was even colder now than I had ever been, and I began to think to myself: "I hate you, snow".

I fell across a log and stumbled to the ground, and sank into the snow. It was wet; and cold; and ugly. I sat there, wide-eyed, and the corners of my mouth turned towards the earth and a big, fat tear rolled down the side of my nose and made a tiny hole in the snow.

And all the while I was thinking: "I hate you, snow; I hate you, snow". The tears came fast, and I got up, and ran around, and stamped, and screamed: "I HATE YOU, SNOW! I HATE YOU, SNOW!" Then I lay down and sobbed. I was never so scared in all my life. I sobbed for my mother, and tried to remember a prayer which I knew began something like "Harold be thy name"

As I sat, dazed, by the side of a tree, listening to the rustle of its branches, I was startled by a sudden sound. A ringing sound. A bell. I looked up, and saw nothing. But I heard the flapping of wings in the darkness and an owl's screech. It did not sound a bit like "Twit-T-woo", which I had always thought owls were supposed to sound like. The bell again. Not a tinkle, nor a church bell, nor like the sound of my father's clock when it rings every morning at half-past-six, but—was it? A cow bell.

Then I saw—Winifred, who was a cow. A fat cow. And at that moment the most beautiful cow in the world. Her name fell from my lips in a gasp, and I saw that she, too, was wet, and with an eiderdown of snow over her beautiful, big, Jersey body. Her field had to be nearby. She fluttered her long eyelashes at me and I threw my arms about her neck and buried my face in her silky hide, which was wet and smelt of hay.

And I withdrew one of my arms and wrapped my scarf around her neck and we wandered home, for Winifred knew the way.

It must have been at least half-past-eleven when I finally padded up the front path, although my mother still tells me it was only fifteen-minutes-past-six. But I know that I was tired when I sat in the hall and my big brother pulled my Wellington boots so hard that he nearly fell over backwards, and he pulled my socks off too.

Then, clean as a freshly minted penny, I sat by the fire and drank bubbly cocoa from my own mug which had a picture of Humpty Dumpty on the side, and ate crumpets. And there was so much butter that it ran down my fingers in a stream and dripped on to the carpet. It was wonderful.

When you are only five, snow is the most beautiful thing in the world

ELIZABETH MORLEY-HILL, U.V.

* * *

GUIDE CAMP

I woke up very excited at the thought of my first Guide camp. My grip was packed and my bedding roll made up. I carefully put on my uniform making sure that everything was clean and bright. When I was satisfied I ran downstairs and ate a big breakfast for I knew I would need it.

At half past nine my father took me to the Guide headquarters by car. When we arrived I pulled out my grip and bedding roll and added to the pile. Then I began the tiring job of taking out tents, boxes of food, cooking utensils etc. and loading them into the lorry which was taking us to our camp-site.

When everything was ready we got in and we were off. I enjoyed every minute of the journey in the lorry. At last we were there and everybody jumped out of the lorry and started unloading. The patrols started putting up their tents which was great fun. When at last the tents were up there came the job of making a shoe rack and a bedding roll rack. We found some pieces of wood and tied them together with a square lashing. When they were made our goods were loaded onto them. The shoes and wellingtons were neatly arranged along the shoe rack. Then we reported to the captain for tent inspection and we passed with full marks for tidiness. When all the tents were up we unpacked our food as we were hungry. When lunch was finished two patrols went to fetch water while two other patrols collected wood. The water was collected from a farm, just up the road, while wood was all around us.

The fire was made and the tea was cooking, just as we returned. We ate our delicious baked beans and toast and then we washed the plates and cutlery. We spent the time between tea and supper at leisure. By supper time it was dark and while we ate and drank we sang campfire songs around the fire. Amongst them were "Whip, o' orwil" and "Land of the silver birch".

I shall never forget this camping holiday.

KATE PORTER, III.

* * *

FISHING FOR BEGINNERS

We stood with a jam-jar ready for the catch. The young boy leaned forward on the stone bridge, hands ready. We saw a dark small fish streak across the water. The boy caught it with his hands and dropped it into a jam-jar with some weeds.

The boy leaned out over the water to catch some more fish. He went too far and slipped into the water. The little stream was only six inches deep, so it did no harm to the boy. Angry, he climbed out of the stream, and two other boys took him home.

A group of young children were soon trying to catch some more fish, when suddenly a big fish streaked down the stream and under the bridge.

In their excitement some children knocked the jam-jar over into the stream, letting the fish free.

GILLIAN BURROWS, III.

* * *

UPPER SIXTH DIVINITY EXPEDITION

It seemed such a shame that as Jackie Lewis had originally thought up this expedition, she had to miss it through illness. This left only two of us to go with Miss Watkins, and so we were able to travel to Bournemouth in her car. We had arranged to spend the morning visiting a revised Synagogue, in Christchurch Road, and this proved to be extremely interesting. The caretaker showed us many of the sacred vessels and scrolls of the Jewish religion, and told us about the Marriage and Passover services.

We separated for an hour before lunch and then went to Fortes with an old friend, Mary Mack, who is now at Poole Technical College. She was unable to come with us in the afternoon, so we said 'Goodbye' and went to see the film "The Bible", starring Peter O'Toole and Charles Huston among many other stars.

We all agreed that it was a brilliant production which brought the Bible to life for us.

The whole day had been a delightful change from our usual school routine.

J.M.B.

UIV G VISIT OXFORD

On July 14th, Upper IV G set out from School for Oxford. The drive, uneventful except for a stop at Newbury, took three hours. After driving through the city we reached a coach-stop where we ate our picnic lunches.

Afterwards, the form, accompanied by Mrs. Gee and Mrs. Whaley, walked back into the centre of Oxford, stopping once to ask the way to Trinity College. Finding that we were twenty minutes ahead of schedule we were allowed to amuse ourselves without going too far. We returned on time to meet Mr. Fletcher, an uncle of one of the girls in our form and bursar of Trinity College. He very kindly took us round the College, telling us the history of Oxford and its university and showing us different parts of the buildings and explaining their uses. Having visited the Chapel, one for which Oxford is famous, and walked round the gardens, we lastly toured a modern block containing the library.

We then thanked Mr. Fletcher for the visit and set off towards the river. Five of us gathered enough money to punt one of the boats on the river and we spent a hilarious half-hour manoeuvring ourselves a few yards under a bridge and up stream, narrowly missing overturning ourselves and other traffic! We soon attracted an amused audience among them, members of our form less foolhardy than us. But all too soon we had to turn back, anticipating the time it would take to return safely.

Having returned to the coach, a slightly untidier and wetter party than that which had set out, we ate our tea.

Driving up the hills above Oxford we were able to look down on the beautiful spires and towers of the city lying beneath. I wonder how many of us had inspirations for the future from that "look in" on University life?

CHRISTABEL J. POWELL.

* * *

EXPEDITION TO THE WARWICK THEATRE

Although we had to leave so early in the morning our day in Stratford-upon-Avon was obviously going to be enjoyable. Most of us had had the pleasure of going to the Warwick Theatre once before with a Grammar School party, but for some it was a new treat!

We set out in high spirits and were still laughing and joking when we reached Stratford four hours later. We still had two hours free before the performance of "The Taming of the Shrew", and were allowed to roam around Stratford without having to walk in "croc"! The boys, although assuring us later that they were trying to promote good relations between Grammar School and High School, preferred to explore the town on their own.

Stratford is a really marvellous place. Most of the buildings are Elizabethan, making the tarmac roads and cars seem oddly out of place.

It was quite obvious that every Nell Gwyn in us would eventually give way to the Mary Quant, and so, not surprisingly we ended up in the modern part of the town visiting all of the fashion shops.

After various wanderings we found ourselves outside of a small church and were enticed inside by some charming organ music being played by a young boy. The music echoing throughout the church was really beautiful, and we all felt it was a great pity that we could not have stayed longer. After visiting the gardens which were very attractive and very well looked after we returned to the theatre.

We had allowed ourselves just enough time to buy "suckable" sweets and get settled in our seats before the performance began. For the next two hours we were well and truly entertained. The acting by Michael Williams and Janet Suzman as well as the Shakespeare Company was first class. The play, which up till now had merely been something to be endured as part of the School syllabus, really came alive for us.

The Warwick Theatre is an excellent building and well worth the money spent on it. It is ideally situated, and during the interval we were able to go on to the balcony for refreshments, from where we had an exquisite view of the river below and fields beyond, and just to set the scene, swans floated on the water.

All too soon the performance ended and we had to leave the theatre, but all vowed that it would not be too long before we returned.

The journey home proved to be as hilarious as the one to Stratford. The boys asked that the girls should sit with them "to promote good relations"—the outcome of which was two budding romances! It seemed that in no time at all we were in Shaftesbury. We all felt very tired, but were certainly very contented.

J.A.L.

* * *

MY VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND

As we lived in Cyprus at the time and the Holy Land was so near, it was not a very expensive holiday to go for a week.

My mother and I went with a party from all over Cyprus to Nicosia, where we boarded an aeroplane for Beirut. As we took off, we could see the island getting smaller and smaller below us.

It was not long before we came to Beirut and down below us we could see the most glorious beaches and the town. The sea was bright blue as the Mediterranean generally is. We landed at Beirut and waited there for about an hour and then boarded another aeroplane for Jerusalem.

Jerusalem was not such an impressive place to fly into as Beirut was, but the view was still wonderful. At Jerusalem airport we were met by our guide, 'Joe'. He took us from there in a coach to our hotel, where we stayed for the rest of that day.

The next day we started roving; the first thing I noticed was that people were driving on the right (Cyprus, like England, drives on the left). We travelled out of Jerusalem towards Bethlehem, we had a wonderful view across the country as we went. Just before we got into Bethlehem we stopped and Joe showed us the field where the shepherds had been called to go and see Christ. In the middle of the field was a little church, erected supposedly on the actual spot where the shepherds had been.

We then travelled on, not much further up the hill to Bethlehem. At Bethlehem, the first place, naturally, that we visited was the 'Basilica of Nativity', a Greek Orthodox church built over the position of the stable that Christ was born in. Inside the enormous basilica were a lot of ornaments hanging down from the ceiling (they looked rather as if they needed a good cleaning). We walked through the basilica until just before the altar where we descended some steps to a little crypt. In this tiny crypt was a gold star inlaid in the floor, this marked the place of Jesus's actual birth. Just beside was a stone block hollowed out in the middle. Here Jesus had been laid in his manger. We did not stay down there long as a lot of people wanted to come in and also there was a lot of incense burning which made it rather stuffy.

After we got out again we went up the road to a small chapel in the rock, here was where Mary, Joseph and Jesus had stayed before their flight to Egypt. There was inside a beautiful carving of Joseph leading Mary, who was sitting on the donkey holding Jesus.

We spent some time looking around Bethlehem and then we went onto the Mount of Olives. Standing on top of the Mount of Olives we could see the whole of Jerusalem below us. The most impressive building was the 'Dome of the Rock', the dome was gold and blue and could be seen from miles around. While we were on the mount we went and saw the church built over the site where Jesus taught the people the 'Lord's Prayer'. In this church the 'Lord's Prayer' was written in 100 different languages. After the Mount of Olives we went back to the hotel.

The next day we started out earlier than the day before. We travelled out of Jerusalem to Bethany, where we saw Lazarus's tomb and also a small church which had a beautiful stained glass dome. From Bethany we started travelling towards Jericho, where we stopped and saw where the walls had been brought down in a siege at the time of Joshua. We then went on to the river Jordan. The river Jordan is a slow-moving, rather muddy river. We followed the river down to the Dead Sea. At the Dead Sea everyone went and had a swim, or rather should I say, a float, because it is not possible to swim properly in the Dead Sea. We then went back to the hotel after having showers.

The next few days we spent around Jerusalem. We went to both tombs of Christ. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre which was in the Old City was too heavily decorated. The other, the Garden Tomb just outside the city was much more impressive as it was in a garden. The tomb was hollowed out of the rock and inside was the place where Christ was laid. Outside the tomb was a large rock and also the place in which the stone was pushed in front of the door.

We also followed the Via Dororosa 'Way of the Cross' which went to the Holy Sepulchre. We went into a convent there and saw a piece of road which was said to have been there since the time of Christ. A little way out of Jerusalem we went and saw the Garden of Gethsemane, where the olive trees dated back from the time of Christ. The most impressive place of all was the Church of Peter in Gallicantu, just outside Jerusalem. It was a small unspoilt church over the place where Jesus was put on trial and Peter denied him thrice. It has the most beautiful stained glass window and was really the best place of the whole trip.

After a very enjoyable holiday we travelled back to Cyprus which was in the middle of a heat-wave.

LESLEY GROVES, L.V.W.

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>	...	...	SONJA CASSELL (<i>née</i> Zinkova) BERYL KNAPTON
<i>Committee Members</i>	...	...	GRACE COOMBS JOYCE HISCOCK (<i>née</i> Garrett) MARY YOUNG (<i>née</i> Harris)

The Thirteenth London Reunion

March 4th, 1967

Once again we were blessed with a lovely day for the Spring meeting in London held at Overseas House on 4th March. After the mild winter, Spring was exceptionally early this year and we looked out on a mass of daffodils in St. James' Park waving gently in the bright sunlight.

This meeting, which has now become an annual event, is quite 'unofficial' in the sense that it is wholly organised by Miss Dunford and not by the Secretary of the O.G.A. This means that if the meeting is not well attended, not only is this a disappointment in itself but the financial loss involved is also a personal one for Miss Dunford. I mention this as I believe many people do not fully realise

the effort made by Miss Dunford every year to enable O.G. living in the London area to meet and to see her and a well-known contingent from Shaftesbury (which always includes the indefatigable Miss Drake, bless her: it is seeing her look so young each year that makes those of us who feel we are getting on a bit feel really good!). We cannot thank Miss Dunford enough for performing this annual service for us.

It was rather a pity that this year, for the first time, many of the younger O.G. for whom this meeting is mainly intended—the student teachers and nurses, and young marrieds living in the South East—were absent. In consequence, the age structure was more like that of a November meeting with the olduns among us predominating and mini skirts not much in evidence. Will all under-25s in London please note and do your utmost to come along next year if, as we hope, Miss Dunford kindly organises the London meeting again.

Despite the smaller numbers—about 40 attended, ranging in vintage from 1934 to 1966—the Spring meeting was greatly enjoyed by those present. It is always fascinating to hear from O.G. living abroad and there is more time at the London meeting to devote to their many letters received by Miss Dunford. One wonders how she manages to find time to answer them all, but she does. Letters were read out from O.G. in literally every continent, each describing a different way of life and all so very far removed from the quiet little Dorset town where they spent their childhood. And yet the common tie of school linked us all to them and one hopes that, through this magazine which they will read in their distant homes, they will realise that we all share a fragment of their lives. There must be many of us who, like myself, would love to see them if and when they visit this country, even though we may never have met before.

There were a great many photographs on display of Miss Dunford's 'grandchildren', the sons and daughters of girls she taught during her 18 years as Headmistress at Shaftesbury. There should be some 'great-grandchildren' coming along soon! Mrs. Raad, who also managed to come to the meeting, much to the delight of all of us there, must have plenty of 'great-grandchildren' and should surely be encouraged to start a collection too: any offers?

B. D. DREWITT.

O.G.A. Summer Meeting, July 1st, 1967

The Old Girls' and School Tennis teams met on the field on a sunny evening to play the annual match. This was won by the School. The teams and the few spectators afterwards went down to Barton Hill for the delicious supper which had been prepared by the Supper Committee. It was warm enough to enjoy this out of doors. Afterwards came a short business meeting. It was a very pleasant evening and a pity that there were so few members present. The School was open afterwards for anyone who wanted to revisit it.

* * *

O.G.A. Autumn Reunion, 1967

This was held at school this year, on Saturday, October 28th. Everyone was very sorry that neither Mrs. Raad nor Miss Dunford was able to be with us. It was resolved at the meeting that flowers should be sent to them with the love of the Association.

First, we enjoyed a really good supper prepared by the Supper Committee, largely through the help of Mrs. Cassell and her husband, Sonja herself, however, was unable to be with us as Julian, her third, had been born earlier in the week.

At the Meeting, the reports of the Secretary and of the Treasurer were received and some tough discussion followed of what was to happen to the Association. As regards meetings, it was decided that there would in future only be two a year, one in Shaftesbury, probably earlier in September than usual, and the other in London.

Then the financial situation was reviewed. It was felt that it was no longer possible to send a magazine free to Life members and that this should be ordered afresh. It was also resolved that Life membership should cease and that the annual subscription (which could be paid for five years is desired) should be 10/-. Fuller details have been sent to all members.

It was very nice to see at the meeting one or two members who had not been able to come for many years, and although a small meeting, it was a very friendly and enjoyable one. The Committee is obviously a lively one determined to see that the Old Girls' Association doesn't fade away.

M. E. WOODS.

* * *

News of Mrs. Raad

We were very sorry that Mrs. Raad was unable to attend either the Summer or the Autumn Re-unions at School. We hope to see her at the London Re-union in March.

We were delighted to hear of the birth of her Great-Grandson, Nicholas Charles, on June 15th, 1967.

Former Members of Staff

MISS BREWINGTON resigned her post in Cambridge to be at home while her Mother recovered from a major operation. She is now teaching at her old school, Wisbech High School, and is responsible for the Library there.

MRS. DAVISON enjoyed a Mediterranean Cruise to Egypt, on the Nevassa, in 1966.

MRS. LAWSON (*née* Newton). After eight very happy years in Swanage Mrs. Lawson and her husband have moved to the Congregational Chapel at Barnstaple. They had a very warm welcome from the people there and have settled down quickly. They look forward to exploring the beautiful countryside around them. Mrs. Lawson sends very good wishes to all O.G. and will be glad to see any who know her if they are "down her way".

MRS. MALLALIEU finds life at Kingswood School very interesting. Her grandson, Jonathan, was born on September 11th, 1966.

MRS. ROMBULOW-PEARSE visited Miss Dunford in November and told her about the ending of her work in Nigeria. Life in the Holy Rosary Secondary School at Ihoma, near Orlu, in Biafra, had continued normally until July. Mrs. Pearse was then in hospital, when, at a day's notice, she had to get up and leave for Port Harcourt. She and her companions had to leave all their possessions behind except two small hand-cases. They were taken to Lagos in an appallingly overcrowded ship. They went on to Amsterdam by air and finally reached London Airport. As they were almost penniless Mrs. Pearse was fortunate to find a refuge at a Convent in North London where she could rest till she could go on to stay with her daughter, Avis, in Leicester. Her grandson, David, aged 15 months, was a joy to her there. She is now living in her cottage at Steeple Langford until she can find the right house in Wilton. Her son, Christopher, has just become a Professor at the new University College at Morogoro in Tanzania.

MME. WATIER (*née* Milcendeau) had a son, Jerome, in August.

MRS. WHITE (*née* Rhodes). Miss Dunford was delighted to see her and her two bonny children, Andrew and Celia, when she was in Worthing in July.

* * *

Engagements

Anna Godeseth to Stephen Gerald Chapman.

Ann Middlemas to ?

Mary Miles to ?

Gillian Mullins to Colin Frampton.

* * *

Marriages

Jill Brooks to David Clark.

Elizabeth Burton to Jeffrey Steward.

Valerie Croxford to George Groves.

Susan Green to Richard Barter.

Rosalind Jackson to Geoffrey Tucker.

Gillian Ralph to Joseph Malcolm.

Jackie Scammell to Reginald Dobbs.

Jean Squire to Denis Ralph.

Births

Aslaug Abbott (*née* Godeseth), a son, Jonathan Mark.
 Anita Alford (*née* Allen), a son, Paul Allen.
 Valerie Avis (*née* Greenland), a son, Edward.
 Mary Bell (*née* Edmondson), a daughter, Erica Anne.
 Sonja Cassell (*née* Zinkova), a son, Julian.
 Ruth Everitt (*née* Gibbs), a daughter, Joanna Frances.
 Janet Faull (*née* Squires), a daughter, Penelope Ruth.
 Kirsten Forster (*née* Klose), a daughter, Iris.
 Carol Gray (*née* Harris), a daughter, Anna.
 Mary Hammond (*née* Bond), a daughter, Gillian.
 Heather Hessler (*née* Jesshope), a daughter, Johanna.
 Hazel Hurd (*née* Salisbury), a daughter, Juliet Clare.
 Joy Lancaster (*née* Cox), a son, Ian Mark.
 Gillian Malcolm (*née* Ralph), a daughter, Teresa Gwendolen.
 Joy Messer (*née* Hunt), a son, Ian James.
 Margaret Millbank (*née* Rose), a daughter, Wendy.
 Pamela Nuttall (*née* Collis), a daughter, Laura.
 Heather Penny (*née* Pomeroy), a daughter, Marion Joy.
 Sylvia Perrin (*née* Welch), a son, Nigel William.
 Mildred Read (*née* Topp), a daughter, Sarah Ann.
 Marion Savage (*née* Bright), a son, Simon Anthony.
 Janet Smart (*née* Gilbert), a daughter, Elizabeth Claire.
 Stella Slack (*née* Ludlow), a son, Simon.
 Mary Underwood (*née* Woodman), a daughter, Helen Wendy.
 Ann Wakelam (*née* Hall), a daughter, Nala.
 Rosemary Wyatt (*née* Brayford), a son, Jonathan.

* * *

Death

JANE BALLAM. On Sunday, January 28th, 1967, Jane was driving her car on the way to her home when she came into collision with another vehicle at the intersection of Gallows Hill and Waddock roads at Bovington. She was taken to Poole Hospital where she died. She was eighteen years old.

* * *

O.G. News

ANN ANDERSON (1967) is living with her family in a hotel in St. John's, Newfoundland, until they can find a house. She is taking a Sixth Form Course in Maths and French.

CYNTHIA AGAR (*née* Humble) (1953). For six years she worked for Esso, in their Public Relations Department. She went on a European Press Tour for foreign journalists to Italy, Libya and Germany. She was at Milford Haven when it was opened by the Duke of Edinburgh. Now she works in a Staff Bureau and enjoys meeting many people. They are living in a luxury flat in Sir Winston Churchill's old constituency of South Woodford, but are still hoping for a house in the country.

PAMELA ALBERICCI (*née* Cherbury) (1951) has begun her training at the College of Sarum St. Michael. She is enjoying it though she finds life arduous trying to combine college work with running a home for her three children.

- JUDY ALLUM (*née* Peel) (1954) moved to Marchwood on Southampton Water in September. They were a little sorry not to have a foreign posting, but are glad to be nearer their relatives.
- JULIE AUSTIN (1964) obtained a third class Special Degree in Botany at Reading. She is now at the North London Hospital Blood Transfusion Centre and finds the work very interesting and worth while.
- SONJA BARTER (*née* Sidford) (1951) was transferred to All Saints College, Tottenham, for her final year of teacher training when her family moved to London. They live only ten minutes from the green belt, Guy goes to a Comprehensive School of 900 and Kim to a Primary School.
- PENNY BARTLETT (1965) is now at Westfield College, London, after completing her Sixth Form Course at Croft House School, Shillingstone.
- PAT BOLTON (1967) has gone to the Isle of Wight with her family.
- JANE BOURNE (1967) has settled in well at the Bath School of Physiotherapy.
- JILL CLARK (*née* Brooks) (1961) obtained her Higher National Certificate in Chemistry in 1966. Her husband is a Technician for May & Baker Ltd., Dagenham, and they live at Leigh-on-Sea.
- CELIA BURTON (1967) is reading for a Science degree at Reading University.
- MARY BUSH (*née* Gray) entertained a party of relations and close friends at her home, Trapdoor Farm, East Orchard, on the occasion of her Parents Golden Wedding on Sunday, October 1st.
- JANE CAMBROOK (1961) has left St. Swithin's, Winchester. She was married in October and is living in Malta where her husband is stationed.
- JENNY CARY (1963) left the Municipal College, Bournemouth, after her Intermediate exam. She is now an Assistant Housing Manager for the Crown Estate Commissioners and is based near Regent's Park. She is sharing a flat near Earl's Court.
- MARY COLE (1967) is reading for a degree in English at Swansea University, and is our first O.G. to go there.
- ELIZABETH COLE (1964) studied the problem of immigrant children for her Education Thesis and hoped to teach in an immigrant area. She obtained a distinction in English. She is now teaching at St. Barnabas E.C. School in Bristol. It is a rough district but she finds the work very rewarding.
- JOAN CLUETT (*née* Shute) celebrated her Silver Wedding Anniversary in September.
- RUTH CORFE (*née* Jones) (1955), HELEN JONES (1964). We were grieved to hear of the death of John, their brother, in a road accident in Rhodesia.
- JULIA COVE (*née* Bown) (1957) has just moved to a 300 years old cottage in an unspoilt village about 5½ miles from Tewkesbury, Gloucester and Cheltenham.
- PATRICIA CROSSLEY (1967) has gone to South Wilts Grammar School, Salisbury, for her Sixth Form Course.
- JOAN CUSTARD (1967) is glad to be in Hall at Bedford College, London. Her room mate is another girl from Dorset. They get on well together.
- JACKIE DAVIES (1967) has gone to Gosport School for her Sixth Form Course.
- STELLA DIBBEN (1963) obtained her Education Diploma in Oxford and is now teaching in London.
- BETTY DREWITT (1938) has moved house from Richmond to Bournemouth.

- RUTH EVERITT (*née* Gibbs) (1955) moved to Devon in September. She could not come to the Autumn Reunion because there are too many jobs to be done on the farm before winter comes.
- PAT GALE (1967) finds it hard work at Dr. Barnardo's but is enjoying it very much. She is working with the babies but, naturally, has to take her turn with the toddlers, laundry, kitchen and night duty.
- ALISON GAULD (1967) is at St. Mary's College of Education at Cheltenham.
- JILL GAULD (1967) has gone to Beaminster Grammar School for her Sixth Form Course.
- PENNY GIBSON (1967) has settled in well at the City University, London, where she is studying Statistics. In the first-year Maths group there are 18 girls and 70 boys. She hopes to work at the B.B.C. Audience Research Centre during her Industrial period. She has met Jane Woolley several times.
- ZELDA GLYNOS (1966) is thoroughly appreciating the beauty of Oxford.
- ANN GOULDING (1965) is very happy at Brighton College of Education. She is taking P.E. as her subsidiary course. She plays Hockey for her College.
- VALERIE GROVES (*née* Croxford) (1961) had a wonderful wedding day. She had a telephone call from her Aunt in Hong-Kong who is also an O.G. After her wedding at Holy Trinity she was received by the Rev. Mother, Sisters, and girls at St. Mary's Convent and was blessed by Rev. Mother in the new Convent Chapel. This is the first time the Convent has received and blessed a C.E. bridal pair.
- MARGARET GUY (1953) has been working for two years for the Medical Department of the Kuwait Oil Company in London. She is contemplating taking up Social Work.
- JENNY HACKER (*née* Burridge) (1958) will be staying in Queensland for a few more years as her husband is working on new pasture grass for part of the state and the experiments will take several years. They enjoy the wonderful climate. Alison is two and Robert a year old. He has bright red hair.
- MARY HAMMOND (*née* Bond) (1955) finds her days very full now that she has Gillian as well as Sally to look after.
- SALLIE HARDIMAN (1967) is at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- VANESSA HARRISON (1965) is very happy at Leeds University. She played with her University Dramatic Society in the University Drama Competition at the Aldwych Theatre.
- ANN HITCHINGS (1954) has been promoted Assistant Manager at the main office in Knightsbridge of the Hertz American world-wide company for car rentals. In April she went to Montreal for Expo. When that ended in August she had a month to explore U.S.A.
- SALLY HITCHINGS (*née* Woodhead) (1956) now has three children.
- SYLVIA HUGHES (1967) is taking a Secretarial Course at the Oxford College of Technology. It is very intensive and she has plenty of work to do.
- CAROLYN HUNT (1966) will finish her course at the London College of Secretaries in December and is looking forward to her first job.
- GILL HUSSEY (*née* Woodman) (1944) and MARY UNDERWOOD (*née* Woodman) (1947). We were grieved to hear of the death of their Mother. The Methodist Chapel was packed, and people overflowed into the Sunday School at the Memorial Service when Shaftesbury paid tribute to her memory. Mary now has four children (two of each). Jane is at a Comprehensive School and they are very pleased with it.

- AUDREY JAKINS (*née* Winskill) (1948) has three children, Stephen, Elizabeth, and Mark. They live on a farm at Norton Fitzwarren near Taunton.
- MARY JAMES (1967) is enjoying her Home Economics Course at Seaford Domestic College. She was pleased to find one or two girls from near Shaftesbury there.
- SUSAN JOHNSON (*née* Clarke) (1956) has two sons Mark and Terry. Her husband is an engineer for Southern I.T.V. He is responsible for getting programmes, recorded on tape, on to the screen. Her parents live at Poole where her Mother is a full-time Auxiliary Nurse. Her sister, Jill, lives at Swanage and has a son, Martin.
- LUCY JORDAN (1967) is in South Africa till after Christmas. She hopes to go to Bristol or Southampton University next year.
- JANICE JOSSIF (*née* Sidford) (1956) lives in Hampshire and has two children Andrea and Anna.
- YOLANDA LEAN (1967) is training as a Nursery Nurse at the Princess Christian College.
- JEHANNE LEQUESNE (1966) finished her Sixth Form Course at Dorchester and is now at Royal Holloway College in London.
- SUSAN LEWIS (1963) is still at Lloyds Bank in Sturminster. She is a keen Badminton player.
- RUTH MARKS (1967) is doing her nursing training at the Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford.
- PEGGY McDERMOTT (1967) has gone to Wimborne Grammar School for her Sixth Form Course.
- SHEILA McMORRAN (1967) has settled in well at Bath for the course in Physiotherapy.
- HELEN MEAD (1967) has gone to Furzedown College of Education.
- JOY MEASER (*née* Hunt) (1959) is now living at Bradford-on-Avon. Ian Mark is 16 months old.
- ANN MILROY (1961) enjoyed her two terms teaching at Longslade Upper School, Leicester. She is now working for her Education Diploma.
- BARBARA MOORE (1967) is at Salisbury College of Further Education.
- DIANA MULVEY (*née* Sidford) (1950) is looking to the future when her four children are at school and is taking further education exams in Melbourne.
- MARY NORRIS (1959) has not yet completed her thesis for her D.Phil. and so is remaining in Oxford and doing part-time lecturing at Clare Hall.
- SALLY NORTH (*née* Culverhouse) (1955) is now living at Dinton. We were glad to see her for the first time at the Autumn Reunion. She is nursing at Sedgehill House and has an Au Pair girl to help with her three children.
- SALLIE PEMBERTON (*née* Thorne) (1952). Her husband is taking a course in Medical Engineering at Imperial College. He is the only Englishman in a group of five. Her brother is a Choral Scholar at Magdalen College, Oxford.
- VIRGINIA PERKINS (*née* Hardy) (1953) lives on Long Island in New York. Ann Hitchings was very glad to see her and her three children while she was at Expo.
- SARA PICKFORD (1963) is teaching in an R.C. Primary School at Mile End.

- SALLIE PILE (1967) is our first girl to go to the University of Kent at Canterbury. She is taking the compulsory General Course for four terms and then hopes to specialise in French.
- SUSAN PILE (1964) is taking a Diploma of Education at King's College, London. She shares a flat with two other girls.
- CAROLINE PRICE (1965) has finished her Sixth Form Course at Malvern and is hoping to go to the University of Kent. Her father is now working in Bulgaria.
- CYNTHIA PRITCHETT (*née* Hine) (1942). Her brother is Mayor of Shaftesbury and she is acting as his Mayoress. She now has two daughters at School.
- STELLA RIDEOUT (1963) is still training to be a Chartered Accountant with the same firm in Blandford.
- HELEN ROBINS (1966) has done a month on the wards during her training as a Physiotherapist at Guy's Hospital and now admires nurses very much.
- ELIZABETH ROWBOTTOM (1965) is enjoying Manchester University and is now specializing completely in Economics. Her family is moving to Formby soon. Diane is now living in Ireland and teaching there.
- LINDA SANDFORD (1967) is training at the Nuffield General Hospital in Oxford.
- PAT SCHMIDTLEIN (*née* Sidford) (1953) lives in Washington where her husband works in the White House. She was at home for six weeks this summer with Ronald Charles, aged one.
- ANTHEA SEMMENCE (1964) has remained at Reading for a 4th year to take her Diploma in Education.
- JENNY SIDFORD (1963) is now a Radiographer at Barts.
- MERIEL SKINNER (1964) is still delighted with Essex University. She says it is so alive, especially academically.
- JANET SMART (*née* Gilbert) (1952) worked for nearly a year in the Casualty Department of Winchester Hospital till Elizabeth Claire was born. She lives near JUNE MARKS (*née* Buchnall).
- LINDA SNASHALL (*née* Bradford) (1963) left England for Australia in September. Her husband is an Australian and received a transfer from the Australian and New Zealand Bank in London to the one in Perth. They have a partially furnished flat ready for them and, as an S.R.N., Linda will easily be able to find a job if she wants one.
- JOY SOBELL (*née* Slade) (1948) is still working at the Royal Thai Embassy in Canberra. She finds Lapidary a fascinating hobby.
- STELLA STACK (*née* Ludlow) (1950) now has two sons, Andrew, who is two, and Simon, who was born in September.
- ELIZABETH STEWARD (*née* Burton) (1963) is living near Swindon and is teaching there.
- GRETA STUBBS (1964) is remaining at the Royal Academy of Music for a fourth year.
- ANN TIDEY (1948) was in Hong Kong for eighteen months. She was flown home in 1966 with a slipped disc. Now she is at Aldershot.
- JUNE TIDEY (1948) travels round as a Branch Inspector for the United Dominions Trust. For the first time since leaving school she met Audrey Jakins (*née* Winskill) and Mary Bruce (*née* Le Bechee). They met in Bath.

ELIZABETH TEASEDALE (1967) is our first girl to go to Newcastle University. She is taking a B.A. General Degree in French, German and Politics.

ANN WAKELAM (*née* Hall) (1958). Her parents have sailed to Guadeloupe, in the French West Indies, to spend six months with her. Ann has just had her second baby, a daughter, Nala, a sister for Ivan now eighteen months old. They are still living on board their yacht "Pheb", and will charter her from St. Lucia, British West Indies, at Christmas. They had hoped to return to the Mediterranean to charter, but they altered their plans, mainly because the boat was not ready for the Atlantic crossing, and because the new baby was due.

ROSEMARY WAGNER (1963) obtained a Second Class Honours Degree in French and German at Oxford and then became a Graduate trainee journalist in the Thompson Organisation. She began as a feature writer on their new paper, the Reading Evening Post. She found the work unsatisfying and, after a few weeks in Germany, is looking for a teaching post in England for January. Her sister's book for Sixth Forms, "The Struggle for Supremacy in the Baltic, 1600-1725" has just been published.

JENNY WELFORD (1966) and PENNY WELFORD (1966) called at School at the end of the Summer Term. They are all enjoying Skye. Jenny hopes to go to Aberdeen University, where her brother, Alex, is already.

JENNY WILLIAMS (*née* Harding) (1957). They were unable to sell their house so her husband gave up his job in Suffolk and is now Publicity Officer for Universal Asbestos Manufacturers in Watford. David and Philip are both at school, so Jenny is left with Timothy, aged 2, at home.

ELIZABETH WOOLLEY (1965). As her parents are going to Bahrain she is living with her grandmother and going to Worthing High School.

JANE WOOLLEY (1965) is taking a Bi-lingual Secretarial Course at the French Institute in South Kensington.

MARY YOUNG (1927). Her niece is carrying on the family nursing tradition. Elizabeth has won a silver medal for overall performance in the hospital exams. This and a Hospital Nursing Certificate were presented to her at the nurses' prize-giving at the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital.

* * *

Life Members (since December 1966)

Jessiman, Philippa, 14 Woodberry Gardens, Finchley, London, N.12.

* * *

Annual Members 1966/67 (since December 1966)

Brooks, Jill, 313 Eastern Avenue, Gants Hill, Ilford, Essex.

Parsons, Rita, 13 Grosvenor Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Ralph, Gillian, 14 Bath Street, Southampton, Hants.

Sturman, Rosemary, 34 Conyers Road, Streatham, London, S.W.16.

Tidey, June, 108 Elmbridge Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.

Welford, Anne, 36 York Road, Woking, Surrey.

Annual Members 1967/68

- Barrett, Dorothy (*née* Hiscock), "Córnerway", 21 Old Boundary Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Cary, Jennifer, 15 Coleherne Road, London, S.W.10.
- Coombs, Grace, The Forge, Ashmore, Salisbury, Wilts.
- Custard, Joan, "Dunelm", Todber, Sturminster Newton, Dorset.
- Drake, Kathleen, 7 Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Dunford, Marjorie, 33 Bower Gardens, Salisbury, Wilts.
- Ford, Dawn (*née* Hitchings), 180 College Road, Trowbridge, Wilts.
- Gatehouse, Joyce, Kingsettle Cottage, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Goddard, Sandra, 19 Clevelands Avenue, Cheltenham, Glos.
- Hiscock, Joyce (*née* Garrett), Donhead Hall Farm, Donhead St. Mary, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Hogg, Eileen (*née* Elford), 26 Stalbridge Drive, Ferndown, Dorset.
- Hughes, Sylvia, Kings Lane, Ansty Coombe, Salisbury, Wilts.
- Hussey, Gillian (*née* Woodman), "Upton", Old Boundary Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Lancaster, Joy (*née* Cox), c/o Manor Farm, West Stour, Gillingham, Dorset.
- Lodge, Susan, 69 Moore View Road, Norton Woodscats, Sheffield, S8 0HH.
- Maidment, Joyce, "Little Firs", Coppice Street, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Maidment, Yvonne (*née* Humphries), Ivy Cross Cottage, Ivy Cross, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Marks, June (*née* Bucknall), 3 Lower Chilcombe, Bar End, Winchester, Hants.
- Mead, Helen, "Valencia", Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Mercfield, Jennifer (*née* Gatehouse), c/o Kingsettle Cottage, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- North, Sally (*née* Culverhouse), "Whitegates", Dinton, Salisbury, Wilts.
- Parsons, Rita, 13 Grosvenor Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Pile, Sarah, Midland Bank House, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Spencer, Jean (*née* Beecham), Northern Hay, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Teasdale, Elizabeth, "Chipchase", Wincombe Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Tucker, Rosalind (*née* Jackson), 120 Admaston Road, Plumstead Common, London, S.E.18.
- Whitty, Maureen, "Roslyn", East Lambrook, South Petherton, Soms.
- Williams, Jenny (*née* Harding), 28 Nightingale Road, Rickmansworth, Herts.
- Woods, Mary, Shaftesbury High School, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Shaftesbury's O.B.E.

The New Year Honours' List included the name of Miss Mary Lavinia Young, who was awarded the O.B.E.

Miss Young, who retired from the nursing profession in November, 1966, comes from a well-known Shaftesbury family, who for generations, have carried on an ironmongery business in the High Street.

She was educated at the Shaftesbury High School and often speaks very warmly of her happy childhood and schooldays in the hill-top town, which she has always enjoyed visiting during her thirty-seven years in the nursing profession.

At the age of eighteen, she set forth for London, to start her training for the Sick Children's Register at the Belgrave Hospital, and after successfully finishing the three years' course, was accepted at King's College Hospital for general training. After becoming a State Registered Nurse, she did her midwifery training, and then returned to King's College Hospital, where she held the appointments of Night Sister, Home Sister and Ward Sister. She became Matron of the Westminster Hospital in 1951.

Miss Young took a keen interest in nursing affairs outside the Hospital. For example, she was Vice-Chairman of the Prison Nursing Advisory Board and for many years, a member of the Executive Committee of the Association of Hospital Nurses.

During 1961, she was an official delegate from Great Britain at the International Congress of Nurses held in Melbourne, Australia, and was able at that time to go round the world in sixty-eight days visiting Hospitals and Training Schools in many countries.

She was always proud of the association between the Hospital and the Palace of Westminster and Westminster Abbey. Her last year in office was memorable, the Abbey celebrating its 900th anniversary and the Hospital its 250th. During January, she read a lesson in Westminster Abbey at a special service of Thanksgiving for the Hospital. The highlight of her career was during October when the Queen visited the Hospital.

Miss Young is a regular communicant member of the Church of England and particularly enjoyed attending the services held in the beautiful Chapel situated in the heart of Westminster Hospital. She has made no secret of the fact that she has been upheld and strengthened in her personal and professional life by her Christian faith.

News from Abroad

1. Canada—Ann Hitchings.

I believe I mentioned to you at the last meeting, in London, of the Old Girls, that I was planning this trip to Canada—and now I can look back, without regretting one bit my decision to up and out of London.

My girl friend and I arrived here just prior to the opening of Expo, and were immediately impressed by the cleanliness, the friendliness and how cosmopolitan Montreal is. I am still fascinated by the way almost everyone speaks English and French fluently.

There was already an excitement in the air for the grand opening of Mayor Drapeau's Expo 67. Our first expense was to buy our passports for Expo, allowing us into the fair ground free for the whole season.

I understand you have had lots of television shows on Expo, so you must have some idea of what it is like, but television could never leave you so impressed as everyone is after visiting there. There is so much to see, so much to do, so many different foods to eat. One can travel it by helicopter, hovercraft, boat, express train, mini-rail (blue or yellow) trailer bus, gondola, chair lift, pedi-cab or foot.

All the Pavilions are impressive from the outside. Probably the most outstanding is the Globe of the United States—there is talk that the U.S. is employing labour at \$7 an hour to roll the Pavilion back to the States when Expo is over!!! Russia, standing just across the river from the States is also impressive as it is large and practically all glass. France has a marvellous art section. Japan shows a modern living room, combining the old Japanese tradition of everything being on the floor. In Mexico one can sip Tequilā, whilst listening to the musicians in their large floppy hats. Germany displays its beautiful steel cutlery, its tape recorders, radios and the Porsche-Carrera. Outside the Trinidad and Tobago brightly painted pavilion, a lively steel band plays twice daily. The British Pavilion, looking very solid and permanent, gives an excellent showing of Britain in the past, Britain today, and Britain tomorrow. I was very impressed, but there! Perhaps I'm biased!!

La Ronde, the amusement centre, is for sky riding, flume rides, dancing waters, fireworks, waterski shows; eating Swiss Fondue or Hawaiian Specialities; sipping Whitbreads Pale Ale in the peace of an English Pub or downing German beer to a lively Bavarian Band until 2.30 a.m.

Expo has almost everything!

It seems so sad that in just over a month it will all be closing down.

So, in three weeks time my girl friend and I are packing a few things and travelling over to Vancouver, down to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Grand Canyon, Fort Worth, St. Louis, Washington (to see cousin Pat), New York and finally back to Montreal when we shall fly home for Christmas.

* * *

2. Hong Kong—Esme Phillips (nee Coombs).

Lately our troubles in Hong Kong have increased. This increase has been put down to Lord Shepherd's visit here. For three days well over one hundred bombs were planted by the trouble makers each day, and over a third of them were genuine. The worst incidents are when the bombs are thrown from roof tops, which has happened on a *small* scale lately. After one of these incidents 22 people were detained in hospital. Since this sort of thing has started we hesitate about taking our children into the shopping areas. We would never forgive ourselves if they were maimed at such a young age. My husband and I, the same as most people here, carry on normally, avoiding the worst trouble spots. The amazing thing about the bomb incidents is the way the Chinese adults and very young children crowd around an area where a bomb is being detonated. Only last Friday a policeman was killed and another badly injured when a bomb exploded unexpectedly. These two brave lads were trying to keep a crowd away from that bomb. An 18 year old youth (a spectator) was also killed. My experiences of all this? Well, we live on the South side of the island in a quiet country area, so they are few. I heard the fireworks, illegally let off on October 1st (Communist Revolution Day) and one bomb explode, when I was visiting friends on the outskirts of town. I have seen sandbags sometime after the bomb they surrounded, had been detonated. I have seen lorries loaded with riot squad police, so have made it my business to head in the opposite direction to them! I have talked with a few Chinese about the situation. Most are reluctant to talk, others openly admit their fear. They, themselves, do not know who amongst them is likely to be a trouble maker. About six weeks ago we took a trip on the railway, as far as we were allowed without a visa, to a town called Sheung Shui. The day was very hot, and when I saw an attractive store I walked in, mainly for a chance to be in a cool place for a while. Then I realised I'd walked into a branch of China Products. Since the trouble started most Europeans have

boycotted these stores, and we had, too, mainly, because we'd heard rumours that no change was given from purchases made. As I was in the store I thought I'd test this rumour. I made a small purchase, the poor shop assistant must have been afraid of being defiled by the British, because he sang Mao's thoughts throughout the purchase! I was tempted to sing the National Anthem, but did not wish to lower the dignity of our Queen. If only I'd thought of Rule Britannia!! Well, I got my change, but to make sure I made another small purchase from another counter. This time I was not serenaded, and I again had change, so another rumour squashed.

All being well, we hope to leave Hong Kong on February 16th, 1969. We shall return to London on the Arcadia on April 3rd. This ship calls at Japan, Hawaii, Canada, America, through Panama,

Jamaica, Bahamas, America again, Bermuda, France and then London. A trip I'm really looking forward to. We are not sure where we shall settle when we do get home.

* * *

3. India—Philippa Long (nee Potter)

I have been living in Bombay now for 20 months and have often wondered if there were any more Old Girls out here, yet somehow I can never remember it ever being mentioned!

We came out here in January 1966, Bryan being promoted to First Officer with British India on Eastern Service. We came by sea on the Iberia and my main disappointment on the voyage was not being able to see the Pyramids, the excursion apparently is only done on ships going North through the Suez Canal. Bryan joined the Karanja on arrival, and he travels between Bombay, Karachi, Seychelles and East African ports as far as Durban and back again, which makes him away approximately 7 weeks at a time and here in Bombay for 10 days. I have a small flat here with a wonderful view over open space and then the sea, which was a great help when I feel homesick for the countryside.

I am afraid the life of the majority of the people here shocked and appalled me on arrival, and still does. The poverty is tremendous amongst the majority of the people. It is amazing how they manage to live in their surroundings and it really is a pitiful sight to see some of the children for, despite the tremendous amount of help given to the poor people through various Charities, which the British Women's Association support by holding various money raising functions during the year, there is still a vast number who

require help. Of course, there are also the very rich Indians, but there seem to be very few in between, counting on the numbers here.

Bombay, of course, at the moment is very hot after the Monsoons and before the cool season, and, last year, I managed with a couple of the other wives, a weekend in one of the Hill Stations. The drive up the side of the mountains really was lovely, and the view magnificent.

Last March I had a week in Delhi with another wife, and we had a good look around there and thoroughly enjoyed the cold nights. We took a day excursion from here to Agra to see the Taj Mahal. This was a breath-taking sight, and an experience I am very grateful for the opportunity to have had. I only wish that Bryan could have shared it with me.

I expect it will be the Old Girls' Re-Union soon. Please remember me to everyone and I hope it is as great a success as it usually is, and I look forward to having the Magazine, for it means even more to one when one is so far away.

* * *

First Impressions of Newcastle University

Even though I have been here only a short time I have become really fond of Newcastle. It is lovely to be able to be on top of the shops—good shops—especially the book and music shops!! The University is just off the Haymarket, which is the main bus station. In other words, it is on top of the City centre.

Most of the buildings on the campus are new, but the Medical School, the Armstrong-building and the Quadrangle are part of the former King's College. At present the Modern Language Department, Politics, Psychology, Anthropology are in houses in Sydenham Terrace—which is just off the A.1. However, we are hoping to be in the Claremount Bridge Building by Easter. It is actually built over Claremount Road! When this eventually happens, the General Arts Common Room too will be in the same building. This will save us a lot of running around.

There is always a lot going on on the social side—Newcastle is reputed to have the most active social life—excluding Oxbridge. The temptation to abandon oneself to frivolity is strong, but don't be misled—academic work is top priority, or should be!! There is little opportunity for not handing in written work. It takes me little to get behind. I occasionally find it difficult to know where to begin!!

I am a Country Member of Ethel Williams Hall—I have bed and breakfast at my digs, which are two minutes from Hall. We are expected to join in Hall activities and to make use of the facilities offered in Hall. It is great fun—I have made quite a few friends in Hall. I share digs with a girl from N. Ireland, Lyndsay, who is reading French Honours. She too is a “fresher” (revolting word!).

I have joined the choir of St. Thomas the Martyr (Church for the University and Colleges of Newcastle), also the University Choral Society. It is great fun, but how glad I am that I was in the School Choir. Miss Drake’s teaching stands me in good stead.

Whilst I’m up here I’m hoping to see a good deal of Northumberland. It is a very lovely County—especially up beyond Alnwick and beyond Hexham. The autumn colours are really beautiful—all shades of yellow, and green. The coal is to be found on the coastal plain only, and there are few slag heaps. However, I am enjoying life at Newcastle, and anyone who thinks we live in perpetual grime is sadly mistaken!!

ELIZABETH TEASEDALE.

* * *

A Career in Housing Management

Housing Management is a career about which very little seems to be known by the general public. Whenever I tell someone that I am a Housing Manager the inevitable reply is “Oh yes, and what do you actually *do*?”

In fact Housing Management entails a wide range of varying activities, and I think that one of its main appeals is in the variety of tasks it involves.

The Housing Manager acts as a link between landlord and tenant. He is responsible for advising on rent policy and the actual collection of rents; the selection of prospective tenants and the assessment of future housing needs; the maintenance of the property and its surroundings; the general welfare of the tenants and the enforcement of such regulations as are necessary to ensure quiet enjoyment by all tenants.

The collection of rents sounds a somewhat gruesome task, but in practice it is not so. On the estate where I work we are treated as friends by the tenants and our visits are welcomed by them. Often some of the older tenants, who cannot go out, have not seen anyone else to speak to for days and are glad to be able to chat with us. I am frequently offered cups of coffee, biscuits and sweets by tenants while I am collecting their rent, and return to the office for lunch with a somewhat diminished appetite. It is through the collection of rents that you get to know the tenants. You see them in their own surroundings and gain an insight into their characters through seeing them in their homes. The risk of being attacked is always present, especially in London, but I rarely think about this and accept it as an "occupational hazard".

The maintenance of property requires at least an elementary knowledge of building construction. This sounds rather a masculine subject, but it is in fact interesting and reasonably straightforward once one has grasped the meanings of the many technical terms involved. I have great fun crawling about in cupboards and roof spaces, etc., looking for structural defects, and in measuring and drawing up plans of flats for tenants.

The welfare of the tenants is an aspect of Housing Management which I find particularly interesting, although it is certainly the most difficult. One has to be prepared to lend a sympathetic ear to their problems and try to sort out an answer. One meets many heartbreaking cases and one must try to be sympathetic without becoming too personally involved, and thus losing one's perspective of the case.

At the moment I am working for the Crown Estate Commissioners on one of their estates near Regents Park. The estate comprises mainly blocks of flats and a few terraced Regency houses, situated on the very edge of the Park. There are about seven hundred and fifty tenancies under our control.

I am finding Housing Management an interesting career because of the mixture of theory and practical, and indoor and outdoor work, involved in it. There is never a dull moment when working with people—there was the elderly lady who asked me if I had seen the film "Doctor Chicago" yet, or the one whose friend "had Ganges in her leg". Another dear old lady who was celebrating her 80th birthday was sent some flowers by "Auntie Flora"—I'll leave you to work that one out.

I think that anyone who is interested in people and buildings, who is observant, accurate with figures and who likes to be out of doors a good deal, would enjoy a career in Housing Management.

JENNY CARY.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

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Annual Subscription

10/-. This should be sent to the Treasurer at the above address.

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Date for your New Dairies

LONDON RE-UNION: Saturday, March 2nd, 1968, at the Headquarters of the Royal Overseas League:—

Overseas House, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

* * *

Thanks

The O.G.A. gives warm thanks to Barbara Austin (*née* Follett) for so quickly and willingly helping with the typing of the O.G. Section of the Magazine.