

County High School for Girls
SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 17

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County High School for Girls Shaftesbury

MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

After so eventful a year for us as 1952-1953, it seemed that this year might prove dull. But it happens that it has been an unusually interesting one. In the Spring, the Dramatic Society performed "She Stoops to Conquer"; the first play it has performed to the public for several years. At the end of the Summer Term, the choir took a new step in its history. It joined the choir of the Dorchester School for Girls, to perform two major works, by Vaughan-Williams and by Philip Cannon. Also, several girls have helped to widen general interest in school by attending holiday courses; two went to Lackham Farm Institute, another to a Spanish course at London University, and a third to Paris for a cultural holiday, which included lectures at the Sorbonne. Each year, the number of girls and staff going abroad for holidays increases, and the school always enjoys hearing their experiences.

This year we have made an effort to widen our cultural interests, which could become so restricted in a rural school and there are accounts in the magazine of how we have done this. One of the most outstanding of our expeditions was to Bath, to hear the "St. Matthew Passion," by Bach, performed in the Abbey. It is perhaps indicative of our awakened interest in the classics, that members of the Sixth and Upper V sat enthralled for three hours on stone steps in the pouring rain to hear a performance of the "Medea" of Euripides in Greek, a language of which they did not know a word!

We are grateful that we have had so many opportunities this year of seeing and hearing some of the finest artists of our day, and we should like to thank the staff for making this possible.

EDITOR.

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PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

In the last few weeks, since I have seriously begun to collect all the facts and stories that I could about the past history of the School, that history has begun to come alive for me and Grosvenor House is no longer peopled by schoolgirls of today only but by figures of the past as well. For instance, there is Clarence Rutter, a solemn little boy of 1828, whose Headmistress wrote in his report "Mrs. House highly approves of Master Clarence Rutter's conduct." There is the naughty boy, John Buckland, who, about fifty years ago, rang the front door bell

and ran away. He was caught by Miss Dunn and made to put on a cap and apron and run up and downstairs answering the door bell till he was so weary that he vowed he'd never be so naughty again. There is Dora Roberts who had to get up to do her piano practice at 6.30 every morning and who dared not stop practising because Miss Dunn was listening in her bedroom above. But the cook used to smuggle her in a cup of tea and one of Miss Dunn's best biscuits and she managed to drink and eat it with one hand while she continued to play with the other so that Miss Dunn should not know. Finally there are the girls, big and little, who, eighty years ago, used to sit in a row in the dining-room, week by week, for the maids to wash their feet.

It all seems so far away, and yet they were children just like ours today, gay and solemn, naughty and good, and most of them were happy here. It is a school with a tradition of happiness; a school that has been much loved.

How different things are today! We have buildings, a playing-field, and equipment such as they never dreamed of. Our boarders live in conditions that they would have thought luxurious. Our senior girls can study subjects and consider careers beyond their imaginations.

What of the future? For many years to come Grosvenor House will continue to house our School and add new chapters to our old history. There will be further additions and adaptations. Will the day ever come when a new school will arise on our playing-field and only our school crest, the Grosvenor Sheaf of Corn, will remain to remind us of our origins? The Shaftesbury High School girls of the future will know the answer.

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STAFF NOTES

We were sorry to have to say "Goodbye" to Miss Dickson at the end of the Summer Term, when she left us to go to Epsom. We welcome in her place Miss Tilstone, who has come to us for her first teaching post after four years at Sheffield University.

Several members of the staff went abroad for part of their holidays during the year, and in the Summer Term we very much enjoyed hearing about Miss Dunford's visit to Florence and Miss Piggott's journey by sea to Naples and overland to Rome. In the Summer holidays, Miss Maddick went to Austria, Miss Matthews and Miss Langton to Switzerland and I went to Brittany.

M. E. W.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

Since our last Magazine, we have had several "distinguished visitors" to see the School. On June 1st, Mr. Bradshaw, our Deputy Director of Education, brought the Wakili, son of the late Emir of Kano, to see the School. Mr. Bajero stayed to lunch and Miss Dunford took him round the buildings in the afternoon and to the Boarding Houses.

The day before the Autumn Term began, Mr. Haynes, our Director of Education, brought Sir Gilbert Fleming, the Permanent Secretary of State for Education, to see Miss Dunford. They stayed to tea afterwards.

On October 13th, Mr. Browne, H.M.I., brought Dr. Browne, the chief Inspector for Secondary Schools, to the School and to have lunch in the Dining Hall. The Sixth Form very much enjoyed talking with both visitors.

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GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury :	Book for Library
(Hazel)	
Mrs. Case :	Books for Library
Miss Dickson :	Vase for Library
	Bird Boxes
Diana Bowden :	Silver Birch for Barnes' corner
Jill Cardwell :	Book for Library
Jean Drew :	Museum specimen : Life of chick
Joy Godfrey :	Money
Rita Mullins :	Money for Choir Music
Beryl Welch :	Two Posy Rings

LEAVING GIRLS, 1953—54

Autumn Term, 1953		Spring Term, 1954	
Form U.V.	A. Stephens	Form VI.	J. Drew
Form U.IV.	M. Cole	Form U.V.	Y. Morgan
	L. Collis		R. Whatley
	E. Farmer		
	M. Fisher	Form L.V.	A. Hitchings
	M. Henstridge		E. Linley
	D. McCredie	Form L.IV.	A. Stevens
	M. Williams		M. Stockley

Summer Term, 1954

Form U.VI.	D. Bowden, R. Burden, J. Cardnell, J. Peel, T. Wright, S. Zinkova.
Form L.VI.	P. Furnell, J. Goddard
Form U.V.	S. Andrews, J. Browne, D. Chown, M. Cox, J. Godfrey, J. Hutley, B. Lowen, R. Mullins, J. Prothero, M. Stone, A. Tolman, B. Welch.
Form U.IV.	S. Cross, J. Williams
Form L.IV.	M. Davidge
Form III.	J. Down, J. Hayden, K. Hetherington, J. Taylor.

NEW GIRLS, 1954

Spring Term, 1954

	<i>Present Form</i>	<i>Previous School</i>
W. Colyer	— L.VI.	— Croft House, Shillingstone
P. Colyer	— U.V.	— Croft House, Shillingstone
A. Morris	— U.IV.I.	— Gillingham Modern School
C. Crouch	— L.IV.	— Croft House, Shillingstone

Summer Term, 1954

B. Horlock-Jones	— L.V.	— Towyn Grammar School
C. Layzell	— L.IV.	— Newbury County Girls' Grammar School
J. Taylor	—	— Vincent Primary School, East London, South Africa

Autumn Term, 1954

C. Harris	— L.V.	— Southlands School, Broadstone
M. Jones	— L.V.	— Parkstone Grammar School
S. Mitchell	— U.IV.I.	— Gillingham Grammar School
C. Mills	— U.IV.I.	— Milham Ford School, Oxford
L. Allardyce	— L.IV.	— Blandford Grammar School
A. Gant	— L.IV.	— St. George's School, Highcliffe
A. Horlock-Jones	— L.IV.	— St. Brandon's, Clevedon
P. Barfoot	— III.	— Parkhill Junior School, Ilford
W. Bartley	— III.	— Motcombe C.E. Primary School
B. Bush	— III.	— East Orchard Primary School
M. Chant	— III.	— Iwerne Minster C.E. Primary School
K. Coles	— III.	— Fontmell Magna C.E. Primary School
H. Colyer	— III.	— Croft House, Shillingstone
F. Corp	— III.	— Tisbury V.C. Primary School
J. Crouch	— III.	— Croft House, Shillingstone
J. Davies	— III.	— Maud Road Primary School, Dorchester
J. Dobie	— III.	— Iwerne Minster C.E. Primary School
R. Dorcy	— III.	— Sunninghill Preparatory School, Dorchester
D. Field	— III.	— Hindon V.C. School
J. Gatehouse	— III.	— Shaftesbury C.E. Junior School
K. Godwin	— III.	— Wareham Junior School
V. Griffiths	— III.	— Shaftesbury C.E. Junior School
T. Holloway	— III.	— East Orchard Primary School
G. Lazarides	— III.	— Gussage St. Michael C.E. School
A. Milroy	— III.	— Rising Brook County Primary School, Stafford
M. Morey	— III.	— Zeals House School
A. Morrison	— III.	— Blandford Camp Primary School

A. Perry	—	III.	—	Motcombe C.E. Primary School
G. Ralph	—	III.	—	Gillingham County Junior School
J. Rose	—	III.	—	Melbury Abbas Primary School
D. Rowbottom	—	III.	—	Shaftesbury C.E. Junior School
J. Sherrard	—	III.	—	Semley C.E. Primary School
J. Stephens	—	III.	—	Motcombe C.E. Primary School
J. Upton	—	III.	—	Fontmell Magna C.E. Primary School
S. Welch	—	III.	—	Shaftesbury C.E. Junior School

PREFECTS AND SUB-PREFECTS

Autumn Term, 1954

Head Girl	—	—	M. Bond
Deputy Head Girl	—	—	J. Whitmarsh
Prefects	—	—	W. Case, S. Jeffreys, V. Sharp, S. Sheppard, M. Bradford, S. Clarke, J. Stone.
Sub-Prefects	—	—	C. Alford, M. Mende, A. Ward, B. Hitchings, E. Parsons, M. Wilson, S. Woodhead, S. Gray

Form Captains

Upper V.	—	S. Gray
Lower V.	—	H. Jones
Upper IV.1.	—	D. Woodman
Upper IV.2.	—	S. Pallister
Lower IV.	—	C. Layzell
III.	—	R. Booth

Magazine Committee

Editor	—	W. Case
Sub-Editor	—	R. Jones

Form Representatives

Upper V.	—	P. Colyer
Lower V.	—	S. Howell
Upper IV.1.	—	A. Lazarides
Upper IV.2.	—	M. Britton
Lower IV.	—	P. Hughes
III.	—	P. Barfoot

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SPEECH DAY, 1954

We have several connections with Bristol University, so we were specially pleased that Professor B. A. Fletcher, Director of the Institute of Education at Bristol University, presented the prizes and spoke to the girls, staff and parents assembled in the Savoy Cinema on Wednesday, 27th October.

Mrs. Bradford, the Chairman of the Governors, introduced the speakers and welcomed the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald) who supported them on the platform.

In her report, Miss Dunford spoke of the results of the G.C.E. examinations taken in June and July, and said that we had seventy-five per cent. of passes, which was a good deal higher than any previous achievement. She added that the results were of little value in themselves unless they were being used as passports to service in the wider community outside school. A good many of the leaving girls that year were maintaining the school tradition of training for the teaching and nursing professions.

Miss Dunford then talked about further developments and mentioned the hopes for a new Library and for a new heating system.

After speaking of the important parts played by the Staff and by the Parents' Association, Miss Dunford finished her speech by saying :

"If there is any virtue in which I should like to train my girls, it is in the habit of thankfulness, of counting their blessings. There is no surer recipe for a happy life."

After Professor Fletcher had presented the prizes, he spoke of three virtues that he would add to that mentioned by Miss Dunford—inventiveness, dignity and courage, and gave the stories of three women in whom these qualities had been apparent.

A vote of thanks to Professor Fletcher for presenting the prizes was proposed by Mr. T. N. Hitchings. Bouquets and a button-hole were presented to Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. Macdonald and Professor Fletcher by the Head Girl, Mary Bond, the Deputy Head Girl, Janet Whitmarsh and the Form Captain of the Third Form, Rachel Booth.

The Orchestra, which was trained and conducted by Miss McGill, provided the entertainment this year and we enjoyed hearing "Larghetto" (from "Concerto Grosso," Handel) and a Pavane by Arbeau. Miss McGill explained that although there had now been a school orchestra for several years, very few girls had been members for more than two years and so it was still a very inexperienced orchestra.

The anthem "Except the Lord Build the House" by C. Armstrong Gibbs, was sung by the School, with the exception of the first year form, and made a beautiful ending to another very happy Speech Day.

PRIZE-WINNERS

Subject Prizes

Religious Knowledge	—	—	—	—	—	Diana Bowden
English	—	—	—	—	—	Sonja Zinkova
History	—	—	—	—	—	Judy Peel
Geography	—	—	—	—	—	Jennifer Prothero
French	—	—	—	—	—	Wendy Case
Latin	—	—	—	—	—	Wendy Case
Mathematics	—	—	—	—	—	Valerie Sharp
Science	—	—	—	—	—	Valerie Sharp
Music	—	—	—	—	—	Mary Bond
Art	—	—	—	—	—	Janet Whitmarsh
Speech Training	—	—	—	—	—	Barbara Lowen
General Knowledge : Senior	—	—	—	—	—	Bridget Salisbury
					—	Janet Salisbury
Junior	—	—	—	—	—	Ann Hall
					—	Catherine Richmond

Good Work Prizes

VI. —	—	—	—	—	—	Jill Cardnell
Upper V.	—	—	—	—	—	Daphne Chown
						Jean Drew
						Joy Godfrey
						Pat Hilton
						Barbara Hitchings
						Adrienne Lawrence
						Jennifer Prothero
						Mary Wilson
						Marion Worthington
Lower V.	—	—	—	—	—	Sylvia Hiscock
Upper IV.	—	—	—	—	—	Ann Hall
						Hilary Jones
Lower IV.	—	—	—	—	—	Sally Anne Mullington
						Mary Norris
						Daphne Woodman
III. —	—	—	—	—	—	Kitty Hetherington

Prizes for Special Progress

Lower V.	—	—	—	—	—	Sally Culverhouse
Lower IV.	—	—	—	—	—	Anna Lazarides

Guildhall School of Music and Drama Certificates

Speech and Drama	—	Grade VI.	Wendy Case (with Honours)
			Valerie Sharp (with Merit)
		Grade IV.	Ruth Burden (with Merit)
		Grade II.	Janet Alner (with Merit)
Choral Verse Speaking		Advanced Grade	Senior Choir (with Merit)
		Lower Grade	Junior Choir (with Merit)

Champion House Cup : Barnes

Head Girl's Award : Judy Peel

Trethevy Farm. Mrs. Stephens met us at the door and soon made us feel very much at home. We were given cream and fruit for supper, and after a talk round the fire, Jane and I went to bed.

Next morning, we had to get up early, as we were to meet the rest of the team at Liskeard at nine, and then we were all going on to Truro. After a breakfast of scrambled eggs, we thanked Mrs. Stephens very much for her kind hospitality, and ran to the 'bus stop as it was getting late.

At Liskeard, we joined the rest of the team and after an hour's journey we arrived at Truro. The Tournament began at twelve and we played Somerset first. The games lasted about a quarter of an hour. I was very much astonished to find that the Somerset goalkeeper lived in my home town, Frome. We beat Somerset by 2-0.

During the Tournament, selectors chose players for the Western County Team. Four girls, all from Sherborne, were chosen, and everybody in the team felt that Dorset had done quite well. In the results of the Tournament, Dorset was second, Gloucestershire having very narrowly beaten us into first place.

After a hurried tea we all got in the coach again and set off for Sherborne. It was very late when we arrived and I stayed at one of the Boarding Houses for the night.

On Sunday morning, two girls from Sherborne School saw me safely on to the 'bus, and I arrived back in Shaftesbury at half-past eleven, having spent a very interesting and enjoyable weekend.

M. WILSON, *Lower VI.*

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DRAMATIC AND LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

The Society is now relaxing a little, having completed its major work for this year—the production of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." Several meetings this term have been devoted to play-reading, including two evenings which were spent in reading Bernard Shaw's play "St. Joan." Other evenings have been spent in trying to improve the members' art in make-up; with not too horrifying results. On December 3rd, last year's members will join the present ones in a visit to the Playhouse, Salisbury to see T. S. Eliot's "The Confidential Clerk."

Cambridge General Certificate of Education

Advanced Level: D. Bowden (Religious Knowledge, English, History); Ruth Burden (English, History); J. Cardnell (English, History, Religious Knowledge); J. Peel (English, History); T. Wright (English); S. Zinkova (English)

Ordinary Level: C. Alford, P. Furnell, S. Jeffreys, M. Mende, S. Andrews, L. Bennett, M. Bradford, J. Brayford, E. Brooks, J. Browne, D. Chown, S. Clarke, W. Colyer, M. Cox, J. Godfrey, P. Hilton, B. Hitchings, G. Hopkins, J. Hutley, R. Jones, A. Lawrence, B. Lowen, R. Mullins, E. Parsons, H. Pomeroy, J. Prothero, B. Rebbeck, J. Stone, M. Stone, A. Tolman, B. Tomlinson, B. Welch, M. Wilson, S. Woodhead, R. Woodley, M. Woodman, B. Woods, M. Worthington.

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SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT, 1953—54

Several amendments have been made to the Constitution during this year, chiefly in connection with the representation. The Staff membership, by their own choice, has been reduced from four to three. The Lower School Forms are no longer to be represented on Council. The Sixth Form membership has been increased by one. The other amendments are all concerned with finance.

One of the main decisions to which the Council has come during the year, was to have a Visitors' Gallery at every meeting except the first in the year. This has proved so successful that the number has been increased to include two girls from each year stage in School life.

According to the decision in Council, a Summer Fête was held to raise money for School needs. In spite of the Fête having to be held in School, instead of at Barton Hill because of the rain, the total amount raised was £52 10s. 11d. Because it was so much money, after paying substantial sums to the original causes, Council decided to give a donation to St. Peter's Church Restoration Fund.

Council continues to be a flourishing body representing the School, and we hope that it will continue to be of real value, where problems can be discussed and solved.

JANE BRAYFORD, *Secretary.*

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUMMER FÊTE

At the end of the Summer Term, the School held a Fête. It was organised by the School Council and supervised by the Staff. It was planned that it should be held at Barton Hill

House, but owing to a very wet and miserable day, it had to be transferred to School.

All the Form rooms and the Hall were used for stalls and sideshows. The Lower Fourth had a Handicraft Stall, to which everyone was supposed to contribute. There were fascinating sideshows, such as spearing apples in water and walking along a crooked line, looking through a pair of reversed binoculars. There was also a produce, a flower and a book stall, which raised a great deal of money.

Although it was a disappointment not to have the Fête at Barton Hill House, everyone made the best of the Form rooms and the limited amount of space. They were decorated with streamers and flowers. Although it was wet and miserable, it did not dampen the spirits of the people who came in record numbers.

Miss Dunford said that she did not expect more than £20, but over £50 was made. This was higher than the amount reached at Barton Hill House two years before. The clearing-up afterwards was, as usual, done extremely well and quickly and by very cheerful people.

I don't think there was one scrap of paper or trimming to be found after all the visitors and girls had gone home, after a very successful and happy day. Miss Dunford said the next morning, that it had been a "Red Letter Day."

CATHERINE RICHMOND, *Lower V.*

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SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

Since the beginning of this new year, we have had our usual two meetings in term. The result of the first was a collection for the Cancer Research Fund, and since it is very much in need of money, we were glad to be able to support it with the largest collection of the year. Our second collection was for the Friends' Service Council, who are in need of money to use for refugees in Korea and Kenya. This term we have been selling seals to help the funds for Infantile Paralysis, Tuberculosis and Spastics. The toys and books which we have been putting round our Christmas Tree for several years, are going, this year, to refugees abroad. Since we have raised quite a lot of money this year, we hope this will be repeated throughout the next year.

DAVINA FARRANCE, *Secretary.*

BOARDERS' REPORT

There have been no very outstanding events in the past year. Both houses have been to the cinema quite frequently and have seen some very enjoyable pictures: "The Cruel Sea," "Gilbert and Sullivan," "Genevieve," "Roman Holiday," "Knock on Wood," and "Doctor in the House."

In the Boarders v. Daygirls sports events, the Boarders managed to hold their own very well. In the hockey match, the score was a draw 1-1, and in the tennis match of the Summer Term, the Boarders won by 24 games to 20. Many boarders during the Summer Term went up to the games field and practised athletics and tennis. A new arrangement was made, whereby tea was at 5.15 and thus there was more time to be spent out of doors, when Boarders could go out cycling, walking or practise sport. This arrangement was very much appreciated.

At the end of the Summer Term, the Boarders went on their annual picnics—Barton Hill to Hod Hill, the "Sunridge" Juniors to Bournemouth, and the Seniors to Salisbury. Everyone enjoyed their outings and are looking forward to next year's.

The Carnival was held on October 2nd and both houses entered, Barton Hill as the "Barton Hill Cadets" and Sunridge as "Happy Families." The former won a special First Prize and the latter a First Prize. The usual fun and amusement was had by all during the frantic preparations and on the actual day.

The event to which all Boarders look forward is the Boarders' Party.

We are glad that it has been easier to arrange activities with the Grammar School Boarders this term. Some of us enjoy Sunday afternoon walks with the Grammar School Seniors and we are looking forward to a party at the Grammar School on December 11th.

M. C. WILSON
W. A. CASE

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THE BOARDERS' CLUB

The Boarders' Club originated at the beginning of the Autumn Term 1952, but both the Senior and the Junior sections still enjoy their meetings immensely.

The committee members for 1953, were Valerie Sharp (Head Boarder of Barton Hill), Ruth Burden (Head Boarder of Sunridge), Wendy Case and Mary Wilson (elected members) and two elected junior members, Anne Gibbons and Pixie Gray. Wendy Case was elected secretary. She had to resign in the Summer Term, owing to pressure of work. Her place was taken by Jennifer Prothero.

During the first committee meeting of the term, it was decided that the subscriptions should be raised from 6d. to 9d. for the seniors and 3d. to 6d. for the juniors, thus enabling the Club to buy more equipment for games and some new records. It was also decided that the juniors should have something different from a purely social evening. In preference to the round "Simba," "Lo, here is Fellowship" was chosen for the Club Song.

At the beginning of the Autumn and Spring Terms, an Amalgamated Social was held. The Juniors' meetings consist of talks by members of Staff, debates, Goofy Drives, dancing, charades and some light poetry reading. The Seniors enjoyed several talks by visitors, such as Miss Maunder and Miss Pearson, both teachers from New Zealand, Mrs. Penrose who had visited Australia and Miss King who had formerly taught in Egypt. They also enjoyed the interesting talks given by members of Staff. They occasionally spent the meeting giving one minute speeches and dancing. During the Spring Term the Club went to the cinema twice to see "Genevieve" and "The Cruel Sea."

The Club did not meet during the Summer Term, apart from a Social Evening at the beginning.

We feel that the Club is a great asset to the life of the Boarding Houses. It is a time when both houses may mix together and it is greatly enjoyed. We all appreciate the help given to the Club by its Chairman, Miss Dunford, and Miss Woods, during the term.

L. BENNETT, *Lower VI General.*

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BARNES HOUSE REPORT

After several years Barnes has regained the position of Top House. I should like to congratulate all members who worked hard and made this possible.

We were very sorry to have to say "Goodbye" to Ruth Burden, our former house captain, who with her deputy, Diana

Bowden, led the house to success. We wish them both every success and happiness in their future careers. To all the new members of the house we extend a very hearty welcome.

Both the house hockey and tennis teams are to be congratulated on winning their respective cups. Having won the Swimming Shield once again, I think the house has proved that it is just as at home in water as on land.

After so many successes, one word of warning—do not “rest on your laurels”—much hard work in examinations is needed if Barnes is to maintain its high standard this year.

VALERIE SHARP.

* * *

HARDY HOUSE REPORT

Last year, in this report, I wrote that Hardy House had been top for three successive years. This year we have fallen back to “second place.” I am certain that this is due to the lack of enthusiasm which the House shows in sports. We have several members who achieve magnificent results in examinations, and gain many points for the House. It remains for those of us not so academically minded to work for the House in hockey, tennis, swimming, or athletics. Let us all make a great effort this year to improve our sport.

Last year, our vice-captain, Jill Cardwell left, to begin her nursing training. We thank her for all she did for the House. We welcome Miss Brewington as our House Mistress in Miss Logg’s place.

This year has already begun. Hardy, let us be Top House at the end of it !

WENDY A. CASE.

* * *

WREN HOUSE REPORT

Well, Wren, after our rise last year to second place, we have once again sunk to our lowly position of “bottom House.”

However, with our new House Mistress, Miss Matthews, and all our new members, whom I am sure are full of zeal to make Wren “Top House,” we have hopes of better things in the future.

As a House, we do well at sport but are so very mediocre where work is concerned. Let every one of us put an extra effort into our work this New Year, and perhaps, who knows, next time the Captain will start her report by saying, "Congratulations Wren on being 'Top House'!"

JANET WHITMARSH.

* * *

THE GAMES REPORT

Tennis

This year we had the advantage of having our own courts at the field for practice. The team enjoyed the season, although the weather was poor, and only three matches were played. Nevertheless it is felt that the School's tennis is definitely on the upgrade.

S. Zinkova, W. Case, R. Burden and E. Parsons represented the School in the Bournemouth and District Inter-Schools Tournament on July 3rd.

Matches, 1954

<i>Opponents</i>		<i>S.H.S.</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Result</i>
Blandford	—	1st VI.	Home	Won 53—46
Gillingham	—	VI. Form	Home	Won 43—38
Old Girls	—	1st VI.	Home	Won 56—25

Team

<i>1st Couple</i>	—	S. Zinkova, W. Case
<i>2nd Couple</i>	—	R. Burden (Capt.), M. Wilson
<i>3rd Couple</i>	—	M. Bond, E. Parsons
<i>Reserves</i>	—	R. Tyler, M. Bradford

(S. Zinkova, W. Case, R. Burden, retained their colours.)

Tennis Colours were awarded to: M. Bond; E. Parsons, M. Wilson.

Double Colours were awarded to: E. Parsons, M. Wilson.

Tournaments

Upper School	—	Winners	M. Bradford, R. Tyler
		Runners-up	E. Parsons, E. Brooks
Middle School	—	Winners	F. Genge, P. Walter
		Runners-up	J. Cox, M. Green
Lower School	—	Winners	A. Morris, S. Pallister
		Runners-up	R. Brayford, E. Harding

Netball

This game is now played as an after-school activity and when the field is too wet for hockey. Inter-Form and inter-House matches were held for the first time.

The Results of the House Netball Matches

1st Place	—	—	—	—	—	Barnes
2nd "	—	—	—	—	—	Hardy
3rd "	—	—	—	—	—	Wren

Hockey

The team travelled to Dorchester on October 9th and competed in the Dorset Hockey Tournament, and although we did not do very well, we had an enjoyable time and gained valuable experience. We offer our congratulations to Mary Wilson who was again selected to play right wing in the Junior County team, and to Joyce Stone as a reserve.

Matches, 1953-4

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>S.H.S.</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Result</i>
Dorchester	1st XI.	Home	Lost 0-9
Blandford	1st XI.	Away	Won 3-2
St. Mary's Convent	Under 15	Home	Lost 1-6
St. Mary's Convent	1st XI.	Home	Draw 2-2
Lord Digby's	1st XI.	Home	Won 2-1
St. Monica's	1st XI.	Home	Draw 5-5
Old Girls	1st XI.	Home	Lost 1-2
Gillingham	1st XI.	Home	Won 8-0
Blandford	1st XI.	Home	Won 3-1
Parkstone	2nd XI.	Away	Lost 0-2
Parkstone	1st XI.	Away	Lost 1-5
Gillingham	1st XI.	Home	Won 5-1
Shaftesbury Ladies	1st XI.	Away	Lost 0-8

Team, 1953-4

<i>Goalkeeper</i>	—	—	—	M. Stone
<i>Right Back</i>	—	—	—	V. Sharp
<i>Left Back</i>	—	—	—	S. Woodhead
<i>Right Half</i>	—	—	—	Y. Morgan*
<i>Left Half</i>	—	—	—	W. Case
<i>Centre-half</i>	—	—	—	J. Whitmarsh* (Vice.)
<i>Centre-forward</i>	—	—	—	A. Hitchings
<i>Right Inside</i>	—	—	—	M. Bradford
<i>Left Inside</i>	—	—	—	R. Burden*
<i>Right Wing</i>	—	—	—	M. Wilson* (Capt.)
<i>Left Wing</i>	—	—	—	E. Parsons

(* denotes colours previously won)

Colours were awarded to : M. Bradford, E. Parsons, A. Hitchings, M. Stone.

M. BRADFORD (Captain 1954-5).

Swimming

The results of the Annual Swimming Gala were as follows :

Individual Championships

Lower School Cup	—	—	—	S. Brooks
Runner-up	—	—	—	S. A. Mullington
Middle School Cup	—	—	—	H. Moody
Runner-up	—	—	—	J. Cox
Upper School Cup	—	—	—	S. Clarke
Runner-up	—	—	—	V. Sharp
House Trophy	—	—	—	Barnes

Susan Clarke is a member of Poole Swimming Club. She has taken part in the Dorset County Championships this season and we congratulate her on the following successes :—

1st	—	—	100 yds. Girls' Breaststroke
1st	—	—	100 yds. Girls' Freestyle
1st	—	—	100 yds. Open Freestyle
2nd	—	—	220 yds. Open Freestyle

VALERIE SHARP (*Swimming Captain*).

Athletics

During the last two seasons, athletics have been taking a bigger part in the sports activities of the School. Many more people are taking an interest in athletics and there is great enthusiasm in many parts of the School. Our own sports which were held on our ground were a very great success. Javelin, discus and hurdles were included in the programme for the first time. A number of girls entered the North Dorset and County Sports.

At the North Dorset Sports, which were held at Sherborne, the following results were obtained :

Junior High Jump	—	1st A. Hall with a record jump of 4ft. 5½ins.
Secondary 100 yds.	—	4th, R. Gibbs
Hurdles	—	2nd, J. Harding
High Jump	—	2nd, C. Burton
Long Jump	—	3rd, J. Cox
Relay	—	2nd J. Dean, R. Gibbs, J. Salisbury, P. Stainer.

The Intermediate and Senior competitors went straight into the County Sports which were held at Dorchester on June 11th and the School results were as follows :

Intermediate Javelin	—	2nd, M. Mendo
Senior Discus	—	2nd, J. Whitmarsh
High Jump	—	1st, E. Brooks
Relay	—	1st, S. Lane (Blandford Grammar), E. Brooks, R. Burden

Our Senior Girls and the Blandford member won the Grosvenor Cup for North Dorset, which also came third out of all the districts competing.

The School Sports were held on June 30th and Mrs. Bradford presented cups to :

Senior Champion	—	E. Brooks
Runner-up	—	M. Wilson
Intermediate Champion	—	R. Gibbs
Runner-up	—	J. Salisbury
Junior Champion	—	S. A. Mullington and M. Norris

This is the fourth consecutive year that E. Brooks has won the Championship. We congratulate her. She is to be presented with a replica of the cup.

Wren House won the Sports Cup.

M. WILSON (*Athletics Captain*).

* * *

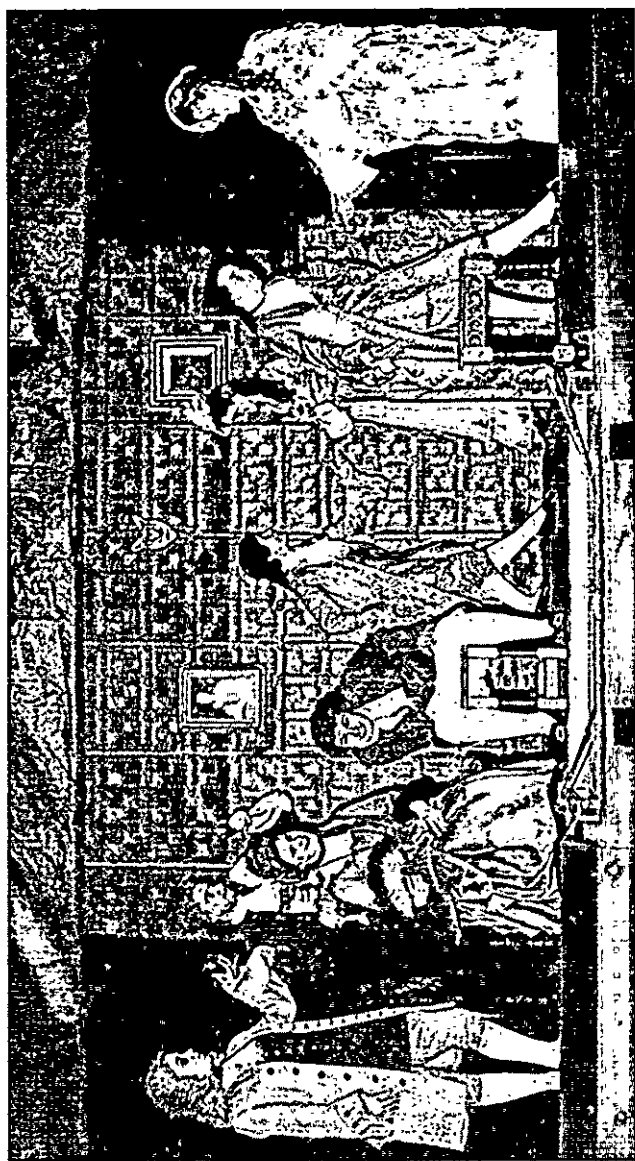
THE WESTERN COUNTIES HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

On December 4th, 1953, I set off on my journey to Truro where I was to play for Dorset in the Western Counties Tournament. Miss Maddick took me in her car as far as Sherborne, where, with the other members of the team, I boarded the coach which was to take us to Liskeard.

The only stop we had was at Exeter where we had tea and were able to look round the shops. At about half-past-seven we were met at Liskeard by the Grammar School's games mistress and a few girls from the school. These girls had kindly offered to put up one or more of the team for the night. My hostess was Ann Stephens and she took two of the team, the other girl being Janet Butler from Sherborne.

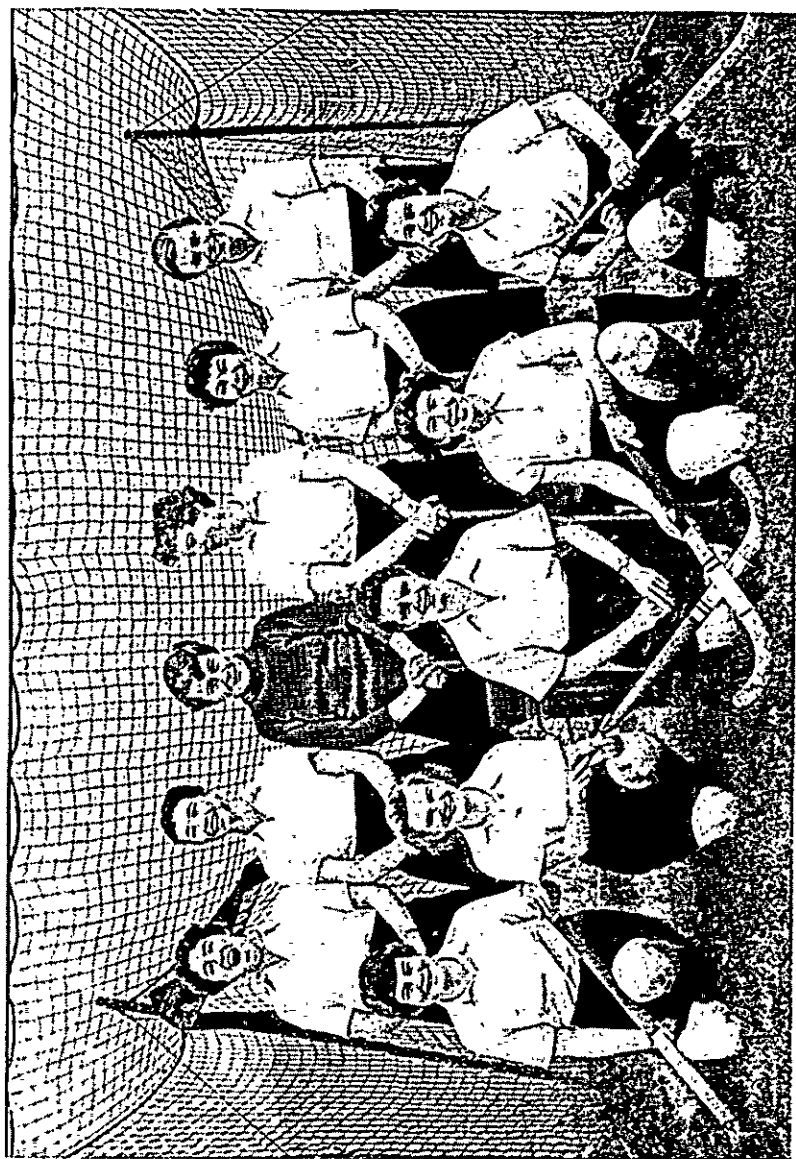
We caught a 'bus from Liskeard which took us through some very quaint Cornish villages. The journey was very short and we got off the 'bus to wait for Ann's father, who was going to take us to his house by car, as the 'bus did not run very near the house. Very soon we got in the car and made friends with Mr. Stephens. We went down some very narrow and steep lanes, but we could see little of the countryside as it was too dark.

Upon arriving at Mr. Stephen's house, we discovered that he lived on a farm which had a very lovely name. It was called



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Photo by Beating



THE 1st HOCKEY XI

Photo by Bealing

Although the membership of the Society has decreased, there is still enthusiasm and we hope that more girls will be prompted to join in the near future.

VALERIE SHARP (*Secretary*).

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"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

A period play such as "She Stoops to Conquer" requires a good deal of stylized movement and expression; it was clear from the general precision that much time had been given to this practice. This and the very high standard of speech from all the characters enabled audiences to forget some of the usual amateurism of a school play. It was, indeed, a performance in which the teamwork was very good and in which each of the minor characters contributed a good deal to the whole effect. The audience particularly enjoyed the inn-scene, with the rollicking swaggers who supported Tony Lumpkin so jovially and the drilling of the servants called "in from the barn" and "the plough" to wait on Mr. Hardcastle's guests. Diggory was specially good and really looked as if she felt old and muddled. Another very good minor part was that of the drunken Jeremy.

The pretty hair-style and the becoming costumes of the women, were, of course, a great help towards creating attractive characters and both Kate and Constance looked charming. Their acting was convincing and everyone specially enjoyed Kate's high spirits. Mrs. Hardcastle was one of the most amusing characters and her sense of period comedy set the play off from the beginning on the right note. Her bewilderment at being "lost" in the wilds was really funny.

Girls are never quite at ease in the heavy coats and tight trousers of the eighteenth century but the "men" of the cast did their best to forget their discomfort. Tony Lumpkin was an endearing, rowdy fellow who added to the audience's enjoyment by his own zest in the part. Mr. Hardcastle was a convincingly bewildered host and kindly father, and his benevolent friend, Sir Charles Marlowe, was a foil to his occasional irascibility.

The two most difficult parts were undoubtedly those of the young men, Hastings and Marlowe, both very well played with considerable subtlety.

Such a play would be impossible without a good deal of work behind the scenes and the society was fortunate to have expert help in two directions. The usual source of electricians,

Mr. Scalbert and some very co-operative boys from the Grammar School, came to assist the Stage Manager and gave most generously of their time; thereby enabling the society to have a varied lighting.

Scenery is always a nightmare on such a small stage and the society was very lucky to have the help of Mrs. Keeghan who constructed and painted the stairs and the trees, the backcloth and the portraits. The scenes were colourful and varied and the lovely costumes, hired from Citizen House, Bath, added to the gaiety of the comedy.

It was obviously a production for which everyone, in the cast or behind the scenes, had worked very hard indeed but, of course, it is the Producer who is the inspiration and "dynamite" at times of such an activity. Miss Moore has a high reputation for producing plays and this one of "She Stoops to Conquer" certainly added greatly to her prestige.

The Cast

<i>Sir Charles Marlowe</i>				Margaret Stone
<i>Young Marlowe</i>				Ruth Jones
<i>Hardcastle</i>				Tessa Wright
<i>Hastings</i>				Wendy Case
<i>Tony Lumpkin</i>				Valerie Sharp
<i>Diggory</i>				Diana Bowden
<i>Roger</i>				Barbara Lowen
<i>Servants and Fellows</i>		Brenda Tomlinson, Shirley Andrews, Pat Hilton, Mary Cox, Jenny Prothero, Marion Worthington		
<i>Innkeeper</i>				Susan Clarke
<i>Mrs. Hardcastle</i>				Jill Cardnell
<i>Miss Hardcastle</i>				Sonja Zinkova
<i>Miss Neville</i>				Lesley Bennett
<i>Penelope</i>				Janet Whitmarsh
<i>Jane</i>				Beth Rebbeck

Stage Manager—Ann Ward

Wardrobe and Make-up—Sally Jeffreys *Assistant*—Mary Wilson

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MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

AUTUMN TERM 1953—AUTUMN TERM 1954

The Annual Carol Service with the Grammar School was held in Holy Trinity Church again last December. The choir

sang "The Holly and the Ivy," as last year, and Wendy Case and Janet Whitmarsh sang the opening verse. The choir also sang the part version of "The Lord is my Shepherd" by Schubert. Jean Hutley sang "Star Candles" and the Grammar School contributed several solos.

During the Easter Term, in February, the Middle and Upper School were able to go to the Winter Gardens at Bournemouth to hear the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra under their conductor, Charles Groves. The programme which included the following pieces, "Danse Macabre," and "Pavane on a Dead Princess" was very much enjoyed.

In the Summer Term, our choir joined with the Dorchester Girls Choir and gave a concert in the Corn Exchange at Dorchester on Wednesday, July 21st, and in the Modern School at Shaftesbury on Thursday, July 22nd. We went to Dorchester on the Wednesday afternoon for a rehearsal with the Dorchester choir and the orchestra, which was formed of musicians from different parts of Dorset. The orchestra played a Brandenburg Concerto, and the choir sang "Six Songs to Delight" by Philip Cannon. Margaret Carpenter-Jacobs played several very enjoyable flute solos, and Marion Lodder, one of the London Singers, sang several lovely solos. She also took the lead in the "Magnificat," arranged by Vaughan Williams, accompanied by the choir and the orchestra under the direction of Dr. Johnson. The concert was a great success, and we had a commendable report in one weekly paper. Philip Cannon wrote to us saying how pleased he was that we had performed this work and that we were the first girls' choir to do so. We are very grateful to Miss Drake and to Dr. Johnson for the hard work they did to enable us to take part in this concert.

On October 16th about twenty of our seniors were fortunate enough to go to Bath to hear Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," in the Abbey. A section of the London Philharmonic Orchestra was there, and Dr. Reginald Jaques conducted. The Bath Bach choir took part, and were joined by the choirs of the Bath Grammar Schools. The leading singers were Eric Greene, Norman Walker, Elsie Suddaby, Kathleen Joyce, David Galliver and Richard Standen. This outing was much appreciated and our grateful thanks goes to the Staff who took us.

Our school orchestra played for us at Speech Day, on October 23rd this year. They played a "Larghetto" by Handel, and a "Pavanne." The School sang the three-part unaccompanied song, "Except the Lord Build the House," by Armstrong-Gibbs.

Our orchestra was asked to take part in a Dorset Rural Music School Concert at Blandford on November 20th.

We were very fortunate again this year, in being able to hear the London Singers. Many of us knew Marion Lodder, as we sang with her at Dorchester and at Shaftesbury. Some of the seniors remembered Mr. Lilley, as he came with the London Singers about four years ago. Jean Buck and Richard Wood were the other two singers. We were particularly impressed by the very natural way in which they performed. Most of the singing was done when they were sitting round a table. They began by singing some Elizabethan Madrigals, some of which we had already sung in school, and so naturally we were specially interested. Jean Buck rendered several solos, some of which she had broadcast. "O, had I Jubal's lyre," was particularly beautiful. With Marion Lodder, she sang Purcell's "Sound the Trumpet," which the School did for Speech Day, a few years ago. Their programme was very varied, as we heard the charming little round, "Fie, Nay, Prithee John," as well as the more serious songs. The concert was enjoyed by all the School and it is to Dr. Johnson that our thanks go, for enabling us to hear it.

Our Carol Service is taking rather a different form this year, as certain parts of the choir are joining with a small group of the Grammar School Boys for some SATB works. It is hoped that this Carol Service will be as successful as others have been.

MARY BOND, *Upper VI.*

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THE ORCHESTRA'S OUTING TO BLANDFORD

On Saturday, November 20th, the school orchestra, with Miss Drake, assembled outside the green gates of school and we left by 'bus at 3 o'clock, Miss Dunford waving us goodbye on the pavement as we set off.

The weather was rather unsettled and quite cold, but after a quick and safe journey, we arrived at Blandford in plenty of time to tune our instruments for the rehearsals, which began at four o'clock. With the rest of the ninety-five strong orchestra, we considered ourselves highly honoured to have such a famous conductor as Mr. Bernard Shore to play under. He said he was pleased with our pieces which we were including in our programme for the evening concert. Thanks must here be paid to Miss McGill, our violin tutor, and to

Mr. Catchpole, the 'cello master. Unfortunately, our chief organiser of the concert, Miss N. Williams, was unable to be present through illness, and so Miss McGill and Mr. Catchpole did a considerable amount of extra work to prevent the concert from being cancelled.

The rehearsal went on until six o'clock, when we ate our sandwiches and went for a walk in the town.

At seven o'clock we were ready to begin the concert that we had been looking forward to from the beginning of the Summer Term. The hall was packed and everybody was silent as Bernard Shore took his place, and we all stood to play the National Anthem. We had begun; next came Handel's "Larghetto" and various other pieces, with solos and duets from the pupils. The two star items of the evening were the "Brandenburg Concerto" played by the adult members of the orchestra, and "The Swan" played by a girl from Cranbourne Chase School on the 'cello. She played excellently and it was difficult to believe she was only a schoolgirl. There was an interval half way through when a speech was given by a member of the adults in the orchestra, thanking Bernard Shore, Miss McGill, Mr. Catchpole and to Dr. Reginald Johnson for accompanying the orchestra on the piano.

The concert came to an end far too quickly but we had thoroughly enjoyed our evening. After music-stands had been collected and our instruments put away on the coach, we went back to get autographs. When we returned, Bernard Shore was engaged in a conversation and so we had to wait. Eventually, Miss Drake came to the rescue and asked him if he would mind signing autographs as we had a 'bus to catch. He consented and after receiving his autograph, we climbed up the coach steps ready to leave.

We were soon back at Shaftesbury after dropping girls at the villages on the return journey. We were quite tired but the coldness of Shaftesbury soon revived us. As I waited for the East Knoyle ten o'clock service 'bus I thought how lucky we had been to have Bernard Shore to conduct us, and how very interesting and enjoyable an evening had been arranged for us.

IVY DEAN, *Upper V.*

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THE BIBLE STUDY FELLOWSHIP

During the Autumn Term, a Young People's Bible Study Fellowship was started by the Rector, for the united parishes of

Holy Trinity and Cann. At the first meeting, over forty people turned up, many of these, High School girls and Grammar School boys, and this was a very encouraging start. The Fellowship is held every Monday night in Cann rectory, the method of Bible Study being taken from "A Hundred Days' Bible Study" arranged for young officer cadets, which is usually led by two boys or two girls. This always results in a great deal of lively discussion, which everyone finds very helpful and interesting as it gives people a chance, both to air their own views and also to see other people's points of view on various topics. We have also had the pleasure of hearing "special" speakers, who come about once a month. A very interesting talk on Spiritual Healing was given by The Rev. Sharpe of Manston, and another enlightening talk was given by The Rev. Eddleston of Tollard Royal. Recently we enjoyed hearing of Miss King's experiences in Egypt. We are looking forward to more of these "special" talks in the future.

We should like to thank The Rev. Horlock-Jones and The Rev. Black-Hawkins for their organization of these meetings, and we hope that the Youth Fellowship will "continue in the same until it be thoroughly finished."

R. JONES, *Lower VI General.*

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A TALK ON KENYA

On Friday, December 18th, 1953, Mr. Tombo ole Mbaci and his wife came to the School. Mrs. Tombo spoke to the Lower and Middle School and Mr. Tombo told the Upper School about Kenya, his native land. A little to our disappointment, they wore European clothes.

Mrs. Tombo is studying Domestic Science at a training college and her husband has been studying at Cambridge, and lecturing round England. As yet he is the only one of the Masai tribe to have been sufficiently interested in education to go abroad for it, for the Masai is chiefly a fighting tribe. On the other hand, the Kikuyu, of which his wife is one, are vastly interested in learning, and many of them have left their native surroundings in search of it.

Mr. Tombo spoke to us of two main points, the land distribution and his own tribe. He said that for some years the warlike instinct of the Masai had been decreasing, but still

as an entertainment the warriors, dressed in their ceremonial dress, do a war dance for visitors, and this is one of the most liked entertainments available. But he said that although it was a very fine sight and gave enjoyment to many visitors, it hindered rather than helped any Christian feelings in the tribe, and even though this was an unhappy note, his face lit up when he spoke of Christians, for both he and his wife had found truth in the Gospels, and benefited by the work of the missionaries.

He illustrated one of the effects of adopting European ways by telling us a story of himself in Africa. He was walking along a narrow path, when he met a warrior, caked with the preparation which they use for getting dirt off. He was dressed in white flannels, and looked very clean. The warrior said to him, "Out of my way, out of my way ! I don't want to smell your dirty soap !"

He spoke also about the trouble over land, which has been one cause of the Mau-Mau disturbance among the tribes. Previously the Africans have been nomads, working one bit of land until it was worn out, then moving on. Now that the white man has come to Kenya, he is occupying acres of land whilst the Africans are huddled together on a very small piece of land in comparison. But there are other problems. The tribes are being taught to terrace their hill slopes, but it is against their traditions, and there are only a few who care to work correspondingly. Nevertheless, the few are learning, and it is hoped that more will follow suit.

Mr. Tombo would not talk much of the Mau-Mau, since he felt himself not sufficiently up to date, not having re-visited his native land for several years.

After his very interesting talk we were able to ask him questions, and from these and the talk I think most of us learnt a great deal. Most of all we felt that he and his wife were fine Christians.

S. JEFFREYS.

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LOWER V's VISIT TO THREE LONDON MUSEUMS

Early on the morning of July 18th about eleven members of the Form, accompanied by Miss Dickson, caught the train at Semley on their way to London. During the wait at Salisbury, we went to see the old mill.

We arrived at Waterloo Station about mid-day. We caught an underground train to South Kensington and walked along the underground subway to the museums.

On entering the General Science Museum, we made our way to the Junior department. There are many experiments set up there. These work if a button is pushed. This was very interesting as many of the experiments were the same as those we had done at School. Set out in one part of the museum was a miniature coalmine, showing the advance in the mining of coal through the ages.

Set out in another room was transport through the ages. There were models of the first steam engines, and engines for pulling passenger trains. There was one of the original penny-farthing bicycles in this room.

One room was set aside to show the advance in agriculture. In glass cases all round the room were working models showing harvesting, haymaking and tilling the land.

One of the most modern inventions on show was television. This attracted many people, especially as there was a good programme showing.

After dinner, which we had in the park near the museums, we went to the Natural History Museum. As we entered the main door, we found ourselves facing life-size stuffed elephants. We visited the rooms containing the remains of prehistoric animals. It seemed incredible that some of the animals ever lived.

We spent a great deal of time looking at the stuffed animals and birds. Some of the birds had most beautiful plumage. There were many stuffed fish in one room and hanging from the ceiling was a full-size stuffed whale. When we looked at it, we found it almost impossible to realise that whales live in the sea and swim and dive with ease.

In one room, there were many glass cases with beautiful stones and jewels set out in them. The jewels were lovely and sparkled in the light.

We made a short visit to the Geographical Museum where we saw samples of different rocks found in different countries. A model of Mount Etina in eruption was shown at one end of the room. In a glass case nearby were some remains found where a village stood before it was destroyed by the volcanic lava. There were twisted spoons and glass beakers with dents

in the sides. In a corner of the case was what looked like a pile of human hair. This was volcanic lava after it had become cold.

When we left the museums, we went to a small cafe for tea. We just caught the train home and arrived back at Semley about eight o'clock in the evening after a very enjoyable day looking round the museum.

SHIRLEY GRAY, *Upper V.*

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EXPEDITION TO THE "MEDEA"

On July 16th, 1954, a party of Sixth and Upper Fifth Form girls went to Bryanston School to see a performance of the "Medea" of Euripides by members of the school, assisted by Cranborne Chase School for Girls. This classical play was performed in the open-air Greek Theatre, which was built entirely by the boys of the school, and which created exactly the right atmosphere for the drama.

It has been said that, "for concentrated dramatic quality and sheer intensity of passion, few plays ever written can vie with the Medea," and, by peering through the rain and general mist, the girls were able to realise that this was true. The two leading roles were played with intense feeling and ability by two boys who must, previously, have spent many a weary hour learning quantities of Greek with which to delight their audience.

The girls were well rewarded for their tolerance of the trying weather, as the drama must become indelibly imprinted on their minds.

WENDY R. COLYER, *Lower VI.*

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OUR EXPEDITION TO BATH

It was a damp foggy day, quite early on October 16th, when some members of the Sixth and Upper Fifth, with a few members of staff, set out for Bath in a coach. We were going to Bath, primarily to hear the "St. Matthew Passion" by Bach, which was to be performed by the City of Bath Bach Choir, assisted by the choirs of two Bath schools, in the Abbey. We were also going to see the Roman Baths and other places of notable interest.

As we approached Bath, the fog had lifted, and everyone was delighted by the unique view of this historic city lying in the valley below us. When we arrived in the town, we dispersed to go for coffee, to walk up to the Royal Crescent, or just to wander round and meet again at twelve o'clock at the Roman Baths. Here we were shown round by a guide who explained all the historical connections of this remarkable place. To those of us who had not visited these Baths before, it was a very interesting and instructive experience.

The great occasion of the day came when we went into the Abbey at 2 p.m. for the first part of the "St. Matthew Passion." Sitting in the chancel behind the choir and orchestra, we had quite a good view, although the soloists had their backs to us. The atmosphere in the Abbey was fitting to the occasion and when the performance started it exceeded our expectations. The dramatic climaxes were put over to the audience in an amazing way and it was so absolutely engrossing that it seemed no time at all until it was four o'clock and the end of Part I.

A very enjoyable tea was provided for us in a girls' club headquarters, where Miss Dunford joined us. After tea, we went quickly back to the Abbey where people were already crowding in for the second part of the great musical work. The choir of over one hundred and fifty strong were very well trained and a feeling of sympathy was created between them and the audience. The lovely chorales were very effective. The soloists in the interpretation of their Biblical parts, and especially the narrator, with a very difficult part to sing well, were extremely good.

As we came home with the memory of it ringing in our minds, everyone realised how fortunate we were to have heard such a wonderful rendering of this, Bach's religious masterpiece, and I am sure that it ranks highly with those school expeditions, which we shall remember for many years to come.

RUTH JONES, *Lower VI General.*

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MY IMPRESSIONS OF STRATFORD

My first feelings at seeing Stratford were of disappointment. I had mentally pictured a town with narrow streets and picturesque old-world houses. Instead I saw houses with painted facades to represent old houses. However, when we explored the side streets, we did find some Elizabethan houses, which relieved my feelings.

At first sight, I was unimpressed with the Memorial Theatre, which appeared to be a factory, with its red-bricked modern lines. But after a day or two, I came to admire the building and to appreciate the gracious, modern style. In the park, in which the theatre stands, is a large raised statue of Shakespeare; at its far corners are statues of Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, Prince Hal and Falstaff. I admired especially the wonderful, haunted eyes of Lady Macbeth and Hamlet, but the statue that affected me most was the one of Falstaff. He was portrayed with a very rotund stomach and fat, dimpled knees, which made me want to pat them.

On the first day we visited the birthplace, which I found to be one of the thatched, old-world cottages that I had imagined. There was even a museum, containing a replica of the first folio amongst other things. The houses which we visited contained similar things and were charming examples of sixteenth century England. An interesting strap and pillar in the middle of the dining room at Susannah's house, caught my attention. A child could be placed in the strap, which we were told was called "a walking strap," then this strap was tied to the pillar, freeing the child to either walk round or stand still. Both were, I should imagine, singularly uncomfortable, but it was an ingenious device for babies' safety against the dangers of open fires.

ANN WARD, *Upper VI.*

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AN APPRECIATION

of

"Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as seen at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, 1954

The first play we saw was "Romeo and Juliet." Afterwards, although I had enjoyed it, and should not like to have missed it, I was conscious of a feeling of disappointment. Having seen Caryl Jenner's production of the play, it did not come up to my expectations. Comparatively, I thought it was insincere and unreal in some of the most tragic parts.

Laurence Harvey playing Romeo did not seem to me to make the part as real as he might have done, particularly in Act III, Scene 5 where he has been banished from Verona because of Tybalt's death. He spends the night with Juliet; and I think he could have made more of the parting. He seemed somehow to make it too modern, with the result that he appeared

insincere. The same was true when Mercutio, mortally wounded, said to Romeo, "Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm." Romeo replies, "I thought all for the best." There could have been so much in those few words.

Juliet, who was played by Zena Walker, would have been good if I had not seen Caryl Jenner's Juliet. She was much more tragic and real. I liked this one's appearance on the whole, and I thought that her movements were suitable for a girl of her age. In the scenes where she was trying to extract news from the nurse, I thought she acted well, especially in the one where she tells Juliet she is to marry Romeo the next day.

Of the other characters, I thought that the nurse was excellent. When I think of her I can still both see and hear her. Looking through the text, I can hear her saying everything. I did not like Capulet at all. I thought he threw his weight about too much. As he was given a part in "Othello" which calls for rather more of that sort of thing, I can only think that William Devlin is not a very adaptable actor. In "Othello," he played Brabantio, a Senator. Lady Capulet, Montague and Lady Montague were all right, though not outstanding. Out of the three, I liked Philip Morant as Montague best, and on referring to the other programmes, I find that he also played The Duke of Venice in "Othello," in which part I also liked him.

Benvolio was pleasant, but neither he, nor Paris, nor Tybalt made any deep impression on me. On the other hand I thought Mercutio was good, although I did not much care for his appearance. I do not remember a great deal about the Prince, but it struck me as being too old an interpretation of a Prince. Although he had an air of authority about him which would come with age, I cannot help feeling that Shakespeare meant a prince to be interpreted as someone young and powerful. The Apothecary struck me forcibly. In spite of the wretched misery of his poverty, I felt he really did know the prescription for deadly drugs!

The second play we saw was "Othello." Anthony Quayle's production of this tragedy was one of the greatest things I have seen or heard. To me it was wonderful.

I feel that I have really neither the right nor power to criticise Anthony Quayle in his interpretation of Othello. He was almost unbearably tragic, completely conveying the utter misery of the situation. I admired the way, too, in which he appeared to be muttering so much of the time, and yet could be clearly heard throughout the play. I was so thankful I heard

him play Bottom the next day with almost equal success. It makes me think he must be a truly great actor.

Barbara Jefford as his partner, Desdemona, backed him up very well. She too was good in both her rôles, her other one being Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I found her completely satisfying as Desdemona; she seemed so innocently devoted to the Moor through all his torment. I think she acted so well all the way through, that I find it difficult to choose an outstanding part. Perhaps it would be the scene in which she and Emilia are alone, waiting for the Moor to come, just before he kills her. She seems to be afraid, and yet says nothing against Othello. With Emilia she creates a feeling of breathless suspense which is kept up throughout the scene.

Iago must have been good—he made me hate him, and his subtle villainy. I found it painful to watch the way in which he took every tiny opportunity of adding to the misery for his own gain. He was so horrible when he was trying to make them each think he wanted to help them. Emilia, too, I thought was good, both in appearance and acting.

I liked Tony Britton playing Cassio, and also in the other part which he played, Lysander, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I did not think Powys Thomas was as good playing Roderigo as he was playing Benvolio. Nor was I too keen on his interpretation of Oberon. I thought Bianca was rather nice; in fact I liked Muriel Pavlow better as Bianca than Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The third and last play we saw was Shakespeare's comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." On the whole I liked the production, and enjoyed watching it. George Devine's interpretation was very amusing and pleasant to watch.

The two heroes, Demetrius and Lysander, I thought were good, particularly Lysander, whom I liked in every part he played. Hermia and Helena I thought were even better. Zena Walker was more suited to that part than Juliet. Helena pleased me most of all four, especially having seen her play her tragic part the night before as Desdemona.

I did not much care for Theseus or Hippolyta, but then I did not think either of these two were outstanding in the other parts they played, Tybalt and Lady Capulet. With regard to Oberon, Titania, Puck and all the fairies, I feel it was a fault in the interpretation of the producer, George Devine. It applied to them all, but I think that Puck at any rate ought to be an

elfin character, and not so much like a goblin. I think he should have been more leafy altogether, and not had claws. The same was true of all the fairies, apart from Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed, who looked just right.

The workmen were excellent. I liked the interpretation very much. Bottom was obviously the centre of them, but he was backed up by them all. Their rendering of "Pyramus and Thisbe" was really amusing, especially with such touches as laying the tombstone before Pyramus is dead, "Moon take thy flight" repeated in a hissing undertone, losing the dagger under Pyramus's "dead" body, and many other similar touches.

I think it was interesting to notice the way the two scenery designers planned it. Instead of having more than one flimsy scene for a play, all three plays had one substantial scene with slight alterations done mostly with drapery where required. I liked most of the scenery very much, but on the whole I preferred that of Tanya Moiseiwitsch, who designed for "Othello." That required more change of scenery as the play went on. The scenery in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" did not change at all; all the effects were gained by lighting.

The costumes in all the plays were good, I thought. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," I thought those of Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed were excellent. I did not like Puck's, but then he probably had to fit it to the producer's interpretation, with which I have already said I disagreed.

I liked the costumes in "Othello" particularly. Desdemona's dresses were all lovely, particularly the gold one which she wore in the scene before she was in bed. Iago wore one of the leather jackets which one always associates with villains. I thought Emilia's and Bianca's clothes were excellent.

In all the plays I thought the lighting effects were clever, especially in scenes where it was either dawn or dusk. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was the play which relied most on its lighting effects, because there was very little change of scenery.

Looking back, "Othello" was the most outstanding play, not only in the acting, but because of the lovely grouping which showed itself throughout the play. I know that after some time my most vivid memories of the Festival will be of Anthony Quayle and Barbara Jefford as Othello and Desdemona.

JANE BRAYORD, *Lower VI.*

"THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK"

With part of the money raised by the Dramatic Society's effort of "She Stoops to Conquer" last March, a party of senior girls went to Salisbury Arts Theatre to see a performance of "The Confidential Clerk" by T. S. Eliot. Some of us had seen an extract from the play on television and had gained the impression that it was light and most amusing, but from the raising of the curtain on the first act of this performance we realised that there was something far more to be gained from this play than just an amusing two and a half hours.

The play is one of character rather than incident. Sir Claude Mulhammer was very well portrayed as a city financier with a rejected longing to be a potter, by Gerald Flood. Daphne Goddard gave a sublime performance of Lady Elizabeth Mulhammer, the feather-headed society woman with an over-ruling desire to follow the latest cult. Francis Hall as Colby Simpkins, about whom everyone is certain except himself, gave an interesting performance. Lucasta Angel, the misunderstood social butterfly, and B. Kaghan, the debonair young stockbroker, were both attractively played by Gillian Raine and John Grahame. Juliet Winsor as Mrs. Guzzard suitably delivered judgment on every character to end the play.

We all left the theatre with the feeling that life is not as obvious as it so often appears to be, and everyone agreed that the evening had been one which ought not to have been missed.

W. CASE and L. BENNETT, *VI Form.*

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THE PUBLIC DEBATE FOR THE RESTORATION OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, SHAFTESBURY

On Wednesday, November 24th, Miss Dunford and Miss Woods took a party of seniors to the debate on the restoration of the little church in the High Street—St. Peter's. It was held in the hall of the Shaftesbury Grammar School at 7.30 p.m.

Mr. Brett, the Headmaster of the Grammar School, took the chair, and introduced Mr. Salzmann, the proposer, and Teulon Porter, the opposer. After their addresses, the Rev. Horlock-Jones opened an interesting discussion during which we heard very definite views on both sides! Mr. Brett pointed to the person who wished to speak and soon people were eagerly waiting to give their views.

After this, the proposer and opposer summed up and the votes were taken, with the result a great majority in favour of having St. Peter's restored. The meeting ended at about 9.0 p.m. after Mr. Brett had thanked all the speakers, and he himself had been thanked for the use of the hall, and for acting as chairman for the meeting. This finished a very enjoyable evening, and now we await the news of the fate of St. Peter's Church which the County Council will eventually decide.

S. CULVERHOUSE, *Upper V.*

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THE LECTURE ON DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

The Junior School was given a very interesting lecture on Dr. Barnardo's Homes. We were told about four children, Eunice, Michael, Robert and Margaret.

Eunice was very good at games at school and when, after an illness, she took up swimming and diving, she became very good at this too. Last spring she went to Vancouver for the Empire Games as a member of the British Diving Team.

Michael had lost an arm, so the Barnardo's helpers had an arm made for him, and he now uses it normally. He works for a famous furniture firm in London.

Margaret had always wanted to be a writer, as English was her best subject at school, and now she has had several books published.

Lastly, we were told about Robert, who was a very naughty boy. He had come from a very bad home but eventually, when he grew older, he was sent to Australia, where he works on a sheep farm.

After the lecture we were shown pictures of children in the Homes. They all looked very happy and well looked after. The lecturer then answered many questions and afterwards she left forms for anyone who wanted to join The Barnardo's Helpers League. We all enjoyed listening to the lecture and we look forward to another visit.

CELIA LAYZELL, *L.IV.*

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THE BARNES LECTURE

On the evening of Wednesday, November 11th, quite a number of High School girls attended the lecture on the changes

in rural life as reflected in Barnes' poems, which was held in the Grammar School. The lecture was given by the Rev. D. G. Peck, who had come from Oxford especially to talk to the Barnes' Society. He gave us a very enlightening talk and several people illustrated the points which he made by reading Barnes' poems in the Dorset dialect, some of which were most amusing, especially the dialogues between two very Dorset farmers.

Mr. Teulon-Porter moved the vote of thanks and ended a most enjoyable evening.

MARY GREEN, *Upper V.*

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UNUSUAL HOBBIES

(1) Fromology

My hobby is fromology which, in case you do not know, is collecting cheese labels. This is quite a new and interesting hobby and it has only become popular in the last five years.

I have about three hundred and sixty cheese labels in my collection, which is a very small number compared with that of two people I know, who have over a thousand. I keep them in a large Coronation scrap-book with gay coloured pages of brown, blue, green and red which makes a good background for the labels. I have used over half of this book, which I think is quite good, as I have only been collecting for about a year.

In the Children's Newspaper you may often see advertisements for cheese labels on approval. I do not favour this, as most of the labels are fakes and they are often quite expensive. Also, I do not think it is collecting genuinely.

My prize set of cheese labels are my "William Tell" brand as I have twenty-two of them. I keep these on two separate pages. My second best are my "Anemone" Gerber brand. These are very pretty and are decorated with Alpine anemones of yellow, orange, white, blue, red and maroon with blue, white, yellow, orange, green and pink backgrounds. I have eight of these and should very much like to get more of them. My third best set are my "Swiss Knights." These take up one page and are on my first page, as they used to be very common and were the first ones I collected. I have thirteen of these but I should like to have the whole set of twenty-two. My ambition is, as my collection grows, to keep all the different sets on separate pages. I have cheese labels of many different countries such as Switzerland, France, Italy, Spain, Holland and Great Britain.

The owner of our village shop kindly saves me beautiful tops off the Dutch cheeses. Also I am very lucky, as a friend of Daddy's has become very interested in my hobby and has given me quite a number of tops I am sure I should not have had if it had not been for him. Before I became interested in fromology I never realised the number of cheese labels there were or how attractive they are.

CHRISTINE CROUCH, *Lower IV.*

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(2) BRASS BAND

The National Youth Brass Band Course — Easter, 1954

After becoming a member of the National Youth Brass Band of Great Britain, which was formed by Dr. Denis Wright and which meets twice a year during the Easter and Summer holidays, I attended the Easter course this year with another girl from my band. The course was held in a large school, the Dormer Welles School in Southall. There were over one hundred members in the band which included twenty-two girls.

Every morning, we used to have prayers before starting work and different people would play their instruments to accompany the hymn. After prayers, we had ear-training and aural work with Mrs. Alston. Then we would go to sectional practices; the cornets with one tutor, the trombones with another, and so on. Having worked hard for the first part of the morning, we had a break and after being refreshed with lemonade and biscuits, we went to a full band practice in the huge assembly hall. At this practice, we would rehearse with our conductors, Dr. Denis Wright and Leonard Davies, and then we would break for lunch. During the afternoon and evening, there would be another sectional practice and full band rehearsal.

On the Thursday of the week's course, I went with the rest of the band to make some recordings at Maida Vale for the B.B.C. We were ushered into a huge hall with lots of mechanical equipment and wires in it, and there we recorded such music as the first movement of "The Unfinished Symphony" and "Overture Glastonbury." On Saturday we were all transported to the Central Hall, Westminster, where we gave a concert of all the music we had practised during the week's course. This was the finale to an educational and enjoyable course.

An Expedition To Cornwall

On Saturday, 6th November, the Wessex Youth Band, formerly the Wincanton Junior Band, of which I am a member, attended its first contest at Bodmin in Cornwall. We had been invited to compete in the contest by Mr. W. G. Lenwood, M.B.E., Chairman of the South West Brass Band Association. Conducted by our bandmaster and tutor, Mr. M. Witcombe, we played the test piece, the hymn "Elher" and the piece of our own choice, a selection called "Melodies of Britain." We were six points behind the winners, Bodmin Juniors, and received a cup which will be presented on "home-ground" by Mr. Lenwood at a concert in Wincanton.

ADRIENNE LAWRENCE, *Lower VI.*

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COURSE IN SPANISH AT LONDON UNIVERSITY

In the Easter holidays, I was lucky enough to attend a five-day course in Spanish at London University. It was a marvellous experience and a very instructive one too. The lecturers were mostly attached to the University or to the Hispanic Council, who provided a number of films and extra lectures in the evenings. On the last day we were all invited to a social evening held at the Hispanic Council—Canning House—where we all enjoyed ourselves tremendously.

During those five days I learned to use the language orally by talking to the ever obliging lecturers, who seemed to know exactly what each student's case was, in spite of the short time. It was a really interesting experience.

MARIA MENDE, *Upper VI.*

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A PARIS CULTURAL HOLIDAY — EASTER, 1954

In the company of about 900 other young people between the ages of 16 and 20, I saw Paris for the first time. It was a "Cultural Holiday" because we were all from VI Forms throughout the British Isles and all studying French, and even on holiday we intended to, or tried to profit by our 10 days' visit to the capital of France.

Paris—yes Paris ! The very name brings so much to your mind and means so much to so many people. Before I went I

was told by a friend of mine that were she twenty years younger she would live there, for she considered it the only city in the Europe that she had visited, to live in. And Paris certainly has a very great fascination—even I, who have seen a very small part of it.

My section of girls stayed in Lycee Henri-Quatre; there were two other Lycees for the girls also—including St. Louis where we all met to have meals. The boys stayed at the College Stanislaus.

The dormitories were enormous as compared with the ones I have ever seen—our particular one held 54 girls. The beds were down both sides of a very long room, with wash-basins down the centre. Half-way up one side of the room there was a curtained off part, where, raised, was the bed of the dormitory staff.

The "Cultural" part of the holiday was supplied by lectures at the Sorbonne. We attended lectures given by French Professeurs—in French!—on our set books for G.C.E. 'A' level. In addition, when we were not actually attending a lecture we went to "Cours Pratiques" in which we had chats always in French, with French masters and mistresses; this involved reading aloud and translating, and conversation.

The Sorbonne is really very beautiful. My favourite "theatre" was the "Richelieu" which was just like a great dome, the professeur's desk being in a central position on one side and seats rising on all sides to a very great height. It could hold about a thousand. Yet even though it was so enormous, the lecturer could speak in a normal speaking voice and it could be heard easily by the back rows which were nearly by the roof.

The reception, which was not only for our party, but also for other school parties in Paris at the same time, was at the "Hotel de Ville"; we were very fortunate in having it there as tourists are never allowed to go over it. It is a very beautiful and impressive building and we were in the same room that the Queen Mother was "received" in on her last visit to Paris. One side of this enormous room was entirely made up of mirrors, curtained off to look like large archways, thus creating the impression of a room twice its real size. There were many beautiful chandeliers and the ceiling was beautifully painted. My first impression of the room was of white and gold with a very fairy-like air to it.

We saw a number of very beautiful and famous churches, but the one by which I was most impressed was one which

perhaps is not so well known—"Saint-Etienne du Mont" It is very famous for its "Jube" which has double staircases with ornate balustrades.. This "Jube" is very rarely found in churches and it is truly beautiful.

A great deal of the charm of Paris is supplied by the Cafes on the pavements. Unfortunately it was rather cold and so they were all under cover of glass. But you can sit there for hours just talking and drinking coffee and eating "croissants" and watching people for hours. Watching people was the part of Paris which I loved so much. There were so many races, colours and sects all walking together, talking a variety of languages—and everyone was gay. You felt that gaiety everywhere you went.

Then the Seine. They say that you have not seen Paris unless you have walked by the Seine. To stand on a bridge and look down the river is exciting—for on either side are cobbled paths far down below the roads; there are trees and everything seems so silent, yet only a few feet above you is the *very* great noise of the Paris traffic. At night there are beggars there, with log fires, toasting things on it—everything is charming in Paris, even the dirtiest beggars have that gay careless air about them.

It is very hard to believe what people say about Paris. I know that before I went I was determined not to expect what everyone has said about it, but, however, Paris is gay and charming, young and very fascinating.

It is impossible to say everything I should like to say about my visit to Paris—there was so much done in such a short time; we went to Versailles and attended a Ball which was specially put on for our benefit; there is the lovely French food, the shops, and stores, the fashions—oh, so very much!

I did enjoy this holiday so very much that I very strongly recommend any girls who are able to do so, to go on this "Cultural Holiday" as in that way they can see enough of Paris to wish to go again when they are a little older and not in a party.

SONJA ZINKOVA.

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OUR STAY AT THE LACKHAM SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

After a pleasant interview and a weary suspense of waiting, we knew that we two had been accepted for the third vacation course at the Lackham School of Agriculture, which is only for

Wiltshire boys and girls. We looked forward to the opening day immensely, and were very excited when the day eventually arrived. We had previously arranged to meet on the Bowerchalke 'bus, and we felt much safer when we had met, for then there were two of us to decide what to do next. We arrived at Trowbridge without event and as we had time to spare, we wandered round Trowbridge and had lunch.

When we arrived back at the 'bus station we saw two boys, who were from Gillingham Modern School, looking at posters to kill time. They were evidently destined for Lackham, as we saw a pair of Wellington boots sticking out of their bags. We were quite certain when they got on the same 'bus as we did. At Lackham Lodge gates there was a whole lorryful of boys waiting to see if there were any more "coursers" on our 'bus. As we were the only two girls with that load, we were privileged to sit in the cab with the driver. The driver told us a little about Lackham as he drove us up the mile drive to the hostel.

On arriving at the hostel, we were told the numbers of our rooms and taken upstairs to unpack by Mr. Leese, one of the two wardens. (He was the boys' warden; we were introduced to Miss Garrett, our warden, later). We found that our room-mates had already arrived, and we were soon friends with them. Both these girls came from Swindon. The other four girls on the course came from Chippenham.

There were two girls in each dormitory. The girls were lucky, for they had their own common room upstairs with a wireless, but we hardly ever used it as we were kept much too busy writing our diaries. Downstairs there was the library, the general common room, a squash court and a table-tennis room. Outside there were two tennis courts, a cricket field and a swimming pool.

The first call-bell was at a quarter to seven and the lectures started at half-past eight. At ten o'clock, we had milk and between milk and dinner we had practical demonstrations. After dinner we did farm work.

There were thirty-eight people attending this Course and naturally we were divided into two sections. Section 'A' did farm work in the morning and lectures in the afternoon and Section 'B' vice-versa. The morning work started at eight o'clock. The people on the milking rota had to be up at half-past four, to be at the milking parlour at five o'clock, when the milking started. The people on the milking rota were invariably late for breakfast, which was at quarter past seven. Between six and nine in the evening we used to have quizzes, films and once

we had a treasure hunt. The food was excellent and needless to say, we were always ravenous.

Miss McCredie Forster called our names and said the name of our school as we stood up. Imagine our surprise when we heard we came from Shaftesbury Grammar School! After roll-call Mr. Thomas, the Principal, gave an introductory talk. During this talk he fired questions at us and we did not know very many of the answers. In his closing speech, he also fired questions at us and we are pleased to say that we knew the answers to almost all of them.

After the introductory talk, Section 'A' climbed on to the tractor and trailer and Section 'B' on to the lorry and we went on a conducted farm tour. There are three farms on the Lackham Estate, Notton Farm, Cuckoo Bush and Lackham Home Farm. The fifty attested Friesian cows were at Lackham Home Farm, and the thirty attested Shorthorns at Notton Farm, and fifty registered Clun Forest ewes at Cuckoo Bush. The pigs were also at Cuckoo Bush.

We had lectures on bacteria, crop rotation, fertilisers, milk testing, country produce, cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry. We enjoyed the talk given on fertilisers by Mr. McCubbin most, for he gave us his favourite chemical formulae although it had nothing to do with fertilisers. He told us what fertilisers to use for different kinds of deficiencies, and explained what N.P.K. stood for. It stands for the three main chemicals used in fertilisers, nitrogen, phosphate, and potash and they are always printed in this order on the fertiliser bags that farmers buy.

For practical work, we did dairy work, machinery, carpentry, building, general farm work and gardening. We think we enjoyed carpentry most, for it is unusual for girls to do this. We drilled wall-plugs, helped make a door and put up a partition in a garage. We also enjoyed machinery, and one of us spent a whole afternoon lying under a self-binder, unscrewing bolts and nuts and greasing the different parts. In machinery we also re-painted parts of machines, and we certainly managed to get paint where it should not be.

On the Saturday evening we visited Lacock Abbey, and we were interested to see the window of which the first photograph was ever taken by Fox-Talbot in 1835. This photograph is now in a South Kensington Museum. Another interesting feature of the Abbey was the huge cauldron, weighing between nine and a half and ten hundredweight. This is a unique example of such a cauldron in Great Britain.

The following day we went to the service at the beautiful

Lacock Church. On the Sunday afternoon was the old students' re-union and visiting day, and we had great fun showing the visitors round the hostel and farms.

On the Thursday, the day before we left Lackham, the Television people came and televised us. One of us was televised opening up the hives and looking at the bees and the other was meant to be televised in the garden, but the men ran out of film before they got as far as that, but both of us were televised assembling for the afternoon's work and lectures.

On the Thursday evening, we had a camp fire as a social evening. This was very enjoyable and it was very amusing to try to fry sausages at the end of pointed bamboo canes. Some of them dropped into the bonfire, as they burst. After the sausage frying episode, we had a sing-song. Then each dormitory had to put on an act. These were very amusing, especially the act staged by three boys called, "Same size, same shape, but only a different colour."

The following day we had a last farm tour of Lackham Home Farm. Dinner was rather a sorrowful meal as we were not looking forward to going home, but were wishing we could spend another three weeks at Lackham.

We strongly recommend anyone who is interested in Agriculture, and who wishes to take more than a passing interest in it, to try to go to Lackham on one of these courses. Besides being enjoyable, they are instructive and not at all expensive. The food is good and the dormitories a comfortable size. The only criticism we make is that we are not given enough time to write our diaries, and so we used to wake up early and either get up and write them or write them in our beds.

JANICE SIDFORD and ASLAUG GODESETH, *Upper V.*

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ON JOINING THE YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

A few weeks ago, two of my friends and I decided that we should very much like to join the Young Farmers' Club. We were all interested in farming and thought that we should be able to learn more about it by joining the local club. We knew that this club held regular meetings at which lectures were given.

One Friday night we set out for Gillingham, where the meeting was to be held at 7.15 p.m. We reached the hall where the meeting was to be held in good time and entered the room rather shyly.

I was surprised at the large number of people present, as I had no idea that there were so many members. We found some seats together and sat down, looking around. Everyone seemed to be talking and I felt very glad that I had gone with my friends and not alone.

At last the chairman entered with the speakers for that evening, and asked for quiet. He introduced the speakers to us and told us that the subject was "Winter Egg Production." When this lecture was finished the speakers left the room and club business was started.

We heard all the latest news concerning the club, which seemed rather strange to us as this was our first meeting. Then the moment came when we were to be proposed as new members. Our names were read out by one of the members, who said that she hoped we would be happy during our membership. The other members then applauded and we sat down feeling very conspicuous.

The meeting was then closed. We felt very pleased that we at last belonged to the Young Farmers' Club and hurried to pay our subscriptions to the Treasurer. As it was getting late, we had to rush home, having had a very enjoyable evening.

JENNY HARDING, *Upper V.*

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MY VISIT TO THE GARTER SERVICE

On June 12th I travelled to Windsor feeling very excited. Sunday seemed to pass very slowly, although in the morning I went to the Castle and saw the changing of the Guard, and heard the band of the Grenadier Guards play.

On Monday, my aunt and I got ready early and we arrived at the Castle about twelve o'clock. During the time that we were waiting in the Throne Room of Windsor Castle, the Queen was making Sir Winston Churchill a Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. This is the oldest order of Knighthood in Europe. It is supposed to have originated during the middle of the fourteenth century, when Edward III picked up a garter dropped at a ball by the Countess of Salisbury; put it around his own knee and said "Honi soit qui mal-y-pense"

As we entered the Castle, a policeman punched a hole in our tickets, and we took our places in the Dower Ward in front of the picturesque houses of the military knights.

The next two hours passed very quickly. We watched all the important people enter St. George's Chapel, and we also saw Richard Dimbleby, who was a commentator.

About half an hour before the procession began, the Life Guards and the Horse Guards lined the route, looking extremely smart and colourful in their red jackets, white kid trousers and gloves, spears, gold helmets with white plumes—Life Guards, and silver helmets with red plumes—Horse Guards.

Some of them were overcome by the heat and they were swaying backwards and forwards trying not to faint.

We knew when the procession was coming when the Guards were called to attention.

The procession came through the Norman Tower, passed the side of St. George's Chapel and entered by the west door. First of all came the Band of "The Blues," then the Yeomen of the Guard in their scarlet and gold, with E.R. embroidered on their backs and fronts and rosettes on their knees and shoes. A special cheer went up for them because they are all elderly gentlemen. Then came the Knights, the last of whom was Sir Winston Churchill. He was wearing the Royal Blue velvet cloak trimmed with gold, and black velvet hat, also the Star and the Garter. He had also been presented with the Collar and the George, and the Lesser George.

Next came the Duke of Gloucester and the Queen Mother, looking very graceful and with a wonderful smile; behind them came Field-Marshal Alexander, Field-Marshal Montgomery, and the Duke of Norfolk, and last of all came the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, both looking very charming.

As the procession passed by, I was convinced that had I been living in the days of Queen Elizabeth I the colours and the magnificence of the robes could not have been any more picturesque.

Of course, I do not know what happened inside St. George's Chapel, but we could hear the organ and the voices of the choir singing. We waited to see the procession return, and now all the Royalty rode in cars. This time the Queen and the Duke came first in an open landau, with the Royal Ensign flying in the sunshine; then came the Queen Mother and the Duke of Gloucester, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra, the Princess Royal, Sir Winston and Lady Churchill, Field-Marshal Alexander, and Field-Marshal Montgomery with five silver stars on the back of his car.

After the Guards had dismissed, we had a look around the Castle, and I had time to think what a wonderful experience it had been for me.

EILEEN PARSONS, *Lower VI General.*

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A YOUTH HOSTELLING HOLIDAY

The inhabitants of Gillingham were probably quite startled to see four heads, carefully watching the descent of a penny which had just been tossed. We were at the meeting of the roads and the question was should we go via Cheddar with a biting wind, or Bath and a kind following wind. The coin dropped with a tinkle on the pavement and Cheddar had won. So on Monday, August 30th, we set out on our bikes for Cheddar, with big hopes of reaching the western Welsh coast.

It was a sparkling morning, and in spite of the wind, we found ourselves puffing round Glaston Tor and "sailing" into Wells by lunch-time. The cathedral of this city is magnificent, with its inverted arches and peaceful cloisters, and while there, we took the chance of seeing it once again. A young priest showed us round the beautiful building and it was evident that he loved every corner of it.

From Wells we went on to Cheddar, visiting Wookey Hole on the way, where the earth is so red and the river so blue that it seems like another world.

Cheddar was a small hostel, but very cosy, and it was nice to be wakened by the cock in the yard.

One cannot visit Cheddar without seeing the Gorge, but I doubt if many see it very early in the morning, when the turnstiles at the entrances to the caves are silent, and when the mist lies in the valley, making every rock seem more eerie and magnificent. This was what the Gorge was like when we pushed our bikes up at 8.30 in the morning. We climbed through the mist and into the sunshine, where the world seemed very good, and we appeared to be on top of it.

It was such a hot day and the colour of the muddy water as we crossed the Bristol Channel made us feel hotter. The flat-bottomed ferry bumped to a standstill and we unloaded our bikes and made for Chepstow hostel, where we were soon refreshed by cool showers. (I must add that these are not the luxury of many hostels!).

It was not until the next day that we touched Welsh soil,

but then we knew it only too well ! It was a boiling day, and naturally the one in which we chose to climb over the hills from the beautiful valley of the Wye to that of the Usk.

We followed the muddy Wye as far as Tintern, where the Abbey still stands majestically beside the river, and then began our climb.

When we at least reached the valley of the Usk, the river looked so inviting and we dearly wanted to swim, but Father kept our noses to the front wheel and so we passed through Abergavenny and arrived at Crickhowell hostel, weary, but feeling like conquering heroes.

The next day we were in some doubt as to whether we should be able to continue, for Pat's arm had swollen to the size of a marrow, and we feared that the doctor would say she had to rest it. However, it turned out to be a wasp's sting, and so that evening we were safely sleeping in Llandrindod Wells hostel, after a beautiful ride, once more through the Wye Valley.

We left Wales behind us next day, having to turn our backs on the coast which had been our goal, and set our faces towards England.

It was over really rugged country that we cycled to Ludlow ; a town of tiny, noisy streets and an impressive castle fortress. The hostel was beautifully situated on the bank of the river, and my top bunk was lying right against the window, overlooking the weir, and the old medieval bridge leading up to the town. We had the windows open that night because it was so hot, and I think Mummy and Pat were quite suprised to see me still intact in the morning !

The greatest event of the next day was the train journey from Hereford to Bristol when we went through the Severn Tunnel. One can't help feeling slightly expectant as the train runs down into the darkness, but we saw no rushing water or flashing lights, and all that happened was that Pat got a funny feeling in her ears. We left the train at Bristol and cycled to Bath hostel, where that night, we lay in our bunks and watched the lights in the valley gradually go out, looking as if some giant hand was snuffing hundreds of candles.

As usually happens, the last day was the worst for weather, which is nice, because it makes one thankful for the lovely weather of previous days, and also glad to reach home, which seems like a haven, as does every other hostel at the end of an exciting day.

JANET WHITMARSH, *Upper VI.*

"OUR TOUR"

"Hurry along down South, to the Sun," was the password for our cycle-camping holiday round the Italian Lakes!

(This was a phrase used by a friendly stewardess on the train from Calais to Basle).

With two friends from the Cyclists' Touring Club, we left Victoria Station, London, at 1 p.m. on August 8th, and after a long, sleepless, but exciting train journey across France, we arrived at Basle, in time for a wonderful 5.30 a.m. "Continental" breakfast.

Continuing our journey in daylight, we were able to see the magnificent scenery of the Swiss lakes and mountains. The nine mile long tunnel of the St. Gotthard was behind us in ten minutes, and also the sunshine, for a while at least. The rain, on the other side of the Pass was torrential, but despite this, at Lugano, our destination, we cycled on and crossed the Italian frontier.

We found a camping site and during a dry spell tents were pitched and we were in the dry. The rain, thunder and lightning which lasted all through the night was followed by a wonderfully sunny morning, and "Hurry along down South to the Sun," really came true for the rest of our three weeks.

Using A.I.T. (Alliance Internationale de Touriesme) camping sites, we had all facilities on the spot, and met German, French and Italian campers.

(We did our own cooking and porridge not being available, we had lots of macaroni! We carried our own stove, and often brewed up, by the wayside.)

We found Lake Lugano, Como, Lecca, Loppio, Iseo and Garda. These lakes were a brilliant blue, and wonderful for swimming. Near Verona we found our camping site to be an old castle—supposedly the castle of Juliet, situated high up above the plain (the castle of Romeo, being nearby). We camped within its walls; a truly romantic place.

We saw the amphitheatre of Verona, and visited Venice (we did *not* notice the smell!). After a most hectic train journey, in which we nearly got parted from our "beloved" cycles, but finally spent five hours, squashed in the corridor of a guard's van, we visited Milan. Here we saw all the sights, but by just half an hour, missed seeing the renowned picture of the "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. A great disappointment!

We ended our trip with a sample of Italian and Swiss Youth

Hostels. At Lugano hostel, the garden was a tropical paradise, complete with swimming pool. Needless to say we spent two days here, lazing in the sun, and browsing in the colonnades, shopping for last minute presents.

Unfortunately we did not bring the sun back with us. We arrived back in England to be greeted by cold and fog! But it was great to be back to relate all our adventures and recapture the warmth of the Italian sunshine, and the gaiety of the Italian people.

JEAN HALL (*Old Girl*) and ANN HALL, *Lower Fifth*.

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ROME AS I SAW IT

In the summer holidays I spent a wonderful fortnight in Italy on a motor-coach tour. We visited many Italian cities and my only regret was that we had too short a time to spend in each place. The city that impressed me most was Rome, where we spent three days.

Things really come to life in Rome about eight o'clock in the evening, when people home from work can enjoy their leisure time. The air is very warm, much too hot for even a light coat. The streets are brightly lit and all the shops are open, for they close during the heat of the day and stay open till late at night. It is very crowded and there is a gay, carefree atmosphere quite impossible to describe. The crowd is very different from that of London. It is far less cosmopolitan—most of the people are obviously Italians, with their dark eyes and brown skin, their quick gestures and excited way of speaking. Many families take a walk at this hour to visit a cafe where they meet their friends. The children go with them and are about until ten or eleven o'clock, for they sleep during the hot afternoon.

The best place from which to study the crowd is from a table outside one of the cafes so numerous in Rome. You can sit over coffee (which, incidentally, is nearly as thick as treacle) for an hour or more, without earning black looks from the proprietor. One great difference from the crowd in an English city is that here most people do not seem to be in a hurry. They have time to stop and look in shop windows or have a word with an acquaintance waiting at a table for his friends.

I wish I could understand the discussions which go on at these cafe tables. Seven or eight men will gather at a table, drifting up in twos or threes and when a party is complete the

talk will begin. Italian is such a beautiful language that one can enjoy listening without understanding a word. The arguments soon grow heated and voices are raised, but Italians seem to like argument and no-one loses his temper. Quite possibly the discussion is on politics, for most Italians are very interested in the subject.

Besides the people there are many little things that combine to make a city's atmosphere. One of the most striking things in Rome is the appearance of the buildings; like nearly all Italian houses they are painted white or sandy-colour and every window has its pair of slatted shutters. The buildings tend to be tall and the narrower streets seem rather shut in. This applies particularly to the little streets not meant for traffic and scarcely more than alleyways, which form a network behind the big thoroughfares. Yet it is strange how the sun manages to find its way even here, for the sunlight is as bright in these narrow little streets as in any of the wider roads.

It is here that the markets are held. The markets in London cannot compare with them for colour and variety. Flower-stalls are numerous and so are stalls selling religious relics. Everything is very busy and hot and dusty; the cries of the vendors and the excited chatter of the shoppers blend in an almost harsh but pleasant unison.

After seeing Italian policemen I can well understand how ours in London earn their good reputation. The white-uniformed "polizia" of Rome get very excited when directing the traffic; they do this partly by waving about a little truncheon but mainly by use of a whistle which they blow at any or no excuse. Although pedestrians are very leisurely, the traffic drives at a terrific speed and the policemen have plenty to do. They can often be seen, however, in groups of two or three having a little chat at some busy road-junction or piazza while the traffic whirls round them unheeded.

These piazzas are a very distinctive feature of Rome and of most Italian cities. They are almost like our squares, but are big enough to have a space in the middle surrounded by a pavement where there are seats. Sometimes this space is simply a well-trodden piece of ground where the children play, but there are usually trees and sometimes grass, shrubs and a fountain. Nearly all the ground in Rome which is not built on is used in this way and it gives a very pleasant feeling of space and greenery, added to by the trees in many of the main streets.

What a wonderful city is Rome! I wish I could spend a really long holiday there, but I am sure that even after a lifetime

one could not have explored everything ; it is so vast, so complicated. But the most casual visitor cannot help catching something of its gay, happy atmosphere which, I think, reflects the character of its people. I am sure that I shall never forget the friendliness and the beauty of the " eternal city."

R. PHILLIPS, *Upper V.*

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MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY

Never having been out of England before, the prospect of going to Germany for all my holidays for two years thrilled me immensely. I was very nervous, however, as the time for leaving drew near. I travelled to London and met my guardian. We spent the afternoon at the War Office, and then, on boarding the train to Harwich, I really felt my journey had begun.

At about 11 p.m. I went on board and soon went to bed in a top bunk of an eight-berth cabin. I awoke as we left, and thought frantically—"I'm leaving England; what shall I do?"

The following day spent in travelling in the military train, was very tiring; but it was fun going through new countries. The impression I had of Holland was of very small square fields of bright colours, dozens of canals, lovely, shuttered houses, windmills and bicycles.

I was terribly disappointed when we first got into Germany, however—flat, sandy soil, with occasional fir trees, for mile upon mile. The towns were even worse. Essen, for example, was bombed flat in the war; and the devastation, even now, is overwhelming. Despite the enormous modern factories, and ugly little workmen's houses going up everywhere, the grim "beaten" look showed through—and it was very sad and terrible.

I was immensely cheered when my fellow passengers told me we were nearing Bielefeld and, looking out of the windows, I could see the tree-covered hills, which I had seen in the many photographs sent me.

After meeting my parents at the station, we had a precarious journey back to our house. It seemed very strange to drive on the right-hand side of the road. Apart from this, I think it was the German dress I noticed most during that drive. All the boys wore very short, leather trousers, with broad, attractive Hungarian braces, and brightly coloured caps, with a wide variety of tassels, flags, bells, flowers and badges on them.

Most of the women and girls wore national costume also. This consists of black embroidered bodices, white blouses, coloured dresses and embroidered or matching aprons. Everyone wore brightly coloured socks—many of them being in red and blue stripes—some socks, knee length, some ankle-length.

Our house has been rented from a German and it has his name on a plaque beside the front door (most Germans do this). Inside the house, you realise what good builders the Germans are.

All the windows have rolling shutters, which are rolled up behind the pelmet. They can form shades in summer, by being pushed out at the bottom; or they can form locks for the windows by being let right down, so that the slats meet. This is usually done when the owner is away.

The cellars are one of the nicest parts of our house, I think; I have always wanted cellars—they seem so exciting. When we heard of the families living in the cellars during the war, we felt sorry for them. They were, however, far more safe and comfortable than many English families. All the cellars are centrally heated, and divided into rooms. We have a boiler room, a work room, a washroom (with sinks and a big boiler), a room in which to keep our gardening tools, a spare one to keep boxes, etc., and the garage. We also have a secret "cupboard," consisting of a double wall barely big enough for a single man. Through the centre of the cellars runs a wide passage. The garage is at the end, and, being heated, one can work on the car in the bitterest of weathers. There is a steep slope up to ground level, and the door into the garage from the outside is of the rolling type. As it is attached to the house like that, we can get to the car without going outside at all.

The lights are also unusual. Instead of the ordinary up and down switch, ours turn round. This is not always an advantage, as one is apt, on leaving the room hurriedly, to turn the switch round too far, leaving the light on again! The wiring for electricity is inside the walls, with small, round discs all round the top of the walls through which the electrician can mend the wiring if it is necessary.

It is very awkward when German workmen come to the house, for we know very little German, and they usually know no English. They ring the bell, or just walk in, and, without a word, get on with the task they are sent to do. Sweeps are sent regularly by the Army, and coming out on to the landing you come face to face with a large German, black with soot, wearing

an old black suit and a large top hat; this is their uniform. All workmen have uniform of some description—some, the type of cap or boiler suit. Builders always put a wreath of flowers on top of the unfinished building for an unknown reason.

When I first went shopping alone, I had rather a difficulty in making the shop assistant understand, but after a time I got the knack of waving my hands about, pointing to the object I wished to buy and alternately smiling and grimacing! The money I found quite easy as soon as I learnt the basic figures, and how to translate German money to English, to see if what I was buying was expensive. One mark is one shilling, and eightpence halfpenny; one hundred pfennigs is one mark, and approximately twelve marks is one pound—you have to know this to be able to buy anything.

There is such a lot I could say about my visit to Germany—about my visit to Dusseldorf, Cologne, Bonn, the journey up the Rhine in a river steamer, the bombed out town of Coblenze. Of Hamlyn, the town of the Pied Piper, and of all the other exciting places we visited, but I can only say how I wish everyone could have been there with me during my exciting holiday.

S. CULVERHOUSE, *Upper V.*

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MR. FUZZYHOPPIT GOES TO TOWN

When I returned from school one day, I was surprised to find Mr. Coade, the Headmaster of Bryanston School, being shown my guinea-pig, Fuzzyhoppit, by my mother. Mr. Coade told me that he would like to borrow it that evening. I could not imagine what a headmaster could want with a guinea-pig, but he explained that he wanted to use it for some mysterious purpose at a grand Bryanston Dinner in London.

I therefore put Fuzzyhoppit into a small cage, and he was borne away to London in the comfortable luxury of a first-class railway carriage in the company of a bishop and a headmaster.

At last he arrived at the Trocadero, being, no doubt, the first guinea-pig ever to enter its doors.

When Mr. Coade made his speech that evening, he lifted from a top hat a dazzled and somewhat bewildered Fuzzyhoppit in order to illustrate some point. There was a roar of laughter, which almost caused the poor creature to turn tail and flee.

Next day it arrived in state in Mr. Coade's car, and thus ended Fuzzyhoppit's extraordinary visit to town.

A few days later a photo appeared in *The Tatler* of Mr. Coade holding a peculiar black object which seemed to have been snapped in mid-wriggle.

PENROSE COLYER, *Upper V.*

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FISH

(WITH THE 'AUTHOR'S' APOLOGIES TO IDIOMS, ALIVE OR DEAD)

On glancing through the Oxford Concise Dictionary, I was fortunate enough to fall upon a most entertaining piece of information—namely, the definition of a fish . . .

The opening comment of any importance stated that a fish is an "animal living in water (strictly) vertebrate cold-blooded animal having gills throughout life and limbs (if any) modified into fins . . ." I was, to my amazement, indignant to read this most coherent and well-punctuated piece of English relating to my brother-fish. My indignation was caused perhaps, by the fact that I had just re-read Hemmingway's "The Old Man and the Sea" which made me feel that the above quotation was, even if correct, far from complimentary to my distant relative. It was patronising and it seemed to hurt my pride, as if I was thinking of my family tree in terms of evolution.

But, as I let my eyes swirl down the stream of words, I caught sight only of a few amusing expressions connected with fish. For instance, I was given to understand that a "person out of his element" is a "fish out of water." This amused me when I thought, sceptically, of course, of the typical "fish out of water" person. A fish out of water dies in a few moments and then lies graceful and streamlined in death, a blessing to those who fished him; but the "person" . . . He does not die! He creates embarrassing situations one after another, lashing the air in desperation, with his clumsy "limbs," finally getting thrown back into the "sea" whence he came, because he is no blessing to anyone: dead or alive! Surely this is no fish! This is merely a spoonful of soot in a jug of milk!

I noted, with marked interest, that a fair number of such expressions are connected with fish. For example, if you have other things to attend to, then you merely say that you have "other fish to fry" regardless of the fact that you may never have fried any before and are not being offered any to fry now, and that, in fact, you are dressed up for a sweet-smelling evening

at the theatre. I often wonder where all this evasion of truth and cryptic wrapping in batter leads us to.

Another peculiar expression drawn to my attention was that a person or thing of undecided character is commonly known as a "red-herring." I found this most indigestible, because on trying to apply it to concrete facts, I could find no connection (or no respectable one, in this case) between the Tory and Labour views on the Liberals (who are, presumably, the modest ones, and so regarded undecided by the two extremes) and our aforesaid "red herring." Anyway I am sure Gladstone would turn in his grave at the idea.

We must be subconsciously haunted by the spirit of "fish," because there are so many references in our language to them. Even vague objects like ivory counters in certain games are called "fish" and not elephants or moths or anything else. The idea is quite a provoking one for me and I keep on trying to know why it's always "fish, fish, fish!"

In nautical jargon, a piece of wood used to strengthen the mast is called a "fish." This is almost consistent owing to the fact that sailors do see rather a lot of their slippery brothers. But, why is a "dubious character" described as a "fishy repast" and a fishy repast described simply as a "meal"?

These things are all very disconcerting to the poor foreigner who is searching for sensible English idioms, and small wonder if he looks "fishy-eyed" (oh! I beg your pardon! I meant "vacant"), when he is besieged by such language! Being a foreigner myself, I succumb with ease to the idle pleasure of perusing the Oxford Concise Dictionary, as there is a marked characteristic in my, so-called warm blood (which is a very inaccurate description of the chilly liquid in my ever-shivering body), which is paramount: it is the delight I find in studying words, idioms and any other vague and infuriating things of that nature.

But let me not detain you from pursuing your own activities . . . I will return to muse over the rivers in the block of printing in my dictionary, and you . . . you will return to dry land . . .

MARIA MENDE, *Upper VI.*

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THE ENCHANTED WOOD

Near our house is a small copse which I think is more like an enchanted wood than any other wood I have ever been in.

Hardly anybody goes there and usually I have it all to myself. It is surrounded by a tall thick hazel hedge which divides the outside world of lowing cattle, noisy tractors and shouting farmers from the cool green shadiness of the enchanted wood.

Down the centre of the wood runs a stream which you would hardly know was there, except for the sound of the water gurgling over the pebbles, because it is covered with a thick green roof of huge ferns. The whole wood is full of all kinds of ferns, hart's-tongue, huge feathery ones, and a smaller kind I don't know the name of. Even in the frost, snow and wind of winter these ferns stay green and beautiful until the Spring when they provide a background for bluebells, primroses, violets and windflowers.

Most of the trees in the wood are horse-chestnut trees, very hard to climb, but with a great many lovely mossy seats to sit on when they have been climbed. There is one special tree which I quite often climb because it is not as hard as the others, and on summer evenings I often run across the two small fields to the copse and sit in this tree and read to my heart's content or until bed-time, when I say good-night to my enchanted wood and run home. I have often begged Mummy to let me go and see my enchanted wood in the moonlight, because I'm sure it must be the most beautiful sight in the world, but she will never let me. I wonder why?

MARY NORRIS, *Upper IV.*

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BODMIN MOOR

Bodmin Moor is a very interesting and beautiful place. From our farm, Brown Willy, the only mountain, is a long sweeping line. Its highest peak is over 1,200 feet, although I do not know exactly how high it is. It has four peaks and a maiden, which is a pile of granite, not big enough to be a tor, and joined on to a tor or a mountain. One day my sister and I rode out to Brown Willy for a picnic. We tied the ponies up in a sheltered place. While we were behind the lump of granite the sun was shining, and it was very hot, so I took off my coat, then, as soon as I got on top of the granite it was icy cold and the wind was blowing so hard that I was nearly blown down again, so I hastily went back for my coat.

Rough Tor is a sacrificial place of the Druids. On the two highest granite piles there are blood basins with little drains

running from one to another. There are many other tors, among which are : Garrow, Alex, Burron and Star Point.

Scattered all over the moor are hut circles, perfect circles of granite, which were huts, where the New Stone Age men lived. The moor ponies are mostly skewbalds or "coloured" ponies, these are true Bodmin Moor ponies. Although the breed is little known, they are sold to riding stables all over England, as they are not only very pretty, but they learn quickly and are very reliable. Another type of ponies are back with white on their faces and at least one white sock. These ponies are very beautiful, and with a little training, make perfect show ponies. Being very friendly, they are no good for rodeo ponies, as they will not buck, because, not being afraid of anything, they see no reason to stop anyone from sitting on their backs, when they have not been touched by anyone before. The "coloured" ponies make very good rodeo ponies, as they have very strong spirits and wills.

The last and most beautiful and graceful ponies are the Bodmin Greys. They range from eleven to thirteen hands two inches high. They are very finely built, are silvery grey, sometimes dappled. They have grey manes, and white tails.

It is a very lovely sight, when, in the early morning, with the sun rising from behind Rough Tor, the mist hanging over the bogs, a herd of ponies comes galloping over Bolty Hill, with two stallions in front, biting, pawing and rearing, with the rest of the herd spread out behind them. But in a few minutes the stallions stop fighting, and as the sun leaves the clinging mist, they settle down and start eating peacefully.

J. WYLLIE, *Lower IV.*

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ON A TREE IN AUTUMN

His twisty, skinny arms reach out toward the sun,
Stripped of his coat of many hues, yes, every one ;
He stands now desolate, forlorn but reaching upward high
Against the lazy blue of the early morning sky.
And gone are friends that round him danced last May,
And those who once sought shelter from the angry rain-
clouds grey.

Alone, bleak, bare, deserted, he stands upon the hill
And bears bravely the lashing winds that are his foes still.
Yet shall he soon have joy of returning life anew
As blessed Spring brings back the friends that he once
knew.

STARS

Venus is the morning star,
Much brighter than the others are,
She gives forth rays of misty light,
Which show up in the early night ;
Shimmering clearly through the cloud
Which all the others does enshroud.

The Pole star, pilgrims through the ages lead,
Also the sparkling orb of red,
From red to orange then to white,
Thus changes Mars the whole night.
The Pole star shines with steady glow
But it is rare for Mars to show.

The seven sisters, all but one
Together like a blurred sun
Shine with weak and feeble glow,
The seventh is too dim to show
Cetus comes to eat his fill,
Orion prepares for Taurus still.

The Moon has always waxed and waned
And to the Earth she has remained
The nearest and most bright,
Shedding beams of pale light.
Sometimes she shines with misty glow.
With colours of the rainbow.

Millions of the stars are there,
Some form the big and little bear.
Some show scenes from Grecian life ;
Orion's belt, and Perseus' knife.
And Venus may be Bethlehem star
Which brought the Magi from afar.

JENNY ALLARDYCE, *Lower V.*

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A JOURNEY

Over the hills and far away
That's where I'd like to go one day,
Over the mountains, and over the streams,
To visit the places I see in my dreams.

Over the hilltops, down in the dell,
Soon the sea I shall surely smell ;
See round the caves, over ragged rocks
Sea-gulls waddling along the docks.

Over the hills, I'd like to roam ;
Over the mountains, till I get home,
Then for ever and ever to stray
Always with home not too far away.

LINNET ALLARDYCE, *Lower IV.*

* * *

G.C.E.

The fateful year is here,
Our work seems never-ending ;
The letters we most often hear
Are G.C.E.

Now we do puzzle o'er
The works of Latin poets ;
We learn new words and still more
For G.C.E.

Digestion is revised ;
Skeletons are studied ;
We need to be so learned
For G.C.E.

Into Shakespeare's time we dive
To study Macbeth's story.
Ne'er mind, we shall survive
G.C.E.

SYLVIA HISCOCK, *Upper V.*

CARNIVAL TIME

The Carnival's here !
Oh ! What fun,
Dress up as a jockey
And trot in the sun.

I'm dressed as a snowman,
With a pipe in my mouth.
And my cousin's the wind,
That comes from the South.

My brother's a pirate
With a patch on his eye,
And my friend is a swallow
That flies in the sky.

We parade in the streets
With the band in the rear.
And a funny old man
Drives a car that won't steer.

Then, the Carnival Queen !
She's dressed all in blue.
She is there with her maids,
And she waves out to you.

Then, tea in the hall,
Is very great fun.
For it's good to sit down
If a prize you have won.

E. HARDING, *L.IV.*

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee 1954-55

<i>Chairman</i>				Miss Dunford
<i>Secretary</i>				Mrs. Welch
<i>Treasurer</i>				Mr. Parham
<i>Staff Representatives</i>				Miss Brewington
				Miss Watkins
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>				Mr. Breeds
				Mr. Welch
				Mrs. Rowbotham
				Mr. Corp
				Rev. H. Brayford
<i>Representative on Governing Body</i>				Rev. I. Horlock-Jones

The Parents' Association began their activities this year with a social which was a great success. A committee of parents organized the evening and everyone contributed towards the very good meal. The Staff, who were guests of the parents, very much enjoyed having no responsibility for the evening, and joined in the games which were admirably organized by Mr. Orman.

At the March meeting, parents divided into two sections to see the School film and to hear about details of school life. There was an array of school uniform set up by Mr. Corderey and specimens of school dresses made by Mrs. Parsons. A wide range of subjects was discussed including Hall furniture, Grades and the expedition to Stratford-on-Avon.

The speaker at the Summer term meeting, Mr. Macey, talked about the changes in the rural life of Dorset to an appreciative audience of parents and staff, who had a chance at the end to ask questions and to talk to Mr. Macey while tea was handed round.

At the General Business Meeting this term, it was decided by vote to amend the constitution by adding a Boarders' Representative to the Committee and the Reverend Brayford was elected.

In her remarks as Chairman, Miss Dunford referred to the upheaval in school life that the installation of a new system of central heating was causing. The Christmas holidays would have to be longer than usual and there would be no half-term week-end in the Spring Term.

Tribute to the work done by the retiring members of the Committee, Mr. Tyler and Mrs. Hopkins, the Secretary, Mrs. Drew and the Treasurer, Mr. Hutley, was made after the reports of the last two had been received. The Reverend H. Peel gave a most interesting account of his experiences on the Governors' Committee and spoke of the usefulness of having a parent present at such meetings. He spoke of the prestige of the School in the neighbourhood and described it as a happy place. He was thanked for his work on the Parents' behalf.

It was regretfully decided that as the long holidays would mean extra pressure of work next term, there should not be a social this year.

As usual, very few articles have been received, so contributors are specially thanked. Doesn't anyone feel strongly enough about any aspect of school life or of education in general to write about it?

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An Old Mum's Letter

I have been asked as an Old Mum to contribute to the magazine. I should like to take this opportunity of saying how much I have enjoyed all the meetings of the Parents' Association since its inauguration on 1st December, 1948.

I could not help comparing the last meeting on Nov. 10th, 1954 with the first meeting of the Association, the atmosphere was so much more friendly and the chatter when the tea and cakes were served was really more like a "Tea Party," than the shy whispers of 1948. I am sure this is due to Miss Dunford and her staff making us all feel so welcome and really connected with the life of the School.

To any Parents who have not attended a Parents' Association Meeting. I would like to say I am sure you would not only enjoy them, but make new friends and feel you belong with your girls to a very happy school.

J.D.

* * *

From Our Last Treasurer

Having been a member of the P.A. for several years, I feel I had as much interest in the Shaftesbury High School for Girls as did my daughter. More than that, I'm sure we all looked

upon the School with a great deal of pride, which no doubt owes its success to the sincerity and ability of Miss Dunford, who was aided with an efficient and understanding staff.

I have been asked what are my chief recollections as Treasurer of the Association. Probably I shall be termed a Jew, but it was always a delight to take the annual subscriptions from members, and incidently, to see the membership grow from year to year, a very healthy sign. Perhaps I should mention that on a number of occasions it was very embarrassing to take a sub. from a member I knew very well, and then with flushed face, having to ask the name. Generally it was passed off as a joke, but one former member gave me a look of disgust, and told me what she thought of my forgetfulness.

A number of incidents stand out in my mind, although perhaps trivial. There was the time when Mr. Tyler (I think) complained of the slack way in which the girls wore their hats, particularly the seniors, the member who was amazed that the Association could present a garden seat to the School out of funds which they had not got, and the occasion when I myself suggested that the amount of homework was excessive. I well remember that no less than three of the Staff made a "bee-line" for me afterwards, and we had a very frank discussion on the subject. None of us will forget the controversy over the General Knowledge papers given during the holidays.

Finally, a word of thanks to both Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Drew, who were the Secretaries whilst I was in office. They gave me every assistance, and I hope that they will be happy in the "Old Mum's" Association if and when it is formed.

L.W.H.

* * *

First Impressions

The first person I was aware of on coming along the passage to the hall, was a very small girl clutching a piece of near-white knitting, waiting and hoping no doubt to catch her parents before the meeting.

Passing into the hall, which looked very bright and inviting with a blazing fire and a beautiful floral decoration, I wondered if all the rows and rows of chairs would be needed.

The business of the meeting was carried out competently and quickly, then followed the tea and cakes, and suddenly everybody seemed to thaw out. Chairs were moved round to

form groups of parents, all talking animatedly; Miss Dunford and the Staff had little queues of parents waiting to speak to them, and altogether a very lively and friendly scene. So I went home thinking what a good thing the Parents' Association is.

I.M.R.

* * *

My Impressions of the School Speech Day

I should like to congratulate the School, Staff and Girls alike on the success of the High School Speech Days. As each Speech Day approaches I find myself looking forward to it with the greatest eagerness. What wonderful arrangement of flowers will Miss Drake produce this year? What will Miss Dunford's message be?

As soon as I enter the Savoy I feel the importance of the occasion. The members of the Staff are there to welcome me in the friendliest manner. I am shown to a seat and on looking at the stage see that there is the usual magnificent display of flowers. The girls enter, looking smart and very neat in school uniform and we all wait for the arrival of the V.I.P.'s. Miss Dunford reports on the progress of the School and never fails to give a wonderful message to us all. The Visitor gives an address and then presents the prizes to the proud prizewinners. Last but not least the whole School assembles on the stage for the rendering of the final song.

Each year the whole procedure is carried out in the same dignified and orderly manner and I leave for home feeling very much better for having been fortunate to have been present and very proud that my daughters are pupils of the High School.

R.M.B.

* * *

"Emit"

"It is not deaf, but cannot hear

It is not dumb, but cannot speak

You ask it questions and it will answer with its hands"

What is it?

That was a question we asked in Youth Club recently during a quiz programme. The answer was not very quickly forthcoming, even though we gave a clue that it could be seen on the Church, and the one in question had recently been re-united with its musical partner after some years of silent separation. You, of

course, will already have guessed that it is the Church Clock—and its chimes.

The slowness to jump to the answer was at least reminiscent, if not typical, of the speed with which many of us today jump to the significance of the answer the clock is always ready to give with its hands.

Some, unselfishly perhaps, refuse to take from the clock that which they consider to be its prerogative, "I haven't any!" they tell us; while others go so far as to deny its existence and boldly assert "There isn't any." Parents (even school teachers) have been known on occasions to bid their charges do what even Big Ben itself cannot do—make it! Some say it marches on, others say it flies, but certainly it goes fast enough to be forever out of reach once we have let it pass. The busy person wishes there was more of it, the slow one hasn't enough, Dilly Dally doesn't know what to do with the stuff and that unhappy fellow—or is it a girl?—Procrastination, steals it. The kindly person can always find it, the unfortunate one loses it, the lazybones wastes it, there is even the most wretched of all who "does it!" Indeed, all who come in touch with it seem to find a different use for it, or maybe none at all.

One Day, it will cease to matter any more, but until we reach the Presence of Him who made it, we are right in it up to the neck and over, and as that wise writer of the book of Ecclesiastes said, every bit of it has its proper use (you can find it all in Chapter III).

The important question is, do we understand what the clock is *really* doing? What a silly question you will say, even a half-wit can tell the time, but to be quite honest, it takes people with their *whole* wits about them to listen to what the clock is telling them.

We look at a clock and say "7.30 a.m., or 8 p.m., or 10 p.m." We say we are telling the time, yes, but what is the time telling us? Mealtime, prayer time, schooltime, worktime, playtime, bedtime or even turning-out time; we can tell the time all right, but can we reverse the process, like the title?

R.A.W.

Autumn

The golden glory of summer's dying,
On field and path, left emblems lying
Of Spring's pale green, the summer's wonder,
Wrought magic, ere embittered ochre
From the trees wrenched leaves asunder,
From green to gold and russet umber,
The tumbled crop in sodden pile
Await decay without revile.

P.H.J.

* * *

Parents Will Be Parents

It became evident to me whilst doggedly tracking down a member of the Staff at one of the Parents' Meetings which I so enjoy, that when Shaftesbury High School takes on a new pupil, they also take on, in a different capacity, her parents, for better or worse. I should like to say, here and now, what an admirable job I think they make of us.

I journey to a Meeting reviewing my facts and fancies, resolved not to be a heavy parent and bearing in mind the briefings received from my young as to the behaviour expected of a boarder parent, only to find on arrival and as the opportunity occurs that I develop conversations of the deepest intensity on my part with the Staff concerning my darling. I need hardly say that these are met with the most kind and sincere interest and my queries and anxieties quite allayed.

I journey happily homeward with perhaps the stray thought of having appeared an "awful warning," but this I quickly dismiss by recalling the friendliness shown to me and which I know my offspring also enjoys, for which I am most truly grateful.

G.E.M.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee 1954-56

<i>President</i>				Miss Dunford
<i>Vice President</i>				Mrs. Raad
<i>Secretaries</i>				G. Hussey (<i>nee</i> Woodman)
				A. Rawson
<i>Treasurer</i>				G. Harding
<i>Staff Representatives</i>				Miss Drake
<i>Sports Representatives</i>				B. Hall (<i>nee</i> Gibbs)
				B. Knapton
<i>Committee Members</i>				M. Baker
				B. Carter (<i>nee</i> Mullins)
				A. Johnson

O.G.A. Summer Meeting

JULY 10th, 1954

The Summer Meeting was held on Saturday, July 10th, 1954. The proceedings began with a Tennis Match against the School, on the School courts at Wincombe Lane, commencing at 5 p.m. This resulted in a win for the School by 56 games to 25.

The match was followed by a buffet supper at Barton Hill House. During supper there was a short business meeting. Members then had an opportunity to walk round Barton Hill House and the Main School. There was a record number of 56 members present at this meeting.

Eleventh O.G.A. Annual Meeting

OCTOBER 23rd, 1954

The Annual Dinner took place on Saturday, October 23rd, at the Royal Hotel. As the charge had gone up considerably the committee feared that we should have a small gathering. To our surprise, 66 members were present, a record number.

We assembled in the Lounge at 7 p.m. for the Annual General Meeting. The Secretary gave her report and stated that there were now 134 Life Members and 34 Annual Members in the Association. She announced the result of the hockey match played in the afternoon against the School. The O.G. team had won by 3 goals to 1. The Treasurer reported a balance in the bank of £77-14s. 6d. After a good deal of discussion it was decided to increase the life subscription from 30/- to 2 guineas, and

the annual subscription from 3/6 to 5/-, as our subscriptions were so much smaller than those of other schools. It was decided that £1 1s. 0d. should be given to the School's Coronation Fund as in the previous year.

The bi-ennial election of officers and committee then took place. The results are printed above. Miss Dunford gave her usual brief account of the developments at School. As the evening meeting in the summer had been so much more successful than afternoon ones, it was unanimously agreed to repeat it next year.

After the meeting we moved to the old Club Room of the Hotel for dinner. The toast of the O.G.A. was proposed by Beryl Knapton who said that she felt that she could speak for all the O.G. present, as she had been at school under both Mrs. Raad and Miss Dunford and had also been both a day girl and a boarder. Mary Murray (*nee* King) replied to the toast and said how she valued the Association because it brought together again class-mates who had meant so much to each other in their school days. Mrs. Raad proposed the toast of the School and expressed her gratitude for the affection that had always been shown her by the School both in the past and in the present. In replying to this toast Miss Maddick sketched her experiences as House Mistress first on the Main Building and then at Sunridge and now at Barton Hill House.

The singing of Auld Lang Syne brought our re-union to an end. We have had happy O.G. dinners before but never one with such a strong sense of unity and joy in our re-union as this one.

An Appeal

In the Magazine of 1951 we asked for any reminiscences or photos of the old days so that we could piece together the history of the School. Our School has a history worth recording and the writing of this down is now being undertaken seriously. Written records are scanty and we are largely dependent on the memories of old members of the School. Please do all you can to glean any facts or stories about the old days before it is too late. and send them to me as soon as possible.

M. K. DUNFORD.

* * *

Visits Of Interest To O.G.A.

October, 1954. Mr. YEATMAN. He is in England on holiday and called to give us news of Brenda. She and her sisters feel that they are Australians now.

November, 1954. Mr. LUSH. He came to see me and told me that his mother was at school here. As she was born in 1853 that makes the life of the School as a girls' school nearly a hundred years old.

November, 1954. Mr. ARMSTRONG and Miss FRY. They called one Saturday morning to look round and said that part of the garden was very little changed from when they had known it in Miss Dunn's day. She was their great aunt.

December, 1954. Miss BUCKLAND came to tell me stories of her life here as a boarder in Miss Dunn's days.

M. K. DUNFORD.

* * *

Former Members of Staff

Mrs. JONES (Miss Handford) had a daughter, Susan Mary, in September and is going to bring her to see us as soon as she can. She would like her to be a boarder here one day.

Mrs. LAWSON (Miss Newton) spent a day with us recently. Her husband now has charge of four Congregational Churches.

Miss LOGG spent her half-term holiday in Shaftesbury this term. She is now Senior French mistress at Chelmsford High School. She had a very interesting holiday in Yugo-Slavia at Easter.

Mrs. WHITE (Miss Rhodes) called to see us with her husband during the Summer Term.

Engagements

Edith Crofts to Stuart Beaton
Esme Coombs to Elved Phillips
Rita Holloway to Osmond Richard Baker
Mildred Topp to John Read
Sonja Zinkova to David Cassell

Marriages

Mary Le Beechee to Fraser W. Bruce
Audrey Cox to Ronald Sims
Mary Gray to John Bush
Jean Garrett to John Swanton
Hilda Gailiver to Donald Howell
Jean Matson to Mr. Nicholls
Heather Miles to Eric Kellett
Jean Mears to Glyn Parry
Sally Minchinton to Mr. Harmer
Jean Peddle to Donald Mercfield
Jean Shute to Ronald Peterson
Angela Sims to Douglas Chislett
Yvonne Tucker to Walter Lees
Diana Woodrow to John Heath
Josephine Williams to Robert Williamson

Births

Audrey Ayles (*nee* Busby), a son, Thomas John
Rosemary Arnold (*nee* Matthews), a son, Richard Matthew
Doreen Aubert (*nee* Parsons), a daughter, Elizabeth
Pat Brooks (*nee* Wilby), a son, Stephen Edward
Jean Brickell (*nee* Pitman), a son, Julian Phillip
Christino Evans (*nee* Williams), a daughter, Deborah Lesley
Shirley Goddard (*nee* Farris), a daughter, Helen
Joan Hudwood (*nee* Hobbs), a daughter, Susan
Margaret Hall (*nee* Gibbs), a son, Richard John
Gillian Hussey (*nee* Woodman), a son, David John
Iris Jay (*nee* Palmer), a son, Peter
Mavis Mundy (*nee* Cox), a son, Nigel Donald
Edna Olsen (*nee* Hayter), a son, Eric
Helen Perry (*nee* Hall), a daughter
Ethel Richmond (*nee* Brico), a daughter, Ruth Alexandra
Jean Smith (*nee* Conibear), a son
Marion Tozer (*nee* Coombs), a daughter, Christino Mary
Josephine Williamson (*nee* Williams), a daughter

* * *

SHIRLEY ANDREWS and ANGELA TOLMAN (1954) have both begun their nursing training at the Westminster Hospital at Shaftesbury.

ANN BROOKS (1951) remained in England after her parents returned to Ceylon. She is attending Pitman's Secretarial College in London and working part-time at Timothy White's.

- RITA BRAIN (1952) now travels to her bank in Gillingham on a motor-bike, a B.S.A. Bantam.
- RUTH BURDEN (1954) is our first girl to go to Bishop Otter Training College at Chichester.
- MARION BRIGHT (1949) was awarded a Certificate of Merit with Distinction in Art and Crafts at the end of her two years at Weymouth Training College. She is now teaching at a Secondary Modern School in Yeovil.
- JILL CARDNELL (1954) is having a few months at home before beginning her nursing training at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.
- DAPHNE CHOWN (1954) is a clerk with the firm of C. & G. Prideaux Ltd. at Motcombe.
- SHEILA CROSS (1954) has taken a temporary post and is hoping to train as a Nursery Nurse later.
- LORNA COLLIS (1954) is working at Kelly & Stainers with Janet Cox.
- MARY COX (1953) is working in Boots the Chemists at Dorchester.
- MARGARET COLE (1954) is working in Frisby's Shop in Shaftesbury.
- BENITA CHICK (1952) has left the Poole Potteries and is now living at home and working in a shop in Blandford.
- JEAN DREW (1954) has obtained a post in Lloyds Bank at Gillingham.
- MARY EDMONDSON (1952) has been accepted at the Westminster Hospital in London and will go there in January, as she has passed the Orthopaedic Certificate which she took at Sir William Treloar Hospital at Alton in October.
- PAULINE EDMONDS (1949) is enjoying her singing lessons with Mr. Gordon Clinton.
- PAMELA FURNELL (1954) has begun her training at the Salisbury Secretarial College.
- MARY GILLINGS (1950) has come back from France and is now at home doing a refresher course at the Salisbury Secretarial College. She hopes to go abroad later in the service of some international organisation.
- PAT GULLIVER (1951) has finished her training and is now a radiographer at Boscombe Hospital.
- JOY GODFREY (1954) is very happy in her work with the firm of Hudson & Martin at Gillingham.

MARGARET GUY (1953) is now a clerk in County Hall at Dorchester.

JEAN GODDARD (1954). As Jean's home is now in Exmouth she is working at the Halsdown Nursing Home there, until she goes to University College Hospital in January to begin her training.

JENNIFER GREENE (*nee* Purver) (1950) and her husband had a month's tour of Europe, driving through nine countries before sailing for America in August.

JANET GILBERT (1952) is hoping to go the Royal Hampshire County Hospital at Winchester for her general nursing training, if she passes her examination next April at the end of her nursery nursing training.

PAT HOLLAND. Now that her younger sister is at home, Pat has been able to embark upon a career in Hotel Management and is at present working in a hotel at Newquay.

ANN HUBY (1950) took a post as nanny at Winterbourne Gunner so that she could have lessons from Miss Eda Moore in Salisbury. She reached the semi-finals at the English Festival of Spoken Verse in London in July. She had an accident while motoring with her fiancé and fractured her collar-bone. She hopes to be married as soon as her mother returns to England.

DOROTHY HENSON (*nee* Lee) (1950) is living in Bath since her marriage but is continuing to teach.

RUTH HALLETT (1952) is teaching at a Secondary Modern School at Ashford in Kent and is specialising in gardening.

CYNTHIA HUMBLE (1953) was awarded the Shorthand Prize for her year at the Poole Technical College. She is now working at Rutter & Rutter's Solicitors' Office in Shaftesbury.

JUDY HATHERLEY (1952) came second in the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital in the first year's Nursing Examination.

ANN HITCHINGS (1954) began her Nursery Nursing Training at the Beatrix Nursery at East Knoyle in May, and found herself working a great deal with Margaret Harding.

JEANNE HULTEY, YVONNE MORGAN and RITA MULLINS (1954) are all telephonists at the Shaftesbury G.P.O.; Rita, after training at either Exeter or Bristol.

VIRGINIA HARDY (1953) is working as a window-dresser in Chantelle's at Cheltenham, having had some experience in their branches at Bournemouth and Oxford first.

HEATHER KELLETT (*nee* Miles (1950) was married in March but is continuing to teach at East Orchard. Her husband is doing his National Service in Germany, but hopes to return to Shaftesbury next April and they will have a flat in Heather's home.

ELIZABETH LINLEY (1954) has been attending the Salisbury Secretarial College.

MARY LOCKYER (1951) is teaching in Birmingham.

PAMELA LOVELL (1953) has left the Royal Berkshire Hospital at Reading and is continuing her training at the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital at Bournemouth.

UNA-JANE LAWS (1953) begins her training at the Princess Christian Nursery Nursing Training College in January.

MARY ORMAN (1952) is very happy in her first post. She is teaching in an Infants' School at Grays, Essex, and has 34 five-year-olds in her class.

DAPHNE PICKFORD (1950) has now become second cook at St. Hilda's College, Oxford. In October she went up to London to Anne Slade's 21st birthday party.

JENNIFER PROTHERO (1954) is enjoying a year's practical work on a farm at Foxholes, near Wimborne, before going on to a College or Institute for Agricultural training.

MARGARET STONE (1954) has begun her nursing training at the Royal Hampshire County Hospital at Winchester. Two other O.G., Mary Perry and Josephine Humphries, are there already.

HELEN WATTS (1951) has left Hine & Parsons, where she has been working since she left school and is now at the American Base.

BERYL WELCH (1954) is living at home and helping in the shop for the present and hopes to go away for training later.

TESSA WRIGHT (1954) is thoroughly enjoying life at Dudley Training College.

RHODA WHATLEY (1954) began work as a junior clerk in the Wilts and Dorset Motor Services Offices in Salisbury in October and was pleased to find an Old Girl, Diana Blandford, there already.

SONJA ZINKOVA (1954) is working in an architect's office in Shaftesbury and was hoping to go to Goldsmith's Training College next year, but is going to be married instead.

Extracts from Letters

SALLY THORNE (1952) writes from a W.R.A.C. Depot :

"I have finished my recruit training and am now a Lance Corporal with one stripe. The Regular Commissions Board is in January; if I pass I shall go to the Officer Cadet School in May. In the meantime I shall do all sorts of jobs, in Messing, Q.M. Stores, Training and in the Guard Room.

"During the last five weeks, I don't think I have ever worked so hard. I have scrubbed floors, polished lino, cleaned windows. We got up at 6.0 and had lights out at 10.30 and between that time we only had about half a minute in which to do what we wanted. We had lectures, drill and P.T. all the time and then we had to clean our brasses, press our uniforms, clean our shoes and do our washing every night. We have to wear clean P.T. kit, a clean collar and clean stockings every day. Every morning we had an inspection or a parade of our turnout and a room inspection. At the end, I got a Proficiency Certificate which is for general deportment, smart appearance, 75% on lecture exams, good drill, a recommendation from the Platoon Officer and N.C.O.'s. I was very proud because only eight of us got them out of the intake of about 100. We received them after the Passing Out Parade from the Colonel who took the salute and inspected. It was a marvellous feeling in the squad marching to the band with a whole platoon behind us.

* * *

JEAN WALKER (1953) writes from the Middlesex Hospital where she began her training in August :

"I have been at the hospital now exactly a fortnight and am just getting over the first strangeness.

"I have a little room on the fifth floor at the end of a long corridor. The home is quite a big place, holding between six and seven hundred of us and we all have a room to ourselves ! I am near the top and can see quite a way over London. The B.B.C. is only about two minutes' walk away. Right opposite I can see the operating theatres which are at the top with glass roofs to let in light and at the moment I can see a group of white-capped figures in one of them, in the middle of an operation !

"We have sitting rooms, libraries, etc., including T.V. if we want to watch it (that means if we have time to !). There are lots of societies to belong to but I have not joined much yet as I am waiting until I have settled down more and don't get so

tired. There is also a lovely private swimming pool plus a good coach, which has inspired me to be extravagant and buy a swimming costume and now I'll learn to swim ! We have music rooms and everything nearly and there is an entire wing given over to lecture rooms and study rooms."

* * *

STELLA LUDLOW (1950) writes :

" You will have heard I have given up " theatre." It was a heart-breaking wrench, but commonsense and a standard showed me that it was the best possible move. I have overcome all the difficulties of adapting myself to a new career and a new way of life and I am very happy now. I have no regrets, and only look upon my three and a half years in the theatre as experience, a further education, a cultural background and appreciation of life. It is something that will always stand by me, and I am glad to have it as I consider it invaluable.

" This is the third hotel I have been to since last Christmas. From Shrewsbury I was transferred to Tunbridge Wells where I was not at all happy, so I moved to Derby. There are five book-keeper/receptionists here, and I am the third in command. I like the work, and I am very happy to be so near my fiancee.

* * *

DEIRDRE MACLEAN (1953) writes from Edinburgh University :

" At the beginning of the vac. I had the most wonderful week of the holidays. By a lucky chance, a friend and myself managed to get a job at the Royal Highland Show, Dumfries, in the Handcrafts section. There was my opportunity to learn all the things, which as a Scot, I should know, and about which I am always letting myself down ! The Show was like a little town, exhibiting every aspect of Scottish Agriculture and Rural Craft. We had to get up at 6 every morning, be at work by 8, and once or twice worked on until 9 or 10. However, we weren't working all the time and were 'let out' to see the rest of the Show from time to time. Our job was first to unpack, sort and arrange the exhibits (1,760 of them !) and then when they had been judged and the Show was open, to stand guard over them and answer any questions which people might ask. So we had to know a great deal about the actual exhibits and methods of work, especially when the experts came round. However, I was extremely interested and learnt a great deal about every conceivable kind of craft. When the Queen Mother came to the

shed she asked someone to ask me to fetch a Shetland shawl for her to see. The Duchess of Gloucester also came and admired the boys' three-quarter socks which she said 'look strong enough even for my boys to wear !'

"However, if they believed in making us work, they also believed in keeping up our strength and paying us well. The best catering firms of Edinburgh, Paisley and Cupar were there, and we had the most gorgeous food. We had a five-course luncheon and high tea or dinner with music and all the etceteras.

"One day as I was going along to lunch, a gentleman came up to me and asked if I was a MacLean. He had noticed my tartan skirt. So when I said I was he drew himself up, saluted and shook hands with me saying 'How do you do? I'm Sir Charles MacLean, your chieftain.' I was dumbfounded for a moment, wondering whether there was any special clan rite or custom for such an occasion ! However, I shook hands with him and we chatted for a while about the MacLeans and the gathering and our ancestors. It was one of my great ambitions to meet the Chieftain of the Clan and I never dreamt I'd meet him in so personal a way."

* * *

JANET AYERS (1950) writes :

"We are having a big campaign in Oxford this week for more Blood Donors, and two of us from the laboratory are going out into the town to stop people in the streets to persuade them to be donors. The demand for blood has gone up so much that we need 2,000 more people. The situation at the moment is very serious."

* * *

MOLLY BURDEN (1952) writes from Bristol University :

"We have finished the Meteorology Course, and are now turning our attention upon Map Projections. This is proving a severe strain upon my extremely limited trigonometry. Tangents, sines and cosines I had already encountered, but cosecants, cotangents and the like were previously unknown factors.

"During the Easter vacation, we have a field week at Chagford on the edge of Dartmoor. Our object is to produce in those seven short days (during half of which it will undoubtedly rain, to the detriment of instruments if not of

observers) a map which at least vaguely resembles official maps of the area. My particular job is levelling, which as its name implies, means determining the ups and downs between two selected points. Attached to the levelling instrument is a telescope, through which one looks at a graduated staff placed 100 paces away. At first the fact that both the staff and the person holding it appear upside down is rather disconcerting. Having conquered this difficulty, the process of squinting through the telescope, calling out the result to the booker and then moving on 200 paces and repeating the operation, is apt to become monotonous. It can, however, be varied by becoming staff holder or booker. I look upon booking with a favourable eye. One is provided with a comfortable instrument box upon which to sit, at a discreet distance from the observer in order not to disturb delicate parts of his instrument. Whilst he or she fiddles with knobs, etc., the booker can contemplate the scenery or occupy himself in any other pleasant manner."

* * *

JEAN NATHAN (1951) writes :

"Recently I met two of the London Singers, Norman Lilley and Jean Buck. They both spoke warmly of Shaftesbury High School; Norman said that it was one of their favourite places for singing, because there was such a friendly atmosphere. You can imagine how proud I felt to be able to say that it was my school! And how much I enjoyed talking about you and Miss Drake and Doctor Johnson with them.

"Did I tell you that I took the Entrance Exam. of the Library Association in June, and passed it, thank goodness? Now I'm working for the first part of Registration, which is in four parts. I'm doing English Literature: an enormous field to cover, from the 14th Century to the Twentieth (in weekly evening classes)!"

* * *

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Of Egypt

We arrived in Fayid at 3.30 a.m. It was still quite dark then so I was unable to see the "sights" of Fayid as we were travelling along. It was quite a journey from the airport to our house.

Mummy was able to take me around Fayid and show me various places "of interest." The village, or shopping centre

as it is more commonly known, consists of a few Egyptian and Greek shops and a N.A.A.F.I. But that seems to be all. Before Port Said and Ismailia were open, one was only able to get the bare minimum of things in the local shops. But now there is quite a stock of attractive goods.

Travelling back from the Centre I was surprised to notice how far Fayid extended. I had got the impression from my parents' letters that it was just a small Army Camp surrounded by barbed wire, but how wrong I was. Circling in the 'plane before we landed, I saw a great number of lights and I thought we were over Cairo or some large city like that, but I learnt later that that had been Fayid ! Fayid itself seems to extend for miles one way and then disappears into the desert. The other way it extends into the R.A.F. part of Fayid, but they call their station by different names as they are divided into different sections, e.g., radar, signals, clerical and departments like that. Their names are Fanara, Kabrit, Abu Sueir, Kasfareet, Deversoir and Shandur. You may remember that that was where Field Marshal Montgomery spoke to his old regiment, the Royal Warwicks. Shandur really is in the heart of the desert, so to speak. At least here we have a little vegetation, but there they have absolutely no greenery at all. I have only seen the above-mentioned places once and cannot tell you more about them.

We spent a very enjoyable fortnight in Cyprus during the end of September. It was very pleasant indeed to see so much greenery again ! We stayed at Troodos, which is one of the hill resorts of Cyprus. Troodos is completely surrounded by pine trees, so that wherever one went one always had the scent of pines around one, which I think is one of the most refreshing scents there are. We did spend a day in Nicosia, the capital, but it was so hot (108 degrees recorded the next day) that we were very glad to get back to Troodos. The only thing which spoils Cyprus are the roads. They are very narrow indeed and really only allow for one car to travel really comfortably. On one side of the road is sheer rock and on the other side a drop of about a thousand feet ; and the bends are all hairpin ones. But luckily, all the drivers are extremely careful.

We then returned to Fayid and I started work. I admit at first it was very strange, but I soon got used to the routine and everything seems very familiar to me now.

BARBARA LOWEN.

Of Denmark

Denmark is exceeding all my expectations, so far ! Bidstrup is a large farm—the equivalent of an English manor, I should think—and is in the heart of the country, in the north-east of Jutland. The countryside is very similar to that around Shaftesbury, and though it is of course much lower, it is easy to imagine that I am up on the Downs, in some places. The house is a beautiful old house, which has been in the family since 1749 ; it is very large, and we only live in half of it, the other half being furnished just as it was in the olden days, and I was very interested to see how a Danish house used to be, and how it is now.

We went to the nearest big town of Randers last week, and I was struck by the cleanliness of it. In the shops the people were very kind, and seemed to understand what I wanted even though they didn't speak English. People who have been to the equivalent of our grammar schools, have all learnt English since they were about 10, but the people working on the farm, and the maids, do not speak a word of it.

The fields of corn are larger than at home, on this farm, but some farms have very small fields. There are hardly any hedges dividing the fields and every bit of land is used. Some cows are tethered in the fields, but some are loose. There are a great many horses used on the farms, and horses and carts are not nearly such uncommon sights on the roads, as they are in England. I haven't been to one of the big creameries yet, but they are going to take me to one.

I am very happy here, and find the people most kind and welcoming. Whenever I am introduced to anyone, they nearly always say, "How do you do ? And welcome to Denmark," which always make me feel at home.

JUDY PEEL.

* * *

Of America

New York, well—the first thing you can say after having been gently heaved about from side to side for five days on a blue ocean is, "Take me out of this noisy city !" The buildings are tall, but not much bigger than most of London, the thing that strikes a foreigner first is the fact that there is not such a thing as a true American, or at least very few indeed. They are essentially a mixed nation and have not always gained the better characteristics of their original country.

Prosperity was the thing that impressed me most, the cars, the way the ordinary man in the street was dressed in beautiful gaberdine, and the general impression of wealth. On the other hand, the train from New York took us through the coloured quarter, the Italian quarter, and some of the worst slums. There have been no wars on which these slums can be blamed, it is just real poverty and filth that is appalling. Outside some of the most broken-down negro tenant houses, there were magnificent, shining cars; the mentality of these people is astonishing and revolting. I was amazed at the places in the town that look as if they have come straight out of the worst Western film. Wooden shacks with verandahs on which there are a few broken chairs, and ragged barefooted children, and right round the corner there will be expensive restaurants and magnificent theatres.

I must not give you an entirely black picture for Rochester is charming, the wooden houses, some many years old, nestle among trees and are entirely different. But the things I mention, are the things that must shock many ignorant travellers like myself.

JULIA BROWNE.

* * *

Of Cambridge

It seems a very long time since I first set foot on Cambridge soil as a very new "Fresher" and as if, in fact, I have been here all my life. Now the bewildering muddle of lecture-bells, notice boards and household duties has dwindled to a blase strolling into breakfast at the eleventh hour and a glance at the notice boards out of the corner of my eye.

And what of Cambridge itself? One can only give impressions—it is too breathless a place of which to give an ordered account. There are undergraduates everywhere. Talking outside colleges; walking along King's Parade in earnest consultation; laughing over coffee in the "Waffle"; gazing into shop windows—browsing in book shops—flying around on bicycles with gowns flapping like ravens—tearing about in open sports-cars; stalking about with long umbrellas—punting skilfully (or not quite so skilfully) down the Cam—rushing to lectures—strolling out of lectures. Undergraduates always in gowns—mostly in duffle coats—sometimes with umbrellas.

The Colleges are unbelievably lovely, especially those along the "Backs." I am longing to see it all in Spring. It is lovely enough in the Autumn with the trees in the college gardens and

along the Cam turning from deep red to pale gold and the vast expanse of sky that one can only get in the Fen country as a vivid blue back-cloth.

I shall never, never forget the first time I went to a service in Kings College Chapel. The music of both choir and organ are absolutely exquisite—and all in the most wonderful setting of soaring roof and stained-glass windows. There are no lights save for the candles on the Altar and on the choir-stalls, so that the congregation sits or stands in flickering shadow and hears music sinking and soaring from an oasis of light. It is an experience in itself to see the wonder and humility on the faces of the congregation, who range from undergraduates to bent old market women. No-one who went there could help but go forth with God afterwards.

This afternoon I went to Grantchester—I must confess with Rupert Brooke uppermost in my thoughts. The church there is enchanting, very small and Saxon. The church clock did not say ten minutes to three, but ten past three, and the college failed to provide honey for tea. But the Old Mill was there and the Old Vicarage and the Cam still makes “a tunnel of green gloom” and there was the same “unforgettable river smell.”

DIANA BOWDEN.

* * *

Of Life in a Bank

I have been in the Bank for eight months, during which time, I have learnt numerous aspects of the financial world, both local and national. Our days are busy and varied, and for the first few weeks life was one complicated task after another. The trials of balancing the books at the end of the day were great, but now it proves to be quite a simple matter.

I imagine few people realise, when they write a cheque, the many hands it will pass through, and the work involved before it is sorted away at their own Banks. One of the first jobs of my day is to do the “Statements” of the customers’ accounts, a thankless job which I think, few people enjoy! Then at 10 o’clock, we open to the public, and I have a walk to the other Banks for the Local Exchange; this affords time to do any shopping, and a breath of fresh air!

We then begin to deal with the day’s work, the amount of which varies with the day of the week, on early closing days it is fairly light, but on market days, it is extremely heavy. On the

former day, we may, if we are lucky, be finished by 4 o'clock, and on the latter, it is usually in the region of 6 o'clock. We close the doors at 3 o'clock, as most people know, but still they wait until five minutes to, before they creep in; if only they knew what we say about them when they are gone!

At the end of the day, everything has to be balanced to the last penny. At first the degree of accuracy and neatness, which has to be maintained in every job throughout the day, seemed quite frightening. Then, before we finish for the day, the remainder of the correspondence has to be written—oh! to be a perfect shorthand typist!

Although we are busy all the day, we usually find time to have some amusement, usually at the customers' expense! However, we do not follow the general practice of coffee and tea drinking in the mornings and afternoons—a very rare exception!

JEAN DREW.

O.G.A. Life Subscriptions since December, 1953

Brooks, Ann, 91, Bishop Gate, London, E.C.
Drew, Jean, Ponsonby Farm, Cann, Shaftesbury
Hatherley, Ruth, 7, Bell Street, Shaftesbury
Hitchings, Ann, Gerrardstone, Broadchalke, Wilts.
Morris, Mary, 2, Broadmead, Ashmore, Dorset
Mullins, Rita, Laurel Cottage, Donhead St. Mary, Wilts.
Peel, Judy, The Rectory, Donhead St. Mary, Wilts.
Pike, Doreen, New Lane Farm, Motcombe, Dorset
Stone, Royal Hampshire County Hospital, Winchester, Hants.
Tozer, Marion (*nee* Coombs), Manor Farm Cottage, Woodcutts, Wilts.
Walker, Jean, 3, Oakley View, Farnham, Dorset
Wright, Tessa, North Road, Mere, Wilts.
Zinkova, Sonja

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Edmonds, Pauline, 1, Southend Road, Beckenham, Kent
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Harding, Margaret, Beatrix Nursery, East Knoyle, Wilts.
Morgan, Yvonne, 21, Gold Hill, Shaftesbury
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Gatehouse, Pamela, Sunlea, French Mill Lane, Shaftesbury
Godfrey, Joy, St. James, Shaftesbury
Gowen, Gillian, 53, Milton, East Knoyle, Wilts.
Green, Ann, Nurses Home, Salisbury General Infirmary, Salisbury, Wilts.
Green, Joan, 20, Bell Street, Shaftesbury
Guy, Margaret, 2, Gloucester Row, Weymouth, Dorset
Humble, Cynthia, Glyn Gift, Mill Street, Fontmell Magna, Dorset
Humphries, Josephine, 31, Bimport, Shaftesbury
Hutley, Jeanne, Springbourne, Haimces Lane, Shaftesbury
Kellott, Heather (*nee* Miles), Barfoots Farm, Melbury Abbas, Dorset
Lees, Yvonne (*nee* Tucker), The Fountain Inn, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury
Morgan, Yvonne, 21, Gold Hill, Shaftesbury
Prothero, Jennifer, Garth Close, Foxholes, Wimborne, Dorset
Sidford, Patricia, Bridzor Farm, Tisbury, Wilts.
Sidford, Sonia, Bridzor Farm, Tisbury, Wilts.
Welch, Beryl, Layton Lane, Shaftesbury
West, Hazel (*nee* Clarke), c/o "Ireloth," Hawkesdene Lane, Shaftesbury
White, Brenda, Layton Lane, Shaftesbury
Wright, Barbara, 78, Wyndham Road, Salisbury, Wilts.

Change of Address

It will be a great help in the efficient running of the O.G.A., if members will kindly report changes of name and address on a postcard to the Secretary, c/o Shaftesbury High School.

O.G.A. Badges

These can be bought at any O.G. meeting or from the School Secretary at any time during term, but they cannot be sent by post. The cost is 3/6.