

County High School for Girls SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 19

December, 1956

County High School for Girls Shaftesbury

MAGAZINE

VOL. 19

DECEMBER, 1956

CONTENTS

Editorial

Time and Space

Staff Notes

Gifts to the School

Leaving Girls, 1955-56

New Girls, 1956

Prefects and Sub-Prefects

Prize-Winners

REPORTS :

School Council Activities, 1956

Social Service Report

Boarders' Report

Games Report

Dramatic and Literary Report

Our Flower Guild

School Lectures

Paper Cutting

Sir Leonard Woolley's Lecture

RED LETTER DAYS :

Speech Day

The School Fête

The Entertainments at the School
Fête

Our Expedition to London

UPPER SCHOOL ACTIVITIES :

The Sixth Form Dance

Upper VI Outing

The Expedition to Stratford-on-
Avon

The Stratford Plays, Sept., 1956
Shaftespearian Shakesbury

A Visit to Gillingham Gas Works

Impressions from a French Holiday

Youth Hostelling in Northern Ireland

Operation Electricity

No Picnic

Overture to Winter

Entry into Jerusalem

Two Poems after the Chinese Mode

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

EDITORIAL

Looking through previous School magazines, I notice that every year brings some new School activity; and 1956 is no exception. Individuals visit the Continent every holiday, and this Summer a School party will, all being well, go to Denmark. Dancing classes are now held, and on the intellectual side some girls are trying to learn German while a small group is puzzling over the intricacies of Greek.

The highlight of the year was our expedition to London. From start to finish this memorable day was characterised by the cheerfulness and 'oneness' of us all, even when the coach drivers failed to turn up at Waterloo Station and we had to sit twiddling our thumbs, thinking of the time wasted out of our few precious hours. Our School Fête was another major event. Although once more the elements did their best to make it a failure, we collected a record amount to pay off the deficit which is annually incurred by this magazine. Parents' Day also suffered from the rain, and as the sports could not be held indoors, most of the afternoon was spent in eating tea and looking at the various exhibitions.

And to whom do we owe the enterprise and success of our School? Undoubtedly to the staff, parents, governors and friends who are always ready to help us, but chiefly to Miss Dunford. I think that Mrs. Sladen voiced all our feelings in her charming tribute to her on Speech Day. We are truly thankful for our good fortune in having such a headmistress.

* * *

TIME AND SPACE

A few weeks ago, I received a letter from an Old Girl living in Frome, who told me that she is 84 but still has a keen interest in the School and all its doings. I went to see her at half-term and had a happy time listening to her stories of her school life seventy odd years ago.

May Short came to Shaftesbury High School as a boarder in January, 1884. The School was then in High House in High Street, which is the interesting looking house opposite the bottom of Muston's Lane. At Easter, 1884, Miss Dunn moved with her School to Grosvenor House, taking over the School already there and uniting the two. She brought with her the brass plate which is still on our front door. May Short's mother and aunts had all been boarders at Grosvenor House School.

Life Members since December 1955

Brayford, Jane, The Rectory, Spetisbury, Dorset
Britton, Mary, The Stores, Ashmore, Salisbury, Wilts.
Colyer, Wendy R., Orchardene, Shillingstone, Dorset
Cox, Joyce, Manor Farm, West Stour, Dorset
Clarke, Susan, 56, High Street, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Horlock-Jones, Barbara, The Rectory, Bimport, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Peel, Ruby (*née* Hicks), 3, The Crescent, Thirsk, Yorks.
Pitman, Doreen, Lower Breach Farm, West Orchard, Dorset
Woodhead, Sally, Glebe Cottage, Ashmore, Salisbury, Wilts.

Annual Members 1955/56 (since December 1955)

Bond, Mary, 12, The Elms, Fovant, Salisbury, Wilts.
Chinn, Kathleen (*née* Hutchings), Causeway Farm, Sherborne Causeway, Dorset
Dowland, June, Cann-Common, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Green, Joan, 20, Bell Street, Shaftesbury, Dorset

Annual Members 1956/57

Ardley, Barbara (*née* Wright), 25, Fowlers Road, Salisbury, Wilts.
Bennett, Lesley, 11, Meyrick Park Crescent, Bournemouth
Chinn, Kathleen (*née* Hutchings), Causeway Farm, Sherborne Causeway, Dorset.
Farrance, Davina, 20, Moorlands Rise, West Moors, Wimborne, Dorset
Fursey, Jill, 6, Turks Close, Motcombe, Dorset
Harding, Margaret, Beatrix Nursery, East Knoyle, Wilts.
Hitchings, Barbara, Hockerill Training College, Bishops Stortford, Herts.
Humble, Cynthia, Glyn Gift, Mill Street, Fontmell Magna, Dorset
Moore, Denise, 21a, Beach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Powell, Kathleen (*née* King), Council Houses, Overway, Donhead St. Andrew
Sharp, Valerie, "Cheriton," Cudnell Avenue, Bear Cross, Bournemouth, Hants.
Welch, Beryl, Layton Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset
White, Barbara, "La-Guaira," Leigh Road, Wimborne, Dorset
Wilson, Mary, 28, Colepits Wood Road, Eltham, S.E.9
Woods, Betsy, French Mill Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Worthington, Marion, Barnfield, Edmondsham, Nr. Wimborne, Dorset

when Mrs. Evans was Headmistress, so, as I listened to her stories, I felt how deeply rooted we are in the past.

While I have realised afresh this term how vividly we are linked with past generations, stretching back a considerable distance in time, I have, at the same time, become more keenly aware of how our contacts are spreading ever more widely in space. In School at present we have girls whose homes are as far afield as Germany, Aden, Singapore, Pakistan and the Falkland Islands. Old Girls of ours are working or have settled in Germany, Singapore, Canada, Australia, Rhodesia and South Africa, and other parts of the world.

Our School has won, and retained, the love and loyalty of its members for at least a hundred years, and wherever they scatter, even to the four corners of the world. The challenge to each succeeding generation is inescapable. "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea I have a goodly heritage." It is for us, in our turn, to see that we do not fail to "leave a goodly heritage for those that shall come after."

M. K. DUNFORD.

* * *

Magazine Committee

Editress : PENROSE COLYER
Sub-Editress : RUTH PHILLIPS
Committee : SARA HENDERSON
CELIA LAYZELL
CHERRY CASE
KATE COLES
HELEN BROWN
JULIA SMITHERS

* * *

STAFF NOTES

We have had no changes this year in the teaching staff and seem to have done less than usual outside School. Perhaps we are like those countries said to be fortunate in having 'no history.'

Several members of the Staff spent part of their Summer holidays abroad.

Miss Tilstone enjoyed the meetings of the British Association at Sheffield.

Miss Robson left us at the end of the Summer Term. She has been spending some months in Cambridge and she and her sister are going to set up house in Salisbury after Christmas, so we hope that we shall often see them. We welcome Mrs. Mallalieu in her place.

We always very much enjoy visits from former members of our staff and were glad to see Mrs. Jones (*née* Handford) and Susan in the Summer. We also had a much too brief glimpse of Mrs. Lawson at the Old Girls' Dinner and were glad that she is so happy and well.

We have very much appreciated Mrs. Scalbert's help during Miss Brewington's absence. Her four daughters are now all at school and we hope to teach them all here in the future.

We are very sorry that Miss Beer has had to go home to help in looking after her father who is very ill. We have been most fortunate in obtaining Miss Towell in her place for the rest of the term.

M.E.W.

* * *

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Carving by Job KeKaua :	Miss Dunford.
Gift of money towards a reading desk :	Susan Clarke
Library Book :	Mary Britton
Library Book :	Diana Johnson
Library Book :	Marion Worthington.
Gift of money :	Doreen Pitman
£10 towards cost of Magazine :	Parents' Association.
Endowment of Dora Summerhay's Prize :	Mr. Summerhays.

* * *

LEAVING GIRLS, 1955-56

Autumn Term, 1955		Spring Term, 1956	
Lower VI.	M. Coombs	Lower V.	S. A. Mullington
	J. Dawling		
	D. Pitman	Lower IV.	R. Dorey
Upper V.	D. Wills		J. Rose
Lower V.	P. Gray		
Upper IV.	P. Hughes	Form III.	J. Anton
Lower IV.	A. Morrison		
	J. Sherrard		

Summer Term, 1956

Upper VI.	J. Brayford, S. Clarke, W. Colyer, B. Hitchings, A. Lawrence, M. Wilson, S. Woodhead, M. Woodman, M. Worthington.
Lower VI.	J. Cox, I. Dean, J. Hayter
Upper V.	J. Allardyce, S. Bond, D. Farrance, P. Gray, P. Hayter, P. Houston, B. Horlock-Jones, D. Moores, J. Sidford, P. Stainer, M. Toogood, P. Walter, M. Westwood, B. White
Lower V.	M. Britton, S. Green, H. Jesshope, J. Legg, J. Squires.
Upper IV.	M. Moldram, P. Palmer
Lower IV.	J. Davies, J. Humphries, G. Lazarides

NEW GIRLS, 1956

Spring Term, 1956

	<i>Present Form</i>	<i>Previous School</i>
J. Anton	---	Lymm Grammar School, Cheshire
J. Bown	--- Upper V.	Redland High School, Bristol
C. Case	--- Lower V.B.	Queens Mount, Bournemouth

Summer Term, 1956

S. Henderson	--- Upper V.	Worthing High School
B. Burnett	--- Lower V.A.	Sunny Hill School, Bruton
P. Kirk	--- Upper IV.	St. Anthony's, Sherborne
V. Pitcher	--- Upper IV.	Alexandra Grammar School, Singapore
S. Bloomfield	--- Lower IV.	Worthing High School

Autumn Term, 1956

C. Harrison	--- Upper V.	St. Helena's High School, Chesterfield
A. Allen	--- Upper IV.	Shaftesbury Secondary Modern School
J. Cobley	--- Upper IV.	Bodmin Grammar School
P. Higgins	--- Upper IV.	Shaftesbury Secondary Modern School
J. Oakshott	--- Upper IV.	Croft House, Shillingstone
V. Dolby	--- Lower IV.	Dorchester County School
F. Mackinnon	--- Lower IV.	St. Monica's, Warminster
J. Morris	--- Lower IV.	Dorchester School, Parkstone
J. Andrews	--- III.	Stour Provost County School
J. Austin	--- III.	St. Leonard's, Motcombe
L. Brain	--- III.	St. Leonard's, Motcombe
J. Brooks	--- III.	St. Mary's High School, Swanage
E. Burton	--- III.	East Knoyle C.E. School
J. Cary	--- III.	Tisbury V.C. Mixed School
V. Charlton	--- III.	Alcester St. James's School
P. Cornish	--- III.	Dorchester Preparatory School
V. Croxford	--- III.	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary School
S. Dibben	--- III.	Iwerne Courtney Primary School
M. Emery	--- III.	Dorchester Junior Girls' School
M. Godfrey	--- III.	Alcester St. James's School
V. Hardiman	--- III.	Fovant C.E. School
E. Hardy	--- III.	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary School
C. Harris	--- III.	Motcombe C.E. Primary School
C. Hayter	--- III.	Swallowcliffe County School
H. Jones	--- III.	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary School
J. Lillie	--- III.	East Knoyle C.E. School
G. Loosley	--- III.	Alcester St. James's C.E. School
S. Lyons	--- III.	Blandford Camp Primary School
J. Marshall	--- III.	Tisbury V.C. Mixed School
C. Mearns	--- III.	Blandford Camp Primary School

A. Mercer	---	III.	---	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary School
M. Moody	---	III.	---	Bishopstone V.C. Primary School
A. Pidgeon	---	III.	---	St. Mary's C.E. School, Weymouth
S. Rideout	---	III.	---	Melbury Abbas C.E. School
J. Sidford	---	III.	---	St. Mary's R.C. School, Wardour
J. Smith	---	III.	---	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary School
J. Smithers	---	III.	---	St. Mary's C.E. Primary, Bridport
R. Sturman	---	III.	---	Stalbridge C.E. Primary School
S. Tippetts	---	III.	---	Morden Council School
R. Wagner	---	III.	---	Gillingham County Primary School

PREFECTS AND SUB-PREFECTS

			Autumn Term, 1956
Head Girl	---	---	J. Harding
Deputy Head Girl	---	---	S. Gray
Prefects	---	---	A. Godseth, P. Colyer, R. Phillips, B. Salisbury, H. Jones, S. McLeod
Sub-Prefects	---	---	J. Baigent, H. Moody, S. Hiscock, S. Broadhouse, S. Burton, C. Harris, H. Cheater, D. Woodman, J. Burrridge, A. Hall
Head Boarders	---	---	S. McLeod (Barton Hill); H. Cheater (Sunridge)

* * *

SPEECH DAY

On Wednesday, 10th October, 1956, at 2.15 p.m. the Shaftesbury High School Speech Day took place at the Savoy Cinema.

First the Chairman, Mr. Chesterfield, introduced the Headmistress. Then the Headmistress, Miss Dunford, gave her report of the past year. It was very interesting. Then came the presentation of the prizes and certificates. There were Subject Prizes, Good Work Prizes, Special Progress Prizes, Music and Drama Certificates, and other prizes. Mr. Coade, Headmaster of Bryanstone School, presented the prizes. Then he made a speech, in which he made us laugh. In it he talked about books. Then came the "vote of thanks." Afterwards Stella Rideout, the youngest girl in the School, came on to the stage, curtsied, and presented the Mayoress with a bouquet, the Head Girl gave Mr. Coade a buttonhole, and Mr. Chesterfield also received one.

The School Choir sang three and four part songs. Miss Drake trained the choir and conducted them. Every girl's eyes were fixed on her.

After that all the School (except the Third Form) sang "Sound the Trumpet," a song in two parts.

Then accompanied by Dr. Johnson, who played the piano, everybody sang "The National Anthem."

E. BURTON, III.

PRIZE-WINNERS

Subject Prizes

French	----	----	----	----	Wendy Colyer
Science	----	----	----	----	Marion Worthington
Art	----	----	----	----	Jenny Allardyce
Accompanying	----	----	----	----	Barbara White
Speech Training	----	----	----	----	Susan Clarke
Dora Summerhays Prize for Painting	----	----	----	----	Ann Hall

Good Work Prizes

Upper VI.	----	----	----	----	Barbara Hitchings
					Adrienne Lawrence
					Mary Wilson
Lower VI.	----	----	----	----	Joyce Cox
Upper V.	----	----	----	----	Susan Broadhouse
					Jennifer Burridge
					Christine Burton
					Ann Hall
					Clare Harris
					Hilary Jones
					Merril Foulkes-Jones
Lower V.	----	----	----	----	Mary Norris
Upper IV.	----	----	----	----	Rosemary Brayford
					Celia Layzell
Lower IV.	----	----	----	----	Ann Milroy
					Gillian Ralph
					Diano Rowbottom
Form III.	----	----	----	----	Coral Hutchings

Prizes for Special Progress

Lower V.	----	----	----	----	Shirley Mitchell
Lower IV.	----	----	----	----	Angela Perry
Form III.	----	----	----	----	Sarah Jordan

Guildhall School of Music and Drama Certificates

Speech and Drama	Grade III.	----	Mary Britton (with Merit)
	Grade IV.	----	Hilary Jones (with Merit)
	Grade V.	----	Jennifer Harding (with Merit)
	Grade V.	----	Susan Clarke (with Honours)
Public Speaking	Medial Grade	----	Susan Clarke (with Merit)
Choral Speaking	Lower Grade	----	Upper IV Group
			(with Honours)
			Lower IV Group (with Merit)

Cambridge General Certificate of Education

Advanced and Scholarship Level : J. Brayford (County Bursary), S. Clarke, W. Colyer (County Major Scholarship), B. Hitchings, A. Lawrence, M. Wilson, M. Woodman, M. Worthington (County Major Scholarship)

Ordinary Level : J. Allardyce, J. Allum, J. Baigent, S. Broadhouse, J. Burridge, C. Burton, H. Cheater, A. Gibbons, P. Gray, A. Hall, G. Hann, C. Harris, P. Hayter, P. Houston, H. Jones, M. Foulkes-Jones, S. McLeod, H. Moody, D. Moores, M. Padfield, A. Parham, J. Priddle, C. Richmond, J. Sidford, P. Stainer, M. Toogood, P. Walter, M. Westwood.

Champion House Cup : BARNES

Head Girl's Award : W. COLYER

SCHOOL COUNCIL ACTIVITIES, 1955-56

This year, for the first time, the School invited a speaker from the Central Council for Physical Recreation to give a talk. She came on March 23rd and the subject of her talk was "Post School Activities" illustrated by slides and films. Owing to the size of the Lab. only the senior section of the School could attend. Those who went, however, thoroughly enjoyed it, and asked for another talk in the near future.

At the end of the Christmas Term, 1955, the Christmas Tree in the Hall was enhanced by a beautifully lighted star. This had been made by the General Electric Company for Miss Woods, who had presented it to the School.

On Friday, July 20th, the School's effort to raise money took place in the form of a Fête. Owing to the wet weather, it had to be held at School, instead of in Barton Hill garden. Despite this, we managed to raise £112 (we had set ourselves to reach £100). We gave a donation of £10 to the Shaftesbury Historical Society; put £60 towards the cost of the School Magazines, and also bought a portable wireless set, which has proved invaluable for school broadcasts.

With some money given by leaving girls, the School has ordered a reading desk to match the other furniture in the School Hall. We hope to receive it early next Spring.

J. V. BAIGENT, *Secretary*.

* * *

THE SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

Since the last report in the Magazine we have supported the Oxford Famine Relief Fund, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association (after a Television appeal) and twice, the United Nations Association appeal for Refugees. The collection for the latter, this term, came to £3 2s., and we have heard that this is to help towards the cost of training young refugees for their careers.

Last Christmas we collected toys, which were sent to the "Save the Children" Fund, and sold seals to help funds for Spastics and sufferers from Tuberculosis. We shall probably do the same this year.

We had a record collection for the Hungarian Relief Fund and also sent clothes and blankets to the British Legion for the Relief of Hungary.

CHRISTINE CROUCH, *Secretary*.

THE BOARDERS' REPORT

During the holidays, we were very sorry to hear that Sunridge House Mistress, Miss Robson, had to leave us owing to ill-health. We warmly welcome Mrs. Mallalien in her place. Sunridge lost eight seniors as compared with two from Barton Hill, thus leaving Sunridge a predominantly junior house. This has led to a re-organisation of the Common Rooms : the Lower V have been moved to the Senior Common Room, the Upper and Lower IV's are in the old Middle School Common Room, and the III Form are alone in the Junior Common Room.

The Boarders' Club is continually progressing ; we have had talks on varying subjects, been to the cinema several times and enjoyed three social evenings. Last year's Boarders' Party was a great success, and everyone is looking forward to this year's.

The second Sunday of every month is now devoted to a schools' service (which we share with the Grammar School) in Holy Trinity. The majority of our seniors attend the Youth Fellowship every Monday evening.

We are continuing the system of " Boarders' Summertime " during the summer term..

This year we did not have the usual Boarders' Picnic, but Miss Dunford very kindly invited all members of the Boarders' Club to Shroton. There we had the opportunity of bathing in Mrs. Ingram-Spencer's private swimming pool. Many of the seniors visited the church while the juniors were swimming. This was followed by a picnic tea in the Rectory Gardens.

As regards sport, we have five of our girls in the hockey team. There is netball for the juniors after School.

As Shaftesbury Carnival was held early in the term and several of the seniors were at Stratford, there were no entries from the Boarders.

We were at School for Guy Fawkes Day this year. It was a happy sight to see the boarders from both houses gathered around the bonfire at Barton Hill, letting off fireworks and eating baked potatoes.

Last year was a happy and eventful year for the Boarders. We welcome all newcomers and hope they will help us in making this year just as successful.

SHIRLEY MCLEOD,
HEATHER CHEATER.

Head Boarders.

THE GAMES REPORT

Tennis

This season's tennis was marred by the bad weather and a number of matches had to be cancelled. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm of the team was not dampened and the results show an improvement in the standard of the School's tennis.

We were particularly pleased by the result of the Bourne-mouth and District Tennis Tournament. In previous years, Shaftesbury's name was very near the bottom of the list, but this season it reached the half-way mark: Thirteen schools entered and we won fourteen of the twenty-four matches we played.

American Tournaments were held again this year to raise money for the Umpires' ladders.

The final of this year's Senior Tennis Championship between P. Gray, J. Sidford and M. Wilson, J. Cox, caused great excitement. The standard of play was higher than that shown in previous finals and it was a very closely fought match.

		Matches, 1956			
Opponents		S.H.S.	Place	Result	
Gillingham	---	1st VI	Away	Won	75-24
St. Mary's Convent	---	1st VI	Home	Lost	45-54
Blandford	---	1st VI	Home	Won	72-27
Old Girls	---	1st VI	Home	Won	53-46
The Hall School	---	1st VI	Away	Won	62-37

		Team
1st Couple	---	M. Wilson* (Capt), J. Cox (Sec.)
2nd Couple	---	P. Gray, J. Sidford
3rd Couple	---	G. Hann, B. White

(* denotes Colours previously won)

Double Colours were awarded to J. Cox and P. Gray

Colours were awarded to J. Sidford

		Championship Cups	
Upper School	---	Winners	M. Wilson, J. Cox
	---	Runners-up	P. Gray, J. Sidford
Middle School	---	Winners	C. Case, S. Pallister
	---	Runners-up	M. French, A. Welford
Lower School	---	Winners	J. Davies, A. Milroy
	---	Runners-up	P. Barfoot, K. Godwin

		Inter-School Matches	
House Cup	---	Winners	Hardy
	---	Runners-up	Barnes
Boarders v. Day Girls	---	Winners	Boarders
Tournaments: Upper School	---	Winners	M. Wilson, J. Cox
Middle School	---	Winners	S. Pallister, J. Squires
Lower School	---		
L.IV	---	Winners	G. Lazarides, A. Milroy
III	---	Winners	C. Head, C. Hutchings

M. C. WILSON (Captain).

Swimming

Although bad weather prevented many swimming lessons from taking place, the Swimming Gala was a great success, and there was a marked improvement in the style of the girls' swimming and in their starts and turns.

At the end of the afternoon Miss Dunford presented the following Cups and Certificates :—

Lower School —	—	—	—	V. Pitcher
Runner-up —	—	—	—	H. Colyer
Middle School —	—	—	—	S. Brooks
Runner-up —	—	—	—	A. Lazarides
Upper School —	—	—	—	S. Clarke
Runner-up —	—	—	—	M. Wilson
House Swimming Shield	—	—	—	Hardy
Runner-up —	—	—	—	Wren

SUSAN CLARKE (*Captain*).

Susan Clarke again proved herself to be the School Champion. She won the Upper School Cup for the third consecutive year, and she has been awarded a replica of the cup.

Athletics

In spite of the rain, which prevented the Sports taking place on Parents' Day and did its best to spoil our next attempt, Miss Dunford, Mrs. Bradford and the Staff came to support us and the programme went without a pause. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Bradford for presenting the cups, and the staff for officiating.

Barnes won the House Cup easily but Hardy and Wren had a close fight for second place. This resulted in Hardy gaining the position of runner-up by one point.

Lower School Cup	—	Winner —	P. Barfoot
		Runners-up	C. Hutchings, G. Lazarides, A. Milroy
Middle School Cup	—	Winners —	M. Britton, P. Ridout
		Runners-up	S. Brooks, A. Lazarides
Upper School Cup	—	Winner —	H. Cheater
		Runners-up	I. Dean, M. Wilson
Seven School records were broken :			
Upper School	—	A. Gray	100 yds., 150 yds.
		P. Houston	220 yds.
		H. Cheater	Long Jump, Javelin
Lower School	—	P. Barfoot	70 yds. Hurdles, 100 yds.

North Dorset Sports. The giving of results was a proud occasion, for the final positions we achieved were as follows :—

Intermediate	—	—	1st place and Cup
Secondary	—	—	3rd place
Junior	—	—	3rd place

Junior Results

J. Crouch, 2nd, Long Jump
P. Barfoot, 1st, Hurdles
M. Morey, 3rd, Hurdles
P. Ridout, 3rd, 150 yds.
Relay Team, 2nd.

Secondary Results

A. Collis, 2nd, Javelin
M. Britton, 1st, Hurdles
M. Norris, 3rd Hurdles

Intermediate Results

I. Dean, 1st, Discus
H. Jones, 2nd, Discus
J. Cox, 3rd, Long Jump
C. Burton, 1st, High Jump
G. Hann, 2nd, Javelin
J. Harding, 3rd, Javelin

A. Gray, 1st, 100 yds.
J. Salisbury, 2nd, 100 yds.
P. Houston, 2nd, 150 yds.

1st Relay—H. Cheater, A. Gray,
P. Houston, J. Salisbury

Dorset Sports. At these sports the following intermediate girls gained good results :—

H. Cheater, 4th, Hurdles
P. Houston, 3rd, 150 yds.
A. Gray, 2nd, 100 yds.
C. Burton, 1st, High Jump

1st Relay, H. Cheater, P. Houston,
A. Gray, K. Browning (Bland-
ford G.S.)

As we gained the majority of points for the North, in our section, we were presented with the Swanage Bowl—which greatly elated us !

The South-Western Counties Championships. In these C. Burton took part in the high jump, and our relay team was a thrill to watch. It took 2nd place out of six counties, namely, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Gloucester, Somerset and Wiltshire.

This relay result was a crowning success to our three years of athletics. Those of us in the Upper School who are keen on athletics, and we are not a few, know what it is to train hard. We should like others lower down the School to work as we have worked, and to enjoy as we have enjoyed that feeling of well-being, of achievement and ultimately of success.

JENNY HARDING (*Captain*).

Hockey

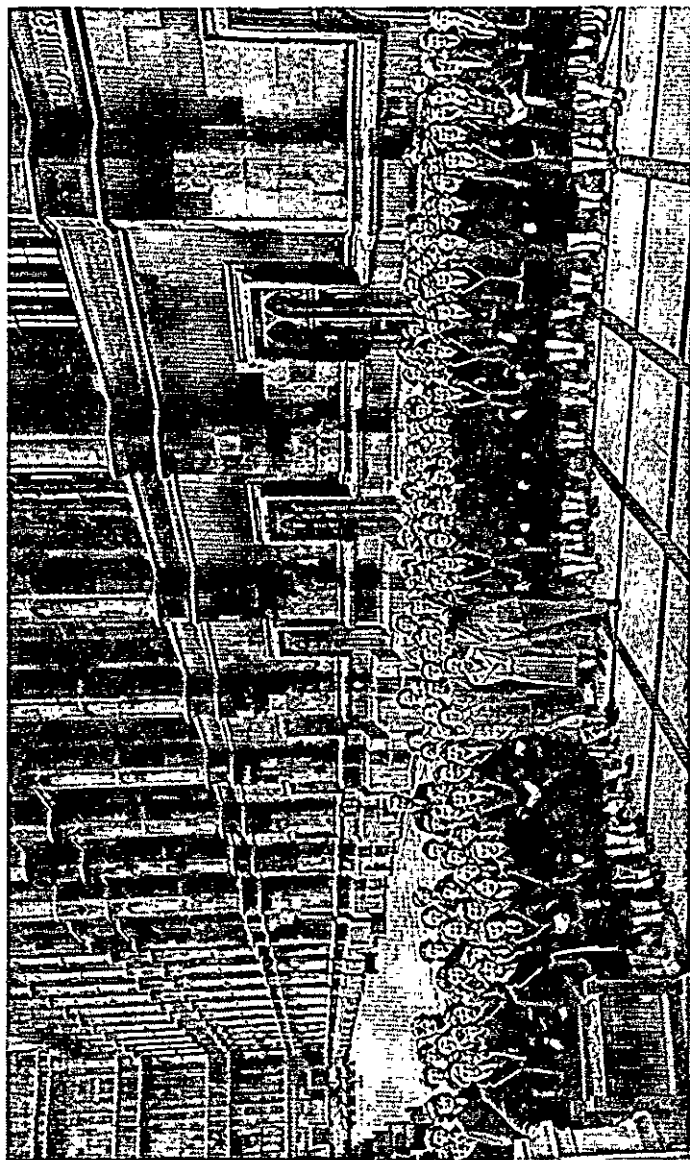
The team that began the season was, on the whole, a young and inexperienced one. The results throughout the season were not outstanding, and the results of the County Tournament, held at Sherborne on October 8th, were also disappointing. However, a lot was learned when a Junior County Hockey Match was played on our field on February 11th.

		Matches, 1955-56			
Opponents		S.H.S.	Place	Result	
Blandford	---	1st XI	Away	Won	6-2
St. Anthony's	---	1st XI	Away	Won	3-1
Lord Digby's	---	1st XI	Home	Lost	1-7
Old Girls	---	1st XI	Home	Lost	1-3



Miss Dunford in her Study

[Photo by A. J. Sealing



[Feature Press Photo Agency

Our London Expedition

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>S.H.S.</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Result</i>
Sherborne (2nd XI)	1st XI	Home	Lost 1-8
Parkstone	1st XI	Home	Lost 1-5
Sunny Hill	1st XI	Home	Lost 1-5
Sunny Hill 2nd XI	2nd XI	Home	Lost 0-5
St. Mary's Convent	1st XI	Home	Won 2-1
Lord Digby's	1st XI	Away	Won 2-1
Blandford	1st XI	Home	Won 4-3
Parkstone	1st XI	Away	Lost 1-3
Dorchester	1st XI	Away	Lost 2-5

Team, 1955-56

<i>Goalkeeper</i>	---	---	---	S. Clarke
<i>Right Back</i>	---	---	---	C. Harris
<i>Left Back</i>	---	---	---	S. Woodhead*
<i>Right Half</i>	---	---	---	J. Cox*
<i>Left Half</i>	---	---	---	M. Woodman
<i>Centre Half</i>	---	---	---	I. Dean
<i>Centre Forward</i>	---	---	---	A. Gray
<i>Right Inside</i>	---	---	---	H. Cheater
<i>Left Inside</i>	---	---	---	A. Godseth
<i>Right Wing</i>	---	---	---	M. Wilson* (Capt.)
<i>Left Wing</i>	---	---	---	J. Harding* (Sec.)

(* denotes colours previously won)

Colours were awarded to A. Gray and C. Harris.

M. C. WILSON (Captain).

* * *

DRAMATIC AND LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

Last year membership was extended to the IV as well as the UV and VI Forms and we were all pleased when many enthusiasts joined the Society. At the first meeting of the year, the Society's officials were elected and arrangements for the holding of future meetings were made.

At the next meeting there was a reading of "Quality Street" and at the third Miss Williams arranged a series of miming exercises. At another meeting Miss Woods talked about "Make-up" and we had some practical help. Later in the year we read "Noah," by A. Obey, and at the last meeting at the end of the Easter Term we read "The Monkey's Paw."

JENNY HARDING (Secretary).

* * *

OUR FLOWER GUILD

It is known that the use of flowers in the home originates from the ancient Egyptians and Japanese. There is little doubt that this custom was imported into England with the coming of the Romans.

In Shaftesbury High School, over the past two years, there has grown up a small, but enthusiastic guild of girls, who meet once a month to arrange flowers. The members of this group, under the guiding hand of Miss Drake, are willing to learn from their own mistakes and those made by others.

New members are admitted each year, and, as others leave us, our number remains almost constant. At the beginning of this new Autumn Term, 1956, we numbered twenty-six, but this number is expected to increase as new members from lower down the School pass their test, and are admitted. Each month a definite subject is stated for the arrangers to follow. We try to vary the subjects as much as possible, and, over the past year these have varied from miniature arrangements to painted leaves and berries.

Our two most important meetings during 1956 have been that during which we arranged exhibits for Parents' Day, and that when some of us provided the bowls of flowers for the School Hall on Speech Day. These are the sorts of days which a Flower Guild member almost dreads. It is quite natural that on some days you simply cannot put your mind to making floral arrangements. The chicken-wire slips, the flowers will not go anywhere you want them to go, and finally the water tips over the rim, staining the vase.

On such a day as this, it is extremely difficult to arrange flowers from sheer necessity. Both these events are, however, at a time of year when multiple numbers and varieties of flowers can be obtained, making our task a little easier. One word of praise from a thoughtful onlooker revives us with alacrity, and, on later days, when we are told how much our efforts were admired, all thought of the difficulty we experienced, disappears from our minds.

A floral arrangement can portray one's character as prominently as one's signature. A multi-coloured, 'bunched' arrangement, for example, shows an un-methodical and somewhat ostentatious character; a clear-cut, simple design on the other hand portrays a mind with methodical, clear ideas.

Julia Clements, one of our most renowned flower arrangers, has said:—

"No nation in the world grows flowers as well as we do. In every walk of life today—even in the drabest of our cities—the Englishman's garden is his pride."

One hour, once a month, is all too short a time, but I can say on behalf of all members, how much we enjoy it. Whatever one is arranging, or wherever it is to be placed, in one's own home, in a Show or in a church, it should be remembered that one is

making something for others to appreciate, as well as giving oneself tremendous personal satisfaction by an artistic arrangement.

HILARY JONES, L.VI.

* * *

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES IN THE SCHOOL

The School Orchestra

We have unfortunately lost our one cornet player from the wind-section, but as several of our staff have been studying the clarinet, they have joined quite recently to help swell our ranks, to which several more descant recorder and cello players had already come. As always we owe any progress to the splendid leadership of Miss McGill who shows a keen interest in our whole School, and whom we were fortunate to hear on a broadcast in a series of programmes entitled "They play and Sing," during which she conducted an adult orchestral class at Briantspuddle, in Dorset. Adrienne Lawrence, our former cornet player, was interviewed in the same series in Somerset.

On Saturday, March 24th, we entered the North Dorset Music Festival in the instrumental ensemble class with Bizet's March from *Carmen*. In spite of Miss McGill's illness, we managed to claim second prize for our stirring march. We were grateful to Miss N. Williams, who conducted us at very short notice.

On Saturday, May 11th, after a rehearsal in the afternoon, the whole orchestra assisted at the concert for combined orchestras, amongst them Blandford, Dorchester, St. Mary's Convent and Clayesmore, at Blandford, playing a "Passepied," a march by Beethoven, and our renowned march from the opera *Carmen*, for which we all gave an encore. An old girl, Stephanie Jenke, played some delightful recorder solos.

The Choir

Our annual Carol Service with the Grammar School was held last year on December 9th in Holy Trinity Church. As usual the combined choirs of the two schools contributed several four-part carols including—"The Stars watch High," "The Infant King," "Ding Dong Merrily on High." The girls' choir sang Byrd's "Cradle Song" and the "Sans Day Carol." The readers from the Grammar School were David Johnson and Robert Harris, and from the High School, Susan Clarke and Lesley Kibbey. A large congregation of friends of the two schools packed the church and afterwards many expressed the opinion that it was one of the most successful and enjoyable Carol Services we have had.

ANN HALL, CLARE HARRIS & JANET ALLUM, L.VI.

OUR COMBINED SCHOOLS' CONCERT

After many weeks of intensive training, both by ourselves, and with the Grammar School Choir, July 21st arrived, the great day we had all been waiting for, when our songs were to be arranged as a concert to be heard by visitors and friends.

It is a strange experience when one is accustomed to hearing several seemingly disjointed pieces of music sung, finally to hear them sung as one continuous "polished" performance.

Our choice of a main work, Vaughan William's cantata, "In Windsor Forest," was considered by many as a distinctly ambitious undertaking. Constant practice, however, and careful tuition by Miss Drake, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Johnstone, helped us tremendously, and our aspirations of an enjoyable performance rose as we were told afterwards how well our efforts were received.

Besides the one main work, the combined choirs sang Holst's "Gird on thy Sword," while both choirs sang several separate works. The Madrigal Group, drawn from the two schools, attempted works by Ford and Gibbons among others. Items by individual performers from both schools created great interest, particularly those for piano, 'cello and recorder.

I believe every member of the choir was helped by the clearly appreciative audience, and it is hoped that only a short time will elapse before our combined choirs are attempting another seemingly "ambitious work," the success of which will prove even more enjoyable.

HILARY JONES, *L.VI.*

* * *

SCHOOL LECTURES

During the past year the School has enjoyed several interesting and informative lectures.

In the Autumn Term we had a lecture about careers in the W.R.A.F. This talk was illustrated by a film-strip, showing the life and training of a new recruit in the W.R.A.F.

During the Summer Term, Mr. Enobofo, a Nigerian, gave the Sixth Form an interesting lecture about his country and its difficulties and afterwards answered questions put to him about Nigeria. Another visitor to the School during this term was a Commissioner from Nyasaland, who told us about his work and experiences in that country.

Miss Beeby; the local Youth Employment Officer, again gave a talk about careers for girls, showing what a large number and variety of careers are now open to girls.

This term Mr. Rutter and his Polish wife visited School and demonstrated Polish paper-cutting to a large number of the girls.

S. HISCOCK, U.VI.

Paper Cutting

Mr. Rutter, the Paper Cutter,
Came with his wife to our School for Girls.
With him he brought his scissors and paper,
And showed us how to cut dents and curls.

Intently we watched him go in and out
With his scissors so neatly : and then cast a doubt,
As the next words he said were, " Now it's your turn,
Just copy me and you will soon learn."

And these words he said ; they came quite true.
We were soon cutting paper in red, white and blue.
If you want to become a paper cutter
Then how about seeing Mr. Rutter ?

HELEN BROWN, L.IV.

* * *

SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY'S LECTURES

Last Spring Term, a party of six High School girls and six Grammar School boys were kindly invited by Mr. Penrose, the headmaster of Shaftesbury Modern School, to hear a lecture by Sir Leonard Woolley, the famous archaeologist, on archaeology in Palestine.

We were told about many of his interesting experiences and discoveries while he was excavating at Ur of the Chaldees. Having dug down through several layers of ruined cities, he came to a thick layer of silt, eight to eleven feet deep, beneath which were the remains of more cities. This proved the story about Noah and the flood, and it is a good example of the way in which archaeology proves the truth of some of the facts stated in the Bible.

As a result of this lecture, Sir Leonard was invited to lecture to the Upper and Middle schools in the following April. This lecture proved to be even more interesting than the first. We were again told of many interesting excavations, and how many Biblical stories were proved true.

After the lectures, we felt that our knowledge of archaeology had increased and we felt very honoured in having Sir Leonard to lecture to us.

CELIA LAYZELL,
ROSEMARY BRAYFORD,
LINNET ALLARDYCE.

L.V.A.

* * *

THE SCHOOL FETE

Towards the end of last term we held a School Fête. There were many preparations; for example, making things for the needle-work stall was our form's special effort.

Other forms looked after other stalls such as vegetable stalls, sweet stalls and many other things.

There were other things such as a Handkerchief Lady, penny-over-the-shilling and an entertainment. Our form did scenes from "The Midsummer Night's Dream." There was a Flower Guild Exhibition in the Sixth Form room.

Getting back to our stall, we sold things like dressing-table sets, aprons, babies' sets, and many other things. We decorated it on the back with hoops, and bound red and white crêpe paper round these so that they looked really pretty. To begin with the stall was crowded; towards the end of the Fête there was hardly anything left.

Brightly coloured ribbons hung over the sides of our stall (2d. each) which was on one side of the Hall. At this time the Hall was crowded. The other part of the Fête was in the Stalbridge Hut. We were going to have it at Barton Hill until it rained and then we had to change it.

Our aim was to get £50 but the result was over £100. It was well worth doing. We gave £10 of the money to the Museum Fund. The rest we put towards the Magazine Fund and things that the School really needed. So our Fête was a great success.

SYLVIA WELCH, *U.IV.*

* * *

THE ENTERTAINMENTS AT THE SCHOOL FETE

As the weather was stormy and damp, we could not hold our Fête out-of-doors at Barton Hill, so that our visitors could not walk around the beautiful gardens there. Instead, we put up the stalls in the School Hall, and gave the entertainments in the Stalbridge Hut. This was rather a disappointment to us, but in spite of it, our Fete was a great success.

After tea, in a very hot and stuffy Stalbridge Hut we began the entertainments. The Lower Fourth Speech Training Group acted "Jabberwocky," by Lewis Carroll. I was "Old Dad" who warned his son against the Jabberwock and other imaginary, nonsensical monsters. The boy, however, after thinking things over, killed the animal and marched back with its head. His father was delighted with his bravery, and warmly congratulated him, shouting for joy.

There were other groups, too, and songs by the Girl Guides of the School, but the great feature was part of the play "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," by Shakespeare. The actors were members of the Lower Fourth, who wore suitable costumes. As the whole play would have taken too much time, we selected some scenes in which Bottom and his fellows, mechanics, rehearsed the play which they acted before Duke Theseus at his court, and the last scene in which the four lovers, Demetrius and Helena, Lysander and Hermia, who had sorted out their unfortunate love-affairs, were at the court watching the mechanics' play.

Peter Quince entered for the Prologue. He read it with the stops in the wrong places, and announced the actors, who entered and bowed (Thisbe curtsied) one by one. Then the actual play began, in which Lion tore Thisbe's cloak from her. She, petrified, fled, leaving the cloak which was now stained with blood in the mouth of Lion, who dropped it and bounded away. Wall and Moonshine, both having served their little purposes, also went out.

Pyramus returned to the place where the lion dropped Thisbe's cloak, because there the two lovers had planned to meet. He saw the cloak upon the ground and assumed Thisbe to be dead; then, mournful and grief-stricken, he drew out his sword and killed himself "most gallant for love." Then Thisbe got over her terror and returned to find Pyramus dead, and, bidding farewell to the world, brought the sword out from Pyramus's hand and stabbed herself.

Then to the surprise of the audience, Pyramus and Thisbe jumped up and asked the Duke if he would like to see the Epilogue. That gentleman replied that a play in which the chief actors killed themselves required no excuse by way of an epilogue, so two of the mechanics gave a clumsy dance. Then Puck, the fairy, entered and said that he would help the people and give them good luck.

After the last performance, prizes were given to the winners of some of the side-shows, and bowls were passed round for a silver collection, bringing a *Red Letter Day* to a close.

GILLIAN M. RALPH, U.IV.

OUR EXPEDITION TO LONDON

One of the happiest and most successful of our School expeditions was our day in London last May. In making arrangements, we found many helpful people, especially the representatives of British Railways at Yeovil, who took a personal interest in our plans.

It is difficult to choose the most interesting events of the day as we divided into groups and did different things, so we have let as many girls as possible describe what they enjoyed most and hope that readers will gain some idea of what the day meant.

Going to London

Early to bed ; early to rise ; a quick wash and down to breakfast ; there was hardly time even to think what all the rush was about. We seized sandwiches, 'macs and blazers ; then rushed outside for the 'bus. At last—time for a thought—*London*—The longed for day had arrived and here we were in the 'bus bound for Semley station and the train.

When we arrived at Semley, we found most of the School already gathered there ; we jumped out and got into form order. The numbers were counted and we filed on to the station. After waiting about ten minutes, our train came round the corner and pulled up. Important looking labels on the windows announced that it was 'Reserved for Shaftesbury High School for Girls'—*Us* in other words. We were soon all in and packed together, with our friends if we were lucky.

The time was still only 9 o'clock, an hour and a half before we could eat our lunch and it seemed ages since breakfast. At Salisbury, we stopped to pick up some more girls who had found it easier to get to Salisbury than Semley ; then on again. Just as we were leaving Salisbury an express train passed us going the same way, but it gave us the horrid feeling that we were going back to Salisbury Station.

Ten-thirty at last and out with the food. Many day-girls helped to feed the (as usual) hungry boarders until all were satisfied—or nearly. Then we began to go through the outskirts of London. Lots and lots of tall office buildings and back gardens overlooked the line and we realised we were nearly there. The staff who had walked past at intervals now came into the compartments and said "Get ready now !" Willingly we scrambled for caps, blazers and 'macs, then into the covered building of Waterloo Station, the train ran. Out we tumbled on to the station.

D. WOODMAN, U.V.

The Houses of Parliament

When, after a lovely journey, we at last arrived at Waterloo, I began to feel nervous. Waterloo is such a big station, and there were so many people. I wondered how they could tell which platform was theirs for they all looked alike to me.

At eleven o'clock we reached the Houses of Parliament after crossing the Thames by means of Westminster Bridge. We all lined up outside, and looking up, I saw Big Ben on my left, and a very high sort of tower on my right. They seemed to be falling on top of me, and I felt very small.

We explored the House of Commons, and the House of Lords, where we saw many beautiful paintings and statues. As we were walking in the House of Lords we heard Big Ben strike twelve, and I felt a great thrill at hearing it so close, when Mummy was probably hearing the same thing far away at home.

Mr. Crouch showed us a large white statue of Lloyd George, and when he tapped it with a sixpence it sounded very hollow and empty. It was made of marble. After this we went down a very narrow staircase into Saint Stephen's Crypt, where the chandeliers and ceiling were very beautiful.

We also saw where all the kings and queens of years gone by lay in state. There are gold plates bearing the name and dates of each sovereign inserted in the floor. As we neared the door leading on to the terrace, Mr. Crouch told us that if we died in that room, we should immediately be put in a nearby mortuary and an ambulance would be sent for. We should then be carried to hospital, and people would be told that we had died in the ambulance.

R. NAPPER, U.V.

Walking up Whitehall

When we arrived at Waterloo, we walked down to the underground by going down many escalators; the underground train did not take more than five minutes to reach Charing Cross. After that we went up more escalators and walked along the Embankment to Westminster Bridge. We then walked up the Mall to Buckingham Palace. On our way there we saw 'Scotland Yard,' '10 Downing Street,' and we bought postcards or some people took photographs of the Horse Guards; we also went to Trafalgar Square, where we stayed ten minutes or so to feed the pigeons, which were very friendly. Then on to Buckingham Palace, where we saw the guards marching up and down in front of the palace. Last of all we went to St. James's Park, where we had lunch and roamed about in the park. On the lakes were pelicans, coots and ducks with their ducklings, also pigeons. This was only part of our expedition to London, which I think everyone enjoyed.

M. MOREY, U.IV.

Trafalgar Square

Nelson at Trafalgar Square,
Guards the pigeons flying there.
Water from the fountains clear,
Falls on people walking near.

Pigeons perch on people's hats,
Spoiled by gentle strokes and pats.
They are fed with peas and bread,
Nelson, watching overhead.

This is the place that I like best,
Full of bustle, yet, of rest,
The pigeons know that all is well,
When Nelson stands as sentinel.

K. COLES, *U.IV.*

Lunchtime in London

We all had lunch in St. James's Park,
Where the leaves of trees are light and dark;
Three of us looked for Birdcage Walk,
And left the others to lounge and talk.

No actual Birdcage could be found,
Just big fat ducks swimming round and round :
So refreshed and rested, and quite replete,
We made our way, the Thames to greet.

Down the river, so grey and wide,
Went boatloads of girls, sitting side by side ;
Right to the steps of the Tower we came,
Then stepped from the boat to explore the same.

F. CORP, *U.IV.*

St. James's Park

Thursday, May 10th, 1956—That memorable occasion !
It was a wonderful day, but one of my favourite parts was
lunch in St. James's Park. To me, always, the fascination of
London is the people. As we sat on the grass, eating, laughing,
and talking gaily, I noticed how varied were the people who
passed by. There were the London business men, complete
with bowlers, rolled umbrellas, dark suits, newspapers, and
briefcases. The students were in their varied costumes, some;

with 'horse-tails,' 'urchin-cuts' and the like; others wearing 'drainpipes,' and duffle coats, while a few had quite smart suits and court shoes. In contrast with these were some long, elegant females, usually very smartly attired, but having a tubular, masculine appearance which was not to my liking. Then there were the pretty young secretaries, parading in summer frocks. The Teddy Boys were there also, with hair over their collars, crêpe soled shoes, American accents, and velvet collars. We saw the foreigners, talking volubly amongst themselves; the Indian women, in colourful saris, with beautifully dark hair and eyes; the intriguing old man who sat cross-legged on the grass, gently stroking his bushy grey beard. Someone remarked that he looked like a snake-charmer and this was an apt description, I thought.

As I watched all these people, so varied in appearance, and expression, I found myself wondering who they were, where they came from, and how they earned their daily bread. For instance, did that business-man have a large swivel-chair to sit in? Was he head of a large firm? Did he hold meetings, over which he presided? Did he have many shares in So and So Consolidated? Or was he an M.P.? Did he stand up in the Houses of Parliament, and debate for all he was worth? When he went home, was it to a lavish dinner-party, or to a quiet, suburban residence, with his slippers waiting on the hearth? Did he catch the eight-fifteen train every morning? Or did he always go by underground?—I wondered.

A very pretty young woman passed by, and I thought; now what is she looking so pleased with life for? Is she a student? Has she just passed her final examinations? Or, perhaps, she is working in one of those gigantic buildings, which look like greenhouses? If so, was she just going to meet her fiancé for lunch? Was she married? Did she live in a flat, somewhere in London, with two fair-haired little children? Was she a model? A film-star? An actress? No. I think that she was just one more ordinary person, living her life, in her own way. And so were they all, some were happy, others not, some successful, others, 'down-and-outs.' Some had a roof to sleep under, others slept on the benches in a park. They were all part of London and all that it conveys to me.

J. STAGG, U.V.

A Trip to the Tower of London by Launch

It was a beautiful day, and we all enjoyed our cruise down the River Thames by launch. We boarded the launch at Westminster Pier. On our way to the Tower we saw many curious

vessels, most of which looked as if they had been going up and down the Thames for many years. In midstream there were many barges loaded with bales of hay.

There were many points of interest. The dome of St. Paul's could be seen high above any other building. In the distance we watched Tower Bridge close, and many of us took photographs. Everywhere there were brilliant dashes of colour on this lovely afternoon in May. Although the journey was short, we thoroughly enjoyed it.

P. BARFOTT,
K. GODWIN, U.IV.

The Tower of London

When we went to London one of the places we saw was the Tower of London. It is not a very attractive building, but look at all History and stories it could tell, if only it could talk !

First we went to the armouries, where I saw lots of swords and shields that used to be used a long time ago. They even had jackets that were worn by men from two or three centuries ago. Best of all in the armouries I liked the scaffold. This was a big stone block ; there was a place where the people put their heads, and by the side of it was the chopper. Although it seems horrible to think of people being beheaded like this, it is wonderful that they still have a scaffold in the Tower. Also in this part of the Tower is a place where some of the prisoners were kept ; this you may say is not extraordinary, but on this one, on the outside of the door are lots of carvings of, I think, the names of some of the prisoners. The carvings are covered by glass to prevent people from touching them.

Then we went to see the Crown Jewels ; as we went in, the first thing I heard was, "Hurry along to the left, please, hurry along, please." This was spoken by a rather grumpy Beefeater ; he probably was getting tired of telling people to hurry along.

When I saw the Crown Jewels a few years ago, I don't think that I thought they were genuine. I think that the diamonds especially reflect the light beautifully. Some of the jewels are so dazzling that they hurt your eyes to look at them. In the middle of the large glass case, is a beautiful gold image of the actual tower and the windows are made of diamonds. This was actually a salt cellar but I think it must have been very heavy to carry round.

Another beautiful thing in the case was a golden sceptre which was studded with jewels, and at the end was a really very big diamond with a little gold cross perched on the end. There

was also a very big sword which was covered in jewels, and which was not the scabbard but the actual blade. There were a great many crowns including a tiny one which Queen Victoria wore on the top of a mountain of hair. This was covered in jewels and the frame work was made of silver. There were a great many more jewels but I think these were the loveliest.

Also in the place where the Crown Jewels are, is an old chair; it was supposed to have been where one of the Henry's died, I cannot quite remember which one. I wish I could have gone to a lot more places in the Tower, but there was not much time left. I liked watching the Beefeaters; some were quite amusing.

S. WELCH,
D. FIELD,
G. LAZARIDES, U.IV.

The British Museum

After a pleasant lunch hour in St. James's Park, the people going to the National Art Gallery and those going to the British Museum assembled at one end of the park. We walked from the park to Trafalgar Square, noticing on the way Admiralty Arch, the centre archway being closed to traffic by great wrought iron gates only opened for royalty.

In Trafalgar Square we left those visiting the Art Gallery and hurried down the steps to the underground. After changing from one underground to another we eventually arrived at the Museum, nine of us under the care of Miss Watkins and Miss Tilstone.

The front of the British Museum is very impressive with massive pillars and carvings in stone representing the Progress of Civilisation. This building was erected in 1841 by Sir Robert Smirke replacing the first home of the museum at Montague House. We entered the building by the main entrance and found ourselves in a spacious hall with numerous rooms and galleries leading from it all round.

We decided to visit the Bible room, where we hoped to examine the Codex Sinaiticus, but we were unlucky as it was not on show. Miss Watkins asked the guide if we could see this manuscript as she had brought the whole school especially to see it—the guide went in to inquire—when he returned he said as if it was a great favour that we could see it if we came the following Monday, and, of course, this was impossible. In this room we saw the log book of the *Victory*, recording Nelson's death, also Nelson's personal diary written in his own writing,

giving his impressions of the different battles. We saw here the deed of a house which Shakespeare rented and the yellow parchment roll of Magna Carta signed at Runnymede by King John, but it was very difficult to read as the writing was small and close together.

In the room opening from the Bible Room were many of the earliest bibles which had been written by monks and beautifully illuminated in brilliant colours and the early printed bibles. There were also early music manuscripts and psalters the notes being hardly recognisable, which were used in cathedral and abbey churches before the Reformation. Several of the manuscripts from the abbeys interested me. These recorded how much money was spent on clothes and food, and other expenses of their lands which they cultivated.

We then went upstairs to the Babylonian room to discover some of the interesting objects from ancient Babylon, some of which Sir Leonard Woolley had excavated, and about which he explained when he visited our school last term. In this same room we saw the tablet of stone depicting Hammurabi being given the laws by the sun god.

Our next visit was to the room containing the Roman relics; one of the greatest being the Mildenhall treasure. I was interested in this as I had already seen the field where the relics were found at Mildenhall in Suffolk and parts of the tessellated pavement also found on that site. The treasure consisted of a huge centrepiece called the great dish, made of solid silver showing Oceanus, the sea god, in the centre surrounded by prancing figures of Bacchus, the god of wine, and his victory over Hercules. Other exhibits in the collection were platters, bowls, various ladles and spoons, and a pair of goblets (the bottoms of which were used as plates). All these were beautifully decorated with figures and intricate patterns.

We then returned to the great hall, where we were allowed to buy postcards and souvenirs.

Our short visit to the British Museum was an enjoyable one, but everybody wished that we had had much longer there, because there is so much to be seen and we had so little time in which to see it all.

R. LAWRENCE, U.V.

Our Visit to the National Gallery

Having had a picnic lunch in St. James's Park, we left for the National Gallery soon after 1 o'clock, accompanied by Miss Woods and other staff. When we arrived, we were very impressed by the beauty of the building. We were also interested to see a London pavement artist outside the main entrance.

On going in we bought catalogues of the exhibition, and hurried up the steps in eager anticipation. As time was limited and the exhibition was so extensive, we were unable to see as much as we should have liked.

The rooms were decorated in pleasant colours making a very nice background to the pictures, which were divided into sections according to the nationality of the artist and also according to the century in which they were painted. We were very much interested in the enormous picture, covering the whole of one wall, of Charles I on horse-back, by Van Dyck, of which we had previously had a reproduction in the formroom. It was exciting to see the originals of the old masters and contemporary paintings which we knew so well from reproductions. The artists included Botticelli, Vermeer, Van Dyck, Gainsborough, Degas, Renoir, Van Gogh and El Greco.

While walking round, we noticed several students making copies of old masters. We were also interested in the expert renovation of old pictures in a small ante room. All too soon we had to leave and rejoin the main party, after buying postcards of the pictures we had liked most.

ROSEMARY BRAYFORD,
LINNET ALLARDYCE, *L.V.A.*

St. Paul's Cathedral

To me, revisiting St. Paul's Cathedral was one of the most pleasant things that we did while in London.

It was only a fleeting glimpse that we had, time being limited. We ran up the steps into the vast, cool Cathedral. There was a service being held, as it was Ascension Day, so we stayed at one end. Standing there, talking quietly, we could see down the aisle to the altar at the end. Gazing up at the roof high above, we were just able to see part of the massive dome. Around the side were small alcoves used as chapels or where people's tombs were. After listening to the service for a little while it was time to go. The singing of the choir boys vanished as the swing doors closed, and we were out in the open again. We had not had long but it had been nice to revive old memories.

A. MILROY, *U.IV.*

Tea in the Festival Gardens

The part that I liked best about the outing was having tea in the Festival Gardens. After we had eaten all we could, a party of Third Formers went for a walk; for a while we watched two men playing tennis. Then we went a little further along to a balcony

which was over the River Thames. We decided that if you stood in the far corner, it was as if you were on a boat and it was rocking. Then when we came back we found that the rest of the Third Form had gone to buy their drinks.

N. GRIEVE, *L.IV.*

A Visit to "The Old Vic"

On May 10th, 1956, the entire School went on an expedition to London. After lunch we separated into various parties; most of the Senior School visited "The Old Vic" to see *Othello*. We were amazed at the size of the theatre, having expected it to be larger. On looking around, we discovered that several other school parties were there, apart from ourselves, but even so, the theatre was by no means full.

The performance began at 2.15 p.m. and ended at approximately 4.45 p.m. Richard Burton played "Othello" and John Neville, "Iago." The women of the play were all extremely realistic in their parts, and acted very well. John Neville and Richard Burton have, on previous occasions exchanged parts, but after having seen the play, we found this rather difficult to imagine. The acoustics of the theatre were excellent and with the aid of opera-glasses we could also see well.

We left the theatre as quickly as possible after the performance, and made our way back to Waterloo station. We found our train waiting for us, and shortly after 8 p.m. we were back in Shaftesbury again.

J. V. BAIGENT. *L.VI.*

* * *

The Journeyings of the Children of Shaston

1. Now in the fourth year of the reign of the Queen it came to pass that there were tidings of a great city in a far country.

2. And the Children of the tribes of Barnes, Hardy and Wren were filled with longing to behold it.

3. And they came before their high leader and spake unto her saying, Lady, we would that thou wouldst lead us to the City of Wonders.

4. Then the high leader commanded them to bring forth their gold and silver.

5. For much riches were needed to lead the Children to the great city.

6. And they marvelled greatly at the smallness of their own riches. Selah.

7. So the children of Shaston went every man to his own house and did make the life of his father, yea of his mother, a burden, so that the tale of the money was complete.

8. Then spake the high leader. We will go forth and behold this wondrous place. Selah.

9. And it came to pass, that early in the morning before it was yet day, they arose and robed themselves in fine raiment.

10. And they carried with them fruits and meat,—yea, many baskets full, lest they should faint by the way.

11. They did assemble in the heart of their camp and did meet together.

12. And did journey in a chariot to a nearby place called Sem.

13. And they spake among themselves saying, yea, this chariot is surely over burdened.

14. And after much journeying they drew nigh unto the gates of this city and beheld its great wonder. Selah.

15. And certain of them did meet with a learned high priest from the worthy temple of Westminster who was the father of one of the tribe.

16. And he spake unto them saying, Assemble yourselves and follow me.

17. Yea, I will reveal unto you the wonders of this mighty place.

18. And the Children of Shaston were filled with wonder and marvelled at the old temple where the wise men rule the country from therein.

19. And certain tribes gathered together outside the ancient walls of Westminster.

20. When a skilful craftsman commanded them to stand still.

21. Then he engrave the images of each and everyone.

22. And when the Children of Shaston beheld the engravings they were filled with great laughter. Selah.

23. Therefore they went their ways ; some went one way and some another.

24. And certain of the tribe did descend many moving steps and did journey great distances on fast chariots.

25. Lo, and behold they did come upon yet another temple of great wonder called the temple of our ancestors.

26. And a certain learned leader did seek the ancient testimony of the sacred word.

27. But, Alas, her askings came to no avail and she was provoked in anger.

28. Some found tombs of their ancestors who were in Egypt, and bowed unto them. Selah.

29. Others of the tribe did journey on the great river by the name of Thames and were filled with wonder. Selah.

30. Others did visit the palace of Vic and great were their rejoicings at the sights thereof.

31. And when they had performed all things and the day was far spent, the Children were weary and fain would eat and rest according to the law of the high leader.

32. Then the high leader numbered the people and commanded them to march forth.

33. And they journeyed through the wilderness back to their tents in the land of Dor.

34. And many slept by the way for their eyes were heavy and a great weariness came over them. Selah.

35. And when they were gathered safely in, the high leader and all her people lifted up their voices with one accord in thanksgiving. Selah.

36. On the morrow the high leader did bring forth news of good tidings, saying,

37. Lo, I behold a great weariness has befallen my children and I shall give unto them a day of rest. Selah.

38. And great was their rejoicing thereof. Selah.

M. BREEDS, L.V.

* * *

THE SIXTH FORM DANCE

Last year we invited members of the Grammar School Sixth Form to a dance, in return for their hospitality of the previous year. Eight members of Gillingham Grammar School Sixth Form were also invited, some of our scientists having attended their party.

A Committee was formed at the end of the Autumn Term to carry out the arrangements for the dance. It was decided that this should be held on Saturday, January 14th, in the Stalbridge Hut. Dance records were procured and the food was supplied by members of our Sixth Form.

At seven o'clock our visitors arrived. They were welcomed by our girls and introduced to Miss Woods. Immediately dancing started and continued until 8.15. We were then led into the Dining Hall doing the Conga, and we there had a buffet supper. We had thought that there was really too much to eat, but after about 45 minutes there was very little left! After supper, dancing continued, including novelty dances for which

prizes were awarded. At 10 p.m. we all sang Auld Lang Syne and after thanking the hostess we went our various ways.

I think that the evening was enjoyed by all and I should like to thank Miss Woods for all that she did to help us, and also the Committee which consisted of Wendy Colyer, Susan Clarke, Adrienne Lawrence, and Penrose Colyer. We hope that this annual event will always be as happy as it has been for the last two years.

JENNY HARDING, U.VI.

* * *

UPPER VI OUTING

Wednesday, June 11th, was one of the few sunny days of the so-called summer, and it was the day chosen by the Upper VI for their traditional post-Advanced excursion. We were extremely grateful for the financial aid given us by the School, which enabled us to see something really outstanding—Puccini's *La Boheme*, presented in Bournemouth by the Sadler's Wells Opera Company.

The morning we spent idly lazing on the beach, feeling as if we belonged to the holiday crowd around us, and vaguely wondering how the juniors were behaving themselves without our tender guidance . . .

After a lunch of spray-soaked sandwiches and ice-cream, we panted into the theatre just in time for the performance. The opera was superb, and so touchingly acted that a somewhat subdued group of girls left the theatre afterwards.

However, we returned home in the happiest of moods, convinced that we had spent a far more enjoyable day than any other Upper VI before us !

WENDY R. COLYER.

* * *

THE EXPEDITION TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON

At 9.30 a.m. on Thursday, September 26th, twenty-six High School girls could be seen clambering into a long distance coach. That they were not in uniform and carried bags, cases and sleeping-sheets hinted that this was no ordinary School expedition—it was the biennial trip to Stratford-upon-Avon, to see three plays at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. There was, however, plenty of time to do other things as well, and it is about the visits and sight-seeing trips that I intend to tell you.

The actual coach trip was extremely enjoyable—for those who do not suffer from travel-sickness ! My friend and I were sitting in the front seat, next to the driver, so we had an unimpaired view of miles upon miles of English countryside unfolding in front of us and sliding beneath our feet as the coach leapt on. We stopped at one o'clock for an hour's lunch-break at Cheltenham, then arrived at Stratford at 3 o'clock. The two members of staff with us, Miss Woods and Miss Brewington, were to stay at a hotel in Stratford, but our temporary home was the Youth Hostel a couple of miles out ; the latter did not open until five o'clock, so it was decided that our party should go and visit Shakespeare's birth-place while we were waiting. Three of us stayed at the bus-station to look after the luggage which was heaped up in mountains and suggested a regiment on the move ; the three of us had an extremely entertaining time punching our names on bits of metal with one of those noisy machines which one normally associates with small boys. Later we were relieved of our task—though we had almost forgotten what it was—and found our way to the Birthplace.

As an old house, this was very interesting, but as the early home of Shakespeare, I think most of us found it disappointing. We were later to discover that most of the places connected with him in Stratford were very much the same, and far too much prepared for the public eye. The house itself was fairly typical of its period, with small rooms, low ceilings, steps in strategic places for breaking one's ankle, and beams in suitable places for cracking one's skull—very delightful, but over-clean and polished. Personally I should have loved it had it been more fully furnished (even if a little out of period) and given more indication of having been a family home—it is the family which gives a home its flavour, and this had lost all signs of family. The thing which struck us most about the place, was a device in one room for keeping the baby out of mischief ; it consisted of an iron rod from floor to ceiling, from which jutted out an arm with a horizontal iron loop in it. The perpendicular rod would revolve, the idea being that one put the baby in the ring, and it could run round and round without getting anywhere. I wonder Shakespeare had enough sanity left to write at all after such treatment !

Eventually we reached our temporary home—a large, square, white building, furnished with bare necessities. At first I think it surprised those who had not been Youth Hostelling before, but we were to become very attached to it and our two-tier bunks in the next few days. After supper we caught a bus back into Stratford and went to see "The Merchant of Venice."

On Friday morning, as soon as we had breakfasted and done our chores, we made our way back to Stratford. Some friends and I decided to walk, and regretted it—it was miles ! Actually two hardy souls from our party did it every day ; I think they live on Virol at home. When we had found Miss Woods and Miss Brewington, they told us the marching orders for the day—a trip to Warwick. The weather disapproved of our intentions, and rained on us all the way to the station ; but it found it could not deter us, and gave up—the sun came out while we were on the train, and stayed out all day.

At last our local little diesel train chugged and hiccupped into Warwick station and we alighted. Miss Woods and the Upper VI vanished to Kenilworth, and we did not see them again until the evening. Miss Brewington and the rest of us set off in search of a milk bar which would supply us with sandwiches for lunch. For anyone who does not know Warwick, let me say now that there is no milk-bar in Warwick, and that Warwick's main shopping street is unbelievably long. We walked the full length of it, both ways, so I know. In the end we got out sandwiches in a Café, then walked to Warwick Castle, and spent the time before lunch there.

We saw so much of note at Warwick that I cannot possibly undertake to report very much of it. The Castle is still, in part, the home of the Earl of Warwick, and even the show parts are fully furnished, and have a beautiful, calm, and venerable air. Perhaps the most striking feature of the Castle is its art collection; on all the walls everywhere hang the most beautiful portraits of kings, queens, ancestors, dukes, earls, and a lovely friendly cow. But before the art and suites of rooms we were shown the lovely little chapel by a man who had been blinded and disfigured in the war. I think many of us will remember always the picture of the sightless man standing in the gloom of the chapel as if he never moved from there, and drawing our attention lovingly to the smaller beauties which we, with all our senses, might otherwise never have noticed. As the man is the soul, not the body, I remember him as a truly beautiful man. Another thing of great loveliness which we saw in the Castle was a set of crystal chandeliers ; they were huge, made up of myriads of pieces of glass, and electrically lit, as the curtains were drawn. If you can imagine the falling spray of a large wave, flushed with fire, you may have some conception of how wonderful they were.

While we were in Warwick we also saw the Church, which owns a minute thirteenth century chapel, diminutive in all its decoration and engraving, and were also shown over the almshouses by a delightful old man who was bursting with pride at its

age and traditions. The houses are situated to one side of, and half across, one of the gates of the city—a lovely position. In the little chapel the Bibles are the same original ones which have always been there.

This was perhaps our most exhausting day, and our remaining energy was expended in seeing, and thoroughly enjoying "Hamlet."

Saturday morning dawned fine, and we walked out to Anne Hathaway's Cottage. This, too, was over-presented, but it was interesting and entertaining to imagine Shakespeare riding (or walking) over there to see the woman he loved and later married. I hope that now Shakespeare's happy memories of this cottage are not spoilt by the staring unappreciative "visitors." Our party had been increased by four; four Spaniards who met some of our party in Stratford joined us and accompanied us on our visits that morning. There were an amazing number of foreigners in Stratford. It was quite a change to hear English when we got back to Shaftesbury!

Next we walked back to Hall's Croft, the house of John Hall, who married Shakespeare's daughter. This man was a doctor, well-off, and his house was more spacious but similar to the others. He kept a detailed case-book which is very interesting and amusing, and in the Croft there is also the original copy of one of Shakespeare's plays.

After all our walking we were glad to sit down in the theatre, and be entertained by the matinee of "Love's Labours Lost," a light comedy which revived our somewhat lagging spirits. We were very sorry to say goodbye to the Memorial Theatre, which afforded us such a richness of entertainment.

The Saturday evening was spent by some in playing cards with some Germans who said they were Russians, and by others in an impromptu dance. It was great fun and broke the ice.

We said a sad farewell to the Hostel the next morning and took our luggage back to the bus station. While waiting for the coach, we walked up the Avon, and saw a sight which I shall always remember when I think of Stratford. It was the Church, standing on the edge of the river and reflected almost as vividly in it, the image only broken by little shivers of silver as the moving water caught the light; it was just before matins, and the glorious peal of bells was hanging on the air like breath; it was beautiful. We also saw the most amazing sight further up the river, of the water completely covered by billows of soap-suds, making it look just like a stretch of snowy mountain ranges in miniature.

The coach came at last like a rather noisy but delightfully comfortable Fate stepping in. Many of us slept on the way back, and only just found the energy to crawl home on leaving the coach. How quiet Shaftesbury was that Sunday evening; How familiar the houses! How nice to remember Stratford! How comfortable our beds! And how pleasant to be home again!

MERRIL FOULKES JONES, *L.VI.*

* * *

THE STRATFORD PLAYS—SEPTEMBER, 1956

Half past seven on our first evening in Stratford found us sitting in the very back row of the auditorium, in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, waiting for the lights to go down. The first play we saw was a very good production of "The Merchant of Venice." Portia was played excellently by Margaret Johnston. She portrayed great wit and humour in the scene where she discussed her suitors with her maid, and, in spite of the misgivings of some of us, rose far above our hopes and expectations and proved a most learned and upright judge in the trial scene.

Shylock was played, in a rather unexpected manner, by Emlyn Williams. He turned out to be a far more suave, and unexcitable character than the Shylock of school English lessons. But nevertheless one felt very sympathetic towards him. On the whole we very much enjoyed seeing a professional performance of a play we knew so well; and listening for the speeches we had learned coming almost spontaneously, and sometimes in a very unexpected way, from the characters on the stage.

The second evening we went to see "Hamlet." Many people were most impressed by this performance. I felt that it was rather a bad production of a play which was acted very well by the minor characters. The play was performed as if in an out-door theatre, and there was, therefore, very little scenery. What there was, however, was spoiled by the lighting, or rather lack of it. Everything was very indistinguishable, and people seemed to loom out of the darkness, and then fade away into inky blackness—especially the very solid looking ghost.

Hamlet was played by Alan Badel. His diction was very bad in places, and his action very unnatural. For instance, upon the appearance of the ghost, he fell on his knees—with his back to it—and spoke to it from a most painfully contorted position. In the last scene he became a figure of amusement rather than tragedy. He entered dressed in black tights, a white

silk shirt, and what might very well have been an oversized sports jacket with a velvet collar. Had he been carrying a bicycle chain instead of a sword, and had the music been "Rock around the Clock" instead of a funeral march, in spite of the dimness one could not have mistaken his identity.

Badel did, however, prove his ability to die well. His dying words and final collapse were most convincing. But by and large the play was a disappointment.

This was made up for, though, in an excellent production of "Love's Labours' Lost" which we saw the following afternoon. Alan Badel was completely transformed in the person of Berowne. He was very much at home in the humorous and attractive part, and dominated the stage whenever he appeared on it. Andrew Faulds and David William backed him up in this, in the characters of Dumaine and Longaville, so much so that they completely overshadowed the King of Navarre. Rather than watch the actions of the king, one watched the reactions of his courtiers.

The background was good, well-lighted, and completely suited to the time and place. The whole play had an air of fantastic comedy, helped by the most amusing members of the sub-plot and successfully kept up right the way through.

S. BROADHOUSE, L.VI.

* * *

SHAFTESPEARIAN SHAKESBURY

(Being the result of visiting Stratford-Upon-Avon)

HOMEWORK

"It wearies me, you say it wearies you. But how I caught it, found it, or came by it, what stuff it is made of, whereof it is born I am to learn."—*The Merchant of Venice*.

EXASPERATED FORM MISTRESS

"I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."—*The Merchant of Venice*.

PREPARATION UNDONE

"... Let us once more assail your ears, that are so fortified against our story."—*Hamlet*.

FRENCH LESSON

"You know I say nothing to her, for she understands not me, nor I her."—*The Merchant of Venice*.

LATIN EXAM PAPER

"Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words that ever blotted paper!"—*The Merchant of Venice*.

HOW TO AVOID CONFISCATION FINES

"Neither a borrower or a lender be : for loan oft loses both itself and friend."—*Hamlet*.

UNENTHUSIASTIC HOCKEY PLAYER

"The air bites shrewdly : it is very cold."—*Hamlet*.

OF A CERTAIN FORM

"Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice."—
The Merchant of Venice.

ON BEING TOLD TO STOP TALKING

"But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue."—
Hamlet.

SPEECH DAY

"So, fare you well : upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve I'll visit you."—*Hamlet*.

SUMMONS TO THE HEADMISTRESS

"Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other."—
Hamlet.

SCHOOL DINNER

"There is something in this more than natural."—*Hamlet*.
SARA HENDERSON, U.V.

* * *

A VISIT TO GILLINGHAM GAS WORKS

Gillingham Gas Works is a very small gas works, but it is economical because the smallest number of men can be employed at quite a low cost. It was very interesting because, being one of the earliest gas works in the country, much of the work is done by hand which would in a modern establishment be done by machines.

The retorts were horizontal, and were filled and emptied by hand. Until quite recently it had been necessary to replace the fire-clay lining of the retorts every year, but now they use a new substance called silica, which is much stronger. When the retorts were opened we could see that the gas was being drawn in the opposite direction by a suction pump. We were told that coal from Somerset was used in the actual retorts and coal from Yorkshire in the furnaces underneath, which were heated to a temperature of 1300 degrees Fahrenheit.

As for the by-products—coke is sold locally ; tar is removed by a ' condenser,' stored in tar-wells and sent to a larger centre (about 1,000 gallons are sent every week) ; in a second tower, naphthalene (a very useful by-product) is removed ; in a third ammonia is removed by being passed through water, and lastly hydrogen sulphide is taken out.

A supply of iron oxide is mixed with sawdust to make it light and porous, and this is used, with the hydrogen sulphide, to make iron sulphide. This is re-oxidised and used again until there is a 50% sulphur content, when it is sent to a sulphuric acid works. Some by-products are also sent away to make such things as dyes, drugs and fertilisers.

Lastly, we were shown the control house, where the calorific value of the gas is recorded. This varies with the time of day and the coal used, but the standard value is 475 British thermal units per cubic foot. The gas is sold by the cubic foot, because this method is easier in a small gas-works. There was also a Boy's apparatus which gives a more accurate reading. This gas works supplies gas to Gillingham and Shaftesbury and District.

M. NORRIS, U.V.

* * *

IMPRESSIONS FROM A FRENCH HOLIDAY

"London belongs to England," as the saying goes, "but Paris belongs to the world."

Nothing more true has ever been said, for in that "gay city," "la ville de lumière," where no one is ever in a hurry, and everyone always has time to sit at little tables on the pavements, drinking coffee and chatting, one can see everyone pass in a slow animated stream, in a matter of minutes. For if you were to ask travellers to vote on the question : "What is the most charming city in the world?" the vote would surely be for Paris, the capital of France, and ninth city in point of size.

And it was thus that I found Paris, empty of true Parisians, but "bourrée" with sightseers from all lands, speaking all tongues so that even my French friend could no longer believe herself in France ! Some of her remarks were : "What a good thing you have come to France, for I can now really get to know my own home town," and "Tu sais, 99% Parisians have never climbed the Eiffel Tower, or the Arc de Triomphe, or seen Napoleon's tomb. We have no time !"

Which is very true. The true Parisians leave such places for the masses of sightseers who flock in every August, while they

are taking their annual holiday in the country or mountains, far from the hot dusty boulevards bordered by green and gold acacias.

The rest of the year, one can see and feel the atmosphere of the real Paris, watching the "natives" flock in their turn, from the "Metro" in the early hours, to their "bureau," and back again at night. The Latin quarter, on the left bank of the Seine, is particularly interesting in the month of September, when the students and artists attending the "Université," and others in the district, come to the "Boul' Mich'" to take their exams. Some, "récalés" after the summer ones are forced to sit again, but one and all flock to that queer, gay, poor, free place, like no other in the world. And as the tradition goes, on leaving, each student breaks the bottle of ink he has been using into the "Fontaine de St. Michel," to bring him luck with his results; and to verify this, the stone surround is stained bright blue!

French people know they are supreme in both preparation and presentation of their food, and although I found it utterly different from English cooking, I enjoyed it very much. The number of dishes at one meal always amazed me. Particularly in a Chinese restaurant we visited, where we began with mushroom soup; next came fried lobster tails with rice—eaten with the help of chopsticks; after this, chicken basted in butter with bamboo shoots; later duck and pineapple slices, and finally banana fritters, brought in, covered in flaming alcohol, accompanied by white wine!

At a real feast, one changes the wine with each dish—such as with fish one would drink white wine, or with cheese, red wine. A connoisseur would eat little of each dish, and likewise drink little of each type of wine! Glasses must never be left empty, so that the host must be ever on his feet, replenishing his guest's glasses.

One day, after dining at "La Porte Jaune," in the Bois de Vincennes, beautiful sunlit woods in which one can find hidden pools and lakes, in the outskirts of Paris, we visited the Catacombs where we were counted as we entered, and recounted on leaving, very much like sheep! These narrow tunnels, reached by a spiral staircase, going down into the earth for many feet, are ancient sites of street foundations, and are visited each third Sunday in the month by thousands of sightseers! It was most entertaining since—as there is no electric light—people are forced to carry candles or torches, making a dramatic effect, made even more eerie by the millions of skeletons, packed close against the walls in a grotesquely neat patterned formation. As well as all this, someone began to chant the Dead March from Saul!

When one travels abroad, one always takes time and trouble to choose presents for the family. With what care I picked out "natty" kitchen utensils, "en matière plastique," cheese graters, a gadget for squeezing juice from citrous fruits and peculiar vegetables, one rather like a shiny black truncheon called an "aubergine," and another which resembled an old green wrinkled cucumber called a "poriron," only to discover on my return to England that English greengrocers were supplying these atrocities, lemon squeezers and cheese graters, and that I could have bought a replica of one of my three chic Parisian hats in "Marks and Spencers" of all places !!

Such is life !

ANN HALL, L.VI.

* * *

YOUTH HOSTELLING IN NORTHERN IRELAND

We made an overnight crossing from Liverpool, arriving in Belfast at 7.30 a.m. As the ship left England we stayed on deck, fascinated by the strings of illuminations on the shore, and the clusters of lights, never still, which showed the activities of other vessels in the port.

The Irish Sea was surprisingly calm, but all the same we were doomed to spend an uncomfortable night, trying to sleep on the extremely hard seats of the passenger lounge, as we had been unable to reserve berths. About 2 o'clock in the morning we went on deck and watched the lights of the Isle of Man a little way to the north.

As the ship entered Belfast Lough we saw the lighthouses extinguishing their beams as the details of the land became clearer. The big ship-building yards loomed through the early morning mist, the scaffolding of the stocks making weird grey silhouettes. Except for the throb of our own engines, the occasional blast of a foghorn, and the screaming of gulls, the port was silent, waiting for the day's work to begin.

The *Ulster Monarch* docked, and we wheeled our bicycles through Belfast's silent cobbled streets, virtually deserted. We caught a train to Larne, and from Larne cycled along the beautiful Antrim coast road, whence there are wonderful views across the sea to Scotland to the East, and over the famous Glens of Antrim to the high mountains of Donegal to the West. As we travelled further North the country became wilder.

We crossed high moors, dotted with peat-stacks and seamed by swift mountain streams, which were stained a dark brown by the peat through which they flowed. The road became much steeper, and one terrible day we started off along what was sign-posted "Scenic route, sharp corners and steep gradients." Just how scenic, sharp and steep it was we soon discovered! We climbed from about 3 feet below sea level (we had bathed before starting) to over 800 feet above, only to see the road plunge downward and then rise up another "steep gradient." After a glorious few minutes of flying downhill (praying that our brakes would hold) the long heart-breaking trek began up a further 800 feet.

Each night we slept at Youth Hostels. We stayed at each place for two or three nights, using it as a base for walking and hitch-hiking expeditions.

In a single day's cycling we saw seals, a shark, diving gannets, ravens, hooded crows, and numerous cormorants, fishing or standing in grotesque attitudes, digesting their last meal and drying their wings.

On our last day in Ireland we were involved in a Lammas Fair at Ballycastle. The town was seething with sheep, goats, mules and humanity! The "pubs" were open all day, and several fine Irish fights had occurred! A funfair and many stalls only added to the confusion. We had decided that we should have to return a week early, and so wanted to catch the boat sailing that evening from Belfast. We went to the Ballycastle railway station, only to find that the line had been taken up several years previously, although it was still marked on our newly printed map!

Faced with the problem of transporting four people and their bicycles over 50 miles that afternoon, we finally found a man willing to take us to the next railway station. He was quite unworried by the fact that his truck was officially a commercial vehicle, forbidden legally to give lifts! Having packed very hastily at the Hostel, we set out for Coleraine. We went through Ballycastle by the back streets, dodging the fair and the "micks" (policemen), who are armed with revolvers in case of raids from the Free State!

We reached Coleraine after an extremely uncomfortable ride, and managed to get to Belfast by train in plenty of time to board the boat. Next evening we arrived at Blandford looking like happy tramps after a very enjoyable and unusual holiday.

C. HARRIS, *L.VI.*

OPERATION ELECTRICITY

"Have you heard any more about it?" "Have they wired your house yet; they came and did mine this morning?"

"Won't it be nice when it's on?" Yes, I expect you have guessed what all this mysterious chatter is about—the electricity is being installed!

To most people electricity is a necessity, but to us and people living near, it is still a dream just slowly turning into reality. Everyone is planning what to buy first. One lady wants an iron and another wants a washing machine; some are having television and some are buying cookers, but they are all as excited as each other.

The poles have been put in for quite a while now, and the houses are wired, but we still seem to be waiting for the great day when we shall be "switched on."

We are not in anyway "off the beaten track," in fact the main road runs right by the village. We have no shop or post office though, only a post box and telephone kiosk, but once we have electricity, I am sure everyone will feel most civilised and quite up to date. I do hope so anyway!

JANET PITMAN, L.V.

* * *

NO PICNIC!

It was a hot, sultry day, perfect for a picnic on the beach. We, that is myself, my younger brother and the Saunders family, had chosen to go to Strandfontein beach.

Strandfontein is a lonely beach and generally only one or two families with their coloured nannies are playing in the hot white sand. The beach is very, very long and almost like a desert. The sea is a brilliant blue and the surf is a dazzling white. Strandfontein reaches to the distant Hottentots Holland Mountains, a light blue jagged line, and stretches along the shore of False Bay, backed by huge sand hills and dunes. To the West lies the majestic Table Mountain.

So far, the picnic had not been a success. Adrienne Saunders had been exploring some pools when she was stung by a blue-bottle and she was still nursing her swelling arm when we were preparing the tea. By a bluebottle I do not mean a bluebottle fly. I mean a small jellyfish with trailing tentacles which sting violently. You don't have them here but we do in South Africa.

As I said, we had been preparing the tea and now it was ready. We were about to eat when we noticed that my two-year-old brother was not with us. We wondered if the silly little thing was still paddling in the pools but he was nowhere in sight. We searched around to see if he was hiding. Then, getting anxious, Mr. Saunders went off to search in the pools. He was so worried that I believe he was looking out for chubby legs sticking out of the water, a limp body and a poor drowned little Charles.

Meanwhile Mrs. Saunders, having cautioned the coloured maid, Silnie, to look after Adrienne and me, went off in another direction, over a huge area of high sand hills and dunes. There a little boy may run and run until he drops and nobody ever find him. She searched and searched but could not find him and went back to our picnic spot.

Mr. Saunders walked over miles and miles of dry white sand. The sky was blue; the sea was blue; the mountains were blue. The sun was bright and cheerful and there was not a cloud in the sky. But to Mr. Saunders this was nothing. Breathless and hot, he went on till he saw a man leading a little boy along. Would it be Charlie? No, more likely it was the man's own little boy. It was neither. It was a girl. But still he went on, though it was getting late and he had been searching for over an hour. The heat, the panic and the nightmare feeling were terrific but, being strong-minded, on he went. Adrienne and I were gloomily waiting for the little rascal to return. I was extremely ashamed at his causing so much trouble. Mrs. Saunders had by now asked nearly everyone on the beach if they had seen him but with no success. We were tired, bored and unhappy.

Suddenly, the anxious Mr. Saunders saw another man with a boy. Was it Charlie? No, probably the man's own little boy, or girl. He didn't trust his eyes any more. He was about to turn back. No, wait! It was a boy, yes and it was *Charlie*! He hurried towards him. Charlie was tired and sobbing. He burst into tears again when Mr. Saunders asked him why he had run away and said, "Mummy was waiting for m-me on the s-sto.ep!"

The man had been very kind, and seeing a small, chubby two-year-old run wailing down the beach, he had asked him where he was going and, as nothing but the Hottentots Holland Mountains and miles of beach were in the direction of "home," he had suggested that Mummy was in the opposite direction.

After thanking the man most gratefully, Mr. Saunders took Charles on his shoulders and went back to the picnic spot; his young burden, having cheered up, chattered happily, dribbling down his benefactor's sweating forehead.

When they reached the picnic spot Mrs. Saunders said, "Charles, don't try running away again or you might really get lost." "Wanta bun," said my rude brother, "You are a bad Mummy."

We ate a little and cheered up tremendously and immediately wanted to bathe. But Mrs. Saunders was very firm and said that we must get Charles home before he drowned himself or did something equally stupid.

The ride was not a comfortable one. Mrs. Saunders had Charles on her lap, not being sure what he might do next. The sun was just going down between Table Mountain and Devils' Peak and a white stream of narrow light lit the pale sky. The mountain, charcoal grey and mysterious, was the sun's flat bed. For miles around the sand was white sea sand. Bare sand hills were covered with pondokkies, the miserable homes of many coloured and native people. They were built of corrugated iron and were certainly not wind and rain proof. The hero slept on Mrs. Saunders' lap, knowing he was in disgrace and it was not surprising that he slept, since he had, on his short legs run at least three miles in one and a half hours.

It was by now quite late and Mummy, wondering if anything was wrong, was waiting at the gates. As we got out, rather stiff after our ride, and Charles red and sleepy—"Thank you so much for having them," she said happily, (she had had a peaceful afternoon without us). "I hope you had a lovely time." Mr. Saunders turned an embarrassed face and wiped his worried forehead, smiling a forced smile. Mrs. Saunders closed her eyes in horror. Mummy took it to mean "Absolutely lovely, dear. The children behaved like angels."

"I'm so glad," she said "are you sure they weren't too tiring? You are so good."

Looking proudly at us, she did not see any sign of anything wrong and she was extremely surprised when a white-faced Mrs. Saunders pressed Charles into his mother's arms and said, "Take him. You'll never know what we've been through."

SARAH JORDAN, L.IV.

OVERTURE TO WINTER

The valley, with wraith of mist, lies as it has lain
A thousand times before ; the bracken on the hill
Has poured a russet stain down grass dark with the threat
Of frost, of death, of that pain of coldness 'till, numb,
No pain is felt, but only silent rest ; trees shed
Gold, crimson and mingled tears for vanished summer.
The distant tread of winter, growing nearer, moans
And wavers through the dead stillness of the hillsides.
Summer, vigorous, enthusiastic, has left
A tiredness, but autumn, richness of fulfillment,
Has crowned the effort. Now winter will soon give rest,
The chill being drowned in unconsciousness.
The track of human life is traced in this one round ;
In later years, faced with winter, a deep wisdom
And gentler note is found ; the fiery passions quelled,
The leaping colours, red, blacks, pulsing, are now toned
To limpid orange, and soft sweetly scented browns.
Summer symphonies have been silenced, chilled, but still
They echo in a glorious autumn anthem,
Deep, rich, stirring the tired soul, and gathering
All the melodies of life into a swelling,
Swaying, muted overture to winter.

M. FOULKES-JONES, *L.VI.*

* * *

ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

He walked ahead with determined steps
Our Master beloved and kind,
I thoughtfully strolled behind Him then
With anxiety deep in my mind.

A colt, said He, was tethered nearby,
In the hands of a farmer, who knew
Of the needs and wants of the lowly Man,
His plans, and the password too.

Two of us sent He to fetch the colt
That was tethered upon the hill,
"The Lord hath need of him," answered they,
To the owner who questioned still.

Then the colt brought they down from off the hill,
Bedecked with a cloak and gown,
Thereupon set they Jesus to ride the ride
Through the streets of Jerusalem town.

Garments and palms were strewn in our path,
The people were merry and glad ;
But Jesus rode quietly onward now,
While His face was smiling but sad.

For He knew that this was His last, last ride
On an ass, here on earth below,
And soon He would hang from a crude, rough cross,
For the sake of these people here now.

ROSE NAPPER, U.V.

* * *

TWO POEMS AFTER THE CHINESE MODE

The Ash Tree

Twisted and gnarled
With branches like old fingers
And twigs like grey threads—
Green in Spring.

Weeping plaintively,
Lamenting over the red flowers,
They will soon be faded—
Grey in Winter . . .

Parting From a Friend

Goodbye, dear friend—
Something tells me
We shall never meet again.
I hold your hand,
Never again shall I hold it,
I hear your voice,
Often will I hear your words.
You are going into the world—
In many days
I too shall go,
But we shall never meet.
It will be as the blue swallow flying south,
And the wild grey goose
To the cold, cold north.

M. NORRIS, U.V.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee 1956

<i>Chairman</i>					Miss Dunford
<i>Secretary</i>					Mrs. Welch
<i>Treasurer</i>					Mr. Parham
<i>Staff Representatives</i>					Miss Woods
					Miss Brewington
					Miss Watkins
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>					Mrs. Rowbotham
					Mr. Humphries
					(Until Sept.)
					Mrs. Norris
					Mr. Corp
					Rev. H. Brayford
<i>Representative on Governing Body</i>					Rev. G. K. Horlock-Jones

At the first meeting of 1956, Miss Beeby, the Youth Employment Officer, gave an account of careers for girls, particularly those of a scientific nature. She was able to answer individual questions during the usual tea and 'chat.'

The response to the appeal for teaspoons was quite overwhelming and we now have a fine collection and also some plates, jugs and sugar basins. We should like to thank all who helped the Association in this way.

The School would also like to record its gratitude to the Parents' Association for the wonderful gift of £10 which went towards the Magazine Fund and did in fact free us of debt for the last issue.

At the Summer Meeting, in the Chairman's remarks, Miss Dunford spoke of the new material for summer dresses and parents were able to see a dress made from this. She also told parents of plans for expeditions to Stratford-on-Avon and to Denmark.

Miss Dunford then gave a most stimulating account of her visit to South Africa. She spoke of the schools and missions that she had visited and of the picture she had gained of the problems arising from the Colour Question. The talk was illustrated by maps, pictures, carvings and examples of other crafts that Miss Dunford had brought from various parts of South Africa.

The Reverend G. Horlock-Jones thanked her very warmly on behalf of the parents.

Unfortunately the magazine has to go to press this year before the Annual General Meeting

We should like to thank all contributors for their articles. Has the time come for us to hand over this section to a parent for editing? We should very much welcome this and hope for volunteers.

* * *

Difficulties of Growing up Gracefully

—“And this is my daughter.” There is a ring of pride in the mother’s voice when introducing her sturdy, dimpled ten-year-old; and again ten years later for the slim and elegant young woman she has become. But somewhere in between there is an apologetic, anxious air about the introduction, and the temptation to add “She’s at the awkward age.”

These ‘teenagers’ come in all shapes and sizes; the long and the short, the rounded and the angular, the plain and the spotted. They are too old to be dressed and too young to know how to dress, too old to be scrubbed and too young to be polished. They are constantly told to do something about their hair, their feet and much that lies between. They can only grow and hope that grace will follow.

What can be done about them? Fortunately it is too late to return to the stern measures of their great-grandmothers—to the back-board and the balanced book. In those days ungainliness was disguised and smothered in the upholstery of petticoats and padding to produce prim and mincing puppets.

In these more frank and enlightened times when “growing pains” cannot be hidden they must be counterbalanced by other qualities. True grace springs from within. The serene and confident promise of womanhood is more surely displayed in the voice and the eyes than in the changing form. The clear modulated voices of school girls are much more in evidence in these days of the microphone and tape-recorder; and how poorly the boys compete with them! A lilting musical voice can outweigh a multitude of freckles, and the eyes can often outdo the voice in commanding respect and admiration.

Therefore let our daughters speak up for themselves and look the world in the face. Gracefulness will surely then be theirs.

A.F.N.

It seems to me that it is almost as difficult for a parent to grow up gracefully as for a child. But we parents have, at least, been through all the stages before, and should have arrived at the clear-cut values which will help our sons and daughters to grow up with integrity and grace. The false emphasis of our times must surely make this the most bewildering of all generations in which to be young, and it is more than ever vital that nothing should spoil the friendship and sympathy between us and our children.

With four children whose ages straggle from sixteen to five, I often feel like Alice, nibbling bits from the Caterpillar's mushroom, and growing up and growing down at an alarming pace. I am sure children do not want their parents to be rather heavy-footed contemporary playmates, but they do want us to grow up with them in our understanding of them, and of the things that are important to them.

In my parents' youth, no nice girl would have dreamt of using make-up. I was twenty when, with enormous excitement, I bought my first lipstick. My teenage daughter and her friends all use cosmetics on occasions—usually discreetly and charmingly. The ones who make-up with fierce and shocking glory may be the ones whose parents have not grown up gracefully with them. It is so easy to lose touch with our sons and daughters because we cannot accept the changing significance of small things from one generation to another.

But what of the much more important things of love and marriage? Our children are bedevilled at every turn by false and evil influences and examples, and by the accepted cheapening of the beauties that should belong only to love. Here we must have already grown up, and we must show our children in our homes, in our conversations and in our marriages that there can be no compromise in this. Let us arm them with knowledge, and pray that they may be determined to keep everything unspoiled for their true loves.

Z.E.H.

* * *

Best of Friends

Friendships grow, like habits. It is hard to say when this or that person first became our friend, but like most growing things there was probably quite a small beginning. We can rarely remember the first time we met any of our friends nor when or where we first became aware of the bond between us. Our

school days give some of the best opportunities for forming friendships which will grow and endure, so adding to the enjoyment of life and helping us when times are difficult.

How wonderful it is to remember that at School this year or this term there have started for many, perhaps all unknown to them, friendships which competition in classroom and playing field will only make more firm ; ones that may well last a lifetime and bring untold happiness to minds and spirits.

There are other deeply satisfying friendships too. What a privilege to be a teacher able to offer Shakespeare or music or painting to be the friend of a child for life. And what an opportunity for the child. But we parents must not lose sight of our duty to help and guide our children to begin the making of friendships which are wise and will bring only pleasure and satisfaction to them.

We do well when of friends, as of all else, we wish them to have none but the best.

D.P.

* * *

Helping at Home

Helping at home depends on a number of things and presumably whom one wants to help !

Cats help. They catch those autumn mice that sneak into the house at the approach of dull November days.

Canaries and budgerigars help by singing and whistling to keep us happy at all times during the day.

The chicken oblige us by eating all the scraps so we feel nothing seems to be wasted.

The dog guards our home and lets us know who is about. A short bark greets the postman and tradesmen, a growl for gypsies and a joyous yap for relations and friends.

The fire burns a steady glow helped by an enormous oak log backed with a liberal amount of small coal which we hope will last the evening.

Now a word to our growing offsprings. Animals and birds help to make a happy home. How can you help ? . . . By doing things unasked, just little things—but doing them regularly, as a routine.

I'll list a few to give you ideas and I expect after a minute's thought you can produce many more :—

Bringing down a hot water bottle in the morning, emptying it and consigning same to the correct place.

Making the bed.

Bringing down early morning teacups ; and any socks or blouses for the wash-tub.

Tidying room.

In the evening, cleaning shoes and remembering the soap when in the bath.

This of course is the minimum. Most weeks the result is definitely normal with lots more chores gracefully done.

I must state that during all vacations helping in the home is really good fun as new dishes are explored, floral arrangement is enjoyed and new projects such as hand-knitting or embroidery started.

J.P.P.

* * *

Being Helped in the House

When it was first suggested that I should contribute an article to this magazine a short list of possible subjects was submitted along with the request. My elder daughter, reading them over my shoulder pointed to one entitled " Helping in the House " and said she thought that one would be suited to my style. My elder son remarked cynically, " Now that is a subject she knows little about. She must write about ' *Being Helped in the House* '." So readers can see that I am obviously a failure as an organising diplomatic home-runner who lightens her chores with the willing help of enthusiastic children. Mine have seen through me already. There are certain unpaid routine jobs which are expected of them, bed-making, table-clearing, coal-carrying etc., and these they do, not without minor protests. My youngest—for example—as soon as it is her turn to clear the table, has a sudden urgent call to the bathroom, but these are mere delaying tactics. The routine tasks get done. But I feel that a really accomplished mother ought to be able to make her housework and cooking so enticing and gay that the family would all join spontaneously in with her, probably with a merry song on their lips. That does not happen with me. I have noticed recently that everyone came down simultaneously to breakfast as soon as I yelled " Porridge " up the stairs.

" Why weren't you down earlier if you were ready ? " I asked my younger son.

" Oh well, I thought if I got down too soon you'd want me to help laying the table," he replied.

Readers may have noticed that as their children grow older and consequently more efficient so they grow less inclined to

help. The really co-operative types are the ones whose heads hardly reach above the kitchen table, but who are pining to join in your every activity. They should be discouraged unless you are feeling very patient.

Recently I talked to an American friend who asked me why I didn't take a job to help out with the family finances. I pointed out that I had a home to run without assistance. "Why," she said, surprised, "You've a twelve-year-old daughter. Can't she run things while you're out? Back in California I know a woman whose eleven-year-old girl gets home from school, washes out the clothes, cooks supper for her mother, and has everything clean and tidy when her mother comes home from the executive job she holds." Well, I'd certainly like to meet that woman! At the same time I feel more than a little sorry for the daughter, who so much before her time has taken on the burden and responsibility of running a home, and can have little time for friends and games. Even if my daughter were a willing party to such an arrangement, I do not feel that any child should forfeit her youth just because she happens to be born at a time of chronic shortage of domestic labour. Besides I could never hold down an executive job.

R.J.

* * *

Television in the Home

Television is so much part of our modern life that its influence cannot be ignored. In our young days we had fewer things to distract us from our homework during the evening. Today T.V. has set a problem for parents but we must be firm. Many programmes are educational and help the children immensely. Their knowledge is broadened and they obtain worthwhile information.

At the present time Lower IVth are reading "David Copperfield" and on Friday evenings the story is being serialised. In our house that programme is eagerly awaited and watched with interest.

I wonder if people read quite so much as they used to. Perhaps our entertainment comes too easily. Individual effort is not so necessary. In many ways this is a great pity.

T.V. must not be allowed to "rule the house." It can even cause bad manners. If a child has homework to do there must be arrangements made for her to do it—without being interrupted by T.V.

Should a child be allowed to see late programmes? If something of interest is being televised on Friday or Saturday

evening then perhaps it could be allowed but when it is school the next day—definitely, *No*. Do not give in to the usual plea “Just a few more minutes, Mummy.” Be firm.

E.M.C.

* * *

A 3-D Approach to Litter

Motoring through the lanes of Warwickshire this Autumn I was appalled to see two children throwing handfuls of nutshells at regular intervals from the windows of a car we were following. How I wish I had some legal power to deal with the offending parents!

Litter on a long car journey, with children, does present a problem—but this was simply overcome by a young member of our family on a long awaited trip to Scotland—she presented the car with an effective litter box, made (and decorated) from a 2 lb. sugar carton.

We live in an Age of Paper Wrapping—we expect our foodstuffs to be ‘untouched by human hands,’ we advocate hygiene and cleanliness, and yet we disfigure our roads, our beaches, and our beauty spots, with every conceivable form of litter. After the Coronation 53 lorry loads of rubbish were collected from our London Parks, and 16 tons from the Mall, after the Queen’s return from her Commonwealth tour.

Local bye-laws have been passed, public bodies have instituted nation-wide campaigns, more litter bins and baskets have been provided—and still the problem remains unsolved. It is a problem that begins and ends with the individual—it is, in essence, a form of gross selfishness, and an evasion of personal responsibility.

We have all heard of the 3-D technique in the film world—what about a 3-D approach to litter? As individuals we all have a very real personal *Duty* to our heritage, and to the community in which we live, to keep our countryside ‘litter free.’ Then too we must *Discipline* ourselves and our children to become acutely ‘litter conscious.’ Thus disciplined and dutiful we must with *Determination*, use every means possible to mitigate this evil, and so ‘Keep Britain Tidy.’

M.B.S.

* * *

A “Gran’s” Point of View

There’s one thing about being a gran; one is not easily deceived, real-ness is more apparent.

At my first meeting, I came early with other “new”

parents and there was a feeling of strangeness, slight indifference and possibly a readiness to be critical of what might be just another institutional organisation. As the older parents came in there was a gradual change in the atmosphere, and when the meeting began and the Chairman addressed us we were almost immediately at ease, comfortable and listening, no mean achievement. The real-ness was apparent.

Our Chairman faces the truth and sometimes gives us knocks, even shocks. But the intense interest is there behind everything, in our children and their problems, and we are brought into the circle and become a whole unity, with the same aim and interest. With each subsequent meeting we begin to know the Head, the Staff, each other: we feel we belong and it becomes to us as to them, our School. All this with much argument, discussion and some fun.

How lucky we are to be mums, dads and grans of this our School. L.M.

Per Ardua ad G.C.E.

There's a breathless hush in the house tonight,
The homework's about to begin.
The curtains are drawn, the lamps are lit,
And all are ready within:
The books come out of the satchels brown,
The workers struggle and strain,
The parents hope for an hour of peace,
Work on, work on—there's much to gain.

Mother is knitting furious and fast,
Father is trying to doze,
When the silence is shattered by agonised cry,
“Dad! What is the French for rose?”
“Mum! Is this pluperfect, perfect or what?”
“What are the exports of Spain?”
And Grannie's voice from her armchair is heard,
“Work on, work on—there's much to gain.”

The evening's over, the evening's gone,
The workers have gone up to sleep.
Does Father sit back in the hope of his doze?
Does Mother give T.V. a peep?
No, they bow their heads over the table to work,
They wrestle with problems in vain,
They're doing tomorrow night's homework, you see.
Work on, work on—there's much to gain.

T.N.C.
R.A.C.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee 1956-57

<i>President</i>			Miss M. K. Dunford
<i>Vice-President</i>			Mrs. N. Raad
<i>Secretaries</i>			G. Hussey (<i>née</i> Woodman) A. Rawson
<i>Treasurer</i>			J. Drew
<i>Staff Representative</i>			Miss K. Drake
<i>Sports Representatives</i>			R. Gibbs B. Knapton
<i>Committee Members</i>			M. Baker B. Carter (<i>née</i> Mullins) A. Johnson H. Young (<i>née</i> Clarke) co-opted

O.G.A. London Meeting

MARCH 17th, 1956

The Old Girls' Association held its second London reunion on Saturday, March 17th, at the Central Club of the Y.W.C.A. in Great Russell Street. There were present twenty members representing several generations, and all were most interested to hear from Miss Dunford of the latest developments in the life of the School. It was interesting, too, for the latest entrants to Hospitals and to Training Colleges and the University, to hear from those who were a year or two ahead of them, what lay in store for them. Altogether, it was a most enjoyable afternoon and we look forward to repeating it early next year.

O.G.A. Summer Meeting

JUNE 30th, 1956

For the third year in succession the Summer Meeting was held in the evening and once again proved that more members can attend then than if it were held in the afternoon. The Tennis Match against the present School on the School Courts at Winecombe Lane resulted in a win for the present School by 53 games to 46. This was followed by an excellent buffet supper at Barton Hill House, which had been prepared by a special Committee of the O.G.A. We were very glad to have both Mr. and Mrs. Raad with us there. Afterwards, members

wandered around Barton Hill House and the Main School and, as always, after our O.G. Reunions, found it hard to tear themselves away.

Thirteenth O.G.A. Annual Dinner

NOVEMBER 10th, 1956

The Annual Dinner took place on Saturday, November 10th, 1956, at the Grosvenor Hotel, Shaftesbury; sixty-one members were present. We assembled in the drawing-room at 7 p.m. for the Annual General Meeting. Miss Dunford was in the chair and after a welcome to members, gave greetings from Old Girls unable to be present. She read a greetings telegram received from Miss May Short, an old girl of Miss Dunn's day. Miss Dunford had recently visited Miss Short and she had told her stories of her schooldays and also given her copies of a school magazine, a report and a school photograph, which members were able to see. It was proposed that flowers should be sent to Miss Short from the Association and also to Barbara Ardley (*née* Wright) who was in hospital.

After the Minutes of the last meeting the Secretary gave her report and stated that there were 157 Life Members and 37 Annual Members in the Association. She announced that the result of the hockey match was a victory of 8-2 for the Old Girls. The Treasurer reported a balance in the bank of £96 4s. 11d. After much discussion it was decided that the Life Subscription should be raised to three guineas, with the suggestion that members who joined before 1954 might like to give a further donation to the Association funds, in view of rising costs. The usual donation of one guinea to the School's Coronation Fund was passed.

The biennial election of officers then took place. Two resignations were received with regret, that of Gertrude Harding, who had completed ten years as Treasurer, and Buntly Hall (*née* Gibbs) Sports Representative.

It was decided that the London Reunion should be held at the Y.W.C.A. as last year.

After the meeting we moved to the dining-room for dinner. This year the toast of the O.G.A. was proposed by Mrs. Lawson, a former member of Staff, who spoke of the need for friendship in the world today and of the value of keeping in touch with the high ideals of the School as a great help in facing the

difficulties of the wider life outside. In replying to the toast, Valerie Sharp talked of some of the happy days she remembered and agreed with Mrs. Lawson that the friendship of belonging to Old Girls was a very valuable one. Mrs. Raad, in proposing the toast of the School, spoke of the tragedies happening in the world at the moment and again thought that all the units of friendliness were of great worth. She suggested that a collection should be taken to help Hungarian refugees and this was done at the end of the meeting, £5 being raised. Finally, Jenny Harding, the Head Girl of the School, replied and spoke of the many links between School and Old Girls.

Auld Lang Syne brought another very happy reunion to an end.

* * * *

Former Members of Staff

Miss DICKSON sailed for Northern Rhodesia at the end of August. She is going to Ilorin to work in the first Government Grammar School for Girls in the Northern Region.

Mrs. JESSEMAN (Mrs. Blackall) paid a flying visit to Shaftesbury with her husband and Philip and Patricia while they were on leave this summer.

Mrs. LAWSON (*née* Newton). We were very pleased to see her when she came to the O.G. Dinner to propose the toast of the O.G.A.

Miss LAY was married to the Rev. B. J. Andrews, M.A., the Minister of Greenwich Congregational Church, in Cambridge on October 6th.

Miss LIGHT has given up her nursing training and is now living at home and working in the office of the firm of Wellworthy, in Ringwood.

Mrs. POWELL went to Milton Abbey as Assistant Bursar last Summer Term but at half-term had to have her appendix out. She returned in September and is enjoying her job although they are short-staffed.

O.G. NEWS

Engagements

Margaret Bradford to Corporal Michael Sullivan
Jill Cardnell to David Boulton
Myra Hull to Tom Drake
Sally Thorne to Michael Pemberton

Marriages

Jean Beacham to Colin Spencer
June Bartley to Donald Fudge
Ruth Bartlett to Ray Drake
Rita Caddy to John Clayton Banfield
Joan Dicker to William Peel
Mary Gillings to John Perry Skinner
Jean Haskell to Eric Waldon
June Lillington to Anthony Postens
Eileen Parsons to John Jackson
Janet Riches to David Burton
Ann Stainer to R. E. Richardson
Diana Stainer to Peter Evans

Births

Pat Baker (*née* Talbot), a son, Andrew Rodney
Margaret Boughtwood (*née* Burton), a son, Richard John
Betty Carter (*née* Mullins), a son, Stephen Robert
Eileen Cullingford (*née* Digby), a son, Stephen
Ruby Gabb (*née* Mullins), a son
Margaret Hall (*née* Gibbs), a son, Andrew
Hilda Howell (*née* Galliver), a daughter
Esme Phillips (*née* Coombs), a daughter
Marion Tozer (*née* Coombs), a daughter

* * *

JENNY ALLARDYCE (1956) is having a year at home and attending Bournemouth Municipal College. Next year she hopes to go to the Bath Academy of Art.

SHIRLEY ANDREWS (1954) has now gone to Salisbury Infirmary for nursing training.

BARBARA ARDLEY (*née* Wright), who is one of our most faithful Old Girls, was unable to attend the Dinner because she had to go into Salisbury Infirmary for an operation. She thanks the O.G.A. very warmly for the gift of flowers.

SUSAN BOND (1956) is doing a two-years Domestic Science course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.

DIANA BOWDEN (1954) is very happy in her first post at the Moorlands Infants School, Bath. She has joined the Bach Choir there and was delighted to find that one of the Carols

- they are preparing is the setting of "The Holly and the Ivy" which Dr. Johnson dedicated to Shaftesbury High School.
- MARGARET BRADFORD (1955) has just become engaged but is intending to finish her training at Bristol Royal Infirmary before she is married. She has recently been working in the same ward as Kathleen Stone.
- JANE BRAYFORD (1956) was awarded a County Bursary, and after working in an office in Blandford, has now returned to School as an Assistant Housemistress until March, when she is going to Berridge House Domestic-Science Training College in London.
- MARY BRITTON (1956) is taking a two-year Secretarial Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- ELIZABETH BROOKS (1955) has joined Ruth Jones at Coventry Training College.
- MARY BRUCE (1948) (*née* Le Beehee) is now a Neurohistologist at Bristol University.
- MOLLY BURDEN (1952) has finished her training at the Marlborough Gate Secretarial College in London and now has a secretarial post in Mere.
- RUTH BURDEN (1954) is teaching in Old Close Infants' School at Warminster.
- WENDY COLYER (1956) won a County Major Scholarship but was too young to go to a university. Fortunately she had also won a scholarship to the Lycee Francais de Londres and is working in their pre-university course.
- JILL CARDNELL (1954) is in her second year at Bretton Hall and has become engaged to a student of the previous year.
- SUSAN CLARKE (1956) is spending several months in Germany with Kirsten Klose, who stayed with her and came to school in the Summer Term. Susan is going to Guy's Hospital in the New Year to train as a nurse.
- GRACE COOMBES (1949) has applied for a teaching post in Singapore as her sister Margaret and her brother-in-law are going there in April.
- MARGARET COOMBES (1955) is working at the glove factory in Shaftesbury until a vacancy arises for a telephonist at the Post Office.
- JOYCE COX (1956) has joined Pat Hilton as an Assistant Junior Laboratory Technician at the R.A.F. establishment at Farnborough.
- SALLY CULVERHOUSE (1955) has been living in Germany with her parents and has a job as secretary to an officer in the Army Catering Corps. She is looking forward to her nursing training at St. Thomas's Hospital but cannot begin until January, 1958, when she is 19.

- IVY DEAN (1956) is enjoying her training at the Wingfield Morris Orthopaedic Hospital at Headington, Oxford.
- DAVINA FARRANCE (1956) is taking a Secretarial Course at the Poole College of Further Education.
- JANET GILBERT (1952) came second in the 1st year nursing examination at the Royal Hants Hospital at Winchester.
- PIXIE GRAY (1956) is working in Timothy White's Stores in Yeovil and finding it very interesting.
- SUSAN GREEN (1956) is taking a pre-nursing course at Salisbury College of Further Education.
- JENNIFER GREENE (*née* Purver) (1950) has one daughter, Nancy Anne. Her parents have now gone to America to settle near her.
- JUDY HATHERLEY (1952) is going to Salisbury Infirmary as a Staff Nurse in January, 1957.
- RUTH HATHERLEY (1949) after several years at the Wincombe Radar Station, has achieved her hope of training as a teacher. She is at Weymouth Training College.
- JANET HAYTER (1956) is living at home and has taken a temporary post. She hopes to have secretarial training next year.
- PAT HAYTER (1956) is enjoying her training as a nursery nurse at a municipal nursery at Cheltenham.
- MARGARET HENSTRIDGE (1953) has finished her training at the Salisbury College of Further Education and has been appointed as a junior Matron at Sherborne School for Girls.
- NAOMI HINE (1947) is nursing at the Freemason's Hospital in Melbourne. She enjoyed the trip out and says that Melbourne is a lovely city. She and two friends have bought an old car and hope to tour round as much as possible. She is going to Tasmania for Christmas.
- BARBARA HITCHINGS (1956) is our first girl to go to Hockerill Training College at Bishop's Stortford and is enthusiastic about it.
- GEORGINA HOPKINS (1954) is hoping to train as a nurse when she has obtained her Nursery Nursing Diploma at the Church of England Children's Home at East Grinstead.
- BARBARA HORLOCK JONES (1956) is going to begin her nursing training at the Bath and Wessex Orthopaedic Hospital in January. Meanwhile she is enjoying helping in a family at Wimborne.
- BETTY HORRELL (*née* Burr) wrote from Australia to say that she was our first O.G. to go to Goldsmith's Training College, so that we have actually had three O.G.'s there. She sent us a most interesting bundle of newspapers from Western Australia.

- SALLY HOWELL (1955) has left the Beatrix Nursery at East Knoyle and is now with a family and three children in London.
- ANNE HUBY (1950) brought her husband to see her old school before they sailed for Canada. He is studying to be a doctor at McGill University.
- CYNTHIA HUMBLE (1953) is now working at the Rural District Council's Offices in Shaftesbury.
- HEATHER JESSHOPE (1956) has gone to the Salisbury School of Art for training.
- ADRIENNE LAWRENCE (1956) is at Avery Hill Training College in London and has become a member of the Crystal Palace Junior Brass Band.
- JANET LEGG (1956) is helping in a family near Bridport.
- PAMELA LOVELL (1953) is doing very well at the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital at Bournemouth. Last year she came 1st in the 1st year Practical Nursing Examination and this year came 1st in the Surgery Examination.
- STELLA LUDLOW (1950) is now Receptionist at the Great Western Royal Hotel at Paddington.
- DEIRDRE MACLEAN (1953) is working for an Honours Degree in English at Edinburgh University.
- MARINA MENDE (1955) went to Spain in the summer as part of her course in Honours Spanish at King's College, London, and is staying on in Madrid for several months.
- JANET MOORES (1955) has joined the group of our O.G., who are working at the Wincombe Radar Station.
- DENISE MOORES (1956) is working in the office of the Ministry of Pensions and National Health in Shaftesbury.
- MARY MORRIS (1953) is still working at Porton Experimental Station. She passed in Botany, Zoology and Chemistry at G.C.E. Advanced Level this year and hopes that she will be able to go to London University next year.
- JEAN NATHAN (1951) is having her last term at a Library School. She went to Denmark in July to visit her sister and see her two nieces for the first time, and in August worked at Butlin's holiday camp at Clacton as a waitress. She recommends the experience to any girl who is thinking of taking a social science training.
- MARY PERRY (1950) is now a Staff Nurse at the Royal Hants Hospital at Winchester.
- DAPHNE PICKFORD (1950) had a wonderful time in Oxford as cook at St. Hilda's College, but felt that three years in her first post was long enough, and is now working at the Cowdray Club in Cavendish Square.
- JENNIFER PROTHERO (1954) has been awarded a County Bursary and is now at Seale Hayne Agricultural College in Devon.

- BETH REBBECK (1955) has enjoyed her year at Harrods but has decided to try for a post in meteorological work in the Scientific Civil Service.
- MARGARET SAMSON (1951) has studied both in the University of Manitoba and the University of British Columbia since she went to Canada. She has travelled widely, is engaged to be married, and hopes to achieve a pilot's licence for flying.
- JANET SALISBURY (1956) has been accepted for the Civil Service on her results in G.C.E. Ordinary, Level but is unable to take up an appointment until she has fully recovered from her eye operation.
- VALERIE SHARP (1955) continues to enjoy her work at Bristol. She swims for the University.
- SHEILA SHEPPARD (1955) was unable to complete her first term at Avery Hill Training College owing to ill-health, and is now the Receptionist at the Westminster Hospital in Shaftesbury.
- DIANA SIDFORD (1950) is now nursing in Australia. She is at Sydney. Jenny, the fourth of the Sidford sisters, came to school this term.
- JANICE SIDFORD (1956) is working at a poultry farm at Andover for a year before going to an Agricultural College.
- JANET SQUIRES (1956) has gone to the Salisbury Secretarial College for training.
- PAT STAINER (1956) is helping Mrs. Peter Rutter with her young family.
- JOYCE STONE (1955) has finished her Secretarial Course at the Poole College of Further Education and is working at the Sandhill Park Hospital near Taunton. This is for Adult Mental Defectives. Joyce is finding the work absorbingly interesting.
- ANGELA TOLMAN (1954) is now continuing her nursing training with the W.R.A.F. at their hospital at Wroughton, near Swindon.
- MARGARET TOOGOOD (1956) is working in a television factory at Poole and hopes to train as a librarian later.
- PAT WALTER (1956) is a Lab. Assistant in the United Dairies at Semley.
- ANN WARD (1955) is in the W.R.N.S. and is stationed at Lossiemouth in Scotland. She is enjoying a variety of activities including shooting, yachting, flying, gliding, riding and squash.
- MAVIS WESTWOOD (1956) was accepted for the Civil Service on her results in the G.C.E. Examination at Ordinary Level and is working in the Foreign Office at Cheltenham.
- BARBARA WHITE (1956) is taking a pre-nursing course at Bourne-mouth Municipal College.

AUDREY WILKINS (1952) is enjoying her work as a physio-therapist at Salisbury Infirmary very much.

MARY WILSON (1956) is at Avery Hill Training College in London.

SALLY WOODHEAD (1956) is training to be a physiotherapist at the Bristol Royal Infirmary.

MARGARET WOODMAN (1956) is keenly interested in her work at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington.

MARION WORTHINGTON (1956) is studying to be a doctor at the Royal Free Hospital in London, and is living at Nutford House, the same hostel as Marina Mende.

TESSA WRIGHT (1954) has a class of sub-normal children at a school in Essex.

JEAN WALDON (*née* Haskell) (1953) is teaching in the same school as her husband, the Garden House School at Shrivenham, nr. Swindon.

* * *

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF :

A French Lycee

The Lycee Francais de Londres is a school run by the French Government (whichever one happens to be in power !), for the French in England. However, a certain number of English pupils are allowed to attend, and thus it is that I am following the Lycee's pre-University course, designed to fill in a year between leaving school and going up to a University.

At the beginning of the term, the only impression was one of highly disorganised chaos ! The school has not one, but five secretaries, each of whom deals with situations in his or her own particular manner, but eventually they managed to co-operate, and the tumult subsided into a comparatively regulated calm.

Work begins promptly every morning at nine, for there is no assembly, and each lesson lasts an hour. Great emphasis is placed on philosophy, which occupies six hours of our time each week, and is taught in French. It is possible to learn almost any subject in either English or French as desired. A typical syllabus consists of Latin, French and Philosophy in French, and History and German in English.

English and French mix continually all day long, and it is possible to speak fluent French after a year's intensive course. Indeed, many of the pupils are already bilingual, and speak both languages without a trace of an accent. There are forty different nationalities at the Lycee, and pupils of several colours, but racial and religious differences seem to be of no account.

For a good education and a valuable experience in meeting other people, the Lycee provides a perfect setting. It is essential to work hard, but a great deal of fun is included and anyone who has a year to spare, and really wishes to learn French as it is spoken, cannot do better than spend that year at the French Lycee.

WENDY R. COLYER.

* * *

A Medical Student at London University

Life in London is great fun, very varied and very hectic. We have timed ourselves to a fine degree, so that we know the very latest tube to catch in order to be in time for lectures at 9 o'clock.

The hostel, Nutford House, was built in 1916 as a residence for business women and though this was not directly part of the suffragette movement it was closely connected with it. (It was here that Seretse Khama met Ruth.) Everyone is very friendly and we have three telephones, a library, a garden room and a beautiful drawing room with a grand piano—the last being ideal for dances and 21st birthday parties. I am in the annexe across the road, which is in some ways nicer, because there are carpets on the stairs and the bathrooms are quite exquisite—the nearest being in blue with a spray. At Canterbury Hall, where the Queen Mother is going for the tenth anniversary, they have two lifts, a squash court, chapel, T.V. room, "palm court," theatre and one bathroom between eight students. But of course, we like Nutford House best.

I share a room with Anne, from Southampton—we are both doing the same course. We have a gas ring, but have not used it much as we get plenty of excellent food. On Monday we were guests at the Warden's table for Formal Dinner and met a girl from Berridge House who is in the kitchen gaining experience. She made a wonderful lemon meringue pie!

The Royal Free is much bigger than we expected. Michael Ayrton designed the Physiology block and students are not allowed to use the lift, which is a pity! The lectures are very exciting. As I am exempt from Chemistry, I have lectures on Organic and Physical Chemistry only, especially on all the latest developments. In the first lecture we met aspirin and penicillin but have now settled down to the paraffins. At the beginnings of lectures we sometimes have slides on the American idea of teaching organic chemistry—the carbon atom being a little man whose arms and legs represent the valencies—the results are very

funny and put us in a good mood for the rest of the lecture. In Biology, we are dissecting the Dogfish—sorry, part of what once was a Dogfish—we are taught to regard living organisms as a whole and to distinguish between them and the pickled specimen. We also saw a fresh Dogfish and the difference between that and the smelly things I cut up at school is amazing.

The 2nd year students have been very helpful with advice on books, which lectures not to be late for, and so on. They also tell us about their 'bods' to which they seem quite attached, and introduce us to their skeletons—one is called "Orace."

We have not done a great deal of work yet, as there are so many societies—everything from mountaineering to choral singing, both at college and University level. For sport we have Myddelton House in North London, which is rather like Barton Hill, except there are Rugger and Hockey pitches, etc., and a herb garden, looked after by the School of Pharmacy. On Saturday evenings the School jazz band goes down there along with anyone who wants to jive. (The double bass is made out of a tea-chest!) Last night we went to a social at the University Union and met lots of other students from all parts of the world. We met some 1st year medics from Barts, St. Mary's and Guys. At St. Mary's if you are exempt any subjects, you help in research work and we had details from Roger, who had been plunging hypodermics into cats. There was all kinds of dancing, from quicksteps and waltzes to 'rock n' roll.'

We are getting to know London quite well, and have been to Petticoat Lane to see Margaret Rutherford and Robert Morley in "A Likely Tale," numerous socials, dances, lectures and films (all free!)—but I must stop now and do some "Physics" before rushing off again.

MARION WORTHINGTON.

* * *

The Dreadnought Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich

I am enjoying my new work very much. The history of the "Dreadnought" is very interesting. At the end of the Napoleonic wars there were numerous mariners who were sick and homeless in London and philanthropists, among them William Wilberforce, conceived the plan of establishing a floating hospital for them.

Between 1821 and 1870 the Seamen's Hospital was housed in three successive ships, moored in the Thames off Greenwich.

The second of these ships, converted in 1832, was The Dreadnought which had fought under Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. In 1856 when she was broken up her name had become so well known to merchant seamen that the honourable name was retained, and the present hospital is known the world over by this title.

The Dreadnought came ashore in 1870 and was housed in The Infirmary of The Royal Hospital at Greenwich when the main buildings became The Royal Naval College.

My department is modern as the old-out-patients was bombed ; the present one being opened in 1949.

The nurses' home is built opposite the hospital and next door to The Maritime Museum. From my room I have a lovely view of The Hospital and The Royal Naval College which were designed by Wren.

BETTY JONES.

* * *

A Visit to Germany

Although I have been in Germany for only three weeks, I already feel that it is my second home. The people are extremely kind to me, and very patient when I try to speak in my bad German. I find that most Germans can speak a little English, so that I can usually make myself understood, although often amidst much mirth and amusement.

Kitzeberg, the place at which I am staying, is a lovely little village, twelve kilometres from Kiel. Most of the land is wooded, so that now, in Autumn, it is one blaze of colour. I am used to lovely countryside but never have I seen anything quite so beautiful as Kitzeberg and its surroundings.

The quickest way of reaching Kiel is to go by boat across the harbour, and this gives one the opportunity of seeing the ship-building yards, the entrance to the Nord-Ostsee Canal, and the numerous ships which are continually sailing to and fro. The main part of Kiel is not unlike any other big town, but one difference is that cars do not often enter the main shopping street, which is paved. Practically all the buildings are new, having been rebuilt since the war, and the University, to which I am going for a day before I leave, is a very modern place.

On my journey through Germany from Ostende to Kiel, I was able to stop at both Cologne and Hamburg. Unfortunately, I arrived at Cologne at 3 a.m. and, having to leave two hours later, I could not see much of the actual city. However, I did see the Cathedral looming up into the darkness, and even then it looked magnificent. At Hamburg, I visited the "Kunsthalle" or Art Gallery, and the Harbour. Like Kiel, many of the places

had been destroyed, so that there is not much for the passing visitor to see. One day I am going to visit Schleswig and Lubeck, two beautiful towns North and South of Kiel.

While here, I have been able to go to a German School, and I found a very marked difference from Shaftesbury High School. To begin with, the pupils have to work much harder, although they only have to attend for half-days. The School to which I went has morning school one week, and afternoon school the next. I went in the afternoon, and it seemed a very long time to me, because the timetable was the same as the one used in the mornings, so work commenced at 1.15 p.m. and ended at 6.15 p.m. with a fifteen minute break in the middle. As there are nearly 1,500 pupils, everything is very impersonal, so unlike a small school, but I found it most interesting.

I know that if ever I have a long holiday again, I shall come back to Germany, for it is a country that one can never forget, and the friendliness of its people remains with you for ever, so I hope that many more girls will have the opportunity of coming here.

SUSAN CLARKE.

* * *

Flying by Helicopter

About three weeks ago, a really beautiful little helicopter sailed over the building in which I was, as usual, typing madly ! Imagine my surprise when it came to rest on the parade ground just outside. That evening I met the pilot of this little "Flying Bedstead." It turned out that it was a Dutch Helicopter here on exercise. Unfortunately, this charming flying Dutchman spoke no English, so I was forced to make up my horrible rusty French. Obviously I was a great success with it, because the pilot promised to take me up for a flip.

The very next day I received a mysterious telephone call, telling me to be on the parade ground in five minutes time. It is needless to say that I was there in just under two minutes ! But there was no sign of the helicopter and as I turned away disappointed, I noticed several people looking up towards the top of a tree—there was the little helicopter hovering a few feet above the top boughs. Within seconds it was down and the passenger was climbing out. Rather nervously I hurried across, nearly losing my hair in the terrific hurricane caused by the circling propellers. I was helped up and tucked in, and as I turned round to wave to my friends, I found to my surprise that we were already in the air.

The flight came right up to my greatest expectations ; we

went quite slowly over Bielefeld and waved to everyone who waved to us. The cabin was very small and made completely of clear plastic like substance, consequently one could look at the ground between one's feet — this is *not* quite such a nice experience as one might imagine! The motor, which was immediately behind us, made a dreadful noise and I could not hear myself think, let alone talk in French, so we smiled, nodded and pointed to all the interesting things to be seen in the panorama spread out below us.

Coming down was rather like a descending lift, except I did not have the usual "sinking" feeling. We came directly over our offices and I waved madly to all my friends who were craning out of the windows and then we were down and I was unwrapped and helped out and after shaking hands all round (this apparently is the custom) I returned to my long lost typewriter. I cannot describe the exhilarating thrill in flying in a helicopter, all I can say is, that if I won the Pools, I would buy one and come back to Shaftesbury as quickly as I could to see you all.

SALLY CULVERHOUSE.

* * *

Life in Canada

Canadians en masse are irritatingly ill mannered, but individually they're the most friendly and helpful people. You can hold a door open for a hundred people and not one will thank you, but just ask your way and you'll be on a bus with your fare paid before you can think. Montreal is a cosmopolitan and most exciting city, which Canadians say doesn't typify the land. At night it is quite breathtaking, swarms of coloured lights, enormous cars and people all over the place. I haven't yet seen Montreal sleep. We have been out at midnight and there's still the same crowds and lights, and I can't believe it ever stops. When we arrived here the leaves were just changing colour and it was a lovely sight. All but the city centre streets are tree lined and the maple trees look really beautiful. Unfortunately the leaves fall within two or three days, and all the children are having a wonderful time burying one another in enormous heaps of red and yellow and having bonfires. There is, of course, no Guy Fawkes day, but Halloween is a great thing. Children dress up as ghosts and witches and in the most fantastic get ups and come around with an enormous bag for "Charity Please." The wise give cents or apples and sweets because Halloween is "Trick or Treat" night and non-contributors are liable to find their windows blackened or some other prank played.

McGill is a very lovely University, most of the buildings look old, but the few modern ones—the library for instance, are beautifully equipped and designed. The campus is tree lined and there are hordes of grey squirrels, very tame and harmless, who come and lean on your hand whilst you feed them. I am delighted with them and spend a small fortune on nuts. Derek is reading English, History, Chemistry, Botany and Latin as pre-medical studies and my home life is filled with Latin sentences etc. I think we've almost founded a British Colony in Apartment 11, English students, lecturers and friends fill the place, drop in for a meal, or coffee and our hours are certainly full. We have had only four days in the six weeks that we've been here without guests and we are both really enjoying it.

Canada is culturally very behind England, but the University offers many free entertainments and some very good lectures. I heard Stephen Spender talking on Modern Poetry the other week and Derek has been to some lectures that Dr. Julian Huxley gave which were evidently good but rather difficult. The theatre plays a much smaller part over here. Joyce Grenfell and "Salad Days" are on next week and the main theatre is English.

Over here one can learn to enjoy a very much better standard of living but the graciousness is lost. Our apartment has a beautiful kitchen, with a lovely refrigerator and all one could hope for, the bathroom is the last word in design—pink and black tiled, shower and built in cupboards. The drawing-cum-everything room has beautiful satin wood floors, lovely big windows with venetian blinds and central heating abounds. However, you must be prepared to have your wireless and television programmes exhorting you to spend your last cent on a car, fridge, anything; forgo the pleasure of having your own garden, and in Montreal, be apartment minded. Traffic is very heavy, most people have a car but there are three deaths a day in this city, so you can't have it all ways. After seven years over here I doubt I shall be satisfied with what are here considered antediluvian methods of heating etc., but England has many compensations and we can only wait and see. Canada is certainly a woman's country. Everything is designed to make the housewife's existence a push button affair.

The education standard is very much lower in the High Schools, but the University here is a very famous one, and as far as I can gather justly so. Derek is very irritated by the girls at lectures, who either regard the whole thing as a gossip party or a fashion show. Most of them are at University to find husbands and fail their courses after their first or second years, by which time they're considered old maids if they're not engaged. Fraternities and Sororities are a great thing. To get in,

you are invited to a week's "Rushing," during which time you go to heaps of parties and, if the members like you, you're invited to join a Fraternity. Once in, you can live in the Fraternity house and go to many parties. They have meaningless and peculiar names and each has its own pin. One of our friends was walking past a fraternity house the other evening when someone asked him if he was a Pheegee, which is short for some fraternity name, and got a very odd look when he said "Good Lord no, I'm English."

Two thirds of the population are French, though English seems the predominant language. All notices are printed in both languages, and one could quickly learn the language. The accent is softer than true French, more like Italian and incomprehensible even to those who speak "Parisian" French well.

If anyone at School has any question about Canada I shall be happy to try to find the answers.

ANN PURDON (*née* Huby).

* * *

DORA SUMMERHAYS, R.M.S., R.B.S.A., S.W.A.

Dora Roberts was born at Sherborne on June 28th, 1883. She had four brothers—one younger than herself—and, in her own words, "was slightly pampered when a girl." Until she was 10 years old she was educated by the usual Victorian method of resident governesses; she then went to a private school run by Madam Regan. When she was 14 her mother wished her to go to boarding school and she eventually went, as a boarder, to Grosvenor House School, which is now The County High School for Girls, Shaftesbury. She remained at Grosvenor House until she was 18 and then helped her mother in the home until she married. She was naturally left handed and although every effort was made to alter this, for the rest of her life she sewed, used scissors and cut bread and butter with her left hand but used a pen and paint brush with her right hand. She was always keen on drawing and painting and had extra lessons from a visiting Art Master whilst at Shaftesbury. She was very good at English but her knowledge of Mathematics was almost nil.

In 1911 she married W. E. Summerhays, a science master, and went to live in the Midlands. Scarcely a day passed during which she failed to paint or draw, even if only for a few minutes on an old envelope.

In 1932 she decided to take her painting more seriously and went one day a week to the Birmingham College of Art. Although she had exhibited paintings and miniatures at local exhibitions, her first real success came in 1933 when the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists accepted two of her miniatures. In 1935 she was most fortunate, for B. Fleetwood-Walker, R.A., R.W.S., R.O.I., agreed to accept her in his class at Birmingham. Mr. Walker is that rare combination of fine artist and magnificent teacher and Dora Summerhays made rapid progress.

She now began to have her work accepted by the important Galleries in England and Paris.

In 1936 she had two miniatures on view in the Royal Academy and thereafter she had only one rejected by the Royal Academy.

In 1938 the Royal Miniature Society recognised her work by electing her an associate and it was in this year that she was awarded a Silver Medal by the Paris Salon—the medal being presented to her in London by the French Consul General. It was also in this year that she was elected an associate of the Society of Women Artists.

In 1944 she was elected an associate of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists and in the next year she was made a member of the Royal Miniature Society.

In 1948 she had the rare distinction of being awarded a Gold Medal by the Paris Salon and was elected a member of the Society of Women Artists.

Her last distinction was in 1952 when she was elected a member of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists and this honour pleased her most of all, because during the 140 years existence of the Society only one woman had previously been elected a full member.

In 1939 a collection of self-portraits of contemporary British artists toured some of the largest British towns followed by a tour of the Dominions. Dora Summerhays was asked to submit a self-portrait and the one she painted was accepted.

She had a unique style of painting with an unusual delicacy of line and colour, so that her work could be picked out with ease from a large collection of miniatures.

The many Press notices she had can be summed up by the following remark by the Art Editor of the *Birmingham Post* on March 17th, 1944 :

"There are miniatures by Mrs. Summerhays, who always succeeds in bringing vivid personality into this subtle and difficult art."

She was offered many commissions but would paint only a subject that appealed to her.

She was a great reader and could sum up a book in a few pithy and often witty sentences. So long as a book was well written she could enjoy it, though she preferred biography and detective stories.

A brilliant conversationalist she could, and did, keep a group of people nearly helpless with laughter at her unusual remarks.

Only people lacking a sense of humour failed to be amused by the outrageous things she sometimes said.

She was gay and vital, charmingly illogical and unpredictable but never, never dull or boring.

Her mother bought 55, Salisbury Street when Shaftesbury was sold and left it to her daughter, who named it Forty Winks.

She always had a great affection for Shaftesbury and she and her husband retired there in 1951.

After a long and tragic illness she died on October 22nd, 1955.

* * *

LETTER FROM AN OLD GIRL

Chipembi Mission, N. Rhodesia

As an "old girl" of Grosvenor House School, I was most interested to read in the School Magazine of 1955 your impression of the Apartheid problem in South Africa during your recent visit.

Apart from several visits to England I have lived in Northern Rhodesia since 1940, where my husband is a (Methodist) Missionary, and some of the problems are with us too, but not to the same extent as in the South.

I wish I had known of your intended visit to Africa as it might have been possible for you to have visited us and seen this Colony too. We have a Secondary School at Chipembi for African Girls which will take them up to School Certificate Standard. There are about 180 girls here. It is a Boarding School.

My husband's work is partly literary—he is translating the Old Testament into Citonga, one of the four "official" dialects of the country.

I am very happy in Rhodesia. It is an interesting life and a lovely country. The climate too is good. I was glad to know that your sympathies are with the people we have grown to love.

NANCY HOPGOOD (*née* Norton).