

County High School for Girls SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 20

December, 1957

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ZOO QUEST FOR A DRAGON

D. ATTENBOROUGH.

LUTTERWORTH. 1957.

County High School for Girls Shaftesbury

MAGAZINE

VOL. 20

DECEMBER 1957

CONTENTS

Editorial

Magazine Committee

In Memoriam

The Closure of the School

Staff Notes

Gifts to the School

Leaving Girls, 1956-57

New Girls, 1957

Prefects and Sub-Prefects

Parents' Day, 1957

Speech Day

Prize-winners

REPORTS :

School Council

Social Service

Boarders

Games

Flower Guild

Dramatic and Literary

Musical Activities

Debating Society

LECTURES AND VISITS :

Puppet Show

Lecture on Madagascar

Greek Play at Bryanston

The Opening of the Arts Club
Theatre

SIXTH FORM ACTIVITIES :

Dance with Grammar School

Talks on Christian Denominations

Our First Harvest Festival

EXPEDITION TO DENMARK

HOLIDAY ACTIVITIES :

T. S. "English Rose II"

Windsor World Camp, 1957

Camping in Guernsey

A Holiday in France

The Last Night of the Proms

Travelling Up-Country

POEMS

PARENTS' SECTION

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

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EDITORIAL

Another edition of the School magazine is in your possession, and we hope that you will enjoy it. As you turn over the pages, I wonder if you realise just how much work it entails ? I should like to thank the committee and everyone who has helped.

This year has, as usual, been a busy one. Some people have been watching Latin plays in the pouring rain, others have been singing in concerts, while a few have been arguing with each other in the newly-formed Debating Society. Nearly forty people went on an expedition to Denmark, where they met the Prime Minister himself. We have had some interesting lectures and have seen the film of "Richard III". It did not rain on Sports Day, and the standard of games is gradually getting higher.

It was unfortunate that we could not hold Speech Day this year, owing to the 'flu epidemic ; but, as Miss Dunford said, we have made history. Never before has our School had an informal Prize Day in the Stalbridge Hut.

One last word—If, after reading the magazine, your comment is that it is not as good as it should be, or not as good as it has been, we should be glad to have your contribution for its improvement !

* * *

Magazine Committee

Editress : SARA HENDERSON
Sub-Editress : JENNY STAGG
Committee : FRANCES POLLARD
KATE COLES
HEATHER SWANN
ROSEMARY WAGNER
PAULINE FISHER

IN MEMORIAM

We are a Dorset School but, as we are on the borders of Wiltshire, we also serve the Wiltshire Authority, so that it was with a sense of personal loss that we heard of the death of Miss Scott Baker.

Miss Scott Baker's first visit to the School was in 1950 when she came to present the prizes on Speech Day. She was then the Deputy Director of Education. On the retirement of Mr. Innes, Miss Scott Baker became the Chief Education Officer for Wiltshire and so won the proud distinction of being the first woman in England to hold such a position. We deeply regret that she held it for so short a time and we shall miss her keen interest in the School and her quick response to any appeal for help.

* * *

THE CLOSURE OF THE SCHOOL

For the first time in its history as a Maintained School, our School had to be closed on account of illness from October 10th-14th. We had hoped to escape the influenza epidemic but by Wednesday, October 9th, there were 79 girls absent, and, with six members of Staff incapacitated, and only one House Mistress in each boarding-house left to cope with both the sick and the well, it was impossible for us to carry on. We were allowed to close the school and all the boarders who could travel, and for whom the necessary arrangements could be made, were sent home. The surviving teaching staff then helped to look after the boarders who had to remain here, while the House Staff looked after the sick ones.

The time of closure was hardly long enough for real recovery, and it was not until after half-term that we could feel that we were once more working under normal conditions.

It was a special disappointment that we had to cancel Speech Day this year when Miss Mann, former Principal of St. Hilda's College, Oxford, was coming to present the prizes, and when there was so much of importance to report to our friends, particularly the news of the best G.C.E. results we have ever had, and the highly successful expedition to Denmark.

The three weeks of the emergency were, as always, a time of testing. We cannot pay too high a tribute to Miss Woods, who carried on the school in my absence, and to Miss Langton,

Miss Maddiek at Barton Hill, and Miss Abbott at Sunridge, steadfastly carried a heavy burden and the remaining members of the Staff willingly undertook unfamiliar duties. The older girls, with very few exceptions, gave all the help they could, taking the younger girls for preparation periods, dancing and walks, and, in addition, laying tables and washing-up in the Canteen. We had many pleasant surprises when shy girls, who usually prefer to remain in the background, volunteered for the less congenial jobs and gave all the service they could.

Once more we give thanks for the "close unity of good purpose and of love one toward another" which is our strength, and we hope that the younger members of our school, in their turn, will learn from the older ones "to give and not to count the cost."

M. K. DUNFORD.

* * *

STAFF NOTES

We were very sorry that Miss Brewington had to be away from us so long last year. We were fortunate to have such a congenial substitute as Miss Joseclyne and we were most grateful to her for making a break in her retirement. We were also glad that Miss Towell could stay with us during the Spring and Summer terms and we shall long remember her energy. We welcomed Miss Tofield this term as P.E. mistress and as the resident mistress at Barton Hill. At Sunridge, Miss Abbott, an Old Girl, joined us in May as Assistant House Mistress.

Miss McGill was married in February to Alan Rickard. We were very glad that she was able to continue teaching here for a while and very sorry that she has had to give up her work in this part of Dorset. Her enthusiasm and friendliness meant much to us. We have been glad to see Miss Sharp in her place.

Miss Williams is having a term's holiday and Miss Hayward is taking her place.

Miss Drake enjoyed a Ministry Course in Music held at Reading in July and returned with new ideas. Miss Watkins went to Oxford in August for a Course in Classics.

M.E.W.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

- Of money : Gillian Hann
Jennifer Harding
Barbara Horlock-Jones
- Bible for the Hall : Betty Jones
Hilary Jones
- Library Books : Jane Brayford (E. Fellowes, "English
Madrigal Composers")
Susan Broadhouse (G. M. Durrant, "Journey
into Roman Britain")
Heather Cheater (L. E. Harris, "Vermuyden
and the Fens")
Wendy Colyer (A. de Musset, "Lorenzaccio";
J. Anouilh, "Pieces Roses")
Jennifer Harding (M. Mahood, "Shake-
speare's Wordplay";
Edward Thomas "Collected
Poems")
Hilary Jones (T. Lever, "The House of
Pitt")

* * *

LEAVING GIRLS, 1956-57

Autumn Term 1956

- Form U. VI. J. Salisbury
Form L. VI. G. Hann
J. Priddlo
Form U. V. S. Gray
S. Howell
Form L. V. P. Bailey
H. Rideout
J. Wyllie
J. Wyman

Spring Term 1957

- Form L. VI. H. Moody
Form L. V. J. Booth
Form L. IV. M. Cocks
V. Drew
N. Grieve

Summer Term, 1957

- Form U. VI. P. Colyer, A. Godeseth, S. Gray, J. Harding, S. Hiscock, R. Phillips,
B. Salisbury.
Form L. VI. J. Allum, S. Broadhouse, H. Cheater, A. Gibbons, H. Jones,
M. Jones, S. McLeod, M. Padfield.
Form U. V. J. Bown, J. Brain, S. Brooks, C. Filor, M. French, Y. Humphries,
S. Pallister, A. Morris, M. Rose, H. Salisbury, J. Wareham.
Form L. V. C. Harding, R. Hedges, H. Hunt, J. Jay, R. Phillips.
Form U. IV. V. Griffiths.
Form L. IV. J. Garrett, J. Woodman.
Form III. J. Marshall.

NEW GIRLS, 1957

Spring Term, 1957

	<i>Present Form</i>		<i>Previous School</i>
R. Hedges	—		Basingstoke High School
C. Sergeant	—	U. V.	St. Christopher, Letchworth
B. Sergeant	—	L. V.	St. Christopher, Letchworth
P. Day	—	U. IV.	Lord Digby's, Sherborne
G. Jackson	—	U. IV.	Parkstone Grammar School

Summer Term, 1957

S. Murphy	—	L. V.	Frome Grammar School
A. Perkins	—	U. IV.	Portsmouth Southern Grammar School
P. Fisher	—	III.	St. Joseph's Convent, Nicosia, Cyprus

Autumn Term, 1957

G. Fooks	—	L. V.	Trowbridge High School
D. Clifton	—	U. IV.	Government School, Stanley, Falkland Islands
R. Lillie	—	U. IV.	The Park School, Yeovil
J. Floyd	—	L. IV.	Shaftesbury County Modern School
J. Powell	—	L. IV.	St. Cyprian's School, Cape Town
J. Clarke	—	III.	Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
E. Cole	—	III.	Cann C. of E. Primary School
J. Day	—	III.	Fisherton Anger Primary School, Salisbury
C. Ederle	—	III.	Hindon V.C. School
C. Emery	—	III.	Maud Road Primary School, Dorchester
J. Feltham	—	III.	Tisbury V.C. Mixed School
S. Goddard	—	III.	Highbury Avenue County Junior and Infants' School, Salisbury
S. Harcourt-Brooks	III.	—	Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
E. Hughes	—	III.	Bemerton C. of E. School
D. Keevil	—	III.	St. Mark's Junior Mixed School, Salisbury
S. Lewis	—	III.	Manston C. of E. Primary School
L. Mitchell	—	III.	Cann C. of E. Primary School
S. Mitchell	—	III.	Lee-on-Solent County Primary School
S. Pile	—	III.	Charlton House School, Gillingham
J. Priddle	—	III.	Ebbesbourne Wake C. of E. School
A. Read	—	III.	St. Leonard's School, Motcombe
Hazel Reid	—	III.	Iwerne Minster Primary C. of E. School
Heather Reid	—	III.	Iwerne Minster Primary C. of E. School
J. Richards	—	III.	St. Joseph's Convent, Devizes
R. Riggs	—	III.	Fovant C. of E. School
M. Rutter	—	III.	St. Aldhem's Voluntary Primary School
J. Seammell	—	III.	Berwick St. John School
J. Squire	—	III.	Ludwell County School
A. Stainer	—	III.	St. Leonard's School, Motcombe
J. Trustram	—	III.	Shillingstone C. of E. Voluntary Aided School
D. Waters	—	III.	Fisherton Anger Primary School, Salisbury
E. Wood	—	III.	St. Peter's Primary School, Parkstone
S. Woolridge	—	III.	Ashmore County Primary School

SCHOOL OFFICIALS; 1957-58

Head Girl	—	—	Clare Harris
Deputy Head Girl	—	—	Christine Burton
Prefects	—	—	Jill Baigent, Jenny Burridge, Daphne Woodman, Ann Parham, Catherine Richmond
Sub-Prefects	—	—	Ann Hall, Sara Henderson, Rose Napper, Shirley Mitchell, Christine Harrison, Celia Layzell.

* * *

PARENTS' DAY, 1957

May the twenty-second dawned bright and clear. It was Parents' Day and my birthday, too. When we got to school we had prayers, in which Miss Dunford showed us her log-book, which had all the previous Parents' Days described in it. We had the normal three lessons before break, but after break was over there was the form-room to be made beautiful. Several girls helped with this and the girls who had nothing else to do, went into the garden and became the "Scavenger Squad," which had to pick up all the bits of litter that were lying around.

At quarter past twelve the Lower School trooped over to the Canteen at Sunridge for a hurried dinner, which ended about twenty-five minutes to one. By half past one all the competitors had to change and then we went, in our Houses, up to the field for the School sports.

The Sports were very interesting and in the hundred yards it was amazing to see some people streak away from the rest. The Parents' race was the funny event that afternoon. To see some of the men trying to hurdle was so funny—and to see the fathers or mothers and their daughters trying to skip together was amusing. The Athletics Cup went to Barnes' House who had ninety-eight points, Wren had ninety-six points, and Hardy had thirty - six points.

After the Sports, the Third Form and their parents had tea at Barton Hill. We all sat on the lawn with our food and ate and ate. When we had finished tea most of us took our parents to see the Upper Fourth's Form-room, and the Art Room.

Then we went down to the Main part of the School and looked round the form-rooms. I think, out of the many rooms that we saw; that our form-room and the Third's, looked best of all. We had so many beautiful flowers. Then we went to the Hall and looked at the many varieties of hobbies in the Hobbies Exhibition. This finished Parents' Day for my Parents and me.

The next day, Miss Dunford told us that it really had been a Red Letter Day.

ROSEMARY WAGNER, *Lower IV.*

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day had been the cause of much anxiety for a long time ever since we had learned that we could no longer use the Savoy Cinema platform for Prize-giving. We had just planned how to use the space in front of the seats and arranged for extra lighting, when so many members of the Staff and of the School were stricken with influenza or with colds that the School was closed for a few days and Speech Day cancelled for this year.

On Friday, October 25th, Mrs. Bradford joined us in the Stalbridge Hut for a short but very happy prize-giving. After introductory remarks from Miss Dunford, Mrs. Bradford gave away the prizes and then spoke to the girls about letting their parents share in their lives by telling them about the small as well as the big things that happened every day.

Clare Harris, our Head Girl, presented Mrs. Bradford with some red and white carnations, a token of our appreciation of her very real interest and affection for our School. As Miss Dunford said in her opening remarks, Mrs. Bradford is never too busy to help us when we need advice or to be with us on all kinds of formal and informal occasions.

We ended Prize-giving with the Massed Song, one of the songs from "The Good Earth" that the Choir had sung last term. The composer, Trevor Widdicombe, has given us his permission to use it as a School song.

Although we were disappointed that we had had to cancel Speech Day, we did enjoy this unusual prize-giving.

* * *

PRIZE-WINNERS

Subject Prizes

English	—	—	—	—	Ruth Phillips
Religious Knowledge	—	—	—	—	Sylvia Hiscock
History	—	—	—	—	Hilary Jones
French	—	—	—	—	Penrose Colyer
Latin	—	—	—	—	Ruth Phillips
Mathematics	—	—	—	—	Jenny Burridge
Science	—	—	—	—	Aslaug Godeseth
Art	—	—	—	—	Mary Norris
Speech Training	—	—	—	—	Jenny Harding
					Hilary Jones
Accompanist	—	—	—	—	Ann Hall
Dora Summerhays Prize for Literature	—	—	—	—	Sarah Jordan
Dora Summerhays Prize for Painting	—	—	—	—	Ann Hall

Good Work Prizes

Upper VI.	—	—	—	—	Jenny Harding
Upper V.	—	—	—	—	Sara Henderson
					Rosemary Lawrence
					Anna Lazarides
					Mary Norris
					Jenny Stagg
					Daphne Woodman
Lower V.	—	—	—	—	Patricia Ridout
Upper IV.	—	—	—	—	Ann Milroy
					Vicki Pitcher
					Gillian Ralph
					Diane Rowbottom
Lower IV	—	—	—	—	Coral Hutchings
					Rosalind Jackson
Form III.	—	—	—	—	Michelle Emery
					Rosemary Wagner

Prizes for Special Progress

Lower V. B.	—	—	—	—	Lesley Millar
Upper IV.	—	—	—	—	Jean Upton
Lower IV.	—	—	—	—	Sally Church
					Rita Parsons
Form III	—	—	—	—	Elizabeth Hardy
					Christine Hayter

Cambridge General Certificate of Education

Advanced and Scholarship Level : P. Colyer, A. Godeseth, J. Harding, S. Hiscock, R. Phillips.

General Certificate of Education

Ordinary Level : J. Alner, J. Bown, J. Brain, M. French, C. Filor, C. Harrison, S. Henderson, Y. Humphries, R. Lawrence, A. Lazarides, S. Mitchell, A. Morris, R. Napper, M. Norris, S. Pallister, P. Potter, C. Richmond, M. Rose, D. Sheppard, J. Stagg, J. Wareham, J. White, D. Woodman.

Champion House Cup : BARNES

Head Girl's Award : Jenny Harding

* * *

SCHOOL COUNCIL ACTIVITIES

This year it was decided that we must improve our refreshments at matches, so some money was allotted from the Activities Fund for the Games Secretary to buy what she thought suitable. This arrangement is now working out very well.

For our Christmas tree, this year, Miss Drake gave us a box of brightly coloured balls and a box of crackers was also bought.

The School has its own Christmas card now, which, we hope, will be on sale for the first time this Christmas. After much discussion, it was decided that it should be kept plain, in black and white, with the School crest on the front, and, if wanted, a twisted silk cord round it in the School colours.

We still have some money in hand from the Fête last year, and it has been suggested that we put it towards something to replace the radiogram which, after nearly ten years' hard work, is worn out !

SARA HENDERSON, *Secretary*.

* * *

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

During the past year, we have supported many different appeals including those of the British Epilepsy Association, Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service, Oxford Famine Relief Association and the R.S.P.C.A. We also helped at the time of the Hungarian Revolution by supporting the Lord Mayor's Appeal and collecting clothes for the British Legion who sent them to the Red Cross.

As usual, we sold seals at Christmas, but this time for the Cancer Research, Spastics and Tuberculosis Appeals.

We have received information about a young Jamaican girl who has obtained a place for herself in a secondary school in Jamaica, but who has not had enough money to complete her studies. We intend to have a collection each term to help her.

CHRISTINE CROUCH, *Secretary*.

* * *

THE BOARDERS' REPORT

Many changes have occurred in the boarding houses during this last year. Miss Brewington, after her long illness, has given up her position as assistant house-mistress at Barton Hill House. We thank her for all she has done to make Barton Hill a happy house. In her place we welcome Miss Tofield, and hope that she will enjoy boarding-house life. At Sunridge, we had to say goodbye to Miss Robson, and we welcome Miss Abbott. We thank Miss Robson for the help she has given, both at Sunridge and Barton Hill.

At the end of the Summer Term, Miss Dunford had a great shock for the boarders. Owing to the Minister of Education's refusal to allow another house to be built at Barton Hill, the boarding system was to be rearranged. All seniors from Lower V upwards were in future, to live at Sunridge, while the juniors would have the benefit of the garden at Barton Hill. There would be two headboarders at Sunridge, and two at Barton Hill. Although many were dubious about the success of the scheme, it is now obvious that it is an asset to all concerned. Each form, with the exception of Forms III and Lower IV, have a Common-room of their own. As all the seniors are now in one house, we have decided not to continue the Senior Boarders' Club, although the Juniors wish to continue.

The Boarders' picnic this year was rather different from usual, mainly because of the weather. Sunridge were to have gone to Swanage for the day, and Barton Hill to Studland, but finally both houses went to Bournemouth. After bathing or shopping in the morning, everyone thoroughly enjoyed the performance of "Ruddigore," by the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company, at the Pavilion. The Boarders' party, as usual, was an outstanding success, and the skit, "The Old Girls' Return," acted by the Staff, was as humorous as ever.

The boarders won the boarders v. day girls hockey match 3-0. Unfortunately the tennis match had to be cancelled.

Regular schools' services are now well-established, and we also have Corporate Communion on the first and last Sunday of every term. This year also, the senior girls have attended Parish Communion.

We lost eight seniors at the end of the Summer Term, and in their stead we welcome ten new girls. We hope they will be happy amongst us, and that they will aid the boarders towards another successful year.

JILL V. BAIGENT,
DAPHNE WOODMAN.

Headboarders.

* * *

BARNES HOUSE REPORT, 1956-57

<i>House Mistress</i>		Miss Watkins
<i>House Captain</i>		Aslaug Godeseth
<i>Vice-House Captain</i>		(i) Hilary Moody (September-April)
		(ii) Christine Burton (April-July)
<i>House Games Captain</i>		Heatlier Cheater

What a successful year ! Barnes was Top House, and this fact may be attributed to the hard work and enthusiasm put in by Aslaug Godeseth, the House Captain. Keeping up the tradition of being a very sporting House, Barnes walked or ran (but not swam unfortunately) away with all the cups. Wren just managed to beat us for the Swimming Shield, but that will not happen again this year !

At the beginning of the year, every House was given a charity towards which it should contribute, and some Barnes' members knitted some very colourful squares which were made into a blanket and sent to a refugee abroad.

A new idea was introduced last year, which was that every House should take Morning Prayers on one of the last three days of term. Barnes thoroughly enjoyed doing this, and as most of the School appreciated the Prayers, we hope the arrangement will be continued.

Everyone was very amused at the House Party when trying to guess which baby photograph belonged to which member of the Staff or VI form. The House Party was yet another great success.

The members of Barnes House are now aiming at trying to make this new year as successful and enjoyable as the last.

CHRISTINE BURTON, *House Captain*.

* * *

WREN HOUSE REPORT, 1956-57

<i>House Mistress</i>			Miss Matthews
<i>House Captain</i>			Shirley McLeod
<i>Vice-House Captain</i>			Ruth Phillips
<i>House Games Captain</i>			Jill Baigent

Last year, the New Girls were welcomed into the House by the House Mistress, who, for the first time, presented the girdles.

The House Party was a very successful and happy occasion, and all those who attended seemed to be enjoying themselves, and the House is most grateful to all those who helped.

During the Easter Term there were House Collections for charity. The response to the appeal for milk-bottle tops was good, and the Captain was able to send off a worthwhile quantity.

Last year saw a noticeable improvement in the games. Wren came second in netball, hockey and athletics, last in tennis and top in swimming. Of these, the athletics and swimming were notably the best, and Wren should maintain its position this year. Wren came second in the competition for the Work Cup, and so was finally placed second house. By a real

effort by everyone, Wren might once again manage to be champion house this year.

JENNY BURRIDGE
House Captain

* * *

HARDY HOUSE REPORT, 1956-57

Last year the standard of Hardy House increased considerably, both in work and sport, compared with the previous year. However, a great deal of hard work is needed by all the members to raise the standard even higher. I am very pleased to say that enthusiasm and support of the House is steadily increasing, and I hope it will continue to do so.

Hardy during 1957-58 will, as last year, be a young House, with only two members in the Sixth Form after Christmas.

Last term we said goodbye to Merrill Foulkes Jones, the Captain, Shirley Gray, the vice-Captain. Clare Harris, the Games Captain, is now Head Girl. We also welcome back Miss Brewington as House Mistress for the present year, and hope that her health is now fully restored, to enable her to take part in all the House activities.

This year is already well on the way. Hardy, let us be Top House at the end of it!

CATHERINE RICHMOND.

* * *

GAMES REPORT

Hockey Report, 1956-57

		Results		
Oct. 6th	1st XI	v. Blandford	Home	Drew 3-3
Oct. 20th	1st XI	v. Lord Digby's	Away	Lost 2-8
Nov. 10th	1st XI	v. Old Girls	Home	Lost 3-8
Nov. 17th	1st XI	v. Sherborne 'B'	Away	Lost 0-5
Dec. 1st	1st XI	v. St. Antony's	Away	Lost 0-2
Dec. 8th	Under 15	v. Gillingham Mod.	Home	Lost 0-2
Dec. 15th	1st XI	v. Dorchester	Home	Lost 0-10
Jan. 19th	1st XI	v. Gillingham Grammar	Away	Won 2-0
Jan. 26th	1st XI	v. Blandford	Away	Won 3-0
Feb. 2nd	1st XI	v. St. Mary's		Cancelled
Feb. 9th	15 and Under	v. Wimborne		Cancelled
Mar. 2nd	1st XI	v. La. Retraite	Home	Won 2-1
Mar. 16th	15 and Under	v. Wimborne	Away	Won 3-2
	Scratch Senior Team	v. Blandford	Away	Lost 0-2
Mar. 26th	1st XI	v. St. Mary's	Away	Lost 0-6
Mar. 30th	1st XI	v. Lord Digby's	Home	Won 4-2
April 6th	1st XI	v. Gillingham Grammar	Home	Won 2-1

Won 6; Drawn 1; Lost 8.

Inter-School Matches

December 19th.—Boarders 3, Day Girls 0.

House Matches

March 26th.—Winning House, Barnes; Runner-up, Wren.

Six-a-side Tournament

Oct. 13th. Winning Team—S. Henderson (Capt.), M. French, R. Phillips, J. Wyllie, A. Milroy, J. Gatehouse.

The team which started the season was inevitably inexperienced, and the result was a very disappointing first term. Refusing, however, to be discouraged, the same team were on the whole successful for the rest of the season, beating several redoubtable opponents who had before beaten us by a large margin.

On March 9th a number of girls were able to visit Wembley to watch, enjoy and learn a great deal from the England v. Ireland Hockey International.

Because of her father's illness Miss Beer was unable to be with us for much of the Autumn Term, and Miss Towell very kindly "stepped into the breach." When Miss Beer had finally to leave, we were very pleased indeed that Miss Towell was able to stay on with us. We were truly sorry when she too left us at the end of the school year. This term we welcome Miss Toffield to Shaftesbury.

1st XI, 1956-57

Goalkeeper: S. Broadhouse (Sec.)

Right Back: C. Harris* (Capt.)

Left Back: M. French

Right Half: S. Mitchell

Centre Half: C. Case

Left Half: E. Harding

Right Wing: H. Cheater (Vice-Capt.)

Right Inside: A. Gibbons

Centre Forward: A. Godeseth

Left Inside: S. Henderson

Left Wing: J. Harding*

* Denotes Colours already won.

Colours, 1956-57.—H. Cheater, A. Godeseth, S. Henderson, E. Harding.

CLARE HARRIS (*Hockey Captain, 1956-57*).
Upper VI.

Athletics Report, 1957

This year has been yet another successful one in the field of sport. Our results in the North Dorset Sports were the best they have ever been, for we won two trophies and shared the third. They were held at Gillingham Grammar and County Modern Schools on May 25th, and the results were as follows:—

In all 16 records were broken, three of which were broken by:—

C. Burton	—	—	High Jump
H. Cheater	—	—	100 yards
C. Hutchings	—	—	Long Jump

Junior Girls : 100 yards — — P. Cornish, 3rd.
 150 yards — — R. Jackson, 1st.
 Hurdles — — C. Head, 3rd.
 Long Jump — — C. Hutchings, 1st.
 Relay Team, 2nd. P. Cornish, R. Jackson, C. Head and
 C. Hutchings.
 Team placings : Shaftesbury High School tie for 1st place with
 Blandford Modern.

Secondary Girls : 100 yards — — P. Ridout, 3rd.
 150 yards — — C. Case, 1st ; P. Collis, 2nd.
 Hurdles — — P. Barfoot, 1st ; J. Marsden, 2nd.
 Long Jump — — M. Breeds, 1st.
 Relay Team, 1st. P. Barfoot, P. Ridout, J. Upton, M. Breeds.
 Team placings : Shaftesbury High School 1st.

Intermediate Girls 100 yards — — H. Cheater, 1st.
 High Jump — — C. Burton, 1st ; J. Burridge, 2nd.
 Javelin — — S. Mitchell, 2nd ; D. Sheppard, 3rd.
 Long Jump — — A. Parham, 3rd.
 Hurdles — — A. Lazarides, 1st ; S. Brooks, 2nd.
 Relay Team, 2nd. H. Cheater, S. Mitchell, J. Burridge, A.
 Lazarides.
 Team placings : Shaftesbury High School 1st.

The results of the Dorset Sports held at the Modern School,
 Shaftesbury, on June 22nd :—

Junior Girls : 100 yards — — R. Jackson
 Long Jump — — C. Hutchings

Secondary Girls : 150 yards — — C. Case, 3rd ; P. Collis
 Hurdles — — P. Barfoot, 4th ; J. Marsden
 Long Jump — — M. Breeds, 2nd.
 Relay Team, 3rd. J. Upton, C. Case, P. Ridout.

Intermediate Girls 100 yards — — H. Cheater, 4th.
 High Jump — — C. Burton, 1st.
 Javelin — — S. Mitchell, 4th.
 Hurdles — — A. Lazarides, 2nd ; S. Brooks, 3rd.
 Relay Team, 2nd. H. Cheater.

Senior Girls : 150 yards — — J. Harding, 1st.
 Discus — — H. Jones, 1st ; M. French, 2nd.
 Relay Team, 1st. J. Baigent, J. Harding, S. Grey, A. Godeseth.

SCHOOL SPORTS

These were held at our own field on Wednesday, May 22nd—
 a little earlier than usual. Although there was such little time
 to practise, the standard was quite high, especially in the Middle
 School. Barnes retained the House Cup by a very narrow margin
 after a tough fight with Wren.

Mrs. Bradford very kindly presented the cups to the following :—

<i>Lower School :</i>	Winner :	Coral Hutchings
	Runners-up :	Penny Cornish, Betty Bush
<i>Middle School :</i>	Winners :	Margaret Breeds, Patricia Ridout
	Runners-up :	Pat Barfoot, Jean Upton
<i>Upper School :</i>	Winner :	Heather Cheater
	Runners-up :	Jenny Harding

Lastly, I should like to say "thank you" to Miss Towell for all the hard work she did, and to the girls who really did their best and raised the standard of our athletics, which I hope will continue.

HEATHER CHEATER, *Captain.*

Tennis Report, 1957

This season's tennis was considerably below the standard of the previous year's. There was no set team throughout the season and our lack of ability and experience was proved when we were utterly defeated by the Hall School and St. Mary's, both of whom had a very high standard of play. In spite of all this, we had our victories.

We were very disappointed when we were unable to play the Old Girls whom we were firmly convinced we could beat !

For the first time an "Under Fifteen" team was formed. Their experience will prove very valuable in the future of the School's tennis, and with continual practice we hope they will be able to raise the standard.

<i>Opponents</i>		<i>Matches</i>	<i>S.H.S.</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Result</i>	
Blandford	—	—	1st VI	Away	Won	52—47
Gillingham	—	—	1st VI	Away	Won	47—40
The Hall School	—	—	1st VI	Home	Lost	18—63
Gillingham	—	—	1st VI	Home	Won	53—46
St. Monica's	—	—	1st VI	Home	Won	51—20
St. Monica's	—	—	2nd VI	Home	Won	57—18
Blandford	—	—	Scratch team	Home	Lost	21—42
Blandford	—	—	Under 15's	Home	Won	33—30
St. Mary's Convent	—	—	1st VI	Away	Lost	14—67
St. Mary's Convent	—	—	2nd VI	Away	Lost	22—59

1st VI

1st Couple :	S. Pallister (Capt.) and C. Case
2nd Couple :	J. Harding and S. McLeod, or A. Welford and J. Burridge
3rd Couple :	J. Allum and S. Grey, or A. Gibbons and P. Potter

Under 15 Team

1st Couple :	P. Barfoot and A. Milroy
2nd Couple :	E. Harding and K. Godwin
3rd Couple :	S. Welch and J. Copley

SUSAN PALLISTER, *Captain.*

Swimming Report, 1957

It is very noticeable that the standard of swimming in the School has risen since last season. It is also plain that there is more enthusiasm for swimming now, although it comes mainly from the Middle and Lower School.

The School retained, as in previous years, the use of the baths for an hour on Monday evenings, and an hour for the boarders on Saturday mornings. The time was made good use of and Miss Towell devoted much of her free time to coaching enthusiastic beginners. As a result there was a record number of entries for the Swimming Gala, which was held on July 23rd.

The whole afternoon went smoothly, due to Miss Towell's organisation, and ended with Wren House surprising everyone by gaining enough points to win the Swimming Shield. Barnes came a close second, with Hardy in third place.

The Senior Championship was won by Anna Lazarides, with Sally Brooks as runner-up. Vicki Pitcher easily won the Middle School Cup with Alison Grant as runner-up, while Gillian Jackson won the Junior School Cup with Carolyn Head as runner-up.

I sincerely hope that the enthusiasm for swimming will continue to grow, and so gradually raise the already high standard.

ANN GIBBONS, *Swimming Captain.*

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FLOWER GUILD REPORT

During the past year, although the number of Flower Guild members has somewhat dwindled, those who came were very enthusiastic and some very good results were achieved.

The highlights of the year were the Christmas Exhibition and the Parents' Day Exhibition. The former was thoroughly enjoyed by the School and was also a great success financially. The Parents' Day Exhibition included some very charming arrangements, which many of the parents appreciated.

By the end of the year, although six new members were added from Upper IV and Jenny Burridge was welcomed from the VI form, the funds were greatly diminished. The members of the Flower Guild have begun this year hoping that funds will be increased, and that all the activities will be as successful as those of the previous two years.

CHRISTINE BURTON, *Secretary.*

DRAMATIC AND LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

In the Autumn Term we enjoyed several play-readings, and a talk on stage make-up from Miss Woods. At Easter, we prepared, and produced, with the help of Miss Woods and Miss Moore, "The Rehearsal." This short play was performed in the School Hall, and as we gave two performances, all the girls were able to see it. No meetings were held during the Summer Term, but by the Society's requests and financial help, a representative from Yardley's was invited to give the senior girls a talk on Good Grooming.

In this new school year we have recently begun casting "As You Like It," which we hope to perform at the end of the Spring Term.

JILL V. BAIGENT, *Secretary.*

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MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

Apart from the choir's packed programme, there have been several other musical activities this year.

During the Spring Term, Dr. Johnson arranged an informal concert for us. He brought two friends to the School, Mrs. Dora Willner, well-known singer, who has now retired, and Miss Lucy Vincent, renowned oboe-player, who has played in most of the principal orchestras in the land. Mrs. Willner, accompanied by Dr. Johnson on the piano, and Miss Vincent on the oboe, sang some Bach compositions, which enthralled us, although some of us found them a little difficult to understand fully at the first hearing. The musicianship of all three performers was of a very high standard, and we all felt that we had greatly enriched our musical experience by hearing them.

As usual there were many entrants in the North Dorset Music Festival, both in the individual and group classes. Hard work and enthusiasm resulted in several cups and certificates being awarded to our girls. Lower V, in particular, distinguished themselves with a fine piece of singing. We wish, however, that there had been more entrants in many of the classes, so that the competition would have been keener. Nevertheless, we greatly enjoyed and benefited from this opportunity of joining with other schools to make music together, and next year we hope to attain even higher standards.

Although we were forced to cut our musical programme on Prize Day, nevertheless the School sang "The Sower's Song,"

from "The Good Earth," by Trevor Widdicombe, which the Choir performed last May. Mr. Cameron accompanied us ably on the piano, and we thank him for helping us so willingly at such short notice.

Finally, in "The Sleeping Monk," which the new Shaftesbury Arts Centre is performing, six of our girls are playing recorders, under Miss Drake's guidance, and three of our old girls are singing in "The Nuns' Chorus."

J. STAGG, *Lower VI.*

The School Orchestra

Throughout the past year the School Orchestra has carried on with its normal weekly practice.

The main event of the year was our entering the North Dorset Music Festival during the Spring Term. The piece of music we played was "Andante," by Mozart, which won us second place with the result that we performed in the evening concert.

Unfortunately Mrs. Rickard had to leave us at the end of the year, which was a very great loss to the orchestra, as we were very fond of her and she was a great inspiration to us all. We now welcome Miss Sharp in her place.

FRANCES POLLARD, *Upper V.*

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The Choir

At the beginning of the year, the Choir knew that they had a great deal of hard work before them, and after the Carol Service, held early in December, the time seemed very short.

After returning to School on January 10th, six members of the Choir were chosen to represent the School at the Concert for the Blind, in the Town Hall on February 1st and 2nd.

School examinations began on February 7th and on the same evening a party of twelve from the Choir travelled to Blandford by 'bus, accompanied by Miss Drake, to take part in a concert arranged by Dr. Reginald Johnson. They sang a group of four Mozart Canons.

Preparation then went ahead at full speed for the concert we were to give at the end of May. The works which were to be performed were "The Good Earth," a new choral work, for solo and female voice choir, with string accompaniment, written by Trevor Widdicombe, and "The Liebeslieder" (Songs of Love), by Brahms.

Rehearsals were very difficult to arrange, and there was only one complete practice, on the morning of the first performance, with the composer and the orchestra.

Both the School's performance, and the public performance the following evening were a great success. We were very honoured to have the composer to conduct his new work, and Mr. Joseph Saxby with Dr. Reginald Johnson playing the duet accompaniment for the "Liebeslieder," and also performing the Sonata in C by Mozart between the two works. The soloist in the "Good Earth" was a member of the choir, and gave a very pleasing performance, although she had not sung before in a work of this kind.

We thoroughly enjoyed the concert and felt that the hard work beforehand had been fully justified.

After a rest in the Summer Term, during which we built up our repertoire, we are looking forward to the Carol Service with enthusiasm.

J. STAGG,
C. RICHMOND, *L.V.I.*

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THE CAROL SERVICE

The Carol Service took place on December 7th in Holy Trinity Church. The service was taken by the Reverend G. K. Horlock-Jones. The combined choirs of the Grammar and High Schools led the singing of the hymns, and also contributed many beautiful carols. Together they sang, "Carol, Sirs, the blessed birth," "I saw a maiden," "Angels from the realms of glory," and "We three Kings." The girls' choir sang "Dormi Jesu," "The Holly and the Ivy," and "O little one, sweet." The readers from the Grammar School were David Roberts and David Pound, and from the High School were Penrose Colyer and Michelle Emery. The church was packed to capacity with friends of both schools, many of whom afterwards said that it had been a thoroughly successful and enjoyable service.

CLARE HARRIS, *Upper VI.*

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THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Before this year, there has been little or no opportunity for those interested in public speaking to develop their abilities. Although Debating Societies are more usually connected with boys' schools, a group of seniors decided to launch one and see if sufficient enthusiasm could be aroused to make it a success.

Upper Fifth and Sixth Form girls were invited to become members, the only stipulation being that they should be willing to speak at a debate when called upon by the organiser. The aim of the Society was two-fold: to give practice and experience in public-speaking, and to provide an opportunity for free exchange of opinion and ideas on varied topics.

Ten Sixth Form and seven Upper Fifth girls joined. The organiser appointed different chairmen and speakers each time, meetings being held fortnightly. Subjects for debate ranged from "English blood sports should be abolished," to "The eleven plus examination in its present form is an unsatisfactory method of selecting children for Grammar School Education." There were also several meetings reserved for spontaneous speaking, when members were called upon to speak for two minutes on an unprepared subject.

The Society has continued with undiminished support, and we hope that it will grow in experience and quality as it becomes longer established.

MERRIL F. JONES.

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THE PUPPET THEATRE

We sat still, the room hushed, and the lights went out. A glow came from the stage as the small curtains lifted. The first scene of "Beauty and the Beast" had begun, with the setting of a pretty room, and Beauty's sisters discussing their misfortunes as their father's ships had been sunk.

The rest of Part Two shows how their father, the merchant, discovers that his creditors have seized the goods from his only returning ship. On his way home he gets lost in a dense forest and comes upon the Beast's château. The next morning, after a night in the château, the merchant foolishly picks a rose to give to Beauty on his return. The Beast pounces on him, promising to spare his life if he sends Beauty to live at the château. Beauty goes, against her father's wish and finally arrives there safely.

After the Interval, Part Three opens on a room in the château where Beauty persuades the Beast to allow her home for a week. Her sisters then plot to make the Beast devour her for overstaying her time, but in the Opera Box, a rabbit warns the girl that the Beast is dying. After many adventures she finally arrives in time, kisses the Beast, who changes into a Prince, and promises to be his wife. The woodland animals are discussing this, when you see the Prince and his bride sitting in a glade on the evening after their wedding.

The tiny marionettes were beautifully dressed and moved so well; the lighting and scenes were very good, so were the voices, music, sound and effects. I enjoyed it very much, and hope to see the theatre again one day.

MICHELLE EMERY, *Lower IV.*

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THE LECTURE ON MADAGASCAR

Last Spring Term, we were very fortunate in having a lecture on Madagascar from someone who has spent a great deal of her life there. She was Miss M. Hunt, the Headmistress of a girls' school.

Most of us had previously known very little about Madagascar but after the lecture we found that we had learned a great deal. The lecturer spoke of the French and British influence in Madagascar, and of the Malagary people themselves. She also told us a great deal about her school, which was extremely interesting, as school life there is a great contrast to English school life, with boys and girls walking many miles to school at the beginning of each term, carrying their belongings. Most of us, if faced with such conditions as they contend with, would be shocked.

During the lecture we were shown many beautiful examples of Malagary handwork, including a one-piece garment such as is worn by the Malagary women.

After question-time, a vote of thanks to Miss Hunt was proposed by Hilary Jones (Lower VI) and the lecture was officially ended. Many girls, however, stayed behind to examine the handwork and literature which Miss Hunt had brought, the lecture being given under the auspices of the S.P.G.

We hope that sometime in the not too distant future, we may be fortunate enough to have another, equally interesting lecture on Madagascar.

CELIA L. LAYZELL, *Upper V.*

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EXPEDITION TO THE LATIN PLAY AT BRYANSTON

On July 19th, 1957, a small party of Vth and Upper Vth Form girls went with Miss Watkins to see a performance of the "Troades". I still wonder that we managed to enjoy it quite as much as we did, for the conditions were not ideal! There was a bus strike and the journey was rather uncomfortable

owing to the fact that we only had one car. The rain which had poured down all the way ceased when we arrived at Bryanston and the play began in the open-air Greek theatre.

With the help of a synopsis of the story, we were able to follow the play. We all appreciated the clearness of the words and the fact that the actors obviously understood very well what they were saying. The main women's parts were played convincingly by boys, and the chorus of Greek women sang and danced very effectively. In spite of intermittent rain, we were enjoying the dramatic atmosphere of Seneca's tragedy, when the lights fused and were so long being repaired that we had to leave some time before the end. Just how infuriating this was, you will realise—if you have ever passed something beautiful on a fast train journey and wished you could have seen more.

MARY NORRIS, *Lower VI.*

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THE OPENING OF THE SHAFTESBURY ARTS CENTRE

We were very privileged to be invited to represent the School at the opening of the new Arts Centre on Friday, 1st November. This is the seventh Arts Centre to be opened in the South-West of England. There was in the charming little theatre a feeling of real pride in Shaftesbury's historic achievement. The proceedings of the inaugural meeting were opened by the Chairman, who paid tribute to the loyalty and enthusiasm of the voluntary workers who have given of their time and labour to make the new centre what it is. The Honorary Secretary read out the many telegrams of congratulation and encouragement received. Mr. Cyril Wood, the Director of the South Western Arts Council, spoke about the duties and responsibilities of the Arts Club towards the community, and challenged the Club to become the centre of an ever increasing circle of culture. Dr. Wyn Griffith, Vice-President of the Arts Council of Great Britain, then formally opened the Centre.

There followed a concert in which Christopher Hassal, the well-known broadcaster, gave some enthralling poetry readings, and Alan Bailey—accompanied by Marie Phillips—sang a delightful group of songs.

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“THE SLEEPING MONK”

To celebrate the opening of the Arts Centre this November, Laura Sydenham wrote a pageant of Shaftesbury from the time of King Alfred to the sale of Shaftesbury in 1919. This was

produced by Barrington Benson and acted by a large cast. The first six performances were given in aid of St. Peter's Restoration Fund and the last two for the Arts Club.

The play was most enjoyable and gave a good picture of the history of our town. The link between scenes was the narrative of the "sleeping monk," the weather-worn figure on the north-west corner of St. Peter's. A clever piece of stage-craft placed the monk in a niche high up on the side of the stage. Most of the scenes were naturally serious but the humorous pictures were much appreciated, especially the one of the mock election.

It was a lovely idea to begin activities in this new theatre with such a play, acted mainly by Shastonians.

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THE SIXTH FORM DANCE

The Sixth Form Dance was held this year on 8th December in the Grammar School Memorial Hall. This now annual event was looked forward to by all concerned. The boys made charming and conscientious hosts and the girls after many hours of preparation were all looking their very best.

The evening went with a swing : this year we did not have any games but there was a good selection of dances, ranging from waltzes to encourage the poorer dancers to energetic jiving by a few of the more keen members of the party. There was also the inevitable elimination dance and the snowball started heroically by Shirley McLeod and John Evans, but one of the most enjoyed of all the dances was the Conga through the passages and round the dining-room ! After this we adjourned to the library for the buffet supper, where, although most of the female dancers did not feel like eating much, the boys certainly took the opportunity of partaking wholeheartedly of the refreshment before going back to dance with renewed vigour.

Soon it was ten o'clock and when we said our "thank you's" they were said with true sincerity for a very enjoyable evening.

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TALKS ON CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS

At the end of the Summer Term the VI Form enjoyed a series of talks about Christian Denominations. Various local speakers came to School during the last week and talked about their beliefs. Father Jeanneau gave the first talk on Roman Catholicism, and told us about the Early Church. The following

day the Rev. E. R. Micklem talked to us about Congregationalism, giving us a brief historical summary of it. The next speaker was Mr. F. Ward, who spoke to us about the Society of Friends and how it was formed. The fourth talk was given by the Rev. K. Laws on the subject of Anglicanism, which gave us a background of the Church of England. The final talk was from the Rev. N. Harrison on Methodism, who pointed out, amongst other things, the affinity of Methodism and the Church of England. The VI Form found these talks very interesting and informative and look forward to a similar series in the future.

JILL V. BAIGENT,
ANNE C. PARIHAM.

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THE FIRST HARVEST FESTIVAL

What were the Sixth Form doing? Ever morning they arrived with parcels, small, large, round, long, and knobbly, cleverly (as they thought) concealed behind bulging satchels, or in inconspicuous carrier-bags. Younger sisters were sternly informed, "Wait and see," or "Never mind. You'll soon learn."

But at last on Friday morning the secret was out! It was a Harvest Festival, a thing which had never been held before. The platform was decorated with everything imaginable from coal and water to tinned fruit and vegetables, and home-made cakes.

It had been decided that the things were to be taken to the old folk of Shaftesbury, so that afternoon, the hall was dismantled and seven of us set off with Miss Woods. It was wonderful to see the pleasure in their faces at the unexpected surprise. I hope that the Harvest Festival will become a Sixth Form tradition.

SARA HENDERSON, *Lower VI.*

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EXPEDITION TO DENMARK

When I told my friends that I was going to Denmark in the holidays, they were interested and envious but when I added, "with thirty-nine girls"; they became sympathetic and respectful of my courage. And certainly, when I saw most of the party on Gillingham Station, with their parents, I wished I hadn't been so rash. To anticipate, perhaps the most wonderful moment

of the adventure was on the same station two weeks later, when I was able to hand over a daughter to every parent there—not one lost !

I was, of course, not alone and this I know accounts for most of the success of the expedition. With Miss Maddiek to organise our bathing and look after our health, Miss Tilstone to cope most ably with distinguished visitors and Miss Langton to be our memories, I was well supported. And, of course, there were thirty-nine girls to look after us.

Oddly enough, when I think of them, the first word that comes to me is "shops". Wherever we were, Denmark or Sweden, Copenhagen or Lund, most of them wanted to see the shops. The amount of thought and searching that went into buying presents for parents would have touched the latter very much. I hope they were pleased with some of the curious objects they were given.

Food, of course, played an important part in our enjoyment. We had enormous meals but never managed to eat enough to please Mr. Lennings, except perhaps layer-cake. We had regretfully to leave uneaten a great many doughnuts, our individual record being eight, whereas a legendary figure, a boy undoubtedly, had consumed twenty-seven.

There were many more serious pleasures and more treasured memories. In the following articles, we have tried to describe some of them. One of the scenes I feel I shall never forget was the tea-party in the wonderful reception-room of the Department for Foreign Affairs in the Christiansborg Palace. I can still see the groups of blue-frocked girls sitting so upright that every one deserved a Department Star, eating pastries with the aid of a fork and drinking tea from the finest of white, gold-rimmed porcelain cups, and then standing up to shake hands with the very pleasant, well-dressed Prime Minister.

The Staff really did enjoy the holiday very much despite the anticipated anxieties which, as it happened, proved to be few, and we are all eager to go back one day to Elsinore, to see again its green copper spires and roofs, busy ship-yards and quiet bathing-beaches, and to talk with Mr. Lennings and Jette at their delightful manor-house, Vapnagaard.

The People of Denmark, the Hotel and Helsingør

When we arrived at Copenhagen station, we were greeted by a smiling friendly girl in a smart uniform, who turned out to be

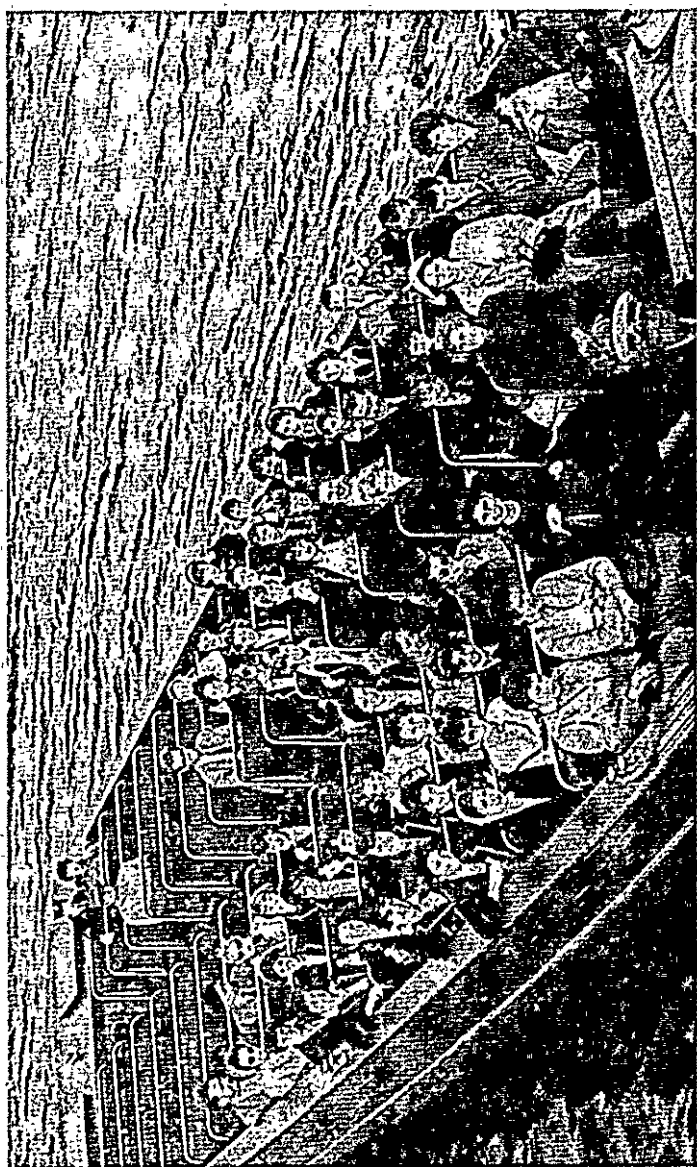
Jette Lennings, the daughter of the Hotel proprietor, and from then on, to the end of our stay, our hosts were most friendly and helpful. We were very tired, and didn't take in our surroundings very much that night. But the next morning we awoke to find that the Hotel Vapnagaard was a delightful little farmhouse, built on a "U" construction, round an earthy courtyard, which had presumably once been the farmyard.

We had delightful little bedrooms, which accommodated from two to twelve people, and we slept in somewhat hard bunks. The dining-room was a bright cheerful room, with a small ante-room to take the overflow. There was a very gracious hall, and a lounge which was very comfortable, though rather cramped. The rest of the ground floor was the private property of the Lennings.

The hotel stood in lovely grounds, with lawns sloping down to a small lake, on which ducks were swimming. The hotel was situated on one of the only hills in Denmark ! This meant that when we went into Helsingor we had to go down a two mile slope, and when we returned, usually tired, we had to walk up the never-ending drag to the hotel. Helsingor was a delightful little town with narrow streets, quaint little shops, and the green towers of the impressive Hamlet's Castle in the background. We spent hours looking in the shop-windows, many of which were filled with the most lovely leather goods, at amazingly cheap prices, but the shop in Helsingor which I know we all appreciated most, was a little shop in a side street, where for fifty ore (about 6d.) one could buy an icecream about the size that one can get for 2/6d. in England. First, an enormous dollop of icecream was put into a lovely, crisp, brown cornet. On top of that a very generous allowance of real Danish cream, and on top of that a spoonful of bright red jam. It was delicious ! Lastly, there was a lovely bathing beach; from which we could see Sweden quite clearly. We bathed a lot, although the water was rather cold.

As for the people, everywhere we went we met with nothing but friendliness and helpfulness. The conductors, shop assistants, guides and everyone else we came in contact with, from the Prime Minister downwards, did their best to help us, to make things easy for us, and to welcome us to their country.

The people at the hotel were the same. There was Jette, who chaperoned us on many of our expeditions, acting as interpreter (she could speak five languages fluently), and greatly adding to our enjoyment of them. We could always go to her if we wanted to know anything, and she even invited four



On a Tour of Copenhagen



"The Good Earth"

[Beating

or five of us into her luxurious bed-sitter in the evening, and we listened to her records (of which she had about two hundred), and talked about her experiences in America, where she had studied for eight months, and her American fiancé. Altogether we felt that she was an old friend by the time we left, and we were very sorry to say goodbye to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Lennings were kindness itself. Mr. Lennings was a small white-haired Swede, who always wore plus-fours, and a little beret. He arranged many interesting expeditions for us, and even invited an old friend of his to come and give us an excellent piano recital. Later, another friend gave a very interesting lecture on Denmark. He was always willing to help, and did his best to make us welcome. Mrs. Lennings was a plump, jovial woman, who presided over the kitchen, and fed us excellently, always giving us more than we could eat.

The kitchen staff were all very friendly, especially Audrey, a young English girl, who had come to work in Denmark for a year. The last, but certainly not the least, member of the Lennings family, was Jette's "shadow," a large, amiable black and tan Alsatian, named Augus, whose two passions in life were his mistress, and cheese, in that order.

Altogether, I think we came away with a very favourable impression of the Danes, and of our reception at the Hotel in particular.

ROSEMARY BRAYFORD, *Upper V.*

Our Meeting with the Prime Minister, Mr. Hansen

This was one of the most memorable days of our visit to Denmark and took place on the afternoon of our last Friday.

We spent the first part of the afternoon touring Copenhagen by coach, with a very charming and most knowledgeable guide, a member of the Press department of the Foreign Office. We discovered many of the quaint customs of the Danes, such as the theory that you are not a true student-until you have danced three times round the equestrian statue in the main square. Another idea was that the East End of Copenhagen, unlike London, is considered the better end of the city because it is nearer the sea.

During this tour, we were able to see the fisher-women in Copenhagen's famous fish-market, and the Church erected to the memory of Grundtvig, which, we all agreed, was one of the most beautiful and inspiring churches we had ever seen. The front was

built in the style of Danish village churches but represented an organ, and the whole was constructed with pale yellow bricks, each hand-finished.

We left the 'bus at Christiansborg Castle in which the Parliament buildings are situated. We were received in the cool reception hall, and a guide showed us round the building. Many of us had never seen inside the English Parliamentary buildings, and had not dreamed of this visit. The rooms were not large but were comfortably furnished, and the whole place had a pleasant, peaceful atmosphere.

We entered another wing of the Palace for tea. Here were the reception rooms of the Foreign Office, adjoining the royal part of the Palace. We had tea in the resplendent white and gold reception room. During the course of this Mr. Hansen, the Prime Minister, joined us, and after shaking hands with all in the room, talked with the Staff at the centre table. We were all impressed by his great charm. Before he left us, he spoke a few words of welcome and hoped that we were enjoying ourselves. He added, however, that he hoped that, when we returned to England, we should not tell other schools to expect such a visit, as it was an honour, arising from his friendship with Mr. Haynes.

After tea, we were shown round the royal part of the palace, which is usually only open to the public on special occasions. The floors of all the rooms, of which the banquet hall in which the Queen was entertained was one, were especially beautiful, being laid with differently-coloured woods. The many chandeliers we saw were also a sight never to be forgotten whether alight or not.

In fact, the whole visit was a unique one, and impressed even more strongly upon us what an important part propaganda, in the form of parties abroad, can play in the forming of friendly relations between countries.

ANN MITROY, *Lower V.*

Expedition to Fredensborg and Frederiksborg Castles

After lunch, one day, we packed into a blue coach and set off for Fredensborg Castle, the summer residence of the Royal family. We were unable to see the interior of the palace; but we were allowed to walk round the building and to view the garden. It is a very homely palace with white walls and a green roof. No one seemed in the least disturbed by the miniature invasion of forty schoolgirls. Near where our 'bus was parked there was a kiosk where we bought postcards of the palace.

We were then taken to Frederiksborg Castle, which is situated twenty-five miles from Copenhagen. Our first view of the castle was over an expanse of water through a gap between some trees. This, I think was the best view of all.

It was an enormous place. In the courtyard there was a fountain. The interior was destroyed by fire, but it was restored by the family who owned the Carlsberg breweries. Now it is a superb museum, with very many paintings and furniture of former times. Among the many portraits are ones of: Prince George of Denmark (Prince Consort of Queen Anne), William, Duke of Gloucester (son of Queen Anne and Prince George), and Queen Caroline Mathilde by Sturz.

At last, after seeing room after room of the castle, we found our way rather thankfully to the ground floor. There we could obtain postcards. Then we all found, and climbed into the coach, and drove off once more.

DAWN HITCHINGS, *Upper V.*

Danish Friends

If I had been asked what country I should have chosen to go to first I should probably have said Denmark. Last year I read the life of Hans Christian Andersen and was determined to go to Odense to the museum and his birth-place. I also wanted to stay with some Danish friends whose children I had never seen.

Although we could not stop at Odense I was able to stay with Merete and her family for two days.

They live about thirty miles from Helsingør, on a fiord in a typical white-washed, one-storeyed house thatched with a kind of reed. The garden scattered with statues by Merete's husband, Ulf, who is a sculptor.

The children are Ingeborg, twelve; Hans Christian, ten, and Bodil, five. Ingeborg had been learning English a year but only said a couple of phrases to me and only when absolutely necessary.

We spent Sunday morning on the inevitable bicycle riding round the harbour. On the way back we stopped to watch a football match and then some archery, which is fascinating to watch. We also went to a pottery belonging to one of their friends. This was very small but rather interesting.

That afternoon we went for a long walk over very marshy land and sometimes actually in the sea, to collect mushrooms.

There was a brilliant sunset when I left on a bicycle that evening to catch a bus at Frederiksund.

Although I found it a bit of a strain I am very glad I made the effort to go, and look back on it as one of the most Danish parts of my stay in Denmark.

LINNET ALLARDYCE, *Upper V.*

Our Evening at the Tivoli

At last the day we had all been waiting for arrived, when we were to pay a visit to the world-famous Tivoli funfair and pleasure gardens in Copenhagen. Just after mid-day we piled into the luxurious blue coaches, and glided off on our journey.

On our way we went to see a "Folke-Museum," an open-air village made up of houses of all ages from all over Scandinavia, which had been pulled down, brought to the site, and rebuilt stone by stone.

We then had a very interesting boat trip round the harbour and canals of Copenhagen, in the excellent hands of a Danish student who had studied in England, and who had a great sense of humour. There were icecreams to be bought on board and we even had our photograph taken, developed, and given back to us at the end of the trip. We passed close to the Royal Yacht, a Danish training ship, and many others. We had a close view of the Little Mermaid, and then we turned out of the harbour into the network of canals cutting Copenhagen. We saw many famous buildings from the back. We also saw quite a bit of the poorer part of Copenhagen. So, after an enjoyable and instructive trip we arrived back at the landing stage.

Next we had an enormous supper. Then at last the moment arrived. As we went through the gates we seemed to go into another world, a world of glittering fantasy. The whole fair was glittering with brilliant coloured lights. The shouts of the stall-vendors mingled with the screams of the people on the scenic railway, and the uproarious applause of the crowds watching the artists on the two open-air stages.

We spent about three and a half hours there, and it seemed to go in a minute. We watched two performances at the gay Peacock Pavilion. The first was a delightful Harlequinade or Italian Pantomime, with the original mime and music. The second was a very lively piece of ballet about sailors ashore. The colours of the costumes and of the backcloth were fresh and gay, and the comedy and the vigorous dancing made up for the lack of graceful finish.

In between we dashed from place to place, trying to see and do everything—a nearly impossible task. There were whole streets of stalls, about twenty different eating places, and the attractions of the scenic railway and the big wheel, which seemed to dominate the whole scene towering over the fair-ground. Both of these were terrifying, but wonderfully exhilarating. On the scenic railway we were plunged vertically downwards through a black hole, and as quickly pulled screaming upwards again. As for the big wheel, if we could forget that we were hanging in the sky in a tiny swinging basket, about one hundred feet above the show-ground, and that we were about to swoop down from the stars, to the ground far below, at breathless speed, it was a marvellous experience, as from the top of the wheel we could see the whole of the fair-ground, and a great deal of Copenhagen stretched out beneath us.

Then came the grand climax of the evening, the fireworks. There was an ornamented lake in the middle of the fair ground, and men went out in boats, and set waterproof fireworks alight on the surface of the lake. In a few minutes a galaxy of fairy stars, fountains and coloured balls shot skywards, turning the scene into a sort of fairyland. The display was short, but it was a fitting end to a marvellous evening, and we went away with wonderful memories of our evening in Copenhagen.

ROSEMARY BRAYFORD, *Upper V.*

A Visit to Sweden

One of our major excursions in Denmark was that of going to Sweden. To cross the narrow stretch of water separating the two countries, we caught an early ferry and after twenty minutes arrived in Helsingborg, and caught our coach immediately after we had dealt with our passports and money.

The countryside was very much like that of Denmark, but unfortunately we did not see it to advantage as it was raining miserably, a change from the lovely weather we had been having so far.

At Lund, we saw a museum filled with tapestries, and national costumes which had actually been used. In the grounds of the museum were a collection of old houses, a windmill and a church, making a small village dating from medieval times. The village was very realistic and from some of the stables goats and sheep were bleating.

We were at Lund Cathedral just before 12 o'clock, for inside stood a medieval clock which was rather like that of Wells

Cathedral. At noon two horsemen clashed their swords twelve times and figures appeared from one of two doors, passing a figure of the virgin and child, bowing, and disappearing through the other door to the sound of "Good Christian men rejoice" played by two small soldiers on their bugles.

After shopping we had lunch in a most amusing way, in a restaurant mainly for students. Plates and bread and butter were collected first and with these we reserved our tables. Then we went to another table and helped ourselves to the salad course, taking what we liked and as much as we liked. After we had eaten this course we helped ourselves from another table to the hot course, drinking it with milk, and having second helpings if we desired.

After lunch, we passed the twin towered cathedral, and caught our coach to Malmö, the third largest town in Sweden. There we went into a large modern building, built by trade unions, which contained reading and social rooms, libraries and a library and theatre for small children. Then we travelled on to a theatre, large and modern again, from which the design of the Royal Festival Hall was copied.

We then moved to the heart of Malmö to shop and became so absorbed in it that our coach was late starting the return journey to Helsingborg. We just missed our ferry so had to wait patiently for the next one, which came after twenty minutes. Although we had had an enjoyable day, we welcomed the sight of the dark silhouette of Hamlet's Castle rising from the shores Helsingör.

AUDREY HORLOCK-JONES, *Upper V.*

The Farms we Visited in Denmark

A stay in Denmark would not be complete without a visit to one of the farms for which Denmark is so famous. In fact, we visited two.

While we were in Copenhagen the first time, after seeing some of the sights, and having tea with the Prime Minister, some of us had the chance to visit an experimental farm, a few miles out of Copenhagen.

When the coach drew up in the yard, we wondered whether we had come to the wrong place, because what we could see of the farm seemed too clean. But we were soon taken round the back where it was more like an English farm.

We went into the pig shed first of all. The pigs there were of all shapes and sizes from little piglets to huge sows. At the

entrance to each pen was a chart on which the food given to the occupants was recorded. The pigs were given different foods so that the farmers could find out which one produced the best bacon for as little money as possible.

Next we passed on to more likeable animals—cows. In the next shed there were some calves which were being fattened up with the same methods. There were all kinds of breeds, but the Jersey calves liked us best.

We had a brief look at the very nice White Leghorn hens in a pen nearby, and then went on to the most interesting part of the farm—the mink section. I was surprised that they kept mink in Denmark, but apparently they are just as common there as poultry on English farms.

The friendly Dane who took us round spoke very good English. He showed us some silver foxes first. Their fur is very valuable but they were soon going to be killed, because it appeared that ladies do not like the coats made from this fur as they are too heavy. We then walked up and down rows and rows of mink in their cages. When we had seen them one of the farm children showed us an albino mink which had been made a pet. It was really quite tame and did not bite at all as mink usually do.

Next we were taken into the room where the food for these animals is prepared. There were stacks of smelly fish boxes and even cows' stomachs hanging from hooks on the ceiling. Our guide told us that all the food had to be ground up together before the animals ate it. This must have been a very unpleasant job.

Hanging on the wall in the next room were several dried skins. We were shown which were the best and also the worthless ones and shown pictures of models wearing the various fur coats.

It was time for us to go, so our guide brought out the Gastebud (Guest Book) and Christine Burton signed on behalf of all of us. On looking through this book we found that people from many countries had visited this farm, to which the President of Finland was coming the next day.

Nearing the end of our stay, Mr. Lennings, the hotel proprietor, took us to a local farm near Helsingør. The farm yard here again was immaculate, the farm buildings were all painted white and the farm house was one of the most beautiful houses in Denmark, with its creepers and lovely garden.

Whereas the first farm we had visited was concerned with animals, this was a general farm. The first thing we saw was a

trailer full of lucerne being unloaded into shafts taking it into two huge silos to be rotted down and used as fodder for the cattle in the winter.

Next to this was the biggest threshing machine I have ever seen. It worked like an ordinary one except that the corn did not go into sacks; it went down a hole in the floor, through a pipe and up a shaft to be stored. There were platforms at various stages up the machine and we climbed up these only to find ourselves surrounded by more dusty parts.

After inspecting the cow stall we walked home a roundabout way through the farm fields. We walked through different fields of fodder beet and kale and then we came to a field where some Danes were gathering in the corn. After Mr. Lennings had spoken to the farmer and his wife, we learnt that owing to the wet weather the corn had been left in stooks in the field till it was practically ruined. What a pity they did not use combine harvesters.

From the two farms we visited we saw many different aspects of Danish farms and I think we gained a very good idea of what Danish farming is like.

PATRICIA RIDOUT, *Upper V.*

At Home in Denmark

Besides the many interesting and exciting things arranged for us, some of us were lucky enough to have the opportunity of meeting some of the Danes themselves and seeing how they lived. This was for me a very worthwhile experience.

Three of my friends and myself were out for a walk one evening. Whilst we were walking we were singing softly to ourselves. As we passed a chattering group of boys and girls, they stopped talking and listened and then one small boy piped up with, "Sing us a little English song." We were absolutely flabbergasted for the idea of such a small boy speaking English was quite astounding. We obliged them with a song, and then began to ask them questions about Denmark, and they us concerning England or rather the British Isles.

Amongst this group were four girls with whom we became very friendly and we are now writing to them as pen-friends. One of them called Vibeke, nicknamed "Vips," asked us if we would all go and have tea with her at her house, which had at one time been an old monastery, and she said that she would like to introduce us to her family and show us around the monastery.

On the appointed day we arrived at her house in good time and to our surprise we saw already awaiting us a delicious tea of different Danish pastries. The girls explained to us that they always have an early tea (about 3 o'clock) in Denmark if they have tea at all. We were duly introduced to Vips' family, who were really charming people and Vips' mother who turned out to be a real blessing, she spoke beautiful fluent English, because after about an hour's talking our limited conversation was becoming somewhat more limited and had it not been for her there would have been a few awkward silences ; but, as it was, we did thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

After this we met Vips, Annie, Connie and Birte quite frequently, and they asked us to come to their school for a little while during one morning. They informed us they wanted us especially to come to their English lesson, as their English master for "but" insisted on saying "bert" and we were to inform him of the correct pronunciation of the word which we said we would try to do tactfully. That morning was really great fun ; we had the task of taking the lesson, correcting their pronunciation mistakes and their spelling and then just talking to them in English, about the British Isles, our school and where we lived. The discipline in the school seemed to me to be very slack compared with that in an English school. They were allowed to make more noise and speak quite freely in class. The pupils did not, of course, wear uniform, no Danish schools did dress so ; in fact quite a few of the girls were wearing slacks.

Annie then asked us to have tea with her, and we were exceptionally pleased to receive this invitation because Annie lived in a modern Danish house, one equivalent to our council houses I suppose, only far more attractive. They looked very small from the exterior, and we thought, before seeing the interior, that they would be rather cramped for some of the large families living in them. The house was divided into two halves, which were on different levels, one half containing the kitchen, a very large living room and another small room, and the other half the bedrooms, bathroom and a basement.

We had a similar tea with Annie to the one with Vips, there were delicious Danish pastries and weak tea without milk.

These are just a few of the private doings of three of my personal friends and myself. But some other girls also went out to tea with some Danish people. Some saw Danish television which is still in its early stages, quite a few years behind the British television, and they had many interesting experiences.

One evening a certain Dr. Peter Manniche came to the hotel and very kindly gave us a talk on Danish Folk Schools; which we found most interesting.

The meeting with some Danish people and seeing how they lived, was for me and I'm sure for my friends, and all the girls who were as fortunate as us, an addition which added extra-perfection to a wonderful and never-to-be forgotten holiday.

FRANCES POLLARD, *Upper V.*

Reminiscences of the Voyages to and from Denmark

Forty-four of us boarded the Kronprinsesse Ingrid at Harwich. When we had been at sea for several hours the greater part of the party disappeared down below and were not seen until land was sighted and the sea became calmer. I am leaving it to the reader's imagination as to what that part of the party were doing down below.

There were four cabins which opened on to a central space where we ate. There were ten bunks in the cabin that I was in. At the head of each bunk there was a little metal basin. The bunks themselves were very comfortable. At the foot of each bunk there was a cheerful red blanket, neatly folded, which we wrapped round ourselves in the most comfortable way we could.

The food on the ship was delicious. Everyone had supper; some of us had breakfast. The supper was set out on three long tables. There were large plates of lettuce, tomatoes, some pink jellyish meat and other vegetables and meat. There were various types of bread: black, white and Ryvita. We ate our food like a salad and ate the bread separately, much to the amusement and slight concern of one of the ship's boys. We should have piled the meat, lettuce and tomatoes on to bread and eaten the whole lot with our knives and forks. Following that we had some stew with new potatoes floating in it, which we had to eat off the same plate as the salad.

In the evening, we sang songs with some German boys from college.

For breakfast we had bread rolls, tea or coffee as desired and some pastries with cream inside them if we wanted them. Only one and a half tables were needed for breakfast.

We docked at Eshjerg on time. I, for one, enjoyed the voyage but I don't claim to speak for the whole party.

Our return journey was much more spectacular. The wind was Gale Force Six, so someone told us before we went to bed.

Perhaps it would have been better if they hadn't. It was quite rough in the night. To quote one of the party, the ship didn't pitch or roll—it just went round in circles.

Miss Woods and I had breakfast, and several others had coffee or tea. The rest of the party were still in their bunks. I spent most of the morning looking at the waves, but as I have been told not to write three pages describing the waves I won't say any more about them.

At about eleven o'clock we were told that the ship would not be docking until four o'clock, three and a half hours late. We broke the news as gently as possible to the sufferers.

Later a few of us had lunch, and enjoyed it, in spite of what some people said.

When we eventually arrived at Harwich I felt glad to be home in England, and I can safely say that the rest of the party felt the same.

DIANE ROWBOTTOM

HOLIDAY ACTIVITIES

T.S. "English Rose II"

Last Whitsun holidays Jane Crouch and I went on a sailing holiday for a week on board "English Rose II." She is a training ship for girls, and is run by Commander Woollard.

We went by train to Poole, and were taken aboard by Harvey's Feiry. "English Rose" was moored in Poole Harbour. She is a ketch, with a black hull, and is designed to sleep eleven people. On board we met the Commander, Chief Officer, Second Officer and the other six girls.

Then followed an exciting week of sailing to nearby places such as Studland Bay and Swanage, bathing from the ship, rowing ashore in crews, drinking tea, getting up and scrubbing decks and polishing brass at 07.00; peeling potatoes, having instruction and so on.

The Commander was taken ashore in the evenings by "Chieftie" and one of the crew, (who was called the ballast), and he came on board again at 10.00 in the mornings, after we had done the chores, had breakfast, and had colours, which was the hoisting of the Burgee and Ship's Ensign.

When he came on board, he usually gave us some kind of instruction on for instance; charts and compasses, the rigging

of the ship, (for this he demonstrated on a beautiful model of the "English Rose" which had completely collapsible rigging) or on how to enter and leave harbour through buoys, and what different coloured and shaped buoys signified. We also learnt morse code and the International Code, and how to find our bearings from landmarks, chart and compass.

On board, somebody was always Quarter-Master, and someone Galley-slave. The Quarter-Master had to write up the log with all the happenings of the day and their exact times. She had to write in anything, for example, from "14:23—one member of the crew overboard when scraping barnacles from side of ship" to "10.00—Commander received on board." Quarter-Master also has the Bosun's Whistle which she blows for meals.

The unfortunate Galley-slave's job is to help Second Officer in the galley, drying up, peeling potatoes, cooking and any other odd job that needs doing. The rest of the crew is divided into Port and Starboard watch, and they do the brass polishing and deck scrubbing in the mornings, and the manoeuvring of the ship when we go for a sail.

Everyone wore a navy-blue woolly cap, navy jersey and slacks, and white plimsols on board ship. When we went on shore leave, or had any visitors, however, we wore smart sailor-caps, with a tally-band saying "T.S. English Rose II" on it.

At every meal the Commander would relate amusing incidents which had happened during his naval career, which he enjoyed telling us, and which we loved to hear.

After supper, we would all have a mug of cocoa, and finally be packed off to sleep by Chiefie. Five girls slept in the fo'c'sle, one on top of the other in hammocks, and three amidship.

We really enjoyed our stay on board, but anyone who thinks it is just a lazy holiday, should go and stay for a week or two on the "English Rose"!

HEATHER COLYER and JANE CROUCH,
Lower V.

Windsor World Camp, 1957

The camp was held as part of the celebrations commemorating the centenary of the birth of Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Guide and Scout movements. The Scouts had their camp in Sutton Coldfield and the Guides had theirs in Windsor Great Park by gracious permission of Her Majesty, the Queen. Guides came to the camp from all over the world, most of them from Western countries, but there were many from South Africa and

the Antipodes, some from the free Eastern countries and some exiles from behind the Iron Curtain. There were four thousand of us altogether, so preparations had to begin at least two years previously. The menus, I know from first hand, were ready by the end of last year.

The British Guides arrived three days before the overseas Guides. The word "foreign" was completely taboo in the whole camp. When we arrived, all we found on the site were three enormous marquees: the largest, a hundred yards long, was used mainly for Church of England services, the other two being used for Roman Catholic and Nonconformist services. Besides these we found a branch of the Westminster Bank, a Post Office complete with two telephone boxes and a stamp machine; a market which sold practically everything, a laundry, a coffee bar and several Wall's Icecream and Coco-Cola stalls. There was also a branch of the Headquarter's shop and a Press tent where the reporters from various newspapers had to report before they could enter the camp.

The first thing to be done was to pitch all the tents in our Group and generally make the site habitable. The camp was divided into ten sections which were sub-divided into eight groups, each group being composed of fifty campers, approximately half of whom were British and half overseas. The groups were all named after places connected with the founder. Ours was called Transvaal where B.-P. spent some time during the Boer War. In our group there were twenty-two British Guides, six Guiders and twenty-two overseas Guides. The British Guides came from all parts of the country, from Somerset to Durham, as well as six from Scotland and two from Wales. The overseas Guides came from all over the world: four from Mexico, five from Canada, four from Germany, three from Sweden, two from Malaya and three from Australia. All of them could speak at least some English with the exception of one Mexican who had not even mastered "yes" or "no". Four of our Guiders came from Lancashire, one from the Isle of Man and one from Sweden. The Swedish Guider was the Deputy Chief Commissioner of Sweden and was the leader of the Swedish Contingent, which was the largest there, comprising a hundred and sixteen members altogether.

The day before the overseas Guides came, some of us were allowed to go and watch a Polo match on the Windsor Park Ground. Prince Philip was playing and the Queen was watching. We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves as Polo is always a game worth watching, but we did have a four mile walk there and

back. It never seems so long, however, when there are plenty of people to talk to and one doesn't have to hurry.

Practically every evening during the camp, we had camp-fires; these were, I think, the highlights of the camp. Sometimes we had one just in our own group with only fifty of us. The Germans always sang beautiful songs, accompanied by a guitar which one of them had heroically carried with her, half-way across Europe. All the Germans in the camp were very fond of singing, especially those in the group next to us, so we usually did everything to the accompaniment of their songs. A few times we had camp fires in our sections with two hundred of us. Here the Phillipinos, arrayed in exquisite national dresses, did some very skilful dancing over moving poles. They had two long poles which two people kept moving rhythmically, while the dancers did intricate steps amongst them. Some of us tried it afterwards, but found it very painful as we kept getting our feet caught between the poles. The Malaysians did what they called a "Saucer Dance". They each had two saucers, one balanced flat on each hand with a lighted candle in the middle of it. They kept the saucers moving continuously in time to a primitive drum in the form of one of the cooking pots. Later they managed to find the correct sort of drum. They kept the candles alight the whole time even when they twisted both saucers right round themselves.

We also had three combined camp-fires at which the most beautiful dances were performed. The most interesting were, I thought, the Indian dances, the Italian Tarentella and an Irish Jig. Those who have never seen Indians dancing cannot possibly imagine what it is like. They are capable of making the most extraordinary movements, using muscles which no European seems to possess. They can apparently dislocate their necks sideways and perform other odd movements. Their music is also quite different from ours as it incorporates quarter-tones giving it the most eerie effect, which I find most attractive, though many people dislike it intensely. The Italian Tarentella is very pretty, gay and lively, completely different from the Indian Dances. The Jig would be difficult to appreciate unless you had previously tried to do it yourself. The speed and deftness with which those girls executed the very difficult and intricate movements was quite out of the ordinary.

There were many other dances, songs and sketches which are far too many to enumerate here. The Trinidad Guides did, I believe, compose a camp calypso which unfortunately I never heard.

There were two very important official functions: the opening of the camp on Tuesday, 30th July, by the World Chief

Guide, and the United Service on Sunday, 4th August which was attended by Her Majesty, the Queen. The Bishop of Coventry preached an excellent sermon on the quality of kindness and the contribution which Guides could make to International Peace. When the Chief Guide opened the camp she spoke to us about the purpose of the camp and received the money from many countries for a new Guide Hostel in London. Her speech was broadcast and televised. By the end of the camp, we had become so used to television and newsreel cameras and the countless press photographers, that we began to feel like film stars, even quite unstartled by flashlight photographs.

These were specific events, but by far the most important 'event' was the number of friends we made, both in our own countries and in others. Nowhere else could one have got to know such a variety of people so quickly. There was no International tension and no colour bar; we accepted one another as we were, taking no account of differences in colour or creed. This was easy for us British, but for the South Africans living with apartheid and others it must have been very difficult. But nowhere in the whole camp did I hear of any political or International quarrel. If many more people today could have similar opportunities of meeting people from other countries, I am sure it would greatly foster International understanding.

The camp was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by all; a "red-letter" camp if such a thing is possible, and it will be remembered with great joy and happiness by all those who attended it.

JENNY BURRIDGE, *Upper VI.*

Camping in Guernsey

This summer I went to camp with the Guides in Guernsey. It wasn't raining when we set off in the train to Weymouth, but later it poured! We had quite a pleasant journey to Weymouth, where we met the Fontinell Magna and Shaftesbury Guides who came down in a lorry. We boarded the boat, 'St. Helier,' a whole hour before it left Weymouth, but that hour passed very quickly, and we were soon leaving England for twelve days.

At first, we were all so fascinated by the enormous green waves the "St. Helier" caused, that we hung over the rail, gazing at them in wonder. But soon we began to feel the slightest bit dizzy, the tiniest bit sick, and very cold and numb, so we rushed down the swaying steps, and snuggled under warm rugs and blankets supplied by the boat. We spent most of the time under these rugs, reading and talking, but all the same, the

journey dragged. At last, land was sighted. I crawled out of my rugs to have a look. "At last!" I thought, "Guernsey!" But a nearby person said, "It's too small for Guernsey, it must be Alderney." My heart sank, and I snuggled under the rugs again.

At last, after much numbness and agony, we arrived at St. Peter Port. I put my foot on Guernsey soil, and thought proudly, "Now I can say I've been to Guernsey!" But just as we set out in lorries for Havilland Hall Farm, it started to rain! We arrived at the field when the rain was teeming down, and we had to struggle to get the tents up in that! Everything was sudden! But at last we had them up and were in the dry—or so we thought! In bed at last, and warming up, we told each other funny stories but soon found that the tent was leaking.

For the first four days of camp it rained continually and we hardly went out at all, but had sing songs and games in the mess tent. But afterwards it cleared up, and we visited local beaches and beauty spots. One particular place I enjoyed visiting was the little chapel of "Les Vauxebelets". It is very, very small and it is alleged that only three people can get in. Actually, all of the Guides managed to get in, but there you are... This lovely chapel had little pieces of broken coloured china arranged in beautiful patterns all over the walls, inside and out. It was really the most beautiful chapel that I have ever seen.

Then a few days later, I accompanied my friend Mary on her first-class hike to Cobo beach, at the end of which Mary had to cook our dinner, assisted by Sylvia, another Guide, and me. Oh, it was so funny! Mary couldn't light the fire, and then Sylvia lighted it with only one match! Next the sausages were in flames because the fat had caught alight, and were all landed with a plateful of flames and burnt sausages! Sylvia and I were helpless with laughter, but Mary was furious! She threw the burning sausages on to the pebbles, managed to put the flames out, singed her sleeve and picked up the sausages again. The sausages were black all over, but we didn't dare say anything for poor Mary couldn't help it. The bacon caught alight too, so after that episode, Mary decided that we would eat the tomatoes and bread raw! But when we'd finished, Sylvia and I declared it the best dinner ever, to pacify her!

There are many other things we did whilst we were at camp, for instance, the "Grand Midnight Feast," and the day I walked eight miles, but I can't tell you about all that here, so I must just tell you about the day we went to Herm, a little island off Guernsey...

We set off in a fairly small motor boat, that just held us and a few other people. It only took about twenty minutes to get there, but some Guides were looking considerably green when they did get there ! Only a few families live at Herm, and there is only one shop there, a gift shop. It was full of many interesting gifts, but the point was, they were very expensive, too expensive in fact ! We had dinner in the middle of the island, and afterwards several of us played cricket with some boys from Lancashire whom we saw there. Later we went on to the beaches, and wandered all round them looking for shells. But the day passed quickly and we were soon back at camp.

All too soon camp was practically over and the camp awards were given out, and miraculously, our tent won the tent prize, so each of us received a lovely leather purse with the Guernsey crest on it. The next day, when we were travelling home, passed fairly quickly, and I found it very difficult to believe that I was home already, distributing presents, and turning out piles of dirty clothes from my kit bag.

That night in bed was lovely. ! For the first time in my life, I really appreciated the soft lumps in my bed, the warm blankets, and the luxury of a proper pillow !

ROSEMARY WAGNER, *Lower IV.*

A Holiday in France

What promised to be the most wonderful holiday of my life began on April 8th, 1957, when I boarded the "Normannia" at Southampton to go to France for three weeks. I like to remember little about that journey—I am not a good sailor at the best of times—and when I set foot in France the next morning my spirits were anything but high. I had not been there many hours, however, before life began to be so wonderful and exciting that I completely forgot my tiredness. The French family I stayed with lives with a comfortable distance of Paris, and the evening after my arrival we rushed into the capital to see, as the French people said to me, "your so beautiful Queen." I have never felt so proud to be one of Her Majesty's subjects as when I saw the Queen herself, driving through the cheering crowds, looking—well, just "beautiful". Then there were fireworks, the best I have ever seen, and all the time the crowd was becoming more and more excited, the kind of irresistible excitement that seems to sweep you along like an enormous wave. We went to bed that night at a quarter-past-twelve.

This is not to be a day-to-day account of my adventures in France. It is better to describe things as they seemed to happen—

in an exhilarating rush of beautiful places, interesting people and strange words. I visited the Louvre, Versailles and Fontainebleau, spent many happy hours wandering in Paris, saw several French films and "Les Misérables" at the Comédie Française, attended a French church, went for a few days to a French school and had great fun doing my hair in a different style nearly every day ! The more I remember, the more there is to think about. My holiday was indeed proving a wonderful experience.

No less interesting, but rather less pleasant, was the third week of my visit, which I spent in hospital. On the Wednesday after Easter, it was decided that I had appendicitis, and I had an operation the same day. It sounds rather a frightening experience but fortunately I don't think I was very worried at the time, only a little concerned about the inadequacy of my French vocabulary on such an occasion.

People still say to me, "Did you enjoy your holiday in France?" followed by, "Oh, but of course..." and then, "What is a French hospital like?" I suppose it is very much like an English hospital, although I have never stayed in one, so cannot really say. The nurses, however, were not as smart or efficient as English nurses.

My holiday was extended until May 11th, when it was judged safe for me to travel home, so I spent my last ten days in France quietly, going for walks in the woods to pick lily-of-the-valley, making an occasional visit to the village, and trying to improve my knowledge of the French language—by that time I hardly spoke English at all. I knew later just how valuable those ten days were to me, for I saw life in France in a way that no amount of sight-seeing could have shown it to me. It is true I did not, after all, climb the Eiffel Tower, but I learnt to go into any shop with confidence, and come out with the article I wanted—and the right amount of change. All that is why I still think my holiday was one of the most wonderful anyone could possibly have.

MARY NORRIS, *Lower VI.*

The Last Night of the Proms

The Last Night of the Proms ! I had always wanted to go, especially when Sir Malcolm Sargent was chief conductor, and this was to be his final Prom.

I entered my name in the ballot for "last night" tickets, but was unsuccessful. However, I was determined that I would do my best to get in somehow.

On the Thursday evening before the concert on the Saturday, I travelled up to London by train, intending to queue on Friday night and all day Saturday if necessary, so I went prepared with my stool and some books to read.

On Friday morning my Aunt, with whom I was staying, and I, went to the Albert Hall to see if there were returned tickets. There were not, and I was also told, not informed, in a very straightforward manner, that queuing had been stopped for the first time this year, as all the spare tickets in the arena had been balloted! My hopes faded, but not entirely as by a stroke of good luck, there were two spare tickets for the Friday night, which my Aunt and I eagerly took advantage of, not disputing the price! But somehow I did not feel as disappointed as I should have done, especially after the Prom. that evening. I felt sure something was going to come my way, and I hoped and hoped that it would.

The Saturday morning came and I was still determined to try to get in, so I set off with my lunch and tea, and my stool, for the Albert Hall.

I reached there at 10.45 and there before my eyes was a queue of about thirty people, sixteen of whom had slept out all night! I did not know what to think, whether to be angry with the box office clerk or to be pleased that I had come when I did, while the queue was still small!

I queued from this time until the doors were opened, at 7.00 p.m. for admission, having received one of the returned tickets, which were not issued until 6.45 p.m.

There was "one mad rush" when the doors opened, to try to be first in order to get a seat, and as my ticket was for the gallery, I had many stairs to climb at speed! Being fairly near the front of the queue, I was able to get a seat in the very front row, and therefore could see and hear wonderfully from where I was.

I have seen "The Last Night" for the past three years on television, which enables you to capture a certain amount of enthusiasm and atmosphere, but you really have to go personally to appreciate it fully.

It is of no use my trying to describe it, as I would underestimate it far too much, but I will sum it up, by saying that it was one of the most wonderful and stirring events I shall ever hope to attend during my whole life-time, the last Henry Wood Promenade concert of the Season, with Sir Malcolm Sargent as chief conductor, and me as a true Promenader!

CATHERINE RICHMOND, *Lower VI.*

Travelling Upcountry

We started out early in the morning while the air was still cool from the previous night, hoping to reach the plateau before the heat of the day. Small groups of natives appeared along the stony, bumpy road. The Umbundo women carried fat, black babies on their hips and balanced earthenware pots or baskets of food, brim full, on their heads. Out of both the men and women's mouths stuck dirty black pipes or long, cheap cigars. All the women wore brightly coloured cottons, sari-fashion like the Indians; round, dried mud necklaces adorned their necks and they wore bangles and beads wherever else possible. The neck bands were studded with coloured beads and bottle tops and whatever else they could find that attracted them. They wore their hair piled at the back of their heads, mixed with mud and cow manure and combed into a fan shape. These small signs of vanity were all these people showed in the way of self-indulgence, for they were a poor people who had not yet learned what civilisation was.

The stillness of bush was interrupted by the cackling of the green parrot from the bayobab tree as we journeyed on. We often came across lion and leopard tracks and occasionally a leopard strolled placidly from one side of the track to the other, apparently unafraid of human beings. Herds of antelope and koutous bounded and leaped in the distance amongst the prickly shrubbery.

Wherever we found rivers which were too deep to drive through, we had to cross by the "ferry". This consisted of canoes or petrol drums with planks lashed on top. The car was driven on and we were "poled" across by several boot-brown bush natives. Once safely ashore from the currents and crocodiles, we continued our journey until at last we reached the mission school.

These friendly people of different nationalities live only to teach the Word of God and true civilisation to Africans from the surrounding villages. In the middle of this community lay a small school bordered by blue jacarandas and eucalyptus trees. This was our destination and our home until the holidays, when we would return again to our chalet on the coast.

ALISON GANT, *Upper V.*

POEMS

The Leaf

A brown, withered stem,
That holds a dying leaf,
Fallen in Autumn.
A sweet life and brief,
With a birth of green
And a death of red
That fades into yellow
And curls at the head.
A sudden crunching of footsteps,
And a final swift dart—
Of pain, as a foot falls,
And the leaf, falls apart.

ANN MILROY, *Lower V.*

Mountain Call

Our challenge rises sheer and high,
To touch an ever azure sky ;
And fall, to small green fields below,
Where rivers gently meander through
The pleasant valley-side.

It beckons to our searching souls,
And urges us to find footholds
On granite rocks and shifting snow,
Where icy wind-storms, cut and blow,
And freeze your very blood.

Life hangs, suspended on a rope,
Swaying gently, the only hope,
Yet here's the call, the thrill and awe
Of sheer rock above, and the world's distant floor,
Two thousand feet below.

And nowhere happier am I ;
Than far above the skylark's cry,
Ever reaching to a mountain's crest,
My purpose fulfilled, my soul at rest,
Here would I rather die.

ANN MILROY, *Lower V.*

The Pear Tree

Do you remember a pear tree in the spring,
Lacy and slender as a young bride, with its mist of white blossoms ?
Do you remember the soft petals as they fell,
Tossed on the breeze, helter skelter in the cool grass,
Or as a snowflake caresses your cheek—
Touched your hair ?
Do you remember later, when the warm lazy days of June came on,
When sun and earth were atune,
The young fruit first hard as stone, with promise of good harvest ?
Do you remember the fruit reaching perfection, a warm golden
brown—
As though sapping its strength from the parched grass ?
Or have you forgotten the joys of your childhood of seeing all
these things ?

A. HALL, *Upper VI.*

“ Enter these enchanted woods, You who dare ”

Enter these enchanted woods,
Fairy hills and vales ;
Unknown to man's fearful eyes,
Here an ancient treasure lies
In misty glens and dales.

Enter this forbidden land,
Mortal, if you dare ;
Where the lake doth lap the shore,
Silver shining, evermore
Whispering, babbling, crystal clear.

Moonbeams lace the water side,
Stars the Heavens light,
Weird, twisted, gnarled old trees
Groaning, sway upon the breeze ;
And softly calls the voice of Night.

Sweet Paradise, immortal dream
Of weary, sinful man ;
No tongue can speak thy loveliness,
No pen can write thy happiness,
Enter, mortal, enter, if you can.

S. JORDAN, *Upper IV.*

An Apple Tree by Moonlight

An owl upon his way flew softly by—
White ghost against a silver spectre tree ;
A drift of phantom moths, o'er-head a sky
Haunted with cheating stars, a milky sea.

The moon has drained all colour from the scene,
Its borrowed glory alien and cold.
The liquid light has blanched the rust and green,
The tawny-buff, the red, the lichen's gold.

The owl's great agate eyes two moonstones are,
Milkwhite, with shifting opalescent gleams ;
The tree's gnarled trunk is grey, and shadows mar
The grey on grey, scarred with deep rifts and seams.

Where branches have been lopped, the gardener's lad
Has treated with white paint the oozing scars ;
These, stripped of leaves with which they once were clad,
Reflect th' ethereal glimmer of the stars.

A night wind rustles through the autumn leaves,
Dense shadows waited on by second selves,
Casting a dappled tapestry, as waves
Pretting the sea-shore, rib the sand with shelves.

The moon has dimmed and dusked the lusted fruit,
Stone-carver apples, statue-tree, as in
Old Eden such a tree stood mute,
Waiting for Eve to touch and taste and sin.

CLARE HARRIS, *Upper VI.*

Castles

Of all romantic buildings upon this, our ancient earth,
I think that lordly castles where gay nobles once made mirth,
If they were given human tongue, they'd tell us tale on tale
Of feasts, and jousts, and battles fought across the rich green dale.

Some castles are, 'tis sad to say, a-crumbling to the dust ;
And if we don't take care of them, they'll mix with Old Earth's
 crust,
And such a treasure would be lost as we could scarce believe—
The romance of the good old days—our hearts would sorely grieve.

But Windsor Castle, where our Kings used many times to stay,
Is strong and bold and beautiful as any Summer's day ;
And 'though the walls look fair and new, the reasons in the stone,
For 'tis so strong and stout and good, the wind can't wear it down.

The castle, with the land around, especially in Spring,
Holds one in wonder at the place lived in by many a King.
The Park, the trees, and e'en the flowers to it their beauties lend,
So little doubt that royal men there happy days did spend.

And other castles, all of which, though often half-decayed,
Still hold the romance of the past as if it were delayed,
And when the men were dead and gone, the wondrous buildings
old,
Had held the feeling of the past as misers guard their gold.

They'll never lose their romance now, or their mysterious air,
Until there's nothing left of them but stones and old wood there ;
The buildings ne'er will be forgot by beauty-loving men,
Who have the power to pass on tales of castles with their pen.

GILLIAN RALPH, *Lower V.*

Horses of the New Forest

There go the horses ! I wish one were mine ;
See all the ponies in a long line,
There are the skewbalds, brown and white ;
There is a piebald, a jolly fine sight.

A strawberry roan, with little ones three,
She guards them so closely, away from me ;
Tails stream behind, manes fly in the wind,
And the thunder of hooves is echoed behind.

I wish I'd a pony, one black as the night,
Four little white socks, and a star so white ;
With a pony the're wonderful things to do,
Treat him well ; he may win a prize for you.
JOAN TRUSTRUM, *III.*

Schoolgirl's Lament

A line, H line, followed the Sack,
I come and go in navy blue mac.

Hail, plunging necklines and waists that nip,
Where's the charm in my plain gym slip ?

Coiffures that are shaped à la razor,
A plain bob looms over my blazer !

Flower pot hats trimmed with fur and tulle,
A cap with a badge I wear to school.

Diamond chokers the eye arouses,
Masculine tie adorns my blouses.

Six inch heels can cause quite a scandal—
But I'm still wearing my tan sandal.

Faces transformed by pots of make up,
Soap and water are all I rake up.

Dior and Hartnell fashions reform,
But who can change a school uniform ?

H. SWANN, *Upper IV.*

Asian 'Flu

The headlines in the papers
Are all on Asian 'Flu,
The B.B.C. and I.T.V.
They're on about it too.

So many people have it,
We're left with very few,
To close the school completely,
Seems the only thing to do.

But have we really got it
Or is it just sub-think,
When we've got a common cold,
And our tongues are not quite pink ?

Some people are so silly,
They really cannot tell,
And kill themselves with worry
Just by wondering if they're well.

Build up your self-resistance,
Put sub-thinking out of mind,
And if you're one that's lucky
Asian 'Flu you'll leave behind.

HELEN BROWN, *Upper IV.*

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee, 1957

<i>Chairman</i>			Miss Dunford
<i>Secretary</i>			Mrs. Welch
<i>Treasurer</i>			Mr. Parham
			(Until July)
<i>Staff Representatives</i>			Miss Woods
			Miss Piggott
			Miss Tilstone
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>			Mrs. Rowbottom
			Mr. Harding
			Mrs. Norris
			Mr. Corp
			Rev. H. Brayford
<i>Representative on Governing Body</i>			Rev. G. K. Horlock-Jones

In Memoriam

The success of our Parents' Association depends very largely upon the interest and activity of its Committee. We have had no keener or more faithful member of it than Mr. T. N. Corp. He was elected as the Wiltshire representative in 1954. He never missed a meeting if he could possibly help it and was always cheerful and full of useful ideas. We are grateful for all that he did to help to make our Association so worthwhile and we shall miss his support and unfailing loyalty.

* * *

There was a record number of parents at the General Annual Meeting on November 21st, 1956. New members of parents and staff were welcomed before the minutes were read and business arising from them discussed. Then followed the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer for the past year, and that of the Representative on the Governing Body.

Miss Dunford next referred to the Constitution and pointed out the number of members in each group: Shaftesbury, Dorset villages, Wiltshire villages, and Boarders' parents.

In her remarks as Chairman, Miss Dunford mentioned her "At Homes" on Wednesday afternoons and then spoke of the Magazine. As far as she was aware, our Parents' Section was unique in School Magazines. She wondered whether a Parent would like to be the Editor of this Section and asked for volunteers.

Miss Dunford went on to comment on the continual difficulty of keeping girls in the correct uniform in all its details. She told parents about second-hand uniform and summer dresses.

Future meetings were then discussed and it was decided to have a speaker in the Spring Term as usual and something like a Brains Trust in the Summer. It was suggested that the Summer Meeting should be held at Iwerne Minster, but members felt that pleasant as this would be, they preferred to be "at home" in school.

Elections took place in the usual rooms and were followed by tea and talk.

On March 20th, the Association met to hear a talk by Anthony Brown, Art Master of Criche! School, on "Children and Criticism." This proved to be most interesting and provocative and was followed by some questions which showed with what keenness the talk had been heard.

The meeting on July 3rd began with the sad news of Mr. Corp's death.

A new Treasurer, Mr. Head was appointed to take the place of Mr. Parham, until the General Annual Meeting. The Chairman pointed out the new reading desk and the new cups that were on the shelf.

A most successful Brains Trust followed. The members were Miss Berwick, H.M.I., Miss Ebbs-Kanavan, Headmistress of Ashmore Primary School; Mr. Newsom, Headmaster of Blandford Modern School; and Mr. Webster, Headmaster of Gillingham Grammar School.

Questions selected from a number sent in by parents and touching on a variety of different aspects of education, were answered very skilfully by the panel and it was a very enjoyable hour.

* * *

OUR SCHOOLDAYS

Schooldays in a Rather Primitive School

When I was nine the entire family had whooping cough. What a business it must have been, six children and two adults whooping madly. No wonder the doctor advised a change of air. My father was away on some engineering project and we

joined him, far off in the country, just when my brother should have been returning to school, and I to lessons with a governess.. Six weeks' bliss followed while we ran wild in the woods and on the beaches. Evidently not so blissful for the family for at the end of that time we were sent to the village school. It was three miles away by the dusty road and slightly farther by the woods. We went by the woods !

The school was a one storied wooden building in a field, with a snake fence around it to keep animals out. We used it as a vaulting horse, seat or balance stand, according to the game of the moment. The windows were set high to prevent idle children watching village activity. Being an idle child, I soon discovered that by standing to ask a question I could always see the cause of any unusual sound. There were two class rooms with a small room between. This was the teachers' sanctum. At noon the school doors opened to let us out, then closed till one o'clock. The teachers disappeared and we ate our dinners. We all brought them in "lunch cans". These were empty Swift's Premium Lard pails in which lard was sold, four pounds at a time. There were no wrapped one pound packets then. They had lids with our names painted on them and woe to any child who departed from the conventional "can". My first, an ornate biscuit tin, found its way to the bottom of the well. When we were set free we broke into groups and the swopping began. Sandwiches were laid in rows on the fence or benches in the big open-fronted shed, and traded for more tasty morsels. Mine bought almost anything I wished, not because they were better than the others' but because the Chinese cook made Venetian loaves and my sandwiches were round. The crusts made fine bracelets in our games and daisies and other flowers could be threaded through them. Most people made their own bread and the loaves were any old size. Granny McKay's oat cakes were my favourite swop so I had to nip round the corner to the boys and bargain with her grandsons, or swop on the way to school. The boys went off on their own and our meal was soon dispatched. Afterwards we played, all together, in the woods near the fence with someone on guard to warn us if a teacher appeared.

As the weather grew warmer most of the children went barefoot, for choice not necessity. As soon as we were out of sight in the wood we hung our large straw sailor hats on a friendly tree, took off our high laced boots and long black stockings, tied the shoes together to sling round our necks and off we went through the woods. It was usually Indian file, toes pointing straight in front, eyes alert for tracks. There was an Indian Reserve near by so we knew how it should be done. The school

bell would be ringing as we reached the snake fence. There was a mad rush to get into shoes and stockings, leap the fence and join the straggling lines filing into school. A few boys would be round the pump having a last drink. It had a tin mug chained to it which one used, while the others pumped and put their heads under to drink as the water spurted forth. There was usually at least one boy with dripping hair as we filed in.

There was no Assembly. The two classes went to their rooms and the register was called. At least you said if you were there. That may sound odd but the teacher said "Register," the child whose name was first said, "One", the next "Two" and so on till we reached 35. I was 35 and last. Missing numbers were marked "a" and that ended it. "The Lord's Prayer," said the teacher. We rose put our hands stiffly at our sides bowed our heads and said it. "Amèn, Arithmetic" and we sat to the day's work. Think of 35 children aged 6 to 13 or more, in those days promotion was on attainment not age, and one teacher! Arithmetic, endless columns of figures to be added down, subtracted across and divided or multiplied by set numbers. You did it on a slate, showed it, rubbed it out and began again. Once a week you did it in a book and it was shown to the Head. If it was not good you did it again after school on Friday. I stayed regularly on Fridays. Spelling 20 words a day, and I never could spell, until in desperation I stopped trying and found I could. We were supposed to be too young for History or Geography but I listened to the older children when I was supposed to be reading. The Reader was a good one but I'd read it so often I was sick of it. The History was not alive like the stories my mother had told me of the first Canadian settlers, their struggles with the weather, Indians and wild beasts, and the stupidity of their governments at home. No inkling of their lives and thoughts or their amusements on the long, dark, winter evenings ever filtered through a History lesson. Geography was worse, just definitions of islands, isthmus, peninsula etc., nothing of the wonders among which we lived; the mountains, seas and rivers that were at our very doors. Nature! I wonder who devised the catechism of question and answer which we learned by heart and recited to each other. "What is a clock?" asked number one. Two replied, "A clock is a time piece which hangs on the wall to mark the time of day. What are the diseases of wheat?" Three replied "The diseases of wheat are, rust blight..." (And in my case stuck there. There were five listed.) There was a wash bowl full of tadpoles, pollywogs we called them, and I remember we were told to write a poem about a frog. I don't know what I wrote but a little Swedish girl who sat beside me wrote this on the

cover of my exercise book and my mother kept it. I don't know if it was original

"What a funny little thing a frog are,
He ain't got no tail at all almost hardly,
When he hop, he jump,
When he jump he sit down on the little tail
What he ain't got at all, almost hardly."

I found it years afterwards among some papers and memorised it.

Walks to and from school were pure joy. The hot dust welled up between our toes. Thimbleberries (wild raspberries), blackberries and huckleberries grew by the road-side and wild strawberries in the woods. Meadow larks whistled on fence posts and the woods crept to the road edge, sheltering the boys who leapt out and ambushed us. At the bottom of the hill lay the sea and home. Only the McKays and their Alexander cousins went with us to the sea. They, to wait for their uncle and his boat to take them across the inlet and we, to rush indoors to find mother; then away to the beach and boats; our homework crowded in at the last moment before bed on the veranda, with the pines whispering in the breeze, the sea murmuring round the rocks and a vesper sparrow singing through the darkness.

The morning fresh and cool woke us to the new day. Prep to finish by the big grate where the logs blazed and crackled, breakfast and scurry, nurse's voice chiding, "The Alexanders are at the bend in the road. You'll be late." They never were, though they lived ten miles away and walked most of them. "Goodbye!" "Have you got your lunch cans?" and life had begun again in earnest.

All too soon that year was over and we returned to civilisation and a boarding school for me. Horrors! The school; actually, I grew to love. It was interesting and I enjoyed every moment of it, but how I missed the early morning scurry, our dinners under the trees and the freedom from shoes and rules. I didn't learn much that first year in a school, except to occupy myself and be happy, but perhaps they were the most important things after all.

* * *

Memories of Village School-Days

Mine was hardly a "Victorian Childhood," but when it was suggested that I write my impressions of my school-days, I realised that I first went to school over forty years ago—almost half a century away. How crowded those days were!

I remember a tiny playground reserved for the infants, square, like a pocket-handkerchief, and an even smaller square cloak-room—the “Porch”—where wet play-times were spent, surrounded by dripping coats and, not infrequently, umbrellas which, once open, remained so ! The day of mackintoshes and rubber boots had not yet dawned. How well I remember those lace-up boots which reached nearly to my knees, and which, when removed, were the bane of my life to lace up again. One of the occasions necessitating boot removal was for the measuring and weighing connected with the School Doctor's visit. These annual visits were made even more unfortunate for me by one exercise set to the whole school above Standard I, by the Headmaster. This consisted of a sum in which the digits 987654321 were multiplied by 123456789. Presumably there was a correct answer, but I never remember getting it, although I worked on through the endless afternoon.

In fact, I cannot remember ever learning the “times” tables, hence my difficulties on the day of the medical inspection. Probably this was because my school attendance, as an infant, was very patchy. I had whooping cough, a fractured collar-bone and an operation for adenoids and tonsils. To say nothing of the absences made necessary by inclement weather and flooded roads, during these early years. In addition, I suffered acutely from carache, and this, too, contributed to the gaps in my knowledge of basic number.

The Standards I to VII were taught all together by three teachers in the large T-shaped room. It was customary for Standard I to return to the “little room” for Scripture until the May Scripture Examination following the March promotions. I well remember the added dignity these ex-infants acquired ! We, the First Class Infants, regarded them with mixed awe and envy as they trooped in each morning, these Beings from Beyond the Door. (Through this Door came Final Authority to deal with those infant boys who disturbed our Infant peace.)

Scripture was my favourite Lesson and the stories I was told then have never been forgotten. Hophni and Phineas, Sisera, and Balaam were not just awkward names, but real people to me. No attempt was made to explain these stories. We were merely told them, and their charm never waned.

The Headmaster was elderly—he had, in fact, taught my mother—and had a beautifully kept beard which fascinated me. He was an excellent disciplinarian, in spite of severe deafness, and was held in great respect by everyone. He possessed a keen sense of humour, as his dealings with the older boys clearly showed. The village youths were much addicted to surreptitious smoking and his advice to the culprits, when referred to him, was summed up in his famous Eleventh Commandment—“Thou

shalt not smoke till thou art fully grown." He was, incidentally, a heavy pipe-smoker himself.

In the fanciful manner of children I identified him with Boaz, probably because of his benign manner and patriarchal appearance. My adult conception of this Bible character still bears a marked resemblance to my old teacher. For his "grand-children," as he called us, he had a particularly warm affection, very well disguised when occasion warranted ! (I had the dubious distinction of receiving two strokes of the cane at his hand.) My mother belonged to the class of parent who punished wrongdoing at school with a further punishment at home. In school, at least, my brother's behaviour was exemplary, and the agony of mind I suffered, knowing he would "tell" directly he set foot in the house ! I even prayed for his fall from grace, so that his misdemeanour would cancel my own and so stay my mother's sentence of bed, and no candle !

Reading was the greatest delight of my childhood and to be deprived of the means to satisfy this was punishment indeed. One of the greatest events of these early years was the arrival at the school of a branch of the lending library sponsored by the County Authority. I had, long before, exhausted all the reading material I could lay hands on in the village and I remember the care I took in choosing the longest books available in a vain attempt to eke out the pleasure until the following Friday. In this way I discovered Harrison Ainsworth, Charlotte Yonge and Fennimore Cooper.

I might write about the Sunday School treats, the excitements of the occasional Parliamentary election and the annual Oddfellows' fête, or the trip once a year to the nearest town to buy shoes. Instead I will conclude by commenting that the 11+ examination bogey is not confined to the present generation. What a substitute for tranquillising pills was my trip in the side-car of a motor-cycle combination, complete with goggles, to "sit" for the "scholarship" at my old grammar school, a distance of twenty miles !

* * *

On Discovering an Ancient (And Grubby) Photograph

Now, I wonder, who are these,
All cap—all collar—all knees ?
I know ! Naughty deportees
Destined for the colonies.
'Too young ? Maybe 'escapees,'
Truant from reformat'ries ?
No ? I wonder, who are these,
All cap—all collar—all knees ?

This lad on the left, I fear,
(Judging from his awful leer)
Sinks the heart, and springs the tear ;
But wait ! Something pencilled here !
What does it say ?—No !—oh dear !
“ Me ”

* * *

Reminiscences of My Schooldays

The only thing I remember about my first day at school is the moment of entering the classroom full of children and sitting down beside a ‘ big ’ girl—probably aged six—to learn from her how to plait with raffia.

This was the beginning of three magical years in a department where as far as I remember not a cross word was spoken until the sad day when a strange teacher came to replace ours when she had broken her leg. The new teacher was of sterner stuff than our beloved Misses Brown and Millar and to my utter astonishment I found myself actually being punished by her for the first time in my school career. I must have been about seven. I whistled and was ‘ stood ’ in the corner.

In retrospect that event seems to mark the beginning of a new era, for upon my promotion shortly afterwards to the upper school with its more traditional discipline, life became bewilderingly unjust. Every moment of one’s day was heavy with the ‘ big brother ’ watchfulness of the headmistress, a gaunt, ugly woman, dressed like a Victorian duchess. There remained, however, the joy of music lessons with a young woman serene enough to wear all during the lesson and throughout a visit from the head, a daisy chain made for her by her pupil.

The climax came when an older girl, walking home with me, seized the tambourine I had for dancing class and rattled it at a passing horse. The next day I found myself in the terrifying presence in the drawingroom. We had been seen from a long way off by a member of staff and as I was known to be in the tambourine dance the evidence was considered conclusive. In spite of a strong sense of the injustice of the affair I was dumb. Silence was taken for guilty, I was banned from the dancing exhibition and my hatband was solemnly removed from my hat for a term as I was deemed unworthy to wear the school colours. To an eight-year-old this seemed very hard.

This pattern of bewildering injustice continued for a time and then, inevitably, there began a course of behaviour which justified it, that is to say, after the first spell of paralysed inarticulateness a spell of rebelliousness set in. When things got too bad and I had committed the crime, not once but several times of going into the 'woods,' a strip of shrubbery reserved for the boarders, my parents decided to remove me "for financial reasons" and the third phase of my school career began.

I now found myself in a vast institution for the education of about 900 girls and I spent most of the first few weeks getting lost.

The School had been started about fifty years before for the education of 'young ladies' and there still floated about its remoter corridors and staircases a handful of "lady governesses" left over from the days when the only training a teacher received was by starting as a pupil teacher. These had now been relegated to the music department and were all almost indistinguishable from each other in their long flowing black gowns, elastic-sided boots, velvet throat bands, and Edwardian hair-styles. Let me hasten to add that even to us they were oddities. They disappeared one by one and were soon forgotten.

Those who remained were qualified in the modern sense and looking back, I would classify them into three groups, leaving aside a small rather colourless group of masters—those who could not keep order, those who kept it by dint of heavy sarcasm and those who kept it through respect and affection.

In a school of this kind there were hours and hours of boredom and the habit I had acquired of behaving badly seemed impossible to shake off even in a new school. There were so many who were such easy game—people who should never have taken up teaching. To this day I am filled with shame if I meet them when I visit my home town. And yet one feels angry with them, even after all this time, for being failures. They should, one feels, either have got the upper hand or got out, instead of struggling on as martyrs to the young pitiless fiends we could be, and leaving us with nothing but remorse.

There was the brilliant young mathematician who was just too kind to cope with benches of nasty girls. But it is no use being kind when you are a teacher. The main qualities required were possessed by my last group—I am missing out my second group, the possessors of the scorpion tongues who maintained order, but achieved nothing else of lasting value.

There were six in my last group and they had two things in common besides a capacity for keeping order—an absolute

sense of justice and a great love for the subject they taught. But the last quality would have been ineffective without the first two. In the first place they won our respect, then in varying degrees our affection and finally some of them inspired some of us with love for their subject.

Three of them stand out particularly in my memory : "Susie" of the red hair, tawny eyes, and rich French accent, who hammered French grammar into us and cared so much when we didn't come up to her expectations. "Jenny Wren," head of the French department, small, darting and birdlike, also tremendously keen on her work and a splendid teacher. "The Bug"—affectionately so called because of a double-barrelled name with 'Boog' in it—of flaming bushy hair, manly proportions and voice, pacing the room with the tread of a policeman and expounding History, not without a streak of humour.

How clearly I remember them in gesture and voice and how much I owe them !

The great event of the year was the concert on the last evening of the summer term, held in a large concert hall after the design of the Albert Hall. At this, five hundred senior girls, dressed in white, occupied the organ gallery. The atmosphere was at concert pitch. All the teachers rose to the occasion, in particular one who throughout the year trundled wearily up and down the many stairs of the school, wrapped in several shabby cardigans and shawls, with unkempt hair, sighing repeatedly and complaining of draughts or rudeness. On the night of the concert she would emerge, like a butterfly from its cocoon, in dazzling white, silver hair dressed and groomed, a red rose on her shoulder. Somehow she symbolised the whole atmosphere, and afterwards when we jostled each other in the corridors behind the platform, intensely excited and shouting goodbyes, we saw them all in a softer glow and embraced them all in one wave of affection. As we took leave of them, eventually, when our turn came, for the last time, we forgave them all, or nearly all, and I hope they forgave us too !

* * *

The Village School

There were two schools in the village, one the Church of England school, the other just called a British School. I went to the Church of England. How superior we children of the Church of England school thought ourselves ! I, with a number of other

girls and boys, had to walk nearly 2 miles to get to school. There was an infant room, a middle room, and a top room; two teachers, and the Headmaster. I naturally started in the infant class. I think I got on quite well except for sewing: I was given a piece of calico to sew. I had to hem along one side. What a job I had trying to get the needle through. It seemed so hard to do, and horrid red cotton made the stitches look so big. It got dirtier every time I tried to do it. One day, the teacher said, "I think you are finding that a bit difficult." I burst into tears, and managed to say I was finding it hard. She took it from me, and I did something else. Time passed quickly and I was moved into the other class with another teacher.

There was a lady in the village who was very interested in the school. One day, the teacher said this lady was going to give a prize to the child who did the best sewing. I thought to myself, I'll never win that. We had to make a pinafore—pinafores with frills and lace were worn in those days. I sewed and sewed; eventually it was finished. After a while the teacher said the lady would be coming with the prize. When I got to school next day, there was a lovely doll sitting on the teacher's desk. All the children looked at one another, wondering who would get it. During the morning the lady came in. She said she had chosen what she thought to be the best made pinafore. Imagine my surprise when my name was called. I got up to receive the doll. How excited I was! I could not get home fast enough to show my mother. The doll had a card around her neck, saying her name was Dorothy. What pride I took in making clothes for Dorothy.

Every Christmas, the same lady used to give both schools a huge Christmas tree, loaded with gifts. It had to come to our school, as we had a big room for it. The two Headmasters used to stand near the tree, and all the children would line up, to get their gift. As I got near, my eye caught sight of a skipping rope, with blue and white painted handles and bells on them. I thought *I hope, I hope, I hope* I get that skipping rope. As my turn came, my Headmaster handed me the rope, a second before the other master held a book. Did my Headmaster know that I wanted that skipping rope so badly? Time passed again and I was moved to the last room. I was very happy there; the Headmaster was very strict but kind. Once a year an inspector used to come, and ask us questions on various subjects. One year he came and asked the class questions about Sir Francis Drake and the Spaniards. Nobody answered him; the master looked at me and said, "Hilda, stand up and give an account of the Spanish Armada." I thought to myself, I can't, I can't, then another

thought, he (Headmaster) has always told us there is no such word as can't. I stood up, and did the best I could. It did not seem so hard after all. It must have satisfied the inspector, as he said, "Thank you. That was very nice." I got as far as I could go in the school, and was very sorry when I had to leave. I had been very happy there.

I have a faded photograph of the children I was at school with. I look at it sometimes. Some I remember very well: this girl, who had a lovely singing voice, died when she was 18 years of age; this one could not speak very plainly, she also died very young; this boy, killed in France; this one went down on *H.M.S. Black Prince*.

What sad things happen in life, but nothing can take away the happy memories of

The Village School.

* * *

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee 1957-58

<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>			K. Drake
<i>Sports Representatives</i>			R. Gibbs
			B. Knapton
<i>Committee Members</i>			B. Carter (<i>née</i> Mullins)
			A. Johnson
			B. Welch
			H. Young (<i>née</i> Clarke)

O.G.A. London Meeting, March 16th, 1957

The Old Girls' Association held its third London Reunion on Saturday, March 16th, at the Central Club of the Y.W.C.A. in Great Russell Street. There were twenty members present, the same number as the previous year, though not the same people. The two hours passed quickly, for there was so much news to exchange. As 5 o'clock drew near, Miss Dunford asked us, as she has done at every London Meeting, "Is this Annual Meeting worth while?" For the third time there came the unanimous answer, "Yes."

O.G.A. Summer Meeting, July 6th, 1957

Uncertain weather probably accounted for the smaller number of members who met for the Summer Reunion on Saturday, July 6th, 1957. The tennis match began at 5 o'clock at the School Field in Wincombe Lane, but, after a few minutes' play, we had a thunderstorm and rain continued for most of the evening. We returned to Barton Hill House and chatted until the Supper Committee were ready to serve an excellent buffet supper at 6.30 p.m. When we could eat no more, we had an informal meeting in which Miss Dunford gave us her news of the School. In spite of the rain, Old Girls wandered about School, looking at the new Library, etc., and it was not until 9 o'clock that the last one had departed.

Fourteenth Annual O.G.A. Dinner, November 16th, 1957

Only a few Old Girls came to support their team in the annual Hockey Match with the School, but these few were rewarded with an exciting game which ended in a victory for the Old Girls' team, the goals being 6-3.

This formed a cheering prelude to our evening. We assembled at the Grosvenor Hotel at 7 p.m. for the Annual General Meeting. Miss Dunford was in the chair and, after welcoming members and giving a special welcome to Mrs. Raad, she gave us greetings from Old Girls unable to be present. These included Greetings Telegrams from two of our oldest Old Girls, May Short, who came to school in 1885, and Annie James, who came in 1870. It was decided that flowers should be sent to both these special Old Girls.

After the Minutes of the last Meeting, the Treasurer reported a balance in the bank of £97 0s. 11d. It was decided that the usual donation of one guinea to the School's Coronation Fund should be given every year automatically. As Margaret Baker had found it necessary to resign from the Committee, her resignation was regretfully accepted and Beryl Welch was elected to take her place.

Miss Dunford gave a brief account of the successful examination results of the past year; the new experiment of a senior and junior boarding-house at Sunridge and Barton Hill; the expedition to Denmark; and the hope of a Domestic Science building in the near future.

O.G.A. plans for the coming year were discussed and we were all delighted at Miss Young's proposal that the London Reunion in March should take place at the Westminster Hospital.

At 7.45 p.m. we moved to the upstairs Dining-room for dinner. The toast of the O.G.A. was proposed by Wendy Case, who is training at the Rose Bruford School of Speech and Drama. She described her experiences in large Comprehensive Schools in London and said how grateful she was that she belonged to a school whose greatness did not depend upon its size. Pauline Edmonds replied to the toast and said how delighted she was to come back after several years' absence. Mrs. Raad proposed the toast of the School and we all rejoiced with her on hearing of her grandson's success in winning a State Scholarship. In replying to the toast, Clare Harris, the Head Girl of the School, described the visit of May Short in the summer. She spoke of herself as a link between the present School and the Old Girls and of Miss Short as a link between the Old Girls and the School.

For the sake of people who had buses to catch, we sang Auld Lang Syne at 9.15 p.m. but it was long after that before all the groups of busily-talking Old Girls broke up and brought one of our very happiest reunions to an end.

* * * *

A Great Day, May 24th, 1957

For over a year now we have been in touch with one of our oldest Old Girls, May Short, and the School has heard many stories about her school days here in the reign of Miss Dunn. Then, unexpectedly, on May 24th, she came to see us. She arrived by car and, as she cannot manage steps, she alighted by the big gates and walked slowly round to the garden entrance to the house on her crutches. She had to keep stopping to point out things and places she remembered, and everywhere there were eager eyes watching from the windows.

Miss Short sat down just outside the garden door while the Sixth Form gathered round her and the Head Girl presented her with roses. They could have gone on listening to her memories indefinitely but we wanted everyone to share in the happiness of the visit. So we settled Miss Short in my Study by the open window and the whole school passed by, waving to her as they went, while she waved back, looking for all the world like a queen waving to her subjects.

When at last it was time for Miss Short to go, the girls who were near gathered round the gate; Miss Drake and the choir came out from the Hall and, quite spontaneously, they all sang to her before she left.

Miss Short said afterwards that it was one of the happiest days of her life. For us it was a day that we shall long remember.

M. K. DUNFORD.

Our Oldest Old Girl

Annie James (*née* Norton) came to school in 1870, first as a day-girl and later as a boarder. The Headmistress then was Mrs. Tatchell. If there is any living Old Girl who can beat this record, we shall be very glad to hear about her.

M. K. DUNFORD.

* * *

Former Members of Staff

Mrs. ANDREWS (*née* Lay) is enjoying being a busy Minister's wife in Greenwich. Unfortunately she could not come to our London Reunion because she was attending the opening of a new Congregational Church that day.

Miss BEER is hoping for a permanent post in the Exeter area so that she can live at home with her mother, but meanwhile she has taken a temporary P.E. post there. We were glad to have her at our O.G. dinner.

Miss DICKSON came for a flying visit during her first leave. It was very interesting hearing about her work in the Government Grammar School in Ilorin. Unfortunately she has had to have an operation and was unable to go back, but hopes to return to Nigeria before the end of the year.

Mrs. JONES (*née* Handford) was in Shaftesbury for a flying visit and came to watch the O.G. hockey match. She has been on board ship with her husband in Liverpool for several months. Susan enjoyed this very much.

Miss LOGG came to see us on her way back to Chelmsford from Swanage where she spent the Summer half-term.

Miss L. ROBSON and Miss W. ROBSON are now happily settled in their own home in Salisbury and several of the Staff have visited them there.

Mrs. ROMBULOW-PEARCE has now retired and is living at Steeple Langford near Salisbury.

Miss TOWELL is hoping to go to New Zealand in the near future.

Mrs. WHITE (*née* Rhodes) was very pleased to see Eileen Parsons when she called on her during the summer and to hear news of the School. She is still a lecturer in Mathematics at Brighton Training College and lives at Shoreham, where her husband has a living.

Engagements

Diana Bowden to Michael Dawe-Lane
 Rita Brain to Raymond Warren
 Wendy Colyer to Christopher Ball
 Dorothy Coombs to Geoffrey Ransome
 Joy Godfrey to Alfred George Gamblen
 Mary Green to Derek Hayward
 Gertrude Harding to Arthur Wills
 Margaret Henstridge to Anthony Burt
 Patricia Hilton to Kenneth Risbey
 Elizabeth (Jean) Nathan to Simon ?
 Sheila Sheppard to Denis Wareham
 Joy Slade to Gerald David Sobell
 Nancy Talbot to Alan Roberts
 Ann Ward to John Frank Blunden
 Ruth Wareham to Charles McAllister

Marriages

Molly Alford to Peter Rideout
 Brenda Bracher to Flying Officer Eric Macey
 Marion Bright to Anthony Savage
 June Dowland to Bernard Bayliss
 Noreen Elford to Robert Hunt
 Mary Gatehouse to Kenneth Underwood
 Veronica Gray to Dr. Peter Hopkins
 Myra Hull to Charles Henry Drake
 Rita Jacob to Raymond Hookins
 Diana Johnson to Sidney Harvey
 Yvonne Morgan to ?
 Shirley Pitman to Peter Compton
 Mary Senior to Barry Foster
 Sally Thorne to Michael Pemberton
 Nancy Talbot to Adam Charles Roberts

Births

Audrey Ayles (*née* Busby), a son, Richard Harry
 Sallie Baker (*née* Hemmens), a daughter, Catherine
 Rita Banfield (*née* Caddy), a son, Richard
 Sonya Barter (*née* Sidford), a son, Guy
 Mary Bruce (*née* Le Bechee), a son, Simon Le Bechee
 Mary Burge (*née* Fanner), a son, Allan
 Janet Burton (*née* Riches), a son, Stephen David
 Pamela Cordery (*née* Mills), a son, Jonathan
 Ruth Drake (*née* Bartlett), a daughter, Angela Mary
 Mollie Foot (*née* Wilson), a son, Stephan Michael
 June Fudge (*née* Bartley), a daughter, Wanda Gail
 Jenny Greene (*née* Purver), a daughter, Karen Elizabeth (sister
 for Nancy Ann)
 Sally Harmer (*née* Minchinton), a daughter, Fiona Sara Jane Cameron
 Gillian Hussey (*née* Woodman), a daughter, Ruth Mary
 Nita Morgan (*née* Head), a daughter, Jane Mary Frances
 Una-Jane Nice (*née* Laws), a son, Stephen William
 Audrey Reddy (*née* Sargent), a daughter, Amanda Louise
 Jeanne Stirner (*née* Toogood), a son
 Mary Straughan (*née* Lockyer), a son, Joseph
 Sybil Topp (*née* Toomer), a son, Anthony Peter
 Mary Underwood (*née* Woodman), a son, Paul James
 Josephine Williamson (*née* Williams), a son, John

- PAMELA ALBERICCI (*née* Chierbury) (1951) now has two children and is hoping to bring them over from Salisbury to see us one day.
- CHRISTINE ALFORD (1955). On leaving Weymouth Training College Christine went, with a college friend, to teach in an Infants School in London. She is looking forward to our next London Re-union.
- JENNY ALLARDYCE (1956) is very happy at the Bath Academy of Art.
- JANET ALLUM (1957) is working with the I.C.I. in London. Her family has now moved to Bournemouth.
- ROSEMARY ARNOLD (*née* Matthews) (1947). In April, Rosemary, with her husband and Richard (aged 3), sailed on the *Queen Mary* for U.S.A. where they are going to settle on Long Island, New York, with her husband's family.
- LESLEY BENNETT (1955) completed her secretarial training at Bournemouth Municipal College but found that office work did not satisfy her and is now seeking admission to a training college.
- MARY BOND (1955) has finished her training at St. Gabriel's College in London and is teaching at Tisbury.
- PAULINE BAILEY (1956) is taking a secretarial course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- DIANA BOWDEN (1954) is leaving the Moorlands Infants School, Bath, at the end of her fourth term of teaching and is being married on December 31st.
- JULIA BOWN (1957) was accepted for the Civil Service and is working at Cheltenham. She is living in the same Y.W.C.A. as Mavis Goodfellow.
- JEAN BRAIN (1957) is taking the Pre-nursing Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- SUSAN BROADHOUSE (1957) is working in the drawing-office of Telephone House in Bournemouth.
- SALLY BROOKS (1957) is taking the pre-nursing course at Weymouth Technical College.
- JILL CARDNELL (1954) is teaching at the Shrubbery County Secondary Girls' School at Basingstoke and is specialising in English, Drama and Movement.
- SONYA CASSELL (*née* Zinkova) (1954) has had a shoulder operation in St. Martin's Hospital at Bath. She and her husband are looking forward eagerly to going to Rhodesia after Christmas.
- HEATHER CHEATER (1957) was awarded a Junior County Bursary and is training as a Nursery Nurse at the Chiltern Nursery Nursing Training College in Berkshire.

- SUSAN CLARKE (1956) is now training at Guy's Hospital and is very enthusiastic about it. She swims for her Hospital.
- GRACE COOMBS (1949) is now teaching in Singapore, and is having a wonderful time abroad.
- JENNIFER EDMONDS (1949) qualified as a S.R.N. at Hammer-smith Hospital and is now doing her midwifery course at the Queen Charlotte Maternity Hospital.
- PAULINE EDMONDS (1949) is still doing secretarial work in London and having singing lessons from Gordon Clinton.
- MARY EDMONDSON (1952) is now a fully trained nurse at the Westminster Hospital in London.
- CHRISTINE EVANS (*née* Williams) (1939) brought her little daughter, Deborah, aged four, to see us in November. Her husband is still teaching at Brockenhurst County High School.
- MAUREEN FRENCH (1957) joined her mother in Argentina on leaving school. She is going to take a Secretarial Course in Buenos Aires next year.
- PAT GALLIVER (1951) is now married and living in London.
- ANN GIBBONS (1957) went to the Kent County Ophthalmic Hospital at Maidstone for a few months until she was 18. Now she has begun her nursing training at Charing Cross Hospital.
- ASLAUG GODESETH (1957) was awarded a Wiltshire County Bursary and is training as a physiotherapist at Bath.
- GILLIAN GOWEN (1953) is now helping in the Chemist's shop at Tisbury.
- SHIRLEY GRAY (1957) is very happy in her training at the Weymouth and District Hospital and cannot think why she ever contemplated any other career. She is certain now that this is her vocation.
- VERONICA GRAY went out to Malaya to teach in Kuala Lumpur and is now married to a doctor there.
- JEAN HALL (1948) is teaching at the Moordown Junior School in Bournemouth.
- GILLIAN HANN (1956) is very happy working in Barclay's Bank at Wiveliscombe in Somerset.
- CAROL HARDING (1957) is working at Hine & Parsons shop in Shaftesbury.
- MARGARET HARDING (1949) is still Senior Staff Nurse at the Beatrix Nursery at East Knoyle. She went to Switzerland with Margaret Baker in July.
- DIANE HART (*née* Matthews) (1946) is working in a chemist's shop at Nakuru in Kenya where her husband is an Agricultural Engineer.
- JENNIFER HARDING (1957) is working with I.C.I. in London.

- JUDY HATHERLEY (1952) went to St. James Hospital, Balham, in September for a course in midwifery, instead of going to Salisbury Infirmary as a Staff Nurse.
- ROSEMARY HEDGES (1957) is working in an office in Basingstoke.
- SYLVIA HISCOCK (1957) is teaching at the Manor House School, Wimborne, until she is old enough to go to college next year.
- ANN HITCHINGS (1954) is now a fully qualified Nursery Nurse and is a Staff Nurse at the Beatrix Nursery at East Knoyle. She is learning to play the clarinet.
- BARBARA HORLOCK-JONES (1956) is enjoying her training at the Bath and Wessex Orthopaedic Hospital. She has been accepted for the Bristol Royal Infirmary later.
- SHIRLEY HOWELL (1956) is working in the office of Jeffreys, the Auctioneers in Shaftesbury.
- YVONNE HUMPHRIES (1957) has joined Cynthia Humble at the Rural District Council's offices in Shaftesbury.
- HAZEL HUNT (1957) has entered on a course of secretarial training at the Poole College of Further Education.
- MARGARET HUSSEY (1937) sees Mrs. Andrews (*née* Laye) very frequently as their Churches work in close co-operation and they live fairly near each other.
- JANE JAY (1957) is taking the Secretarial course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- HEATHER JESSHOPE (1956) has emigrated to Canada with her family.
- HILARY JONES (1957) is enjoying her secretarial training at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- MERRILL JONES (1957) is helping her parents in the hotel at Knowle, near Solihull, where they are working, and taking a secretarial course at the same time.
- RUTH JONES (1955). On completing her two years at Coventry Training College, Ruth was awarded a Bursary to the Rose Bruford School of Speech and Drama in London and has joined Wendy Case there.
- PAMELA LOVELL (1953) has completed her training at the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital at Bournemouth and in April is going to St. Thomas' Hospital for her Midwifery Course. She is in touch with Joan Peel (*née* Duke) and Christine Titt who are doing their nursing training at Bournemouth.
- STELLA LUDLOW (1950) had to give up her plans to work for B.O.A.C. because of illness, so she is still a Receptionist at the Great Western Royal Hotel at Paddington. She has had two wonderful holidays, one in Paris and one in Scotland.

- SHIRLEY MCLEOD** (1957) is working in an Accountant's Office, Adams & Wagstaff, in Salisbury. Her family may be coming from the Falkland Islands to settle in England next year.
- MARINA MENDE** (1955) has returned from Spain and is in her second year at King's College, London.
- HILARY MOODY** (1957) is thoroughly enjoying her Air Traffic Control Duties at Elmdon Airport at Birmingham. During November she was sent on a three weeks' course near Bournemouth.
- ANN MORRIS** (1957) is going to Brussels in a few weeks' time to live with a family and help to look after the three children. She hopes to go to Austria for Winter Sports and to Spain for a summer holiday.
- JEAN NATHAN** (1951) hopes to complete her Librarian Examinations in December. She has enjoyed a temporary job as a bibliographer very much. She was helping the publishers, Whitaker & Son, with the compilation of a huge five-yearly catalogue of all books in print at the present time.
- JEAN PARR** (*née* Williams) (1938) is now living at Wimbledon. When she came to see us in November with her sister Christine it was her first visit since she left school.
- EILEEN PARSONS** (1955) is teaching at the Tavistock Secondary Modern School, West Croydon. She is enjoying it although it is strenuous work.
- RUTH PHILLIPS** (1957). Before going to Southampton University to study for an Honours Degree in French, Ruth spent six weeks of the summer holiday working at an orphanage in Strasbourg and enjoyed it immensely.
- MARY ORMAN** (1952) is now teaching at the Somers Heath Infants School. This is on a new L.C.C. Housing Estate and is regarded as the model school of the district. She is having singing lessons from Gordon Clinton.
- SUSAN PALLISTER** (1957) has begun her nursing training at the Westminster Hospital in Shaftesbury.
- MAY PADFIELD** (1957) is helping to look after the children in a family at Milton near Gillingham, for the time being.
- JANICE PRIDDLE** (1956) is working at a hairdresser's in Salisbury till she is old enough to train as a nurse.
- ANN RAWSON** (1947) represented the Young Conservatives of the Westbury Division at the Conservative Conference at Brighton and enjoyed it very much.
- SHEILA READ** (1951) is now nursing at the Grove Park Chest Hospital, Marvells Lane, London.
- BETH REBBECK** (1955) is very interested in her work at the Harrow Meteorological Station.

- HAZEL RIDEOUT** (1956) is working in Hine & Parsons' Shop in Shaftesbury.
- MARGARET ROSE** (1957) is training as a Hotel Receptionist at the South Devon Technical College at Torquay.
- HAZEL SALISBURY** (1957) is taking the Domestic Science Course at Salisbury College of Further Education.
- JANET SALISBURY** (1956) is working in the Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance in London and is enjoying the life of a hostel there.
- MARY SENIOR** (1947) is not a member of O.G.A., as she left us to go to the City of Bath School, but her contemporaries will be interested to hear that this year she received from Princess Margaret her B.A. degree in French and English, with second class honours, at the University College of North Staffs; married Flying Officer Barry Foster and began teaching at Thornes House Grammar School, Wakefield.
- VALERIE SHARP** (1955) is working hard for her finals in the General Honours School at Bristol, and hopes to spend a fourth year at the University in the Department of Education.
- DIANA SIDFORD** (1950) is planning to return home from Australia next year.
- PAT SIDFORD** (1953) is working at Bateman's, the opticians, in Salisbury.
- BARBARA SMALES** (1951) is still teaching at Portland. In addition she is a member of an active Drama Club, a Badminton Club and a Woodwork Class. She is planning to work for a further academic qualification in History.
- JANET SQUIRES** (1956) completed her training at the Salisbury Secretarial College and is now receptionist for Mr. Pinniger in Shaftesbury.
- MARY STAINER** (1951) is teaching in a British Forces School in Germany.
- BERYL STRETCH** (1946) has emigrated to U.S.A. with her husband and is now living in Kansas Town.
- BRENDA TOMLINSON** (1954) is still working in the School Dental Service in York and hopes to be able to take the six months' training to become a qualified Dental Nurse.
- ANN WARD** (1955) is leaving the Wrens at Christmas as her wedding is planned for then or the New Year. She heartily recommends any girl to join up as a Range Assessor or Signal Wren.
- JOYCE WAREHAM** (1957) is taking the Domestic Science Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- HELEN WATTS** (1951) has visited School in a new capacity as Assistant to the School Dental Surgeon.

BARBARA WHITE (1956) passed her State Preliminary Exam, Part I at Bournemouth Municipal College and has now gone to train at the Royal Hants Hospital at Winchester. Her mother has married again and their new home is at Wokingham.

TESSA WRIGHT (1954) is now teaching near Shrewsbury.

JANE WYLLIE (1956) is enjoying her work on a flower farm in Cornwall.

JANET WYMAN (1956) is working in Rutter & Rutter's offices in Shaftesbury.

MARY YOUNG, Matron of the Westminster Hospital, is now a member of the Board of Directors of the National Council of Nurses. She attended the International Congress of Nurses held in Rome in May, 1957. There were 3,000 members from 57 different countries at the Congress and they were all received in public audience by His Holiness the Pope in St. Peter's.

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Extracts from Letters

1. WENDY COLYER (1956) *writes from St. Clare's Hall, Oxford* :—

I am thoroughly enjoying the experience of life in Oxford. St. Clare's Hall has about forty girls reading for Honours Degrees in Arts subjects, and about the same number of foreigners taking courses in English.

Since space is very limited only the first-year Degree girls live in College, and the others are in digs. In actual fact, I live in the Principal's House, which is exceptionally pleasant and comfortable, and have a tiny bed-sitter of my own, with everything I want. Food is wonderful.

Almost all the facilities of Oxford University are available for us, which means that we have access to all lectures, clubs and societies.

The work so far has been hard, but we manage to find time for a great many activities. Miss Drake might be interested to know that I have joined two undergraduate choirs, and am singing numerous works, from Schubert to Kodaly ! I have also joined a club for guitar and folk song, play tennis and squash, and have joined the O.U. Yacht Club. It is all tremendous fun, and I am very much looking forward to all the events to come during the next three years.

2. JOYCE COX (1956) *writes from the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough* :—

We have now almost recovered from Rag Week which

was at the end of September and are settling down to work again. Everybody went completely mad over the Rag, however we did manage to collect over £700, which went to the hospital and local old and sick people. I was not actually on a float but helped with the collecting. I ran around jumping on buses and stopping traffic. We had a dance at the Apprentices hostel afterwards and for once I was glad to get into my hostel bed as I was exhausted.

We have got our exams very soon, so I shall soon have to settle down and do some revision. I am taking A level next June in Physics, Chemistry, Pure and Applied Maths, but we get another chance in 1959, as it is supposed to be a three year course.

3. ANN GIBBONS (1957) *writes from the Kent Ophthalmic Hospital at Maidstone* :—

I had been nursing only three weeks when I did my first night work, then just recently they put me on for a long period. It was a great strain being alone on a ward of twenty-one patients, all night. Still, the fact that I was alone and had to do things by myself has given me great confidence.

I had not been here long before it was discovered that I could play the piano. The Assistant Matron asked me if I would play the organ in the hospital chapel. I explained that I knew nothing of organs and could not play hymns very well, but said I would "have a go." I pulled out all the stops and played just as if it was a piano. The result was not too bad, consequently I played for the patients every Sunday for three months.

4. JENNY HARDING (1957) *writes from London* :—

So far, I have found the work at I.C.I. very interesting, but possibly after twelve months in this department, I may find it monotonous. I am in the Overseas Registry and my job consists of sorting both inward and outgoing mail and filing copies of this. Our section of the department deals with the Far and Middle East, the Mediterranean and India. As I am a keen stamp collector I am very pleased that I'm working here !

5. JUDY PEEL (1954) *writes from St. Bartholomew's Hospital* :—

I've now just finished three and a half months of night duty on a men's medical ward, which was a very heavy ward especially once the fogs and 'flu had set in, as we catered especially for chest cases. Nevertheless, it was a lovely ward and I was very sorry indeed to leave it, as medical nursing is infinitely preferable to surgical nursing in my eyes.

The time is going so quickly now, as the S.R.N. exams or "Belting" as we call it here (since people wear navy belts and silver buckles once they have passed S.R.N. and the Bart's exams), draw near. The exams are a long drawn out agony, lasting from the end of January for three weeks or so, and it is so hard to try to start doing some studying—there's always too much else to be done in one's off-duty!

6. JANET OGLANBY (*née* Ayers) (1950) *writes from Oxford* :—

I am still in the laboratory at the Blood Transfusion Centre, and very happy. It has expanded a lot since I first went there, and the work now covers much more ground, and is growing all the time. Although a lot is routine, it is very interesting as we deal both with the actual blood bank and with ante-natal cases. I always wanted something connected with hospital work, not nursing and not office work, and this type of laboratory technology is just ideal. I can hardly believe that I have been there nearly seven years, and been married nearly three.

7. BRIDGET SALISBURY (1957) *writes from Offley Training College, Hitchin (where they only have an intake of students once every two years)* :—

One of the main disadvantages of all the students being first years is that we have to discover everything for ourselves. We have had to set up on our own societies, but now we have a varied selection.

The whole college went on an expedition to Cambridge last week. We looked over Trinity College and King's College Chapel. We also went to the special service, at Great Saint Mary's Church, for students at Training Colleges. I noticed that some students from Hockerill Training College were there but I did not see Barbara Hitchings. In the evening we went to a service at King's College Chapel. It was a very lovely service.

We are at a very convenient distance from London and so can go there quite cheaply if we care to get up for the workmen's train at 7 a.m. ! We have a special excursion to London on November 16th and we can then go our various ways when we get there.

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Letters From Abroad

1. GRACE COOMBES (1949) *writes from Singapore* :—

Singapore is a mixture of East and West, although it is naturally predominantly Eastern. There is an absolute warren

of small dilapidated streets where people live in and over minute Chinese shops. If one walks or rides along late at night, one can see the night watchman or "jaga" sleeping on a bare bedstead across the shop doorway. The people are mainly Chinese, although there are many races amongst whom, the Malays and Indians come next in number. The Chinese appear to be more prosperous and are mainly the business people, while the Malays take life more easily. The Indian Tamils are usually the labourers and the Sikhs are the night watchmen. It was strange at first to see the Chinese women labourers, who are exceptionally strong. They form their own co-operative society, are often unmarried by tradition, and are affiliated to a sisterhood which provides them with a kind of social insurance.

The various costumes of the races are very bright and colourful, but I think that the saris are more graceful than the Chinese cheongsam or the Malay sarong and baju.

The school in which I teach is the only one which has been built as such, the rest being converted army barracks, so I consider myself very fortunate. We work from 8.45 a.m. to 12.45 p.m. and have the afternoon free. At first it seemed a very long morning but now I'm glad as it gets so terribly hot in the afternoon. I have 34 six to seven-year-olds, which is a much smaller class than the one I had in London.

I am sure that never before has a description of our Old Girls' Badge been taken down in a police station by a Chinese inspector! I was unfortunate in having most of my money stolen when I first came out. I had to go to the Immigration Office and I saw a big notice saying "Beware of pickpockets." The place was packed with people of many different nationalities. I casually looked in my handbag and to my indescribable horror found that both my wallet and purse had gone. I immediately went to the police station and for some reason the only identifiable object in my wallet was my Old Girls' badge. The inspector "took" down the description of the corn sheaf and was rather puzzled by the Latin inscription underneath. Needless to say, it was never recovered. I was amazed on entering the prison to see a person behind bars on view to the public. It was a very interesting experience but I would rather that it had been less personal.

One day I saw Ann Tidy in one of the larger stores. She looks very well.

We had our half-term very early this term to coincide with "Deepavali" which is a Hindu festival. My friend from home, who has come out to join me, and I went to Malacca, which is 160 miles up country on the Western coast of Malaya. We

travelled by bus and were the only Europeans, as they usually go by train or private car. We went this way partly because we thought it would be more interesting and also because it was cheaper. On reaching the Causeway, the man made link between Singapore and Malaya, we had to go through the Customs to ensure that we were carrying no food which could fall into the hands of the terrorists. The journey took six hours and we passed many rubber and oil palm estates and stretches of jungle. Malacca is one of the oldest towns in the Federation, having first been captured by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century. They built a fortress and a church, the ruins of which can be seen today. The Portuguese were ousted by the Dutch in the seventeenth century and they in turn erected several buildings which are the oldest Dutch buildings in the Far East. The British then took over in 1820 and until Merdeka on August 31st, Malacca remained in British possession. We saw a very old cemetery which made us realise that the Europeans who came out here two or three centuries ago were real pioneers. Most of them seemed to have died at a very early age. The district of Malacca is famous for its bullock carts which are used extensively for labouring work. It was amazing to see them in the centre of the town with cars whizzing around and about them. On the return journey to Singapore we vowed that we would not travel by bus again as the seats seem to get harder and harder.

Today we have been to book up for a cruise to Hong Kong and Japan for next year. I feel that it is silly not to take the opportunity to travel and that is the main reason why I enjoy being out here. However, I think that when I have been out for two years it will be quite long enough, as I still find the heat rather trying.

2. HEATHER JESSHOPE (1956) *writes from Toronto* :—

I remember that before I left England you asked me to write and give my first impressions of Canada.

Well, coming up the St. Lawrence I was really awe-struck by the massive hills, pine covered, and such a lovely shade of green. The hills rise nearly sheer out of the water, as there were no cliffs at all. The occasional glimpse of a roof-top through the trees was a point of vivid colour (lots of houses have bright red, blue or green shingles). Then for miles and miles there would be no signs of habitation at all—I felt rather like an explorer.

After an exceedingly smooth crossing and fairly good weather, we disembarked at Quebec in pouring rain. The

welcome given us by Customs officials with hot coffee and cookies made up for the cold weather reception.

Off Newfoundland we had encountered thick fogs, and plenty of icebergs (that is a sight to be remembered—dazzling white ice with a deep reflection of sea green around its base). I had cause to remember then the lessons Miss Piggott had given me in Geography on Canada and had never expected to see. The sight of whales spouting was another interest, and we managed to take some excellent photographs.

The journey from Quebec to Toronto by train was very interesting.

We stayed for about eight weeks in Lakefield (100 miles north of Toronto) with my Aunt. Lakefield was on the river Ottonabee, which opened out into a series of lakes which all have Indian names. The Indian Reserve near there is quite extensive and has some well known beauty spots. One weekend we went up to Burleigh Falls when they were in flood, due to the heavy rain. The country around them was rich in colour and wild life. I have seen a bear, deer, squirrels and chipmunks in the woods. There are also beavers further north and lots more wild life.

We have been settling down in our apartment, as we have been in Toronto about five or six weeks now.

Toronto really is a lovely city. All except the main streets are tree-lined, and now at the beginning of the Fall, look lovely. The downtown stores are enormous, and have everything under the sun. Some of these stores are six or seven floors high. Parliament Street is full of very modern buildings and offices, is wide, with trees and flower beds down the centre. Everything looks clean and new.

We are living about 800 yards from the beach. It is so unlike any beach I have ever seen. The sand is almost a silver colour, and the lake water which I insist on calling "sea" has also a silvery quality about it. There is a broad walk about three yards wide, nearly the length of the beach, with trees in places growing down to the water's edge. There are very few rocks as grass grows amongst the sand, and houses are not very far from the water. It has a very natural look, quite unlike Bournemouth.

I must tell you about the trees. The colours of the changing leaves are magnificent. The leaves are deep yellows and ochres with splashes of red and green and brown.

I am attending Danforth Collegiate in the city, and am taking a Commercial Art Course. This course also includes

History, both Englishes, typing and gym. The school is very large, and runs about three dozen different courses. It was very confusing on my first day there. There are 1,400 boys and 200 girls attending day school and they also run evening classes.

Although Danforth Collegiate is quite an old school it hasn't many traditions like the "High School." Somehow I miss these traditions now.

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Training in Agriculture

1. SEALE HAYNE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON.

The National Dairy Diploma Course may be taken at Seale Hayne, and is a two-year course. For this a wide number of subjects are studied, including Dairying, Dairy Chemistry, Bacteriology and also a wide number of subjects concerning agriculture, including crop and animal husbandry—and even a detailed course in Mechanics.

Before entering College a year's practical farming is a "must." Some students stay at school and take Chemistry, Botany or Zoology at Higher, and then do their practical, and so on to College. The alternative being to get a good General Schools, including Chemistry or General Science and Maths; then to do a year's practical followed by a year at a Farm Institute. Getting to College this way saves a year, and also gives an extra year's farming experience. This is a great advantage in both years, so long as one is prepared really to get down to working at the scientific side.

At the end of all this there are a variety of jobs to look forward to. These may include research, lecturing, laboratory, commercial work or practical work again. The latter is really rather a waste, after two years' study; and an equally good, if not better, job may be obtained by an Institute Certificate.

To conclude, I would like to emphasise the point that for the really "scientifically minded" person there are many openings in Agriculture—and it appears that there will be even more in the future, as farming gets further and further from the spade and bucket stage!

JENNY PROTHIERO.

2. HARPER ADAMS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, NEWPORT, SHROPSHIRE.

Harper Adams is considered one of the "top" Agricultural

Colleges in England. Cirencester first, Harper second, and Seale Hayne third. It is quite a modern building, comparing it with Shaftesbury High School. It was built at the beginning of the 20th century in red brick.

The College has 200 men training for their National Diploma Agriculture and National Diploma Poultry and 30 girls training for the National Diploma Poultry.

There are two girls' hostels. One a mile from the College and the one I am in, which is next to the College. I consider myself very lucky to be in this hostel as girls of the other hostel have to cycle here to have their meals.

There are 34 students in their first year training for National Diploma Poultry, which include 16 girl students. Imagine my surprise when I found that one of these girls came from Stalbridge !

The poultry students are called poults and the agricultural students are called agries. There are also some boys doing their practical work on the farm here and who are hoping to come to College next year. These join in all the College activities and are nicknamed "Farm Pups."

I find the work here extremely interesting and can realise now how much the vacation work I did at Lackham has helped me.

Our rising bell goes at 7.30 a.m. and breakfast is at 8 a.m. Lectures start at 9 a.m. and continue until 1 p.m. We have four lectures in the morning with a 10-minute break between each one and a quarter of an hour break for coffee at 11 a.m. The afternoons we do practical work on the farm from 2 p.m. to 4 or 5 p.m.

The lectures include Building Construction, which is mainly carpentry and building hen houses, deep litter houses, etc. During these lectures we hear about different kinds of wood, formation of different joints, preserving timber and isometric drawings. Other lectures are Anatomy, Chemistry, Genetics, Pigs, Soils and Fertilizers, Breeds, Embryology, Poultry Research and Botany. Most of the lectures we have in the National Poultry Institute, which is for the poultry students only. We have Anatomy, Chemistry, Botany and Agriculture in the College.

We are free on Wednesday afternoons and Saturday afternoons but work Saturday mornings..

A great day of the term was Rag Day in aid of the Cancer Research Fund. We managed to break all records of previous years by £200. We raised £700 plus altogether.

Next week we have the Rugger Formal Dance in Shrewsbury which is the last social event before the exams.

JANICE SIDFORD.

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First Impressions of a "Physio" School

I've been here for nearly three weeks now, but to me it seems nearly a lifetime, because the time has flown so quickly and there has been so much to do in such a little time. The first two days were bewildering, but after that everything seemed to slip into place and through I still find the work difficult it is no longer so confusing as in those first few days when I knew no one and had to find my bearings round the School and Bath.

We start school at 9 o'clock and finish at 4.30, and in this time we have six lessons, each lasting for approximately an hour. The lessons include Anatomy, Physiology, Massage, Electro-Mechanics, Exercises and Pathology, and at the moment most emphasis is being put on the Anatomy and Physiology since these are the exams which are taken after eighteen months. The first six months are devoted entirely to lectures, but after that we are let loose in the departments for half a day at a time. The Hospitals in which we work are the Bath and Wessex Children's Orthopaedic Hospital, Royal United Hospital, Manor Hospital, St. Martin's Hospital and the Royal Mineral Water Hospital for Rheumatics, and we work for a period in each of these before we have finished our Course.

The students have an association which arranges for various activities. We hold an occasional dance, have a skiffle group, and have lectures which are principally on medical topics. We also go to gym and swimming two evenings a week, and then there is the hockey team which plays its matches on Sunday afternoons, because there is not a field available at any other time. When we have done all this we go home to three hours of study every evening and a little extra study over the weekend of course.

The Bath School of Physiotherapy is in the Manor House, where the Lord of the Manor lived at Weston, which was then a village at the Bristol side of Bath. Approximately 300 years

ago it was a monastery and during World War II it was turned into quarters for the United States Army. One can see from this that it has had a varied history. Next year will be the tenth anniversary of the Physiotherapy School, and by this time, 400 students, including Hydrotherapy students, will have passed through the school.

I hope I have not discouraged future would-be Physiotherapy students too much, for although the work may be a little difficult in the beginning, it is very interesting and worthwhile, and you meet people from all walks of life. I know that I am going to enjoy doing this work, and suggest to those who want a worthwhile and stimulating career with a scientific bias that Physiotherapy may be the job for them.

ASLAUG GODESETH.

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Swimming

1. FOR A UNIVERSITY

"Alan, who on earth is going to swim backstroke on Saturday against London?" is a typical cry from the heart of the Women's Secretary to the Men's at frequent intervals throughout the academic year. Despite the fact that there are nearly 3,000 students here, you are a magician if you can find more than a dozen swimmers—eight men and four women respectively—who are willing, or able, to swim competitively against other Universities. As the minimum number for a free-style relay team is four, you can, if you are a mathematician like myself, see that the women just make it, and the men manage their polo team of 7, plus one. However, if we lack quantity (though as none of us are very frail in appearance I am not sure that this is justified) we have our share of quality and friendliness. In fact it would be beneficial to anyone to join the club just to share in the atmosphere of true sportsmanship which our club has, and I am not boasting, built up to such a good standard.

Being such a small club, nearly everyone is either a Captain, Vice-Captain, Secretary, Treasurer or P.R.O., so calling a committee meeting is no difficulty at all: in fact you can quite easily, as is now our custom, make this an excuse for a general congregation in the Coffee Bar after Club nights! At such meetings, all the fixtures (if they have been made and not lost

in the post by the Men's Secretary) are discussed and the Men's Captain starts lecturing technique to his polo team, while the Treasurer bewails the fact that "we can't possibly afford to go to Exeter; they will have to come to us." The Women's Captain and Vice silently commiserate on the fact that they will have to swim Oxford between them as no one else is available—and order another cup of coffee!

However, all this gloom is immediately dispelled at a Gala. A University swimming match is something which has to be seen to be believed. Small groups form round the edge of the pool, and Captains of the two competing clubs tell each other the failings of their team. Snatches of conversation drift to those who are changing in the dark (and sometimes damp) cubicles. "... the journey up here was too much for her, so do you think we could just swim 50 yards tonight... well, when last I saw Roger he was walking in the direction of the Spanish Ballet, so perhaps we had better leave the breast stroke until last... but, my dear, we haven't got two Butterflies... diving? What's that?... well, we'll make do without the goalposts—if we can find the ball..." Finally, having whittled the distances to be swum, down to a minimum; having reluctantly changed into bathing costumes and track suits; having realised that you are half-an-hour late already, and that the hot meal that is waiting for you will be getting cold (which is far more important) you begin. The races are swum in good style and the Captain's word is gospel until he tells you "Don't swim all out in this one as you have to swim immediately afterwards in the team race," whereupon you fling yourself ferociously at the water (the best start of the evening!) muttering "Resign, resign." It is surprising that after all this you swim at all, but you do, and sometimes at quite a reasonable standard. Events always include Backstroke, Breaststroke, Freestyle and Butterfly; Medley and Freestyle Relays for both the Men's and Women's team.

Besides having a good swim, you have the opportunity of meeting students from other Universities. You gradually get to know *all* the swimmers at all Universities because of the small club memberships (I am sure I have not stressed this point). The evening meal after the match is therefore spent in relating the latest gossip concerning the notorious Smith of Birmingham, or comparing notes on when you last did some training, or "Yes, we have a jolly good Captain, but let me tell you what he's really like." All of this is, of course, in the best of humours and nobody minds what is openly said of them (they have no option!).

I could tell you much more about our Club. How we lost a certain member in London ; how another got off the Swansea train for a cup of tea, only to find on returning, the train gently steaming up the platform ; how yet another discreetly (or so he thought) removed two Biology Professors (portraits thereof) from the walls of a Reading laboratory ; and last but not least, how some of us spent the night on the staircase in a hotel in Dublin during the Varisities International match. But, being the Women's Vice-Captain, Secretary and P.R.O. (you see what I mean) I must snatch my bathing costume off the radiator and dash to the baths for my daily swim (yes, we admit it, we do train) or the Men's Secretary will be complaining " You're late again, lass."

VALERIE L. SHARP (*Bristol University*).

2. FOR A HOSPITAL

This can be described by only one word—hectic. Like everything else in a nurse's life, it has to be skilfully fitted into off-duty and any other activities one may participate in. However, we enjoy ourselves and do have an opportunity of meeting more nurses from the other London Hospitals.

There are not many of us in the Swimming Club, but those who have joined meet every Monday night to train and discuss future races. As soon as we are off-duty at 8.30 p.m., we change and go to the pool, which is situated under the Nurses' Home. After half-an-hour's swimming under the watchful eye of the Sister who comes with us, we have usually had enough, so we turn to talking about the forthcoming events. It is always very difficult finding the nurses to swim in these, as some are on holiday and others have gone home for their day off. Still, there is usually someone sporting enough to help us out. When all arrangements are made, we have some coffee and part for another week.

Some of the hospitals have a gala of their own, to which we are invited to swim in a team race or a medley race. The most important events are the inter-hospital races. Heats are held for these, so that we usually all know one another by the time the finals come along. The heats this year were held in the Middlesex and the finals in Marshall Street Baths. I must say we all looked very nice, as each hospital has its own colour which the nurses wear in the form of a wrap. We have yellow wraps and hats, with the ordinary regulation bathing costume.

This year, we have not done anything outstanding, but have had a few placings in different races, so that we are all fully determined to achieve more in the New Year. We might even win the Inter-hospital Shield from University College Hospital.

SUSAN CLARKE (*Guy's Hospital*).

Life Members since January, 1957

Brown, Julia, Dunromin, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Case, Wendy, Queen Street, Gillingham, Dorset
Harding, Jenny, Tredean Lodge, Chepstow
Rose, Margaret, Higher Farm, Manston, Sturminster Newton
Brain, Jean, South Farm, Ansty, Nr. Salisbury

Annual Members 1956/57 (since December, 1956)

Bond, Susan, 12, The Elms, Fovant, Salisbury
Culverhouse, Sally, H.Q. '1 (B.R. Corps), B.O.A.R. 39
Hann, Gillian, Wiveliscombe, Somerset
Imber, Ena (*née* Clarke), The Ship Inn, Shaftesbury
Short, May, Grenville Place Nursing Home, Blandford Forum
Tidey, June, 42, Cranes Park, Surbiton, Surrey
Tyler, Rosemary, Pidgeon House Farm, Sturminster Newton
Woodman, Margaret, 24, Elmers Drive, Teddington, Middlesex
Wyllie, J., Tregiffian Cottage, St. Buryan, Cornwall

Annual Members, 1957/58

Alford, Christine, Sapsworth House, 122, Lower Clapton Road, E.5
Bennett, Lesley, 11, Meyrick Park Crescent, Bournemouth
Bond, Mary, 12, The Elms, Fovant, Salisbury
Bond, Susan, 12, The Elms, Fovant, Salisbury
Broadhouse, Susan, Coppice, Bindon Lane, East Stoke, Wareham
Cheater, Heather, 41b, Trinidad Crescent, Parkstone, Dorset
Edmonds, Jennifer, 1, Southend Road, Beckenham
Edmonds, Pauline, 1, Southend Road, Beckenham, Kent
Gray, Shirley, Brinscombe Cottages, Shaftesbury
Harding, Margaret, Beatrix Nursery, East Knoyle
Humble, Cynthia, Glyn Gift, Mill Street, Fontmell Magna
McLeod, Shirley, c/o Mrs. Priddle, Prescombe House, Ebbesbourne Wake, Salisbury
Welch, Beryl, Layton Lane, Shaftesbury
Woods, Betsy, French Mill Lane, Shaftesbury

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**To all Members of the School, whether near or far,
We send Greetings and Good Wishes**