

4/5

County High School for Girls SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 21

• December, 1958

County High School for Girls Shaftesbury

MAGAZINE

VOL. 21

DECEMBER, 1958

CONTENTS

Editorial

Magazine Committee

Staff Notes

Gifts to the School

"Red Letter" days

Speech Day

School Expedition

Parents' Day

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES AND REPORTS

School Council

Social Service

Games Report

House Report

Boarders' Report

Flower Guild

Dramatic Society

"As You Like It"

Musical Activities

LECTURES

"Badgers and Hedgehogs"

Church of England Children's Society

Lecture on the Trans-Arctic Expedition

Three Speakers on other Countries

CONFERENCES AND EXPEDITIONS

A Sixth-Form Course at Dinton

Stratford-on-Avon

The Youth Hostel

Our Visit to Warwick and Kenilworth

Our Visit to Coventry

The Plays

Salisbury Cathedral Celebrations

Youth Pilgrimage

Schools' Service

Commonwealth Youth Sunday Service

Upper VI's Visit to London

In Praise of Fine Poetry Reading

Christopher Hassel's Recital

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

A Visit to the Royal Academy

A Pilgrimage from Canterbury to Winchester

A Holiday Course at the Dorset Farm Institute

"Two Go off to Work"

Impressions of a Hundred-mile-an-hour Holiday

Our First Days at School

A Ballerina's Dressing Room

POETRY

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

EDITORIAL

In this age of automation, when life in every sphere is facilitated by labour saving devices, so many adults emulated by their children are only too fond of easy entertainment such as the cinema, radio or television. Each of these amusements may have some merits but the question arises as to whether the majority of English people are losing the ability to think for themselves or to provide their own constructive hobbies.

This year in School the keynote has been in Cowper's words "Variety's the very spice of life". We have had a great number of interests, in fact something to suit the taste of everyone, encouraging individual enterprise.

Our choir continues to give pleasure to others, joining with the Grammar School choir for the annual Carol Service and for the rendering of Stamford's "Songs of the Fleet". The choir also gave a selection of songs on Speech Day.

The highlight of the Dramatic Society's work was in the Spring term when they produced "As You Like It" in the newly opened Arts theatre.

The Flower Guild remains an enthusiastic body, making school look beautiful on special occasions.

There have been many expeditions this year, notably the School outing to Glastonbury, Wells, Cheddar and Wookey, the biennial expedition to Stratford, the Upper VI visit to London and the weekend conference at Dinton. Many individuals in school have been on interesting holidays, which they have written about in the section of original contribution, in this magazine.

Life at Shaftesbury High School gives each of its members a chance to develop a love of culture and industry, thus preparing them to go out into the world to be energetic citizens. We are grateful to Miss Dunford and staff for making this possible.

EDITRESS.

* * *

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Editress : ROSEMARY LAWRENCE
Sub-Editress : MARY NORRIS
Committee : KATE COLES
SARAH JORDAN
ROSEMARY WAGNER
JENNIFER PRIDDLE
BARBARA SKEW
JOAN MEARNES

* * *

STAFF NOTES

We shall long remember Miss Tofield's efficient organisation of our Sports days and we hope that she will by now be just as efficiently whipping up wonderful cake mixtures and planning appetising school dinners. In her place we welcome Miss A. Matthews, from the Lady Mabel Physical Training College, and hope that she will never lose her cheerful, enthusiastic demeanour.

In times when Science teachers are worth their weight in uranium, we thought it very unlikely that we could find anyone to replace Miss Tilstone who did so much for the School not only in her teaching but in her interest in such activities as the Flower Guild and in School Expeditions. We shall remember her skill in conversing with Danish V.I.P.'s. Very fortunately, we are able to welcome to our labs., Mrs. Davison who has already begun a new tradition by including boys in her classes. A difference has also been felt by A.A.M. members who have exceeded their usual zeal by sending members to two A.A.M. meetings.

We were very sorry that Miss Sharpe could not continue to teach violin lessons, but, of course, delighted to have Mrs. Rickard with us for a little while. She very kindly came to us for a few days this term as well to introduce Miss Fortnum. Miss Walker, who has taken Mr. Clarke's place in teaching the 'cello, has only one pupil at the moment but we feel sure that after her 'cello recital the other dinner hour that her class will grow.

Once more we are fortunate in having a "Mam'selle" for a year and we hope that Mlle. Giallard really feels at home with us.

We have missed Miss Langton very much this term and hope that she will be with us again soon. In the meanwhile, we have been grateful for all the work done for us by Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Austin.

M.E.W.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL, 1958

Of money :	Miss Beer Miss Robson Philippa Potter
Pictures :	P. & J. Edmonds (Sisley, "Canal du Loing") S. Henderson & S. Bloomfield (H. C. Fox, "Sussex Downs") Anonymous (Sisley, "Le Loing, Environs de Moret") Ruth Phillips (Vermeer, "Gentleman with Glass")
Library Books :	Ruth Phillips Celia Layzell ("Faber Book of Modern Verse") Miss Tilstone ("Bird Life in Britian") Aslaugh Godeseth ("Guide to Stars", Wid- mann & Schutte ; "Wild Encounters", Soper ; "The World of Small Ani- mals", Savory) Shirley Gray ("Years of Endurance", Bryant)
Garden Seat :	Frances Pollard

* * *

SCHOOL OFFICIALS, 1958-59

Head Girl	 Jenny Staggs
Deputy Head Girl	 Rose Napper
Prefects	 Clare Harris, Janet Alner, Shirley Mitchell, Christine Harrison
Sub-Prefects	 Rosemary Lawrence, Mary Norris, Ann Milroy, Christine Crouch, Rosemary Brayford, Penny Wells

* * *

RED LETTER DAY

This first entry in our School Log Book is dated Jan. 10th, 1946, but it was not until May 7th, 1951 that the first Red Letter day appears. That does not mean that in those five years we did not have any special days but that perhaps no event was so outstanding that we felt it merited recording in the Log Book in red. Since then not a year has gone by without one red letter day. Some years record several.

Very often Old Girls end their letters "I hope all the great days this term will be RED LETTER DAYS in capitals".

Or, "I hope all the Red Letter Days this term will be special ones".

What do they mean? Just that some days have so rare a quality that even to record them as a Red Letter Day is not sufficient but they are entered up in the Log Book in large red capital letters.

It is hard to define a Red Letter Day. It certainly does not owe its quality to weather or any outward circumstance but to something much more important because it is of the spirit. It can only be achieved by a corporate effort, by a realisation by every single member of the School that what she does on that day matters, that however unimportant she may seem to be ordinarily, what she does may make or mar that day for the whole community.

This surely is a vital part of education; this sense of belonging, of being caught up in something greater than oneself, of giving of one's best not for the sake of any immediate reward but for the common good. This is an unforgettable unity, achieved only when every single member lives up to our School motto, "Non Sibi sed Omnibus."

M. K. DUNFORD.

* * *

SPEECH DAY, 1958

Difficulties so often prove to be blessings and so it was with the new arrangements for Speech Day. We had wondered how we should manage without the Cinema "Stage" but the dais, skilfully made for us by Mr. Teasdale, in front of the seats, proved to be much more suitable and comfortable than the high platform. Certainly Miss Dunford, Miss Mann, the Mayor and Mayoress and Mr. Woodman were much more part of the gathering than usual.

We are fortunate in having such a Chairman as Mrs. Bradford, who so whole-heartedly identifies herself with the School, and this year, as always, her quiet guiding of the proceedings was much appreciated.

The girls in the Third Form are our freshest critics of such occasions, so here is Speech Day as seen through their eyes.

"One of the things I enjoyed most on Speech Day was Miss Dunford's speech, which was very interesting. She told us about the different jobs the old girls had taken up and she said that

nearly all the Hospitals in London had one or more of our girls training to be nurses. Miss Dunford also told us which girls had passed the G.C.E. and who had County Major Scholarships.

Something that interested me very much was Miss Dunford's face when she was given the bouquet presented by Rose Napper."

"The part of Speech Day that I enjoyed most was the singing. The Choir sang several songs, mainly in parts. Their first song was "Follow me down to Carlow." Then came "The Shepherdess", a three-part song. There was also "Alleluia", a canon by Mozart. I also enjoyed Miss Dunford's speech and sight of the Staff in their degree hoods."

"The part I enjoyed most about Speech Day was Miss Mann's speech and the flowers. These were beautiful and had been arranged by Miss Drake that morning. They were of all colours but red, yellow, orange and pink chrysanthemums made up most of the arrangement. Behind them was the coppery-gold of beech leaves."

* * *

PARENTS' DAY

Parents' Day was on June 11th and fortunately it was a fine day although in the afternoon a dark cloud came over the sky so that I thought it would rain.

In the morning, we put the desks all round the classroom and placed on them the books which were to be shown to our parents. We also brought to school many flowers, and when we had finished decorating the room, it looked very gay. While some of us were decorating the room, others went out into the garden to pick up pieces of paper. In the afternoon the people who had entered for the sports, changed and went up to the Games Field first, while the rest of the school followed; first Barnes, then Hardy and Wren last.

When we reached the field, the people who were not in the sports, sat in the chairs along one side of the track. Slowly parents began to arrive, then we began! I was only in the relay race, which was at the end.

After the races, Mr. Crowther, the Headmaster of Shaftesbury Grammar School, made a speech; then the cups were presented. The House that won the sports was Wren, so I was very pleased because I am in Wren House.

We had our tea at Barton Hill, and after that, I showed my parents round the garden and took them to the Art room. Then

we went down to the School to see the Third Form room ; to inspect the books and skirts that we had made and we also went to the Sixth Form to see the flower arrangements, and to the Hall for the exhibition about the Denmark Expedition. Just before we went home, we went into the Laboratory to see the experiments. On the way home it began to rain so I felt how fortunate we had been that day.

ANN READ, *Lower IV.*

* * *

THE SCHOOL EXPEDITION, 1958

This year we decided to go to Glastonbury, Wells, Cheddar and Wookey Hole. So on the morning of the 27th June we all piled into the waiting coaches for our first port of call—Glastonbury. There we walked around the ruins of the famous Abbey. The things that interested me were the Monks' Kitchen with its huge chimney in the centre and the legendary Glastonbury Thorn, but perhaps the most remarkable thing was the arch that once divided the chancel from the nave. Though this was not complete at the top it must have stood 150 ft. and was still standing.

From Glastonbury we motored to Wells and went into the cathedral. The Dean gave us an address from the pulpit, telling us about the history and architecture of the cathedral. We then moved over to the famous clock and watched the clock strike noon and the figures on horseback fight. After this, we walked around the cathedral looking at the things the Dean had spoken of. before going out to have our lunch beside the moat, where the swans still ring a bell for their food. For about half an hour the green lawn was covered by a sea of blue dresses. After lunch we walked round the city of Wells, to see the Vicar's Close and other interesting places and to shop before returning to the coach.

We then journeyed to Cheddar and drove down the gorge. For about half a mile we gazed at the rocks on either side which in some places rose straight up from the road.

Then we drove back to Wookey Hole and split into two parties. One half swam in the outdoor pool and then had tea in the cafe, which was painted with underwater creatures, while the other was being shown round the caves. The caves consisted of three chambers and two grottos but when the lights were switched off in the third chamber an opening could be seen, under the level of the river running through the caves; into the

next chamber. The guide told us that twelve more chambers had been discovered by divers, the last about ten miles away.

After this we climbed into the coaches for Shaftesbury tired after the thoroughly enjoyable day's outing.

PATRICIA RIDOUT, *Lower VI.*

* * *

SCHOOL COUNCIL ACTIVITIES

This year we bought a gramophone to replace the radio-gram. It was purchased just before the Dramatic Society's production of "As You Like It" and was greatly appreciated by all who heard it during the play.

Our school Christmas card appears to have been considered attractive by all who received it.

The girls were very grateful for the grant given by Council towards the School Expedition in the summer.

Council continues to be a source of help to the whole school, for it is a meeting where matters can be discussed freely by both girls and staff.

CHRISTINE HARRISON, *Upper VI.*

* * *

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

During the past year we have supported four appeals through collections, namely the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, the Save the Children Fund, Cancer Research and the Penhalonga Appeal. The latter cause is one which we have not supported before. Money was sent to help to extend a secondary school for Africans in Rhodesia, so that advanced level work can be done.

We have had three collections for Cynthia Palmer, a Jamaican girl who needs money so that she may continue her secondary school education. Last Christmas we sold, as we usually do, seals for Spastics, Tuberculosis Research and Diabetic Research. We intend to do the same this year.

CHRISTINE CROUCH, *Secretary, 1957-58.*

* * *

GAMES REPORT

Hockey

It was unfortunate that the team which had started the season was new and inexperienced. However, under Miss Tofield's careful coaching, the team began to settle down and

show its capabilities. Although most of the results were not outstanding, the team gained a lot of experience.

Matches 1957-58

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Shaftesbury High S.</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Result</i>	
Dorchester	1st XI	Away	Lost	8-1
La Retraite	1st XI	Away	Lost	1-0
Old Girls'	1st XI	Home	Lost	6-3
Lord Digby's, Sherborne	1st XI	Home	Lost	3-0
Gillingham Grammar	1st XI	Home	Drew	2-2
St. Monica's	1st XI	Home	Cancelled	
La Retraite	1st XI	Home	Drew	1-1
St. Monica's	1st IX	Away	Cancelled	
Queen Elizabeth's	2nd & 1st	Home	1st Won	6-0
			2nd Lost	0-5
Lord Digby's	1st XI	Away	Lost	1-7
Gillingham	1st XI	Away	Won	3-2

Inter School Matches

Boarders 6, Daygirls 2.

Team 1957-58

Goalkeeper	V. Pitcher
Right Back	C. Harris*
Left Back	S. Mitchell
Centre Half	C. Case
Left Half	E. Harding*
Right Half	A. Parham (<i>Secretary</i>)
Centre Forward	A. Milroy
Right Inner	P. Barfoot
Left Inner	S. Henderson* (<i>Captain</i>)
Right Wing	P. Ridout
Left Wing	J. Baigent and M. Norris

* Denotes Colours previously awarded

Colours awarded to: S. Mitchell, C. Case and V. Pitcher

Athletics Report, 1958

Athletics last term improved very much with the aid of Miss Tosfield. Many more people took an interest in athletics and there was great enthusiasm in all parts of the school.

Our own School Sports were much better this year because the standard was higher, giving more competition.

The individual cups and Champion Sports Cup were presented by Mr. Crowther, the headmaster of Shaftesbury Grammar School.

Results

<i>Senior Champions</i>	Anna Lazarides
	Pamela Collis
	Cherry Case
<i>Intermediate Champion</i>	Jackie Marsden
<i>Runner-up</i>	Coral Hutchings
<i>Junior Champion</i>	Penny Cornish
<i>Runner-up</i>	Susan Harcourt-Brooks

As usual many girls entered for the North Dorset and County Sports. However, our achievements were not as good as those of the previous year. At the North Dorset Sports' meeting held on the Shaftesbury Modern School ground, the following results were obtained :—

<i>Junior :</i>	100 yds.		P. Cornish	1st
			S. Harcourt-Brooks	3rd
	150 yds.		J. Lillie	3rd
	Hurdles		S. Tippetts	2nd
	Relay—J. Lillie, S. Bloomfield, P. Cornish, S. Harcourt-Brooks, 1st			
<i>Secondary :</i>	100 yds.		J. Upton	2nd
	150 yds.		R. Jackson	4th
	Hurdles		P. Barfoot	1st
	High Jump		B. Bush	4th
	Discus		V. Pitcher	2nd
	Relay—P. Barfoot, A. Milroy, J. Upton, C. Hutchings, 1st			
<i>Intermediate :</i>	100 yds.		P. Ridout	3rd
	150 yds.		P. Collis	2nd
			C. Case	3rd
	Hurdles		J. Marsden	1st
			M. Morey	2nd
	High Jump		E. Harding	3rd
			C. Crouch	4th
	Long Jump		M. Breeds	2nd
	Javelin		B. Burnett	3rd
			A. Collis	4th
	Relay—P. Collis, P. Ridout, M. Breeds, C. Case 1st			

At the County Sports held on Poole Grammar School ground the following results were obtained :—

<i>Junior :</i>	100 yds.		P. Cornish	5th
<i>Secondary :</i>	100 yds.		J. Upton	5th
	Hurdles		P. Barfoot	1st
<i>Intermediate :</i>	100 yds.		P. Ridout	5th
	Hurdles		M. Morey	4th
	High Jump		E. Harding	4th
	Javelin		A. Collis	5th
	150 yds.		C. Case	4th
			P. Collis	5th
<i>Senior :</i>	100 yds.		J. Baigent	3rd
	Hurdles		A. Lazarides	2nd
	Long Jump		A. Parham	1st
	Discus		S. Mitchell	2nd
	Relay—A. Lazarides, S. Mitchell, J. Baigent and one girl from Blandford Gram. Sch. 2nd			

The Grosvenor Cup was won by the Senior Girls.

We congratulate P. Barfoot on her achievement of 4th place in hurdling at the Southern Counties Athletics Meeting held at Swindon on Saturday, June 28th.

SHIRLEY MITCHELL (Captain).

Swimming Report, 1958

As last year's Swimming Captain hoped, the standard and enthusiasm of swimming improved considerably during the term. This school was able to have the use of the Baths on Monday evenings for an hour and the boarders used it for an hour on Saturday mornings.

During these times much coaching was done by Miss Tofield and as a result—better swimming.

The swimming gala this year had double the amount of entries than in other years, and so for the first time ever we had to have heats before the actual Gala Day.

The afternoon went smoothly and ended in a victory for Wren House with a total of 118 points.

This individual Champion Cups were won by :—

Lower School

Winners—Susan Lloyd and Eileen Woods.

Runner up—Jennifer Powell.

Middle School

Winner—Vicki Pitcher.

Runner up—Heather Colyer.

Upper School

Winner—Anna Lazarides.

Runner up—Cherry Case.

We congratulate Vicki Pitcher on obtaining the maximum of 30 pts.

SHIRLEY MITCHELL (*Deputy Captain*).

Tennis Report, 1958

It was hard to judge this year's tennis team fairly, as only a small number of matches were played owing to the bad weather. But it has been most marked that over the last two years the standard of the tennis in school has dropped considerably. We think that this was mainly due to the fact that Athletics took a larger part in school games, but it is hoped that we shall concentrate a great deal more on tennis this year.

The team very much enjoyed playing the Old Girls, as you will remember that last year the match had to be cancelled.

School Tournament Results

House tennis cup : 1st Hardy, 2nd Barnes, 3rd Wren.

Boarders v. Day girls, resulted in a win for the Boarders.

Doubles tournaments :—

<i>Juniors :</i>	Winners— R. Sturman M. Moody	<i>Middle :</i>	Winners— P. Barfoot A. Milroy	<i>Upper :</i>	Winners— C. Case A. Welford
	Runners-up— A. Stainer A. Read		Runners-up— H. Colyer J. Crouch		Runners-up— R. Brayford E. Harding

Matches

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>S.H.S.</i>	<i>Place</i>		<i>Result</i>
Blandford	1st VI	Home	Won	53-28
St. Monica's	1st VI	Away	Cancelled	
Lord Digby's	1st VI	Away	Lost	27-72
O.G.A.	1st VI	Home	Won	52-27
Hall School	1st VI	Away	Cancelled	
Gillingham	1st VI	Away	Won	45-33

1st VI.

1st Couple : C. Case* (Capt.), A. Welford

2nd Couple : R. Brayford, E. Harding

3rd Couple : P. Barfoot, A. Milroy

* denotes Colours

Colours won by R. Brayford, E. Harding, A. Welford.

* * *

BARNES HOUSE REPORT, 1957-58

For the third time in succession Barnes has gained the position of Top House. I should like to congratulate all members who worked hard in both games and work during the past year, and so made this possible. Our very warm thanks go to our former House Captain, Christine Burton, who gave much of her time to Barnes, and her Deputy, Anne Parham, who was an invaluable support. We wish them every success and happiness in their future careers.

We also welcome new members into Barnes, and hope they will all give us their best, so that we may "from strength to strength, go on," and maintain our position next year.

ROSE NAPPER (*House Captain*).

* * *

HARDY HOUSE REPORT, 1957-58

<i>House Mistress</i>		Miss Brewington
<i>House Captains</i>		Catherine Richmond (Sept.-Dec.) Ann Hall (January-July)
<i>Vice-House Captain</i>		Clare Harris
<i>House Games Captain</i>		Cherry Case

Last year the standard of the House rose a little in the Spring Term, but it dropped back again in the Summer Term. There is a general feeling of enthusiasm in the house, but the

members do not seem to be prepared to work for it. Hardy is still a very young House, which should be an advantage, as it is easier for the juniors to obtain credits. Hardy must realize that it will never rise from being bottom House, unless every member makes up her mind to work hard and so raise our standard.

The House said good-bye to Catherine Richmond at Christmas. We were very sorry to see her go, she did a great deal for Hardy. We also thank Ann Hall for all the work she put into the House. We are very pleased to have Clare Harris back at school with us, as she is a person who can give us some advice from past experience.

Last year we managed to overcome Barnes and gain from them both the Tennis and the Hockey cups. We remained second in the netball and fell to bottom house in Sports, Swimming and most important of all, Work.

I sincerely hope that the coming year will be a more successful one for Hardy, and that we raise our standards in both Work and Games.

CHERRY CASE (*House Captain*).

* * *

WREN HOUSE REPORT, 1957-58

<i>House Mistress</i>		Miss Matthews
<i>House Captain</i>		Jenny BurrIDGE
<i>Vice-House Captain</i>		Jill Baigent
<i>House Games Captain</i>		Anna Lazarides

Although Wren maintained her previous position of second house, there was not as much response to appeals this year as there has been in past years. The athletes and the swimmers are to be congratulated on winning the cups for us, but couldn't we set the same thing happening this year with tennis, hockey, netball and work as well? We so nearly won the house cup last year. Let's put that little extra bit of effort into this year and pull ourselves out of our mediocre rut.

I should like on behalf of Wren to thank Miss Matthews, the house mistress, Jenny BurrIDGE, the house captain, her deputy Jill Baigent and Anna Lazarides, the games captain, for all they did in the house last year.

We extend a warm welcome to all newcomers to Wren and wish the leavers the best of luck in the future.

ANNE WELFORD (*House Captain*).

THE BOARDERS' REPORT, 1957-58

The change which was mentioned in last year's magazine has proved fairly successful as far as the separate houses are concerned. It is especially advantageous to the Senior House.

Last year we held our Boarders' Party in the School Hall instead of the Stalbridge hut as in previous years and found that it was much more homely, although it was a little crowded when everybody was dancing.

As in more recent years, the boarders beat the day girls in both hockey (3-0) and tennis (64-7).

This year we all spent our outing at Sandbanks, but unfortunately the Senior House had to leave early because some were in the performance of "The Songs of the Fleet" at the Grammar School Speech Day.

Every 2nd Sunday in the month we have a Schools' Service with the Grammar School and now a boy and a girl read the lessons instead of a member of staff from each school.

Having experienced the new arrangement of the separate boarding houses for one year, we hope that the feeling between the Junior and Senior Houses will be a united one.

SHIRLEY MITCHELL (*Senior Head Boarder*).

* * *

FLOWER GUILD ACTIVITIES, 1957-58

Last year was an eventful one for the Flower Guild. It was also, apart from a temporary waning of enthusiasm during the Spring term, a very happy one. Christine Burton was a keen and able Secretary, and Miss Drake continues, as always, to be the greatest possible encouragement and inspiration to us.

Great enjoyment was derived from painting and constructing Christmas decorations during the Autumn term. Some members of the Shaftesbury Floral Group who were invited to a small exhibition of the arrangements which we held in school kindly offered us a table on which to display our best exhibits at their Christmas Show in the Guildhall. We arranged it with great care, and it would be false modesty on our part not to say that the result was extremely effective!

Mrs. Guy came to both our January and our February meetings, the first time to lecture and demonstrate, and the second time to give constructive criticism of our arrangements.

But the real highlights of the year both took place in the Summer term. One was our annual exhibition on Parents' Day. A new and successful venture was made in the choosing of black paper and lamplight as a setting for the flowers and the arrangements (of which there was a large number) showed great imagination in colour and design.

On the other great occasion of the term, a small group accompanied Miss Drake to Milton Abbey, where we found some interesting and original ideas at an Exhibition of flowers arranged on a wide variety of subjects. The Abbey Church itself was filled with flowers and beauty and light, and we attended a short service devoted to flowers.

We hope that, with all last year's experience and inspiration behind us, the coming year will be even happier and more exciting.

MARY NORRIS, *Upper VI.*

* * *

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

Last March, under the expert guidance of Miss Moore and Miss Woods, we produced Shakespeare's "As You Like It", in The Old Market Playhouse. None of us had had any previous acting experience, but thanks to the kindness of the Shaftesbury and District Arts Club in allowing us to use their Theatre, we were able to produce our play under excellent conditions, far removed from the difficult ones of former members of our society when using the Stalbridge Hut.

During the current Autumn term we have decided to change our weekly meeting from Thursday evening to Wednesday, but no meetings were held until the second half of the term.

JANET E. ALNER (*Secretary*).

* * *

"AS YOU LIKE IT"

An attractively staged and very well acted production of "As You Like It" was given by the Shaftesbury High School Dramatic Society on March 26th, 27th & 28th, at the Old Market Playhouse (by arrangement with the Shaftesbury and District Arts Club). The production was by Miss Edna Moore, assisted by Miss Mary Woods. The setting was admirable and

gave a welcome effect of spaciousness to the forest scenes. The grouping was skilful and the players' movements and gestures were confident and unhurried, and had purpose as well as grace. Make-up was excellent, and the girls wore their attractive and colourful stage clothes with complete assurance.

Jenny Burridge played *Rosalind* with an unaffected and delightful gaiety. Hers was acting of a very high quality indeed : it was a beautifully controlled, well sustained and unselfish performance which drew out the best from those with whom she played. *Orlando* (Ann Parham) was most effective in the forest of Arden : in the earlier scenes the character was established vigorously and well. *Jaques* was amusingly and most capably played by Anna Lazarides, whose characterisation, though in some ways a superficial one, was consistent, original and shrewdly observed. Janet Alner's *Touchstone* was agreeably sophisticated. She never overplayed and she showed excellent stage sense throughout her scenes.

Penny Wells as *Celia*, and Margaret Breeds as *Oliver* gave useful and conscientious performances ; although the former did not always find the lightness of touch that the part demands, and the latter tended to be over-melodramatic, they gave invaluable support to the principals. The two Dukes were well-contrasted. Rosemary Lawrence cleverly caught the restless suspiciousness of the usurping *Frederick*, and Ann Milroy used her pleasant voice to good effect as an urbane and elegant *Duke Senior*.

Phoebe and *Silvius* (played by Jackie Marsden and Pat Barfoot respectively) brought the sub-plot vividly to life. *Corin* (Gillian Ralph) was tidily philosophic behind an excellent make-up ; while the parts of *Adam* (Shirley Mitchell), *William* (Mia Morey), *Le Beau* (Frances Pollard), *Amiens* (Jill Baigent) and *Charles* (Cherry Case) were all competently played. Special mention must be made of Elizabeth Harding's outstandingly good *Audrey*, whose timing and invention invested the part with genuine and refreshing comedy. Rosemary Brayford, Gillian Fookes, Jennifer Cobley, Barrie Sergean, Audrey Horlock-Jones, Hazel and Heather Reid filled their small parts most creditably, and the *Lords* attending the two Dukes (Vicki Pitcher, Patricia Ridout, Carole Sergean and Celia Layzell) carried themselves with distinction. The *Musician* (Cherry Plinge) and the two *Pages* (Elizabeth Cole and Lorraine Mitchell), together with *Amiens*, were directly or indirectly responsible for the charming singing and accompaniments that, under the direction of Miss Kathleen Drake, graced the production.

STEPHEN WARE.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

Orchestral Report

We were very sorry to have to say goodbye to Miss Sharpe, who had to leave us during the year, owing to ill-health, but we were delighted to welcome Mrs. Rickard back for a term. We appreciate the kind interest she takes in the school and we are always delighted to see her when she comes back. Now we welcome Miss Janet Fortnum as our new violin teacher, and hope she will be very happy with us.

Once again the orchestra entered for the local Music Festival, and was very successful. We are very grateful to Miss Nancy Williams, who kindly stepped into the breach at the last moment and conducted for us.

When the Festival was over, we began practising hard for a D.R.M.S. concert, organised by Miss Williams at Blandford Secondary Modern School. The orchestra was made up of about seventy young players from all over Dorset, and Miss Williams honoured us by choosing the leader of the orchestra, the leader of the second violins, and the leader of the 'cellos from our number. We all thoroughly enjoyed playing in the concert, which was very successful and found it a great experience working under so distinguished and understanding person as Miss Gertrude Collins.

Choir

Last autumn we again joined with the Grammar School in Holy Trinity Church, for our annual Carol Service. The whole service was recorded by Mr. Johnstone, and was later heard by an official from the B.B.C., so we hope that parts of this year's service may be recorded for broadcasting on the programme "Adeste Fideles."

The two choirs combined to sing the S.A.T.B. Carols "The Angel Gabriel from Heaven came", "Ye Shepherds leave your flocks" and "Up good christian folk and listen". The High School choir sang "Past Three O'clock" and "The Infant King," and the schools sang a very rollicking carol "Master's in this Hall". Our thanks are due to Miss Drake and Mr. Johnstone who worked so hard to make the afternoon a success.

The Choir's activities were curtailed in the Spring term as the seniors were concentrating all their energies on our school play. In the Summer term we were invited to perform in the concert which the Grammar School always hold on their Speech Day. We joined with their choir in singing "The Songs of the

Fleet", by Stanford. Our choir also sang a three part song, "Follow me down to Carlow," and a madrigal "The Shepherdess". A small group of girls and boys picked from the two choirs sang the unaccompanied madrigals, "Diaphenia", "Come again sweet love" and "Now is the month of maying". The concert was enjoyed by all and we appreciated the invitation, as it showed that the new headmaster, Mr. Crowther, intends to continue our musical activities with the Grammar School.

The choir once again entertained the visitors on Speech Day. We sang the same songs which we sang at the Grammar School concert, and also some rounds, and, as a tribute to Vaughan Williams, his beautiful "Dirge for Fidele".

Although our choir is smaller than ever before, we have not allowed our standard to fall, and we have a full programme ahead of us, including a rendering of "Stabat Mater" by Pergolesi.

General

Once again a large number of girls entered for the North Dorset Music Festival, and achieved a number of successes. We look forward to this event every year, and are grateful to all the people who organise it.

As always, we have to thank Dr. Johnson very warmly for giving us the opportunity to hear the world-famous people perform, whom he brings to the school. Dr. Johnson is a very good friend of the school and we cannot be too grateful for the way in which he brings us these unforgettable experiences, and for the many other things he does for the school.

Earlier in the year he brought to us Mr. Bernard Shore, who gave us a brilliant viola recital which I think must have given everyone musical or otherwise, the greatest enjoyment. We were impressed not only with Mr. Shore's playing but also with the amazing way in which he has overcome his difficulties; he lost three fingers in the war, and as a result suffers badly from a form of neuritis, and through his determination and courage, has become one of the finest viola players in the world.

This term we were delighted to welcome our old friends, Mr. Carl Dolmetsch and Mr. Joseph Saxby. We were treated to a delightful hour and a half of music varying from pieces of fifteenth century to twentieth century music and coming from many different countries. This music was played to us on a number of musical instruments, made in the Dolmetsch workshops. I am sure no-one will ever forget the thrill, not only of hearing such beautiful music performed by great musicians, but

also of seeing their unassuming manner and the way in which Mr. Dolmetsch, acknowledged to be the world's greatest recorder player, and his gifted partner, Mr. Saxby, talked and played to us as personal friends, giving the concert a warm friendly atmosphere.

* * *

“ BADGERS AND HEDGEHOGS ”

The Lower and Middle School were seated in the hall, when Miss Dunford, accompanied by a tall, tweed-dressed gentleman with a pleasant smile, entered. After an introduction from Miss Dunford, Mr. Evetts began to talk about hedgehogs. We soon learned a good deal of the life of this creature—its habits, food and feelings. Instead of that dirty flea-covered, grubbing animal or the squashed creature in the road, the hedgehog is rather to be petted than abhorred. The interesting talk was illustrated by some drawings of the hedgehog, curled up and eating.

Mr. Evetts then produced the skull and skin of a badger to help us to understand the second part of his lecture. He explained how badgers hunt—mostly at night—and how their keen sense of sight and smell serves to protect them. We were told what they eat—and, in general, their habits. He told us many very amusing stories about badgers in captivity, which were described with many peculiar noises ! Badgers are never kept wholly successfully as pets. They love roaming the wilds too much, and they are rather clumsy indoors, so there were sad tales to relate, of how badgers had eventually escaped from their loving owners. Badgers are also immensely strong, as Mr. Evetts soon told us. He had seen a door battered in by a badger and his powerful claws ; also a hen-house with missing floor-boards—and a badger cosily asleep inside, unable to get out, after a good dinner !

He has helped to destroy badgers which were a nuisance. Mr. Evetts was obviously very conscientious in the study of badgers. He described to us how to discover if badgers still lived in setts that we might know of, and then how to hide and watch them. He spoke solely of experience and first-hand information.

We were indeed very fortunate to have such a pleasant lecturer on such interesting subjects. Afterwards we were a good deal more knowledgeable on the subject of badgers and hedgehogs.

We asked Mr. Evetts a few questions which had arisen from his talk ; but all too soon it was the end of the afternoon. We

applauded loudly, and Miss Dunford expressed some words of thanks. Mr. Evetts bowed politely and left soon after, to visit another school to interest other children as we had been interested.

MICHELLE EMERY, *Lower IV.*

* * *

The Church of England Children's Society. Lecture

On Tuesday, June 24th, Miss Flower came to school to give the Lower School a lecture on the work of the Church of England Children's Society. Miss Flower was previously Matron of a Bristol Home and she began by telling us of the work of the Society which is run by voluntary aid only. There are one hundred and nine small Homes in England and Wales where children of every race are cared for.

Miss Flower then showed us many photographs of the children and told us innumerable stories about the lives of the children in their charge. The children are treated as normally as possible; they have good chances to make careers for themselves as they may be able to go to Grammar Schools and some go on to Universities and become doctors or teachers. They are given a fair chance to make fine professional people.

Families are not split up and all the children go to an ordinary school and wear the usual school uniform, so that they may feel like the other children from happy homes, without the constant feeling that theirs is a home with a capital "H".

At the end of the lecture, after many questions had been put to Miss Flower, a vote of thanks was given by Rosemary Wagner for a very interesting lecture.

STELLA DIBBEN, *Upper IV.*

* * *

The Lecture on the Trans-Antarctic Expedition

On Monday, October 6th a party from the Sixth and Upper Fifth forms went to Sherborne to hear a lecture on the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition. This lecture was given by Mr. David Pratt, who was the Engineer and Transport Officer of the Expedition.

The lecture was given in the big schoolroom of Sherborne School and began at two o'clock. It was for us a thrill to be addressed by one who had actually made the journey.

The lecturer was introduced by Sir John Slessor, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, and Chairman of the Expedition, who read a short extract from Sir Vivian Fuchs' book on the Expedition, describing how vital the work of Mr. Pratt was.

Mr. Pratt began his lecture by showing a short colour film of the preliminary journey to Antarctica, made by the Advance Party. The film was extremely interesting and showed the difficulties the party encountered in crossing the Weddell Sea in their ship, "Theron". It showed the establishment of Shackleton Base, which was only just completed before winter set in, as they had lost much precious time in the pack ice. The film then showed the voyage and arrival of the main party in the "Magga Dan" which then took back the advance party, leaving the rest, as Mr. Pratt modestly stated, with only one way out,—by crossing the Continent to the other side.

Here the film ended and Mr. Pratt continued his lecture, now with the aid of over one hundred coloured slides.

The slides too were very interesting and showed the journey across Antarctica, led by Sir Vivian Fuchs. However, they had to wait until summer, when daylight would return and temperatures rise slightly, before they made this attempt. Meanwhile they employed themselves in building other bases, one of which was South Ice, and servicing the vehicles and other aircraft, which was Mr. Pratt's especial responsibility.

The journey across Antarctica from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea was in fact completed in ninety-nine days, one day less than originally planned.

Mr. Pratt concluded by saying that the work done by the crossing party, and New Zealand survey team at Scott Base, has extended greatly man's knowledge of Antarctica.

Our party returned to School feeling that we had had an extremely interesting and worthwhile afternoon and had been very fortunate in having this great opportunity to learn at first hand, of the valuable as well as heroic work done by the Trans-Antarctic Expedition.

J. M. COBLEY, *Upper V.*

* * *

Three Speakers on Other Countries

It is very rarely that we have such an opportunity as was ours this week-end when we heard three excellent speakers on countries abroad. Although they were of different professions,

one an architect, one a Franciscan Friar and one a Missionary, all had one outstanding characteristic: a Christian attitude towards people.

Mr. Andrew Rutter has just returned from Ghana, where he has been spending a year and a half at the invitation of UNESCO. He gave us a very penetrating account of the events leading up to the independence of that country and of the present state of affairs. One of the most important things he stressed was the need for sympathetic understanding instead of over-hasty criticism. Such problems as the possibility of a dictatorship are made more intricate by the disapproval abroad of Ghana's ways of doing things (such as the election of the enormous statue to Nkrumah). Mr. Rutter made us feel that we pass judgment too superficially and that this does harm. This is an attitude that we also take towards our own problems in England and our immediate neighbourhood.

On Sunday, November 9th, at the service for the High School and the Grammar School at Holy Trinity, Father Geoffrey Pearson, who is going out to New Guinea in the new year to begin the work of a Franciscan Mission there, also spoke of this attitude when he mentioned the fierce tribes of New Guinea who had made such wonderful stretcher-bearers for wounded Australians soldiers during the war. He talked more specifically of the two kinds of life: that of the Atheistic materialist and that of the Christian.

Miss Chandler a missionary on furlough from Japan, spoke about that country, and gave us vivid pictures of how a new Japan is arising from the ruins of the old. A film strip and coloured transparencies showed both the beauty of Japan and the attractiveness of some of its old way of life but also the needs of the present, the basic need of an adequate supply of food, but above all the need for the spread of Christianity. Their old religion has failed them and only Christianity can overcome the materialism which is spreading fast.

* * *

A SIXTH FORMERS' CONFERENCE AT DINTON

Last March the VI Form had the privilege of an entirely new experience—a residential week-end spent primarily in discussion on vital issues with a representative group of other sixth formers from six North Dorset Schools—Sherborne Girls', Sherborne Public, Lord Digby's (Sherborne), Forster's (Sherborne), Gillingham Grammar and Shaftesbury Grammar. It was held

in the beautiful setting of Phillips House, Dinton, a National Trust property.

The general title of the two-day course was "On being a Christian in Public and in Private life," each day being devoted to discussing one of these two aspects. Canon Heaton, of Salisbury, acted as our chairman, and we were very grateful to him for the valiant and most scholarly guidance which both controlled and provoked what was a series of very stimulating discussions. As he said in his opening remarks, no-one, himself included, was going to "pull his punches." Certainly no-one did, and battle raged fast and furious over the many vexed questions that inevitably arose.

We were divided into five groups of eight, each being given a discussion question which had an immediate bearing on the subject as a whole. These questions served the purpose of starting the arguments, but most of the subsequent discussion arose out of the endless "red herrings" which crossed our path at every turn. The groups first talked the question over amongst themselves and then came together to report their conversation, to hear other views on the same subject, and finally to hold a general discussion on any topic that might arise during the course of the argument. Such was the enthusiasm of all concerned that we usually exceeded the time allotted for each session.

As well as this mental exercise there was plenty of opportunity for relaxation. We danced and went for long walks through the very beautiful park surrounding the house. Many of us also attended an inter-denominational celebration of Holy Communion in Dinton Church.

At the end of our two days we were quite unanimous on two things—first, that two days had not been really long enough, and second, that we must organise a "Dinton Reunion" as soon as possible. Largely through the efforts of the Sherborne schools, this latter took place at Lord Digby's School on Wednesday, July 16th, and I know that we were all most grateful to Miss Thompson and her girls for the way in which they organised the event. The Reverend Tiarks, Vicar of Lyme Regis, took Canon Heaton's place. Discussion was on the same question—"red herring" plan as before, and was quite as diverse and enthusiastic as in March. Inevitably, although we were so very glad at having the opportunity of seeing old friends and taking up old arguments again, we once more felt cheated and frustrated when the conference came to an end long before our queries and enthusiasm were exhausted.

CLARE HARRIS, *Upper VI.*

OUR EXPEDITION TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON

The Youth Hostel

Although not to be described as the "cream" of accommodation, it was an immensely worth-while and satisfying experience that we gained by staying at the Youth Hostel, especially for those to whom this was a new venture.

One of the many in a network of similar havens for the weary traveller, needless to say most gratefully accepted in the appalling weather we were then having, ours was situated about two miles from Stratford. In mentioning weather, one unfortunate soul comes to mind as I saw her, the very picture of dejection, standing in a doorway, wringing out dripping socks.

We were not allowed into the Hostel from ten o'clock to five o'clock, at which time the large house was invaded by travellers of varying ages and nationalities and the peace of the day was shattered by the music, voices and laughter of about fifty young people, interrupted only for a moment by the deafening shriek of an electric bell. This was a sign for the general scramble to join the queue in front of the hatch where supper was collected and carried into the dining-room. Containing only the bare necessities, trestle tables and chairs, the room might well have been described as austere had it not been for the congenial atmosphere. There was a feeling of tremendous friendliness and enthusiasm of which there had to be plenty, for morning and evening after tiring days, jobs had to be done as decreed by small tickets. Formidable tasks such as washing up, and many other jobs were shared by all alike, from the most sophisticated girl with swathed hair and elegant clothes, to the myriads of German schoolboys who streamed in and out of the Hostel.

The bunks were an experience in the true sense of the word. We hired a sleeping-bag, wrapped ourselves in blankets, and probably suffered agonies the first night. However, we soon became conditioned to them and being very weary all the rest of the time there, we were truly grateful for anything passing under the name of "bed".

It is, however, really impossible to describe what we found the Youth Hostel to be like, because naturally, personal opinions differ. It has to be experienced; for me, it added spice to our Stratford visit. The nationalities and classes of those there were so mixed that it was a veritable psychologist's paradise. But perhaps the greatest praise the Hostel could be given is to say that the aims of the United Nations are surely realised here and in similar Youth Hostels.

ANN MILROY, *Upper V.*

Our Visit to Warwick and Kenilworth

On the Monday morning of our excursion to Stratford, we went to see Kenilworth and Warwick castles. Kenilworth Castle was situated in pleasant grounds. It was in ruins but nevertheless, it gave us quite a thrill to walk up the spiral stairs (which were still standing), and out on to the parapets. There were several small ruins which were all being restored in some way or another. The ruins looked lovely in the sunshine, amongst the beech trees.

Warwick, which was not such an old castle and was in excellent condition, is the home of the Earl of Warwick. The grounds were again very beautiful and here there were many flowers although it was October.

Inside the castle, there was an air of quietness and calm. The first thing we saw was the chapel, which was small and dark. It was very decorative and one thing I remember clearly was the enormous alabaster vase, standing opposite the door, which could only be filled with flowers on very special occasions, the last being a visit from the Queen Mother.

The other rooms were very large, housing an unforgettable collection of portraits of the family's ancestors, and of earls, dukes and princes. There was also a fine collection of furniture. There seemed to be something from each century.

One room we went into was filled with armour; one suit was made for a prince who could not have been more than a few years old.

We spent a few minutes in Warwick Parish Church, an immense, grey stone building.

After spending a day at these two places, we went back to the Youth Hostel to get ready for the evening performance of "Hamlet" in the theatre.

AUDREY HORLOCK-JONES, *Lower VI.*

* * *

Our Visit to Coventry

Upon our arrival at Coventry, Mr. Donovan, who was deputising for the City Public Relations Officer, introduced himself, and outlined our programme for the day. We were to visit the old and new Cathedrals, the City Centre, the Council House, and a new Housing Estate, known in Coventry as a Neighbourhood Unit.

From the ruins of the old cathedral, with its lofty spire (which still contains bells) and sandstone walls, we had a very

good view of the new Cathedral which is to be completed by 1962. One of the main entrances to it is to be through the old cathedral, while the other entrance faces the main road. Unlike most of our churches, the main altar faces northward, while the windows, arranged at angles, face South West and South East, to catch the maximum amount of light all the day long.

By peeping through one of the window gaps in the old cathedral, we saw men, black and white, digging up bones, and removing them by the wheelbarrow full to new consecrated ground; a rather horrifying sight to some of us.

Our visit to the town centre and the Precinct caused much excitement. The Precinct is an under-cover shopping area on two levels, where no traffic is allowed. It is arranged in the shape of a letter T, at the bottom of which lies the new Retail Market, a circular building with a curved ramp leading from ground level to its roof. The ramp, which with the roof car park provides parking space, has a maximum gradient of 1 in 10, and is electrically and mechanically heated, to prevent icy conditions in the winter. This new system of heating is one of the first full-scale systems of its kind to be used in England.

After a break of just over two hours, in which we were free to explore the shops, we paid a visit to the Council House, where Mr. Donovan told us a little about the City Council meetings, past and present, and explained the system of lighting which marks the length of the speeches made. Over the doorway of the Council chamber was the shield of Coventry, with the inscription "*Camera Principis*."

The last and perhaps most interesting part of our visit, was to the Tile Hill Neighbourhood Unit. Here we saw a fine example of modern town planning. The houses are compact and colourful, and arranged in such a way that each has an open space for the enjoyment of both young and old. Attractive bungalows provide homes for old people, and eleven storey flats accommodate up to forty-four families. Besides bungalows for the old people, there are old people's homes, built in such a position that they can share in the activities of all generations. The estate has its own shops and school, and, the subject of much discussion and criticism, a very modern church.

The church is grey on the outside, and completely rectangular. The walls on the inside are rough cast, with pillars inserted at intervals along them, and clear windows from the roof to the floor, face in on the altar from the sides, and from the back of the building. Coloured tiles arranged alternately with grey ones form the inside of the flat roof. An enormous tapestry, with a

king and a saint depicted in colours corresponding to the roof, hangs behind the simple but beautifully carved altar, on which stands an ornamental silver cross with the Lamb of God in its centre. The choir stalls, communion rail and lectern are all of polished wood to match the altar, but chairs provide seats for the congregation. On the small font stands a symbol of the Holy Dove. The belfry, which as yet has no bell, is a coloured tower separated from the church, with a silver cross on its top.

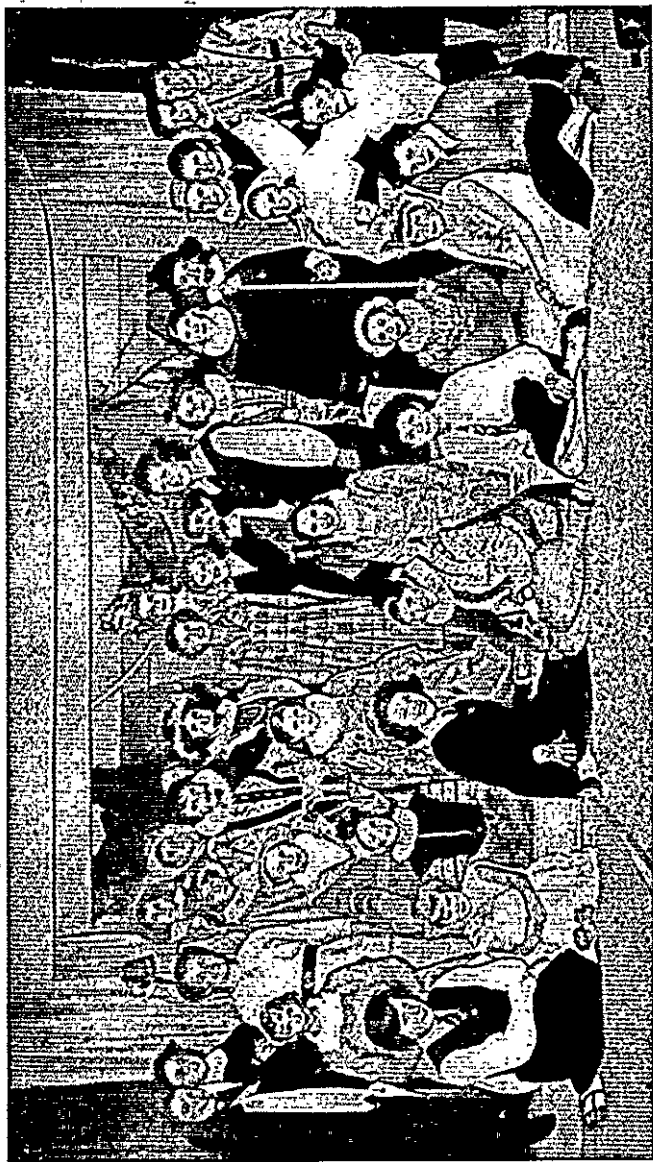
A figure of Christ on the outside of the church has been subject to much criticism. The figure, which was carved from metal by a negro, has enormous hands, held up as if in blessing, a square bearded face, a body in which all the ribs and bones stand out, and legs, seemingly out of proportion, gently crossed. Its expression was described by members of our party as ugly, kind and gentle.

For many of us our visit to Coventry was the most enjoyable part of our stay in Stratford, and I should like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Donovan, and all the other people who helped to make this outing possible.

ROSE NAPPER, *Upper VI.*

"Pericles", "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet"

"Pericles, Prince of Tyre" is a play which is very rarely acted, and when we saw a performance of this comparatively unknown drama in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford, the obstacles which must face the producer were obvious. To begin with, it is a composite play, and Shakespeare is held to be the author of only part of it. This lack of continuity of course detracts from the spontaneity of the work as a whole, so that neither the situations nor the characters can be fully developed. An example of this is the introduction, into the first act only, of Antiochus and his daughter, who have no bearing on the plot and who certainly make no contribution to the aesthetic value of the play. This absence of cohesion means that it is difficult to hold the audience's attention for longer than a few scenes. While watching the Stratford production I was conscious that the producer was making valiant efforts to overcome the slowness of the play's action by means of the many fine theatrical effects available in the Memorial Theatre. The trouble was that I was continually aware that these were no more than theatrical devices, and this, I feel, indicated the most serious, though perhaps inevitable shortcomings of this production. In the cases of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" I found myself absorbed and swept along by the force of the drama, where the staging effects were merely incidental. In that of "Pericles"



“As You Like It”



London O.G.A. Meeting at Westminster Hospital

the dramatic power of the words and situations had far less hold over me, and at times no hold at all, so that I found myself viewing actors and scenery with a detachment which I could not feel with regard to the other plays. In "Pericles" the costumes, the permanent set and the scenic effects and changes were magnificent, but, oh, so un-Shakesperian! In the shipwreck scenes we had tilting decks, billowing nets, swaying rigging and fearsome "noises-off"! Though these elaborate devices may have been the salvation of a play which has very little dramatic force of itself, there was a dangerous tendency for the incidental effects to assume first importance. Pericles himself (Richard Johnson) was hampered by the limitations of his part, but he was an adequate, if sometimes slightly indignified Prince of Tyre. I think that the greatest disappointment of the play was Geraldine MacEwen's Marina, a passive, passionless, rather colourless interpretation, in sad contrast to her vivacious Princess of France ("Love's Labours Lost" 1956) which a few of us had seen. Hers was a meek innocence, but not the dedicated purity which would have been called for if she was to escape from her dreadful predicament unscathed. Perhaps the outstanding character of the play was Gower, the story-teller, magnificently sung and acted by Edric Connor.

"Hamlet" was a memorable, if slightly inconsistent production. Its opening was unpromising, for the necessary atmosphere of nervous foreboding was notably lacking, the heavily-muffled ghost was a most solid and unconvincing apparition, and Michael Redgrave, known as a temperamental actor, made a slow, over-acted beginning as Hamlet. By the end of Act 1 he had, however, begun to identify himself more fully with his part, and soon vindicated the truth of his more important reputation as a fine actor. Except for one slight lapse he never failed for the rest of the evening to dominate the stage. We did perhaps miss a sense of Hamlet's inability to fulfill his fatal mission, since for an irresolute man Redgrave was perhaps a little too dominating. Another notable interpretation in this play was Dorothy Tutin's Ophelia, which kept a beautiful balance between pathos and madness. Polomins, Laester and Noratio were all admirable supporting performances. Googie Withers, as Gertrude, was a disappointment.

The most obvious adjective to apply to the Stratford production of "Romeo and Juliet" is "youthful". One could also term it "convincing," "gay," "passionate" or "moving," in each case with complete justification, but the operative word throughout was "youth." The lovers themselves, beautifully played by Richard Johnson and Dorothy Tutin, were tragically

young. The inevitable end of their "star-crossed" love affair was all the more pitiful because this Juliet really was only fourteen, and the manifest resilience of their youth and of their passion made the ultimate fate of both seem all the more crushing. Beside their vibrant youth and hope the Montague-Capulet feud shrank to futility, and the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet lay, as Shakespeare intended it should, in the fact that young love and life must be sacrificed to this "ancient grudge." In addition to the very fine acting of the two principals, of which Dorothy Tutin's was certainly the more remarkable, the other highlights of a very ably cast play were the interpretations of the parts of Juliet's nurse and Mercutio. The rest of the supporting parts were more than adequate, although perhaps the characters of Paris, Tybalt and Friar Lawrence, which usually provide plenty of scope for good actors, were not made as full as was possible. If there was a weakness in this generally very fine production, it perhaps lay in the rather unimaginative permanent set, which made the stage seem smaller and rather over-crowded.

CLARE HARRIS, *Upper VI.*

* * *

THE YOUTH PILGRIMAGE TO SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

On Saturday, 12th April, I woke up at five o'clock. Looking at my watch I decided that I needn't get up for another two-and-a-half-hours. So I turned over and was just about to go to sleep again when I suddenly realised. Of course I couldn't go to sleep, I had to be at Lower Berrycourt by seven o'clock for it was the day of the pilgrimage!—I was just about ready when there was a soft knock at the door. It was Pat. "Are you ready?" I got out my bicycle and together we cycled down to the farm. I can assure you, that half past six in the morning, it is not only very quiet, but also very cold.

We arrived at the farm in good time, put our bicycles in the shed and went into the farmhouse to find that Norman had arrived and was being entertained with tea while Michael and Peter finished their breakfast. A few minutes later Adrienne arrived and we were ready. Knapsacks and satchels on back we set off.

We were extremely grateful to Mr. Coward, who had cut a hole in his hedge, for this saved us from having to walk about a hundred and fifty yards. After rambling across two or three fields we came to the main Salisbury road along which we walked for a few yards. Then there came the climb up to the top of Whitesheet.

It is a wonderful feeling to know that you are walking along the skyline. It was a pity that, at seven o'clock in the morning, there were few people to see the seven small dots crawling along the top of the downs.

At Favant we met Jane and Hazel. They had come by car to Fovant and had climbed up the hill from there. We walked along at an easy, fairly fast pace, now in twos, now in threes and fours. At five to ten we arrived at Compton Chamberlayne. Here we met Anne, who with her father and a friend had brought us a gallon-thermos of hot, milk coffee. This was very welcome! For though it was sunny and we were warm from walking, the North-Easter was a biting one and we were in the face of it.

Having finished our coffee, Anne's friend produced a cine camera, and as there was a gloriously large puddle right across the road, he took advantage of it! We splashed our way through with "cheese" smiles on our faces, then we posed in a group while an ordinary photo was taken. Anne's father and friend then took the thermos and cameras back, but Anne continued on the journey with us.

It was about half-past-twelve when, looking down from the hill we saw what we thought was Calder Hall, but which, we decided on second thoughts, was really a new electricity station. We made our way down the hill (we had lost the Roman road we were seeking; it isn't there!) and on to a road.

We then had a very enjoyable walk along by the river till, having walked about two miles out of our way, we at last reached Old Sarum. We had hardly had time to eat our dinner before the procession began to move off. We were in the middle and we could see neither the beginning nor the end.

The service in the Cathedral was an impressive one. There was a tremendous atmosphere of fellowship and unity between everyone there. I must say though, that we felt rather odd, for all around us were people who had come by coach, the girls in best coats, nylons and courts, the boys with knife creases in their best Sunday suits. And there were we, the girls in our woollen socks, stout walking shoes and blazers, the boys in their oldest trousers and farm boots, and all of us extremely dusty. But we did not mind for we knew that at least we looked like pilgrims!

While the representative pilgrims were processing up the nave, we sang two Psalms antiphonally, then the gifts we had brought with us (half-crowns, '1958' ones if possible) were presented and we were welcomed.

Next came the procession of representatives of the Parishes and Deaneries to the west door, the Shrine of St. Osmund

(Founder of the Cathedral) and to the Lady Chapel. At each station prayers were offered and a hymn sung.

Before the Bishop's address everyone joined heartily in the singing of "the Pilgrim's Hymn" (by John Bunyan). After the Bishop's address came the most important part (for me) of the service—the act of re-dedication. Then there was one more hymn and the blessing.

We wondered, as we watched people pouring out of the Cathedral, how many had come for curiosity, how many for sheer thankfulness and gratitude to God and whether the objects of our pilgrimage had been attained. They were: first, to make an act of worship to God. Then to thank God for the Cathedral at Salisbury and all it has stood for through 700 years. Thirdly, to take the Cathedral a present from the young people of the Diocese to mark its 700th birthday. Lastly, by an act of adventure, to grow together in fellowship.

I don't know, but I feel we did attain our objects. So after a long day's journey and an inspiring service we made our way home, to use a conventional phrase "tired but happy."

N.B. We didn't walk!

SARA HENDERSON.

The Schools' Service in Salisbury Cathedral

Many hundreds of boys and girls arrived in the Cathedral Close on May 23rd, clutching hats likely to be blown away at any moment by the fresh breeze. Many scholars of all ages, shapes, sizes and of both sexes stood in crocodile formation or in small, chattering groups on the pleasant lawns, surrounding the Cathedral. It was evident that the assembled young people were a cross section of the schools in the diocese, private schools, secondary modern and grammar schools, public schools, each dressed appropriately.

It was unfortunate that this day could not be blessed with sunshine, but, although dull, it had its own beauty. The pale grey sky presented a back-cloth to the solid yet graceful lines of the Cathedral with the slender tapering spire, pointing like a finger up to the heavens, bearing a cross that has become a familiar sight in the surrounding countryside.

Everyone filed into the Cathedral and was eventually ushered to a seat. As we sat and waited for the service to begin, the short time afforded us with the opportunity to meditate on the builders, masons and carpenters, who laboured with God's inspiration of beauty to produce this edifice which was almost entirely built in the thirteenth century. The lasting impressions of the place

which I carried away were the small things ; the light passing through the stained glass windows, reflecting the colours on the surrounding stonework in intricate mosaics ; the spaciousness of the aisles ; the lofty roof ; above all, the inexpressible feeling of the spirits of the past who worshipped there in faith.

The head boys and head girls proceeded up the central nave. After the fanfare on the organ, everybody joined in singing " *Salve festa dies* ", while the Bishop, followed by the Cathedral clergy, headmasters and headmistresses, made their way slowly to their places. The choristers and choir followed behind, singing the verses of the hymn while the congregation joined in the refrain.

To say that everything was carried out perfectly would be untrue, for there was the usual reticence on the part of the congregation to join the choir in singing, in the first half of the service. When the desired harmony had been achieved, however, the effect of the contrast between the sonorous voices of the congregation and the clear, bell-like tone of the choir, was quite beautiful. I remember particularly the sound of " *God be in my head* " sung by the choir, ringing out over the kneeling boys and girls.

The boy reader from Sherborne School, telling us how the Cathedral had been founded, also had a pleasant voice, and what he had to tell us was interesting, both from the historical view and because of the examples he gave us of men working with a single-minded dedication to show forth the glory of God.

As I heard of all those who had worshipped before us in the Cathedral, I felt at one with past and present and was convinced that the future would not change the sincerity of those who visited the Cathedral during the next seven hundred years. This was, as the Lord Bishop said, a wonderful occasion for us, gathered together to vow that we would not dim the light of Christianity either then or in the future.

There was a thread of unity throughout the entire service which did not come solely from the fact that we were all members in some way or other of a school, but existed because there was a sense of common purpose and understanding. This is an inspiring thought when one considers the size of the congregation. Indeed, I am sure that we were all inspired by what we had both given and received, to " *so learn truth as to bear its light along all our ways and so learn Christ as ever to be found in Him.* "

ROSEMARY LAWRENCE & JENNY STAGG,
Upper VI.

THE COMMONWEALTH YOUTH SUNDAY SERVICE AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE

On May 18th, I was lucky enough to be invited, together with five other Dorset Guides, to attend the Commonwealth Youth Sunday Service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. A contingent of forty Guides had been invited to worship with members of all the Youth Associations from all over the Commonwealth.

To enable us to start off from Parkstone, our meeting point, at 8.45 on Sunday morning, we stayed the night there, and were very hospitably received by friends of the Girl Guides' Association. My host took me all over Bournemouth and Poole to see all the interesting places there.

At 8.45 next morning we set off for Windsor with Mrs. Morley, the County Commissioner, and Miss Godson, the E. Dorset Commissioner, and arrived in Windsor at 12.15. After a thorough inspection and drill, we marched through Windsor to the Castle.

The service was scheduled to begin at 2.30, and at exactly that moment there was a fanfare of trumpets, and Her Majesty the Queen entered with the Duke of Edinburgh. They were received by the Dean and Canons of Windsor and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and conducted to their seats. It was a wonderful moment. After a hymn, which was led by the Choir of Christ's Hospital, the Dean read the Queen's message and the National Anthem was sung. The usual service followed with the Duke reading the lesson and the Archbishop preaching the sermon.

After the service the Queen and Duke were escorted from the Chapel, and, on the way out, the Queen was seen waving to Princess Anne, who had been watching from a window. This little human touch thrilled the thousands of boys and girls in the Chapel.

After tea in Windsor, we were driven back home. I arrived in Shaftesbury feeling rather tired, but extremely happy and very privileged to have attended the Commonwealth Youth Service.

CELIA LAYZELL, *Upper V.*

* * *

UPPER VI's VISIT TO LONDON

Just before Whitsuntide last summer, Upper VI invited their Form-mistress to go with them to London to see "Henry VIII" and to visit the Royal Academy. Her fear of falling far

below the elegance of her young ladies was justified as they met at Waterloo Station, but perhaps her usefulness in knowing the way made up a little for this.

To look intelligently at pictures, old or new, requires a greater familiarity with Art Galleries and permanent exhibitions than is possible for people who live so far from a large city, and the remarks made must have caused some amusement or irritation to the more cultured critics. We did gain much pleasure from various pictures, not always agreeing in our appreciation, which made discussion more interesting. One of common interest was a very pleasant water colour of Shaftesbury, a view painted from below St. James's.

Lunch-time in the Green Park made an interesting change, with the strollers and pigeons and cheeky sparrows and we were glad to sit down in fresh, though not very warm air, before going to the Old Vic to see "Henry VIII."

Though not one of Shakespeare's finest plays (part of it was almost certainly not written by Shakespeare) this play contains some noble poetry, which was beautifully spoken by John Gielgud as Cardinal Wolsey, and material for a good character study in Queen Katharine, which came alive through Dame Edith Evans' sensitive interpretation. Harry Andrews' King Henry, too, seemed a really human historical figure. We appreciated very much the clear speech of the actors and the beautiful settings and costumes of the production. Perhaps our own experience through "As You Like It" has made us more aware of qualities that before we took too much for granted.

Altogether, it was a very enjoyable day, very largely because the Upper VI were what we always hope all VI Form girls will become, gracious young women and not overgrown schoolgirls.

* * *

IN PRAISE OF FINE POETRY READING

How many of us ever stop to think how eternally grateful we should be, strange though it may seem, for fine poetry readers, people who make it part of their life's vocation to bring to us in such an awesome field, the true beauties of poetry. We who only remember the nasal tones of well-meaning individuals, that vainly tried to stir our primitive love for poetry, by manhandling those gems handed down to us by such geniuses as Blake and Rupert Brooke. In our later years it is a wonder that as a result, many of us do not completely ignore poetry's very existence, and so lack something beautiful in our lives.

Unfortunately these potential saviours of all our poetic feeling are comparatively few and far between. It is also their habits to broadcast when the general public are at work or too tired to make the effort of listening ; or find little time themselves to make a more personal approach through small public performances, to their thirsting audience.

It so happened, however, that during the Summer holidays I was fortunate enough to hear and see in person one such artist. (It may also be remembered by some, that Shaftesbury was, sometime last year, graced by the appearance of Christopher Hassal, who surely comes well within the category of fine readers, inside the actual walls of the new Arts Centre. We can only feel now on afterthought, that when performing "As You Like It," it was our duty to strive body and soul to reach great heights when acting on such hallowed ground.)

To return to the memorable occasion ; accompanied by sister, and father who had opened the refresher course for teachers ; my love for poetry was wonderfully stimulated by the last lecture of the course. It was given by a Mr. Clinton Baddley, a great name in the world of poetry recitation, and everyone agreed it to have been a most delightful and refreshing climax to the week. Headed a lecture, it was more of an informal talk on rhythm, metre, and a hundred other small but vital points, too often overlooked, that go to make up well recited poetry.

Throughout it was punctuated by examples cleverly chosen, subtly interpreted, and feelingly read as only one who has been in contact with the delights of poetry with his whole being, can read. The voice, and focus of attention moved from one topic, one poem to another, with incomparable ease. Never raised above a certain pitch, a subtle inflection served to stir all emotions, and as the last line lingered in the air you could feel the audience sigh. After such an experience who now could be content with any forthcoming second best ?

And so—if you should have happened to drop in on passing our house, one evening last holidays, you would probably have found the family gathered round a gramophone, listening enthralled to the beauties of poetry on records, listening to poetry recited beautifully by Clinton Baddley, Christopher Hassal, and even Dame Edith Sitwell reading her own obscure poetry ; through all enthralled, because this is, and always will be, poetry presented at its best.

ANN MILROY, *Upper V.*

CHRISTOPHER HASSAL'S RECITAL

On November 29th a party of girls, accompanied by Miss Tilstone and various other members of staff, visited the Old Market Playhouse to hear Mr. Christopher Hassal recite some of his own poetry. He read extracts from two books—"The Red Leaf"—a book for adults, and "The Parcel"—which consists of many very amusing pieces and which would suit any age. One of the poems which I liked best was "For Michelmas Day." Mr. Hassal wrote this for the centenary of the college which he used to attend. He explained to us his method of "cooking" it. He had taken the line "I remember, I remember" from Hardy's poem, and had flavoured his poem with this, just as one would flavour stew with garlic. He also added that he was telling us this so that we might not think he had pinched it!

He explained how he had come to write each poem that he read, and what significance certain things had for him. This made the meaning clear and was also aided by the fact that Mr. Hassal has an ability to "get across" the meaning by his actual reading. This is something rather out of the ordinary.

Mr. Hassal was greatly encouraged by the applause given to some of his poems from "The Parcel." He was so much so that he read some more from this book, after apologising for not having rehearsed them!

He ended his lecture by reading a poem about a boy and a little creature under a flower-pot, which turns out to be a centipede. He told us, that, unlike most actors or opera-singers, who end on high, dramatic notes, he would end on a soft one. But even so it was a very good ending, and I am sure we all hope that we may have the pleasure of hearing him again in the future.

SARA HENDERON.

* * *

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

I have seen several performances of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by amateur companies, but never have I enjoyed one more than when, together with the rest of the lower and middle schools, I saw it performed by the Salisbury Arts Club last Autumn term.

My words may seem belied by my extensive criticising, but I believe that no play that is perfect in every detail is really enjoyable, and as I know "A Midsummer Night's Dream" fairly well, I felt quite justified in pointing out what I considered the bad, as well as the good, points of the play.

The scenery was excellent. I was most delighted with the woodland scenes, and thought that the lighting was very effective in these, especially when intended to indicate the change from day into night or night to day. More, however, could have been done with spotlights, which were seldom, if ever, used.

The costumes were also without exception very good, although I thought it was a pity that Titania's attendants donned masks part-way through the play, for, as well as being rather ugly, they muffled their speech considerably. I have no criticism at all for anything else in that sphere, however, for I enjoyed all the rest of the costumes undisturbed by any notions that they were not quite right!

As for the actual acting, I have two big criticisms to make. It was a pity that Puck was portrayed by such an elderly man, as I personally always imagine that character as a sort of Peter Pan, forever young, and felt slightly disappointed in that particular casting. However, the power of his voice quite made up for his slight lack of agility, and although I knew his character inside out, I was constantly wondering what antics he would be up to next!

My second criticism is of Oberon, who, I felt, although he was extremely regal, did not make enough of some of his wonderfully expressive speeches. The famous one beginning: "I know a bank, where on the wild thyme blows . . .", I was especially disappointed in, as he seemed to me to hurry over it unnecessarily. Otherwise he and Titania made an excellent couple.

The fairies were good—I loved the way they giggled when in attendance on Bottom; so were King Theseus and his Amazon Queen, Hippolita; Hermia and Lysander, and Helena and Demetrius both made very nice couples, though I think that most people preferred the former. Of course, Hermia was meant to be the nicer of the two women, and I certainly preferred her to poor Helena, although the latter was very well-played; but I was very much surprised when she turned so spiteful in her fight with Helena. That scene was one of the best acted in the whole play, and one of the ones that I enjoyed most.

But the crowning joy of the whole production, and the character that undoubtedly everyone liked the best, was Bottom. He was marvellous. Full of self-admiration and importance, simple, credulous and pompous, he was everything that he should have been. The play would have been incomplete without him and his fellow actors, Quince, Snout, Starveling and the rest, and I certainly would not have enjoyed the whole production as much as I did without them.

BARRIE SERGEAN, *Upper V.*

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

One pleasant, sunny morning in May, during our half-term, mother and I arose early and set off for London. There we met a friend, who like both of us, is very interested in art, and gaily found our way to the National Gallery. We did not spend much time there, however, but speedily glanced at a few of its great paintings. They were very similar to the type of picture reproduced in history books to illustrate the characters of kings and queens.

I was impressed, and also amused, by the several pavements artists who were at work outside. Using the stones of the pavement for frames, these roughly-dressed, long-haired men had several pictures and animal studies in chalk. The one I liked best was a charming landscape, of the type one sees on Christmas cards, but with pretty flowers and green leaves instead of icicles and snowflakes.

After lunch, we visited the Royal Academy of Arts, the main object of our visit to London, as we wanted to see the Summer Exhibition. Although we spent a whole afternoon there, we did not have time to see all the exhibits by any means.

I was surprised at seeing the very large number of portraits. Some, like one of Her Majesty the Queen, another of the Duke of Edinburgh, and a charming portrait of two little sisters, have firmly impressed themselves upon my memory because of their warmth and life-likeness. One could almost see them breathing and hear them speak and the detail and colour of the Queen's dress was very beautiful and realistic. Others, however, although they must have some artistic quality to merit "hanging" at all, reminded me somewhat of the pictures one sees pinned on the walls of primary school class-rooms. I am afraid I did not appreciate these at all, and if they were portraits of myself, I should feel very indignant, and not at all flattered. "The Winter of Woman", depicting an elderly female with black wrinkles on a greenish face, was, I think, the most unpleasant of these pictures.

The "picture of the year", that of "The Countess of Dalkeith" by John Merton, is well worthy of that title, and the delicate pinks, blues and greys which dominate the portrait (or rather composition, as there is far more to this picture than just a figure) made it a very pleasant picture.

The landscapes varied in style as much as the portraits—some were pleasant representations of the scene before the artist, while others were just vague brush-strokes, so placed as to make an attractive whole, or not, according to taste. There

were three or four landscapes by Algernon Newton, of the former kind, all of which are very similar. They each consisted of a field with two or three trees, pale sky and deep shadows. Although they were attractive pictures, if you had seen one, you had really seen them all. Sir Winston Churchill, who has proved himself to be an artist, had several paintings in this Exhibition, but they did not seem to me to be his best ones.

One must mention the still lifes, several of which had particular artistic qualities. For example, I should have loved to wipe the coat of dust off a collection of wine-bottles with my finger; it looked so real. Another still-life, which included some white china, was also excellently done. The shadows of this china were not just a mauvish-grey, but a variety of pinks, blues, greens and other colours.

I glanced at the exhibits in the section labelled "Drawings, Engravings, Etchings, etc.". One of the first I noticed was a good likeness of Dirk Bogarde as Sydney Carton, a pencil drawing by his father. Finally we examined the plans, drawings and models of various large and important buildings, in the Architectural room. The models were quite fascinating, with green trees growing here and there, and miniature cars parked on the highways.

So ended a most enjoyable and enlightening visit to the Royal Academy and we felt that we had not wasted our holiday.

GILLIAN RALPH, *Upper V.*

* * *

A PILGRIMAGE FROM CANTERBURY TO WINCHESTER

Our original aim was to follow the ancient Pilgrim's Way, but we found that this was impossible as all the Youth Hostels but one were too far from its winding course, especially as we were walking and had to economise in mileage.

I met my friend, Christine, in London and we travelled to Canterbury by train. At first we felt very conspicuous in shorts, carrying heavy rucksacks on our backs, but we soon became used to this. To see Canterbury at its best in the early morning we climbed to the top of the West Gate (the only City gate which has survived). The atmosphere was damp, wreaths of mist curled over the city, the old-world air was preserved by the gabled tenements, the half-timbered houses with their attractive reddish-brown tiles, crumbling city walls, the streets which have retained their medieval character, refusing to be straightened out in the

modern age and rising above the houses, the three towers of the Cathedral, the central Bell Harry Tower being a masterpiece of the Perpendicular Style. The nearest buildings seem to have been designed to harmonise with the old and the result is pleasing to the eye.

The West Gate has been used as a prison ; the cells have terrifically thick walls with only very small gratings to allow air and light to enter. Leg irons and chains remained a memory of a bygone age. There was also a fine collection of armour and weapons of war.

"The Weavers", old houses overlooking the river Stour, were at one time occupied by the Walloons and Protestant refugees, who came to England in the sixteenth century and played such a great part in the growth of the weaving industry. In these houses we watched the old craft of hand weaving on looms, which takes an unbelievably long time as three days to prepare the threads on the loom before any actual weaving can begin.

The city was once called Duroverum. We saw the mosaic floor of a Roman dwelling house and the walls of other buildings. These were ten feet below the level of the modern city, in the cellar of a house.

The glory of Canterbury is, of course, its Cathedral, built in neutral-coloured stone. The interior is spacious with a wide nave and side aisles and many richly decorated chapels dedicated to particular saints. The place of Thomas a'Becket's martyrdom was disappointing. I was fascinated by two really contemporary stained glass windows designed by Edwin Bassanyi. Christ was depicted so grotesquely that I was repelled by the mis-shapen limbs with the enormous hands held out to bless ; but gradually, as I examined the windows with their vivid colours, the artist's purpose became clearer and I began to feel the spirit of them. In the crypt, King Henry IV often meditated. This was the oldest part of the Cathedral and felt the heart of the building, with an inexpressible atmosphere of holiness. Perhaps it was because many pilgrims had knelt in the true spirit of worship for over six centuries.

Our next hostel was a very small one at Doddington, a twenty-six mile walk from Canterbury. On the way, we passed through typical Kentish countryside, characterised by the tall rows of hops in the sheltered valleys and the enormous orchards where apple-pickers were busily at work. At one such fruit farm, the workers presented each of us with a bag of apples, declaring, "You are in friendly country."

Next day we walked from Doddington to Kensing, twenty-two miles, and by the end of the day our feet were beginning to get quite tired of our shoes, so we took them off and walked barefooted. The wet road was lovely and cool to our hot feet. However, our pride would not let us go into the hostel without shoes.

Next day we discovered the name "Marden Castle" on the map, near Caterham. We asked the direction from a group of men working in a quarry and a red-faced, jovial fellow told us to follow a narrow pathway up the side of the quarry but not to be disappointed if we only found ruins. At this all his companions laughed heartily. The muddy upward path was so slippery and so steep that we were forced to crawl on our hands and knees. Scratched and not a little dispirited, we reached the top of the steep incline only to find ourselves confronted by a sea of stinging nettles. After about half-an-hour, we found the field where the castle might have been, covered with small stones which might have been part of the walls—yet no visible ruins. Such was our castle. Once fooled, we were only to be fooled again. After leaving Caterham, Christine found in italic printing the words "Remains of Roman Bath House" which she was determined to see; again we found the exact site but there was nothing there, the remains probably having been taken to a local museum.

The Youth Hostel at Chaldon was a charming fifteenth century farmhouse, but I am afraid the beds matched the old-world air. We met some very interesting hikers here who told us of their travels abroad. One Danish boy with whom we made friends could speak little English, so we had to communicate by signs. After he had shared our cooked supper, he was proud to show us photographs of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and of his own family. It was evident at all the hostels that they were used far more by boys than by girls. The girls we met were all cyclists or hikers; none of them was a walker. One warden told us girls were too lazy. Surely this presents a challenge to the modern girl, for it is only by walking that one can see the countryside at its best.

After several memorable days we came to Guildford where we were most interested by the new Cathedral. Personally I think that its exterior is ugly for it is a squat building, perched on the top of an incline, approached by a flight of concrete steps. The interior made me change my mind about modern architecture. The bricks used are a pleasant yellow; the windows plain glass ones to give plenty of light. The plainness of the building gives it its beauty. The carpets used have been made

by many church workers as have the hassocks. In the vestry, the Bishop's mitre, cloaks and other vestments were on show and we admired the exquisite embroidery. Money is being raised to finish the building of the nave by the selling of bricks upon which the giver writes his name.

The next Cathedral, Winchester, seemed very dark compared with the others, perhaps because it is of Norman architecture with the small windows. The exterior gives the impression that the length of the building calls for a larger central tower. I shall remember the reredos, a fourteenth century work said to be the finest specimen of tabernacle work in the world.

Next day, before turning homewards, we visited the Hospital of St. Cross. Here an old man housed by the order, proudly showed us round the well-proportioned church (unusual because of its ancient wall paintings) and told us the history of the place. In the past it was a custom that here any weary traveller could apply for and be given free of charge, a wayfarer's dole consisting of bread and a horn of ale.

When we were walking between Winchester and Salisbury, a large black limousine pulled up and the driver asked if he could be of any assistance in taking us on our way. After having driven a few miles, the well-built, dark-haired man turned to me saying, in a cultured voice, that I should recognise him as he had been on television programmes. Slowly he removed his dark glasses and immediately I knew him as Fabian of Scotland Yard. He was interested to know what we had been doing on our holiday but we were far more interested in knowing about him. Crime, he told us was not as glamorous as it is made to be on the films, and he took examples of tough characters he had met on his cases. His favourite case had been during the war, chasing men who were buying and selling without permits. Inspector Fabian took us to a hotel for lemonade before he left us at Shaftesbury. This encounter made a fitting end to an eventful holiday.

ROSEMARY LAWRENCE; *Upper VI.*

* * *

A HOLIDAY COURSE AT THE DORSET FARM INSTITUTE

I arrived at the Farm Institute, which is a large manor house, standing in extensive grounds, on a wet afternoon in early August, in the company of a boy whom I discovered to be Stafford Cripps' grandson, but with the rain dripping down the back of my neck and a walk up the long tarmac drive carrying a suitcase ahead of me, I was in no mood to appreciate the distinguished company!

I was met at the door by a charming "receptionist" and after signing the visitors' book I was shown to a very comfortable room by an imposing man in uniform. I almost felt I had come to stay in a luxury hotel. However here the comparison ended. Soon a bell summoned me to supper, and, after getting lost in a maze of corridors, I at last discovered the dining room where we ate. I soon discovered that the imposing hall-porter was also cook, waiter, caretaker, and odd job man (with clothes to match each job!) After supper the Principal, Mr. Kenny, briefed us on the programme for the next five days, after which we spent about an hour getting to know each other, and then went to bed.

We were divided into five groups and in theory we rose every morning at 5.30 a.m., although my group nearly disgraced itself over this. We were expected by some miraculous means to wake ourselves up at this unearthly hour, but on the second morning I was woken by someone shaking me frantically and yelling that it was six o'clock. We reached the dairy, nearly a quarter of a mile away by just after 6.5 a.m., a feat of which we were very proud. Of course, we never heard the last of it from the boys, who had a very superior alarm clock, and had lined up with snug smiles to cheer us in. They spent the rest of the week making derisive comments about "women farmers," in the tone of all men when they are talking about women drivers. Till eight o'clock we worked on the two farms, each group on a different section, pigs, poultry, the two dairies and general work, changing every day, so that by the end of the week we had seen a little of all the aspects of farming. From 9 a.m. till 1 p.m. we had lectures, then we worked again on the farms from 2 till 5, and then after a break for supper lectures again from 7 till 8.30, after that, till 10 o'clock, our time was our own.

This routine may sound rather dull, but I have never spent such a busy week, nor done so many different things in so short a time. In five short days I milked about two hundred cows, with the help of two other people, helped to deliver a litter of pigs, treated a flock of sheep for footrot, "caponized" about a hundred cockerels, did a hundred and one other jobs about the farm, and gained a fascinating glimpse into the theory behind modern agriculture. On top of this I had the chance to meet many completely new people, a thing which I always love doing, and made several new friends, some of whom I hope I shall never lose touch with.

I thoroughly enjoyed all these new experiments, although I must admit my heart fell to the bottom of my farm boots, when, after a brief lesson on its gears and working, I was told

to take an enormous fifty horse-power tractor and a three-furrow plough, and to plough up part of a field. However, I was determined not to be beaten by the others, most of whom lived on farms, and so could already drive tractors, so I heaved myself into the seat of the puffing red monster, mumbling to myself the lesson of the morning. To my amazement she chugged off quite happily along the field, and I was just congratulating myself on my new-found skill, when my foot slipped and she leapt forward, all fifty horse-power of her, nearly wrenched the wheel from my hands, and catapulted me from my seat. I gingerly unwrapped myself from the wheel, and tried again. This time she behaved beautifully, and I spent a very satisfying half-hour churning the soil into long, tolerably straight furrows.

The Institute's aim in holding these courses is to help young people about to leave school to decide whether they would like to take up farming. They tried to give us, as far as possible, an exact miniature of their full training course. We were very impressed with the friendliness and helpfulness of both the staff and the men working on the farms, who did their utmost to make our stay a happy and interesting one. They are doing a useful job, and this course helped me, and I know several other people, to make a decision. After going to this course, I realised that farming wasn't the right career for me before I had wasted time and money on a training which wouldn't have satisfied me. Although my final decision was this, I wouldn't have missed such a valuable and worthwhile course.

ROSEMARY BRAYFORD, *Lower VI*

* * *

"TWO GO OFF TO WORK"

Two members of Shaftesbury High School set off for the Lake District, with the earnest intention of spending their holiday working as staff for the Holiday Fellowship, at 'Derwent Bank,' near Keswick. This district was not new to M but for A it was a new experience! They were clad in uniform, their financial resources being rather low. Each had a large bundle of food, and M in addition had some home-made wine, to add sparkle to the journey. In high spirits they waved goodbye, only to find they were two bottles of wine and a bundle of food short! The miles rattled past and they arrived to hear that they were not needed for three days. They began their holiday, climbing in earnest the next day, clothed in, what seemed to A, fancy dress costume: balaclavas, jumpers, jeans, anoracks, many pairs of thick socks and last, but most important (or was it?) — *boots*. M's feet were

well protected but A's boots were far too large, and acted for both ventilation and drainage systems, having long slits in the sides. Rain in Cumberland took some getting used to (so A found) but after the first wettings, she, like M, became immune to it. A started off with great zeal and was determined to reach every peak in sight! Alas, even the first slopes made her too weary to continue, so gladly M returned with her. A discarded her boots and lightly descended barefoot. Often they gazed upwards at the energetic ten-year-olds bounding over the peaks and felt conscious of their advancing years. Their appetites increased alarmingly—the air was so invigorating . . . As the days passed, they occupied themselves with swimming, tennis and boating on Derwent Water in M's small dinghy. M did all the rowing as A said she could only manage a "sensible sized boat!" So, A lay back in the boat luxuriously dangling her feet in the water and singing to herself. Their three days' holiday lengthened to a week and then a fortnight. One fine day they prepared for a picnic of an unusual type. This entailed finding a 'billycan' for the tea and 'borrowing' eggs from the hens, tomatoes from the greenhouse, sugar, tea, milk, fruit and butter. They decided to have it somewhere on an island, in the middle of the lake. Out came the dinghy, and a hilarious hour followed until they dragged the boat high on the beach of Herbert's island. The sticks were damp but they managed to light the fire after about three tries. Soon it was crackling round some tree roots and the can of lake water (it looked fresh enough!) was put on to boil. Next the eggs were cracked and dropped on to a buttered biscuit-tin lid, held over the flames. Tomatoes were added and this new concoction, together with charcoal and dirt, made a delicious first course, which was followed by burnt toast, apples and smoky-wood tea. Something was lacking. But soon the familiar sounds came; first the thunder rumbling in the hills and later the rain descending in stair-roads. So their day was complete.

Their holiday had grown to three weeks, then four—work seemed very far ahead!

After a few days passed in sleeping and eating, they wanted to prove themselves capable of something more energetic—so they decided to climb Seafell Pike. They started off early and M professed she had been before and seemed very confident with a map and compass. Some guests promised to call the 'Mountain Rescue' if they hadn't returned by nightfall. The climb was easy enough to begin with; they passed "Sty Head" tarn and followed the cairns. Soon M became rather hesitant and looked about for familiar signs—A became suspicious!

"Are you *sure* you know the way?" A asked.

"Oh yes, just up here; the top's not far off," was M's cheerful reply. A was content, being a little short sighted. Soon A began to feel the need for sustenance, so they devoured a pile of tasty sandwiches and afterwards began clambering up the rocks with vigour. Soon they came to a deep gully full of moving scree—A was sure this was not the way, but M was attacking it with great gusto and thoroughly enjoying the newly discovered route. It was a case of two steps up and one down, but eventually they succeeded and went on battling against the newly blown mist which obstructed their view. Long, long after A was shown what was meant to be 'Wast Water' and the fringes of Scotland but in reality was wavering mist.

They descended quickly and reached the bottom devoid of energy and their 'iron rations.' They longed for their beds and thought of the 'Ancient Mariner':—

"Oh sleep, it is a gentle thing—
Beloved from pole to pole."

Due to lack of employment, their financial resources were even lower, so they succumbed to 'hitch hiking,' and were very lucky, as a 'Jaguar' returned them to the door.

They were brought to their senses with a jolt when they were requested to "show-willing" and join the other staff. A was frantic, as serving seemed formidable—surely she would spill something? M wasn't concerned at all but was worked up to such a pitch that when breakfast came, it was she, balancing cornflakes, prunes, and porridge, who asked a guest nervously if he would like "cornflakes, flicks or flakes?" He replied with a smile "Flicks please!"

They were completely exhausted after three days of work but managed to go dancing on their 'off' day. All too soon the last evening arrived so some guests joined them in a last row. One boy played softly on a guitar whilst the sun slowly sank over the hills—the last rays of light were reflected on the calm water and slowly "the stars climbed one by one." There was enough light for some of them to have a final 'mid-night' swim. The water was deliciously cool and refreshing and they could hear the ripples lapping against the shore.

Reluctantly they retired and had a few hours' sleep. The next morning their faithless friend, the alarm, failed to ring at 5 a.m. but at 7 a.m. they were awakened. Gone were all their good resolutions and in half-an-hour everything had to be done from making beds to packing, and finally catching the train. Their despondent state of mind was relieved by the arrival of their

long-awaited G.C.E. results. They had come to the end of a wonderful holiday. Their return journey was long and their thoughts were mixed. School loomed in the near future—two more days to go, they sighed—never mind “Roll on the 12th” and “Good Old School.”

AUDREY HORLOCK-JONES and MARGARET BREEDS,
Lower VI.

* * *

IMPRESSIONS OF A HUNDRED-MILE-AN-HOUR HOLIDAY

Wildly exaggerated? Perhaps, but when I spent twelve days in Belgium last August, it really *felt* like a hundred-miles-an-hour. I have certainly never spent a holiday crowded with so many varied activities and interests as this one. I should explain that I was lucky to be chosen as one of the two delegates from Dorset to go to an international camp for Girl Guides in Belgium, on the special occasion of the Brussels World Fair. There were five hundred Guides at the Camp, representing the U.S.A., and most countries of Western Europe. Imagine five hundred girls of my own age all wanting to talk about other countries and exchange views on any and every subject under the sun! To be sure, one didn't have to talk to them all at once, but even groups of half-a-dozen became quite animated enough!

When to all this linguistic exercise were added all the ordinary activities of a Girl Guide Camp—morning prayers and flag ceremonies, games, songs, dances, camp fires and work—also excursions to Bruges and other places of interest, visits to the Brussels Exhibition and five days which I spent at the home of a Belgian Guide at Antwerp; the time was almost too full. Almost, but not quite, for there was not one experience in the whole twelve days that I would not have regretted missing. Inevitably, there are things which stand out in my memory because they were specially amusing or impressive, or had their own especial happiness. For instance, I have a clear picture of some of the Guides I talked to. There was Gunilla, a Swedish Guide, who had an awe-inspiring knowledge of English literature; Madeleine, a very young Belgian Guide Captain, who was always laughing, and a crippled Guide from Holland who never laughed but in her quiet way was one of the gayest people I have ever met.

Of course, I have vivid memories of the Brussels Exhibition, which I visited three times in all. The first thing I did was to see part of the Atomium from the inside. This magnificent structure is not exactly beautiful, but its powerful size is very

impressive. Then I tried to see as many other parts of the Exhibition as I could, and very unfairly at once placed the British Pavilion first in merit. I soon changed my mind and gave first place to Czechoslovakia, which I thought by far the most interesting and attractive. Passing through a small pavilion devoted to French food and wines, we met an extremely pleasant American gentleman eating rum babas who recommended to us a large number of wines and cheeses, all of which he had apparently sampled. I thought the Exhibition was wonderful—but so enormous.

The only other event I shall use time and space to describe is the grand Camp Fire on Saturday evening, two days before the end of the Camp. For us, as Guides, this was the climax of the whole holiday. Everyone spent the whole day preparing and rehearsing, and in the evening all the Guides, many in national costume, walked in procession through the village to the majestic XIIIth century castle of Beausseines. Here, in the floodlit courtyard, the Belgian Guides, in beautiful historic costumes, acted a story as medieval as its setting. By contrast, this was followed by separate items from each delegation, every one of which had a distinct character. The Swiss Guides danced with a more delicate gaiety than the Americans, who performed their national square dances with boisterous enthusiasm. The Greek Guides were graceful and the Spanish very dashing with their lively and amusing imitation of a bull fight. The perfect finish to the Camp Fire was provided by Sweden, who carried garlands of green leaves and sang "Santa Lucia" as the white-robed figures of the 'Saint of Light' and her two attendants crossed the stage. The lights faded until only the glow from her traditional crown of lighted candles remained. These are the sort of impressions that made my holiday unforgettable.

MARY NORRIS, *Upper VI.*

* * *

OUR FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL

All I can remember about my first day at school is that it was February, and snowing. Mummy implored me to postpone the idea of school until the next day, but this was greeted with such wails and protests that she decided to take me to the Infants' School, which was over a mile away, in spite of the inclement weather.

The headmistress was a rather terrifying woman called Miss Grey, who nearly always wore black, although I can

remember a scarlet skirt, flared at the back. When I first came, I had little to do with her. I vaguely remember several other teachers, who had no particular class. There was Miss Stokes, who read us stories and amused those who, like me, had to wait for what seemed like hours each afternoon for the school 'bus. On these occasions, we sang songs, and my two favourites were "Put another nickel in" and "Down in the Glen." For a short time, we had a kind of secretary, generally referred to as the Dinner Girl, as she dealt with the dinner-money, and Miss Rogers, who taught the slightly older infants.

I was taught by Mrs. Wagner for a year, and can quite clearly remember that she taught us to make paper balls for Christmas decorations, and gave us writing lessons each day.

In the mornings, we all went into one large room with a partition in the middle, and sat around a fire in small chairs. We sang "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" which I could not understand, as I always thought the line "Pity my simplicity" had something to do with pretty mice, and what "implicity" meant I never discovered. This was followed by a few prayers.

Our days were spent doing such things as listening to stories, playing with plasticine and wooden toys, drawing and splashing paint on to paper.

We also made milk-mats from paper, cut to make a pattern, and on these we placed our bottles of milk to avoid getting greasy marks on the tables. In the middle of each morning we chanted "Thank you, God, for our milk and lunch," and spent the first part of "playtime" drinking the milk and eating the sandwiches which we had brought from home.

Miss Grey once entered some of the more graceful children in a dancing display at the Gillingham Fete. Each morning for several weeks beforehand we had to say a prayer which started like this: "Please God" (long pause) "Let the weather" (equally long pause) "Be fine" (another pause) "for our Fete." As far as I can remember, her request was not granted.

On looking back, I can recall enough interesting and amusing incidents to write a book on this subject, but there is neither time nor space to tell any more now.

GILLIAN RALPH, *Upper V.*

It was a brilliant summer-day, August 8th, when I went with my mother to school. I really didn't think too much of school, I was only longing to come back home to receive my big — at that time it seemed to me an enormous—school-bag which was

filled with presents. I thought these presents would last for many many years.

Arriving at school we were asked to go to the school hall, which was already full of little girls with their mothers. After a rather long and for me, a boring speech from the Headmaster, we girls were sent into a classroom where we got our place and a time-table. This time-table was like a secret to me, because I didn't know what was written on it, but we were told we would be soon able to read it. "That is all for today" said a very friendly mistress, "and now you can go and see your mothers again and tomorrow we shall start with our first lesson."

All that time I was only thinking of the big school-bag full of presents and never before had I so longed to go home. My mother, noticing my excitement and hurry, thought I didn't like the school, and all the way home she tried to tell me how good school is and that there are only nice persons who will teach me how to write and read and that I should be grateful for it.

INES BRANDT.

I did not go to school until I was six years old, and so I can remember quite clearly my first day at a school in Scotland, which was situated some miles away from the nearest village or town, and which consisted of about thirty pupils ranging from five years to fifteen.

Being rather timid at that time, I recollect with gratitude the way in which my new teacher, commonly known as Bet, took me by the hand and showed me how to tie bows with coloured ribbons by pretending that the ribbon was a train going through a tunnel! I think that was the only thing I did on my first day—just sat contentedly and tied bows carefully, chuffing like a train as I did so.

I remember my teacher as a small, grey woman, for everything about her seemed grey; her hair, her clothes, her eyes and even her face—who was always sketching people and things, including me after my bath! She also had a temper, for I shall never forget my horrified and hurt feelings when she one day threw my "Beacon" reader at me because I was being exceptionally stupid over a simple sentence.

However, this is not what I remember most about her: it is as the person who introduced me to the joy of reading that she remains foremost in my mind.

B. SERGEAN, *Upper V.*

I arrived at Saint Dominics one Sunday night after a very enjoyable holiday, and was thrilled to find that I was no longer an infant, but a junior. And so, at the tender age of 'not quite four,' I thought I was really beginning to grow up at last.

The following morning, Stella, the head girl, came to help me dress (for I was at a boarding school). Now that I was a junior I had to wear long black stockings which had to be fastened to my liberty-bodice—I found these stockings most inconvenient! I was horrified when my beautiful (so I thought at the time) ringlets were plaited—into two ridiculously small pigtails which stuck out at ninety degrees.

After breakfast we were told to don our hats and coats and then made our way to the main school through the gardens. Now that I was a 'big' girl, my peg in the cloakroom was much higher. In fact, it was so high that I could not reach it. I immediately began to cry and stood by my peg wailing until someone came to the rescue.

My first real friend, at least, the first person who took any notice of me, was a rather fat little boy with red cheeks who pulled my hair and called me a baby. This was rather a blow to my pride because I had felt so grown-up.

However, after these rather unfortunate incidents, I soon settled down and became very happy at St. Dominics.

JACKIE MARSDEN, *Upper V.*

* * *

A BALLERINA'S DRESSING ROOM

The heavy velvet curtain fell down after the last dance of "Symphony for Fun." The lights came up and people rubbed their eyes with sighs of "Wasn't that wonderful?"

Slowly they all filed out and soon all that was left in the great Festival Hall were the cleaners, and a few autograph hunters. I was one of the "few" with my young cousin and aunt.

Alicia Markova had danced "Giselle" with the Festival Ballet, taking the leading role. I naturally wanted to have her autograph, already having the signatures of several leading ballet dancers. There was no sign of a stage door so we approached one of the stewards, and asked if he knew how we could obtain the

autograph. He said he might be able to get it for us. He disappeared through a door in the seemingly unbreakable red leather quilting of the walls. Two minutes later he returned and said, "If the two little girls would like to go through they may be able to see Madame Markova."

I was a little disgruntled at being called "little girl" but it was nothing, since there was a chance of meeting Madame Markova. We walked round the usual backstage scenery, and then through a warm, softly-lit corridor where we waited on comfortable padded seats. On the left wall of the corridor there were doors with famous names; "Anton Dolin," "Oleg Briansky" and "Corps de Ballet" written on them.

We were sitting facing a door proclaiming "Alicia Markova" in large red letters. A small group of people was gathered around the door and now and again a very formal woman in a chic mauve overall would come out and say to someone "Is Madam expecting you?"

If the answer was in the affirmative they were ushered into the room. The conductor of the orchestra went in to see the great dancer. Her niece seemed to be employed in carrying messages from Markova to various people. At last, all the important people had taken their leave and a small queue of perhaps half-a-dozen individuals filed slowly into the dressing room.

The room itself was not very large but well-illuminated and decorated with flowers. A half opened cupboard displayed the dresses worn by the ballerina herself. The bed was covered with a pink bedspread; next to it stood the make-up table in matching colours.

At the dressing table sat Alicia Markova, a slightly-built figure in a deep red dress which was a vivid contrast to her white skin and jet black hair. Graciously she signed each autograph book or programme as it was put before her. I thought her voice rather husky (unusual for a celebrity) and she said "Thank you" and smiled sweetly. As I stood there it seemed impossible to me that I had spoken to a great ballerina. We were then shown out. In the corridor we met Oleg Briansky wandering about in his dressing gown. After a last glimpse of the famous dressing room doors, we left the Festival Hall to find a cafe and have tea.

PENNY WELLS, *Lower VI.*

POETRY

Sorrow

Sorrow is my dear companion ;
Sorrow lurks within my heart ;
Sorrow's tears fall gently on me ;
My soul cries out with Sorrow's smart.

Sorrow stays beside me always ;
Sorrow never sets me free ;
Sorrow moans as if in torment—
Sorrow's grief is part of me.

Sorrow holds me in his power ;
Sorrow cries, and I do weep ;
Sorrow never strays far from me
But courts me even as I sleep.

Why am I thus tormented ?
Why wails sorrow at my breath ?
Only God knows why I suffer—
Will suffer on, until my death.

BARRIE SERGEAN, *Upper V.*

Firelight Fantasy

Red glow the coals ; the blaze roars high ;
Smoke swirls up, reaching for the sky ;
Then, through the mist we clearly see
Five men capering joyously ;
Clothed in red and yellow and green,
The men as never before were seen ;
Chattering, showing in the light
Rows of teeth all shining bright.
Then, as the fire begins to die,
They too, fade now, and with a sigh,
We see that they have gone away.
They will not come again, for they
Have gone to sleep now, everyone
Exhausted by their play and fun ;
The glow has gone, the coals are bare ;
Tomorrow, shall we see them there ?

KATE COLES, *Upper V.*

Paradise and Earth

O bird of Paradise,
Your feathers are very beautiful,
Your tail is long and bright;
But yet you are dumb for all your beauty.

O blackbird, blackbird,
You are dull and small,
But you are not dumb.
You have the call that makes us see heaven
round us.

JOAN TRUSTRUM, *Lower IV.*

An Aeroplane

Soaring the sky like an eagle,
Gliding through the fleecy white clouds,
Through the mysterious moonlit heavens,
On, on and on it goes,
Over majestic mountains,
Over yellow plains,
Until at last it sights the bright lights
Of the city, jostling and gay.
Its mission over, the journey's done.
At last, it's safe and sound,
At last.

JEAN SQUIRE, *Lower IV.*

At Christmas

They, dim by the star, knelt before
Him. Angels sweet, sang Him song.
Ranks of Heaven; God's son given;
Horned moon, silver sphere,
As if in mirrored hall around her
'Flected was, a thousand times
In every silver star.
Beauteous, Baby God; soft eyes
Were watching.

MICHELLE EMERY, *Lower IV.*

Living in a City

"Who, who would in a city dwell?"
Begins my mournful narrative;
And mournful is it not indeed
When one has learned the Country Creed
—The Way of Bird and Tree and Seed
To live inside a city?

Then, then—O joy—I used to spy
Those places where the snowdrops lie;
That spot where, every sunny day
A vixen with her young ones lay.
Who would not weep for hills and hay
—Living in a city?

Who would not dream of happy times?
To listen to the harebells' chimes,
To play in tinkling country streams,
Where moonlit lovers spend their dreams,
And children splash with gurgling screams,
—Living in a city?

Who would not mope and pine away,
For one more glimpse of the willow's sway,
For one more walk in country lanes
Away from traffic, noise and trains,
And the cruel jaws of Man-made cranes,
—Living in a city?

Who would not fret for days gone by?
For the eerie thrill of an otter's cry,
When, bathed in moonlight, she calls her mate.
Oh, how I sigh when I contemplate
The weary burden of my fate,
To live inside a city.

How old I seem to grow, and grey:
And I do to my Father pray
That once, before I die, I may
Have one last glimpse of the Country Way;
To see the young lambs frolic and play,
To see the scented, new-mown hay,
To see the sunset's flushed array,
And the celandine's on Easter Day . . .
And then, to pass away and say,
"I always loved the Country."

HEATHER COLYER, *Upper V.*

The Willow

Willow, standing by the river,
Lady, liv'st thou on for ever ?
Gently emerald leaves are falling
To the river, softly calling.
Past 'tis flowing, brown in hue,
Willow, does it call to you ?
Round your slender twigs 'tis swirling,
O'er its back the green leaves hurling.
Willow, through these years of strife,
You have led this peaceful life.
Winter makes you bare and bleak,
In spring your buds begin to break,
Summer sees you dressed in green,
A silent, lovely emerald green.
Autumn whisks your leaves away,
Then you're clad in dull array.
So it goes, from year to year,
Always you're my friend most dear.

SUSAN TIPPETTS, *Upper IV.*

Unfounded Fears

I sat in the waiting-room, cold with fear,
Looking at magazines lying quite near ;
I picked one up with a trembling hand
And gazed at a picture of ploughed lumpy land.
I turned o'er the pages, my heart bumping loud
At the thought of the holes that might be found
When my teeth were the subject of long peering gaze,
And I was being tortured by all his queer ways.

At last I was sent for, and white-faced I went,
Into the room where the dentist intent
Was studying a chart of most gruesome white teeth ;
So I sat in the moveable chair underneath
The blue-painted ceiling of white I'm not fond,
And stared out of the window to the fir-trees beyond.
He put down his chart and said, " Well, let's start."
And began the horrible prodding part.

He jabbed and he jogged and he prodded,
 Until he withdrew his hook and nodded,
 "Not a single hole. You're perfectly clear,
 Au revoir for now; I'll see you next year."
 I skipped to the waiting-room with hastening feet,
 Put on my coat and ran into the street.
 Thank goodness my teeth from holes were quite free,
 No more painful days at the dentist for me.

ROSEMARY WAGNER, *Upper IV.*

Games

I have a hate for any sort
 Of outdoor game or healthy sport.
 I don't like tennis, how could I?
 It seems, however hard I try,
 The ball will get caught in the net,
 And that's as far as it will get.
 I don't like swimming—that's no wonder—
 I have a fear of going under;
 I move at slow reluctant pace,
 I have no speed or strength or grace.
 I can't play netball—I'm not tall
 And so I rarely see the ball.
 Hockey's really not my style;
 I try to bear it with a smile.
 And as for P.T., though I'm fearless
 The only comment made is "Careless."
 (It seems throughout my education
 I have acquired this reputation.)
 And I shall think when I am old
 I should have done as I was told,
 And gained the benefits sports give,
 But anyway it's nice to live,
 While those my school comrades of yore
 Were quite tired out by twenty-four;
 Careering along with hockey sticks,
 They all expired at twenty-six.

SARAH JORDAN, *Lower V.*

* * *

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee, 1958

<i>Chairman</i>			Miss Dunford
<i>Secretary</i>			Mrs. Rowbottom
<i>Treasurer</i>			Mr. Head
<i>Staff Representatives</i>			Miss Woods
			Miss Piggott
			Miss Tilstone
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>			Mr. Harcourt-Brooks
			Mr. Smith
			Mr. Jackson
			Mrs. Norris
			Mrs. Bateman
<i>Representative on Governing Body</i>			Rev. H. Brayford

As we went to press in 1957 before the P.A. Annual General Meeting we must include a short report on it before turning to this year's activities. The meeting was held on November 20th; and the Chairman, in her opening remarks, pointed out that the Parents' Association was now ten years old, and spoke of the helpful part which the Association had played in fostering the link between school and home. Miss Dunford also spoke about the closure of the School, and the cancellation of Speech Day on account of the 'flu epidemic.

The meeting then discussed how best to celebrate the Association's 10th Anniversary, and after various suggestions had been offered, it was decided to have a social evening, and to give the School a Tape Recorder to mark the occasion. After this the usual elections for the committee took place.

On March 12th of this year the 10th Anniversary meeting was held. It took the form of a Dutch Supper, and parents brought a wealth of good food. We all had a very pleasant evening. Mr. Perkins demonstrated a Tape Recorder, though it was not in fact the one the Parents' Association finally bought. The School Film was also shown.

Our second meeting this year was held on July 11th. At the first part, the Rev. G. K. Horlock Jones presented the School with the Tape Recorder on behalf of the P.A. and a recorded "Thank you" from the Head Girl was played back to the Parents' Association.

Doctor Pearson then spoke to us on Adolescence. He gave a most interesting talk on this difficult stage in a child's development, and pointed out how much sympathy, tolerance and

understanding was necessary if the parents are to help their children to advance to a happy maturity. He stressed the need for an uncritical attitude on the part of the parents, and warned us that parental domination in adolescence was harmful to the child.

Again this year the Magazine has to go to press before the Annual General Meeting of the Association, but we shall report on this in our next year's edition.

* * *

POCKET MONEY

In some ways—but by no means all—I wish that the School Magazine was published monthly. It would be so pleasant and helpful to compare notes and problems with other parents in a fervid correspondence column.

One of the subjects on which I should most like other parents' views would be the question of rewards and pocket money. Occasionally we are told, a trifle sadly, of school friends who have a pound a week as pocket money, or some vast present for passing G.C.E. Of course, the amount of money each of us can give to our children must vary with each family's circumstances, but a number of considerations are involved before it can be fixed. The variety of backgrounds of its pupils is one of the strengths and richnesses of a Grammar School. It seems to me that parents who are unrealistic and over-indulgent with their children's pocket money are harming not only their own children, but showing a lack of responsibility towards the school. But—what is a reasonable amount? It would be so useful to be able to ask other parents what they find a suitable average.

When the children are small it is much easier. From the time our children start school, they have fivepence a week—rising by a penny a week for each birthday. But this is not adequate for very long, particularly if the children have hobbies to finance, or a large number of birthdays in the family.

As the children get older, we find that it is better for them to earn their pocket money, and not expect to have it doled out to them. So they are paid for some specific job done faithfully every day, or for some larger task when they specially want to earn some extra money. Any other help they give is unpaid, and done for the good of the family.

When the girls reach an age when they care about their

appearances, we try to give them an allowance, paid quarterly, to cover out-of-pocket expenses and clothes, other than school uniform and really big items. It is fairly easy to get girls to plan their money, and to try to spend responsibly, but how very glad I should be to have some advice on what to do about allowances for boys who abominate all new clothes and utterly scorn haircuts!

Z.E.H.

* * *

A COMPARISON OF SCHOOLING IN ENGLAND WITH THAT IN THE WEST INDIES

I should like to point out that information given in this article refers to conditions as I knew them up to 1954. I have no detailed information of changes which may be taking place since Federation, which took place earlier this year.

I am sure readers will be surprised at the standard of education. We so often consider that everything outside our own country must be a poor second compared with what we know here. This is far from being true in the field of education, especially in the larger West Indian Islands.

I will begin with a description of the school buildings and then say something about organisation, including the training of teachers and scholars. In general white and coloured work together, there is one exception in Barbados where one school received only white children. In my opinion this was definitely a mistaken and harmful policy.

Many of the school buildings are owned by churches of varying denominations, though they are now used by the Government for educational purposes. This is due to the fact that the churches took the lead in educational matters and built denominational schools.

There are other schools built and maintained entirely by the Government. The Government makes grants towards new school buildings erected by the churches and repairs and extensions to existing buildings.

The Island Governments appoint a Director of Education, who is then responsible for policy and the carrying out of it. Directors have, in the past, been qualified people from this country. This is no longer always true as, not unnaturally, local West Indians who are qualified are being appointed.

The denominational ministers of the churches which own buildings are corresponding managers for their respective schools. This entails a good deal of work.

In addition these ministers are expected to visit their schools, at least monthly, to examine, check and sign all the registers. The duties just mentioned refer to the Primary schools.

Members of the staff in the secondary schools are both English and West Indian and all have degrees, generally obtained at English universities. They are paid by the Government and in Barbados are Civil Servants.

The West Indian Primary teachers are trained at centres in different islands, generally they receive a two-year course. The expense of this is born by the Government and not by the teachers.

There is quite a big difference between buildings used for Primary and Secondary education. In the Primary schools all the different classes often meet in one large room. It is a mystery how the children learn at all and how teachers make themselves heard. In the Secondary schools, however, there are separate class rooms and facilities far exceed those in the Primary schools.

The ability of the scholars varies greatly. In Trinidad and Tobago there are College Exhibitions for places in the Secondary schools. The number of these was a hundred and fifty per year for the two islands. This entitles the winners to free education, others can still go to Secondary schools if their parents pay the fees. This system, corresponding to the eleven-plus in this country, lends itself to a good deal of cramming.

In Secondary schools scholars work for the General Certificate of Education to both Ordinary and Advanced levels. The highest awards are Island Scholarships which entitle the winners to come to this country to continue their studies.

REV. N. W. HARRISON.

* * *

GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE—HERE AND THERE

1957. South Africa

"Have you heard" said the Professor's wife, "that they are closing all the Catholic mission schools, or refusing them any more grants, which will come to the same thing. They will all go the way of Father Huddleston's I suppose, and all the native and coloured children have to go to Government 'Christian

National' ones. Aren't the Catholics Christians too? I want my children to go the the Church of England schools, the boys' is one of the best public schools in South Africa, but it will be our turn next no doubt. Soon there will be no more private schools; and as for Government schools, what the parents want seems to be the last thing that is ever considered there. Look at that one up-country which was teaching both official languages, English and Afrikaans. The parents were very pleased to have it so, but although they have objected again and again it is all to be changed, and only Afrikaans taught. It seems as though the headmaster has no liberty at all, this one is to be dismissed, I hear. How can they hope to make up the teacher shortage and get good men and women in the profession!

"How *lucky* you are to be going back to England, *you* will be quite free to educate your children as you yourself think best."

1958. England

"Have you heard" said the vicar's wife, "that they do not want any more Grammar schools, but all co-educational Comprehensive schools instead. Great big institutions where it is probably no use going to see the headmaster because he won't even know your child by sight. What did Newman say about a University? 'An Alma Mater knowing her children one-by one, not a factory, nor a mint, nor a treadmill.' Isn't the same true of a school?"

"Soon it will be no good begging or borrowing enough money for private schools either, because they are probably to go as well. It seems as though the headmaster of a school will soon have no liberty at all; look at the poor man who was forced to ruin his G.C.E. class by taking back into the school fourteen idle ignoramuses who had failed every single subject. How can they hope to make up the teacher shortage and get good men and women in the profession!"

How *lucky* Mrs. W. is to be emigrating, *she* will be free to educate her children as she thinks best."

* * *

Well, the grass on the other side of the fence is always the greenest, but *must* we have all these fences anyway?

L.P.

LIFE IN A THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS

After a broadcast on Willie Clarkson in 1957 it occurred to me some aspects of life in his famous theatrical costumier's establishment would provide interesting material for a magazine article. So I will try—as a humble employee—to describe some of my impressions.

In those days Clarkson was the Theatrical Costumier and Wigmaker, pre-eminent, so it was with some trepidation I applied for and accepted a job in his studio at a very early age.

At the time I scarcely understood whether I was to work there or not, due to the fact that Mr. Clarkson, or “the Guv'nor” as he was usually known among his workfolk, had a very decided impediment in his speech, which affected his pronunciation in a singular way.

However, rightly surmising I was engaged, I found myself part of his extraordinary establishment.

He has been described as a grotesque, gnome-like man with a lisp and a crab-like walk. He progressed “along” in a unique manner. When I saw him first I thought he was an actor of the “old school,” and I was frankly afraid of him!

As I entered the door of his famous shop I felt transformed straight into pantomime. Dozens of masks and heads upon the walls glared, laughed, winked and chuckled at me. In fact the street door closed on an unreal fantastic world of make-believe.

Our tasks were numerous and varied, from designing stage and fancy costumes, and copying sketches, to painting props for the various stage shows and other make-believe requirements.

Oh! the smell in our small studio of oil, varnish, methylated spirits, turpentine, and most of all the size, which the unpainted props emitted.

It was wonderful how we transformed shapes of uncertainty into the semblance of luscious food, birds and beasts.

Every conceivable aspect of London's entertainment passed through our hands, so to speak:—the Chelsea Arts' Ball, the Boat Race, “Hiawatha” at the Albert Hall, the Royal Tournament, the Lord Mayor's Show and the Pantomime season, to mention a few. At the same time the usual stage shows were continually taking place. For these Clarkson's always made the wigs and frequently the costumes.

We rose to the heights in our preparations for the Pantomime Season. Everything we produced was of our glittering

best. There was no end to the sparkling diamenté and jewels which festooned the gorgeous costumes.

Life was one mad whirl in the rush to finish dressing the dazzling shows at the Lycéum Theatre.

We were "all in it," dressmakers, milliners, wigmakers, propmakers, make-up people, artists and many others whose jobs I have forgotten through the years. And we worked very late sometimes, but I had better not say how late!—even after this span of time. And the Guv'nor, what of him? Busily "progressing" around his rambling, rickety premises, supervising, admonishing and encouraging.

In our studio was a mine of information, in the form of hundreds of pictures contained in dozens of very large, thick scrapbooks.

These cuttings pertained to life in general and theatre life in particular. We were constantly being asked for pictures, and never knew what item of information would be wanted next. Everything, except the one thing asked for could usually be found.

I may say the indexing system had been in abeyance for some time before my arrival, which often threw us into a state of extreme confusion when searching, for example, for pictures of Polly Peachum, or a naval uniform of the time of Nelson.

One had to save the most unlikely picture in case it "came in," which it invariably did.

This unique and fantastic establishment reminded one of a Dickensian canvas, with its theatrical atmosphere, the diverse characters employed, the Guv'nor himself, the whole array of stock in trade of 40,000 wigs, 10,000 costumes, and stage properties of all kinds and not least the ever thronging customers including V.I.P.'s of stage and screen who often came in from the world outside to the unreal one on the inner side of the door.

M.R.

* * *

CATERING PROBLEMS

The following article appeared in an Indian magazine in 1948. We think that parents will be interested and amused at the problems of catering for an institution under very different conditions from those which the High School enjoys.

There are certain words common to many of the languages of India, deprived of which life in this country would come to a

dead stop. Of these the most important is "bandobast". Unlike some of the others, it is as respectable as a suet pudding, and recurs in conversation as often as giggles in a girls' school. It means an arrangement, fakement, plan, organisation, scheme, design, project, precaution, programme, policy, fixed and lasting compact or agreement, or even a plot, and a few other things that I can't remember at the moment.

Rice is harvested towards the end of the year. By December it is time for those responsible for the commissariat of our mission hostels to take a deep breath and begin those protracted negotiations for the following twelve months' supply of rice, known to all as the "rice bandobast". The fraternity whom one has to cajole, bully, or bribe to supply the rice are the "mahajans"—the great men—great at any rate in breadth of stomach and depth of pocket. Before the war we spent days haggling over a few annas. Should we let ourselves be cheated now of an anna or two, or risk losing a rupee when the price rose slowly from three to four rupees during the rains? Those indeed were the days.

But then came the war. Some hostels were requisitioned and the children dispersed. The "mahajans" went after fairer and fatter game. During those four years the hostel superintendents went about with a song in their hearts, which, amid the troubles and anxieties of others, they virtuously sought to conceal. They had no rice "bandobast" to make.

But of course peace had to break out sooner or later. In January, 1946, we found ourselves again in possession of our hostels, the rice godowns empty, and a dozen assorted merchants on the doorstep, somewhat inflated, like their prices, after their years of opportunity, surprisingly enough clamouring for our custom, each with his sample of perfect rice, cheap at twenty rupees a maund, just begging to be bought. Just slip them a cheque and the godowns would be full in a few hours. Who would have thought the daily papers were full of news of the food shortage? Amid the welter of eruptions I cast my eyes over the unlikely mob in the hope of catching sight of a comparatively honest face. They paused thoughtfully on one man who had politely produced an old cigarette tin to spit into—and passed on until they encountered at the back what seemed to be a caricature of Winston Churchill. True, a Winston Churchill who looked as though Hitler had got at him, but still recognisable. A trustworthy face, anyhow. Let's give Winnie the job. With difficulty I shoved the others out, and Winnie and I settled down to signing contracts. I examined the exchequer, beat him down to 18 rupees a maund, gave thanks that our scholarship donors

had not failed us during these hectic years, and wrote out a cheque for an amount which in pre-war days would have run the diocese for six months. Winnie secreted it with a happy smile and asked me for my license.

A chill silence. I countered that a trustful bishop had provided me with one or I had a dog license for 1928; which would he like? Or would a birth certificate be of any use? But Winnie was in no mood for banter, and explained that before he could put the rice in my godown I had to have a license to store it. And he walked off with my cheque.

Then followed a hectic couple of days at the court house. There were apparently about three hundred other anxious people all desiring to see the relevant official. In time I got to him—and it all seemed surprisingly easy. He was quite ready to give me the license to store, if I would provide him with certain returns once a fortnight. The questions I had to answer once a fortnight were something like this: weight of bags of rice; weight of rice without bags; weight of bags without rice; height of godown from floor to roof; depth of godown from roof to floor. (I heard from a man who actually had some rice to store that a discrepancy was discovered in his returns; on being asked for an explanation he replied that his first assessment had been made at high tide. His license was so heavily endorsed that it came in two.)

Anyway I returned triumphantly to Winnie, who jubilantly departed, promising me rice in a matter of days. Inside two he returned crest-fallen, and explained that he couldn't get me any rice unless I got a license to purchase. When the power of speech returned I protested he had said he'd already got the rice. Well, everybody else had said that, so he'd had to say it too. Yes, he said, cheering up, he had cashed my cheque.

It wasn't so easy to get this license. I interviewed all sorts of officials, high, low and medium. A few were sympathetic, many were rude, more were haughty. The trouble was that the Government, fearing a serious shortage, were not issuing such licenses, but buying up all the rice themselves. A very praiseworthy precaution, but not very helpful to me, with a hundred boys coming in a week, and such rice as one could obtain in the bazaars already 25 rupees a maund.

I retired defeated: only to be met with a once more cheerful Winnie flourishing a dirty piece of paper and shouting that he had obtained the license for me. I was then too desperate to ask him how he'd done it. Off he went, beaming goodwill and benevolence, to a place about 70 miles away. Soon after, two loads of rice arrived on two successive days, about a tenth of my

supply. I noticed they arrived here about dawn, having travelled through the night.

And then silence. A week later, a tearful boy came along and said "mera bap jel khana menhai" (Poppa is in jug). Who might poppa be? Poppa it seemed was none other than Winnie, and he was in jail in G—. I groaned. It seemed an eminently suitable place for him, but still, he had my money. Something must be done.

I go to the Bishop and inform him I must proceed to G—. to get a "mahajan" out of jail. The worthy man does not bat a whisker but hopes it will keep fine for me. I arrive at G—, and search out the barred cell where I find Winnie. There are the tears and sweat all right. I offer him a cheroot, but he waves it aside irritably. He growls something which might mean "Gemme out a here."

I go in search of the S.D.O. The S.D.O. is holding a murder trial in his court. I slip into the court; the S.D.O. catches sight of me, and invites me to sit near him on the bench. I do so. The prisoner, whom I can well believe to be a murderer, glares at me horribly. The case proceeds, to my great interest. The prisoner gets very angry with the pleader who is defending him, and addressing the court in a loud voice says that he committed the murder all by himself, and nobody shall take away the credit from him. The S.D.O. calms him down and tells him not to break the rules and spoil the fun. Then for the next couple of hours, between witnesses, the S.D.O. and I have a conversation about Winnie. Yes, he put him in jail. You see, he was dealing illicitly in rice. I know you have a licence to store and a license to purchase, but, you see, you haven't a license to transport it from G—, and Winnie has taken two loads at night and is attempting to take all the rice he has purchased for you.

Well, we ironed it out in the end. I persuaded the S.D.O. that Winnie and I were not a couple of spivs, and that there really was a hostel with a hundred boys waiting to be fed. I eventually received my third license, and hopped on to the bus just as they were letting Winnie out. The rice bandobast was completed apart from another cheque I had to pay Winnie to console him for the damage to his reputation.

Soon after breakfast next morning a deputation of boys waits on my verandah. They are not very keen on the rice that is being supplied. Couldn't I make a different "bandobast"?

G.K.H.J.

* * *

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee, 1958/59

<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>	—	—	A. Johnson
			B. Welch
			H. Young (<i>née</i> Clarke)

O.G.A. London Meeting, March 15th, 1958

Our first three London Reunions were held at the Central Club of the Y.W.C.A. The fourth one this year was held at the Westminster Hospital. Mary Young had given us the invitation at the O.G. Dinner the previous November and we had all been looking forward to it with keen anticipation.

The average attendance at the previous meetings had been 24. This time 56 of us assembled in the Main Hall of the Hospital at 2 p.m. We were shown round the Hospital in two groups and then met in the Hospital Chapel for a short service at 2.40 p.m. This was taken by the Chaplain and one of the doctors played the organ for us. Many of us found this service the highlight of the day.

We then went to the Nurses' Home and had the photo, which is appearing in this Magazine, taken on the balcony. At the end of a short business meeting, Miss Dunford presented Mary Young with a bouquet and a Poole Pottery Vase as a small token of our gratitude for her hospitality. Then we had an excellent tea in the Nurses' beautiful Common Room and talked hard until 5.30 p.m.

This was an unforgettable day. We were deeply impressed by the spirit of the Hospital and were proud that its Matron is an Old Girl of ours.

O.G.A. Summer Meeting, July 5th, 1958

The Summer Meeting was held on Saturday, July 5th, 1958. There were 50 members present. The meeting began with the

Tennis Match at the Wincombe Lane Field at 5 p.m. This resulted in a win for the School by 52 games to 27 games.

After this, members all went to the School to see the School Film and this was very much enjoyed by everyone. We then went to Barton Hill House for a wonderful buffet supper which had been tastefully arranged by the Supper Committee.

Miss Dunford opened the short informal meeting with a special welcome to Mrs. Rombulow-Pearse, who was attending an O.G. meeting for the first time. She also read a letter from Mrs. Raad, who said how sorry she was not to be with us. Best wishes were sent to her from the Meeting. Miss Dunford then told members how one of our oldest Girls, Miss May Short, had come to School recently to be filmed for the School Film. She gave her usual news of the School and mentioned some Staff changes.

The date of the dinner was fixed for November 1st. The meeting, which was a very happy one, was brought to an end at 9 p.m.

Fifteenth Annual O.G.A. Dinner, November 1st, 1958

There were fewer Old Girls than usual at the O.G.A. dinner this year and this, with the absence of Mrs. Raad, whom we missed very much, made the "feeling" of the meeting rather different from the usual crowded one. All the same, those present enjoyed themselves and it was a happy occasion.

Miss Dunford was in the Chair at the Annual General Meeting which preceded the Dinner and prefaced her remarks by regretting the absence of Mrs. Raad. It was proposed that the O.G.A. should send her some flowers. A message of remembrance was read out from May Short who had once again thought of us.

In her report, Gill Hussey mentioned the Hockey Match which the School had won, by five goals to two. The fact that two of the most stalwart hockey players were that afternoon playing for the County Second Eleven must have made much difference to the O.G.A. team.

Jean Drew gave an account of the finances for the year and showed a most satisfactory balance.

In her Chairman's report, Miss Dunford commented on the smallness of the meeting and wondered why this was. After some discussion, it was decided to explore the possibility of holding the next Dinner at School.

Changes on the Staff were mentioned and the building of the Domestic Science block was referred to as being probable.

The Committee, with the exception of one member, were re-elected for the next two years.

After the dinner, Jane Brayford proposed the toast to the Old Girls. In her speech, she stressed the traditions of the School that linked old and present girls and this point was also mentioned by Pat Baker, who replied for the Old Girls. Miss Dunford read Mrs. Raad's speech proposing the health of the School. Mrs. Raad said that she thought that she had not missed a meeting since the O.G.A. began having an annual dinner and she felt very grieved that her husband's bad health prevented her from having "the chance of talking non-stop for nearly two hours without anyone suggesting that one is being a little too loquacious."

She told us of the wonderful success that grandson John had achieved in winning the Charles Oldham Scholarship in Classics at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

Mrs. Raad ended her speech by wishing the Old Girls a happy evening "and as for the School, long may it flourish and grow from strength to strength."

In her reply, for the School, Jenny Stagg, the Head Girl, thanked the Old Girls for all their generous gifts. She then talked of the recent controversy about comprehensive schools and wondered how many people really thought deeply before they argued. Jenny went on to give an interesting account of different theories of education of other times and places and finally came back to modern times when people realise more fully that education is of vital importance.

She ended her speech by saying that it was obvious from letters and from conversations with Old Girls that they were leading full and happy lives, and that the School was proud of them.

The meeting ended officially at nine-fifteen but much light-hearted and serious talk continued long after that time.

An Unusual O.G.A. Re-union

Mrs. Jessiman (formerly Mrs. Blackhall) writes from Singapore—"yesterday (September 4th, 1958) was quite an historic occasion in the annals of Shaftesbury High School for here, in far away Singapore, four old members of the School met together on the top of Mount Faber. It was quite tricky finding a suitable day to meet as Grace Coombs had just been away to Japan for a month's holiday and Hazel Pinniger is

due to go up to Bangkok. Fortunately Ann Tidey happened to be on night duty at the British Military Hospital so that she could put in a tea-time meeting."

Grace Coombs writes about this Re-union—"Mrs. Jessiman's home is beautifully situated at the top of a very high hill overlooking the harbour. It was lovely to meet people from home again and we spent a very pleasant afternoon reminiscing. Mrs. Jessiman produced an album containing many snaps of O.G.'s and Staff who were at School with us. The time slipped by very quickly and we were all very grateful to Mrs. Jessiman for making this re-union possible. Ann offered me a lift home on her motor-scooter and we careered off down the hill still laughing at some of our School memories."

Another Great Day, July 3rd, 1958

We have been eager to have May Short on our School Film. It was not easy to arrange for her and Miss Moore to be here together on a day fine enough for a film to be taken out of doors. After one or two disappointments our hopes were realised on July 3rd, only just before Miss Moore sailed for Africa.

About 10.30 a.m. Miss Short arrived by taxi and the film was taken near the new Library. There are shots of her with Miss Woods and Miss Drake and with groups of the girls. At the time of writing we have not had an opportunity of seeing it, but Miss Moore tells us that it is charming.

On December 3rd Miss Moore and I are taking her projector and screen to the Blandford Nursing Home where May Short lives, and she is inviting her friends to a showing of the School Film, and will then see her own part at the end of it.

I am sure that O.G.'s who enjoyed seeing our School Film so much at the Summer Re-union, will look forward to seeing this new part which is of such particular interest to the O.G.A.

M. K. DUNFORD.

* * *

Our "Number One" Career

In my Report on Speech Day I happened to mention that nursing remained our most popular career. We take this for granted, and so were rather surprised when it was taken up by the press.

I had also stated that there is hardly a great London Hospital which has not had an O.G. of ours training or working

there. I am now trying to compile a complete list of London hospitals where our O.G. have spent at least part of their time training, and shall be grateful for names to add to the following list :—

Westminster Hospital
St. Bartholomew's Hospital
Guy's Hospital
St. Thomas's Hospital
University College Hospital
Middlesex Hospital
Charing Cross Hospital
Royal Free Hospital
St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington
Moorfield Eye Hospital
Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street
Queen Charlotte Maternity Hospital
Park Grove Chest Hospital
Albert Docks Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich
West London Hospital, Hammersmith
North Middlesex Hospital

M. K. DUNFORD.

* * *

Former Members of Staff

Miss DICKSON came to see us on her return from Northern Nigeria. She is now hoping to get a post in Derbyshire where her mother is living.

Mrs. JONES (*née* Handford) came to see us in the Summer Term and we were very grateful for her willingness to come back to teach here for the Autumn Term if, as seemed probable, we were unable to appoint a P.E. Mistress in time.

Mrs. LAWSON (*née* Newton) called to see us when her husband was coming to Shaftesbury for Congregational meetings. They are still very happy in their work in the Charmouth group of churches.

Mrs. SCALBERT is now one of our parents as her eldest daughter, Ann, entered School this term.

Mrs. ROMBULOW-PEARSE came to our O.G. Summer Re-union. We were delighted to see her after so many years.

Miss L. ROBSON is now on her way to Africa. She is going to teach in a Government school for Africans in Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, for a term and may then decide to stay longer.

Miss W. ROBSON is keeping on their home in Salisbury, Wiltshire, during her sister's absence.

Miss TILSTONE is enjoying her new post at the Roan School, Greenwich.

Miss TOFIELD is taking an intensive one year course at Seaford Domestic Science College and then hopes to return to the West Country to teach Domestic Science instead of P.E.

Miss TOWELL is teaching P.E. at the High School for Girls, Tiniaru, S. Island, New Zealand. Many of the girls come there as boarders at 13 from "back of the hills." Previously they have only been able to have correspondence courses and are quite unused to acting on a spoken word and so inevitably have a hard time among the other girls.

Engagements

Wendy Case to Michael Daniels
Jean Drew to Paul Hall
Mary Gibbs to Dennis Hannam
Gill Gowen to John Lunnon
Pixie Gray to David Roberts
Jenny Harding to Graham Williams
Rita Mullins to George Taylor
Judy Peel to Anthony Allum
Doreen Pike to Denis Alford
Doreen Pitman to Baden Lalande
Valerie Sharp to Lawrence Tillett
Joyce Stone to Michael Clarke
June Tidey to Raymond de Backer

Marriages

Diana Bowden to Michael Dawe Lane
Rita Brain to Raymond Warren
Sylvia Butler to Tony Dudman
Lorna Collis to Derrick Sanger
Wendy Colyer to Christopher Ball
Dorothy Coombs to Geoffrey Ransome
Eileen Coombes to David Seddon
Brenda Digby to Frank Burton
Pamela Furnell to Nicholas Chave
Joy Godfrey to George Gamblin
Jean Hall to John Winchester
Gertrude Harding to Arthur Wills
Margaret Henstridge to Anthony Burt
Naomi Hine to Clyde Carson (in New Zealand)
Josephine Humphries to Eric Holt
Elizabeth (Jean) Nathan to Simon Pratt
Mary Perry to Allister Clayton
Sheila Sheppard to Denis Wareham
Joy Slade to Gerald David Sobell
Ruth Wareham to Charles McAllister
Audrey Wilkins to Andrew Lamont
Brenda Yeatman to Max Shooter (in Australia)

Births

Pat Baker (*née* Talbot), a daughter, Fiona Noel
 June Bayliss (*née* Dowland), a daughter
 Mary Bush (*née* Gray), a daughter, Diana Jane
 Pamela Carter (*née* Talbot), a daughter, Wendy Elizabeth
 Shirley Compton (*née* Pitman), a daughter
 Myra Drake (*née* Hull), a daughter, Elaine Mary
 Ruth Drake (*née* Bartlett), son, Barry Nicholas
 Jean Graff (*née* Walby), a daughter
 Jenny Greeno (*née* Purver), a daughter, Judy
 Bunty Hall (*née* Gibbs), a son, Matthew Stephen
 Diana Harvey (*née* Johnson), a daughter, Ann
 Dorothy Henson (*née* Lee), a daughter
 Veronica Hopkins (*née* Gray), a daughter
 Barbara King (*née* Cole), a son
 Greta Lane (*née* Lane), a daughter
 Jean Merrifield (*née* Peddle), a son
 Nita Morgan (*née* Head), a daughter, Isabel
 Jean Parry (*née* Mears), a son, John Sanderson.
 Esme Phillips (*née* Coombs), a son
 Molly Rideout (*née* Alford), a son
 Betty Smith (*née* Davitt), a son, Martin Christopher John
 Pat Snapes (*née* Galliver), a son, Clive

LINNET ALLARDYCE (1958) is studying at the Poole School of Art.

ANITA ALLEN (1958) is a clerk in Mr. J. Rutter's Chartered Accountant's office.

JILL BAIGENT (1958) is taking a year's secretarial course at the Poole Municipal College.

PATRICIA BARFOOT (1958) has joined her parents in Germany and will probably take a secretarial training there.

WENDY, BARTLEY (1958) is training as a hairdresser with Marjorie and Nora in Shaftesbury.

ANN BLUNDEN (*née* Ward) (1955) had her 21st birthday party in the cottage that she and her husband have taken at South Cheriton near Templecombe. She has joined the local W.I.

ALMA BRADLEY (1947) has passed a Civil Service Examination and has been transferred from the Tisbury P.O. to the Head Office in Salisbury.

SUSAN BROADHOUSE (1957) is still happy in her work at Telephone House in Bournemouth. She has been promoted from Learner Tracer to full Tracer and is working to become a Drawing Office Assistant.

SALLY BROOKS (1957). Since passing her Preliminary Nursing Examination at Weymouth Technical College, Sally has been doing local jobs until she goes to the Kent and Sussex Hospital at Tunbridge Wells in January.

MOLLY BURDEN (1952) is now working in an Estate Office in Salisbury.

RUTH BURDEN (1954) is now teaching in the Berwick St. James Junior School in Wiltshire.

BRENDA BURNETT (1958) has taken on the work that Eileen and Brenda Digby used to do in their father's firm of Caneval & Gallard in Shaftesbury.

JENNY BURRIDGE (1958) is thoroughly enjoying her first term at Reading University. She is in her mother's old hall, St. Andrew's.

CHRISTINE BURTON (1958) is enjoying her first term at Southlands College, in London, so much that she warmly recommends it to any present girls who are hoping to train as teachers in London.

BETTY BUSH (1958) is a clerk in Arkell's Solicitors office.

- WENDY CASE (1955) ended her career at the Rose Bruford School of Speech and Drama by playing the part of Ma-ma in the college production of "L'enfant prodigue" at the Edinburgh Festival. She is now very happy in her first post at Upminster School, Essex.
- SONYA CASSELL (*nee* Zinkova) (1954) and her husband have settled very happily in Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, where she is working in the Standard Bank of S. Africa. At Easter they went for an 800 mile trip, Fort Victoria, Zimbabwe Ruins, the Lundi river and the Sabi Valley with the Birchenough Bridge. Sonya says she hopes to be playing tennis for O.G.A. in 1961.
- HEATHER CHEATER (1957) has been to Paris for a holiday and has fallen in love with it. She is still thoroughly enjoying her Nursery Training.
- ANN COLLIS (1958) is leaving school in December and beginning her nursing training in January at the Bath & Wessex Orthopaedic Hospital where she will join Barbara Horlock-Jones.
- PENROSE COLYER (1957) enjoyed her year at Millfield School at Street and has now joined Wendy at St. Clare's Hall in Oxford.
- WENDY COLYER (1956) was married in August. She and her husband have a flat in Oxford and she is in her second year at St. Clare's Hall there.
- SALLY CULVERHOUSE (1955) was glad when her 19th Birthday came and she could begin her nursing training at St. Thomas' Hospital.
- MARY EDMONDSON (1952) has now completed her course in Midwifery in Cheltenham and, after a few weeks at home, is going to the Radclyffe Infirmary, Oxford, as a Staff Nurse.
- MAUREEN FFRENCH (1957) is doing some English teaching in Argentina. She is looking forward to returning to England.
- JEAN GAY (*nee* Bristow) (1945) after losing contact with School for several years has now attended all three Re-unions this year and we have been very glad to see her.
- ASLAUG GODESETH (1957) was glad to be in Bath for the Festival. She took part in the County Dancing Display there arranged by the English Folk Dance and Song Society.
- SHIRLEY GRAY (1957) is happier than ever in her training at the Weymouth and District Hospital and says that she is becoming increasingly interested in people and their many different problems.
- MARY GREGOR (*nee* Longman) married a Czech Army Officer during the last war. They now live at Ealing and have one daughter, Angela and twin boys and are a very happy family.
- ANN HALL (1958) is enjoying her year at the Salisbury School of Art and hopes to go on to Goldsmith's College next year.
- JEAN HALL (1948) had a wonderful honeymoon at Como. As her husband is working in an office at Waterloo they live at Redhill in Surrey and Jean teaches in the St. Matthew's C.E. Girls' School there.
- JENNIFER HARDING (1957) is enjoying her work with I.C.I. in London now that her training period is over. Her fiancé came to watch the O.G. Hockey Match.
- JUDY HATHERLEY (1952) having done her midwifery training at St. James' Hospital, Balham, and at the Portway Maternity Hospital at Weymouth, is now at the Musgrove Park Hospital at Taunton doing full-time midwifery.
- RUTH HATHERLEY (1949) has left Weymouth Training College and gone to her first job at Harefield Junior School, Southampton. She plays for the Southampton Hockey Club and has been chosen for the Dorset 2nd XI.
- PAT HAYTER (1956) has passed her National Nursery Examination and is remaining at Enderley House, Amberley, as a junior Staff Nurse.
- SARA HENDERSON (1958) has had to move to Dover with her family, and have her last year in the Sixth Form in the High School there, but will join our O.G.A.

SYLVIA HISCOCK (1957) is in her first year at Hockerill Training College at Bishop Stortford, which Barbara Hitchings has just left.

ANN HITCHINGS (1954) after leaving the Beatrix Nursery at East Knoyle took several temporary Nannie posts and has found a permanent one in which she is very happy. She has been looking after the son of Denis Goodwin, the T.V. and Radio Comedian, since he was 10 weeks old. She finds it an exciting life. The family spent ten weeks during the Summer at Bournemouth, while Mr. Goodwin's show at the Pavilion was on, and will be spending the Pantomime Season in Manchester.

BARBARA HITCHINGS (1956) is now Teaching in a Modern School at Stratford-on-Avon. She specialises in Religious Knowledge.

DAWN HITCHINGS (1958) is enjoying her one year secretarial course at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education.

THELMA HOLLOWAY (1958) has become a nursing cadet at the Westminster Hospital, Shaftesbury, until she is old enough to start her nursing training.

BARBARA HORLOCK-JONES (1956) is leaving the Bath & Wessex Orthopaedic Hospital and going on to the West London Hospital, Hammersmith, in the Spring of 1959.

SHIRLEY HOWELL (1956) is now a telephonist in Shaftesbury Post Office.

MARGARET HUSSEY (1937) has been appointed Principal Clerk at the School of Oriental and African Studies at London University.

HILARY JONES (1957) finished her secretarial training at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education and then was appointed as a junior secretary to the B.B.C. She finds the work intensely interesting. Her first experience was in the General Overseas Service at Bush House. She has joined the B.B.C. Club. The section in which she is most interested is the Studio Amateur Dramatic Group which uses the ordinary radio and television studios.

RUTH JONES (1955) after completing a third year at the Rose Bruford School of Speech & Drama in London is teaching in a large Secondary Modern School at Brixton. She shares a flat with two friends who were at the Rose Bruford with her.

ANNA LAZARIDES (1958) is taking a year's secretarial training at the Bournemouth Municipal College and living in a Y.W.C.A. Hostel there.

THE LOOK FAMILY. BERYL and AUDREY live at Little Sodbury, nr. Bristol. Beryl is a Secretary-Herdswoman on a farm and Audrey teaches in a school a few miles away. VERA specialises in Cake-making after training in both Family and Large Scale Cookery at the Good Housekeeping Institute. LESLIE is now Mrs. Albert Yates. Her husband has his own market garden outside Exeter. They have three boys.

PAMELA LOVELL (1953) completed her Midwifery Course at St. Thomas' Hospital and has now returned to the Royal Victoria & West Hants Hospital at Bournemouth as a Staff Nurse.

STELLA LUDLOW (1950) has had some interesting posts in Italy and is now doing Receptionist work in London but hopes to go abroad again to widen her experience still further.

SHIRLEY McLEOD (1957) is getting on well in her Accountant's office in Salisbury and now has several juniors under her. She is taking a Book-keeping and Accountancy Course in the evenings.

DEIRDRE MACLEAN (1953) obtained her Honours Degree in English at Edinburgh University and then went to Spain. She is now working in the Foreign Office in London and learning Spanish in the evenings. She hopes to meet her old friends at the London Re-union in March.

LESLEY MILLAR (1957) is living with her Mother in London and doing clerical work there.

- ANN MORRIS (1957) has been working in Brussels and had a wonderful opportunity of seeing the Exhibition. She is at home again now and is considering a training in Orthoptics.
- SUSAN PALLISTER (1957) has enjoyed her time at the Westminster Hospital in Shaftesbury and is now looking forward to going to the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital at Bournemouth early in 1959 to continue her training.
- ANNE PARHAM (1958) is enjoying her secretarial training at the Weston-super-Mare Municipal College.
- EILEEN PARSONS (1955) is still teaching in West Croydon. She is a Lieutenant in a Guide Company in Croydon and also attends an Advanced Class for Recorder players there.
- JUDY PEEL (1954) is completing her fourth year at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. In January, when her father retires, her parents hope to move into a new bungalow in Shaftesbury. Judy is leaving Barts in February and hopes to be married in April and then she will be living in Paris.
- MARY PERRY (1950) was married in August and has now gone to Luanshya in N. Rhodesia where her husband works in the copper-mines.
- DOREEN PITMAN (1955) did not complete her nursing training at Salisbury Infirmary but was married on December 6th.
- PHILIPPA POTTER (1957) has been working at the office of Jefferys the Auctioneers in Salisbury while she waited for a vacancy in a bank. Now she has joined the Civil Service as a Tax Officer in the Inland Revenue Offices in Salisbury.
- ELIZABETH (JEAN) PRATT (*née* Nathan) (1951) lives in Oxford where her husband is doing scientific research. They are members of the University Opera Club and the Bach Choir. They both have singing lessons from Norman Lilly and Simon plays the clarinet in Magdalen's orchestra.
- SHEILA READ (1951) was married in the Summer. She is living in London and doing part-time nursing there.
- CATHERINE RICHMOND (1957) has begun her nursing training at the Treloar Orthopaedic Hospital at Alton and hopes to go on to the Westminster Hospital later.
- VALERIE SEDGEWICK (1958) now has her home in London as her parents have returned to England from the Falkland Islands. She is working for the Phoenix Assurance Company, Ltd.
- CAROLE SERGEAN (1958) is taking a Domestic Science Course at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education. She is continuing her singing and speech-training with Miss Moore in Salisbury.
- VALERIE SHARP (1955) obtained Second Class Honours in Maths at Bristol and is now having a fourth year in the Department of Education there and enjoying it immensely. She swims for the English Universities and is Butterfly Stroke Champion of the Women's Intervarsity Athletics Board.
- DEANNA SHEPPARD (1957) is working in a Post Office in Bournemouth.
- SHEILA SHEPPARD (1955). When her family moved to Bournemouth Sheila became a Doctor's Receptionist there. She and her husband now have a farm near Blandford.
- DIANA SIDFORD (1950) is still enjoying nursing in Australia. She is being married soon and hopes that Pat will go out and pay her a visit.
- PAT SIDFORD (1953) won a Young Farmers' Club Scholarship and went to Israel. Since her return she has been appointed to the staff of the Lackham School of Agriculture in Wiltshire.
- RUTH SPENCER (1958) is enjoying her secretarial training at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education though she says she has never worked so hard in her life.
- JOY SOBELL (*née* Slade) (1948) is now a Director of the Fairmito Food Products, Ltd.
- JACKIE STEPHENS (1957) is a clerk at the United Dairies at Gillingham.

- KATHLEEN STONE (1951) after completing her training at Bristol Royal Infirmary did her midwifery at the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh and is now at the St. Helier Hospital at Carshalton.
- MARGARET STONE (1954) has finished her training at the Royal Hants Hospital at Winchester and is now doing her midwifery at the North Middlesex Hospital.
- CHRISTINE TITT (1953). Her family has changed their name to Pitt by deed-poll. Christine will change hers again when she becomes Mrs. Coward in December. In the New Year she is returning to the Westminster Hospital at Shaftesbury as a Staff Nurse.
- BRENDA TOMLINSON (1954) has come back to Shaftesbury from York. She is looking after Mr. and Mrs. Copley's baby at Mappowder.
- JEAN WALKER (1953) finished her training at the Middlesex Hospital and is now doing Midwifery Part I at Southmead Hospital at Bristol. In February she is going on to Salisbury Infirmary for Midwifery Part II.
- JOAN WAREHAM (1957) has finished her Domestic Science Training at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education, and is now Assistant Cook at Milton Abbas where she is working under Mrs. Powell.
- JANET WHITE (1957) has had a very interesting year in Germany and early in 1959 is going with Susan Pallister to the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital at Bournemouth.
- MARY WILSON (1956) after completing her two years of training at Avery Hill College has been granted a third year in which to take a Diploma in Religious Knowledge at King's College, London.
- DAFINE WOODMAN (1957) is now living at home and attending the Twickenham County School. She chose to join our O.G.A. as she had spent six years of her grammar school life here.
- MARION WORTHINGTON (1956) is in her third year of medical training at the Royal Free Hospital. She had an interesting holiday helping with a Doctor's family in Mornex where Wagner wrote some of his operas and John Ruskin stayed.

* * *

A Visit to Japan

This holiday, I think, was the most wonderful that I have ever spent. We travelled on a French ship which called in at Saigon, Manila, Hong Kong and Japan. The passengers were of many nationalities and included many monks, nuns and missionaries who were travelling to the Far East to take up their duties. Our first stop was at Saigon where, owing to cargo being unloaded very slowly, we stayed five days.

The entrance to Hong Kong and the island itself is breathtakingly beautiful. On the two visits there we managed to fit in sight-seeing and shopping.

When we arrived in Japan we left the ship and travelled by train to Kyoto, which is the old capital of Japan, and where we visited a few of the many shrines, temples and palaces. The most beautiful is the Golden Pavilion, the most graceful Buddhist temple built at the edge of ornamental lakes, and backed by wooden hillsides. This is a recent replica of the old building which

was burnt by a monk. We spent both nights in Japanese Inns. It was a wonderful experience and we felt that time stood still. We could very easily have been in a past age. We went thoroughly Japanese, leaving our shoes at the door, wearing kimonos, sitting and sleeping on the floor and even taking a communal bath (five of us girls taking it together!) The Japanese food in general did not appeal to us. We did see some people weaving kimonos but Western dress is far more popular. We spent one very uncomfortable day travelling to Tokyo by train but the scenery at the latter part of the journey compensated. We were disappointed that Mt. Fuji was covered in mist. We were very impressed by Tokyo because it was so pleasant and green. We had a wonderful evening tour visiting the Kabuki Theatre, a night club and a Geisha party, where we were entertained by beautifully dressed Geisha girls, who danced and sang for us. On our last morning we took a hurried look round the shopping centre, which consisted mainly of large departmental stores. I have never seen such a festive send-off as I experienced at Yokohama. The quayside was lined with people and the ship was decorated with brightly coloured streamers. We were very sorry when our holiday came to an end and would like to have gone on with the ship to Marseilles.

GRACE COOMBS.

* * *

A Visit to Israel

The time has flown since we arrived here nine weeks ago by Britannia, after a perfect flight.

We were taken for our first three weeks to a kibbutz. A kibbutz is a collective farm, all the people sleep in small chalets and eat in a central dining hall. The children live in separate children's houses, and there is a central laundry. This leaves the women free to work in the fields with the men. Our kibbutz was a modern one and the children lived with their parents after three years of age.

We were up at 5.30 a.m. every morning, and we went to the dining hall for a breakfast of black bread, margarine, jam and peculiar coffee. Sometimes we had semolina and boiled eggs, there was also salted raw herring, grated radish and white cheese. We got used to it after a while. Then we went to work, the work manager telling us the night before where to go. Several

days we picked oranges with Germans, South Americans, Russians, Lithuanians, Hungarians, Poles, Moroccans, French, Italians and Spaniards and, of course, Israelis, who are called Sabre after the cacti because they resemble them for being prickly. We picked tomatoes, and cucumbers and hoed melons.

We enjoyed our stay there very much—the people were very friendly and helped us in every way that they could. They receive only pocket money and a clothing allowance—everything else is provided by the kibbutz.

Next we went to a private farming village like those in England, except everybody had large orchards of fruit trees.

My hostess came from Russia and had been educated in America, so she spoke excellent English. They had a very nice house and a standard of living comparable with England, except they had no television and no car. Cars here are very expensive. They grew Almonds, Apricots, Guavas, Avocados and had a vineyard of grapes for wine. The wine factory is owned co-operatively by the local farmers and we visited it one day.

The local school master arranged for us to accompany the school children on two Tiyuls. A Tiyul is a trip for the children to see all the country. The Israelis think it is very important that the children should see all the country and know it well in time of war. They travel by lorry, all piled in, and sleep in Youth Hostels or schools. They take food, and cases of tomatoes and cucumbers, jam and we buy bread. They sing almost non-stop and think they have had a really good Tiyul if they come back hoarse.

We saw the Biblical Zoo which contains every animal and plant mentioned in the Bible. We visited King David's Tomb or the supposed site of it. This is on Mount Zion, the Old Jerusalem. From there we could see Jordan and the Nomansland between. Most of Old Jerusalem is in Jordan including the Old University and a large hospital.

We went to Rarat Rahal, which overlooks Bethlehem. Bethlehem, the Garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives are in Jordan and can only be visited from Israel once a year at Christmas time. We went to the Knesset which is modelled on the British Parliament; it is only a small building near the road. On a later visit we saw the Knesset in Session, we could not understand because it was in Hebrew but all the same it was very interesting. We spent the night in a school, all sleeping on hard stone floors. All the children were up at 4 a.m. next morning and we had to prepare breakfast for them.

We visited the Sea of Galilee and swam in it. We saw Tiberias and the River Jordan. We visited Nazareth which is still very old and Arabic and saw the place where Jesus lived and a beautiful Church. The children are very puzzled because they are brought up as Jews and know nothing of the Christian faith.

One day we spent looking around the Camel Market at Beersheba, where there were Arabs in their long flowing robes, many of them carrying rifles and big silver-handled knives. There were several hundred camels there, of all shapes and sizes. They were also selling little black goats and sheep, all by haggling amongst themselves. We were asked to photograph two eminent Bedouins who had just concluded a successful deal. We watched a quarrel between two Arabs over the sale of two goats, one had hold of the front legs and the other had hold of the back legs and they were both tugging and yelling insults, surrounded by a crowd all shouting and trying to separate them.

We visited Eilat on the Red Sea, which is the furthest port South. We swam in the Red Sea and saw coral beds through the bottom of a glass-bottomed boat. We also went to Sedom on the Dead Sea and floated in the water which tastes dreadful and is very warm.

We have visited Tel Aviv, a very modern town of blocks of flats, residential areas, busy offices and too much traffic. In contrast there are also some rather unpleasant slum areas.

Haifa is a beautiful port, dominated by Mt. Carmel and a lovely wide sweep of bay.

The third place we stayed in was a village of small-holders called a Moshav Oudin. Everybody kept chickens, cows and had an Orange Grove. Everything was sold co-operatively, and all feeding-stuffs were mixed in a large warehouse. There was a central bakery for the village, a hatchery and a milk depot. Each family receives a cash living allowance and all his produce is recorded with a complicated accounting system and all profits are shared. The Moshav we were staying in was one of the first in Israel and had some very nice houses. My hosts came from Russia and spoke Russian, Hebrew, Yiddish and a little English, so we communicated in German, a little English and the few words of Hebrew I have acquired. Many people in Israel speak four or five languages.

Everywhere in Israel one can see land being reclaimed; desert in the Negev, suddenly blossoming green with precious

water piped 200 miles from the River Yarkon. The Prime Minister, Ben Gurion, lives in a kibbutz Sede Bocher in the Negev. We passed it in the bus, just a collection of wooden huts standing on a sandy slope with a few small trees and nothing in sight for miles. When I returned to the kibbutz where we were staying I said "Why does Ben Gurion live there? Dreadful place—nothing but sand!" "Well," said my hosts, "so was this place when we came here ten years ago." On the road to Jerusalem, a really beautiful road winding upwards with steep forested slopes on each side, we saw wide stretches of newly made terraces planted with regular lines of grapevines and fruit trees. Yemeni workmen were busy making more terraces with pneumatic drills. One acre of arable land costs £2,000.

All Israelis are determined to be farmers. After centuries of exile and earning their living by business and the labour of others, they want to finish with that way of life.

We imagined the Jewish people were very religious, but the religion which kept them together for centuries they have abandoned as impractical and out of date. There are several religious villages where they try very hard to obey all the rules of not working on Shabbat. They cook everything the day before and do everything else by a very complicated system of time switches. It is very hard for them as everybody else travels and enjoys themselves on Shabbat, as this is the only day they are free.

All our hosts were very kind to us and hospitality here could not be bettered. Although there was friction between the English and inhabitants during the time of the British Mandate this is all forgotten now, and many people go out of their way to be nice to us, because they remember it was the British Government which really brought the idea of a Jewish National State from idealism to reality.

PATRICIA J. SIDFORD.

* * *

Residential Work With Deprived Children

"I have always wanted to work with children." With what misgivings those in charge of Institutions sometimes greet that remark! It often means that the applicant has very little conception of how many aspects of "work with children" there are, or what each involves.

As part of the course that I am taking we are sent out for six weeks' practical experience in a hospital, and for another six weeks to some kind of boarding school. I was lucky enough to be given the opportunity of going to a London County Council Establishment for deprived children, which is in Essex. Deprived children are those who in any way are prevented from having a normal home background. This might result in any of a number of disturbances in a child, and thus a home of this kind has children who are aggressive, educationally sub-normal, delinquent, in moral danger, orphaned or illegitimate. Many come as the result of a Court case.

This particular Establishment houses four hundred and seventy such children. As far as possible it is run on the most up-to-date methods of child-care. The authorities are, however, handicapped by shortage of trained staff and money. Consequently they have to make do with houses for twenty-eight or even forty-two children. Although everyone knows that the large numbers are bad, nothing can be done about them at the moment. The Staff tries to compensate for this shortcoming in other ways.

The houses are set out in two crescents of semi-detached buildings, enclosing a playing field and playground. The School has its own generators and a laundry which serves other Institutions besides. A shoemaker has a workshop and mends shoes for the whole school, and a central clothing store distributes clothes as they are needed by each house. The same thing happens in a store room for everything required for keeping house. An excellent remedial unit is in the grounds for backward or specially difficult children. There is also a nursery activity group for those children who have come out of the Baby Unit and are too young to go to School. Finally there is a Sanatorium to which any child needing anything but the most elementary treatment is sent.

The School is run on the Cottage Home System. There were eight of the smaller houses with a Housemother, three Assistants and one full-time Domestic Help, whom the Housemother can place as she pleases. The large houses have one extra member of staff, generally with a married couple at the head, and any male staff work in the big houses. This is regarded as the ideal staffing, but it cannot always be maintained. The Matron, who is in an administrative position, has the responsibility for the organisation of the Staff under the final jurisdiction of the Superintendent and his Deputy. She is also responsible for the

checking of requisition forms and menus planned by the House-mothers, and ultimately responsible for the clothing side of the work which is largely carried out by her Assistant.

The children normally go out to Schools in the district, and a very few go up to London. This is a good thing because it helps to broaden their minds. The more widely the children can be dispersed the less likelihood there is of their being mentally labelled as a gang in the Schools they attend. The co-operation of the Heads with the Superintendent and Matron in this respect is invaluable. When School functions are supported by their own staff, like other children's parents, the children are delighted.

Whenever possible the children are given freedom so that they develop common sense, and (if possible!) good taste. There is no corporal punishment. The children are allowed to go down to the village to spend their money, and are free to accept, with permission, invitations to visit people. Occasionally a member of the domestic staff takes an interest in a child in the house in which she works, and may like to take one for companionship for her own children. In the clothing store the children are encouraged to express sensible opinions about their clothes, and fitting them up with garments is one of the most delightful branches of the work. When a boy or girl reaches the age of fourteen he goes on to "outside buying". This means that with the aid of the Housemother the child chooses his own clothes in a shopping centre.

The whole basis of the system is that as many as can be are "short-stay" children; that is that the visit is regarded as temporary, and only a substitute for the home. It is impressed on the minds of the staff that when everything possible has been done, it is only a substitute for the worst home. It interested me that some children with appalling backgrounds, from which sordid environment one would think that they are well-rid, count the days to the next time they go home or be visited. In many cases children go home for parts of the holidays.

The deprived child is sometimes pathetically ignorant. I was amazed at two fifteen-year-olds with whom I went for a walk who neither knew what a violet looks like nor what a Test-match is. They are, therefore, in some ways much more dependent than the normal child, in spite of the "tough" appearance of the boys, and the old appearance, for their age, of the girls. It is a great pleasure to take one of them for an appointment, perhaps at a London Hospital, or, indeed to do anything for them individually. The younger ones particularly are more demonstra-

tive, and need an open show of affection to feel security. They are more responsible than many normal children of their own age in that, if they have been under care for a long time, they are quick and genuine in their reactions to whatever is done for them. Their naive approach to everything makes them lovable, and one feels protective towards them because in many ways they are so helpless.

It is impossible to know what will become of them eventually, but a good member of a child-care staff aims at giving each child the best possible grounding in every way, and attempts to give him stability at that moment. This sort of work is demanding and can only be entered successfully with a sense of vocation and a very real sense of humour. It can, however, be a deeply full and happy life. There is no profession in which a person can feel more needed, both from the point of view of the general shortage of and demand for staff, and in the affection of the children.

JANE BRAYFORD.

(Berridge House Domestic Science College.)

* * *

My Third Year at King's College, London

I finished my two years at training college, eagerly looking forward to a year at University. I have decided to take a third year supplementary course at King's College in the hope that the certificate which might be mine will enable me to teach in a Grammar School.

I have been in King's for over a month now and as I expected the differences between training college life and University life are enormous. There are approximately two thousand students here, and naturally one has to shoulder completely the responsibility for one self. Quite literally, life is what you make it.

My course consists of three subjects which will be divided to form six different examination papers. Apart from Old and New Testament, I take Church History. Greek is an optional subject and I decided to take it thinking that, no matter how badly I fared, at least my general knowledge would be improved. Now I think my sanity is being impaired as I spend so much time on it! Nevertheless I enjoy it. Besides these lectures I attend Prayer, Theology, and others to which Theological students are advised to listen. In all, I have twelve lectures a week, and all my afternoons free. Free, that is, from lectures, but we have very much work to get through in one year.

I am sure though that at the end of the year I shall be very pleased that I decided to remain a student for this extra year.

MARY C. WILSON.

* * *

An Interesting New Job

Almost twelve months ago, having spent seven years as a medical secretary, I had a sudden desire to conquer "fresh fields" and was fortunate enough to secure a Principal Clerkship at the School of Oriental and African Studies in the University of London. It was for me a complete change—from the hectic life at B.M.A. House to the somewhat leisurely environment of the University.

The School of Oriental and African Studies was founded during the first world war, and greatly expanded during the decade after the second world war as a result of the recommendations of the Scarbrough Commission which was appointed in 1944 to examine, *inter alia*, the facilities offered by British Universities for the study of Oriental and African languages and cultures.

In 1938 the School was situated in Finsbury Circus with an academic staff of about forty, drawn mainly from retired Indian Civil and Colonial Service Officials. To-day it occupies a central position in the University of London (almost opposite Senate House), with a staff of about one hundred and fifty, many of whom have been attracted to these fields from other academic studies. This attraction has perhaps been caused by the war-time experiences of many of the younger lecturers. The function of the School is to give instruction in the languages of Eastern and African peoples, ancient and modern, and in the literature, history, religion and customs of those peoples.

The Percival David Foundation of Chinese Art is administered in association with the School and contains a unique collection of Chinese ceramics. The library attached to the School contains over 200,000 books and pamphlets and about 1,500 manuscripts relating to Oriental and African studies, and is constantly being increased. An important feature of the library is its large collection of Chinese books which includes the library of Robert Morrison, missionary and Chinese lexicographer.

My work is concerned mainly with the Governing Body and its various Committees which are responsible for the academic and administrative functions of the School, but I meet many of

the students who come from all parts of the world, as well as a number of visiting Professors from Universities abroad. I am also able to share in the social life of the School. As I make my way around the College from day to day it is interesting to see groups of students of different nationalities, many in their native dress, conversing in their own languages, and, seeing them living and working together in this way, it is difficult to understand why man's inhumanity to man should persist. Mine is an interesting post, and one I hope to enjoy for many years to come.

MARGARET HUSSEY.

* * *

The Old Girls' Association would like to give its warmest thanks to Cynthia Humble and Pamela Gatehouse who, for several years, have done most of the typing for this section of the Magazine.

* * *

DORA SUMMERHAYS' EXHIBITION OF MINIATURES

From June 23rd to July 5th an exhibition of miniatures by Dora Summerhays, the distinguished old girl of the School, was held in the Gold Hill Museum.

Two of the exhibits, which were displayed in large cases, were awarded silver medals at the Paris Salon, and all were greatly appreciated by the girls of the School who paid a visit to the museum during the fortnight.

The portraits were of people of all ages, from very young to very old, and showed a remarkable degree of characterisation and draughtsmanship. The childish innocence in the face of "Susan," or in the little girl in the miniature called "Bed-time," contrasted beautifully with the portrayal of character, experience and philosophy in the face of the old man called "Eighty-Two" and that of the "Rev. E. W. Huntingford."

The colour used by the artist was sometimes very slight, the merest tints, but this allowed us to appreciate all the more the delightful pencil drawing underneath. One picture in particular seemed to be a great favourite with many girls. It was drawn in black and white and showed a young girl plaiting her hair. The artist called it "Day Dreams," and it was full of tenderness. Others which drew special attention, although expressive of different moods, were "The Cook" and "Can I do you now, Sir."

G.C.C.

Life Members since January, 1958

Cordery, Pamela (*née* Mills), Bristol House, 51, High Street, Shaftesbury, Dorset
Millar, Lesley, 31, Feldday Road, Lowisham, London, S.E.13.
Parham, Ann, 45, Farm Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.
Richmond, Catherine, Prior's Farm, Semley, Wilts.
Robson, Miss W., 3, Radnor Road, Salisbury, Wilts.

Annual Members 1957/58 (since December, 1957)

Ardley, Barbara (*née* Wright), 6, Jenned Road, Arnold, Nottingham.
Chinn, Kathleen (*née* Hutchings), Causeway Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.
Fursey, Jill, 6, Turks Close, Motcombe, Dorset.
Hiscock, Sylvia, Hillcrest, Coombe, nr. Shaftesbury.
Hitchings, Barbara, Newholme, Salisbury Street, Mere, Wilts.
Humphries, Yvonne, Yew Tree Cottage, Littledown, Shaftesbury.
Hutley, Jeanne, Boyne Cottage, Salisbury Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Sharp, Valerie, Cheriton, Cudnell Avenue, Bear Cross, Bournemouth.
Short, May, Grenville Place Nursing Home, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
Tidey, June, 42, Cranes Park, Surbiton, Surrey.
White, Barbara, 13, Arthur Road, Wokingham, Berks.
Worthington, Marion, Barnfield, Edmondsham, Wimborne, Dorset.

Annual Members, 1958/59

Alford, Christine, 12, Mountgrove Road, Highbury, London, N.5.
Ardley, Barbara (*née* Wright), 6, Jenned Road, Arnold, Nottingham.
Bond, Susan, 12, The Elms, Fovant, Salisbury.
Burnett, Brenda, Hamercross Cottages, Chicksgrove, nr. Tisbury, Wilts.
Cheater, Heather, C.N.T.C., 20, Peppard Road, Caversham, Reading.
Chinn, Kathleen (*née* Hutchings), Causeway Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.
Gray, Shirley, New Home, Portway Hospital, Wyke Road, Weymouth, Dorset.
Hann, Gillian, Manor Farm, Wiveliscombe, Taunton, Somerset.
Hitchings, Dawn, Newholme, Salisbury Street, Mere, Wilts.
Hitchings, Barbara, Newholme, Salisbury Street, Mere, Wilts.
Humphries, Yvonne, Yew Tree Cottage, Littledown, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Hutley, Jeanne, Boyne Cottage, Salisbury Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Imber, Ena (*née* Clarke), The Ship Inn, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Potter, Phillipa, 7, Charlton, nr. Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Pratt, Elizabeth (*née* Nathan), 21, Polstead Road, Oxford.
Salisbury, Bridget, East Coppleridge Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.
Salisbury, Janet, East Coppleridge Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.
Short, May, Grenville Place Nursing Home, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
Spencer, Ruth, 28, Netherhampton Road, West Harnham, Salisbury, Wilts.
Stainer, Pat, 1, St. John's Hill, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Stevens, Jacqueline, 3, Turks Close, Motcombe, Dorset.
Squires, Janet, The Homestead, Grosvenor Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Welch, Beryl, Layton Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
White, Janet, Fontmell Hill House, Iwerne Minster, nr. Blandford Forum, Dorset.
Woodman, Daphne, 24, Elmers Drive, Teddington, Middlesex.
Woodman, Margaret, 24, Elmers Drive, Teddington, Middlesex.
Woods, Betsy, Rosedean, French Mill Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Worthington, Marion, Barnfield, Edmondsham, nr. Wimborne, Dorset.

* * *

TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL,
WHETHER NEAR OR FAR,
WE SEND OUR GREETINGS AND GOOD WISHES