

County High School for Girls SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 22

December, 1959

County High School for Girls Shaftesbury

MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1959

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EDITORIAL

Sir Compton Mackenzie has written, that having enjoyed almost every decade of his life, he still looks with the least affection at,

"The almost intolerable boredom of school. Even now when I pass a school I feel a momentary pang of compassion for the inmates."

As he admitted, times have changed, and we like to feel the majority here can think of school now and in the future, with some pleasure at least.

The bright smiles of Speech day and Sports day cannot of course give the whole picture ; and we hope our magazine will go a long way towards showing that enjoyment is derived from compulsory education, and the wide opportunities and interests it provides. Not only have we dignified, though cramped, buildings, in a charming school garden ; but a whole countryside of beauty, and an enterprising town, that should provide a good foundation on which to build anyone's education.

The school's activities, and the girls' contributions will, we hope, show in some small way, that school and home are not so incompatible as they might seem. For if what is learnt at school is not going to be applied to the outside world in every way, the whole point of education is lost.

THE EDITOR.

* * *

Magazine Committee

Editor : ANN MILROY
Sub-Editor : BERYL ROBINSON
Committee : HELEN BROWN
JULIA SMITHERS
JANICE RICHARDS
BARBARA SKEW
JACKIE MALE

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STAFF NEWS

Miss Brewington and Miss Williams left us at the end of the Summer Term and we miss them both very much. Miss Brewington has begun a different kind of teaching ; in a Hospital School in Warwick, she helps boys and girls of various ages and abilities to continue their education while they cannot be at school. It sounds quite different from formal lessons. She writes,

"Teaching on the adult wards can be disturbing. Sometimes the other patients join in or supply the answers and on one women's ward, two or three old ladies usually come and sit near me when I'm teaching Pat (she's twelve) and listen too."

Miss Williams is now teaching Religious Knowledge at Huntingdon Grammar School and is enjoying teaching boys as well as girls.

In their places we welcome Miss Essex and Mrs. Bell and hope that they will be happy with us.

During the holidays, Miss Watkins enjoyed a Course in Classics at Oxford and Miss Drake one on the Harmonica at Reading. We are relieved to find that she does not intend to introduce this instrument into music lessons. Mrs. Davison had a very strenuous fortnight at Exeter on a Science Course.

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GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

J. Burridge :	Thor Heyerdahl's 'Kon Tiki' & 'Aku Aku.'
M. Guy	Cheque.
J. Whitmarsh :	Gift of Money.
J. Alner :	Oak Stool for Dramatic Society.
M. Breeds :	Cheque.
Miss Brewington :	Cheque.
Miss Williams :	Library Book.
Christine Harrison :	Copy of Apocrypha to be used for Prayers.
Rosemary Lawrence:	'Local History in England.'
Diane Waters :	Book.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

When the time comes round to write my article for the Magazine my mind inevitably ranges back over the years, remembering what has been, and forward to what is yet to come. It is good that every year there is some development, some step forward, some progress to record.

1959 has had its high-lights. The first of these was on a snowy day in January when Sir Edward Boyle, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education, paid us a visit. He was shown over Barton Hill House and talked to some of the junior boarders there. Then he came down to School and, after a tour of the buildings, had tea with other official visitors in the Hall. In his letter afterwards, he said "I was much impressed by the charm of the buildings and by the happy atmosphere."

This year too is important in our history because Mary Norris won for us our first State Scholarship, which is the School's highest academic achievement so far.

We value very much the links between the present school and its past members and the latter have demonstrated their loyalty and affection for the School rather specially this year. Our Summer Meeting brought together the largest number of Old Girls ever to meet here, 75, but this number was surpassed in November when 82 members attended the Annual Dinner.

1959-60 will be remembered too as a year of transition. For many years we have been grateful for the hospitality of Gillingham Grammar School for Domestic Science and for Advanced work in Physics, Chemistry and Geography. Now the uniting of Gillingham Grammar School and Gillingham Modern School into Gillingham School means that all their resources are needed for their own boys and girls and the Shaftesbury Schools must become self-sufficient. Grateful as we are for all that Gillingham has done for us, we welcome this change because of the time saved on travelling. The Grammar School needs a Chemistry Laboratory, and a master to teach in it, and we need a Domestic Science room and a mistress to teach there, if the two Schools are to become self-sufficient. We hope that by September, 1960, these needs will have been met and then, in future, we shall have to make our time-table dovetail into that of one school only instead of two.

And so we look forward to the future with hope. We know we must be ready to adapt ourselves to changing conditions, but we know too that, as we have been guided in the past, and are being sustained in the present, so we shall be upheld in the future.

M. K. DUNFORD.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

<i>Head Girl :</i>	ROSEMARY BRAYFORD
<i>Deputy Head Girl :</i>	CHRISTINE CROUCH
<i>Prefects :</i>	PAMELA COLLIS
	AUDREY HORLOCK JONES
	PENNY WELLS
	ANN MILROY
<i>Sub-Prefects :</i>	PATRICIA RIDOUT
	ANNE WELFORD
	JENNY COBLEY
	HEATHER COLYER
	BARRIE SERGEAN
	ROSALIND JACKSON

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A CALENDAR OF EVENTS DURING 1959

January	14th	Visit of Sir Edward Boyle.
February	27th	"Twelfth Night" at Salisbury. U.I.V upwards.
March	11th	Lecture by Mr. Macdonald on "Animals of Africa".
"	20th	Stabat Mater-Pergolesi in Holy Trinity.
April	24th	Debate with Grammar School.
"	27th	Mrs. Driver's talk on Christian Aid Week.
May	1st	VI Conference at Dinton.
"	2nd	North Dorset Music Festival.
"	12th	Barnardo's Film.
June	6th	North Dorset Athletic Meeting.
"	10th	Parents' Day.
"	20th	Dorset Sports.
July	13th	VI Conference at Sunny Hill.
"	18th	Fête.
"	20th	Swimming Sports.
"	20th	Upper VI Tennis Party.
"	22nd	School Year finished.
September	16th	School opened.
"	22nd	Prof. Lucas : "Role of University in Modern World."
"	28th	Mr. Pokorny : "World Refugee Problem."
October	7th	VI Harvest Festival.
"	10th	Boarders' Film Evening : "Red Balloon" & "Great Adventure."
"	14th	Speech Day. Dr. Grubb presented the Prizes.
"	19th	Mobile Nursing Exhibition.
November	5th	Mr. Polack : "Tolerance."
"	7th	Old Girls' Dinner.
"	12th	Rev. W. V. Williams : "Mission to Lepers."
December	11th	Carol Service at Holy Trinity.
"	13th	Carols by Candlelight.
"	17th	Christmas Dinner.

THE NINE LESSON CAROL SERVICE, 1958

The Nine Lesson Carol Service is an adaptation of that common in monastic days when the story of the Nativity was read lesson by lesson by members of the Order. For us, however, it has an even greater importance because we are not so close-knit a community as a monastic order, and the Carol Service provides us with almost the only opportunity in the year when all the members of the Grammar and High Schools and their staffs, along with members of the congregations of all Shaftesbury's Churches, can meet and worship together. Indeed, this great gathering together of all the elements in the town's life is symbolised in the first hymn, "Once in Royal David's City." The choir-boy's solo in the first verse is followed by a verse from the processional choir; the High School join in the third verse and the congregation in the fourth. In the last two verses the Grammar School swell the volume until the whole building echoes with the singing as if all Shaftesbury were pressed within its walls.

This year's service was as usual a success. The lessons were read with great sincerity and feeling, and their themes were taken up by the choir who showed in their singing of the carols the fruits of the labours of Mr. Johnstone and Miss Drake. The rest of the congregation joined in the hymns with vigour. The service ended with the reading of the passage from the beginning of St. John's Gospel, by the Rector, followed by the Collects and the Blessing.

A bald summary of the events cannot do justice to the Carol Service. No two services can be the same, for each year a generation has passed from the schools to the outside world, and there is always an even newer new-girl and new-boy to read the lessons. But the spirit is always the same. It is the ardent hope of all of us whose last Carol Service this will be that this tradition will be continued for many years in the future.

W. J. O. JORDAN (*Shaftesbury Grammar School*).

* * *

THE CHOIR'S PASSIONTIDE RECITAL

A recital on the evening of March 20th in Holy Trinity Church was the result of a term's hard work by the Voluntary Choir. Although the church was by no means full, there was the feeling of a real musical occasion—the patient expectancy, the orderly entry of the two dozen singers, and the organ solos by Mr. Grahame Johnstone.

Under Miss Drake, the recital started simply with a song of praise by Maurice Greene ; and after short items by Richard Dering, J. S. Bach, Constantini and Mozart came the main work ' Stabat Mater ' by Pergolesi.

Here it was that the choir showed its true worth :—by its discipline, alertness and—most important—by its enjoyment. The discipline gave surprising body, particularly to the altos ; the alertness gave vitality ; and the enjoyment brought about that accord with the listener from which comes the true depth of experience in a work such as the ' Stabat Mater.'

Some of the soloists were understandably nervous—this is inherent in all true endeavour—but it was well controlled. The writer of this note understands that the singers arranged among themselves their own solos and duets, and largely rehearsed themselves. They are to be commended both on their team work and their good judgement ; for there was a refreshing variety in the soloists, and the voices in duet were nicely balanced.

Shaftesbury can indeed count itself fortunate to have had such a helpful contribution to its Lenten preparation. May it be so another year ; and may those of the singers who have gone afield continue to give of their growing talents wherever they may be.

J.S.

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THE SCHOOL FETE, JULY 18th, 1959

Determined to squeeze as much money as possible from all available sources (mainly parents) we began our fête efforts before the actual day of the fête. The Sixth and Third Forms supplied each other with a good deal of trade, as the former sold tuck and the latter cleaned shoes. Other forms provided equally enterprising and useful services. But, were the large cardboard boxes provided by the staff to hold hand-made articles ever filled ?

Weather-wise, apart from a frown or two from the weather-clerk, all was fine. After the red ribbon had been duly snipped (with the snipper's own scissors) visitors were free to wander and empty their purses wherever they liked. Daughters rushed off to ' Action Stations,' exuding charm and persuasiveness, and began to trot to and from our Noble Treasurer, who sat in the counting-house counting out the money. For the authorities admitted that on this day we were almost entirely given over to material concerns.

There were a few minor technical hitches, as in the most well-regulated affairs, for example, those in charge of mellowing the visitors with soft music panicked when the gramophone broke down, and started mending the plugs only to discover that the fuse was broken. We sold the usual things, and had a few of the more unusual sideshows. For those keen on displaying their athletic prowess, there was the Flowerpot Walk ; for the strong, Skittles and Nails in Wood ; and for the young and hungry; Bobbing for Apples.

In a corner of the lawn was the Children's Corner, or Parents' Paradise. Here several people were busily employed playing with the children left there to be amused. The duties involved holding melting ice-creams, matching the right little girls to the right pushchairs, and persuading little boys to leave the toys behind. A stray thought crosses my mind : were not some of the visitors retreating to the corner a little old to be playing with fire engines ?

Proof of the popularity of the school film was shown by the large numbers of people who risked roasting inside the Hut, where the noble cinema crew was showing a good programme with Miss Brewington—Dunford topping the bill. One person greatly enjoyed advertising this attraction, ringing the bell, and announcing it in stentorian tones. The proceedings ended on a humorous note as at the end of the prize-giving, the Grammar School were left holding the baby.

JENNY STAGG, *Upper VI.*

* * *

SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

We decided that whether there was any agenda or not, we would most definitely have two meetings in the Summer Term so that we could celebrate Council's ten years and fifty meetings of activity. We hardly rose to champagne, but all members enjoyed the chairman's gift of ice creams. We had hoped that Miss Moore could have filmed the meeting but this not being possible, we had a photograph taken for a permanent record.

Both Wendy Case and Clare Harris in their time remarked that what they enjoyed about Council was spending the money ; and in Clare's last year, as well as eating ice creams, Council bought gramophone records and a more sturdy record player which, we were carefully informed, could stand up to rough treatment. I think all Council members will agree that they thoroughly enjoy all sides of Council's activities.

CHRISTINE CROUCH, *Secretary 1958-59.*

THE SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

This year, the causes we have supported are largely connected with the relief of refugees and displaced persons. Apart from our annual contributions towards the secondary schooling of a Jamaican girl, Cynthia Palmer, we have contributed towards the Pestalozzi Village in England, the Inter-Church Aid, the Oxford Famine Relief Fund and the Empire Cancer Relief Fund.

Last Christmas we collected toys, which were sent to foreign refugees, and sold seals to help the funds for Spastic, Tuberculosis and Diabetic sufferers, we shall probably do the same this year.

The School is also joining in the town's scheme of voluntary monthly giving during World Refugee Year.

HEATHER SWANN, *Secretary.*

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HOCKEY REPORT

Last year was very much a year in which the team so nearly won a great deal of the time, but never quite had the strength to carry it out, and consequently the results are not all that could be desired. There was, however, a great deal of enthusiasm, and it seemed as if improvement came just too late, at the end of the season. This season, with last year's forward line still intact and the same goalie, our team is more experienced; and with Miss Matthews to coach and inspire us we have already had a more encouraging start to the year, and can hope for better things to come. This year, too, we are continuing the Junior team that we had last season for the first time.

Matches 1958-59

<i>Opponents</i>		<i>Shaftesbury High S.</i>		<i>Place</i>	<i>Result</i>
St. Monica's	—	1st XI	—	Away	Cancelled
Gillingham Grammar	—	1st XI	—	Away	Lost 0-1
Old Girls	—	1st XI	—	Home	Won 5-2
Lord Digby's	—	1st XI	—	Away	Lost 1-8
La Retraite	—	1st XI	—	Away	Lost 1-7
Gillingham Grammar	—	1st XI	—	Home	Won 2-1
Dorchester	—	2nd & 1st	—	Away	1st Lost 1-3
					2nd Lost 0-12
Blandford Grammar	—	2nd & 1st	—	Away	1st Drew 3-3
					2nd Lost 0-7
St. Monica's	—	1st XI	—	Home	Won 8-1
Park School	—	2nd & 1st	—	Home	1st Lost 2-3
					2nd Won 3-2
Dorchester	—	2nd & 1st	—	Home	Cancelled
St. Monica's	—	Scratch XI	—	Away	Lost 1-5
St. Antony's	—	1st XI	—	Home	Cancelled

Inter School Matches

Boarders v. Day Girls. Boarders won.

Team 1958-59

Goalkeeper	—	M. Whitty
Right Back	—	C. Harris* (<i>Captain</i>)
Left Back	—	S. Mitchell*
Right Half	—	M. Morey
Left Half	—	E. Harding* and R. Jackson
Centre Half	—	C. Case*
Right Wing	—	P. Ridout
Left Wing	—	C. Hutchings
Centre Forward	—	A. Milroy
Right Inner	—	C. Head
Left Inner	—	A. Collis and J. Crouch

** Denotes colours previously awarded*

Colours awarded to : A. Collis, P. Ridout, M. Morey

A. MILROY, Captain.

* * *

ATHLETICS REPORT, 1958-59

During the past season, the standard of athletics in the school improved immensely. More and more people took an interest and the standard rose accordingly.

The School Sports were of a higher standard than ever before. The cups were presented by Miss Bradford, the Chairman of the Governors.

Results

<i>Senior Champions</i>	—	P. Ridout
		J. Upton
<i>Runner-up</i>	—	M. Breeds
<i>Intermediate Champion</i>	—	A. Perkins
<i>Runner-up</i>	—	P. Cornish
<i>Junior Champion</i>	—	S. Harcourt-Brooks
<i>Runners-up</i>	—	S. Pile
		Hazel Reid
<i>Champion House Cup</i>	—	1st Wren
		2nd Barnes
		3rd Hardy

In spite of bad weather, the representatives of the School did well at the North Dorset Sports. Three records were broken by members of the School and we won the Intermediate Girls' Cup.

Results

<i>Junior :</i>	100 yds.	—	—	S. Harcourt-Brooks	1st
	High Jump	—	—	G. Perks	1st
	Long Jump	—	—	B. Skew	3rd
	Relay—J. Trustrum, B. Skew, Heather Reid, S. H-Brooks, 1st				
<i>Secondary :</i>	100 yds.	—	—	P. Cornish	1st
	Hurdles	—	—	S. Tippetts	2nd
<i>Intermediate :</i>	100 yds.	—	—	P. Ridout	2nd
	150 yds.	—	—	P. Collis	2nd
				C. Case	4th
	Hurdles	—	—	J. Marsden	1st, record broken
				M. Morey	2nd
	High Jump	—	—	J. Upton	1st
	Long Jump	—	—	A. Perkins	1st, record broken
	Javelin	—	—	C. Head	2nd
	Discus	—	—	S. Boreham	2nd
	Relay, P. Ridout, C. Case, P. Collis, J. Upton, 1st, record broken				

The girls who represented North Dorset, from the School, at the County Sports held in Weymouth, did not do outstandingly well but this may have been due to a high standard all round. The Grosvenor Cup was won by the Senior girls.

Results

<i>Junior :</i>	100 yds.	—	—	S. Harcourt-Brooks	
	High Jump	—	—	G. Perks	
	Relay—S. Harcourt-Brooks and 3 from other schools, 4th				
<i>Secondary :</i>	100 yds.	—	—	P. Cornish	3rd
	Relay—P. Cornish and 3 from other schools, 3rd				
<i>Intermediate :</i>	100 yds.	—	—	P. Ridout	4th
	150 yds.	—	—	P. Collis	6th
	High Jump	—	—	J. Upton	4th
	Long Jump	—	—	C. Hutchings	2nd
				A. Perkins	4th
	Javelin	—	—	C. Head	2nd
	Relay—J. Upton, P. Collis, P. Ridout and 1 other, 2nd				
<i>Senior :</i>	Long Jump	—	—	M. Breeds	2nd
	Javelin	—	—	S. Mitchell	2nd
	Discus	—	—	A. Welford	1st
	Relay—S. Mitchell, M. Breeds and 2 others, 1st				

ANNE WELFORD AND JACKIE MARSDEN.

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SWIMMING REPORT, 1958-59

In a way, this year was a disappointing one, where swimming was concerned. The numbers of keen swimmers decreased, especially in the Senior School. This did not however stop the few who were keen. Under Miss Matthews, the standard generally improved, especially that of the diving.

The Swimming Gala went off very well and the quality was there if the quantity was not. There was very close competition between houses and a thrilling finish was provided in the relay.

House Swimming Shield : 1st Wren
2nd Barnes
3rd Hardy

Individual Cups :

Senior : Winner : — A. Welford
Runner-up — H. Colyer

Middle : Winner — L. Kibbey
Runner-up — C. Head

Junior : Winner — J. Stride
Runner-up — S. Stride

ANNE WELFORD, *Swimming Captain.*

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TENNIS REPORT, 1958-59

Teams

1st VI : 1st Couple — C. Case* (*Captain*)
A. Welford*

2nd Couple — M. Morey
A. Milroy

3rd Couple — C. Hutchings
J. Lloyd

2nd VI : 1st Couple — J. Stag
R. Lillie

2nd Couple — C. Head
A. Perkins

3rd Couple — H. Colyer
J. Crouch

* Denotes colours already won

Colours were awarded to : A. Milroy

In the past year, the general standard of tennis in the School has improved tremendously, even though this might not be obvious from the results ! Throughout the season a first and second six were coached and some very promising players were found. The second six consisted mainly of younger girls from the fourth year and this experiment worked very well, giving a nucleus of players for the next few years.

The boarders v. day girls match resulted in a win for the day girls.

Tennis Fixtures

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>			<i>Place</i>	<i>Result</i>
April 25th	Lord Digby's	---	1st VI	Home	Cancelled
May 2nd	St. Monica's	---	1st & 2nd VI	Away	Cancelled
" 9th	Park School	---	1st & 2nd VI	Away	Lost 48-39
" 30th	Gillingham Grammar	---	1st & 2nd VI	Home	Lost 57-30
" 6th	Hall School	---	Scratch VI	Away	Lost 56-31
" 13th	St. Mary's	---	1st & 2nd VI	Away	Won 47-40
" 20th	Sunny Hill	---	Scratch VI	Home	Lost 72-15
" 27th	Dorchester	---	1st & 2nd VI	Away	Lost 56-31
July 4th	Park School	---	1st & 2nd VI	Home	Won 46-41
" 11th	Old Girls	---	VIII	Home	Cancelled
" 11th	Blandford	---	1st & 2nd VI	Away	Lost 63-89

House Tennis Cup : 1st Wren
2nd Hardy
3rd Barnes

Doubles Tournaments :

Senior : Winners --- A. Welford
R. Brayford
Runners-up --- J. Crouch
H. Colyer

Middle : Winners --- A. Perkins
L. Kibbey
Runners-up --- R. Sturman
M. Moody

Juniors : Winners --- E. Cole
A. Stainer
Runners-up --- C. Ottey
G. Perks

ANNE WELFORD.

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BARNES HOUSE REPORT

<i>House Mistress</i>		Miss A. K. Watkins
<i>House Captain</i>		Rose Napper
<i>Deputy House Captain</i>		Christine Crouch
<i>House Games Captain</i>		Margaret Breeds

This year has not been an outstanding one for Barnes but not because there was no hard work done. I'm sure every member did her best but this year we must try to pull up our standard in everything, particularly in tennis and in work, so that we can again be in the running for the title of Top House.

We have had to say good-bye to several of our older members this year and we wish Rose Napper and all other Barnes leavers the very best in their new careers. Our thanks go to Miss Watkins and Christine Crouch for their help and interest in Barnes and also to Rose for leaving everything in such good order, so that it makes things easier for us to carry on.

We are glad to welcome Jenny Stagg back again for another year. I feel her previous experience will enable her to be of great help to myself and my deputy, Christine Crouch.

Well, we are all set for a new year, with fifteen new members. Is it to be a successful year or are we going to be bottom house once again? If we all give what we can in games and work I feel we stand a very good chance of being top house. So—the best of luck Barnes and keep it up!

JEAN UPTON, *House Captain.*

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HARDY HOUSE REPORT

<i>House Mistress</i>		Mrs. Davison
<i>House Captain</i>		Ann Milroy
<i>Deputy House Captain</i>		Barrie Sergeant
<i>House Games Captain</i>		Valerie Dolby

At the finish of the year Hardy said goodbye to Miss Brewington, wondering how on earth the house could get along without her, as well as Miss Williams. We hope that they will both be extremely happy in their new jobs. Warm thank-yous were also said to Cherry Case, Hardy's Captain, and her deputy, Rosemary Brayford, for all the work they had done during the year.

The house ended up with, to its shame perhaps, only one cup, a second place in tennis and bottom place in all other activities.

There was however great enthusiasm throughout the year which is the main thing ; and winning the Work Cup, a surprise to us all, was certainly an achievement.

This year we welcome two new members of staff to the house, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Davison. We must apologise for having to steal Mrs. Davison from Wren to be our new house mistress, and hope to show her that Hardy can produce as good results as Wren.

ANN MILROY, *House Captain.*

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WREN HOUSE REPORT

<i>House Mistress</i>			Miss Matthews
<i>House Captain</i>			Anne Welford
<i>Deputy House Captain</i>			Shirley Mitchell
<i>House Games Captain</i>			Shirley Mitchell

The last year has proved a very successful one for Wren House. After an enjoyable house party and simple but sincere prayers, our first material triumph was the winning of the netball cup. We distinguished ourselves by winning every match we played. We only managed to come second to Barnes in the hockey but they deserved their success. In the Summer Term we managed to pull off the athletic and tennis cups and the swimming shield, which, I think, was a jolly good show on the part of all involved. We did not do too badly in the realm of work either, coming second to Hardy only by a narrow margin. On the strength of our various fields of sport we became top house. I can only hope that next year Wren will live up to its newly won glory and will be top house again !

There were not many members of Wren to say goodbye to last year, but we wish those who did leave all the best in the future and look to the new members of Wren to take up where the others left off. We also have to say goodbye to Mrs. Davison who has left us to become the housemistress of Hardy. We are very sorry to see her go and hope Hardy will appreciate her as much as we have done.

ANNE WELFORD, *House Captain.*

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BOARDERS' REPORT

As usual the boarders had a hilarious Christmas party, the results of which can be seen on the school film. This was the only thing that was really special in the Autumn Term. The next term,

however, saw us all off in a double decker 'bus to see Pierino Gamba conduct the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. The boarders' own musical contribution was the formation of the boarders' Church choir in the same term. Introduced as an experiment it now sings at every Schools' Service.

Summer Term, and Bournemouth beckoned, but we came not, as on the last Saturday of term we had the School Fête. One more thing to mention and that—the boarders again won the boarders v. day girls hockey match, but in tennis, as Lonnie Donnegan would say, we came off “rather ignominiously”—no more shall be said. At the beginning of this term Sunrid was delighted to find that with the help of Sara Henderson's gift we had treated ourselves to 27 new hymn books.

CHRISTINE CROUCH, *Senior Head Boarder.*

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THE MUSIC REPORT

Choir

The School choir again sang at Speech Day, as they have for several years now. They began with a round, “I will arise,” “Above him stood the Seraphim” by Richard Derving, followed by “Tune thy music” which was composed by Dr. R. Johnson, who was also playing for us at Speech Day. They ended with a three part song “Sister Awake” and a madrigal, “All creatures now” by John Bennet. The School then sang Purcell's “Sound the Trumpet,” massing themselves at the stage end of the cinema.

At last year's School Carol Service, the combined Grammar and High School choirs sang a German carol “Es ist ein Ros' Eustprungen,” a Latin carol “In dulci Jubilo,” by Bach, and two other carols, “Ye Shepherds leave your flocks,” and “The stars watch high,” composed by Dr. Reginald Johnson. The High School choir sang two carols, “Our Lady's Lullaby,” and “Alleluia puer natus.” Both schools sang “Good King Wenceslas,” with the girls singing a descant to some verses. The congregation joined in the last verse of this carol, and sang all the hymns.

At the end of the Spring Term, the choir gave a concert of Church music in Holy Trinity Church. They have never done anything like it before but the experiment was a great success. An account of this concert is given elsewhere in the magazine.

Other Activities

The North Dorset Music Festival was held at the beginning of the Summer Term this year. There were a record number of entries, especially from the High School. Many girls won their classes, and performed in the evening concert. The VI and Upper V form choir singing "Sister Awake," and the Upper IV choir gained particularly outstanding marks. A little later in the term, Parents' Association took the form of a concert as the parents had expressed a wish "To hear what their daughters could do!" The evening was a very informal one. We did not aim at a polished performance, but to show the parents what went on in music classes, both instrumental and singing, and in Speech Training. Both girls and parents enjoyed the evening very much.

We were very sorry to have to say good-bye to Mr. Johnstone, music master of the Grammar School, at the end of the Summer Term. He did a great deal to help our musical activities, especially when the two Schools have combined; and we shall miss his enthusiastic help. We welcome Mr. Sutton in his place. As always the success on these days was due largely to Miss Drake's hard work and encouragement.

Orchestra

The orchestra has done nothing of great interest outside school this year, but has been working very hard to build up its repertory and skill. Their only outside activity was their performance at the Music Festival, where they played "Swandila the Bagpiper," and came second in their class, winning a certificate.

This year a chamber music group was formed consisting of a piano, a cello, a violin and flute. Many pleasant dinner-hours were spent playing a great variety of music under the enthusiastic tuition of Miss A. Walker, our cello teacher. We were very sorry to have to say good-bye to her at the end of the Summer Term, as she was leaving to get married. We welcome Miss Bowden Smith in her place.

We have had only one concert in school this year. We are indebted to Dr. Johnson for once again bringing to us guests with such musical talent. The oboe was played by Miss Vincent, and the flute by Miss Mills. Both Miss Vincent and Miss Mills are members of the Royal Ballet orchestra. Dr. Johnson played the piano. They played music from many centuries by a variety of composers with all the different combinations of the three instruments, and provided us with a most enjoyable afternoon's entertainment.

ROSEMARY BRAYFORD.

REFUGEE LECTURE—BY MR. POKORNY

On Monday, 28th September, Mr. Pokorny came to lecture to the sixth form. However, because he had postponed his spring visit, owing to the 'flu epidemic, Miss Dunford decided that as many as possible should come to this lecture; consequently members of the Lower V upwards assembled in the hall at three o'clock.

Mr. Pokorny was a fascinating man who was himself a refugee. He gave us an insight into the life of a Displaced Person in the refugee camps of Austria. We were told about the "stolen children" who are now being allowed to go back to their families after eleven years of regimented training as young Communists, and of separation from their parents.

Mr. Pokorny told us about the camps themselves and the crowded conditions in them. He is a missionary in these camps and so is able to talk easily to the refugees, and he related some of their stories to us. The hour passed quickly and at four o'clock he answered a few questions and then left.

However this was not the end of his visit, because at seven o'clock he came to Sunridge (for supper) in his national costume. Then after supper the dining-hall was seated and at nine o'clock he took us on a film tour of Austria.

He explained his costume to us, with its hat, covered with badges of the various institutions he has lectured to. He was a Girl Guide, a British Legioner and a member of the Women's Institute among other things. He also showed us his stick which had a chamois' hoof on it.

Mr. Pokorny showed us his films and talked about the places on them and also about some of the history of Austria, interspersed with a few amusing anecdotes. Afterwards in gratitude we made him a sub-prefect because that badge is the nicest we have.

Mr. Pokorny gave us his blessing. (He is a Christian Pastor, although before the war he was a Nazi youth leader). He then had coffee with Mrs. Mallalieu and later he left having said "Auf Weiderschn" to all of us.

He was a wonderful man, and we all hope that he will come again soon.

JENNIFER COBLEY, *Lower VI.*

AN EASTER COURSE AT THE SORBONNE

Our ten days' stay in Paris at Easter was so crowded with events that I cannot give you more than a mosaic impression.

The most vivid memory that I have of the journey to Paris is the sight of sixteen hundred very colourful and heavily-laden sixth-formers queuing for Customs at Folkestone. Eventually, after a fairly comfortable journey, we arrived at our various lycées and spent the first evening making friends with the other occupants of our dormitory.

The purpose of the course, as we were strictly informed, was to "further our knowledge of French language and culture." Thus on most days, after coffee and rolls at 8.15 a.m. we devoted the mornings to work. This took the form of lectures in the amphithéâtres of the Sorbonne, or 'Cours Pratiques' in the classrooms of our lycée. The lectures were on our set books and were designed to cover the syllabi of the various examining bodies; they were given by lecturers, or professors of the Sorbonne. Often we were led to view the plays or novels in an entirely new light during these lectures, which we found easy to follow once we had become accustomed to hearing a flow of French. Favourites were soon established among the lecturers, and often at the end of a lecture, we rose to our feet to cheer and applaud with true Gaelic abandon. The 'Cours Pratiques' were also great fun; they consisted of reading, translation, or conversation. The quality which we found most remarkable in our lecturers and teachers was their astonishing vivacity and energy, which was most infectious.

After a boisterous lunch (the epithet describes well all our meals) we would go on organised sight-seeing tours, until about 4 p.m. At least, they were organised until we reached our final destination, after this we were given until dinner (7 p.m.) to find our own way back to the lycée. Needless to say, at first we often became lost and had to find the nearest metro station. I think that we 'did' Paris fairly thoroughly during these afternoon tours; among the places which we visited were: Le Sacré Coeur, Les Invalides, Notre Dame, a truly beautiful cathedral, the Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, where we needed a month to absorb everything, the Palais de Justice, Sainte Chapelle, and the Conciergerie, with its grim souvenirs of the Revolution, the Eiffel Tower (of course) and Versailles.

One of the highlights of our visit was a reception held in our honour on Easter Saturday morning at the Hôtel de Ville. Endless red carpets, huge mirrors and chandeliers, row upon row of gilt chairs, speeches, and much good humour form my chief

memories of this. On Easter Sunday we attended a service at the British Embassy church, and were amused at the incongruity of the many bowler-hatted Englishmen present, in the middle of Paris.

All the afternoon tours were not 'obligatoire,' and some of us took the opportunity of exploring the delightful large stores like 'Aux Printemps.' The displays here were so beautifully artistic and appealing that had our francs allowed it we would have bought the entire stock ! On sunny afternoons we walked in the Bois de Boulogne or the Luxembourg Gardens. Owing to our impecunious state, we usually walked to most places, but we used the metro a good deal, in fact we became quite blasé about this. We also tried a bus, and on one occasion we were forced to hail a taxi so as not to arrive back late at the lycée. As there were four of us we were not ruined by the fare !

In the evenings we were free from 8 p.m. until 10 p.m., to go wherever we liked, the one rule being that we kept in groups of not less than four. My friends and I had great fun exploring Montmartre, the Champs Elysées, walking by the Seine, or going to the theatre. On two evenings the whole party went to the theatre, to see "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at the Comédie Française, and "Marie Tudor" at the T.N.P. If one was fairly wealthy one could go to more performances of plays, musicals, or ballets. Dancing was organised for one evening, but there were so many of us in the hall that even to move was a feat of perseverance, so that idea was abandoned.

A few miscellaneous memories add to the picture : the delight of munching chestnuts, jammy buns, chocolate-covered almonds, all roasted on the pavements ; exploring a market and haggling with an old Frenchwoman ; buying paintings from the 'bouquinistes' by the Seine ; the enchanting shop windows, beautifully dressed for Easter ; the daily adventure of crossing a road and avoiding the hurtling traffic ; and stopping to chat with some of the 'down-and-outs' who sat in the metro or on the pavements, watching life go by.

I must not forget to mention the pleasure of meeting new English people, and the 'camaraderie' which developed among many of us. Evidence of this was shown at the end of the return journey, for as we all streamed along the platform at Victoria, after singing indefatigably all day, we started 'Old Lang Syne' and everybody joined in, so that the strains echoed across the station, and even the hardened porters stopped and stared.

To conclude I would say that prominent among my lasting memories of Paris are the celebrated warmth and zest of the Parisians ; and the great contrasts of the city itself : the

vibrant life of the Latin quarter and the holy peace of a service in Notre Dame ; the elegance of the ' fashion plates ' in the Bois de Boulogne and the tattered, maimed beggars squatting on the pavements. Was it any wonder that as the essay subject in a voluntary examination at the end of the course the professors set " The Variety of Paris " ?

JENNY STAGG, *Upper VI.*

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WEEKEND CONFERENCE AT PHILLIPS HOUSE, DINTON

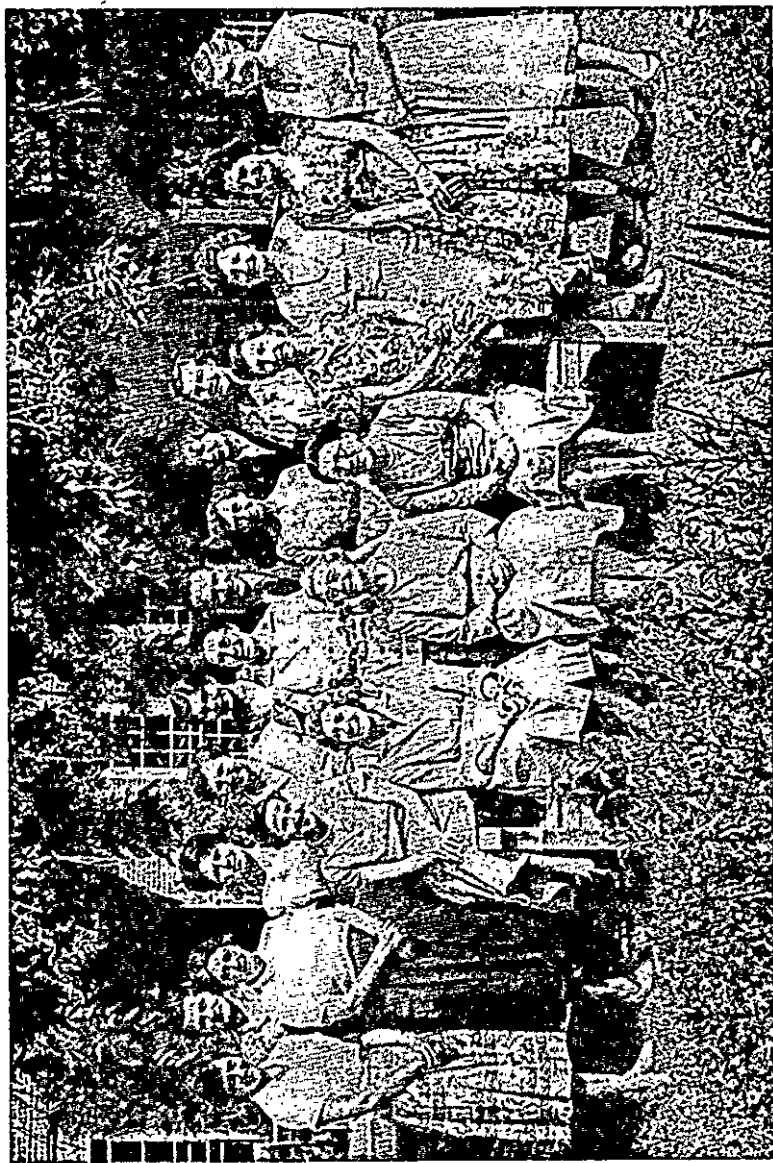
In March the Upper VI again went to Phillips House, Dinton, for a residential weekend, spent mainly in lively discussion on the Christian point of view concerning vital issues of modern life. The Sixth Formers taking part came from Foster's School, Sherborne ; Sherborne School for Girls ; Marlborough College ; Shaftesbury Grammar School ; Gillingham Grammar School ; and Shaftesbury High School.

The general title of the Conference was " Is Christianity a Practical Proposition ? " On Saturday, March 15th, we discussed " Has God a Purpose for Me ? " and on Sunday " Has God a Purpose for the World ? " The Reverend Philip Roberts, Curate St. Michael's, Salisbury, acted as our chairman, rounding up our stray thoughts and cutting through the maze of our confused ideas with remarkable lucidity. Miss Rogers, of Salisbury Training College, and Mr. Eric Grant, of the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education, also acted as ' guiding lights.'

We followed the method which had proved successful at last year's conference : group discussion of questions with an immediate bearing on the main topic, followed by general discussion, based on the reports of the groups. Here much stimulating and vigorous argument arose, during which we gained a great deal from hearing about the experiences of the three adults concerning our problems.

In spite of the fact that we were so enthusiastic during the first day's discussions that ' lights out ' had to be delayed, we were able to relax by talking, dancing, or going for exploratory walks. On Sunday morning many of us attended an inter-denominational celebration of Holy Communion, at Dinton Church.

As we departed on Sunday evening, we had only one regret : that we had failed to win the race against time and had not been able to cover as much ground as we would have liked. However we all appreciated how much trouble was taken to allow us to



The Staff, 1959



The Fiftieth Meeting of the School Council

'de-mist' our minds and exchange problems and queries both with people of our own age and with those more experienced in seeking the answer to these questions.

Unfortunately we were not able to hold a 'Dinton Reunion' this year but the whole Sixth Form took part in a similar conference at Sunny Hill School, which compensated for this.

JENNY STAGG, *Upper VI.*

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THE WILTSHIRE RURAL MUSIC SCHOOL SUMMER COURSE

At about 4.30 p.m. on Saturday, August 25th, I arrived at Urelfont Manor, near Devizes, where I was to study music for the next six days with other students of similar interests. When I arrived, tea was being served from the dining room, which overlooks a lawn, on which I found a number of young musicians already enjoying that meal. I followed their example, having met the director, Miss Horsfall, who introduced me to some more girls of about my own age. Then we were all given so many instructions about the time-table, when to practice, fire-drill and goodness knows what else that I could only take in a few of them, and we set straight to work.

We assembled in a hot, disused and dimly-lit stable with our various instruments for the orchestra's first meeting. I was asked to play second violin. The orchestra was rather smaller than usual and the French horn was the only brass instrument we had. Apart from this we had tympani and the usual members of the string and wind sections.

Messrs. Percy Coates and Elston Evans spent an hour giving us an idea of a Haydn and a Schubert symphony, and then Miss Crallan gave us our first lesson of "Choral." She preceded this by begging for people to sing soprano, most of the ladies claiming to be contraltos, so several women and girls with lower voices obliged. I was one of these. When several of the songs were transposed into a lower key, most of us could manage the majority of the notes. For me, these lessons entailed less work than the instrumental classes, as the songs we studied were easier than those we sing at school.

After supper, we were divided into groups, according to our ability, for "Chamber Music A." I was placed in a small group, consisting of a pianist, another violinist and myself. We began working on a Purcell sonata and Mrs. Coates appeared at intervals to coach us. This ended at about 9 p.m. and Miss Crallan

opened her tuckshop and served tea. Then we could practise if we wished, or if we felt we needed to do so, as long as we became quiet at 11 p.m.

Then followed five days of hard, but enjoyable work. The orchestra was confronted with more and more music, and we were placed in groups for "Chamber Music B." For this, I played in a violin quartet. Sometimes we had a chance to form groups of our own, and we derived great enjoyment from these. There was a large collection of music from which we could buy or borrow works for all kinds and combinations of instruments.

On two evenings the staff gave concerts of music for the piano, 'cello and violin. An expert on woodwind gave a talk on the earlier wind instruments, telling us how and why they came into use, and how they evolved into the modern flutes and clarinets and so on. He gave demonstrations of earlier and more recent wind instruments, playing tunes on those which were more pleasant to listen to. On the night before the last, we all assembled in the library for the students' chamber music concert. My "Chamber Music A" group had been asked to play, but was unable to do so because my partner's wrist was complaining of the large amount of work which had been suddenly thrust upon it. We sat back and enjoyed hearing other students performing classical and modern pieces. I thought the vast majority of the performances was very good, and that some were outstanding and sounded quite professional. We were told that the standard of the music became higher and higher each year.

Then, on the last night, we gave an orchestral concert to the public in the village hall. We played pieces by Schubert, Handel and other great composers. Our only double-bass player had been called away just before the concert, but we managed without her, and the programme ran quite smoothly. We also sang some of the songs we had practised in "Choral"—by no means perfectly—but Miss Crallan seemed to be pleased. We sang "The Owl and the Pussycat," "Weep you no more, sad Fountains" and a madrigal called "Have I found her?"

Back at the Manor, the staff and some of the most experienced students played to anyone who wished to listen, while others played through their favourite music, and arranged to continue mastering their problems together during next year's course.

Early the following morning we wished each other "Good-bye till next year," and I rather sadly left new friends of all ages and set off on my homeward journey. I had gained much ex-

perience from playing and hearing the performances and the conversation of more advanced students, and I hope to attend another such an enjoyable course.

GILLIAN RALPH, *Lower VI.*

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NEW HOUSING

As housing comes into the syllabus of Human Biology, we eight members of the Lower Sixth who are taking this subject asked Mr. Osborne if we might visit his building site in Gillingham. Mrs. Davison arranged with him when we were to go, so one morning we all set out to discover how to build a house.

First of all, we were shown the foundations which had been dug and filled with cement concrete where the walls were to be laid and where the bricks which would be below ground level would be. The next house we were shown was having its walls constructed. We were shown the three-inch gap that there is between the inner and the outer walls. Wooden joists had been laid so that there would be an air space of one foot below the floor boards. We could see the position of the damp-proof course a few inches above the ground and at the point where the chimney joins the roof.

After this we were shown a bungalow which had been completely finished except for the decorations. The walls had just been plastered and the electricity and water supply had been laid. The bungalow's cess pit had been constructed so that when the town's sewage system is completed it can easily join with the mains. The roof had been slated but under the slates we could see the felt which keeps it water tight.

The next bungalow we were shown had been built and decorated throughout. It was built for a schoolmaster and his family, so in one of the bedrooms there were many bookshelves and built-in cupboards. The bungalow was facing the south-west with the bedrooms in the front of it. The kitchen and living-room were facing the south; the kitchen was small but all that is necessary could easily be fixed in it. Built-in cupboards were made to extend up the full height of walls. The living-room was the only room with a fire in it so all the others had to have aerated bricks. There was one large and two small windows in the living-room. The bathroom was small. The W.C., hand basin and bath were all fixed to the outside wall so that the sewage would be easier. All the pipes met in the cess pit which had a vent pipe in order to dispose of the stagnant air.

After having seen this our visit to Gillingham and the building site was at an end. I feel sure that we all shall know what we should look for when we are house-hunting later on.

JANE CROUCH, *Lower VI.*

HOLIDAY JOBS.

1. Addition

During last Summer holidays, I worked for ten days at Bristol University, checking the marks of the 'O' Level G.C.E. Papers.

As it was the first job that I had ever done, I felt excited and a little nervous to begin with. However, I bravely marched up the steps to the main entrance of the University and pushed at the heavy swing doors; but they were not as heavy as I had anticipated: for they crashed against the inside wall with a boom that echoed up and up into the tower. I had arrived!

I had been told to go to Room Three, and so, determined that I should find it without having to ask anyone, I set off down the corridor. My luck was in. There was a large notice on the wall pointing to Room Three, presumably for the benefit of examiners who were coming to a meeting that day.

The orderly piles of examination scripts looked quite terrifying at first, but the two girls with whom I was to work soon showed me what to do. It was quite simple—I was to add the marks all down the margins of each script to make sure that the final total was accurate. If there had been a mistake the candidate's mark was revised.

The remainder of the time passed uneventfully. The work was often boring, and very tiring, especially on hot afternoons. At these times tempers were frayed, and we felt more like arguing than adding long columns of numbers.

However, in spite of the weather, all the scripts had been checked before the results were published, and on my last afternoon I was called to the treasurer's study where I was given ten crisp £1 notes.

JULIA SMITHERS, *Lower V.*

2. A Day in the Life of . . .

"June, run and get a cloth, will you?"

"June, slip upstairs and tell Miss Flannagan I want her . . ."

"June, hurry up and get the lift emptied . . ."

"June, that table needs clearing . . ."

I was one of the temporary junior assistants at café number G.5., hence my new name. It was the rush hour, and I had been "on the floor" since eight o'clock that morning. Now, as hungry men and women crowded down the self-service counter collecting food, and replete ones sauntered out, leaving dirty dishes piled high on the tables, I rushed about with my five tier trolley trying to do the impossible job of clearing all the empty tables before another customer sat down and complained of the mess. My trolley was full, so I steered through the queue of customers to the lifts, where Michael, another junior, would empty it and send the lot up to the kitchen. Two more trollies piled high with dirty crockery were waiting to be unloaded; both the lifts were full of clean dishes from the kitchen, the kitchen staff were buzzing angrily at the lift bell for the empty lifts. And Michael was nowhere to be seen. Stephen's voice from the kitchen came floating down the speaking tube, "Dream lover, where are you-ou-ou . . . ?" as he rang for the lifts. I told him to shut up, and began to clear up the chaos. At that moment Michael appeared, nonchalantly reading a newspaper. "Look," he exclaimed, grinning, "it says here that British women have never had such an easy time before . . ." I glared at him and left the astonished lad to get on with it while I returned to pacify an old 'regular' who complained that there was tomato ketchup in his plum pudding. "I've never had such an easy time before," I thought grimly.

Two hours later, rather than willing customers not to come in, as before, I was hoping that even forty would all decide to have a meal at once; for now at three o'clock in the afternoon, business was so slow that we might as well have closed down. It was always the same. I leaned on my empty trolley reading a newspaper kindly left by a customer, and beginning to feel hungry, for I had had my lunch at ten thirty and tea wasn't till four. This was my late night too, and the long hours stretched ahead of me till six thirty, full of boring nothingness. Springer, the coloured girl, was lethargically filling the sugar bowls; Michael was happily mixing still orange drinks at the cold counter, and anyway I wasn't going to talk to him; Nelly, her cap askew, was hopefully offering "Chips or mash, sir?" behind the grill to a customer who never had anything but a buttered tea-cake; and May was sobbing gently into the soup as usual. Stephen's voice mingled with shouts, the clatter of dishes, and the dull boom of the dish washing machine, sounded drearily, "Dream lover, where are you-ou-ou . . . ?" from the kitchen. I was bored . . .

Iris, who at eighteen considered herself slightly above me, a mere junior, came over yawning ungracefully. "Ere," she said, digging me in the ribs with her elbow, and she launched forth as

usual into ridiculing one of the more unfortunate-looking of the customers, laughing heartily at herself the while. "Madam," our formidable manageress, soon put a stop to this however. "Break it up, you two" she barked, and we scurried off to obey her, not without a few muttered threats on Iris's part. But "Madam" was an ex-prison warder and police woman, and you didn't say "No" to her!

"Dream lover, where are-you-ou-ou . . . ?" sang Stephen as he rang for the lift . . .

"June, go and help Lil with the coffees . . ."

"Chips or mash, sir?" offered Nelly hopefully . . .

"Ere," said Iris, digging me in the ribs confidentially . . .

But I didn't wait to hear her latest tale; I fled to my respite of tea and stale cake as the customers began to come in again and the staff busied themselves behind the counter. The tea rush had begun.

B.S., Lower VI.

3. The Petrol Pump

"Does your battery need topping up, sir? May I check your oil level ma'am? Isn't the needle on your petrol gauge flickering a bit near the empty mark?" Everybody seemed to have had holiday jobs except me, so this summer holiday, I decided that it was my turn. I did not want to work in a shop, I did not think my mental arithmetic was good enough and so my mother suggested the petrol pumps as a joke. In fact, the last week in August I found myself a working woman on the petrol pumps. I started at 8.30 a.m. on what promised to be a very hot Monday morning. Business was extremely slow and I was very glad when, at 10 o'clock, I was informed that I had to make the tea. It took me about ten minutes to coax the ancient primus to go, but eventually I was yelling "Tea Up" and the mechanics were having a very welcome break. I was told later that I made a very good "cupper." At 12.30 I had an hour off for lunch and was I glad to get off my feet, but that hour soon passed and I was really glad when 5.30 came and it was time to knock off for the day. All the afternoons seemed very long as business was so slow. Monday and Thursday mornings were quite busy as it was Bank day in Tisbury. Tuesday morning was also quite busy as it was market day in Salisbury. Saturday morning was the busiest time of the week as it was when everybody was off to the sea-side. My biggest fright occurred on the Tuesday afternoon when the petrol tanker came to fill our tanks and the driver asked me to check the dipsticks in order to see that he had emptied the tanker. I thought that he meant I had to climb up on the

tanker. Actually it was he who had to ascend the tanker and hold the dipsticks down to me ; all I had to do was see that they were quite dry.

I very much enjoyed my week on the pumps and it was profitable at 1s. 1d. an hour. By the way, don't forget it's "Esso for Extra."

FELICITY CORP, *Upper V.*

" ANNE FRANK "

I have read both " The Diary of Anne Frank " and " The Footsteps of Anne Frank," two books which have moved me tremendously and also brought me to realise what terrible things can happen in war-time. Anne Frank was only thirteen years of age when first she began to write her diary—one which she never dreamt would be read by thousands of people today. Anne was just an ordinary girl, not particularly good-looking, but a girl who had a genius for writing, and a great spirit.

How many of us have started diaries, and then given p, excusing ourselves with the thought that we have nothing to write about, although our lives are full of activities and happenings. Yet Anne Frank, in hiding from the Gestapo for two years, just because she was a Jew, managed to portray her every thought on paper, despite her boring and often unhappy surroundings, in which there was a constant atmosphere of arguing and irritation. She confided in her diary so very closely that it became a friend to her, the only friend in her lonely world to whom she could pour out all her feelings and expressions.

Anne seemed to take the years in hiding cheerfully and very rarely did she seem to give up hope. How bitter the disappointment must have been after those hard two years to find out that the family had been betrayed.

They were taken to a concentration camp, where eventually all except Mr. Frank perished. It seems so cruel that these people and many like them should die because of their Jewish birth.

In " The Footsteps of Anne Frank " there is much additional information about Anne and her family, given by those who knew and loved them. It is a very interesting book indeed and reveals more of the cruelties which were happening as a result of the war.

If it had not been for the war, Anne Frank might have been living with us now . . . perhaps a very famous woman, not only because of her writing but because of her character and courage.

If only *we* could show that courage and spirit which made Anne Frank what she was—a person never to be forgotten.

ROSEMARY WAGNER, *Lower V.*

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A WEEK IN THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS

For one of my three weeks in Germany this summer I went on a "Sing-und Spielwoche," clumsily translated as a "Singing and Playing Week." These are very common in the holidays in Germany, and the youth of Germany certainly enjoys them, as did I.

The week was held in a large building in a small town among the pine forests and low mountains of Sauerland. There were about twenty-six people, whose ages varied between fourteen and twenty-three, with three staff for the management of singing, orchestral work and folk-dancing.

Every day was packed with fun. Usually it began with singing, mainly German folk songs in four parts, and then we worked up our appetites by vigorous folk-dancing, out of which the boys got as much pleasure as the girls.

After lunch came a "rest" period of two hours. The love of rambling is so great, however, that this time was usually filled in by long rambles through the countryside and pine forests around.

The latter half of the afternoon would then be used for orchestral playing and more folk-dancing. In the evenings there was usually some form of entertainment. One evening we were shown colour-slides of Sauerland in the different seasons ; Sauerland sparkling white, bright green and many-coloured, breath-taking Sauerland sunsets, angry Sauerland storm-clouds, close-ups of butterflies and bees hovering over brilliant flowers, so large that the stamens could be counted, the cool pine forest with only sun rays piercing the green gloom, and a frozen cob-web stretched in front of a pale pink rose.

One afternoon the local puppet-maker came and showed us his many magnificent wooden glove-puppets. Each had a beautifully-carved head and a lovely costume. Of about thirty to forty puppets, some were different kinds of devils ; a terrible greenish-yellow-faced devil with red eyes and a thin, hooked nose, an orange-faced, green-haired, mad devil, a black, frightening devil, and others. There were also milkmaids, policemen, a skeleton, courtiers, ghosts, short, tall, fat, thin, old and pretty

people, dogs and snowmen and various horrible monsters, great and hairy, which rolled their eyes, spat fire, lolled their tongues and went into contortions marvellously.

One of the many pleasant customs was the method of waking us up in the fairly-early morning. Instead of the noisy rising-bell, each morning a different group of players or singers would perform a short piece of "waking-up" music in the passage outside our rooms. Although this did not inspire us to leap out of bed and sing songs to the hills, it made getting up seem reasonable.

There was general regret when the end of the week came, and we all hoped to be able to return next year for another "Sing-und Spielwoche."

HEATHER COLYER, *Lower VI.*

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"OUR ISLAND"

I want to describe "Our Island." We call it "Our Island," but really it is Saint Herbert's Island, on Lake Derwent Water. Beatrix Potter describes this island in her book, "The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin," as the home of old Mr. Brown Owl. Ever since I can remember we have had happy times on this island during our holidays. We stay at a Guest House, near Keswick, on the shores of the lake, and from the windows we can see "Our Island."

We take our rowing boat, and row for about two miles across the water to "Our Island." We tie it up firmly to the roots of an old willow tree, pulling it high up on the shingle beach, in case of a sudden storm. There are many mossy paths winding their various ways through the bushes and between the rocks. We know every inch of the special path which leads to Mr. Brown Owl's hollow tree, and our favourite picnic site. We gather sticks, and soon have a lovely bonfire blazing away. Soon the blue smoke from the fire can be seen rising through the tops of the trees. We fill our billy can at a spring bubbling out from a rock nearby. It is always cool, clear, crystal water. We soon get our billy can to boil on the bonfire and we enjoy our picnic sitting amongst the old familiar trees. If we are very quiet, we can hear the lapping of the lake. Once, we heard a splash and a rustle amongst the rushes at the side of the island and two lovely white swans had come to share our picnic. We walk round the island to a lovely bay which is the safest and nicest place for bathing. Margaret and myself bathe and swim there, and love every minute, while my brother Jonathan, who cannot swim,

floats about sitting in an inner tube. One day we saw some scaly silver serpent like lizards, about two feet long, in the water. We decided to shorten our bathe that day. From the shore path of "Our Island" we see wonderful views of the mountains. We see Skiddaw from the Northern part of the island and we look down the Borrowdale Valley in the South.

I find it hard to decide at what time of year "Our Island" is looking at its best. In Spring during our Easter holiday it is really beautiful. The mossy glades are carpeted with bluebells, which send a blue haze all over the island. We pick bunches of primroses and anemones. There are many larch trees, and hazel bushes, which reminds me of the poem by E. Nesbit:—

"Such a gay green gown God gives the larches,
As green as he is good;
The hazels hold up their arms for arches,
When Spring rides through the wood."

Towards the end of the Summer holidays, we see "Our Island" in its Autumn tints. The bracken is crisp and brown, and the heather is past its best. The guelder rose berries and the wild rose hips are plentiful. No wonder Squirrel Nutkin brought his brothers and sisters over to the island to collect their winter store of nuts. We know a certain place on the island where there are dead trees, where we have occasionally seen and heard the colourful woodpecker tapping at the tree.

We are always sad to leave "Our Island" as it is so full of happy memories for us, and we long to return as soon as possible, for some more happy holidays.

E. BREEDS, *Lower IVa*.

* * *

A TALE

Dedicated to Wordsworth, for the belief that all things have a purpose

This is the tale of a tail that was. In fact it is the story of a trial in which the witnesses were judges; and if the tail were living now, it would relate with pride, how its very existence was a matter of great controversy. It is however the tale of a death.

The tail was born roughly at the end of March, 1959. There were witnesses, but the exact date has not been handed down in the archives of the Hon. Tales-Tail, Esq. Its death occurred on November 2nd of the same year. A short existence, a bare seven months, but as with so many lives, its effect has been far reaching.

From the very beginning there were few who entertained sanguine hopes of a happy future and many who with disapproving looks prophesied a life of mistakes ; and even at this early stage its health was bad. It seemed to grow in fits and starts, yet all the biology experts denied that it was similar to the larva of an insect. Actually they were incorrect. It was intended, like the ugly duckling, as a caterpillar, to grow from a humble object suddenly blossoming out after a complete metamorphosis beneath the camouflage of a ribbon ; into a proud chignon. It was destined however never to reach this fully-fledged state, for the gods had decreed otherwise.

“ *Heu crudele fortuna !* ”

At each turn of its life, its substance grew thinner, no nutriment from Sun silk to Loxene could save it from steady emaciation. How could it be expected to survive pulled back and chained in such an agonizing position as it was ? alas even the owners affection (whose name must of course for reasons of security remain anonymous) that started out with the tail, soon turned to impatience as the promised result did not appear.

Finally, with an ill-concealed sigh of relief after much indecision (she was kind-hearted beneath) its owner found excuse enough to demand its death. Once decided upon, no time was lost, and the requisite papers were acquired. All such deaths are by appointment, and with callous delight the owner counted the days left under the pretext of looking forward to a half-term holiday. With cruel publicity, she spread abroad news of its approaching fate, even offering it as a souvenir.

November the second dawned, and there was no reprieve, indeed torture preceded its death. What degradation is worse than the insult of having soapy water thrown in one's condemned face ? Then every fibre was severed by the cruel razor until the last merciful stroke fell.

There were witnesses, as at its birth, who judged its uselessness crime enough to merit death. There were therefore no tears or comforting words accompanying it to the grave, only a stony silence. I feel that the more tender hearted of my readers cannot but consider our heroine anything more than cold hearted, for there was no remorse or shred of pity for what once belonged to her. Or that the pauper's grave of dust and pins on the floor of “ *Coiffeur Francois* ” was other than a sad fate for what had been such a valiant attempt at fame and life.

If only it had been longer, or even perky enough to become a vulgar pony's tail, how different its fate might have been. As it was it had been judged, condemned and now forgotten, only

this tale bears witness to its life, and the moral that must be found therein. It suffered execution because it was complacent ; it had been too sure of its position in the world. So we may see first how lack of patience can harden the heart, though it may lighten the head ; and how there is no room for complacency in this life. Thus may it be well said,

“Go to the world then, complacent one,
Learn of its ways and be wise.”

(With apologies to Proverbs).

A.M. *Lower VI.*

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OTHER LANDS TRINIDAD (West Indies)

“The whole world on an island” was how Trinidad was once described.

Columbus started it all in 1498, calling the island “La Trinita” claiming it in the name of Spain. His discovery of the richest island, especially in asphalt and oil, in this area, started off a series of invasions for over four centuries that followed.

Into Trinidad then poured a cavalcade of peoples—Spanish, Portugese, French, British, Dutch, Chinese, African slaves, Hindus and Moslems from British East India ; bringing with them their own culture, and all but exterminating the fierce “Caribs” whose proud king once ruled the islands. Nothing now remains of this race and culture.

Today after a turbulent history, Trinidad is a fantastic hotch-potch of mixed nationalities unequalled anywhere else in the world. In the crowded streets of Port-of-Spain, which is the capital, are unlimited variations of the races who settled there, and who live in almost perfect harmony.

The land is a strange contrast of flashy American cars, and neon lights and signs and buildings, to peaceful country scenes with Indian farmers who still till the soil as they did, when they were first brought into the land.

Beautiful beaches are scattered round the island, and the temperature all the year round is a persistent 84 deg. and 74 deg. all night. During the dry season the temperatures may even rise higher than that.

The best time to visit Trinidad is in February when never-to-be-forgotten carnival takes place. Trinidad lives from carnival to carnival. An expression of love, of music, gaiety and colour has

its origin in French, Spanish and negro influences and surpasses any other carnival, even Rio and New Orleans in noise, colour and excitement. Nearly all the population gets to Port-of-Spain, and people spend their savings on most elaborate and fantastic costumes.

Then there are four days non-stop gaiety to calypso played by steel bands. The steel bands are ordinary metal oil drums, and the notes are produced by beating and pounding, and tuning sections on the top. These bands, numbering up to 800 strong, wear costumes of all historical pageant, carib folk-lore, mythology or contemporary themes.

Rum is abundant and drunk in many ways. Trinidad has many exotic foods, many local creole dishes, spiced Indian dishes and Chinese food, which are all abundant.

There is a local armour-plated fresh-water fish which wallows in mud, called Cascadura : there is an old legend, that any native who eats the fish, no matter how far he wanders, will always return home to die in his native land.

JAN LOW, *Upper V.*

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YUGOSLAVIA AND HER PEOPLE

As we passed in the coach from Italy to Yugoslavia, we noticed a sudden change in both the people and the landscape. The country in Yugoslavia is scrubby, stony and parched, and the people must have to work hard to make a living on it. The people that I saw, certainly did work hard and I think I can safely say the same for all Yugoslavians. Like most countries since the war, Yugoslavia has been troubled more by a shortage of labour than by difficulties of providing work for everyone.

Some of the people are lucky enough to own bullocks or cows. The cows serve a dual purpose, as they are used for transport as well as their milk. I rather suspected, from the milk and butter that we had in our hotel, that milk was also obtained from the goats. However, I didn't go to Yugoslavia to criticize the food, and I should be ashamed of myself if I did, as all the best food goes to the tourists.

We stayed at Opatija, which is one of the most fashionable seaside resorts on the Adriatic coast. It was, however, a very monotonous place, to my way of thinking, consisting of hotels, shops and lidos, and therefore my Mother and I spent most of our time visiting other more typically Yugoslavian places. We walked to Lovran, an attractive fishing village where the houses

were more picturesque. Here, we saw an old fisherman sitting crosslegged on some steps leading up from the sea, mending the holes in his net with his aged but nimble fingers, and an old man, who was minus one eye, loading his donkey with a kind of mucky looking coal. It was surprising the number of people we saw in Yugoslavia who had lost a limb or an eye.

In Rijeka, a larger ship-building town, we saw street scenes very different from those in this country. To get there we were packed like sardines in the auto-trolley, unable to avoid the unenticing whiffs of wine and garlic. Rijeka was the town where we learnt most about the Yugoslavian way of life. We found that the old women all dressed in a kind of uniform which consisted of a black dress, thick black stockings and shoes and a black kerchief on their heads. Some of the younger women dressed in the same manner, but with shorter and fuller black skirts, which swished as they walked.

We found it interesting and perhaps a little heart-breaking to walk around the back streets of this large town and to see the dingy squalid houses, and the children playing barefoot in the rubble. The Yugoslavian children are very friendly and attractive, and they have good memories and easily learn the long verses of their national songs. All Yugoslavs also have long memories, and do not welcome their former enemies. They are merely polite to them.

We offered sweets to a small group of children, and they grabbed them eagerly. I then made them understand that I should like to take their photograph and they seemed to be very thrilled with the idea. One little boy was carrying some boots under his arm; and another little girl was amusing herself with one roller skate, suspended on a grubby piece of string. They both put these possessions down to have their photograph taken, but I tried to make them understand that I wanted them to look as natural as possible. When I pointed to the little boy's boots, however, he thought I meant him, not to put them under his arm again, but to put them on his feet, so as to look a little more 'dignified.' When he put them on, I realized why he had been carrying them under his arm, as they were many sizes too big for him.

We bought a lot of fruit in Rijeka from a stall kept by a very wild-looking woman, who shouted at everyone round her, especially the children, who were probably trying to steal the fruit when she was too busy to see them. Yugoslavia being a communist country, most of the shops are state owned and therefore very uninteresting. The clothes are of very poor quality, and far from fashionable, and very expensive. The

bakers' shops are dark and dingy with hundreds of loaves of only one shape and size. There is not much variety in the shops of anything, but we noticed a great many photographers, and some really good book shops.

In summer in Yugoslavia, it is light by four, and the day is already very busy by five o'clock. At that hour there is much to be seen; the people going to work, and the colourful open-air markets, before the day becomes hot. The shops all close at twelve o'clock and do not open again until five, and the street markets are all over by twelve o'clock. If you try to observe the usual English day of getting up at eight and going to bed at ten, you are wasting your money in going to Yugoslavia.

For people who want the fashionable sea-side resorts, and shops, the grand hotels, and delicate continental dishes, I would specifically warn them not to go to Yugoslavia, but for those, who like myself, are interested in seeing how other people live, and who can put up with primitive living for a few weeks, which the majority of Yugoslavians have to put up with for the whole of their lives, I would strongly advise them to go to Yugoslavia. Numerically, the Yugoslavs are a small people, but I think I will go on remembering my travels among them, long after some other later journeys are forgotten.

HELEN BROWN, *Upper V.*

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ON THE BORDERS OF TIBET

There must be very few European people who can boast that they have been in Sikkim. For the benefit of those who, like myself, had never heard of such a place, it is an Indian-Protectorate near the Tibetan border, and it is a mountainous and inaccessible region. It was very hard to get permission to travel there—now quite impossible since the Chinese invasion of Tibet. However, one member of our family, my uncle, has travelled in Sikkim.

The route he took on the first expedition was the same one that the Younghusband expedition took in 1904. In those days, however, explorers were not well received in Tibet. The Tibetans tried to turn them back by magic. At Jongri my uncle found four stone shrines built by emissaries of the Dalai Lama of that time. Copper pots were buried here containing prayers and scrolls, and others were taken to a narrow pass. It was hoped that this would stop Younghusband's party, but it did not, and the expedition was successful. Later Younghusband became strongly attached to the Tibetans and wrote many books about the country.

The route was also the one most used to get to and from Tibet. It is used by traders who are like gypsies and who bring timber to Tibet on their mules. It is also used by monks who make pilgrimages to various places in India, where Buddha was born and where he attained enlightenment.

We, that is, our family, were shown coloured lantern-slides of the places our uncle had visited to give us some idea of what the scenery was like. It seems the journey began in a forest belt where there was tropical vegetation. I remember one picture was of the road with a yak coming along it and there was thick vegetation on either side in strange bright colours, and above it all in the distance was a snowy peak. Then other pictures showed barren scree on the steep slopes and again the snowcapped peaks of mountains which, though not so high as Everest, are as yet unclimbed. There are parts of the mountains which are fenced in high high stockades, for here potatoes are grown in summer and the fences are there to keep out wandering yaks. In the summer people live there temporarily, but in winter they return to the villages, and the place is abandoned.

My uncle visited several monasteries in Sikkim. The style of architecture is very interesting, for the people appear to be very fond of bright colours, and the houses and woodwork over the windows are brightly painted. Outside are rows of Buddhist prayer flags. Uncle Peter was very interested in the monks and their way of life. At Lachen he found a monastery where the old head Lama had died and a little boy had been found who was said to be his reincarnation. Apparently the dying Head Lama gives some clue as to where his reincarnation will be found. The priests then go in disguise as servants and find the right child. The test is that the child is given some things to play with, and if he recognises possessions of the former Head Lama, he is the one.

In this same place there was a cottage industry of dying and weaving wool. It was started by Finnish missionaries. There have been several other schemes to bring prosperity to Sikkim. Many oranges are grown and would be a valuable product if only they could be transported easily. The people of Tashi Ding are building themselves a road and when it is completed it will bring them considerable wealth. Then there is a great deal of good timber here. There is a plan to float logs in convoys down the rivers and eventually to the Tista, a tributary of the Ganges. This will mean that the convoys will have to be accompanied by a group of men who will follow either on the banks of the river or on rafts. If a boulder gets in the way or the logs get stuck they will have to blast them clear to keep the convoys going. If the project succeeds this will be a valuable supply of timber.

Sikkim will obviously be very productive when it is developed but at the moment it is impossibly wild. Uncle Peter has a terrifying picture of one of the bridges he had to cross, a frail bamboo structure with a torrent rushing beneath it. On the miserable little bridge are three figures, two surefooted and confident Sherpa porters, and one highly nervous person clinging desperately on to them struggling to get across. This was Peter's unfortunate friend who went with him on the second expedition.

However there are little oases of pleasant if not very civilised human habitations—rest houses and monasteries and cosy-looking brightly painted cottages with pretty little cottage gardens—which is extremely rare in India and groves of orange trees and steeply-terraced rice fields behind them.

There is also the occasional school: elementary schools are quite common, high schools fairly rare. Peter once came upon one and wanted to ask the children to sing for him, but he could find in his word-book neither the word for sing nor for song. He tried psalm, and was rather surprised when they understood him and did sing for him. My uncle was also interested in a native instrument rather like a lute but with very few notes. Peter said it had a very beautiful sound.

I have a feeling that here I have strayed into the second expedition, so I must check myself and to avoid confusion begin at the beginning and explain that this expedition was more ambitious than the other. It meant more serious mountaineering, and this time my uncle was accompanied by the unfortunate friend who I mentioned earlier who had an obsession about heights. He also took four Sherpa porters. He had a picture of them—four stocky grinning men with knitted caps, one with long red socks like the ones our school hockey team wear. The porters all came from a valley in the Himalayas as near Mt. Everest as it is possible to get, but they had settled in Darjeeling, where the second expedition began.

Uncle Peter's friend was unfortunate from the start. He had just recovered from Asian 'flu and had flown out from London, so, being quite unfit for mountaineering, when he reached the 12,000 ft. line, which is when many people get mountain sickness, he became seriously ill and could not eat. One of my uncle's pictures shows him (the friend) looking very pathetic, well wrapped up and looking rather odd in a yellow sou-wester. A Sherpa is giving him a bowl of porridge, which he ate, Uncle Peter says, so he must have been on the mend by then.

However, at one time my uncle was very worried about his condition. He himself had been ill when he reached the same altitude, but he had got over it in a day. The trouble was that

he had insufficient equipment. There was only one decent sleeping bag, the other was too small. It must have been horribly uncomfortable to have parts of one sticking out into the icy night air. If his friend had pneumonia, it would be impossible to treat him for it in that remote district where there was no doctor for miles around. Uncle Peter only once went out at night because of the freezing cold. He did so in order to see the mountains in the light of the full moon. The moonlight on the snow gave a beautiful luminous effect.

The scenery was magnificent. There were high snow capped peaks all around them, one being the famous Kangchenjunga, but the anonymous friend was in no condition to enjoy all this, the best thing for him was to go down into the valleys. This they did, and found that travelling on the lower ground was the most interesting part of the journey, because here there were more villages and the inhabitants were friendly and hospitable.

They gave the party a most refreshing alcoholic drink called chee, which is rather like mild beer. It is made out of grain which is kept till it sprouts and ferments. It is then put in a bamboo cup and boiling water is poured on it, more being added when required and one drinks it with a narrow bamboo for a straw.

The Tibetans also make a sort of dough out of barley which is first roasted, then ground into flour. It is said to help cure mountain sickness but is not really effective. Uncle Peter says that the only thing that really works is to take two aspirins and go to bed !

They also came across a monastery at Tashi Ding where there was a very strange custom. Every year the monks carefully ladle into a copper pot (I don't know why copper pots seem to be so inextricably involved in the religious functions of these people !) seven cups of water. The pot is then sealed up and kept for a year. Then a festival is held and a crowd gathers, even the maharajah's son is present, and the contents of the copper pot is measured. If there is less water it will be a bad year, if it is the same, it will be a moderate year, and if there is more (though how there could be I can't imagine) it is a very good omen. The water is then distributed among the villagers and is considered holy.

Uncle Peter did not see this ceremony performed but was shown the copper pot in which the water was kept. He was also shown the masks worn by the priests when they perform devil dances which are like the miracle plays of the Middle Ages; they have a moral and there are characters representing good and evil.

Sikkim is a country that has great charm and character. It is not improbable that it will become the battleground of the two great states, India and China. It would be a pity if the people of Sikkim were to suffer from a quarrel that is not of their making.

SARAH JORDAN, *Upper V.*

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A BURGLARY (A True Story)

I shall always remember this holiday in London as being one of the most exciting weeks of my life. My sister Ruth, and the other two joint-owners of a small basement in a side street in Victoria, had taken me to the Scala Theatre to see in the afternoon "L'enfant Prodigue," and in the evening "Peer Gynt." The evening performance was most exciting, and, at eleven o'clock, we walked two miles through the brightly lighted streets back to the flat, all eagerly discussing the Planetarium which we were to visit on the following day.

Then at last we reached the flat, and while I set the table, my dreamy and absent minded sister made the coffee. Anne, one of my sister's friends, suggested that we listened to the long playing record of "My Fair Lady." She switched on the light, and then we heard a cry. We all rushed in and then stopped dead. My heart missed a beat. Where was the new record player which we had left under the window on the table? David, one of many visitors to the flat, ran down the steps at that moment and was alarmed to hear the dismayed cries coming from the bedroom. We had entered the bedroom and what a sight it was. Jewel boxes were thrown empty on the beds. Pearls and brooches had been thrown cruelly to the floor, and the contents of the drawers were tipped out and the money taken.

Anne burst into tears and sat on the edge of the bed rocking disconsolately to and fro. David ran quickly up the stairs to the nearest phone box, and my sister paced up and down the room angrily muttering threats under her breath. I ran into the kitchen to see if my sister, when making the coffee, had failed to see any damage. There, on the table was the padlock from the gas meter, and the neat filings surrounding it. Ruth had actually been making the coffee on that same table, and had failed to notice it. David then returned, having called the police, and, being a medical student at Guy's Hospital, made warm, weak cups of tea.

Two surly policemen arrived, took a list of what had been stolen, and said, voicing what they say daily "We'll do our best, but we can't promise that you'll get anything back. We'll send some C.I.D.'s along."

After a sleepless night, I got up at six o'clock, and tried to read "The Wind in the Willows," but it was to no avail. The C.I.D.'s came and went, leaving us with a discontented feeling.

Although they promised to find the stolen articles, we have never seen them since.

H. JONES, *Upper IV.*

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DREAM

With a snap she fastened the long graceful skis to her feet and looking upwards started the journey to the top. Slowly at first the wooden blades cut sharply into the soft snow, following the tracks of those who had gone this way earlier; tracks stretching far into the distance like miniature inverted railway lines. The snow desert twinkled invitingly, silver stars in a milk-white sky, not bleak, for the sun was piercing the azure heaven, filling the crisp air with warmth. As she pressed on to the horizon she saw small stark bushes, which appeared to have struggled through the white mantel, pointing their fingers bravely at the world, to prove their existence. No sound broke the silence. There were few signs of life. Small impressions on the surface showed where a bird had stepped daintily, and where a four-footed animal had taken its exercise.

So the journey continued until the horizon became reality. Here was the world. Sharp topped mountains; needle-headed pines and far below the now snow-covered lake. But she stopped for a minute only. Then like a hawk swooping hungrily on its prey she swooped down, sliding, skimming fleet-footed down, down over the shimmering whiteness; down, down, faster, faster and then through the wood. Naked bushes flanking the hard icy track flashed by; a track twisting snakishly through trees and out again. One final bend and the three wooden houses of the village greeted her. She slowed down, now barely gliding over the surface. Someone waved. And while acknowledging this she slipped, overbalancing and tumbled deep into the icy cold. They laughed, she laughed, the world laughed. She had returned to life as one does frantically wakening from a hypnotic yet exhilarating dream. The dream remains a memory.

C.M.F.C., *Upper VI.*

IT'S MORNING IN DORM 6

A blanket of mist shrouds the shaky window and a loud "clang ! clang !" resounds through the silent house and moves the huddled lumpy shapes in their iron beds. A brisk step on the landing ; the door is flung wide—sending a freezing cold draught straight up the bottom of the bed—where you spent the night wrestling with Chaucer or Virgil—and a hearty "Good Morning"—and it's time once more to put your feet on the . . . it was there last night, . . . oh it's under the bed . . . mat, and greet the housemistress and the new day. What a thought !

As the door shuts there is a mad rush for the basin, but as four cannot wash all at once, the first to wash is the first to arrive. However, there is one consolation—you can get back into bed again !

The person at the basin rains curses on the head of some mythical plumber as the tap refuses to produce water, and just as she had got to the other side of the room to get something to stop those pimples rising—a gurgle—a splutter and—whoosh—the tap was turned up to its full capacity and once again the Housemistress will be up to complain of the ever-spreading stain on her "Omo bright" ceiling (Since we have occupied dorm 6 the Housemistress no longer possesses such an "Omo bright" ceiling). The unfortunate, meanwhile, whose chair stands next to the basin, rains curses on the head of the miscreant.

By this time the second bell has gone and suddenly three bodies leap surprisingly nimbly out of bed and just as the bearer of the good-morning wishes breezes into the room, all beds are stripped to the mattress and their occupants are doing the physical jerks to restore the circulation.

Now, as each person washes, the washing-time shortens and as I'm the unfortunate who washes last *always* (not through laziness) I barely have time—but there is always time after breakfast !

When we are in the stage after the tout ensemble a faint thumping is heard in the distance as cook tries to beat some sound out of the rather ancient gong. We pray that it has gone unheard by the Housemistress and it is after we have tried to put blouse, tie, gymslip and girdle on at the same time, that someone comes out with the witty remark "More haste, less speed," which only adds to our frustration. It is fortunate that we are used to such haste and are just about straight when the response to the gong is heard—that ominous "clang ! clang !" and we all crowd round the mirror-s (one is in almost complete darkness and covered with spots !) and pulling a comb roughly

(and I mean roughly) through our curls; there is a rush for the door and tearing down the stairs, we just manage to get in to breakfast before the Housemistress.

The rest of the day is comparatively plain-sailing, and it is so, until once again it's morning in dorm 6.

FELICITY MACKINNON, *Upper V.*

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YACHTING BY NIGHT

"Come and spend my Birthday with me" said my Uncle, breezing into the Rectory one Saturday morning, shattering our peace. So at seventy miles an hour we sped to Poole Harbour and found ourselves looking fearfully into a tiny dinghy, like a toy out of a Christmas cracker, on to which we were invited by my Uncle. How we got my mother seated would take an article in itself! A mathematical problem it was, as one had to tread on an exact spot or else the whole thing would overbalance.

Fifteen minutes' rowing brought us to the yacht proper. Lots had to be done before we could sail that night. This was not a brand new boat with a shining new engine. Not long ago it had a large hole in its keel. It was amazing that it had just returned from Cherbourg safely. It was an old racer, with a deep and heavy keel, thirty-five feet long, and five tons in weight. We thought we had better inspect the engine, before we started, and a good thing we did. A bolt was missing and a steady trickle of water came from a leak in the pipe around it. The weather forecast was happily gale force 3 to 4, dropping to 2.

At 7.0 p.m. we set sail, and the bridge opened up, allowing us through. We were on our way. Screwing up our eyes to observe the various coloured lights which directed us out, we felt like real sailors. At last we were in the open sea. It was dusk, with a starry sky and a rough sea, and my Uncle promised it would take only a short while to reach the Needles. We were sailing opposite Bournemouth's illuminated beaches, and after an hour they were still opposite us, though the lights seemed dimmer. The one and only sea-sick pill was allotted to me. My pride withheld me from saying it made me feel no better.

We were drifting out to sea, but Uncle and his friend seemed quite unperturbed and I had great confidence in them. The sea had become rougher and the boat was leaning to starboard. I felt worse, being drenched by the splashing waves and pushed about from one place to the other, as I was in the way of the rudder. I thought bitterly of the weather forecast, but I was sick

only once and when I felt better I was made one of the crew and did the little tasks which could be left to a beginner. When my Uncle had to change the sail he placed the rudder in my hand and said, "Head for that light." It took a long time to get the knack of it, and that the boat turned left when the rudder was put on the right and vice-versa. It if had not been dark I should have written it down on a piece of paper to refer to. The boat zig-zagged in my experiments and we were heading for the south of the Isle of Wight, instead of the north. So we were compelled to tack. The mains'l, being faulty, was like a bag, collecting wind in it, instead of being straight and stiff and letting it bounce off. The sea was becoming rougher, so this was a difficult operation. But I was quite happy. It was wonderful not feeling sick, and nothing else mattered, not even the prospect of being shattered on the Needles, or being driven out to sea. "What happens if we sink?" called out my mother. "Jump into the water, pump up your life jackets, (of which there were only two, lying unused in the cabin) and get into the dinghy," which the boat was towing. "Then we wait in it, and cut the towrope if we think the boat's really going to sink." "Well, I hope the yacht will wait for you. What happens if the oars have gone?" she asked. "Oh, use your initiative. Paddle with your hands," Uncle replied. Practical advice? I dreaded the thought.

We seemed to be making no headway, and how I envied a lovely yacht which suddenly and swiftly sailed past us, like a phantom boat, with the sails reflecting an eerie green light, leaving its wake of sea water full of phosphorescent sparks, a picture I shall never forget.

It was nearly two when we reached the Needles, since we made no progress on account of the mains'l. The sea was surprisingly rough for the Solent and the 'bilge' was filled with water which was already above the floorboards. We decided to start up the engine. Fumes filled the cabin, forcing my mother up out of it. "This reminds me exactly of being in a runaway trap" was her first remark. The engine was forcing the yacht against the wind and current which made it thrash the waves and jump up and down like a frightened horse, rearing.

I felt as stiff as a board and my eyes kept closing. So did those of Uncle's friend. But we never quite reached the point of sleep as Uncle immediately pounced on us, using most unflattering language about teenagers.

I cannot remember much about that part of the voyage as I was too cold and sleepy, but I do remember how tremendously pleased I was to see Yarmouth Harbour's lights flashing. We had not proposed to anchor there, but as it was nearly 6.0 a.m. we felt

we did, after all; need some sleep. After baling out and tidying up, dawn was just breaking and it was very beautiful to watch it, and to see the other yacht owners, stirring from their sleep to prepare for another day's sailing. I felt wide awake and refused to go to bed until I had had breakfast. This annoyed the others very much, but the smell of bacon and eggs soon made them feel differently.

After four hours' sleep we had lunch on the decks. The day was very warm for late September and we were in high spirits. On this quiet sea I learned how to steer in the correct way and to check courses. We were doing one knot per hour as there was hardly a breeze. Steering therefore was not difficult. I sunbathed with my legs over the sides of the boat. We saw binoculars trained on us from one magnificent yacht, so we retaliated with our own one and only pair. We were becalmed and just drifted idly and happily past Beaulieu River. But when we saw it was gone four o'clock, we turned on the engine and chugged into Southampton and up the river Hamble. It was eight o'clock and we anchored and got to the river banks by the flimsy cockleshell dinghy, with great trepidation. The dark added to our troubles, and we only just avoided crashing into a buoy and getting tangled up in the ropes of other boats.

"Now can you tell me" I inquired of my Uncle "Why, when you said we should be back in Shaftesbury at 6 o'clock, in time for a cosy supper, did we arrive back nine hours later at three in the morning?" "Well," retaliated Uncle, "What did you expect?—with a couple of Jonahs aboard, it's a wonder we've returned at all."

A. HORLOCK JONES, *Upper VI.*

* * *

TINTERN ABBEY

"The sounding cataract haunted me like a passion: the tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood."

Wordsworth.

Just as Wordsworth revelled in the glorious scenery and peace of Tintern Abbey, so did I, not very long ago. The day was dull and the road wound up and up, then coasted along a steep mountain slope, thickly wooded with magnificent beeches. At the bottom of the slope the river Wye bounded over its rocky bed, forming small waterfalls as it cut through the muddy rock. Then, at what seemed the end of the valley, the gaunt outline of Tintern Abbey loomed up. The stillness and the peace were unimagineable.

The slim grey arches soared towards the dull sky against the dark background of trees and mountain. On this site three abbeys in succession grew up, the earliest dating from 1131. Large portions of each period have been preserved, each with its own particular interest. There are the walls of the friar's kitchen, the monk's frater, the infirmary and the corridors leading to each. The most imposing part of the Abbey is the long aisle with massive arches, a hundred or more feet high, at each end. The interior alone gives an impression of space and dignity, the whole being overlaid with a serene peace, only broken by the squawk of a jackdaw and the muffled murmurs of sightseers.

My visit was not long enough to discover all that I should like to have done. As we drove back up the winding road and looked back on the Abbey, I felt a little of the same peace of mind that Wordsworth felt. So my pilgrimage ended as I caught my last glimpse of the Abbey, its walls towering to the sky, shrouded in peace and serenity.

PENNY WELLS, *Upper VI.*

* * *

Water

Adam invented it, in the year * ,
And called it his 'Ale,' though of course it was not ;
Noah and that lot had quite cause enough
To become sick and tired of the sight of the stuff.
The Greeks had a word for it—little they knew
That in 2,000 years, we'd be using it too !
And Caesar could never have sailed to Britain,
If Britain were nothing but just one more bit on
The land-mass of Europe, and somewhere called Suez
Would not have existed. Yet this, although true, is
Not quite the main point of our programme tonight . . .
We've invented a product called New Hydrobrite,
And easier wash-days, without any fuss,
Will now become poss., thanks to H 20 plus !
By hydractic sub-fusion, two H and one O.
Will combine with the new Tetra phenylchloro
Sodiacetate-calci magnomium-sulphite
For a wash that is whiter than whiter than white !

M. NORRIS, *Upper VI.*

Typical Teenager

May I introduce myself
as a typical teenager ?
What exactly that implies,
No one really clarifies,
But I've branded shoes and clothes,
Could be a mother's, special hose ;
Rest assured,
I am a typical teenager.

Psychologically speaking
I've a very special complex.
Does it mean that I'm a mess ?
It's anybody's guess ;
But I'm told that I throw knives,
And frequent the lowest dives,
That's because
I have a very special complex.

I am absolutely new,
Nothing like me here before.
And let the fact be known,
There are plenty more to come ;
Upbringing's nationalized,
That's why
there's plenty more of us to come.

Adolescence, (Pimples, Quarrels)
is such an awkward age you know.
Six years I have to stay,
Just branded in this way ;
One moment they condemn,
Then, " Society's to blame,"
Yet the likeness to my mother
is remarkable you know.

A.M., Lower VI.

The Kill

Transfixed, I gazed high in the air,
Watching a shadow hovering there.
Beneath the shadow, far below,
A baby rabbit in the snow.
This tiny, fragile, fluffy ball

Was, in Nature's hands, to fall.
The shadow, menacing and near
Filled me with uncanny fear ;
Paralysed, I watched it dive
Swift and cruel, a bomb alive ;
I turned away, but heard the shriek,
The silent scurry, strong against weak,
The beating wings, the flight away ;
A small event in Nature's day.

HEATHER COLYER, *Lower VI.*

Smoke

The woodsmoke twists and soars,
Like a seabird.
Floating phantom feathers of blue haze
Drift lazily down again.
The fire awakens, opening two burning eyes
Fringed with lashes of blackened grass ;
It stirs and breathes out ;
A column of flame bursts upwards,
Crackling,
And the smoke, swirling softly,
Suddenly soars, like an arrow,
Straight upwards,
Twisting, turning, climbing,
Then floats down, fairy-like, mistily,
Like a seabird.

JENNIFER COBLEY, *Lower VI.*

Autumn

Autumn comes,
Midas-like, laying a robe of gold
At Nature's feet.
In the golden silence
A leaf falls,
A rustle in the fiery stillness ;
Suddenly a spark leaps,
And a sun-red squirrel
Bounds from gilded branch
To russet floor.
It sits there shimmering
A study in red and gold.

JENNIFER COBLEY, *Lower VI.*

A New Year Resolution

I would not like us to discover
Whether on planets there are other
Men, who like ourselves are eager
To get there first, and so beleaguer
All the praises for their land,
And think their power would then expand
When, money that they waste in space
Could benefit this earthly race.
So in the coming year I'd like
To see a national nuclear strike.
This would be the best thing science
Could ever do, to make alliance
With other countries, far and near.
So, cross your fingers for, Next Year.

Helen BROWN, *Upper V.*

The Retreat from Moscow

This glistening blanket, infinite and white,
Stretches far through the blindly whirling mass.
Like bullets—bullets from an unseen army,
They fly to conquer one more army yet.

The frozen files trudge on,
And those who have the strength to march no more
Lag until at last, with one final prayer,
They fall, and are buried in the foggy, cruel night.

No word passes though those mutilated ranks.
They cannot smile. They only can march on,
Keep marching back to home where they would be
Embraced by love and comfort, were they not here.

The huddled figures, some double-bent with pain,
Some leaning on another's weary back,
Are raw with cold and hunger, ruthless, keen
Which pursues them through the fathomless dark.

The shrieking wind laughs loud as in its path
The regiments stumble and die, are buried and gone.
The decrepid handful that at last reaches home
Are all that fate has left of this campaign.

ERICA SELIGMAN, *Upper IV.*

The Wood on Carling Hill

There is a Wood on Carling Hill,
The trees are strong and old,
Where old owls hoot and mice are still.
When sudden death takes hold.

There is a Wood on Carling Hill,
The trees are weak and young,
Where vixens wish the hunters ill,
And hear the hounds give tongue.

There is a Wood on Carling Hill,
The ferns are brown and dead,
Where badgers search to eat their fill,
And walk with slow, soft tread.

JOAN TRUSTRUM, *Upper IV.*

The Wind

The green summer radiance turns slowly to brown,
The old weathered leaves come tumbling down,
Floating, and twisting to their death-bed they go,
To wait for the winter ; the ice and the snow.

'Tis the autumn wind with its powerful breath
Which causes these leaves to fall to their death.
It comes with its howling and growling roar,
To scatter the leaves o'er nature's floor.

But its fearful force, and matchless might,
Is soon lost ; and in the still, silent night,
The sound of the snow settling deep,
Brings peace and long awaited sleep.

MOLLIE MOORES, *Lower IVa.*

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee, 1959

<i>Chairman</i>					Miss Dunford
<i>Secretary</i>					Mrs. Pile
<i>Treasurer</i>					Mr. Head
<i>Staff Representatives</i>					Miss Woods
					Miss Brewington
					Miss Matthews
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>					Mr. Harcourt- Brookes
					Mrs. Cole
					Mrs. Perkins
					Mr. Jackson
					Mrs. Bateman
<i>Representative on the Governing Body</i>					Mr. Brayford

The Spring meeting of the Parents' Association was held this year on Wednesday, March 4th. As a speaker Miss Dunford introduced Mr. Trustram, the Principal of the Salisbury College of Further Education. He told us a great deal about the College which was of considerable interest. Few of us had any idea it was such a large concern, or that it equipped boys and girls for so many different careers. In 1958 the College had over 3,500 students, and offered some 350 different courses. Parents had an opportunity to ask questions after Mr. Trustram's talk, and then we had the usual refreshments and chat.

On the 6th of May the Summer meeting started in the Stalbridge Hut, where the girls entertained the parents with a concert. Under the direction of Miss Drake there was singing, choral speaking, violin and recorder solos. The whole thing was much enjoyed, and the parents greatly appreciated the organisation and effort which went to make a very pleasant evening. After the concert we adjourned to the School for a very brief business meeting and refreshments.

Travel Broadens The Mind ?

"The point is—" began our daughter, and I reflected on the strangeness of vogue in speech. Each term, we find, there is some new phrase running through all conversation and rivalling the haunting tune of the latest popular song. We feel quite sure it does not form part of the English taught, any more than the bewildering breathless rate of schoolgirl chatter.

Out of the spate of words I gathered that if our daughter were to be of the party to travel abroad, we had to decide now. It was a long time ahead, and our point was whether by that time for the first time in our experience our balance would bear the strain.

Of course we wished her to go—we know as well as any how improving it is to travel—and perhaps secretly we hoped this might happen again.

We discussed it (my wife and I) going through all the reasons why we couldn't afford it this time (as though we could at any other) and then coming to the point each had really started from—'It is a golden opportunity for widening her outlook.'

So she went, we naturally looking for the signs of an expanding mind. The first Post Card (we should have known) was meagre, recording the fact of safe arrival followed by the news that all had been horribly sick. This was soon followed by a letter chiefly telling of the enormous quantities of cream forming the staple diet of the people of the country, while in between meals they were kept going by icecreams, themselves topped by more cream.

As the days went by we at home were treated to further details of the idyllic life lived by this wonderful people, where it seems the Prime Minister entertains to tea at least the girls of our School.

Later the return—when we learned there are 'marvellous' shops to be seen in that land, besides more 'marvellous' shops in the neighbouring country which can be seen across the sea channel between.

And, the point is, by all means let your daughter go, but do not look for expansion of *mind* as a result. At any rate you will learn not to expect too much for your money.

D.O.G.

Tomorrow . . . and Tomorrow

The wind had heaped the leaves into a thick carpet at the camp entrance, and Dimitri, as he turned off the road to enter the gateway, shuffled noisily through their shrivelled crispness, setting them whirling round his legs in the keen breeze.

How often had the Autumn litter blown about his feet when passing in or out? How many times had a new hope been born with the bursting green of Spring, a hope that when again he scattered the dust and leaves to the wind, he would be elsewhere ;

he would have become a someone, a person, a real person living, yes, living somewhere ?

How many times had the hope died on this untidy piece of roadway ? He hardly remembered.

He looked back along the road, used by ordinary folk, a road leading to a town, an average town of shops, traffic, houses and people.

Shops ; traffic ; houses ; . . . work, yes, work to do, responsibility, some kind of dignity and independence, friends, homes and families ; joys and sorrows of others, a community that he could see and hear, and walk about in like some earthbound spirit whom no-one saw or heard, but for him a fabulous unreality, a symbol of the whole outer world of unreality to which he did not belong ; could not belong ; anywhere.

How long—he tried to think—how long had this been ? How long had minds, bodies, and buildings rotted together amid the peeling plaster and the poverty ? Did it matter ?

Others had come and gone. The young ones and the fit ones, some of his friends. Who would make a place for middle age, who employ again those hands that once were skilled, who give him the work that might once more make of this nonentity, a man ?

Moving down the cobbled road to his "Block," he was startled to notice, as though for the first time, the sturdy trunks that had been little more than saplings when he first came.

Then there had been hope, energy, feeling ; even fun, laughter and joy. There had been tragedy too. Now, what was feeling. What was hope, what despair, anything ; what was he among the thousands who no longer belonged, no longer counted, no longer seemed to be at all.

The wind blew gustily round the barrack "block," whirling the leaves into little heaps on the steps and into the bare entrance hall.

Perhaps, after all he might, next Spring, see the bursting buds on other trees ; might sweep the Autumn litter from another road, even, perhaps, from his own front doorstep somewhere. Even tomorrow the long hoped-for letter might be his. Perhaps tomorrow, or the next day, or the next . . .

The Proposed Borstal School Near Shaftesbury

My group of parishes joins, at one point, the parish where it is proposed to establish a Borstal School. Because of this I can claim to be an "interested person."

It is easy to understand the reaction which this proposal has aroused in the minds of many people in the district. What needs to be stated is the proper attitude all Christian folk should take. Let me state what I believe to be the Christian and charitable case.

In the first place, what is a Borstal School? Not many years ago, young offenders were sent to prisons, where they lived in close community with criminals and what are called "hardened offenders." The effect on those lads may well be imagined. They came out well-versed in criminal ways and with a deep-rooted hatred of society. Prison was the only alternative and society's admission of defeat.

The Borstal system was started by Christian men and women so that these lads could not only have another chance but so that they might have some positive and practical and humane training. Training in character and vocation. I was for a short time a temporary chaplain in one of the largest Penitentiaries (prisons) in Canada. Like all prisons nowadays, it was terribly crowded. Two or three shut up together in a cell from four o'clock in the afternoon until early the next morning. Many had to sleep on beds along the corridors outside the cells. There were then no Borstals in Canada and those boys (for many were no more than boys) shared this horrible existence with life-sentence and long-term criminals. The effect on these lads I found most shocking. The two sons of my Bishop (Rocksborough Smith of Algoma) determined (with others) to do something about it and gave up careers of great promise to come to England to study the Borstal way of treating young offenders. Having done so, they went back and have been able to persuade the Canadian Government to set up Borstals on the English pattern.

It is the essence of the Borstal schools that they be set up away from the old prisons. From what I knew of the Camp at Guy's Marsh during the war (as a Service Chaplain) and afterwards, I should say that it could be well adapted to its new purpose. If these lads come here there will be many opportunities for all of us to help in the splendid work *which will be done for us all and in our name* for they are part of us and children of God.

The real fear, at the back of the minds of those who do not wish to have a Borstal here, is the problem of the occasional lad who may make a dash for liberty. It is well to face this and to realise that the fear is not well-founded. A boy anxious to return home—perhaps tortured by anxiety about those he cares for—will rarely draw attention to himself in his efforts to get away. When he is cold and wet and hungry and disillusioned he is often only too glad to walk into the nearest police station and give himself up.

Secondly, who are these "Borstal boys" who so alarm some good citizens? They are boys who often come from poor homes. They are the children of broken homes. They are often the children of divorced parents and so deprived in childhood of security, affection and real home roots. They can be the children of lazy parents who have delegated their duty towards their children to other people. They are, all too often, children with no religious background or teaching. They are lads who have been allowed to roam the streets in the evenings and so mix with evil companions. We, as a Christian country, have not much cared. The comparatively small support we give to Youth Movements; Clubs; Scouts; Guides is the measure of our disinterest. The Borstal system works; we hear but little of its great successes in reclaiming young lives. Many in the last war laid down these same young lives for their country and for those who had failed them "in the time of their greatest need."

So where is our duty in this matter? A Voice from the Palestinian hills comes echoing to us down the time: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." *Perfect love casteth out fear, for fear hath torment.*

RICHARD MARTIN TAYLOR,

(Sometime Missionary in the Canadian backwoods. Sometime Chaplain R.A.F. Now Rector of Iwerne Courtney or Shroton; Child Okeford and Hanford with Iwerne Stepleton).

Notes on the proposal to establish an Open Borstal at Guy's Marsh

Whether or not the proposed Open Borstal is set up at Guy's Marsh it is of the utmost importance for each one of us to form an opinion on this matter.

There is little doubt that greater personal liberty involves the risk of abuse of that liberty, and we are constantly reading of outbursts of lawlessness and violence not only in our large cities but in every part of the country.

It is not surprising therefore that the population of Borstals for males has risen in the last 2½ years from 2,300 to 4,300 and that this rise is likely to continue. The Prison Commissioners have therefore decided, in addition to other provisions, to set up four more Open Borstals for males to meet the present and future demands.

Shaftesbury has been chosen for one of these new establishments because at Guy's Marsh a camp is already in existence which is entirely suitable in size of ground and lay-out, and could be adapted at one third of the cost of putting up new buildings.

It is reasonably near a small town where contacts with local tradesmen and teachers (for possible help in training the inmates) can be made, where most of the perishable supplies for the Institution can be bought, and where the Staff and their wives can do personal shopping, and where, finally, their children can attend school.

An Open Borstal for males provides a personal training, for a period from 9 months to 3 years, by a carefully selected staff in skilled trades and education in its widest sense for youths of 17-21. They have been before the courts for offences against the law on more than one occasion, but youths who are sent to Open Borstals are selected from delinquents who are guilty of lighter crimes of petty larceny and the like and in no case would youths who have committed crimes of violence or sexual offences be included.

The training aims at re-fitting the youths to take their place in normal society and the result has proved well worth while : 50 per cent of these youths have turned out to be respectable members of the community.

The proportion of Staff to youths indicates that the training is really personal and undertaken with the utmost care. For a unit of 250 youths in an Open Borstal there would be a staff of 55, practically all of whom would be married men with families living on the estate.

With these facts in mind I think the fears of residents in the near locality can be considerably minimised : for it is obvious that the Staff of these Open Borstals are fully alive to the danger of youths absconding, and are experienced in dealing with such cases promptly and efficiently. Some risk there must be, but residents of Shaftesbury have suffered already in quite a few cases from the loose and tough behaviour of some of the local youths who are free from control, whereas the young men in an Open Borstal are very definitely controlled and supervised.

These youths are to a certain extent our national responsibility—in a way our Refugees. It seems to me, therefore, that we have no right to refuse them a chance of becoming decent citizens.

L.E.M.

Am I My Brother's Keeper ?

“ An Open Borstal at Margaret's Marsh ? Why pick on us ? We don't want our wives and children frightened by escaped convicts. They ought to build a proper place somewhere. Make

it hot for them, young thugs, not put them down in the middle of a decent law abiding community."

"They ought," or we ought, as "they" are really we!

The responsibility for the inmates of a Borstal belongs to the community at large. It isn't a problem for a mythical "They." Who goes to Borstal and why? What happens to its inmates there and after they leave?

Life has played the modern Borstal Boy a scurvy trick, just as it did those of a previous generation. The war, and Father away, Mum worried stiff, or worse not worried at all, air raid shelters, overcrowded, understaffed schools. "Poor little kids, let them have a bit of fun can't you?" Sweets for the children, extra clothing coupons, free meals, milk and orange juice. Small wonder they grew up self-centred little horrors, our precious rising generation. Dad came home, evacuees came home and they no longer fitted into the jig-saw puzzle that makes home. Many schools went in for free discipline and self-expression. T.V. and wireless invited little Willie's opinion on adult life, amusements, the upbringing of children, church. Papers wrote about him. He read it, lapped it up. "An' wot do I get out of it?" said Willie. The adult world apologised and tried to make life more attractive. Willie smirked, slouched off and tried to get still more out of it. Granny Smith was in the way so he coshed her and in time was sent to Borstal.

Poor stupid little Willie and all the other little Willies! Take a deep breath, count ten and don't say, "Ungrateful little devils look at them; the whole country paying for them, running round after them, doing for them. What sympathy do their victims get?" Pause a moment. Whose fault? Yours and mine, for our part in encouraging them to think themselves of paramount importance. Till a man proves himself, he is not entitled to honour.

Our youth has grown up pampered and adored because we were so anxious that they should have the best. Bring back, no not the birch necessarily, but a little of the old common sense for which we were once noted. Start at the very beginning with the old nursery adage, "Speak when you're spoken to,

Come when you're called,
Close the door after you,
Do what you're told."

It isn't a bad beginning in the lesson of relations with one's elders and betters. Honest hard work even if the job is dull. "A finished job," whenever we start one at home or at school. Narrow the over burdened school curriculum, lessening the undue

emphasis on crafts, games, make-up classes, and the hundred and one other subjects that kindly souls would thrust upon the school. Return to the discipline of work well done, the boring humdrum putting down of roots in one's environment. We don't put down home roots by spending every night of the week at a club, every holiday abroad. Youth is greedy for variety and if every pleasure is experienced before leaving one's teens how can the ensuing vacuum be filled? So much of modern education is really devoted to leisure occupations and youth leaders are hard put to it when trying to find something fresh for the club members to do.

Do let us abolish the 11th Commandment. "Thou shalt not work," which bedevils the active and resourceful child. A Grammar School child coming home to an hour or more's prep, has not time for extra work as well. The Modern School youth on the other hand usually has from 4 till 10 p.m. in which to idle. The law says he may not be employed. Far better that he should earn the extras he wants, than that Mum should go out to work leaving him to return to an empty house or a weary, cross Mum trying to tidy up and get the tea before Dad comes in. In our anxiety to protect youth from exploitation we have deprived it of its greatest safeguard, a scarcity of free time.

Borstal—Where does that come in? Having aided and abetted a youth in reaching Borstal should we hamper him still further by refusing him a habitation? Of course we don't want a Borstal anywhere in Dorset, or any other part of Britain for that matter. But if we have created Borstal Boys, let us use any available buildings to house and train them to be useful and law abiding citizens. The peace and beauty of the countryside may well play a very big part in the rehabilitation of the young criminal. He may scoff and sneer but beauty has its own way of finding a place in the heart of man, even if he will not admit it. Crime brings its own punishment of segregation and complete loss of freedom. Need we be vindictive and prolong that punishment? The lads we would refuse to have in our midst, could have been our own children, had we been forced to bring them up in less favourable surroundings and conditions. Are we to kill the germ of good being so carefully nursed by the Borstal Officers and refuse them the buildings in which to do their work?

Are we not "Our brothers' keeper?"

M.E.C.

* * *

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee, 1959/60

<i>President</i>		Miss M. K. Dunford
<i>Vice-President</i>		Mrs. N. Raad
<i>Secretaries</i>		G. Hussey (<i>nee</i> Woodman)
		A. Rawson
<i>Treasurer</i>		J. Hall (<i>nee</i> 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>nee</i> Clarke)

The Fifth Old Girls' London Reunion March 7th, 1959

Going home in the train after this year's London reunion, I thought about reunions in general, and this one in particular. What makes those who have shared an experience seek to re-establish contact several, perhaps many, years later? Why do some return regularly each year? What makes them travel some distance for a three-hour meeting, in unfamiliar surroundings, perhaps seeing few people with whom they shared their experience directly?

I suppose we all have the same kinds of memories of our school-days at Shaftesbury. Memories of our first day; memories of taking part in some special event (the Carol Service, perhaps, or the School Play); memories particularly of those rare, unforgettable moments when suddenly, in an apparently ordinary lesson 'something' revealed itself, illuminating gloriously what little knowledge we already had.

We go to reunions, surely, in the hope of re-capturing the spirit of School, which makes our memories of it so cherished. It really didn't matter, I found, that there were no other old girls of my year. The fact that we were all old girls of Shaftesbury High School made us inseparably linked, whether we had left school recently or many years ago. To hear one of the oldest 'girls' present say to Miss Drake: "You haven't changed at all since I was at school!" epitomised for me the whole charm of reunions. It is because the people we knew 'haven't changed at all,' whether they are staff or old girls, that there can be a real feeling of reuniting whenever we meet together.

After these rather general reflections, perhaps I should end by saying that this year's reunion, at the Y.M.C.A. in Baker Street, was just as enjoyable as usual, and there were more old girls present than might have been expected, after the extra-special reunion last year.

How good it is of Miss Dunford and the staff to give up a Saturday of term to travel up to London and so add so much to the pleasure of our reunions each year !

ELIZABETH (JEAN) PRATT, (*nee Nathan.*)

O.G.A. Summer Meeting, July 4th, 1959

This was a memorable meeting because 75 members were present. This is the largest number of Old Girls at a Re-union ever recorded.

It was a beautiful summer evening and it was a pleasure to sit and watch the Tennis Match at the Wincombe Lane Field especially as the Old Girls won by 89 games to 63. When the match was over we sauntered along to Barton Hill House where, for the first time for many years, we were able to have our buffet supper in the garden on the lawn outside the french windows. As usual the Supper Committee rose to the occasion magnificently.

For the short business meeting we moved over to the lawn beyond the lily pond on which the sun was still shining. Miss Dunford welcomed the members and said how glad we were to have Mr. and Mrs. Raad with us again. She gave apologies from a number of Old Girls and then gave us news of Old Girls and the present school.

The financial position of the O.G.A. was reviewed because of the rising cost of magazines and postages. The Supper Committee announced that they hoped to arrange a Coffee Morning on July 30th, from 10.30 until 11.30 a.m. to raise money for our funds. It was agreed unanimously that in future there should be fixed dates for O.G. meetings ; the first Saturday in July for the Summer Meeting and the first Saturday in November for the Dinner.

The meeting was due to end at 9 p.m. but for some time after that groups of O.G. were still wandering round the garden. We were sorry to bring such a wonderful evening to an end.

Close-Up On Old Girls' Reunion, 1959

" This is the B.B.C. Television Service—we now go over and join our outside broadcast cameras at Shaftesbury High School.

in Dorset, where the Old Girls' Association is holding its annual reunion."

I wonder what sort of effect it would have had on the five million viewers, the country over, if television cameras had joined us on that Saturday evening—7th November. Would we have been able to project to them, over maybe a thousand miles of cable and wire, the joy and warmth of feeling we shared in being together again after many months or even years of parting? Faces unknown to us smiled as if to say "It's lovely to see you here." Voices, unheard before, murmured greetings. It seemed as though the scattered members of one large family had returned from their wanderings, to gather together under one roof and share experiences.

There was a chill autumn breeze scurrying through the ancient beeches as I made my way to Sunridge that Saturday evening. From outside I could catch the sounds of muffled laughter escaping from behind the curtained windows.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" That over-worn phrase certainly came in useful during those few hours. One doesn't always realise how one clings on to a picture of a freckled, bespectacled creature in short tunic tied with stringy girdle—labelled "My School Friend." This delightful memory is all too often shattered when one is confronted by a willowy young lady, impeccably dressed and made-up, flaunting a sparkling diamond on the third finger of her left hand, who has the audacity to claim the same identity.

How wonderful it was to see so many of staff gathered to greet us. The rooms of Sunridge seemed full to overflowing as, with delighted cries of recognition, we made our way to the dining hall at 7 o'clock. To say that we didn't feel a little apprehensive about holding the dinner at school would not be true; but, as we entered that hall, so full of memories for all of us, every doubt fell away. We stood in the flickering candle-light, while grace was said, and I was transported back to my days of "first and second lunches, summoned by six bells"; the arranging of the flowers in the wall vases; the serving of Monday's stew so that there would be enough for me when six eager third form mouths had been satisfied!

No word other than "superb" can describe that turkey dinner. After a lazy day resting by the fireside, some consciences must have felt a pang, at the thought of all the hours of work behind that expert service provided by the present sixth form boarders. They bore down on us from every conceivable angle, laden with luscious turkey, vegetables and sauces, fruit flans and

cheeses, and, as the King of Siam would have said—etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

As the noise of the chatter reached its zenith, I had the greatest desire to reach for an imaginary bell and call out in stentorian tones, "What a disgraceful noise—we will have complete silence until the end of the meal!" Perhaps the reaction would have been one of astounded silence, or more probably of indignant refusal.

"Coffee and speeches" was the next on the agenda. A roaring fire was awaiting us in the school hall. (How I used to wish during my days there, that someone would do *something* about those dark green doors—too bad that I am no longer there to appreciate the new decor.)

Despite the extensive interest in the speakers' words, I won't pretend that it wasn't difficult not to risk a whispered word of gossip between their breaths. Memories were stirred as we toasted the present school and the O.G.A. :

"Do you remember that day in III M when"

"I'll never forget that day in the gym when"

We were all so pleased that Mrs. Raad could be with us this year—so obviously proud of how her old school is progressing year by year, and how "her girls" are faring in the world outside.

Next came news of the present school; greatly awaited tales of the proposed new domestic science department; the growth in numbers of the sixth form; the G.C.E. results; the battle for the House Cup. News too of our oldest old girl, Miss May Short who still so obviously clings happily to the memories of her school days long before most of us were even born.

A proposal to have a buffet supper in the school hall next year was enthusiastically received; let us hope that some of the members now scattered far and wide over the globe will be able to join us on that occasion.

Ruth Jones gave us a delightful account of her experiences as a "fully fledged" teacher in somewhat unusual surroundings in London, and Grace Coombs' description of life in Singapore was received with deep interest.

Our coffee cold but our spirits high, we chatted on while some of us took the opportunity of seeing the newest reel of our school film.

Yes, I am certain that our delight in being together again would have come over clearly on the countrys' television screens, despite the many miles of cable and wire. A collection of eighty-three "old girls" might sound a little overwhelming, however,

to an Outside Broadcasting organiser—perhaps the subject should be broached more than a little tactfully !

November 7th was a very appropriate day for our Reunion. It was during the week of remembrance for those who died, never to be forgotten, in the two World Wars. We are now living in a world where the words " Communism," " Atomic Warfare " and " Revolution " are an accepted part of our vocabulary from a very early age—a world where the opportunity of a Christian up-bringing and schooling is indispensable if we are to play our part on God's earth in this twentieth century. That is why, when we join together on such an occasion as our " Old Girls' Reunion," realisation comes to all of us of the good fortune which was with us, the day we joined " our school " as it will always be known to us.

Who knows—perhaps in twenty years or more, some of us may be venturing further afield than India or Singapore—perhaps Mars or Venus will be our objective. Wherever we may be, let us hope that the " ram jets " will carry us in safely past the " ray guns " of the hostile Martians, and back to the " school house on the hill " for our 1984 Reunion !

HILARY JONES.

Former Members of Staff

Mrs. LAWSON (*nee* Newton) moved from Charmouth to Swanage in November when her husband was appointed the Congregational Minister there.

Miss L. ROBSON is enjoying teaching Geography in the Harari Secondary School for Africans in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

Engagements

Elizabeth Brooks to Arthur Patience
Patricia Hayter to John Mills
Anne Johnson to Richard Piko
Shirley McLeod to Edward Cox
Janet Moores to Anthony Davison
Bridget Salisbury to Edgar Buckland
Janet Williams to Brian Abbott

Marriages

Christine Alford to Malcolm Kennedy
Shirley Andrews to Duncan Byrne
Lesley Bennett to George Fuller
Jill Cardnell to ???? Frith
Wendy Case to Michael Daniels
Margaret Cole to Denis Johnson
Janet Cox to John Kenny
Jean Drew to Paul Hall
Dorothy Dunford to William Whitehead

Rachel Mary Dunning to Wilfred Price
 Mary Gibbs to Dennis Hannam
 Margaret Gray to Geoffrey Saunders
 Mary Green to ????? Hayward
 Adrienne Lawrence to Bernard Howell
 Barbara Lowen to John Stuart Williams
 Rita Mullins to George Taylor
 May Padfield to Antel Kassai
 Judy Peel to Tony Allum
 Ruth Phillips to Alex Richardson
 Doreen Pitman to Baden Lalande
 Christine Pitt to Norman Coward
 Margaret Roso to R. H. Millbank
 Jennifer Stokes to Derek Gardner
 Rosemary Tyler to Michael Pierpoint
 Brenda White to Harry Cole

Births

Rosemary Arnold (*née* Matthews), a son, Raymond Edward (U.S.A.)
 Sonia Barter (*née* Sidford), a daughter, Kim
 Naomi Carson (*née* Hine), a son, Kelly (New Zealand)
 Rosemary Carter (*née* Morgan), a son, Matthew Gerard John
 Mary Clayton (*née* Perry), a son, Mark
 Pamela Cordery (*née* Mills), a daughter
 Eileen Cullingford (*née* Digby), a daughter
 Jean Day (*née* Blake), a son, Michael
 Mollie Foote (*née* Wilson), a son, Lindsay Russell
 Joy Gamblen (*née* Godfrey), a son, Stephen John
 Mary Gultmann (*née* Hiscock), a son
 Joyce Hiscock (*née* Garrett), a son, Randolph (by adoption)
 Rita Hookins (*née* Jacobs), a daughter, Susan
 Diana Hunt (*née* Blandford), a daughter, Carol Jane
 Christine Kennedy (*née* Alford), a daughter, Carolyn Ruth (Cyprus)
 Janet Kenny (*née* Cox), a son
 Brenda Macey (*née* Bracher), a son
 Joan Peel (*née* Dicker), a daughter, Lesley Theresa
 June Postans (*née* Lillington), a son, Clive
 Marion Savage (*née* Bright), a daughter, Anita Ruth
 Eileen Seddon (*née* Coombs), a daughter, Joanne
 Mary Skinner (*née* Gillings), a daughter, Carolyn (U.S.A.)
 Marion Tozer (*née* Coombs), a son, Bruce Austin James
 Judy Tucker (*née* Hatherley), a son, Julian Peter
 Hazel West (*née* Clarke), a daughter, Pamela

Death

Annie James (*née* Norton). Our Oldest Old Girl has died this year at the age of 92. She came to school in 1870, first as a day-girl and later as a boarder. Right to the end of her life she retained a keen interest in the School and its activities.

CHRISTINE ALFORD (1955) came to our London Re-union before joining her husband in Cyprus.

DAPHNE ALFORD (1953) is teaching at Enmore Green Primary School.

JANET ALNER (1959) is our first Old Girl to become a student nurse at the London Hospital, E.I.

- JILL BAIGENT** (1958). Her family has now moved to Dorchester and, after a year's secretarial training at the Poole College of Further Education, Jill is working at County Hall in the Clerks' Department.
- WENDY BALL** (*née* Colyer) 1956, is in her third year at St. Clare's Hall, Oxford. Her husband has been awarded a Hildebrand Harnsworth Senior Scholarship and is now working for two years for the Diploma of Comparative Philology.
- JEAN BRAIN** (1957) is at the Palantype College, Holborn, London, training as a Stenotypist.
- JANE BRAYFORD** (1956) did very well at her final examination at Berridge House Domestic Science College and is now Matron at St. Mary's School, Gerrard's Cross.
- MARGARET BREEDS** (1959) is enjoying her work at the Parkwood Convalescent Hospital but is looking forward to going on to the Westminster Hospital in London in April, 1960.
- MOLLIE BURDEN** (1952) is working in the Estate Office at Longford Castle and sharing a flat with Ruth in Salisbury.
- CHERRY CASE** (1959) is working at the Yarrow Home at Broadstairs until she is old enough to begin her training at University College Hospital in the Spring of 1960.
- WENDY CASE** (1955) gave up her post at Upminster School, Essex, after a happy first year and is now looking forward to the arrival of her baby.
- MARGARET CHANT** (1959) is enjoying working with Anne Johnson in Mr. John's Furniture shop.
- HEATHER CHEATER** (1957) left the Chiltern Nursery Training College in November and is going to be at home until she goes to London in February for a temporary job.
- SUSAN CLARKE** (1956) is in her third year at Guy's Hospital. She enjoyed the time she spent at the neurosurgical unit at Maudesley Hospital. Her family has now left Shaftesbury and settled in Swanage owing to her father's health.
- HAZEL COLLIER** (1948) has left B.E.A. and is now an Air Hostess with Tradair, a small company operating from Southend.
- ANN COLLIS** (1958) is very happy in her nursing training at the Bath & Wessex Orthopaedic Hospital. She is looking forward to going on to London later.
- GRACE COOMBS** (1949). We were glad to welcome Grace at the O.G. Dinner on her return from Singapore. She is now teaching in an Infants School at Parkstone.
- IVY DEAN** (1956) passed with Honours in the Orthopaedic Final Examination at the Wingfield-Morris Hospital in Oxford and was placed 2nd of all the candidates in England and Wales. She is continuing her nursing training at Guy's Hospital.
- JANET DOBIE** (1959) is enjoying her year of secretarial training at the Poole College of Further Education.
- JESSIE DYKE** now lives at Shepton Mallet and does a good deal of work in connection with the Red Cross. We were glad to see her at the Summer Re-union and she was interested to see the School and the additional buildings.
- CAROL EDERLE** (1959) is taking a two-year Domestic Science Course at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education.
- DAWN FIELD** (1959) is working with the Admiralty in Bath.
- JENNIFER GATEHOUSE** (1959) is taking the two-year pre-nursing course at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education.
- KAREN GODWIN** (1959). Her family has moved to Parkstone so Karen has been transferred to Parkstone Grammar School for her Sixth Form Course.
- MARGARET GUY** (1953) did not find office work satisfying and after several years of it, is now a student nurse at University College Hospital.
- MARY HACK** (1948) is a stewardess on the liner, the *Queen Elizabeth*.
- ELIZABETH HARDING** (1958) will finish her year's secretarial training at Weymouth in December and is then taking up a post at Winfrith.

- JENNY HARDING (1957) is still very happy in her work in I.C.I.'s Legal Department Patent Section. She is attending Evening Classes to improve her shorthand and to learn Spanish.
- CHRISTINE HARRISON (1959) has temporary employment at the Epworth Press, London, while looking around for a permanent post.
- SARA HENDERSON (1958) is at the Bishop Otter Training College at Chichester.
- BARBARA HITCHINGS (1956) has found that teaching a backward class in a girls' Secondary Modern School at Stratford-on-Avon is very rewarding work.
- DAWN HITCHINGS (1958) enjoyed her year of secretarial training at the Salisbury and South Wilts College of Further Education and is now a shorthand-typist in the Town Clerk's Office at Salisbury.
- GEORGINA HOPKINS (1954) is training to be a nurse at the Royal Free Hospital where Marion Worthington is training to be a doctor.
- BARBARA HORLOCK-JONES (1956) is enjoying her training at the West London Hospital, Hammersmith.
- HILDA HOWELL (*née* Galliver) (1949). Now that her parents have left Tisbury Hilda finds it difficult to attend O.G. Meetings but writes from Bristol to say how much she enjoys our Magazine.
- CYNTHIA HUMBLE (1953) has gone to London. She has a secretarial post with the G.E.C. at Kingsway and is living in an L.C.C. Hostel. We greatly missed the help she always gave so willingly in the typing of the O.G. section of the Magazine.
- JEAN HUTLEY (1954) is now a Counter-clerk in Shaftesbury Post Office, after taking an examination.
- YVONNE HUMPHRIES (1957) is now working in the Midland Bank, Shaftesbury.
- KIRSTEN KLOSE (1956) is studying medicine at the University of Kiel. As September and October had to be spent working in a hospital Kirsten came to the Westminster Hospital at Shaftesbury. We were delighted to see her again and also to have her sister, Abel, with us during the Summer Term.
- ADRIENNE LAWRENCE (1956) obtained Distinction in Divinity and the Theory of Education at the end of her two years at Avery Hill Training College. Her first post was at a Secondary Modern School for Girls at Penge, and she is continuing to teach there after her marriage.
- ROSEMARY LAWRENCE (1959) has been accepted as an executive Officer in the Civil Service on the results of G.C.E. (A level).
- CELIA LAYZELL (1958) is Joint Head Girl at Bishop Fox's School, Taunton, in her second year in the Sixth Form there. She is hoping to go to London University next year.
- DOROTHY LEE (1950) came to see us in May bringing her little daughter Anne, aged eleven months. She has a son, Peter, aged four. She is very happy in Bath.
- VERA LOOK is now a cook at Kingswood School, Bath, and likes her post very much.
- MARINA MENDE (1955) has obtained her Honours Degree in Spanish at London University and is now doing part-time interpreting and part-time study.
- SHIRLEY MITCHELL (1959) is working as a Trainee Computer for the English Electric Company at Rugby.
- HILARY MOODY (1957) has moved from Birmingham to London Airport and is enjoying her Air Traffic Control Duties there.
- ROSEMARY MOORES (1959) is working in the office of the firm of Oakwood's at Gillingham.
- MIA MOREY (1959) is living at home for the time being and helping with a Stafford Jersey Herd.
- ROSE NAPPER (1959) has settled happily at the Bishop Otter Training College at Chichester. She was glad to meet Sara Henderson there.
- JOAN NEWICK (*née* Woodward) completed her nursing training before her marriage. She is now living in Bath and has two sons.

- MARY NORRIS (1959) won a State Scholarship (our School's first) and is now at Bedford College, London, in the same Hall of Residence as Clare Harris. She is enjoying her work and also the clubs and societies. She is looking forward to taking part in the University Choral Society's Carol Service in St. Paul's Cathedral at the end of term.
- JANET OAKSHOTT (1959) is staying at home at present and looking after her horses.
- SUSAN PALLISTER (1957) is enjoying her training at the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital at Bournemouth.
- ANN PARHAN (1958) is working in Lloyd's Bank at Weston-super-Mare.
- ANGELA PERRY (1959) is following in her sister, Mary's, footsteps and has begun her nursing training at the Westminster Hospital in Shaftesbury.
- DAFINE PICKFORD (1950) has left the Cowdray Club and is now Manageress of a Ministry of Labour Refreshment Club at Victoria. She has ten good workers on her staff and is thoroughly enjoying the work, and her freedom at weekends, after the exacting hours of her work at the Cowdray Club.
- JANET PITMAN (1958) did not find hairdressing congenial and was accepted into the Civil Service on her G.C.E. results. She is now working in the Admiralty at Bath.
- FRANCES POLLARD (1958) has enjoyed her first year at Dumfries Academy. She has decided not to take up nursing but to try for Glasgow University instead.
- JANICE PRIDDLE (1956) will complete her training as a hairdresser next March.
- RUTH RICHARDSON (*née* Phillips) (1957) is living in London and is hoping to continue working for her degree as well as running her home and having a job.
- JOSIE ROSE (1959) qualified as a Clerical Officer in the Civil Service on the results of her G.C.E. Examinations, and was appointed to the Admiralty in Bath. She is happy in the Y.W.C.A. Hostel there and is appreciating the beauty and interest of the city.
- MARGARET ROSE (1957) trained as a Hotel Receptionist at the South Devon Technical College at Torquay and, after working for a short time at the Imperial Hotel in Barnstaple settled happily at the Manor Hotel in Yeovil.
- BRIDGET SALISBURY (1957) is now teaching at Ludwell Primary School and living at home.
- CAROLE SERGEAN (1958) has been staying in Denmark for several months. She has enjoyed exploring Copenhagen and was able to go over to Sweden.
- DIANA SIDFORD (1950). We were delighted to see Diana at Sports Day on her return from Australia. She returned to Australia in October but has not made up her mind what she will do. She has decided to forget nursing for a while.
- PAT SIDFORD (1953) is doing secretarial work on a poultry farm at Warminster.
- SONIA SIDFORD (1951) has two children and lives at Bowerchalke.
- BARBARA SMALES (1951) came home to be with her mother after her father's death, and is now teaching at Shaftesbury Modern School.
- RUTH SPENCER (1958) thoroughly enjoyed her year's secretarial training at the South Wilts College of Further Education at Salisbury. She was one of the nine students invited by the Countess of Radnor to a Coffee Party at Longford Castle to meet Her Excellency Mrs. Pandit, the High Commissioner for India. Ruth is now working in Barclay's Bank in Salisbury.
- PAT STAINER (1956) is enjoying her nursing training at Charing Cross Hospital.
- MARGARET STONE (1954) After finishing her midwifery course at the North Middlesex Hospital Margaret is now taking a six months course in plastic surgery at Odstock Hospital, Salisbury.
- BRENDA TOMLINSON (1954) is now a student nurse at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children.
- JUNE TUCKER (1947) is a Lab Supervisor in Brown & Harrison's Dairies at Southampton.
- SYLVIA WALLBANK (1947) is now a Sister at the Moorfields Eye Hospital in London. She is enjoying her new flat.
- JANET WHITE (1957) is training with Susan Pallister at the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital at Bournemouth and enjoying it.

JANET WHITMARSH (1955) came to see us in the Summer Term. She has enjoyed teaching but was planning to go to a Bible College to train as a missionary. MARY WILSON (1956) obtained her Diploma in Religious Knowledge at King's College, London, and is now teaching in London. MARION WORTHINGTON (1956) has passed her 1st M.B. at the Royal Free Hospital. During her summer holidays she was working at the Royal Hotel here and came to see us. JANE WYLLIE (1956) has given up her work on the flower farm in Cornwall and is going round the world with her parents. MARY YOUNG is the only woman on the National Health Service Advisory Council for Management Efficiency, a new council whose task is to improve the efficiency of the National Health Service.

Extracts From Letters From Abroad

From France

Even though our language isn't making terrific headway, we're slowly but surely trying to get to know the neighbouring countryside and Paris, and also have been away twice as well.

We had a weekend in Normandy, as Tony had to go upon exercise with the men, and I went too, staying in a hotel! The place was the village where the Allied landings took place on June 5th, 1944, and huge parts of the Mulberry harbour are still in position there. It was intensely interesting, apart from being beautiful countryside.

Last week we had a few days by the sea again, as Tony had a week's leave. We motored down through the Loire valley, passing some beautiful old chateaux which were extremely cleverly illuminated at night, and all of which seemed to have been built with the most glorious settings and scenery. The whole region—like most of France—really shouted of history; it's easy to imagine why there was a Revolution, really, when one sees some of the hovels and shacks still lived in, and then compare them with those lovely castles.

We stayed four nights on the coast at a seaside resort, being a lovely old fishing port on one side, and the other having a tremendous stretch of sandy beach. It was fun, and French resorts are so different from the average English one, that there was no comparison!

JUDY ALLUM (*nee* PEEL).

From New Zealand

Such a lot seems to have happened since I wrote last. Firstly, we had a son born May 23rd, 1958. He has been a very good baby and no trouble at all. He has been walking about a month and is getting near running now.

We have had a house built, into which we moved at Easter. I am very thrilled with it. At first it definitely echoed with the lack of furniture ! However, we have all the essential pieces and gradually adding more.

We are situated about quarter of an hour's walk from Town, so it's quite handy. Also about five minutes from the beach.

I think New Zealand is a grand country to live in. The climate is particularly good here. The winters are really very mild, although we get some quite sharp frosts, but they are nearly always followed by a perfect day.

I haven't seen very much of the country yet. I had a brief visit to Wellington which I thought a beautiful city.

We hope to manage a trip in a few years time, so we might see you then.

NAOMI CARSON (*nee HINE*).

From Southern Rhodesia

We started to buy an acre and a half of land out of Grey-stone Park which is near Borrowdale and about eight and a half miles out of town. It's beautiful out there—very hilly. Our plot consists of the acre on a gentle slope and the half acre going up a steep Kopje, with a beautiful view down through a valley. We have a boy called Jonasi living on it in two grass huts—beautifully built, and he is doing wonders with the ground there. He seems very happy and cheerful now, and all he seems worried about is how soon we shall be able to live out there as well.

David is now Postmaster of Highlands, and I have to work here with him. It's a huge Post Office and we have 14 postmen and another European here as well. It is actually grossly understaffed, and we are not getting any extra staff for Christmas, so we shall all be sorting letters till goodness knows what time in the evening.

SONJA CASSELL (*nee ZINKOVA*).

From U.S.A.

I so much enjoyed reading the school news, and of course all about O.G.'s in the magazine; it doesn't make me feel so old and far away from home.

I do wish there was some way for me to get in touch with one or two of the girls that live over here now, but this is such a huge country and hundreds of miles separate us.

I think I told you that I belong to an English girls' club—did I ? There are about 16 of us, all from this area in Rhode

Island and we visit and talk to each other on the 'phone almost daily. Just to know that each of us was born in England makes us feel close to each other.

I hope that this O.G.'s dinner proves to be even more successful than the last one and please remember me to anyone I might know.

JENNY GREENE (*nee* PURVER).

First Impressions

1. *Of Bedford College, London*

Bedford College itself, while it is in a central position, very convenient for shopping, sight-seeing, and intercollegiate activities, is in most beautiful surroundings. It lies in the middle of Regent's Park, removed from the roar and grime of most of central London, surrounded by trees, green grass, water, wild birds and, at this time of year, near solitude. I never thought that I should see a heron fishing within half a mile of Oxford Street, but that is what I can watch here every day. Just now the air is full of flying leaves, great flocks of evening starlings and the smoke of smoldering leaf fires.

My first impression of the college itself was a composite one of crowds, coffee, clubs and conducted tours. Term opened on Thursday, but all Freshers were asked to attend on the preceding Tuesday and Wednesday for the Freshers' Reception, and for registration and interviews with our lecturers. We were shown round the buildings, and we were wooed by each one of the very numerous societies in turn, each one more enticing than the last. Obviously no one has time to spend on more than a very few of them, so that the whole thing was an exercise in self-control !

At the moment I am thoroughly enjoying the lectures, since they are far more comprehensive than any school classes could ever be. My own course, as well as literature, criticism, Shakespeare and Chaucer, includes Philology, phonetics and Anglo-Saxon, which is really a new language. I am also doing a one-year course in Philosophy. A few of my lectures are intercollegiate ones, which give me a chance to meet other lecturers and other students.

Living in London is in itself great fun though shockingly expensive. There are an endless number of things to do and see, so that with all the money and time in the world, one would never get to the end of them. Having neither of these, I usually just wish ! Still, I have been able to go to a few concerts and plays, and it is an entertainment just to walk round the town watching some of the very odd sights one can see in London.

Having never had a proper chance to do it before, I find that I enjoy just exploring, and making my way from one place to another. The blase way in which I walk in and out of the tube conceals some trepidation and a great deal of preliminary research with a street map !

As each week passes I find myself increasingly less bewildered by the city and by the intricacies of university life. London Transport and lecture timetables gradually lose their mysteries—and I am no longer a mere “Fresher.”

2. *Of Goldsmiths' Training College, London*

My first impressions are *very* mixed at the moment. I just haven't had time to even think about my feelings for London, hostel or college.

Our “fast life” began the night we arrived, with a social call on Aberdeen, the men's hostel, across the Heath, giving us the opportunity of “meeting people.” The next evening, we, at Grove Hall were invaded by Loring Hall representatives, entailing more dancing, more introducing, more conversation, and horror of horrors, more names. Wednesday had been full enough of surprises, with the Great Assembly at College, details of timetables etc., and in the afternoon the Slave Market, the highlight of the chaos, when all the corridors are thronged with booths, belonging to the various clubs, and great pressure is exerted to enlist your support and subscription. At one turn your way is barred by crossed swords, and two fencing enthusiasts use their persuasion. Next you see the jivers capering round the stage to the music of the “Tunesmiths,” the college orchestra, tempting you to enter the jazz club. I resisted all these, and joined the “Cercle français,” the Music Society, and the Art Club. Since then I have had my audition for the Assembly Choir, and was thrilled to be unconditionally accepted.

I have been no less thrilled at my Art Classes, the first one last Thursday. We made quick ten-minute sketches from a live model all morning to give some idea of our skill and style of working. Next week we are to “go big”—“the sky is the limit,” and shall be trying “trick tools,” such as painting with *straws* (very useful with children, who only handle a pencil, by digging into the paper !)

Well the week is over, with a “Freshers' Outing”—a River boat trip in the evening with dancing on both journeys, and the grand “Freshers' Dance,” in the great Hall at College, last night.

ANN HALL.

3. *Of Life In The W.R.A.F.*

So far I am enjoying the life very much. Its hard work, but its fun.

I am in a billet with fifteen other girls, and four spare beds. We have to keep it up to inspection standard all day, just in case an officer decides to come and take a look round. The lockers and wardrobes have to be laid out in a certain way, and the bed has to be stripped before going to the dining hall for breakfast, and made up the Air Force way when we get back. The furniture, floor, windows, and brasses must be clean and shining. We can usually bring them up just by rubbing with a duster, but we sometimes have a hut inspection in the week, and then we have to do everything properly. Also we have a domestic night on Wednesday when we are only allowed out from 8 till 8.30 in the evening. The rest of the time is spent applying polish and rubbing it off, and doing our fatigue. The rest of the week we can go out after the recruit leader has seen that our bedspace is tidy and that we have done our fatigue.

They take good care of us here. If we go off camp we have to book out, and we have to book in again before 10 o'clock—or else ! On Saturday the time limit is extended to 23.59 hours (1 minute to midnight). We have a camp cinema, 2 clubs, and the N.A.A.F.I.—a large self-service restaurant with a juke box, when we get the time to visit them.

BRENDA BURNETT.

Interesting Jobs

1. *Teaching Children In Hospital*

Perhaps I can give you some impression of work in a hospital school by describing what happens through the day. We begin work at 9 a.m. but not on the actual children's ward during the first half-hour. It is from nine to half past that I go to the adult orthopaedic wards to see any children there.

At the moment I have one girl on the Women's Ward. Her name is Jessie and she is fourteen—a Secondary Modern pupil but quite a bright child. I start her off with work for the day and then go the Men's Ward where there is one fourteen year old boy, Colin, who is leaving school at Christmas to become a butcher ! He is very slow but painstaking and anxious to please. I have been doing money sums with him and to-day he said he would like some sums with weights and measures etc. as he thought they would be useful !

At half-past nine we go on the children's wards. I have seven boys and a girl on my ward at the moment. Michael is fourteen and B Stream Grammar School. Allen is also fourteen and O Stream Secondary Modern. Christopher is twelve and goes to Warwick school. Malcolm Nolan is ten. Malcolm McIntyre eight, Alan Twigg eight and John, six. Janet is eleven but she is very retarded and she has been to an Educationally Sub-normal boarding school.

We work here until eleven-thirty and then I go back to the two orthopaedic wards to see Jessie and Colin.

In the afternoon the children have visitors from two to two-thirty but usually there are children without anyone to see them and I set them something to do. After visiting time, school begins again but not for academic work. In the afternoon we paint, draw, make models, embroider, do cane work and other things.

As you can imagine, the work is somewhat bewildering at first but I think it will prove very interesting. I find it strange to be able to do exactly what I like as regards subjects and times and I still keep waiting for a bell to end the lessons.

T. BREWINGTON.

2. *My Job As A Parliamentary Indexer*

Since 1956, I have been employed as Chief Clerk to the Official Government Indexer, who is the person appointed to supply indexes for various Parliamentary publications.

Most of you will have seen Hansard—briefly it consists of Debates on the Floor of the House on subjects of major importance, and the various Reading and Committee Stages of Bills prior to their becoming Acts of Parliament. The subject matter of these debates is taken down word for word by a team of shorthand writers and this is printed overnight by the Stationery Office. When we receive copies the following morning, we have to index the subject with as many cross-references as are necessary and also detail on which pages the individual Members of Parliament spoke.

In addition to the Debates, there is all the normal Procedure of what is in fact a large Committee, also that Parliamentary institution of Question Time.

Questions to Ministers are taken on Monday to Thursday at a specified time, notice of a Question being given in writing to the Clerk at the Table—if an oral answer is required, two days' notice is given. A Member can ask only three Questions at the

same sitting, but he may put supplementary Questions to obtain a more satisfactory or detailed answer from the Minister.

This is the Member's happy hunting-ground and a Minister may face fifty Questions on every aspect of his Department's work. Having notice of these Questions, he is able to obtain the information for his Answer from the Foreign Office, Ministry of Labour, Ministry of Power or of whichever Department he is the Minister.

Taking a normal day, Mr. Soames, Secretary of State for War, was asked Questions on British Army lorries in Germany ; supply of nuclear warheads ; manufacture of tanks ; an instance of two cars being sent on a journey to ensure that one reached its destination ; pamphlets in Cyprus ; off-duty behaviour of troops in London ; the use of a garbage cart-horse at Didecot Ordnance Depot for riding by the wife of the O.C. ; a personal case of ill-treatment of an O.R. by N.C.O.'s ; the accommodation of a deserting soldier's wife and family. On each of these and similar Questions, having given his answer the Minister faces a supplementary question for which he may not have had sufficient information from his Department. All these Questions, cross-referenced by subject, Member and Minister have to be indexed in order that they may be referred to six months or maybe six years later when a similar subject crops up.

The Lords Debates are much more selective, more leisurely and certainly more dignified—not as many Questions are asked and the style of procedure and its indexing have been unchanged for years.

In the Commons, the Rulings of Mr. Speaker are most important and are constantly referred to as a guide to Procedure ; the use of many words is declared " un-Parliamentary " and a Member might quite rightly quote that in Column 1204 of Hansard dated 12th November, Mr. Speaker ruled that " Calling a Member a blockhead " was out of order.

The Lords and Commons indexes, after preparation, are shuffled, typed and sent to the Stationery Office for printing. They are published weekly, fortnightly in a bound volume, and finally in one massive index for the complete Session.

Once a week, I go to the Stationery Office to read the proofs of the weekly indexes, and also make occasional visits to the House of Commons.

Behind the scenes, there are the Scottish Grand Committee and Standing and Select Committees, the reports of whose proceedings also have to be indexed.

I find this work extremely interesting and, of course, very topical and I am sure that I am far more aware of national and world events than I ever was before I became a parliamentary indexer.

JEAN GAY (*nee* BRISTO).

Life Members Since December, 1959

Baigent, Jill, 3, Ashley Villas, Ashley Road, Dorchester, Dorset.
Burridge, Jenny, St. Andrews Hall, Redlands Road, Reading, Berks.
Clarke, Rose (*née* Rigler), Hawkesdene Farm, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Collier, Alma (Hunt), 55, East Street, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
Harris, Claire, Sixpenny Handley, Salisbury, Wilts.
Pitman, Janet, Lower Breach Farm, West Orchard, Nr. Shaftesbury.

Annual Members 1958/59 (since December, 1958)

Bennett, Lesley, 11, Meyrick Park Crescent, Bournemouth.
Broadhouse, Susan, Coppice, Bindon Lane, East Stoke, Wareham, Dorset.
Edmonds, Jennifer, 1, Southend Road, Beckenham, Kent.
Harding, Margaret, Beatrix Nursery, East Knoyle, Wilts.
Henderson, Sara, "Valley View," Everden, Alkham, Dover, Kent.
Hiscock, Sylvia, "Hillcrest," Coombe, Nr. Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Humble, Cynthia, 20, Lurmer Street, Fontnall Magna, Dorset.
McLeod, Shirley, c/o Mrs. Priddle, Prescombe House, Ebbesbourne Wake, Wilts.
Swain, Ethel, Dale House, Salisbury Street, Blandford Forum, Dorset.

Annual Members, 1959/60

Alner, Janet, Nurses Home, The London Hospital, London, E.1.
Ardley, Barbara (*née* Wright), 6, Jenned Road, Arnold, Nottingham.
Bond, Mary, 12, The Elms, Fovant, Salisbury, Wilts.
Brewington, Miss T., 6, Emscote Road, Warwick.
Chant, Margaret, Ridgeway Cottage, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
Dobie, Janet, 1, Church Path, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
Fuller, Lesley (*née* Bennett), 11, Meyrick Park Crescent, Bournemouth.
Gatehouse, Jennifer, 20, Hawkesdene Lane, Shaftesbury.
Gray, Shirley, Brincombe Cottages, Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury.
Hann, Gillian, Manor Farm, Wiveliscombe, Taunton.
Harding, Margaret, Beatrix Nursery, East Knoyle, Wilts.
Harrison, Christine, 17, Knightland Road, Clapton, London, E.5.
Hitchings, Barbara, Newholme, Salisbury Street, Mere, Wilts.
Hitchings, Dawn, Newholme, Salisbury Street, Mere, Wilts.
Hole, Ada (*née* Harris), Ash Tree Farm, Holwell, Nr. Sherborne.
Humphries, Yvonne, Yew Tree Cottage, Littledown, Shaftesbury.
Inber, Ena (*née* Clarke), The Ship Inn, Shaftesbury.
Jones, Betty, 91, New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.
Jones, Hilary, 91, New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.
Lawrence, Rosemary, Rosings, Motcombe, Dorset.
Maclean, Deirdre, 5, Oakshott Street, London, S.W.10.
McLeod, Shirley, Prescombe House, Ebbesbourne Wake, Salisbury, Wilts.
Moore, Denise, 21a, Breach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury.

Moores, Janet, 21a, Breach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury.
 Moores, Rosemary, 21a, Breach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury.
 Morris, Ann, 31, Church Road, Broadstone, Dorset.
 Norris, E. Mary, Netherdown, Compton Abbas, Dorset.
 Petersen, Jean (*née* Shute), 9, Breach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury.
 Potter, Phillipa, 7, Charlton, Nr. Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Pratt, Elizabeth (*née* Nathan), 21, Polstead Road, Oxford.
 Salisbury, Bridget, East Coppleridge Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.
 Salisbury, Janet, 40, Belsize Park Gardens, London, N.W.3.
 Sergeant, Carole, Abbey Close, Abbey Walk, Shaftesbury.
 Short, May, Grenville Place Nursing Home, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
 Spencer, Ruth, 28, Netherhampton Road, West Harnham, Salisbury, Wilts.
 Squires, Janet, The Homestead, Grosvenor Road, Shaftesbury.
 Swain, Ethel, Dale House, Salisbury Street, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
 Tidey, June, 108, Elmbridge Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.
 Welch, Beryl, Layton Lane, Shaftesbury.
 Woods, Betsy, Rosedene, French Mill Lane, Shaftesbury.
 Worthington, Marion, Barnfield, Edmondsham, Nr. Wimborne, Dorset.

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The Old Girls' Association would like to give its warmest thanks to Barbara, Austen (*née* Follett), Yvonne Humphries and Gillian Hussey (*née* Woodman) who have done most of the typing for this section of the Magazine.

DATES FOR YOUR NEW DIARIES

LONDON REUNION SATURDAY, MARCH 5th
SUMMER REUNION SATURDAY, JULY 2nd
O.G.DINNER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th

N.B. In future, Reunions will be held on the first Saturday in March, July and November.

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