

County High School for Girls SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 23

December, 1960

County High School for Girls Shaftesbury

MAGAZINE

VOL. 23

DECEMBER, 1960

CONTENTS

Editorial

Magazine Committee
The Conquest of Space
Staff Notes
Gifts to the School
Leaving and New Girls
School Officials
Calendar for 1960

OUTSTANDING EVENTS

"NOAH"—A Day in the Ark
A Criticism

ROME— And so to Rome
Roma
Classical Rome
Tivoli and Ostia

PARENTS' DAY 1960

SCHOOL EXPEDITION

REPORTS

School Council
Social Service
Games
Houses
Boarders
Music
Flower Guild
The New Guide Company

CONFERENCES, LECTURES AND VISITS

VI at Dinton
Visit to Porton
Richard II
A Strange Encounter
"Romeo and Juliet"
Natural History Museum
A Musical Evening at Philip's House,
Dinton
Banking
"Good Grooming"

Badger—A High School Mystery
First Impressions of the new School
Uniform
Danger, Men at Work
A Term in Germany
Holiday in France
An Eastern Market
Hadrian's Wall
Holiday Job
Girl Guide Camp at Longleat

POETRY

FORM REPORTS

PARENTS' SECTION

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Printed by the
FROME NEWSPAPER Co., Ltd
Stoke House,
Christchurch Street West, Frome

EDITORIAL

One of the many definitions of the word "education," given in the Oxford Dictionary, is this: "the systematic instruction, schooling or teaching given to the young in preparation for the work of life." Surely the key-phrase in this definition, is the last

Consider for a moment how we are instructed, schooled or trained "in preparation for the work of life."

Most apparent is scholastic instruction. Although in past years we have had to rely on neighbouring schools for some subjects, we are now becoming more self-sufficient with the inclusion of a Domestic Science Laboratory within our walls. Those who wish to study the Arts are encouraged by our flourishing choir, Flower Guild and Dramatic Society, and our orchestra holds ever-open doors to those girls who play musical instruments.

To return to the phrase "in preparation for the work of life"; although during our school days we may not realise it, the most important thing that we learn at school, is how to live as a member of a community. It is the feeling of fellowship which decides whether either Parents' Day, Speech Day or the Carol Service will be a real "Red Letter Day" or not. It is this feeling which will I hope, be expressed under many different, titles in this edition of our School Magazine.

THE EDITOR.

* * *

Magazine Committee

Editor : HEATHER SWANN
Sub-Editor : LESLEY KIBBEY
Committee : ROSEMARY WAGNER
JACQUELINE SCAMMEL
BARBARA SKEW
SHEILA STRIDE
GILLIAN PARKIN

* * *

STAFF NOTES

Miss A. Matthews was married to Mr. B. Brooks in August. Congratulations to them, and also to Miss P. Abbott who is engaged to Mr. J. Edgington.

Mrs. Brooks' place at Barton Hill House has been filled by Miss Hughes, who has come to be our first Domestic Science mistress. We have felt very sympathetic with her, as she has had to begin her teaching career, not in a domestic science room, but in two attics. We hope that all the same, she will be happy with us.

Mademoiselle Milcendeau came in September for a year as French Assistante and already seems one of us. We hope that she will be happy—and warm enough—in Shaftesbury.

M.E.W.

* * *

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Old Girls :	University Honours Board.
Clare Harris :	Hymn Board.
Eileen Parsons :	Gift of Money.
Joy Hunt :	Gift of Money.
Sylvia Welch :	Library Book.
Mrs. Jessiman :	Gift of Money and Chinese Books.
Pauline Higgins :	Gift of Money.
Mary and Susan Bond :	Elephant Bell and Library Book.
Mr. and Mrs. Pinnegar :	Library Book.
Mrs. Jeffreys (Sally's Mother) :	Library Books.
Miss Moore :	African Picture.
Sonya Cassell (<i>née</i> Zinkova) :	Rhodesian Picture.
Miss Buckland :	German Books.

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE

The mind of modern man seems dominated by the thought of the vastness of space and of how he can learn to conquer it. We hear of rockets, sputniks, space-ships and journeys to the moon; and the speed of modern discovery fills some people with the thrill of high adventure and others with fear.

The Oxford Dictionary defines space as "an interval between things," so here too at School we have our problem of the conquest of space, though a much more mundane one than that which fills the headlines of the newspapers.

We have never had much space to spare on the Grosvenor House site, and every new development brings its corresponding problem of the curtailing of the strictly limited amount of space available to us. This term we have been watching the growth of our new Domestic Science room with tremendous interest. We had hoped that it would be ready for September. Now we are hoping to have it in full use in January. It will increase our teaching space but inevitably there is the price to pay. We have lost a little play space in the garden, and have lost precious storage space in the garage. Where can we keep the motor mower? Where can we dump all the odds and ends that found a refuge in the garage? Somewhere in the garden a space must be found for a new shed for all these things.

Our Sixth Form work in Biology has grown so steadily that our Laboratory would no longer accommodate the Sixth Form girls and boys who wanted to use it. Eighteen of them this year! So in the summer holidays a doorway was cut from the Laboratory to the Junior Library next door, and a bench was built in along the wall beneath the windows. It has made a useful Sixth Form Laboratory but what to do with the Junior Library and store of text books? The shelves were removed and placed in the ante-room of the Laboratory and that has become a minute Junior Library and book-store. Then came the problem of what to do with the P.E. apparatus which often came to rest in that ante-room. Finally the vaulting box has had to remain in a corner of the Hall though we can hardly get the whole school in comfortably without it.

And so the problem goes on, and more and more ingenuity is needed to fit the increasing amount of equipment into the dwindling amount of space. Almost we begin to welcome the idea of a new school at the field with its tempting bait of ample accommodation. Then we realise that we should be presented with a new problem of the conquest of space. How could we fill it with the charm and graciousness, the historic atmosphere, of the old school?

It will be many more years before this problem has to be faced, so meanwhile it behoves us all to tackle our problem of the conquest of space as we have to face it now. Every member of the School can help by trying to see that any equipment is put back into the proper place allotted to it, because there is no other space available, and, above all, to see that litter of any sort, neglected personal belongings lying about, do not spoil the small amount of space remaining to us, so that whatever beauty and graciousness this old building has may be preserved for all to enjoy.

M. K. DUNFORD.

* * *

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

<i>Head Girl :</i>	ANN MILROY
<i>Deputy Head Girl :</i>	HEATHER COLYER
<i>Prefects :</i>	J. MARSDEN
	B. ROBINSON
	B. SERGEAN
	G. TAYLOR
	J. COBLEY
<i>Sub-Prefects :</i>	K. COLES
	G. RALPH
	R. JACKSON
	G. RIDOUT
	S. DIBBEN

* * *

A GLANCE AT THE CALENDAR FOR 1960

January	22nd	Mr. Evitt's Lecture on "Weasels and Stoats"
February	9th	VI Visit to French play in Bristol
March	5th, 6th	VI Dinton Conference
"	18th	Expedition to Porton
"	30th, 31st	"Noah"
April	1st, 2nd	"Noah"
May	14th	N. Dorset Musical Festival
"	16th	Refugee Film
"	21st	N. Dorset Sports
"	25th	"Hiawatha" at the Grammar School

June	18th	Children's Orchestral Concert at Blandford Dorset Sports
"		
July	15th	School Expedition to the Isle of Wight
"	19th	Lecture on " Good Grooming " for VI and U.V
"	20th	Lecture on " Plastics " at Gillingham
"	21st	Lecture on " Banking "—Mr. Dyer
"	22nd	Lecture on " Christian Marriage " by Dr. Morgan Williams
October	22nd	Visit to " Romeo and Juliet " at Old Vic
"	27th	Gordon Clinton Singers' Concert at School
"	29th	Science VI Visit to Natural History Museum, London
"	29th	Visit to Dinton to hear Haberdasher-Aske Concert
November	4th	Speech Day

* * *

LEAVING GIRLS, 1959—60

Autumn Term, 1959

L.VI. J. Hunt, R. Welch.

L.V. M. Godfrey, G. Loosley, S. Lyons, H. Napper.

U.IV. A. Kilmartin.

III. R. Kilmartin.

Summer Term, 1960

U.VI. R. Brayford, P. Collis, C. Crouch, A. Horlock Jones, J. Staggs, D. Welford, P. Wells.

L.VI. R. Booth, J. Crouch, G. Fooks, P. Higgins, S. Murphy, J. Upton.

U.V. E. Bartlett, S. Bateman, S. Boreham, F. Corp, P. Day, V. Dolby, J. Fordyce, G. Jackson, J. Lloyd, F. Mackinnon, A. Perkins, S. Woods.

L.V. L. Brain, J. Dibben, J. Lillie, D. Wherry, M. Whitty.

III. H. Coates, S. Kingsmill-Brown.

Autumn Term, 1960

U.VI. P. Ridout.

U.V. J. Smith.

* * *

NEW GIRLS, 1960

Spring Term, 1960

	<i>Present Form</i>	<i>Previous School</i>
E. Gentles	Upper IV	Eastbank Academy, Glasgow

Summer Term, 1960

R. Groves	Lower V	Tottenham School for Girls
J. Dibben		Sunny Hill School, Bruton
A. Semmence	Lower V	Thames Valley Grammar School, Twickenham

Autumn Term, 1960

E. Alexander	Upper V	Patcham County Secondary School, Brighton
C. Langer	" "	Sandford Orleigh School, Newton Abbott
A. Middlemas	Lower V	Dorchester County School for Girls
C. Brewer	Upper IV	Pembroke Grammar School
P. Roome	" "	Blue Coat School, Birmingham
J. Biggs	Lower IV	Government School, Stanley, Falkland Islands
M. Deacon	" "	Marlborough Grammar School
I. Caird	" "	Ayr Academy, Scotland
J. Ballam	Form III	Chickerell County Primary School
J. Ballinger	" "	St. Andrew's Primary Girls' School, Willesden
P. Bartlett	" "	Croft House, Shillingstone
C. Brown	" "	Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
C. Burton	" "	Ebbesborne Wake C.E.C. School
J. Cambrook	" "	Rookesbury Park School, Wickham, Hants.
M. Cole	" "	Cann Primary C. of E. School
J. Custard	" "	Stalbridge Junior School
H. Dyer	" "	Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
A. Gauld	" "	Toller Porcorum C. of E. School
S. Green	" "	Swallowcliffe County Primary School
C. Hunt	" "	Hanford House School
M. James	" "	Shroton Primary C. of E. School
K. Jesse	" "	East Knoyle C. of E. Primary School
P. Jolliffe	" "	Cann Primary C. of E. School
L. Jordan	" "	Shaftesbury P.N.E.U. School
J. Lewis	" "	Manston V.A. School
P. Matthew	" "	Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
H. Mead	" "	Motcombe Primary School
S. Mundy	" "	Swallowcliffe County Primary School
D. Parsons	" "	St. David's B.F.E. School, Rheindahlen, Germany
S. Pile	" "	Shaftesbury P.N.E.U. School
L. Spalding	" "	Cirencester Grammar School
O. Stainer	" "	Enmore Green V.C. Primary School
E. Teasdale	" "	Shaftesbury C. of E. Primary School
E. West	" "	North Cadbury V.C. Primary School
S. Wincott	" "	St. Paul's Convent High School, Parkstone
J. Woolley	" "	Rookesbury Park School, Wickham.

* * *

A DAY IN THE ARK

Saturday, eight o'clock a.m.—a black cloud hung over the head of one member of the cast ; it was her pillow. The somewhat unusual colour resulted from a Chinese coiffure complete with black rinse.

Later a cloud, real this time, hung over the Arts Theatre, but the cast were determined to exercise their " cargo " in the High

Street. Mercifully the sun shone, so the bear was duly stuffed with cream buns and pillows to make her fatter than the hungry-looking wolf. A strange cavalcade, led by a notice reading, "Do You Know—A

BOUT

NOAH ? "

paraded down the High Street, under police escort, complete with Elephant and Lamb. When the animals had been exercised and the people of Shaftesbury duly warned of the Ark's arrival, we returned to the theatre for an afternoon of rehearsal.

The cast, in a strange and motley collection of clothes, half costume and half personal belongings, such as thick sweaters, rehearsed almost uneventfully, while in the hold, the animals sewed hooks and eyes to their costumes and practised roaring, howling, chattering and bleating, whichever was appropriate. All went smoothly except for a slight dissension about which "pop" song should be sung below decks and how. Parade drill also roused complications and the theatre rang with shouts of "March, march," as a ragged line alternately stamped and shuffled round the cabin. Tea and bread-and-honey, much appreciated by the bear, refreshed aching feet and hoarse voices and raised the somewhat dropping spirits of the company.

Rehearsals then continued for another hour, during which the electrician battled with the elements, on a tape-recorder, and the rain-makers reigned noisily ! At five o'clock all except the A.H.s (able-handed seamen), left the theatre.

Then came the order "Paint ship." No really valuable contribution was made to art as such, but the Ark slowly assumed the appearance of a seaworthy vessel. The call for sustenance finally persuaded the artists to lay down their brushes.

We were at last almost ready to set sail.

J. MARSDEN AND J. COBLEY, *Upper VI.*

* * *

" NOAH "

This famous play, in the English of to-day, is dramatic and exciting and has that real humour which springs from the reaction of ordinary people, face to face with apparent disaster. All this was finely brought out in this production of the cast—and the animals—by Eda Moore and her full use of the resources of the Playhouse for "crazy gang" entrances, electrifying use of stage space and for atmospheric lighting and sound effects.

But to the acting, which suffered no loss whatsoever from being an all female cast. In fact, the fulfilment of the name part

by Ann Milroy had remarkable authority, as well as wisdom and vision which were beyond praise. Of almost equal calibre were Jennifer Cobley's firm handling of the rebellious Ham; and Barrie Sergeant's delicately observed Mrs. Noah—a veritable "Every-mother." The other brothers, Shem and Japheth (Jackie Marsden and Angela Perkins) and the "three girls from next door," Naomi, Selah and Ada (Lesley Kibbey, Rosemary Sturman and Rosemary Wagner) all made truly entertaining and individual contributions and the Man (Julia Smithers) was both furtive and frenzied. And from all, from the opening curtain, good pace and never a prompt.

Now for the animals—if not two by two, at least every one a distinct character. Outstanding were the Lion (Jill Brooks); the Elephant (Penny Wells and Pamela Collis)—humour without clowning; and the little Lamb (Anthea Mitchell). Also:—Bear and Tiger (Christine and Jane Crouch); Monkey (Jennifer Cary); Wolf (Jean Upton); and Mordecai's Cow (Patricia Ridout).

Scenery was quite expert, though painted by the girls, and the stage-set was the outcome of team-work with boys from Shaftesbury Secondary Modern School. Backstage, the team, under Assistant Producer, Mary Woods, was Susan Bateman, Penny Cornish, Ann Pidgeon and Marion Wyatt. And just in case of need—Susan Boreham as prompt.

A first class production.

CONTRIBUTED.

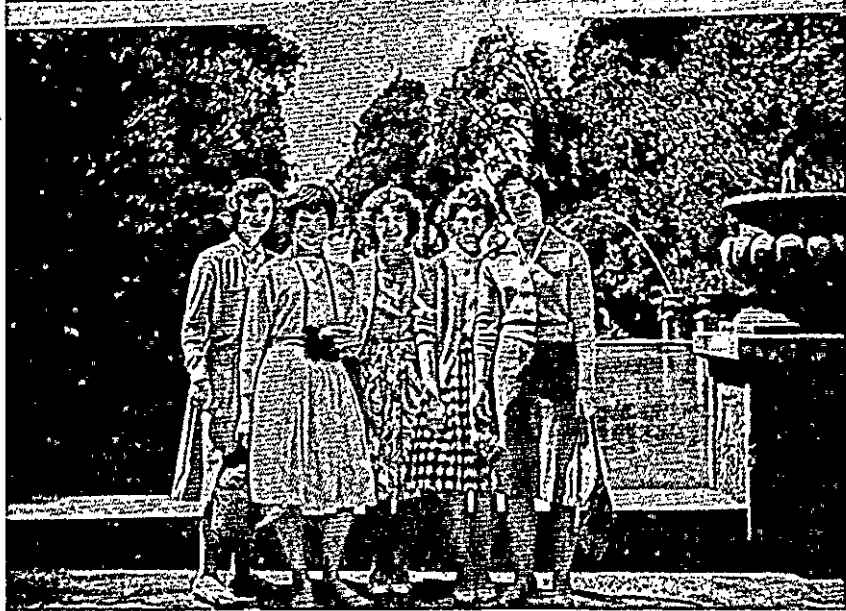
* * *

ROME, APRIL, 1960

"And so to Rome"

"And so to Rome" for fifteen of us. I think we all had different ideas of why we were going and what we particularly wanted to do and they varied from following in the steps of Hannibal to seeing pictures painted by Raphael, recording car numbers (?) and taking a photograph of a rotund and cheerful Priest.

We were blessed with sunshine and good fortune and I'm quite sure that each one of us came back to England with a mind full of remembered things. But I wonder just what particular memory has remained. Was it the fountains playing in the sun at the Villa D'Este; The Lizards that scampered into the sunshine and as quickly and silently disappeared again; The doves, with a leaf in their beaks, in the pavement of St. John



ROME

Lateran (which reminded us of "Noah"); The glory of "La Pita" in St. Peter's—said to be one of the finest works of the young Michelangelo; The two statues of betrayal, "Christ and Pilate" and "Christ and Judas," at the foot of the Scala Santa; The lilies and iris growing wild or, to come from the sublime to the—no, not quite ridiculous—the cheerful helpfulness of Lan- berto; The darting movements of Dr. Scuthe; The mouth-watering flavour of Italian ice-cream or even the intricacies of eating spaghetti?

Yes—I wonder what our special memories are? But of one thing I am sure, they will be memories we shall never forget.

* * *

Roma

When we were in Rome we did not obey the proverb: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," but we were, I believe, perfect tourists, with numerous cameras, guide-books, phrase-books and dark glasses (of which, incidentally, the Italians are very fond). Day after day we hurled ourselves on to buses and trams and worked our way to the front by the time that we got off; day after day we took our lives in our hands each time we crossed a road swarming with lunatic (or so it seemed) Roman car-drivers.

Everyone has heard of the Colosseum, the Roman Forum and the Senate-house, but the Romans have some very fine, very modern buildings of which they may be justly proud. Several parts of the city were in turmoil when we arrived, preparing for the contingent of the world's mightiest men and women who were to come in late Summer, but beyond the pitted roads the elegant structures gleamed in the warm sunlight: the great marble monument set up to Mussolini, the Mille Cento stadium, the wonderful swimming bath, with its elaborately mosaic-ed interior.

On one evening during our stay, the members of Upper V (as we were then) went sight-seeing with two members of staff. The ancient edifices looked very gaunt and mysterious, picked out by the coloured spotlights. Eventually, after visiting the main attractions of the city, we arrived at the Trevi Fountain, around which were so many people (who had swarmed out after a welcome thunderstorm) that it was as much as we could do to get near the actual fountain and toss our coins into the gushing waters.

Six days, as we discovered, were not nearly long enough to see, and to digest all that this beautiful city has to offer, but we

now have a clearer picture of what happened in Ancient Times as the Roman writers tell us, and also, it was easy to imagine the site for the Olympic Games this summer and the various aspects of it.

Classical Rome

When speaking of the Rome of Cicero and the Caesars, people sometimes use the phrase "the grandeur that was Rome." They mean that the great Roman civilization has decayed and that the once beautiful and elaborate city is now in ruins. One could easily be misled, therefore, as I have to some extent been, into thinking that the remains, although interesting and well worth seeing, have lost their former majesty. From my first glimpse of the Forum, often inadequately translated as "market place," on the morning after our arrival in Rome, I discovered that such an idea is quite false. The remains of this ancient city have retained some of the glorious atmosphere of the past, and have assumed a splendour of a different kind. Enhanced by sunshine, the towering columns, triumphal arches and pieces of temples looked white and cool against the blue sky. There was an abundance of green grass, and flowers which we associate with English summer made the scene more colourful.

First we received a general impression by looking down on to it from the modern road. I was immediately impressed by its size and tried to imagine how the lofty temples, arches and other public buildings must have appeared to visitors when Rome was at the height of her glory. We followed the "Via Sacra" which runs through it, and imagined the splendid processions, senators, business-men and people going to market or to chat with friends who used it in those far-off days. We wandered among the ruins, leaving a more detailed inspection of the Forum, with reference to the historical people and events connected with it for another day. The buildings are not all of stone; some, including the "curia," where the Senate met, are of small red bricks. We then looked over the Palatine, one of the seven hills of Rome, where the Emperor had his place, at the Circus Maximus where the Romans held their chariot races.

That afternoon we visited the Colosseum, a huge circular theatre where audiences of up to fifty thousand people were entertained by cruel sports, and where some of the Christians whom the Romans martyred met their death. We could see the apartments beneath what was a circular stage where, perhaps, the performers and sometimes animals awaited the beginning of the show. Around the stage were tiers of seats, and we climbed steps to where the higher rows used to be. As we

approached the Colosseum we passed several "fera," built by emperors after the original and most magnificent one became too crowded.

Our next "Classical" visit, a day or two later, was to the circular tomb of Augustus and the "Ava Pacis." This altar was erected to commemorate the prosperity and peace of his reign. It is surrounded by a wall on which are carved the figures of the Emperor and his train, and other important characters of Roman history.

We also spent a short time in the vast "domus aurea" or golden house, which was built and lavishly, if not tastefully, decorated for the mad Emperor Nero. Afterwards it was buried by earth shovelled on to it from the top of the hill on whose slope it stands. The result is that when it was excavated, the decorations and lurid wall paintings had almost completely disappeared. All that is left are dark, bare rooms and a damp, heavy atmosphere. At the same time we saw the wolf which is kept on the Capitol in memory of the one that, according to legend, suckled Romulus and Remus, the former of whom founded Rome.

We should have seen other examples of Classical Rome had we enough time. Of course, you do not have to be a student of Classics, or of Arts in general, to love the "Eternal City," and not least among the feelings it aroused in me was a desire to return at the first opportunity.

G. M. RALPH, *Lower VI.*

Tivoli and Ostia

In the confusion of a rushed six days in Rome, some days stand out as being quiet and leisurely, spent away from the noise and excitement of Rome, which sent us weary to bed with feet aching from our earnest sight-seeing.

On one of these days we went on an excursion to Tivoli in a coach. The excursion was to last the whole day, so we each took a packed lunch. It was a fine, warm day, and as we left the sprawling suburbs of Rome, we came into a hilly, rural country with small villages and plantations of trees. We arrived at the pretty, old town of Tivoli and clambered out of the coach to see the villa of D'Este. The villa itself was cool and dim and full of pictures; it was quite pleasant but we forgot all that when we went outside into the gardens. They were a wilderness of water—plumes of water spouting up in avenues of cypresses, from ancient masonry; colossal waterfalls sparkling in the sunlight. It was a magnificent sight, this uninhibited watery extravagance; these colourful gardens. What a pity we do not have anything like this in England; eighteenth century pleasure-gardens are a poor imitation. It was all highly artificial, but one feels that the

designer—my guide book says he was called Pirro Ligorio—had great fun.

In the seventeenth century, even more fun, though not of the sort that I appreciate, was to be had in the gardens of Tivoli and, in fact, in many gardens of the same type. People then took a great pleasure in sousing one another with water—tricks and jokes. All very jolly but we were glad that the water jokes had gone from the Villa D'Este.

We returned to the verandah of the Villa to eat our lunch. It was still hot and we ate our rolls out of doors beside a wisteria-covered wall. Not long afterwards we returned to the coach and set off for Hadrian's Villa.

As the coach left the town and began to climb a hillside, we suddenly pulled in to the side to see the marvellous view of the River Anio cascading down the valley below; and above, on a ridge, there was Tivoli.

The Sabine Hills, says my guide book, were popular among the wealthy ancient Romans; their slopes were dotted with villas, including that of Horace, which he loved for its peaceful atmosphere. The countryside is certainly very beautiful and the quiet of its woods is a change from Rome, which must have been very lively even in Horace's day.

Here at Tibur, the ancient name for Tivoli, Hadrian built his enormous villa. We did not attempt to explore the whole place, but we wandered about, occasionally coming across a swimming pool surrounded by statues and fragments of pillars, or an amphitheatre. It was so difficult to picture here a court of great magnificence and all the luxuries the emperor must have provided for himself—all we in our ignorance saw were ruins of homely red brick—those small bricks which the Romans used in all sorts of intriguing patterns, criss-cross and others, so that one never becomes bored by the sight of a Roman wall. Temples and halls, baths and so on, were all the same yet different. The nice thing about Roman remains in Rome is that they are not nearly as hidden and overgrown as are Roman remains in England. What one sees is not a stone or hump amid the grass, but a great hulking wall of the Imperial Baths that one just couldn't miss. Before our return we had luscious ice-creams and then drove back to Rome in the coach as evening was approaching.

The other expedition I remember well was when we went to Ostia, the ancient seaport of Rome. We spent an afternoon there and went by railway, which we appreciated far more than that menacing aspect of Roman transport, the 'bus. It was another beautiful day. We walked down cobbled streets through this amazing little miniature Rome, with its temples and houses and

public buildings. Here was this same brick-work and as much of it standing that one felt that the town had been begun only a few years ago, then left three-quarters finished. We saw the baths, with their beautiful and complicated black and white floors and lovely little frescoes, that one came upon suddenly in some dark corner of a house, almost complete with only its roof missing. We saw the perfect little theatre with a temple in the background which we admired as we sat eating, again those unforgettable ice-creams, and the square of ruined buildings running round the theatre with a broad mosaic pavement before them.

Could it be that I am being simple about all these buildings and the only reason we see so much of them is that they have been restored recently? If this is the truth, don't tell me, please. I should like to imagine those buildings standing there for ages, slowly crumbling, and honest Italians never stealing so much as one brick in the sacrilegious way in which Shaftesbury people wrecked their Abbey. The Italian people seemed to us almost overwhelmingly friendly. Perhaps their ancestors had a vague foreknowledge that their ancient monuments would be a great tourist draw and wisely left them alone.

SARAH JORDAN.

* * *

PARENTS' DAY, 1960

The Field was looking its loveliest on June 1st; the hedge rows white with blossom, the poplar-trees shaking slightly in the breeze and the grass a vivid green. It makes an ideal setting for the activity of the afternoon and this was a particularly pleasant one, with records broken and good team work.

After the awards by Mrs. Bradford, our Chairman of Governors, we sauntered down to Barton Hill House or to School for tea and a leisurely visit to the Formrooms and the Exhibitions in the Hall, the Sixth Form Room and the Lab. In the Hall we found a most interesting exhibition of the Expedition to Rome. This gave a very good idea of how time and money had been spent. The Flowers in the Sixth Form Room were very lovely and we especially admired the miniatures. The whole School was most attractively decorated and last but not least, the exhibition of work in the rooms gave a good picture of the most serious side of school life. We hear that the clearing up was excellent and that it was a RED LETTER DAY.

OUR SCHOOL EXPEDITION TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT

The Journey To Lymington

Very excitedly, we set off on the school expedition in five coaches, leaving Shaftesbury on Friday, 15th July. The weather forecast had not been too good, but we were hopeful that we should have a fine day.

We took the Ringwood road, up Zig-Zag Hill, where we saw the colourful banks and hedges full of purple scabious, knapweed and yellow bedstraw. When we at last reached the top of the hill, the Saddle of Melbury Hill was on our right and Wingreen, a high hill on the border of Dorset, was straight in front of us. The views, as we looked down the valley over Wiltshire, were lovely, and all the way to Lymington we noticed extensive fields full of wheat, barley and corn. Every now and then, we caught a glimpse of bright red poppies mingled with the waving corn. As we passed through Tollard Royal, a delightful village, we saw quaint little thatched cottages, many with roses round the doors and very colourful gardens.

Verwood was the next village we came to. It is on the edge of the New Forest. The New Forest ponies live in the many acres of woods and grasslands and roam all over the place. We saw notices forbidding people to feed the animals, as they can be a great danger to the traffic when they stray on the roads. The wild ponies are lovely and are really very tame. Once we saw eight horses standing under a bridge in the shade. Our 'bus-driver had to blow the horn continuously before they slowly walked away again. Some ponies had little foals at their sides; they looked so sweet and seemed to be "all legs."

We passed through Ringwood, a village in the heart of the New Forest. The woodland was really lovely and extended for miles. There were many silver birch and tall green fir trees. The purple ling and bell heather grew in abundance at the roots of the tall beautiful trees, at the edge of the woods. Now and again we saw grassy spaces which would be ideal for picnickers and camping out. We seemed to pass through miles of the lovely forestland before we reached Lymington. One third of our journey, which had been very picturesque and typical of the Dorset and Hampshire countryside, had gone.

E. BREEDS.

Alum Bay

We arrived at Alum Bay feeling very high spirited as it was our first step on our tour around the island. We clambered out of the coaches which had been waiting for us at Yarmouth and

then eagerly descended the cliffs, as we were to have our lunch on the shore. From the pebbled beach, we could view the Needles and the Lighthouse, and the various coloured sands on the cliffs, which showed up brighter as the ground was wet. We all then settled down for lunch, some sitting on the pebbles and some on the grassy banks or rocks. Then, while we were all eating and talking, the rain poured down on us. We knew that it was only a heavy shower so decided that it wasn't worth climbing up to the top of the cliffs where the coaches were parked. Instead we took shelter under our macs and waited for the rain to stop. It wasn't long so we were soon able to continue eating. Afterwards many of us went over to a shop on the shore and bought some coloured sands which we put into tiny glass lighthouses. The man on the beach who was selling them told us several things about the sands and we were told that altogether there were twenty-one different colours.

Then came the time for us to ascend the steps which lead up to the top of the cliffs. When we were about halfway up, the rain poured down again and we were all soaked. When we reached the top, we were allowed to look around the tiny gift shops. We then went back to the coaches which were to take us to Compton Bay.

J. MEARNS.

The "Three" Mile Walk

About twenty-five of us said that we should be willing to walk from Alum Bay to the Needles Coast-guard Station and on to Freshwater and perhaps, to Compton Bay. So we set out with Mrs. Davison and Miss Matthews with these good intentions and had very little real idea at the time of how long this would take us. As soon as we left Alum Bay and the rest of the School; it began to rain but it did not last for long. When we were about half-way to the Coast-guard Station, we decided to have our picnic lunch, but as soon as we began to eat down came the rain again.

We spent half an hour in the station looking out at the top and talking to the coastguard officer on duty. He told us that they control the traffic from Brixham to Dover. They work alone during the day but at night two of them are on duty and they work in six hour shifts. We could see the lighthouse very clearly and were told that three men are on duty at a time and that they stay there for three weeks. Each week one man is relieved. The only way to get to the lighthouse is by sea, and this is not always possible in rough weather.

Behind the Coast-guard Station is the Saunders-Roe

experimental jet station. We were told that a thousand gallons of water was used when a jet is being tested and the length of the steam shot out by force is half a mile. When anything is to be exported it is taken to the ship at three o'clock in the morning with a police escort; this is because the work there is very secret.

We walked to Freshwater over the downs and everyone began spreading out. I found it easier to keep walking if I kept the same brisk pace all the time. We walked past Tennyson's monument on the downs; this had engraved on it a quotation from one of his poems about sailors. The journey was easier after we had passed the monument as we were going downhill all the time. We were pleased that there was no down-pour whilst we were walking otherwise we should have been like drowned rats.

When we got to Freshwater, we learned that we had walked at least six miles and that Compton Bay was about another three miles away. We were too late to walk to Compton Bay, where we were meant to meet the coach at a quarter past three. We were three quarters of an hour behind schedule, so we had little time to look around Carisbrooke Castle. Nevertheless, we had enjoyed the walk very much.

J. CROUCH.

Compton Bay

After eating our lunch and exploring Alum Bay, we set off in our coaches for the journey round the island and first stopped at Compton Bay. Everyone eagerly got out of the coaches and made their way down to the shore. The "sandy" beach was, however, mostly rock and stone, which made walking difficult with bare feet. Those who had brought their swimming equipment went bathing in the sea, which was quite warm, but there were sharp stones on the bottom for quite a way out and I nearly fell flat on my face. Most of the time in the sea we spent jumping the waves for it is rather difficult to swim when you are just about to be engulfed by a large wave. After a time we were called in to and tripped and splashed our way back to the shore. Soon we were herded together and then we walked up the hill, some of us stopping at a small shop to buy ice-creams and lollies before climbing into the coaches. We waved goodbye to the group of girls who had stayed behind because their coach had not yet arrived, while the rest of us set off for Carisbrooke Castle, laughing and singing all the way.

B. TOMLINSON.

Carisbrooke Castle

It was afternoon when we reached the tall stone ruin that

was Carisbrooke Castle. There was a gate-house with a portcullis and a cold, dark, stone archway. We came through this into a light, sunny courtyard with buildings all round it. To our right there was a little shop where post-cards and books could be bought. There was also the most beautiful little chapel, to furnish which, various royal persons had given donations. In front of us was the museum and a little room where there was an old well. The well-wheel was turned by a donkey (incidentally, we smelt it before we reached it) and the well was one hundred and sixty feet deep. The donkey (rather a nice little donkey) turned the wheel for us and soon a large wooden bucket with a chain was drawn up. The donkey was trained to stop as soon as it saw the chain. The man in charge switched on a light at the bottom of the well and far away we could see a small, round, glimmering object—the water. I must say that it was rather creepy.

After we had stayed a little longer, we went to have tea and returned later on to see the rest of the sights. We walked round the battlements and we felt as though we were on the top of the world. There was a wind blowing and it really was an exhilarating experience. After we had explored as much as we wanted and had seen the window where King Charles stuck when he tried to escape, we found the museum. It was an interesting museum, and as we walked up the stairs, we stopped before a beautiful picture hidden away in a dark corner. It was that of the death of Elizabeth, Charles' daughter, who was imprisoned in Carisbrooke. She had a beautifully peaceful face and the window (they did not have any glass in them in those days) showed the view spreading far away out into the distance. Later on we saw this particular room, and also some of Elizabeth's curls in a glass case. We noticed the nightcap which Charles wore on the night before his execution (it was made of thick lace), and also his cravat and the head of his walking stick. Further on, there was Lord Tennyson's chair and desk and one of the oldest organs in the country. Altogether, it was a very interesting place and we were sorry when we had to leave and go on with our journey to Cowes.

VANESSA HARRISON.

The Ferry Crossing back from Cowes to Southampton

We queued for a long time at Cowes, but eventually we got on the ferry and made our way to the side. We watched the very long queue slowly walking on to the ship. At last, everyone was on board and the steamer slowly chugged away from the quay, turned round and eventually we were off. As we moved farther

away, the people weren't so easy to see, and the Isle of Wight gradually faded into the distance.

We had a short journey over the sea and then we were in Southampton Water. We saw the ever-burning flame of Fawley which belongs to the Fawley Oil Refineries. Further up the estuary, we noticed a fleet of twenty-four boats which were all painted grey. We passed many boats and people waved to us. All this time the sky was getting blacker and blacker and at last the rain came. We all put on our mackintoshes and watched the rain splashing into the dark sea, which was becoming quite choppy.

The journey at last came to an end and we very slowly alighted from the boat and made our way to the end of the pier where we waited for the coaches. At last we climbed into them, very tired but with happy memories of the Isle of Wight.

A. SCALBERT.

* * *

SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT, 1959—60

The Meetings of the School Council during the year have been invaluable, I am sure, to Council members themselves, and also to those from the rest of the school who came as visitors to listen to Council's discussions and decisions.

During the year 1959—60, the Council welcomed the decisions of the Staff for the revised allocation of House points, and for the distribution of the profits from the school Fête in the summer of 1959, £60 of which went into the Magazine Fund. Council also decided to buy, with school money, the second oak chair that is now in the Hall, and to pay for the gold lettering on the University Honours Board, itself a present from some Old Girls. Not least in importance, a grant of 1/6 per head was voted by Council towards the School Expedition to the Isle of Wight in the summer term—an outing which was greatly enjoyed throughout the school.

Altogether the year has been a satisfactory one and all members who have served on the Council continue to benefit from their experience.

BARRIE SERGEAN, *Secretary*.

* * *

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT, 1959—60

During the past year we have supported four appeals through collections, two of which were the Cancer Research Fund and the

newly-founded movement to improve conditions in Sicily, which have only recently been brought to the public notice. Our other two collections were for Persia and Agadir, both of which suffered as a result of disastrous earthquakes.

We again collected toys at Christmas. This has become a permanent part of our Christmas activities, and this year we sold seals for the Chest and Heart Association. We also raised money for the National Children's Home by the sale of photographs of "Happy Children."

This year we completed our contribution, through collections, to the secondary education of Cynthia Palmer, a Jamaican girl, and also sent blankets to the Shaftesbury Refugee Committee.

JENNY COBLEY, *Secretary*.

* * *

HOCKEY REPORT

Unfortunately last season several of our matches were cancelled owing to bad weather conditions. However, the team gained experience from the matches played and Mrs. Brooks' careful coaching, although the results were not always in our favour. This year a junior team is being continued which practises regularly and matches are arranged where they are possible.

Matches 1959-60

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Shaftesbury High S.</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Result</i>
Sunny Hill, Bruton	— 1st XI	— Home	Cancelled
St. Mary's Convent	— 1st XI	— Away	Won 2-1
Gillingham Grammar	— 1st XI	— Home	Cancelled
Park School, Yeovil	— 2nd XI	— Home	Cancelled
Old Girls	— 1st XI	— Home	Won 6-3
Green School, Dorchester	1st XI	— Home	Lost 2-5
	2nd XI	—	Lost 2-6
Yeovil High	— 1st XI	— Home	Cancelled
St. Monica's	— 1st & 2nd XI	— Away	Cancelled
Park School	— 1st XI	— Home	Cancelled
St. Anthony's	— 1st & 2nd XI	— Home	Cancelled
Lord Digby's	— 1st XI	— Away	Lost 2-10
St. Mary's Convent	— 1st XI	— Home	Cancelled
Gillingham Grammar	— 1st XI	— Away	Lost 4-7
Sunny Hill, Bruton	— 1st XI	— Away	Lost 0-2
La Retraite	— 1st XI	— Home	Cancelled
Green School, Dorchester	1st XI	— Away	Lost 0-3

Team 1959-60

Left Wing	— C. Hutchings*
Left Inner	— J. Crouch
Centre Forward	— A. Milroy* (<i>Captain</i>)
Right Inner	— C. Head*

Right Wing	—	P. Ridout*
Left Half	—	R. Jackson
Centre Half	—	J. Lloyd
Right Half	—	G. Fooks
Left Back	—	A. Ramsden
Right Back	—	A. Welford*
Goalkeeper	—	M. Whitty*

* Denotes Colours

* * *

TENNIS REPORT, 1960

It is difficult to judge the progress of our first tennis VI this year, as we did not have a permanent team. However, we gained a lot of experience from playing against better teams. Our standard definitely improved towards the end of the term, owing to our regular coaching by Mrs. Brooks, although it seemed that most of our opponents had improved too.

1st Team from :

1st	*A. Welford	}
	*A. Milroy	

2nd Team from :

1st	A Perkins	}
	L. Kibbey	

2nd	C. Head	}
	C. Hutchings	

2nd	J. Staggs	}
	J. Crouch	

3rd	*R. Brayford	}
	R. Lillie	
	A. Perkins	
	L. Kibbey	

3rd	From : S. Boreham, P.
	Cornish, J. Low, R.
	Sturman, P. Gill, G.
	Fooks

* Denotes Colours awarded

Colours awarded to : A. Perkins

Results

Park School	—	1st, 2nd VI	—	Cancelled
Lord Digby's	—	1st VI	—	Lost
Hall School	—	1st, 2nd VI	—	Cancelled
St. Mary's	—	1st, 2nd VI	—	Lost, Lost
Old Girls	—	1st VI	—	Lost
Park School	—	1st, 2nd VI	—	Abandoned
Blandford	—	1st, 2nd VI	—	Lost

School Tournament

Junior	Middle	Senior
Winners : G. Perks	Winners : R. Sturman	Winners : A. Welford
C. Ottey	M. Moody	A. Perkins
Runners-up : L. Lequesno	Runners-up : S. Lloyd	Runners-up : R. Brayford
V. Greenland	S. Mitchell	R. Lillie

ATHLETICS REPORT—SUMMER TERM, 1960

There has been a marked improvement in our athletic progress and also in the general interest (perhaps inspired by the Olympic Games !) in athletics this year.

The School Sports were of a higher standard than ever before, and many records were broken. Mrs. Bradford, the Chairman of the Governors, presented the cups.

Results

<i>Senior Champion</i>	—	J. Upton
<i>Runners-up</i>	—	P. Ridout
		A. Perkins
<i>Intermediate Champion</i>	—	P. Cornish
<i>Runner-up</i>	—	S. Harcourt-Brooks
<i>Junior Champion</i>	—	B. Skew
<i>Runner-up</i>	—	G. Perks
<i>Champion House Cup</i>	—	1st Wren
		2nd Hardy
		3rd Barnes

At the North Dorset Sports our girls broke five records and carried off the Intermediate Girls' Cup.

Results

<i>Junior :</i>	Hurdles	—	J. Gatehouse	1st, record broken
	High Jump	—	M. Miles	1st
	Long Jump	—	B. Skew	1st, record broken
	Relay :	M. Pickford, B. Foote, J. Gatehouse, B. Skew,	3rd	
<i>Secondary :</i>	100 yds.	—	J. Trustrum	2nd
	150 yds.	—	S. Harcourt-Brooks	1st, record broken
	Hurdles	—	S. Pile	1st
	Discus	—	A. Semmence	2nd
	Relay :	J. Trustrum, V. Croxford, A. Read, S. H-Brooks,	2nd	
<i>Intermediate :</i>	100 yds.	—	P. Cornish	2nd
	150 yds.	—	R. Jackson	1st
	Hurdles	—	A. Milroy	1st, record broken
			G. Ridout	2nd
	High Jump	—	N. Behan	2nd
			J. Upton	3rd
	Long Jump	—	A. Perkins	1st
			C. Hutchings	3rd
	Javelin	—	M. Whitty	1st
			C. Head	3rd
	Discus	—	S. Boreham	4th
			D. Clifton	5th
	Relay :	C. Hutchings, A. Perkins, P. Cornish, J. Upton,	1st, rec'd	

At the Dorset Sports our girls helped to win the Intermediate Girls' Swanage Bowl and the Senior Girls' Grosvenor Cup for North Dorset.

Results

<i>Junior :</i>	Hurdles	—	J. Gatehouse	2nd
	High Jump	—	G. Perks	3rd
	Long Jump	—	B. Skew	3rd
	Relay : B. Skew and 3 from other schools,			2nd
<i>Secondary :</i>	Hurdles	—	S. Pile	4th
	Relay : S. Harcourt-Brooks and 3 from other schools,			3rd
<i>Intermediate :</i>	100 yds.	—	P. Cornish	1st
	Hurdles	—	G. Ridout	4th
	High Jump	—	J. Upton	3rd
	Long Jump	—	A. Perkins	3rd
	Javelin	—	M. Whitty	2nd
	Relay : P. Cornish, A. Perkins, J. Upton. and 1 from other, school,			1st.
<i>Seniors :</i>	100 yds.	—	P. Ridout	2nd
	220 yds	—	P. Collis	1st
		—	J. Crouch	3rd
	880 yds.	—	G. Fooks	1st
	Hurdles	—	J. Marsden	2nd
	Discus	—	A. Welford	1st
	Relay : P. Ridout, P. Collis and 2 others from other schools			1st

Congratulations to Penny Cornish, who represented Dorset in the South Western Counties Sports in 100 yds. and Relay.

JACKIE MARSDEN, *Captain.*

* * *

SWIMMING REPORT

Unfortunately this swimming season showed a considerable lack of enthusiasm for the sport amongst the seniors, although there was more lower down the school. However, the general standard of swimming has definitely improved this year, under the coaching of Mrs. Brooks, and the diving shows great promise.

The Swimming Gala was enjoyed both by participants and onlookers, and an excellent diving display by Mrs. Underwood, one of our old girls, who was formerly the Universities' Butterfly Stroke Champion, provided the highlight of the day.

Individual Championships

<i>Lower School :</i>	Winner	—	S. Stride
	Runner-up	—	V. Greenland

<i>Middle School :</i>	Winner	---	J. Stride
	Runner-up	---	E. Seligman

<i>Upper School :</i>	Winner	---	C. Head
	Runner-up	---	H. Colyer

House Shield won by	1st	Barnes
	2nd	Wren
	3rd	Hardy

* * *

THE BADMINTON CLUB

The first meeting of our newly-founded Badminton Club was held at the Modern School on Tuesday, October 25th, under the direction of Mrs. Davison. Few members had played before, so practically everyone had to start from 'scratch.' However, everyone thoroughly enjoyed this first meeting, and if enthusiasm continues to be so great, there is no reason why the club should not flourish and produce some very able Badminton players.

* * *

HARDY HOUSE REPORT, 1959—60

<i>House Mistress</i>			Mrs. Davison
<i>House Captain</i>			Barrie Sergeant
<i>Deputy House Captain</i>			Jenny Cobley
<i>House Games Captain</i>			Ann Ramsden

Although Hardy has dropped to the position of bottom house again, with only 15 points, after being second in 1958-59, I hope that this will act as a greater incentive rather than a discouragement to all members in both their work and their games during the coming year.

On behalf of the house I should like to thank Ann Milroy, last year's captain, for all the work she put into the house, also Valerie Dolby, our games captain, and of course Mrs. Davison and Mrs. Bell for all their advice and support. We extend a warm welcome also to all our new members, and look forward with them to a successful and happy year.

BARRIE SERGEANT, *House Captain.*

BARNES HOUSE REPORT, 1959-60

<i>House Mistress</i>		Miss A. K. Watkins
<i>House Captain</i>		Jean Upton
<i>Deputy House Captain</i>		Christine Crouch
<i>House Games Captain</i>		Carolyn Head

This year, Barnes House very nearly regained the position of Top House, which we held for several years in the past. We now possess the Good Work Cup, and Swimming Shield.

Miss Watkins has supervised us all in our efforts and has been of invaluable assistance to us with her enthusiasm and encouragement.

We could not have achieved these honours without our able House Captain, Jean Upton, and her very efficient deputy, Christine Crouch, Carolyn Head very enthusiastically and competently organised our sport.

We are hoping that the new members of the House will do their best to increase the successes of Barnes in the future. I am sure they all will.

ROSALIND JACKSON, *House Captain*.

* * *

WREN HOUSE REPORT, 1959-60

<i>House Mistress</i>		Miss Matthews
<i>House Captain</i>		Heather Colyer
<i>Deputy House Captain</i>		Jackie Marsden
<i>House Games Captain</i>		Coral Hutchings

Last year, although we came second to Barnes in work and swimming, by winning the netball, hockey, athletics and tennis we managed to be Top House for the second time running. We do thank Miss Matthews and last year's Captain, Deputy and Games Captain, respectively Anne Welford, Audrey Horlock Jones and Pat Ridout, for their enthusiasm and trouble, and congratulate everybody concerned. I hope this will be a challenge to Wren to come top again.

We had a very enjoyable House Party last Christmas, and a sincere House Prayers in which the whole House took some part, last Easter.

We had to say goodbye to twelve of our more senior members at the end of the year whom we wish every success, and we

warmly welcome the twelve replacements. I hope they will do their very best for Wren and that the coming year will be an enjoyable and successful one.

HEATHER COLYER, *House Captain.*

* * *

BOARDER'S REPORT, 1959—60

We began the year with our traditional 'first Saturday evening' social, which was much enjoyed by all, and ended the Christmas term most fittingly with our Boarders' party and carols by candlelight.

In the sporting world we achieved a victory against the Day Girls in tennis. Unfortunately, owing to bad weather, we were unable to play our annual hockey match with the Day Girls.

The highlight of the summer term, and indeed the year, was Miss Abbott's engagement to Mr. John Edgington. Will she take the bell with her?

JACKIE MARSDEN, *Senior Head Boarder.*

* * *

MUSIC REPORT

The joint choirs of the Grammar School and High School sang at the Carol Service, which was held in Holy Trinity Church.

A sixth-form choir sang two songs at the North Dorset Music Festival, which was held at Shaftesbury Modern School, and were awarded a cup.

This term, the school was privileged to have a visit of the Clinton Singers, who are internationally famous. They sang madrigals, folk-songs and opera, and gave us a very enjoyable entertainment.

The choir, and a party of senior girls visited Philipp's House, Dinton, where they were invited to sing with the Haberdasher Aske's boys, from London. They enjoyed both the singing and the music played by the boys' orchestra.

We are at present practising for Speech Day, at which the massed song will be part of the 119th Psalm. The choir will sing a group of four songs.

KATE COLES, *Choir Official.*

Orchestra

The first two terms of last year were uneventful as far as the orchestra was concerned, though a small group enjoyed playing chamber music fortnightly in Sunridge. At the beginning of the summer term the orchestra entered in the North Dorset Music Festival and came second with a certificate to the nick-named "Shaftesbury Puffers." The piece we played was a Minuet from Schubert's Symphony No. 3.

Then in June the orchestra went to Dorchester to join in the combined Children's Orchestra in the Corn Exchange. This was for all pupils of the Dorset Rural Music School, and the large orchestra was conducted by Charles Groves. We all thoroughly enjoyed it. We rehearsed pieces we had been learning through the year and then gave a concert of them to the public in the evening.

We were very sorry to have to say goodbye to Miss Fortnum at the end of last term, but warmly welcome Mr. Long in her place.

HEATHER COLYER, *Leader*.

* * *

FLOWER GUILD REPORT

This year we began a new idea in Flower Guild. We invited members from L. IV to join us, to which the response was good, and so we increased in size considerably. Then, for the first time, we held a Spring Exhibition instead of the usual Christmas Decoration Show. It was very successful with many good arrangements. The school gave generously and our funds were raised.

There were the usual arrangements for the Speech Day tea and, of course, the exhibition for Parents' Day, which was much appreciated by all parents and friends. The high standard of the junior arrangements had special comment.

Another highlight of the year was the entrance by some members in the Floral Competition at the Grammar School Fete. There were some excellent arrangements and some members of Flower Guild won prizes.

The attendance at the usual monthly meetings was good and so we have every hope for a bright future in Flower Guild. We would like to thank Miss Drake for her inspiration and encouragement; also Penelope Wells for her help and for being a first-class secretary.

SALLY CHURCH, *Secretary*.

THE GUIDE COMPANY

For a long time, Miss Dunford has been longing for someone to come and re-start the School Guide Company, so that Boarders may join in. Now Mrs. Teasdale, the Captain of the Town Company, has very kindly offered to come and take us on Friday nights. We already have the equipment, as thirteen years ago there was a Guide Company in school.

Our first meeting was held in the School Hall on Friday, 30th September, between 5.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. At this meeting Mrs. Teasdale explained the kind of things that we should be doing at Guides and we were measured for our uniforms.

We are having a red and grey tie, which is nearest to our school colours, and we have four patrols which are all named after flowers : the snowdrop, daffodil, holly and orchid.

Now everyone is eager to get on and pass her tenderfoot tests so that she may be enrolled. This means stripping your bed and making it properly in the morning and a lot of other things too.

JOAN MEARNS, *Upper IVA.*

* * *

THE VITH FORM CONFERENCE AT PHILIPP'S HOUSE, DINTON

The conference was attended by nearly forty sixth-formers from Sherborne School for Girls ; Foster's and Lord Digby's Schools, Sherborne ; Gillingham School ; Shaftesbury Grammar School and High School.

The weekend consisted mainly of group discussions and open discussions in which everyone could take part.

For the group discussions we were split up into groups of seven or eight, and given several case histories which we were to discuss in turn. The subject for the weekend's discussion was "Freedom and Responsibility" and the case histories covered everything from anti-semitism and marriage to the opinion that Judas Iscariot was the world's worst traitor. Although we were given these case histories to provide starting points in our discussions, we did not necessarily have to keep to them and many groups found themselves discussing a number of "red herrings."

After each session of group discussion we all met in the large lounge and one person from each group reported what his or her group had decided about the characters and situations in question, and also brought forward any new ideas for general discussion on any problems unsolved.

During these periods, Canon Heaton, who was in charge of us for the whole weekend, did his best to answer our many and varied questions with the help of Mr. Grant, the lecturer in English at Salisbury College of Further Education, who had made up the case histories. In fact, we became so involved in the discussions that often we lost all sense of time and consequently found it difficult to get up on the Sunday morning.

However, though we arrived back in Shaftesbury on Sunday evening feeling a little tired, we all agreed that the weekend had been thoroughly worthwhile.

J. STAGG.

* * *

THE VISIT TO PORTON BACTERIOLOGICAL RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT, 18th MARCH, 1960

There were thirteen of us altogether, including Mrs. Davison, and we started off from school at 1 p.m., some by car and the rest in the dormobile.

When we arrived at Porton, having travelled up a long drive to reach it, we gained the impression of a large, modern building, and as we rounded the corner we saw cars parked in every possible place. We "signed in" downstairs in the entrance hall, and then proceeded on our tour around the building. We followed our guide upstairs where we were shown the "works." These consisted of huge pipes running the whole length of the building, other complicated mechanisms and a relay clock, which controlled all the remaining clocks.

The Pathology and Histology Department was second on our tour, and here we learned something about the study of disease in organic tissues. After studying various animal lungs which were infected with tuberculosis, we were told how microscope slides are prepared. The process was very interesting to watch, as some unusual machines were used; one for dehydration contained a series of metal baskets which revolved, and then the microtome, which cuts the tissues into sections, and works on a similar principle to a bacon-slicer.

Next, we were taken into a large airy room which had the appearance of a cinema, with rows of seats rising higher towards the back of the room. We sat down and listened to a talk on Microscopy, the staining of bacteria, and a little about the nature of yeast. Then we all had a look in the microscopes which had been set up for us, and visited another laboratory which dealt with the study of viruses.

Here, we saw fertilised chicken's eggs in which viruses can be grown and learned about vaccines. Our instructor informed us that the staff at Porton are vaccinated every year.

The Hot room, which certainly lived up to its name and where tissue cultures in bottles are kept, and then the Cold room, where various items are stored to prevent decay, were next on the agenda. Finally, we were shown animals, including a great many rabbits, which are kept for experimental tests.

Our tour completed, we collected our coats and made our way home, after an interesting and enjoyable afternoon. I remember especially, the quiet and efficient way in which the members of the establishment received us and treated us throughout the tour.

KATE COLES, *Upper VI.*

* * *

" RICHARD II " AT THE OLD VIC.

The Old Vic is rather an old theatre, perhaps not ideally suited for comfortable viewing of the stage. However, after I had forgotten the initial discomfort of my seat regarding the stage, and the intense heat, I became absorbed in the play—Richard II.

The scenery used was little, but very effective and I liked particularly that which depicted the castle, which was simple and very striking. From scenery to costumes. The latter were very bright and cheerful and introduced colour to the scenes, which perhaps improved what might otherwise have been lacking in the play.

The changes of scene were extremely good, I thought, merely having a black-out, instead of using the curtains. The scenery was promptly and unobtrusively changed while the audience, consisting of schools like us, was wondering whether to clap or not.

The production of the play was excellent, particularly the murder scene, and the leaving out of the humorous sub-plot added to the rising climax of the end of the play. There is one important thing I have not yet mentioned—the actors.

On the whole I thought they were very good indeed, my exception being the queen. I do not think she was up to the high standard of the rest of the actors. Her words were scarcely audible, but perhaps this can be excused by the fact that we were so used to the men's deep voices by then, that we could not accustom ourselves to the queen's lighter tones. I think she was supposed to be crying when Richard was being led to the tower,

but if she had wept somewhat louder it might have been more convincing.

Bolingbroke was good, but I had eyes for no one but Richard, acted by John Justin. As the tension mounted at the end of the play, he showed himself supreme in that long and difficult part of a rather self-centred and finally defeated king.

It was a great experience, and I now understand the play a great deal more clearly than I ever did before our visit to the Old Vic.

ROSEMARY WAGNER.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER

Our party of thirty-five girls, reasonably neatly dressed and walking in a precise "croc.", was shepherded across a busy road by the artful contrivance of Miss Woods, aided by an obliging policeman. We must have looked very interested to the passers-by as we peered at the dirty buildings which did not appear very impressive. We were walking at a Shaftesbury pace through a London street and so we must surely have been recognised as the flowers of the countryside.

We were soon ushered into a side-street, Downing Street to be precise, but I was still looking aimlessly for Scotland Yard. I was having an argument with my memory as to the position of Scotland Yard when a large and impressive car drew away from Number 10. Inside I recognised Mr. Heathcoat Amory, holding a bulging brief-case. When we were opposite the door, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd came out and walked towards the Horse Guards' Parade. Just then a murmur came from the rear, "Straight on and down the steps," and so we went.

We were walking across the Parade-ground when we suddenly realised that thirty of the party had dropped off somewhere and, to the amusement of two policemen, we hurried back to Number 10. The murmur was going round that the Prime Minister was soon to leave his house. I could see his grey head moving above the lace curtains. Then a car drew up, the door opened and out walked the Prime Minister. He waved at first and I thought that he would get into his waiting car, but instead he crossed the road towards us, looking very much like a statesman in his black, pin-striped suit.

An unaccountable shyness overcame the Lower Fifth and Mr. Macmillan asked where we had come from and what we were going to do. Someone said "Shaftesbury" and I was sure that he would say "Where's that?" He seemed pleased that we were

going to see Shakespeare at the 'Vic, then, with a pre-election wave, he walked back to his car, as his chauffeur rushed to open the near-side door. The car then slid away and we moved on down the steps to the Parade-ground thinking, "They will never believe this when we get home!"

STELLA DIBBEN, *Lower V.*

* * *

THE UPPER SCHOOL EXPEDITION TO LONDON TO SEE "ROMEO AND JULIET"

At 8.15 a.m. on Saturday, October 22nd, the coach, bearing, numerous members of the Upper V and VI forms, Miss Woods, Miss Drake and M'selle Milcendeau, not to mention various large cardboard boxes carefully guarded by a couple of boarders, left Shaftesbury. The journey was a fairly tedious one and indeed, the weather did not help matters. So many of us were glad to stop at Hartley Witney for a break. We soon had left the damp countryside and passed the inevitable radius around London-suburbia, and arrived none too soon at our destination—the Tate Gallery.

Here we could wander through the roomy galleries at random for about an hour. Many of us found some of the modern pictures rather mystifying, but enjoyed the more famous ones by Gainsborough, Turner, Degas, Manet, Matisse and others. Another enjoyable feature of this visit was the type of people who frequented the art gallery and knowingly study the various paintings and sculptures. Later we all assembled outside and after a perilous dash across the road, made for the nearest tube-station: Westminster. With surprisingly few mishaps we crossed London and arrived at Waterloo, where, after a short walk, we found our coach parked conveniently near the Old Vic Theatre. We ate a hasty, but much appreciated lunch; attended to shiny faces and tousled locks and then crossed the road to the theatre.

The play surpassed all expectations and will be remembered by all, I feel sure, for a long time to come. The set was simple, but most effective; and the same thing applies to the costumes, which were in very subtle shades and cleverly designed so that the Capulet household were dressed in browns, and the Montagues in grey and green. Opinions vary greatly on the casting, although it is true, I believe, that we were nearly all impressed by the interpretation of Romeo; his youth, and since it is an Italian production, his typically Latin way of expressing his love, his

remorse, and his distress. Judi Dench played Juliet with extreme youth and abandon, and although it was felt that she occasionally over-acted, she portrayed Juliet as I believe should Juliet be portrayed. Peggy Mount made a colourful and amusing picture of the nurse, her tenderness and sympathy for Juliet contrasting strongly with her loud and ceaseless gossip. Mercutio, too, was an amusing and attractive character and after his death, his colourful speech and dramatic gestures are missed by the audience.

There is a lot which could be written about this particular production of "Romeo and Juliet," and much of it was expressed in no uncertain terms on the return journey. However, I think that all of us who went thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and the play will be, I am sure, a topic of enthusiastic conversation for a long time to come !

H. M. SWANN, *Lower VI.*

* * *

THE EXPEDITION TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

On Thursday, 27th October, 1960, a party of VIth form boys and girls, who study Biology, went with Mrs. Davison to the Natural History Museum in London. Once there we divided into groups of 1st and 2nd years, to locate and study sections of interest for our current work. After seeing the specialized exhibits we were allowed to wander at will through the maze of galleries. There was so much to see and so much to remember that we only hope we have absorbed enough information for future reference. It was such a worthwhile trip that we should like to thank Mrs. Davison very much for making it possible for us to go.

* * *

A MUSICAL EVENING AT PHILIPP'S HOUSE, DINTON

On Saturday, October 29th, a coach-load of our seniors left Sunridge with Miss Drake for Philipp's House, Dinton. Here the orchestra of Haberdasher Aske's Hatcham Boys' School were spending their half-term. Under the direction of Mr. Smith, their music master, they had rehearsed some music which they were to perform at a concert on this, their last evening, and again, to their parents, on the following Friday. We at last found our way to the house in the darkness, and were welcomed by Mrs. Smith. After the introductions we got to know the boys and we compared notes on our two schools. At eight o'clock the

orchestra, which included a few masters, took up their positions in the hall, and we had the small public audience sat on cushions on a staircase leading up behind them.

We were all very impressed by the boys' performances of works by various composers, including a Haydn symphony and a suite from "The Snow Maiden" by Rimsky-Korsakov. Mr. Smith declared that the most acid test of an orchestra is whether it can produce musicians capable of playing a quartet. Two violinists, a violist and a 'cellist indeed proved the orchestra's worth by their performance of one by Beethoven. The leader in particular showed himself to be a competent player. During the interval we, conducted by Miss Drake, sang a folk song called "Waly, Waly" and a round, "Non Nobis Domine," both in three parts. Our imperfections seem to have been overlooked, and Mrs. Smith complimented us on our ability to sing in tune; her pupils, it seems, have not all been able to do so.

By the time the concert ended we realised why the orchestra is so well-known in London. We then enjoyed talking over refreshments to our new friends, or in some cases old friends, for some of us went last year. Meanwhile the time was playing a cruel trick on us, and we were obliged to leave. Our coach pulled up outside Sunridge at about eleven o'clock, and we were soon in bed with hopes of seeing and hearing our friends again in the not-too-distant future.

G. M. RALPH, *Upper VI.*

* * *

LECTURE ON KEEPING A BANK ACCOUNT

At the end of the summer term Mr. Dyer came from Lloyd's Bank to talk to the VI form on keeping a bank account. He gave us all leaflets, explained the use of traveller's cheques, told us about security measures in a bank and who used night safes and how. He explained why cheques are crossed, and answered our many questions about banks and their business.

Now we are not as muddled about keeping a bank account as before and we are grateful to Mr. Dyer for his help.

GILLIAN TAYLOR:

LECTURE ON "GOOD GROOMING"

At the end of the summer term, the Upper School was given a lecture on "Good Grooming" by a representative of Yardley's, Mrs. Shanks. When we entered the Hall, our eyes fell with great interest on the table which was covered with dainty little jars and many coloured shade-cards.

The lecture was really divided into two parts : good grooming in general and the art of applying and wearing make-up. The first part contained many valuable hints and suggestions on how always to be smart and attractively dressed. Mrs. Shanks began with hair and gradually moved down to our feet. We learned the "do's" and "don'ts" of lacquering our hair ; how to achieve the shop look at home and the correct type of hair brush to use. She told us how to obtain pretty, well-shaped nails, recommending jelly cubes to strengthen them. We were implored to stop biting our nails, even if this meant wearing cotton gloves for a while. The best way of applying nail varnish having been explained to us, Mrs. Shanks then advised us in our choice of footwear. The harm of always wearing high heels was pointed out, and we were advised as to the purchasing of Italian style shoes. It was impressed on us that any shoe must be completely comfortable in the shop.

The choice of clothes was mentioned next. We learned how to be smart in quite simple dresses, always wearing a hat as a sign of respect. This led to the next point about our first interview. We were told how to achieve the relaxed look while we sat waiting for the interview and the correct clothes to wear. Mrs. Shanks then passed to more casual clothes, indicating how to wear slacks and still be smart. She also advised us in our choice of skirts, mentioning the correct length and the pattern of straight skirts.

Make-up was next referred to and we learned how to keep our complexions clear and faultless. It was stressed that we should always wash make-up off our faces before going to bed. The order of making-up was explained and then we all gathered round her while she demonstrated on one of our number how to appear natural by using the correct balance of make-up. Mrs. Shanks recommended us to join Yardley's Club, members of which are sent free samples of Yardley manufactures.

Everyone was surprised when we found it was time to stop. After a few questions had been asked and answered, a "Thank-you" to Mrs. Shanks was expressed and loud applause followed. We then left the Hall with many new resolutions regarding our future appearance.

RITA PARSONS, *Lower VI.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW SCHOOL UNIFORM

My first thought when I saw the new school hat was "impracticable," but after I had had one for about a week, my opinion was changed. At least they did jump back into shape again (with a bit of persuasion) after being maltreated round the cloak-room floor, and although they contrive to get slightly discoloured by this unkind treatment, spare dust can be removed by applying the clothes brush next morning. My only grievance is that unfortunately when involved in a tug-of-war, the elastic parts company with the hat, and that evening, sighs and tearing of hairs are the usual accompaniment to trying to adhere the reluctant piece of elastic to its former companion.

As for the new introduction of skirts and blouses, the general comment is "smart," although some of the smaller third form look slightly peculiar with untucked blouses billowing out like parachutes, and girdles which trail at their feet like seaweed.

Ties are apt to flutter in the wind and one walks through the grounds resembling a flag-ship in full sail. To overcome this difficulty, U.IV.A put forward the suggestion that the old custom of having badges to resemble our colours should be revived, and that they should act as tie-pins. Of course, if one is prepared to make the effort, and stand up straight, a deportment star is the solution.

On the whole, I think that the general feeling about the new uniform is favourable, and although old girls may sigh and repeat "It wasn't the same in the good old days," I certainly think that it is a change for the better.

V. HARRISON, *Upper IV.A.*

* * *

" I'LL BUILD ME A WILLOW-CABIN AT YOUR GATE "

or

DANGER ! MEN AT WORK

" . . . When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection."

Shakespeare.

It began with a flourish. A proud announcement was made in Prayers that a development scheme was to be launched for the instruction of the culinary art in this institution. For a long time

nothing happened, apart from a few apologies for the fact and then, eventually some men appeared, well equipped with saws, wires and kettles, to fell our proud display of timber at the south-western end of the school. This fired the young enthusiasm of the scholars, who expected to see the beeches fall, one after another, with a single blow ; but no, with all the patience of the oriental races, the workmen lopped branch after branch, fortified with frequent draughts of our national beverage. The whine of the electric saw and the creaking of the reluctant trees mingled strangely with the sound of bubbling water.

We had nearly forgotten any ultimate reason behind the felling of the trees, when another announcement warned us of the possibility of falling into a trench, dug in the process of making the foundations for this mythical temple of goodly savours. This was a humble beginning for a building, pregnant with possibilities of "Cordon Bleu"; no engraved foundation stone was laid with pomp and ceremony, but it was born under the hands of a workman, whose attention was mainly focused on the young ladies taking their exercise.

As the walls grew, foot by foot, so the excitement mounted until, as the roof was finished, it reached fever-point. The cement-mixer whirled excitedly and even the builder's hut collapsed with the excitement, (though for the sole reason that the building itself was now sufficiently water-proof to house tools and tea-pots).

Now the progress has become mysterious and intriguing, concealed within the fabric of a dream of independence—"A room of one's own." The only indication of any progress is the gradual decrease of the materials outside and the amount of time spent by the builders in gazing pensively out of the newly-glazed windows.

How long this final transformation into a thing of beauty will take, is not an easy supposition to make. Its birth was triumphant, its childhood unobtrusive, through the fact that familiarity bred contempt, but we hope that next term it will have reached glorious maturity.

"And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers."—*I Samuel 8, v. 13.*

JENNY COBLEY, *Upper VI.*

* * *

A TERM IN GERMANY

It would be impossible to describe all my experiences in Germany here, so I shall give a brief outline.

Lindenberg is a friendly, prosperous little town in Bavaria surrounded by pine forests and rolling hills with mountains in the distance ; about fourteen miles away is Bregenz on Lake Constance.

The school I attended was very different from this one. There were about 450 mixed pupils and I was in a class of twenty boys and fifteen girls. The buildings were large, spacious and extremely modern and were filled on all sides with beautiful plants of all sizes. There was a large separate building containing upstairs the vast gym with modern equipment, and downstairs changing rooms, showers and even a smaller spare gym.

I went to all the lessons, joining in French, Latin, German and English ; listening to History, Geography, Biology and Religion, and doing my own school work during Maths, Physics, and Chemistry. I was surprised to find the time-table emphasised science and Maths far more than arts. School time was from 8 a.m. until 1 p.m. from Monday to Saturday, so it was a pleasant change to have the afternoons free for homework, swimming, tennis or any activity. Swimming and tennis took place out of school, as did most other activities. School-time itself was only for lessons, so there was not much school life as such, apart from orchestra, with which I enjoyed playing. There were no prefects, form captains or Houses and no Prayers every morning, so the atmosphere, though extremely friendly, was not that of a united body.

During the term I stayed with a charming family in Lindenberg. I was made to feel thoroughly at home and treated as a member of the family. Their kindness is indescribable ; I was taken to films, a play, a concert and a magnificent performance of the " Messiah " in the famous Barock Basilika in Ottobeuren. In this enormous church we sat with 6,000 other people, many from foreign countries, and listened to some of the most perfect singing and playing I have ever heard.

Friends and relations of the family also showed great kindness and I was several times asked out to tea, tennis and rambling parties. The food was very good and beautifully prepared, and I exchanged one or two recipes.

I can only say that the term was a very great experience for me. I enjoyed immensely staying in Germany, speaking her language, getting to know her ways and customs and living amongst this very kind friendly people.

W. H. C. COLYER, *Upper VI.*

HOLIDAY IN FRANCE

Le Voyage

I was full of expectation and high hopes as I sped across the waves of the English Channel in the "*Invictor*," bound for Calais, with the wind blowing my hair into rats' tails. But gradually my spirits became dampened as minor incidents occurred to annoy me. I was sitting enjoying the breeze, the sunshine, and the movement of the boat, disturbing nobody, when some passenger's coffee dregs, carelessly thrown overboard, were whipped up by the wind and splashed over my light-coloured coat like rain drops. This was the beginning of my transformation from English cleanliness to the condition of ingrained dirt that one finds oneself in at the end of any long journey. And by the time I was safely settled in my "couchette" in my train from Paris, the handle had come off my case, my stockings were laddered, and my feet felt as though I had walked all the way so far. I slept soundly, however, forgetting my worries, until I was awakened by the loud wailing of a baby in a bunk below me. A grey and misty light was coming in at the window of the compartment, and as I collected my belongings about me, I quietly rehearsed my first sentence in French before I had the courage to say "Quelle heure est-il, s'il vous plait?" to a fellow traveller. The answer came quickly; I didn't understand, but smiled, said "Merci, madame," and remained in ignorance. We soon arrived at my destination, and I staggered off the train, bleary-eyed and loaded with luggage, not a little apprehensive as to my reception.

La Famille

To my horror, an English boy arrived on the same train as myself. I greeted him pleasantly enough, but determined immediately to dislike him, simply because he was English. Madame B— welcomed us both with open arms; we were plied with English tea, French bread and jam, and bombarded with rapid questions about England, our families, and the journey, until it was realised that we were tired, for it was as yet only seven o'clock in the morning. I was put to sleep on a settee in the living room, and when I came some hours later, it was to find the rest of the family up and interested to meet us. It took me some time to sort out who everyone was. I had expected the parents, two daughters, and a son, so when I found the parents, three girls, no son at all, and various extra adults accompanied by small children, I began to wonder if I was staying with the right family. Only one of the girls belonged to the family proper, the others being German and Dutch respectively, and like

myself, on holiday, whereas the others were merely overflows from a nearby hotel, coming and going mysteriously each night. During my visit, the elder daughter plus husband, the son, and an English teacher of French arrived, any number of aunts, uncles and cousins came and went, and every day "bonne maman" came for coffee after lunch. At mealtimes we all crowded round an enormous table, making quite an international gathering united by the common language of French.

Les Repas

At breakfast we ate bread, fresh butter and jam, with café au lait or tea, drunk from bowls. Lunch and supper were the same type of meal, with an entree of melon, cold meat, grated carrot, or some kind of shell fish, followed by the main course of meat and one vegetable, salad swamped in oil, then fresh fruit, bread and cheese; fruit pastry, or yoghurt. Each meal was accompanied by the long French bread, of which we consumed four or five loaves a day between us, and by cheap red wine, liberally drunk by adults and children alike. Lastly came the coffee—strong and black enough to clear the worst of hangovers. The whole meal was accompanied by records, loud conversation and laughter, and, since the post usually arrived in the middle of the day, the general passing round of letters and sharing of news.

La Plage

We had two special beaches between which we divided our time: Le Platin, a semi-circle of golden sand bordered with the greenest of trees, and frequented by crowds of holiday makers; and Le Conciè, a tiny deserted cove, rocky at high tide, but with a small stretch of sand at low tide, used by few persons other than fishermen and gatherers of shell-fish in the early morning. We spent the mornings here, our afternoons at Le Platin, sunbathing or swimming, reading, talking lazily, or sleeping. We returned home only for meals, and sometimes were even too lazy to do that. It was bliss having nothing to do.

Les Soirs

The evening meal would finish between eight and nine so we never went out in the evenings until after nine. When we did, it was to walk to the nearby town to see a film, to buy "Sucettes Chaudes" which everyone sucked, or merely to walk along the illuminated beach watching the world go by. Once we went to a "surprise partie" in a private house. The dancers jived or "smooched" in a dimly-lit cellar-like room to out-of-date English rock 'n' roll discs. There was nothing to eat, and we were almost entirely ignored. This was one of about

three or four occasions on which I wore a dress—and even then everyone else wore jeans or skirts and sloppy jerseys. The larger part of my carefully packed wardrobe was indeed unnecessary, and I had to buy the two articles of clothing that everyone wore most of the time—a bathing costume and a pair of jeans.

There was a "camping," the largest in France apparently, run by one of the family's uncles, nearby, and this provided our greatest source of amusement in the evenings. For dances were held there, there was a camp fire and sing-song every Saturday, an out-door film every Thursday (it rained each time!), and competitions of all sorts were held. There was a miniature shopping centre, a post office, a small bar, and a barber who gave joy rides in his private 'plane. Yes, we had plenty to do, with on top of this, helping in the house, reading (in French of course), studying, and writing letters.

Le Retour

A month comes to an end very quickly. At first I had been bored with the laziness of the life spent on the beach, but as I became used to it, I didn't want to leave. However, the parting had to be made, and I was soon back on a train speeding towards Paris. Luckily I was travelling with the Dutch girl as far as the capital, so I didn't feel too miserable. We had not booked sleepers, or indeed any seats, so we took possession of a whole carriage and stretched ourselves out on the seats. We were disturbed only once during the night, by two workmen who squeezed into the small spaces we left them as we pretended to be asleep, and who disappeared mysteriously after a short while. We slept for about an hour altogether, but we laughed a good deal, ate chocolate, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

In Paris I was left to my own devices for about four hours, and so I set off from the Gare du Nord to pass the time wandering about the city, hoping I might bump into the Eiffel Tower. I had reached as far as the church of Sacré Coeur when I realised that I was completely lost, and bravely I took the Metro back to the station, still with half an hour to spare. Once in my train on the way to Calais, I had to realise finally that I was leaving France, for my carriage was full of English people, reading English magazines and discussing their English problems. I despised them and pretended to be French, and indeed, when I first ventured to say anything in my native tongue, it was a most peculiar mixture of English and French that issued from my lips in spite of myself. And even my father didn't recognise me when I arrived in London !

B.S.

AN EASTERN MARKET

As the car draws up alongside the stone entrance leading into the main market of Karachi—Empress Market—it is immediately surrounded by a swarm of dusky faces, the owners of which are gesticulating wildly, and pointing eagerly to their raffia baskets which are slung over their shoulders. These jostling people, each trying rather vainly to shoulder the other out of the way are “carriers,” and by their vague gesticulations, shouts and cries, are indicating that the bewildered shopper should choose him to carry her purchases. Even if she has only to purchase a solitary grape, the shopper is best advised to hire a carrier, for otherwise she will be plagued on her shopping excursion, as they trail behind her, while she journeys around the market, in a band, pleading the whole time for “bucksheesh” (money gifts) and even her stern “jaos” (go) will have no effect! For the price of a few annas one of these natives may be hired, and immediately the others will disperse, for if they do not the chosen one will himself shoo them away, full of his own self-importance!

After this appointment has been completed, the instated carrier leads the way into the market proper, at which you arrive after skilfully picking your way up a flight of steps, thronged by natives. Aged seers meditatively chewing betel nut, which they eject from their mouths at various intervals, chattering women, and partially clad children—all are its occupants; also prostrate bodies, taking their day-long siestas, covered by strips of cloth, decorate the steps. People extended full length on the main pavements are a common sight in Karachi, so it is no surprise that they are completely ignored by the other Pakistanis, esconced on the hard stone steps.

When you arrive at the top of the flight, you pass through a sunny courtyard into what at first appears the gloom of a large emporium. This is welcomingly cool, and a spicy aroma immediately assails the nostrils, with the true fragrance of a traditional eastern market. The fruit stalls first confront the shopper, on which the fruit, which ranges in variety from mangoes and pappas to melons and grapes, is gloriously arrayed in tiers which reach almost to the ceiling. In the midst of this luscious splendour, seated on a little alcove, is the owner. You naturally hesitate as to which of the many stalls you should choose to shop, but your carrier now shows his usefulness; without any hesitation he will take you to the stall owned by his father, brother or cousin, or some relation. Here the vendor deftly selects from his vast array the fruit which you desire, and

presses upon you that which you had no intention of buying. Usually your refusals go unanswered and you eventually succumb under his pressure and buy a whole mountain of fruit which you had previously no intention of purchasing. If you are a well-known customer, your fruit merchant may even dive behind his stall, where lurks the freshest consignment of goods, and select the choicest for you:

From the fruit stalls you pass on by the coconuts, corn-on-the-cob, and nut sellers, and visit the small grocery stores at the back of the market. As Pakistan is a Muslim country pork, which to them is a defiled food, is almost unattainable, for naturally, pigs are not kept in Pakistan. Sausages, bacon and other forms of pig are therefore great delicacies, for owing to the harsh importing and exporting laws of Pakistan very little is imported. To the Englishman who rarely begins his day without bacon and the customary egg, this is a great loss, and it is in pursuit of bacon and sausages that you visit these stores. The shops are little more than holes in the wall, and most of the shop's provisions are stocked into one refrigerator. However, the proprietor is usually agreeable enough, and with a few words whispered in his ear, may produce with a flourish the one-pound of sausages or bacon he may have in stock, for he rarely receives much more than this at a time. You feel no sorrow as you hand over ten rupees (fifteen shillings) for your bacon, and can scarcely bear to allow the carrier to put the package in his bag.

Now it is probably time to leave the market. True there are many other types of stalls and shops to be visited, but you will have to come back another time. Outside, clustered around your car, the beggars await your return; maybe your carrier will get rid of them for you, knowing that by so doing his tip will be increased; and as you drive away from this scene, which although not possessing the hygiene of an English shopping centre, certainly possesses an obscure aura and charm of its own, he will ask that next time, will the Memsahib please remember to choose him as her "carrier" first.

LESLEY C. KIBBEY, *Lower VI.*

* * *

HADRIAN'S WALL

It was with mixed feelings that I accepted my grandfather's invitation to spend a week with him in Northumberland; exploring Hadrian's Wall. I have never led a very energetic life and a walking holiday seemed quite out of my normal sphere:

but I was, and still am, fascinated by archaeology, especially classical archaeology, and so I could not resist the offer.

We travelled from London to Newcastle by train and arrived late in the afternoon. I paid a visit to Newcastle later in my stay and was very surprised at what I saw. I had anticipated a large, smoky factory-town with nothing but fog and chimneys on the skyline; but it was not like that at all! Although not beautiful it had such a warm, friendly, Northumbrian atmosphere that it seemed like an old friend we had not met for years, as indeed, to my grandfather, it was.

We were staying at a hotel in a little village called Chollerford, on the banks of the Tyne. Our first walk was to see the stretch of the Wall, and the guard-tower, not far from the hotel. At first I was slightly disappointed because it looked so small and tumbled down, but as I came closer and looked again, I was absolutely stunned at the ingenious engineering that it had entailed, and to think that there had been about 90 miles of it too! Every conceivable difficulty seemed to have been foreseen, so that not even the most cunning Pict or forceful Jute could penetrate into Roman Britain.

The Wall was built in approximately 130 A.D., and was designed in three main parts—the actual stone erection; to the North of it the *Fosse*, or ditch, and to the South of it the *Vallum*, or bank. There is a lot of controversy as to whether the Vallum is part of the Wall or an earlier attempt to keep out the Scots. I think that most people agree that it is part of the Roman Wall.

Further down the Tyne was the abutment of a Roman bridge. These are said to be the finest remains of a Roman bridge in the British Isles. It was truly remarkable. The river had moved south-eastwards quite a few yards during the intervening centuries and so the abutment had had to be excavated to be discovered, but it was well worth it! Each stone fitted exactly and the Lewis holes which helped the workmen to carry the hewn boulders were clearly visible and some of the iron bars were still there, holding the stones together.

We saw many Roman camps but the one which impressed me most was Housesteads, famous, probably, because of the long stretch of the wall over the crags there. All the camps were built on more or less the same basic plan. The walls are built on a rectangular plan, sometimes with rounded corners, and there are guard rooms and store-rooms built at intervals against the inside. The interior usually consists of barracks, granaries, workshops, stables and a bath-house. There is also a headquarters building

(principia) and the commandant's quarters (praetorium). Housesteads has a most impressive situation : it stands on the top of a range of crags and overlooks a group of lochs which served as a convenient water supply. But there is about Housesteads such an atmosphere that even the most soulless could not help visualizing the Roman soldiers, always prepared for an attack, and ever trying to defend their Wall from the Picts and Scots.

There are, outside the southern wall of Housesteads, the ruins of an English village, existing at the same time. This also has the same keen atmosphere, and it is very clear how the houses must have looked, with wattle roofs and sturdy timbers. There are the ruins of a house that are most enthralling. It is called Murder House because the excavators found buried in one corner a skeleton with a knife point in its ribs.

There are many interesting places one can visit on Hadrian's Wall and what I have written here is only a modicum of what we saw. It was one of the most enjoyable holidays that I have ever spent and I came back with the feeling that I had really learnt something, which seldom happens out of school.

ERICA SELIGMAN, *Lower V.*

* . * *

HOLIDAY JOB

All television heroes are quick on the draw, and they all end up by getting their man. As the villain of the story drops to the ground he clutches a dark patch of shirt, stained with blood, to his chest. Do you ever wonder where this sinister stuff comes from ? Well I can tell you, because the girl working on the bench next to mine was bottling and labelling it for two weeks !

If you have not already guessed, I spent most of my holiday in Max Factor's cosmetic factory.

All kinds of cosmetics are manufactured there, including a lot of television and stage make-up, and you may find yourself doing any kind of job from putting lipsticks into cases, to filling Cologne bottles. I could write pages on the different jobs I was given to do, but the most interesting parts of the factory were the manufacturing departments.

Large steel-tanks full of evil-looking brews, in quite unimaginable colours stand in long-rows. The shelves on one side of the factory are stacked with thick slabs of beeswax in hundreds of different shades of red and pink and blue and green. These are used in making lipsticks and eye-shadows. Perfumes

THE HIGH SCHOOL MYSTERY

I

A tale of great truth I am now telling you
So I'll set about writing with no more ado:—

On the fifteenth of February,
That very same night,
To the hearts of many,
There came a great fright:
The High School was empty,
Deserted and free
From the voices and chattering
Of girls full of glee.
Mr. Fletcher (and wife)
Was lying in bed
With sweet peaceful dreams
Floating all round his head.
A sudden loud noise
Woke him up with a start—
One hand clutched his wife,
The other—his heart.
A frightening "hammering"
Sound to be sure.

(Remember—there had been
A ghost of yore)
So, fearing a little,
The brave man arose
And, because of the cold
He donned a few clothes.
Going into the passage
To himself he vowed
"I'll search the whole school."
His heart beating loud.
He did that same thing
But nothing he found
Although he looked everywhere
All around.
So he went back to bed
With tea for his wife,
Next morning—so tired—
He thought "What a life!"

II

The very next night,
The very same time,
Just after one-thirty,
She heard the clock chime,
Miss Dunford awake
To the very same sound,
That yesterday sent
Mr. Fletcher searching around.
This fearsome noise
(Like a door being knocked

By someone who
In a room was locked)
Caused Miss Dunford fear
As in bed up she sat,
So she hastily rose
And searched her flat.
But although she looked everywhere
Nothing could she find,
So retired to bed
With an uneasy mind.

III

The very next day
Was the "meeting of clans."
All concerned and neighbours
Met to discuss their plans.
"This dreadful noise
Has got to cease.
Why! the whole neighbourhood
Has had no peace."
"This alarming noise
Goes on all night—
No one can sleep
Till it stops at first light."
"Then we are agreed,
Tomorrow at ten,
We'll track down this din,"
Said one of the men.
At ten-thirty next night
The noise did begin.
"Over there! Over there!
Just by that dust-bin."
The searchers did hunt,
They looked everywhere—

And what did they find
But a badger's lair.
And every night
The badger would roam
And attempt to escape
To find a new home.
The "bumping" was heard
When the badger broke stones
At Parson's Pool gate,
Thus causing weird tones.
The next night was opened
Parson's Pool gate,
And the Badger escaped
Some time late that night.
Later on he returned
And finally was caught,
And released in a forest
Where he'd never be sought.
From whence came the badger
We cannot explain
And thus our mystery
Will always remain.

ROSEMARY WAGNER, *Upper V.*

and colognes are also made in huge tanks, drained into smaller ones and are taken to the filling machines.

It's all very strange to be suddenly transported from the fresh air of the outside world into this enormous factory, full of exotic smells and strange mixtures hopefully designed to enhance the beauty or otherwise of the female sex and to wage war on the ever-encroaching years.

And by the way, don't be misled by the gleaming teeth of the girls in the T.V. toothpaste commercials. I also helped to bottle white tooth-enamel !

C. A. HUTCHINGS, *Lower VI.*

* * *

GIRL GUIDE JUBILEE CAMP AT LONGLEAT

I was fortunate in being able to attend the Wiltshire Girl Guide Jubilee camp at Longleat. There were 600 guides under canvas for a week including guides from America, France, Norway, Sweden, West Indies, Nigeria, Korea, Rhodesia. We were divided into groups of thirty, and in our group was Jenny Gjeron from France. Jenny was at the High School during the last five weeks of the summer term.

On the Sunday we were honoured by a visit from Lady Baden Powell and her daughter. After lunching with all the overseas guides Lady Baden Powell addressed the guide camp. The other highlight of the week was a camp-fire, to which all other Wiltshire guides were invited. At this camp-fire the overseas guides dressed in their national costumes and entertained us with their countries' songs. The camp fire was dying and we were singing when a herd of deer crossed the park in single file, so making a perfect ending to our day.

BARBARA CRIDLAND *Lower IV.*

* * *

NIGHT IN A GARDEN

The black, velvety silence enfolds me,
Like the soft-treading cat whose star-bright eyes
Discover sleeping gossamer on every
Night-locked flower.
The dew damp grass is heavy with its seed,

And the perfume from the sleeping iris
Stabs the air.
The silence is pierced by an owl's shrill cry,
And the rush of wings and rustling grass
Fill the night with feathered fear and anguish.
A breath of scented breeze passes, a sigh
From the tranquil garden, whose heavy sleep
Forgets the pain.

J. M. COBLEY, *Upper VI.*

* * *

TUMULUS

It stands alone,
A solitary hump
Against a background
Of bleak bracken.
The last memorial
To those who went before :
Our proud forefathers
Buried below.
Their possessions—
Bronze trinkets and silver—
Lying there with them
All motionless.

Could it have been that one wild night
As the wind swept over the amber heath
The moon shed her eerie light on them,
Who, restless, had come from beneath ?
Was the light which glimmered out there
Just reflection in some rain-filled pool ?
Or was it, who knows, the moon's own face,
Which peered from mystic, metal tool ?

And if they did
Rise from their resting place
In the pale moonlight ;
What did they see ?
How did they feel ?
As lonely, unnoticed,
They looked where they too
Had lived.

H. M. SWANN, *Lower VI.*

TOPIC FOR CONVERSATION

The summer that we didn't have
Was what we longed for most,
And making do with rain-washed sand
Damp August brought a host
Of disillusioned travellers all coming to the coast.
The 'Met boys' said we'd had more rain
Than any preceding year,
But most of us were optimists,
And some refused to hear
That there would be no sun at all, to bring them any cheer.
But still we said, "A clearing shower,"
And still the heavens poured
Their unrelenting tears upon
The would-be-merry horde,
Some trying to be cheerful, but mostly being bored.
The wealthy ones all fled to France
And there they found the rain ;
And some went farther still afield—
To find yet more in Spain ;
So in September they returned to their wet motherland again.
But foreigners all journey here
Prepared to find the worst,
To hear the British public
Talk about it till they burst ;
So let's not disappoint them for our climate is accursed.

ANONYMOUS.

* * *

ARE YOU WITH US ?

" We are a musical school." Too bad
There's one amongst us who, the cad,
Is moving lips and teeth and tongue
Yet not a single note is sung.
But she is not alone, her crime
Is perpetrated all the time
By some, too shy and what is more,
Too lacking in esprit de corps,
To lend their voices lest they make a howler
And evermore by all be called a growler.

O, fellow growlers, with your fate
I heartily commiserate!

Others who can't do Maths or Greek
Are still respected, so to speak
Though they admit it. We have no defence
We must take refuge in pretence,
But now, my friends, we must declare
Ourselves, and each allegiance swear.
Parents, teachers have heard the best
School music—what about the rest ?

One night we'll hold a concert here
And give them entertainment rare.
We'll sing en masse, and give them tea,
Growlers, ready ? One, two, three . . .

BY A NON-SINGER.

* * *

THE LONELY LEAF

Little brown leaf came fluttering down;
Little brown leaf, down to the ground.
Gone was the summer with days so long,
Gone, the cuckoo, with flattering tongue ;
Gone were his friends.

The autumn air was cold to the leaf,
And so was the frosty ground beneath.
He trembled and wondered where he'd be blown,
May be on ground now newly sown
With barley seed.

Little brown leaf, still, on the ground,
Little brown leaf in a great big mound—
Was scuffled away by children's feet,
Past the park and the old green seat.
Gone was the leaf.

S. PILE, *Lower V.*

* * *

FORM REPORTS

VI Form

During the first five years of my High School career I was often curious to know what went on behind the door of the VI Form Room, and it was a memorable moment when, on the first

day of the Autumn Term, 1959, the Upper V of the previous year passed freely on to that hallowed ground. Somehow we felt we were trespassing.

Soon the hectic VI Form life bore us quickly through the weeks and there was little time to reflect on our position. We spent weeks trying to devise a neat but speedy method of dealing with our files, and broke the file-paper consumption record. The walls of our form-room, which was often cold and "fuggy" at the same time, would bulge outwards as about twenty-five chattering girls milled around looking for pens in the eternal muddle of preparing for the next lesson. Somehow it was never possible to find the very girl who was wanted—she was sure to be doing break-duty, seeing Miss Matthews, in the study or just gone to or still at the Grammar School.

Our activities would fill a book so I can only mention a few of them. In the Autumn Term some French enthusiasts attended a performance of Moliere's "L'Avare," and in the Spring Term a production of Corneille's "Le Cid." Although we understood far less of "Alceste," the Greek play by Euripides which we attended in the summer, we enjoyed it just as much. It was acted by some boys of Bryanston School in their own open-air Greek theatre. Of course it began to pour with rain before many scenes had passed, and the producer threatened to stop the performance. Protests were so loud, however, that the poor cast were obliged to persevere to the end, in spite of ideal conditions for catching pneumonia. The annual VI Form Dance was held in our hall in January, although the preparations and sending of invitations had to be completed during the previous term. When the great day at last arrived (and some of our partners did not because of snow) we had a most successful dance. Some of us attended dancing lessons conducted by the P.T. teachers of the High School and Grammar School during the Autumn Term, in order to increase our Terpsichorean powers for the occasion. The General Election received considerable attention, and we even held a ballot of our own, with the difference that we could vote as often as we wished for any thing or body we liked. The result, as you may imagine, was most amusing. The Lower VI were willing and relieved guinea-pigs during the half-yearly exams; as for various reasons we were given work to do instead of the usual revision lists and question papers.

At the end of the Summer Term the Upper VI enjoyed a barbecue with Miss Woods, and the weather condescended to arrange a bright period for the occasion. It was not as obliging, however, when we invited the staff to a tennis party. I had enjoyed my first efforts at being a ball-boy for only three games when a violent storm drove us to the library where we played

"Charades." Miss Dunford invited the Upper VI and their Grammar School counterparts to a tennis party, which, I believe, was a success.

The reader may be left wondering about our academic education. Rest assured, that was not allowed to suffer. The sobering thought of A-level kept our feet somewhere near the ground, and at the end of the Summer Term the Upper VI left with unnecessary anxieties about the results.

Upper V

The twenty-seven members of Upper V embarked on their G.C.E. year with many good intentions, and with Mrs. Davison as their Form Mistress. Although we had only one sub-prefect at the beginning of the year, we could boast the grand number of two by the end of the summer term.

Three of our form timidly departed for lessons at the Grammar School in search of culture, but instead found romance. Casualties during the year were numerous, ranging from fractured legs due to horse-riding, to the pulled muscles of those eager to demonstrate their prowess on the athletic field.

The arrival of a French girl, a guest of one of our form, caused much beating of masculine hearts in the neighbourhood.

Two of our number were presented with baby brothers during the year. Even after a most hilarious beginning to the exams, the form managed to pull off the best G.C.E. "O" level results the school has ever obtained, to the amazement of both staff and school.

Lower V

All the hard work which we forced upon ourselves last year finally reaped its reward when five Good Work prizes were awarded to our form. To add to our successes, we have now a sub-prefect in our ranks.

At the beginning of the year, four brave spirits amongst us ventured to begin Science work at the Grammar School. They are standing up admirably to the great strain of frequent long walks there and back, and seem to find many things other than their work, most interesting.

The last two terms of the year we attempted to run a weekly Newsheet for the general benefit and enjoyment of the school. Much hard work went into this, but it was greatly appreciated and once we managed to print an edition, the proceeds of which went to the World Refugee Fund.

Let us hope that our form will be as lively and hardworking as ever this year, and end up with excellent G.C.E. results.

Upper IV

During the year we have welcomed three new girls to our Form: Rosemary Groves, Anthea Semmence and Ann Middlemas. We hope that they will enjoy belonging to the Form. We also had one visitor from abroad, Genèviève Meron, who came from Paris. She was a pen-friend of a member of the Form and we all became very fond of her.

Our Form entered in the singing and the sight-reading contests at the North Dorset Music Festival on May 14th of this year. We came second in the singing and attained Grade 4 in sight-reading. Many members of the Form did very well in various other classes.

Finally, congratulations to all those who have passed examinations in Music, Dancing or Speech Training this year. We hope that they will do as well in future years.

Lower IV

Our year in Lower IV began reasonably well and some of us began Latin.

In the Easter term, seven of our number went to Weymouth to a netball Rally, at least, other teams played netball but . . . at least we contrived to win third place.

Towards the end of this term, conversation veered round to another quarter; from work and games to boys. Ah, well! Our junior days are over. Not many people went about without a comb in their pockets and mirrors became the most important things in the cloakrooms. Pin-ups were brought to school, current heroes swooned over and the magazine cover hairstyles appeared like so many flowers.

The athletics began and the field became dotted with energetic figures tearing hither and thither. Swimming came to be dreaded more often than not, for it rained nearly every lesson and rows of shivering bodies sat round the edge of the bath.

Parents' Day went very well and most of the sports' records were broken.

We must congratulate Sheila Stride and Barbara Skew for winning the Junior Swimming and Athletic cups respectively and also four of our number who managed to work hard and get good work prizes.

Form III

On the first day of our new school year we gathered in the Laboratory with expectant thoughts racing through our minds. This was the quietest moment in the Form's history! The boarders clustered together while the day girls peeped shyly at each other.

All through the ceremonies of Speech Day we sat enthralled, longing for the day on which we could take part.

A very timid member of the Form read the first lesson at the Schools' Carol Service which we enjoyed immensely. The Christmas parties which were thought great fun by everyone followed soon afterwards.

Lessons progressed and we were astonished, but pleased, to hear that we were not having any exams that Spring Term.

Our hockey was not very spectacular but two members of the Form took part in the Junior Wren Netball team. "Noah" was a great success and the smallest member of the Form played the part of the lamb.

In the Summer Term, the Form Room was artistically decorated for the parents to view. In the Swimming Gala, more contestants took part than in the School Sports. The most humorous event was the Beginners' width.

Four members of the Form were awarded Department Stars at the closing of our first year.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee, 1960

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

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association was held last year on Friday, November 20th, when the committee for 1960 was elected. But before we got down to this business Miss Dunford gave us the news that the School uniform was to be changed as from September, 1960. We were able to see the new School hat which was modelled for us by Miss A. Matthews, and which impressed us all as pretty and practical.

The Spring Meeting was held at School on Friday, 11th March, and over a hundred parents were present. Mr. Kenney, Principal of the Dorset Farm Institute, came to speak to us. He gave a most interesting account of the work of the Institute, and he spoke not only of this, but also of the prospects for girls who want to make agriculture their career, and the qualifications they would need. He followed up his talk by showing us coloured slides of the Farm Institute, and then answered questions put to him by the parents.

Instead of the usual Summer Meeting at School, Miss Dunford arranged for parents to visit the Farm Institute at Kingston Maurward. This outing took place on the evening of Friday, June 17th, and was very greatly enjoyed by everyone who went. It was such a notable occasion that a special article describing the evening is included in this section.

Parents' Association Visit to Kingston Maurward

It is, I am sure, unusual for a Parents' Association to give its members a Summer outing; yet, on a lovely sunny evening last June, our Association did just that.

Earlier in the year we had heard a most interesting account of the work of the County Agricultural Institute at Kingston Maurward from its principal, Mr. Kenney, and we had been so delighted to see the colour slides of the gardens and farm that many of us expressed a wish to see it all for ourselves.

Accordingly in June about forty of us, as many fathers as mothers this time, set off for Kingston Maurward, where we were met by Mr. Kenney.

After a peep into the main rooms of the Manor and at the beautiful stone carving in the entrance hall, we were shown a model of the buildings and land which we were to tour, and Mr. Kenney gave us an outline of the work and history of the Institute. Dorset Agricultural Committee had acquired this Estate as an Agricultural Training College about ten years ago when much of it was neglected, and since then Mr. Kenney and his students had spent all their spare time and energy on improvements with amazing success.

For our tour of the farmland two tractor-drawn trailers were awaiting us, complete with comfortable seats of straw bales. We clambered up and set off down the drive feeling just like a Sunday School outing. As we rattled along the main road, amazed and amused occupants of passing cars waved to us, sharing our obvious enjoyment of this novel experience. Then we drove past crops of wheat and barley, and through grassy fields of horned sheep and lambs, stopping occasionally for Mr. Kenney to draw our attention to interesting points. We passed the pig-sties, and many of us descended from our lofty seats to inspect them at closer range. A comment I heard was, "They are very clean."

As we neared the Manor once more, we drove through an avenue of beautiful maple trees, and our floral arrangement enthusiasts gazed covetously at the colourful seed keys and leaves.

Our last stop was at the cowsheds, where we all got down to see the calves, kept in semi-darkness and fattened for the slaughterhouse. They seemed quite contented and well cared for, but I suddenly found I had lost my taste for veal.

By the time we had reached the Manor again, it was getting late and chilly, but we could not go away without visiting the lovely gardens. Gardeners among us found much to enthuse over, and how we wished we could take cuttings and pieces of some of the most attractive flowers and shrubs.

We stood on the terraced lawn, looking down on the lake, while Mr. Kenney told us how much of it had been reclaimed

from the woody undergrowth which had almost covered it ten years ago, and how much there was still to do. We watched the swans, and laughed at Mr. Kenney's description of the baby swans learning to fly, taking off from the higher terraces of the lawn, and ending on the lake.

And then it was time to go home, and Miss Dunford expressed the feelings of us all when she thanked Mr. Kenney for such a happy evening, and hoped that we might pay Kingston Maurward another visit another year.

We came away, feeling rather envious of those lucky students of agriculture who trained in such delightful surroundings.

Probably not many of us have daughters who will find a career in farming, although there are openings for girls in poultry and dairy work, and there were many women students at the Institute. We had had a most enjoyable evening, and discovered a new interest in the problems of modern agriculture, and a certain conviction that, at Kingston Maurward and other institutes like it, the future of the land is in good keeping.

The Place of Domestic Science in the Education of our Daughters

This is a subject which one would expect to be related to the female sex and yet I feel that a masculine voice is called for, even though it may be a cry in the wilderness. I write for a very good reason as the capabilities of a woman in domestic science are normally reflected in the standards of well-being of the male, be he married or single.

Yes, of course, such an education is important—it is unfortunate perhaps that schools have to include such a subject which should have been learned at home—on the other hand, if girls are to specialise in later life then there would be certain facets which would require a student applying herself to the more technical problems, the solutions to which are not necessarily found in the normal household.

But why concern oneself only with daughters? In this day and age when it is the rule rather than the exception for newly married women to continue working, I feel that it is time that boys should be taught that there is no loss of dignity in the management of a home—note I said management of a home, not management of a wife.

In 1951, 37% of married women between the ages of 20 and 24 were gainfully employed. Today that figure has probably reached 50%, i.e. approximately 4 million married women. What happens in these homes? Is the homework—as distinct

from "prep"—shared equally between the partners? It is unfortunate but true that the majority of men have conditioned themselves to the idea that housework is beneath their dignity, or decried modestly that they are not versed in domestic science.

If domestic science is a must for women; and who will deny it, then it is important that men, particularly the 4 million husbands of working women should have received similar training. The biological difference in the make up of men and women, though essential for the continuation of the species, should not prevent the man from wielding a pretty broom, preparing a tasty meal, or helping with the laundry!

A strange and cunning method has been introduced over the years—its application is illogical but it works. It goes as follows:

A woman's place is in the home
A single woman may work
A married woman may work,
subject to the approval of her spouse
House work is a woman's work.

Notice the introduction of a caste system—the man must not touch the sink, the linen box, airing cupboard or stove, unless he first makes certain incantations to the effect that

The sink is blocked
The thermostat is set too high
The automatic lighter flint is in need
of replacement.

These tasks may then be performed, apparently without loss of dignity.

I have known occasions when a husband allowed himself to fill a kettle, light the gas and laboriously transfer the filled kettle to the lighted hot-plate. However, he obtained special dispensation on this account as he was overcome with thirst. It was essential, however, to obtain absolution by immediately encasing his body in an armchair and cutting off his vision of further domestic chores with an evening paper until the evening meal was served.

By all means allow our daughters to receive the education that by rights should have been taught at her mother's knee, but spread the gospel further—teach our sons.

W.A.R.K.

Shaftesbury High School is to be congratulated on the appearance of a Domestic Science block to add to its many other fine facilities.

Asked, as a parent, to comment on the importance of Domestic Science in the education of our daughters, may I say, at once, that I think it of very great importance.

For too long Domestic Science has been the Cinderella of the Sciences. A natural re-action, perhaps, following the great emancipation that women have achieved in recent years. But some of us feel the pendulum has swung far enough in the opposite direction, that it is time to put the home back where it belongs, in the centre of our national life, and to restore the balance by educating our girls for *complete* womanhood.

The education of our daughters, however enlightened the age, must always differ from the education of our sons in this important respect,—that they are the home-makers of the future.

Except, perhaps, for a brilliant minority who may have a real vocation in other spheres, most of our daughters will need, at some time in their lives, a knowledge of domestic skills.

I saw in a shop-window recently, a wooden spoon, tied with white ribbon as a gift for a bride. On the handle was a sentence in poker-work, which read, "Kissin' don't last—Cookin' do!" While not necessarily subscribing to the cynicism of this sentiment, I do feel that a great many young wives rush into matrimony with only the haziest idea of how to run a home comfortably and economically. They are the daughters of a generation of emancipated mothers,—many of whom are themselves working outside the home, and with little time or inclination to give their girls the homely lessons the mothers of an older and more leisured age were able to do.

Many girls hasten into marriage, before their spouses have had time to arrive at any sort of financial security, with the avowed intent of keeping on with a job of their own—and expecting to cope with a home as well, more or less as a side-line or part-time hobby, with hardly any idea at all of how to go about it.

To my way of thinking, this is to court disaster. "No man can serve two masters," and it is certain that few women can either.

I think it a great pity when Domestic Science is dropped, because a girl is studying art or science or physics. To leave it only to the dullards is to stigmatise it in the eyes of the clever girls.

I would like to see *all* girls given instruction in Domestic Science, whatever their other skills, so that they may be *complete* women. My plea would be for a *balanced* education—providing training for some worthwhile job, interesting and rewarding,

so that a girl was not tempted to rush into an unsound marriage but had a career she could pursue into later life if necessary, but let her also be trained so that she can approach home-making intelligently and fulfil this basic and most rewarding of all careers for a woman, with a whole-hearted enthusiasm born of skill and confidence.

Yes, I attach great importance to this subject, I think it is of national importance, for only when the homes of England return to a healthy domesticity can we hope to have fewer problem children, a lessening of teenage delinquency, fewer ulcers among husbands, fewer schizophrenic wives, and a drop in the divorce court statistics.

MARY S. COBLEY.

Pop Records

Twenty-five years ago my mother constantly had to ask me not to sing the words of the popular songs so loudly. It was not the tunes she minded, but she felt that the words were foolish and sentimental.

Now my children have acquired a record-player, and about ten records of the Hits of the Moment, and I am singing again. Of course it is more difficult now, because something has been invented during these last twenty-five years which is called the Beat. This you cannot really produce with the voice alone—you need to clap your hands or snap your fingers, which is bound to be difficult or even messy if you happen to be making pastry at the time. Also the actual singing is made complicated, because there is a whole new vocabulary to learn. In my young days the lyrics were of the simple "Moon in June" variety to which my mother so justly took exception. Now the Language of Romance is quite different, and what is worse it is so hard to hear what the vocalist is saying. When my children sit with rapt expressions round the record-player, they are not fascinated with the subtle rhythm or "sent" by the "beat." They are merely memorising their own particular version of the words for comparison afterwards, in the hope of achieving a sensible translation. One swears the last line ended "Adder Blue." Could this be? Improbable, but by no means impossible. It is all very interesting.

I cannot really see that the popular songs of today are any more idiotic than they were in my day, and they are certainly less sentimental. Recently one of the songs in the Hit Parade was condemned by some as expressing a "Death-wish,"—whatever that may mean. I do not believe that what one sings

influences one's life. Quite seventy-five per cent of the vintage hits which I remember were morbidly inspired, but here I am, still going strong.

So let the discs keep turning, and roll on the gay and cheerful tunes which go so well with the whirr of my egg beater, the rhythm of my carpet-sweeper, and even the rattle of my sewing machine.

R.J.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee, 1960/61

<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>				Y. Humphries
<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)

O.G.A. Sixth London Reunion, March 5th, 1960

After trying various Y.W.C.A. hostels in previous years we found this year the ideal place for our London Reunion in Bedford College where, for the first time, we have some of our own Old Girls. The approach to it through Regents Park on a lovely spring day was a delight and we were given a beautiful room in The Holme in which to meet. There were 46 members present and we were specially glad to welcome Mrs. Jessiman from Singapore and Sonya Cassell (*nee* Zinkova) from Southern Rhodesia.

We had a short meeting and then, after an excellent tea, spent the rest of the time as usual in talking. We have already booked this room for next year's reunion and hope to have an even larger number there to enjoy it with us.

O.G.A. Summer Meeting, July 2nd, 1960

Once more we had fine weather and so were able to hold the Tennis Match at the School Field. The Old Girls won by 61 games to 38. We sat in Barton Hill House garden to enjoy the wonderful supper provided by the Supper Committee. It was good to have Mr. and Mrs. Raad there with us. There were 46 members present, not quite such a record number as in 1959. Most of them went down to School before leaving, to see the progress of the Domestic Science Building, and the new University Honours Board in the Hall, which is the gift of Old Girls. During the evening a Poole pottery vase was presented to Gillian Hussey to mark the completion of her ten years as Secretary of the Association.

O.G.A. Autumn Reunion, 12th November, 1960

A buffet supper at the school ! This to me sounded much more fun than going to an hotel for the annual dinner of the O.G.A., and I think that many of us felt that indeed it was. So Saturday evening of November 12th saw an assortment of people arriving to go back to school. There were 88 acceptances, which was a record number.

Once inside the gates, we felt completely at home, and though wondering about one or two new erections, were delighted to find that the classrooms en route to the hall were looking as familiar as ever ; there was the usual atmosphere of friendliness and welcome, which could not be captured at a more formal meeting. The noise in the hall increased in a rapid crescendo, but somehow order was obtained in order to have the short business meeting.

The Committee and officials of the Association were elected—most members continuing in their offices.

Miss Dunford gave a glowing school report, and announced the date of the next London meeting, to be held on March 4th at Bedford College again. The winter meeting is to be held, if possible, on the first Saturday in November, and as the majority of the people present appeared to be enjoying it so much, it was decided to hold more reunions in school, perhaps alternating yearly with an hotel.

Joyce Maidment proposed the toast to the O.G.A. and Margaret Hussey replied to it, pointing out that it is the school that has helped to make each one of us what we are. Mrs. Raad then proposed the toast to the School, to which the Head Girl replied.

A plea was made by the Secretary for members to notify her of changes of address—or name, on marriage—as this would make things very much easier for her, and save some hurt feelings too.

For anybody wishing to donate a gift of money to the school, a fund is being started in order to buy a new dais for the Hall. There has been so much beautiful new furniture in the Hall, which many of us had not seen previously, and the dais does not do justice to it.

We did discover one thing at this new form of reunion—one talked hard, and could move about freely, probably seeing more people than at the usual meeting, but, if one's intention was to come to have a good meal out, it would be a great disappointment; the food was there, of yes, but we were far too busy to take much notice of it! Never-the-less, it was an extremely enjoyable evening, and some of us who are not able to come back to school as often as we might wish were even more thrilled that this reunion was actually held in the school hall.

JUDY ALLUM (*nee* PEEL).

Former Members of Staff

Miss BREWINGTON is still very happy in her hospital teaching at Warwick.

Mrs. LAWSON (*nee* Nowton) is thoroughly at home in Swanage now and she and her husband are very happy in their Congregational Church there.

Miss L. ROBSON has returned to England and is spending a year at Oxford.

Miss TWINE called at School in October. She had not seen it since she left in 1946. She has given up her Preparatory School, Ridgeway, at Lymington, and is living in retirement there.

Miss WILLIAMS is enjoying teaching Religious Knowledge, for a change, at Hungtingdon Grammar School.

Engagements

Heather Cheater to Bruce Carnegie-Brown

Shirley Gray to John Alabaster

Janet Whitmarsh to David Willmore

Marriages

Jill Baigent to John A'Barrow

Bonita Chick to Cpl. Brian Streetèr, R.A.F.

Julia Dibben to Maurice Redpath

Janet Gilbert to Michael Smart

Jennifer Harding to Graham Williams

Valerie Sharp to Mr. Underwood

Diana Sidford to Michael Mulvey (Australia)

Janice Sidford to Ian Josiffe

Mavis Westwood to Brian Blacklock

Margaret Williams to Mr. Stow

Sally Woodhead to Geoffrey Hitchings

Tessa Wright to Brian Dodd

Births

Ann Blunden (*née* Ward), a daughter, Amanda Jane
 Brenda Burton (*née* Digby), a son, Mark
 Barbara Charlton (*née* Hardiman), a son, Stephen John
 Wendy Daniels (*née* Caso), a son, Nicholas
 Diana Dawe Lano (*née* Bowden), a daughter Josephine
 Diana Evans (*née* Stainer), a son Richard Mark
 Jill Frith (*née* Cardnell), a son, Marcus Tristain
 Shirley Goddard (*née* Farris), a son
 Thelma Green (*née* Hull), a daughter, Judith
 Pamela Holdsworth (*née* Broomfield), a daughter, Helen Martina
 Josephine Hunt (*née* Humphries), a daughter, Ina Jane (Grenada B.W.I.),
 Heather Kellett (*née* Miles), a son, Malcolm George
 Doreen Lalande (*née* Pitman), a daughter, Simone Louise
 Thelma Mascal (*née* Peach), a daughter, Susan
 Ruth McAlister (*née* Wareham), a son
 Sally Pemberton (*née* Thorne), a daughter, Victoria
 Rosemary Pierepoint (*née* Tyler), a daughter, Sarah Jane
 Elizabeth (Jean) Pratt (*née* Nathan), a daughter, Martha Jane Marilla
 Nancy Roberts (*née* Talbot), a daughter, Sandra Jane
 Eileen Seldon (*née* Coombs), a son
 Jean Spencer (*née* Beacham), a daughter, Lindsey
 Mary Underwood (*née* Gatehouse), a son, Stephen John

O.G. NEWS

- JENNY ALLARDYCE (1956) helped with the Picasso Exhibition in the Tate Gallery. She hopes to return to Italy soon.
- JUDY ALLUM (*née* Peel) (1954) is staying at home with her parents for a few months until she is able to join her husband in Cyprus after January.
- JANET ALNER (1959) has taken her Preliminary State Nursing Examination at the London Hospital and is now at the Brentwood Annexe.
- JILL BAIGENT (1958) continued to work for the Lombard Banking Company in Dorchester after her marriage but later hopes to help her husband in his business.
- CHRISTINE BURTON (1958) left Southlands Training College in July and is teaching at Christian Malford near Chippenham. There are three teachers on the staff but recently Christine found herself in charge of the whole school as the others were ill.
- WENDY BALL (*née* Colyer) (1956) obtained her London B.A. in French and German with 2nd Class Honours this summer, and is doing temporary work with the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. Her husband has been appointed Lecturer in English Language at Merton College, Oxford.
- ELIZABETH BARTLETT (1960) is enjoying her one year secretarial course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- SUSAN BATEMAN (1960) is taking the one year secretarial course at the Poole College of Further Education.
- RACHEL BOOTH (1960) is working in Lloyds Bank in Salisbury.
- SUSAN BOREHAM (1960). Susan's family has come back from Trinidad and settled in England. She hopes to start her nursing training after a few months at home with them.
- LYNDA BRAIN (1960) is taking a two-year course in Domestic Science at the Salisbury College of Further Education.

- JANE BRAYFORD (1956) has valued her experience as a School Matron, but is now training as a nurse at the London Hospital. She hopes to take up Church work in a few years time.
- ROSEMARY BRAYFORD (1960) is working at the Manchester University Settlement for a year before going to a university for a Social Science Diploma.
- BRENDA BURNETT (1958) has greatly enjoyed her life in the W.R.A.F. School of Music at Uxbridge. She hoped to join the band in time to be able to play her cornet at the Lord Mayor's Procession in London.
- GERTRUDE CAIRD (*née* Miles) has sent her daughter to her old school even though it has meant coming all the way from Scotland. Isobel is living with her grandmother at Melbury Abbas this term and is becoming a boarder next term.
- NAOMI CARSON (*née* Hine) (1947) sent us some colour slides of her son, Kelly, for the Old Girls to see at our London Re-union. She says, "I am very happy living in New Zealand and the summers are a real joy."
- CHERRY CASE (1959) has enjoyed her first few months of training at University College Hospital. She was glad to see Margaret Guy who is also very happy as a student nurse there.
- SONJA CASSELL (*née* Zinkova) (1954). We were delighted to have Sonja with us at the London O.G. Re-union. She has now returned to Rhodesia.
- HEATHER CHEATER (1957) went to London for three months but the post has lengthened and she will probably be there for another year. She is engaged but will not be married until her fiancée has finished his National Service.
- MARY CLAYTON (*née* Perry) (1950) has settled happily in Northern Rhodesia and has a son nearly two years old. Adrienne Gear is nursing in the same district.
- PAMELA COLLIS (1960) has joined Rose Napper at the Bishop Otter Training College at Chichester.
- FELICITY CORP (1960) is enjoying her one year secretarial course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- CHRISTINE CROUCH (1960) was awarded a Dorset Technical Scholarship and is training at the City of London Secretarial College.
- JANE CROUCH (1960) is taking a one year secretarial course at Poole College of Further Education when she will be old enough to begin her nursing training.
- SALLY CULVERHOUSE (1955) has been ill and so was transferred from St. Thomas' Hospital to Salisbury Infirmary to be nearer home.
- WENDY DANIELS (*née* Case) (1955) is now living at New Milton in Hampshire. She brought her son Nicholas to see us this term.
- PAT DAY (1960) is staying at home for a few months until she goes to the Charing Cross Hospital in March to begin her nursing training.
- VALERIE DOLBY (1960) has made a good beginning on her Sixth Form Course at the Mill Mount Grammar School, York.
- BETTY DREWITT is a Senior Executive Officer in the Board of Trade.
- JESSIE DYKE and Beryl Loop spent a very enjoyable holiday in Austria in May and saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau.
- JENNY FORDYCE (1960) has been transferred to Dorchester County School as a day-girl for her Advanced Course in the Sixth Form. She has met Rosemary Dorey there.
- GILLIAN FOOKS (1960) is taking a year's secretarial course at St. Godric's College, London. She is enjoying it and especially the wide variety of nationalities she meets there.
- MARGARET GODFREY (1959). Margaret's family has left Shaftesbury and she is now working at Boots' in Bideford.
- JENNY GREENE (*née* Purver) (1950) is looking forward to coming home to England when her four children are all at school and can be left with their grandparents. This year she and her husband flew 2,000 miles to Florida for their holiday.

ELIZABETH HARDING (1958) after finishing her secretarial training took a post as a shorthand typist with the Road Transport and General Insurance Company at Dorchester. She said that she could not get the acting "bug" out of her system and so joined a Repertory Company.

CHRISTINE HARRISON (1959) now has a permanent post in London with the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada and is very happy in it.

PAULINE HIGGINS (1960) is thoroughly enjoying her training as a Nursery Nurse at Ebley House near Stroud, which is run by the National Children's Homes and Orphanages.

ANN HITCHINGS (1954) is now Nannie to a Persian family in London. She is living in a hostel and is enjoying the greater freedom this gives her and also the variety of nationalities among the eighty people in the Hostel. At the end of the year she is going to Malta to look after her Canadian cousin's four children.

BARBARA HITCHINGS (1956) has enjoyed teaching a backward class in a Secondary Modern School at Stratford-on-Avon, but now is looking forward to teaching Religious Knowledge to G.C.E. 'O' Level there.

AUDREY HORLOCK-JONES (1960) is enjoying her course at St. Mary's Training College, Cheltenham. She is the first O.G. to go there for many years.

JOY HUNT (1959) was very disappointed that she had to give up her nursing training because of the accident to her leg which she had several years ago. She has been accepted for the Civil Service and hopes to join our other O.G.'s in Bath.

GILLIAN JACKSON (1960) is working in Barclays Bank in Weymouth.

MERRILL JONES (1957) is now a Library Assistant in Llandudno Public Library.

JANICE JOSIFFE (*née* Sidford) (1956) was an adviser to poultry farms in Devon and Cornwall before her marriage. Now she is poultry adviser to the firm of Christopher Hills, Alton, Hants.

ROSEMARY LAWRENCE (1959) is working in the main London Office of the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food.

AUDREY LOOK is Head of a C. of E. School at Horton in S. Gloucestershire.

VERA LOOK and a friend have a Cafe at Chester House, Brackley, Northamptonshire, where they specialise in home-made cakes.

CELIA LAYZELL (1958) has been awarded a Somerset County Major Scholarship and has now left Bishop Fox's School, Taunton, and gone to Birmingham University.

JUDITH LILLIE (1960) is taking the two-year pre-nursing course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.

JACKIE LLOYD (1960) is taking the secretarial course at the Salisbury College of Further Education and then hopes to go to Ghana with her parents.

PAMELA LOVELL (1953) has given up nursing and is now a demonstrator for the English Electric Company. She is enjoying having more time to develop other interests and particularly squash and tennis. Her mother has left Shaftesbury and their home is now in Parkstone.

DEIRDRE MACLEAN (1953) has gone to Germany for 2½ years working for the Foreign Office. She goes to Istanbul for her holidays as her father is now stationed there.

FELICITY MACKINNON (1960) had to have her appendix removed soon after she left school and so is staying at home for a time.

JEAN MATSON (1949) has emigrated to Canada and is working in a bank in Montreal.

SHIRLEY MITCHELL (1959) is still working for the English Electric Company at Rugby and enjoying the work much more than she did at first.

ANN MORRIS (1957) is training at the London School of Printing and is photograph re-touching.

SHEILA MURPHY (1960) has begun her nursing training at the Westminster Hospital in Shaftesbury.

HELEN NAPPER (1959) is working in an Electrical Shop in Blandford.

- ANGELA PERKINS (1960) is training at a secretarial college in Southsea and is looking forward to joining the W.R.N.S. later.
- VICKIE PITCHER (1958) came to see us in July. She has left the Friary School, Lichfield and is taking a two-year course at Bournemouth Commercial College.
- JANET PITMAN (1958) is very happy in her work in the Admiralty in Bath. She is a keen member of the Civil Service Sports Club and enjoys meeting all the interesting people from all over Britain who go to Bath.
- FRANCES POLLARD (1958) and her family have moved from Dumfries to Midlothian and Frances is working for the Standard Life Assurance Company.
- ELIZABETH (JEAN) PRATT (*née* Nathan) (1951) is now living at Brentwood and her husband is a research assistant at the London University Institute of Education. They have recently joined the Society of Friends.
- ANN PURDON (*née* Huby) (1950) is still living in Montreal. Her husband has received his Arts Degree and has now begun his training at the McGill Medical School. Their daughter, Penny, is three now.
- CATHERINE RICHMOND (1957) went to the Westminster Hospital in London in February to continue her training after two happy years at Alton.
- PATRICIA RIDOUT (1960) was awarded a Wiltshire County Major Scholarship and is now at the Imperial College of Science and Technology in London University.
- DIANA SIDFORD (1950) has been nursing in Australia since she returned from England. She was married there on November 5th and is living in Melbourne. She had become a Roman Catholic.
- BARBARA SMALES, JUNE MASKELL (*née* Davis) and HELEN PERRY (*née* Hall) are all on the staff of Shaftesbury Modern School after working in other schools.
- JANET SMITH (1960) is taking the two-year course in Domestic Science at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- JENNY STAGG (1960) won her County Major Scholarship and is thoroughly enjoying her four years' course at the University College of North Staffordshire at Keele.
- JACKIE STEPHENS (1957) is working as cashier in C. & A.'s in Portsmouth as her mother has married again and gone to live there.
- SALLIE THORNE (1952) brought her daughter, Victoria, to see us this term.
- ANN TIDEY (1948) is nursing at Chester Military Hospital.
- MARY UNDERWOOD (*née* Gatehouse) (1951) is living near Salisbury. Her husband works in the Longford Castle Estate Office with Mollie Burden.
- VALERIE UNDERWOOD (*née* Sharp) (1955) is teaching at the East Howe Secondary Bilateral School for Girls. She spent her honeymoon in Shaftesbury. We were delighted to welcome her at our Swimming Sports and she gave us a demonstration of Butterfly and other strokes.
- JEAN UPTON (1960) is taking a one year secretarial course at the Taunton Technical College.
- PAT WALTER (1956) is now working in Mr. Thomas' Chemists Shop in Shaftesbury.
- RITA WARREN (*née* Brain) (1952) lived in Salisbury at first after her marriage, and saw Mollie and Ruth Burden often. Now she is living at Hordle, near Lymington. She and her husband are enjoying their small farm very much.
- SYLVIA WELCH (1959) is working in the Midland Bank in Shaftesbury.
- ANN WELFORD (1960) is thoroughly enjoying her training at Windfrith.
- JENNIFER WILLIAMS (*née* Harding) (1957) is happily settled in her new home at Ruislip. She has a part-time job as secretary to the Agent for the Harrow East Conservative Association.
- PENNY WELLS (1960) is enjoying her course at Salisbury Training College.
- DIANA WHERRY (1960) is taking the two-year course in Domestic Science at the Salisbury College of Further Education.

JANET WHITMARSH (1955) is enjoying her training at the Ridgeland Bible College, Bexley, very much. Her fiancée is training at the London Bible College and they have both volunteered to work in the Sahara Desert Mission when they have completed their training.

MAUREEN WHITTY (1960) is hoping to have a period of practical Horticulture in the Spring before going to study at a Horticultural Institute.

BARBARA WILLIAMS (*née* Lowen) (1954). Barbara and her husband have moved to a new home in Brentwood and are glad to be out of London.

MARY WILSON (1956) is teaching in a large school of over 1,000 girls in North London. She is going to Greece after her marriage.

SALLY HITCHINGS (*née* Woodhead) (1956) is now working in Salisbury Infirmary, having passed her final examination in Physiotherapy at Bristol.

RUTH WOODLEY (1955) has been dissatisfied for some time with secretarial work though she was doing well. Finally she decided that she wanted to be a teacher and is now in her first term at Weymouth Training College.

DAPHNE WOODMAN (1957) is working in the Radiometry Division of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington.

MARGARET WOODMAN (1956) has been promoted in the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington and has passed her Final Examination of the Higher National Certificate.

SUSAN WOODS (1960) is thoroughly enjoying her one year secretarial course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.

MARY YOUNG has been accorded the high honour of being asked to represent Great Britain at the International Congress of Nurses to be held in Melbourne, Australia, in April, 1961. She has taken an "around the World" air ticket and has arranged to visit hospitals in Colombo, Singapore, Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Christchurch, San Francisco, Vancouver, Toronto, Washington and New York. We shall look forward very much to hearing about this wonderful trip later.

First Impressions

1. *Of the University College of North Staffordshire, Keele*

I am settling in very happily at Keele and enjoying everything. Although Keele is now ten years old, the pioneer spirit is still very much in evidence. Building is going on, both literally and metaphorically. New residence halls and a new library are under construction at the moment, and plans for a new chapel and Students' Union are being drawn up. Personally, I prefer living in a hut to living in a larger residence hall. There are five rooms in each hut, also a kitchen, bathroom, and wash-room. I share with a girl in her second year, and we have the largest and warmest room in the hut. By the way, in spite of that rather ugly word "hut," these buildings are quite attractive and cosy to live in.

We began lectures on Monday, and at the moment we are studying the Universe. It is all fascinating; Professor Ingram is very keen on presenting science to former students of the humanities and makes the most complex formulae crystal clear. I was amazed at how much maths and physics I remembered. (Also how much I had forgotten!) Once a week we go to a

discussion group, consisting of six students and three members of staff. One of us reads a short essay, briefly summarising the contents of the lectures, then we have informal discussion based on this. Dr. P. Halmos, of the psychology department, leads my group, and judging from this morning, some stimulating and probing discussion is going to take place this year.

You may be rather surprised to hear what subjects I am taking as tutorials. As terminals I am taking History, French and Philosophy, beginning this term with History, as sessionals (studied throughout the year) I am taking Biology and Political Institutions. I still want to take English and French as my main subjects next year when I begin my degree course, but about forty per cent of the "Freshers" usually change from arts to science or vice-versa. That is one of the values of this choice of Principal subjects, while gaining experience of University life, and perhaps finding new and more stimulating interests.

Naturally, there is an abundance of societies and clubs here. I have joined the Modern Languages Society, '44 Club (Education Department), Folk Dance Society, Drama Group, and am thinking of joining the Film Club and the Netball Club. I also go swimming and play tennis. (We practise on the hard courts if fine, or in the gym if wet.)

For thoroughly informal recreation, one can play table-tennis, billiards, darts, listen to records and/or jive in the Students' Union building, or, one can just sink into an armchair with a large cup of coffee and chat. This "chat" often develops into "discussion" and can be most informative. On Saturday nights we have a dance in college, last Saturday we had the "Freshers' Hop," which was great fun. The Union hires good bands, and the hall is very pleasant.

I haven't yet had a chance to explore the surrounding district, but it is certainly attractive, particularly to a Southerner who saw her first spoil heap (*not* slag heap!) yesterday. However, we had a packed lecture from the Geography professor on Sunday, about the Potteries, so that I am not entirely ignorant about the district.

I am going to dinner soon—we have three cooked meals a day here, with a good selection. One may go to the main refectory, or to the annexe, where a different menu is offered—Continental breakfasts, and salads and grills as a speciality. On Sunday evenings we cook our own meal in the hut, to give the kitchen staff a rest.

Everyone is very kind to "Freshers" here, there are no unpleasant initiation ceremonies, but true to the "Keele spirit" everything is done to make us feel at home as soon as possible.

If anyone at School is thinking of coming here, I strongly advise them to, not merely from loyalty, but because I am sure they would find it a really wonderful experience. If there is anyone I would also advise them to hurry, as last year there were 2,000 applicants, 600 interviews, and 200 acceptances, so the competition is getting stiffer.

JENNY STAGG.

2. *Of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, University of London*

The College is mostly composed of old, spacious buildings, situated roughly in a square in South Kensington. This district is an ideal place for a college to be, for it is surrounded by museums of every description.

Although the term started on the 4th, on Monday, 3rd October all the freshers were invited to a Freshers reception in the Royal Geographical Hall. We had to meet there as there were about one thousand of us and there was not a hall in the College big enough to hold us. After the formalities we went to the College Union for lunch. I believe the term for this would have been "bun-fight." After this the freshers had a chance to look round the Union and to see the facilities that it offered. All the Clubs had stalls in various parts of the Union and the noise that went on reminded me of a garden fete where you felt a sinner if you walked past a stall without joining the club involved. I joined the Riding Club, the Women's Athletic Society which runs all women's sports, the Church Society.

On our travels round the Union we met 2nd and 3rd year women Chemists, who very kindly took us round the labs. and lecture theatres we should be using and also showed us the cloak-rooms and lockers. The lecture theatres were something I had never seen before—I would describe one as a set of pews arranged as in a theatre and made very uncomfortable—presumably for the sole purpose of keeping the student from dreaming.

It was 4.00 and time for tea in the I.C.W.A. lounge. I.C.W.A. is the Imperial College Women's Association and every woman student here is automatically an IOWARIAN. It is a very closely knit society owing to the fact that only 100 of the 4,000 students here, both post and undergraduate, are women, though the number increases every year. There are nine of us in the Chemistry set 1st year, a record—among 45 boys. However, the college never seems immense in the same sense as a school of that size would, as the various departments are scattered. Everyone works in their own department and only meets one's fellow students in one of several refectories for meals or in the Union after College hours.

After the first day when everyone had been so friendly and welcoming I felt as though I belonged, even though the term had not officially begun.

Then followed a week of routine, lectures for whole or part of the morning and laboratory work for the rest of the day. Every Tuesday and Thursday we start the day early in order to make the lunch-hour longer. In this period there are general lectures given by well known people—one of last week's was "Crime and Sin" by Sir John Wolfenden—on all subjects from art and music to the above. The funniest part of the week is the German lesson. We only have to do the language so that we can understand Scientific papers. According to the German professor, German contains the minimum of words, is easy to guess as the words are so like English ones.

Our studies, as you probably know, are supervised by tutors—one for each branch of Chemistry, one of whom is your own personal tutor, having about twenty students to supervise, and one tutor for each college—there are three colleges making up the Imperial Institute, the Royal College of Science, the City and Guild's College (for engineering) and the Royal School of Mines.

I should like to recommend this college to anyone who studies Science or Technology. This is the Science College of the University of London. The social life of the student is well cared for, so there is no possibility of "all work and no play" and if you organise your time sensibly here you should be able to get a great deal out of it.

PATRICIA RIDOUT.

3. *Of the Atomic Energy Establishment at Winfrith, Dorset*

I started at Winfrith on September 5th. For the first week we had a general induction course. The course was a series of lectures giving us the background picture of the whole set-up. We also spent an afternoon on the site looking at all the interesting things such as reactors, the chemical labs., the technical buildings, etc. It was all intensely interesting and I wish we had had far longer on it.

The next week we began our intensive training. We—the 'computer girls'—are doing two weeks of nuclear physics and then three weeks on counting machines, programming and computing and so on. I might mention here that all this takes place at the Reactor Training School which is at Warmwell, about 8 miles from the actual site. After six weeks at Warmwell, we shall be going down to the site to join up with our various teams and really get down to our jobs.

On Fridays we are given leave of absence from work to go to the Municipal College at Bournemouth for further training. We have the whole day and evening of intensive lectures as of course a whole week's work has to be done in one day.

If we pass our exams at the end of the first year we then have to go to a College of Science and Technology in London for one day a week to take a diploma in computing and programming equivalent to degree standard. The Authority pay our train fares and hotel bills—yes, a hotel not a hostel! They really are very generous. We have travel assistance, a grant towards text books for college and any books and note books supplied for their training of us all are free. On top of that we get our full salary while we are being trained! So I feel I am very lucky.

There is only one thing I have to complain about and that is the canteen at Warmwell. It makes school meals seem like the five star hotel class. I'm afraid I live on cheese and biscuits and fruit juice for lunch now!

ANNE WELFORD.

4. *Of a Repertory Company*

I answered several adverts in a paper called "The Stage" and I wrote up for an audition. I was accepted as a student and assistant stage manager at £2 a week. The theatre was a Summer Theatre and we were to take it over for eight weeks, doing a play a week.

We did eight plays, performing one while we learned and rehearsed another. Unfortunately it was a tradition in Hythe that the plays changed every Thursday instead of the usual Monday. So on Wednesday, after a matinee and evening show we had to put up the new set and paint it. We were always up till about 3 a.m. and often later.

Still it was great fun and we always just managed to be ready before curtain up.

I had two large parts during the season and lots of smaller ones. Amongst them I played a French boy and also had to speak French in two plays! Still I managed.

There were only six of us in the Company and I was in charge of small props and scenic painting, which I love doing. I also had to see that light cues and music cues were all there on time.

Now the season is over and I am having a little rest before I start at Salisbury Arts Theatre as a student for six months. Then I shall go to Drama school for probably two years.

ELISABETH HARDING.

4. *Of Life in a University Settlement*

While trying to find a really interesting job for a year, before going to University, at the suggestion of my Youth Employment officer, I applied for a job in a Residential Settlement. Eventually after several months, I found myself on a train bound for Manchester, with a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, and a vivid picture of the incredulous pity on the face of anyone who knew Manchester when I told them I was going to do social work in the district of Ancoats.

At the Manchester Settlement, all age-groups are catered for from the Old People to the tiny tots. One of my most interesting jobs is helping to run the Play Centre. This is held for an hour each day and about forty children attend. On my first day, after coping with what seemed like hundreds of indescribably dirty, yelling youngsters for an hour, I nearly caught the next train home! However, in a few days I began to recover, and, as I got to know them, grew to love them. Most of the children come from large families. This means that they look after each other from a very early age. It is a common sight for a five year old to come staggering into a Play Centre, carrying a toddler, whom she is 'minding,' in her arms, and three and four year olds often take 'baby' for a walk in the pram.

Underneath, most of them are pitifully insecure, and will warm far more quickly than most children to affection and kindness.

Once the children had accepted me, life became much easier. Now I am honoured with favours, such as lurid paintings 'of you, miss,' sticky sweets, some already sucked, and even, on one occasion a very off-white 'stomach settler.' Being 'miss,' to the younger inhabitants of the neighbourhood can be embarrassing. Going along the road I am often rivetted to the pavement by a piercing shriek. I turn round to find ten or fifteen children tearing towards me. With a grubby hand pressed firmly into each of mine, and with children trotting round my heels, I walk on, avoiding the amused glances of passing motorists, and feeling rather like the Pied Piper.

From the Play Centre upwards, the Settlement tries to make personal contact with all the people of the district, so that everyone, from one to a hundred, can feel that they are friends of the Settlement, and can get help and companionship at any time. The Young People are catered for by Clubs, outings, weekend hikes and holidays in the country. There is also a large playground, which is floodlit at night, where they can play. A large number of our members are youngsters who have got thrown out of other Youth Clubs in the area, for bad behaviour. When I

heard this, I expected to be carried home on a stretcher the first time I went to a Club. However, I soon found that once they had got used to a strange face, and I had learnt to interpret their speech, which I found quite unintelligible at first, they were not much worse than other children of their age.

For their parents a Citizen's Advice Bureau is held at the Settlement three times a week. The Warden is also available at any time for help and advice, and home visits are arranged where necessary. Education is provided for those who desire it, by Evening Classes, which cover subjects ranging from Boat Building to Beauty Culture. Twice a week men, women and backward children attend reading classes.

For the over sixties a Lunch is provided once a week with an entertainment afterwards. Outings to pantomimes and circuses are arranged, and any person who is able to go, is taken for a week's holiday every year at a very low charge. Last, and perhaps most important, visits are arranged to Sick and lonely Old People. I find this part of my work perhaps the most rewarding and certainly the most testing of all. Some of the Old People are pitifully lonely. Those who have no relatives may not have a visitor, other than the land-lord, for month's on end.

Life in a settlement is very exciting, as something is always happening. A ring at the door may be anything from someone on the verge of committing suicide, to a little boy wanting to know when the Club starts. I have found that, at any rate in Manchester, the settlement really is a source of strength, and comfort, people will come to the Settlement for anything.

A little while ago it was thought by many that the days of Settlements were numbered. Barring having to close through lack of funds, I think nothing could be farther from the truth. A settlement fills many large gaps in the 'Welfare State.' Because both its staff, and the residents, who live there while doing their jobs, are getting to know the inhabitants of the area, at their own level. They are making a unique contribution to social work, which cannot be achieved by social welfare organisations whose workers do not live amongst the people whom they are helping.

ROSEMARY BRAYFORD.

5. *Of Nursing in the U.S.A.*

My two friends and I left Southampton on September 14th and, after a very pleasant crossing, arrived in New York on September 21st.

We entered the harbour at 5 a.m.—from the right side of the boat could be seen the world renowned Statue of Liberty illuminated in the dark. To the left of us Manhattan Island with

its skyscrapers towering up into the dark sky was an unforgettable sight.

As we were not flying to Rochester, Minnesota, till the following morning, we had a whole day in which to see something of New York. Some of the few things we saw were the United Nations Building, Central Park, Rockefeller Centre and the Empire State Building from which we had a magnificent panoramic view of New York.

The following day we flew from Idlewild airport touching down at Detroit, Milwaukee and Madison before finally arriving at Rochester. Though rather isolated, Rochester is a pleasant town. It is little over a century old and has a population of 37,000. The town revolves round the world famous Mayo Clinic which has become a Mecca for patients and doctors throughout the world. The Clinic consists of several fine buildings which are mainly used for consultations and diagnostic purposes, it has no hospital beds.

Patients requiring treatment come either to St. Mary's Hospital or The Methodist Hospital, both of which are attended by the Clinic doctors.

I work at St. Mary's, which is one of the largest private hospitals in the U.S.A. It was founded by the Sisters of St. Francis in 1883. The hospital is still owned by them.

I hope to stay here for two years gaining experience in the various departments.

The autumn here has been very beautiful—due to the varying colours of the many maple trees—but now ahead of us is the winter with plenty of low temperatures and snow!

MARGARET STONE.

Me—a missionary—never!

The idea never entered my head when at school. Ambitions to be a ballerina, a mannequin, a speech therapist, and many other things passed through my mind, but I certainly never gave a thought to missionary work or anything to do with it, until something happened which changed my life completely.

At the end of my time in the Sixth Form, I came to know Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour. Someone else now had command of my life, and I had new life in Him. After going to training college, and then spending two very happy years in teaching, God led me to Ridgeland's Bible College, where I am at present.

Bible College!—What sort of picture do these words conjure up in the mind? Does it appear as a place of dull study, or of many religious services? It is neither of these, but rather a

place of real happiness, to which students come from many different parts of the world, to prepare for future Christian service. We are all very ordinary folk, twenty-seven of us in number at present, and living and learning together as we do, it is just as if one belonged to a family with twenty-six sisters.

We study the Bible, Doctrines and Principles of the Christian faith, and also have lectures on many other subjects, including a group of practical missionary lectures which taught us how to kill a snake, and deal with many otherwise startling emergencies! A balance is maintained between the theoretical and practical work. On most days one will find students out visiting either in local hospitals or individual homes in the neighbourhood. Being an inter-denominational college, students also take a variety of meetings and services, and each is responsible for a Sunday School class.

It is not easy to convey the atmosphere of such a college to you. The days are very full, from six-thirty (a.m.) in the morning until 10.30 at night, and yet all is peace and joy in the service of the best Master of all.

It is wonderful the way God reveals to each one individually His plan for their life. Many students have been called by God to the home mission field, whilst others have been called to serve abroad.

A few months ago now God showed me the next step. My fiance and I hope to go as His representatives, carrying the good news of Christ, to the Muslim people of the vast Sahara Desert.

JANET WHITMARSH.

Thoughts of a Medical Student

It would be fun to be frivolous and shocking or fashionable and gay, to be high-falutin' and pseudo-scientific, but that would not give you much insight into my activities. This is London 1960, where the Millbank Scheme is fast disappearing into the low November cloud and the majority of the houses in now-so-nice-to-live-in Islington have no bathroom; where you can meet everyone and see everything or lie dead for half a week without inconveniencing the neighbour's cat.

Every day I zoom through the rain and slush on my bike (at no small risk, according to my sugar packet), past endless posters of English pubs and cigarettes are necessary to a successful courtship; dreaming dangerously of diagnoses and recipes and how to keep my nose warm. Avoid ambulance and B.O.C. and on to the wards, stop dreaming, allocate patients, take bloods, "Good morning, Sister," chat to my old ladies, listen to their chests, "what pretty flowers, have a peppermint dear,"

dash across to Path. lab., race consultant to tutorial room. Listen to anaesthetist talking about the kidney transplant, scrub up, hold on to retractor for dear life, feel this, cut that, no coffee before next ward-round. Arrive home, eat, read, sleep. Pottery tomorrow, must buy new swim cap, report the Motor Show to brother and make arrangements for Qualification Ball.

Mr. Aldous Huxley has analysed the religious feelings of preceding generations to his own satisfaction. He considers the cerebral effects due to the lowered metabolism of the vitamin-deficient fasting visionary as well as the adrenaline release and toxins produced by flagellation. He could do this more accurately; even subjectively, by following Zen in modern Japan. Particular attention including subjective investigation has been paid to the use of mescaline. This is an hallucinogenic drug obtained from a cactus. Known as peyote, it is used by the South American Indians in their religious practices. Mr. Huxley suggests that as we no longer share a religious experience—he is speaking for a majority—which is nowadays considered so necessary to our psychological integrity, a modern substitute could be found in the routine use of similar drugs to fulfill this requirement.

I feel it is up to my generation to show that this synthetic godlessness is not the answer to the demands of life today. This is the age of discovery, a time to dispense with illusions however comfortable. But we must preserve a sense of humility and realise that certain values are not only sacred but also vital and therefore cannot become redundant.

MARION WORTHINGTON.

Young Farmers' Visit to Germany, 1960

This year the trip sponsored by the Dorset and Somerset Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs took the form of a visit of ten days to the Rheinhessen area of Germany. The Dorset Farmers Ltd. kindly donated fifty pounds which was divided to provide five scholarships for the Dorset members. Scholarships were granted after an interview, and I was fortunate enough to obtain one. The idea behind these trips abroad is to foster International friendship between young people—to learn about farming, and the country which is visited.

On Friday, September 23rd, fifteen members of Dorset and Somerset Young Farmers' Clubs left their homes for Germany. On arriving at Mainz we found our German organizer, Heinz Harstick awaiting us. The first morning most of us spent sleeping, at a Youth Hostel which was to be our home for the next three days. This was just on the outskirts of Mainz, and situated beautifully, just above the Rhine. In the afternoon we toured the

city of Mainz, paying particular attention to the cathedral, a great deal of which had had to be rebuilt after the wars—I think it was here that I first noticed the artistic gift of the Germans for the combination of new and old, harmoniously. The cathedral had originally been rebuilt in the Romanesque style and the modern additions blended superbly with the general grace and simplicity of the cathedral. In the evening we all took part in a 'wine-tasting,' seven different Rheinhessen wines were sampled—and the whole evening passed quite happily! On Sunday, we caught a paddle steamer, 'Köln Dusseldorf' at Mainz and travelled on the Rhine as far as St. Goar. This was a beautiful trip—along the river banks we saw many large castles, and immense terraces of vineyards.

The next day we spent sight-seeing in Frankfurt. Several of us saw the famous Frankfurt Zoo, and a few of the energetic ones climbed a Cathedral tower, (three hundred and eighty-three steps) to obtain panoramic views of Frankfurt and its surrounding countryside. In the evening we had yet another wine-tasting.

Tuesday proved to be a most entertaining day. In the morning we saw the Opel car factory, and in the afternoon we paid a surprise visit to a farm—this made us all feel happy—as we really felt at home again, seeing calves, horses, etc. This particular farm belonged to a Count, who judged a phase at the Three Day Event during the Olympic Games. At the farm they had an indoor riding school, which of course, proved especially interesting to me. On leaving the farm we journeyed through some beautiful countryside, heavily wooded, and saw a Roman fortress (originally built by Hadrian). The Germans had completely rebuilt this fortress in the original style. The day's journey ended at Frankfurt airport.

On Wednesday morning we left the hostel and Mainz, for our new destination, which was to be a ruined castle Schlob Dhaun near Kirn. On the way there we toured a Chemical factory (equivalent to I.C.I. in England) and its research station, where we saw pest and weed control demonstrations. In the afternoon we visited a castle at Bad Munster. This castle was devoted to the teaching of groups of young people, mainly about Agricultural subjects—it was here that we met Herr Viegler, who later was to give us lectures. In the early evening, we reached the castle Schlob Dhaun which was to be our home for the next three nights. This castle was situated above a very old and nearly forgotten village. Here oxen still pulled carts, and the men and women scratched about with primitive implements, in about an acre of ground, to get a living. The castle Schlob Dhaun had originally been bought by the people of Kirn, a nearby town, in 1954 and was being run on the same principles as the castle at

Bad Munster—young people coming for monthly courses, on various subjects. The idea of these monthly courses is so popular, that the castle had already been booked through till next Easter. so we felt truly honoured to be allowed to stay there, as we were the first English people ever to do so.

On Saturday morning we left the castle with regret, as our stay, had been most enjoyable there. We travelled by bus to Worms and then to Heidelberg where we saw the Castle and University. Heidelberg is a great tourist centre, and there was no difficulty in making oneself understood in the shops. In the evening we met the families with whom we were to stay. They all lived in a small town named Guntersblum, and belonged to an organization similar to the Young Farmers' in England. I was boarded with a girl called Ingrid Baltz. She could speak no English, and I could speak no German—but we managed extremely well with a small dictionary I had taken with me—it caused many laughs! In the evening the German Young Farmers threw a dance in our honour, I don't think language barriers had much effect there!! The next day, we spent with our respective German families—Ingrid took me for a drive to the Rhine and Oppenheim, the afternoon we spent with the rest of the party touring the vineyards and wine cellars, all of which belonged to the various farming families with whom we were boarding. The evening was spent tasting some more wines—twelve in all!!! We finished with a beautifully mellow wine from the year 1953. Our last day in Germany was with the families, helping them with the wine-harvest. We were all dressed in old clothes and taken to the vineyards to pick grapes. This was an exhilarating experience. We left Gunstenblum in the evening for Mainz—and there spent our last night in Germany, a very short night, as we left Mainz at 5.45 in the morning, for our journey home.

The aspect which impressed me most about the German nation as a whole, was the general striving towards a better future. They seem to possess terrific ambition to make their cities better and more beautiful.

I thoroughly enjoyed my trip to Germany, and would recommend that if anyone gets an opportunity to visit Germany, in particular the Rheinhessen district, they should seize it and enjoy themselves.

RUTH GIBBS.

Life Members since December, 1959

Bevan, Hilda, 9, Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Brewington, Miss T., 6, Emscote Road, Warwick.
 Drewitt, Betty, Cambridge Villa, Jocelyn Road, Richmond, Surrey.
 Hunt, Joy, Connegar Farm, Manston, Sturminster Newton, Dorset.
 Imber, Ena (*née* Clarke), The Ship Inn, Shaftesbury.
 White, Mrs. E. R. B. (*née* Rhodes), St. Giles House, 15, The Drive, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.
 Williams, Barbara (*née* Lowen), "Jano," Matching Green, nr. Harlow, Essex.

Annual Members, 1959/60 (since December, 1959)

Cheater, Heather, 41b, Trinidad Crescent, Parkstone, Dorset.
 Humble, Cynthia, 62, Crouch Hill, Hornsey, London, N.8.
 Underwood, Valerie (*née* Sharp), 571, Wimborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth.
 Woodman, Daphne, 117, Waldegrave Road, Teddington, Middx.
 Woodman, Margaret, 117, Waldegrave Road, Teddington, Middx.

Annual Members, 1960/61

Ardley, Barbara (*née* Wright), 6, Jenned Road, Arnold, Nottingham.
 Borcham, Susan, Flat 2, 7, Oakhill, Greenlands, Surbiton, Surrey.
 Chant, Margaret, Ridgeway Cottage, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
 Cheater, Heather, 10, Brampton Grove, London, N.W.4.
 Chinn, Kathleen (*née* Hutchings), Causeway Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.
 Collis, Pamela, Bishop Otter College, Chichester, Sussex.
 Fooks, Gillian, 23, Foxon Close, Caterham-on-the-Hill, Surrey.
 Fuller, Lesley (*née* Bennett), 11, Meyrick Park Crescent, Bournemouth.
 Gatehouse, Jennifer, 20, Hawkesdene Lane, Shaftesbury.
 Gatehouse, Pamela, Sunlea, French Mill Lane, Shaftesbury.
 Hall, Ann, Whitesheet, Berwick St. John, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Hann, Gillian, Manor Farm, Wiveliscombe, Taunton, Somerset.
 Harrison, Christine, 17, Knightland Road, Clapton, London, E.5.
 Hitchings, Barbara, 47, Bordon Place, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwicks.
 Hitchings, Dawn, Newholme, Salisbury Street, Mere, Wilts.
 Humphries, Yvonne, Laburnum Grove, Littledown, Shaftesbury.
 Hunt, Hazel, Glyn Farm, Compton Abbas, Shaftesbury.
 Hutley, Jeanne, 22, Belmont Close, Shaftesbury.
 Lillie, Judith, Dyers Mead, Hugglers Hole, Shaftesbury.
 Moores, Denise, 21a, Breach Lane, Shaftesbury.
 Moores, Janet, 21a, Breach Lane, Shaftesbury.
 Moores, Rosemary, 21a, Breach Lane, Shaftesbury.
 Norris, Elisabeth M., Netherdown, Compton Abbas, Dorset.
 Petersen, Jean (*née* Shute), 9, Breach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury.
 Pollard, Francis, Newlandburn House, Gorebridge, Midlothian, Scotland.
 Pratt, Elizabeth (*née* Nathan), Newmans, Shenfield Common, Brentwood, Essex.
 Salisbury, Bridget, East Coppleridge Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.
 Salisbury, Janet, 40, Belsize Park Gardens, London, N.W.3.
 Stagg, Jenny, The Bungalow, Upton, East Knoyle, Wilts.
 Squires, Janet, The Homestead, Grosvenor Road, Shaftesbury.
 Tidey, June, 108, Elmbridge Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.
 Upton, Jean, 77, Alfoxton Road, Bridgwater, Somerset.
 Warren, Dr. Joan, The Barn House, Broadmark Lane, Rustington, Sussex.
 Welch, Sylvia, Layton Lane, Shaftesbury.
 Welford, Anne, I, Connaught Road, Rodwell, Weymouth, Dorset.
 Whitty, Maureen, Chicksgrove Cottage, Upper Chicksgrove, Tisbury, Wilts.
 Woods, Betsy, Rosedene, French Mill, Lane, Shaftesbury.

DATES FOR YOUR NEW DIARIES

LONDON REUNION SATURDAY, MARCH 4th

SUMMER REUNION SATURDAY, JULY 1st

O.G. DINNER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4th

N.B. Reunions are 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.**