

County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 27

December, 1963

VOL 28

MISSING

*With the Compliments
of the Headmistress*

*High School for Girls
Shaftesbury,
Dorset*

County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY

MAGAZINE

VOL. 27

DECEMBER, 1963

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THE SHASTON PRINTERS LTD.
SHAFESBURY
DORSET

EDITORIAL.

Every year the magazine provides a link between the past and present members of the School. The Old Girls, glancing through it, can recapture their own schooldays when they read about the current School activities.

The Magazine provides a wide variety of articles, ranging from the Third Form's first impressions of School to the Sixth Form's more advanced literary contributions. There is also poetry, news of Old Girls and a Parents' Section.

As many of you will know, this will be Miss Dunford's last year as our Headmistress, and we sincerely hope that she, too, will find the Magazine a means by which she can keep in contact with the Parents, Old Girls and present members of School through their contributions.

May we take this opportunity of wishing her every future happiness!

THE EDITORS.

Magazine Committee

Editor: JACKIE SCAMMELL
Sub-Editor: ELIZABETH COLE
Committee: JILLIAN PARKIN
JANE WOOLLEY
DEBORAH WILLIAMS
TRICIA CROSLEY
JANET BEST

* * *

School Officials

Head Girl: ANNE MIDDLEMAS
Deputy: ELIZABETH COLE
Prefects: ROSEMARY WAGNER, JULIE AUSTIN, SUSAN
PILE, MERIEL SKINNER, ERICA SELIGMAN,
ANTHEA SEMMENCE.
Sub-Prefects: HELEN JONES, JEAN STRIDE, VALERIE GREEN-
LAND, MOLLIE MOORES, CHERYL OTTEY, JUNE
BUCHAN, SUSAN WOOLRIDGE.

* * *

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Mrs. Raad:	Music
Mrs. Sladen:	Hall Clock
Carolyn Head:	Money
Sarah Jordan:	Library Books
Barrie Sergeant:	Library Book
Jean Upton:	Money
Rosemary Welch:	Money
Jessie Floyd:	Money
Anonymous:	Flute

LEAVING GIRLS, 1961/63

Autumn Term 1962

L.IV. L. Spalding.

Spring Term 1963

III. A. Bickford, G. Campbell.

Summer Term 1963

L.IV. M. Mepstead, B. Nadin, L. Warrington.

U.IV. D. Parsons.

L.V. N. Nadin.

U.V. C. Brewer, R. Burton, M. Chown, K. Cothill, G. Dibben, P. Guppy, N. Harris, P. Hayter, G. Hiscock, B. Marks, J. Lock, R. Morley, P. Roome, R. Welch.

L.VI. L. Bradford, S. Lewis, S. Parker, J. Trustrum.

U.VI. E. Alexander, E. Burton, J. Cary, S. Dibben, J. Floyd, J. Mitchell, S. Pickford, S. Ridout, J. Sidford, J. Smithers, R. Sturman.

* * *

NEW GIRLS 1963

Spring Term 1963

	<i>Present Form</i>	<i>Previous School</i>
J. Kerley	L.IV	Croft House School.
H. Pope	U.IV	St. Mary's Convent.
V. Thorne	L.V	Devizes Grammar School.

Autumn Term 1963

J. Hine	U.V	Crownhill Sec. Modern School, Plymouth.
P. Hard	U.IV	Rochdale Grammar School
E. Woolley	L.IV	Rooksbury Park School, Wickham
J. Alford	III	Motcombe C.E. Primary
J. Best	"	Cann. V.A. School
C. Caird	"	Ayr Grammar School
L. Chinchin	"	Ludwell County Primary
H. Cooper	"	Shaston P.N.E.U.
S. Crew	"	Blandford Camp Primary
B. Cripps	"	Shaston P.N.E.U.
J. Davies	"	Lee County Primary
E. Gray	"	Courthill County Primary
T. Hall	"	Berwick St. John Primary
A. Hellmers	"	Denmark
J. Jones	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary
D. Langley	"	Ashmore Primary
S. Mackay	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary
K. McCabe	"	Ashmore Primary
K. MacDonald	"	Motcombe C.E. Primary
B. McLeod	"	Govt. School, Stanley, Falkland Isles
T. Page	"	Fontmell Magna Primary
J. Powell	"	Shaston P.N.E.U.
E. Pritchett	"	Milton C.E. Primary
R. Sendell	"	Enmore Green V.C. School
J. Sheeran	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary
B. Short	"	Manston Primary
M. Smith	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary
A. Spencer	"	Iwerne Minster C.E. Primary
S. Thomas	"	St. Mary's Convent, Swanage
K. Thompson	"	East Orchard V.C. Primary
P. Welford	"	Convent of Sacred Heart, Weymouth
L. Woodbridge	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary

SOME INTERESTING EVENTS IN 1963

FEBRUARY	2	S.Y.P.U.C.C. Squash in Guildhall.
	11	S.C.M. VI Conference at Bryanston.
MARCH	2	VI Conference at Dinton.
		Old Girls' London Meeting.
	8	Talk by Miss Taylor on U.M.C.A.
	9	VI Dance.
	10	Confirmation in Holy Trinity.
	14	Soup Lunch for Freedom from Hunger Campaign.
	25	U.VI Visit to Fawley Refinery.
	28	Talk by Barnaby Martin on visit to Russia.
APRIL	2	Rome Expedition set out.
	4	U.V Expedition to Bristol—"School for Scandal."
MAY	13	Christian Aid Week.
	18	Barton Hill Fête.
	22	Dinton VI Conference Re-union.
	29	Parents' Day.
JUNE	11	VI to Latin Play at Bryanston.
	17	Blandford—"Roundabout."
	20	Visit of Dr. Suttle and Dr. Johnson.
JULY	6	Old Girls' Summer Meeting.
	12	S.Y.P.U.C.C. Tramps' Party.
	13	North Dorset Festival.
	16	VI Expedition to Durdle Door.
		U.V Expedition to Weymouth.
		U.IV Expedition to Bristol.
	17	Talk on Rhodesia.
	18	U.VI Visit to Tisbury Modern School.
		Meeting of New Mothers.
	19	Mrs. Marsden's Talk on the D.C.C.
	20	Schools' Swimming Meeting at Bournemouth.
		Boarders' Picnic.
		Visit to Bournemouth Hospital.
	21	French Play Reading.
	22	Mayor's Talk on "Problems of Town Development."
	24	Swimming Sports.
		Tennis Championships—Junior and Middle.
	26	Tennis Championship—Senior.
		Closing.
SEPTEMBER	17	Kodak Lecture "In search of a Mountain."
OCTOBER	16	Speech Day.
	25	Sherborne—"Noah's Fludde."
NOVEMBER	9	Old Girls' Dinner.
	11-13	Expedition to Stratford-on-Avon.
	21	Clinton Singers.
	23	VI Dinton Conference.
DECEMBER	7	U.V Party.
	14	Boarders' Party.
	16	Carol Service.
	18	Closing.

"THESE I HAVE LOVED"

I wonder if anyone reads Rupert Brooke nowadays? If so, they will recognise the words of this title from his poem "The Great Lover." There follows a fascinating list of the things he has loved, white plates and cups clean-gleaming, wet roofs beneath the lamp-light, the strong crust of friendly bread, the cool kindliness of sheets, the benison of hot water, the comfortable smell of friendly fingers. Memory is piled on memory until he ends "All these have been my loves."

How limitation of time sharpens memory! "These I have loved." The Weeping Ash, the friendly companionable tree, near which it has been good to live; the warm mellow brick of the garden front of Grosvenor House which has brooded over generations of school-children; the secret cupboard in the stairs and the thrill of the small girl chosen to rescue some treasure lost in it; the friendly flat, so gracious by day, and, at night, so full of mystery, when the old house creaks and strange, unfamiliar noises are heard; the beauty of the playing field on a sunny, or a snowy day, with the trees, planted as slips in Coronation year, now grown to comely stature.

But it is faces that will remain in the memory longest. Prayers on the first day of term with all the alertness and hope of a new beginning, and the new Third Form eager to do the right thing, but uncertain what to do, looking so small and young as they march out of the Hall for the first time; the giving of badges, the grave faces of the new prefects and sub-prefects as they take on their new responsibility, the beaming faces of those whose poise has won them their Department Star; the friendly welcome of the Staff to their room and the comfort of their companionship; the Hall packed on the evenings of the Parents' Association meetings and the rows of friendly faces; Old Girls Re-unions when busy wives and mothers, teachers, nurses and secretaries, shed their responsibilities for a while and become school-girls again; the Red Letter Days when smiles light up all faces so quickly because we share the happiness of being caught up in something greater than ourselves.

Turning over the pages of old School Magazines, I found an article in that of 1946 headed "Welcome to Miss Dunford," written by Miss Piggott who was then Second Mistress. It reminded me of what I had long forgotten, that on the first day of my first term here I had said that friendliness and kindness were the two qualities for which I most wanted our School to stand. The article ended, "May she enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the fruit of her labours in every aspect of our School life." I have indeed enjoyed my "labours" and the friendliness and kindness that has been showered upon me. Thanks be to God.

M. K. DUNFORD.

STAFF NOTES

Apart from our new French Assistante, Mlle. Robert, whom we welcome, the only changes on the Staff since the last Magazine have been in the Senior Boarding House. Miss Lowe left us at Easter to go to a school very near her home in Truro. Then Mrs. Mallalieu, who had been unwell for some time, left in July to have a long rest. Her ever-responsive attitude to the needs of all around her made her much missed. Fortunately, Miss Collier came to us in the Summer Term and has been able to stay on and help Mrs. Stevenson. We hope the latter will be very happy with us.

Mrs. Davison has continued to do valuable work on the Executive of the A.A.M. and we enjoy hearing about the discussions she has at H.Q.

Miss Watkins and Miss Fraser took a party of girls to Rome at Easter and seemed to find it a pleasure despite the unexpected ending.

We were all sad to lose Mr. Fletcher who died in June, and to have to say goodbye to Mrs. Fletcher. We welcome in their place Mr. and Mrs. Dowling who have settled in very quickly.

M.E.W.

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THE THIRD FORM LOOKS BACK ON SPEECH DAY.

On October 16th, the Shaftesbury High School held its annual Speech Day at the Savoy Cinema. We have it there because there is not enough room anywhere in the High School to hold all the girls and their parents.

We left School at 1.50 p.m. and walked in crocodile along Bimport. We entered the Cinema through a rather small green door, which had EXIT written over the top. One of the first things we noticed were the flowers on the stage, which were arranged by Miss Drake and some Sixth Formers. These were white chrysanthemums and brown autumn leaves and they went well with the back curtain which was a brownish-gold colour.

Then we noticed the elegant gowns some of the mistresses were wearing. After everybody had settled down, the visitors arrived. There was Mr. Milroy, father of a former head-girl, Mrs. Bradford, the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. Woodman, and Mr. and Mrs. White, the Mayor and Mayoress, and of course, Miss Dunford.

First we had an Introduction by the chairman and then we had Miss Dunford's report. She said that because her life as a headmistress was drawing to an end, she found herself looking



(Photo by A. J. Bealing)

back over the last eighteen years and she wanted to try to express something of the thankfulness she felt to the many folk who had helped to make her work so rewarding. No-one could foresee at the moment what the future held for us; we knew that a great deal of thought was being given to the problem of how best to educate all Shaftesbury's children.

After this we had a speech by Mr. Milroy, who called this "the end of a very wonderful era". He said that since Miss Dunford had been Headmistress, the School had made a contribution to all that was good, true and beautiful in life out of proportion to its size and added that he was sure that whatever change might be made, the contribution would continue.

Mr. Woodman gave a vote of thanks to Mr. Milroy after he had presented the prizes. Then Ann Middlemas presented Mr. Milroy with a button-hole, a red carnation. She was followed by Beverley McLeod, who gave Mrs. Bradford a bouquet of red and white carnations. Then behind her came Susan Mackay with chrysanthemums for Mrs. White and Elizabeth Cole with some for Miss Dunford.

Then came the singing. The Choir sang four songs, before the whole school, except the Third Form, sang "King of Glory, King of Peace".

I think everybody was sad because Miss Dunford is to retire at the end of the Summer term, before the next Speech Day.

* * *

FORM REPORTS

Third Form Report

We came to the Third Form with Mrs. Hosford as our Form Mistress. She helped us really to feel part of the School within the first few weeks. We settled down to the term's work with Peggyanne McDermott as our Form Captain. The term passed quickly and the Lower School Christmas Party soon came around. To our delight we were presented with the "Tidiness Picture", but we could not have won it without Mrs. Hosford's help.

We were sorry that two of our form had to leave in the Spring Term, Allyson Bickford and Gail Campbell.

Six of our form earned "Department Stars" and three won "Good Work Prizes" at the end of the Summer Term.

Lower IV Form Report

When we came back to School as the Lower IV Form, we found that we had six new additions to our form:—B. Nadin, C. Hunt, C. Brown, J. Lewis, L. Spalding, S. Lofting. They all settled down quickly and were made to feel at home.

Miss Watkins was our Form Mistress and our Formroom was at Barton Hill. In addition, Room 4 was our room while we were at School.

During the Autumn Term, we were joined by Patricia Bolton, who had come from Leeds.

To finish the term, we had a very enjoyable party, which was arranged by the three House Captains.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Linda Spalding, who went to Sheerwater Secondary School.

Deportment Stars were won by Sandra Goddard, Stephanie Thomas, Susan Davidson and Deborah Williams. Well done!

During the Spring Term Pat Bolton joined the Third Form, as she had missed a lot of our work.

Jean Edmunds won a Deportment Star.

We were very pleased to tie with the Upper IV for the Tidiness Prize.

At the beginning of the Summer Term, we welcomed Hilary Pope and Linda Warrington who came from St. Mary's Convent and Bath High School respectively.

The Form did quite well in Athletics. We congratulate Jenny Welford on winning the Junior Athletics and Tennis Cups, and Mairi Mackay for winning the Swimming Cup.

Several girls from our Form represented at the North Dorset Athletics, and did reasonably well.

At the North Dorset Music Festival, our Form won the Junior Choir Class, and several individuals did well.

On the Parents' Association evening, our Form did some Scottish Dancing. We performed "The Eighthsome Reel" and a Strathspey.

We should like to congratulate Deborah Williams and Jennifer Deacon on winning Good Work prizes.

The year has flown past and has been full of work and fun for everybody.

Thanks should go to Miss Watkins for being such a patient Form Mistress to our rather trying form.

Upper IVth Report

During the Upper IVth year, Miss Hughes was our Form Mistress. We were joined by Caroline Price and Vivienne Thorne at the beginning of the year.

In the Autumn Term we went to Sturminster Newton with Mrs. Hosford to see an enjoyable performance of "Twelfth Night".

This year, instead of a Christmas Party we had a Form Expedition, at the end of the Summer Term, to Bristol, where we saw over a Bakery in the morning and then spent a pleasant afternoon at the Zoo, after lunch near the Clifton Suspension Bridge.

Several members of the Form were invited to join the Choir this year.

We were very pleased to find that at the end of the Summer Term, we had won the Tidiness Picture and had obtained between us, six Good Work prizes, one Progress prize and three Deportment Stars.

At the end of the year, Diane Parsons left to join her parents in Germany.

Lower Vth Report

Another happy, noisy year has passed, in which achievements were plentiful. People with Good Work prizes were:—Jennifer Williams, Greta Stubbs, Elizabeth Imber and Sally Bartlett. Frances Scalbert won the Middle School Tennis and Athletics Cups, and Maureen Deacon and Julia Crocker the Swimming Cup.

At the beginning of the School Year, seven lucky girls started their journey to the Grammar School (for Physics and Chemistry).

The Form Party was a great success, and enjoyed by all.

In the Spring Term, a Bazaar was held by Lower V, in which over £30 was raised for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign. This was presented to the Mayor of Shaftesbury.

Three members of the Form—Anna Godeseth, Paula White and Jill Hillier, spent a week at Kingston Maurward, on a Farming Holiday. Gabrielle Page also represented the Salisbury Diocese at the Coventry Youth Assembly.

In fact, like the BEATLES, we've had a really swinging year.

Upper Vth Form Report

This Was It—the year for which we had been so carefully prepared, warned about and threatened with. Our G.C.E. year—and we awoke to the realisation that there was work to do, and

vast amounts of it. Not that this weighed too heavily on our carefree adolescent shoulders I fear.

Then came the winter; cold, chilling the very brains of us. The Term began late, thrusting us straight into mock 'O' level examinations. However, we seemed to weather these and we returned after Half Term our usual rowdy, hilarious selves, to continue blithely on our way till Easter, which constituted a welcome break.

The Summer Term began auspiciously enough and Mollie Moores was made our first Sub-Prefect at Half Term. However, D day seemed a little too close for comfort. This was relegated to the depths of the mind on Saturday, 4th May, when the entire Form betook itself, and Miss Matthews, gaily off to Bristol to see Richard Sheridan's "School for Scandal".

This was the last of our leisure; Half Term crept up on us with the exams hiding deceptively behind it, little more than two weeks away. After various remarks from the Staff about "you won't get through if you give me prep. like this" and "you are a thoroughly irresponsible lot and don't think it won't show in your results," everyone was feeling a little disheartened anyway.

Well, we burned the midnight oil and the big days came and went as days are apt to do.

Now was the time we had been waiting for: long whole days in which to meditate in the sun. We were sadly mistaken; each was allotted her task and all were busily occupied, clearing out cupboards, mending books, painting notices, sorting out games equipment and all sorts of jobs that seemed to be devised to keep us from the rest one undoubtedly needed after such a severe taxing of our strength.

In between our hard work and worry, we sent various members to the North Dorset Sports and the North Dorset & Dorset Swimming Galas. From these events Sheila Stride was chosen to represent our country at Plymouth. Members of our Form played in the 1st XI Hockey Team, Barbara Skew winning colours at the end of the season. Anne Rowlands gained her Netball colours, Sheila Stride Swimming Colours and Margaret Pickford Athletics Colours. Margaret also won the Senior Athletics Cup. Added to this we had a few members of the Tennis VI.

The Term drew to a close with a visit to Weymouth to relieve a little of the boredom. Certain members of the Form, with ulterior motives I fear, coerced the others into going to the seaside, but I think everyone enjoyed herself.

The end of Term finally arrived, goodbyes were said to those

departing from our midst, and to those returning came the thought of next year. The transition from a mere schoolgirl to a member of the élite VIth seemed almost an impossibility, but the appointment of Cheryl Ottey and Valerie Greenland as Sub-Prefects boosted our morale. Still, last year wasn't so bad after all so perhaps the next two will be even better still.

Sixth Form Report.

The year began with a Sixth Form of twenty-eight members, slightly larger than previous years. Consequently the Sixth Form Room always appeared to be over-populated.

As usual, the first Form prayers of the year was led by the Sixth, in the form of a Harvest Festival. Generous decorations of fruit, vegetables and flowers were received from members and throughout the School, and an enjoyable evening was spent by a small number of the Form in preparing the display of produce for the following day. The gifts were then distributed to the Hospital and the Old Peoples' Homes.

During December a group of the Form went to the Clayesmore Dance, which proved to be a most enjoyable and entertaining evening.

In the Autumn Term French Play Readings were also held with Clayesmore School, the first by Molière and the second "On ne Bodine pas avec l'armour" by Musset.

After careful preparation the Sixth Form Dance was finally held on the 9th March. With the aid of the Bryanston Band the dance proved to be a great success. Also in March five members of Upper Sixth went to the religious conference at Phillip's House, Dinton, from which they benefited greatly.

Much to everybody's delight the members of the Upper Sixth took part in an Athletic Meeting with Gillingham and Blandford, in which they achieved an overwhelming victory. Several other athletes represented the School in the North Dorset and County Sports.

At the end of May the Grammar School invited us to take part in a debate, in which they proposed the motion, "that this is rapidly becoming a Woman's World". This was naturally defeated by forty-one votes to four, due to the efforts of our most capable speakers!

We were all very glad to know that the North Dorset Music Festival was to be held one more at the Modern School. As many of us as possible took part in both individual and combined performances and our great success showed that we had undoubtedly improved throughout the year.

After all the hard work for their 'A' Levels, the Upper Sixth fully deserved a holiday. While some members took full advantage of Miss Woods' very kind offer to use her caravan at Durdle Door, others lazed at home. The customary Upper Sixth expedition was also spent at Durdle Door, where it was blest with pleasant weather.

At the end of the year we had talks on several interesting topics. These proved to be of great value to all those members who attended.

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SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

During the past year almost £35 was collected for the following causes: Freedom from Hunger Campaign, Thalidomide Babies' Fund, Imperial Cancer Research Fund, Christian Aid Week and Muscular Dystrophy Group. May even more be collected this year!

The Centenary meeting of the Committee was held on March 18th, 1963, and celebrated on July 23rd by an informal tea on Miss Dunford's lawn. This event was much enjoyed by all present.

In the Summer Term, our School Committee jointed the newly formed "Shaftesbury Guild of Social Services". This is to co-ordinate all existing services, and it was felt we ought to join. This Term the Head Girl and Secretary attended a Coffee Evening where a talk was given on the Social Service Council of Great Britain. Some members of the School also hope to join Dr. Chapman's scheme, which is for the younger members of the Guild to visit elderly people regularly.

Besides our half-termly collections, toys were collected for Dr. Barnardo's Homes at Christmas, seals and poppies were sold, and the School milk bottle tops were collected for Guide Dogs for the Blind.

I hope that this year the Committee, backed by the support of the School, will do even more.

V. GREENLAND, *Secretary*.

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HOCKEY REPORT 1962-63

The results of the Autumn Term were disappointing with both the 1st and 2nd XI winning only one of their matches. Owing to the extremely bad weather in the Spring Term, only one match was played, which resulted in defeat for both teams.

House Hockey Matches had to be cancelled, but the Old Girls' Match was played, which resulted in a draw.

Both the 1st and 2nd XI took part in the Hockey Tournament at Bournemouth, where the 1st XI came third in the final, and the 2nd XI came third in their section. This was an innovation, as previously the School had not been represented in county tournaments.

ANNE ROWLANDS.

Hockey Teams

1st XI		2nd XI	
L.W.	A. Goulding	L.W.	V. Greenland
L.I.	A. Middlemas (Capt.)	L.I.	J. Mitchell
C.F.	S. Lewis	C.F.	N. Nadin
R.I.	M. Pickford	R.I.	R. Wagner
R.W.	B. Skew	R.W.	P. Isaacson
L.H.	M. Moores	L.H.	A. Page
C.H.	E. Alexander	C.H.	C. Ottey
R.H.	A. Rowlands	R.H.	Z. Glinos
L.B.	J. Young	L.B.	E. Cole (Capt.)
R.B.	R. Sturman*	R.B.	A. Watterson
G.K.	S. Woolridge	G.K.	B. Foote

* Denotes Colours.

Colours awarded to: S. Lewis, A. Middlemas, B. Skew, S. Woolridge.

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THE NETBALL REPORT

This season, owing to the few fixtures arranged, there was a permanent captain. Although only a few practices were possible because of the frequent bad weather, we thank Miss Fraser for the time and trouble she took to coach the teams.

Regarding the results, this was not a good season, but the team did gain valuable experience from the matches played, especially the Tournament, and we hope that the improvement will be noticeable next season.

1st VII		2nd VII	
G.S.	M. Moores	G.S.	G. Hiscock
G.A.	M. Riggs	G.A.	G. Dibben
W.A.	P. Isaacson	W.A.	A. Semmence
C.	S. Stride or A. Rowlands	C.	J. Gatehouse
W.D.	A. Goulding	W.D.	J. Lock
G.D.	M. Pickford	G.D.	A. Middlemas
G.K.	J. Young	G.K.	M. Miles

Colours were awarded to: G. Dibben, A. Rowlands, J. Young.

H. YOUNG.

SWIMMING REPORT 1963

This year the North Dorset Schools Swimming Gala was held at Gillingham on July 6th, an afternoon of pouring rain, the spectators and officials finishing in a wetter state than the competitors. As a result of the Gala, P. Bolton, P. Stubbs, P. Jolliffe, S. Stride, M. Skinner, J. Stride and J. Mitchell were chosen to represent North Dorset at the County Gala on July 20th at Bournemouth. All four of our relay teams also represented the North.

In the County Gala, J. Stride was 2nd in the 100 yards, Butterfly; S. Stride 2nd and M. Skinner 3rd in the 100 yards Back Crawl. The Senior relay teams finished 2nd in both their events.

Sheila Stride was selected to swim for Dorset at the South Western Counties Gala at Plymouth.

Our own Gala brought fifteen new records. The winning House was Barnes with 162 points. Wren was 2nd with 65 points; Hardy 3rd with 50 points.

Individual Winners:—

Lower School—M. McKay. Runner-up: J. Deacon.

Middle School—J. Crocker & M. Deacon. Runner-up: A. Mitchell.

Upper School—S. Stride. Runner-up: J. Stride.

Swimming Colours were awarded to Sheila Stride. Jean Stride was awarded Colours in 1962.

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THE TENNIS REPORT 1963

Because so many Saturdays of the Summer Term were otherwise taken up, there were only six suitable Saturdays remaining on which matches could be arranged. Consequently very few matches were played on Saturdays, but it was possible to arrange three matches for Wednesday afternoons.

Out of the eight matches arranged, three were cancelled owing to the poor Summer weather experienced by all. Out of those played, the 1st VI won one and lost four, while the 2nd VI won two and lost one.

The last match of the season was against the Grammar School 1st VI, which, as expected, they won by sheer force rather than skill!

Teams

1st VI		2nd VI
A. Middlemas* (Capt.)	} 1st Couple	V. Harrison
E. Cole		M. Moores
R. Sturman	} 2nd Couple	C. Ottey
S. Woolridge		A. Semmence
J. Young	} 3rd Couple	A. Scalbert
S. Stride		A. Goulding & M. Pickford

* Denotes Colours.

Colours awarded: E. Cole.

Senior Championship: A. Middlemas. Runner-up: E. Cole.

Middle Championship: F. Scalbert. Runner-up: M. Cole.

Junior Championship: J. Welford. Runner-up: M. Mackay.

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

* * *

ATHLETICS REPORT 1962-63

During the last season, Miss Fraser gave up much of her time, for the organisation of Athletics practices after School, and the training of the more athletically-minded pupils in School. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Fraser, for her unending enthusiasm and encouragement, which was given throughout the season. This led to satisfying results in both the North Dorset Sports, held at Shaftesbury Modern School on May 25th, and at the Dorset School' Athletics held at Poole on June 15th. Unfortunately, no girls entered the South Western County Sports. This, I hope, will set a target for the girls taking part in Athletics next season.

During the season a few Athletic records were broken. In the Lower School: Javelin, record 47ft. 2in. now held by J. Lewis; Discus record 54ft. 9in. now held by J. Welford. In the Upper School: High Jump, record 4ft. 8in. now held by M. Pickford. A new event was also introduced—Putting the Shot. In the Middle School: J. Bourne holds the record of 27ft.; and in the Upper School, J. Young holds the record of 25ft. 11in.

Athletics colours were awarded to M. Pickford.

Results		
<i>Dorset Schools' Athletics:</i>		Position
North Dorset		2nd
<i>North Dorset Sports:</i>		
Junior		3rd
Secondary		2nd
Intermediate		2nd
Senior		2nd
<i>House Athletics:</i>		
Wren	249 points	1st
Hardy	235½ points	2nd
Barnes	183½ points	3rd
<i>Individual Cups:</i>		
Junior	Runner-up: S. Lofting	8½ points
	Winner: J. Welford	13 points
Middle	Runner-up: Z. Glinos	7 points
	Winner: F. Scalbert	17 points
Upper	Runner-up: S. Lewis	11 points
	Winner: M. Pickford	14 points

SCHOOL COUNCIL, 1962-63

During this past year, the School Council has shown marked development. It has been kept on its toes by the lively interest of its electorate—the Middle and Upper School—and by consequent variety of ideas which have made themselves evident at the meetings.

Members of Council never forget that their primary function is to administer the School Levy, an opportunity we value highly as it is an important part of our education in the form of a position we are honoured to hold. In the administration of the Levy, we have granted the usual subsidies for parties and expeditions, but last November, Council paid for the printing of School Christmas Cards and Calendars which proved most popular. In the musical field, Council gave two two-guinea grants at the Sixty-sixth Meeting, one towards the purchase of classical records with a view to starting a record library, and the other to buy new up-to-date records for dancing, which the School has badly needed for some time.

The other most important activity of Council is in the fact that it provides a forum where representatives of the Staff and pupils can, by open discussion, make necessary changes in the life of the School. Although in many matters the ultimate decision has rested on the Staff, there have been numerous instances of reforms established by Council: for example, the inadequacy of the supply of rough books to the Lower Fifth Form was corrected and recently, the Constitution has been amended to include the membership of the Games Secretary. We have not succeeded in making all the improvements we should like. Despite our Chairman's conscientious and persistent inquiry, no better substitute for our House Badges has been found, nor do we yet feel we can foot the bill for the repair of the Summer House.

The most important fundamental change made this year was the doubling of the School Levy. It was obvious that this was necessary and even now, our Levy is small in comparison with that of other schools. Therefore, with double the usual amount to our credit we can look forward to a year of even further development.

This report would not be complete without mention of the admirable part played by our Chairman. Miss Dunford has so many commitments in School, yet she is always prepared to take trouble in guiding our decisions and by her own example, teaching us how to conduct meetings. We are also extremely grateful to the Staff members for the contributions they make to our discussion.

E.M.S.

FLOWER GUILD REPORT

During the past year, the Flower Guild has greatly increased in size. This is partly owing to the number of members from the Upper Vth continuing into the VIth Form. Despite our enthusiasm it proved impossible for us to hold any meetings during the Spring Term because of the lack of material, which was buried by the snow! However, our meetings since then have been most encouraging, and we earned great praise both for our display on Parents' Day and our arrangements for the tea on Speech Day. We are indebted to Miss Drake for all the help she has given us during the year, and for this we thank her very much.

SUSAN PILE.

* * *

THE NEWLY FORMED CHESS CLUB

Having been taught the basic principles of chess, the Sixth Form enthusiasts can frequently be seen intently gazing at a chequered board and trying to delve into the intricacies of the game. Occasional meetings are to be held during which views can be aired and consultations made. It is hoped that later we may be able to pass on our knowledge to other members of the School.

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DRAMATIC SOCIETY

For a long time there has been no regular dramatic society meeting at School and apart from Speech Training our only drama is the occasional School play. In the last five years we have only had two of these. So a number of people were soon to begin a group which would have meetings every week. The plans for this eventually materialised in September, 1963, and since then we have been running our own activities; so far only reading plays and miming, but we have greater works in mind and are hoping to continue as enthusiastically as we began.

CHERYL OTTEY.

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CHOIR REPORT

The Choir has had a generally successful year, though perhaps not as busy as the previous one. In the Carol Service we sang one carol, "The Holly and the Ivy", by ourselves. At the North Dorset Musical Festival the Choir was the only one in its Class and performed the madrigal, "Those Dainty Daffodillies" in the Concert. This song, together with "I wonder when I shall be

married"—a folksong, "Fain would I change that not," by Vaughan Williams and "We wait for thy loving kindness O God," by Sir William McKie were performed on Speech Day. They were all well received by the audience. We lost many of our senior members at the end of the Summer Term and hope soon to welcome several new members from the Upper IVth.

S.E.P.

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THE ORCHESTRAL REPORT

The Orchestra has worked hard this year, and our efforts were rewarded when we received a Certificate of Merit, and were placed second for the ensemble group in the North Dorset Music Festival held in July.

Although small in number, the Orchestra has reached a good musical level. We should like to thank Miss Drake and Mr. Purcell for the encouragement and assistance they have given us during the past year, and we should also like to thank our previous leader, Joan Trustrum, for her enthusiasm and musical contribution.

We should like to welcome new members to the Orchestra. Remember, you will never know the immense pleasure that playing a musical instrument can give, until you yourself have tried.

AROMA PAGE, *Leader*.

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THE SIXTH FORM DANCE, 1963

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laugh'd and danc'd and talk'd and sang."

(Princess Amelia 1783-1810).

About three weeks before Christmas last year, the whole Sixth Form was suddenly thrown into a frenzy of excitement. The reason? Why! the date for that grand old institution, the Sixth Form Dance, had finally been decided and all invitations were to be sent out as soon as possible.

However, when we returned to School after the Christmas holidays, our spirits had been somewhat dampened, for we were few in number, owing to the unfortunate weather conditions, which had already played havoc with social occasions during the holidays. There had even been dark rumours muttered in that "holy of holies", the Sixth Form Room, of one party at which the brave

souls who had ventured out had been stranded, so that twelve weary revellers were forced to trudge the six miles into Shaftesbury on the next morning. What if a similar happening should take place at our Sixth Form Dance? After much discussion, it was reluctantly decided to postpone the merry-making until March.

This presented problems, for a few young ladies who had gone to great lengths to procure the doubtful pleasure of the promise of their company from certain gentlemen from a nearby boys' school had by now transferred their affections. This caused a few white hairs to appear amongst their shining "back-combed" locks, but it was finally sorted out by means of a combination of tact and female cunning.

On the actual night of the Dance, the School Hall was transformed into a "Gambling Den", with giant playing cards and dice covering the wall-bars. The sophisticated women who made their entrance with their somewhat nervous-looking partners seemed a world apart from the shock-haired, hockey playing terrors of the day before.

At first the atmosphere was rather restrained, but after being invited to partake in such stimulating and intellectual discussion as—"Has Ben Casey really got hairier arms than Dr. Kildare?" or "Is it fair to blame it on the Bossa Nova?", the party spirit soon began to make its presence felt. Some of the more daring members of the party even plucked up courage to try the strange gyrating movements of the "Go-Go Motion", and finally everyone joined in the "Penguin", a sort of development with variations on "Follow my Leader".

Refreshments were served in the Domestic Science Room, which was illumined by the warm glow of candlelight. This proved to be most effective, although it did have its disadvantages. For example, one young man was just saved in time from sitting in his neighbour's fruit jelly, which she had unthinkingly placed on his chair while he went to get her a drink. Several people had the unfortunate experience of eating things which their palate found distasteful simply because they could not see what it was they were eating.

Despite this, the evening proved most enjoyable. The music, provided by the boys of Bryanston School, was really "swinging". Now we are looking forward to this year's festivities (and wondering if any familiar faces will reappear among the gentlemen guests). Will it be equally successful? One thing is certain; to measure up to last year's, it will have to be very good indeed!

J.M.S.

THE BIOLOGY FIELD COURSE AT DORKING.

During the first week of the Easter holidays, the Biologists of the Upper VIth went on a Field Course at Juniper Hall near Dorking, in Surrey. The actual building is situated at the foot of Box Hill, which was very convenient for our needs.

Each morning we were given a lecture and had explained to us the day's work. When we came back from our expedition each day, we would again meet and discuss our day's findings, making notes and drawings of them.

For the first few days, we went on to Box Hill to study the plant and small animal life of the chalk and clay areas. Later in the week we went to a heath and also a bog area to compare the wild life of these areas with that we had already studied. Unfortunately whilst trying to obtain a rare specimen, one member of our group became stuck in the bog and had to be pulled out, much to our amusement !

We did not have a lot of free time, but I think everyone gained from the Field Course, and enjoyed it. We are grateful to Mrs. Davison for making all the arrangements for us.

JULIE AUSTIN. U.VI.

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IMPRESSIONS OF ROME

Many different stories are told about the sights of Rome, but, on reflection, what I shall remember most about this fascinating city is not the wealth of detail in its palaces and churches, but rather the sense of history and might which invades all its streets.

When we visited the Forum and Colosseum, we learned about Rome in the pre-Christian era, the warriors and orators, who made Rome powerful for the first time in her long eventful history. Those buildings, mainly ruined, had witnessed man's struggles for two thousand years. One feels an acute sense of insignificance beside these monuments of time.

The years between 410 A.D. and 1453 A.D. were indeed the "dark ages" for Rome and the whole of Italy. But Rome of Renaissance times compensated for that. The great artists of the era, Bernini, the architect, and Michelangelo have left monuments to their skills in many buildings in Rome, notably the Capitol and the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. There are many baroque churches in and about Rome, witnesses of its power in centuries past.

Modern Rome also shows signs of great might. The Rome railway station itself claims to be one of the most modern in the world, and the new shops and buildings are equally impressive.

But for me, the symbol of the "Majesty, might, dominion and power" of 20th Century Rome was to be found elsewhere—in another state within the city of Rome. On the Sunday morning, I had the privilege of being amongst the crowd in St. Peter's Square when Pope John XXIII gave his blessing on Palm Sunday. That for me was the climax of my visit to Rome, and its most memorable occasion.

SUSAN PILE. *U.VI.*

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MY EXPERIENCES IN AN ITALIAN HOSPITAL

I opened my eyes to see a round brown blob at the foot of my bed. As my eyes gradually focused, the blob began to move, and speak, and eventually turned into a friendly, animated, face, which came nearer, and nearer, until it stopped about a foot from mine. I was bemused; the bed was strange . . . the face was strange . . . everything was strange from the pale green of the walls to the queer half light which pervaded the room. Still half asleep I sat up, only to be pushed back with a gentle hand which then thrust a pill and a glass of water under my nose. I obediently swallowed the pill, and then turned my head to inspect my surroundings. The other two beds in the ward were both occupied by red blotchy faces, which, I realised with a sudden shock, must have resembled mine. The shock brought me back to reality, and with it came flooding back all the facts of the day before . . .

My memories of the first few days are dim. All I remember is that I slept and slept, with too little energy left even to keep a diary. My mother and Miss Watkins came and went, and I was too tired even to feel grateful for presents of really lovely flowers:

On Easter morning I was awakened as usual at half past five, with a thermometer in front of me. I got up and made my bed, which had previously been made for me by one of the other girls in the ward, and then sat back to view the people in this strange new world. One of the girls in the ward was small and plump, with long black hair, and an incredibly expressive little face. She was an extrovert in the extreme, with a heart full to overflowing with double the number of emotions a normal human being has, and was, in fact, typically Italian. Her name was Marissa; she had a small, dark brother, a large red-headed sister, a father who owned a sweet factory (I later discovered that she loathed confection-

ionery), a fiancé who worked in Milan and brought her an Easter egg the size of a football, and she was also just eighteen years old. Whenever her fiancé came to visit her she would fling herself upon him in a flood of tears and Italian, and when he left, she would glare balefully out of the window for an hour before she condescended to return to the social circle. We got on well together—she would laugh at my unintelligible attempts at Italian, but nevertheless correct me very sweetly, and was eager to teach me all the intricacies of the beautiful language. The other girl in the ward was seventeen, a student, and not, at first, very friendly. (I've an idea she rather disapproved of the English.)

Added to these there were several other girls, all in various stages of recovery from numerous other diseases. They would all meet secretly in our ward, which was the focal point, and then the mumps and the measles, the chicken-pox and the diphtheria would all settle down for a good old chin-wag. At least until the heavy tread of one of the nurses was heard echoing down the long, marble corridor; then the sinners would disappear into cupboards, under beds, around corners, and we would be left, to smile innocently at the chubby brown face that was poked suspiciously round the door.

To liven the monotony we would practice hair-styles on each other, and teach each other card games, and in the evening, when we were shut in, tucked up and meant to be asleep, we would turn on the lights and discuss topics such as music, and the student, who was called Elisa, and who was a perfect mimic, would stand up and give side-splittingly funny caricatures.

The Nursing Sisters, unlike the ordinary, heavy, flat-footed and sometimes incredibly stupid nurses, were all very sweet, and drifted down the cool green corridors, severe and composed like flying white angels in a world of sick, crying children, disinfectant and doctors' rounds.

The doctors were nearly all very amusing, very nice, and very bored—all except our doctor who was small and bustling like a wrinkled brown ape. He thought it was the height of amusement to chuck us under the chin and swipe handfuls of playing cards which he would then produce hours later with an air of a magician. Another doctor swept up the drive every morning in rather a dashing grey sports car. It became a ritual that whenever we heard the roar of his engine in the distance we would leap out of bed and rush to the window in time to see him hit the gatepost, which he did with alarming regularity, daily increasing the depth of the ugly black dent in the smooth grey bonnet.

Easter day was a great occasion. Early in the morning a fat little priest hurried in, heralded by the ringing of a small bell by a Nursing Sister who flew along behind him like a little white guardian angel. He gave the two girls communion in ten seconds flat, and hurried out again. He came often after that, and showered us with Holy water and blessings, or sat on the end of the bed and chatted amicably in his bright bedside manner. Then a dear little nun came round with a huge basket of Easter Eggs, and gave us one each. After breakfast, the other two put on scarves and dressing gowns, and went to a service in the beautiful little chapel—presumably religion was considered to be the only necessary barrier between the diseases. Later that day I was informed that a “measly English girl” was arriving that evening. The prospect of having someone to talk to in my native tongue was most welcome, and I hung eagerly out of the window. However, out of the ambulance stepped two very sad and sorry looking English boys shepherded by a portly schoolmaster. I wasn’t even allowed to speak to them because they had scarlettina, but via one of the nurses, they sent me lurid novels (given to them by a doctor who spoke about three words of English) and pats of butter. This may sound strange, but it was yet another instance of the Italian idea that women are an inferior race; the men were served with rolls and butter for breakfast, but we were only allotted pieces of very dry bread.

At about seven o’clock one evening a fat little nun came gesticulating into the ward, saying, or rather shrieking something about the “Ragazzi Inglese”—the English boys. She then dragged us off to their ward “scarlettina” or no “scarlettina”, which we found in a turmoil.

One of them was lying in bed looking very white, while the other was sitting at the table calmly buttering pieces of left-over breakfast roll, offering them to the prostrate one, and then proceeding to devour them himself with relish. They had broken the blind—two nurses were swinging on the end of the pulleys all to no avail; all the dirty washing had been thrown in a corner, they had a water fight with a carafe-full of water, and the room resembled the aftermath of a tropical monsoon; and another nurse was screaming that they were “bad, bad, boys”. Finally, in desperation, she gave one of them a sleeping pill, and managed to subdue the other one enough to make him get into bed, still devouring left-over breakfast roll. No wonder the Italians call us “the mad English”.

As we got better we began to count the days until we could go home, and at last the day came when Marissa and Elisa were told that they could go. There was great rejoicing as well as great

sadness because they were leaving us, and in the midst of all this I collared our little brown wrinkled doctor, and asked him in rather bad Italian whether I couldn't go as well. He let out a long stream of Italian which Marissa interpreted as "yes" and our happiness was complete. I would never have dreamed of behaving in such a way in an English hospital, but there the atmosphere was happily lackadaisical; we took our temperatures when we felt like it, and our medical charts were a farce anyway. The sense of almost gay abandon in the midst of illness and suffering was quite amazing, and not as distasteful as it sounds.

As I picked up my suitcase, left the ward, and walked for the last time down the long, cool, marble corridor, I felt glad to be leaving, certainly, but I also felt almost a sense of loss, as if a part of me that no-one but the two Italian girls would ever know, was being left behind. I said goodbye to the tall, slim, beautiful young sister, and her gentle brown eyes smiled a blessing when I turned to wave as the car drew away, she was standing at the top of the flight of steps, her hand raised in a gesture of farewell, her white robes flying out behind her like wings, and the peaceful serenity of her face reflected in the stone statue of the Madonna and Child which rose above her. From an open window came the pitiful cry of a sick young child. It reached me thinly through the ever-widening space between us; "Suora! . . . Suora!"

VANESSA HARRISON. *L.VI.*

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SIXTH FORM VISIT TO TISBURY MODERN SCHOOL.

At the end of last Summer Term, when both School examinations and "A" level were over, a party of girls from the VIth Form set out one Wednesday morning to visit the new Dunworth Secondary School at Tisbury. We were very eager to know just what sort of school we were to see, as we had all heard how modern it was, both in its actual structure and in its teaching methods.

My first impression was that it looked more like a research station in a science fiction comic than a school. It seemed to be constructed mainly of glass, gleaming in the sunlight, and it seemed very much out of place against the somewhat dingy houses of the nearby council estate.

Once inside, we were divided into groups and taken on a conducted tour of the building by three charming senior girls,

who were in their fourth year. They explained that this year for the first time there would be the opportunity to stay on for a fifth year.

Perhaps one of the most interesting things that we were shown during our visit was the Agricultural Unit, where live pigs, chickens and cows are kept so that the children can study their habits to help with their Biology. There was also a greenhouse where the children grew a wide selection of plants, so that they could learn about plant physiology in a practical way.

Later we attended an English lesson and heard some of the poems that that particular class had written. We were surprised by the feeling for words that some of these children had. Many of them had captured in just a few verses the thrills of "The Bull-fight", or the breathless excitement of "A Storm at Sea" amazingly well.

After this we had lunch in the School dining room, and then watched part of an inter-house cricket match. We then had the opportunity to wander around the school for a little while longer before being re-united with the rest of the party in the library. We gazed in awe at all the beautifully modern equipment and especially noticed the light, airy changing rooms and showers.

The Headmaster then came to answer any questions we might have. We were interested to hear that there is no prefect-system at the school, instead each individual holds personal responsibility. We had noticed the way in which the children responded to the Staff and had been especially impressed at lunch when there had been absolute silence for grace without any signal or request for quiet on behalf of the Staff.

All too soon the time came for us to go and we were assured that had it been possible we would have been welcomed for the whole day. Everyone had been so friendly that we were very loathe to go, but at last we set off for Shaftesbury again, having spent a very instructive and enjoyable day.

J.M.S.

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MY WEEK AT KINGSTON MAURWARD

At the end of last Term, Paula White, Jill Hillier and I went to the Dorset Farm Institute, Kingston Maurward, for five days, on a very interesting and educational Holiday Course for school children over fifteen.

I arrived at the Institute at about 5 p.m. on Sunday, 21st July, and was shown to my bedroom, which I was to share with a girl

who was very likeable, and we talked for hours into the night, all the time we were there.

For half an hour we girls talked to each other and exchanged names; then the tea-bell rang and we rushed upstairs to the dining room. It was an excellent meal; salmon with salad and new potatoes. (We had very good meals, of large quantities, all the time we were there). After tea we wandered outside and explored for a while, then we went to the Lecture Room, which opened on to a lovely lawn and small lake, to be greeted by Mr. Fieldsend, the Principal, and afterwards told of the few rules we had to observe, by Mr. Hawkins, the Chief Warden.

After this, I went with my friend to the tennis courts and we had a game of singles; then we went to the Common Room, and talked to the other girls till 8.30, when we had a hot drink after which we walked and talked in the garden till we went to bed. We had to be in bed, with lights out at 9.45 p.m., as we had to be up early in the morning.

Next morning at 6.30, Janice and I were awakened by Matron. We leapt straight from bed to stop ourselves falling asleep again, then dressed in working clothes and made our beds (I decided to do it properly, and turned the mattress, only to discover that night that it was only to be used on one side, consequently I spent a very uncomfortable night).

We (a group of five girls) went out to Manor Farm, where the poultry were kept. I was then put to work at filling the hoppers and collecting the eggs in the deep litter house. After this we were glad of a large cooked breakfast at 8 o'clock.

At 9 o'clock, after changing (breakfast being the only meal we were allowed to attend in working clothes), we went to the Lecture Room for two lectures, after which we went to the Common Room and had milk and biscuits. By this time the ice was beginning to break between the girls and boys, and we happily chatted for a while. Then we split into two groups, one group walking over Manor Farm where the Ayrshires were kept, the other group walking over Stinsford Farm where the Friesian cattle were kept. I went with the Stinsford group and we walked about a mile to the piggeries, then to the sheep.

After dinner I went with my group back to Manor Farm, where I collected and cleaned eggs, then cleaned under the batteries. After this we went home—by now it seemed like home—to tea, after which the girls played rounders, the boys, cricket. Then we were free to do as we liked till bedtime, coming in at 8.30 for a drink.

On Tuesday it was the same in the morning—I took great care to turn my mattress to its original position—and we went with the shepherd to see the sheep. There was no farm work on that day, we had four lectures instead.

In the afternoon, we went up to the sheep pastures again. The sheep were grazed in a very interesting way, the Forward Creep. The huge field was divided into paddocks, and in the dividing fences was a small gate which could be opened. The one in front of the sheep was open, and only the lambs could get through, so that they could graze from fresh uninfected pasture. After they had done this for a couple of days, the whole gate at the end of the paddock was opened into the paddock the lambs previously occupied, and the next small gate was opened allowing the lambs to enter the next paddock. In this way the lambs always had fresh pasture. When they came round to the original starting field, new grass had grown, so the whole scheme ran very smoothly. We drove a group of sheep to the pens, where we had to catch the lambs by the hind legs and weigh them. Then we drove all the sheep through a formalin foot bath before returning them to the paddocks. After tea we had a film, then free time before retiring.

Wednesday was a very interesting day, but this day I had to rise at 5.30, to report at 6 o'clock for milking at Manor Farm dairy. After breakfast we had lectures till dinner-time. I milked at Stinsford Farm dairy in the afternoon.

Thursday was also interesting; it was "Pigs" on that day. We had to feed, water and clean-out pigs, and it was explained to us the use of earmarking and tattooing.

Friday for our group was general farm day. The day was slightly tinged with the sadness of leaving Kingston Maurward.

In the morning we moved some heifers. We had a farm walk, and we were shown some cows due to calve in loose boxes at Stinsford Farm. In the afternoon we learned to drive tractors. This was very interesting indeed, also great fun.

Tea was not the usual happy affair as only about half the people were there, others having already left. My friend's father came for us at about 6.30 p.m., but as the car broke down we ran up to Stinsford Farm and saw that both the Friesians had calved.

We were towed into Dorchester where the car was speedily mended and we were safely home in less than two hours.

I certainly hope to go there again next year, and I am sure others would find it as educational as I did.

ANNA GODESETH, U.V.

THE SIXTH FORM EXPEDITION TO STRATFORD

On the morning of Monday, November 11th, twenty-five members of the Sixth Form, escorted by Miss Woods and Miss Hughes, clambered into the bus which was to take them to Stratford. The people of Shaftesbury would no doubt have been highly amused if they could have seen the many varied painted faces and glamorous costumes worn by the girls who were usually seen clad in their simple School uniforms.

Having stopped 'en route' for our picnic lunch, we arrived in Stratford during the early afternoon. Our hotel proved to be most comfortable, and having been shown our rooms and had a quick wash, those girls who had not visited Stratford before went on a guided tour led by Miss Woods. They were able to visit Shakespeare's Birthplace, Croft House, and various other places of interest, while the rest of us were able to explore Stratford on our own.

After a high tea at the hotel, we all changed, and set off for the Theatre to see "Richard III". Several of us had seen this before on our previous expedition to Stratford. While we found this year's production rather disappointing, others found it most enjoyable.

The following morning we all set off for Coventry. For the majority of us it was our first visit to the Cathedral, and after a short talk, we went our separate ways to admire the various parts of the building. We were all aware of the wonderful lightness, brightness of colours, and yet simplicity of the Cathedral, and though at first bewildered by the tapestry beyond the altar, found that it definitely "grew" upon us. We were all delighted to be able to attend a short service, after which several of us had a very interesting conversation with one of the guides, who answered a number of our queries and listened patiently to our criticisms.

During the remainder of the afternoon, we either stayed in the Cathedral or went to visit the shopping centre, which proved to be very expensive!

On returning to Stratford, we again visited the Theatre to see "Julius Caesar". Although many of us were disappointed with the character of Mark Antony, Brutus was presented in a most forceful manner.

Wednesday was our last day. Those who wished, visited Anne Hathaway's Cottage, while others visited museums, and took their last look at Stratford. After lunch at the Hotel, we went to the matinée performance of "A Comedy of Errors,"

which was enjoyed by most because of its contrast with the other two plays. At the end of the performance we hurried back to the bus, and having settled comfortably in our seats we were able to reflect upon the most enjoyable time we had spent in Stratford.

ELIZABETH COLE. U.VI.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY LATIN

On November 8th, Shaftesbury High School had the pleasure of receiving Lady Helen Asquith as a guest. She also came in the role of an Adjudicator, as in the evening she was to judge Latin readings, to be read by six girls from Shaftesbury High School VI Form and Upper Vth, and six girls from St. Mary's Convent's VIth Form.

Two Latin plays were also to be performed after the reading, which it was hoped would provide a light entertainment.

The evening began with a delicious tea, eaten in the Domestic Science Room, and enjoyed by all. After this refreshment everyone was seated in the School Hall, and a twitter of apprehension ran through it as those who were about to read, felt the first twinges of stage fright.

Selected pieces of poetry and prose were read first, and after this an unseen passage was given out, which had to be prepared as thoroughly as possible in a few minutes, and then read. All competitors retired to read through the piece, attempt to translate it, and practise reading it in an intelligent manner. One by one, each competitor, with perhaps a dramatic sigh of despair, would pass into the hall and there, try to convince her audience that she understood what she was reading about—even if she did not.

After this ordeal, exhausted competitors sank thankfully into chairs, and watched the younger members of each school, as they bustled about, preparing for their respective plays.

Shaftesbury High School's Upper IVth Form acted a scene from Roman History, which told how a certain C. Mucius, obtained his nickname of Scævola. The costumes and the solemn manner in which the scenes were enacted, combined to produce a hilarious effect which left the audience weak with laughter.

The Convent girls then acted several very amusing sketches about a Roman boy's life at school and we gathered that he did not differ very much from the twentieth century boy!

When the props and actresses had vacated the stage, Sady

Helen stood up and gave sympathetic and helpful advice to those who had read, and also thanked the entertainers.

So ended a very enjoyable evening and I'm sure everyone who was there, would join with me in expressing the hope that there will be more opportunities for strengthening the friendship between the two schools in the not too distant future.

GRETA STUBBS.

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THE CLINTON SINGERS' CONCERT, NOVEMBER 21st

It is exactly sixteen years since Gordon Clinton first brought his singers to School and he has ever since remained a very good friend.

Today he brought with him the distinguished tenor René Soames, two students, Paul Essman, counter-tenor and Angela Beale, soprano and one of his former students, Jessie Cash.

Mr. Clinton presented the concert, interspersing the songs with historical background. They sang us English madrigals, operatic excerpts and modern songs. Their accompanist, Miss Stubbs, played the Toccata from the great Toccata & Fugue in B minor, and an attractive piece called the Little White Donkey. They finished by singing the well-known "Bobby Shaftoe".

It was not only an entertaining concert, but an instructive and interesting one, and I think that everyone who went enjoyed it immensely.

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MY HOLIDAY IN EASTERN GERMANY

On August 12th, 1963 my family and I set off for Eastern Germany by car. We reached Dover in time to catch the 2.30 p.m. ferry to Calais. After a calm crossing, we went to Dunkirk and stopped to look at the English War Memorial on the way to Ostend. In Belgium we passed through Brussels which was nerve-racking as everybody drives on the right and very fast, but we were soon out of the city. Soon after this, it began to grow dark so, having rested, we travelled on passing the Belgium-Dutch border, and the dawn found us near the Dutch-German border. After stopping to refresh ourselves, we hurried on to Duisburg; the largest river port in the world, which is also a large industrial centre. At Duisburg, we joined the Autobahn and had a fast and

uneventful journey as far as Hanover. At Hanover we broke our journey in order to inform the British Consulate of our intention of going into Eastern Germany. About two hours later we reached the East German border; this was the most interesting and frightening experience. We were held up there for about an hour and a half after which we resumed our journey—by-passing Dresden we reach Bautzen at about 10.30 p.m.

Bautzen.

Bautzen is a very old and beautiful town, well over a thousand years old. It has the ruins of an old and beautiful castle and water tower. Just outside of the town roughly half a mile away is the ruin of a bridge that the Germans blew up to stop the Russians in 1945. It also has some old buildings that were built long before the war and are still standing. One house there is supposed to be the house of a witch because it is a queer shape and in two fires has never been burnt down although it is made of wood. The River Spree runs by the town and is the one on which many people have escaped from Eastern Berlin. In the town is a hill which is very much like Gold Hill in Shaftesbury, as it is cobbled and has railings going up the side. It also has a leaning tower which we thought was rather terrifying; yet somebody lives at the top of it. The people there are very poor and have not excellent clothes like ours. They do not get the latest Parish fashions and fine nylon stockings. Nearly everywhere abroad they use horses to pull the ploughs and the women do a lot of the work. One night we left the town and went to see a lake which has blue water in it because of the clay. The sun was setting as we got there and the lake looked very pretty indeed. Before we went to the lake we saw something that is never seen in England, and that is "Storks"—we saw several and took some photographs of them. They are very graceful and have very long legs. It was a very pretty sight as we drove back to see from the top of a hill the lights of the town below us. There were many more interesting things and places to see, but the end of our holiday was drawing near, so on Thursday, 22nd of August, we bade our relatives farewell and set off back home again.

The journey home was much the same as the journey there. At Venlo we stopped and had lunch and a look around the town. We bought a flag with Venlo on it while we were there. The next town we came to was Eindhoven and we all agreed that it was the loveliest town we had seen on our holiday. It was very modern and had blocks of flats going up all over the place and the shops had all the latest fashions in the windows. Then we went to Antwerp and under the Scheldt Estuary in a very long tunnel which

had a lot of lights in it. After that the journey was straightforward and we reached Calais at 11 a.m. and parked by the Town Hall, a beautiful building, where after dinner we watched a lot of French girls being married.

Then at 11 p.m. we made our way to the docks and boarded the same ferry we used on our way over. It was a rough crossing but we reached Dover at about 1 a.m. Next morning we reached Shaftesbury, sad that our holiday was over, but happy to be back.

JENNY BOHOT. *L.IV.*

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1st SHAFTESBURY GIRL GUIDES' HOLIDAY TO SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA.

We had planned for several years to have an expedition to Switzerland, and this year the dream materialised. On July 31st seventeen of us set off from Gillingham via Waterloo, Victoria and Folkstone, where we left England, in glorious sunshine for Calais.

We travelled — as the Rome Expedition had done — by couchettes, which were a novelty; consequently, we did not sleep very well. After our first Continental breakfast at Basle, we made our way to the train for Kandersteg.

Our next few days were spent in expeditions to the Lakes of Thun and Brienz, to the Jungfraujoch, where the temperature was a marked contrast from that of the previous day's excursion!

On Sunday we went to church and in the afternoon we visited the Oeschinen and the Flower Valley.

Monday we spent on a walking expedition to a glacier and collected some blisters. Tuesday, our last day, we visited "Our Chalet" at Adelboden, for as we were a Guide Party, it was courteous to pay a visit to the International Chalet—well-known to all Guides.

On Wednesday we very sadly left Switzerland, via Berne and Zürich for Zell am See in Austria, where we arrived at midnight.

Our hotel was in a village eight kilometres from Zell am See. Because of this there were the inevitable language difficulties.

We spent the first day unpacking and exploring Niedernsill and Zell am See.

Our second day was spent in Mozart's city of Salzburg, where we made a lightning tour of the city and then were free to shop.

On Saturday, 10th August, we went to Krimml and walked to the highest European waterfall. On Sunday we visited the Weiss See, and, by a mistake in timing, had to walk ten miles to Uttendorf and have a taxi from there to Niedernsill.

Monday was our last day and it was a wet one. In the afternoon we went by service 'bus to Zell am See to shop for presents for our families in England.

And so our holiday came to an end. We left Austria on August 13th, and after 36 hours of practically non-stop travelling we were at home with our families.

There were eleven girls and six adults including our captain and Mrs. Davison. We had tremendous fun, and some of our adventures could fill a book!

I think that Switzerland made Austria look second rate, and rather behind the times as far as tourism is concerned, which is a pity, for both countries are well worth visiting.

All our thanks go to our captain and Mrs. Davison, who coped with the complications that arose on our holiday.

We did, however, vow that we would return in two year's time, and I think we shall.

ELIZABETH TEASDALE. *L.V.*

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LA FEERIE DE NOTRE-DAME

The spectacle of the "Son et Lumière" was held at Notre-Dame every night this summer. Many thousands of tourists queued for tickets which enabled them to stand by the banks of the river Seine and listen to the voices of famous actors and actresses tell the story of, "Notre-Dame de Paris".

It was to commemorate the building of the first Notre-Dame 800 years ago in 1163 A.D. Weariness after a day's sightseeing was forgotten as I listened spellbound to the hymns sung by the Cathedral choir.

I thought that two particularly inspiring parts were those of Jeanne d'Arc by Suzanne Flon and Paul Claudel by Jean-Louis Barrault.

This was, of course, recorded, but I feel that if I had gone every evening for weeks on end, I should still have found something new and romantic in watching the illumination of the various parts of the majestic Cathedral of Paris and hearing about its eventful history.

So, to the strains of "Jesu, joy of man's desiring", I stood entranced, watching the doves fluttering from the tower, dazed by the spot-light, across the famous circular window.

People flocked towards the exit, but I remained listening to the bells ringing out their message of peace.

This was Notre-Dame de Paris 1963.

SALLIE PILE. *L.V.*

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A MONDAY AT SCHOOL IN DENMARK

I will tell you what a Monday is like for me at home in Denmark.

I get up at about seven o'clock and get into my clothes which would be tights and long brown trousers and brown shoes, a light yellow jersey with short sleeves. Then I get downstairs and have breakfast. I would something like cornflakes and a piece of toast. We have no desks at our school, only tables and we have to bring the books with us. When I have found all my books, I go to school. I have only seven minutes' walk. There is only one school in the town and nobody goes by bus, though some are allowed to bike.

We do not have prayers. In the first lessons I would have arithmetic. The teacher I have for it is a bit queer because he does not know what to say when he tells somebody off (he has only told me off once). Each lesson goes on for forty minutes. Another thing I had better tell you is that it is a mixed school.

For the next two lessons, I have Danish. I have ten minutes' break in between every lesson and only four lessons in the morning. I would not like the two Danish lessons because when we have a double period like that it is going to be written Danish. After that I am going to have English. English is a bit boring for me because I know all of the English they learn. After that we are going to eat. Every one of us brings some open sandwiches with us and eats them in the formroom. We can buy milk at the school, but we must bring the food ourselves; we have ten minutes to eat it in.

After that we have got ten minutes Break. We are about three hundred children in the building because of that each form lines up in two lines on the playground when the bell goes. When we have finished a lesson, we line up outside our formroom, and go down to the playground. Everybody has got to go down and talk or what ever he wants to do. After that I am going to

have physics, I have only just started that this year. The last lesson that day is singing. That is the only day we have music so we are not very clever at music at my school. That is what a Monday would be like for me if I were at home now and that is how it will be when I go home again.

ANNA MARIE HELLMERS. *III.*

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FOUR BEATLES !

Four Beatles (and I have not misspelt it) have just emerged or should I say crashed into the world of pop music and fame, creating the greatest sensation since Elvis Presley hit the United States in 1956. Nor are they content to finish here, for they not only top the record chart with every disc that they make, but they have launched a non-collared fashion in suits which has probably brought them the blessing of every tailor in Britain, and a long heavy fringed fashion in hair styles which has probably had the opposite effect on every hairdresser.

Fans storm barricades in order to catch glimpses of their idols—and British policemen are only allowed to relax when our Internationally famous Beatles decide to plague foreign policemen by going on tour across Europe. Whilst managers are making plans for theatres with elasticated walls, fan-club secretaries endeavour to deal with the influx of fan mail, including requests for appearances as far afield as Finland!

Yet how have four young men, unknown a year ago, made such a great impact on the world of entertainment? The question is not an easy one to answer. In just one year the Beatles have risen to the top of their profession, but a life of fame and success is not the only life they have known—they set out with a group containing three of their present members, and secondhand instruments, which of course, came nowhere near the required standard of those used by professional artistes. But they persevered, not because they needed the money, for they were still at school, but because they enjoyed it. They appeared in a Carroll Levis talent competition in corduroy jackets, which they had borrowed for the occasion, and which looked as though they had been borrowed—they did not get anywhere. Even when they were taken over by a manager, they found themselves turned down by every record company—how those companies regret it now !

Accepted at last by E.M.I. Paul, John, George and Ringo, with three guitars and one set of drums, launched a trend of pop

music known as the "Liverpool Sound," consisting of a lot of noise and the stamping of feet, but which produces a characteristic sound enjoyed by youth today because of its great vivacity and sense of rhythm and beat—in fact, they are true artistes of which there are very few today in the field of pop music. They have caused a very necessary break-through in sound, yet their fame has not prevented them from remaining perfectly ordinary people. They say they are not rich yet, in spite of their average wage of £2,000 a week—but this is not surprising considering the busy lives they lead with one-night stands all over the country. Nor are they without their academic qualifications—admittedly George and Ringo didn't care much for school, but Paul obtained Advanced Level English Literature and John attended Art School—surely we can now contend with certain French singers. Their very capable manager is making sure that theirs will not be the fate of many of the stars of to-day—collapse from exhaustion and nerves.

These four young men, with joint song-writers in their midst—Paul and John have started from the bottom and risen to the top, and they don't intend looking back—indeed why should they? four charming Beatles have won my affection—please don't condemn them until you have seen and heard them—they will win yours too.

ANN STAINER. *U.VI.*

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REMEMBERING LAST WINTER

The day after Boxing Day, the chant of 'snow' rang through the house. I gingerly crept to the window expecting to see every bush and tree outlined in dazzling white. I had a shock. I managed to gasp an emphatic "Well!" I could not see a bush for the drifts and felt colder than ever.

Having pulled on all my thickest jumpers, I tried to open the doors. After a lot of heaving and help, the front door was forced open, whereupon it bestowed its load of snow in the hall. After all that hard work, I felt we deserved a cup of tea, but I should have known; all the pipes were frozen and no water could be obtained. Perhaps some cheerful music on the radio would be desirable, but I drew a blank again. Power cuts!

However, the beginning of the terrible winter held some beauties if one forgot the icy drawbacks. On the first day, crowds from the village cut their way up the hill to gaze in wonder. To

reach the sloping wood, one had to walk on the hedge of the steep banks where one was level with the drifts. Shaftesbury was seen across white fields resembling a model town and the hills all around were like mountains. The first dazzling glances at the beauty were a reward for all we had to endure last winter.

DEBORAH WILLIAMS. *U.IV.*

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SOME GREAT MODERN NOVELS

Although not so "modern" now, E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" is without doubt one of the best novels written this century. The scene is set in the city of Chandrapore, on the banks of the Ganges, and cleverly depicts the attitude of the British ruling class in India to the ignorant natives. Azziz, a young Indian doctor, is arrested for assaulting Miss Quested, a young woman from England, who has come to marry the City Magistrate. However she withdraws her accusation, to the indignation of her countrymen, and returns to the Mother-country. The friendship between Azziz and Fielding portrays the possibility of such a relationship between the countries they represent, but the time was not ripe: "The earth didn't want it . . . and the sky said, 'No, not then'."

"Mr. Norris Changes Trains" by Christopher Isherwood, would delight anyone who fully enters into the whims, experiences, delights and sorrows of the main character of a novel. Mr. Norris, a flabby, indecisive crook demands our fullest sympathies in all his petty, but intricate schemes and designs.

In striking contrast, William Golding's "Lord of the Flies" tells of the gradual degradation of a group of schoolboys, forced to live out of the bonds of discipline, on a remote island. At the outset of the story, they are a group of normal and typical schoolboys, but, left to themselves, they sink into murder and cannibalism. The book is thrilling and tensely exciting, lacking the lengthy description which could cause tedium for the modern reader.

Ernest Hemingway could on no account be omitted from an account of great modern novels. In my opinion "A Farewell to Arms" is the most enjoyable of his novels. It is written in the tensely humane Hemingway style, showing the utter uselessness of war and fighting as seen by an American Lieutenant fighting in Italy. The plot evolves around the eternal theme of love, which motive drives the lieutenant to desert the army and flee with Catherine, the nurse, whom he loves throughout the book. The

end, characteristically in short statements in dialogue, is overwhelmingly sad, and the reader is forced to enter into its cold, desolate nature.

On a lighter plan is the Thurber Album, written by the irresistible Thurber, one of the most truly amusing writers of our day. The extracts from his life in this book are so intimate and realistic that the reader can laugh with Thurber, and at Thurber. Not the least amusing is his portrait of the "Newspaperman: Head and Shoulders," who taught that "You get to be a newspaperman by being a newspaperman," in contrast to learning the more gentle art of journalism. This ogre of an editor had the inbred cynicism of one who'd "worked his way to the top," which provoked him to laugh at other's success, and scorn attempts at success made by his inferiors. The "Dispatch" was his sole life and Thurber, a junior reporter, a mere slave, and women, mere "Slob-sisters". Thurber's account of his experiences under Kuehner, the editor, more monster than man, as well as giving a detailed character study, would make any reader at all prone to be amused, convulsed with laughter.

I will end with an entirely different book, "The Drunken Forest" by the naturalist, Gerald Durrell. The author tells of his expedition into the interior of the Argentine, in quest of more birds and animals to add to his collection. His descriptions of the animals kept in captivity, are highly amusing, as each responds warily to its new environment. The native people too, are at once shocked, amused and terrified by the naturalist in their midst and at times act in a curious manner towards him.

I would highly recommend each of these books, and hope that you will find as much pleasure in reading them as I did.

HELEN JONES. *U.VI.*

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TWO-FACED TRADITION

Tradition is an unwritten body of beliefs, opinions, and customs, which is handed down from generation to generation, but we must consider whether or not we are at the stage when it no longer appears a firm foundation for the future, but merely a relic of the past. As most people are interested in the somewhat unstable future of the Conservative Party, perhaps it would be as well to bear in mind that it was originally recognised for its maintenance of existing institutions, and as there are likely to be many great changes to come, not only in the political sphere, but also

in everyday life, is it not about time, that we as individuals in an undoubtedly progressive world, thought about revising our ideas on the question of tradition? Is it a help or a hindrance? I feel sure that our country's prestige is due greatly to her quaint traditions, to which we are so much attached, and which foreigners find so fascinating—a part of "Merry England" perhaps? I wonder if there is anyone who would really be prepared to see London's Horse Guards, or even Ashmore's Filly disappear. I somehow doubt it, and see no reason why they should go.

Every country, the world over, has some custom peculiar to her nation, which fascinates, and holds the attention of her neighbours . . . what a dull world it would be without them. Maybe a large number of us have never been further than the Isle of Wight, but this does not prevent us from visualising the romance, and mystery of the East, or the pace of life in New York's Fifth Avenue. No, these are all realities inseparable from life—I criticise what I call the "Tradition of Tradition" in which all, and yet none, are to blame. How many of us are prepared, when we hear the familiar words "but it's tradition," to sit back, and let that pass, merely because it is a stock phrase which we all become immune to? If we are going to reject the idea of Tradition as "utter poppycock," then before doing so, perhaps it would be worth our while to delve into antiquity, in order to discover the original cause, and foundation for a certain tradition. Then, perhaps we could occasionally see some sense in it, and learn to value it; or, on the other hand be able to justify ourselves in rejecting it. There is often too much sentimentality attached to tradition, and too little reason. Surely it is serious that when interrogated about a tradition, we find ourselves unable to explain it, for the simple reason that it has been tradition for so long, and no-one has troubled to discover why.

I think the answer to this problem lies in the fact that we decry Tradition which appears a 'mere relic of the past' as having no meaning for us; and yet we continue to rejoice in what proves to be directly beneficial:—who would condemn the traditions of Christmas, Easter, and other such festivities? Personally I value highly certain traditions; call me a sentimentalist if you will, for I do continue to feel inspired on Speech Day, and the Christmas Tree in Trafalgar Square, and the lights in Regent Street always renew in me a certain thrill.

Then surely careful consideration must be given to this matter:—Consider how fortunate we are to attend a small country school, where traditions (and we do benefit from most of them!) have not been completely wiped out. Consider also that in abolish-

ing certain traditions, we may be robbing ourselves of what proves to be a constant source of delight. On the other hand it would be foolish to allow the pendulum to swing to the extreme of sentimentality. If this question is to be put into its proper perspective a little investigation is needed by both generations. In condemning a tradition, we may find that our elders have also been doing so, or we, being enlightened on the subject, may see an element of reason in it which could be of value in proving 'a firm foundation for the future'. Think twice next time you hear 'because it's a tradition' and don't condemn it before you know the facts; for, as in all things, discrimination is the keyword.

JUNE BUCHAN. *U.VI.*

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IN PRAISE OF A CAT

I do not know the circumstances under which our cat, Nuit, preserved seven of her nine lives before she breathed her last a short time ago, but I am sure very few animals have actually escaped from the jaws of death as Nuit did on the occasion I am about to describe. Nuit was a gentle cat and a great favourite of the family, and was the mother of many kittens, but such a brave intelligent cat I have never seen before.

One morning, when we were having breakfast, we heard a clanging noise coming up the path. I rushed to the door and was horrified to see dear Nuit stumbling up the drive with a huge, rusty gin trap, the sort farmers once used to catch rabbits, clamped to her paw and a rope trailing behind it. On seeing me she mewed piteously. Luckily my father arrived at the door and immediately went to the cat's aid. It was only a matter of a few minutes before the gin was forced open and the torn, swollen paw removed. We then put her to bed in a warm box and she slept all that day and the next night, without moving. After that she gradually recovered and we tried to reconstruct her wonderful act of bravery.

She must have gnawed through the rope, after her paw was caught in those cruel iron teeth, and although in great agony, she had walked probably a long way, dragging this instrument of torture after her to the place where she knew she would find help—her home.

Nuit will always live in our minds, as this incident of courage impressed everyone who knew and loved her.

JOAN CUSTARD. *L.V.*

AN ENCOUNTER

It was a dark night around midnight; eerie shadows patterned my bedroom walls. As a cloud silently passed over the moon, I suddenly saw a light shining brightly through the darkness. Closer and closer it came towards me, until it formed a saucer-like object gliding in the sky. Inquisitively I sprang from my bed and cautiously I advanced to the window. I saw it slowly descend into the field. The light disappeared from the ship, only to reappear with the opening of the space-ship door.

The room came from behind the cloud and I saw ladders being lowered from the space-ship. I shuddered . . . what was going to happen n-e-x-t.

Slowly three weird monsters descended the ladders. From under the three stands of the ship came the space objects. Slowly they made their way through the field flattening the wheat as they went. They searched the field for the most frightening ten minutes of my life. They then returned to the space-ship and the door closed silently behind them.

After a few seconds the ship rose into the air and slowly disappeared into space. I was so amazed that it took me quite a while to recover. I sat at the window looking over our dark village. Was it a dream or did I really see those strange creatures? I shall never know. Guess where I live. Charlton!

PAT JOLLIFFE. *L.V.*

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SAGO STREET

At the beginning of the Summer holidays, I flew out to Singapore to join my parents and young brother. We spent a lot of time sightseeing on the island, and towards the end of the holidays ventured into China Town. Armed with handkerchiefs to combat the unpleasant smells, we took a taxi to Sago Street.

Here a large market is held, mainly of fish, meat, exotic fruits and many vegetables. Many of the vendors are Chinese and sell the most strong smelling meat covered in flies. Small iguanas about two feet long are sold alive, along with turtles, ducks and scraggy hens for the various dishes eaten and enjoyed by the people. Stalls serving live fish are predominant; there's nothing like a tasty morsel of shrimp or prawn, supplemented by a large helping of fried rice and soya sauce. Large barrowfuls of dried black mushrooms blocked the narrow passage through which trishaws rolled clumsily.

At the end of this teeming lane are the Death Houses. When a Chinese man feels he want to die, he goes to the nearest Death House and orders a coffin. He then lies upstairs in a bed until he does die. We hurried past these places as the smell was rather strong, glancing at the beautiful wreaths of exotic flowers hanging outside each doorway. Alas, the flowers live no more than a few hours after being made up as the stems are cut so short.

We were pleased to leave this pungent lane, but realised how simple their way of life is compared with our own only a few miles away in the centre of up-to-date Singapore City.

P. GIBSON. *L.V.*

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BOARDS

Christopher Logue, a modern poet, wrote a poem called 'The Board', saying that he was born on a board, and that he was given more to add to his collection at various stages all through his life. The key to the poem must be that each board is a certificate of qualification that he received on achieving an approved standard of work. We are all taught, when we are young, to consider those who appear to have achieved much with great respect, but when the poet had eventually received his final board, on leaving School, he says,

"I made my boards into a raft and sailed.
It sank."

He was discovering that the boards were of no real value, and would not bring him the rewards he had been lead to expect. He feels, also, that he had been obliged, by Society, to strive for these goals, and so he had no choice in the matter, despite the subconscious belief of the majority of those who are responsible for our upbringing that we are free to direct the course of our own lives virtually as we wish. We are not free, in fact, for we are bound so tightly by our own, the human race's conventions, that, by the time we each begin to come to our senses, the least unpleasant course open to us is hastily to persuade ourselves that we can do no better with our gifts than to accomplish the tasks which convention has always told us are required. This resignation is expected of everyone, though we may not be consciously aware of it, but as we rely on the course set before us by others being the right one to follow, we are gambling with chance, and our life and everything in it is the stake we use. The effort of making our own discoveries is too great, it seems, to contemplate, let alone to attempt.

It does not seem to follow, then, that our natural feeling now is to consider those with a collection of 'boards' as ordinary people, and those without as characterless failures, but this is, in fact, the case. Although these ideas are not in agreement with the belief we claim to hold, that those who have been able to collect boards are beings to be particularly respected, or with our belief that the standard qualifications are quite enough, this new theory, now common, shows that the qualifications no longer have a real meaning, but are required only mechanically, and their position of importance is out of proportion to their real worth. They should not be considered as, in themselves, all-important, although they do have a valid purpose. If the board-collecting mania is carried too far, as, in some ways, it has been already, then the amount one has to learn which will be inappropriate to one's own tastes will rise alarmingly, and time and talent—the precious essences of life—will be smashed to the ground, and will drain away.

Christopher Logue feels that it is no great achievement to have passed some examinations, and to have the proof on a piece of paper, an inanimate and, really, insignificant object. What is really important is overlooked in our frenzy to collect boards; we are beginning to forget what the whole point of the boards was originally, for this was to lead a full life, to feel within ourselves a purpose and an aim in life. Nowadays, it is far too easy to feel that if all the homework that should be prepared by the following day has been finished, then the rest of the evening may be wasted on anything one pleases; one rarely thinks whether or not this is really enriching one's store of knowledge or experience in a way for which one will be thankful at any later time.

On the other hand, there are the people who force themselves, for instance, to read only those books which they have heard highly praised by the few people who are knowledgeable, even if they do not understand the subject, and so these people, too, waste their time, instead of finding a worthwhile aspect of life which they can understand and enjoy, and concentrating their efforts more in this quarter.

I state these ideas because I feel that we should not let ourselves take the easy, and rewardless, way out, in living our lives; we should not feel satisfied in carrying out the superficial duties or in passing the standard examinations, because they will not give a feeling of real satisfaction, in the end. One should attempt to sample all possible branches of art, literature, music, films, scientific information, and every such medium by which people have set down their feelings and experiences, for this gives us deeper understanding of the situations of life, and helps us to live our

own lives in a way more useful than would be possible without this help. If only we can find the means of expression of human experience which we, personally, can understand, we immediately feel that we are not pioneers in dangerous country, but that someone has been exactly the same way as us before this, and we can feel how sympathetically they would be interested in how we are going to deal with the difficult situations which will arise. If we can feel this, we are given new courage, and a new ability to cope with our problems.

Christopher Logue's feeling was of despair that he was put on the wrong road at his birth, and that, as he was frantically grasping all chances to possess new boards, he was unconsciously missing all his opportunities to make an achievement of real value, something which would give him the knowledge of having made an entirely worthwhile success; but he did not even know what it was that he felt he had failed to reach, or to see, for he closed his poem with a picture of himself and his family waiting on the central board of a new raft, which his young daughter had received at her birth. The poet had made up his mind that the only possibility for him, by then, was to forget all ambitions, and to live his life with people who felt themselves to be in the same position as himself, who had the knowledge that from then on, all was pointless, as they had missed their opportunities from the very beginning of their lives. Christopher Logue feels that we all have a wrong sense of proportion and of values, but he despairs that he does not know how to set the world on the right track again. He does, however, give us the idea that what we are all longing for, whether we know it or not, is what the three people on the raft in his final picture were waiting for; this is the sight of the ultimate protector from defeat by the depths of the sea of life, the sea on which we intend to float our rafts; the final and perfect defender is the firm land which signifies internal peace, and which is reached by means of the most important board of the raft, the realisation of a clear, balanced, and strongly-founded sense of purpose, and the firm knowledge that what we are striving to do with all our own talents is right, and is what we should be doing with all the powers we have been given. Until we have this knowledge ourselves, we must search everywhere we can for our own personal right way to reach it.

MERIEL SKINNER. *U.VI.*

Together

These places are haunted by the ghosts of what you were
And what you now are, changed perhaps and far away
From those who miss you;

We breathed this air for happiness in growing up
Together; we first came here alone, apprehensive, unaware,
Strong or weak evelens;

We grew up from each other's gradual change,
Each in predestined turn, accepting some were women
Before the others knew.

You can't say we weren't happy. Hurting, laughing,
Scorning each other behind the turning back
In unrelieved togetherness.

Now you've gone. Strangers whom we vaguely knew have come
To make another, less familiar noise; it shouts:
Goodbye your ghosts and mine.

ROSEMARY WAGNER.

* * *

The Sound of Introspection

Wisps of Dégas' Whirling
Dancers blurring
Hazy blues
Into the music of my melancholy;
Crimes of thought conspiring
With desiring
Flesh to sweep
Away my one-time whispered warnings;
Tears unbroken blending
Torment, sending
Solitude
Towards the silence of my lone tristesse;
Outstretched hand still groping
Grimly hoping
Not in vain
To free a mind from past confusion's pain.

ROSEMARY WAGNER.

My Time is God's

My time is God's,
But I want to live
While the fruit on the tree
Is ripe and for picking;
While the new-petalled blossom
Won't wither for dying;
While the far-off faith
May be strengthened for testing;
While the love that is life
May be granted for asking;
While nothing is unknown
Yet all is for learning;
While the world is bright
With birds for singing
And fragrance to savour
And beauty for praising.
I want to live
But my time is God's.

ROSEMARY WAGNER.

* * *

Tempus fugit

tick tock the clock
measures out my time
my time in this world
relentlessly it continues
giving me no respite
little deeds seem trivial
to the tick tock of my clock
panic seizes my mind
when I think of the time I waste.
I watch my precious moments
my allotted years race by
not knowing when they will end
maybe that some god is totting up
the years of my life on his rule
I will not know the result
know the length of my life
till I meet him.
still ticks the clock
with its rhythmic beat
the beat like that of my heart
which will not cease
no no not yet
the steady tick tock of the clock.

SUSAN E. PILE. U.VI.

Summer Past

Red to gold, each flower, each leaf
Leaves its glory far beneath,
Each drooping head—
Defeated by the winds that toss
And fall to hear the blackbird's plaintive call.

The rose surrenders; its petals fall,
To a dark and dreary burial,
In red arrayed the robin stands
To capture warmth beneath his ruffled wings,
'Till all is bare, beneath the stare of winter.

Snow—whispering and falling,
On the earth and recalling;
The joy and fun of Christmas past,
Yet, beneath the hardened ground
Can still the trees and flowers be found?

But young minds are gay—
Content to ride and laugh and play,
While the wonderland lasts,
For soon away—again the earth reborn anew—
Spring to stay.

TRICIA CROSLY. *L.IV.*

* * *

Summer in Ringstead

(After Longfellow's *Hiawatha*)

Look across the shining waters,
Ringstead's shimmering shining waters,
To the distant Bill of Portland,
Far beyond the Bill of Portland
To the steamers, rolling distant,
Rolling distant on white horses
That come right in, pounding gaily
On the shelving steep sea beaches,
Of the mighty sweep of Ringstead.
In the bow-shaped curve of Ringstead
Is the water, calm and sparkling,
Sheltered by the cliff called White Nothe,
By the rearing head of White Nothe,
From the cruel East wind's anger.

The air above the pebbles shimmers,
 Shimmers in the hot heat rising
 From the warmth of sun that shines there
 Daily; while a zepher, wafting,
 Sways the grasses on the bankside,
 Murmurs in the trees on cliffsides,
 As the Summer slowly passes.
 In that heavenly place called Ringstead.

ANN EVANS. *L.IV.*

* * *

Listening

Sitting in the manger,
 Listening—Listening—
 Were the herd in danger?
 Listening—Listening—
 “Stealthy rustlers creeping forth”
 Listening—Listening—
 To steal the cowherd from the North.
 Listening—Listening—Listening—
 Looking Forward in the dark,
 (Listening—Listening—)
 One of the dogs began to bark,
 (Listening—still Listening—)
 Still the restless rustlers crawling
 Forth on hands and knees.
 Listening—Listening—Listening.
 Made leaves rustle from the trees
 Still forever—listening—listening.

PENNY WELFORD. *III.*

* * *

Snowy

The flash of a mane,
 The swish of a tail—
 The clatter of hoofs,
 Against the gate rail;
 A showing of white,
 A snuffling grunt;
 An Animal of course!
 At the gate stands Snowy
 A snow white horse.

KAREN McCABE. *III.*

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION SECTION

Committee, 1963

<i>Chairman</i>	Miss Dunford
<i>Secretary</i>	Mrs. Pile
<i>Treasurer</i>	Mr. Teasdale
<i>Staff Representatives</i>	Miss Watkins Mrs. Davison
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>	Miss Ebbs-Canavan Mrs. Peckham Mr. Carter Mrs. Imber Mrs. Jordan

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association was held on Friday, November 23rd, 1962, with Miss Dunford in the chair. The usual business of electing officers for 1963 was swiftly despatched. This year the Committee regretted having to lose the services of their Treasurer, Mr. Head, who had held this office for 5 years, and now resigned because his daughter had left the school. Miss Dunford thanked him on our behalf for all his good work. Mr. Teasdale was elected in his place.

The Spring meeting was held at the school on March 8th, 1963. After a short business meeting, Miss Moore gave a showing of the School Film, and added her own personal commentary. Many of us had not seen the film before, and it gave great enjoyment. This record of the school's development over the past 17½ years is indeed an interesting and valuable one.

No business meeting was held in the Summer term, but instead the school planned to entertain the parents with a display of P.E. and Scottish dancing in the Grounds of Barton Hill House. Unfortunately the weather was unreliable, and the display had to be staged at the Town Hall instead, on Friday, July 19th. Although space was restricted, and the atmosphere warm, everyone enjoyed the evening, and when Mrs. Teasdale proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Fraser and the girls for putting on so good a show, the applause was enthusiastic. The girls helped to hand round the refreshments which were served at the close of the performance.

A Parent looks back

Much is heard in this present day
Of how modern children tend to stray,
Why don't we face our "Moment of Truth,"
What were we like in our vanished youth?

Were we so perfect, good and demure,
Or our chances for misdeeds merely fewer?
Could we claim we'd behaved so well
If of pranks we'd played we were forced to tell?

Our youngsters today are not so bad,
In fact no worse than were Mum and Dad,
As one reason for this, I raise the cry
"Three cheers for the Staff of Shaftesbury High"

They try to teach our girls to be
The kind of folk this world needs to see,
So ladies all—our thanks to you,
For the really splendid job you do.

M.M.P.

* * *

After School

Case or satchel bumps the floor,
The time we know is after four,
Our darling child is home once more,
What will the evening bring?

A cup of tea of first import,
Restores nerves frayed and overwrought,
Then pencils, rubbers, pens are sought,
What will the evening bring.

"Heaps of prep tonight, ma mère,"
This confirms mama's worst fear,
Her rusty brain will have to share
What e'er the evening brings!

L.T.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee, 1963/64

<i>President</i>	MISS M. K. DUNFORD
<i>Vice-President</i>	MRS. M. RAAD
<i>Secretary</i>	E. PHILLIPS (<i>née</i> Coombs)
<i>Assistant Secretary</i> ,	A. RAWSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	Y. HUMPHRIES
<i>Staff Representative</i>	K. DRAKE
<i>Sports Representatives</i>	R. EVERITT (<i>née</i> Gibbs) B. KNAPTON
<i>Committee Members</i>	E. HARDY B. PIKE (<i>née</i> Welch) M. YOUNG (<i>née</i> Harris)

Gill Hussey (*née* Woodman)

For 13½ years Gill has been Secretary of the O.G.A. and now she feels the time has come to resign from the Committee and enjoy being an ordinary member again. We cannot let this occasion pass without expressing the warm thanks we all feel for all that she has done for us; the Committee meetings so faithfully attended and recorded; the address book painstakingly compiled and kept up-to-date, the Reunions carefully arranged and carried through to the end; all the linking up, and keeping us together, which is essential if such an Association is to survive and flourish. We owe her a great deal and are grateful for her continued help till our new secretary has learnt the ropes.

Thank you, Gill.

The Ninth London Reunion

March 2nd, 1963

Largely as a result of the efforts of the year-secretaries our numbers were increased this year. Miss Dunford, Miss Watkins and Miss Maddick represented the present Staff, and two former members of Staff, Miss Williams and Miss Langton, and thirty-one Old Girls, representing the years 1948/1962, were at Bedford College to meet them. The same year-secretaries were willing to carry on for next year, and the following volunteered to help, as there were no secretaries for their year:—

- 1954 Barbara Williams (*née* Lowen).
- 1962 Heather Swann.

We all felt that this was a particularly happy and worthwhile Reunion, and we greatly appreciated the fact that Mary Young spared a few minutes from her busy life at the Westminster Hospital to come to offer us hospitality there for our 10th Reunion next year. We are already looking forward to this immensely.

O.G.A. Summer Meeting.

The Summer Reunion was held at School on Saturday, July 6th. The tennis match against the present girls could not be played because of heavy rain. Miss Dunford, the Headmistress, and Mrs. Raad her predecessor, a few members of Staff and between thirty and forty Old Girls gathered in the Hall, renewing acquaintances and exchanging news until the buffet supper was ready at 7 p.m. For this we moved to the Domestic Science room where the Supper Committee had produced an excellent meal. Afterwards Miss Dunford opened the meeting in the Hall, and an informal, friendly atmosphere was maintained. She read apologies for absence on account of other engagements, distance and family ties. News of the Old Girls, recent and not so recent, was of interest, particularly to their contemporaries. Some are overseas, some are pursuing exciting and worthwhile careers and others are achieving success in further education or rearing families.

Then came School news. This included College and University acceptances, and again several girls have decided upon a Teacher training course. Recently teaching has replaced nursing as the School's most popular career. Miss Dunford mentioned the tragedy which recently befel the School when Mr. Fletcher, our friendly and cheerful caretaker, passed away. Future reunions were discussed—the Dinner on Saturday, November 9th, and the London Meeting which will be held in the Westminster Hospital on March 7th, 1964. A motion was passed that the Association should, with the School and the Parents' Association, contribute some cups to the Parents' Association china, since we use it occasionally and some of it is now in need of replacement.

The meeting closed at 8.40 p.m. and the School remained open for those who wished to look around, to do so. This was a very happy occasion and members enjoyed renewing the bonds with the School and with each other.

O.G.A. Autumn Reunion

The Autumn Reunion of the Old Girls' Association was held at School on Saturday, November 9th, at 7 p.m.

Eighty-five members, with Miss Dunford, Mrs. Raad, who

had made a journey of 85 miles to be with us, and most members of the Staff, met in the Hall for the Annual General Meeting.

Miss Dunford began the proceedings with the help of a small table bell to control the inevitable volume of conversation; She passed on greetings from the present School, from members of Staff and Old Girls who were unable to attend. The minutes of the last meeting were read and signed.

In her report the Secretary, Gillian Hussey (*née* Woodman), said that there were now 197 life members in the Association and 47 Annual members for 1962/3. There had been an increase of 81 in the life membership during the 13½ years of her secretaryship. She then said that because of other commitments she found it necessary to resign. She thanked Miss Dunford, Miss Maddick and the various members of the Committee for all they had done for the Association, and for the help and support they had given her. She extended best wishes to her successor, and appealed to the members for early notification of changes of address, as keeping the address book up-to-date is the hardest part of the secretary's job.

It was proposed, seconded and carried unanimously that a £2 book token be given to Gill for all she has done for the O.G.A.

The Treasurer, Yvonne Humphries, reported a balance of £119 18s. 3d. an increase of £17 7s. 1d. on last year's balance. Included in this increase is £13 19s. 6d., which forms the Silver Jubilee Fund, raised by voluntary gifts since our Jubilee Dinner in 1962.

The hockey match was cancelled owing to the state of the field. As hockey seems to be rather an unpopular sport with the O.G.s, it has been suggested that some other match take its place. Chess, Table Tennis and Badminton were suggested.

The new Secretary is Esme Phillips (*née* Coombs) and Elizabeth Hardy was elected to the Committee to replace Ann Pike (*née* Johnson) who had to resign because of other commitments.

The business side of the meeting over, the Old Girls enjoyed a "Fork Supper" prepared by Mr. Mears. The number of members to be catered for were so large that forty members had their supper in the Science Lab. and the rest had theirs in the Domestic Science room. The Committee felt that toasts were best kept for more formal occasions, so there were no toasts this year.

After supper, the members all met in the Hall again, and at 9 p.m. Auld Lang Syne was sung. There was such a lot to talk about, that it was well after 10.15 p.m. before this happy reunion came to an end.

Former Members of Staff

- MRS. BROOKS and her husband have moved from Sutton Waldron and are living in Miss Langton's former home in Shaftesbury. They have a second daughter, Alison Mary.
- MISS LOWE is enjoying her work as Assistant House Mistress at Truro High School and specially appreciates being able to get home about once a fortnight.
- MRS. L. MALLALIEU had three months rest at Sidmouth after leaving Sunridge and will not be taking a permanent post until after Christmas. Meanwhile she is helping at the Methodist International House in London and is enjoying meeting many interesting people there.
- MRS. ROMBULOW-PEARSE came home to England for three months this summer, but had too many visits to fit in to be able to come to see us. She returned to Eastern Nigeria in September for a further two years.
- MISS TILSTONE has been Head of the Science Department at the Roan School for Girls, Greenwich, for several years. We were glad to see her at the Autumn Re-union.

Engagements

- Janet Alner to Robert Walker.
Nicola Behan to Peter Jennings.
Margaret Breeds to Christopher Corder.
Sally Church to Richard Keith Young.
Kate Coles to David
Joyce Cox to John Lancaster.
Jane Crouch to Christopher Henry Robert Fookes.
Ruth Dunning to Victor Thompson.
Joy Hunt to Gordon Messer.
Mary Moody.
Rose Napper to Ken Rawles.
Philippa Potter to Bryan David Long.
Sylvia Welch to Roy Perrin.
Ruth Woodley to Terence O'Brien.

Marriages

- Susan Bond to Robin Saunby.
Rosemary Brayford to Terence Wyatt.
Jennifer Burrige to Bryan Hacker.
Cherry Case to Philip Giles.
Jennifer Edmonds to John Blundell.
Pauline Edmonds to Gordon Valder.
Gillian Fooks to Tony Tiffin.
Ruth Gibbs to John Layton Everitt.
Suzanne Gray to Denis Weedon.
Gillian Hann to R. J. Holliday.
Susan Harding to Geoffrey Williams.
Clare Harris to John Golden.
Pauline Higgins to Norman Albert Allen.
Barbara Horlock-Jones to Basil de Villiers.
Hazel Hunt to Rodney Parker.
Ruth Jones to Gavin Corfe.
Hilary Moody to John Davies.
Ann Parham to John Gill.
Daphne Pickford to Leslie Eaglestone.
Jean Upton to Jeffery Davey.

Births

Beth Baker (*née* Rebbeck), a son, Robert Ross.
 Wendy Ball (*née* Colyer), a daughter, Diana Frances.
 Ann Blunden (*née* Ward), a son (third child).
 Bridget Buckland (*née* Salisbury), a son, Alan.
 Janet Dixon (*née* Whitmarsh), a daughter, Rachel.
 Tessa Dodd (*née* Wright), a son, Jason Jeremy.
 Janet Faull (*née* Squires), a son, Martin Richard.
 Sallie Ford (*née* Culverhouse).
 Lesley Fuller (*née* Bennett) a son, Andrew Timothy.
 Buntly Hall (*née* Gibbs), a son, Charles Edward.
 Jean Hall (*née* Drew), a daughter, Alison Jean.
 Hilda Howell (*née* Galliver), a son, Simon.
 Brenda Macey (*née* Bracher).
 Pat Mills (*née* Hayter), a daughter, Helen Louise.
 Marion Modelska (*née* Worthington), a daughter, Anna Teresa.
 Diana Mulvey (*née* Sidford), a son, Thomas Joseph.
 Anne Pike (*née* Johnson), a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth Anne.
 Margaret Pooley (third child).
 Ann Purdon (*née* Huby), a son, Michael Andrew Jonathan.
 Joy Puttick (*née* Gray), a daughter (second child).
 Dorothy Ransome (*née* Coombs), a son.
 Deidre Smith (*née* Maclean), a daughter, Catherine Margaret.
 Mary Stuckey (*née* Morris), a son, John Frederick.
 Mary Underwood (*née* Woodman), a son, John Michael.
 Jean Winchester (*née* Hall), a daughter, Sally Ann.

O.G. News

- JILL A'BARROW (*née* Baigent) (1958) is now living in Maiden Newton and enjoying village life. Caroline is now two and Jill is expecting her second baby in January.
- ELIZABETH ALEXANDER (1963) is enjoying her first term at St. Mary's College, Cheltenham, though she found a community of 460 students rather bewildering at first.
- JUDY ALLUM (*née* Peel) (1954) will be living in the Aldershot area for another 18 months and is enjoying being in England again.
- JANET ALNER (1959) is now an S.R.N. and has completed the first part of her Midwifery Course at Rockford General Hospital and has applied for a post as Staff Nurse at Southend General Hospital. She is being married on Easter Monday, 1964.
- BETH BAKER (*née* Rebbeck) (1955) is in Cyprus for three years. She has a son Robert Ross.
- WENDY BALL (*née* Colyer) (1956) is looking forward to returning to Oxford in April, 1964. Her husband has been elected to a Fellowship in English Language at Lincoln College.
- JENNIFER BLUNDELL (*née* Edmonds) (1949). After completing her general Nursing training and Midwifery, Jennifer went to the Birmingham Accident Hospital to take the Occupational Health Nursing Certificate. She is now Sister-in-Charge of two factories in St. Mary Cray, Orpington. She thinks that Occupational Health Nursing has a great future. Her husband is an Art Master at Coopers' Company's Grammar School. They are buying a new maisonette in the old part of St. Mary Cray.
- ANN BLUNDEN (*née* Ward) (1955) has recently moved to West Chinock, near Crewkerne, Somerset. Her third baby was born in August.

- LINDA BRADFORD (1963) has had a happy beginning to her Nursing training at the Royal Masonic Hospital. She was glad to find another of our Old Girls, Sally Church, there.
- MARGARET BREEDS (1959). The Breed's family has had a wonderful year. Margaret passed her State Final Examination, Elizabeth her G.C.E. at 'O' Level, and Jonathan his 11+. Margaret had a double celebration at home, of her engagement and her 21st birthday. Her fiancé is working for Kodak at Harrow, and they hope to be married in the Spring.
- CATHERINE BREWER (1963). Her family has moved from Gillingham to Childe Okeford so that she is able to attend Poole College of Further Education daily. She is hoping to take Physics and Chemistry at 'A' Level.
- MAVIS BRISTOW (*née* Goodfellow) (1950) has been in a T.B. Hospital for six months, but is now better. She has two little girls.
- ELIZABETH BURTON (1963) has gone to Southlands Training College, London, where her cousin, Christine, was before her.
- RACHEL BURTON (1963) is waiting for a vacancy at the National Children's Home at Ebley. Meanwhile she has a post as a Nanny at Weyhill near Andover and is fortunate in having the opportunity to fly while she is there.
- HEATHER CARNEGIE-BROWN (*née* Cheater) (1957) is now living in Married Quarters at Ranby Camp, Nottinghamshire. She is looking forward to the birth of her first baby at Christmas.
- JENNY CARY (1963) is taking a four-year course in Surveying at Bournemouth Municipal College.
- SONYA CASSELL (*née* Zinkova) (1954) is kept very busy with her two lively children, but finds time to enjoy the Andover Floral Society. She goes over to Salisbury sometimes, to spend a day with Pamela Albericci (*née* Cherbury) who has three children.
- MARY CHOWN (1963) is taking the one-year secretarial course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- DAISY CLIFTON (1962) is finding her work at I.C.I. very interesting and people very friendly. Her parents have returned to the Falkland Islands for three years.
- KATE COLES (1961) is working at the Royal Waterloo Hospital in London with a group of students from St. Loyes. She hopes to work in a Psychiatric Hospital when she qualifies next June. She became engaged at Whitsuntide but is not planning to marry till the Spring of 1965.
- PAMELA COLLIS (1960) thoroughly enjoyed her training at the Bishop Otter College at Chichester. She went abroad for the first time this summer, to Austria.
- HEATHER COLYER (1961) is hoping to take a one-year post-graduate course in Education at Goldsmiths' College after she has taken her degree at King's College in 1964.
- JULIA COVE (*née* Bown) (1957) has moved to a village about three miles out of Cheltenham. They are enlarging their cottage themselves.
- KERRY COTHILL (1963) has taken a post as Assistant Matron at Hanford School for the time being.
- RUTH CORFE (*née* Jones) (1955). After her marriage Ruth continued to teach Drama, but moved to a school in North London nearer their flat. Her husband is training to enter the Patent Agency Profession, but his ambition is to become a professional musician.
- WENDY DANIELS (*née* Case) (1955) has recently moved to Taunton and would love to see anyone who lives near or is passing through:—"Woodpecker", Holway Green, Taunton.

- HILARY DAVIES** (*née* Moody) (1957) was married in the Congregational Church in Shaftesbury in October and is now living in a flat near the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington. She has resigned from the Civil Service because of night duties and shifts—but recommends Air Traffic Control as a full, interesting and responsible career.
- JEAN DAY** (*née* Blake) (1948) has her hands well filled in looking after her lively son and daughter.
- BARBARA DE VILLIERS** (*née* Horlock Jones) (1956) is living at Twickenham. She is looking forward to the arrival of her first baby in March.
- IVY DEAN** (1956) became an S.R.N. in February, 1961, but gave up nursing the following year to become an Air Hostess with B.O.A.C. She has flown to South America, Hongkong and Cape Town.
- GLYNIS DIBBEN** (1963) is taking the one-year Secretarial Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- STELLA DIBBEN** (1963) is impressed with the good design and equipment of the University Buildings at Exeter, but says that it is not easy to settle in a community of 2,000 people. She is living in lodgings on the outskirts of the city.
- JANET DIXON** (*née* Whitmarsh) (1955) and her husband have been accepted as candidates for the European Christian Mission and will be leaving for the Continent in October, 1964. Rachel is now one year old.
- TESSA DODD** (*née* Wright) (1954) has moved from Shrewsbury to a village near Cirencester. She had a son in June.
- MYRA DRAKE** (*née* Hull) (1953) has been living in Bristol for several years. She has two daughters. Elaine has started school and Carole Ann is not yet a year old.
- JESSIE DYKE**. Her mother died in 1962 and she is now looking after her father. He is 77 but very active.
- DAPHNE EAGLESTONE** (*née* Pickford) (1950) was married in September and then gave up her post with the Metal Box Company. She had enjoyed catering for their social events. Daphne and her husband have a bungalow on the outskirts of Ware.
- CAROL EMERY** (1961) is finishing her Sixth Form Course at Weymouth Grammar School and has been accepted for training at the Westminster Hospital in September, 1964.
- JESSIE FLOYD** (1963) is our first Old Girl to go to Furzedown Training College in London. The college is expanding rapidly. Jessie is in the smallest hostel with only 26 students, until the new hostel, which will hold 240 students, is ready.
- GILLIAN FOOKS** (1960) has enjoyed her post as Assistant Secretary at the School of St. Mary and St. Anne at Abbots Bromley. She has become engaged to a Master at Denstone College nearby and is being married in Sherborne Abbey on December 28th.
- CHERRY GILES** (*née* Case) (1959) was married in August. Her husband is in the Air Force and they are living at The Nundale Caravan Site, Forres, Morayshire. They will be going to Gibraltar in February.
- ANNE GELL** (*née* Parham) (1958) moved to Southampton after her marriage. She and her husband work in different branches of Lloyds Bank there.
- CLARE GOLDEN** (*née* Harris) (1959) was married in September and returned to Clare Park School at Farnham for a last term. They are going to settle in that district now as John has found a very congenial job.
- JENNY GREENE** (*née* Purver) (1950). We were delighted to see her when she came from U.S.A. for a three weeks holiday in England to see her grandmother. Although she is the mother of five children she still looked the same Jenny that we knew at School.
- MARGARET GUY** (1953) is now S.R.N. After completing her 4th year at University College Hospital she is now at the General Lying-in Hospital for her Midwifery.

- JENNY HACKER (*née* Burridge) (1958) spent a 4th year at Reading University and added a B.Sc. (Spec.) Geology to her B.Sc. General Degree, and then became Research Assistant at the Department of Geology and Geophysics at Cambridge. She became engaged while she was at Reading and was married in September. Her husband is reading for a Ph.D. in Agricultural Botany at Cambridge and they live in the wing of an Elizabethan farm-house, just outside the town.
- JEAN HALL (*née* Drew) (1948). Her husband is still in Lloyds Bank at Gillingham. Alison Jean is six months old now.
- SUSAN HARCOURT-BROOKS (1962) has thoroughly enjoyed her training as a nursery-nurse at Ebbley and is now planning to go to the Great Ormond Street Hospital for nursing training.
- VALERIE HARDIMAN (1961) is still at Lloyds Bank in Salisbury, but is working hard at Shorthand and Typewriting so that she can move to another job.
- NICOLA HARRIS (1963) has been accepted for training at the Bristol Royal Infirmary for January, 1965. Meanwhile she is spending several months with a family in Norway and enjoying the beautiful scenery and the kindness of the people.
- PAMELA HAYTER (1963) has a temporary job in a builder's office near home, but is looking forward to joining the W.R.N.S. as soon as she is old enough.
- PAT HILTON (1955) has returned to the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough to work.
- GEORGINA HISCOCK (1963) is taking the one-year Secretarial Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- ANN HITCHINGS (1954) gave up Children's Nursing for a time. She has been working for an Advertising Agency in London, and found a tour of Scotland, advertising "Armour beans are so tasty", great fun.
- BARBARA HITCHINGS (1956) is still teaching at Stratford-on-Avon and now has three girls taking Religious Knowledge at A Level. Barbara attended the N.U.T. Conference at Margate as a delegate and found it very interesting.
- GILLIAN HOLLIDAY (*née* Hann) (1956) is living in London till Christmas when she hopes that their flat will be ready at Addlestone near Weybridge.
- GEORGINA HOPKINS (1954) is second in charge of a female medical ward of 27 beds at the Royal Free Hospital. She has moved to a new flat in West Hampstead.
- AUDREY HORLOCK-JONES (1960) is teaching at Oxley Primary School near Watford.
- SALLY HOWELL (1955) went to Africa as a member of the Community of the Sacred Passion, to work among lepers, but her health would not stand life in the tropics. She is now at home and is hoping to begin her nursing training in January.
- PEGGY HUGALL (*née* Stainer) has now returned to England from South Africa. Her two boys are boarders at St. Edmund's School, Canterbury. We were delighted to see Peggy at the November Re-union.
- SARAH JORDAN (1962) went to Trinity College, Dublin to read for a pass degree but has done so well in French and Italian at the end of her first year that she will now be able to read for an Honours Degree.
- CHRISTINE KENNEDY (*née* Alford) (1955) has been teaching while her husband has been taking an interpreters course in Arabic at Durham. She will remain in England while her husband attends the University of the Lebanon and then they are going to Cyprus.
- DOREEN LALANDE (*née* Pitman) (1955) lives at Bemerton near Salisbury and has three children, Lloyd, aged 4, Simone, aged 3, and Jeremy, aged 1.

- ROSEMARY LAWRENCE (1959) is now back in London and is working at the Ministry of Agriculture.
- SUSAN LEWIS (1963) is working in Lloyds Bank at Sturminster Newton.
- JACKIE LLOYD (1960) and SUSAN LLOYD (1962). Their family has settled in Luton now that their father has retired from the Army. Jackie is considering joining the W.R.A.C.
- JANE LOCK (1963) has rejoined her parents in Malta and is taking a General Course in the Sixth Form there.
- BARBARA MARKS (1963) will begin her nursing training at the Lord Mayor Treloar Hospital at Alton in December. Meanwhile she has a job at a boys' prep school at Eversley, near Basingstoke.
- JUDITH MITCHELL (1963). Her family has now settled near Chelmsford and she is taking a one-year Secretarial Course with foreign languages at the Technical College there.
- SHIRLEY MITCHELL (1959) has come south again and is working as a Statistical Assistant for Rank-Xerox at Borhamwood.
- SUSAN MITCHELL (1962) is in her last year at Portsmouth High School and is taking Botany, Zoology and Art at A Level. She has been accepted at Homerton Training College, Cambridge.
- MARION MODELSKA (*née* Worthington) (1956). We were very glad to see Marion and her husband before they sailed for New York. Marion heard the good news that she had completed her qualifications as a doctor before they left England, and they are now both working in a New York Hospital. Marion has already been awarded a special prize for her devotion to the patients and staff.
- RUTH MORLEY (1963) is looking forward to beginning her training as a nurse at the Lord Mayor Treloar Orthopaedic Hospital at Alton in January, 1964.
- ROSE NAPPER (1959) is leaving North Petherton and is going to teach at Williton Primary School. Her fiancé is in the Police Force at Minehead and she hopes to continue her new post after she is married at Easter.
- SALLY NORTH (*née* Culverhouse) (1955). Her husband is still working at Larkill and they have found a thatched, pink-washed cottage in the heart of a wood at Winterbourne Stoke. Sally is kept busy cooking for her daughter, Katie, two labradors and running a small Art Club for other young wives.
- SUSAN PALLISTER (1957) was the runner-up for the Cecil Heygate Vernon Award at the end of her training at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Bournemouth and was awarded a £10 cheque. After taking her Midwifery (pt. 1) at Kingsbury Maternity Hospital, N.W.9, she is now working at a nursing-home at Woking run by B.U.P.A. She is engaged to a schoolmaster and hopes to be married in the summer of 1964.
- SUSAN PARKER (1963) is taking a one-year Secretarial Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education and finds the work "satisfying and interesting".
- EILEEN PARSONS (1955) enjoyed her year at the Chelsea P.E. College, but was glad to return to teaching at the end of it. She has charge of the girls' P.E. at Shirley Secondary School which has 600 boys and girls.
- CHRISTINE PAVEY (*née* Harrison) (1955). Her husband is a constable at Lemon Street, E.1, and they live in police flats just near.
- SALLY PEMBERTON (*née* Thorne) (1952). Her husband is now an anaesthetist at Barts. Her brother, Nicholas, went to Kenya in September and is thoroughly enjoying teaching Art and Music at the Alliance Public School there.
- SARA PICKFORD (1963) has begun her training as a teacher at the College of the Immaculate Conception in Southampton.

- ANN PIDGEON (1961) has moved from the Mayfair branch of her Solicitors' firm to the Fleet Street office and is finding the work very interesting. She is now living in a flat on her own, not far from where her married sister lives.
- JANET PITMAN (1958) thoroughly enjoyed her life in the W.R.N.S. at Lossiemouth in Morayshire. She is now spending a term at Greenwich after passing the Officers' Selection Board.
- PHILLIPPA POTTER (1957) is being married next summer. As her fiancé is in the Merchant Navy she may then be going abroad.
- GILLIAN RALPH (1961) is applying for a one-year teacher training course after she has taken her finals at Southampton. She hopes eventually to teach in Africa.
- GILLIAN RIDOUT (1962) began her training at the Margaret Macmillan College in January and is enjoying it very much. We were glad to see her at Whitsuntide. She joined her parents in Cyprus for part of the summer holiday. They return to England in 1964 and will be stationed near Cambridge.
- STELLA RIDOUT (1961) is articled to a Chartered Accountant in Blandford Forum.
- PHILLIPPA ROOME (1963) is taking the one-year Secretarial Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- JANET ROUTH (*née* Allum) (1957) has been working in a Solicitor's office in Nairobi since her marriage. She will be returning to London in January, when her husband takes up work at the War Office.
- SUSAN SAUNBY (*née* Bond) (1956). Her husband is in the Royal Navy and, after Christmas, they are going to Mauritius for two years.
- EILEEN SEDDON (*née* Coombs) (1958). Her husband has finished his course at the Staff College at Camberley and is posted to Germany in February.
- BARRIE SERGEAN (1961) is still enjoying her training at the Corona Stage School. Her mother is now teaching in Africa and Barrie shares a flat in London.
- THE SIDFORD FAMILY. Diana now has two children in Australia. Sonia's husband has gained his Social Science Diploma and is now a Probation Officer. He is working for a Degree in Sociology. Pat has flown back to U.S.A. for another secretarial post. Jenny is taking a two-year course in Radiotherapy at Southampton General Hospital.
- JULIA SMITHERS (1963) was our first girl to take Greek at A Level and is now reading Classics at Reading University.
- JENNY STAGG (1960) is now in her 4th year at the University of Keele. She thoroughly enjoyed a holiday job this summer as a Mother's help in a schoolmaster's family at Caterham.
- MARY STAINER (1951) is staying in Singapore for another year.
- ROSEMARY STURMAN (1963) is taking a three-year course in Statistics at the Regent St. Polytechnic.
- JOAN TRUSTRUM (1963) has gone to Bournemouth Municipal College to take her G.C.E. at A Level.
- JEAN UPTON (1960) has married an architect and has given up her training at the Westminster Hospital.
- PAULINE VALDER (*née* Edmonds) (1949) came to see us while she was on her honeymoon. We were very glad to see her and hear all the family news. She has been working for the North Thames Gas Board for six years. Her husband is in Lloyds Bank.
- JEAN WALKER (1953) has a responsible post as District Midwifery Superintendent at Salisbury.
- RITA WARREN (*née* Brain) (1952) finds her twins, Michael and Sandra, a handful at 18 months old.

- SUSAN WEBB (1962) was planning to re-muster in the Medical Trade Group of the W.R.A.F.
- ROSEMARY WELCH (1963) is enjoying her work in the office of Pridcaux at Motcombe.
- SYLVIA WELCH (1959) is staying on in the Midland Bank at Shaftesbury until she is married next Easter.
- ANN WELFORD (1960) has left Winfrith and has become secretary to Dr. Cochrane, the Director of Golf Research.
- PENNY WELLS (1960) has finished her training at Salisbury and is very happy in her first post at the Little Ealing Infants' School in Middlesex. About 20% of the children are foreign.
- JANET WHITE (1957) is completing her Midwifery, Part 2, at Devizes.
- MAUREEN WHITTY (1960). After completing her year at the Cannington Farm Institute, Maureen has gone to Aalsmeer in Holland for a year. While there she hopes to take the National Diploma in Horticulture's Preliminary Examination and then attend the Pershore Horticultural Institute in Worcestershire in October, 1964.
- JENNY WILLIAMS (*née* Harding) (1957). Her two sons, David and Philip, are full of life and energy and keep her on the go all the time. She says that her only relaxation is going to "Keep Fit" classes once a week, which she thoroughly enjoys.
- RUTH WOODLEY (1955). After several years of office work she decided to take up teaching and went to Weymouth Training College, where she achieved Distinction in Education and Teaching. She is now teaching in the Belfields Infants' School at Guildford. Her fiancé is in the Navy and they hope to be married at Easter.
- MARION WYATT (1961) is still enjoying her training at the Hammersmith Art College. She has a Saturday job in a shop at Putney and one of her customers on her first day there, was Rosemary Sturman!
- ROSEMARY WYATT (*née* Brayford) (1960) is living in Manchester and working as a Probation Officer in Burnley.

Life Members since December, 1962

- Alexander, Elizabeth, Dunholme House, The Park, Cheltenham, Glos.
- Dean, Ivy, 1 Glycena Road, Battersea, London, S.W.11.
- Hugall, Peggy (*née* Stainer), 46 Alverton Avenue, Poole, Dorset.
- Humble, Cynthia, 62 Crouch Hill, Hornsey, London, N.8.
- Pike, Beryl (*née* Welch), The Rectory Flat, Compton Abbas, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Pritchett, Cynthia (*née* Hine), Wavering Lane, Gillingham, Dorset.
- Saunby, Susan (*née* Bond), "Kumana", 23 St. Gregory's Avenue, Salisbury, Wilts.

Annual Members 1962/63 (since December, 1962)

- Colyer, Heather, "Orchardene", Shillingstone, Near Blandford, Dorset.
- Hunt, Hazel, Glyn Farm, Melbury Abbas, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
- Mende, Marina, 37 York Terrace, Regents Park, London, N.W.1.
- Modelska, Marion (*née* Worthington), c/o Barnfield, Edmonsham, Wimbome, Dorset.
- Langton, Jane, 15a Dorset Road, Windsor, Berkshire.
- Norris, Mary, Reid Hall, Bedford College, Regents Park, London, N.W.1.
- Orman, Mary, 124 Cranwell Road, Grays, Essex.
- Pallister, Susan, "Hillcot", Pikes Hill, Lyndhurst, Hants.

Priddle, Jennifer, Prescombe House, Ebbesbourne Wake, Near Salisbury, Wilts.

Sergean, Barrie, 111a Castelnau, Barnes, London, S.W.13.

Smyth, Deirdre (*née* Maclean), 27 Grove Park Road, London, S.E.9.

Swain, Ethel, Dale House, Salisbury Street, Blandford Forum, Dorset.

Tidey, June, 108 Elmbridge Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.

Whitty, Maureen, Chicks Grove Cottage, Upper Chicks Grove, Tisbury, Wilts.

Woodman, Margaret, 117 Waldegrove Road, Teddington, Middx.

Annual Members, 1963/64

Bradford, Linda, "Stechwood", Talbot Road, Lyme Regis, Dorset.

Burton, Rachel, "Shepstone", Weyhill, Andover, Hants.

Carnegie-Brown, Heather (*née* Cheater), No. 2 OMQ, R.A.S.C., Ranby Camp, Retford, Notts.

Cridland, Norah (*née* Jesse), The Green, East Knoyle, Salisbury, Wilts.

Dean, Kathleen (*née* Hunt), West Gomledon, Near Salisbury, Wilts.

Floyd, Jessie, College House, Furzedown Training College, Welham Road, London, S.W.17.

Fookes, Gillian, "Scarp", Wheatsheaf, Sherborne, Dorset.

Holliday, Gillian (*née* Hann), 32 Franklands Drive, Coomblands, Addlestone, Surrey.

Hardiman, Valerie, Furselyne, Fovant, Salisbury, Wilts.

Harris, Nicola, Sherwell Gate, Sixpenny Handley, Near Salisbury, Wilts.

Hayter, Pamela, West End, Swallowcliffe, Salisbury, Wilts.

Head, Caroline, 12 St. Georges Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Hitchings, Barabara, "Beechcroft", Castle Hill Lane, Mere, Wilts.

Hitchings, Dawn, "Beechcroft", Castle Hill Lane, Mere, Wilts.

Humphries, Yvonne, "Mansaards", Ivy Cross, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Kellett, Heather (*née* Miles), "Mountfield", Higher Coombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Lewis, Susan, 5 Hillside, Manston, Sturminster Newton, Dorset.

Milroy, Ann, Beech House, Painswick, Near Stroud, Glos.

Mitchell, Judy, "Nassarawa", Lower Green, Collingwood, Chelmsford.

Norris, Mary, Reid Hall, Bedford College, Regents Park, London, N.W.1.

Parker, Hazel (*née* Hunt), "Cornfield", West Melbury, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Parker, Susan, Cribbage Hut Hotel, Fovant, Near Salisbury, Wilts.

Parsons, Rita, 13 Grosvenor Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Pike, Betty (*née* Genge), The Firs, East Stour, Gillingham, Dorset.

Potter, Philippa, 7 Charlton, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Reynolds, Phyllis (*née* Johnson), Cedar Cottage, 360 Topsham Road, Countess Weir, Exeter, Devon.

Rideout, Molly (*née* Alford), 4 Alcester Villas, Bimport, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Smyth, Deirdre (*née* Maclean), 27 Grove Park Road, London, S.E.9.

Snapes, Pat (*née* Galliver), 8 Sunters Wood Close, High Wycombe, Bucks.

Sturman, Rosemary, 106a Middle Street, Yeovil, Somerset.

Welch, Rosemary, Layton Nurseries, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Welch, Sylvia, Layton Nurseries, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Welford, Anne, Hill View, Horsell Rise, Woking, Surrey.

Whitty, Maureen, Chicks Grove Cottage, Upper Chicks Grove, Tisbury, Wilts.

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The Old Girls' Association gives its warmest thanks to BARBARA AUSTIN (*née* Follett), YVONNE HUMPHRIES, ELIZABETH HARDY, and MISS MADDICH, who have done most of the typing for the O.G. Section of the Magazine.

First Impressions

1. *Of life in New York.*

We are on the 15th floor with views of East River and Brooklyn Navy Dockyard to the East and downtown Manhattan and Chinatown through to New Jersey on the West. We see beautiful sunsets.

The neighbourhood is fascinating—lower East Side slums with new developments, e.g. the Co-op where we live. The people are mostly Jewish with recent Puerto Ricans. Sabbath is kept, lots of Rabbis with fur trimmed hats and black silk coats, all boys wear yamoukas and have long side curls and the old ladies are vastly fat. I shop in the market for squid, pike, carp and a whole lot of vegetables we've never seen before. Some are nice and some are not. Also, there is a shop selling spells and potions for all occasions!

I go to the Henry Street Settlement with my mending as there are machines there—free. A hive of activity, drama and singing; pottery, painting, shoe-making and wood-work. To get there we have to pass broken-down stucco houses Italian-style, full of jazz; beer cans, teenage dope addicts and layabouts, so we always go in twos or threes.

N.Y. is very exciting and full of contradictions—Rolls Royces abound in 5th Avenue, but the Bowery is full of bums or derelicts who are chronic alcoholics. They lie about in the streets in a drunken stupor, or beg. They always specify an amount. Michael and I saw a lot in hospital; they make ideal patients as they are usually very grateful (unless the multiple diseases make them abusive) and they have no nagging relations.

I was a neurology resident at Bellevue and University for six months which is quite good as I haven't been an interne yet! At University I had a very good time. All the patients called me "Honey" and the attendings (specialists or consultants) gave me candy and drove me from clinic to hospital in their huge cars. Brendan Behan was my patient for a short time; he was a handful. We moved to an 18-storey building near the UNO in June, imagine—all the patients, nurses, everything riding down 1st Avenue on a Sunday morning. It went very smoothly, all done in 3½ hours and only one flat tyre. This is unusual as Americans are dreadfully inefficient and talk too much.

We have friends from Armenia, China, Japan, Chile, Venezuela, Philippines as well as indigenous Americans, and are very happy here.

MARION MODILSKA (*née* Worthington).

2. *Of life in Tanganyika.*

We have been here for nearly two months now, and are beginning to settle down, and accustom ourselves to the heat. Luckily, when we first arrived it was exceptionally cool, and although it is gradually getting hotter, January and February will be the months when the hot season is at its height.

It is difficult to condense our first impressions into an aerogramme! As the ship entered the harbour here, we got our first view of East Africa's most picturesque port; turning away from the Indian Ocean, ships enter the harbour through such a narrow passage that one gets the feeling that the houses on each side are only an arm's length away. The palm-fringed beach is traditionally African, but most people are agreed that to see the real Tanganyika one must leave this cosmopolitan city and travel up-country, along the bumpy, sandy roads which start (where the tarmac ends!) just outside the City on nearly all sides.

We are living in a very pleasant, leafy suburb, three miles out of the centre of Dar es Salaam, called Oyster Bay. There is a nursery school where I hope Martha (now 3½) will soon be going, and a flourishing primary school where she can start "proper school" before we leave here. You may be interested to know that the primary school uniform consists of a white frock with coloured bands round the hem, and round grey felt hats! (I should have thought that straw hats would have been more appropriate to the climate). Our house is of one storey, with high ceilings and red cement floors. We have a charming houseboy called Paulo, a converted Roman Catholic, who lives in the "boys' quarters" in the garden. There is also a shamba or garden boy called Lamazan (he is a converted muslim) who helps in the house as well as tending the garden. Garden is perhaps the wrong word, since the soil has a depth of only two or three inches, over a solid coral base.

Our social life, such as it is, seems to be centred around the other ministry families. Certainly there is a very friendly atmosphere amongst them, and several of the wives have been extremely kind and helpful to us. I am rather disappointed, though, to find that getting to know professional African families isn't going to be at all easy. It seems that each community here in Dar es Salaam keeps itself very much to itself. The Asian's one is a very marked example of this of course, and within it the various sects and even some particular families don't mix with each other, except at school or work.

Please tell Miss Drake that there is a flourishing choral society here, which I've joined. We are now rehearsing Bach's "Sleepers Awake", for Christmas performance.

ELIZABETH PRATT (*née* Nathan).

3. *Of Oxford University.*

I feel I must stress this is a woman's view point. If you are a man here and lack self-confidence and ease, then you surprise me. In that respect the woman are as arrogant as any of the men. However, much it is talked about, I think it needs a certain mental adjustment when you actually enter an abnormal society; that is one where men predominate. Even the most self-possessed realise the difference in attitude they would have if they were numerically on a par. Particularly since this preponderance of men is not paralleled by a chivalrous respect for your rarity value, every pavement tells a story. The repetition on this subject of proportions is endless; but it constitutes a main characteristic of the university and its myths. All the eminent speaker at our founder's day dinner could produce as his speech, was the justification of woman seeking education—his audience was already well converted—and the well used consolation aphorism of Queen Victoria, that men and women were not equal, they were different. But this was a woman speaking, and I find the man's way of putting it far more significant; Dr. Johnson once said of Mrs. Boswell, that she was in a proper degree inferior to her husband.

A second noticeable feature is the marked critical atmosphere. George Eliot remarked in an investigation into universities, that at a dinner, the Cambridge men spoke well of each other, while the Oxonians continually criticised. Today a number of the dons carry on this tradition in extreme form. But it is no longer a monopoly of Oxford, belonging now to the academic world in general, and probably the spheres of English, History, and Classics in particular. One of the mild history dons here, about to produce an article refuting other theories, has just written to an American counterpart to assure him there is no personal ill-feeling implied. A favourite line of attack is to accuse another 'academic' of being 'popular'; that is not only writing successful books, but using television and gimmicky methods. Among undergraduates, in true school tradition, food is a regular topic, and the defects of your course; fortunately I think that by any standards the history syllabus is very good. It has even recently achieved a slight reform; only people like Lord Nuffield can persuade the authorities to introduce any sweeping innovation, as he did with the creation of the Professorship of Anaesthetics. I think that the initial, compulsive tendency towards an over-critical attitude, stems from the curious sensation of being part of a "system" whose extreme implications and representatives you reject.

Because of the collegiate system, which fosters a certain intra-university rivalry, there is no great centripetal force to give the

university cohesion. It is much more the architectural tradition of the buildings that provide a tangible swaddling for the whole. Many fail to identify themselves with Oxford, or find themselves pleasantly forced into it by external pressure. It can be produced by the curious gaze of Americans, as they walk through the Old Bodlian library, or stare from a bus as the "schools" candidates turn out in their subfusc. There are at least four things and events which can successfully emphasise the link between the college members. The first is the Boat Race, or Eights Week, if you are enthusiastic or enjoy the social atmosphere. More effective is the river and the Trinity Term in general, with its transformed feeling, and attitude to work. The striking uniformity of subfusc, black and white, as an outward expression of the link, is perhaps a good argument for retaining it. Then it seems that finals exams with the sense of relief after them, can unite briefly, all attitudes to the university, cynical or blasé. I have yet to find even the strongest anti Oxford-brand who does not allow the genuineness and validity of the champagne drinking ceremonies on the steps of the examination schools, though many lack the energy by then fully to enjoy it. If you are a woman here and do not enjoy your work, then it is hard on you. You yourself could easily forget that you were here to get a degree; but unless your tutor is a man you will never be allowed to forget it for long. The attractiveness of Oxford as a place will help; even in the frozen fog the charm remained, because Holywell Lane looked exactly like Gloucester in the snow when the cats came out, in Beatrice Potter's Tailor of Gloucester. But if you do enjoy your work then other troubles are minimised. For Oxford contains a great deal of shyness and coldness. It can be a delightful last fling in a protected youth, or a lesson in acute loneliness and self sufficiency, against which innumerable cliques provide the easiest security; an engagement usually takes a little longer. For myself, I am now in my second year, and so unashamedly intoxicated by the work and happy in it, that I could never regret coming. It would be a pity to lose the capacity for enthusiasm completely. I hope I still feel the same when finals arrive.

ANN MILROY.

4. *Of Exeter University.*

The University of Exeter has been established for several years now and yet when I arrived I felt as if I had come to one of the new universities that are springing up in the provinces. Exeter is fortunate in being young enough to have plenty of scope to expand, and at the same time old enough to have established its

traditions and a good name. Within the last few years the University has "moved" from the centre of the city to a magnificent site on the crest of a hill commanding an unbroken view of the city and the countryside beyond it. On this site the Faculty of Arts, Science, the Library and Chapel have been built. A fine Senate Chamber and Administrative block have also been built under the direction of Sir Basil Spence. At present work is going on in the building of a new Great Hall and laboratories. Since I have been here a scheme has been announced for the building of a theatre on the University estate which will serve the city and the University and make up for the loss of Exeter's only theatre which was forced to close last year. The University's setting must be one of the finest in the country and the plans for the future are ambitious. The atmosphere here is one of experimentation and expansion so that we are part of a developing community with a great deal yet to be done.

Our community is an international one—there is a German contingent forty strong, thirty Americans and students from Commonwealth countries. There are twelve young people from the University of Skopje which was destroyed by the earthquake. We get a chance to meet these people at the many student societies run by a very energetic Student Union. The Dramatic Society is particularly flourishing, and last year went on a successful provincial tour with the "Winter's Tale". We are fortunate in our geographical setting within easy reach of some of the finest beauty spots in Devon. The Society which organises long and strenuous walks over the moors is very well supported and enables many town-dwellers and foreign students to visit the unspoilt countryside during the out-of-season period.

The picture so far has been of the advantages which this University enjoys, but there is another side to the medal showing that we have some considerable disadvantages. The University has an acute residence problem. More than half the students are scattered over the city in lodgings, and there is no sign that this situation can be improved within the next few years. It is very much more difficult for these students to enter fully into the life of the University because of distance and travel difficulties. The Halls of Residence are flourishing centres of community life, and it is very unfortunate that quite a large proportion of students do not have the opportunity to share in Hall life.

It was interesting to read the findings of the Robbins Report in the light of a few weeks experience at the University. I am very glad to be in a small university with less than two thousand students, and where departments are small enough for students to get

to know their lecturers and tutors. Such a number as eight thousand would destroy the atmosphere of a close-knit community and present insuperable residence problems. It would be very unfortunate if Exeter were forced to expand to this size and become a "degree factory" rather than the seat of further education.

STELLA M. DIBBEN.

5. *Of Reading University.*

Do you like coffee? If you were a student here at Reading you would soon acquire the taste! At first this coffee drinking aspect of University life amused me, but now it has become part of the daily social round—a sort of student ritual.

One of the first things that struck me upon my arrival was that I now had complete scope to order my own day as I pleased. I soon realised, however, that this delightful prospect was fraught with dangers. A university is so rich in activities of all kinds, from Rowing to Israeli dancing, that it is difficult to maintain a careful balance between such interests and day to day academic work.

The Main side of the University, with its redbrick walls, is singularly unimpressive, and probably a disappointment to those new students who have to work there. Brighter horizons are revealed however, after a long trek up the hill. The faculty of letters and the eventual home of the whole University, is in a large and wooded park. The buildings themselves are attractive and modern, and altogether make for a situation that could hardly be bettered.

The Classics department, where I am, is exceptionally small. There are only four of us doing the full course in Greek in comparison with one hundred and eighty-six reading Physics! This factor helps to make our department a very close and friendly one. The Lecturers are by no means formidable, and are always ready to help. Indeed, so approachable are they that my own tutor caused a minor scandal a little while ago by marrying one of his tutees.

The whole atmosphere of the University here, in fact, is one of warmth and friendliness. People look happy as they walk around and almost everyone admits that they would be perfectly content to remain an undergraduate forever.

JULIA SMITHERS.

6. *Of Bournemouth Municipal College of Technology and Commerce. (Chartered Surveying Course).*

I arrived at the college on the first morning feeling slightly apprehensive. One other girl and I were to be the sole girls amongst almost a hundred boys at this department. After the High School this would be a real contrast.

I need not have feared, because the twenty or so boys in my group treated us as equals, and after recovering from the first shock of seeing two girls in their midst, the rest of the department seems to have accepted us. We are quite a varied collection in the first year, with ages ranging from sixteen to twenty-three, and with different educational backgrounds, ranging from secondary modern to public schools. Most of us have come straight from school after taking either 'O' or 'A' Level, but others, after having tried several jobs, have decided rather later in life that they would like to be surveyors.

After a brief introductory talk by the Head of the Department, we started work in earnest straightaway. The work seemed strange at first as everything was completely new and not a continuation of subjects I had studied at school. It was also very interesting because of the wide variety of subjects we study—economics, law, draughtsmanship, building construction and surveying itself. One subject on our timetable had the intriguing name of "Workshop Demonstrations". We all wondered what this would entail, but few of us guessed that it meant bricklaying! The sight of two girls laying bricks caused quite a stir, and everyone, including ourselves, was highly amused! But we soon discovered that we were as good (if not better!) than the boys at such an unfeminine task, and there are always plenty of gallant students around to move the bricks or shovel the mortar for us.

There is a flourishing social life at the College, but I have found that our department, which is situated over a mile from the main college buildings, is the "Forgotten Department" and tends to be left out of everything. Situated as we are in Boscombe we are informed of none of the student activities. If it had not been for the fact that one of my fellow lodgers is the Vice-President of the Union, I doubt if I should have joined the Students' Union even now. I have joined the Table Tennis and Lawn Tennis Clubs and should like to have joined the Motoring Club, but found that too much expense was involved in this.

I am finding life here enjoyable, and the course promises to be very interesting, although it is rather an unusual one for a girl to follow.

JENNY CARY.

7. *Of the Polytechnic, Regent Street, London. (Course in Statistics).*

I have often wondered why the address by the Director of Education, welcoming us to the Regent Street Polytechnic, fell on the Friday of the first week instead of the Monday. For over seven

hundred "freshers" spent five bewildering days trying to find their way round the "Poly's" various buildings, translating their timetables and hoping that one day there would be an alternative to chips with everything at lunch in the College refectory. For those who were not only strange to the different pattern of life at College, but also to London and/or England, a student's existence must at first have seemed madly complicated.

It was heartening to learn on our first day that our particular course gave us all day Wednesday free, and quite a light timetable. My first lecture on any morning is not before 10.30. However, I feel I must not get too used to this soft treatment since things are likely to be much tougher in the second and third years.

Maths still seems to be a strange subject for a girl to pursue beyond her school years, and I was not surprised to find only two girls besides myself in our class of sixteen. Fourteen of the sixteen are from overseas. These have turned up one by one, during the course of the term, from some far corner of the earth. These people hope at the end of three years to return to their own countries as qualified statisticians.

For several days, while we were trying to find our feet, certain figures seemed to breeze in, and quickly out, of the lecture rooms, looking officious; these turned out to be lecturers who wanted us to know they did exist, yet tried to look busy (some said they were making phone calls across the world, but this excuse wore thin) doing nothing, in order to avoid getting down to work for a week or two.

However, to work we eventually did get down, and even this has proved interesting; the atmosphere, being so unlike that of the schoolroom, makes work quite enjoyable. Courses at the Poly vary from A Levels to degrees in Economics and Sociology and to diplomas in engineering; from photography (this department, including its ciné school, is supposed to be the best in W. Europe) to H.N.D. business studies and to professional statistics. There are two thousand full time students pursuing the many courses and twelve thousand part-time. In the evenings an entirely new body of people (10,000 in the course of a week) invade the premises, to improve their education, from post-graduates to school leavers.

The Poly also has an active social life, and at the end of our first week there was a freshers' social where the various clubs and societies set up stands to "sell their wares". Thus we knew about what goes on, of which we are continually reminded by hundreds of notices which seem to cover a vast area of the walls of our buildings. The "fresher's" hop was well attended by 2nd and 3rd

year students on account of the free admission, and from these the freshman was able to get the complete picture of the Poly student (on the whole) happy, care-free, energetic, fun-loving but hard-working "individuals". It was not difficult to become a true Poly student.

ROSEMARY STURMAN.

8. *Of the Golf Society's Research Work.*

I first heard about the Golf Society of Great Britain's researches into golf about a year ago while I was still working at the Atomic Energy Establishment at Winfrith in Dorset. At that time everybody treated it as rather a joke and certainly not something that could possibly involve three full-time people and several part-time people. Now, the co-ordinator of the project, and one time Senior Scientific Officer at Winfrith, has an office in Knightsbridge in London and this is where I am now working as his personal assistant, having spent three months operating a very old computer at Rothamsted Experimental Station in Harpenden, Herts, en route.

A Scientific Working Party has been formed consisting of nine members. Amongst these members there are three physiologists, two physicists, an ergonomist, an aerodynamicist, a mechanical engineer and a full-time research worker. These members come from various parts of the country: Loughborough College of Advanced Technology, the Royal Military College of Science at Shrivenham, the Medical Research Council Research Laboratory at Hampstead, University College, London and Durham University.

The ultimate aim of the Scientific Working Party engaged on this research is to produce a book which will recommend a method of instruction based on scientific observation and analysis. The problems of the 'best' swing are being studied along with psychological aspects and the pure mechanics of the game. A certain amount of work is also being done on equipment used to play golf—clubs, balls, etc. The book will be suitable for study by golfers and scientists alike.

My duties are those of an ordinary secretary and those of a scientific assistant. In the latter capacity, I have so far been involved in calculations on mechanical models of a golf swing and mathematical analysis of high speed film to deduce the forces applied by the golfer to the golf club. I have also some rather more unusual duties. I look after the many scientific books and papers, drive the boss's car and occasionally act as a guinea pig in golf experiments. When the book is in the process of being written, I shall be very much involved in the mechanics of producing it.

When I first started the job in August, I had no knowledge of shorthand and very little of typing, so I went to the London School of Speedwriting for eight weeks to get my diploma for shorthand and typing. Speedwriting shorthand is an American idea and very easily learnt. Only the letters of the alphabet and signs of punctuation are used, thus cutting out any need to learn any new set of symbols. I thoroughly recommend it to anyone who does not wish to spend years learning the more complicated types of shorthand.

I expect that both my typing and shorthand speeds will be tested to the full during the writing and editing of the book. In addition, at the end of the three years which the project is scheduled to last, I ought to know something about golf and its mysteries!

ANNE WELFORD.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

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Secretary: Mrs. Phillips, "Iwerydd," 4, Church Hill, Enmore Green,
Shaftesbury.

Treasurer: Miss Y. Humphries, "Mansoord," Ivy Cross, Shaftes-
bury.

DATES FOR YOUR NEW DIARIES

LONDON REUNION: SATURDAY, MARCH 7th, 1964.

SUMMER REUNION: SATURDAY, JULY 4th, 1964.

O.G. DINNER: ?

N.B.—Reunions are normally held on the first Saturday in March
and July, and the second Saturday in November.

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