

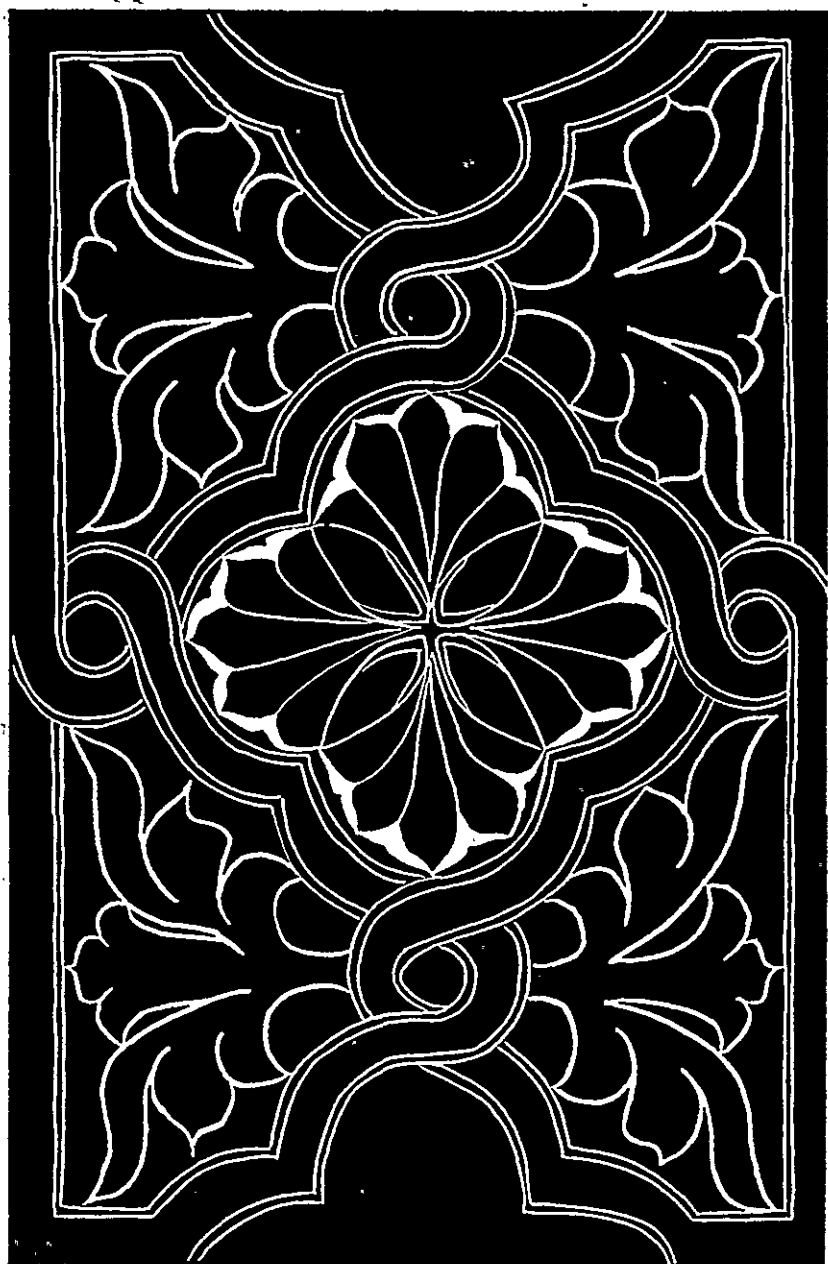
County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 28

January, 1965



L. Jordan

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Subscriptions

Annual 5/-	These should always be sent direct to the
Life £3-3-0	Treasurer. (Address below).

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Addresses

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

Treasurer: Miss Y. Humphries, "Mansaard", Ivy Cross, Shaftesbury. Tel. 2776.

Mrs. Raad: Watergall Cottage, Wade Court Road, Havant, Hants.

Miss Dunford: Flat A, Grove House, Shady Bower, Salisbury. Tel. 22725.

* * *

DATES FOR YOUR NEW DIARIES

LONDON RE-UNION: SATURDAY, MARCH 6th, 1965.

SUMMER RE-UNION: SATURDAY, JULY 3rd, 1965.

AUTUMN RE-UNION: ?

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

County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY

MAGAZINE

VOL. 28

JANUARY, 1965

CONTENTS

Editorial

Magazine Committee

School Officials

Gifts to the School

Leaving Girls and New Girls

Some Interesting Events in 1964

Looking Back

Staff Notes

Speech Day

REPORTS

Form Reports

School Council

Social Service

Games Reports

Choir Reports

Flower Guild

Orchestra Report

Campanology Club

The Shaftesbury & District
Historical Society

LECTURES AND COMPETITIONS

Chemistry Lectures

Classics at Godolphin

French Plays at Clayesmore
"The Life of the Insects"

SOME INTERESTING ACTIVITIES

Young Athletes Course

Barton Hill Boarders' Visit
to Salisbury

Third Form's Visit to Old People
Visit to "The Orange and the Rose"
Exhibition

Holiday in Switzerland

Exploring Germany

The Bullfight

Quatres Filles dans le Vent

Into the Unknown

The Spectator

Trial Run?

A Walk in the Woods

POETRY

PARENTS' SECTION

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

EDITORIAL.

In the last year there have been many changes throughout the School, and we all pride ourselves that we are progressive and forward-looking; though we must admit that it is with some regret that we see some things change.

We should like to think that this magazine is a true portrayal of our school life, for we all know that our friends like to keep up to date with our varied activities.

This is not the only aim of our School Magazine. Girls in the present School themselves complain that the magazine is "stuffy", and for them uninteresting, and that this should be changed. As editors we feel that we get very few 'literary contributions', despite the fact that there are so many people capable of writing artistically and interestingly.

Our sincere thanks to all of you, and especially Miss Woods, who have helped to publish yet another School Magazine.

THE EDITORS.

Magazine Committee

Editor: CHERYL OTTEY

Sub-Editor: VANESSA HARRISON

Committee: SALLIE PILE
CAROLYN HUNT
JUDITH HASKETT
JANET BEST
DIANA SUTTON

* * *

School Officials

Head Girl: VALERIE GREENLAND

Deputy Head Girl: BERYL FOOTE

Prefects: MARY MILES, CHERYL OTTEY, ANN SCALBERT,
MARGARET PICKFORD, MOLLIE MOORES, ANNE
ROWLANDS

Sub-Prefects: MARY BARTLETT, ANN GOULDING, PATRICIA
ISAACSON, BARBARA SKEW, ANTHEA MITCHELL

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Miss Belfield:	Dolmetsch 'Sopranino' Recorder Dolmetsch Plastic Recorder Schott Descant Recorder Maelzell Metronome Books for the Library (Music Section) Sheet Music
Rachel Burton:	Record Token 40/-
Rosemary Wagner:	Records: Hansel and Gretel French and German
Miss Dunford:	Clock for School Hall
Ann Evans:	Cheque for Library
Elizabeth Jopson:	Book Token
Julie Austin:	Biology Books
Mrs. Davison:	Books for Library
Susan Pile:	German Books

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LEAVING GIRLS, 1963/64

Autumn Term 1963

<i>III</i>	T. Page.
<i>U.IV</i>	S. Thomas.
<i>U.V</i>	G. Page.
<i>L.VI</i>	A. Page.
<i>U.VI</i>	J. Buchan, R. Wagner.

Spring Term 1964

<i>III</i>	A.-M. Hellmers.
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Summer Term 1964

<i>III</i>	S. MacKay.
<i>L.IV</i>	S. Bowes, A. Evans, E. Jopson, S. Stanley.
<i>U.IV</i>	C. Browne, J. Deacon, S. Keyte, M. MacKay.
<i>L.V</i>	S. Green, S. Mundy, J. Speers, M. Webb, P. Whatley.
<i>U.V</i>	L. Ball, J. Biggs, I. Caird, J. Crocker, M. Deacon, S. Golden, D. Hine, G. Mullins, J. Parkin, G. Stubbs, A. Watterson, E. Whatley, P. White.
<i>L.VI</i>	E. Breeds, J. Gatehouse, J. Harvey, M. Riggs, S. Stride, J. Young.
<i>U.VI</i>	J. Austin, E. Cole, H. Jones, A. Middlemas, S. Pile, J. Scammell, E. Seligman, A. Semmence, A. Stainer, J. Stride, S. Woolridge.

NEW GIRLS, 1963/64

Present Form

Previous School

Autumn Term 1963

L. Hughes	L.IV	Stourbridge County Grammar School.
S. Hughes	U.V	Stourbridge County Grammar School.

Autumn Term 1964

E. Trudgian	L.VI	Maidenhead High School.
S. Browne	U.V	Broughton School Edingburg.
G. Moore	L.V	Bromley Grammar School.
V. Robertson	L.V	Deanery High School.
H. Bairsto	U.IV	R.A.F. Grammar School, Cyprus.
C. Crozier	U.IV	Oxford High School.
L. Sandford	U.IV	Warrington High School.
S. Beck	III	Iwerne Minster Primary.
J. Berry	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary.
M. Brooks	"	Cann C. E. Primary.
V. Burton	"	Ebbesbourne Wake Primary.
C. Carter	"	Hindon Primary.
B. Cox	"	Ashmore Primary.
S. Cox	"	Ashmore Primary.
C. Finch	"	R.N. School, Verdala, Malta.
V. Gaster	"	Milton C.E. Primary.
J. George	"	Fareham Park C.E. Primary.
J. Golden	"	Bowerchalke Primary.
L. Groves	"	A.C.S. Nikolaos, Famagusta.
J. Hatchett	"	Winterslow Primary.
V. Hoare	"	Motcombe Primary.
S. Hurst	"	Wimborne St. Giles Primary.
P. Jenkins	"	Rawalpindi Convent.
V. Jenkins	"	Milton C.E. Primary.
S. Jones	"	Ebbesbourne Wake Primary.
L. Joyce	"	Iwerne Minster Primary.
P. Joyce	"	Gillingham Primary.
R. Kohring	"	Hampreston C.E. Primary.
A. Linley	"	Stourton Primary.
C. Meaden	"	Enmore Green V.C. School.
C. Moore	"	Bowerchalke Primary.
J. Muspratt	"	Donhead St. Andrew Primary.
C. Norman	"	Hayling Isle School.
C. Powell	"	P.N.E.U.
C. Pritchard	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary.
L. Savage	"	P.N.E.U.
D. Sutton	"	P.N.E.U.
S. Warcham	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary.

SOME INTERESTING EVENTS OF LAST YEAR

JANUARY.	Mr. Evetts—Roe Deer.
FEBRUARY.	S.C.M. Meeting at Clayesmore.
MARCH.	Children's concert at Bournemouth. London O.G., Westminster Hospital. Careers Convention, Blandford. Dinton Conference. Microbiological Research Establishment Porton. French Playreading.
APRIL.	Bournemouth Hard Court Tournament. Social with Modern School Staff.
MAY.	Guide Sale of Work. Governors' Meeting—School Film. L.V. Expedition. Parents' Day. Inter-Church Aid Week. Pilgrimage to Milton Abbey.
JUNE.	Musical Offering. Bryanston Dance.
JULY.	VI Barbecue. O.G. Meeting. P.A. Meeting. Barbecue. Shakespeare Tribute. 'Race Religion and Colour'—Mr. Polack. 'Personal Relationships'—Mr. May.
AUGUST.	Holiday in Switzerland.
OCTOBER.	Speech Day. Chemistry Lecture. O.G. Dinner.
NOVEMBER.	Dinton Conference. French Play-reading, Clayesmore. VI Dance. Latin Competition at Godolphin. Children's Concert, Bournemouth.
DECEMBER.	French Play at Clayesmore. P.A. Meeting. U.V. Dance. L.V. Coffee Morning for Save the Children Fund. Carol Service. 'The Life of the Insects'—produced by the Drama Society.

* * *

LOOKING BACK

Last year was one of the strangest we have had. First of all, we knew that it was to be Miss Dunford's last year, and then we were involved in all the tensions of the County's decision that our School would soon become part of one Secondary School. We were sometimes sorry that Miss Dunford's final meetings with parents, Old Girls and governors had this element of controversy in them, but they did give all of us an opportunity of seeing her, not as

someone quietly slipping out of the picture, but as one actively shaping the future picture, and we were grateful to her for her leadership.

Last occasions are always a little difficult, but Miss Dunford's graciousness made each one memorable for the lovely quality of friendliness that she has always wanted for all parts of her school. Elsewhere in this magazine you will be able to read about the London O.G.'s meeting last March, their Summer one in July and the Parents' Association Meeting in July. At School we had several wonderful days. The first came early in the term when Dr. Johnson and Miss Drake arranged a Musical Tribute to Miss Dunford. Carl Dolmetsch, Joseph Saxby and the Gordon Clinton Singers who had given concerts to us for many years, gave a delightful programme of music in the Arts Theatre, and the School Choir, the Orchestra and the Recorder Group each added to the enjoyment of the occasion. There were two concerts, one for the School and one for the Friends of the School in the evening.

Later in the term, Miss Moore presented "A Tribute to Shakespeare" as her last dramatic offering to the School for which she has done so much inspiring work in speech training and drama. The first performance promised to be particularly charming, as it was on Miss Dunford's lawn, but a sudden storm made us move hastily indoors.

On the last morning of the term, the Head Girl presented Miss Dunford with a dinner service. The design was "Old Colonial", one which she particularly liked, and we are now able to imagine her eating a meal, cooked by herself, off these plates.

Miss Dunford has settled happily into the flat in Salisbury which she shares with her sister and she seems as busy as ever, learning to type with the help of lessons at the College of Further Education and practicing on the typewriter that the Staff gave her.

We miss her very much and know that the School is not the same without her. But we trust that all she stood for while she was Headmistress has made such an impression on us that we shall be able to face the future with hopeful confidence.

M. E. WOODS.

* * *

STAFF NOTES

It was with great sadness that we said goodbye to Miss Dunford at the end of the summer term. As she is now living in Salisbury we feel that she is still near enough to come and join us on various occasions, and we are always glad to see her when she can spare the time to come.

Changes are bound to occur in the life of any school, but a change of head mistress is bound to have a greater effect on a school than that of an assistant staff. We are very glad that we have Miss Woods to carry on the traditions of the School.

Mrs. Davison left us in July to go to Eggers Grammar School, Alton, and we miss all that she so willingly gave to the School. We always felt ourselves honoured to have a member of the A.A.M. Executive on our staff.

Miss Hughes left us at the end of the summer term to go to Beaminster School. She is sadly missed, not only because of all she did at Barton Hill, but because of the wonderful teas that she provided.

We welcome Miss Lloyd, who has come to teach English, Mrs. Wakeford to teach Biology, Mrs. Cassidy and Mrs. Whaley, who between them share the teaching of Domestic Science, and Mlle. Proudhon, our new assistance, who is also helping with duties at Barton Hill. We hope that they will all be very happy with us.

E. FRASER.

* * *

MY FIRST SPEECH DAY

At two o'clock the School formed a line inside the School gates. The Third Form were at the back. Then we walked in crocodile to the cinema, and found that quite a few parents were arriving. We went into the cinema through a side entrance. Then, everyone went to her place. It took quite a long time for everyone to be settled, but when at last we were, Mrs. Bradford, the chairman of the governors gave an introduction.

Next, Miss Woods gave the report of the past School year.

Then came the presentation of Prizes and Certificates by Mr. Bradshaw. Quite a few girls received them.

After this Mr. Bradshaw gave his speech. He told us that changes would be coming soon to Shaftesbury.

Mrs. Cripps gave a vote of thanks.

The School Choir, conducted by Miss Drake, and accompanied by Dr. Johnson, sang a few songs. Then the whole School, excluding the new third form, sang 'Dirge for Fidele', by Vaughan Williams.

After the National Anthem, the School sat down again, and waited for all the parents and visitors to go; then we too went outside to meet our parents.

It was a very interesting event which I shall never forget.

CHRISTABEL POWELL, III.

At the end of the year again we lost many members, including our only cellist and second clarinet, whose places were readily filled, and also our only oboe, who has not yet been replaced. We also added several new violinists, including one who comes to us from the Secondary Modern School, and there are several clarinetists and violinists in the making who, we hope, will join us soon. With this increased enthusiasm we look forward to another successful year.

FRANCES M. SCALBERT, *Leader*.

* * *

THE SHAFTESBURY HIGH SCHOOL CAMPANOLOGY CLUB

This Term some girls of the Upper IV Form began handbell ringing in the lunch hours. Soon they had accomplished enough to give an entertainment at a local Women's Institute.

There are fourteen bells and, because more than twenty-five enthusiasts came to the first meeting, two groups were organised. Several engagements have been arranged for Christmas and the New Year, including some at School and some for the old people of Shaftesbury, as well as carol ringing in Church and villages.

PATRICIA TURNER, *Leader*. Lower VI.

* * *

THE SHAFTESBURY AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

For the fourth year in succession the Sixth Form History Group still enjoy the hospitality of the Society.

In thanking the Society for inviting us to their monthly meetings we would like to say how much we have enjoyed and benefited from them.

This Autumn we have heard Miss Priest-Shaw talk on her work in studying some family correspondence of the mid 18th century. We were allowed at the end of the meeting to see some of the actual letters—very neatly and clearly written. More recently we heard Mr. J. P. Brooke-Little, F.S.A., Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms, lecture on "Some Dorset Heraldry". This was a very witty as well as scholarly talk, illustrated by colour-slides and vivid, rapid sketches on a blackboard.

We look forward with gratitude and pleasure to the coming meetings in 1965.

ANNE ROWLANDS.

REPORTS

FORM REPORTS

Third Form Report

We started life at the High School with Mrs. Hosford as our Form Mistress. After we had settled down, Beverly McLeod was elected Form Captain.

We were very sorry to say goodbye to Theresa Page, whose family emigrated to Australia at half-term. We were compensated for one loss, by the arrival of Lesley Hughes, after half-term.

At Christmas we expected to say goodbye to Anna Marie Hellmers, our Danish member of the Form. Much to our delight Anna stayed one more term and became our Form Captain.

At the end of the Summer Term, four people, Sally Alford, Sandra Crew, Beverly McLeod and Rosemary Sendell, won "Department Stars". Only one person, Angela Spencer, won a "Good Work Prize" (well done Angela!). Our speech training group, the "Hilltop Choir" won "Merit" in their examination.

We congratulate all our swimmers, especially Jackie Davies and Maureen Smith, who swam well for us in many competitions.

We thank Mrs. Hosford very much indeed for being so patient a Form Mistress to a sometimes naughty III Form.

Lower IV Form Report

As we went up a form into Lower IV we were very pleased to have Miss Hughes as our Form Mistress. Also joining us were Diana Dunster, Sally Hardiman, Barbara Moore and Elizabeth Woolley.

We were pleased to have Room 7 at Barton Hill for one of our Form rooms as it had been newly decorated; for our Form room at School we had Room 4.

The Term soon passed and once again we enjoyed the Lower School Party.

At the end of the year three of our Form, Patricia Crosley, Jane Kerley and Sarah Stanly won "Good Work Prizes", also we gained five Department Stars. As well as this we were delighted to have won the Tidiness Picture.

We were very sorry to say goodbye to four of our girls: Susan Bowes, Ann Evans, Elizabeth Jopson and Sarah Stanley.

Upper IV Form Report

We began the year with Miss Essex as our Form Mistress in Room 1. During the year only one new girl joined our Form, Patricia Hard, and we were sad to have to say goodbye to five other girls.

Our Upper IV year was a particularly happy one, during which we enjoyed several lectures, a visit to the Winter Gardens in Bournemouth to hear the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, and a conducted tour of Shaftesbury Post Office. The Latin group took part in a play one evening, at a social held with St. Mary's Convent. Our Form expedition to Southampton and Branksome Chine was a great success and we all enjoyed it very much—we hope Miss Essex and Miss Fraser did as well.

We played the Modern School at Netball and Hockey several times, and were delighted when we actually beat them once at Netball! In summer sports however, we did rather better. One of the Form won the Middle School Athletics Cup. At the North Dorset Sports various people did well, and two girls went on to the Dorset Sports. Two members of the Form swam at the North Dorset Swimming Sports.

We were delighted when eleven girls from the Form were accepted into the Choir.

Lastly, we congratulate those who earned prizes for progress and good work, and thank all who helped to make our Upper IV year a successful one.

Lower Vth Form Report

At the beginning of our year in Lower V we were fortunate enough to have Miss Watkins as our Form Mistress. We were joined by six girls from the previous Lower Vth and Sylvia Hughes.

In the Summer Term we went on our Form expedition to London with Miss Sandison and Miss Watkins. There we visited Madame Tussaud's, the Planetarium and saw "Hobson's Choice" at the Old Vic, having had a lunch break in Regent's Park.

Halfway through the term Sheila McMorrin joined us.

In sports some members did very well: J. Bourne was runner-up to the Athletics Middle School Cup, M. Cole won the Tennis Cup with D. Isaacson as runner-up, and J. Speers won the Swimming Cup, W. Jobling being runner-up.

At the end of Term, P. Whatley, I. Mundy, M. Webb, J. Speers and S. Green left.

We found to our joy that P. Gibson had a Deportment Star and that we had gained seven Good Work prizes and one Progress prize.

Upper Vth Form Report

Early in the year we had to say goodbye to Gabrielle Page, who went with her family to live in Denmark, W. Australia. However we welcomed a new member of the Form, Denise Hine, who came from Plymouth to join us and to take 'O' Levels.

Five people took their 'O' Level Maths. early at Christmas, and they all had good results. In the summer exams, the rest of the Form did well, and our average was good. Jehanne Le Quesne, Elizabeth Imber, Jennifer Williams, Greta Stubbs and Sally Bartlett all gained Good Work prizes, and Ruth Rossiter a Progress prize.

Our Form was very well represented in sports during the year. Ruth Rossiter attended the South Western Counties Athletics meeting and also gained her School Athletics Colours together with Frances Scalbert. Zelda Glinos was awarded Netball Colours, and Swimming Colours went to Maureen Deacon.

We were all very proud of Greta Stubbs who took the Entrance Exam. to the Royal Academy of Music in London, and passed as the youngest applicant, chosen from candidates from all over the country. She is now studying there for three years.

The whole Form went to the Grammar School to see a film of "Julius Caesar" in the Christmas Term, and it was enjoyed immensely by all because it was the play by Shakespeare that we studied for our G.C.E. English Exam.

During the year we had two Form Dances; one at Christmas in the School Hall, and one after 'O' Level in Dr. Tapper's barn which he kindly lent us for the occasion. Both these dances were very successful.

After 'O' Level we also went on a three-day expedition to London. During our visit we were shown round the Houses of Parliament by our M.P., Colonel Sir Richard Glynn, and we also saw a performance of "Pickwick", starring Harry Secombe. This expedition was great fun and very interesting as well as educational.

At the end of the year, our Form Mistress, Mrs. Davison, left the School. We were very sorry indeed and we shall always remember all the help and happiness she gave us in our 'O' Level year, because without her, we could not possibly have achieved all our parties and expeditions; above all, we appreciated her friendliness to us. At the end of the year, as well as our Form Mistress, we lost exactly half the Form who went away to Colleges and other Schools to continue their studies. All the goodbyes were very sad, but despite our greatly decreased number, we have still kept the Form spirit going and are encouraged by our first sub-prefect Sally Bartlett, who received her badge at the end of Upper Five!

Sixth Form Report

We were there! We'd achieved the heights, but strangely we didn't feel any different now that we were Sixth Formers. The Sixth Form sanctuary was rather crowded, so the 'division room' was used and very attractively re-decorated by its occupants.

Near half-term a party went to Stratford for three days. There we went to the theatre several times and visited the usual places of historical interest. We also went to Coventry, primarily to see the Cathedral.

Towards the end of Term the Dramatic Society could be observed in a frenzy of activity. The result of this was produced at the end of Term and was a great success. Called 'Dark Noël' it was a Nativity Play with a difference.

At the beginning of the Spring Term the Sixth Form Dance took place. It was enjoyed by all and went down in the annals as a friendly dance.

The Spring Term after the dance proved to be eventful. There was an S.C.M. Conference at Clayesmore, a trip to Wembley to watch the International Hockey Match, a visit to the Microbiological Research Station at Porton, and various visits to Clayesmore for French plays and play readings and to see their performance of 'Twelfth Night'.

The Summer Term arrived—Miss Dunford's last—and the School prepared a Musical Offering for her. Not to be outdone, the Speech Training Groups produced a number of short Shakespearean plays which everyone enjoyed, especially Miss Dunford.

A party of the Sixth Form attended "Henry V", produced in the open-air at Wardour Castle by a London Company. The setting was beautiful and the weather was fine, apart from the strong wind that fanned a 'camp fire' which melted its container and set fire to the stage. (King Henry put the fire out very effectively with his cloak!).

In this Summer Term the Upper VI's object of attention was their 'A' Levels. They worked hard and we all echoed their sighs of relief when the examinations were finished. They all went off to enjoy a few days of recuperation. Their final celebration took the form of a barbecue, as did that of the Lower VI Formers who left after a one year general course.

We are glad that those who have left us are doing so well, and that so many spare time to come back and see us, as we complete our last lap!

SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT, 1963-64

During this past year the School Council has been particularly active. We had several long meetings during which animated discussions took place, and as a result of these many improvements have been made.

We began the year with increased funds owing to the decision to double the School levy in June, 1963. The good use made of the opportunity of administering our own money is shown in the expenditures during the year. We met a large deficit in the School Magazine expenses and doubled the termly grant to the magazine. We also granted some money towards the expenses of a hockey match, which could not be met from the usual source, and subsidised an expedition to an International Hockey Match at Wembley and a visit to the Germ Warfare Centre at Porton. We also made the usual grants to parties and expeditions. It was decided later in the year that too much of Council's valuable time was occupied in considering the grant that should be made towards each party and expedition. To remedy this, a motion stating a fixed grant for all parties and expeditions was passed by Council.

Council has also established several other reforms during the year. The most important was to give House Games Captains distinctive badges. Appreciation for Miss Drake's stirring marches when leaving the hall after Prayers was shown through Council, after an experiment without music.

We have not succeeded in making all the improvements advocated. Some met with disapproval at higher levels, and we have abandoned any hope of finding a firm which can produce better quality House badges.

We are able to look back on a very successful year, and the experience gained by Council members should be valuable for later life. We offer our sincerest thanks to Miss Dunford for her Chairmanship during the past years, and on behalf of past and present Council members, send her our best wishes for her retirement.

We welcome Miss Woods as our new Chairman, and hope the next year will be as rewarding as the last.

MARY MILES, *Secretary*.

* * *

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT, 1963-64

This year about £25 was collected for the following causes: Oxfam, East and West Friendship Council, Inter Church Aid, Save the Children, Imperial Cancer Research and the Kennedy Memorial Fund. This was about £10 *LESS* than last year, so we hope that next year our collections will increase.

However, during the past year there have been more attempts by groups of people in School to raise money in ways other than the half-termly collections. The Sunridge boarders gave a dance in the canteen, and raised eight guineas for Christian Aid Week. Later on in the Summer Term the Upper IV arranged a dance in the Town Hall, and raised £18 12s. 3d. also for Christian Aid Week.

At Christmas we collected toys for the Dr. Barnado's Homes, and sold seals for the Spastics. Poppies were also sold for Remembrance Sunday.

We hope that our outside activities will continue to flourish and that our collections will increase to match them!

V. GREENLAND, *Secretary*.

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HOCKEY REPORT

There were several enthusiastic new members in the Hockey team which started the 1963-64 season, and, although most of the results were not outstanding, the team gained a lot of experience. Both 1st and 2nd XI's took part in a Hockey Tournament in Bridport in which the 1st XI came second, and the 2nd XI fourth in their respective sections.

We must thank Miss Fraser for giving up so much time after school hours to provide careful and regular coaching for the teams last year. There were practices for both the Senior and Junior parts of the School, and we hope these will encourage the Juniors to provide a good School team in the future.

M. MOORES, *Hockey Captain*.

Hockey Teams

1st XI		2nd XI	
G.	S. Woolridge*	G.	B. Foote
R.B.	A. Watterson	R.B.	E. Breeds
L.B.	J. Young	L.B.	E. Cole
R.H.	M. Moores	R.H.	Z. Glinos
C.H.	C. Ottey	C.H.	S. Bartlett
L.H.	A. Rowlands	L.H.	J. Le Quesne
R.W.	B. Skew*	R.W.	V. Greenland
R.I.	M. Pickford	R.I.	I. Caird
C.F.	A. Middlemas*	C.F.	J. Bourne
L.I.	A. Goulding	L.I.	F. Scalbert
L.W.	P. Isaacson	L.W.	J. Hillier

Reserves: A. Page, S. Pile.

*Denotes Colours.

Colours awarded to A. Rowlands and M. Moores.

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

NETBALL REPORT

Although few matches were played during the season, our standard of Netball has improved considerably. We should like to thank Miss Fraser for her time spent at our frequent Netball practices for Seniors and Juniors, and for her encouragement to the teams. We should also like to thank Jane Young and Sheila Stride the 1st and 2nd team captains.

Netball Teams

1st VII		2nd VII	
W.A.	A. Rowlands*	G.S.	C. Ottey
G.S.	M. Moores	G.A.	F. Scalbert
G.A.	Z. Glinos	W.A.	P. Isaacson
C.	S. Bartlett	C.	S. Stride
W.D.	V. Greenland	W.D.	A. Gaulding
G.D.	M. Pickford	G.D.	A. Middlemas
G.K.	J. Young*	G.K.	M. Miles

* Denotes Colours.

Colours awarded to: M. Pickford, M. Moores, Z. Glinos.

House Netball Cup:

1st—Barnes

2nd—Hardy

3rd—Wren

Z. GLINOS, *Netball Captain.*

* * *

GYMNASTICS

For the first time, Colours were awarded for Gymnastics. These went to Margaret Pickford and Anne Rowlands.

* * *

TENNIS REPORT, 1964

During this season the standard of our Tennis teams has improved. We played 4 matches, of which the 1st VI won 2 and lost 2, and the 2nd VI won the three which they played. We also won the match against the Old Girls.

The House Championship was won by Barnes, with Wren second and Hardy third.

Jane Young and Sheila Stride were awarded their Tennis Colours.

All the members of the Tennis team would like to thank Miss Fraser for her invaluable coaching at the Tennis practices.

Matches

May 2nd.	Lord Digbys.	Away.	1st VI lost 4—5.	2nd VI won 7—2.
May 9th.	Hall School.	Home.	1st VI won 6—3.	2nd VI won 6—3.
			Under 15 lost 4—5.	
May 30th.	La Retraite.	Away.	1st VI lost 8—1.	2nd VI won 5—3.
July 16th.	Blandford Grammar.	Away.	1st VI won 5—4.	

Tennis Teams

1st VI			2nd VI
E. Cole	}	1st Couple	V. Harrison
A. Middlemas			A. Semmence
J. Young			S. Woolridge
S. Stride	}	2nd Couple	M. Pickford
C. Ottey			A. Scalbert
M. Moores	}	3rd Couple	A. Goulding
Under 15			
F. Scalbert	}	1st Couple	
M. Cole			
D. Isaacson	}	2nd Couple	
J. Ballam			
P. Jolliffe	}	3rd Couple	
A. Gould			

Senior Championship: A. Middlemas.

Middle School Championship: M. Cole.

Junior School Championship: P. Gale.

Colours held by: A. Middlemas, E. Cole, S. Stride, J. Young.

* * *

ATHLETICS, 1964

Nine records were broken at Parents' Day which was held on 13th May. After a very close fight, Wren won the House Cup with 440½ points, Hardy were second with 434 points and Barnes third with 423½ points.

The Individual Championships were won by Jacqueline Davies, Lower School (Runner-up: Joan Curtis); Susan Lofting, Middle School (Runner-up: Jane Bourne); Frances Scalbert, Upper School (Runner-up: Margaret Pickford).

Forty girls represented the School at the North Dorset Athletics Sports on 6th June, held at St. Aldhelm's School, Sherborne in pouring rain. In spite of the conditions, thirteen girls qualified for the Dorset Athletics Champions on 13th June at the new Athletics track at Weymouth. This was the first opportunity we had had of running on a cinder track, and in spite of some initial misgiving, it was felt to have been great experience.

Ruth Rossiter won the Intermediate Girls 880 Yards and represented Dorset in the South Western Counties Athletics Championships at Chippenham, where she came fourth.

Colours: M. Pickford.

New Colours: R. Rossiter, F. Scalbert.

SWIMMING REPORT, 1964

The School swimming standard has shown a marked improvement this year, due mainly to the efforts of Miss Fraser in coaching us. The improvement was especially noticeable at our own swimming sports, when fifteen of our twenty-four existing records were broken.

We entered a team for the North Dorset Swimming Sports, held at Gillingham on 4th July. As a School we did very well, and twelve girls got through to the Dorset Gala, held in Poole on the 18th July. From the results of this Gala, M. Smith, J. Davies and J. Speers were selected to swim for Dorset in the South Western Counties Gala held at Exeter in September.

S. Stride and J. Speers swam for Dorset in a four cornered match v. Hampshire v. Sussex v. Schools from the Transvaal at Portsmouth.

We also had a three cornered match against Gillingham School and Shaftesbury Modern School. The High School won by twenty points.

The Swimming Captain was J. Stride, and the Vice-Captain S. Stride.

Individual Cups:—

Lower School—Winner: P. Bolton. Runner-up: M. Smith.

Middle School—Winner: J. Speers. Runner-up: W. Jobling.

Upper School—Winner: V. Greenland. Runner-up: M. Deacon.

House Shield:—

1st Wren 147½ points.

2nd Barnes 126 points.

3rd Hardy 106½ points.

Colours already held by:—

J. Stride, S. Stride.

New Colours awarded to:—

M. Skinner, V. Greenland, M. Deacon, J. Speers.

V. GREENLAND, U. VI.

* * *

THE SCHOOL CHOIR REPORT

The Choir has had a very busy but most successful year.

In June we performed a "Musical Offering" for Miss Dunford to mark her retirement. For this we sang a group of madrigals and some more modern songs.

Later in the Summer Term we helped Miss Moore in her tribute to Shakespeare. We sang groups of madrigals for this.

We also performed an item of several songs for Speech Day in October.

The year finished with the Carol Service for which we combined with the Grammar School's Choir. This was one of our most successful performances.

We should all like to thank Miss Drake for having given up so much of her time to train us, and we hope that she considers that it has been worth her while.

* * *

FLOWER GUILD REPORT

The Flower Guild remains a small Society, for numbers decreased considerably during the winter months. Because of this, members of the Lower IV were invited to join in the Spring Term for the first time, but unfortunately were unable to show their abilities to full advantage as material was scarce after the hard winter.

An exhibition was staged in the VI Form room on Parents' Day, which proved popular with visitors to the School, and the Guild once again decorated the Hall and tea tables for Speech Day. Members also entered in the Autumn Show held by the town's Gardening Association, and several good arrangements were produced. Congratulations to Pamela Carter and Caroline Hunt, both of whom gained Certificates at this Show.

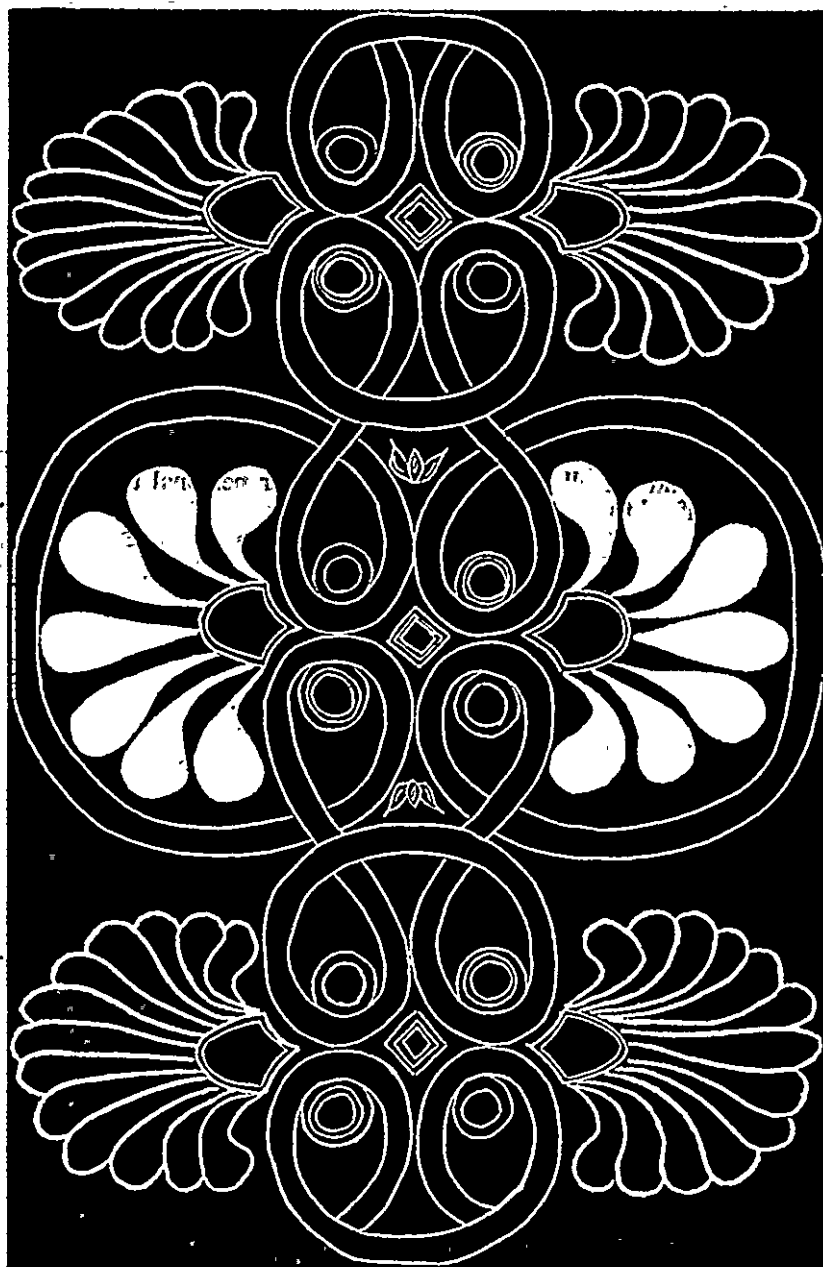
We are grateful to Miss Drake for her continued support and valuable criticism during our meetings, and thank Susan Pile for her work as Secretary during the past year.

* * *

ORCHESTRA REPORT, 1964

At the beginning of the year the orchestra was pessimistic of its success, because of the loss of many of its members, including its valued leader who went to Australia. However, during the year we recruited several new members to the ranks of second violin. Despite the markedly decreasing size of the orchestra we achieved some quite good results. The orchestra was able to split up to form a Chamber Music Group, with Margaret Pickford playing the clavichord, Mr. Purcell playing the violin, Greta Stubbs the cello, Evica Seligman the oboe and Helen Jones the flute. We performed at Miss Dunford's Musical Offering at the Art's Club, playing excerpts from Handel's "Water Music", and the Chamber Music Group played excerpts from Telemann's works.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Drake for so patiently conducting and aiding the orchestra; to Mr. Purcell for so willingly helping and playing with the struggling violins, and to Miss Fraser for so loyally holding together the clarinets.



LECTURES AND COMPETITIONS

CHEMISTRY LECTURES

During the year the Upper School Chemists, with parties from other Grammar Schools attended three lectures held by the Royal Institute of Chemistry.

In March about a dozen Sixth Formers from the High School and Grammar School went to Salisbury for a lecture on the use of radioactivity in medicine. We all enjoyed the lecture very much and were extremely interested in the recent discovery that by injecting radioactive substances into the blood and tracing them with a small Geiger-counter, a diagnosis of diseases can often be made.

In October a party of Sixth Formers attended a lecture called "Chemistry and Light" at Bournemouth. This lecture proved to be fascinating even to the layman owing to the production of many beautiful luminous colours. The lecturer also explained how the effectiveness of road signs at night is brought about.

At the beginning of December a party of Sixth and Upper Fifth Formers enjoyed a lecture at Sherborne called "The Universe". One fact brought out in this lecture gave rise to much speculation. It was that because matter is never destroyed, we are probably breathing in a molecule of air which Noah or Queen Elizabeth I inhaled. The lecturer put forward several other facts and theories with merited considerable thought.

I'm sure these chemistry lectures have led to a much wider understanding of the subject because the topics were ones which do not enter into School syllabuses.

MARY MILES.

* * *

CLASSICS AT GODOLPHIN

Four o'clock on Thursday, twenty-sixth November, found four rather nervous girls, clutching copies of classical texts, being driven by Miss Watkins to Salisbury to take part in Latin readings at Godolphin School. But first we were to enjoy the relaxation of paying Miss Dunford a visit.

We arrived at Grove House in good time and were royally entertained with a delicious tea by a very healthy-looking Miss Dunford. But time was against us, and we set out to walk down to Godolphin. The sight of a number of cars parked in the driveway verified our suspicions that this Latin reading was on a far larger scale than the one held at School last year! We were taken to the Hall already filled with schoolboys and girls.

The entrants were grouped in sections—those under fourteen, between fourteen and sixteen, and sixteen and eighteen years. Readings from different authors had been sent to the Schools some-time previously, and there was a choice in each section.

Jehanne le Quesne entered the sixteen to eighteen section and read Jācitus "Agricola" Chapter thirty. Upper V sent three entrants for Section II:—Lucy Jordan, Elizabeth Teasdale and Mary Cole. Altogether there were one hundred and five entrants and judging had to be done in various rooms at the School. Because of this we were unable to hear many others read, but we managed to listen to and appreciate some Greek at the beginning. When Section II had finished reading their piece from Sallust, "Catalina" Chapter five, it was time to listen to the finals. The finalists were judged by Mr. Wilmot, who was formerly on the staff of the Priory School, Shrewsbury. We enjoyed hearing the best interpretations of our pieces and realised we had a long way to go to compete with the winning entrants!

After the results were given, the guests were entertained with tea and biscuits. Unfortunately we had to leave before the end to make our way back to Shaftesbury.

As we travelled back, we all agreed that the meeting of groups of people all interested in the Classics and the reading of Latin and Greek with expression was a valuable and enriching experience.

* * *

FRENCH PLAYS AT CLAYESMORE

On the afternoon of Tuesday, December 1st, twelve of us from the Sixth Form who were studying French, went to Clayesmore School to see a troupe of French actors perform two French plays. With us in the audience were parties from Blandford Grammar School, Croft House, Gillingham and Shaftesbury Grammar School, and also some Clayesmore boys.

The plays were Molière's "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" and Tristan Bernard's "L'Anglais Tel Qu'on Le Parle". The actors were extremely good, as was the production, and they kept the audience amused the whole way through, holding our attention till the end.

It was a very interesting experience enjoyed by everybody who went.

S. BURT, L. VI.

THE LIFE OF THE INSECTS

Those of you who have ever read "The Life of the Insects" by Josef and Karel Capek will have realized that this is a profound play, and certainly not the type that one would expect from a small and inexperienced school Dramatic Society. However, at the end of the Autumn Term, after a great deal of hard work, the Dramatic Society produced this play for the staff and senior girls.

Some of us know just what is meant by this hard work. The play in itself is no mean undertaking, but to be able to produce it in such a short time (about three weeks!), while School work continues as usual, deserves some praise. As Vanessa discovered, it was difficult to get her cast together for rehearsals owing to other School commitments; intensive rehearsal was almost impossible. I'm sure that more than one person wondered whether they stood any chance of getting the play done.

Very few of the cast had previous experience behind them, but their stage technique, on the whole, did not show this. There were a few sticky silences (some were redeemingly well covered). More experience, more time, or perhaps a little more hard work would have remedied this. One striking point was that each line was delivered clearly and no-one had any difficulty in hearing it.

Our school hall is not the easiest of places to stage a play in, and despite cramped conditions, improvisation certainly saved the day. In fact the acting and substance of the play was enough to hold our attention. The lighting was quickly and efficiently rigged up by Simon Byford and John Magnay from the Grammar School. Their lighting compensated for the lack of a proper stage, curtains, back-drops, etc., and gave the production a certain professional touch. The costumes again called for improvisation. Imagination was shown in this and also the make-up, so that the Insects themselves remained well in our minds.

Many had thought that the decision to produce "The Life of the Insects" was too ambitious. I think they have been proved wrong. I'd like to congratulate one and all in the Society. It shows what they're capable of, so I look forward to their next production.

CHERYL E. OTTEY.

SOME INTERESTING ACTIVITIES

YOUNG ATHLETICS COURSE

This course for young athletics was held at the Bournemouth School for Girls on April 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Owing to the success of the course last year, it was decided to repeat the event during the Easter holidays this year. The course catered for all levels of athletic performance. Both coaching and practice was given in all the major athletic events—sprints, middle distance, hurdles, throws and jumps.

Each day began at 9.30 a.m. and continued until 8.45 p.m. All taking part were told by the instructors that the intensive training was to find out our weaknesses and unused muscles. This certainly proved to be correct, when I, for one found out that I could hardly muster enough strength to stagger to the bus-stop, a mile from the School, then finally collapsed in a hot bath in my lodgings four miles away.

On the first day of the course, in the morning, the 160 young athletes (60 boys and 100 girls) were expected to undertake a series of tests and measurements, which were very exhausting as one could only rest very little between each test. In the afternoon, on the same day, we all had to take part in a 'pentathlon' event, which included—the 100 metres, long jump, the weight, hurdles, and 600 yards. All the results of the events were taken, as they influenced the group allocation of athletes for the remaining two days. The last two days were devoted mainly to coaching in specific events.

The basic activities of our training involved—ballet training, weight training, interval training and low hurdling—all these being very strenuous and tiring. These basic activities were carried out with the intention of building up:—

- (a) the power of one's body, made from strength and speed.
- (b) the mobility of the body.
- (c) and the endurance of one's body for carrying out one particular event.

The coaches for the three days were led by Mr. Tom McNab, Amateur Athletic Association National Coach for the South, and included on the staff were Senior and Honorary A.A.A. and W.A.A.A. coaches, of which Mr. Martin Hyman, Mr. Roger Lane, and Mrs. Dorothy Tyler were noted international athletes.

Demonstrations were given by the international athletes, and there was ample opportunity for viewing films of athletes in action, and discussing with individual coaches the problems of training which have to be faced by all athletes.

Although very strenuous, the course was very enjoyable and rewarding in many ways.

M. PICKFORD.

BARTON HILL BOARDERS' OUTING TO SALISBURY

The coach arrived outside Barton Hill at 10.30. We took our places and Mrs. Walbank, Mademoiselle Proudhon and Miss Woods saw that the food was put safely at the back of the coach.

We arrived at Old Sarum at about 11.20; luckily it was an ideal morning for seeing the remains of the old Iron Age fortifications and Abbey. The sun was shining and from the top of the ruins a great deal of the countryside could be seen. We bought our tickets and some souvenirs and then wandered around the old site.

We rejoined the coach and made our way down to the Close where we had a picnic lunch on the benches. Miss Woods then took us into the Cathedral where we went off in small groups to admire the beautiful interior.

Miss Woods gathered us outside the Cathedral and we went in pairs to shop in Salisbury for an hour.

After seeing the famous "Doom" mural in St. Thomas's Church once more rejoined the coach to return to Shaftesbury.

TRICIA CROSLY, U. IV.

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THE THIRD FORM'S VISIT TO THE OLD PEOPLE'S HOMES

On Tuesday, December the fifteenth, the Third Form visited the three Old People's Homes in Shaftesbury, taking with them Christmas parcels. These contained gifts made by the Third Formers during the last few weeks; for example, scarves, egg cosies, tea cosies, bed socks, cakes, sweets, milk jug covers, and cushions. One girl made a miniature garden in a bowl made from a melted gramophone record.

On arriving at the homes, each girl found her way to the person whose name she had been given and knocked rather shyly at the door. The old people were surprised but delighted, some even weeping a little, which was rather embarrassing but made the girls realise how welcome their visits were. One old lady was so surprised she just said thank-you and closed the door, but we heard afterwards that she was very excited. Another old lady told her visitor that she had been a pupil at the High School seventy years ago. Many of the girls were asked to call again, a few of them being invited for tea. When the visits were ended the Third Formers returned to School feeling that their efforts had been well worth-while.

VISIT TO "THE ORANGE AND THE ROSE" EXHIBITION

In November the Sixth Form History Group were fortunate in being able to visit this special exhibition arranged by the Arts Council at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

The theme of the exhibition was to illustrate the interplay of the great minds of the Netherlands and Britain in the "Age of Observation, 1600-1750".

Exhibits included paintings, furniture, silver-ware and porcelain of the period, as well as original books by Grotius, Descartes, Locke, Isaac Newton and Sir Thomas Browne.

Pioneer work in Medicine and other branches of Science and almost every other side of culture were also illustrated.

We were particularly impressed by Rembrandt's "The Anatomy Lesson" and Vermeer's "The Letter" brought from Amsterdam and never before shown in England.

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and our own Queen were among those who loaned exhibits and both visited the exhibition.
ANNE ROWLANDS.

* * *

SWITZERLAND

A party of fourteen girls with Miss Fraser and Miss Woods left Shaftesbury in the middle of August for a fortnight's holiday in Switzerland. Arriving at Boulogne late in the evening we travelled by couchettes through France, arriving the following morning at Basel, where we tasted our first Continental breakfast. We were met at Brienz later that day by Miss Matthews, who had already been in Switzerland for some time. Brienz is a small friendly town situated at one end of a lake with the same name, where we stayed in a large Swiss chalet named Hotel Krone.

For one of our first expeditions we took a postal 'bus up Axalp, the mountain that overlooked our hotel. This journey took us up a single track road, which could be compared with Zig Zag only it was much steeper with sharper bends and a good deal longer. Whenever we approached these bends, it never seemed possible for the bus to get round them, and we had visions of ending up in the lake, a few thousand feet below! Fortunately the bus had priority on the road, and with its two-tone type horn, which the driver operated with his foot, warned on-coming vehicles to pull in out of its way. From our destination we walked along a mountain path to a small mountain lake which made a wonderfully sheltered spot where we could relax and eat our packed lunch before walking back down the mountain to the hotel.

Another experience that I shall always remember is when two of us, together with Miss Matthews, decided to go for a really long mountain walk of about six to eight miles. To do this we got up specially early one morning to catch a train from Brienz to Grindelwald. For the next part of the journey we travelled up a mountain in a typically Swiss manner, by chair lift. Each of us was provided with a large weather-proof cape and fastened by a strap into the chair, presumably to stop us falling out! After the first few nervous minutes we were able to enjoy this new experience and take photographs of the surrounding mountains. After leaving the chair lift we walked along a mountain path and eventually, after several hours walking, reached Schwarzwaldalp, stopping en route to eat our packed lunch. We found all the people whom we met on this journey very friendly as they all greeted us in their native tongue. Also during this walk we heard and observed a small avalanche on a neighbouring mountain. When we reached our destination, feeling slightly tired and with a few more blisters on our feet, we caught a 'bus down to the nearest station and then home.

The whole of the holiday was very enjoyable and exciting with many new experiences that I shall never forget.

RUTH ROSSITER, L. VI.

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EXPEDITION TO THE JUNGFRAUJOCH

During our visit to Switzerland in the summer we had many marvellous expeditions and walks. One of the most spectacular and memorable outings being our ascent (by train!) of the Jungfrauoch. This is one of the many snow-capped mountains of the Bernese Oberland.

We left our hotel in Brienz, and after walking to the station, caught a train to Interlaken. Here we changed trains for the main part of the journey. We could see the snow-covered peaks of the distant mountains shining in the morning sun.

Our train journey was spent by looking at the wonderful scenery on either side of the train. We passed rushing rivers, forests of pines, and through hamlets of attractive wooden chalets. Occasionally exclamations of delight could be heard from members of our party.

On reaching Kleine Scheidegg we again changed trains for the final part of our journey. Each of us was clutching camera, warm jumper, sunglasses and the familiar green paper bag tied

with a red piece of string—our packed lunch. The train slowly jerked along, gradually gaining height. After passing under a shelter to protect the rails from avalanches, we entered the long, cool, dark tunnel through the mountains.

We stopped twice and were able to look through the large windows which had been carved in the mountain. It was a long way down to the fields below, but what a wonderful view. Eventually we reached the Jungfrauoch station and were confronted with souvenir shops and the smell of coffee, not at all what I had really expected.

By climbing many steps we reached the Jungfrauoch plateau. Here we were able to walk, or more often slide on the crisp snow. The Swiss flag (scarlet with a white cross) was flying high and made a wonderful contrast against the blinding whiteness of the snow. The day was perfect for our visit, the weather being marvellously kind to us.

The area considered safe for us to walk on was enclosed by a low red and yellow barrier. At first I thought that this was a type of fence to prevent foolish persons from falling down the mountain side, but this would be impossible; anyone could have "flown" over it. The Jungfrauoch also had an ice palace, ski school and polar dogs, none of which we had time to visit properly.

All too soon it was time for our descent from the mountain. We had been eleven thousand, three hundred and thirty-three feet high, which will probably be the highest point on earth that most of us will reach, or most of the people in our party would not have made very good mountaineers although we did rather fancy climbing the Eiger, north face of course!

M. BURT, U. V.

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HOW TO ACHIEVE NOTORIETY ABROAD

We were on our way to Kandersteg for one of Miss Matthew's famous "short flat" walks, when it happened.

Our party had season tickets for travelling and I had put mine along with my passport and vaccination certificate on the window-ledge ready for the ticket inspector. As we were passing through Frutigen something in the scenery caught my friend's eye, and she flew to the window and pulled it down. There was a silence and then pandemonium broke out. The window was pulled up and down, the vital documents had disappeared. All my papers had gone down between the window and the wall of the carriage and would not reappear even when the window was pulled up.

I sat stunned for a moment wondering just how I should get home, but after the initial shock was over I told Miss Woods, who immediately took command of the situation. The particulars were inscribed on a large sheet of paper and duly handed in to the stationmaster at Brienz on our return in the evening. He was extremely helpful and did his utmost to help me recover my lost objects. He did succeed in getting my season ticket, but my passport obstinately stayed where it was—in the train window.

The only course left to take was to go to the British Consul in Berne. In this old medieval city the Consulate proved to be very difficult to find, but after visiting an empty house, we were told that the Consul had moved, and we had to trudge along several more streets to a huge new building. I filled in several forms and was at last presented with a certificate to get me home. My friend managed to distinguish herself before we left by walking into a glass door to her own amazement and that of the onlookers. It proved one thing however; glass doors in Switzerland are beautifully clean. We visited the French Consul who signed my certificate and left for Brienz after a very tiring day.

We left a sense of one upmanship on the rest of the party because we had been to Berne, a trip we should not have had but for my mishap. I achieved fame when on Speech Day the adventure was recounted by Miss Woods, who tactfully mentioned no names, but as many glances were cast in my direction, there was no need.

I shall at least be remembered for something at the High School.

CHRISTINE PECKHAM, U. V.

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BRIENZ

Brienz is a small Swiss town near Interlaken in the Bernese Oberland. It is situated on the edge of a large lake of the same name and is surrounded by high mountains, some of which are capped with snow. We came to know these mountains fairly well through our "short flat walks"!

The town is a centre of wood-carving, and the majority of its shops specialise in this trade. Many of the carvings are beautifully done and very attractive, but usually far too expensive to consider buying. There are few other shops, and for really interesting ones it is best to visit Interlaken, a larger town at the end of the lake.

The lake can be swum in although the water freezes one to the bone. In our part of the shore is a beach called the "Strandbad", where most people go to swim. There is a charge of fifty

centimes each time, but we all agreed it was worth the money. While there, we usually consumed about three ice-creams per person, which although more expensive, were well above the standard of English ones.

The town has a station right on the edge of the lake. It is very clean and spacious and a welcome change from the filth and dullness of our stations in this country. The trains were also very well-kept and punctual. We used the railway almost every day for expeditions away from the town. The railway continued along the waters' edge and made a very enjoyable and attractive journey.

Many people made use of the lake for boating as well as swimming. There were boats to hire from several places in the town for reasonable prices. These included rowing boats, small rafts and pedalos, which proved very difficult to steer.

The best place to view Brienz is from one of the surrounding mountains from which there are magnificent views of the blue lake, fringed by the town, consisting mainly of picturesque wooden chalets.

Brienz and Switzerland as a whole are just as beautiful as they are reputed to be, and we recommend anyone to visit the country for an enjoyable and varied holiday.

J. LE'Q. and A.M.

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EXPLORING GERMANY

During the Summer holidays I flew by Comet to Düsseldorf to spend three weeks in Germany with my friend Beatrix and her family in the large monorail city of Wuppertal. It is so called because the River Wupper flows through the centre of the city and the "Tal", German for "valley" in which it is situated. Over the river itself runs the strange monorail which hangs upside-down on steel girders and only two accidents have ever happened on it—once when a driver took the train past the station during a black-out in the war and a man stepped out and fell into the river some distance below, and secondly, when a circus hired the monorail for advertising and a baby elephant crashed out of the window in excitement and fell into the water! Fortunately neither was hurt.

Beatrix's father himself was the headmaster of a very large school, and he took me to see the room in which he taught English. He explained that the school had been chosen to try an experimental method of teaching the language, and I was shown the cubicles in which each child sat with a tape recorder, and the master's desk and switchboard, by which he could listen and talk to the pupils as they carried out the exercises set for them. It

seemed to me to be a very effective method of teaching a foreign language—rather like the way deaf children are being taught in some schools here in England.

Near the end of my holiday we went for a trip down the River Rhine, lasting several days, driving down the roads and autobahns bordering the important picturesque waterway. As we passed Bonn, Köln, the Siebengebirge and Koblenz, gradually merging into the Gorge Stage, I realised that this was a landscape I should never forget. The terraced hillsides, covered with vines, rose steeply either side of the river, along which chugged enormous barges and pleasure steamers, gaily painted and brimming with enthralled people. The wonderful castles overlooking the river added to the beauty and uniqueness of the countryside. It was easy to imagine the knights who used to inhabit the castles, demanding tolls from all the people using the Rhine as the chief means of transport, and exciting to see the legend-haunted rock, Lorelei, where a siren was believed to lure men to their deaths. This stretch is still most dangerous to the boats passing to and fro, and special guides have to be picked up before they continue their journey, to steer them safely past the treacherous rocks.

I was very impressed by the gaiety and friendliness of the German people, and look forward with impatience to my next visit, and another chance to explore a country so different from our own.

JOAN CUSTARD, U. V.

* * *

THE BULLFIGHT

The place was Barcelona and the streets were crowded with people. We bought three tickets costing 180 pesetas each, the price according to whether one sat in the sun or not.

We entered the building and walked around the passage to find our places. The horses who were hitched here were marked with large scars and gashes, wounds they had received from the bull.

We hired cushions to sit on and were taken to our seats. Before the start the whole building became filled with people, most of them regular spectators.

To come and watch, and moreover enjoy this murder is the done thing on a Sunday afternoon.

Before the fight, anyone concerned with it parades into the ring and are cheered by the crowd.

The bull is let into the ring, ribbons attached to his back to

annoy him. About four or five toreadors fight with the bull, using at this stage only their large pink cloaks, and quickly disappearing behind panels away from the long bull's horns.

In the next stage two men on horseback enter the ring, divided and walk around the ring until they are opposite each other. The bull immediately charges, heaving the horse high in the air on his strong horns, and dismounting the rider.

This man uses a long spear-type weapon to inflict a wound in the summit of the bull's back. He twists it vigorously to deepen the wound and blood trickles to the bull's feet. Often the horse is killed by the horns of the bull despite the padding which is often useless.

The bull starts madly and becomes more confused with the cheering of the crowd and the annoyance of the painful wound. The picadors charge at the bull forcing two short spears into the wound which, if forced in enough, are not able to fall out. The bull tosses his head, but the weapons in his back only tear the flesh more severely. This is repeated three times until six spears are in the wound.

The bull's final assailant is about to enter to complete this cruel killing of an innocent animal. He is the Matador, the man who will eventually pose the long, razor-sharp sword down to the heart.

The crowd cheer and laugh at the defeat of the bull, as spectators at a football match.

They scorn him as though he were their life-long enemy, it gave them joy to torture him in this way and to have a feeling of victory at a sure success. Once the bull enters the ring its chances of life are nil.

After the Matador has played with the bull comes the time for the bull to be killed. The Matador receives a long shining sword from the side and once again faces the bull, the sword shining in the rays of the hot sun. He poses with the sword held lengthways out in front of him. The bull charges for the last time. The sword is slipped into the existing wound, straight down to the heart.

The bull stands motionless, and then begins to cough, blood gushing from its mouth. The animal drops to the ground under the terrific noise of the crowd hailing the Matador as though a king.

A small killing happening in hundreds of places all over Spain for fun and entertainment.

Four sturdy horses enter and drag the animal out, while men in red shirts clear up the ring for the next bull.

The same performance was repeated, only the second bull succeeded in tossing the Matador who narrowly escaped a messy death by the bull's horns. This Matador seemed to have less experience as he did not succeed in killing the bull with the first sword, but with the third. The bull, by this time exhausted, had sat down in the ring and was killed in this position. This was agony to watch and, although it sounds crude, the best killing was the first.

The same thing happened until about six bulls had been killed, when everyone went home very contented and pleased, looking forward to next Sunday when they would be entertained once more.

JANE BOURNE, U. V.

* * *

QUATRE FILLES DANS LE VENT

"Nous sommes les quatre jeunes anglaises", i.e. "Do you speak English?"

It became painfully obvious on arrival at Pension Florida, our residence for the next three weeks in Vichy, that nobody on the management spoke English, and the vacant expression with which we were received did not encourage us in our efforts to make ourselves understood.

The first impressions of the hotel were favourable as we were expecting something on the lines of the School boarding house; in fact, the lounge with its motley assortment of arm-chairs, large mirrors and 1953 editions of 'Paris Match', plus a 21 inch television set affording the prospect of the French equivalent of "Coronation Street" every Monday and Wednesday was quite heartening.

We were bundled into an "ascenseur", resembling an upright coffin which, as a rule, contains only one person comfortably, not two buxom English girls, a forward French porter, and half a dozen cases! This lift proved to be our downfall—a rather badly chosen phrase—because the ancient contraption was a bit erratic and more than once we found ourselves "yo-ing" (from the noun yo-yo), between the four floors. (We were on the fifth, needless to say!) When eventually the thing did stop we invariably found our noses at floor level. One day it really did get stuck and no-one could move it. After a lot of mercifully incomprehensible French from Madame we discovered that we were being blamed for this catastrophe and forthwith we were obliged to "monter à pied" one hundred and six steps. Later, as we trundled up the stairs after every meal, we enviously watched our smug fellow students gliding upwards and had a yearning desire to cut the rope.

We shared our rooms with four other students, German, Swedish and Norwegian who, although now at a more advanced stage in their French studies, were patient with our valiant efforts to converse with them . . . in English, and they proved to be good friends.

The sleeping arrangements seemed adequate, but because we took compassion on a fellow countrywoman, two of us had to share a bed, for better or for worse. By nature, being reasonably clean creatures, we never had our flabber so gasted as when we saw the price of a bath (five shillings), and gathered from an impolite notice on the wall that washing and ironing of clothes was forbidden.

All washing facilities, i.e. basin and bidet were ashamedly hidden in one of the dusty corners. However, after twenty-four hours of travelling we wanted, or needed, a wash, and one of our dirtiest members skipped joyously out of sight to splash in tepid water. Suddenly, from among the cries of ecstasy there arose a piercing shriek as the amorous screen curled affectionately around her. Having disentangled herself from "Fred" la miserable proceeded to dress for dinner.

We don't know what we were expecting for dinner, but we certainly didn't get it. Alas, no "escargots" or frogs legs, but eels arrived one night lying on the plate, chewing their tails. They were very tasty, despite their ominous appearance, and the disconcerting way their eyes popped out when tackled with one large fork, blunt knife, and eight dirty digits.

Please don't think we didn't enjoy our stay in Vichy—we'd advise anyone to go—after all, this country is over-populated.

MARY BARTLETT, MARY LONG,
MOLLIE MOORES, CHERYL OTTEY, U. VI.

* * *

INTO THE UNKNOWN

I had been warned it was like a foreign country—different language, different food, different habits. I was going to spend a fortnight in Liverpool. Having spent a fortnight in Paris since my eventful stay in this notorious Northern town, I don't consider it to be quite a foreign country, but I must admit that life amidst the dirt and bustle of the docking city of Liverpool is very different from life in the Dorset countryside.

It all began after our early morning departure from Shaftesbury. One would have thought that a journey from A to B in a vehicle with a sound engine and four wheels would have been quite straightforward. Well, we managed to have a puncture in the middle of a busy High Street, we spent a night in a public house, our "chauffeur" fell in the River Dee, and we nearly plunged into a Welsh stream, to mention only a few of the exciting episodes.

On emerging from the Mersey Tunnel I was confronted with a dreary, dirty, old-fashioned town. This was merely my first impression, and having seen more of Liverpool I should be prepared to modify this description. Some of the suburbs, especially the one in which I stayed with some of my friend's relations, were very pleasant.

How different Northerners are from Southerners! The Liverpudlians and their strange habits and humours took some getting used to. In the North there is much more family life than "down south". The menfolk do many more of the household chores, often because both husband and wife go out to work, and sons of twenty or so remain "tied to mother's apron strings". Many of the boys prefer their mother's company to that of girls, and one sees more boys together than boys and girls.

The staple diet of many Liverpudlians is jam, chip cocoa, condensed milk, or anything else you can think of, "butties" (sandwiches). They are not eaten only at tea-time (when in fact most Northerners have a high tea), but with any meal, at any time of day.

Having lived in the country all my life, I was overwhelmed by the number of people I saw thrown together for various reasons. I felt very insignificant in the middle of a crowd of 50,000 at a football match and to survey rows and rows of tightly-packed houses and think that a family with its own history and problems lived in each of them. It made me feel very selfish and self-centred. Most of the 900,000 people in Liverpool went about their daily lives unaware of my presence and not caring about it either, but the people I actually met in Liverpool were very kind and happy-go-lucky. Once the barrier is broken the Liverpudlians are very friendly and make "foreigners" feel very welcome.

The main social life of many of the city dwellers was very apparent when riding in the buses. On the corner of each block of shops was a public house, and one did not have to go far to find a betting shop. It was most amusing to see a bomb site cleared of its rubble and standing intact in the middle of the site, a pub. The Liverpudlians claim that Hitler intended conserving all pubs for his troops when they occupied Britain.

To most Liverpoolians football is the "bread of life". They enthusiastically support their team, and if one says anything against "The Reds" one is an enemy for life. To hear the supporters shouting and the notorious Kopp swaying is a great experience.

For the younger generation the Mersey Beat has added an interest. All enthusiasts must know the Christian names of the members of the numerous groups. The Cavern Club has become famous as the root of the Mersey Beat and the Beatles. I was not impressed by the outside appearance, which could just as easily have been another fruit warehouse, and did not venture inside.

I could write a book about my stay in Liverpool because the city and people were so different from the life I am used to in the country. If I have been critical of the city and Liverpoolians, let me assure anyone contemplating residence in Liverpool that I would go back again given the opportunity.

MARY MILES, U. VI.

* * *

TRIAL RUN?

Somewhere, embedded in my brain, is a lively alarm that can sense if the day promises excitement, and at the stimulation of this tension, it carefully wakes me at an unearthly hour of the morning. On the day of my departure with my brother Charles, from the Danish household of the Hellmers, regardless of my last minute night messages winding up its mental clockwork, it failed. Remaining with the rest of my body in the Lands of Slumber, it slept beyond the required time of rising, a quarter to six. Since none of the usual sounds came floating from the bedroom which Anna-Marie and I shared, Mrs. Hellmers, who had been woken by a requested telephone call from the Post Office telling her the time, wearily opened the door and roused us.

Even though I tried my hardest, I still did not beat my record of always being last down for breakfast. Unlike my brother, who has an eternally hearty appetite, and was therefore devouring yet another piece of toast and honey I was unable to eat much due to anxiety over tickets, passports, and all our belongings, so my stomach was gymnastically turning somersaults. This was unfortunate for, to Charles and me, Denmark, as regards food, is Paradise, with six meals a day, one roughly every three hours, with the special treat of cream cakes and pastries on Sundays.

Collecting up our luggage, thanking and saying goodbye to everyone in sight, including the dog, we jumped down the steps to

find Mr. Hellmers gravely looking at the Citroen. Apparently there was some technical "hitch", connected with the air suspension, the pressure had lowered on one side, so if the car were driven over a certain speed, it would overturn. As we clambered in, avoiding shaking the car too much, the top part of a head, namely Jens', appeared from the bathroom window, to utter one of his limited English phrases "Goodbye". Anna-Marie's other brothers were still in bed having said their farewells the night before.

Slowly we wended our way across the countryside towards Aalborg, some twenty miles from Brovst, which is the Hellmers' home town. It was twenty minutes past six, and Charles' and my train was to leave Aalborg at four minutes past seven. With a restricting speed limit, could we get there in time?

All round on the flat land lay orange-coloured ripening barley fields, with a few scattered fields of grass, supposedly for the cattle that justify the Danish Dairy Farming System. Because the land in this particular district is reclaimed, ditches have been dug round each field to drain off excess water, as in Holland. I laughed to myself as I remembered how Charles, on an extremely small bicycle, managed to lose control of his little vehicle, and went careering off the road into one of these ditches, grasping the handlebars desperately, having forgotten the Danish method of braking is backpedalling.

Missing holes and bumps whenever possible, Mrs. Hellmers drove on; past the airport, a remnant and remainder of the German Occupation during the last War, and then into the outskirts of Aalborg we crawled. The town's speed limit was even less than our own, and at ten minutes to seven, a level crossing gate menacingly lowered in front of us, just as we came towards it. A seemingly never-ending space of a couple of minutes passed before the electric goods train lumbered across the road. Already Mrs. Hellmers was considering the doubtful possibility of racing the train to the next station.

On we went. Aalborg, Denmark's third most important city, is a busy spot, and in its heart lies a graceful, slender arch of a modern bridge, spanning the Lüm Fiord. But this example of contemporary architecture is not quite great enough in altitude to allow any sized or shaped vessel pass under it. With crossed fingers we headed towards the bridge, the last big obstacle before we reached our goal, the Station. A ship too, was manoeuvring itself through the early morning mist, towards the same structure. Lights on the top of the bridge giving it a coronet-like effect, and the headlamps of cars, twinkled in the grey gloom in a fairy-like manner. But fortune seemed to be with us in this eery atmosphere, for ours was the last car to cross the bridge before it opened. I was

starting to think we would just catch the train by the "skin of our teeth", when I saw we would first have to "run a gauntlet" of traffic lights, four sets of them, and every single one of them had the audacity to flash on its glaring red eye at the sight of the slightly "lopsided" Citroen.

It was virtually "H" hour, or rather "M" minute, but hopefully we pressed on, particularly Mrs. Hellmers on the accelerator without caring whether the air suspension could stand the strain or not. We scrambled out of the car as it pulled up outside the station, and dragging our luggage, we ran onto the platform.

The clock said it was five minutes past seven, and the rumble of a train fading into the distance, confirmed our beliefs.

My stomach, tuned to the nervous state of my mind from the turmoil travel tends to bring, could not take this sudden drop in tension and turned over completely. Never having missed a train before, I looked round to find some help, only to see a gay poster claiming Danish railways to be punctual and fast. I groaned to myself as I thought of good old British Railways, always a decent five minutes late.

Charles, an expert on how-to-keep-calm-when-he-has-missed-a-train, told Mrs. Hellmers the sad tale. Not believing us, she asked some porters if it were true, who roared with laughter at our pitiful plight. Then, with the situation in hand, she shepherded us into the Ticket Office to see if our tickets were valid if we travelled the following day. Great consultations took place on the ticket man's behalf, after which he kindly pointed out that the dates on our tickets were clearly marked for the next and its following days. I had got the wrong day!

Disgraced and deeply ashamed, I apologised to Mrs. Hellmers, who did not seem at all perturbed, apart from the fact that the whole performance would have to be repeated the following morning, only one minute earlier and without Charles' second piece of toast and honey.

LUCY JORDAN.

* * *

THE SPECTATOR

To a soccer fan rugger can be dismissed as 'a snob's game'. To a rugger fan soccer is a barbarous game, rude and brash, involving loud-mouthed, red-faced, hot-dog-eating spectators, excursion 'buses, drunks, noisy crowds.

As a soccer fan, this, I feel, is an uncharitable view to take. A soccer match is an aesthetic experience. There is nothing to equal it for colour, spectacle, suspense, tension, excitement, seething passion. What can be more breath-taking than the sight of a three-ranked male voice choir rhythmically swaying to 'When the Saints

come marching in'—in two parts. It has inspired some beings of heightened sensibility to compose impromptu verses in praise of their own, passionately-admired, heroes.

'Roses are red, violets are blue,
Liverpool four, Arsenal two.'

Anonymous.

It is such bards as these who create the right mood, for the appearance of the anxiously-awaited gladiators. Do they ever remember the insults which their predecessors endured?

'Nor tripp'd neither, you base football player'.

King Lear, Act I, Scene IV.

Football itself has been branded as a kid's game. This, again, I suggest, is a misconception. Soccer is a game of skill. It calls for a highly developed dramatic technique. Only a footballer could run the length of the pitch holding the sleeve of his adversary while creating the illusion in the mind of the referee and half the spectators that he was pulling his socks up. It calls for a basic knowledge of ballet. To anyone who may query this I recommend even a cursory scrutiny of the sports page of any of the better, daily or weekly, newspapers. It tests the spectators' capacity for judging a man's physical, mental and moral calibre.

As the game progresses, the assembly becomes more sensitive to this display of prowess. Even the referee puts up a splendid performance. They, who had stood silent, shout; they, who had shouted, weep; they, who had wept, have fallen to the ground, exhausted with emotion.

Who can refute such evidence as this? A football match is a great emotional experience. The profound cathartic effect it has on all those present is inconceivable.

ELIZABETH ROWBOTTOM, U. VI.

* * *

A WALK IN THE WOODS

One day my friend and I were walking through a wood when suddenly we spotted a fox. We went right up to it and found it with its leg in a trap. He seemed very tame so we tried to free his leg. We had to be very careful because it looked very sore. After a while we freed it and we took it home. We fed it and it became very affectionate to us. It followed us all around, and as it was so tame we decided to call it "Foxy". In the daytime we let it out in the wood behind our garden. "Foxy" always came in at night to a nice warm bed. After that he would go to sleep and he would wake up early and go out hunting, and stay out until it was time to come in again. We kept him for about two years and then he died. We missed him very much.

ROSALYN KOHRING, III.

POETRY

THE COUNTRYSIDE AT NIGHT

The owl is coming hunting,
Perching on the gnarled old bough
The owl waits; what will he see?
Will he find me? Will he eat me?

The owl pauses; rests awhile
Then flies to his other haunt on the old stile.
The owl's nest is yonder, in that old bough
Above the old pig-sty where lives the old old sow.

There's a rustle in the trees nearby,
And outlined with the darkening sky
The small brown bird, with beautiful cry.
A rustling of wings and the Nightingale flies.

The Nightingale's joy is near the old bush,
And untidy nest made of hair and rush;
A hush descends o'er the vale
For all are listening to the Nightingale.

JANE HALL, L. IV.

* * *

DREAMS

I'm sitting here with an Algebra book,
Struggling with four times two
But the world outside, so free and gay,
Is basking in the sun of a lovely day.

The boats on the river will be floating about,
Painted blue and red and green;
I'm sitting on the river bank, toes in the water
Not a thought of four times two.

The sun comes in speckles through the willow trees
Dappling the ground all around me
The water is cool and the sun is hot
And I am by the river.

The boats on the river sail lazily by;
The mud on my legs is cool.
Suddenly, Pop! I'm back in the classroom
Struggling with four times two.

ANGELA SPENCER, L. IV.

COUNTRY DISLIKES

I miss the traffic lights and the lovely smokey air,
The dirty cows in the fields,
The trees in the winter so cold and bare.
I hate the country; it is the very ugliest place;
In the city there were so many things to be done;
In the country people just laze in the sun.
People are different in other ways too: —
In the city people keep to themselves,
But in the country everyone knows what you have on your topmost
shelves.

People in the country natter by the door
One woman says, "Our Willie's got a cold".
The other one listens; in a few minutes the whole village is told.
The trains—and the fair-grounds—the electric air;
I remember those so well when a child without a care,
I know very soon I shall go back there!

JANET JONES, L. IV.

* * *

SNOW FLAKES

Pure and white,
Gay and light,
Falling, falling, falling,
Earth is calling
To each gentle flake,
Its own beauty to awake,
To rest in peace
A soft white fleece
Of dainty petals
From heavenly metals,
From crystals of white,
In the golden light,
Showing up each lovely hue,
Pink, silver, gold and blue.
Yet soon will come the cruel sun,
And melt away each single one,
And gone will be the heavenly glory.

PAMELA CARTER, L. V.

WINTER MOONLIGHT IN THE FOREST

Black trees against a dark blue sky,
'Neath the moon's clear watchful eye,
The birch and the willow in silhouette,
Join hands for a graceful minuet.
The gnarled oak, evil bard of the night,
Sinister black in the glowing moonlight
In the shadowy heavens the twinkling stars peep
To see all the wood creatures fast asleep.

But they know that the trees are awake all the time
And will appear in the morning sparkling with lime
For 'tis frosty and cold and yonder the lake
Will be shimmering with ice when comes the day-break
And the pines on the hills will no longer be green
But clad all in silver, each one like a queen.
Proud is the fir all diamond be-spangled
The frost-fairy, a gem on each bough has dangled

And here the phantom with eyes that gleam
Is revealed a holly bush, by a passing moonbeam.
The scarlet berries are those fearsome eyes
But when viewed in the light that evil glint dies.
And when every beast sleeps the Moon-Queen royal
Is satisfied she's finished her mighty toil,
So she sails away on the breeze
Seen by none but the watchful trees.

ROSALIND BALLAM, U. IV.

* * *

Chinese Poems

Ode on my Chilblains

Last year the snow,
Lay deep and white in the lanes:
Last year no chilblains on my fingers or toes,
This year the snow has stayed away,
But my chilblains itch.

JANET BALLINGER, U. V.

The young buds burst and show their silken leaves,
To all who dare to look upon their beauty
They ripple in the breeze,
Like silk.

Later they grow tough and dark
But how their young grace and beauty
Overshadows the dark stone below.

PENELOPE BARTLETT, U. V.

* * *

Japanese Poem

The black sinewy branches
Of the tall dark trees, seem to
Support the silver sky.

DOROTHY ISAACSON, U. V.

* * *

Death of "Pyrrhus"

Great passive bulk of steel
Now stormily come to life
In the agony of death
Tugging at heart-strings
As once friendly waters
Rise to engulf you
Pathetic
And suddenly feminine
You lean, slumped
On one broad hip
Tired of fighting
The Searing wombfull
Of molten latex
Tired of bearing
Countless burdens
For money-making men
Your red-hot flanks subside
Worn out, your
Once-supple masts
Crack their defeat
And hissing receive
The benediction of cool waters.

V. M. HARRISON, U. VI.

Town On The Côte D'Azur

The sun blisters body worshipping beaches
Mountains and sea shimmer crazily
In her mid-day heat, bestowing favours
On blind, unappreciative mankind.
The new town glittering in the hollow
Boasting, snakelike, her new artificial skin
Spews forth her lucre-laden dose
Of Ferraris and multi-millionaires.

Spreads her nets and lures
Her prey with disco-dancing, night-clubs, vice,
While velvety night, neon-punctured shudders
From jangling juke-boxes.
The old town brooding over her vulgar
Mercenary child, spills over the hill
Craning her crumbling head to view
The unconscious death-throes of humanity.

Her wrinkled, black-dressed, bowed old women
Craze sightlessly down corridors of time
While below, chic, well-tailored manequin
Smile seductively into space.
Oh wise old women, you on your rat-ridden parapets
Hear the unvoiced cry, pity
Your distracted child, purge
Her mind of money and self-love

Yet, undeterred, beauty lives on
Excititing in flight over water-bound
Horizons, white-gashing
The bright indigo; lost in green narcotic depths
And sun-scorched mountain tops. Escapes
Man's machinations, to catch your glimpse
Of beauty before she slowly trickles down
Into the town's indifference and is gone

V. M. HARRISON, U. VI.

Parents' Association Section

Committee, 1964

<i>Chairman</i>	...	...	...	...	Miss Dunford
<i>Secretary</i>	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Pile
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. Teasdale
<i>Staff Representatives</i>	...	...	...	...	Miss Piggott Miss Fraser
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Imber Mr. Long Mrs. Peckham Mrs. Young Mr. Carter
<i>Parents' Representative on the Board of Governors</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. Cole

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association was held on Friday, November 22nd, 1963. Miss Dunford took the chair, and nearly 100 members were present. It was decided to raise the subscription of members to 5/- per family.

The important question of the future of the High School was raised, and Miss Dunford said that proposals were to be put to the Governors at their meeting on December 2nd, and would be made public in 1964.

The meeting then divided for the election of officers and committee for 1964.

The Spring meeting was held at School on Tuesday, February 25th, 1964. We were much interested to hear a talk given by Miss Ash, who has a wide experience of working both in a Comprehensive School and in a Grammar School under the Leicestershire Plan. She described the difficulties and advantages attached to the two educational systems. After much discussion the meeting agreed that if it was impossible to continue the School in its present form, the Parents' Association would endorse the proposal to adopt the Leicestershire Plan.

The Summer meeting was held in the Hall at School on Friday, July 10th, 1964, as the weather was too unsettled to meet in the garden at Barton Hill as planned. About 125 parents were present—the largest gathering in the history of the Association. Mrs. Teasdale presented a Gift Cheque to Miss Dunford on behalf of the Parents' Association, and wished her health and joy in her retirement. He spoke warmly of her untiring efforts for the good of the School over many years, and of her great interest in the girls who had passed through the School. Miss Dunford thanked Mr. Teasdale and the parents, and said she would use the Gift Cheque to buy a Tape Recorder.

The meeting then adjourned to the garden, where "hot dogs", soft drinks and coffee were served by the Committee through the windows of the Domestic Science Room. All those present felt that in spite of the fact that this was Miss Dunford's farewell as Chairman of the Association, it was a particularly happy and friendly meeting, and we all had a chance to say our personal thanks to Miss Dunford for what she has done for our girls.



OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee, 1964/65

<i>President</i>	...	...	MISS M. E. WOODS
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	...	...	MISS M. K. DUNFORD MRS. M. RAAD
<i>Secretary</i>	...	...	ESME PHILLIPS (<i>née</i> Coombs)
<i>Assistant Secretaries</i>	...		KATHLEEN CHINN (<i>née</i> Hutchings) RITA TAYLOR (<i>née</i> Mullins)
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	...	YVONNE HUMPHRIES
<i>Staff Representative</i>	...		MISS K. DRAKE
<i>Sports Representatives</i>	...		RUTH EVERITT (<i>née</i> Gibbs) BERYL KNAPTON
<i>Committee Members</i>	...		JOYCE HISCOCK (<i>née</i> Garrett) SUSAN PARKER MARY YOUNG (<i>née</i> Harris)

The Tenth London O.G.A. Reunion

March 7th, 1964

This was a day of vivid impressions and memorable details, hard to do justice to in a necessarily brief account of the proceedings. It was an important occasion because our meeting took place in the Westminster Hospital, at the invitation of the matron, Miss Mary Young, our most distinguished old-girl, and we were privileged to see the new Wolfson nurses' home and school; it was an important occasion because it was Miss Dunford's last London O.G.A. reunion as headmistress; and it was important because we all knew that the future of the school was even then being weighed up and decided.

A visit to London is in itself an excitement to those who live elsewhere. We gathered first in the chapel of the hospital for a short service of praise and rededication of ourselves and our Association, taken by the hospital chaplain. The lesson was read by Miss Young. Then we moved on to one of the lecture theatres in the Wolfson annex for a meeting that was more for pleasure than for business. Miss Dunford, in the chair, gave us the O.G.A.'s welcome and the present school's greeting. She told us the year's news of past and present members of the school. It was saddening that Miss Woods could not be with us, as she had hoped to be. Miss Drake, Miss Watkins, Miss Matthews and Miss Maddick were able to be there, and we were pleased to see too, Mrs. Raad, Mrs. Mallalieu and Miss Williams, of former members of staff. Miss Dunford went on to give us an account of the debate on the future of the Shaftesbury schools. No final decision had been taken then. The alternatives were put before us and discussed at some length, and the meeting expressed its own wishes for the school's future by a vote, the majority for the Leicestershire Plan.

Miss Dunford then expressed the meeting's gratitude to the Westminster Hospital and its matron, and we gave Miss Young flowers and a vase. We were very touched to receive in our turn small bunches of Shaftesbury snowdrops, picked and put together by Third Form girls, whose own idea it had been to send them.

The meeting over, we went upstairs. Over a delicious tea we could spend yet more time catching up on each other's news, after all the essential part of any reunion. Photographs were taken of Mrs. Raad and her girls and of Miss Dunford and hers. Many of us were shown round the training school's library, lecture rooms and demonstration wards.

Much will have been written elsewhere in this magazine about the challenge, not threat, now facing the High School. At its London reunion the O.G.A. first realised that great change was inevitable, that S.H.S. was not to be given the chance to continue in the lovely, historic, creaking setting of Grosvenor House. We must not, as an Association or as individuals, think that what we have loved and looked to since our school days is passing completely,—it should not and must not. This is a matter, not of bricks and mortar, but of spirit, a spirit which can and must be carried on from the past and this present into Shaftesbury's future. The O.G.A.'s hope and prayer for the High School is *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

CLARE GOLDEN (*née* Harris).

O.G.A. Summer Meeting, July 4th, 1964

Of all the Summer Meetings I have attended, this is the one that will remain in my memory most clearly. It was fine enough for us to have the Tennis match at the field, and supper in the garden at Barton Hill, but not warm enough for us to have the meeting out of doors as we have done on fine summer nights, in other years. Instead we all packed into the Art Room which was the only room at Barton Hill large enough to hold us all.

The meeting took its usual course, but at the end our Secretary, Esme Phillips (*née* Coombs) made a little speech, moving in its warmth and sincerity, and presented me with an inscribed gold watch. Then the door opened and in staggered some Old Girls bearing a large winged Parker Knoll chair. Finally, our Treasurer, Yvonne Humphries, handed me a token representing a purchase yet to be made, as apparently, money was still coming in. I have not often felt as speechless as I did at that moment. It was as though all the warmth and affection of many of my Old Girls, which has so often sustained me in times of difficulty, was around me in that room.

Five months have gone by since that night of the presentation, and in that time your gifts have become very precious to me. I wear your watch always, and your chair is my place of relaxation. In it I read, talk, listen to records and tapes, watch T.V. and think of you all. The token has become a cheque for 10 guineas which has not yet been spent. This wonderful summer has made me grow very fond of my new garden here, and, as your chair is my place of relaxation indoors, so, next summer, a garden chair and perhaps other equipment, will become my place of relaxation out of doors.

Thank you for everything. For these gifts, but most of all, for the affection they represent. I am very happy in my new life, especially as I know that the School, whatever its future, is safe in Miss Woods' hands. My great joy now, and in the future, will be to keep in touch with "my children".

MARJORIE K. DUNFORD.

* * *

Food, Friends and Fellowship

O.G.A. Autumn Reunion, 1964

"For food, and friends, and fellowship, we give Thee thanks, O Lord". These familiar words, remembered and loved from meal times at School, admirably sum up the atmosphere of the "November" Reunion—which this year took place on October 31st. It

was a memorable evening, held at School, and shared by three Headmistresses, several members of Staff, and fifty-nine Old Girls.

FOOD was prepared by the Committee, under the direction of Mary Young (*née* Harris), and was arranged in the afternoon by Mary Young, Miss Woods, Miss Drake and Yvonne Humphries, with great care and originality. It was in the form of a Fork Supper, as last year. What fun it was to jostle round the large table in the Domestic Science Room, helping oneself from an amazing variety of dishes, and sniffing appreciatively in a vain attempt to discover the source of the appetising smell of "something cooked"! Obviously we are all still schoolgirls at heart, for we were delighted to find, on reaching the end of the table, that the "something cooked" was chips.

The evening together provided us with ample opportunity for meeting *FRIENDS*. Some had not seen each other for years, others have firm friendships persisting from their schooldays, and still others meet regularly at O.G. Reunions. Thus informality was the order of the evening, and even the business meeting was punctuated with lively chatter from time to time. Early in the evening we were joined by a friendly, but frighteningly large spider, whose presence caused a diversion until the Secretary removed him from our midst. After this, the business proceeded in the happiest possible way. Miss Woods welcomed Mrs. Raad and Miss Dunford, both of whom had travelled some distance to be there, and gave us news of Old Girls who were unable to be present. Esme Phillips (*née* Coombes) read the Minutes, and in her Secretary's Report told us that there are now 203 Life Members and 49 Annual Members of the Association. Yvonne Humphries informed us that we have a balance in hand of £98 14s. 0d., and Ruth Everitt (*née* Gibbs) in reporting a win of 2—0 in the Hockey Match against the School, put in an impassioned plea for more support for this event. Each of these, together with the other members of the Committee, was warmly thanked for her services, and the Officers and Committee for 1964-66 were then elected. How good it would be if all business meetings were to proceed in such a friendly, informal way.

FELLOWSHIP is something which members of Shaftesbury High School have always understood, for this, surely, is the spirit of sharing which underlies and enhances all School activities. Although on this occasion there were a number of people present who had never met each other before, there was no feeling of segregation, but rather a real sense of fellowship in our shared interest in and love for the School. What a wonderful thought it is that Old Girls are now in every corner of the World. One can imagine Miss

Dunford (who expressed her real appreciation of the Old Girls' gifts of gold watch, armchair, and money with which she hopes to purchase a garden chair) travelling many thousands of miles in her armchair as she remembers them all. The reunions in School, in London, and in the homes of Old Girls, form the link between past and present, far and near.

As we look back on such an enjoyable evening, and its renewed links with former companions, we can truly say, "For food, and friends, and fellowship, we give Thee thanks, O Lord".

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Former Members of Staff

MRS. JESSIMAN (Mrs. Blackhall) has moved from Scotland to London so that she hopes to keep more closely in touch with us now. Her son, Philip, has remained a boarder at Dollar Academy, but her daughter Sandra is at home.

MISS LANGTON has been Assistant Registrar of the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle since she left us, but, on January 1st, 1965 she becomes the Registrar. We congratulate her on this promotion. She is playing a full part in the life of Windsor now as she is on the Committee of the Historical Society and also on the Guildhall Committee, which arranges all the exhibitions, etc. to be held in the Guildhall and looks after the Museum there.

MISS LOGG spent the weekend of the O.G.A. Summer Reunion in Shaftesbury. We were delighted to have her with us again and she enjoyed seeing the improvements in the School, such as the Domestic Science building.

MISS LOWE. Although she has been Assistant House Mistress at Truro so short a time, she has now been made Senior Matron in this house of 70 girls.

MRS. MALLALIEU was Housemistress for 75 boarders at Raven Croft School, Eastbourne during the Summer Term. In September she went to Bath as Matron of the Main Building at Kingswood School.

MISS MOORE went to S. Africa with her mother as soon as Miss Dunford was able to take charge of her house in Salisbury. She is staying in Durban, probably until next April, and was very pleased to be there for the centenary of the Presbyterian Chapel at Addington, which was built by her grandfather, who was minister there.

MISS ROBSON has now settled at Laverstock near Salisbury. She is not very far from Miss Dunford and only a few houses away from Sonya Cassell (*née* Zinkova).

MRS. WHITE (*née* Rhodes) had a son, Andrew Edward Wilfrid in June 6th, 1964.

MISS WILLIAMS is still lecturing at Stockwell College but has taken her preliminary B.D. examination, and hopes to complete the degree.

Engagements

Margaret Chant to Bryan Woods.
Jennifer Gatehouse to Richard Merefield.
Valerie Hardiman to John Haggar.
Yvonne Humphries to Brian Charles Maidment.
Jeanne Hutley to James Robertson.
Heather Jesshope to Albert Hessler.
Josie Rose to David Arthur Meaking.
Pat Sidford to Frank Allen Schmidlein.
Penny Wells to Mervyn John Marsh.

Marriages

Anita Allen to Peter John Alford.
Elizabeth Bartlett to Malcolm Hitchings.
Margaret Breeds to Christopher Corder.
Joyce Cox to John Lancaster.
Jane Crouch to Christopher Fookes.
Margaret Dunning to Victor Thompson.
Patricia Hilton to ? ?
Cynthia Humble to Edward George Agar.
Pamela Lovell to ? ?
Stella Ludlow to Gerald Slack.
Rose Napper to Kenneth Rawles.
Susan Pallister to David John Allenby Cassell.
Heather Pomeroy to John Penny.
Philippa Potter to Bryan David Long.
Catherine Richmond to John Gardner.
Sylvia Welch to William Roy Perrin.
Ruth Woodley to Terence O'Brien.
Betsy Woods to William Edward Green.

Births

Jill A'Barrow (*née* Baigent), a daughter, Sara.
Shirley Alabaster (*née* Gray), a son, Richard Frank.
Judy Allum (*née* Peel), a son, Julian Richard.
Heather Carnegie-Brown (*née* Cheater), a son, Andrew Sean.
Mary Clayton (*née* Perry), a son, Bruce.
Janet Dixon (*née* Whitmarsh), a son, John Willmore.
Diana Evans (*née* Stainer), a daughter, Catherine.
Anne Gill (*née* Parham), a son, Mark Edward.
Jenny Hacker (*née* Burridge), a daughter, Alison Judith.
Janice Josiffe (*née* Sidford), a daughter, Andrea.
Thelma Mascal (*née* Peach), a daughter, Jennifer Karen.
Adrienne Naylor (*née* Gear), a son, Robert Michael.
Molly Rideout (*née* Alford), a daughter, Patsy Anne.
Janet Smart (*née* Gilbert), a son, David Michael.
Rita Taylor (*née* Mullins), a son, Martin George.
Mary Verriou (*née* Wilson), a son, John Campbell.

Deaths

IVY FANNER of Compton Abbas. Aged 54.

She had been Captain of the Fontmell Guide Company since 1936 and, early in 1964, was awarded the Oak Leaf for meritorious service to the Guide Movement. She was at School under both Miss Dunn and Mrs. Raad.

MURIEL WILSON (née Mitchell), of West Hill Farm, West Knoyle.

She was a boarder under Mrs. Raad.

O.G. News

CYNTHIA AGAR (née Humble) (1953) was very sorry to miss the London Reunion. She was in hospital having her appendix removed.

DAPHNE ALFORD (1953) is teaching at an R.A.F. School in Cyprus.

PAULINE ALLEN (née Higgins) (1960) has lived in Cheltenham since her marriage and was hoping to work in a day nursery there.

JULIE AUSTIN (1964) is studying for a Science degree at Reading University.

LESLEY BALL (1964) has been transferred to a Leicestershire school for her "A" Level Course so that she can be a day-girl and live at home.

JANET BIGGS (1964) is our first girl from the Falkland Islands to return home there after her schooldays are over. She is working for "A" Level and hopes that, if she passes, the Falkland Island Government will give her a grant to train as a teacher in England.

JANE BRAYFORD (1956) is continuing at the London Hospital for the present, after qualifying as an S.R.N. in November 1963.

ELIZABETH BREEDS (1964) is looking forward to beginning her nursing training at the Westminster Hospital in April 1965.

CAROLE BROWN (1964) is taking the two years Domestic Science Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.

JUNE BUCHAN (1963) is enjoying her one year Bi-Lingual Secretarial Course at the High Wycombe College of Further Education.

RACHEL BURTON (1963) began her Nursery Nursing Training at Ebley in Gloucestershire in August.

ISABEL CAIRD (1964) is taking a one-year secretarial course at her home in Ayr.

HEATHER CARNEGIE-BROWN (née Cheater) (1957). Her husband has been posted to Germany in the New Year and she does not yet know her new address. Letters should be sent to her home in Parkstone.

MARY CHOWN (1963) is a shorthand/typist for a firm of Estate Agents in Salisbury.

JENNY COBLEY (1961). For two years was articled to an Exeter firm of Architects. She found the subject fascinating but did not enjoy the daily life of the office. She took a part-time secretarial course and is now enjoying the happy mixture of working as a secretary and receptionist to a firm of Estate Agents. She is very keen on amateur dramatics.

ELIZABETH COLE (1964) is enjoying her first term at the College of St. Matthias, Bristol. She is our first O.G. to go there.

PAMELA COLLIS (1960) is teaching at Maidstone and is enjoying sharing a flat.

HEATHER COLYER (1961) obtained a Third in her B.A. General Degree at King's College, London.

PENROSE COLYER (1957) has a responsible post as Head of the French Department in Mary Glasgow & Baker Ltd., a firm which publishes language magazines.

- GRACE COOMBS (1949) has returned from Germany and is teaching in Cambridge, but she says she already has "itchy feet".
- FELICITY CORP (1960). After working in Wilton Public Library she has now gone to the Birmingham School of Librarianship for training. She greatly enjoyed a Treasure Trove Week this summer arranged by the National Association of Youth Clubs for able-bodied and physically handicapped young people.
- KERRY COTHILL (1963) began her nursing training at Southampton General Hospital in October.
- JULIA COVE (*née* Bown) (1957). Her daughter, Gillian, started school after Easter.
- JULIA CROCKER (1964) is now living at home and attending Bath Technical College for a two year "A" Level Course in Science.
- JANET DAWLING (1955) called to see us in May. She was on holiday from Washington where she is doing commercial work. She enjoys life in U.S.A.
- GLYNIS DIBBEN (1963) is now a shorthand/typist in a firm of Agricultural Merchants in Salisbury.
- STELLA DIBBEN (1963) is very pleased that she will be living in a new Hall of Residence for her second year at Exeter.
- RUTH EVERETT (*née* Gibbs) (1955) is now teaching at Hanford House School.
- JESSE FLOYD (1963) was unable to attend the London Re-union because she was performing a Shakespeare Monologue in the London Colleges Eistedfodd.
- JOYCE GATEHOUSE (1964) is thoroughly enjoying her first year at Weymouth Training College.
- SANDRA GOLDEN (1964) is taking a one-year secretarial course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- SARAH GREEN (1964) is with a family in Scotland helping to look after their little girl until she is old enough to train as a nursery nurse.
- MARGARET GUY (1953). After completing her S.R.N. at University College Hospital, spent 3½ months doing voluntary work at Skopje. She found it hard but wonderful. Then she took a secretarial job at St. Stephen's Hospital.
- JENNY HACKER (*née* BurrIDGE) (1958) will be going to Australia early in the New Year after her husband has finished his Ph.D. thesis.
- MARY HAMMOND (*née* Bond) (1955) has given up teaching and is now a full-time housewife. She enjoys belonging to a local choir.
- JANET HARVEY (1964) is working for a Diploma in Graphic Design at the Bournemouth College of Art.
- PAMELA HAYTER (1963) is stationed at the Signal School at Petersfield, Hants., and training as a Radio Operator in W.R.N.S.
- DENISE HINE (1964) is taking the 1-year Domestic Science Course at Salisbury College of Further Education.
- CORAL HUTCHINGS (1962) is very enthusiastic about her medical training at the Royal Free Hospital.
- ROSALIND JACKSON (1962) had hoped to attend the London Re-union, but unfortunately it co-incided with the Leicester College Rag. She has been granted a sabbatical year and is spending it as an English "assistante" in a French school.

HELEN JONES (1964) decided not to accept the vacancy offered her at a training college, but to apply for entrance to university next year. Meanwhile she is spending a year abroad working for Operation Mobilisation. This is an evangelical movement working in Belgium, Holland, North Germany and France and planning to work throughout the Muslim and Communist world.

CHRISTINE KENNEDY (*née* Alford) (1955) is at home at Motcombe and looking forward to going to Cyprus at Easter.

BERYL KNAPTON (1950) is a part-time P.E. Mistress at Gillingham School. She teaches there every afternoon and is a member of the Dorset 2nd XI.

JOY LANCASTER (*née* Cox) (1956). Her husband, John, works at West Drayton, near Uxbridge, so she is carrying on with her job.

BERYL LOOK is a secretary at Coombe Farm, Crewkerne.

AUDREY LOOK teaches in a village near Yeovil.

VERA LOOK has a café in Wellington, Somerset.

PHILIPPA LONG (*née* Potter) (1957) was married in July. Her husband is in the Merchant Navy. As he has been on Eastern service for some years they are hoping to make a home in England for a while.

BRENDA MACEY (*née* Bracher) (1950) is now living in Lincoln. Her son has just started school and she has a baby daughter. Reading about Miss Dunford's retirement in the Magazine brought back memories of her school days as she was in the Third Form when Miss Dunford arrived, and she can clearly remember her first morning at Prayers.

ANN MIDDLEMAS (1964) is our first O.G. to go to Dartford P.E. College.

ANN MILROY (1961) has gained the St. Hilda's College History Prize. This is awarded to a second year student for consistently good work.

JUDY MITCHELL (1963) enjoyed her year's secretarial course at Chelmsford Technical College. She became very keen on the Drama Club.

RUTH MORLEY (1963) is thoroughly enjoying her training at the Lord Mayor Treloar Orthopaedic Hospital at Alton. She gets very tired but feels contentment at the end of the day and thinks that nursing is a wonderful career.

GILLIAN MULLINS (1964) is working in the Midland Bank in Shaftesbury.

SUZANNE MUNDY (1964) is taking the two-year secretarial course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.

MARY NORRIS (1959) found her Secretarial Course at the Oxford Technical College varied and interesting. She then spent a term as secretary in the University Registry and gained a valuable insight into the work of the university. She spent her summer holiday in U.S.A. travelling by Student Charter Flight, staying with friends in Chicago, and enjoying a car trip to Colorado and Arizona. She has been awarded a State Research Studentship and is studying Roman Archaeology at Oxford under Professor Richmond.

MARY ORMAN (1952) is thoroughly enjoying her grammar school teaching after her years in primary work. She is teaching Religious Knowledge to "A" Level.

SUSAN PARKER (1963) is now a secretary to a firm of architects in Salisbury. She enjoyed her year at the Salisbury College of Further Education so much that she is returning there for evening classes to keep in touch.

JILLIAN PARKIN (1964) is taking a one year Secretarial Course at the Cardiff College of Commerce.

SALLY PEMBERTON (*née* Thorne) (1952). Her husband completed the primary part of his Fellowship at Barts in March. Her parents have been to Kenya to see her brother, Nicholas.

- ANN PIDGEON (1961) has become secretary to a Harley Street surgeon and is enjoying the change of work very much.
- SUSAN PILE (1964) is very glad to be in Hall and not in lodgings for her first year at Bedford College. She will soon be spending a term at a German University and hopes that it will be Tübingen where Heidi Kegel is in her first year studying German and Philosophy.
- JANET PITMAN (1958) has been promoted to Probationary Third Officer in the W.R.N.S. She is stationed at Lee-on-Solent, H.M.S. Ariel, and is doing secretarial and administrative work. She is often in Salisbury with her sister, Doreen Lalande.
- JOY PUTTICK (*née* Grey) (1940) lives at Liphook only a mile from the Portsmouth road and will be glad to see anyone from School who knows her who happens to be travelling on it. Her son Nigel is in his fourth year at Churchers College, Petersfield. Sarah is still in the Junior School and Simon is one year old.
- GILLIAN RALPH (1961) obtained an Upper Second in her degree at Southampton and now is enjoying a year in the Education Department there.
- ANN RAWSON (1947) has become an Assistant Matron at a Children's Home, near Devizes, and is enjoying her new work very much.
- PATRICIA RIDOUT (1960) obtained a second class degree at the Imperial College and is now on the staff of the Research Dept. of Kodak Ltd. There are about 800 in the Department in a factory which employs 6,000 altogether. Pat is very happy there.
- MAUREEN RGGS (1964) is looking forward to beginning her training at the Leicester General Hospital and has taken a local job during her year of waiting.
- MAUREEN RUTTER (1962) is working in a solicitors' office in Reading and has seen Julia Smithers several times.
- JACKIE SCAMMELL (1964) has settled very happily at Salisbury Training College. She was glad to find Sue Perkins and Jenny Fordyce there.
- ERICA SELIGMAN (1964) has been having private coaching in Oxford in preparation for Oxford and Cambridge Entrance Examination in Music.
- ANTHEA SEMMENCE (1964) is studying for a Science Degree at Reading University.
- ANN SHERRATT (*née* Gibbons) (1957) qualified as an S.R.N. in 1962 and was married in the Autumn of 1963. She is living near Chatham and was working as a part-time Staff-nurse in the casualty department of a Rochester Hospital.
- DEIRDRE SMYTH (*née* Maclean) (1953) has moved to Scarborough. Her husband is teaching at Scarborough College and they have a flat in a boarding-house for 40 boys.
- ANN STAINER (1964) is our first O.G. to go to Brighton Training College.
- JENNY STAGG (1960) obtained a Lower Second in her degree at Keele University and also her Diploma in Education. She is now teaching at the Forest Fields Grammar School in Nottingham. This is a co-educational school of 600. It has many activities and some of its pupils are in the National Youth Theatre.
- JEAN STRIDE (1964) has gone to Goldsmiths Training College in London where Ann Ramsden is training already.
- SHEILA STRIDE (1964) is now living at home in Germany and attending an Army School of over 1,000 pupils. She hopes to take French, German and English at "A" Level and Spanish at "O" Level. She is enjoying being a day-girl and has joined the H.Q. Theatre Group. She is playing the part of Gwendolen in the school production of "The Importance of Being Earnest".

- GRETA STUBBS (1964) won her scholarship to the Royal College of Music and is thoroughly enjoying her work there and her life in London.
- GILLIAN TAYLOR (1961) was anxious to teach in the Bristol area and has been appointed to Hanham C.E. Primary School in Gloucestershire.
- ANN TIDEY (1948) is going to Hong Kong as an Army Nurse.
- MARY UNDERWOOD (*née* Woodman) (1947) has settled very happily at Great Baddow near Chelmsford. She has three children, Jane, Paul and John.
- ROSEMARY WAGNER (1963) enjoyed a varied year. She followed a Course in Paris until March and then she spent a term at Kiel University. She is now at St. Ann's College, Oxford.
- ANN WAKEHAM (*née* Hall) (1958) and her husband have a sailing school at Gibraltar. They plan to sail round the world as quickly as possible, return to England and then continue their school in the Mediterranean.
- JANET WALKER (*née* Alner) (1959). We were very grieved to hear of the death of her husband after only five weeks of married life. She is completing her Midwifery course.
- ANDREA WATTERSON (1964) is taking the one-year Secretarial Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- MAUREEN WEBB (1964) is taking the two-year Secretarial Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- SUSAN WEBB (1962). After 18 months in the W.R.A.F. decided to train as a nurse and has begun her training at St. Mary's Hospital in London.
- PENNY WELLS (1960) is now teaching at Hanford House School and living at home.
- ELAINE WHATLEY (1964) is taking the one-year Secretarial Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- PAULINE WHATLEY (1964) is taking the two-year Secretarial Course at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- PAULINE WHITE (1964) is looking forward to attending a farm institute in a years' time and meanwhile is gaining the necessary experience in practical farming.
- MAUREEN WHITTY (1960) is, at present, working in a private garden in Somerset, but she hopes to go to Denmark to work in the Botanical Gardens at Copenhagen.
- PAT WILKINSON (*née* Hilton) (1955). After her marriage Pat has returned to the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough.
- JENNY WILLIAMS (*née* Harding) (1957) was disappointed that she could not come to the O.G. Dinner. She is expecting her third baby in January and hopes to be able to come to the London Re-union.
- SUSAN WOOLRIDGE (1964) is very glad to be training as a nurse at the Westminster Hospital in London.
- MARIAN WYATT (1961) has passed her City and Guilds examinations at the Hammersmith Art College and is staying on for another year to obtain her National Diploma.
- JANE YOUNG (1964) is spending six months in France before deciding about her future career.

Life Members since December 1963

Chinn, Kathleen, Causeway Farm, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Hitchings, Barbara, 4 Canbanks, Union Lane, Cambridge.
 Pile, Susan, Midland Bank House, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Woodman, Daphne, 45 Wellington Road, Hampton Hill, Middx.

Annual Members 1963/64 (Since December 1963)

- Cary, Jennifer, Wick Farm, Tisbury, Salisbury, Wilts.
Chant, Margaret, Ridgeway Cottage, Iwerne Minster, Blandford, Dorset.
Church, Sally, 17 Haimes Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Cobley, Jennifer, "Mariners", West Hill, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.
Dibben, Stella, Fairfield Road, Shroton, Blandford, Dorset.
Gatehouse, Jennifer, Kingsettle Cottage, Corner Lane, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Guy, Margaret, 280 Earl's Court Road, London, S.W.5.
Harcourt-Brooks, Susan, 10 Angel Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Mitchell, Shirley, 27 Bedford Avenue, Barnet, Herts.
Pallister, Susan, Little Spinney, Caenhill Road, Weybridge, Surrey.
Potter, Phillipa, 7 Charlton, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Reynolds, Phyllis (*née* Johnson), Cedar Cottage, 360 Topsham Road, Countess Weir, Exeter, Devon.
Rideout, Patricia, William Temple House, 29 Trebovir House, Earls Court, London, S.W.5.
Tidey, June, 108 Elmbridge Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.
Underwood, Valerie (*née* Sharp), 571 Wimborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth, Hants.
Wagner, Rosemary, "Tregarth", Wyke Road, Gillingham, Dorset.
Wyatt, Rosemary (*née* Brayford), 33 Ringwood Avenue, Longsight, Manchester 13.

Annual Members, 1964/65

- Austin, Julie, "Sorrento", Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Carnegie-Brown, Heather (*née* Cheater), 41B Trinidad Crescent, Parkstone, Poole, Dorset.
Davis, Elizabeth (*née* Linley), Chingola High School, P.O. Box 272, Chingola, Zambia.
Dean, Kathleen (*née* Hunt), West Gomledon, Near Salisbury, Wilts.
Ford, Dawn (*née* Hitchings), West End, Duchy Cottages, North Road, Mere, Warminster, Wilts.
Gatehouse, Jennifer, Kingsettle Cottage, Corner Lane, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Gatehouse, Joyce, Kingsettle Cottage, Corner Lane, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Golden, Sandra, "Bell View", Bowerchalke, Salisbury, Wilts.
Hayter, Pamela, West End, Swallowcliffe, Salisbury, Wilts.
Head, Caroline, 12 St. Georges Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Humphries, Yvonne, "Mansaards", Ivy Cross, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Jones, Helen, 3 Bimport, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Langton, Jane, 15a Dorset Road, Windsor, Berks.
 Long, Philippa (*née* Potter), c/o 7 Charlton, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Middlemas, Ann, Dartford P.E. College, Oakfield Lane, Dartford, Kent.
 Mullins, Gillian, Laurel Cottage, Donhead St. Mary, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Orman, Mary, 124 Cromwell Road, Grays, Essex.
 Parker, Hazel (*née* Hunt), Bucknowle Farm, Wareham, Dorset.
 Parsons, Rita, 13 Grosvenor Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Peterson, Jean (*née* Shute), 9 Breach Lane, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury,
 Dorset.
 Robinson, Beryl, "Glen Bray", Ludwell, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Semmence, Anthea, 24 Victoria Road, Trowbridge, Wilts.
 Stainer, Ann, "Windy Ridge", Manor Road, Mere, Warminster, Wilts.
 Swain, Ethel, Dale House, Salisbury Street, Blandford, Dorset.
 Tidey, June, 108 Elmbridge Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.
 Underwood, Valerie, 571 Wimborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth, Hants.
 Whatley, Elaine, Primrose Farm, Barford St. Martin, Salisbury, Wilts.
 Whitty, Maureen, Chicks Grove Cottage, Upper Chicks Grove, Tisbury, Salis-
 bury, Wilts.
 Woolridge, Susan, Noade Close Cottage, Ashmore, Salisbury, Wilts.

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The Old Girls' Association gives its warmest thanks to MISS MADDICK,
 ELIZABETH HARDY, YVONNE HUMPHRIES, and JANET PITMAN, who have done
 most of the typing for the O.G. Section of the Magazine.

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

First Impressions

1. *Of Brighton Training College.*

To be faced with five hundred students was quite an ordeal after the comparatively small number of girls at Shaftesbury High School. In spite of this, however, I was struck immediately by a wonderful spirit of sympathy and friendship in both the College and Hostel. Everyone was eager to help, and I quickly settled into my new way of life—new being the operative word, for, coming from the country I found that a town such as Brighton has infinite possibilities to offer to students.

The College and its Hostels command a magnificent view of the sea, and are situated in the midst of luxury flats belonging to celebrities such as Anna Neagle, and Laurence Olivier. These persons, however, are rarely seen, probably owing to the fact that much persuasion was necessary on the part of the College to assure the residents of this area that a Teachers' Training College would be conducive to extending the intellectual atmosphere of Brighton! At least protests against the future existence of such a college were finally quelled. The introduction of a cross section of the male community has turned the college from the Convent-type girls' establishment that it was, into a broad-minded social community infused with vitality and enthusiasm. But this increase of numbers has made new buildings very necessary, and next year we move into our new residence which is being constructed in Falmer, opposite Sussex University.

Mr. Steward, the Principal, has done everything he can to make us feel happy and at home here at college. Consequently the personal feelings which follow tradition are incorporated with new trends, and the best of the old is integrated with best of the new. The work here is proving interesting and stimulating—this applies especially to the Main Courses and Subsidiary Courses, where a wider context is offered for each subject than can be offered at school. English Tutorials, Speech, Basic Art, and Maths/Science provide a good basis for a wider culture, and the Integrated course, as its title suggests, amalgamates the Arts and the Sciences. Furthermore Gym is no longer the dreaded lesson that it was at school, and the fact that we have mixed P.E. helps us to lose a good deal of our self-consciousness!

Brighton is extremely lucky, for in addition to the Training College, there are other establishments of higher education—the University, the Technical College, the College of Technology, and the Art College. There are ample opportunities for meeting people

from all these different colleges. Such social functions as these culminate in the great Rag Week, held to raise money for different charities. In addition to this, infinite opportunities are offered by the various societies at the College—there are societies for absolutely everything, and if one happens to think of something for which a society has not yet been created, with a few supporters one finds it is quite easy to establish a new society.

The Students' Union is led by a vigorous, enthusiastic set of people, who will fight for any cause that they believe is right until they get results. Greater numbers have made it necessary to introduce the personal tutor system into College. Consequently an individual and personal emphasis is found infused into College Life.

I am personally extremely glad that I chose to apply to Brighton Training College. Time flies by, and in spite of the fact that there is a large community here, one is made to feel that one really belongs—I look forward with enthusiasm to my three year course in this "Brave New World".

ANN STAINER.

2. *Of the Royal College of Music.*

Since I have been in London I have decided that life is just one continuous laugh! I interrupt this continual hilarity—with a struggle—to practise my respective instruments, but when the whole day lies before one, completely free, it's very tempting to waste it, especially when there are seventeen other students in the same state and house. Just in case anyone should get the wrong impression I have a piano lesson, a cello lesson, an Aural Class, a History lecture and a Harmony lesson once a week. I have also been told to practise the cello and piano for four hours a day each, but apparently three hours will do!

My cello professor has startling black hair in a mass of curls on top of her head, and looks very well preserved. She likes her lipstick to match the clothes she wears which are very simple! However, I feel I have made progress with her, and she is very encouraging.

My piano professor doesn't like talking, which I find a bit frustrating, but we have called a truce now.

Our History lecturer is very young, and the back row finds his lectures very amusing, especially where they shouldn't. He also has a habit of saying "as is the norm".

The professor who takes my aural class has a sense of humour, which he indulges for a fifteen minute interval, after the pitch test which begins the class. It would be very amusing if he had a bigger repertoire, but it's quite funny trying to guess what he is going to say next!

My harmony professor is ill at the moment, which I am very sorry about as I was fond of him, he managed to convey to me—gently—that my harmony was a mess, and when I confronted him with my first much rubbed out attempt he grinned (after gulping once or twice) and told me that he had seen worse.

Several of us go to the Opera once a week and either stand or sit at reduced rates. We also go to concerts, and at the moment my idol is Yonty Solomon, a concert pianist who should go far in my opinion (which is, of course, very valuable and experienced!)

As the reader may realise, I am very happy here, and to those who may remember me I would just add that I have had my hair cut.

GRETA STUBBS.

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The W.R.N.S. Officers' Course at The Royal Naval College, Greenwich

To do more than give a suggestion of the history and beauty of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich would be pure folly in an article of this size, especially as many learned historians have already done so in volumes of books, so I will merely say that when I arrived there last January I was filled with awe at the splendour of the buildings and later intrigued and amused to know that within the College there is a nuclear science department and the remains of the Placentia Palace, in which Henry VIII and Elizabeth I were born!

The College, sometimes known as the "University of the Royal Navy", runs a variety of courses to cater for the needs of the many specialised branches in the service, and for the higher education of its officers. Since the Second World War it has been the home of the Women's Royal Naval Service Officers' Training Course. Three of these courses are held each year, each consisting of twelve weeks. The students in the first eight weeks are known as Cadets, but after promotion become Probationary Third Officers.

Our day started with breakfast in the magnificent Painted Hall, so called because of the extensive History Paintings by Sir James Thornhill. This is a truly beautiful room, designed by Wren and Hawksmoor, but I must admit there was a certain strangeness about eating one's boiled egg or cornflakes under the watchful eyes of the half clothed figures which adorn the ceiling! It was in this room that we were privileged to attend the last Board of Admiralty Dinner, at which His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh was Guest of Honour.

After a short service in the College Chapel we assembled for Parade Training. Oh! the agony of those lessons, and the embarrassment of becoming completely speechless at the crucial moment when the squad was dangerously heading straight for the fountain in the middle of the cobbled courtyard, only to find one's voice returned as soon as it was too late and everyone was reduced to tears of laughter. Our Instructors, two Royal Marine sergeants, were marvellous, and always rewarded our efforts, good or otherwise, with steaming cups of tea, before sending us on our way to the classroom.

Classroom studies included lectures on the history and organisation of the Navy and of the W.R.N.S., and we also learnt about W.R.N.S. Administration and discipline. Members of the other services gave us most enlightening talks about their own organisations—it was extremely interesting to compare theirs with our own. Art and music appreciation, Current Affairs, talks on Canada and Australia, Economics and Communism were interspersed with visits by a member of a Charm School, a make-up firm and the tailor.

Besides the classroom studies we had one Sports afternoon a week, the majority of the girls learned fencing or rifle shooting, and a few played tennis or basket ball. We also combed the streets of Greenwich finding material to include in books on local history and places of interest. This occupied many long evenings of painful writing, as did preparing talks and news reports which were delivered to the rest of the course and to our Chief and Second Officer who were responsible for our training. There were still many evenings free for Scottish Country dancing or helping the Drama Group in its rehearsals for "The Waltz of the Toreadors". These rehearsals were always followed by a quick dash by all the cast to "The Yacht" for a beer and sandwich scratch supper.

'Talks', 'Cocktail—the Dean', 'Duty Cadet', 'Party', 'Coffee with', 'Choir Practice', 'Amateur Dramatics meetings', 'Test', 'Parade Training Test' are noted in quick succession in my diary, with visits to many interesting places jotted in between; the Houses

of Parliament, the Old Bailey and the National Gallery to mention just a few. We were fortunate too, to be entertained by Lloyds, the London Fire Brigade, The Times Offices and University College, London.

All this we laughingly called our "Couthin' up, loike", but on the morning of the Promotion Board there was no sound of laughter. The ante-room was filled with an air of expectancy as anxious faced Cadets paced up and down. The agony of waiting one's turn was unbelievable, but so also was the joy on leaving the Board Room of knowing that one had passed.

"Promotion Board" was followed the next day by "Promotion Ceremony", when, clad in brand new suits and tricorn hats, we assembled on our cobbled parade ground. I use "our" here because after so many hours it felt as if it belonged to us exclusively! Parents and friends, standing along the colonnade, watched as we nervously repeated the drill we had practised for weeks. How our knees quivered and how we longed for it all to finish; but we managed the March Past and soon were wheeling round to march up the steps, before being "dismissed". The Commodore President addressed us all with a few words of advice and encouragement, then we took part in a short service in the Chapel. After tea we showed our guests around the College then rushed off for a long week-end. We returned afterwards for a further four weeks to do an Administration Course.

My course at Greenwich is now a few months behind me, but it will always remain a pleasant memory. If you find yourself in London one day, and you can spare the time, perhaps you would like to make the journey by river boat or bus to see the College and Chapel, which are open frequently to visitors. I am sure you would find it most interesting.

JANET PITMAN.