

County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY



Vol. 30

December, 1966

County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY

MAGAZINE

Vol 30

December, 1966

CONTENTS

Editorial

Magazine Committee

School Officials

Leaving Girls 1965/6

New Girls 1965/6

Some Events of 1966

Staff Notes

Our School Speech Day

REPORTS

Form Reports

School Council

Social Service

Games

Music

Flower Group

Debating Society

JUNIOR SECTION

Putting the Babies to Bed

Highlights of my Holiday

The Black Stallion

Our Trip to Holland

Poems

SENIOR SECTION

Impression of a Day Visit to
London

"Non Sibi Sed Omnibus"

Up in the Clouds

The Rome Expedition

Poems

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

OLD GIRLS

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

EDITORIAL.

Last year interest in the Magazine fell considerably so that this time we were forced to consider seriously whether to continue publishing the Magazine. The main reason for this was the rise in price which now has gone up to five shillings a copy. This is unfortunate but unavoidable.

This time Miss Woods is kindly giving two prizes of one guinea each for the best article in the Senior and Junior Sections. We thank Miss Lloyd for helping us select the articles and congratulate the prize winners who are: —

Junior Section: Linda Foyle. Senior Section: Joan Custard.
THE EDITORS.

Magazine Committee

Editor: SALLIE PILE
Sub-Editor: MARY COLE
Committee: LUCY JORDAN
RUTH CLEMENTS
CAROLINE CAIRD
VIVIENNE GASTER
HEATHER MIDGLEY
CHRISTINE LEWIS

* * *

School Officials, September 1966

Head Girl: JOAN CUSTARD
Deputy Head Girl: SALLIE PILE
House Captains: Barnes: MARY COLE
Hardy: SALLIE PILE
Wren: JACQUELINE LEWIS.

* * *

LEAVING GIRLS, 1965/6

Autumn Terms 1965

L.VI J. Fairbrace, V. Thorne, P. Bartlett.
III P. Piper.

Summer Term 1966

U.VI S. Bartlett, S. Burt, Z. Glinos, A. Godeseth, J. Hillier,
E. Imber, M. Kelley, J. Le Quesne, A. Mitchell, H. Robins,
F. Scalbert, J. Williams.
L.VI M. Burt, B. Cridland, C. Peckham.
U.V S. Davidson, S. Goddard, P. Hard, C. Hunt, S. Lodge,
M. Mack, W. Major, G. Moore, O. Stainer, R. Wareham,
J. Welford, D. Williams, J. Williams.
U.IV M. Smith, P. Welford.
L.IV D. Sutton.

NEW GIRLS 1965/6

Present Form

Previous School

Autumn Term 1965

L. Abraham	L.VI	Newbury Grammar School.
D. Shaw	U.IV	Stoke Damerel High School.
J. Larson	L.IV	Encinal, Menlow Park, California.
L. Peaty	"	South Wilts Grammar School.

Spring Term 1966

M. Nation	U.IV	Chelmsford High School.
J. Burford	III	Bishop Fox's, Taunton.
P. Warden	"	Gray's Technical School, Essex.

Autumn Term 1966

R. Smith	L.VI	Bicester Grammar School.
S. Carr	U.V	Newbury County Girls' School.
S. Cox	L.V	Darlington High School.
E. Charles	U.IV	South Wilts Grammar School.
C. McIsaacs	"	Sandown Girls' School, Isle of Wight.
S. Bowes	L.IV	English High School for Girls, Istanbul.
V. Bale	III	Tisbury Secondary School.
A. Bidgood	"	Enmore Green Primary School.
M. Brooks	"	Cann C.E. Primary School.
A. Burge	"	Cann C.E. Primary School.
R. Conduit	"	Cann C.E. Primary School.
C. Cox	"	Purbrook Primary School.
J. Eager	"	Iwerne Minster Primary School.
S. Gould	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary School.
J. Gray	"	Tisbury Junior School.
P. Hallett	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary School.
L. Hannam	"	Motcombe Junior School.
S. Hannam	"	Ebbesbourne Wake Primary School.
H. Harris	"	Bowerchalke Primary School.
L. Healy	"	Beechwood Primary, Bitterne.
C. Hine	"	P.N.E.U., Shaftesbury.
J. Hughes	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary School.
P. Jacobs	"	St. James Primary School.
C. Jesse	"	St. Mary's Primary, East Knoyle.
I. Krautschneider	"	Enmore Green Primary School.
C. Lewis	"	Ebbesbourne Wake Primary School.
N. Lofting	"	Cramwell Primary School.
A. Maynard	"	Motcombe Junior School.
S. McCracken	"	Donhead St. Andrew Primary School.
H. Pritchett	"	Milton C.E. Primary School.
L. Rossiter	"	P.N.E.U., Shaftesbury.
P. Sandy	"	Petersfield Primary School.
S. Tucker	"	Shaftesbury C.E. Primary School.
S. Witt	"	Ludwell Primary School.
S. Woods	"	Carswell C.E. Primary School.

SOME EVENTS OF 1966

JANUARY.	U.VI saw "Othello" at The Old Vic.
FEBRUARY.	U.IV and L.V went to a concert at Bournemouth. Visit of Mr. Venables and Miss Rogers.
MARCH.	Sunridge Boarders. Circassian Chalk Circle, Gillingham. London O.G. P.A. Meeting. Confirmation. Archbishop of Canterbury and Six-formers at Gillingham. U.V saw "The Tempest". VI Form Coffee Morning. Party left for Rome. VI Conference at Bryanston. U.IV Fashion Show.
APRIL.	Party left for Holland.
MAY.	Sunridge Boarders went to Orchestra Concert at Gillingham. Lower School Expeditions. Personal Relationships Talk to U.IV. Parents' Day.
JUNE.	III to Midsummer-nights Dream at Wardour.
JULY.	P.A. Meeting. O.G. Meeting. All England Athletics Meeting. VI Society. Psychiatry Today.
OCTOBER.	Speech Day. Barton Hill Boarders' Hallow e'en Party.
NOVEMBER.	W.R.A.F. Talk. O.G. Dinner.

* * *

STAFF NOTES

This year we have had to say good-bye to two members of staff who were retiring, Mrs. Hosford, who left us at Christmas, and Miss Essex who left in the summer. We shall miss them both and wish them well in their retirement.

Miss Cane also left us to return nearer her home. Mr. Duckworth, who had been awarded a Leverhulme Scholarship, was granted a term's leave of absence to attend the School of Oriental and African Studies in London. We are very pleased to welcome back Miss Piggott, who has come to teach Geography and History for a term.

We also extend a welcome to Mrs. Gee, who is teaching Biology; Mrs. Weedon, Modern Languages; Miss Lawrence, P.E., and Mlle. Grand our new assistante. We hope that they will be very happy with us.

OUR SCHOOL SPEECH DAY

Speech Day took place on Wednesday, October 12th, 1966. This was to be the third form's first Speech Day, and for the occasion we had put on clean blouses and were all looking very smart.

At about two o'clock we left school and set off for the cinema where we sat quietly in our seats waiting until the 'platform party' arrived. Soon after two fifteen p.m., Miss Woods, Mr. Crookall, the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. Kirk and Commander Leveson-Gower took their places on the platform and Mrs. Bradford opened by welcoming all the visitors.

Miss Wood's report on the events of the school year followed, and although we did not know many of the girls concerned, we still found it interesting.

Next came the presentation of prizes and certificates, many of the girls who had left last year came back to receive their prizes.

Mr. Crookall, M.B.E., B.D., the Assistant Education Officer for Dorset, having given out the prizes, then made his speech. This was interesting for the parents and amusing for us, because for a long time he puzzled us by his reference to the A.A.S.S.D., which turned out to be the Association for the Abolition of School Speech Days, which cause he supported whole-heartedly!

When the vote of thanks had been given by Commander Leveson-Gower, bouquets were presented by the Head Girl, the Deputy Head Girl, the Third Form Captain and her Deputy. Then the choir sang two lovely songs which we all enjoyed very much.

To end Speech Day the whole School, except the Third Form, sang "My lips shall speak of thy praise", by Maurice Greene, conducted by Miss Drake and accompanied by Mr. Hancock. The National Anthem was sung and our first Speech Day was over. Now we look forward to taking a more active part in it next year.

HELEN HARRIS, III.

REPORTS

Third Form Report

Mrs. Hosford was our Form Mistress for about half a term and then she left our School and we were very sorry to see her go, for she had been at the School for a long time. Our Form Captain was Shirley Wareham. When Mrs. Hosford retired we were very pleased to have Miss Lloyd for our Form Mistress who is our present English teacher. We found that she soon remembered our names and faces!

Later in our first term we received a new girl called Marilyn Frankland, whose parents were posted in Tripoli. Also Shena Diamond and Pauline Piper left.

In the Spring Term we voted for a new Form Captain—this was Janet McMorran. We welcomed two more new girls into our form, Patricia Warden and Jean Burford.

At last the Athletic Season came, in May, and several girls from our form went into the North Dorset Sports, Heather Midgley, Janet McMorran, Benita Harris and Patricia Warden. Janet McMorran was 1st in the 70 yd. hurdles and Patricia Warden broke the record for long jumping. Then later in the term they went to the Dorset Sports.

In July we had our Swimming Sports which we all enjoyed very much. The North Dorset Swimming Sports were held at the Gillingham swimming pool. Here Judith Morgan and Janet McMorran came 1st and 3rd in the 50 yd. front crawl. In the relay Judith Morgan, Angela Botley, Janet McMorran and Marilyn Ford came 1st. Another of our girls, Patricia Warden, went in for 50 yds. breast stroke, in this she was 4th. The Relay Team was 3rd in the all Dorset Sports.

In the Summer Term Miss Lloyd took us on a trip to Glastonbury, we saw the Abbey ruins there. Then we went on to Wookey Hole Caves which were set in a hill. We had tea at the café near by. On the same day we went to see the clock in Wells Cathedral. Also in the Summer Term we went to an open air performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Wardour Castle.

At the end of the School year some of us were very proud to receive "Department Stars"—Lesley Alford, Heather Midgley and Janet McMorran. We won the tidiness picture too.

We have all had an exciting and interesting year and Mrs. Hosford and Miss Lloyd helped us to settle down in the High School!

Lower IV Form Report

We started off our L.IV year with Mr. Duckworth as our Form Master, and Room 4 and Room 7 as our form rooms.

During the year four new members joined our form:—Maureen Reynolds, Valerie Rees, Jacque Larson and Lydia Peaty, who all settled in very well.

This year was a particularly good one for sport, as far as we were concerned. We all enjoyed both the Form Netball matches and the House Netball matches.

Catherine Carter and Susan Hurst were entered for the North Dorset Athletics Sports, and both did very well. Catherine won the Junior Athletics Cup, and Anne Linley came runner-up.

At the end of the Summer Term we had the Tennis matches and the Swimming Sports. Catherine won the Tennis Cup with Celia Finch as runner-up.

Several records were broken at the Sports, with Celia winning the Lower School Cup, and Philippa Jenkins coming runner-up. Celia, Philippa and Claire Norman were entered for the "Triangular" Swimming Match at Gillingham, and all did very well.

One of the highlights of our L.IV year was our trip to London to visit the famous Planetorium.

Also we had great fun organising a "Grand Variety Concert" in aid of the fund to send a West Indian girl to school.

We would like to thank Mr. Duckworth for being a most understanding, kind and helpful Form Master during our second year in the School.

Upper IV Report

We started out in U.IV with Miss Watkins as our Form Mistress. Our Form Captain, Beverley McLeod, had just returned from her first trip home to the Falkland Islands since she came in the III Form. We welcomed three new members of our Form.

In the Spring Term we had a Fashion Show with the help of Mrs. Whaley our Domestic Science Mistress to raise money for Father Huggin's school. We said good-bye to Alison Beswick who left us to be a day girl at home, and in her place we welcomed Diane Show. We went to a concert at Bournemouth, by the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, which was arranged for us by Dr. Johnson.

The Summer Term was very eventful. We went to London with Mr. Duckworth to visit the Commonwealth Institute to gather information about the Commonwealth for our Geography projects. We had a very enjoyable outing to finish off the term. We visited Poole Potteries and had lunch at Sandbanks and then drove to Bournemouth to see the "Sound of Music", which we all enjoyed very much.

On the whole we had a very good year and would like to thank Miss Watkins for all the help she gave us.

Lower V Form Report

With Miss Essex as our Form Mistress we moved, on the first day of the new school year, to Room I, our Form Room. We welcomed four new girls: Liz Morley-Hill, Liz Sandy, Ashlynn Targett and Linda Todd.

We worked steadily throughout the Term with Denise Allum as our Form Captain. We went to see, with Miss Lloyd, "She Stoops to Conquer", at Salisbury. It was extremely good and very amusing.

At Half Term we had to say goodbye to Josephine Turner who has gone to live in Cyprus.

After the Christmas holidays we returned to School to work hard as exams. began only three weeks later. We went, with the U.IV, to the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, for a musical programme performed by the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. This was a welcome change and was appreciated by us all. This Term Sally Hardiman was our Form Captain. Some of the Form helped at the Town Hall when there was a Famine Relief Lunch.

During the Easter holidays four of the Form went to Holland with the School party and had a wonderful time.

Sally Hardiman and Judy Haskett were joint Form Captain in the Summer Term.

After the exams. we went on our Form Outing which was to Poole Pottery in the morning, and afterwards we went to Brank-some Chine. Here we spent the afternoon bathing and walking along the front.

At the end of Term we said goodbye to Miss Essex. For us it was especially sad as Miss Essex had patiently borne our rather noisy ways throughout the year.

Our fourth year was a successful one with three Good Work Prizes, a Progress Prize, and members of the Form played Hockey, Netball, Tennis, and also swam for the School, and Patricia Scalbert was runner-up in Middle School Athletics on Parents' Day.

Upper V Form Report

The Christmas Term passed by fairly uneventfully, except for the Form Dance, which we all enjoyed.

During the Spring Term exams. were somehow endured and work began again.

In the middle of March we played the Modern School's Hockey team, but unfortunately lost 1—0.

We also visited the Salisbury Playhouse to see "The Tempest". This we found especially interesting since we had studied it the year before.

Several people left early to go to Rome, and the Form Room seemed quite quiet and depressing.

We won the tidiness picture due to a very efficient espionage system! And Wendy Major was awarded a Deportment Star.

Our last Term as a complete Form was very happy, although exams. were a black cloud in the middle of "flaming June"!

Firstly, however, Miss Lloyd took the Form on an expedition to Dorchester which was very interesting, and an unusual way in which to revise our English Literature. It all proved helpful as she was rewarded with eleven grade one's at 'O' level.

On May 15th several members of the Form walked along the downs on a sponsored walk to Salisbury Cathedral in aid of the "Save the Children Fund".

Several of us went to the North Dorset Sports, but only Susan Lofting went to the Dorset Athletics where she came second in the 150 yards, and ran in the team which came first in the Relay.

At Half Term Jackie Lewis, Susan Lofting and Jean Sharkey were made sub-prefects—congratulations!

Exams came and somehow went, and we were pleased to get more work prizes than ever before. Good Work prizes were awarded to Susan Davidson, Susan Lofting, Hilary Pope and Deborah Williams. Olwen Stainer was awarded a Progress prize. Jean Sharkey was awarded the Art prize, and Hilary Pope the Domestic Science prize.

With exams over we took our Form Expedition to Minehead. Miss Matthews took us for a walk across the cliffs, which was great fun.

In the last week of the Term we organised a Dance in the Town Hall, which raised £45 for the education of a West Indian girl. The extra money which was raised from holding a tuckshop throughout the year was given to charities.

The last days of Term were very sad as half the Form was leaving. We hope that they will all get on well in their new schools, and first jobs.

VI Form Report

There was no need to knock on the door any longer, we were "in" and began our Sixth Form career amongst a conglomeration of books, file-paper, and duty lists. The Upper VI scurried about, burying their heads in books, concentrating on "the event" at the end of the year, whilst Lower VI watched with interest, gloating in their year of reprieve.

During the Autumn Term the French Group enjoyed several play-readings with Clayesmore. At the end of the Term we all busied ourselves preparing for the annual Sixth Form Dance. The preparation was not in vain, for we all agreed it was a very successful occasion and one well worth repeating. A group of the Upper VIth joined with colleagues from the Grammar School and raised a tidy sum of money for charity by carol singing. The Lower VI, always willing to follow a good example, managed to start the collection for the education of a West Indian girl we adopted by carol singing too!

When the Spring examinations were over, we cast our eyes upon the outside world once more and arranged a Coffee Morning in aid of the same fund. This was a great success and we obtained the sum needed to pay for the girl's education for one year.

Summer came, and despite various sporting activities, there was an increased and vigorous attack upon work. During "A" level the Lower VI enjoyed taking over all the school duties and the Upper VI found it a pleasant change just to have their own school work to do.

After the examinations, the Upper VI spent a few days at Miss Woods' caravan, and several members of L.VI accompanied various Form expeditions to different places. We were very sorry to say good-bye to all the leavers from both Forms, and we wish them every success in their respective careers! Finally our thanks go to Miss Fraser, whose kind advice and loyal support maintains the efficient running of the VIth Form!

* * *

SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

There were three meetings of School Council during this past year which involved several interesting discussions.

The usual grants were made by Council for Form expeditions and parties, although there was no Lower School Party because during the past few years illness has caused it to be cancelled, wasting all the effort put into it by the organisers.

It was decided by Council to abolish Form expeditions as such, due to lack of enthusiasm on the part of both the girls and the staff, plus the agonizing indecision which was always involved when deciding on a destination. Council felt that it was a much better idea for a Form to request an expedition to a place which they sincerely wished to visit. In such a case Council would make a grant towards the cost.

There was a discussion on several aspects of School discipline during one meeting. Miss Woods pointed out that the existing rules were reasonable but many were not well kept. She asked Council members to remind Forms of these rules and to make an effort to keep them.

I hope all Council members can look back with gratitude on this successful year and value the experience gained from representing their Forms on School Council.

JANET BALLINGER, *Secretary*.

* * *

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

There was a slight increase in last year's collections and this year we were able to donate over £26 to various charities, which included the Richard Dimbleby Cancer Research Fund and Muscular Dystrophy. In addition to this, Forms have been working very hard to save the amount needed for the education and text books of their West Indian girl in the Secondary School in St. Vincent. In order to raise the money, they have organised many successful functions, including a dance and fashion parade, and by the end of the year, had collected the required amount.

At Christmas we sent several boxes of clothing to Oxfam and were pleased to hear that they were much appreciated, as were the toys which were put round the Christmas tree. Seals for Spastics were also sold.

I hope that this year the School will take yet a greater interest in Social Service work, and that the collections will be even more generous!

JOAN CUSTARD, *Secretary*.

* * *

HOCKEY REPORT

After a very successful year with our Hockey we now have to say goodbye to Miss Fraser as our Games Mistress. I am sure that the whole of the School must feel that they owe her some appreciation for the way in which she has enabled us to reach such high standards of achievement.

Hockey matches were played against the following opponents: Blandford Grammar School, St. Antony's Convent, Old Girls in October, and we also took part in a Hockey Tournament held at Parkstone.

J. BOURNE.

Teams:

1st XI

P. Gibson
F. Scalbert, Capt.
A. Mitchell
Z. Glinos
S. Bartlett
J. Le Quesne
J. Hillier
G. Moore
J. Bourne
S. McMorran
J. Ballinger

G.
R.B.
L.B.
R.H.
C.H.
L.H.
R.W.
R.I.
C.F.
L.I.
L.W.

2nd XI

Y. Lean
S. Lofting
J. Welford
P. Carter
H. Robins, Capt.
J. Edmunds
A. Gauld
E. Imber
J. Lewis
S. Pile
B. Cridland

Colours: F. Scalbert, A. Mitchell, J. Bourne, S. Bartlett, Z. Glinos, J. Le Quesne, J. Hillier.

* * *

NETBALL REPORT

Four matches were played during the season, two against the Hall School, Wincanton, and two against St. Mary's Convent. All these matches were successful. Once again we convey our thanks to Miss Fraser, for her invaluable support throughout the year.

J. BOURNE.

Teams:

1st VII

J. Custard
Z. Glinos, Capt.
A. Mitchell
S. Bartlett
F. Scalbert
S. Young
P. Gale

G.S.
G.A.
W.A.
C.
W.D.
G.D.
G.K.

2nd VII

J. Le Quesne
J. Bourne, Capt.
J. Ballinger
S. McMorran
A. Gauld
J. Welford
H. Robins

Colours: Z. Glinos, J. Bourne, S. Bartlett, J. Custard, F. Scalbert.

* * *

GYMNASTICS CLUB REPORT

We held our Gym Club as usual on Monday afternoons after school. We welcomed many newcomers to the Club, who, we hope, enjoyed their gymnastics during the year.

We did not do a performance this year for the Parents' Association, but everyone practised their own specialities until perfection was reached.

We were very sorry that Miss Fraser gave up teaching Physical Education at the end of the year. She has worked very hard teaching us the fine arts of gymnastics, and we are very grateful to her.

We were also very sorry to say goodbye to F. Scalbert and H. Robins who have left school to further their education.

We now welcome Miss Lawrence who has joined us this year and we hope she will enjoy her time with us.

We are hoping to perform again this year, in the summer, and so we have a great deal of hard work ahead of us.

PAMELA SCALBERT, Upper V, *Leader*.

* * *

TENNIS REPORT

We played few matches last year, but nevertheless the teams were still enthusiastic and enjoyed the matches they did play. The Old Girls' match was a particularly friendly occasion even if disappointing for the School at least, who allowed the experience of the Old Girls to conquer their youthful energy! We all thank Miss Fraser for all her patient coaching during the year and look forward to more training with Miss Lawrence in the coming season.

M. COLE.

Singles Championships:

Lower School: C. Carter beat C. Finch 6—1.

Middle School: J. Kerley beat S. Young 6—1, 5—7, 7—5.

Upper School: M. Cole beat Z. Glinos 6—1, 6—1.

House Cup:

1st—Barnes; 2nd—Wren; 3rd—Hardy.

Teams:

1st VI

Z. Glinos

F. Scalbert

J. Bourne

M. Cole

J. Welford

G. Moore

1st Couple

2nd Couple

3rd Couple

2nd VI

A. Gauld

J. Le Quesne

H. Robins

J. Hillier

H. Mead

S. Pile

Also played: S. McMorran, S. Bartlett, A. Mitchell, S. Young.

Colours: J. Bourne, M. Cole, Z. Glinos, F. Scalbert.

* * *

ATHLETICS REPORT

Athletics standards were generally improved this season. On Parents' Day, 25th June, Wren won the Cup with 1,658 points, the highest ever total. Hardy came second with 1,470 points, Barnes third with 1,447 points. In spite of heavy rain all the morning, preparations had continued optimistically, until at 2 o'clock the clouds lifted just in time for another exciting Sports Day to begin.

Four new records were set up and others equalled even in such sodden conditions.

The Individual Championships were won by: —

Lower School: C. Carter (runner-up: A. Linley).

Middle School: J. Davies (runner-up: P. J. Scalbert).

Upper School: F. Scalbert (runner-up: H. Robins).

Thirty-two girls represented the School at the North Dorset Schools' Athletics Meeting held at Sturminster Newton on May 21st. Twelve girls took first places, nine of which were new records. Three were then chosen for County Championships at Bridport on the 11th June, where two broke County records and three, S. McMorran, F. Scalbert and H. Robins qualified for the S.W. Counties Schools' Sports held at Weston-Super-Mere on 18th June.

F. Scalbert came 3rd in the Long Jump, S. McMorran 5th in the 100 yards, and H. Robins 6th in the 80m. Hurdles, F. Scalbert and S. McMorran also ran in the Senior Relay Team which came first and went on to represent Dorset in the All England Schools' Sports at Blackburn on the 18th and 19th July. They also competed in their own events. The Relay team came 1st in the heat and 4th in the final, much to the surprise of the Dorset Team Captain, as Dorset is usually regarded as a minor County and therefore is not expected to feature prominently in team events.

Such successful results could never have been achieved had it not been for Miss Fraser's expert coaching and the keen enthusiasm which she instilled in us throughout the season. It is with sincere regret that we part with Miss Fraser's invaluable coaching as our Games' Mistress, but we welcome Miss Lawrence and hope she will soon settle in.

Colours: F. Scalbert 1964 (Re-awarded 1966), M. Kelley, H. Robins, S. McMorran, Z. Glinos, S. McMorran.

* * *

SWIMMING REPORT

The first major event of the season was the North Dorset Schools' Gala at Gillingham in which we competed against teams from Weymouth and Dorchester as well as the local schools. The Relay teams were very successful, the Junior and Senior School teams came first, and the Middle School team was second. In the Individual Events, Helen Robins, Helen Bairsto, Jackie Davies and Judith Morgan were selected to represent the North in the Dorset Schools' Gala held in Bournemouth on July 16th. At Bournemouth the Middle and Senior School Relay teams were second and the Junior team was third.

A new Cup was bought to be presented to the winners of the annual triangular match between the High School, Shaftesbury Modern School and Gillingham School. We had great success in the individual events, and all our Relay teams came first. Consequently we were presented with the Cup for this year.

The School Swimming Sports were held at the Shaftesbury pool on July 13th. Despite the rather damp and chilly weather, several new records were made, and Wren won the Swimming Shield for the third year running.

The standard of swimming throughout the School was good and we did better than usual at the Galas we attended. We would like to thank Miss Fraser very much for all her expert coaching during her years as Games Mistress here. Without her cheerfulness and enthusiasm the progress we have made in our swimming would not have been possible.

House Swimming Shield:

1st—Wren; 2nd—Hardy; 3rd—Barnes.

Upper School Champion:

Anthea Mitchell. Runner-up: Helen Robins.

Middle School Champion:

Jackie Davies. Runner-up: Pat Bolton.

Junior School Champion:

Celia Finch. Runner-up: Philippa Jenkins.

School Swimming Captain:

A. Mitchell. Deputy: H. Robins.

Colours already held:

A. Mitchell, S. Bartlett.

New Colours Awarded:

H. Robins, P. Gibson, S. McMorran.

PENELOPE GIBSON.

* * *

CHOIR REPORT

In last year's Carol Service, the High School and the Grammar School choirs combined to sing some beautiful carols which included, "I Saw a Fair Mayden", "The Blessed Son of God", and "A Great and Mighty Wonder". The High School choir sang "There is no Rose of Such Virtue" by Christopher Brown, the son of Mr. Brown the H.M.I. for Dorset. The fact that one of our own generation could compose such a charming song inspired us with enthusiasm.

On Speech Day, we were very sorry to hear of Dr. Johnson's sudden illness—we had all been looking forward so much to his playing the piano accompaniment, but Mr. Hancock kindly took

his place at very short notice. We sang "The lovely lass of Inverness" by A. Somerville and "Sleeves so Broad" from the Dvorak Gipsy Songs arranged by Dr. R. Johnson. We are hoping to sing all the Gipsy Songs with him in the near future.

Finally, we in the choir, would like to express our grateful thanks to Miss Drake, who has employed so much time and energy in training us.

JOAN CUSTARD & SALLIE PILE, *Leaders*.

* * *

ORCHESTRA REPORT

We had a quiet year on the whole, continuing to meet during the Wednesday lunch hour. At the end of the year we said good-bye to our leader, and the other first violinist, principal flautist, and 'cellist. We wish them every success in their future careers, and hope that they will continue to make music wherever they are. Although now diminished in size, we are carrying on undaunted and hoping for future members to our group. Our grateful thanks to Miss Drake and to Mr. Purcell for all they have done for the orchestra.

DENISE ALLUM, Upper V, *Leader*.

* * *

RECORDER SOCIETY REPORT

This last year we have enlarged our Recorder Society to the extent that we have been able to play the Sonata by Giovanni Gabrieli, arranged by Dr. R. Johnson, which involved dividing into two choirs.

Although this year has been spent largely in practising to perfect our playing so that we have been unable to perform our work we did have a meeting with Cann Primary School. About twenty boys and girls came to listen and play with us and we were pleased to find what a high standard of playing they had achieved. We hope soon to hold a similar meeting with Blandford School Recorder Group.

Meetings have been held every Monday, and with Miss Drake we have attempted ambitious works such as "The Leaves be Green", by William Byrd, "Two Chansons" by Thomas Crecquillon and three settings of "In Nomine" by Blitheman, Allwood and Taverner.

SALLIE PILE, Upper VI, *Leader*.

FLOWER GROUP REPORT

Once again the Flower Group has had a successful year. We entered some classes in the Chrysanthemum Show and Lucy Mercer gained a 2nd prize; Pamela Carter was also successful in two other local shows.

We put on one of our best Parents' Day exhibitions and were complimented on this, as well as our efforts for Speech Day.

All our members went to Gillingham School on a memorable occasion when the famous Mr. George Smith gave a brilliant demonstration, arranging both the usual flowers and many exotic blooms in fascinating containers.

More recently we again went to Gillingham to see a demonstration of the Japanese style of flower-arrangement given by Miss Stella Coe, in a lively manner. This was also very interesting and we were amused to learn that this kind of art is supposed to strengthen the character and give one tranquillity. We were very impressed by the art displayed by Mr. Smith and Miss Coe and came away inspired to make more effort in our own arranging.

Besides this, we have had many enjoyable meetings throughout the year, experimenting with different colours, textures, shapes and containers.

However, none of this could have been achieved without the continued support and advice of Miss Drake, to whom we once again extend our hearty thanks.

PAMELA CARTER, Lower VI.

* * *

DEBATING SOCIETY

Once again members of the Sixth Form were lucky enough to be able to join the Grammar School Debating Society. Several controversial motions were debated including:—

That women are definitely the weaker sex. (Carried).

That the Commonwealth as an Institution should be abolished. (Defeated).

That this House deplores the hunting of game for sport. (Carried).

There was also one light-hearted successful Hat-night where such motions as "This House thinks that roads should be white with black lines painted on them" and "That this House believes in Santa Claus" were vigorously debated!

We must thank the Grammar School for their continued hospitality and we look forward to many debates in the future.

MARY COLE, VI.

JUNIOR SECTION

PUTTING THE BABIES TO BED

Not a rustle of grass, nor a snapping of twig. We crept along the water's edge. Soon, we came to a clump of young trees and bushes, to anyone else this was quite an ordinary little clump, but Anne, Jill and I crept into it. On the ground was a soft carpet of dried grass and dandelion fluff.

Settling down, we looked up along the shining stretch of water. After a moment or two, we saw what was the cause of our visit to the river. First, a stately swan glided up. This was the father swan, he swam right up to us, made quite sure we were safe and away he went. Next came mother swan, pretty, and proud of what swam around her—five of the most adorable, tiny, fluffy cygnets. The two proud parents quacked softly as if to say, "Look at our fine family, they're the best you've ever seen aren't they?" We could only agree with them. Holding our breath and hardly daring to move, we watched as the little family, heads high, and the tiny ones squeaking as loud as they were able, swam to their cosy nest. This nest. This nest was built high up on the bank. Mother spread her big white wings and flapped up onto the nest and called to her babies.

They had to get up themselves, and as they were only three days old, this was not easy.

One flapped several times, then, splosh! Soon after, the others took it into their tiny grey, fluffy heads to help him. Four got up this way then the last, having nobody to help him, tried to flap up. He just could not do it, so he went round to father, "Daddy! I can't get up, please help me!" Father told him not to be such a silly swan and went on preening himself. Still, after a few more struggles, baby got up. This was not all, "Mum" preened all her cygnets and then they all sat round her while she made little noises and quacks, I am quite sure that she told them a bedtime story. "The Ugly Duckling", perhaps. After what seemed a lot of fussing and impatience to me, and goodnights had been quacked, mother swan gently lifted her snowy white wings and her little ones crept under them. That was our sign to creep softly away, "Goodnight, little cygnets, Goodnight".

LINDA FOYLE, Lower IV.

* * *

HIGHLIGHTS OF MY HOLIDAY

For the second year following we travelled up to Perthshire for our holiday. We did not tour but stayed in a little village in the beautiful Glen of Lockay. It was fun to return and find familiar

surroundings and faces and to realize that it was just as beautiful as we remembered.

Once again we climbed Ben Lawers. We started off early in the morning when it was reasonably fine weather, but the higher we climbed the more the mist swirled closer, until we could barely see the track. The mist made everything deathly quiet except for the rushing of the babbling burns and the eerie calling of the mountain birds. It was then that we realized how easy it was to lose oneself in the mist. Father made marks with his walking stick and I dropped pieces of bread here and there for good measure!, even though mother laughed and said the birds would surely eat them!

From time to time great banks of black peat loomed all around us and we thought,

"Oh! If only we had a sack and shovel!"

Even though the view was blurred, standing there thousands of feet above the lochs we thought how beautiful it all seemed.

Pitlockry lies some thirty miles away from 'our' glen. It is rather a lovely little town in the heart of the Highlands, and we have visited it many times. This year we made an extensive tour of the famous Pitlockry dam. When this was constructed it formed a new loch above the town. Thousands of visitors thronged to see the wonderful fish-ladder which the North Scotland Hydro-Electricity Board built, especially for the salmon at breeding times. These swim up river and jump the ladder on their journey to the breeding grounds.

A special observation window has been built where people can actually see the salmon fight there way up. We saw an enormous grilse thrashing round in the murky water.

While in Pitlockry I was measured for a 'real' kilt and I chose a Kerr tartan—this is still to arrive, I did bring back a cosy tartan cape though and have already found it very useful.

On another occasion we were all invited to wander round a fishing tackle workshop where canes were being split and bound in readiness for the fly-rods.

Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, was visited by us one day. Instead of taking the main roads, we cut across the desolate Glen Garry. It is wild, though beautiful, and we did not see a soul for over two hours. Later in the day we saw the scene where the Battle of Cullodden took place.

As we descended into Inverness the whole of the Murray Firth was spread out before us.

We walked along "Ness Walk" which, at that time, was flooded, after heavy rain, and we looked up at the large, massive red stone castle. In this town we bought the most wonderful Scottish cured mackerel—they were delicious!

Back at 'home' in 'our' glen, one evening, mother and I and the dog, were ambling along quietly looking for pheasants, for they breed them in those parts, when we saw a real live poacher at work! A man in a kilt was crawling through the heather, he took out an air rifle from under his jacket—took aim, and fired. He slipped the bird under his jacket, the rifle disappeared in a jiffy—and so did he!

Later on that night we met Jim, the gamekeeper and his wife, whom we had met before. They were an interesting couple and taught us a lot.

Late Summer is the usual time for the Highland Games and many evenings we met a lone piper practising his pipes, and heard the melancholy sound echoing down the glen.

Now when we dream of Scotland we think of baps and crispy morning rolls, Arbroath smokies and bridies—and we love it all so much, we are determined to save hard so that we can buy our own spot of land, in 'our' glen.

CLAIRE PERRY, Lower IV.

* * *

THE BLACK STALLION

All was silent; not a rustle of air, not even the smallest animal crawling, peace reigned.

Then all of a sudden, like a bullet whistling from a gun, the dust could be seen being ground up by the hooves of a herd of sound of tramping horses could be heard. On the distant horizon, galloping horses, galloping, galloping, galloping. What had disturbed them? As the mass of dust came nearer and nearer, bigger and bigger, so the peace and serenity of this deserted prairie was shattered. The group now could be seen led by a magnificent black horse.

Amongst the group were five foals running as fast as they could by their mother's side. The herd began to slow up and gradually stopped.

Then as if from nowhere a lone grey stallion advanced. There was going to be a fight. The two stallions came towards each other, the black one panting and blowing from the run. They both reared at the same time and their hooves came down on each others neck. The grey stallion neighed and reared bringing his hooves down missing the black stallion completely because of the quick side step of the black stallion. Now it was his turn to rear. Down came his hooves on the grey's back.

The grey stallion was soon beginning to win as the advantage was his of not being tired. But the black stallion would not give in,

he would fight until the end if necessary. Soon he had a long gash down his neck and hind quarters.

Suddenly the grey reared and brought one almighty blow which caught the black stallion unawares on his head. He fell, never to get up again. Exhaustion, wounds and that fatal blow had sent him to the ground.

As the grey stallion stood triumphantly over his opponent, a small foal came over, the image of the black stallion, his son, and gently licked the wounds and ears of the dead horse, expecting him to get up again.

The lifeless body did not move, the foal looked enquiringly at his mother who came over and gently nudged the foal away back to his playmates. Later this small foal would regain the title his father had had, "King of the Herd". But at the moment the grey stallion which had caused the death of a superb horse, was to take the leadership.

But that was life on the prairie.

PENELOPE JOYCE, U.I.V G.

* * *

OUR TRIP TO HOLLAND

On Wednesday, April 6th, we were rumbling towards Harwich in a train, with Miss Lloyd, Miss Maddick, and Mrs. Robinson, who had joined our party at Chelmsford.

At Harwich, we walked $\frac{3}{4}$ mile (which did not please us) to our ship, the "Queen Wilhelmina", and after one of the crew had wished us a 'appy 'oliday, we were shown to tiny cabins, with some tiny bunks, where we spent a most uncomfortable night.

The boat sailed at 12.30 the next morning, and it was not very long before we saw the dim outline of Holland in the distance.

In Holland, our coach took us to "Hotel Maajwick", in Schereningen, where we saw Madame (who looked very much the "no nonsense" type) and Mr. Von Chafen, who crept around selling stamps for most of our stay. After supper, we retired to bed early.

After breakfast, the next day, we went shopping, and found that most of the assistants could speak some English. In the afternoon we went by coach to Gouda, where we only spent half an hour. We saw a most fascinating clock which played a tune, and where little coloured figures appeared every half hour. We then went to "Avifauna", which is the "best aviary in Europe"—or so we were told. The flamingos were especially beautiful.

The next day (Saturday) was to be our first whole-day trip. First of all we went to Alkmaar to see the cheese market and the

shops, and then travelled to Volendam, by the Zyder Zee, where we travelled in an open boat to the Island of Marken. Most of the people wore national costume, but the children took great aversion to being photographed, and whenever we attempted to, pedalled away on their bicycles. Our next stop was Edam, where we saw how the famous cheeses are made (they taste delicious) and also paid a brief visit to a clogmakers.

On Easter Sunday we went by train to church, and lost our way in the woods on the way back! In the afternoon we spent an enjoyable time at the model village of Madurodam.

On Monday morning we looked round Scheveningen, but, when we went to Delft in the afternoon we found that the pottery, and most of the shops, were closed, and spent most of the time in a fish and chip shop!

On Tuesday we travelled to Amsterdam, and after we had looked round a most interesting museum, we went to a diamond cutters, and we all tried on some very valuable diamond rings! We also went to a lovely shop called the "Beehive", but the best outing of the day was on the canals of Amsterdam in a beautiful glass-topped boat.

The next day, which was a Wednesday, we went to Almeer, the flower market, which was one mass of beautiful bloom. After dinner we went to the Hague, and to the "Palace of Peace", a really beautiful building. One of the loveliest rooms is the "Japanese Room".

As it was very near the end of our stay, most of us had "mid-night feasts" that night to celebrate.

The next day was our last in Holland. In the morning we went on a last shopping spree in Scheveningen, and after dinner, when we had said goodbye to Madame and Mr. Von Chafen, we drove to Rotterdam and had a boat trip on the largest harbour in the world.

Then it was home again; we had all enjoyed our holiday very much.

LESLEY HUGHES, Lower V.

* * *

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

How lovely it is on a nice April Day
To go gathering flowers all bright and gay.
The beautiful golden daffodil
We pick them in bunches on Windmill Hill,
Then there is the celendine
That looks so bright and is so fine,
Next there is the pretty primrose,
With the spring she comes and goes.
There are usually violets in the glade
When the snowdrops begin to fade,
Then I pick the daisy sweet
That is so small and nice and neat
The greeny moss I also like,
I find it in both ditch and dyke.
How lovely it is on a nice April Day
To go gathering flowers all bright and gay.
HEATHER MIDGLEY, L.IV.

* * *

AUTUMN LEAVES

Golden yellow with rusty red,
Round the tree trunks all fall dead,
They must be dead all lying there,
But watch, when wind blows through the air.
A few jump up and off they go,
Swishing and swaying to and fro,
A stronger gust—and more whirl round
Filling the air with a crackling sound.
Hopping, popping, twisting, twirling,
Dancing, prancing, quickly curling,
Crashing, dashing, hustling, rustling,
Pushing, shoving, loudly bustling.
On they rush,—they keep on flying,
Even though the wind is dying,
The wind is gone. They lose their will,
They're on the ground, and all is still.
JULIA BERRY, U.IV W.

* * *

MISCHIEF (a personification)

Mischief is a clever lad,
In green and yellow he is clad,
Prancing through the homes of all
His needless help we do not call.

Secret plans—he makes a few,
Which hinder us in all we do,
Spoils our prep with blots of ink,
With laughing smile and jovial wink.
Just for fun he makes a scare,
With ghosts that are not really there.
White and clumsy frightening shapes,
Prancing figures, dancing apes.
When its time to rest your head,
You think of Mischief in his bed,
Sorting out in his small mind,
Mischief you'll be sure to find.

ANNE LINLEY, U.IV G.

* * *

HORSES

Down came the rain,
The thunder again,
Lightning, follows,
Then out of the hollows,
The horses came tramping.
Running, stamping.
Whinnying, crying,
Galloping, Flying
Frightened now,
Going where how?
Running, stamping,
The horses came tramping,
But bleeding and dying
They will be lying,
When the storm is through.

PENELOPE JOYCE, U.IV G.

* * *

A PREP LESSON

The room is in uproar, and many girls laugh,
There's not a thought for that awful Maths graph,
Then in comes the prefect, so tall and so strict,
Who says "Pick up that paper, I saw it flicked!"
She sits and she glowers and that room becomes,
The picture of tidiness sought after by Mums,
The room is in silence, LET WORK BEGIN!
In one hand a pencil, the other a chin.

The form puts up a pretence of work,
But behind that French book is hidden a smirk,
This caused by the paper upon Julie's head
Reading—"Kick me, and hit me and send me to bed".

A note flies across, the Prefect sees,
Behind their books, they're busy as bees,
Whispering, giggling, writing some notes,
Then through the air a tiny voice floats . . .

"Oi, give that back, it ain't mine y' know!"
"Be quiet the sixth form are working below".
That was our prefect, trying to write
A letter she wants to be posted tonight!

And so it goes on, forty minutes in length,
'Till the prefect has almost run out of strength.
The bell goes, and what then?
Why, the room is in uproar again.

EDWINA GRAY, L.V.

SENIOR SECTION

IMPRESSION OF A DAY VISIT TO LONDON

During the summer holidays two of my friends and I visited London.

We emerged from the train at Waterloo, slightly bewildered and overwhelmed. Comparing Gillingham station with this massive place, full of the hustle and bustle of hurrying people, we felt alone. My first feeling was of inconspicuousness and inferiority. Here were three country girls amid hundreds of people who were accustomed to the selfish life of London. I say selfish because I compare it with life in Shaftesbury. Here, we step off the pavement for elderly people to pass by; we help small children to cross the roads and there is general courtesy between pedestrians and motorists. But in London, as far as I saw, this courtesy has become obsolete. The whole life there seems to me to be one big rush.

Not knowing which way to go we finally headed for the Underground. Completely ignorant as to where and how to buy a ticket, the only thing we could do was to follow the signposts. Finally, much to our astonishment, we arrived safely at Oxford Circus.

Our aim was to do our shopping before seeing any sights of this famous city. We entered a huge shop, the floors of which were lined with luxurious carpets, serenaded by soft music and lit by

delicate chandeliers. Although the shop had all these trimmings we soon discovered that the actual stock of the shop was no better than that of the shops in Southampton. However, everything was displayed in a far more modern manner.

Naturally we were impressed and this improved our somewhat lowered opinion of London. We decided to have lunch in a café but never realised how difficult this would be. For fifteen minutes we were delayed in a crowd of people, who, regardless of others, were pushing their way past us. When they did not succeed they became furious, thus increasing their attempts to pass. We waited patiently but soon realised that this was not going to release us from the crowd. So we scrambled and pushed like the others, and finally escaped the claustrophobia of the swaying throng.

We searched café after café but every one was crowded so we bought some sandwiches. There was no nearby park where we could comfortably sit and eat our lunch and enjoy the view, for the only view we could see was car exhaust.

After asking for a few directions we managed to find Piccadilly Circus where we took several photographs. It was difficult to find a suitable place for taking these photographs, as there were so many foreign students sitting there. All three of us noticed the abundance of foreigners in London. Every other person we encountered was foreign.

We reached Trafalgar Square and were greatly impressed by its grandeur. There we decided to eat our sandwiches and we took photographs of ourselves doing so. Then it began to rain so we sheltered outside the Palladium theatre, but we were feeling too miserable to really appreciate where we were. We found seats in a café and sat and waited for the rain to stop. London seemed so lonely and gradually we began to wish we were back at small, unknown Shaftesbury where we could be warm and dry.

We returned to the Underground and, for once, I knew where to go. We soon found ourselves back at Waterloo and, after a great deal of controversy as to which train we should catch, we left London and travelled to Gillingham.

I must admit I was slightly disappointed in this celebrated capital, but it would be wrong to judge a city on a single day visit. One day I hope to dismiss my limited rural views and explore this metropolis further. Perhaps I shall then become accustomed to the fog, smoke and noise of London, and look with scorn at the life I have been leading in Shaftesbury for the past ten years.

JANE FARRAND, U.V.

"NON SIBI SED OMNIBUS"

The Pros and W. Nats., Libs., Labs., Cons. of it all.

The contagious fever of the General Election last Spring, gripped that little known, but nevertheless fiercely contested constituency of Bleke Street. The campaigning was hot, but the newly enfranchised voters were incalculable. So in the heat of pre-Election excitement, a plan was made for an Opinion Poll to be set up; but the going was too hard, and it all fell flat. Reminding slogans had more success, but they tended to be posted up everywhere, illegally, to brainwash away the floating voters' doubts:

**"Don't be flustered,
Vote for Custard"**

exhorted a Liberal notice;

**"Sprung a Leek?
Vote for Cole"**

came the cry from the heart of Welsh Nationalism. And this was Politics.

Worth our Weight in Gold

Our charitable disposition was so charitably disposed last year, that several forms found themselves in the Red by thirty of those variable pounds—sterling not weight of course. (Strange to parenthesise though, that during the school life of a "Sibi" agent, the degree of love for that well institutionalised stodge has varied from disgusted distaste, to continual craving.) To return to those £s, all debts were finally cleared up by the usual devious methods employed by good-hearted people: Coffee Mornings, Dances, Fashion Shows, Variety Shows, and to the joy of tooth-type bacteria, the sale of sweets. Consequently, some West Indian children are now being educated, and, reports one of "Sibi"'s agents, two craters excavated by some of those tooth-type bacteria, have been filled at the expense of the Country—the "Sibi" agent being under the age of twenty-one and therefore unable to pay up dental bills. But apparently one good turn deserves another.

Obituary : All Systems Go, Go, Go.

"Sibi" hereby informs the Public of the loss of a long-lived friend who long outlived its days, or as the scribe put it:

"I declare this Prefectorial System dead, and may God bless it and all those of the good ship "High School" who sail without it and its little tin-badges."

Battle of Hastings 1066 — Battle of Sexes 1966

One of "Sibi"'s agents reports the attendance of English lessons at the Grammar School, by seven High School girls. It looks as though this will be a Perennial General Meeting. The question arising from the Minutes is: "Who's winning?"

* * *

UP IN THE CLOUDS

The sky was a deep blue, the fields glistened with early morning dew and the continual chime of cow bells seemed to echo the excited ringing in my own heart.

I had never seen countryside quite so beautiful before—through the car window loomed snow-capped mountains, colourful chalets, cascades, clear mountain torrents and the occasional glacier. We were on our way to Chamonix, about eighty miles from the villa near Annecy, just over the Swiss border into France, where I was spending a month with some French friends. A long time before we reached our destination, someone gasped "Voilà Mont Blanc!" and there it stood on the horizon, just to the right. I could not believe that anything so wonderful could be real, and we gazed at it in awestruck silence. The snow shimmered in contrast with its blue background, so spotlessly white that its deceptive radiance made one forget, for the moment, the tragedies it had caused, the corpses it concealed. I envied it its confident imperturbability, moved by nothing and no-one. Everything near it seemed to bow down in homage before this majestic tyrant, which asked nothing of them but respect, and yet occasionally, thoughtlessly tore from them a few of their loved ones, in return for the ceaseless beauty it provided, enhancing their lives with its purity and inexplicable breath of dominating nature.

By mountain train, we were taken to a point overlooking "La Mer de Glace", the enormous sea of ice which flowed so slowly from the heights, miles long, enchantingly beautiful. I could have sat for hours, hypnotised by its deep crevasses, its apparently motionless course through towering mountains and its powerful invitation to death. I could understand why so many had risked their lives to explore its jewelled surface, but shuddered at the thought of the many who had been tricked, fallen into one of its gaping fissures, only to be found years later cruelly preserved in a block of cold-hearted ice, victims of its avarice.

Days before, I had not imagined there could be anything so breathtakingly lovely; years afterwards, the spell it put on me will remain, and I shall always remember it as one of the most exhilarating moments of my life.

JOAN CUSTARD, U.VI.

THE ROME EXPEDITION

Between the dates March 30th and April 5th the production of Rome's ice-cream was doubled to cater for the increase in number of consumers. Yes, a contingent of Shaftesbury High School had arrived! Our Roman residence, tall, slender and still in its infancy was the Marco Polo. Language was basic when communicating with the hotel staff, but with our guide, Miss Androvitch, whose English was excellent, conversation was easy and informative. Fully equipped for a sight-seeing tour with 'bus, driver and guide, we joined the bustling life of Rome.

Rome's traffic is fast moving. What with Fiats by the drove—driven none too patiently by hooter-happy owners—and public transport sighing and hissing as it deigns to consume or release passengers, chaos, aggravated by temperamental Italians can easily result.

Away from the bustle, we with much puffing and exclamation ascended the ramp to the Capitol dominated by its equestrian figure of Marcus Aurelius. We descended the far side, and the Forum, in all its calm magnificence lay before us, but first we made a quick visit to that clammy, confined cell, which was St. Peter's prison. Then we were eagerly exploring the mass of ruins, gazing upon the white marble glinting in the sunlight and walking upon the cobbles worn by feet and chariots of centuries ago. Following a path from the Forum, we climbed the Palatine to see where the wealthy Romans had lived. The fine structures of the House of Livia and other residences engulfing a beautiful view of Rome impressed upon us how "modern" the Romans were!

In contrast to this was the building of another era—the Vatican. One's memory may be inaccurate on details as time passes by, but impressions remain. Of a complex building like the Vatican, the myriads of rooms and their contents become indistinct in one's mind, and a swirling coloured pattern of images is all one can remember. But the joy experienced from seeing the whole is retained. Just as is the fascination felt in the Vatican library with its illuminated documents and ancient books. One is left breathless as one gazes at the Sistine Chapel, at the beauteous scenes depicted on the walls. And St. Peter's? What can be said of this great edifice? Except perhaps to remember that quiet golden aura of sacredness which flowed through the vast building.

O, we could say so much about all we saw! The Colosseum, "colossal" amid the bustle of Rome; the day-trips we took to Tivoli, to the Villa d'Este where, in its steeply terraced gardens the tinkle of water rang out everywhere as its dancing drops sparkled in the sunlight. The trip to Hadrian's luxury Villa on a wooded hill-top outside Rome; so vast was the villa and so complicated

the guide-book that a compass would have been very welcome but the Villa's famous beauty spots were all seen; the old port of Rome, Ostia, standing a ruined town so intact that we expected to look upon the buildings and see a street-name, all this if described in detail would make a book!

The Ostia trip was the last day. No more would we tread the streets lined with towering housing, an incongruous mixture of old and new. All that is now left are memories of greasy hair from a water-shortage, impressions of vivid colour enhanced by the sun, smiling Italian faces, and to crown them all a recollection of people pouring into St. Peter's Square to see a window in the Vatican building flung open and a minute white dot—the Pope—appear to give his blessing to the multitude. Thank you Miss Watkins for making all this possible.

M. COLE & L. JORDAN, U.VI.

* * *

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ILLUMINATIONS TOUR OF ROME

Night; chill shivering, clear the darkness.
And deep shadow-cast glooms
tall pastel houses shuttered,
the whisper palms caressing.
Suburban silence,
shattered with schoolgirl chatter;
and a bus trundle-tour
Romeward bound.
Brash glare-neon, harsh the dazzle
of Corso narrow,
their window spangle-glass reflections.
The garish chrome life shimmering
along the Via Vittorio Veneto
its film-star frequenters bejewelled glistening.
Fountains, white foaming lace-work,
tumble-down hiss-play
with light dancing.
Through night's chilled clear
thundrous roar gushings from the Trevi Fountain.
Gaunt unfold from blackness
monochromatic statues, moisture sprayed
as round flow glint-fount cascading.
Tradition lives.
And for return-trips, pennies
dropped in water green-shadow pooled.

Frothed, hot, coffee
for glow spreading warmth
against chill-shiver night in Piazza Navona.
Old circus with glorious echoes
purr-engined Fiats replaced,
their beetle-scurry drivers
blind to Bernini's white obelisk.

Out of darkness,
awe inspiring
looms pale St. Peter's.
Ghostly nebulous,
with pillared triple-archway curved.
Sacred silence; sacred beauty.

Midnight; cold crisp the air.
And mundane teeth-chattering shivers;
but eyes wide with wonder.

LUCY JORDAN, U.VI.

* * *

FIRST DRIVING LESSON

It's easy they said, you'll soon get to know
How to operate all of the gears,
So with nerve befitting an owner of 'L's,
I set out, having lost all my fears.

I'd often been out on long trips with ma soeur,
Who's a driver whom I think is good,
I thought "Well it's easy, Sue does it so well",
And that I'd drive as well as she could.

I sat at the wheel, very eager to go,
And replying to every demand,
But a shock was in store, I had no idea
What it's like to be there in command.

It seemed from the way that my sister kept shouting,
That my driving was no good at all,
To have given up then, before I'd begun,
Would have been simply unthinkable.

I continued to drive, and ground the gears,
And I almost went off the road,
But I hoped to improve the second time out,
After I'd studied the "Highway Code".

However, I got us back home in one piece,
And my sister was grateful for that,
But my faith in myself had now disappeared,
Not so keen as I'd been at the start.

Obviously I'd need much more practice at home,
For by practice experience I'd gain,
And the next time I ventured out on the roads,
I'd not terrorise others again.

* * *

My thoughts to you are calling
Trying to reach you
Through this tangled mass of worldly trials
Oh God, please hear my voice
Hear my plea and answer it.
Too often have I spent my days
In endless praise of useless things
Too little have I thought of Thee God
And now to you I call
Please hear my small, small cry for help.

* * *

BEWILDERMENT

They say in time you will forget
Past ills;
But Memory's sun for me will never set
— Yours will.

They say it will be easy to build anew
For me?
Life is so short, its days so few
Come use them —.

Please stay awhile to hear me speak
A word:
Yet what I feel and try to seek
Cannot be heard.

O pity from the heart a tearful girl
Yet no!
For none can feel my moistened face
And mournful brow.

M. COLE, VI.

Trapped by an unknown hand,
Striving incessantly towards an uncertain aim,
Wondering,
Silently praying,
Yet fearing for such happiness to be eternal,
Eternal as Orion, yet ever changing,
So that, somehow, brightness, newness, experience,
All repeat themselves daily
And never cease to surprise
Those with whom they make their
Untimely yet welcome contact,
Often counting minutes,
At the same time wishing hours away,
Wistfully,
Day-dreaming,
Longing for security,
Yet loving the uncertainty.
As knowledge and familiarity are increased,
The longing fades quickly,
Until that one time when the certainty
Is
Love.

LESLEY ABRAHAM.

* * *

Why must I stand here, and
Wait
For you
To come to me?
"But it's not done —"
Who says so?
Society says so.
But what has society to do
With you and me?
We are the ones concerned.
And so continues the battle,
The battle fought
So unreasonably, senselessly
Yet never won.
Then why bother to start
The Struggle
When you know
It will
Seep through and pervade
Your very being
Freaks are only laughed at and avoided
Who wants to associate with them?

Alright, I understand —
Happiness means Conformity
So, here I stand
Waiting
For you, to come
To Me.

SALLIE PILE, U.VI.

* * *

AN OLD AGE PENSIONER

Alone she sits in her terraced house
An old woman
Grey-haired, with teeth that she won't put in
"Because they hurt".
Scrimping and saving
To make the paltry sum go further
She neglects her meals, eating out of tins.
The cat and dog eat out of tins too,
But they grow plump and obese.
Alone, she sits and watches the "telly"
All winter through
For she won't go out in icy weather.
Placed 'in service' at thirteen,
She married a dentist and bore him
Two sons and two daughters.
Their marriage flourished for forty years
Until he passed on
"To richer pastures".
Wiping away a tear
She remembers a buff-coloured envelope
Announcing the death of Ron.
The girls are happily married now
With children of their own to care for.
Resentful, she sits and waits
For the knock and a cry of,
"Hello, Granny!"
Waiting in a damp, cold room,
The wall-paper fading and peeling
She gazes unseeing at the sepia portraits
Of her beloved ones.
Nothing matters; not the passing of days,
Labour or Tory, why should she care?
Waiting for the merciful release
From this troubled world,
For she's living
"On borrowed time".

PENELOPE GIBSON.

Parents' Association Section

Committee, 1966

<i>Chairman</i>	...	...	...	...	Miss Woods
<i>Secretary</i>	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Pile
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. Teasdale
<i>Staff Representatives</i>	...	...	...	...	Miss Drake
				...	Miss Lloyd
<i>Parents' Representatives</i>	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Bartlett
					Mr. Smith
					Mrs. Young
					Mrs. Carter
					Mr. Hatchett
<i>Parents' Representative on the Governing Body</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. Cole

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association took place on Thursday, November 25th, 1965. Miss Woods took the chair, and there were about 80 parents present.

The election of officers and committee for 1966 took place, and the parents later had a chance to meet the staff, including the two new members, Mr. Duckworth and Miss Cane. Tea and refreshments were served.

On March 18th, 1966, the Spring Meeting of the Association was held at school. Miss Woods told the parents about the two school parties which would be going abroad at Easter—the seniors to Rome with Miss Watkins, and the juniors to Holland with Miss Lloyd.

The speaker at this meeting was Miss Boys Smith, who told us about the work of the Home Office, particularly with reference to child care. After her talk, Miss Boys Smith answered many questions from the audience. Mrs. Carter proposed a vote of thanks to the speaker for her most interesting talk.

At the Summer meeting, held at the School on Friday, July 1st, a Brains Trust under the chairmanship of Col. Le Quesne kept the parents interested and amused. On the panel were Mrs. Francis, former Headmistress of a Comprehensive School in London, Mr. Skinner, a Housemaster at Claysmore School, and Mr. Frankland, Headmaster of Blandford Grammar School. Parents submitted questions on a wide range of topical subjects, and we greatly enjoyed the well-informed and entertaining replies which the panel supplied.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

Committee

<i>President</i>	MISS M. E. WOODS
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	MRS. M. RAAD
	MISS M. K. DUNFORD
<i>Secretary</i>	KATHLEEN CHINN (<i>née</i> Hutchings)
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	RITA TAYLOR (<i>née</i> Mullins)
<i>Treasurer</i>	YVONNE MAIDMENT
	(<i>née</i> Humphries)
<i>Staff Representative</i>	MISS K. DRAKE
<i>Sports Representatives</i>	SONJA CASSELL (<i>née</i> Zinkova)
	BERYL KNAPTON
<i>Committee Members</i>	GRACE COOMBS
	JOYCE HISCOCK (<i>née</i> Garrett)
	MARY YOUNG (<i>née</i> Harris)

The Twelfth London Reunion March 12th, 1966

"Shaftesbury High School?" This was a rhetorical question, posed by the porter of the Overseas Club as I entered. There were other gatherings in progress at the same time, which I glanced at briefly. While I was following his subsequent directions, I just had time to wonder what made him so sure of my label! Then I was caught up in my own meeting.

Many generations of the School were represented, both pupils and staff. In fact we had what was perhaps a unique occasion for, although Miss Dunford was in the chair, she had, as her immediate supporters, her predecessor, Mrs. Raad, and Miss Woods, on either side of her! The fact that there were people from among the most recent School leavers, as well as some more hardy perennials, testified to the aliveness of this now almost traditional meeting.

When the meeting formally began, Miss Dunford talked for a little while, and gave us some apologies for absence. She then read us several extracts from Old Girls' letters, of which she had a good number. I think we were all surprised again by the diversity of the occupations and whereabouts of past members of the School, and we all learned many things of interest. We were glad to see Miss Dunford looking well, and obviously enjoying her busy retirement. After the fascinating news of people in far-away places was ended, we were glad to hear Miss Woods's account of current affairs in Shaftesbury. Some of these called for some stretching of the imagination by those who had left some time ago! Mrs. Raad then said a few words.

When the official part of the meeting was closed, there was a crescendo of excited voices and laughter. It did not abate, in spite of the appearance of tea, and everywhere people moved round in small groups, exchanging news and showing photographs. There was, as always, an element of nostalgia, and of sadness. Of course, in addition to the achievements and joys of old girls in which we were glad to share, people also learned of friends who had met with trouble in their lives. Several of us were glad to see Miss Logg again, looking very well. Miss Piggott, too, managed to come this time, and we enjoyed hearing about some of her plans for her so-called leisure. We were grateful for the effort made by the members of the present staff in coming during term-time.

Everyone agreed that this was a particularly happy and worthwhile meeting. Addresses were exchanged and some private reunions arranged. We all said with enthusiasm that there must be another London Reunion next year—somehow. We are grateful to Miss Dunford for the amount of work she does for us in every way. Perhaps because of the rather uncertain future of the School, as we see it, we feel the need to belong to something strong, lasting and growing, which our Old Girls' Association undoubtedly is. Certainly I was reminded at this meeting of the song which we used to sing during the days when the Boarders' Club existed. The first, and last lines were:

"Lo, here is fellowship".

JANE BRAYFORD.

* * *

O.G.A. Summer Reunion, 1966

The Summer Reunion was held on Saturday, July 6th, at Barton Hill House. The tennis match against the present girl was played in the afternoon and resulted in a win for the Old Girls.

Miss Woods welcomed Miss Dunford, members of staff, and thirty-six O.G.A. members, read apologies for absence from those unable to attend, and gave interesting news of Old Girls.

We were fortunate in having a fine evening for this Reunion, so that the meeting could be held, as we have come to expect, in the lovely, well-kept garden of Barton Hill House. This was especially appropriate as we were told that Mr. Cock, gardener at Barton Hill House, was retiring after many years of skilled work in the garden, and that great difficulty was being experienced in finding someone to carry on this work.

The arrangements for the Autumn meeting were discussed and the proposal that this should take the form of the Annual Meeting followed by a dinner at an hotel or restaurant outside school, was put forward for consideration by the committee.

Mrs. Wallbank was thanked for her help and co-operation in the preparations for holding the meeting at Barton Hill House. A buffet supper, prepared by the Supper Committee, was then served, at which members of the school tennis team were welcomed. As always, this was a most enjoyable opportunity to keep in touch with each other and to follow the school's history in these days of its changing life.

JOYCE MAIDMENT.

* * *

O.G.A. Autumn Reunion, 1966

We had a splendid Reunion of the O.G.A. on November 12th this year. Mrs. Raad, Miss Dunford, some members of the staff, together with 55 Old Girls were welcomed by Miss Woods at School.

In her report our Secreaary, Kathleen Chinn (*née* Hutchings), said that there were 205 Life Members and 41 Annual Members for 1966. With the rising cost of printing the School magazine the system of life membership is uneconomic. It was suggested that life members should pay for their magazines after their subscriptions had ceased to cover the cost. A silver collection was held to help pay for this year's deficit, and this realised £10.

Our Treasurer, Yvonne Maidment (*née* Humphries), reported £19 10s. 10d. in the current account, and £40 11s. 2d. in the deposit account. Grace Coombs was elected on the committee to replace Susan Parker, and Sonja Cassell (*née* Zinkova) as sports representative to replace Ruth Everitt (*née* Gibbs).

Beryl Knapton reported a victory for the Old Girls, 4—0, in the Badminton match, but with only two couples. It seems that Badminton is no more popular than Hockey with the Old Girls.

It was interesting to receive news from O.G.s, some overseas, and some pursuing worthwhile careers. Mary Young had written to thank O.G.A. for the donation of 10 guineas sent to Westminster Hospital to mark her retirement. Miss Woods said that, in spite of

the "Squeeze and the freeze", new cloakrooms were hoped for. These were badly needed as the number of pupils was likely to increase. Although the Old Boys of the Grammar School could not be persuaded to join forces with us at one of our dinners we are hoping that they will agree to a mixed tennis match, followed by a dance on July 15th next year.

At the close of our business meeting we all went to King Alfred's Kitchen, where a splendid hall has been built behind the restaurant. The room looked very gay. At the end of an excellent meal Auld Lang Syne was sung. This was indeed a happy reunion with former friends and companions, and we thank Kathleen Chinn and the Committee for making all the necessary arrangements.

CYNTHIA PRITCHETT (*née* Hine).

* * *

Former Members of Staff

MRS. BROOKS is having another baby in January. Clare attends Cann Primary. Alison is three.

MISS GIBBS visited Mrs. Raad during the summer.

MRS. JESSIMAN (Mrs. Blackall) was looking forward to coming to the O.G. Dinner but, unfortunately, was unable to do so because of a slipped disc. Her son, Philip, is a boarder at Dollar Academy in Scotland, and her daughter, Sandra, is in her first year at Copthall County Grammar School for girls, Mill Hill. Mrs. Jessiman is now teaching again.

Mlle. MILCENDEAU taught in the French Cameroons for a year. She is now married and living in Paris. Her name is Mme. Michel Watier.

MISS A. WILLIAMS now lectures in both French and Divinity at Stockwell College. She called to see Miss Dunford on her way to Shaftesbury for a preaching appointment in the summer.

MRS. WHITE (*née* Rhodes) has a daughter, Celia, a sister for Andrew.

* * *

Engagements

Joyce Gatehouse to Graham John Rudge.

Georgina Hiscock to Barry Rawlins.

Rosalind Jackson to Geoffrey Tucker.

Rosemary Welch to Leonard Francis.

Margaret Woodman to Tony Harrison.

* * *

Marriages

Linda Bradford to Lindsay Charles Snashall.

Margaret Chant to Bryan Woods.

Daisy Clifton to ?

Valerie Greenland to Llewellyn Avis.

Nicola Harris to Michael Miller.

Judy Mitchell to David Griffin.

Christine Peckham to James Rideout.

Ann Pidgeon to Mr. Ferris.

Janet White to ?

Paula White to John ?

Peggy Hugall to John Bering.

Births

Judy Allum (*née* Peel), a daughter, Bridget Claire.
 Ivy Bull (*née* Dean), a daughter.
 Susan Cassell (*née* Pallister), a daughter, Rebecca Jane.
 Shirley Cox (*née* McLeod), a son.
 Ruth Fletcher (*née* Spencer), a daughter, Jane Louise.
 Jane Fookes (*née* Crouch), a daughter.
 Clare Golden (*née* Harris), a son, Richard James.
 Judy Griffin (*née* Mitchell), a son.
 Mary Hunt (*née* Chown), a son.
 Yvonne Maidment (*née* Humphries), a daughter, Carole Anne.
 Pat Mills (*née* Hayter), a daughter, Karen Lesley.
 Mia (*née* Morey), a son.
 Rose Rawles (*née* Napper), a daughter, Karyn Lesley.
 Mary Stuckey (*née* Morrison), a daughter, Pamela Claire.
 Gillian Tiffin (*née* Fooks), a daughter, Sarah Anne.
 Margaret Vyward (*née* Breeds), a son, Andrew.
 Elizabeth Walker (*née* Hardy), a daughter, Ann Caroline.
 Betty Whitaker (*née* Jones), a daughter, Emma.

* * *

O.G. News

MARGARET ADAMS (*née* Coombs) has come home from Malaya and is living next door to her mother in Ashmore. She is off to Germany in June.

CYNTHIA AGAR (*née* Humble) (1953) was sorry she could not come to the Dinner as she would have enjoyed playing in the Badminton Team.

PAMELA ALBERICCI (*née* Cherbury) (1951). We were very grieved to hear of the death of her husband. Now that her three children are all at school Pam has taken a job as Lab Assistant at the Salisbury College of Education, and hopes to train as a teacher there next year.

ELIZABETH ALEXANDER (1963). Her first job is at Harefield Junior Mixed School, on a new housing estate at Bitterne. She teaches P.E. and Music and is starting a school choir and recorder group. She has visited Gillian Ralph's flat in Southampton.

JUDY ALLUM (*née* Peel) (1954) and her family moved from Retford to Liphook in May for a year, and are glad to be in the South again. We were delighted to hear that Julian has a sister again, Bridget Claire.

BARBARA ARDLEY (1934) has completed her 25 years of service with N.A.A.F.I. and was presented with a long-service certificate and £30 towards a new T.V. set.

JULIE AUSTIN (1964) enjoyed her holiday in Greece so much in August that she can't imagine anywhere else having so much to offer, and hopes to return as soon as she begins to earn her living.

BETH BAKER (*née* Rebbeck) (1955) is living at Andover and has two children, Robert and Helen.

MARY BARTLETT (1965) is enjoying her course in Economics and Spanish at Kingston Technical College, but is sorry that there is no Hall of Residence.

SALLY BARTLETT (1966) is taking a degree in Sociology at Barking College of Technology.

JANET BIGGS (1964) passed in two subjects at A Level in the Falkland Isles, and was awarded a Commonwealth Bursary. She is now in the largest Hall of Residence at the College of St. Matthias in Bristol, training to be a teacher, and says she has rarely been happier.

MARY BRUCE (*née* Le Bechce) (1948). We were very pleased to see her at the O.G. Dinner. She lives in Bath and has three sons, Simon, Jonathan and Nicholas.

MARCELLE BURT (1966) has gone to the Rolle College of Education at Exmouth.

SARAH BURT (1966) is training as a Physiotherapist at Cardiff.

RACHEL BURTON (1963) has finished her Nursery training at Ebley but is staying on as a Staff Nurse.

JANE BRAYFORD (1956) is taking her Midwifery Part 2 at the Mile End Hospital in London. She had a very happy holiday with Kirsten Forster (*née* Klose) and her husband in Germany. She enjoyed a re-union at Beth Baker (*née* Rebbeck)'s farm with Lesley Miller (*née* Bennett), their husbands and four children.

ISOBEL CAIRD (1964) is enjoying working for a travel-agency.

HEATHER CARNEGIE-BROWN (*née* Cheater) (1957) could not attend the O.G. Dinner, even though she was in England, because she is having a baby in December.

JENNY COBLEY (1961) is finding her work with the World Council of Churches at Geneva absorbing. She shares a flat with an Irish refugee worker and a German physiotherapist. She enjoyed Jackie Marsden's wedding on November 6th, 1965. It was a typical Continental wedding lasting right through the afternoon, with dinner for 30 at 7 o'clock, and then dancing till midnight.

ELIZABETH COLE (1964) welcomed Janet Biggs to the College at St. Matthias this term.

RUTH CORFE (*née* Jones) (1955) has returned to teaching, now that her daughter, Rachel, is over a year old, but only part-time.

BARBARA CRIDLAND (1966) is our first O.G. to go to the College of Education at Saffron Walden. She is enjoying her first year very much.

SUSAN DAVIDSON (1966) has gone to the Queen Anne Grammar School, York, for her Sixth Form Course.

GLYNIS DIBBEN (1963) is working in Lloyds Bank, Shaftesbury.

JANET DIXON (*née* Whitmarsh) (1955) has been home to England from Portugal for a holiday with her family. Her father and mother are looking forward to retiring to Dorset.

BETTY DREWITT (1938) left the Board of Trade in May, 1966, to take a post in the Ordnance Survey as Deputy Director in Charge of the Publications Division.

CAROL EMERY (1962) is in her third year at Westminster Hospital in the same set as Susan Woolridge.

MICHELLE EMERY (1961) is no longer working for I.C.I. at Welwyn Garden City but is in London, employed as a computer demonstrator.

RUTH EVERITT (*née* Gibbs) (1955) is moving to Devon shortly where her husband is taking a farm.

JANET FAULL (*née* Squires) (1956) has two children, Martin and Anita, and is having a third in January.

- BERYL FOOTE (1965) has left Warwick University and has gone to John Laing Construction Ltd. as a Pupil Quantity Surveyor. She is the first woman Pupil they have employed. She is on six months trial and then will be articled for five years.
- KIRSTEN FORSTER (*née* Klose) is working with her husband at Bad Segeberg, not far from Kiel. For two years she will be going round to different hospitals.
- LESLEY FULLER (*née* Bennett) (1955) is living in Broadstone. Her husband is training to be a Probation Officer. They have two sons, Andrew and Nicholas.
- CATHERINE GARDNER (*née* Richmond) (1957) is doing part-time nursing at the Watford and District Hospital. She has an invitation to St. James' Palace for the Golden Jubilee of the Royal College of Nursing.
- ZELDA GLYNOS (1966) is very much enjoying her course for the Batchelor of Economics degree at the Oxford Technical College.
- SANDRA GODDARD (1966) is taking a two year A Level course at the North Gloucester Technical College at Cheltenham.
- ANNA GODESETH (1966) is enjoying her training at Westminster Hospital. She was looking forward to working full time in the wards in November.
- VALERIE HAGGAR (*née* Hardiman) (1961) is now living in an Army hiring at Wareham.
- PATRICIA HARD (1966) has entered the Civil Service.
- CHRISTINE HAINES (*née* Burton) (1958) now lives at Laverstock. She and her husband have just taken over the running of the Sunday School at the Congregational Church in Salisbury. They are looking forward to the arrival of their second child.
- CHRISTINE HAYTER (1961) is Nannie to a family of five children at Guildford.
- MARY HAYWARD (*née* Green) (1955). Her husband is on the Borstal Staff at Shaftesbury. Mary is doing private nursing. Her daughter, Susan, is 5½ years old.
- RUTH HATHERLEY (1949) is still enjoying her P.E. post in Southampton. Her netball team won the City Tournament Trophy in April.
- JILL HILLIER (1966) is working at the Radar Station at Wincombe.
- BARBARA HITCHINGS (1956) had an extended Christmas holiday to visit the Holy Land. She met Miss Lloyd on an Easter holiday cruise to Leningrad and Moscow. She enjoys life in Cambridge and belongs to an interesting club connected with Great St. Mary's Church. One of the Club's activities is visiting patients in Fulbourn Mental Hospital.
- GEORGINA HOPKINS (1954) is nursing in Bermuda.
- MARYLIN HOPPING (1965) is working in the National and Provincial Bank in Shaftesbury.
- ADRIENNE HOWELL (*née* Lawrence) (1956) is living in Mere and teaching in Gillingham. She is still keen on Brass bands and trains a children's band.
- CAROLYN HUNT (1966) is at the Whitehall Technical College at Eastbourne.
- NOREEN HUNT (*née* Elford) (1950). The O.G. Dinner was the first time she had come to a Re-union. She has three children, Louise, 9, Nicholas, 8, Andrew, 3 months.

ELIZABETH IMBER (1966) is thoroughly enjoying her course for B.Sc. Chem. at Nottingham. She has met Mary Miles there. She lives in an annexe to a Hall of Residence.

ROSALIND JACKSON (1962). Her first post is as Assistant French Mistress at Dartford Grammar School for Girls.

WENDY JOBLING (1965). Her family has gone to Hong Kong, and lives in a flat with a panorama view of the harbour. She is working as a confidential clerk in Government offices.

HELEN JONES (1964) is working for a new degree in English and Education at Cardiff University.

HILARY JONES (1957) has risen steadily in the B.B.C. She works with Anthony Craxton; for example they accompanied the Queen when she went to Scotland to open a new golf course.

SARAH JORDAN (1962) has gained an Upper Second in French at Trinity College, Dublin, and hopes to take a Diploma in Education at York University.

MARY KELLY (1966) worked for six weeks at Boots in Shaftesbury during the summer holiday, and now is thoroughly enjoying her course for B.Sc. Pharmacy at the Portsmouth College of Technology.

LESLEY KIBBEY (1962) lives in Hampstead now. She went to Coral Hutching's wedding.

SARAH KINGSMILL BROWN (1960) passed Grade VIII, oboe examination, with Distinction, and is now studying at the Royal Manchester College of Music.

ABEL KLOSE is still studying at Kiel University and is hoping to become a Librarian.

JEHANNE LEQUESNE (1966) has gone to Dorchester Grammar School for a third year in the Sixth Form, and is hoping to go to a University next year.

SUSAN LODGE (1966) is a clerk articled to a Chartered Accountant in Sheffield.

VERA LOOK has moved to Endsleigh House, Clyst Honiton, Nr. Exeter, where she runs a guest house during the summer months.

MARY MACK (1966) is taking a secretarial course at Poole College of Further Education.

WENDY MAJOR (1966) has gone to the City of Bath Girls' School for her Sixth Form course.

RUTH MCALLISTER (*née* Wareham) (1947) is living in Shaftesbury but will be going abroad in 1967. She has two sons Michael, aged 7, and Peter, aged 3.

PAT MILLS (*née* Hayter) has two children, Helen Louise, and Karen Lesley.

ANN MILROY (1961) thoroughly enjoyed her year lecturing at Chicago University. She hopes to train as a teacher next year, and, meanwhile, is going to Leicester in January, for two terms, to the Longslade Upper School, where she will teach English and History.

ANTHEA MITCHELL (1966) has gone to Winchester High School for her third year in the Sixth Form.

GLENDA MOORE (1966) is taking a 2 year Dress Workroom Course at the Winchester School of Art.

- MARY MOORES (1965) is having a holiday in England and then returning to Lagos.
- MARY NORRIS (1959) is in her second year at Linacre Hall, Oxford, and hopes to complete her thesis on "Roman Painting" for her D.Phil. this year.
- GABRIELLE PAGE (1963) has been awarded a Commonwealth Scholarship to study Medicine at the University of Western Australia.
- SUSAN PARKER (1963). Her parents have left the Cribbage Hut at Sutton Mandeville so Susan has given up her job in Salisbury and left the district.
- EILEEN PARSONS (1955) says that Orpington Grammar School reminds her of S.H.S. She plays Right Back in the County 2nd Eleven.
- ESME PHILIPPS (*née* Coombs) (1951) is enjoying Hong Kong very much though she is saddened by the poverty there. Sharon is 10, and Shaun 8 and Serena 1 year old. Esme is a Brown Owl now and has found her recorder playing very useful. She is learning to drive, and thinks the final test, in the chaotic central district, will be "fun".
- ANN PIKE (*née* Johnson) (1953) is kept well occupied looking after her three children, Richard, Sarah and Catherine.
- BERYL PIKE (*née* Welch) (1954) is busy looking after her two children, Susan and Rosalind.
- ROSE RAWLES (*née* Napper) (1959). Her husband is now in the car section of the Police Force and they are living in a police house at Willington in Somerset.
- HEATHER REID (1959) is training at the Winchester College of Education. Her fiancé is farming in Africa.
- JANICE RICHARDS (1961) has been working in Johannesburg as a secretary for about 18 months.
- GILLIAN RIDOUT (1962) is enjoying her first post in Bristol. Her father has retired from the R.A.F. and they have settled at Beckenham.
- PATRICIA RIDOUT (1960) has been teaching Chemistry at a private school in Cambridge.
- HELEN ROBINS (1966) is training to be a Physiotherapist at Guy's Hospital.
- RUTH ROSSITER (1965) is very happy in her training at the Westminster Hospital.
- ELIZABETH ROWBOTTOM (1965) has passed her first year's preliminary examination and has been accepted for the Honours Course in Econometrics (Economic statistics). She is now living in a flat. She has seen Erica Seligman at Manchester University.
- ANN ROWLANDS (1965) is taking a degree in English at Cardiff University.
- MAUREEN RUTTER (1962) is living with her Mother in Windsor and working in a solicitor's office. Her office overlooks the Long Walk so she has a grandstand view of any Royal Occasion such as Ascot Week. She called at School on her way to Devon and Cornwall during July.
- FRANCES SCALBERT (1966) is taking a year's industrial training with computers with Tube Investments of Birmingham. Their Student Apprenticeship Association is an active one. They began with an Outward Bound Week-end in North Wales. Frances warmly recommends a sandwich course with industry.
- JULIA SMITHERS (1963) obtained a Lower 11 in her classics degree at Reading University. She is now taking the Diploma of Education at Southampton.

Joy SOBELL (*née* Slade) (1948) says that Canberra is a beautifully set out and planned city but seems deadly dull after London. They rent a Government house. To preserve the garden-city-look each new house is allotted 10 trees and 40 shrubs free over the first two years. Joy has an interesting job as personal secretary to the Ambassador of Thailand.

JENNY STAGG (1960) has been promoted a grade on her staff.

MARY STAINER is home from Singapore and is teaching in Parkstone.

KATHLEEN STONE (1951) is a Ward Sister in Poole General Hospital. She won a Hospital Saving Association Nursing Scholarship.

MARGARET STOME (1954) is the Senior Sister on the male neurosurgical ward in the New Neurological Centre attached to Southampton General Hospital. This was officially opened by Princess Alexandra in November 1965.

BENITA STREETER (*née* Chick) met Miss Woods at a P.A. meeting at Motcombe Primary School and now comes back to O.G. Reunions. She has three children, Susan 5½, Colin 3½, Sarah 1 year old.

SHEILA STRIDE (1964) did not qualify for the Rose Bruford School of Speech and Drama but is hoping to train as a teacher at Goldsmith's College and specialise in Drama.

ROSEMARY STURMAN (1963). Her first post was as Statistical Assistant to the Consumer's Association. She is now working for I.B.M. and finds the work with computers very interesting.

HEATHER SWANN (1962) is a Bi-lingual secretary to a firm making every type of musical box, etc. This is at Ste Croix, a French-speaking town high up in the Jura Mountains. She teaches Swiss People English in the evenings.

MARGARET TIDMAN is a deaconess at a Parish in the Midlands.

MARY UNDERWOOD (*née* Woodman) (1947) is having her fourth child in December.

ANN WAKEHAM (*née* Hall) (1958) and her husband are still in the West Indies with their yacht. They now have a bouncing son.

JEAN WALKER (1953) has enjoyed her first year at the new University of Bath. She will be spending the Spring Term at Bradford, on Field-work, helping in a Race Relations Survey undertaken by Leeds University Extra-Mural Department.

ROSEMARY WAREHAM (1966) is working in the National and Provincial Bank in Shaftesbury.

JENNY and PENNY WELFORD (1966) are attending Portree School now that their family has moved to Skye.

JANET WHITE (1957) is nursing in the Maternity Home in Bradford-on-Avon.

DEBORAH WILLIAMS (1966). As her family has moved to Trowbridge she is taking her A Level course at the High School there.

JENNIFER WILLIAMS (1966) is teaching French in a Trowbridge school for a year, and hopes to go to University next year.

JENNIFER WILLIAMS (*née* Harding) (1957). Her husband has a new job in Suffolk, and comes home for weekends, as they are not yet able to sell their house at Rickmansworth. Her three sons keep her busy. As David is at school, and Philip at a nursery school, she is helping her sister-in-law at a nursery school at Watford. She manages to play Hockey every Saturday.

MARY YOUNG (1927) retired on November 15th, 1966, after 37 years in the nursing profession, and 15 years as Matron of the Westminster Hospital. She is now living at St. Martin's, Angel Square, Shaftesbury. We were grieved to hear that her father died on the day of her homecoming.

* * *

Life Members (since December 1965)

Bartlett, Mary, Home Farm, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
Burt, Marcella, Vine Cottage, Tollard Royal, Salisbury, Wilts.
Hunt, Noreen (*née* Elford), Berkeley Farm, Kilmington, Warminster, Wilts.
Kelley, Mary, High Street, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Logg, Elizabeth, 41 Patching Hall Lane, Chelmsford, Essex.
Long, Philippa (*née* Potter), c/o 7 Charlton, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

* * *

Annual Members 1965/66 (since December 1965)

Carnegie-Brown, Heather (*née* Cheater), 41 Trinidad Crescent, Parkstone, Dorset.
Chant, Margaret, Ridgeway Cottage, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum, Dorset.
Head, Caroline, 12 St. George's Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Miles, Mary, Melbury Abbas Mill, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Parsons, Rita, c/o 5 St. Martin's Lane, Wareham, Dorset.
Ralph, Gillian, 8 Sandhurst Road, The Polygon, Southampton, Hants.
Skinner, Meriel, The Tower, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester, Essex.
Sturman, Rosemary, 45 Kingscourt Road, Streatham, London, S.W.16.
Tidey, June, 108 Elmbridge Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.
Whitty, Maureen, "Roslyn", East Lambrook, South Petherton, Somerset.
Woolridge, Susan, Queen Mary Nurses Home, 20 Page Street, London, S.W.1.

* * *

Annual Members 1966/67

Austin, Julie, "Sorrento", Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Bartlett, Sally, 55 Grosvenor Road, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Cary, Jennifer, Wick Farm, Tisbury, Salisbury, Wilts.
Carnegie-Brown, Heather (*née* Cheater), 41 Trinidad Crescent, Parkstone, Dorset.
Cridland, Barbara, "Swainscombe", The Green, East Knoyle, Salisbury, Wilts.
Davis, Elizabeth (*née* Linley), Chingola High School, Chingola, Zambia.
Ford, Dawn (*née* Hitchings), 180 College Road, Trowbridge, Wilts.
Fuller, Lesley (*née* Bennett), 47 Cheam Road, Parkstone, Dorset.
Gatchouse, Joyce, Kingsettle Cottage, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Glinos, Zeldia, 58 Drake Court, Poole, Dorset.
Goddard, Sandra, 19 Cleavelands Avenue, Cheltenham, Glos.
Hayward, Mary (*née* Green), Myrtle Cottage, Guys Marsh, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Hunt, Caroline, Preston Farm House, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum, Dorset.

Imber, Elizabeth, The Ship, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Jackson, Rosalind, 17 Queens Road, Tisbury, Salisbury, Wilts.
 Jesse, Karen, Brickyard Farm, East Knoyle, Salisbury, Wilts.
 Le Quesne, Jehanne, 59 Church Lane, Wool, Dorset.
 Lodge, Susan, 113 Bocking Lane, Beauchief, Sheffield 8.
 Maidment, Yvonne (*née* Humphries), Ivy Cross Cottage, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Merefild, Jennifer (*née* Gatehouse), c/o Kingsettle Cottage, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Mitchell, Anthea, 46a Russell Road, Lee-on-Solent.
 Moore, Glenda, "Highbury", St. Mary's Road, Mortimer, Reading, Berks.
 Peckham, Christine, Church Hill, Donhead St. Mary, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Roberts, Dorothy (*née* Streeter), "Hillcrest", Fontmell Magna, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Robins, Helen, Post Office, Hindon, Salisbury, Wilts.
 Spencer, Jean (*née* Beecham), Northern Hay, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Stainer, Olwen, 3 Parsons Pool, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
 Streeter, Benita (*née* Chick), 2 Elm Close, Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

* * *

Teaching the Arts and the Skills of Nursing

(Reprinted from The Times of January 14th, 1966)

The Board of Governors of Westminster Hospital approved a scheme of training for nurses in 1873. From that time more and more young women have come forward and asked to be given the practical and theoretical instruction which will enable them to have the privilege of caring for sick people.

The first trainees were known as probationers. They were all over 21 years of age, and, for a trifling remuneration, worked extremely hard. The intake of students into the Preliminary Training School steadily increased in the 20th Century. New nurses' homes were bought, but the classrooms and practice areas were quite inadequate. It was a great relief, therefore, when the Wolfson Foundation gave £250,000 to enable a school of nursing to be built in Vincent Square, London, S.W.1. This was opened by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on March 23rd, 1961. There are now 718 student and pupil nurses sent by the Wolfson School to the five hospitals which form the Westminster Hospital teaching group, and every day applications are received from well-educated girls who wish to train in the future. One of the most important and pleasant duties of a nursing administrator is the selection of student and pupil nurses.

The student nurses today are taught to encourage the patients to become independent as soon as possible, and there is an entirely different approach to the treatment of physical and mental illness which has created a much more helpful relationship between nurse and patient.

The nurses are taught to try to help the whole person and this they do with compassion. They see the results of man's excesses—alcoholism, drug addition, sexual promiscuity, disregard for the safety of his and others lives while driving a motor car, the aftermath of attempted suicide, the results of injuries caused by anger, and children made to suffer because of lack of care. Young nurses are incredibly kind to old people and it is wonderful to see the transformation wrought in an old woman found collapsed, neglected and unkempt in her lodgings. In a few days she has regained her strength, is treated as an honoured guest, a bow or ribbon in her hair and a shawl around her shoulders, made happy by the affection and gaiety of the "lovely nurses" who are young enough to be her granddaughter.

The trainees are shown that sick people must be looked after 24 hours a day, and they learn to accept the necessity for a rota which includes evening, weekend and night duty. They must recognise as well that nurses not only help to restore people to partial or good health, but also to console the dying.

MARY LAVINIA YOUNG (*Matron*).

* * *

First Impressions of a Pharmacist in Training.

The gap between leaving school and coming to college seems very small indeed, especially as I worked during the summer holidays which left me little time to speculate what a training in Pharmacy at Portsmouth College of Technology would be like. Therefore I arrived with an open mind.

The College had found me "digs" where there were other students from the College. My room-mate Molly is also a fresher, although not in pharmacy, and so we were able to share the first experiences of being new together.

We left early on the first day, found the College, and squeezed our way into a very crowded hall where fellow freshers were being enrolled with the Students' Union. We quickly joined the appropriate queue and were duly registered with our purple and orange union cards. (By showing these cards at various shops, swimming baths and bowling alleys, students can get quite good discounts and reductions). The next step was to be enrolled with our various departments. This took about an hour and the rest of the day was ours to do as we liked.

Lectures didn't start until the Monday, but the days before were filled with activities organised by the Union, which were designed to make all Freshers feel part of the College immediately. These activities included the Freshers' Conference, where various

members of the College Staff and Union Officials welcomed us, the exhibition of the forty or so Clubs and Societies incorporated in the Union body, and a couple of social evenings.

In the Pharmacy Department there is an especially good student staff relationship and the first full morning in College we were all invited to join our lecturers for coffee in the dispensary.

We had been handed our time tables at our enrolment and I was longing to know what I should learn in pharmacentics, pharmacognosy and physical pharmacy lectures. One thing I learnt very early was the fact that even at A level we had scarcely scratched the surface of organic chemistry and thermodynamics. It's quite shattering to find that one has to completely revolutionise one's ideas on something like atomic structure and chemical bonding which at one time I thought I knew all about.

The social life at P.C.T. is fantastic and it often needs a very strong will to write up the practicals and keep one's work up together. I go to the Bridge Club on Thursday evenings and two lunch times a week I go cross country running (often along the beach). I am the only girl member of the club and am enjoying the privilege of being the club's travelling mascot.

I can thoroughly recommend Portsmouth College of Technology. The School of Pharmacy has a first class record and now does its own internal degree course. In five years time the College gets University status but, meanwhile, Portsmouth College of Technology is good enough for me.

MARY KELLEY.

* * *

A Holiday in Greece

During the winter months we made plans for our summer holiday in Greece, and at the end of August my friend and I met at Victoria Station to begin our exciting journey. We travelled by train to Brindisi, through the North of France, changing trains at Basle at 6 a.m.! and continuing through magnificent scenery of the Swiss and Italian Alps, past Lake Como to Milan. We visited the beautiful Cathedral in Milan during a few hours break in the journey. The East coast of Italy is not very interesting, but at Brindisi we boarded a boat to Corfu. The Mediterranean is a wonderfully clear blue. Upon reaching Corfu the voyage continues near the coast of Greece and between various islands, so that land is in sight throughout.

My first impression of Greece was the quaint island town of Corfu, with its narrow streets, houses and shops richly decorated with beads, and numerous fruit stalls displaying delicious peaches,

grapes and melons. It was here that I was first introduced to the sweet, very strong Greek coffee, and also to the custom prevalent throughout Greece, of serving a glass of ice cold water with everything.

We docked early in the morning at the busy port of Piraeus and made our way to Athens. This City is a fascinating mixture of old and new, with its ancient Temples and Byzantine churches in the midst of office blocks and shops. The whole City is dominated by the Acropolis where we saw a performance of "Son et Lumiere", which was wonderful.

From Athens we travelled first to Delphi, which is over a hundred miles to the North West of the City. We stopped en route at Daphni where there is a Byzantine monastery containing some beautiful, and excellently preserved mosaics and wall paintings. The journey to Delphi took us through some of the most breathtaking mountain scenery I have ever seen.

Greece is a very poor country because of its hot, dry climate and lack of soil. The higher slopes of the mountains were bare, grey, dull red or orange rock, and the valleys were usually very dry and barren with signs of attempted cultivation. The lower slopes of the mountains were the most fertile areas and had quite a rich and varied vegetation—pale green pines laden with cones, olives with their beautiful silvery, grey-green leaves, and tiny vines, many of them weighed down with enormous bunches of grapes.

The road to Delphi wound up the mountainsides to the town which is perched about 2,000 feet above sea level. Above it are the bare rocks, and below the valley is full of olive trees, which grow right down to the inlet of the sea and known as 'The Sea of Olives'. The numerous ruins add to the splendour of Delphi. There is a huge stadium high above the town, an amphitheatre which is still used, and several Temples and Treasures, the earliest having been built in the 6th Century B.C. This is one of the places where a good imagination and a knowledge of the history is an asset. One could picture people thronging to Delphi to consult the Oracle.

We spent a couple of days at Sunion, about 45 miles East of Athens, where we found a beautiful bay for swimming and sun-bathing. On the headland overlooking the bay was the Temple of Poseidon, into one of the pillars of which Byron and Ravel had carved their names. We watched a most beautiful sunset from here.

We felt we must visit an island and, therefore, spent a few days on Mykonos in the middle of the Aegean Sea. It is relatively uncommercialised and very peaceful. On entering the harbour we were very impressed with its clean white houses and quaint thatched windmills standing out against the grey mountains and sapphire sea and sky. There were very few motor vehicles, donkeys being the main source of transport.

After returning to Athens for a day we went on a tour of the Argolid. After going across the Corinth Canal—a wonderful engineering feat—we visited the city of Ancient Corinth. This is dominated by the Acropolis, below which are the remains of the City and Temple of Apollo.

In Mycenae we went into the huge Beehive Tombs, the largest of which was supposed to be the Tomb of Agamemnon, although in fact it belongs to an earlier period. The Acropolis of Mycenae is entered through the magnificent Lion Gate.

We then travelled via Tiryns to Nafplion on the coast, an old town with a maze of streets built on a fairly steep slope with a Venetian fort high above the town. It was well worth climbing 857 steps to see the wonderful views and orange groves.

Epidaurus is about 20 miles East of Nafplion where we saw the sanctuary of Asclepius, who was the god of healing. Unfortunately, we just missed the annual festival held in the best preserved amphitheatre in Greece, where the acoustics are still perfect.

Regretfully we had to return to Athens for our departure the next day. It was a marvellous holiday and I look forward to the opportunity when I can return.

JULIE AUSTIN.

* * *

A Holiday in Palestine. (Extract from a letter)

Since I last wrote I have also been to Palestine which was an experience that I shall not forget in a hurry. Luckily I was able to have a little time off school so this gave me a longer Christmas holiday than usual. (The Head Teacher was anxious to help as she thought it might aid my R.E. teaching.) We sailed to Beirut and then went by coach to Jordan through Lebanon and Syria. What a marathon as there just weren't any toilets!

Jordan appeared to be an incredibly poor country and I didn't realize that it looked so much like everyday life in New Testament times! Israel, of course, was completely different, and the Jews seemed so proud of their country. They certainly have worked miracles since 1948. One day we spent some time on one of the communal farms, near where the film "Judith" takes place, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and I was amazed to find that the majority of these people are atheists. It hardly seems to fit my idea of the Jewish race.

Christmas Eve was spent in Bethlehem and I shall never forget the wonderful atmosphere there. People were singing carols and everyone seemed convinced that this must be the place where Christ was born. Some say that Bethlehem is terribly commercialized, and perhaps it is, but somehow I did not notice this.

We walked the way of the Cross on Christmas morning, beginning about 7.30, and with so few people about it was easy to walk and think, but I was terribly disappointed with Calvary. It all seemed ornate and unreal.

One of the loveliest places, I thought, was Caesarea in Israel. We visited this late one afternoon and stayed there until sunset. It was really beautiful and I only wish that I had taken some photographs of the sun shining through the ruins on to the water. I enjoyed the visits to the Sea of Galilee, but again perhaps this was because there were so few people there.

BARBARA HITCHINGS.



OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Addresses

Secretary: Mrs. Chinn, Causeway Farm, Motcombe, Nr. Shaftesbury. (Tel. 2022).

Treasurer: Mrs. Maidment, Ivy Cross Cottage, Shaftesbury.

Mrs. Raad: Watergall Cottage, Wade Court Road, Havant, Hants. (Tel. 3814).

Miss Dunford: 33, Bower Gardens, Salisbury. (Tel. 22725).

* * *

Subscriptions

Annual 5/-	These should be sent direct to the Treasurer
Life £3-3-0	(address above).

N.B.—The funds of the O.G.A. are at a low ebb. We discussed this at the A.G.M. The cost of the Magazine is now 4/-, and this, together with their postage, is the main drain upon our funds.

It was decided that, in future, Magazines would be sent to all annual members who had paid their subscriptions, and to Life Members for several years, but that, after their subscriptions had been used up, the Magazine would only be provided if the cost were sent to the Secretary beforehand. It would be a great help to O.G.A. also if Members would let the Secretary know if they no longer wish to be notified of meetings or receive the Magazines.

* * *

DATE FOR YOUR NEW DIARIES

LONDON RE-UNION: SATURDAY, MARCH 4th, 1967, at the Headquarters of the Royal Overseas League, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.1.