

County High School for Girls

SHAFESBURY



Vol. 32

December, 1968

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County High School for Girls

SHAFTESBURY

MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

Editorial
Magazine Committee
School Officials
Leaving Girls 1967/8
New Girls 1967/8
Staff Notes

REPORTS

Form Reports
School Council
Social Service
Choir
Recorder Society
Orchestra
Flower Guild

Dramatic Society
Debating Society
Play-reading Society
Games

Contributions
from the School
Foreign Travel
Poetry

Old Girls

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EDITORIAL

We should like to thank all those who have contributed to our magazine. The response from the school was encouraging and we are only sorry that we could not publish all the articles we received.

We hope that this magazine, which is still in its traditional form, will be appreciated by the Old Girls as well as present school members.

We should like to thank Miss Woods for her invaluable assistance and support at all times.

THE EDITORS

Magazine Committee

Editors: JANE FARRAND
ROSALIND BALLAM

Committee: NICOLA HOLMES
ANN LINLEY
HEATHER MIDGELY
HELEN HARRIS
CAROLINE FROST
SUSAN FINCHER

School Officials, September 1968

Head Girl: SHIRLEY YOUNG

Deputy Head Girl: JANE FARRAND

House Captains: Hardy: ELIZABETH SANDY
Barnes: ROSALIND BALLAM
Wren: BEVERLEY MCLEOD

LEAVING GIRLS, 1967/8

Autumn Term 1967

E. Bell
J. Bohot
J. Domoney
J. Haskett
R. Smith

Spring Term 1968

M. Moore
C. Munday
K. Porter
H. Pritchett

Summer Term 1968

<i>L.IV</i>	N. Lofting
<i>U.IV</i>	M. Frankland, H. C. Monk
<i>L.V.D</i>	D. Swindells
<i>U.V</i>	B. Cripps, J. Hebden, J. Jones, K. MacDonald, E. Pritchett, D. Shaw, B. Short, S. Thomas, K. Thompson, L. Woodbridge
<i>L.VI</i>	J. Brookes
<i>U.VI</i>	J. Blanchett, P. Carter, J. Lewis, E. Grainger, S. Lofting, L. Mercer, H. Pope, V. Robertson, P. Stubbs

NEW GIRLS, 1967/8

Present Form

Previous School

Spring Term 1968

J. Henderson J. Hepburn	<i>U.IV</i> <i>U.IV</i>	R.A.F. Grammar School, Changi, Singapore Maidenhead Grammar School, Berks.
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Summer Term 1968

C. Frost R. Hunt	<i>III</i> <i>III</i>	Niarobi Dorchester County Grammar School
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Autumn Term 1968

M. Western D. Coffee J. Draper C. Gloyens M. Brown J. Beck	<i>U.VI</i> <i>L.VI</i> <i>U.IV</i> <i>U.IV</i> <i>L.IV</i> <i>III</i>	R.A.F. Singapore Honiton County Secondary School Barnstable Grammar School St. Joseph's Convent, Reading Rookwood School, Andover Ebbesbourne Wake Primary School
S. Clews N. Dibben S. Diffey A. Farquharson J. Fayers S. Fincher G. Fudge S. Gough	<i>III</i>	Alcester St. James Junior School Motcombe Junior School St. Monicas, Upton, Poole Park Place Convent, Wickham, Hants Shroton Primary School Shenfield School, Reading Motcombe Junior School Ascension Isle School

J. Gould
F. Griffiths
J. Hardiman
J. Hawson
G. Hurd
A. Jones
T. Kelleher
J. King
J. Kirby-Williams
E. Stogdale
M. Tindall
J. Underwood
L. Weldon
D. Whiting
C. Pringle
B. Western

Shaftesbury C.E. Junior School
Blandford St. Mary's School, Blandford
Fontmell Magna School
Manston Junior School
Milton C.E. School
Ludwell Junior School
Okeford-Fitzpaine School
East Orchard V.C. School
Milton C.E. School
Blandford Camp School, Blandford
Tophill School, Portland
Tisbury Junior School
Swallowcliffe Junior School
Alcester St. James Junior School
Bourne School, Singapore
R.A.F. Singapore

STAFF NOTES

At the end of the Summer term we had to say good-bye to Miss Lloyd who was retiring. We are glad that she is still remaining in Shaftesbury, so that we shall be able to see her, and we wish her well in her retirement.

Mr. Duckworth also left in the Summer, and has gone to Southampton University to study for the Master of Education degree. We hope he will be very happy and successful.

We extend a welcome to Miss Port, who has come to teach English, Mr. Hall, History and Mlle. Conan, our new assistante, and hope that they will all be happy with us.

It was with sorrow that we heard of the death of Miss Lucas in October. We always valued her quiet sense of humour and her vitality, and more recently, the great courage and faith she showed in the last months. She will be greatly missed.

REPORTS

Third Form Report

We started off very well at the beginning of the year, with Miss Lawrence as our form mistress.

We were very pleased to welcome two new members of the form, Carolyn Frost, and Ruth Hunt, who both came in the Easter Term.

Our first form captain was Susan Haskett with Jackie Howard as our deputy. They both served us well. At the end of the first term we had a film called 'She', after we had seen it we took presents round to the old people. At the end of the year several people were awarded department stars: Barbara Turner, Penny Stone, Jackie Howard, Belinda Moore, Anne Macgregar and Pat Evans.

We had to say good-bye to Kate Porter, a very popular girl who was liked by everyone. She hopes to return in January. We would like to thank Miss Lawrence for being such a kind and helpful teacher to us.

Lower IV Form Report

We began our year in L.IV with Mrs. Gee as our Form Mistress. Our form room was room 7 at Barton Hill, with the Lab. as our form room at school.

We were pleased to welcome three new members to our form at the beginning of the year: Tina Yorke, Jane Sinclair and Valerie Jolley. We would like to congratulate Tina on winning a good work prize, and Carol Hine on winning a progress prize.

N. Lofting, P. Jacobs, L. Rossiter, A. Cooper, C. Cox and L. Healey took part in the North Dorset sports and did quite well. Later, D. Donougher, P. Sandy, A. Cooper and N. Lofting took part in the Dorset swimming sports and did well there, too.

Our form enjoyed an outing to London in the Summer Term, when we visited the British Museum, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the National Gallery and other places of interest.

During the year we were sorry to say goodbye to Helen Pritchett who went to live at Downham Market, and Nancy Lofting who went to be a day-girl at Epsom.

We would like to thank Mrs. Gee for making our year in L.IV such an enjoyable one.

Upper Fourth Form Report

We began our Upper Fourth year with Miss Matthews as our form mistress and Room 2 for our form room. Benita Harris was our form captain for the first term. We welcomed five more boarders to our form, Deborah Cole, Amanda Jennings, Jackie Hunt, Catherine Hole and Mary Moore. The Autumn term went surprisingly quickly and our Christmas holidays were soon over and the Spring term began. We voted Lesley Alford for our form captain. Another boarder, Julia Hepburn, came into our form; not long after this Mary Moore left and went to day school in Wales.

After the Easter holidays Janet McMorran was our form captain. At the beginning of the term Miss Lawrence and Mrs. Whaley took us on a geography expedition to Lulworth Cove; it was a very hot day and we enjoyed it very much. In May quite a few of us went to the North Dorset sports and Heather Midgley, Janet McMorran, Pat Warden, Sally Pope, Judith Morgan and Gail McIlroy got through to the Dorset sports. They all did quite well and Sally and Janet went to the South-Western counties sports in Weymouth.

On Parents' Day we were delighted with Judith Morgan for winning the Middle school athletics cup as this was the second time she had won it.

We went on our form outing to London in July to see the Waxworks and Planetarium. This was a very enjoyable day.

We were all very sorry to hear of the illness and death of Miss Lucas, our French teacher.

At the end of the Summer term Christine Monk and Marilyn Frankland left and we miss them very much.

Congratulations to Benita Harris, Susan Hannam, Jackie Hunt and Heather Midgley for getting good work prizes, also to Marilyn Ford for the reading prize and to Carole Stanton who won a progress prize. Also Lesley Marshall, Linda Hunt, Claire Perry, Joanna Morgan, Christine Tyson and Linda Foyle received deportment stars.

We have all enjoyed our year with Miss Matthews and have had a most exciting experience in the Upper Fourth form.

Lower V D Form Report

We began our Lower Fifth year with Mr. Duckworth, in room 4.

In the Autumn Term we went with Miss Lloyd to Salisbury to see "As you like it" which was very entertaining.

The Spring Term was fairly un-eventful but several of our form gained places in the house, and under XV netball teams.

We spent two days, during the Summer Term, on a combined Geographical, Biological survey of the River Stour. As well as learning a good deal, we enjoyed ourselves tremendously.

We held a second hand book and record sale and so were able to send a substantial cheque towards the education of our West Indian Girl.

The highlight of this term was our form outing to Sandbanks where we all enjoyed ourselves. As it was very hot some of us were very sore after sunbathing!

We congratulate M. Reynolds, who did so very well in the Athletics and reached the South Western Counties Athletics meeting in which she came third. She was also runner up in the Middle School Tennis Tournament and for the School Athletics Cup.

We also congratulate A. Linley who received a Good Work Prize and C. Powell and V. Rees who got Progress Prizes.

J. Muspratt and C. Pritchard gained Deportment Stars during the year. Well done!

At the end of the year we were sorry to say goodbye to Dawn Swindells and Mr. Duckworth but we would like to thank him for his help and cheerfulness throughout the year.

LV W Form Report

LV W had a very successful year with Mrs. Weedon as form-mistress. At the beginning of the year (under the supervision of Mrs. Weedon and Melle. le Boedec) some of us went to Yeovil Technical College to see a French play called "L'avare", which, although spoken in somewhat rapid French was comprehensible and very enjoyable.

We went on four other expeditions during the year; one to the Old Vic to see a Greek play. It was produced in a very modern way and was enjoyed immensely—thank you Miss Woods. We also went to see "As You Like It", at the Playhouse, Salisbury.

Another of our outings was of a more strenuous nature—a combined geography and biology expedition, with Mr. Duckworth and Mrs. Gee. We followed the River Stour, visiting many water mills, and walking a good deal.

For our form expedition, we passed a very enjoyable day at Shell Bay with LV D and Mr. Duckworth and Mrs. Weedon.

During the year, the form won several prizes, including the Tidiness Picture for the Spring Term! Julia Berry, Christine Donougher and Diane Brentnall received good work prizes, and Lesley Groves a progress prize. Several members of our form succeeded in passing their Maths 'O' level in the Summer. Julia and Christine did exceptionally well in tennis and swimming, Julia winning the middle school tennis cup, and Christine, the swimming cup. Two deportment stars were also awarded during the year.

Apart from having to say goodbye to Valerie Burton and Elaine Bell, who are both going to other schools, we passed a very happy Lower Vth year, and would like to thank Mrs. Weedon very much for being such a kind and helpful form-mistress.

Upper Fifth Report

At last we arrived in our Upper Fifth year, with the thought of the dreaded 'O' levels looming ahead of us.

We were thankful to have Miss Watkins as our form mistress, for she encouraged us a great deal, and helped us continually throughout the year.

In the Christmas Term, we organised, in aid of our West Indian girl, a Whist Drive which proved very successful.

We did not have a form outing this year as we were so busy preparing for our examinations.

Many girls left early at the end of the Summer Term and it was very sad to say goodbye to the girls with whom we have worked for the past five years, and who are now working, or in other schools and colleges.

We were very pleased that one of our form, Barbara Cripps, was included in the small group of girls to be offered a place at Marlborough College, where she is now studying for 'A' levels.

On the whole, the year was a very happy one, and we were glad to have reached the stage in our education for which we had been prepared since the first days in the Third Form.

VIth Form Report

When we began our first year in the VIth form, we welcomed Sue Dawson and Esther Rutherford to our company. At last we were all able to benefit from Grammar School facilities and relations between the sixth forms flourished.

During the year, Mr. Rolfe organised three expeditions to Stratford and others to Bournemouth and Salisbury for the boys and girls who were studying English with him. These proved to be of great educational value as well as an enjoyable day out.

The French group, as usual, visited Clayesmore School where La Troupe Française staged a production of Molière's "L'avare".

Christmas was very eventful for our form. We organised a dance to which we invited the Grammar School V1th form. This was extremely successful and we look forward to another one this year. Then the combined forms raised a considerable sum for Cancer Research by Carol Singing. Although we got soaking wet, it was a memorable occasion.

However, we had our ups and downs, literally! The ceiling of our form-room fell down during exams which meant that the entire form had to move into the senior Lab. for two weeks while it was being repaired ! !

In February, Blandford Grammar School held a Ball, which several of our Girls attended, assuring us that it had been a very successful evening.

Congratulations to Pamela Carter, Susan Lofting, Jenny Blanchett, Sue Dawson and Denise Allum who all passed their driving tests!

Through the year we were very sorry to say goodbye to Jenny Bohot, Jeannette Brooks, Janice Domoney and Judy Haskett who had all been with us since the third form.

On the whole it was a rewarding year since Rosalind Ballam and Liz Sandy were awarded deportment stars. Pamela Scalbert received netball and tennis colours and Patricia Scalbert won her tennis colours and also the Athletics Cup. Shirley Young won Hockey and Netball colours, and Jane Farrand and Jane Kerley received good work prizes. Congratulations!

We should like to thank Miss Frazer for being an understanding form mistress and being so willing to give us help whenever needed.

SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

This last year has been an active one for the School Council. A new Honours Board was purchased and has now been placed in the School Hall. A grant of £40 was allowed to buy new school library books. This time, pupils were given the opportunity to recommend their own choice of books. They found this very helpful and invaluable to their studies. More garden chairs were bought for the use of all girls and Council decided to have the old chairs repaired. At the end of the year there was a complete reorganisation of school regulations and penalties. These were discussed fully by Council, and clarified for the staff and pupils.

School Council is a worthwhile training for all its members and we appreciate all the concern and hard work put into it.

JANE FARRAND, *Secretary* 1967/8

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

The collections through the year have been somewhat disappointing, but all the forms have completed their collections for the West Indian girls they are supporting. They have raised their money in various ways including coffee mornings and bazaars which have been very successful.

In the Christmas Term we had a large collection of clothes which was sent to Oxfam and also a good toy collection which went to various children's homes. We felt that the school was not supporting the collections as well as they might, the first collection of the Autumn Term certainly showed an increase so we have discussed ways of improving the help we give and hope that after the revisions the activities of the school will increase.

JANE KERLEY, *Secretary* 1967/8

CHOIR REPORT

Last December the choir of the Grammar School and High School combined once again for the Carol Service; which this year was an Advent Carol Service. Despite the break with tradition this service was still enjoyed by all our visitors and those who took part. Later in December the same choirs met to sing carols at a special service in aid of the Save the Children Fund.

We have met each Thursday throughout the year and last summer we began practising our songs for Speech Day. This year the choir performed four songs including two madrigals, "Sweet Content" by Dr. Thomas Armstrong and one of the Gypsy Songs by Dvorak arranged by Dr. Reginald Johnson whom we were fortunate in having as our accompanist once more. We very much appreciate everything he has done for the school's music. We hope that he will enjoy his retirement and will visit us on future musical occasions.

Finally many thanks to Miss Drake for all her patient teaching, without which our school choir could not exist.

JANE KERLEY, *Upper VI, Leader*

RECORDER SOCIETY REPORT

We continued to meet every Monday throughout the year and practised to achieve a high level of playing. We are pleased to see that new members are supporting our society, and hope they will appreciate the variety and high standard of the work we attempt.

We are most grateful to Miss Drake for her tuition and enthusiasm, and we anticipate another enjoyable and rewarding year.

JANE FARRAND, *Leader*

ORCHESTRA REPORT

The orchestra met as usual every Wednesday and throughout the year steadily expanded its repertoire. We gave two small concerts at the end of each term in which certain individuals performed. We hoped by doing so, to encourage members of the school to take up a musical instrument and not only give pleasure to others, but to themselves as we hope we have done.

Unfortunately we are still a small group, but our string section has expanded considerably gaining two violinists and a 'cellist. We can only hope that during the oncoming year the woodwind section can too, increase in number.

I know all the members of the orchestra greatly appreciate the time and trouble that Mr. Purcell had devoted to us, not only during the orchestra practices, but also by individual teaching.

Of course, the orchestra would not be the same without the firm guidance of Miss Drake who I know pulls us through even the most disheartening moments.

We look forward to the following year with the hope that it will be equally, if not more successful than the previous years.

DENISE ALLUM

FLOWER GUILD REPORT

Our group, although small has had a very successful and rewarding year.

Several prizes were gained in the Chrysanthemum Show and Pamela Carter was very successful in the Gillingham and Shaftesbury Show. We are very proud of Pamela and delighted to hear that she is using her great talent and training at the Constance Spry School of Flower Arranging.

An exhibition was staged in the VI Form Room on Parent's Day and the group once again decorated the Hall and tea tables for Speech Day.

Our sincere thanks goes to Miss Drake for sparing us so much of her valuable time. Her patience and guidance are greatly appreciated and we look forward to another successful year.

DENISE DART, U VI

DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

At the beginning of the Christmas Term the re-formed Dramatic Society decided to perform Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" in the Spring Term.

In the following meetings we rehearsed the play but on one occasion we joined with Clayesmore for a play-reading session which was very enjoyable.

At the beginning of the Spring Term, the full impact of putting on a play hit us and we began to learn our parts frantically. But unfortunately we were too late because our standard was not high enough for the Arts Club Theatre. Instead we decided to produce "Twelfth Night" in the school hall with very little scenery so that the whole effect was probably very much like that which Shakespeare himself was accustomed to.

We gave three performances from March 20th-22nd dressed in costumes hired from a firm in Bristol.

Despite the mishaps and inconveniences we all enjoyed ourselves, thanks to Miss Fraser's encouragement and excellent producing.

CHRISTABEL POWELL, U VI

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

We are much obliged to the officers of the Grammar School Debating Society for inviting the Sixth form to attend and participate in their meetings. Throughout the year a number of motions were debated, including one condemning the laws that would ultimately make divorce easier, in which two members of the Sixth form spoke. We hope this co-operation between the two schools will continue so we can again have a most enjoyable and successful year's debating.

SUZANNE CARR, U VI

PLAY-READING SOCIETY

Last year we were very grateful to Mr. Rolfe who started a play-reading society for the English students of both the Grammar School and High School sixth forms. We read modern plays by such writers as Eugene O'Neil and Henrik Ibsen. We enjoyed ourselves tremendously but it was decided that we would not have time to carry on, this year.

G. M. COMBE, U VI

THE HOCKEY REPORT

The results of the Autumn Term 1967 were quite promising with both the 1st XI and 2nd XI winning a large percentage of their matches. However, this year, the fixtures have had to be continually cancelled due to the extremely bad weather. The 1st XI and U XV managed to play one match this term against La Retraite, which resulted in the 1st XI losing 4—1 and the U XV winning 1—0.

House hockey matches took place in the Spring Term. Hardy won the cup, with Wren second and Barnes third.

I should like to thank Miss Lawrence for her encouragement and training throughout the year.

SUE DAWSON, Upper VI, *Captain*

1st XI

J. George	G.K.
P. M. Scalbert	R.B.
S. Lofting	L.B. (Capt.)
S. Young	R.W.
E. Sandy	R.I.
J. Lewis	C.F.
S. Dawson	L.I.
H. Pope	L.W.
B. Short	R.H.
P. J. Scalbert	C.H.
P. Carter	L.H.

Colours awarded to: S. Lofting and S. Young

THE NETBALL REPORT

Although few matches were played during the season, our standard of Netball has improved considerably. We should like to thank Miss Lawrence for her time spent at our frequent Netball practices for Seniors and Juniors, and for her encouragement to the teams. We look forward to another successful year with her help.

Netball Team

E. Gray	G.S.
P. M. Scalbert	G.A.
P. J. Scalbert	W.A.
M. Reynolds	C.
S. Thomas	W.D.
S. Young	G.D. (Captain)
L. Bartlett	G.K.

Colours were awarded to: S. Young, P. M. Scalbert

House Netball Cup

1st	—	Hardy
2nd	—	Barnes
3rd	—	Wren

PAMELA SCALBERT, Upper VI, *Captain*

GYMNASTICS REPORT

The gymnastics club met every Monday at four o'clock. This year, because of the enthusiasm of the members, we extended our meetings from the Autumn and Spring terms to include the Summer term as well.

This term we welcome a number of new members, who, with the help of Miss Lawrence, will learn various vaults and agilities.

I should like to thank Miss Lawrence for giving so much of her time and patience to help us.

PAMELA SCALBERT, Upper VI, *Leader*

TENNIS REPORT

Owing to a very damp summer we were unable to play many matches, but those that were played were very much enjoyed.

House Tennis matches were held which resulted in a win for Hardy.

School championships were held at the end of term.

Upper School: J. Kerley bt. S. Young 8—6, 3—6, 7—5.

Middle School: J. Berry bt. M. Reynolds 11—10.

Junior School: C. Cox bt. T. Pope.

		1st VI	
Capt.	S. Young*	}	1st couple
	J. Kerley*		
	P. M. Scalbert	}	2nd couple
	P. J. Scalbert		
	E. Gray	}	3rd couple
	S. Thomas		

* denotes colours already held

New colours awarded to: P. M. Scalbert and P. J. Scalbert

S. YOUNG

ATHLETICS REPORT 1968

Two records were broken at the School's annual Parents Day, held on May 13th. The Standards Cup was won by Hardy and Barnes. The House Cup was won by Hardy with 154 points. Barnes was second with 89½ points, and Wren was third with 66½ points.

The Individual Championships were won by Nancy Lofting, Lower School (Runner up: Gillian Bates and Alicia Cooper); Judith Morgan, Middle School (Runner up: Maureen Reynolds); Patricia Scalbert, Upper School (Runner up: Pamela Scalbert).

Thirty five girls represented the school at the North Dorset Athletics Sports on 18th May, held at Sturminster Newton. The secondary year did particularly well in winning the Secondary Girls Group Cup. A record number of our girls qualified for the Dorset Athletics Championships at Seldown School, Poole, on 15th June.

In the Intermediate Girls Class, Maureen Reynolds won the shot; in the Secondary Girls Class Janet McMorran won the 100 yards, and Sallie Pope won the javelin. These three represented Dorset in the South Western Counties.

Colours: Patricia Scalbert

Maureen Reynolds

PATRICIA SCALBERT, Upper VI

SWIMMING REPORT

The School maintained its good standard of swimming this year.

The Lower and Middle Schools took part in a Triangular Swimming Gala with Gillingham and Shaftesbury Modern Schools at Gillingham, and were successful in keeping the cup for the second year running.

A full team was entered for the Preliminary County Secondary Swimming Sports at Bovington Camp, and the majority of the team were successful in getting through to the Dorset Finals at Stokewood Road, Bournemouth. We were unfortunate in that none of us reached the required standard for the South-West Counties Gala.

Our own Swimming Sports were held on Wednesday July 17th. Unfortunately the sky was overcast and the water, bitterly cold.

INDIVIDUAL CUPS:

Lower School:

Winner: D. Donougher

Runner-up: A. Cooper

Middle School:

Winner: C. Donougher

Runner-up: J. Palmer

Upper School:

Winner: E. Pritchett

Runner-up: E. Sandy

House Shield:

1st Hardy 163½ points

2nd Barnes 109 points

3rd Wren 84½ points

Thanks must go to all the Staff involved in the Sports, and particularly to Miss Lawrence, not only for all the hard work she put into them but also for all the time she spent coaching us during the Summer Term.

HELEN BAIRSTO, *Captain*

SPORTS CLUB REPORT

This term it was decided, owing to an increasing interest in indoor sports by members of the school, to form a Sports Club. This would meet on Thursdays during the lunch hour. Already there have been two successful meetings at which a growing number of members have enjoyed playing darts, badminton, batinton and table tennis.

We sincerely hope that future meetings will be equally successful.

PAMELA SCALBERT, Upper VI

SUZANNE CARR, Upper VI

Leaders

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE SCHOOL

CAMPING IN THE NEW FOREST

I parted the foliage to see a herd of Deer, quietly munching grass, I gave a gasp of wonder, and I think at that moment they must have seen us, for away they went in leaps and bounds.

Such a sight was unusual, at least I have never seen this sight other than in huge estates. We (Haakon, who is my brother, Daddy and I) then retraced our steps to our car. Our original plan was to go in search of a stream, not finding any save a few mere trickles, we decided to camp in another part of the New Forest.

I looked around with great satisfaction, we had found a quick running, deep stream to camp by, had set up the tent and arranged everything inside it. Daddy had made a fire with only two matches! Haakon, well, he was making himself useful by reading out passages of information from his book "Good Camping".

I now put some sausages into the saucepan to fry, as Daddy had appointed me as "The chief chef".

We had a rather mixed supper, hot dogs (bread rolled round sausages) burnt toast (our family's speciality), luke warm milk, peaches, kit-kats, biscuits and apples.

Hearing a slow munch behind me, I swung around to meet a pair of glowing eyes. It was a pony with a foal by its side. I was quite stunned, I had expected to see ponies, yes, but not at night behind our backs!

Ten o'clock, in my sleeping bag, I lifted up the side of my tent to see the ponies munching away. Unfortunately there was a great deal of mist about, so I could not see any stars. I dropped the tent side, lay back my head and gave a great sigh, I was contented.

We charged to the car with all our camping gear. It was pouring in torrents of rain. We had had breakfast (camp tea and boiled eggs), everything was now sodden and damp (I think my ideas about camping have now changed). Haakon was telling us "useful" information (from his camping book) about what one, does, or does not do when it is wet (I could have screamed at him). Anyway (at last) after a hectic five minutes we got into the car, and Daddy drove off. My last glimpse of the new forest was some ponies taking shelter under an oak tree.

JACQUELINE I. HOWARD, L IV

THE HUNT

Hunting is a cruel sport. Fine gentlemen and ladies in red coats enjoy seeing a poor, defenceless animal being torn limb from limb by ugly hounds. What do they care for a terrified stag that will swim into the sea to save itself from the hounds; indeed, what do they care? When huntsmen go galavanting into the countryside, everything is fresh and untouched, but when they go, they leave a bloody mess of fur and blood, paper, match ends, broken hedges, smashed bottles. The countryside reeks of death and destruction, but do they care? No they do not care twopence for the mangled mess they leave behind. It is only another brush to hang on the wall in the "Kings Arms" and a chat about the chase. Who does really care

Leu-on, then leu-on! o-ov-ov-ov-ov-over! Lockheart, the massive Irish Wolfhound dived into the water as he saw a small brown head of an otter skim the water. The dog bit sure and deep into the otter's hind foot, down, down they plunged into the murky waters, both animals fighting for life. Long fallen ash leaves, black and rotting rose sending a putrid smell to the noses of the waiting men. A small spiral of red rose and mingled with the slime of the Beam Wier. Slowly the tide ebbed away, an age old heron, sped "cronking" through the rushes while the coo-ing of the wood pigeons ceased. Before long the body of Lockheart rose, his once-curly coat, now wet and matted with blood. The hunters in their splattered coats stared with sad wonder at the corpse. After a while a large bubble arose from the depths of the weir and broke on the surface, and then another on the waters of the Beam Weir's then nothing more. This time they did care!

ROSEMARY WARREN, L IV

LET LOOSE IN LONDON

May 14th started misty, but L IV were not disheartened as they waited on Gillingham station for the London train. Miss Woods and Miss Watkins, with Jacqueline Lewis and Rosalind Ballam were shepherding their flock to London.

On arrival at Waterloo—BR was punctual—an escalator took us to the tube, and then to our first destination—the British Museum. To view the Codex Sinaiticus was our main aim. It was wonderful to see this well-preserved ancient Greek manuscript Bible which has survived from c. 400 A.D. We also had time to see some of the other exhibits, before sitting outside in the sunshine, on the British Museum steps to eat lunch.

Another Underground journey brought us to St. Pauls and after a short walk to the British and Foreign Bible Society, where we were shown a film, old manuscripts and Bibles in all languages, though the Society still have to translate the Bible into a further 2000 tongues.

Trafalgar Square was our next goal, where some of the group went to St. Martins in the Fields with Miss Watkins and the remainder to the National Gallery with Miss Woods. We could not leave the Square without feeding the pigeons. Then off we went to a restaurant for an evening meal.

We finally had to join the rush hour crowds (what an adventure) to catch our 7 o'clock train, home to Dorset and the next day's school.

C. LEWIS, U IV

THE ARRIVAL OF THE WASP

The American Aircraftcarrier 'Wasp' arrived early in the morning on a hot summer's day. The mist was rising slowly from the water in coils swirling this way and that making the 'Wasp' seem as though she were flying at least 3 feet above the water. The Isle of Wight was just a shape in the distance and the many yachts and dinghies raced along side of the gigantic vessel like ants swarming about their queen. In such a way did she arrive.

She passed so close to the shore where I was swimming that I could make out each individual sailor as they stood in lines along the prows and stern, and amidships.

Later that day I went along to the point of Old Portsmouth and stood admiring her. She was gigantic I thought about the sailors aboard her and when they would be let loose to prowl in search of that 'girl in every port' and was turning back when I became aware of a chattering laughing group of sailors, American it was evident by their accents and uniforms.

During the next two weeks about 200 sailors from the 'Wasp' and her envoy invaded Portsmouth. I had the embarrassing experience to be filmed walking along the street as a 'typical English girl' as they put it. Several wives had flown out with their children to be with their husbands.

It was very quiet after they left but our peace was soon invaded by yet another envoy of Americans in yet another aircraft carrier.

DEBORAH COLE L V

A PUPIL'S POINT OF VIEW

The controversy prevailing in Shaftesbury over the enforcement of comprehensive education is still very concentrated. I, who have no prospect of experiencing this scheme, wish to express some ideas, directed from the pupil's point of view. Looking back over six years of a grammar school education, I can see where I have gained, and where I have lost.

Inevitably, the abolition of the eleven plus (although it is not called that now), must come; inevitably and fortunately. While this method of selection continues, the children of Shaftesbury are being denied an honest chance to succeed in their education. One failure can dishearten a child for life and end what might have been an intelligent and worthwhile career. A child should be allowed to develop naturally; eleven years cannot be a fair age at which to judge a pupil's capabilities. Some are precocious, some backward, and they must be allowed to discover their own standard of intelligence.

Once a child knows an examination will not determine his future, he becomes less reticent and more confident. This is where a comprehensive school can provide the essential opportunities. Every pupil is given an equal chance to learn subjects in varying fields. Talents soon become evident; the more practical child learns subjects relevant to his interests and the more intellectual student has the chance to further his education to "A" level standard and even to university.

However, if this were the complete case, comprehensive schooling would be accepted automatically. I still have my doubts. These children will never enjoy the individual attention which I have appreciated throughout my schooling. Ours has been a small and personal community, and a modern school designed for several hundred pupils can never hold the intense character which we have found in ours. Every girl in the school is an individual; not just a name. Our headmistress knows us and can help us personally. Such attention, even if intended, can never be achieved in a large comprehensive school.

A great deal of responsibility must be awarded to parents, since discipline is always difficult to enforce in such a mixed community; mixed in the sense of intelligence and standards of behaviour. If the school can rely on parents to give their children a fundamental understanding of discipline and respect, harmony between teacher and pupil, and among the pupils themselves, will be attained.

In the past year, I have realised the advantages of amalgamated lessons. One's outlook is broadened and one gains confidence. It is invaluable to be able to compare ideas and knowledge with the opposite sex. Therefore pupils would do well to mix with all kinds of personalities, whether good or bad, in a comprehensive school. Communication is always limited in a small, single-sex school; but discipline is usually excellent. If a child's parental discipline is effective, he will then be able to distinguish good from bad and find his own friends for himself. So, the pupil's respect for discipline depends a great deal on his upbringing, and the association between parents and staff is essential.

Thus, we can see that much depends upon us, not just the educational system. I feel that the cooperation from the parents and children of Shaftesbury will determine the success or failure of the comprehensive scheme. I also hope that the individuality of our small schools will not be entirely forgotten. For now, as I face my last year at school, I realise that life in an old, small and somewhat dilapidated building has not been all dissatisfaction and boredom.

JANE FARRAND, U VI

* * *

FOREIGN TRAVEL

SUMMER IN CYPRUS

Unbelievable, but true, Thursday 15th August dawned at last, and promptly at five o'clock in the morning the entire family rose to ensure that I should be in plenty of time to leave this country for what was to prove the holiday of my life.

It had all started last Christmas when friends had invited me to spend a month with them in Cyprus. So that Thursday saw the end of all the preparations—passport and travellers cheques, injections and packing were all behind me. I had worked for hours in our little village cafe and in the strawberry fields to amass spending money. Mother had made three beach dresses and Father had given me a new bikini, all in readiness for that wonderful sun.

The journey to Luton was exciting in itself. Who would have thought that at that late hour needle and thread were still needed; as I leaned forward I felt a sudden cold draught creep up my back—my dress and its zip had parted company! At Watford the necessary repair kit was purchased and I am sure I am the first girl to have had running repairs performed for her in a car on the M.1.

Luton airport spread out before us high above the ugly acres of the Vauxhall Motors factory. Planes revved up and taxied off into an unbelievably clear sky.

The first lap of my journey was behind me.

We found out the way to the Britannia Airways area and noticed that two flights were scheduled for Nicosia before mid-day; I was amazed that nearly two hundred and fifty people could be going to my destination from one airport.

A Greek party—the first flight—was already queuing and the atmosphere had changed excitingly. They stood dark and different from the other poker-faced travellers; laughing, crying and hugging each other.

I noticed two Greek Orthodox priests in their long, black, crow-like robes, tall hats and straggly beards—and several widows—some still quite young, in their black widows' weeds. They wore long black skirts, black woollen stockings, heavy shoes, shawls and head scarves and their eyes matched their clothes! The old woman looked as though they had just stepped out of the vineyards.

My flight was called. I had been weighed with my baggage; my documents were in order and I had met my first new friend—Sonia, a girl of twenty-one from North Wales—who was going to visit her brother in Akrotiri. I kissed my family and had to leave them standing behind a glass barrier—I was on my own.

The Britannia aircraft stood waiting and I felt rather like a film actress as I boarded her. The stewardess ushered Sonia and me to our seats. We fastened our safety-belts and before we could get used to the strange atmosphere, we were taxiing down the run-way and my family shrank to a dot in the distance.

The flight was fascinating; the pilot continually gave us information that we needed, while around us the billowing white clouds parted from time to time to reveal a shimmering sea or the green patch-work fields, or the glinting snow-covered Alps far, far below.

Down we flew across the Greek Isles and eventually we touched down in Nicosia airport.

Already it was pitch-dark there. Sonia and I were bursting with happiness as we ran down the flight steps into the customs building.

Suddenly they were there—Sonia's brother, Auntie Betty and Cath; our chattering must have outdone the valuable Greeks.

Back we hurtled along the rut-strewn road in a noisy little Renault which, Auntie Betty proudly informed me, was capable of holding nine milk churns and its own on any road in Cyprus.

Strains of Greek music floated in through the car's windows, which we wound right down because of the heat. Mad Greek drivers "drove on their horns", a common occurrence as I soon discovered.

Then we were out into the Mesaoria Plain which was then desolate and wild, and at last we saw the lights of Famagusta glinting in the distance.

I was too excited to sleep that night and it was far too hot for us so we sat out on the balcony and talked and talked and talked.

Next morning, about six, I could hear the Greeks shouting in the streets—far below. So I thrust back the shutters and was met with a glorious panoramic view of this flat-roofed city and its sun-bleached vastness.

That morning, before breakfast, Cath and I went down to the beach and sat under the reed-roofed shelter of the 'Neon Phaleron'.

As mid-day came closer the sand became alive with heat and it was no longer safe for anyone to walk across it barefooted. The sun scorched you—despite hat and sunglasses.

The Turners were wonderful hosts. I was taken to the old city one night to go dancing but first we all had a special Greek meal—a Messai—consisting of twelve courses of exotic food including a kebab, which I became very fond of and sparkling white wine.

Later we walked to the Old City's high, guarded walls then we drove through the streets to the centre where music was playing loudly. Only the Forces were allowed to enter this Turkish part of Famagusta as neither the Greeks nor the Turks communicate with each other still. In fact during my stay a bomb was exploded at the end of the street in which I was living at one in the morning. The worker's union was ruined and one Greek night-watchman was killed.

For a special treat I was taken to a leave centre in the Troodos mountains for five days. How cold it seemed after the heat of Famagusta. The Troodos are majestic but wild and the roads are hair-raising in their narrowness and their hairpin bends. I noticed how cruel some of the Greeks were to their thin and wretched mules and horses. Cath and I had quite an argument with one Greek boy, who promised to treat Mary, his mule, better in future.

There were no wild flowers during the Summer; it was far too hot. Everything was parched and the grass was yellow and dust-laden.

Another day I was taken to Salamis to see the old ruins, and another day to Kyrenia on the North coast and looking through the binoculars I could see the mountains of Turkey looming high above the mist.

All too soon the heavenly month was over and I had a grand farewell from some of the United Nation's troops I had met and other friends.

Looking back I can vividly remember the United Nations' troops I met, and how one day there was a friendly 'battle' of tug o' war on the beach between the Swedes and the Finns among them. I remember the Greek music and 'Pata, pata', the street cafes, the smell of spices and kebab, the playing of the "R.B.Q." at the Leave Centre, the town alive with people even in the early hours, the old market selling sheep skins and basket work; and above all the sun and the blue of the Mediterranean, the kindness of my hosts and friends, and the laughter and happiness I experienced.

CLAIRE PERRY, Lower V

BAHREIN

Bahrain is the centre island of a group of islands, situated in the Persian Gulf.

It has a varied climate which in fact changes three time per year. From November to February the weather is cool, it rains a lot leaving the whole island wet, soggy and inevitably smelly. From March to May the weather is warm but not hot and from June to October it is sticky and so hot that one lives in air conditioned rooms or at the swimming pool.

The present ruler likes the British and encourages his subjects to do likewise. He hopes to make his country as green and pleasant as possible, and to prove this he has planted many trees and flowering bushes along the sides of each of the main roads.

There are a number of beaches that the British may use, but the two most popular are 'The Sheiks Beach' and 'Bapco'. The Sheiks beach is made up of soft white sand fringed with Palm trees.

The Bapco beach derives its name from its owners, the oil company, but, one must be a member to use it.

There are many swimming pools in Bahrain but the most popular is the Awali pool, which belongs to the Oil Company. It has a magnificent pool adjoined by a luxurious clubhouse where many indoor sports are played.

Jufair is the Navy base it too has a pleasant pool as well as an ample library and Naffi.

Maharraq is the RAF base it is really a separate island joined by a causeway to Bahrein.

All these places have cinemas where good films are shown.

'Manama' is the main town on the island, its inhabitants are friendly and will do anything to make you buy their goods.

Two markets are run, the fruit and vegetable market and the rather smelly fish one.

Bahrein has many interesting points often invaded by tourists. The two most interesting are the 'Twin Minarets' built well over a 100 years ago, and the 'Portuguese Fort'.

The British leave Bahrein in 1971 although they have been offered a large amount of money by the ruler to stay. It is a pity as Bahrein is a friendly and interesting place to live in.

MANDY JENNINGS, L V

AMERICA

The American people are so different from European people that the one of ten criticises the other without good reason. I am going to try to clear the slate a little.

Our English is pronounced differently, but is still English; the words have the same meaning. The Austrians have called their language German for ages and no one has objected, so far. The fact that we call our English English makes many English people angry. Well, what do you expect us to call it, Greek?

The people who came to America in the first place were a mixture of every imaginable race. So you see, we are all foreigners. They were all ambitious people, fighting for a patch of land and some peace. The pioneer spirit that drove us west to California can still be seen. Our schools are among the best and most progressive. New ideas are readily accepted and tried. We work and speak quickly; our factories and offices are very efficient, not only because we can afford it, but because we want them that way. We use slang in order to express ourselves more quickly. O.K. was originally a stamp of approval in a factory.

The consumer in America is very important. If the consumer is satisfied with shoddy goods, the manufacturer is going to produce

shoddy goods. But if the consumer demands high standards he will get high quality goods. If you buy a washing machine and it doesn't work as it should, you complain and something is done about it. That is the only way that the manufacturer is going to know that his factory is working. This theory can be applied to our government. We elect a man to run our country; we expect him to do what is right for it. But if the result of what he has done is bad, we complain and protest until something is done. We are nearly always dissatisfied with our government. This is a healthy sign, it shows that the people take particular care in who is in charge. We are such a young country, America has only been a country for 202 years, and we still have growing pains. Already we are one of the most advanced countries in science, technology and education.

It's always easy to criticise the big, rich person, but anyone can criticise; you don't have to be intelligent. Many of the criticisms of Americans that I've heard have been based on ignorance, stupidity and sour grapes. We are criticised for being materialistic. We work very hard for the money we earn, and when you have money, you naturally make life more comfortable for yourself. The more money you earn, the more comfortable you can afford to be. We are said to be so materialistic that we change our car every few years. Well, there is very little public transport in America because we can all afford cars. Not one of us would be able to get to work in the morning if our car broke down. Trading cars in every few years is sensible and economical. The car is not a status symbol in America, neither is the swimming pool going to be much longer. In some states they are really necessary in the summer.

Another favourite criticism is that we have no interest in art, music and literature. Anybody who'd been to the U.S. could tell you that that was completely untrue. I bet we are the only nation besides Germany that celebrates Beethoven's birthday.

Many people think that by criticising Americans they make themselves appear superior, but they are really only showing their inability to reason logically if their criticisms are based on ignorance, stupidity and sour grapes. Please, if you are going to criticise us, use your head, know your facts and be constructive. Not that we are beyond criticism, of course. We may not always be right, but will never admit it.

JACQUE LARSON, U V

SKIING IN LA PLAGNE

La Plagne is a modern ski-station in Haute Savoie about 142 km. from Grenoble, where the winter olympics were held this year. This Easter I was taken there by my friends family whilst I was staying with them. As La Plagne is modern there are many luxuries including a very modern catholic chapel which is in the shape of a semi-circle with benches around the altar. There were also hair-dressers, boutiques, shops, discotheques, restaurants, in fact everything to make a good holiday including a doctor's surgery and an ambulance to carry away the unfortunate to hospital!

I enjoyed myself tremendously there; a group of us, the eldest being twenty two and the youngest nine, stayed in a "caravan site" in fact the side of the road. The caravan site possessed the minimum of facilities, one of which was an electricity cable which was a necessity because in the night the temperature dropped to below freezing and we needed a fire.

I shall never forget the morning we woke up to find that the fire was not working and we were all freezing cold despite being in bed. Inside the caravan everything was frozen solid, the windows on the inside of the caravan had a sheet of ice on them and there were icicles suspended from the curtains (the frozen result of condensation!). Even our clothes were stiff and we had to "melt" them by keeping them in our beds. Toothpaste, skin protection cream, and our water carriers were also affected.

Luckily this only happened once and we complained bitterly about the situation to the manager who assured us that it would not happen again as they were building another cable box. What happened we learned was that the fuses blew in the main electricity box because it was overloaded.

La Plagne had many ski-lifts because it was a new station. They had installed one ski-cabin which the group with which I had lessons took one day. Having lessons was often very funny because I was the only English girl and the instructor would not speak English, so many of the girls practised their English on me.

One day the instructor was teaching us a new way of skiing and he told us to get in a long line, vertical to the slope. This we did and began to practise movement. Unluckily I was near the front for suddenly I fell over and began to fall down the slope. There was one woman in front of me and much to my embarrassment she was in my way and I tripped her over as well. By now we were both entwined our skis mixed up and our aims and sticks as well, she was sitting on my stomach. We were also gaining speed, and my back was beginning to get bruised, as it was rubbing on the hard

snow. After arriving at the bottom of the slope we came to a halt and after seeing that we had no broken bones we gradually unmixed ourselves and began to laugh for about one hundred yards up the slope the rest of the class were struggling down, using the new movement.

We were lucky in not being hurt. I passed a lot of people either waiting for the ambulance to come or lying on the slope with a group of people gathered round. It was rather an unnerving experience especially as I was always falling over!

I was most surprised to find an article about La Plagne in one of the many articles advertising winter sports in France. I certainly agree with its statement that it really is an exciting place to visit and to stay. I should love to go there again, someday.

LOUISE SAVAGE, Upper V M

LIFE ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA

It is virtually impossible to sit at home in dreary, rain-soaked England and imagine the blissful existence on the French Riviera. Life begins at nine in the morning and goes on until three or four the following day. You feel the first strong rays of the sun at ten in the morning and then everyone goes to the beach. Reclining bodies are scattered over the comparatively small beaches soaking up the heavenly Mediterranean sun. Newcomers are recognizable by their whiteness but within two or three days they graduate from a bright pink to a dark bronze!

The whole day until seven in the evening is spent lying on the beach. A great long sandwich filled with ham or saucissant has to suffice from supper the previous evening till supper the same evening as French breakfast consists merely of a cup of coffee. The main meal of the day is at seven every evening with the most peculiar dishes. The French have such enormous appetites that it is no wonder they need a siesta—each meal consisting of at least four courses!

However, after this people start to emerge again and at ten in the evening the town is as full as during the day. The promenades are swarming with students selling antique jewellery and modern paintings and the traditional French street cafes are busy until midnight. But the liveliest places are found underground in the "boites" or nightclubs. These are similar to English discoteques, but much smaller. However like the rest of the French Riviera these places are expensive—£1 for an evening—but well worth it. There, people dance until three or four in the morning every day of the week!

The French are renowned for their good food but perhaps the most delicious are the different varieties of ice cream. Rum ice cream, covered with fresh cream, topped with a meringue, half covered in chocolate with the face of a clown on it—hence its name “une clune”—to name but one. The main meals however are somewhat different—“potaufeu”—a mixture of all sorts but quite tasty or “couscous” a tasteless cereal served with stew. But the most delicious French dish is Pizza. This can be made from any vegetable—mushrooms, fruit of the sea or really anything you care to name.

Another thing the French are renowned for is their “cercos”. These are the equivalent of English carnivals without the fair and much more effective. Everyone is showered with confetti by people standing near or from a float which sprays it over everyone and everything. At the end of the procession people stand literally up to their ankles in confetti and it makes you wonder when the next day the streets are clear how the men ever managed to clear them so quickly, as again these festivities carry on well into the early hours.

Standing on the beach at midnight and seeing the shimmering lights of the street decorations together with those of the floats on the one hand and the twinkling lights from the yachts in the harbour and from the towns along the coast on the other, is a sight to remember and certainly one to recollect during the dreary days of our winter.

S. ADAMS, U VI

* * *

A BATTLE WITH THE ROMANS

The battle began on the sandy plain,
I hoped to see my father again,
Shield met shield, sword met sword,
I stood there still not uttering a word.

There were cries of anger,
And screams of help.
Bleeding legs and a sudden yelp,
The Battle raged on.

Shields were battered and Helmets scattered
Men lay wounded, and some dead,
My father came up,
“We have won”, he said.

SUSAN FINCHER, III

THE OLD OAK TREE

Here I stand in all my splendour
My roots deep in the earth,
My straggling branches, no more slender,
Have been here since my birth.
I've stood here for three hundred years
Through rain and snow and sun.
I've heard the bells in the old church tower,
Ring a thousand times.
Girls and boys have been here too,
Climbing through my branches,
I don't mind though, I don't care,
Let them see me standing here,
Let the people stand and stare.
Now I'm old and weary too,
But I'm still happy and content
Though my hollow trunk is bent,
I've lived through the sorrow,
I've lived through the pain,
I know that I'll never live again.

JEANETTE HARDIMAN, Form III

LATE EVENING

Sitting, quietly listening
Beneath the apple tree,
You look up through the leaves to see
A pattern of twigs, and branches,
Against the fading sky.
A bird chirps in the hedge near by,
The blackbird sings from his perch up there
On the roof of a house
When on goes a light,
As the sun sinks down, the glow dies away,
And dusk turns slowly to night
At the close of the day.
A gentle breeze
Springs up, and shakes the trees,
Making you shiver;
The rich, orange glow has gone from the sky,
So indoors I turn
Now another day's over.

SHEILA CAMERON, L IV

THE SCARECROW

You stand alone in an open field,
Battered by wind and snow and hail.
You have stood there nigh on twenty years,
Frightening birds away from crops.
But not any more my poor scarecrow,
Not any more my poor man.
You are too old to do your job,
The birds are too clever now.
You are neglected and ragged and torn,
Though once you were tall and clean.
But not any more my poor scarecrow,
Not any more my poor man.
The farmer has now passed away,
And left his son behind him.
The man is coming across the field,
With a spade and a sack in his hand.
And you are no more my poor scarecrow,
You are no more my poor man.

JENNIFER BLAGDEN, L IV

AUTUMN LEAVES

Fast they fall round about,
Making the ground a carpet
Of red and gold;
And still more come
Like snowdrops coloured
In the evening sun.
Soon all the trees will be bare,
Save those who never shed
Their summer cloak
Of green
But now,
The magnificent profile of trees,
Reaching up to the sky,
Is clearly visible;
And their once green leaves
Lie as a blanket
To the nearly sleeping tree,
Around its trunk,
In red and gold.

SHERRYLL JONES, U V M

THE FIRE

The fire spread leaving nothing,
Nothing but destruction in its wake,
The sound of flames, hissing, rushing,
It had given nothing, everything to take.
Children orphaned by its demon power,
Young wives mourning loved ones dear,
While the fire, orange like a flower,
Hit the night, and Judgement day seemed near.
Buildings turned to ashes and within them,
People screamed, a scream of death and pain,
Everyone just sat and looked, condemned them,
Condemned them dead, and death, it was ordained.

DEBORAH COLE, L V

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

O who am I that in this world must stay?
The answer to this question then, I pray,
There is no reason for my presence here
And all the more I think of this, I fear
That I may not repay my roots of life
For all the years that they have spent in strife.
O where am I to go and what to do,
For what rewards if any, am I due.
O surely I must have some talent free,
That I may give the pleasures that I see
And hear, to others who are satisfied
Already, that deserved is their pride
In their so difficult achieved careers.
But is it worth these tears and fears
Of failure to succeed and gain my aim,
In order that more people know my name
O won't this turmoil in my brain abate;
That I may know what is to be my fate
And cease these endless wanderings through my mind
So then perhaps I'll be no longer blind.

G. M. COMBE, U VI

WAVES OF ECSTASY

I am a sea of August ecstasy
Animated by the warm west wind
In whose innocence lies our mediate.
Your love drifts as the summer skies,
Your mutable image must mesmerise
My soul, when you are far and infinite.

The waves of my disordered mind stir
The secret depths of the illusive Pacific
Which, supine, glows in your sunlit smile.
You are the endless skies; my life and death.
I adopt your colour, for your azure breath
Mists the reflection in your looking-glass.

Our separate identity is lost in the horizon;
We are beyond the sunset of time and sight,
And together through the transciency of youth.
Yet still you are sublime . . . fade . . .
But not from me withdraw your shade;
For sky and sea are all eternity.

ROSALIND BALLAM, U VI

I am tormented on the edge of sleep
A blackness shrouds my vague thoughts that creeps
Into my frozen spirit, numb with fear;
But soon this cold fire thaws. My wrought mind hears
The hell below of anguish calling now
Chilling the perspiration on my brow.
Delirious fury wracks my troubled brain,
Dear God within, does sanity still reign?
Is this a mocking echo of my sins?
But no! There's a tunnel which I now enter
Voices echoing past, then closer . . . closer.
I must live now. Light appears before me,
Is there hope yet? My eyes open, I see
Faces that I can just recall. Oh sleep
Come quickly, restfully, that I may keep
This memory. Peaceful serenity
Closing weary eyelids. No longer pity
Me, the torturous hour has passed away.

DENISE ALLUM, U VI

THE WELFARE STATE

There he stands, alone, unwanted, a poor old man.
He raises his hand in greeting to those who pass.
On their way for a drink,
A chat
They never stop to ask
If he would like to join them;
They are all too busy with their own lives,
Their pools, their pigeons, their cabbage patches,
THEM
They found him, three weeks later—
Cold, lifeless;
And they all said:
"Poor Old Tom, he was a good sort.
We all liked him".

SUZANNE CARR, U VI



OLD GIRLS' SECTION

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The Fourteenth London Reunion

March 2nd, 1968

Saturday, March 2nd, was the day set aside for the fourteenth London Reunion at Over-Seas House. As I entered the building and saw 'Shaftesbury High School' clearly displayed on the notice board, I vaguely wondered whether I should know any old girl at the Meeting. However, I need not have worried. Before I had much time to think, I was greeted very warmly by Miss Dunford, Miss Drake and Miss Piggott, all at the same time, and immediately engaged in busy conversation. Sadly, it was a dull, dreary day, but, the Ulster Room was warm and welcoming.

Miss Dunford began the business part of the meeting by telling us that there had been forty-five acceptances and summed up the aim of the meeting as

'a renewal of happiness in the past and a strengthening for the future'.

Past, present and future were then linked together by extracts from many letters of Old Girls, near and far. Indeed, we were regaled with stories of children, curfews, bombs in troubled spots and even unusual grasses in Queensland. Quite a variety for all tastes.

Then Miss Woods continued with news of the present School. We were sorry to hear that the buildings are in such a precarious state, but highly entertained by Miss Woods' seemingly casual account of heavy feet and hungry beetles! Perhaps we were immediately put in the right mood when Miss Woods said that she thought the present Shaftesbury High School Girls seemed bigger than we were! (Although comparisons are supposed to be odious!)

It was then a pleasure to have Mrs. Raad speak to us for a few moments. Yet again we realized what an honour it was to have headmistresses from three generations and old girls from each era.

An hour had flashed by unnoticed and soon it was time to drink tea, chat and exchange photographs. Perhaps a fly on the wall would have had great fun listening to the snatches of conversation:

"Do you know, I just can't remember what she looked like . . . Isn't that terrible?"

"Oh, I know who she was! She was always pinching me".

(Could this really have been conversation about Shaftesbury High School?)

"Have you any ideas for a journey across the United States with three children?"

Suddenly we shared a common bond and it was indeed as Miss Dunford had said 'a renewal of happiness in the past'.

We are very grateful to all the staff, past and present, who support this Association and especially to Miss Dunford who puts so much time and energy into her plans. Long may it flourish!

BARBARA C. HITCHINGS

O.G.A. Autumn Reunion, 1968

This year the Annual Autumn Reunion was held on Saturday, November 9th at the Royal Chase Hotel, Shaftesbury. On leaving the very chilly atmosphere of the outside world, it was a pleasure to enter one of elegant warmth and friendly, familiar faces.

We were all very sorry to hear that Miss Woods was unable to be present, owing to illness, and it was resolved during the meeting that flowers should be sent to her, and to Beryl Knapton, who had been injured in the hockey match that afternoon. We were all grateful to Miss Fraser who stood in for Miss Woods and presided over the business meeting which, despite relatively small numbers, proved no less interesting and provoked extremely vigorous discussions.

Miss Fraser opened the meeting by welcoming all those present, gave us news of old and new members and told us about the School. Miss Dunford and Mrs. Raad and others added more items of interest, and then the minutes of the previous meeting were read by the Secretary, Kathleen Chinn (*née* Hutchings). Points in these gave rise to a lively discussion on Life Membership, which had been abolished at the previous Autumn Reunion, and it was finally decided that those who were already Life Members should remain so, but should be asked to contribute towards the price of School magazine or else give a donation towards it. After the Secretary's report, the Treasurer, Yvonne Maidment (*née* Humphries) presented her report and we were pleased to hear that, owing mainly to the changes made earlier in the system of Life membership, our financial position was much improved and that we now had a balance of approximately £90.

By that time it was eight o'clock and we were asked to reflect on other business over the meal and to return to the meeting fully fortified and given new strength to fight out remaining issues.

The meal proved an excellent one—Mrs. Raad told the manager that it was the best dinner since 1937! Soft red lights and music enhanced the delicious food and a continual flow of chit-chat accompanied the appreciative jangling of knives and forks.

We returned to the meeting and discussed the proposal that the committee should be made up exclusively of Old Girls, with the exception of a member of staff, if desired, to act as a liason between the committee and the School. This matter will be brought up again at the next Annual General Meeting.

Then followed the election of a new committee—or rather the reinstating of the former one, for we were all glad to accept the offer of each official to carry on, despite the demanding nature of the work. We thanked them whole-heartedly for all the work they had put in during their previous term of office and the effort that had gone into the arranging of the reunion.

Before the meeting was closed, it was proposed that an attempt should be made to combine with the Grammar School for a reunion in the Summer. This is to be discussed by the Committee.

What an amazing sense of fellowship and informality was present during the meeting, and what an important link it formed between the generations. There were approximately forty-five at the gathering, and it was interesting to note that six of these were mothers and daughters; Mrs. Imber and Elizabeth, Mrs. Carter and Pamela, Mrs. Young and Shirley, this year's Head Girl, and, for the first time, a mother and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Strange and Jenny Strange (*née* Cary).

We really appreciated all that had been done to make such a memorable reunion possible and it was with great reluctance that we disbanded at 10.30 p.m. We look forward to the London reunion in March.

JOAN CUSTARD

* * *

News of Mrs. Raad

We were glad to welcome Mrs. Raad at the London Re-union and the O.G. Dinner. Her son, and his family, have gone to Toronto where he has become a Production Manager to a Pharmaceutical Society.

* * *

Former Members of Staff

MISS ESSEX has left her cottage at Child Okeford and now lives in Sherborne.

MRS. JESSIMAN (Mrs. Blackhall) finds it difficult to get to Shaftesbury for meetings but is a regular attender of the London Re-unions. Her son, Philip, is in his last year at Dollar Academy, and then hopes to become a B.O.A.C. pilot.

MISS LANGTON is still enjoying her work as the Royal Archivist. She was pleased to hear all the news from Mr. and Mrs. Wagner when she met them looking round Windsor Castle in the holidays.

MISS LOGG went to the Holy Land for her holiday in 1967, spending a week in Israel and a week in Jordan. This year she went to Czechoslovakia.

MRS. MALLALIEU is still at Kingswood School. She now has two grandchildren, Jonathan aged 2, and Ruth aged 6 months.

MISS MOORE is going to South Africa for Christmas. She is spending a month with relatives and friends in or near Durban.

MRS. ROMBULOW-PEARSE is still living at Steeple Langford though she had hoped to move to Wilton. She greatly enjoyed her pilgrimage to Lourdes this year.

MISS TOFIELD has retired and is living in Ringwood. She was very pleased to meet Miss Maddick by chance at Mudeford.

MRS. WAKEFORD. Her husband is enjoying his job at Hemel Hempstead. Their daughter, Susan is a bright little girl.

MRS. WHITE (*née* Rhodes). We were very sorry to hear of her husband's illness. After several weeks in hospital he is now convalescing at home.

* * *

Engagements

Janet Biggs to John Cheek

Maureen Deacon to ?

Glynis Dibben to Peter John Crocker

Helen Jones to ?

Mary Long to Ian Ingrey-Counter.

Susan Pile to Christopher St. John Yates

Ruth Rossiter to Roger Fulford

Elizabeth Teasedale to Christopher Bean

Ann Tidey to ?

Olive Willis to Sydney Boobyer

Susan Woolridge to Russell Glen Robson

* * *

Marriages

Kathleen Ayles to C. Ridout

Jenny Cary to Richard Strange

Jenny Cobley to John Buffle

Elizabeth Cole to George Smith

Pamela Collis to Arthur Peters

Julia Crocker to ?

Joyce Gatehouse to Graham Rudge

Anna Godeseth to Stephen Chapman

Susan Harcourt Brooks to Michael Burke

Georgina Hiscock to Barry Rawlings

Sally Howell to Samuel Hurrey

Ann Middlemas to ?

Gillian Mullins to Colin Frampton

Margaret Pickford to ?

Maureen Riggs to Clive Goff

Mary Stainer to Mr Rowbotham

Sheila Stride to Christopher Tuffley

Jane Young to Richard Harvey

Births

Valerie Avis (*née* Greenland), a son, Richard.
Jane Efooks (*née* Crouch), a daughter.
Dawn Ford (*née* Hitchings), a son, Alan John.
Ann Gill (*née* Parham), a daughter, Rebecca.
Christine Haines (*née* Burton), a daughter, Judith.
Diana Lane (*née* Bowden), a son.
Nicola Miller (*née* Harris), a daughter, Katherine.
Mary Mussell (*née* Moody), a son, Philip Charles.
Kate Pike (*née* Coles, a daughter, Vivienne Mary.
Mary Underwood (*née* Gatehouse), a daughter, Rachel.
Mary Verriou (*née* Wilson), a daughter, Katherine.
Margaret Woods (*née* Chant), a daughter, Stella Jane.

* * *

Death

EVA YOUNG (*née* Hanham). On March 10th, 1968, Eva died of cancer at her home, Pen Ridge Farm, Pen Selwood, Wincanton, Somerset. She was 39 years old. She leaves her husband, Bryan, and two children, Colin and Karen.

* * *

O.G. News

MARGARET ADAMS (*née* Coombs) has returned from Germany and is now living in Maidstone. Her daughter is a boarder at Bruton School for Girls, Sunny Hill, Somerset.

PAMELA ALBERICCI (*née* Cherbury) (1951) is in her second year at the college of Sarum St. Michael and is looking forward to beginning to teach next Autumn.

JUDY ALLUM (*née* Peel) (1954) now lives close by Southampton Water and the New Forest. Tony is with the Southampton Port Regiment and is becoming quite a sailor. He often goes to the Continent. Julian is 3 and Bridget 1.

ANN ANDERSON (1967) is attending the College of Trades at St. John's, Newfoundland, and taking a course in Spanish at the University.

SUSAN BARTER (*née* Green) (1956) has married Sonia Barter's (*née* Sidford) brother-in-law and is now living at Woodminton Farm, Bowerchalke, where Sonia lived before she moved to London.

SONIA BARTER (*née* Sidford) (1951) is very happy in London though she misses her friends in the country. She is impressed with the friendly atmosphere of the Comprehensive School which Guy attends and the helpfulness of the Parent-Teachers' Association.

MARY BARTLETT (1965) has obtained her Certificate in Marketing at Kingston Technical College, and is now working at Beechams as a market research analyst. She has only one more exam to pass before she becomes a qualified member of the Market Research Institute.

- PEGGY BEARING (*née* Stainer) (1941) sees Mary Murray (*née* King) quite often. Her elder son, Martin Hugall, is at Bristol University and her younger son, Peter, is at Bournemouth College of Art.
- JENNY BLANCHETT (1968) is training as a nurse at King's College Hospital and hopes eventually to become a Health Visitor.
- ANN BLUNDEN (*née* Ward) (1955) has spent two months in U.S.A. with her family. To solve the dollar problem they bought a 1935 Rolls Royce. They drove to Arizona and spent two weeks in the desert there visiting Indian and mining camps and Disneyland. They sold their car, hired another one, and drove up the California coast to San Francisco. They crossed the States by train in a vista compartment and flew home by V.C.10.
- JENNY BOHOT (1967) is training as a nurse at the Bristol Childrens' Hospital.
- JANE BRAYFORD (1956) joined the Nursing Sisters of St. John the Divine at Hastings on February 1st, to test her vocation. She visited Miss Maddick in October wearing her new habit.
- JENNY BUFFLE (*née* Cobley) (1961) met her husband, John, in the English Church Choir in Geneva. He is Swiss but his mother is English. There is a lively English Drama Society in Geneva. Jenny attended a Central Committee of the World Council of Churches in Crete, which was opened by King Constantine. She had time to explore the great archaeological sites of Knossos and Phaistos.
- MARCEL BURT (1966) finds that Rolle College of Education at Exmouth still retains its friendly atmosphere in spite of its rapid growth. Maureen Deacon was her College Mother. Marcel specially enjoys the courses in Judo and Trampoline.
- RACHEL BURTON (1963) is enjoying her work as a nursery-nurse in London. She hopes to go ski-ing with the family in Norway soon.
- PAMELA CARTER (1968) is taking a course at the Constance Spry Flower School in London from September till April. She also attends a weekly Cordon Bleu Cookery Class in the evening.
- SONJA CASSELL (*née* Zinkova) (1954) is now living in Dewes House at Mere. Their Wyvern Restaurant is doing well. She and her husband thoroughly enjoyed their holiday in Majorca in October.
- ANNA CHAPMAN (*née* Godceth) (1966) left the Westminster Hospital on her Marriage and is completing her training in Southampton.
- JILL CLARK (*née* Brooks) (1961) is living at Leigh-on-Sea. We hope to see her at the London Re-union.
- GRACE COOMBS (1949) Holy Trinity and Cann Schools have amalgamated to form Shaftesbury Primary School, in fine new buildings in Mampitts Lane. Grace is teaching there now and also Mrs. Scalbert.
- BARBARA CRIPPS (1968) has gone to Marlborough College for her Sixth Form Course. Girls, mostly sisters of boys in the School, have been admitted there for the first time this term.
- JOAN CUSTARD (1967) is enjoying her work in her second year at Bedford College. She is sharing a flat with three friends.
- STELLA DIBBEN (1963) is spending a year as a trainee Social Worker with the Spastics Society. She attends evening classes at the City of Westminster College for the Diploma in Social Studies.
- JEAN EDMUNDS (1968) is enjoying her first term at St. Mary's College, Cheltenham.
- BERYL FOOTE (1965) has passed the first set of exams in Quantity Surveying and is now doing day-release study instead of block-release as before.

- KIRSTEN KLOSE (1955) takes her daughter, Iris, with her to her medical work in hospital. "She is a very contented baby perhaps because I haven't got much time for her".
- MARGARET GAMBLING (*née* Pooley) (1945) was Mrs. Raad's last Head Girl. She obtained a degree in Science at Bristol. She had never been in contact with O.G.A. until she came to Irene Walby's House-warming on January 26th, 1968. She is now living near Ruby Gabb (*née* Mullins) at Chandler's Ford.
- ANGELA GEORGESON (*née* Tolman) has a daughter, Susan, aged 5 and a son, Richard, aged 3.
- CHERRY GILES (*née* Case) (1959). Her husband is now stationed with the R.A.F. at Kinloss. Lucy is 3.
- ANN GILL (*née* Parham) (1958) lives in Netley Abbey near Southampton. She has two children, Mark aged 4 and Rebecca aged 6 months. She and Christine Haines (*née* Burton) visit each other.
- ZELDA GLYNOS (1966) thoroughly enjoyed her visit to Greece this Summer and found everyone very friendly.
- SANDRA GODDARD (1966) passed 'A' Level French and German at the North Gloucester Technical College at Cheltenham and is now enjoying a 2 year Bi-lingual Secretarial Course at Bristol College of Commerce. She often sees Jean Edmunds in Cheltenham.
- MAUREEN GOUGH (*née* Riggs) (1964) trained as a nurse at Salisbury Infirmary and lives in Salisbury after her marriage.
- ANN GOULDING (1965) became interested in teaching backward children. Her first post is in Oxford.
- ELIZABETH GRAINGER (1968) has gone to Oswestry to train as a Physiotherapist and is enjoying her course.
- MARY GUTTMAN (*née* Hiscock) (1947) has been in Canada for over a year. She and her husband are both teaching in an Indian Settlement in Alberta. Her son, Robert, is 9 and Margaret is 5.
- JENNY HACKER (*née* Burridge) (1958) hopes to come home from Australia for Christmas.
- CHRISTINE HAINES (*née* Burton) (1958) entertained the Salisbury O.G. Group at her home in Laverstock on November 15th. We had a very happy evening. In addition to running the Sunday School at her Church Christine has started a Junior Club for the 11-14 year olds.
- JEAN WINCHESTER (*née* Hall) (1948) could not come to the London Re-union because her parents were just arriving back from visiting Ann Wakeham (*née* Hall) in the West Indies.
- VANESSA HARRISON (1965) obtained a 2nd Class Honours Degree in English at Leeds and is now working with the B.B.C.
- JUDITH HASKETT (1967) is working in the National and Provincial Bank in Shaftesbury.
- CAROLYN HEAD (1962) has gone to Malta as Head of the P.E. Department at the Royal Naval School, Tal Handag. It is a comprehensive school of about 750. She may renew her contract for a second year in 1969. She is thoroughly enjoying the sun and the bathing.
- ELIZABETH IMBER (1966) is in her third year at Nottingham University and is enjoying it so much that she is remaining there for a fourth year to take her Diploma in Education.
- LUCY JORDAN (1967) is working for an English Degree at Southampton University.

- BERYL KNAPTON (1950). We were sorry that Beryl was injured in the O.G. Hockey Match. Fortunately her nose was not broken but the next day she said that she looked as though she had been in a boxing ring.
- JULIA LA BOUCHARDIERE (*née* Smithers) (1963) lives in Chandler's Ford. She teaches Latin, English and Greek in a Convent of nearly 900 in Southampton. It was originally a Grammar School but, in September, it had a six-stream entry of mixed ability.
- JOY LANCASTER (*née* Cox) (1956) went to California in February for a few years with her husband and two children, Gillian and Ian.
- JACKIE LEWIS (1968) is our first O.G. to go to Rochampton. She is impressed with the beauty of the College. She is happy in her lodgings in Richmond with four 2nd year students.
- SUSAN LOFTING (1968) is training as a Speech Therapist.
- PHILIPPA LONG (*née* Potter) (1957) went from Bombay to spend a holiday with her cousin, Valerie Behan, who has a son, Simon, aged $3\frac{1}{2}$ and a new baby, Tracey Ann. She enjoyed shopping there after the fantastic prices of Bombay. Philippa has come home for Christmas and we were delighted to see her at the O.G. Dinner.
- GILLIAN MALCOLM (*née* Ralph) (1961) is expecting a second baby. Terese is a sociable child. Gillian has just completed a typing course. She has joined the Mothers' Group of the local Community Association.
- CHERYL OTTEY (1965) obtained a 2nd Class Honours Degree in Economics at Sheffield and is now a Research Assistant for I.T.V.
- EILEEN PARSONS (1955) went to Norway, at Christmas, 1967, for a P.E.A. Conference. She saw a Norwegian High School and heard about the P.E. Institute which is one of the most advanced in the world.
- RUBY PEEL (*née* Hicks) (1935) has renewed her links with her old school through her sons, all of whom were boarders at the Grammar School and came to S.H.S. for the following subjects: John 'A' Level Maths; Richard Pure and Applied Maths (he is now doing Chemistry at Oxford); Robert Pure and Applied Maths, and Mark Biology.
- SUSAN PILE (1964) is teaching English in a school of 800 boys and girls in West Germany. The classes are large because of the shortage of teachers. Susan has one class of 46 10 year olds. The seniors are 21 or 22, only a few months younger than Susan. Her fiancé, Christopher Yates, is teaching at another German school only 20 miles away. They plan to marry next summer and teach in Germany for another year. Then they hope to go to the East.
- HILARY POPE (1968) is at Salisbury College of Further Education for a year, and then hopes to go to Southampton University.
- ELIZABETH PRATT (*née* Jean Nathan) (1951) is living in Bristol where her husband is a lecturer in the Institute of Education.
- CYNTHIA PRITCHETT (*née* Hine) (1942) and her husband have moved from Gillingham to Norfolk so their two daughters have left S.H.S. and attend Downham Grammar School.
- JANET RHOADES (*née* Alner) (1959) is training to be a Health Visitor. For an S.R.N. this involves a full academic course and practical field work for 51 weeks. Janet is looking forward to the proposed Public Health System of the future in which the Health Visitor will work in conjunction with G.P.'s and their purpose will be not so much care of the sick as the promotion of health and the prevention of illness.
- KATHLEEN RIDOUT (*née* Ayles) has married Mr. Ridout the father of Patricia.

- MARY ROWBOTHAM (*née* Stainer). After teaching for several years in Germany Mary has a part-time post in Broadstone, where she is living since her marriage.
- ELIZABETH ROWBOTTAM (1965) obtained a 2nd class B.A. Economics Degree at Manchester and is training to be an Actuary with the Friends Provident and Century Group at Dorking. The Company is good to its employees and has provided her with a flat. She sees Mary Bartlett, who is at Kingston, and Beryl Foote.
- JOYCE RUDGE (*née* Gatehouse) (1964) is Head of the P.E. Department at Henry Harker School at Poole.
- FRANCES SCALBERT (1966) is in her 2nd year at Southampton University. She is Secretary of the University Climbing Club.
- ERICA SELIGMAN (1964) left Manchester University, and is much happier in the Royal College of Music at Manchester where she is taking a Conductor's Course with Oboe and Piano. She hopes to conduct eventually but will probably have to start as an oboe player in an orchestra.
- JENNY SIDFORD is a Radiographer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital but hopes to go overseas to work soon.
- BARBARA SKEW (1965) passed her 2nd M.B. in March. She is now enjoying the Clinical Course at Westminster Hospital.
- JOY SOBELL (*née* Slade) (1948). For their 1967 holiday they drove 3,000 miles to Queensland and the Barrier Reef. In 1968 they went to New Zealand and arrived in Auckland on the day of the London Re-union. Joy hopes to come home for 3 or 4 months in 1969.
- PAT SNAPES (*née* Galliver) (1951) has two children. She has gone back to work as a radiographer in London.
- STELLA STACK (*née* Ludlow) (1950) has two sons. Andrew is 3 and Simon 1. We were very glad to see her at the London Re-union. Simon had then just come out of the Great Ormond Street Hospital after 4-5 months there.
- ANN STAINER (1964) obtained an Upper 2nd Honours Degree in French at Warwick. A play of hers won the Courtauld Trophy, the top award at the New Universities' Festival at Bradford, attended by 1,500 students from 12 universities. Ann's first and second plays are non-conventional. She uses the medium of the modern dance.
- MARGARET STONE (1954) spent the month of February attending a Senior Refresher Course at the Staff College for Ward Sisters at Holland Park, W.11. She had to return to Southampton the day before the London Re-union.
- JENNY STRANGE (*née* Cary) (1963) is carrying on with her job as an Assistant Housing Manager in London, until March, while Richard is at sea. Then he will be stationed in Scotland and they will live there.
- GRETA STUBBS (1964) has passed her A.R.C.M. as a Piano Performer, and her L.R.A.M. as a teacher of the cello.
- ELIZABETH TEASDALE (1967) became engaged while on holiday in Switzerland. She met her fiancé in Austria two years ago. He is in his last year at Portsmouth College of Education.
- KATHLEEN THOMPSON (1968) is working in the National and Provincial Bank in Shaftesbury.
- SHEILA TUFFLEY (*née* Stride) (1964) was married in Germany this year but intends to finish her training at Goldsmith's College.

- MARY VERRIOU (*née* Wilson) (1956) had a daughter in June after two miscarriages. In Greece children are given the names of their grandparents. Fortunately Mary's mother and mother-in-law are both Katherine. Mary's son, Johnjohn started to swim when he was 2½. He has plenty of opportunity as they take a house by the sea for 3 months each summer.
- ANN WAKEMAN (*née* Hall) (1958) is at home for a few months until her third baby arrives, and then she and her husband and family will be off on their yacht again.
- IRENE WALBY (1946) entertained the Salisbury O.G. Group to a House-warming in her new home in Highbury Avenue on January 26th, 1968. There were 15 of us there and we had a very happy evening.
- VALERIE WATKINS (*née* Bchan) has come home from Singapore for good as her husband has returned to the Wincombe Radar Station.
- ANNE WELFORD (1960) wanted to be nearer to her family in Skye, so, when her Golf job came to an end, she went to Edinburgh as an Assistant Experimental Officer at the Animal Breeding Organization. This is part of the Agricultural Research Council.
- LORNA WOODBRIDGE (1968) is at the Salisbury College of Further Education.
- SUSAN WOOLRIDGE (1964) became a Staff Nurse in the Surgical Ward at the Westminster Hospital after obtaining her S.R.N. She shared a flat with three other nurses.
- MARY YOUNG (1927) thoroughly enjoyed her trip round the world. She set off on April 17th, by sea, and returned on July 3rd. She had a delightful day in Perth with Betty Horrell (*née* Burr) and her husband. They are retiring from farming and going on a motoring tour round Australia.

* * *

Five Yearly

(Paid 1967)

- | | |
|---|--|
| Agar, Cynthia (<i>née</i> Humble) | Hammond, Mary (<i>née</i> Bond) |
| Alexander, Elizabeth | Hatherley, Ruth |
| Ardley, Barbara | Hitchings, Ann |
| Bevan, Hilda | Hunt, Carolyn |
| Burden, Molly | Long, Philippa (<i>née</i> Potter) |
| Burden, Ruth | Milverton, Vera (<i>née</i> Harris) |
| Bush, Mary (<i>née</i> Gray) | North, Sally (<i>née</i> Culverhouse) |
| Carter, Betty (<i>née</i> Mullins) | Parsons, Eileen |
| Cassell, Sonja (<i>née</i> Zinkova) | Raymond, Margaret (<i>née</i> Lear) |
| Clarke, Rose (<i>née</i> Wrigler) | Reed, Mildred (<i>née</i> Topp) |
| Collier, Alma (<i>née</i> Hunt) | Richmond, Ethel (<i>née</i> Brice) |
| Coombes, Grace | Savage, Margaret (<i>née</i> Bright) |
| Drewitt, Betty | Smart, Janet (<i>née</i> Gilbert) |
| Fletcher, Ruth (<i>née</i> Spencer) | Stone, Margaret |
| Gardner, Catherine (<i>née</i> Richmond) | Thompson, Ruth (Dunning) |
| Hall, Margaret (<i>née</i> Gibbs) | Walby, Irene |

Five Yearly

(Paid 1968)

Boughtwood, Margaret (*née* Burton)

* * *

Annual 1967/68

(Paid since last magazine list)

Allum, Judy (*née* Peel)
Austin, Barbara (*née* Follett)
Austin, Julie
Avis, Valerie (*née* Greenland)
Ayles, Kathleen
Bartlett, Sally
Burton, Janet (*née* Riches)
Carter, P.
Cary, Jennifer
Chinn, Kathleen (*née* Hutchings)
Cridland, Barbara
Cridland, Nora (*Née* Jesse)
Custard, Joan
Dodd, Tessa (*née* Wright)
Evans, Diana (*née* Stainer)
Gabb, Ruby (*née* Mullins)
Goddard, Sandra
Golden, Clare (*née* Harris)
Grainger, E.
Head, Carolyn
Hughes, Sylvia
Hughes, Jessie (*née* Parsons)
Johnson, Diana
Knapton, Beryl
Langton, Jane
Lewis, Joan E.

Lewis, J.
Malcolm, Gillian (*née* Ralph)
Marks, June (*née* Bucknall)
Mead, Helen
Newick, Joan (*née* Woodward)
Parsons, Rita
Peel, Ruby (*née* ?)
Pemberton, Sally (*née* Thorne)
Penny, Heather (*née* Pomeroy)
Pile, Sarah
Rawson, Anne
Ridout, Christine (*née* Peckham)
Roberts, Dorothy (*née* Streeter)
Roberts, Nancy (*née* Talbot)
Strange, Dorothy (*née* Burr)
Sturman, Rosemary
Taylor, Rita (*née* Mullins)
Teasdale, Elizabeth
Tidey, June
Topp, Sybil (*née* ?)
Warren, Joan
Warren, Rita (*née* Brain)
Welford, Anne
Whitty, Maurcen
Williams, Barbara (*née* Lowen)
Young, Mary (*née* Harris)

* * *

Annual 1968/9

Blanchett, Jennifer
Custard, Joan
Dunford, Marjorie
Goddard, Sandra
Hughes, Sylvia
Hiscock, Joyce (*née* Garrett)
Lewis, Joan E.
Lofting, Susan
Maidment, Yvonne (*née* Humphries)
Merefield, Jennifer
Murray, Mary (*née* King)
Newick, Joan
Penny, Heather (*née* Pomeroy)
Pile, Susan

Pope, Hilary
Roberts, Dorothy (*née* Streeter)
Roberts, Nancy (*née* Talbot)
Strange, Dorothy (*née* Burr)
Strange, Jennifer (*née* Cary)
Stubbs, Penny
Taylor, Rita (*née* Mullins)
Tidey, June
Topp, Sybil (*née* ?)
Williams, Jenny (*née* Harding)
Willis, Olive
Winchester, Jean (*née* Hall)
Young, Hettie (*née* Clarke)

AN ALL-NIGHT VIGIL AT LOURDES

Saturday/Sunday, October 19th—20th, 1968.

The plane touched down at Lourdes Air-Port in glorious sunshine in the early afternoon. Sunday was a glorious day too. Our two bus loads' of pilgrims were driven to a hotel, where we left our overcoats and small cases. We had supper there before the Vigil; and Sunday breakfast and lunch.

Three basilicas stand one on top of another, rising sheer from an almost vertical height of rock. Sloping roads lead up to them. The slender spire of the top one is seen against a background of fantastically beautiful peaks of the Pyrenees. The other great architectural achievement is the underground basilica, completed ten years ago. This was the inspiration of Pope Pius X, for the "malades", when it rains. Most modern in conception many rows of invalid chairs can rest round the vast oval floor of this basilica, while the roof is supported by a series of equally-spaced pillars, sloping towards the foci. Above ground all is hidden under a neatly cut oval lawn. A down-sloping motor road leads to the door of the Church. Nowhere could I find any reference to architect or builder—as if these great works of praise should remain intentionally anonymous.

The Vigil began at 9 p.m. with a Torchlight Procession to the Rosary Square at the foot of the Basilica. Every pilgrim carried a long, slender shaded candle. The Creed is printed in Latin on one side of the parchment shade. The opposite side has the Lourdes Hymn. We all gathered behind a bearer who held high a placard proclaiming that we were "Les Isles Britanniques", and as long as we stayed behind him we could not get lost.

When all were gathered in front of the Basilicas, the sick were blessed during Benediction, and open-air Mass followed. There was a French sermon. I was following as best I could, when suddenly these words (in translation) held me: "Lord, we want to see! Lord, we want to hear! Lord, we want to walk!" So great was the impact that tears came running down my face. It seemed to sum up the whole spirit of Lourdes; not "Lord, make me clean so that I can believe in You", but "Lord, I do believe". I understood then something of the peace of the poor creatures, who visit Lourdes year after year, learning there to bear their sufferings, if that is the Lord's will for them.

Very many miracles happen there, but Lourdes is about all a force of prayer which is everywhere. It is specially strongly felt in the grotto.

There was a time during this visit when "Aves" were being sung in Latin and I knew that I was not repeating Latin—but what was it? I was struggling with my memory of the Ibo "Ekele Maria"—Ibo, the great language of Biafra—that was the miracle of Lourdes for me.

Lourdes is French on Sunday. After Mass, the very many French families walk and meet in Square or road. Their uniformed sons are with them. Little daughters wear straight Sunday frocks. Small sons wear bunched blouses. The warm sun shines down on all. Basilica doors stand wide open, showing glimpses of light inside. And ah! behind all rises the exquisite peaks of those Pyrenean mountains.

DOUBLE VOCATION

Many people are unaware that Religious Communities exist in the Church of England. Many more are baffled by them and sceptical of their value for the world of the Twentieth century. However, in an age when the very existence of God is openly challenged by people, in the face of world suffering on one hand, and unprecedented technological advance on the other, it is more than ever important that the Church can offer the world a united front, and a witness of simplicity. The Religious State is one part of the Church universal and as such it shares the common aim of all Christian life, the call to the love of God. All that I shall try to say about the Religious Life can be set against this framework, the law of Christianity. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself".

The aim, then, of Religious Communities can be described as "Union with God, through love". It is not a better life than any other committed Christian life, it is just that it is a life to which some people are called to find and live out God's will, as fully and as richly as in any other Christian walk of life.

Many people who know little or nothing about Communities have heard that Religious make vows of Poverty, Chastity, (or rather Celibacy), and obedience. Perhaps they have only thought of the negative aspect of these, the renunciation, the sacrifice they involve. If they can be seen against the background of Love : Love of God, and love of neighbour, then they gain their right perspective, as means to the end, as positive, creative acts, which free men and women for the particular way in which they are called to the Will of God.

A vow has been defined as a promise to God, an act of adoration. These acts of dedication, seen individually are :—
The Vow of Poverty. This is fulfilled in the giving up of personal

ownership of property, realising that all things provided for our use are entrusted to us by God. It means living from day to day, and so "curb this passion for possessing". It must surely witness, in effect as a protest against monopoly of natural resources, which should be the heritage of all men. It does not only affect material inter-dependence and community of property, but leads also to the mutual concern for the other's wellbeing which should mark the life of those in a Religious Community.

The Vow of Chastity This means the giving up of all claim to the joys of the marriage relationship, and of bringing up a family, for another joy, that of answering the specific call to "Search to obey the Lord of the Church with the sole aim of loving Him more". The Religious thus freed to serve God, in loving their neighbour unrestrictedly, as they are given opportunity. They must be filled with an "immense love" for all men, without reserve. They should be brother or sister, to the whole world.

The Vow of Obedience. This is lived out by each member of the Community striving to conform more closely to the Will of God, through obedience in the day to day life. This obedience is two-fold, firstly to the common rule of Life, and secondly to the Superior, who is elected by the Chapter. It is the faithful practice of obedience in a Community which can lead its members to have unity of mind and so discern the Will of God for the corporately and individually.

Our Community is an active one. Its history began in 1848. It was born out of the need to raise the abysmally low standard of care in our hospital wards. Over the years the nature and scope of the work has changed many times. There has been a repeated pattern of having taken on work in response to a need, and then handing it over to another authority once it was established. Always there has been the aim of nursing the sick, and training others to be nurses and midwives, as the expression of the Sister's hidden life of prayer and renunciation.

Although you may feel that I have not yet written specifically about what I do, all this is about what I am or rather, it is about what I am trying to be, for it takes a life-time to make our own the truths we learn about the Religious life which, if faithfully lived out, involve the whole of ones being. From our Rule "The members of the Community, esteeming no duty too lowly, seeing Christ in all whom they serve, and in all with whom they come in contact".

The two main branches of the Community's work at present are the work which we do for Tower Hamlet Borough on an agency basis, that is general district nursing and domiciliary midwifery in Poplar, Bow and the Isle of Dogs, The other part is the Nursing Home of thirty-two beds attached to the Mother House in Hastings. All the patients need nursing care, but some are chronic, geniatric cases while others are actively ill, short term ones. This is where I live and work.

My day is typical of a day's nursing anywhere. Against the background of prayer, silence and corporate worship in the offices, I carry out the same nursing procedures and duties as a nurse anywhere. About once a month I do a short spell on night-duty. Coming here does not suddenly bring about a dramatic change in personality. But it does change the old idle pattern of work and enjoyment, pain and pleasure, into a purposeful existence, just as marriage or any committed life does if it is right for that person.

Well, I have written about my "new" life, and yet I have the strong feeling that it is not new in one sense. When I left school and in the subsequent years on interesting, useful and gay experiences, never should I have believed anyone who predicted this turn in my life! I should have run away, as indeed I did. Now, however it all seem to have a pattern. Sydney Carter expresses the idea of the wholeness of our life in a more modern

idiom. In one of his carols he thinks of our Lord as a dancer and says,

“Dance, then, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance” said He.
“And I’ll lead you all, wherever you may be
and I’ll lead you all in the Dance,” said He.

JANE BRAYFORD.

Dr. Cartwright of Kings’s College Hospital has just written a history of the Community. This is obtainable, price 3/- from :—

The Mother Superior, St. John’s House,
Dunclutha Road, Hastings, Sussex.



OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

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