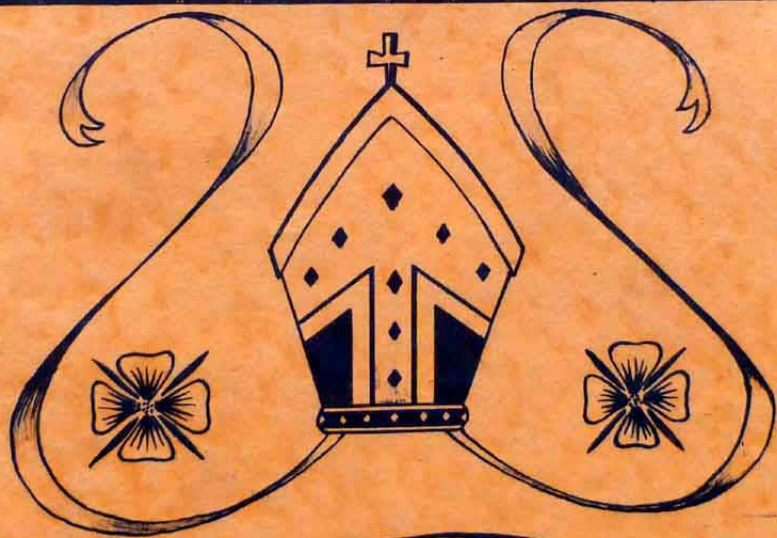


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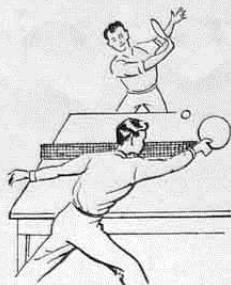
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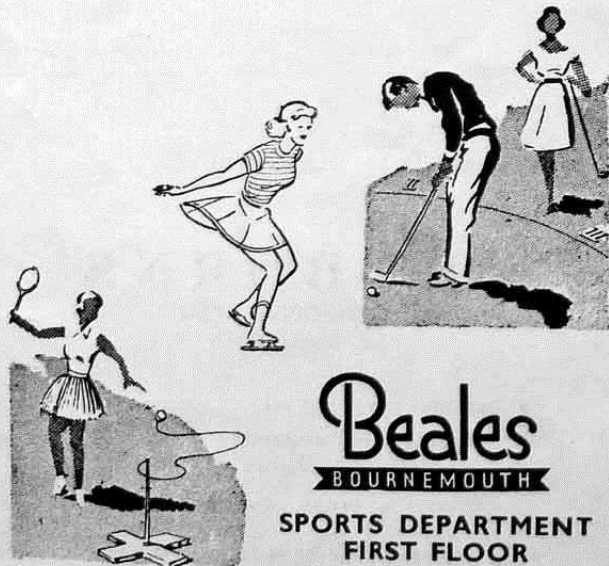
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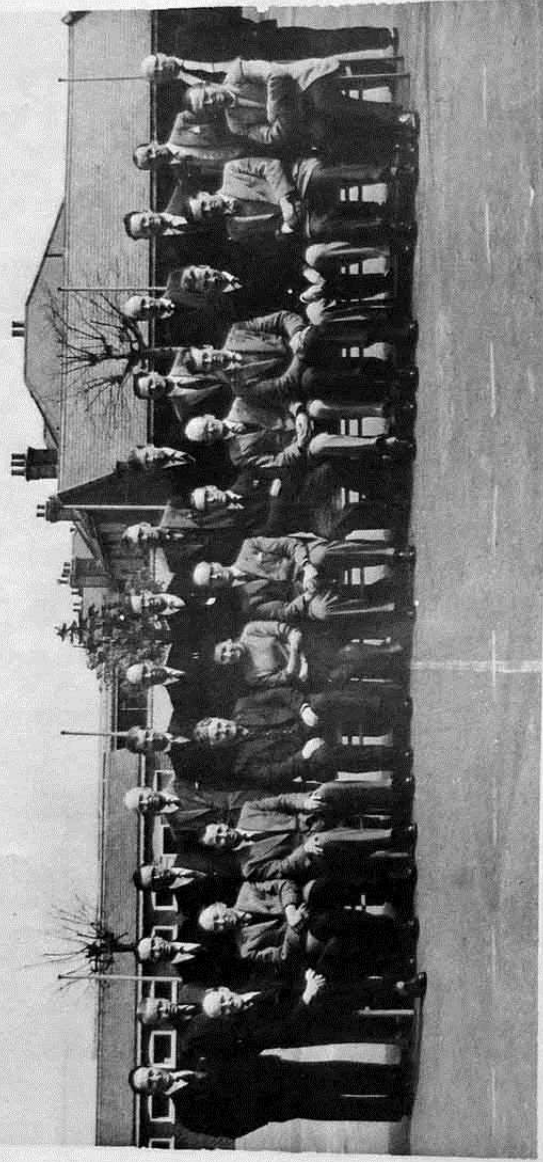
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### SCHOOL STAFF

Back Row Left to Right Messrs. D. Lister, D. Galvin, R. A. Skelton, A. A. Young, C. M. Marshall, F. Walker, K. G. Greasley, G. F. Denham, W. L. Wright, N. Westerman, J. Berthet, A. Menadeu, F. Mills, O. Ryrrie, R. Roden.

Front Row Left to Right Messrs. F. V. Loosemore, K. H. Cutler, A. J. Peter, J. G. Thomas (Deputy Headmaster) Mlle Biétry, S. S. Lindley (Headmaster), S. Wheat, J. Derbyshire, D. J. Popham, P. L. Evening, P. A. Lawrence, P. J. Tansey.

Absent : Mr. H. Blair

### FOREWORD

By the Headmaster, Mr. S. S. Lindley, B.Sc.

I feel certain that present pupils and Old Boys of the School will welcome the first issue of *The Mitre* and will be proud to claim a share of the distinction which the magazine brings to the School.

Two years ago, the School changed its status to that of a Secondary School and a new epoch in its history began. Without wishing to raise any controversy, it was thought fitting to mark the change by an alteration in the name. This in no way lessened our appreciation of the fine traditions of the old Winton and Moordown School, traditions which had been built up over a period of 46 years and of which Old Boys of the School are justly proud.

It makes fascinating reading to browse through the old Log Book of the School and to read of events such as the occasion, during the First World War, when the pupils went on to the parade ground, opposite the School, to watch the march-past of the 10th Battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers: or, on another occasion, of the early closure of the School so that boys could visit Bostock and Wombwell's Menagerie on a site not 100 yards away. I wonder how many fathers of present pupils were amongst the 80 boys who "escaped" from school in June, 1919, to see the arrival of the Mayor and Town Clerk "in a Handley-Page flying machine, from London, to inaugurate the civil flying by the local aerodrome authorities." There is a record, too, of Sports Day, in 1920, being held on Muscliffe Farm, starting at 2 p.m. and being adjourned at 8 p.m., and several entries indicate the fine sporting tradition of the old school. So I could go on, recalling the past, but what a glorious past and one which can inspire us today!

Many Old Boys, I know, are still keenly interested in the School and in two years' time, if not before, our Jubilee will present an opportunity, perhaps for some form of celebration and re-union. In the meantime, those Old Boys who visit the School are always welcomed and we should appreciate any interesting news of past members of the School for inclusion in future issues of the Magazine.

And what of the present generation? Are they exemplifying those qualities of courage and determination suggested by our school motto? Certainly, times have changed and the ideas of to-day are considerably different from the pre-war days, but at heart there is little to choose between the Winton boy of 1959 and his predecessor of 40 years ago; and having said that, we can be sure that the tradition is in safe hands and that the School will go from strength to strength. If, of course, the powers-that-be decided, in their wisdom, to advance the date for our new buildings in Boundary Road we should be highly jubilant, but until such time, we must be content to appreciate the remarkable changes in our present building which have given us a gymnasium and other specialist subject rooms, and patiently submit to our daily bi-section, with all its attendant difficulties.

We look, then, with confidence to the future, commending to the present and future pupils of Winton the ideals of a prayer of Sir Francis Drake, which we use occasionally in morning assembly:—

O Lord God, when thou givest to thy servants to endeavour any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same, until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory.

## STAFF NEWS

New faces have made their appearance among the staff as well as the boys during the past school year. In fact, owing partly to expansion of the school, no fewer than eleven new teachers have been making their presence felt in one way or another upon the body scholastic.

They are, in alphabetical order: Mile Biétry, and Messrs. Galvin, Lister, Marshall, Metcalfe, Popham, Roden, Ryrie, Skelton, Tansey and Westerman. Perhaps the increased interest in the oval ball game is due to the efforts of some of these?

While welcoming newcomers to the School we regretfully took leave of two others who will long be remembered. Mr. F. Mills had been with us eight years and is well known not only for his work in the gym, and on the playing-field, but also for his quiet and unruffled manner, the admiration of colleagues and pupils alike. Recently he helped achieve distinction for the School by his organisation of the first Duke of Edinburgh's Award group to pass its tests in Bournemouth. We wish Mr. Mills and his family success and happiness at his new school at Letchworth.

We have also said goodbye to Mr. B. Jerrard, our history teacher for five years, who left to take up a new appointment at Orpington. We shall remember gratefully his encouragement of chess, music and stamp collecting, his interest in rugby and his assistance with the School visit to Switzerland two years ago. To him and his wife we wish good luck.

A.A.Y.

## EDITOR'S NOTES

**SPEECH DAY** was held at the Town Hall in September, when prizes, awards and trophies were presented. A full list of these, with G.C.E., and U.E.I. examinations successes appears on page 8.

**LUCKY THIRTEEN** winners in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award received their presentations earlier this year. In fact, luck counts only one per cent., the remaining ninety-nine per cent. being development of the qualities the scheme is designed to test. (Page 11)

**CAREERS VISITS** have taken place to local engineering firms, including Loewy's, Vickers and De Havilland. Culmination was the journey to Olympia for the Education and Careers Exhibition at the end of May. (Page 15)

**ALL ABOARD** for Guernsey again in August will be a party of sixty boys on a visit that has become a tradition in the School. Mr. V. Loosemore, who has organized these camps, has already booked there for 1960 (Page 17)

**EASTER IN ROME** will be enjoyed by a party of boys which Mr. Young and Mr. Popham are taking next year. After the journey of over a thousand miles the party will have five days in Rome, followed by travel to Venice and four days there. Nearly thirty boys have booked to go and are saving hard for this marvellous adventure.

**MAY CUP** for sprints, presented to the School by last year's Head Boy, P. May, was awarded at Speech Day to this year's Head Boy, D. May, who is no relation.

**ON THE STAGE** over a hundred boys took part in the School Concert's three performances to parents and friends at the end of the Spring term. (Page 28)

**ON THE SCREEN** in May was John Bailey, winner of an award in the Junior Angling Festival. Part of it was filmed for B.B.C. television news. (Page 14)

**ON THE AIR** at Christmas was an excerpt from the B.B.C.'s recording of the Carol Concert held annually at the Winter Gardens. Taking part was a School choir trained by Mr. Marshall.

**GREAT EXPECTATIONS** were fulfilled when the film of that title, adapted from the book by Charles Dickens, was shown in the School hall recently.

**CONCERTS** for schools given by the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra have been enjoyed by a number of senior boys, especially the light-hearted comments by the Conductor, Charles Groves.

**OUTINGS.** Pupils were given a choice of Bristol Zoo, (via Bath or Cheddar), Stourhead with the Avon Valley, and Salisbury for the School's outing on July 17th. Last year's was to Windsor. (Page 45).

**INNINGS.** One of the season's first certificates awarded by *The Star* for outstanding schoolboy cricket performances has been gained by I. Nicol, who took six wickets for seven runs in a recent inter-school match. Cricket bats are also offered by *The Star*.

**ADVERTISERS** who have taken space in this issue are responsible for enabling us to produce a School Magazine of this size and appearance. A firm whose advertisement does not appear, Cresco Towels, Ltd., is to be thanked for its contribution to the Magazine's expenses.

**SPORTING GESTURE,** too, is Lillywhite's, the sports outfitters', offer of sports equipment to the value of a guinea for the best contribution to *The Mitre*.

**THANKS** are due to parents who have helped to type manuscripts for this first issue of *The Mitre*; to our School Secretary, Miss Hurdle; and to those anonymous students of the Commerce Department in the Municipal College who have prepared most of the typescript. They have produced very clear and accurate work from the Editor's almost illegible notes.

The text of *The Mitre* is set in 10pt. Times Roman and printed by photo-lithography. The map and whole page drawings were drawn directly on to the plates at school.

## SCHOOL HOLIDAYS, 1959-60

Holidays	Close	Re-open
Summer	Friday, 24th July, 1959	Wednesday, 9th Sept., 1959
Autumn Mid-Term	Thursday, 29th Oct., 1959	Tuesday, 3rd Nov., 1959
Christmas	Tuesday, 22nd Dec., 1959	Monday, 11th Jan., 1960
Spring Mid-Term	Thursday, 18th Feb., 1960	Tuesday, 23rd Feb., 1960
Easter	Friday, 8th Apr., 1960	Wednesday, 27th Apr., 1960
Summer Mid-Term	Friday, 3rd June, 1960	Wednesday, 8th June, 1960
Summer	Friday, 22nd July, 1960	Wednesday, 7th Sept., 1960

## SCHOOL PREFECTS 1958-9

Head Prefect : D. May Deputy Head Prefect : C. David

D. Boudreau, B. Davis, D. Kerley, A. Phillips, J. Platt, M. Randle, B. Snell,  
P. Turney, B. Way, R. West,

Sub Prefects

R. Bessant, G. Mann, D. Mantell, D. Mott, I. Nicol, G. Wareham.



### A BETTER VIEW OF SCHOOL DAYS

"My son, school days are the best days of your life." I wonder how many times a member of the preceding generation has said that to you, and I wonder how many times you have stopped to think how true this is? If you never have, then repent, and think now with me on the subject.

Those who disdain the scholastic life and atmosphere are shallow and vacant people because they are making no effort to capture the countless virtues which it is constantly offering us. Can anyone fail to find enjoyment and complete satisfaction from the jovial jokes of the Deputy Head; from the witty and sarcastic remarks of the master of repartee himself, Mr. Menadue; or from the comical antics of Punch who maintains good humour without a stick? I think I can say, with no fear of contradiction, that our school has more than its fair share of humorous aspects—in fact much more than in most other walks of life.

Unfortunately, humour is not a very large part of our life, but it is what the school makes of us and does for us that is important. When at school we may well be regarded as a piece of sculptor's clay, for we are moulded, pushed and shaped so that we may be prepared to adapt ourselves to a harder life—a life which is more difficult in every aspect, a life that brings on grey hairs through worry and responsibility in their highest degrees: a life where we can turn to a member of the younger generation and say "My son, believe me, schooldays are the best days of your life."

P. BENCH, 5G.

## MY FIRST DAY AT THE SCHOOL

As I approached the dark, strange gates of my future school, I hesitated, wondering where I should go and what I should do. My self-confidence was dithering, so I tried to pull myself together.

The Headmaster's room was my objective, so I asked my way there. Having found the study, I knocked on the door, and was greeted by a man of about five feet nine inches tall. This was Mr. Lindley, the Headmaster. I entered his room, which was fitted with a comfortable red carpet, and stood nervously at his desk while he sat down. Mr. Lindley took all my points down on a sheet of paper. He was quite surprised when he found that this was my third secondary school in three years.

By now I was not so uneasy as I had been before I had met him, but it was quite awkward for me when I learnt that if I wanted to take G.C.E., I should have to include subjects that I had dropped in my previous school. This was until the end of the fourth year; the subjects involved were French, History and Technical Drawing.

After the interview, Mr. Lindley took me down a short, narrow corridor to the art room, where was sitting the class I was to join. Mr. Lister was in charge of this group, who were sitting in silence eyeing me over. There were whispers of "new boy . . . new boy" as I had entered, accompanied by the Headmaster, who introduced me to Mr. Lister, a short, dark man. After the formality of being introduced to the class, I was seated near the front of the room, next to a very friendly and understanding lad by the name of Richard Chessher.

All the boys, in fact, were very friendly to me and a great number of them asked me if I liked sport and enquired my hobbies. They invited me to play soccer with them on Winton Recreation Ground after school. This helped me to make a start with settling down at my new school. It has always been a nervous experience for me, but what a difference at Winton! I will never forget my first day at school here.

J. E. MEE, 3G.

### MY REFLECTIONS ON LEAVING SCHOOL

My reflections on leaving school are very mixed; they are of anxiety, happiness and sadness.

Anxiety in waiting to hear if I had managed to get a job, and also the anxiety of waiting to hear if I have passed my U.E.I. examinations.

Happiness because I am leaving school and will be, to a certain extent, independent of my parents; I will be able to buy my own clothes and save for a new bicycle, I will be able to make more friends and shake off some of those I was not very keen on at school.

Sadness, also, because I am leaving school and will lose a certain number of friends. I shall not be able to participate in very much sport which means I shall not be able to play very much rugby and cricket or do any athletics at all. In leaving school I will miss the helpfulness and advice of some teachers and I will also lose many friends among them.

So, as you see, my reflections are very mixed: in some ways I am glad to be leaving school and in others I am not.

A. PHILLIPS, 5T.

## SPEECH DAY

On 24th September, 1958, the Town Hall was packed with pupils, parents and others connected with the School for our first annual Speech Day.

After we had sung the School Hymn, John Bunyan's *Pilgrim Song*, the Mayor, Councillor H. Brown, J.P., welcomed us all. The Headmaster, Mr. S. S. Lindley, presented his report on the School's progress and successes.

Our guest speaker was Mr. C. G. Drewitt, F.I.O.B., President of the Southern Counties Federation of Building Trades Employers. He spoke particularly of the importance of the School's work in building and of the qualities he looked for in boys entering that expanding industry. In his own schooldays he recollected playing Winton at football. Mr. Drewitt then presented certificates, trophies and prizes, concluding with the recommendation of a day's holiday for the School.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Councillor Mrs. Bicknell, J.P., Chairman of the Governors, and was seconded by the Head Prefect, D. May. After the Mayor had closed the meeting, we sang the National Anthem.

J. WYATT, 2bl.

## PRIZE WINNERS

### FORM PRIZES

<i>Form</i>	<i>Attainment</i>	<i>Progress</i>	<i>Form</i>	<i>Attainment</i>	<i>Progress</i>
1D	A. KEELY	R. RADFORD	2G	D. MANTELL	C. MARK
1C2	R. BARNES	R. BURGESS	3C	R. SHEPPARD	D. LAMB
1C1	D. PHILLIPS	D. BLEWITT	3B	R. HOPKINS	R. WALKER
1B2	T. PARKER	D. BELCHER	3G	C. DAVID	B. WOOD
1B1	D. CLAXSON	S. OWEN	4M	P. FOX	G. HANN
1G	B. ANKERS	D. LAMBELL	4T	M. HAGEN	B. SNELL
2C	A. HUMPHREY	D. KEARL	4G	D. KERLEY	T. O'BRIEN
2B	C. RANDLE	M. EDWARDS			

### NEATNESS PRIZES

1st Year	P. WATEKINS (1C2)	3rd Year	R. BESSANT (3G)
2nd Year	D. MANTELL (2G)	4th Year	R. BURT (4M)

### SUBJECTS PRIZES

English	M. ROWE	Biology	A. LEGG
Mathematics	R. GOWENLOCK	Metalwork	D. BOUDREAU
French	J. WILSON	Woodwork	A. BUGDEN
Religious Education	A. PHILLIPS	Technical Drawing	R. PREECE
Art	K. WATTON	Physical Education	P. MAY
Physics	M. HAGEN		

### TROPHIES

Federation of Building Employers Shield and Prize	...	K. E. WATTON
May Cup (Sprints)	...	D. MAY
Athletics Cup	...	MUSCLIFFE
Swimming Cup	...	TALBOT
Winton Cup for Work	...	REDEHILL

## GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

### ORDINARY LEVEL 1958

CREWS, L. W.	6 subjects	*KERLEY, D. A.	1 subject
FOLEY, L. A.	4 "	LEGG, A. E.	5 subjects
*FOLLETT, G.	2 "	MAY, P. R. W.	4 "
GOWENLOCK, R. J.	5 "	MITCHELL, B. R. M.	1 subject
HANSON, C. P.	1 subject	REVELL, J. B.	3 subjects
HARRIS, J. E.	4 subjects	ROWE, M. D.	6 "
HOUSE, A. A. J.	3 "	WILSON, J. C.	4 "

\* denotes 4th Year boy

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BOUDREAU, D. (distinction—Maths.)	SAWYER, C. (distinction—Maths.)
BUGDEN, A. (distinction—Tech. Drg.)	SNELL, B.
EDMONDS, R.	SPENDLOWE, A.
HAGEN, M.	SUTTON, T.
NICKSON, R.	TRIM, C.
O'SHEA (distinction—Maths.)	WAITE, M.

### INTRODUCTORY TECHNICAL COURSE. PART B.

BENCH, P. A.	HANSON, C. P.
CREWS, L. W.	HOBBS, G. A. R.
DAVIS, B. G.	HOUSE, A. A. J.
FOLEY, L. A.	KERLEY, D. A. (distinction—Maths.)
FOLLETT, G. (distinction—Maths.)	LAWRENCE, R. G. F.
GOWENLOCK, R. J. (dist.—Maths.)	MAY, D. (distinction—Maths.)
HALL-SMITH, I. (distinction—Maths.)	MAY, P. R. W.
MITCHELL, B. R. M.	SMITH, R. J. (distinction—Maths.)
O'BRIEN, T. (distinction—Maths.)	STEVENS, K. W.
PLATT, J. (distinction—Maths.)	TAYLOR, P. R.
RANDLE, M. (distinction—Maths.)	WAREHAM, G. S.
REED, M. E. (distinction—Maths.)	WAY, B. E. (distinction—Maths.)
REVELL, J. B.	WEST, R. A.
ROWE M. D. (*dist.—English)	

\* First place in the country

### INTRODUCTORY BUILDING COURSE. PART A.

BARNES, B. N.	RANDALL, D. F. (dist.—Maths.)
CHAMBERS, T. E. (distinction—Maths.)	SANSOM, D. (*distinction—Maths.)
NICHOLLS, G. W.	SHUTLER, D. J. (dist.—Maths.)
PHILLIPS, A.	WATTON, K. E. (†dist.—Drg. and Geom.)

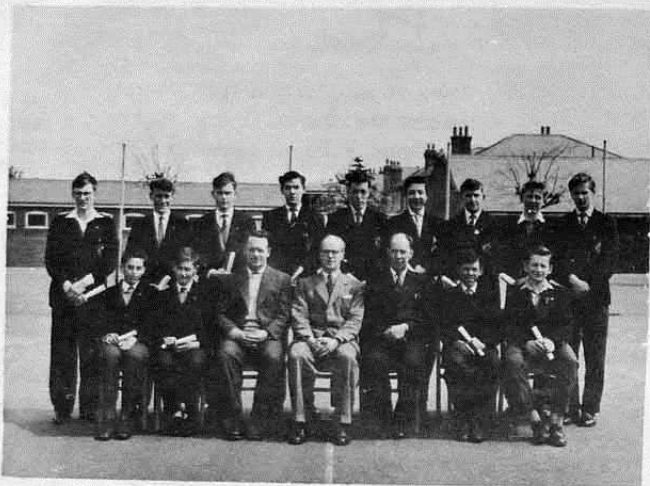
\* First place in the country

† Second place in the country

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

*'This scheme is designed to help both the young and the grown up. It is designed as an introduction to leisure time activities, a challenge to personal achievement and a guide to those people and organisations who are concerned about the development of our future citizens.'*

*(Extract from the foreword to the Leaders' Handbook by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh.)*



Started in the autumn of 1956, the Award Scheme is still running as a pilot scheme for the first three years. Because, therefore, the School is taking part in a worth-while experiment, and because we are the first school in the Borough (with Bournemouth Grammar), to earn Awards, we are especially proud to name the thirteen boys who have completed the First Series, earning a bronze badge and letter of commendation from the Scheme's Secretary, Sir John Hunt.

John Bailey,	Robert Bessant,	Richard Bourke,	Christopher David,
Michael Hagen,	Gerald Mann,	David Mantell,	David May,
Peter Morgan,	Ian Nicol,	Peter Turney,	Alan White,
John Willats.			

We hope that these boys will go on to work for the Second Series Award, a silver badge and certificate signed by His Royal Highness; and ultimately the Third Series, with gold badge and certificate presented personally. The boys and those who follow them will greatly miss Mr. F. Mills, whose ability and enthusiasm for the Scheme has been so helpful to them.

In the following articles, Award winners tell us something of their duties and experiences.

## THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

The Duke of Edinburgh, in conjunction with Sir John Hunt, has designed this award to match the average boy's capabilities. Myself and twelve other boys were the first in the school to enter for the first series of this award, which consisted of four stages.

The first stage, the expedition, began to materialize after several practice hikes, so much so that on the 19th September, 1958 we took our first test, starting at the School to walk, on a very hot day, fifteen miles over rough open country, travelling from given map references to a site on St. Catherine's Hill, west of Christchurch. Here we erected our tents in the dry, and were nearly settled in before it started raining; consequently, we spent a wet night under canvas.

The easiest part of the award proved to me to be the fitness section. I am able to run the 100 yards in under 12 seconds, throw a cricket ball 175 feet, complete 15 press-ups with my feet on a chair, and dribble a football round stakes in a given time.

The climax of the award came on the 11th February, 1959, when in the morning Dr. Fisher came to test us on the "Public Service and Rescue" stage of the series. You see, previously we had attended many lectures on practical first aid so that we had reached the position where we could be tested by an expert.

On the afternoon of the 11th, we displayed the results of our six-month hobby before the whole school. Hobbies ranged through gardening, philately, radio construction, canoeing and many others. The efforts were marked by the Headmaster after the School had paraded past our stalls.

By the 24th February we had all passed the first stage of the award. On the 1st March, 1959, we were in the Town Hall, Bournemouth, where the Mayor and many other prominent citizens were addressing a three-hundred-strong audience. After speeches and tea we were presented with our certificates, handbook and badge from the Mayor of Bournemouth, Councillor Henry Brown, J.P., who congratulated the thirteen boys who had remained to complete this series of the award, gaining us a bronze lapel badge and illuminated certificate.

D. MAY, 5G.

### EXPEDITION

When I took the test for the camping section of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award, we cycled against fierce winds via Sandbanks Ferry to Swanage, camping three miles from the town. That day we spent exploring our surroundings, and the next in a walk to Dancing Ledge, a protrusion of rock containing many fossils of sea creatures.

Our real test began the following day, when we covered eight miles of unfamiliar country with the aid of compasses, grid references and ordnance maps. We thoroughly enjoyed this. That night the weather was terrible: the rain and wind knocked down one tent without waking the occupant, so my friend and I quickly erected it again in driving rain. Another tent lost its guy rope.

The last day dawned bright and clear, and quite soon the remaining seven miles of the test was completed.

J. WILLATS, 4G.



## OUR FIRST AID COURSE

The Public Service section of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award was a preliminary course of first aid. The first-aider's job stops where a doctor's begins and one must, on all occasions, seek medical aid at the earliest possible opportunity.

The lectures took place from 4.5 to 4.45 on Wednesday afternoons. The first lecture was several weeks before Christmas, 1958, and was given by Mr. Greasley. We learnt that the approach to the case was dealt in four sections:—

- (a) Respond quickly to calls of assistance.
- (b) Study the surroundings.
- (c) Take first aid material if it is immediately available.
- (d) Speak encouragingly to the patient.

During the following lectures Mr. Greasley taught us how to dress wounds and the application of the triangular bandage to the head, shoulder, hand and foot, as well as arm slings. Artificial respiration was dealt with in fairly great detail with the help of a St. John's First Aider, Mr. Harding who came several weeks before the examination. We learnt both Schafer's and Silvester's Methods.

Besides the practical work we endeavoured to learn the circulatory system and the principle of the heart, the pressure points, treatment for sprains and strains, for burns and scalds and to counteract poisons.

On the last lecture we did some revision and were told to be aware of Dr. Fisher's (the examiner's) trick questions. For example, one was: "What is the treatment for a fracture of the upper jaw?"

The examination took place on a Wednesday morning at 11.30. The group of thirteen divided into two groups of four and one group of five. Group by group the doctor examined us on various aspects of First Aid whilst Mr. Greasley tested another group on carrying a patient on a stretcher. The group testing was over and the doctor was telling us that a first aider is sometimes required to make a report on a case, when, all of a sudden and to our great surprise, the doctor fell to the ground and started vomiting and clawing with his right hand and leg. For several seconds we stood there astounded by his strong actions, and then we realized we had to do something for this poor patient in distress, so we meandered to his side. One boy tugged off the doctor's tie, almost strangling him in so doing, while some boys held his legs and others his arms. Then a deep voice of a boy, who shall remain nameless, bellowed out, "Give him artificial respiration!" On hearing this the doctor said to the boy "You fail!"

Regaining his feet he next asked us all in turn what we thought he was acting. The answers ranged from a heart attack to a faint. One boy said it was a fit, which was very close, for the correct answer was "a right-sided epileptic fit." Next we had to make an oral report on the incident, and it was during this report that the nameless boy redeemed himself.

This brought to an end several months' learning; it also brought success to eleven of the boys and part success to the other two boys who shall also remain nameless. These two boys were re-tested by Mr. Greasley on the points they had temporarily forgotten, and passed (out).

C. DAVID, 4G.

## ENTENTE CORDIALE

My first impressions of English schools were very confused. My English was almost non-existent and I found it difficult to understand what went on. Here was school beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning. What luxury to one used to French schools where work starts at 8! The English schoolboys don't appreciate their good fortune.

To one used to schools where no religious teaching is permitted I was amazed to find every morning the whole school assembled to start the day with prayers. So work begins only at half past nine! Already in France the children will have done one and a half hours' intensive studying.

Nor are French children granted the facilities for sports as are English children. Most French schools possess no playing fields of their own, and much of the time allowed for the lesson is used in going to and fro, whereas most English children have a sports ground nearby. Nor do French children take such an interest in sport as their English counterparts, because for them life is serious! Examinations must be passed, work must be done! How amused I was to hear the complaints about "homework". English children compared with French children have no idea what this word means. . . . In France it is the accepted thing that studies take precedence over everything else. Here in England I find despite the "enormous amounts of homework", the class can always tell me what has happened on their favourite television programme.

I have been fortunate in having the opportunity to meet both English boys and girls, as I teach at Coronation Avenue and Glenmoor. I find that they are all very kind and friendly to a stranger who, when she first came, had quite a lot of difficulty in understanding them. It is pleasing to meet them in the streets and hear their "Bonjour Mam'selle!" I almost feel that I am back in France. . . .

Of course, it is difficult to speak of the "beauties" of the Coronation Avenue buildings when I also visit the recently erected school of Glenmoor. I must admit that most of our French schools resemble Coronation Avenue, although we do have some new schools which equal Glenmoor in elegance!

Finally, I must speak of my warm welcome by the staff. They have often prevented me from feeling homesick with their gentle teasing and kindness. It must be surely due to their attitude to youth, their firm yet kindly handling, that the discipline in school is so good. I was, and still am, very impressed by the way in which the prefects help to run the school. I can never imagine French children reacting in the same way to a similar form of discipline. Noise and rude remarks are usually the only answer in France to the gentle remonstrances of a French boy who assumes the rôle of a prefect.

One thing I find hard to understand is that English teachers are not permitted to do one thing for which they have been trained, namely, to teach. Much of their time has to be spent in performing extraneous duties, e.g. dinner duty, playground duty. In France there would be a general strike at such a prospect!

Certainly, I shall never forget my year in England, nor the pupils whom I hope I have helped to understand a little more the French way of life and the French people. They have certainly made me realize that "boys will be boys" no matter from which country they come.

A.M.B.

## A POPULAR PASTIME

Fishing is the most relaxing and yet most exciting sport practised in Great Britain to-day. Every fine week-end thousands of British working men leave their busy life behind them and escape to the edge of some lazily-flowing river. Here they pitch a small canvas stool, don a dirty cloth cap and sit for hours, rod in hand with "the patience of Job."

What is this lazy, seemingly dull, and yet extremely popular sport? What is the attraction? Nobody really knows, for fishing is not a lazy or slow-witted person's sport. The most energetic of men, as well as the most impatient of them, always seem to retire to the picturesque solitude of the English riverside.

As for myself, I enjoy a good day's fishing, for which the Bournemouth area is very well situated. It is a country-like town and the citizens have at their disposal several miles of beach and an even greater length of river. Perhaps these factors help the town to become the haven of rest for which it is very well known.

R. LAWRENCE, 4G.

## OPEN JUNIOR ANGLING FESTIVAL

The day of the competition did not dawn bright and clear; it was dull with a touch of rain in the air. I arrived at the pier promptly at nine-thirty, as the competition was due to start at ten o'clock.

After checking the tickets, we drew for places. All pylons were numbered, and I drew fifty-one and fifty-nine. That meant that I would change from pylon fifty-nine to pylon fifty-one at half-past twelve. At ten o'clock we were in position at our pylons, and I dropped the trace over the edge as the rain started. I struck and reeled in; it was a little sand-dab. The steward measured but did not weigh it. This was in accordance with the rules of the National Federation of Sea Anglers, and as the competition was run by the Bournemouth and District Sea Anglers' Association we had to abide to the rule of only one rod and nor more than three hooks. The rule also was introduced that there was to be no overhead casting, in the interests of public safety.

The competition progressed slowly, and at eleven-thirty a small boy pulled out a three-quarter-pound flounder which won second prize.

Towards half-time things brightened a little and small, undersized pout were being caught. When the bell was rung, I moved down the pier six or seven places. Thermos flasks and sandwiches appeared. Now fish of fair size were being caught, but in very small quantities. The afternoon dragged on rather monotonously.

Eventually the competition drew to a close, while the weather began to look darker and it began to rain.

The prizes were displayed at the pier head, and we all crowded round to look. I weighed my fish in and stood back in the crowd. Some eight fish had been caught and I was lucky enough to win sixth prize, an expensive reel. The presentations were made by the Matron of House Beautiful, after a speech by the President of the Bournemouth and District Sea Anglers' Association.

The proceeds of the competition went to the House Beautiful.

D. MOTT, 4G.

## MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE EDUCATIONAL AND CAREERS EXHIBITION

My first impressions upon entering the massive, glass-roofed hall of Olympia from a side-entrance were of the colour and contemporary designs of the stands which confronted me. Apparently, no expense had been spared by the exhibitors: thick pile carpets, comfortable chairs, information desks stocked with interesting and useful literature, models, actual machinery and a host of novel ideas were a part of nearly every stand. At each stand, also, there were men and women who would furnish one with any information at their disposal concerning their particular careers. For parents at the exhibition there was also an enlightening insight into school life from the primary schools up to the secondary and grammar schools.

A tour of the ground floor stands was my first objective and I started by visiting B.P.'s stand. Here was a very fine example of contemporary design linked with interesting and well-presented material. Small models all round the stand showed oil extraction and various other forms of machinery and plants in which oil was used. Leaflets of application for posts were displayed around the stand while attendants were ready to answer any queries. Amongst the other stands visited on the ground floor were those of British Railways, where apprentices were at work, and the Gas Board. The ground floor also housed the schools which included examples of primary and junior work as well as model libraries of secondary schools. There was an interesting "cut-away" of a crow made from such oddments as cotton reels, a football bladder, rubber tubing and a vacuum cleaner.

The part of the exhibition housed on the upper floor contained more stands than the one on the lower floor, as could be seen from a quick glance from the staircase which led to the upper gallery. From this vantage point could also be seen a group of artists busily producing a large mural (looking rather like an outside version of a child's first attempt at painting) with luminous paint. In the upper gallery at last, I was amazed by the large number of stands and, as I walked around, I passed through those of Civil Engineering, Laundry, B.P., B.E.A., Printing (*The Sunday Times*), The Church of England, Agriculture, Coal and the Film Industry; at this last stand we had a most interesting talk with the attendant. A cinema projector was on show and we were told all the details of it. The young man then showed us the amplifier and told us many interesting facts about his job with the A.B.C. in the north.

Our visit by this time was running to its close and we made our way downstairs again to join the rest of the party. The exhibition was very helpful and interesting and the variety of people there was also of interest. An exhibition of this sort gives an excellent opportunity for young people to have an insight into the career which they have chosen and also enables them to clarify any obscure points on the spot with people who actually do the particular job. Exhibitions of this type would be of value not only in London but also in the provinces, where, on the doorstep of the future citizens of the country, they could be visited by a larger number of people.

D. KERLEY, 5G.

## SCHOOL CAMP ON GUERNSEY

### The Voyage Out

On a warm and sunny August morning thirty boys and four adults assembled on the platform at Bournemouth Central, all eager to start on the journey. Excitement rose as the train pulled into the station. Last minute good-byes were said as the boys clambered into the separate cabin compartments of the carriages. Then the train, with clouds of steam, chugged out of the crowded station. In the train chattering was taking place about how the camp would look, and what the Channel steamer would be like. As the train rumbled on its way the temperature rose.

Slowly but surely the train rumbled into the station at Weymouth, an hour and twenty-five minutes after leaving Bournemouth Central. All the thirty-four passengers of the Guernsey party jumped out, relieved to be able to stretch their legs again. Outside the station Mr. Loosemore handed out travel tablets which were reluctantly taken. The luggage was loaded on to British Railways' trucks and taken to the dock while the party proceeded to the beach where thirty hungry mouths were filled.

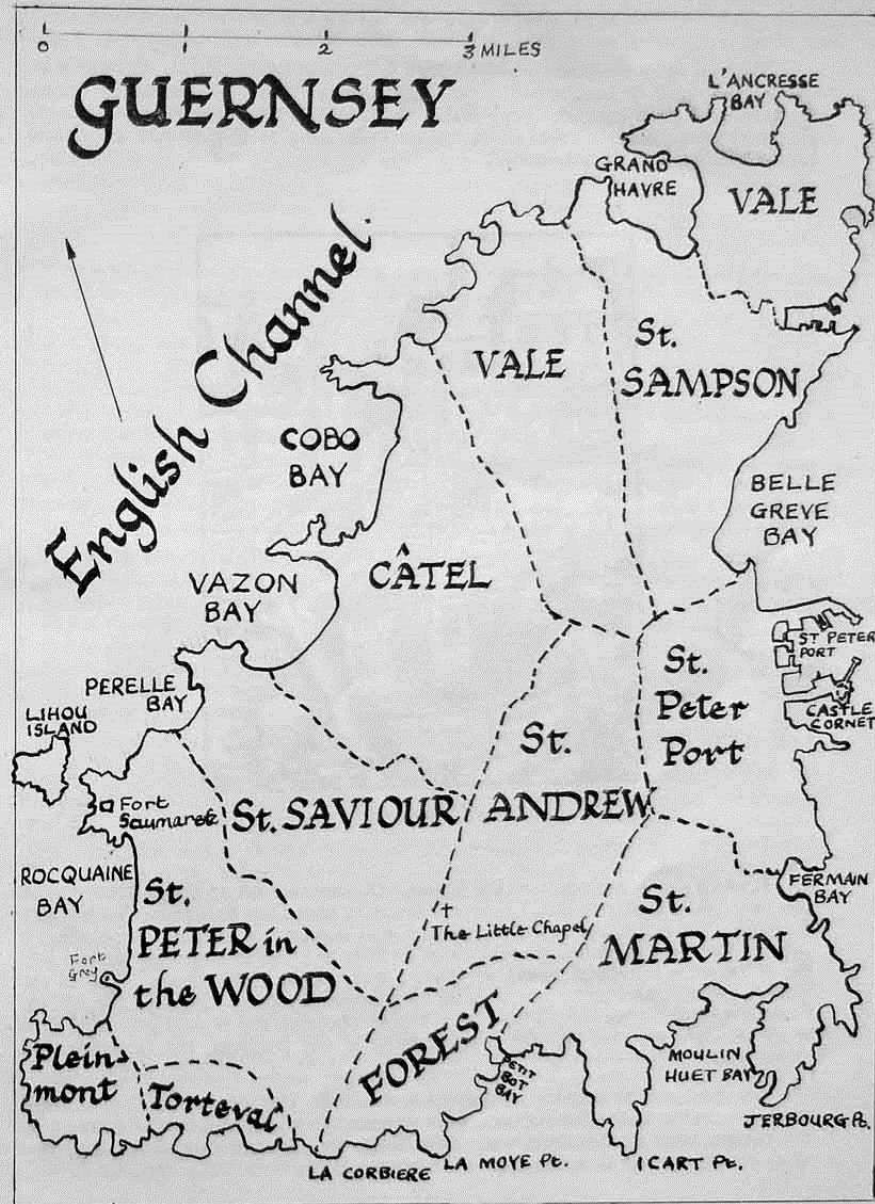
After dinner we walked towards the dock where we arrived a quarter of an hour before sailing time. Clambering on board we took our seats and watched another party of boys and girls whose destination was the same as ours. Then the *S.S. St. Helier* slowly began to plough her way through the placid water. Still slowly, she eased her way through the dock and out into the rougher but still fairly calm water of Weymouth Bay. Only then did she begin to speed up her pace.

Cruising near Portland Bill out in the Channel could be seen a few Royal Navy Cruisers. The ship we were on was capable of carrying nine hundred and fifty passengers; on board were also two cars bound for Guernsey. Not all the passengers on board were bound for Guernsey; some were staying on the boat and travelling on to the smallest island, Sark. By the time the *St. Helier* was half way along Portland Bill she was up to full steam. At the stern of the vessel the crew hung a small screw joined to a meter which was measuring the distance travelled and the speed of the ship. Then the ship past the end of Portland Bill and steamed on, out into the English Channel.

Out in the Channel the *St. Helier* passed many small liners bound for Southampton or the French coast. As we reached approximately halfway we saw another Channel steamer supposedly out from St. Peter Port. Some of the passengers became bored as the time passed till we saw away to the south the small island of Guernsey. The time seemed to go slowly till, after about five and a quarter hours, the steamer eased her way into the harbour at St. Peter Port, passed Castle Cornet, the entrance and into her berth.

As soon as she docked there was a mad rush for the gangway. Disembarking at last we made our way to a specially-hired bus for the party. We all crowded in, luggage and all, and then squeezed through the narrow streets of the island. At last the end was near when the bus travelled along the road joining the camp, and there to our left was our journey's end and a warm dinner.

R. YOUNG, 3G



## The Voyage of the '57

The boat upon which we were to embark was named the *St. Helier*. It was not an unseaworthy craft but it was not in the Cunard class. It was part owned by British Railways and plied between Weymouth and St. Peter Port. For the most, the '57 Guernsey party did not mind about the craft—as long as it remained afloat and reached St. Peter Port—who cared?



It was a sunny day when we left Weymouth—unusual for an English summer at this time. As a matter of fact, I believe it began to rain a few hours after we had left England. The Admiralty based at Portland sent a destroyer after us—protection, I expect. She kept us in her gunnery range as long as possible and after we had left the destroyer in territorial waters we saw no more of the Royal Navy. By now we were in mid-Channel and if our steering was correct it was the English Channel. A rumour spread that we were in the Bay of Biscay—but that was proved untrue. There is something about sea air—for it made most of our party hit the canvas in the cargo hold.

All this time the ship heaved, tossed and rolled. The incessant rolling became more noticeable to the landlubbers, who retreated to the canvas in the hold or to the interior, what interior there was, of the *St. Helier*. We had now passed the point of no return; we had to go on even if the bottom holds were filling with water.

Then we gained our first sight of land—a few rocks to starboard—the Casquettes they were called—but after we had passed them they were renamed the "Sub-Casquettes," for they had apparently sunk as we passed them.

Then we sighted Guernsey, and soon we had made our way into St. Peter Port harbour. Our voyage (we thought) was ended; nothing could possibly happen in sheltered waters. But it did! A tiny ripple hit the hull and we were nearly swamped and capsized. But we docked and disembarked in safety—the voyage was over.

B. WOOD, 4G.

## The Beevor Incident

Whilst on holiday in Guernsey quite a number of unfortunate, yet humorous, incidents happened. I remember one experience clearly.

We were spending the day on Sark, a small islet off the coast of Guernsey. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon and our occupations were getting rather boring, so I decided to try and make my way over the rocks to another cave just around the corner. I wanted someone to go with though, for like many other boys, I like someone to keep me company. But on the other hand, it flashed through my mind that if I were to find anything valuable or sharable, I would have to share it.

I discarded this thought from my mind and asked Antony Beevor to accompany me. He agreed and we started, ice cream in one hand, baked bean sandwich in the other, on this hazardous mission. The going was slow, and hard. We passed many interesting sights and we were really enjoying ourselves.

With about fifty yards to go I heard a grunt and I turned round to see Beevor slipping down the cliff-face. When he came to a stop I saw that his body was cut and scratched about. He was obviously in some pain and so we cautiously made our way to the sea-edge. Here the water was about six inches deep and crystal clear. The salt stung Beevor's scratches and when we got back Mr. Loosemore was waiting. He stood there, his bent figure and round shoulders standing out clearly against the yellow sand, his fists clenched, his eyes glaring, his nose twitching, his face a complete picture of grotesque ferocity.

The next day we got lost in St. Peter Port—but that is another story.

R. BOURKE, 4G.

## St. Peter Port

At either end of the Bay where we stayed were two castles, one of German construction and the other built in the nineteenth century to protect the island from Napoleon who was about to invade it at that time. Both castles were sealed off from the public, but we found entry by climbing up the walls. In the small one this was not difficult, but the German one was so large that we had to get in through the lowest machine-gun slit.

The most memorable day of the holiday—if not the most enjoyable—was the day we spent at St. Peter Port. At that time the Queen was in Guernsey and we took part in a torchlight procession at the end of the day's events. We set off to St. Peter Port early in the morning, our means of transport being a rather old motor bus which the driver drove at a terrific pace through the narrow, twisting Guernsey roads. It seemed to me that it was a miracle we had even arrived, but we were then set loose to do anything we liked for the rest of the morning. After walking round the town of St. Peter Port more than once, we all met in a prearranged place to eat our packed lunch. As we did so, the Queen came past in an immense Rolls-Royce.

After lunch we were again dismissed, being told where to meet and at what time. The afternoon was far more interesting than the morning had been, for there was so much we could do and watch. Several ships of the Royal Navy were anchored in the Bay and so we took a boat ride around one of them. This was very thrilling because the boat was not a very big one and that day the sea was running particularly high. The boat was tossed about like a leaf in a whirl-pool. Luckily I had my overcoat or I would have been soaked to the skin. After that we spent some time watching a water polo match in the harbour. The highlight of the afternoon's entertainment was a rescue by helicopter of a crashed pilot afloat in a dinghy.

We met at seven o'clock to wait for the procession to begin. After two hours' wait it did and we marched through the streets of St. Peter Port to Castle Cornet, where we stood with our torches above our heads.

R. BESSANT, 4G.

### Torchlight Procession

We assembled at the promenade of St. Peter Port at about half past six. When we were all gathered we walked up a road leading up a steep and winding hill to the castle. We walked for about a quarter of an hour and stopped at a spare plot of ground. Here we were to wait for the other groups of children and the torches. We waited.

The torches arrived at about half past nine. They were soaked in paraffin and lit before being handed round. We now had to line up along the road and start walking; this was about ten o'clock. We walked down the hill, along the promenade for about two miles, then turned and walked back and along the road to the castle. When we reached the castle we went inside and had to stand in two's along the battlements. We stood there for about ten minutes before putting the torches out and filing out of the castle. We then walked back up the road to a waiting bus which was going to take us back to camp about twelve o'clock.

S. GILMOUR, 3G.

### Rock Climbing

It was a beautiful day with the sun pouring into the bay over some high cliffs. Several of us were picking our way over the rocks with the idea of climbing the cliffs ahead of us. We were part of the School party spending an interesting week in Guernsey. We had left the rest of the party way behind and soon we had halted at the base of the cliff. It was my desire that we should climb half-way up and walk along a small ledge and follow it to the next bay.

We proceeded to climb. There were four of us, including myself; we were all fairly fit, so we found it fairly easy going. We reached the ledge, which was about fifty feet high, and walked along it. There was a beautiful view of the sea and three bays, easily distinguished by bars of yellowy-gold sand. We soon lost the view of all but the sea behind us and then there was nothing but rock in front. The ledge had come to an end and we looked for a new way to the next bay.

Before I go any further I should tell you that the cliff ran right down into the sea and rose sheer for another fifty feet. We decided to go down and try to walk along on the small ledges above the sea. We climbed down to the sea. I was climbing down when the boy above me accidentally trod on my hand. I was climbing foot slipped; my left hand, still pinned against the rock by the boy's foot, hurt like mad. My right arm slammed against the cliff face and the pressure on my left arm was released.

I was falling, but I grabbed at a protruding rock and held on. All my weight was fastened on rough rock. I realized I was, perhaps, three feet from the sea and I had fallen not more than five feet. I found a flat, smooth rock and sat on it. My arms were aching terribly and pain was shooting through my muscles. I washed the blood off and we proceeded off along the lower ledge with help from my companions. We reached the bay without further mishap.

I lay on the golden sand and felt the lessening pain.

R. WILSON, 4G.

### A Day at Herm

We assembled outside the camp, after breakfast at half past nine on the Monday morning. Soon the bus came. We all piled on board and then we were on our way; along by the beach; turn east; past the airport and into St. Peter Port. The bus came to a gentle stop by the front of the main pier. We alighted and made our way to the smaller pier where the boats for Herm were all awaiting the tourists that the fine day would bring.

Once we were out of the harbour the sea was a bit choppy. Herm was still in the distance and like all young boys (some of us were still not yet thirteen), we went to see the engines. As we passed our sister-ship the two exchanged hoots on the sirens.

When we first arrived at the little village all the shops that we could see were a post office, two tearooms and a gift shop. We climbed the steep pathway over the island's "backbone". When we were about half way up we saw an old fortress wall of red sandstone. Once on top of the island we saw an old monastery which we passed near a steep pathway. There in front of us stretched the beach.

When we reached it we found to our surprise that it was not sand but very minute shells. After we had deposited our coats and food, we started to explore. White, Nailer and Bessant went fishing, some boys went swimming and some went rock-climbing. I was one of the latter. The sun seemed to beat down relentlessly on the turquoise sea and yellowish beach. Some parts of the sand were almost bleached white. There was a stall where we could buy ice-creams and pies for our lunch, as well as souvenir booklets for those who wanted them.

After an enjoyable lunch we played cricket for quite some time. Then Mr. Loosemore took a party of about ten of us round the eastern end of the island. When we climbed over a headland we saw the Shell Beach before us, curving right round the south-eastern corner of the island. On the very tip of the island we found the skeleton of a rabbit, and a bit later we found an old navigation pillar. We walked through a wood and passed by a disused graveyard. There are now only forty people living on the island.

We bought presents and had something to eat before joining the long line of trippers waiting for a boat back. When at last we all crammed onto one, it started to rain. Once on the mainland again we were all given a quota of money to buy presents.

I bought a doll for my one-and-a-half year-old sister and some perfume for my mother. For my grandparents I bought two pairs of table mats depicting views of Guernsey's beauty spots. We then reassembled and boarded the coach. It was about a quarter to six when we arrived at the camp.

I. BARCLAY.

## Tomatoes and Seaweed

Guernsey belongs to a group of islands known as the Channel Isles. It is the second largest of the group, the largest being Jersey, and is situated approximately seventy-five miles south of Weymouth. The island is only about nine miles across, but is much longer. Many of the local inhabitants speak French instead of English.

The climate in summer is much warmer than ours, and this gives rise to the large tomato growing industry. All over the island you will find rows and rows of large greenhouses. The lesser-known industry is that of growing grapes, but they are not so plentiful as the tomatoes.

The only real shopping centre or town is St. Peter Port, which is situated on the east coast. There are only two main streets in St. Peter Port: one runs along the sea front by the harbour, and the other, which is very narrow, runs along behind the shops on the waterfront. St. Peter Port harbour is the main passenger and cargo harbour on the island.



The main features of the Island, in my opinion, are its bays. Each one has its own small features although most are very stony and rocky. The largest bay is Rocquaine Bay, which is not very safe for bathing; when the tide is out you can see that most of the sea bed is covered with huge mounds of rock and sea-weed, which is collected by lorries for use as fertilizer. At Vazon it is better, for when the tide is out, the whole beach is free of rocks, and motor cycle and car racing is annually held on the beach. The size of the track is an indication of how far the tide goes out, and the track is approximately half a mile in circumference. Most of the smaller bays have very little sand at all, but are covered in pebbles and small stones with huge cliffs towering above on each side.

G. GUNN. 3G.

## Lihou Island

Several days before we were to leave Guernsey, Mr. Loosemore had suggested that we should explore Lihou Island. We did not know the time of the tides so, as only can be expected, we arrived with the tide right in. At the water's edge we put a stone so we could work out how long it would be before we could cross the causeway. During the first five minutes we found that our stone was about a yard from the water's edge. We worked it out and found that it would be low tide at about nine o'clock that evening. But Mr. Loosemore was sure that we should be able to clamber across, jumping from rock to rock. We suggested that he should do it first, to show us the way. Clambering from one rock to another he slowly found that it was harder than he had thought. Then, almost as a bad omen, it rained, leaving Mr. Loosemore stranded on a rock without his plastic raincoat, so he got very wet. But the rest of us, being more sensible, clambered under a huge rock and played cards. After the rescue we jog-trotted slowly and with almost broken hearts, back to the Camp.

After that Mr. Loosemore bought a tide chart at the shop at the Camp and we again walked to the north of Rocquaine Bay. We arrived at the causeway and found that it was clear from the water. So we half walked, half fell across the rocks and bricks that make up the causeway. On arrival at Lihou we walked up a very stony and shingly beach. At the top of this beach we found an old shack where no-one lived, and who built it was also a mystery. We climbed over several rocks, then reached a grassy pathway which we followed over a hill, and there before us lay our destination: a natural pool, which is there only at low tide, left by the receding water.

We climbed down over some rocks. On arrival we stripped into our swimming costumes and jumped into the lovely cool water. The pool itself was about four yards wide and about sixteen or seventeen long. The bottom was covered with weed and it was about ten feet deep. On one side there was a high rock forming a particularly good diving-board. On the opposite side the bank had a gentle slope—the ideal place for a game of cards before we had another quick dip and got dressed.

When we arrived at the causeway, we could see that Mr. Loosemore was right—we would have to hurry. However, not a man was lost.

R. DOMENEY, 4G.

## The Return

It was a sunny day, like the other days of our holiday, as we prepared to leave the camp at Rocquaine Bay in Guernsey. With a quick glance as we took our final photographs we boarded the bus and with a last look at the camp for a year we drew away.

The sea was as calm as a millpond as the single-decker bus made its way along the coast road, which we left at l'Erée hotel, and with a final look at the Bay we headed inland. We passed the airport and within half an hour we were pulling up at the quay-side where soon we were able to see the S.S. *St. Patrick* entering the harbour from Jersey en route to Weymouth. We boarded her and we were soon taking our last looks at St. Peter Port and Guernsey.

We were fortunate in that we had a lounge to ourselves. Most boys played cards while others were more interested in mechanical aspects up on deck. We were able to buy certain commodities on board and within five hours of leaving Guernsey and with nobody being seasick, we set foot on English terrain.

After a short customs check we left for the train. We boarded the train, arriving in Bournemouth at 5.30 p.m., after a pleasant trip.

## LOOKING FORWARD TO NEXT TIME

On July 29th a party of sixty boys accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Loosemore, Mr. N. Westerman, Mr. R. Biles and Mr. Mantell will set off from School at 10 o'clock by coach for Weymouth.

After they have stowed cases at the jetty, an hour will be allowed in which to eat their packed lunch. The party will leave Weymouth at 1 o'clock and arrive at St. Peter Port at 5.15 p.m. Coaches will convey them to Rocquaine Bay, where dinner will be served upon arrival.

There is an optional visit to the island of Sark, the cost of which is not included in the camp fee of £11 10s. 0d. Every boy has been supplied with a map and camp details. The School party are taking cricket and football gear with them, and will be accommodated in dormitories. We wish them every success for the two weeks of their stay.

I am sure that the boys going would like to express their gratitude to Mr. Loosemore who has made all the arrangements, and to the others who have given part of the summer holiday to take them.

D. BLANCHARD, 3c.

### OH! WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY IT WILL BE . . .

When every boy wears school uniform regularly  
If school funds are paid by all promptly  
Not to need "Late Book" for boys lazy  
To note full attendance daily  
Only fountains pens to see  
No more jeans or clothes flashy

School restrictive rules no longer necessary  
Common sense governs all activity  
House points gained by all weekly  
On each boy's desk, best work only  
Of "Courage and Skill", to have plenty  
Living in perfect harmony.

By the Boys of 2D

### SPORTS COLOURS 1959

#### TOWN COLOURS

ATHLETICS	A.LEGG, P.MAY
RUGBY	I.NICOL
SOCCER	L.FOLEY
SWIMMING	M.BARNES

#### SCHOOL COLOURS

ATHLETICS	A.LEGG, D.MAY, P.MAY, I.NICOL, M.RANDLE
CRICKET	R.BESSANT, L.CREWS, R.CROOM, R.GOWENLOCK, A.LEGG, I.NICOL, T.O'SHEA, B.SNELL
SOCCER	R.BESSANT, D.HAYES, D.MANTELL, A.VINE, T.CHANNON, B.DAVIS, C.TRIM, R.WEST, L.FOLEY, B.SNELL, N.FRESHWATER
RUGBY	P.ANDREWS, B.BECKINGHAM, D.BOUDREA, C.DAVID, B.DAVIS, R.EDMONDS, G.FOLLET, M.HAGEN, I.HALL-SMITH, D.KERLEY, D.MAY, R.NICKSON, I.NICOL, A.PHILLIPS, Robt SMITH, K.STEVENS, G.STRATFORD, P.TAYLOR, D.TURNER, R.WEST
SWIMMING	M.BARNES

## SALISBURY TRIP

On 31st October, a party of boys led by Mr. Young set off by coach for Salisbury. The journey was quite uneventful, except for two boys who were sick. Our aim was to visit Stonehenge, Old Sarum, Salisbury Cathedral and the museum.

On arrival at Stonehenge the coach was parked, and then at the guides' hut we paid our admission fee. The guide who accompanied us around Stonehenge pointed out the stones, telling us where they came from, and the legends associated with some of them.

After Stonehenge we visited Old Sarum, where Salisbury once stood. But the churchmen had a quarrel with the military and so moved down to where Salisbury now stands.

Here at Old Sarum within the ancient walls a humorous guide showed us around. Old Sarum is an old castle, but not much remains since it has been used as a quarry. After seeing everything here, we left for the coach park at Salisbury, where we had lunch.

In the afternoon we went to Salisbury Cathedral whose spire is 404 feet high and the tallest in England. The Cathedral is magnificently decorated, with its wonderful engravings of miracles in the Chapter House.

After a thorough inspection of the interior we intended to visit the museum, but it was closed. After a walk back to the coach in heavy rain without raincoats, we arrived in Winton at about 6.30 to 7 p.m. and were left to struggle home feeling very tired.

P. WHELLER, M. GORDON, D. TURNER, 2G.

## THE BEACH AND BOURNEMOUTH

When one stands on the cliffs on a bleak winter's evening and surveys the desolate expanse of sand, stretching as far as the eye can see in both directions, one can hardly believe that within the space of six months it will be completely obscured by thousands of people. Yes, tens of thousands of people, and not one square inch, except along the water's edge, unoccupied. It will seem as though the people could not have come from Bournemouth alone and, indeed, it will be evident in the cosmopolitan atmosphere that French, Italian and German visitors enjoy the beach as much as we ourselves do.

From Sandbanks to Hengistbury Head the beach has only three main attractions to offer—sun, sea and sand—but these alone are enough. Let us take a closer look at the way people amuse themselves there. Some—not many—who are of a more athletic calibre than most, take exercise by running the length of the beach. Others are content to watch them as they pass and then recline into their deck chairs to reap full benefit from the long-awaited sunshine. These are the retired colonels, business men and authors who find peace upon the promenade. The younger and more lively people are playing on the sand at cricket, football, tag and other games. Mothers watch and fathers help make sand castles for infant builders. Swimmers, dripping and refreshed, hop over stony patches in making their way back to friends who lie sunbathing on the sand. This picture is as constant as the lapping of the waves upon the sea shore.

Where would Bournemouth be if her golden sand had been replaced by shingle? Nothing is more certain than that she would not enjoy the good repute she does today. Perhaps a seaside village would be clustered around the river Bourne upon the site of the Pavilion. However, this is only pure conjecture and, as we well know today, the beach is Bournemouth and Bournemouth is the beach.

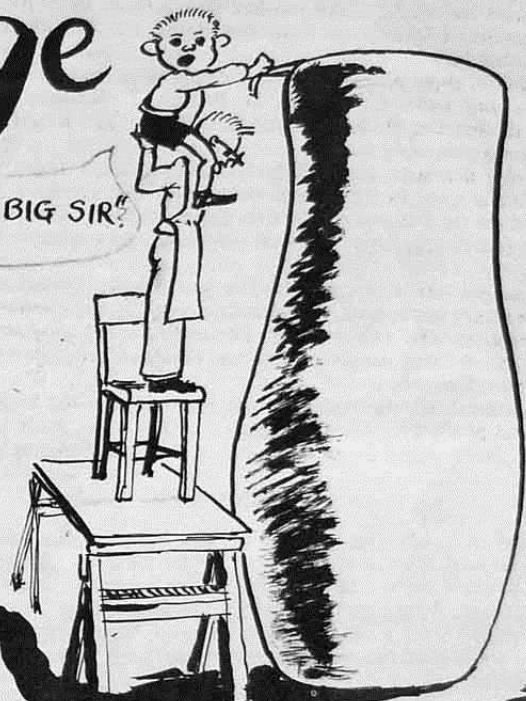
D. KERLEY, 5G.

# The Howler Page

"HOW MUCH WATER SIR?"



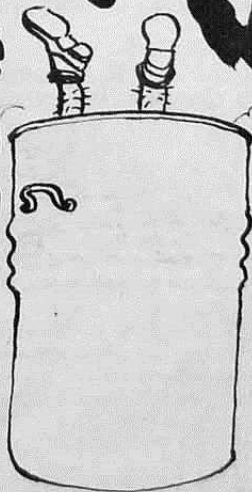
"HOW BIG SIR?"



"HOW MANY RUGBY TICKETS SIR?"



"HOW MUCH CLAY FOR AN SH-TRAY SIR?"





## SCENE PAINTING

In the Spring term of this year, members of the School produced a concert. The programme included various musical items, three short literary plays (extracts from Shakespeare, Dickens and Stevenson), and one historical play depicting the Voyage of Columbus.

The acting of these plays necessitated the making and painting of scenery. This was done by nine boys: C. Beckett, D. Boston, T. Boulton, G. Hann, J. Lewis, P. Morgan, K. Sparkes, R. Walker and K. Wraith. The time taken in painting the decor was approximately a month.

The scenery flats were made in the woodwork shop. These were then sized and assembled on the stage in the School main hall. Mr. Denham and Mr. Lister, the art masters, drew the outlines on the flats and backcloth. Then the primary painting was done by fourth year boys, the final stages being completed with the help of the masters.

Two principal sets were created. The first, which represented the interior of a seventeenth-century room with oak panelling and dressers, was used for the scenes from *Treasure Island* and *Oliver Twist*. The second was a garden scene for a Shakespearean extract. A large movable prop was designed as a poop deck for use in the short play about Columbus.

Although much after-school time was necessary for the completion of the sets, all enjoyed and profited by the experience.

C. BECKETT and J. LEWIS, 4T.

## FAGIN'S DEN

At the end of last Spring term the boys in 1D, assisted by some other first-year boys, produced and acted a scene from Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist*. The scene was Fagin's Kitchen and it told something of the life in the slums of London about a hundred years ago. Fagin was a shrunken old Jew who was the chief of a gang of pickpockets while *Oliver Twist* was a boy of gentle upbringing.

The play was a great success and several small boys made the audience laugh with their funny antics.

### CAST

Fagin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	R. WAREHAM
Oliver	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	B. GOODMAN, P. DURHAM
Artful Dodger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	R. CULLUM
Charley Bates	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	M. HOLTON
Betsy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	L. LEES
Nancy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	K. GREEN
Boys	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	MILES, COLE, EDMUNDS, WHEATLEY, STACEY By the boys of 1D.

## SCHOOL CHOIR

I sang with thirty-three other boys, all dressed in sailors' uniforms, in the eight songs which opened the School Concert. My favourite song was *The Drummer and the Cook*. One evening a boy who was to sing a solo and in the trio, was unexpectedly away, and the boy who took his place at the last minute was himself away through illness the next evening. Singing is hard work, though enjoyable, and all of us in the choir were there because we wanted to be. We are grateful to Mr. Marshall for training us.

W. PEACH, 1B1

## CAPTAIN BILLY BONES

Captain Billy Bones may have seemed to everyone watching the play *Treasure Island* to be very confident, but he really was not a bit like that.

Every time the brave Billy walked off the stage, Mr. Loosemore would grab hold of me and say—"All right so far. Now don't forget to die facing up stage and not before you hear the horses' hoofs start clattering. And mind the cork is out of the bottle before you drink."

What a difficult job it is to die on the stage! During the dress rehearsal the bottle of rum fell from my hand and everyone watched in horror as it slowly rolled to the edge of the stage. It fell off but fortunately did not break. At first I was to die with my sword hanging from my belt but this was so tricky that I had to remember to leave it off stage before the last scene.

The things I remember most were the lunch-time rehearsals. They used to start at one o'clock, but by ten minutes to one the stage was full of about twenty boys having sword fights and tripping over painters who were painting flowers into the garden scene. Then came the noise of a motor-bike and sidecar, a rush of boys shouting, "Here he comes!" and the hall would suddenly become quiet. The white topee and the tricorn, the sticks, swords and daggers quickly returned to the property basket and were ready for rehearsal. Then would follow perhaps the inn scene with McKinley, Wheller and Smith pretending to be drunk at a table covered with tins of powder colour and dirty paint water; Billy Bones unlocking the chest that was not there and unrolling an imaginary map and swinging an empty bottle, trying all the time to avoid the painters.

The best part was the sword fights with Black Dog—Brian Ankers. During the dress rehearsal I grew so excited over the fight that when Ankers dodged quickly, my sword went clean through the Inn wall. The best fight, however, was during the second performance when my cutlass caught Ankers' sword and he went crashing into the painted window sill.

Having a part like Billy Bones is good fun but I am sure he did not have to do fractional equations next day.

D. BAILEY, 2G.

## HOW I CAME TO PLAY THE CLOWN

The School Concert was a very ambitious one and it was the first for many years. We had four plays and the choir sang some sea shanties which the audience enjoyed.

One Friday night about a fortnight before the concert I was eagerly watching television when I heard a knocking on the front door. I went and opened it and Mr. Loosemore, one of our form masters, asked if I would like to play the part of Feste the Clown in *Twelfth Night*. I said I would, so he said, "Are you busy?" I wasn't so he asked me to come along to school for a rehearsal. I took my hat and coat, jumped on the back of his motor-cycle and sped towards school.

When we arrived at school I was very excited because I had not been long at this school and it was the very first time I had taken a very prominent part. I enjoyed entering into the fun of the play, in which I had to learn two songs and about two pages of script. We had four scenes and I was in the first and last. I was also in the choir and had to sing a solo because a boy was absent.

The concert turned out to be a success and I hope it will be so in the forthcoming years.

P. LEGG, 1A.

On the whole the 1st XV have done exceptionally well in their first season as a team. They played 20 games, won 9, lost 11, drew none, scored 216 points and conceded 229 points in an excellent season of rugby.



Unable to keep a consistent team owing to Saturday jobs the team has done very well and although not all the results show it, the 1st XV has played excellent rugby during the late season.

They are a credit to Mr. Tansey who has given up a lot of his time, not only for School rugby but also for Town rugby. The School has had much success from this side of rugby as from School rugby: I. Nichol (School Rugby Captain), P. Andrews, R. Edmonds, C. David, B. Beckingham and A. Phillips have all played for the Town.

The following boys have represented the School in 1st XV Rugby:—I. Nichol (Capt.), D. May (Vice-Capt.), D. Boudreau (Pack Leader), P. May, A. Phillips, R. Edmonds, M. Hagen, B. Smith, C. David, D. Kerley, B. Beckingham, I. Smith, R. West, B. Davis, R. Smith, G. Streatford, R. Walker, D. Turner, M. Downs, C. Posthumous and K. Sparks.

WHY I LIKE RUGBY BETTER THAN FOOTBALL

Many words, mostly harsh, have been said about Rugby and Football. Some like one, some the other, each for its merits. Some like to kick a spherical, inflated leather ball aimlessly up and down a pitch trying to hit it past the goalkeeper into the net; while others, myself included, like to, and do derive immense satisfaction from skilfully beating one's opponents and tediously, but with satisfaction, scoring tries with an oval leather ball.

In the game called football ten men try to outwit the others in rocketing a ball past a poor, unsuspecting opposing goalkeeper. Some poor devils are carried off the pitch on stretchers with minor injuries such as broken legs and pulled ligaments, while others start fights with the referee, and are subsequently sent off the pitch for brawling and using abusive language.

On the other hand, in Rugby the men, thirty of them, use both their legs and arms to outwit their opponents in scoring a try, even then the try has to be converted for a goal. Minor ailments like broken collar bones and cracked limbs are treated with disgust; the players walk off the pitch, and are not carried off on a stretcher. Rugby players honour the referee's decision and he is not involved in any fights, so there are no fights to be involved in. All these points make Rugby a far better game than Football, which is dull, lifeless and colourless.

As a conclusion I say Football is the game of softies, while Rugger is the game of men.

I. NICHOL, 4G.

The First XV games and results

Opponents	Score		
	For	Against	Result
East Howe	6	9	Lost
Bournemouth School	3	30	Lost
Stourfield	17	26	Lost
Portchester	3	23	Lost
Summerbee	30	0	Won
Hurn Court	11	33	Lost
East Howe	14	0	Won
Henry Harbin (Poole)	5	13	Lost
Hurn Court	12	3	Won
Stourfield	8	15	Lost
Summerbee	8	13	Lost
Swanage	21	0	Won
Bournemouth School	11	0	Won
Hurn Court	5	22	Lost
Wimborne	18	3	Won
Bournemouth School	13	6	Won
Stourfield	11	18	Lost
Poole Grammar	5	Cancelled	
Portchester	5	3	Won
Ashley County Secondary (New Milton)	15	0	Won

Seven-a-side Rugby Tournament at East Howe

1st XV Under 15 Team			
Round I v. East Howe	10	5	Won
Final v. Bournemouth School	0	12	Lost
1st XV over 15 Team			
Round I v. Bournemouth School	5	3	Won
Semi-Final v. Portchester	5	16	Lost

## UNDER 13 RUGBY

Throughout the season the under 13 XV have played good football, as the results indicate. The success of this team can be attributed to hard forward play and strong running in the backs.

This team were also winners of the Bournemouth Schools' Seven-a-side competition in their age group, and so can be rightly called the Bournemouth champions.

The following boys have played regularly:—M. Davies, T. Averill, P. Dorey, T. Benns, N. Churchill, M. Jessopp, P. Wheller, P. May, E. Fisher, A. Cole, T. Dunesby, J. Warr, B. Duke, J. Burns, K. Roberts, N. Stratton, P. Roles, J. Gardiner, E. Barnes and A. Kellett.

A. KELLETT (Capt.), 2G.



### Record of Games

	Score			Result		Score			Result
	For	Against	Result			For	Against	Result	
Oakmead	0	3	Lost	Summerbee	20	3	Won		
East Howe	20	0	Won	Oakmead	12	3	Won		
Stourfield	6	0	Won	Porchester	20	3	Won		
Oakmead	6	0	Won	New Milton	3	11	Lost		
East Howe	31	0	Won	Stourfield	23	3	Won		
Stourfield	6	9	Lost						

Points against 35: Points for 153.

## 1st YEAR RUGBY XV

Winton 1st Year XV enjoyed a very good season and are to be congratulated for the standard of rugby played in their first year as a team. The splendid team-work and determination proved too much for most other 1st Year XV's in and around Bournemouth and good wins were registered against Porchester, traditionally a rugby school, and Somerford, half of whose side were second-year boys. Winton were well matched by a very good Stourfield XV and in a close game lost by one point.

Andrews has been a most competent captain and Gardiner as pack leader was a constant inspiration to his forwards.

The pack laid the foundations of success in most games. Lawrence, supported by Collins and Sargeant, hooked consistently well. Gardiner and Marshall as locks and Custard at No. 8 worked hard in the loose and line-out and Barrett and Bird proved to be fast-breaking wings.

Neal at scrum-half improved with every game and his understanding with Andrews allowed the ball to reach the threequarters quickly and effectively. Churchill, who began the season as lock-forward, was converted to centre-threequarter with much success. Smith also is to be commended; what he lacks in size is minimized by his determination.

One pleasing outcome of the season has been the appreciation by those playing regularly each Saturday, of the social significance of inter-school football. To meet and talk with opponents over tea and biscuits at the end of a game became a regular feature.

In the "Sevens" at East Howe on April 18th, Winton entered two sides. The "B" beat East Howe "B" 3-0, but lost to Stourfield "A" 0-12 in the semi-final. The "A" side, unfortunately without Churchill, beat Stourfield "B" 6-0 to reach the final where they were narrowly beaten 0-3 by Stourfield.

Winton XV (from):—K. Andrews (Capt.), J. Gardiner (pack leader), N. Churchill, M. Bird, A. Neal, R. Lawrence, J. Marshall, P. Sargeant, D. Custard, J. Collins, A. Barrett, M. Smith, P. Legg, W. Peach, B. Burgess, W. Loram, D. Pipe, G. Boyd, M. Ryan, P. Mulliss, M. Boshier.

B. SMALLCALDER, 1G.

### Record of Games

	Score			Result		Score			Result
	For	Against	Result			For	Against	Result	
East Howe	17	3	Won	Oakmead	15	0	Won		
East Howe	18	0	Won	East Howe	30	0	Won		
Oakmead	21	0	Won	Porchester	18	0	Won		
Stourfield	8	9	Lost	Somerford	9	0	Won		

Played 8. Won 7. Drawn 0. Lost 1. Points for 136, against 12.

## RUGBY NOTE FOR PARENTS

Last September the first-year rugby team was being chosen, and I was lucky enough to be in. I play with the forwards as a prop in the scrum. Forwards must always be on the alert, always near the ball and with it if possible.

Rugby is tough but teaches people how to stand up to rough treatment. Many parents stop their sons from playing rugby because they think it dangerous, but if your son plays in the right manner he will not be seriously hurt. Up to date I have played in eight matches and have only been scratched, so give your son a chance in the game.

P. SARGEANT, 1B1.



Intermediate "A" Soccer Team



Intermediate "B" Soccer Team

## INTERMEDIATE "A" SOCCER

We have enjoyed a successful season this year with the "A" team winning the Cherries Supporters' Cup and runners-up in the West Division of the League.

Results			Results		
LEAGUE			LEAGUE		
Opponents	Result	Scorers	Opponents	Result	Scorers
Oakmead ..	Draw 2-2	Stroud, Jessop	East Howe ..	Lost 2-4	Mullins 2
East Howe ..	Win 3-1	Roles 2, Jessop	Summerbee ..	Lost 1-2	Stroud
Summerbee ..	Win 2-1	Scott, McKinley	Portchester ..	Draw 4-4	Mullins 3, Roles
Portchester ..	Win 4-1	Mullins 3, Stroud	Oakmead ..	Win 4-1	Mullins 3, Roles
CUP					
Twynham ..	Win 1-0	Mullins	East Howe ..	Win 1-0	Stroud
Homefield ..	Win 2-1	Scott, Jessop	Portchester ..	Win 3-1	Mullins 2, Scott
Stourfield ..	Win 6-0	Mullins 5, Stroud			

(The semi final and final were played at Winton Recreation Ground)

League: Mullins 11, Roles 4, Stroud 3, Jessop 2, Scott 1, McKinley 1.  
Cup: Mullins 8, Stroud 2, Scott 2, Jessop 1.

## INTERMEDIATE "B" SOCCER

It proved a first-class season for our team, for we lost only one League match, that away against East Howe, before we had settled down properly. Defeating Oakmead in the last League match of the season made us top, but we lost a friendly game against Boscombe "B," Eastern League champions.

F. QUICK, 2G.

Results			Results		
LEAGUE			LEAGUE		
Opponents	Result	Opponents	Result	Opponents	Result
East Howe ..	.. .. Lost 4-2	Ringwood Grammar ..	Win 1-6		
Oakmead ..	.. .. Win 0-2	Saint Walburga's ..	Win 0-4		
Summerbee ..	.. .. Drew 1-1	Ringwood Grammar ..	Win 8-0		
East Howe ..	.. .. Win 2-0	Summerbee ..	Win 2-0		
Saint Walburga's ..	.. .. Win 2-0	Oakmead ..	Win 4-2		
CHERRIES SUPPORTERS' CUP					
Saint Peter's ..	.. .. Win 0-3	Portchester "A" ..	Lost 1-3		
FRIENDLY MATCHES					
Boscombe "A" ..	.. .. Lost 0-2	Boscombe "B" ..	Lost 2-1		

F. QUICK, 2G.

## THE UNDER-TWELVE SOCCER TEAM

The under-twelve team had only two fixtures and they were not a great success though we did our best. Both matches were against Bournemouth School under-twelve team, and we lost them both but not by a big margin, the scores being 5-4 and 4-3.

Without the help of three second-year boys we should not have done so well, most of the goals coming from a second-year centre-forward, Burns. Bournemouth School were the faster and better passing side, and we did not make enough of the passing and shooting.

I. MELLOWS, 1B1.

## INTERNATIONAL AT WEMBLEY

Thirty-seven boys met Mr. Young at Bournemouth Central, and Mr. Denham boarded the train at Christchurch. From Waterloo at a quarter to one a bus took us past several sights—the Cenotaph in Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, Big Ben, and the Palladium Theatre—on our way to Wembley. As we bought Cup Final programmes, inside the vast arena ninety-five thousand voices could be heard in community singing.

Just before three the teams came out and lined up while the National Anthems were played. Germany kicked off and England attacked at once, but poor finishing prevented a goal. After twenty-five minutes of the second half, inside right Baker scored for England, soon followed by a penalty from Ashe. Germany rallied, but could not score.

After the game the party had tea and had a few minutes to wander near Piccadilly. On the train from Waterloo an unfortunate thing happened: leaning out of a window, Peter Male caught an eyeful of coal dust and complained, "It stings". But the rest of us returned with nothing worse than tiredness.

R. JOYCE, 3B.

## WHY I PREFER SOCCER TO RUGBY

Soccer is the finest team game in the world. Rugby cannot compare with it. Rugby is a game where there is very little skill, and where a big boy or man is at a great advantage. I can see no sense in a lot of grown men fighting over a little egg-shaped ball in the mud. It is not a graceful game to watch because there is no skill in it. Soccer on the other hand is a very graceful game and a delight to watch; it is the original game and rugby is only a little brother to it. Soccer is several thousand years old, first being played in ancient China, while rugby is a mere two centuries old.

Soccer is played in almost every country in the world and these millions of people cannot be wrong. Rigger, on the other hand, is completely the opposite, being played in very few countries. In this school both soccer and rugby are played, but I think that the majority of the boys prefer to play *real* football. Several of the boys in the senior rigger team play only because they are too old to play soccer for the school team. I know at least one boy who plays rigger for the school just because he is not good enough to play soccer. Others in the lower school play both and I know that most of these boys prefer soccer. I have played both games and I certainly know which I prefer.

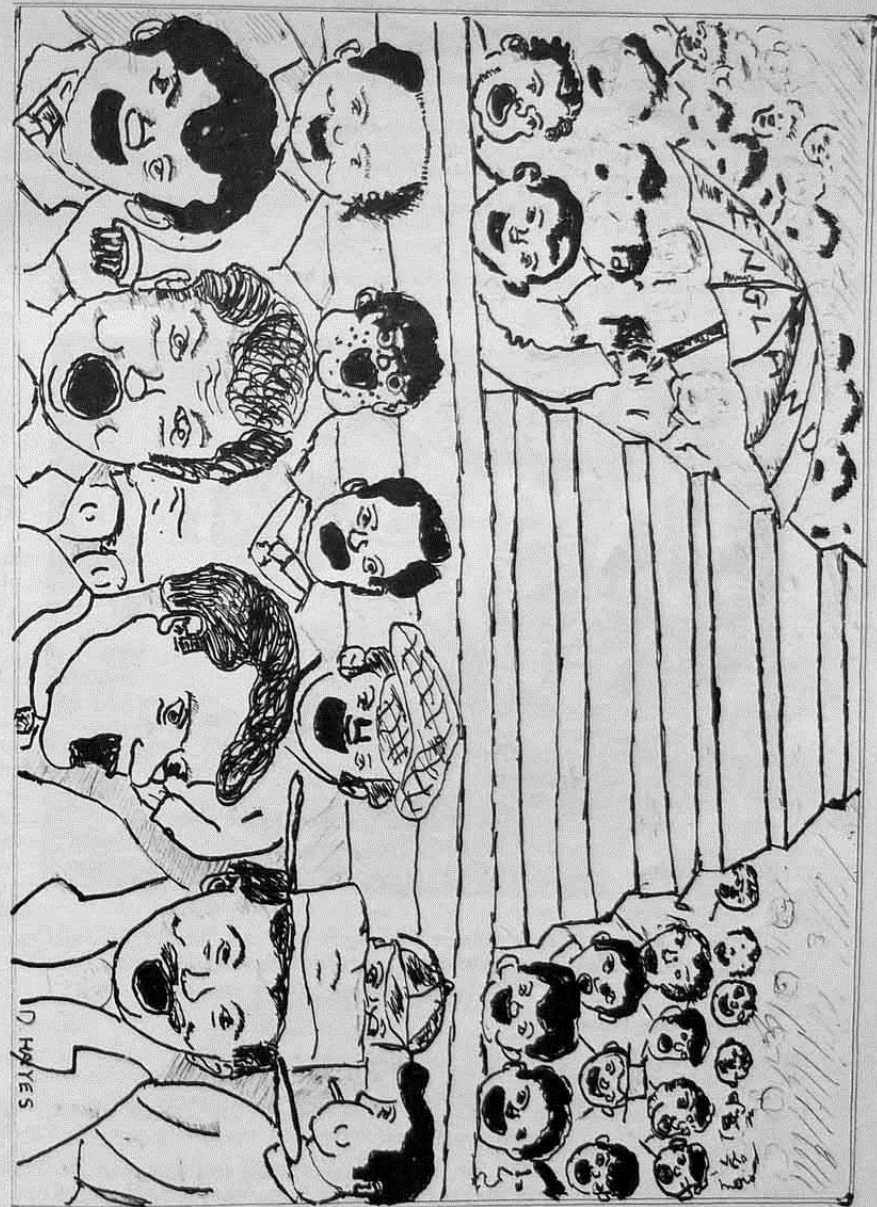
Some people say that rugby is a man's game while soccer is not. But I cannot agree with this; it is not true. There are far more injuries on the first-class soccer field than there are on the first-class rigger field—I say the first-class rigger field because schoolboy rigger is not played properly. School soccer, on the other hand, is at a very high standard. But whichever game you play you are still playing football.

R. BESSANT, 4G.

## NOAH'S PROBLEM

A speaker at a recent meeting at the University of Pennsylvania told the following story about Noah's instructions to the animals in the Ark to "be fruitful and multiply." Two snakes spoke up and said: "We can't multiply—we are adders."

So Noah cut some logs and built them a table. "Here's a table of logs," he said. "Now you adders can multiply." Logarithms, the speaker explained, made it possible to multiply by adding with a table of logs.



## TOWN SPORTS

In spite of the high winds and driving rain, finals were held at King's Park on Saturday, June 6th.

### 15 - 17 Years Team

M. Barnes: High Jump, 1st (5ft. 3in., equal to record); Javelin, 2nd; 110 yds. Hurdles, 3rd.  
 I. Nicol: Long Jump, 1st (18ft. 1in.); 100 yds., 4th; 110 yds. Hurdles, 4th.  
 D. May: 100 yds., 1st (10.8 secs); 220 yds., 1st (25.1 secs)—both very good times in the conditions.  
 M. Randle: 440 yds., 2nd.  
 B. Davis: High Jump, 5th (4ft. 11in.); Long Jump, 6th (16ft. 0in.).  
 Relay Team (D. May, I. Nicol, B. Davis, M. Randle): 2nd.  
 TOTAL POINTS: 95 (3rd).

D. May, M. Barnes, M. Randle and I. Nichol have been chosen for the Town Team.



right to left : D. May of Winton winning in 10.8 secs, Archer (St. Peter's), Lambert (St. Peter's), Nicol (Winton), Davies (Portchester), Hunt (St. Peter's)

Photograph by courtesy of the Evening Echo, Bournemouth.

### Intermediate Team

100 yds.: J. Wyatt, 4th.  
 440 yds.: Perrett, 3rd; Millard, 5th.  
 Shot: M. Jessop, 1st (33ft. 6in.); K. Roberts, 5th;  
 Long Jump: M. Jessop, 2nd (14ft. 1½in.).  
 220 yds.: J. Wyatt, 4th.  
 Relay (Snow, Wyatt, Wheller, Jessop), 1st.  
 A. Cole, 6th.  
 High Jump: K. Gagliardi, 4th (4ft. 2in.)  
 TOTAL POINTS: 51 (1st).

At the end of the meeting M. Jessop, representing the Intermediate Team, received from His Worship the Mayor the Cherries Supporters' Club's Ship Cup.

## SWIMMING SPORTS, 1958

Results of the events which took place at Stokewood Road Baths on 24th July, 1958:

	<i>Free Style</i>	<i>Breast Stroke</i>	<i>Back Stroke</i>
1st year	K. Rhodes (T)	M. Wareham (R)	K. Rhodes (T)
2nd year	D. Kearn (R)	R. Pomeroy (T)	B. Cain (R)
3rd year	G. Marsh (M)	C. Posthumus (R)	R. Bourke (R)
4th year	M. Barnes (M)	I. Bartlett (T)	M. Barnes (M)
	<i>Dive</i>	<i>Breast Stroke</i>	<i>Plunge</i>
Senior	I. Bartlett (T)	I. Bartlett (T)	M. O'Shea (E)
Intermediate	B. Cain (R)	N. Triggs (T)	N. Stratton (T)
	Senior Team Race ... ..	Intermediate Team Race ... ..	Senior Medley ... ..
			Muscliffe
			Redhill
			Talbot

### Total points for Inter-house Cup:

1st Talbot ... ..	93	2nd Redhill ... ..	86
3rd Muscliffe ... ..	57	4th Ensbury ... ..	34
Pennants: 1st, 3rd and 4th year ... ..		Talbot	
2nd year: ... ..		Redhill	

## LIFE-SAVING

Every Tuesday evening at Stokewood Road baths life-saving classes are held. The instructors are trained members of the Bournemouth police, who give up their off-duty time to help the children that regularly attend these classes. There are no fees other than sixpence a year to join, but you must be a good enough swimmer to do at least two lengths breast stroke and two on your back. Crawl stroke is useless for life-saving.

At the beginning of the course the chief instructor sent invitations to the schools asking for boys to join. There was a great response and the pool was packed full of children eager to learn. But as the weeks went on, the numbers decreased. This training is hard work, and members are not allowed to treat it lightly. Instruction is given in all methods of rescue, as well as the principal methods of artificial respiration.

I am glad to say that at the end of the course, most of the boys that took the tests were from our School. Below are the names of boys who have gained Royal Life-Saving Society awards through this club.

Elementary Certificate: J. Davenport.

Intermediate Certificate: A. Birch, M. Davies, B. Duke, D. Kingston, N. Miller, J. Neilson, N. Triggs, M. Wareham.

"Unigrip" Certificate: M. Davies, B. Duke, N. Triggs.

Life-saving is not only a worthwhile pastime as practice, but living in a seaside town you could well be the means of saving lives. At the beginning of next season's classes an invitation will be sent to schools again. Why not join?

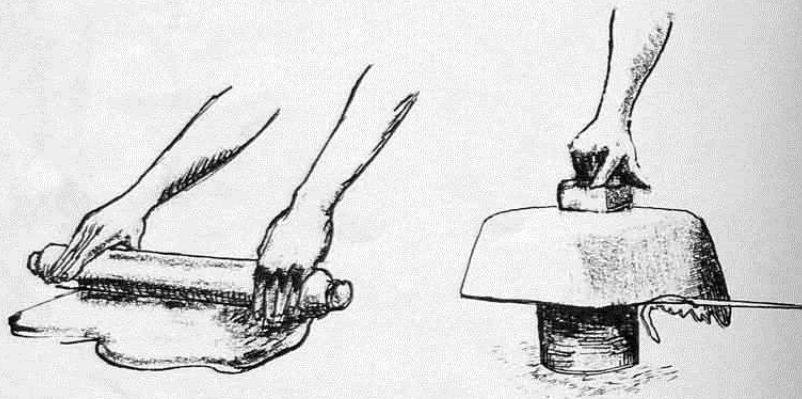
N. TRIGGS, 2A.

## MAKING A FRUIT DISH

In the past year over five hundred boys have been introduced to the craft of pottery, using the new electric kiln capable of firing to 1200° Centigrade. Slip ware, (coloured glaze), is the principal kind, and it is made by coil, mould and wheel. Here a potter describes how some of the work is done.

There are many methods by which you can make a fruit dish, but I have chosen to tell you how to make one by using a simple plaster mould.

The first thing you have to do is to take a piece of clay (red or white) about the size of your fist. It must not be too dry because it cannot be worked, so choose a piece that is fairly soft. Then roll it into a ball and begin to knead it by pressing and turning simultaneously. This process does two things to the clay: it disperses all the air bubbles and it works it into an even consistency.



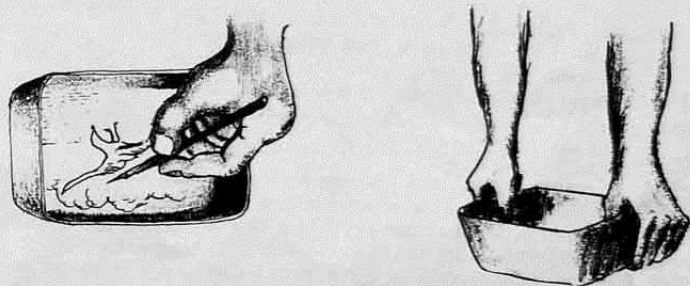
After you have kneaded it you would be wise to quarter the clay with the cheese cutters to make sure that all the air is gone, but you must be careful on joining these quarters together that you don't include any air in the joins. (You can make sure there is no air in the joins by convexing the sides which are to be joined).

Then you place your piece of clay on the table and roll it flat until it is about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Lift it carefully off the table and lay it gently on the mould. (It would be advisable to place your mould on a tin to raise it from the table to make the sponging easier. After you have put your clay on the mould you can begin to sponge the clay to mould it around the plaster mould. The sponge must be used gently, otherwise it will stretch the clay and make some parts thinner than others. This unevenness would lead to weakness or even to the clay's cracking during the drying process. After you have sponged it you can begin to trim off all the excess clay around the base of the mould.

The dish must then be left for two to four hours; when this time is up you can lift it off or out of the mould. Sponge and trim off any more unevenness.

The clay should now be "leather hard", that is to say, damp but no longer plastic. It can now be covered with slip. (Slip is particles of clay suspended in water and usually coloured with a mineral oxide such as cobalt, giving a light blue).

This can now be left to dry, and when dry, a design can be lightly pencilled on. Any mistakes must not be rubbed out but merely redrawn, since the pencil marks disappear on firing. The design can now be scratched through the slip to the underlying clay body. This process is called sgraffito work, derived from the Italian "sgraffitare", to scratch.



After this the clay is allowed to dry thoroughly until all the physical water is driven off. It is then put into the kiln and fired. The chemical water formed is driven off and the earthenware is now said to be "biscuited." Later the ware is taken and dipped, sprayed or painted with glaze (glaze is a form of powdered glass) to a thickness of approximately eight thousandths of an inch.

The dish is now put back into the kiln, standing on stilts, which prevent the ware from sticking to the shelves when the glaze melts at 1,060° C. After this "glost" firing the ware is allowed to cool slowly, otherwise "crazing" or cracking will occur.

It is with justifiable pride that the craftsman views his work as he unloads the kiln. The next step is to knock off the stilts, grind off the sharp pieces of pipe clay left, and admire the finished article.

M. BALDWIN, 3G.

## THE SCHOOL SCOUT TROOP

Every Tuesday evening the 4th Bournemouth Scout Troop meets in the School assembly hall. We start the meeting at seven-thirty and have flag-break and prayers. Following this we have games which are to improve our skill in scout tests. Afterwards we have tests and competitions, and then more games. The meeting breaks up at nine o'clock.

In 1958 we had four camps and I went to all of them. At Easter camp it snowed all the time and we could hardly do our buttons up, we were so cold. It was the first camp I had been to and I enjoyed it very much. We were the only troop to stick the four days in tents, joking and playing games most of the time. For our summer camp we went to Ventnor on the Isle of Wight where it rained all the time.

On the whole I think the troop is very efficient and that there is an interesting future in store for us, as we may have a hut at Oswald Road.

T. DUNESBY, 2G.

## FASHIONS FOR BOYS

*The following note on life in 1959 is included less as advice (which would be superfluous) to present readers than as a source of humorous curiosity for those who pick up this first 'Mitre' in ten or twenty years' time.*

A large proportion of to day's younger generation have collected the idea from somewhere that they look smart wearing, perhaps, a brightly coloured pair of jeans, an equally bright and gaudy shirt and a pair of pink-coloured socks. This shows lack of taste in choosing clothes. One would expect these clothes to be seen on the beach and other places of leisure; one does not expect a boy to put them on intending to look reasonably smart—for school, for instance.

You can wear school outfits and still look modern in them. To-day clothing manufacturers are able to make clothes for school wear based on modern styles. The ideal outfit for school wear is, I think, a black or dark blazer; a white shirt and a plain coloured tie; a pair of trousers tapered to seventeen inches, if preferred, and a pair of black shoes.

These are a few hints on what not to do when wearing smart clothes. Don't wear a dark coat with a dark shirt; don't wear too large a knot in your tie; don't be too gaudy in your choice of colours and if you insist, keep bright colours for the beach—pink is a colour to be avoided when choosing clothes—and don't cram odds and ends into your pockets, for it ruins the set of the material.

For leisure wear, I suggest a pair of either sand slacks or jeans worn with a shirt, and jersey if necessary, provided the colours do not clash.

If you are thinking of buying a pair of the foreign-styled shoes which are becoming very popular, be sure that you buy either a size too large or a pair that are not too pointed in the toes. The extremely pointed ends can disfigure the set of toes which as you get older will give you much pain.

One point I must mention, although it is not strictly a fashion, is that there is nothing more unsightly and ugly than a boy with hair thick with grease and growing almost to the length of a girl's hair. Believe me, it is not smart at all and could spoil your whole appearance. Get it cut. You can have the hairstyle in a lesser degree, which will look twice as attractive.

R. SMITH, 4G.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PENTRE BOY

Let us take Gwyn Jones, who lives at 12 Texas Street, Pentre, in the Rhondda Valley, South Wales. It is Saturday, and as Gwyn awakes and looks through his window out onto the huge slag-heap, he gives a sigh of relief that he doesn't have to go to school today.

Gwyn has to make a four-mile train journey to and from Porth every day, as he goes to Porth County School, so we can understand why he doesn't like going to school. Gwyn dresses and has his breakfast. His mother has gone out shopping and his Father has gone to work; he is a miner at Cwmparc Colliery.

After breakfast he goes with his friends up the mountain where they play rugby every Saturday morning. Today they are playing against a group of boys from Ystrad, their sworn enemies as they would put it, and they will go all out to win. And, in fact, they do win 13-5.

In the afternoon they go back up the mountains for a walk across to the Baulk. These boys love the mountains and many of them wouldn't leave them even to come and live in Bournemouth.

They come back for tea, hungry and exhausted after their long walk. As Gwyn has no television he and his friends make their own enjoyment by playing rugby or chess, or going fishing. Tonight they are going fishing in the River Taff for trout. After an enjoyable evening they come home to bed.

Gwyn is very happy in the Rhondda Valley with its dirt, slag heaps and coal mines, and it would take wild horses to drag him away from it all.

Nos da, bach.

A. DAVIES, 4G.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SWITZERLAND

When you first go to the continent and, more especially, if you travel in Switzerland, you will find, as I did at once, that the trains are very much cleaner and brighter-looking than the ones here in England. They are more comfortable and have every modern convenience you need. As well as the trains, the stations are cleaner and are decorated most beautifully by gay flowers.

The hotels, if you stay in them, are very gay and you know you are in a continental atmosphere; you receive at your first meal the most excellent food anyone has ever tasted. Everywhere you go everything is so fresh and clean-looking; the reason for this is that most things—including the railways—are worked by electricity. This source of power is cheap in Switzerland because hydro-electric schemes can be easily built and maintained in the mountains.

Some hotels are called pensions. These are mostly large chalets made completely of wood. They are very warm and contain every facility. Where we stayed at Spiez we could wake up in the morning to look straight over the Lake of Thun. Before breakfast we would go for a short walk down by the Lake and then come back for an excellent meal of rolls and coffee.

You will find that the air is very different and you can feel it is fresh and clean. The Swiss are very meticulous about cleanliness and when you walk around a town you will see bed covers and eiderdowns hanging out of windows to air. The beds in Switzerland are quite different, for instead of sheets and blankets you have a sheet and then something like a small scale feather mattress which sends you off to sleep like a top. That is what I did most nights because not only was it a grand holiday but it was also quite strenuous.

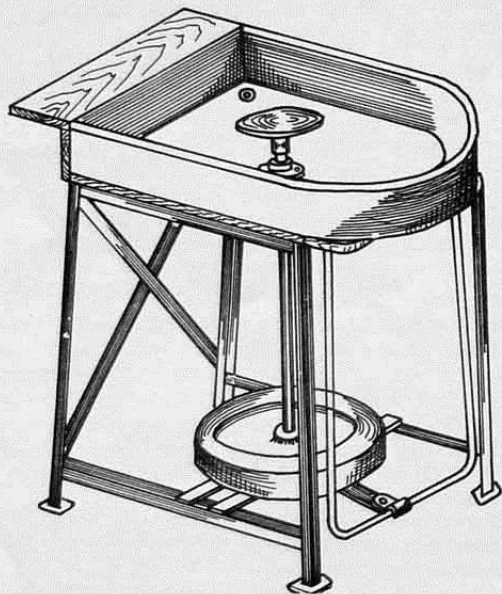
B. DAVIS, 5G.



## THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE POTTER'S WHEELS

When the art and craft rooms were formed at Coronation Avenue it was approved by the Education Committee that the School should take up pottery. For part of the equipment two potter's wheels were needed, but the money available was only sufficient to buy one. The only alternative was to make them and obtain two for less than the cost of one.

After a suitable design was produced the materials were ordered and two Hoffman bearings, a ball race and a roller race, were bought. The fly wheel and crank were cast in iron at Poole Foundry from patterns made in the woodwork room.



The construction was started by cutting four legs from 2in. x 2in. angle iron, which was used to make all the frame. A square was bent from angle iron and the four legs attached to each of its four corners temporarily with bolts, the legs being splayed out. Two cross rails were fitted between the side legs. To strengthen the frame, two flat cross rails were put across the back.

The bolts were then replaced permanently with  $\frac{3}{8}$ in. diameter  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. rivets. Two rails were riveted to the side rails, across from side to side about  $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. apart, to support the driving shaft and fly wheel.

The machining was started when two pipe flanges were machined up to house the bearings. The driving shaft of 1in. diameter was faced and a taper turned on one end to take the wheel heads. The fly wheel, the biggest item which had to be machined, being 17in. diameter, was done on the Harrison lathe with gap out.

The bottom roller-bearing flange was bolted on the bottom cross rails, the fly wheel was placed centrally on it and the shaft put through. A  $\frac{3}{8}$ in. bolt locked the fly wheel in position, the crank being fitted on to the part of the shaft which projected below. A piece of slightly-tapered silver steel was used for the connecting pin.

The treadle was made the shape of a trapezium out of  $\frac{3}{8}$ in. tubing. It was pivoted by two lugs on the top rail of the frame. Another lug on the base, the wide end, of the treadle was used for the mild steel connecting rod to connect the treadle to the crank to provide the drive. The two bolts which connected the rod were made so that when they were tightened they would allow the rod to move freely but would not become loose. The wooden base was screwed on to the top of the frame from the underneath. The metal tray of galvanized iron was screwed on to the wooden base and a hole was cut through the two for the shaft to go through.

A ballrace housing was fixed in the tray to hold the shaft steady at the top. To allow the water to escape, a brass drain was cut in the lowest corner of the tray. This had a piece of hose attached to it which led to a bucket. A piece of hose was also split and then put round the top of the metal tray to make a comfortable arm rest when using the wheel.

The pottery wheel heads were then cast in our own workshop, in aluminium. After it had been machined, light rings were cut into the face so that you could see whether the clay was central or not. Because a weight would be placed on the shelf attached to the back of the wooden base, it was strengthened by two brackets.

The construction of the potter's wheels was now complete except for the painting. They were given a good undercoating of red-lead and then the frames were painted green and the trays red and yellow.

D. BOUDREA and A. BUGDEN, 5T

## SCHOOL JOURNEY TO WINDSOR, 1958

We started off from School on the Friday before the summer holidays at nine o'clock in the morning. There were four coaches and I was in one called "Pegasus". We went via the New Road, reaching Staines at about a quarter to twelve. From there we journeyed along the river in two boats to Windsor, having our lunch on the way. In a lock, Bowering's hat fell off, but Mr. Jerrard jumped over and salvaged it.

When we reached the jetty we walked on to the castle where we first had a look around St. George's Chapel. After that we all sat down and listened to a guide telling us about the history of the chapel and castle. Following that we went into some inner chambers of the chapel where we saw many interesting objects, including tombs of kings, queens, dukes and noblemen. Then, to our delight, we were told that we had some time to ourselves. A friend and I went and bought some souvenirs and a few other things, after which we took some photographs of the guards and of some other friends.

This was followed by a tea at a restaurant in Windsor itself. Then we departed for home, arriving at about 9.30 p.m.

The visit was an educational and interesting one. In fact, we had a wonderful time.

D. GULLIFORD and R. SCOTT, 2G.

## PLANE TO SPAIN

It was a bright morning this spring when I left Bournemouth by car for London Airport. Beyond the customs a special bus took us to the plane, a Viscount 800, where we were greeted by the steward and hostess. In a few minutes we were airborne and on the way to Spain.

Steadily the Viscount climbed to 19,000 feet, well above the clouds. During the flight we were served with a very enjoyable meal on a white plastic tray. Luckily, the clouds had dispersed over France and we saw many towns, including Paris and Toulouse. After two and a half hours' flying we could see the enormous snow-capped peaks of the Pyrenees, and within another half-hour we had landed at Barcelona on a airport, some four miles outside the city. Then we had a three-hour taxi drive



to our hotel on the coast, passing large vineyards and barley fields. Many of the trees had most of their bark removed, which we later found was cork to be taken to factories in Barcelona. By seven o'clock that evening we were in our hotel.

Our meals there were exceptionally good. For breakfast we had rolls and butter; lunch consisted of hors d'oeuvres, followed usually by fish and then a meat course, finishing with fresh fruit. Dinner was similar except that we had soup. There was only one dish I did not wholly enjoy and that was calamares—boiled squid.

The coast was very rugged and beautiful. In fact, its name, Costa Brava, means rugged coast, and its beauty needs no translation. Most of my time was spent swimming in the Mediterranean and climbing the rocky cliffs. We also went for long walks to small villages where peasants sold a large variety of wares in the market place. I found the people very friendly and hospitable; whoever they were they always said "Buenos dias."

But soon it was time for us to leave behind the hot, sunny Spain that we had known for a fortnight, and return to face an English summer.

M. BALDWIN, 3G.

## PRINTING

We have been lucky in being one of the schools to have a Printing Press. Although it is only a small one we can print numerous things: to mention a few, rugby tickets, soccer tickets, etc., and pamphlets.

I found that it gave me quite a sense of achievement when I saw my first finished article being used and then I began to think more deeply about printing and its various qualities.

Ever since John Caxton brought his press to England, millions of books have been printed and, in fact, thousands of various kinds of books are printed each year; this can give us an idea of the importance of printing to the country. To a commercial printer most of this is his bread and butter, the usual text book, or ledger or letter headings; but occasionally a book is produced which is a work of art—a masterpiece in bookcraft.

Since I took up printing I have learned a lot; I learned that printing is a mixture of your capabilities in art and your skill, with your hands. The layout and beauty of a book depend on this: good printing must be easy to read and good to look at. Secondly, I learned that you must have a mind for machines. The working of the press has to be watched carefully to make sure the printing is accurate; a hair under a piece of type can make a letter print harder than another. (Imagine the letters on the back of the page you are now reading showing through this writing).

I also found that the type had to be set upside down and back to front so that it would print the right way round. This required my full concentration because so many letters looked alike: d's, b's, p's and q's to mention only a few. Then a third and most important fact was that I found it helped my English in both spelling and punctuation.

In all the time I have helped in the printing of school tickets, pamphlets, calendars, etc., I realize that printing was not just a hobby for anyone to do but a craft which demands a great deal of artistry and technical skill; and I think myself lucky in being taught some of this at school. I think it would be an achievement to see a school magazine printed on our school press and if I am still at school when we start such a project I hope that I will be able to take part in it.

D. TURNER, 4M2.

## PEN-FRIEND

Many boys in the School have a French pen-friend. I have one whose name is Gabriel Troubat who lives in the suburbs of Paris. He has the same hobby as I have, aeroplane model ing. He also collects display models, and the French equivalent of the English dinky toys which they call mini-cars.

I am going to send him some English stamps. I hope many boys are doing the same thing, for just writing to each other becomes a bit boring. So this way your pen-friend will have a larger collection of English stamps and you will have a larger selection of French ones. If you want French mini-cars, ask for a catalogue which he can send to you and in return you can send him dinky toys. Then you can be real friends and when you are older you can go to France and see him, or he can come and see you. He will send you a photo of himself and you can send him one. He would be glad of some examples of English magazines and he can send you French papers or magazines. This will improve your French tremendously. I think pen-friends are a good idea, especially when you are learning that language.

France is a very different country from England, so when—or if—you see your pen-friend you will not find what you expect.

P. DOREY, 2G.



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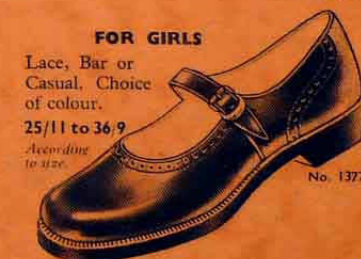
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