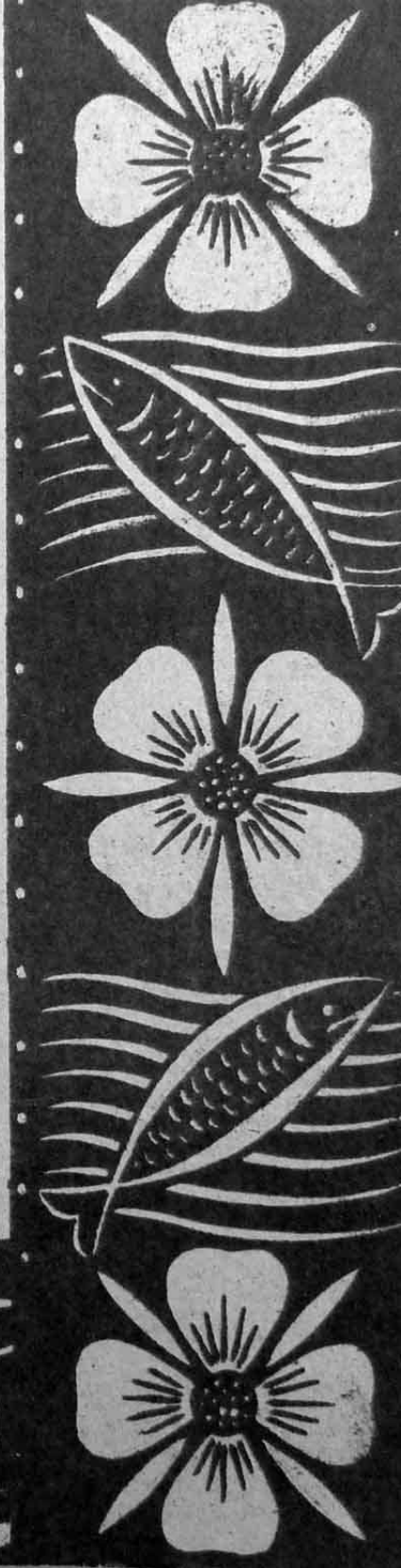
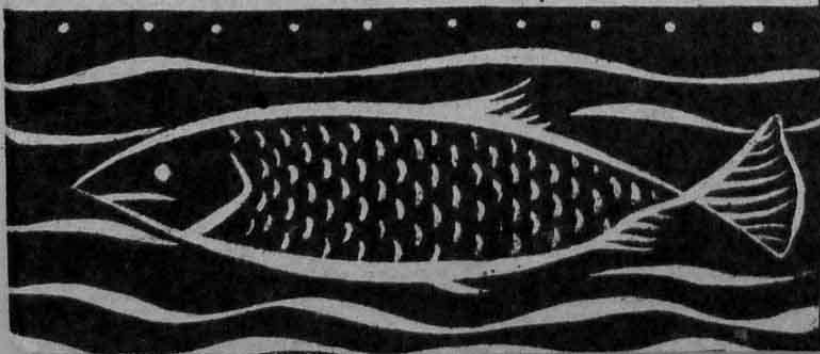


the mitre





HORNE'S SCHOOL CLOTHES

Unbeatable ...

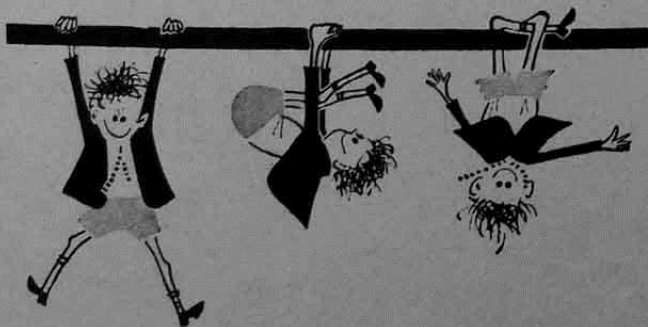
... made to take a beating!

There was a time when we, the brothers Horne, were schoolboys too. Angels one moment, little devils the next. Best part of the time we wore our clothes like Commandos assaulting a beach-head. Probably that's why we give our extra special attention to schoolboy's clothes. We make them to stand up to Indian fights, Highway Patrols, Mountaineering and Parent's Day. They're tailored to keep in excellent shape; styled to pass Headmaster's muster.

Bring your mother and father to HORNE'S

HORNE BROTHERS LTD.,
GERVIS HALL, Opp. WESTOVER ROAD,

Telephone : Bournemouth 24130



YOUR IRONMONGERS ———

TETTS

WINTON
3 0 9

4 0 2, WIMBORNE ROAD, WINTON,
BOURNEMOUTH

———— VISIT US AND WALK ROUND ———

TOOLS
HARDBOARD &
MOULDINGS Cut to Size
PAINTS & VARNISHES
GARDEN TOOLS &
FERTILIZERS
LAWN MOWERS

CUTLERY
LADDERS & STEPS
CARPET SWEEPERS
PYREX WARE
DUSTBINS
PRESSURE COOKERS
DO-IT-YOURSELF REQUIREMENTS.

WOLF - BRIDGES - BLACK & DECKER - ELECTRIC DRILLS etc.

Complete Range of HORNBY DUBLO TRAINS & Equipment
for both the new 2 rail & 3 rail Layouts

DAILY DELIVERIES IN ALL DISTRICTS

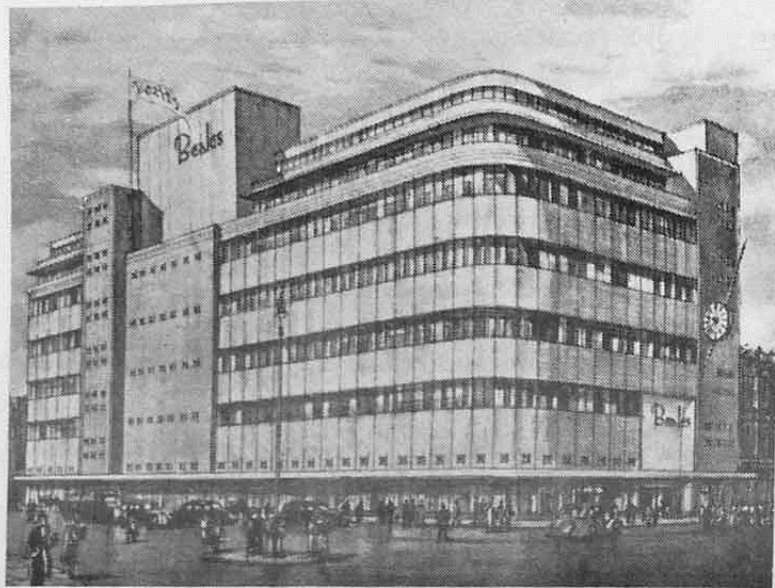
NEWS IS OUR BUSINESS

WHYBORNS

888, WIMBORNE ROAD
Tel. Winton 3642

- GREETING CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
- FULL RANGE STATIONERY
- CONFECTIONERY
- WALLS ICE CREAM

FULL DELIVERY SERVICE MOORDOWN AREA



*The leading Department Store,
family owned and family
managed.*

Beales
BOURNEMOUTH

TELEPHONE : BOURNEMOUTH 22022

MODERN BOOKS

(E. A. TURLL)

349 Holdenhurst Road, Bournemouth

Phones 33154 & 33483

- SPECIALISTS IN EDUCATIONAL REFERENCE SETS
- SECONDHAND COPIES IN FINE CONDITION

Lists Free on Request

All kinds of Modern Reference sets purchased.

W. E. LEE

Children's Outfitters

792, Wimborne Road, Moordown, Bournemouth.

(Corner of Oswald Road)

*A good selection of Blazers (College Wear), Shirts,
Shorts, Trousers, P. T. Vests & Shorts*

Also

*Everything for Little Brother or Sister
Dresses, Rompers & Knitwear*

ALL AT KEEN PRICES

PERSONAL ATTENTION AT ALL TIMES

AUTHORIZED BOOK SUPPLIERS TO BOURNEMOUTH SCHOOLS

STONEHAM'S
EDUCATIONAL SUPPLIES LTD.

Director : H. G. DE LOTZ

HOLBORN HALL, LONDON, E.C.1.

CHANCERY 3848/9

St. George and the Dragon

by A. Holdsworth, 5G

After choosing the subject for my terracotta model I had to look for information on horses knights and dragons. From simple sketches was made a small model in clay to give me a guide to the positions of the figures before the actual model was started. I modelled the general positions of the figures first, followed by their exact shapes. Finally I put in details such as eyes, mouths, feet and chain mail.



St. Christopher

by C. V. Bugden, 5G.

Terracotta is modelling in red clay which is fired to a biscuit colour. The principal plane and volume of the subject are first decided; then, to bring these shapes to life, small pellets of clay are applied without trapping any air which would cause a crack in the firing. It is important not to smooth down the surfaces of the clay because the texture of the broken surface reflects a variable amount of light, imparting a little of its own to the sculpture.

Saint Christopher was a giant who carried pilgrims across a river. One day a child whom he had carried revealed himself as Christ, giving him the name Christopher—Christ, bearer. Travellers regard him as their patron saint.

Two entries for the G.C.E. examination in craft

THE MITRE

VOLUME
TWO

SUMMER
1960



THE MAGAZINE OF
WINTON SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
CORONATION AVENUE, BOURNEMOUTH.

SECOND LAP

A year ago in its first issue *The Mitre* was confidently called our "annual" magazine. Producing a first number is in fact not very difficult, because of the accumulated fund of ideas to be expressed and experiences to be recounted. The second attempt is the test. Many a novelist's first book has been acclaimed, and his second - if it has even been written - ignored, his talent exhausted. And though we could always fill our pages with print, poor workmanship of any sort can be only a discredit to those who show it.

Interest has again been our standard for selecting material. We have tried to involve as many pupils as possible, a policy which has meant omitting several well-written articles. "Literary ability" has been accounted less than variety and original work. Above all, a personal style has been insisted on.

A frequent comment on the first issue of *The Mitre* has been that it was unusual, and this has been taken as a compliment. A magazine is bound to represent the School, and any school would profit by being unusual. In the end it is the reader's opinion that counts, and we invite you to read on. As you explore *The Mitre* you explore the school.

THE EDITOR.

FOREWORD

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

Over the last fortnight or so, I have been engaged, almost without break, in interviews with parents on the very important question of how best to use the educational facilities available to their boys. What has heartened me most in these welcome interviews has been the appreciation so often expressed by parents of the opportunities which the school today affords through its diversity of courses, both academic and practical, the encouragement of wider interests through its out-of-school activities, and the care which the school and the Youth Employment Office take to ensure a satisfactory "launching" at the end of school life. All these things are, together, a preparation, not only for a successful future career but for the wider experience of what I will call "full-living." So often the parental remark has been, "How lucky the boys are today! there was nothing like this when I was at school."

There is a saying that you can take a horse to the water but you cannot make it drink and we, the parents and teachers, find ourselves very much in that situation. As you read through this magazine you will quickly realise that there is at Winton plenty of "satisfying water to drink" and it is obvious, too, that many boys are availing themselves of it. If the truth were told it is probable that most of us adults would act very differently if we had our schooldays over again and so we are constantly impressing upon our off-spring the importance of grasping at all the good things the school can offer.

In writing in this way, my only hope in this respect may be encouraged to seize the opportunities offered them before it is too late. If the magazine serves no greater purpose than rousing some of our less enthusiastic pupils to greater interest and activity, then it will have been worthwhile.

Near Scott Base, on Observation Hill in the Antarctic, is a cross erected as a memorial to Scott and his men who died on the march from the South Pole in 1912. The inscription on the cross reads:

"To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

I commend these words, and the ideal for which they stand, to us all.

EDITOR'S NOTES

SPEECH DAY took place in October at the Town Hall, when prizes, awards and trophies were presented. A full list of these, with GCE and UEL examinations results, appear on pages 6 and 7.

WELCOME VISITOR to the school to illustrate to senior forms a large model of some of the industries and features of the British Isles, has been Miss E. Habershon, one of the school governors.

GIDEONS INTERNATIONAL again generously presented Testaments to all our first-year boys, when a local representative, Mr. Cleaver, spoke at morning assembly about the aims and origins of the Gideons.

WORLD CITIZENSHIP was explained to senior forms by Miss M. Quass, of the Council for World Citizenship.

SPRING FAIR - the School's first - was held on May 28th on the primary schools' playing field at Oswald Road, by kind permission of the headmistress, Miss Watton. A total of about £270 was raised for the school fund which is drawn on for expenses not allowed for in official accounts. The fair is reported on page 15.

MCMLX has been the year of a school journey to Rome and Venice. A party of twenty-nine boys led by Mr. Young, with Mr. Popham and Mr. Westerman, were away for twelve days at Easter. Their reports and comments begin on page 25.

ALL BOARD for Guernsey last August were sixty-nine boys - and sixty-nine came back. During the ten days of excellent weather they walked nearly the whole coastline. Twenty-nine boys are booked there for a week this year, and a party for another fortnight in 1961. It seems the camp cook is largely responsible for the popularity of this holiday.

DEUTSCHLAND is the destination of another party organised by Mr. Greasley and Mr. Skelton this summer in Heidelberg and the Black Forest. Details are on page 30.

MOSCOW came into the school recently when Mr. L. G. Bickel, Treasurer of the National Federation of Music Societies, told us of what he found during a visit as a delegate there recently. His colour photographs were shown through our projector.

ADVENTURE WALK along seven miles of the Dorset cliffs between Golden Cap and West Bay is one of the projects for the 1960 school outing in July. Advertised as "suitable only for the toughest boys", the walk has attracted sixty volunteers, one of them from 2A. A casualty list will be published in our next issue.

SNO-CATS and WEASELS featured in a BP film shown in school this year of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition.

UNUSUAL PETS are popular. Some of them—as well as the usual ones—have poked their noses into Pets' Corner on pages 9-12.

RSPCA representative visited the school in May to give up-to-date expert advice on the care of pets and protection of wild creatures.

"OVER MY DEAD BODY" one headmaster is reported to have said of television in his school. After a term's trial a receiver has been installed permanently, its aerial a spiky new feature of the skyline. Programmes specially planned for schools are being used daily.

FILM STARS were abundant in the school when a colour film was made of some of the school's work. Our boys were seen busy in the laboratories and workshops and the building department at Shelley Park, as well as at football and rugby practice. The film will be shown on open days and similar occasions.

FOCUS-POCUS in the Camera Club goes on every week, though handicapped by lack of a darkroom. May we hope . . . ?

TRUE TO TYPE the school's art department has printed tickets and programmes for our own varied uses.

IN THE PICTURE are teams and form groups photographed in April, some of them appearing in this issue. Form groups were taken at the same time.

THANKS are again due to Mr. Crawford, Head of the Department of Commerce, Municipal College, and to some of his staff and students for their time spent in typing our manuscripts in preparation for typesetting.

The text of The Mitre is set in 10 pt. Caledonia and printed by photolithography.

STAFF NOTES

Fewer changes have taken place on the staff this year than last.

We welcomed first Mr. Marmon who came as our new P.E. specialist last summer, and then Mr. Reid who began in September to take charge of the English department. This term Mr. Hardyman joined us to replace Mr. Walker, who has returned to Luton, and Mr. Jamin to teach French in the place of Mr. Galvin who has left to take up an appointment at Brockenhurst Secondary Modern School. After Easter we welcomed Mrs. Metcalfe as School Secretary, replacing Miss Hurdle, to whom we are grateful for a year's work here.

At the end of the term we lose Mr. Menadue and Mr. Roden. To both we offer our congratulations on their new appointments, Mr. Menadue as Senior Science Master at a school in Stevenage and Mr. Roden - one of the two grand-fathers on the staff - takes charge of a special school at Pokesdown. His cheery presence will be missed.

To those who are leaving we offer grateful thanks and good wishes. To the newcomers we express the hope that they will enjoy their stay amongst us, whether long or short.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Evening on the arrival of a baby daughter. There is no truth whatsoever in the rumour that her training as a supporter of next season's rugby matches has already begun.

Mentioning rumours, the writer has heard it suggested that the object of Mr. Loosemore's tour through France during the summer holidays is visiting all those worthy French folk who so kindly returned the balloon postcards; and also to check whether Mr. Marshall really did post that card from Ville-franche himself or not.

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS, 1960-61

Holiday	Close 4 p.m. on	Re-open
Summer 1960	Friday, 22nd July	Wednesday, 7th Sept.
Autumn mid-term	Thursday, 27th October	Tuesday, 1st November
Christmas	Wednesday, 21st Dec.	Monday, 9th January
Spring mid-term	Friday, 17th February	Wednesday, 22nd Feb.
Easter	Thursday, 30th March	Monday, 17th April
Summer mid-term	Friday, 19th May	Monday, 29th May
Summer 1961	Friday, 28th July	Tuesday, 12th September

NEWS OF OLD BOYS

First-class honours degree at Cambridge has been achieved by Raymond Cox, who left us for the grammar school nine years ago. We congratulate him on this exceptional attainment.

Two more former pupils are in student apprenticeships: Michael Rowe has been awarded his by Westinghouse; and Peter May, head prefect two years ago, is at Rover's, where he has been helping to test cars on the M1.

(If any of our readers can give us news of former pupils, it will gratefully be considered for publication. For inclusion in next summer's magazine, please let the Editor know at school before the end of April.)

RAISING THE SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE

(This is a revision of an essay written early this year for the Civic Shield Competition).

The Education Acts of 1918 and 1921 prepared the foundations of the 1944 Act which eventually raised the school-leaving age from 14 to 15 years. Also proposed in this Act was raising it to 16, but no date was fixed and this clause is still not operative. The question is being debated in Parliament now, and it was estimated that this Act could not be enforced until nearly 1975, twenty-five years after the clause was considered. However G.C.E., introduced in 1951, needs an extra year, which at present is purely voluntary. The G.C.E. syllabus was made comprehensive in order to meet the special needs of secondary pupils intending to enter industry and commerce.

At present these opportunities apply to the young person who wishes to "climb up the ladder" and who is prepared to stay on the extra year and work hard. Obviously the most important benefit would be a more interesting job and higher earnings. Moreover, as this growing world advances, more and more knowledge is required in the student. Leaving at the age of fifteen also means that some are immature to enter the adult world, but with the extra year they are much "wiser" to enter the world and more confident. An extra year means the pupil can think about his career and concentrate upon it.

Turning from the individual to the community, the proposal has a number of different effects. With the fight for "nation-dominance" becoming more competitive, more and more responsibility for leadership is falling on the young people. This can only be met by further education, which both Russia and America have made clear that they aim to develop. If Britain is to stay in the "top names" as a nation then she must extend her education. But any change in the school system will take a lot of time and money before any satisfactory results can be felt, and before the community will gain in better skilled men.

To the family also it has varied effects. If the family is willing to keep the boy or girl on at school another year then in the long run it is bound to be an advantage. If however the family has financial difficulties and cannot afford to keep the boy on, then he just has to leave and start earning money as soon as possible. There is also the unfortunate position taken by a few parents, that "stuffin' all this nonsense into Johnny's head is doing him no good" and they take the poor lad away, although he has the capabilities for attaining a high standard at school.

With regard to the industry and employment I think the extra year is invaluable. Many firms now-a-days adopt the system of reserving a day and perhaps two nights for education at a college. But although this sounds a reasonable suggestion it is not equivalent to the education the boy would receive if he stayed on at a day-school for a year. Now more and more firms are demanding qualifications such as G.C.E. for a job and often only with the extra year can these standards be attained.

In the past, raising the school-leaving age has benefited the nation, and though estimated to cost another eight-million pounds annually an extension to sixteen would, I am sure, be invaluable.

David Mantell, 4G.

SPEECH DAY

Our guest speaker at the Town Hall on October 21st was Mr. T. G. Williams, B.Sc., Ph.D., M.Inst.Struct.E., Resident Engineer of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, Winfrith. He spoke of the rapid expansion of Britain's industry and new developments such as the nuclear research with which he was associated, and the need for more skilled craftsmen and more exacting standards if this country is to maintain her position. From his own experience he emphasised the value of training and further education, congratulating boys who had earned GCE and UEI certificates.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Councillor H. Brown and seconded by C. David, head prefect. In the chair was Councillor Mrs. Bicknell, J.P., who is now Mayor.

PRIZE WINNERS

FORM PRIZES

LOWER SCHOOL		UPPER SCHOOL	
Attainment	Progress		
1D R. PARKER	R. STACEY	3C D. BLANCHARD	
1C R. LAWRENCE	G. WALLACE	3B M. EDWARDS	
1B2 G. HAWKINS	P. ELLIS	3G A. FUDGE	
1B1 C. LANE	R. JENKINS	4M2 G. BATTY	
1A J. BOUDREAU	B. TINTON	4M1 M. COLLINS	
1G G. CLEVETT	K. GREEN	4T A. FRANCIS	
2D R. STOCKS	D. BLETCHER	4G P. TURNEY	
2C R. BARNES	G. BEALE	5T A. BUGDEN	
2B2 R. YOUNG	G. LAWLEY	5G G. HOBBS	
2B1 D. BELCHER	D. MADDOCKS		
2A D. CLAXON	T. PARKER		
2G F. QUICK	T. SPARKES		

NEATNESS PRIZES

1st Year	R. WHITE (1A)	3rd Year	D. MANTELL (3G)
2nd Year	J. HOLE (2C)	4th Year	C. DAVID (4G)

SUBJECT PRIZES

Art	D. KERLEY	Physical Education	B. DAVIS
Biology and Chemistry	R. SMITH	Technical Drawing	R. REID
English	M. RANDLE	Mathematics	P. TAYLOR
French	P. BENCH	Woodwork	M. HAGEN
Geography	D. KERLEY	Physics	A. BUGDEN
Metalwork	B. WAY		

TROPHIES

Federation of Building Employers Shield and Prize	...	A. PHILLIPS
"Peter May" Cup (Sprints)	...	D. MAY
Athletics Cup	...	REDHILL
Swimming Cup	...	REDHILL
"David May" Cup (Soccer, Rugby and Cricket)	...	REDHILL
Winton Cup for Work	...	MUSCLIFFE

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

ORDINARY LEVEL, 1958

P. BENCH	4 subjects	T. O'BRIEN	4 subjects
*R. CROOM	3 "	J. PLATT	5 "
B. DAVIS	1 subject	M. RANDLE	7 "
†R. DEVINE	1 "	R. REID	4 "
I. HALL-SMITH	1 "	*J. REVELL	3 "
*J. HARRIS	1 "	R. SMITH	4 "
G. HOBBS	3 subjects	K. STEVENS	3 "
*A. HOUSE	2 "	P. TAYLOR	4 "
D. KERLEY	8 "	B. WAY	6 "
R. LAWRENCE	3 "	R. WEST	1 subject
D. MAY	3 "		
† denotes 4th Year boy.		*denotes additional subjects.	

UNION OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

B. BECKINGHAM	5 subjects (2 credits)	M. HAGEN	7 subjects (2 credits)
A. BUGDEN	6 subjects (4 credits)	B. SNELL	8 subjects (4 credits)

INTRODUCTORY TECHNICAL COURSE—PART A

J. BAILEY	R. HANLON
*T. BOULTON	*G. HANN
M. CHURCHILL	R. HOPKINS
M. DOWNES	P. MORGAN
R. FOX	K. WRAITH
A. FRANCIS	
* indicates incomplete certificate.	

INTRODUCTORY TECHNICAL COURSE—PART B

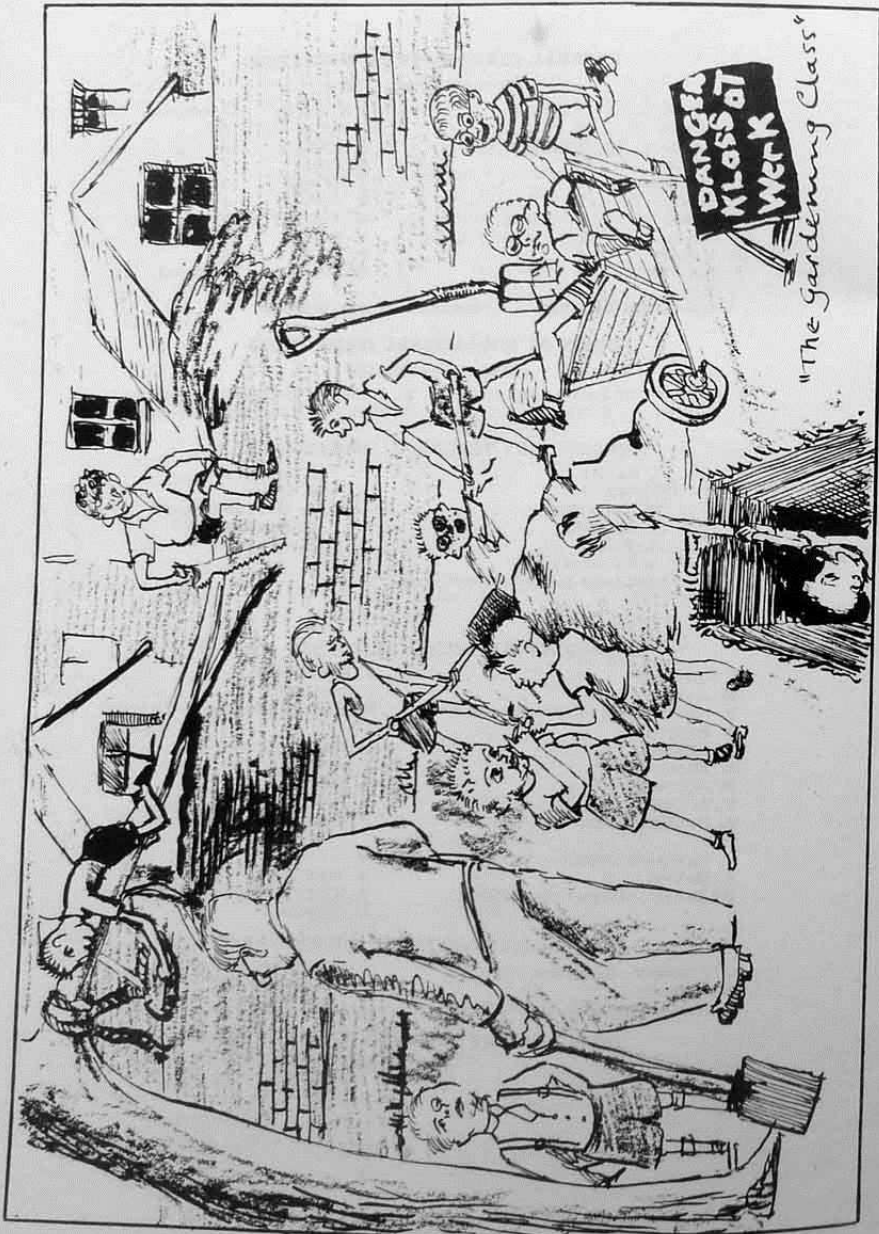
I. BARCLAY	R. EDMONDS
M. BARNES	J. EDWARDS
B. BECKINGHAM (distinction—Maths.)	M. HAGEN (distinction—Technical Drawing)
A. BEEVOR	
R. BENNETT	D. MOTT
R. BESSANT	I. NICOL
D. BOUDREAU	R. SMITH
R. BOURKE	B. SNELL
A. BUGDEN (distinction—Maths. and Tech. Drg.)	P. TURNEY (distinction—Maths.)
C. DAVID (distinction—Maths.)	M. WAITE
A. DAVIES	A. WHITE
R. DEVINE (distinction—Maths.)	J. WILLIAMS (distinction—Maths.)
	D. WILSON

INTRODUCTORY BUILDING COURSE—PART A

C. BECKETT (distinction—Maths.)	J. LEWIS
BOSTON, A.	G. STRATFORD
J. HARRISON (distinction—Maths.)	R. WALKER

INTRODUCTORY BUILDING COURSE—PART B

A. PHILLIPS



A WELL-DRESSED CAT

Our cat's full name is Whiskey Smut; Whiskey, because he is black and white and Smut because when we brought him we had to bring him home in a train and when we arrived we saw that he had a black spot on the tip of his nose. We thought it was a smut from the engine and tried to brush it off but we soon found that it is part of his natural marking. This spot has grown with him, and now he is three years old he has quite a large smudge on his nose.

Whiskey is a very lazy animal. He hates the bed he has to sleep in: he loves my bed and his food. In fact he likes his food so much that he goes on eating until he is sick. Sometimes he stays out all night and then sleeps all day; or else he sleeps all night, gets in everyone's way in the morning and then goes to sleep all the afternoon.

He has white paws which look like white gloves and a white stomach which comes up under his neck and which makes it look like a white waistcoat. Now all he wants is a top hat and a stick and he would look like a man about town. He's the best dressed cat in our road.

Nigel West, 2A.

WINTON ZOO

In our form room we keep a variety of animals. I was the first to bring one - a hamster. Later a boy brought another which we thought was a female, but when we put them in the same cage they fought and one was injured. It died during the holidays. My own survived but escaped from its cage and started to eat some of our work books. It seemed to like them better than I do.

N. Chislett, R1.

Besides hamsters we have mice and budgerigars. Our tadpoles, which have hatched from frog spawn, are now losing their tails, and several weeks after hatching will be grown frogs.

The birds have not bred yet, but there were six young mice. These died because their mother wouldn't feed them, although sometimes mice eat their own babies.

P. Hague, R.1.

One of the most interesting exhibits is the vivarium containing three slow-worms and a sand lizard. My friend and I made it out of an old sink, keeping the earth and plants well-watered, as these reptiles like dampness. Nearby, in a large jar, are some ants, and to encourage them to dig tunnels we have put paper round the jar. We are learning a good deal by studying our zoo.

R. Brown, R.1.

MOUSE ABOUT THE HOUSE

In the Christmas holidays I was given a white mouse which I named Scamper. It lived in a box kept in the garage until on a particularly cold evening in January my mother suggested that I brought Scamper in for the night.

Next morning at the sound of squeaking I opened the box to see what the noise was about and found a family of eight, pink "mouselets". So I immediately renamed her Matilda McMouse. I kept the family indoors for a week, though Mother was not very pleased. The box was too small for so many mice, so my father adapted my sister's doll's house for the McMouse family by making a sliding front in perspex. The accommodation was three rooms upstairs and three rooms down with a flight of stairs connecting the two floors. As soon as they had their eyes open they moved into their new home.

The little mice were difficult to handle as they were very active. My friends and I were amused at the manner in which they chased each other up and down the stairs, and trod the wheel I placed in a upstairs room. As they grew bigger my mother said that they should go to the pet-shop as one mouse was enough to look after. I had to rise early each morning to clean out McMouse's house and give them fresh water and food. I bought a book on mice to find out how old the mice had to be before leaving their mother and thought of the money I could accumulate by breeding them.

However mother and father thought differently, and, approximately eight weeks later I gave three away and sold three to the pet-shop, keeping Matilda McMouse and one female baby for my sister.

We placed three mice in a box and went by bus to the pet-shop, where we were given threepence for each mouse, making ninepence in all. On the way home I lost sixpence - not a successful trip.

The two McMouses moved the nest of torn up paper to a new position under the stairs - I suppose that the two thought they did not need a large room. One morning in the middle of April I went to clean out the mouse residence as usual. I had not disturbed under the stairs as it was difficult to get at, and found MORE baby mice.

"Something has gone wrong somewhere" my mother said, though I don't suppose the mice thought so. I was excited - three grandchildren McMouses and these have become as tame as can be. I have given one to my friend, and the other two have been promised to two others. I shall soon have just Matilda and Josephine McMouse to care for: still after what happened with Scamper they may have another family—who knows?

P. Blake, 1G.

THE ROYAL FUR

If you want to give Mum a real surprise and put her in the Bardot class buy her a chinchilla coat. Its cost?—A mere £20,000! So start saving now!

Long before Columbus set sail from Genoa, Chinca Indians were scaling the cloud-wrapped heights of the Andes mountains to set snares for the richly furred, beautifully coloured little rodents that lived amongst the boulders and which provided fur and meat for them. The habitat of these animals, called chinchilla after the Chinca Indians, was the high plateaux of the Andes, extending through Peru, Bolivia and Chile.

This long ago was the country of the proud Incas, a powerful but enlightened Indian tribe and amongst the Incas royalty the fabulous chinchilla fur was worn as a badge of breeding and high office. A commoner caught wearing chinchilla was quickly put to death. After the conquest of the Incas by the Spaniards the furs were sent to Europe in such large numbers that chinchilla disappeared and were believed extinct.

Centuries passed, until in 1923, an American mining engineer working in the heights of the Andes captured a few chinchilla and after many adventures, (they crossed the equator twice), managed to take eleven of them safely to his California home. From those few are descended all the ranch chinchilla in the world today. There are several hundred in this country, a few not far from Bournemouth!

You'd like to keep a few as pets? No rushing, please! A good breeding pair will cost you £250 plus.

A PORTABLE PET

My hobby is collecting lizards. It started one day on the way home from school when I met a friend who had caught a slow worm. I asked him where he had found it. He replied, "On the far side of the Common." (Redhill Common.) I went to the place where he described finding it and as I walked across the patch of ground a shape suddenly darted in front of me. I followed it through the gorse and bracken until it disappeared. I searched for about five minutes but it had gone completely, and I was just leaving when I heard a rustle behind me. There it was on a patch of grass. I dived at it, but when I lifted up my hand it wasn't there. I felt a wriggle up my sleeve, and found it had gone up there, so I shook it out, wrapped it up in my handkerchief and took it home.

Slow worms and lizards make very good pets if they are treated kindly. The problem as in most hobbies is finding food; you can't just walk into a shop and buy some spiders or ants. At home I keep them in an old sink buried in the garden; for shelter I put some clods of turf in it and they seem to be happy in that. I found that if there is not wire to cover it black birds come and eat them.

Although you may think reptiles are not as attractive as most pets, I like them because they are unusual, interesting to watch, and portable. There's a lot to be said for a portable pet.

R. Singleton, 2B1.

MOTHER'S CAT

In the bathroom one night preparing for bed I heard a slight noise behind me. Wiping the soap from my eyes I glimpsed through the open door that our cat "Sandy" had come upstairs and jumped up onto the post at the top of the staircase.

Completing my wash I went to my bedroom and whispered "S-a-ndy - S-a-ndy." Sandy just sat and looked at me, so I hurried into bed. I whispered Sandy's name again and patted the bed; and slowly he came off his perch and jumped on. Without further encouragement Sandy curled himself up and settled down beside me.

My mother's pride, Sandy is a lovely ginger and white cat about six years old. My uncle, a postman, brought him to us as a young kitten. No scraps for Sandy—only special liver or fish. No lying on the mat for Sandy—only the best chair in the house. Is he ever moved? No, not if mother's around. Sandy must not be disturbed. "How would you like it if you were asleep?" I have heard mother say to dad. Dad will reply, "You think more of the cat than of me."

Clive Lane, 2A.

HAVE YOU SEEN CHARLIE?

In keeping reptiles as pets, I have had many comical experiences. One concerns Charlie, a grass snake almost three feet long. Soon after I had him I found he was not eating his food—small fish and mealworms. Wondering why, I searched for him and thought he must be in the tunnel leading to the sleeping chamber. But I was still puzzled.

One day I caught sight of a yellowish-grey and black shape gliding through tall grass in the garden next door. Realising it was Charlie I ran to grab him, but he streaked under another of my pet's houses to safety. When I returned from school that evening he had vanished and I have not seen him since, so there's three feet of grass snake at large in the district.

M. Noyes, 2G.

MY CAGE BIRDS

In the summer of 1959 I started cage bird keeping. My ambitions were encouraged by the Yorkshire canary breeder Mr. Pike, who is my neighbour. My birds, purchased from Mr. Laws and other local fanciers, were Glosters of both sexes, six in all.

When the October shows commenced I exhibited locally and was much encouraged by obtaining several first and second prizes, including "The Best Juvenile Exhibit Rosette" at "The Four Star Show" at Bournemouth Town Hall.

At Christmas I received from my father two Glosters hens to add to my stock, and during the holidays I was kept busy constructing cages in preparation for the coming breeding season. Soon my birds were mated despite the discouraging weather conditions, for it was cold for the time of year.

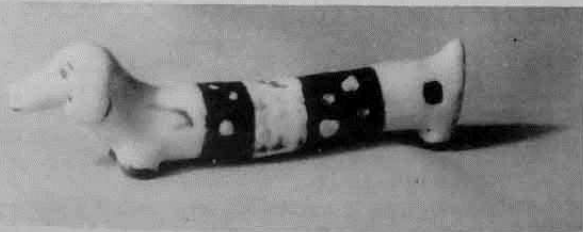
On the 1st of April, nest boxes were placed in the cages destined for breeding. Three pairs quickly commenced nest-building activities, but, much to my disappointment, after three weeks, only one pair had laid three eggs. Of these three, one soon broke owing to having a soft shell; this egg was eaten by the hen. The second was clear (meaning that the embryo inside the egg had not formed properly), and the third which was fertile hatched after two weeks of incubation. The chick was fed successfully by its parents and it soon feathered. Its markings show that it will be a green canary with a yellow ring round its neck and a yellow chest. At this early stage in the bird's career it is impossible to determine whether it will be a cock or a hen (consort or corona). Shortly this bird will be sufficiently developed to be taken away from its parents.

The hens that remain have between them produced eight eggs, four of which are now known unfortunately to be clear. I am hoping for better luck

During this season, there has been great difficulty breeding birds kept in with the rest but I am expecting the worst.

captivity. This bad luck does not appear to have affected wild birds however, for a pair of robins which nested in my garden carefully reared and fed five chicks and have sent them out into the world to fend for themselves. Civilisation evidently has its drawbacks.

Peter Smallwood, 1G.



THE SCALES OF JUSTICE

One of our pupils recently gave evidence in a case at the Juvenile Court—a case not involving another boy of the school. Afterwards he related his experiences.

Entering the building in Stafford Road I walked up a flight of steps into a hall with forms, where other people were waiting. After a time an official called out the name of the boy concerned in the case and he entered the court with his father. He was charged with . . . 'wilful damage, acting in a manner likely to provoke a breach of the peace and throwing a weapon on the highway.' The boy pleaded guilty to two of the charges. Three witnesses entered the court to give evidence before me, and then a police constable called me in.

In front of me was a platform with a long table and three chairs. Seated were three Magistrates—two men and a woman; above them, on the wall, hung the coat of arms of Bournemouth. On my left sat probation officers and reporters, while on the right a door opened to a private room where the Magistrates would retire to discuss a case in private.

The police constable handed me a Bible and a card on which was printed the oath that all witnesses have to take. When I had read it aloud the Clerk of the Court, seated in front of the Magistrates, asked me several questions which I answered. After my evidence the Clerk summed up the case and passed it to the Magistrates. They spoke together for a few minutes before the Chairman announced: "We find the case proved." At this point they were handed copies of reports from the Probation Officer and the boy's headmaster. As the Magistrates rose to enter their private room to discuss the punishment, the police constable called out: "Will the Court rise."

A few minutes later we stood again as they returned. The Chairman announced the punishment—fines totalling nearly six pounds.

"A Witness", 4th year.

THE CYCLING PROFICIENCY TEST

As members of the Campaigners, a uniformed movement like the Boys' Brigade, we have three-monthly campaigns. It was in one of these that I had the chance to take the Cycling Proficiency Test.

Firstly we were given some hints on maintenance, and then we had practice in riding among blocks without touching them. We were shown how to turn right in a busy road, giving a clear hand signal in plenty of time and carefully seeing if it was clear behind to take the right place in the road.

When the day of the test arrived I was a little alarmed at being taken to the police station in a police van. But soon we were concentrating on riding through the Lansdowne and the Square, watched by the examiners. After a test of riding round obstacles we had to demonstrate turning right with and without traffic lights. Finally we had to answer questions on maintenance and the Highway Code.

At the end we were called to an office and told that all six of us had been successful. The pass mark was seventy-eight per cent and I had eighty-seven. Each of us received a pennant and later a lapel badge and certificate.

Robert Kendall, 2B1.

EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS OF RECORDERS

The School Recorder Group is taking its share in the revival of recorder playing. The recorder has been dated back to 1175 and in the sixteenth century this simple instrument, a pipe with finger stops, was very popular: King Henry VIII was a keen musician and among his instruments were twenty-six recorders. Nearly a hundred years later Shakespeare in "Hamlet" not only mentions the recorder but brings one on the stage and makes his characters talk about it. During performances too, recorders were used for incidental music.

Samuel Pepys (1633-1703) the diarist, heard these instruments at a theatre and was so inspired by their sweetness that he learnt to play one himself. After Handel's death in 1759 their popularity declined and in the nineteenth century recorders were completely forgotten. Musicians interested in old instruments dusted them off and they were soon realised to be very suitable for children to learn. Many thousands are now in use, and some of these old instruments are now moulded in a new material—plastic.

Our group meets for practice every Wednesday in the Music Room. At Christmas a few of us were chosen at an audition to play in the Bournemouth Schools' Annual Carol Festival at the Winter Gardens. This was held on three evenings and part of the recording was later broadcast by the B.B.C. This term we are to compete in the Music Festival.

D. Turle-Smith, 3A.

OUR LONG MARCH

On Friday, 25th February 1960, fourteen members of the Bournemouth Royal Marine cadets set off on a march to Reading. We started off at 9.30 p.m. from Iford and hoped to reach Reading on the following day to present a scroll of congratulations to the Queen on the birth of her baby.

The march was in a series of relays: two cadets marched for one and three quarter hours while the others rode in the truck, and after that time two other cadets took over the march.

On the Friday night at about 11.00 p.m. we stopped somewhere in the New Forest to wait for the two marchers who had not yet arrived. We also took advantage of this time to have a quick meal and brush-up. When the two marchers arrived, they found us bedded down in the back of the truck and ready to move. Two other cadets then carried on the march.

At about one o'clock those of us who had been sleeping in the truck woke up to find ourselves in a well-lit area. So the march went on until we reached Reading, having led through Basingstoke. The truck arrived just in time to see the rag-day celebrations. We spent the rest of the day touring Reading and when we returned to the truck we found a policeman waiting with a ticket for parking too long.

We then drove to the River Thames where we spent a couple of hours asleep on a boat. In the morning we cleaned our uniform and the boat then took us further down the river where we alighted and marched to Buckingham Palace. We were admitted to the Palace where we presented the scroll to one of the officials.

We returned to Bournemouth by truck at about 9.30 p.m., our journey over and our duty done.

Terry Averill, 3B2.

SPRING FAIR

For weeks before, almost everyone in the school had been preparing for the school's first Spring Fair. Publicity was the first job. So many tickets were sold that almost everybody in Winton and Moordown must have bought one. Posters were painted and labels printed for sticking on windows. Advertisements appeared in the Evening Echo, and an announcement was made the day before by the B.B.C. in its weekly programme "What's on."

A. Allan, 2C.

May 28th dawned sunny and warm. At ten o'clock I loaded my bicycle with things for the stall my form was running, and slowly and shakily rode to Oswald Road. There I was involved in a rush for tables, and the four we needed for our railway had to be obtained by "hit and run" methods, with a deaf ear for the loudspeaker's persistent "Who's got our tables?"

Sitting heavily on our four, we set to work arranging the track. As it had lain in someone's attic it needed persuasion with pliers and emery cloth before the ancient engine made a reluctant circuit of the track. Hoping for the best we went home for a meal and a much-needed wash.

Much to our relief our train ran well in the afternoon. We were near the hamburger stall, and the smell of fried onions made everyone hungry. By six o'clock I was home again to hear my father remark that his pocket money had been set back by eleven and threepence, while on the credit side were a second-hand book, a sticky bar of nougat and a very enjoyable afternoon—like hundreds of others.

P. Burt, 2C.

In the afternoon people began to pour into the ground, and it was soon time for the Fair to be opened by Lord Ventry. Many people have heard of his pioneer work on airships and especially the 'Bournemouth', which flew over the town a few years ago. Lord Ventry is always interested in youth organisations, and we were very proud to welcome him.

As soon as Lord Ventry had been thanked by the head prefect, C. David, the fair burst into full activity. A cloud of coloured balloons rose into the sky, while shouts of invitation, encouragement, success and disappointment came from the many stalls around. During the afternoon the arena was used for a gym display by boys of the school, and later in bright sunshine the band of 130 (Bournemouth) Squadron A.T.C. gave an impressive show of counter-marching. Prizes were awarded in decorated bicycle competitions.

After five o'clock the crowds began to melt away, and before six some of the stalls were dismantled. Our first Spring Fair had been a great success.

John Trickett, 2C.

THE JOYS OF BALLOON RACING

It all sounded so simple. You just collect a shilling each from the public, give them a pencil to fill in their names on the label, turn on the tap until the balloon is filled with hydrogen from the cylinder and then . . . up she goes.

With four hundred balloon tickets sold before the event, rapid mathematical calculations were made. "If it takes fifteen seconds to fill and tie a knot in one balloon, how long will it take to fill a thousand?" By use of Chalky White's slide rule, this came to four hours. It was decided to start filling at 11 a.m. in order to be in time.

By two o'clock a tent was filled with four hundred straining balloons and to announce the grand opening of the fair the flaps were thrown open. In horror and amazement that made Mr. Loosemore's hair stand on end, all that could be seen were about fifty balloons limping out of the tent and rolling along the road. During the two hours from eleven o'clock some of the hydrogen had diffused through the rubber and they were no longer air-worthy.

For the next hour every method was tried to get the balloons airborne: Jack Willats tried beating them up in the air, and Bessant tried running with them to find an up-current. Someone even climbed on to the roof of the metal-work room to send them off. Eventually every label had to be removed and put on a new balloon.

In spite of all these difficulties, truly amazing results followed. Some pessimists who saw balloon after balloon narrowly missing the rose bushes in an Oswald Road garden, prophesied that the prize would be won by an occupant of Ensburly Park Road.

There was jubilation when the first card was returned from France, to be followed by over thirty labels from across the Channel. The further at present is one from the Millau in the department of Aveyron, 530 miles away and only 50 miles short of the Mediterranean. Now we're waiting for a label from Africa.

C. David, 5G.



PREFECTS

Back row :

Left to right, D. Mantell, I. Nicol, M. Collins, G. Morris.

Middle row : D. Mott, A. Beevor, B. Beckingham, A. Barnes,
G. Wareham, M. Baldwin, P. Turney.

Seated : R. Young, R. Bessant, Mr. J. G. Thomas (Deputy Headmaster),
C. David (Head Prefect), Mr. S. S. Lindley (Headmaster), J. West, G. Gunn.

UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL

I kicked, I screamed; my mother caught hold of my ear and I was led unwillingly to school. I was met by a lady with transparent frames to her glasses, which at every step bobbed up and down upon her nose. With a slight but carefully aimed swing of her hand she quickly closed the door. I looked up at the windows towering above my little head. All the other pupils sat down upon small chairs, and beside me squatted a very small boy with a mop of blonde hair hanging from the top of his head.

"What's your name?" I inquired.

"Tony," he answered.

"Tony what?" again I asked.

"Nol Not Tony What, Tony Barrett!" he replied in disgust.

"Sorry," I apologised. "Shall we play together?"

"All right," came the reply.

Soon we were firm friends. Together we learnt how to count beads upon a wire, and to read simple stories of Rover, a sheep dog, Jill his mistress and Jack his master.

In the afternoon we all lay down upon two large mats to go to sleep. I was in the land of Nod when I was rudely awakened by the yells and screams of the "big girls" having play.

There was a very large dolls' house, named the "Wendy House" in the corner of the classroom reserved for girls, but I can remember venturing into it with Tony. We played bricks and toys of all kinds, and missiles—mostly unguided—flew through the air whenever someone disagreed with another.

Every day, in the winter, I used to trundle in with class one, hang my coat upon a peg with a picture of a king underneath, and begin another day of sleep, playing, reading, and—to sum up—learning.

Alan King, 2G.

MY IDEAL SCHOOL

My ideal school would be a modern one. Every boy would have the latest facilities such as adding machines and typewriters.

For punishment, I think that on the teachers' desks there should be a control panel, with a plan of the class on it. If a boy misbehaves the teacher simply presses a button and the boy gets a shock; the teacher would be able to control a variable resistor so he could alter the punishment.

Every week, I think we should have an "ideas" assembly to which boys could write their ideas on a sheet of paper, and hand it to a jury who would discuss it. If they felt it was a good idea they would pass it on to the headmaster who might put it to work.

In the gym I think there should be rollers driven round so that we could practise running. I also think that every school should have swimming baths under the gym, so the floor of the gym would slide away at the touch of a switch. This would be economical of space, as well as a pleasant surprise.

Maxwell Brown, 2B1.

MILKY WAY

Malmesbury and Parsons Dairy is off Castle Lane, near our playing fields. Recently we (the boys of R4) spent a morning there. Inside, out of the rain, we saw incoming churns inspected before they were tipped into a chute to be weighed and measured, while the emptied churns are thoroughly washed. Every day twenty-five thousand gallons are collected from farms as far apart as Lymlington and Dorchester.

At this point we were glad when Mr. Woodman, the works manager, took us to the canteen for biscuits and coffee (with milk of course). Much drier and more cheerful we moved to the processing department where the milk is passed from 2,000 gallon tanks through stainless steel pipes where its temperature is controlled from 35 degrees F. to 165 F. The milk then passes to the bottling room where a very clever revolving machine fills the bottles and tops them.

We were glad of the hot drink when we had to face a fifty-minute wait in the rain for the bus. But the visit was worth it, and we are grateful to the dairy for showing us round.

By the boys of R4.

HOW OUR BREAD IS MADE

Our visit on May 16th was to Green's Bakery. First we were shown where the flour is stored, enough to supply the bakery for a week. In the steam room, boilers worked continuously to supply the ovens. We watched dough being made with four sacks of flour at a time. After mixing by electric power it is left for several hours before being fed into a hopper. On the floor below, the dough is cut into small pieces which, after baking in steam ovens, become fresh loaves.

Robert Pomeroy, R4.

BEHIND THE SCENES

During the Christmas holidays one of my friends and I read an advertisement to go behind the scenes at Beales. We were rather interested in this, so the next day we went to the information bureau in Beales to inquire what we had to do. The assistant said all we had to do was to say which day we would like to go and she would arrange it. We chose to go the next day so she made us out a ticket.

The next day we were down there at ten o'clock and were there met by our guide. First of all she took us to where the goods were brought in from the road and taken out. Here they had light moveable trollies for heavier goods.

From there we went to where all the labels are made: some are done by hand and others by machines. Each article which enters the departments must have a label attached to it, so these people are kept busy. Next we visited the packing station where every article sent to the buyer is wrapped up in brown paper. A packer sits at a desk facing a large roll of brown paper which he cuts with a sharp sliding knife.

Underground were three boilers which burnt oil, this fuel being cleaner and saving the trouble of throwing coke or coal in continually, as the oil is in constant flow from the storage tank. In the ventilation room air is brought down from the roof and passed through purifiers before distribution to the departments by fans. We visited the battery room where, if there is a power cut, the batteries are immediately switched on. They can last for about an hour and can be recharged when mains supply is restored, so really they could go on for ever.

Our last point of call was the staff canteen where we were given a cup of coffee or orange squash, a bun and a packet of biscuits, each. Altogether it was very interesting.

K. Andrews, 2G.

A LEGEND OF WITCHES

Have you ever seen a witch? Returning from a bathe at Guernsey we passed one tied to a chimney. It must have been a model, but anyway I wondered why such a thing was there. So I asked the chef at the camp. He told me that there was a legend about witches and that he had seen one while painting in the camp dormitories. He said it had come through a wall into the same dormitory as ours a year ago and had disappeared.

Now it was time for our evening meal and the chef rang the bell; I noticed it had holes in it and inquired why. He told me a witch had seized hold of an old-blunder-buss and had shot at it. Of course I thought it all nonsense, but he said he would stake his life on it.

After dinner we talked about it to the chef and he said he had seen the witch on the same night of the year as this when it was very misty and late. He added that they held meetings in an old haunted mill called Mill Fleurs. We went to bed and strangely enough the mist came down and it was cold, just as the chef had said. We peered out of the window and saw a light through the mist; it seemed to be on a nearby hill. It looked like a house light but there was no house there. We waited and waited but nothing else happened, until the sun rose. Some of us were relieved and some disappointed but most of us were glad of the daylight.

But it was an experience I shall never forget.

John Edmonds, 3B2.

BIG GAME HUNTING

One day I was walking along a footpath on my way to St. Peter Port, the capital of Guernsey, when I suddenly noticed a large goat in an enclosure of dry-stone wall. Thinking that it would make rather a good photograph, I took my camera out of its case and creeping stealthily across the wall, made my way over to the goat.

I stopped about three yards away from my subject and focused my lens. But just as I was going to take my photograph, the goat, which by now was aware of my presence, lowered its head and charged.

Acting impulsively, I jumped backwards over the wall, taking the photograph at the same time. When the film was developed, I found to my surprise that the photograph was only a little blurred.

Robert Chatwin, 2B1.

ON THE AIR

Do you know there are over sixty thousand 'hams' in the world? And this figure does not include the Soviet Union.

A ham is a person licensed by the Post Office to transmit sound or morse to any other ham for experimental use only. Each one has his or her own call-sign. To obtain the licence and call-sign one must pass two examinations: a twelve word per minute morse test, and an examination on the general knowledge of radio theory. Then he may converse with any other ham, but he must be careful not to send a message on behalf of someone else, as this would infringe the monopoly of the Post Office.

When one amateur contacts another, he usually follows by sending his card. About the size of a post-card, this contains the address of its sender, his call-sign, the band on which the contact was made, time (G.M.T.) signature and technical details. I visited one amateur and I was surprised at the large collection of cards. Every wall in the room was covered from top to bottom with cards from distant (DX) stations. Cards from nearer ones, under one-thousand miles away, were all kept in a drawer.

At home I have two army transmitter-receivers, one containing fifteen valves and another five. Of course it would be illegal for me to use the transmitter sections of these sets. I also have two other four-valve receivers, one a portable, as well as other equipment.

Some of you may think that this is a dull and unexciting hobby. I find it very interesting hearing people talking from the other side of the world, because although it is not an every day thing to most people it is to me.

B. Tinton, 2G.

LOST!

I set off to the pier, whistling happily with my rod carelessly balanced on my shoulder. Arriving there I paid at the turnstile and walked to the middle of the pier, where I weighted up the rod and affixed the bait.

Throwing out the nylon, I settled down to read a book whilst I was waiting. In a few minutes the sharp tinkle of the bell on the rod announced that I had hooked something. Tense waiting, and when the hook came over the railings a whiting was wriggling madly on the end.

I forced it off and put on new bait, threw the line back and resumed reading. Minutes slowly ticked by and once more the bell spoke. I hauled in the line again, my heart beating fast in excitement, as yet another fish wriggled on the hook. It was a very strange fish so I laid it on the boards to examine it.

In a few seconds a large crowd assembled and gazed wide-eyed at the centre of attraction. I turned around and asked the man standing beside me what it was. He answered with "I've never seen one like it." The gruff voice of an experienced angler hushed the crowd as he also said, "The first I've seen, too."

A short, stout man pushed through the crowd, announced that he was an author of a well-known fishing book and started offering me money for my catch. While I was talking my mind wandered from the fish, which was flipping up and down, gradually working near the edge of the deck. When it was nearly off the pier it gave one last wriggle, and as I looked out of the corner of my eye, I saw my fish disappear over the edge. I raced to the railings just in time to see it splash in the sea, accompanied by exclamations of disappointment from the spectators.

With the incident now over, the crowd dispersed, leaving me alone, with my thoughts, as to how nearly I might have caught a rare fish and possibly become famous. However, as the saying goes; "There are as many good fish in the sea, as come out!"—or go back.

P. Hewitt, 2A.

PURSUED

I rode from Castle Lane with my two friends and at Charminster Road we separated, each going in his own way. As I said goodbye to my pals, I heard somebody call my name. I turned round and saw the class's biggest bully chasing after me.

In a split second I was gone, pedalling as fast as I could go with my pursuer hot on my heels and trying, as I rode, to remember what I had done against him in the past week. Monday I had tripped him up in the gym but he didn't suspect me, for he thought he had stumbled over his untied shoe lace. Tuesday I had yelled out loud when he dug me in the ribs, for which act he had received a detention from the master in charge; but he had got even with me for that the following play-time. Wednesday had been uneventful, and Thursday . . . that day I had taken his place in the soccer team. But he didn't seem to mind that.

So what it was I could not fathom out. Still, I was not going to stop and ask him. I glanced over my shoulder quickly to see if my pursuer was still on my trail. He was—and catching up with each revolution of his pedals.

I tore over a cross-roads, frantically ringing my bell, my pursuer doing the same. "If he carries on like that he'll get himself killed," I thought as I turned a corner at speed, just missing an elderly couple in the middle of road. I passed them on the right-hand side as I saw my goal in sight—home, sweet home. I put on a final burst and arrived there just in time, panting and puffing.

Two minutes later the boy knocked on our door to return my football boots.
Nigel Triggs, 2G.

A SUMMER'S DAY

I lay back in the cool long grass after finishing my picnic lunch. The sun beat down from a cloudless sky and I heard the monotonous drone of bees seeking honey from a near-by bank of buttercups. In the next field a herd of cattle lazily chewed the cud and swished their tails continuously to rid their back of flies. I heard in the distance the bleat of newly-born lambs anxiously seeking their mother.

Even at this distance from the road the smell of petrol fumes overpowered the refreshing breath of newly-mown hay, and the engine noises spoilt the cheerful twittering of the birds.

It was hard to imagine that in a few months' time the lacework of green leaves will be gone, leaving a skeleton of brown branches with a heavy grey sky overhead to add to the depression. The birds will have flown to their warmer winter homes; bees will be gone into hibernation and the scent of blossom will not return until the next spring. The farmer will be seen ploughing and manuring his fields, and the daily chug-chug of the tractor will be accompanied by the bark of the sheep dog caring for and controlling the flock.

William Peach, 2A.

ATLANTIC CROSSING

Have you ever crossed the Atlantic? When our family (all except my father) boarded the Queen Elizabeth at New York, I felt very excited. Steaming down the mighty Hudson River to the sea we could see ships of every nation—Finnish lumber ships, Japanese cargo vessels, tugs and dozens of others. I noticed that the Queen Elizabeth was not guided by tugs and I still wonder why.

Several times I lost my way on this mighty ship, and was always glad to find our cabin or my mother. On our first afternoon at sea we had lifeboat drill. I

had the fright of my life when I thought I had to jump from a moving ship to test the life jacket, but we only had to learn our lifeboat stations.

Later, when we struck a gale, we were glad we had learnt them. Our cabin sprung a leak and were moved to a very luxurious cabin on a different deck. It was so rough for two days that ropes were put in the lounge for people to steady themselves against the movement of the ship. There were tins of biscuits and barrels of apples conveniently placed in the corridors for those who felt too ill to face the dining-room. For enjoyment I went to the cinema or played games on deck with a few friends I had made on the trip.

When we docked at Cherbourg on the north coast of France we amused ourselves by throwing peanuts at objects on the quay or in the water. On arrival at Southampton I was asleep (or supposed to be). In the morning we disembarked in England after four and a half days at sea.

Paul Williams, 1G.

MY CAR

Although I am only just thirteen, my hobby is motoring. I have an Austin seven tourer called Bessie. She was made in 1931 but her great day came in January 1960 when I bought her for four pounds from a scrap merchant in Parkstone. He delivered her on the back of a lorry because she was not licensed or insured.

She is in fairly good condition for her age, with a bit of rust here and there. The brakes on Bessie are excellent because they were relined just before I bought her. She has not given much trouble except a broken half-shaft and one or two punctures, though recently I had to buy two tyres and tubes.

When I first had Bessie my dad taught me how to drive her. I am fortunate in having a large garden and can get plenty of practice. I check her each week to make sure she has plenty of oil and water and air. I use about a gallon of petrol a week. I have only had one accident: that was when I drove into a tree and broke a fan blade. All my spare time is spent taking friends for rides in her. In cold weather I keep her under cover with a sack covering the engine to stop the water freezing. I know I have a lot to learn about motoring before I am seventeen and can drive on the roads, but in the meantime I have great fun with my dear old Bessie.

Roger Taylor, 2B1.

THE LITTLE GREEN CABINET

"What is your name? And will you please undress and have a bath? The bathroom is down a short passage to the left."

"Whatever am I having a bath for?" I thought. It was a pleasant, sunny morning in May when I had arrived with my suitcase.

After returning, I sat down in a comfortable chair and picked up some comics, but finding that I had already read them, I went and asked some of the children their names and their hobbies.

What would I feel like when this was all over? Just then the first child was taken out and I felt all shaky as I was thinking of what was going to happen to me. At last I was led into a little green cabinet where two men talked to me until I dropped off to sleep.

The day was bright when I awoke, and immediately I remembered the little green cabinet. Was it all over? I sat up and found myself—in a ward, in a hospital—minus my tonsils.

Adrian Wilcox, 1G.

THE SCARED MAN

He was as carefree as a bird but somehow scared as a kitten. When he walked he always took a furtive look over his shoulder. Then one night of ten hours changed his whole life.

It was nine p.m. and he just climbed into bed. The bedside lamp clicked and his room plunged into darkness. As he snuggled into the warm bed-clothes he had not the faintest inkling of what would happen next. The house that he lived in was an ancient mansion with old-fashioned chained doors.

Clang! went the chiming clock as it struck ten. The hot-water bottle was cooling now and he was falling asleep when a noise—a rasping, clanking noise—could be heard. Now fully awake, the man sat up in bed. He listened: yes, there it was again, that strange noise as though something was mocking him. Too frightened for words, he sprang out of bed and as the switch clicked the room was filled with light—light which reassured him and drove away all his fears. His eyes searched the room and then became fixed: his ears went to work now, straining to hear every sound.

At last he had found it. He walked over to the curtains covering the door, pulled it aside and then smiled, giggled and, unable to prevent himself laughing, laughed—that laughter which mocks fear, darkness and evil.

When the tears had stopped flowing he switched off the light and, still sniggering, jumped light-heartedly into bed. What was he laughing at? What was the strange noise which, when revealed, brought forth from him tears of laughter?

These answers the writer has kept to himself. What do you imagine?

Keith Pottinger, 1G.

HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE

Our holiday this Easter began at 4.30 a.m. We drove to London Airport and soon we were up in the swirling cloud on the way to Seville, stopping only at Biarritz to refuel.

We had come to Seville specially for the annual Semana Santa, or Holy Week. Every day processions of penitents walked the streets; in their robes reaching to the ground and tall pointed hoods they reminded me of the Klu Klux Klan. Every procession had its 'paso', carried on the shoulders of at least twenty men who were hidden by a long cloth hanging from the edges. A 'paso' is a carved figure of Christ or the Virgin Mary or a Saint, dressed in rich colours of blue, purple and red with jewellery at the neck and fingers, all lit by hundreds of candles. It was most stirring to hear the shuffle of their feet as they slowly marched.

After our four days in Seville we spent another four at the international city of Tangier. In the blazing sun we enjoyed luxurious bathes on the three beaches, one facing the Atlantic and two the Mediterranean. We visited the caves of Hercules and the Kasbah, which was most interesting to me with its dirty streets and shabby tradesmen and beggars. The whole time we were pestered by pedlars trying to sell us leather wallets, fur hats and tortoiseshell ornaments. In the courtyard of the Sultan's palace we stopped to watch a snake-charmer who was immune—while we were there, at least—from the bites of his poisonous snakes. Then we went to a night-club to drink mint tea and watch Arabian dancing.

The last four days we spent in Majorca, a lovely Spanish island in the Mediterranean. I had been there four times before.

S. Jewitt, 2B2.

The school journey to Italy from April 11th to 22nd was very successful. Preparations included weekly meetings for several months beforehand, when news-letters and descriptive leaflets written in the school were distributed. Arrangements were made by the School Journey Association of London. Here some of the twenty-nine boys relate their experiences.

The Journey to Venice

Early on Monday, 11th April, our school party, led by Mr. Young, Mr. Popham and Mr. Westerman left the Central Station for Venice. It was fine spring weather and on arriving at Dover about 12.30 we were glad to see the Channel calm. After a passport check we boarded the ship for Calais; it was large but crowded with passengers, British and foreign.

Arriving at Calais after an hour and a half was a wonderful experience, to see a strange land and hear a new language. But we didn't stay long there because we were bound for much more distant places. For us Italy began at Calais when we boarded an Italian train which seemed very new; the compartments were painted brown with table trays, ventilators and electric heating. After a short run to Lille we had electric locomotives all the way. We found the French countryside very much like our own, and after being up since before five that morning we were glad to sleep.

We awoke after midnight to find ourselves in Basle, Switzerland. From there the train began to climb until snow covered the mountains and hung from the trees. Although it was only just dawn we could see much of the wonderful countryside. We passed through some very picturesque villages, but what I remember, as I am sure all of us will, were the Alps and the Lakes of Lucerne and Lugano, with chalets among trees high in the mountains. Many bridges span the valleys, and before leaving Switzerland we ran at high speed for nine minutes through the Gotthard tunnel.

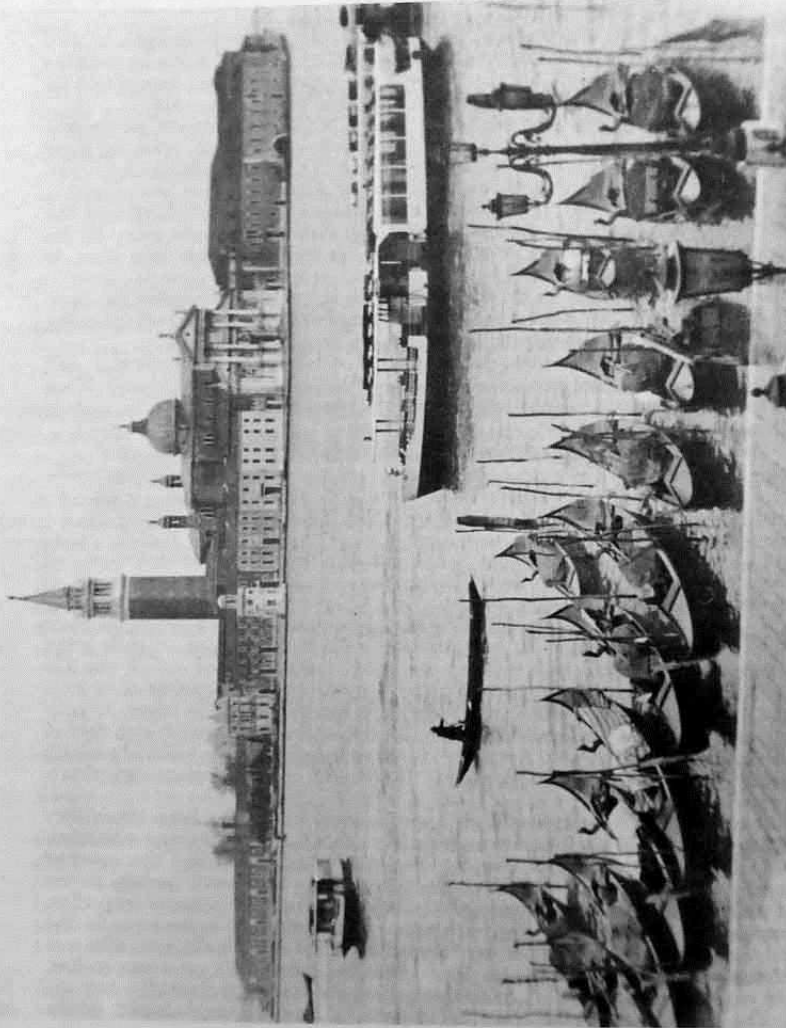
Soon we were in Italy, and with the Alps behind us we were back in flatter countryside, though the grass looked richer than in France. At Milan station, a massive place built by Mussolini, we had time to wander round and buy things. On the next train we settled down to one of our packed meals and to look at the countryside or to go to sleep. At last, at half-past one after a thirty-hour journey we arrived at Venice where the sea begins.

John Loader, 4T.

St. Mark's Square

The centre of Venetian life is a vast square paved with marble and surrounded on three sides by ranges of tall buildings which give the place, especially at night, the appearance of a gigantic hall. On the fourth side stands the Cathedral of St. Mark, patron saint of Venice, giving the Square its name. As everywhere in Venice, there is no wheeled traffic and no separate roads or pavements, so one can wander anywhere in safety.

Round the Square in the arcades are small but expensive jewellers' and confectioners' shops. Two very exclusive restaurants spill their tables out into the space between, and there is musical competition between their orchestras. Waiters try to attract tourists, and sometimes quarrel so that a policeman has to intervene. Italian police are good-humoured and helpful, but easily lose control and join in the quarrel themselves.



Venice : view from the Doge's Palace.

Photograph by John Wyatt 3a

One of the points of focus in the Square is the clock tower, on which colossal bronze figures move to strike the hours with hammers on a bell. Opposite is the campanile or bell tower of the Cathedral—much the tallest point in Venice and a viewpoint over the whole city. Its bell-chamber is reached by a ramp or by lift. The five massive bells are close enough for anyone to touch them when they are still; and when they ring—as they do several times a day—the whole tower seems to sway. It collapsed in 1904, and all three hundred feet of it was rebuilt exactly the same. And if you want to be deafened, the campanile of St. Mark's is the place to go.

J. Wyatt, 3A.

Venetian Glass

It was about eight o'clock on a warm sunny morning as a party of boys led by Mr. Young and Mr. Popham threaded their way through the narrow streets of Venice on the way to the glass factories at Murano. We caught the vaporetto (water-bus) at the Fondamente Nuove, and twenty minutes later we arrived at the glass-making island of Murano.

After about a ten-minute walk we arrived at the factory. Here our guide took us into a fairly large building with about twenty men working. Along one side there ranged kilns in which the glass that already been made was cooling. In the centre stood the furnaces in which lay molten glass. Each furnace contained a different colour, and the glass was taken from the furnace in a sticky form by inserting a long metal rod into it, and extracting it with some on the end.

In one corner a man who was sitting on a stool was handed a hollow metal tube with a blob of glass on the end. By putting the other end to his lips he blew the blob out into the shape of a large elongated balloon. Then with the aid of a pair of tongs he put a series of ridges down its length. He was given another blob of molten glass which he put on the bottom of the now vase-shaped glass, and with the aid of another pair of tongs, he shaped a decorative base. We were told he was the best glass blower on Murano. The whole operation of making the vase took only about five minutes, and it would have cost about three pounds ten.

Next we saw a man making a dog out of glass. He took a piece of glass on the end of a rod, and with the aid of a pair of tongs proceeded to pull and push and twist it until he moulded the shape of a dog sitting down. This took about three minutes. After the glass is made it is cooled very slowly; a vase takes about twenty-four hours.

After leaving the factory we were allowed to look around the showrooms and buy what we wanted. I bought for fifteen shillings a jug engraved with silver. Next day, in Venice itself, I bought a wine decanter and glasses inlaid with silver for ten shillings. You can buy this glass at all prices from one shilling or two shillings for a small animal to five hundred pounds for a large-cut glass chandelier.

Also on Murano is a museum which shows the dusty history of four centuries' glass working. Later that day we left for the lace-making island of Burano after spending a very enjoyable morning on Murano.

Anthony Francis, 4C.

Venetian Days

Thirty-seven hours after leaving Bournemouth, we arrived at Venice. The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky. It was a fascinating sight as we came out of the station. Instead of a main road, the broad, awe-inspiring Grand Canal lay before us. Any means of land transport would be useless in Venice, as all the four hundred bridges are of the stepped type.

The luggage was loaded into a sleek black gondola, and the rest of our party walked to the "pensione" or boarding house. After a very satisfying meal, Mr. Popham took a party for a short walk to become accustomed to new surroundings. In the evening the gondoliers cruised up the Grand Canal serenading.

On Thursday morning we visited The Lido, a strip of sand off the main land where hotels and tourist attractions have been built. Here the swimming types of the party went for a bathe. Shells and sharp stones cluttered the beach, making it rather painful to walk barefooted on the sands. In the sea was a greyish sand giving the water a muddy appearance, but this did not spoil our swim.

A visit to the Doge's Palace was arranged for Friday. Our guide, an Italian school-teacher, told us in rather broken English of all the decorative carvings and famous paintings. We visited rows and rows of halls containing some wonderful paintings. At the end of all these galleries came the armoury. Small flint-locks to a massive cannon are displayed there, all the weapons being greased to prevent rust. Following this came the judgment hall: here men were tried for capital crimes, and if found guilty they were marched over the Bridge of Sighs into the small, cramped and gloomy prison. After this interesting tour of the Palace, we returned to our boarding house for the last time; for the following day we left Venice, with its great canal and small side-streets.

John Pope, 2C.

Looking round Italy

My most outstanding impression of Venice was the way the Italians showed no concern for the outsides of their buildings, leaving them uncared for. But the insides of their houses were neat, clean and tidy with whitewashed walls and marble floors. This attitude tends to give the wrong impression of living conditions since the exterior only is seen.

The churches of Italy differ strikingly from those of England. They show the extravagance of Italian painters, sculptors and architects in the fantastic design of such churches as St. Peter's, St. Mark's and the church of the Frari.

In Rome the roads are wide, clean and interesting. The staunch Roman Catholic Church dominates all others. The Pope is looked upon as the divine leader and the people call him "Papa"—Father.

A. Barrett, 2C.

We saw The Pope

Easter Sunday was our first day in Rome, and we made our way to St. Peter's Square. Thousands of others had the same idea, and by ten thirty we were already in a large crowd. Light rain was falling as we stood feeling very small in the vast Square surrounded by a colonnade of 284 massive granite columns. From the roof of St. Peter's colossal statues of the Saints looked down on us, dwarfing the television cameras awaiting the Pope's appearance.

Before noon, we heard a military band marching through the colonnade and detachments of the Italian armed forces appeared. We noticed how sloppy they looked compared with British servicemen: how they looked round and chatted as if they were not on parade at all.

A loudspeaker announcement which Mr. Young translated told us the Pope would appear at 12.30. Meanwhile Mass was celebrated at an Altar in front of the main door. A crimson tapestry hung from a balcony just above, where punctually the Pope appeared. He spoke his Easter message in Italian, adding a greeting in several other languages, and concluded with his blessing in Latin. Though we did not understand him, we are glad to have been present at so historic a ceremony.

The crowd, which was now packing the Square, listened in complete silence and at the end cheered him with "Viva il Papa."

Everard Jones, 2B1.

I remember St. Peter's

One of my exciting days in Rome was spending in looking over the church of St. Peter's. Before I went into the church I noticed the big bronze doors, which had spikes rivetted through the door to form a pattern on both sides. As I walked through the church I noticed how big it was, but looking at it from the doorway it seemed to be small.

Our teacher who had been there before told us that the letters written round inside the dome were six feet high. There were many statues in the church: one of particular was the statue of St. Peter with a halo around the head, and its feet had been partly worn away by so many people kissing it.

After a long walk inside the church we decided to go to the dome, and knowing that it would cost more by lift I decided to walk, but I had an awful shock when I saw the spiral stairs I had to climb. Whilst up there I decided to buy some Vatican stamps and coins as souvenirs; I also managed to find some Coco-cola for sale on the roof.

From the dome there were lovely views; I could see miles away our hostel where we were staying and all over Rome. From the roof many colossal statues of apostles and saints looked over the city, at their centre the figure of Christ holding aloft the Cross.

Lee Kerslake, 2B1.

Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa

In our four full days in Rome we had four half-day coach trips: two were round the city, another was to Ostia (the ancient port) and the last to Tivoli. Italian coaches are mostly very modern with plenty of chromium, light-coloured leather and plastic, and a radio-microphone system for commentaries.

Our coach took us first to Hadrian's villa, eighteen miles east of Rome. The emperor built this country palace for his retirement, erecting there full-size copies of architecture he had seen on his many travels, especially in Greece. But he enjoyed the villa for only three years before his death in 138 A.D.

Three miles beyond, in the foothills of the Appennines, lies Tivoli on its hillside. The gardens of the 16th century Villa d'Este are famous for their twenty-nine ornamental fountains with three thousand jets of water. At one place we could walk behind a wall of water.

From Tivoli we could just see on the horizon the dome of St. Peter's calling us back to Rome.

D. Custard, 2B2.

St. Peter's, Rome

On our last morning, as a climax to our holiday, we visited St. Peter's. The usual continental breakfast of rolls, jam and coffee was well mixed by the end of our bus ride from near the hostel. A brisk walk brought us through the seventeenth-century colonnade into the huge St. Peter's Square, where Mr. Popham gave us a brief history of the wonderful basilica that stood in front of us.

As we walked down the aisles we realised the massive size of this building, which is by far the largest church in the world, with an area nearly twice St. Paul's in London: it is 669 feet long, 442 wide and 432 high. In every chapel Mass was being said by a priest, and the whole building was thronged with people marvelling at the magnificent paintings, mosaics, stonework and altars.



Easter in Rome : some of the School party in the Forum. Behind are the Arch of Severus and the Senate House.

Deciding to make the ascent to the roof we queued to climb the hundred and thirty steps of the first stage. We soon began to wonder if it would have been worth the extra fifty lire (sevenpence) to take the lift, but we forgot this when looking over the balustrade along the roof, for we had a marvellous view over Rome. A door took us back to the interior right inside the dome, and from the gallery around we looked down on the High Altar and the people far below.

A tiring climb of 350 awkward steps brought us almost to the very top of St. Peter's. Although many historic buildings could be seen, the nearest and most impressive were those of the Vatican City, the state which is the headquarters of the Roman Catholic church, and in which St. Peter's stands. We could quite easily pick out the Papal apartments, the government buildings, the City's own railway station and radio transmitter, and the Vatican gardens very neatly laid out.

Clambering down to the roof again we found a small shop where gifts, souvenirs, postcards and stamps were sold. The stamps were the greatest attraction, for the Vatican City has its own; several boys hurriedly wrote cards and posted them just for the novelty. For our rendezvous in the Square afterwards some of the party were late; they had been shut inside while the Pope was giving his blessing to thousands of pilgrims, as he does in a weekly audience, and had seen him from about two yards' distance.

Brian Ankers, 3G.

Impressions of Italy

The people of Italy are a gay race; every morning the people seemed happy. They were nearly always singing to themselves and had smiles on their faces. Although hampered by lack of space, the boys in Venice could play football extremely well in their own robust way, and in a game in the courtyard outside our pensione we beat them 32-12.

People in Rome did not seem as happy as they were in Venice; perhaps it was because it rained while we were there. There was much more hustle and bustle in Rome, and people did not whistle or sing to themselves as they did in Venice. At football we beat some Roman boys.

I myself would not like to live in Italy, not because I don't like it there, but because I prefer the English way of life.

J. Gardiner, 2G.

Do you remember . . .

who ate the most spaghetti?
who fished for coins in the fountain?
who was the most frequently lost?
who heatedly denied he had been following himself?

SUMMER JOURNEY—HEIDELBERG

A small party will leave Bournemouth on 24th August and travel via London Dover, Ostend, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne and Mannheim, and arrive in Heidelberg in the early morning of 25th August for an eight-day stay. The return journey will be made to arrive back in Bournemouth on September 2nd.

Heidelberg was chosen as a centre because of its situation within easy reach of Stuttgart, Frankfurt and Wiesbaden, and the Northern Black Forest. It is situated in the Neckar Valley about ten miles from Mannheim, where the River Neckar joins the Rhine. Such places as Heilbronn, Esslingen, Wörms, Würzburg, Rastatt and Karlsruhe are within easy reach by road, rail or river, as also are the wine growing areas of the Neckar and Rhine valleys, and it is hoped that most of the places will be visited during our stay.

At the same time, Heidelberg itself, about the same size as Bournemouth, has many places of interest. It is chiefly noted for its fine university, the oldest in Germany, having been founded in 1306, and its ruined castle as well as the most modernistic railway station in Germany. Various ancient and Roman remains have been found in the area, the most notable being the skull of Heidelberg Man, the oldest human remains discovered in Europe. With the surrounding area, it is famous for its wines and local dishes. Among this great variety of interests it is hoped that everyone will enjoy his stay.

BOAT FOR SAIL

Sailing is becoming a very popular sport in these days of long holidays and shorter working hours. Six years ago my family went for a holiday on Mudeford Sandbank, and we found this was a good spot to enjoy ourselves.

One winter we spent three months building a nine-foot pram dinghy. Soon after this we made a set of sails for her. Now we had a boat that sailed so we took full advantage of it. For three years we learnt and practised sailing in Christchurch harbour, until two years ago when it was decided that we should obtain a larger and better boat.

We were very lucky in finding an old international fourteen, a very well-designed racing dinghy. She was in no fit state for racing but we did not want to race. We find her a good boat for exciting but safe sailing because she is so heavy but has smooth lines. This year a friend of mine has a small class racing dinghy so I have a great chance of competing properly with the sailing club.

David Maddocks, 3A.

IN THE SAME BOAT

Building a small runabout dinghy is nothing really—at least, nothing compared with building a twenty-foot motor launch.

My brother started working in a small boatyard at Christchurch in 1958. After a few months he designed a twenty-foot launch, and soon he was well on the way to completing it. After fitting all the different-sized frames together and bolting them onto the banister rail, he started fixing sheets of marine ply to the frames. It didn't look much, but after fitting the hull on and screwing and riveting we could recognize it as a boat.

Until now it has been bottom up, but one Sunday my brothers and I turned the boat on its side and from there we heaved it into position, up the right way; and propping it all up we started glueing and screwing the sides and transom on.

From there onward it was a straight-forward job riveting the strengtheners onto the frames. Now recently we have been sand-papering it all, and through the weekends we have been painting it. One of the dirtiest jobs is scrubbing down the inside of the whole boat, while my boatbuilding brother fits the decking and cabin on. It should be finished before the winter settles in, but who knows?

David Preece, 2A.

OUR HOTEL

Like many other people in this busy seaside resort, my father own a hotel—the Debonnaire, in Sea Road, Boscombe, which can accommodate thirty guests. Living in a hotel of this size makes life quite busy for me in the holiday season. The worst feature is the washing-up; each meal brings two hundred cups, plates and dishes, and almost as many items of cutlery. When we are fully booked my brothers and I sleep on a couch, in the tank room, or anywhere. During the winter we have ten bedrooms to choose from.

But there are advantages. I have more varied food than in most homes, and chicken every week. At Whitsun I earned some pocket-money by waiting on our guests. And being only four minutes from the sea—and that means walking—I could easily go for a swim before breakfast.

Of course it's hard work, but very interesting as guests come from all over the place; and in the evening they help us forget the busy day that is past.

Neil Stratton, 3A.

SOJOURN IN SINGAPORE

The Suez trouble was on when we left for Singapore in January 1957. The voyage on the troopship "Dunera" took six weeks, since we had to travel round the Cape.

I was prepared for a hot climate, but it could be quite cold at night. The wet periods called monsoons brought torrential rain, and roads were built with large gutters and drains to prevent flooding. We lived in a two-storey house belonging to the Army, with a verandah outside and a fan indoors to help ventilation, while the windows had grille instead of glass. We travelled about by car, but people could hire a tri-shaw—a bicycle with a sidecar. With single-decker buses as well, the city centre was very busy. A park with statues and flower beds had the picturesque name of Tiger Balm Gardens.

There was a great deal of poverty. Travelling about we saw how the natives lived—mostly in small wooden huts with their animals inside. Water came from a pump. A snake charmer showed us a Malayan scorpion and a cobra: as he played a flute, the snake swayed, and flicked out its forked tongue.

But in other ways, Singapore is up to date: when we left after eighteen months, they were starting television. This time we were able to travel by the Suez Canal, and were home in a month.

Barry Rowe, 1G.

SUNNY SOUTH AFRICA

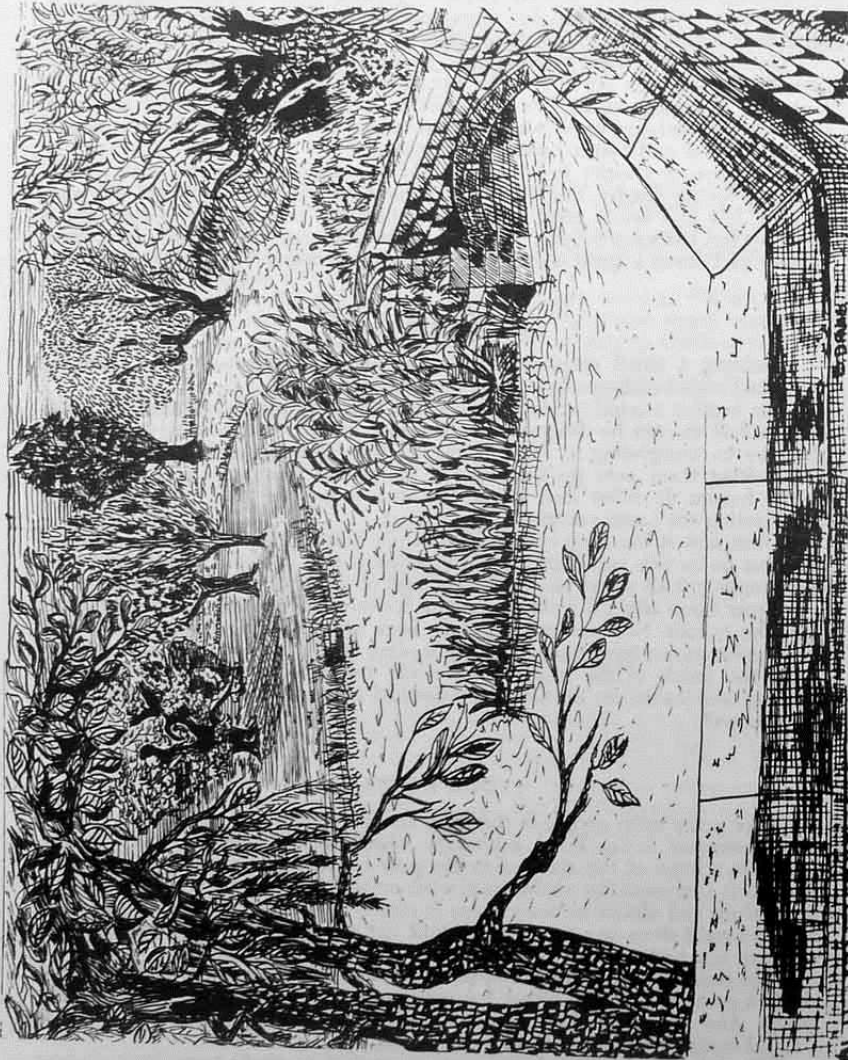
Four of my earlier years were spent in the wonderful country of South Africa, with lovely long, warm summers and short, mild winters. There was never any lack of sun and heat, and everyone became beautifully sunburnt. The most peculiar thing about a South African day is that as soon as the sun has set there is complete darkness, without any twilight. The roads of South Africa have a steep camber with deep gullies on either side to carry away the short but extremely heavy rains.

The town where I lived was Johannesburg, the great gold mining centre. In Johannesburg instead of having trolley-buses they had old noisy trams. There was an abundance of children's play-parks, where I spent most of my free time. Black and white races went to separate schools, and mine was similar to an English school except for the hours, which were eight to noon for the juniors and until two for seniors.

An important feature of the country is the national parks, where wild animals live in their natural state. Only humans are restricted: one must not carry firearms or leave the car, and camps have to be reached by a certain time. There, visitors sleep in huts and live native African style. Natives themselves are there, crowding round to sell goods they have made.

I like South Africa and I hope to have the chance of going there again.

Barry Palmer, 2G.



Pen and ink drawing by Bryan Davis 4m

WE MARCHED FORTH IN PEACE . . .

The expeditionary force assembled in my small bedroom: Jimmy, Mickey, Pete and myself. There we laid our plans to search for a direct route from South Haven to Corfe Castle. Next weekend we met at the bus station, looking like figures out a H. G. Wells novel. Were we on our way . . . ?

"It's generous of you, Al, to bring your primus stove."

"What primus stove?"

"Well . . . back to cold vegetable soup."

From South Haven we set out to traverse the salt marshes. Soon, to our delight, we discovered we were not the only happy hikers. The two girls turned round, waved and waited for us to catch up.

At the Puck Stone we stopped for dinner. We built a fire of paper from my log-book and dry twigs built pagoda fashion—my speciality. Then we made two discoveries: the girls' names, and that none of us had a tin-opener. I opened our meal with my bowie-knife.

Now snow came on and we took shelter in an old house. When it cleared we marched on, making excellent headway without the need for detours round the marshes, which were firmly frozen.

Suddenly a voice, rather harshly, demanded to know what we were doing on his land. Normally we have a system for such difficulties: Pete speaks impeccable French, and owing to a former girl friend my Danish is good. But the two girls didn't know this and thought us mad when we spoke and—horror of horrors—the man could speak French. He carefully told us in English, French and German that he would excuse us if we left his property immediately, which we did.

Finally we reached Corfe Castle about five, where during a meal we made sketches and notes (including the girls' names and address) before returning by bus to 'civilisation'—Bournemouth Square. Among our adventures we had found what we set out to look for, and marched home in peace together.

A. White, 5G.

AN UNWELCOME BREAK

That day I rode my bicycle to school. Thanks to an accident at games, I went home by car. After a week of continual hospital visits they found out what was wrong—a broken ankle. My leg was soon coated in plaster of paris.

Some people think that to have a leg in plaster is the end of the world, but I am glad to know from my own experience that it not. In bed I often forget it completely. I lie in a sleepy doze, thinking I'm wearing my long grey socks. After an effort of vigorous pushing and pulling I remember my ankle is broken and has plaster on. Getting up late, I watch from the window without envy as my friends go to school. Then begins a procession of relatives who come to stare in awe. They sympathise with me and buy me presents of fruit and books. It's a grand life with a leg in plaster, but I shouldn't like it to last for long.

Lindsay Neilson, 1G. (who is now fit, and back at school.)

A—SCOUTING WE WILL GO

The School Scout Troop meets weekly on Tuesday evening at seven-thirty. We start with Flag Break and Inspection, before games in the playground. Scout training follows, supervised by the Patrol Leaders. Each test is significant in its own way and adds something to our outlook on life. Every game either keeps you fit or gives you a stronger sense of observation. The meeting is closed with prayers at nine o'clock.

In 1959 we were proud to see Lady Baden Powell at the Saint George's Day Parade, and in the Winter Gardens, which served as a Church, she spoke to us.

A number of camps were held last year. At Whitsun sleeping in tents at Butcher's coppice we had warm weather and were in the open-air swimming pool most of the time. Owing to the shortage of tents we went again for Summer camp to Butcher's coppice. There we played cricket with other troops, swam in the pool and enjoyed several games. It gave us a grand feeling to wake up in the morning to the singing of the birds and then to do physical jerks on the grass sprinkled with dew, working up an appetite for a self-cooked breakfast. This was the time when our training at Troop Meetings grew into practice: lashings served for gadgets such as plate racks, tables and chairs, mapping and compass came into initiative tests. neatness came for inspection and so on.

In 1960 we are going abroad to Guernsey in the Channel Islands. On the whole the troop is very efficient and if you are thinking of joining, you will have an adventurous and enjoyable life.

Barrie Smallcalder, 2G.

JOURNEY INTO DANGER?

As we boarded the train at Dirol, a small country station near Nevers in Burgundy, we didn't suspect that we would be held up on the way.

The sky was darkening and the scenery was a panorama of flickering stars and gleaming street lights. We were now well on our way to Paris, travelling in an express train. As I leaned back into my seat I wondered what was happening in the third-class compartments; for the seats there are made of wood and are very uncomfortable.

The train was travelling at high speed, when suddenly there came an ear-piercing shriek or screech as the train ground to an abrupt halt, skimming me across to the other side of the compartment. All the people on the train were pushing themselves towards the windows, trying to see what was happening. I too went into the corridor to look outside, but all I could see was that the train had stopped on a girder bridge.

Now I could hear the pattering of footsteps running along the track, but I could also hear the pitter-patter of rain on the carriage; it was the start of a thunderstorm. Suddenly the lights went off, then on; again they flashed off and on but finally went out altogether. As suddenly as the train had stopped it started but going backwards; then it stopped once more and started rolling forwards.

I had now recognised the place: it was a busy junction. As we entered the station in Paris I glanced down the long train, for we had picked up many extra carriages on the way.

We never found out what caused the train to stop, but I like to think I had a narrow escape.

Adrian Wilcox, 1G.

THE YEAR IN LIFE SAVING

This has been a successful year so far for life saving practice.

At the beginning of the winter term, Melvyn Davies came first and Nigel Trigg second in the Individual Life Saving Competition of the Bournemouth Schools' Swimming Gala and won the Individual Schools' Cup for life saving.

Several boys have been attending life saving classes at Stokewood Road Baths every Tuesday during the Winter season, and the following boys have received their bronze award: Brian Duke, Christopher David, Martin Wareham, Melvyn Davies, Michael Baldwin, Nigel Miller, Colin Bugden, Brian Beckingham, John Neilson.



Life-saving Group

Two boys, David Mott and John Davenport, received their intermediate certificate.

At the close of the season, the first Team Life Saving Competition was held at Stokewood Road Baths. Winton School was the only boys' school to enter two teams. The "A" team (Brian Duke, Melvyn Davies, Nigel Triggs and Nigel Miller) were very close runners-up to Ringwood Grammar School, being only 8 points behind Ringwood's 323, and attaining a very high standard. The "B" team (Colin Bugden, Martin Wareham, John Neilson and John Davenport) came fourth in the competition.

It is hoped that many more boys in the school will attend the life saving classes next year and that we may retain the individual cup and win the team trophy.

FIRST XV RUGBY

School Captain: I Nicol

The team enjoyed a good season of rugby, but were unfortunate in losing more than half the side at Christmas. For the rest of the season they were a young side, and met teams older and heavier than they. But they always fought hard, and, win or lose, enjoyed their rugby.

From this team Posthumus (3) and Mullins (1) played for Hampshire under 15 schoolboys; Bourke (and Roberts, an under-14 player) played for Hampshire ATC; and West was a reserve for the County Schoolboys in the game against Oxford.

West, Posthumus, Edwards, Randle and Baldwin played for Bournemouth Schoolboys under-15, and Bourke and Nicol were selected for Bournemouth Colts side but the game was cancelled.

Opponents	Result	Opponents	Result
East Howe	W 21-3	Hurn Court 1st XV	L 0-17
Henry Harbin	W 13-6	St. Peter's Grammar	L 3-17
Bournemouth School 2nd XV	L 6-14	Ashley School, New Milton	L 3-13
East Howe	W 9-6	East Howe	W 27-13
Bournemouth School 2nd XV	D 8-8	Hurn Court	L 3-27
Poole Grammar School 2nd XV	L 6-17	Bournemouth School 2nd XV	D 8-8
East Howe	L 11-18	Ashley School	L 3-6
Bournemouth School 2nd XV	W 11-6	Bournemouth School 2nd XV	L 5-15

Played 16. Won 5. Lost 9. Drew 2. Points for 137. against 194.

UNDER-13 RUGBY

Winton Under-13 rugby team are to be congratulated on their standard achieved during the season. Team work and splendid coaching made them the strongest under-13 side in Bournemouth, having soundly defeated every Bournemouth team in their age group by fast, hard rugby.

The best all-round score of the season was when they beat East Howe 42 points to nil. Nine players were selected for the town under-13 team, which shows our superiority in this town. The team is looking forward to another excellent season, coached by Mr. Westerman.

The following boys have been members of the team: Peach, Loram, Churchill, Houlton, Burgess, White, Andrews (captain), Boshier, Biggs, J. Collins, Lawrence, Sargeant, P. Collins, Birch, Gardiner, Ryan, Bird, Custard, Barrett, Mulliss.

Opponents	for	against	Opponents	for	against
East Howe	10	3	Wimborne Secondary Modern	23	0
Portchester	25	5	Somerford	3	0
Somerford	18	0	Oakmead	28	0
Stourfield	13	0	Poole Grammar	0	3
Oakmead	26	0	East Howe	42	0
East Howe	24	3	Henry Harbin	27	0
King Edward VI Grammar,			Stourfield	6	12
Southampton	0	3	Oakmead	5	6
			Total	250	35

UNDER 15 RUGBY

There was nucleus of great rugby ability in this side but the fourth year is not in general noted for its able sportsmen, and so it was difficult frequently to find anyone with enough ability to fill the last two or three places.

Apart from those of the team who played for the 1st XV later, the following boys showed that they had ability and the courage necessary to play the game: Hill, Sanderson, Cain and Whitfield.

Results at foot of Page 39



Under 12 Winners, Bournemouth Schools seven-a-side Rugby



Under 14 Winners, Bournemouth Schools seven-a-side Rugby

UNDER-12 RUGBY

The 1st year XV again enjoyed a very good season and played a dozen games; the first of these was the only occasion on which the side was beaten.

In the Bournemouth and District Schools' Seven-a-Side Tournament held at East Howe on March 26th, the Winton Under-12 was: A. Thrift, J. Collins, R. Beale, M. Smith, A. Mulliss (captain), G. Neal, A. Filbey. They emerged as champions of their section at the end of a most entertaining afternoon.

ROUND 1 v Herbert Carter (Poole)	WON	3-0
SEMI-FINAL v St. Peter's	WON	3-0
FINAL v Oakmead	WON	3-0

Stephen Palmer, 1G. (Secretary).

A. Mulliss (captain), R. Beale (vice-captain), P. Blake, J. Davenport, K. Ellarby, A. Filbey, B. Forbes, C. Head, E. Insall, P. Masterman, G. Neal, L. Neilson, M. Rapson, J. Richardson, J. Sharp, M. Smith, R. Smith, Mr. Stockley, E. Thomas, A. Thrift.

Played 12. Won 9. Drawn 2. Lost 1. Points for 101. Against 12.

v Oakmead	LOST	3-6	v Oakmead	DRAW	0-0
v East Howe	WON	14-0	v Stourfield	WON	14-0
v Poole Grammar	WON	3-0	v Poole Grammar	WON	3-0
v Portchester	WON	15-0	v East Howe	WON	3-0
v East Howe	WON	13-6	v Oakmead	DRAW	0-0
v Somersford	WON	6-0	v Stourfield	WON	27-0

UNDER 14 RUGBY

The following boys played for Winton: E. Barnes, A. Cole, P. Wheller, P. Allen, B. Duke, T. Averill, R. Stratton, K. Roberts, Stroud, M. Jessopp, M. Davies, R. Woodley, J. Burns, P. May, P. Roles, J. Wyatt, E. Fisher, C. White and A. Kellett, (captain and hooker).

In our Saturday fixtures we won 9 matches and lost 6. I must mention the match against Porchester on February 13th. Although Winton lost we were playing with fourteen boys: two were reserves, and one of them was recovering from a recent appendix operation. I am thankful for this opportunity of congratulating the team on their magnificent effort, fight and ready response to my calls.

The longest journey undertaken by this team was in the match v. King Edward's Grammar School, Southampton, where despite atrocious conditions a strenuous game was played.

In the Seven-a-Side Tournament the under-14 side was one of the two teams which won their finals. The team was T. Averill, P. Wheller, F. Mullins, M. Jessopp, B. Duke, A. Kellett (captain) and M. Davies who stood in for P. May, (unfit). Jessopp's magnificent kicking gained many goals for Winton. In our journey to the final we scored 52 points and lost only 3.

A. Kellett, 3G.

UNDER 15 RESULTS

Opponents	Result	Opponents	Result
East Howe	L 8-15	Wimborne C. Mod.	W 12-11
Portchester	W 14-8	Bournemouth School Colts	L 3-5
Bournemouth School Colts	W 6-0	Ringwood Grammar	W 17-3
Stourfield	L 0-19	Oakmead	L 3-6
Henry Harbin	L 0-19	Poole Grammar Colts	L 0-11
Bournemouth School Colts	W 14-3	Ringwood Grammar	W 23-5
Oakmead	L 5-11	Bournemouth School Colts	L 0-3
King Edward VIth, Southampton	D 3-3	Stourfield	D 3-3

Played 16. Won 6. Drew 2. Lost 8. Points for 111. Against 125.



Senior "A" Football Team



Intermediate "A" Team
Runners up in Bournemouth Schools Six-a-side Football

SENIOR FOOTBALL

During the 1959-1960 season the senior football 'A' team had an uneventful fixture programme. Although the team consisted of the town players, Mullins, Jessopp and Dominey, it played no outstanding games.

The team's most consistent and best player, goalkeeper Tony Vine saved the side many times from heavy defeats. Mullins the centre-forward figured often on the goalscorers' chart. After several easy rounds in the Hayward Cup the side suffered defeat by the "master footballers" of Twynham in the semi-final. Though at a disadvantage owing to his height, little Roger Joyce gave many big half-backs and several town players a good deal of worry.

As captain of this past season's team I wish next year's, under the probable leadership of Frank Mullins, every success for their forthcoming fixtures.

David Hayes, 4T.

Winton v	League	Winton v	League
Oakmead	Win 3-0	Ringwood	Win 5-0
East Howe	Lost 2-1	Oakmead	Win 2-4
Portchester	Draw 3-3	Summerbee	Win 7-2
Summerbee	Lost 1-4	St. Walburga's	Win 2-1
Summerbee	Lost 1-0	East Howe	Lost 5-3
Portchester	Lost 4-1	East Howe	Lost 2-4
East Howe	Lost 0-2	St. Walburga's	Win 1-10
Oakmead	Draw 5-5	Summerbee	Lost 5-1
	Hayward Cup	Oakmead	Lost 2-3
Ringwood G. S.	Win 1-6	Ringwood G. S.	Win 1-7
East Howe	Win 0-3		Hayward Cup
Twynham	Lost 5-0	Twynham	Lost 5-1

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

Compared with last season when the "A" team won the Cherries Supporters' Cup, only moderately successful results were achieved. The "A" team fielded a side strong in defence, especially the half-back line of Houlton, Bunton and Andrews, but the forward line lacked the shooting power necessary to win matches. Of the league matches, 3 were won, 3 lost, and 1 drawn.

In the Cup Competition, the "A" team progressed as far as the fourth round when we were defeated away 3-0 by East Howe. The following day, on the same ground, we proved how unaccountable form can be, by winning 1-0.

The "B" team met with few successes but the fixtures played gave at least 20 boys the opportunity to represent the school. A. Mulliss of 1A showed promise and it is hoped that the experience will prove of benefit next season when he leads the "A" team attack.

In the six-a-side tournament, the "A" team consisting of Bunton, Davis, Churchill, Andrews, Houlton and Dunesby, achieved great distinction by reaching the final. The tournament was notable for being played in the worst weather conditions for at least 12 years. Despite this, some excellent football was played and it was no disgrace to be beaten by East Howe.

In conclusion, it is to be hoped that those enthusiasts who are expecting to be considered for a place in next season's intermediate teams will begin some serious training during the summer holidays and, remembering that goals win matches, will above all, practise shooting.

A.A.Y.

TOWN SPORTS

The outstanding boy of the Winton Intermediate Team in this year's Town Sports was the captain, Norman Churchill, who on Saturday, 11th June at King's Park received from Her Worship the Mayor two certificates for individual performances and the Benwell Cup which the Winton team will share with Oakmead as joint runners-up in the Intermediate Championship.

This time we just failed to retain the Championship Cup which we won last year but with an improvement in the overall standard and eleven other schools as anxious as we to do well, our boys deserve every credit for their fine efforts, while at the same time we congratulate a very good Summerbee team for their success.

In the heats our hurdlers raced faster than ever before with Mark White only 0.3 seconds outside the town record but drawn in the same heat as the ultimate finals winner, Heard (Stourfield). David Eyles and Martin Houlton in the hundred yards, and Keith Andrews in the two hundred and twenty yards, were close to final qualification.

Heats

100 Yards
D. Eyles, 2nd*
M. Houlton, 2nd*
W. Loram, 5th*
K. Andrews, 2nd*

220 Yards
N. Churchill, 1st*
K. Andrews, 2nd*
D. Eyles, 4th*

440 Yards
K. Andrews, 1st*
M. Houlton, 4th
J. Harris, 7th*

Hurdles
M. White, 3rd*
A. Birch, 3rd*
I. Foster, 3rd*

220 Yards
N. Churchill (27.2 secs.) 1st.*
440 Yards
K. Andrews, 5th*

Relay (Houlton, Eyles, Loram, Churchill) 1st*

Long Jump
N. Churchill (14' 11½") 1st*
A. Birch (13' 1½")
W. Loram (13' 1½")

Shot Putt
J. Collins (30' 0½")*
P. Collins (25')
M. Bird (27' 7")

High Jump
M. White (4')
J. Harris (4')
S. Wraith (3' 11")

Finals

Relay (Houlton, Eyles, Loram, Churchill) 2nd*

* Gained a standard point

15-17 Team

It was very difficult to raise a full team because of the small numbers of this age group in the school. I. Nicol was outstanding in winning one event and being placed 3rd and 4th in two others.

Twelve secondary schools competed, all entering three for each event.

I. Nicol (captain), R. Young, Edwards, Gunn, Fudge, Bessant, Mott, David, Mantell, R. V. Smith, Barclay, A. White, Wareham, Dominey.

FIELD

Long Jump: Nicol, 3rd
Long Jump: Young, 4th
Shot Putt: C. David, 3rd
Total Points 32; position 7th.

TRACK

100 Yards: Nicol, 1st
110 Yards Hurdles: Nicol, 3rd
220 yards: Young, 4th
100 Yards: Young, 5th
Mile: I. Barclay

Senior Team

(Under 15): Mullins (captain), Randle, Sanderson, Wheller, M. Jessop, Wyatt, Duke, M. Davies, P. May, Kearl, Mackinlay, Vine, Cain, Roberts, Clevett, Tett, Gagliardi, D. Collins.

The senior team improved considerably on last year, with several boys reaching the finals. But there we did not do as well as expected though credit must be given to all boys' efforts, especially to Frank Mullins, senior team captain, who was 2nd in the 220 sprint, 4th in the 880 yards, and in the relay team which came third.

Finals

220 Yards: Mullins, 2nd
880 Yards: Mullins, 4th
440 Yards: Randle, 4th
Mile: Hayes
Relay: (Mullins, Wyatt, Randle, Jessop) 3rd

Hop-Step-Jump: Clevett, 3rd
Hop-Step-Jump: Tett, 6th.
Discus: Vine, 5th
Discus: Cain, 6th
Long Jump: M. Jessop, 6th.



Intermediate Athletics Team

Winners of the Cherries' Supporters' Club's Ship Cup

TOWN SWIMMING GALA 1959

Under 13 team: Horlock, Kerslake, Neal, Rawlings, Wyatt, Burch, Duke, (2nd in breast-stroke), Davies. Team race 3rd.

Under 15 team: West, Moss (3rd in freestyle and butterfly), Willis, Olive, Pomeroy, Posthumus, Neal, Bourke, Bacon. Team race 5th.

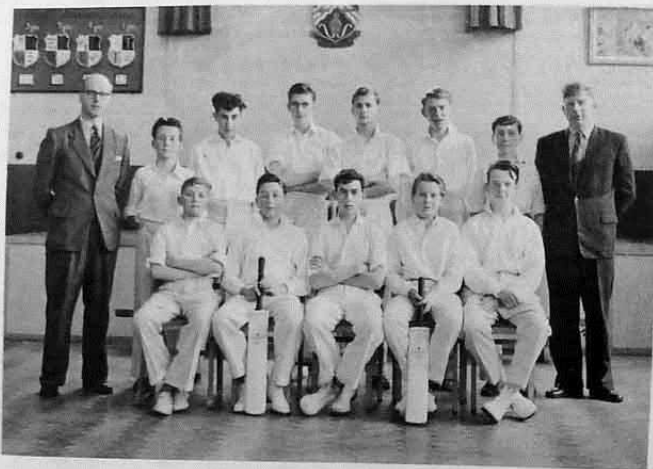
Over 15 team: Barnes (2nd in freestyle and 3rd in back-stroke), David (5th in freestyle), Bench, Beckingham.

Open events: Diving: Pomeroy, Wareham, Moss. Breast-stroke style: Pomeroy, Triggs, 3rd, Wareham. Life-saving: Duke, Triggs, Davies. Life Saving Individual Trophy: M. Davies 1st, N. Triggs, 2nd.

School Swimming Gala 1959

The only event worth noting was the staff v school race, in which four Messrs. Popham, Berthet, Menadue and Marmon competed against the four fastest boys. It is claimed that the staff won, though the decision has been hotly disputed.

House points : Redhill 92½, Talbot 86½, Muscliff 80, Ensburry 69.



CRICKET SEASON 1959

Last year our first cricket team recorded its best season for many years by winning seven out of ten competitive matches. Ian Nicol proved to be the outstanding cricketer of the season and achieved some remarkable performances. The London Evening Star awarded him a cricket bat for his outstanding performances, a great honour considering that only six were given for the whole of England.

At the end of the season the school staff soundly beat the boys with seven wickets to spare.

Winton 69, Swanage 73 for 4.

Winton 26, Swanage 21.

Winton 54 for 4, Summerbee 51.

Winton 68, Hurn Court 71 for 8.

Winton 82 for 7, Oakmead 79.

Winton 64, Junior Leaders Bovington 65 for 5.

Winton 121 for 7, Hurn Court 49.

Winton 119 for 9, Oakmead 33.

Winton 70, Portchester 57.

Winton 57 for 7, Summerbee 55.

Freddie Quick, 3G.

Grandad took the camera of rosewood, made of sliding, folding rosewood; from its heavy box. He opened out the hinges, pushed and pulled the joints, till it looked all squares and oblongs, like a complicated figure in the second book of Euclid. This he perched upon a cumbersome wooden tripod, and the family then sat before him for their pictures.



Imagine you

with your finger on the button of a

'Brownie' 127 camera

Now boys, you will find it so much easier today, with the Brownie 127 camera, priced at only 24/5d. or the new Brownie 44A camera at 54/1d. that takes colour prints, colour slides that you can project on to a screen and black and white of course. This is to mention only a few, and suggest that you come and have a chat with our Mr. Harding in the photographic department who will advise and help you, putting always service before sales.

Cine Cameras, Projectors and all Photographic Chemicals and equipment kept in stock, including Johnson's Do-it-yourself printing outfits.

CALL FOR CAMERAS

F. A. HARDING A.R.P.S., MANAGER

698, WIMBORNE ROAD, (Facing Castle Rd.) WINTON

G. BATHURST

GROCERY AND PROVISIONS



582, WIMBORNE ROAD, WINTON,
BOURNEMOUTH

Telephone : WINTON 4249

Orders collected and delivered to all districts

JAMES GALT & CO. LTD. EDUCATIONAL SUPPLIERS

Established 1836

Royal Warrant 1845

You are invited to visit the
EDUCATIONAL SHOWROOMS
displaying our range of Library
Books, Primary Teaching Aids
& Apparatus, Furniture &
Stationery at

57, Whitworth St., Manchester, 1.
Telephone : Central 6881

BROOKFIELD RD., CHEADLE, Cheshire
Telephone : Gatley 8511/3

WINTON 6361 / 2 [2 Lines] and 6023

MILES FRUIT & VEGETABLE MARKET

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

812, WIMBORNE ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH
Wholesale Market - Ensby Park Road.

Daily Deliveries to
all parts of
BOURNEMOUTH, BOSCOMBE,
CANFORD CLIFFS, SANDBANKS.
MEMBERS OF THE HOTEL & CATERING
BUYING ASSOCIATION

VAUXHALL
THE MAIN DEALERS FOR BOURNEMOUTH & WEST DORSET

LEE MOTORS
OF BOURNEMOUTH



Showrooms :

6-7 THE SQUARE

Tel : Bournemouth 25926

Showrooms & Service Station :

674-680, WIMBORNE RD.,

B' MOUTH Tel : Winton 3

GREGSONS'

931, Wimborne Road, Moordown.
Tel. Winton 4544

TOYS & GAMES, FANCY GOODS,
STATIONERY, LENDING LIBRARY,
NEILSON'S CANADIAN ICE CREAM

Agents for
Bayko, Triang Railways, Pedigree Dolls etc.

Join our Club for that special Birthday Present
or Christmas Gift.

Member of British Teleflorist Service

Christine Hart

High Class Florist

Bouquets & Floral Tributes
at Shortest Notice.

872, Wimborne Road, Bournemouth.
Phones Winton 2939 & 3515

NEWSAGENT

STATIONER

GREETINGS CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

BARCLAY'S

815, WIMBORNE ROAD,
MOORDOWN.

BOOKS

CONFECTIONERY

PENS

Telephone—Winton 4378

L. ABBOTT, M.P.S.

★

BABY FOODS

TOILET & SURGICAL REQUISITES

DEVELOPING — PRINTING — ENLARGING

24 HOUR SERVICE

★

1043, WIMBORNE ROAD - MOORDOWN

HOPE BROTHERS LTD

THE SQUARE, BOURNEMOUTH

BOYS WEAR SPECIALISTS

*Officially appointed suppliers of School Clothing
to Winton Boys' Schools*

Blazers, Caps, Ties and Complete Sports Outfits

THE SQUARE
BOURNEMOUTH

Phone
B'th 24722



Let "MILLARDS"
the Permanent Waving
Specialists restyle and beautify
your hair. For the 'Modern'
Look we suggest a Brushwave.
Prices from 25/-, with or
without appointment. You can
be sure of Service with
Satisfaction at

MILLARDS
874, WIMBORNE ROAD,
MOORDOWN

WINTON 263

Make your next adventure to

The Venture

Confectioners & Tobacconists
778, WIMBORNE ROAD



CHILDREN'S LINES OUR SPECIALITY



WINTON 1447

F. CULL

Men's and Boys' Outfitter

922 WIMBORNE ROAD
BOURNEMOUTH

*We have Secondary Schoolboys' Blazers
Black in stock for Boys age 8 to 15 years
Size 7 to 12.39/6 rising to 47/6 on size 11 & 12*

FLORAL DESIGNS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

GORDONS of MOORDOWN
(G. BENNETT)

FRUIT, FLOWERS & FRESH VEGETABLES

856, WIMBORNE ROAD,
BOURNEMOUTH.

WINTON 2747

SOUTHERN HANDICRAFT SUPPLIES **MATERIALS - FITTINGS - TOOLS**

For making your own Handbags, Holdalls, Purses, Wallets, Gloves,
Imitation Jewellery, Lampshades, Basketry, etc.

Repairs to Handbags & all Leather Goods. Pearls re-threaded.

**Good Stocks of Ladies Handbags, Satchels, Brief Cases,
Document Cases, Travel Goods, etc.**

923, WIMBORNE ROAD, MOORDOWN, BOURNEMOUTH
Telephone - Winton 2048

"My boy wants a WATCH for his birthday,
I must go to :

D. J. WEBB & SON
606-610 WIMBORNE ROAD,
WINTON.

for a reliable Ingersoll"

Other makes also in stock — and watches for girls too.
Also Stockists of School Satchels and all types of Cases
for School or for Holidays.

Call and inspect for yourself.

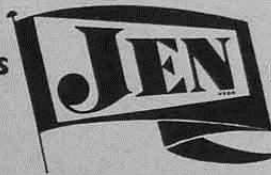
*and Mum - We are Agents for Singer Sewing Machines
and Accessories.*

Telephone WINTON 1608

NO REPAIR BILLS

Light! Leakproof! Flexible!

MOULDED SHOES



FOR THE FAMILY



No. 195

FOR MEN

All popular styles.
Black or Brown. 39/11 to 45/9



No. 1387

FOR BOYS

Plain or sporty styles.
Black or Brown. 25/11 to 38/6

According to size.



No. 3407

FOR WOMEN

Stylish Casuals. 5 popular
colours. Fine for
Teenagers too!

29/11



No. 1377

FOR GIRLS

Lace, Bar or
Casual. Choice
of colour.

25/11 to 36/9

*According
to size.*

GUARANTEED

The tough rubber soles are moulded by a vulcanising process to quality leather uppers. Seldom wear out—even boys and girls just grow out of them! Every line carries guarantee of month after month of wear without repair.

Look for the JEN Sign



VINCENT SMITH

Bournemouth's only JEN agent

BOSCOMBE · MOORDOWN
WINTON · PARKSTONE

PHONE : BOURNEMOUTH 24024

**CRAFTS & SPORTS
(BOURNEMOUTH) LTD.**

SPORTS DEPOT
AND
HOMECRAFT SUPPLIERS

Yelverton Road,
Bournemouth

SWEETS & ICES

**THE
CHOCOLATE
BOX**

749, WIMBORNE RD.,

(Prop. D. MOTT)

CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

ERNEST DEAN
348, WIMBORNE ROAD
WINTON

Established 1902



*APPOINTED SCHOOL OUTFITTERS TO WINTON
SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS*



**BLAZERS, CAPS, TIES, PULLOVERS, SCARVES
AND BADGES
ALL IN SCHOOL COLOURS**



**ALL OTHER SCHOOL CLOTHING IN LARGE VARIETY
INCLUDING FOOTBALL, CRICKET, P.E. & ETC.**

Tel. WINTON 1809

the mitre

