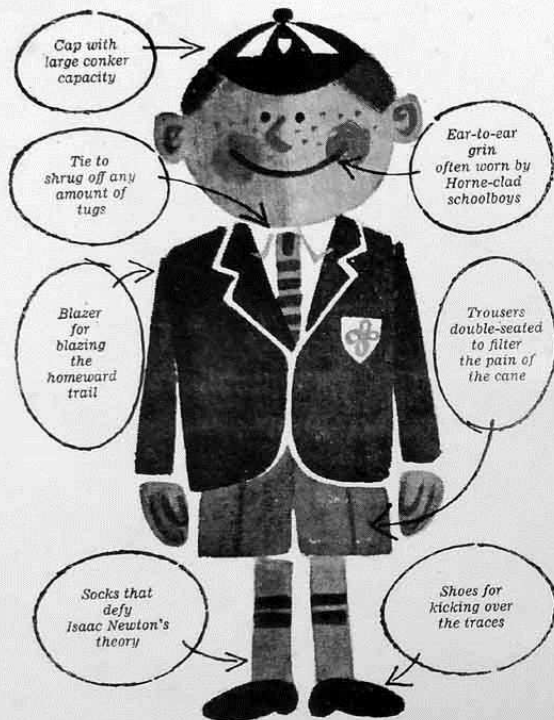


The Mitre



1961





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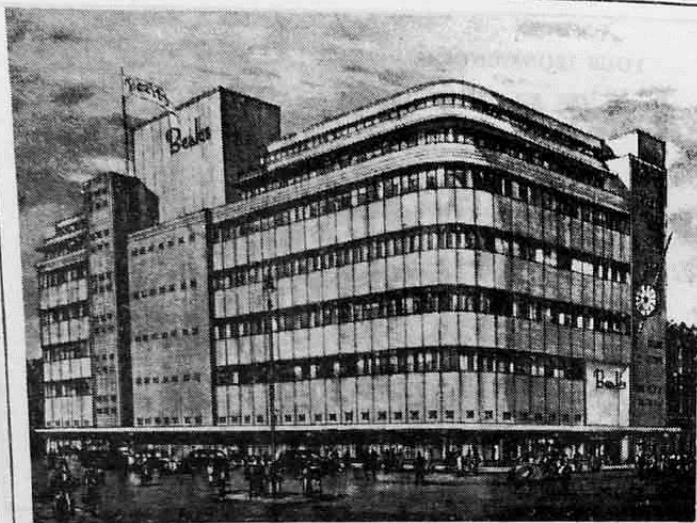
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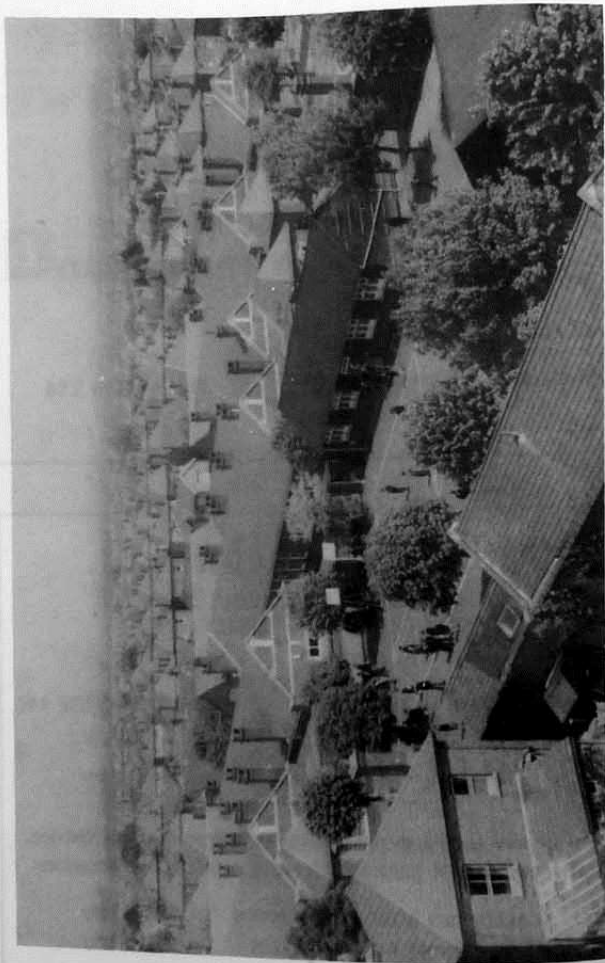
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WINTON SECONDARY SCHOOL MAY 1961
View from the South-west—a photograph from the roof of the Moderne cinema,
by kind permission of the manager.

THE MITRE

VOLUME
THREE



SUMMER
1961

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

1911-1961 JUBILEE

We celebrate this year half a century's existence—not of our School by name, but of a school in Coronation Avenue. This is one feature of the 1961 Mitre; more will appear in a Jubilee brochure to be published in July by the four schools which have their origins here.

The Mitre in 1961 has the same purpose as before: a reflection of the present-day School in which innovations are the highlights. Looking back at the past is no substitute for making the most of the present, and readers will find here plenty of evidence of an active school.

Perhaps it is a sign of a good magazine that the Editorial can be short, since pupils themselves relate their interests and achievements in this School Jubilee issue.

THE EDITOR

FOREWORD

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

It is, perhaps, appropriate that these words are being written on Commonwealth Youth Sunday, a day set apart for our young people to dedicate themselves to the service of God, and of their fellow citizens of the Commonwealth of Nations.

As I listened to the message from Her Majesty the Queen, and in particular to her words,

"To be young in 1961 is a great challenge, but to be young and a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations is also an opportunity"

my thoughts turned to those former pupils of our School, many of whom, during the last fifty years, have been inspired through the influence of the homes and, not least, their school, with that sense of service to God and man which is the hallmark of a true citizen of our town, our country and our Commonwealth.

The traditions and successes built up by former pupils are today upholding us in our endeavours to reach even higher—in fact, we are "standing on the shoulders" of past generations and it is, indeed, a challenge to all of us, and particularly the young, to be alive at this time.

In this Golden Jubilee Year, then, let us remember with a deep sense of pride and gratitude, all those, both teachers and scholars, who have gone before us. It is by their endeavours that the name of Winton School stands high and it is present and future generations who will serve the Community in which we are privileged to live.

We can best acknowledge our debt to the past by shouldering the responsibilities of the present.

At this landmark in the School's history, let us, then, accept the challenge of the Queen's message, being determined to avail ourselves of all that is offered to youth today, and so to prepare ourselves for the opportunities of service.

STAFF NOTES

Firstly, we must mention the retirement from regular teaching of Mr. Wheat, who left us at the end of the Spring term. Note that the term "regular teaching" is used, for we frequently call upon him to help us out when any of the staff is absent. After thirty-nine years teaching, twenty-six of them in Bournemouth, Mr. Wheat is entitled to a well-deserved rest, so it is hoped we shall not need to call on him too frequently. On his retirement, pupils past and present, as well as the staff, subscribed to present him with a film slide projector. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Wheat very many happy years of retirement.

New members of the staff include Mr. England as French specialist, and Mr. Hayward and Mr. Parker to metalwork and chemistry departments. Mr. Lapworth is to continue Mr. Roden's work, and Mr. Jones has replaced Mr. Wheat. To them all, as well as our new secretary, Miss Clark, we wish a very successful staff year with us.

New "Staff babies" include a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Reid, and a son to Mr. and Mrs. Marmon—just in time for the census. We offer our warmest congratulations to the parents concerned. Best wishes and congratulations too to Mr. and Mrs. England, whose wedding took place at Easter.

EDITOR'S NOTES

JUBILEE YEAR at Winton is explained, and celebrations announced, on page 34.

SPEECH DAY on November 23rd was fully attended by pupils and parents. We welcomed as guest speaker Sir Ronald Gould, General Secretary of the National Union of Teachers. A report and examination results, as well as prize winners, begin on page 6. Speech Day 1961 is on Thursday, November 30th.

SUMMER FAIR is to be held again on the playing field at Oswald Road (by arrangement with Miss Watton, Head of the Junior School), on Saturday, June 10th. We hope this will be as enjoyable an afternoon, and as helpful to School Funds, as 1960's Spring Fair.

OPEN DAYS are fixed as usual for the end of summer term. On the evening of Wednesday, July 26th, parents are invited to see the work of the School. The following evening, Thursday, boys due to join in September and their parents meet the Headmaster and see the School.

4E and 4B are abbreviations appearing mysteriously after some contributors' names in this issue. In the present fourth year, besides two classes (4G and 4A) following a GCE course, one form is concentrating on work with an engineering bias and another on building. From these last two forms, more than fifty boys are taking, this June, Part A of the Union of Educational Institutions Technical examinations which includes practical engineering and building work.

SHELLEY PARK is school one day a week for boys in 4B. They take the journey from Winton to Boscombe in order to learn brickwork and plumbing at the building centre there. Some of them comment on the course on page 13.

SWIMMING lessons have come round again for first-year boys during the summer term. Everyone would like to see these lessons extended to other years, but Stokewood Road Baths is busier than ever, with primary schools attending now as well. At least we should soon find more of our new pupils can already swim, so that in the secondary school we can go on to teach more efficient style and make an earlier start with life-saving. Less energetic pupils often make good swimmers; it is a form of exercise one can take lying down.

LIFE-SAVING classes have again been run by Mr. Marmon, with the success described on page 48.

ENSBURY AVENUE is a name for the School's future, since it is the site of our hoped-for new building. This year we have started to use the playing fields, (thanks to some good work by the Corporation Parks Department), and even the site where the building itself will stand. Football boots are pounding where the chairs will scrape.

WINTER GARDENS concerts for schools have again been attended by all boys of the third and fourth years. One is held each term, when the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra plays music chosen to show the instruments which have been demonstrated. Next year we shall miss the cheerful figure of Charles Groves conducting, for he has managed to give these concerts an informal but attentive air.

OUTINGS (on July 14th this year) have become an annual feature of the summer term. Numbers have been increasing every year, and this time a party of over two hundred (a third of the school) is visiting Portsmouth dockyard. Second in popularity with sixty is the adventure walk, described on page 9. The casualty list for the 1960 walk, promised in our last issue, is a nil return, though several boys became aware of the thinness of their socks. An alternative walk this year is the well-known one from Corfe Castle to Chapman's Pool and along the cliffs to Swanage.

GUERNSEY will again be occupied by Winton Boys, when a party of thirty-one, with Mr. Loosemore and Mr. Popham, will spend from August 2nd to 16th at the familiar Rocquaine Bay camp. Some of the party are travelling by air direct from Hurn.



School party in Guernsey 1960

ROAD SAFETY QUIZ was held as an inter-school competition on November 24th, when a team of Winton Boys defeated East Howe Boys, only to lose in the final to East Howe Girls.

DAGENHAM for the Ford Motor Works was the destination on November 25th. One of the party of seventy-five, some of them taking the engineering course here, recalls the visit on page 13.

ARMY Liaison Officer, Capt. Aherne, visited the School on December 16th to show a film of life in the Army today.

MALAYA was on view in the hall on November 17th, when Major R. Thomas, of the Commonwealth Institute, described the country with a film of some of its features.

HEIDELBERG 1960 will be remembered by the party of twenty-four boys taken there in August by Mr. Greasley and Mr. Skelton. One of the school's most-travelled pupils writes on page 11.

LUGANO (to go even farther afield) is the destination of these two teachers this August, with sixteen boys. The largest town in southern (Italian-speaking) Switzerland, Lugano on its lake surrounded by mountains, enjoys an almost tropical climate. Boys will travel on rack and cable railways, and also spend a day in Milan, only seventy miles away.

ITALY 62 was a project under way more than a year ahead, after the success (reported in our last issue) of Italy 60. Arrangements are almost the same: four nights in Venice, followed by Easter Sunday and most of the week in Rome. Mr. Young's party of about thirty boys, again with Mr. Popham and Mr. Westerman will stay in Rome at the Foro Italico, where contestants in the Olympic Games were accommodated.

CROSS-COUNTRY as an activity in weekly games periods is possible at our new playing fields, which adjoin a neck of Talbot Woods. The wet winter made a tough course, and we have had a good deal of mud slung at us by parents with extra washing to do. The solution is for boys to do their own.

CRAFT—painting, modelling, pottery, metalwork and woodwork—is a special feature at Winton. Some recent work is illustrated on pages 12 and 22.

HOBBIES CLUB founded by Mr. Hardyman and Mr. Hayward meets every Tuesday at the annexe after school hours. Boys are encouraged to bring along anything they make or do in leisure time at home. A hobbies exhibition display and competition will be held on Open Days.

DARKROOM hoped for in our last issue has been improvised out of a store in one of the huts. School Fund has provided an enlarger, and work goes on with the Camera Club every week. Some of the photographs in this issue of The Mitre have been processed with the School's equipment.

TYPING copy written by pupils and others for The Mitre, before it is sent to the printer, is a massive and often tiresome job which could not be done at the School. For the third year running, Mr. Crawford, Head of the Department of Commerce at the Municipal College, has come to our aid and very generously arranged through his staff for some of his students to do their practice in this way. We are grateful to all who have helped.

TEXT of The Mitre is set in 10 point Caledonia and printed by photo-lithography.

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS, 1961-62

	Close at 4 p.m.	Re-open
Summer, 1961	Fri. 28th July	Tues. 12th Sept.
Autumn Mid-term	Thurs. 26th Oct.	Tues. 31st Oct.
Christmas	Thurs. 21st Dec.	Tues. 9th Jan.
Spring Mid-term	Thurs. 22nd Feb.	Tues. 27th Feb.
Easter	Thurs. 12th April	Mon. 30th April
Summer Mid-term	Fri. 8th June	Mon. 18th June
Summer, 1962	Fri. 27th July	Tues. 11th Sept.

SPEECH DAY

Wednesday, November 23rd, was our annual Speech Day, held as usual in the Town Hall. The Mayor, Councillor Mrs. B. Bicknell, J.P., introduced our guest speaker, Sir Ronald Gould, M.A., F.E.I.S., General Secretary of the National Union of Teachers. Before presenting certificates and prizes, he spoke in a manner that was direct and humorous. A vote of thanks was proposed by Councillor Mrs. Winship and seconded by D. Mantell, Head Prefect.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

ORDINARY LEVEL — JUNE, 1960

† M. BALDWIN	1 subject	* I. HALL-SMITH	1 subject
J. BARCLAY	2 subjects	J. HARRISON	1 ..
* P. BENCH	1 subject	† A. HOLDSWORTH	1 ..
M. BARNES	5 subjects	J. LEWIS	1 ..
B. BECKINGHAM	3 ..	† D. MANTELL	1 ..
A. BEYTOR	5 ..	D. MOTT	5 subjects
R. BESSANT	4 ..	I. NICHOLL	3 ..
R. BOURKE	4 ..	P. TURNEY	7 ..
† C. BUGDEN	1 subject	G. WAREHAM	3 ..
C. DAVID	5 subjects	A. WHITE	2 ..
R. DEVINE	6 ..	J. WILLATS	7 ..
		B. WOOD	6 ..

† denotes 4th Year boy. * denotes additional subjects.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

UNION OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

A. FRANCIS	8 subjects (1 Credit)	P. MORGAN	5 subjects
R. HANLON	6 .. (1 Credit)	S. MOSS	4 ..
R. HOPKINS	7 .. (1 Credit)		
J. LEWIS	5 .. (2 Credits)		

INTRODUCTORY TECHNICAL COURSE CERTIFICATES

UNION OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

TECHNICAL—PART A

R. BILLETT	R. CONIAM	C. POSTHUMUS
W. CAIN	M. EDWARDS	J. STEELE
B. CARTWRIGHT	* N. MORRIS	P. STEVENS
* M. COLLINS	D. NEAL	J. WEST
		* V. WHITEFIELD

* indicates incomplete certificate

TECHNICAL—PART B

M. BALDWIN (distinction—Maths.)	R. HANLON	
B. BALDWIN	A. HOLDSWORTH (distinction—Maths.)	
R. BEARD (distinction—Science)	R. HOPKINS (distinction—Maths.)	
L. BLOCKLEY	D. MANTELL	
C. BUGDEN	C. MARK	
N. BUNTON	P. MORGAN	
R. CHESSHER	S. MOSS	
A. CLEVETT	M. PRITCHARD (distinction—Maths.)	
R. DOMENEY (distinction—Science)	* K. WRAITH	
A. FRANCIS	A. VINE	
A. FUDGE (distinction—Maths.)	R. YOUNG	
G. GUNN		

* indicates incomplete certificate

BUILDING—PART A

T. ARRAGONES (distinction—Drawing and Geometry)	
M. GARDNER (distinction—Drawing and Geometry)	
R. JOYCE	
C. KEIR (distinction—Maths.—First place in country)	
M. KEMISH	
J. LOADER	
P. MULLINS	
* R. NORTHOVER	
C. RANDLE (Science—First place in country)	
L. SMITH (distinction—Maths.)	
J. WOODALL	

* indicates incomplete certificate

BUILDING—PART B

J. LEWIS (distinction—Drawing and Geometry)	
J. HARRISON	
* R. WALKER	

* indicates incomplete certificate



Prefects

TROPHIES

Federation of Building Employers Shield and Prize	J. LEWIS
Hampshire and Isle of Wight Architectural Association (Western Chapter) Prize	M. BARNES
"Peter May" Cup (Sprints)	I. NICOL
"Chris David" Cup (Field Events)	M. BARNES
Athletics Cup	ENSBURY
Swimming Cup	MUSCLIFFE
"David May" Cup (Soccer, Rugby and Cricket)	TALBOT
Winton Cup for Work	MUSCLIFFE

SCHOOL OUTING

Last year I went with many of my friends on the school trip to the Science Museum and Madame Tussauds. We all made our own way to Bournemouth Central Station where, when the masters had checked we were all present, we clambered aboard a train and soon we were speeding along miles of rail. As we passed Southampton we saw the Queen Elizabeth with her bows about a hundred yards from the track.

When we arrived at Waterloo Station we immediately took an underground train to the Science Museum near the Royal Albert Hall. On entering the Museum you see many flights of stairs going to the other floors. There were machines which, when you press a button, begin to work. There were iron foundries, smelting, models of famous ships, prisms and many other things. The most interesting of them all I thought was a huge pendulum hanging on a wire from the ceiling of the top floor; this pendulum was swinging to show the earth's rotation.

After about an hour and three-quarters we walked up the road a little way to Hyde Park, where we had our lunch; after, we strolled off to see the Albert Memorial.

We were soon on our way again but this time we were going to Madame Tussauds Waxworks where we saw the Royal Family, famous statesmen and many radio broadcasters. Some of us went down to see the Chamber of Horrors but when a different man came on duty he would not let some of them in without an adult. Inside were all the various tortures imposed upon people. We also saw the original guillotine blade which was used in France, and the torture of the hooks where a man is—but I'm writing this for a school magazine.

M. Harmer. 3A.

LONDON AIRPORT

One Friday in July 1960 some of the school went on a trip to London Airport. The party consisted of a hundred boys accompanied by Mr. Lindley, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Wheat. The coach left the front of the school at nine amidst a great cheer. Soon we were at Winchester where we were allowed to get out and have a look around. Stepping outside we saw the statue of King Alfred.

After taking some photographs here we returned to the coach for the next part of our journey—to Runnymede. On the way we passed Sandhurst army training college, where in the gardens we saw an 18th century cannon. After lunching at Runnymede we went to have a look around the war memorial. On the sides of the memorial there are the names of every pilot, navigator and gunner who during the war gave his life in the sky over Britain and Germany so that we might live in a free world. On the walls outside there is an inscription which reads: "They died for freedom in raids and sorties over the British Isles and the land and seas of Northern and Western Europe."

We reached the airport at 2 o'clock for a conducted tour. Whilst we were being conducted round the airport three Viscounts came in to land. In the hangars were two Comets as well as a Britannia aircraft which was being wheeled in its dispersal bay. Going back to the roof of the main building we saw a few hares dashing around in the grass on the airport boundaries. We had a first-class view of the control tower, and every five minutes there was a plane landing or taking off.

As we left the airport we went under a tunnel half a mile long. After having tea we left for the final stage of our journey back home. We reached the school at 9.15, after a most enjoyable day's outing.

M. Smith. 3A.

ADVENTURE WALK

"Suitable only for the toughest boys," read the notice announcing the Adventure Walk, "seven miles over the Dorset Cliffs." School outings take place every year, but this was something new—a journey for its own sake, a day in the country.

It was a sunny morning in July when fifty-six of the School's toughest boys and its toughest four teachers left the School for the short coach ride to Badbury Rings, our first stop. If this was familiar to most boys, Bulbarrow Hill, second highest in Dorset, was not. Much more distant was Pilsdon Pen. Dorset's highest, where we sat for lunch and looked for miles over the countryside. An hour later, near Chideock, all hopefully left the coaches and began the walk by a scramble up Langdon Hill on the way to Golden Cap, highest cliff on the south of England. Down to the beach at Seatown and up again, five hundred feet, to Thorncombe Beacon. Most were glad of the swim in a rough sea from the steeply-shelving shore at Eype Mouth, and nobody refused the hot meal brought to us there by van from Bridport. The menu had been kept a secret.

It was an easy walk, with everyone full of fish and chips (and the bathers full of sea water) over cliffs of only two hundred feet to West Bay, where our coaches waited, by now a welcome sight. Halts at Abbotsbury Hill and the Hardy Monument for views in the clear evening sunlight brought to an end our day in Dorset for 1960. But this year we are taking the same route, except that the walk is two miles longer, making nine. Sixty of the School's toughest boys have already signed on.

SCHOOL OUTING TO GREENWICH

The object of the outing was to visit at Greenwich the Royal Observatory and the Maritime Museum. The party of nearly thirty boys met at Central Station ready to depart on the 8.24 train to Waterloo. There we made our way on foot to the pier. After a short stop at a pier by the Tower of London the launch, passing Tower Bridge, reached the landing stage at Greenwich. Disembarking, the party regrouped by the "Cutty Sark." Seeing the old sailing clipper some of the party paid a nominal fee and boarded her. On the tour they saw imitation woolsacks arranged so as to give the visitor an idea of how much room the crew were allowed and how they were crammed. We went on to see the crew's quarters, the officer's quarters, the galley, and other objects and places of interest. On the tour the boys saw in the hold of the ship, arranged along both sides of her, figureheads of some of the old sailing ships.

Leaving the "Cutty Sark" we walked to the Maritime Museum, where we saw models of old steam and sailing warships of Britain, Japan, Germany, and other world powers. There were also medals, arms, old uniforms and models of men of war powered by sail, with only their ribs and bare structure to show how they had looked. Along the walls hung portraits of past admirals, and paintings of battles between the old "wooden walls." Also with the articles already mentioned were old navigating instruments, maps, and some clocks showing their mechanisms.

Boys who visited the Royal Observatory while the others rested saw old telescopes and other scientific or astronomical instruments used by members of the Royal Society, past and present. A line representing Greenwich Mean Time reminded us we were very hungry and had to catch the 6.20 train home.

B. Redmill, 4C.

THE WINTER GARDENS CONCERT

Nearly all the secondary schools in Bournemouth were represented this year at the Winter Gardens Concerts.

One of these was centred on percussion instruments. There were side drums, kettle drums (made of copper) and bass drums, giving a low-pitched sound. Besides these noisy instruments there were tambourines, which look like half drums, and a "clapper", which, when played looked like a crocodile closing its mouth. There were also castanets, gongs, cymbals and triangles.

The conductor asked some of the musicians who played the percussion instruments to give a demonstration of their scale of notes and of their uses in the orchestra. And so each man played his instrument. There were several bursts of laughter as certain instruments were played, each instrumentalist trying his best to cover the range of scales of the instrument and at the same time to make it sound pleasant. The instruments were all highly polished and glinted in the glare of a dozen or two spotlights shining down onto the stage. On the left were the violinists, on the right cellists. Behind the string instruments were the percussion players.

The music played was very interesting, and much of it stirring. Some of it I didn't like, but everyone has his own taste in music. If we listen to it we may like it : if we don't listen, we can't like it.

R. Dillon, 4A.

SCHOOL

"Wake up, son!" said a father to his sleeping boy. The child rose up from his bearskin rug to go hunting with him. (This was in the year 15,000 B.C.) The boy left the cave to go to school with his father—the teacher who was teaching him to hunt. In the same way, animals, like cats, take their young out to teach them to hunt and protect themselves.

During the stone age, if you were lucky enough to have a literate dweller in a neighbouring cave, he would probably teach you how to chip a message on a stone slab. Later on in life, lords' or squires' sons would go to manor houses nearby to learn to read and write, and to learn manners. At one time boarding schools were almost the only means of education, and these were so expensive that only the children of rich people could be taught. But in 1870 an Act of Parliament stated that new schools were to be built and every child was to attend. From then on, school buildings have steadily improved, and specialist teachers for each subject have been provided.

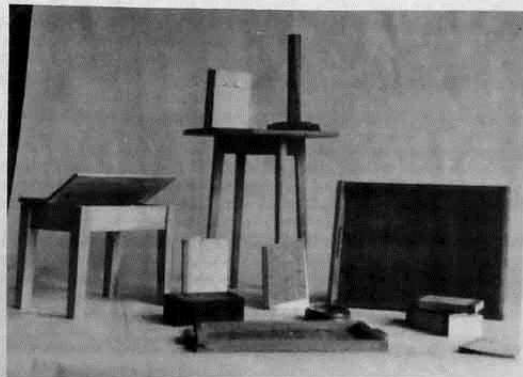
In modern times, we come to school to learn the basic parts of a subject which will help us in our future lives, and to teach us to help and teach ourselves. When I leave school, I would like to join the R.A.F. as an officer cadet and train at Henlow. For this, I shall have to pass G.C.E. in "A" level in Physics, Mathematics and English.

To-day we leave school at the age of fifteen, sixteen or seventeen and enter, or train for, our future career. Compared with the nineteenth century, this is a great improvement. In this age it is being shown that we will stay longer at school, and I would like to see a little more of this time given to making us see how our effort (or lack of effort) influences our future.

J. Davenport, 2C.



Some examples of Metalwork made in the School



Some examples of School Woodwork and Bookbinding

HEIDELBERG, 1960

Quite recently, last summer in fact, I spent a most wonderful and memorable holiday in the twelfth century university town of Heidelberg in West Germany.

It was one Monday afternoon there that I decided with two other boys to climb the highest mountain in the neighbourhood, the Konigstuhl, which reaches 1770 feet.

We set off past the 13th century castle, the glory of Heidelberg, and after passing under the funicular railway which less energetic people take to the summit, we hurried on, trying to follow our route map. A German student we met, gladly and in broken English, confirmed our direction. So, within twenty minutes we arrived at our destination to find the inevitable gift-shops and to take the equally inevitable drink of Coca-Cola "eiskalt". Refreshed, we were at last able to look round us and admire the wonderful view of Heidelberg far below, the blue river Neckar, the Odenwald and the distant Rhine plain.

It was now mid-afternoon and time to make our way towards the observation tower and observatory. For me it was a climb of one hundred and forty-six steps to rejoin my friends who had spent sixpence on the lift. From here the view was even more exciting than before. Although we knew the observatory was closed that afternoon we found we could enter the grounds; I was very keen to see at least the exterior and photograph it, and should have been very disappointed not to do so.

Then we were lucky. One of the staff spotted us through his window and invited us in. He could speak English quite fluently and explained the historic astronomical and astrophysical equipment, as well as some illuminated photographic plates and the latest apparatus for tracking satellites in orbit round the earth. Finally he took us into the dome, which he opened and revolved for us in order to show the working of the observatory's thirty-centimetre refracting telescope.

By now it was time for us to catch the funicular back to Heidelberg, so we thanked our kind astro-physicist for the wonders he had shown us. In fact, we were so impressed by what we had seen that we hardly noticed the sudden shower that followed us down to the city below.

Brian Ankers, 4G.

SAFARI TO REDHILL

One day recently we set out for Redhill Common to look for an ant colony. After separating we walked along, finding fir cones that squirrels had partly eaten, and feathers. We crossed the road and searched for a little while until a boy shouted "I've found an ants' nest!" Mr. Lawrence looked at it and decided to dig it out from a bank.

We spread a white cloth on the ground so that the ants would show up easily, shovelled some earth into it and watched them crawl out. They were the black kind. Some boys were ready with medicine bottles containing honey, which attracts them, and when enough ants were inside we sealed the bottles with cotton wool to allow them to breathe but prevent escape. Queens, which are bigger than workers, were caught separately.

When we returned to school we put them into a formicarium, which is what a box for ants is called. Some were running all over the place but we recaptured them and put in some more honey so they would not starve. Then we were able to observe them very carefully.

N. Chislett, A. March, G. Sparks, R. Cole, R1.

FOURTH YEAR BUILDING COURSE

One class has a day away from the School every week. But this is no holiday, since the boys of 4B (for Building) make their way to Shelley Park at Boscombe. There, at the Building Department of the Municipal College they follow a course in theory and practice in addition to woodwork at Winton. Two of them describe their work.

When we started at Shelley Park in September we were shown a number of bricklayers' bonds and the use of our tools. Later on we began to discuss building problems and how to overcome them, as well as doing some plastering theory.

In the practical room we made small models of different bonds with damp-proof courses and wall ties, and later we began to make more complicated models several courses high. I am not so interested in plumbing, but we still have to do it, and so far we have dealt with such things as taps, sinks and drainage for roofs. There are examples of lead bowls and other fittings made by students. Each group has a session of plumbing and brickwork alternately; they work for nine weeks and then change over.

In our fifteen minute break we can go to the canteen to buy tea and cakes. Most boys stay for the dinner provided, though some go to small restaurants in Boscombe. We can play football and roam in the park, and in fine weather there is just time to visit the beach. Shelley Park is not just like school.

W. Fazakerley, 4B.

Whatever we do in theory, in the afternoon we do the same in practical, though at first we did not do this in plumbing. At our stage we could not make good pipes or joints, and it would have been just a waste of lead, which is very expensive. We were taught how to hold and use the tools properly, and how to make a lapped joint and others. But now we are just told to do a certain job and left to get on with it, though if we get stuck we can ask our instructor for help.

It is the same in brickwork. We are given a plan and elevation of the job; first we set it out on the board and if that is correct we can start building our wall.

K. Gullan, 4B.

SCHOOL VISIT TO FORD'S AT DAGENHAM

Last year a party of Winton Senior boys visited Ford's car factory in Dagenham. After meeting at Bournemouth Central Station we caught a train to Waterloo and then a coach.

On reaching Dagenham we were surrounded with smoke, dirt and noisy machinery, not at all as clean as I expected. A guide took us round to see the steps towards the completing of a tractor. After this we circled the four-mile route round the buildings with a running commentary on the Company's history.

We now followed the guide round another part of the factory, the car section. The first machines were making doors; it surprised us that what entered the press as a sheet of metal came out as half a door. The bonnet and boot were made the same way.

These outer parts of the body were assembled and carried round on a conveyor belt; as the body continued moving so the different parts were added. We followed the course until new cars were being driven off the stands. By now our legs were tired and so we retired to a canteen for a well deserved meal.

This interesting educational visit was well worth the money and the work put into it, and will be repeated for other Winton boys, especially for those, like myself, who are on the engineering course here.

D. Hoff, 4E.

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING SCHOOL

In one way we are glad to be leaving school because we shall become independent and earn our own keep. On the other hand, we shall miss the comradeship and school activities such as swimming, rugby, soccer and other games. We shall miss those teachers who have helped us through our stay at Winton in various subjects and sports.

Some of the boys we shall miss for their friendship. They would not split on us if we were breaking school rules.

Where we are going to work we both hope to be apprentices: one at the Majestic Garage in this town and the other as an apprentice tradesman in the Royal Engineers.

R. Barnes and J. Roberts (left at Easter 1961)



MAKING A BRASS BOWL

In metalwork I made a brass bowl. First of all I cut out a circle from a sheet of brass. I then annealed it to a cherry red and quenched it in water. This heating process makes the brass malleable to beat into a dome with a pear-shape hammer. After it was the correct shape I planished it with a planishing hammer; this process makes the metal hard and gives a shine. I then filed the top flat and beat the bottom on a stake to make it stand upright, before cleaning it with metal polish.

J. Smith, 3B1.

YACHT RACING

This year I have started yacht racing for the first time, and I have sailed my boat, Ivy II in two races.

Ivy II is a sailing dinghy, 8 feet 6 inches long, and drawing 28 inches of water with the dagger plate down and 5½ inches with it up; it is in a class called Poole A.B., the A.B. standing for "Able Seaman".

I started sailing when we were on holiday in Devon. We hired a boat called Ivy, which however was not real sailing because Ivy was a motor boat. I found it so exciting that I was determined eventually to own my own boat, which would be with sails so that I could use the wind and tides. I therefore started saving all my money and with a little bit of help at Christmas I became the owner of A.B. 41, Ivy II.

I then had to start learning how to sail her and started going for lessons in the hope that by Easter Monday I would know enough about sailing to enter for my first race, and I did. The wind was very light but this could not be helped, and apart from this we had some good fun.

The winner of this race took one hour and ten minutes to complete three laps of the Blue Lagoon, which is where my boat is kept. Three boats gave up out of six, and in my first yacht race I came third.

A. Hirst, 1G.

AFLOAT

During the 1960 summer holidays I used to cycle to Sandbanks and Poole just for the fun of watching boats, cargo boats and ships coming into and going from Poole Harbour. Most times I would cycle around the Harbour to see the large cargo ships being loaded and unloaded at Poole Quay; but mostly I would go and watch, and sometimes photograph the ships as they came in and out of the extensive harbour where the ferry goes across from Sandbanks to Studland.

To come down to smaller scales of boats, my friend owns a seventeen-foot boat. He fixes an outboard to it whenever he goes out in it, and now he has built a small cabin onto it. Often my friend and I cycled down to Sandbanks, just to clean it out and to do a few minor adjustments; after these little jobs were finished we used to potter around in it, such as going from the moorings to the boathouse—which was only a matter of a hundred yards or so, but even then it was fun. Some Sundays my brother and his three friends and I used to go out of the Harbour to Shell Bay for a day's outing, or somewhere around the Harbour which was not too far away to go to. At this time my brother and his friends had their own boat, but during the violent storms last year it broke free from its mooring and it has been missing ever since.

My brother is now near completing his twenty foot motor launch, and he hopes to see it in the water this year. The main thing now is to try and buy a suitably-sized engine to fit in the space he has left for it. Since last year he and his friends have progressed very well; by this I mean they put a cabin on, built bunks in it, a toilet foreward and aft lockers, not forgetting the cabin windows which are made of perspex and are fitted in with moulded rubber.

If the boat is in the water by this summer my parents, brothers and I hope to have a holiday in it, around and about this area from the Isle of Wight to Weymouth.

D. Preece, 3A.

ANCIENT MARINER

I detest little boys. They are always throwing tree-branches into the pond to foul our propellers, and the engine over-heats. I'm sure I was never one myself.

Yet I must have been when I made my first model boat. It was an 18" patrol launch—very satisfactory, but powered by a 4½-volt electric motor and therefore very slow. Then I started going to Queen's Park pond where radio-control and diesel enthusiasts meet. Seeing their boats encouraged me to make another, this time a 20" diesel-powered launch. As gashes to my thumb proved, (from the propeller when I tried to catch the boat at the bank), it was a very fast and dangerous affair.



But again I was not fully satisfied because it seemed rather small, so the next I made was a 40" semi-scale destroyer. I used a new glue which was supposed to be water-proof, but in spite of leaving it to set for two weeks instead of the twenty minutes recommended, the model was not a success. It has been in the water a few minutes when I noticed water inside the hull; the glue was soft and the boat began to split at its joints. This was a great disappointment, and I have never rebuilt it because Dad suggested making a boat, the plan of which was given with the 'Model Maker'.

This was a very stylish, modern 28" boat of 1/12 scale. Now it is complete (with glue that is really waterproof), and I have decided it fit it with radio control. A friend has already made me a transmitter and I am saving for the receiver and control gear. I am looking forward to the day when I shall be launching it again, this time under radio control. But no tree-branches, please, little boys!

R. Jenkins, 3A

HOUSE-BOAT

The most exciting holiday I ever had was when we lived for two weeks on a house-boat. It was four-berth with an observation cabin at the bow; it had electricity, and was painted blue and white.

The night we arrived there was heavy rain which continued for four days. During this time the water level rose sixteen feet, and every morning flotsam could be seen on the river. Our small runabout motor boat could not be used because the heavier flotsam could capsize it, so we could not reach dry land, but fortunately we had arranged for stores to be brought and put on the boat before we arrived.



Some examples of Pottery made in the school

After the first week the weather began to clear and the floods subsided. Swallows dived and skimmed over the water, but large petrol tankers would disturb the peace, rocking our boat violently as they passed. Often we went fishing, and sometimes returned with a fish large enough to give all four of us a good meal.

The most scaring experience was when my father and I set out to explore the river in our motor boat. We headed upstream and were just watching our house-boat vanish in the distance when the motor came to a stop. Unfortunately, coming downstream was a large petrol tanker. With our two spare paddles we began to paddle as hard as we could to reach the bank, but the tanker was too near and the wash from the bow made our boat pitch dangerously. By this time we could see the house-boat so we drifted downstream to safety. G. Lawley, 4E.

JOURNEY THROUGH A THOUSAND YEARS

It may surprise you to know that my hobby is visiting the remains of a three-thousand-year-old civilisation. Before the Roman conquest the chalk downs of Wessex were more cultivated, and have relics in a more concentrated form, than any other area in our islands. A walk can take you through many cultural periods—from Neolithic (late Stone Age; 2,500-1900) to the great defensive earth-works of the Iron Age (B.C. 450-A.D. 43), like Maiden Castle. Recently I visited four prehistoric sites, all connected with the religion of our ancient ancestors over three thousand years ago.

Among the high rolling downs west of the Roman City of Durnovaria, now Dorchester, was a great complex of prehistoric life; on the crests of the high chalk scarps are over a hundred round barrows, some hill forts, many long barrows, two chambered tombs, and three stone circles. A visit to the circles I found most interesting, and it involved me in unspoilt countryside.



GREY MARE
AND HER COLTS
(Remains of Burial Chamber)

Close to the main Bridport-Dorchester road at Winterbourne Abbas is Nine Stones, a very small stone circle which is believed to have had originally ten stones. I found this sacred site more interesting than its two neighbours. Its sarsens (blocks of natural stone found scattered over the chalk downs—derived from a Latin word meaning foreigner) which here have a resemblance to concrete, range from one to about seven feet high. The diameter of the circle is about twenty-five feet—certainly not more than thirty; (for comparison the diameter of the outer sarsen circle at Stonehenge is about a hundred feet.)

The other two stone circles are not accessible and involve a walk. An excellent starting point is White Hill, five hundred feet above Abbotsbury. The sign indicates a path, but all I could find was an uncultivated margin between the field and hedge, leading to Tenants Hill. There, about one and a half miles from the road, is another sacred site, like Nine Stones an Ancient Monument, called Kingston Russell Stone Circle. All the stones are fallen and the circle has a diameter of seventy to eighty feet.

On the way back from this site to the road, on the right, I found the stones of the Grey Mare and Her Colts standing out in their prominent position. These are the remains of a chambered long barrow, the stones being what is left of a rectangular burial chamber which was originally covered by earth and chalk. Incidentally this site is Neolithic and five hundred to a thousand years earlier than the circles.

Across the road is the stone circle on Hampton Down, but it is better reached from the farm on Portesham Hill, where permission may be obtained to visit it, about a mile away. This site consists of about sixteen stones with a diameter of only half that of the last site. Docks and other plants grow up amongst the stones, which are not very large. When I was up on this lovely open down 680 feet high, the sea below shimmered golden in the setting sun, from this distance apparently calm as a mill pond.

The three stone circles I have just mentioned all belong to the cultural period called the Bronze Age and were erected about 1,600 to 1,000 B.C. Their purpose was basically religious and they were objects which, even long after the coming of Christianity, were regarded with awe and wonder. It should be emphasized that no stone circle had originally the smallest connection with the druids, whose cult was introduced when most of the stone circles had been standing a thousand years.

Today only the solitary explorer or a lost Rambler—I was the former—comes upon these sacred sites which over three thousand years ago were the centres of the communities that existed on the now barren and deserted chalk downs. They are the remains of a religion which flourished in England up to the Roman conquest, and died with the coming to our shores of Christianity. They show that, through time, religions change; and these remnants lie forgotten and deserted until some archaeologist tries to find a few clues to what happened there, generations beforehand.

R. Laggan, 3G.

BY JET FROM CANADA

On a sunny Thursday morning six people plus four suitcases and boxes piled into a taxi. We were off! After two hours of this cramped driving we arrived at St. John's Airport where we boarded a plane for Halifax. This was our first air experience. The sight that met our eyes was breathtaking. We could see the coastline and snow-covered hills for miles, and ice-covered lakes sparkled in the glowing sun; before we knew it the plane had descended and landed at Halifax airport.

Our jet was delayed for about four hours so we had to wait in the wonderful new airways terminal building which is one of the finest in Canada.

Finally at 4 a.m. we boarded the DC 8, powered by Rolls-Royce engines. As the jet took off down the runway all we could see were the flickering lights whizzing by in the darkness. We ascended approximately six miles, as we were told once we were up in the air. About half an hour after take-off we flew into daylight. Down below us the clouds looked like small snow banks built on top of each other.

It took four and a half hours to reach Prestwick, Scotland. There we found the weather mild and the children playing out in green fields, whereas just a short time beforehand we had left snow banks and sub-zero weather.

Once the passengers were unloaded we took off for London, a trip of forty minutes. When we landed our first hunt was for hot food, for we had not eaten a good meal for two days. After this we headed for Waterloo station where we boarded a train for Bournemouth. We were quite groggy as in our excitement we had forgotten to sleep, so this last lap of our trip was spent in dreams.

G. Cotton, 2B

SATURDAY'S ADVENTURE

On Saturday morning about ten o'clock, my dad came in from work and asked me if I would like to go on a boat trip with him as his cox'n. Of course I laughed but said I would like to go, so about ten-thirty dad's friend came round in his motor-bike and sidecar.

We said goodbye to mum, and set off for Christchurch. At Christchurch we found our boat, put all the sandwiches and coffee in it and embarked for Poole. Soon we were through the "run" and heading out to sea. About a mile out waves began to pound against the bow and then all of a sudden came a huge, great, green, foamy wave, thirty or forty feet high.

When we had passed Hengistbury Head, we could see straight ahead of us in the distance, Boscombe Pier. In about fifteen minutes' time we reached it, and I had a turn at steering. Dad said I was steering for half an hour, but it seemed only ten minutes.

Very soon we were just passing the ferry with all its cars and people on board. She only just made it across because a big tanker came steaming out of the harbour. We tied the boat up at Salterns Pier and came home. It had taken us two hours.

M. Tanner, 1A.

RIDING THE TRACK

One day three or four years back my father took me to Poole Speedway and there I heard of the Tatnam Tigers and Tudors Cycle Speedway Club and became interested in Cycle Speedway as well as Motor Cycle Speedway. In those days at the bottom end of my road there were woods with rough paths between them. My father and I made a track bike so that I could ride there. We did not have any programmes, emblems or such like; and with the Corporation's building on the site, the cycle speedway stopped there.

About a year or less after Ian Mellows introduced me to Keith Vatter and his friend Mike Coughlan, both of whom were keen on Cycle Speedway, and together with a few other boys we made up a small Cycle Speedway Club. But soon more boys came to our club and so we decided to make emblems and chose a yellow star on a blue back-ground. We also made programmes and a starting gate. Mike and I rode over to Poole to collect a bike for me, as I had got rid of my previous one. I painted it up and made it as good as possible but still it was not the best of track bikes.

On my birthday of that year I received a proper Phillips track bike with a low gear for better starting, a track tyre on the back wheel for good grip and a thin wheel for better grip at the front, as well as many other improvements. I found I could ride a lot better and in doing so, outrode our star rider Mike Coughlan now and then.

As I was improving I decided to join the Tatnam Tigers and Tudors Cycle Speedway Club at Poole, and to my surprise it was a shale track and easier to ride than our old loose dirt track at Wallisdown. I was not up to the standard of the Tigers or, for that matter, even the Tudors, who were the lower team of the two. I paid my subscriptions every week and as I did not get any rides I thought about packing up cycle speedway at Poole, until Andy Bright, the organiser and Tiger rider, asked if I would ride in a Junior meeting and I was glad because it might show me up.

On arriving there I took the brakes off my bike and had a run round the track before the meeting started. I lined up on the starting grid and was positioned on the outside. I had a bad start but taking the bend on the inside managed to overtake the boy in third position. Then he rammed my back and I took a tumble. After picking myself up I inspected my bike to find that the back wheel was badly buckled and completely unrideable. I had to walk home from Poole and so decided to pack up riding there.

I kept riding at Wallisdown with my friends, and I am still riding occasionally on Saturdays.

A. Dunesby, 3A.

WINNING A PENNANT

The National Cycling Proficiency Test is something that every boy should go in for if he has a bicycle.

Last year, the proficiency training ground was at the Drill Hall, Lansdowne Road. There we practised steering a smooth course among some blocks set approximately two feet apart. Our cycles were checked over and we were trained to stop quickly without skidding and having an accident.

Our headmaster advises boys of Winton school to join the Proficiency Club and pass with good marks. I passed the test with ninety-two per cent and honours, and one boy even achieved ninety-five per cent. After passing this test at the police station at the Lansdowne, we were presented with a pennant to fix on our cycles, a badge for our blazers, and a certificate to prove that we have passed as approved by the Ministry of Transport and the Secretary of State for Scotland. The Proficiency test takes four weeks' practice for smart boys.

F. J. Humble, 2C.

CYCLING PROFICIENCY INSTRUCTOR

The most important part of the Cycling Proficiency Examination is the knowledge of how to maintain your cycle in order and roadworthy for daily use. Brakes and tyres should be regularly checked and if there is a minor fault it should be corrected immediately. You also have to cycle among various obstacles in order to prove your skill. Part of the examination is the right-hand turn and this is the part on which most people fail. It is important that you do not cut the bend as you move into the major road.

I like most of all the inspection of cycles. If you find a minor or major fault the person concerned always says "I have just adjusted that part of the cycle before I left."

If and when you pass the examination you are awarded a pennant for your cycle and a lapel badge. If you wish you can then go on a six week course in order to become an instructor. The course involves a lot of work, but then you may finally pass out as a junior instructor. This means you travel around the various schools with the senior instructors, and attend meetings of the Road Safety League and some Police meetings. I enjoy doing this work with the Christian Road Safety League.

B. Rawlings, 4A.

A COSTLY NUISANCE

Our cat is a fifteen shilling a week cat. Every day he gets one shilling and sixpence worth of ox liver from the butcher's plus innumerable tins of cat food. We trip over him and chase him round the house until we are breathless. We waste saucers of carefully-warmed milk on him and we comb him each night—well, nearly every night. Why?

As long as I can remember we have had an animal "knocking about," and when our last cat died it just did not seem right without something to nurse and fuss. When our present cat, "Gainsley Beauty" as his name appears on his pedigree, dies, we shall probably get another. My father has become conditioned to an animal and so has my mother; so probably we shall always be fifteen shillings a week out of pocket.

Many people do not see the value of a pet. We could enter our cat in shows if we wanted to, but he would have to be kept out of sunlight because he is a black persian. After bathing in the sun he has become faded to grey, blue and brown. But the true value of a pet is when it starts licking you and purring rather than in winning prizes in shows.

A. Mangan, 2G.

SUCCESSFUL PHOTOGRAPHY

One day when I was about ten years old, my sister gave me her camera. I was very pleased with it, as the next day I was going on a school trip to Bristol. The camera was a "Kodak", and that evening my father instructed me on how to use it.

The next day was dark and overcast. I was most upset as I did not have a very fast film. My father told me if I wanted to take an exposure inside a building I would have to rest the camera on something firm.

I was in the monkey house when I saw a perfect view—a monkey was fast asleep. It was fairly dark so I set the camera: click! "One—two—three" I counted ten seconds—click! During the time exposure, no-one had knocked the camera, and when I developed the roll of film it resulted in a very clear photograph.

I have now a new camera and a primitive home-made enlarger. Developing film for yourself is much more fun (and far more economical) than having it processed at a chemist. The hardest part is putting it in the developing tank, but this can be accomplished with a lot of practice. Time and temperatures are very important. When your film is developed it should, after drying, be cut and put in a flat book for protection, as a slight finger mark or scratch will show up on enlargement. If you are using 35mm film you must be most careful as this must always be enlarged, unless you are dealing in colour. The cupboard under the stairs is ideal for a dark room but if you live in a bungalow as I do, you will have to find another suitable place. A bathroom is a good place, with the windows blacked out. This method should be used after dark as a modern film is very sensitive to light. An inch or two of water is advisable in the bottom of the bath so that the chemicals will not harm the surface. Old clothes should be worn as any developer will make brown marks on them which are impossible to get out. A few precautions like these will smooth the way of photography at home.

M. Brown, 3A.

THE VALLEY

From my height well above the hollowed basin of the valley, I noticed gaunt and stark the alpine heights of the hills, and the mellowed colour of the fields which intermingle with every colour imaginable. Intangible mists of early morning surround one with a humid cloak.

Russet and green leaves blow around on the trees, echoing a sound, a never resting sound of mournfulness. In the morning light, leap red rays, grasping for a higher altitude forever gaining height. Then it seems to fall away again, leaving the land in the black cloak of night. But now with the mists disappearing, the world around has sprung to life.

There may be places on earth as fresh in spring as the valley, with its river hurrying through; but there can be none more beautiful. The valley is so blandly open, so mildly, gentle soft. The hills lie back; then there are the slightly rising fields, tawny ploughland, green pasture, and then within them in the floor of the valley, the water meadows, and through them the river. Its pebbles could be counted, its weeds are sharply green, the willows line the banks, young and slender, the inky clouds pile the sky, massing and passing, obscuring and leaving the pure, high blue.

The plum blossom is already white in the sunlight of this early spring. Pigeons are nesting in the orchards, and in the big ashes the rooks have established an outpost, where from dawn to twilight the warm, rough tussle of them never ceases.

The house lies under the humpy, looming shelter of the hill, northwards of it, and in the cosy cluster of the village is protected from the bluster of the south-west wind. There is a softness in the air, and the temperature for January has risen as the sun climbs higher into the sky.

Down in the river, the gossipy coot sails around demurely, looking for a tasty weed, or insect, to whet its appetite. And, further down the river, an angler waits patiently for an unwary fish to take the hook and bait.

A snaking road leads down the side of a gentle slope, then turns sharp left to cross a small stone bridge where a river flows under. Amid the blossom-laden trees, cows pull the lush, green grass in the water-meadows, where cowslips, bluebells and primroses reach their heads towards the sunlight.

The sheep have cropped the grass in the meadows and high fields, and with their shepherd and dog, move on towards fresh pasture. One could look, watch and wonder on all in this valley—of infinite smallness to the rest of the world, but disclosing the greatest secrets of the spring.

P. Hewitt, 3A.

OUR BOMB

I was on a weekend hike at Burley with our Scout Troop. We had just spent the night in the Burley Troop Scout Hut and now we were ready for the hike into Ringwood where we could catch a bus home.

The morning was beautiful and my friend and I walked on ahead of the other Scouts; as we passed through the village we paused to look back at the scout hut in which we had slept. During the journey to the moors along the

road we were amazed at the quietness of the countryside as compared to the hustle and bustle of Bournemouth.

We finally reached the railway bridge that was our objective and from there we split up into two patrols. We were then told to make our way to one point and the two Scouters who were with us, set out ahead.

Whilst we were crossing the moor we were told by our patrol leaders to head for a certain landmark and from there look for another. The short heather was all right, but when we encountered some gorse bushes it was not very comfortable, especially as we were wearing shorts. As we walked through the heather we came upon a partridge sitting motionless about a foot away.

We were walking through the heather when I came upon the tail fin of a bomb. This was not unexpected because the army had had a camp near here during the Second World War. I picked it up and placed it in my rucksack and walked on with the other boys. As we walked along we kept our eyes open for any more fins, and as we walked past a pool of water about six inches deep, Bruce and I spotted a piece of metal in the water. Bruce said that it was an old bottle but I, for a joke, said that it was a bomb. After a little argument we decided to fish this mysterious object out of the pool to find out what it was. Neither of us was going to put his hand in the water to fish it out—just in case. We used our staves and hit it about in a vain attempt to lever the object out. After our failure to get the object out that way, Bruce suggested resting our sticks under it and lifting it out that way. This succeeded and on the bank lay—a bomb!

After the initial shock had worn off we looked at the bomb with inquisitive looks on our faces: I had an "I told you so" look on mine. We surveyed the bomb for a few minutes and then our patrol leader marked its position on our map. Someone then made the cheerful remark that we could be blown up very easily, so we retreated a hundred yards or so and stood discussing it. No-one was going to knock it back in the pool—that was certain—so we left it there with the idea that we would report it to the police.

On the way back we found some rifle cartridge cases but those were unimportant compared with our finding the bomb. It was reported to the police and then we walked all the way back to Bournemouth with something exciting to report to our families instead of the usual routine.

R. Woodley, 4A.

GETTING UP

A well-known author said that getting up requires effort but only some occasions justify it. I quite agree with this: getting up does require effort especially on a freezing morning when you are lying in a warm, cosy bed, snuggled under the blankets and eiderdowns and with two hot water bottles, one at your feet and one at your chest. Anyone who could hop out of bed, run into the bathroom and have a cold shower must be a real spartan.

I cannot think of anything that I would get up for except my birthday or Christmas day; then I would be up at half-past six, cold or no cold. The writer says, "Early to bed, early to rise." Now, who wants to go to bed as soon as it gets dark when there is television, cinema and other activities that can be seen or done under artificial light? In the 18th century people used to go to bed as soon as it became dark and wake up when the sun rose, because when it became dark they could not see to do anything and there was no reason for staying up late as there is in modern times.

William Cobbett said that to lag in bed was against nature; I cannot think of anyone who is natural. For example, it is natural not to have a haircut, but everyone does have one, so no one is natural; if no one is natural we can then lag in bed if we like. I am not natural so I like to lag in bed, as most people do, but two things stop me doing so. The first is my mother and the second is the worst of all, a thing no unreasonable boy likes—school.

K. Pottinger, 2C.

LIFE IN A BLOCK OF FLATS

I live in a block of flats and my mother and father are the managers. Life never stops changing as new people come and go, so that I meet a lot of them. Some are quite grumpy, but the majority of them are happy people.

Recently we made an extra flat on the basement, and it is entirely self-contained. We put a lot of work into it and most of our spare time went into decorating. As the numbers are all wrong, we changed them to what they should be and on flat nineteen my father put the nine upside-down and so he had to rub it off and start again.

We never stop moving furniture out or in and then paint a chair or something. Sometimes I have to fix new locks and door handles on the doors, and often I go out and buy them straight away. This is a nuisance because I nearly always have something to do or am doing something new. I have often done electrical work in the flats as well, such as fixing up lights when the wire is too old.

One day I bought a radio from a junk shop for one pound. I had to put a plug and new wire on it, but in the end I found that it worked perfectly. I was very pleased of course and I have it in my bedroom next to my bed. As we wanted to hear it in the living-room I had to get some more wire and also a loudspeaker.

When we have the heating on in the winter we use a lot of coke on the boiler which warms up the hot water and also the radiators. We shovel in from the backyard about two hundredweight of coke per day, and this in turn gets shovelled onto the fire. But in the summer the heating is not on and we take a little less exercise.

K. James, 4A.

THE BEST POLICY

It was really the teacher's idea—though he didn't know it. At a school I attended he had been talking about jobs and careers when we left. The class was very interested, especially in the working business of an insurance company, and we decided on some practical education: we formed an insurance company.

The firm was called the P.A.W.N. and D. Insurance Company, the initials of its directors—Pete, Alan, Wally, Neill and Derry. Policy holders had to pay a premium of a penny a day for a five-day week, or sixpence including Saturdays; (it was that kind of school). Benefits were generous: sixpence and fourpence respectively for a caning and a slipping, threepence for a page of writing and twopence per half-hour's detention.

In spite of paying these large sums in compensation, by the end of term we made a gross profit of four shillings and sevenpence, allowing total of elevenpence in fees and dividends for each director. It was just what the boys needed in that school, but we shouldn't get enough business here.

D. Hopkins, 3C.

AN ARABIAN MARKET

While we were in Tripoli we visited two very interesting markets. One day we were wandering about the hotel court-yards, rather at a loss for what to do, when one of the hotel staff told us that there was a camel market every Friday at a little Arab town called Suk-el-Jamah, just outside Tripoli, so we decided to go there. We travelled most of the way by a bus which was very dirty and had only one deck. There were only a few of these buses running now and then, and they were all packed with people. We had to get out at a bus stop on the way for there the bus took a different turning. We were very kindly picked up by an American lady in a large car. She said that we should be very careful what we did, as a week before the Arabs had been stoning the white people. Although we ourselves did not have any difficulty, many people had had trouble.

The camel market was not, as we thought, just a place for selling camels. There were also many Arabs selling pots and pans, herbs, rope, rabbits, fruit, trays, dates, mats and baskets. In the market also were bulls, sheep, cows and goats. At first we could not find our way to the camel mart and were surprised at the size of the beasts. We were rather frightened as we had heard how they kick, for they are very bad tempered. Mother in trying to touch one was very nearly bitten.

I tried to take some photographs of the camels, but the people in charge of them shouted and frantically waved their arms. We wandered in and out of what seemed high walls of legs until our temporary guide brought us to where spices and nuts and fruit were laid out on the ground. Here people were shouting at the tops of their voices and everything was noisy and crowded. Several people tried to make us buy various colourful fruits. Here we were able to take a few moving pictures of the many differently-coloured people and stalls.

Lastly we went to where rope, baskets and pots were being sold. The pots were made of red clay and were of different shapes and sizes; many were rather comical because of their queer shapes. We nearly brought one back as a souvenir but we expected that it would crack before we got it back home. We did not spend much time on the straw and rope, but did buy a basket made of straw.

We soon found that it was nearly lunch time, for the sun was so hot. As we were to go back in time for lunch at the Del Mahari, our hotel, we paid our guide and were taken back by one of our fellow-guests, an Italian.

S. Jewitt, 3B2.

DANCE NIGHT

On the afternoon of Easter Monday I remembered I had forgotten that I was going to a dancing party that evening and I was going to meet a friend there. The party started at eight o'clock but I arrived at seven thirty just to be on the safe side. Although I arrived at the hall half an hour before it was due to start, several couples were dancing together to the Latin-American beat of a cha-cha. I strolled across the floor to where Keith, one of my friends, was sitting. "Hi, Keith," I exclaimed, "how long have you been here?"

"Not long," he replied, "have you seen Paul?"

Going over to the door to see if any more of my friends were about, I noticed that there were not many people in the hall; it was still early and that more people would be arriving later. Although the party had not officially opened, people were dancing to the strains of a waltz. The main lights were not on but wall lamps glowed softly around the room. I glanced at the wall clock and saw that it was ten past eight and now more people had arrived and were sitting together talking.

The hall had a pleasant atmosphere and I felt like dancing. I went to where a few of my acquaintances were talking together, and joined them. During the next half hour I had several dances and a few bottles of "Coca-Cola" and enjoyed myself immensely. At the end of the hour the hall and floor were practically full, and cigarette smoke filled the air with a blue haze.

My friend and I went into a second hall across the foyer where jive was being played and pairs were swinging everywhere. The hot tempo of the music made me want to jive with all the others and so I did again. Then an "Acker Bilk" jazz disc was put on the turntable of a record player and everyone seemed to swing all the faster until the record reached its final blaring climax and the pairs jived to a halt, breathless.

Breathless too, and calling my friend Clifford, I strolled into the other room for a "coke." I went to a chair and moving off someone's packet of crisps, sat on it (on the chair, that is); two of my friends, who were sitting next to me were talking to some girls they knew. I joined in with the conversation and soon knew them quite well.

At about ten o'clock the climax of the party had been reached and several competitions were over. I had a few more dances and a couple more drinks and then it was half-past ten and the main lights went out. A powerful searchlight-bright spot turned on and couples danced across the floor to a quickstep while balloons drifted slowly down from the ceiling to be burst as they came within reach of the crowd.

Then eleven o'clock struck and the party was over, and bunches of people, young and old, straggled their way out through the entrances in a strange half-light. My evening out was over.

C. Foster, 3A.

AROUND THE WORLD IN TWO HOURS

Yes! That is just what Echo I does. Looking in my cyclopaedia I found it was launched on the 11th August, 1960 and has been circling the earth about twelve and a quarter times a day. It travels at sixteen thousand miles an hour.

I wonder how many miles a day it travels? Ah—three hundred and eighty-four thousand miles a day! I can't believe it—yes, that must be right. Its orbit is one thousand miles away from the earth where there is no air.

Looking at the diagram, then the index, I discovered that this artificial satellite is made of plastic, covered with a thin layer of aluminium and is a hundred feet in diameter. As I read about the satellite I found that its orbit was inclined and its position in the sky moves owing to the earth's rotation. After watching it several times I have noticed it always starts in the west and slowly moves towards the east.

It was a clear night and I could see it twinkling in the sky just like a bright star, but after positioning it against other stars I could see it moving. I saw it at eight o'clock when it lasted for six minutes, starting in the west and fading out overhead. It is worth looking out for because one day you may be on one.

B. Taylor, 2C.



By courtesy of the Evening Echo, Bournemouth.

Winners of Recorder Ensemble Class, Bournemouth Music Competitions Festival, July 1960, with Mr. Marshall who trained them.

THE YEAR IN SPACE

Since The Mitre last appeared school work has continued much as usual, but in space there have been many discoveries. Russia and America have both put up rockets with dogs, mice and monkeys and have brought them safely back again.

Then the Russians sent a rocket to Venus, but they seem to have lost control of it. Now, on April 11th, they sent a man into space and brought him back after eighty-nine minutes; in this Major Gagarin orbited the earth once. I think this is almost unbelievable and I would not like to go.

J. Neal, 2A.

HOME GROWN

For the past two years Associated Television has put on a programme called "Home Grown." The idea of this programme was to find local talent on such things as singing, dancing, instrument playing, etc.

For a joke I thought I'd send a letter to "Home Grown" to ask them for an audition. Much to my surprise I received a reply a few days later, telling me that I could have an audition. So for the next few days I spent much of my spare time practising the songs that I had chosen to sing. I also had a bright blue jacket made for myself to wear at the audition.

After two long weeks, the time came for my audition, so I packed up my song copies and jacket and made my way to St. Peter's Hall, Bournemouth. Three of my friends accompanied me.

When we arrived we were shown to a waiting room, from which I could hear the other men, women and children having their audition. There were five people in front of me, waiting to be auditioned, but gradually my turn came nearer and nearer; as it did so, my knees started knocking, my legs started shaking, and my heart started beating louder and faster. The thought of singing in front of a dozen people or so frightened me.

But, of course, eventually my turn came. A lady greeted me with a warm smile and enquired, "Cedric Thomas?" "Yes", I replied in a shaky voice, to which she said, "Will you follow me, please"

My friends wished me luck, I picked up my equipment, then as slowly as it were possible, I followed my guide. Having reached the church hall I was told to put my jacket on, show my songs to the pianist and then to stand by the microphone, and sing.

The next few minutes were horrible. My legs were like rubber, my voice was shaky, everybody was staring. Between you and me I felt like going home. Still, I had a go at singing the two songs and although I didn't do too well on the first, I was congratulated on the second song.

After the singing the smiling lady took my address and said that I was to expect a letter which would tell me if I was good enough to go on television. To which I said, "Thank you—goodbye."

As I left the hall my friends were waiting for me, and although they said that I was very good (so did Mr. Peter Haigh), I'm afraid I was not quite good enough to go on television. Still, I'll have another go at the competition when it comes to Bournemouth again and I'll tell you how I get on then.

C. Thomas, 4C.

JUST DIGGING

Much of my spare time is spent in delving—really delving—into archaeology. This is a science which tries to piece together human history from the things which ancient peoples left behind them.

Close to this is paleontology—the study of fossils. Interest in this began for me on a visit to an uncle in London who gave me some helpful information and specimens. Now I have about twenty of them, the best a fossil fish skeleton.

So far my only expedition has been to Barton-on-Sea, where fossils are easy to find; on the Dorset coast, Chapman's Pool and Kimmeridge are good places. Soon I hope to join a club.

K. Dalton, 3B1

JUST PEOPLE

Have you ever wondered about people and why they behave as they do? Why it they develop a certain walk, a certain way of speaking, a special way of dress and hairstyle, and most important of all their manners? Is it because of the way they are treated when they are young or the way they were mistreated at school?

As most of us must have noticed about ourselves, (unless we're crazy and then we wouldn't have noticed), we have certain habits, mostly bad—speaking from experience of course. Sometimes we're nasty and cruel and just plain selfish and sometimes we're thoughtful and helpful.

The majority of people are the latter, I hope, but there are always one or two (and in the case of motorists a lot more), different. But there is always a humorous side to everything. Take the busy town with its main street. You're in a car and you see an empty parking space; its either you or other car and its nearly always someone else that gets it.

Everyone seems to be in a hurry nowadays, what with the fast cars on the road and motorbikes. Try going through Boscombe on Saturday; and whether you're on the road, on the pavement, or in the shops, its blue murder trying to get where you want in time. People always seem to be in your way and you often feel like letting off steam but something stops you from doing it. People are funny.

G. White, 3A.

DIG MAN DIG!

A few months ago four of us went bait digging at Poole, two of us with forks tied to our bicycles. I was one of the fork carriers. We also took tins and haversacks to put our proposed "one thousand five hundred" ragworms in.

When we had all arrived at Poole, we found that the tide was in and Steve Palmer's tide-plotting was out! We waited, looked and wondered for half an hour until we observed that the water was slowly retreating. Armed with our forks and tins we plodded out into thick, grey mud. The way to work is to spot a hole made by a worm and then dig furiously—at least that is the method we use. The professionals who dig for a living make a big moat and dig out worms from inside.

A ragworm is nine inches or a foot long and it is in segments of a quarter of an inch. Its is greenish grey with tinges of dull red, and at one end is a pair of small nippers. A 'king' ragworm can give a nasty nip if annoyed. After about half an hour of searching we had five ragworms and thirty mullet worms, as well as several unidentified species. When it was time to pack up at about six o'clock we found we had fifteen ragworms and sixty mullet worms; the latter were useless so we threw them away.

We all rode home with about four ragworms each and I had in addition bent prongs and a broken handle on my fork. We'll go to the shop next time.

A. Mangan, 2G.

PUNCTURE IN MY POCKET

"Here, Bert, I've got a puncture!" I announced, wheeling my prize scrap collection into the repair shop.

"Won't be a mo'," a voice drifted in. The repair shop held a fascination for me, I realised, as I scanned it. The smell of rubber attracted my envious attention to the new bicycles glinting even in the poor light of Bert's dusty old shop.

"Let's be having 'e," said Bert, his plump form appearing at the door. "Like to wait ...?" he motioned towards my bike.

"Okay!"

Speedily Bert set to work. "Look 'e here!" he exclaimed.

"Can't see anything," I replied.

"That's just it—there ought to be a brake. And that's not all. The gear toggle's gone, so's the free wheel and the ..."

I pressed thirty shillings into his greasy hand. "Will that cover the expenses?" I asked.

"Yes, I know. When the bobby comes the bike runs perfectly," called Bert. I closed the door. "Phew! That was an expensive puncture," I murmured to myself as I walked home. "I'll repair my own next time." B. Prosser, 2G.

FORM PRIZES

LOWER SCHOOL

Attainment	Progress
R1 S. MORETT	C. BELL
1B P. KERR	J. PARSONS
1A P. BELFORD	D. HORTLOCK
1G S. FRY	B. TAYLOR
R2 T. MORGAN	M. NICHOLLS
2C K. HOCKEY	P. COLLINS
2B2 R. LAWRENCE	J. DAVIES
2B1 W. FOOT	M. BROWN
2A N. WEST	N. CHURCHILL
2G J. BOUDREAU	A. BARRATT
R3 M. WILKINS	D. GRANT

UPPER SCHOOL

3C R. BURGESS
3B2 M. TYLER
3B1 J. LANGDON
3A T. PARKER
3C B. ANKERS
4M1 D. BLANCHARD
4T W. CAIN
4G D. MANTELL
5T R. HOPKINS
5G J. BARCLAV

NEATNESS

1st Year C. ALLEN (1A)	3rd Year D. GULLIFORD (3G)
2nd Year K. COLF (2C)	4th Year R. BILLET (4T)

SUBJECT PRIZES

Art M. BALDWIN	Metalwork M. BARNES
Biology and Chemistry J. WILLIAMS	Physical Education I. NICOL
English A. FRANCIS	Physics P. TURNEY
French R. DEVINE	Religious Education R. SMITH
Geography B. WOOD	Technical Drawing M. EDWARDS
Mathematics C. DAVID	Woodwork M. GARDNER

SPECIAL PRIZES (FOR U.E.I. RESULTS)

C. Keir Mathematics	C. RANDLE Science
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AID TO THE EDITOR!

Collecting material each year for the new Mitre is a very difficult job. Boys seem very modest about their adventures and achievements, so that the Editor has to spend hours in the detection and cultivation of articles. He keeps his ear to the ground and his shoulder to the wheel. Please support him in this uncomfortable attitude.

What should we see if we could look back fifty years to January 9th, 1911? A new school stands beside the gravel roadway, later to be named Coronation Avenue in honour of the still uncrowned King George V. It looks across empty land towards St. Catherine's Hill. There is a smell of clean paint and a shine of varnish on brown wood, and enough window space in the rooms as to cause serious concern, to those who know, over the pupils' health.

These children are certainly favoured to be attending the new Borough's newest school. In their flat caps, grey jerseys and nailed boots, the boys regard



Royal Welch Fusiliers drilling in front of the School in the Spring of 1915.
The track in the foreground is Queen Mary Avenue

the stern but kindly eye of Mr. Hawkes; the girls, with pigtailed, long, white pinafores and elastic-sided boots, await the first bell and Miss Baillie; the infants, escorted by parents or elder brothers and sisters along the muddy lanes of Moordown and over the heathland from Redhill, will be received by Miss Young.

It is unlikely that any have come by tram, though the fare would be only a halfpenny. Tramcars rumble from the Square every twelve minutes, passing the Talbot Woods which stretch away from Wimborne Road towards the open country. From the Lansdowne, too, cars reach as close as to the school as Laundry Road. And the Corporation will issue workmen's tickets at certain hours to "Artizans, Mechanics, and Daily Labourers, when travelling to or from their work only."

The Education Committee is listed in Mate's Bournemouth Directory immediately below the Distress Committee and above the Lunatic Asylums Committee. Its income is the product of a ninepenny rate—nearly half the Poor Rate. The General Rate, at 3/- in the pound, is likely to rise again.

School-leaving age is thirteen, with the prospect for boys of work in a small business, the Army or Navy (cavalry or a new battleship if they are lucky) or perhaps labouring work on a farm at Kinson in Dorset; many girls will go into domestic service. Long working hours (few shops close before eight), allow little spare time, but there are the Boy Scouts, founded after a camp at Brownsea Island four years ago. And boys between 14½ and 16 are admitted to the Gordon Boys Messenger Corps, where "they can be engaged at moderate charges for household work, drawing bath chairs, conveying luggage, etc."

And what are they talking about, these children of 1911, to whom a flying machine is the sight of the year, and the wireless telegraph an incredible wonder? The Coronation, fixed for June 22nd, is the talk of the country. The Westover Palace and Ice Rink has been open for nearly a year, and the West Undercliff Promenade for six months. Last July there were several days of celebrations for the town's centenary. A Bournemouth Municipal Choir is to give its first concerts in the autumn. Parents, perhaps, are reading Mr. Asquith's speeches promising reform of the House of Lords. The newspapers report a "siege" six days ago in Sidney Street in the East End of London; and news has just arrived by telegraph of an earthquake in Eastern Russia. Recently a prize of £4000 for a flight of 177 miles has been won by Mr. Sopwith, and another intrepid airman has reached a height of over two miles. Is there any limit to human progress? At Belfast in the spring a magnificent new liner is to be launched, named the Titanic . . .

Have we any right to smile at these people of fifty years ago? Were their work, their hopes, their pride in achievement, any less in value than ours? We may be more wealthy (but more worried), more comfortable (but less confident), even if better informed and broader in outlook. The children riding their bicycles along Coronation Avenue in 1961 are taller, healthier, neat (some of them) in school uniform, and talk knowledgeably about the latest journey into space; but are they so very different at heart from those who filled our playground on the 9th of January, 1911? Perhaps these questions can only be answered in another fifty years.

"INNOVATIONS DURING THE SUMMER HOLIDAY"

"Arriving at the School one Monday morning, I was struck by the air of newness which pervaded it. I had noticed before the holidays that the school badly needed decorating, and the Corporation must have noticed it too, for on my arrival the school presented a new, glittering appearance. That the playground had been tarred was brought home rather forcibly to one of my chums who happened to sit down in a spot where it was not perfectly dried. The railings which enclose the playground had been painted a bright green colour which is pleasant to the eye. A new coat of green and white paint now adorns the windows of the school, which makes it look very smart in comparison to its former appearance. Fresh asphalt has been laid down and, although the majority of the scholars regard this change with disfavour, I think that when the asphalt has been properly ground into the tar they will be glad of the change. Two rows

of pegs have been added in the lobby and also two fresh gas-brackets. The drain pipes have also been painted in the same shade as the railings. The trees in the play-ground have been surrounded at the base by iron rings to keep off the tar and loose asphalt. The approach to the School (Coronation Avenue to wit) it also presenting a new and clean appearance, the result of much labour during the holiday. Innovations have been many and varied and have given the whole place a look of freshness which has hitherto unmarked it."

Does anything seem strange in the description above? Last term the school didn't seem to need decorating; the playground was already tarred; those iron rings round the trees have been there as long as we remember; and what are the two fresh gas brackets for?

Perhaps all is explained in the extract below, which is from the same exercise book. It would be interesting to know the result of a vote taken, if any was, and to think of a subject which today would arouse stronger feelings than the use of the motor car.

"On Tuesday, November 10th 1925 . . . the Chairman after a few preliminary remarks called upon Mr. Steele to open the debate by giving his reasons as to how the advantages outweighed the disadvantages of the motor car . . . This Mr. Steele did and the Chairman (Mr. F. Money) after making a remark next called upon Mr. Smith to give his version of the matter."

JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

1961 is Jubilee Year at Winton—fifty years not of Winton Secondary School but of the opening of a school here. Since reorganisation four years ago, the girls' school has been Glenmoor, the junior department under another Head at Oswald Road, and the infants at the far end of our building. At the last weekend of the summer term the four schools are joining in Jubilee celebrations. Former staff, and pupils, as well as friends, will be invited to a re-union garden party at Glenmoor on Saturday, July 22nd, followed by a whistle drive and dance in the evening.

On Sunday, July 23rd, the school will revisit its premises of more than half a century ago for a Service of Commemoration and Re-Dedication at Winton Congregational Church in Wimborne Road. It was in these premises that the original Winton British School opened in 1877.

A Jubilee Brochure is being prepared by the four schools outlining their history. Pupils, parents and friends have been asked for the loan of anything which can be displayed at the Garden Party, and many photographs, certificates and even an exercise book of 1925 have been brought along. There has been welcome news of former pupils whose names have become well-known in sport and entertainment. A selection of old photographs and news will be published in the Brochure, and any of the four present head teachers will be pleased to see more of these. All material lent to the schools will be carefully stored until required for display, and returned to the owners by the end of this term. All former pupils are cordially invited to get in touch with the School and will receive invitations (if we know their addresses). A press announcement and letters distributed by present pupils have reached many of those concerned, but the majority are still unknown to us. If readers of *The Mitre* know anyone to whom this applies, we should be grateful to have this message passed on.

THE EDITOR

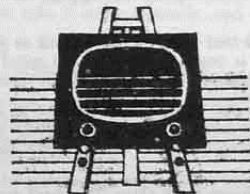
SPOTLIGHT

"Over my dead body!" one headmaster is reported to have said of television in his school. It came to Winton a year ago, and after a few months' trial among the town's secondary schools, television has now been installed in all of them. Here, at least, it is thoroughly used, and several B.B.C. and I.T.A. broadcasts are used every week.

"Spotlight" is on B.B.C. channel 3 on Thursday afternoons, being repeated Friday mornings; it differs from other school broadcasts by dealing each week with a topic of current interest. This is announced a week ahead, so that no pamphlet can be prepared or syllabus followed—except in the sense that events and problems around us are our most important study. In the words of Marley's ghost: "Mankind was my business."

Many people must still be in doubt of the value of television for schools, especially people who have not seen it. "Pupils," they say, "just sitting and looking at pictures—teachers having a rest." In fact, like all aids to teaching, television makes for all concerned more work, but it is more useful work. But what do pupils themselves think?

Fourth year building and engineering forms give here some of their opinions on the "Spotlight" programmes they have seen since September.



The B.B.C. broadcast television for schools because they think they do their job in matters which are topical and educational. They can bring countries on the other side of the world so much nearer. M. Tyler.

In recent years the B.B.C. has been producing programmes for schools, because on television they can interview famous figures and show films we could not otherwise have in school. Those that deal with Britain are more interesting because people are not so concerned with events that take place in (for example) Africa; but of course, we have also learnt that today any incident in another country could also involve people here in a matter of minutes. The programmes could be improved by not trying to cram in too many facts and figures. R. Young.

I think the most successful programmes have been the ones about this country, which we know something about already, while we take less notice of other countries. T. Snow.

In my opinion the most successful have been on foreign countries, showing the lives and ways of each nationality. These are things I may never see.

L. Light.

Television can visit other countries, whereas it would cost too much for the school to visit them, and the school cannot interview people because it would cost too much to bring them. Programmes are made interesting by interviewing people and hearing their views . . . The most successful ones have been those that are not too involved and which can easily be remembered. I think when they are showing pictures there should be less information given, because if you try to note it down, you miss the picture.

J. London.

Television can show pieces of interesting film, and while schools can hire films they cannot find as many as the B.B.C., which has a film library. Television too can give you facts which in schools would take hours to work out.

Unsuccessful programmes could be improved by cutting down the interviews and showing extra pieces of film.

M. Legg.

Television can do more for schools than teachers because the B.B.C. has film libraries and can easily find information, which would be too much like hard work for teachers.

C. Sinden.

The B.B.C. can show animated diagrams and models which would take too long to make in school. Experts will appear on television instead of coming to each school in turn.

J. Rawlins.

The BBC may think that children like to look at a box rather than a teacher, and in some cases this is true . . . I would not mind watching for ten minutes more if it were as interesting as the rest of the programme.

K. Ashby.

Television can . . . use dramatised sketches to illustrate a point, where a school has little hope of doing this . . . It is worth using in schools as it gives one a better idea of foreign affairs which affect the whole world, including ourselves.

J. Langdon.

People have been shown short plays. The most successful of these was called "Black and White", because it showed, by acting, how coloured immigrants were living in Britain . . . If we had fewer topics from abroad it would be better because foreign subjects have nothing to do with us and we should mind our own business.

P. Ware

A programme that was not so successful was the one on the colour bar, because it gave one the idea that West Indians who came over here are made fools of or get themselves into fights. It could have been improved by showing us coloured people in their own countries, how hard they work and the diseases they suffer.

K. Gullan.

I enjoyed most the two programmes on the Soviet Union, which showed how the people of Russia live, in their work and in their leisure.

M. Le Vesconte

The most interesting programmes were two about China. They told of the rise of this heavily populated country up to the present day. For every Britain there are fifteen Chinese. Another interesting programme was on Brasilia, the new capital in South America. The old capital of Brazil was Rio. Films showed the modern buildings and skyscrapers. Soon, perhaps, we shall be seeing this in colour.

N. Palmer

We have had school programmes on the Battle of Britain, Wise Buying, The Nation's Health, and The New President.

I think the most successful was "Going to Press" because it showed how newspapers gathered information and how headlines were made more sensational.

W. Fazakerley.

I think the most successful programme was "Spotlight on Portugal", which showed us some interesting facts about this country. It started with the capture of the Portuguese liner, the "Santa Maria", an incident which led us to the political reasons why this liner was seized. Otherwise we might never have heard of the incident except through the newspapers. I cannot think how programmes could be improved because they are of the highest standard. Television can be very useful in schools but it is not essential.

A. Horlock.

Everyone wants to know more than he reads in the papers.

D. Johnson.

The programmes are made interesting by . . . doing less talking than a teacher does. The teacher can be a bore . . . I think it is worth using in school because it gives teachers ideas for homework.

P. Bolton.

The programmes could be extended in time from twenty-five minutes to three-quarters of an hour.

D. Fall.

We do not absorb all that we see and hear, but much of it will help us in years to come . . . When we first had television in lessons, many of us said to ourselves: "This will be all right as we do not have to do any work." But since then we have started to take it more seriously, and I think that television should be kept in the school.

G. David.

SON ET LUMIERE

While I was on holiday in France I visited many castles and fortified towns, but probably my most exciting day was when I visited Amboise castle at night. Most castles in France which are both picturesque and important are illuminated and I thought that this would be something of beauty to see.

As I approached, I could see the reflection of the castle in the water of the Loire, an important and picturesque river running through France. As I entered the castle I could hear some singing and I was surprised to see that I was walking up a tower, but the path was a broad passage going up in a spiral, enabling coaches and horsemen to reach a terrace above.

At this point I was surprised to see, through an archway, a long, beautiful garden, surrounded by the king's dwelling place. Descending a path I could hear some music and at the end of the courtyard appeared a very beautiful chapel. In this chapel is the tomb of Leonardo da Vinci. As I walked away the music ceased and the people left. I sat down on a chair in the courtyard and waited.

After a short interval the lights were switched on and scenes of French history were recited by actors and actresses. As this was happening different-coloured lights would be concentrated on special parts of the castle. If a king died or something sad happened a dark-coloured light would be shown at the place where he had died. As a queen came on to a balcony more voices would be heard in stereophonic sound. As the speakers ceased, music of the period was played.

It is very impressive and is known as "Son et Lumière," and I wish we could have history lessons like this.

A. Wilcox, 2G.

A DAY AT THE STABLES

It was Friday and for the day I was working at Longham Riding Stables.

I wish this lump of . . . whatever it is would smash in one go. I'm ever walloping it with this pickaxe and only little chips are shying off. That's a handsome horse there; that white band down his forehead gives him a fierce look.

"Five please!" That's Heinz, a Swiss student working at the stables.

Five more bales—I don't know how I'll carry them.

"Thank you," said Heinz, as I placed the bales in the stable. Then I returned to my work. That's a nice girl on that horse. I pity her with no mac.

About time I watered the horses now. Where's that . . . Oh, here it is—got to have a halter. I'm not too sure of Swift—I'll do him last.

"Come on boy! Giddup."

Now for Swift. "There boy, come on! Hey! I'm taking you, you're not taking me."

This stuff is getting quite small now. My wish come true—no more work.

"Three please!" shouted Heinz. That's easier to carry than five. As I dropped the bales one went on his foot. He said something like "Shlank!" and chased after me.

W. Stanton, 2C.

THE DENTIST

I walked up the long gravel drive to the large house, rang the doorbell once and walked in. As I entered the waiting room every-one turned his head to look at me. As I picked a magazine I could feel them watching me; only natural curiosity, you might say, but really quite nerve-wracking. I selected a magazine, sat in the nearest chair and started to read.

The book was an old one; it had been here the last time I had come, and the time before. All of them I had read. A radio was in the corner, not on an English station as you might think but on a French programme. Some of the latest English "pop" records were being played, but the only trouble was that between each record came five or ten minutes of French jabber. I soon grew tired of this so I surveyed the aquaria.

Covering nearly all of one wall was a host of them containing tropical and cold-water fish. The nurse came in and I helped her transfer some eggs from one tank to another. After that, having nothing better to do, I looked at the other occupants of the room. A woman with too much make-up on, sat on the edge of her chair nervously puffing away at a cigarette. The nurse came in and called out some name; the woman got up and the contents of her handbag spilled out onto the floor. She stuffed them back in and with profuse apologies to the nurse, hurried out. A gentleman with a bowler hat and umbrella sat staring into space. A small boy about six years old was reading aloud nursery rhymes from a book with a picture of a white rabbit on the front. Two other women were loudly discussing someone's wedding; that someone was apparently the daughter of one of them and I gathered that her name was Rita. The room gradually began to empty and finally the small boy went. He came back in tears. I had been to the dentist too many times to let that sort of thing worry me.

At last my name was called and soon I was sitting in the dentist's chair. Suddenly I was shot backwards, "Is that better?" grunted a voice. "Er, yes thanks," I replied. I don't mind going to the dentist, but how I hoped it would be just a check-up and not that instrument of the devil, the drill. It was not my lucky day. After prodding around for a few minutes he suddenly swooped on me—jab, jab,—terrible pain. "Keep your mouth open," he grunted. More pain. I gripped the arms of the chair in desperation, wondering when it would stop. After about ten minutes it did and I tottered out, practically in one piece. I had to wait to make another appointment and to recover. The time was gone half-past three so it was not worth returning to school. Making another appointment for somewhere in the middle of August, I left quite happy, even if my mouth did feel slightly raw.

A. Sweet, 4A.

MODEL BOATS

Model boat building is not an expensive hobby provided kits are not purchased. The model I have just completed was bought for five pounds and was a kit, but the raw materials could be bought for three. It is true that a blueprint is included in a kit, but one can build to photographs and vary plans if one wishes. I do not think that plastic kits are of such value, because once a plastic kit has been built it is just a dust collector and very seldom gets powered.

Balsa wood models, on the other hand, are easier to power and if a solid balsa wood model is bought, it is stronger and sturdier than plastic. There is a great deal of deception in advertising, for the kits are shown as if they were real and ploughing through heavy seas.

The power of a boat is a prime factor and, recently, diesel engines are becoming popular because they are more efficient. I have a diesel installed in a hydroplane, but it is temporarily silenced owing to the fuel pipe being severed. People think that it costs more to run an electric motor, but cans of fuel are used quickly, and at three shillings and sixpence a can, this is quite an expense. The model I am working on at the moment is built out of solid balsa with pieces carved out, and I am installing a cheap Japanese motor.

A. Mangan, 2C.

HOSPITAL

Last year I had to go into hospital to have an operation. It all started when I fell off my bike on to my right leg and the blow killed the tissue in a certain part of it.

When I arrived in hospital it looked dismal, as if it was prison. Next day I found hospital life was really pleasant. We were woken up at six o'clock, and had to be in bed by seven-thirty and asleep by nine. We had our temperature taken twice a day.

I had my operation, really a small one, and I was in the theatre only about half an hour. When I came round I felt dizzy and had a headache.

Hospital life is quite pleasant when you are not too ill to enjoy it. We had school every day starting from quarter to ten and ending at quarter to twelve for dinner. Then in the afternoon we had another three hours of learning. We could play snooker, dominoes, etc., in the games room. After I left hospital I burst open my scars and did not come back to school until January this year. I had nearly three months.

P. Sargeant, 3B1.

TO BE A LADIES' HAIRDRESSER

When I leave school this term I intend to serve an apprenticeship in ladies' hairdressing. Until recently this profession has been regarded as more suitable for women, but there is a growing demand for male hairdressers, since it has become evident that most women prefer to have their hair styled by men.

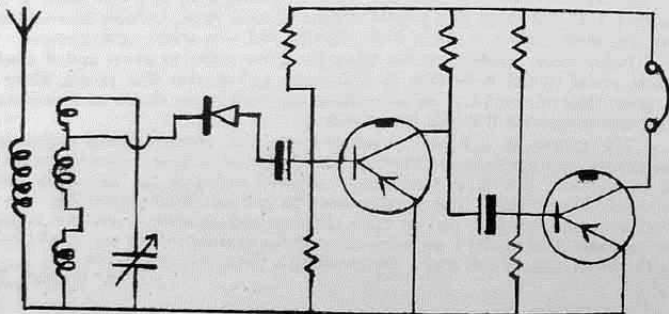
Not long ago I had an interview with a well-known hairdresser in the town who needs a boy apprentice to start work at the end of July.

Friends of mine who are already in the business tell me that the work is very strenuous for the first few months in order to find out those who will finish the course. Later the discipline is relaxed to a certain extent, but it will always be a job requiring a lot of patience and hard work.

A. Blakey, 4M.

LISTENING IN

Does this diagram mean anything to you? Probably not, and a few months ago it meant nothing to me.



It is the circuit of a two-transistor headphone receiver I made recently. This was my first really successful set, and I adapted it to work a loudspeaker. In good conditions I could receive stations abroad.

My first attempt was a crystal set which cost about ten shillings, excluding the phones. Transistors, though, are a great improvement; in fact, for some purposes they are better than valves, since they last longer and use a smaller, cheaper battery. In soldering connections you have to be very careful not to overheat transistors, though I did not know this at the time. However, I was lucky and the set worked.

Recently my father bought me a soldering iron so that I do not have to borrow my next-door neighbour's. At present I am making a two-valve speaker to complete it. Incidentally, I am making a cabinet for it in woodwork lessons at school.

Richard Pike, 3G.

SIGNS OF WAR

In the summer of 1958 my mother and I left for our holiday abroad. On the way to Brussels we called at Ypres, totally destroyed in the 1914-18 war. At one end of the town stands the Menin Gate, inscribed with thousands of names—British on one side, Empire on the other—of soldiers whose graves are unknown. Just beyond are preserved some of the original trenches.

Brussels is a wonderful place at night, with its shop windows lighting up the streets. New roads were built for the exhibition of 1958, with flyovers for through traffic, one of them joining the motorway to Ostend.

For two days we went to Kaiserslot, an R.A.F. base in Germany. Nearby is the Seigfried Line, with souvenirs ranging in size from photographs of soldiers' girl friends to panzer tanks.

At Dunkirk on the way back all our baggage was searched for watches reported stolen in Switzerland.

C. Sinden, 4B.

A HOLIDAY IN BERLIN

On entering the Eastern Zone on our way to Berlin we had our passports checked by the Russian officials. The Russians directed us to a wide road (corridor) which we could not leave on any condition. After a few hours travelling on the corridor through no man's land, we neared Berlin and passed a Russian tank memorial, and the Berlin racing track with its huge banks. A few more stops and checks and we were there.

The hotel where we were staying stands in a square formerly called Adolf Hitler Platz where now burns the Fire of Freedom. We went down the main street of Western Berlin 17th June Street named after the students uprising of 1953, along which stand various beautiful statues. Half way down stands the statue of Niké, goddess of victory, commemorating the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

The next day we continued up 17th June Street, passing guarded war memorials of the Russians, until we reached the well-known and famous Brandenburg Gate which is now the boundary of the British-Russian sectors of Berlin. We went through the gate into the Russian sector of Berlin which comprises one new, well-built street, Stalinallee, while the rest is still in ruins from the second world war. We saw the well-known burnt out Reichstag with its gloomy, blackened walls. While in the Russian sector we got lost and nearly into trouble, but after a few anxious moments we managed to find our way back into the British sector.

On the third day we ascended a 350 foot tower by an extremely fast lift and had an exceptionally good view of the city from the balcony. Most of Berlin has been rebuilt but there were still signs of the Second World War. We had heard quite a lot about the Tiergarten (Zoo) so we decided to see it and were not dismayed.

The air lift memorial commemorating the air lift of 1950 stands in a square with the airport not far away. On the outskirts of the city is the Berlin stadium where the 1936 Olympic Games were held and, incidentally where Manchester United played four days after we left.

My overall impression of Berlin was that there was an uneasy atmosphere everywhere. The people were poorly dressed and the general standard of living is not very high. The results of the wars are disappearing very fast but there are still places which need attention, especially in the Russian sector. Even so, it has been my great privilege of visiting one of the most controversial spots in world politics.

I. Laidlaw, 4A.

MY LIFE IN CANADA

I think myself that I would rather be in Canada than in England. In Canada the games that we play are nearly the same, only the names are different. In football you can pick up the ball and try to get a try, and baseball is more like rounders.

In the winter time the snow in some places could very easily cover me, as it was as high as five feet at least. Another thing about the winter is that I could go skating on the Ottawa River which was only at the back of our house, but I could not swim in it as it was a sewage river, where wood pulp and other things came down in summer.

One of the things I liked was that at school you were allowed to play with bats and balls at break time, and we had a slide, swings, and monkey bars in the playground. In summer time over there it was really hot, hotter than in England, yet no boys would wear shorts—well one or two but no more. All the rest wore thin jeans.

We lived about four miles from town and about five miles from school. The house we lived in was made of brick, but some of the others were of wood and could very easily catch fire.

I have now been in England two and a half years.

C. Head, 2B.

AT SCHOOL IN CANADA

Recess—that's what they called playtime in my Canadian school, and it's just one of the differences I have to get used to. When lunch hour came you would have sandwiches, or you could walk down the street and have a cupful of warm soup.

Classes were graded according to age, and children would leave to go to high school. Every year the headmaster would give us an examination. Education seemed less advanced than in England, and altogether the school was slightly unorganised. We didn't have a hall but each class had its own assembly, where we would say the Lord's Prayer and sing 'O Canada'.

Most of the schools I saw were modern with many windows and a flat roof. The rules were not very strict, but if you happened to break them you would be punished with a strap which for each higher year was slightly thicker. Compared with here, P.E. was not at all healthy, for you didn't strip out; the only thing you took off was your sweater. In the summer, baseball would be played, and we could borrow bats from school. At lunch hour a teacher would pick sides and leave us to it.

In the fall the sport would change to American football and ice-hockey. Our sports master set up a rink and filled it with water by a long hose. As it was winter it soon froze, and everybody that could skate, did so. During this period a gala would be held and we could enter any competition we liked. There was always plenty to do at my Canadian school.

N. Berry, 1A.

SNOW ON THE ROCKIES

When the first frosts of September nip the flowers that are still out, people in the foothills of the Rockies hustle into action: housewives clean storm windows ready for their reliable johnnies (husbands) to put them up, while children clean their winter sports gear and see that their parkas are fit.

Husbands sack and store their potatoes in the basement, then clean their rifles ready for the big game season and watch hopefully for the first snow which will make trucking easier.

Geese and ducks migrate south to the far reaches of the star-spangled-banner country, stopping for a little snack and chit-chat on some poor unfortunate farmer's field of ungathered wheat.

Winter is on its way. Soon the freeze-up comes: snow swirls all through the night, and in the morning the mountains glisten pink in the sunshine and the prairie is one expanse of snow.

Off with the old summer clothes—on with the new winter clothes. Children don their overboots and parkas and run gleefully to school, having their face washed (with snow) more than they remember before. In the school yard children clear a site and round this make large banks of snow. The hollow is filled with water and left to freeze; next morning—one skating rink.

The Rockies stand majestically looking down on the busy scene in their first white robes, which they will wear till next spring. This is how I remember Canada.

P. Williams, 2G.

ISLANDER

I used to live near Carisbrooke on the Isle of Wight, Carisbrooke is the most beautiful village on the Island and more or less central. It is known chiefly for the historic castle, named after the village, where King Charles I was imprisoned.

We were lucky to have a house in such a position that we could see the Castle from the front windows. Surrounding Carisbrooke is some very beautiful countryside where two of the most noticeable land marks are Chillerton Down and Rowridge, the transmitting stations for I.T.V. and B.B.C. Television.

The people who come to the Island are mostly tourists, and most of them want to see Carisbrooke Castle. There might be at one time as many as eighteen or nineteen coaches, as well as cars, bikes and motor bikes, parked in the car park. Nearly every one of the coaches had to pass my house to get to it and so it was never very quiet even on a Sunday. The way in which we travelled about the Island was by bus, because the only train that was on the Island ran from Ryde to Cowes.

We were very sorry to leave the Island because when we came to Bournemouth we missed the beautiful countryside, the lovely views and, most of all, the Castle. I think Bournemouth is not a patch on the Island because of the many houses and shops built very close together; on the Island you have the feeling of being free. Until Bournemouth is scattered round the countryside and an ancient castle built here (complete with a history) I think of all the places I have seen I prefer the Island.

R. Phillips, 2G.

VIVARIA ET AQUARIA

For the past half-term our class has prepared a nature project. This involves a study of various aspects of Natural History by individual members of the class who then write about their particular interest from the research and observations they have made.

We are fortunate as a form in having a class-room large enough to house three sizeable tables in addition to our desks and cupboards. Two of these form our "garden" of seed boxes, jam-jars and saucers in which we are growing peas, beans, barley, maize, radish, cabbage, lettuce, carrots, and a wide assortment of flowers. We label each with the date of sowing and by planting similar types of seed in different soils we can see under which conditions particular crops flourish best. For example we have learnt that maize germinates and grows quicker in sand than in soil and quicker in soil than on blotting-paper. Further, we now know why farmers scatter seed as our barley has developed rapidly from surface sowing but has refused to germinate when planted two inches under the soil. Light and moisture, of course, are essential if plants are to mature and it has been interesting to see how the new shoots lean towards the window side of the class-room. The seed boxes have to be turned round every few days to keep the shoots growing upright.



One of our lizards in a vivarium

Although the progress of our "garden" gives us much to write about in our project we derive most pleasure from the study of our reptiles and amphibians. We have two aquaria and two vivaria on the third of our Nature Tables. In the first aquarium are tadpoles which we have seen hatch from spawn and are now nearing maturity. In the same tank is a young carp now in its second year of captivity. In the other aquarium are newts. They are extremely greedy little creatures and we have seen one attack a fly newly emerged from the larva stage and practically choke in an effort to swallow it. We have also witnessed the courting dance of the palmate newt. This is an amusing performance with the male manoeuvring himself into a position in front of and facing the female. He then stares hard at her and bending his tail in a sharp loop vibrates it violently. The female appears completely bored by all this and so far has turned away and swum off.

One of the vivaria is ready to accommodate a toad but is at present uninhabited. The other vivarium houses the lizards . . . slow-worms, sand-lizards and common lizards. The sand-lizard lays eggs in a warm place later in the year but the common lizard is viviparous and the young are born alive. Both types love climbing and will lie for a long time on the branches of the miniature trees we have planted in the vivarium. They are also good swimmers which necessitates a small pond for this purpose and for drinking.

The last of our interests is the Nature Board. On this we pin articles from natural history magazines and newspapers and our museum collection. This amounts to the indexing of birds' feathers, owls' pellets and the sloughed skin of a common lizard, and the antlers of the roe and fallow deer. Later this term we hope to make a class visit to the Red House Museum at Christchurch to see the Natural History collection there.

E. Thomas and A. Hopkins, R2.

MOTHER NATURE AND THE WHITE THORN

The time was seven o'clock, the place Wells in Somerset, where I was spending a fortnight of my Easter holiday with friends. I was awakened by a cockerel venting his praise for such a beautiful morning. Golden shafts of sunlight, like fountains of fine sand, were dancing about my bedroom.

After hurriedly dressing, I ran down the stairs to the kitchen where breakfast was soon prepared for me. Then off to the grain house for the chicken food, of which I take charge when there.

Besides the poultry, there are two sheep, whose young lambs had been previously sold; white pigs, with two black ones with an accompanying litter of fifteen, and some steers. In one of the new buildings were six young calves. No-one could fail to like them—their long tongues trying to lick you. About ten o'clock I would cut a large bucketful of grass, with a few cabbage leaves which they took from my hand. There is a large aviary in the garden which contains two hens and a cock pheasant and numerous budgerigars, which have their nesting-boxes at the enclosed end.

One day my friend and I visited Glastonbury by bus and saw the Holy Thorn in the Abbey grounds. This is said to have originated from a hawthorn staff, placed by Saint Joseph of Arimathea on the Weary-all Hill to the south-west of the town.

After lunching at a quaint cafe we boarded a bus for our return journey. Nearing the outskirts, looking back, we could see the tall, majestic tower on the five-hundred foot tor, which has replaced the original chapel of Saint Michael, destroyed by a landslide in 1271. This landmark is used by sailors in the Bristol Channel.

All too soon I was packing my bags, leaving everything—animals, country air and green fields speckled with primroses, bluebells and other spring flowers, not forgetting the nodding cowslips.

D. Blanchard, B4.

A cheer went up as 2G's gas balloon floated up and up. It was just after twelve noon and a crowd had gathered to watch the smallest boy let go of the balloon. We had filled a plastic bag with coal gas; inside was a sheet of paper with instructions to the finder and the signatures of all the boys in our class. All this was written as part of our English work.

A brisk breeze was blowing and within five minutes the balloon was out of sight and the crowd, mostly of dinner boys, dispersed. A second balloon was sent up by Steven Palmer the next day. This balloon was of the same size but had thicker walls, and he had painted streaks of black paint over it. Instead of a sheet of paper inside, there was a stamped addressed postcard with instructions to the finder on it, tied to one corner.

The first time it was filled it would not rise, so some more gas was put in it. Success! It rose to the ceiling and stayed there until we took it down. The whole class went out into the playground and the balloon was let free. There was a weak cheer as the balloon soared into the sky and scudded along before a brisk wind from the south-west. It could be seen from a long distance because the black paint on it showed up. When it was just a dot in the sky we went inside with a question in every boy's brain, "I wonder where it will land, I wonder . . ."

Much to our surprise we received an envelope containing the list of our names and information from the finder. His name was Monsieur Roger Lamulle and he lives in Saint Victor l'Abbaye, Seine Maritime, France, a town 32 kilometres inland from Dieppe. The balloon had travelled about 120 miles in four hours, an incredible distance for such a small object. Indeed it was a great achievement. Our next lesson consisted of writing a letter of thanks to the finder; we also sent him a copy of *The Mitre*. I wonder what Monsieur Lamulle thinks of that.

K. Pottinger, 2G.

WHERE WAS I?

One very fine day in the Easter holiday found me wandering around a very large hall with a plastic tube up to my ear.

It was a small radio built into a plastic tube about a foot long and I was in the Science Museum in London. I had just hired it for a shilling and could hear a voice commenting on the vast number of exhibits. Really to see and study every exhibit in the museum you would need at least three days.

There are four floors of exhibits with just enough space to walk through. A great many of them have small buttons or handles which you turn and they jump into action.

The exhibits which most impressed me were in the electrical part of the museum. One was the mercury arc which was a glass bowl with some mercury in the bottom. When you press a button a small wire starts to move and then a blue spark begins to dash about on the surface of the mercury. The million volt arc also intrigued me. It was formed by an impulse generator which made a spark jump twenty-five inches.

If you go up to the desk in the foyer you can buy catalogues describing the museum and also hire radios, photos, slides etc.

J. Warren, 3A.

CLEARING THE JUNGLE

The Summer holidays of 1960 were no "rest" for me. We were moving and the tumult that goes with such an occasion was upon us. All day and all night the cry went out. "Peter, get me the . . ." and "Son, give me a hand." So it went on until one sunny day in the middle of the holiday when Mother told me to take my old cart and some garden tools down to my new home. I was to clear the garden. Garden! It resembled a mangrove swamp in Ceylon swarming with gnats and flies.

I was so taken aback by the spectacle that I had to sit down and drink a cup of tea before my inner self could induce me to make a start. Click! clack! went my shears as I cut the stems of the creeper that was stretched across the path. "Ra-a-a-a" went my rake as I pulled the weeds into a heap; I was pleased to discover that we had a cement path.

The almost tropical sun beat down on me as I pulled out hands-ful of weeds that were waist high. My clean shoes were quickly becoming dusty. One o'clock, two o'clock: the hours raced by and the weeds came out—more slowly though. Eventually, however, all the smaller weeds that had a few hours before been flourishing in the mangroves were now in a large heap on the path. I at once sat down and drank three cups of tea.

My trusty axe put paid to all the stubborn weeds and the garden was duly dug and watered—by seven o'clock. "Thank goodness, that's over" I thought. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," is the proverb and it's certainly true." Next morning I started to move down all the plants in the old truck.

Slowly the items were ticked off on the list. Wallflowers, (three loads); dahlias, (one load); carnations, (five loads)—and so it went on. After a week all the plants were in the grounds of the new residence.

Well, we have moved now but, like all gardens, ours needs weeding from time to time, so I think that my next job will be that. Still, there's one consolation: it only needs weeding once a week—at the moment.

P. Smallwood, 2G.

ON THE RANGE

I have always been interested in shooting and when a friend of mine told me he had joined a rifle club I jumped at the chance and joined as well. It is situated behind Hurn Airport on an ex-Army range. It is not really an expensive sport except when you buy your own rifle, which can cost up to a hundred pounds or more, but, if you use the club's rifles it only costs five shillings for a box of fifty cartridges. When I first went to the club I found rifles to be very different from airguns, but, as the weeks went by I slowly improved. The rifles used are .22 calibre and the club's rifles are B.S.A. Centuries, which weigh eight pounds each. Eight pounds is quite light for a target rifle because they usually weigh up to about twenty pounds.

After a few months of joining the rifle club I decided to buy my own. The first thing to do was to go down to the police station and obtain a Firearms Certificate application form. On this form you have to fill in what make or type of calibre rifle you wish to acquire and just how much ammunition you wish to have in the house. When I took my completed form back I discovered that I would have to take another form home for my father to fill in, because I was under seventeen and could not buy my own rifle and my father would have to take out a Firearms Certificate himself to buy it.

The application then goes to the Chief Constable who decides whether to grant it or not. Luckily for me he granted it. The Certificate costs five shillings for three years which is quite cheap really—much cheaper than an air rifle licence.

The next little incident was that I got my rifle from the N.S.R.A. in London. In the end I chose an Ashunty Model 60 which I sent for and received in a couple of weeks. It is a lightweight rifle of eight pounds but it feels about twenty-eight pounds on your back when you get home after cycling nearly ten miles to the club and back again.

E. Barnes, 4A.



Life-Saving Team

Winners of the Cooper-Dean Trophy 1961

TEAM LIFE-SAVING COMPETITION

The usual life-saving classes have taken place on Tuesday evenings at Stoke-wood Road Baths during the winter. It was pleasing to see some younger members of the School attending.

In January our life-saving team of Brian Duke, Melvyn Davies, Nigel Triggs and John Davenport started training for the local team life-saving competition to be held on Saturday, 29th April. On the evening of the competition we drew first place in order of swim. After a keen contest we emerged winners, beating our nearest rivals, Ringwood G.S. by only half a mark, to receive the Cooper-Dean Life-Saving Trophy for boys.

It was a fine achievement against very strong opposition, and we wish the team every success in the county and divisional finals later this summer term.

Final marks: Land drill 119, water drill 264%, total 365%.

MY HOBBY IS THE HOSPITAL

Every moment I have to spend, is spent not on a hobby but on "work" and reading. I like reading and I belong to enough public libraries to have seven books per week, the odd one being from the school library. The time I do not spend in reading is used at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Boscombe, though not as a patient.

I am in the St. John's Ambulance Brigade and it is in that uniform that I work at the hospital as a casualty officer. This entails showing people around the hospital, three-quarters of which is not open to the general public. When people come in I fill in the forms, handle all incoming and outgoing calls, (we have a dial system for inside), and make appointments. Then, when casualty operations are taking place, the radiographer takes the plates and I develop them.

I have been in the Cas. Op. theatre when the surgeons set a boy's arm after a bad break and a dislocation—most interesting. At the time there were present two surgeons, two nurses, and the anaesthetist, as well as the Radiographer and myself. It was wonderful to watch, as everyone knew exactly what to do and worked like well-oiled machinery.

When the switchboard operator needs help in the rush hour he calls for me. Another of the things I do is wheel patients to the theatre and back to the wards after the operation, and even the deceased to the morgue. Once a week I go down to the hospital from seven to ten in the evening, and on Saturday from two. When I leave school I hope to work there.

B. Suffield, 4C.

COIN COLLECTING

Everyone, in a way, collects coins: but I am interested in ancient ones too. Years ago I heard about this hobby, but only when I started to collect coins did I learn how fascinating it could be. My collection began when one day I passed a shop where on display were Roman coins and others. The coin that I bought was of Constantine II, which I identified by the letters on the obverse (front) "CONSTAN." From then on I have bought coins every month to build up my collection.

One of the first coins I bought was Philip II, a Greek king. The coin is made of bronze and is over 2,300 years old. My oldest Roman coin is of Vespasian, one of the greatest Roman emperors, who served in Britain and in 69 A.D. was declared Emperor. This coin is about 1,890 years old.

One of my newest coins is one of Napoleon I. This is made of silver and its face value is half a franc; on the obverse it is stamped "Napoleon Empereur," and on the reverse "Republique Francaise."

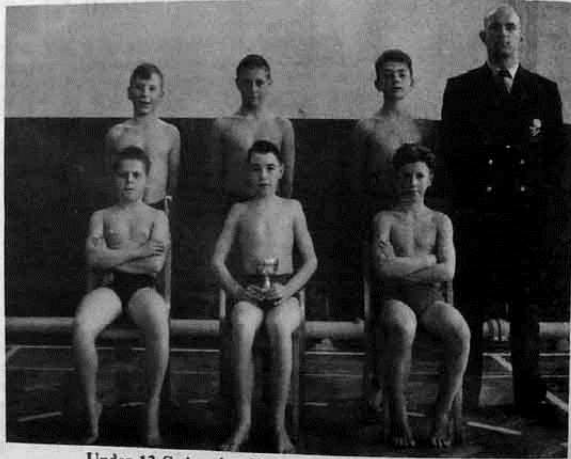
Another is a coin of George III, made of copper and with a face value of a half-penny. On the reverse is a seated figure of Britannia holding an olive branch.

I now hope to make a coin cabinet to house my collection. Each week or month I try to borrow books on the subject.

B. Rowe, 2G.

The annual swimming gala was held at Stokewood Road Baths during the last week of the Summer Term. After a keen struggle Muscliffe was first with 100 points. Talbot was second with 89 points, third was Redhill with 79 points, and fourth was Ensbury with 60 points.

As a result, teams were selected for the Town Gala in October. In the under fifteen team, Brian Duke gained second place in the breast stroke and second place in the individual life-saving competition. Melvyn Davies gained third place in this event. Duke went on to represent the Town at Aldershot in the County Championships.



Under 13 Swimming Team, winners of the Roy Cup

The under thirteen team won the runners-up cup—The Roy Cup. The team members were Nigel Triggs, Michael Bird, Alan Neal, Tony Birch, Lee Kerslake and Ross Brown.

Kerslake gained third place in the free style and third in the back stroke. Bird gained second place in the back stroke, Neal second in the free style and Birch was second in the breast stroke. The relay team, Triggs, Neal, Brown and Kerslake came third. The Medley team, Bird (back stroke), Birch (breast stroke), and Brown (free style) also gained third place.

We congratulate the team on their success in winning this town swimming award.

WHY I JOINED THE SEA SCOUTS

I joined the 30th Bournemouth Sea Scouts troop at St. John's School because I wanted to get more fun in my spare time. There are many other scout troops in Bournemouth but they didn't appeal to me; there are only two Sea Scout troops.

In the 30th there are five patrols with six recruits and one patrol leader in each patrol. Although there are many tests you have to pass there are also adventure walks, hikes and visits to naval bases.

During the summer holidays there is a camp. Last year we went to Longridge, the Sea Scout headquarters near Marlow on the Thames. There is ample room for camping and the facilities for boating are excellent. These camps at Longridge are for sea scouts only and before you are allowed out in a boat you have to be able to swim fifty yards in your clothes. Some of the boats they have at Longridge are skiffs, canoes and glass-fibre rowing boats. At the camp our patrol made a raft out of six oil drums and two planks; in the middle of the raft we flew the Otter patrol flag. Twice we were stranded in the Thames, and had it been that we had no safety line attached to the stern of the raft we would have drifted down the river to London.

Our troop also usually have money, raised from a Christmas Show, that we use for the upkeep of our own two boats. We keep our boats, a ten-foot whaler and a fifteen-foot skiff, at Bolson's Yard at Christchurch Harbour. Every Saturday afternoon the scouts with their second class who can swim are able to go down to the boat and help to keep them in good working order. Recently we painted the ten-foot whaler a bright yellow in colour and fouled the bottom of the skiff. If I had joined any other scout troop I would not be able to do all these exciting things like sailing, camping and raft pioneering, so I'm glad I joined the 30th Bournemouth Sea Scouts.

S. Wraith, 3A.

UP THE ROADERS!

We put in all the practice we could. If we had a lot of homework we would do that first and sometimes train in semi-darkness. We named ourselves Portland Roaders. There were eleven in the team, Sean, Digby, Barry, Terry, Johnny, Basil, Billy, Bob, Jim, Dave and Pete (that's me). We used to challenge any other road football teams such as Brassey West, the Limited, Pine United, Green Rovers and Castle F.C.

Our home pitch was a bumpy ground and the goals were a pair of iron gates and chalked marks on a wall. We formed a league and strangely enough, at the end of the season, we found that Portland Roaders were top by a two point lead, followed by the Limiteds.

A combined team called the Wintoners consisted of three of our players (Digby, Sean, and myself) three of the Limiteds, two of Pine United and one each of the other three. We played such foreign teams as the Moordowners, Kinson Villa and the West Wayers.

If we had continued there is no knowing how far afield we should have played, but out of consideration for the Boscombe Football Club we decided to limit our fixtures, and soon our league came to an end through sheer lack of opposition. But I am sure we had Boscombe worried.

P. Masterman, 2C.

THE BEST OF BESSIE

Last year I told you how I acquired my car and learnt to drive her. Since then Bessie has been working very hard, and in exchange she has been using plenty of petrol and oil. Her hardest job has been to pull out the stump of a fairly big tree, which took her a day. At the end I found she had drunk half a gallon of petrol and half a pint of oil.

After that long day's work my friend and I decided to give her a new career, so we converted her into a hotrod. Off came the bonnet and front mudguards, then the doors and finally the sides. In the evening we cleaned the plugs and carburettor and adjusted the brakes. When we had reassembled her she went like a bomb. You won't see her on the road, but now you'll know what that noise was.

R. Taylor, 3B1.

I'm Roger's fellow-mechanic on Bessie. She was an Austin Seven convertible but, as you have read, in her old age she has become a hotrod.

Our latest job has been to decarbonise her. Undoing the nuts on the engine we took the top off and in the workshop used the wire brush on it. But when we put the engine together again there was not much compression, so that is our next job.

Roger has another car called Spotty, so named because one day when we were driving Bessie round the garden we covered Spotty with mud. She is an Austin Seven Ruby but she suffers with a broken half-shaft in the back axle, so she lives a quiet life in retirement.

K. Hollis, 2B.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The School Cross-Country Championships were held for the first time over our new course, starting at the playing fields and proceeding thus round Talbot Woods. After months of strenuous training, often in very wet and heavy conditions, the boys lined up for the House Championships on the last Wednesday of the Winter term.

The event was divided into three age groups— under 13, under 15 and over 15.

The 60 starters in the under 13 race got away to an excellent start, making good time over the two-lap course, which was considerably drier than it had been for several weeks. Mulliss (2A) Ensbury, was the first person over the bank well clear of the rest of the field, winning the event in 15m 7.8sec., Beavis (2B) Ensbury being runner-up in 15m 11.5sec. Watton (1G) of Talbot was third in 15m 45sec. The 4th, 5th and 6th places were taken by Neal (2A) Redhill, Sharpe (2A) Muscliffe, and Richardson (R2) Redhill.

The winning house for the under 13's was Ensbury with 145 points; Redhill second 207; third Muscliffe 235; fourth Talbot 254.

After this fine race the under 15 teams lined up for the race which was to take them over three laps of the course. After a finely contested race McKinlay (Redhill) came away a clear winner in 20m 31sec., gaining a 24 second lead over his nearest rival Mullins (Ensbury). Wheller (Talbot) was third, Davies (Ensbury) fourth, Fox (Muscliffe) fifth, Smith (Talbot) sixth. Muscliffe won the event with 130 points, Redhill second 216, Ensbury 3rd 246, and Talbot 4th 255.

The over 15 event also over three laps was won by Randle, Redhill, in 20m 40sec. Whitfield (M) 2nd, R. Smith (T), 3rd Cain (R) 4th, Fudge (R) 5th, Bunton (E) 6th. Redhill won the over 15 House Competition with 34 points, Ensbury 2nd with 53 points, Talbot 3rd 60 points, Muscliffe 4th 61 points.

The overall House Competition, under 13, over 15 and under 15 was won by Muscliffe 426 points, Ensbury 444 points, Redhill 457 points and Talbot 569 points.

As a result of the House Championships two teams were selected to represent the School in the Town Cross Country Championships and both teams trained hard for the event in February. The under 15 team representatives were McKinlay, Wheller, Davies, Allen, Fox, and Kendall. The over 15 were Randle, Bunton, Fudge, Young, R. V. Smith, M. Baldwin.

The under 15 race started off at a terrific pace, the course being around the roads by Queens' Park Golf Course. The team did not do as well as expected but individual results were quite good. McKinlay came 14th, M. Davies 18th, Wheller 38th, Allen 39th. The course, which was entirely on road, did not suit our boys, who had been used to heavy conditions, not a fast, hard surface which the road provided. They had stamina, not speed. The race should be classed as a road race rather than a cross country.

The seniors did fairly well, Bunton coming 18th, Fudge 22nd, Randle 30th. The seniors found the same difficulty: the course was too fast and too firm.

A town cross country team was selected after the races to run in the County Championships at Southampton. Bunton was picked for the over 15 race and McKinlay and Davies for the under 15. Bunton did very well in this race, coming 18th out of 110. In the under 15 race McKinlay also did well, coming 29th out of 150. We congratulate these two boys on their fine effort.

Colours were awarded for the first time for Cross Country. Bunton, Fudge, Randle, McKinlay, Davies, Wheller and Allen being the first recipients.

SCHOOL SPORTS, 1960

The Inter-House Athletics Meeting was held at Castle Lane last July. A very close and exciting contest ended with Ensbury just winning from Redhill. In fact, the issue was in doubt until the final event when Ensbury's senior Relay team managed to edge ahead of Redhill to win the Championship Cup by 169 points to Redhill's 165½. Talbot was third with 118 and Muscliffe fourth gaining 104½. Thirteen School records were broken and one equalled by:—

N. Churchill	2nd Year Long Jump 15 ft. 1 in.
A. Kellet	3rd Year Long Jump 15 ft. 5½ ins.
C. Randle	4th Year Long Jump 16 ft. 10 ins.
I. Nicol	5th Year Long Jump 18 ft. 8 ins.
K. Roberts	3rd Year Shot Putt 39 ft. 2½ ins.
B. Beckingham	5th Year Shot Putt 41 ft. 7 ins.
K. Andrews	2nd Year 440 Yards 66 secs.
M. Jessop	3rd Year 440 Yards 62.1 secs.
M. White	2nd Year Hurdles (70 yds) 10.8 secs.
I. Nicol	5th Year 220 Yards 25.2 secs.
P. May	3rd Year Hurdles (80 yds) 13.1 secs.
TALBOT	3rd Year 4 x 110 Yards Relay 52.4 secs.
REDFHILL	4th Year 4 x 110 Yards Relay 54.4 secs.
(All new records)	
I. Nicol	5th Year 100 Yards 10.4 secs. (equals record)



Under 15 and Over 15 Cross-Country Teams



Intermediate Athletics Team

Winners of the Benwell Cup for Runners-up in the Town Sports, 1960

TOWN SPORTS (Under 13 Group)

This year's Bournemouth and District Inter-Schools Athletics Meeting has been arranged for the first three days in June. Boys from Winton will be entered for certain but not all events. Unfortunately, the lack of training facilities has meant that we cannot provide competitors for the High Jump or the Hurdles, and those boys selected for the Long Jump will be unable to receive more than a minimum of practice. Consequently, it can hardly be expected that this year's team will emulate the achievements of the 1959 and 1960 teams who were the Champions and Championship Runners-up respectively. However, we might have individual success from Dugdale, Hughes and Fuller and the relay team should reach the Finals.

Jumping pits are at present being prepared at Ensbury Avenue, and if a decent track can be laid and hurdles provided, next year's team should compensate for any disappointment in 1961.

UNDER 14 RUGBY

We have had a very good season's Rugger with a majority of wins to Winton. I must congratulate the team on their loyalty to Mr. Westerman as trainer, because this season has been a very wet one—especially on Saturday mornings, it seems; but rain or shine, all the team has turned up for a game. Our captain, Andrews, is also to be thanked for his helpful advice during matches. At the beginning of the season we lost some of our best players and Mr. Westerman had to select others and train them.

Among other matters I should mention that Oakmead from the first year on were easily beatable, but suddenly in their third year they became much the stronger side and in both our games with them they beat us. We did not meet them again until the first round of the Seven-a-Side. This game, said our team, will be a tough one; and their prophesies were true. At full time we were drawing and so we turned round and continued playing until one side scored. This did not happen for another thirty minutes, concluding a very tough and rough game. After this we went on to win the under 14 trophy. Winton had also entered a B team, but they were knocked out by Portchester in the first round.

Played 15, won 11, lost 4; Point for 205, against 100.

Henry Harbin	...	W	15-6	Henry Harbin	...	W	16-0
King Edward VI, Soton	...	L	3-34	Oakmead	...	L	3-21
East Howe	...	W	6-0	Stourfield	...	W	18-0
Stourfield	...	W	9-3	Somerford	...	L	6-12
Oakmead	...	L	3-10	Ashley	...	W	5-3
Ringwood G.S.	...	W	15-3	Stourfield	...	W	32-3
Portchester	...	W	44-0	Ashley	...	W	9-5
Portchester	...	W	21-0				

B'mouth Schools Seven-a-side Competition

1st Round v Oakmead	W	6-3	Semi-Final v Ringwood G.S.	W	14-0
2nd Round v Somerford	W	6-0	Final v Henry Harbin	W	6-5



Under 12 Rugby with the Bournemouth and District Seven-a-side Cup



Under 14 Rugby with the Bournemouth and District Seven-a-side Cup

These boys have played for Winton under 14 regularly: Andrews (capt.), Churchill, Bird, A. Neal, J. Collins, Barrett, Peach, Burgess, Loram, Ellis, Eyles, D. Head, Houlton, Wraith, M. White, Birch, P. Collins.

The Seven-a-Side A team consisted of Andrews (capt.), Duke, Davies, Head, Peach, Churchill, Bird.
W. Peach, 3A.

UNDER 12 RUGBY

Fifteen games without defeat and Cup-winners of their group in the Bournemouth and District Seven-a-Side Tournament—Winton Under 12 XV can be justly proud of their record.

The pack has laid the foundation of success in most games. Tanner, Austin and Clarke have all played well, while Oakley and Baldwin in the line-out and Haigh and Collins in the loose have been towers of strength. They have hunted as one man, admirably led by the captain Lindsay Neilson. He must be one of the toughest forwards of his age in the town and also one of the finest leaders. His loyalty to his team and school has been a shining example.

Fuller and Bird at half-back have developed a sound understanding; Hawksworth, who will "play anywhere" and Cole have done well. The other three backs, Squires, Warr and Merchant are boys of great potential and with three or four of the forwards should be playing for the Bournemouth Under 13 XV next season.

A second team made a brief appearance in Round 1, enjoyed themselves and gave Oakmead "A" best 0-3.

Played 15, Won 14, drawn 1, lost 0. Points for 206, Against 6

Poole G.S.	...	D	0-0	Henry Harbin	...	W	18-0
East Howe	...	W	12-0	Ringwood G.S.	...	W	9-0
Somerford	...	W	11-0	Poole G.S.	...	W	15-0
Henry Harbin	...	W	12-0	Henry Harbin	...	W	9-0
Portchester	...	W	19-0	Oakmead	...	W	6-0
Oakmead	...	W	6-3	Herbert Carter	...	W	23-0
Herbert Carter	...	W	8-3	Somerford	...	W	43-0
East Howe	...	W	15-0	Final v Henry Harbin	...	W	9-3

SEVEN-A-SIDE TOURNAMENT

Round 2 v Ringwood G.S.	W	3-0
Semi-Final v Somerford	W	6-3

Team: - Neilson, Oakley, Baldwin, Collins, Warr, Merchant, Squires.

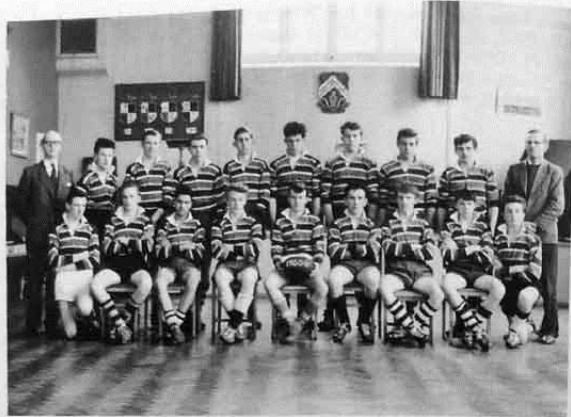
Well played all, and congratulations!

Team: Robin Cole; Stephen Warr, Michael Merchant, Roger Squires, Colin Hawksworth; Richard Bird, Robert Fuller; Michael Tanner, Geoffrey Austin, Timothy Clarke; John Haigh, Michael Oakley; Mark Collins, Tom Baldwin, Lindsay Neilson (Captain). Reserves: Mark Trembath, David Bowman.

UNDER 13 RUGBY

The season has been quite a reasonable one. On occasions the weather and ground conditions, in the away matches especially, have handicapped the team, who are lightweights in the main.

Played 21, won 9, lost 9, drawn 3. Points for 203; against 156.



Rugby 1st XV



Senior 'A' Football (1st XI)

1st XV RUGBY

The 1st XV Rugby team had a good season, losing only 3 of their 28 matches; 2 of these were won in return matches. We were well represented in the County side, for which Duke, Roberts and Wheller played on several occasions; the first were trialists for the Southern Counties team. In the town team we had 7 boys playing: Burns (capt.), Duke, Roberts, Randle, Young, Kellett, Averill.

Henry Harbin	W	19-0	Portchester	D	0-0
Stourfield	W	27-0	Stourfield	W	18-5
Oakmead	W	5-3	Poole G.S.	L	3-16
King Edward VI	W	14-0	Herbert Carter	W	25-0
Hurn Court	W	14-3	Ringwood G.S.	L	9-11
Queen Elizabeth G.S.	W	33-0	Ashley	W	36-0
Poole G.S.	D	3-3	Ringwood G.S.	W	14-3
Ringwood G.S.	D	8-8	Hurn Court	W	8-0
East Howe	W	8-5	Dorchester	W	33-0
Bournemouth School	W	31-5	Oakmead Colts	W	12-0
Henry Harbin	W	16-3	Henry Harbin	W	12-3
Bournemouth School	W	44-0	Ashley	W	36-0
Oakmead	W	9-3	Bournemouth School	W	3-0

Played 26, Points for 417, against 80.

M. A. Edwards, 5T (School Rugby Captain)

SENIOR FOOTBALL 1960/61

The A team played 15 League games and 4 Hayward Cup matches. Four boys played for the town team: F. Mullins, M. Jessopp, J. Burns and R. Domeney in both friendly and competition matches. In all, 19 boys played during the season, and 4 boys were awarded School Colours.

Results	P	W	D	L	P	F	A
League	15	7	2	6	16	44	28
Hayward Cup	4	2	1	1	—	9	4

B.S.A.A. SIX-A-SIDE COMPETITION

Three Under 15 and two Under 17 sides were entered

UNDER 15

'A' team lost in the 1/4 finals to Stourfield
'B' team lost in the semi-final to Portchester
'C' team lost in the 1st round to Somerford

UNDER 17

'A' team lost in the semi-final to Twynham
'B' team lost in the 1st round to East Howe

SENIOR B

This season Mr. Marmon has given at least twenty boys a chance of representing the school. Our first match, against Ringwood Grammar School, showed we were much the stronger team, and we defeated them by 7 goals to 2. In our last league match, against the same school, they were under the coaching of Tony Nelson of the Bournemouth and Boscombe F.C. and played a much better game.

Results	P	W	D	L	P	F	A
League	10	6	0	4	12	35	30
Hayward Cup	1	0	0	1	—	0	2



Intermediate 'A' Football



Intermediate 'B' Football

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

"Goals," every schoolboy footballer is told, "win matches!" but confidence and the will to score goals come before all else, and there has been a disappointing lack of both during the last season. Time and again the knees of the "A" team have knocked when their opponents, often greater in size or reputation, took the field. The result, in eight games out of twelve—defeat.

Some excuse can perhaps be found in the result of the season's first match, which did not reflect favourably the quality of Winton's performance. Here it was a case of the luckier, not the better, team's winning. Luck was decidedly against the Winton side, which, despite two wins before Christmas (including the 8-2 defeat of Somersford "B" in the second round of the Cherries' Supporters' Cup) failed to recover the spirit with which it began the season.

In the local Six-a-Side tournament, played in the Spring term, the pattern was similar. The three teams from Winton, composed of "A" and "B" team players, promised well at the start, but seemed to lose heart in the second round, when the odds were against them.

A rather dull picture, perhaps; but the season has also shown that the future promises to be bright. A number of the boys who played at the intermediate level came from first-year forms—so many, in fact, that, late in the season an under 12 team was selected, which had no difficulty in winning both the matches it played. As nearly all these boys will be returning to intermediate class soccer for a further season, it should be possible to mould them into a very strong side next year.

Especially worthy of mention are James and Squires, both first year boys who played consistently well throughout the season; and Mullis, an active and efficient skipper.

Other boys who represented the "A" side included Smith (Vice-Captain), Middleton, Lugg, Birch, Bird, Bushby, Collins, Head, Rattue Merchant Hewitt and Smith R.V.

INTER A				INTER B			
Oakmead	...	D	3-3	Oakmead	...	L	5-0
Oakmead	...	L	2-3	St. Walburga's	...	L	3-1
Summerbee	...	L	0-2	Summerbee	...	W	3-1
Summerbee	...	W	4-3	East Howe	...	W	2-1
Portchester	...	W	2-0	East Howe	...	D	1-1
Portchester	...	L	1-5	Oakmead	...	L	4-1
East Howe	...	L	0-3	Summerbee	...	L	4-3
East Howe	...	L	0-1				
CUP				CUP			
Somersford B	...	W	8-2	Ringwood G.S.	...	W	3-1
Twynham	...	L	1-5	Stourfield	...	L	3-1
Somersford A	...	L	0-10	Oakmead	...	W	1-0

For games won the Inter B team did not enjoy a successful season, although over twenty boys were given the chance of representing their school. The team did well to beat Ringwood G.S. in the Cup Competition, and played a good game against Stourfield A in the third round.

The Under 12 team played two away fixtures, against East Howe and Stourfield, winning both.

In the Six-a-Side tournament at Castle Lane the team put up a good performance with a much reshuffled side. In our first round we were drawn up to Boscombe A which included three town players but we won by six points to four. After defeating Twynham C in the second round we were drawn against Twynham A with two town players, and earned a place in the semi-final. Although we had the run of play, Portchester B defeated us by 4 points to 2, but lost in the final to Stourfield.

CRICKET

Again Winton had a very successful season, losing only to Swanage G.S. away after beating them at home. Unfortunately the number of fixtures had to be limited for various reasons. Ian Nicol proved to be an excellent captain, and once again he and Norman Morris had some first-class bowling performances. Certainly the most exciting match of the season was School v Staff, in which the School lost by only one run.

The wickets the groundsmen prepared at Castle Lane were excellent, contributing to the good cricket played. We hope our new ground at Ensbury Avenue may be as high in standard.

Winton 64 (Kemish 21 n.o., Nicol 20), Swanage C.S. 56 (Morris 6 for 24).
Winton 34 for 4 (Roles 17 n.o.), Portchester 1st XI 33 (Morris 6 for 13).
Swanage C.S. 33 for 5, Winton 32.
Oakmead 67, Winton 69 for 6.
Winton 93 (Jessopp 23), Oakmead 51.
School 99 (Roles 50), Staff 100 for 8 declared.

STAFF V BOYS FOOTBALL MATCH

At approximately a quarter past three the players came running on to the pitch. The Boys' team was playing into the sun but with the wind. After many tries at getting a goal came a shot from Randle. Mr. Westerman, the goal-keeper for the staff, could not have possibly saved it; I hardly saw it myself. Now the staff were really fighting very hard to equalize, but they were not able to score a goal until the second half.

At half time the referee, Mr. Tansey, blew his whistle, (which must have had something stuck in it as it kept on stopping and starting), and the players were sprawled out on the grass. In the second half the teachers kicked off, but they could not match the Boys' skill. Once again the Boys scored. Now the Boys had a lead of two nil, Mr. Popham being in goal for the Staff who were concentrating on attack. They did score some goals but not until the last few minutes of the game, winning by three goals to two.

R. Beck, 3A.

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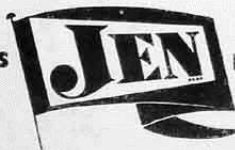
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