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1962

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THE MITRE

VOLUME
FOUR



JUNE
1962

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

The Mitre has now been published for . . . how many years? This is the fourth, in fact—already we are beginning to lose count. Every ton of coal mined, they say, makes the next ton harder to get. If the work of a school were a dead thing, to be dug out for present use, we could say that every issue of The Mitre makes the next harder to produce.

But school is school life, each year bringing reaping a new harvest of work and sport and adventure, of which the magazine is the account book, recording success in examinations, enjoyment of sport, experience of travel, and the pursuits of leisure time. All this The Mitre has done before, but each season's vintage has its own qualities.

Presentation too can vary. This year more photographs appear, sports news is abridged, and after the Golden Jubilee number of last year, this one is slightly smaller, but interest is still the aim. Compiling a school magazine can become a habit; as with all habits we can only hope that it is a good one.

Editor.

Foreword

by the Headmaster, Mr S. S. Lindley, BSc

Our Golden Jubilee has come and gone and, like many great occasions which have given pleasure in their anticipation, there follows a period of anti-climax when we have to descend from the heights and resume our journey of everyday activities. Before proceeding too far, however, it would be only proper to look back to the week-end of 22nd-23rd July 1961 and recapture, for the record, the spirit of friendliness and goodwill which made the celebrations so memorable. We shall long remember the splendid gathering of past pupils, the renewing of old friendships in the happy environment of our sister school at Glenmoor, and the moving service of re-dedication which centred on the inspiring address of an old boy.

This is an opportunity to say how much the success of the celebrations was due to the tireless work of a committee of Old Students and present Staff. Their reward was the appreciation, expressed by so many, of the splendid organisation of the week-end, and the hope that the Diamond Jubilee will give an opportunity for 'getting together' again.

So, in looking to the future, we can recall the three qualities which Dr Arnold, that great headmaster of a century ago, hoped to instil in his pupils—religious and moral principles, gentlemanly conduct and intellectual ability. These appear in sharp contrast, perhaps, to what Dr Hahn, the founder of Gordonstoun, Prince Charles' school, feels should have pride of place in education—physical training, expedition training and rescue service training. Combinations of three are not magical and I would suggest that our future outlook might very well embrace the six ingredients mentioned, thereby ensuring the development of the mind, the spirit and the body of our boys.

Staff News

Looking through the Staff News of only a year ago, one finds the names of 'new' teachers who are now familiar figures and seem to have been at the School for years. It is harder to recall those whom we met every day until recently but are now teaching elsewhere.

First among these is Mr Peter, who left at Easter for a school in Sussex. He had been here for many years, for several of them as head of the science department. Helping with science temporarily and part-time are Mrs Smith and Mr Wills. Mr Jones has been replaced by Mr Bayly, and Mr Lapworth by Mr P. Wright.

For last autumn term Mr Gyde was with us on his return from teaching in Nigeria and before moving to Carlisle to an army school. Many of us will recall his talks, illustrated with his own coloured photographs of life in Africa.

School Holidays

Close at 4 p.m. on
Summer: Friday, 27th July, 1962
Mid-Term: Thursday, 25th October
Christmas: Thursday, 20th December
Mid-Term: Thursday, 21st February
Easter: Wednesday, 10th April ...
Mid-Term: Friday, 31st May ...
Summer: Friday, 26th July, 1963

Re-open
Tuesday, 11th September
Tuesday, 30th October
Monday, 7th January
Tuesday, 26th February
Monday, 29th April
Monday, 10th June
Tuesday, 10th September

Editor's Notes

GOLDEN JUBILEE of Winton and Moordown Schools was celebrated last year. For the Garden Party at Glenmoor School for Girls on Saturday, 22nd July, the weather was perfect. Old students packed the room where photographs of themselves from one to forty years ago were displayed, while around the displays of dancing and gymnastics on the playing field, many friendships were renewed. Next day Winton Congregational Church was full for a Service of Commemoration and Re-dedication.



Opening of the Golden Jubilee Garden Party of Winton and Moordown Schools at Glenmoor School for Girls, 22nd July 1962

On the platform, from left: Miss D. Willoughby-Davis (Headmistress, Winton and Moordown Infants' School); Miss H. L. Shaw (Headmistress, Glenmoor School for Girls); Miss G. Woolcock (Joint Secretary, Jubilee Committee) and (seated behind microphone) Mr J. G. Thomas (Deputy Headmaster, Winton Secondary School and Chairman of the Jubilee Committee); Councillor Mrs B. Bicknell speaking (Chairman of the Secondary School Governors); Mr S. S. Lindley (Headmaster, Winton Secondary School); Alderman J. E. Bevis and Mrs Bevis; and Mr J. Talbot, who was MC for the Garden Party

GUEST SPEAKER on 30th November at our Speech Day was Sir Donald Bailey, OBE, JP, Director of the Military Engineering Experimental Establishment, Christchurch, who spoke of the increasing demand for highly-skilled people in all kinds of work. Training was essential (he said) for our future as a nation. Prizes presented by Sir Donald are listed on page 44

SPEECH DAY 1962 is to be on Wednesday, 28th November, again at the Town Hall. We shall welcome as guest speaker the Bishop of Winchester.

OPEN EVENING will be on Wednesday, 25th July, when parents are invited to see some of the School's work and discuss their boys' work with teachers. Parents of boys who are entering the School in September will be welcomed next evening.

SPORTS DAY will be Thursday, 19th July, for the second time at the new athletic stadium at King's Park, with its cinder track and covered stand. Last year's results are on page 41

SWIMMING GALA will take place on Tuesday, 24th July, again at Stoke-wood Road Baths, though this year we have been able to make an afternoon booking.

OUTINGS are a day to look forward to on Friday, 20th July. Several cross-country journeys are organised, one of them tracing the Roman Road north from Badbury Rings. Other boys are revisiting the cliffs of the Purbecks, where they were almost blown off last year in a strong gale, while those on a boat tour of Portsmouth Harbour had a close view of rain. The purpose of these School days in the country is partly to introduce to boys places they would otherwise be unable to see. They remember the miles of walking, too.

GUERNSEY for many junior boys in the last few years has been the next stage in seeing the world. In 1961 another party of over thirty spent a fortnight of hard relaxation at the familiar Rocquaine Bay Camp with Mr and Mrs Loosemore and Mr Popham. Those who are going this year should take warning from recollections on pages 14-18

SWITZERLAND was the destination of a party taken by Mr Skelton and Mr Marmon for a few days at Lugano. Some experiences are described on pages 18-19

ITALY 62 came up to expectation, even for several fourth-year boys who had been there in 1960, and who found the programme almost the same. However, experience smoothed out delays and enabled us to do more in the few hectic days—four nights in Venice and five in Rome. Mr Young was again in charge. Already enquiries have come for the next visit, especially from boys who have been once already. Wooden seats in railway carriages left them with many impressions; others are recorded on pages 9-14

NORMANDY is due for invasion soon after dawn on 19th July. For details of the plan see page 8

TAPING School broadcasts of the BBC is now a regular practice, so that radio interviews and drama can be used in lessons without juggling with the time-table. Speech training and French pronunciation are further ways in which the School's new tape recorder (a Ferrograph) is being put to use.

TYPESCRIPT for The Mitre is due again chiefly to staff and students of the Municipal College Department of Commerce, whose Head, Mr Crawford, has kindly arranged for some of the articles to be rendered legible there. This is a great help in many ways.

TEXT of The Mitre is set in 10 point Caledonian and printed by letterpress, the photographs by photo-lithography.

As we go to press we have to record the death, on Sunday 3rd June, after a short absence, of Terence Waite, of form 1A.

Examination Results

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION (CAMBRIDGE) ORDINARY LEVEL

5th Year Boys.

M. BALDWIN	4 subjects	A FRANCIS	5 subjects
B. BALDWIN	2 ..	A FUDGE	3 ..
R. BEARD	4 ..	G. GUNN	2 ..
C. BUDDEN	2 ..	A. HOLDSWORTH	5 ..
N. BUNTON	2 ..	D. MANTELL	5 ..
R. CHESHER	1 subject	M. PRITCHARD	1 subject
A. CLIVETT	1 ..	R. SMITH	3 subjects
R. DOMINEY	1 ..	D. WILSON	1 subject
J. EDWARDS	1 ..	R. YOUNG	1 ..

4th Year Boys.

W. ANEERS	2 subjects	S. GILMOUR	1 subject
B. CLAXSON	1 subject	B. JENKINS	1 ..
S. CORNISH	1 ..	F. QUICK	1 ..

Additional Subjects.

R. BESSANT	2 subjects	I. NICHOL	1 subject
R. DEVINE	2 ..		

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION (ASSOCIATION EXAMINING BOARD)

A. ARAGONES	1 subject	L. SMITH	1 subject
C. KEIR	1 ..		

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

UNION OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

A. ARAGONES	6 subjects (2 credits)	C. KEIR	6 subjects (1 credit)
R. BILLIETT	4 ..	C. RANDLE	6 ..
R. CONIAM	4 ..	L. SMITH	6 ..
M. EDWARDS	8 .. (2 credits)	J. WEST	6 ..

INTRODUCTORY TECHNICAL COURSE CERTIFICATES
UNION OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

TECHNICAL—PART A

- K. ASHBY
- G. BEALE
- D. BLEWITT
- P. BOLTON
- K. CARPENTER
- A. CLARKE
- S. DAVIS
- B. DUKE
- P. FAIRS
- D. HOFF
- D. JOHNSON (distinction Maths.)
- J. LANGDON
- G. LAWLEY
- D. LIGHT
- D. LUGG
- K. MAY
- D. MEATON
- D. PHILLIPS
- J. RAWLINS
- M. RIGLER
- M. ROLFE
- D. ROWELL
- T. SNOW
- D. STUBBS
- R. TAYLOR
- G. TETT
- M. TYLER

* Denotes Grouped Course Certificates

TECHNICAL—PART B

- K. BAILEY
- M. BAKER
- E. BARNES
- D. BELCHER
- R. BILLET
- R. CONIAM
- J. CROAD
- R. DILLON
- M. EDWARDS
- E. FISHER
- T. GAUNTLETT
- M. HIBBERD
- K. JAMES
- V. JONES
- P. KING
- I. LAIDLAW
(distinction Maths.)
- D. MADOCKS
- A. MITCHELL
- R. MOXHAM
- D. NEAL
- C. PARKER
- R. PERRETT
- B. RAWLINGS
- M. RUSSELL
- A. SWEET
- D. TURLE-SMITH
- M. WAREHAM
- J. WARR
- J. WEST
- C. WHEATLEY
- R. WOODLEY
- J. WYATT
- T. PARKER
- K. RHODES
- R. STACHY

* Denotes Grouped Course Certificates

BUILDING—PART A

- T. AVERILL
- R. BAKER (distinction—Maths.)
- D. BLANCHARD (distinction—Maths.)
- M. DAVIES
- G. DAVID
- K. DOVE (distinction—Maths.)
- W. FAZAKERLEY (distinction—Maths.)
- M. FOX (distinction—Maths. Second place in country)
- K. GAGLIARDI
- K. GULLAN
- A. HORLOCK
- M. JERRETT (distinction in Maths. Second place in Science)
- M. LEGG (distinction in Maths. First place in Science)
- M. LEVESCONTE (distinction in Maths. Second Place in Maths. and Science)
- L. LIGHT
- J. LONDON
- G. MORRIS
- N. PALMER
- P. ROLFS
- A. SENIOR
- P. WARE
- R. YOUNG (Second place in Drawing and Geometry)

* Denotes Grouped Course Certificates

BUILDING—PART B

- A. ARAGONES
- C. KEIR (distinction in Drawing and Geometry)
- C. RANDLE (distinction in Maths.)
- L. SMITH (distinction in Maths.)

School Outing to Portsmouth

When School outings were arranged last July, my friends and I decided to go on one to Portsmouth and Southsea. A short walk from the station at Portsmouth brought us to the 'Victory', Nelson's Flagship. A sailor showed us round in groups, telling us about the crew's quarters, the surgeons' room (which was very small), and the place where Nelson died.

After eating the lunches we had brought we waited in pouring rain for a boat to take us round the harbour. Through the pouring rain we could see several warships, as well as the Royal Yacht. Our coach journey on to Southsea showed us more rain, and waves were breaking over the promenade.

Tea in a restaurant was followed by a visit to the funfair. It was the largest fair I had seen. Here our remaining money soon disappeared, and we were glad of a roof in the coach and train back to Bournemouth.

Michael Redpath, 3A.

Form Visit to Poole Power Station

When we arrived at the power station we were met by two guides who were going to show us round. Before we went into the workshops we saw the floor where my father works and is in charge. He has to keep a record of the turbine readings.

At Poole there are six turbines. Of the two on my father's floor, only one was producing electricity while the other was being repaired. Ventilators in the roof keep the hall cool.

In the office block we saw pictures of the power station being built. After that we went into the control room where output is switched. Electricity from Poole goes into the national grid, and is enough to supply many miles around. The main building is 200 feet high and the two chimneys are 320 feet.

Stephen Jennings, 2R.

Form Visit

On Tuesday, 3rd April our form visited Poole Pottery in two guided parties. First we saw a thrower and his assistant who weighed the clay into two-pound lumps. The thrower was an apprentice who had been at the pottery for two years and had another five to serve. He made six dozen pots a day, but next to him was a skilled man who made ten dozen a day.

On a lathe nearby the bottoms of the pots were being shaped when they were 'cheese-hard'. In another room pottery was being moulded. We went onto a platform to see a kiln which is kept going night and day at a temperature of 1,100° centigrade.

Finally our guide took us to a display of Poole Pottery, and into the show-room and tile room. Outside the Pottery we had a walk on the quay before catching the bus home.

Stephen Morfitt, 4R.

Normandy

Last days of term (and of school life) are always an anti-climax for those who have been working hard for examinations. With this in mind, Mr Loosmore has organised a cycle-camping expedition in Normandy, taking twenty senior boys. The School Governors have readily given permission for this to be held in the last week or two of the summer term.

The party will land from Southampton at St Malo on 19th July. In fact, this is Brittany, but the route enters Normandy next day and crosses it to Le Havre

for the return to Southampton. All but a few shillings of the cost will be boat fares—£6, the aim being to make the party as self-reliant as possible. Official camp sites will be used, and cooking will be in groups of four by primus; tents are being lent by the Youth Office.

This will be an experiment in the kind of adventure that senior boys need, forming for them an exciting and memorable ending to school life.



Prefects

ITALY

By Gondola to St. Mark's

The sun was shining in our bedroom window when three of us woke up and began to talk. Suddenly the whole room was alive with the chatter of five boys who were now awake and sitting up in bed. The time was half-past six, so one boy made the suggestion that we washed and then played a game of cards, but this idea was turned down with a lot of moans from the rest of us. We finally decided to stay in bed for another hour and then get up.

'Half past seven!' was the loud cry from the far corner. After breakfast we were told we had to meet by the main entrance at a quarter to nine.

Suddenly we saw six gondolas gliding up the Grand Canal and then they turned round towards our hotel. We called Mr Young and he said that they were for us. The boats came nearer until they were right at the entrance. We next clambered in and sat down, six per gondola. Gradually we drifted away from the hotel towards St. Mark's Square and the Doge's Palace. Along the sides of the canal we saw shop stalls being erected for the day's work. The tall monument in front of us was the bell tower in St Mark's Square. Our gondolier was singing in Italian.

Mr Popham led us through an arcade into St Mark's Square where two bands

were playing music outside cafes. We took a lot of photographs between us of the Doge's Palace and the bell tower. Next we went up the tower by lift and the view was terrific. I took six photographs from different angles and they looked lovely with the sun shining on tops of houses and churches, boats and water. We had been told that at twelve o'clock bells would ring, but to our disappointment they did not because it was Good Friday.

It was now half past twelve and time to go for dinner. We set off and then discovered the main party had gone and we should have to find our own way back to the hotel. One boy had a pocket map so out it came and we followed it. It was ten to one and we were back before the rest of them.

Adrian Filbey, 3G.

Second Time Round

This Easter I went to Italy for the second time. Although we went to more or less the same places as before I do not feel that my money has been wasted. In Venice we did not stay at the same hotel as before; this time the hotel was more centrally placed and had a good view of the Grand Canal from the front rooms.

In Rome we stayed at the same hostel. The only complaint we had was that the food was nearly always cold when it was meant to be hot. The most impressive part of the tour was the visit to St Peter's. The inside was magnificently decorated with statues, carvings and paintings. The size of the church from inside is most confusing; it looks much smaller than it is really. The number of steps to the dome seemed like thousands, but there is a most rewarding view all over Rome. But in my opinion the most interesting part of the stay in the city was the Forum, the meeting place of the early Romans, which developed into the centre of ancient Rome.

The tour of these places seemed more interesting than before, perhaps because I had already some knowledge of the places we visited, which I had gathered on the previous trip. It was a pity that we could not find time to revisit Hadrian's Villa.

Altogether I enjoyed this trip even more than the last.

John Gardiner, 4G.

Day at the Islands

We got off the boat at Murano and walked alongside a canal to reach the glass factory. In a demonstration shed, dark and hot, we stood on some wooden steps. In front of us were furnaces where boys were heating the glass on the end of hollow iron rods. These were then passed to some men sitting in front of things that looked like anvils. They rolled the glass up and down these anvils, then passed them to a glass blower. After a few minutes they had made a glass vase. A blower then showed us what would happen if he blew too hard: there was a sudden loud report as the glass exploded.

We were led to the showrooms past the factory itself. By the entrance hung many mirrors of all shapes and sizes. As we walked around we saw coloured glass horses, ash trays and wine sets, to mention only a few. We left to catch the boat to Burano.

Here we found some grass, in front of a small beach and below a leaning bell-tower, where we had our packed lunch. After buying some more souvenirs we boarded another boat to go to Torcello, our third island.

When we arrived we were told we could either walk the half-mile to the

cathedral or we could go in a gondola if we paid a hundred lire (one shilling and twopence). The majority made a rush for the gondolas, each of which held about six people. We cruised slowly up the canal laughing at the cries of "Lazy!" coming from the bank. About ten minutes later we arrived at the Cathedral.

Torcello was the earliest settlement of Venice but is now an almost deserted island. We went back to the gondolas at 5 p.m. and we were rowed to the water-bus stop to board a boat back to Venice.

David Emberson, 3G.



Just arrived in Venice. Waiting for a water-taxi to their hotel, boys of Italy 62 enjoy their first sight of the Grand Canal

Streets Full of Water

As I stepped from the Venice railway station I was confronted by the Grand Canal and lost all sense of reality. Gondolas bobbed at their moorings and ripples of water splashed up the steps as a motor launch whisked past.

Not surprisingly I noticed the absence of cars. The houses and one-time palaces of the rich merchants seemed unusually shabby although the interiors were well kept. Venice has an atmosphere of its own: one of peace and solitude with the gentle lapping of water or the singing of a gondolier. Yet this peace and serenity is swiftly to be broken by the honking of horns and the noise of the cumbersome vaporetti (water buses).

Venice, the strong merchant city of the fifteenth century, is now dependent on its tourist trade. Small, dark Italians carrying their boxes of trinkets approach 'wealthy' school children in the hope of selling a key-ring or penknife for perhaps a shilling.

One of the most impressive sights in Venice was that of St Mark's Square, which we visited one evening to see it lamp-lit. The square paved with marble and enclosed by three tall buildings and the Cathedral of St Mark gave the impression of being one gigantic hall.

The Doge's Palace, not far from the Cathedral, was a building holding infinite beauty and wealth, and we spent a whole morning there visiting the halls, which were decorated with carvings and paintings. We left Venice with the thought that this town of a hundred canals, four hundred bridges and of many palaces will be swallowed up by the sea in perhaps a thousand years' time.

Rome was quite a ridiculous contrast to Venice. Tiny Fiats roared up the motorways and slid round corners in a city of (apparently) no speed restrictions. It was now not a case of falling in the canal but of being bowled over by a Fiat!

The most memorable visit in Rome was to see the Church of St Peter. The interior decorated with gold and mosaic was huge—big enough to hold 50,000 people.

After laboriously climbing the five-hundred-odd steps to the Dome of St Peter's we were rewarded by a magnificent view of Rome, and we were told that on a clear day we could see the Mediterranean some twelve miles away.

We visited the Colosseum, the amphitheatre of ancient Rome, which conjured up scenes of gladiators battling with hungry lions. So much more could be said of such a splendid holiday—one that will never be forgotten.

Barrie Smallcaldler, 4G.

Eternal City

We arrived at Rome station just after midnight at the end of a most tiring train journey from Venice with a five hour stay at Florence. We were driven to the hotel in a luxury coach, a very tired party of boys, and at about 2.30 a.m. we managed to crawl into bed after eating a half-cold supper.

The first place we visited in the Eternal City was the monument to Italy's greatest king, Victor Emmanuel II. We were on our way to St Peter's Square, to see and hear the Pope give his Easter message to the world. On that afternoon we went on a coach tour of outer Rome and saw many wonderful views from hills around.

During the next morning we visited many churches among which was the Pantheon, the best preserved of all classical monuments in Rome, dating back to 2 BC. The real marvel of the Pantheon is that both the height and diameter of the inter or are 142 feet. Despite this height and weight of the roof it is not held up by pillars. The only light and air enter through an opening 30 feet wide in the centre of the huge dome, which is made of Roman concrete.

We visited on the same morning the Colosseum, the great amphitheatre which dates back to AD 72. Next we entered the Cathedral of Rome, St John Lateran. Nearby are the holy steps which are only to be ascended kneeling. These 28 steps, according to tradition, are the same flight of marble steps which Jesus ascended in the house of Pilate.

In the afternoon we walked in the Roman Forum which was once the centre and most thriving part of Rome, but due to its once being used as a rubbish dump

it stands in ruins, and it is left to one's own imagination to see what it used to look like in all its splendour and greatness.

The following day we went to the Vatican Museum, after which we visited the marvellous church of St Peter and climbed to the top of the dome, built by Michaelangelo, from which we had a marvellous view of the city. In the afternoon we went to Tivoli and to the garden in which there are 3,000 jets of water forming themselves into many wonderful fountains. Coming back from Tivoli we had a rather rushed hour or two of shopping.

The last day in the Eternal City was begun by a morning visit to the ancient burial places of the early Christians, the Catacombs. From here we went to the Baths of Caracalla and then on to the small but famous church of Quo Vadis. The church is famous because inside are the supposed footprints of Christ, left from the time when St Peter had a vision of Him on the Via Appia. On the last afternoon we were allowed to take a choice from a number of small trips.

The next morning we were awakened at 4.30 a.m. by a loud knocking on the door. In walked Mr Young to tell us that it was time for our earliest and last breakfast in Rome. Within an hour or so we were on our way home to dear old England, leaving behind us Rome, Florence and Venice, all of them now just a dream.

Keith Andrews, 4G.

Twenty-Nine Boys Under the Ground

My first impression as I walked along the dark, damp, cold passage was what a marvellous piece of engineering it was, considering it was built in semi-darkness, with few tools. Our guide was a priest who outlined the important features. As our tour continued I made sure I kept up with the other boys as I did not fancy staying down there in the dark for the night. One thing I noticed was that at every two or three tombs a little hole was carved in the soft volcanic rock, and I learned later that they were used for placing the earthenware oil lamps in. On some tombs elaborate decorations and symbols were inscribed in colour. As I walked up the steps and into the daylight I looked back on my wonderful visit to the Catacombs, though it had been quite long enough.

Michael Oakley, 2A.



The Colosseum

Rome is worse than London with its people rushing madly everywhere, once the capital of the then known world, now a sight-seers' paradise. There are statues everywhere with the dominating cupola of St Peter's always in the distance.

The Romans were very keen on blood-thirsty sports, and reminding us of this is the Colosseum. When entering it the first thing that strikes you is its size. It has towering walls, at the bottom of which are large arches through which the spectators passed. At the top of the walls are sections similar to our boxes but with no roofs. A canvas would be stretched across the top by sailors when games and battles were staged.

Looking down from one of the boxes you have a good idea of the oval shape of the arena. At the two narrower ends are two gates, one where the two gladiators walked in alive and one where attendants carried one (or sometimes both) out, dead. The oval itself was large enough to get a football pitch in, although you would have a hard job to play there now because in mediaeval times the Colosseum was used as a fortress and living quarters were built in the arena.

Robert Pepper, 2A.

GUERNSEY

Through the Air...

Fasten your safety belts! That was the first order when boarding the plane, a Dakota. The seats were very comfortable and I sat down next to a window.

It was quite an experience looking down over Bournemouth and seeing the features which make it so popular. As we approached the coastline it was good-bye to Bournemouth and our parents for two weeks, and a holiday in Guernsey.

The air hostess came round with barley sugar sweets which were very welcome. She also told us how fast the plane was going and when we would arrive at our destination. I kept looking back to the coastline as gradually it disappeared. The sea looked marvellous from this height, and the water was coloured different shades of blue, owing to the many rocks in the sea.

About thirty minutes after take-off we passed an island, Alderney, about twenty miles from Guernsey. As one approaches the island of Guernsey one can see the tall buildings of St Peter Port, the capital, and the greenhouses where tomatoes grow and for which Guernsey is famous. The landing was a little jolting but no-one had been air-sick at all. A coach took us to our camp at Rocquaine Bay. This was the beginning of a wonderful holiday which everyone enjoyed.

David Thomas, 3G.

The Dark Tower

We had been in Guernsey about a week and the thundery weather had given way to warm sunshine. As soon as lunch was over everyone rushed back to the dormitory to rummage for swimming kit. I discovered that sun-tan lotion had squeezed onto mine, but this was soon washed off—wasted though.

'Hey, you've got my socks on', shouted someone from the other end of the room and came along to retrieve them.

'I thought they weren't quite like mine.'

'Are yours that strong?'

Inside the bus the hubbub started again. Everyone settled down as we travelled

over the hills to L'Ancrese Bay, where all rushed out onto the beach. Alan Mangan, Steve Fry, Steve Palmer, David Thomas and myself sat down and discussed what to do. Eventually we agreed to go on a walk and explore a nearby martello tower. (These are massive concrete towers with gun emplacements, built when the Germans captured the islands in the war). When we arrived we found the door locked so we looked around for a way in.

'How about climbing onto the top of the building', suggested one of the Steves, indicating a concrete armoury built close by. We hoisted ourselves up to look through the narrow gun-slit before squeezing through. The gloom engulfed us, so we lit a match to look around.

'Hey, look! Here's some steps!' I called out as I walked towards them. 'Let's go up!'

After we had climbed for what seemed minutes the light improved, and we found ourselves looking up a twenty-foot shaft with a steel ladder clamped to the side. I was second to go up and just stopped Dave Thomas from falling.

The view from the top was magnificent, for the tower was a hundred feet high as well as being on the top of a hill. On one side we could see right across to St Sampson, a port on the other side of the island, and right back to the hostel in the other direction. 'I'm going to take some photos,' I said, and set about doing so.

We must have spent about an hour up there, sunbathing and idly chatting. The top was circular with a low wall round the edge. The time to go soon arrived, and we gathered together our belongings and walked over to the shaft. We kept together as we went down the narrow passage that seemed to echo the sharp commands of the ghosts of twenty years ago.

'Sieg heil!' one wall would seem to say: while the other answered 'Heil Hitler!'

As we reached the gun-slit the nervous tension suddenly broke and we scrambled out, scraping ourselves on the concrete. Outside, the light hurt our eyes, so we stood and rubbed them. From the armoury we jumped back to the ground and walked back to the rest of the party.

'Where have you been?' asked everyone.

'Oh, just for a little walk,' we answered calmly, bathing our cuts and scratches.

Brian Prosser, 3C.

Marooned

I awoke early, surrounded by a jungle of bunk beds, and thought of the things I would do that day. What would I have for breakfast. Ah! food—a rich, succulent slice of bacon, topped with a frizzled egg I could dip my crisp fried bread in. Oh, here comes Mr Loosemore—better get ready and dressed before the rush. Washing is quite uneventful, except for nearly swallowing the tooth-brush. I can see today is not going to be very exciting.

After breakfast the coach arrives, and a conglomeration of duffle bags, Mr Loosemore, cameras, Mr Popham, towels, etc. has been loaded and stacked neatly. We're off. The coach gorges up the miles and the sea wall rushes by. These drivers—hopeless, terrific, cornering at forty. And they really speed on the straights.

The coach empties its load and bids goodbye with a puff of exhaust fumes. We have to walk along a stretch of cliff paths, and this soon becomes hot and exhausting work. Those rafts down there! How they glide effortlessly through the water... wish I was on one. My wish comes true.

'Hi there! Want a lift?'
'Won't say no!'
'Good! Come down that easy chunk of cliff.'

'Easy' the man says. However, John Davenport and I sit on to the rafts and are asked if a nearby rock would be all right for us to disembark on. We agree. The rock doesn't feel too uncomfortable. The rest of the party have reached the shore only about two hundred yards away, but after inspecting the rock I begin to have a swallowing feeling that we are marooned. Must keep calm. Now, what's the first thing a shipwrecked sailor does? 'Help! Help!' Wave a bright blue shirt. Ah, response. That figure on the beach seems to know we're in trouble and grasps the situation. Soon he's swishing about in the water just below us.

He suggests putting nearly all our clothes on a li-lo and swimming back just in our shorts. This seems a brainwave. Just a minute... where's the li-lo? Oh, we have to swim back to find one. That doesn't attract me: there was a record shark caught in Guernsey the other week, conger eels as well, nasty things. But then there's a matter of honour; mustn't show fear at a time like this.

Soon the water is around me and the long journey begins. We swim for ages. Suddenly a rough skin touches my leg. Sharks! I wait for those grinding teeth to crunch into my leg and they... they... don't. Bah! it's only John Davenport. The plot thickens; so does the water. It resembles mulligatawny soup—seaweed, horrible stuff! The sand slides under our feet and we scramble ashore for a minute's rest. Someone nearby lends us a li-lo and we set out on our return journey to that rock where our clothes lie. We load the cargo onto our craft and make a good start by dropping a shoe with John's watch inside into the sea, but it's quickly rescued with a blind sweep under the water.

Our craft slides smoothly through the calm sea until we reach the breakers, but now it tosses and tumbles in the rough water by the beach. Our cargo strains on its lashings and things begin to drop overboard—shoes, socks, pull-overs. We grab wildly for them and they're all recovered except one sock, which goes to join the seaweed. Eventually our boat grounds. We stumble ashore, dripping, tired but safe, and fall onto the warm, glistening sand to rest. We've been rescued; or rather, we've rescued ourselves.

Stephen Palmer, 3C.

Flight to Guernsey

'Passengers for flight No 399 assemble at Barrier 2 please'. That was our party, and we were taken to the waiting aircraft, a DC3 of Jersey Airlines. The door shut us in and the engines started.

A light at the front of the plane told passengers to fasten their safety belts, as the aircraft taxied onto the apron and then to the runway. The engines revved up, making our feet tremble, and then we began to move. In a few seconds we were off the ground and were banking to the left. As we flew over the town to the sea, to the right of us lay Swanage with its cliffs, and Lulworth Cove beyond.

In a quarter of an hour we were well out of sight of land. We passed over many ships and were buffeted about by air pockets. To our left now lay Alderney and Jersey, while in front were Sark, Herm and our destination, Guernsey. The airport is in the middle of the island so we saw everything—villages, bays and greenhouses. The island seemed made of glass. The light flashed on and we fastened our safety belts for the second time.

At last we touched down and the aircraft taxied to the apron. We walked

over to the office to collect our baggage before boarding a bus for the camp. This was the first of our bus journeys to many parts of the island with its beautiful bays.

Philip Dare, 1G.



Exhausted by an afternoon's relaxation at Saint's Bay, boys of the Guernsey party wait for their bus back to Rocquaine Bay camp

Sark Mad

We left our camp at Rocquaine Bay early on a hot day. Arriving at St Peter Port we walked over to the quay where the boats were moored, bound for Sark. On the way we passed Herm, which we had previously visited, and the small island of Jethou next to Herm. As we neared Sark we could see that the coastline of this island was high and very rugged. The cliffs were almost vertical and formed of hard rock. A light-house on the eastern side gleamed in the sunlight on top of the cliff.

We arrived at a small harbour cut in the rocks. Along the road by it stood numerous ponies and traps waiting to take people for a ride round the island. Next to this was a larger inlet which had been made into a harbour protecting yachts and small fishing and rowing boats. The island was a sort of plateau above the water and a long, wide track wound up to the top of it. I was lucky in getting

a ride on the back of a tractor trailer half way up. There was one main road, if you could call an ordinary dirt track a road, in which there were shops along each side. Small groups of houses lay scattered over the island, and the land was broken up into farms with some waste land near the cliffs. We made for the causeway between Sark and Little Sark along the dry dusty roads.

On one side of the track along the narrow strip of land and rocks, rough cliffs tumbled down to the water. On the other side steps led down to a sandy bay surrounded by rocks that had fallen off the cliffs. Finding a dry place between the rocks we had lunch. Afterwards we went scrambling and when we reached the cliff where earth was coating the rocks, we found some crystals under the clumps of grass. They were transparent and it looked as if they had formed on the rocks; if you dropped a group of crystals they sometimes broke up and glittered like diamonds. Leaving the bay we crossed the bridge into Little Sark. It was still very hot and we were glad when we found a farm house that sold refreshments. From there we crossed the island to have a swim in Venus Pool.

When we arrived we met another group from our camp. It was refreshing to be able to swim in the cool water of the pool after the dry, dusty roads. The pool was in the rocks, where high tides would fill it, and almost round, about thirty feet across and twenty deep. On one side the rocks sloped away to the sea; opposite, they rose with ridges at intervals suitable for diving.

It was getting late in the afternoon when we left Venus Pool and set off back to the harbour. It was still very warm and it seemed miles as we slowly trudged along; we envied the people sitting back in the carriages. Down the hill we could see the boat ready to take us back to Guernsey.

Brian Taylor, 3G.

LUGANO

Day in Milan

On one of our eight days we had a day trip to Milan, which was not very distant as we were near the Italian border. Early that morning the coach arrived to pick us up, and we set out on the journey full of high spirits. Soon we were passing through the picturesque Swiss villages heading for the Italian frontier. On our arrival we found that the driver had not brought his passport, and we were refused permission to cross into Italy. To obtain a passport for him entailed returning to Locarno.

After this had been achieved we passed the frontier without mishap and set out for Milan. On the way we passed along a new autostrada on which a toll had to be paid. We reached Milan about midday and sat in the coach to eat our packed lunch. Then we had some free time in which my friends and I walked round Milan looking at the sights, especially the Cathedral, having some trouble over a Coca-Cola which one of us had to pay five shillings for, though this was rectified later. However it was soon time to return, and after a short journey we were walking back to the hostel, tired but happy.

This holiday was a very enjoyable one, owing mainly to Mr Skelton's and Mr Marmon's organisation, and I have promised myself to return there one day, taking my parents.

Derek Gulliford, 5C.

Our Home in Switzerland

Our home for the days of our holiday was a large hotel about five miles from the town of Lugano in southern Switzerland, where Italian is spoken. In fact, we were less than twenty miles from Italy. Like the town itself, our hotel overlooked the long lake which stretched for miles. We had also a small beach and a grass pitch on which we could either play football or sunbathe.

We slept in a large dormitory partitioned off into cubicles with two beds in each. Inside the main part of the building was a small shop in which we could buy food as well as other things, and correspondence too was delivered there. In the forecourt was a car park with grass verges.

The hotel staff were very helpful, and altogether the hotel was very comfortable to stay in.

Alex Perkins, 4B.

Life in Today's Royal Air Force as a Boy Entrant

As the train puffed into Gilestone there was a big rush to get off as about a hundred and twenty boys between the ages of fifteen and seventeen (and I was one of them) were eager to get to our first taste of RAF life. A coach was at the station and half the boys scrambled aboard it while the rest of us waited for it to return.

We arrived at about 4.30 p.m. and were told to go to a room, from where we were taken to our billets and then to the mess for a hot meal. As none of



A term after leaving, Rifleman Davis and Senior Boy Tett revisit the School

us were used to the hard mattresses very few of us had much sleep the first night.

Our first day was the worst. We were attested (sworn in), and next came the barbers. The afternoon was put aside for medicals, 'jabs' and collecting kit; the next few days were spent cleaning and collecting more kit. The following week we started our actual training: education, drill (of which there was very little) PT and our trade training. We soon settled into the way of things and began to enjoy ourselves. The evenings, from 5 until 9.45 p.m. are ours to do as we like, and Saturdays from 12 noon to 10.15 p.m. as well as on Sundays are ours to enjoy. We have our own group for providing music, and in the evenings we all get together and sing our favourites. If you heard us you most probably wouldn't recognize them, but we do our best.

There is plenty of scope for most sports, and people who can't swim are taught by some fine instructors. Hobbies are also encouraged by many officers, NCO's and civilian instructors in the evenings.

Don't think our life is all roses though, as we do have to keep the billets clean and one evening a week is domestic evening, commonly known (among ourselves) as a 'bull night'.

I am not trying to recruit in any way, but I think that if you want to meet new people, to have a good time and at the same time learn a good trade, you can't do better than join one of the services, preferably the Royal Air Force. I have been in the service for just over three months and I have made several new friends. A few weeks ago I had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

I like the life and hope to see some of you coming to St Athan in the near future.

Senior Boy Entrant G. Tett, stationed at RAF St Athan.

Proficiency Instructor

It took four weeks' training at the Drill Hall on Wednesday evenings before I was proficient enough to take my Cycling Proficiency Test. It was on a Saturday at the Police Station near the Lansdowne, a dull day and rather drizzly, but I passed with ninety-three per cent and honours. I was given a pennant to fix to my cycle and a badge to put into the button-hole of my jacket.

After passing my Cycling Proficiency Test I heard that a prefect from our school had become an instructor, so I enquired how I could become one. I was told I would have to pass my Cycling Proficiency Test with over ninety per cent and then attend a course lasting four weeks. Later I started my training, together with a friend and other boys who wished to become instructors.

Before Easter arrived we each received a letter inviting us to the launching ceremony of 'Learn to Live... Road Training Year'. This campaign was about accidents and how they could be avoided in Bournemouth. Later I received another letter inviting me to present myself at East Howe Girls' School to help train seventeen of the girls for the Cycling Proficiency Test.

The first week I made friends with all the girls and found to my surprise that my friend was also going to instruct at the same time and at the same place as I was. That week we made sure all the cycles were in good order and that the girls knew how to adjust their machines. The second week was spent in seeing that the girls could steer properly; this we did by watching them closely as they negotiated the blocks, which are small cubes of wood lying about five feet apart.

The remaining two weeks were spent by stopping and parking their cycles, stopping quickly and safely and turning left and right at a halt sign.

In this course two whole hours at least on Wednesday evenings, seven o'clock to nine o'clock, are devoted to Cycling Proficiency Training. On Wednesday evenings now for me there is no time to rest; I come out of school, cycle swiftly home, tear through my paper round, gulp down some tea, jot down some homework and then I'm off to East Howe. Although tiring, it is a worthwhile job to become an instructor.

Frederick Humble, 3C.



CYCLE PROFICIENCY TRAINERS

Left to right (standing): W. Stanton, W. Loram, D. Hoff, K. Ashby, M. Baker, B. Rawlings.
(seated): S. Emmens, P. Haines, J. Smith, F. Humble, K. Herlock

My Cycle Proficiency

For six weeks I had to go to a practice. Every week my bicycle was checked, and I was given a sheet which listed any faults. Then I was sent to where blocks were put out in three rows, and I had to ride in and out of them several times. I was asked questions such as 'What does a "Major Road" sign look like?' After these questions I was sent to practise on traffic lights, stopping when they changed to red.

With another five weeks' practice my instructors thought I was ready for the test at Bournemouth police station. The first thing was to have my bicycle checked, scoring at least 15 marks out of 20. I was tested on all the things I had been taught, and show how I would give signals to turn left or right at cross-roads, as well as how to park my cycle.

In another place my marks were added up and I was told I had passed. I was presented with a pennant and told I should have a certificate soon. A few

weeks later it was presented to me, with a badge, by the Chief Constable. These Certificates are issued by the 'News of the World'. After presentation we rewarded with coffee and biscuits, and then taken round the police station where I saw such things as the cells and control room.

Darryl Spicer, 1B.

Cycle Proficiency

During the winter months fourteen of our boys have been attending the Lansdowne Drill Hall for training as cycling proficiency instructors. After this theoretical training they have become junior instructors, and during the summer will serve an apprenticeship under a qualified trainer, practising at various schools. By the following term they will themselves receive their badges as qualified trainers.

This summer our School, under the supervision of Mr Greasley, has formed its own team to train all our boys who ride bicycles. Three of the team are already qualified trainers: B. Rawlings, S. Emmens and P. Haines: eight others have yet to serve their apprenticeship. B. Rawlings and S. Emmens also serve on the Junior Accident Prevention Council.

Barry Rawlings, 5A.

Cycling Days

I have a great many hobbies, and consequently I am unable to spend as much time as I would like on cycling. Surprisingly, if one takes it seriously, cycling costs a great deal; in the last two years I have spent as much as forty pounds on my bicycle, and even now there is much room for improvement. When I do have time for a long cycle ride it is usually on a Sunday morning when it is my aim to cycle just under sixty miles. A popular ride for me is from Bournemouth to Wimborne, Ringwood, Brockenhurst, Beaulieu, Lymington, New Milton, and then by the coastal route to Bournemouth.

Most of the time I cycle alone although I prefer a companion, for each to the other acts as a pace-maker with resultant faster ride. Other time I ride with either the Bournemouth Arrow Cycling Club or the Bournemouth Jubilee Wheelers Club. The clubs cycle all Sunday, travelling about on the average eighty miles. The reason the average speed is only ten miles per hour is that they are mixed clubs and the women take it slightly easier.

Sometimes I visit a hill climb where the competitors have to ride up a very steep hill in the shortest possible time; this is usually held near Swanage. Another Sunday one of the clubs may have a sprint session in Poole Park round the lake. I took part in these races in the junior section but I was leading my race when someone tried to overtake on the inside close to the finishing line. Negotiating a sharp corner I inadvertently swerved in front of my challenger. Unfortunately he landed in the lake wrapped around his machine, so I decided to leave while the officials were pulling him out.

Richard Pike, 4G.

Cycle Speedway

It was last June that John Linn and I cycled to Hford Lane playing fields to watch the Bournemouth Cycle Speedway Team in action against another team in the British League. I was very pleased to see how well this meeting was run

with stewards and other officials in white coats. When I went the following week I rode my own cycle speedway bike, though naturally I was not allowed to ride on the track before the meeting had ended.

Later I was standing around with my bike when Mike Pretty, one of the first team riders, asked me if I would like to ride on the track, and hesitantly, I agreed. After a couple of laps Jim Cooke, the secretary, called me over and asked if I wanted to join the Club. When I replied that I did he asked if I should be able to ride for the second team, Southbourne, at a Poole and District League match at Alderney.

After this match I gave Jim Cooke my membership form and half-crown fee. Later that year I travelled away with the Club to the track of the South London Hunters and Rangers, driving by Dormobile with the bikes on the roof rack.

In fact I did not ride that day, but in this season (April-October 1962) I hope to travel with the Club to all the tracks of the British League: to Edmonton and Tottenham in London, as well as Beckenham, Hellingly, Horspath and Thurrock. This year with the formation of a Combination League I hope to have many rides; already I have ridden in two matches, collecting 21 points out of a possible 24.

Alan Dunesby, 4A.



In his Malvern Road smithy, Mr P. James shows boys of R2 how a horse is shod
(by courtesy of the Evening Echo, Bournemouth)

On the Track

Br...mm! The Lotus sped round the corner with a screech of tyres, the Vanwall close on its tail. Now the Vanwall went into a skid and spun off the track. All the thrill of the race track in a room—yes, in my bedroom.

All boys I know want to be racing drivers. Even with this miniature car racing

you need skill, because if you hold down too long the button of the speed controller, the car will come off the track. Therefore you can be a racing driver without being in the driving seat.

My brother and I have a track which can easily be dismantled—we call it Brands Hatch. The cars we own are two Ferraris, a Lotus and a Vanwall. Their course is quite large: it covers nearly twenty square feet. To make it more realistic you can buy accessories like pits, grandstands, first-aid huts and other things. There are even sets of spectators and mechanics.

My father is very interested in our hobby and is reigning champion of our house.

Brian Collins, 2G.

Between Two Ideals

The differences between Greek and English education are impossible to write and understand in only a few words. So I have to write a small story—a true one—which may do it better.

Once upon a time there was ... me. I was in Athens in a good enough school, in the second year of high school, aged fourteen years. The school time-table started at eight o'clock and went on until two, without stopping for dinner. When I went home I had to do homework for four or five hours until eight in the evening when I could go out to play.

This time-table was for the junior classes of the high school: for the next four years (Greek school years are six in the infants and six in the high school) I should have much more homework. The teachers did not like football—they thought it was a barbarous sport, except for the gymnastics teacher—and liked only the classic sports.

The Greek school certificate is very difficult, because it is equivalent to the 'A' level of GCE. The result is that many boys leave without a school certificate, and many like better in the mornings to see films in the cheap cinemas than to go to school, unknown to their parents.

We did not like many of the teachers, because they were really strangers to the young people. When I came to England I saw teachers who could understand their pupils and give initiative. The best of English education is that they teach to the pupils only what they need.

Stephen Kyriakidis, 3A.

SOME EXAMPLES OF METALWORK MADE IN THE SCHOOL

BRAZING RETORT G. Lawley, 5E		STEAM ENGINE K. Carpenter, 5E	
SURFACE GAUGE J. J. Smith, 4E	BOWL R. Taylor, 4E	SURFACE GAUGE D. Hitchens, 4E	
VASE D. Belcher, 5A	TURNED POKER K. Tomlinson, 4E	SWORD POKER G. Beale, 5E	VASE J. Wyatt, 5A
'G' CRAMP J. Lawley, 5E	ODD LEGS J. D. Smith, 4E	BOWL	
	HACK SAW L. Kerslake, 4E		



Hand in Glove

My first two puppets were bought two years ago merely for amusing my younger sisters. They were glove puppets so I made a stage with most of the floor cut away, only the front being left to stand furniture on. This was rather a flimsy erection and lasted only a few weeks.

One day my mother came home from shopping and told me that a friend of mine was starting a row of string puppets. Next day my friend came down and asked me whether I would be interested to join in with her. I said I would, so I hastily made a strong stage of wood with scenery and curtains.

Already we have done eight or nine shows, and all the money we have made (penny admission) is going to a charity. At one show Jennifer's puppet club mistress was in the audience and I was introduced to her, so now I am a member of the puppet club too.

Stuart Andrews, 2G.

Goodbye to Bessie

(In our last two issues we heard of Bessie's later life, which in fact proved to be her last working years. Here her owner introduces her successor).

Bessie is now in retirement. She had her last run on February 2nd this year, after a day's work to get her going. Now she is resting in peace at the bottom of the garden, with weeds and bushes growing around her.

So I started looking round for a new car, and found one in Southampton. It was for sale for £5 so I bought it and my Dad drove it back to Bournemouth one clear night—the 17th of February. It went very well, and when we reached home after one and a half hours the engine had used one gallon of petrol and a quarter pint of oil.

The car is a 1938 Austin Big Seven in good condition. Since buying it I have named it—him—Barry. He has been working rather hard. In January the fence at the bottom of my garden was taken down for a main sewer to be laid, so I made a road through the gardens of the people who live beyond, up to the doctor's house at the top of Peter's Hill.

Somehow the police got wind of the things I had been doing and sent two men to investigate. They found me racing across the gardens and warned me not to do it again. So now I am confined to my own garden where Barry is resting for a while until I get a bit more room to drive him.

Robert Taylor, 4E.

Air Display

Last year I went with my father to Farnborough to see the air display. We arrived soon after midday, and as the main display started at three we had a look at the aircraft parked on the ground. Five little Turbulent aircraft did some stunting in front of the spectators.

Then at three o'clock we saw coming towards us from the other side of the airfield the crash units—fire tenders and ambulances. From one end of the runway raced a Victor bomber in take-off, climbing into the air with a mighty roar. Then some Navy Scimitars, which had taken off from the carrier 'Hermes' out in the Solent, flew over the airfield with undercarriage and arrester hooks down.

After them, high up, came a Beverley transport. The commentator said that six men with smoke trails would jump from it. We looked up and saw six objects

fall from the plane. Everyone held their breath as they fell; then gave a sigh of relief as six white plumes billowed out above them, and we could see the men floating down from their parachutes. It was a memorable climax to the day.

Tony Seaton, 4E.

Days in Sail

Half-past ten: would I ever be ready? So much to do and so little time to do it. The jib to fit, the mainsail to set up, then the boat to launch and the trolley to return—and only twenty minutes to get to the starting line. Oh, why did I ever say I would enter for this race? However did I get involved in this sailing ... Yes, how did I?

Two years earlier I had had an accident, so to get more fresh air I had taken up sailing. I knew nothing about it and had never been in a boat with sails. I had to go and have three lessons: how to rig the boat, how to fit on my lifejacket, how to start off from the shore and—more important—how to get back again. Anyway, now here I was, and my biggest race in front of me.

On this morning my friend Nicky was to be my crew and we had to be on the starting line by eleven. Then we still had to get out of the lagoon and into Poole Harbour. With a great deal of haste and a little help from the wind we made it.

At the starting gun, with all the other boats we set sail, but my start was not very good and we were left behind. As we approached Brownsea Castle I was not with the leaders. But then we were lucky: the leaders tried to cut across to the shore, but they had not realised how rough the water was and what a strong tide was running, and they were washed up against the castle wall. We sailed out further than they and so missed the strong drag; even so we drifted, but round the point we had passed three or four boats.

By now we were on the far side of Brownsea and had to run up the channel, keeping Furzey Island on the port side. This was an easy run with the wind behind us and the tide in our favour, and so we arrived at the top end of Brownsea. Then we had only to go about and sail close-hauled down to the finishing line, fighting neck and neck with two boats. As we crossed the line we saw we had not won but had come fifth out of ten.

Since this race I have been in another in which I have been lucky enough to come third. Now I am waiting for the day that I can cross the finishing line first and hear the finishing gun fired in my honour. This, I am afraid, will not be for some time yet; but who knows—the day may come sooner than expected.

Andrew Hirst, 2G.

It's a Dog's Life

My name is Judy and I'm a boxer dog. I come from a good family and (as they say) I've a pedigree as long as your arm. My home is the house belonging to the Ryans. At first I was fussed over and taken for long, tiring walks; now all I receive is a short look at the outside world three times a day. Still, I suppose this is better than nothing at all. I'm growing older now. I'm nearly eight—or is it nine? I'm not too sure ... it might be ten.

For me the best day of the week is Sunday, when I get a lot unusual fuss; often I'm taken for walks in the local woods. The exercise keeps me fit with a good colour on my coat and a good gloss too: it's a fawny orange, though I have a black face.

After seven years of living as the only pet in the house, one night I was joined by a thin, ginger tom-cat—a mere stray from some back-street shack. I'm sure he hasn't a pedigree anywhere near as long as mine. The master and mistress knew I was jealous, and I admit I was. But Tibby isn't so bad after all; he shares his food and is very friendly.

I've had two big fights, both of which I won. The first I had was in the recreation ground with Bessie, a big, fat Dalmatian; the other was with Sue, the black mongrel, and this took place in my front garden.

Well, this brings me up to date. My master's dog-tired—we've just come back from a long walk. I've had my supper so now I'll just say 'Good-night, all!'

Michael Ryan, 4B.



Night of the Witches. Painting by Milford Harrison, 2G

Routine

Every morning a sleepy figure is seen staggering from his bedroom and tripping serenely across the landing to the bathroom. Confronted by the mirror he realises what his family have been seeing for the past years. Bending over the bowl he turns on the tap and washes his face with a gaily-coloured flannel.

Slowly the bathroom door pushes open and in comes a white-faced cat with a sandy body. This is Timothy, who leads a better life than I do. Washing is natural for him; for me it is hard enough without a brushing round my legs. Still not content in this he makes a wild jump for the window-sill; he misses and knocks the soap dish plus a potted plant into the bowl. No need to say that I'm drenched—Timothy is not.

After this wild display of water polo in the basin I get dressed... all except for my tie. Where is my tie? 'Timothy!' Timothy is nowhere to be seen. 'Never mind,' says Mum, 'I expect he's playing with it. Still, it's only your school tie.' After about ten minutes I find it wrapped delicately around my small brother's shoes in the hall.

When my breakfast is ready I crack a boiled egg. It is too soft, but never mind. No time to waste, otherwise I shall be late for school. Running out of the house I finish my last mouthful and start to run for the bus. Of course, I shan't catch it. And have I got my fare? It's all Timothy's fault.

Paul Reuberson, 4A.

My Cow

Have you a pet that weights half a ton and gives 45lb. of milk a day? I have. About two years ago my father and I were in Dorchester market looking over the heifers and seeing if there were any suitable for us to buy, when I came across this young Jersey. Straight away I liked her and wanted to have her as my own. Dad agreed to buy the cow if she were not too dear. When she came into the ring I started the bidding, which reached eighty-four guineas; this was reasonable as she had her first calf by her side. Two days later the calf was sold.

Soon our cow settled down with the others and we decided to call her Pretty Maid. As a mother she is kind and gentle; people take advantage of her being quiet and calm, but she never seems to mind. Her 45lb. of milk a day goes to Malmesbury and Parsons dairy. About five months ago she gave birth to a son which we still have and which is growing into a young Friesian bull.

The children from a neighbouring farm have rides on her back. They prop some steps against her belly and clamber on her back. She just wanders across the field attending to her business of eating grass; she does not run or attempt to shake them off.

Altogether I think Pretty Maid is the most attractive cow there is. She has been in two shows, coming first and third. Unfortunately I could not lead her round the ring as it was a school day. She has won the favour of us all at the farm and everyone finds her some extra cattle-cake. She keeps milking well and remains as tame and friendly as when I first bought her.

David Dominey, 2G.

Small Business

Not many boys of this school can boast of the fact that they are in business—even in a small way. At the time of writing our business is not exactly flourishing although we have managed to scrape together a profit of about two shillings; and for the purposes of duplicating the circular we have been landed with a messy roller-type machine which nearly works.

I thought up the whole scheme in bed many weeks ago. I had noticed that many boys were trying to sell items of equipment, mainly for their bicycles, and as I had wanted for a few days twelve feet of climbing rope, I wondered if a kind of exchange and mart business could be established. I began to have wild ideas of myself and a partner, multi-millionaires and heads of a huge advertising combine. Slowly I dropped off to sleep...

In the morning, at school, no-one listened to my mad scheme except one sensible boy who believed that the idea had possibilities. That morning we sat

next to each other at the back and secretly passed a slip of paper round the room asking any boy who had anything to sell to write it down on the paper. This showed that one boy out of two actually had something.

After that, things seemed to go very slowly, but for all that we set up under the name of Messrs. A. and S. of 4C and decided to publish an announcement about the idea. We also decided that it would be a good idea to obtain official blessing, and so one dinner-break we went to see Mr Lindley to see if he thought the idea was a good one. Mr Lindley gave us permission to carry on with the idea, and thought that it would be a good thing to donate the profits to the Save the Children Fund.

Soon S and I had everything planned. We would issue a termly magazine and anybody wishing to obtain this magazine should pay us twopence for a whole term. Advertisements, most of which have so far come from our form (4C), would cost the subscriber one penny per insertion.

Perhaps at the time of writing it is a little early to say what the outcome of Messrs A and S' will be.

A. J. Allan, 4C.

Down and Up in Dorset

It was going to be a new experience for Brian, Alan, the two Steves and myself: to explore Dorset by camping overnight. We five make up a club of which we are very proud, cycling in the summer and hiking in the winter, but camping was something new to most of us.

So on a typical washday afternoon—gloomy and overcast—of the summer holidays, four of us met outside the Horse and Jockey. This was to be a cycle camping trip so that we should see more in the time, and our bicycles were loaded with sleeping bags, tents and cooking equipment. We arrived at Three Cross to pick up the last member of the party, puffed, blowing and angry—angry because of a slight error by Brian who had led us on a country dance through Hurn, Matchams and Ringwood, just to get to Three Cross.

Soon we bucked up, however, and sped on towards our first camp at Win Green, near Shaftesbury. Win Green is a nine hundred foot hill with a clump of fir trees on top. Tents were erected and we had just made supper (if you could call it that) when it started to rain, so we turned in early, though none of us was to sleep very well.

Dawn broke grey, and after an early breakfast we rode into Shaftesbury where we toured the Abbey ruins. Riding on to Sherborne we saw the Abbey there before turning south to Cerne Abbas. The rest of the day was uneventful except for a tea-drinking contest, in which I came last with only thirteen cups.

That night we camped on a hill above Cerne next to a farm baler with a good tarpaulin, under which we put most of our kit to leave more room in the tents. We were lucky, because the furious rain came during the night, though I did not know of it until I got up in the morning.

Next morning was dull again and we had a late breakfast, though we wanted to reach Lyme Regis by nightfall. Near Beaminster my gear-cable broke and I reached the town with five minutes to spare before the shop's half-day closing. We dragged up endless hills (we didn't notice any going down) before we reached Lyme and visited the marine museum on the Cobb. After buying our supper we hauled ourselves and bicycles out of the town up a terrible hill towards Charmouth, pitching our tents on top of Stonebarrow Down, in the

dark. Perhaps it was the sea air—I don't know—but I slept very well that night, and a good job too, for next day we rode all the way home.

It was a wonderful day and we were up early; the sun was out and the birds singing. We came home via Abbotsbury, Upwey and the heath south of Bere Regis: fifty miles, but we had the wind behind us. My cycle was now rattling badly, but it just took me home. We reached Winton about eight, tired but happy, and made our way to our respective homes.

That expedition made me take camping more seriously. I now have my own tent and a new sleeping bag and other equipment, and the club is going from strength to strength.

Robert Gidlow, 3C.

Our Burglary

It was eight-thirty on Sunday evening when my parents and I alighted from the bus only fifty yards from our house. In the cool night air we started walking briskly. Suddenly we noticed . . . We had just passed the adjacent building when what we beheld transfixed us like wax figures.

The bathroom light—our light—was illuminating the lawn. Immediately the shock was replaced by fear. Father started running the remaining distance to the gate and up the drive, Mother and I close at his heels.

'What if he's knocked on the head?' cried mother. 'You catch him while I phone for the police from next door.'

Father and I entered our semi-bungalow together, switching on the lights as we made our way to the bathroom. No-one there. We searched the other rooms with similar results.

In the meantime mother had dialled 999 and returned with a neighbour brandishing a poker. In less than five minutes we heard the screech of brakes. An inspector followed by two detectives arrived and conducted another investigation.

The result was unexpected and humiliating. Apparently, owing to an overcast afternoon, I had switched on the light and left it burning. When we apologised they told us that in nine cases out of ten there is no crime, but the tenth alarm is a genuine burglary.

David Blanchard, 5B.

A Hamster's Life

My hamster is not a bit like me. He is brown and white in colour and has big ears. He is lazy too, for he sleeps all day as well as most of the night, and the only way I can get him out of his sleeping pen is to clear out the cloth that is in there, or tease him out with food. When he eats he usually sits on his hind legs and eats the food with his front paws.

When I first had him he was rather spiteful, but when he knew I was not going to hurt him he let me pick him up. You pick hamsters up by the loose skin just behind their head; this skin joins on to the pouches where they store their food.

In the early hours of the morning I hear him bite the bars of his cage, trying to escape. He has managed it several times by pushing up the bars with his long sharp teeth, so to stop him I tied an old iron to the bottom. He can still push them up but when he tries to slip out they slam shut again.

When I get up I take him for a run around my bedroom—which he seems to enjoy very much. He climbs up the back of the wardrobe and slides all the way

down again. Sometimes when I am doing my homework in the morning he climbs up the table next to the bed and onto it; now and then he stops to see if I am looking at him, and if I am he scuttles to a hiding-place or jumps to the floor. If I am not watching he runs along the bed, climbs over me and jumps onto my homework books, sniffing at the ink. If he persists in doing this I put him in the bath, where he cannot climb out.

Once I put a saucer of peas near him and he started shovelling them into his mouth at a terrific speed. When his pouches were full he emptied them into his sleeping bag and came back for more. I like hamsters—they're funny to watch. I suppose he thinks that about me.

Rodney Harmer, 3A.



Christmas Crib. Made by boys of R3

Footballing Brother

When he left school about five years ago, Mike Buscall went first to Boscombe where he played in the 'A' team and received an England cap in the International Association of Boys Clubs. After a year there he went Southampton for two years, then signing for Portsmouth and turning professional.

One day a scout from Canterbury City saw him and asked him to play for them. He has been there a year now and is captain—the youngest professional captain in England. He is also well up in his exams for his job as a solicitor's clerk.

Peter Buscall, 3A.

Flight to Singapore

On a cold October morning at London Airport we started our journey to Singapore. The plane which was to take us was a new Hermes. After the take-off we tried to sleep, as we were all tired.

At Rome, though it was early morning, it was warm and sunny—a welcome change after the cold darkness of London. After a three-hour rest we took off for Bahrain in the Persian Gulf, where we found the heat almost unbearable. Bahrain is a very small but very busy island port, surrounded by sea and desert. Many tankers were loading with oil and others awaiting their turn in the harbour before sailing to all parts of the world.

After a meal and a short rest we took off for Karachi, Pakistan, where it was not quite so hot. There we stayed the night in a hotel and, after breakfast, took off again for Calcutta, India. Here, staying the next night, we had a long coach journey to the centre of the city and noticed the very poor, overcrowded living conditions. Calcutta is one of the world's largest cities and a busy port, with its airport six or seven miles outside.

Next morning we boarded the plane for Bangkok, Thailand, which was to be our last stop before Singapore. At Bangkok we had a brief two hours, spending it in one of the finest airport buildings in the Far East, watching aircraft arrivals and departures. A further six hours' flying over the Malayan jungle took us to the R.A.F. airport at Changi, Singapore, where my father was waiting for us.

Michael Gledstone, 3A.

My Day at the Races

While on holiday in Wells at Easter I went to the point-to-point at Chewton Mendip, five miles out on the Bristol Road. When I arrived the first race had already been run and a few people were collecting money from the bookmakers while many more were tearing up their cards and looking a little despondent about the money they had lost.

After watching the second race I decided to bet on the third, so I placed my money with an honest-looking bookie by the name of Danny McNab. My money was lost because the rider fell off, for no apparent reason, in the middle of a flat field. He walked back looking rather sorry for himself, but not so sorry as I was.

For the next race I was a little more wary and put only half as much money on a horse named 'Touch and Go', the favourite being 'Another Minute'. From the start 'Touch and Go' was in front with 'Another Minute' a few yards behind. As they completed the first lap they were level, but towards the finish my horse was in front with the big grey going strongly only a few yards behind. Much to my surprise 'Touch and Go' won, bringing me the grand total of three shillings.

Robert Chatwin, 4A.

Trem's Head

I started making his head by kneading out all the air bubbles and wetting it down. Then I rolled it into suitable lengths ready for coiling the empty head. (I was using a reddish clay).

Making one of his eyes I pushed my finger right through. Really I needn't have bothered with one of them as his hair—which I modelled by rolling out thin coils and pressing them firmly down—comes right down over it. His ears were rather hard as they should be pushed either side at the same angle; but

it doesn't make a lot of difference.

Those lips of his were rather hard too, as he has a peculiarity of sticking out his bottom lip more than his top, but I got round this by simply making the lower coil fatter than the upper one. Then I moulded them with a wooden tool. Now only the nose was left so, taking a square piece of clay, I squeezed the top half and scraped off the excess before pressing it on.

To my surprise it was rather a freakish face; less surprisingly it really resembles him.

Lindsay Neilson, 2G.

My Dog Ruth

As soft as Chinese silken strands,
As golden as Egyptian sands,
As happy as the humming bee—
That's how my dog appears to me.
Her job was once to guide the blind,
To be affectionate and kind;
Very beautiful is she—
That's how my dog appears to me.
Our tabby cat's her only foe.
Why this should be Ruth does not know;
For very lovable is she—
That's how my dog appears to me.

Martin Jessett, 1A.

Other People's Boats

Most summer evenings and all the holidays you will find me on the river bank at Tuckton. I help at the tea gardens in hiring-out boats to people who enjoy an hour or two on the river when it is sunny and calm.

Many visitors like to take self-drive motor boats down to the harbour and up the Avon for a good view of the east end of the Priory. They see Hengistbury Head and Mudeford and (on a clear day) the Isle of Wight. Sometimes I am asked to drive the boat for people who are afraid of grounding on a sandbank.

More and more people have boats of their own, and moorings are scarce. At present I can go for a quiet row at any time, or even in a motor boat, so I don't really need my own.

My Holiday in Carlifornia

John Smith, 4E.

Firstly I went to Catalina which lies twenty-six miles off the mainland. Some of the people there wait for visitors to throw coins over the side of the boat, and dive to get them. You can go in a diving bell which slowly goes under water where you can see many sorts of fish. One of the boats has a glass bottom.

Nottsburg Farm is a place like a cowboy town of years ago. It has a real saloon and all the things which go with it. The store sells real Apache knives and six-shooters, and I bought a bull-whip. You can sit in a train which goes through caves where people used to mine for gold. Very real-looking dummies are placed to look like miners. The man in charge of the train shouts 'Fire in the hold!' which meant they were going to explode a charge.

In Hollywood we went to Disneyland where the car park is so big that a bus picks you up to take you to the studios. Inside it is wonderful, especially at night

when it is lit up. My dad bought a 'Wanted' poster for me, listing all the things I was supposed to have done. A little train takes you all round Disneyland, or you can ride in a cable-car over the heads of people there.

In other studios I saw where 'Hawaiian Eye' is made, and the real '77 Sunset Strip'. In a cinema are kept the impressions in cement of feet of the stars.

Ian Marlow, 1B.

It won't hurt a Bit

I enjoy visits to the dentist. This is because I sometimes mix my own fillings, and my dentist tells me what some of the symbols stand for on the record cards. I examine, too, the instruments in his surgery.

My dentist helps me, and I think I am his first interested patient. It is a well paid career, but this does not seem to draw many people to the profession. To become a dentist you must have at least five GCE subjects at 'O' level and two at 'A' level to go to college. English, maths and physics are essential.

The course of studies lasts five years. At the end of the first year each student takes an examination to test his aptitude for dentistry. At the end of the third year he takes another for BDSc, and after another two years he may become a dental surgeon.

If I can fulfil my ambition I should like to take a practice in Bournemouth. Perhaps one day I shall meet you in my surgery as a patient.

Francis Thompson, 3A.

Day by the River

This was a lovely day, just such a day in November as you would choose to go fishing. Those preceding had been cold—cold and raw; but now the change had come and it was mild. The birds were active, as they will be on such days, chattering in the leafless glades and orchards, very busy and bustling, behaving as if this were spring come too soon. But who could blame them on this day?

And there it was as I came down over the hill to the river valley—there it was, that heart-warming scene which may never be repeated: serene and beautiful and as thrilling with promise as a river could ever be. Just above the farm bridge sat an earlier anger, trotting his tackle through the still, lush reeds.

I went upstream where the rapid runs were, crinkling over two feet of water, gravel runs and naked islands. At my chosen swim the water was almost mysteriously deep, almost enchanting, the unknown, lurking, inky water, concealing its inhabitants.

I fished here. A dark, clear slide of water poured down from the shallower stream above and sped silently, like satin, between its caverned banks. It seemed secret, and beckoning.

This day, surely my wish would be fulfilled. And at the first trot down, the float dipped distinctly. What sport I had in those few hours! Then the light sank, and oncoming frost bit the mildness from the air. It was almost dark and the float could hardly be seen, but fish still came; not specimen fish, perhaps, but wasn't this fine sport of its own kind?

Fine sport it is, on the river, this shy, beautiful mystic river. Next time I shall go hopefully. What will my reward be?

Patrick Hewitt, 4A.

Flying at Old Sarum

February 23rd, 1962, and our flight of the Air Training Corps were going to Old Sarum for flying experience. When we arrived at the gate we passed the police and parked outside the hangar.

We marched into the Flight Planning Office from where, after an hour, six of us went with two officers to the hangars, where we were shown the chief parts of a Chipmunk and a Sycamore helicopter. We spent another half-hour learning about the tools ground-crews use, and what not to do in an aircraft. When we came back to the FPO we went for dinner at the canteen, with a pretty good choice of three dishes.

Arriving at the station cinema we saw a two-hour film on security, foreign spies and British ones, the two main characters being a man and a woman as British spies, and how they got information. After the film we went to the FPO once again and waited; this time I interested myself in the maps on the wall.

Then my turn had come. We ran out to the aircraft and clambered aboard, fastened our safety belts and sat there. The plane's engines revved up and we started to pull away, slowly at first but gradually faster. The tail was soon off and it wasn't long before we were airborne and had nothing supporting us—except air. As we climbed I looked out the window and saw a sight I had never seen before. I could see the fields stretching out for miles, and the roads clearly with their streams of traffic; once through the clouds the sun was shining brightly in a blue sky. But it lasted for so short a time and we were soon heading back to the grassy landing strip.

On the ground again we went back to the FPO where once again we settled down to reading, talking or just sleeping. Soon I found myself being strapped tightly into a helicopter, a Sycamore, which is rather small compared with one of the Royal Navy rescue helicopters. A helicopter is rather different in take-off; it gives rather a funny feeling because one minute you are on the ground, the next you have gone straight up in the air and are hovering. We flew off and stopped over Old Sarum, then off we went following the course of the River Test. We left the river at Salisbury and buzzed round the spire of the Cathedral.

Our flying time was up. Once landed we went to the canteen and had tea; then on wheels again we left for Bournemouth after a very enjoyable time and a day full of experiences.

Brian Goodman, 3G.

Jubilee Brochure

For the Golden Jubilee celebrations by the four schools in July, 1961, a twenty page illustrated brochure was published. A few copies of this remain and may be obtained from this School, as well as the other three schools involved in the Jubilee, price 1/6d.

Compiling next year's magazine begins now. The editor will be pleased to read anything you consider suitable, and much too of what you don't. The Mitre is a magazine of the whole School—it's up to you

'Don't let the Mitre be a might 'a' been'.

In response to many requests the editor has agreed not to publish his photograph.

Swimming Gala

Once again the School's swimming gala at Stokewood Road Baths in July proved a great success. The cup holders, Muscliffe (82 points) lost to Redhill (98); Talbot came third (85) and Ensbury (48) for the second year running came fourth. Redhill also won the first year and combined fourth and fifth year pennants, Muscliffe gaining the second year and Talbot the third year pennant.

Ross Brown of 3B is to be congratulated on a splendid performance which gained 11 points for Muscliffe. The School's life-saving team under its coach, Mr Marmon, gave an excellent display.

Jubilee Cricket Match

To celebrate our Jubilee last year a cricket match was arranged between the School, who had three of the masters playing, and the Old Boys of the School.

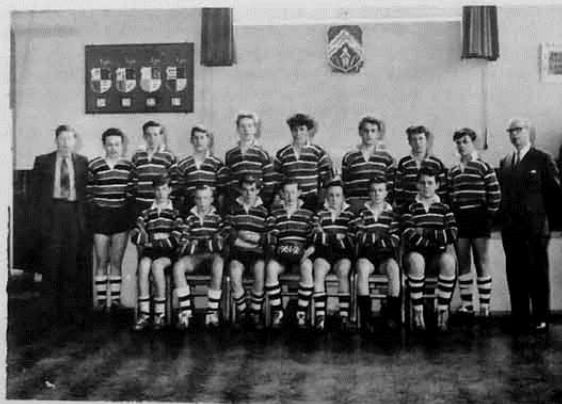
The School won the toss and put the Old Boys in to bat. Thanks to some fine bowling they were all out for 90, top scorer being Ian Nicol, who knocked up 31 runs. The School need only an hour to pass the Old Boys' total. Mr Evening scored 30 not out and Mr Westerman 28 not out.

R. Scott, 5G.

OLD BOYS		SCHOOL	
Bowman, c England, b Morris	16	Quick, b Nicol	0
Gowenlock, lbw, b Evening	18	Fazackerly, c White b Bowman	1
Lee, b Morris	5	Scott, c Nicol b Gowenlock	7
Joyce, b Evening	0	Mr England, c White b Bowman	1
Bennet, c Westerman b Roles	3	Mr Westerman, not out	28
White, b Roles	3	Roles, b Bowman	6
Nicol, lbw, b Roles	31	Mr Evening, not out	30
Trim c and b England	1	Extras	18
Kemish, b Evening	3		
Russell, not out	1		
Extras	9		
			TOTAL (5 wickets) 91
	TOTAL 90		
Evening 11-0-27-3	Morris 7-0-20-2	Nicol 5-1-20-2	Gowenlock 6-0-11-1
Roles 7-0-20-3	England 4-1-23-1	Bowman 11-3-1-23-3	Bennet 4-0-14-0
		Lee 2-0-14-0	



Senior 'A' Football



Under 15 Rugby

The School Cross Country Championships were held on a pleasant day in January over the Talbot Woods Course, 160 runners taking part in the three races. The winning Houses were as follows:—

Under 13	1st	Ensbury	342 points
	2nd	Talbot	379 points
	3rd	Muscliffe	405 points
	4th	Redhill	464 points
Under 15	1st	Muscliffe	328 points
	2nd	Ensbury	358 points
	3rd	Redhill	435 points
	4th	Talbot	439 points
Over 15	1st	Ensbury	144 points
	2nd	Muscliffe	162 points
	3rd	Talbot	178 points
	4th	Redhill	179 points
The overall winners were			
	1st	Ensbury	844 points
	2nd	Muscliffe	895 points
	3rd	Talbot	996 points
	4th	Redhill	1078 points

Individual winners were:

Watson, Talbot Under 13 Foster, Muscliffe Under 15 Jones, Ensbury Over 15

As a result of the School Competition teams were selected to run in the Town Cross Country Race, which this year was held over our own course.

The Under 15 team consisted of Foster, Andrews, Houlton, Duke, Davies and Dunsford. They ran creditably, gaining an overall placing of third out of nine schools, Andrews being placed 9th and Foster 14th.

In the Over 15 race we also gained third position in the town, but could have easily won the race outright. Vaughan Jones, who was leading after two laps, unfortunately had to retire with a sprained knee after falling over a tree root. Gordon finished 5th, Kellett 9th and Jenkins 18th.



Cross Country



Under 12 Rugby



Under 13 Rugby

Three weeks after the Town event, Jones, Kellett and Gordon represented the Town in the local Cross Country Championships. Jones was the first Bournemouth boy home and Gordon second.

Further to this, these three winners, plus Andrews and Foster of the Under 15 group, represented Bournemouth at Southampton in the Hampshire Schools Cross Country Race and did very well.

To encourage the Under 13 group in Cross Country racing, fixtures were arranged, but only one against Testwood School (Southampton) was actually run and a tie resulted of 28 points each. The team consisted of Cole, Beavis, Ballantyne, Legg, Tilley, R. Watton, Allen and Hirst.

It has been one of the most successful Cross Country seasons Winton have had for many years, and as a result, V. Jones, Gordon, Kellett, Jenkins, May, Duke, Andrews, Houlton, Dunsford and Foster received their colours, while Davies and Wheller were re-awarded their colours.

Athletics

Last year was not one of our better seasons in Town Athletics, but the under-mentioned positions were achieved:—

Pritchard	2nd Senior Javelin	Young	4th Final 100 yards
Laidlaw	2nd Junior Hop, Step, Jump	Gagliardi	5th High Jump
May	3rd Final 100 yards	Dominy	6th High Jump

After this disappointing result the School's House Athletic Match took place at the King's Park Athletic Stadium for the first time and a very successful afternoon's sport ensued, the following eleven records being broken.

Long Jump, 15' 4½"	1st Murray	440 yards, 73s	1st Murray
17' 0"	3rd Churchill	440 yards, 66.9s	3rd Houlton
Hop, Step, Jump, 34' 3¼"	4th Laidlaw	880 yards, 2m 23.8s	15+ Bunton
Hop, Step, Jump, 36' 1"	4th Clevett	Mile, 5m 31s	Open D. Neal
Javelin, 124' 1"	5th Pritchard	80 yards hurdles, 12.9s	3rd M. White
220 yards, 31s.	1st R. Walton		

In this year's meeting a new event was introduced—the 5th year Decathlon. Three boys from each house competed in five field events and five track events over two days. A. Fudge proved clear winner gaining 86½ points out of 100, and D. Mantell 2nd with 65½ and A. Clevett 62½. This event proved very popular with the 5th year boys and the overall result was a win for Redhill with 171½ points, 2nd Muscliffe 166½, 3rd Talbot 153½ and Ensbury 4th 120½.

Under 12 Rugby

Boys of the Under 12 Rugby team can feel very proud of themselves. Of their 18 games they have won 16 and drawn the other two. During the season they have broken the town record for the score in any one game—76 points nil. In the town Seven-a-Side competition they won the cup for their age-group.

Portchester Under 12	W 29-0	East Howe	W 23-0
East Howe	W 35-3	Henry Harbin	W 6-0
Portchester Under 13	D 3-3	St George's	W 15-5
Portchester Under 13	W 3-3	St George's	D 3-3
Ringwood Grammar	W 17-3	Oakmead	W 14-0
Ringwood Grammar	W 14-3	Oakmead	W 38-0
Ringwood Grammar	W 76-0	Somerford	W 42-0
Somerford	W 22-0	Somerford Grammar	W 4-3
Somerford	W 34-0	Ringwood Grammar	W 24-3

R. Fuller (Captain), Sullivan (Vice-Captain), Stickland, Palmer, Watton, Vine, Guddee, Baldwin, Hawkesworth, Holliday, Evans, Cook, Thomas, Durham, Gold, Fox, Reed. Michael Sullivan, 2A.



Intermediate 'A' Football



Intermediate 'B' Football

SPORTS COLOURS

COUNTY REPRESENTATIVES

RUGBY	H. DUKE	P. WHELLER	M. JESSOP
	K. ROBERTS	F. MULLINS	

TOWN REPRESENTATIVES

A. AVERILL	A. KILLETT	K. ROBERTS
J. BURNS	C. RANDLE	R. YOUNG
B. DUKE		

TOWN REPRESENTATIVES

ATHLETICS	P. MAY	R. YOUNG
I. LAIDLAW		
M. PRITCHARD		

TOWN REPRESENTATIVES

SWIMMING	B. DUKE	N. TRIGGS
M. DAVIES		
J. DAVENPORT		

TOWN REPRESENTATIVES

CROSS COUNTRY	M. DAVIES	R. MACKINLAY
N. BUNTON		

SCHOOL COLOURS

ATHLETICS

N. BUNTON
R. DOMENEY
B. DUKE
A. FUDGE
K. GAGLIARDI
I. LAIDLAW
P. MAY
M. PRITCHARD
J. WYATT

FOOTBALL—RUGBY

A. AVERILL
M. DAVIES
B. DUKE
A. FUDGE
A. KILLETT
K. ROBERTS
P. ROLES
J. WEST
P. WHELLER

CROSS COUNTRY

P. ALLEN
N. BUNTON
M. DAVIES
A. FUDGE
R. MACKINLAY
C. RANDLE
P. WHELLER

FOOTBALL—ASSOCIATION

J. BONNEY
J. BURNS
R. DOMENEY
M. STROUD

CRICKET

W. BAZAKERLEY
F. QUICK
B. RAWLINGS

TROPHIES

Federation of Building Employers Shield and Prize	A. ARAGONES
Hampshire and Isle of Wight Architectural Association (Western Chapter) Prize	C. KEIR
"Peter May" Cup (Sprints)	A. CLEVETT
"Chris David" Cup (Field Events)	M. PRITCHARD
Decathlon Cup (presented by D. Mantell)	A. FUDGE
Athletics Cup	REDBILL
Swimming Cup	REDBILL
"David May" Cup (Soccer, Rugby and Cricket)	TALBOT
Cross Country Cup	MUSCLIFFE
Winton Cup (Work)	TALBOT

FORM PRIZES

LOWER SCHOOL		UPPER SCHOOL	
Attainment	Progress		
R1 A. MARSH	G. SPARKS	3C	J. COLLINS
1B M. WILLIAMS	B. TABOR	3B2	M. WHITE
1A P. DARE	R. FRANCIS	3B1	JACK SMITH
1G M. HARRISON	T. WATTON	3A	R. JENKINS
R2 D. RATTUE	A. THRIFT	3G	A. BARRETT
2B A. WATTON	C. POMEROY	R4	R. STACEY
2A P. KERR	B. SMITH		M. NICHOLLS
2G R. GIDLOW	D. EMBERSON	4M	J. PHILLIPS
R3 M. WILKINS	T. COLE	4B	M. LEVESCONTE
		4E	J. LANGDON
		4A	I. LAIDLAW
		4G	D. ALSOP
		5T	J. WEST
		5G	R. BEARD

NEATNESS

First Year :	P. PEARSON (1G)	Third Year :	D. TRICKSEY (3G)
Second Year :	E. THOMAS (R2)	Fourth Year :	V. JONES (4A)

SUBJECTS PRIZES

English ...	D. MANTELL	Physical Education ...	C. RANDLE
History ...	M. PRITCHARD	Geography ...	R. SMITH
Mathematics	A. FUDGE	French ...	B. BALDWIN
Woodwork	R. BAKER	Technical Drawing ...	M. EDWARDS
Metalwork ...	A. FRANCIS	Music ...	R. YOUNG

Headmaster's Prize : A. FRANCIS.

Under 13 Rugby

The 1961-62 Season has been one of considerable success for the Under 13 XV. For the second year in succession the team has remained unbeaten, winning all 18 fixtures and scoring an average of more than 30 points a game. Further, the Bournemouth and District Seven-a-Side Cup was won again.

In every match the forwards outplayed the opposing pack. Michael Tanner, Geoffrey Austin, Michael Oakley, John Haigh and Thomas Busby worked like Trojans. Tom Baldwin and John Vincent dominated the lines-out, the latter proving himself to be the team's ace goal-kicker, often 'putting them over' from 35 yards. Timothy Clarke was his most reliable deputy.

At half-back Richard Bird developed a sound understanding with Mark Collins, an elusive runner who tackles like a terrier. In the centre Michael Merchant did many fine things. His partner Roger Squires had a very good season and played extremely well in combination with his wing, Stephen Warr, a strong, determined runner of considerable ability. On the opposite wing Graham Murry showed speed and amazing footwork. Robin Cole played either on the wing or at full-back, a position usually occupied by Graham James who fielded, tackled and kicked well at all times.

Lindsay Neilson, the captain, deserves special mention. His example and leadership inspired the team on every occasion to rise to great heights, and as an intelligent and courageous player he is second to none.

This year we have added Blandford Secondary School and the Southampton schools, Testwood, St. George's and King Edward VI to our fixture list, and next season we hope to travel even farther afield.

On April 3rd Mr Lindley presented Junior School Colours to all members of the side and congratulated the Seven-a-Side team (Neilson, Baldwin, Oakley, Vincent, Squires, Warr and Murry) on their success in the district tournament.

v Winton Under 14 XV	WON 8-6	v Oakmead	WON 23-0
v Blandford Secondary School	WON 12-0	v Testwood School, Southampton	WON 43-0
v King Edward VI, Southampton	WON 22-0	v Poole Grammar School	WON 32-0
v East Howe	WON 52-3	v Ringwood Grammar School	WON 32-0
v Portchester	WON 40-3	v Kemp Welch, Poole	WON 40-0
v Oakmead	WON 23-3	v Portchester	WON 32-0
v Kemp Welch, Poole	WON 20-0	v St George's Southampton	WON 31-1
v Blandford Secondary School	WON 32-0	v Ringwood Grammar School	WON 52-0
v St George's Southampton	WON 24-0	v Henry Harbin Poole	WON 38-0

Played 18 Won 18 Drawn 0 Points for 547 Against 18

SEVEN-A-SIDE TOURNAMENT

1st Round v East Howe	WON 26-0	Semi-Final v Portchester	WON 11-0
2nd Round v Poole G.S.	WON 12-0	FINAL v Oakmead	WON 11-3

Under 15 Rugby

The season was another successful one, in which we won most of our matches. Five of our boys represented the School in the Hampshire team, now unbeaten for two years. Besides being County Captain, Brian Duke played for the Southern Counties against London Counties.

The Under 15 team started excitingly at Blandford, where we lost in the last minute 16 points to 1, though later we beat them by more than 30 points. In the Seven-a-Side we reached the semi-final, though seriously weakened by an injury which prevented Brian Duke from playing.

The team are very grateful to Mr Westerman who has been their coach for

the last three years. At the end of the season the team were awarded their colours: Duke, Andrews, Barrett, Bird, Burgess, Churchill, J. Collins, P. Collins, Davies, Ellis, Eyles, Houlton, Lawrence, Loram, Sergeant, M. White.

Keith Andrews, 4C.

Intermediate A Soccer

With a shaky win over East Howe Intermediate 'A' and a loss against Somerford, the season looked like being a poor one, but after Christmas we began to find our form. A tough and exciting game with Oakmead, in which we lost 2-0, made the team a little more downhearted; but inspired by Mr Young, who never gave in we collected two very valuable points against Boscombe. Another loss next day against Oakmead again seemed to encourage rather than depress us, and we won every other league match except one. In the end we were runners-up in the league and were invited to play in an exhibition match at Dean Court. The league champions were Oakmead.

A crowd of about two hundred met us with loud cheers as we ran onto the field. A quarter of an hour passed before their right-winger shoved his way through and scored a well-deserved goal. After a good pep-talk by Mr Young at half time (2-0 down) we took our positions for the kick-off. Play was not all in our half this time, but after one of us had handled the ball they missed a poorly-taken penalty. We lost 3-0 but were determined to beat Oakmead in the cup-final two days later.

As soon as the whistle went we pushed our way into attack, and after frequent saves by Oakmead's goalkeeper we banged the ball into the net, Vincent scoring his fiftieth league and cup goal of the season. He had never been off form, and shook off many clever attacks, and when the game ended the score was the same, 1-0 to us. We had beaten Oakmead for the first time.

Graham James, 2G.

Intermediate B Soccer

Considering the frequent changes made during the season (altogether 20 boys found places) the 'B' team did well to score so many victories. The success of the 'A' team could easily have put the 'B' players in the shade, but instead it fired their enthusiasm and sharpened their mettle. When on winning form they attacked fiercely, and rivalry steadily developed between both Intermediate sides in the race for goals.

In the Bournemouth 6-a-side tournament the 'C' team (composed of 'B' players) met strong opposition from an 'A' side in the first round and were beaten only by a narrow margin.

Credit must be given here to Fuller, who handled the captaincy of the side with reliability and confidence. Clarke, Allen, Baldwin, Bushby, Warr and Lord represented the side most regularly and were always strong contenders for selection to the 'A' team.

Others who played were Hopkins, Vine, Woods, Pearson, Collins, Merchant, Pearce, Beale, Trembath, West, Peckham, Reed and Cole.

East Howe	H	0-0	D	St Walburga's	H	1-4	L
Somerford	H	0-1	L	Stourfield	H	5-1	W
Oakmead	H	1-2	L	Summerbee	H	7-1	W
Stourfield A	A	0-4	L	St Walburga's	A	4-0	W
East Howe	A	3-2	W	Oakmead	A	6-0	W
Summerbee	A	4-1	W	East Howe	H	3-2	W

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