

BLANDFORD HALL SCHOOL,
MARTIN.

SUMMER MAGAZINE

Compiled by Evacuees of
Arundel Street School
Portsmouth

July 1940

FORWARD

Since our last magazine was produced in December, 1939, the little community of Portsmouth (Arundel St) children in Martin has experienced a few changes in its composition and numbers, in its staff, and in conditions outside itself, but on the whole has gone steadily and happily along with the task of maintaining the safety, education and welfare of its members, helped by the unfailing kindness and co-operation of the residents of Martin.

Soon after Christmas we entered a period of winter recorded as the most severe experienced for many years. The rigours of frost and snow affected us but little. True, we hugged the fire when in school; we also derived some enjoyment from the conditions in morning walks over the frost-bound hills, tobogganing expeditions and snow fights. Some of these "mornings off" were forced on us by necessity, for our hall fire frequently smoked so badly that it was quite impossible to remain in the atmosphere it created, particularly as it was only possible to clear the hall by having the front door wide open and consequently risk being frozen to death! But we survived, and it is worth recording that of the 23 children then with us, it was rare for one to be absent from school. Considering the severity of the conditions the health record was really remarkable.

The Spring brought renewed life and fresh interests. It also threatened to reduce our little band to vanishing point, for the continued calm on the Western Front and the absence of air-raids deluded many people into thinking that the dangers of the war had been greatly exaggerated. One child was taken home at Christmas and four at Easter, in each case after being allowed to go home for what was promised to be only a holiday. In vain Mr Johns and myself, by letters and by personal calls, tried to persuade these foolish parents that it was impossible to foresee the course of the war, and that their children were happy and safe at Martin. How much wiser were the parents who denied themselves the pleasure of their children's company. They now reap the satisfaction of knowing that their sacrifice was not in vain.

Since Easter, 21 more children have joined us, and we thus now number 39, with myself, Mr Johns, and Miss Grout as staff. (Miss Sandy left at Easter and Miss Jarvis in June.) Most of the additions came in early June from Harbridge and included all that was left of the Arundel St Girls' Dept, with younger brothers and sisters, so that now at Martin we have all that are left of the original party evacuated from Arundel St Schools.

Mr Williams was recalled to Portsmouth as the time the Girls' Dept moved here, together with Miss Webley and Miss Chambers, and we understand that he was posted to Binstead Rd School. He arrived there just about in time to superintend the second evacuation. Whether he has again gone out into the country we do not know.

Throughout the winter, on three evenings a week, the hall was opened for recreation, under the supervision of Mr Johns and myself. Boys and girls attended, enjoying a variety of table games, darts and table tennis and paying a penny a night to defray the cost of oil for the stove, new games and other expenses. The "Club" was greatly appreciated and attended by most of the children. The provision of electric light enabled us, through the kindness of Mr Johns, who lent the school his wireless set, to enjoy Schools' Broadcasts and other suitable items, both during school time and in the evening.

At Christmas we gave our first concert, consisting of two plays, a musical burlesque, and a play by the tinies. The object was to establish a fund from which to give a party and provide for other school activities. From the concert collection and subscriptions we realised about £6, and the sale of calendars and other novelties made by the children brought the total up to £8. We were enabled to give a very successful party during the Christmas holiday, to which we invited all the village children – a return for a party which they gave us.

Our second concert, given at Easter, was a more ambitious affair, consisting of two one-act plays, an operetta "The Idea" by Gustav Holst, a play by the tinies and a display of gymnastics by the senior boys. As we had only 21 children at the time, many of them too young to give much help, it can be realised that our few "stars" had a strenuous time, some of them having to learn three different principal parts. However, they managed to avoid entangling their roles, and gave an excellent show.

This time the concert was given on two nights, and the proceeds amounting to £4-7-0, were given to the trustees of the hall, as a little return for their kindness in granting us its use.

Our principal interest during Spring and Summer, has been the school garden, a most successful venture which I will leave to Mr Johns to tell you about. The work there, together with surveying and outdoor sketching, has meant a good deal of work outside the school building, while we have also helped local farmers by ridding some fields of ragwort.

With the money still in hand in our school fund, supplemented by that realised from the sale of garden produce and field weeding, we hope to raise enough to run a day trip for the children, probably to Cheddar, taking in Stonehenge and Wells Cathedral en route. If war-time restrictions make this impossible, we shall devise some other activity for the benefit of the community.

We hope, too, to hold a sports meeting in conjunction with the village school. More of that may be found later in the magazine. Our relations with the village school remain most cordial, and we co-operate in some activities.

In conclusion, it can be said that the children who have remained with us have benefited enormously from their country life. Most of them are now brown as berries, have gained in height and weight, and are obviously as happy as is it possible for youngsters to be. The early troubles of evacuation are forgotten and their foster-parents now in many cases freely confess that they dread the day when the children will return to their homes. As one resident remarked to me lately "Won't the village be dull and quiet without them."

If Martin will be sorry to lose the children, it is certain that all of us will be very sorry to leave Martin. We have received here unceasing kindness and goodwill, and we have made friends that we shall never forget. The prospects of an early termination of the war are not at the moment very rosy, but if it does end before we produce another magazine (at Christmas) we should like to take this opportunity of saying how much we appreciate the kindness shown to us and the patience and sympathy extended to the children.

J.L.Jordan.

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A COUNTRY PICTURE

By W. Woodward. Aged 13

Here comes a wagon along the dusty road
With a cheery-faced farmer sitting on its load.
Here comes a shepherd, maybe in old-time smock
With his faithful trusty sheepdog tending his straggling flock.
Here comes the cowman, complete with pail and stool
To milk his charges twice a day is his unbroken rule
Here comes the thatcher with his ladder, needle and spars
With fingers deft he plaits the straw between the roofing bars.
Here comes the keeper with his ferrets, dog and gun,
Out for the day trying to get his work done.
Here comes a tractor, massive wheels a-twirl
Spinning round corners leaving dust a whirl.
Each to their task throughout the working week
To serve their country in its need is all the joy they seek.

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SHEEP SHEARING

By Alfred Hore. Aged 14.

Sheep shearing is quite an interesting thing to see. The first actual sheep shearing I have seen was at one of Mr Main's stables. At other times I have seen it done on the films. The sheep are herded into a square of hurdles, and then the four men who do the shearing get ready to start work. They put sacks around themselves and pick up their shears; a man goes up to one of the sheep, and before it has time to bolt, throws a strap around its neck; then he drags it up to one of the men who is ready to start. This man grabs it by its wool and turns it on

its back none too gently, and then the shearer begins. He has to cut the fleece so that it comes off almost like a coat, but I suppose it would not matter if it did come off in separate parts. All four men do this all day, and when our boys at Blandford Hall went to see this done they became very interested. When one poor lamb was let loose after being sheared, it was so bewildered by all our faces that it just ran anywhere, and gave one boy a hard knock in the stomach, which quite winded him. Then we thought it was time to go back to school.

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A QUESTION OF THE MOMENT

By Iris Groom. Aged 12

A dog can guard a house,
A cat can catch a mouse,
A pig is lots of use,
A hen needs no excuse,
But what are we to do
With a little girl like you?

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Congratulations to Dennis Irvine on passing the Junior Technical Entrance Exam 2nd on the list. He has done credit to his old school and to Blandford Hall. We wish him success.

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MOVING BILLETS

By Iris Wedge. Aged 14

I think that moving billets is really and truly very interesting; although it is not a very good thing to move when you just get settled down. It seems to me that as soon as you get used to the people and their ways you have to leave them, although you do not want to.

Some parents say, "Oh, if my children are moved, I will have them home." If these parents thought much of their children they would not have them home to face danger. Anyhow, parents who let their children move their billets are really thankful they did so, because the children soon settle down and make themselves happy, especially when they live on a farm. I don't think there is any reason why the children should not be happy, because there are not many people who are unkind to children.

I have moved four times, and I can honestly say that the people I have lived with have been very kind to me. They try their hardest to make you happy, and make you feel as if you are at home.

I can also say that by coming away into the country I have certainly learnt more about Nature. I have never seen so many wild flowers, or as many birds before. I don't think any child that has been evacuated will ever forget this war; and I am sure that nearly every child is thankful for what people have done for us, while we have been away from our homes. It is very kind of people to open their homes to strangers.

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THE OWL

By Margaret Upshall. Aged 12.

There is an owl at the bottom of our garden
It's not so very far away.
You pass the coal shed
And just keep straight ahead
I do so hope it won't fly away.

At night it will shout
And wake you about
The middle of the night.

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MY HERO! (Or Heroine!)

Most of us have a hero (or female of the species), often someone we greatly admire for qualities we ourselves lack. On that assumption the senior class have selected suitable heroes and heroines for their fellows;-

For Sidney Hore: Joe E. Brown
Victor Symes: Don Bradman
Margaret Upshall: Gracie Fields
Bob Bleach: Lord Haw-Haw
Elsie Hore: Donald Duck
Billy Irvine: Teddy Brown
George Wedge: Wee Georgie Woods
Alfred Hore: Fred Astaire
John Wedge: Bing Crosby
Iris Wedge: Jack Warner
Bill Woodward: Vic Oliver
Iris Towell: Stan Laurel
William Bean: Henry VIII
Donald Bartlett: Clark Gable
Jeffery Bloxham: Mercury

Charlie Clements: Convict 99
Kenneth Owen: Tom Mix
Ron Halstead: Apollo
Dennis Irvine: Harold Woodward
Harold Woodward: Dennis Irvine

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ON BOKERLY DYKE

By Victor Symes. Aged 13

I walked along Bokerly Dyke
My thoughts in the long ago
When many British warriors stood
Their bravery to show.

Then in came a panting runner,
Bad news he'd come to bring –
The Saxons with eight hundred men
Were killing and plundering.

The warriors manned their defences,
And fitted stones to slings
And sharpened up their axes
And spears and other things.

The invaders climbed the ramparts
In a storming noisy horde,
But in the ditch were hurled again
And many were put to the sword.

With shouts of joy and gladness
The defender slew the foe
And what happened next to the eight hundred
No one will ever know.

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PRESENTS WE WOULD LIKE TO GIVE!

- To Mr Winston Churchill – health and strength to continue leading the nation.
- To Mr Herbert Morrison – the old iron from Goering’s “chest”.
- To Lord Haw-Haw – A pot of glue to stick him to the truth.
- To our First Aid Squad – A practice patient who isn’t ticklish.
- To Mr Main – Unlimited supplies of petrol.
- To Mr Barter – More carts for evacuees to ride in at will.
- To Mussolini – A “rise” in the world.
- To the L.D.V’s. – Warm woollies for the winter.
- To Hitler – A cup of coffee, flavoured with rat poison.
- To Gladys – Mending wool that will never run out.
- To the R.A.F. – More planes and odds of not more than 5 to 1.
- To Our Air Raid Wardens – No shortage of breath.
- To our Hall – a chimney that doesn’t smoke.

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THE BEST ADVENTURE

An Original Story by Mabel Upshall. Aged 10.

Late on a December afternoon, when the sun showed a dull red through the trees of a nearby wood, a girl and boy stepped from a train at a wayside station. They gave their tickets to a porter whose hands were quite blue with cold, and walked briskly out, carrying their cases. They were met by their cousin Mary, and just as they were going into the wood it began to snow. Rosie was determined to throw a snowball, but the snow was not thick enough, so she could not make one. They had several adventures but the most exciting one was when it began to grow dark. As they walked through a path overhung with trees, they saw a man with a long white beard. He grabbed them and said, "Come with me and I will show you where to find some gold." They followed him into a dark cave in the middle of the wood, and when they peeped inside they saw many sacks filled with gold and precious stones. "Now," said the old man, "because you followed me you can have some of it." He took half the gold and helped them to carry it to their home. When their parents saw it they left their old home and went to a big house, where they lived happily ever after.

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OUR TAME HUMORISTS' PAGE

(Mostly at the expense of one another.)

There once was a smart fellow named Bean,
Who always made sure he'd be seen.
His mad rush to be first
Was by everyone cursed
In terms that were almost obscene!

(W. Woodward)

There was a young fellow named Jim,
Who thought he would go for a swim.
To the bottom he sank,
So the water he drank –
Now wasn't that clever of him!

(A.Hore)

There was a young fellow named Symes
Who amused himself making up rhymes.
But his pride felt a blow
When Mr Jordan said "Oh,
These really are terrible crimes."

(R.Bleach)

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Pages missing...

...the door. "You need another good shaking before you can look nice."

The doormat began to cry, and said, "Please forgive me for being so vain."

The door felt sorry for the doormat and said, "Of course I will forgive you." So the door and the doormat became firm friends and lived happily ever after.

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THE PIRATES

By Jack Towell. Aged 7.

Once upon a time there were some pirates who had a flag with a skull and cross bones painted on it.

One day, as they sailed their ship on the big sea, they saw another ship. "Let us rob it" they said, for they saw it was loaded with goods they thought they could use.

They got closer to the other ship and jumped on to it, waving their swords in the air and telling them they would kill them if they did not give up their gold.

They started a fight, but the pirates did not win, so the other men had their gold to themselves.

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SEAGULLS

By W. Bean. Aged 11.

The sea-gull is a lissom bird,
White wing and dipping sheen.
The sea-gull is as beautiful
A thing as I have ever seen.

A ship dips down into the sea,
And cleaves a trail of foam.
A hundred screaming gulls take wing
To shores they once called home.

So the wild gulls call and cry,
Ghosts of countless mariners,
The buccaneers of long past days
To drift on down the endless years.

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THE THIMBLE THAT DISAPPEARED

A story by Iris Towell. Aged 11.

Peggy and John were playing Finding the Thimble. It was Peggy's turn to hide it. She could not think of a place to hide the

thimble. At last it was hidden inside a pudding basin. "I have hidden it," called Peggy to John.

Off went John to find the place where Peggy had hidden the thimble. He searched and searched, but he could not find it at all.

He looked in the toy cupboard, on top of the piano, but look as he would he could not find it. At last he gave up. When Peggy went to get the thimble she was very surprised indeed when she found that the thimble was gone, but to her astonishment there was a pudding in the basin ready to be cooked.

At dinner time Peggy told her mother what had happened. As they were eating the pudding the children's daddy screwed up his face. "What is the matter?" asked their mother. "There is something that is hard in the pudding."

Daddy sorted out the thing that was hard. Peggy laughed, for there was the lost thimble. The children had to explain what they thought had happened. When their parents heard the story they joined in the laughter.

After, whenever Peggy hid the thimble she was very careful not to hide it inside a basin.

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THE PLOUGHMAN

By Ronald Halstead. Aged 13

From dawn to dusk the ploughman toils,
In the muddy soil he walks,
Ploughing away in the rain.
The twining weeds his ploughshare foils
As to the greedy gulls he talks
And turns his horse again.

At nightfall after a soaking day
With tired content he labours home,
For fireside welcome yearning.

Another year, in weather gray
His share has turned the heavy loam
For him a harvest earning.

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CALLED TO ARMS

By Lawrence Bloxham. Aged 11.

There was no song nor cry of praise
In by-gone dreary days
When Napoleon fought his ways
And tried to conquer England
In by-gone days.

But up sprang Nelson to the fight
Saw the horrors of England's plight
"Men to my side, and God my right!
Strength and faith are what we need
In England's plight."

At the last stand the Frenchman failed
At Waterloo Napoleon quailed
With pompous pride his troops he railed
To conquer England
At Waterloo Napoleon quailed.

A century gone and now again
The foe will strike at us in vain
Bitter the struggle, sharp the pain,
To guard our land:
The foe will strike at us in vain.

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SPORT

Our opportunities for sport have been rather limited, as might be expected. During the winter – or more strictly the Autumn – we played football on one or two days a week. Mr Main having kindly placed a field at our disposal. The senior village boys joined in with us, and from the combined schools a very useful team could have been formed. It is a pity that difficulties of transport make inter-village games impossible. The boys enjoyed their games, but a visit from a neighbouring school would have been a refreshing change.

During the summer months cricket has taken the place of football as the weekly game, despite the rather rough nature of the pitch. Some of our boys show promise, notably Victor Symes, Bill Woodward, Ron Halsted and John Wedge with the ball and Victor, Ron and Bob Bleach with the bat. Victor, however, is the only boy who can hit with any power. He was appointed Captain, with Bill Woodward as Vice Captain. The village boys, who again joined us, had no bowlers among them, but Angus Curtis, Gerald Baverstock, and Willie Smith did believe in giving the ball a good wallop when they could, and even if their style was unorthodox, they often succeeded in giving the other side some leather hunting. Willie was quite good as wicket keeper. A useful team could be picked, and we hope to get a game against Fordingbridge if transport can be arranged (i.e. if someone will lend us a lorry!)

There are no facilities for swimming. A Sports Day is in preparation – one of the old type, with Obstacle, Three-legged, Sack, Egg and Spoon and other diverting contests. The village school will join us and proceeds handed to the Red Cross Fund. We may be able to tell you more of this in the following pages. If not – see Xmas Mag!

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OUR SPORTS DAY

As no other material is yet ready for the magazine, we are able to give the results of the combined sports of our own and the village school, held on Thursday, Aug. 22nd.

Mr Johns arranged the programme, and the staffs of the two schools shared the task of organisation. A very successful afternoon was enjoyed by our children and onlookers.

Results were as follows:-

1. Senior Girls 80 yds Flat: Dora Sandy
2. Senior Boys 100 yds Flat: Bob Bleach
3. Junior Boys 60 yds Flat: Billy Shearing
4. Junior Girls 60 yds Flat: Susie Smith
5. Intermediate Boys 80 yds Flat: Willie Smith
6. Intermediate Girls 80 yds Flat: Eileen Shearing
7. Infants 40 yds Flat Boys: Anthony Baverstock
Girls: Louisa Wedge
8. Senior Boys Three-Legged: Victor Symes and
Alfred Hore
9. Junior Boys Three-Legged: John Groom and
George Hore
10. Senior Girls High Jump: Dora Sandy 4ft.
11. Intermediate Boys Three-Legged: Sidney Hore and
Ronald Bartlett
12. Junior Girls Egg and Spoon: June Marlow
13. Inter Girls Egg and Spoon: Vyvyan Cox
14. Senior Boys High Jump: Victor Symes 3ft 8in
15. Senior Girls Needle-Threading: Joyce Marlow and
Iris Wedge
16. Infants Hoop Race Boys: Anthony Baverstock
Girls: Pat Flemington
17. Junior Boys Sack Race: George Hore
18. Junior Girls Skipping Race: Margaret Shering
19. Inter. Boys Sack Race: Donald Bartlett
20. Inter Girls Skipping: Elsie Hore
21. Junior Girls Potato Race: Susie Smith
22. Inter. Boys High Jump: Willie Smith 3ft 10ins
23. Junior Boys Potato Race: Billy Shearing
24. Inter Girls 100 yds Flat: Elsie Hore
25. Infants Bunny Race: Pat Flemington
26. Junior Boys 80 yds Flat: John Groom
27. Junior Girls 80 yds Flat: Eileen White
28. Inter Boys 100yds Flat: William Bean
29. Inter Girls Needle Threading: Olive Bleach and
Vyvyan Cox

- Extra prize: Iris Towell
30. Senior Girls 100 yds Flat: Iris Wedge
 31. Senior Boys 220 yds Flat: Victor Symes
 32. Senior Girls Relay: I. Wedge, E. Hore, I. Towell, D. Wedge
Dead Heat: D. Sandy, J. Shering, S. Smith, M. Upshall
 33. Boys Relay: A. Hore, D. Irvine, B. Bartlett, J. Flemington

Prizes presented by Mrs Hibberd.

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SPORTS DAY (contd.)

At the conclusion of the meeting Mr Jordan thanked Mrs Hibberd for coming to present the prizes, and the children responded with cheers, paying a similar compliment to the village school and to Martin. Mrs Hibberd thanked the staff for arranging the meeting and voiced the pleasure of the onlookers at the result.

The sale of programmes and the "gate" totalled £1-2-4, which will be handed to Martin Red Cross Fund.

Donations to the Prize Fund were as follows: Mrs Hibberd 10/-, Miss Main 10/-, Mrs Read 5/-, Mrs Prydderch 5/-, Capt. and Mrs Kaulbeck 5/-, Mrs Main 2/-, Mrs Barry 2/6, Mrs Chappell 2/6, Mrs Waters 2/6.

The generosity of these kind people defrayed almost the total cost of the prizes. Our best thanks to all for their support.

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SCHOOL BROADCASTS

By Dennis Irvine. Aged 12.

Our school broadcasts are very exciting sometimes, especially when "Mr Cobbett and the Indians" is on the air, or when Matt

Wetherby, the river warden, describes different aspects of life in and about a river.

One of the best musical broadcasts was when J.S. Bach visited Frederick of Prussia, who was a keen flautist. Bach had journeyed from Leipzig to Potsdam, so that he could see how his son Carl was getting on in the Emperor's orchestra, and to hear him play.

The broadcast I liked best was the one about Australian Aborigines, who are the "blacks" of Australia. These people can live in desert places where any white man would die of hunger and thirst; but the blacks can tell where water is by following the flights of birds, or find it by digging down into the sand. They kill wild animals with a throwing spear or a boomerang. The Australian bush call is "Coo-ee". The blacks have a private council called a corroboree, and before it they have a chant similar to a war-song. As no gins and piccaninnies (as the women and children are called) are allowed to be present at these meetings, so the men frighten them away with a flat piece of wood in which holes are bored, which is whirled round and round on the end of a length of rope, producing a loud wailing noise. This instrument is called a "Bull-roarer."

Another interesting broadcast was "The Story of Printing." This story was dramatised, dealing with the life of a German named Gutenberg living in Mainz. He had invented a type-writer, but he was poor and needed the help of a wealthy man. Later a goldsmith named Fust supplied the necessary money, with which Gutenberg carried on his work. In 1455 he was found guilty of not carrying out his contract. This came about when progress was so slow that his colleagues who had lent him money wished to be repaid. Later Gutenberg had other money lent to him which enabled him to carry on his work.

There were many other broadcasts, some of musical form, talks about Nature, country life, gardening, lives of famous men, and stories of travel in many parts of the world.

All of these we found very interesting and entertaining, and the broadcasts were one of the most popular of our daily lessons. We have to thank Mr Johns for lending the school his wireless set, so enabling us to enjoy the broadcasts.

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THE SCHOOL GARDEN

One of the most successful of our activities has been the school garden. We decided early in the year that we should be a disgrace to Martin if we did not have a garden, and we have to thank Mr Main for providing us with the most essential part – the land. This was sufficient for 12 plots, each 35ft by 9ft. Our project received the approval of the County Gardening Officer, with the result that the Hampshire Education Committee supplied the equipment needed.

All ready for the fray we needed only (1) Abatement of the rigours of the arctic winter (2) Seeds (3) Knowledge of how to garden!

In due course saner weather allowed the first onslaught, technically known as ‘cleaning’ to commence; the seeds were purchased out of our own funds, so that we could enjoy the fruits of our labour; and as for learning all about the evil habits of cabbages and the cunning tricks of sprouts, ask Mr Johns! He undertook the role of gardener-in-chief, and soon our billet was strewn with monumental tomes on the subject. Incidentally most of the household found itself learning gardening too, as juicy bits were read aloud at the domestic hearth – such, for instance, that all those wriggly things with millions of legs are not centipedes. Oh now – some are millipedes! One has its legs in pairs or triplets or something like that and the other dresses them evenly by the left. And one you pat on the back because it’s a friend and the other you sock with a spade! (After, of course, carefully examining the leg-arrangements.)

Apart from the afore-mentioned volumes, Mr Main was our guide and advisor in our initial efforts, choosing our seeds and showing us how to prepare the ground and plant them. So we didn’t need Mr Middleton really, and Mr Johns has gone on imbibing knowledge and has made our gardening efforts one of the most successful of our school activities. He has perhaps not yet developed the true gardener’s reverence for the size of his marrows nor the correct stance in leaning over the garden fence mendaciously swapping accounts of the same with a neighbouring gardener, possibly because there is no

neighbouring garden and our marrows were cut off while mere tiddlers!

Thanks to the generous provision by Mr Main, some bumper crops were produced. Peas were especially good, and were closely followed in quality and quantity by broad beans, lettuce, turnips, shallots, and potatoes. Beet gave a fair crop, and at the moment there is a regular jungle of cabbages, sprouts and broccoli that promises well. The only crop that fell down on us (literally) was the carrots. One day, with suspicious unanimity, they all lay down and died! We believe that some worm with a special predilection for carrots had gnawed their vitals and no carrots can stand that!

The sale of produce has amounted to over £3, and has helped materially to provide funds for an educational trip to Wells and Cheddar. In due course other produce will be sold, and part of the proceeds will provide next year's seed.

We are in some danger of being regarded as the Blandford Hall Society of Market Gardeners (Inc.), but if we haven't yet reached that stage we are doing very well for amateurs. The open air work has been greatly enjoyed, and the practical knowledge gained will be of real utility in the future, wherever that future may be spent.

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US!

Sept. 3rd 1940

Iris, John, Olive, David and Louisa Wedge
Victor, Edward, Freddie and Brian Symes
Robert and Olive Bleach and Joyce Newman
Alfred, George and Elsie Hore
Donald and Bernard Bartlett
Margaret, Mabel and Jimmie Upshall
Iris and John Groom
William, Harold and Thelma Woodward
Dennis and Billy Irvine

Jeffery, Lawrence and Phyllis Bloxham
William Bean Ronald Halsted
Rex Rashleigh Kenneth Owen
Ruby Harris Sydney Hore
Iris, Kathleen, John, Bernard and Norman Towell

Staff: Mr J.L.Jordan, Mr H. J. Johns
Miss L. Grout
Miss Gladys Bleach (Helper)