

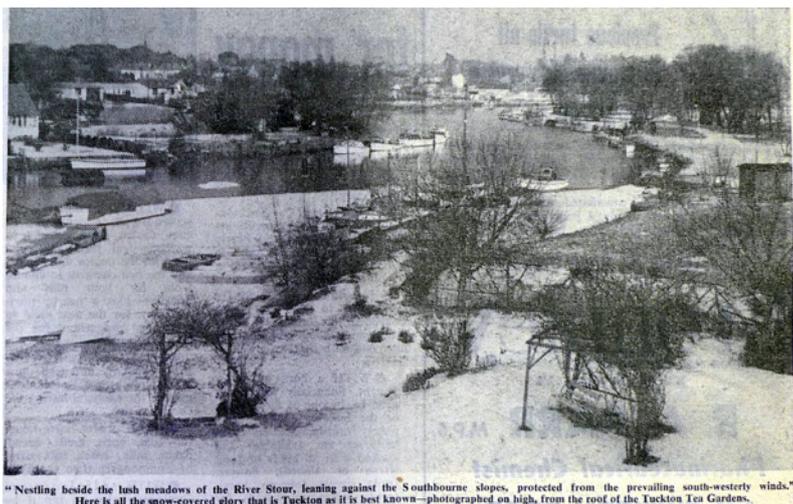
## *THE LIMELIGHT TURNS ON TUCKTON*

### A GOOD PLACE TO 'MESS ABOUT IN BOATS'

But it's nothing to the postmen

Christchurch Herald February 8, 1963

This week, in our series of local areas which, though not in the headlines have a thriving life of their own, we swing the spotlight on to Tuckton. Reporter TONY CRAWLEY and cameraman ROLAND EVANS went to Tuckton to bring back this profile of a community.



TO the man in the (Bournemouth) street, Tuckton is "where all those boats are. A good place for messing about on the river." As far as the GPO is concerned, Tuckton is good for—er, nothing. To them it doesn't exist, having no qualifications, it seems, to be an official postal address. As one official put it: "Tuckton? It's nothing is it?" Even Bournemouth's well-read historian, the ex-librarian David Young, wrote in his famous book: "Of Tuckton . . . little can be said." At least he was only referring to the actual derivation of the village-cum-town's name.

Only that fellow in the street is anywhere near correct.

Tuckton may certainly be best known for its boating activities. But much more can be said about the town itself . . . which. GPO-officials please note, is most definitely there.

Mail-wise, Tuckton only exists on the date-stamp wielded with considerable dexterity, and at times alarming rapidity, by Mr. Frederick Williams at the local sub-post office.

As far as his correct postal address is concerned, it's either Tuckton – road, Bournemouth, Southbourne, Iford or even Christchurch. But never just Tuckton-road, Tuckton, on its own.

#### *Watchdogs*

Perhaps one day this slight against the place will be remedied, because Tuckton folk are jealous of their township. They'll defend it to the death, as has been reported by this paper more than once when the ratepayers have fought multi-storey flats or other building schemes through the battling auspices of the "Hengist Watchdogs" — the Hengistbury Residents' Association.

These residents have three councillors to call on, and they do so very often. One of the trio, Coun. B. E. D. Beckett, of 20 Belfield-road, is right there in the thick of things, in business as an estate agent in Tuckton-road.

Coun. Bill Holliday is not far away, at his Southbourne Cliffs Hotel, in Belle Vue-road. And also nearby is Coun. Mrs. Muriel Wall (a past Mayoress, when Coun. Mrs. Bessie Bicknell was Bournemouth's first woman Mayor), living in Southbourne's Church-road.

#### *A buffer*

Standing as a kind of warm hearted buffer between Bournemouth and Christchurch, Tuckton is an historical and congenial area. Its roots are deep in the past: its vision looking far to the future.

Tuckton (from the Anglo-Saxon "Toucketon" and "Touketon") was already an ancient name before the name of Bournemouth had been dreamed up at all.

People may still call the place Tuckton Village. And although it's now a thriving, almost bustling, town they are right in the sense that this town has all the rather cosy atmosphere of a close knit village community.

Its setting is hard to beat in our widespread area. Nestling as it does beside the lush meadows of the River Stour, leaning against the Southbourne slopes, fully protected from the south-westerly winds.

### *Salt spray*

Cars may be a must in this modern day and age, but Tuckton is still within comfortable walking distance of the sea and beaches. And despite the salty sea sprays, it's a proud Tuckton boast that "things do grow here, and the sea air doesn't play havoc with outside paintwork."

Visitors play a great role in the town's life, needless to say. "What's to do for them and the residents? Practically everything.

Young and old alike enjoy some of the most beautiful walks imaginable. Try going along Wick-lane from Tuckton Bridge through Wick Village and along the Stour's bank to the top of Hengistbury Head.

The views take in all the boats, the birds (out in the river there's a swannery of about 500 birds), and of course, once atop the Head, the panorama beats anything Dimbleby can offer—the whole sea and coastline from the Isle of Wight and the Needles right around to Swanage and Durlston Head.

As a rest from the sea, and for any aching feet, there are always the boats. River trips go to Christchurch Creek and Mudeford Beach.

Or why not sail your own? As many enthusiasts discover, there's not an easier stretch of water for the amateur anywhere else in the area.

More active entertainment? Right, plenty offered. Topping the list are undoubtedly the plush putting and golf courses off Stour-road, where many a would-be Peter Alliss goes swinging—with plenty of company on a Sunday.

Also available are bowling greens, hard and grass tennis courts and, naturally, fishing, of the sea or river variety.

All these pursuits on land that was still completely rural when Bournemouth was getting its Winter Garden in 1874.

In those far off days Tuckton was just a hamlet, joined with Wick, as one of the various tything's making up the land known as "The Liberty of Westover": Musecliff, Muckleshell, Throop, Holdenhurst, Pokesdown and Iford . . . Tuckton and Wick.

Lord of this lordly manor was Sir George Ivison Tapps, an ancestor of Sir George Meyrick, of Hinton Admiral.

It was Sir George Tapps' son—who took over the Meyrick family name to become Sir George Elliot Thomas Gervis Meyrick—who created most of today's Bournemouth with the Christchurch architect, Benjamin Ferrey.

### *Old cottage*

As farming land, with fields from the bottom of Carbery-avenue up to Southbourne-grove, and on the other side to Wick, the old Tuckton was far more easy to define as an area than the GPO finds today.

A few of the old buildings are still around. Very few.

For instance, there is an old farm cottage, now part of the premises of Lander Ltd., the building contractors, while their machine-shop was originally the main barn of the manor. Other farm cottages in Riverside - lane have long since been pulled down.

But back to Tuckton, 1874, easily definable but not so easily accessible. No bridge as yet, nor any through road, connected the hamlets. Only the ever-faithful Wick ferry.

### *Toll-bridge*

But by 1882 things had started to change, with the beginning in June of the Tuckton Bridge. This wooden structure designed by Tom Stevens of Bournemouth took nearly a year to build for the then high cost of £400.

With the bridge came toll charges, for anything and every one treading the boards. It was 6d. for any four-wheel vehicles: 4d. for two-wheelers; ½d. for bikes and prams.

Even the poor pedestrians and all the passengers on any vehicles (except, one hopes, the babies in the prams) had to fork out a penny each for bridging that gap

By 1905, the bridge had been taken over by the Bournemouth Corporation and completely re built, strong enough to take the first Bournemouth-Christchurch tram on October 17 of that year

Tolls continued, however, with an extra ½d. going on the rate for pedestrians, cyclists and bus passengers!

### *Now it's free*

But all good things must come to an end. And on October 1, 1943, the bridge finally became toll-free, having provided the Corporation in the 1905-1943 period, with the sum of £40,000!

Today the bridge, busy though it is with traffic, is one of the best spots to stand on high and look down on the bobbing boats, For as much as anything else, it's the boats that make Tuckton a haven for visitors — yes, even the residents—today.

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## New church honours founder's birthday

TUCKTON New Church Society which bases its Christian teaching on the revelations made by the Lord through Swedenborg celebrated the 275th anniversary of the birth of Swedenborg last week at a meeting of The Thursday Club.

The minister, the Rev. Wynford G. Whittaker, conducted a brief opening service, acted as chairman, and delivered the commemorative address. He made special reference to the vision which Swedenborg saw when the Lord called him to the work of unfolding the inner senses of the Scriptures and making known the secrets of the life after death.

Mr. Whittaker emphasised that all that Swedenborg wrote after his commissioning directed the minds of his readers solely to the Lord Jesus Christ as the one God of heaven and earth.

Four songs were sung by Mrs H. Johnson, who was accompanied by Miss Evans. Two pianoforte solos were played by Mr. H. G. Huntley.

After the formal meeting a guessing game (identifying personalities) was provided by Mr. P. G. Perrett. Refreshments and chatter completed the evening.

At the fellowship meeting, Mr. Whittaker introduced a talk on healing by making a passing reference to 'quackery.' He then asserted that whatever method of healing was adopted, orthodox or unorthodox, lasting results would not be obtained unless acknowledgment of Divine Power was made.

"All illness and disease," he said, "have spiritual causes, and are mostly emotional. They arise from human wrongdoing. Even accidents can be attributed to human error always."

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## Here's a real High-street run for money

TUCKTON may be smaller than, say Westbourne. But when it comes to shops and other businesses, this town really gives other such areas a real run for their money.

The "high-street" — Tuckton-road — is a veritable supermarket of business. There is very nearly one of every firm desired — in most cases two and in quite a few others, even three.

So it would be no idle boast for Tucktonians to say: You could walk down this long street of 50-plus businesses and come out the other end with literally EVERYTHING. . . .

- WITH a house—built or bought, financially assisted if need be, by one of three banks or the building society—completely furnished in every room (antiques are available) and stocked with all kinds of food (fresh or tinned), flowers fruits, sweets, tobacco, beers, spirits, wines, and seeds for the garden.

- WITH arrangements settled for the servicing of your cars, cycles, shoes, clocks or watches—and physical servicing with the doctor and dentist and the two chemists to choose from for your pills and powders—plus a nearby nursing home for the next child to arrive in, and school for the boy to attend.

- WITH the wife's hair being regularly and well done by any of three such establishments; the husband having the choice of two.



- WITH orders being taken for coal, corn, seeds, bread, cakes, milk, meat, fish, wool or ironmongery (two shops).

- WITH solicitors and auctioneers also on tap if by chance you should ever want to sell up and leave . . . which, let's face it, with this kind of convenience, would hardly happen.

And these aren't merely one-sale-a-day shops. Take the case of the latest bakery firm to move in. Within five months of opening in Tuckton-road, they had to move to larger premises last week, because of their busy trade.

### Tree-lined

These shops all have modern fronts with a matching up-to-date service with a smile, and the goods offered compare very favourably with the "bargains" of any other area.

The streets are wide, clean (where the snow is missing) and in some cases, attractively tree-lined. The main approach to them, Carbery-avenue, has been rightly dubbed "one of the loveliest avenues in the whole of Bournemouth.

Seems a pity though that the Tuckton Traders' Association, founded in 1951, is now defunct for various reasons.

Probably the most unusual industry to be found in Tuckton is that of the Peek Trade Co. Ltd.—who have been importing toys and fancy goods there for 15 years.



This large wholesale business serving all Britain, started in the Tuckton Garage and then expanded into larger premises in Riverside-lane, three years ago, with its staff of 50 local people.

### From Russia

Their goods include many toys from abroad and also polythene from Hong-Kong... and china from Russia—china, not China.

The wily Russians, who know a thing or two about most British pastimes, also supply buckets and spades.

On Monday the company's exhibition of summer toys opened in Bournemouth at the South Western Hotel—with better luck than a recent event, when a lorry load of goods was involved in a nasty

### Windows on all your needs

The street with everything would not be an exaggeration when applied to Tuckton-road. Two views of this thriving shopping centre are shown above. Inside, the brisk, efficient and courteous service lives up to the impression conveyed by the smart, up-to-date shop-fronts.

collision.

So that's Tuckton for you—an easy-on-the-eye thriving hive of life and industry.

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### Those good old days of yore

HISTORY abounds in the Tuckton area. From 2000 BC when European migrants with nary a Common Market thought, crossed the Channel from the Cherbourg peninsula to land at Christchurch . . . Saxon leader Hengist was reputed to have landed at Hengistbury Head when out to conquer Old Sarum (Salisbury) . . . and the discovery of ironstone quarries at the Head proved that Palaeolithic man used to get his roughly-chipped arrowheads hereabouts.

Ancient pottery and numerous British and Roman coins have been dug up—to be safely put on show in the British Museum, and of course, there's enough background on Christchurch Priory to fill many history books.

Tuckton itself was a smugglers' delight in the good old days of yore. They'd creep in through Christchurch Harbour — then paddle up the Tuckton bank of the Stour, unloading their tax-free delights (brandy mostly) on the spot where the Iford Bridge Hotel sells the stuff with its tax today.

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'A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY'  
(That's the NSPCC)

SOUTHBOURNE TUCKTON members and Friends of Southbourne-Tuckton group of the NSPCC met at St. Mary's Gate school at the kind invitation of Mrs. Coak to view the society's film "A Friend of the Family."

Regional organiser Mr. R. D. Scripps spoke of the reluctance on the part of some people to advise the society where there were suspect cases of suffering to children, mainly for reasons of not wishing to interfere or become involved in the affairs of others, this often delayed help.

CONFIDENTIAL

He wished to assure everyone that information given was always regarded as confidential. Children exposed to moral danger were a constant anxiety to the society. Parents who leave children locked up at home alone while themselves seeking pleasure are much in evidence.

Inspector J. L. Pringle said the all important aspect of his work was to preserve the home, prevent suffering, not to prosecute, to befriend and rehabilitate the parents of children in need, indeed to become a friend of the family.

The society was run entirely on a voluntary basis. Money raised in Bournemouth was used in the area and help was always available.

CRYING NEED

The severe conditions imposed by this winter had created a crying need for bedding, warm clothing, shoes—any of these items, so urgently needed, would be most gratefully received.

Mrs. Frances Lindley, chairman of the group, thanked all who had generously supported the fund-raising activities for the all-important work—care of children in need.

If you can help by providing clothes or bedding, ring Bournemouth 48954.

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## Boating, building, beating records

ABOVE all else, boats make Tuckton — and Tuckton makes boats. On umpteen occasions in the past few years, the combination of both has made local and national headlines, particularly during the six-year battle of Bournemouth Town Council versus the "we won't shift" house-boat owners.

Defiant declarations. Mothers-to-be standing firm. Water being cut off. Court cases. These were all part of the struggle.

The Council's long-drawn-out bid to shift the house-boats from the Stour for ever, was called "persecution" and "inhuman."

But eventually it became official — all part of the scheme to turn the Riverlands Estate, the stretch of bank from the bottom of the Tuckton Tea Gardens to the Wick Ferry, into a wonder beauty-spot of open woodland, with lush green grass, attractive paths, a road and a free car-park.

Eye-sore creeks have been filled in. Work continues on piling the river banks to prevent soil erosion. And numerous trees are being planted, for trial purposes.

**Already the results have drawn in the visitors like a magnet. At week-ends in the spring (well, maybe not this year!), summer and autumn, the park is packed with cars and the visitors enjoy their strolls—and watching those devotees messing about on the river.**

Foul weather

With houseboats completely banned, the moorings are now only available to craft within the 30-foot length—and owned by Bournemouth residents.

Chief among those making the boats in Tuckton is the hectically busy firm, just alongside the bridge, Tuckton Riverside services Ltd.

Even in this foul weather, the boat builders are hard at it, with upwards of 50 vessels on the stocks, from 50ft. downwards—eight being in the 45ft. class.

Directly opposite, at his Tuckton Tea Gardens and always busy boatyard, Mr. Gerry Lowe is generally hidden from sight all day working on his new boat orders.

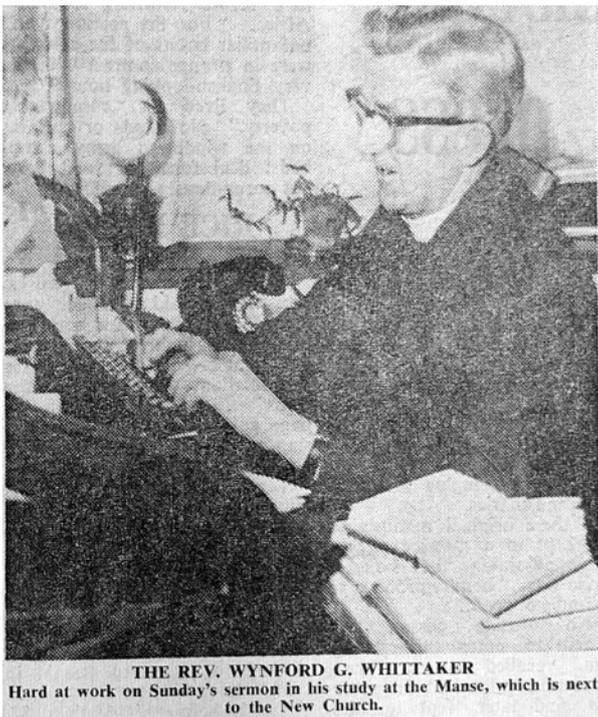
So on both sides of the Stour, orders are coming in as fast—if not faster—than the finished craft go out.

As Cmdr. Michael Wallrock, managing director of the Riverside Services group, has explained: "Over the past five or six years, there has been literally an explosion in the number of yachts and other craft used for pleasure."

"There's no doubt about it." comments Mr. Lowe. "The number of boating enthusiasts coming here is higher every year."

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## A TOWN OF FEW CHURCHES



THE REV. WYNFORD G. WHITTAKER  
Hard at work on Sunday's sermon in his study at the Manse, which is next to the New Church.

THERE are none of the orthodox, or more well-known, religions catered for in Tuckton. The Protestants, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists and so forth, have to go to Southbourne, Iford, Christchurch—in some cases Bournemouth—for their services.

However, the town is the home of two more diminutive sects— both exceedingly well supported by large and enthusiastic memberships.

These are: The Evangelical Free Church, Tuckton's first-ever place of worship, founded at Iford-lane in 1936 ... and The Society of the New Church, formed locally in 1950, with its impressive church being opened on the corner of Tuckton-road and Carbery-avenue eight years later.

### Met in a hut

Tuckton was already an impressive district in 1936— but minus a church hall, for any religious offerings. Worried by this absence of any "witness to the Christian Gospel," a group of people banded together. . . .

A few meetings were held in the home of a Mrs. M. Priestly Lewis, in Iford - lane, and later in the hut in the garden of a house called Fylingdale in Saxonbury-road. And so the first seeds were sown for what is now the Tuckton Evangelical Free Church.

Beliefs? "A basic faith in the full inspiration of the Scriptures, and the atoning work of Christ as one's only means of salvation."

Instigator behind the church's strength today was Mr. G. P. Roberts (who died in 1955). He provided the land in Iford-lane, on which he built the church and two houses. He lived in one and as was his intention the other, The Mount, eventually became the Manse for the pastor.

The town's strong support for their first church increased even further when the first full minister arrived in 1940. He was Mr. W. Fletcher, of the London City Mission. He had worked in India —and left London when the bombing began.

With great vigour in house-to-house calls, he recruited many more members until his death in 1945. Today his tradition continues—in the indomitable spirit of his widow, Mrs. F. L. Fletcher, the church's secretary and deaconess.

She had helped her husband by organising the women's and youth fellowship groups, as well as the Sunday School—and ran the church on her own for four years after his death, until the arrival of the current pastor, Mr. R. W. Green.

Today, Mrs. Fletcher is still working for her church — from her sick-bed, for she is very ill.

With 52 churches, 14 study groups and four other such centres, the Society of the New Church is a fast-growing religion in Britain—and Tuckton's enthusiasm is no exception.

## Fast-growing

First mooted locally in 1946 with meetings in the George Temperance Hall, in Bournemouth's Holdenhurst-road, the organisation had its first church built for £8,000 in 1950 .. which later became the church hall, when the new £10,600 200-seater church was completed on the same site eight years later.

With this excellent position, on the corner of Tuckton-road and Carbery-avenue, the impressive building (with its strong membership) commands the sort of respect and attention usually reserved for a town's chief orthodox parish church.

## The New Age

Beliefs? "We accept the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772) as containing a full revelation of the spiritual sense of the Divine Word for the New Age in which we live.

"This is a new sort of Church doctrine." explains the Rev. Wynford G. Whittaker, minister there since the retirement of his father-in-law, the Rev. Charles Newall, in 1959.

"We believe that God is one indivisibly in the Lord Jesus Christ . . . and that the Second Coming has taken place in the vision to Swedenborg (a Swedish aristocrat) which allowed him to view the scripture in a strictly spiritual sense."

Mr. Whittaker also made one controversial point quite clear: "We do not worship Swedenborg himself—of course we don't. We merely follow his writings. . . ."

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## These folk are expert at bridging that social gap

### These folk are expert at bridging that social gap



PLAYING a hand or two of pleasant bridge on Friday afternoon—members of the Tuckton Social Club with their secretary, Mr. Horace Stanley Jeffery (centre), of 141 Corehampton-road, Boscombe East.

As well he might be Mr. Jeffery is very proud of his club—founded in 1944, and surely the only town's social club which is a limited company and what's more to the point, a profit-making concern at that.

Current membership is about the 150 mark, but members can bring guests, so the daily activities are very brisk indeed. These include billiards, snooker, whist, bridge, bingo, dance-instruction—and a dance a week for all ages.

Quite a few members (from 16 years onwards) are now calling for a table-tennis

session, and this matter will undoubtedly be raised at the club's annual meeting planned for February 25.

## Fine hall

Another annual meeting will be the search for a new treasurer—the work being shared at the moment by Mr. Jeffery and Mr George F. Robinson, of 12 Elmsway. Club chairman is Mr. Thomas A. Spittle, of 146 Seafeld-road.

In a fine hall—very well heated in this cold weather—just off Tuckton-road, the club has all the necessities for its existence. And this is, according to their 22-page book of rules, to provide "the means of social intercourse, mutual helpfulness, mental and moral improvement, rational recreation and other advantages of a club."

**Note:** Future members visit the premises on Tuesdays—when the club is used as a children's clinic

# WHEN THE RUSSIANS CAME

## Tolstoy disciple ran free press

HANGING from the wall in the entrance hall of the Tuckton Nursing Home in Saxonbury-road, is a photograph which children might mistake for Santa Claus in an off-duty moment. In fact, it depicts the white-bearded Count Leo Tolstoy, the great Russian novelist of "War and Peace," "Resurrection" and so forth.

Many nervous expectant-fathers, pacing the hallway in the final pangs of infanticipating, must have noticed the photo— and can surely be forgiven for not wondering, or even asking, why it was there.

## A HOLIDAY

So for the benefit of them, the fathers of this home's average 200 babies a year, here is the story of when the Russians came to Tuckton . . .

They came in the early days of this century—some years after Tolstoy himself enjoyed a Tuckton holiday in 1894. They were mostly exiles or refugees from Russia, banded together under the inspired leadership of Tolstoy's great disciple, friend, helper and eventual literary executor, Vladimir G. Tchertkov.

His colony's work was the printing of the forbidden word of Tolstoy—whose writings at this time were banned in Russia because of their Dickensian-like exposure of aristocratic evil and the need for all kinds of reform.

## PRINTING PRESS

Tchertkov bought Tuckton House (which is now the nursing home) and the old waterworks in Tuckton-lane — where he set up the printing press with which he published pamphlets and books to aid the emancipation of Russian peasantry.

On printing and binding problems. Tchertkov turned to Mr. Henry H. L. Neal (father of the Westover Ice Rink's manager John Neal) who had then moved to the area from Cheltenham.

Well-born, handsome, intelligent, rich and much courted, Vladimir Tchertkov fully experienced the pleasures and dissipations of the wealthy Russian aristocrats. His father was a famous general and his mother very wealthy. So the family always occupied a prominent position in the Czar's Court, and Vladimir was a childhood friend of the future Czar, Alexander III.

After a time, this life palled for him and then his philosophy completely changed — by resigning from the army for "reasons of conscience" in 1879 .. and then meeting Tolstoy for the first time when aged 30, in 1883,

## CHEAP BUT GOOD

Here was a man who understood Christianity precisely as Vladimir himself understood it. So he dedicated his life to joining Tolstoy, to the advancement of their mutual ideas.

This began with the beginning of the Tolstoyians in 1885 —a publishing house, printing good and cheap literature for the general public. But when in 1897, they drew attention to the secret attempt of the Caucasus Government to exterminate the Doukhobor sect of peasants for refusing military service, Tchertkov was in big trouble.

Fortunately for him, his name still had influence at Court, and when given the choice of banishment with other Tolstoyians to the Baltic or of going abroad, he chose England.

## SMUGGLING

And so Tchertkov and his Free Age Press came to Tuckton in his "attempt to assist in spreading those deep convictions in which the noblest spirits of every age have united: That man's true aim and happiness is unity in reason and love, the realisation of the brotherhood of all men and that we must strive to eradicate, each from himself, those false ideas, false feelings and false desire, personal, social, religious and economic, which alienate us one from another and produce nine-tenths of the sum of human suffering."

At extremely low prices, many of Tolstoy's banned works appeared—in English and Russian (to be smuggled back to Russia) —including compilations of the great man's thoughts from his letters and diaries.

All these original manuscripts were kept in a massive strong-room, adjoining the house— which was "bomb proof and earth-quake proof."

"No outside person was allowed to enter this strong-room," recalled Mr. L. Perno, who formerly lived at the settlement, and later went to Eire. "All the doors were carefully locked and alarm bells switched on at night."

Tchertkov and his group were well-known in Tuckton as The Tolstoy Colony. "Russia in England" was the description from Mr. J. Wright, who used to live here before returning to South Africa. "For the costumes and unfamiliar habits of the colonists were in strange contrast with the very English-looking house."

They lived in "comfortable poverty." No blinds or curtains on the windows; army camp-beds; deal furniture; and bare, but scrupulously clean floors.

## RICE PAPER

Describing the printing works Mr. Wright said: "There were roomy departments for composers, photographers, stereotypers and printers—and case after case of Russian type lined the walls" . . . used for the 16-page publication bound for Russia, sometimes printed on rice paper to get through the mails.

Very popular in this area Vladimir Tchertkov gave many talks and promoted several "progress meetings for the consideration of the problems of life" in Bournemouth.

His fight for Tolstoy's word continued—this time versus the Communists—when he was allowed to return to Russia in 1908.

Shortly before his death at 82, Tolstoy made Tchertkov his sole literary executor — and 26 years later in 1937, Vladimir died also aged 82.

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## The success story of a private school



NEAR where those Russians set out to teach the world about the aristocratic goings-on back home, there is a far more correct establishment of teaching — the Homefield Independent (private) School.

It's entrance, everyone agrees, may not be attractive or even imposing, but a stroll down the gravel path leads to the impressive set of buildings which make Homefield home to nearly 400 lads.

The school opened in 1926, with just one building and 10 keen pupils.

### *A roll of 350*

When the current headmaster, genial Mr. S. C. Taggart, took over in 1948, the pupils had risen to 70.

And just look what's happened since then. Today's Homefield boasts a roll of 350 boys (70 boarders), who come from all parts of the area, even far-flung Sway and Lymington.

They are taught by 27 teachers, in 15 classrooms divided into three sections: Kindergarten for the 5-8-year-olds; the junior being, eight to 11; and the secondary lads aged between 11 and 17.

The premises also has a spacious hall ... a science lab, which is "smashing" according to one bespectacled Van Brauhn of the future ... and the £5,000 gymnasium, only opened recently. It is the first of the buildings to catch the eye at the end of the path leading to the large playground.

### *High success*

For sport, the schoolboys are the only people making use of the four soccer Corporation pitches in Iford-lane. The under-elevens play football—the older lads have rugby. And if and when summer arrives, they switch to cricket and tennis.

As far as the lessons are concerned, the boys who take exams have frequent high success in the 11-plus exams, GCE at O-level (one lad, Donald Taylor, picked up 11 passes last term!) and the College of Preceptor's Certificate. From this term, they'll also be aiming for GCE A-level awards.

"We place much emphasis on the character of the boy—which is as it should be," remarked Mr Taggart. "As far as the GCE exams are concerned every boy has a chance of success if he works hard. And they do. . . ."