

THE DARK WAY HOME

"Through the window I see no star.
Something more near
Through deeper within darkness
Is entering the loneliness.
Cold, delicately as the dark snow,
A fox's nose touches twig, leaf."

The whole class fell silent. The poem had stirred something deep within us all. We wanted to ponder over its meaning, to experience and understand the many emotions that these words had inspired in us, emotions that are only felt at their greatest extent when reading something for the first time. No matter how many times it is read afterwards you will only remember your feelings, but you will never again experience them so strongly. Now we wished to preserve this precious moment of mixed and confused thoughts and have time to understand their meaning. However, the teacher wanted to press on. He asked us what we felt about the poem, but how could we express our feelings to other people when we did not even understand them ourselves? So we floundered through the lesson, trying to explain, knowing that whatever we said would be inadequate.

It was dusk on a chilly Friday evening when I left school and I wrapped my scarf around me to keep out the crisp breeze. People were hurrying home to their families, to the warmth and comfort of familiar surroundings and all around lights were slowly coming on in people's homes illuminating happy and also sad scenes, the light of which met the night air and spilled out invitingly on to the cold streets. These shining windows that were scattered everywhere looked like exits from a darkened cinema which led on to bright, sunny walks. Street lamps were also coming on, exposing their cold electric glare to the night and giving everything a strange and eerie look, characteristic of frosty November evenings.

I decided to take the short cut home which led down a long and narrow alleyway. Dusk had already given way to a moonlit night, but down this alleyway everything seemed blacker, closer and more oppressive. Even the darkness itself seemed to have substance like thick tar which sticks to anything, covering the day and choking even the strongest light. The dark, shapeless clouds seemed to creep over the pale face of the moon like ivy. Their edges shone like silver, silhouetting the rest of their black form. I noticed that even the brave, tiny stars had been extinguished and this brought to mind the poem we had read earlier on that day, "Through the window I see no star." I fell to thinking about the poem as I walked and maybe it was because of the situation I was in, but I was soon, however, made aware of its possible meaning.

I felt that the thing "deeper within darkness" was all around me now and was actually the darkness of evil that is so near to us all. Could it be that the fear and danger of evil was entering into the loneliness I felt now as delicately and coldly as "dark snow", which falls unseen and unheard in the night? However, the last line of the poem seemed to contradict all of my other thoughts, "A fox's nose touches twig leaf." When I pictured this scene, warm and lovely

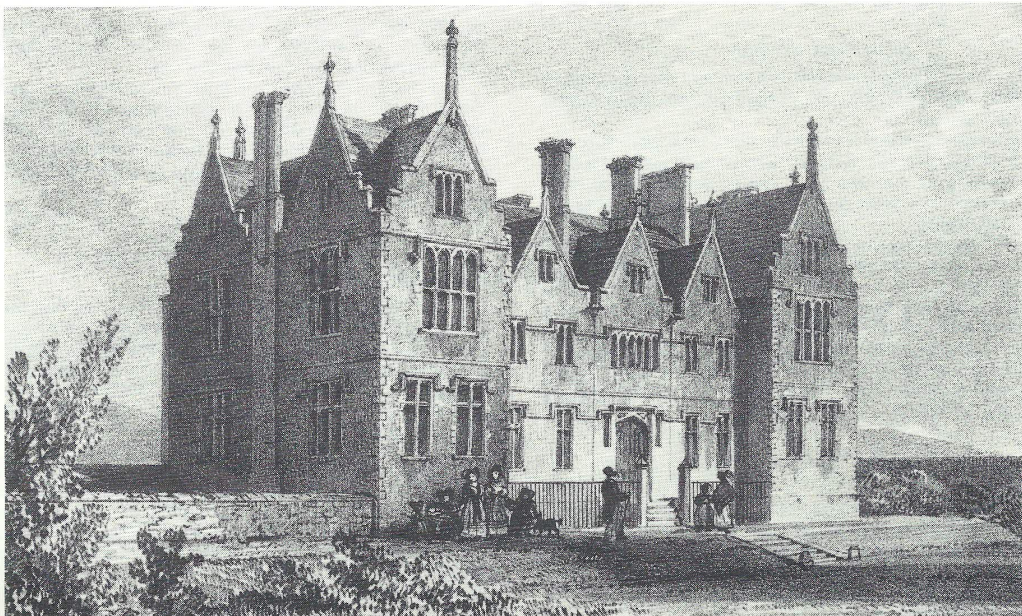
thoughts came flooding back. I pictured a tiny fox cub standing timidly behind a small bush, being too shy to go to see the baby Jesus in his manger. He stands in the snow, a twig tickling his nose. His mother comes behind him and gently nudges him forward to catch a glimpse of the sleeping child. I smiled at this lovely thought, but then the idea that maybe the fox was cowering from something fearful came into my mind. Animals could sense danger before humans. All these thoughts alarmed me greatly and I tried to push them from my mind.

Suddenly, I heard something rustle in the bushes to my left. I turned, to see two blinking eyes looking at me from out of the undergrowth. It was a fox with a long, bushy tail, which ran away up the path. It seemed to be swept along by a sudden gust of wind which rushed down the alleyway, causing a flurry of leaves and dust to circle round my feet. They seemed to be a part of a living thing; the tail of a huge serpent which slithered off round the corner with a loud hiss and swish of leaves. The black limbs of charred, skeleton-like trees swayed in the wind; they too appeared to be alive, their long talons reaching out to hold me in their grasp. The sound of noisy cars and the busy world I had left behind drifted towards me. It sounded hollow and unreal and made me feel lonelier than ever. It appeared that the road to home was so near and yet so far away. I still had to walk the last twenty yards until I reached the real world beyond.

As I neared the corner the rustle of leaves grew louder again and my heart stopped at the thought that it could be the serpent lying in wait for me. Cautiously I rounded the bend and saw the flurry of leaves again being chased around a lamp post by the wind. The lamp's intrepid light filtered weakly through the pitch darkness and there appeared to be a distinct border between light and dark as if the light were hitting a high wall. Gratefully I made my way towards its friendly glow and stood under it, absorbing the light as if it were a long-awaited drink or a cool shower after a long, hot day. Refreshed, I was about to go on when the lamp suddenly flickered and went out. Darkness had defeated yet another enemy in its way and again I was plunged back into darkness. Feeling that the danger around me had increased, I could scarcely bear to walk on without looking behind me. I knew that if I did not make this last desperate attempt to reach the world the darkness would also conquer me. So now I ran and arrived panting in the street at the other end. Light returned once more and I felt safe in the world of the living.

Already my experience in the alleyway seemed unreal and just a figment of my imagination. Perhaps it was just my active mind playing tricks on me, but I was not so sure. It had seemed real enough at the time. Had I seen the bare facts of what the world was really like, or was it just the result of reading a poem that had stirred too many emotions? I knew the answers to none of these questions and as I looked back down the alleyway it looked like a long, dark tunnel which concealed many secrets, none of which I wished I had found out.

Katrina Lewis, 11V



St. Mary's Hall 1836

ST. MARY'S HALL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION



No. 87

March, 1986

Association Committee

President and Chairman	Miss M. F. C. Harvey, M.A.
Vice-Chairman	Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E.
Vice-Presidents	Miss Conrady, Miss Davies, Mrs. Leslie, M.A. Mrs. Conroy (U. Trott), Miss A. Baron Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E., as an Old Girl Governor of the School
Hon. Secretary	Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell)
Hon. Asst. Secretaries	Mrs. Boyes, Miss Payne
Hon. Treasurer	The Bursar
Hon. Editor	Mrs. Kings (L. Belasco) to be confirmed at next A.G.M. Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman), Retiring,

Also Miss J. Baker, Mrs. Cole (M. Cunliffe), Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers), and the present Head Girl of the School. Miss R. Methven, co-opted Member.

EDITORIAL

What a memorable year in the life of the School 1986 will be. The vision of our Founder must surely have surpassed his wildest dreams, as he watched, perhaps with some anxiety, the walls of St. Mary's Hall rising starkly against the sky. Did he ever imagine that 150 years later his great achievement would still be standing, would still be housing and educating young girls and that the school would still maintain the same Christian standards that he so valued?

The world was a slow-moving place in 1836, a year before Queen Victoria came to the throne, and it is interesting to reflect that also in that year there were other notable beginnings. The Texans were fighting the Battle of the Alamo and are now celebrating what they call the sesquicentennial of the Lone Star State's independence from Mexico. And, also in 1836, far away in South Australia, the first settlers were arriving by ship to form and open up a new country.

In the days of Davy Crockett and Jim Bowie, Texas was, one imagines, little more than vast open spaces inhabited by wild cowboys and a lawless wide-spread population; and when those settlers on the other side of the world were struggling to eke out a mean existence in the uncultivated scrub and bush under the burning Australian sun, Brighton was already a thriving town, the Prince Regent's Pavilion being the main attraction, of course. And, on August 1st of that year, 1836, St. Mary's Hall opened its doors to the first pupil.

There is now every sign that as long as private education exists, so will S.M.H. continue her proud record.

NEW HON. EDITOR

For a considerable time, I have felt that someone else should take over as Editor and now the Committee has found somebody who is willing to do this work.

I was astonished to discover recently that I have been acting in this capacity for sixteen years. How the time has slipped by! It does not seem as long as that. My predecessor, Audrey Baron, was Editor for twenty-four years and I'm sure she enjoyed doing the work, as I have done.

Now, I want to welcome Linda Kings (née Belasco) who will take over from me, subject to confirmation by the A.G.M. She has a husband and children to look after, as well as a full-time job and other outside activities, so she will be busy indeed, but I hope she will also feel that it is all worthwhile.

I have always appreciated the support received by the many old girls who have written in with their news and, although I have seldom replied to these letters, I do assure them that every word has been read. I would like to say "thank you".

HEADMISTRESS'S LETTER

Dear Members,

You will receive with this magazine a programme of the events celebrating the 150th Anniversary. I hope that many of you will be able to join us and ask you to complete and return the reply form as quickly as possible. We hope to be able to accommodate all who wish to come but there is a limit on places and priority will be given to those who apply early.

We are very disappointed that there will not be a Royal Visitor on

Open Day but the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Abergavenny are hoping to be with us.

You will receive too a separate invitation to the special S.M.H.A. Day of Commemoration on Saturday, 20th September.

A list of souvenirs to commemorate the Anniversary is printed elsewhere in the magazine and they may be obtained from the school.

We are very encouraged by the progress of the Appeal. As I write more than £16,000 has been received from those invited to be Patrons — most of them "Old Girls". Several have made individual donations of £1,000 and we are most grateful to you all for this sign of your support for the school today and for our plans for St. Marks.

In March 1987, we shall be holding a lunch for S.M.H.A. at the school on Saturday, 14th March at 12.30 p.m. We hope this will be a second annual event and give those who find the September Supper too late, an opportunity to revisit the school and meet their friends.

We look forward to seeing you next term.

LETTER FROM MISS CONRADY

Dear Friends,

Once again it is time to send a note for the magazine.

I have been rather out of touch with S.M.H. this year, but hope to be able to do better in this celebration year. Some of you will know that I had a hip replacement operation in November. Unfortunately, I had a coronary thrombosis at the same time and later developed shingles, so recovery has been rather slow and I am somewhat restricted in my activities. However, my hip has done well and I can drive again when the weather improves.

I was very sad to hear of Mrs. Anderson's death in January. She was a most loyal and cheerful colleague and there must be many old girls who will remember her fine qualities as a teacher and friend. I was so pleased that Miss Farmer and Mrs. Channing were able to get to the funeral in Worthing to represent S.M.H.

With my love,

Doris Conrady

LETTER FROM MRS. LESLIE

Dear Friends,

In this 150th Anniversary year, it gives me great pleasure to send good wishes to you and to let you know how much I look forward to meeting as many of you as possible at one or other of the coming celebrations. I often think of you all, including those who came to S.M.H. from far-flung lands to which you have now returned. I know I speak for all my former colleagues when I tell you that we are delighted to hear of academic prowess, marriages, births and the challenges you meet in your careers.

Those of you who have been away from the School for long enough to see it in perspective will have learnt to value your teachers and all the privileges of growing up in a comparatively small and caring community. This, then, will be a year for expressing our gratitude for a school which began as a dream in the mind of a man with faith and vision and has gone from strength to strength through its first century and into its second.

Yours affectionately,

E. O. Leslie

ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION

Minutes of the 78th Annual General Meeting held at the School on Saturday, September 21st, 1985 at 6.00 p.m.

Present: Miss M. F. C. Harvey, M.A. (Chairman). *Committee:* Miss J. Baker, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Cole (M. Cunliffe), Mrs. Kings (L. Belasco), Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. R. Methven, Miss Payne, Mrs. Tinto (J. Coleman), Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell). *Members:* Miss K. Chambré, Miss M. Corscaden, Mrs. Eastham (E. Ferguson), Miss M. Ellis, Mrs. R. Ferguson (R. Powell), Mrs. P Peaty (P. Waddington), Miss K. Stoodley. *Members of Staff:* Mrs. James.

APOLOGIES

Apologies were received from Miss Conrady, Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E., Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers) and Miss O. Skene.

MINUTES

The Minutes of the last Meeting having been printed in the Newsletter were taken as read, accepted and signed by the Chairman.

MATTERS ARISING

The S.M.H.A. stall at the Christmas Fair made £127; members were thanked for their help and gifts.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Exam results were very good. "A" levels were not as high as in 1984, but "O" levels were better, and three girls were awarded Oxbridge places.

Two notable retirements had taken place at the end of the Summer Term — Mrs. Channing after more than 20 years' service to the school and Miss Farmer who had been there for 30 years.

Miss Harvey then went on to answer various questions about the School — girls' names are not put down at birth now but about two years before entry. The school is full, and the percentage of Day Girls is higher. The VI form is now between 60 and 70 with a large Lower VI; Day Girls are now staying on and some new girls are coming into the VI form from other schools. Fewer girls are

leaving to go to VI form college or boys' schools — the grades they get at "A" level are better if they stay on and they receive a broader education in a girls' school.

REPORTS

Mrs. Cole said that the Newsletter is being subsidised out of capital and Mrs. James mentioned that the cost of a magazine is now more than £2.50.

The Secretary proposed that a cheque for £20 be given to Miss Brown to thank her for the work she does for the Association. This was agreed unanimously by the members. Mrs. Boyes and Miss Payne were also thanked for their help. Miss Corscaden was unhappy about the £2 penalty on the supper tickets, especially as she had not received a magazine — in fact the penalty was applied only to the last week before the supper.

Mrs. Tinto thanked Old Girls for their news, and the artist for the cover of the magazine. Mrs. James as Editor thanked Mrs. Tinto for always being so prompt in sending in copy for the magazine.

ELECTION OF HON. TREASURER

Miss Payne was proposed to succeed Mrs. Cole as Treasurer, and this was agreed by the members.

150th CELEBRATIONS

Only 34 members returned the slip put in the Newsletter about Old Girls' Day in September 1986. Of these, 22 wanted a one day function and 12 a weekend, so a one day function has been planned. This is to be a morning A.G.M. followed by lunch, when the Archdeacon of Lewes will preach at a service in St. Mark's, followed by tea. Mrs. Boyes and Mrs. Cole are to liaise with Old Girls regarding arrangements and borrowing photos for the day.

Mrs. Tinto suggested that an appeal should be made to S.M.H.A. members separately from the main appeal to provide some item for St. Mark's Church. This was agreed unanimously. The main appeal is for equipping the transept for a Craft, Design and Technology Centre and a stage at the west end.

ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AT 31st AUGUST, 1985

	1984	1985
Deposit Account Central Board of Finance of the Church of England	5,064.42	4,584.96
Central Board of Finance Shares (238 shares @ 56p — £440.18 at 30.11.80)	119.00	119.00
Barclays Bank — Deposit Account	65.67	65.67
Current Account	88.06	217.01
Cash	31.18	23.58
	5,368.33	5,010.22
	Loss 1985	358.11
		5,368.33

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT 1985

Income		Expenditure	
Interest C.B. of Finance Deposit Account	520.54	Supper Tickets	255.00
Interest Shares Account (C.B. of Finance)	38.07	Stationery and Miscellaneous	82.71
Subscriptions	1,208.00	Printing	30.51
Old Girls Supper	255.00	Magazines	2,155.00
Donations	16.00		2,523.22
Miscellaneous50		
Christmas Sale	127.00		
	2,165.11		
Excess Expenditure	358.11		
	2,523.22		

Audited and found correct 13.9.85.
M. D. MARTIN
Bursar of St. Mary's Hall

THE 6th BUFFET SUPPER

The evening of September 21st saw once again a merry band of S.M.H. Old Girls meeting for their Annual Supper. As always, Mr. Thomason and his assistants presented a superb "spread" with wine and with such convivial company it was a splendid evening.

Grateful thanks too to Miss Harvey for her kind hospitality. Although numbers were down we like to think that perhaps other Old Girls were saving their pennies for the forthcoming occasion organised to celebrate the Hall's 150th Anniversary. Present Miss J. Baker, Mrs. Bearn (F. Moojen), Mrs. Boyes, Miss T. Campbell, Mrs. Cole (M. Cunliffe), Miss M. Corscaden, Mrs. Eastham (E. Fergusson), Miss E. Edwards, Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell), Mrs. R. Ferguson (R. Powell), Mrs. D. Gosnell (D. Moore), Miss R. Gerrard-Wright, Mrs. Leslie, Miss R. Methven, Miss L. Morrison, Miss M. Morrison, Mrs. Parkin (T. Dawson), Miss Payne, Mrs. Peaty (P. Waddington), Miss C. Temple, Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman).

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

On June 27th, 1986 there will be an Open Day at School and on July 10th a Service of Thanksgiving will be held, but we hope to enclose with this issue further details.

September Saturday, 20th, 1986 —

- 10.30 a.m. Coffee
- 11.00 a.m. Committee Meeting
- 11.45 a.m. 79th Annual General Meeting
- 12.45 p.m. Lunch
- 3.00 p.m. Service at St. Marks
- 4.15 p.m. Tea

All are welcome at School from 10.30 a.m. onwards. There will be guided tours by present-day pupils.

Tickets are £7.50 each, which include morning coffee, lunch and tea, and are available only from the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. G. Fawcett, 12 Devizes Road, Upavon, Pewsey, Wilts. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope with your cheque.

Saturday, March 14th, 1987. 12.30. Lunch at School. Tickets are £5.00 each, available only from the Hon. Secretary. Again, please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVES OF OLD PUPILS SOCIETIES

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT 1984-85

This last year has been a period of consolidation and planning. We continue to grow, albeit more slowly than we would wish. A great degree of our influence is a function of our numbers of members and the number of old pupils that we represent, on a conservative estimate, is well over 500,999. The A.G.M. was held at Harrow School. We were addressed by Lord Young of Graffham on where he saw, and where he would like to see, education in the last decade of the century. Over sixty representatives attended.

Our Summer Conference was held at the Royal School, Bath, and over forty schools were represented. A stimulating and provocative speech from the Headmistress, Mrs. S. Greig, M.A., was followed by an address from the National Director of ISIS, David Woodhead, and Adrian Rand of Deloitte, Haskins and Sells.

It is apparent that we are likely to work more closely with ISIS over the next two years in preparation for the next election. Membership of ISIS gives funds and lends credibility to their efforts and a joint letter from Peter Bingle of ISIS and myself has resulted already in over 20,000 forms of application being sent out.

AROPS was not founded to act in any political form, but the threat to our schools is now much more political than economic and your committee feel that it is incumbent upon us to give what aid we can to the maintenance of the independent Sector.

On 14th November, 1985 the A.G.M. was held at Westminster School by kind permission of the Headmaster, Dr. John Rae. The Meeting was welcomed by Mr. John Baxter, a housemaster. The Committee was elected and the Dean of Westminster, the Very Revd. Edward Carpenter spoke. The following outline of what he said was kindly prepared by F. Percy (Old Whitgiftian):

We need to be clear about the purpose of education . . .

A pluralistic society such as ours, founded on Greek civilization but transformed by Christianity, is now taking stock of alien ideas that have penetrated our way of life. Schools must liberate thought from any fundamentalist concept, whether of religion or economics, and encourage their pupils to look within and beyond their own culture and maintain a true balance between science and the humanities. The imagination and the intellect must be stretched to their limits in the pursuit of truth.

AN OLDGIRL REMEMBERS

In 1903, when Miss Potter was Headmistress, a rather frightened and homesick girl of nearly ten years arrived at S.M.H. I was that girl.

We had to wear navy blue pinafores in the mornings and white frilly ones in the afternoons; our hair was braided into pigtailed with ribbons. On Saturday mornings we did our mending Miss Perry taught me to darn. On Sunday afternoons we retired to our beds for an hour with books and our sweets. And, of course, we had Church, Prayers and hymn-singing.

We played cricket and hockey on the field opposite the school. We all had small plots in the garden. I loved mine and won a prize.

Once I had the honour of sitting very near King Edward VII in St. Mark's Church. I believe he had a house in Sussex Square. I think S.M.H. was and still is a wonderful school and I shall always be grateful for all I was taught there, and not only lessons!

M. M. Wannacott

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CENTENARY 1936

On 29th July, 1936 a Garden Party was held at the School, with a Pageant of the past 100 years. People were dressed in period costume. The headmistress, Miss F. L. Ghey, wore a ground length full Victorian dress and our Chairman, Colonel Elliott, came as a mid-Victorian parson.

The inner lawn (now containing the Sixth Form centre) made a good auditorium; below this on the semi-hard court, I took part in a circa 1900 mock hockey match with Nancy Milburn, twins Madge and Doris Mackintosh and others, wearing long blue skirts, long-sleeved blouses, ties etc.; some of us later paraded in flat straw boaters!

The day was a great success and even the weather was fine. We enjoyed it all and also felt very proud that S.M.H. had reached the centenary.

M. E. J. Baker

IMPRESSIONS OF SCHOOL 1957-1964

School colours — Navy blue and gold

House colours — Boarders — Elliott, red

St. Hilary, yellow

Babington, purple

Day bugs — Bristol, pale blue

Chichester, green

Days ruled by clangers or electric bell. Elliott complained when they had to walk round the sloping field before breakfast to equal the distance covered by Babington and St. Hilary.

Miss Sleath and the individual gardens in the sloping field.

Sister Brown in the San, Dr. Beynon and the annual medicals.

Piano lessons in Elliott Basement and the freezing music rooms.

Miss Conrady's arithmetic class, Miss Whetham's ballroom dancing lessons and Miss Orme with Lost Property.

Pocket money £1 a term and apple-pie beds.

Croc. walks, group walks to the Downs, the Rocks and the Volks electric railway.

Four exeats a term and no visits to the cinema.

The Carol Service and Christmas Decorations competition.

Prize-giving at the Dome. House picnic at the Lagoon.

Elliott's mascot Tramp. Miss Brown-Douglas' cat, Teddy and Miss Conrady's dog, Cocoa.

Auld Lang Syne at breakfast on the last morning of term.

1931-1936

Having left at the Centenary, does the slang of 50 years ago bring back memories?

The Gol Guarding and silent quarter

School Mother Walks

Term on the Stairs and the Cowsheds — not forgetting white sacs and Egberts, Pelham and Top West, and "gone on"! All meaningless to present day boarders as their slang will be in 2036. Oh Happy carefree days!

THE SCENT OF FLOWERS

How wonderful that every kind of flower
A different scent possesses, each its own,
Which, oft recalling places we have known,
Recaptures moments of some happy home.

A primrose delicate and fresh can bring
To mind a grassy bank, a woodland scene;
Violets beneath a hedge's sheltered screen
The picture of a garden in the Spring.

Roses and stocks and jasmine all contain
The essence of some perfect Summer day,
Whose sunlit joys too soon have fled away,
But in this fragrance they can live again;
They are not lost, locked in our memory,
It only takes one bloom to turn the key.

Faith Hawkes.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Sally Buck is in third year of a four-year course at Edinburgh University, studying Animal Production Science, which she very much enjoys. She also finds time for gliding, the Territorial Army, parachuting and amateur dramatics, as well as putting on the Agrics. Ball. Her sister, **Jackie**, is studying Medicine at Nottingham University. **Jenny** is doing "O" Levels. They would all welcome visits from old friends.

Fiona Cairns qualified as a S.R.N. at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London; then worked in America, after which she trained at St. Lawrence's Hospital, Caterham, as a Mental Handicap Nurse. She is now in Coventry as a community sister for the mentally handicapped, a job she finds both enjoyable and rewarding.

Tracey Campbell is working for a financial consulting company, where she manages the office.

Ann Chantry (Howard) has a son, Simon, aged six, and a daughter, Claire, aged two. She works part-time at Kingston Hospital in the Medical Staffing Department and keeps in touch with **Yvonne Sheppard**, **Mariam Verjee** and **Jane Davies** on her occasional visits from Kuala Lumpur.

Jenny Child has been studying at the Charing Cross and Westminster Medical School and has also taken up the Renaissance Lute, sailing and photography, as well as being a member of the Wine Society. She sees a lot of **Fern Chua** who is at the same school. Her sister, **Isabel Ford** is a systems analyst at a large engineering company and lives in Richmond.

Joan Esther Cook (Gray) was in the Civil Service for four years before studying Medicine in Edinburgh and then spent eight years with the C.M.S. in Sudan and a further eleven years in an honorary capacity after her marriage out there. She then did eleven years in Rheumatology in the U.K. before retirement. She would love to have news of **Ruth Pool**, **Joan Wiles**, **Vivienne Onslow**, **Gay Barton** and **Barbara Ingledon**, who shared her first dormitory in Hebbert House, with Miss Morley as Headmistress.

Lilian Cooper is studying to be an architect and her sister, **Brigid** is taking "A" Levels at S.M.H.

June Counsel (Hume) writes: "I was at S.M.H. for one year only, to my lasting regret." This was just before the War and she left only because of the bombing. She has a son at Sussex University and is a writer of children's books. She was contemporary with **Rosemary Hill**.

Phayre Crowley writes that her address has changed, although she has not moved. **Mary Scully** (Chalmers) and she spent a month exploring the South West and Goldfields of Australia, then went to Singapore and the gorgeous East. That was in 1984 and last year she became involved in local matters, giving courses in Creative Writing. She was taking a Tour Guide course herself, and also growing monster pot plants.

Caroline Currer (Johnson) was working for her Ph.D., Warwick University Department of Sociology and has been doing various other projects. She has three young daughters, of whom the oldest is a god-daughter of **Rosemary Heald** (Scully).

Elisabeth Eastham (Ferguson) has three children, including twins, and thoroughly enjoys motherhood.

Margaret Ellis has worked for American Express for over eight years. She qualified as an Associate of the Pensions Management Institute and has been acting as a correspondence course tutor and examiner for the Institute. Her main hobby is still bellringing, at which she sees **Katherine Howard**. She also sees **Jacqueline Wiercinski** (Morgan).

Odette Ford (Terleski) greatly enjoys looking after her three young children and keeps in regular touch with **Heather Crum** (Stevens) who has two children and lives in Eastbourne.

Jo-Anne Galbraith is at Plymouth Polytechnic reading Business Studies. She enjoys living in Plymouth and was preparing to visit Perth, Western Australia, where she has many relatives, including her brother, whom she had not seen for six years. She sees **Susan Hennings** who has just got a First.

Philippa Anne Gardner has had a year at St. Hugh's College, Oxford. She is President of "The Invariants Society (Maths.)", member of the Oxford Bach Choir, Balliol Chapel Choir and St. Hugh's Choir and she has taken up Lacrosse again.

Mary Gibbs (Ayling) writes that her daughter, **Daniella**, is in her third year at S.M.H.

Angela Girdlestone lives in Exeter and has had paintings in public exhibitions and writing accepted in national publications. She still visits her friend **Margaret Cockerell** (Belsham), whose husband is well known for his invention of the Hovercraft.

Judith Gunton (Patten) reports that her P.R. Consultancy goes from strength to strength. She has a daughter at St. Paul's Girls' School and a son at Colet Court, also destined for St. Paul's.

Katie Goodall is at Southampton University and doing parachute jumps for Mencap.

Susan Harris wrote a long letter full of news of many of her contemporaries, whom she sees frequently. She is studying Physics at Merton College and has a very full life. She had a large 21st Birthday Picnic in the grounds of Blenheim Palace and many of her year came too.

Juliet Morris is returning to Lyons as part of her "year out" from her course at Warwick University. Her sister, **Clare**, was due to go to Peterhouse, Cambridge.

Ruth Hart (Harris) writes that she has had forty-seven years of happy married life. She trained as a nurse and has two sons. She is in contact with **Olga Lawson** who now lives in Devon.

Faith Hawkes (Colebrook) enjoys reading the verses written by the present girls and has sent several of her own, one of which is included in this issue.

M. Hayhurst (McEwan) lives in Jakarta with her husband and two children. She enjoys the life there.

Susan Hennings got the only First in Environment Sciences at Plymouth Polytechnic.

Elizabeth Herdon (Ryan) sees **Margaret Barnes** (Bowser), who has to walk with sticks, but is very brave and has made a wonderful recovery. After fifty years, Elizabeth met her "school daughter", **Elaine Thomson** (Lewis), now a widow. Elizabeth went to Durban to spend Christmas with her son.

Alison Herga (Edmonds) is married with two daughters. For some years she worked as an Industrial Estate Agent in London.

Jane Hitchcock stayed with **Susan Harris** and went to the Merton Ball, a great event. She is at St. Andrew's and organises Scottish Dancing, Balls and Plays.

Kathleen Holloway is a member of the Royal College of General Practitioners and of the Royal College of Physicians.

Veryan Johnson spent a year working for the U.K.A. E.A. in Dorset as part of her B.Sc. course in Technology with Industrial Studies. She sends **Heather Godden's** address — Norland House, 52 Summerheath Road, Hailsham, Sussex. She and her sister met **Susan Harris** at Henley.

Susan Judd works for an oil company in London. Her sister, **Anne**, who was also at S.M.H., is married with two children.

Gaynor Jupe is working in Lloyds' Bank in Brighton. She spent two weeks in Dar-es-Salaam with her parents.

Doreen Lai is studying Biological Sciences at La Trobe University, Melbourne, hoping to major in Genetics. She is engaged to be married.

K. Logan (Lord) is in frequent contact with **Kate Fletcher** and husband, **Sheila Hurd**, who recently visited Equador, and **Nikkie Liers** (Williams), who obtained her doctorate from Nottingham Polytechnic and lives in Boston, Lincs.

Margaret Kidd writes that they have moved to Beckenham to be near their son.