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### **HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT**

Although we have been remarkably free of epidemics during the course of the past year there is one disease from which I have threatened to immunise the staff; that is, matrimony! When Miss M. F. van, Head of P.E., became Mrs. Hayhurst last summer, somebody said to me that these things go in threes and lo! by Christmas Miss Plowman, Head of our Junior Department, was letting us into the secret that when she came back in the new year she would be Mrs. Johns. Finally, at Half Term, Miss Freemantle, Transition Form Mistress, became Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Hayhurst left us at Christmas and her place has been taken by Miss Ford, while Mrs. Bailey left us at Easter and has been replaced by Mrs. Smith. We are all relieved that Mrs. Johns has decided to continue teaching and she is remaining as Head of the Junior Department. In addition, two valued members of our domestic staff have left us this year: Mrs. A. Betts (at the age of 79!), and Mrs. M. Jones, both after seventeen years at the school. I am sure all of you who know these members of academic and domestic staff would like to join us in wishing them every happiness for the

future. Perhaps Leap Year will bring us another trio of surprises?

Mrs. Rogers, who has helped so ably in the English Department for a number of years, especially with Oxbridge and 'S' Level work, decided last summer that she would have to retire from teaching. As she is a magistrate and the organiser of the Save the Children shop in Hove, we fully understand how busy she is but the fact remains that we all miss her very much indeed and send her best wishes, too. for the future.

You will see from my letter to the S.M.H.A. that we are embarking on an exciting building project and some time in 1981 we will have a new Sixth Form house. I am convinced that a good Sixth Form is the life blood of a school and while pupils undoubtedly benefit from continuity of education the staff too gain from having the challenge of Sixth Form work. In spite of the prophecies of economic stringency we feel that intelligent and caring parents will continue to provide the best possible education for their children, recognising this as something which will stand them in good stead for the whole of their lives.

E. O. Leslie

### RESULTS OF G.C.E. 'A' LEVELS, 1979

Bimpe Akinsete, Physics 'O', Chem. 'O', Biol. 'O', (retaking 'A' Levels at Tutorial College)

Elizabeth Bordini, Eng. D, French A, Spanish B, (University of Tours, reading History of Art)

Karen Broster, Hist. 'O', (Hotel work with a view to going to Westminster Hostel School)

Tracey Campbell, Eng. C. French A. (Institute des Hautes Etudes, Brussels-Marketing)

Michelle Craig, Geog. E, (repeating 'A' Levels)

Juliana Dyson, Eng. C. Hist. B. Biol. E. (Addenbrookes Hospital, Cambridge-Physiotherapy course)

Philippa Gerrard-Wright, Eng. B, Hist. A, French B, (Cambridge for one year secretarial and linguistic course-University in 1980)

Imogen Gibbs, Art E. (Southampton College of Art)

Sarah Goss, Eng. A, French D, Biol. B, (Reading University reading Language, Pathology and Linguistics) Soraya Hamid, Physics D, Chem. E, Biol. B, (Sheffield

University reading Biology)

Katherine Hodgson, Eng. 'O', Latin E, French E, (Wolverhampton Polytechnic, French Degree)

Fiona Huong, Maths C, Physics D, Chem. E, (City of London Polytechnic-B.A. Accountancy)

Clare McVeigh, Hist. A, Econ. & Pub.Aff. B, Maths E, (Warwick University reading History)

Johanna Manners, Maths D, Physics D, Biol. B, (Middlesex Hospital-Physiotherapy)

Mojisola Olawoye, Maths A. Physics E. Chem. E. (University of Lagos reading Electrical Engineering)

Chi Li Pang, Maths B, Physics E, Chem. C, (Imperial College, London University, reading Chemistry)

Elizabeth Pile, Hist, C. Latin B. French B. (Westfield College, London University in 1980 to read History of Art)

Sara Rose, Eng. A + distinction in 'S' Paper, Econ. & Pub.Aff. C, French C, (Oxford University in 1980 to read English or P.P.E.)

Louise Sattin, Hist. B. Econ. & Pub.Aff. D. Maths 'O'. (University of Florence, 1980 to read Italian)

Lora Savino, Eng. A. Hist. A, with merit in Special paper, Econ. & Pub.Aff. B. (Oxford University in 1980 to read P.P.E.

Katrina Williams, Eng. D. (1979 Teachers Diploma in Drama-1980 Brighton Coll. of Art)

Dünya Zeki, Eng. D, Geog. C, Econ. & Pub.Aff. B, (Secretarial College, Tunbridge Wells)

### PASSES IN USE OF ENGLISH, MARCH 1979

A. Akinsete	S. Goss	S. Rose
E. Bordini	S. Hamid	L. Sattin
T. Campbell	K. Hodgson	L. Savino
M. Craig	J. Manners	K. Williams
J. Dyson	C. McVeigh	D. Zeki
P. Gerrard-Wright	E. Pile	

(17 out of 20 girls passed)

### **LOWER SIXTH FORM 1979**

AO, FEAFF		
<b>Human Biology</b>	Music	
I. Gibbs C	R. Holder	C
D. Hudson B		
N. Sautter B		
K. Williams B		
101151		

### O' LEVEL

J. Au, E.Lang, B F. Bruce-Merrie, E.Lang. B A. Denny, French C H. Gillham, E.Lang. C J. Hughesdon, E.Lang, A. Geog. B.

M. Lythgoe, Art C D. Mpyisi, Art B V. Noronha, E.Lang, C M. A. O'Hara, Hist. C W. S. Ong, E.Lang. C

### G.C.E. 'O' LEVELS TAKEN EARLY IN ENGLISH AND **MATHEMATICS, AUTUMN 1979**

L. Abdalla, Eng. B N. Aylin, Eng. B

J. Barbour, Maths B

A. Barr, Eng. B, Maths B R. Belson, Eng. A

J. Besser, Eng. B V. Brown, Eng. B

E. Bunn, Eng. B, Maths B J. Cooper, Eng. B, Maths C

F. Draisey, Eng. A J. Dwyer, Eng. A

E. Edwards, Eng. A, Maths C

S. Evans, Eng. C T. Eves. Eng. C

C. Ferguson, Eng. B, Maths B

E. Fletcher, Eng. B H. Gray, Eng. B

S. Harris, Eng. A. Maths A S. Hennings, Eng. B, Maths B J. Hitchcock, Eng. A, Maths B

K. Holland, Eng. B

G. Hutton, Eng. A, Maths A

C. Ickeringill, Eng. C B. James, Eng. B

T. Johnson, Eng. B, Maths A

E. Jones, Eng. A S. King, Eng. C D. Lai, Maths B

L. Martin, Eng. B, Maths B

K. Miller, Eng. A

J. Morris, Eng. B. Maths B

J. Owen, Eng. B A. Plaskett, Maths B J. Ruoss, Eng. C

J. Sale, Eng. B C. Simmons, Maths B

F. Talib, Maths C

K. Taylor, Eng. C, Maths B

L. Thwaites, Eng. A

K. Tyldesley, Eng. A, Maths B

S. Vokins, Maths B

### 'O' LEVELS—SUMMER, 1979

FIFTH YEAR 'O' LEVELS 1978-9 (This includes

(a) Nov. entries-E. Lang., Maths

(b) C.S.E. Grade 1 if 'O' L.A B C not obtained

(c) Nov. 79 retakes

An asterisk indicates a Grade A pass. Grades A, B and C only are listed.

'O' Level Subjects:

E. Lang., E. Lit., R.I., His., Geog., Lat., French, Spanish, Maths., Add. Maths., Phys., Chem., Biol., Art, Music, Needlework, Cookery, Econ. & Pub.Aff.

V. Ansell 9 G. Lewis 4 C. Back 4\* N. Lowe 3 S. Bala 6\* C. Lyndoe 4

C. Black 9\*\*\* R. McClaughry 9\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

C. Brown 4 V. Mont 8\*\* S. Cameron 6\*\* K. Morton 6 J. Campbell 9\*\* J. Newton 8\*

J. Child 10*****	D. Parker 9******
L. Downey 5	T. Pepera 9***
C. Doyle 8*	H. Pile 9*
J. Felton 6	E. Pink 8*
N. Filmer 8	E. Pooley 5
J. Firth 9*	A. Quinn 5
R. Gerrard-Wright 8**	K. Quinn 6
C. Gordon-Hall 7**	K. Rankin 8
M. Grant-Salmon 6	E. Robertshaw 7***
S. Gurney 9	V. Rowe 5
S. Gussman 3	A. St. John 1
S. Harrison 10*****	N. Simler 4
A. Hennings 8***	S. Squibb 7
L. Hill 4	S. Thompson 4
K. Holman 6***	S. Titley 8*
S. Humphrey 7*	K. Vokins 2
C. Hutchinson 7	C. Webster 9
D. Jennings 9*****	C. Wellings 9*****
A. Jokelson 3	D. West 8***

### C.S.E. 1979 (Maths. only)

J. Lawes 7

C. Leach 8\*

### Grade 1 is an 'O' Level equivalent

C. Back 2 E. Poolev 3 C. Brown 1 K. Quinn 2 L. Downey 1 K. Rankin 1 J. Felton 2 P. Ransom 4 S. Gussman 4 A. St. John 4 A. Hennings 1 N. Simler 3 L. Hill 2 S. Squibb 1 K. Holman 2 N. Taylor 4 A. Jokelson 4 S. Thompson 2 C. Leach 1 K. Vokins 4 G. Lewis 1 C. White 1

In the case of four of the above who obtained an 'O' Level pass in addition to the C.S.E. pass, this, rather than the CSE grade, has been included in their final totals.

C. White 4\*

### CHAPEL NOTES

This year we were pleased to welcome 31 Communicant members into our growing Church family at St. Mary's Hall. The Confirmation, taken by Rt. Rev. Colin Docker, Bishop of Horsham, was held at St. George's Church, Kemp Town. We are grateful to Rev. J. Lovatt, Vicar of St. Anne's with St. George's, and the Church Committee for making the Church available for the service. St. George's is one of the churches in which we share fellowship during the year and is very suitable for the Confirmations as the parents, relations and friends can easily be accommodated there as they were again on 24th November.

We also thank the Headmaster, Chaplain and Staff of Brighton College for welcoming so many of us to join with most of the candidates as they made their first Communion on Sunday 25th.

Four of the candidates, Jo-Anne Galbraith, Janine Launchbury, Sarah Naish and Janine Riley, were baptised by the School Chaplain, Rev. K. Holder, in the School Chapel, the week before the Confirmation. We all appreciated the lovely service and the delicious tea afterwards!

At the beginning of the Summer Term, 1979, the Chapel servers, sidesmen and the 1978 Confirmation candidates

went on an Outing and Quiet Day at Neale House, East Grinstead. The Sisters of St. Margaret's Convent welcomed us with coffee on our arrival. We then went to see them making the Communion wafers. At last we have been enlightened as to how these are manufactured! After lunch we were shown round the grounds. Later we split into small discussion groups and discussed various topics of our faith before returning to the main hall. To end a lovely day we had a Communion together and went to the Convent's new chapel for a few moments of silent prayer. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the School, Mr. Holder and Miss Griffiths for making it all possible, on behalf of the girls who went.

I would also like to thank Mr. Holder for coming from his new home in Rotherfield so that we can have our 7.15 a.m. Communions three times each term. This ministry and our other general Communions and services are much appreciated by the whole school.

Diane Hudson
Senior Server

On behalf of the School I thank Diane and the servers for their useful ministry willingly given and reverently executed. This is an appropriate time to express our gratitude to Miss McIntosh, Miss Brocken and the Choir for their musical enrichment not only at our Eucharists but also at the Carol Service and Founders' Day Service. We congratulate Miss Griffiths on being licensed as a Diocesan Reader and look forward to her assistance in the School Services.

Ken Holder, Chaplain

Confirmation Candidates:

Elizabeth Ager, Victoria Aylin, Alison Back, Carole Barr, Sarah Batchelor, Miriam Batten, Victoria Buckroyd, Pippa Considine, Charlotte de Silva, Susan Evans, Jo-Anne Galbraith, Sophie Grant, Catherine Gygax, Rachel Hardaker, Jane Hollinshead, Fiona Laughton, Janine Launchbury, Anna Laverack, Ruth McClaughry, Annabel Middlemas, Lucy Middlemas, Juliet Morris, Sarah Naish, Sonia Polling, Janine Riley, Sally Rose, Mary Scott, Joanna Sincock, Katherine Taylor, Sally Tearle, Samantha Welsh.

### **CHRISTIAN UNION**

In the Autumn Term C.U. held a cake sale; everyone was extremely generous and brought along a lot of food for us to sell. We managed to raise a grand total of £14.27. Some of that money was used to hire film strips, to showings of which everybody in the school was welcome.

Also in the Autumn Term we began to clean St. George's Church after school. It is cleaned about once a fortnight and quite a few members of C.U. enjoy taking part in this voluntary work.

Some members of staff have been very helpful to us, by showing film strips, giving us interesting talks and teaching us new songs. We are all considerably grateful to them.

A few members of C.U. went to an Inter-School Christian Fellowship meeting at Brighton and Hove High School. There were a great many people at the meeting and it gave us a chance to exchange our different views and ideas. The meeting was very successful and we came back to school full of new ideas on how to improve C.U. and encourage new members to come.

On the whole, the past two terms have been very encouraging to us and we hope to see C.U. expand in the future.

Ruth Wooderson and Candida West, IVP

### **P.E. REPORT, 1979**

Although the weather in the early part of 1979 was not conducive to outside activity the year as a whole was successful for St. Mary's Hall. The Under 14 Netball team were runners up at the Towers Netball Tournament and the Under 12 Netball team achieved encouraging results in the league for their age group.

During the summer the Under 15 Tennis team reached the second round of the Sussex Shield and narrowly missed reaching the quarter finals when Rosemead beat them 2-1. Julie Keep won the Sussex County U14 Girls' Doubles at Lewes. In the Autumn Term six girls were selected for further Sussex Lacrosse trials and Caroline Morley, Amy Dalla-Mura, Juliet Morris and Katherine Taylor were chosen to represent the county.

The Swimming report shows clearly the success of the junior section of the school in swimming proficiency and through Mrs. Baker's encouragement and hard work many badges were gained by girls throughout the school.

The year has been a time of staff change in the P.E. Dept. In July we said goodbye to Miss Mitchell, who had been a member of the Department for a year. Her work and effort, particularly with the Under 12 Netball League, were appreciated. Miss Walker joined the Department in September and we hope she will be happy at S.M.H.

Miss McEwan returned in September, but as Mrs. Hayhurst after her wedding in August. The happy event of her wedding brought an unhappy time for school as Mrs. Hayhurst decided to leave to take up the position of housewife and mother. We wish her well for the baby's birth in July. Mrs. Hayhurst has been part of the school for eleven years and those who have been here during that time can certainly bear testimony to her hard work and pleasant, caring attitude. We thank her for her help in the past and hope to see her at many S.M.H. events in the future.

H.F.

### Inter-House Matches, Jan. 1979-Dec. 1979

IIICOI-IIO	uso materios, vari. I	373-200. 1373
Netball	Lacrosse	Swimming
Bristol	Adelaide	Adelaide
Chichester	Bristol	Babington
Adelaide	Chichester	Bristol
Babington	Babington	Chichester
Tennis	Rounders	Badminton
Bristol	Chichester	Babington
Chichester	Adelaide	Adelaide
Babington	Babington	Chichester
Adelaide	Bristol	Bristol

### Prep and Trans Inter-House Matches

Prep and Iran	s Inter-nouse Matche
Netball	Rounders
Netball	Babington
	Adelaide
	Bristol
	Chichester

### Games Stars for effort and improvement

Spring Term		Summer Te	rm	Autumn Term		
Bristol )		Babington	22	Babington	30	
Adelaide	28	Bristol	20	Adelaide	25	
Chichester )		Chichester	19	Bristol	21	
Babington	27	Adelaide	14	Chichester	18	

### Inter-School Badminton

Winners: K. Vokins and S. Cameron, Runners-up: L. Woodhead and N. Stokes.

### Inter-School Tennis

U13 Singles: A. Trustrum, Runner-up: S. Standing.

U13 Doubles: A. Trustrum and M. Webb. Runners-up: S. Standing and C. Seare.

U15 Singles: C. Morley. Runner-up: E. Bunn.

U15 Doubles: C. Morley and K. Taylor. Runners-up: E. Bunn and N. Currie.

Over 15 Singles: A. Dalla-Mura. Runner-up: S. Hurst. Over 15 Doubles: A. Dalla-Mura and E. Bunn. Runnersup: S. Hurst and K. Ridley.

### **Posture Badges**

C. Laxton, J. Podd, R. Gordon, S. Naish, S. Tozer, L. Bannerman, R. Hardacker, A. Vokins, L. Hurst, D. Swan, M. Pearson-Gee, R. Drew, H. Gillham, J. Wenstrom, J. Cooper, E. Ager.

### Colours

Ballet: R. Drew, S. Reade, R. Hardacker, M. Morrison. Gymnastics: T. Johnson. Lacrosse: C. Morley, J. Morris.

### Stripes

Ballet: A. Fiten, A. Royle, J. Stiles, S. Besser. Gymnastics: J. Cooper, J. Podd.

Lacrosse: E. Bunn, E. Ager, K. Taylor, K. Norrish, S. Buck, C. Smith.

Rounders: S. Standing, S. Tearle, C. Seare,

Swimming: C. Snow, S. Carr, N. Weatherby, V. Aylin, J. Buck.

Tennis: V. Brown, E. Ager, J. Keep, P. Pearn

### Awards

Individual Lacrosse Cup: K. Ridley. Gymnastics Cup: L. Hurst. P.E. Cup: C. Morley. P.E. Cup for effort and improvement: J. Buck. Ballet Medal: H. Gillham. Ballet Cup: Adelaide. Umpiring Prize: E. Hodgson.

### Spring Term, 1979

114 girls represented S.M.H. in matches. B. Rents highest individual total with 19.

### Summer Term, 1979

108 girls represented S.M.H. in matches. C. Seare, J. Buck, S. Standing highest individual totals with 9.

### Autumn Term, 1979

111 girls represented S.M.H. in matches. S. Aylin, C. Wood highest individual totals with 11.

### SWIMMING REPORT

The past year has been both busy and successful for the whole school as far as swimming is concerned. During the year C. Snow, S. Carr, N. Weatherley, V. Aylin and J. Buck won their swimming stripes, although no colours were awarded.

There were two synchronised swimming displays at the Garden Party, one by Prep and Trans to the theme of 'Matchstalk Men and Matchstalk Cats and Dogs' with nine Prep form performing in the water and the rest of Prep and

Trans acting their parts on the side of the pool. The other display was by seven of the Lower Sixth with the theme of Lifesaving to the music of 'Mars' from 'The Planets' by Holst. This display was shown again in March to the swimming teachers' evening class which is held at S.M.H.

Adelaide won the house swimming in the summer term

'79 and the shield, closely followed by Babington.

In the Brighton Schools Swimming Gala our team won Division 3 with Brighton College, for Middle schools. We also won Division 12 for the Dolphin Trophy. We have also won most of the swimming matches we have played this year.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Baker for all the hard work she does for the school's swimming teams.

Diane Hudson (Swimming Capt.)

### BALLET REPORT

Ballet lessons at St. Mary's Hall have become almost as popular as other extra subjects offered to the girls. Miss Jean Ramsey comes in to the school once a week on Fridays to teach between four o'clock and six o'clock. At the time of writing, there are three classes: a junior class, a pre-elementary class and an advanced class. Seventeen people take ballet lessons at the school, being mainly from the junior and middle school, although three sixth formers make up the advanced class. At present, all three groups are rehearsing for an informal evening performance on March 21st, in which there will be displays of class work, national dances, classical ballet, character dances and modern contemporary ballet. This is the first performance of its kind at St. Mary's Hall.

Many of the girls have well-deserved ballet stripes and a few have earned their ballet colours. Last term, Adelaide won the ballet cup, kindly donated by Miss J. Ramsey. To earn this, members of Adelaide who have lessons at school dressed neatly in lessons, arrived on time to class and obtained the most attendances between them. H. Gillham in the upper sixth won the individual ballet medal. M. Morrison, R. Hardacker and S. Reade passed their grade four R.A.D.A. examination; together with R. Drew and J. Galbraith they make up the pre-elementary class.

The ballet groups used to perform at the Summer Term Garden Party and have often shown their work to small audiences of parents and the Headmistress. Many of you will have seen the Ballet Performance and we hope this will encourage a greater interest among the girls at St. Mary's Hall in this increasingly popular art.

Heather Gillham, UVI

### SECOND YEAR OUTING TO COPPELIA

One Thursday afternoon after lunch at school, about twenty or thirty of us walked down in crocodile to the Theatre Royal. We walked up the stairs which seemed to go up and up, endlessly.

When we finally reached the top we all looked down. Everyone was very surprised at the big drop from the gallery to the stage. When we looked up, we could hardly miss seeing the magnificent chandelier.

We took our seats and the ballet started. It was called 'Coppelia'. The music was beautiful to listen to. The ballet was absolutely superb; everyone was faultless. In the interval most of us bought ice creams and sweets.

Just before the ballet restarted we returned to our seats. When the ballet began again, the ballet dancers having been refreshed, the dances and scenes were more lifelike than before. We watched the ballet, very interested and enthusiastic. As the curtains closed there was a roar of applause. We left the theatre to walk back to school, talking about all we had seen that afternoon.

Judith Richards, IIM

### BRITISH ASSOCIATION YOUNG SCIENTISTS (B.A.Y.S.)

British Association Young Scientists is one of the enterprising societies uniting Britain's young scientists today. In the last five years there has been a considerable increase in its membership.

1979 has been another active year for the Sussex branch of the Society when eleven lectures were given on a variety of topics, including cancer and low temperature physics. Most of these lectures were held at Sussex University, where we always enjoy meeting B.A.Y.S. members from other schools. Our only worry is the increasing cost of transport to these lectures.

We voted the lectures on 'Cancer' by Dr. de Winter and 'Heart Diseases' by Dr. Chamberlain as the best lectures of the year. Dr. Chamberlain outlined the various heart diseases and their causes and this certainly gave us a lot to think about. As a result of the B.A.Y.S. lecture the school has invited Dr. de Winter to talk to the Sixth Form and staff about cancer and its prevention. We look forward very much to this lecture which will be on March 19th.

Most of our Sixth Form Scientists are members of B.A.Y.S. and our new school representatives for 1980 are Susan Harrison and Jenny Child. They have both been chosen committee members for the local branch and after much persuasion Jenny agreed to act as Joint Chairman with Keith Murrell, despire strong opposition from the former, male chauvinist, Chairman. We wish them both luck and we are quite sure that they will perform their duties efficiently.

We have enjoyed being B.A.Y.S. representatives for 1979 and we hope that Jenny and Susan find the experience as interesting and informative as we did.

Folate Onafowokan and Jennifer Au B.A.Y.S. Representatives 1979

### **BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP, SUMMER 1979**

Looking like professional hikers we left school in the morning on 4th July, ready to face any challenges that North Wales had in store for us. We had no trouble in getting to our destination, transferring quite easily from train to train at Victoria, Euston, Crewe, Colchester, Llandudno Junction and finally Betwys-y-Coed. For two foreigners taking their first trip to Wales, we got over the difficulty of pronouncing the names quite easily (if you don't count the funny accents!), thanks to Mrs. Channing.

At Betwys-y-Coed station we met our fellow ecologists. There was a coach to take the luggage to the field centre; some of the lazy ones got a lift while the more energetic ones made their own way.

As we were only two, we had a double bedroom while the others shared bigger dormitories. We started working immediately after supper. Introductions were made to Tony

Schärer, the warden, and our two teachers, Jenny Rees and John Hall.

The week we spent at the Draper's field centre was very exciting and challenging. We went to Coed Hafod—a local wood; Abberffraw—a sand dune site; Rhyd-y-Crenau—a field water stream; Penmôn at Anglesey and Snowdonia, where we made a feeble attempt to climb one of England's highest mountains. The most amusing experience was at Penmôn where we had to do a duck paddle to walk over the slippery limestone pavement.

On the whole, we found the course very informative and practical for the Ecology section of our syllabus. On 11th July, we reluctantly packed our bags. We were supposed to catch a train at 6 a.m. so as to arrive in time for the Garden Party; however, owing to a 'mix-up' we missed the train and had to wait another four hours for the next one. By the time we got back, the Garden Party had finished and we were extremely exhausted and suffering from hay fever!

Folake Onafowokan and Jennifer Au, UVI

### SYMPOSIUM REPORT, 1979-1980

Mrs. Thomas, who had done so much for the Society, left the school at the end of the Summer Term 1979, and went with the best wishes of the Society's members. Our thanks go to her, and also to Mr. Elgood who led the Society during the Autumn Term. Under his leadership St. Mary's Hall had a joint debate with Brighton College in November, and at this the motion "This House believes that Assassination is never morally justifiable" was defeated. Lucinda Morrison (S.M.H.) and Roger Clifton (B.C.) defended the motion against Peter Kind (B.C.) and Johanna Rouss (S.M.H.). The Autumn Term also saw the heats of the English Speaking Union's Public Speaking Championships in which Heather Gosden (Chairman), Lucinda Morrison (Speaker) and Elspeth Jones (Vote of Thanks) represented St. Mary's Hall and did moderately well in their heat.

The Spring Term, 1980, had two symposium events, the first being a "Symposium on Youth" at which speakers for Roedean, Lancing College, Brighton College and St. Mary's Hall gave short talks on "Youth." This went very well and thanks are due to Verya Johnson, Susan Perham, Sara Gould and Amanda Denny for the organisation and to Jenny Child and Sarah Hunt for speaking to S.M.H. The final event of the term was another joint debate with Brighton College at which Francesca Rymer and Ann Simmons opposed the motion "This House believes that Hissing Sid is innocent." The motion, however, was carried.

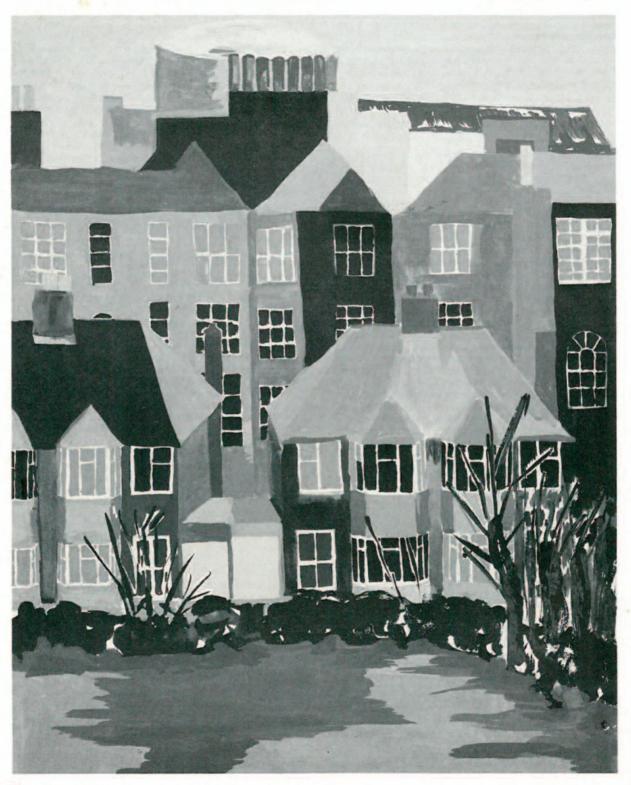
As "pupil-head" of Symposium I have greatly enjoyed my year in office, and would like to record my very grateful thanks to Verya Johnson, Miss Payne and Mr. Elgood for all their help over the past year, and especially to thank Mrs. Janes, who on top of all her other commitments is running Symposium at the moment.

Heather J. Gosden

### LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED?

The Governors make most generous provision for spending on the School Libraries. Alas, every year some books disappear. If you should find a School library book on your shelf—or on your daughter's shelf—it would be greatly appreciated if it could be returned—anonymously if necessary!

L.J.B.



### SENIOR LIBRARY REPORT

The number of librarians at St. Mary's Hall continues to increase at the beginning of each new school year, but the librarians seem to lose interest as soon as the warm weather arrives or whenever there is an indoor break! Librarians continue to do their good work in repairing both library books and school textbooks. We congratulate Elizabeth Edwards and Gabrielle Hutton on gaining their Senior Librarian badges.

The Senior Library has been given many books this year, and I should like to make particular reference in this respect to Mr. and Mrs. Barnes and Mr. and Mrs. Eves. We are sorry, however, that such a large number of library books 'go missing' each term and would like to see this rectified at the

earliest possible moment.

Our thanks go to Miss Bristol who, by spending a great deal of her time in the library, makes it possible for girls at St. Mary's Hall not only to learn how a library functions, but also to have a library which is so well equipped for all subjects.

Sara Gould, UVI

Mrs. B. M. Manwell (Barbara Daniell, S.M.H. 1922-32) has presented the Library with Mary McNeill's book "Vere Foster: An Irish Benefactor." Vere Foster seems to be nephew of Lady Augusta Seymour who laid the first stone of the "Clergy School" [Life of Rev. H. V. Elliott, p. 127].

### 'ROMEO AND JULIET'

On November 29th, all the Third Year went to 'Romeo and Juliet,' performed by the Old Vic Company. When we arrived at the Theatre Royal, exultant, I was surprised at how many people there were. When I finally reached the stalls and found my seat, I realised I had a very good place. The stage was near me and my view was not blocked by any large person in front of me.

Soon a bell rang, and the curtain rose. There was a dark blue light, suggesting night sky and shapes of white light shining down. Through the bars of scaffolding I could see some of the actors walking backwards and forwards in mist; I heard music, faint, but discordant and sinister. The atmosphere was one of anticipation and somewhat

menacing.

The scenery was not quite what most people had expected, and so there was a slight gasp of surprise when it was revealed. It was, or looked like, simple iron scaffolding with a flight of stairs on each side, and four iron bar doors running across the stage, which were separated from the iron steps. I noticed that this had wheels on the bottom and so could be manoeuvred back and forth. It looked, from the beginning, an extremely useful piece of equipment; simple and easy to work.

Peter, played by Robert Putt, was extremely funny, and helped to make the audience laugh, in between the serious scenes. Michael Thomas played Romeo, and Janet Maw played Juliet; they were extremely good, although Romeo

was slightly solemn throughout the play.

The costumes were unusual also. It was an original idea to dress the Montagues in varying shades of blue and purple, and the Capulets in shades of yellow, orange and brown, because otherwise it would have been very confusing. The women wore tightly-laced dresses and full skirts, but the

men wore leather jackets that were short, and had ribbed shoulders, jerkin-type shirts and normal trousers with belts, and of course, swords and daggers. The whole effect of the men's clothing reminded me slightly of modern day dress and of the kind of people who wear it, and if this was the effect that the company wished to produce, they certainly conveyed it to the audience well.

Alison Back, Catharine Snow and Amanda Vokins, IIIC

### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

On 25th September at eleven o'clock the fifth year 'O' Level group left on an English trip to London. We all piled into the coaches and made our way to the Round House.

The Round House is, as the name suggests, a round building which hardly looks like a theatre from the outside. Our first impressions of the building were not really very good, but once inside the old building the atmosphere and warmth of all the young people everywhere completely changed our previous ideas. We sat around the circular stage and waited until other schools filled the rest of the seats.

Sarcastic comments and laughter from the boys' schools added to the enjoyment of the play and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' came to life when the excellent cast

performed the successful play.

Puck, the dominant figure of the play, was acted in an unexpected style using a robot-like manner of speaking and boundless stores of energy. Bottom tackled the part very well and lan Kearney played the character with aplomb and enjoyed himself so much that he made the audience enjoy watching him. The whole cast radiated their own enjoyment; even the serious and love-ridden lovers seemed to mock themselves as they mouthed oaths and were forsworn.

The play, in which Shakespeare mocks young love, was produced with a large amount of vitality which in certain

scenes bordered on the slapstick.

The last scene including the mechanicals' play 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe,' sealed the audience's approval. There was some funny sideplay between Pyramus and 'the wall' and even funnier exaggeration during the 'tragical' suicides of Pyramus and Thisbe. The most appealing character was Snug the joiner, as the lion, who was rustically 'thick' and managed to convey it admirably; he roared beautifully!

The fairies scene which ends the play had the desired effect of calming our laughter and returning our minds to the dream-like atmosphere Shakespeare wanted. After the songs and speeches the lights went out, leaving the fairies using wands with glowing coloured lights to weave patterns in the air, as they danced and left to bless the nuptial chambers.

Unfortunately the play ended without Puck's epilogue, which was drowned by the cheers of some untheatrically minded members of the audience. Despite this, there was still a feeling of dreaminess that made things seem 'small and undistinguishable'.

We travelled back to Brighton slowly with the usual laughter, discussing the memorable play we had just seen.

Catherine Finnerty and Jane Hitchcock, V

### JULIUS CAESAR

On the 22nd November, the 5th Form set off from school and arrived at St. George's Theatre, London, at about 1.30 p.m. The theatre was in a converted church, the high ceiling accentuating the acoustics. Had the theatre been open to the skies we could well have been in Shakespeare's Globe. We were seated at the left of the stage, the entire audience consisting of students.

The play was not performed in the traditional Roman costume, but in Elizabethan style, producing for us an atmosphere with which we could identify. Many of the cast were well known actors, including Brian Poyser as Caesar, David Henry as Brutus, and John Carlisle as Cassius, and the majority thought that it was well performed—particularly by those playing the rôles of Brutus and Caesar. Mark Antony, one felt, did not really suit his part, as one imagines Antony to be a strong, powerful Roman Senator, but he was portrayed as a rather weak, but nevertheless influential person.

The sound effects in the final battle scenes were very effective, and gave the audience a start when one of Octavius's soldiers fired a gun over their heads!

It was a successful outing, being enjoyed by one and all, and as 'O' level students our appreciation of the play was enhanced.

Susan Harris and Juliet Morris, V

### THEATRE VISITS

Since September, 1979, members of the Sixth Form have been to the Theatre on a number of occasions. They have seen the following plays: 'The Ballad of the Sad Café,' Gardner Centre; The Country Wife,' Gardner Centre; 'A Scent of Flowers,' Gardner Centre; 'Dirty Linen,' Theatre Royal; 'The Duchess of Malfi,' Theatre Royal; 'Coppelia,' Theatre Royal; 'Othello' (film), Gardner Centre; The Beggar's Opera,' Theatre Royal; 'The Government Inspector,' Theatre Royal; 'Measure for Measure,' Aldwych Theatre; 'Death of a Salesman,' National Theatre; 'The Seagull,' Gardner Centre; 'Arms and the Man,' Theatre Royal.

### VI FORM LECTURES—ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

In the Summer Term, 1979, members of the Sixth Form English group attended a Saturday School on Shakespearean Comedy at the University of Sussex.

In the Autumn Term, 1979, Dr. Cedric Watts gave a talk on Jane Austen to a mixed group of Sixth Formers from St. Mary's Hall and Brighton College. Some Sixth Form English students also attended a lecture at Brighton College given by Mr. M. Craig on Approaches to the Modern Novel. Dr. Cedric Watts returned to St. Mary's Hall later in the term to give a seminar on Joseph Conrad.

In the Spring Term members of the Sixth Form English group attended a lecture at the University of Sussex by Professor Laurence Lerner on George Eliot.

All these activities have been made available to us by the willingness of members of the University of Sussex to share their enthusiasm with us. We benefit greatly from the accessibility of the University, including, of course, the Gardner Centre.

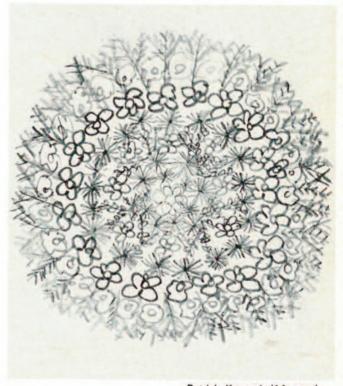
### IMPRESSIONS OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS

On February 25th, the 4th, 5th and 6th Formers all collected in the School Hall for a lecture on Post Impressionism by Professor Lynton. He included in his lecture many slides showing the type of art we would be seeing at the outing to the Post Impressionism exhibition, held at the Royal Academy in London, and a few slides of some of the paintings actually in the exhibition.

All those going to the exhibition met in the front hall after prayers on Wed., March 5th, and after collecting our lunches, we went down to the coaches. We arrived at the Academy at 12.00 noon and after Mrs. Sandy had purchased the tickets, entered the galleries. It is impossible in a report of this size to do justice to the exhibition, which displayed about five hundred paintings from the Post Impressionist era. There were paintings by Cezanne, Degas, Gaugin, Van Gogh, Monet, Picasso, Rafaëlli, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec and Yeats, to name a few, and the most popular paintings with the school were 'The Wave' by Alex Harrison, painted in 1884/5 and 'The Fourth Estate' by Guiseppe Pellizza da Volpedo in 1901. There were many other favourites too, but unfortunately there were no postcards of the paintings exhibited available.

We had a chance to look round the rest of the Academy afterwards, before coming back to school. Everyone enjoyed herself, and the trip was a lovely change from school work. I would like to thank Mrs. Sandy, Prof. and Mrs. Lynton and all the other staff involved.

Diane Hudson, UVI



Patricia Kennedy (11 years)

### MUSIC REPORT

During the past year, the music department at St. Mary's Hall has been somewhat busy with outings, house music competitions and instrumental and choral concerts. The first of these was a performance given by the senior choir at the Dome in March, 1979. They sang, in the style of the famous Swingle Singers, two arias of Bach's at the concert, 'A Touch of Class.' Later on in the year, members of the school gave an instrumental and choral concert in the School Hall in May. This included a choral performance of Stabat Mater by Pergolesi. The soloists for this occasion were trained by Laura Eaton and the senior and intermediate choirs were trained by M. McIntosh and A. Brocken. The orchestra performed by kind permission of Mr. Aviss. Closely following this most enjoyable evening was the Inter-house Music Competition. This was the second competition since it was set up again in 1978, and was kindly adjudicated by Irene Hutchings. In this exciting competition, Babington and Chichester drew first for the music cup, and Adelaide won the choir cup, beating Babington by only one point.

There were three outings arranged for the girls at St. Mary's Hall by the music department last year. In November some fifty girls attended the Schools Prom at the Royal Albert Hall in London. There was also an outing to the Congress Theatre in Eastbourne for some boarders in the New Year to see a performance of The Mikado.' The senior choir also went to the Congress Theatre to see 'Rigoletto' by Verdi. All three outings were greatly enjoyed.

At the time of writing the combined choral societies of St. Mary's Hall and Brighton College are rehearsing for a performance of two works, Vivaldi's Gloria and Britten's St. Nicolas, to be given at St. Peter's Church, Brighton, which many of you will have enjoyed.

As the standard of musical ability progresses at St. Mary's Hall, the girls are passing examinations in instrument playing and singing with increasingly high marks and it is hoped that this growing interest will continue at St. Mary's Hall.

Heather Gillham, UVI, Music Prefect

### THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

The Award Scheme is gathering strength in the school and St. Mary's Hall is 'on the map' now that we have sufficient participants for instructors to come to us rather than vice versa!

Twenty-eight girls have braved the rigours of Bronze Basic Training courses this year, resulting in some successful and one not-so-successful expeditions, skilfully supervised by P.C. Armstrong and frantically by Mrs. Sinclair! Other less fraught activities followed by girls at Bronze and Silver levels have covered Makeup and Fashion, Care for Animals, Child Care, Home Nursing, helping in a deaf and dumb school, interior design and a range of interests from singing and skating to librarianship and plasticine modelling.

We are awaiting the re-vamping of the Scheme for the 1980s, so why not join us and work for the new-look Award? We offer our congratulations to those who have completed their Bronze Awards this year:

Susan Harris, Susan Hennings, Anne Barr, Pippa Pearn, Susan Vokins, Gaynor Jupe, Elizabeth Ager and Caroline Simmons, Well done!

K. M. Sinclair

### SOCIAL SERVICES REPORT

Since 1979 was designated 'The Year of the Child' it has been our concern to pursue this theme and to work towards helping children.

A charity disco organised by the fourths and fifths turned out to be a great success. After the first half-hour with organisers anxiously trying to get the two groups at either end of the hall to mix, the atmosphere became relaxed and soon most were suitably paired off with a partner. A large sum of money was donated to U.N.I.C.E.F. and Dr. Barnardo's.

During the Summer Term a sponsored walk was undertaken by the LVI, who came back with blistered feet but smiling faces and a cheque to be sent off to Christian Aid

A popular activity among both staff and girls was the Wellington Boot Throwing Contest. The proceeds went towards helping the mentally handicapped.

A raffle organised by the Second Form enabled us to make a donation towards Age Concern. The highlight of the Autumn Term was the annual giving of the Christmas parcels, greatly enjoyed by the girls and needless to say, much appreciated by the elderly. Many girls continue to pay visits to local old folk. The collections at the annual Founder's Day Service and Carol Service were generous and gave support to St. George's Church and the Tarner Home.

Prep. and Trans. came up with the most imaginative and enjoyable ideas. The yield from a sponsored silent lunch was used in harnessing ponies and donkeys to be ridden by handicapped children. A great many cake sales and guessing competitions enabled us to donate to local, national and international organisations.

With many thanks to parents, friends, staff and girls who have given of their time and money and who have shown such interest and support.

Mona Aghabi and Sonia Polling Senior Social Services Representatives

### ADELAIDE HOUSE REPORT

By the time this is in print the results of the 1980 Inter-House Netball and Lacrosse will be known; however, at the moment we are in a position only to report on the efforts of 1979. Unfortunately the results in the Netball were not outstanding; however, this was made up for by the fact that we won the Lacrosse for the second year running. In the Summer the Swimming was also a triumph for Adelaide, and thanks to the efforts of Sara Gould and Deanna Angel we gained second place in the Rounders. Many thanks must also go to Ruth Holder, who put such a lot of effort into the organisation of the Adelaide contribution to the House Music Competition. Without her we could not have hoped for the positions we gained—1st in the singing and 2nd in the music.

The Summer also saw the annual ice cream sale in aid of Cancer Research, which raised over £20. The fund-raising activities continued in the Autumn with the somewhat unusual competition "Guess the name of the skeleton"! He was appropriately eventually christened Yorick. This and the individual cake sales held within forms raised £35, again donated to Cancer Research. Our academic record is also looking healthy; at the end of 1979 we were second in the



Dorothy Mpyisi, VI

House Points, having come first in the "Stars" and points gained from matches played.

Finally we would like to thank all members of the House who have contributed in some way over the past year—and last but by no means least, many thanks are due to the staff without whose help and support the house would not be what it is today.

Veryall Johnson and Judy Hughesdon

### **BABINGTON HOUSE REPORT, SPRING 1980**

The third year of Babington's reintroduction has been busy and largely successful. We began well by winning the Inter-House Music Competition, with Chichester, for the second year running, and were narrowly beaten into second place by Adelaide in the Choral Cup. We are especially grateful to Heather Gillham, who trained the choir with such dedication. Our swimming team, led by Diane Hudson, achieved second place, and the rounders team (trained by Jackie Jantuah), and tennis couples (E. Bunn, J. Owen, J. Ruoss, L. Thwaites) both came third in the Inter-House tournaments. Babington was also victorious in the Badminton, thanks to E. Bunn, J. Jantuah, J. Owen and L. Thwaites, who gained a well-deserved first place. We were runners-up in the House Shield.

At the end of the Summer Term, the annual House Party was held, and greatly enjoyed by all who went. We are very grateful to the staff who organised the tea and games, and also to Diane Hudson for her delicious "dragon cake"!

Thanks are due to all the people who worked so hard and enthusiastically for all these events; but if a few names seem to recur, then what was certainly the greatest success of the year was a whole-hearted communal effort by the entire House. This was a Mini-Fair held in aid of the Church Missionary Society, the House charity (for whom we also collect postage stamps). The generosity of everyone, not only Babington members but the whole school, both in donating items for sale and in coming to buy, enabled us to raise the truly amazing sum of £75-in one half-hour lunch break. We can only offer a very large vote of thanks to all those involved, and especially to the staff-in particular, Mr. Liddell, who printed the mounts for our homemade Christmas cards—who, under the inspiring leadership of Miss Bristol and Miss Griffiths, have contributed so much to the spirit of Babington House.

Lucinda Morrison

### **BRISTOL HOUSE REPORT**

Bristol had tremendous success last year, and I am pleased to say that we have maintained this high standard this year in most of the school's activities, despite fierce and growing competition from the other houses.

We won the House Shield for the second year running, and we, yet again, repeated last year's excellent performance, coming a proud first in the Netball and Tennis. In the exciting and very close swimming gala, we tied second with Babington. We also came second in the Lacrosse—many thanks to all those who played. Extra thanks to all the girls who volunteered or were "pressganged" into taking part in the Music Competition, and especially Sarah Hunt, who put much time, effort and enthusiasm into it. But alas, we came last!

The House Party at the end of the Summer Term was a

great success, and both staff and girls enjoyed the fun, food and games (not forgetting the quickly melting ice cream)! Special thanks go to Miss Fabian and Mile Jaquot for all their help and organisation, and to the rest of the staff and Sixth form who enjoyed themselves arranging the games in a most enthusiastic manner.

The Summer Fair at Rosaz House was supported by generous contributions to the bottle stall. We hope in the future to transfer our support to an international charity organisation.

We are pleased to have the Head Girl, Sarah Hunt, and

one of her deputies, Kath Ridley, in Bristol.

Finally, I would like to thank EVERYONE, both teachers and pupils, especially my deputy Alison Miller, in our House for their unanimous support and help, and I sincerely hope that next year will be as much fun and as successful as this one has been.

Amanda Denny

### CHICHESTER HOUSE REPORT

The year started well, with the House joint winners of the Music Competition with Babington. Thanks go to Heather Gosden for all the time and effort she put into it.

The junior part of the house just missed winning the Netball, but came back well to take the Rounders Cup, the team being coached by Nicola Stokes and Linda Woodhead. A good fight was maintained during the Inter-House Lacrosse, but we only managed third place. The Tennis team played well and gained second place.

House points are still not very forthcoming, so we again

took fourth place in the Shield.

At Christmas the House collected stocking fillers for the Children's Hospital for the last time, as the House Charity is being changed to The Dr. Barnardo's Homes. A cake sale and a "guess the number of raisins" in a fruit cake competition raised £20 for their Christmas Appeal. Early this term, Prep. and Trans. held their own cake sale and raised £3.50. Mr. Cowing is also running a collection of Cadbury's labels for the Dr. Barnardo's Minibus Appeal.

The Chichester House Party was again held just before Christmas with the 'Chichester Chicks,' better known as the Sixth Form, performing to the delight of the younger ones.

Many thanks to the staff and the rest of the House for all their help over the past year, and all the best for the House in the coming years.

Susan Perham

### DO WE NEED RESTRICTIONS?

Restrictions . . . do we need them? A stupid question you say to yourself—Yes, of course, we do! Ask the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker and even me! Yes, anyone, with two atoms of sense, would agree at least on this point. The main issue now, is to what degree do we need them.

Some people need more rules and regulations to abide by, because they would otherwise be lost, floating from one crisis to another, involving themselves in useless occupations, and being engulfed by the hazards of life. While others are suffocated by them, pining for freedom and exemption from the restrictions provided by law and order.

The world is full of the cats and the mice—the strong and selfish who wish to devour, and the smaller and weaker of the species, helpless. If some restrictions were not enforced,

the world would be upturned completely and over-run like the earth, where the sea is trying to take over the land, the latter not being able to fight back without assistance. The sea, the rebels, must be restricted and the land, the law, built

As always, everything starts from infancy. The way in which we are brought up and cared for can be reflected in our later lives and either be our rising or our downfall. As young children we are told what and what not to do, by our mothers, being cushioned and shielded from the world outside. Then we set out on our own to start schooling. meeting our own inquisitive generation, but still being governed by teachers telling us to do this and that (for our own good!). Then before we, or anybody, realise, we have grown into dominating teenagers who rebel against all restrictions, thinking we know best and therefore hating anything that stops us doing what we want. But although we may not realise it at the time (not until we have reached adulthood), this period is comparative heaven. Later we find employment in a nine to five job, being pushed and shunted about from employer to employer, trying to make ends meet, while still being ordered to pay tax and not climb over the parallel walls dividing right from wrong, guiding us to our death-beds; and even at this point, duties have to be paid.

It is unreasonable to revolt against restrictions because if there were none, life would be exceedingly dull receiving everything that one wanted, and although this may sound wicked, it is human nature to break rules, and what is the fun if there are no rules to be broken? The laws given to Moses are our guide against evil, and although they have been elaborated upon, they were bestowed to us as a basis, for we have to move along with the times. As life becomes more complex, there become more ways to stray from the straight and narrow, and to survive we elect our leaders or representatives who try to look after our welfare, inflicting income-taxes upon us which eventually help us in a variety of ways and also help those less fortunate than ourselves.

Now, as to whether I approve of restrictions—yes, I suppose I do, but doesn't everyone in his right mind, for they are necessary? This leaves the answer, 'No,' and the people who utter it, either in prison or on the end of a tight, swinging rope. Although I have agreed with restrictions and therefore disapproved of those revolting against them, they can be taken too far. It is unnatural for human beings in countries such as Iran and Russia to be banned from having many forms of fun and enjoyment and also to be prevented from speaking their minds.

The Iranians are banned from all alcohol, which in itself is no crisis, especially with increasing drink problems, but to have a drink once in a while at festivities and suchlike, does no harm. To alleviate this problem, high penalties for drunkenness could be enforced. Music from Beethoven to the Beatles is also forbidden during Ramadan as the Ayatollah Khomeini says that, and I quote, "Music stupefies a person listening to it and makes the brain active and frivolous. There is no difference between opium and music—both bring intoxication. It is our duty now to cure this ailment and knock some sense into the young." Ladies are also made to wear veils.

In our society we are very fortunate to have a very wellbalanced system of law and order to deal with these problems.

Claire Turner, IVP

### **CURRENT AFFAIRS**

It stood there, massive, awe-inspiring, threatening. The people stood round, opening and shutting their mouths as though they were trying to while the time away by mimicking the fish that swam not two hundred yards from the spot. Speculation was endless; what would be done with it? What could be done with it? What would happen to the town? What had happened to the crew? And so the questions went on and on, asked vaguely by the individuals who looked at it, without expectation of reply.

Police, the fire brigade and the armed forces were arriving by the minute. Would-be photographers and souvenir-collectors were pushed back and cameras confiscated. Sirens sounded from almost every official vehicle and the warning signals intended for use in the event of nuclear war had just been set off. Brighton was in a state of panic.

Cargo ships full of pumice are a nuisance, but a pretty good tourist attraction. But this was no ordinary cargo ship, nor were its holds full of pumice. The All-England Lawn Tennis Club could have held their annual tournament on its deck—there was certainly enough room for all fourteen of its courts. Goldstone ground could have been entirely reconstructed on the same space, with ample room for the kind of requirements a first-division club needs. Never before had Brighton seen a ship like this.

But a little knowledge is always dangerous. In Whitehall, not sixty miles away, panic was, if anything, worse. There they knew that anyone with any knowledge of Channel shipping regulations would realise that that ship should not have ever been within 200 miles of the spot. Even the severest gale should not have blown a ship that size so far off its course. There would be a few red faces before the day, even the year, was out.

By international agreement reached in Stockholm on January 22nd, 1982, no tanker of that size, carrying that type of deadly cargo, was permitted to use the English Channel for fear of danger to other ships and Channel ports. Obviously if this ship had been carrying oil, as stated in its declaration to Lloyds and its port of departure, no questions would have been asked, although the black liquid was a precious enough commodity in 1990. But no one with any sense was convinced of that. Why the secrecy? Why the evacuation of the town? 300,000 people is a large number to move in such a great hurry and at such great expense. Obviously this cargo was not all it was made out to be. This was something that would blow the whole place sky-high, leaving nothing at all, destroying totally.

Brighton, London, and indeed the whole country held its breath. Tension mounted, Panic grew.

"Now, Jenkins," said the Dartmouth college lecturer to a rather nervous young officer in the front row, "what would our part be in this situation if it occurred?"

Heather Gosden, UVI

### COLOUR

Colour is beautiful. It is basic, complicated, perfect to the last minute detail. It can be serene and soft, or hard and sharp, but it always depicts everything with the most accurate feeling.

Colour is to be enjoyed, and the best way to enjoy it, is to take yourself outside on a sunny day. Colour seems to radiate itself from the sun; it leaps and bounds in the sun's rays, and showers like powdered stars from incandescent

beams. I love to lie on a patch of soft green grass, and face myself towards the fiery sun. I shut my eyes, and squeeze them, then let them relax. What I see then—in what one would presume normally to be pitch black darkness—is perfect peace.

First I see a wall of pale, milky green, which slowly caves in leaving a bright yellow, touched with streaks of glowing orange and spitfire-like scarlet. Gently but surely the picture changes into a wonderfully unique maroon-come-violet, it slowly darkens to become a deep, deep purple, and then changes for a quick moment, only to become an almost perfect black. These colours ease themselves through changes of different shades, then return slowly through a great mass of rainbows, all shimmering and reflecting, to their original milky green.

The brilliant array of varied colours ends, but I keep my eyes tight shut, because of the natural splendour of what is to come. The sun's colours come bursting through, inflamed by an eternal ring of light. The sun bounds and leaps around my eyes, and leaves a silvery, shiny trail like that of a garden snail across my eyelids. The colours sparkle and twinkle, ambers, penetrating yellows and reds of all different kinds. They intertwine, and flicker back and forth constantly. Then, slowly, they die away, and leave a brilliant, shining white, which remains, until I jolt myself, and squeeze my eyes once more.

White, a perfect colour that rightly represents peace and tranquillity. It is a wonderful colour, so simple, so beautiful and so serene. It is a quiet colour, and does not shout out like the brilliant reds of the sun, and the bright yellows of the dancing buttercups.

I think a fitting ending would be a summary of my thoughts about three of the most important colours. I think the best way to express these thoughts is very unoriginal, but it fits my feelings: Red is bloodshed. Black is anger. White is peace.

Pippa Considine, IIIC

### LIFE?

The swishing of cars ploughing through rain in the half-light of morning. Click, click, to electric lights shedding their synthetic beams. On with the radio to drown the bustle outside. No birds are here, or grass, or animals. There's no place for them in this concrete city. On with uniform—hats, scarves and coats No imagination is left, what's there to think of? Which packet to open for breakfast, which channel to choose on t.v.? People move like robots repeating themselves, day by day by day.

Suddenly . . . a screeching hisssss—clouds of smoke and debris rocket to the sky.

Then SILENCE, desolation. Nothing is left except a few stone remnants of man.

Ruth Wood, IVG

### VIEW FROM THE ROOF

It is a wonderful. Magical, Oriental Sunset: Colours rich as the carpets That those downtrodden Arabian women Weave in the souk No-it is better; these Are colours that mingle, diffuse And sing with one another In a way that no colours Made by man's crude fingers Can mimic. Translucent Thai silks. Rich Roman purples Velvets softer than the cheek Of any English maid. Shyness overcomes them: They blush as deeply scarlet As the blood of a red. Sorrow-stained rose. And sink darkly into the horizon. Mingling with the violet and sweet raspberry boundaries Of another, never-ending Arabian Night.

Leonie Tame, IVP

### AUTUMN

Now is the time for the burning of leaves They go to the fire; the nostril pricks with smoke Wandering slowly into the weeping mist.

Whenever bonfires are mentioned my thoughts turn back to the Autumn fires in the country,—not just in our garden but all along the narrow lanes around our old, Sussex home. I can well remember the metallic rattle of the rake, as my father drew it back and forth across the lengthening grass of the back lawn, seemingly without effort. I also remember the sore hands and bad temper as miscreant leaves refused the shelter of the leaf pile and stuck obstinately to the lawn, while I struggled to draw them into rolls with my father's dexterity.

When my brother and I abandoned that task, it was necessary to pick up the leaves in our hands and carry them, together with rebellious ants, to the bonfire, and throw them down, peeling them off our palms, on to the smouldering heap of vegetation. Having surveyed with childish satisfaction the smoke issuing from the bottom of the pile, we would turn back, avoiding the damp and lichened wall of the shed as we passed through the gate, and pick up the trails of crisp brown leaves which had escaped to the concrete path and lawn on the previous journey.

Our bonfire was in a sheltered corner of a wild stretch of grass by the milking-parlour, near what had been a vegetable garden. Our garden, it has to be admitted, was a mess; a glorious tangle of flowers and weeds, hardy rose bushes, and ivy over the trunks of brave elms (which reached higher than the house itself). Despite what some might have called, this waste of a garden, it provided piles and piles of foliage, which clung in yellow or red, or purple dampness to the grass until fed to the crackling tongues of flame on the fire.

The fire itself was permanently four feet in height and at least eight from one side to the other. Over the years ashes

had formed soil and now rabbits had burrowed into it, possibly seeking a warm winter home. Indeed, the rabbits were as great a part of autumn as the weather. They sat, hunched, feeding on the luxuriant lawn, and at our approach they would jerk up, sniffing the wind before rushing away to the safety of the nearest burrow, ears flat back.

The smells of the country in Autumn were fascinating. On weekly walks we could scent the trail of bonfires throughout the lanes and gardens. High hedgerows could mask the buildings behind (and these were mainly of weather-beaten red bricks well hung with ivy), but the bitter sweet smoke crept out and made eyes water and noses twitch. On misty days of late Autumn, when the leaves had fallen and all but firs held a bare skeleton to grey skies, the smoke from our last bonfire curled and spiralled in first one direction then another according to the damp pressure of the air. Our clothes and house would reek of burning leaves, every room except the kitchen. The kitchen escaped because it held stronger smells, those of home-grown apples stewing, of meat roasting in the oven, of wax polish, of damp washing and wet blackberries picked fresh from the hedges.

Early Autumn was less sweet-scented; the leaves hung yellow, mildewed roses turned from crimson and white to paper brown, and the air was dry and crisp. Every object was clear, the days were golden and merely summer, mellowed. They had a beauty of their own. Dry sticks of cow parsley provided excellent materials for torches and my brother and I, having lit them from the glowing ashes, would wave them aloft watching the tip burn slowly, like a cigarette, but giving a sweeter and yet sharper wreath of smoke. By late Autumn these would be too rain-washed and sodden to light and a lot of newspaper had to burn and dry the leaves before the rest would consent to follow the paper's lead.

Autumn in such a county as Sussex, away from the noise and bustle of towns, was wonderful, and is something I miss now. In the country the robins chirped all winter in the branches above our bonfire and held promise of Christmas and later, the Spring. Autumn in a town, to me has the effect of uncovering the ugly wounds man has created, cheap housing and glaring windows. The leaves are not burned properly, having fallen from dusty boughs they are swept away and thrown into the municipal incinerators, where noone can enjoy the destruction of the old, worn year, and Christmas, heralded since October by vulgar decorations in shop windows, seems only to introduce another year of weary factory labour.

Jane Hitchcock, VF

### HALLOWE'EN IN CANADA

In Canada Hallowe'en is a very special night. It is "All Souls' Eve" and the witches, goblins and spirits are said to be out at night. The adults stay at home to give out sweets and money, and the children go "Trick or treating."

Great preparations go on before Hallowe'en in home and school. At home people make "Jack O'Lanterns." To do this they cut off the top of a pumpkin, scoop out the insides and put them aside, and then they make a face on it and cut it out. After they've done all that, they put a candle inside it, light it, and put the top on. At school the children make witches, black cats and pumpkins and they also sing songs and recite poems. One song they sing is 'Three Little Witches."

On Hallowe'en night the children dress up as spirits, witches and goblins and they wear face masks. After they've dressed up and it's dark they go round the neighbourhood saying "Trick or treat." The children do a trick for the adults, then they each receive a sweet.

There are some special rules that the police give out on the radio and television long before Hallowe'en begins and they are: 1, One person from each group must carry a torch; 2, You must go round in a group; 3, You must wear white or luminous strips on your clothes.

The children carry bags to collect the sweets and some children carry boxes to collect money for UNICEF. When Trick or treating is over the adults then have fireworks.

When Hallowe'en is over the children's mothers make "Pumpkin Pie" out of the flesh of the pumpkin.

Pumpkin Marshmallow Pie

1 cup mashed pumpkin
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon salt
2 pound marshmallows
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 baked pastry shell, 9in.
2 or graham wafer crumb shell

Place all but the cream in top of double boiler and heat until marshmallows are melted, stirring constantly. Let cool at room temperature for about 1 hour. Fold in half the whipped cream—pour into shell and decorate with remaining whipped cream.

If you want to use up your pumpkin seeds you can roast them and then cook them in butter. They are really delicious.

Rosalind Greenwood, Prep.

### WINTER

### CHRISTMAS

C is for carols so sweetly sung,
H is for heavens where bells are rung,
R is for reindeer that pull the sleigh.
I is for ice that covers the way,
S is for star, shining so bright,
T is for travellers, walking to light,
M is for manger where Jesus quietly sleeps,
A is for animals that gather to peep,
S is for Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Jennifer Sheppard, Prep.

### A WINTER'S EVENING

The evening is damp, haunted with a smokey-flavoured atmosphere, and a damp, drifting layer of smog. The sky is grey and patchy, and the earth returns its call of colours. Even the trees seem greyish brown; all is sombre and dull. The wind kicks up the litter with a feeble gust and then lets it drop—its movements are slow and lethargic. The leaves on the grass beneath their living mother rustle and turn in their musty graves, revealing their slimy underneaths, covered with furry mould.

A few people hurry home through the dark, unwelcoming streets, glancing suspiciously into every nook and cranny, as if they were afraid of some lurking danger waiting to pounce out on them. The rows of houses look as if their occupants were in hibernation, sleeping, drugged, through the Winter months. A solitary, scraggy tom-cat wanders along the grimy pavement, torn and battered from endless fights. An outside tap drips solemnly and continuously, into a rusty tin can underneath it, with a steady "t-plink, t-plink, t-pl

There is a wafting smell, rising from the damp layer of leaves and rubbish, and circulating through the lonely streets. The evening is cold in manner and in feeling, oblivious to joy and merriment, far away from the idea of comfort and homeliness. A typical Winter's evening, leading from the golden heart of Autumn, to the stony grasp of Winter.

Pippa Considine, IIIC

### THE WINTER SEASHORE

As I go for a brisk stroll along the seashore, with my hands tightly tucked in my pockets, I gaze upwards and see the soaring, white, chalk cliffs that tower above me. They are old and gradually crumbling, but have been standing there for many years; now they are weather-beaten, but still useful. My quick eye sees the herring gulls soar and one by one they swoop into a crevice in the chalk. There, they keep their nests, where soon, eggs will be laid in the shelter of the rock. Below the nesting seagulls are other sights to see—the rock pools.

Full of curiosity I make my way to them, carefully treading on the slippery rocks to a large pool, and crouch down, eager to see the comings and goings in such a small environment. A few seconds later, several bubbles rise to the surface of the water from the side of a rock, covered with tiny, white barnacles. As I peer into the dark, gloomy water and lift up the nearby stone a red crab emerges. At the bottom of the pool lie tiny coloured stones and delicate, speckled shells. There is also a misty, green piece of glass that has been smoothed by the salt water, and as I dislodge it with my cold, numb finger, a tiny camouflaged crab approaches. As it moves sideways its pincers stir up the sand and the once clear water becomes dirty and opaque. I touch the tiny creature with my finger and its pincers attempt to grab me, its feelers sway to and fro and its alert, round black eyes are totally aware of me-its enemy!

Karen Bowerman, IIE

### A WINTER SCENE

Softly and silently they float Down to earth, like messengers From an alien land, their Form as perfect diamonds cut Glinting and sparkling in the Morning light. 'Till earth is Covered and rocky crags are Softened with snow's clinging guilt, The trees assume new majesty, Their boughs clothed in rosy Ermine as the sun awakes. The world is silent, breathless With this wonder newly come. Sharp icicles hang suspended In the frosty air, pointing earthward With their jagged spikes. I watch Unnoticed from warmth of fire Inside, this grand and cruel scene Forever burning in my mind.

Sarah Reade, IIE



### AN ARMCHAIR, A WARM FIRE AND A BOOK

I stirred sleepily. What was it that great Aunt Emma had told me? Ah yes,

"An armchair, a warm fire and a book, my dear, very dangerous things you know. Some day I'll tell you . . ." She never did tell me, for the next day she died of a stroke, and was buried at Fyllington Church, in whose village she had always lived.

Ten years later, I visited her grave, and was surprised to find it in an obscure corner next to a rowan tree.

"Rowan?" I mused. 'The only tree that witches were afraid of, wasn't it? How strange, perhaps that was what she wanted."

I sat up with a start. The fire had died down, and my book had—I fumbled around for it—disappeared. How silly, I thought, and began to hunt for it. It was dark outside, and cold too. There was no wind, only a sharp frostiness, which obviously predicted snow. Even as I watched, a few flakes had started to drift down.

"Stupid house ... no electricity and certainly no central heating ... rates are far too high," I thought, as I tripped over a footstool. However, it was no use, my book had completely vanished. Anyway, it was only an old one of great-Aunt Emma's, and she couldn't miss it; she had been dead for ten years.

I lighted the oil-lamp, and as the steady, reassuring glow spread through the room, I wondered where my book could have gone. Perhaps there was a poltergeist in the house, perhaps . . . I shivered and noticed that the fire had practically extinguished itself. Since I had begun to live in my great-aunt's cottage, I had had tremendous problems with the central heating. I had engaged an architect, but he had taken one look and said,

"No, madam, this cottage is far too old to have central heating put in it. The walls are solid, but it would cost quite a bit to rebuild them after putting the pipes in. Good chimneys though, you'll have to make do with fires this winter!"

I recalled the conversation as I re-made the fire. As I raked away the ashes, I found a torn page, and when I read it, I knew at once that it was a page out of my book.

'As the steady tramp of the 4th cohort under Marcus Publius drew nearer, the people set fire to their houses and ran for shelter in the hills. One of them Emmus—' and here the rest had been burnt. I was frightened. I knew now that somebody else was in the house. It was then that I smelt the smoke, and saw the fumes oozing up from under the door. It was then that I heard the steady tramp of feet drawing nearer. There was a curse on the house! A curse! Quickly I ran to the door, and opened it. I stepped outside and the air was tinged with smoke and instead of snowflakes, ashes were falling gently to the ground. There had never been snowflakes, it had been ashes all the time.

I glanced up and saw a figure inside. There were no flames, only the gentle fall of ashes, and the smell of smoke. The feet—where were they? The only thing visible was the figure, and it was coming towards me. I tried to move back, but the ashes were clinging to me, in my hair, my eyes, everywhere. The smoke obscured everything except the figure, and the figure was coming towards me. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them, I found that I was holding something. It was a small envelope, faded, with the name 'Emma Fothergill' on the front. I opened it, but I could not see, so I folded it up again, and looked towards the house.

All was calm and still, and the moon sailed out from behind the clouds and shone peacefully down.

I found the oil lamp already lighted and so I read the contents inside.

'I am not an evil witch. A curse was laid on this house, and I am here to undo it. People believe that I laid the curse but it is not so, and to prove it, I have ordered that when I die, I shall be buried by the rowan tree in the churchyard. The book 'Roman Conquests' is to be disposed of soon after I am gone.'

It was the book I had been reading, and great-aunt Emma had come back to burn it.

Catharine Snow, IIIC

### THE END OF THE DAY

Behind the chimneys of factories and workhouses, the sun goes down through a yellow, smoky haze. It is hardly visible now that a thin sheet of rain has begun to fall, stirring the dust and grime on walls and houses. The rain brings forth a dank and musty stench attracting rodents like rats and 'town mice' to come into the streets and to search furtively for scraps of food that the workmen may have dropped.

The alley cats come out from their daytime haunts and scrounge in and out of rubbish dumps and piles of leaves, looking, in their turn, for food. The rats have found their food and begin to devour it in the seclusion of the damp heavy leaves and twigs of manure heaps.

A very slight, but chill wind carries the dry leaves from one plot to another on the allotments behind the blackened terraced houses. The sheds are deserted; the gardeners have dug their plots and the soil is ready for sowing the next day.

The silver meat-pie trays of tin foil, jangle and clink in the soft breeze, having absolutely no effect on the well-trained sparrows of the town. They peck and nibble ends of the upturned roots fearlessly.

The local beggar-man with his old hat, and tattered boots and worn out trousers tied with string, plods through the park. Sometimes he rests on the bench to fondle his dear old Jock's ears. Then he gets to his feet, the shabby spaniel lolloping after him. He finds a neglected Evening Gazette in the leafless hedgerow and takes it, careful so as not to tear it, and sits down on another bench to read what's happening in a world he has very little knowledge of. Finally his head droops, Jock sits down under the bench and, as night falls on a silent town, dog and master go to sleep to dream of many beautiful and wondrous things.

Lucy Morton, IIIC

### A FROSTY TIME OF YEAR

One cold, frosty night, the wind was howling, rattling windows, while the morning was dawning, and the night was fading away. And oh! what fun it was, skating on iced-up ponds, and whizzing down hills on my sleigh.

### **CHRISTMAS**

C is for Christ who started it all
H is for Heralds who would call
R is for Reindeer who stamp on the roof
I is for the lcy Hoof.
S is for the Star that shone
T is for Tinsel that is strung along
M is for Mary who bore the babe
A is for Angels who good tidings bade
S is for Saviour who was born at this time.

Philippa Wooderson, Prep.

### SPRING

### SIGNS OF SPRING

The warmth of the sunlight on the grass
The hedgehog snuffles in the leaves of Autumn
Of the now budding tree
Where the cuckoo calls
A morning of spring
The call of the cuckoo
Awakes the drooping snowdrop.
The dull-looking crocus lifts up his head
And a chorus of morning birds sing to them
A morning of spring
The cold winter nights have melted away
The snowman has dropped his head

The children go singing and dancing

A lovely morning of spring.

Susannah Avlin, IY

### SEEN ON A COUNTRY WALK IN SPRING

The buds were already growing on the trees: the 'sticky bud' of the horse chestnut, the long, pointed and black bud of the ash. Some leaves on many of the trees were already growing. The privet hedge had kept its leaves, which were shiny and thick, and they were glinting as the sun shone on them. The daffodils were peeping their heads out, as yellow as the bright sun. Many trees were still bare, many damaged by the winter frosts and gales. Buttercups and daisies were waking up from the long, hard winter, and also celandines. There was a heavy dew on the ground—the frosts had almost worn off. The sun glistened through the trees and cast long dark shadows in the early morning. The faint rustle of leaves, and the gentle sway of the branches, reminded me once more that Spring had come at last.

As I climbed a small hill, I heard very distant traffic along a small minor road. The beat of a train along the track echoed from a valley. I could see the horizon of the sea as I mounted the peak of a hill, with fishing boats scattered across it. The view was tremendous—hills and valleys, vales and rivers, cottages and farms dotted on the scene.

A flock of wild geese flew over, their beating wings breaking the silence, and their soft gaggle to each other could be heard. Their 'v' shaped line passed over quickly, soon to be seen going into the distance. A collection of birds scattered in front of me; I must have disturbed them from the hedge. They flew down in a nearby field and became quiet again.

The shot of a gun startled me; not far away two birds flew up. I recognised them to be a brace of pheasants. The lane had now changed into a track, winding down the hill-side. I

crossed a fast-flowing river by a neat wooden bridge. The sound like the hissing of geese sounded until it flowed into a small lake. I could hear the splash of fishes, jumping for food. The surface was slightly rippled. Trees and bushes surrounded the lake, making it excellent for fishing.

Suddenly the clatter of horses' hooves could be heard around the bend of the lane, the barking of hounds, and the sound of a bugle—a hunt was passing by. The horses' ears were all pricked forward, and their coats wet with perspiration. They were panting hard from all the galloping. As I walked on, the noise of the hunt died down, and it became silent again.

Sarah Reade, IIE

### THE SOUTH DOWNS

I love the soft and winding downs, which lie just beyond our old house and conceal human feelings, to share with lonely human visitors, who are scarce amongst this mass of rolling hillsides. I love this sort of countryside because I have lived by these hills for twelve years of my short life, and their bold shape has grown upon me. Sometimes I look upon them in the gloom of Winter dusk, and they appear foreboding and almost eerie; at other times they appear to glow with radiance and love, and animals make their banks look alive.

When my best friend's mother died, when I was nine years of age, my father took me up onto the downs to 'blow my cobwebs away.' They did not succeed in their task, but I still love them for their failure, because they seemed to shelter me from other fates, worse than that of another's death. I love to climb these hills and stand upon the top, only to be blown down by the strong winds. And when I speak or cry out to myself, the winds pick up my voice and carry it away; it almost seems as if I never spoke. The loneliness on these fine hills is extravagantly distributed, and leaves one with a feeling of utter calm and godliness.

I sometimes lie upon my back on the summit of the downs, where the long, wet strands of grass tickle my nose and make me chuckle. I let the numerous feelings, the loneliness, the spookiness, the calmness, and the solitude of the whole place soak into me. Often I fall asleep and dream of lovely walks upon the place where I lie; or I just look at the heavens and let my imagination wander over the puffy clouds and far away beyond the stars.



Rosalind Greenwood, Prep

The colours of the downs are not very striking, in fact they are very plain, but they represent nature in its truest form and therefore should be praised. I often walk along the top of these hills searching for stone-age flints and fossils; each stone holds an intriguing story of thousands of years back. Just to think that millions of years ago, the downs were covered by the sea and no living land creature was to be seen. I have an interest in stones and so the downs hold many glorious afternoons spent rummaging amongst the black and white flints, hoping for a find.

I remember many winters when I have taken a sledge up the steep and bumpy hill and skidded on the way; when I reach the top, I jump on and go hurtling down the slopes.

crying out with enthusiasm!

But the thing I love most about the downs must be the long and light-hearted walks that they hold. I used to spend my Christmas Days and Boxing Days walking over the downs with all the relations we had invited for Christmas. Although the scenery is greatly repetitive, the strong wind and serene atmosphere is beautiful and I would give anything to be an animal upon these hills and to enjoy the downs continuously for evermore.

Pippa Considine, IIIC

### GABON-WEST AFRICA

Last year, during the summer, I went on holiday for a month to Gabon, West Africa. My aunty, who works out there, had just had a baby and I volunteered to go to Gabon to help her out.

After having obtained my visa and inoculations against smallpox, typhoid, yellow fever and malaria, I found myself vacillating as to whether or not I had made too rash a decision.

I had three flights to Gabon, firstly from Gatwick Airport to Charles de Gaulle Airport, Paris, secondly Paris to Libreville Airport (the capital city of Gabon) and finally, an internal flight from Libreville to Port Gentil (where my aunty lives). I had been travelling for twelve hours altogether and I found myself in a strange country, speaking French, a language completely different from my own, It was all very unnatural.

It took me approximately a week to become acclimatised. Although it was humid there, the sky was permanently overcast, as Gabon, being on the equator, had a different

season from that at home, which was winter.

While I was in Port Gentil, which is the second largest city with fifty thousand inhabitants, I met a particular couple, very good friends of my aunty, who were timber foresters called Gerard and Janine Marsot. They gave me an opportunity which was not to be missed and which turned out to be an experience of a lifetime.

I spent nine days with Gerard and Janine going on hunting expeditions through the Gabonese jungles and shark-infested waters. I saw everything one could possibly see to do with forestry from the choosing of the tree, right down to the making of plywood. One just cannot imagine the gigantic size of these trees, whose width can often be well over two metres.

As Janine is the wife of the 'white boss' she has to visit all the families of the employees to make sure they are not starving, and issue medicine or give medical aid to the employees. Janine took me on one of her weekly visits to an African village where the people live in one-roomed huts made of tree branches with banana leaf roofs.

Whilst visiting a male employee, who had injured himself and had just returned from hospital, I spotted a little girl of about ten years old behind him. I naturally assumed it was his daughter; however, he then informed us proudly that it was his third wife and that he had put down his deposit on her, but would not pay the full dowry until she was fourteen and he had claimed her. I found it incredibly hard to believe that wife-buying still went on in this democratic world.

Also whilst I stayed with Gerard and Janine we drove for four hours, through jungle to Lambarene, where I think that most people know is the hospital of Albert Schweitzer. The trip was exciting in itself, but what made it more special was the person who showed me around. Miss Jones, an English nurse from Southampton, who had known Albert Schweitzer very well. She had received the call from God and cycled from England to Lambarene in 1942. When she arrived at the hospital on Christmas Day, Schweitzer was handing out the presents to the native children and looked up at her and said "Livingstone, I presume!" The name seemed to stick. It was extremely interesting to talk to someone who knew him. Showing me around the hospital Miss Jones told me of her specialist medical subjects, namely psychiatry and the elimination of Mal-Hansen disease, formerly known as 'leprosy.' I even chatted to victims of the disease and they seemed so happy and content, yet the bodies of most of them were deformed.

Although I had a super holiday altogether, this part really meant something special to me. I think it was because I saw true Africa and not just a Westernised, oil-producing country.

Fay Ainscough, VK

### **AFRICAN SUNSET**

Over the dry, barren land a few rays of sunlight cast their beams. All is still, except for a faint breeze which whispers among the leaves.

Herdsmen return to their kraals with large packs on their heads. Now and then a baby cries as the women walk, straight-backed, through the dimming light.

At the waterhole, the crocodile lethargically wades to the bank. Among the foliage, shiny eyes dart this way and that.

An impala timidly goes to drink followed by a warthog, lolling and snorting in the mud. From somewhere comes the dull drone of an aeroplane, getting louder and LOUDER! Peace is shattered— All that can be seen are a few stars glowing in the gloom.

Ruth Wood, IVG

### **NEW BUILDINGS**

It was a beautiful field; rows of crisp, radiant plants quivered as the wind whispered in their many ears; bright, blushing petals joined by a clasping black centre.

A dappled grey-blue pony pulled a new black buggy. The driver was an old man with skin held loosely on the bones, large cheeks and a reddened nose. He had a soft homeliness about him. He jumped in a sprightly way off the buggy and helped his lady companion down. She too had a kind expression, and the same warm character.

Husband and wife brushed pollen from the flowers and ears from the corn to reach the summit. The air was filled with a fresh sea smell. It was perfect for their purpose and it was soon that the impressive buildings began to rise up from the golden sea of tufts of cropped corn. The buildings stood out as a landmark for fishermen not far from the shore. They were soon filled with the sound of children; what had once housed corn now housed a school.

Lilian Cooper, IVG

### ANOTHER NIGHT, ANOTHER DAY

Swiftly but slowly, the waters flow. Gently but lonely, the waters glow. Slowly, slowly: The sun sets, out in the West. Sleepily the waters flow. In the brightly coloured glow. The sun fades out: And suddenly, the lights put out, Half the world is quiet and still, Except for an owl making a kill. Then the owl is tired and rests. Dawn is breaking, The sun is waking. To start another day. The cock cries And we open our eyes We start another day.

Brigid Cooper, li

### WORD PICTURES by IIIC

### NOISES OF THE WORLD

The tick of a watch, the bark of a dog.
The crunch of a biscuit, the hiss of a log,
The rustle of paper, the neigh of a horse,
The crackle of thunder going round with force,
The laughter of children, the hoot of an owl,
The buzz of a bee, the dog with his growl,
The screech of a pen, the slam of a door,
The echo of footsteps on the floor.

Neroli Barnes, Prep.

### THE SNOWDROP

The Pearl of the Winter, Hidden beneath the snow, Peeping at the world outside.

Pippa Considine

### LIGHT

The sun shot gold through The bright and silvery clouds Like scattered rainbows.

Lucy Morton

### GARDENING

The gardener stabs the earth And the robin watches nearby— Perched on the fence.

Amanda Vokins



### STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

Running from the rail to the scroll, Four strings stretch over a bridge, A bow without arrows is drawn.

Ann Trustrum

### THE STARS

They are timeless and serene, As they rule the heavens above. They wink to each other, Sharing the secrets of the world.

Jackie Buck

### MY SHADOW

Moving with me everywhere It follows tied to my feet Then it is gone, so has the sun.

Alison Back

### THE WIND

The wind: bitter and hard, Unseen, only whispering heard. Its effect—devastation.

Jennifer Grimes

### A RAIN STORM

The skies tear open, Rain falls in torrents— Again the sun shines.

Caroline Searle

### NOISE

The bark of a dog, The purr of a cat, The slam of a door, The flap of a mat, I like noise.

A ring at the steeple, Where the bell stands, The cry of the people, Clapping their hands, I like noise. The quack of the ducks, The moo of a cow, The squeak of a mouse, The snort of a sow, I like noise.

The neigh of a horse, The snort of a pig, The world is alive, It is dancing a jig, I like noise.

Eliza Dickie, Prep.

### PLEASANT PEOPLE

My patience was exhausted when one day, after school was over, someone came up to me and said, "Don't you think this picture is pleasant?", shoving a magazine under my nose. I had had a hard day from the start and my senses were tired enough to react to a statement that annoyed me. Usually I can control myself and smile politely, but this time I really vented all my frustrations on the innocent girl who was trying to cheer me up, and once I had started, to stop myself needed more energy than to go on, so I over-reacted and "let it all out."

So I was sitting down on the floor when this girl came up to me and asked the question, showing me a picture of about six houses, all built the same but painted in different pastel colours. In front of the house stood a middle class businessman smiling fondly at his middle class wife. At their feet were two middle class little boys on blue scooters, smiling at their parents.

"Is this anyone you know?" I asked politely.

"No," she answered me.

"Good," I said, "I'll tell you what I think of this picture. It is too pleasant, too fond. I hate pleasantness. It is so unrewarding, so unemotional. People who accept are pleasant. It is so superficial to accept something and to be pleasant. Pleasantness is for people who want the easy way out of life. Pleasant people are those who take you at face value and accept you. You can never talk to pleasant people. They will just say 'yes' to your views without agreeing or disagreeing. Pleasant people are just like the houses in the background. They are all the same, hiding under different faces. You can't tell them when you are close to them but from far away, they stick out like a sore thumb! And when you enter a house or speak to a person, straightaway you know they are 'pleasant.' Pleasant people are always 'hungry' not 'starving,' or 'famished.' They are 'tired' not 'deadbeat.' They are 'fond' never 'madly in love.' Pleasant people become 'slightly disturbed,' never 'roaring angry.

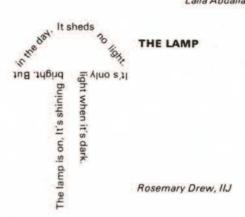
Pleasant people marry other pleasant people and produce pleasant children who get pleasant grades at school, go on to a pleasant job, find their pleasant mate and then, having fulfilled their main ambition, work, grow old and prepare to die. Pleasant people 'dislike' and never hate, they always rhyme and never clash. All in all pleasant, fond people make

I was, of course, over-reacting and just letting out all my frustrations and when I had finished I felt much better. I

smiled at my friend who was holding the magazine close to her as if defending herself and was slowly drawing away.

"All you had to do was to tell me that you didn't like it and I would have gone away," she said.

Laila Abdalla, Vv



### MEMORIES FROM MY CHILDHOOD

The school room was noisy. Several little boys and girls jumped and skipped to other desks, shouting at the top of their voices like chickens squawking. I was sitting quietly in my desk looking round the room. As yet, I had made no friends; the class were too rowdy to notice me. How I hated going to play-school! I had never done anything like this before in my previous living years. I had been looking forward to this day—until it came! I had to leave my mother—journey in the car five miles—and then be turfed out into a noisy room full of strange children.

While I was day-dreaming, a little girl came up to me and tapped me on the shoulder. I did not notice this at first-I thought someone had just knocked me as she went tearing past. My eyes turned to the floor, and I saw two little feet in two neat shoes. They were red on the front by the toes, and blue on the other part. They were decorated by patterns of dots on the tip of the shoes. Then my eyes moved up; I saw a pair of white socks which were very loose. One of them had fallen down, and had crinkled around her ankle. I saw two dirty knees, that were rather small and knobbly. Then I saw a pretty dress—a pale blue background with purple and pink flowers on it. This came up to her neck. It was tied around her minute waist with a thin strip of material. I glanced at her face, which was pink and rosy. She had sweet eves, the colour of a blue iris when in flower. She smiled, and showed her teeth, which although they were white had one gap in the front. I smiled back, and then stared down at the desk. I could feel her warm eyes on me, so I looked up. and asked her name. She said in a very polite manner:

"Mary-Jane, - Mary-Jane Raeburn."

"Oh, mine's Sarah Reade." I said this in rather a shy, tender way, but I was determined to make friends with her, so I carried on;

"Are you new here?" A quick nod of the head answered this. We exchanged smiles, and she came and sat down beside me. Our conversation carried on; broken, but very determined;

"How old are you?" Mary-Jane said. I replied to her abruptly because I knew that I was younger than she.

"Oh, I'm going to be four next January." I noticed a slight lisp in her sweet voice that sounded rather like a pitiful puppy crying out to its mother. I worked out that she was only a little older than me, as my birthday was in the following October.

We had our first session of play-school together, and said politely to each other "Good-bye, see you tomorrow" when we departed. So now I had made my first friend at play-school, and I shall never forget this incident.

Sarah Reade, IIE

### CHILDHOOD

When I was only two, Mummy was driving her car along Sackville Road and she had left her purse open on the shelf. I picked up the purse and looked at the money. I was fascinated by the little coins and bigger coins. The window was slightly open and I pushed it open even more. Then I took the purse and threw the money out of the window. Mummy was just about to turn the corner when she noticed me doing this. She quickly grabbed the last five pence and stopped the car and collected all the money. She was not too cross because she knew she was like it when she was younger.

Rowena Johnson, Transition

It was my third birthday, and we were staying up at our cousins' in Shrewsbury. We decided to go to Chester Zoo. On the way there we all sang "We're going to the Zoo." When we got there we walked round and came to a bear. He had been taught to wave at people. Daddy told me he was waving just at me. At that moment it began to pour with rain so we went inside a building. In there we saw a crocodile with his nose under a fountain of water. We went upstairs and had our picnic lunch. When we were eating crisps we all heard a growling noise from below. We looked down over the barrier and saw a gorilla. By mistake I dropped a crisp; he ate it, of course, and started to bang his chest.

Julia Anderson, Transition

Pablo is a push-along donkey on wheels. I do not remember the house without him because he is older than I am. His eyes are big and round, his ears are long and floppy and his mouth is curved in a large smile. The fur is grey and he has a black tail, mane and hooves. The saddle, which is nearly worn out, is made from felt strips of many colours edged with a fringe and the red reins have bells on them.

Pablo always cheered me up when I was sad for I could always talk to him when things went wrong. He has been sat upon, pushed along, used to pull small carts and has performed as a racehorse, although he does not take the bends very well! Now he just watches what I get up to and he is rather faded and worn, but I wonder if I shall ever part with him.

Laura Garrod, Transition

My favourite toy was given to me for Christmas. It was like a Jack-in-the-box, except that it was a dog-in-a-kennel. There was an orange button on the roof. When you pressed it, the dog came out of the kennel. I liked it very much, and took it everywhere I went. One day when we were on holiday, we were in the hotel's lounge. Suddenly a little boy

came up to me and started playing with my dog in his kennel.

His parents came up and started talking to my parents. They were American, and the boy was called James. After a while he got tired of it. So he pressed the orange button, to make the dog come out, and then he pulled the dog out altogether. He had now broken my favourite toy. I was very upset, and I never forgave James for what he did.

Joanna Scott, Transition

Trunky is the name of my favourite toy. He is a large pink and white elephant. He has a curly pink trunk and large legs. He sits with his legs outstretched. He has enormous pink and white floppy ears, and big round orange eyes (which make him look rather cheeky). When I was a lot younger I used to push Trunky down the stairs, drag him along the floor and place him on the chair. I then used to sit on his legs and cuddle his trunk. Sometimes I even fell asleep on him. When my dog was a puppy she also used to sleep in between his legs. I sometimes got quite jealous. He was my favourite toy because he was so large. He is still larger than me today.

Ashley Francis, Transition

The bedroom I slept in was in a log cabin in Wales. The walls were of cedar timber, and they gave off a cedar smell. My bed was standing against one of the walls. Opposite my bed was a white dressing table with a mirror. On the floor was a brown fluffy carpet. The window was opposite the door. If you looked out of the window you were looking down a hill covered with bushes and trees. The ceiling of my bedroom sloped upwards. The curtains matched the carpet, and when they were drawn the room became very dark. There was a yellow aerial directly outside the window, and the first time I saw it, it scared me. The room was all brown, except for the white cabinets. There was an old-fashioned lamp hanging from the ceiling on a chain. There was plenty of room in the bedroom, but it was nice and snug.

Ashley Francis, Transition

### AN INTERESTING SHOP

The name of the shop is Coombes. It is a pet shop and the shop is in Baker Street. There are four different parts to the shop; the numbers are nineteen, twenty, twenty-one and twenty-two. When we moved to Brighton the shop was very small but it has grown much bigger. It is my favourite shop.

The first things you notice as soon as you walk into the shop are the smell and the noise. The smell is of animals and

the noise is of birds chirping in their cages.

There are cages and aquaria for sale. They are many different shapes, sizes and colours. The shop also sells food for all the animals in big and small-sized tins and packets of food.

At the back of the shop there are cages full of animals for sale, such as rabbits, fish and birds. The rabbits are black, white and grey; some are newly born and others a few months old. The fish are of all kinds; some are tropical fish and some are just goldfish. The birds are very noisy especially the budgerigars. On the front of the cages are notices saying "Do not poke, thank you" and "£3.00," or "Born two months ago."

Leads, collars and toys are for sale. The leads and collars are either leather or a few are plastic. There are toy balls,

mice, bells, wheels, ladders and scented string. Also dishes with "Dog" or "Good Boy" written on them are for sale.

There is a rack with books on "How to Look After Your Pets" and "Good Breeding." On the rack are books on every kind of animal for which the shop sells food.

At the back of the shop there are always great crowds of people trying to look at the animals and buying them. Most of the crowd are children looking at the animals. The rest are usually parents trying to get their children away.

There are two checkouts and a funny looking change machine, because when the lady puts your money in, the correct change comes out of a long arm. The staff wear brown overalls and they sometimes wear rubber gloves. They are very young.

Anna Hewitt, Prep.

### MY PET

I have two pets but the one I am going to tell you about is called Mandy. She is a tri-coloured cocker spaniel. This means that she is black, white and tan.

She has big doleful eyes and long ears and a little stump of a tail. When she tries to wag her tail, her whole back end waggles with it.

Although she is going to be nine years old on the ninth of October she still looks and acts like a puppy. Mandy likes to chew my toys up and to play with my Mummy's slippers, if she can get hold of them.

She is so silly that she even lets my sister's pet cat share her basket, but definitely not her food.

Like most dogs, Mandy is very greedy and when I am eating she comes and sits by me and looks up towards me with those big brown eyes of hers, until I cannot resist her any more and just have to give her a bite to eat. (Mummy tells me that I must not do this as she will get very fat, but I tell Mummy that all we have to do is to go away, because when we go on holiday, Mandy goes into kennels and always comes back home looking very thin, poor thing.)

Mummy says that Mandy is more like a human being than a dog, because when my sister and I are in bed Mandy likes to cuddle up to her. If Mummy is sitting on the settee Mandy pushes her head up through Mummy's arms so that she is cradled just like a baby and then goes to sleep.

I really and truly love Mandy because she is a very special pet.

Jennifer Sheppard, Prep.



Susan Standing, Illu

### COLOURS

What is brown?
A nut is brown growing far from town.

What is pink?

A baby is pink lying there and crying.

What is red?
An apple is red crunchy, crisp and juicy.

What is green?
The grass is green with small daisies in between.

What is blue?
The sky is blue, softly from it falls the dew.

What is white?
A swan is white sailing in the sunlight.

What is orange? Why an orange, just an orange.

Sarah Pincus, IY

### "HE IS STILL THE BEST HORSE I HAVE EVER RIDDEN"

These were the words spoken by Lester Piggott about Nijinsky, after the legendary horse of Tipperary had been beaten for the second time, in what was to be his farewell race.

Although memories are short in racing, the year of 1970 will always go down in history as the year of Nijinsky, a horse owned by American mining millionaire. Charles Engelhard, trained by the Irish maestro, Vincent O'Brien, and ridden by the greatest jockey of all time, Lester Piggott. Nijinsky captured the hearts of millions and fired our imaginations with a magic that no other horse could instil. Their story witnesses an irrepressible combination, the likes of which we may never see again. This fairy-tale had everything except a happy ending, namely two consecutive defeats which were something spectators and conquerors alike did not want to see.

Nijinsky opened his three-year-old account with a win at the Curragh. Doubts were cast aside, for this was no ordinary colt. He fully vindicated his supremacy and people's calculations by winning the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. Unlike Sir Ivor, the headstrong stable star of 1968, there was no blistering acceleration; instead Lester let Nijinsky move through the field as Vincent had instructed.

It was widely proclaimed, on breeding grounds, that Nijinsky would have his stamina limitations exposed over Epsom's one and a half mile Derby trip. Stamina is needed in plenty, especially as there is a camber from the stands side to the far rails, encouraging bred horses to roll left-handed; but that is not all. Balance and split-second acceleration are needed to avoid trouble or to take advantage of rapidly disappearing openings racing to Tattenham Corner, and most important, the innate will to win. On June 3rd, 1970, Nijinsky dispelled any lingering doubts and proved that he was the wonder horse of all time.

Nijinsky started at eleven to eight, and for the first time in his life, odds against. In the early stages Lester settled him into sixth place. Two and a half furlongs out it was the French colt Gyr who held the upper hand. But in the final furlong Lester pressed the 'go' button and there was not a

horse in the field able to match Nijinsky's turn of foot. Nijinsky won by two and a half lengths in the fastest time for thirty-four years (he was only 0.88 seconds outside the record time set by Mahmoud in 1936). The fact that he suffered an attack of colic the day before the race makes his feat even more remarkable.

Nijinsky went on to become the first horse to complete the Triple Crown since Bahram, thirty-five years beforehand. This victory put him in the public eye for the wrong reasons; the fire which had characterised his earlier displays seemed to have gone out. Nijinsky had suffered from ringworm and was covered with spots; this probably accounted for his weight loss of twenty-nine pounds.

The saddest moment in Lester's life must have been when the great Nijinsky was finally defeated on Sunday, October 2nd, in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. Nobody thought Nijinsky could be beaten, but he was clearly not himself and the hysterical crowds and photographers did nothing but jeopardise his chances.

Coming into the seemingly endless Longchamp straight, it was Sassasfras and the 1969 Derby winner, Blakeney who hit the front. Blakeney weakened and Nijinsky made his challenge alongside Sassasfras. It looked as if the horse of the century was going to retire undefeated, but Sassasfras kept pulling out a little extra.

The reasons for this defeat will be discussed for many years to come. Was it that the draw was against them? Did Lester leave the horse too much to do, or was he frightened

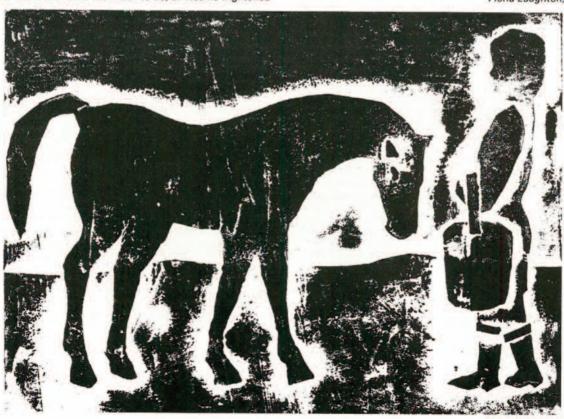
of the French stewards having him up for getting the rails? It is true to say that Sassasfras would never have beaten the 'real' Nijinsky. The ringworm and the antics of the crowds probably took more out of him than people had visualised. There have never been sadder faces witnessed in the history of the turf, than those of the people at Longchamp that day. If victory for Nijinsky had been on the cards, retirement would have been immediate. However, O'Brien and Engelhard wanted their great horse to go to stud with one more victory behind him.

The Champion Stakes was Nijinsky's thirteenth and final race. Again, the horse showed the same reactions to the big occasion, as he had done at Longchamp. As Nijinsky and Lester cruised up to the leaders, it looked as if his connections' dreams were going to be fulfilled; but in the last hundred yards it was yet another disappointment, as the brave horse battled on gamely to finish second to Lorenzaccio.

Nijinsky was syndicated for a record two and a quarter million pounds, to Kentucky. In thirteen runs, he was defeated only twice, running in a physical condition that would have deterred any other horse from even gaining a place.

The words with which this story is headed will mean more than volumes written about this racehorse. This was the greatest praising the greatest. They were truly a unique partnership.

Fiona Laughton, IVP



Elizabeth Hodgson, Illu

### IF ONLY WE COULD ALL MARRY NUNS

My uncle was always borrowing money. This had not started in youth, nor all at once, but the beastly habit grew on him nevertheless. Not being married at the time obviously helped. People tend to feel sorry for a man living alone and having to fend for himself.

He was an absolute roque who had no brains worth speaking of and who flaunted a primitive disposition. What used to annoy my father was his sensuous lingering over detail whilst asking for five pounds in order to buy a bottle of medicine which inevitably came from north of the border. A refusal brought forth tears of anguish and the snippet of information that, although he was only in his sixties, he wasn't long for this world.

It was certainly true that the doctor had warned him that if he did not stop over-eating, drinking to excess, smoking incessantly and womanising he would have an early demise. So convincing was my uncle in the distress he showed at such appalling news, the doctor gave him money for two weeks' stay at a health hydro. This he used to take a buxom lady of indeterminate age to the South of France, buying a return ticket for himself but only a single one for her. On his return he looked a new man, so much so that the doctor sent further patients along for treatment, but not one of them ever came back looking as relaxed and refreshed as he did.

My uncle feared fresh air, preferring an enclosed atmosphere and gossip, mostly of the bawdy type. He was gobbled up with all the simple pleasures of life known to mankind and some which were hardly known at all, or if known, certainly not discussed in the drawing room.

His religious convictions fitted comfortably into any religion, so few eve-brows were raised when he married a remarkably plain ex-nun. During the honeymoon he convinced her that it was wrong for such a person to have so much money and that as he was only an ordinary human being she should make everything over to him. This she did and promptly found herself living in a bed and breakfast boarding house, whilst he had an apartment in Park Lane.

From being idle and poor he became one of the idle rich and very mean into the bargain. He soon begrudged paying for his wife's board in Bermondsey, so he took her back into her own home and was so mean with the housekeeping money that he literally starved her to death with little help from the 'flu epidemic that was prevalent at the time.

My uncle's trial at the Old Bailey was spectacular. He engaged a superb Q.C. who pointed out he might have been a cad, but had committed no crime. All that he had achieved was a splendid bonus for nothing in return. After two weeks the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," and he walked away into the night a free man.

The last of the autumn leaves were crisp underfoot and the air was filled with the tang of winter. My uncle had a final weekend of love, but the traumatic, many days he had spent in custody took their toll.

The faintest trace of frost was glistening like sugar icing when he died, very rich-aged ninety-six.

Francesca Rymer, IVP

### JEANS, WELL I'LL BE DENIMMED!

Often today one hears such remarks as Teenagers are always badly dressed,' or 'young people are untidy in appearance,' and although these are admittedly generalisations, one-or rather I-cannot in all honesty discount the uncomfortable truth which lurks in all such statements.

It is true that in casual dress young people today may often look 'badly dressed' or 'untidy in appearance,' and even as a young person myself I must confess to a certain inability at times to distinguish between the sexes. Indeed, 'Unisex' clothing (which in spite of its appellation buttons-up on that side usually reserved for male apparel) is becoming more and more popular amongst the young of today. But what does it matter?

Is the meaning of life "to be 'well' dressed at all times?" Is Thou shalt not wear jeans,' the eleventh commandment? If it can be proved that people do in fact take on the mood of their appearance, I shall be the first to admit the danger of the growing tendency to sport razor blades for jewellery, and to wear heavy chains. With such a revelation just think what the sight of a 'rape whistle' could do to rape statistics in this country, and the fast growing desire of teenagers to wear 'kickers' . . . the thought is too horrible even to entertain.

However, I do not personally believe that this transference of mood from clothes to person is at all the case. It implies that without clothing, human-beings are without emotion, emotionless. Furthermore, it endows bedsheets with some kind of intrinsic passion.

Surely the truth of the matter is that one adopts the style of dress most suited to one's needs, and mood, and budget. How many parents would thank their children for cultivating an extensive but exclusive wardrobe at the cost of an expensive but equally exclusive overdraft?

As always, I hesitate to 'point the finger,' but how many years have passed since women would freeze to death (figuratively speaking) for the sake of beauty? Certainly / never wore the celebrated mini-skirt. How many utilised that ultimate female weapon, the stiletto? How many fathers, who now shudder at collar- or shoulder-length hair in young men, were yet the very same who indulged freely in the 'wet look'? How many indeed. We teenagers of today may be untidy, but at least we are not ridiculous. What-one asks-was a 'zoot-suit'?

My point?-that all young people are to a greater or lesser degree existentialists, and not surprisingly this leads to a certain conformity. But do not mistake us. Under every pink thatch of hair, and in every pair of jeans, there is what this world calls, an individual, and somewhere under every slogan-bearing tee-shirt, beats the latest hit-record . .

Jackie Jantuah, UVI

### REMEMBRANCE DAY\_

Freedom meant death for some. Sorrow for others. Although we buy poppies, The dead do not return. The injured are not healed, And the victims are not comforted. What do the poppies mean? I'm sure some have no idea, Yet we buy them and soon The sorrow dies away. The memory begins to fade, But the suffering continues.

We have freedom. How can we imagine The terrible fear of the people? No freedom. We can't imagine it, And millions don't!

Lindsey Hurst, IIIU



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### ST. MARY'S HALL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION NEWS LETTER

No. 81



March, 1980

### **Association Committee**

President and Ch	airm	an			1.			•		٠			Mrs. E. O. Leslie, M.A.	
Vice-Chairman	20	131	2					42	4		1		Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, I	).C.B., C.B.E
Vice-Presidents								*2					Mrs. Broadley (R. Elliott)	
													Miss Conrady	
													Miss Davies	
													Mrs. Conroy (U. Trott)	
													Miss A. Baron	
also the Old Girl	Gov	erno	ors	of th	he S	Sch	loo						Mrs. Broadley	
													Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, I	D.C.B., C.B.E
													Mrs. Davidson (J. Wilberford	ce)
Hon. Secretary													Mrs. Lowe (P. Burgis)	
Hon, Treasurer													The Bursar of the School	
Hon Editor													Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman)	

Also Miss M. Ellis, Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell), Miss S. Jantuah, Miss P. Poyser, Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers) and the present Head Girl of the School.

### LETTER FROM MISS CONRADY

February, 1980

Dear Friends.

Greetings for 1980. As usual I have little news of any interest to Old Girls. I was very pleased to see some of you

at the Autumn Meeting at School.

In July, I had the unexpected pleasure of spending part of a day with the former Head Mistress of St. Mary's Hall in Burlington, Mrs. Slater. Together with her husband and young grand-daughter, she was in Britain for a holiday. At her express wish she visited S.M.H. to meet Mrs. Leslie, who, with her characteristic graciousness, showed them over the new parts of the School. Their last visit to the Hall was in 1959, so much had changed since then. Mrs. Slater has kept in touch with me and with her girls from Brighton in the most wonderful way, and was able to see all but one while in this country.

I hope to see some of you at the London Meeting in May. With love and good wishes,

Doris Conrady

### **HEADMISTRESS'S LETTER**

Dear Members.

This year I have two interesting items of news for you. Firstly, we are hoping to embark on the building of a new Sixth Form block in the near future and we have already

asked for planning permission. The building is to be erected on the sloping field between the West and Middle gates and is designed to provide good Common Room facilities for day girls as well as accommodation for boarders. Unfortunately we have had to move the trees which you kindly gave us and they have been replanted in the quadrangle at the back of the main school.

Secondly, will you please note in your diaries that the first Old Girls' supper will be held in the school on Saturday, 20th September. We are all looking forward to seeing a number of Old Girls, some of you with husbands, fiancés or boyfriends, and others perhaps with parents who would also like to revisit the school. The cost will be approximately £2.50 per person and the final date for acceptance is Monday, 7th July. A cash bar will also be available. We have purposely arranged this supper before the universities reopen and I hope to see many of you who cannot get to St. Mary's Hall for the Autumn meeting which is usually held in October. I know some of you will need overnight hospitality and we shall do our best to make arrangements for this if you let us know in good time.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that your old school is still thriving and I can assure you that your support is very highly valued.

Best wishes to you all.

Yours sincerely,

E. O. Leslie

### ST. MARY'S HALL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

### Minutes of the 72nd Annual General Meeting held at the School on 5th May, 1979, at 2.30 p.m.

Present: Mrs. E. O. Leslie, M.A. in the Chair. Committee: Miss A. Baron, Mrs. Broadley (R. Elliott), Miss Conrady, Miss M. Ellis, Mrs. Lowe (P. Burgis), Miss R. Methven, Miss P. Poyser, Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E., Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman), Miss S. Hunt (Head Girl). Members: Miss I. Ashwin, Miss M. Ashwin, Miss M. E. J. Baker, Miss M. Corscaden, Mrs. Fosbery (A. Smallpiece), Miss Gilligan, Mrs. Barlow (G. Hunt), Mrs. Ogden (K. Powell), Miss O. Skene and Mrs. Smith (D. Lilley). Members of Staff: Mrs. Alford, Mrs. Best, Mrs. Channing, Miss Fabian, Miss Farmer, Mlle. Jacquot, Mr. Liddell, Miss Orme, Miss Payne and Mrs. Sandy. Also three members of the school joined in for tea—Bimpe Akinsete, Nathalie Lowe and Moji Olawoye.

The Meeting opened with Prayers and Remembrance of those who had died since the last meeting: Mrs. Burwell (M. Stanham), Mrs. Caswell (W. Banks), Mrs. Ellis (A. Gordon), Miss G. Geary, Miss W. Kingdon-Ward, Mrs. MacFarlane (A. Rawson), Mrs. Ponder (V. Bonnaire), Mrs. Massingberd-Mundy (B. Gibson), Miss L. Raynor, Miss Langdale Smith (E. Snowdon Smith), Miss M. I. Thompson and the Rt. Rev. Russell Berridge White, Bishop of Tonbridge.

### Minutes

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

### **Apologies**

Apologies were received from Miss Davies, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Ferguson, Miss S. Gasston and Mrs. Scully.

A Vote of Thanks was passed to Mrs. Ferguson (R. Powell), the retiring Secretary, for all the hard work she had done for the Association. The Chairman said that a busy year lay ahead of her because of family celebrations and her husband's business commitments. All members wished her well and looked forward to seeing her again in due course.

### Chairman's Remarks and Report on the School

This had been a successful year for the School and Mrs. Leslie welcomed a Conservative Government which she felt would be favourable to private education. There had been good results in 'O' Levels and excellent 'A' Level results. One girl had obtained a Nuffield Scholarship to Oxford to read Medicine and another had obtained a place at Cambridge where she would read Mediaeval and Modern Languages. Other girls had also gone to University or to Polytechnics or on to other forms of Further Education.

The Chairman thanked all those who had contributed to make the Christmas Fair a great success. Over £2,000 had been raised.

### Vice-Presidents' Report

Mrs. Broadley spoke on behalf of the Vice-Presidents and explained that the Governors of the School had had a satisfactory year with a new constitution and that everything was working well. Her cousin, Charles Elliott, for many years Chairman of the Board of Governors and more recently a member of the Governing Body, had retired and his son, Timothy, had joined the Board. Timothy was a master at Bedford School and was already proving to be a useful

member of the Board. Mrs. Broadley congratulated Mrs. Leslie on the very smooth running of the School.

Mrs. Leslie thanked Mrs. Broadley and gave credit to Miss Payne who was present as well as to other members of staff.

### **Election of Officers**

Mrs. Leslie thanked Miss Gilligan for the very valuable work she had done for the Association as Hon. Treasurer. Due to ill-health Miss R. Methven was unable to take on this work and, after discussion, it was proposed by Miss Conrady and seconded by Miss Baron that the Bursar, Mr. Martin and/or Mrs. Munn be invited to undertake the work of Treasurer. This was unanimously agreed.

It was proposed by Miss Methven and seconded by Dame Mildred Riddelsdell that Mrs. Lowe (P. Burgis) should be appointed as Hon. Secretary. This was agreed by all present and Mrs. Lowe accepted.

### **Election of Committee**

Miss Gilligan and Mrs. Bearn (F. Moojen) having resigned and Miss E. Tooms being no longer eligible for reelection, it was proposed by Mrs. Lowe and seconded by Miss Methven that Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell) and Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers) be elected to the Committee. This was unanimously agreed.

### Vice-President

It was unanimously agreed that Miss A. Baron become a Vice-President. She had been a loyal supporter of the Association since leaving School and had acted as Hon. Editor of the Newsletter for many years.

### **Dates of Meetings**

The Chairman pointed out that, since the first Saturday in May had become a public holiday, it was no longer suitable for the A.G.M. After discussion, it was unanimously agreed that the first Saturday in May after the holiday would be the one on which the A.G.M.s would be held in future. Therefore, the next A.G.M. would be held on 10th May, 1980, at the Y.W.C.A. in London.

### **Buffet Supper**

The subject of a Buffet Supper was discussed and it was felt that this might be held instead of the Autumn Meeting in 1980. Miss Orme might help in the organisation. The matter was left to be discussed further at the Autumn Meeting 1979.

### **Sports Association**

The formation of a Sports Association for Old Girls was discussed, but it was found that it would not be possible to use the Swimming Pool in this connection. However, the tennis courts could be available.

### **Change of Constitution**

Mrs. Tinto explained the proposed change of the Constitution of the Association under 7(6). It was felt that the terms of service of Committee Members were too short and that members should be able to serve for a period of three years (instead of two as at present) being eligible for re-election for a further period of three years; at the end of

continued on next page

### ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION STATEMENT OF ASSETS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1979

	1979	1978
Deposit Account Central Board of Finance of the Church of England	£3893.71	£3473.21
Central Board of Finance Shares (238 Shares of 50p, £254.90 at 31.8.1971)	119.00	119.00
Barclays Bank—Deposit Account	34.77	66.36
Current Account	207.03	283.66
Cash	15.08	56.93
Less Assets at 31.12.1978	4269.59	3999.16
Less Assets at 31.12.1976	3999.16	
	£270.43	
	1270.43	

### **INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, 1979**

Income	1979	1978	Expenditure	1979	1978
Interest C.B. of F. Deposit Account	420.50	377.65	Newsletter	360.00	318.50
Interest Shares Account	17.28	16.28	Postage and Stationery	88.46	96.41
Interest Bank Deposit Account	18.41	.98	Hire of Hall for A.G.M		36.45
Subscriptions	226.70	151.32	Printing	_	114.70
Donations		32.00	Donations		10.00
Miscellaneous Receipts		5.70	Bank Charges	_	2.81
Bazaar Stall	_	138.08	Excess of Income over Expenditure	270.43	419.14
Bazaar Donations		276.00	The state of the s	-	
				£718.89	£998.01
	£718.89	£998.01			_
				M. D. MA	ARTIN,
			Bu	rsar, St. M	lary's Hall

### **AUTUMN MEETING**

The Autumn Meeting was held at the Hall on 6th October, 1979, when the following members attended: Paula Ashley (Atkins), Audrey Baron, Frances Bearn (Moojen), Jane Burditt, Margaret Charters (Outram) with two small sons, Miss Conrady and her sister, Moira Corscaden, Jennifer Davie (Booth), Gay Fawcett (Gosnell), Miss Gilligan, Phyllis Poyser, Lamorna Pritchett (Pike) with her daughter Clare, Pat Sanders (Chaping), Mrs. Peckham (Miss Foster), Mary Scully (Chalmers), Olive Skene, Joyce

Tinto (Colman), and Anne Valentine (Bethell) with her two daughters. Miss Payne and Mr. Liddell also came.

Apologies were received from Dame Mildred Riddelsdell.

Apologies were received from Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, Mrs. Broadley (R. Elliott) and Mrs. Lowe (P. Burgis).

The Chairman, Mrs. Leslie, opened the meeting with a warm welcome to all those present and reported briefly on the School's University prospects. She also said that two beautiful trees had been planted in memory of Miss E. M. Smith and it was agreed that a plaque be erected to record this fact. Miss Coombs had left £500 to the School to be used to help with a girl's education. Mrs. Leslie told the meeting that the Mini-bus had been ordered but that there would be a delay in delivery.

The Chairman then put forward for discussion the suggestion that a Buffet Supper be held at the Hall next year to replace the Autumn Meeting, with September 22nd, 1980 as a tentative date. The School would provide the food at a reasonable cost, which would be covered by the sale of tickets. A Bar Licence would be applied for and Mrs. Leslie undertook to advertise the proposal with a view to finding out how much support would be given by old girls. A Committee would have to be formed and further discussion would take place at the A.G.M.

The Members then adjourned to the Drawing-room where they enjoyed a delicious tea and much animated conversation, being joined by several members of the Staff, including Mrs. Best, Miss Farmer, Miss Orme and Mrs. Sandy.

continued from page 29

this six-year period, a member would not be eligible for election for one year.

This amendment was unanimously approved.

### Christmas Fair

Dame Mildred Riddelsdell proposed and Mrs. Broadley seconded that the proceeds for the Old Girls' Stall at the Christmas Fair be used as follows:—

- (a) Two trees be bought and planted in the School grounds in memory of Miss E. M. Smith.
- (b) The balance of the money be donated to the School in order to purchase a mini-bus.

These proposals were unanimously approved.

At the end of the meeting Miss Conrady thanked Mrs. Leslie for her kind hospitality.

### MORE MEMORIES OF 60 YEARS AGO

Following last year's "Memories of 60 Years Ago," Margaret Maley has been prompted to send some of her own.

"I remember arriving at S.M.H. one January day in 1918 in a horse-cab from the station accompanied by my father and my trunk, the poor horse climbing up the slope to the front terrace. On being ushered into her study Miss Ghey's first words were "Oh, your hair is quite a surprise to me." She was in for more surprises that day, as there were three red-headed girls arriving for the first time—Violet Podmore, Mary Wall and myself!

"Another memory is of Miss Ghey's Persian cat, Bumble, who was missing for six months. One day, the Head was in the Hall, rehearsing some of us for a play, when Miss Galton came rushing in and, without an 'excuse me,' almost shouted "Bumble has come back." Then, also without an 'excuse me,' Miss Ghey rushed out of the Hall after Miss Galton, which was about the only time when I saw the Head lose her calm! After that we had to write a composition on where we thought Bumble had spent those six months.

"That must have been part of my training as a journalist with a good imagination as, in spite of not being amongst the star turns at School, I managed a pretty successful career in Fleet Street, retiring in 1965, partly because of the exhausting life and partly because of the care of ageing parents; my father died at 93 and my mother at 102, only six years ago."

Irene Ashwin writes about her grandmother, Mary Anne Stammers, who was one of the earliest pupils at the Hall in the late 1840s. She was married at the age of 21 in 1855 to the Rev. Forster Ashwin and the couple then set sail for Australia.

The voyage took three months by the route round Cape Horn. There was a mutiny on board and the following are extracts from Mary Anne Ashwin's journal and first long letter written on arrival at Sydney.

"... the Captain gave pistols to the gentlemen ... My beloved husband gave his to someone else; he said he could not have fired unless they had entered our cabin and offered some violence to me. We have had a snatch of sweet converse; it may be our last ... But when sad thoughts cross my mind and the idea comes that my beloved husband may be sacrificed to their vengeance and I left alone with that lawless crew or that we both may be slaughtered and you (her family) left in ignorance of our fate, my heart sinks very low."

But Mary Anne prayed continually and the mutiny was eventually quelled without loss of life. She also wrote:

"On Easter Day, the rain came down, not such as you see in England, but in bucketsful. The awning over the poop became so full of water that they let ducks out of the coops and poured water over them."

"Today has been the hottest; and I have worn my lilac print and white petticoat and a white skirt instead of a flannel petticoat: that is the only difference I have made to my usual summer apparel."

The Ashwins were in Sydney for about two years and then went to Kiama. Three of her four brothers and her only

sister died of tuberculosis in their teens, two of them whilst she was in Australia and the family thought that the good air there must have saved her. After seven years in Australia they returned to England at her parents' request. By this time they had three small children: the eldest, a son, had died in infancy, an enduring sorrow to the mother.

The Rev. Forster Ashwin became vicar of Quadring in Lincolnshire where he remained until his retirement, and the rest of his eleven children were porn there. The two daughters who went to S.M.H. were both born in Australia.

Irene Ashwin relates that her grandmother died in 1903, "two months after my birth. One of my dearest possessions is a letter she wrote to me the day following my birth, which begins 'Dear Miss Baby.' I was her first granddaughter."

### **NEWS OF OLD GIRLS**

- Mrs. Brack (Diana Gordon) lived in America where her daughter was born. Her husband is at present School Chaplain at Cottesmore School in Crawley. Her daughter is a widow and Diana is bringing up her children, a boy of 11 and girl of 3.
- Sara Burnet-Smith is training in Canada as a physiotherapist.
- Nicky Blyth recently visited South Africa where she much enjoyed herself.
- Mrs. Bruce-Smith (Sue Clements) was married last September. Amongst old girls at the wedding were Roxy Hunt, Mrs. O'Dair (Sarah Weeks), Mrs. Bailey (Anne Golding) and Mrs. Quinn (Deborah Salmon). Sue's husband is a solicitor and they are living in Coulsdon. Surrey.
- Elise and Mary Broach are enjoying their new school in California and send their good wishes to friends at the Hall
- Audrey Baron recalls that Lois Gunnery was one of her contemporaries. She also knew Mrs. Martin (Margaret Hunt) who taught music at the School and whose younger sister, Hilary Hunt (later a Head Girl), was Audrey's first School Mother in 1907.
- Mrs. Callow (Nora Burden) has retired from nursing and her husband has retired from farming.
- Belinda Clark was working in a nursery school in Guildford and was planning to be married to a film editor. She is Godmother to the son of Mrs. Collis (Mary Langmead).
- Mercy Collisson writes "nearly three years ago I was asked to write my early memories for the Bedfordshire Records by the County Archivist and, on taking them to her, she requested a complete autobiography. However, the illness of a friend of 48 years' standing, who lived in a flat in my house for over twenty years until her recent death, has made it impossible for me to finish my memoirs. I am now having a restful holiday and hope to complete the book before long. I am calling it 'October Chickens' from the old Bedfordshire saying—'Parsons' daughters are like October chickens—ain't worth rearin'.' (I am one of them)."
- Mrs. Colman (Marilyn Johnstone) has two children and has recently bought a house in Hove.
- Mrs. Cooksey (Elizabeth Harwood) leads a fairly hectic life with a small daughter and her work for a firm of Lincolns Inn solicitors for whom she does accounts at home and occasionally going to London.

Anna Cutress has completed a three-year Teacher Training Course at St. Mary's College, Cheltenham, qualifying as a P.E. teacher. She is working at Hanham High School in Bristol.

Madame Deschamps (Marion Bucke) is hoping to come to one of the Meetings this year. Barbara Leadbitter

stayed with her last year.

Anthea Drake was about to take up a new job at the National Heart Hospital when she wrote last and was planning a visit to Canada. She sees Mrs. Couper-Johnston (Rachel Hewitt) who is a freelance Beauty Therapist and Make-Up Artist and also Katherine White who is now Secretary to the Personnel Manager at Kenwoods in Havant and lives in Rowlands Castle.

Judy Eaton qualified as a Physiotherapist in 1978 at St.

Mary's Hospital.

**Annabel Evans** has graduated from Exeter University and is training in London as an accountant.

Angela and Caroline Feeney are now living in New Jersey and have settled down well in their new school. They send good wishes to their friends at St. Mary's Hall.

Mrs. Ferguson (Ruth Powell) has had a busy year with a

visit to Germany and another to Holland.

- Mrs. Fletcher (Kathleen Walton) lives in Canada where she and her husband are fully occupied with many charitable organisations. They have moved to a delightful house on the edge of Toronto, overlooking one of the few remaining marshes in that area. For recreation they bird watch, garden, cross-country ski and camp with a canoe. She keeps in touch with Mrs. Elliott (Marjorie Duke) and also Mrs. Brangwen (Joan Hobbins) who lives in New Zealand with her Doctor husband. They have just retired and have three married sons.
- Mrs. Foulkes (Margaret Sloggett) was married in Rottingdean church, when Philippa Leney and Terry Benjamin attended the wedding. She is working in Seaford at an Opticians as a Dispensing Assistant and would love to hear from old friends.
- Mrs. Gardiner (Penny Buck) writes "we have achieved, at last, our ambition—land of our own. My husband is managing a farm nearby and, luckily, we have been able to buy a smallholding for me to farm. It is very run-down but has great potential. We are glad to be down South again and see a lot of my mother (Sheila Buck, née Humphrys) who lives in Mayfield and is a Principal Social Worker in County Mental Health working for Kent Social Services.

Mrs. Gaunt (Eleanor Birks) is now living near Sedbergh.
Her husband retired from Bristol University and they moved North, as they are both Yorkshire people.

Mrs. Gillmore (Jane Bayly) and her husband have sold Higher Brownstone Farm, Kingswear, which has belonged to her family for the last twenty-five years and have moved to a smaller farm for health reasons with their three sons. Her step-sister Mrs. Gresty (Mariota Fardell) is in Djakarta where her husband works for Shell and her other step-sister, Mrs. Foote (Marion Fardell) lives in Bulawayo, Rhodesia, where her husband is a consultant gynaecologist. Jane has seen Rosemary Wilton and says that she is much as we all remember her, full of laughs. She works for the B.B.C.

Gillian Green is a student nurse at Guys Hospital and hopes

to go abroad when trained.

Dorothy Gumbrell is married with two children.

Mrs. Hamer (Jennifer Roberts) has an eight-year-old son and has just completed four years at Sittingbourne College of Education where she gained her B.Ed. Degree Second Class Honours. She has a post teaching geography at a secondary school in Maidstone.

Mary Hennock has just completed her second year at New

Hall, Cambridge, and is reading English.

Mrs. Hipkin (Lucy Morton) keeps in touch with several old girls including Helen Coles and Olive Skene, both of whom visited her last year. She also kept up a correspondence with the late Miss Peebles who wrote lengthy and most interesting letters with descriptions of her many foreign travels to places including Turkey, every country in Europe except Russia, Spain and Portugal, and North Africa.

Susan James qualified as a physiotherapist in December, 1978 at St. Mary's Hospital.

Betty Kettlewell writes that she has now retired.

Elizabeth Leviseur has become engaged to Christopher

Sayer.

Shuk-Tak-Liang attended McGill University, Canada, and obtained a Bachelor of Science degree with Honours in Biochemistry. She then studied medicine and specialised in obstetrics and gynaecology. She has become a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Canada and is a Clinical Fellow in McMaster University. She has a niece whom she hopes will one day come to the Hall.

Mrs. Luckly (Elaine Johnstone) wrote that "in common with all French people, I escaped Paris with the children and returned to Hove for the month of August." She saw Mrs. Irving (Cherry Westerman), Mrs. White (Janet Mileham) and Mrs. Ogden (Jane Snelling) who lives in a lovely old cottage in Shoreham. Jane's cousin Mrs. French (Rosemary Snelling) was expecting twins.

Margaret Maley was happy to re-visit the School after an absence of 58 years. She enjoyed reading the S.M.H.A. magazine, which, as an ex-Fleet Street person, she found it a very good journal. She shares her home with an

elderly cousin, Commander Monro.

Mrs. Matthews (Rosemary Nolda) was delighted to see the S.M.H. Lacrosse Team in the Spring playing in Birmingham, especially since her god-daughter. Nicola Aylin, was a member of the Team. Distance has prevented her three daughters becoming the third generation of her family at S.M.H. She has moved to Tenbury Wells and is now near to her mother, Mrs. Nolda (Joan Drury).

Valerie McEwan trained as a teacher and then did a

secretarial course.

Sarah Mont wrote last year "I have gained a 2nd Class Honours B.Ed. (Sussex), majoring in Music. I feel sure that those members of staff who struggled with me during my early school years, will be astonished to learn that my subsidiary subject was Maths! and I am grateful to them for their efforts." She gained a B.Ed. Hons. for an L.G.S.M. (piano) and has become engaged to a Canadian.

Sandra Newman is having a most interesting time at Somerville and is thoroughly enjoying the Oxford life.

Lesley Robertson has given up her teaching job in Vancouver and is taking an extended vacation for six months to tour Australia and New Zealand.

Mrs. Robins (Charity Girdlestone) has been well occupied these last few years making new banners and

copes for the Church and re-modelling ancient banners, copes and stoles.

F. Rouse has become part of Columbia Law School's class of 1982, choosing Columbia because of its connection with the "Ivy League." She says that all college graduates in the USA take Maths until they graduate and her American friends were appalled to hear that it was 14 years since she had done any. Luckily, a friend coached her and all was well.

Lucinda Sturgis graduated from York University and is working as a secretary in Paris.

Mrs. Sumner (Louisa Law), now over 80, toured Canada for six weeks with her husband and stayed with their children, grand-children and great-grand-children. They had a magnificent trip through the Rockies, as well as seeing other beautiful places.

Amanda Taylor was married to Mr. Nigel Willis in the Sultanate of Oman.

Mrs. Tordoff (Catherine Steiner) is looking forward to going back to part-time teaching when her three boys are a little older. She is still in touch with Mrs. Fifield (Gillian Synge) and Mrs. Day (Leslie Price), although distance makes visiting difficult.

Rosemary Turner wrote to say that she was starting a further education course in Drama and Education at the

University of Exeter.

Penelope Wade was invited to Buckingham Palace to receive her Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award Certificate. She is in her final year at Exeter University and is very active in the University Symphony Orchestra and also sings with the Choral Society, giving a number of public performances. She spent several weeks in the States on a 5,000 mile tour, which proved to be most exciting.

Gillian Walsh has obtained her degree and is working as a

management trainee at Courtaulds.

Megan Warner taught for seven years in East London, then spent a year on exchange in Australia, followed by seven years in Oxford. She now has an appointment as Head Teacher of St. Luke's C. of E. Primary School on the Isle of Dogs, a part of London she loves.

Mrs. Warner (Sonia Mackay) was married in 1965 and went to Assam for her teaplanter husband's last year

before retiring. They now live in Sussex.

Anne Weston went to Buckingham Palace in December, 1978 to receive her Gold Duke of Edinburgh's Award Certificate. She is now training in Personnel at the Savoy Hotel in London.

### **PUBLICATIONS BY OLD GIRLS**

"The Moral Prism" (Macmillan)—by Professor Dorothy Emmet.

"Portrait of Brittany" (Hale)-by Marion Deschamps.

### **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1980**

This will be held on Saturday, 10th May, 1980, at 2.30 p.m. in the Hampstead Room at the Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Great Russell Street, London. Please make every effort to come to meet your friends.

### **FURTHER NEWS**

Elizabeth Bordini is reading History of Art at the University of Tours and is enjoying life there.

Claire Bowes is doing a post-graduate course at Sussex University, studying for a doctorate in the Bio Medical Engineering field. Her area of special interest is living tissue.

Karen Broster is taking a course in Hotel Catering and Institutional Management.

Tracy Campbell has gone to college in Brussels.

Anne Colls is studying at Trinity College, London.

Mrs. Cresswell (Judith Waller) and her husband decided to leave the bustle of London to try a quieter life in Devon and her husband is teaching in a local primary school. Her sister, Jennifer, is in Australia. Judith would like to hear from some of her contemporaries.

Nicola Filmer is taking a secretarial training in Bridport.

Mrs. Fosbery (Alma Smallpiece) tells of some sad news from Mrs. Borchadt (Clare Waddell) whose parents were killed by a 'plane crashing into their Johannesburg flat, the pilot determined to commit suicide. Alma has a grand-daughter and with Mrs. Reekie (Eileen Vaughan) she plans to see the Passion Play in Oberammergau this year.

Philippa Gerrard-Wright is taking a Secretarial/Linguistic course in Cambridge and hopes to go to University later.

Sarah Goss writes that she has settled happily at Reading University and is very busy there.

Soraya Hamid is doing a degree course.

Jennifer Ho has been training at North Middlesex Hospital and was married in London last August.

Katie Hodgson is taking a degree course.

Fiona Huong is studying at a Polytechnic in London.

Debbie Jennings, writing from Dauntsey's School, is working hard at Further Chemistry, Biology and Physics. She won the S.M.H. prize for Chemistry and Biology, but was unable to attend the Prizegiving to receive her award.

Sarah Kentish is reading music at Trinity College, London, and has had her first professional singing engagement in the chorus of "The Yeomen of the Guard" at the Chichester Festival Theatre.

Clare McVeigh has started a degree course.

Nadya Milner is taking her O.N.D. course in Hotel Catering and Management at Brighton Technical College.

Chi Li Pang is doing a degree course.

Fiona Robson is continuing her course in Tourism and hopes to obtain a job with an airline. She is engaged to be married.

Amelia Taylor has completed a year's course at Lucy Clayton's and passed all her exams. She is spending a year in Dubai, doing secretarial work.

Camilla Webster is at Queen College, London, taking "A" Levels in French, English and Zoology.

Catherine Wellings is studying at Marlborough College and has taken up pottery again.

Katrina Williams is hoping to take a Teacher's Diploma in Drama.

Jane Woodhead has just completed a three-year course in Language Studies at Oxford Polytechnic which she has found extremely good. At present she is working temporarily in Oxford and may go to France this year in a teaching job.

Dünya Zeki is taking a Secretarial Course.

Johanna Manners is now in her second term of Physiotherapy at the Middlesex Hospital and although the course is harder than she had expected, she is enjoying it thoroughly. She is living in a house belonging to the hospital and those who remember Johanna's dislike of early rising will realise the advantage to her of having only two minutes' walk to the hospital in the morning!

Donna Parker has written to say that during the Spring Holidays she is going to America, flying to Atlanta to stay with her godmother for a week and then going on to Washington to stay with some of her grandmother's relatives whom she has never seen. Finally she will spend a week in New York, again with relatives. She hopes eventually to get to R.A.D.A. or to Bristol University.

Deborah Parker has decided to do a beauty course combined with hairdressing and stage make-up at the London College of Fashion, (so that she can possibly work in make-up for television), after she has finished her 'A'

Levels.

Dr. Nancy Laing, M.B., Ch.B., 42 West High Street, Inverurie, Aberdeenshire, AB5 9QR. She was at St. Mary's Hall 50 years ago and is hoping to visit the school in April.

Maria Tinner and Katrina Williams dropped in to see us recently. Maria Tinner is still at Trinity College of Music, studying for her Diploma in Piano and Singing. She is sharing a flat with Katrina who is working for her teacher's diploma in Drama under the guidance of Miss Best and she hopes to be accepted for a Foundation Course in Art at Brighton Art College next September.

Clare Paxton is also hoping to go to the College of Art in

September to study Graphics.

Amanda Forman has started her nursing training in London.

Elisabeth Holcombe, who left last year because of her father's ill health, has written to say he is now fit again and working abroad. She is hoping to come back into the St. Mary's Hall Sixth Form and in the meantime she has sent a cheque for £11 to cover the cost of framing one of the new prints which have been purchased from the National Gallery and the Tate for the school.

Jackie Robinson married last June.

Gillian Walsh has gained a II 2 degree. She is engaged and getting married in the summer.

Shanti Hayllar is engaged to be married.

### BIRTHS

Cooksey. To Elizabeth (née Harwood) and Christopher on 29th May, 1978, a son, Jonathan William, brother for Helen.

Cresswell. To Stuart and Judith (née Waller) on 5th October, 1979, a daughter, Sophie, a sister for Paul.

Forsyth. To Sue (née Haydock) on 11th December, 1978, a daughter, Laura Jane, a sister for Simon.

Luckly. To Elaine (née Johnstone) on 2nd March, 1978, a son, Elliot, a brother for Karen.

Storey. To Caroline (née Scully) on 30th June, 1979, a daughter, Joanne Elizabeth, a sister for Matthew.

Watts. To Elizabeth (née Stewart-Wallace) and Simon on 14th September, 1979, at Kingston Hospital, a son, Thomas Annesley.

### MARRIAGES

Clements—Bruce-Smith. On 15th September, 1979, Sue (née Clements) to Keith Bruce-Smith.

Ferguson Eastham. On 4th August, 1979, Elizabeth (née Ferguson) to Michael Eastham.

Sloggett—Foulkes. On 14th April, 1979, Margaret (née Sloggett) to Peter Foulkes.

Taylor—Willis. Amanda Taylor to Nigel Willis in the Sultanate of Oman.

### DEATHS

Caswell. On 21st February, 1979, Winifred (née Banks), elder sister of Margaret.

Coombes. On 11th May, 1979, Louisa.

Martin. On 31st January, 1979, Agnes Margaret (née Hunt), aged 92, widow of Surgeon-Commander G. N. Martin, R.N.V.R., dearly loved mother of Imogen and Margaret.

### **OBITUARIES**

### Mrs. Caswell

Mrs. O'Hara (Margaret Banks) has sent the following account of her sister:—

"Winnie was at S.M.H. from 1911-1917, during Miss Ghey's time and was Head Girl during her last year. She gained a scholarship for University College, London, and obtained an honours degree in Classics. She then went for a visit to South Africa and on the voyage out met her future husband. They married the same year and lived a very happy and interesting life in Johannesburg for about 40 years, meeting many well-known people, including General Smuts. She was very popular in social circles and must have brought much pleasure and fun to many people. She met several of her school friends there, including Florence Shildrick, Maud and Gertrude Hudson and kept in touch with Mrs. Kidd (Daisy Panter), Mrs. Rossi (Marjorie Segall) and Joyce Newton.

"But she faced much sorrow. Her eldest son died while still in his teens and then her husband developed thrombosis while on a visit to England about 15 years ago. She decided to stay in this country and lived in Weybridge. Later, her son, Peter, then a well-known Consultant in Johannesburg, settled in Epsom with his family, becoming a Consultant to a group of London hospitals. However, Winnie was to sustain yet another shock, for about five years ago, Peter died within four days of an exploratory operation performed by his fellow consultants, much to their grief.

"I feel I must add one thing more regarding Winnie: and that is to say how extraordinarily brave she was. In spite of the favourable conditions and happy days in South Africa, she had much sadness to bear and bore it nobly, without a word of self-pity or complaint. And at the last, I think she was prepared to go too. Her Faith did not fail, but seemed to grow stronger. She relied on Divine help more and more and was indeed supported right to the end. And now, knowing how greatly she valued the contacts she had with her S.M.H. friends, both in South Africa and in England, I know she would wish me to say a word of gratitude and farewell to them all."

### **Lois Gunnery**

Sister Ruth (Community of St. Denys), (Aletha Gunnery), has sent us an account of her sister's life from the Eastbourne Gazette, extracts from which are given below.

Miss Margaret Knight, her great friend and fellow teacher, said, "Miss Gunnery was an outstanding headmistress ... with a deep fund of wisdom and an extraordinary understanding of people of all ages. She fought courageously and uncomplainingly against severe and incapacitating illness; yet her chief concern all the time was with helping others."

Miss Catherine Pearson, present headmistress of Eastbourne High School, where Miss Gunnery was headmistress for 28 years, wrote, "Miss Gunnery was a dedicated Christian who was a truly great headmistress."

Besides being an old girl and a Governor of S.M.H., Miss Gunnery was a founder member of the Samaritans, a member of Eastbourne Soroptimists and a former Girl Guide Commissioner.

### Mrs. Martin (Margaret Hunt)

Also from Sister Ruth.

"There were three Hunt sisters in School, Margaret, Ruth and Hilary; the last two died some years ago. In about 1909, Margaret returned on the staff to teach music. She married Surgeon-Commander G. N. Martin, R.N.V.R., who had been practising at the Royal Sussex Hospital. All her life she was a most loveable person, finding good everywhere and spreading her happiness to all whom she met."

### ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

Allwright, E. (Mrs. Green), 15 Weavers Close, Burgess Hill, Sussex RH15 OQS.

Bayly, J. (Mrs. Gillmore), Broadley Farm, Diptford, Totnes, S. Devon.

Baillie, P. (Mrs. Furlong), 125 Barnsley Road, Hemsworth, Near Pontefract, W. Yorks. WF9 4WT.

Bruton, N. (Mrs. Bennetts), Springfield Villa, Upton Cheyney, Bitton, Bristol, BS15 6LY.

Buck, P. (Mrs. Gardiner), Handsel Farm, Staplecross, Robertsbridge, Sussex.

Burden, N. (Mrs. Callow), 11 Wesley Close, Tiverton, Devon.

Clements, S. M. (Mrs. Bruce-Smith), 92 Woodlands Grove, Coulsdon, Surrey.

Coe, S. (Mrs. Carter), 7 Colebrook Road, Withdean, Brighton BN1 5JH.

Fletcher, K., 1 Rowans Park, Lymington, Hants.

Galbraith, S. (Mrs. Coath), Broadhayes. Kilmington, Axminster, Devon EX13 7NU.

Green, G., 4 Withdean Avenue, Goring-by-Sea, BN12 4XD.
Harwood, E. (Mrs. Cooksey), 7 The Leys, Basildon, Essex SS16 4BN.

Hennock, M., 38 Forest Road, Meols, Wirral, Merseyside, L47 6AX

Mackay, S. (Mrs. Warner), Hughes Hill, Billingshurst, W. Sussex RH14 0QJ.

Marvin, H., The Old Vicarage, Newnham, Baldock, Herts. SG7 5LL.

Maley, M. E., 56 Elm Grove, Thorpe Bay, Southend-on-Sea, Essex SS1 3EZ. Meletiou, A., Via Formiche 40, 25036, Palazzolo, Sull'Oglio, (Brescia), Italy.

Menzies, D. (Mrs. Rowe), 19 Manor Place, King Street, Cambridge, CB1 1LE.

Nolda, R. (Mrs. Matthews), The Old Rectory, Boraston, Tenbury Wells, Worcs.

Sadgrove, A. (Mrs. Chapman), Glebe House, Spring Lane, Lexden, Colchester, Essex.

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