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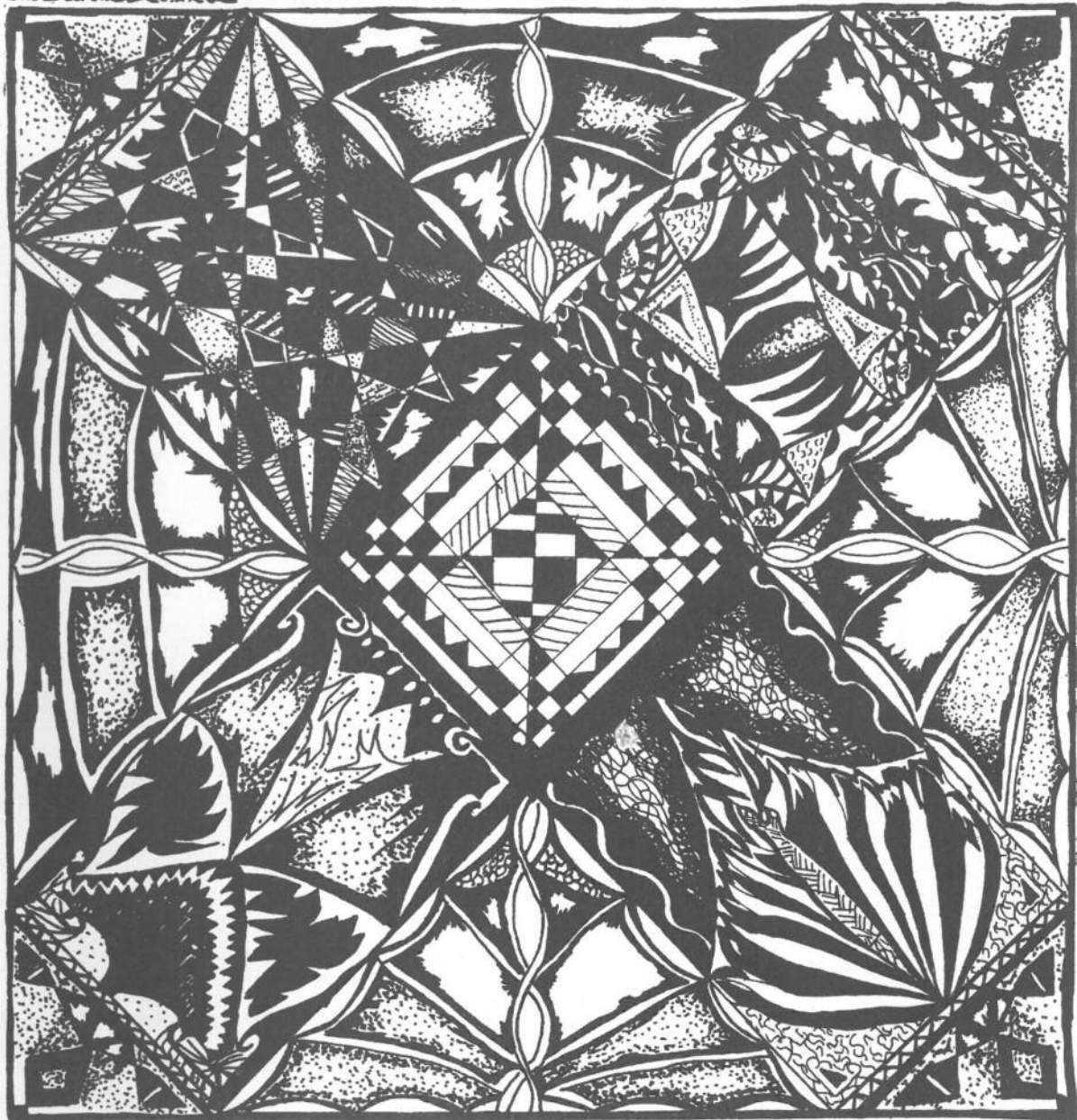
MAGAZINE

and

NEWSLETTER

summer

1983





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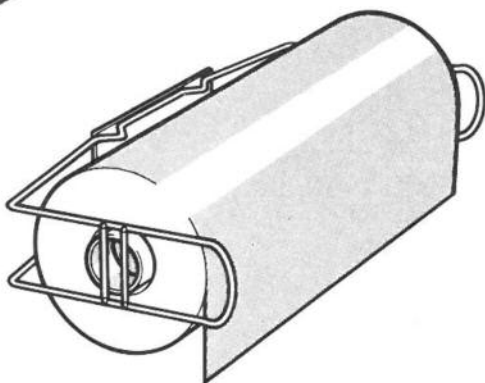


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HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT

The opening of the VIth Form Centre marked the last school year, making the news this year seem rather unexciting with nothing to report except the introduction of a Cafeteria system for school meals. This is working very well, enabling our caterer to supply a much more varied menu with a wide choice of dishes. We have improved the dining room too, especially with the addition of Charles' beautifully made jardinières and a collection of framed prints. The *melée* of school lunch is a thing of the past and eating is now an enjoyable time for staff and girls alike. Our plans for the Junior Department have been delayed because of planning permission but we hope that we shall have the new building ready for the next school year. This will comprise three form rooms and cloakroom accommodation. Together with the Robinson Wing, this should enable us to cope with the increasing numbers especially in Transition, which will be divided into two forms in September.

We have welcomed to the staff this year, the Rev. Francis Otto as full time Chaplain, Mrs. Susan Kitchen as Head of Mathematics in succession to Miss Wendy Rogers, Mrs. Diana Ringer as assistant Mathematics Mistress, Mr. Roger Roser as assistant Music Master and Mrs. Mary Yearsley to the Junior Department as Form Mistress of the eight year olds. It is sad that Mr. Dennis Cowing has been advised by his doctors to give up full time teaching following his heart operation in the summer. We are most grateful for all he has done for the Chemistry Department during the last five years. We shall be officially saying farewell to him in the summer and hope that he will continue to make a good recovery and enjoy his retirement. Mrs. Patricia Jackson, who came temporarily to take on the Chemistry teaching in September, will be permanently joining the staff next term as head of Chemistry.

This year we have introduced for the first time Junior and Senior Music Festivals held on a Sunday afternoon. They have been most enjoyable occasions and we are most grateful to the two adjudicators, Mrs. Irene Hutchings from the Royal College of Music Junior Department and Mr. Peter Lewis, Director of Music at Lancing College, who gave us their time and helped the candidates by their encouragement and critical assessments. We also enjoyed Mrs. Gledhill's production of "As You Like It" and are looking forward to "The Happy Prince" by Malcolm Williamson, being produced by Miss McIntosh and Mr. Wells at the beginning of next term and for the Brighton Festival.

Open Day this year will be on Friday, May 27th and Speech Day on Friday, October 28th.

M. F. C. Harvey

*Cover designed by
Sophie Grant UVI*

MRS. A. P. MARTIN

Mrs. Martin, who was a member of the English Department at St. Mary's Hall from January 1969 to July 1980, died in July 1982 at the Tarner Home. We hope that the many girls who have been taught by her, past and some, indeed, present, will remember her in their prayers.

To those of us who knew Phil Martin, her death came as a shock. She seemed an indestructible person, ageless, and never ill. She had a marvellous sense of humour, and I admired the way she kept a judicious distance from the more petty incursions of school life. She had a healthy disrespect for authority, and an eye quick to perceive pretentiousness and dissolve it into laughter. In fact laughter is the mood Phil always left one in. *Requiescat in Pace.*

P.J.J.

RESULTS OF G.C.E. 'A' LEVELS, 1982

- Laila Abdalla, Eng. B, French C, Span. D (McGill University, Montreal, to read English)
Elizabeth Ager, R.I. B, Hist. D, Econ. B (Beauticians Course — University 1983)
Yetunde Akisanya, R.I. A, Econ. E (University of East Anglia to read Sociology)
Anne Barr, Eng. C, Geog. B, French E (Secretarial Course. University to read Geography in 1983)
Ruth Belson, Eng. D, French D, Music E
Sally-Anne Burt, Eng. E, Art B, Econ. E (Secretarial Course, Oxford and Art Course in Florence)
Swee Ping Chua, Geog. E, Maths. C, Econ. B (Swansea University to read Computer Sciences)
Nicola Currie, Eng. E, R.I. D (Cookery Course)
Johanna Dwyer, Eng. C, R.I. B, Classics A (Leicester University to read Combined Arts)
Elizabeth Edwards, Geog. A, French C, Music C (Brighton Polytechnic to read Applied Languages)
Renée Edwards, Eng. E, French E, Art C (London College of Printing)
Emma Fletcher, French E, Art C (British Cultural Inst. Paris — Language Course)
Susan Harris, Maths A, Further Maths A, Physics A, Chemistry A (Oxford 1983 to read Physics)
Susan Hennings, Maths C, Physics E, Biology C (Plymouth Polytechnic to study Environmental Sciences)
Penelope Hill, Geog. C, Biology C (Hopes to go to University or Polytechnic in 1983)
Jane Hitchcock, Eng. A with merit in special paper, History C, French C (St. Andrews University 1983 to read English)
Gabrielle Hutton, Eng. B, Latin A, French A with merit in special paper (Open Exhibition at Cambridge in 1983 to read Modern Languages)
Tamsin Johnson, Maths A, Physics A, Chem. B (University to read Engineering in 1983)
Gaynor Jupe, Eng. D, R.I. B (Royal Free Hospital — Nursing)
Doreen Lai, Physics E, Chemistry B, Biology B (Melbourne University)
Lisa Martin, History C, French E, Econ. A (Kingston Polytechnic to read Business Studies)

RESULTS OF G.C.E. 'A' LEVELS, 1982 *Continued*

Lucy Middlemas, Eng. D, Classics A, Art B (Bristol University 1983 to read Ancient Mediterranean Studies)
 Katharine Miller, Eng. B, Ancient History A, Latin E (Durham University to read Archaeology)
 Juliet Morris, Latin B, French C, Maths. C (Warwick University to read French)
 Jennifer Owen, French D, Maths. D, Art D, Spanish B (hopes to go to Art School in 1983)
 Amanda Plaskett, Maths. C, Physics C, Chemistry E (Liverpool University to read Engineering)
 Farida Talib, Maths. D, Art E
 Katherine Taylor, Geog. E, Econ. E (Bishop Otter College — Teacher Training)
 Louise Thwaites, Eng. B with merit in special paper, Classics A, Econ. B (University in 1983)
 Ratna (Sharene) Zuha, Physics E, Chem. E, Biology E
 Dong Ching Chiu, Art A (taken at the end of Vth year)

PASSES IN USE OF ENGLISH, 1982

L. Abdalla	R. Edwards	L. Martin
E. Ager	E. Fletcher	L. Middlemas
Y. Akinsanya	S. Harris	K. Miller
A. Barr	S. Hennings	J. Morris
R. Belson	P. Hill	J. Owen
E. Bunn	J. Hitchcock	A. Plaskett
S.-A. Burt	G. Hutton	K. Taylor
N. Currie	T. Johnson	L. Thwaites
J. Dwyer	G. Jupe	R. Zuha
E. Edwards	D. Lai	

(29 out of 31 girls passed)

'AO' LEVELS, 1982

V. Barrett	Human Biology	A
P. Blagg	Human Biology	C
	Theatre Arts	C
S. Buck	Additional Mathematics	C
Y. Chatwin	Theatre Arts	C
J. Hitchcock	Latin	B
F. Moussavi	Additional Mathematics	C
D. Swan	Additional Mathematics	C
L. Venables	Music	C
	Theatre Arts	B
A. Wahab	Additional Mathematics	C
C. West	Theatre Arts	C
M. Wong	Additional Mathematics	B

'O' LEVELS IN SIXTH FORM, 1982

T. Amm, Spanish B
E. Edwards, German B
J. Riley, Spanish C
A. Wahab, Chinese A
R. Zuha, Bengali C

'O' LEVELS — SUMMER, 1982

Fifth Year 'O' Levels 1981-1982 (This includes Nov. entries — E. Lang. Maths. and Art)

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

'O' Level subjects:

E. Lang., E. Lit., R.I., Hist., Geog., Lat., Classics, French, Spanish, German, Maths., Phys., Chem., Biol., Art, Music.

S. Appleton 7	C. Morris 10*****
A. Back 5*	(This includes a grade
C. Barr 5	A in French taken in
S. Batchelor 7*	IVth year and a grade A
J. Blacklock 5**	in Further French
J. Boddington 9*****	Studies taken in V
J. Buck 9*****	year)
D. Chiu 8***** (This	M. Morrison 9*
includes Malay taken	L. Morton 9**
in IVth year)	S. Naish 9****
P. Considine 9*****	S. Pearn 3
J. Cooper 9*****	J. Podd 8
C. de Silva 4	S. Rogers 3
S. Edelsten 6	A. Rogerson 8**
C. Fenn-Smith 6	M. Royle 6
J. Galbraith 7*	C. Seare 1
J. Grimes 8**	C. Searle 9*
R. Hardaker 5*	J. Sincok 8**
L. Herbert 7	C. Snow 9*****
E. Hodgson 7**	S. Standing 3
C. Holt 3	S. Surridge 1
L. Humphreys 9*	J. Taylor 3*
D. Lai 9*****	S. Tearle 9****
J. Launchbury 9**	C. Temple 6
A. Laverack 7*	A. Trustrum 8***
C. Laxton 9*****	A. Vokins 9*****
B. McAteer 8**	R. Waters 7
R. McClaughry 9*****	T. Waters 7*
K. Manley 8**	M. Webb 4
A. Manzi 7	J. Wenstrom 4
C. Mellor 3	M. Wong 9*****
A. Middlemas 8***	F. Wright 5

C.S.E. 1982 (Maths. only)

Grade 1 is an 'O' level equivalent

	Grade 3	L. Ransom	Grade 1
A. Back	2	B. Rents	3
C. de Silva	4	C. Seare	4
R. Hardaker	3	S. Standing	2
C. Holt	4	S. Surridge	4
C. Mellor	3		
W. Moffat			

G.C.E. 'O' LEVELS TAKEN EARLY IN ENGLISH, AUTUMN, 1982

J. Al-Bahrani	B	H. Grinsted	B
G. Barrett	B	C. Gygas	B
I. Blumbergs	C	S. Hamblin	B
K. Bowerman	A	S. Reade	B
F. Buckroyd	B	R. Drew	B
A. Fearn	B	E. Mason	B
P. Graham	B	A. Pile	A

ST. MARY'S HALL SCHOLARSHIPS

On the results of the recent examinations, Academic Scholarships were awarded to Melissa Bowerman, St. Mary's Hall; Nicola Eggers, Handcross Park School.

A Sixth Form Scholarship was awarded to Karen Bowerman (St. Mary's Hall). A Music Scholarship was awarded to Anna Wong, St. Mary's Hall.

RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS

CHAPEL NOTES

A new Chaplain inevitably involves a process of adjustment — on both sides, since, although imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, it is never possible convincingly — to say nothing of sincerely — to emulate one's predecessor. I hope that in this case it has not been a question of 'culture-shock'!

A new Chaplain also means that the report of Founder's Day has to be at third hand, and therefore, brief: the Preacher was Canon Luxmoore, and the Service was, once more, well-attended.

A warm thank-you first to Ruth Wooderson for her quiet, efficient work as Head Server — and work it has been, now that we have a regular, Weekly Communion, at 8.15 a.m. Her post is taken by Janine Launchbury, who simultaneously relinquishes her Chapel Warden's post. We also send an affectionate thank-you to Susan Harris for all her help as Server and Reader, the former not only here, but also at Brighton College. Janine bore the brunt of the serving at Brighton College for the end of the Autumn Term, and is now busily recruiting new Servers for both Chapels, among whom we welcome Lisa Bannerman, Karen Bowerman, Philippa Graham, Heloise Royse and Katharine Stoodley: their quiet, devout assistance is very much appreciated, as is also the help of all those girls — and Staff — who act as Readers. We are grateful to Brighton College for making us so welcome on Sundays, and for enabling us to participate so much in the Services.

The Carol Service, on December 16th, at St. George's was well-attended and congratulations are due to the Choirs and all the Music Staff (especially for dealing with an at times recalcitrant Organ!) and the Readers and Mrs. James, for making it such a moving occasion. We are conscious of the debt we owe the Vicar of St. George's for giving us the run of his Church.

By the time this is in print, the Confirmation (March 5th) will have been held at St. George's: the names of those on whom the Bishop of Horsham will have laid hands are printed below. Thanks will be due again to Mr. Liddell for his meticulous arrangements of the Seating, and guidance of the Sidesmen.

I am personally grateful to you all for making me so welcome, and for all your support, help, and advice, and hope to continue to grow with you. Perhaps you will ask God to bless my work among you — and make all the use of me you can!

Francis Otto

CONFIRMATION CANDIDATES, 1983

Fiona Appleyard	Rebecca Ridgway
Neroli Barnes	Alexandra Russell
Samantha Berry	Elizabeth Sale
Christine Early	Jane Simmons
Alexandra Fearn	Clare Spencer
Sophie George	Susan Tytheridge
Sarah Hollingsworth	Rebecca Utey
Cassandra Hosh	Fenella Welsh
Rowena Johnson	Lisa Wenstrom
Rowena Philo	Mary Blee (March 20th, at St. Ann's, Lewes)

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

P. E. REPORT, 1981-82

The winter season proved to be an enjoyable, taxing time for all teams, although somewhat disrupted by snow. The First VII entered the Under 18 Sussex Knockout Cup, which was organised for the first time this year, gaining a position in the final. The matches were of senior timing, that is to say an hour long, and the team paced themselves well in the preliminary rounds. The final was played against St. Leonard's Mayfield and provided four close and exciting quarters, but S.M.H. were narrowly defeated.

The First and Under 15 XII entered several tournaments, culminating in the annual Merton Tournament, which sadly was yet again exceptionally muddy. However, the teams played well against determined opposition, gaining experience of play with schools from different regions of Britain.

In addition to the usual Staff v Girls netball match there was, this year, a lacrosse match. The Staff team ranged from ex-Territorial players to determined beginners and although the VI Form gained a win in both matches, the Staff deserve congratulations for their steely efforts!

A team entered the East Sussex Girls' Physical Education Association Gymnastics Competition. This is a modern educational gymnastics competition which involves an imaginative, creative approach to the task set by the adjudicators. The standard was high and it proved an interesting worthwhile experience.

The summer brought a most well-deserved successful season for the 1st VI. In the Aberdare Cup the team reached the area finals, a first for S.M.H. and were defeated by Banbury School. The Junior teams played with enthusiasm and showed an improvement in both skill and tactical play by the end of the season. The Inter-School Tournaments were well supported and we are sorry that Clare Wood is no longer with us, but we wish her success in the future and follow her progress with interest.

The swimming squads worked extremely hard throughout the year, training conscientiously through the winter and summer. Their hard work paid off in the Town Galas when S.M.H. registered wins in all sections, bringing back a bevy of cups and shields. Congratulations are due to them.

Clubs continue to flourish with the main problem being insufficient days in the week to fit in all the activities. Badminton is an ever popular Senior choice and for an incredible third year running Anne Barr and Elizabeth Bunn won the Inter-School Badminton Competition. With the new springs on the Trampoline many club members reached new heights and the quality of routine work has improved, as the recoil assisted the more complicated skills. The Women's Self Defence Association gave a course in school which was attended by a group of about twenty senior girls, giving a grounding in how to avoid potential danger and how to deal with a threatening situation.

All in all 1981-82 was an enjoyable, productive season with a rewarding degree of success.

H.M.F.

Inter-House Matches

Badminton	Lacrosse	Netball
Adelaide	Chichester	Babington
Babington	Adelaide	Chichester
Bristol	Babington	Adelaide
Chichester	Bristol	Bristol
Rounders	Swimming	Tennis
Babington	Babington	Chichester
Chichester	Adelaide	Babington
Adelaide	Bristol	Adelaide
Bristol	Chichester	Bristol

Prep and Trans Inter-House Netball

Chichester
Bristol
Babington
Adelaide

Prep and Trans Inter-House Rounders

Chichester
Bristol
Babington
Adelaide

Games Stars

Autumn	Spring	Summer
Adelaide	Chichester	Chichester
Babington	Babington	Babington
Chichester	Bristol	Bristol
Bristol	Adelaide	Adelaide

Inter-School Badminton

Winners: E. Bunn and A. Barr.

Inter-School Tennis

U13 Singles winner: C. Wilson; runner-up: T. Levene.
U13 Doubles winners: C. Wilson and T. Levene;
runners-up: V. Davis and A. Jacques.
U15 Singles winner: B. Rents; runner-up: S. Aylin.
Open Singles winner: C. Wood; runner-up: K. Taylor.
Open doubles winner: C. Wood and S. Standing;
runners-up: K. Taylor and A. Trustrum.

Posture Badges Awarded

Autumn	Spring	Summer
J. Williams	H. Bruce-Merrie	J. Parrish
J. Goacher	F. Moussavi	J. Whittemore
F. Welsh	C. Smith	T. Procter
F. Buckroyd	M. S. Wong	A. Russell
A. Royle	A. Rutherford	C. Murray
J. Scott	T. Johnson	S. George
C. Scott	S. Aylin	S. Naish
S. Slumbers	L. Goodsell	L. Garrod
L. Nash	A. Russell	A. Schuller
G. Loder	S. Eggers	S. Brown
Do Lai	S. Green	
C. Wood	R. Hardaker	
C. Temple	J. Taylor	
C. Laxton	R. Edwards	

Colours

Spring

Netball: J. Morris, K. Taylor, A. Barr, E. Ager, E. Bunn, A. Middlemas, S. Standing.
Reawarded:—T. Johnson, N. Currie.
Lacrosse: T. Johnson, C. Smith, S. Standing.
Reawarded:—N. Currie, J. Morris, D. Swan.

Summer

Swimming: G. Hall, I. Blumbergs, S. Aylin.
Tennis: A. Trustrum.
Reawarded: K. Taylor, N. Currie, E. Bunn, S. Standing, C. Wood.

Stripes

Spring

Lacrosse: B. Rents, L. Morton, S. Surridge, C. Scott, S. Reade.
Netball: B. Rents, I. Blumbergs.

Summer

Tennis: S. Surridge, B. Rents.
Rounders: C. Hennings, S. Aylin, F. Welsh, S. Manzi.
Swimming: L. Bannerman.
Ballet: S. Procter, K. Appleton.

Awards

Lacrosse Cup: S. Standing.
P.E. Cup: C. Wood.
P.E. Effort and Improvement Cup: V. Tink and K. Vokins.
Swimming Cup for Overall Achievement: S. Aylin.

Number of girls represented S.M.H.

Autumn	Spring	Summer
Babington	Babington	Babington
Adelaide	Adelaide	Adelaide
Chichester	Bristol	Bristol
Bristol	Chichester	Chichester

THE SCIENCES

B.A.Y.S.

The British Association of Young Scientists should not be taken as a foreboding title for an organisation which is in fact made up with people from all fields. This academic year it has again provided some very interesting lectures. As members of the committee we have participated in committee meetings concerned with arranging these lectures.

Lectures are the main aim of the association and this year they have been on the following different and diverse subjects. "Galaxies" included a study of a disc-shaped collection of stars, the unknown phenomenon of black holes which are in fact holes in the centre of a galaxy pulling matter towards themselves and giving out a great deal of heat. "Controversy of Evolution" was given by Professor Maynard Smith and he provided us with some useful information about adaptation, natural selection and classification. The lecture obviously ended with a question on his theory of life and how it began. Other lectures have included X-ray Crystallography, Cancer and Druidism.

In November we took part in a B.A.Y.S. triball match (three-legged football!) against the West Sussex branch as a publicity stunt. A day trip to France was also organised, but unfortunately it did not coincide with our half-term — however, this shows that it is not all lectures!

In closing we should like to thank Mrs. Royse, who has kindly driven us to some of the lectures at Brighton Polytechnic. We should also like to wish our successor as B.A.Y.S. representative for S.M.H. a good and successful year.

Sally Buck and Nazak Kianifard, UVI

BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP TO NORTH WALES, FEBRUARY, 1982

During the half-term in February, 1982, our 'A' level Biology group, consisting of five of us, made our way up to North Wales for the annual Biology field trip. The journey took a long time and we were fairly late in arriving. When we eventually arrived at the large hostel, in the midst of the bleak Welsh countryside, we found that we were to share the course with six other people, and not the "hundreds" we expected. The place was very quiet.

Nevertheless, the tutors got us straight down to work. This involved both work in the lab and out in the "field"; one really needs to mention here that we had to climb very steep almost precipitous mountains in order to carry out our work, and be observed by the sheep, who we all agreed did not appreciate our company! But this was all educational and applied to our course. Each day we returned home feeling very exhausted, only to face more lectures and discussions about our discoveries that day, and it all had to be recorded on paper before retiring for the night.

Although the trip was very tiring and made us realise that we had muscles we never thought existed, the course was beneficial and contributed to our 'A' level studies. We did in fact become very friendly with the other school and still keep in contact with them. It was well worth it and a good experience.

Vicki Aylin, UVI

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO NORTH WALES, APRIL, 1982

We five intrepid 'A' level Geography students left Brighton at 10.30 in the morning of April 14th, 1982, and arrived at Penmaenmawr around 6, having made an unscheduled detour around Llandudno Junction. We were met at the station by Dr. Dixon, and spent the rest of the evening unpacking and generally settling in.

Each of the five days followed a similar pattern. After breakfast, we would leave Penmaenmawr and travel to one destination in the morning, and then, after lunch, another aspect of our course was covered. To give an example, one morning, we studied the urban development of Caernarvon and the history of its castle. The afternoon was taken up with walking some six miles up Mount Snowdon to study the landforms found in upland glaciated regions.

We were extremely lucky as far as the weather was concerned — not one day without sunshine and blue sky. This made our studies even more enjoyable, especially the sand dune complex at Newborough Warren on Anglesey, and the Carboniferous Limestone and Old Red Sandstone deposits at the bays of Moelfre and Lligwy respectively.

The itinerary included the study of periglacial landforms of Anglesey, rural land use of the area, slate quarrying at Bethesda, glacial drainage patterns of the Nant Ffrancon and Llugwy valleys, South Stack lighthouse, as well as practical map reading and visits to the castles of Beaumaris, Conwy and Penryhn. On our last afternoon before returning, we took an exhilarating cable car ride to the summit of Orme's Head, and then we studied the sloping strata of the local cream slices in Llandudno!

The return journey proved to be more eventful than our detour around Llandudno on the way up. Owing to engine problems, we spent more than two and a half overheated hours sampling the delights of Inter-City catering and the main platform of Crewe Station.

Apart from a few aching and blistered feet (especially after Snowdon and Cwm Idwal), we all thoroughly enjoyed our Field Trip and certainly benefited from being able to see the various landforms "in the field" rather than in text books, and we were thus able to put our experiences to good use in the 'A' level examinations. None of this would have been possible, however, without the organisation and guidance of our two teachers, Miss Farmer and Dr. Dixon, and we were most certainly indebted to them for taking us on the Field Trip.

Elizabeth Edwards, UVI, 1982

MODERN LANGUAGES

JOURNÉE À DIEPPE

Je me suis réveillée à cinq heures du matin. J'étais à moitié endormie. J'ai pris du pain et du lait pour mon petit déjeuner. J'ai quitté la maison à cinq heures et demie avec mes affaires. Mon père a conduit à l'école à toute vitesse parce que nous étions en retard. Je suis allée de l'école à Newhaven en car. Pendant ce voyage à Newhaven toutes mes amies étaient très fatiguées. A sept heures, quand tous les passagers étaient sur le bateau, le bateau est parti pour Dieppe. La traversée a duré quatre heures, mais quelquefois elle est moins longue quand la mer est calme.

Je suis arrivée à midi ou à onze heures, heure anglaise. Il pleuvait à Dieppe. Avant de quitter le port j'ai dû montrer mon passeport. Ensuite, j'ai pris mon déjeuner à un restaurant. J'ai mangé une salade de crudités, une cuisse de poulet, des frites et une tarte aux pommes. J'ai bu de la limonade. Le service était très bon et tout le monde a aimé la nourriture. Puis, j'ai fait un tour de la ville avec deux amies. Les boutiques dans Dieppe étaient très chères, et pour cette raison j'ai acheté seulement de la nourriture. J'ai couru au château avec mes amies puisque nous étions encore en retard. Dans le musée j'ai vu les belles peintures de Renoir et des ivoires sculptés. Ensuite, j'ai jeté un dernier coup d'oeil à la ville et puis je suis retournée au bateau.

Pendant la traversée vers Newhaven, j'ai vu un film qui s'appelle "Chariots of Fire". Je n'ai rien mangé au goûter parce que j'avais eu le grand déjeuner. Après avoir regardé le film, j'ai lu mon livre. Je suis arrivée à Newhaven à huit heures et j'ai pris le car pour l'école. Quand je suis arrivée chez moi il pleuvait encore. Dès que ma tête avait touché l'oreiller je me suis endormie. J'espère qu'un jour je retournerai à Dieppe.

Kathryn Vokins, IIO, June, 1982

AN ACCOUNT OF A LONG WEEK-END IN PARIS

We arrived at the Charles de Gaulle Airport at about 7 p.m. The airport was very modern and big with large, long glass tubes that transported us around the airport and reminded us of space films. After a short journey on a shuttle-bus we arrived at a Metro station and caught several trains to Parc St. Maur, where our French hosts were awaiting our arrival. Most of us were worried about spending a weekend with strangers; however, the majority enjoyed even the first night in Paris with our French friends.

The next day we met early at the school and everyone was talking about her French family, who regarded us as their own children. That day, Friday, we were to travel around Paris by train. We visited L'arc de Triomphe first and were all delighted to see Paris from above. Unfortunately there were many stairs to climb, but we did agree that the view was worth it.

By now we were all hungry, so we walked down the Champs Élysées to a large park to eat our lunch. The Champs Élysées was very long and busy and we stopped at stalls to buy a variety of souvenirs. After eating our packed lunches we walked down to the Place de la Concorde, where we took pictures of an obelisk that resembled Cleopatra's Needle. It was interesting to visit the very place where the guillotine used to stand. We walked on quickly towards Notre-Dame, along the Seine, visiting shops and stalls on the way. Tired of walking, we stopped at a café, and drank French hot chocolate and Coke. We came near to Notre Dame but on realising the time, we had to hurry back to the French school to meet our friends.

Saturday and most of Sunday were spent with our French friends, tasting different recipes — crab, lobster, cheese and a great variety of pastries and wine. Some of us were taken around Paris to see the sights: Eiffel Tower, Sacré-Coeur and museums. Sunday was the last day of our stay in Paris and, loaded with presents, we thanked our French hosts and after what seemed like a short journey, arrived at Gatwick Airport. From there, most of us returned to school by coach, singing pop-songs and generally relaxing.

We all enjoyed our stay in Paris, thanks to Mrs. Woolliscroft, Mrs. Blackledge and Mrs. Betts, who all worked very hard to organize the trip and make it such a success.

Freya Rowe and Jennifer Sheppard, IJ and IIE

VISITE À PARIS

C'était samedi le trois juillet 1982. A cinq heures et demie du matin nous étions groupées dans la salle à manger de l'école. Le car est arrivé à six heures et nous étions en route pour Douvres. Le conducteur s'appelait Mervyn. Pendant le voyage jusqu'à Douvres, qui était long, nous avons écouté de la musique et nous avons bavardé.

A Douvres nous avons traversé la Manche en bateau et nous sommes arrivés en France à la même heure que nous avions quitté l'Angleterre: sept heures du matin! Nous avons voyagé toute la matinée et nous avons pris le déjeuner à une station-service. Pendant une ou deux heures de l'après-midi nous nous sommes arrêtés à Beauvais où nous avons visité la cathédrale et les

magasins. Bientôt nous étions encore une fois dans le car.

Nous sommes parvenus à Paris à six heures et demie du soir. Après le dîner nous nous sommes promenées un peu avec nos professeurs, Madame Betts, Mademoiselle Fabian, Mademoiselle Nelson et Madame Woolliscroft. Puis nous nous sommes couchées!

Le lendemain, dimanche, nous avons visité le Centre Pompidou, le musée d'art moderne. Nous avons déjeuné dans un restaurant et l'après-midi nous sommes montées dans le car pour voir les monuments. Après le dîner, dans le même restaurant, nous sommes allées à Montmartre par le métro. Nous y avons vu l'église du Sacré-Coeur et la Place du Tertre.

Lundi nous avons visité les monuments que nous avons vus la veille. Nous sommes montées aux tours de Notre-Dame, nous avons regardé les peintures dans le Louvre, et nous avons passé l'après-midi aux environs de la Tour Eiffel. Le soir nous avons fait une promenade en bateau-mouche, voyant la Conciergerie, Notre-Dame, et les autres bâtiments sur les rives de la Seine.

Mardi nous avons passé toute la journée à Versailles, le grand château situé à quelques kilomètres de Paris. Le matin on nous a montré les appartements de la famille royale, les chambres et l'Opéra. Après le déjeuner que nous avons mangé dans les jardins du château, nous étions libres de faire des achats ou de rentrer dans le château. Le soir nous avons fait nos valises.

Mercredi matin nous avons visité le musée du Jeu de Paume, où on voit surtout des peintures impressionnistes. Puis nous avons fait nos derniers achats à Paris. A midi nous sommes montées dans le car, et nous avons dit un triste au revoir à la grande ville de Paris.

Nous nous sommes arrêtés encore à un parking pour faire un pique-nique, puis nous avons voyagé la longue distance jusqu'à Calais. La traversée était calme et nous sommes arrivés en Angleterre deux heures après (selon l'heure anglaise). Finalement nous sommes retournées à l'école, très fatiguées mais très, très contentes.

Je voudrais remercier nos professeurs de nos vacances très agréables.

Philippa Graham, IV G (juillet 1982)

THE ARTS

MUSIC REPORT

During March there were three successful performances of the musical "Oliver", in which some members of Staff participated as well as the pupils.

The school open day in May culminated in a concert involving the school wind bands, choirs and orchestra as well as individual performances by our more advanced students.

This Autumn there was a new feature on the music calendar — St. Mary's Hall Music Festivals. There was one festival for the junior grades, and one for the senior grades, both held on Sunday afternoons. The Junior Festival was adjudicated by Mrs. Irene Hutchings from the Junior Department of the Royal College of Music and the final prize winners were Rosalind Greenwood, Katherine Burt and Eliza Dickie. The Senior Festival was adjudicated by Mr. Peter Lewis, Director of Music at Lancing College and the final prize winners were Maha Barakat, Karen Bowerman and Christina Willie.

During November, the Senior Choir took part in the Cantata "St. Nicholas" by Britten at Hurstpierpoint College. They were also honoured to be asked to sing for the Church Service which brought to a close this year's Conference of the Association for Headteachers of Independent Girls' Schools.

Almost eighty girls passed practical and theoretical examinations during the past year of either the Associated Board, Trinity College or the Guildhall School of Music Examining Boards.

We were sorry to see Mrs. Jackson leave the school music staff in the summer, but delighted to hear that she had a little girl called Clare. We were also pleased to welcome Mr. Roser, who came to replace her.

Ann Trustrum, LVI

"OLIVER"

The whole school were in high spirits when we heard that "Oliver Twist" would be performed by the school in 1982. The auditions were held on two separate days and the cast was chosen with some parts being allocated to teachers. The auditions were attended by a large number of hopeful girls, singing and dancing to the instructions of Mr. Wells (the Producer). The main difficulty must have been for Mr. Wells and Miss McIntosh to choose scrawny children for the orphans, who were also expected to play as Fagin's gang. Congratulations must go to them both for all their extra work and for having patience to teach a cast of seventy-six over the five months of rehearsal.

In the early days of November it was difficult to imagine that a successful production team could be built from the enormous cast of enthusiastic, but not very organised players, but by March, with everyone more confident of their rôles, a more polished production was beginning to emerge. All the rehearsals started in a quiet way to fulfil a busy and sometimes hectic schedule. At times anyone walking past the school hall, in which we rehearsed, might never have guessed that there was a rehearsal going on; at others they might have imagined rioting had broken out. Despite the strict management control, the memory most of us will have of the hours spent in rehearsal was the happy and cheerful atmosphere with everyone fully involved, and the laughter which accompanied most of the scenes, particularly as Noah Claypote (Fiona Appleyard) and myself (Oliver Twist) practised our fighting scene again and again to get every movement exactly right. The fight became more and more realistic as we got closer to opening night and on the final rehearsal my costume was badly torn in the battle we put up to make the scene as realistic as possible. Notable as the contributions of Dr. Dixon as Fagin, Lady Bryson as Widow Corney and Mrs. Needham as Mr. Bumble were, as much thanks is also due to Mrs. Lock who designed and created different settings for nearly every scene by designing different backgrounds. Not only did she make the sets imaginative but they could be changed very easily so that the stage would suggest different London locations. Mrs. Needham also designed and made all the orphans' clothes, a mammoth task! The principals' costumes (hired from Harveys Costumiers) created the perfect finishing touches to the musical.

By common consent this was a memorable production of "Oliver" and, thinking back, I believe it was because all of the cast and the many girls who worked just as hard behind the scenes to make the production, were influenced by the very high standard of acting, singing and production that St. Mary's Hall has established over many years.

Samantha Burt (IVV)
(Samantha took the title rôle)

"AS YOU LIKE IT"

"As You Like It" — a most appropriate title for this Shakespearean comedy, as it seems that Shakespeare intended it to be taken exactly as you like it! Certainly, the three audiences responded to this production in different ways. Each night there were various bursts of laughter at the different amusing points in the play.

Rehearsals, oh yes! Mrs. Gledhill must go down as one of the most long-suffering producers that the school has ever seen. The majority of the rehearsal time was spent either sprawled on the stage at the humorous antics of Touchstone and Silvius, or experiencing fits of horror when, instead of a Duke striding onto the stage pursued by his band of servants, he would wander on totally alone and realise only too late that most of his courtiers were still lying on the floor doing prep. However, all was running much more smoothly as the allotted dates approached. Scenery was constructed by Mrs. Lock and "The Greenwood Tree" placed into position along with a rather unsteady stile and fence; gauze was hung artistically to give the effect of floating leaves and all was nearly ready, all, that is to say, apart from the brushing-up of various parts, cues and lines. Costumes naturally caused much excitement and also anxiety since certain characters were still practising in grey skirt, blue and white shirt and grey socks up to the day before the dress rehearsal. All the same we needed an atmosphere and there was certainly enough of that!

Various characters seemed to cause the most laughter, one of these being Silvius (Louise Goodsell), who, although passionately in love with Phoebe (Christina Laxton), was hysterical in his predicament, forever gazing into the lights and sighing about his love, whilst wringing his poor felt hat almost into pulp. No-one could have seen the anguished glances that Mrs. Gledhill gave as she saw her best hat gradually destroyed. Another 'relationship' (if I may call it that!) which produced many laughs was that of Audrey (Mary Barltrop) and her extremely willing admirer, William (Caroline Searle). Unfortunately, their love was rather short-lived and William was chased rapidly off the stage, pursued by an excited Touchstone (Candy West), leaving Audrey on the stage gazing absently at a rather large and brightly-coloured crêpe flower, which appeared to wilt under the stage lighting.

One of the more immediate problems was that of background grouping, because it is easy to chatter amongst yourselves and make it look realistic, but to do it silently is a different matter. This problem was overcome, however, and the 'extras' made up for the silence by singing jovially (to say the least) in the three group songs accompanied by a faithful violinist (Maha Barakat). The only other problem was the beautifully constructed bank.

It was like a papier-mâché conglomeration painted a healthy green; however, the chicken wire underneath, which had been successfully concealed, caused a few problems for the cast, who did not seem to appreciate that the chicken wire could not quite take their weight. Therefore, by the end of the plays' three performances, the bank had become more like a squashed lawn and each time I (Rosalind) attempted to sit comfortably on the side, my rather elaborate jacket got caught on the chicken wire. The rest speaks for itself!

But, despite the various traumas of the rehearsals and backstage preparations, "As You Like It" was brought up to standard particularly well and with the help of make-up, lighting, scenery and, of course, the producer and characters, all was not lost. I hope the play brought enjoyment to all, since I for one immensely enjoyed acting in it and it was an experience certainly not to have been missed.

Annabel Rogerson, LVI
(Rosalind)

SYMPOSIUM REPORT, 1982-83

The Autumn Term was a relatively quiet one for Symposium because so many of its members were involved in play rehearsals for "As You Like It". The rest

of the year, however, looks like being very promising. Our first outside debate was with Shoreham College, with St. Mary's Hall proposing the motion "This house believes that men do not have a divine right to superiority over women". The two speakers were Gabrielle Barrett and Ruth Chapman, and despite fierce competition the motion was eventually carried by sixteen votes to fourteen with two abstentions. At the time of writing another debate has been fixed with Christ's Hospital in Horsham which looks like being well supported by nearly forty-five people, and further debates are being planned with Ardingly College and Hurstpierpoint College. There will also be a chance for girls to participate in several debates within the school itself. Catherine Gygax and Gabrielle Barrett have already proposed the motion "This house believes that school uniform should be abolished", which will be opposed by Ruth Chapman and myself later in the term. We also hope to involve some of the Staff and continue with the highly successful "any questions" which was begun last year.

Finally I would like to thank Renée Edwards and Jane Hitchcock, who ran Symposium so well last year, and also Mrs. Gledhill, both for helping us with our speeches and for driving us to and from the debates.

Janine Launchbury, LVI



Celia (Claire Calvert-Lee) and Oliver (Clare Morris) go to the aid of a fainting Rosalind (Annabel Rogerson)

PUBLIC SPEAKING COURSE

Twice a year the English Speaking Union hold day long Public Speaking Courses for Sixth Form Students. These courses are very popular and are often over-subscribed, so I was extremely pleased to receive a letter informing me that I had been accepted for a course being held at Dartmouth House in Berkeley Square, Mayfair, on November 5th. As the day began at 9.30 in the morning. I was obliged to get up very early in order to catch a train to London, and battling valiantly through hordes of commuters at Green Park tube station, I finally arrived at my destination.

Dartmouth House, I must explain, is a palatial building, closely resembling a five-star hotel, which is in reality a sort of exclusive club. The building was elegantly and expensively furnished, with high ceilings and extremely large rooms, which posed some problems for those of us not possessed of very loud or carrying voices!

There were thirty students in all, mostly girls aged between fifteen and eighteen from such schools as the North London Collegiate School and Moira House. All the students were divided up into three groups labelled A, B and C, and asked to choose a number. After some introductory remarks by Mr. H. D. Hicks, the Course Director, each of the groups in turn came up onto the platform, while the rest of the students made up the "audience". According to the number he or she had chosen, each student was then requested in turn by Mr. Hicks to speak on a given subject for a minute with no previous preparation. After the student had given his or her views, there was a general discussion, followed by some remarks on the subject and criticism of the speaker by Mr. Hicks. Each student was encouraged to participate fully even when not speaking, and "shrinking violets" were called upon for their opinions. The subjects for discussion included such topics as "Interviews are useless as a guide to selection", or "In real life it is far more important to be able to speak persuasively than logically". My own particular topic was relatively simple, "Television and radio are Americanising Britain", but some poor folk were presented with such horrors as, "This country needs a much clearer foreign policy of its own". After each group in turn had participated for half an hour each, we broke for coffee, after which Mr. Hicks gave a half an hour briefing. During this he explained how to go about choosing a topic on which to speak, how to write your speech, the importance of notes and how to use them, and the advantages of maintaining eye contact with your audience.

Each student had been requested beforehand to prepare a three-minute speech on the subject of their choice, and after Mr. Hicks had finished speaking it was time to perform. Each person spoke either in the morning or the afternoon according to whether they were in groups A, B or C. I was in group C, so I was one of the last to speak. My subject was, 'Nuclear Fallout Shelters — Are They Worth It?' Other topics included "Paul McCartney — Bass Guitarist" and some people spoke about their experiences or holidays — skiing in Austria, visiting Paris, and an educational cruise aboard the S.S. Uganda. Mr. Hicks criticised every speech, and in addition each group had the opportunity to sit on a panel of judges either

criticising the speakers openly or awarding marks on cards, which were examined in the afternoon. During the course of the day we also had an ex-Member of Parliament who gave a short talk on making speeches in public, and Mrs. Binns, a one-time actress, gave advice on voice production.

The highlight of the day, however, was after tea, when the group moved to International House where, in a studio, each student took it in turns to perform for one minute in front of a video camera. When the film was later played back on closed circuit television Mr. Hicks gave more criticism, to the accompaniment of gasps of shock and horror from the unfortunate performers. As many people had never seen themselves on television before, it was both surprising and very instructive. After a debriefing session, the course finally ended at about 6.30. With many promises to write to new-found friends, a group of us hailed a taxi to the station where we collapsed exhausted into the railway carriage, glad that it was all over, but sorry because, in spite of all the hard work, it had been such an enjoyable day.

Janine Launchbury, LVI

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

In the Autumn Term 1982 members of the Sixth Form attended seminars for Sixth Formers organised by and held at the University of Sussex. Topics ranged from "King Lear" to D. H. Lawrence. We are very indebted to the University for this facility.

Fiona Laughton of the UVI was awarded a share in the Hertford College Oxford MacMillan Essay Prize. The prize is awarded for an essay in any topic by a Sixth Former who has been educated mainly in Sussex and who is a candidate for an Oxford College. Since Fiona wrote her essay, the subject of which was Dickens' work and thought, in the summer following her Lower Sixth year, she is particularly to be congratulated.

P.J.J.

"CRITICAL QUARTERLY" ENGLISH COURSE AT MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY

This was an excellent course and well worth attending. Lecturers came from the University of Manchester itself, but there were others from Durham, Lancaster, and East Anglia. Although the programme embraced all three literary genres, the emphasis throughout the three-day course was placed firmly on poetry, thereby giving me an opportunity to widen by horizons and appreciation of this less popular aspect of my 'A' level course. There was, for example, detailed discussion of poetry by Hopkins, Hardy and Keats. In many respects, I found these wide-ranging discussions more interesting than the lectures on 'A' level "favourites".

The seminar on the Dickens novel, "Hard Times", was by far the most beneficial. The leader had obviously prepared his subject with the utmost care, placing the novel in an historical and political perspective, before concentrating on the literary. His enthusiasm ensured the lively participation of the students, an essential aspect of seminar work, but sadly so often wanting.

The course also provided me with the opportunity for meeting many interesting people of my own age, and for sampling a soupçon of university life.

Fiona Laughton, UVI



Tania Newton, IV.D.

ENGLISH CONFERENCE FOR SIXTH FORM STUDENTS, JANUARY 5th, 1983

The opening lecture at King's College, London, was given by a Scandinavian lady who had been called upon to speak only the night before, since the intended lecturer had fallen ill. She spoke on the subject of translation and interpretation of literature — and I think that the audience itself needed an interpreter, as she spoke principally in Norwegian and quoted Ibsen at great length (in the original).

After the mass exodus to the refectory, we were divided into seminar groups. These discussions were of varying degrees of success. Some "degenerated" into lectures, thereby emphasizing the need for the enthusiasm and participation of students. Many of our colleagues received "eye-openers" as to the eccentricities of academics: one individual, who would have looked more at home in a rugby scrum, strode into the seminar room, gorging himself on Satsumas and, with a derisive glance at the "No Smoking" sign, flicked open his packet of Gitanes cigarettes. Despite appearances, there was a great deal of heated and productive discussion on "King Lear". The seminars on "The Winter's Tale" and on our Chaucerian text proved enlightening in most cases, particularly with regard to the latter, a poem which so often seems remote and unrealistic to modern readers.

At the end of the Conference, we concluded that the day had been fairly informative, perhaps not so much on English Literature, as on the individuals who teach it.

Candida West and Fiona Laughton, UVI

THEATRE VISITS

Sixth Form theatre visits have been somewhat curtailed this year, due to two factors: fewer suitable plays being presented at local theatres, and the increased price of tickets. However, Sixth Formers did explore the delights of the Barbican to see "The Winter's Tale", and in March are going to see a production of Shaw's "St. Joan" in Chichester Cathedral. The Fifth Form are also in March going to see a production of "Macbeth" by the Brighton Actors' Workshop. The Theatre Arts group are in addition going to make an expedition in March to see backstage at the National Theatre; they hope also to go to a matinee while they are in London.

P.J.J.

GENERAL ACTIVITIES

SOCIAL SERVICES, 1982-83

Since September I have taken over Social Services from Miss Farmer and Mrs. Best. Miss Farmer had been doing it for many years and I am very grateful to her for making everything as easy as possible for me.

One of the last projects undertaken by Mr. Holder was the annual sponsored walk across the Downs with the Lower Sixth, which made the sum of £105 for Christian Aid. This was in May. Many thanks to our stalwart Sixth, all of whom finished the course! I took them their lunch when they reached half way point.

This term some of the senior girls have continued to visit elderly people in their homes, and Miss Williams took some of the boarders carol singing at a few homes for the elderly, which was much appreciated. Miss Williams has followed this up by visiting one rest home again with a group of boarders and we hope these visits will continue. My grateful thanks to Miss Williams for her ready support in this way.

At Christmas time form representatives were taken by members of staff in their cars to deliver Christmas boxes of food and greetings to thirty-five local elderly people, a few of whom were once on the domestic staff here in school. We are grateful to all the forms for their generous giving of provisions and to staff who provided transport.

A few other opportunities have been given us this winter, ranging from a group of Fifth Formers undertaking to "walk a poodle" in the dinner hour for an elderly lady, and another group assisting with the shopping night for the disabled and housebound.

The four School Houses have their own charities which the houses support and we are grateful to House Mistresses for all they do in this respect.

K.W.G.

RADIO BRIGHTON — FIRST CLASS

A team from St. Mary's Hall again competed in this general knowledge competition this year. In the first round our team of Philippa Graham, Fenella Welsh, Dee Davis and Philippa Wooderson beat Boundstone Comprehensive School 52-39. In the second round, with Mary Barltrop taking the place of Dee Davis, we were drawn against Worthing High School, and after leading until the final round, were eventually narrowly defeated. Philippa Graham is to be complimented on her enterprising and enthusiastic captaincy.

P.J.J.

INTER-HOUSE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

This has become an annual event, held at the end of the Summer Term. In July, 1982, the final was between Babington and Chichester, the winners by 61-43 being Babington's team of Philippa Graham, Fenella Welsh, Mary Barltrop and Philippa Wooderson.

P.J.J.

SENIOR LIBRARY REPORT, 1982-83

Since last year it has been encouraging to note that no fewer than four girls — Rowena Waters, Janine Launchbury, Philippa Graham and Karen Bowerman — have passed their Senior Librarian's badge, and a number of others are very nearly there. We also have a number of girls working towards their green and blue badges, and at lunch breaks the library workroom is a hive of activity. It is pleasing to see such enthusiasm, especially amongst the Fourth Form. With books to be mended, stamped, covered or put away, shelves to be tidied and cards to be written or filed, new helpers are always welcome! Library work may sound monotonous and boring, but it is in fact an extremely absorbing pastime, and also very useful if you want to learn how a book is made or where to find any books you may need.

Sadly, since last year we have had to say goodbye to Rowena Waters and also to our chief librarians, Gabrielle Hutton and Elizabeth Edwards. They all worked extremely hard to ensure the smooth running of the library, and their presence is greatly missed.

The reference library in particular has been very fortunate in receiving many donations of books over the past three terms. Our grateful thanks are extended towards Mrs. Leslie, Miss Payne and Mr. Liddell for their generous gifts, and also to Brigadier Loder, who regularly donates his copies of *Sussex Life* to the library. Among other donors, I should like to mention Mrs. Robin (née Charity Girdlestone), who has kindly given us a number of her school prizes.

It is perhaps unfortunate that I must end on the subject of missing books. Over the past few years this has become a great problem, and we simply cannot afford to lose so many books — over eighty are disappearing every year. I therefore urge all of you who have books hidden away at home to return them as soon as possible so that others may make use of them.

Janine Launchbury, LVI

JUNIOR LIBRARY REPORT

"Diana the Fairytale Princess" rubs shoulders with "Gentleman Jim" and "Asterix the Gaul" on our shelves. They are among recent additions which have swelled the number of books in our library to over three thousand non-fiction books and a comparable (but as yet uncounted) number of novels.

The history section has done particularly well this year. On her retirement, Miss Payne presented a large number of books to us which will help girls doing work on Tudor and eighteenth century England.

As an experiment, we have begun mixing together certain fiction and non-fiction titles, under specific topics of special interest. So far, we have sections on "Animals" and "Myths and Legends"; they are clearly labelled and I should like to hear from those who find this a helpful device for finding books on those subjects. (And if it is not an advantage, please let me know that too!)

The Junior librarians from the Third Forms are providing an invaluable service this year: they are Lucy Douglas-Mann, Jennifer Sterry, Juliet Parrish and Houria Alavi, who have been recently joined by Heather Bruce-Merrie.

My thanks are also due to Sixth Formers Rachel Hardaker and Annabel Rogerson, who tidy the fiction shelves every Friday; also to Miss Holness for her continued help with writing cards and labelling books.

More titles are arriving as we go to press. Old favourites such as "Rebecca" have made a welcome appearance in paperback and will be joining new novels from the Puffin Plus category of fiction for teenagers. The second and third volumes of K. M. Peyton's Pennington Trilogy seem to have been unofficially "reserved in advance" by half the Third Form. When am I going to have a chance to read them, I wonder?

S.S.

ADELAIDE HOUSE REPORT

Our year of office started very well when we organised a "sponsored cycle" which took place in Preston Park one Sunday afternoon in May. This was the first of its kind in this school and the seven members of the Lower Sixth

and Staff who took part managed to raise the sum of £210 on this occasion. In the Summer Term we sold ice cream and made another £80 and there have been several other smaller fund raising efforts e.g. raffles, guessing the height of Venn House and cake sales. And these came to a total of £50. All this money has been sent to Cancer Research, which is undoubtedly a very worthy cause.

Much enthusiasm has been shown by members of the House in inter-House sports and as a result we came first in the badminton matches and we are most grateful to Farshid and Fern and Rebecca and Sarah for playing so well. We came second in the swimming competition and we did well in tennis and rounders matches too!

The annual Christmas party which was held jointly with Bristol was one of the most entertaining we have had for some years. The Staff were very brave when they dressed up and acted their own version of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream". The performance was hilariously funny and resulted in much applauding for encores.

Elizabeth Ager and Tamsin Johnson, who were last year's House Captains, have kept in touch with us and we are happy to report that Tamsin is enjoying her year in America before commencing her studies at Durham University. Elizabeth has finished her secretarial course and is waiting to start her next course at University.

We should both like to say "Merci Beaucoup" to all members of Staff in this wonderful House and especially for making this a year full of good experience and fun for both of us.

Farshid Moussavi and Mei Sing Wong, House Captains

As House Mistresses of Adelaide we should like to say a very big thankyou to Farshid and Mei Sing for carrying out their duties as House Captains in a most efficient, cheerful and enthusiastic manner. They have, during their year of service, gained the respect and affections of everyone in the House. We are most grateful to them for all that they have done to create good house spirit and we sincerely hope that they keep in touch with us. We wish them luck with their studies at University next year.

B.C and S.B.

BABINGTON HOUSE REPORT

Babington House has continued its success of the last few years. We have kept up our past victories by coming first in the general knowledge, rounders and swimming; and we were a close second in the tennis and badminton. These achievements exactly match those of last year, which includes the winning of the House Shield for the third successive year. We hope to continue our success at the end of this term in the netball and lacrosse. One of the reasons for our success has to be attributed to the great support and competitive feeling the girls have for their House. A big "thankyou" must go to all those who have represented their House in any way, and those who have trained the teams.

Apart from our victories on the field we have had several fund-raising events for our charity, The Church Missionary Society. We are still collecting postage stamps, which are sorted out and then sold, the proceeds going to C.M.S. During the Summer Term we had a

sponsored swim which proved to be fun, if not exhausting for those of us who were unfit. From this energetic form of exercise we managed to raise just over £200. At the end of last term we had our usual Christmas Fair, which has proved to be a great success in the limited time we have. We sold everything from cakes to calendars during one second break and raised about £50. We hope to be able to raise more money with the sponsored spell arranged by Mrs. Woolliscroft. Our thanks is given to the usual enthusiasm of the House and the support of the School for helping us to raise this money.

On Shrove Tuesday, 15th February, Babington held a joint party with Chichester House, which took place in the Robinson Wing and was a great success. Many members of each House came along to join in the games, organised by Mrs. Ringer, and to satisfy their appetites, after all their running around, with food provided by the Staff and Sixth Form members of both Houses.

I should like to thank the Staff and girls of Babington House whose enthusiasm, loyalty and support have enabled us to continue our success in both inter-house activities and fund-raising events.

Pamela Blagg, House Captain

BRISTOL HOUSE REPORT

It has been a steady year for Bristol, coming second in the overall position of the Houses in both the Summer and Winter Terms. There has been considerable success on the academic side (Bristol has always proved to be strong in this respect), and this has been shown by a large proportion of the girls being mentioned weekly in assembly for having gained superstars. In the Summer of 1981 our general knowledge team, which consisted of Karen Bowerman, Jane Clifford, Tracey Baker and Angela Tebe, did well in the heats, but because we just lost to Babington we did not succeed in getting through to the final.

Bristol has not had such a good year in the inter-house sports events, but this can most probably be attributed to the girls' dedication to their academic work! In the Summer Term we came fourth in both the netball and tennis, but gained great consolation from our efforts in the inter-house swimming. We had a marvellous team and came a close third in the racing events and second in the diving, thanks to the dare-devil feats of Sammy Davies and Benice Rents! Last term we did not succeed in getting into the finals of the badminton, but nevertheless our team of Ilsa Blumbergs, Rosemary Drew, Roselina Yaakub and Nina King played admirably throughout. Let us hope that this term we shall prove our worth by pulling ourselves back to the top with the lacrosse and netball.

Last year's sponsored knit, which was held in the Easter Term, raised an incredible £439 for Dr. De Winter's Cancer Crusade, and there were 739 squares knitted overall. Last term Bristol held a cake sale on behalf of Christian Aid, and £22 was raised. The major fund-raising effort of this term is the sponsored spell competition, which will be an inter-house event. The money raised will go to the individual House charities, and points will be awarded to each House according to their performance.

Thanks are due to the Lower Sixth for their support, especially for their help and participation in the Bristol House party, which was held last term with Adelaide. The party proved to be a great success with the girls, who particularly enjoyed the Staff's contribution to the entertainment. Mr. Wells, Mr. McCulloch, the Reverend Otto and Mr. Roser (the latter two from Adelaide) formed the robust voices of our male quartet, which went down very well, even though the theme of their song was somewhat chauvinistic! Also much enjoyed was the all-female cast of teachers acting out their spoof version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

Many thanks to my Deputy Sophie Grant for all her support, and congratulations to her for having recently gained a place at the London College of Music.

Finally I must thank both Mr. Wells and Mrs. Palmer for their tremendous support and help during the year, and I wish Bristol all the best in the future.

Veronica Barrett, House Captain

CHICHESTER HOUSE REPORT

This year there has been a great upheaval in Chichester House, with the sad retirement of Miss Rogers, after a great number of years as Head of House. We have, however, been fortunate enough to gain the excellent leadership of Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Betts in her place.

We have held our own in this year's inter-house sports competitions. We came first in the tennis, thanks to the skill of our players, Nicola Currie, my predecessor, Katy Taylor, her deputy, Susan Standing, and Melissa Webb, who all very kindly returned after their respective 'A' and 'O' level examinations. We took second place in both the badminton and rounders, but despite an enthusiastic team, we scooped only fourth place in the swimming. Thanks must go to the four "bright sparks": Elisabeth Mason, Claudia Murray, Dee Davis, and Shani Waller, for the effort they put in to broaden their knowledge, and thus take second place in the general knowledge quiz.

We have had two main fund-raising events so far this year, both to satisfy our stomachs! The first event came in two parts. We began with a House baking competition, kindly judged by Mrs. Needham, where even the Staff were obliged to make bread rolls! We finished with a sale of the produce to raise money for our new charity, The Church of England Children's Society. Our second event was a sale of Kit-Kats. We had a large quantity to sell, expecting them to last for weeks, and yet they were consumed in only three days! Thanks to all those who bought them.

As well as the more serious side, there has been a lighter side, namely a very enjoyable House party. For the first time Babington and Chichester joined together for a party on Shrove Tuesday. Much effort was put in by Staff and Sixth Form to make it a success, and Mrs. Ringer deserves special thanks for her organisation of the games. A good time was had by all, particularly in the pancake tossing!

More of a House spirit is certainly appearing in Chichester, and I should like to thank everyone who has contributed throughout the year, particularly my deputy, Candida West, and Yvette Chatwin, who was joint head for one term before she left.

Louise Venables, House Captain.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

SHORT STORY

THE MONSTER OF THE DEEP

Round the small fishing port in the Greek Island a girl and her dog were walking down a steep gangway slippery with the gills of fishes just scaled. She had come to meet her Father. Usually when he came back from a fishing trip he would come up to their house and, laughing, play games with Anthea, but today he had not come and Anthea had gone to meet him.

One of the men pointed at Anthea and slowly all the work stopped and the men stood silent. Anthea was suddenly afraid and tremblingly said,

"Where is my Father?" The men did not answer. Anthea was suddenly afraid.

"Where is he!" she screamed and ran, trying to shake the truth out of them hitting at them. Then at last one spoke. His voice was cold.

"Go home little girl, go to your mother!"

She was so afraid and stood staring wildly at all the men. Then she turned and ran, ran up to the woods on the hill and sat sobbing. Her world was turned upside-down and all she could do was sit and puzzle over the men's strange behaviour. She had never felt so alone.

Suddenly she could hear the creak of a rough wooden cart and a stench of fish. A family who lived in the hills had been to buy fish. The cart stopped and the farmer sat down and mopped his forehead. His wife sat down beside him. She said, "I'm a-fear'd of that great monster which grabbed them young men."

The Farmer spoke, "T'was only one man, Mary me dear, and not that young either — he had a family and two lovely daughters."

"Which makes it all the sadder."

"I don't know about that."

"Well I do, what of his wife and children?"

"Mary, you always try to right the world; they are no concern of yours."

"Come on you, we have to be back before dark." And with those words the Farmer's wife jumped to her feet and drove the cart on while her husband followed on slowly.

Mary sat gazing into space. She was beginning to see the pattern and it was all like some horrible nightmare. "I'll close my eyes and count to ten," she said "and then I'll be at home in bed." She did so and opened her eyes cautiously. She was still sitting in the woods. With a cry she leapt to her feet and ran, not looking where she was going. She fell down from the cliff to her death, while the old Farmer and his wife continued talking about the book they had read and Anthea's Father came in on a different ship, ashamed of losing the catch of fish.

Amanda Tucker, 1Y

PORTRAITS

HAIKU

The child sits and smiles
The camera does its work
The past is frozen

Samantha Rowe, 1P, 1982

PROSPECTS

The class retires, he feels he could retire.
Piles of worn, sagging books lie in front,
Discarded by filthy hands with bitten nails,
The grimey fingerprints showing too well
Evidence of uncleanly breaktimes.
Eyes wander morosely over the battered heap.
Mind wonders if anything will show,
Show for the months, almost years of work;
The yelling, adrenalin pumping,
Woeful looks and cringing heads.

Despair of the wasted, futile time
And all to look at is the mess:
Ink scrawls, non-committal efforts,
Wrong, from the first line
To the last incomprehensible dot.
And so he sits alone, quite alone,
The effort to retrieve broken chalk sticks
Seems too much, the work is too much.
His mind retires, a battered relic,
A once proud, now saddened dictionary
Repeating only what he knows,
No more.

Annabel Rogerson, LVI

PÔME AU ROI-SOLEIL, NOTRE SEIGNEUR LOUIS XIV

Votre splendeur éclaire notre vie comme le soleil
Pont les rayons descendent nous porter secours
Et c'est à vous que nous demandons conseil.
Dieu devrait vous choisir pour régner sur le monde entier.
Vos forces armées sont les plus terribles
Et les plus grandes du monde.
On devrait vous vénérer comme un dieu à toute éternité.

Vos palais sont aussi impressionnants que vous-même,
Votre cour fait l'envie de tous les rois.
Vous êtes l'apothéose de la splendeur et de la richesse
Avec vos beaux traits et vos robes magnifiques.
Vous êtes bien digne de tout l'éloge que l'on fait de vous.
Et tous les rois devraient vous rendre hommage.
Votre place dans l'histoire sera celle du plus grand
Roi de France.

Mary Barltrop and Amanda Bisset, III i

MY UGLY SISTER

Her shoes squeak like mice,
She waddles like a duck,
And her hair is like slime.
Freckles like a dreaded skin disease.
A witch's nose like a great, big hook,
A voice like a nightingale (or so she says!)
A brain like cotton wool covered with sawdust,
Eyes like golf balls protruding from her head.
A body like a dumpling,
Fingers like matchsticks.

Louise Bisset, 1Y

THE DOWN-AND-OUT

Totally destitute, total anguish.
That was how she saw it.
I saw it as a farce,
Some false joke to excite pity.
He got his pity from her —
Only money from me.

Annabel Rogerson, LVI

LANDSCAPES

FORGOTTEN TIMES

A single stallion drawing a black carriage trotted loudly along the cold, wet cobbled street of Central Parade. The horse had been shod with silvery shoes, which glinted when one of the gas lamps caught it in its fluorescent beam. The lamps, standing tall and erect, had halos of yellow light round the glass shading, which, however, was soon lost in the misty darkness of early morning.

As the horse clattered on, its hooves ringing out into the quiet hours of the morning, there was an ominous boom, as the fog horn gloomily sounded its message across the town of Brighton. A ship docked in the port, sailing gracefully out of the clutches of the night. Its masts stood tall and proud, but were not draped with sails. The port was dark and eerie, and the naked masts gave the port a depressed look.

Fishermen dragged their nets up to the large corrugated iron shack. They hung up tiny gasoline lamps, but they too were unable to conquer the darkness. Then the pittering rain started falling over the bedraggled town. The rain became more arrogant and threw itself down harder into the sodden earth. The fishermen sat silently sorting their nets, nursing chewed pipes between weather-beaten, closed lips. All was quiet at seven o'clock on the morning before Christmas.

Suddenly, rowdy sailors disembarked from the ship, which had just docked, clambered up the stony beach, and hollered for hackneys. Lurking drivers appeared from dark shadows, and obediently hurried the sailors to their destination. Horses clattered up the slippery streets; shadows, exaggerated in the weak light, were thrown against the stern closed doors of the Town Hall. People seemed to appear from everywhere and the road became busy with women and children, carriages and horses.

The market stalls turned up all their lights, and crafty, thin-lipped men persuaded bargain-hunters to buy 'good quality cotton' which was in fact a mixture of nylon, acrylic and a small percentage of rough cotton. Podgy women with never-ending cigarettes hanging loosely from the corners of their wide mouths pleaded with people to buy their 'antiques'.

People milled around the market place, bargaining and buying, arguing and pickpocketing and gossiping about the local news. Above the general talking and laughing and scuffling of feet came the loud voice of the greengrocer, telling the ladies that his latest offer on mixed vegetables was a must.

As most people were at the market, only a few wandered up Central Parade towards the silent, muddy racecourse. The rain had died down to a thin film of fine sleet which soon made water swirl and dance down the road, carrying leaves and twigs in its wake.

Further down the road, C. Duxner had opened up his shop. He had displayed all his bargain offers on a rickety old table. The bargains were decorated with sprigs of holly and red berries. Beams of Christmas light were streaming into the street, through gaps where the limp turkeys, with hooks through their feet, hung, upside down in Duxner's windows. A warm friendly glow of light filled the shop, spilling out into the chilly darkness of early morning.

Soon the sun began to rise, and the town of Brighton was adorned with the pastel colours of dawn. Still the market people shouted out their wares, and podgy women still had cheap cigarettes dangling unflatteringly out of their reddened lips. The sun's warm rays started to dry out the night's rain; but no one noticed, and the silent fishermen still sorted their nets.

Lucy Thomas, IVG

VIEW FROM A CLIFF

From my place at the top of the cliff I see a cold, wintry day; a grey cloud lingers in the sky, and a dark, evil-looking sea splashes against the long stone breakwaters. I look down over the chalky side of the steep cliff and tremble at the thought of falling. From the grassy top I see down onto the shingle beach; no one is about. A small sailing yacht with a navy blue sail tries to get to the shore before the storm eventually breaks. Its sails are open to the bitter, harsh wind as it rolls from side to side and rides over the fierce sea-horses. The red flag flaps rapidly in the cruel wind, and the white flag-pole sways gently.

A shot rings through the air and the white-winged gulls scatter like a pack of thrown playing cards. Their high-pitched squawks pierce the air, and as they fly farther away only black marks in the sky show of their existence. On the beach below a dog lopes across the brown shingle; the dog is followed by its owner, crunching on the stones with his black wellington boots, and swinging a brown lead in his gloved hand. The man stoops to pick up a piece of drift wood which he throws for his dog. Both man and dog soon disappear as they turn to the next beach.

The horses, which graze on top of the cliff in a fenced paddock, trot around the field. From their large nostrils exhaled breath forms a fuzzy haze in the chilly air. The tide turns and the fringe of the sea brings with it cans, sticks and rubbish left from brighter days; where the water meets the stones there are many pieces of rubbish; left by thoughtless holidaymakers in summer to decay on the beach. The grey and white gulls swoop down from the sky to seize their prey of unsuspecting cod and mackerel. Others sit proudly floating on the incoming tide, fluffing their feathers and holding their heads up high.

A sea fret is brought in with the tide and it spreads uniformly across the headland, filling the sky with an

unclear haze. As the sea comes in further it surges forward, as if it is magnetically attracted to the white chalk wall of the cliff. The wave breaks against the pebbles, not yet reaching the cliff wall. The gulls flock together, flying high in the sky to some unknown resting place. On the horizon I can see the blue-sailed yacht being dragged up the beach. It is just in time; the storm breaks!

Heavy drops of rain fall over land and sea, and darkness quickly falls. There is no twilight as in the long summer evenings, only a quick change from light to dark. From where I am standing I can just see the man and dog returning along the beach, the man is bent with his head breaking the force of the wind and driving rain; the dog is walking on the lead. They start to climb the carved steps set into the cliffs, and as they reach the top the first wave breaks against the chalk wall leaving a tide mark, and no beach to walk on. All the little coves at the foot of the steep escarpment fill with rippling sea water, and I turn to go home.

Justina Williams, IVD

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE YORKSHIRE DALES

The driver crashed his gears again as he went into another steep bend. We had been climbing steadily now for the last fifteen miles or so, moving closer to the distant blue swell of the Pennines. I had never been to Yorkshire before but the name had always raised a picture of a county as stodgy and unromantic as its pudding; I was prepared for solid worthy, dullness and a total lack of charm. However, as the bus groaned its way higher I began to wonder. The formless heights were resolving into high, grassy hills and wide valleys. In the valley bottoms, rivers twisted among trees and solid grey-stone farmhouses lay among islands of cultivated land which pushed bright green promontories up the hillside into the dark tide of heather which lapped from the summits.

I had seen the fences and hedges give way to dry stone walls which bordered the roads, enclosed the fields and climbed endlessly over the surrounding fells. The walls were everywhere, countless miles of them, tracing their patterns high on the green uplands.

I realised that the bus was clattering along a narrow street which opened on to a square, where we stopped. On my arrival I got out and stood beside my battered suitcase, looking about me. There was something unusual and I couldn't put my finger on it at first. Then I realised what it was — it was the structure of the village. There was a clarity in the air, a sense of space and airiness that made me feel I had shed something on the plain, twenty miles behind.

The confinement of the city, the grime, the smoke, already seemed to be falling away from me. There was not a sound or movement anywhere. The only visible sign of life was a group of old men sitting round the clock tower in the centre of the square, but they might have been carved from stone. The houses clustered thickly and straggled unevenly next to the pebbly river.

Once clear of the market place, the streets, cobbled and old, dipped quite suddenly and all that was seen was the Dale stretching away from the crooked old streets of the village in the evening sunshine. The outlines of the great hills were softened in the gentle light and a broken streak

of silver showed where the river wandered on the valley below.

The panoramic views were breathtaking and I followed the twisting paths of the narrow streets to my destination.

Sheenagh Bodkin, IVD, 1982

THE MOUNTAIN AWAKES

A beautiful, brave mountain
Whose sleeping reflection was glittering
On a frozen lake which was looking
Like ice in a bowl.
He awoke of a sudden with a mighty roar,
Which caused the frozen lake to thaw.
His snow-capped eyes looked down from above,
Upon the lake that he had always loved.

Danielle Maurice, IY

LIVERPOOL DOCKS BY MOONLIGHT

The tall, dark statue of the Town Hall dominates the picture. The handsome entrance, introduced by the solid steps which lead up to the proud, elegant pillars gives the hall an air of grandeur. The long, narrow windows quietly accept the bitter torments of the winter weather. The narrow rows of small pillars make a promenade on the quiet, flat surface of the roof top.

The usually tall, dark pillars of the entrance reflect a luminous light from the burning shops further down the street. A large crowd of sombre people have gathered around, filling a large area of the street in front. A tall, black cloud of smoke can be seen gently rising into the cold, night air, as a steady fall of rain descends upon it.

The pavements and the wide road glow with the crystal clear colouration of the fresh falling rain, which brilliantly reflects a multitude of strange lights and colours.

A street lamp steadily burns in front of a small shop window, which is brightly lit, like the stained glass of a church. The fresh turkeys, ready for the Christmas season's feasts and parties, hang, upside down, in a long row. The decoration of the brightly-coloured vegetables in front of the shop catches the eye of passers-by, while the door lies open to await the coming customers.

Opposite the Town Hall stand the mighty masts of the sleeping ships, which lie in the cold water of the lapping sea. The sails are folded away for better weather to come, while the strong, tough rigging of the stable masts has to endure the colder weather.

In front of the sombre dock lies a silent fish market. The fresh catches of the previous day await their sale in the twilight of the evening to potential buyers in the street. The long, narrow building is supported by a strong row of iron girders, which also help to make up a frame for the roof.

In the street pass several luxurious carriages. They appear to make their way towards the burning building, and the shadow forms a dark imprint on the otherwise bright street. Their usage is only for richer people; the poorer people seem to make their way along a narrow border of slippery pavement. In addition, there are two people, who seem to be a woman and her child, crossing the road.

The evening sky is filled with a multitude of burning colours. The autumnal reds, mixed with the warm yellows and musky oranges, make the sky appear like a burning flame.

The burning shops, which are seen to be far down the street, catch the attention of the passing public. The ground floor appears to be a mass of burning flames, while further up the dying building, the windows do not show such a bright array of colour; instead just a cloud of dull, dark smoke which is drifting slowly upwards.

Sacha Dykes, IVG

THE PARK IN NOVEMBER

The dead, slashed sign stood firm in the hard, dark soil. Drifts of crispy, rustic leaves were blown against the vandalised noticeboard. Leaves scattered across the grey stone path, which wormed its way through the dull, spiky green grass.

I looked up; the dusk sky was strewn with vague colours of pink, purple, red, yellow and orange, which drifted together and patterned the horizon. The moon, a pale silver circle, waited for darkness. Dark shapes of emigrating birds glided quietly through the frosty air, glad to escape from winter's icy clutches.

My heels made a vulgar, brash noise as the soft folds of night sank down over the park. I whistled quietly, and this seemed to break the invisible bond of silence. My whistle was swallowed up by the night. Quietness was resumed over the park. I felt I want to shout forever, so as not to allow the pressing silence to weigh down upon me, once the noise had ceased.

A gentle breeze brought leaves cascading down to the sodden, dark soil. Sycamore seeds floated down on the wind before diving suddenly to their rest as the soft breeze died down. As I walked briskly along the stony footpath, I looked at the bare, naked trees. They stood humble, stripped of their pride as they swayed, obedient to the bullying breeze and wild winds. Their branches, now a deep, dark brown, looked ashamed as their spiked twigs dug into the cold air. It seemed, on that November day, that great numbers of fires were being changed from dark, quiet heaps to fiery bright tongues of flame. The woody smell of dying leaves and burning trees wafted on the breeze, as if, contained in this scent, were whispering goodbyes from the burning contents of the leaping bonfires.

An evergreen hedge, its briars stiff and taut with winter, sheltered a deserted beach. It seemed desolate and lonely in its cove of deep green thorns and soiled, matted litter. I sat down on the bare planks. Traces of varnish were visible on the edges of the wooden strips. Straight ahead of me was the bowling green. It was kept immaculate in the summer months, but now it looked ragged and uncared for. There was the punctual clock; its blue features seemed to be the only bright object in the dying, silent park. I rose from the hard planks of the bench and carried on walking.

As I turned the corner, the children's playground came into view. A swing gently rocked in the breeze, as if some unseen ghost was sitting on its red painted seat. The metal slide, with its bright, cheerful steps, seemed to lose its joviality in the autumn time. Its slippery slide to the ground was covered with clumps of wet, bedraggled,

sodden leaves and lumps of brownish mud. The sandpit had yellow, finely pitted sand which was mushy and pliable to feel. Tiny indentations were made in the vulnerable grain by continual droplets of rain. There were no royal castles standing to attention on that day; only clumps of brownish leaves, and a dead, bedraggled sparrow, its beak open in agony, and its pleading eyes lifeless and bland staring out, but seeing nothing.

Lucy Thomas, IVG

WAITING

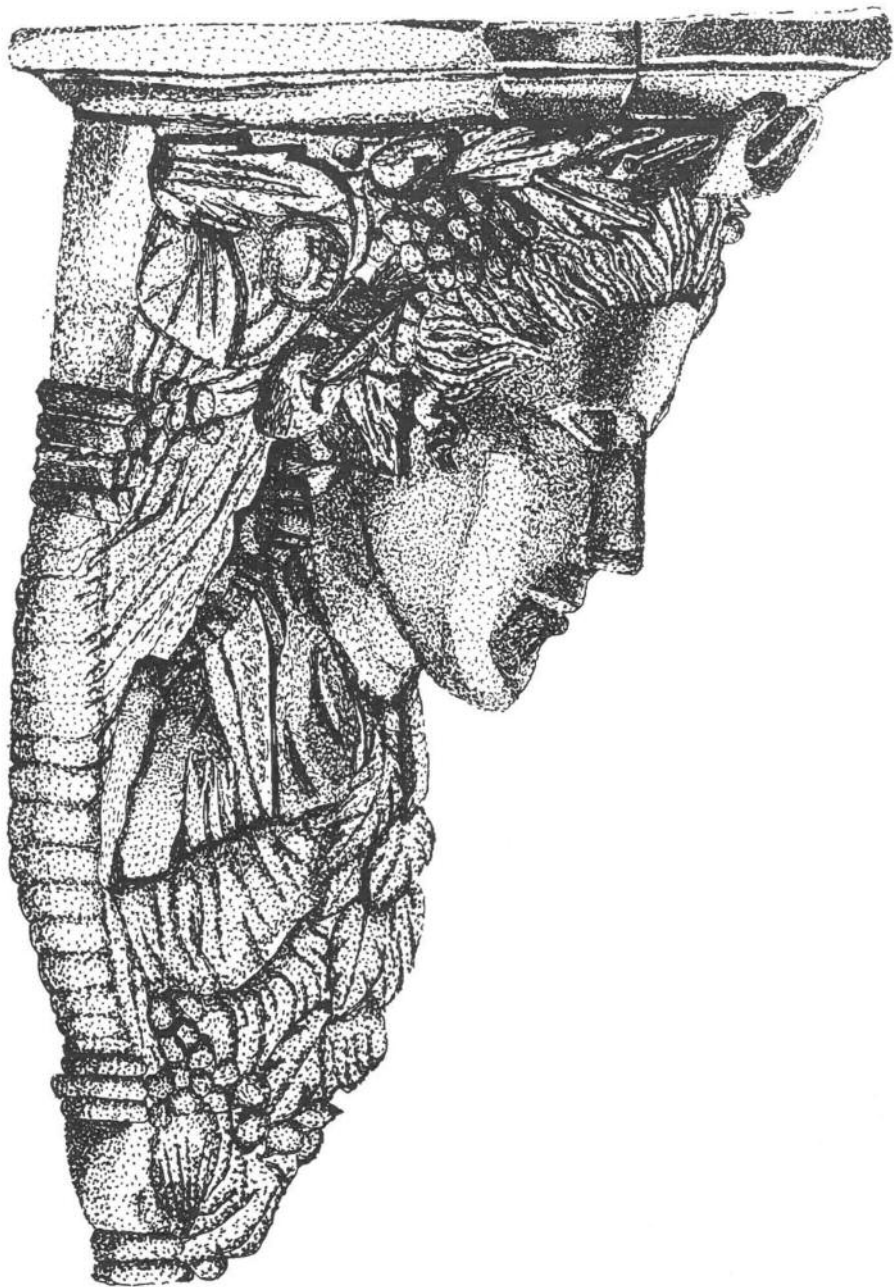
It was suddenly still and oppressive. Night had settled in and with it a kind of unobtrusive calm. It was one of those little streets whose lull at night was not merely the absence of the noises of the day, but was in fact its natural state and only obscured by the everyday din. The occasional rush of traffic faded away into the distance and the little road resumed its hush; the viridescent glow of the few gas lamps along the street was softened, not transformed, through the foliage; the tidy, well-proportioned and benevolent shop fronts with varnished, not painted, exteriors displayed their goods with quiet dignity, offering service rather than clamouring for custom. Between that world and where she stood, the grimy glass façade of the bus terminal fell with a cold and arbitrary precision. Here, the building was larger than needed; the high walls bore to shoulder height runic tokens of adolescent ardour, its plaster scarred white through the brown paint. Here, people sat about on grimy benches, the latter being festooned with crumpled newspaper and remnants of various processed foods. Their drab clothes and the way in which they sized up fellow passengers with furtive glances seemed to suggest a lack of security and their being accustomed to fear. There was, too, a miasma of exhaust, a medley of diesel and chips.

She stood motionless, looking on with impartial eyes, and unmoved by the stench and the general oppressive atmosphere. An old man put down his paper and, having turned aside, he hawked into his handkerchief. A mother sat on a bench, wearing a cheap cotton dress, in which her bosom was only precariously contained. Her face was removed by fat beyond the possibility of discriminating gestures. Upon her lap, a baby sprawled, grunting and red in the face. Beside them, two lovers were lying, half asleep, their limbs entwined and stretched out carelessly along the bench. Their flushed faces were drained of any emotion and their open mouths twitched rhythmically with every intake of breath. A tall youth, whose skin clung tightly to his lanky frame, stood at the window and, aided by his smudged reflection, combed back his greased hair. A middle-aged man lingered at the news stand, his head tilted towards the sporting magazines at middle height, his eyes upcast towards the top course of magazines.

She glanced at the clock and then at her watch.

She turned back to the window and looked at the unreal diorama beyond. The bus would not arrive for twenty minutes.

Laurie Jennings, VU



Lauren Wagstaff, IV year 1982

CREATURES

A WISH

How nice to be small
And crawl
Up the wall
To a spider's web,
Its silky bed
Of silver thread,
And rest a while
On a pile
Of dust
Or an odd breadcrumb
Mouldering there
On the dresser top.
Yet, if I were to be swot -
ted for being so small
And because I crawled
Up the walls,
And spoil the beauty
Of old Aunt Lucy's
New paintwork
That simple jerk
Would end my life.

Another fly
Dead.
Who cares?
I would!

Karen Bowerman, VF

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

"Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly," and the incessant drone of the eighty-three year old widowed pensioner dwindled to a mere sigh.

"Will I ever get him to speak?" she mused, and I chuckled to myself, "Not if I can help it."

I've been living with Mrs. Brown for nearly a month now — not exactly what one might call an exciting life, but better than that dank, dark hellhole of a petshop in Station Road. Not a bad old cage either, as cages go — warm, light and large enough for me to have a flap in. (I'm let out every evening at precisely five-forty, and I'm given twenty minutes to fly around the sitting-room.)

She puts a cloth over the cage when she goes to bed, and usually, I spend half an hour or so contemplating my position in life, before I go to sleep. I don't think I'd escape if I could, not much point really — I mean, I should have nowhere to go, nothing to eat, and nothing to do. I sometimes wonder if life would have been any different for me, if I had been born a cockatoo or macaw instead of a beautiful green parrot. I preen myself about five times a day, but what for! I have no mate to overwhelm, and I do not consider Mrs. Brown's friends as suitable persons to admire my plumage.

I suppose I ought to be grateful for what I have, but although the average parrot would think that living with a little old lady in a semi-detached town house, was a perfect heaven — I don't.

Minnie Black-James, IY

MY POEM

My poem is really a story, explaining how a homesick parrot tries to escape but is trapped. His owner never lets him fly around the room. Then his owner leaves the cage door unlatched and the parrot flies round this room trying to get out. He remembers the island he used to live on and feels homesick. He wants to fly away in search of his old home.

Imprisoned

I was trapped so trapped in that small, lonely cage,
wanting to fly but all hope had left me,
Until my owner, my careless owner, left my cage
door unlatched.

At last I'm alive, exercising my slowly ageing wings,
I'm free from my cage but imprisoned in this room.

I once knew an island, a paradise island,
Palm leaves swayed in the strong, warm breeze,
I would dive down from the sky on to the soft,
burning sand,
And swoop up into flight,
With the sun beating down on my island so beautiful,
Palm trees, sand and a sea so transparent.

Instead of that luxury life I should lead,
I fly round this cramped, cold room,
If only an open window or a door ajar,
I could fly far away to my long lost island.

Sophie Longhurst, IY

THE BUDGIE

The cage door will open.

The bird will climb to the side,
Silently.

Suddenly the room
will be filled with a piercing squawk
So piercing it aches the eardrum.

There's a rustle.
The bird has launched into a flight.

Its projecting eyes
So delicate
Are unable to see so far as the wall.
Crash!

The heavy, flighted bird has mislanded,
The fluttering wings go down,
Silence!

I hold my hand down to him,
Obediently he climbs on my finger.

The little cold toes

Grip for safety.

Now on the table,

The little heart pounding wildly

After a flight so short but so far

The tiny, blue eyelids close hesitantly.

Deciding later sleep is unnecessary

And exploring is, he moves his feet towards me.

I stroke his back and he seems to say,

"Get off."

The blue feathers are as soft as silk
 And I feel privileged to have such a loving pet.
 Now tired, he is wanting to go home,
 I open the wire door,
 And he hops inside.
 The cage door is closed.

Jennifer Sterry, III H

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

ALONE AT NIGHT

It was the 11th February and I had just been staying with my friend.

I had to walk home because my parents and brother were out. It was about eight o'clock at night. Why did it have to be me? Was I going to be brave? Yes! I stepped outside with my bag of belongings, and walked to the gate. After a way, I came to a park. Either I must walk up a dark, creepy lane, or through the park. I chose the park. At least I could see where I was going, and I could see about fifteen metres. I could see an iced-up pond just thawing. It was beautiful, all the trees with icicles on the branches.

There was no one in the park, just me. "What was that? Come on Mia pull yourself together", I murmured to myself angrily. I heard footsteps behind me. Was it a monster, or an alien, or what? I started walking faster. Then it called out. "Mia, Mia," it shouted.

I started to run to a street light, and saw it was my friend carrying my watch, which I had left at her house. I was safe on the rest of the way home. But there was still an empty house.

Mia Garbutt, Upper Preparatory

THE TRAMP

One day an old tramp called James was walking in the forest; he had walked all the morning and now was very tired. So he sat down, lit a fire and cooked his meal, which was egg and beans. When his meal was over, he took a nap for an hour. While James slept, lots of animals came to look at him. The animals seemed to like James. When he woke up he saw the animals running away. James said, "Don't be afraid of me. I'm not going to hurt you." The rabbits, birds and cubs came nearer and they sat down. James told them all about his life and being a tramp. When James had finished his story, the animals decided to travel with him.

Days went by before they found a cottage, which a young lady owned all by herself. James went up to the door and knocked on it. The young lady opened the door and let them all in. James asked the girl what her name was. The girl's name was Mary. James told Mary about his life and being a tramp. Mary let James stay. The next day James and Mary picked wild blackberries so Mary could make blackberry pie. As the days went by, James and Mary liked each other a lot and they soon were married, and had two children called Jane and Peter.

Lisa King, Upper Preparatory

MIDNIGHT BREEZES

Coming down the High Street,
 Something slinking through the trees.
 Makes my heart beat faster,
 But it only is the
 BREEZE!

Catherine Lowe, Upper Preparatory

THE TRAMP

Once upon a time, as most stories begin, there was a tramp. Now, this tramp's name was Willy. Willy had had the unfortunate circumstances of being, — A. divorced, B. jobless, C. no relatives. Don't you think he was unfortunate? He had no means of transport of his own, except his legs, of course. He slept on a bench near to the local prison and, as you know, benches can be rather hard, especially for sleeping on, so he would try to find a piece of plastic sheeting and an old bag, curl himself up and go to sleep.

Every winter, one of the prison officers went down to where Willy sat and asked him this question: "Do you want to spend the winter in a warm, cosy prison cell, but not to serve a prison sentence?" "No, thank you", replied Willy. Every year the same question, every year the same answer.

Now, one day, he was scrounging in a dustbin, when he found a piece of newspaper. It was the "Job Spot". "Wanted. Man to work as a builder. No experience needed. Phone this number: 77380". Well, Willy was delighted. Then he looked at the date, February 23rd 1979. "Still, not to be discouraged. Now, have I got five pence?" Drat, he only had two two-pences and a penny. Just then a lady went walking by. "Er, excuse me, could I exchange this for a five pence piece?" said Willy, showing her his change. "Um, er, all right, here you are," she said, giving it to him. "Thank you very much," said Willy, and gave her his change.

Next, Willy went to the nearest telephone box, which was by the next bench, about twenty-eight metres from him.

He dialled the number. "Hello" came the reply. "This is Bloggs Builders Ltd., can I help you?" "Er, yes, I'm answering your ad in the local newspaper." "Yes, um, could you come tomorrow, nine o'clock exactly?" "Yes, but could you give me directions?" "Well, you go down this lane, then, turn right all the time and look out for our sign."

Next morning, Willy got lost three times, but he got there in the end.

When he arrived he was hustled into an overall and told to go to the secretary's office. Guess who the secretary was? Can you? Well it was the lady who had given him the five pence piece. Her name was Gloria, and she got to know Willy's name. They laughed and laughed and got to know each other very well. Eventually, they got married. Now Willy had: — A. happy marriage, B. employment, C. relatives, D. children. And all because of a five pence piece.

Jennifer Clarke, Upper Preparatory

THE TALE OF THE TOADSTOOL

Once upon a time there was a toadstool called Fly Agaric. It was a red toadstool with white spots. One day the Fly Agaric met the Stinkhorn. The Stinkhorn said, "Hallo". But the Fly Agaric just said, "You smell horrid!" The Stinkhorn got cross about this and said, "You think you are so pretty. I am just as pretty as you," said the Stinkhorn crossly. "No you're not", said the Fly Agaric.

Now this went on for a long time, when there came a crash. It was Chum the worm, who had just landed head-first into a tree! The Oak Tree started crying and the two Toadstools said to Chum, "Now look what you have done, you have made the tree cry!" "I . . . I . . . did, did, did, no. no. not mean it," Chum said. "Just because I'm clumsy . . . you are nasty to me", cried Chum bitterly. Then there came a noise. It was the Queen Toadstool, who ruled their country. The Toadstools knelt . . . The Stinkhorn whispered to Chum, "You kneel before the Queen." "I do not. I only kneel to the Queen Worm, not the Queen Toadstool." "Silence!" said the Queen Toadstool. They all stopped straight away. "Why don't we go to my palace and have a party?" So they went to the Queen's palace; they all had a lovely time talking and they watched the Stinkhorn do a lovely dance. By the time they got home they all went to bed and lived happily ever after.

Marie Levene, Lower Preparatory

THE GIANT AND HIS CAT

There was once a friendly giant called Bob. He had fair hair, a big round face, a long body, big legs and was fat.

He liked people and children very much. He would play with the children all day and take them to his castle and play hide and seek, and then bring them back to their mothers and fathers to go to bed. One day there was a meeting and the person who talked to all the people said, "We must make a toy cat for the giant because he has been so kind to our children." So when the giant played hide-and-seek with the children, the people were making a toy cat and a very big one too. It was ten feet long. When the giant came back with the children he saw the cat, and the people said, "It is for you." The cat was brown and went on steel wheels and had metal string so the giant could pull it around. The giant played with it and brought the children for the day, and they lived happily ever after.

Julie Hay, Lower Preparatory

THE BONFIRE NIGHT SURPRISE

It was the day before Guy Fawkes Night and it was a very busy and exciting one too as Mary Lou and her family were getting things ready for the bonfire. They walked through the woods collecting bits of twigs, fallen branches and dried leaves, ready for it.

After they had set the bonfire up, they started to make the Guy. They went indoors to search for some old clothes to dress him up. They found some old trousers which had once belonged to Mary Lou's brother, a woolly jumper, a scarf and an old hat which used to belong to Mary Lou's Father. Next day they stuffed the Guy with straw and old tights and when it was finished it looked very real.

When Guy Fawkes' Night arrived, everybody was enjoying themselves around the bonfire, which had just been lit by Mary Lou's Father. The flames were gradually leaping higher and higher but just as they reached the Guy, he suddenly came alive and jumped off the top. The Guy started walking around the garden and when he reached Mary Lou, he stopped. Then he suddenly spoke.

"I suppose you think that's funny, but it's not, those flames are jolly hot," and he turned round, picked up a bucket of water and tipped it over himself. "Phew, that's better!" he said. He looked around for an open door which led into the house. He went inside and made himself comfortable on the sofa.

"Get off my sofa!" screamed Mary Lou's Mother. "You horrible dirty little man, what do you think you're doing?"

The Guy got off the sofa and decided to go upstairs to see if he could find any clothes to change into. He went into Mary Lou's Father's room and took out a grey suit and quickly changed. Mary Lou's Father was very angry about this, so he went up to the Guy and asked him why he had come alive.

"I came alive because I wanted to warn people of the dangers of bonfires and fireworks, but I fell fast asleep instead, so it wasn't until you tried to burn me that I woke up. Now it's too late. Everyone has had their fireworks, so I'll go to my house and stay in bed for another year," and with that he got up and left the house.

Nicola Sheppard, Transition

WHEN MY GRANDMA WAS A CHILD

My Nana did not have any brothers or sisters. Her father was killed in France in the First World War, when she was a baby. She lived with her mother in her grandmother's home and she had many aunts and uncles in the same house. My great-great grandmother had thirteen children.

Nana went to school in Brighton; it was called St. Luke's. She was clever in the lessons but she was left-handed, and punished for being so. She was forced to use her right hand, but she still did well.

All Nan's clothes were made of wool or cotton. Her mother was good at sewing and made all her daughter's clothes, including her coats and hats. Nana wore laced boots and bed socks at night.

Nana did lots of shopping for the family. A joint of meat cost about two shillings. In those days they had pounds, shillings and pence. They also had sixpences, three-pences, half-pennies and farthings. If Nana went into a sweet shop with a half-penny she could come out with a big bag of sweets.

One of Nana's aunts had a grocer's shop. On the floor lay sawdust. They sold biscuits by weight, and sugar and tea were put into dark blue paper bags. They sold glasses of pop for people to drink in the shop.

The family ate in the kitchen, and Nan had to sit on a stool because her grandmother said that it was good for her back. They did all the washing in the scullery and the toilet was outside. They did their own baking in the oven, which had to be blackened to keep it shiny. Once, as a punishment, Nana was made to scrub the stone floors. Life was hard but good fun when the family were together in the evenings.

Nana did many things which I enjoy doing now, like skipping, playing hopscotch and going out for long walks and picnics. She went on the beach and swam in the summer. They used a beach hut which belonged to one of her aunts.

Sometimes I wish I could spend a day in the 1920's to see what it was like.

Catherine Harris, Upper Preparatory

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS

I wake up Christmas morning
To a cold and crispy day
And then I see my presents
Which take my breath away.

I run to Mum and Dad,
To give my presents to,
They look so very happy
And say "Oh thank-you Sue."

I love my Christmas memories
They fill me with such joy
To think of my friend Jesus
When he was a baby boy.

Suzy Nicolls, Lower Preparatory

WHEN MY GRANDMOTHER WAS A CHILD

When one of my Grannies was a child, she lived in Ireland, in a house in big woods. They did not have taps, and they had to get their water from a well. They did not have a car, just a donkey and a cart. My Granny's sisters played with her in the woods. They walked to school. My Granny had one dog called Paddy, two goats and the donkey called Fanny. My Granny learned to swim in the sea, which was many miles away from her house. They went to church every Sunday all dressed up in their best clothes. To keep the donkey they had to grow their own hay and vegetables. Sometimes when her Mother bought a new dress and my granny did not like it, she gave it to the donkey to eat. My Granny's dog, Paddy, went out everywhere my Granny went.

They lived in a very peaceful part of Ireland, with lots of meadows and trees to climb. They went into the village where all the shops were. Everybody was very friendly in the village. My Granny had a bike to ride on. To make a fire my Granny had to chop down trees to make firewood. My Granny's favourite shop was the grocery shop. My Granny liked it so much because the people who worked in there were very kind to her and sometimes gave her a bit of fruit.

Claudia Nicholson, Upper Preparatory

THE DAY H.B. CAME TO LIFE

It was nearly nine o'clock on a cold Thursday morning and as I neared the school I heard the bell ringing. I ran up the hill and, entering the school by the side door, ran along the corridor and crept into the classroom, going to my seat as quietly as possible hoping that Mrs. Poco would not realise that I was late. Mrs. Poco's sensitive ears, however, picked up the sound of my chair being drawn underneath me.

"Mary, why are you late?" she questioned me in a deep tone. She glanced at the register, taking off her glasses. "Oh no," I thought, preparing myself for a great 'telling-off'. I had already been late three times this week and I knew too well that when Mrs. Poco took her glasses off she was about to get very angry.

I stared down at my pencil case not daring to look at Mrs. Poco, when my attention was attracted by a peculiar wriggling in my pencil case. Then the zip of my pencil

case undid and the lead of a pencil poked out. I looked closely at it and noticed that it had two bright, blue, round eyes, a thin, straight mouth, a long, pointed nose and four, thin limbs. Then the pencil began to speak in a very quiet voice.

"Gosh, it was very hot in there," he indicated to my pencil case. "My friend is so fat he squashes me so much".

"Who is the friend of yours and what's your name?" I questioned.

"Oh, I'm H.B., which stands for Harry Bunker." He gave a high-pitched whistle and a big, square rubber rushed out mumbling, "This is Mr. Rubber."

I talked with H.B. and Mr. Rubber and it was not long before the bell rang. I gathered up my new friends, put them in my pocket and went to fetch a bottle of milk.

Mr. Rubber fetched me a straw, and I allowed him to have a sip of my milk. He climbed up the bottle carefully and stepped onto the lid. He was about to take a sip when the top fell in under his weight and he fell with a splash into the bottle of milk. H.B. also made a nuisance of himself by eating half of my bun and giving himself the hiccups, which I had to disguise by coughing loudly and by clearing my throat.

It was not long before I was sitting at my desk ready for Maths. H.B. was sitting on one side of the desk and Mr. Rubber on the other side (this was so that they did not argue).

Mr. Smith the Maths. teacher walked in, carrying a huge pile of test sheets. Everyone groaned at the sight of them, except, that is, for H.B.

"Oh, this looks good," he squeaked, "I'm a professor of Maths."

"Oh, I'm terrible at Maths. The whole class finds Maths. really hard."

Mr. Smith stood up, "Before we start the test we shall do some mental sums. You had better stay awake because I will be jumping around. Claire, what is three hundred and ninety-nine minus one hundred?"

This was the start of H.B.'s tricks. He slid down the leg of the desk and climbed up Claire's chair, and whispered the answer in her ear.

"Two hundred and ninety-nine Sir," Claire replied as quick as a flash.

"Jane what is three times four?" questioned Mr. Smith.

Jane looked for H.B., who was running across the floor of the room.

"Umm" Jane looked desperate and H.B. told her the answer just in time.

"Twelve sir."

This went on and each time H.B. took longer to cross the room. Then after fifteen minutes H.B.'s trick worked. Mr. Smith said, "You have worked very hard." There was a pause and then he carried on, "I have decided to cancel the test."

There was a cheer and Mr. Smith took the test papers and threw them into the bin.

The rest of the lesson went very quickly and at the end everyone crowded around me.

"We want H.B., we want the hero!" they all chanted. It was no use shouting for him though, because H.B., exhausted from his tricks, had fallen asleep. Now he was

just a normal pencil on the edge of my desk, and Mr. Rubber was just a normal rubber.

All H.B.'s tricks were over and you probably think that everything is back to normal. You are right except for one thing. My friends and I no longer find Maths. difficult. It might be because I have H.B. tucked away in my pencil case. What do you think?

Melissa Bowerman, Transition

FOOD

Nice, nice, nice,
Steak and rice.
Horrid, horrid, horrid,
Plums and porridge.

Lovely, lovely, lovely,
Bread and honey.
Nasty, nasty, nasty,
Cornish pastie.

Good, good, good,
Jelly for pud.
Bad, bad, bad,
Nothing for Dad.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sauce and meat.
Sour, sour, sour,
Water and flour.

Lynne Rimmer, Transition

SNOWFLAKE

She was the first one to fall silently down and look around to see the first sight of a new world. It was certainly very different from the floating whiteness of her birthplace, although she soon saw many of her brothers and sisters land and gather round her, and so soon she began to feel more at home.

An hour later, she heard many voices shouting and laughing. It was the children coming home from school. They had seen the snow falling and couldn't sit still till the bell went for them to go. The little snowflake decided at once that she didn't like the children. They were so rough with her and tossed her about and trampled over her all the time. A few hours later though, the children's Mums started calling for them and so eventually the poor little snowflake had a rest.

The next day, however, she felt terribly ill as her worst enemy was out. It was the 'Sun'. The poor little snowflake was nearly melting, she was so hot. But soon, she felt even worse, because all the children came out to play.

She didn't enjoy that day at all, so when it finally came to an end she was very glad.

The next morning though, wasn't much better for it was even warmer. It was so hot that some of her brothers and sisters started to melt. Finally it was too unbearable and she slowly but surely began to melt. It was a horrible task, slowly turning into water, when she had been so proud of being a snowflake.

In a few minutes it was all over and she was nothing but a tiny drop of water. She now had the very difficult task of trying to reach a river. She knew it was very hard as her father had told her many adventures of little drops of water just drying up because they couldn't find a river.

However, as luck would have it, a little child walked past and trod on the raindrop. Although it hurt her a lot, the little child was heading for a river, so if she could hold onto the boot long enough, she would reach the river. When the child stopped at the river the little raindrop let go of the boot and jumped into the river. She was overjoyed. It was so cold in the river and so fresh. The little raindrop really enjoyed that next twenty-four hours until suddenly she found herself in a great mass of water. She didn't like it at first because she was tossed about, but when she realised it must be the sea she felt very proud and did not mind so much.

For the next few days she kept feeling very proud of herself for making her way to the sea without any help at all. Suddenly, though, a great storm blew up and to the raindrop's astonishment she was lifted high up into the sky. And before you could say 'Snowflakes!!' she was up in a cloud looking at the floating whiteness of her birthplace.

Melanie French, Transition

WHAT CLOTHES GET UP TO

I woke up one morning
And found myself yawning,
My clothes were jumping,
Kicking and thumping,
Pushing and punching
And they dragged me out of bed.
Then they punched me on my head!
I wasn't very pleased,
So I kicked them with my knees
And they fell down dead!

Amanda Robins, Transition

THE SNOWFLAKE

One very cold day it began to snow. All the woodland creatures scurried into their holes and homes to keep warm. The wind blew the snowflakes in all directions.

One very little snowflake was blown up and down and round and round until he felt very dizzy. All the snowflakes were flung about and just as they touched the ground they were blown up into the sky again.

The little snowflake was blown up to the top of a pine tree where he stayed for the whole night. When the moon came up, the little snowflake looked down onto the ground and it looked just as if a million or more crystals were on the ground, all shining.

The next day when the snowflake woke up it was just as windy as the day before, but it was very sunny, although cold. The snowflake was blown out of the tree and all the way to the other side of the wood, where a Mr. Badger lived, and he landed on his door step. When Badger came out he saw that his path was blocked, so he got his shovel out and cleared it. Up went the snowflake and when it came down again it landed on a bank at the side of a river.

There it stayed for the rest of the winter. As the winter went on it grew warmer and warmer until one day the snowflake began to move and every day it felt itself being pushed upwards. The warm sun slowly melted the snow.

One sunny day some people came walking by and a little girl said to her mother, "Look! Mummy." There was a snowdrop on the ground and in the middle was a drop of water, all that was left of the snowflake.

Emilie Daviron, Transition

CATS

Fat cats, thin cats
Lazy cats, crazy cats
Black cats, white cats
Dozy cats, nozy cats
Tall cats, small cats
Healthy cats, wealthy cats
Thick cats, sick cats
Frisky cats, risky cats
Long cats, wrong cats
Cats, Cats, Cats!

Jane Comber, Transition

THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF TELEVISION

Television has many advantages and many disadvantages.

Some programmes, such as 'Think of a Number' and 'Playschool' for younger children, are very educational as well as entertaining. Some programmes really make you look and concentrate, like the 'Paul Daniels' Magic Show', where you have to look at the tricks to make sure there is no trick photography. Some children's programmes have very bad language like 'Grange Hill', which can be a very bad influence on children and they start using bad language. Some cartoons like 'Tom and Jerry' are on too late for younger children.

The news brings us different information from other countries. It also helps us to learn about politics, and the world around us, about different people and their ways of life. Satellites bring us pictures from space and programmes from other countries all around the world. Without satellites we wouldn't have been able to see the Olympic Games in Moscow, or half the different programmes we have.

Television is good company for old people who can hardly walk and have to stay indoors; it means they have something to do. Sometimes the good films are on late and the creepy murders on early enough to give young children nightmares.

My own views on television are that it is fairly good, but I do think that sometimes, when I wake up early on a Sunday morning, there should be something to watch.

One programme I particularly like is 'Points of View' as it gives you an idea of what other people think about other programmes. 'Golda Meir' was another one of my favourites, because I found out a lot about Israel and the way they live and their outlook on life.

I think television is a good and bad thing, but now we have so many different channels it is hard to decide which channel I like best.

Rachael Bolton, Transition



CREATURES

A PIG'S PARADISE

It was with a lively gait that I headed towards the muddy dwelling. I turned left where the gravel path terminated and strolled slowly up to the gate. I rested my elbows on the top ledge and my chin upon them, and then gazed in front of me. It was not until then that I realised that my new acquaintances had gone; I would never see them again. Suddenly I felt shocked and dazed — I had often thought about this moment but had always dismissed it from my mind. Now it had happened and I was helpless; there was nothing I could do.

I knew too well where my friends were heading for, or where they had arrived already, yet all I really yearned to know was, were they still alive?

For a moment I forgot their shoddy home and stared at the soiled, white-washed trough in the centre of the fenced-off enclosure. As my eyes focused on this, the centre of my attention, my mind wandered. I thought of the palace I had dreamt of and created for them. I saw priceless, Oriental carpets lining the shiny, polished floors, Chippendale furniture, velvet curtains, and silver dishes containing warm, pungent-smelling yet appetising 'pigs'-broth'. Then I saw my friends: four, clean, pink pigs trotting through the long corridors, snuffling the immense paintings depicting Tudor Kings and Queens, and the intricately carved frames surrounding them.

And then I saw Eiderdown with her fore-trotters resting on the window ledge as she gazed at the wide expanse of green gardens below her, decorated with playing fountains. But it was all a dream and had come to nothing.

I recalled their jet-black eyes with fair lashes, the way they sniffed in the mud and seemed to grunt contentedly on finding a luxuriant patch of grass. I remembered how they had played with each other, stopping abruptly when a bird flew overhead, their alert, elf-like ears sensing danger, their snouts sniffing the country air; then the moment had passed and their mouths seemed to give a bashful smile as they resumed their play.

But this would never happen again; what harm had they done? There was no use arguing — humans rarely listen to anyone.

With a toss of my head I rejected the thought of strings of sausages, and tried to forget. Pausing for a moment, I turned and glanced at the splintered pieces of wood and corrugated iron, supported by stones, which had been their ramshackle home.

It was all over now. As I returned home a slight lump menaced my throat. Were they experiencing a great feeling of happiness and tranquillity? Was their creator's loving arm tenderly touching each one of them, as their pink snouts sniffed the edge of this shining, white robe? I had given way to doubt; I did not know what I believed any more.

Suddenly a feeling of great comfort and peace swept over my body, as if I were being assured of my friends' whereabouts. Then I knew for certain that although their

bodies were lifeless now, their souls were in Paradise, and I prayed that one day, I would be reunited with them there.

Karen Bowerman, VF

THE SEASONS

SPRING

Day by day the sky regained its faint, blue colouring and clouds streaked or scudded across it, dew glistened on the grass and our newly-bought hens began to cluck and strut around scratching the hard ground in the hope of unearthing a juicy worm. I could no longer make the excuse that it was too cold to feed the cows or pigs, but I didn't mind, for it was spring; winter had passed and the signs of new life were beginning to show. Nests of speckled eggs could be found in the copses, if one looked carefully enough, and my soul was filled with happiness and delight at the thought of searching for them.

Karen Bowerman, VF

SPRING WALK

It was early spring, and a very beautiful one at that. The snow had left the high peaks of the mountains so the streams were rushing down their pebbly beds at a terrific speed. The young brackens were starting to sprout above the ground like small animals emerging from their long winter hibernation. Young ferns were fresh and green; everything looked so new. I was bursting with happiness at the thought of the warm weather to come. As I walked along the gravel path, which was channelled by rivulets of water, the cold wind swirled round my head and a few strands of hair escaped from under my woollen scarf — small spring flowers grew along the side of the path; beautiful celandines with dazzling yellow petals stared up at me, and each petal caught the sun, which occasionally penetrated the skies, blanketed, with grey clouds. The small flecks of luscious green grass managed to grow strongly between the charred heather twigs which lay desolately on the waterlogged ground.

My head turned to the warming sun, which had managed to peep out under a blanket of cloud. Then I looked towards home; the three white croft houses stood out like the chalk cliffs against the iron-grey sea. Behind them was the rugged hillside, but in front leading down to the sea, were green fields dotted with occasional sheep. But the thing that stood out most to me about my beautiful and peaceful home was the emerald wood. The summer leaves had started to sprout from under the horny sheaths which protected them from the harsh frost of winter. This exquisite wood, which was as grey as the granite on the hillside in winter, became alive in the spring and summer months. The nests of many birds were hidden away from human eye, but the birds often appeared at intervals to look for food and nest-building materials.

Eventually, I reached the small wooden gate, which was riddled with woodworm, at the bottom of the water fall. This was the last and my favourite part of my walk home from school once a week. The wood lay before me, beckoning me to enter its depths, and the smoke from the chimney rose up above the trees, making me break into a trot.

Rebecca Ridgway, VF

SPRING

When the spring is here in its full glory, the flowers in bloom, young animals everywhere and green all around, I start to go out for walks, and take in all the wonders of this season. I love the way on one tree it is possible to see the various stages of developing buds, some tightly closed, some slightly open and others open to their full extent. I adore the way tiny flowers nestle amongst the grass, seemingly shy and timid and hiding from us clumsy, large, passers-by. The grass seems to offer them some protection and security, as they snuggle deep into it. I love the way the larger flowers grow in the fields isolated amongst the crops, showing vividly against the duller background, and the way the wind ruffles these fields, playfully making the plants sway. The spring makes me feel renewed, revitalised and happy. Somehow, it seems to show me that there is a place and time for being young and forgetting that maturity and responsibility are now always expected from me — not that that is necessarily a bad thing. The changeover from spring to summer is not usually as clearly defined as that from winter to spring. The days get longer and longer and warmer than ever. I look forward to the summer and am usually excited at the prospect of its arriving.

Catherine Gyga, VF

THE MORNING OF SNOW

Silence, not a squawk from the birds, not a hum from a car, not a shout from the paperboy, just total silence.

I pressed my nose on the frosted window. The cold wind bit at my bare toes as it crept in under the solid, oak door. The world was clear, cold and lonely. The snow had fallen. Icicles hung from the dimly-lit shop, shining like crystal. They reminded me of beautiful cut-glass sparkling as they caught the pale glow coming from the small street light. A bicycle came slipping and sliding round the corner. Its wheels left a long, winding path behind like one enormous iced snake. A man was riding it. What a sight he looked! A large, pink nose poked out from under a brightly-coloured hat which slipped further and further down every time he went over a bump. He wore a giant sheepskin coat with an extra large fur collar making sudden movements impossible. He reminded me of an Eskimo.

His gloved hands gripped tighter but, alas, it was too late. He gracefully toppled over and lay, like a tortoise on its back, with legs and arms flailing. He heaved himself up and tried to brush the snow from his rather large behind, but all was in vain. The snow was stuck fast. Abandoning his bicycle he trudged across to his tiny shop on the corner of the street. He left large footprints in the



Samantha Rowe, II

sparkling snow. You could see where he had dragged his right foot from his fall. He trod on a wafer-thin piece of ice which shattered into hundreds of tiny pieces, transparent but glinting like diamonds. Biting his numb lips and stamping his frozen feet he searched for his keys.

A crimson sun was slowly rising on the blanketed fields like a giant red balloon ready to explode. Its hands reached out to melt the thick bed of bouncy soft feathers. The frosted ponds shone like silk patches on a quilt, and the trees and hedges like large stitches on the distant hills.

Soon we would wake the dormant creature that lived the summer in our garage. It is so stubborn. You have to pull it up hills and find your fingers are rubbed sore. Then just when you are about to sit down it zooms off in a wild frenzy, but oh how I love to toboggan!

Charlotte Smith, IIE

SNOW

Like chandeliers,
Crystal ice,
Dazzling diamonds,
And shattering glass,
They mould together,
And form a world,
Of snowflake ice-dreams,
Sugar and spice.

Like icicle doilies,
Frozen spar,
Creamy mint-drops,
And mirrors of silver,
They revolve the air,
In graceful motion,
Sprinkle the forests
Of evergreen mist.

Suzanne Lidster, IIE

A HEAVY SNOWFALL — WINTER REFLECTIONS

As I stepped out on to a cold wooden floor, I shivered in my nightgown and the socks which I had slept in. I rubbed my hands and staggered downstairs to have some hot buttered toast and a mug of steaming tea. The kitchen seemed colder than usual and the fire was reluctant to flicker, when suddenly I realised it had snowed! I loved snow and when I realised that Christmas had gone by without it I had given up hope of it. Once I had tugged a comb through my hair and had pulled on my gloves I rushed outside into a world of enchantment.

Languid flakes gently weighed down the branches of trees and the air was clean and pure. There was a crisp tang in the atmosphere but since my cheeks burned with the warmth of my scarf, I hardly felt the bitterness. Frozen puddles crunched beneath my feet, but when I reached the grass it was carpeted in thick, soft snow which stifled the sound of my footsteps. Fresh blobs of new snow had settled on garden statues and exquisite patterns of footprints gave away the robin's secret.

Our pond seemed to have a scouring effect on its surface like skates on ice and our shed was hardly visible. It had been a heavy snowfall, but instead of having a smooth effect the snow had fallen unevenly like bumpy cotton wool to make soft deep pits through which to trudge.

The screech of my friends echoed into my garden — they would soon come round for me and would ruin my peaceful world. We would soon build snowmen and play with snowballs and see the snow in a different way, but I liked it the way it was — calm, silent and pure.

I continued until I reached my brother's swings, which had frost sugared along the red paint where the snow could not reach it. Plants had frozen and also had frost along the bottom veins, creating a spiral effect where again the snow could not reach it. The sky was white and carried a cold, crystal air to it. Flakes clung to icicles like peppermint crystals on glacier mint sticks. They still had small drips on them which had frozen in the cold night. As I breathed a warm aura of air circled me and as I cupped a snowball together, the delicate snow crystals crumbled in my hands.

Suddenly two familiar voices screamed at me, then my friends jumped over our gate and tore up to me. This was the end of my winter reflections.

Samantha Rowe, IIE

THE FIRST SNOW OF THE WINTER

The snow fell, oh so quietly,
Like sprinkled flour from a sieve
Onto the hard, wet ground.

Snowflakes fell on the withered branches of trees
And gently onto the rooftops of houses —
All was peaceful.

The wood was dark and magical
And shone in the dawn,
While the narrow streets also
Were deserted of life.

The light shone through the snow covered trees
And the houses were covered with a blanket of
snowy down,
The cruel world now looked like a shiny, heavenly
place of white fluff.

Jenny Sheppard, IIE

SNOW

snow
frosted crystals
large and cruel
icy but sparkling bright
trickling from sky to roof
lying lonely cold and white
peacefully falling
diamond bright
snow.

Charlotte Smith, IIE

WINTER

Towards Christmas, the first flakes of snow begin to fall — mingled with rain to begin with, and then the thick, white, graceful flakes cover every twig, and every blade of grass. I adore the snow; often I act as a small child would, making snowmen and charging down the steep hills excitedly on a toboggan. For me, snow is a great wonder and curiosity, and I can sit and stare at it for hours on end. Even the sheep are covered in a layer of snow, and their wool becomes encrusted with fingers of ice. My winter wardrobe is filled with woolly jumpers, and warm socks, and my nights are spent hugging a boiling hot water bottle. These days are ones which I love, although the skies are grey, freezing winds whistle through the house, and icicles hang like daggers from the roof. Gradually, the snow melts, and the days become longer, and I wake up one morning to the sound of bleating lambs.

Sarah Reade, VF

SOME RIDDLES AND ACROSTICS

BY IY

A RIDDLE

I am one hundred years old
But never in my life have I moved an inch.
In winter I am cold and have no clothes
But I provide homes for others.
In summer I am hot and have many clothes
But I make others cooler.

What am I?

An Oak Tree.

Nicola de Lemos, IY

A RIDDLE

I'm like a prison
With the whitest walls.
Round both sides and the front
I have the softest floor
And the wettest room.
If anything slips down my linen chute
It will never be seen again.

What am I?

A mouth.

Tina Gray, IY

A RIDDLE

I have a sole to stand upon.
I am alone but more than one.
A useful item I can be
Yet everyone looks down on me.

What am I?

A shoe

Angela Eleini, IY

A RIDDLE

Light and fluffy,
Pure and white,
When they're grey
There's a streak of light.

When they come down,
To our ground,
Your eyes are open
But you can't see around.

What am I?

A cloud.

Danielle Maurice, IY

A RIDDLE

Spitting, licking, crying out wildly,
She's been fed,
Then she lies down,
But still glinting, like a glowing eye.
Then when she's fed again, up she goes,
Spitting, licking violently,
Then she suddenly dies down,
And slowly crumbles away.

What am I?

A fire.

Fleur Hardman, IY

Two acrostics about the same subject

An Acrostic

DICTIONARY

Dictionary _____
Investigation of words,
Caring for your spellings,
Teaching others,
It is a friend,
Of course it is intelligent,
Necessary for homework,
And has a life of its own.
Read away,
You're no longer on your own.

Danielle Maurice, IY

Do you need a word?
I'm here to help you,
Can I help you find it?
Too difficult to find the right word.
I'll help you.
Oh, you've found the word?
No good! Then try again.
Ah, that must be it!
Right then, write it down,
You don't want to forget it!

Saffron McCarthy, IY

An Acrostic

GOLLUM

Greasy and dirty is Gollum,
Oily is the river across which he rows,
Looking for elves during the night,
Laughing as he catches them in the dark tunnels,
Unbelievably wily, he is
Mastermind of the dark.

Jill Bench, IY

An Acrostic

MUNCHER THE MONSTER

Miles away from men that kill,
Under the depths of a monster's hill,
Near a place where fish don't swim,
Crafty things they keep so prim.
How Muncher hates to be told,
Everything about the world.
Reality is only for the bold.

Tiny little fish he eats
However he tries big fish to eat, he
Even tries to eat his feet.

Muncher is a huge, great monster.
Of course, he is the great old master.
Now he is so old and feeble,
Searching for his long lost lover,
Trying to find her for a mother.
Every night he is so cold
Rooting through a heap of gold.

Anna Barrett, IY

An Acrostic

WOMEN

Willingly working,
Oh, so pretty,
Movingly lovely,
Ever loving,
Never nagging.

Rachel Utley, IY

An Acrostic

NEPTUNE

Nymphs of the salt sea
Echoing sounds that have given men doom
Pearl wreaths round their hair
Tendrils of sea plants like ivy round doors
Under the sea there dwells a great king
Nautical palace is his domain
Ended, yet still Greek mystery.

Minnie Black-James, IY

ANIMAL ACROSTICS

Geese!

Oh, how they bite your heels!
On and on they chase you,
Soon they'll tire,
Ending their frantic chase.

Pink and fat,
In and out the compost heap,
Going to sleep with a worry whether he will be your
breakfast.

Hurrying around his wheel,
And always being held,
Missing the outside world,
Sleeping all day long,
Trying to get out of his cage,
Eating his fill,
Running to hide among his bedding.

Slimy and slithery,
Nothing can stop him,
Another victim is in his grip,
Keeping a hideout in the rocks,
Eating his prey with one big swallow.

Perhaps we'll be eaten tonight.
Run! Here he comes.
Amongst the weeds the enemy swims
We haven't been eaten yet,
Now he's gone. All come out. It's safe!

Saffron McCarthy, IY

SANTA — CLAUS

Sadly for him it's time again
Another Christmas to go through
Nearly all the stockings have been filled
Tightly packed with many presents
As more parcels are crammed in.

Could it be that he's disenchanted
Laughing image that he is
And even if he DOES enjoy it
Understandably it must be tiring
So please spare a thought for poor dear Santa.

Minnie Black-James, IY



Sophie Grant, UVI

REFLECTIONS

JUST SUPPOSE . . .

If daisies were black
And all dogs white,
Could telephones talk, and fridges bite?

If circles were square
And rectangles round,
Could France be lost, and Atlantis found?

If light was dark
And darkness light,
Could the deaf hear, and the blind have sight?

If books were unread
And art not invented,
Could the ill be cured, or disease be prevented?

If pepper was mauve
And salt bright pink,
Could a potato see, and a needle wink?

If straight lines were wavy
And wavy lines straight,
Could saucepans be flat, and scales put on weight?

But as it seems
That up is not down,
And wrong is not right.
I will have to accept,
That black will stay black,
And white will stay white.

Sophie George, IVD

MY FEELINGS THEN

Some of my earliest memories are about the time when I used to live at Telscombe Cliffs, the small area between Saltdean and Peacehaven. The Cliffs are very sheer and dangerous there, and I can remember running along beside my father, when I was at the age of about three or four. The memory of them is not very clear, but vague, and bits and pieces only are recalled:

I am running along, and as I run, I can see a large black alsatian running with me; he is trying to nibble my feet and push me over. I scream and fall over; this animal jumps around playfully and barks. I can see a figure ahead of me; it is my father. He picks me up, and smacks Edward, the dog.

Down on the Promenade, I look at the sea, its deep blue colour reflecting the sky; it is summertime. the gulls fly around overhead, and cry their screeches of misery. When my father was amazed, he would always say "Stone the crows". This reminds me of my special place under the Cliffs. Where the Cliffs have been battered so much, I can see that they are slightly concave. There are rocks nearby, huge and whitish-grey, and always sandy.

The ground is hot under my feet, and Edward is playing somewhere. The sea is rushing in on the shore. Far away I can see the distant silhouette of a ship, perhaps a ferry on its way to the docks, or Dover Port.

As I run along, I come to a postcard or sweet shop. There are two 'big' girls in there and I watch them as they buy things. One of them pulls her socks up. I reach down to pull my socks up but I cannot, as I do not have any socks on. I do not have anything on except a tee-shirt which reaches my knees. I run out into the sun. I am greeted by Edward, who teases me by nipping my hand.

I am standing near the edge of the cliff. We are opposite the Lido, John, my brother and I. John asks me where I live and I give him the number of my house, and the name of the road, and the name of the town. Then he asks me what my address is but I cannot answer. I don't know what an address is. All I can think of is coat rails. I am confused. I can hear the noise of the big pebbles crackling down the beach as the waves remove their supports. I love this sound, and of the sea rushing in, and of the gulls.

Those are my thoughts about my childhood.

I have different feelings about my home at Telscombe Cliffs now from those I had then, when I was three; it was the first town I ever lived in, and I loved it. If I think where I would least like to live now, it would be Telscombe Cliffs. But I would like to go back there, not as I am, but as I was at the age of three.

Zena Thompson, IVV

REALLY?

Yes, in truth, we're all like bath bubbles,
Round and smooth on the outside, vulnerable to all,
But inside, undiscovered, obscure and individual.
Is this how it should be?

In just one second after one short lifetime,

This mass is so easily destroyed:

Just one bar of soap and we're dead, as if hit by a
thunderbolt

Leaving the internal vacuum still unexplored, still
mysterious.

Caroline Searle, LVI

FORGOTTEN DREAMS

How many years has it been lying there, hidden away among the dusty hatboxes and lampshades? Once a spider would never have dared to scuttle across the pink satin, now torn and filthy; but here, entwining the faded ribbons, a silken thread revolves in an ecstasy of long-forgotten dreams. This alone can perhaps experience what this flimsy object has once known. An ancient, insignificant bit of rubbish that has been tossed into a corner, where it dreams alone, no longer sighing for what is past. Somehow, seeing it forlorn, abandoned, no longer cared for, a great rush of sadness overwhelms me.

Who knows what this bedraggled ballet slipper may have seen in its short life? Who knows how many stages it may have lightly trodden, how many pirouettes and arabesques it may have executed? Maybe it graced the foot of a dying swan or a despairing Giselle; or maybe all it has seen are the bare boards and endless mirrors of a cramped rehearsal room high above the busy streets of Paris. No one can know now, maybe the shoe itself has also forgotten — but no, dance can never be forgotten. It is too beautiful, too sacred to be thrown carelessly in a dark corner.

Melanie Morrison, LVI

SOLITUDE

I gaze outwards as I sit alone
On the grassy hillock,
Purple heather at my feet,
The rolling hills beyond.

An upward glance and there overhead
The drifting clouds pass by.
The lark rises swiftly
And then descends like a stone.

The warm summer breeze around me swirls
Gently brushing my face.
The bothersome fly I flick
A beetle passes by.

A red ant scurries into sight
Only to disappear
Under wortleberry leaves.
Gay butterflies flutter.

Glorious nature, myself at peace
Marvelling at God's gifts
That surround me,
Oh for tranquillity and solitude.

Aureol Bowerman, IVD

RESTRICTIONS

I should like to explain a little about restrictions. Our lives are almost totally controlled by restrictions of one kind or another. Restrictions are not welcomed by the human nature, and we would all rather have no hindrance on our freedom. But because we live in a community where our individual interests may contradict those of others, societies over the years have developed certain principles, which have later developed into law and order. These legal restrictions enable the individual to pursue his interests and needs in an organised manner, avoiding the introduction of conflict with one another. Other than legal restrictions, there are the restrictions of tradition, morals, ethics and religion. In the Stone Age, I suppose there used to be no such restrictions, it was the strongest who had his own way, and no-one else could argue with his decision.

Revolts probably started with the introduction of restrictions. Restrictions may please ninety-nine per cent of a population, but there will always be that one per cent who are unhappy — the ones who may revolt. In the beginning of this century, there were some revolts by the Suffragettes, revolting against the restrictions against women voting. These revolts were successful, unlike many that are crushed.

There are some revolts which I do approve of. When any restrictions are imposed by a minority of people, through non-democratic procedures, problems and conflicts become magnified, and this soon leads to revolts against these imposed restrictions. This is like the situation in South Africa, where there are civil rights restrictions against the blacks, who revolt against these restrictions to regain these rights. These restrictions are based on race. This situation also happens in Communist countries like Poland, where the people have no say in the government of the country. In Poland, Solidarity was formed, revolting against restrictions on their trade unions; it was unsuccessful, and the government has now declared it illegal.

There are also restrictions imposed by external forces on a community, occupying it, and administering unpopular laws and restrictions. This is like the situation in Afghanistan, where Russian forces invaded and occupied that country. Another situation is when Israeli troops invaded and occupied neighbouring countries like Lebanon, Syria (the Golan Heights), and remaining Palestinian lands known as the West Bank of the River Jordan, and the Gaza Strip. These restrictions are based on religion. In this situation, the Palestinian people are in revolt against restrictions imposed by their occupying force.

In these cases, I do approve of a revolt against restrictions. But there are, however, situations in which I do not approve of revolts against restrictions. One extreme is the revolt of people against traditional habits of dress — some of these people become punks, introducing revolutionary new hair-styles and dress.

I feel more strongly, however, against revolts such as military coups in Central and South America, Africa and the East. This is when a few of the military officers make a coup, toppling the government and taking over the authority in their hands. They then become dictators, deciding themselves how the country should be run, without consulting the opinion of the public. Anyone attempting to interfere or to try to stop them will be killed. They impose great hardship on the community, and many families are torn apart.

Some restrictions are essential for the prevention of conflict, and for the conservation of harmony in the community. Restrictions are inevitable in our life, being a process of organisation and discipline, and as long as they are instituted democratically by the majority of the community, then I do strongly approve of such restrictions, and do not approve of any revolt against them.

Maha Barakat, IVD

SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE

Never
Think that life is no longer worth living.
Always there is,
Somewhere,
Someone who loves you.
Always there is,
Somewhere,
Someone who depends upon you.
Always there is
Someone,
A person who,
Though they may not often show it,
Cares.

Nina King, LVI

THE ORDINARY THINGS IN LIFE I LOVE

I love to eat hot vegetable soup followed by baked potatoes in their jackets with lashings of butter, black pepper and salt. I love being by myself, quite alone in a wood, just when the primroses are blooming: then sitting by a huge, still and silent lake with water lilies floating on top of the water, and willow trees dipping into a pond. I love to go for long walks across fields, over stiles, jumping brooks, watching waterfalls and rainbows, and then to come home dripping wet, after being in the rain and to climb into a big, deep, boiling hot bath and just lie there, motionless, not caring for anyone or anything.

I love freedom: knowing that I can say, think and do as I please, being able to talk to people in the village, go where I please, knowing that I am not trespassing on somebody's land.

But best of all I love being very tired and sinking into my warm bed with freshly-laundered sheets and night clothes and to lie and dream of all the things I love and to feel as though I am floating in the air on my own personal cloud.

Rachel Holder, IIO, 1982

THANK YOU

Thank you for the 'overlooked' things;
For obscuring mist who winds his damp fingers around mossy trees,
Scrawling, strangling ivy scrambling up flint walls,
The occasional gust of wind that whirls and twirls the leaves away.
Spindle-trunked, naked trees — branches groping in the sky
And a ripple of murky water as an otter glides by.

Drops of clear dew sparkling in the sunlight,
A single, fragile, stippled butterfly wing,
Plump, shiny acorns balancing in their cups.
Cracking mud that swallows up sprinkles of quenching rain
And soft, wind-blown snow on a window pane.

Each an example of God's amazing handiwork.
Thank Him.

Karen Bowerman, VF

THE AMBITIONS I HOPE TO REACH IN THE NEXT DECADE

For me, my ambitions are just dreams; dreams that I can only hope to reach and help millions of suffering people in the Third World, because I want to be a doctor. I reached this decision when I was about five years old after I had seen a documentary film on the aftermath of the civil war in Bangladesh. The horror of the famine in the country touched me deeply and to this day, I have never forgotten the film. The pain of seeing so many people starving was aggravated by the fact that I came from Bangladesh, and this drove me to become determined to help these people.

Living in Zambia, a Third World country in Africa, has served to toughen my determination to become a doctor. During the last holidays I paid a visit to the local hospital and when I came out of the old-fashioned building I was distressed by the fact that Zambia cannot afford many medicines for people with terrible diseases. For the next few days all I could think about was ways in which I would bring the hospital up-to-date with precious medicines.

Although I am often told how hard and demanding the course is by my parents and teachers, I will never give up trying to get a medical education. Ninety per cent of hopeful students do not get in to medical college and I can only pray that I should be one of the other ten per cent.

I know that if I do get into medical college, my work is going to be an obsession. I am prepared to accept that I am going to have to substitute "Top of the Pops", and a lot of other pastimes with "permanent" work, but if I get a chance to do something for people in my country as well as a lot of other Third World countries, it will be worth it because I would feel that I have done something with my life.

At the moment, my dreams do not include a family of my own; it would only be a hindrance to my career, and I cannot let anything or anyone stand in the way of my long-treasured dreams. Next year, my parents said that I could visit Bangladesh after my 'O' levels, and I shall make a point of visiting hospitals there if I do go.

Many people are sickened when they watch operations of any kind, but I always find myself "drinking" in all the details I can and trying to identify all the different parts of the body. When Dr. de Winter visited the school last term, I was so interested in what he was doing and what he was trying to prove, that I instantly planned a visit to his clinic with a friend.

Sometimes, when I get a bad grade in class, I say to myself, "I'm never going to make it into medicine," but the next day I wake up and say, "Right, I'm going to try extra-hard in this subject and then I shall be a doctor!" Therefore, I have decided that if I do not get into medicine, I shall never give up trying to get in the next time, even though I shall most probably be disappointed. I know, however, that maybe it will take more than ten years to reach that goal.

Rita Alam, IVD



THE EXPERIENCE OF NURSING

(Extract from a letter from a Sixth Former who left after 'A' levels in summer, 1982, to start as a nurse at a major London Teaching Hospital.)

"... I have settled in well now. To begin with I hated everything — the residences (well, after living in the lap of luxury at Venn), the hospital, the lectures, ward, people and even the patients. Then, suddenly insecurity 'flew' away, and I met four other girls who just seemed to hit it off with each other, and me. They are a nutty bunch, and we get on very well.

As soon as I felt happy on the social scale, and no longer lonely, the work appeared better. As far as the work goes — thank heavens for 'A' levels! For those who feel that nursing is a work of good education, good upbringing etc. etc. — they have been very misinformed. The first seven weeks are primarily concerned with theory — the anatomy and physiology of the human body. Also during those seven weeks, we have at least one day a week on the wards — 'to break us in gently', they say! On my first ward I had to persuade a very determined, stubborn, senile, grouchy, horrible little woman to let me stick two suppositories into her. Now, the above adjectives do seem a little harsh for someone who has chosen the dedicated vocation of healing and dealing with the sick, but to deal with this lady we needed to be superhuman! She had me in tears! (I must add, I have now become her favourite nurse, simply because I'm

gullible enough to think she really is in agony and dying, when she merely wants attention.)

The theory is very hard, more or less on the level of 'A' level biology, and having done 'O' level over two years ago, it's taking a bit of time to sink in and become comprehensible. The practical work is hilarious — what we have to do to each other! Tomorrow we start giving injections for real, and although we are encouraged not to lie, there is one time in a nurse's career when it is compulsory to lie — and that is when one is giving one's first injection. On NO account is the victim allowed to think he is literally a victim, instead of a patient!

Ah, now for the tales of woe. The ward I am assigned to for the next two months is the Haematology Ward, and 90% of the patients suffer from chronic leukaemia. We have had five deaths in two weeks, so really I am being thrown into a slightly deeper end than others, who sometimes do not experience a death on the wards until they are in their second year.

The 'horrific' sights have a funny (as in weird) effect. Somehow, because I'm in my uniform, and I have quite a bit of responsibility (even at this stage), they do not frighten me. Yet, if I were to encounter an accident in the street, I would feel sick. The hospital ambience seems to lessen and dull the 'horrific' aspect, making the patient someone to feel drawn to, as opposed to feeling repulsed by."

Gaynor Jupe

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ST. MARY'S HALL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

No. 84



March, 1983

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HEADMISTRESS'S LETTER

Dear Members,

You will have read earlier in the Magazine of the new Cafeteria system and the plans for the Junior Department, which we hope will be completed during the next school year. It will not be long now before we celebrate the 150th Anniversary of the founding of St. Mary's Hall in 1836. There have already been several suggestions as to how we might celebrate this and I hope that all of you will give us any ideas you may have, especially as to what you, as Old Girls, would enjoy. Miss Butcher has been working for some time now on our archives and hopes to produce a short history of the school in time for the occasion. To return to the present, we shall be arranging another Buffet Supper at the school on Saturday, September 24th and this will be preceded by the Annual General Meeting with the following timetable:—

- 4.30 p.m. Committee Meeting, with tea in the Drawing Room
- 6.00 p.m. Annual General Meeting in Room L
- 7.00 p.m. Buffet Supper in the Dining Room.

I hope you will all be able to attend. The cost will be £4.50, including wine.

A Buffet Lunch, at the English Speaking Union in London, has also been arranged on Saturday, 21st May at 1.00 p.m. and I look forward to seeing as many members as possible on this informal occasion.

LETTER FROM MISS CONRADY

Dear Friends,

Once again I am reminded it is time for me to send a letter for the Magazine, but with the passing years my life slows down and I have little to say.

I was very sad to learn of Mrs. Webb's untimely death and am writing a short note elsewhere in the Magazine.

During the year, I was very pleased to see Sister Brown and Mrs. Peckham (Miss Foster) when Sister was spending a brief holiday in Hove. She is not very well but keeps remarkably cheerful. I recently had a long letter from Christine McGarry (Heaton). She lives in Brisbane and had been able to see quite a lot of the Commonwealth Games, including the Final Day when the Queen formally closed the Games. She had also seen Mrs. Eggleton when she went to Sydney during the year. She tells me that "Mrs. Egg" has not changed at all!

I hope to see some of you at the Old Girls' Supper in September, but as I am now no longer able to drive to Brighton, I may not be able to get to it.

With my love and good wishes to you all,

Doris Conrady

LETTER FROM MRS. LESLIE

Horsefair Cottage,
Deddington,
Oxford.

Dear Friends,

Many of us fear that when, like Othello, our "occupation's gone" we will slip into anonymity and boredom. While I have never contemplated such a fate, I must admit that there is a gap in my life and I am always happy to have news of you, to receive your letters and, at Christmas, your cards. I hope I shall see many of you at the S.M.H.A. lunch in London and the supper in the Autumn.

The past year has been an eventful one for me. In the

early spring and again in July and August I found myself helping an organisation which was running computer camps where young people could take a crash course in computing, combined with a wide variety of sporting activities.

In June I spent a couple of weeks in the South of France and I have now embarked on a new project. My aim is to raise money for any eye surgeon who has devoted his life to working amongst the poor and underprivileged in India.

So, you see, I am still busy!

Yours affectionately,

E. O. Leslie

ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION

Minutes of the 75th Annual General Meeting held at the Y.W.C.A. Central Club on Saturday, May 15th, 1982, at 2.30 p.m.

Present: Miss M. F. C. Harvey, M.A., Chairman.
Committee: Miss J. Baker, Mrs. Broadley (R. Elliott), Miss Conrady, Mrs. Leslie, Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E., Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman), Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell).
Members: Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Cole (M. Cunliffe), Mrs. Gosnell (D. Moore), Mrs. Herdon (E. Ryan), Miss I. Laurence, Mrs. Lawson (J. Barker), Mrs. Ogden (K. Powell), Mrs. Randall (M. Fosh), Miss O. Skene, Mrs. Smith (D. Lilley). *Member of Staff:* Miss Payne.

The Meeting opened with Prayers and Remembrance of those who had died since the last meeting: Cicely Ashwin, Mrs. Parsons (Elizabeth Everitt).

Apologies

Apologies were received from Miss M. Ellis, Miss Fabian, Miss M. Heelas, Mrs. Kings (L. Belasco), Miss P. Poyser and Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers).

Minutes

The Minutes of the last Meeting, having been printed in the Newsletter were taken as read, accepted, but *not* signed by the Chairman.

Chairman's Remarks and Report on the School

Miss Harvey welcomed everyone to her first A.G.M. and said what a success the Supper had been last year. This year's is to be on Saturday, September 25th at 7 p.m. and tickets were now available from the Secretary.

Open Day on May 28th is to have a new look with non-academic demonstrations and exhibitions while Speech Day on October 29th retains a more formal atmosphere.

Mr. Thomason is introducing a Cafeteria system in September with a wider choice of meals which will enable him to reduce costs.

Miss Harvey reported that a full time Chaplain is to be appointed and a new form for 8-year-olds is to be started in September. Miss Harvey then paid tribute to Miss Payne and Miss Rogers who are both retiring at the end of term after many years' service to the School.

Vice-Presidents' Remarks

Dame Mildred Riddelsdell welcomed Miss Harvey to the Association and Mrs. Broadley who has just retired from the Governing Body spoke of the pleasure she had in attending the opening of Venn House last year together with other members of her family. She was happy that the House had a family name and that more girls were staying on into the VI form and using the "Hilton" to its fullest extent.

Miss Conrady then thanked Mrs. Leslie for all she had done to make sure the VI form house was ready for the new School year.

Reports

Miss Harvey was asked to thank the Bursar for doing the Accounts again. There was no report as all details of the Accounts were in the Magazine. Mrs. Fawcett thanked Miss Brown and Mrs. Goodsell on behalf of the Association for all their hard work over the last few years and also the members for being so patient during the changeover. Mrs. Tinto thanked everyone for their news and congratulated Mrs. James on an excellent magazine and was herself thanked by Mrs. Leslie for editing the newsletter again.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Dame Mildred Riddelsdell proposed that Miss Rogers be elected Treasurer and Mrs. Fawcett proposed that Mrs. Boyes be elected Assistant Secretary — this was agreed unanimously.

ELECTION OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Mrs. Tinto proposed that Mrs. Cole (Mary Cunliffe) be elected to the Committee — this was agreed by the members. Miss Poyser and Miss Ellis were thanked for their services to the Committee. Having served for 6 years, they cannot be re-elected.

DATES OF FUTURE MEETINGS

Miss Harvey reminded members of the Buffet Supper on September 25th and said that tickets were available after the meeting from the Secretary. An Extraordinary General Meeting will be held prior to the Supper at 5.30 p.m. when the future of the Association will be discussed. Dame Mildred Riddelsdell proposed that the subscription should be £2 annually and £20 for Life Membership in future — this was agreed by the members.

At the Committee Meeting it was suggested that maybe a social occasion should be held in London for the members living nearby who could not go to meetings in Brighton. This could be either in a private house or somewhere like the English Speaking Union. After discussion, Mrs. Leslie was asked to find out about prices.

The Garden Party is being held on May 28th from 10.30 onwards and any members who could go would be very welcome.

Founders Day is at St. George's Church, Kemp Town on July 15th at 11.00 a.m. when the Preacher will be Canon Luxmoore, Precentor of Chichester and a Governor of the School.

Speech Day on October 29th is followed by half term and "As You Like It" will be performed in November.

ANY OTHER BUSINESS

Mrs. Tinto mentioned that the Address List was becoming out of date, as the last one had been printed in 1978. However, the cost of printing a new one was becoming prohibitive and she asked members if anyone had any ideas as to a cheaper replacement. After discussion, some members volunteered to find out prices for photocopying.

The meeting ended at 3.20 p.m. with tea.

ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION

Minutes of the Extraordinary General Meeting held in Venn House on Saturday, September 25th, 1982 at 5.30 p.m.

Present: Miss M. F. C. Harvey, M.A., Chairman.
Committee: Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Broadley (R. Elliott), Mrs. Cole (M. Cunliffe), Mrs. Kings (L. Belasco), Mrs. Leslie, M.A., Miss Payne, Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E., Miss Rogers, Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers), Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman), Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell). *Members:* Miss I. Ashwin, Miss M. Ashwin, Miss K. Chambré, Miss M. Corscaden, Mrs. Edmondson (C. Bean) and Miss R. Methven.

The Meeting opened with Prayers and Remembrance of those who had died since the last Meeting: Miss M. Smith, Stephanie Gasston and Anne Peters (Gasston). Prayers were said also for Mrs. Stapleton (Elizabeth des Forges) who was very ill in a Surrey hospital.

Apologies

Apologies were received from Miss J. Baker and Miss D. Conrady.

Minutes

The Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held in May were circulated, accepted and signed by the Chairman.

Matters Arising

As members at the London Meeting have been so low in recent years, it has been suggested that the A.G.M. be moved to September and held on the same evening as the Supper. After discussion, this was AGREED.

Members were asked to vote on dates for a Lunch to be held in London. May 21st, 1983, proved more popular than March 12th, so Mrs. Leslie was asked to contact the English Speaking Union, £5 being the maximum price for a ticket.

Chairman's Remarks and Report of the School

The Cafeteria system for meals has proved very popular, with none of the chaos which had been forecast by some.

There are now 360 girls in the School with 60 in the VI form. The number of Clergy daughters has gone up and the Governors have allocated more money for Bursaries.

Results for 'A' level in the the Summer were 94% pass and 78% for 'O' level.

Vice-Presidents' Remarks

Mrs. Broadley said she was very sad to have retired in June after 32 years as a Governor. The Board of Governors had generously given her a Book Token which she would have great fun in spending.

Dame Mildred Riddelsdell mentioned that Mrs. Downer, an Old Girl had been made a Governor.

Reports

Miss Rogers said that she would be taking over all the Treasurer's papers from the Bursar as soon as possible.

Mrs. Fawcett thanked members who had sent stamped addressed envelopes when applying for tickets for the Supper.

Mrs. Tinto proposed and the Members agreed that the new Address List should be produced in limited numbers, available from School on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, with a small charge for the cyclostyling.

Dates of Future Meetings

The 76th Annual General Meeting will be held on Saturday, 24th September, 1983, at 6 p.m. at the School. This will be followed by the Buffet Supper at 7 p.m.

The Meeting ended at 6.10 p.m. Sherry was handed round, very kindly provided by Miss Harvey.

ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION
STATEMENT OF ASSETS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1982

	1981	1982
Deposit Account Central Board of Finance of the Church of England	4,707.72	4,994.24
Central Board of Finance Shares (238 Shares @ 50p. £440.18 — 30.11.80)	119.00	119.00
Barclays Bank — Deposit Account	53.38	59.42
Current Account	58.50	33.69
Cash	33.90	1.20
	<hr/> 4,972.50	<hr/> 5,207.55
Less Assets 1981		4,972.50
Profit 1982		<hr/> £235.05

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, 1982

Income	
Interest C.B. of F. Deposit	586.52
Interest Shares Account	29.27
Interest Bank Deposit Account	6.04
Subscriptions	788.60
Donations	37.92
S.M.H.A. Supper	168.34
	<hr/> 1,616.69

Expenditure	
Newsletter	750.00
Postage/Stationery	123.55
S.M.H.A. Supper — 1982	188.18
S.M.H.A. Supper — 1981	265.00
Hire of Y.W.C.A. Hall	54.91
Excess of Income	235.05

1,616.69

M. D. MARTIN,
Bursar of St. Mary's Hall

LUNCH IN LONDON

In order to give those who cannot go to the Super at the School an opportunity of meeting in London, an informal Buffet Lunch has been arranged. This will take place at the English Speaking Union, Dartmouth House Club, 37 Charles Street, London W.1 on Saturday, May 21st, 1983, at 12.30 p.m. for 1.00 p.m. Tickets: price £5.50 (excluding drinks) obtainable from Mrs. Fawcett, 12 Devizes Road, Upavon, Pewsey, Wilts. Please apply *no later than 10th May*.

76TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting will be held prior to the Buffet Supper at the Hall on Saturday, September 24th, 1983 at 6 p.m.

Committee Members please note that their meeting with tea will take place at 4.30 p.m. on the same day.

4th BUFFET SUPPER 1983

By kind permission of Miss Harvey this year's Supper will be held at the Hall on Saturday, September 24th at 7 p.m. for 7.30 p.m. TICKETS: Price £4.50 each are available from the Hon. Secretary now. Please apply before September 13th and make your cheque payable to S.M.H.A. A stamped addressed envelope would be much appreciated.

Hon. Secretary, Mrs. G. Fawcett,
 12 Devizes Road,
 Upavon,
 Pewsey, Wilts.

THIRD BUFFET SUPPER 1982

The Supper increases in popularity every year as can be seen by the numbers of Old Girls who brought their husbands and boyfriends on September 25th.

Following the introduction of a Cafeteria system for meals, Mr. Thomason and his staff excelled themselves this year by providing several hot main courses, various fresh cream desserts and cheese and biscuits with unlimited wine — all for £4 per head, which was marvellous value.

Our thanks go to Miss Harvey and the caterer for another very successful and enjoyable evening.

List of those present: Miss M. Batten, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Broadley (R. Elliott), Miss J. Campbell, Mrs. Cole (M. Cunliffe), Mrs. Coleman (M. Johnstone), Miss Conrady, Miss M. Corscaden, Mrs. Edmondson (C. Bean), Miss E. Edwards, Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell), Mrs. George (R. Pascoe), Miss J. Greenwood, Mrs. Hall (S. Long), Dr. Hall (R. Baker), Miss S. Harrison, Mrs. Hilder (J. Pigeon), Miss K. Hodgson, Mrs. Hutton (W. Edye), Miss S. Hunt, Mrs. Kings (L. Belasco), Mrs. Leslie, M.A., Miss M. Lythgoe, Mrs. Males (E. Cockburn), Miss R. Methven, Miss L. Morrison, Miss Payne, Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E., Miss J. Robertson, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Sanders (P. Chapman), Miss W. Sautter, Mrs. Savidge (R. Woodward), Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers), Miss S. Tearle, Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman), Mrs. Turner (M. Pearce) and Mrs. Webb (C. Pascoe). Staff: Miss Harvey, Miss Bristol, Mrs. Channing, Dr. Dixon, Mrs. James, Mr. Liddell, Miss Nelson, Rev. Otto and Mrs. Palmer.

NEW ADDRESS LIST OF MEMBERS

A new Membership List is now available from the School. As it is too expensive to print lists, they will be cyclostyled and a small charge made. We are very grateful to the School for undertaking to do this work for us.

Any Member requiring a List should apply to the School, enclosing £1 to cover cost and postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

The cost of an Annual Subscription is £2 now, please note Annual Subscribers. Life Membership has been raised to £20.

Please see under "Subscriptions" at the end of the Newsletter.

RECOLLECTIONS FROM JOANNA CRISPE (née Hare-Duke)

Mrs. Crispe (now 93) writes from New Zealand that she was at S.M.H. from 1901-1907. Her special friends were MADELINE TAYLOR (Dougherty), who died in 1955 and with whose children near Auckland she is still in touch and GRACE L. MERRY, who died in April 1980, just after her 91st birthday at a Home in Cornwall.

She loves to read the Magazine and mentions Mrs. Leslie and Audrey Baron and remembers meeting Miss Conrady. She loved Miss Potter and Miss Helen and recalls Miss Clarke, Miss Bowell (Music) and Miss Webster among others; also Mrs. Dunn at the San and the Cook, whose photo she has in her album.

Mrs. Crispe lives alone, but manages to get to Church, thanks to friends, in spite of being severely thrown to the ground from behind by a cyclist on the footpath.

VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND BY MARGARET LLOYD

Margaret Lloyd (1921-1925) has returned from her fourth visit to New Zealand, staying some of the time with her sister Esther Fish and seeing many of her children and nine grandchildren. Margaret experienced a cyclone in Hamilton and renewed friendships in South Island in the Nelson area. She also went to Christchurch and saw some beautiful scenery and spent some weeks with more friends in Rotorua. She had a wonderful three months' holiday and worshipped in a variety of different churches, many connected with the Church Missionary Society. On the outward and return journey, she stopped at Melbourne, where she visited more friends.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Miriam Batten was at S.M.H. from 1974-1981 and writes that she enjoyed the time there. Now she is in the Sixth Form at Dauntsey's School. After taking A levels, she plans to work with an uncle in Canada on a Wheat Improvement Scheme before going to University to study Bio-Chemistry.

Rosemary Baxter (Turner) was married last July and had a splendid honeymoon in Sri Lanka and The Maldives. She has obtained her degree and was hoping to find a job working with mentally handicapped adults.

Kathleen Chambré writes: "When visiting cousins in Ruislip recently I called on Miss Irons, now in her mid-nineties. She was well, alert and active. She said that she still hears occasionally from Professor Emmet, but thinks that nearly everyone else with whom she used to be in touch has now died. She enquired of **Irene Laurence** and **Muriel Paterson**. Miss Irons was one of the original members of staff to open St. Hilary... which was given its name because it opened in the Hilary Term." Kathleen added that Muriel Paterson had had a hip operation and is now reasonably mobile and otherwise very fit.

Sister Mary Anne Coate has sent details of her qualifications — 1980 — B.Sc. Psychology, Bedford College, London. 1980-82 M.Phil., Clinical Psychology, Institute of Psychiatry, University of London. From October 1983 — Clinical Psychology post at Farnborough Hospital, Kent.

Judith Cresswell (Waller) has two young children and is training to be a homoeopathic therapist. She also runs a small business. She would like to hear news of girls who were in the same year or the year below her. Her sister, Jennifer (1967-71), is still in Australia and works at the University in Canberra; she has a son.

Marion Deschamps (Bucke) has visited her daughter, Romaine, in Burundi. She wrote that it was marvellous and beyond expectations. She had seen the source of the Nile and the famous meeting place between Livingstone and Stanley. **Joyce Tinto (Colman)** spent a week last summer with Marion at her home just outside Paris and had a very enjoyable time, talking over old days and laughing a great deal.

Christine Edmondson (Bean) has been living in Botswana for the past four years, but was expecting to leave this year. She has two daughters, one of whom is at boarding school in Dorset. Her aunt, **Joan Tannaholl (Bateman)** who was at S.M.H. in the 30's lives in Durban; she had three married children and seven grandchildren.

Marilyn Fergusson (Shelley) has four young children and is not nursing at present. Her husband is a consultant gynaecologist at St. Thomas' Hospital.

Joanna Greenwood works as secretary to an architect and property developer. She lives in Brighton with **Elsbeth Barclay** and **Lucinda Royle**.

Anne Haigh has graduated from Sussex University and is at University College Hospital, reading Medicine.

Faith Hawkes (Colebrooke) who left the School in 1925, remembers her happy years there. She was interested in music and enjoyed painting. Once she had the honour of playing one of her own compositions on Prize Day. She also enjoyed games. She hears from **Winnie Beer (Martin)**.

Katie Hodgson spent six months in universities in West Germany and the South of France and travelled to Moscow. She is now at Wolverhampton Polytechnic for the final year of her B.A. (Hons.) Modern Languages degree course.

Anthea Holland (Drake) keeps in touch with several old girls: **Katherine White** who is working in Petersfield and lives at home; **Wendy Horton (Edye)**, living in Steyning; **Rachel Couper-Johnston (Hewitt)** who lives in Worthing and has just started a new job in Brighton as a lecturer in one of the technical colleges. Anthea still works at the National Heart Hospital and writes that she and her husband have nearly finished doing up their 1888 Highbury house. They had a lovely holiday in Kos and were hoping to go to the Far East this year. They also had a very enjoyable holiday on the Llangollen Canal, their first experience of canals and she was the only one out of four who did not fall in!

Wendy Horton (Edye) has a daughter and keeps in touch with **Ann Fleming (Ewart)** who lives in Jersey. She also sees **Myra Turner (Pearce)** quite frequently who has a son who plays with Wendy's daughter. Wendy's sister, **Colinette**, now Mrs. Sansbury, lives in Farnham, Surrey, and has two children.

Helen Humphrey-Reeve (Seth) and her husband still continue with their work in education and vocational guidance. Helen is fluent in many languages and is studying Indonesian. She is also an expert on handwriting analysis and is called in on forgery cases.

Margaret Lloyd keeps in touch with **Joy Bowesman (Barton)**, **Barbara Manwell (Daniell)**, **Kay Tully (Weatherhead)** and **Kathleen Chambré**. She enjoys reading the Magazine, in particular the many successes which the School has.

Dorothy Lilley (Smith) once again had an enjoyable cruise in the S.S. Uganda immediately after her spell as a hospital ship in the Falklands. She still keeps in touch with **Marjorie Rossi (Segal)** and, until last August, with

"Martha" Smith (Margaret — sister of Irene) on the 'phone, but neighbours said that she had died unexpectedly in her sleep.

Elizabeth Males (Cockburn) has two sons and hopes to come to this year's Supper with her husband.

Penny Lowe knew **Stephanie Gasston** and **Anne Peters (Gasston)** well from early days. Her grandmother was housekeeper to their grandfather soon after becoming widowed in the First World War. Penny says that they always felt almost related and imagine that was why she was sent to the Hall.

Rosamond Mann has finished her course in Hotel and Catering Administration at Ealing College which included two industrial release periods at the Royal Lancaster Hotel and the Park Lane Hotel. She now works for British Petroleum International as their Catering Training Officer, and still lives in Ealing because she likes it so much. She enjoys travelling and had planned a sailing holiday to the Ionian Islands.

Rosemary Matthews (Nolda) writes that she has made contact with **Margaret Hughes (Barrett)** through her mother **Joan Nolda (Drury)**. Rosemary's large garden, three teenage daughters and the Ludlow Bench keep her fully occupied.

Amy Mead (Law) spent a few days with her eldest son in Suffolk and was taken to see **Audrey Baron** in her Nursing Home. She was very well and delighted to see Amy.

Sue Moller graduated in 1980 with an Upper 2nd B.A. in Sculpture from Canterbury College of Art and says that, although she has had her work exhibited in exhibitions at Norwich University and in Blackheath, she is unable to make a living from art. She is at present working as a Laboratory Assistant at a school in Blackheath. She sees a great deal of **Kate Hill**, **Iona Wilson** and **Jackie Giles**. She was amused to read that the production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was considered to be "the first production of Shakespeare within living memory" at the School, since she and Iona were among those involved in the production of "The Tempest", performed about 1971. She also enclosed an excellent photograph of the performance. Sue is pleased to see that more girls are gaining places in the Sussex Lacrosse Team, since, in her time she was the only one from the School, most of the other places going to Rosemead girls.

Lysbeth Muirhead gained a B.Sc. Hons. Degree in Ecological Science at Edinburgh University, with particular reference to Wildlife and Fisheries Management. Since leaving University she has had a temporary post with the Forth River Purification Board. She has now returned to Brighton and would be happy to hear from former school friends — 1968-1977.

Alison Miller completed a 2-year Bi-lingual Secretarial Course at Crawley College of Technology and travelled in Spain for three weeks. She belongs to the Territorial Army in the Royal Signals and found going to camp great fun. She works for Powell Automation Ltd., Portslade, who design machinery and spare parts for

the roof tile industry. Also she is still sharing a house with **Sonia Polling** and would like to hear from old friends.

Kathryn Lord graduated from University of East Anglia, B.Sc. Hons., Computer Studies and is now working in the City. She visited **Kate Fletcher** in Cockermonth and keeps in contact with **Sheila Hurd** and **Nikkie Taylor (Williams)**.

Saonie Lyons (Melcher) has had various secretarial posts and now she and her husband are self-employed Finance Brokers, owning Paul & Co., of Hove. She was expecting her first child in December 1982.

Judith Patten has reverted to her maiden name and writes, as follows: Judith Patten runs a highly successful public relations consultancy under the not very original name of Judith Patten Public Relations — various offshore oil related clients mean that she travels a lot, Singapore, Rio de Janeiro, Caracas and Kuala Lumpur being some of the furthest places, plus visits to Houston and many to Aberdeen and Stavanger; other business interests include publicising women's magazines such as Family Circle and Living, viewdata adaptors, wood and straw burning boilers, Soundaround, the national sound magazine for the blind, . . . there are times when the list seems endless. Joanna Henderson her daughter has won a foundation award to St. Paul's Girls' School and started there in September 1981 whilst son Charles is in his final year at pre-prep school.

Christine Peckham spent two years working and travelling in Australia. Now she is a Midwifery Sister in Cleethorpes, South Humberside.

Charity Robins (Girdlestone) writes that her eldest daughter, Judy (who teaches children with impaired hearing at the Blue Coat School in Coventry) ran in the London Marathon in 1982 on behalf of the Coventry Deaf Association, completing the course in 4½ hours. Charity would very much like to know if any Old Girl can put her in touch with her Sixth Form friend, **Peggy Fotheringham**, who married Thomas Rolls some time after leaving Bedford College (London).

Joanna Sayer has obtained a 2nd Class degree in Physiology and is staying on in Oxford to do a D.Phil. before continuing with Clinical Medicine. She is still in touch with **Amanda Gould**, who works in London, and with **Anne Levisier** who is still at St. Andrew's University.

Mary Scully (Chalmers) writes that **Phayre Crowley** had settled outside Perth, Western Australia, to be near her brother who sadly, is nearly blind. Phayre has friends in the area, particularly **Ailsa Travers (Elder)**, whose sister, Sheila, has died.

Akiko Shaw was being married last August — no other details available.

Myra Turner (Pearce) has taken a course at the Christchurch Teacher Training College, Canterbury.

FURTHER NEWS

Elizabeth Ager has completed her beautician's course.

Elise Broach has followed her brother to Harvard. She is a sophomore and is planning to major in History.

Mary Broach is spending a year in Belgium and is enjoying her study of French and German.

Yvette Chatwin is planning to start her nursing training in the summer. Meanwhile she is enjoying the auxiliary nursing course at the Mayday Hospital, Croydon, in spite of the hard work which leaves her, in her own words, "shattered."

Jenny Child is at Charing Cross Hospital where she is in the first year of her medical course.

Nicola Filmer is working for six months near Melbourne, Australia, and planning to continue her journey round the world, via New Zealand, Honolulu and the States.

Sarah Goss is now married and living in Bristol where she is working for a P.G.C.E. at Bristol Polytechnic. She still intends to teach children with severe learning difficulties. **Susie Goss**, who moved to Devon with her family, is studying for "O" Levels and **Sharon** is extremely happy in London where she is doing her nursing training, having previously taken a degree at York.

Susan Harris (Head Girl 1981-82) is working at the Observatory at Herstmonceux, prior to going up to Oxford.

Jane Hitchcock is filling in her spare year as an assistant matron at a school, prior to going to St. Andrew's to read English.

Gaynor Jupe has begun her nursing training in London.

Joanna Sayer (one-time Head Girl) took her B.A. at Oxford last year and has temporarily deserted her studies in Medicine to spend some years in research at the Sir William Dunn School of Pathology. Congratulations to her on having been selected for this work.

Katharine Fletcher (1969-75) was married to James Lee in the Chapel of Oriel College, Oxford on 29th January, 1983.

Henrietta Gray passed A levels in English and Sociology, and has been accepted to train as a nurse at St. Mary's, Paddington.

Anne Taylor got a 2 in Finals in Oriental Studies — Chinese at New Hall, Cambridge. (She took O level Chinese while still at S.M.H.). She is now working in the Library of Clare College.

Vivienne Lagrault (née Goff) (left 1967) was married in 1973 and moved to Toulouse. She worked for Aérospatiale as a technical translator on the European Airbus Project, and passed the 'Brevet de Technicien Supérieur'. Her two sons were born in 1976 and 1979.

BIRTHS

East. To Irene (Hartman) and Lindsay, on September 11th, 1981, a son, Matthew.

Fergusson. To Ian and Marilyn (Shelley) on 25th July, 1982, a sister for Jamie, Kate and Sally.

Horton. To Wendy (Edye) and Barry, on 19th June, 1980, a daughter, Rowena Jayne.

James. To Elizabeth (Tiptaft) and Martin, in July 1981, a son, David, a brother for Julia.

Millar. To Penny (Titheradge) and Jeremy, on 5th October, 1982, a daughter, Charlotte Helen.

Watts. To Elizabeth (Stewart-Wallace) and Simon, on 4th August, 1981, a son, Edward Stewart, a brother for Thomas.

MARRIAGES

Goss—Casey. On July 30th, 1982, Sarah Goss to Neil Casey.

Melcher—Lyons. On 31st August, 1980, Saonie Melcher to Anthony Lyons.

Turner—Baxter. In July 1982, Rosemary Turner to Mr. Baxter.

DEATHS

Browne. In the summer of 1982, Miss E. A. Browne, on the Staff during the 1930's.

Gasston. On May 18th 1982, at home in Brighton, Stephanie.

Peters. On April 6th, 1982, in Canada, Anne Elizabeth (née Gasston), younger sister of Stephanie.

Brodie. Mrs. J. Brodie (J. Emery) of Freshwater, I.O.W.

Fordyce. Mrs. C. Fordyce (Chilcott) of Glasgow.

Webb. Mrs. Mary Webb, wife of David, in November 1982.

OBITUARIES

MRS. MARY WEBB

Many Old Girls will have heard with great sadness of the sudden death of Mrs. Mary Webb in November.

During my long career in the teaching world, I was privileged to meet many outstanding teachers. Mary Webb was one of these. She joined the Staff about 30 years' ago in my earlier days when we were trying to build up St. Mary's Hall to its pre-war standards. Some may remember her as a somewhat formidable character, but most will also remember that she was essentially a really caring person. Often in Staff Meetings she would be quick to put in a good word for a difficult girl, showing that she had been able to penetrate beneath the outer appearance to the source of the trouble. Apart from her real love of young people and of her subject, she had many other wide interests which she shared with her devoted husband, David, with whom we all grieve. I remember specially two very different ones — football and birds. She and David were regular spectators at the Goldstone Ground and both were enthusiastic supporters of the R.S.P.B.

I shall always remember with gratitude Mary's loyalty to the School, to me personally, to her colleagues and to the many pupils who came under her care.

D. Conrady

ANNE ELIZABETH PETERS (née Gasston)
1925-1982

S.M.H. Foundation Day Girl 1932-40

STEPHANIE GASSTON
1919-1982

S.M.H. Foundation Day Girl 1931-36

It was with great sadness that we heard of the deaths of these sisters earlier this year, within six weeks of each other.

Anne studied at Brighton Art School after she had left S.M.H. In 1943, she met and married Don Peters, a soldier in the Canadian Army, and went to live in the United States as soon as the war was over. They had four children, and after living in various parts of the U.S.A. and Canada, they settled in a religious community over there, the Hutterian Society of Brothers. Very sadly, Anne died of cancer, a long illness, bravely borne without complaint.

Stephanie became a pupil at S.M.H. soon after their family moved to Brighton in 1928. She went on to study at Brighton Art School, and became a very accomplished artist, as were both their parents. During the war she worked as a draughtswoman in H.M.S. "Vernon", the Mines and Torpedo School, temporarily housed at Roedean. She taught art at a variety of schools, her longest stay being at Roedean, where for a time she was assistant House Mistress. She eventually had to retire from teaching, partly due to her own deteriorating health and also the need to devote more time to looking after her elderly mother. When her mother died in 1978, she moved to Hertford to look after her aged godmother; who died in 1981. Then, the ever caring Stephanie started to look after two elderly neighbours, despite the fact that by then her heart trouble was giving cause for anxiety. Her typical selflessness in this situation, to care for others, when, at long last, she should have been caring for herself, really wore her out, and sadly, contributed greatly to her untimely death. She moved back to Brighton, and died peacefully, sitting at the table in her little flat writing a letter to her brother. Her life was devoted to the service of others. She supported her family, her friends and her pupils with great enthusiasm, compassion and loving care.

These were two truly Christian women without whom the world will be a poorer place. Their passing leaves a void that can never be filled.

We shall always remember them for the happy times and the fun shared.

M.P.C., P.G.L.

ALTERATIONS TO NAMES AND ADDRESSES — FEBRUARY 1982-1983 PLUS ADDITIONS

Bean, C. (Mrs. Edmondson), P.O. Box 478, Gabarone, Botswana, Southern Africa.

Coate, M. A. (Sister Mary Anne, C.S.A.), 52 Dibdin House, Maida Vale, London W9 1QE.

Cockburn, E., 1 Buttermere Drive, Kempshott, Basingstoke, Hants. RG22 5LP.

Colebrook, F. (Mrs. Hawkes), Bramber Cottage, 56 St. James' Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.

Coomber, H. (Mrs. Blanchard), Whytings Cottage, Ambrose Hill, Bolney, Haywards Heath RH17 5NE.

Edye, W. (Mrs. Horton), 38 Penfold Way, Steyning, West Sussex.

Edwards, E., 16 Highview Road, Patcham, Brighton.

Hodgson, K., Aynho Rectory, Nr. Banbury, Oxon.

Hope-Gill, M. (Mrs. Hopkins), 9 Crendon Park, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN4 0PL.

Lord, Kathryn, 75 Grove Park, London S.E.5.

Mann, R., 13 Roseacre Close, Cleveland, Ealing, London W13 8DG.

Miller, A., Sunny Corner, Park Road, Seaford, East Sussex BN25 2PG.

Møller, S., 10 Blackheath Vale, Blackheath, London SE3 0TX.

Patten, J., no longer Mrs. Henderson.

Pearce, M. (Mrs. Turner), 19 Wallace Close, Hullbridge, Hockley, Essex.

Peckham, C., 104 Popular Road, Cleethorpes, S. Humberside DN35 8BQ.

Ruffett, S. (Mrs. Grassie), 119 Knox Road, Stamshaw, Portsmouth, Hants. PO2 8JJ.

Sadgrove, A. (Mrs. Chapman), Hill House, 183 Leyden Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3TE.

Salmon, E. A., c/o The Nairobi Hospital, P.O. Box 30026, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa.

Terleski, O. (Mrs. Ford), 344 Sopwith Crescent, Merley, Wimborne, Dorset BH2 1YX.

Titheradge, P. (Mrs. Millar), 3 Hivings Hill, Chesham, Bucks.

Turner, R., 10 Heron's Tye, Parklands Road, Hassocks, West Sussex BN6 8JU.

ADDRESSES WANTED

Can anyone supply addresses for the following and, news, if possible:—

Mrs. Bartelous (C. Knight) of Frittenden, Kent.
 Mrs. Neville, Barnstaple.
 Mrs. Mitchell (Jill Haylock), Friar Road, Brighton.
 Mrs. Brack (D. Gordon), Buckingham Place, Brighton.
 Mrs. Snelling, Pontypridd, Glamorgan.
 Mrs. Palys (S. Havam), Lindfield.
 Mrs. Franks (L. Champion), Oxford.
 Mrs. Davies (C. Beeby), Dartford, Kent.
 Jane Mendoza.
 Winifred Ballachey, Kew.
 Judy Reynolds, Bognor Regis.
 Christine Heaton, Forest Hill.
 P. Durnford.
 Heather Gilham and Sara Gould.

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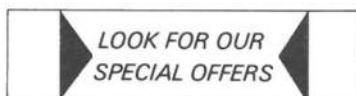
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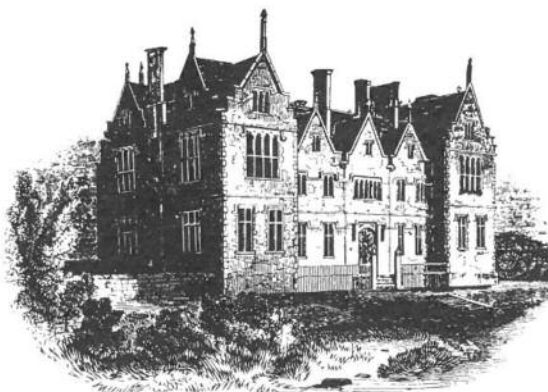
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