

SIGHTS AND SMELLS

The spreading branches of the pine tree,
Act like a sheltering umbrella.
The strong smell of lavender
Hangs heavily in the air.
The sweet smell of the scarlet rose
Mingles with that of the lavender.

The threatening clouds linger above,
Children thinking of thundering rain.
Cascades of water pour down from the heavens,
Drenching the children, creatures and all.
As the rain begins to fade,
The sweet, fresh smell of the wet earth
Mingles with that of the lavender.

Charlotte McCarthy, Illi

WINTER SCENES

"Along the wind-swept platform, pinched and white
The travellers stand in pools of wintry light,
Offering themselves to morn's long slanting arrows."

Siegfried Sassoon

The silence was broken. A waiting room door slammed against its frame. An ice-cold wind was blowing. The door closed, then opened and closed again. A dirty brass clock on a white-washed wall ticked. There was no sign of a train.

Three solitary figures waited on the platform. Their faces were tired, drawn, grey and hungry. The travellers were soldiers returning to England. Each man possessed a large bag, probably full of muddy clothes ready to be washed. But now, as they waited, they wore civilian uniform. One man wore a large black duffle coat with a tartan lining. The others were dressed in thick, heavy, grey trench coats. Their black leather boots were clogged and spattered with mud and dirty water. The bottoms of their trousers were saturated and clung to their legs as ivy clings to a wall. One of the men was fortunate enough to be wearing a pair of fingerless gloves. His nails were bitten down, the tips of his fingers split and caked in dark red blood.

Another man lit a cigarette and cupped his hands around the glowing end, vainly trying to keep warm. He then began to move his legs alternately up and down and he stamped his feet. The man in the duffle coat became impatient and moved to the edge of the platform and gazed upon the metal tracks. Painstakingly he moved his head and cast his eyes to the left; still there was no train. He turned again and glanced over his shoulder to the clock. He became more exasperated and paced the platform.

One of the men in a trench coat stood motionless, staring across the bleak fields. Barbed wire was strewn carelessly and frozen clods of mud stuck up out of the ground like onions. In the distance there was movement, a rattling noise; eagerly the men waited. To their disappointment it was a truck full of milk churns. As it went past the silhouette of a woman wearing a head scarf could just be seen. The noise died down and the three men once again were left with the sound of an occasional bird twittering in the morning sky.

The sun broke through the vast white clouds, but still there was no sign of the train. Their shadows became long and distorted; their eyes watered and noses dripped. The man in the duffle coat had a scarf. Constantly he was pulling it up over his nose and across his ears. His eyes darted from left to right, up and down the track, checking to see if a train was coming.

The two other men began to fidget. Their ears and noses were glowing red, their faces turning a greyish-blue. All three soldiers were unshaven and had an odour which was indescribable. Their warm breath blasted out of their mouths like cigarette smoke, or a train letting off steam, but still there was no sign. The wind became stronger; the poplar trees swayed. One man smiled. He gave a wave to the trees, then turned and went into the waiting room. The handle clicked and the glass panes shuddered as he pushed the door closed. There was a fireplace, but no fire; there was a light switch and socket, but no electricity; there was a platform and track, but no train.

In the waiting room the floorboards were rotting, the plaster on the wall was cracking and flaking, there was no glass in one window because the woodwork was disintegrating, tiles were missing and the stench of human excretion hung like a mist across a field. The young soldier took no notice of the sordid room; he had seen far worse over the past months. Gently he opened the door and stepped onto the platform.

The morning mist was rising. As the sun peeped through the moving clouds the concrete platform began to dry, the iron tracks shone. The clock on the wall continually ticked and the door continually banged. The three men waited patiently.

Rachel Holder, VK

THE FIREWORK

Complete darkness, then

A regal shoot of glittering sparks like silver grains of rice.
Hissing and bursting through the darkness,
Surging forward,
Pushing the black curtains of darkness apart,
Urgently trying to reach the stars before it dies away.
A final effort, exploding like a champagne cork from a bottle,
Falling slowly, gracefully in an elegant circle.
Like a cascading fountain it streams slowly to the earth.
Weakening, it trickles, fading until just the memory survives.

Janet Dodd, IIZ

PENNY FOR A GUY

As I was walking along the high street,
That cold early November night,
I saw a little boy appear from the light.
His lips were blue and his hands were chapped
And he said, "Penny for a guy, miss",
His guy looked cheerful, plump and fat,
With a worn and holey woollen hat.
His face was a paper plate,
With wax crayon features on it.
A warm feeling went into my heart,
So I dropped ten pennies into his collecting cap.

Fleur Hardman, IIZ

BONFIRES

Best in November;
Often with guys.
Night time is usual
For lighting the skies.
If handled properly
Results will be grand.
Everyone's happy
Sparklers in hand.

Minnie Black-James, IIZ

THE DEATH OF A GUY

How sad the guy looks,
All alone.
Trapped in fire.
What did he do wrong?
Twigs poking into his body.
How hot he feels.
He endures a burning sensation in his feet,
With torturing pain.
Hands tied behind his back.
His straw hat falls,
He moves to pick it up but realises he cannot.
He struggles to free himself,
But alas he just falls deeper into the fire.
A slow and painful death is his.
The fire creeps up his body.
He yells for help, but no one can hear him.
Why do they seem happy with his suffering?
Nothing is left of him except a heap of ashes.

Melissa Elsey, IIZ

A WAVE IS LIKE

A white wall falling
With a shower of water
The light shines upon.

Jane Comber, IY

CHRISTMAS

The cold creeps stealthily around the house,
Leaves are frozen hard to the ground.
Sharp fingers of frost are prying at the cracks.

Inside the old man is lonely.

Suddenly the letter box snaps open,
The house and the man come to life.
The fire crackles bright in the hearth.

Christmas, with a card, is here.

Jenny Child, IY

THE STORMY SEAS

I could see the silhouette of the fishing vessel on the horizon. The tiny boat bobbed up and down furiously; the wind blew a gale which provoked the waves. As the waves came toward the shore, they smashed on the rocks which protruded from the cliff edge.

The sky was a dark grey colour. The rain pelted down on the coastal town. As the rain hit the water it mingled with the waves, which rolled over the sand. The weather had been very much the same for a few days. The neat

rows of houses on the cliff edge shook and rattled in the freak wind. The sea then calmed down for the next couple of days. The waves lapped on the rocks and the wind only blew gently afterwards.

Then the storms started again and gradually became stronger and stronger. It was dangerous to walk along the cliff path in case you were blown over the edge. It was terribly dangerous for such a small boat to be out on such a horrendous sea. This weather lasted for a week.

White horses galloped on the waves. As the weather started to settle slowly the gallop slowed down into a canter. Soon the canter was just a trot. When the waves had died down to just a gentle roll the white horses went back to their stables on the sea bed. Soon the horses needed exercise again. The freak storms came back, bringing the waves with them.

I knew at the back of my mind that there was no chance of the boat's surviving the hungry waves. The sea had satisfied its appetite. Soon I heard the news that I knew would come sooner or later. The fishing vessel had been wrecked. All the bodies had been recovered — not one survivor. As soon as the news had come, the storms settled down and the waves were calm.

Nicola Eggers, IIZ

RIDDLES, ALLITERATION AND ACROSTICS

WHAT AM I?

I talk in high and low tones,
My language is universal,
The hand of man makes me speak,
Without him I am silent,
I can range in different sizes,
From small to very large,

WHAT AM I?

I'm a bell

Michelle Crouch, IY

A RIDDLE

I come in various shapes and sizes
I have a coded number
When in use I am touched.
To keep in touch
I have an ear of my own.
But as far as I know I have no heart
Yet I am often engaged.

What am I?

A telephone

Gemma Buckley, IY

AN ACROSTIC

Creating a warm feeling.
Aiming to keep alight,
Never fearing the dark.
Dying in a draught.
Lively dancing, while it's alive.
Ending when the candle gutters.

Fleur Hardman, IIZ

ALLITERATION

One winking wallaby watched wombles wobble worriedly.
 Two terrible twins twitched twelve tweezers.
 Three thrilling thermoses throttled thin thistles.
 Four forgetful foremen forbade faithful fans to fight.
 Five fierce farmers fought for fertile fields.
 Six squidgy socks smelt suspiciously smokey.
 Seven sick squirrels sought out some sweets.
 Eight aching elephants ate eight eerie earwigs.
 Nine noisy newts knocked nine naughty nits nutty.
 Ten talented tails tasted tranquil toffee.

Jane Comber and Meryl Sturdy, IY

A RIDDLE

I'm tall and erect
 I stand on the streets
 With my mouth always open
 I receive many visitors
 that are frequently collected.
 I'm welcomed and loved by all
 especially dogs.

What am I?

xoq tsod v
Jasmine Strutt, IY

ALLITERATION

One warty witch wildly walloped wellingtons
 Two Tibetan tailors thundered through the trees
 Three thrushes throstled thousands of throngs
 Four fragile figs fought fate furiously
 Five fingered flippers flapped in a flutter
 Six sleeky, sneaky, slimy, slithery snakes searched for sandwiches
 Seven squalid squabs searched silently for spuds
 Eight eagle eyes enjoy ephemeral epics
 Nine namby-pamby nellies nag nitwits
 Ten touring twirling tortoises tire tremendously.

Gemma Buckley, IY

A RESEARCH PROJECT

THE TELEVISION HABITS OF THE NATION!

(well, S.M.H. — at least)

For an English project, IIE gave the first to fourth years a questionnaire on their T.V. habits, and asked them to complete it as honestly as possible.

Some Staff and Upper Sixth members were also press-ganged into completing this questionnaire.

The sheet was divided into four sections. Some of the questions on the sheet included the obvious "Do you have a T.V.?" which led to "How many do you have?" Section B included, "Do you think there are too many adverts?" "What Breakfast T.V. do you like best?" Section C was concerned with what programmes people watched and included such questions as, "Do you watch cartoons?" and "Do you think horror films should be banned?" Finally Section D asked what people thought about their T.V. habits.

Luckily everyone in the school who did the questionnaire had a television set. 90% of everyone who participated in this said that T.V. prevented them from reading, socializing and doing other things. The favourite channel was I.T.V., closely followed by B.B.C. 1. The other uses of the television set were video or/and computers. P.M.J. had no video but still managed to use his or her set for other purposes.

People said that they watched T.V. "to see the occasional programmes of special interest," and "because it takes me out of myself" (Mrs. Sevink).

On the whole people did not approve of banning horror films and we can safely say that nearly all of S.M.H. watches cartoons! Two-thirds of those asked said no, they do not do their prep/markings in front of their television sets. One third were terribly honest and said that yes, they did do their prep in front of their set.

The average amount of T.V. watched per night was about 2½ hours. Mrs. Sevink watches only 1½ hours per week, but luckily still manages to watch T.V. until 12.30 every night.

The favourite programmes included 'Dallas', 'Top of the Pops' and 'Hotel'.

When asked to add additional comments or habits, Anon said:— "T.V. programmes — we are very lucky in this country. Habits — I bath regularly and enjoy it enormously."

P.S. Please can we say a special thank you to Miss Farmer's mother and Mrs. Rawlinson's family for also completing the questionnaire.

*Geraldine Royse, Sophie Hamza,
 Sigal Joory, IIE*

SOME SCENES — AT HOME

THE OLD MILL

It was standing on a sunny hill and the sun was shining on it in such a way that it looked tall and proud as if it were still in use, but when the sun went in it was the normal deserted mill that it had been for a long time.

Its sails were torn and were flapping in the wind and the wooden roof had fallen in. The door was off its hinges and the path leading to the mill, although worn, was overgrown with weeds. It looked a dismal sight, but inside, the mill was a happy place, for where people once worked and laughed, only animals lived now.

Birds had made their nests on the timber beams and were busily feeding their young, who were chirping to their parents angrily, to fill their stomachs with worms. The bats that hung nearby stirred in their sleep at the commotion the chicks were making. In dark corners of the beams spiders were silently spinning their lace-trimmed bedrooms for the night and down below mice were scurrying about, searching for ears of corn for food.

The sun shone through the door and spilled over the stone flags.

Although the mill was not used by people, it would still be a place of refuge and happiness for little animals.

Katrina Lewis, IP, 1983

THE GARDEN

Sodden leaves with a deep golden, russet and ochre hue lie piled on top of each other, stuck together in the soggy mud of the garden. The stone path is almost out of sight, and tall stinging nettles grow out from the moist soil; their strong fleshy stems are bowing to the ground, unresponsive of the heavy weight of nettles above them. Between the visible slabs of grey stones which make up the path, I can see that long stems of green grass and prickly thistles have started to emerge. An abundance of small trees and shrubs are studded, in groups, around the small wilderness, and their branches are interlaced so that they form a dark, leafy canopy. The majority of the canopy is shady, but in scattered places sunlight has filtered through the thick covering of leaves, and patches of brightness flit across the overgrown flower beds below the trees.

Surrounding the small garden is a red brick wall, and from various cracks between the bricks sprout small weeds, and patches of velvety-green moss cover the decaying wall. Three walls of the garden are seemingly held together by a mass of ivy growth, and the coarse stem of the plant is interwoven with several kinds of weeds and other climbing plants. A hidden door, which is the only entrance into the garden, is in a state of disrepair; small knots and blemishes in the wood have been filled with a dark type of brown cress, and a rusty handle is partially entwined with the pink stems of a fuchsia plant.

An overcast sky threatens rain, and as I follow the winding path through the garden, I hope that the rain will not start to fall until I am back in the house. I trample over the green overgrowth, carefully dodging the creepers which hang from the trees like rope. The path leads round in a circle, until it reaches an opening in the now misshapen hedges, which stand many feet high and half as

wide. I push my way through the gap and come to a square area of alabaster which has become a dirty-brown colour, and is scattered with dark autumn leaves, twigs and soil.

I remember the garden before it ran wild; it was a bright, cheerful place and a tiled marble square lay enclosed in a maze of hedges, flowers and trees. I would walk there when I was unhappy or if I wanted to be alone, and I remember how I used to marvel at my father's choice of wonderfully co-ordinated flowers and shrubs, and the beautiful arrays which he planted.

Now, since my father's death, the garden has grown wild and untamed, and whenever I decide to start clearing it, the memories which come back to me, about my father, are too painful and I find I have to stop. It seems that the plants have ceased to grow and that the garden has lost its air of cheerfulness and ease. I know that when I can bring myself to start, and eventually complete, renovating the garden, then I shall be inundated by the happy memories of my father's life and I shall no longer feel so sad. Until this time, however, the strong-branched cherry trees do not blossom, the flowers do not bloom and the garden will not remain a satisfactory memory of my dear father.

Justina Williams, VT

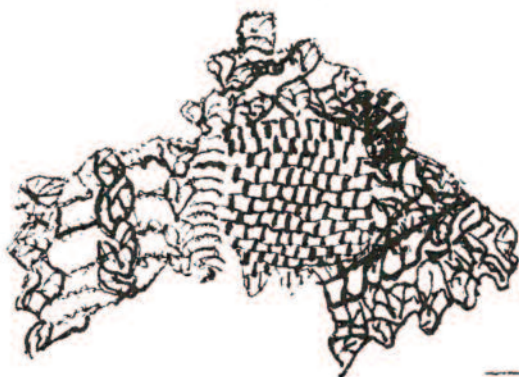
CARAVANS

The corn blew gently in the fresh breeze. It was very nearly ripe. Deep, deep in the yellow haze, two solitary caravans stood; the first rays of a cold morning sun touched their roofs. They were ensconced near a large pile of hay and damp, freshly-cut grass. As the sun's rays swept over the field, a puff of steam and the sound of running water filtered out of the furthest caravan. The rich smell of cooking meat wafted through the air. A shadow, tall and thin, appeared around the side of the caravan; this was followed by a ragged man, carrying an iron pot of water. He wore an old, coarse shirt of red and blue check. On his head was a ranch-style hat; the man wore a pair of shorts and had nothing on his feet. Two young children, under ten years old, screaming, ran round the corner of the caravan and collided with their father. Water splashed out of the pot, causing steam to rise from the

Second year drawings of lace



Anthea Davy



Brionie Dean



Michelle Morgan

ground. The man hurled abuse at the children, who ran off unaffected.

The door of one caravan was slung open and a woman came out, carrying a baby. She had on a summer dress of white cotton and possessed a pair of sandals, very old and broken down, but the only ones she had.

The two children came back, arguing about who was to carry the pail of water they had been to fetch. The mother snatched the pail and set it down in front of the steps to the caravan. She poised the baby on her lap and gently washed it with the cold water. She patted the baby's head dry with a soiled dish towel. She uttered something to her husband, who stretched out a huge fist and grabbed the little boy by the collar. The tiny child kicked, screamed, and hurled abuse at his father, who just carried him with as much ease as you or I would carry a book. The gipsy man set the child down on the grass and shoved his head gently, but firmly into the water. Instantly, the noise from the child ceased.

The cold day turned into a relatively hot one. The two children played in the field with a punctured football, whilst their father looked on. The woman reappeared, carrying a wicker basket on her hip, overflowing with clothes. She tied up the string, lying on the ground, and made a line. The clothes blew and came to life in the wind; from a distance they resembled acrobats.

The day wore on and afternoon rolled into evening. The last of the sun's rays turned the fragile ears of corn to gold and the sky a velvet colour.

The area was quiet.

Samantha Adams, IVF

HAWORTH

One of my greatest delights was a visit to Haworth, home of the Brontë sisters. Hidden away as it is in the midst of the Yorkshire countryside, the village itself is surprisingly difficult to find, even with the aid of a map, and the long winding roads would appear to be attempting to defy all but the most experienced coach driver. To discover Haworth is a joy in itself; to explore it is yet a greater delight. Even today, though thronged with tourists for much of the year, it still retains a sense of isolation. Once there one feels secluded, safe; it is in effect a different world, the world of the Brontës. It was not just the Parsonage museum itself, with its abundance

of treasured relics so lovingly preserved, which touched me so on my visit there, but the overwhelming impression I received that even after all this time, nothing had really changed since the days when those three famous sisters had quietly lived out their lives in the house on the hill. Beyond the house were the wild, lonely moors which Emily, especially, loved so much and spoke so longingly of in her work. The experience of retracing the steps of the three sisters to their beloved waterfall is something which I shall never forget. A narrow dirt track led up over the moors with the last of the spring flowers standing out in all their savage red loveliness from the rest of the scrubland and the bare faces of weathered rock which surrounded them. Not a soul was to be seen — even the hardest of tourists had forsaken this place it seemed — and there was nothing save a few sheep and in the distance a long-abandoned farmhouse to remind me that I was actually living in the twentieth century. All seemed much the same as it had been all those years ago. Then came the joy of reaching the waterfall itself, where, amidst the splashing of the water, one could almost hear a distant echo of the voices of the three sisters, long dead, yet seeming somehow immortalised in this, the place they loved so well.

Janine Launchbury, UVI

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

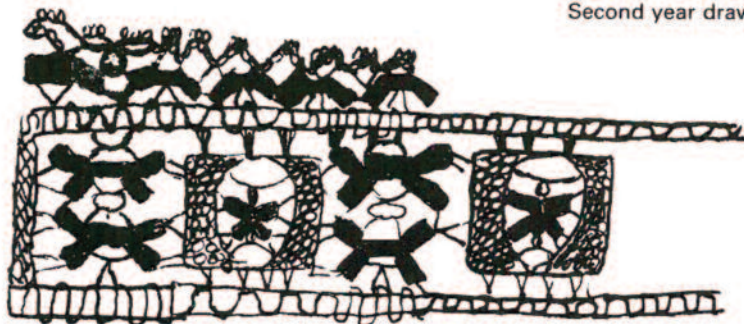
Laurence Binyon

The bright orange glow driven from the green street lights pierced through the naked, frail trees. A bullying wind grabbed the dry, stark branches and shook them roughly. A dying sigh was emitted over the cold, lonely park.

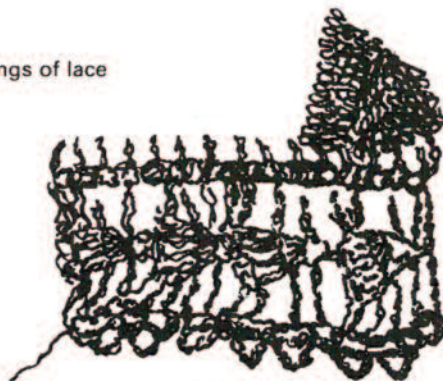
I looked down through a mass of thin trees, their roots stiff under the hard, solid earth — and observed a small stream, frozen into irregular muddy pools, the wet earth petrified at the arrival of winter. The grass was spiked and jagged, completely unlike the sleek velvet appearance of August.

I walked slowly to the highest point of the park and sat down to overlook the deserted play area, the empty bowls

Second year drawings of lace



Emma Tuckwell



Emily Prater

green and the silent tennis courts. The friendly, warm light shining from the comfortable-looking café was abruptly switched out, and the park sank into darkness.

I looked towards the road and noticed a wet halo of mist encircling each individual lamplight. The wind gently breathed and the mist dampened my face and fingers. An isolated car drove up Temple Gardens, its powerful headlights beaming through the grey mist. All was still and very silent. The trees gently rustled, a swing creaked and a dog barked a few streets away. The water in a puddle nearby rippled gently as the wind rose. A few leaves fluttered gently to earth, on their last flight before coming to rest on the hard, beaten earth. There was a small tree in front of me; at the top, two leaves were entwined together, clutching for support against winter's ruthless reign.

Suddenly there was a dash of colour amongst the trees by the bowls green. The dull darkness was quickly illuminated by a streak of orange, and smoke twirled upwards, mingling with the evening mist. The wind grew excited and raced across the park, blanketing the bowls green in veils of billowing grey.

I ran quickly to the clump of trees, my footsteps being deadened by the dirt-smeared rubbish and tired, dead leaves. There stood a gardener, dressed in an old tweed jacket and a pair of voluminous blue dungarees. He was raking up the dead leaves and throwing them onto the burning bonfire. Bewitched leaves fluttered above the tips of the flames, dancing on the intense heat — until a greedy tongue lurched upwards and burnt them to death.

"Don't get too near," the old gardener reminded me. I smiled and stared intently into the fire as the leaves crackled for mercy and nearby wilting flowers shrivelled up in sorrow, and the weeping mist slipped away to haunt another dying generation.

Lucy Thomas, VK

ABROAD — SOME FACT, SOME FANTASY

DAYBREAK

The first light of day awoke me, glimmering mellowly through the foliage of the sheltering tree that had served as my roof that night. Dawn was the best time of the day in Turkey. Long before noon the sun's rays would intensify, their piercing glare unbearable to anyone unaccustomed to such heat. As I unwillingly prised open my eyes, reluctant to leave my pleasant cocoon of nothingness, I admired the complex reflections and refractions of light that filtered through the leaves and playfully danced on my unprotected skin. The magnificent splendour of the dome-shaped mosques was enhanced by an incredibly blue sky, giving a picture-postcard effect which was deceiving. The sun seemed larger than in England, its red fire turning the domes to molten gold, changing what had seemed to be a dirty, dank street the night before to life, as morning changes a threatening river to a bubbly stream with a cascading waterfall, churning the water until it froths.

Allowing myself time to grow accustomed to my surroundings, breathing in the smells of Turkey and its

animals, I protected my pale skin with a dark robe that covered me entirely, leaving only my face exposed. I had embarked upon a dangerous, perilous journey, travelling across Europe on my own. Finally, after a somewhat tiring journey, I had arrived at my destination, Turkey, the land of the mosques, only to find nowhere to sleep. Still, I mused, trying to be philosophically optimistic, a tree was better than no shelter at all.

As I tentatively picked my way through the native throngs, oblivious to the enquiring glances that followed me, I felt a curious feeling of contentment well up inside me; an irrational emotion, obviously, but one which would not be quelled but smouldered like coals inside me, increasing in strength and certainty constantly. Searching both for food and a view I hailed a man in a boat, who, perceiving that I was not Turkish, laughed kindly at my attempts to make him understand me. Eventually I seated myself rather precariously at one end of his practically derelict boat, praying vehemently that it would not sink but deliver me to my destination unharmed. Apparently understanding my wishes, he punted noticeably more slowly than the accompanying boats, drawing to a rickety halt in front of one of the yogurt stalls common along the banks of Turkish rivers. A brown, wrinkled old man grinned broadly at me, beckoning with a gnarled hand as skinny as a falcon's talon, gesturing emotively that I should step onto the crumbling platform before me. Spread on a table infested with the Turkish equivalent of woodworm were various bowls of several types of yogurt. Having chosen the smallest and paid the meagre due, I sat expectantly on the platform and took my first memorable ladleful of the thick, creamy substance, made from the rich milk of the goats, one of which had edged nearer to me and was now nuzzling my shoulder and licking my neck with its rough tongue.

The first light of day bloomed into scorching heat as I set off to discover more about Istanbul. Experience had always shown me that you could tell more about a place by its poorest parts than its evident attractions. Moving out of the rich centre I caught my first glimpse of real squalor, unimaginable to one who has not experienced it at first hand. Beggars, mostly stunted children, all but threw themselves at me in an attempt to appeal to my better nature, or rather, my money. In one corner I saw two girls in rags fighting violently over a piece of orange rind, the victor laughing exultantly over her coveted prize. Surprisingly I did not see any envy or bad-feeling in those people's eyes. The warmth and hope that only the poor can truly experience emanated from their dark, mysterious faces.

I had had my first glimpse of Turkey; of its customs, people and habitat. As the sun set that evening and I settled down under my companionable tree, I realised that something great had happened to me. Day had broken for me too, introducing me to harsh reality; harsh but in a strange way comforting.

Clare Hemmings, VT

MY COUNTRY, BANGLADESH

Undeniably Bangladesh is a typical example of a striving Third World country. It was once part of the then huge nation of India under British control until 1948,

when India was split into India and Pakistan, and it remained thus until 1971, when after a blood-thirsty war with Pakistan, Bangladesh declared itself an independent nation. The aftermath was terrible — not thousands, but millions were killed. To this day the war is very important because Bangladesh is still trying to pick up what it lost during the war.

My main hope for the future is that Bangladesh will regain the gross amount of money it lost in the war, from the export of jute (sacks, carpets), paper and rice. I hope that Bangladesh will be able to realize the full extent of the importance of these products. My second hope is that she will try to control the growth of the population, because in this country of barely fifty-five thousand, one hundred and twenty-six square miles, there live more than eighty-five million people. (The average number of children in a family is seven or eight.) The third wish I have in mind is that more facilities will be provided to reduce the high illiteracy percentage of seventy-six. My main fear for my homeland is that it may fall into Communist hands. Secondly, a second war involving Bangladesh would ruin both her economy and the people's lives. A ray of hope shines through the fact that the present leader, Lieutenant Ershad, has shown himself to be a supporter of controlling imports and increasing exports — he has also built more factories.

For the world, I hope that people realize the foolishness in the idea of using nuclear weapons to settle their differences, particularly between America and Russia. I also hope desperately that Reagan loses his post — he has no ability in politics and expects everything to occur just as it would in his old films! The third most important things to settle are the Iran-Iraq and Israel-Palestine conflicts. One of the most devastating fears I have is that a Third World War is very possible — this could result in either a very poor world, or perhaps no world to be very poor. In short, I want the world to live in peace — without prejudice.

Rita Alam, VT

MARKETS

Bustle, noise and shouting surrounded us on all sides as my mother and I strolled through Burgess Hill market, passing all sorts of stalls selling a wide variety of items ranging from blankets to beef-steaks, and cravats to cabbages. Each stall had its own salesman, bawling out his wares at the top of his voice. There were many people milling around, some buying provisions or clothing and some, like me, just browsing. As I followed my mother around the stalls, the sights and sounds that I could see and hear reminded me of markets I had visited abroad, in Ethiopia and Fiji. I recalled how, in Ethiopia, I used to follow my mother as she wove her way through the crowds of dark-skinned men and women, some pulling stubborn donkeys laden with huge panniers of wood or food, and others balancing enormous baskets on their heads. On one side there might be a row of tailors' stalls, each with its own tailor sitting outside sewing on an old 'Singer' hand machine, surrounded by brilliantly-coloured drapes of cloth. On the other side, however, there might be several women sitting on the ground amongst piles of red and green peppers, avocado pears, mangos, bananas and many other fruits, all laid out on

sacking. Flies and bargaining were rife. Flies were everywhere, but mostly on the food and on the Ethiopians themselves. There was also bargaining everywhere — the stall-holders and buyers loved bargaining even for trivial things, and to buy a goat or a couple of chickens might take anything up to half an hour.

I mentally compared the African markets to the Fijian markets; the Fijian markets seemed relatively clean in comparison to the Ethiopian markets. There were no donkeys, no-one carrying heavy loads on his or her head (the head is sacred to the Fijian), fewer flies, and far less smell. There were still the women sitting on the pavement surrounded by piles of food, but the food was different. There were pineapples, bananas, mangos, coconuts, grapes, carrots, mussels, lobsters and a few turtles. The most noticeable difference, however, between the Ethiopian markets and the Fijian markets was that there were no beggars whatsoever to be seen in the latter, whereas one would often see a crippled or blind beggar begging for food or money in the former.

My mind was abruptly brought back to reality when an exceptionally loud man selling jeans shouted, "Come and buy a pair 'o' good quality jeans 'ere! Only seven pounds ninety-nine a pair!"

"Stop day-dreaming and help me carry these bags back to the car," said my mother, so I took a bag in each hand and reluctantly left the market, leaving my thoughts with it.

Mary Barltrop, IVF

VENICE

Ahead lies Venice, my city of dreams, enchantment and magic. As the water bus slowly rocks toward the jetty, my sleepy mind is stirred by the salty taste of the sea and the never-ending lapping of the waves.

Buildings of architectural wonder greet me as I step onto land. Directly in front, the Doge's Palace, rich and ornate, shines brilliantly in the morning sun while the Basilica, majestic in appearance, sighs as thousands of feet walk on her mosaic floor and hands touch her delicate carvings. I wonder how they can withstand the attacks of both man and nature century after century.

There are millions of people around me, as many as the white and grey pigeons waiting to be fed. As I throw some bread-crumbs on the ground at St. Mark's Square, the pigeons rain upon me and come in flocks like bees attracted to honey. And, when I move away, they follow me like chicks running after their mother.

Suddenly my eyes catch sight of dark men wearing smart black suits and straw hats loitering near the water. They are gondoliers, men carrying on the tradition of their forefathers, related to the sea. I am drawn towards their beautiful vessels, gondolas. Each one is decorated with flowers and has comfortable seats, plush and inviting. My imagination runs riot when I see myself being serenaded on a gondola under a romantic Venetian moon. Then a voice near me jolts me back to reality, for I have to go home now. I have to say goodbye to the intricate, interweaving canals, friendly and playful pigeons, the interesting buildings and my imaginary gondolier.

But I shall come back Venice; I have to, to relive my dreams.

Norlila Jalil, LVI, 1983

THE WILDERNESS

The first time that I beheld the savage beauty and the awe-inspiring vastness of the New Zealand wilderness, my conception of nature was entirely altered, and has remained so ever since. I, and several other people, mostly American tourists, had clambered into the sturdy Range Rover that was to introduce us to the wildlife of New Zealand. As I recall, I had been half expecting to be driven through a land of dry soil with a few shrubs and gnarled trees, and perhaps a half-naked Maori stealthily stalking his prey, fiercely clutching the wooden shaft of a spear. None of these prefabricated ideas could have prepared me for the reality of the wide expanse of untamed land that had flooded in, taking my senses unawares.

Although the land was not very fertile, it had a harsh strength about it that impressed itself upon my memory, so that even now its raw virility is clear in my mind's eye. As I had expected there were few trees, but although they were twisted and bent with age and the winds that swept the flat plains, distorting any object that stood more than a few inches off the ground, they were strangely beautiful. The shrubs and bushes too, possessed a beauty that no tropical flower or green piece of foliage could compare with or imitate. Mine had been a fantastic, preconceived picture of New Zealand's wilderness that had been completely shattered by the stark and perhaps slightly lonely truth of this land.

Previously, I had always associated what I had thought was beauty with neat, tidy and presentable things. Now opinion was altered, to the extent that such things now filled me with an unmistakable dread, a kind of claustrophobia that engulfed me when all around me I saw people's real feelings enwrapped in a sheath, worn for so many years that they could no longer recognise the truth. In fact they believed that their fairy-tale land was the real world and that the wilderness was something that they did not nor even wanted to comprehend, something so alien to them that it was considered harsh and unrelenting. Once I had been one of those people, so totally engrossed in myself and my narrow, false world that I believed myself to be happy. My state of contentment had continually fluctuated from elation to depression, until one day I had decided that it was time to escape. There, in the paradise of solitude, I could really be close to nature, let my hair be blown about by the wind and not worry if my hairstyle was ruined or my make-up smudged. Here there was no room for pretence or falsehood, nature in its purity could not be deceived, and the many American tourists who immediately reached for their cameras as soon as they saw a native bird, and tried to capture the beauty of its flight on a roll of film, were trying, in vain, to capture the essence of the plains, and to take back home with them a small portion of the carefree and effortless feeling that the wilderness gave.

I opened my eyes. The coach had, at last, arrived at its destination and a great sense of well-being bubbled up inside of me, as if I were to see a great friend again after many years. I smiled wryly: what better friend was there than the wilderness, which did not answer back, but just listened and observed and existed.

Clare Hemmings, VT

REFLECTIONS

SLOWLY

Slowly the night takes over the day
 Slowly the young man's hair turns grey
 Slowly the leaves turn from green to brown
 Slowly the lights turn off in the town
 Slowly the clouds glide in the sky
 Slowly and gracefully the eagles fly
 Slowly the beech trees move in the wind
 Slowly the snake slides, punishment for its sin.
Anthea Davy, IIO

A HAIKU THE CLOCK

What's behind the face?
 A world of different works
 A mind of its own.

Fleur Hardman, IY, 1983

MEMORIES AND EMOTIONS

We experience so many different emotions as we travel through life. Some last momentarily; just for an instant we feel some inward strength urging us to go on, or notice a smile of recognition which makes everything seem worthwhile. Emotions, locked behind an anxious stare, or a tear-stained cheek, released in a peal of laughter, a cry of agony.

Fleeting emotions, experienced once, before floating away like a dandelion puff borne on the breeze. Then the sensation is irretrievable, lost. Only the memory of it lingers; a memory to be concealed in secrecy, forgotten, or implanted with joy in one's awaiting heart.

Memories and emotions seem to coincide. One triggers off the other, colouring and densifying the intricate complexity of its counterpart. A connection between the two is inevitable.

We experience so many different emotions as we travel through life — just collect a few from the grass verge, those tinted with the colours of a sunset, or faintly smelling of honeysuckle, and store them as memories, so that you may look back on times past, feel happy, and be thankful.

Karen Bowerman, LVI

TODAY AND YESTERDAY

Was it sorrow, sadness, pain
 Seen once, but never more again?
 Did I see those naked eyes
 For once unable to disguise
 Emotion of some sort? — but what
 Feelings were there I still know not.

Janine Launchbury, UVI

SONG WITHOUT A NAME

There, once upon a time and far away
 In dreams of night now banished by the day
 Dim memories beckon temptingly of things
 Then there were Princes and there were Kings . . .

Janine Launchbury, UVI

A MISTY MORNING

I wake up to find a white veil
Stretching from the heavens
The street lamps are on
Each shedding a circle of light.
Umbrella in one hand, briefcase in the other
Commuters hurry down the street
To the bus waiting at the stop
Appearing and disappearing
Into the circlet of light, then
Out into the misty gloom
Cars trundle along the road
Like strange nocturnal insects,
Lamps glowing like cats' eyes
It is my turn to go out into this condensating vapour.
In and out of the light,
Progressing towards the bus stop.
Whilst in a stretch of gloom,
Two shapes loom towards me
Perhaps a hungry bear and her cub
My heart beats faster
A man walking his dog passes me by
It is funny how the mist makes normal things
Seem like nightmares.

I am first at the stop
For how long am I to endure this?
A brontosaurus rounds the corner
Prehistoric animals draw near.
I am surrounded.
The brontosaurus stops in front of me
It opens its rusty jaws
Werewolves step out
They fade into the mist
I go in, followed by the prehistoric animals
Safety!!
The nightmare has ended.
The brontosaurus is now a bus
Its ribs — chairs
Its jaws — the doors
Its tongue — my friend Jim the bus driver
The animals behind me — Commuters!
The bus is now full
And ploughs on into the white veil.

Anthea Davy, IIO



Sara-Jane Malia, IVth year

DELIGHT

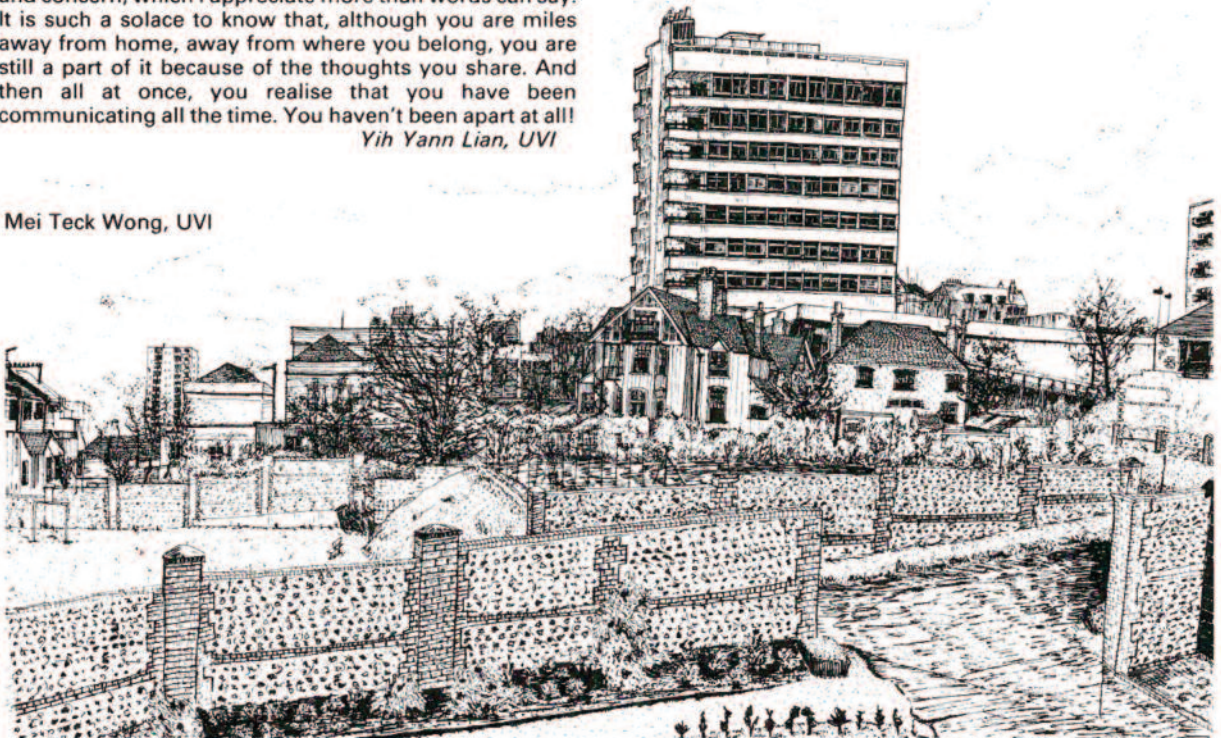
Every morning at this precise time and moment, my eyes will be fixed on the door, staring intensely; hoping and praying with all my heart that you will appear. Minutes pass; people begin to leave the canteen one by one. Everyone has a particular thing to do and they are all heading towards their destination. But I stay glued onto my chair. Eventually, the canteen may be so empty and quiet that I can almost hear my watch ticking. Still, there is no sign of you. Questions begin to cross my mind. Why not this morning? Have they gone on strike? "Oh please," I mumble, "don't disappoint me."

Lower form students are all rushing off through the exit door; and suddenly, from behind them, a figure appears. She has finally arrived. In her hands are held a stack of letters that I have longed to see the whole morning. My heart cries with pleasure. Immediately, I spring up from my chair and run towards her. Soon, others also crowd round her. Everyone is just as eager and anxious to see if they have any mail. I skim through the letters as quickly as I can, hoping so fervently that I may read my name. And then, eureka! I have found it. It's here! It's here! This is overwhelming, one, two, three . . . four! I almost cannot believe this.

My heart rejoices with pleasure and as I read the message, I cry. For many years, tears have not rolled down my cheek and it feels as if I am a little girl again now that I am crying. Feelings surge through me. I can feel the warmth of friendship and affection through the lines. These are the people close to my heart. And I miss them so dearly. I am so touched by their thoughtfulness, care and concern, which I appreciate more than words can say. It is such a solace to know that, although you are miles away from home, away from where you belong, you are still a part of it because of the thoughts you share. And then all at once, you realise that you have been communicating all the time. You haven't been apart at all!

Yih Yann Lian, UVI

Mei Teck Wong, UVI



LORD OF THE FLIES

I am Lord of the Flies and the most evil of all spirits, if only you could see me. I resemble a beast with ten horns and seven heads, with ten crowns on my horns, and on each head a blasphemous name. I resemble a leopard, but I have feet like those of a bear and a mouth like that of a lion. I have great power over the world and have a throne and great authority. The whole world follows me and men worship me. I have a mouth to utter proud words and blasphemies, and to use my authority. I have authority over all inhabitants of the earth, every tribe, all people, every language and nation, and they all worship me — all whose names have not been written in the book of life.

I have forced everyone, small and great, rich and poor, free and slave, to receive a mark on his right hand or on his forehead, so that no-one can sell unless he has the mark, which is the name of the beast, or his number, 666.

I possess the minds of men; I devour the men of the world. I enlarge men's little fear by giving them a vivid imagination. They begin to doubt themselves and their fear widens. I feed negative thoughts into their minds; they doubt and fear. I attack men's minds at all angles, at all times, with evil ideas, wicked and devious thoughts — they cannot escape me, the supreme spirit of evil, Satan. I order evil illnesses into men of the world; they suffer fevers and all kinds of diseases. Men of the world follow my evil, wicked ways with pleasure and when they die they will be tortured endlessly in hell.

I am Lord of the Flies. No one can escape me.

Gillian Strutt, IVV

IN MEMORIAM

I sit in bed and gaze across the room
To where my chair stands, and in it sits
Propped up with two rose-pink cushions
My Big Ted, Teddy Edward.
His beaded eyes look intently ahead of him
I stare at his profile, yet he does not acknowledge me,
Oh Ted, I'm sorry.
I remember how I played with you in my childhood,
How we went on picnics and collected acorns in the
woods,
How I spent days with needles awkwardly positioned in
my hands,
Determined to knit that red scarf of yours.
I remember when we explored the orchard as the sunlight
Filtered through the apple trees and danced on the cow
parsley
Wildly growing near the hedgerow.
And as the days grew longer I made you rose petal scent,
And then I spilt penicillin down your balding front.
But now, having grown up, I've neglected you.
You cannot speak to tell me so, and if you could
You wouldn't, not wanting to hurt my feelings.
And so you sit in silence longing to be loved
As you were so long ago.
Your mind has fallen into a reverie,
Whilst I live for the future, you survive on memories
And I've neglected you, passed you by
Without so much as a pat on the head.
How times have changed,
How I have changed,
But you've not changed.
You'll always be loyal to me
Even though I've forgotten you
And filled your soul with sadness.
Forgive me, Teddy, please.

Karen Bowerman, LVI

FEAR

I am very, very, VERY afraid of nuclear war.
When I go to bed I often lie there thinking about nuclear
war; it sends shivers up my spine to think of masses of
people (including me) just being killed in one single
incident. If a bomb were to hit St. Paul's Cathedral a very
hot blast of air, so hot that things would just burst into
flames, and so strong that buildings would simply fall
over, would hit Brighton ten minutes after impact. What
would be worse, would be if we survived. The radiation
would eventually reach the shelters and kill us or mutilate
us.
I think that now we have got nuclear weapons we may
as well keep ours, but send back America's, because, if
Russia, or anyone, were to start a war they (Russia) would
bomb all of the American missile sites. Well, that's US
gone for a start. Also America would be fighting their war
in Europe. I've nothing against the Americans, after all,
there's only one Ronald Reagan, or, for that matter, one
Maggie Thatcher.
I can't really see the point of these missiles. After all,
Russia hasn't said that they'll bomb us, but the
government is going on as though it is definite. Of course
they'll bomb us if we go on like this.

What really frightens me is, first, me dying (always
important), and secondly and which is *really* the most
important, the destruction of everything.

Just think, the world was made by God, all the
continents were formed, people and animals were
formed and had families, all materials were found or
made, plastic, nylon, cotton, paper, gold, iron, steel etc.

All these great achievements may be demolished —
literally — by a few pieces of metal.

It's not a pretty thought.

Sophie Hamza, IIE

TOMORROW?

Eternal loneliness,
dismay;
Vast emptiness,
decay;
A holocaust of death,
hooray?

Who wants nuclear fall-out?

Sophie George, VT

ARMAGEDDON

A sea of unwashed, dirty bodies lie before the rusted,
metal fence,
Hair is matted, caked together by grease and dirt,
And they live from tins.
The peace-women sleep, in the bitter cold night,
Under a miscellany of equally dirty blankets
And make-shift plastic tents.
An odour of unwashed people rises into the cold air,
And mingles with the stench of pickled onions, tobacco
smoke and baked beans—
The virulent stink is more than I can stand
And I walk away.
Away from the women and children
Who are dressed in garish clothes;
Away from the mud and dirt
And the awfulness of the dingy encampment.
Away from the squalor.

I wonder why they cannot see that their protests are in
vain.

That the nights spent fighting the bitter cold,
And the vicious abuse aimed at policemen
Who cannot change the situation,
Is a hopeless case.
For the time is getting nearer—
And it is now easy to perceive
That we may all be killed
In the foreseeable future.
'Armageddon' is no longer spoken without meaning,
No longer something that will never happen,
No longer millions of years ahead.
We are as close as we have ever been to the final conflict,
There will be no disarmament.
The peace-women fight in vain.
One false move by any country
And we will be gone,
Regardless of protests;
For we have no say in the matter.

Justina Williams, VT

THE HEALING OF THE BLIND MAN

As Jesus walked along one day,
He met a blind man on the way,
And heard his own disciples say,
"Whose sin has made him blind?"
But Jesus said to them, "This man
Is part of God's almighty plan,
That through his blindness, God's power can
Be shown to all mankind."

Then Jesus spat upon the ground
And gently rubbed the mud around
The blind man's eyes. By love profound,
His sight was thus restored.
For as the blind man washed his face,
His heart was filled with heavenly grace,
His sight returned, and at that place
He knelt and praised the Lord.

His neighbours knew he now could see,
And asked themselves, "How can this be?
He used to beg continually
But now he has been cured!"
And so the joyful man revealed
How, through God's power, he had been healed.
"Christ Jesus is my strength and shield.
I now believe his Word."

The Pharisees were angry, for
It was against the Jewish law
To work or do a single chore
On any Sabbath day.
They said among themselves, "We know
This man who heals has sinned, and so
He cannot be from God, although
He heals men in this way."

Christ truly is the Son of Man.
He lived before the world began.
As part of God's almighty plan,
He came to save us all.
That sinners could receive new sight,
Rejoicing in his glorious light,
And that some joyful day, they might
Be with him evermore.

Susanna Bryant, IVF

PEACE

The green hills ripple,
Silently the cool grass waves,
All around is Peace.

Jenny Child, IV



PREMIERE PRODUCTS

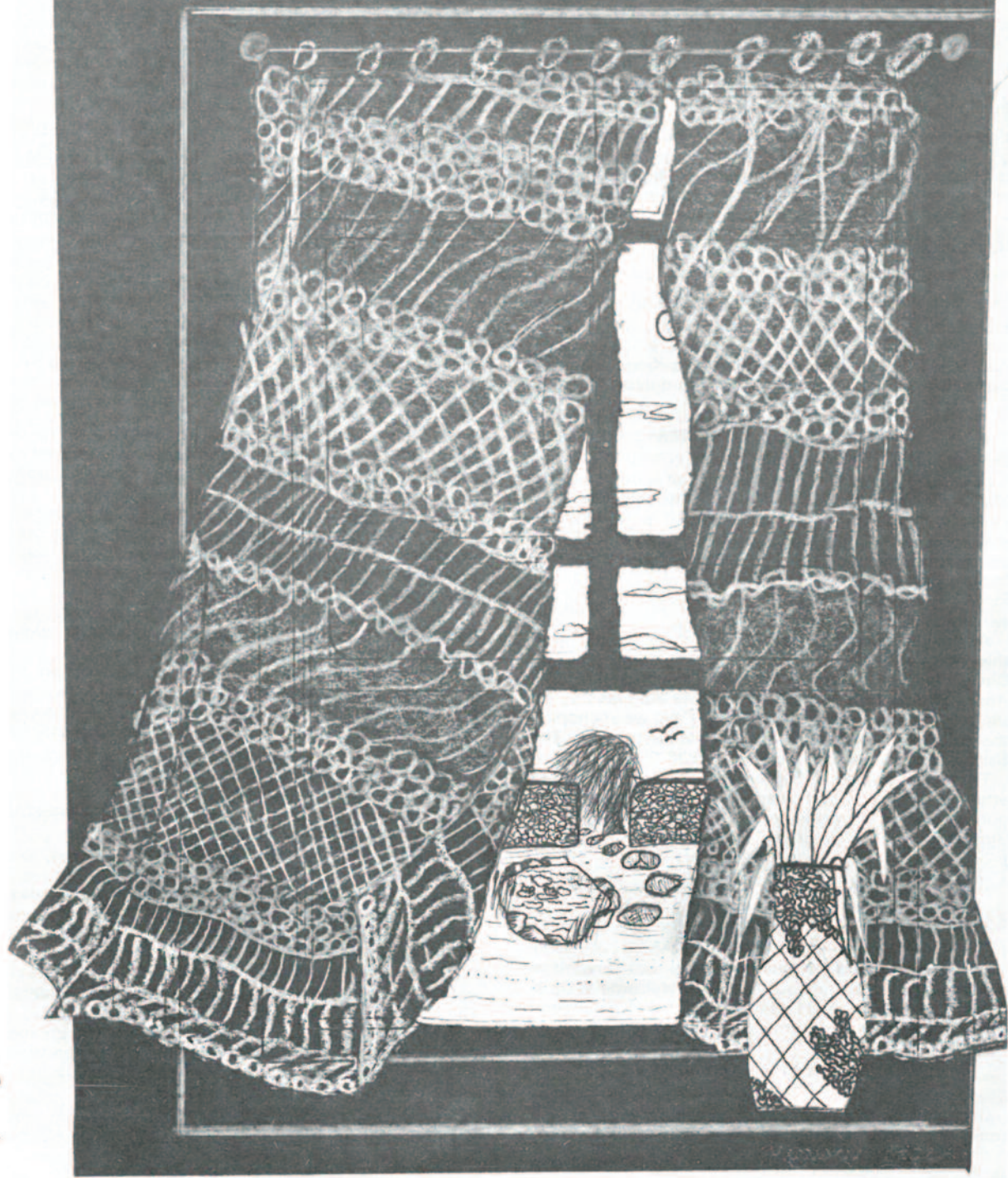
Established 1924

MANUFACTURERS OF CLEANING
PRODUCTS AND MACHINES

- **CHEMICALS** Polishes, strippers, disinfectants, detergents, carpet cleaners
- **MACHINES** Floor Scrubbing/Polishing machines, wet and dry vacuums with pads and accessories for every task
- **SPECIALISED CLEANERS**
- **HARDWARE**
- **TABLEWARE**
- **TEXTILES**
- **DISPOSABLE GOODS**

Oakley Gardens, Cheltenham.

Tel. 0242 43421 10 lines Telex 43436



ST. MARY'S HALL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

No. 85



March, 1984

Association Committee

President and Chairman	Miss M. F. C. Harvey, M.A.
Vice-Chairman.....	Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E.
Vice-Presidents.....	Miss Conrady, Miss Davies, Mrs. Leslie, M.A. Mrs. Conroy (U. Trott), Miss A. Baron Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E., as an Old Girl Governor of the School
Hon. Secretary.....	Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell)
Hon. Asst. Secretary.....	Mrs. Boyes
Hon. Treasurer.....	Mrs. Cole (M. Cunliffe)
Hon. Editor.....	Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman)

Also Miss J. Baker, Miss S. Jantuah, Mrs. Kings (L. Belasco), Miss Payne, Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers), and the present Head Girl of the School. Miss R. Methven, co-opted Member.

HEADMISTRESS'S LETTER

Dear Members,

I was very grieved, as I am sure you all were, to hear of the death of Rosamund Broadley in the summer. Mrs. Leslie will be writing an appreciation of her for the magazine, but I should like to say how much I enjoyed her visits during the two years I knew her. Although she was in her eighties, she still continued to have a lively interest in the School and its doings, as well as entertaining me with her stories of the past.

As you will have read in my letter at the beginning of this magazine, we are considering building a Craft, Design and Technology Workshop to celebrate the 150th Anniversary. The full details of what we are planning for the celebrations will be circulated later, but we are hoping that there will be events in both July and September. The School was opened on August 1st, 1836.

The Buffet Supper in September was again very well attended and I was particularly pleased that so many of our very recent leavers were able to come. This year, the Supper will be on Saturday, September 22nd, and the programme will be similar to last year:

- 4.30 p.m. Committee Meeting and Tea in the Dining Room;
- 6.00 p.m. Annual General Meeting in Room L;
- 7.00 p.m. Buffet Supper in the Dining Room.

The cost will be £5, including wine. I look forward to seeing you all then and you are always welcome at Open Day, on the afternoon of Friday, May 25th. Full details and times can be obtained from my secretary at the School.

LETTER FROM MISS CONRADY

Dear Friends,

Greetings to you all for 1984. It has been good to see some of my own Old Girls during the year. I specially

enjoyed the Old Girls' Supper in September. Frances Bearn (Moojen) and her husband very kindly fetched me and Mrs. Best, a member of the staff, drove me home afterwards.

Only six weeks before I had had a cataract operation and lens implant in one eye. I expect to have the same operation on the other eye some time in the future. However, happily I am able to drive again, which is a blessing as walking is limited.

I shall be celebrating my 80th birthday in March, but I am still interested in S.M.H. and have other educational interest locally in Seaford.

I have regular contact with Sister Brown on the telephone. Though she is not very well, she keeps a very alert mind and has a wonderful memory. She still enjoys her beloved Cornwall and also a small cat she has adopted!

I hope I may see some of you in September.

With my love and good wishes,

Doris Conrady

LETTER FROM MRS. LESLIE

Dear Members,

Joyce Tinto has asked me to send you a few words of greeting and this I do with great pleasure. All my links with you are precious to me whether through Christmas cards, letters, or encounters by chance or design.

At the end of this very week three former Head Girls are coming to lunch with me here, while last Sunday I met an Old Girl from the World War I era at a party.

In many ways, as you see, S.M.H. continues to impinge upon my life and I am indeed grateful for the friendships which were formed during my time at the Hall or in the years since my retirement.

Yours affectionately,

E. O. Leslie

ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION

Minutes of the 76th Annual General Meeting held at the School on September 24th, 1983, at 6 p.m.

Present: Miss M. F. C. Harvey, M.A. (Chairman).
Committee: Miss Baker, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Cole (M. Cunliffe), Mrs. Leslie, M.A., Miss Payne, Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers), Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman), Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell). *Members:* Miss I. Ashwin, Miss M. Ashwin, Miss Chambre, Miss Corscaden, Mrs. Gardiner (P. Buck), Miss Kentish, Miss Methven, Miss Pooley.

The meeting opened with Prayers and Remembrance of those who have died since the last meeting; Mrs. Allnutt (E. M. Watson), Mrs. Barlow (G. Hunt), Mrs. Broadley (R. Elliott), Mrs. Brodie (J. Emery), Miss Browne, Mrs. Capern (E. Hakim), Mrs. England (G. Shallard), Mrs. Fenton (P. Pelton), Mrs. Fordyce (C. Chilcott), Mrs. Greenhow (P. Poyser), Mrs. Hardy (E. M. Howard), Miss I. Laurence, Mrs. Longsdon (E. Fotheringham), Mrs. Stapleton (E. des Forges), Mrs. Webb.

Apologies were received from Miss Conrady, Mrs. King (L. Belasco), Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E. and Miss Skene.

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

Matters Arising

As the lunch in London in May was cancelled it was decided to put a notice in next year's magazine asking if any members living in London would be willing to host a lunch or tea.

Chairman's Remarks and Report on the School

There are twelve 8-year-olds in the new Junior Form and the block being built next to the Old San is now above ground. The School is part of the Assisted Places Scheme with 10 places available at 11, 12 and 13 and 5 for the VI form. Our Church connection is emphasised to prospective parents as there is no Church secondary school in Brighton, only a primary school.

Vice-President's Remarks

Mrs. Leslie spoke of the opening of the School after the War and the part that Mrs. Broadley, the Founder's Great-Grand-daughter, had played then, although she preferred to keep in the background. A memorial fund is to be set up; details will be available in the next newsletter.

REPORTS

Hon. Treasurer

The Bursar has been Treasurer since 1978 and it was unanimously agreed that an honorarium of £25 should be given to him after the new Treasurer takes over in January, together with our thanks for all his hard work over the years. Meanwhile, any questions about the Accounts should be sent to Cdr. Martin via Miss Harvey.

Hon. Secretary

The Secretary said that numbers for this year's Supper were slightly down on last year, and some members replied rather late but most Old Girls included a s.a.e. which was much appreciated.

Hon. Editor of the Newsletter

Mrs. Tinto suggested that those who remembered Mrs. Broadley might like to send a few words for the magazine along the same lines as those written when Miss Ghey died.

The new, revised address list is now available for £1 from the School.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

At the Committee Meeting, Mrs. Cole was nominated Hon. Treasurer. As there were no other nominations from members, she was elected unanimously.

ELECTION AND/OR RE-ELECTION OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS

The Committee remains the same and was re-elected en bloc.

It was decided to co-opt Miss R. Methven to the Committee for this year.

CONSTITUTION REVISIONS

Due to postage costs — at the moment it is over £60 to circulate all the members — it was decided to revise paragraph 6 so that notice of the A.G.M. is given in the newsletter in May for the following September.

DATES OF FUTURE MEETINGS

The 77th A.G.M. will be held at the Hall on Saturday, September 22nd at 6.00 p.m. followed by the Supper at 7.00 p.m.

ANY OTHER BUSINESS

Some beautifully bound books which were won as prizes at S.M.H. by Catherine Fordyce (née Chilcott) who died earlier this year had been sent by her Godson who thought that the school would like to have them back.

Mrs. Boyes suggested that the present Head Girl could be co-opted as a Committee Member for 3 years. This had been tried before when a Head Girl had been elected as a member of the Committee and then never seen again, but it was decided to give it a try.

150th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

Suggestions had been made as to which member of the Royal Family we should invite to the celebrations in 1986. Various forms of entertainment were discussed after hearing what had been put on in 1936 and 1956, but no definite decisions were taken.

ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1983

	1982	1983
Deposit Account Central Board of Finance of the Church of England	4,994.24	5,315.43
Central Board of Finance Shares (238 Shares of 50p — £254.90 at 31.8.71)	119.00	119.00
Barclays Bank — Deposit Account	59.42	65.67
Current Account	33.69	575.42 Dr
Cash	1.20	33.68
	<hr/> 5,207.55	<hr/> 4,958.36
Less Assets at 31.12.83	4,958.36	
Loss 1983	<hr/> 249.19	

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, 1983

Income		Expenditure	
Interest C.B. of F. Deposit Account	521.19	News Letter	1,000.00
Interest Shares Account	31.42	Postage	83.61
Interest Bank Deposit Account	6.25	Stationery and Miscellaneous Expenses	35.68
Subscriptions	559.00	S.M.H.A. Supper	367.50
Donations	7.50	Advertising	29.00
S.M.H.A. Supper	194.50	Hire of Room (E.S.U.)	23.00
Excess of Expenditure over Income	249.19	A.R.O.P.S.	29.00
		Bank Charges	1.26
	<hr/> 1,569.05		<hr/> 1,569.05

Note: The School Governors have undertaken to subsidise losses to the extent of £200 a year. The net loss for the year is therefore £49.19.

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

4th BUFFET SUPPER

The 1983 Old Girls' Supper went with the swing we all associate with S.M.H. I think there were more Old Girls with husbands or boyfriends (hopefully not both!!) than previously.

To the Old Girls who have missed this reunion, I would suggest that you make the effort to come on September 22nd this year. Apart from being a happy evening, where can you get a good meal, unlimited wine for 2 for under £10, let alone in such nice company?

We have Miss Harvey to thank for the venue and Mr. Thomason for the excellent menu — as an S.M.H. husband I offer my thanks and hope that the numbers of those present will be at least doubled by 1986 — our 150th Anniversary.

Present:-

Miss E. Ager, Miss J. Baker, Miss A. Barr, Mrs. Bearn (F. Moojen), Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Cole (M. Cunliffe), Miss Conrady, Miss M. Corscaden, Mrs. Crawshaw, Mrs. E. Edwards, Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell), Mrs. Gardiner (P. Buck), Mrs. Gosnell (D. Moore), Miss J. Greenwood, Miss S. Harris, Miss Hemmings, Miss J. Hitchcock, Mrs. Hora, Mrs. Howard (E. Portas), Miss G. Hutton, Miss T. Johnson, Miss S. Kentish, Mrs. Leslie, Miss L. Martin, Miss R.

Methven, Miss L. Morrison, Miss Payne, Mrs. Parkin (T. Dawson), Miss A. Pooley, Miss J. Robertson, Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers), Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman), Mrs. Watts (E. Stewart-Wallace).

77th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting will be held prior to the Buffet Supper at the Hall on Saturday, September 22nd, 1984 at 6.00, followed by the Supper.

Committee Members please note that their meeting with tea will take place at 4.00 on the same day.

5th BUFFET SUPPER, 1984

By kind permission of Miss Harvey this year's Supper will be held at the Hall on Saturday, September 22nd, at 7.00 p.m. for 7.30 p.m. TICKETS: Price £5 each are available from the Hon. Secretary. Please apply before September 10th. A stamped addressed envelope would be much appreciated.

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

THE ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVES OF OLD PUPILS' SOCIETIES CAMPAIGNING FOR OUR SCHOOLS' CONTINUED EXISTENCE

AROPS has spent the past year in carrying its warning about the Labour Party's intention to force the closure of Independent Schools. Meetings have been held at UCS, Uppingham and Silcoates, the last being the first meeting held in the North of England. Members from over 100 schools have taken part in these conferences. Leading speakers have included Lord Beloff, Prof. John Honey and Dorothy Dakin, Chairman of the Independent Schools Action Committee. These meetings have been primarily to bring people from different types of boys' and girls' schools together to learn about the practical fieldwork of ISIS and its Action Groups now set up in key areas around the country. There are also exchanges of view at every meeting on the running of Old Pupils' Clubs and on administrative problems affecting all clubs.

On the political front, the significance of threats made by Neil Kinnock and other left wing members of the Labour Party is now widely understood by supporters of Independent Education. We trust that no one is under any delusions about the danger. But ISIS has achieved success in forcing some notable opponents like Shirley Williams to change their attitudes. A MORI opinion poll showed that some 75% of the population thought Independent Schools should be allowed to continue. An ISIS questionnaire to all MPs just before the Election showed a substantial minority of Labour members not sharing Neil Kinnock's views.

In the event, the issue of Independent Education was not seriously raised in the Election campaign. The Tory victory has deferred the threat to schools like ours but nobody is foolish enough to believe that it has been removed. Considerable momentum was achieved within ISIS generally and in AROPS, where over 200 schools are now represented. This will not be lost and AROPS plans to broaden its arguments, beginning with efforts to bridge the social gap between Independent and State schools.

The Old Girls' Association has joined the above, known as AROPS.

On November 15th, 1983, AROPS held its AGM at Croyham Hurst School, South Croydon, and four of our Committee Members were present — Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Tinto and Miss Baker.

The main speaker was Mr. John Izbicki, who writes on Education for The Daily Telegraph. He gave a witty and informative speech to the well-attended meeting — some 90-100 members. Afterwards, the meeting was thrown open for questions and there followed a Buffet Supper, when members were able to circulate and exchange views.

MISS DONALDSON

Miss B. M. S. Donaldson was a member of Staff from 1936 until the School closed during the last War. She has sent a short account of her activities since then.

On leaving S.M.H., she taught for four years at Castle Howard (Queen Margaret's School, Scarborough, had moved there for the duration of the War). "Brideshead Revisited" brought back many lovely memories. She then

taught for two years at Brighton and Hove High School, after which she joined the Colonial Service.

Before going abroad, she squeezed in a one-year course at the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art, where she found her experience gained in the S.M.H. productions on Speech Day in the Dome very valuable.

Miss Donaldson went to Nigeria for 14 interesting years, teaching Physical Education, Art and producing plays, including Christmas Tableaux, using words from the Koran whenever possible.

Lastly, for 10 years she was a Housemistress at Wycombe Abbey, where she undertook many play productions.

She has now retired and with her sister and brother-in-law at Coombe Keynes, near Wareham, in Dorset, has renovated a large barn complex; after seven years of very hard work, they have two lovely houses, still in the making.

SKETCHES FROM MY LIFE

By Joanna Crispe (Hare-Duke) in New Zealand

I have had a long and interesting life, largely on about 2½d! My travels started about ten days after my Mothers' sudden death in November 1914, when parishioners of my Father's parish who were leaving for Australia sent a note to say "if you can have your heavy luggage ready by tomorrow week, come with us." This event led me on to relatives in New Zealand and India and then home to England in 1918. In India I looked after a dear little girl on a coffee plantation and we still correspond.

I was married in 1924 and have two sons, one in England and another in Auckland, both with families.

Since 1948, I have been a widow. My husband was a Headmaster and a keen gardener, and I have lovely memories each August when the daffodils flower, which he so loved.

I remember Audrey Baron as a small girl in the then Lower East Dormitory, a favourite with everyone and clever for her age.

S.M.H. still retains a wonderful feeling of warmth for me. I'll never forget how kind Miss Potter and Miss Helen were when I had to go home to Ireland in 1903, when a dear 11-year-old brother died and also when my Father died in 1905.

CAMPING IN THE KIMBERLEYS

by Phayre Crowley

In a well-equipped Toyota commuter 'bus, we travelled 9,000 kms., with no break-downs or punctures!

Petrol was taken on at roadhouses which were up to 400 kms. apart; the van carried a long-distance tank and also a 16-gallon water tank. The roads were bitumen nearly all the way except for one dreadful section from Fitzroy Crossing to Hall's Creek. However, often the strip is only one vehicle wide and if you see a road train you get off the road; he can't. The road train is the life blood of the Outback, limited to three trailers, each carrying a bull bar, since stock stray all over the place. We saw a number of dead cattle, some sliced in half, which caused considerable hazard at night. Our van had a roo bar which

was excellent for hanging out washing and, fortunately, we didn't catch any roos (kangaroos).

We travelled through some lovely and spectacular country and paused a while at Hall's Creek, the first gold rush town in Western Australia. The Shire Clerk, an old friend, made us welcome and we got an insight into the problems of administration in the Outback. This State is enormous and nothing so brought home to me its size as the 1½ hour time change at the Northern Territory boundary. We went for boat trips on the Lake Argyle and Ord River sections of the dam and visited the tropical agriculture station. Their problem is that while they can grow most things splendidly, the bugs and birds eat them. The storks, eagles, finches and bower birds are fascinating.

Our most alarming journey was the one up to the Five River Lookout on a narrow road cut out of the hillside at 1 in 5 with four elbow bends and no passing places. We took the van up and had the kind of view one associates with flying on a clear brilliant morning of the five rivers that flow into the Cambridge Gulf and of the far ranges of the Kimberley district where so much remains to be discovered. We came down safely and decided that that was the highlight of the trip, though evenings by the camp fires, chance meetings and chats, the extraordinary trees and plants and the immense horizons that show the very curve of the earth, were hard to choose between.

Once we were surprised by the goanna having a drink from one of the stand pipe taps! We enjoyed the company of hitchhikers whose fresh enthusiasm kept us going through the hard sections, but I laughed most at the tales of the Shire Clerk, for the Kimberleys have a special sort of people for a very special land.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Ruth Belson wrote that she was working in a finance house and was preparing for her first term at Southampton University where she will be reading History and Sociology.

Jane Campbell has done a one-year crash trilingual secretarial course in Brussels (English-French-German), being awarded "the highest distinction". For a time, she worked for Euclid Belgium, but, after being made redundant, is now with Euro A.R.D. International. She came to England for **Rachael McClaughry's** wedding, which was also attended by other school friends. Jane then went for a three-week holiday in the States during which she went to **Shana Freshley's** wedding at which **Carol Morley** and **Lizzie Ager** were bridesmaids. She is learning Dutch and sings in the town choir. With friends she created the town hockey team, playing nationally almost every weekend. She goes to the top gym club in Belgium and was a guide chief for two years. She also gives lessons.

Mary Clements (Reeson) writes that her husband retired eight years ago and they are enjoying his retirement immensely. Her two daughters are married. She adds that her contemporaries might be amused to hear that her home address has been the same for the past fifty years!

Phayre Crowley writes at length about the new life which she is enjoying near Perth in Western Australia. She worked for a year for **Ailsa Travers (Elder)** who has a market research business and is at present taking an interpreters' course in French. Phayre says that French "is not much used here but a splendid way to learn about how Australia is run as we do court work, social and welfare work, and there is much telephone interpreting for the 64 registered languages of Western Australia on behalf of migrants."

Margaret Cochrane (Powell) has four daughters and works part-time in paediatrics in Kingston.

Lilian Cooper wrote that she was to start at Portsmouth Polytechnic to study Architecture. She stays with her family in Holland during her holidays. Her sister **Brigid** has had some successful 'O' Level results. Lilian keeps in touch with old School friends and her comments about the Newsletters are much appreciated.

Joanna Crispe (Hare-Duke) has written another letter from New Zealand about her interesting and varied life. She enjoys reading the Newsletter, despite the fact that there are few of her contemporaries left.

Marion Deschamps (Bucke) stayed a few days with **Joyce Tinto (Colman)** in November. They had a small lunch party with some old friends — **Jill Baker, Moira Corscaden, Marjorie Elliott (Duke), Mary Holland** and **Barbara Leadbitter**: some of them had not met for fifty years!

Elisabeth Eastham (Ferguson) had a get-together for lunch in Brighton attended by **Claire Bowes, Nicola Eade, Susan Graves, Susan Hall (Davis), Katharine Howard, Jane Woodhead** and **Tessa? (Williams)**, when they had a very pleasant afternoon exchanging news.

Marjorie Elliott (Duke) had lunch with **Margaret Wilkinson** who lives at Haywards Heath. Marjorie's daughter, **Jill Aylin**, on holiday from Germany, went with her. Marjorie's fourth grand-daughter, **Jenny Elliott**, is now at the Hall.

Joanna Greenwood is sharing a flat in London and working as secretary in a large architectural practice.

Susan Hennings is at Plymouth Polytechnic reading B.Sc. Environmental Science, Major Environmental Chemistry.

Anne Hinton has passed 'A' Levels in Geography, Maths. and Further Maths. and is reading Geography at University.

Katie Hodgson has graduated with a 2nd Class Honours Degree in Modern Languages. She worked for a couple of weeks as a courier leading a group of 53 American children round Europe and is now working in Sales and Marketing in the City.

Kathleen Holloway is working as a doctor in General Practice and doing clinical sessions twice weekly at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital in London.

Eileen Howard (Portas), B.Sc.Lond., M.I. Biol., M.Phil. Sx., is no longer teaching, but is doing some Botanical Survey work. Her daughter, Ann, is a medical secretary.

Sarah Hunt has graduated from Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, in June 1983 with B.A.(Hons.) Law, and then spent the summer travelling round the world. She

is studying for her Finals at the College of Law, Guildford, Surrey and will join Freshfields (Solicitors) in London next year.

Heather Johnson (Heald) writes to say how much she enjoys reading the Magazine and Newsletter. She lives with her husband and two sons in Glasgow and loves Scotland. They have a small cottage on the shores of Loch Long and all enjoy playing golf. She is Secretary of the Ladies Section of East Renfrewshire Golf Club and on the Children's Panel and does voluntary work at Erskine Hospital for Disabled Servicemen.

Margaret Kidd (Daisy Panter) and her husband, the Rev. G. F. Kidd, celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary last April, having been married in Uganda, where they were C.M.S. Missionaries in 1933. Their daughter, Bridget, is Chaplain's Assistant in the R.A.F. in Germany, where they were hoping to visit her.

Vivienne Lagraulet (Goff) worked for Sealink until her marriage in 1973 and then worked for Aérospatiale as a technical translator on the European Airbus project in Toulouse. She has passed her "Brevet de Technicien Supérieur" as a commercial translator and hopes to return to part-time work when her second son starts school. Her sister, **Ingrid Perillo**, hopes to send her daughter, Daniela, to S.M.H. Vivienne sends her best wishes to Miss Bristol who taught her Latin and whose kindness she still remembers.

Penelope Leighton often thinks of the good days at School and would like to contact those from her year group, 1969-1978. She did a two-year Course at Chichester College of Technology in Hotel Catering and Institutional Management and then worked in Switzerland for six months for further experience. She is now working in Guernsey.

Susan Lowe (Møller) was married on the hottest day in July last year and many S.M.H. girls came to the wedding, including **Vicki Angus**, who sang a solo hymn during the signing of the register. Susan is currently studying to become a Landscape Architect at Thames Polytechnic which she finds very enjoyable.

Barbara Manwell (Daniell) had a wonderful visit to the States and Canada last year. She writes: "it was electrifying to find in an American Magazine in Richmond a photograph of **Minette da Silva** who became the first woman architect in Sri Lanka and has written on architecture in Ceylon . . . She was at S.M.H. in the late 1920s, junior to me, but a great friend. I remember receiving a long letter from her when she was in the San. with chickenpox, but she had skilfully managed to bake it in the oven in the San. kitchen. She used to spend her holidays with **Betty and Hrothgard Gibson** at Ridley Hall, Cambridge." Barbara is delighted that her elder grandson is learning Welsh at school, the first member of her family to speak Welsh for 6 or 7 generations.

Hilary Marvin has graduated from Durham University and is doing a P.G.C.E. course at the London University Institution of Education. She is hoping to teach Chemistry/Integrated Science and Maths to secondary school children.

Margaret McCall (Jones) and her husband have lived in Tanzania for 17 years and, although her husband has retired, he teaches English to diplomats and their wives who are stationed in Dar-es-Salaam, so they mix with many nationalities and go out to exotic meals. Her elder son works in Zambia and the younger in Holland.

Angelica Meletiou has returned from Italy with two of her three sons. She called to see **Gay Fawcett (Gosnell)** and has stayed with **Frances Bearn (Moojen)** who arranged a dinner with **Penny Gardiner (Buck)**, **Linda Kings (Belasco)**, **Pat Bostel (O'Connor)** and **Jacquie Hayward (Reason)** with their husbands, when they had a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Penelope Millar (Titheradge) is on a "sabbatical", looking after her small daughter, which she finds harder, though more rewarding, than full-time paid employment! She would be delighted to hear from any of her contemporaries living near Peacehaven.

Alison Miller is secretary to two Directors and four Draughtsmen in a small export company in Portslade. She keeps in touch with **Petra Moisey**, **Linda Woodhead** and sisters and **Sonia Polling**, but would also like to hear from other contemporaries, with a view to starting a mini-newsletter. Anyone interested, please contact her.

Charity Robins (Girdlestone) writes that her daughter, Judy, ran in the London Marathon. She had seen the Queen when she came to Exeter from the Maundy Money distribution. She is still hoping that someone will be able to put her in touch with **Peggy Fotheringham**, now Mrs. Rolls.

Elizabeth Russell-Goggs (Betty Black) lives with her husband and widowed sister, Joyce, in Lymington. Her sister, Aileen, died four years ago and all three were at the Hall in the 1920's. She would very much like to contact her old classmates, particularly **Rosamund Kettlewell**, with whom she was very friendly since they were both born and lived in Japan prior to coming to England. The three sisters were in Harvey House with Miss Smith as House and Class Mistress and Miss Ghey was the Head.

Marion Saunders (Murdoch) moved to Cambridge last year and is renovating a Victorian house.

Caroline Sims has been in Hong Kong for 8½ years in the fashion business. Her firm manufactures for most of the major retailers in Britain and has recently spread its wings to New York and Europe, as well as Australia. Caroline travels to all these places promoting these products in her capacity as Sales Director of the company. Last Autumn she spent two weeks in Sri Lanka where she had a marvellous holiday with so much to do and see. Then she went to India and Kashmir and went on a trekking trip, reaching the Kolahoi Glacier at 13,000 ft., all most enjoyable and exhilarating. She would be very happy to meet any S.M.H. girls who happen to be visiting Hong Kong and would show them round. Caroline would also like to contact **Joanna Browne** who was in her year at S.M.H. and used to live in London. Can anyone help; Joanna is not a member, so her present address is not available.

Colinette Sainsbury (Edye) lives in Farnham, Surrey, where she has her own studio. She has developed a unique method of dying yarns and her knitwear designs are sold in Covent Garden and abroad.

Joyce Tinto (Colman) went to Australia in March 1983 to be with her daughter and husband who live just outside Adelaide. The plan was for her to be there for the birth of the couple's first child; however, baby had other ideas and arrived four weeks early! But Joyce was there for her grandson's first difficult weeks. During the two months of her visit they went for a week to the Flinders Ranges in the north of South Australia, a most enjoyable trip with fine scenery of the Flinders and spectacular sunsets when they had barbecues in true Australian fashion, nothing being half-cooked beforehand as we often do in this country.

Anne Weston has attained her qualifications and is an Associate of the Institute of Personnel Management.

Jenefer Wray (Riley) is working for Worldtech Ventures Limited, assisting in the starting-up and expansion of new businesses, which involves a good deal of travelling to different parts of the country. She also visits the U.S.A. regularly.

FURTHER NEWS

Sue Bruce-Smith (Clements) keeps in touch with **Roxy Waddell (Hunt)**.

Sarah O'Dair (Weeks) has a son, Marcus, and writes to **Wendy Lawrence (Bland)** in Australia who also has a son, James. She also writes to **Margaret Jackson (Bowden)** in Hong Kong, who has a daughter, Katherine. Sue is doing some home typing for The Economist where she used to work and was going for a holiday to Portugal last year.

Tracey Campbell has done a two-year Market Management course. For two years she worked with a firm of wholesalers in ready-to-wear clothes and has now started in a Management Consulting firm, working as Administrative Assistant.

Caroline Currer (Johnson) has three daughters, the youngest of whom is three. She is working part-time at the University of Warwick as a Research Fellow in the Sociology Department. She hopes to complete her doctoral thesis, which concerns issues of health and illness amongst a group of Asian immigrant mothers. Her present work is concerned with the planning of services for the mentally handicapped in North Warwickshire, particularly with the increased provision of care and small homes in the community. She is also co-editing a book concerning concepts of health and illness, due to be published this year.

Heather Plank (Gillham) was due to take her final state nursing exams and hopes to go into Occupational Health Therapy. She is still dancing in her free time and is working her way through the International Dance Teachers' Association exams.

Amelia Taylor is training as an S.R.N. at the Royal Sussex County Hospital which she is thoroughly enjoying. She often looks out of the tower block windows and sees present S.M.H. pupils playing lacrosse or having their break in the familiar uniform!

Anne Barr came joint second in the London Chamber of Commerce's Private Secretaries Certificate examination. 12,000 people competed. The Prize Giving is in Mansion House in March.

Anne Black has just set up an employment agency for nannies and cooks.

Jo Manners is a qualified physiotherapist.

Clare McVeigh (left S.M.H. 1979) graduated from Warwick University with a B.A. in History (Ili), and is P.A. to an antiquarian book-dealer.

Anne Muffett (Taylor) is working part-time at the Merseyside Innovation Centre. She is also attending classes in Korean and trying to make arrangements to begin research into Korean Literature.

Elizabeth Pile obtained a Ili degree and is temporarily working for the Burlington Magazine and Apollo.

Jo Pink is a part-time cordon-bleu cook, and also works at the Crafts Council.

Linda Ransom (left S.M.H. 1982) successfully completed a Basic Secretarial Course at St. Godric's College, London.

Kate Spargo is nursing at the Charing Cross Hospital.

Nicola Stokes graduated from Liverpool University in 1983 with a First Class degree in Engineering.

Fiona Withey (née Gale) obtained a B.A. (Ilii) in English and Education at the West Sussex Institute of Higher Education.

Dunya Zeki is Personal Assistant to a general importer.

Amanda and Rachel Holley are being married to Simon Rowley and Alan Chacon respectively at Plymouth on April 28th, 1984.

PUPILS WHOSE RELATIVES WERE OLD GIRLS

Angela Eleini — second cousins, **Nora and Evelyn Tamman** — aunt is **Zoe Moorehouse**, also aunt to **Danielle Maurice**.

Meryl Sturdy — aunt is **Sue Coldwell (Symons)**.

Lisa Wenstrom — sister of **Juliet** (left 1982).

Ailish Grimes — sister of **Jennifer** (left 1982).

Fiona Mont — sister of **Sara** (left in 1975) and **Vanessa** (left 1981).

Abigail Besser — sister of **Julia** (left 1980) and **Sarah** (left 1981).

Daniela Perillo — aunt is **Vivienne Lagraulet (Goff)**.

Anne Stapleton — aunt is **Susan des Forges**, mother also an Old Girl who died in 1983, **Mary**, known at School as **Elizabeth**.

Gabrielle Pell-Stevens' godmother is **Rosemary French (Snelling)**.

Hilary Parkin — mother is **Tessa Dawson**.

Mary Bartrop — sister of **Fiona** (left 1981).

Catherine Hall — mother is **Rosemary Ann Baker**.

Samantha Garbutt — mother is **Jane Pascoe**, aunts are **Rosemary, Angela and Carolyn Pascoe**.

Saralouise Ashley — mother is **Pam Atkins**.

Sara Snell — aunt is **Janet Barber**.

Natalie Bloom — aunts are **Nora, Evelyn and Denise Tamman**.

Holly Garmston — mother is **Susan Westamen**.

Rachel Manzi — mother is ... **Glover**.

Sarah Pincus — mother is **Anne Tennant**.

Daniella Gibb — mother is **Mary Ayling**.

Anabelle McCracken — mother is **Susan McDermot**.

Jennifer Elliott — grandmother is **Marjorie Elliott (Duke)**, aunt **Jill Aylin (Elliott)**, cousins **Nicola and Victoria Aylin**.

Sannah Aylin — mother **Jill Aylin (Elliott)**, grandmother **Marjorie Elliott (Duke)**.

Sophie George — mother **Rosemary Pascoe**.

BIRTHS

Abdullah. To Margaret Jane (Davies), on December 7th, 1981, a son, Hugh Idris.

Bruce-Smith. To Sue (Clements) and Keith, on December 6th, 1981, a daughter, Anna Susan.

Craft. To Jane (McDonagh) on May 19th, 1982, a daughter, Amanda Victoria.

Eastham. To Elisabeth (Ferguson) on December 3rd, 1982, a daughter, Rachel Elisabeth Louise.

Horton. To Wendy (Edye) and Barry, a son, born March 15th, 1983, George Maitland, a brother for Rowena.

Saunders. To Marion (Murdoch) on September 29th, 1982, a son, John, a brother to Nicholas.

MARRIAGES

Gillham—Plank. In May, 1982, Heather Gillham to Mr. Plank.

Møller—Lowe. On July 16th, 1983, Sue Møller to Bill Lowe.

DEATHS

Allnutt. On October 22nd, 1982, Mrs. E. M. Allnutt (Watson), after a fall.

Barlow. In 1983, Gretel (Hunt) at the age of 86, wife of Lieut. Commander Peter Barlow, after a wonderfully happy partnership lasting 54 years.

Broadley. On August 4th, 1983, suddenly and peacefully, Rosamund (Elliott), widow of Kenneth, loving mother of Robin and John and devoted grandmother.

Capern. In 1983, Evelyn (Hakim).

Chapman. Audrey Chapman (Sadgrove).

England. On February 20th, 1983, Gertrude (Shallard), after a short illness in West Suffolk Hospital, sister of Nellie and Constance.

Fenton. On May 26th, in Herefordshire, Phoebe (Pelton).

Greenhow. On January 20th, 1983, Emily Patricia (Poyser).

Hardy. On February 25th, 1983, E. M. Hardy (Howard), in her ninetieth year.

Laurence. In September, 1983, Irene, of a sudden and unexpected stroke.

Longsdon. In September, 1982, Elaine (Fotheringham), in her eightieth year.

Nolda. On November 20th, 1983, suddenly at home Col. Clinton Nolda, O.B.E., late the Middlesex Regiment (D.C.O.), beloved husband of Joan, much loved father of Rosemary and Charles and a devoted grandfather.

Rea. On March 24th, 1983, Margaret E., Solicitor, aged 63 years, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Rea, of Kingston Farm, Lewes.

Riddelsdell. On January 31st, 1984, Yolande, in her 66th year.

Young. On September 13th, 1982, Ursula, suddenly at home in Cambridge, formerly of Chislehurst.

OBITUARIES

ROSAMUND BROADLEY (née ELLIOTT)

The sudden death of Rosamund Broadley has deprived St. Mary's Hall of one of its staunchest supporters.

Rosamund was at the Hall during the First World War, together with her elder sister, Phyllis (who later became a very popular teacher at the School). During her time at S.M.H., Rosamund won a gardening prize, was in hockey and cricket teams and was also in the Guides. In 1917 she won a School Scholarship, the value of which was passed to M. Facer.

In 1918, Rosamund went to Newnham College, Cambridge, to read History and where she showed considerable athletic prowess, winning a tennis "blue" playing for the Women's United Hockey Team (Girton and Newnham). She became successively secretary to Sir Michael Sadler (Master of University College), Sir Henry Clay (Warden of Nuffield) and Sir David Keir (Master of Balliol).

Widowed in her early fifties, Rosamund was left with two young sons to educate. Later she worked for the Friends of the Radcliffe Infirmary and for many years acted as amanuensis and typist to a distinguished Fellow of Balliol, Russell Meiggs, whose monumental work on the timber and trees of the ancient Mediterranean world was published in 1983. Rosamund was immensely delighted by the acclaim of the critics.

A direct descendant of our Founder, Rosamund seemed to have inherited many of the great qualities of this remarkable man. She will be remembered for her service to others, great kindness and understanding.

Twice last year, she took the trouble to write to the Editor expressing her sadness that she had had to retire from the Board of Governors after 32 years, but pleased to know that an Old Girl was taking her place. She said that she was the youngest girl at the School, her Father then being Vicar of St. Mark's. In 1914, they moved to Hampshire and she and Phyllis became boarders. Her years at S.M.H. were most happy ones.

Much more could be written about Rosamund and her support for the School, particularly during the difficult years after the last War. And, for myself, I remember with gratitude the great encouragement she always gave to me.

Editor

Dame Mildred Riddelsdell knew Rosamund well and has written:

"For the first 8 or 9 years of my ten years of retirement, I travelled between Oxford and Brighton several times a

year with Rosamund. She was a wonderful travelling companion. I learned how unswervingly devoted she was to the Hall and willing to serve it in any way she possibly could. She was a shy person and very humble about herself, but would stand up with determination for what she saw to be right. I always enjoyed her sense of humour, and she was much wiser than she gave herself credit for."

Amy Mead (Law) wrote:

"I was shocked to hear of the death of Rosamund. I had a letter from her written on July 4th, saying that she was planning a holiday with her schoolfriend, Joan Berwick."

Mrs. Leslie has written the following richly-deserved tribute to Rosamund:

"When Rosamund Venn Elliott, younger daughter of the Vicar of St. Mark's, entered St. Mary's Hall in 1911, she became the first day-girl at the School her great-grandfather had founded.

"She went up to Newnham College to study for a History degree and in 1932 married Kenneth Broadley, an Oxford Solicitor. As a result of overwork during his years in the F.A.F., he died in 1951, leaving two young sons, the elder being Robin, now a director of Baring Brothers, Merchant Bankers, and a Governor of St. Mary's Hall, and the younger, John, in the Foreign Office.

"Rosamund was secretary to the Warden of Nuffield College during the War and after her husband's death, she became secretary to The Master of Balliol College, where, amongst other tasks, she used her outstanding organising ability during the years of the big Balliol Appeal.

"St. Mary's Hall was closed during the War and there was much heart-searching about the wisdom of re-opening it, but Rosamund was convinced that it need not die and she, with many others, gave much time and energy to re-establishing the School. She served on the Board of Governors for about ten years at that time and rejoined it from 1962 to 1982. In her quiet, unostentatious way she always had something constructive to say at Governors' Meetings and I believe she retired only when she felt that increasing frailty was diminishing her usefulness.

"Rosamund's Christian faith and the sense of service so characteristic of the Elliott family made her a respected and beloved colleague both in the professional and voluntary spheres where she worked. When I think of her, I am reminded of Robert Louis Stevenson's tribute to his wife: 'Steel-true and blade-straight'. Such was Rosamund Broadley whose fine intellect and gentle nature enriched the lives of all those who had the privilege of knowing her."

GERTRUDE ENGLAND (née Shallard)

Constance Shallard has written a long letter of her sister's interesting life, extracts of which follow:-

"After leaving school, she went to Bedford College to gain her B.A. degree. After teaching for several years, Gertrude married Eric England of the Borneo Trading Company at Bangkok. Siam was changing its name just then to Thailand, "Land of the Free", and its monarchy became constitutional.

"When the Japanese marched in (1940-41), Gertrude had to leave, aiming for England where their two boys were at school. She reached Northern India and taught in a small school near Darjeeling from where she could view Everest, but she had no news of her husband.

"Later she managed to reach the Cape, where she found work in a students' hostel. She still waited for news of Eric, but on her first day at the Cape an interesting encounter cheered her. Waiting in a restaurant for a meal, she was joined by two young British soldiers. 'Where have you come from?' Gertrude asked them. 'Brighton,' they replied. There was a little giggling and 'we were in a girls' school, called St. Mary's Hall!'

"After waiting three months Gertrude managed to get a berth in a ship, the convoy being escorted by the battleship, Warspite, and in ten days' time she was safely in Scotland and making her way to her sons in Gloucestershire.

"At the end of the war with Japan, Eric returned to England to recover from the deprivations of camp life as a prisoner. They had lost everything in Bangkok, but did not complain. A home and a job were found and, later, Eric became Secretary-Superintendent of the Colony for Epileptics, a position which they both enjoyed. On his retirement, they went to live near Bury St. Edmunds, but after about seven years, he began to lose his memory, but Gertrude continued to care for him, in spite of her own impaired health. Eventually, they were both taken to Hospital, but it was too late for Gertrude and Eric survives her, being well cared for in a country hospital.

"It sounds a rather sad life, but there were many compensations with constant visits from family and friends."

MRS. E. M. HARDY (née Howard)

Mr. James Hardy has written: "My mother was the last surviving of three sisters, all of whom went to S.M.H. My grandfather, a Hertfordshire clergyman, is reported to have told his daughters rather gloomily that the fees for three girls came to over £100 a year!

"My mother spent much of her life in India and Burma and kept up a tremendous interest in all affairs right to the last."

IRENE LAURENCE

Eileen (Sheppard) Ward writes about the death of her friend, Irene Laurence: "Her companion of many years, Miss Vera Cowper-Smith, wrote to me as she had seen my name and address on my Christmas Card. Irene was my closest friend at the Hall. We were in Forms IV, V and VI together, but I had to leave in the Lower VI in 1922 for family reasons, though she stayed on to do Advanced Mathematics. We linked up again when I returned from Egypt after the War and I saw her name in the Magazine. We were contemporaries of Faith Colebrooke and Winnie Martin, and were united in our respect and affection for Miss Ghey and Miss Beatrice Pope who was our Maths Mistress and left to become a Missionary. Monica Ashwin was also a good friend and made a happy third with us."

YOLANDE RIDDELSDELL

Yolande was the youngest of three sisters who were all at the Hall. After leaving school she took a course in Domestic Economy and had a number of jobs cooking in

schools in this country, in New Zealand and in Western Australia.

About ten years ago, she and Mildred retired to share a house at Witney. During Yolande's long and distressing illness, she was devotedly nursed by Mildred who says of her "She was a wonderfully good patient. Very uncomplaining and always entirely her usual self in mind and spirit."

We offer our deepest sympathy to Dame Mildred in her very great loss.

ALTERATIONS TO NAMES AND ADDRESSES — FEBRUARY 1983-1984 PLUS ADDITIONS

- Bartlett, C. (Mrs. Williams)**, 3 Wyken Cottages, Wyken Hall Road, Stanton, Suffolk.
- Belasco, L. (Mrs. Kings)**, Raglan House, Pell Green, Wadhurst, Sussex.
- Belson, R.**, Whitethorns, Bowden Rise, Seaford, Sussex BN25 2HZ.
- Campbell, J.**, Avenue du Silence 10, 1180, Bruxelles, Belgium.
- Campbell, T.**, 10 Place de l'Altitude Cent, BP 28, 1190, Bruxelles, Belgium.
- Clifford, L.**, Cae Gwydd, Ruabon Road, Erbistock, near Wrexham, Clywd, N. Wales.
- Crowley, P.**, 61 Frederic Street, Gosnells 6110, Western Australia.
- Donaldson, Miss**, West Barn Farm, Coombe Keynes, near Wareham, Dorset BH20 5PS.
- Eastham, J.**, 16 Southbury, Lawn Road, Guildford, Surrey GU2 5DD.
- Galbraith, S. (Mrs. Coath)**, Mill Water Bungalow, Millbrook, Axminster, Devon EX13 5EE.
- Gray, J. (Dr. J. Cook)**, 10 Ennerdale Road, Wallasey, Merseyside.
- Goff, V. (Madame Lagraulet)**, Fregouville, 32490 Mon Ferran-Savès, (Gers), France. (Newsletter to Mrs. I. Perillo, 34 Sillwood Road, Brighton).
- Heaton, C. (Mrs. McGarry)**, 51 Nadine Street, Graceville, Brisbane 4075, Queensland, Australia.
- Holloway, K.**, 72 Lower Fant Road, Maidstone, Kent ME16 8EA.
- Holloway, M.**, 72 Lower Fant Road, Maidstone, Kent ME16 8EA.
- Howard, A. (Mrs. Chantry)**, The Wharf, Piddinghoe, Newhaven, Sussex.
- Howard, K.**, 10 Stamford Lodge, Cumberland Road, Brighton, BN1 6SL.
- Hunt, P. (Mrs. Martell)**, 32 Berriedale Avenue, Hove, Sussex BN3 4JH.
- Jones, M. (Mrs. McCall)**, P.O. Box 3762, Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania.
- Kerr, N.**, Flat 6, 5 Bassett Road, London W10 6LA.
- Law, A. (Mrs. Mead)**, Shovelstrode, Presteigne, Powys LD8 2NP.
- Law, L. (Mrs. Sumner)**, 58 Church Lane, Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne EX20 2HW.

Leighton, P., c/o Mr. W. K. Leighton, Prince Rupert School, Rinteln, B.F.P.O. 103, West Germany.

Mackay, S. (Mrs. Warner), Burleigh Pond Close, Spy Lane, Loxwood, West Sussex RH14 0SH.

Marvin, H., 4 Kendrick Mews, S. Kensington, London SW7 3HG.

McClaghrey, R., 16 Woodland Avenue, High Salvington, Worthing, West Sussex.

McEwan, M. (Mrs. Hayhurst), P.O. Box 176 (K.B.Y.), Kebayoran Baru, Jakarta Selatan, Indonesia (till 10/85).

Meletioui, A., Brookwood, Aberedw, Builth Wells, Powys, Wales.

Miller, A. S. C., Flat 2, 11 Gladstone Place, Brighton, BN2 3QE.

Möller, S. (Mrs. Lowe), 10 Blackheath Vale, Blackheath, London SE3 0TX.

Moore, E., Crowds, Hamm Court, Weybridge, Surrey.

Murdoch, M. (Mrs. Saunders), 9 Tenison Avenue, Cambridge CB1 2DX.

Pike, L. (Mrs. Pritchett), 19 Hare Hill Close, Pyrford, Woking, Surrey GU22 8UH.

Powell, M. (Mrs. Cochrane), 37 Murray Road, London SW19 4PD.

Riley, J. (Mrs. Wray), Highfield, Church Road, Purley, Surrey.

Rosser, S. (Mrs. Gutteridge), c/o 33 Institute Road, Marlow, Bucks.

Scatcliff, J. (Mrs. Weston), 1 Woodland Close, Ingatestone, Essex CM4 9SR.

Segall, M. (Mrs. Rossi), 19 O'Donnell Court, Brunswick Centre, London WC1.

Sims, C., 16b Barnton Court, Harbour City, Canton Road, Tsim Sha Tsui, Hong Kong.

Taylor, A. (Mrs. Willis), British Bank of the Middle East, P.O. Box 25, Sharjah, UAE.

Titheradge, P. (Mrs. Millar), 9 Sunview Avenue, Peacehaven, East Sussex BN9 8PJ.

Weston, A., 1 Woodland Close, Ingatestone, Essex CM4 9SR.

ADDITIONAL NEW ADDRESS LIST

- Barrett, G.**, Dickens, Doomsday Garden, Horsham, Sussex.
- Barrett, V.**, 11 Seymour Square, Kemp Town, Brighton.
- Bethell, C.**, Ryecroft, 52 High Street, Lindfield, Haywards Heath, Sussex.
- Blagg, P.**, The Vicarage, West Beach Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.
- Boateng, E.**, Chana Timber Marketing Board, P.O. Box 515, Takoradi, Ghana.
- Buck, S.**, 1 Market Place, Bedale, North Yorkshire DL8 1ED.
- Carr, S.**, Orchard Dene, 22 Roman Crescent, Southwick, W. Sussex BN4 4TY.
- Edwards, R.**, 5 College Terrace, Brighton.
- Grant, S.**, Northlands, Brook Street, Cuckfield, Sussex.
- Hamid, M.**, No. 36, KG., Anggerik Desa, Berakas, Brunei.

Harris, S., 7 Steyning Road, Seaford, Sussex.
Head, T., Officers' Married Quarters, 3 Lime Close, R.A.F., St. Mawgan, Nr. Newquay.
Hill, P., Glebe Cottage, Hyde Street, Upper Beeding, Steyning, W. Sussex.
Kianifard, N., 7 Nevill Road, Hove, E. Sussex BN3 6NP.
Owen, J., 123 Crescent Drive North, Woodingdean, Brighton.
Pearson-Gee, R., High Saffron, Cuilfail, Lewes, East Sussex.
Ridgway, R., Ardmore, Phiconich, By Lairg, Sutherland, IV27 4PB.
Smith, C., 1 Ellenborough Place, Roehampton, London SW15.
Swan, D., 6 Doveley's Court, Riverside Road, Shoreham Beach, Sussex BN4 5RB.
Tonks, I., 10 Wykeham Terrace, Brighton BN1 3FF.
Wagstaff, L., Charlebury, 86 The Promenade, Peacehaven, Sussex.
Wallace, C., Vine Cottage, East Harting, near Petersfield, Hants.
Webb, M., Raymonds, 2 Barnfield Gardens, Ditchling, Hassocks, Sussex.

West, C. J., c/o Indus River Contractors, Tarbela Dam Colony, District Abbotabad, Pakistan.

Wong, M. S., P.O. Box 1098, Kuching, Sarawak, Malaysia.

Wooderson, R., 10 Crescent Road, Gosport, Hants. PO12 2DH.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

To be paid to Mrs. Cole, Verdala, The Glade, Kingswood, Tadworth, Surrey.

The Annual Subscription is £2, but members of 60 years of age or over may pay at their existing rate. The Life Membership is £20, payable in one lump sum or in two equal instalments within three years. Annual Subscriptions are renewable in January of the current year and should be received by October 1st at the latest. Any member who does not pay before the end of the year ceases to be a member and will not be entitled in the School Magazine and News Letter issued in the following year.

News Letter. Please send all items of news to the Hon. Editor, Mrs. J. Tinto, 11 Cavendish Road, Redhill, Surrey.

Address Lists. Complete address lists can be obtained from the School. Cost £1.

Timber Requirements Ltd

4A Church Place, Kemptown

Telephone 681209

Timber — Doors
Hardboards — Plywood
Mouldings — Chipboard
and DIY Accessories

Gardner Flowers

TELEFLORIST

Floral Tributes, Wreaths, Bouquets etc.
for all occasions

**80c St. James's Street,
Brighton, Sussex BN2 1PA**

Tel. (0273) 699889

We are pleased to be of service to St. Mary's Hall



ST. MARY'S HALL COOK BOOK



St. Mary's Hall as it looked in 1836.

Price: £1.65 + 25p postage

*For your copy
write to*

Dr. R. Dixon at St. Mary's Hall

Cheques should be made payable to St. Mary's Hall



ST. MARY'S HALL

Triennial

**CHRISTMAS
FAIR
1984**

on

Saturday, 17th November

*Please make a note of the date. We look forward to seeing
you all. Further details nearer the time. Any contributions
will be gratefully received.*



Aquascutum
100 REGENT STREET, LONDON



*The world's most
experienced raincoat*

Just one of the famous names
to be seen at
Cobleys
where you will find all that is best
in Menswear

There are also Ladies' Fashions
including Aquascutum and complete
School Outfits for both
Girls and Boys

Appointed suppliers to
ST. MARY'S HALL
and 50 other good schools

Robemakers to the
University of Sussex

*A family business
established over 50 years*

Cobleys

134-140 CHURCH ROAD, HOVE
Tel. BRIGHTON 772201

*Also at: BRIGHTON - HASTINGS
TONBRIDGE - WORTHING
TUNBRIDGE WELLS - HORSHAM
WINCHESTER*