

CHRISTMAS EVE

Snow crunches beneath our numbed feet as we stroll towards All Saints' Church. Our breath comes in regular foggy clouds and then dissolves into the thin cold air. The twigs of a grotesquely shaped oak tree catch my hair and scratch my face as if they want revenge for my being awake and disturbing their Christmas Eve. The tombstones cast seemingly ill-omened shadows on the pebbled path, but the glowing light from inside the church beckons me towards it.

I enter the flint building and gaze at the tall Christmas tree beside the altar, with its spindle-shaped needles decked with coloured lights and its golden shining star attached to the uppermost branch. The church is lit entirely with candles whose flickering flames cast prancing shadows on the bare white walls. The font, lectern, altar, window ledges and pulpit are decorated with ivy, Christmas roses and holly collected by the village children.

I kneel down to pray.

During the service I cannot help glancing occasionally at my watch and counting the minutes to twelve. I watch the melted wax drip down the sides of the candles until only the burning threads of wick remain, encircled by pools of hardened wax.

At last the moment I am waiting for arrives. The organ bellows and the congregation stands and sings,

'Yea Lord we greet Thee

Born this happy morning ...'

As our jubilant voices seem to make the sturdy wooden beams above our heads vibrate, and our songs of praise echo throughout the surrounding countryside, I think about all the people in many lands who are celebrating at this time—and all for one reason—that long ago in a humble stable in Bethlehem a very special baby was born—Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

Karen Bowerman, IVI

THE SEA

CONTEMPLATION

I stood immobile on the topmost summit,
My gaze transfixed on the horizon,
Then slowly, longingly,
My eyes scanned the sea below.
The vast expanse of water,
Rippling, changing colour,
Moving with the slightest breeze,
I saw as if for the first time.
All around was an eerie calm,
A cold stifling silence hung in the air,
Almost choking me.
My ears were filled with the pounding,
Inevitable rhythm of waves on rocks,
An eternal song of nature.
Solitary, unmoving, I rested,
Oblivious to those around me.
A wry smile creased my face
As if I had experienced life,
And I turned and walked away.

Clare Hemmings, IIH

LOST IN THE FOG

As my feet crunched down the beach, I was very aware of the fact that a light sea mist was becoming very heavy. The dog pranced around me, waiting to chase the tennis ball. I threw the dirty ball and wandered along the beach.

I wrapped my coat around my body, feeling cold. I glanced up at the moon; it was a mere sliver. I heard the sound of the soft waves.

As I wandered along the beach, I imagined what it would be like next summer: sun-umbrellas, bikinis, radios, crying children and harassed mothers. I must have lost all sense of time and direction, for suddenly my dreams were broken by a sound. The noise was monotonous and deep, and sounded like a trombone. It was the fog horn. I looked around me. I could not see anything. It was as if a sheet had covered everything, except me. The sheet was a dense, thick fog. I looked about me for the dog; Jesse was nowhere to be seen. I called her, and waited. The silence was empty and I felt very worried. I remembered how forgetful the dog was; she would never be able to sniff me out, and I should not be able to find her in this thick fog.

I ran back, trying to retrace my footsteps. My mind kept thinking up horrible ends for my horrible mongrel, drowned, run over or fighting with another dog. My mind thought up terrible pictures of Jesse. My brain elaborated the story even more. I started to panic.

I ran back, as if I were blind, weaving up and down the beach, calling and calling; I heard a sound, and ran towards it. I saw a tramp, drunk, lying with the remains of a bottle scattered around him. He was trying to light a cigarette. He saw me and tried to get up, swearing under his breath. I turned and ran, the fog hiding me.

The fog's fingers wrapped themselves around me and I did not know where I was going. I ran as fast as I could, wanting, more than anything, to see Jesse. I ran and ran, tears pouring down my face, the fog horn becoming louder and louder, and my heart beating faster and faster. The wind rushed past my ears and all I could see was grey. I felt as though I were in a nightmare, running through a tunnel of watery air, never to be freed.

Suddenly I landed flat on my face. The awful nightmare jerked to a halt. The wind had blown up again and the fog was quickly going to haunt another beach; it was going just as fast as it had come. I lay still for a minute, resting my throbbing head on the cool, salty stones. My chin went very wobbly and I gasped for breath in short, uneven jerks. I heard a noise, but did not look up.

I felt something very wet lying on my outstretched arms. It was a piece of sea wrack. I looked up and saw Jesse, soaked to the skin, looking at me, with her tail wagging. She promptly shook herself, spraying jets of water over me. I picked her up and hugged her, and tears of relief poured down my cheeks.

Lucy Thomas, IIIO

THE SEA

Wavy, lazy, crazy, Hazy, splashing, lashing, bashing, blue

Susan Tytheridge, IJ

SUNLIGHT BENEATH THE SEA

It reaches down to the lower world,
Turning into misty shafts of light
As it reaches down, down.
Millions and millions of little fish
Come to be warmed.
Down below it glitters on the coral reef.
All this is for so short a time,
And unable to hold my breath,
I burst, like a torpedo,
To the upper world.

Amanda Tucker, IV

WAITING FOR MY FATHER

"Where's Dad?"

"I don't know, love. Why not go down to the beach, to see if he's coming?"

My mother looked up from her cooking expectantly, and smiled as I said, "O.K. I'll go and have a look for him."

I went out into the hall, found my wellingtons, and started to tug them on. My mother called from the kitchen, "I think it's going to rain, so you'd better go and put your coat on."

"O.K." I said, again, struggled to put the tight raincoat on, and then went, blowing a kiss to my mother as I slammed the door.

Outside it was fairly windy, and black, menacing clouds were rolling across the sky. The sea was dark, and it looked as if it was building up strength to demolish anything that was in its path.

The beach was one of my favourite places. I could remember, ever since I was four or five, going to play in the sea nearly every day in summer, and in winter picking up pebbles and hurling them into the sea. Every day, the beach was an interesting world of excitement.

Today, however, it almost frightened me. There was definitely going to be a big storm, from the unnatural movement of the waves. I was a little worried about my father, but he normally came home safely.

It started raining; not normal, light rain, but big heavy drops, and many of them. Soon it was pouring down. A brilliant streak of lightning lit up the sky, and a few seconds later a horribly loud clap of thunder followed.

This meant we were right in the middle of the storm. A belt of clouds that were dark grey came furiously rolling across the sky, making it difficult to see in that light. I was too near the sea, because an enormous wave crashed down about five feet away from me, soaking me to the skin, despite the raincoat.

If my father had been at home, I would have really enjoyed this. I did enjoy it, but a worry kept tugging at my heart, so it wasn't as much fun as usual.

Wave after wave kept smashing on the shore, showering me with spray, and the thunder and lightning carried on. I could just see the Marina lights. (The Marina was only fairly small considering it had to hold about a score of trawlers or seventy boats.) The lights were close together to warn ships that the Marina was there.

The rain was slowing down now; not as many big drops were falling as before. I now saw the light from a boat, probably a big one, making slowly towards the Marina. I

quickly ran towards it, scattering pebbles here and there, to meet my father, I hoped.

When I got to the Marina, there was the trawler, tied to a large pole. My father was lugging a large box of fish. He put the box down, picked up a fish, and threw it at me.

"Come on," he said. "That's our supper. Why are you so wet?"

We went home, where I was scolded for being wet, made to change, and put to bed after supper. I thought what fun it had been to go home looking like a drowned rat, and see my mother's expression, as I marched into the kitchen.

The sea was sometimes like an enemy, but this time we had outwitted it, and I had my father back.

Victoria Tink, IJ

THE RESTLESS SEA

On a still spring evening
Before all is dark,
The waves gently break on the shore.
Whispering in the silence,
They pass one another,
Not once are they motionless.
I stand on the shore,
Finding it hard to believe
That there is life deep down.
I watch the straggling seaweed
Drifting slowly on the surface.
The night advances.
Soon the air is chill,
The wild wind whistles across the water.
Waves lash against the rocks,
White sea horses prance,
But I continue to gaze.
The horizon becomes faint,
Darkness overtakes day,
No more can be seen.
Although cold, I feel a strange contentment,
As I turn towards the town's welcoming lights.

Aureol Bowerman, IIIK

SOME LIMERICKS

There once was man who said, 'How
Shall I manage to carry my cow?
For if I should ask it
To get in my basket,
'Twould make such a terrible row.'

There was an old lady of Leith,
Who had two most remarkable teeth;
They were not very strong,
But so spiky and long
That she had to keep each in a sheath!

Joanna Scott, IIC

There once was a man from Katoon
Who went flying below a balloon
But the wind changed direction,
And due to convection
He landed on top of the moon!

Sara Keaveny, IIC

There was an old man of Bangkok,
Who frequently sat on a rock.
But although it was cold
He was utterly bold
And suddenly took off one sock!

Tracey Baker, IIE

CURRENT AFFAIRS

AFTER FRANCO?

The Spanish Civil War, a clash between Left and Right, and Atheism and Christianity, saw the rise to power of one General Franco. After the dictator's death in 1975, his "single" party was replaced by a democratic system. Juan Carlos ascended the throne.

The monarch, aware of the international isolation caused by Franco's regime before 1953, has been fighting for Spain's recognition as a democratic brother to the West: soon Spain will belong to N.A.T.O., a shrewd move to keep the military occupied and avert a take-over, although the Socialists argue that joining N.A.T.O. did not prevent martial law in Greece during the time of the Colonels. However, he remains unruffled by these threats and, I believe, has evoked the admiration of many, not least the Basque people, for whom he has shown great sympathy, unlike Franco.

The prevalent Government, the Democratic Centre Union, has placed priority on gaining political stability after such dramatic changes in the system, and securing re-election. Therefore, in order to gain popularity, the economic measures have not been harsh, although a faltering economy, high unemployment and inflation remain.

However, the old and the new Spain are in conflict. There is growing unrest in the army between the ultra-conservative, old-fashioned officers who wish to reassert their claim to govern Spain and gain "unity". The military aims to check autonomy, outlaw Communists and stamp out terrorists and, consequently, the Basque troubles and the fight for autonomy in Catalonia and Andalusia are a constant irritation to it. However, it is worth mentioning that the army was the indirect cause of the Basque terrorism which it seeks to eliminate: E.T.A. was formed originally in defiance of Franco's political repression, which was carried out by the army itself. Nevertheless, Colonel Tejero's coup last February failed: it indicated that the threat to democracy remains, and demonstrated to the King, administration and the security authorities in particular how a coup might be orchestrated in future.

The Church decided that it had taken the wrong stance in the Civil War; it became hostile to Franco's regime; separation from the State was inevitable and the wish of clergy in general. It began to ask awkward questions about political repression and press censorship by the Party mouthpiece, 'Arriba', and to support the rural poor,

especially from Andalusia, who were defeated in the Civil War and excluded from the benefits of the "economic miracle" of the sixties.

The Church had, and continues to have, its own divisions. It had become the Church of pluralism: senior Bishops with conservative opinions on theological issues were likely to have political inclinations to match, and vice versa. Cardinal Taranéon, the prime figure in the advancement of the Church towards a more liberal outlook, sought to "depoliticise" the Church: he argued that extreme right-wing policies were incompatible with Christianity, warning against politicians who used Christian titles advantageously to disguise despotism. Let us remember Franco's claim that he was embarking upon "a holy crusade against red atheist communism".

Fiona Laughton, LVI

SMOKING OR NON-SMOKING?

Governments have already spent millions of pounds on campaigns to discourage people from smoking. Whilst I am not mounting a campaign to stop smoking in all public places, I should like to see a law introduced to ban smoking in public eating places where food is served.

I do not consider it necessary for people to smoke in restaurants and cafés while others are still eating. I am sure that I am not the only person who finds smoking irritating when food is being consumed. Smokers often do not realise that others find the smell of smoke abhorrent. It is also true to say that there are many who suffer from allergies and bronchial complaints, which are aggravated by tobacco smoke. They are deterred from eating out because they are unable to find suitable establishments where they can be assured of eating a meal in unpolluted air.

Already at many dinners and banquets where all the patrons eat at the same time, it is considered impolite to smoke while food is being served and eaten. Obviously, this would be impractical in a restaurant where there are always comings and goings. However, provision should be made so that a restaurant would not be licensed unless it had adequate facilities for patrons to withdraw into a separate room after a meal to smoke. Surely, even the heaviest smokers could wait until they left the table before they smoked.

This law would be intended as a safeguard to the health of all clients wishing to eat in restaurants without being subjected to the discomforts caused by tobacco smoke. I am certain that the law would encourage more trade for public eating places—a rare occurrence in these times of economic recession.

Whilst many may consider that this proposition is yet another infringement of personal liberty and that some would think they were being deprived of their pleasures by smoking tobacco—by the same token, others would deem it as much an infringement of their personal liberty to be prevented from breathing pure air.

Elizabeth Edwards, UVI

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

Over the past few weeks the Lower Sixth General Essay group have been discussing a very controversial subject—the position that women hold in today's society. St. Mary's Hall, being an 'all-girl's school', should be united in the struggle for Women's Rights.

It is too often thought and said that women—after a long battle—have now achieved 'equality' with men. This is partly true. We have progressed; women are now granted the 'right to vote', and for the first time in England we have a female Prime Minister. Some arrangements are now made for us in situations like divorce. Previously if a man decided that he was not happily married he could quite easily throw his wife into the gutter and deny her the right to see 'their' children. However, this has all changed now, and men often feel it is they who have the 'raw deal' in these matters.

Extreme unfairness is a thing of the past, but I feel that in many common everyday events women still suffer discriminations. Women are greatly restricted in trades and professions. In America, while ninety per cent of the nation's elementary school teachers are women, eighty per cent of the school principals are men. This is a very alarming fact—for intellectually, men are in no way our superiors. If a woman is capable of taking on a 'man's job', I see no reason why she should not be able to do it.

Society has developed stereotyped notions of femininity and attributed such qualities to us as weakness, mildness and passivity. These 'criticisms' are not completely without grounds—for women are not men's equal physically. Broadly speaking, and ignoring the exceptions, it may be said that women tend to suffer from three main biological handicaps: lesser muscular power than men; the time and energy devoted to child-bearing and child-rearing; and menstruation.

Some women manage to find ways round these problems and are able to carry on working or to stay in education. There are various ways of tackling this: for a start, just because a woman's body is biologically made to bear her and her partner's child, why should she be the one to take full responsibility for it after its birth? To counteract this, nursery care-groups have been set up to enable women to carry on normally afterwards in their jobs and occupations. Or better still, a small proportion of fathers stay at home to nurse the child while mother becomes the bread-winner.

Days have changed since the woman's place was at home behind the kitchen sink—but often for the worse! Many women are expected to go out to work, run a home and bring up a family. It is time MEN CHANGED THEIR IDEAS.

Sarah Wolff, LVI

CHILDHOOD AND FAMILY LIFE

A FISH LOOKS AT A GIRL

How dry, how fidgety, how big,
She is staring at me, with things sticking out of her,
How queer,
How dry, how fidgety, how big.

Anna Wong, Preparatory

MOVING

At last!

No need for furtiveness,
Our impending move is public!
As we drive over
To see the house,
I wonder:
Will it live up to its reputation?
Or will it be modern and ugly?
Will I be secretly disappointed
And wish we did not have to move?

'Our house'

Is not yet finished,
But my premonitions immediately are gone,
And I know that I will be happy.
We walk round the corner
And see a large common,
With trees, grass and swings.
Perhaps I can have a dog?

As we drive through the town

before going home,
It seems that summer will never arrive.
I am overcome with excitement,
And cannot wait to move in.
And when we have
Furnished the house,
I shall invite my friend to stay.

Jennifer Brettell, IIIH

CHILDHOOD

To this day, my claw-less koala bear sits on the bed in my bedroom. Eleven years ago when I was just over three years old, I had to go into hospital to have my tonsils removed. Even though I stayed only for two nights, I remember clearly how my parents came in to visit me just before I went to have the operation, and gave me a lovely koala bear with a blue ribbon on. Ever since then it has been my favourite toy. Each night, when I went to bed, I would tuck up my koala with me. Unfortunately all the claws fell off, but the eyes and nose are still in place. It has beautiful silky ears made from real koala fur, and it has a pitiful expression on its face.

Another of my favourite toys is my mother's panda bear which she was given when she was a little girl. It is knitted in black and white wool, and is very small. As it is probably over thirty years old, I take care of it, and I shall pass it on to my children if it stays in one piece! When I was about six my parents bought a draught-excluder for our sitting room, but it was to be a draught-excluder no longer for I immediately adopted it and carried it up to my bedroom. It is a gorgeous furry snake with a plastic forked tongue and moving eyes. Although then it was as big as I was, it now seems relatively small. This I used to push down the side of my bed with its head poking out, but always by morning it had somehow manoeuvred itself onto the floor. About five or six years ago when we were in London, my mother bought me a pair of teddies. One was blue with a white ribbon, and the other was white with a blue ribbon. However, I have never liked them as they have a horrible nylon smell.

One of the first toys that I can remember was a bright green, furry caterpillar, which was bendy. This and a various collection of other small toys were all sent to a children's home a year or so ago. I felt that I no longer needed them, and eventually they would probably end up rotting in an attic, so I decided to give them to orphaned children who would be very glad of them.

When I was very young, both my mother and my father read to me before I went to sleep. The first book that I can remember being read to me was a lovely fairy-tale book. Inscribed in it is:

"To Sarah, with love on her first birthday. October 28th 1968."

I think that I shall keep this book all my life as it is so beautiful, and twice as good as any fairy-tale books which can be bought today. All the pictures seem to be photographs of models, which create a three-dimensional effect. My favourite story in this book is "Hansel and Gretel" because the witch's house is made of tasty-looking sweets! I think the story which I like best overall is "The Happy Prince" by Oscar Wilde. The story is written in such a way that it is really touching, and I always remember crying before I went to sleep. Another of my favourite picture-books is "The Butterfly's Ball." I was fascinated by the beautiful, colourful pictures in it, of all the various animals and insects that were going to a marvellous Ball. The story is told in rhyme. "Riding to Canobie" is also a lovely book; there are poems about people with names from A to Z, some of which are "Egglebert", "Penelope", and "Yorick"! I still have all these books, and I shall keep them to pass on to my children as I loved them so much.

I am sorry that all the conventional baby toys which produce so much pleasure are now being replaced by electronic, speaking games. I certainly prefer the toys, and anyway, the electronic games are about three times as expensive!

Sarah Reade IVI

A GIRL'S HEAD

Those bronze shoes.
That concert.
Those records.
That poster.

The arguments,
About my money
The silences,
About my money.

The stupidity of my friends,
The gossip,
The fights of my friends,
Their habits.

Everyone talks about:
Boys.
Make-up.
Cigarettes.
Clothes.
They all pretend to be so grown-up.

Or is it just me?

Lucy Thomas, Illio

COMING HOME

The snaky coastline crept and inched forward as if steadily digesting the ultramarine sea. Bursting through the opaque mist came the endless stretch of dark leaf green. From this altitude the jungle looked like a firm carpet of moss, springy as if it had never been trodden on before.

Breakfast arrived, steamy and neat. I flicked my eyes over the laden tray. Omelettes, mushrooms, tomatoes, and so on lay blinking temptingly up at me as I made my indifferent survey. At any other time I would have tucked in with zest and relish, but today my stomach was tied up in a lumpy knot. I could not think of anything else but that I was coming home. I inhaled shakily. How would they find me, and I find them? Had I changed too much for their liking? The worries ticked through my fidgety mind like danger signs of a live time bomb.

The first indications of civilization now appeared. Gleaming roads projected their thread-like selves up from the dull green stretch. I could just about make out the lone boxes of vehicles crawling sparsely on these rivers of shine. It would not be long, I knew.

The plane sliced headlong into a strangling cloud. For a few full minutes I sank and floated with the most weird and indescribable feeling inside my tummy. Finally, as if it had contented itself with enough agony from the vulnerable passengers, the plane sailed through the last wisps of the roll of clouds. We had arrived over the town and I craned my neck in an attempt to catch a glimpse of the old house, but the kaleidoscopic jigsaw pieces below curbed my attempt. In a minute, the plane was approaching the narrow runway of the airport. I felt both mirth and shame as I caught sight of that hardly distinguishable airport, so minute and frail it seemed.

The landing was jerky and the crammed plane bounced twice before its heavy wheels managed a sturdy grip. The persistent whining engine gradually dimmed its protest and only then did I realise how droning the sound had been. The plane braced itself to a stop and the passengers unbuckled themselves. A wall of heavy and uncomfortably hot air which I had not lived in for such a long time greeted me as I stepped out through the oblong door. I roved my eyes from one end of the flat horizon to the other. Nothing seemed to have changed, as my memory suddenly recalled the same scene a year ago. An abrupt and unexpected alteration came over my previously tensed feelings. It was all right! Nothing had changed! There was absolutely nothing to worry about! I hopped down the steps and let out a satisfied sigh. It was home at last. Home as I had left it.

Dong Ching Chiu, VU

BEING SMALL

It's horrid being small
Like being in a very BIG hall.
Wasps like leopards,
Rose spikes like spears.
Fingers like trees,
Without any leaves.
Still, I would rather be me
Than nobody

Amanda Robins, Preparatory

A GIRL'S HEAD

In this happy confusion,
of fantasies and ideas
there are countless dolls.

And there are pretty frocks,
made of silk
with gold necklaces and rings.

A project is there
for doing away with pestering brothers.

There are ponies.
Too many ponies,
all smothered with garlands and rosettes.

To add to all this
there is a throne,
fit for no-one other than a queen,
with fairies waiting on her hand and foot.

There is a miscellany of sweets;
toffees, chocolates and lollipops.

There is no school.
And not one head is the same as another.

I believe
that my head cannot be paired exactly
with any other head.
But there is no certainty
in the situation,
since the world contains so many heads.

Kathryn Vokins, Illu

I REMEMBER

I remember the first time I had the bumps, on my eighth birthday. At the beginning of the party, my friends had planned to give me the bumps as soon as I walked through the door. When I went in I felt myself being thrown into the air with the help of my mother and father. I did not know what was happening to me until I safely came down to earth again. Then they told me that the bumps was something you had every birthday, or you were supposed to have. I laughed and said, "I hope you do not have them when you are quite old like eighty or seventy". That made them all laugh!

Clare Manzi, Transition

The Ball

I am a tennis ball who likes to bounce!

Heloise Royse, I/J

CONFUSED

My eyes betray my thoughts,
My thoughts betray my eyes,
I think it's time to go,
To go and close my eyes,
To think over all my dreams,
And to sort out my thoughts.

My mind is all in a muddle,
My body won't know what to do.
When it's time to answer the questions,
I'll probably get all in a stew,
My mind says yes,
My lips say no,
But my brain it just doesn't know.

Ailish Grimes I/Y

EXPLORING THE CELLAR

My grandmother had invited my mother and me to her house to stay. Her husband, my grandfather, had died many years ago. When we arrived she gave us a warm welcome and within seconds we were having some cake and tea. Afterwards my grandmother said that I could go to have a look around.

First I explored the garden, which was very overgrown. Then to my surprise, in the far corner of the house, was an old flaking door which was painted a dark green. I twisted the rusty old handle and pushed, but it would not move, until I gave it a hard thump. Then all of a sudden it opened and some plaster from over the top of the door fell on to my head. It was quite a shock. I walked in, more cautiously now. It was cold and damp and all of a sudden the wind blew in and the door slammed shut. It was pitch black and I was scared stiff, because I hadn't had much time to look and see what was around me. I felt about for a lamp and then at last I found one with a box of damp matches beside it. After a few minutes of trying to light them, I got a spark. I struck again and the match burst into flame. I quickly lit the lamp and by this time realized I was in the cellar. No one had been there for years, it seemed. There were racks of wine covered with layers of dust. I went to a corner and saw some old children's books. It was a big room and everywhere I walked, cobwebs brushed into me. It was dreadful. I kept on saying to myself, "Where is the door?" A rustle came from over in the corner and lo and behold it was a rat, black as could be. It disappeared under a folded mat. I worked my way to what seemed to be a very dusty desk. It had papers on it and a chair which had toppled over. This must have been where my grandfather was taken ill. It was all very scary, for he had been working out some bills or something and yet there was no pen and the two drawers were open and empty. I looked to the ceiling where I saw a trap door, so again I snooped around looking for a ladder. I tripped over a wicker paper basket, then bumped into a pile of maps which fell over and hit a metal ladder, which I had been looking for, with a bang. I fixed the ladder up so that it reached the ceiling and then climbed up it into a massive cobweb which had a spider in it. I screamed and hurriedly pushed the trap door open. I was in the kitchen under the table, so I climbed out and brushed myself down and decided that that was enough exploring for one day.

Louise Wootton, Transition

I REMEMBER

I remember when I was on holiday in Spain, our family went on an outing.

First we went down to the docks and we and about fifteen other people all clambered into one small boat. I sat by the side of the boat because I am not a very good sailor. Luckily the sky was blue and the sea was calm. When everybody was on board, we set off.

For the first fifteen minutes of the voyage it was lovely; then suddenly some black clouds blew over and the waves splashed against the side of the boat. We were rocking from side to side and one lady fainted. It was becoming very cold and the next minute, the biggest wave I have ever seen rose and rushed and gurgled into the boat. Everyone was saturated with water and we sat dripping on our wooden bench, until our dreadful voyage came to an end, an hour and a half later.

Lara Jennings, Transition

MY INVENTION

My Invention is a thing that wakes you up in the morning. You tie a piece of string to your foot which is tied to a hammer (only a small hammer), and connected to the hammer is a clock. The clock has a metal ball on top, so when the alarm goes off, because of vibration, the ball goes down a shoot, hits the hammer, and the hammer hits your foot and then you wake up.

Sophie Anstead, Preparatory

A GIRL'S HEAD

In it there is a box of make-up
and a horse
that costs no money.

And there is
a baby walker,
from long ago.

And there is
a beautiful face
without any spots.

There is a party dress
made out of a rainbow.

There is a number
on a library ticket.

There are records and posters.

New original ideas are continually
being formed.

A head is a wonderful place
to form ideas.

Thank goodness so many people
have heads.

Patricia Kennedy Illio

DELIGHTS

One of my earliest distinct memories belongs to the time shortly before the birth of my younger brother. I was definitely considered a nuisance during visiting hours since I suffered from a recurrent nightmare about the local hospital. As a result I was farmed out to a charming elderly couple who lived in Cuckfield and who were delighted (however mistakenly) to look after me every so often. Their house was literally hundreds of years old; inside, large black beams formed panels on white plaster walls, and soft dark carpets were dotted with comfortable armchairs. All year round a fire burned in a grate so vast that to my two-year-old mind it would have served a blacksmith; apple logs and pine cones always lay ready at the side, and the snug sitting room was always warm.

Outside this little haven was a kitchen which contained objects of great fascination; bottles of ginger beer—a delicacy I had not met before—and tiny coloured soaps shaped like sea shells in a jar by the sink. Through a door which opened with a latch that made me stretch to reach it was the dining room. On my explorations I would gaze at the wooden cabinets filled with delicate china lining the walls; the precious tea cups, saucers, plates and porcelain jugs that occupied me for a while until drawn outside, for beneath the windows, in a mysterious shady corner of their garden, was a bed of lilies-of-the-valley. The cold green leaves and pearly flowers seemed to breathe enchantment and sweetness into the face of one whose knees were permanently red and sore from kneeling on the paving stones to smell them.

Upstairs were curiosities reminiscent of "Alice in Wonderland", and my host used to produce wonderful toys, books and games from a magical cupboard, delighting my brief visits with stories that rivalled fairy tales in splendour of imagination and made me reluctant to go home.

Jane Hitchcock, UVI

RUNNING AWAY

Open the door,
Make no sound
"Where are you going?"
A voice from upstairs
"To the shop," I said.
"I've taken one pound."

Out in the street,
The cats were around
Now I was free,
But I couldn't, no!
I went to the shop
As if nothing had happened

Victoria Edie, IY

THE SENSES

TOUCH

I love to touch:

New-born lamb's wool, tightly-curved, warm and compact;

Hot, dry sand as it slips through my fingers like dust;

Feathers, so soft and light and tickly;

New magazines bought straight from the newsagents,

Coated with wax—so hard to grasp;

Cool, white silk, for I can run my finger along its grain;

Smooth, dark-patterned animals' fur;

Hot, soapy water, strong, clean,

Soft bubbles, popping, gradually disappearing;

Red satin tulip petals, damp and soft to feel.

I hate to touch:

Slippery raw liver which has a black purple hue;

Chicken guts, red with blood after the slaughter, wet and cold to touch;

A dead animal, so cold, stiff and lifeless;

Bricks, sandy, rough and dirty, scraping my nails like sandpaper;

Cold, colourless, watery ice which slips between my fingers.

IIIH, 1980-1

NOISE

Noise is loud, noise is shrill,

The sound of the rain on the window sill,

The sound of cans,

And the football fans

And the noise of thunder at night.

The children playing in the fields of snow

And the trains which are set and ready to go,

The whipping of canes

And the clanking of chains,

And the noise of thunder at night.

The noise of the elegant grandfather clock,

It goes tockety, tickety, tickety tock,

The waves crash down,

Horses clomp through the town,

And the noise of thunder at night.

Emma Judd, Transition

WHAT CAN I HEAR?

I can hear raindrops going splatter, splatter, splatter.

I can hear hoofs going clatter, clatter, clatter.

I can hear a duck going quack, quack, quack.

I can hear a car, screeching round the track.

What can we hear?

We can hear you going chatter, chatter, chatter.

We can hear toads going natter, natter, natter.

We can hear a door going slam, slam, slam.

We can hear a drum as it rolls and bangs.

Melissa Elsey, Transition

NOISE

I HATE Noise!

The hooting of horns in traffic jams,

The hustle and bustle in busy towns,

The horrible bang when your door goes slam,

The cracking of thunder, the gurgling drain

Are all horrible noises that drive you insane.

The drips from the tap, the hiss of the cat,

The rattling of rain on the window pane,

The jig of the lawnmower over the grass,

And the zooming of cars as they quickly pass.

Soft sounds are nicer, the rustling of leaves,

The babbling brook and the hum of the breeze.

Louise Wootton, Transition

COLOURS

Clouds are white,

All bouncy and light,

The apples are red,

The gardener said.

Blackbirds are black,

Like coal in a sack,

But grass is green,

As you have seen.

The sun is yellow,

The pear is mellow,

The dormouse is brown,

As the leaves that fall down.

Saffron McCarthy, Transition

COLOURS

As red as a rose in a bush so green,

As blue as the sky in a picture scene,

As green as an emerald that shines in the night,

As bright as fireworks for your delight.

As yellow as bees flying through the air,

As golden and beautiful as a ripe pear,

As black as the night in winter time,

As dark as the ivy that up the wall climbs.

Trudie Hill, Transition



Lara Jennings, Transition

SHORT STORIES

MA

The warm lights of the small corner shop shone out onto the dark, wet streets, inviting passers-by to enter it, to buy a few ounces of sweets and to chat to Ma. Ma owned the shop—nobody knew why she was called Ma; it seemed a strange, old-fashioned name, but it suited her. She was a small, frail-looking woman, with a soft, pink face and white hair coiled gracefully at the nape of her neck. She belonged to a time that had gone long ago and her shop echoed her personality. Jars of sweets stood on the red and green shelves, and the yellow light which flooded the whole shop made the place seem magical.

The people who came into the shop loved it; they loved Ma too, and Ma loved them. She treated all her customers as if they were her grandchildren, no matter how old they were. As the bell on the door of the cheery shop jangled, she would stop whatever she was doing and her face would crinkle into a happy smile for her customers—that is, all her customers except the boys.

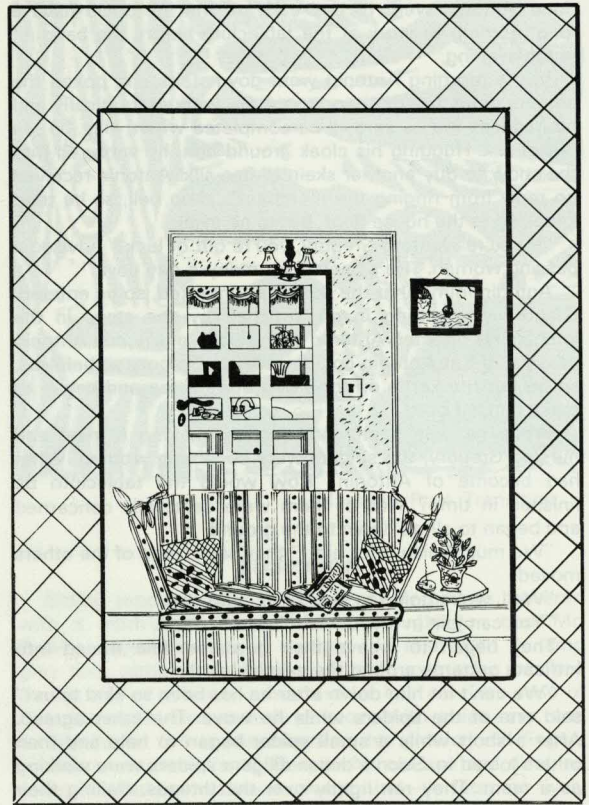
Ma hated the boys. They were a rowdy group of about eight youths. She hated the way they strolled into the tiny shop, laughing insolently. She hated the way they rubbed their dirty hands across the brightly-polished paintwork. One day, late in the afternoon, the boys marched in again. One of them, a self-assured boy of about sixteen, knocked a jar of sweets from its place on the orderly shelves. It shattered on the red, tiled floor and sweets cascaded like drops of water from a fountain all over the shop. Ma screamed and chased the boys from the shop; they ran laughing, cursing the old woman.

Ma was glad to close the shop that afternoon. She had been afraid that the boys would return to cause more trouble. She walked to the red door and bolted it firmly, shutting out the evil of the boys. Then she turned around and smiled at the shop, as if sharing a secret joke with it; in the yellow light the shop smiled back and Ma left, walking through the disused dining room and up the stairs. She cooked herself a small meal, and sat listening to the radio until nine o'clock, when she began to feel sleepy and went to bed.

Ma woke later that night, hearing an unfamiliar sound. She realised suddenly that the crackling noise was produced by fire, and as a cloud of thick black smoke belched into the room she knew that it was her shop that was burning. She quickly got out of her bed and ran down the stairs. The shop itself was completely filled with towering flames, and as Ma watched it, a burning piece of wood fell on her soft, pink cheek. She ran screaming from the shop through the back door.

A week later Ma returned to the shop—it had been destroyed. She saw the till, blackened by smoke. The sight of her little shop like this horrified her and she felt as if her spirit had been burnt out. She knew who had caused the damage but she no longer wanted to fight them. She shuffled miserably into the dining room and closed the door on the gutted shop. She did not wish to carry on. Her shop was dead.

Jacqueline Boddington, VF



Sara Alshaikhley, II

THE SPIDERS AND THE LACEMAKER

Far away, in the little Hungarian town of Vledok, there lived an old lacemaker by the name of Antonin. The whole town was busy preparing for the King's visit later that week and Antonin had been given the job of making the tablecloth for the Royal Banquet. Antonin sat working in his cold workroom; the window was frosted over, there was a meagre fire glowing in the grate and spiders' webs hung in every dark corner. Antonin did not brush the webs away as the spiders were his friends. He talked to them and they kept him company, though they could not understand him, of course.

The fine pattern of the tablecloth was growing slowly. Antonin was certainly the finest lacemaker in all Hungary and it was a great honour to make a tablecloth for the King. Antonin stayed up late that night to work on it, but he fell asleep over the bobbins. In the morning the Burgermeister called as there were only two days left before the King's visit, and everything had to be ready.

"I... I... I've nearly finished it, Sir! It will be ready in time", Antonin croaked.

"I should hope so!" replied the Burgermeister, before he slammed the door behind him.

Antonin worked all that day, not even stopping for lunch, until his fingers became numb. The cloth had grown considerably, but there was still a great deal of work to be

done. Antonin went to bed early so that he could have a long morning to work at the tablecloth before the banquet in the evening.

In the morning Antonin went downstairs and poked the embers in his freezing workroom. He worked frantically and he had less than a yard to be completed when, alas, he ran out of silk. Hugging his cloak around him, he ventured into the snow to buy another skein of fine silk. Antonin received no reply from ringing the merchant's shop bell, so he tried knocking at the house door, but to no avail.

"If you're wanting Gregory, you're out of luck!" advised a passing woman. "He's been ill for many-a-day now!"

Antonin found that the door was unlocked, so he entered. Gregory was sitting in an armchair by the stove in the kitchen. He directed Antonin to the skein of silk and Antonin paid for it. But Antonin could not leave Gregory so helpless, so he put the kettle on for a cup of herb-tea and began to make himself busy.

While he was dusting the house, making a meal and nursing Gregory, the spiders were becoming worried. What had become of Antonin? How would the tablecloth be finished in time? Two of them were especially concerned and began to climb down to the ground.

"We must finish it for him!" they said. None of the others moved.

"Well, we're going to help him", said one.

"You can join in if you wish!" said another.

They began to weave their gossamer-fine thread into intricate patterns around the existing cloth.

"We can't let him down after he has been so kind to us!" said one of the spiders while he wove. The other agreed. After a short while a small spider began to help and then others joined in. Soon a dozen diligent spiders were working as a team. They ran lightly over the threads, trailing their own, fine silk.

Antonin left the shop, promising to return in the morning. He ran through the streets, clutching his precious silk, and wondered how he would possibly finish the tablecloth. He could not be in disgrace. Just as Antonin arrived home the spiders had finished the tablecloth, rolled it up neatly and scurried back to their webs. When Antonin saw the finished cloth and the fine weaving he was amazed. He had no idea who had finished it for him, but took it to the Burgermeister. The Burgermeister was extremely pleased and that evening the King and his court praised it highly. Antonin became famous throughout Hungary, but he always remained in ignorance of what had really happened!

Jennifer Brettell, IIIH

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

(Laurence Binyon)

Autumn had fallen and the wind swept the crisp leaves on the ground up like a swarm of bees. The night air was damp and eerie; light shone across the lake's mirror surface, broken by the wind into ripples. There was no moon that night and the light shone from a solitary window at the top of a manor house.

"Now is the time for the burning of the leaves", said the man to himself in the one lit room. He stared out into the

darkness listening tentatively to the tapping at the window from the rose twig outside. There was the sound of the leaves too, swirling in the drive, but there was something else outside and it irritated the man because he could not hear it.

"The leaves must be burnt or I shall have no peace!" The man repeated. He turned his back to the window and walked across the bare wooden floor onto the rug at the hearth. He stood musing for a while, and then forcing his troubled thoughts to the back of his mind, he sat on a hard-backed chair and began to read.

The room was sparsely furnished. To the side of the fireplace a kettle, saucepan and mug sat on the tiled hearth. There was a rug in front of the fireplace, and to the other side there was one chair on which the man sat. There were no pictures on the walls and no curtains for the windows. There was, however, one bed in the corner of the room. Suddenly the man got up.

"I cannot wait; they must be burnt at once". He walked to the door and took his coat off the hook. Instead of going by the door of his room into the passage, the man walked to the window and opened it. The wind blew in his face and round the room. He stepped out onto the balcony and then climbed down the fire escape ladder to the ground, where his feet landed noisily on the gravel of the drive.

With his thick coat wrapped round him and his big leather boots on his feet, the man walked slowly across a wide stretch of land, bordered by huge swaying trees. He began to run and he rushed in all directions, grabbing at the leaves in the air as they fell from the trees, and as they were taken away by the wind.

The man came to the lake and he stopped suddenly when he caught sight of the light on the water. He turned quickly to see that it came from his window. He looked back again to the lake and noticed that it did not ripple, and that the wind had died down. There was silence.

The solitary figure made a pile of leaves, and piled them higher and higher. Then, when he was satisfied, he reached into the depths of his large coat pocket and pulled out a box of matches. His hands shook with excitement, and he took a lighted match and carefully lit the heap of leaves.

The flames grew, and leapt high, illuminating his face. He watched, entranced by them, fascinated and absorbed by this new creation. The fire burned brightly, and reflected in the lake. The man turned and walked silently and mysteriously away, regardless of the mist that was creeping in between the trees; he returned to the asylum.

Alison Back, VV

THE HIGHWAYMAN

The highwayman entered the inn and ordered his glass of ale and some supper. Shortly after the landlord of the inn had brought the highwayman his supper, the stage coach travelling from London to Brighton drew up at the inn. Four passengers from the stage coach came into the inn and ordered their food. Two of the passengers were ladies and the highwayman saw that they were wearing very expensive jewellery. He also noticed that when one of the men paid for his supper, he had a lot of money in his purse.

Seeing this, the highwayman made up his mind that he would hold up the coach after it had left the inn. He then

left the warmth of the beautiful log fire of the inn and went out into the cold, windy night to collect his horse from the stables.

As he rode up onto the Downs, the wind began to grow stronger and the clouds began to float across the sky, bringing the rain with them. From time to time they blotted out the moon, and the highwayman began to shiver with cold.

He reached a clump of trees which was at a very high point on the Downs and from which he could clearly see the road leading up from the inn. After waiting some time, during which his horse began to get very restless, the highwayman saw in the moonlight the stage coach leaving the inn to begin the next stage of its journey. As the stage coach came up to the clump of trees, the clouds disappeared and the moon shone brightly onto the coach. The highwayman made forward with his pistol pointing at the coach and shouted, "Stand and Deliver!" forcing the coach to stop. After robbing all the passengers of their money and jewellery, the highwayman cut loose the horses pulling the stage coach and then, mounting his own horse, he galloped off across the Downs using tracks and paths which he knew.

Meanwhile the driver of the stage coach had mounted one of the coach horses and gone back to the inn to get help from the Redcoats. They all mounted their horses and set off in pursuit of the highwayman. Through the darkness of the night, they chased the highwayman across the moors, through the forest and over rivers, but with no luck. As the morning light began to dawn, the Redcoats gave up their chase, as once again the highwayman had disappeared into the night.

Julia Greenall, Transition

EL PUEBLO CERCA DEL MAR

Pedro y Juanita Mendoza viven en una casa en Almería. La playa es bonita, y en verano hace mucho calor aquí. Muchos turistas vienen a Almería para las vacaciones, y Pedro y Juanita quieren hablarles, porque quieren saber algo de otras ciudades.

Un amigo de Pedro es pescador y lleva a Pedro en su barco. A Pedro le gusta mucho la pesca. Pepe ha comprado a Pedro una caña de pescar para su cumpleaños.

En el verano Pedro y Juanita van a la playa muchas veces, porque el mar está frío cuando en el pueblo hace mucho calor.

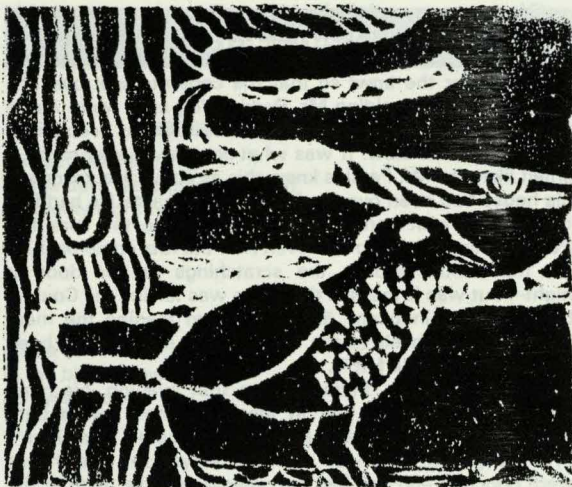
La casa de Pedro y Juanita es blanca, y muy grande. Pedro tiene un perro que se llama José, y Juanita, una gata que se llama Guía.

Est año, la familia Mendoza va a Jaen para ver a sus amigos, la familia García. Pedro y Juanita esperan con ganas las vacaciones. Quieren mucho a Enrique y a Mercedes, su hermana.

Un día de junio, el señor Mendoza recibe una carta del señor García. Dice que Enrique y Mercedes están enfermos y los Mendoza no pueden visitarlos. Así Pedro y Juanita tienen que quedarse en Almería. Lo sienten mucho.

Pedro sale con Pepe en su barca e Isabel, la amiga de Juanita va de compras con ella. Un día los padres de Pedro y Juanita les llevan a Madrid con Pepe e Isabel. Hace mucho calor en Madrid y todos prefieren Almería.

*Philippa Graham, IVH
and Karen Bowerman, IVI*



Marianne Proe, Transition

SUSPICION

Sitting propped against his old, dusty pillows, covered with a moth-eaten blanket on a wrought-iron bed, Mr. Perkins daydreams. He is a slight old man with thinning grey hair, rather large National Health spectacles perched on the end of a boney nose, and he has a severe case of rheumatics. He cannot walk or move with great ease, and he has to be fed at mealtimes as his gnarled old fingers cannot so much as bend. Despite his old age and disabled body, Mr. Perkins has a very lively mind—in fact, too lively for his own good. It all started three years ago when Mr. Perkins was confined to his bed, when the social worker, Joan, a plump, kindly lady with a twinkle in her eye, started visiting him daily. Every morning at nine o'clock sharp she would let herself in, make a pot of tea and some toast and give Mr. Perkins breakfast in bed, a "treat" which he had long since grown tired of, then she would wash him and do all the household chores that needed to be done.

While Joan was in the kitchen which adjoined the bedroom, Mr. Perkins could hear the muffled sound of Joan's voice, as she often chatted to herself. The bump of a pan or plate was a common occurrence and little squeaking noises would follow.

Today was no exception to the routine. This morning as Joan was in the kitchen she had forgotten to close the connecting door completely, and so Mr. Perkins could hear clearly what her mumbblings were.

"How are we then my pretties?" Joan's hypnotic voice carried through. "Were we being good last night then? Yes—that's right darlings, I've brought you some nice raw meat—there we are". And so she carried on.

Joan always smelt funny. The scent of life and death clung to her old clothes. Mr. Perkins thought as she came back through the door, that the smell was somehow more odorous when she returned from the kitchen. As a plate of stew was placed in front of Mr. Perkins he said to Joan, "What is this meat then Joan? Haven't I been having this rather a lot, I mean..." But his protest was cut off by Joan's unusually sharp voice.

"You're never satisfied with what you get, are you Mr. Perkins? I really don't know why I bother!"

As Joan left the room in a flurry her clumsy fat arm knocked over the bowl so that the contents spilt over the bed and carpet, scalding Mr. Perkins' leg as it went. As he lay there hardly daring to breathe Mr. Perkins recognised the smell of the stew. It was what Joan always smelt of. It smelt like rats. Mr. Perkins knew this as about five years ago his house had been overrun by the furry beasts. He had had to get the "pest control" in to exterminate the lairs. Mr. Perkins' mind began to tick over. Had the rats come back? If so, that would explain the scratchings on his door at night—but was it the rats that Joan was talking to? Could it be that Joan, innocent Joan, had been feeding the meat intended for himself to the rats and he, in turn, had been eating rat stew? He felt ill.

As Joan laid Mr. Perkins down that evening, his mind was still toying with the rat idea. The more he thought about it the more real and probable it became. Yes, Joan's eyes did gleam like those of a beady-eyed rat, her cheeks were pouched and she had two yellow, pin-like teeth at the front of her mouth that protruded slightly. At last Mr. Perkins drifted off into an uneasy sleep.

As morning came and Joan arrived she was as cheerful

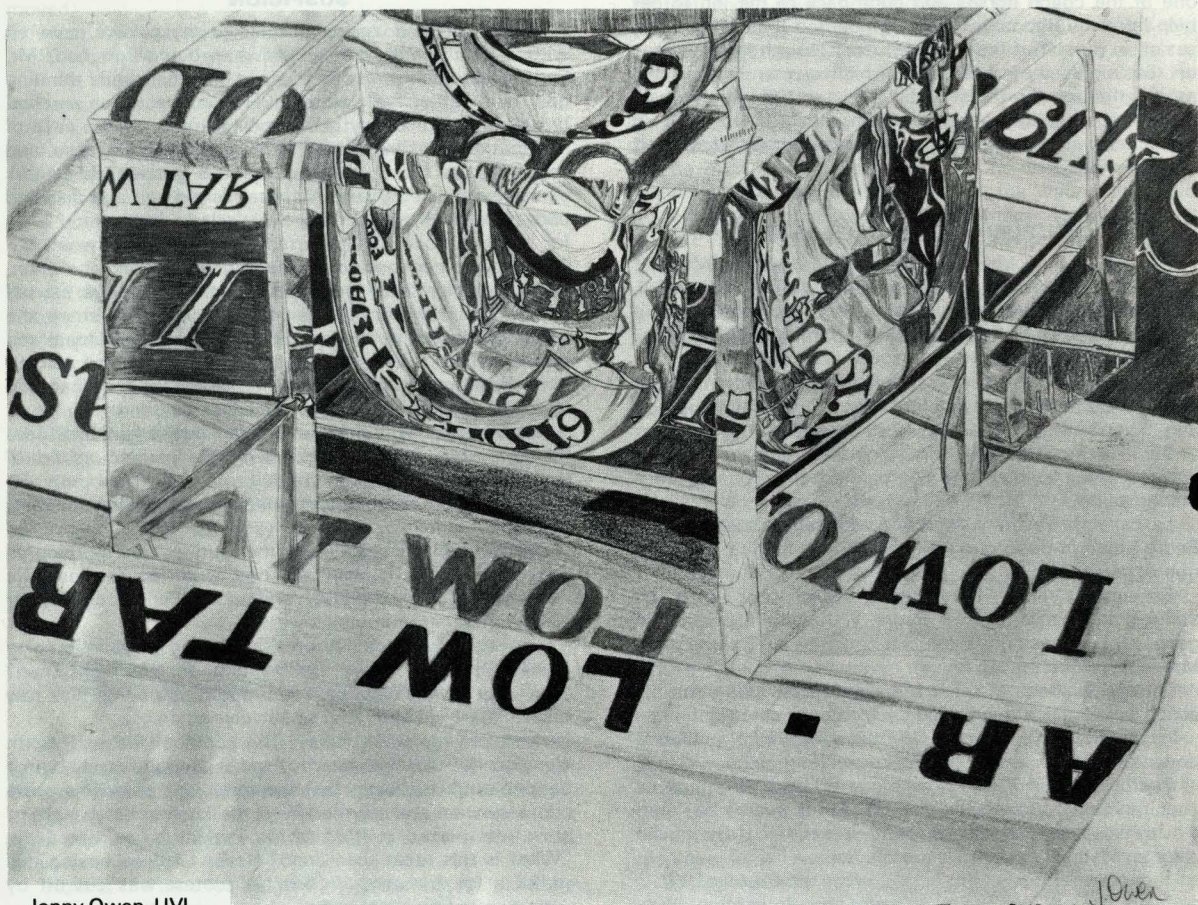
as ever. Mr. Perkins caught her good mood and decided to tell her about his association of her and the rats. He did so and Joan, as usual, took it with a grin. Involuntarily Mr. Perkins shrank from the sight of the yellow teeth, which seemed even more like those of a rat. His suspicions grew. Once again his sleep was haunted by scratchings on the door and long tails; in his dream he could run and walk—he was able to move. Mr. Perkins dreamt that he was being throttled by a rat's tail; the sensation was real enough.

As Joan opened the door that morning she decided to give Mr. Perkins a little fright by pretending to be a rat and scratching on his bedroom door. She did.

In his bed Mr. Perkins' heart could not take the fright that Joan gave him. He suffered a massive heart attack. Outside the door Joan heard a muffled scream and a dull thud. She opened the bedroom door to find Mr. Perkins' dead body crumpled on the floor, his eyes bulging at their sockets and saliva drooling from the corner of his mouth. His bedsheet had been twisted into a long cord and had become tangled around his throat. Joan screamed.

Curiosity killed the cat; but what did suspicion do to Mr. Perkins? What did Joan keep in her kitchen, or was she talking to herself ...?

Sally Edelsten, VU



Jenny Owen, UVI

THREE HAIKU

MEETING AND PARTING

The sun was shining,
Those days were golden brown,
Suddenly night fell.

IY

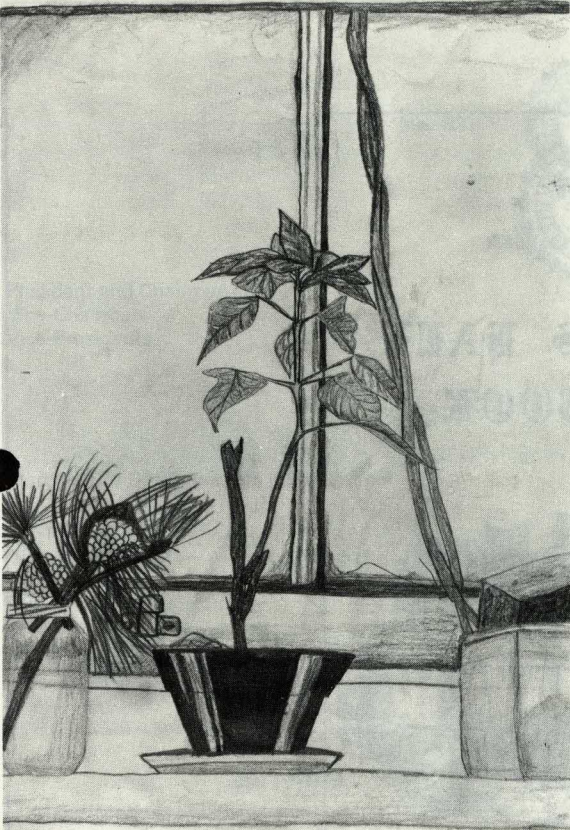
THE CAT

Alone it walked,
in the black street,
its eyes shone.

Sarah Hollingsworth, 1Y

Streets in the moonlight
They are so mysterious
Who's that over there?

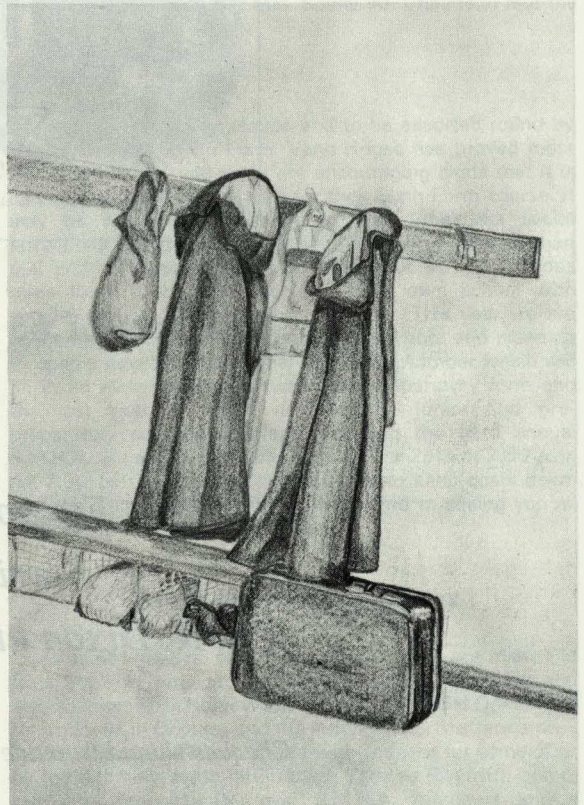
Jane Lovatt, 1Y



S. Frank IV

HELLO HELLO HELLO
ADDRESS TO
A BACKWARD ECHO
HELLO HELLO HELLO

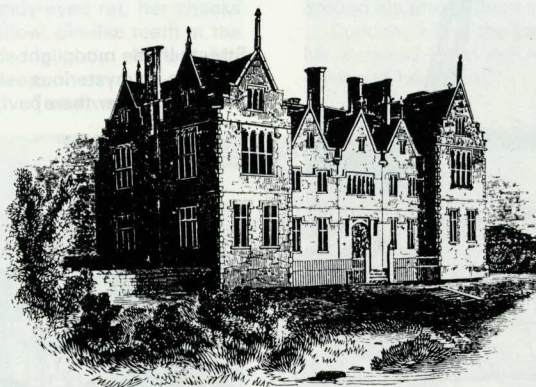
Heloise Royse, 11J



Julia Cooper V



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No. 83



March, 1982

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Also Miss J. Baker, Miss M. Ellis, Miss S. Jantuah, Mrs. Kings (L. Belasco), Miss P. Poyser, Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers) and the present Head Girl of the School.

EDITORIAL

Many Members will have met Miss Harvey at the Old Girls' Supper last September when she gave such a very warm welcome to all those present.

This is the 83rd Newsletter, the first being issued in 1896, when it was called "The St. Maryan". However, at the fifth issue this name was dropped and changed to "The St. Mary's Hall Newsletter". It was printed for the Members of the Pupils' Association which was begun in 1870 by the legendary Miss Birrell, the Lady Principal of the School (as the Headmistress was called in those days) who also started the custom of writing a letter for the Newsletter. Then, in 1908, under Miss Potter, the Pupils' Association became The St. Mary's Hall Association, the object being to put the Association on a more practical basis and to better link Past and Present Pupils. Miss Potter was the first President and now Miss Harvey becomes the eighth.

That the Association has endured for 112 years in one form or another is proof of its value to the School and to its Old Girls. It is, therefore, a privilege to welcome Miss Harvey as our new President and to assure her of our continued support and loyalty.

HEADMISTRESS'S LETTER

Dear Members,

It was a great delight for me to meet so many of you soon after my arrival at your second buffet supper at St. Mary's Hall in September. The wind blew and the rain came down but that did not deter you and many even braved the

elements to visit Venn House and to be escorted round by members of the Sixth Form. Venn House has proved most successful in use and there are encouraging signs that it is influencing more to stay here for their Sixth Form course. It may be beginning to dawn on some that the social attractions of a Sixth Form College are more apparent than real and no compensation for the higher 'A' level grades more likely to be obtained in a girl's own school with smaller groups and staff who know her. This year we are concentrating on the lower end of the school and planning to open a new form for 8-year-olds in September which will fill in an awkward gap between our preparatory form and the last year of many neighbouring junior and pre-preparatory schools. We are arranging the third annual S.M.H.A. Supper for *Saturday, September 25th at 7.00 p.m. for 7.30 p.m.*, we have done our best to keep costs down and the charge will be £4. I look forward to seeing you all then and in London on May 15th.

LETTER FROM MISS CONRADY

Dear Friends,

As usual I have no news. I was delighted to see many Old Girls from my time at the Supper Party in September and also to meet Miss Harvey. I attended the Official Opening of Venn House in October and the luncheon party afterwards.

The end of 1981 was tinged with sadness for some of us by the untimely death of Elizabeth Parsons (Everitt), one of our most consistently loyal S.M.H.A. members and a Committee member for many years.

I hope to see many of you at the A.G.M. and the Supper Meeting this year.

With affectionate greetings,
Doris Conrady

LETTER FROM MRS. LESLIE

Dear Members,

By the time this letter appears in print, I shall have been away from S.M.H. for about nine months and, although they have been busy, happy times for me, I must admit that I still miss you all.

The extreme cold and heavy snowfalls at the turn of the year brought home to me somewhat painfully how far away I am from sunny Sussex. Some local people resorted to skis in order to do their shopping and get to church!

Because of alterations to my cottage, much of the garden must be replanned and I now realise that this will keep me occupied until the autumn. So, like Voltaire's *Candide*, I must cultivate my garden in the coming months. I shall be especially pleased therefore, to see any of you who may be passing this way during the summer.

Best wishes to you all,

Yours affectionately,

E. O. Leslie.

ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION

Minutes of the 74th Annual General Meeting held at the School on May 16th, 1981, at 2.30 p.m.

Present: Mrs. E. O. Leslie, M.A. in the Chair. Committee: Mrs. Broadley (R. Elliott), Miss Conrady, Miss M. Ellis, Miss P. Poyser, Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E., Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers), Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman), Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell). Members: Miss J. Baker, Miss M. Carus-Wilson, Miss K. Chambré, Miss M. Corscaden, Mrs. Elliott (M. Duke), Miss Gilligan, Miss Hill, Mrs. Howard (E. Portas), Miss N. Lowe, Miss Orme, Miss O. Skene. Members of Staff: Mrs. Boyes, Miss Bristol, Mrs. James, Miss Payne, Mr. Liddell. Present Girls: Jane Campbell, Susan Harris, Juliet Morris, Theodora Pepera.

The Meeting opened with Prayers and Remembrance of those who had died since the last meeting: Mrs. Bateman (Helen Henderson), Phyllis Chilcott and Mary Wall.

Minutes

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

Apologies

Apologies were received from Miss P. Crowley, Miss Davies, Miss Farmer, Mrs. Gardiner (P. Buck), Dr. Hall (R. Baker), Mrs. Kings (L. Belasco), Miss R. Methven and Mrs. Smith (D. Lilley).

Chairman's Remarks and Report on the School

The VI Form is prospering and the new block would be finished for next term. Mrs. Leslie invited everyone to have a look round after the meeting.

The school caterer, Mr. Thomason, is very willing to cater for parties and weddings during school holidays. Mrs. Baker, Mother of Rosemary and Elizabeth, had offered an organ to the school but Mrs. Leslie had had to turn the offer down.

Vice-President's Report

Dame Mildred Riddelsdell reported that Miss Harvey—the new Headmistress—had wanted a school with a strong Christian foundation and that the Governors were very pleased to have appointed her. Dame Mildred then thanked Mrs. Leslie for doing so much for the S.M.H.A. during her chairmanship and for initiating the supper.

Reports

Mrs. Leslie was asked to thank the Bursar and Mrs. Munn for doing the accounts for the past year. Dame Mildred Riddelsdell proposed that £100 be given to the new VI Form block; this was agreed unanimously. Mrs. Tinto, Hon. Editor of the Newsletter, thanked everyone for all their news and asked if members could send a stamped addressed envelope when they write as postage is so expensive. Mrs. James, Head of English and Editor of the Magazine, was thanked for all her help, also Mrs. Boyes for delivering local magazines by hand to save postage.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Hon. Treasurer

The Bursar and Mrs. Munn were to be asked if they would continue to do the accounts for a further year.

Hon. Secretary

Mrs. Broadley proposed and Mrs. Scully seconded that Mrs. Fawcett be elected as Secretary with Miss Payne to help. This was agreed unanimously.

ELECTION OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Mrs. Tinto proposed that Miss Baker and Mrs. Kings be elected to the Committee. This was seconded by Mrs. Scully. Dame Mildred Riddelsdell proposed and Mrs. Elliott seconded that the Committee be re-elected en bloc for at least another year.

DATES OF FUTURE MEETINGS

Mrs. Leslie reminded members of the date of the supper in September as the wrong date had been printed on the slip in the magazine and said that tickets were now available. The Christmas Fair is on November 28th, 1981 and next year's Meeting in London would be on May 15th at the Y.W.C.A. in Great Russell Street.

ANY OTHER BUSINESS

Dame Mildred Riddelsdell spoke of The Friends of St. Mary's Hall which had lapsed since the last war and she welcomed the idea of reforming The Friends as a way of keeping local people and former parents in touch with school events.

The Meeting ended at 3.25 with tea.

ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION
STATEMENT OF ASSETS AT DECEMBER 31st, 1981

	1981	1980
Deposit Account Central Board of Finance of the Church of England	£4707.72	£4436.95
Central Board of Finance Shares (238 Shares at 50p. £440.18—30.11.80)	119.00	119.00
Barclays Bank—Deposit Account	53.38	47.56
Current Account	58.50	108.15DR
Cash	33.90	67.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	4972.50	4562.36
Less Liabilities O.G. Supper	265.00	
Less Assets 1980	4562.36	
	<hr/>	
	4827.36	
Profit 1981	145.14	

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, 1981

Income	1981	1980
Interest C.B. of F. Deposit Account	570.77	543.24
Interest Shares Account	33.90	25.61
Interest Bank Deposit Account	5.82	12.79
Subscriptions	223.50	289.45
Donations	1.00	57.00
S.M.H.A. Supper	231.00	253.60
Miscellaneous Receipts	—	11.70
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£1065.99	£1193.39

Expenditure	1981	1980
Newsletter	600.00	510.00
Postage	55.85	78.08
S.M.H.A. Supper	265.00	251.82
Hire of Hall	—	60.72
Excess of Income	145.14	292.77
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£1065.99	£1193.39

M. D. MARTIN,
Bursar, St. Mary's Hall
Temporary Treasurer

EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING

The Chairman is calling an Extraordinary General Meeting to discuss the future of the Association. This meeting will be held prior to the Supper at the Hall at 5.30 p.m. on Saturday, September 25th, 1982 and it is hoped that members will make a big effort to be present.

Will Committee Members please note that a Committee Meeting will be held on the same day at 4.30 p.m. with tea.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1982

Will Members please note that the Annual General Meeting will be held in London at the Y.W.C.A. Central Club on Saturday, May 15th, at 2.30 p.m. Please make an effort to come to support your Old School, bringing friends, if possible.

THIRD OLD GIRLS' SUPPER, 1982

By kind permission of Miss Harvey, the Third Old Girls' Supper will be held at the Hall on Saturday, September 25th, at 7 p.m. Tickets £4 each, available from the School.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. HENRY VENN ELLIOTT, M.A.
by Josiah Bateman, M.A.

This book was published in 1868 and was so favourably received by the public that by 1870 it was into its third edition. If any Member has a copy which she does not wish to keep, the School would welcome it for the library.

THE OLD GIRLS' SUPPER

The Old Girls' Supper on September 19th, 1981 followed the pattern set in 1980. Although the weather repeated its deplorable performance of 1980, there was again a very good attendance. From my own observation I would say that more husbands, brothers and boy friends came than in 1980.

It was clear throughout the evening that the occasion was a most happy one when all there seemed to be enjoying themselves to the full. There was plenty of opportunity to catch up on news with and about old friends, to chat with Old Girls of different generations and to find out more about the Hall as it is today. Those who could brave the weather inspected the new Sixth Form House. It was, too, a chance to meet Miss Harvey. Her welcome was heart-warming and we were made very happy by her promise that we can look forward to more Old Girls' Suppers.

Our warm thanks go to Miss Harvey and to all those concerned with organizing the party—not least to those who prepared and served the delicious food.

M. Riddelsdell

ACROSS SIX CENTURIES
by Phayre Crowley

Quite by chance, I became attached to the UFSIA, the Humanities Department of the University of Antwerp, as a translator in Middle Dutch. That I had first to learn Middle Dutch, and then have a go at modern Dutch, did not matter

at all to the professor concerned. The translators had to be 'native' speakers, and problems did arise because one was English and the other American, and much charity had to be exercised over international remarks such as references to the 'insular brand' of English.

The subject of our work is the Flemish mystic Jan van Ruusbroec, who lived near Brussels (1293-1381) and whose 600th anniversary is being celebrated this year (1381-1981). Prior of Groenendaal, he taught and wrote in his own Brabant dialect so that he could instruct the people who came to him in the spiritual life in their own tongue.

For a long time it has been the object of the Ruusbroec Society (the Ruusbroecgenootschap) to publish his work in a more accessible form so that Christian mysticism can take its place vis à vis the Eastern religions which are so popular today. Some two or three hundred manuscript copies of his work exist, but none are earlier than the fifteenth century, over a hundred years after his death. Much read, the earlier ones have fallen to pieces. Copied and recopied, errors have crept into the texts, but research and the computer have now produced a definitive text on which we have been able to work.

The first two books were presented to press and public at the Colloquium this May; each book has the Middle Dutch, the English and the Latin texts on facing pages, together with a half-page of footnotes on textual variations. The final proofs went to the printers on Monday, and the 300-page hardback cloth bound books were in our hands at the presentation lunch for editor and translators the following Saturday. I could not believe my eyes!

At Louvain, papers were presented on textual research, the content of the texts, and their influence on contemporary and on modern spirituality. We went to Groenendaal itself, the 'green glade', which today is part of a great park just outside Brussels, and still very beautiful, and then to St. Pieter-Leeuw, the municipality of Ruusbroeck, where the Good Prior was born. Here we had a civic reception and speeches, and the two lady translators each were presented with a harvest festival bouquet, most unexpectedly, in the middle of the publisher's speech and in the presence of the Papal Nuncio. Like all good Flemish occasions, this one included frequent refreshments, and after visiting the church at Ruusbroeck and an excellent little exhibition, where the organisers were quite shattered by two busloads of eminent scholars but stood up bravely to the invasion, in five languages, we were led to a Brabant 'koffietafel' which is the squarest of square meals, in a typical country restaurant.

What has a fourteenth century Prior to say to us today? Indeed, he has a great deal, for his hard Flemish commonsense is just as applicable now as it was then, and his advice to a young nun (The Seven Enclosures) on how to get on with her Superior, her Sisters, and her patients, and attend to her spiritual life, is practical and refreshing, and bears much relation to what one feels about bosses and colleagues today! Hard work as much of it has been, I have always been aware of Jan van Ruusbroec's great kindness and wonderful nearness to God in every word of the text.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Gretel Barlow (Hunt) celebrated her Golden Wedding in 1978.

Molly Barton (Darroll Smith) went with her husband to the U.S.A. for six months, visiting their daughter who is nursing there. They have another daughter, who is married with two children, living in Yelverton.

Joy Bowesman (Barton) has just welcomed her 13th grandchild. She met **Kathleen Tully (Wetherhead)** at a Lee Abbey Conference and decided that they would not have been on speaking terms at school with four years difference in age! She also met Miss Davies when attending the Confirmation of her granddaughter at St. Swithun's School, Winchester.

Jeryl Brinnen (Ruffett) is still enjoying the gutting and rebuilding of the interior of her house which includes the bricklaying and plastering, which she and her husband are doing themselves. She still hears regularly from **Carolyn Bartelous (Knight)** who has moved with her husband and three children to Devon, and from **Jane Roberts** who works in Brighton. Her sister **Sally Grassie** lives in Portsmouth where she and her husband are Navy Officers and lead very full lives.

Anna Brookes (Cutress) had to give up teaching P.E. due to a bad knee injury, but after having her patella removed, she hopes to renew her work. She often sees **Georgie Godard (Golding)**, **Julia Banner** and **Mary Hayhurst (McEwan)**.

Diana Bruton (Harris) had **Margaret** and **Stella Senior** to lunch and saw **Mary Bain** in 1978 when she was over from Australia.

Margaret Charters (Outram) has moved to Nottingham where her husband is Head of English at the High School. She has two small sons.

Bettina Conolly (Gill) was due from Zimbabwe last year to attend the 100th birthday party of an aunt, but hoped to see some of her contemporaries from the Hall.

Phayre Crowley writes with many memories of her school-days in the 30s, particularly the weekly hairwash in green soap, the fire drills late at night and the gasmask fittings. She also recalls getting up on a December night in 1936 to go down to the Hall and sit, wrapped in blankets, on the hard parquet and listen to the Duke of Windsor's abdication speech. Concerning **Dr. Nancy Laing's** memories of 1930, I too remember the first afternoon of every term and the nit combs, the temperature taking for the first three weeks, and gargling! The 'Jeru' was the name given to that curious flat-iron shaped series of loos at the back of the Covered Way that led to the Sanatorium. It was, of course, the New Jerusalem!

Margaret Ellis has been working for the American Express in Brighton after completing a course in Business Studies at Brighton Polytechnical College. She is also now qualified as an Associate of the Pensions Management Institute.

Kathleen Fletcher (Walton) lives in Ontario where she and her husband are much involved with organisations to help old aged pensioners, or 'seniors', as they are called in Canada. They travel a lot and in 1980 visited Argentina, Chile and Peru, including the famous lost city of Macchu Pichu. Her sister, **Geraldine Copestake**, lives in Malvern. Kathleen would be interested to know of other Old Girls who are in Ontario.

Alma Fosbery (Smallpeice) went with **Eileen Reekie (Vaughan)** to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau, staying with a private family in Utterammergau and then in Seefeld. The ten-day coach tour was arranged by the Wiltshire Federation of Women's Institutes and was an experience of a lifetime.

Alison Foster (MacKinnon) trained and worked as a Staff Nurse at the Middlesex Hospital.

Elizabeth Gartside (Clements) was married in Hove when **Deborah Quinn (Salmon)** was able to come to the wedding. She and her husband work in Brighton. Her sister **Sue Bruce-Smith** was expecting her first baby.

Katie Hodgson writes that she has been travelling extensively throughout Europe, working as an 'au pair' twice and was even involved in a bank hold-up in South Italy! She is thoroughly enjoying her Modern Languages course at Wolverhampton Polytechnic and was to go to Germany and then France to spend six months at a University in each country as part of the course.

leen Howard (Portas) has been at Sussex University and is a Master of Philosophy (Plant Ecology), conferred in July 1980.

Anthea Holland (Drake) now lives in Highbury where she and her husband have bought an 1888 house which needs plenty of renovation to make it habitable.

Katherine White came to her wedding. Does anyone know the whereabouts of **Madeline Green** (parents living in Switzerland), she asks? Any news would be welcome.

Helen Humphrey-Reeve (Seth). Her husband, Lt.-Col. A. Humphrey-Reeve wrote to Mrs. Leslie, as follows: "It may interest you to know that we started a Vocational Guidance and Counselling service after ten years of research, the need is so great for children reaching the Higher School Certificate stage to know what they are best suited for in the career field. We never thought when we started that the need was so great—it has been rather like a snowball; anyway, it is now under control and very exciting. Helen sends best wishes and we keep in touch with affairs in England through the Sunday Times."

Jenny Hutchings (Phillipson) has two children and her sister, **Diana**, has a son.

Penny Lowe (Burgis) did a course last year in Genealogy which she has found a fascinating hobby. She also wrote to the Editor, "I was very interested to read of your visit to 'The Belle of New York' in 1930. (See Newsletter 1981, page 32.) A relation of mine, Kathleen Burgis, played the lead! My aunt, who has just died, had several newspaper cuttings of it—a great success by all accounts."

Barbara Manwell (Daniell) has been travelling about as usual. She and her husband had a two-week coach tour in Rumania, a magnificent country of mountains, plains and forests, mediaeval towns, Saxon villages and breathtaking modern cities like Bucharest. They specially wanted to see the "Painted Churches" which have brilliantly painted frescoes which have lasted since the early 16th Century without restoration. They have also been to the Costa Brava where they enjoyed exploring Barcelona, Gerona and the Catalan countryside. The Catalonians, like the Welsh, have two languages and only recently have had freedom to use their own tongue instead of Spanish. Recently, Barbara took her young

grandson to his playgroup and discovered that one of the organisers, known as Mrs. Pussy Davies, had attended St. Mary's Hall Kindergarten with her brother.

Rachael McClaughry has started a four-year degree course in Physiotherapy at the London Hospital, having obtained three 'A' Levels.

Elizabeth Nickalls qualified as a solicitor in 1979 and then worked with a firm in the City. She was intending to take a couple of years off in order to travel, taking in India and the Far East en route to Australia.

Margaret O'Hara (Banks) and her husband have celebrated their Diamond Wedding day. They have seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Jackie Owen (Steddon) writes: "I am due to start a postgraduate teaching course at Brighton Polytechnic in September. The twins, who are 4, will attend the Polytechnic playgroup and my son is now at Primary School. I hope I shall be able to manage both rôles as student and mother for a year."

Scarlett Palys (Havam) works for Radio Jeddah as an interviewer and presenter and also teaches piano to private pupils, which she will continue after the birth of her first child. Her husband flies for Saudi Arabian Airlines and they divide their time between Lindfield and Jeddah.

Mary Randall (Fosh) attended the passing-out parade and Ball at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, where her son, now 21, has been. Her 18-year-old daughter hopes to train as an accountant.

Charity Robins (Girdlestone) was in a group which made a large double-bed patchwork quilt, sold in aid of Church funds, which raised over £160.

Marion Saunders (Murdoch) has worked as a Midwifery Sister and is married to an Architect. She is presently living in Cambridge and keeps in contact with **Alison Sankey (Hurd)**.

Olive Skene wrote that she "let Father Manners have my Father's cope for £5, twenty-five years ago. It was shown at the 1981 May Festival at Felpham Church. I was told that a similar one was given to Portslade, valued at £6,000, as the Portuguese brocade is priceless." She went to the Royal Marines Museum and met the author of the book about them, "The Flying Marines". She found the name of her cousin, Nigel, who was one of the seven Air Commanders and was the first Marine officer to command a Fleet Air Arm Squadron. He won the D.S.C. at Narvik and went down in the "Avenger".

Dorothy Smith (Lilley) still leads an active life, doing voluntary work and belonging to various local societies. Inspired by Miss Waugh, Art Teacher at S.M.H., she gets great enjoyment out of landscape painting. She and her husband went on a cruise in the "S.S. Uganda", along with 900 school children, visiting Cairo, Jerusalem, Cyprus and other ancient sites on the Greek mainland. She keeps in touch with **Marjorie Rossi (Segal)** who was going to stay with her.

Helen Stringer (Scott) lives in Victoria and has thirteen grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. She visited the Hall about twenty years ago and met Miss Conrady who kindly showed her round. **Marjorie Rossi (Segal)** was her school mother. She remembers **Audrey Baron, Lois Guntery, Audrey Chapman (Sadgrove), Marjorie Waller** and **Margaret O'Hara (Banks)**.

Joyce Tinto (Colman) visited Florence last year and had a marvellous time seeing all the ancient buildings and wonderful works of art. Later in the year she toured in France with her daughter and son-in-law from Australia.

Kathleen Tully (Wetherhead) is married to a clergyman and lives in Eastbourne. Her elder sister, **Norah**, is the wife of a consultant.

Hilary Vincent (Cowan), who lives in Florida, wrote to say that she was very excited at the prospect of starting her psychology studies.

Penelope Wade has completed her M.Sc. in Radiobiology with Medical Physics at Birmingham University and keeps in contact with **Jane Ayton** and **Ailsa Pooley**.

Dr. Jill Webster will be a Visiting Professor at the Pontifical Catholic University at Rio de Janeiro for the 1982 Academic Year. In 1983 she will be in Spain doing research until resuming her teaching duties at Toronto in September of that year.

Janet Williams graduated from Bradford University and is working for a consultant engineering firm and was hoping to have the opportunity of working for them in Africa on site. Before starting this work, she spent a month in Belgium and France with a Christian Fellowship called Operation Mobilisation. Whilst in Belgium, she met **Sharon Goss** and also went to the wedding of **Nikkie Taylor (Williams)**.

Jennifer Wray (Riley) had a most unpleasant experience in April 1981, reported in the "Daily Telegraph" as follows: "A Conservative candidate in the Greater London Council elections was mugged while out canvassing in Tottenham. Miss Jenny Riley, who has been the G.L.C. member for Wood Green for the past four years, had her handbag containing about £100 snatched by a coloured youth as she returned to her car."

FURTHER NEWS

Natalie Atkinson graduated from The Greenhill School in May 1981 and wrote to say that she would be attending the University of Texas at Austin and would be studying Broadcast Journalism in the College of Communications at U.T. She keeps in touch with **Elaine Scriven** and **Deanna Angel** who stayed with her for a month during the summer of 1981.

Audrey Baron's sister (**Margaret Eggington**) has written: "I know how much Audrey enjoyed being Editor of the Newsletter. She is still in Felixstowe in a very nice home and is looked after very well. Her sight is very poor, but she can see certain things and goes out every day for a walk on her own. She is taken to Church by friends every Sunday. Also she loves to get letters, especially if the writing is large, but finds it difficult to reply. She stayed here at Christmas and enjoyed herself. I speak to her on the 'phone every 14 days." Mrs. Eggington says that she has some school photographs from the years between 1920-1927 and wonders if anyone would be interested in them.

Marion Deschamps (Bucke) came from France at the end of last year to visit old friends. She stayed a couple of days with **Joyce Tinto** when **Marjorie Elliott (Duke)** and **Phyllis Poyser** came to lunch, the first time they had been together for nearly fifty years.

Joanna Hayes has come down from Cambridge with a 2.i. degree and was starting a job with the Marley Group as a

Graduate Trainee in Administration, based near Newcastle. In her spare time she was hoping to study for the exams of the Institute of Chartered Secretaries and Administrators. In the summer she was spending three weeks in Wales, teaching riding to children on adventure holidays, and then going to France.

Beryl Holdstock (Day) writes that her four daughters and one son are all in careers. Her husband has suffered a great deal of ill-health and is due to retire this year. Her life is made more interesting by working on the Bench and various voluntary activities.

Sarah Hunt is thoroughly enjoying her years at Cambridge where she is involved in a tremendous number of social activities and wrote that she was about to have a holiday in Greece and Venice. She was also going to sing in Norwich Cathedral for a week, as part of her College Choir.

Mrs. Read-Jahn wrote to say that Shirley had obtained her B.A. in Spanish with Honours. Pam has a lovely family in Bondi, Australia, and looks after ten children during the day whilst the mothers go out to work. Mrs. Read-Jahn went to Australia for six weeks and loved it. **Mrs. Newham** who taught the Sixth Form first aid and swimming is a great friend of hers.

Portia Kelly (Rashleigh) recalls taking part in the 1936 Pageant when she was one of four or five girls who was supposed to wear a long white dress. Unfortunately, there was one dress short and she had to wear her Sunday best and the embarrassment which she felt at being so conspicuous is still very vivid in her memory!

Amy Mead (Law) wrote that her husband had died. They celebrated their Golden Wedding in August 1973 and among many guests at parties spread over a week were **Audrey Baron**, **Audrey Chapman (Sadgrove)** and **Violet Turner (Church)**. Her sister, **Louisa Sumner** and husband celebrated their Diamond Wedding last year.

Nikkie Taylor (Williams) was married last April when **Mrs. Boyes**, **Katie Lord** and **Frances Carpenter** came to the wedding. Nikkie and her husband are both carrying out research in Chemistry at Trent Polytechnic in Nottingham.

Clare Woodhead has had a year in France and is in her final year at University.

Jane Woodhead is fully qualified as a multi-lingual secretary and is working for an organisation in London managing overseas trade exhibitions.

Linda Woodhead has had an excellent first year at Aberdeen University doing accountancy and finishing with a congratulatory letter from her professor.

BIRTHS

Batts. To Rosemary (née Haylock) on October 18th, 1980, a daughter, Sarah Helen.

Britten. To Jeryl (née Ruffett) on January 14th, 1980, a boy, Alexander Terence, a brother for Amanda.

Cox. To Rosemary (née Elphick) on March 9th, 1981, a son, Thomas Robert.

Foster. To Alison (née MacKinnon) in 1980, a daughter, Katie.

Sankey. To Alison (née Hurd) in May 1981, a daughter, Meriel.

Saunders. To Marion (née Murdoch) in December 1980, a son, Nicholas Edward.

MARRIAGES

- Cutress—Brookes.** On Easter Sunday 1981, Anna Cutress to Mr. Brookes.
- Clements—Gartside.** In July 1980, Elizabeth Clements to Mr. Gartside.
- Williams—Taylor.** On April 18th, 1981, Nikkie Williams to Stephen Taylor.

DEATHS

- Deschamps.** On August 5th, 1981 at Les Molières, Roger, beloved husband of Marion (née Bucke) and very dear father of Neil, Jocelyne and Romaine.
- Mead.** On December 1st, 1981, after nearly a year's illness, Daniel C. T. Mead, husband of Amy (née Law).
- Parsons.** On December 2nd, 1981, peacefully at Sevenoaks Hospital, Elizabeth Ann Parsons (née Everritt) of Riverhead, Kent, aged 39 years, much loved wife of Dick and mother of Amanda and James Mason.

OBITUARIES

Elizabeth Ann Parsons (Née Everritt)

1942-1981

S.M.H. 1954-1959

S.M.H.A. Sussex Branch Secretary

Elizabeth Parsons was one of the girls I always shall remember. She was one of my "nice naughty" girls and had an attitude of healthy criticism, directness and understanding which made her a valuable and popular member of the School. She was a lovely girl and many of us will miss her unique contribution both to the School and to the S.M.H.A. *D.C.*

Memories have flooded back for all of us: Dizzie, hair cropped short, a new girl in the Lower IV; Dizzie, bespectacled, sitting up in bed engrossed in Dickens; Dizzie peering into the viewfinder of her funny old concertina camera; Dizzie roaring with laughter (and what a laugh it was) as we struggled in vain to curl her nylon fine hair.

These were small things but as much a part of the Dizzie we knew and loved as her prowess on the lacrosse pitch and athletics track (she represented her county as a junior sprinter); her talent as an actress; or her considerable skill as a dressmaker.

Perhaps most important of all was her enthusiasm for keeping in touch; she would never miss an opportunity to look up a friend nor would she send a Christmas card without a scribbled message. It is fitting that for most of us our final memory of her is at the 1980 S.M.H.A. Reunion Supper. She looked the same as ever but within only a few months she was in hospital seriously ill with advanced cancer. Typically she battled bravely and even managed to astonish the doctors by achieving a brief remission. She had such zest for life, a great sense of humour, a warm and friendly nature. We all miss her very much.

Written in affectionate memory by her friends

ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

- Andrews, S. (Mrs. Wright),** 11 Chesterford Gardens, London NW3 FDD.
- Baillie, P. (Mrs. Furlong),** Raeburgh, Eastfield Lane, Grimoldby, Near Louth, Lincs.

Burgis, P. (Mrs. Lowe), 311 Dyke Road, Hove, Sussex BN3 6PE.

Crawley, A. (Mrs. Broeders), Apt. 2005, 411 Duplex Avenue, Toronto, Ont., M4R 1V2 Canada.

Cutress, A. (Mrs. Brookes), 150 Waldegrave Road, Brighton, BN1 6GG.

Day, B. (Mrs. Holdstock), Chester Cottage, 23a Bluehouse Lane, Surrey RH8 0AA.

Drake, A. (Mrs. Holland), 11 Arvon Road, Highbury, London N5 1PS.

Drew, M. J. (Mrs. Syngel), 5 Downsview, Small Dole, Henfield, W. Sussex.

Ferguson, E. (Mrs. Eastham), 92 Penland Road, Haywards Heath, Sussex RH16 3HR.

Harris, D. (Mrs. Bruton), Tabitha's Well, Tibbiwell Lane, Painswick, Stroud, Glos. GL6 6YA.

Havam, S. (Mrs. Pelys), 5a Pelham Road, Lindfield, W. Sussex RH16 2EW.

Hunt, R., 6 Long Houses, Mill Lane, Pirbright, Surrey.

Johnson, C. (Mrs. Currer), 97 Pytchley Road, Rugby, Warwickshire.

Leslie, Mrs. E. O., Horsefair Cottage, Horse Fair, Deddington, Oxford OX5 4SH.

Lowe, N., 311 Dyke Road, Hove, Sussex BN3 6PE.

Martin, A. (Mrs. Slaughter), Hatherleigh, 80 Hampton Road, Southport, Merseyside PR8 6QD.

Moojen, F. (Mrs. Bearn), 5 Cordons, Kingston, Lewes, Sussex.

Murdoch, M. (Mrs. Saunders), 6 John's Close, Fowlmere, Royston, Herts.

Nickalls, E., Forest Farm, Mark Cross, Nr. Crowborough, E. Sussex.

Outram, Mgt. (Mrs. Charters), 134 Parkside, Wollaton, Nottingham, Notts. NG8 2NP.

Payne, A. (Mrs. Grapes), 29 Broad Reaches, Ludham, Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk NR29 5PA.

Ruffett, S. (Mrs. Grassie), 7 Furzedown, Selborne Road, Littlehampton, Sussex.

Tassell, C. (Mrs. Willard), 18a Park Lane, Southwick, Brighton.

Williams, J., 45 Collard Road, Willesborough, Ashford, Kent TN24 QJR.

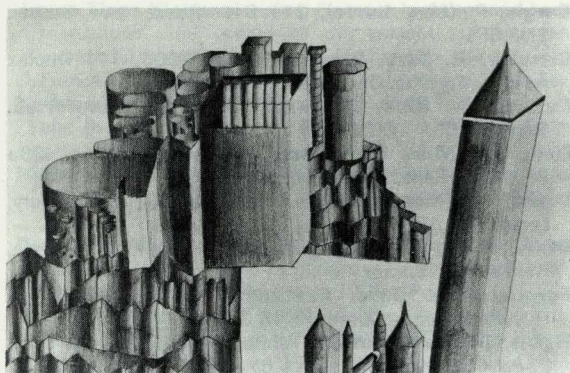
Subscriptions. To be paid to the Hon. Treasurer, Old Girls' Association, c/o St. Mary's Hall, Brighton.

The Annual Subscription is £1, but members of 60 years of age or over may pay at the existing rate. The Life Subscription is £12, 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 to the School Magazine and News Letter issued in the following year.

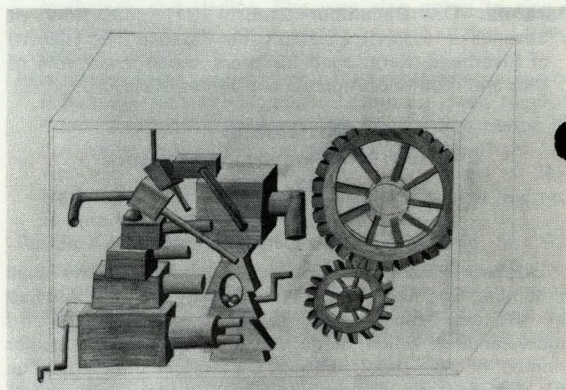
News Letter. Please send all items of news to the Hon. Editor, Mrs. J. Tinto, 11 Cavendish Road, Redhill, Surrey.

RETIREMENTS

If any members of the SMHA would like to contribute to leaving gifts for Miss Payne and Miss Rogers, whom many Old Girls will remember, and who are leaving at the end of this academic year, they should send contributions to Miss Fabian at the School. Miss Payne has been at St. Mary's Hall since 1966 and Miss Rogers since 1960.



Clare Hemmings, IIIH



Tania Newton, IIIH

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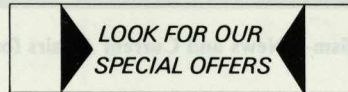
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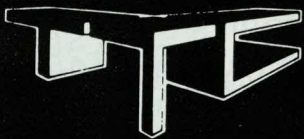
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