

The Magazine for
The Old Girls' Association of
HUNMANBY HALL

2001

Hon. Acting Editor: Erica Stary (née Smith)

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Editorial

As I write this, I am sitting in our house which is currently an island - our local rivers (Thames, Bourne and Wey) being in spate. It is lovely to see the swans in the back garden and the reflections of the trees in the water and a little tedious to have to take the boat down the road to carry the shopping and to wear chest high waders each time you go out. But at least we have no water in our houses, unlike others. We consider ourselves very lucky.

This year seems to be a bumper bundle with loads of copy so I've had to play around with the font sizes and to hope you don't mind reading the small print - but it is black on white rather than grey on paler grey which I sometimes have to read on standard form contracts during the course of my day job.

Also, I've had help: first from Yvonne Hallaways who lives a couple of miles away and has been a stalwart reducer of the penned word to electronic and second to all those of you who now venture on email or to send copy by disk. Please do more of this as it saves hours of time (mine and Yvonne's that is) and makes it more likely that we will both continue. Anyway, a huge thanks to Yvonne and the rest of you for sending in all that material. There'd be no *Javelin* if there were no copy.

The Annual Reunion format is changing this year - do look at the Annual Meeting notice for the details.

The diary musts for the year, as notified below, are

- ☞ the Memorial service for Fred Pratt Green in London in June
- ☞ the 70th Annual Meeting on the last Saturday in September, at the Expanse in Bridlington
- ☞ the London dinner on the second Saturday in November
- ☞ and all those Branch meetings

Come and celebrate with us!

Have a good read.

Erica Stary

**HUNMANBY HALL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION
COMMITTEE 2000-2001**

Vice-Presidents:

Miss Jean Rutherford, MA

Dr M W Lonsdale OBE MA BD

Lady Appleyard (née Miss Jefferson)

Chairman:

Mrs Caroline Donsworth (née Bramley)

Secretary:

Mrs Jayne Mitchell (née Fridlington)

Treasurer:

Dr Lucy Foster

Editor: Vacancy

Acting Editor:

Membership and Reunion Secretary:

Mrs Karen Ratcliffe (née Bramley)

HH Liaison Officer:

Ex-Officio:

Mrs Rachel Pallister (née Mason)

Mrs Jenny Milner (née Posnett)

Mrs Rosi Smith (née Rawson)

Elected Members:

RETIRING 2001:

Mrs Caroline Fry (née Sawyer)

RETIRING 2003:

Miss Jo Needler

BRANCH SECRETARIES

East Anglia:

Mrs Caroline Donsworth (née Bramley)
as previously listed

East Coast, including Hull:

Vacancy.
For information contact Karen Ratcliffe (above)

London and South Midlands

Mrs Sylvia White (née Lane)

North West:

Mrs Elizabeth Winter (née Bean)

North Midlands:

Mrs Pat Wyatt (née Lewis)

Mrs Susan Doar (née Wright)

North Yorkshire: Mrs Rachel Webster (née Greensit)

West Yorkshire:

Ruth Woodhouse (née Wilkinson)

South East England :

Mrs Liz Cullen, (née Dalton)

Mrs Jill Christmas, (née Embling)

*** Please phone only in social hours: 0900 - 2000. Thank you.**

Branch Area	Counties, Metropolitan Boroughs or Towns Included	
	if your home town is not mentioned your normal branch is that with a town or county nearest to you	
East Anglia	Cambridgeshire, Essex	Norfolk, Suffolk
East Yorkshire	Barnetby, Barrow on Humber, Brough, Bridlington, Barton on Humber, Brigg, Beverley, Cleethorpes, Cottingham,	Driffield, Goole, Hessle, Hornsea, Howden, Hull, North Ferriby, Ulceby, Walkington, Withernsea, Wootton
English Borders & Scotland	Grampian, Highlands and Islands, Tayside, Borders, Callander Region, Dumfries, Fife, Galloway, Lothian, Strathclyde, ie all Scotland	Cleveland, Cumbria Co Durham Isle of Man Northumberland Tyne & Wear
London & South Midlands	Bedfordshire, Oxfordshire Buckinghamshire, Berkshire Warwickshire, Herefordshire	London, Surrey, Hertfordshire, South Wales, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Northamptonshire
North West	Cheshire, Lancs, N Wales	Manchester, Merseyside,
North Yorkshire	Bedale, Boroughbridge, Filey Harrogate, Ilkley, Knaresborough, Leyburn, Malton, Northallerton	Pickering, Richmond, Ripon, Scarborough, Selby, Tadcaster, Thirsk Thornton Le Dale , Whitby, York
Notts, Midlands & Lincolnshire	Derbyshire, Grimsby, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Rutland	Scunthorpe, Shropshire Staffordshire, West Midlands
South & West Yorkshire	Alwoodley, Barnsley, Batley, Bradford Bingley, Boston Spa, Bradford, Brighouse, Cawthorne, Cleckheaton Doncaster, Dewsbury, Guiseley, Halifax, Heckmondwyke, Holmfirth, Huddersfield,	Ilkley, Keighley Leeds, Liversedge, Mexborough, Mirfield, Ossett , Otley, Pontefract, Pudsey, Rotherham, Sheffield, Shipley, Skipton, Sutton Keighley, Wakefield, Wetherby, Worsley, Wyke
S E England	Hampshire, Kent, Sussex	
West Country	Bristol, Channel Isles, Devon, Dorset, Scilly Isles,	Cornwall, Somerset, Wiltshire, Isle of Wight

LETTERS FROM OUR VICE-PRESIDENTS

Lady Appleyard (Miss Jefferson)

Dear Old Girls,

Once again the time for a letter to the *Javelin* has taken me by surprise! I hope that the last year has passed happily and safely for all of you. It has flown by for me, but when I come to think which of my doings could possibly be of interest to you I feel a little stuck!

I continue to divide my time between our two bases, in King's Somborne and the Barbican. Ordinary daily life and especially our garden give me much pleasure and absorb most of my time.

I govern three schools and very much enjoy being kept in touch with the world of education - which seems to get ever more demanding. I sometimes wonder what our predecessors would have thought about some of the demands which all schools have to cope with these days! I also continue to do quite a lot with the English Speaking Union in London and have visited a few of the branches either to talk about my Chinese experiences or about the work of the education committee. It's good to meet so many people who find time to do voluntary work with the young. We had a specially rewarding day in July when 200 ten year olds from inner city primary schools came to the headquarters of ESU for the final event in a Festival of Reading. They had worked for a term in their schools with professional writers who gave all their services for free. Each programme was fascinating and unique.

I've been watching the television picture of familiar parts of Yorkshire under water in recent storms. It's hard to imagine anything worse than having one's home flooded and I do hope that all of you have been safe from those floods. It looks absolutely terrible and I fear that we have more to come before the winter is over.

Another sad note was struck earlier this year when Margaret Berry died. Many of you will know her well as a dear friend to Mary Bray. They had shared a home since Mary retired and always gave a warm welcome to Hunmanby friends. Margaret was an honorary old girl and knew almost as many of the girls as Mary did. I saw her only a few days before she died and we can only be glad that she didn't have too long an illness. She was very peaceful and talked about Mary and her visits to Hunmanby.

I do hope that if any of you are coming in this direction, you'll get in touch. I'm always delighted to hear from you.

Warmest good wishes to you all for Christmas and the New Year.

With love,

JOAN APPLEYARD.



Jean Rutherford

Dear Old Girls,

I welcome this opportunity to greet you all again. It was good to see so many of you at the York lunch.

This has been a busy year for me personally. As you will see from elsewhere in this magazine I was in West Africa in March. May saw me cruising up the Rhine from Koblenz to Basel seeing many of the places renowned in German history, literature and song. It was a heat wave...despite being May, better known for the ice saints who bring cold weather in the early part of the month.

June was marred by the death of Minette, my King Charles Cavalier who was named by Dr. Sangster in school assembly in February 1987. She had reached a great age for her breed and is now, no doubt, disporting herself in the Elysian fields with Carus, the Sangsters' late dachshund.

In September I was privileged to see the Passion Play in Oberammagau. For over three hundred and fifty years the people there have kept their promise to perform the drama of the last week of Christ's life, in gratitude for their deliverance from the plague in 1632. The seething crowds swirling through Jerusalem and alternately supporting and attacking Jesus came vividly to life. The encounter between the world-weary Roman governor and the religious politician Caiaphas was sardonically amusing and yet terrifying when one considers the present [October 00] situation in and around Jerusalem.

I look forward to reading of your doings. Don't forget to keep in touch.

Yours sincerely,

JEAN RUTHERFORD.



Dr Marjorie Lonsdale, OBE

Dear Old Girls,

I am delighted to be in touch with you again. I greatly regret the gap in communication but you have been very understanding and I much appreciate your kindness.

It was lovely to share the events at the Expanse again this year. It is such a pity that relatively few of you are able to be present on these special occasions.

I have little news to pass on. You will gather that I am seldom out these days, but you are often in my thoughts and I love to have news.

My affectionate greetings to you all. I hope I shall see you again when we next meet at the Expanse.

With love,

MARJORIE.



LETTER FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

Caroline Donsworth

Dear Old Girls

I feel greatly honoured to be following Joan, our very first "Old Girls" Chairman, Joan's enthusiasm and energy certainly leaves me with something to live up to, I very much look forward to visiting all the branches over the next two years and seeing old faces and making new friends.

The Old Girls of Hunmanby Hall have certainly celebrated this special year in tremendous style - something for everyone springs to mind - from the successful Association's celebration lunch last March at York Racecourse, to the area meetings which are so wonderfully organised for you by a team of very hardworking, enthusiastic and dedicated branch secretaries, to the individual year reunions, wherever you have been, I truly hope you have had marvellous times reminiscing about your days at school. It is so good to know how strong and active the Association is and the Flame is continuing to burn brightly within our old girls' network throughout the world.

I have just returned from our AGM and Reunion weekend at the Expanse Hotel, in Bridlington. Numbers were slightly depleted this year due mainly to the lunch last March. A huge thank you to those of you who supported us and, I am sure we all agree, we all had a very happy time. The format for the AGM in 2001 has been slightly altered. This is to encourage all Old Girls to join us for an informal lunch and get together - further information is available in the announcement of the date is announced later on in the *Javelin*.

On behalf of our association I would like to thank Jenny Milner, who as our Treasurer has kept all our finances in such amazingly good order. Jenny has retired from this position but will continue to be a member of our committee. Our sincere thanks also go to Adèle Crowe, who after so many years on the committee and having served as Chairman, Secretary, Branch Secretary and Committee Member has now retired. We welcome onto the committee Liz Cullen and Jill Christmas, who will together run the East Sussex and Kent Branch and we thank Margaret Withers for her support and organisation in running a very successful branch over the years.

The Millennium year has been marked for us with a very special safe arrival in the format of William, a second son to Mark and myself. We are very fortunate to now have two happy and healthy boys. George has taken to his role of big brother wonderfully. I feel very fortunate that I have made such wonderful friends through Hunmanby and I am delighted that Caroline Sawyer (my "little sister"!) is George's Godmother and Jayne Mitchell (Fridlington) is William's Godmother.

Finally, I would like to say that this Association is *your* Association, if you feel we can improve our act please do not hesitate in contacting myself or become a committee member so you can influence how your Association is run.

I wish you all a very healthy, happy and prosperous 2001 and hope to see many of you during this next year.

Yours truly,

CAROLINE DONSWORTH



LETTER FROM THE IMMEDIATE PAST CHAIRMAN

Joan Marshall

Dear Fellow Members,

Twelve months have passed incredibly quickly since I became your Chairman.

It was a great privilege for me to head the Association into the Millennium year and I really did appreciate the honour.

In addition to the wonderful occasion of the lunch in March, I have attended several Branch meetings, where I have always received a friendly welcome. I would like to say a very special "thank you" to those of you who offer to hold meetings in your homes and are so generous in your hospitality.

I am particularly grateful to Erica for editing the *Javelin* for the past two years; she has done a great job for us. But now she feels she must hand over to another so, please, will someone offer to keep the *Javelin* going. It would be a pity to lose our magazine.

You will be pleased to know that I am now going into retirement! You must have heard quite enough of me during the past year and I hope you have not been too wearied hearing about the early days of HH.

Now the future is more important and I hope that all Flamebearers will continue to meet together at reunions and so keep the Flame burning brightly. The Association is in good hands with your new enthusiastic Chairman and a splendid committee. May they have your full support.

I cannot end this letter without expressing my very sincere thanks for all the friendship and help I received especially from the Committee but also from many members of the Association.

May the Flame of Purity, of unselfish love and of wise adventure continue to burn brightly in our hearts wherever we may be.

With my love, Yours affectionately.

JOAN (Marshall)



LETTER FROM THE HON. REUNION AND MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Karen Radcliffe (Bramley)

What an act to follow: first in the very efficient footsteps of Caroline Donsworth as Reunion secretary and second, after the many years of keeping our Membership list up-to-date, Rosi Smith. Thank you to both of you for your years of hard work, I hope I can live up the standard that you have set.

We have decided to combine the two secretaries' jobs as they seem to go hand in hand. At the same time we have looked at the membership list and made a definitive list of the Branches. A list of these new Branches is shown. Of course, you are more than welcome to attend any of the branch reunions and it may be more convenient to attend a Branch that is not local to you. If this is the case, please return the Change of Details form (at the back of the *Javelin*), stating which branch you would prefer to attend, together with any change of address details you may have. If you have access to e-mail, your address would be welcome.

You will also find at the back of the *Javelin*, this year's application forms for the AGM and Annual Lunch which celebrates the 70th reunion of our Old Girl's Association, in September and the London Dinner in November.



BRANCH REPORTS AND MEETINGS 2000

Annual Meeting 2000

This was held at the Expanse Hotel Bridlington on October 7, 2000 where some 20 people met together for a very convivial day, with an excellent lunch, a good bring and buy, organised by Sylvia Lane White, and a birthday cake. The time passed all too quickly.

At the AGM itself, it was reported that Harry's grave has now been fully restored and looks very neat and tidy; Joan reported on how much she had enjoyed being chairman in this special year and had visited as many branches as she could. She particularly thanked those who opened their homes to allow the meetings to take place. She also reported on the opening of the show flat in the Wings, see full report below.

Whilst there was a deficit on the Accounts, this was due to having paid for two years of *Javelins* in one set of accounts. It was agreed to donate a sum from the trust fund to a charity of the chairman's choice.

300 Javelins had been printed of which there were only about 5 copies. Erica would edit for another year and had help from Yvonne Hallaways.

The mailshot newsletter had helped considerably in refreshing the address list.

There is a proposal that the chapel on Cross Hill, being now too big for the village, is to be redeveloped with a smaller chapel and flats.

Profuse thanks were given to many including: Joan for so ably chairing the Association; Caroline Donsworth and her team for a superb Luncheon in York; Rosi Smith for her 18 years of running the membership lists; Jenny Milner for her many years as Treasurer which office she has now relinquished; Adèle Crowe for her many years of support on the Committee which she is now sadly leaving; Margaret Withers for running the Kent and Sussex branch for so many years.

New committee members and officers were elected - details above. Sadly Belinda Allen had tendered her resignation due to overwork.

Reports of the branch meetings held were given - detailed below. It was decided to regroup the branches and you will have read the details above.

Finally, there was a plea for all changes of address to be sent to the new membership and reunion secretary, Karen Ratcliffe, for all *Javelin* news to be sent to Erica Stary as early as possible and advance notice of the change of date for next year's Annual Meeting and for the London dinner in November 2001.



East Sussex and Kent

For a pleasant change, the first Saturday in June was sunny and reasonably warm. A most enjoyable lunch was provided by Liz Cullen and Jill Christmas, while I just laid the table and provided the sweets.

As I am now over 80, I decided to retire as Branch Secretary and have very happily handed over to Liz and Jill. For about 14 years the house has had a very efficient spring clean and something similar in the garden at the end of May. In recent years my husband (who is blind) has managed to have a Blind Association Committee meeting that particular day. I very much enjoyed being Branch Secretary and meeting quite a few old girls.

Present: Jill Christmas (Embling), Erica Stary (Smith), Liz Cullen (Dalton), Jill Stephens, Sylvia White (Lane), Margaret Baillie (Cowsill), Margaret Withers (Bailey)

MARGARET WITHERS



London

A most happy occasion was held at Helen Wormwald's home on a rather warm and sunny September day. Seventeen members were present. We were glad to have our Chairman, Joan Marshall, among us, especially as the approaching serious national fuel crisis was nigh! After we chatted a while as folk arrived, Joan lit the lamp and we joined in the Flame Prayer.

Since we were seated in a circle around the room, it seemed appropriate to hear any news members wished to share. Joan told us about the apartments being made available at the school, and a few brochures had been brought for our perusal, and obviously were of great interest. Other members also related their news, so we had a real treat, leading to lively conversation over tea. Joan graciously cut the topical "London Eye" cake for us.

May I express gratitude to all who generously supported the Bring & Buy Stall. (The few items remaining unsold went to Bridlington for their stall, for general funds.) Thank you also, those who kindly donated cash. Approximately members kindly sent apologies for absence, revealing the general sense of interest, goodwill and enthusiasm for our OGA, which I find most encouraging.

Last but not least, Helen, on behalf of "London", thank you for all your kindness and generous hospitality once again.

SYLVIA WHITE

Present: Joan Marshall (28-32) Chairman, Christine Allen (Ibbotson), Joan Carmichael (Blackburn) (31-36), Louisa Carr (36-38), Mary Cleator (47-54), Margaret Faulkner (57-64), Patricia Granger (Allen) (50-53), Elizabeth Gresham (Goodchild), Yvonne Hallaways (78-85), Margery Hutchcroft (30-37), Joan Martin (28-32), Joan Morrell (Little) (41-44), Felicity Sainsbury (Lumley) (48-53), Erica Stary (Smith) (52-59), Sylvia White (Lane) (45-49), Helen Wormwald (Hardcastle) (45-53)



Manchester and Liverpool

This was held on Saturday April 15, 2000 at the delightful home of Rachel Pallister (née Mason) in the pretty village of Bolton-by-Bowland in the Ribble Valley. It was a pleasant day and everyone enjoyed the journey and felt it was well worthwhile. We had 18 members present who all enjoyed the super "cordon bleu" lunch and liquid refreshment Rachel provided. All those present kindly contributed to the cost of the lunch and towards funds.

It was a great pleasure to welcome Joan Marshall, our Chairman, and Erica Stary our past Chairman, who were both guests of Christine Allen (Ibbotson). Joan lit the lamp for us, welcomed everyone, especially the five ladies who were joining us for the first time from different areas - Helen Calder, Greta Hodges, Sheila Hunter, Audrey McLeavy and Christine Towle. Joan brought us up to date with news of Hunmanby and other HH news. Everyone seemed to enjoy the conviviality and the chance to meet Old Girls who spanned many years of the school's existence.

Hilary Broomhead (Brewis) has kindly offered hospitality at her home in Prestbury, Cheshire [for date and details see below] for the next meeting. I do hope we have as good a turn-out then.

LIZ WINTER (BEAN)

Present: Mary Wearing (Ripper), Mary Horsfall (Lewis), Christine Allen (Ibbotson), Helen Calder (Cook), Hilary Broomhead (Brewis), Audrey McLeavy (Henderson), Erica Stary (Smith), Greta Hodges (Hindle), Pat Hargreaves (Dickenson), Catherine Towle (Ridyard), Wendy Laker (Griffiths), Sheila Hunter (Williamson), Sheila Monk (O'Driscoll), Tracey Horton (Rudd), Joan Marshall, Rachel Pallister (Mason), Liz Winter (Bean)



North Lincolnshire and Sheffield

After a change of date, we finally met at Jo Needler's lovely home on November 14 to renew old acquaintances and exchange reminiscences of our times at school. We looked at plans of the new use of the buildings with fascination and pleasure that they will be used again to live in. Jo gave us a wonderful supper and we were all very reluctant to go home.

Present: Sally Daniels (Wardell), Jill Collier (MacLeod), Vicki Halmshaw (Wardell), Maxine Moss-Allison (Coo), Liz Schofield (Fisher), Christine Ward (Finch), Chris Ashton (Wardell), Liz Watkinson (Riggall), Di Ablett

(Grice), Maureen Mollett (Topping), Di Eddington (Fletcher), Jo Needler



Nottingham and Midlands

It was a joy to meet again, especially in such an attractive venue as Stratford-upon-Avon, and what could be better than to find ourselves exchanging news in a delightful flat overlooking the river. We were the guests of Mary Hoare who had prepared a splendid buffet lunch and as if all that wasn't enough the sun shone the whole afternoon. I need hardly say the time passed all too quickly.

Our one disappointment was that our chairman, Joan Marshall, was unable to be with us due to a bad cold, but we were pleased to hear news of the Millennium Lunch held in York from those members who were present.

It is possible that our next meeting may also be in Stratford and if so it will be at the home of Margaret Jeffrey, but the date has not yet been decided.

Present on May 21, 2000 were Esther Blythe (Goodwin), Joan Hingley, Margaret Roberts (Smith), Elaine Goer (Rawnsley), Pat Moses (Elsom), Wendy Davies (Greenwall), Margaret Jeffrey (Clarke), Biddy Harker (Blackburn), Sheila Millar-Craig (Walker), Josephine Orton, Betty Lane (Hay), Ursula Everest, Mary Hoare (Lucas)

MARGARET ROBERTS (SMITH)



Suffolk, Cambridge, Essex and Norfolk

My sincere thanks go to Ann Carlisle who so very kindly hosted our branch meeting at her Wisbech home in June. Nine members were present, Joan Marshall, Angela Green, Joy Worman, Barbara Faulkner, Louisa Carr, Mary Willis, Jean Farrow, Joan Carmichael and Ann. Everyone present thoroughly enjoyed the wonderful cold buffet lunch.



Class of 65 'A', 63 'O'

On 14th October 2000, 17 members of our form duly gathered at the beautiful home of Margaret Jeffery (Clarke) just outside Stratford-on-Avon in time for coffee at 11 am with much chatting and laughing and exchanging news and gossip. Apart from a few wrinkles and grey hairs no-one had changed at all and memories of school rules, life in the dorm, and members of staff soon came flooding back.

Margaret and her husband had prepared a magnificent cold buffet lunch to which in true HH style we all did justice - definitely no "small" helpings. It was Elizabeth Colledge's birthday and Margaret very kindly produced a cake complete with candles glowing.

The time simply flew by and before we realised it was 4.30pm and time for those of us with long journeys to go home. People had travelled from as far afield as Tyneside, Sussex, Somerset and of course Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire, but we all agreed the day had been such a happy one that it was well worth the journey.

Margaret contacted 45 people from the year. 18 were present, 23 apologised but sent letters or e-mails and 21 appear to be missing.

On behalf of everyone present I would like to thank Margaret so much for giving us all a day to remember and special thanks to Gary and their son, Adrian, for putting up with so many 53 year olds who reverted to 15 year olds for the day.

CAROLINE E. WOODALL (WOODCOCK)(1958-65)

Present: Jennifer (Birchall) Richards, Vanessa (Brown) Glynn Jones, Sarah (Canney) Berry, Margaret (Clarke) Jeffery, Elizabeth (Colledge) Robinson, Hilary (Fussey) Morphy, Rosemary (Greensit) Bell, Christine (Hawkins) Martindale, Margaret (Jefferson) Beard, Jennifer (Kyle) Williams, Sheena (Mehta) Harris, Rosemary (Proudley) Moss, Elaine (Reavill) Penfold, Marie (Rickells) Gibson, Margaret (Ulyatt) Smith, Jayne Wallace, Susan (Wellstood) Ridley, Caroline (Woodcock) Woodall



MILLENNIUM LUNCH

Report

A most successful lunch was held at York Racecourse on March 4, 2000 when some 280 old girls and staff came together for this special occasion. The gathering began from 11am for coffee, there was memorabilia on display and *Javelins* plus merit badges for sale, also Genista's *Conqueror's Gems* plus postcards. The last few found it difficult to depart at 4.30.

The luncheon tables were beautifully laid and the food was excellent. Our chairman, Joan Marshall, gave an excellent speech (reproduced below) and awards were given to Genista Everest (Dawson) and to Sylvia White (Lane) in thanks for their unstinting work on behalf of the school and the OGA.

Alas, a few people were prevented from being with us or arrived very late due to a fire which held up train services coming from London but otherwise a good time was had by all.

Our guests were Miss Jean Rutherford and the Rev Dr and Mrs Sangster.

Caroline Donsworth (Bramley) and her team must be congratulated for their faultless arrangements, which included wrapping individual gifts of a commemorative Parker biro for each person attending. (Incidentally, there are a few bios left which are available from branch secretaries.)

Those attending were (and apologies for not knowing exactly who was unable at the last minute to attend) (the dates after each name are the Upp 5th/5A school year - as reported to us):

Jenny Abbott (Hoar) 57, Di Ablett (Grice) 64, Maxine Moss-Alison (Coo) 62, Belinda Allan 84, Christine Allen (Ibbotson) 32, Cathy Arnold (Fatkin) 78, Helen Atkinson (Burdass) 78, Sue Atkinson (Clough) 65

Rebecca Bailey 84, Jackie Bailey (Seaton) 62, Judy Balbontin (Whiteley) 59, Ross Barker (Webster) 70, Kirsty Bates (Swann) 57, Margaret Beard (Jefferson) 63, Fran Beasley 76, Jane Beattie (Alborne) 73, Margaret Beaumont (Scaife) 38, Mary Beckett (staff), Helen Bengier (Plunkett) 83, Pat Bentley (Berry) 52, Olan Birtwhistle (Walton) 59, Esther Blythe (Goodwin) 38, Joan Bottomley (Barron) 65, Janet Bowker (Spensley) 62, Sarah Bowring (Wilkinson) 78, Pat Boyle (Walker) ?38, Alison Bragg (Campbell) 78, Liz Branton (Merritt) 80, Joan Briggs (staff), Maureen Broderick (Thompson) 62, Bill Brown (staff), Sue Brown (staff), Mary Brown (Lister) 49, Helen Whitrod-Brown (Whitrod) 74, Kim Bullock 83, Judy Burdass (Megginson) 57, Celia Burgess (Hockey) 60, Kathy Burgoine (Goodyear) 64, Peggie Burton 28, Margaret Byas (Reed) 38

Pearl Campbell (Ackrill) 28*, Ann Carlisle (51), Joan Carmichael (Blackburn) 35, Louisa Carr ?38, Elizabeth Charge (Crossland) 46, Christine Clappison (Ulllyott) 50, Linda Clarke (Rhodes) 55, Mary Cleater 53, Becci Collett (Marshall) 80, Alison Colquhoun 80, Jennifer Copley (Brigg) 62, Gillian Cornfield (Morris) 57, Elaine Cotton (Newby) 57, Hilary Crawford (Jones) 55, Adèle Crowe (Ferguson) 60, Lucy Crowther (Hall) 83, Gillian Cummings (Kirk) 73, Mavis Cunningham (Reader) 47, Patricia Curwen 53

Judy Darke (Ottewell) 74, Genista Dawson (Everest) 38, Janet Dineen (Rowe) 58, Sue Dixon 71, Susan Doar (Wright) 57, Christine Donald (Oliver) 77, Caroline Donsworth (Bramley) 85, Nicki Dowey 85, Suzanne Dowey 87, Penny Duke (Broad) 74

Susan Ellam (Morrell) 59, Maree Evans 44, Ursula Everest 38*

Gill Falkingham (Whitaker) 57, Angela Falkingham (Rivis) 57, Margaret Faulkner 62, Hazel Ferguson (Cartlidge) 62, Beryl Field (Knapton) 56, Julie Fletcher (Cox) 80, Valerie Fletcher (Holmes) 57, Lucy Foster 83, Muriel Fox (Metcalfe) 41, Mally Francis (Roberts) 62, Hazel Furness (James) 55

Lesley Gaskarth (Moore) 64, Christine Geyer (Rylands) 48, Gillian Gill (Almack) 65, Helen Gilliat 85, Judith Goodall (Rodley) 62, Janet Gow (Cornish) 48, Kate Graham 71, Pat Granger (Allen) 53, Angela Green (Lumb) 59, Mary Greensit (Abel) 36, Elizabeth Gresham 62, Fran Grover (Wootton) 59

Emma Haden 84, Louise Hall 83, Emma Hall (Kirby) 85, Yvonne Hallaways 83, Iris Hallaways (staff), Vicki Halmshaw (Wardell) 66, Rosemary Hamlin (Shanks) 70, Chris Hammond (Wardell) 66, Anne Handley (Lister) 41, Lorna Hanwell 68, Anne Harbarow (Whitaker) 55, Josie Hardy (Hinchley) 67, Anne Hardy (Whitaker) 51, Dorothy Hare (Webster) 37, Dorothy Harris (Blakey) ?30s, Joyce Hartley (Pearson) 46, Katie Haslehaw (McNab) 74, Jill Heath (Hirst) 52, Lucy Heathcote (Stark) 67, Ros Helliwell (Greenwood) 59, Susan Henderson (Lewin) 62, Annabel Herring (Rowbottom) 82, Sue Hide (Brett) 53, Elizabeth Hinchley (Morgan) 59, Monica Hind (Proudley) 57, Helen Hinvest (Ashworth) 65, Sue Hobman 78, Libby Horn (Lund) 57, Janet Horsnell 85, Liz Howarth (Roberts) 70, Rowena Howell (Allison) 74, June Hughes (Dickson) 40, Rosemary Hull (Howard) 55, Denise Hurst (Panton) ?60ish, Katie Hutchinson 61, Louise Hyder (Gorman) 85

Jo Irving (Watson) 84, Elizabeth Jack (Crone) 54, Joyce Johnson (Knapton) 52, Chris Jubb (Jubb) 65

Elaine Keith 76, Belinda Kent (Morris) 74, Penny Kerfoot (Martin) 64, Jacqui King 83, Rachel Kirkwood (Dibdin) 83

Merlyn Law (Barnfather) 56, Jennifer Lee (Burton) 59, Bidy Leitche (Palmer) 84, Alison Lewis (Kendall) 61, Joyce Littlefield (Bradley) 44, Heather Longbottom (Pritchard) 57, Claire Longden (Rowbottom) 79

Joanne Macleod (MacQueen) 76, Jane Mallinson (Guthrie) 60, Nicola Manners 67, Helen March (Gilmour) 55, Jane Marsden (Blake) 70, Joan Marshall 28, Ellen Maxwell (Herner) 68, Judith McKay (Mawer) 80, Audrey McLeavy (Henderson) 43, Helen McMurren (Tate-Smith) 62, Sue Merchant (Jeffries) 65, Gwenith Meredith (Morris) 62, Sue Mills (Ward), Jenny Milner (Posnett) 57, Jennifer Mitchell (Kitchen) 53, Jayne Mitchell (Fridlington) 85, Sheila Monk (O'Driscoll) 43, Helen Moore (Ridyard) 56, Rosalind Morrish (Wade) 53, Pat Moses (Elsom) 50, Judy Moss (Grieveson) 74, Rosemary Moss (Proudley) 63, Gillian Mowat 76

Jo Needler 66, Jayne Nichalls (Merritt) 78, Sally Noble (Reed) 59, Betsy Ogden 74, Pat Ollerenshaw 46, Beatrice Oughtred (Baker) 45

Rachel Pallister (Mason) 62, Sheila Patchett 65, Rosemary Paul (Steel) 62, Jane Paynter (Staples) 45, Jennifer Percy (Pritchard) 57, Joyce Petch (Gilmour) 42, Mary Petch (Donaldson) 50, Barbara Pilkington (Durdy) 50, Caroline Pinder (Shanks) 78, Heather Pinnington (Goodall) 50, Sue Platt (Briggs) 62, Clare Plunkett (Henderson) 83, Nancy Plunkett (staff), Anne Powell (staff), Mike Powell (staff), Lesley Pratt (Danbury) 49

Gill Rastrick (Croft) 59, Karen Ratcliffe (Bramley) 84, Carol Rayner (Hobman) 76, Carolyn Rea 57, Sheila Reid (Barker) 62, Jean Relihan (Harrison) 46, Anne Reynolds (Alborne) 71, Anne Richards (Lindsay) 55, Jean Ringrose (Lindley) 46, Christine Robbins (Cadman) 71, Eileen Robertson (Wannop) 54, Shirley Roche (Petty) 47, Rosalyn Roe (Gibson) 62, Jean Rutherford (HM staff), Anne Roterforth (Smith) 57, Caroline Rowbottom 77

Felicity Sainsbury (Lumley) 53[†], Jo Sampson (Gilson) 71, Dr Rev Paul Sangster (former chaplain), Mary Sangster (guest), Rosemary Saunders (Biglen) 62, Liz Saunders (Cooper) 62, Caroline Sawyer 89, Joan Senior 31, Ann Shanks (Christian) 43, Lucy Shanks 80, Michelle Simmons (Thomas) 83, Joan Smith 28, Margaret Snowden (Clarkson) 51, Anne Stark (Chisolm) 50, Erica Stary (Smith) 58, Patricia Steel 57, Gillian Stephenson (Foster) 53, Louise Stillburn (Rayment) 85, Lady Stoute (Baker) 50, Jan Summers (Beaumont) 68, Joy Swinhoe (Pilkington) 74, Lisa Symcox (Mollett) 80

Pam Tattersall (Barlow), 70, Jill Tebb 76, Alison Telling (Cobb) 83, Jill Thomas (Halmshaw) 80, Susan Thornton (James) 53, Beris Thornton (Abbot) 47, Pat Thwaites (May) 55, Louise Tindall (Atkinson) 74, Margaret Tomalin (Ellis) 31, Vicky Toone (Pacey), Elizabeth Towler (Smallwood), Jayne Townson (Needler) 65, Rosemary Trick (staff), Sue Truefit 62, Jean Turner (Brodie) 53

Sandra Varley (Whinney) 59, Claire Village (Hall) 74

Sheila Wadsworth (Mitchell) 57, Judith Walburn (Wilkinson) 71, June Walker (Simpson) 53, Jenny Walker (staff), Julie Wallace (Frost) 80, Mike Walsh (staff), Christine War (Lloyd) 55, Linda Watkin (James) 60, Jean Watkinson (Batty) 45, Lizzy Watkinson (Riggall) 66, Naomi Watson (staff), Carol Watson (Clay) 74, Rachel Webster (Greensit) 65, Julia Welch (Hulme) 73, Jacquie Welsh (Cundall) 78, Mel Wheatland (Barker) 80, Shirley Whitaker 55, Sylvia White (Lane) 47, Heather White (Hardaker) 46, Mary Willis (Skinner) 38, Joyce Wilson (Lythgoe) 44, Vicky Wimpenny (Walton) 70, Elizabeth Winter (Bean) 47, Judith Wood (Cliff) 54, Ruth Woodhouse (Wilkinson) 74, Mandy Woods (Clark) 74, Helen Wormald (Hardcastle) ?53, Mollie Wright (Jenkinson) 39, Pat Wyatt (Lewis) 64

* unable to be present at last minute

† prevented by fire on train from attending

Apologies for the lunch

Rachel Bradshaw Ullyott O level year 1985, Liz Sutton Pick O level year 1983, Kirstie Stephenson Coombe O level year 1985



Our Chairman's Speech

Guests and fellow members of the Association, I apologise for interrupting your conversation but ask you to bear with me for a few minutes.

First I would like to say how sorry we are that a number of our friends are not able to be with us today – for various reasons. We send them our greetings.

Last October, someone said to me “You know, you will be making a speech at the Millennium Lunch”. It is a very long time since I made any sort of a speech so, of course, I had to start thinking in good time.

I had a fascinating time reading through numerous School Magazines starting with the very first ones. Then I went on through a number of *Javelins*.

I was privileged to be one of the first pupils at Hunmanby – there are two others here today, Joan Senior and Peggie Burton so I hope I may be forgiven for looking back to *my* school days.

On September 20, 1928, 76 of us arrived at the Hall – all new girls in a new School. You can imagine that this was a strange experience but it did prove to be a most exciting one.

At that time there were only the Hall, the Stable block and the Cottage. Most of us slept in the Hall but some had to go to an hotel at Primrose Valley (which has long since gone); they went in the School bus, yes we had a bus, not a luxurious one but just a converted lorry with a green canvas cover.

Our classrooms were in the Hall and the Stable block – two upstairs, with the Lab, Gym and our lockers downstairs. Fortunately, the builders were soon at work and the Wings were completed, followed by the Library. We also had the beautiful Assembly Hall but still had to move chairs – a job which I am sure most of you endured.

In 1958 came the new Chapel; the Head Girl at that time wrote in the *Javelin* “No School could have a more beautiful building in which to learn the most important lessons of life”. How very true those words were. Those of you who had the privilege of using the Chapel for your schooldays were most fortunate.

To go back to the first terms of the School, one event seemed to follow another – the official opening, (when we wore white dresses with black stockings) the house warming, fireworks, a Christmas party, a Carol Service; but the most memorable of all, was the first Lamp Service.

It has recently been brought to my mind that many of you do not know the origin of the service with the full meaning of the Flame.

For this reason, you will have found on your tables copies of an account of how Miss Hargreaves was inspired with the idea of having a Lamp burning continuously in the School and how we came to be called Flamebearers.

The reproduction of the picture on the front, painted by Miss Sharpe who was the first Art Mistress, shows where the Lamp was placed originally. It was moved when we had the Assembly Hall and it was kept burning continuously.

I hope this little bit of history will be of interest and give you all a deeper meaning of the Spirit of the Flame. Please take a copy home.

It was in 1931 when a number of girls left the School that Harry invited all OGs to spend the August bank holiday weekend with her in School. (The holiday was then the *first* weekend in August and so followed on closely to the end of term.)

So a reunion was held in 1932 and was the first of many enjoyable weekends spent in School. Some of you will, I am sure, remember them with pleasure. Unfortunately, the war put a stop to these weekends, except for an extremely happy one at Armathwaite during the time of evacuation.

After the return of the School to Hunmanby, the weekend reunions resumed and proved to be very popular. Then Harry, in her wisdom, realised that, as her Old Girls were marrying, the only way to make it possible for them to continue coming was to invite their husbands. This was an excellent idea; we all had an enjoyable time and I got on rather well with the husbands – always under the eagle-eye of the wives!

Subsequently, when the children started arriving, they too were included. The Cottage, at the suggestion of Genista, became a crèche, or nursery, with one of the School nurses kindly staying on to be in charge. All sorts of activities were organised for the children as well as the OGs and the weekends were truly family occasions. We always had the Lamp Service and the AGM.

When it was no longer possible to spend the weekend in School, the one-day reunions were started. These were first held in May when the School was in session and seemed to provide amusement and entertainment for the Girls. One youngster remarked from the portico “To think that I shall be like that one day” and another wrote in the *Javelin* “The Old Girls arrived in all shapes and sizes of cars, as befitted their owners” and then went on to say what fun it was to watch the OGs extricating themselves and their cars from the haphazard parking. I suspect these girls may be here today, I wonder if they remember?

The closure of the School made it necessary for us to find another venue for our Annual Lunch and AGM. As you know, we first met in Filey in October 1992 but now meet at the Expanse in Bridlington where we are made most welcome and are looked after extremely well. Why not come on October 7? The meeting is always friendly and informal and we would welcome your ideas, suggestions and criticisms. Help us to keep the Association really alive.

There are more than 280 of us here today, which I feel indicates that *where* we meet is not so important, but it is the people who gather together who keep the feeling of a large family in continuity. At the first reunion in 1932 the idea of having Branches in various parts of the country was put forward. These would serve to keep OGs in touch with their friends, also meet other Flamebearers and make new friends. Thus it was in 1933 the London Branch was started with Margaret Beauchamp as secretary and the Bradford Branch with Barbara Martin as secretary. Edinburgh, I think, was next and then others followed, making 13 in all at one time. Margaret Beauchamp continued as secretary until 1962, giving 29 years of wonderful service to the Association.

On her retirement, Sylvia [Lane] White became secretary; what a wise choice Margaret made: for Sylvia, after 38 years, is still in office. There must be many Old Girls who are grateful to her for the interest she takes in each individual member as well as finding suitable places for meetings – not an easy task in London. There is much I would like to say about Sylvia but she forbids it – nevertheless I must add that she is a most loyal Committee member and she serves the Association in many ways. Now I am going to ask her to come and receive a small token of appreciation of the Committee and all members of the Association for her work and her devotion to the ideals of the School. May the Spirit of the Flame continue to burn brightly in her heart.

The Nottingham and Midlands Branch has also had only two secretaries: Nancy Franceys from 1954 to 1971 and then Marie Gibson until 1998 gave 27 years of loyal service. Unfortunately, Marie is not here today.

In addition to Branch meetings, some of you have Form reunions; do keep these going and do let us have reports for the *Javelin*.

In 1998, we had the reunion at Armathwaite; this was a wonderful success and was organised by Genista – whom I am sure you all know. Since Genista left school, I don't think she has ceased to give of her time and talents to the Association. This beautiful Chairman's badge was her gift as also were smaller badges for officers and members of Committee. Many of you will have acquired a copy of her book about the school; through this publication she has brought many Old Girls back in touch with their friends and with the Association.

Genista was a member of staff at Armathwaite and then at Hunmanby until her marriage in 1950. In 1946 she became the secretary of our Association and I well remember the happy time we had working together particularly at the time of Harry's retirement. She retired in 1960 when she became Chairman.

She keeps in touch with an amazing number of OGs and if she hears of anyone in trouble, she is always anxious to help in some way. In addition, there is always news from Genista in the *Javelin*.

I feel it is time we said a big “thank you” to her for all the work she has done, and is still doing, on behalf of the School and the Old Girls. [Genista was then asked to come forward to receive an award]

Having had a reunion at Armathwaite, what about those of you who were at Ilkley? How about someone organising a lunch there, possibly at Craiglands? Think about it.

Many of you will have received a copy of the *Javelin 2000* and I trust you appreciate all the work that was put into it. Did you know that the very first edition came out in 1946 with Pat Walker as Editor? Pat Boyle as she is now is with us here today - welcome Pat - I hope you approve of the current edition.

The aims of the *Javelin* as expressed in that first edition were

- to carry into the future the many fine traditions which, through the School, have been handed down to us from past generations
- to maintain in the OGA the atmosphere which we grew to appreciate so deeply in School

These were high ideals and I hope we will not let them go, but the assistance of every OG is required in order to keep the *Javelin* a vital publication of interest to us all.

I have been looking back and you will have been remembering times and events which took place during *your* schooldays. I hope you have been remembering with affection those people who influenced your lives for the good and who were instrumental in helping to build your character.

Now we must look to the future. Sadly, our Association cannot grow in numbers so it is all the more important that we keep in contact with each other and with the Association through our Branches, various reunions and the *Javelin*. We must all help to keep the Association alive and uphold the ideals of the School.

☩ May God bless you all and may He help us to keep the Spirit of the Flame of Purity, of Unselfish Love and of Wise Adventure ever burning in our hearts.

JOAN MARSHALL



A “Thank You” from Genista (Everest) Dawson:

Before too long, I want to recall for all of you some of the comments and messages which came to me at our Millennium Luncheon in York. The joy I had in meeting up with so many: my old 4th formers, team and classmates, Lake District pupils and those from OGA form reunions. Our school with its high ideals and love of friendship can take the credit for so many of my friendships.

Messages were sent or given from the staff members: Miss Pauline Beaumont from Belfast so willing to be with us but finding distance travelling difficult. From Miss Ethel Norton, still living in Dewsbury, came kind inquiries to all who remember her (PE staff). I cannot recall the OG also living in Dewsbury who brought the greeting. Several were from our 1998 Reunion at Armathwaite Hall, one travelling from North of the Border.

May I thank those who purchased copies of the book which I compiled with Anne Wragg. There are only a few copies remaining. One thing I do know, it has fulfilled a great part in keeping us together in the years since the School's closure in 1991/

It was certainly to my amazement that our Chairman said in her speech that my contribution to the personnel of our School over the years, together with my contributions to the *Javelin*, needed or was worthy of recognition. I was very touched with the kind words spoken of me and say what a delightful surprise you gave me in presenting me with such a beautiful piece of Dartington glass, with the Lamp motif and my name. Thank you all sincerely.



FORTHCOMING EVENTS

70th Annual Reunion 2001



This year's reunion is to be a very special one: our 70th, held at the Expanse Hotel in Bridlington on September 29, 2001. **Note the changed date.** Please do come to celebrate with us. An application form is at the end of the *Javelin*. Rooms at the hotel itself, for those wishing to stay, should be booked separately, mentioning the reunion.

The format for the day has been changed as the AGM itself will be in the morning. The Committee hopes that this will encourage more people to come for the lunch and the rest of the day. Your editor for one is a relatively new convert and really enjoy meeting her HH friends (none of whom is usually from her own year) of all ages.

Those attending and arriving by train may be able to obtain a lift by phoning the Expanse who will inquire whether any OG then present is able to provide a lift.

The Annual Reunion 2002 will be (again at the Expanse):

October 4 and 5, 2002



London, July 21, 2001 from 12pm

London reunion will be held on SATURDAY 21st JULY at the home of Helen Wormald (Hardcastle), with buffet lunch @ £3 per head from 12 o'clock. If you are able to come please be sure to notify me in early July so that we can cater for you and send directions if required. Looking forward to a great occasion. Sylvia White.



✓ **East Anglia branch: March 31, 2001**

FORMERLY SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGE, ESSEX AND NORFOLK BRANCH

Our next meeting will be held 31st March 2001 in Bury St Edmunds, for further information or an invitation - please do telephone Caroline Donsworth



✓ **East Sussex and Kent: June 2, 2001**

This meeting will be the time-honoured lunch, this time at Liz Cullen's. Please contact her or Jill Christmas if you wish to attend.



✓ **London Dinner, November 10, 2001**

By popular request and to celebrate 70 annual reunions, a dinner for **all HHOGAs** has been arranged at the Churchill Hotel, Portman Square. Do please apply early and do *come*. Please send application form (at the back of the *Javelin*) and cheque to Erica Stary.



✓ **Manchester and Liverpool: April 7, 2001**

Hilary Broomhead (Brewis) has offered her home in Prestbury for this meeting. If interested, please contact Elizabeth Winter (Bean), the branch secretary.



✓ **North Lincolnshire and Sheffield: June 2001**

This meeting will be held at Maureen Mollett's who has kindly offered her home near Grimsby. The date has not yet been fixed. Please contact Di Ablett for details.



✓

Nottingham and Midlands

On a date to be fixed, probably at the home of Margaret Jeffrey, in the environs of Stratford on Avon. Please contact



✓

70th Anniversary Dinner, November 2002

Advance notice that it is hoped to have a dinner in London to celebrate the 70th anniversary of the Association. Details to be announced.



HATCHES, MATCHES AND DESPATCHES

Births

Two sons, Wesley Alexander, born March 23, 1999 and Kelsey Scott, born July 25, 2000, to Yvonne Hallaways and Julian McCree
A son, William James Hallam, to Caroline (Bramley) and Mark Donsworth at Ipswich Hospital on July 9, 2000
Elliott born on December 26, 1999 to Louise (Rayment) and Andrew Stillburn
Sophia born on December 8, 1999 to Louise Gorman Hyder
Jo Lakin a daughter



Marriages

FOSTER Lucy to Tony Kehyaian on October 21, 2000 at Westminster Registry Office
WYATT Katie to Gwynfor Dafydd ap Rhun ap Harri December 16, 2000



Ruby Wedding

GREEN, Margaret (Dawson) and Roger on July 8.
WRAGG, Anne (Wright) and Iain on August 17.



Golden Wedding

WRIGHT Mollie (Jenkinson) and John on 3rd September



Diamond Wedding

SCOTT, Dorothy (Kirkley) and Roy (who now live in Hartrigg Oaks care home, New Earswick) August 2000. They were married in Copmanthorpe Church and now

live in New Earswick, York.



Deaths

BERRY, Margaret, our honorary OG, and close friend of Miss Bray, on August 29, 2000

FARNILL Barbara (Elger) peacefully on February 4, 2000. Barbara was at HH 1944-47.

KING, Jean (Elvidge), on December 26, 1999.

MAIL, Miss Margaret, LRAM, music teacher from 1942-50, of Wylam on Tyne, November 22, 2000, aged 80.

PRATT GREEN The Rev. Fred on October 22, 2000 (the school's first chaplain and author of the *Flamebearer*)

WINTERS, Dorothy (Wilson), of Aylesbury, Lincs, on December 24, 1997, aged 87



Special Birthdays

DAWSON, Genista (Everest), 80 on April 18, 2000



Appointments

STARY, Erica: a Recorder; sworn in at the Royal Courts of Justice on October 4, 2000



PHYLLIS LANE (1945-47)

Written by Peter Cross

Phyllis Margaret Lane was born in 1930 in the Isle of Man. Her mother and father had both been missionary doctors in China. When she was five, the family moved to Bolsover in Derbyshire and began a long association with the local Methodists: Phyllis was received into membership in 1945 and shortly afterwards went to complete her studies at Hunmanby Hall School.

A love of, and natural ability to relate to, children, coupled with a deep sense of vocation, led Phyllis into her career as an educational psychologist. In 1985 she retired early and concentrated her energies in the life of the local church. She took on a wide variety of roles, using her gifts and abilities to the full in the service of her Lord. She also served the wider Church as a member of the Lay Witness Movement and for many years up to her death was a member of the District Candidates' Examination committee.

Phyllis earned love and respect from all who knew her. She was a wise counsellor and a caring, supportive friend. Her life was driven by her deep faith and devotion to her Heavenly Father. She was articulate and intelligent, a person of many talents and various interests but she remained a humble servant of God, always amazed and full of gratitude that He had performed His work of grace in her life.

Phyllis faced death with courage and confidence and great dignity, planning her own funeral arrangements only a few days before she died (on January 9, 1999). Her thanksgiving service held at Bolsover church was a time of celebration and joy despite the real sense of loss to those present.

(This appreciation appeared in the *Methodist Recorder*)



THE REV. DR. FRED PRATT GREEN

The country's most prolific writer of hymns since Charles Wesley has died in Norfolk at the age of 97.

The Rev. Dr. Fred Pratt Green, who wrote more than 300 hymns, died in his sleep on Sunday at Cromwell House Methodist Home for the Aged, Norwich. A Methodist Minister, he only began writing hymns in 1967, [apart from the *Flamebearer*] around the time of his retirement to Thorpe, near Norwich. During his distinguished career, one of his hymns was chosen for the service marking the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977. In 1984 he set up The Pratt Green Trust, a charitable body to promote hymns and church music.

In 1990 Dr Green and wife Marjorie moved to Cromwell House, where Marjorie died in 1993. Dr Green was made an MBE in 1994 for his services to hymn-writing.

Organist Ron Watson, of Mattishall, near Dereham, got know Dr Green well after collaborating with him on more than 20 hymns. "He's left a tremendous legacy. If you look at any hymn book you will find lots of his hymns there," said Mr Watson. "People can relate to his hymns. They spoke very directly about subjects".

Dr Green was also a renowned poet who told Bernard Braley, his friend, publisher and biographer, that he would rather be remembered for his poems than his hymns. Mr Braley said. "I will remember him as a man who was an actor as well as a preacher"

"During his ministry he had a congregation of over 2000 people at the Dome in Brighton and he was able to hold them spellbound.

"He was a very liberal man, and a very caring man - a man who would speak his mind gently but with fierce determination".

Mr Braley, who has Dr Green's journals, scrapbooks and notebooks, plans to write a memorial book about his friend, to be published next year.

Obituary Written by the Eastern Daily Press 24/10/00

††††††††

F PRATT GREEN -- MEMORIAL SERVICE

A Memorial Celebration is planned for Saturday, June 9, 2001, at Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London EC1 from 1400-1600. If you wish to receive further information please contact Bernard Braley whose details are in the next item.

Notes from FPG's executor

As Fred's executor, biographer and friend, this note is addressed to those named in Fred's address books or those who wrote or sent letters or cards to him in recent years [and thus in due course reached your editor].

A limited number of copies of the Order of Fred's Funeral Service held on November 3 are available.*

A limited edition illustrated Memorial Biographical Volume has been commissioned by the Pratt Green Trust. It is expected to be A4 size and about 112 pp. It will not be on sale in bookshops and will cost about £10, plus postage.*

*For further information please send stamped sae to Bernard Braley, [And see next item.]

I understand that Fred's last poetry anthology *The Old Couple* is now out of print [ed: there are a few left]. Fred's fifty favourite poems are included in *Later Hymns and Ballads and Fifty Poems*. His earlier hymns are printed in *Hymns and Ballads of Fred Pratt Green*. There are still left a few dozen copies of his verse about life in old age at Cromwell House entitled *The Last Lap*. These three books are available through bookshops or from the publisher, Stainer & Bell Ltd., PO Box 110, 23 Gruneisen Road, Finchley, London N3 9BZ (if you would like one, please contact ☎020 8343 3303, sales@stainer.co.uk). Also there are some remaining copies of Bernard Braley's *Hymnwriters 3 (biographies of George Herbert, Edward Plumptre, Robert Bridges and Fred Pratt Green)* available from the same source. (Also available in Canada and the USA from Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stram, Ill 60188, USA)

Fred's 51 hymn writing scrapbooks are held at Emory University, Atlanta and a duplicate set is housed with the Pratt Green Collection in Durham University library. For information of the activities of the Pratt Green Trust, a charity set up by Fred in 1984 to benefit hymnody and church music, please contact the Chairman of the Trustees, Canon Alan Luff, 12 Heol Tyn y Cae, Cardiff, CF4 6DJ. ☎ and fax 029 20 616 023; luff@globalnet.co.uk

††††††††

Funeral Service for FPG

Sadly it is not possible due to space restraints to give more than an outline of the funeral service which took place on November 3, 2000 led by the church minister the Rev M R Corney but as I thought our readers would like to know what music was included it is here set out in brief:

Opening Voluntaries: Pastorale from Sonata No. 1 (Alexandre Guilmant), Chorale from Toccata, Chorale and Fugue (Francis Jackson); Rhosymedre (Ralph Vaughan Williams); Chorale Prelude *Schmücke dich, O liebe seele* (J S Bach)

Hymns: Now thank we all our God (Martin Rinkart trans Catherine Winkworth) sung to Nun Danket - requested by Fred; An Upper Room did our Lord prepare (FPG) sung to O Waly, Waly (arr. John Whitridge Wilson); The Church of Christ, in every age (FPG) sung to Herongate (arr. Vaughan Williams); Son of God, if thy free grace, chosen by Fred (Charles Wesley) sung to Gersau (Lewis Meadows White)

Psalm: No. 23 The Lord is my Shepherd

Readings: John 14 vv 1-6 and 27; Romans 8 vv 28 and 31-39, read by Rev A G Cox (Norwich Circuit Superintendent) and Ray Lucas (friend for over 50 years)

respectively.

Appreciation: as poet, hymnwriter and friend by Berbard Braley.

Poems: *Question and Answer* and *Slackwater Stillness* read by his former ward Elizabeth Shepherd.

Appreciation: as a Methodist Minister by Rev M L Braddy (East Anglia Methodist District Chairman).

Musical Reflection: on the hymn tune *East Acklam* (the choice of John Wilson, FPG's trusted and respected mentor, for the hymn *For the fruits of all creation*) by Ronald Watson, the organist for the service and collaborator and friend.

Poem: Going to Church in the Mini-Bus read by Victor Green, nephew, in thanksgiving for the care and nurture received by FPG and his wife at Cromwell House and at the church.

Closing Voluntary: Fugue in E β major *St Anne* J S Bach

Finally, at the committal, part of Mahler's Fourth Symphony - a favourite with Fred, was played.

††††††††

Over the years, Memories and Meetings with Pratt Green

Genista W. Dawson (1931-38, 1945-50 Staff)

As a new girl at Hunmanby in 1931, I learnt of the arrival in the September of a new Chaplain, F Pratt Green. In due course I met him at the Bible class to which I was allocated, and when he took either Morning Prayers or a School Service.

As pupils we were aware of the romance between him and our French mistress, Miss Marjorie Dowsett. After their marriage they were sent to the small Yorkshire town of Pool-in-Wharfedale, where much hard work and preparation went into acquiring a house for them, suitably equipped and homely, as their Manse; the previous incumbents living in a flat.

We at our school have been well aware of the hymn or school song he wrote for us. It has a singular beauty and reverence all of its own and was sung at our lamp services. We still sing it at gatherings of former pupils – now that our school is closed.

Little did I know I was to meet with Pratt Green again – in 1969 the (late) headmistress, Miss Mary Bray OBE, asked me to take part in the Memorial Service to our founder headmistress. Miss Bray knew I was a personal friend of [Harry] and asked me to pay tribute to her life in a eulogy at the service. To take the service – our first school Chaplain Rev F Pratt Green. Can you imagine being asked to “share the pulpit” with the then so well known hymn writer we had known so many years ago?

As OGs will know I compiled a book about Hunmanby and its historic locality - mentioned in the Domesday Book. This book naturally had to contain a copy of both music and words from our school song, known as the "Flamebearer". During research for the book, I came across a carol written by Rev P. Green which I also included: *A Knocking - Who knocks - Who Knocks So Late On My Door?*

Moving on - we learn that on going into a residential home following the death of his wife Marjorie, Pratt Green had sent off his hymn writings and records to the Library of Hymnology at Durham University. Through an approach from a Hunmanby pupil from York I was asked if I could assist in gathering any items of F. Pratt Green's writing, etc. for the Library which I gladly did and I record that they had no knowledge of the Carol until they saw the whole in my book.

As a school we were known to "live as a family", and we regularly have get-togethers, reunions, celebration dinners from the North to the South of Britain! One such gathering took was in Norfolk in 1997 - naturally knowing of Rev F. Pratt Green's residence at Cromwell House in Norwich - my friend and I went to see him as have many others from Hunmanby. What a cheerful time we had - remembering me from 1969 was quite a surprise.

And we all know and love the hymn that he wrote from us - all those long years ago - I hope it will, even with our youngest members, bring back happy memories of our wonderful school - Hunmanby hall, the author of our hymn.

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UPDATE ON THE REDEVELOPMENT AT HH

Opening of the Show Flat

On Saturday July 15 I was delighted to be going to HH for the opening of a show flat in the South Wing. I was introduced to Mrs. Ward; she and her husband are now the owners and developers of the Wings. Mrs. Ward showed me round the flat and said how much she and her husband were enjoying the challenge of the development.

There were several other people looking round the flat and eventually we all gathered at the foot of the portico steps for the official opening. There was now a red ribbon tied across between the two pillars. Mr. Nicholson, the Estate Agent, said a few words introducing Mr. and Mrs. Ward.

Mr. Ward then said how much he and his wife loved the area around Hunmanby and how they were enjoying the great challenge of developing the apartments in the Wings. He made particular mention of the Site Manager, Mr. P. Watson, carrying out a magnificent task with his team of workers. He had great confidence in Mr. Watson who took charge of all the work, while he, Mr. Ward, was in London.

Mr. Nicholson then called upon Nancy Plunkett to cut the tape and so officially open the show flat. Nancy said a few words of appreciation and how interested she had been in watching the progress of the development. Nancy then cut the tape and was presented with a bouquet of flowers. We then went up the South Wing stairs from the Portico to the flat to enjoy refreshments.

The show flat is on the first floor of the South Wing and consists of a living room with dining area, two bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom. There is a patio door opening out onto a balcony looking over the West Drive. The dining end of the living room, the kitchen and the bathroom overlook the Quadrangle. Mrs. Ward had arranged the furnishing of the flat which I thought was very impressive and appeared to be of a very high standard.

The "Wings" seem to be in good hands. Anyone interested in occupying an apartment should move quickly as the best are already under offer.

JOAN MARSHALL.



Why not buy a stake in HH?

Many people have bemoaned the fact that we no longer have a right to visit at will our beloved old school and its grounds (apart from the woods, on payment of a small fee to the Sports Club). I have thus been in negotiation with the Wards to see whether it is possible to rectify this in some small way.

The proposal is that a limited company is formed and shares are made available to those prepared to invest in a flat. It is inevitable that the investment will be significant since the cost of the flats is high to which stamp duty, lawyers' fees, land registry fees, furnishing costs and a sum to provide for the annual costs will have to be added. I believe we need to raise a minimum of £100,000. Assuming that figure, £2,000 will in effect give the right to one week's use of the flat each year. So it will be a type of time-share for those who invest. The aim would be that the flat would be kept until the last original shareholder(s) agreed to sell but of course in the interim shares would be saleable within private company rules.

I am currently looking at a two bedroom flat in either the West Wing (ground floor with a patio where, roughly, Forms 3A and 3AP, later a library were) or a top floor flat in the South Wing over the gym. The Wards have agreed to parley provided we are able to consider exchanging contracts in the early part of 2001 - end of January, beginning of February.

Please contact me as a matter of extreme urgency if you are seriously interested - ie ready and willing to put up the funds and NOT BACK OUT. I do not want to waste everyone's time by pursuing a chimaera.

All the flats in the Hall are sold and, should you want details and a colour brochure, they are available from Nicholsons, 25 Belle Vue Street, Filey, YO14 9HU.

ERICA STARY



ARCHIVE NEWS

All items in this category which I [Genista Dawson (Dawson)] have had or collected over the years are now in Hunmanby, to be set up as records of our school in the Community Centre. Some form of official opening is still to be arranged.

The Heads' photographs, professionally-taken pictures of the first four Headmistresses: the Misses Hargreaves, Darby, Bray and Jefferson, are now back and hung in the Old Hall by courtesy of Mr and Mrs Bruce Atkinson, the new owners.



FOR THE RECORD[†]

The Chairmen of the Association since its foundation are:

To1957 Miss F A Hargreaves
1957-59 Joan Marshall
1959-60 Margaret Beauchamp*
1960-61 Genista Dawson (Everest)
1961-62 Peggy Siggs (Hemmant)*
1962-63 Molly Moore (Hibberd)*
1963-64 Peggie Burton
1964-65 Kathleen Jones (Towilson)*
1965-66 Dorothy Hare (Webster)
1966-67 Joyce Chadeyron (Barker)
1967-68 Audrey McLeavy (Henderson)
1968-69 Joan Hollows (Smith)
1969-70 Margaret Beaumont (Scaife)
1970-71 Betty Major (Townend)

* now deceased

1971-72 Joyce Johnson (Knapton)
1972-73 Mary Martin (Turner)
1973-74 Dorothy Parkinson (Hunter)
1974-75 Mary Willis (Skinner)
1975-76 Marion Constable (Ellison)
1976-77 Anne Handley (Lister)
1977-78 Beryl Lindley (Knapton)
1978-79 Lesley Holdsworth (Moore)
1979-80 Alison Moore (Patrick)
1980-81 Judy Burdass (Megginson)
1981-82 Gill Stevenson (Foster)
1982-83 Margaret Faulkner
1983-84 Mary Burdass (Bradshaw)
1984-85 Marie Gibson (Rickells)

1985-86 Ann Shanks (Christian)
1986-87 Adèle Crowe (Ferguson)
1987-89 Rachel Webster (Greensitt)
1989-91 Rachel Pallister (Mason)
1991-93 Patricia Wyatt (Lewis)
1993-95 Jenny Milner (Posnett)
1995-97 Rosi Smith (Rawson)
1997-99 Erica Stary (Smith)
1999-00 Joan Marshall

2000- **Caroline Donsworth (Bramley)**

[†] repeated with editorial apologies for omitting one chairman accidentally last year



CYCLING FOR CHARITY

Well, I did it! What? you may ask. 250 jolly hard miles in Jordan, Egypt and Israel raising funds for Queen Charlotte's Hospital in March with the aim of helping those one in 6 couples who seek fertility advice, people suffering from gynaecological cancers, neonates and others. And thank heavens for all that training - in the event going to the gym every day after work and also at the weekend paid off. So what was it like? I can candidly say that if I had known in advance just how gruelling it would be, I would not have considered it at all, let alone volunteered.

The first day was relatively easy: arrive Tel Aviv on overnight flight, bus to a kibbutz at the top of the Dead Sea, have breakfast and pick up bikes. Then whilst getting used to strange-to-us vehicles also plunge straight in to riding on the right. The journey took us over the Allenby Bridge into Jordan and down to a Dead Sea resthouse where in the late afternoon and soon-to-be-setting sun we bathed in the sea - deliciously warm and smooth but not so buoyant as to read a paper without getting it wet.

The following day saw us taking the rolling road towards Aqaba - it was very steep in places with corresponding freewheeling down the other side. The views were spectacular. My chain broke and so I was able to watch everyone cycle past whilst I waited for the mechanics. Lunch was part way to Karak (a crusader fortress) on a steeply rising road and we were mostly exhausted on arrival. The afternoon was an optional finish of that ride, reckoned to be the stiffest in the middle east and I saw what they meant as I managed one curve at a time before getting off to catch my breath. Those with sense opted out. There then followed a bus ride to the village next to Petra where, on arrival at 21.30 (incidentally most mornings started at 05.30), we discovered a Turkish bath and after supper several of us went - much to Miriam Stoppard's professional dermatological concern. I don't know if it's normally mixed, but it was that night and a great giggle was had by all.

Day 3 saw us initially visiting Petra - wonderful and deserves a much longer visit - then proceeding on fast-deteriorating roads which ended up in large stone tracks, very steep and occasionally one's wheels were embedded deep in soft sand so one fell off and had to push 'til the going got harder (sorry, more firm - it remained hard). The journey made my arms and shoulders ache with braking and controlling but eventually late afternoon saw us all safely in the Bedou camp where we were staying the night, near Roberts' Rock. Chargrilled lamb and couscous never tasted so good.

Wednesday had us finishing off the desert track and onto the fast, but long, more or less flat road to Aqaba. We had a deadline to meet - 4pm ferry to Nuweiba. Outside Aqaba we waited for our colleagues as the trip to the port had a police escort - most impressive as we cycled through red lights, had priority on roundabouts and on entry into major roads. True to Middle Eastern timing, we did not leave till about 7pm (though in the meantime we had amazed the locals by an impromptu exercise class in the terminal) and by the time we had cleared the Egyptian customs it was well after 10pm.

Our last cycling day was through the Sinai desert from 0 - 7000 ft thus mainly uphill. It should have been a relative doddle with a tailwind, instead the aftermath of a massive sand storm gave us such a strong headwind that even on the few downward runs one had to cycle hard to keep going and many did not. Our three male experts said they had never had it so hard so it was with real pleasure and satisfaction that I arrived on bike at our hotel as the sun was setting making the mountains cast long shadows.

Even so we were up at 2.30am, and bussed to just below St Katharine's monastery to climb Mt Sinai to see the sunrise (ha! ha! it was cloudy). Anyone who believed the manmade path and steps would make the climb easy-peasy was sadly disillusioned. It was gruelling, the wind was still strong, it was -2° plus the wind chill factor. The so-called stairs were hunks of rock of different sizes and made the going very tough - most of us ended up with serious muscle stiffness which lasted several days. Two of us kept going by taking our minds off the ordeal with guessing games.

Would I go again? Definitely yes. In fact, I am off for the same fund next Autumn. (Idiot, I hear you say.) I really enjoyed myself. It's proved to me that even at nearly 60 one can still do tough (?mad) things. Also I have been truly bowled over by everyone's generous response to my request for support. What's more, the Association was one of my kind and generous sponsors. To my amazement, I collected over £10,600 for the cause. This of course makes it well-nigh impossible to raise funds for next time since I daren't go back to those who gave to me before. The centre has now been opened but they still need over £2.5m. If you would like to sponsor me for October- November 2001 please send cheque payable to The Institute Trust Fund to me - address in committee list. Thanks.

ERICA STARY 1952-59



VISIT TO TOGO

In March this year, I was privileged to be one of four representatives from the British Methodist Conference to the autonomy celebrations of the Methodist Church in Togo. I had attended my first Synod in Africa in Aneho, Togo, over forty years ago, so it was a real pleasure to return.

On arrival, I was taken to my hosts in the capital, Lome. John Manasse Aquereburu took one look at me and exclaimed, "You taught me English!" He had been an eleven year old at the *Cours Secondaire Protestant* in Cotonon, Benin – the former French colony of Dahomey, where I had taught from 1959 to 1963. He is now a wealthy exporter of teak to Asia and the Far East. It was a thrilling surprise to renew old links. I met others whom or whose relatives I knew or had known which gave me an immediate acceptance as one of the family.

Africa is a strange mixture of the advanced and the age-old traditional, epitomised for me by something I saw in Kpalime, 120 km from the coast. On one side of the street was a shop with a notice "E-MAIL, FAX, PHOTOCOPYING"; on the other side, the women and children were coming with their great enamel bowls to a communal tap to get water and were leaving, carrying their waterbowls on their heads as they have for millennia. One in five of the world's population does not have access to clean water and sanitation. When the world's population reaches 8bn that statistic will rise to one in two.

I saw two projects recently begun by the Church. The first was in Aneho, a craft school set up by the women to provide a broad, general education for the girls together with technical training in dyeing cloth and dressmaking. I met the first 8 girls when I officially opened the centre which had been supported by funds from Network (British Methodism's women's movement). They were dressed in cloth they had dyed and made up themselves. They gave us a demonstration of their techniques and had an exhibition of their cloths and garments. They were working with old treadle Singer machines, though there was one modern machine for doing embroidery. The iron was an old charcoal iron like the flat irons now in our museums [and dare I state, well-used in the cookery room at HH even in the 50s, ed] This training would enable the girls to earn a living and support their families after marriage in a country where unemployment is running at 35 per cent.

The second project was in a suburb of Lome called Penuel. This was the first stage of a medical centre containing a consulting room, pharmacy, laboratory, examination room and an observation room. The pharmacy was inadequately stocked, while the laboratory was due to be equipped within the next month. In the next two years, it is hoped to complete the second phase which will provide a pre- and post- natal centre, a vaccination programme for the children and a room for minor surgery. This will provide affordable medical care for the local community.

The service on the last Sunday, which marked the legal hand-over of independence to the Church in Togo, drew a congregation of 3000 in a temperature near 100°F. It began at 0900 and finished at 1400 with communion. Everyone was wearing the same cloth in true African visible evidence of the rejoicing. Independence is theirs, but they still value their links with the British church. The sense of a world-wide family is my abiding memory of my time in Togo.

MISS JEAN RUTHERFORD, *Headmistress 1986 - 1991*



2000 - A SOMEWHAT INTERESTING YEAR

February Following renewing links with the Association and myself I heard from Margaret Singleton (Sheldrake) in Taunton, Somerset - enquiring again after her great friend at HH Dorothy Scott (Kirkley) of York. Although Dorothy came here in 1997 I had not heard news of her leaving Easingwold. Much research to help Margaret revealed that Dorothy was now at Hartrigg Oaks in New Earswick, York, the Rowntree Trust development, and was happily settled in a bungalow.

March I made a return to the City of Leeds, where I lived for many years, taking Anne Wragg (Wright) to the Queen's Hotel - to a Millennium Luncheon for Leeds Civic Trust. I was on the original Council of the Trust and worked for them for 12 years. After enjoying a pleasant lunch we were first addressed by the Lord Mayor of Leeds and then heard an address from Chris Smith, Minister for Culture. Over 300 present and both Anne and myself renewed quite a few friendships, as you can imagine.

April My 80th birthday month, in which I enjoyed a two day stay at Wraglan House as a birthday present!

May Another venue well known to many of us, The Lake District, saw Joan Senior and myself heading for Bowness on Windermere. Here we met up with Margaret Mail (Music Staff) for a week. Prior to travelling I had contact OGs in the area and some of them came in for lunch one day, Mrs Cuckson (Miss Frost - Music Staff) also joined us.

June Probably the initial enquiry came to me in May - but continued through June and July - from a local Poppleton resident who was collecting millennium archive material for the local library. As I had over the months obtained photos of John Wesley from Methodist House, London, to frame and hang in the Red Lion Motel in the village (formerly Poppleton House Farm) I immediately passed on this details and we went and photographed the three framed items, which commemorated the 1743 visit of John Wesley to the farmhouse - staying there with Mr & Mrs Hodgson and family.

Through long years of friendship with Alan and Mildred Taylor - Filey and Brookfield Riding Schools - I was able to provide Poppleton archives with a further item of history. Mildred Taylor told me, on knowing I had come to live in Poppleton, that she had lived with her father at Poppleton Hall. Her father was in employment as General Factotum to the owners.

On contacting Keith Taylor JP (her son) in Scarborough he forwarded three very special items. Two photographs of his mother (as a girl) standing outside the Hall, and an ancient postcard with a poem on the reverse about the village. We were told that Mildred's father was an accomplished poet - hence the poem - and Keith told me he collaborated with the artist Margaret W Tenant. Several of his verses appear on cards that were printed all those years ago.

Before the Millennium Year is over it is hoped to recognise John Wesley's stay in the village by placing a suitable plaque on the Red Lion Motel.

Further letters and phone calls from Taunton from Margaret Singleton - searching for Dorothy - as previously mentioned. I eventually went to the centre and spent an hour with Dorothy - not in her own bungalow - but along with her husband - in the Nursing Wing, both having had strokes and her husband has a progressive illness as well. News of my visit (Dorothy very poorly and weak) of course went straight to Margaret in Taunton to her great relief. She had had no news for three years at least.

July A complete surprise enquiry came to me from a gentleman in Southampton. Very anxious to trace a one time pupil of our school in the 60s - when Miss Darby was head. Her name Dorothy Claire Tabb. She was sent to Hunmanby from Kent under rather unhappy family circumstances at the age of 14. In her early 20s she committed suicide. The enquiry was made in order to complete a booklet of her life as a memorial. The enquirer was in York at a conference and we met him there and hope our details were of help to him.

August On a brighter side Joan Senior and myself enjoyed the August Bank Holiday in Filey staying at the White Lodge Hotel. What a happy time we had- what an excellent hotel it is.

The new owner Miss Wagstaff told me that her mother was on the staff at our school for six years. I took her a copy of the *Conqueror's Gems*. I have since learnt she (the mother) was known as 'Waggy' and was either a Domestic Bursar or Housemistress - during Lady Appleyard's headship.

The reason for our stay over the weekend was to attend the Farewell Service at Cross Hill to Deacon Cedric May. The church was packed - two sermons, from the new Vicar at All Saints and of course from Cedric May himself. Phyllis Schuster in charge of both the church (as Chief Steward) and the choir - gave us some most

musical singing with her choir - and we all SANG the Lord's Prayer!

Our weekend was more than busy. On Saturday morning - with quite some qualms - we set foot in the Wings again to see the newly opened Show Flat on the first floor. It is in the South Wing (now Mitford House). West Wing is now Hargreaves House, the North Wing, Constable House.

I felt the flat, so very modern, was somewhat small. Two double bedrooms and modern wall fitted furnishings. The kitchen faces the Quad. The views from the sitting room and balcony over the Park were delightful. We could see people playing both tennis and golf in the park as well.

Also on Saturday we visited Mollie Scaman (Hicks) who is now permanently in the Residential Home at Hylands, a well known Filey Hotel.

During the weekend the weather was brilliant (Filey and HH looking their best). Our room looked out over the Bay and the Brigg. Superb!

Another delight we had was from meeting with people from Leeds who purchased a book from me as well as a flat (room 15/16) in the Hall. We were invited to have coffee and see their beautiful new home in the Hall,

GENISTA W. DAWSON, 1931-38, (Gant), 1945-50 (staff).



BLIND FAITH AND VISION

This summer I went to the Sussex Reunion and met Erica Stary who suggested I write for the *Javelin* a few lines about my recent project.

Some readers will know that when I left HH in 1964 I went to Sevenoaks to teach music in a school for the blind and visually impaired. Nowadays I am retired, but I arrange the annual concert for Old Pupils, which is quite easy as I know so many. A few of them are professional musicians.

About 3 years ago, I was talking to several former pupils after a very good concert. They agreed amongst themselves that they would like to be able to get more chances to play in gigs and concerts. They said if they could only afford to make a CD of themselves playing they could get on to a London Agent's books. I felt I should try to do something about this, so I started to make inquiries. The price of making one seems to vary but can be £2,000 plus.

I asked the school if they could put up the money if I did the work – answer was yes! I had a marvellous “scoop” in that a local church had just made a CD using an engineer who did it in his own free time for churches and charities. I contacted him – and found he was a headmaster! He agreed to come to see our school hall for recording in. I thought it would not be good enough acoustically, but he said it would be fine as he didn't personally like the very “dry” sound of studios.

I then had to choose the artistes to take part! I made a list of 10 and then another 10 – very hard to choose – but in the end I got 10 who were good enough and eager to come and be recorded. Being in their own school hall would make them feel more at ease, I thought.

The programme was made, and two dates in May (Saturdays) booked for recording. We were to record five on each Saturday. A former colleague agreed to help them and provide food and drink. The maximum time for each one was to be seven minutes (and seven minutes is the minimum you need for approaching a London agent). Of course, some people had several “takes” before they were satisfied, but it all worked out well.

I contacted a photographer to take photos of them that we could use for the sleeve. Again, he didn't charge me.

Then I wrote to Yehudi Menuhin (most famous violinist who has recently died) [and, *Ed*, founder of the Menuhin school in Surrey for gifted string players] sending the school brochure and asking him if he could kindly write a foreword for the sleeve. He did write a lovely one!

The engineer took the master copy to a friend who could cover up a few blemishes. I was asked to go to Bexley to see the man who was going to make the sleeve

on his professional computer. In fact, I went several times, till it was perfect. Then it all went to a factory in Horsham to make all the copies – with plastic boxes and sleeves. Besides the 1,000 CDs we also had 250 tapes made. The next thing was to decide the price and where we would be able to sell them. It was agreed to charge £10 for a CD and £7 for a tape.

We launched the sale on the next year's Old Pupils' Day – when we took £900. I took some to local shops and it was advertised in magazines for the blind, the local paper, "*In Touch*" (BBC) and all schools and colleges in the country for VI children and students.

Then we got an interview on Radio Kent one Sunday evening – quite nerve-wracking! I was only allowed to take two of the artistes.

Another idea was selling them at the Chelsea Flower Show and the Kent County Show. Unfortunately, these didn't do so well, because people were not so interested in musical tapes, etc on a sunny day in the summer.

One of the staff went on tour of other countries telling people about the latest equipment and methods for teaching the blind – and she took several CDs and tapes with her, giving them as presents to people in those countries.

It was a great project. We took in about £5,000 – but about half of that was for expenses. Two of the performers have done well out of it. One took part in some local concerts (singing) and the other, a jazz pianist, persuaded a London Agent to accept him, and has given concert tours: in the North, then the South East and then in London at the School of Economics, and so on. He has now got a CD of his own and has played at Ronnie Scott's – a famous jazz venue and other places, and has good write-ups from the critics. Watch this space!!

There are still some CDs left. If you would like a copy please use the tear off slip at the back of this issue. Proceeds will go to school funds. There is a variety of styles and instruments played, to suit everyone's taste!

E. JILL SMITH, *Gant Manor, Music Teacher 1952 - 64*

Ed: I have a copy of this CD and it is super. Many congratulations to Jill for her foresight and the loving care with which she undertook this self-imposed task.



THE TRAVELS OF A COLLAGE

with apologies to R L Stevenson

These words of description concern the Collage (there were two) made when the Governors and Head invited me to stage and arrange the Golden Jubilee Exhibition for the School – the Garden Party Weekend in 1978 – and its adventures until the present day (March 2000).

To describe myself: my background (I am not academic) is a golden-coloured thick linen canvas, and I am 13' long and 3'9" high! The materials and colours stretched across my surface made a beautiful picture of Filey Bay, as seen from Hunmanby Hall. Flamborough's white cliffs, the Yorkshire Wolds, the ploughed fields, beautiful flowers, flocks of sheep and, nearer to you, the village church of All Saints (or Gilbert de Gant's church o' the woods).

Before the final touches were made in 1978, my designer had to arrange for me to be taken to the School and hung but prior to this, and following local craftspeople's interest, my first journey was from Bardsey to Collingham near Wetherby to the Craft Fair in Collingham Village Hall. It was a pleasant afternoon as, hanging high on the wall, I enjoyed watching the visitors coming and going and hearing their comments.

On return to Bardsey (the birthplace of William Congreve) I was kept in the studio ready to travel in a few weeks to the Hunmanby Exhibition. A bungalow in Outgaits Lane in the village had been booked for the Golden Jubilee weekend. It was owned by the Taylor family of Brookfield Riding School. It had a lounge of great length and the floor there provided the ideal resting place for us both. (The second collage showed the South Wing, Portico and Muriel Wilson's Memorial Rose Garden.)

In due course, we were taken to hang as the background of the Exhibition in the extension room at the rear of Cross Hill Chapel, where we hung for the weekend and enjoyed seeing and hearing the many people who came along as part of the School's 50th year celebrations.

Other exhibits made included a life-sized statue of Gilbert de Gant and the Doomsday Book, a replica Lamp (modelled in pure copper), the Manor Shields and two dolls, 3 ft high, dressed in various school uniforms, together with Brownie and Guide models.

I didn't go with the other exhibits when they went to a room in the West Wing. Instead the sister of my designer took me across country, to Shropshire, a long journey (200 miles?) And she had great joy in hanging me in her bedroom in her cottage at Stoke St Milborough. After some years the owner moved, this time across the border into Wales, Powys, and again I was hung in a larger room upstairs, giving much joy to all who saw me.

The next upheaval after six years in Wales was to another home in Shropshire once more – Lydbury near Craven Arms. The years are passing from 1978 and I never expected to move again! However, after four years at Lydbury where I had not been hung but rested on a spare bed, arrangements were made for me to return to Yorkshire to the home of my creator and on March 2, 2000, I was packed carefully into a very large Toyota car for the return north to Nether Poppleton.

Staying here I was carefully assessed and repaired. Not a lot of work to be done after 20 years – and all that travelling – some binding along the top, re-fixing the tractor and attention to the trees and leaves. Whilst I was here I heard talk of my going back to Hunmanby. Could it really be true?

Well, on Tuesday March 28, I was duly handed over and put into the back of a Ford "People Carrier" for the journey back to the school where I was 20 years ago. It came to my knowledge that the driver of this vehicle (in which I could lie flat) was the new owner of Hunmanby Hall (Mrs Jean Atkinson).

I am now back in the Old Hall in yet another room – very, very beautiful: grand piano, Chinese carpet, settee and chairs, large coffee table, wood-burning stove and views of the park and lawns from all the windows. I am so very delighted to be here.

To say the original making of me was for the school, I have had an amazing and interesting time since I was created in 1978. Thank you everyone who has cared for me over those years!

GENISTA W DAWSON, 1931-38, (Gant), 1945-50 (staff).



NEWS FROM OLD GIRLS AND STAFF

Marjorie H Smith (King) 1929-31. 22 Hawthorn Avenue, Holcombe Brook, Bury, B20 9UZ

I was delighted to hear from the last *Javelin* that there are still some of my contemporaries around and I was very interested to hear about them all.

Since I last wrote, one of my granddaughters has attained her PhD and now has a job at the Institute of Physics in London. She has also recently announced her engagement so I look forward to the wedding next year.

Also I now have a fifth great grandson, born on December 30, 1999 (just missed the millennium). I also have 8 grandchildren so birthdays and Christmas can be very expensive!!

I still do water-colour painting and write poetry (when inspired). All this keeps me out of mischief.

I couldn't bear to go to Hunmanby again. I like to remember it from even before the North Wing was built and when the dining room was a dining room with long tables and a top table for Harry and the staff and there were maids in attendance! Unbelievable!...Silent reading in the Oak Room each Sunday, and the old wash cubicles in the old Hall, a distribution from our sweet/chocolate ration which was wisely limited and which we had handed in at the beginning of each term! I could go on and on – but those are my happy memories which no-one or anything can take from me.

I am not able to get to reunions and so I'll just keep taking the *Javelin* to keep me in touch.



Ursula Everest, Gant 1934-41, 2 Cedar Close, Presteigne, Powys LU2 8AU. ☎ 01544 260081

I was very sorry not to get to the York Luncheon after all. It was all planned that I would come up north with Genista (after her visit here) and my corgi and I would stay with her.

A few days before Gen came down here, his Lordship (who had been jumping in and out of the car and *hurtling* round the garden only a day or two before) “did” his back, as these long, low dogs quite often do. So there were frantic negotiations with vets and kennels and, although he was in good hands, I felt I ought to be on hand in case they needed my decision on treatment, though I did take the opportunity to make a day trip to Hampshire to visit my erstwhile deputy who is sadly now incapacitated with motor neurone disease. Once the dog is home I shall not be able to do such trips for a time.

As I was a rather late drop-out from the HH Lunch my place was set, and Genista has sent me the menu, Flamebearer leaflet and very nice ball-point pen for which I must thank the OGA. What a very nice souvenir of the occasion! I much regret not having managed to be there, for it seems to have been a huge success, much enjoyed and beautifully organised – and a splendid “turnout”. 280 I am told – the same number as there were girls in the school in my day. It must have sounded much like mealtime in the dining hall at HH! Many congratulations to all who were involved.

Ursula writes again:

I have been moving house, and at my age, and accompanied by one handicapped dog, it is time-consuming and exhausting. The dog – corgi, so long-backed and short-legged “did” a disc in his back in April! [see above] Just this week he has decided that he can wobble on four legs into the garden without my hoisting him on an old roller towel! So I still hope that one day he may be able to walk again. And of course there's the normal house-move chaos when one cannot recall just where one packed things away weeks and weeks ago!

I lived for six years – very happily – in this little border town (once the proud county town of a now-defunct Radnorshire) before going into Shropshire to be nearer to Shrewsbury to make use of the new Shropshire Records and Research Centre. I then had 2 dogs, a cat and 1/3 acre!

At 77 and with only “himself” hobbling left, I decided to return here; it's rather like coming home. My Guide Camper's Licence training always comes in useful for these domestic upheavals! I was enrolled in Miss Wilson's company at HH in 1934!



Genista Dawson (Everest), Gant 1931-38; staff 1945-50

[extracts from her letters to the acting editor when she sent some of her other contributions to the *Javelin*]

To our amazement, when Anne Handley (Lister) and I attended a craft exhibition in Harrogate in November we met Jennifer Percy (Pritchard), Jean Turner (Brodie)

Rommie and Gillian Stevenson (Foster). The last being exhibitors selling materials for clothing and craft and needlework items (their outlet is the Viking Loom in High Petergate).

Susan Boldry's (Beer) family business sells ia Christmas Trees at Stockton on the Forest, ☎01904 400429 - there is also a vintage and classic car collection to be viewed there.

It may be that we have another Lake District get-together soon following my meeting with a Bassen Fell pupil at the York lunch who still lives in Cumbria.

The bowl [awarded at the Luncheon] has been so admired and I am thrilled to have such a lovely gift.

My book, *The Conqueror's Gems*, has allowed us to make contact with the following members, some overseas, some long-lost:

Carol Petch Vidal in Mexico
Jill Petch Coveney in France
Emma Mountfield Fewkes in Derby
Sarah Mountfield Matlock in Jersey CI
Gordon Nendick (staff) in Australia
Jill Smith (staff) in Sevenoaks
Judith Nicolson Smith (staff) in Darlington
Cynthia Pratt Everett-Alan in London
Pamela Owen Head in Pickering
Diane Welby Zeppell in Australia
Joyce McAbe Pyburn in Chipping Norton
Jean Goldie Hebblethwaite in Harrogate
Mary Rimington Webster in Fowey,. Cornwall
and many others.

Genista kindly sent on letters, extracts from which are reproduced below, which were sent to her by some of those with whom she is in contact.

* * * * *

First **Jill Petch Coveney** *Sur Le Roche, Laparade, 47260 Castlemoron S/Lot, France*

Genista states that the chance happening of Carol (Jill's sister) being sent a copy of the *Yorkshire Ridings*, which carried an article about her book *Conqueror's Gems* resulted in her requesting copies to be sent to her in Mexico and to her sister in France:

Jill writes: ... re the lunch at York, impossible to attend but have sent a donation to Caroline Donsworth. My husband had a bad car accident in September and makes good progress, but we are unable to do any travelling for a while yet.

My sister Carol Petch [Vidal]'s son Philip spent a few days with us in May whilst on his honeymoon in Europe which was wonderful. He took his wife to see old haunts in Yorkshire. He directs a hotel on the west coast of Mexico.

A visit from Rachel Quarmbly Garnett had us pouring over the *Conqueror's Gems* - Rachel is my only contact with HH days and a wonderful nearly 60 years friendship

Jill then writes to the Association:

How lovely it was to hear from Genista. I have been in France for 12 years, but travelling is tailed as my husband is recovering from a car accident in September 1999.

* * * * *

Second **Carol Petch Vidal**, *Mexico*

This has been such an exciting year for us so I decided to write a Christmas [99] newsletter or I should not have time to tell all of you our news. Well, here goes. I eventually got rid of the splint on my leg at the end of January. Having has a stiff leg for nearly 2 months, what a relief! I also celebrated my hip replacement's 2nd birthday.

We have had two Rotary trips this year, in February we went to the International Institute in Anaheim, Calif. and in September to the Latin American Institute in Merida, Yucatan, Mexico. It was so good to see so many old friends there.

April, the month of our wedding of the year: Philip married Pilar Moreira on April 24 in Cuernavaca. My sister in law and her son came from Canada for the wedding and whilst the honeymooners were in Europe, the Vidals occupied their house in Puerto Vallarta. Our happiness was crowned when they told us we are to be grandparents next year.

Last month Fernando had a weekend in Las Vegas at a Big Smoke event. He was on the panel of cigar experts.

...[re the lunch in York] I am afraid I cannot attend as my husband and I are planning a visit to Buenos Aires in June for the International Rotary Convention and one just cannot (afford to!) fly off in all directions.

* * * * *

Third, **Ruth Moffoot (Hugill)** *living in Sidney BC.*

Genista comments that coincidentally her husband was in the same medical practice as the brother-in-law of the late sometime PE mistress at school, Joan Whalley.

Ruth writes: thank you for keeping me posted on what's going on – can't manage the big lunch in March but hopefully next year's AGM. We had some time with the family this year – none to robust: a bad year for mum (her knees) one replaced and one awaiting....

* * * * *

Fourth, **Lettie Twidle Kierstead** *1929-34. St John's, New Brunswick, BC*

Genista says that they have kept in touch since the publishing of the *Conqueror's Gems*.. It was Lettie who particularly asked her to put pen to paper and compile the anthology of our school.

* * * * *

Fifth, **Winsome Charley Haight** *living in Englewood, NJ*

Genista's potted note is that Winsome came to school in 1930, daughter of a Methodist minister and that she has lived in the USA since her marriage, the letter is

extracted from her Christmas 99 letter which had the charming poem below on the back of the envelope:

May this letter reach its destination
Through sunshine, rain or snow.
May God bless all who handle it;
And its safe delivery show
That to those beneath the eaves
Of the house for which 'twas meant
It, too, has brought His blessings,
Not least, upon the one to whom
This note was sent

Winsome writes [OGs will recall the sad news of her husband's death reported last year] I've been trying to unload all the surplus we have in this house. Twelve rooms loaded with the family things "they" don't want to throw away!! I'm amazed at all I have kept over the years.

We've just had 10 days of frosty mornings – really my kind of weather – plenty of zip and get up and go has returned. Now it's back to 60's and 70's F which is most unusual for November here on the East Coast.

I now have three great grandchildren in Maine and Mass. Never thought I'd get to my 80th year with all my ancestors dying so young! Must be all that good diet at HH in those growing years!!

I'm amazed they can keep the *Javelin* going strong, all credit to those who give so much of themselves to produce it. [thanks, it's good to know we are appreciated as we sit here slogging at putting in the copy onto computer after a hard day's work. edd various]

I've finally joined the computer world and am having lots of fun exploring the Internet. I like the e-mail part best, but do often lose a letter and have to wait for my No. 2 daughter Laureen to pop in and get it back! I also enjoy the word and general knowledge games – they do help to keep one on one's toes. [Winsome: why not email your copy for next year's *Javelin*: it'd save me having to type it in, ed]

... Never a dull moment over here – and I've met quite a few new Brits who have joined the "Daughters of the British Empire", not my style, I refer the Overseas Wives Club which we've had since 1948....

I'm in touch with Sheila Heap Gatehouse and Marge Jay Vifot. Cheerio, all the best for 2000.

* * * * *

Sixth, **Pat Goodall Pearson** Head Girl 1948. S. Australia

Genista notes that Pat's sister Heather Pennington was also Head Girl and that Pat's interest is botany.

Pat writes:...It was most kind of you to send me details of the next HH meeting, but I'm afraid I shan't be in the UK this coming year. I will tell Heather when next I write, and I am shortly to send a Christmas card to Liz Winter and will tell her in that. It would be lovely if they could attend (and report back to me)!

It strikes me that it is taking rather a long time to sell different parts of HH? I must say when Heather and I had a look around (it must have been '88) I was appalled at the condition of the modern part; seemed a real fire trap to me with creaking wooden floor and all those wooden (very dry now) cubicles – would go up very quickly once it got alight. Perhaps they will have some modern means of fireproofing it, if they do go ahead converting it into flats.

[Ed interjection: the cubicles and cupboards have been stripped from the Wings, in some cases even before the school closed to allow for more larger sitting/meeting rooms for the dwindling school rolls. All the windows in the Wings are being replaced.]

I have still got my friend Joe from around the corner and we watch TV, walk the dog, go to the cinema/shopping centres together, and also enjoyed two weeks centered in Perth, WA, in August/September, visited my elder stepdaughter near there and her family (now married and grown up) as well as doing two lovely bus tours 4 and 2 days respectively. It was great!



Finally, **Miss Pauline Beaumont** Deputy Head for many years to 1958 [and your acting editor's excellent French teacher, ed believes also Cecil Manor Mistress],

It was good to hear about HH and the way it is at present, and I'm glad you're pleased with the arrangements as they've worked out. Thank you for sending the application form to book for the Millennium lunch. If I lived nearby I would certainly attend but it seems such a long way to travel so I will just thank you very much and hope you'll all have a wonderful time. I enjoyed the one lunch I did attend, at the Viking Hotel wasn't it, I don't know how many years ago?...



Patricia Ollerenshaw, Cecil 1941-47

No exciting Ecuadorian holidays this year, but I have enjoyed several short breaks in the Dales and the Lakes. In May, I prided myself on climbing Pen-y-ghent while staying up in Ribblesdale, then relaxed in beautiful Dentdale - a quiet peaceful dale, with quaint little Dent "town", as it is known, where Adam Sedgwick was born – the first professor of Geology.

In August, I went with Inter Church Travel on a pilgrimage to Walsingham and the Cathedrals of the Fens. We enjoyed a glorious day in Cambridge, where we visited Kings College Chapel, and saw wonderful Ely Cathedral. I also visited Cromwell's House there, and Norwich Cathedral and nearby Wymondham Abbey. Unfortunately the shrines at Walsingham did not inspire me, but I enjoyed the tour of the Priory Gardens and liked the old world village.

This year our Parish Church has been celebrating 900 years of worship on the site, though there was a Saxon church before the Norman church. The present church was built in 1438. In April, school children performed Benjamin Britten's *Noyes Fludde* in church and next month (October) they will perform the *Gargoyles' Tale* – the story of the Parish Church and surrounding area through the eyes of the Gargoyles. In June, we had a wonderful "Fanfare of Flowers" – fifty arrangements depicting life in Halifax and District through the years.

My last break will be to my favourite area of the Lakes, Borrowdale, glorious in its Autumn colours. And at the end of October I shall be entertaining friends from Australia for three days.



Jean Patricia Anderson (Bennison), 1942-46, Derbys

Having lived in Scotland 1981-1998, we removed back to Derbyshire to be nearer the family. A son in Chesterfield, a step-daughter in Oxfordshire and a son in Bavaria.

With an 11 year old grandson in Chesterfield, an 11 year old step-grandson and 6 year old step-granddaughter in Oxfordshire and a 17 year old step-granddaughter in Germany, also an 11 year old granddaughter and a new baby girl expected early August 2000 in Germany, the family is growing.

The countryside in Derbyshire is beautiful and we spend many happy hours round and about. This life of retirement cannot be beaten.

The one thing I would like to know and perhaps it could be printed for others who do not know the history is why HH ceased to exist. I was very surprised when a few years ago I learned about this. Perhaps we could be informed what happened at the end. Was the school warned it would be closing or did it happen suddenly? What happened to all the pupils? Did they go to other boarding schools? Why was the decision made to close and , just generally,what happened?



Yvonne Hallaways, Surrey

I really enjoyed meeting up with everyone at the 2000 York lunch reunion, in particular my 'O' level class of 1983. Despite being a "day-girl" (and having a teacher as a parent) I really felt part of HH and enjoyed my time there.

I have been married to Jules (whom I met at University) for nearly ten years and have two little boys Wesley (21 months) and Kelsey (5 months). We live in Addlestone, near Weybridge, Surrey, with two ageing cats.

When I left HH, I went to Brunel University and did a Manufacturing Engineering degree. I am now working as a Production Engineer in a small manufacturing company in Sunbury-on-Thames. It's quite a challenge getting out of the house, the boys to the Nursery, and me to work by 8.30am every morning - so I go to work for a rest!

Our social life has been slightly curtailed since the arrival of the children, but we have several baby sitters on hand which let us see the outside world at least once a week! We occasionally get back up to Yorkshire, mainly to visit parents and relatives, but it is a bit of an expedition at the moment.

My younger sister, Diane, ('O' level year 1985) works for Nielson as a holiday rep. As I write, she is in Banff, Alberta, Canada. But she has travelled and worked all over the world, including NZ, Australia, France (she now thanks Mrs. Julia Brown for her fluent French!), Switzerland, Austria, and, of course, now Canada.

My mother, Iris Hallaways (Chemistry teacher) is now retired, living back up in Yorkshire after a 7 year period in Croydon, London, and thoroughly enjoying it. I don't know when she found time to work! But she still takes private pupils - with excellent results (if anyone needs some extra tuition!).

If anyone wants to contact me, then please do so.



Winsome D Haight (Charley), Mitford 1930-38. New Jersey, USA

I just remembered to send in my annual dues, and then remembered I needed to complete our family book with a photo of the ancestral home located in Chorley, Lancs. First I send Greetings to all the folk of Hunmanby going back to 1938, I think I have all but two of the school mags since that date, they make good reading. Hope I'm not too late to ask if anyone in the Lancashire area could advise me where to write to get a copy of a picture of "Chorley Hall". I tried on the computer but no success; I hear the hall was torn down several years ago, I know it had a moat around, and had a smeared copy of the place when it was up for sale about 150

years ago. I also know Beatrice Potter's great grandfather bought it at that time. Is there an historical society in Chorley, or nearby where I could write or EMail? Quite a history to the family, one chap was beheaded back in the 1600 era. We Royalists were always getting into trouble one way or another!! Now I know why I was a rebel in my HH days!!! Ha Ha .It took a long time to track down. Every good wish for the coming year to all readers of this faithful magazine. PS Keep the flame burning!!!

She e-mailed again: Thanks very much, I may be lucky!! All of you people need a big pat on the back for keeping this JAVELIN ALIVE, hope it's going for many years, Love and again thanks, From Winsome. PS Just heard a big snow may be coming our way, I hope not as the hefty snow blower we now have is too heavy for me to control, I can't afford to break a hip at the grand ol age of 80,PPS All the world is having a good laugh over the antics of the election. The e-mail jokes are rolling in, always good for a hearty laugh!! Cheerio and God Bless you all. [She and I - your acting editor - now seem to be on regular email terms]



Erica Stary (Smith), Constabl, London

It has been the usual chaotic year – far too much crammed into far too little time, but our thesis has always been that this life is not a rehearsal.

My first major activity (apart from work, that is) was the bike ride for Queen Charlotte's (see above). I came back from that so euphoric that the idea of ever having to do any exercise again seemed extraordinary but a month or so later I watched my body slowly losing its firm shape and thus I am back at the gym 3 - 4 days a week, feeling much better for it and the heart rest rate is an acceptable 51bpm.

We then had our major holiday - in Tibet. It had been my dream ever since reading *Seven Years in Tibet* all those years ago at HH and seeing photos of Tibet in the *Manchester Guardian* at the time of the Chinese invasion in the mid 50s. I have thus spent some time trying to fix it since flying to Peking and working back towards Tibet did not appeal plus we were advised that it was better to travel via Nepal and go over the passes (to help avoid or reduce altitude sickness). The downside of this mechanism is that the Chinese insist on at least 6 on the group visa and you can only get the visa in Kathmandu (and the Chinese embassy there is not open every day).

After much effort the previous fall circulating likely adventurers, we ended up with the required 6 - me and my husband Michael, three lawyers and one professor-scientist. We met up at Heathrow for the flight – alas for the best laid plans...the flight was cancelled and we rested overnight at a local hotel! This in turn resulted in an enforced stay in Doha (not to be recommended - all alcohol was sequestered) but we did eventually arrive in Nepal where we trekked at 7000 - 8000 ft prior to that departure over the "hills", also incidentally seeing a charming Hindu "wedding": apparently the girls marry a fruit at aged about 5 and it is a great occasion for being dressed up in all one's finery and having a party in the local durbar square. (The idea is to avoid her ever being a widow! I queried whether this meant that there would be no widow's pension to hand out as a result, but never got a satisfactory answer to that – expect the truth is that none is paid anyway.)

We embussed with great excitement early in the morning after a glorious sunrise and set off for the border along an increasingly deteriorating road which eventually became a dirt track - little did we know that we would not be seeing real roads again for several days. This is the "great" Shanghai to Nepal road about which we in the West were so afraid when it was being built in the 70s. The scenery was fabulous - through the Himalayas - and as we journeyed one of our members who had an altimeter on his watch would tell us how high we were. The border town was thronged with people, luggage, sherpas – and jammed to the hilt with lorries. Why? The road was closed in no-man's land! So we had to debus, find sherpas to lug our luggage over the nearby largish hill, clamber over it ourselves (completely unsuitably dressed, I might add) and all the time the sun was blazing down. In due course, we found our Tibetan drivers on the other side, made our way to customs and so into Tibet itself. We then had to hoof it to our sleeping village as much time had been lost. But we got there. Typical very basic accommodation with bare wires for lights, food across the road, as also were the three loos for the village and us. They were very interesting and indeed this particular aspect of the accommodation was much discussed in our journey. We were advised not to eat meat until we had acclimatised - we were now at some 13000 - 14000 ft and got

much higher.

It was the Tibetan spring. The snows had cleared from the plateau, nothing was really growing yet and everything looked bleak, brown and stony, indeed one wondered quite how the animals managed to forage on the apparently barren ground. The peasant men were out with their yaks and wooden ploughs with the women following sowing the seed, sometimes there would be a blessings ceremony - rather like Rogation Sunday here. The villages were miles apart, little, white usually one - two storeyed, identical houses and very typical. Each would have signs indicating the occupants' religion - usually Buddhist but could be the ancient shamanistic religion - some backed it both ways. On top of the flat roofs was the family "gold" - stacks of wood - trees are very scarce in this country. Above the villages an ancient, decayed fort and often a monastery.

Some of the monasteries have been ransacked - cultural revolution - but the Chinese have realised that the Tibetans are deeply religious and unlikely to change their lifestyle as yet (though TV has arrived now and I expect it will make them restless and want a better life from the harsh existence they currently accept happily), also hard currency is to be had from tourists. So the monasteries are being rebuilt, monks are being paid a state salary and everyone seems to be happy. We saw some quite wonderful places, festooned with 24 carat gold (there's lots around and the locals collect it from the deposits falling into pools and donate it to the monks). There are huge brass prayer wheels, literally thousands of candles fed with butter or vegetable ghee by the faithful and the monks themselves make the wicks, trim the candles, pray, sing and chant and ask for their photos to be taken. I was particularly welcome as I took a Polaroid. The kids loved it and scampered off with their trophies.

We would go for miles without seeing anything at all apart from stunning scenery, then there might be a little caravan of horses and carts driven by dark brown smiling men sometimes with their pretty women alongside -going to or returning from selling their produce presumably. They all had lovely red cheeks from the wind which blows across the plateau most of the time. At others we might see a herd of sheep and goats or two or three nomad tents - made of yak hair, very waterproof, very heavy (each needs one yak to carry it) and with a hole across the ridge to let out the smoke from the very necessary fire - it is very cold there.

Our journey took us eastwards, towards Lhasa and from time to time up and down passes. It gradually became less primitive as the villages got larger and there was more electricity and even running water and, oh bliss, sometimes flushing lavatories to be found in the hotels - though the water was generally only flowing for a couple of hours! We diverted off to Everest base camp but alas I had had a bad bout of altitude sickness the night before (irritating as I was certainly the fittest by a long chalk) and it was deemed unsafe for me to go as we'd be climbing some 2000 more feet. The others said it was well worth the 8 hours bouncing on awful, much worse than we were now used to, roads but they were glad we hadn't gone to stay there - the facilities were even more primitive than normal -- and they brought me back two small rocks.

In addition to beautifully accoutred monasteries and the most amazing scenery you could ever hope to behold, we skirted a long sparkling lake of brilliant turquoise hemmed in by the mountains. The passes which were driven in steep hairpins up and down gave one wonderful views and the camera would be out to take yet another photo. It has been very difficult to cut down to 120 the pictorial memorabilia. Also, the skies at night were such as I have never seen before. There seemed more star than surround so many were there, they also seemed to be huge. But of course the weather was clear, the air unpolluted and there was no artificial light.

Lhasa would not be recognisable to the Dalai Lama - it has grown hugely, there is a large Chinese quarter and many Chinese. But of course were he still there we could never have visited the Potala Palace with its many fabulous shrines and stupas (and the loo with the best view (and biggest drop below it) in the world) nor the Summer Palace (Norbulinka) with its exquisitely detailed pictorial history of Tibet painted on the walls in the Dalai Lama's private quarters; though we would have managed their cathedral the Jokhung and the unchanged quarter around it - Barkhor Market. We had much fun bartering for trinkets we did not need and I am now the proud owner of an incense stick holder of copper with brass overlay and an intricately hand-painted thangka - a religious scroll picture.

Our journey back was by air over the Himalayan range - spectacular in the extreme. Everest looks different from above!. Michael and I then relaxed white water

rafting for a couple of days - a different form of stimulant, such fun.

It has also been *his* 70th birthday and we ran a wonderful party on what turned out to be the hottest Saturday of the year - so we had the day outside. We also went to Maureen Stokell Thompson's husband's 70th and her grandson's and latest granddaughter's christenings. And to the Edinburgh Festival. And we're expecting a 6th great grandchild. And I've enjoyed various HH reunions. And...but I've said enough.



Alison J Ham (Watt), Constable 1942=44, Glos

A very brief résumé of the 56 years since I left HH: Went up to LSE (evacuated to Cambridge), disliked the course my parents (egged on by Harry) had made me read, revolted and came down after one year. Went as Auxiliary Nurse to Finchley Memorial Hospital for 5 months till I joined the ATS in 1945 and served in Lincoln, Bardney, Guildford and finally Charlbury. Released early to look after my mother who was increasingly crippled by arthritis, we both joined my father in Kenya in 1949, his father having gone out there before the 1st world war, but who was educated at Lancing College, and served in the RNVR during "our" war).

We married in 1956 and went down to South Africa living in both Cape Town and Durban before finally settling in what is now Zimbabwe. We had 3 sons, the middle one dying before his second birthday of meningitis. We lived first in Salisbury (now Harare), then moved all over Rhodesia before our final posting to Wankie from where we returned home in 1973. We regretted returning to the UK. I think all of us would have been happier in Australia.

Though I have only recently joined the OGA, I have managed to keep in touch with Joyce Pyburn (McCabe) and through the reunion she arranged in, I think, 1986, have met quite a few of my old class mates. Strangely enough I was able to recognise most of them even after over 50 years.

My sons both chose the RAF as first careers and both married girls in the service, indeed my youngest son's wife only finishes her 22 years in something over a year's time. Her husband is now a graduate engineer, following the Watt family tradition! Neither has any children but my stepson and his wife have, so I have two grandchildren: a boy, now in his early twenties, and a girl who starts her last year at Cheltenham Ladies as head girl. Sadly my husband died in 1994 and I am now living alone in a maisonette in this village on the edge of the Cotswolds, but by this time next year I hope to be in a residential home.

I am tired of being on my own and, though the boys and their wives have me for holidays and come down as and when they can, life does get boring. Thank heavens for my computer. I am not on the net at home but you can get me once a week at our local library at the address given above. I'd love to hear from any who may remember me. I am still music made, though my voice has gone! For those who remember me as ducking any form of sports, I played tennis regularly, singles and doubles in Rhodesia, and was quite horrified to find that at 47 the club I tried to join on my return considered me too old



Susan (Brett) Hide [believe left early 50s]

Genista Dawson wrote with details of an article about Susan's husband, the former flat race jockey Edward Hide (and who won the Derby on Morston in 11973, beating Lester Piggott on Cavo Doro by half a length). The article states that Susan and Edward have settled well at Huttons Ambo where they have a small stud farm of 45 acres.



Joan Senior Mitford 1928-31, York

Joan writes to invite anyone who might be passing to visit her or to phone. Much of her news, she says, is also Genista's since they spend much time together. She sent the Association several photos for the records.



Gill (Guthrie) Perks O level year 1955, Middlesbrough

1962 Married to Alan Kitching, Divorced 1987

1965 Adrian born. 1988 Presumed drowned

1967 Miles Morn, now living and working in Bristol

1988 Remarried to Dr Geoffrey Perks



Kathleen Lambert Wilson Staff 1970-76, Lincs.

Taught home economics - lived in Garden House, Married Cross Hill and had reception in School. Now teaching in a local Comprehensive in Grimsby. Son Paul who was christened at Cross Hill now 23 he is a graduate. Daughter Amy 21 years in at Birmingham University. My husband Richard is a solicitor for NE Lincs Council.



Sarah Mountfield Matlock O level year 1980, Jersey

Born 1964, Left HH July 1980, Married 1992. My sister Emma Fewkes, was born 1966, Left Hunmanby 1984, Married 1998. Both my Aunt Susan Calvert nee Shield and Mother Sallie Mountfield Nee Shield attended the school and my cousin, Kate Calvert, born 1968, unmarried, left HH July 1984.



CLASS OF 74 - Part 2

Extracts from the booklet prepared by Ruth Woodhouse from the life histories she requested in advance of their reunion reported in Javelin 99. Part 1 was in 2000.

Sue Ambrose Richardson, York

Doncaster Grammar School for two years to take 4 A Levels (including maths and English which will surprise everyone). After leaving school went to work for the

Nat West for 7/8 years. Moved to North Yorkshire and started work on a private agricultural Estate (still working there now).
Married a Chartered Surveyor/Land Agent. Two children - a boy aged 12 at Aysgarth School, and a girl aged 10 at St Olave's York.
I do remember Wendy Fletcher and Janet Hardcastle, I think Janet lived in Australia, I hope you manage to find them.

* * * * *

Vicky Spencer Whitfield, Buckinghamshire

After hating school so much I couldn't wait to get away at 16, the school environment was not for me, I trained as a beautician and worked in the cosmetic industry. I met my husband, Shane, and got married in Hull in 1980. We went to live in Grantham, then Lincolnshire, where I had my first daughter, Hayley, in 1982. Then we went to live in York, which was lovely, and I had my second daughter Sophie in 1985. We then moved to the south where we live now - in Onley, Buckinghamshire. It's a nice little market town with a very friendly atmosphere. In November 1993 my sister, Lorna, died of breast cancer which turned our lives upside down. My parents came to live close by which was a comfort for all of us.

Believe it or not I have now ended up working in a school (which seems quite funny) as a teacher's aid and helping children with special needs. I really enjoy my job and it's ideal as it fits in so well with the family.

* * * * *

Rowena Allison Howell, London

After leaving school I went to do a Foundation Art course in Croydon, then gained a BA Honours Degree in Graphic Design at the Central School of Art and Design in London. I worked in various Design groups - the last one being Conran Design Group. I worked freelance until my daughter was 4. I gave up work to have children - I have two - Emily aged 9 and David aged 6.

I played underwater hockey for the UK World Championships in 1988 (pre-kids). I enjoyed scuba diving for 14 years where I met my husband Martin who is an insurance broker and we also played underwater hockey in club championships, our team being Putney in London. I now enjoy tennis, aerobics and swimming. I also took up watercolour painting and I am in the throes of teaching watercolour painting and drawing at the local adult education centre

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Louise Atkinson Tindall, Malton

After leaving HH I went to the Yorkshire Ladies' Secretarial College in Leeds with Sally Shipley for a year. The shorthand and typing course we took with Miss Beckett gave us a good head start. I had three secretarial jobs in Malton finally working for the National Farmers' Union.

In October 1981 I married Robert who is a farmer and only lived 6 miles away. We have 3 boys, William was born on July 24, 1982, followed by Charles on the January 15, 1985 and finally James on March 20, 1987. They all attend Scarborough College and I spend my time washing dirty sports kits and of course the taxi service, as well as doing the book keeping for the farm.

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Penny Hogg Hollin, Brüggen

I am fine, thoroughly enjoying life out here in Germany where my husband is Officer Commanding Administrative Wing. We were posted out here in January 1997 and are due to move again in August 1999. We have 3 children, Suzannah who is 12, Nicholas who is 9 and Benjamin who is 5. Zannah is at boarding school and

the boys are at school out here. Although I have not worked since leaving the RAF to have children, I seem to find masses to do. Out here, I run the wives' badminton club, a small second-hand book shop, read with a class of Reception children, have singing lessons and sing in a Barber Shop group.

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Zoe Dunn Healey, Hull

After leaving school I attended the Hull College of Art for four years, a one-year foundation course followed by a three-year textile design course which I finished in 1980. After college I spent a short spell in Manchester doing various jobs while attending a modelling course.

I moved back to Hull in 1981 to work for a paint firm called Blundell-Permoglaze (I now believe, after a take-over, it is called Actzo). I was employed as regional colour adviser to trade customers. My area was from Hull across to Liverpool and up to Glasgow. As a colour adviser I did interior and exterior colour schemes for hotels, banks, pubs, clubs, hospitals, etc. I worked with this company until I had my first child.

I met Tim, my husband, in 1979 and we married in July 1982. Tim was a former Scarborough College boy!! - whom I never met at school. He works as a property developer in the retail world. We have three sons; Tom, aged 13, born May 21, 1985, Joe, 10, born May 24, 1988 and many years later, Ben, aged 4, born June 7, 1994. Life is very hectic!

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Philippa Smith Heath, Cumbria

- 1974 Window dresser (Rackhams in Leicester)
- 1975 Lucy Clayton College of Fashion Design and Dressmaking (gaining the diploma)
- 1976 Trimmings Buyer for a ladies' clothing manufacturer
- 1978 Dance Centre Covent Garden - wholesale assistant
- 1980 A year out in the South of France with William, before getting married
- 1981 Owned a fashion shop
- 1983-4 Helped run a family horticultural nursery and garden centre
- 1990-2 Had two children, Emma and Phoebe
- 1994-8 Kibworth Pre School - working with 2½ to 4 years (gaining PPA diploma course and Red Cross Child Carers Course)
- July '98 Moved to Cumbria and at present I am working part-time at St Anne's school in the nursery department

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Sally Shipley Hicks, Lancashire

I went to Yorkshire Ladies Secretarial College with Louise Atkinson. I then worked in the Civil Service for seven years. After that I had a change in career and went into nursing and worked at the hospital in Bridlington.

I met Alaric and in 1993 we got married and moved to Lancashire. I spent a while District Nursing, which I thoroughly enjoyed. We have two children, Samuel is three years old and Joseph will be one in November. I am now a full time wife and mother.

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Sandy Collett Johnstone, Scotland

I would love to come to a reunion but as I live out in the wilds of Scotland I don't manage to get down south very often. I usually spend a couple of weeks with Mum and Dad in Lincolnshire each July and have every other Christmas with them.

Duncan and I were married in 1985, we run a salmon hatchery here in Argyll and apart from the midges it is an idyllic place to live. We have two daughters, Laura is eleven and Fiona seven, five dogs, one cat and a goldfish - apart from all the salmon! So with running the business and running children from one activity to another life gets pretty hectic.

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Alison Todd (TODDY TO YOU), Harrow

Left Hunmanby Hall '74 continued education at Lutterworth Grammar School in Leicestershire - began teacher training 1976-1980 at Southlands College, Roehampton Institute, London. Studied Music/RE. Employed by London Borough of Harrow from 1980 to 1998. Have been teaching music at West Lodge Middle School for last 13 years. Still playing the piano...large garden flat in Harrow...2 cats...fish...not married...no children...non smoker...many original features

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Claire Hall Village, Sheffield

I did one year intensive medical secretarial course which seemed more interesting than the ordinary secretarial. I met my husband John during college! I got a job at Weston Park Hospital in Sheffield working for a Consultant Radiotherapist which was interesting because I actually met the patients. I moved to the Hallamshire Hospital where I worked for the Professor of Medicine. I then decided to have a change and found a job in Marketing. John and I married and when Sam my first son was on the way I was made redundant which came just at the right moment - I was delighted!!

I've continued with my sport but particularly now love my horse riding and tennis. I do bits of work for John promoting his race team and the little cars he builds for children. I also work 2 days a week for a friend in her clothes shop (would you believe!!!). I've done a computer course too.

Sam is now 11 and Charlie is 6. I am really glad that I stayed at home (I was lucky enough to be able to) during their little years.

I have kept in contact with Row, Penny, Mandy, Carol, Liz and Mel but to see everyone again will be REALLY AMAZING!!!!

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Ann Beasley Manders, Surrey

TWENTY YEARS ON FROM HUNMANBY

I would like to say that I have arrived where I am today having followed a well thought out, structured plan. The truth is, however, my life has been a bit of a happening thing without much logic to its progress!

I remember well the last few days at Hunmanby and, as I sit here typing this, the monkey on a stick that Mandy Greenfield gave me as a leaving present, bought in the Hunmanby Craft shop sits next to me on the table. As intended when I left, having got the necessary grades at A-level, I went to Manchester University in October 1976 to study Mathematics, from where I graduated with an Honours degree on Friday July 13, 1979.

I'm not sure how much I enjoyed the three years but during that time I managed to meet my future husband and got heavily involved in student politics, being elected in my final year on to the student executive committee. As I had a non-sabbatical post, I had to find a post-graduate course to stay at the university and so I enrolled to do a Masters degree in statistics, which I completed in October 1980.

My memories of Manchester are mainly of rain and more rain and soggy jeans. Having finally run out of student courses I applied with one of the few bits of logic to my life to become a member of the Government Statistical Service and was appointed to work for HM Customs and Excise in Southend. I hated Southend and when my then fiancé finished at university we moved to Croydon. The daily commute to Southend became very wearing and eventually I applied for and got a job working for the Civil Aviation Authority, for no better reason than that a friend spotted the advert and thought being in Central London that the travelling would be better.

There followed six very happy years of my life. I had a job I loved travelling to the States negotiating International Air Service Agreements. I got married and eventually in July 1987 had my first son, Mark. Eventually, the CAA's refusal to promote permanently any woman got me down, and yet another friend spotted an advert for a statistician working for the Metropolitan Police Service. I applied and got the job, much to my surprise, starting work for them in July 1988. For four years I headed up the Metropolitan Police Service's Performance Information Bureau and at the same time had my second son, Matthew, in August 1991.

Meanwhile my husband and I had moved to Kingston upon Thames to further his political career. The estate agent was much bemused by the fact that we could only look at houses on one side of particular streets in order to live within the right ward boundaries, but eventually we found the right house and my husband was elected as a local councillor in November 1984.

In 1992 my career took one of its least logical turns when I was head hunted to become the MPS' Head of Equal Opportunities. I enjoyed the two years but was glad when an opening for my current job came up in 1994 and I became one of the MPS's five Area Business Managers. This means in broad terms that I am responsible for all non-operational activities in South West London. I love the job, which is just as well because the rest of my life could at times be better.

My marriage fell apart soon after taking up my current job. I now find myself as a single mother working very long hours, working in the house chosen specifically to meet my ex-husband's political aspirations (which never fully materialised). Then a month ago I hit forty and now I think what the hell. I'm forty, from now on I'm going to please myself! So now Mark and Matthew and I just have fun. Must stop: we're off to the Fright Night at Chessington World of Adventures.

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Brenda Sandwith, Lincolnshire

I'll just fill you in on a few details. After leaving school I went down to London, to St Godric's secretarial college and got a job in London. I stayed there for about 12 years and then got a job near my home town of Louth.

In 1992 I was in a car which was being driven by my ex-husband and the car crashed. I was in hospital for a year and then went to a Rehabilitation Centre where I learned how to walk again. I am still unable to use the left side of my body, including my left eye and some people find it difficult to understand me as I had to have a tracheotomy when I was in hospital.

I have also lost my memory, and I can only remember a little. I hope I'll be able to remember some of the girls!

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Davone M Moore, Bradford

On leaving HH in the summer of 1975 I went to the North of England Secretarial College in Leeds for a year. On leaving there I joined a local Bradford firm of

solicitors, Last Suddards, as a junior secretary to a newly qualified solicitor in the commercial property department.. A few years later the solicitor was appointed a partner and then in 1983 we moved to Leeds to set up the new office there. Then there were only 6 people and twelve months later there were 50! Consequently we had to move premises and I was involved in the organisation of this. At this time I was dealing with the day to day running of the office as well as working for the head of the commercial property department.

In May 1988 Last Suddards merged with A V Hammond & Co who were both based in Leeds and Bradford. This doubled the size of the firm and it was decided that they needed a full-time administrator and personnel manager. I took this over! At this time there was approximately 400 staff in Leeds and Bradford.

In May 1992 it was decided to relocate the six sites in Leeds to one brand new purpose built office. I was involved in all aspects of this. In May 1994 the Bradford office was closed and the 250 people there relocated into the office in Leeds. What fun that was! The firm was now nearing 1000 people in size!!

In August 1996 I decided that after 20 years with the same company it was time for a change and after much soul searching decided to move on to pastures new. I am now with a much smaller firm of solicitors in Leeds, Nelson & Co, where there are 80 staff instead of 1600!!! I am the Office and Personnel Manager.

My sister, Lindsey, who was also at HH, is a journalist and works as the Deputy Editor of the *Craven Herald & Pioneer* in Skipton and my brother is an accountant and works as an Audit Manager for Grant Thornton in Leeds. Last month he was the first of us to get married!

When time permits I am still a keen tennis player and Chairman of our local tennis club. We play matches throughout the summer. I have also recently joined a health club and taken up swimming which I detest!!

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Liz White Scott, Oxon

It doesn't seem possible that it is more than 21 years since I waded through the fish pond after the VD service and then sobbed all the way home to Sheffield. That was my last day at Hunmanby where I spent four of the most formative years of my life. Looking back it seems almost too good to be true. Bullying was virtually none existent and most of my memories are very positive, yes we really did go on midnight swims and have midnight feasts. Having spent a lot of time reading Enid Blyton's *Mallory Towers* books before I went it lived up to my expectations. In one of the books there was a character called Belinda Morris who was good at art. Imagine my astonishment when I found that there really was a Belinda Morris in my class and she was good at art too!!

After leaving school I worked for a few months for the Midland Bank counting travellers cheques (they have a machine to do it now) and then took up my place at Guy's Hospital where I trained as a nurse. Having been to HH I found it quite easy to make friends and settle in to the nurses' home. I eventually moved out of the nurses' home to share a flat with 3 friends and a medical student which proved to be an hilarious experience. After a great deal of blood, sweat and tears I finished my training in 1980. Due to cuts in hospital funding I could not get a staff nurse post at Guy's so I decided to get a job at home in Sheffield. It was a good decision as it coincided with the dreadful news that my step father had cancer and I was able to support my mother and help with his care. He died in January 1981 and a year later I decided to back pack around Australia with Jane a friend from Guy's.

I left England on St David's day 1982 and spent a year travelling around Australia and New Zealand. It was a wonderful experience. We worked for 3 months in a bush hospital and earned enough money to finance most of the trip. Unfortunately, (or fortunately) I haven't enough space to relate any of my experiences but they include unknowingly swimming in crocodile infested waters, climbing Ayers Rock, delaying the flight home by 40 minutes after losing my passport. While I was in Australia the thought of returning home to nursing did not appeal at all. At school I had always enjoyed history so I decided to see if I could get into university to read history as a mature student.

To cut a long story short I got into University College, Cardiff and took a degree in history and archaeology. It was in Cardiff that I met Ian a research officer in the

department of archaeology and we married a year after I finished my degree in 1987. I had decided not to carry on with my nursing career but never say never and I found myself working as a research nurse at the Royal South Hants Hospital in Southampton. In 1989 Frances was born and life has never been the same since! In 1994 Ian got a job with the Oxford Archaeology Unit and we moved to Didcot.

Since 1993 I have worked as a Parkinson's Disease Nurse Specialist. When I started there were only 5 in the whole country, now there are about 60. It's been a tremendous experience to be involved in launching a new speciality and I feel that I have been very fortunate. Just when life was getting a bit easier we decided to have another baby and Samuel was born in May last year [written 1998]. He is now 16 months old and a loveable monster!

I often think about my life at HH. A lot of the things I learned about getting along with people I learned at Hunmanby. I also think about some of the things Miss Bray used to say. Remember "is it good, is it kind, is it necessary"? I can't say that ever did much for me but her other saying "dare to be different" has led me into all sorts of situations! I think it is one of the best pieces of advice I have ever been given.

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Helen Abel Cradock, Co. Durham

Helen was the second of three sisters to attend Hunmanby Hall, along with a numerous cousins. After leaving Hunmanby Hall she did the usual secretarial course and after a few years in an office boredom set in!

Trained again at Eggleston Hall Cordon Bleu College and as well as learning culinary skills, flower arranging. After working in restaurants and private houses, Helen approached Eggleston Hall for a teaching post - yes was the reply. Teaching there for 10 years she eventually became Head of Cookery, with career breaks for Colette, now aged 12, and Melissa age 8. As well as teaching, Helen set up an outside catering business for directors lunches, children's parties, wedding. "Always busy, I remember taking a booking for a cocktail party for 100 people to be catered for three days after Melissa was due to be born - thank goodness she was on time, and I only had to have a 12 hours stay in hospital -- and an interesting few days were to follow!!

"It was at Eggleston Hall in 1984 where I gave my first Cookery Demonstration. Having now demonstrated cookery up and down the country, from marquees giving six 20 minute demonstrations a day, right up to a two hour demonstration for the advanced cookery course at John Tovey's Miller Howe Hotel. It was only after I had agreed to do it that I found out that I was taking over from Delia Smith!! I have also given cookery demonstrations for MLC, Cancer Research, Luncheon Clubs, Save the Children, 45 demonstrations later the next one for High Coniscliffe Church in on 25th November 1998 [NB written in 98, Ed]

"After Eggleston Hall closed I opened a delicatessen in Darlington with John Tovey there to open the bottle of champagne for the TV cameras. If I thought I had worked hard before I was in for a shock. Cooking, serving in the shop, arranging staff rotas, keeping the VAT and Taxman happy was more than challenging. When Safeway opened up just along the road and, taking as they do, customers from small shops I decided enough was enough and closed the shop."

Helen married Robin in 1981 he was then a BBC Local Radio News Producer, who became farming editor of the Darlington and Stockton Times and then Public Relations Officer for the NFU in the North of England for 12 years. Under yet another NFU re-organisation he took the opportunity to become a freelance Agricultural Journalist and Broadcaster also Public Relations Consultant. The only trouble now was that Robin needed a secretary - so yet another course - training many years ago was to help, however these days secretarial skills are not confined to a manual typewriter and shorthand but computers and email. Robin faxes over very exciting stories about the latest crisis in beef, the mystery trail of Jaagsiekte disease or Cation-anion rations, Helen types and emails them or reads over to a copytaker on newspapers from Leeds to Aberdeen and all points between. *Farming News* now wants photographs - "help" says Robin "mine are always out of focus - Helen usually takes our holiday pictures" - yet another course. "I now take pictures of cows, sheep, pigs, etc., One was a Keenan feeder mixing the feed. How to do it? Helen goes up in the Matbro bucket half full of silage, it will make a good shot.

"So when you next see Robin's Farm of the Week in the *Yorkshire Post* or *Farming News* article, odds are it's my photograph even though they don't give me a by

line. It's as well I was brought up on a farm!"

The Cradocks are both involved with their local church, Robin on the PCC, Helen running Junior Church and both on the Parish Hall Committee for which repairs the committee need to raise £30 thousand (all suggestions for funding appreciated). At High Coniscliffe, the local school which Colette used to go to and Melissa still attends Robin is a School Governor and is PR Consultant. To prepare for our Ofsted visit the library needed to be catalogued "yes I am sure Helen and I can do that" said Robin (three weeks later it has been done!!! The school got AAA and A*, I don't think that was due to the library, but it might have helped".

Life is never boring; one week it's catering for a wedding for 180, or "Helen can you just make 12 dozen mince pies for the Church coffee evening, I am sure it won't take you long;" and the next it's back on the farm trying to get that cow standing correctly or on the computer trying yet again to send that email that always seems to go to Leeds via China. In our spare time we are **still** trying to do up our Victorian house in Darlington. It might be ready for Colette's 21st!!

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Helen Whitrod Brown, Adel Leeds

THE STORY

I am writing this on my 10th wedding anniversary so excuse me if I break off to go out for lunch with my husband (I should be so lucky!). So what have I done with my life? - well it will be no surprise I'm sure that everything I do and have done since leaving HH has revolved around sport - even having my daughter was a sporting feat of the utmost challenge and quite literally my first and I hope only life-threatening experience. I also married an international athlete - for his body - what else?

Our daughter - Amy now aged 7 was born 3 months early on Christmas day weighing an enormous 2lbs and 15 oz !! She clearly had my sporting instincts and my husband's lung capacity and instead of the predicted 3 months in the special care baby unit was out in one. That's my girl...I spent 72 hours in intensive care but only missed half the hockey season so all's well that ends well. Still once was enough.

I'm a career mum and am currently a Principal Lecturer and Senior Manager in the School of Leisure and Sport Studies at Leeds Metropolitan University (the former Carnegie Training College) I graduated from Loughborough University in 1979 with a BSc (hons) in Sports Science did a PGCE in PE at Liverpool University the following year and then taught PE for three years. A move into lecturing in Doncaster and a Masters in Leisure Management at Sheffield University got me the job at Leeds and I've never looked back - I love it. It allows me flexibility, autonomy, challenge, and most importantly the chance to go to the gym when I want!

Pre-marriage and pre-Amy I played tennis, hockey, basketball and netball for local teams and went skiing whenever I could. Following marriage and motherhood my compromise was to lose the netball and basketball - oh and cook occasionally! Unfortunately two fractured cheekbones in 6 months forced me out of hockey last season and this year a torn medial ligament whilst skiing has put paid to the tennis season. However it meant that I joined the local David Lloyds for rehabilitation purposes and now I really enjoy it and am back for winter league tennis - YES! Amy and my husband are also members so life is pretty hectic.

I don't want to bore you any longer so this 'snap shot' will have to suffice but I think you probably get the gist that I really haven't changed - except for the odd wrinkle or two or three or four or ...take it easy

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Helena Aikin, Spain

After I left Hunmanby, I went to university in Madrid and graduated in History. Then I spent two years in the University of California campus Davis as a teaching assistant while studying literature (MA). The next ten years were quite crazy: some TEFL in Madrid, a lot of time spent in my studio doing art work, some exhibitions, some time in New York painting women's underwear by hand, two years travelling to Asian countries while working for a press agency, then tour leading in Kenya and Tanzania, some work with "meninos da rua" in Brazil...two years ago I was offered a job in the University of Castilla la Mancha, Ciudad Real (Don Quixote's land) in the English department and I am still working there.

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Jackie Welsh Pereira, Stockton

After school I went to secretarial college back In Trinidad. There I met Richard who worked on the oil rigs. We married in 1980 and moved back to England. I worked as a Personal Assistant to the Technical Design Manager at British Shipbuilder. Our first son, Christian, was born In 1983. Daniel was born in 1985.

Note(by Sue and David Smerdon):

This looked a bit sparse, so here goes. Jackie lives in Ingleby Barwick in a beautiful brand new and modern house with husband Richard, a demon DIYer who despite putting a garden pool in each house still hasn't completed his boat which we saw in their first house in the area 10 years ago. He much prefers to strip off the skirting board at a moment's notice, just before visitors arrive.

They have two delightful children, and her parents and her older sister live locally. Her father was awarded the OBE for services to shipbuilding in last year's [presumably 1997] New Year's Honours list. They are our good friends. Jackie's small stature gives her a remarkable sensitivity to my gin measures.

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Joy Robinson Seymour, Surrey

Having conned the examiners into giving me some O levels, my reward was one year at a High School in upstate New York through my father's job as a Methodist Minister. On my "substitute" A level course I studied boys and on my return to England I went to St. Thomas Hospital where I qualified as a SRN.

I was introduced to my husband-to-be, Roger, at a rugby club thanks to my sister Gill (two years above us), and moved to Epsom. The local hospital kept me off the streets between marriage (1982) and childbirth (Jenny 13 yrs, Fiona 11 yrs). Sadly my parents both died at a young age so it is good to live near my sister and her family.

I am still living in Epsom and am currently Matron/Manager at a nearby BUPA Nursing Home. I have discovered golf to relax, I hate shopping and housework and I still look for forthcoming David Cassidy concerts.

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Liz England, York

On leaving Hunmanby Hall, I trained at Yorkshire Ladies' Secretarial College in Leeds to be proficient in shorthand & typing - another establishment no longer in existence! Although very green at aged 17, my first job in Pontefract, West Yorkshire, was very fulfilling and my employer gave me much responsibility and it was very rewarding. After about 18 months though, I thought I'd embark on the City (Leeds!) and held various secretarial positions mainly for solicitors, although I did some temping which added variety where I worked for Phillips Art Auctioneers, RHM Foods & Jowett & Sowry Printers.

I met my husband, Philip, in 1978, when he moved into a house just down the road from my family home and we were married in May 1979. Sophie our eldest (now 18, driving & at college on a fashion/design course) followed by Annabel aged 15 and swiftly by James who is 14, both at Bootham School in York. Incidentally, Annabel, who was born on the same day as me, is the same age as I was when we last all met!

Until all three children were at primary school, I had my hands full with housework, ferrying them to ballet/swimming/riding/piano lessons etc. Following house moves, I've spent a good deal of time with Polyfilla and paint brush too and many an hour gardening.

As Philip's parents lived in the South of France for ten years we were lucky to spend our annual holidays there when the children were small.

In mid-January 1991, Philip asked if I'd help out with the book-keeping in the family business of agricultural land agents, surveyors/auctioneers as the previous employee who had worked for Bartle & Son all his life had retired in December and they hadn't found anyone to fill his shoes. Maths (as some of you may remember) never was my subject - it's funny how some things turn out. Anyway after being asked to work a few hours a week initially, I now work virtually full-time during term-time and struggle to juggle during the school holidays.

Over the past ten years or so, the business has built-up on estate agency, sales and lettings and I am mainly involved with property management but we still hold the occasional farm sale. Although we have used computers for word processing for many years, we have recently purchased software to computerise the clients accounts, which, I am hoping, will speed up the monthly balancing procedure.

I'm pleased that I learned to ride whilst at Hunmanby and have fond memories of the local riding school. I continued riding for several years and became quite good at dressage. I haven't had the time to ride much since having the children but perhaps I should take the opportunity as Philip's cousin, Christopher, has a riding establishment near Harrogate. He was in the Olympic team, trains the current Olympic team and won Badminton this year.

We live in a small hamlet (of just eight houses on the outskirts of a village between York & Tadcaster) in an old farmhouse with two cats and a chocolate Labrador

who is just 18 months old. It's wonderfully quiet and would be a great place to relax after work *if only* I had some help with the housework!

Sue Smerdon (*née Wilson via Lyons*), *Middlesbrough*

After leaving Hunmanby. I attended a local sixth form college for a year and then worked in 2 bookshops for 8 months doing invoicing and stock control. I went into nurse training at Leeds General Infirmary where I stayed for 3 years. After qualification, I decided to take a temporary break from nursing.

I went to Greece to be nanny to a child of the Devil, Stomati, who packed my bags one day and told me to go home to England. I survived for eight months, but then thought that even nursing wasn't as bad as this, so came home again. I did come back though with a love of Greek men, olives and olive oil (sometimes all three). I returned to Leeds to work as a staff nurse at St James's Hospital which was the worst job I have ever had. I even considered going back to Greece! Things must have been bad.

Various jobs followed, but eventually I took up ophthalmic nursing in Newcastle and passed the Ophthalmic Nursing Diploma. Eventually I obtained my first sister's post. After a couple of years, Health Visiting looked interesting, another dead end, I only lasted one year and left before I strangled someone.

I moved back to Middlesbrough to take up a staff nurse post in the Eye Outpatient Department of the North Riding Infirmary and loved every minute of it. I was promoted to sister and then married the boy next door (bad mistake as it turned out - he was very nice, but wasn't the one for me).

I fell hook, line and sinker for a newly appointed Consultant Eye Surgeon who was actually nice to people! I left my husband on my 30th birthday, David left his wife and two children (no, it wasn't as easy as that). We have now been married for 10 years and have two cheeky, loud, gorgeous boys who get on really well with David's boys who visit regularly. It is wonderful to be married to your best friend.

We live in a beautiful house on its own at the foot of the Cleveland Hills In the North Yorks National Park. Our nearest neighbours are a quarter of a mile away. The village pub is within staggering distance and we couldn't be happier. The children go to school in the next village.

I play badminton weekly at a local club. We sometimes play mixed doubles, but more usually, leisurely ladies. I jog which keeps me fittish and also exercises our dog Bramble. I can shop until I drop! I like to read, watch films, listen to music and socialise with our good friends, including Jackie Pereira (*née Welsh*).

At present I am a lady of leisure, but I do work under the pretentious title of Private Practice Manager, but when asked I prefer to say that I handle my husband's privates!

Belinda Morris Kent, *Norfolk*

After A-levels at Hunmanby (not particularly good, but good enough) I went straight to the London College of Fashion to do a one year Fashion Journalism course, which is something I had wanted to do since about 12 (when I gave up the idea of being a pavement artist)

My first job was a year (it was all I could stand) on *Woman's Own* magazine replying to readers' letters on fashion and beauty problems (mostly 'how to clean a wedding dress' and 'what to do about spots, dandruff and unwanted hair' - WO readers are an attractive lot). I went from there to assist the Woman's Page editor on *TV Times* where the highlight of my year was locking myself in a clothes cupboard while Nicholas Ball ("Hazel") tried on trousers.

I then made a dramatic jump, just before my 21st birthday, to a trade magazine called *Men's Wear*; in at the deep end as Fashion Editor, responsible for photo shoots and choosing models (a tough job....), feature writing, covering the international collections and the odd TV or radio interview. What I didn't know about 8

inch drops and lapel widths wasn't worth knowing. I stayed 8 years - about five years too many.

I left to join the International Institute for Cotton as someone to write and co-ordinate their fashion prediction books. During this time I also wrote on a freelance basis for newspapers like The European and Independent, covering the fashion shows abroad. When the IIC folded after two years I went freelance for a while then was asked to be Fashion Editor of *For Him Magazine* (FHM). I also wrote their grooming pages.

I've been freelance 'full time' now for about six years, with regular contributions to the *Financial Times Weekend* and *The Independent* fashion pages, as well as being Fashion and Beauty Editor on *Executive Woman* magazine (so, it's come to this..?). I also help my publisher husband Roy on several of his third-party magazine/brochures, with clients such as Mulberry, Charles Worthington, Fabergé and Emma Somerset (a Manchester fashion retailer)....

....giving me a good link to my happy but uneventful (mostly) personal life. I met Roy on my first day at Men's Wear and we lived together (almost immediately!) for the next 11 years and then did a rash thing and got married. That was eight years' ago. We moved from London to a field in Norfolk in 1993 and now have two pigs, two cats and six Maran hens. No children. I've been through IVF three times (you have to try at least) and have now decided (I think) that that's enough. We don't mind because we have a great life and wouldn't want anything to rock that. So I'm now trying to be particularly nice to Roy's niece (3) and nephew (2) so that they'll look after us in our old age! I don't mind talking about this subject, so don't worry - we certainly don't feel sorry for ourselves and would hate anyone to pity us.

On reaching 40? Yak. spit.. eughh. My fault really. I don't do sweaty gym type things so I've only myself to blame if things are sagging. I've started to worry about stuff like crepey neck and old-lady under-arms, so there's a bit of last-minute slathering-on of expensive lotions and potions. I've been going grey since school and so would now look like an real old woman if it weren't for the wonders of modern cosmetic science. Put it this way - I'm hanging on in there.

* * * * *

Mandy Greenfield, Brighton

After a brief career (nine days instead of the intended nine months!) as an au pair in Helsinki during my year off after leaving school, I went on to study Russian at Durham University and spent three months in pre-glasnost Belorussia.

On leaving Durham I got my first job in book publishing as a secretary with Sphere Books, then moved on to editing, working for a number of different London publishers, such as Jonathan Cape and Pavilion Books - mainly on illustrated non-fiction titles, and with authors ranging from Uri Geller to Clive James. In 1993 I moved to Brighton, where I now work as a freelance book editor and part-time for a design group in Lewes.

* * * * *

Mandy Nicholson Samuelson, Canada

I was so very pleased to receive the invitation for the reunion. Unfortunately, I am not able to attend. However, I assure you all that it is a fantastic idea and I am sure you will all have great fun. Maybe I should fill you in on how things have unfolded for me since I finished school at Hunmanby Hall. In 1975-76 I attended college in Chesterfield. I then visited St. John's, Newfoundland and stayed with my boyfriend's parents for the summer. My boyfriend is the same person I met on the 1972 cruise. Karl then came to England and stayed with my family for a few months. We returned to Newfoundland together in 1977-78 where I worked in a bank. Our relationship developed and we were married in September 1978. Karl worked his way through university while I continued working in the banking business. Upon graduation, Karl and I moved to Labrador, where Karl worked for a year as a teacher. On the way to Labrador I met up with Anne Wood, who had moved to Canada and we stayed at her house for the night and renewed our friendship. Karl developed an interest in health care and after receiving his credentials, secured a job in a hospital in Newfoundland. He worked there for five years and we moved to Ontario. Karl has worked his way up in the health care system over the years and we have now settled in Leamington, Ontario. Leamington is the most southern town in Canada and is only a very short drive from Detroit,

Michigan. We have two wonderful children. Claire is 10 years old and is very bright and tall. Pretty with blond hair and blue eyes. Alan is seven years old and 100% boy, active and keen on excitement. Claire enjoys figure skating, swimming and Barbie dolls. Alan enjoys ice hockey, swimming and adventure themes. I am an avid gardener who also consumes books, especially non-fiction. I just turned 40 years of age and often think about my friends from school.

In 1989 I contacted Helen (Watson) Gill and we write often and exchange photos. It is good to keep in touch. My parents moved over here in 1992 and bought a home in town. Unfortunately, my mother had strokes and is now living in the nursing home where Karl works. We have two boxer dogs who keep us active. A new puppy Sally, is the latest addition. Sid is eight years old and very tolerant of the pesky new pup! Please share my e-mail address and home address with my friends as I'd love to hear from you. I promise to write back! Finally, have fun and think of me as I will be thinking of you.

* * * * *

Penny Broad Duke, N Yorks

Married to Edward Duke; Children: Oliver(13) Charles and Georgina (11); Dogs: Katie the spaniel and Purdy the German pointer; Horses: Murphy, Fudge, Maverick and Winston.

After leaving HH 1976 ...

1976-79	Went to Oxford Poly to study HND Hotel, catering and Institutional Management. Also there Mandy Clarke, Judy Grieveson and Judy Ottewell.
1979-80	Assistant Manager at St. Nicholas Hotel, Scarboro'

1980-81 Air Hostess for British Caledonian, Gatwick.
1881-83 Trained as beautician. Self-employed in Harrogate hair salon
1983 Married Edward. Lived in Newton Kyme, Tadcaster. Moved to Hetton, near Skipton.
1985 June 23 Oliver born at Harrogate hospital. Moved to Healaugh Lodge Farm, Tadcaster.
1987 July 24 Charles and Georgina born at Harrogate Hospital

Present day: not working, as such, Chairman of school parents, and hopefully to join Board of visitors at Wetherby Remand Centre. Oliver at St. Peters, York.
Charles and Georgina at The Minster School, York

Interests: Riding, hunting and tennis.

Have always kept in touch with some of the HH girls and we see each other once or twice every year.



HHOGA NEW MILLENNIUM RECIPES

It is over 25 years since our last recipe book was launched and your acting editor considers it is time to have a new one.

Would you all, therefore, please make your contributions towards a new book to be published sometime in 2002 as a celebration of our 70th anniversary and the new millennium.

The recipes may be old (eg granny's), school (eg Willie's, that redoubtable domestic science teacher for nearly 30 years), foreign or local grown, or new.

If any two or more recipes submitted are in essence the same, then I would propose to put in one version and report everyone's name as the provider - unless I hear deep objections....

So how about it, all you budding Delia Smiths? Don your apron and inventiveness and then transcribe to paper, computer disk or email and send to me. My mouth is watering already. Form at rear.

JAVELIN SUBSCRIPTION INVOICE

Please complete this form and return it as soon as possible with your remittance to the Treasurer:

Dr Lucy Foster,

The subscription is £5 – cheques should be made payable to HHOGA

Name

Née

Years at School and Manor

Address

.....

Post Code

Phone no

Fax

Email

A copy of the *Javelin* will be sent to you in Spring 2002

Address Changes for yourself and your HHOGA friends

Please complete this form and return it to the membership secretary: **Mrs Karen Ratcliffe**

Name

Née

Years at School and Manor

Address

.....

PostCode

County

Phone No

Email

Preferred Branch:

	East Anglia
	East Yorkshire
	English Borders & Scotland
	London & South East England
	North West
	North Yorkshire
	Notts, Midlands & Lincolnshire
	South & West Yorkshire
	South Midshires (Herts, Beds & Bucks)
	West Country

LAST DATE FOR NEWS November 1 2001

HUNMANBY HALL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Please fill in the following (if possible type or - preferably - email or send computer disk in WordPerfect or MS Word) and post/email to Erica Stary

Name..... ..

Née..... ..

Years at School and Manor

Address

Post Code

Phone no

Fax..... ..

Email..... ..

Please print all proper names very clearly as we cannot always decipher the writing and may not know the particular name.

HHOGA 70th ANNUAL REUNION AND LUNCHEON

To be held at The Expanse Hotel, Bridlington

On Saturday September 29, 2001

£15.00

10.00 am Coffee and Bring & Buy Stall
11.00 am AGM followed by Group photograph
1.00 pm Bucks Fizz Reception and Three Course Luncheon
3.00 pm Afternoon Tea and Birthday Cake

Name

Née

Years at School

Address

.....

PostCode County

Phone No

Email

No Tickets

Please make cheques payable to HHOGA and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Please send this form to Mrs Karen Ratcliffe, Stonecrest

DEADLINE FOR TICKETS: September 22, 2001

NO REFUNDS, SORRY

The Chairman and Committee are pleased to announce the

HHOGA LONDON DINNER

to celebrate 70 reunions

November 10, 2001

To be held in the Churchill Hotel, Portman Square, W1

Tickets: £35.00 per person

18.00 Drinks Reception (one glass per person)

18.30 3 Course Dinner, Coffee and Mints

Name/Née

Upp V/O Level/GCSE year

(for table planning) If preferred state person to sit with.

Address

.....

Post Code

Phone no

Fax/email

Tickets required

Vegetarian Meals available on prior notification – Yes/No

Please make cheques payable to HHOGA and **enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.**

Please send this form to Erica Stary

DEADLINE DATE FOR TICKETS: November 4, 2001

NO REFUNDS, SORRY. ALSO TICKETS ARE LIMITED: APPLY EARLY

The Churchill offers bed & continental breakfast special rates single £175, double £185. Quote HHOGA dinner when booking.

Note: Erica is in Turkey cycling between October 28 - Novembe

CDs and tapes order form

This order form is for the music CD or tape which Miss E Jill Smith writes about on p. 48 above.

Cost: £7 for each tape and £10 for each CD

Please send a cheque payable to the Royal London Society for the Blind – you may wish to give an additional donation towards postage and/or school funds

Address: The Appeals Dept,
Royal London Society for the Blind,
Seal , Sevenoaks, Kent TN15 0ED

I enclose my cheque for £..... Please send CD/.....tape. *Please delete as appropriate and add the number required*

(I have added a donation of £... towards postage/school expenses)

Your name and address

.....

.....

.....

HHOGA MILLENNIUM RECIPE BOOK

Please send to: Erica Stary

Name

Née

Years at School and Manor.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Phone number.....

Fax

Email.....