

1. Continental Holiday 1960



On Hemsworth Station ready to depart.

Back "Row" L-R: Dave McKenzie, John Moorhouse, John Stevens, Dennis Farrar, Kenneth Marsh, Diana Wood, Dave Freeman, John Connolly, Winifred Jones, David Sugden, Mr Wharton, Michael Perkins, Don Brett, Rosemary Burton, Pamela Barratt, Miss Ward, Vivienne Toft, Peta Adams, Christine Kelly, John Robinson, Jenny Green, Dave Nicoll, Jean Gillian, Alan Lascelles, Tom Wild, Jacqueline Leonard

Front Row L-R: Carl Byrom, Christine Whittaker, Susan Marsh, Linda Fieldsend, Joan Laycock, Elizabeth Fagge?, Glenys Oades, Christine Nicholson, Christine Brightmore

After the comparatively short journey from Hemsworth to the coast via London, we crossed the Channel in the evening and started on our long over-night journey through France to Switzerland. Having gained a few hours sleep on our couchettes, we welcomed the breakfast on Basle station. It was not until lunch time that we arrived at Montreux and were taken up to the hotel in the little mountain village of Glion. From here we had a breath-taking panoramic view of Montreux, Lake Geneva, and the blue mountains beyond. In the afternoon we walked down to Montreux through the woods.

The hotel was 2,000 feet up and about 1,000 feet above the lake, but to us who clambered down the slippery steps and paths it seemed much further. We were surprised to find how dear most things were but we were all enchanted by the carved Swiss chalet musical boxes and by the end of the holiday many of us had bought one. After our shopping we were thankful to use the funicular to return to the hotel. After dinner we explored Glion and saw a marvellous sunset light up the unusual Château of Chillon and the village and mountains behind it. The scene was really peaceful and beautiful.



L-R: Diana Wood and Jacqueline Leonard. Thank you for the photograph, Jacqueline.



Mr Wharton

After sight-seeing and shopping during Friday morning we went by steamer to Lausanne, another lake-side town, but more commercialised than Montreux. The sun was hot and most of us were burnt. This was the one really hot day we had in Switzerland, for the next day it was raining slightly as we went by coach to the St. Bernard's Pass. Unluckily the top of the Pass was in cloud and it was cold and raining as well. The way up to the Pass provided us with magnificent views although at the same time the tortuous hair-pin bends gave us many qualms. At the top we did have the satisfaction of seeing the massive St. Bernard dogs and their puppies. Because it was raining the next day the trip to the Rochers de Naye was cancelled and so we spent the day shopping and packing.

The journey to Rimini was long and tiring but when we were swimming and sun bathing the next day we realised it had been worth it. The beach was covered with colourful striped awnings which gave us welcome shade, and the "gelati" men continuously supplied us with ice cream to cool us down. Bathing costumes and bikinis provided brilliant contrasts of colour against the pale yellow sands and the deep blue of the sea. The glorious sun beating down from an almost cloudless sky soon burnt us red or brown and nearly everyone was dabbing creams and lotions onto tender skin.



On Thursday afternoon we had an enjoyable trip to San Marino, the smallest republic in Europe. This is a unique old town perched on a craggy mountain. The coach could only go part of the way up and the rest of the way was made more difficult by the slippery, polished cobble-stones which led the steep way to the top. Apart from this excursion we spent most of our time swimming and sun bathing, all of which we enjoyed immensely. At night we went out in mixed groups walking, stopping at the open-air cafes, or spending our money at "Luna Park", a fair ground. On Sunday morning we left the heat, sun, sand and sea and returned to the cool rainy summer of England. We had all thoroughly enjoyed our holiday, and left with many happy memories.

I would like to thank Mr. Wharton and all members of staff who worked so hard to make our holiday a complete success.

Jacqueline Leonard, U6A. Holgate

2. School Holiday in France 1962



After a very early start and what seemed an interminable journey with little sleep on the night train from Paris to the South, we caught our first glimpse of the calm, blue Mediterranean Sea, and realised that our arduous journey had not been endured in vain.

The Lycee where we stayed was just outside Nice, but the view that it afforded over the town and the sea compensated in some measure for the distance from the beach. The warm sea was the main attraction in Nice, but several of us ventured away from the beach and were amazed at the contrast between the large, expensive hotels and houses along the sea front, and the slum quarter with its narrow streets and tall, dirty houses. Some ventured up to the chateau where there was a magnificent view but no sign of a chateau.

While we stayed in Nice we visited the tiny state of Monaco, travelling along the highest of the three corniches and stopping for a bird's eye view of the town whose main income derives from the tourist trade and whose harbour, palace and famous casinos look very impressive. We also visited the Gorges du Loup and Gourdon, after a hair-raising ride. The roads were narrow and tortuous with sheer precipices on either side. Gourdon, perched on top of a mountain, has several scent distilleries.

After six days, we regretfully left the sea and moved to Avignon where we visited the Palais des Papes and, of course, the famous bridge (or rather half a bridge). We paid a short visit to Arles where we saw the Roman theatre, and the amphitheatre which is now a bull-ring. We also visited another example of Roman influence and architecture: Le Pont du Gard, which we bravely walked along high above the river.

All too soon, the holiday came to an end and we had to return. Paris, seen in the early morning light, did not look so romantic as it had done when we arrived. But our appetites had been thoroughly whetted by our short experience, and we would like to thank the six members of staff, especially Mr. Wharton, for making this holiday possible and so very enjoyable.

Christine Kenyon, L6A

3. Swiss Skiing Holiday 1967



On March 22nd our party assembled under the supervision of Miss Jackson, Mr. Baker and Mr. Harrison. We travelled to London on a dull grey morning, and from there to Dover and Ostend. At last by bus and train we reached our destination, Beckenried.

The Hotel Sonne provided us with a breakfast of bread rolls and coffee, after which treat we were shown to our rooms. A tour of the hotel revealed a very novel form of toilet which provided us with a deal of amusement before we went for a walk on the mountain. Dinners at the hotel were sumptuous; large trays of chicken, fish and meat were set in front of us and all we had to do to get more was to empty the first tray.

On our second day a cable-car took us, ears popping, to the ski slopes. To the huge delight of the girls one of the instructors was young and handsome, though the other had less to recommend him to them. After a few initial exercises we tackled our first slopes. Bywater immediately had an accident and Lynn Conway was put out of action for the rest of the holiday.

The social parts of our activities were helped by Mr. Knox's amazing talent for holding conversations in German. Some of us were pleased to have Sunday away from skiing and to visit the town of Lucerne. Mr. Baker became very proficient on his skis and won a silver medal. Julia Hammond and Moxon, J. both impressed us all by the way in which they developed their skills.

The holiday was over all too soon but not before our research into the hotel's toilets had revealed one novelty in a delicate Willow-Pattern and nine different flushing mechanisms.

Barry Wathey, Normans 4