

Linda Newton 1974 - 1980

My memories of my time at Plymouth High School for Girls:

- About 40 people+ on each tennis court at breaktime and lunchtimes attempting to play tennis, year 7 playing underarm near the net, year 11 belting the ball from the back of the court to each other, the odd bruise (concussion?).
- Sitting with friends under the Blossom trees by the Dining Hut in the sun; taking your turn at serving staff at their table. Virtually Silver Service!
- (Drawing Mr Pezey on the inside of a drawer in a lab on the same floor as my first year form room, ahem).
- Mr Jowett bringing in his accordion at Christmas so that we could sing "Adeste Fideles" and other hymns in Latin.
- Dreading having to do Public Speaking because I was so shy. Have always been an introvert, yet made a career out of addressing people and am comfortable with that.
- Mrs Shliffke's infinite kindness and humour. Enjoying choral singing in Mrs Richardson's choir, was an alto.
- Being garbage at Physics, but getting the kindest words from Miss Mills on my results sheet after O-Levels.
- 3 hour-long exams in the hall!
- Playing "Pirates" on those rare occasions - and even rarer, getting the trampoline out (twice??) and Fencing in the Fencing room (once!). The green mats, gym sequences and us all imagining we were as good as Nadia Comaneci as we got BAGA 4...and the awful showers.
- The raised platforms at the front of our classrooms and THE GONG. Actually got to ring that in the Sixth form.
- Squeezing two cups of tea out of one teabag in the common rooms.
- Someone leaving the lid of the Locusts' metal box open so that they sat on the radiators and pipes on the corridors. Shudder. Dissecting one (fascinating! Events not linked, haha!).
- Friendship - how we cared about each other, played games at breaks together, mattered.

- The pride in the way we were shaped and grew alongside each other in such a fabulous building along with our teachers. Such key adults in our young lives, even if not all experiences were positive.
- Not being allowed to wear platform shoes, not meant to wear Desert boots (Kickers), not meant to wear our ties mega-fat (wound so many times that a couple of inches protruded from the huge blob under our chins, top button undone), no Black eye-liner on the lower inner eyelid or henna'd hair, but we somehow managed to do some of these things.
- Making mini-versions of whatever we were cooking in Home-Economics for my best friend, Jill Franklin.
- Drawing SHOES constantly in the margins of my Rough Book. Passing notes (no texting for us, young people!!).