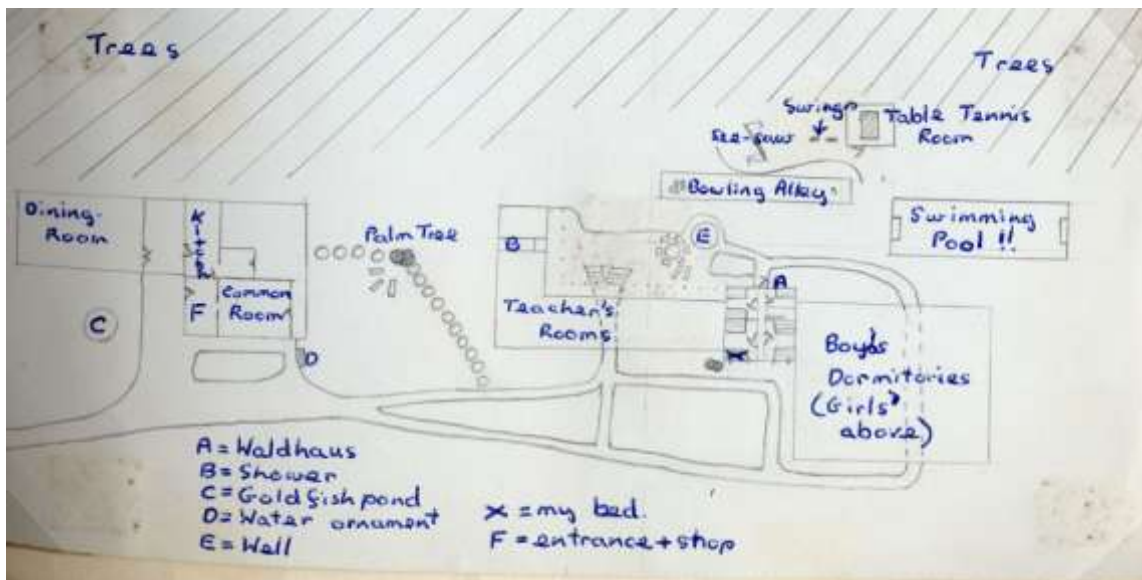


Easter Holiday 1963

On Sunday April 7th 1963, 32 of us ACHS girls, 42 FGS boys & 16 adults set off by train to Folkestone, crossing by boat to Calais and then on a “sleeper” train (though not much sleeping was done if I recall!) to Lucerne where we had breakfast on arrival the next morning. Another train took us to Lugano where most of us stayed in the hostel Lugano Crocifisso, Jucendheim, An der Sonne, Ticino. (One group of boys stayed in the Hotel Rosa instead.)



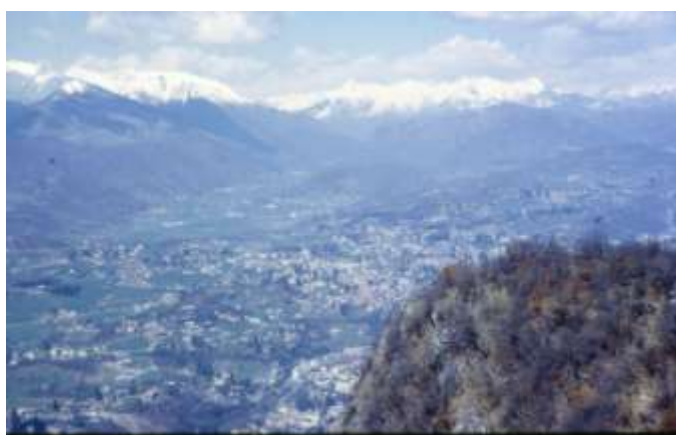
I stayed in Waldhaus with Barbara Sketch, Monica Woodward, Wendy Young, Lindsey Underwood, Susan Tuckwell and Rachel Collingbourne. Others stayed in dormitories.

The dormitories are in the picture on the right, girls above and boys below.

The dining room was in the room with a row of windows overlooking the garden. We had to take turns helping with the washing up.



The next morning we went to the summit of Monte Bré by funicular railway. There were spectacular views.



On Wednesday we drove alongside Lake Lugano, crossed the hills to Menaggio on Lake Como in Italy, and continued round the lake to Cadenabbia where we had free time and saw (but couldn't afford to go into) the Villa Carlotta.



We continued on to Como and had great fun in a supermarket trying to bargain with a man selling ornament barometers. He spoke Italian & a bit of French. We spoke English & a bit of French so French was our language in common. We managed to get our goods for half price!

On Thursday it was raining and our free morning turned into a free day. My friends and I took the bus into Lugano and spent the morning in a café playing records and drinking pepsi-colas.. Before this holiday I had had about 2 pepsi-colas in my life and here I had an average of 2 or 3 per day! The weather improved and we went out on the lake in paddle boats. No. 3 was the one I went in!

In the evening we went by coach to Mendrisio to see an Easter Procession which was very good, if a little frightening. The boys leading the horses with flaming torches in their hands got a bit close for comfort.

On Friday we had a day trip to Milan, stopping to see Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper of the Apostles" on the refectory wall of a monastery.

I note in my diary that I spilt orange down my skirt



in a café twice (!) and that we were all very excited when we found a packet of Rhubarb flavoured Lifesaver sweets.

Being 13 at the time, my friends and I found it hilarious addressing people as, "Hello Rhubarb" and, in Switzerland/Italy, we'd started saying, "Hello Rhubarbé" with a stress on the last syllable. We would shout at each other (or at the Swiss/Italians) across the street!



After being very impressed with Milan Cathedral, we drove home via Varese where we bought ice cold coconut with the remainder of our Italian lire.

On the free Saturday morning my group and I took a short funicular ride down to the old town which we hadn't seen before and then a bus along the quay to the foot of San Salvatore.



We then caught the funicular to the top of the mountain.



We met up with the rest of the party in the afternoon and went on two boats round the lake.

I think I recognise Tim McDonald and Pete Rocks in a picture on the next page.



Our boats stopped at Gandria, where we climbed up through on of the houses to Antico Ristorante where there was a good array of straw hats!

At Caprino there was a restaurant and orchestra where a few of us danced. There was also an enormous wine cellar.



At Morcote there was an arcade full of ornate things. Which we found fascinating.

In the evening we were allowed into town to see the lights and at 9pm there was a coloured fountain show on the lake.



On our last day we went on another boat trip this time to Melide, Morcote and Campione.

In Melide there was a model village showing various parts of Switzerland reduced in size by 1:25.



At Morcote we were advised to climb up to a church on the side of the hill. There seemed to be millions of steps!

This is some of the boys in the back of the boat. I recognise them all but can only name Philip Latham in the fawn jacket..



It was a wonderful experience for a 13 year-old to be wandering around and discovering a foreign country with her friends.

I'm amazed when I read that we were "let loose" in Lucerne to wander around between trains. Not sure if that would happen today, but we all managed fine!

Lots of tales to tell our families when we got home!

Mary (née Mullins)