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The Olympic Park in Lausanne—see Margaret King's article on page 41

went to a convent school in the 1970s with a rule about your hair not touching your shoulders.”

Forbidden Slang

Mark Taha “As this magazine’s readers know, I have no time for the ‘forbidden slang’ rule. There must be slang in every language, surely? Nor did I understand the rule about not pulling curtains between cubicles apart—aside from these only being for boarders—what harm did it do?”



Weezes

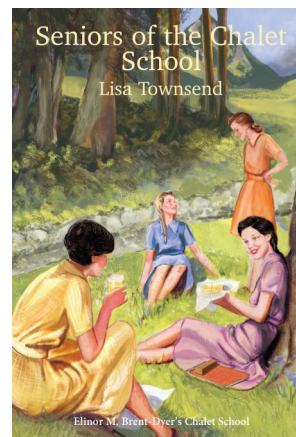
Janet Morris “In *Goes To It*, Miss Annersley caught Betty and Elizabeth wearing their gardening clothes and pillar-box red lipstick. Then the entire fourth form went to their gardening lesson with ‘weezes’ on their heads. Miss Everett scolded them roundly. What exactly are weezes? Are they kerchiefs worn over the head and knotted in the front?”

Linda Buckingham “A search on Google suggests a misspelling of ‘gauze’ (as in ‘gauze head scarf’) or a misunderstanding of a similar-sounding term. The search results show that gauze head wraps are a popular type of lightweight headscarf, fabric hair covering or wrap. Other types of headscarves mentioned include wimples, kerchiefs, geles, and babushkas.”

Anne Maclean “I can’t actually find this term on Google but I think they are headscarves tied into turbans to completely cover the hair which was necessary for safety when working in the wartime factories.”

Seniors of the Chalet School

Susan Dunnachie “I chose *Seniors* as my Christmas book this year though I didn’t get too far on Christmas Day. It’s taken me a bit over two days to read it as it really rewards careful slow reading. A bit more substantive than EBD herself during this time... I thought it wonderful and really appreciated Jack’s slow maturity. It did however bring to light how few times I’ve read those last books though the Afterword did a good job in filling in the blanks. I think it brings even closer a full reread of the series, with the fill ins, as I’ve not read many of the fill ins more than once so don’t have a huge memory of them other than the title. And as I’ve read the first half of the series much more often than the last so do



became the wife of the last Austro-Hungarian Emperor, Emperor Charles I. I always did like names and Zita's full name was an even better one than Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, the full names of Queen Mary, the rather frightening, rigidly upright grandmother of Queen Elizabeth II. One of these days I will chase up all the female names of mid-European royalty of the 20th Century Now there's a project that will keep me fully occupied.

In 1918 the Hapsburgs were deposed, and Zita, her husband and children



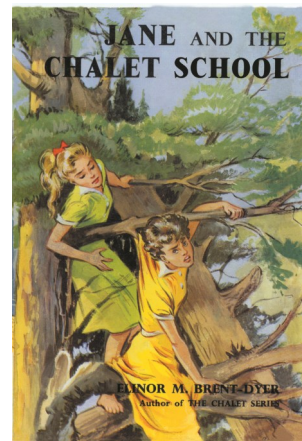
moved to various homes throughout Europe. Zita was to have nine children before her husband died at the age of 34 in 1922. She was only 29 when he died (she lived until 1989), and a devout woman, but, as royalty – deposed or not - in that era needed plenty of servants, those servants would now come from lands from the diminished Empire: Hungarians, Czechs, Italians, South Tyrolese, Moravians. The devout Zita, who had been born in Italy, would be familiar with St Zita, and

would be happy to accept servants who prayed to an Italian saint. The Tyrolese were used to upper-class families with large numbers of children, so Joey and her flock of 11 children (not counting adoptees) would come as no surprise to Austrians after the 17 children of Count Robert! The devout Empress Zita was declared a Servant of God by Pope Benedict XVI.

EBD quietly used Zita as Christian names for two more characters: Zita Rincini and Zita Roselli. Neither long-storied or memorable characters, but perhaps EBD felt it was now 'lèse majesté' to portray characters with such royal names. Zita Roselli is in VA in *Jane*. She composes the incidental music for *The Little Germaine*, the play that VA puts on. Her great passion is the violin. She also helps Betty Landon, Eve Hurrell and Tina Harms concoct two enormous cakes for the for the Seniors' Sheets & Pillowcases party in *Adrienne*. 'Are they cooked?' 'Will they have been in the oven long enough?'

Zita Rincini is in Inter V and the Pansy dormitory in *Trials*. Zita speaks to Matron in Italian (does Matron speak Italian?), confirming that Margot was in a bad temper, and 'wasn't herself'.

St Zita was born in 1218 near Lucca, Italy and died in 1272. She became the Patron Saint of Domestic Workers: workers within a household, small, large or





what foods it can be found in, about the need to avoid cross contamination, and asking if there is anything suitable for me to eat, in a variety of different languages (I bought them in German, French, Spanish and Italian to cover any travel I might like to do in the next few years). I would recommend these to anyone with a food allergy who is travelling, to ensure their needs can be understood by restaurants, cafes, hotels, etc. You can also buy them in English to help with people who don't fully understand in this country as well!

Despite the allergy card, I was concerned I would struggle to find places I could eat. I have travelled to Paris and Rome since being diagnosed and had no issues (except in the Louvre where there was nothing I could eat!), but those are obviously capital cities and tend to have more

options for people with food allergies (and Italy has a very high incidence of Coeliacs in the population, so consequently most restaurants have gluten-free options). So, I decided to try and find a hotel that mentioned gluten-free options on their menus and my first search result? The Hotel Post! I couldn't resist. They also provided room and half board, so I would only need to try and sort lunch out for myself (note: I did not, the breakfast was so good and the "afternoon snack" so substantial, I never bought food anywhere else the whole week!). It is more expensive than some options, but I decided that peace of mind and ease were worth it. After all, I had been looking forward to this holiday for well over 30 years by this point!

And I can say, it was definitely worth it. The Hotel Post offered an airport transfer (for a fee) which I took up, being picked up at the airport and driven the hour's journey to the hotel, right on the lake side. I believe I would have been able to navigate the train and



The lake from Zwolferkopf

bus network to get to Pertisau, even in German, but I had decided to indulge this holiday and the timings meant using the transfer got me to the hotel at just the right time to check in before dinner. The food was delicious, and as I said before, plentiful enough that I never ate anywhere else. Not that it wouldn't have been possible; several of the hotels around the lake offered gluten-free options on their menus, and the supermarkets in Maurach had a good selection of gluten-free products if you wanted to go self-catering. In fact, they had several options that you can't get here, so I stocked up to pack in my suitcase to bring home.