
Priory School Shrewsbury - 70th anniversary.

My two school friends and I had a great afternoon on Saturday. Our old grammar school - now The Priory School Shrewsbury - celebrated its 70th anniversary. My school friend from Shrewsbury, being a brilliant organiser, bought tickets and arranged for our friend from Poulton le Fylde to join us for the weekend. So we set off to school together, just 40 years since we left in 1969!



Amazingly much of the school was just as we remembered it. Of course, there were new buildings, including a smart library and huge sports hall, but mostly it looked much the same. We even recognised cupboards in classrooms and the odd desk or two with ink wells and lids carved with initials from the past - not ours, I hasten to add.

Gone are the draughty corridors open to the elements and threatening frost bite when you ventured out to change classes or worse still strip to PE gear for hockey on the field. The corridors are now glazed and we baked under hot glass as we walked along to Room 3 - the 1960s room. We were hoping to meet old friends from our year but we three were the only ones. We did meet others we remembered and shared their photos and a few happy memories.

Lots of the "old girls" were literally that - ladies who had been at the school much before us - some back into the 30s and 40s. It was lovely to see them enjoying a good natter over their refreshments. The organisers had put on a wonderful spread and even produced a huge celebration cake with the school badge. Our motto, I think, was "*haud pro una, sed pro multis*" and if my memory and my latin learned all those years ago serve me correctly, means "*not for one but for many*". Very true I suppose, whichever way you choose to interpret it!!

We took a few snaps of each other and then made our last port of call the old gym where we spent many an unhappy hour in our bottle green knickers!! We opened the door with a faint feeling of trepidation, only to find that it is now a drama hall, an altogether much cosier friendlier place. It didn't stop us sharing a few of our memories of falls from wall bars and struggles to mount leather backed, huge boxes and pommel horses!! We could even recall the names of those lythe, agile beauties who could accomplish all with ease - sadly we were not amongst them!!

Heading for home and a barbecue on this rare sunny evening in my friends back garden, we all three thought it had been an event not to miss but wished some of our other friends had turned up to share it with us.



For anyone interested- left - Josie, Chris, Judith & Gill

Below, gathered around the sculpture called "Femininity" in the quadrangle, are the girls of the Upper Sixth in the summer of 1969. We designed and made that uniform ourselves!!



Those were the days, my friend.....

If you recognise yourself then please get in touch!