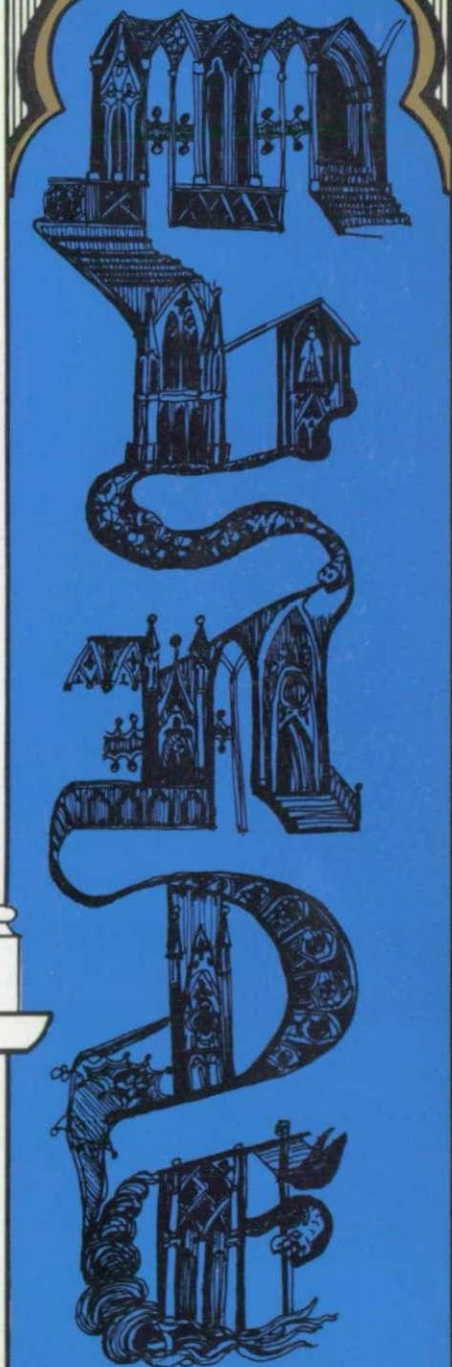




1978  
1878



## THE GOVERNING BODY

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*Deputy Chairman:* C.E. McCully

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and a visit of inspection is  
respectfully solicited!*

# **HAVE MYNDE 1978**

## The Centenary. Number of the Queen's School Annual

On later pages. . . .

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# THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL, 1878-1978

A centenary is a unique occasion in the life of any institution and it is safe to say that, however old the Queen's School may eventually become, no individual member of it is likely to remember more than one such celebration! Our major anniversaries have been celebrated in the past following much the same time scale as weddings and royal jubilees, with the exception of the twenty-fifth anniversary in 1903 which apparently passed unnoticed. The fiftieth and sixtieth birthdays were given due prominence with formal dinners, special Commemoration Services and sports, all of which are remembered vividly by former pupils. But nothing else is quite like a centenary; it is a major landmark in the School's history from which we can look back over 100 years of success and failure, triumph and difficulty, amusing episodes and sad ones, all of which contributed in their own way to the growth of the school and the distinctive character it possesses today.

It is fitting that in this most important year there should be published, for the first time, an account of the School's history. For this we are deeply indebted to our Chairman of Governors, Miss Gladys Phillips, herself a former pupil, who has spent many hours during the last few years doing painstaking research into our oddly assorted records. On behalf of everyone who knows the school now and all who will know it in the future, I thank her. But for the newly introduced Bank Holiday on May 1st the book would have appeared on the exact date of the School's opening. There could be no better way of inaugurating our second century.

M. Farra

## THOSE IN AUTHORITY, 1978

*Head Girl:* Christina Faulf

*Deputies:* Janet Bernie, Jayne Hughes

*Reference Librarians:* Miss Walters, Claire Chin, Christine Jones,  
Josephine Steadman

*Fiction Librarians:* Miss Wilkin, Ruth Collin, Caroline Done,  
Jayne Gott

*"Have Mynde" editorial:* Mr. Hands, Miss Callaway, Mrs. Bates,  
Karen Ruby, Jane Bowmer, Joanna Andrew

*"Have Mynde" business:* Mrs. Gorman, Kate Bates

## WE CONGRATULATE

Miss Saunders on retaining her place in the England lacrosse team and on being selected for the Great Britain Touring Team which will play in Australia and Tasmania;  
Valerie Street, Gillian Pearson, Janet Poole and Diane Johnston on receiving the Gold Award of the Duke of Edinburgh's Scheme;  
Denise Morrey on being awarded a studentship by British Rail;  
Charlotte Jones on being awarded an exhibition to read law at Trinity Hall, Cambridge;  
and the following girls who have places at Oxford or Cambridge colleges:  
Caroline Armstrong, for engineering at Girton College, Cambridge;  
Susan Hall, for law at Brasenose College, Oxford;  
Christina Hewitt, for history at Somerville College, Oxford;  
Barbara Kennedy, for mathematics and philosophy at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford;  
Edwina Maple, for politics, philosophy and economics at St. Hilda's College, Oxford;  
Tiffany Salter, for law at St. Hugh's College, Oxford;  
Gillian Belsham (left 1977), for law at St. Hugh's College, Oxford;  
Sara Harker (left 1977), for Fine Art at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

## VOLUNTARY SERVICE

This year we have been pleased with the enthusiasm shown for the variety of voluntary work we have been able to organise.

Early in the year we arranged for Mrs. Linton, the Cheshire Organiser of the W.R.V.S., to come and talk to us about the type of projects available for young people. She supplied us with names of elderly friends who would appreciate visitors, and put us in touch with the I.V.S., who gave us a similar extensive list. We then managed to correlate many of these names with willing volunteers throughout the school, who are now visiting on a regular basis.

At the end of the Autumn term we arranged a Christmas dinner for a few old people. The event was an undoubted success and was followed by festive carol singing. Our thanks go to the many staff and girls who helped us on this occasion.

Several girls help at various Cheshire hospitals regularly, and this year more people have been able to enrol for the scheme with the aid of Mr. Bullen who kindly helped us in allotting jobs for girls. A keen member of the King's School Voluntary Service Committee arranged regular group visits to a geriatric ward at the West Cheshire Hospital on Friday nights, a venture which a few older girls have generously embarked upon.

Each form and tutorial made up a Christmas hamper for a needy family, and the collection of aluminium foil in aid of the Guide Dogs for the Blind continued steadily throughout the year.

On behalf of the Voluntary Service Committee I would like to thank Miss Edwards and Miss Hinde for their much appreciated help and guidance throughout the year.

Grace Aldred, Upper VI

## GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

The following gifts are gratefully acknowledged:

*Books, and contributions to Library funds:* Pevril Allen, Alison Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Box, Ann Brannon, Miss M. Brown, Mr. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Chesters and Deborah, Carol Davidge, Miss Eason, Susan Elliott, Fiona and Ruth Hassall, Janet and Judith Howells, Linda Jones, Sarah McClure, Sylvia Paterson, Miss Phillips, Miss Pope, Alison Ross, Diana Smith, Mrs. Wheen and Linda Woodhouse.

*Other cheques (for the departments indicated):* Susan Barker, Ann Boothroyd, Rachel Phillips, Valerie Street (science); Alison Barrow (history); Susan Johnston, Mrs. Lockwood, Frances Lumb (mathematics); Nord-Anglia; Siân Robinson, Deborah Semper, Diana Smith (geography).

*Chemical glassware, and some candle wax:* Shell.

*Lacrosse stick:* Margaret Chard.

*Rose bush:* Mr. Kloosterhuis.

*Filing cabinets to house the school archives:* Miss Pope.

*Notices for display during examinations:* Miss Monck-Mason.

*A violin:* Mr. F.C. Hignett.

*An embroidery of the school arms:* Mrs. Phyllis M. Dixon (née Parry).

*Games position bibs:* Miss de Reybekill

*Framing of portraits of the school's royal patrons:* Miss Christopherson

*Gifts to the staffroom:* Miss de Reybekill (Thermos jug), Miss Monck-Mason (electric kettle), Miss Pope (cruets for the dining room), Mrs. Eifler (umbrella), Miss Eason (flower arrangement), Mrs. Holmes, Miss Bough and Miss M. Brown (divers items of office equipment).

### *Gifts to Nedham House*

*Plants:* Catherine Windsor

*Pictures:* Anna Howatt, Joanne Bayly

*Tape cassettes:* Louise Bevan

*Cheques:* Kay Ross, Susan Owen, Anna Gordon, Sheila Clarke, Caroline Elsom.

*Posters:* Miss de Reybekill

*Photograph album:* Carol Kenyon

*Books and book tokens:* Caroline Armstrong, Imogen Clark, Miss Pope, Kate Berens, Camilla Hendry, Audrey Dakin, Miss Whitnall, Penny Holloway, Siân Lewis, Jo Ingham, Alex Hedley, Christina Backhouse, Kathryn Ross, Alison Hood, Emma Leach

*Items for the garden:* Philippa Hutchinson, Lucinda Summers, Mrs. D. Brown

*Games:* Mrs. Butterworth and Richard, Jo Ingham, Mrs. L. Forster

*Set of records:* Mrs. Maddocks

*Teapot and song books:* Mrs. Lowe



## THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL PARENTS ASSOCIATION

The Queen's School Parents Association came into being in 1974 – so it is hardly as old as the School. There was however a very successful and vigorous Equipment Fund Committee before that date, which built the swimming pool, amongst other major projects.

The Association was formed to further the interests of the School, to organise social functions and to raise money when necessary. It has a committee elected each October consisting of seven mothers, seven fathers, one member of staff and the Headmistress, the parents to include at least one representative from the Preparatory Department and one from Nedham House.

During the past year we have had a number of very successful events. We had a Jumble Sale to raise funds for re-furbishing the VI Form Coffee Room – which is now being done with, we understand, great effect. There was the annual Buffet Supper at Christmas time which, as usual, was delicious, profitable, and booked up weeks in advance. We had a talk on wildlife conservation, "Fly High, Run Free", from Mrs. Jane Ratcliffe, at which we were very pleased to see a large number of pupils from Nedham House. There was a splendid display of 18th and 19th century fashions by Mrs. Renée Murray which everyone agreed was outstanding; and finally we had a most interesting talk on Victorian Chester, at the time of the founding of the Queen's School, by our City Archivist, Annette Kennett.



*A costume of 1878, shown during Mrs. Murray's display.*

The next meeting is the Annual General Meeting and we need nominations for the Committee, as several members have come to the end of their term. What about nominating those of your friends who would like to do something to help the School – and incidentally work with a very able, hard working and friendly body of parents? The Committee can only be successful if you all feel like helping. And we have the Autumn Market coming on September 30th – very hard work, but very good fun at the same time. And we have a long list of things the school needs and for which the Parents Association wants to make money! Library shelves to hold all the new books which are needed, a Stevenson screen for the Geography Department, a piano for the Preparatory Department, shelving for all departments, black-out for the General Science Laboratory, improvements to the amplification system in the Hall, musical instruments, new projector for the Chemistry and General Science Laboratories, books and yet more books, etc., etc. . . .

Joanna Laurie, Secretary

# NEEDHAM HOUSE NEWS

One of the memorable events of Jubilee Year was designing our own Jubilee mugs. They came to us without a pattern and we painted our own designs on them; then they were sent to be glazed, and we received them on June 2nd when we had our own Jubilee celebrations. We made cakes and biscuits and invited parents to watch Mummers' plays, dances and "The Jabberwocky". The Third form dressed up to perform plays which originated in Mediaeval times, when Mummers performed on large tables in rich men's castles. The plays with fool, devil, hero and doctor were most amusing.



*The Mummers*

*Victorian play*

Also in the summer term, on July 7th, Third formers dressed in Victorian clothes and had Victorian lessons outside: it was very much enjoyed.

During the summer holidays twenty Third formers stayed at Llangollen Youth Hostel for four days, as you can read below.

We have been on a number of visits this year; as a group member of The National Trust we visited Alderley Old Mill, Tatton Park and Erddig. Trips also included a walk along part of the Sandstone Trail and visits to Pilkington's Glass Museum, the brass rubbing centre, Chester City archives, a pantomime and the ballets *Coppélia* and *La Fille Mal Gardée*.

On our birthday this year we were joined by some Mums and visited Erddig Hall, where we helped to clear an area of woodland. We enjoyed our visit and the birthday biscuits Miss Christopherson made us.

This year we raised £374.95 for charity in a diversity of ingenious fund raising activities including a Hallowe'en House, sponsored spelling and tables, guess the weight of Emu and name the Koala Bear as well as selling the ever popular cakes and sweets. We supported twelve different charities including Dr. Barnado's Home, The Prince of Wales' Jubilee Fund, Save the Children Fund and World Wildlife Fund.

We have collected Green Shield Stamps to exchange for a ciné camera and projector and have been able to give Mrs. Ogg a new clock and set of

# PRIZES AND AWARDS, 1977

## FORM PRIZES

*Lower Fifth*  
*For good work*

Caroline Andrew,  
Anne Cassidy,  
Linda Edmondson,  
Alison Rhodes

*Upper Fifth*  
*For good work at Ordinary Level*

Joanna Andrew,  
Jane Bowmer,  
Susan Johnston,  
Rosemary Taylor

*Lower Sixth*  
*For service to the school community*  
*For good work and service to the school community*  
*as Deputy Head Girl*  
*For service to the school community as Deputy Head Girl*  
*For service to the school community as Head Girl*  
*For service to the school community through Music*  
*For good work*  
*For games*

Vivienne Halford

Charlotte Jones  
Edwina Marple  
Joanna Oswell  
Deborah Peers  
Tiffany Salter  
Jennifer Cooke,  
Judith Moore

*Upper Sixth*  
*For good work at Advanced Level*

Susan Barker,  
Alison Barrow,  
Anne Boothroyd,  
Amanda Box,  
Sarah Copeman,  
Susan Carroll,  
Susan Hall,  
Janice Hardwick,  
Anne Johnson,  
Amanda Jones,  
Gwyneth Jones

*For good work at Advanced Level and service*  
*to the neighbourhood*  
*For Geography*  
*For Economics*  
*For Modern Languages*  
*For English and Art*  
*For service to the neighbourhood*  
*For service to the school community*

Rachel Phillips  
Pevril Allen  
Jane Bevis  
Jane Jones  
Angela van Ree  
Ruth Hassall  
Helen Stringer

The Queen's Jubilee Scholarship 1977-78

Susan Hall

## GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1977, ORDINARY LEVEL

*The following passed in four or more subjects:*

Kim Affleck, Joanna Andrew, Anne Archer, Jane Barrow, Katharine Bates, Jacqueline Brown, Jocelyn Cammack, Leigh Chapman, Claire Chin, Tracey Derbyshire, Katharine Frood, Jaye Gillespie, Rachel Grudgings, Julia Hands, Valerie Hopper, Ruth Jobson, Anne Jones, Sandra Jones, Caroline Limb, Virginia Lowe, Janine Price, Wendy Roberts, Melanie Rydings, Ruth Shabi, Dawn Sinclair, Fiona Smith, Sylvia van Kleef, Elizabeth Walker.

Judith Allanson, Janet Bernie, Jane Bowmer, Fiona Carr, Julia Coathupe, Ruth Collin, Susan Cooper, Caroline Done, Christina Faull, Joanne Frame, Rosemary Green, Louise Hasted, Joanne Horton, Jayne Hughes, Jill Hughes, Susan Johnston, Christine Jones, Jayne Jordan, Jane Platt, Karin Pottinger, Lesley Roberts, Hilda Rodger, Karen Ruby, Carol Shaw, Josephine Steadman, Katharine Strawson, Helen Taylor, Rosemary Taylor, Stephanie Underwood.

## ADVANCED LEVEL

### *Four subjects:*

Wendy Albinson, Susan Barker, Alison Barrow, Amanda Box, Caroline Cleaves, Sarah Copeman, Valerie Curtis, Julie Eckles, Deborah Edwards, Philippa Gimlette, Janice Hardwick, Fiona Hendley, Susan Hickman, Catherine Ingram, Anne Johnson, Gwyneth Jones, Barbara Kennedy, Ceridwen Lloyd-Jones, Gillian Pearson, Rachel Phillips, Fiona Pringle, Diana Smith, Valerie Street, Helen Stringer, Angela van Ree.

### *Three subjects:*

Pevril Allen, Jane Bevis, Caroline Blackhurst, Anne Boothroyd, Sheila Camy, Susan Carroll, Deborah Chesters, Lesley Cooke, Rona Deas, Alison Edkins, Drue Etheridge, Susan Finn, Susan Hall, Jane Heathcote, Helen Iles, Claire Johnson, Amanda Jones, Jane Jones, Susan Jones, Elizabeth Lewis, Rachel Meaton, Julia Palmer, Siân Robinson, Robina Salisbury, Deborah Semper, Camilla Stanhope, Susie Tan.

### *Two subjects:*

Jane Dutton, Ruth Hassall, Fiona Murphy, Shirley Rydeard, Linda Woodhouse.

### *One subject:*

Elizabeth Robinson, Karen Shabi.

## EXAMINATIONS OF THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

*Grade VI*                      *Piano (distinction):* Fiona Hardwick, Karen Swain; *Clarinet (distinction):* Lesley Roberts; *Clarinet (merit):* Fiona Green.

*Grade VII*                      *Piano (merit):* Deborah Peers; *Cello (merit):* Charlotte Jones; *Cello:* Erica Cleal.

*Grade VIII*                      *Piano (distinction):* Judith Olorenshaw; *Violin (distinction):* Jane Platt.

## DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

This year's Prize Giving was held on Tuesday, 13th December, when Miss Phillips, the Chairman of the Board of Governors, opened the proceedings with the news that because of illness the guest speaker, Sister Veronica Connor, was unable to attend. In her introductory speech, Miss Phillips remarked on the excellent speed at which the target of £100,000 had been raised in ten weeks for the Bursary Fund. She closed her speech by telling the audience that the first Bursary Award would be given in September 1978, which she considered to be appropriate as it would mark the opening of a further centenary of Queen's School traditions.

Having thanked Miss Phillips for agreeing to deputise for the guest speaker in presenting the prizes, Miss Farra gave her review of the main features of the past year. She commented on the success of the Bursary Fund, the Parents' Association social events, the Queen's Silver Jubilee Celebrations, the School's sporting achievements, voluntary service and the high academic levels attained in O and A level subjects. Miss Farra also stressed the importance of gaining good qualifications and said that there was a great need for people to have technological training, rather than feel obliged to enter university.

Miss Phillips then presented the prizes of books to those girls who had achieved a high standard in their school work and to those who had rendered services to the school community.

The vote of thanks was proposed by Canon Maltby, who amused the audience with anecdotes of his encounters with headmistresses and schools.

Lesley Roberts, Lower VI

scales for the kitchen as well. We are now saving newspaper for musical instruments.

Other events to remember were becoming the owners of a tortoise, nursing a bird entangled in cotton, a visit from Father Christmas, joining the Bookworm Club and a piano concert given by all Mrs. Forster's pianists.

Sadly, we have had to say a number of adieus this year: to Mrs. Williams who lovingly cherished and polished the hall; to Mrs. Forster whose illness prevented her from continuing to teach the piano; Mrs. Bates who was replaced by Miss Eason who has also now left us to be succeeded by Mrs. Meredith; Mrs. Maddocks, who has moved with her family to Hong Kong, and Mr. Johnston our gardener. We are sorry to lose them all and wish them well. We welcome our newcomers Mrs. Chorley to teach French, Mrs. Cunliffe, piano, and Mrs. Meredith, art, and hope they will be as happy at Nedham House as we are.

J.C. and Form III

## **BLACK BLANCMANGE AND ERDDIG**

One Thursday we went to Erddig to celebrate our 30th birthday. It is a tradition to celebrate our birthday in some way, and this year we went there to help clear a wood, as we are members of the National Trust.

We set off early in a coach and a few of us helped time to pass by singing folk songs. When we got there we met Mr. Snowdon, who took us around. First we saw the wash-house, the carpenters sawing logs, the stables and then the blacksmith.

It poured with rain all the time and soaked all our school jotters. Then we had our lunch – at least, some of us did, but the coach drivers had gone for a drive in the coach with the rest of our food!

When we had had our lunch we walked briskly into the wood, where Mr. Snowdon gave us each places to clear. The mud was like black jelly or black blancmange. We slipped and slid and got filthy! We sawed up logs, untangled undergrowth and raked up the rest. When we had finished, as we were walking away, I looked back – and it looked terrific! We had had a super day. It was great getting muddy!

Donna J. Hurle, Form III

## **THE NEDHAM HOUSE LLANGOLLEN TRIP, 1977**

Last summer twenty Third Formers set off for Llangollen. When we arrived at the Youth Hostel, we left our luggage and walked to the Horseshoe Falls, where we ate our picnic lunch. We returned to the Hostel late in the afternoon and settled ourselves into our dormitories. After supper and an evening walk we found that three people were missing, but by this time we were all undressed and ready for bed! Miss Chowen hurriedly put on her clothes again and went out searching. Meanwhile the three returned looking slightly sheepish; they had taken a wrong turning.

The following day we discovered a super picnic spot down by the Dee where we lazed all day. Unfortunately one girl, who wishes to remain anonymous, fell in and was soaked.

The next day was Imogen's birthday which we celebrated with cakes and orange juice at Valle Crucis Abbey, after which we went back to Llangollen and visited a tannery. The smell was atrocious and some of us had to retire outside. In the tannery they were making leather and sheep-skin coats. Later we went to Plas Newydd, an old house with beautiful grounds.

That night was somewhat hectic, because we attacked the teachers with pillows and had a midnight feast. The next day was our last and we climbed Castell Dinas Bran — a very steep hill with the ruins of a castle on the top. We made the descent in many different ways — on stomachs, behinds and feet! On reaching the bottom we collected our belongings and were transported home.

We would like to thank the staff of Nedham House for bearing with us and giving us a smashing holiday.

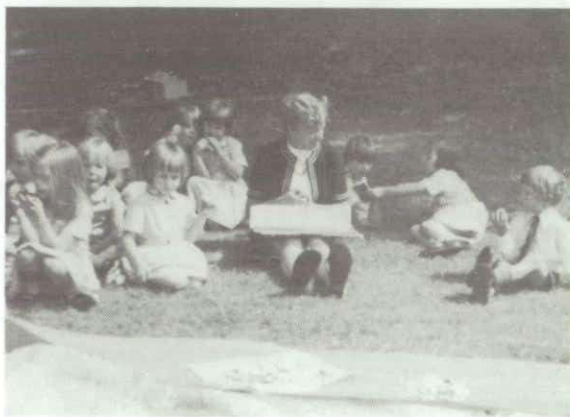
Louise Bevan, Audrey Dakin,  
Anna Howatt and Imogen Clark, Remove G

## **FROM STANLEY PLACE**

Jubilee year will be remembered in the Preparatory Department by all of us who enjoyed a very informal picnic tea on the school field in June. It was a sunny but blustery day as we sat, with crowns on our heads and our Union Jack well anchored, to eat our jelly and cakes. For the children it was a happy and memorable afternoon, and the tourists looking down from the walls seemed highly amused by this quaint English custom.

We hope the children will also cherish the memory of the giant card, bearing the school crest, which they painstakingly coloured. It was signed by each child and duly sent to Buckingham Palace. Their efforts were well rewarded by a letter of acknowledgement from the Queen's Lady-in-Waiting.

Another highlight of that special year was a visit to the zoo to see the newly born Jubilee. Very playful and wobbly, Chester's new elephant was a tremendous favourite with the children. Their accounts of this now famous pregnancy caused great amusement in the staffroom.





BUCKINGHAM PALACE

17<sup>th</sup> June 1977.

To:

*The Children of The Preparatory Department.*

I am commanded by The Queen to write and thank you all for the good wishes which you sent to Her Majesty on the occasion of her Silver Jubilee.

The Queen was deeply touched that you should remember her at this time, and I am to tell you that your kind message has given Her Majesty great pleasure. I am to send to you all The Queen's most sincere thanks.

*Mary Johnson.*

Lady-in-Waiting.

*The Queen thought your card  
was beautifully painted.*

Projects involved us in visits to Chester and Liverpool Museums where we enjoyed seeing models connected with transport, costume, fossils and reptiles. The children, with the help of their parents, also made some really beautiful models of elephants, sedan chairs, barges and air balloons.

Harvest Thanksgiving was again one of our favourite times at Stanley Place. The smell of freshly made bread, gingerbread men, ripe juicy apples and other produce filled the air as we assembled, with parents, to remember the farmers, the fishermen and the Creator of it all. Afterwards, the School minibus, loaded with produce and excited children, wound its way to Dr. Barnado's Home. The harvest baskets were a wonderful sight and were genuinely appreciated by the wardens and their staff.



The children also make regular collections for the P.D.S.A., The Christian Missionary Society and Dr. Barnado's. They also sent a large sack of toys for the children who attend the college playbus and collected newspaper to support this project.

Harvest was soon followed by Christmas preparations and gradually the department was filled with decorations, snowmen and paper hats. The nativity play is always very moving in its simplicity and, for us, there is nothing more beautiful than to hear the children singing carols, or gazing in wonder at the lights flickering on the Christmas tree. The party was an unqualified success, thanks to Mrs. Patterson, the kitchen staff, the sixth formers and the parents.

M.W.

Tim the dog.

I had a little dog named Tim  
And I was fairly fond of him.  
He used to mess around with me  
And run right up the big elm tree  
He'd never bite or jump at you  
And was good at playing too!

After walks he'd run back home  
And always begged me for a bone  
And he slept in side a box  
where I'd often find my socks  
And he came when I called Tim  
And then I used to sing to him

Sarah Davies Age 7 Years





# MUSIC AND DRAMA

## SENIOR CHOIR

We began last autumn under the new management of Miss Lee, the new Head of the Music Department. After a few weeks, we began practising for "The Pilgrim's Progress" (reported on another page) although this was then taking second place to the learning of pieces for the carol service on December 16th. These included "Hodie" from Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols" and a fifteenth century English carol, "Adam lay ybounden".

With the carol service behind us, serious rehearsals of the opera began. Although these demanded dedication and hard work from both the choir and Miss Lee, and most of us began to wonder what it was like to be anywhere but at the King's School on Saturday afternoons, we all felt that the effort was amply rewarded when the three performances were so well received. With barely a pause to catch our breath, we were again working hard to prepare two pieces, "The Sweet Nightingale" and "Ching-a-ring Chaw", for the concert at the end of the Spring term.

We expect to perform these two pieces in the Chester Festival later in the term and we are at present beginning to learn Britten's "Missa Brevis in D" for the centenary service at the end of term. Our thanks go to Miss Lee for her enthusiasm and the help she has given us throughout the school year.

R.Green, Lower VI

## RECORDER GROUPS

The members of the Senior Recorder Group have been playing together now for two years, although the group itself has been in existence for a long time. This select ensemble is comprised of three members of the Upper Fifth and two of the Lower Sixth, and is conducted by Miss Lee. In last year's Chester Music Festival it was placed first in its class and was asked to play in the final concert. At the end of the Spring term we performed in the school concert three pieces from the Capriol Suite by Peter Warlock. Rehearsals for these pieces are still in progress, in preparation for the Festival to be held in May. Earlier in the term we also took part in the Young Musicians' Evening, held at the Stanley Palace, organized by Mrs. Howell.

The Junior Group has about fifteen members and produces a most encouraging sound from descant, treble and tenor recorders. They too took part in the concert last term, playing two lively pieces, Mountain Tunes by Robert Salkeld and Brian Bonsor's Fiesta, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Pycraft and conducted again by Miss Lee.

A second year consort has just been formed. They have been practising a modern work — the Alpine Suite by Benjamin Britten — written especially for recorders. It is good that the enthusiasm for recorder playing in the school continues.

Jane Platt, Lower VI

## WOODWIND GROUP

The Woodwind Group is a recent innovation that has become immensely enjoyable and profitable under the supervision of Mrs. Pycraft, who joined us this year. Pieces vary from Scott Joplin to Mozart; anything that caters for our somewhat unusual array of instruments is experimented with – sometimes with successful results, and sometimes not!

An opportunity of performing arose with the school concert which took place last term. Nerves were combated and a relatively successful performance was achieved.

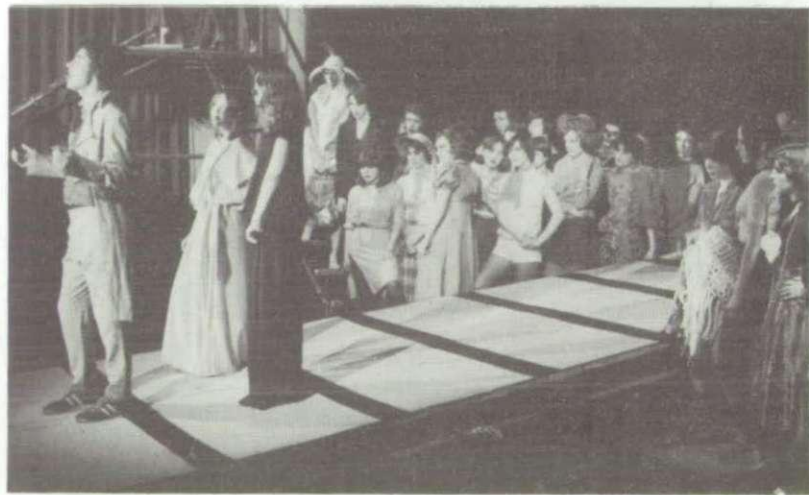
We would welcome any keen players who are willing to attend regularly and with enthusiasm, and are sure that they will gain much satisfaction from it.

Stephanie Underwood, Lower VI

## THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

"They don't like it, they won't like it and perhaps they never will like it," commented the late Ralph Vaughan Williams after the failure of this work at Covent Garden in 1951, where doubt was expressed about its suitability for the stage. He would have been delighted with the audience's reaction to the joint King's and Queen's Schools production of "The Pilgrim's Progress", as was his widow when she attended the first night. Although on occasions some of the more complex arias appeared to be too difficult for the untrained voices, and the orchestra had a tendency to drown some of the soloists, the imagination and energy put into the preparation of this opera resulted in a lively and enjoyable production.

The cost amounted to more than £1000. This was partly offset by a grant of £300 from the Vaughan Williams Trust. Professional musicians were employed to strengthen the schools' musicians in the orchestra, and other expenses included scaffolding supporting platforms on either side of the stage with a central ramp bisecting it, and large spotlights effectively



operated by boys of the King's School. The costumes, although for the most part simple, were very appropriate, and colour was added to the evening by the "tarty" dress and make-up of the girls in *Vanity Fair* and the top hat and tails worn by Lord Hate-Good.

Praise must go to the conductor Martin Merry, the singers' trainer Margaret Lee and the director John Flint. They all worked extremely hard for many months to draw together the three vital strands of opera: the music, the singing and the acting. The success of this became most apparent during the scenes involving the chorus, as for example in the *Valley of Humiliation*, where the green-clad, howling Doleful Creatures are fighting against Christian. The final scene was a splendid tableau of the angels welcoming Christian to the Celestial City.



Hugh Doxat-Pratt portrayed Christian with sincerity and managed to sustain the part well throughout the performance. Special praise must be given to Jonathan Gibbs, as the Evangelist and Watchful, and to Elizabeth Thomas as Madam By-Ends, both of whom sang excellently. Edward Hughes, playing John Bunyan, also proved to be a talented singer: after the vision of the dream ended he sang the words "O come hither, and lay my book, thy head and heart together," while the lights narrowed until finally they shone only on the book he held, on which was engraved in golden letters, "Pilgrim's Progress".

Rosemary Sladden, Upper VI

## DRAMA CLUB

During the last two terms, attendance each Wednesday evening has been good. We have learnt how to do a successful stage fall, i.e. to look realistic and finish up with no bruises. Many of us however still have not mastered the technique.

Our programme has included a Victorian melodrama, which we all had fun in producing with our various groups, and many games and miming exercises. Scenes produced, and shown to other members, include one originating from "Doors" which we had previously mimed, and one including words such as vampire, keyhole, train and crypt, three of which were enclosed in each group's play. Both have been exciting and often funny to watch.

We all owe our gratitude to Miss Stuart for giving us her time every week and hope that this term will prove as successful as the earlier two have done.

Emma Leach, Lower IV B



## MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN

On December 2nd and 3rd, 1977, Brecht's "Mother Courage and her Children" was presented jointly with the King's School. This is a difficult work to produce and to perform, and all credit is due to Rosemary Sladden, the director, for tackling it. By subtle cutting it was reduced to an acceptable length and the result was very enjoyable. Rosemary tried to put Brecht's theories on alienation into practice, reminding the audience that this was really 20th century Britain by means of slogans relating to war in Belfast, painted on the backdrop, and by announcing before each scene what we were about to witness.

The cast was headed by a strong Mother Courage, played by Sylvia van Kleef. We were shown her struggle to survive the horrors of the Thirty Years' War and the deaths of her three children, Eilif, Swiss Cheese and Kattrin. Yet, in spite of the horrors, Mother Courage cannot survive without the war, and our last glimpse is of her hurrying with her travelling canteen to catch up the Swedish troops.

Janet Bernie had a difficult rôle to portray in the dumb Kattrin, but managed to make her strange sounds without seeming ridiculous. Eilif, played by Richard Barratt, was suitably bold and the cook, played by Jeremy Whittle, appropriately dashing. Christina Faull, as Yvette Pottier, was surprisingly tarty! Strong backing by the minor characters combined to give the whole play quite a professional touch, and it was much appreciated by the audience.

M.P.



# OTHER CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

## THE SEVENTH SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The precarious history of this society, as recorded in seventy-nine editions of "Have Mynde", began in 1906 when members of The Queen's School first realised their debating skills. The society continued to flourish during the years 1907-1909, and is again mentioned when a single debate was held on 11th March, 1914, discussing the motion "That the disadvantages of war outweigh the advantages". Motions relating to the war again stimulated the most discussion when the second Debating Society was formed on 7th December, 1917. However, interest appears to have diminished owing to the shyness of its members.

A third reference to the society was made in 1924, when a well-attended debate was held, considering the motion that "Freedom is chaos". The following year a report was made on a debate discussing England's possible withdrawal from Indian Government and its consequences.

In 1961 the society was again revived, holding fortnightly meetings in the lunch hours, and was attended predominantly by Upper Fifth and Lower Sixth-formers. Only three debates were recorded, the first of which was with the King's School; the other two were for Queen's School members only.

1967 began a new era in the history of our Debating Society, when the defeat of a Sixth Form team by overpowering King's School talent stimulated home effort. Although two more meetings were held the society met its recurrent fate of apathy. Another gallant effort was made in 1972 when one debate, attended by only twelve members, was held, and the pathetic plea of "It is too young to die" was inserted by its secretary, striving to avoid what seemed its inevitable death.

It was not until September, 1974 that the dynamic force of Miss Ruth Dalton belatedly responded to this call by starting a three-weekly society open to the Lower Fifth and above. After encouraging attendances, a merger was negotiated with the King's School Debating Club, and was successfully completed in January, 1975. Since then the society has thrived despite three changes of management, though rumours are circulating that if apathy does not return of its own accord, it may have to be written into the constitution.

This year has been one of the most eventful in the history of the Debating Society, with meetings being held each week throughout the year, attended by over sixty members. During the Autumn term twenty-four of the society's members spoke in a knock-out competition judged by members of staff from the Queen's School and the King's School. The first round was a series of six conventional debates with motions including "Females are naturally superior to males", "Christianity is detrimental to society" and "Everybody should learn to speak English". In the second round the semi-finalists had to use their skills to defend various personalities, including the editors of "The Times", "The Dandy" and "Playboy", and the famous singers Johnny Rotten, Elvis Presley and "Twiggy" in four balloon debates.

Richard Harden, Kate McIntyre, David Macarthy and Andrew Brannon spoke in the Grand Final held on the last evening of term at the King's School. This was a Hat Debate judged by five members of staff, to whom we would like to offer our most sincere thanks. The audience of over a hundred then enjoyed refreshments, provided by members of the Queen's School (and Mr. S. Street), at the reception which followed.

In January the Chester Debating Society invited us to send a team from our society to oppose the motion "That it is time the British withdrew from Northern Ireland", proposed by Christleton High School. Our team spoke very well and secured the defeat of the motion.

Post-competition enthusiasm maintained high attendances throughout the Spring term, which was highlighted by a Valentine's Day debate in which three great lovers persuaded us of their rights to stay in a balloon.

Despite the lurking apathy the society is still being well supported this term, and we hope that it will continue to do so in the future.

Judith Allanson and Ruth Jobson, Lower VI

## JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

This year Junior debating has been held regularly once a week during Thursday lunch-hours, and last term, for the first time, it opened its gates to the Upper Fourth as well as the regular Lower Fourth and Remove years.

The topics for discussion, after careful censorship of suggestions, have varied from the highly intellectual, "Prince Charles is the most eligible bachelor in the world", to the more mundane "Standards in the Removes have declined". Similarly, attendance has ranged considerably from the staggering total of forty on the first day to a mere eight the following week. Miss Callaway, when told, kindly assured Lesley Roberts (my co-Chairman) and myself that there was nothing personal in this! Happily, on the special occasion of our Balloon Debate, where guest speakers represented Enid Blyton, John Wyndham and Charles Dickens, thirty-five people came to support us.

Needless to say there have been many harrowing moments for Lesley and me, when restoring our mental equilibrium was as difficult as restoring balance among the debaters! However, apart from these lapses in protocol, the society has been very successful. Serious speeches are not easy to deliver in front of classmates, but the standard has improved beyond embarrassed giggles, culminating in an excellent performance from Jane Dale which won her our prize for the term's best speech.

With only slight persuasion there were volunteers to propose and oppose the motion every week and a lot of time and effort was spent by them in preparation, for which I am grateful; but I cannot end this report without advertising the society. I hope the usual members will continue to attend, and any new faces, even if not on a regular basis, will be very welcome: I can promise them a lively and informative half hour.

Jill Hughes, Lower VI

## FOLK DANCING CLUB

This year, as in former years, the Folk Dancing Club attracted a large number of girls in the first few weeks of the Autumn term. As usual, there was great enthusiasm from the Removes and ample representation from the rest of the school. However, as is equally usual, these large numbers declined until only a small but select group remained. These members continued to come, despite major technical difficulties, such as the breakdown of the tape-recorder, an occurrence that brought the club literally to a standstill! We would like to thank these members for their support, and would welcome any more girls who would like to come along.

R. Green and P. Hasted, Lower VI

## ORIENTEERING

Orienteering is a relatively new sport, both in Britain and in the Queen's School. The school club (Q.S.O.C.) was founded in the Autumn term of 1971, and now regularly enters teams for the regional and national championships.

This year we have travelled far afield, from Scotland to Sherwood Forest, and from the Lake District to Cannock Chase.

Closer to home there have been many local events, and results have been encouraging, especially at the Cheshire Championships where we won the team prize in the W15 class.

Despite the lack of a minibus driver the number regularly attending events is increasing and we hope this trend will continue into the next hundred years of the Queen's School.

Ruth Jobson, Susan Johnston and  
Rosemary Taylor, Lower VI

## GEOLOGY CLUB

This society was started at the beginning of the Autumn term and, although confined to a small number of upper school girls and staff, it has already been on two field trips. The first was to an old quarry in which we found some interesting fossils. It was merely marred by bad weather.

The second expedition was to Thurstaston beach to examine the interesting boulder clay and also fossilised sand dunes on Thurstaston common. Mrs. Swift kindly arranged for two geologists from Liverpool University to join us on the second trip. They answered all our questions and pointed out for us some interesting rocks and minerals.

More trips are being considered. Besides freezing to death looking for specimens, we have learnt the basics of geology and we have attempted to translate some French on geology specimens from Mont Blanc!

The club owes its success to the enthusiasm and help of Mrs. Swift, who has kept it going throughout the year.

Ruth Collin, Lower VI

## CHESS CLUB

In this centenary year of 1978, we, the Chess Secretaries, have been pleased with the response to our call for players. Although limited to the Remove forms in all but a few cases, we found their unbounded enthusiasm very refreshing.

In the past, the Queen's School Chess Club has lived up to its (in)famous reputation of losing every tournament (as far as we know) in which it has participated. We were therefore extremely gratified to find that we have not lost any matches this year; but, unfortunately, to our great disappointment we discovered too that so far we have played less than one. This may be due to the fact that this is the first year that Lower Fifts have attempted to organise the Chess Club. We now understand the Sixth Form's reluctance in accepting this position in the school. Even so, we are honoured that Miss Edwards had confidence in our capability for this post.

The Chess Club was most pleased to receive an absolutely *free* sample from the Othello Federation: a game of the weird and wonderful pastime, Othello. It has been played continually by various members of the Chess Club since its advent just before Christmas. We hope that this will not turn too much attention from the game of chess, however.

We therefore remain, with anticipation of vast expansion in the field of Chess (and Othello) next term..

Catherine Dubourg and Isabel Whitley, Lower V Y

## BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF YOUNG SCIENTISTS

We are very pleased to report that the 1977-78 season has been yet another successful one for Wirral B.A.Y.S. The committee members displayed smart commercial thinking when they decided to charge 50p for attendance at the first lecture given by Dr. Magnus Pyke on "Food Science and the Human Condition". We sold tickets at 50p to include B.A.Y.S. membership and now have a theoretical membership of 500!

Once again the Queen's School has actively contributed to B.A.Y.S. Dr. Nicholls paid us a second visit in October, to present a lecture on "The Shapes and Reactivities of Molecules". As before we expected, and attained, a large audience. We are most grateful to Dr. Young for all his help and guidance.

Lectures held in other schools included: "Some Mathematical Problems" by Dr. Bride at Whitby Comprehensive, "Elementary Particles" by Dr. Breton at St. Mary's College, Wallasey and "The Mathematics of Getting Married" by Dr. Bryant at West Kirby Girls' Grammar. Lectures held at Carlett Park included such topics as "Physics of Boomerangs", "Acids and Bases" and "Why do organisms senesce and die?" In all there were thirteen events up to 20th March 1978.

Ann Jones and Claire Chin, Lower VI



## CHRISTIAN UNION

Although we encountered some difficulty in finding a room where we would be undisturbed by extra-vociferous Removes, or chefs sampling their creations, we discovered 10 Stanley Place eventually, and there had only to contend with a resident clarinettist. Despite this, we have had an active year, with various members leading Bible Studies and discussions on aspects of current and vital interest in the Christian church. We were grateful for the help which we received from Mr. Mountford on his visit, and we were pleased to obtain the use of a new notice board.

At the end of the Michaelmas term, we held a carol-singing event, with mince-pies and shortbread. We had an overwhelming attendance, but were not certain that this was not caused by hunger of the body rather than of the soul!

Seriously, however, we should like to thank the staff for their continued and invaluable support throughout the year, and we hope to welcome new members to the Christian Union next year.

I Thessalonians 5, v. 25.

Sandra Beddoes and Joanna Flanders, Lower VI

## JUNIOR BIBLE STUDY

Over the last year, Junior Bible Study has been taking place in the Geography room at five to one on Wednesdays. Although it is ostensibly for Removes to Lower Fifths, I feel that the staff and sixth formers running the group have learnt much from it and have found it a place of fellowship and guidance. Each meeting has the following format:

The first ten minutes are spent in singing modern songs which are chosen by members of the group. This is followed by several minutes of prayer when everyone is given the opportunity to say a few words if they wish to do so. We then divide into small groups for Bible Study and discussion. This is the part of the meeting which many of us find most stimulating, and we rarely leave the meeting without feeling that we have learnt something new. However, discussion is not limited to Bible Study; we have also learnt about the Buddhist, Jewish and Moslem faiths, and have tried to reach some understanding about how other people live.

Throughout the year we have found that Christian morals and principles always apply to modern life and that the Bible can never be outdated. Consequently we hope that there will always be a need for Christian societies in The Queen's School, and that the Junior Bible Study Group will continue for a long time.

Lesley Roberts, Lower VI

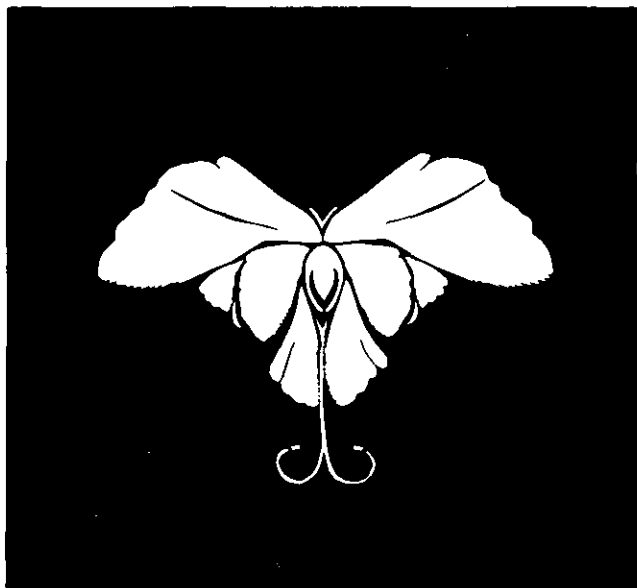
## FOR THE RECORD . . . .

There have existed in the school, at various times and for very varied lengths of time, the following organisations which are at present defunct:

The Literary Society, the Vergil Society, the Virgil Society, the Historical Society, the History Society, the Fossil Club, the Naturalists' Society, the Science Society, the Junior Science Society, the Scientific Society, the Junior Geographical Society, a branch of the League of Nations Union, La (*sic*) Cercle Français, Le Cercle Français, the Junior Civic Trust, the Queen's School [nursing] Cadet Division, the St. John Ambulance Brigade, the Inter-Schools Religious Discussion Group, the Current Affairs Discussion Group, the Junior Discussion Group, the Queen's School Savings Association, the Stamp Club, the Dramatic Society, the Fourth Forms' Dramatic Society, the Practising Players, the Music Club, the Music Society, the King's and Queen's Schools' Madrigal Group, the Gramophone Society, the Country Dancing Club, the Ballroom Dancing Club, the Junior Art Club, the Senior Art Club, a Photographic Group and the Penguin Library.

In addition the Old Girls of the school have at times provided themselves with Clubs for Tennis, Folk Dancing, Gymnastics and French, and a Reading Circle.

We believe that there do now exist in the school an Art Club, a Natural History Society and a flourishing Sixth Form Society, but no reports of their activities have reached us. We know that collections and special efforts for charities have continued unabated, but regret that no usefully informative account of these is available.



# CREATIVE WRITING

FEBRUARY 1978

*The wind roars,  
The rain pours,  
Small trees bend over double.  
It's a low  
With rain and snow,  
The weatherman said we'd have trouble!  
The birds cling,  
Don't try to sing,  
In case they're blown away,  
And save their feathers  
For calmer weather,  
And for a better day.  
It's very frightening,  
Storms and lightning  
Are better from inside,  
Where it's warmer  
Than the former,  
That is, outside.*

Clare Nelson, Lower V Y

## OUR SPACE SHIP

*5-4-3-2-1-0.  
Up and away the silver bird rose  
Bursting through the clouds.  
How fast it goes  
Hurtling through mysterious space!  
Ground control waits, nervous below,  
Just how well will the journey go?  
At last we see the moon's white face.  
From the space-ship slowly we climb out,  
Stiff in our suits, and gently float about.*

Helen Clark, Form I

## THE TORTOISE

*Ambling as if blind across bare, parched ground,  
The tortoise makes his long journey to the lettuce field.  
Plodding cautiously he opens his slit-like mouth  
And clumsily devours a small piece of lettuce,  
Leaving a ragged edge to the juicy, succulent leaf.  
Then slowly he retires, back to his home,  
Back to his soft mound of dead leaves.  
Like a stone he embeds himself and falls into a distant slumber.  
His patchwork shell is all that can be seen of this docile creature  
As he sleeps unnoticed.*

Mary Harding, Form III

## THE SLEEPING DOG

*The dog lay there,  
A motionless image;  
Graven on the hearthrug.  
His tongue drooped out of his open mouth  
Between the curved pinnacles of his canines,  
A pink wet flag  
Left by the wind to hang in the unmoving air.  
His tail was still, a ginger feather  
Made from silk.  
And the pads of his feet  
Lay as little black cushions that twitched slightly  
As he dreamed.  
His supple stomach  
Moved with the movement  
Of his breath;  
A ceaseless movement  
Like the lapping of waves  
But silent.  
And his ears were  
Cascading down the side of his skull,  
Long waterfalls of limp hair and flesh,  
Curly-haired ripples  
And silken torrents  
Seemingly flowing for ever.  
And his eyes were closed.  
He slept.*

Anthea Johnson, Lower IV A

## THE OWL

*Alone in the silence, perched on a craggy branch  
sits an owl.*

*Surrounded by darkness, his cold eyes pierce  
the ghostly gloom.*

*Not a feather does he move,  
Waiting, watching, wanting.*

*Although he is a prisoner by day,  
dull, vulnerable, harmless,  
he is free at dusk, as the woods grow  
still and dim;  
feared by all, enjoying the wood's  
deep gloom.*



Sandra Cowan, Upper V F

Drawing by Jane Harper, Lower V Y

## GRAHAM

*The little boy sits on the pavement,  
Surrounded by the rubble of building bricks  
And muddy toys.*

*His clean scrubbed face is now highlighted by  
Ribena stains and the knowledge that he is King of this castle.  
His cropped, blond hair, adorned with bits of leaf and twig,  
Catches the sun,  
Giving him an angel's halo.*

*He watches with acute interest  
The little black beetle that has scaled  
The mountain of his torn trouser leg,  
And now makes its way up on to his tee-shirt,  
Past the ketchup stain, and up on to the awaiting hand.  
I approach him with a friendly smile.*

*"You like beetles, do you, Graham?"*

*He looks up at me shyly,  
Then, crushing the beetle into the pavement, says,  
"No."*

Amanda Betts, Lower V S

## PONY WAKES

*He waits in the morning, his  
Head hanging low.  
Frost lies on his back  
Glittering in the cool, watery  
sun.  
Brambles are twisted in his tail,  
Hay in his mane.  
A back foot rests as the lazy  
sleep goes on.  
A sharp breeze blows and he  
Is suddenly wide awake.  
With chestnut ears pricked  
He trots round the field,  
Then gallops. His roan body  
Merges with his grey legs.  
A bird flies from a bush and  
He shies. He steadies to a walk.  
His once furry coat is now  
Satin smooth and speckled with sweat.  
He drips. The sun beats down  
and dries him.  
Peaceful once more he sleeps.  
All is quiet.*

Laura Brady, Remove H

## TRAVELS

*Oi am a tourist person,  
Oi am tha' sort o' man,  
Oi travel to New York  
And then to ol' Japan;  
Choina, 'Ong Kong, 'Imalayas,  
Scotland, England, Oirland,  
And jolly 'illy Wales.  
But of all these lovely places  
Oi'd much prefer to be  
Back 'ome beside the foirsie  
Drinkin' mugs o' tea!*

Rachel Walton, Form III

COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE

THE PROPOSAL

*Come live with me and be my love,  
I'll give to you the stars above:  
A chauffeur-driven Lamborghini,  
Discard that rusty, battered Mini.*

*If you desire a big fur coat,  
I'll go outside and skin the goat.  
I'll bring you flowers for your hair  
To show you how I truly care.*

*A seat at Wimbledon I'll save  
So over John Lloyd you can rave  
A huge white house and garden, too,  
Will be a gift from me to you.*

*Money and cheque books by the score  
To use in Harrods, your favourite store,  
If all these gifts your heart do move  
Come live with me and be my love.*

THE REFUSAL

*I do not want to be your love,  
What would I do with a star above?  
Keep your shiny Lamborghini  
I love my rusty, battered Mini.*

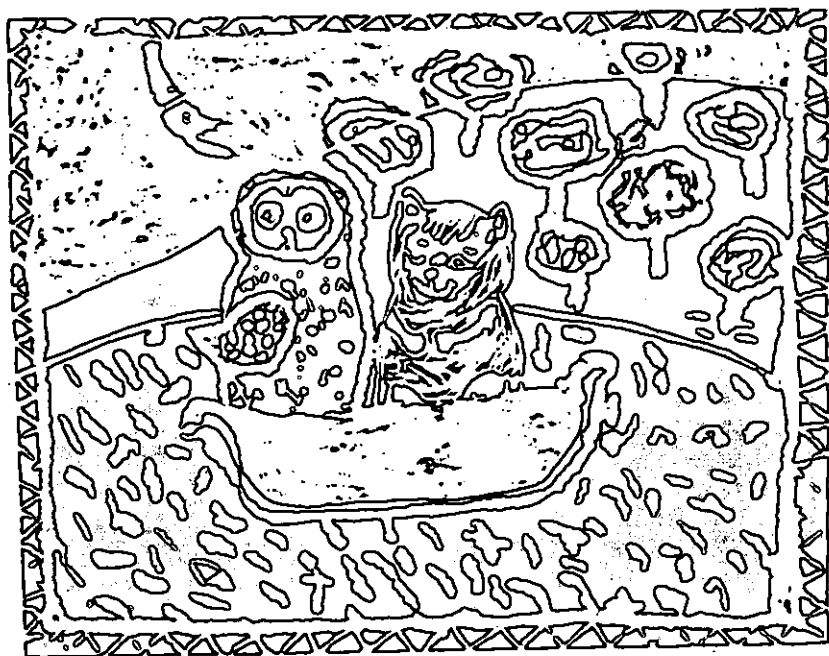
*I do not want a big fur coat,  
So don't you dare go near that goat.  
I don't want flowers in my hair  
Even if you truly care.*

*A seat at Wimbledon, do save  
But it's over Connors I will rave  
That huge white house and garden, too,  
Can go from me right back to you.*

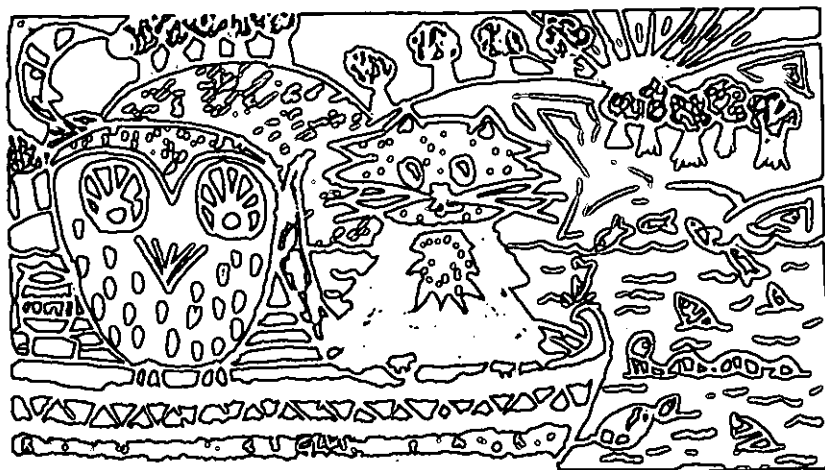
*Money and cheque books don't sound bad,  
But be your wife? You must be mad!  
Your gifts do fail my heart to move:  
I never want to be your love.*

Carol Mansley and Jane Corrigan, Upper IV H

## THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT



Louise Aubrey, Remove G



Gillian Carruthers, Remove G



## SHELLS

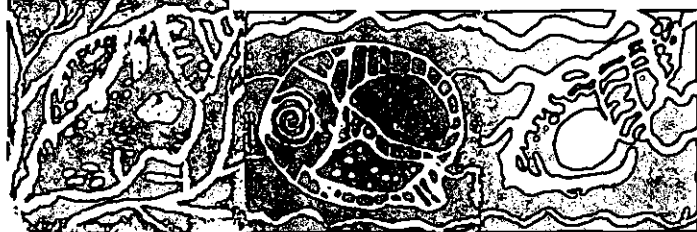
After their feed the seagulls went to preen  
themselves upon the rocks  
Shells of various shapes and sizes lay on the beach.  
"Litter bugs!" shouted the clouds as they sailed by,  
But the seagulls just smiled.



The tide crept slowly up the now-deserted beach.  
Deserted, but for two children who cried out  
in dismay as the tide swept away the shells:  
"What a waste, and they were so pretty too!"  
But the sea just kept moving.



The shells sank slowly to the bottom  
where they were covered by yet more shells.  
A mermaid swimming by began to cry when  
she saw the shells:  
"How pretty they looked when they were lived in;  
they're useless now."  
But the shells just kept on piling up.



*Years passed . . .*

The shells were covered up by layers of rock; now little remained of the  
once pink pearly shells.  
Rotten and hidden from everyone the shells began to change.  
Slowly they were broken down and began to change state and colour.  
While this was happening the years rolled on.

Many years later the graveyard of shells was discovered.  
The men on land checked their machines; the gauges all read positive.  
The rocks were removed and into the air spurted a black liquid; oil!  
And the seagulls just smiled.

Denise Buckley, Upper IV W  
Lino cuts by the Upper IV

## ORTYGIA – SICILY

*The bright blue sea moves resonantly behind the sun-baked barrier;  
Devoid of all its power and force,  
It laps gently against the rocks.  
Still, it flows on to the very edge of the harbour wall  
And smacks playfully in the presence of the mid-summer sun.  
Behind the walls lies the richness of the city: the wealth of the dead,  
Tall buildings and stately Palaces,  
Their weatherbeaten bodies unprotected by the harsh rays of the sun;  
A celestial ball of cruelty, masked by an outer mantle of golden beauty.  
Even the peaceful courtyards and trickling fountains are scorched.  
And once brightly coloured mosaics peel and crumble;  
Small particles of dust rise into the humid air, drifting lazily, continually. . .*

Helen Kneebone, Lower V Y

## THE MEETING

*The Celtic chieftains sit around their fire,  
Illuminated by the shining moon,  
A lovely maiden gently strums her lyre  
And fills the air with soft and haunting tune.  
The night is clear, with chill winds in the air,  
A nightbird calls with distant eerie cry,  
A wolf, aroused, creeps outwards from his lair,  
And stalks the bird beneath the starry sky.*

*The chieftains talk within their stony round,  
Their clay pipes send smoke rings into the night  
And all around them nature makes no sound,  
Until the nightbird starts and takes its flight.  
They plan and talk and each one has his say,  
Then leave as one, until another day.*

Jacquelyn Martin, Lower V Y

## *MEMENTO MORI*

*Do you ever wonder  
How they slip over the dividing line?  
How suddenly, when day is done  
For them,  
When winter has closed on them  
With a final frost,  
When we who remain remember,  
While they have no need to,  
When a second and they are here  
And a second and they have gone  
And you wish to follow  
Yet you fear it, lest some drop  
Of the freezing river  
Should flow from them to you.*

*Do you ever wonder  
How they slip over the dividing line?*

Rosemary Green, Lower VI

## *THE CHURCH*

*The glassy river crawls through the sleeping city,  
Edging imperceptibly nearer to the sea.  
Driftwood, stained filthy-black, lolls at the water's edge,  
Rainbowed by oil.*

*Weary tower-blocks strain to scrape the sky,  
Choked by a blanket of smoke and grime.  
In the early morning haze they fade into obscurity  
On the horizon.*

*Smoky chimneys, littered streets, polluted river,  
This is the life of the city dweller.  
All he sees is the squalor, gloom, depression,  
Except for the church.*

*Tall and proud in the grey light of dawn,  
Untouched by the blanket of smog, it stands alone;  
From its island pedestal it surveys the world,  
Radiating hope.*

Deborah Jones, Upper V H

## WINTER

*The moorland spreads down to the canal,  
Feeling its way over outcrops of bare rock.  
Winter has come.*

*The heather, brown, brittle,  
Sleeps through the harsh conditions that  
Freeze the canals,  
Bring smoke from the chimneys.  
Even boats lie still in the harbour  
Frozen in position,  
While the ice gnaws at the paintwork.*

*The church is hardly visible,  
Obscured by the swirling mist  
That sweeps down the moors.  
Its windows have turned a mysterious blue;  
They appear jagged, derelict.  
The spire reaches out of the mist  
Pointing heavenward,  
But the door is barred,  
Its use forgotten.*

*It is to be a hard winter.  
The village is isolated.  
Families remain in their houses,  
And wait for the Spring.*

Karen Scholefield, Upper V F

## ON THE BEACH

*The blustering, burly wind swirled in sudden blasts  
Down the forlorn beach.  
A dark-purple jagged edge glinted  
Sharp and menacing at me,  
And I stumbled over the slippery, slimy seaweed  
To where a pile of ragged driftwood lay,  
Smoothed clean by the roaring sea.  
I saw many oval-shaped glittering stones,  
Glistening brightly with quartz.  
The fine-grained sand  
Lay still and unmoved, in raised lumps,  
Making rising and falling waves as the sea did.*

Wendy Evans, Remove H

## THE WITCH

Squatting on the scorching sand, semi-naked, we began the game. We ran, jumped, and landed on our knees ready. We always sat on the highest part of the beach where the sand was dry and golden and as smooth as salt. The immense open beach stretched for one and a half miles from one end to the other and behind us stood the clay cliffs, coated with coarse grass and topped with enormous sea-birds. In those early days the beach was unknown to tourists. Sometimes we met Welsh children there, but usually the beach was our own save for three or four distant groups.

I began by rubbing my hands in the soft, dry sand, sifting the golden grains through my fingers. I was the witch, my sister Nina my assistant. I looked up.

"Wet sand," I said and armed with a bucket I saw the little figure tearing down the beach to the wet sand, sending a shower of golden rain behind her.

The wet sand was never too far away. In a few moments she would appear and empty the bucket into a pile beside me. Then I made a small hole, a shallow dip in the sand and added wet sand to the dry, gradually mixing and turning, over and over, round and round.

"Water."

I could hear the sand whistling underfoot and turned to see the sea glinting and sparkling in the sun behind her.

"And hurry up."

The water was the most precious because it was hardest to get; it was the furthest away and could be easily spilt on the way back up the beach. I only ever used it in small quantities. If I was feeling kind I would even let Nina pour some in.

"Seaweed," and she was off again on the long search. I would mix again, round and over, round and over. I never let the mixture get too wet. The thing I liked most of all was when the tide had been high during the night and the "middle sand" had been wet and dried quickly so that it had formed a sort of crunchy crust over the surface. This would be squeezed in the fist and I could feel it crumbling and trickling out over the palms of my hands.

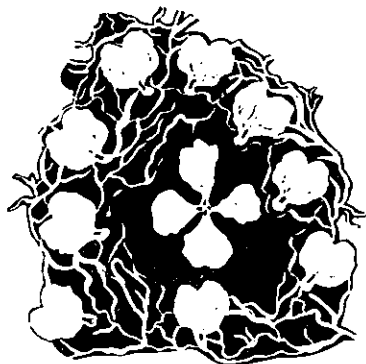
Sometimes I would make spells, but they were not important. I played for the mixing. Even then I did not understand why Nina played with me. She never had a turn at being the witch.



Katherine Kerr, Lower V Y

*Drawing by Helen Kneebone, Lower V Y*

## THE POPPY PEOPLE



At one time in my life I used to play "Poppy People". Every summer I waited anxiously for the poppies to flower, watching their progress with childlike anticipation. When at last the first one bloomed I searched for the furry sepals, which I knew must be somewhere in the mass of tangled poppy-leaves. These I saved until a few days later, when I thought it safe to "help" the petals, which were bright red orange in colour with small patches of black pigment, from their stalk. These I also saved. Then I broke one stem about one and a half inches from the heavy seed head and used the milky juice which appeared to paint faces on the remaining heads. By the next day this substance had dried to become brown and translucent.

Following the manufacture of the basic poppy people I began to make a residence for them. Invariably I called this the royal palace, where the King and Queen would later live. For the first year or two the palace was made of twigs leaning together in the shape of a one-man tent, covered with horse-chestnut leaves and then grass-clippings. Later it progressed to a small maze of grass clippings with bedrooms, a dining room, the royal throne room, a kitchen and a storeroom, in which I kept berries for the kitchen slaves to transform into delicious meals for the King and Queen. The slaves were, of course, allowed to eat any left-overs.

I clothed my poppy people in foxglove flowers, which fitted very well, and I also used rose petals and the orange-red poppy petals which I had previously put aside. Hats were made from the furry sepals and other, much smaller, flower heads. Unfortunately, these garments were damaged very easily and had to be frequently changed. I did not allow slaves to wear undamaged clothes, and because of this they had to wear their rulers' cast-offs.

Occasionally, to liven up the game, a slave would commit a crime, for which the penalty was death. This could be carried out in one of three ways; the slave's head could be bashed open with a stone, or cut open at the top and the seeds gouged out and eaten as "brain cake", or the slave would be merely buried alive. When the second method was used I kept the empty head and made it into a storage pot for mashed-up apple or some oily white berries, with which I used to oil the poppy people.

Eventually, after a few weeks, I would get tired of the game and bury the remaining slaves in a mass grave, and the King and Queen separately. Doing this gave me strange sadistic pleasure.

Jennifer Wess, Lower V Y

*Drawing by Jane Leedham, Lower IV B*

## NIGHTMARE

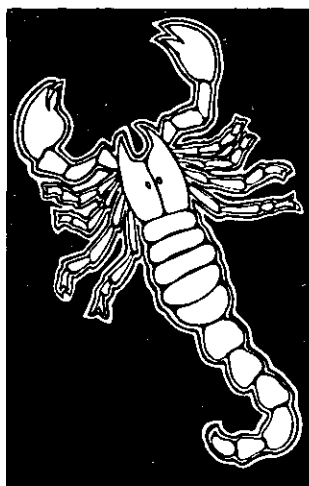
The bright moonlight made the sea look silver; the waves ran up the beach but there was no sound. The beach was totally deserted apart from Georgia, my sister Laura, a dog and me. The sand was firm and damp beneath my bare feet. We were walking along the water's edge, but the water was not wet.

We were digging in the sand which kept slipping through our fingers. It was like brown sugar, very gritty. Laura jumped into the hole and disappeared. Although we were still only taking sand from the surface, a large black hole was forming. It was very deep and Georgia too disappeared. I was not frightened. I just had to continue digging. The hole was very large now; the sand that was slipping back made no noise.

When I reached the bottom of the hole it was not dark. Light was coming from above, but there was no lamp or hole in the roof which was solid, black, smooth rock as were the walls of the circular room I was in. In front of me was a massive square doorway leading into blackness. Framing it was a sort of mantelpiece, on top of which were hundreds of stone scorpions. Above it was a clock showing it was five to midnight. All the way around the walls passages led off but each of them turned a corner so that I could not see around it.

I saw myself standing in the middle of the room. The outside part of me went along the passage and saw around the corner. A stone man was pressed against the wall. I knew he was waiting and would catch me but I could not warn myself.

The clock above the mantelpiece struck midnight and the scorpions came alive. They crawled down onto the floor and were joined by others coming through the door. There was silence except for the sound of their claws on the stone. I backed against the wall only to find there was a passage there. The stone man moved slightly, pressed himself against the wall. I reached the corner and immediately there was no light and silence. There was no feeling. Except of stone.



Caroline Brady, Upper IV W

*Drawing by Carol Marley, Lower V Y*

## CAROLINE'S REFUSAL

I was curled up in the armchair by the fire, eating hot, buttered crumpets, when Rudolph burst into the room.

"Hello, Caroline," he said, eyeing my crumpets.

"Hi, Rudolph!" I replied, with my heart sinking into my slippers as I peered over my "Paris Match" and hurriedly swallowed a mouthful of crumpet.

"Your mother said I'd find you in here," he said, his gaze still fixed on

my crumpets like an undernourished dog's.

"Did she?"

I privately cursed Mum.

"Yes."

"Would you like a crumpet?" I said, unable to ignore his persistent glare at the crumpets any longer.

"How kind," he said, trying not to sound too pleased. I handed him a plate and offered him crumpets. By now he had sat down on the settee.

"Thank you, I'll take two," he said, doing just that. I, considering myself moderately intelligent, had learnt subtly to suck the butter out of hot crumpets, thus avoiding the embarrassing stream of butter running down my chin.

Rudolph had not.

He sat there, trying to look calmly at ease. This was difficult for him as the effect was rather spoiled by the size of his feet. He took size eleven shoes, his hands were covered in royal blue ink, his unruly mop of wiry, mousy brown hair made him look rather weird and his scarlet, wet, full lips completed the unappealing picture.

He took a huge bite from his crumpet. Butter oozed out over his dog-tooth check, purple and green trousers.

"Ooh-aagh!" he spluttered, eyes bulging as he tried to catch the streams of butter before they reached the settee, wipe his mouth with his handkerchief and put his crumpet down without squeezing any more butter out, all at once.

"Have a tissue," I suggested, offering him a box of Kleenex.

He took one and scrubbed at his trousers, making a nasty, sticky mess. I refrained from offering to help, as the poor boy was beetroot-faced with embarrassment already.

After his tumultuous time of eating crumpets Rudolph suddenly lurched towards me. He leant across the coffee table, looking exactly like an Irish wolfhound, staring at me with mournful eyes.

"Caroline, would you — I mean, er, would you honour me — no — er — could you — I — um, well willyoumarrymepleaseIthinkwecouldhaveagreatfuturetogether?"

I could not stop myself — I burst out laughing.

"Don't make a decision now, Caroline. This is a big step you've got to make. Think about it."

"I'm sorry Rudolph, but I don't really think it would work. You're just not my type of man. No, Rudolph."

"B-b-b-but. . . ." he blabbered, his lips becoming damp and his brow sweating.

"No, Rudolph!"

A tear rolled down his cheek.

"I-I-I d-d-do r-r-really . . . ."

"NO!"

He tried to make a dignified exit but tripped over the rug, looking the perfect clown.

When he had completed his disaster-ridden journey to the door I collapsed into giggles. Can you imagine —

Caroline Fitzherbert-Pilkington-Jones!

Caroline Griffiths, Lower V S



## MY EXPERIENCES AS A BABYSITTER

My first experience as a babysitter taught me many things about young boys and their behaviour. I arrived at the Sudlows' house at about eight o'clock expecting a quiet, unsociable evening relaxed in front of the television. I had been assigned the task of looking after three small boys who, I was assured, would give me no trouble at all.

After watching the Saturday Western, drinking a mug of cocoa and dribbling chocolate all down their chins, pyjamas and dressing gowns I hurried my three protégés up to their bedrooms and saw them safely in their beds. I returned to watch my favourite serial "Rich Man, Poor Man" and settled down comfortably in front of a blazing fire with a box of chocolates by my side. The pattering and creaking of floorboards increased as the minutes ticked by, and I decided to ignore the "mice" upstairs. The wind began to howl and the rain drove against the window panes.

Suddenly I heard a heavy bang on the window, followed by a series of lighter bangs. I decided to investigate. I peered round the curtain and to my horror saw a pair of pyjama-clad legs rapidly climbing down a thick rope. With a sinking heart I resolved to go outside into the pouring rain and bring the boys back inside before they caught pneumonia! Another pair of pyjama-clad legs slid down the rope and a strident voice shouted:

"Catch hup viv de Engleesh mehn den and bring dem to me."

Surely they were not playing Colditz! Five minutes later three dripping, red-cheeked Nazis were standing in front of the fire drinking more cocoa, dribbling more chocolate down their clothes and being severely reprimanded by me. Again they were sent to bed. Silence reigned for another hour, and then again came the pattering of feet accompanied by various comments, only this time from the kitchen.

"Be quiet, Robbie, or that girl will tell you off!"

As soon as I moved towards the kitchen, the crying and shouting stopped, as the boys ran upstairs. I opened the first bedroom door and, as I was walking across to see if the lump under the sheets really was someone asleep, the door slammed behind me and the key turned in the lock. A chorus of laughter arose from the other side of the door as I swore at the three boys. On examining the lump I found three pillows hastily shoved under the sheets. Eventually I was released from my "cell", and I felt quite ashamed that I had been reading Enid Blyton's book "Five go on a Hike Together". I told myself that there was nothing else I could have done! I stood on the landing, staring stony-faced at the three boys who were sitting at my feet on the floor. Finally I said, "Does anyone want to play a game of ludo?"

I told myself that it was not surprising I was a very popular babysitter — but when I was asked to babysit two weeks later I replied that I had previously been invited to a party! Next time I would have to bring a survival kit!

Kate Entwisle, Lower V S

## THE JUNGLE

Lightning quick, a parrot flashed across the reddened sky like an angry, green firework. Its yellow eyes matched the vigorous colour of the golden sun and they flashed as the parrot soared over the horizon. The trees were glistening, almost wet; vines and plants crawled, gnarled and twisted like huge, furry caterpillars, in and out of the vegetation. In the distance the humming of the crickets could be heard chorusing in the magnificence of the undergrowth. A large knife cut the everlasting greenery, making a path that we could only hope led to our prize.

A little way in front of me, Mr. Shorthouse, head of our expedition, tramped fussily and noisily, occasionally thrusting his hand into his pocket to clutch his handkerchief with which he would messily mop his brow, wet with perspiration. In front and behind were natives, carrying our heavy khaki packages and supplies. The train of archaeological explorers crept on through the luxuriant jungle, occasionally stopping but always carrying on again.

Suddenly a snake dropped from a woolly branch above, its little glassy eyes staring into mine, knowing that with its venom it could immediately kill me; it slithered closer and closer, its perfect glossy body almost encircling me. I only wished that the ground could have swallowed me up but I stood still as a stone statue, waiting and hoping that death was further away than this. A dagger landed neatly and precisely in the middle of the forehead and its wicked glare remained in its cruel eyes, written in immortality. An ebony black native walked steadily up to the snake, pulled the dagger out and severed the head.



Rachael Garner, Lower IV A

*Scraper-board by Janet Stocks, Lower V Y*

## FASCINATION

Preston Guild happens once every twenty years and the last time it was on, in 1972, we travelled up to see it. On the playing fields near to Grandad's house there was a fair with various side shows, one of which boasted an exhibition of various strange animals, for example the largest rabbit in the world. Somehow I imagined huge rabbits and sheep with two heads, alive and moving in the small tent and, although I am not the type to laugh at others' misfortunes, these ideas fascinated me. So I went in. To other people I suppose it was an anti-climax, and it was true the rabbit was only

a pot-bellied, fluffed-up version of one of the larger breeds, but there was a goat with twisted horns and another with three legs and, even though the most deformed animals were not alive but were carefully pickled and preserved in jars, I was still amazed. The Siamese sheep were particularly fascinating to someone of my age. They were pale and ghost-like with blank, bulbous eyelids, suspended in transparent liquid. There were other animals too with not quite such obvious deformities.

Thinking about these animals today, I feel tremendous pity for the deformed goats, whose lives are spent in being stared at, and the sheep who were pickled in jars, but, at the same time, I had never seen anything like the animals before, and even though I felt repulsion looking at them, the dead and the living, I could not help feeling a slight childish fascination as to how and why nature had created those animals in such a way.

Helen Sumner, Upper V H

## A SPRING AFTERNOON

The waves broke against my foot, sending a tiny fountain of spray into my face. I blinked my eyes and attempted to wipe away the water with the back of my hand. Granted, I did finish up wetter than when I had started, as my hand had been considerably nearer the source of annoyance, but you do not think of things like that when you are so totally absorbed in such a charming little plover.

It was probably a grey plover, I had decided, and it had been feeding nervously for some time, darting me short sideways glances as it ate. It had a shellfish of some description; maybe one that had been cracked open and dropped by the oystercatcher that I had startled.

That movement seemed to be the last straw for the dapper little bird, and gulping down the remains of the crustacean, it headed in a distinctly anti-social direction, as far as I was concerned.

Mentally shrugging my shoulders and reflecting on the unfriendly attitude of some birds, I turned my attention to something that at least could not fly away. There was a tuft of thrift clinging to the rock face and defiantly waving its blossoms. A few feet above it flourished, well let us say grew, several smaller clumps of the plant.

Having inspected them to my satisfaction, I began to wind my way upwards, carefully avoiding the flowers, and stretching cramped muscles. I reached the top of the slope and rolled over, lying at full stretch on the tangled cushion of undergrowth, savouring the sea air and the sun. An osprey could have been perched six feet away, but I would not have cared. Bird watching is all right up to a point, but . . . .

There was a deep, soft darkness enveloping me. I would not have noticed an army of ospreys; well, not unless they were very noisy.

Alex Hedley, Remove G

## REFLECTIONS

The pond was a story and picture to me, communicating in a clear manner the clouds which, like large white butterflies, floated across the sky as if pulled by an invisible thread from the heavens above. The tall poplar trees, whose branches waved joyfully to me, were disjointed from the trunk, bearing a similarity to the limbs of a spastic child who has no control over them. They swooped to the depths of the pond only to soar to the surface almost immediately, where they began to wave again. A large flock of starlings looked in their inversion like huge water-boatmen, who flitted their way to the opposite bank where they merged with the majestic arms of an ancient oak. Swans glided gracefully across the mirror-like surface, their image even more ghostly than their true shape, their necks curving in a perfect parabola as they bent that delicate strand of pure white into the water for a second. As they floated closer to me, their haughty stare hypnotised me from out of the gloom, their hard merciless eyes meeting mine openly.

Swiftly I looked away and the spell was broken. Everything was real; the clouds, the poplars, the oak and the pond, hiding its own secrets inside its being with many more yet to be revealed to the inquiring mind.

Rosalin Andrew, Lower IV B

## LOST IN THE CAVE

I flashed my torch around the cave. All I could see was grey limestone, hollowed out perfectly smoothly by the vast forces of nature. Down beneath the living earth all was dead and silent as a grave. I strained my ears to catch a sound that would break the monotonous silence. Soon my ears picked up a sound, not the welcome sound of a would-be rescuer but a sound which nearly drove me mad — the endless dripping of water.

Suddenly I was relieved by the knowledge that where the water went would probably be eventually a good exit for me also. I was later to find this true.

I stumbled on towards my objective and, after one or two false trails, I turned a corner in the passage and was rewarded with a sight I shall never forget.

On the ceiling were countless millions of stalactites, some so thin and slender as would lead you to believe that they could never have been created by dripping water. Others where they began were very fat but tapered down to a seemingly sharp point, yet others were twisted into a corkscrew shape, possibly by a draught, I thought hopefully. On the ground there were a few very stumpy stalagmites but most of the floor appeared covered in a lava-like substance. I deliberately kept out of the way of the stalagmites but one I broke and put in my pocket as a keepsake. I was absolutely stunned by the magnificent but remote and barren beauty on which I was shining my torch. I shone my torch down and gasped to see a silent, slow-running river almost two feet in front of me. I followed it down, to sunshine and freedom. . . .

Elizabeth Shanklin, Lower IV B

# The Way We Were



## A Century of Recollection

*The contributor, or source, of each major item is given above it, together with the date to which it refers. Relevant maiden names, if known, are in parentheses. The contributors to the final section are Ena Evans, Peveril (Jerome) Causebrook, Mona C. Kelly, Pauline Beacham, Janine Flamank, Susan (Airey) Robson, Margaret (Welsby) Browne and Silvia (Quinn) Elsey; the dates do not seem important.*

*Some of the longer memories have appeared previously in "Have Mynde", in 1928 or 1952. Most of the items referring to Miss MacLean's term of office have been taken from a compilation presented to her on her retirement; we are grateful for her permission to reproduce them here. We should like to express our thanks to all contributors, but especially to those who have offered new material for this occasion. We hope that they will forgive the inevitable, and sometimes drastic, condensation of what they wrote.*

# Early Days, and some Progress

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*Mrs. Cooper, formerly Miss Holdich (1878)*

The loveliest spring day dawned upon Chester on May 1st, 1878. It was a nervous morning for the Headmistress, but she had been trained in a severe school by a competent mistress to whom she owed much of her subsequent success. She sorted the girls out into three classes, and was much impressed by the docility of Chester girls compared with London girls.

*Miss Smallpeice (1880)*

I went to 100, Watergate Flags in September, 1880. There were two resident mistresses and one who lived at home. Many of the girls came very badly prepared and parents would suggest a year to make a twelve-year-old who knew nothing and was most careless "quite clever and finished." I found slates much in use and the grating sound was a great trial to my nerves; a squeak was torment, so before long they were given up. Classes often stood in a half circle before the teacher. In our tentative years the standard of instruction was not very advanced, but we gradually added more subjects to the curriculum and soon made considerable progress.

*Katharine Day (1886)*

When I first went to the Queen's School I was put in the 2nd class, i.e., the class next the top. I think there were about twelve in the class, and we had our desks in a little group in the right-hand corner of the Hall, facing the front door. Our form-mistress sat at her table in front of us. On the opposite side of the Hall was the first class faced by the Headmistress's desk.

Behind us were grouped the other classes, the little ones being, I think, by the big window. Some of the classes went out for lessons in one of the three classrooms. Of necessity two or three classes were always having lessons at the same time in the Hall; but there never seemed to be any noise.

There were no "subject-mistresses" properly so called, but we were taught by highly educated women who had a marvellous gift for imparting knowledge. Some of their lessons will never fade from my mind. For some time Latin and Science were taught by visiting masters. Those of us who learnt Physics used to go and view experiments carried out in the laboratory of Arnold House.

*Mrs. Sandford's journal (1887)*

On taking charge of the School Mrs. Sandford proceeded to arrange the pupils in Forms on the usual plan adopted in High Schools.

*Nellie Day (1890)*

We learnt a great deal of our work by heart, and had lots of homework; I usually worked all day on Saturday. There was no afternoon school; girls who did not have to catch trains were allowed to do their preparation at School.

*Mrs. Sandford's journal (1890)*

This year we tried the experiment of not taking Race Week into consideration in making our arrangements. I cannot say that it answered very well. I think we must make up our minds always to let our Summer begin on the Monday after Race Week, and be content with a short term.

*Gladys Williamson (1892)*

My mother died when I was twelve, and my father (who was a bank manager in Crewe) sent my sister and myself to the Queen's School. We boarded with the Harrises in Raymond Street, and a Fraulein lived there also. I remember that I was supposed to drink a glass of sherry before going to school, for my health, but I hated it and threw it away.

I was very happy at the Queen's School—and Mrs. Sandford was a marvellous headmistress. I remember clearly though an occasion when she overbalanced while taking prayers and fell amongst the pupils—much to our amusement!

One day when I should have been at school Gertie Martin and I went up the river with some boys. Our great fear was that Mrs. Sandford would find out. We *were* found out and got a good ticking off—from Miss Glascodine.

*Mrs. Fraser Davies (1895)*

The prolonged school-life was very well worth while. First of all it was a time of conscious happiness, secondly, but not secondarily, it gave one a taste of the gracious joy of responsibility towards those younger than oneself.

*Voyage d'Agrément à travers l'Angleterre Sportive 1896 par Désiré Séhé*

Sous l'habile direction d'une femme supérieure, Mistress Sandford, les jeunes filles sont élevées dans une liberté relative; les maîtresses sont les amies des élèves. C'est à une vraie fête scolaire que nous avons assisté.

Dès deux heures, la grande salle est garnie de nombreux spectateurs, car l'établissement n'est nullement fermé aux personnes du dehors. Le programme de la séance est à la fois gymnastique et musical. D'abord l'audition de la Muette, de Beethoven, puis, le Musical-Drill et le Musical-Drill and Balls. Après, et sous la direction d'une charmante demoiselle, les traditionnelles parties de lawn-tennis et de cricket, sans lesquelles, dans le monde anglais, aucune fête ne peut être terminée.

*Have Mynde (1897)*

The subjects taught in the Upper Forms are tested in rotation at a written Examination, held in July. Thus, in 1896, our "Board" subjects were

French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany and English History. In the present year we are to take French, Latin, Arithmetic, Euclid, Geography and English Literature.

Later in the year, most usually in December, a viva voce Examiner visits the School, and goes through the whole building, spending some time with each form. He is supplied beforehand with the general Plan of Instruction for the past twelve months, and we do not know what subjects he will select for questioning upon. Afterwards, he not only reports upon the general state of each Form, but upon the condition, tone and discipline of the entire school taken as a whole.

*Dorothy (Holland) Dutton (1900)*

Thinking back at ninety-one years old, it is the homely kindness received there that I remember—Mrs. Sandford having each child, one by one, to say goodbye to at the end of each term—the kindly interest taken by the staff in the pupils—two staff kept in touch with me all their lives.

*The Chronicle (1904)*

Few secondary schools in Chester are able to draw upon such a class of students, and the Queen's School certainly possesses a number of clever and enthusiastic young ladies. . . .

*The Chester Courant (Miss Clay's prize distribution address, 1906)*

The real difficulty for those in responsible positions came from the conflict of ideals. About twenty years ago they were reminded that children were social beings, and urged to cultivate the social life of their schools. Then a little later they were led to suppose that education could only be sound if they devoted time to weighing and measuring every conceivable object. They were hardly well launched on this experimental career, when they were bidden remember the neglected eye and hand, and make horrible cardboard trays trimmed with hideous paper. Next came modern languages, taught orally, and the last word had not been said on this subject. At last she thought the time had come for her own ideal, to teach the children to use their own language, and to wish to know more of our splendid literature. (Applause.)

*Sybil Trubshaw (1920)*

My most outstanding memory of my first day is the kind friendliness of Diana Beck, then Head Girl, and later a brilliant brain surgeon, the first woman such in the country. Recognising my sisters and I as recent new neighbours at home, she spent "recreation" looking after us.

The school then numbered about two hundred, I think, from the "Kindergarten" up to the Sixth Form, all in the much smaller main building. Twenty or so boarders lived in the Boarding House, part of the building on the Bedward Row side. My form, at its largest probably not more than twenty-five girls, had dwindled to about fourteen in the Upper Fifth in the School Certificate year, about eight stayed to take the Higher Certificate the next year, and only two of us remained in the Upper Sixth, aiming at University entrance.



Lessons were from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and only Singing and Sewing Lessons, and Games were in the afternoon. At recreation buns and milk could be bought for ½d. each.

During my time at School, the Houses, North, South, East and West, were replaced by Hastings, Thompson, Sandford and Westminster—and school blazers were an exciting innovation.

*Molly Young (1924)*

The teaching was thorough and formal; script was required of the juniors instead of cursive handwriting. Phonetics were taught in French lessons. Arithmetical problems were set down in a very logical fashion, the first line beginning with "If", the second with "Then" and the third with "Therefore" or perhaps it was "...".

No talking was allowed even during drawing and painting lessons, which were held in the hall. An order mark was given to any girl who failed to bring any item of her equipment, which was required to be fixed by elastic bands to a sheet of cardboard inside a regulation bag. Royal Drawing Society exams. were taken and perspective was studied very seriously.

Stars were awarded for excellent work and order marks for misbehaviour or forgetfulness. In general we were expected to behave almost like Miss Brodie's *Crème de la crème*. There was always a mistress on duty at the exit to the cloakroom to ensure that all the girls were silent and tidy and put on their gloves before leaving. However we occasionally had fun. Using rulers for sticks and a ball of screwed-up paper, we played hockey between columns of desks while a certain mistress wrote on the board.

*Draft of suggested school rules (1950)*

In class, girls should not stand to answer a question, but if a mistress goes to speak to a girl individually, the girl should stand.

Mistresses should note that sometimes there grows up among the girls an unwarrantable theory that talking is allowed in lessons not given under the usual conditions—Drill, Drawing, Sewing, Science. . . .

*Mary Brown*

I attended the Queen's School from 1944 to 1951 and in the ensuing twenty-six years I have often thought about secondary education—and decided that there is no one ideal model, but that the vital component is "quality", and that the Queen's School education offered me in full measure. The Queen's School demanded rigour, style and zest in whatever one chose to do, and this great example remains, evoking admiration for the splendid women who presented it.

*Susan (Airey) Robson (1964)*

Watching, even without realising it at first, the rising standards year by year of academic achievement and the increasing number of university places obtained. Taking more of a pride in this as time went on, until it was your turn and it was the last time you would sing "God be in my head. . . ." at the final assembly of the year.

# Juniors and Newcomers

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*Diana (Bridges) Leitch (1954)*

My earliest recollections of the Queen's School are of the different type of education practised at Nedham House. It was revolutionary in comparison with that of other junior schools in the early 1950's. Nearly twenty years later Ruth Carter and I shared a flat in Edinburgh while she was doing a primary teacher training course at Moray House. I was surprised to learn from her that this centre of educational advancement preached a drastic new way of teaching to its students. Their novel methods were simply those by which we had been taught.

*Ann (Evans) Goedecke (1956)*

My first memory is of building an African Hut at the bottom of the garden in Nedham House. I found it wonderful to be out in the sunshine building a real life-size hut, instead of sitting in a classroom reading about Africans or building a clay model. I felt very proud the morning I brought a large bundle of bamboo branches to make the roof. In fact we did not use them because Father Trevor Huddleston came and showed us how the Africans really thatched their roofs. I was really thrilled when he let me do some thatching, and saw myself vividly in the African jungle!

*Olwen Cooke (1959)*

The African mud hut, built before I arrived, fell into disrepair owing to the inclement winter weather, and it had to be pulled down because of a shortage of native skills among our community.

*Caroline Armstrong (1971)*

During the winter of 1970-71 the Government decided not to put the clock back, and so during December and January we were going to school in the darkness and sometimes it was half past nine before it was light enough to do without artificial light.

One morning we arrived at Nedham House at the usual time and were very surprised to find the whole place in complete darkness. At the foot of the cloakroom stairs was a small candle which gave off a dim light. We all felt very excited and rather giggly. We wondered what could have happened; then we remembered that the electricity workers were on strike and Chester was in the middle of a power cut.

Upstairs we could hear recorders being played; they sounded very remote and seemed to echo throughout the building, breaking the silent darkness. We went up to the classroom to find the recorder players sitting in a circle round a small candle. It was all so strange and rather exciting—I don't think I shall ever forget it.

*Elizabeth (Famiton) Miller (1957)*

We began to speculate on life at the "big" school. At Nedham House we had to undergo a "hand inspection" before going in to dinner, and it was rumoured that, in the Senior School, not only hands were inspected, but knees, faces and even teeth. I discovered that this was not so. . . .

*Philippa (Davies) Brandon (1955)*

I still remember very clearly my first day. To start with, there was the excitement of wearing a proper school uniform, having to come to school on the bus and having school dinner. All these were completely new to me, having previously been educated at the local primary school.

We went to our form rooms. Again, having a form room instead of a classroom was a new experience. We even had to go upstairs to our form room. The desks were rather old and splintery. To my great joy, for this was what I had been waiting for, there was not a single boy in the room.

*Pauline Beacham (1965)*

I joined the school as a Lower Fourth, and soon discovered my fears of not fitting in were quite unfounded because the Queen's School is a place which cares about people. The fact that Miss Edwards seemed to know the name of every child never failed to impress me. The Headmistress of the school was, at first, a figure of awe dwelling in that shadowy corridor where the power wheels turned. It is a moment of history in anyone's life when a figure of awe becomes a friend; and I am thankful for my moment of history.

*Stella Pope (1950)*

Having taught in a modern building for the previous eight years, I was aware, on my first day, of an atmosphere of antiquity in the building—an awareness that many generations of girls had worked and played there. But stronger than this was the impression of kindness and courtesy I felt everywhere—the head girl, Muriel Price, coming to arrange her Latin lessons, first made a little speech of welcome, and, whenever I looked lost, girls offered to take me to wherever my next lesson was to be.

But on the occasion of my first after-dinner supervision it was raining. So we all had to go into the Hall, and some of the girls asked me, very nicely, if they could play "Horses". Not knowing what this meant, I gave permission. Immediately the throng of nice girls became a whirling, shrieking mass; half of them leapt on to the backs of the other half, and anyone not finding a "horse" was "out". Feeling that this was something for which permission ought not to have been granted, I feared every moment that someone would be killed. Later I told Miss Morris, then deputy head, all about it. She reassured me and said that "Horses" had been played for decades, and there had been no casualties so far. But I never enjoyed watching it.

# Of Boarders and Food

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*Mary (Williams) Simmons (1936)*

When I entered the Queen's School as a new boarder I was eleven years old, but rather small. Imagine my disgust on being told by Miss Morris that my bedtime would be 6.30 p.m. until I had grown! This indignity condemned me to a biscuits-and-milk supper at 6.30, and then to bed. (Eventually, by successive half-hour promotions, one achieved senior supper at 8.00 p.m.)

The day began at 7.30 a.m., when the clanging of the rising bell sent one girl from each dormitory to the Butler's Pantry to fill a large enamel can with very hot water for our wash. When dressed we went down for breakfast, followed by an inspection of our state of cleanliness and tidiness. Then we could play until the main school opened.

At the end of the school day we returned to the boarding house, and those of us who had not played games that afternoon went out on the school walk. The favourite routes were along the canal banks to watch the locks, to the dingle near Grosvenor Bridge, and around the Walls. On a Tuesday afternoon the walk always took us to the Grosvenor Hotel Ballroom, to collect any boarders who had been attending Miss Hammond's dancing classes.

At tea we all had to eat a half slice of brown bread without jam, before being allowed jam and white bread—or birthday cake, should there be one. Homework was done in the study with a member of staff on duty; I recall Miss Dickie working out all the menus and Miss Morris, Miss Foulkes and Miss Roberts-Brown preparing lessons and marking books.

For the senior girls the dressing bell rang at 7.30 and we were expected to change from our uniforms to everyday clothes—in which there was always an element of competition. Then another bell summoned us to the staff sitting room for prayers. The boarding house supper was usually the best meal of the day, for the privileged few partaking of it, and the atmosphere was much more relaxed. "Prep." after supper was unsupervised.

When all were in bed, the windows open and the lights out, silence was the rule. But there was one worse crime than talking after lights out—to leave the bath dirty and the bathroom untidy. One would be hauled out of bed and back downstairs to deal with it properly.

I have never regretted the discipline of this time, and think that in later life it was of value; to this day I am unable to spend more than twenty minutes in the bathroom!

*Nancy (Williams) Cubley (1938)*

How we looked forward to Miss Roberts-Brown on duty—as she wasn't any keener than we were on those perambulations, she used to take us to the Dingle. Here she would sit on a seat, whilst we played until it was time to go back for tea.

I still remember the time I was ill whilst boarding. The doctor visited me and I was told I was not allowed home that week-end. Luckily I managed to smuggle a note out with my sisters, imploring my parents to come and get me. I spent the Saturday in bed in a deserted room. On Sunday afternoon my parents arrived to take me home. Miss Morris and Miss Dickie were not too pleased, but my father presented them with a huge box of chocolates and whisked me back home in the car.

*Marie Christopherson (1925)*

Boarders could be likened to a family of birds, migrating three times a year for holidays, but when in residence prone to guarding their territory rather jealously. They were already around hours before the Day Birds arrived, and there would certainly be a boarder in possession of anything that was to be gained by being in the form room early—a favourite desk, perhaps. Nevertheless they mingled happily with the Day Birds, who could always be relied upon to bring in supplementary rations in the form of Rowntree's Clear Gums.

Boarders worked the rectangular plot of garden adjoining the playground. Due to their efforts this was a galaxy of colour during the summer months, and any Day Bird taking a false step on to that forbidden ground was left in no doubt about her transgression.

In summer, breakfast, tea and supper were served in the cloisters, fresh air being necessary for the wellbeing of the young. They were in fact a sturdy lot, with no encouragement to be otherwise—a spell in bed meant the much-detested bread and milk for supper.

There were both weekly and termly boarders, which occasionally caused confusion in young minds. A six-year-old, overhearing her mother's plans for her pending departure for boarding school, was puzzled by the confident statement "She will be a weekly boarder." The child wondered whatever was weakly about her. . . .

*Ruby (James) Boyle (1921)*

The boarders (who all seemed to be good at games, and who moved in orderly progress around the school with their neatly strapped piles of books for the day) were to be envied, I thought, until I once had to stay for boarders' tea. I don't think I ever envied them again, and I'm sure a small boarder named Marie Christopherson revolutionised Queen's School meals when she returned in adult life as Domestic Bursar.

*Silvia (Quinn) Elsey (1932)*

Miss Desgratoulet's dog sat under the cookery room table at dinner time, gratefully receiving those parts of the meal we didn't like. Those so predictable dinners: Monday, cold meat; Tuesday, mince; Wednesday, brawn (in my case a field day for the dog!) and so on. Figs also figured largely on the menu, and one day, having rebelled and left them on my plate, I was kept in till I ate them. Doggedly we sat, Miss King and I, the offending fruit still untasted. The bell rang; she went out of the room; I popped them back into the dish, much to the horror of the boarders, who realised they might have my left-overs served up for supper!

*Diana (Greenhalgh) Goodbody (1943)*

Sit ye merry and be ye wise  
And do yet not no man despise.  
Grind not the poor; beard not the rich;  
Have not too little nor have not too much.

The green Dining Room was a forbidding place to an eight-year-old bending over backwards and screwing her neck round to read this puzzling inscription painted round the very high picture rail. Several of the words were made more obscure as they were painted over ventilator bricks, and I was never quite sure that the last words were not "have not too little nor leave not too much". Dinners were characterised at this austere period by cold lamb, mashed potato and a great deal of sliced beetroot in large glass dishes of vinegar. We lined up in the Hall and filed in to sit on long narrow benches, and woe betide the row of girls springing up too eagerly for the closing grace who pushed the bench over.

The staff at that time also ate in the Green Dining Room, but at their own table. I have a clear picture in my mind of a lot of maroon woollen dressed figures, each with her own napkin in its personal napkin ring.

It must have been about 1948 that the real peak was reached, when most of the dinners were "at the Roodee". Hysteria was caused by considerable competition to reach the Roodee first (without, of course, actually running along the City Walls) in order to serve the dinner which was delivered in almost dustbin-sized sealed containers. This was the "porridge" era, a hefty milk pudding served with jam, and terrible conspiracies existed to load up the plates of unpopular supervising prefects with this equally unpopular pud.

Finally, there was a year or so of very civilised eating as the new domestic science room was used as a sixth form dining room presided over by Miss MacLean. I used to reflect that she would surely have preferred to relax over lunch with the staff, but it was a mark of everyone's great affection for Miss MacLean that her table was always the first to fill.

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## In Corpore Sano

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*Celia Evelyn (Jones) Rawlinson (1880)*

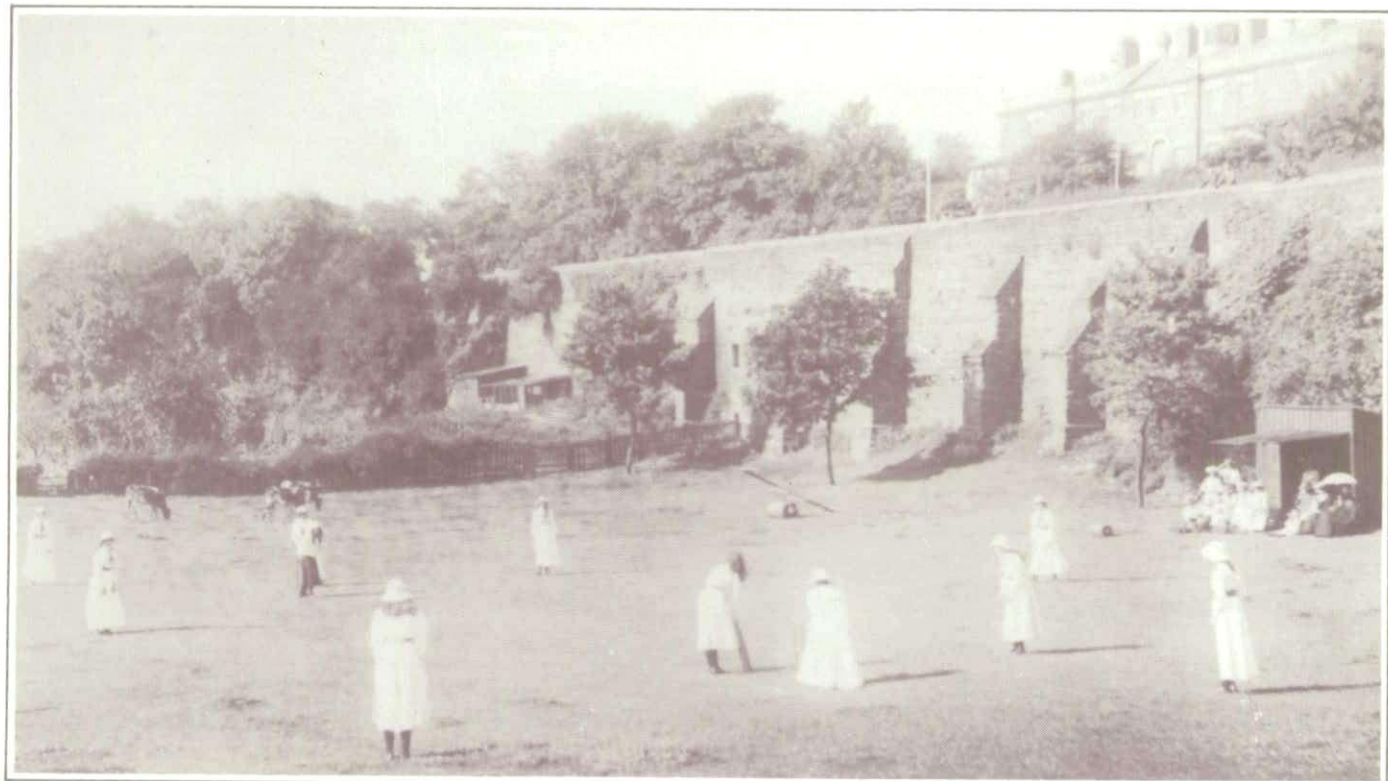
... downstairs where we drilled, and where we were thrilled to think there was a subterranean passage leading to the Cathedral.

*Winifred (Brown) Ayrton (1879)*

There was a large cellar, in which we were drilled once a week by a Sergeant Fannon from the Castle. This cellar was also the dressing room for the first and second forms, the third form using a rather dark room, on the way to the kitchen. There was no playground of any kind. Of course we didn't wear any uniform, so when we went out together, which wasn't often, we looked a complete mess!



Although this photograph is undocumented, it is believed to represent Miss Holdich and the entire school during its first few weeks, with some part of 100 Watergate Flags in the background.



Cricket, about 1910. The Infirmary is in the background.



*Nellie Day (1890)*

For Games, we used to play tennis at the back of the school, but soon after I came we began to play cricket; the field opposite was hired for our use. There were no steps down from the Walls in those days, and naughty girls who could not be bothered to walk down Crane Street used to drop over the wall.

*Mrs. Sandford's journal (1893)*

For the first time I have arranged to take a class of my pupils to the Gymnasium in Bridge Street, with the services of an Instructor who comes over from Liverpool. The Instructor struck me as wanting in energy and initiative.

There have been this term isolated cases of measles, chickenpox, scarlatina and even diphtheria, but I am thankful to add none of them severe. The four cases of smallpox at the workhouse caused such widespread alarm that quite a large proportion of the school have been vaccinated.

*The Observer (Miss Clay's annual report, 1908)*

She was told that far more attention was paid to physical culture in England than in America. When she heard this she felt some concern for America. Sitting behind a row of children, how often one had the impression of a row of variegated pillows crowned in hats rather than of small human beings; she would be content for some time if she could get children to sit and stand straight. Again there was the one-shoulder-higher-than-the-other difficulty. This, she believed, was largely due to the satchels and bundles of books carried in straps, and to remedy this they had devised a special form of knapsack. . . .

*Margaret (Welsby) Browne (1910)*

A whole batch of the Middle School all got their hockey colours together, so that our team was very young and inexperienced and most of it fell over when ever it was tackled. The mud by the low goal was certainly unforgettable; the present generation of girls couldn't imagine what the playing field was like before it was relaid.

*The Chester Chronicle (1914) concerning a drill display*

It opened with step-marching by girls of the upper school. The counter-marches took the form of a horse-shoe and the effect was striking, as the class kept their lines perfectly straight while executing difficult balancing feats. The set, which included lunges, turns, arm movements, etc., was to a march from "Dear Little Denmark".

*Mona C. Kelly (1925)*

Never a girl who excelled at hockey, it was with considerable relief that I learned that my form would in future play lacrosse. That hard, hard ball would be replaced by a smaller, shiny black rubber affair that would actually bounce!

Disillusionment set in, almost immediately. I tried hard, but while the other girls were trotting happily along, passing the ball to and fro, I seemed to be incapable of getting the ball either into or out of the net. The harder I tried, the more violently the little ball (extremely solid after all, and capable of inflicting very nasty blows indeed) shot out, and sometimes disappeared in the bushes on the lower slopes of the railway embankment. There always seemed to be a few tourists watching our progress from the comparative safety of the Walls, and often they would cheer and wave when I reappeared, muddy and cross, with the missing ball.

*Molly Young (1926)*

To save carrying our kit down to the field, we threw our cases over the wall so that they rolled down the bank, until the games mistress forbade us to continue the habit. At twelve years of age I played in the school cricket team and so Miss Clay suggested I should wear stockings instead of socks.

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## Mainly about Dress

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*The Chester Chronicle (1913) reporting a prize-giving*

In her report Miss Clay said that in the top forms were a number of Peter Pans who had obviously made up their minds not to grow up for another year. . . .skirts remained up and hair remained down.

*Ruby (James) Boyle (1921)*

In those early days there was freedom of dress, too, and elegant twin-sets and well-tailored skirts appeared in the winter, and a kaleidoscope of colourful frocks in the summer. On Speech Days we conformed, shivering in the draughty Town Hall in white frocks with blue sashes.

School uniform, when introduced, seemed a democratic reform, as it camouflaged the wide differences of wealth and home background. Forms were truly comprehensive then, in ability as in everything else, but, as numbers were moderate, the evils of a large comprehensive school were not apparent. Some Cestrians thought the Queen's School snobbish, and I suppose the gap between wealthy boarders and "scholarship girls" could sometimes be painfully obvious. It is ironic that nowadays to win a free place is a coveted success, but in the 1920's it could be a fact that you wanted to conceal.

*Ena Evans and Peveril (Jerome) Causebrook (1956)*

Advice we were given. . . .

(On going for interviews) "When in doubt, wear a hat."

We're never in doubt these days!

"A young lady should feel naked without gloves!"

Something we fought for. . . .

Retention of the school tie—we can hardly believe it now.

*Delia Barker (1963)*

Black Stockings—It is strange how liberated and permissive we all felt when, as a protection against the snow and the biting winds of winter 1963, we were allowed to wear these innocuous garments. I can remember my mother's reminiscences of how she longed to wear glamorous neutral stockings and be freed from the encumbrance of thick, black lisle ones—but I at the age of twelve years found them flattering and sophisticated.

*Olwen Cooke (1963)*

Sixth-formers (Olympians in our eyes) were conspicuous by their gaily coloured jumpers—little did anyone foresee that trousers would become the norm for sixth form wear.

*Janice Colley (1972)*

My first impression of the Queen's School when I came to take an entrance exam. was vivid. When I was waiting I sat in the Sixth Form cloakroom, and while I was there the lesson bell went. Suddenly two girls with long hair and dressed in the height of casual fashion strolled past. "Funny," I thought, "they look very young for teachers." Next minute about thirty of these trendy teachers (or so I thought) walked past. It was only some time later that I realised that the Sixth Form could wear their own choice of clothes.

*Barbara Monkhouse (1970)*

Once one had overcome the trauma of "O" levels and attained Lower Sixth status, one could discard the inhibiting school uniform and wear whatever one liked (within reason). This outward transformation of girls suddenly into "young ladies" (although I remember that Miss Edwards called us "ladies" all the way up the school!) was accompanied by a certain subtle change of attitude on the part of the staff. Then there was the physical freedom—such bliss after five years of comparative confinement within petty (for so they seemed at the time) rules and regulations. We had our own coffee-room far away from the rest of the community, and in the Upper Sixth you could go there rather than the library in your "free periods". Then there was the possibility of town in one's lunch hour; a relaxing break in the middle of the day. Perhaps that treasured half hour would consist of a discreet, secret rendezvous with one's boy friend, a cup of coffee, or a quick window-shop on the Rows.

*Ruby (James) Boyle (1930)*

Although some of the old-fashioned formality of Miss Clay's day was retained, there was a very friendly relationship between senior girls and members of Staff. We played tennis with them, took them out to tea, and visited them in Form parties. The most memorable tea-parties were at Miss Day's home in Rowton, under the handsome cedar-tree at the heart of her beautiful garden.

*Mary (Burkinshaw) Horry (1953)*

The seven of us who do Latin went to tea with Miss Pope. We all wore togas and laurel wreaths, ate strawberries and cream, had competitions and played charades. It was great fun.

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## Buildings and Gardens

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*Ann (Avery) Bond (1947)*

To the front one saw the original part of the school, mellow, asymmetrical and covered with Virginia creeper. The small windows and Gothic turrets of the secretarial rooms were particularly charming. To the right of this the "new" art-room jutted out starkly; to the left lay the original boarding-house containing small dining-rooms, division rooms and (up dark stairs) the sixth form rooms.

At the back, one looked out from the cloisters on to two short wings only: the kitchen block; the staff room with classrooms above. There was the hard-surface playground, beyond which lay a rather unproductive flower-bed and a tarmac drive. The measure of difference between then and now is most vividly shown by the staff cars (mostly aged) which occupied this space—there were four or five at most. Many staff arrived on bicycles, and smaller children would queue up to carry their cases and books and open the staff room door.

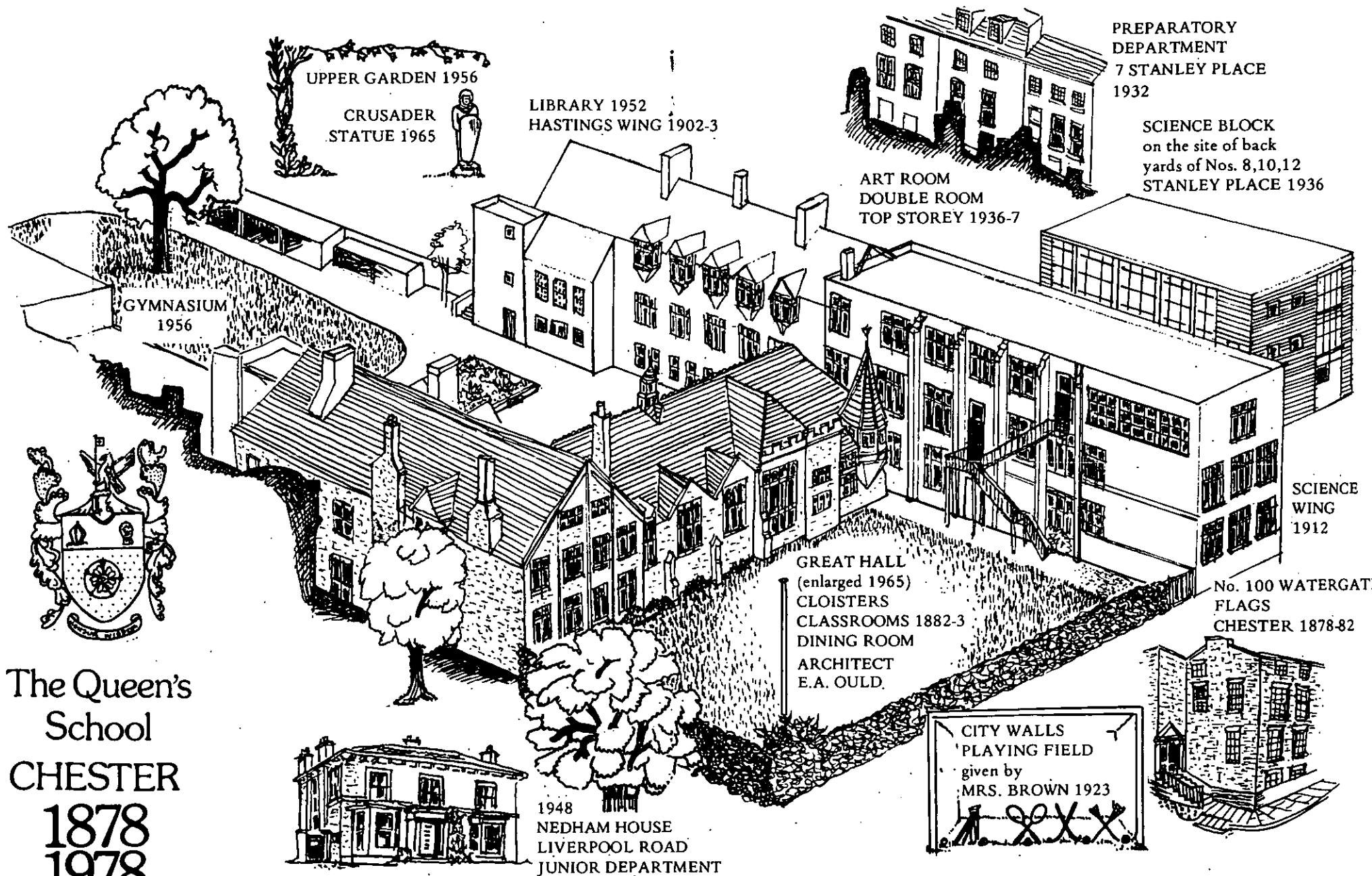
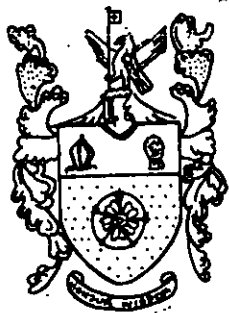
*Valerie (Williams) Humphreys (1953)*

The imaginations of audiences at school theatricals are necessarily stretched—one did not normally regard the Domestic Science Room as Parnassus, yet goddesses descended from it in the pageant of the school's history via the cloud-encompassed fire-escape. The more usual haunt of the goddesses was the Prefects' Room, which not only had access down the back stairs to the ice cream store, but also a gas fire for toasting marshmallows and burning fragrant spills made from the waste-paper basket. It was an impregnable stronghold, since the aged floorboards in the corridor creaked a warning of the approach of authoritarian feet.

*Kathleen (Dickinson) Wiggins (1964)*

We were the first sixth form to occupy the large airy room at the other end of the first floor corridor from the library. At first we regretted the move from the secluded privacy of the funny old rooms in the Bedward Row wing, where the sixth formers had always been slightly apart from the rest of the school. But we soon settled in and made our new room comfortable. Curtains were chosen—a bold cotton print—and easy chairs were bought. I remember us all saving McDougall's flour packets and buying extra chairs through a special offer which Jane Carter had brought to our attention.

The Queen's  
School  
CHESTER  
1878  
1978



*Caroline Dent (1970)*

In the hall the sun streams in the window and falls in a flickering, motley pattern on the floor. The graceful figures stand within the latticed frame, their twisting undulating forms curved in a mosaic of brilliant colour. The deep blue and red comes alive in the sunshine and the ageless Rosetti faces belong to no man-made time. Outside in the cloisters the sun-baked tiles smell of summer, and even the creeping plants are resting in the parched grey earth around the roots.

*Hilary Burson (1973)*

As one sits on one of the garden seats piano music glides and floats over the air and mingles with the faintly antiseptic aroma of the newly washed cloister tiles, which steam, sending curling fronds to dark, lofty cool heights. Suddenly a bell rings vibrant and cutting through the lethargic soporific atmosphere and Removes bound energetically out of the door with elastic for French skipping, while Upper Fifts more slowly in their old age, dragging a bag or pile of books under one arm. The milk crate rattles and the drinks machine rumbles and hums cheerfully to itself.

*Stella Pope (1951)*

The weather in the summer term must have been often warm and sunny, because I remember many lessons with the sixth form in the garden. There was no upper garden then, but we still had two splendid lime trees—one of them had to go when the gymnasium was built. The modern ring road was still far in the future, and our walled garden was a peaceful place.

*Gladys Phillips (1920)*

The weather was hot and sunny, and we used to wander about the garden between the papers, talking in the grave, anxious way one does when one takes School Certificate, learning formulae at the last moment, or reciting long passages from set books. And we used to pick the jessamine that grows over the cloisters, and pin it on to our blouses; and then, when we went back to the warm Geography room where we did the papers, the scent came out strongly and filled the room. And ever since, the scent of jessamine has always reminded me of school in those hot, sunlit mornings, when we were on the verge of leaving, and were just beginning to realise that we had been very happy there together, that we knew each other more intimately than we could hope to know any other set of people, that we were wonderfully tolerant of each other's little faults and foibles, and that the most carefree years of our lives were already over and gone.



*Deborah Tubb (1968)*

The Queen's School girl is fiercely loyal to her form. When I was a first year, both Removes lived in the identical Science-block rooms. This never deterred me from assuming that my form room was a unique architectural achievement. If a Monck-Masonian opponent derided our portrait of the writing school-child, we were quick to defend its artistic merit—and as quick to criticise the picture on the other side of the dividing wall.

On promotion to the second floor delights of the History Room as Lower Fourths, we concluded that height was happiness, while our lower contemporaries steadily maintained that the ground floor was great. Although we had hoped for further promotion to some interesting attic, we continued on the same level in the third year General Science Lab. The Lower Fifth year saw us embrace a new affection for Shakespeare—under Miss Monck-Mason, who had mysteriously metamorphosed from the head of the Remove opposition to our own party leader. In the Upper Fifth, "O" levels united us for a time, and by the sixth form this fierce loyalty had entirely disappeared. This must be a Good Thing, because I pity the head girl who would control six warring factions in one room on Wednesday mornings.

*Diana (Bridges) Leitch (1965)*

When I first started to take a serious interest in science subjects lessons were given in converted classrooms on the first floor of the Main Block, in rather Spartan conditions and with the bare minimum of equipment. The luxury of the building which eventually opened in 1965 was unbelievable to those of us who had done our first experiments under Rutherfordian conditions.

Not long after we moved into the new building there was an innovation in the Staff Room. The first male invasion. The girls looked on in wonder and amazement and felt that the wind of change was really blowing through the corridors of the Queen's School.

*Ann (Evans) Goedecke (1965)*

In my last year there was the opening of the new hall. We had had morning prayers in the gymnasium for many months and one of my greatest worries was that I would forget one morning to lay out the huge hessian coverings that protected the floor. Then we went into the new hall and experienced the luxury of sitting on chairs. That floor was, however, even more precious!

The invitations were sent out for the opening. On each one was written "Please do not wear pointed heels." Mr. Hands calculated the average pressure involved, which was the same as when an elephant stands on one foot, and every pupil was to talk to her parents explaining about the floor and how it could be so easily ruined. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster were invited to open the new hall and graciously accepted. The day came. Miss MacLean received the Duke and Duchess and brought them into the hall. I walked behind the Duchess up to the stage. Every step she took was like a needle sticking into my flesh. She wore the highest and thinnest heels I had ever seen. . . .

# The Chronicle, 1878-1978

1878, May 1st: The Chester School for Girls was opened at 100 Watergate Flats, with sixteen pupils under Miss Holdich.

1882, Feb. 3rd: Queen Victoria commanded that the School should be styled the Queen's School, and became its patron. March 6th: The Duke of Westminster laid the foundation stone of the present buildings. October: Margaret Brown became the first Queen's School girl to proceed to university education.

1883, March 7th: The Duke opened the original parts of the present buildings, the hall and the north wing. The school then had about a hundred pupils.

1887, January: Mrs. Sandford become headmistress. May: The Governors instituted the Queen's Scholarship, the first scholarship available within the school.

1888: Eva MacDonald won the school's first university scholarship.

1894: Winifred Anderson (having chosen the University of London, which was even then prepared to grant degrees to its women students) became the first graduate amongst the former pupils.

1897: The first issue of "Have Mynde" was published. April 3rd: The Queen's School Union of Past and Present Pupils was founded.

1898: The field beneath the city walls became the school's first sports field.

1903, Jan. 9th: Mrs. Sandford died in office, and Miss Glascodine became acting headmistress. March 28th: Miss Clay was appointed headmistress. May 26th: Opening of the Hastings wing.

1904: Queen Alexandra became patron of the school. March: The first full inspection by the Board of Education.

1906: White dresses were to be worn on Prize Day; sleeves, if short, were to reach within a few inches of the elbows.

1907: Miss Louie Glascodine retired after twenty-three years' teaching at the school.

1912: The first school hats with distinctive bands were introduced. Following the closure of an outside boarding house in King's Buildings, eighteen boarders were accommodated in the school buildings. Oct. 11th: Katharine, Duchess of Westminster, opened the first science wing, financed partly by grants from the City and County authorities.

1913, July 7th: As a prerequisite of a further grant from the city, the governors established a finance committee.

1917: Miss Clay introduced the House system, with distinctive emblems for each House's members.

1919: Advertisements appeared for the first time in "Have Mynde".

1921: The price of "Have Mynde" was 1s. 6d.

1923, June 14th: Mrs. Phyllis Brown formally opened the extended playing field, now the property of the school.

1925: Miss Emily Giles retired after teaching at the school for thirty-one years. On the retirement of Miss Clay, Miss Nedham (already a member of staff) was promoted to the headship.

1926: Queen Mary became the last royal patron of the school.

1927: With the City Council's permission, the city wall was breached to make a gate into the playing field.

1928: The school acquired the pavilion at the corner of the field (now used as a storehouse for machinery). May 16th: As one item in a week of celebrations, a jubilee bazaar raised funds towards a new library. At this time there were twelve full-time and ten "visiting" teachers, for a school of 250 girls.

1929: Miss Katharine Day (a former pupil) retired from the staff, to which she had been appointed in 1898.

1929-30: A reference library of about 650 books was established in a "dark waiting room on the ground floor", and a fiction library of about 750 books in a room partitioned off from the lobby.

1932: Gifts to the school that were acknowledged in "Have Mynde" included silver badges for the Head Girl and the Cricket Captain—and a bicycle for the use of the school. The school tie was introduced. Nov. 14th: The preparatory department moved into Stanley Place.

1933: Prefects, Sub-prefects, and Heads of Houses were appointed.

1935: During building operations the junior classes moved into temporary accommodation in the race course buildings on the Roodee.

1936: The school's coat of arms was registered. June 11th: The Earl of Derby presented a large flag bearing these arms on the occasion of his opening extensions, to the south-west (science) wing. These included a library and a studio. Oct. 23rd: Miss Clay and Mrs. Woods presented the stained glass window in the hall, depicting as representative literary figures Chaucer's Prioress and Lady Macbeth.

1939: Needing further grants from the City and County education authorities, the school allowed them control of its finances.

1939-40: For six months, the school's buildings were shared with St. Edmund's College, evacuated from Liverpool.

1940: Miss Cecile Desgratoulet and Miss Lucy Jameson both retired from the school staff, to which they had both been appointed in 1905.

1941: The boarding house was closed.

1945, Dec.: The school was admitted to the direct grant scheme, thus becoming once again independent of the local authorities; a building fund was opened to finance various improvements desired by the Ministry of Education.

1946, May: For the first time funds were raised by opening the playing field as a car park during Race Week.

1947: Miss Gertrude Doggett retired after thirty-one years on the staff. Sept. 1st: On the retirement of Miss Nedham, Miss MacLean became headmistress.

1948, Jan. 14th: The Junior School was established as a separate entity with the opening of Nedham House at 57 Liverpool Road, where Miss Maggs took charge of 95 girls.

1949, Sept: The preparatory department extended into 5 Stanley Place.

1950, Sept.: After alterations in the south-west wing the school was for the first time equipped with three separate science laboratories. Alterations in the north wing made it possible to provide all mid-day meals within the school, and also to add domestic science to the curriculum, from which it had for some years been absent.

1952: The school began using an additional playing field at Curzon Park. Nov. 17th: Opening of an extension to the Hastings wing, including a new library, the present geography room and a larger staff-room.



1953: Miss Dilys Gee retired after thirty-one years on the staff.

1954: Miss Catherine Ayrton (a former pupil) and Miss Gladys Whittam both retired after teaching at the school for more than thirty-five years. Nov. 24th: Opening of the Phyllis Brown wing at Nedham House, comprising a hall and additional rooms.

1955: The Duchess of Westminster presented to the school the mallet which had been used for laying the original foundation stone.

1956: Miss Marjorie Morris retired after thirty-five years on the staff, twenty-six of them as second mistress.

1957, July 22nd: The long-promised gymnasium was opened on the northern part of the back garden, with demonstrations of Victorian and contemporary physical education. The top garden (the former burial ground of the church that is now Chester's Guildhall) replaced the lost space.

1958-9: The school purchased the houses at 8, 10 and 12 Stanley Place.

1959: The school tie was discontinued.

1960: Miss Kathleen Arrowsmith retired, having taught at the school since 1922.

1961, May 11th: The school acquired Latham House and its grounds adjacent to Nedham House; in consequence of this the use of the playing field at Curzon Park gradually ceased.

1963: Miss Mary Hicks retired after thirty-two years' service. She had been librarian until 1958 and was second mistress from 1958 to 1962. Oct. 25th: Sir Christopher Hinton opened the present science block (on part of the Stanley Place property), which had been partly financed by a public appeal.

1965, May 28th: The Duke and Duchess of Westminster opened the rebuilt and enlarged hall, which terminated sixteen years of almost continuous building activity within the school.

1966: The prefectorial system was discontinued. School uniform was made optional for the Sixth Form.

1967, June 15th: A group of parents set up a swimming pool fund.

1969, June 20th: Opening of the swimming pool in the grounds of Nedham House.

1973: After further fund-raising efforts led by parents the school acquired a language laboratory and divers other equipment. Sept. 1st: Miss Farra succeeded Miss MacLean, and Miss Chowen succeeded Miss Maggs, after their simultaneous retirement.

1974: Miss Constance Baxter (a former pupil) retired after thirty-six years on the staff. The Parents Association was inaugurated.

1975: April 4th: The governors decided that, with the ending of the direct grant scheme, the Queen's School should revert to its original independent status.

1976: The school hat ceased to be a compulsory part of the uniform. Miss Marie Christopherson retired after thirty-one years as domestic bursar to the school, which she first entered as its youngest pupil in 1923.

1977, May 9th: The bursary appeal was launched, with a target of £100,000—which was reached within ten weeks.

1978: There are now thirty-one full-time and thirty part-time teachers, with two full-time and five part-time ancillary staff, for a school of 566 girls in three departments.

# Events and Activities

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## *Mrs. Sandford's journal, concerning the Distribution of Prizes (1890)*

Nov. 7th: The stormiest day of the entire Summer. A great many pupils could not come at all, or arrived late, in cabs. Rain drove in at every window, and under the tiles of the roof of the great hall. Decorations were impossible. Happily the wind lulled about mid-day, and our guests arrived in considerable numbers, notwithstanding the weather. The Duchess appeared punctually at 3 o'clock, and after this everything went off as well, or even better than usual.

## *Stella Pope (1951)*

In the spring term it was the prizegiving that made the greatest impact on me—possibly because it was my first at the Queen's School, but chiefly, I am sure, because of the personality of the speaker, Miss Diana Beck, once a pupil at the Queen's School and then at the height of her distinguished career as a neurological surgeon. She spoke earnestly and with conviction; I remember the gravity of her voice as she spoke of the seriousness of life and the need for steadfastness and gaiety.

## *The Cheshire Observer (1906).*

"Alkestis," in the original Greek, we have seen presented by boys high up in their school forms, but never hitherto have we had the pleasure of following this play, or a portion of it, produced in English by girls of the schools of today. It shows the strides modern education has made. It was a novelty and a distinct success. Dr. Bridge's music was very pretty, and the chorus sang in tune.

## *Stella Pope (1951)*

It was under our surviving lime tree that the sixth form and I produced "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, in Gilbert Murray's translation. At first it was to have been just a performance for the Literary Society, but we became more ambitious, and gave a public performance for parents and friends. Hazel Morris (now Hazel Vivienne) composed some "Greek" music which she played on a recorder for the entry of the Chorus, who, led by Ann Hughes (now Ann Smart), spoke beautifully and looked, someone said, "like an ancient Greek frieze". Muriel Price, looking regal in a dress made from blackout cutains, was a most moving Hecuba, and Sandra Hastie, as Casandra, was convincingly mad. Just before Troy was destroyed, lightning flashed and thunder roared, but no rain fell until the play was over and we were all indoors.

## *Programme of "a small SALE OF WORK" (1905)*

A Grand Variety Entertainment will be given in the New Wing, IIIa, Also a Short Play, entitled . . . . . "THE THREE WISHES," . . . . . Will be performed in the Studio . . . . . Performances begin at 3.45, and will be given every half hour.

## The Headmistresses



Miss Constance Holdich, 1878



Mrs. Margaret Sandford, 1887



Miss Beatrice Clay, 1903



Miss Maud Nedham, 1925



Miss Elizabeth MacLean, 1947



Miss Margaret Farra, 1973



The Hall, prior to 1936



Miss Spurling and Form Upper V in 1913.  
Margaret Welsby (p.51) is standing, towards the left.

*Margaret Trelfa (1970)*

One feature of Queen's School life which I remember well was "Charities", a word synonymous with weekly appeals and, even more, with a tin rattled loudly at you if you failed to produce your regular contribution. The other events associated with Charities were the Special Efforts in the lunch break. The first of these I remember was the Krazy Fashion Contest staged in the gym by an Upper Fifth form. Everyone's artistic ability and ingenuity was required to array at least two members of each form in the most dazzling creations of cooking foil, crepe paper and even polythene bags. At a similar enterprise a few years later, with the reducing of the stipulation to use paper to the less stringent requirement that cloth must not be used, someone had an inspiration and Karen Vanner appeared in rhubarb leaves!

There were many, many more competitions and events in the time I was at school, including "It's a Knock-out" when Mr. Bridge charged across the quad on stilts, Mrs. Hough and Dr. Stevenson were given their first ride on roller skates and Miss Baxter and Miss Pope attempted to eat apples dangling in front of their noses. What people would do when money was to be raised was quite surprising, but so encouraging. Think of all the effort expended throughout the years—for instance, just imagine the enormous number of "Sales of Cakes and Sweets"; also the total number of miles walked in aid of various good causes. Truly "Charities" was a part of Queen's School life not to be easily forgotten.

*Olwen Cooke (1966)*

In the Upper Fourths, to raise money for charity, we had the idea of a "Guess the Baby" competition—the babies being staff in their younger days. We also took votes for the most beautiful baby. I think Dr. Stevenson, unrecognisable as a fair baby regarding the world from his pram, came third, Miss Hargreaves was second, and a demure Miss Pope with pinafore, button boots and a shy smile was first. She told us afterwards that she could remember being on the point of tears during the photographic session!

*Letter to mothers from Miss Nedham (1927)*

I am sending you the details of the arrangements for the expedition to Talacre to see the Eclipse of the Sun, as I think you will probably wish to have them.

The train is due to leave Chester General Station at 4.45 a.m., and is due back at 8.17.

It is advisable that each girl should have —

- (I) A substantial meal before starting.
- (II) Some refreshments to take with her.
- (III) Warm clothes, thick shoes, and a mackintosh.
- (IV) A suitable film through which to view the sun in order to prevent damage to the eye.

The School will be closed on that day.

*Connie Baxter (1927)*

... a visit to Talacre Beach in the middle of the night armed with our smoked glass to see the total eclipse. It rained all the time and all we saw was a dead donkey—but we were given the morning off school.

*Have Mynde (1974)*

Games Mistress Miss Connie Baxter of THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL, wearing a red blazer with a GOLD HAMMER AND SICKLE motif, Russia's flag, was exposed yesterday as being a Russian spy. Miss Farra, new headmistress, was reported to be "comfortable" after being treated for severe shock. . . .

... but you can't believe everything you read, even in "Have Mynde".

*Cheshire Observer (reviewing "Have Mynde" 1909)*

The Queen's School Association of Past and Present Pupils appears to be in a healthy state and is one of the best means of preserving a kindly interest in the school among those ladies who do not object to the description of "old girls."

*Joanna Udall (1971)*

"Have Mynde" took up a good proportion of my Lower Sixth Latin lessons long before I had ever seen a copy. The printers of the 1970 edition were about three or four months late in delivering the copies, and Miss Pope outlined the most recent developments in the saga at the beginning of each lesson. It was just beginning to reach epic proportions when, at last, they arrived. The pages were badly put together and much of the work had been rearranged by the printers. This necessitated the sticking of hundreds of small and very sticky labels, containing Miss Pope's apologies, into the front of them all.

The poor quality of these was the final incentive to revolution: Rosemary Ince, following the kink in her nose, broke out into yellow; yellow cover and yellow centre pages, just like the telephone directory as cynics were not slow to point out. The new photolithographic method of printing meant that all the pages had to be laid out by us on special typing paper about three feet long. Rosemary spent breaks and lunch hours scouring the school for people who had taken the sheets away to type before she had started to make a list, and some despaired of ever seeing "Have Mynde" in one piece again. However, Miss Pope remained calm until everything was finally packed off to the printers, when she had to be restrained from doing a Bacchic dance on the lawn!

*(Editor's note: It isn't as bad as that now. Our present printers do the hard bits for us.)*

*Marjorie (Hack) Miln (1958)*

One of my friends and I every year had a private chuckle at the thought of the Harvest Festival display of apples and pears collapsing. Unfortunately she had left and so could not share the joke with me when it happened. I was outside the Hall when it started—I heard a few dull thuds and stifled laughter without realising what was happening. Then during the hymn it started again: large Woking apples and pears were rolling off the platform on to the floor. The Removes sitting underneath got the worst of the bombardment and the whole school was suppressing laughter throughout the service. I had to read the lesson keeping a straight face; everyone tried to ignore the collapse of the fruit while being fully aware of it, and the bottled-up amusement had consequently the quality of hysteria. When the school filed out they had to kick their way through the fruit underfoot.

*Katherine Spence (1973)*

On March 5th there were several new arrivals at the school because in between break and the lunch-hour a pair of the school's gerbils had babies. Notices were put up on the door of the preparation room saying:

No-one except the official Gerbil Keepers may come in because of baby gerbils.

*Have Mynde, reporting the Gramophone Society (1946)*

One week, by request, we had a "Jive" programme, but the behaviour of the classicists was such, that the experiment was not, nor is it likely to be, repeated.

*Catherine Lace (1968)*

The first time I ever visited the "Big School" was when I was seven or eight years old and I was allowed to come and see the staff production of "Toad of Toad Hall". The hall at that time struck me as being absolutely huge, and I was completely unable to imagine the number of girls required to fill such a massive room. The first thing that I noticed about the hall when I entered it was the bright red of the curtains which stretched the width of the stage.

Although I was unable to understand all the jokes because they were funny only to the people who had been taught by certain members of staff, I can remember laughing heartily most of the way through. When I first arrived at the senior school and met Miss Edwards, I remembered her as Mrs. Rabbit saying "Now don't be late for school my dears!" and I had to restrain myself from laughing as I suddenly understood why everyone had roared with laughter when she said it in the play.

*G.E.B(arlow) in Have Mynde (1968)*

And Someone said let there be Toad. And there was Toad. And She said "let the stage bring forth living creatures (only *one* of every kind *please*—we're not having *that* sort of show)." So there were, and at first they sounded subdued and distant like the chat in the staff-room after a hard day's fight. But soon the action was fruitful and multiplied and brought forth a horse, which in turn brought forth a splendid expression, which brought forth many laughs. And the woods brought forth a multitude of wild creatures who writhed like serpents, and their voices were like unto the Remove in a horrid mood.

And Toad lifted up his voice and said many things and said them very well. Toad loved himself greatly, and others insofar as they loved him as they loved himself. And he did that very well too.

And sundry of the maidens of the staff were good to look upon. . . .

*The Daily Telegraph (1970)*

A schoolgirl invention, which cost her half-a-crown, was shown to teachers and educationists during a meeting of the Association for Science Education at Lancaster University, yesterday. Miss Stella Preston, 18, of Hatton Heath, Chester, was posed a problem about magnetism during a science lesson at her school.

For half-a-crown she bought a round plastic lettuce shaker used for shaking water from salads. With her friend, Miss Kirtsy Holloway (*sic*), 17, of Guggen Lane, Neston, Cheshire, she wound copper wire around it and invented the spherical solenoid.

Miss Cathy Meredith, 26, physics schoolmistress and a member of the Association for Science Education, said it was a remarkable invention. "It makes teaching really worth while."

*The Chester Chronicle (1921) reporting a Mock Election*

. . . vigorous campaign. . . canvassing allowed before prayers. Register of voters compiled, qualification for suffrage being the ownership of a desk and having attained the age of eleven years. . . Everything carried out constitutionally, except that Miss Clay was elevated to the peerage and placed on the Woolsack as Lord Chancellor, consequently being disfranchised. . . .

*Olwen Cooke (1963)*

It was the very exciting year Number 55 Liverpool Road was bought. I remember feeling great indignation towards property developers who threatened to hem in our school—we all followed the transactions with great interest. As well as Number 55, the field at the bottom of our garden was purchased. What had once been a forbidden territory glimpsed beyond the bottom hedge, and an unexplored jungle wilderness, was now trampled by expeditionary parties of girls braving the nettles and deep grass to measure it. The only unfriendly native encountered was a lady whose garden adjoined the field—she enquired as to the nature and indeed legality of our business, but was quickly placated.



*The Decline and Fall of the Sodium*  
*A Greek Tragedy in One Act*  
*representing*  
*The Disastrous Event of Mrs. Dickinson's Dropping*  
*A Large Piece of Sodium*  
*Accidentally in the Presence of*  
*A Small Group of Upper Fourth Form Girls and What*  
*Ensued*  
*Done into English by Ann Thompson*

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Scene: The General Science Laboratory

*Performed in the School Hall June 1966, the year of the Event*

Mrs. D: Hail, agile-minded maidens maided ready.

Ch.A : Hail to you also, grey-haired Mrs. D.

Mrs. D: What will you, for today's experiment—

Ch.A : Look out! for you've had your only line already.

Mrs. D: —Will be of sodium, potassium,

Ch.A : —And calcium, Hurray. For we are glad.

Mrs. D: Gather round in a lofty encirclement.

Ch.A : You speak truly, for otherwise how could we see it?

Mrs.D: Lo! For I place some water in a trough.

Ch.A : (And deftly too, for she a well-trained chemist.)

Mrs. D: And handling my partnership of knives  
Plunge them into danger-ridden jar  
Of sodium. Whereto it on the one hand breaks. . . .

Ch.A : Alas

Mrs. D: Woe, woe, woe.

Ch.A : . . . . .

Mrs. D: But on the other hand it does not.

Ch.A : (Alas this has wreaked havoc with her grammar.)

Mrs. D: Be silent! Hold your speechless tongues. And now  
I cut the well-oiled sodium bar but  
Alas! it is too slippery. I wipe

BANG!

*Chorus retreats*

(Mrs. D) It on the dishcloth but oh bang, I mean oh woe  
BANG!!

*Exit Chorus*

Mrs. D: Oh woe woe alas help me Hercules  
Help help oh woe is me and Fate falls with a  
BANG!!!

*Enter Mr. Stephenson as Hercules*

Mr. S : I thought I heard a noise and then a flame:  
Courage:

Mrs. D: Fetch sand oh woe

Mr. S : Oh yes, sand and. . . .

Mrs. D: By Apollo, ope immediately  
 The cabinet of fumes and exhaust. Oh. . . .

Mr. S : What?

Mrs. D: Woe!

Mr. S : Oh.

Ch.A : (*Off stage*) Help help ha ha help. help. help.  
*Enter Chorus B of Helpful Staff*

Ch.B : An unaccustomed sound came to our ears  
 And now an unaccustomed ceiling dark and dank  
 Lowers above our watchful pair of eyes.  
 Likewise a mess adorns the floor. Where are  
 The fruitful, happy-minded maidens? Oh. . . .

Mr. S : What?

Ch.B : Woe, for an unpleasant mingling  
 Of air alights under our noses. Oh. . . .

Mr. S : What?

Ch.B : Woe is me, or is it woe are we?

Leader of Chorus B: No matter, for see who comes afar with winged haste.

*Enter Miss MacLean suspended above the stage as*

.....

*Also re-enter Chorus A timidly.*

... : I was writing in my office when I thought I heard a spoon  
 Drop

Ch.A/B: Ha, ha

... : But undeterred I continued with my train  
 Of thought, But lo! another spoon came crashing to the ground.  
 And no longer at all certain then that spoons could cause such noise  
 I abandoned my well-oiled train and hurried to the scene  
 Of action, or rather, astonished, incapacitated zeal.

Mrs. D: O *adiuvate me!* Oh woe, help, woe!

... : And now it is my part to sort out this entangled plot.  
 Take, someone, Mrs. Dickinson and give her cocoa hot.  
 Go, leader of Chorus B. and find the trusty Mr. Baker.  
 Take Chorus A. and calm them by suggesting general reading  
 Elsewhere, while Mr. Baker helps Mr. Stephenson to  
 Abate somewhat this covering of water, sand and fumes  
 And all-knowing Sun-Charioted Apollo knows what  
 Else indeed.

Leader of Chorus B: . . . . the ceiling look at it alas woe, woe . . . .

t... : That was a somewhat unnecessary remark. Therefore do as I say.

Ch.A/B: Spirit of Reason! Holy Nous! Whoever does  
 Not take the advice of the oracle is a fool or else  
 Unworshipful. We shall obey you immediately.  
 Hurray three cheers for Nous! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

THE END

# Some Personalities

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*Helen (Keay) Bowen (1955)*

In the mid-fifties the School possessed a playing field in the interior wastes of Curzon Park. We arrived early one afternoon at the field, invaded the adjoining field and spent a wild five minutes (clad in hockey boots, three-quarter length socks and those precursors of the mini known as "games-skirts") riding a couple of shaggy ponies. Caught by Trub, coldly admonished by Connie, we were immediately sent back to school to face that personification of authority: Mac.

We waited. . . interminably. . . through that afternoon and after school; early next morning, at break, at lunchtime, and after school; all the next day, and the next. We sat through lesson after lesson, waiting, imaginations and apprehension raw and ragged. Miss Goodchild was our only contact and she played her part superbly: "Miss MacLean is too busy to see you. . . has a visitor. . . is teaching. . . will be back later. . .", her vowels as clipped as always, her eyes remote.

Eventually, of course, we were received—graciously. Hesitantly we gulped out our apologies. I don't remember that she spoke. We had no need to be told our faults: trespass, thoughtlessness, possible danger to ourselves. We had had time to work them out for ourselves.

Not for nothing had Miss MacLean the reputation of a disciplinarian.

*Ruby (James) Boyle (1921)*

One outstanding quality that Miss Nedham possessed was a quiet self-discipline and dignity—and this moulded the whole tone of the school as I remember it. On quick assessment you would have judged her orthodox and hierarchical to a degree, but her policies could be unexpectedly liberal, and under her the school moved quietly towards a new democracy.

When I became a member of Miss Nedham's staff I experienced another of her very likeable qualities: once she had given scrupulous thought to your appointment, you had her trust and backing, and I don't remember her ever questioning or restricting my ideas in any way.

She encouraged her staff to have outside interests and positively did not want them to spend every week-end moment on School matters. She thought such concentration made for imbalance and a restricted viewpoint.

*Sybil Trubshaw (1920)*

My first Headmistress was Miss Clay. She was a woman of quite awesome presence, but one might be fortunate enough to experience the human understanding behind this. Her English lessons were a delight to me; she had a special enthusiasm for Chaucer and Shakespeare. She laid great stress on correct punctuation, in consideration for the reader, and the art of sentence construction.

A practical maxim of hers was: "If you have to take money to anyone, wrap it in a piece of paper in case the recipient has no purse handy."

It was said that a recalcitrant junior, who had (at home) repeatedly refused to go to bed, and whose mother had finally in desperation telephoned Miss Clay, went immediately and without further fuss, on hearing that her mother's injunction had been reinforced by that of Miss Clay!

*The Observer (Miss Clay's prizegiving report, 1911)*

Have you ever realised your daughter's colossal ignorance of all contemporary topics? She cannot go about the world picking up knowledge as her brother does. She must not read the newspaper. It is very properly impressed on her that she is not to talk to people in general; the engine-driver, the man in charge of the traction engine, are men of a tint of which her (*sic*) and her mother disapprove, to whom she must not speak even though she has a passion for engines. She has successfully learned, apparently, that she belongs to the governed and not to the governing class. My appeal to you is, therefore, to tell them something of current events. You will not find them uninterested, and the present seems an opportune moment to make the request, when with winter approaching the motor will cease to mote and the boat to call. . . .

*Beatrice E. Clay (1920)*

Among the odds and ends of memory, I like to recall the gift of rather grey butter churned in the kindergarten and decorated with a spray of asparagus fern. . . .

*Ruby (James) Boyle (1925)*

Miss Jameson was an unholy terror in the Form-room. Sums had to be set down with the utmost precision: equals signs or decimal points must be placed exactly underneath each other in each problem or sum, and all the lines must be carefully ruled. Untidiness bred the vice of inaccuracy, she maintained.

*Silvia (Quinn) Elsey (1933)*

Miss Rountree, who once marched me down to the *junior* cloakroom (I was all of fifteen) and made me wash my face, which for devilment I had luridly made up, eyed by a group of fascinated seven-year-olds.

*Mrs. Sandford's journal (1891)*

Madame Armagnac, a lady of rather remarkable acquirements. . . .

*Ruby (James) Boyle (1921)*

. . . the padding, panther-like tread of Miss Blyth. . . an excellent gymnast.

Miss Gee. . . it is remarkable how many future scientists and doctors she was to teach in her tiny, modestly equipped laboratory. Chemistry, Physics and Botany she taught in my day—with an occasional Celtic lightning-flash and a thump on the bench that made bunsens flicker, beakers rattle and the idlers on the back row jump to attention.

Silvia (Quinn) Elsey (1930)

. . . the striped Macclesfield silk dresses worn by poor Miss Ruffell, who became a missionary, in the belief that even pagan natives couldn't be worse than the Lower Fourth. . . .

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## Abiding Memories

The chaste and sober propriety of the Sixth-Form dances. . . .

The hideous stars and reports system. . . .

Eurhythmics and the black tunics. . . .

. . . the school and staff *en masse* in the Hall, joyfully chorusing "The Twelve Days of Christmas". . . .

The Fathers v. Girls Cricket Match, 1918, at Boughton—wonderful TEA in a huge tent. . . .

. . . the delightful piano recital given by Miss Bell and Miss Johnson. . . . how lovely and somehow distant they looked, dressed in blue and black satin.

The scent of thyme blossom in the back garden and the feel of summer under the horse chestnut tree by the City Walls. . . .

The joy with which we listened to the notes of the busker on race days, and our angry disappointment one year when we discovered that a member of staff had paid him to go away. . . .

Miss Christopherson's very audible organisation of lunchtime and her unique cheese flan, which resists all attempts on my part to recapture its flavour and texture. . . .

. . . how I always played the hymn at assembly too fast for the terrifying Miss Clay. . . .

Getting to school from Hough Green (those tiny, open-topped trams). . . .

The infectious joy of Miss Whittam's country dancing and music making. . . .

. . . playing tennis in the back court, on a very hot afternoon when Chopin and Schumann jangled in unison from the open windows. . . .

. . . in Hall, the sound of the trains on the L.M.S. line across the playing field. . . .

. . . the sadness of that line in the end-of-term hymn: "Those who here shall meet no more".





The  
Staff,  
May 1978



Locations on the photograph are numbered from the left within each row; the six rows are distinguished by letter, with A at the top.

Headmistress: Miss M. Farra, M.Sc., London (C6)

- \* Miss C.E. Ashcroft, B.A. Hons., Cambridge (A9)
- Miss M.J. Bates, A.T.D., D.A., Manchester (B10)
- Miss V. Brown, B.A. Hons., London (C2)
- Miss R. Callaway, B.A. Hons., Liverpool (B4)
- Miss E.M. Edwards, B.Sc. Hons., Manchester, Second Mistress (C7)
- Mrs. C.F. Ferris, B.A. Hons., London (A7)
- Mrs. A.J. Gorman, B.A., Manchester (D11)
- R.A. Hands, B.Sc., Nottingham (B2)
- Mrs. A. Hardwick, B.A. Hons., Oxford (C4)
- Miss J.E. Hargreaves, B.A. Hons., London (C9)
- Miss S.D. Hayes, Gloucester T.C.D.S. (D4)
- Miss M.J. Hemming, B.A. Hons., Lancaster (D10)
- Miss R. Hinde, B.A. Hons., Birmingham (D5)
- \* Miss M.J. Lee, B.A., A.R.C.M., G.N.S.M. (D8)
- Mrs. S. Nelson, B.Sc. Hons., Ph.D., Liverpool (C8)
- Mrs. H. Parker, B.A. Hons., Oxford (C1)
- \* Mrs. B. Pycraft, Mus. B., G.R.N.C.M., A.R.N.C.M. (D9)
- Miss A.M. Saunders, B. Ed., I.M. Marsh College of P.E. (C11)
- \* Mrs. M.O. Selby, B.A. Hons., Liverpool (B14)
- Mrs. S.M. Swift, B.Sc. Hons., London (D3)
- \* Miss M.L. Walters, B.A. Hons., Leicester (B11)
- \* Miss J. Wilkin, B.A. (Theol), M.A., Manchester (D1)
- \* Miss R.E. Winter, B.Ed. Hons., Sussex, Chelsea College of P.E. (A10)
- K.R. Young, B.Sc., Ph.D., Liverpool, C.Chem., M.R.I.C. (C10)

#### Part-time Staff

- Mrs. S.J. Bastin, B.Sc. Hons., London (B13)
- Mrs. M. Brien, B.Sc. Hons., London (B15)
- Mrs. J. Entwisle, B.S. Hons., London (B8)
- Mrs. N.M. Fowler, B.A. Hons., Liverpool (A8)
- Mrs. C. Gretton-Watson, Graduate of Messina University (A3)
- Mrs. K. Kimberley, Interpreters' School, Zurich (F8)
- \* Mrs. S.V. Nightingale, Dip. A.D., Manchester (E2)
- \* Mr. C.J. Parry, M.Sc., Manchester (B1)
- Mrs. M. Prince, B.A. Hons., Sheffield (D6)
- Mrs. E.D. Rowland, B.Sc. Hons., Bristol (B12)
- Mrs. J.R. Simpson, B.A. Hons., London (B18)
- Mrs. M.C. Wiley, B.Sc. Hons., Liverpool (D2)
- Mme. M.J. Wozniak, Ecole Normale (B17)
- \* Mrs. D.M. Wright, B.Sc. Hons., Manchester (A4)

#### Part-time Music Staff

- Mrs. H.K. Copland, G.G.S.M., A.R.C.M. (E3)
- H. Edwards, Mus. B., Durham (B5)
- Mrs. M. Fawcett, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M. (D7)
- Mrs. L. Hallett, L.T.C.L. (A2)
- Mrs. R. Heasman, L.R.A.M. (B16)
- Mrs. J.M. Johnson, A.R.M.C.M. (A6)
- Mrs. M. Lees, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M. (A5)
- L. Norris (E8)
- Mrs. M. Pritchard (A1)
- Mrs. G. Sawicka, L.R.A.M. Graduate of Kiev University (B19)
- Mrs. E. Stringer, L.R.A.M. (E4)

#### Part-time Speech Training Staff

- Miss Anna Stuart, L.G.S.M., A.L.A.M. (E1)

#### The Junior School at Nedham House

- Head of Department: Miss J. Chown, N.F.I., Roehampton (F6)
- Miss L.M. Bailey, B.A. Hons., Aberystwyth (E6)
- Miss M.N. Whitnall, Didsbury College (F5)

#### Part-time Staff

- \* Mrs. M. Chorley, B.A. Hons., Manchester (E5)
- \* Mrs. E. Cunliffe, A.T.C.L. (E7)
- \* Mrs. M.D. Meredith, C.F. Mott College, Liverpool (F7)

#### The Preparatory Department in Stanley Place

- Head of Department: Mrs. M. Whelan, Chester College (F3)
- \* Miss J. Henry, Froebel Institute, Roehampton (F2)
- Mrs. M.A. Patterson, West Hill College, Birmingham (F4)

#### Part-time Staff

- \* Mrs. G.M. Gough, Bedford Froebel Training College (F1)

#### Secretary: Miss J.F. Goodchild (C5)

Assistant Secretary: Mrs. K. Green (C3)

Domestic Bursar: Mrs. M. Harrison (B9)

Administrative Assistant: P. Hudspeth (A11)

Laboratory Assistants: Mrs. J.C. Barnes, O.N.C. (B6)

Mrs. F.L. Burt, B.Sc., London (B7)  
D. Evans (B3)

The following members of staff left at various times during the year: Miss Bough, Miss M. Brown, Miss de Reybekill, Miss Eason, Mrs. Eifler, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Pope, Mrs. Dutton, Mrs. Barlow (main school); Mrs. Maddocks, Mrs. Forster (Nedham House); Miss Jarvis (Stanley Place).

# SOME VIEWS OF THE PRESENT

## LOWER FOURTH FORMS

(to the signature tune of "Match of the Day")

*We're the Lower Fourth forms,  
The Champions of them all.  
We're great at sport and hockey,  
We're always on the ball.  
Our work is up to standard,  
In fact it's way above:  
We're renowned throughout the Senior School,  
With gratitude and love.*

*Our netball is stupendous,  
Our hockey is supreme;  
Athletics are our weak point,  
But tennis is our cream.  
We're envied by all others,  
For our superbity;  
The Champions of the Queen's School,  
That is Lower Four B.*

*Our song is now just ending;  
We think you will agree,  
That modesty is one of  
The points of Lower Four B.  
We're kind as well as funny,  
And clever, pretty, too,  
Our reputation's kept up by  
All of us but a few.*

Karen Haynes, Lower IV B

## A GUIDE TO TEACHER-WATCHING

### History

The first recorded sightings of teachers were in Greece and Rome. In those times teachers were not as plentiful as now, when they are found in abundance owing to the many teacher sanctuaries or schools, which have steadily increased in number over the last century. In these sanctuaries the teachers may be viewed in their natural habitat, from the comfort of your own private desk and chair.

### General Points

Many teachers are addicted to fresh air, especially the older generation, and are never happy unless there is a freezing draught whistling through the room. Teachers may be observed to spend a large amount of their time talking to themselves and to the blackboard, a necessary piece of equipment for any teacher.





*A pair of teachers, drawn from  
the life by Barbara Elson, Upper VI*

### **Plumage**

The many species of teacher are very similar but can be distinguished by their plumage. Most teachers' plumage blends in with the colouring of the sanctuary. Plumage is seasonal, becoming lighter in colour and texture in the summer. The male teacher is not so brightly coloured as the female teacher, as in this species the female is dominant, and although it has been observed that some males have fluorescent plumage on their feet, this is very rare. Teachers also have the chameleon ability of being able to change colour overnight.

### **Locomotion**

Teachers are rarely seen to run and they cannot fly, although some have been observed trying, waving sticks in their arms. A brisk walk is the usual form of locomotion, although, when angry, they move in a way which can only be described as a stalk towards the object of their attentions. As a rule, however, teachers are very dignified creatures, though the male is less dignified than the female.

### **Temperament and Voice**

Teachers often become angry and find noise especially annoying. They first issue the warning cries of "Ssssh", which increase in length and volume, then the teacher reverts to "Please be quiet," normally repeated three times. If the noise still continues, the teacher will breathe in deeply, puffing out the plumage, and then squawk loudly something that sounds like "Shurrup". This is a shock tactic and always works, the noise diminishing immediately.

Teachers are also gregarious and very sociable. They congregate in specially assigned areas called "Staff Rooms" at regular times. Great care should be taken when trying to view in these periods. There are many theories as to what happens in these "Staff Rooms"; the most popular being that they gather here to satisfy their addiction to caffeine.

### **Hazards**

Before I finish I must warn of some of the hazards of this hobby. If alarmed by abnormal behaviour or dress, teachers have been known brutally to attack watchers, though in recent years very few incidents have been recorded.

### Where to view

The equipment needed to pursue this delightful hobby varies in price. If you wish to view teachers at a private sanctuary, special clothing will be needed, as teachers in these sanctuaries have been taught to accept people in particular colours and clothing only and find people not correctly dressed most disturbing. If, however, you wish to view teachers in a government-owned sanctuary, special clothing is not always needed. Always contact the appropriate authorities about clothing and fees before visiting these sanctuaries.

I hope that those of you who choose to pursue this exciting, interesting and rewarding hobby get as much enjoyment out of it as I do.

Jane Bartholomew, Lower V Y

## ALICE UNDER A SCHOOL HAT

Alice lay on the grass reading one of her sister's school books. The inkstained pages were filled with long words that she could not understand and there was not one picture in the whole book! She wondered whether the next seven years of her life would be filled with reading such boring things. She was miserable at the thought, and tears began to roll down her cheeks, when suddenly she saw a Bunny Girl running across the lawn, holding lots of old and tatty school hats. The Bunny Girl looked at her watch and said:

"Three minutes to nine! I'm late again." With that she put on one of the hats and disappeared into thin air. Alice ran over and picked up a hat that had been dropped. She tried it on and found herself spinning through the air. She landed with a bump on a desk in a classroom. After she had climbed down and straightened her apron she noticed that

### Work Me Out

$$\frac{x}{y+2} \div \frac{x}{y-3} = \frac{(k) - (gi)}{z - \bar{z} - \frac{3}{8}k} \quad \text{What is } g^2 - 2? \\ x = ?$$

### Queen's School Entrance Examination

was written on the blackboard. She had just decided that the equation was impossible, and the person who set it was very stupid, when the Bunny Girl appeared. Now that she looked closely she could see that it wasn't a Bunny Girl at all — just a schoolgirl wearing very high heels, black stockings and suspenders and an indecently short skirt.

"Follow me, follow me," she said, "We're late already," and she ran off down the corridor.

Alice wondered where she was.

"Perhaps in hell," she thought. It definitely wasn't heaven. She could still remember a poem she had learnt at primary school:

"How doth the little Queen's School girl,  
Improve each shining grade,  
And gather knowledge all the day, -  
Until her future's made.

"How skilfully they build her cell,  
How neat they make her life,  
She labours hard to do her best,  
Then just becomes a wife."

"But I'm sure those aren't the right words," said Alice sadly.

"They are in this school," drawled a voice behind her. Alice turned round to see a creature curled up on the window-seat taking a long drag on her hookah.

"How do you do? Who are you?" asked Alice politely.

"I thought you'd have guessed. I'm in the sixth form. By the time you're my age you'll also be enjoying life as a dropout. Unless, of course, you're an Oxbridge type."

"Life here isn't really so bad, is it?" But the creature just turned away and went into a trance.

Suddenly the room was filled with lots of screaming girls. Ink was everywhere. Rubbers and pens flew through the air. A woman, reeking of garlic and wearing a blue-and-white striped tee-shirt and a beret, marched in. Everyone jumped into their seats and thirty trembling voices whispered "Bonjour mademoiselle."

"Today we translate. Yes?" Thirty heads nodded meekly. "But I see we have a new girl. You begin!"

"Excuse me, but I don't even understand the English," began Alice.

"Mon Dieu! I translate verse one. You the next. Yes?"

"The Jabberwocky – Le Jaseroque

"Il brilgue les toves lubrilleux,  
Se gyrenten vrillant dans la guave,  
Enmines sont les gougebosqueux,  
Et le moonrade horograve.

"Now you."

"Garde-se . . . non, garde-toi . . . du . . ."

"Terrible. Disgusting work," screeched Mademoiselle, and stormed out of the room. Alice burst into tears and when she looked up she saw something sitting on the desk in front of her. It spoke.

"The Red Queen wants you to come to the croquet match, in aid of 'The Queen's Give Your Money or Else Fund' tonight at the palace. You can go this way past the Mad Hatter's house or that way past the Latin teacher's. It doesn't matter which one you visit – they're both mad. Everyone's mad here. You must be too or you'd never have come here. When you get to the palace, say the Cheshire Cat sent you."

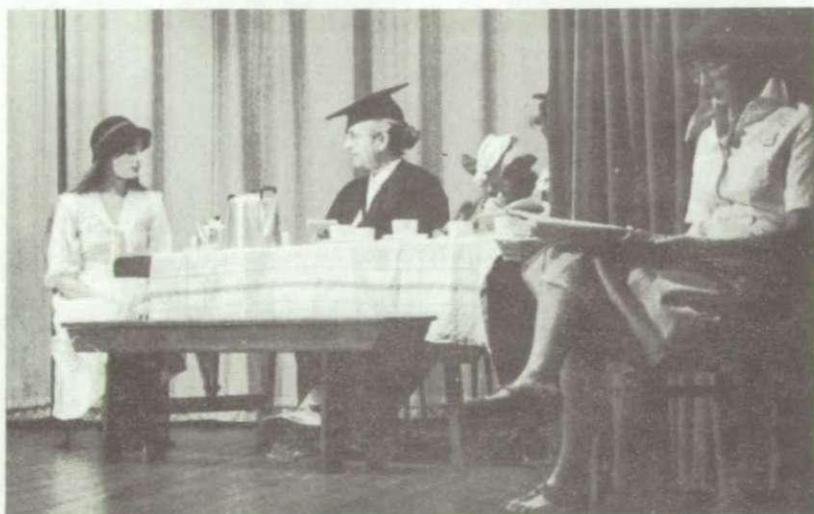
"But you're not a cat," protested Alice, "you're a grin." But even as she said it, two eyes, ears, a mouth and whiskers appeared, then vanished as quickly as they had come.

Alice started off along the path past the Latin teacher's house. In the middle of the forest she came to a house with a large table outside, set for twelve people. At it sat the Latin teacher, the Mad Hatter and a tiny dormouse.

"No room, no room!" they cried as she approached, but Alice sat down anyway.

"If you're going to sit there you'll have to translate 'Ubique in Ultra Villa donum ardeficiam est'."

"I can do that, at least I think I can," cried Alice. "But I think it's a stupid idea translating Latin at tea-time."



"But this is a Vergil tea-party. One has to translate Latin. Anyway, you obviously have no more idea than I have what that sentence means," said the teacher. Alice replied angrily:

"I think you might do better things with your time than try to teach me things you don't know yourself," and with that she ran off down the path.

As Alice approached the croquet lawn she could see two sixth formers rushing around painting all the roses red. As she passed by them she heard one say to the other:

"You'd better watch out; the Queen knows you've been arriving late recently, she wants your head." Just then a fanfare of trumpets sounded and the Red Queen entered. She was just about to hit her first shot when she noticed the two sixth formers cowering under their rose-bushes.

"So this is how you do your duties, is it? And you're the girl that's been coming late. The croquet match is cancelled. Prepare the court rooms for a trial."

So all the courtiers went back to the palace. In the court room Alice had taken her place with the jurors. The Cheshire Cat, who had completely materialised, whispered to her:

"The others are putting down their names in case they forget them before the end of the trial."

"Stupid things," said Alice contemptuously. The Queen then banged on her desk.

"Silence in Court. Read the accusation." The Bunny Girl then began to say in pompous tones:

"This creature standing before the court is charged with arriving late at school four times in the last two weeks," but before she could finish the Queen shouted:

"Off with her head. Off with her head. Off with her head!" and she grabbed her handbag and ran at the accused, swinging it above her head. Then suddenly Alice realised that they were all a pack of cards, and the Queen was no more of a Queen than she was, and when the Red Queen started swinging her handbag at Alice, all she could do was knock the school hat off her head.

Then, suddenly, Alice was once again lying in her garden, with her elder sister shaking her gently and saying it was tea-time.

"School isn't really that bad is it?" Alice asked.

"Oh, it's far worse than you could even imagine," she replied teasingly, and was surprised to see Alice in a flood of tears.

Rosemary Sladden, Upper VI  
(With some assistance from Lewis Carroll)

That was adapted from the script of the epic staged on July 8th last year by members of last year's Lower Sixth. Rosemary Sladden, the director and scriptwriter, put in a lot of hard work, as did the actors themselves.

This entertainment was enjoyed by everyone taking part, as well as by the audience, who were very enthusiastic. Miss Pope delighted us all by giving a lively performance as Alice's Latin teacher, the rest of the cast being very professional too.

All in all it was a very successful play, and helped everyone to enjoy their Jubilee year.

Heather Fisher

## STRINGER longer me

The WINTER's day begins so dull and gloomy, nothing could seem FOWLER. Misty rain traces meandering runNELS ON the clouded window-panes. But gradually the HAYES rolls away and the sEASON's quiet shades of russet-BROWN take colour from the fitful sunlight.

Furry YOUNG creatures emerge from their sleepy burrows in the GREEN grass HEMMING the games field and the starling's strident WISLE wakes the silent gardens. Attracted by the busy sparrows, a WILEY CROW LANDS on the kitchen WAL TER Search for early crumbs.

The school bell demands attention from those less SWIFT of limb RIENTering their classrooms, shrilling its CALL AWAY across the lawns and rosebuds; hurrying each one who SAUNDERS. From near and FARRAWAY WIL KINsiderable numbers foregather for morning Assembly.

Now all GOOD CHILDren are at their desks and the real HARD WICK of the day gets under way; learning's tiny sPARK ERects its flickering blade once more. And here one deBATES art, with aidS TU ARTiculate speech, many pLEEs with music, yet others exSEL BY skill in PY CRAFT. Those who have performed their academic TASHC R OF To the gymnasium. No lanGOR MANifests itself within these walls.

But all good things must come to an end, though it (HAR)GREAVES me to say so. One final time the school bell trills. We shake HANDS vigorously and depart. With HINDEsight it's not been so bad today, after all. WOZ'N I A Klot to feel depressed about nothing?

(My only FERR IS that after this they may not want me back tomorrow. Though no fortified BASTIN could keep me out, padded WARDS might shut me in.)

JARES

#### A TEACHER'S VIEW

*"A sea of uncomprehending faces."*

*A cliché?*

*But no, a truth.*

*From week to week appear*

*A troop of neat nonentities,*

*Not your local comprehensive "rabble";*

*Polite and well-bred girls,*

*Neat in appearance,*

*Uniform all present and impeccably correct,*

*Neat families.*

*Is it from here*

*They get their neat and stagnant minds?*

*Oh for one original thought to penetrate the mire!*

*They smile and look well pleased,*

*They enjoy the experiment.*

*How can they be content*

*When their vision is so limited to their pettiness?*

*Do they not realise the emptiness*

*Of a happiness that does not stem*

*From revelling in the glorious symmetry*

*Of man's hard-won, accumulated knowledge?*

*Do they not feel*

*The dazzling challenge of all that is uncertain?*

Anne Cassidy, Upper V F

# MORE CREATIVE WRITING

"ALL WE LIKE SHEEP. . . ."

Symmetrical walls and desks,  
Behind which sit symmetrical children,  
All grey, all cold, with the potentiality of sheep,  
Ready to be dictated to and led astray.  
Suppression of emotion and tension crescendoes,  
The heat increases as their feeble spirits fumble for the  
Footpath to freedom.  
As the globe whirls round, free to move on its own axis  
But unknown to the space beyond,  
Dreams of waiting lands are formed,  
Where there is liberation and nothingness,  
Depth but no despair,  
Where life is like ships governed only by the wind,  
And heads ruled only by the heart.  
Fighting with the clearing mist that reveals reality,  
The sheep, placed together through circumstance,  
Turn to one another in search for the answer  
To their desperation.  
Days have come and gone, and through the  
Pinkish glow,  
The now senile sheep dig their minds for memories  
And recall,  
"Those were the best days of my life".

Alison Bogle, Upper V H

## TRACKS

Cars speed along strands of black ribbon  
With white tacking stitches on it;  
Trains rattle along a stretching ladder  
That never tries to go upwards;  
Boats sail on the surface of a strange kingdom  
Much more wonderful than our own;  
Cable cars slide along lengths of twisted fabrics  
Like matchboxes on strands of cotton;  
Aeroplanes glide on simply nothing,  
Leaving snail tracks across the sky.

Helen Kennedy, Lower IV A

## GEORGE THE GIANT

There once was a giant who wanted nothing but a house. All the other giants had big houses but this giant lived in an old small cave. Now the giant's name was George. George had no friends, not even the giants liked George. George had no money because all the other giants stole it from him, because they were not very rich. George was once one of the richest giants in the world but now he is the poorest of them all, because they have taken his money to buy themselves a house.

Now one day a fairy came to George's cave and said, "Come with me. I know where you can have friends and a big house." So the fairy led George to a little village and as soon as the people saw him they were friends, and they gave him a big house and George is very happy.

Catherine Watts, aged 6 years

## THE SEA

The sea reminds me of a giant breathing, up and down, ever so slowly. But when it's in its roughest mood it's great and big, towering above you like a dragon, wanting to swallow you and devour you and crush you. It frightens me but then it changes to peace and calm. It is almost like a mirror or a piece of glass that could break at any moment. Sometimes it rocks you like a cradle, and the seagulls like the way it bobs them up and down. When it is moonlight it makes a silvery pathway over the water, and the boat glides along like a ghost looking for a lost companion. But I love the sea and its ways and being in a boat with my daddy.

Jonathan Jones, aged 8

## DEER IN THE WOOD

*Quietly, quietly, don't make a sound,  
Just look at the beauty all around.*

The deer stand so elegantly as if shaped by a sculptor, whose gentle hand carved each muscle, each delicate little hoof. As they graze, quietly nibbling the only patch of grass free from snow, my foot breaks a twig, but it makes scarcely a sound. One of the deer lifts his proud head high. He has seen me and in a flash all that is left is torn grass and their hoof prints.

Llewella Charles-Jones, Form III



## THE ROCK CONCERT

Unmercifully, the lone drummer beats and bashes a  
boisterous rhythm,  
Crying out as the cowering cymbals crash;  
Lights flash fiercely and frantically,  
And piercing music pours out, penetrating every soul.

In wild, wicked frenzy, the audience cheers, hands raised,  
spirits high; they swarm  
Around the gesticulating figure on stage,  
Stomping, striding, screeching while  
He sweats and shakes as his soul sings out and the people  
rise.

The guitarist's fingers dance zestfully, as a  
quivering tune erupts.  
He vibrates with every vivacious note he plucks.  
The melody soars, echoes, screeches,  
Electrifying the endless rhythms that cascade down.

The pianist pumps and pounds life into his prostrate  
piano, his fingers  
Ride up, down, crashing keys, creating clear-cut chords.  
Then the saxophone bellows out,  
The sleazy, sleepy notes slur out and soothe the  
spellbound mass.

The music firmly ends, lights fizzle out, a sudden,  
strange silence takes hold.  
The animal crowd wails unwearyingly for more,  
But they are gone, not to return now.  
An empty hotel room waits, no more lights, no cheers  
..... silence.

Siân Mile, Upper V F

Drawing by Carol Mansell, L V S



## CONFLICT IN SONG

*Whispered greeting to a comrade,  
Crook-nosed soldier breathes "Shalom".  
Palestinian on a night raid  
Had no time to hear the bomb.*

*Bitterness of generations  
Replaces blood in every vein,  
Breeds a hatred, between nations,  
Breeds this violence and pain.*

*You are twice accursed, half breed,  
Accursed, through having tainted birth,  
Victim, in an age-long need  
To gain a strip of sterile earth.*

*Yet, in camel-scented darkness  
Who is sure of what he sees?  
In the bullet-ridden blackness,  
Brothers become enemies.*

*Whispered greeting to a comrade,  
Crook-nosed soldier breathes "Shalom".  
Palestinian on a night raid.  
Has no time to hear the bomb.*

Joanna Flanders, Upper VI

## REFLECTIONS

*Leaning over the water's edge  
I watch as the ripples fade,  
And the sharp outlines of the trees slice  
the water,  
The branches standing out.  
I see a child opposite,  
Reaching out and stretching her chubby arms;  
Her little red hands grab a handful of  
the sun.  
She opens her hand fully and screams  
with glee,  
And as it trickles through her fingers she  
frowns,  
Puzzling as to where it's gone, and reaches  
out again,  
Trying to catch the beauty of the sun on  
the water.*

Nina Kerr, Lower IV B

## AURORA DANCES THROUGH SPRING WOODS

Dew-laden mist sinks along the ground, shaking  
over tree roots, slipping under twigs.  
Leaves, dead and dying, yield to the relentless  
fingers of eddying white,

Fighting in the gloom against an inexhaustible foe.

Suddenly, sunlight strikes through,  
Brilliance hits the silver of the birches,  
Dispersing the writhing sheet of mist,  
Destroying the last wisps of running cloud,  
Forcing the remnants to vanish into the  
motionless stream.

Luteous toadstools recede into shade,  
Moths retreat and fold their wings,  
Aurora brings the day to night.

Life awakened:

Two butterflies, tormented by indecision,  
Flutter from leaf to branch,  
From twig to bloom,  
And play in sunlight, spiralling skywards.  
A humming dragon-fly swoops and follows the stream,  
Darting along the water surface, racing the bubbling ripples,  
Lurching, agitated, through overhanging branches  
To reach the lake.

The rushing stream subsides,  
Silence consumes life.  
Silence, ubiquitous, engulfs movement.  
The dragon-fly reels and returns  
To the secluded safety of the trees.

A heron stands, solitary,  
Hunched over itself,  
Watching and waiting.  
The leaves drop quietly,  
Uneasy silence reigns;  
Aurora dances through spring woods.

Isabel Whitley, Lower V Y

## MY GOLFING DREAM

*I grasp the club and take my proper grip,  
Acquire a balanced stance with knees quite bent,  
Adjust my feet to check they do not slip,  
My eyes upon the small white ball intent;*

*I start the swing with strong and firm left hand,  
With flowing action, smooth, along a track,  
With arms and legs and club at my command,  
I flex those tired wrists as I swing back.*

*And now this latent power, so long contained,  
Explodes from my right hand, a powerful blow.*

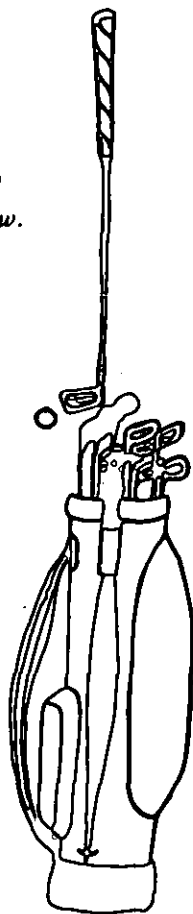
*The ball with lightning speed and unrestrained  
Drives through the air, so fast and straight and low.*

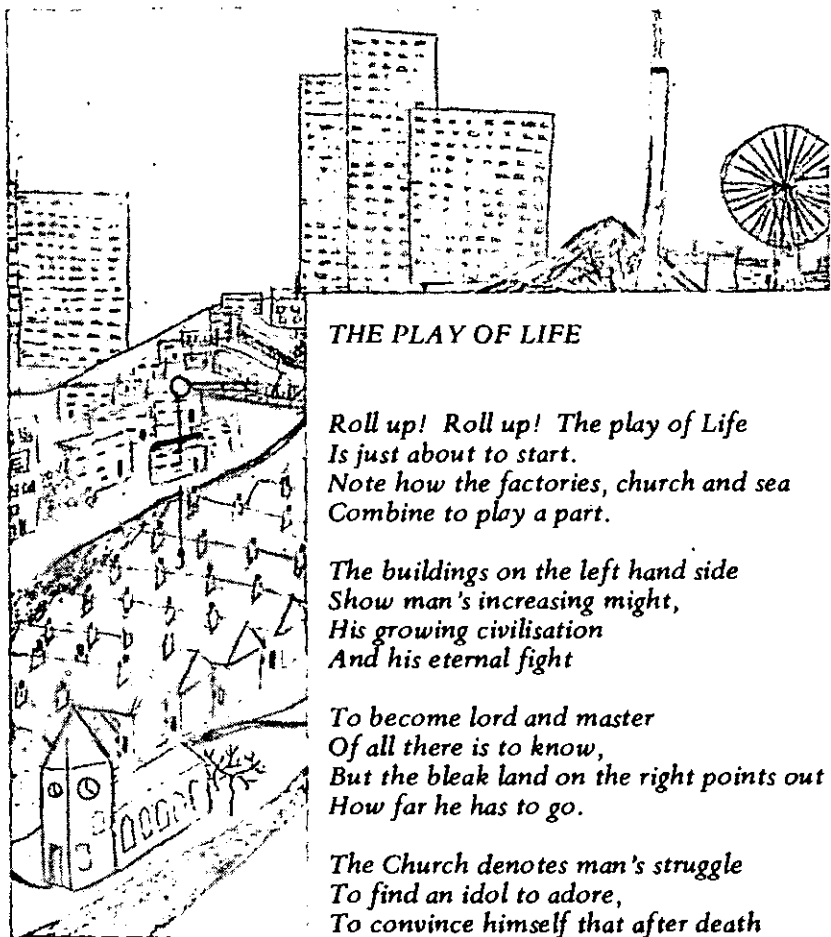
*It lands upon the green; I watch it roll  
Toward the orange flag into the hole.*



Janet Cottrell, Lower V Y

*Drawing by Elizabeth Wood,  
Lower V S*





### *THE PLAY OF LIFE*

*Roll up! Roll up! The play of Life  
Is just about to start.  
Note how the factories, church and sea  
Combine to play a part.*

*The buildings on the left hand side  
Show man's increasing might,  
His growing civilisation  
And his eternal fight*

*To become lord and master  
Of all there is to know,  
But the bleak land on the right points out  
How far he has to go.*

*The Church denotes man's struggle  
To find an idol to adore,  
To convince himself that after death  
He'll live forever more.*

*But the Sea of Death is all around,  
Relentless, cold and grim,  
Threatening to engulf mankind,  
For here, he cannot swim.*

*Roll up! Roll up! The play of Life  
Is just about to start.  
Note how the factories, church and sea.  
Combine to play a part.*

Joanne Russell, Lower V S

Drawing by Marie-Elaine Sacher, Upper V H

## SIGHT FOR THE BLIND

*The mist before my eyes rolled up,  
Images sharpened,  
Clarified.  
Leaves, twigs, flowers, trees emerged from the everlasting blur.  
Colours brightened, intensified.  
Then everything grew dim again,  
The colours merged and mingled until they were no more.  
Sharpness retreated into the impenetrable fog of sightlessness,  
But for a few minutes I saw,  
I saw what I had never seen before,  
The inexplicable colours were explained,  
The vast unknown shapes were known,  
The world was no longer a fantasy –  
It had been seen.*

Louise Hasted, Lower VI

## THE MERMAID

*I saw her moving on the water, and  
Through all the day I waited for the night;  
Then sat me down on rocks and watched the sand,  
Gleaming and iridescent in the light.  
I felt a breath of wind blow 'cross the sea,  
I felt it lightly play upon my hair;  
And as I watched, she rose and looked at me,  
As if she'd lost her spirit, lost all care.*

*I felt her eyes bore deep into my soul –  
They say a nymph can only do man harm.  
Indeed, I hardly breathed, my mind was cold;  
But yet, I felt, down in my soul, a calm.  
The vision faded in the morning light,  
But still the mermaid haunts me, day and night.*

Isabel Whitley, Lower V Y

## DEATH OF A POET'S MIND

*No one can see  
The leaden visions that I dream.  
My soul is linked with a desperate lunacy,  
Freedom is pure fallacy.  
My thoughts are scattered far and wide  
Within my world, and each one inside,  
Contains the dreaded seed of suicide.  
This boredom breeds malaise,  
That spreads like flames in one continued phase.  
No cure exists and an unnatural doom  
Must cut off this youth, and lay it in an early tomb.*

Louise Huggins, Upper VI

## THE WATCHERS

*When I'm slumped  
Flopped out and de-strung  
On a chair  
I stare  
In the box  
Unswitched and out-run,  
And I see  
Another me  
Staring back.*

*I smile.  
She smiles  
And I feel if I ask her  
What her life was like.  
She'd happily tell me  
Of joys and depressions,  
Advances, recessions.  
Is she gay when I'm sombre,  
Does she weep when I laugh?  
But never will she answer,  
For the words on her lips  
Are the questions on mine.*

Harriet Roy, Upper VI

"BEFORE THIS FIRE OF SENSE DECAY"

*When the television booms out a rose of fire,  
Lights in your head a thousand scented tapers,  
Then you might notice from the urgent train  
Beside the track, by miles, dog-roses die  
And lead on, in your vacant mild regret,  
To see the tragic, when, in sudden pain,  
A fly drowns in a glass of lemonade;  
Or, in a spider's unpretending crouch,  
A fear of all things reaching from the dark;  
(This blow pours liquid visions where it falls,  
Stirring insistent ashes as it flows,  
Makes troubled waters bear more hope than still,  
To see in turning currents the divine,  
And take the tided flood that leads to life.)  
Or you might yawn into your clammy hands,  
Left in the winter when the summer comes.*

Tiffany Salter, Upper VI

ELENDIL

("Of Númenor he spoke . . . and the return of the kings of men out of the deeps of the sea, borne upon the wings of the storm." — Lord of the Rings.)

*Then from the sea on winded ship he came,  
And, fierce among the breakers, strode the sand.  
There from the shallows, crying out his name,  
He drew within the legends of the land.  
From prows and mastheads, voices in the storm,  
To raise aloft the seven shining stars,  
The silver tree to place amidst the dawn,  
And battle in the dark, perpetual wars.  
A sword he had by Telcha's cunning wrought,  
Who long had laboured so to catch the light  
Of sun and moon within the shimmering blade.  
By Barad-dûr, the Nameless One he fought,  
To die forsaken in the morgul-night.  
So darkness on his fallen helm was laid.*

Rosemary Green, Lower VI

## THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT



*Lino cut by Hilda Rodger, Lower VI*



# HERE AND THERE

## EASTER IN THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

It was the morning of Easter Sunday in Jerusalem and I, like many others, was spending it in the Holy Sepulchre. I was part of a large crowd listening to a Greek Orthodox service. Many of the crowd had travelled far to be there for Easter.

Sitting above me, perched on the capital of a marble pillar, was a little Arab girl. She was dressed for Sunday completely in white and her thick, black hair was streaming over her shoulders. From her position above the heads of the crowds, she could see the colourfully-robed priests clearly.

Behind me, leaning against the pillar, were two elderly American tourists with big white noses. The lady, complaining of the stifling heat, was fanning herself with her "Guidebook to Jerusalem", whilst her husband, flashbulbs flashing, was frantically taking photographs. Beside them, in khaki shorts and jackets, was a small brigade of the Boy Scouts of the Holy Land. They were nudging each other, whispering and fidgeting amongst themselves, eagerly waiting for the procession, in which they would take part later.

The majority of the crowd was made up of Greek women. Most of these were Greek Cypriots, who had sailed from Cyprus for their Easter pilgrimage to the Holy City. They were small women of immense age; their brown crinkled faces peered out from the black scarves and black dresses which they wore as a sign of their widowhood. Two of the old crows, muffled from head to foot in their mildewed garb, their eyes flashing and moustaches twitching, were jabbering to each other and looking with disgust at a brown, buxom Germanic girl, clad only in shorts and a tee-shirt. Her small gesture towards modesty was a cardigan slung over her bare arms.

Turning round I discovered that I was not the only watcher in the crowd. Leaning nonchalantly in the shadows of the doorway were two Israeli soldiers. They were chatting quietly to each other but at the same time keeping a watchful eye on the large crowd, their machine-guns cradled in their arms.

On the edge of the crowd, in the doorway of the austere, dimly-lit Latin chapel was the brown, gaunt figure of a tonsured Franciscan friar, gazing solemnly at the noise and brilliance of the Greek Orthodox service.

At that moment the priest, draped in white and gold vestments, broke the bread to share among the crowd. The crowd surged forward and the old women jostled and pushed each other to get to the front to receive the Eucharist. As the last pieces of bread were given out a chanting of hymns began, and the crowd drove me out into the harsh, brilliant light of the courtyard.

Eileen Taylor, Lower V S

## JAMAICA

*(This is part of an account of Jamaica, written by a girl who has lived there.)*

Negril possesses the most beautiful beaches in Jamaica, with Negril beach village, a resort catering mainly for Americans. It is expensive as most things are on this island, but for those who can afford it, there is fun and excitement in abundance. I still have fond memories of the weekend I spent there. A whole party of us arrived, all laughing and boisterous in anticipation of a fun-packed weekend. We checked in and received our "Shark's teeth". This unique idea was really very simple. Each tooth was worth a certain sum of money and was used to cover any expenses at the resort. Soon, after unpacking, we were on the beach, the sand white and soft beneath our toes. The sky was a deep turquoise without any clouds, while the sun burned fiercely on our heads. Already I felt sticky and uncomfortable. The solution, of course, was a dip in the sea, a sea so calm and clear you could see the bottom without a mask. After swimming there I made for the pool, which was out of doors. Swimming underneath, I could make out the underwater bar. Growing tired of an energetic game of water volley-ball, some of us hired a motor-boat and skirted along the edges of the nudist beaches, reserved for those who desired an all-over tan.

Hunger pangs soon attacked us all and so we quickly returned to the resort, licking our lips in anticipation of the massive buffet. Sea foods of every description, including shrimps, lobster, scampi, crab and others, were on display; while luscious tropical fruit such as pineapples, melons, papaya and mangoes tempted the appetite. After my third helping of the fruit, I settled myself in a suitable position to view the meal-time entertainment. Crab and goat races were in progress while a limbo display drew many open-mouthed foreigners. A great deal of skill was required here. A long bar, supported by two poles, was surrounded by a group of clapping Americans, shouting encouraging remarks. Soon, the star of the show, a negro whose slim, supple body gleamed with oil, leapt on to the stage. He very nimbly manoeuvred his way under the bar, bending his legs in the process, until the highlight of the show was finally reached. The bar was now raised from the ground by two beer bottles and was set on fire. Tension crackled in the air and the spectators, hardly daring to breathe, watched as the negro slowly inched his way under the bar to safety. Audible sighs of relief were heard and bodies, wet with perspiration, sagged after this ordeal.

A display of "Voodoo" (black magic) was scheduled next. Lights were appropriately dimmed, and leaping bodies, wearing hideous masks and costumes, appeared. This cleverly staged display produced favourable reactions from the tourists, all reassuring themselves that it was utter nonsense anyway! To the illiterate countryman, however, this is a way of life. Later that afternoon a group of us joined an excursion taking us by boat to a famous bar perched high on a cliff, where we watched one of Jamaica's truly magnificent sunsets.

Rhiannon Jones, Lower V S

## A DAY WITH AN ALGERIAN FAMILY

In the summer I had the opportunity of visiting Algeria on the North African coast with a group of young people. The study trip was organised by Third World First (a British group concerned with under-developed countries), and Nedjma (a youth exchange organisation in Algeria). We arrived by plane at Tunis in Tunisia and spent three weeks touring Algeria by coach. We visited various towns including Batna, Bishra, Constantine, Ghardia and Algiers and saw evidence of both agricultural and industrial development.

Algeria was under French colonial rule, but became independent in 1962. It has a population of approximately eighteen million people mainly employed in agriculture. In recent years oil and gas have become important parts of the economy and stimulated some expansion of the industrial sector. It would be impossible to describe the trip fully, and so I have chosen to describe one aspect which I found particularly interesting.

One day during the trip I was invited with another of the group to spend part of a day with a typical Algerian family. The eldest son of the family met us in the centre of Ghardia, an oasis town in the northern border of the Sahara desert, and took us to the summer town of Ghardia. This is where the residents of Ghardia spend the hot summer months, in an area of cool palm groves. On our way there we walked over a dry rocky hill, with little vegetation cover, and passed a few little lizards scurrying about. We entered the village; the houses were small square buildings with no windows and flat roofs, and surrounding each house was a patch of ground containing a water storage area, date palms, fig and pomegranate trees. To reach our friend's house we had to walk down a network of small alleyways, passing the occasional donkey laden with local produce. To enter the house we passed through a covered shaded area constructed of palm fronds. It was a welcome coolness after walking to the village in temperatures of 40 °C. The family, consisting of the parents and three sons and three daughters, were all sitting outside. The boys were playing a board game while the women prepared food and were sewing. This was the first time that we had seen unveiled women. We were led past the family group to look at the house. Inside it was dark, dirty and very small and there were few articles of furnishing. In the kitchen, meat covered in flies hung from the ceiling. The only other two articles were a gas stove and a sink. From the kitchen there were doors leading to various bedrooms. These had no windows but thick white painted walls and again were sparsely furnished. The only luxury in the house was a small portable black and white television; however, the house did have running water and electricity.

Having inspected the house and looked at family photos we were led into the garden. A large carpet was laid on the hard sandy soil. We took off our shoes before sitting down and were offered mint tea and fresh dates. It was embarrassing to accept this refreshment as the time we visited the country was during the Ramadan (the Islamic feast), which meant that our Algerian friends were not allowed to share the food or drink provided. Our next venture was a tour through the date palms on donkey-back. Ghardia is famous for its dates, which form a large part of its economy. The ground was very parched and all the irrigation channels were dried up. The dates were not ripe, and hung in orange bunches from the palms. Each palm produces approximately fifty kilos; they vary greatly in quality and only the best called 'Deglet Nour' are exported to Britain. I found riding a donkey bareback quite a painful experience and was glad to return to our friend's home. Just as we arrived back the siren in the town went off, to tell the people that they could now eat and drink.

We were led into a covered courtyard where our food was laid out in front of us. Each person was given a spoon and some bread and we started on the soup. Everyone ate out of the central bowl. The various courses followed in quick succession; salad consisting of lettuce, tomato and onion in oil; then Kus Kus, a traditional dish consisting of a white cereal covered in a thin meat and marrow sauce; melon was then served and finally mint tea was brought in. We talked over tea for an hour or so about life in England and what had interested us in Algeria. All the conversation was in French. Then we headed back for the main town on donkeys, using the distant light from the minaret as our guide. It had been a fascinating day, spent with people of a completely different culture.

I am extremely grateful to the school governors for making this trip possible by an award from the School's Phyllis Waymouth Travel Bursary Fund.

Carol Davidge

## LACROSSE THE OCEAN

We had been laboriously counting the days since Christmas, and the time had arrived at last. On Thursday, March 23rd, we all met at Chester Station with our baggage and sticks, and successfully blocked the way on to the platforms! Fortunately the train was on time, and we invaded our reserved carriage.

We spent the night with families from Croham Hurst Girls' School, in Croydon, Surrey, and travelled with them on the same 'plane from Gatwick. The flight was at 3.35 p.m., and lasted eight hours. We landed at J.F. Kennedy airport, New York, at 11.35 p.m. G.M.T., but had to adjust ourselves to thinking that it was still early evening. With tired arms and blocked ears we trudged through immigration, baggage claim and customs, and finally emerged on the street side of the airport. The Greyhound 'bus, which took us to the Roosevelt Hotel, had a bullet hole through the window, but the driver was very comforting, and told us not to worry!!!

The hotel was beautiful, and the people were friendly, but drinks were expensive. The equivalent of half a can of Coca-Cola cost 80p — so we ate all the crisps and peanuts to get our money's-worth!

On Saturday morning we started a tour of New York City, "The Big Apple". We visited Chinatown, Greenwich Village, Broadway, the United Nations and the Empire State Building. In the evening we went to the Rockefeller Centre, and also saw the Radio City Music Hall. On Sunday the weather was not so good, but we made the most of our time by visiting the World Trade Centre and then going on a boat trip round Manhattan Island. At 5.15 p.m., we left New York and set off for Philadelphia by Greyhound 'bus. We arrived at Germantown Academy 3 hours later, and were met by our hostesses, with whom we were to stay for 7 nights. That week, we went on several trips, seeing Amish Country, a huge shopping Mall (precinct), and significant buildings in Philadelphia. We played several matches, and had a coaching day with small games afterwards; at the same time we were slowly perfecting our American accents!

On Sunday, April 2nd, we went to Washington, D.C., for the day, and saw the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, Arlington National Cemetery, the White House and the Capitol. On Monday morning we left Philadelphia and went to Princeton. We stayed for two nights with Stuart Country Day School and played three matches, all of which we won. We also had an interesting tour around Princeton University.

We left for our final school on Wednesday, and we were lucky enough to have more of the beautiful weather we had already been enjoying. We spent the following morning shopping in Greenwich, and we played our host school, Greenwich Academy, in the afternoon. We also had the chance to go to New York again on Friday, to visit the Lincoln Centre, the Museum of Modern Art and Tiffany's, the jewellers.

Our homeward journey started at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The travelling from Greenwich Academy to Chester Station took us about 17 hours, during which we missed a night's sleep! By the time we left America, we were all capable of speaking with a convincing American "drawl", and we had learnt some typical phrases and vocabulary.

We would like to thank everyone who helped us in any way with our money-raising efforts before the trip, and especially Miss Winter and Mr. Paul Stone, who arranged the Grand Spring Variety Show. Our trip was a great success, and we are extremely grateful for the hard work which Miss Saunders and Miss Hemming undertook whilst accompanying us.

Jenny Cooke, Jaye Gillespie, Judy Moore, Virginia Lowe  
Vanessa Parton, Rachel Grudgings, Julia Hands  
Elizabeth Walker, Valerie Hopper, Wendy Roberts  
Katie Strawson, Sarah Handley, Anne Horton  
Katie Kerr, Karin Pottinger, Kate Entwistle  
Joanne Frame, Margaret Hardwick

## POSTSCRIPT - TO YOU GUYS

*The hamburgers and French fries were real neat,  
So were the fudge sundaes we had to eat.  
New York was a tall and towering city.  
Having to leave was such a great pity.*

*The 'Varsity guys whom we played at G.A.  
Were full of fun, were friendly and . . . happy!  
We played an excellent game of lacrosse,  
And only one out of the nine was a loss.*

*The Princeton and Greenwich girls played well  
But failed to win 'cause we were just swell!  
The dessert and dinner parties were very good.  
I'm sure we all ate far more than we should.*

*We saw a great movie while we were there  
And now the fever remains in the air.  
Thanks to you and your support last term  
We showed the Americans they had something to learn!*

Jaye Gillespie, Lower VI

# THE QUEEN'S SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

## THE LONDON CELEBRATIONS

It was a cold June morning when our family set off for London to join in the Jubilee celebrations. My great-aunt lives in Kent and we were going to stay with her while we were in the South of England. We arrived at her house during the late afternoon of June 4th.

At 10.30 p.m. on Monday, June 6th, we set out towards the local railway station with rucksacks on our backs. After a short wait on the platform we boarded the train to Charing Cross Station in London. When we arrived we walked down the Strand, past Trafalgar Square and into the Mall, where we planned to spend the night, ready for the Jubilee parade the next day. We saw at once that we were not the only people prepared to do this, for at various intervals along the pavements people were already spread out, with sleeping bags and deck chairs.

There was a fantastic party spirit among the people and, until the Mall was closed to traffic at 2 a.m., cars were travelling up and down playing tunes on their horns. People cheered, sang, waved their flags and danced in the middle of the famous Mall, so that this usually peaceful tourist area was completely transformed.

As soon as the sun rose, activity began, and even the dust carts which were sweeping the roads received enthusiastic cheers from the crowds.

We had our breakfast of hot soup and sandwiches at 5 a.m., and, whilst we were eating, a large police van moved slowly along the kerb, interviewing everyone who had spent the night on the pavement. The police were very courteous and they joked with us, saying that they were hoping to find someone cooking eggs and bacon. Shortly after the police van had moved on workmen came along the Mall lifting and inspecting the manhole covers down the centre of the road. By 8.30 a.m. the crowd was eight or nine rows deep and we were slowly pushed forwards, towards the crash barriers which were situated along the kerb. We watched the different regiments of Guards being positioned to line the route of the procession, and the police being stationed at intervals, some facing the crowds.

The parade was scheduled to leave Buckingham Palace at 10.25 a.m., and as the carriages left the excitement in the crowd grew. In the first six carriages were members of the Royal Family, and then came the Carriage Procession of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. After this came the part of the parade which we had all been waiting for, the Queen's Carriage Procession, which was led by detachments such as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Royal Army Veterinary Corps. The Mounties were a very spectacular group, led by their standard bearer. The Gold State Coach was a magnificent sight, drawn by eight white horses. The coach was accompanied by members of Her Majesty's Bodyguard of the Yeoman of the Guard, on foot. The Queen was dressed in a matching dress, coat and hat in pink with white accessories. As she travelled along the Mall she leant forward and waved, and we felt that she was acknowledging us as individuals.



*On the gloriously sunny  
afternoon of June 3rd we  
celebrated the Jubilee  
with games, side-shows,  
refreshments and a  
competition to find a  
Jubilee Queen.*



After all the procession had passed by, the crowd gradually dispersed and we sat down to eat our lunch. At approximately 2.45 p.m. the crowds began to reassemble, for the Queen's return journey to Buckingham Palace. For this stage of the parade the Royal Family travelled in open landaus and once again we had a marvellous view. When the procession had passed by, the police allowed controlled groups of people to walk down the Mall to a position outside Buckingham Palace, to see the appearance of the Royal Family on the balcony.

When the Queen had returned to Buckingham Palace she was greeted by the large crowd standing outside the gates chanting "We want the Queen". It was a fantastic experience, being surrounded by so many people, and although we were a great distance from the Palace balcony we could see many small details, including the colours of every person's clothes and also their smallest movements. The most unpopular man on that Jubilee day must have been the one who eventually closed the balcony windows shutting off the Queen from public view. Gradually the immense crowd dispersed, and we made our way back to Charing Cross Station by way of St. James's Park.

We eventually arrived back at our aunt's home at about 6.30 p.m. after a truly remarkable day. Struggling against our tiredness, we sat up to watch the replay of the day's events on television. To our great astonishment we saw some very familiar faces — ours!

Sarah Heath, Lower IV B

## THE RIVER PAGEANT

At two-thirty on Jubilee Day the river came to life. All the coloured lights, that people had spent all morning hanging up, were suddenly ablaze with colour. Five minutes later the festivity really started. People came from everywhere to see this spectacular event. On the Groves an outdoor market was set up, which sold home-made jewellery and fluffy toys.

At a quarter to three the great event, the parade of boats, was to take place. There must have been at least thirty entries, all of them very original. There was a nuclear submarine from British Nuclear Fuels at Capenhurst, a barrel of beer from Bass and a large, pink, Loch Ness monster. After the boats came the raft race which was very exciting and entertaining.

About five o'clock there was a display of fencing on the Suspension Bridge and then the Chester Beauty Queen and retinue walked over the bridge and got into a boat in the shape of a white swan. When it got dark there was a wonderful display of fireworks and this concluded a spectacular day.

Virginia Harding, Lower IV B



# GAMES REPORTS

## TENNIS, SUMMER 1977

1st VI	2nd VI	U 15 VI	U 14 VI	U 13 VI
J. Moore (Capt.)	K. Frood	A. Longden	L. Wheen	V. Hess
V. Hopper	J. Hands	S. Castle	K. Entwisle	S. Marsh
D. Smith	K. Strawson	F. Green	V. Williams	L. Drew
J. Northway	C. Faull	K. Breckon	S. Handley	J. Starling
D. Roberts	R. Grudgings	P. Street	M. Hardwick	K. Ingham
J. Cooke	J. Turner	K. Scholefield	I. Jones	C. Ferris
G. Aldred	G. Cooke	C. Sparrow	<i>also played:</i>	
K. Pottinger	H. Taylor		D. Willis	
			V. Priest	
			E. Taylor	
			K. Collins	

*Full Colours:* J. Moore, D. Roberts, V. Hopper;  
D. Smith, 1976; J. Northway 1975.

*Half Colours:* J. Cooke, G. Aldred

*Commended:* Seniors - K. Pottinger, K. Frood  
U 15 - S. Castle, A. Longden  
U 14 - V. Williams, S. Handley, K. Entwisle  
U 13 - V. Hess

### Match Results:

1st VI	WON against: Whitby, Moreton Hall, Altrincham, West Kirby, Helsby
2nd VI	WON against: West Kirby, Helsby LOST against: Whitby
U 15 VI	WON against: Kingsway, Altrincham, Helsby LOST against: Whitby, West Kirby, Belvedere
U 14 VI	WON against: Kingsway, Whitby, West Kirby, Helsby, Blacon
U 13 VI	WON against: Blacon.

### Inter-Schools Tournament

1st VI <i>Aberdare Cup</i>	1st Round: WON against Northwich 3-0 LOST against Wilmslow 1-2
<i>Cheshire Cup</i>	1st Round: BYE 2nd Round: WON against Sale Grammar School 4-0 Final: LOST against Wilmslow 2-4
<i>Chester and District Tournaments</i>	U 16 team: trophy winners U 14 team: placed 3rd U 13 team: trophy winners

### School Tournaments

	Winner	Runner-up
<i>1st team singles</i>	D. Roberts	D. Smith
<i>Senior tournament</i>	K. Pottinger	H. Taylor
<i>Doubles</i>	J. Moore & V. Hopper	J. Cooke & G. Aldred
<i>Junior team singles</i>	A. Longden	S. Castle
<i>L IV singles</i>	V. Hess	K. Ingham
<i>Remove singles</i>	S. Shaw	H. Luker

### Nestlé Ladders:

Form winners: F. Green, S. Castle, K. Entwisle, S. Handley.

(For the second year in succession the School received a £10 prize from Nestlé for having played one of the highest numbers of matches during the period of this competition).

**House matches:**      *Senior*      won by Sandford  
                                  *Junior*      won by Sandford

### Individual successes

J. Moore and V. Hopper again played in the Cheshire junior team.  
 D. Roberts played for North Wales and was also invited to the grass court championships of G.B.

### Tournament results:

J. Moore won the Hoole, Alexander Park U 18 singles (V. Hopper, runner-up) and the U 18 doubles with V. Hopper (G. Aldred and J. Cooke were runners-up); Hoole L.T.C. U 18 singles winner (D. Smith, runner-up) and U 18 doubles with D. Smith. Runner-up in Colwyn Bay U 18 singles, doubles and mixed doubles. D. Roberts was runner-up in the senior mixed doubles at the North Wales Championships and at Wrexham in the ladies "open" doubles with J. Moore. K. Pottinger and K. Frood were runners-up in the U 16 doubles at Alexandra Park. V. Hess also reached the final of the Cheshire Schools U 13 singles tournament.

## HOCKEY 1977-78

### Match Results, Autumn Term

1st XI      WON against Christleton, Helsby, Oldershaw  
                  LOST against Whitby  
 2nd XI      LOST against Helsby, Whitby  
 U 15 XI      WON against Christleton 1st XI  
                  LOST against Helsby, Whitby, West Kirby G.S.  
 U 14 XI      LOST against Helsby, Whitby, West Kirby G.S.  
                  DREW against Blacon.

### Spring Term

1st XI      WON against Kingsway (indoor hockey), Whitby, Wakefield,  
                  West Kirby G.S., Germantown Academy, U.S.A. (indoor hockey)  
                  LOST against Whitby, Deeside Ramblers, King's School, Parents  
 2nd XI      LOST against Whitby  
 U 15 XI      LOST against Whitby  
 U 14 XI      WON against Christleton  
                  LOST against Whitby, Kingsway  
 U 13 XI      LOST against Christleton

### Tournaments

#### Cheshire Schools Preliminary Round:

1st XI      WON their series with 9 points out of a possible 10 and, therefore, qualified for the final rounds. The joint winners of the tournament were Appleton and Northwich.

#### Chester and District Schools U 15 Tournament:

U 15 XI      Were joint runners-up to Malpas.

#### Cheshire Schools U 15 Tournament:

U 15 XI      Did not qualify in their section. The winners of the section, St. Nicholas, were defeated in the semi-finals.

**House Matches:**      *Senior*      won by Westminster  
                                  *Junior*      won by Thompson

	<b>1st XI</b>	<b>2nd XI</b>
<i>GK</i>	D. Morrey	E. Walker/K. Breckon
<i>RB</i>	J. Hands	F. Green
<i>LB</i>	C. Armstrong	A. Perry/R. Grudgings
<i>RH</i>	E. Garson	H. Collicutt
<i>CH</i>	V. Hopper	J. Gillespie (Capt.)
<i>LH</i>	A. Horton	S. Phillips
<i>RW</i>	H. Taylor	K. Strawson/C. Faull
<i>RI</i>	J. Moore (Capt.)	K. Scholefield
<i>CF</i>	J. Frame	C. Lawrie
<i>LI</i>	J. Cooke	P. Street
<i>LW</i>	K. Pottinger	S. Castle
<i>Also played }</i>	J. Gillespie	C. Billingham
	K. Strawson	A. Mills
	R. Grudgings	A. Longden
	E. Walker	M. Hardwick
	C. Faull	F. Hardwick
	J. Gott	
	F. Green	
	A. Perry	
	S. Castle	
	K. Scholefield	
	K. Breckon	

	<b>U 15 XI</b>	<b>U 14 XI</b>	<b>U 13 XI</b>
<i>GK</i>	A. Pryer	C. Ferris	H. Hasted/S. Heath
<i>RB</i>	A. Rawling	K. Ingham	G. Sheppard
<i>LB</i>	F. Murphy	J. Townsend	H. Carlen
<i>RH</i>	C. Marley	S. Cooke	E. Leach
<i>CH</i>	K. McIntyre	S. Marsh	R. Andrew
<i>LH</i>	V. Priest	C. Fox	S. Bladen
<i>RW</i>	E. Taylor	J. Derbyshire	E. Shanklin
<i>RI</i>	K. Entwistle	J. Starling	S. Shaw
<i>CF</i>	J. McGaughan (Capt.)	L. Drew	H. Goltz/S. Rofé
<i>LI</i>	F. Sowerby	A. Binns (Capt.)	B. James
<i>LW</i>	I. Jones	A. Godfrey	S. Kay
<i>Also played }</i>	M. Hardwick	A. Carter	
	K. Kerr	S. White	
	F. Hardwick	A. Judge	
	M.-C. Broad-Davies	M. Elsdon	
		V. Hess	

*Full Colours:* J. Cooke, J. Hands  
*Half Colours:* C. Armstrong, A. Horton, V. Hopper, K. Pottinger  
*Commended:* 1st XI — H. Taylor, J. Frame, E. Garson  
2nd XI — J. Gillespie, K. Strawson, E. Walker  
U 15 XI — A. Pryer, I. Jones  
U 14 XI — L. Drew, A. Binns.

J. Moore, D. Morrey and J. Hands were selected to play for Cheshire Juniors 1st XI.

## LACROSSE 1977-78

### U.S.A. Tour

The squad consisted of eighteen players including four from the U 15 XII.

U VI	J. Moore, J. Cooke, V. Parton
L VI	K. Strawson, A. Horton, K. Pottinger, J. Hands, V. Hopper, J. Gillespie, V. Lowe, E. Walker, R. Grudgings, J. Frame, W. Roberts.
L V	S. Handley, C. Kerr, K. Entwistle, M. Hardwick

# Match results in U.S.A.

<i>Philadelphia area:</i>	vs. Germantown Academy	WON
	vs. Bryn Mawr College (7-a-side)	WON
	vs. Plymouth Whitemarsh	LOST
	Tournament at Valley Forge	WON 3
		DREW 1, LOST 1
<i>Princeton, New Jersey:</i>	vs. Stuart Country Day School	WON
	vs. Princeton High School	WON
	vs. Princeton Day School	WON
<i>Greenwich, Connecticut:</i>	vs. Greenwich Academy	WON
	vs. Greenwich High School	WON

Although this was not the hockey season in America the team did manage to play an indoor 5-a-side match against Germantown Academy which they won convincingly.

All the players are to be congratulated on reaching a very high standard of play during this tour and achieving these excellent results – a just reward for the hard work they put into their training during the season. They even managed to impress the Americans with their fitness! Well done!

	1st XII	2nd XII	U 15 XII	U 14 XII
<i>GK</i>	J. Frame	H. Collicutt	A. Shaftoe	V. Hess/A. Hill
<i>P</i>	V. Parton	C. Billingham	A. Rawling	J. Price/ A. Carter
<i>CP</i>	K. Strawson	S. Hassall/P. Street	C. Kerr	A. Binns
<i>3M</i>	J. Hands	R. Grudgings	M. Hardwick	C. Fox
<i>RD</i>	K. Pottinger (Vice Capt.)	W. Roberts	C. Marley	J. Derbyshire
<i>LD</i>	J. Gillespie	E. Walker	V. Williams	S. Marsh
<i>C</i>	J. Moore	C. Faulk	S. Handley	A. Godfrey
<i>RA</i>	A. Longden	S. Johnston	V. Priest	C. Ferris
<i>LA</i>	V. Hopper	K. Scholefield	I. Jones (Capt.)	J. Starling
<i>3H</i>	A. Horton	K. Breckon (Capt.)	M.C. Broad-Davies/ E. Taylor	S. Cooke
<i>2H</i>	J. Cooke (Capt.)	J. Allanson	K. Entwistle	L. Drew (Capt.)
<i>1H</i>	V. Lowe	C. Limb	F. Murphy	J. Townsend

*Full Colours:* J. Cooke, J. Moore, K. Pottinger

*Half Colours:* V. Parton, A. Horton, J. Gillespie

*Commended:* 1st XII – J. Frame, V. Hopper

2nd XII – R. Grudgings

U 15 XII – I. Jones, A. Shaftoe, S. Handley

U 14 XII – L. Drew, S. Cooke, J. Derbyshire

K. Pottinger and J. Cooke played in the Cheshire Junior XII. K. Pottinger also played in the North Junior Reserve team against the Scottish School-girls XII in Edinburgh.

## Match Results, Autumn Term

1st XII	WON against Howell's, Hoylake W.L.C., King's School
	LOST against Wirral G.S.
2nd XII	LOST against Wirral G.S.
U 15 XII	LOST against Howell's, Wirral G.S.
U 14 XII	LOST against Wirral G.S.

## Spring Term

- 1st XII      WON against Howell's, Moreton Hall, Wirral G.S.,  
                  Hoyle W.L.C., Bowden W.L.C.  
                  LOST against Birkenhead
- 2nd XII      LOST against Birkenhead, Moreton Hall
- U 15 XII     DREW with Birkenhead
- LOST against Howell's, Moreton Hall, Wirral G.S.
- U 14 XII     WON against Howell's
- LOST against Birkenhead, Moreton Hall

## Tournaments

In December the 1st XII played in the *North Schools' Tournament* at Noctorum. They won their matches against Huyton and Harrogate College, but lost to Bolton and Birkenhead. Birkenhead went through to the semi-final.

### *National Schools Tournament*

at the Bourneville Sports ground in Birmingham:

- 1st XII      WON their section without conceding any goals, winning their matches against Norwich 2-0, New Hall 6-0, Haileybury 5-0 and Bournemouth 3-0. In the semi-final they lost to Portsmouth H.S.
- U 15 XII     A junior team competed in the National tournament for the first time this year. They won their match against North Foreland Lodge, but lost to The Atherley and Birkenhead.

The *Noctorum Sevens* (7-a-side tournament): Queen's were placed second in this tournament after losing only one match against Bolton. The team finished with 8 out of a possible 10 points, scoring 32 goals and conceding only 6.

House matches:	Senior	won by Westminster
	Junior	won by Sandford

## OTHER ACTIVITIES

*Badminton:*      Congratulations to Virginia Williams who was selected to play for Wales in junior International Competitions this year.

*Athletics:*      Congratulations to Jane Jordan who, as a member of the Chester and District Athletics team, was selected at the County Championships to run for Cheshire in the 400 metre and relay events.

During the year many additional activities have continued to feature as regular lunch-hour and after-school clubs, giving opportunity for some girls to participate in Gymnastics, Badminton, Fencing, Swimming, Athletics, Netball, Basketball, Table-tennis and Croquet.

Some of these activities have been successfully organised by the Sixth form who have engendered the enthusiasm of the younger girls particularly.

During the three weekly Gymnastics clubs, many girls have again practised for and successfully completed the awards of the British Amateur Gymnastics Association. In addition, eighteen girls from Remove to Upper Fourth forms took part in a non-competitive gymnastics display organised by the Chester and District Sports Association at the new Dee High School in January, where they showed examples of individual and partnerwork sequences.

A.S. and L.W.

## OTHER EVENTS IN THE SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1977-8

- April 21: Beginning of the summer term.  
29: Mr. Beardsell (former member of staff) gave a piano recital.
- May 17: At the Commemoration Service the address was given by the Reverend Canon R. Foster, Rector of Wrexham.
- June 6-10: Half-term holiday.  
28: An Upper V party visited Howarth.  
The Removes and the Junior Choir took part in a lunch-time concert in the Town Hall.  
30: The Upper IV forms visited the Delamere forest.
- July 2: A school party went to Ludlow to see a production of "Henry V".  
4-6: Several Upper V girls visited the Mond Division of ICI.  
5: Dr. Simmons of UMIST spoke to the Upper V forms concerning the Flixborough disaster.  
6: An Upper V party attended a concert given in the Town Hall by local schools.  
7: Some Upper V formers went to the Ludlow production whilst others toured the offices and printing works of the Chester Chronicle.  
8: Some Upper V formers attended a conference at the King's school concerning social problems.  
14: End of term.
- Sept. 8: Beginning of the autumn term.  
24: The Parents Association held a jumble sale.  
30: A Lower VI party saw "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" at the Neptune Theatre, Liverpool.
- Oct. 5: A sixth form group attended a lecture on "Air as an engineering material" at Manchester University.  
13-14: Miss Menon visited the school to advise girls concerning their careers.  
14: Mr. Tony Dickenson gave a talk on acupuncture to the Sixth Form Society.  
17: An Upper VI group went to Padgate College to see "The Caretaker" by Harold Pinter.  
24-8: Half-term holiday.
- Nov. 2: A Careers Convention took place in the evening.  
18-19: Some of our girls took part in two performances of "Oedipus Rex" at the King's School.
- Dec. 9: A sixth form party attended a lecture on medical engineering in Liverpool.  
14: The Removes performed a play to others of the school.  
15: The VI form organised an internal carol service during which they performed a Nativity Play - with a difference.  
16: The joint carol service at the Cathedral, with the King's School, ended the term.
- Jan. 10: Beginning of the spring term.  
27: Sixth form classics students attended a conference at Birkenhead High School.
- Feb. 6: Excerpts from "The Pilgrim's Progress" were recorded by Radio Merseyside for transmission on the programme "Close-up".  
10-14: Half-term holiday.  
24: A member of the Samaritans spoke to the Sixth Form Society about their work.
- March 8: A Lower VI economics group visited Associated Octel.  
15: Lower VI classics students went to the King's College, London, to see "Oedipus Rex" performed in Greek.  
17: The Sixth Form Society heard a talk on medical hypnosis by Mr. Tony Dickenson.  
21: An appreciative audience attended an end-of-term concert in the evening, arranged by Miss Lee and Mrs. Pycraft. The whole school was represented and there was a wide range of musical items; £280 was raised towards the cost of some tympani for the school orchestra.  
22: Term ended with an Easter service in the Hall.
- April 12: Beginning of the present term.  
14: An Australian headmistress, Miss Meyers, visited us. She was touring schools in England to see how then were run. A police officer showed a film and spoke to the Sixth Form Society on crime prevention.  
19: The Removes saw "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Theatr Clwyd.
- May 1: The school had been established for one hundred years.

Philippa Bristow (left 1976)	York: Philosophy
Sheila Camy	Sheffield: German
Susan Carroll	Nottingham: Medicine
Caroline Cleaves	Lancaster: Management Science, Marketing
Lesley Cooke	Leicester: French and Psychology (for 1978)
Sarah Copeman	Newnham College, Cambridge: Natural Science
Valerie Curtis	Leeds: Civil Engineering
Rona Deas	Bath: Business Administration
Alison Edkins	Leeds: French
Drue Etheridge	Birmingham: French and German
Susan Finn	Lancaster: Social Administration
Philippa Gimlette	New Hall, Cambridge: Fine Art
Janice Hardwick	King's College, London: Law
Fiona Hassall	St. Hilda's College, Oxford: P.P.E.
Jane Heathcote	York: Sociology and Education
Fiona Hendley	Sheffield: Economics
Susan Hickman	University College, London: Law
Helen Iles	Manchester: Speech Therapy
Anne Johnson	Manchester: Speech Therapy
Amanda Jones	St. Hilda's College, Oxford: Modern Languages
Gwyneth Jones	Somerville College, Oxford: Medicine
Jane Jones	Durham: Modern Languages
Susan Jones	Swansea: Geography
Elizabeth Lewis	Sheffield: German
Rachel Meaton	Girton College, Cambridge: Classics
Fiona Murphy	Lancaster: Education and Psychology
Julia Palmer	Salford: Social Sciences
Rachel Phillips	Leeds: Medicine
Sarah Platt	St. Hilda's College, Oxford: Classics (Open Scholarship)
Fiona Pringle	Edinburgh: Mathematics
Sián Robinson	Queen Elizabeth College, London: Food Science
Diana Smith	Nottingham: Geography (for 1978)
Diane Southern (left 1976)	Sheffield: Environmental Studies
Camilla Stanhope	Newcastle: Scandinavian Studies
Valerie Street	Sheffield: Medicine
Helen Stringer	Newcastle: Speech Therapy
Angela van Ree	Manchester: English

## OTHER DEGREE COURSES

Caroline Blackhurst	Liverpool Polytechnic: Modern Language Studies
Catherine Ingram	Liverpool Polytechnic: Pharmacy
Robina Salisbury	St. Clare's College, Oxford: English
Deborah Semper	Sheffield Polytechnic: Housing Management
Susie Tan	Sheffield Polytechnic: Accountancy

## OTHER COURSES OF SPECIALISED TRAINING

Wendy Albinson	City of London Polytechnic:
	Secretarial course with languages
Deborah Chesters	Wrexham Maelor Group Hospitals: Radiography
Jane Dutton	Middlesbrough General Hospital: Physiotherapy
Julie Eckles	Derby School of Occupational Therapy
Claire Johnson	King's College Hospital, London: Physiotherapy
Rosemary Morris (left 1976)	College of All Saints, Tottenham, London
Gillian Pearson	Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford: Nursing
Janet Rait (left 1976)	Newton Secretarial College, Chester
Shirley Rydeard	Oxford and County Secretarial College
Karen Shabi	Alsager College: HND in Business Studies
Linda Woodhouse	Liverpool College of Occupational Therapy
Alison Woolf (left 1976)	Didsbury College of Education

## MISCELLANEOUS NEWS

(in alphabetical order of maiden names, which are in brackets for those now married)

**Jane (Abell) Broughton** is working for the Science Research Council in Swindon.

**Judith Allen** is taking a post-graduate Certificate of Education course at Sussex University.

**Mary Asfour** has started a training contract with a firm of chartered accountants in their Manchester office.

**Judith (Astile) Gregory** was elected a Fellow of the Institute of Sales Management in May, 1977.

**Ann (Avery) Bond** is a part-time tutor at the Royal School of Church Music. She makes regular contributions to the Musical Times.

**Judith (Barnacle) Webster** obtained a B.A. degree from the Open University last December. She has two daughters and is now teaching part-time.

**Pauline Beacham** has returned to Chester and is working for British Heritage Chester Tours.

**Christine Bithell** is teaching in the School of Physiotherapy, King's College Hospital, London.

**Anne (Boothman) Wheaton** has three daughters aged between 8 and 14 years. She is now a 3rd year student nurse at the Windsor School of Nursing, where she hopes to take a midwifery course next year.

**Gillian Breese** spent her "elective" period of medical training in the Kitchener-Waterloo Hospital, Ontario. She then travelled to New Mexico to visit relatives. She hopes to qualify in June, 1978, and take up a post as a house officer at Noble's Hospital, Douglas, Isle of Man.

**Fiona Brown** works for Dunlop Limited in Speke as a Market Research Officer. This involves frequent travel abroad.

**Alison (Browne) Fenwick** is married and has two sons. She will soon be moving to Weymouth.

**Susan Carhart** will be starting a post-graduate Certificate of Education course at Sheffield University in September, 1978.

**Jane Carter** has a job with the N.H.S. as one of their National Administration Trainees.

**Jacqueline Clinton** is now teaching in Chester and enjoying it very much.

**Susan (Comyn) Seys-Llewellyn** has two small children (Andrew, aged 4 and Sarah aged 1½).

**Lesley Cooke** is a Lecturer in Education at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne.

**Kareenna Coombes** is working for the Department of Applied Psychology, Aston University, as a Research Officer, researching the ergonomics of military vehicle design for the Ministry of Defence.

**Heather (Crossley) Royle** is teaching French at Clifton High School, Bristol.

**Barbara (Cuzner) Newbury** on October 4th, 1977, had the honour of being admitted into the Freedom of the City of London.

**Ingrid Davidge** is working as a trainee systems engineer for I.B.M. in London.

**Carol Davies** is living in Sweden, where she is working as a Government translator for the Common Market.



# THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

## THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1977

The meeting was held on Saturday, 2nd July at the School. Miss Farra, as President, took the chair and about seventy members were present, together with Staff and VI form leavers. The President opened the meeting by welcoming members, especially Miss MacLean and Miss Maggs and those members who had not been back to School for a long time. The meeting then observed a moment's silence in memory of members who had died during the year.

The minutes of the last A.G.M. were read and confirmed. Pauline Barnes' resignation from the Committee was announced by the Chairman, and Fiona Town was elected to the Committee in her place. In the absence of the Treasurer, the Secretary read her report, which indicated a profit of £14.77 on the year's working.

Miss Farra spoke of the Centenary Bursaries Appeal and of the various meetings which had been held for Parents and Old Girls. The response to the Appeal had already been magnificent. She also gave details of the various academic, musical and sporting successes of the School and told us about the Jubilee parties which had been held.

Then Miss Farra said that it was with great regret that we were to say goodbye to two members of Staff — Miss Monck-Mason and Miss Pope. Deborah Tubb presented Miss Monck-Mason with a non-stick frying-pan and a cheque, and spoke of the love of English Literature which she had inspired in her pupils. Miss Monck-Mason, thanking members of the Association, explained that she was not retiring, but was giving up teaching to live in the Lake District and work for the National Trust.



Valerie Humphreys presented Miss Pope with a silver necklace and a cheque, saying that it was a privilege to have been taught by a scholar who inspired girls to acquire the highest possible standards and a lasting love of the Classics. Miss Pope said that she had been so happy at the Queen's School that the time had passed very quickly. She spoke of the pleasures of teaching and thanked members of the Association for their gifts.

In conclusion Elsie Conway thanked Miss Farra for chairing the meeting, for allowing us to return and meet in the School, for giving us the news and for sacrificing a whole Saturday afternoon to our meeting at such a busy stage in the term.

Some husbands, children and friends joined us for tea in the garden.

M.M.

## DEGREE RESULTS, 1977

Sara Abell	Geography, Hull	II 2
Judith Allen	Human Sciences, Oxford	II
Mary Asfour	Anthropology, Cambridge	II 1
Anita Brown	Natural Sciences (Anatomy), Cambridge	II 1
Fiona Brown	Applied Modern Languages, Newcastle upon Tyne Polytechnic	
Jane Carter	Natural Sciences (Psychology), Cambridge	II 1
Elizabeth Colclough	French & Linguistics, Exeter	II 2
Ingrid Davidge	Mathematics, London	II 1
Diana Deterding	History, Bristol	II 1
Vivienne Faull	History, Oxford	II
Susan Fletcher	Physics, Leicester	II 2
Rosalind Kirby	Law, Birmingham	
Pamela Moore	Mathematics, Bangor	II
Elizabeth Munday	Classics, Cambridge	II 1
Susan Pierce	Geography & Sociology, Swansea	II 2
Jean Robertson-Dunn	Psychology, Bradford	II 2
Philippa Shaw	Jurisprudence, Oxford	II
Penelope Shell	French & Economics	III
Nicola Strawson	Agriculture, Oxford	II
Valerie Taylor	Music, Cambridge	II 1
Deborah Vodden	Experimental Psychology, Oxford	II

## UNIVERSITY PLACES

Pevril Allen	Durham: Geography
Alison Barrow	Edinburgh: History
Susan Barker	Manchester: Medicine
Jane Bevis	St. Anne's College, Oxford: Agricultural Science
Anne Boothroyd	Liverpool: Medicine
Amanda Box	Manchester: Speech Therapy
Ann Brannon	Selwyn College, Cambridge: Oriental Studies

- Caroline (Edkins) Duchet** and her husband run a reception centre for Suffolk County Council for boys and girls aged 4-18 years. She would be pleased to hear from other Old Girls in the area.
- Kirsty Elliott** is teaching Geography at West Kirby Grammar School for Girls.
- Margaret (Ellis) Milligan** recently toured New Zealand when visiting her son, who has emigrated there.
- Margaret (Elston) Hyde** is studying for C.Q.S.W. (Diploma in Social Work) at Cartrefle College with a view to probation work.
- Kathleen Fawcett** qualified as a physiotherapist in November, 1977 and has taken a post at the Wrexham War Memorial Hospital.
- Katy (Gray) Burrows** is playing hockey for Cheshire. They were placed 3rd in the Northern Counties Tournament.
- Laura (Green) Bushell** has been promoted to Senior Physiotherapist at Ashington General Hospital, Northumberland. In her spare time she plays the flute and also plays hockey.
- Margaret Greenway** has retired from her post as Deputy Head of Congleton Grammar School.
- Suzanne Hardy** will be studying at the Wirtschafts Institut in Vienna for three months and starting auxiliary nursing in the Centre Hospitalier in Nice in July, 1978.
- Rosalyn (Harrison) Dale** is working as a production assistant for Ashley Courtenay Limited, a small publishing company.
- Julia Hope** is head of the German Department at the George Dixon School, Birmingham (a large comprehensive). She plays tennis and squash for Warwickshire.
- Elizabeth (Hough) Gawith** and her husband are making their home in Mauritius, where they work for John Taylor and Sons, a civil engineering firm.
- Thelma Jerome** is working for the Design Council as an information assistant.
- Hilary (Jones) Gray** is teaching at a primary school in Lea, Preston (5- and 6-year-olds, with responsibility for music).
- Margaret Jones** will be taking up an appointment at the Grenaway School, Royston, Herts. in September, as Assistant Year Leader. She spent last summer on a French course at the University of Grenoble.
- Mona Kelly** is enjoying a full and active retirement, pleasantly involved in various musical activities, and also devoting time to gardening.
- Rosalind Kirby**, having graduated in Law last July, spent six months at a College of Law. She has now returned to Birmingham, where she is articled to a firm of solicitors in Smethwick.
- Elizabeth Knox** is a solicitor with Linklater's and Paine's in London. She is married with one child, and expects another soon.
- Wendy (Lawton) Bracegirdle** tutors in Old Testament Studies on the North West Ordination Course in Liverpool and Manchester. Her husband was appointed Vicar of Bidston in January.
- Mairi (Lea) Levitt** is working as regional secretary in the West of England for the Christian Education Movement.
- Dorothy (Leigh) Duff** is teaching Art at Culcheth Hall School for Girls, Altrincham.
- Patricia Lister** works at the Royal Gwent Hospital, Newport, as Staff Pharmacist in charge of in-patient services.
- Valerie (Llywelyn Jones) Hicks** was married in 1959 and has been living in Canada since 1962. She has two children, and is working part-time teaching English to the long-term sick, in their homes or in hospital.

**Sarah Lyall** in January 1978 joined the Hong Kong Police as an Inspector and expects eventually to be used in under-cover work with the C.I.D.

**Janet (McLaren) Scanlon** is teaching at Manning Girls Comprehensive School, Nottingham.

**Patricia Mellor** is a production control assistant at Gossard Limited – part of the Courtaulds group.

**Sheila Morgan** has been appointed Senior Personnel Officer at the John Lewis Partnership in London.

**Heather Parry** has been acting Headteacher of the Charlemagne School in Liège until the arrival of the new Head, when she will resume her duties as Deputy Head. Last year she travelled to Vancouver and visited California, Tijuana, Mexico and the Universal film studios.

**Diana (Partington) Irlen** has been living in Verden (Germany) for two years, where she has been teaching music at the Kindergarten, and will soon be moving to Lippstadt. She has three small boys, Nicholas, Charles and Richard.

**Frances Patterson** has been awarded a Winston Churchill Pupillage Award by the Masters of the Bench of the Middle Temple.

**Joan (Phillips) Alsop** writes: "Just to encourage all the others who never do anything 'exciting' – I have spent another year looking after the family, cooking and cleaning, shopping and digging the garden, entertaining numerous visitors and sorting out homework and I've loved every minute of it! I actually went to London twice – once to the Chelsea Flower Show and once to the Old Girls meeting, which was super and a great boost for morale to be still recognised!"

**Susan Pierce** is an assistant social worker for Mid-Glamorgan County Council.

**Lyn Pottinger** is now running a restaurant on the Horseshoe Pass near Llangollen and would be very pleased to see any Old Girls.

**Monica (Preston) Champion** is married with two sons and lives in Booker.

**Patricia Rankin** spent the Summer as a student at C.E.R.N., the European Accelerator Centre near Geneva, and hopes after graduating to do a Ph.D. in High Energy Nuclear Physics.

**Pauline (Reeves) Black** was awarded the Diploma of the College of Radiographers in December, 1977.

**Gwyneth (Rhoden) Phillips** is still teaching Physical Education. She has two children, aged 8 and 6, and she plays hockey, and sails, in her spare time.

**Jane Rowell** is taking a Master's degree in Business Administration at the Manchester Business School.

**Eleanor (Seed) Calder** and her husband flew out to Papua, New Guinea in January, and they will be teaching there for two years.

**Diana (Seely) Nicholson** is living in New York. Before her marriage, she worked for Collins, the publishers, travelled through North America for a year and then worked as a Group Travel Executive.

**Janet (Spruce) Hay** is a tutor at the School of Nursing, Charing Cross Hospital, London.

**Erica Stanton** has been selected to play for the Wales 'B' Lacrosse team this year.

**Mary (Stewart) Wheeler** has a one-year-old son, Alastair.

**Pamela (Van Hagen) Emerson** is living near Bonn.

**Sarah (Wain) Swallow** gained her Diploma of Medical Secretaries in June, 1977 and is now working in a general practice in Chester. She competed in the World White Water Racing Championships in Spittal as

one of a 3-lady team representing Great Britain, when the team finished 5th. She hopes to represent Great Britain again this summer.

**Karen Vanner** has been teaching French at Wirral County Grammar School for Girls since September, 1977.

**Jane Vickers** is working for a firm of International Management Consultants in Brussels.

**Charlotte West-Oram** is still working as an actress for the "Emma" theatre company, which has recently been on tour in the North-West, including performances in Chester and Northwich.

**Pamela (Wilshaw) Pleavin** is head of the English Department at Christleton High School.

**Elizabeth (Wrench) Fisher** has a son and a daughter. She is teaching a wide variety of subjects in local comprehensive schools.

**Molly Young** retired from teaching in 1976.

**Christine West** is a Registrar in Obstetrics & Gynaecology at the Simpson Memorial Maternity Pavilion and Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

**Anne White** has a place at Brasenose College, Oxford, to read modern languages.

## BIRTHS

To **Jane (Appleby) Parkins** on 27th February, 1977 a son, Graham Dunstan, a brother for Katharine and Richard.

To **Diana (Bridges) Leitch** on 17th February, 1978 a daughter, Elizabeth Fiona.

To **Ann (Brotherhood) Short** on 8th July, 1977 a daughter, Tania Mary, a sister for Anina Jane.

To **Jane (Carter) Walker** on 28th February, 1977 a daughter, Katharine Jane.

To **Mary (Chrimes) Gabl** on 3rd February, 1970 a daughter, Heidi Veronika.

To **Philippa (Donald) Barlow** on 10th August, 1977 a daughter, Hannah Kay.

To **Caroline (Edkins) Duchet** on 6th March, 1977 a daughter, Anne Marie Louise.

To **Una (Forst) Scaletta** on 3rd December, 1977 a daughter, Valerie Antonia Margaret.

To **Ann (Gumbleton) Affleck** on 14th January, 1978 a son, Dougal Gumbleton.

To **Carolyn (Hewitt) Ponting** on 18th October, 1977 a daughter, Katie Abigail.

To **Susan (Hough) Mostyn** on 20th January, 1977 a daughter, Sarah Louise Lloyd.

To **Joan (Howarth) Saint** on 15th April, 1977 a third son, Alastair James.

To **Marian (Hughes) Martin** on 26th September, 1977 a son, James, a brother for Helen.

To **Alison (Jones) Roberts** on 18th February, 1978 a son, Andrew William James.

To **Wendy (Lawton) Bracegirdle** on 19th August, 1976 a daughter, Victoria.

To **Sheila (McCaig) Jones** in July, 1977 a daughter, Rachel, a sister for Gareth.

To **Alison (Owen) Williamson** on 25th May, 1977 a daughter, Kathryn Anne, a sister for Marianne.

To Jill (Philip) Holmes (former head of Music Department) on 15th December, 1977 a daughter, Catherine Victoria.  
 To Helen (Salter) Griffiss on 1st December, 1977 a daughter, Nicola Miriam, a sister for Angela.  
 To Suzanne (Taylor) More on 11th October, 1974 a daughter, Sarah Jane and on 30th December, 1976 a son, John Russell.  
 To Pamela (Van Hagen) Emerson on 22nd June, 1977, a son, Christopher.  
 To Yvonne (Woodhead) Walker on 23rd April, 1975 a son, Iain Nicholas, a brother for Andrew, Lindsay and Geoffrey.

## MARRIAGES

Jane Abell on July 16th, 1977, to Graham John Broughton.  
 Mary Ann Bonner on August 13th, 1977, to Ian Johnson.  
 Stephanie Bough (former member of staff) on July 16th, 1977, to J. Wynn Griffiths.  
 Mary Chrimes on October 29th, 1966, to Josef Gabl.  
 Marian Davies on April 9th, 1977, to Richard V. McLachlan.  
 Jill Gough in September, 1977, to James Robert Thompson.  
 Patricia Hewitt in September, 1977, to Robert Andrew Holt.  
 Jill Holmes in November, 1977, to Graham Wilson.  
 Elizabeth Hough on February 4th, 1978, to Alan James Gawith.  
 Dilys Jones in 1977, to Dr. David Frost Roberts.  
 Hilary Jones on July 23rd, 1977, to Dr. S.J. Gray.  
 Eleanor Seed on October 22nd, 1977, to Peter Allan Calder.  
 Diana Seely on November 19th, 1977, to Edward Nicholson.  
 Deborah Stripp on July 30th, 1977, to Richard Nevitte.  
 Valerie Taylor on August 6th, 1977, to Nicholas John Charles Bannan.  
 Sarah Wain on September 10th, 1977, to Martin J. Swallow.

## DEATHS

Arrowsmith: early in 1977, Miss Kathleen Arrowsmith, former part-time member of the music staff for more than 30 years.  
 Cameron: in February, 1978, Joan (née Strettell) who was at school from 1920-25.  
 Crosland: on August 24th, 1976, Barbara, who left school in 1925.  
 Munro: in September, 1977, Gladys (née Williamson) who was at school from 1892-1898).  
 Percival: on September 30th, 1977, Carole Ann (née Labrum) who was at school from 1950-58.  
 Phillips: on August 8th, 1977, Martha Louisa (née Brandreth) who was at school from 1898-1902.  
 Yarwood: on March 10th, 1978, Selina May, Old Girl and former part-time member of the music staff.

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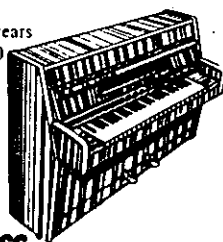
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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Editor is most grateful to Miss Phillips, who very kindly made available, prior to publication, a typescript of her "Short History". Most of the items in the Chronicle (pp. 59-61) are derived from this. He would like to thank also Miss Pope, for her generous assistance in investigating the School's archives, and Miss Edwards, who compiled the Staff list and collated it with the photographs.

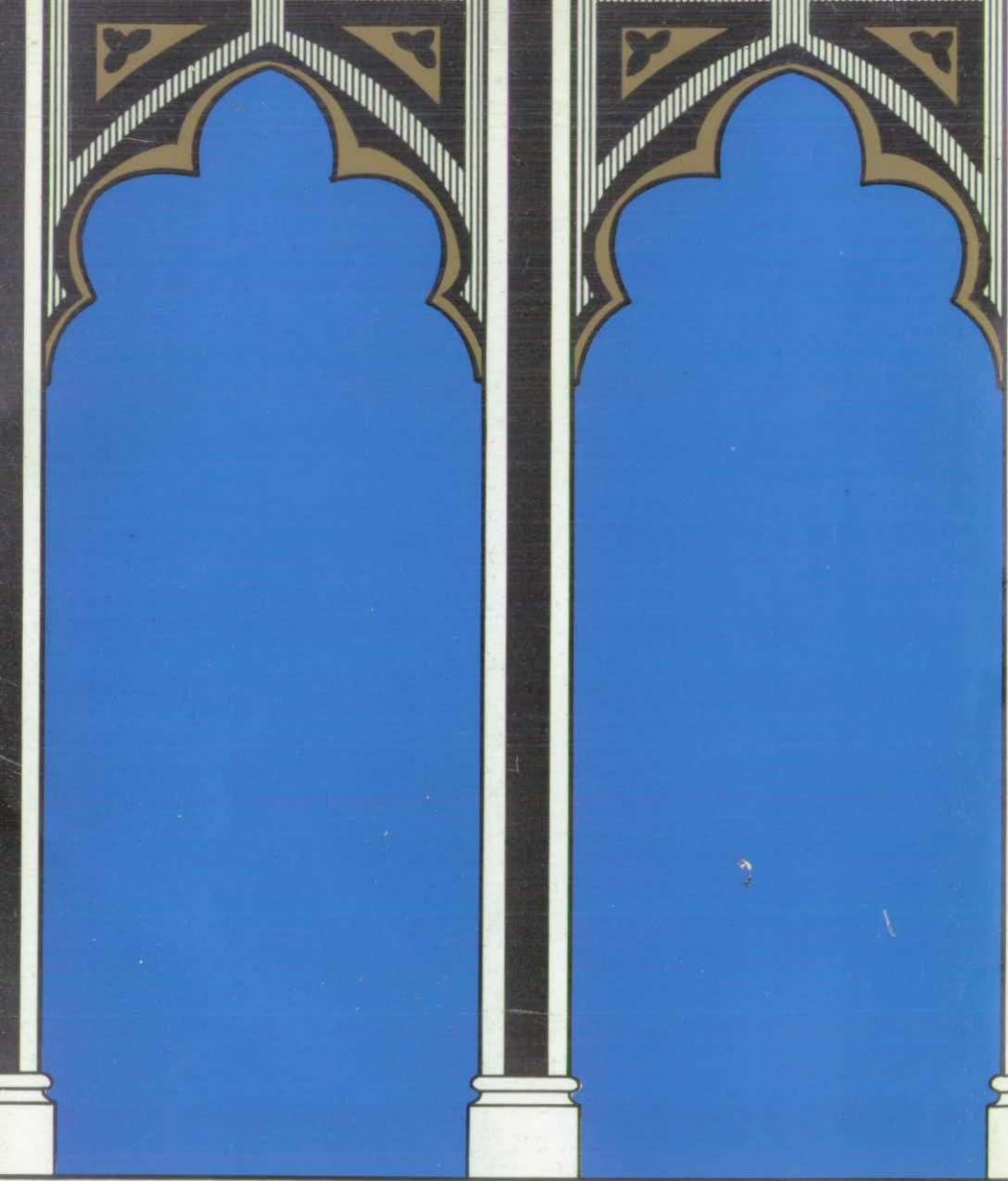
Our printers, too, deserve special thanks, not only for keeping ahead of schedule a magazine that has noticeably outgrown its intended century of pages, but for entering wholeheartedly into the spirit of the reminiscence section, so that its appearance might match its content.

Readers may be interested to know that more of Mrs. Elsey's reminiscences have been published as an article in the June issue of "Cheshire Life".

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The cover design is by Nicola Garmory and Gillian Handley. The main drawing in the centre pages is based upon an aerial photograph by the Fotocraft Co., formerly of Chester. The sketch on p. 41 was used on the covers of the earliest issues of "Have Mynde". The recent photographs were taken by Miss Chowen (p. 8), Mrs. Baker (p. 10), Lesley Roberts (main group, p. 72), Messrs. Lightfoot and Newman (p. 72 E8), automata (p. 72 A11 and F8) and Mr. Hands. Several of the archive photographs are by unknown artists, but that of Plate II is by G. Watmough Webster & Son. So are the portraits of Miss Holdich and Mrs. Sandford; that of Miss Nedham is by James Bacon and Sons, and that of Miss MacLean by Lynton Barton.

"The Way We Were" has been reprinted as a separate booklet and is available at 25p (35p by post) from the "Have Mynde" business manager at the School.



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