

HAVE 1979  
MYNDE

## The Governing Body

*Chairman:* Miss G. Phillips

*Deputy Chairman:* C.E. McCully

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Chester.

Miss C.M. Baxter, J.P.

Mrs. D. Brown

Mrs. J.N. Davies-Colley

W. Dutton, J.P.

G.J. Ford

A.T. Guy

Mrs. S. Harris, J.P.

M. Henderson

Mrs. G. Jones

B.A.G. King

Mrs. B. King

The Reverend Canon K.M. Maltby

C.N. Ribbeck

C.J.N. Ward

*Clerk to the Governors:*

F. Hack, F.C.A., 10 White Friars, Chester

# Have Mynde, 1979

## Foreword

It is one of life's ironies that being 101 is an anticlimax! The individual centenarian who has enjoyed the excitement of family celebrations and a telegram from the Queen settles down again to a normal routine, however many more years may be added to that glorious centenary. The Queen's School finds itself now in much the same position, looking back happily on last year's activities, many of which are described enthusiastically, sometimes entertainingly, in this issue of Have Mynde. Two commemorative items have still to be completed. The Centenary Rose Garden, for which the school contributed money, was planted by Mr. Evans last autumn in what was previously an overgrown and untidy corner of the top garden, and a stone plaque is soon to be erected to inform future generations about the garden's origin and purpose. The King's School very generously presented two embroidered pictures showing parts of the school grounds, specially commissioned from Mrs. Maggie Johnson of Sale. Since the beginning of this term they have been displayed in the entrance hall, where they will eventually be provided with their own lighting. As a centenary gift they are particularly appropriate, showing familiar scenes as the artist saw them in 1978, portrayed using a highly original twentieth-century technique. We are most grateful to the Governors and Headmaster of the King's School for such a gift.

At Christmas there were two departures worthy of note. Dr. Nelson decided to retire after spending seven years with us as Head of the Biology Department, during which time she saw many girls start their training in some aspect of biological science, having absorbed some of her infectious enthusiasm for the subject. During the year Mrs. Dodd retired too, a familiar figure in the Science Block which, for many years, she had been responsible for cleaning. To both of them go our best wishes for happiness in their new ways of life and our gratitude for their contributions to the well-being of the school.

All our friends who contributed to the Bursaries Appeal will be glad to know that awards have been made in each of the past two years, providing help towards the fees for sixteen girls so far. The total amount raised has now topped £196 000 and I hope that, by next year, it will have reached £200 000.

M.F.

## We Congratulate

Miss M.J. Lee on her marriage to Mr. N. Heaton;  
Veronica Davies, who was awarded an E.S.U. schoolgirl scholarship which enabled her to spend two terms as a student in Moses Brown School, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.;  
and the following who have places at Oxford or Cambridge colleges:  
Veronica Davies, for P.P.E. at St. Hilda's College, Oxford;  
Charlotte Hess, for mathematics at New Hall, Cambridge;  
Denise Morrey, for engineering at New Hall, Cambridge;  
Rosemary Taylor, for medicine at Magdalen College, Oxford.

# The Staff, May 1979

## *Headmistress:* Miss M. Farra, M.Sc., London

- Miss C.E. Ashcroft, M.A., Cambridge  
Mrs. M.J. Bates, A.T.D., D.A., Manchester  
\* A. Berry, B.A., G.R.S.M., Manchester, L.R.A.M., A.R.M.C.M., A.R.C.O.  
\* Mrs. P. Bradbeer, Ph.D., Durham  
Mrs. M. Brien, B.Sc. Hons., London  
Miss V. Brown, B.A. Hons., London  
Miss R. Callaway, B.A. Hons., Liverpool  
Miss E.M. Edwards, B.Sc. Hons., Manchester  
Mrs. C.F. Ferris, B.A. Hons., London  
\* Mrs. S.M. Geary, B.A., Oxford  
Mrs. A.J. Gorman, B.A., Manchester  
R.A. Hands, B.Sc., Nottingham  
Mrs. A. Hardwick, B.A. Hons., Oxford  
Miss J.E. Hargreaves, B.A. Hons., London  
Miss S.D. Hayes, Gloucester T.C.D.S.  
Miss R. Hinde, B.A. Hons., Birmingham  
Mrs. H. Parker, B.A. Hons., Oxford  
Mrs. B. Pycraft, Mus.B. Hons., Manchester, G.R.N.C.M., A.R.N.C.M.  
Miss A.M. Saunders, B.Ed., I.M. Marsh College of P.E.  
Mrs. M.O. Selby, B.A. Hons., Liverpool  
Mrs. S.M. Swift, B.Sc. Hons., London  
Miss M.L. Walters, B.A. Hons., Leicester  
Miss J. Wilkin, B.A. (Theol), M.A., Manchester  
Miss R.E. Winter, B.Ed. Hons., Sussex, Chelsea College of P.E.  
K.R. Young, B.Sc., Ph.D., Liverpool, C.Chem., M.R.I.C.

## *Part-time Staff*

- Mrs. S.J. Bastin, B.Sc. Hons., London  
Mrs. J. Entwisle, B.Sc. Hons., London  
Mrs. N.M. Fowler, B.A. Hons., Liverpool  
Mrs. C. Gretton-Watson, Graduate of Messina University  
Mrs. K. Kimberley, Interpreters' School, Zurich  
Mrs. S.V. Nightingale, Dip. A.D., Manchester  
Mrs. M. Prince, B.A. Hons., Sheffield  
Mrs. E.D. Rowland, B.Sc. Hons., Bristol  
Mrs. J.R. Simpson, B.A. Hons., London  
Mrs. M.C. Wiley, B.Sc. Hons., Liverpool  
Mme. M.J. Wozniak, Ecole Normale  
Mrs. D.M. Wright, B.Sc. Hons., Manchester

## *Part-time Music Staff*

- Mrs. H.K. Copland, G.G.S.M., A.R.C.M.  
H. Edwards, Mus.B., Durham  
Mrs. M. Fawcett, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.  
Mrs. L. Hallett, L.T.C.L.  
Mrs. R. Heasman, L.R.A.M.  
Mrs. J.M. Johnson, A.R.M.C.M.  
Mrs. M. Lees, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.  
L. Norris  
Mrs. M. Pritchard  
Mrs. G. Sawicka, L.R.A.M., Graduate of Kiev University  
Mrs. E. Stringer, L.R.A.M.

## *Part-time Speech Training Staff*

- Miss A. Stuart, L.G.S.M., A.L.A.M.

## *The Junior School at Nedham House*

*Head of Department:* Miss J. Chowen, N.F.I., Roehampton

- \* Mrs. B. Brady, B.Ed., Didsbury College  
Miss M.N. Whittall, B.Ed. Hons., C.N.A.A., Didsbury College

#### *Part-time Staff*

- Mrs. M.B. Chorley, B.A. Hons., Manchester  
\* Mrs. M. Horner, A.R.C.M., G.R.S.M.  
Mrs. M.D. Meredith, C.F. Mott College, Liverpool

#### *The Preparatory Department in Stanley Place*

*Head of Department:* Mrs. M. Whelan, Chester College  
Miss J. Henry, Froebel Institute, Roehampton  
Mrs. M.A. Patterson, West Hill College, Birmingham

#### *Part-time Staff*

Mrs. G.M. Gough, Bedford Froebel Training College

*Secretary:* Miss J.F. Goodchild

*Assistant Secretary:* Mrs. K. Green

*Domestic Bursar:* Mrs. M. Harrison

*Administrative Assistant:* P. Hudspeth

*Laboratory Assistants:* Mrs. J.C. Barnes, O.N.C.  
Mrs. F.L. Burt, B.Sc., London  
D. Evans

\* We welcome these members of staff, who joined us recently. The following members of staff left during the past year: Miss Hemming, Miss Lee, Dr. Nelson, Mr. Parry, Miss Bailey, Mrs. Cunliffe.

## Those in Authority, 1979

*Head Girl:* Helen Bevis

*Deputies:* Alison Bogle, Jane Scard

*Reference Librarians:* Miss Walters, Siân Mile, Adèle Mills,  
Anne Cassidy, Caroline Andrew

*Fiction Librarians:* Miss Wilkin, Alison Bate, Elizabeth Collier,  
Lesley Douglas, Sheena Elliott, Helen Kaye

*"Have Mynde" editorial:* Mr. Hands, Miss Callaway, Mrs. Bates, Joanna Andrew  
Deborah Jones, Amanda Perry

*"Have Mynde" business:* Mrs. Gorman, Susan Willett

## In Memory

Mrs. Irene Forster died on 8th July, 1978, after a long illness. She was known to numerous generations of children who had their first piano lessons with her at Nedham House, where she was a visiting member of staff. We will remember her as one who enjoyed life to the full, transmitting her enthusiasm to those with whom she came in contact. Her interest in the school never flagged.

Marie-Thérèse Curley died following an accident on 24th November, 1978. She had joined the school for her Sixth Form course and was with us for little more than a year, but she made friends quickly and was widely appreciated for her liveliness and humour. We all miss her.

M.F.

# News from Stanley Place

The Centenary will be remembered as one of our most happy and successful years, due largely to the additional help in the department which gave the staff the opportunity for some team teaching and the children the chance of a lot of individual help. In the Autumn Term, we were joined by a part-time member of staff, Mrs. Gough, and also had the good fortune to have the services of Miss Henry before she took up her full-time appointment in January, 1978. The unstinting help given by the sixth form girls was, as always, invaluable. The staff at Stanley Place are most grateful for their willing assistance.

During the year the children visited a farm, a brewery, Beeston Castle and the canal and museum at Llangollen and Chester, in connection with their activities and projects in religious knowledge, farming, the uses of water, houses and castles. As part of their group activities they made models of an aquaduct, a barge, a castle, various houses and a Palestinian Village. For Harvest Thanksgiving they made bread, which also linked the use of farm produce with their science experiments. They also made a variety of models in cloth, wood and clay.

At Christmas a nativity play produced by Mrs. Gough was performed in the Senior School. The Christmas message was made particularly poignant by the costumes and the simplicity of the children's performance. The visual impression will remain for a long time. Also at Christmas, the children had their usual party, for them the highlight of the year. They were ably entertained once again by Mrs. Patterson, Tom and Rita.



In the summer, to their great amusement, the children joined the rest of the school for the centenary party on the school field. Later came Sports Day; fortunately, in the children's eyes at least, the success of such an occasion is measured by the number of ribbons one collects and not by the colour of the sky. It was not our best year for weather on this occasion.

We were pleased to receive interesting letters from former pupils in Africa and America as well as those still in this country. We are also extremely grateful for gifts to the department, which included a shop made by Mr. Charters, a large climbing frame, a trampoline, books and records.

M. Wh.



**N**ow we have two new pupils, a guinea-pig and a tortoise;  
**E**veryone enjoys them.  
**W**e went to see "The Canterville Ghost" and Ballet Rambert at  
Theatr Clwyd.  
**S**ave the Children Fund was our Christmas charity;

**F**ilms were seen about Pestallozzi.  
**R**aces with pancakes helped animals.  
**O**verhead projector, cassette recorder and kiln came from  
Autumn Market Funds.  
**M**oved the Library to the covered way, saw a magic show at Christmas  
and had

**N**edham House carols as usual. There was a netball match too.  
**E**lephant and pygmy hippo we helped save from  
**D**isaster. Orphan baby Georgina from the Indian floods visited us.  
*We visited*  
**H**awkstead, where 3rd Form spent a weekend Youth Hostelling, and  
**A**cton Scott working farm museum.  
**M**artin Mere Wildfowl Trust was our birthday visit.

**H**ampers were distributed at Harvest and Christmas, and an  
**O**ak tree planted by Miss Phillips and Neddies.  
**"U**nseen world of Nature" was a film we saw at the Gateway Theatre.  
**S**candinavian dance and food helped to raise money for Charity and an  
**E**aster bonnet parade helped the R.S.P.C.A.

J.C.



Centenary Anthem



Past ...



... and Present



Greek play ...



... and Swedish dance



# The Centenary Celebrations, 1978

These memorable celebrations occurred during a few days of the summer term. The first event was the special Cathedral Service on 6th July, with an address by the Dean on the theme of "Le Petit Prince", followed in the evening by a dinner at the Grosvenor Hotel, for Governors, parents, staff, Old Girls and friends of the school.

The next day was the Open Day when parents crowded in to view the displays, and inexorably ended up taking refreshment in the Upper Dining Room.

There was a display connected with nearly every subject, designed basically to show some work that pupils had done (projects and posters) and to demonstrate equipment by use of the language laboratory and by means of experiments set up in the science laboratories. Frequently there was some added interest such as freshly ground coffee with apfelstrudel in the German room, cheese fondue in the French room, a live intellectual debate by the L VI English group and a mini-French lesson. There was also a spectacular gym display, a collection of uniforms starting from the very beginning of the school and a fascinating exhibition of photographs from the archives depicting the school and its pupils at earlier times.

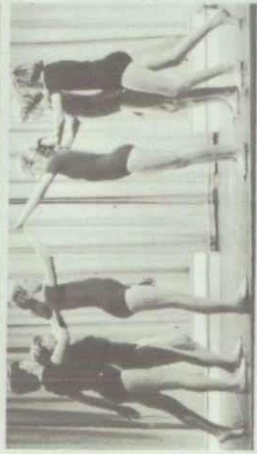
The highly successful entertainment, "Then and Now", performed by staff and pupils, was staged twice that evening for parents and once during the following week for the school. After a brief operetta set in the school's first staffroom, Edwina Maple and Barbara Elson, as a Victorian pupil and a present-day pupil, compared their different lives at the Queen's School and introduced scenes to illustrate them. For example, there was a Victorian melodrama set against the modern French "Scène à Quatre" by Ionesco, and stiff, routine gym exercises against a modern dance session. There was a scene showing a Victorian school where separate little groups occupied the same room. The audience's attention was focussed on each little group in turn; we learnt the importance of being able to sew a neat seam by hand and heard the monotonous repetition of French verbs. In contrast with a formal Victorian choir, a modern pop group sang "Bridge Over Troubled Water" and "Denis, Denis", and U IV W gave an enthusiastic rendering of "The Jumblies" to their own music. Finally, a new song, "Ave Queen's School", gathered together representatives from every scene in an impressive crowd.

On the Saturday the Queen's School Association organised a buffet lunch before their Annual General Meeting; Old Girls came from as far as Canada and Australia to attend this and the other celebrations. During the following week Mrs. Harrison organised a lovely centenary picnic for the present members of the school down on the field, which was much appreciated — especially as it was a beautiful day. (The open day had been somewhat damp).

The celebrations were a lot of fun for everyone, whether taking part or watching; they were well worth all the careful planning and work which made them so enjoyable.

Joanna Andrew, L VI

Then . . .



. . . and Now

## Centenary Dinner

The Queen's School Centenary Dinner was a memorable evening, enjoyed by all. Present and retired members of staff mingled with a wide variety of other guests, ranging from the odd current pupil and some who had recently left the school to advisers and governors, parents and friends. It was particularly encouraging that many guests had travelled long distances especially to be present for the evening, and certainly that effort was worthwhile. I am sure that everyone who attended will remember the occasion with pleasure, perhaps because old friendships were renewed and forgotten faces remembered, but more probably because of the quality of the after-dinner speeches. Between these the dry wit of the toastmaster, Mr. Frank Hack, helped both to give unity to the occasion and to balance the more serious words.

The chairman of the governors, Miss Phillips, gave a clear and concise history of the school and thanked all benefactors, in particular the Brown family and the Grosvenors. In reply, the Duchess of Westminster gave a beautiful and emotional speech in which she talked of the change in women's rôle and thanked all the members of staff, present and past, for maintaining the standards of the school. Miss Elizabeth MacLean (who retired as headmistress in 1973) proposed the toast to the school and spoke of the changes in its status, from independent to direct grant and now back to independent again, and also of the qualities of those who had passed through. Special thanks were given to past deputy headmistresses for their rôles as co-ordinators between staff and pupils, and also to Mr. Hack for his invaluable financial advice throughout so much of the history of the school. Miss Farra made the response with warmth, and her words rang with sincerity. It must have been largely because of her efforts that the occasion was such a success. In his closing address the toastmaster drew all their speeches together and brought a thoroughly enjoyable evening to an end.

Lynda Jones (left 1976)

## The Jumblies

It took us three weeks to convert ourselves from roughly normal human beings, members of UIVW, into Jumblies; this subtle metamorphosis enabling us to perform Edward Lear's classic nonsense poem – in front of an audience of parents, staff, former pupils, pupils and friends of the Queen's School – all the more convincingly on the Big Day than we had even dreamed of previously.

The three weeks leading up to Centenary Day were both extremely hectic and delightfully funny, and as frolicsome infant Jumblies, we enjoyed ourselves immensely. Mrs. Pycraft, who taught us all the rudiments of Jumbly-ism, was an invaluable source of help and encouragement, and, of course, we looked to her as Lead Jumbly from start to finish.

We flocked onto the stage during the closing stages of the entertainment "Then and Now" dressed in the most colourful and zany variety of clothes imaginable, and it is probably this as much as obvious Jumbly-appeal that secured our image in the audience's mind long after the performance had ended.

We would, I'm sure, do it all again – although whether it is wise to allow Jumblies the freedom to run wild too frequently is a very debatable point.

Jane Jones, L V B

Voice

Piano

The quiet-est

erick, the sea-ting Cow-ers, The up- per gar- den's bloom-ing flowers; The wind-swept

thru the en-trance doors And in- side of the up- per floors.

cho- re

a - ve, Queen's School! a - ve, Queen's School!

a - ve, Queen's School! a - ve, Queen's School!

V. 1, 2, 3 Last time

# Ave Queen's School

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The quaint red brick, the soaring towers,  
The upper garden's blooming flowers;  
The winds sweep through the entrance doors  
And windows of the upper floors.

*Refrain:* Ave, Queen's School!  
Ave, Queen's School!  
Ave, Queen's School!  
Ave, Queen's School!

Behold the sweet Removes arrive  
Enthusiastic and alive;  
Behold the Fifth forms' blasé mien,  
O what has happened in between?

*Refrain:* Ave, Queen's School! etc.

The Sixth form now are wearing jeans  
Has Liberation come to Queen's?  
O no! for on Cathedral days  
A skirt adorns our Songs of Praise.

*Refrain:* Ave, Queen's School! etc.

The staffroom door comes into view  
"O, is she in?" they yell at you.  
You pick yourself up from the floor.  
And make a dive towards the door.

*Refrain:* Ave, Queen's School! etc.

The dear, dead days beyond recall  
Hang stiffly by the dining hall,  
While in the place of honour gleams  
One of Scotland's nastier queens.

*Refrain:* Ave, Queen's School! etc.

A hundred years have passed away  
Since Queen Victoria first said "Yea."  
O if these changes she perused  
One wonders, "Would she be amused?"

*Refrain:* Ave, Queen's School!  
Ave, Queen's School!  
Ave, Queen's School!  
Ave, Queen's School!

Words by Jackie Wilkin, to  
music by Barbara Pycraft.

# Gifts to the School

The following gifts are gratefully acknowledged:

*Books, and contributions to Library funds:* S. Beddoes, Mrs. Bews, Mr. Castle, E. Maple, Miss MacLean, Miss Pope, J. Turner.

*Other cheques:* The Bishop of Chester (towards Centenary expenses), Dr. and Mrs. Curley, V. Halford (for history and classics), Miss M. Hemming (for French), Mr. and Mrs. Olorenshaw (for mathematics), Mr. and Mrs. van Kleef (for a German prize for ten years).

*Records:* J. Oswell, D. Peers, Miss Hazel Vivienne.

*Music scores:* Mrs. M.E. Hinde.

*Treble recorder and music:* Mr. F. Moss.

*Music prize:* Mrs. J. Holmes.

*Cup for the "Sportswoman of the Year":* Pam, Susan and Judy Moore. (This will be presented annually to the girl who has most frequently represented the school during the year).

*Physics apparatus and CCTV system:* Shell Research Centre.

*Optical flats (for physics laboratory):* Mr. J. Peel.

*Stevenson screen:* Mr. Roberts.

*Photograph for the archives:* Mrs. J. Fernandes.

*Framed photograph of the Centenary service:* Mr. Hack and Miss Goodchild.

*Two embroidered pictures by Maggie Johnson:* The King's School (as a Centenary gift).

*The Centenary Rose Garden:* The girls of the school.

## GIFTS TO NEDHAM HOUSE:

*Books and book tokens:* Miss Bailey, K. Bott, Mrs. Butterworth, V. Cleeves, Mrs. Cunliffe, C. Macdonald-Williams, K. Wright, the Preparatory Department, Nedham House staff.

*Contributions towards an overhead projector:* C. Armstrong, S. Backhouse, K. Bott, L. Charles-Jones, V. Cleeves, J. Fearnall, V. Griffith, M. Harding, S. Harper, D. Hurle, C. Jones, J. King, R. Knight, F. Leslie, J. Longden, J. Pennington, B. Plottier, A. Shone, C. Smedley, R. Walton, A. Warne.

*Other cheques:* W. Somerset-Jones, E. Francis.

*Music stand:* B. Plottier.

*Clock:* L. Charles-Jones, V. Gladstone.

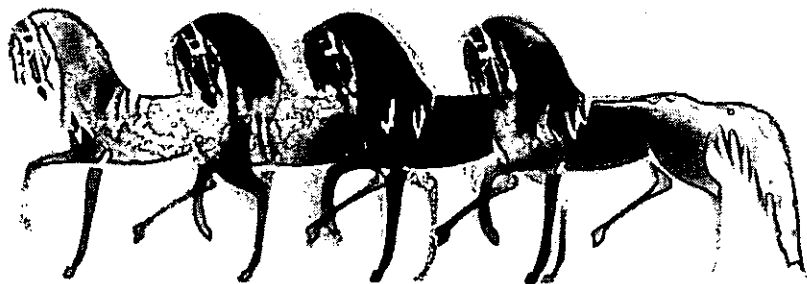
*Kitchen timer:* C. Smedley.

*Cassette holder:* H. Smith.

*Plants:* Miss Farra and Miss Edwards.

*Bird table:* S. and L. Kay.

*Nedham House Sign:* V. Griffith.





# Prizes and Awards, 1978

## FORM PRIZES

### Lower Fifth

*For good work*

Catherine Hamilton,  
Margaret Hardwick,  
Catherine Kerr,

Jacquelyn Martin,  
Heather Stevenson

### Upper Fifth

*For good work*

Caroline Andrew,  
Anne Cassidy,  
Elizabeth Collier,  
Linda Edmondson,

Siân Mile,  
Marie-Elaine Sacher,  
Jane Scard,  
Jane Williams

### Lower Sixth

*For public speaking*  
*For gymnastics and games*

*For service to the school as Head Girl*  
*For service to the school as Deputy Head Girl*

*For service to the school community*

Sylvia van Kleef  
Julia Hands,  
Karin Pottinger  
Christina Faull  
Janet Bernie,  
Jane Hughes  
Ruth Collin

### Upper Sixth

*For service to the school community and good work at*  
*Advanced Level, especially in German*

*For service to the school community*  
*For service to the school through drama*  
*For good work at Advanced Level*  
*For good work at Advanced Level, especially*  
*in Chemistry*

*For good work at Advanced Level, especially*  
*in Mathematics*

*For good work at Advanced Level, especially*  
*in Classics*

*For good work at Advanced Level, especially*  
*in Economics*

*For good work at Advanced Level, especially*  
*in English*

*Art*  
*History*  
*Geography*  
*Physics*  
*Music*

Veronica Davies  
Claire Harrison  
Harriet Roy  
Joanna Oswell

Caroline Armstrong

Charlotte Hess

Charlotte Jones

Edwina Maple

Tiffany Salter  
Barbara Elson  
Christina Hewitt  
Catherine Jones  
Denise Morrey  
Deborah Peers

The Queen's Jubilee Scholarship 1978-79: Judith Allanson

## GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1978, AT ORDINARY LEVEL

*The following passed in five or more subjects at Grade C or above:*

Caroline Andrew, Helen Bevis, Claire Billingham, Kathryn Breckon, Anne Cassidy, Hester Collicutt, Sandra Cowan, Helen Dodd, Linda Edmondson, Jane Edwards, Felicity Green, Jane Haigh, Susan Hassall, Kirstine Howatt, Elizabeth Johnson, Elizabeth Margaron, Alison Marshall, Siân Mile, Alison Mitchell, Alison Parker, Amanda Perry, Virginia Pickering, Catherine Ross, Karen Scholefield, Jennifer Smith, Camilla Sparrow, Penelope Street, Helen Sumner, Karen Swain.  
Alison Bate, Alison Bogle, Sarah Castle, Elizabeth Collier, Jane Cumin, Raynor Davies, Lesley Douglas, Catherine Edwards, Sheena Elliott, Elizabeth Garson, Fiona Green, Lucy Johns, Deborah Jones, Helen Kaye, Charlotte Lawrie, Nicola Lawton, Anne Longden, Adèle Mills, Amanda Pearson, Alexandra Phillips, Alison Rhodes,

Marie-Elaine Sacher, Jane Scard, Victoria Simpson, Cathryn Spratt, Catrin Thomas, Susan Turner, Susan Willett, Jane Williams.

## ADVANCED LEVEL

### Four subjects:

Grace Aldred, Caroline Armstrong, Joanna Bowley, Susan Dally, Veronica Davies, Barbara Elson, Heather Fisher, Nicola Garmory, Helen Goodship, Tessa Griffiths, Vivienne Halford, Gillian Handley, Claire Harrison, Charlotte Hess, Margaret Hooper, Louise Huggins, Diane Johnston, Charlotte Jones, Jane Layzell, Jill Lewis, Edwina Maple, Sarah Morgan-Wynne, Denise Morrey, Judith Olorenshaw, Joanna Oswell, Jeanette Paterson, Janet Poole, Sarah Purcell, Dawn Roberts, Harriet Roy, Tiffany Salter, Elizabeth Thomas, Alison Timms, Jill Turner, Joanna Williams, Lynsey Wood, Susan Wood.

### Three subjects:

Sandra Beddoes, Gillian Cooke, Patricia Forbes, Victoria Gilbride, Susan Griffiths, Christina Hewitt, Catherine Jones, Fiona Knowles, Judith Moore, Deborah Peers, Helen Philips, Helen Salt, Rosemary Sladden, Morag Smith, Helen Williams.

### Two subjects:

Deborah Baker, Jennifer Cooke, Joanna Flanders, Vanessa Parton, Amanda Puddifant.

## GCE Statistics, 1978

In June 1978 O levels were taken in 17 subjects, A levels in 19 subjects and Special Papers in 4 subjects.

At O level this involved 6 practical, 3 oral and 27 written examinations, and at A level 5 practical, 2 oral and 46 written examinations. The school acted as a centre for other schools for A level orals in French and German and for the Music practical examination. At O level it was the centre for the German oral examination and for the Music practical examination.

In the written examinations 266 12-page answer books, 470 8-page answer books, 345 4-page answer books, 709 single sheets and 173 sheets of graph paper were used. All these were packed into 99 parcels which were posted to the examiners by first class mail.

What was the cost of all this?

Examination fees were	£2258.60
Postage	£ 46.19
	£2304.79

Was this all worth-while?

### Upper V Results

#### Subject entries:

	Taken	Passed	Failed
	500	474	26
%	100	94.8	5.2
Grades	Number	%	
A	255	45	} 79.2% of passes were Grades A or B
B	171	34.2	
C	78	15.6	
D	10	2.0	
E	9	1.8	
U	7	1.4	
	500	100.0	

#### Number of passes per girl

	Number	%
9	21	36.2
8	30	51.7
7	4	6.9
6	2	3.4
5	1	1.7
	58	99.9

Average:

8.2 passes per girl

## Upper VI Results

Subject entries

	Taken	Passed	Failed
	212	204	8
%	100	96.2	3.8
<b>Grades</b>	<b>Number</b>	<b>%</b>	
A	60	28.3	} 60.8% of passes were Grades A or B
B	69	32.5	
C	33	15.6	
D	22	10.4	
E	20	9.4	
O	8	3.8	
	212	100.0	

Number of passes per girl (omitting 3rd year VI)

	Number	%
4 passes	37	64.9
3 passes	15	26.3
2 passes	5	8.8
	57	100.0

Average: 3.56 passes per girl

A.H.

## Associated Board Music Examinations

**Grade VI** : *Piano (distinction)*: Julia Hands, Jane Platt; *piano (merit)*: Catherine Fox, Jacqueline Martin, Penelope Street, Susan Wood; *piano*: Alison Baker, Claire Billingham, Helen Goodship, Elizabeth Margaron; *flute (distinction)*: Claire Billingham; *violin (merit)*: Fiona Hardwick; *cello*: Katie Weston; *singing (merit)*: Susan Wood; *singing*: Grace Aldred, Elizabeth Thomas.

**Grade VII** : *Piano (merit)*: Julia Hands, Karen Swain; *violin*: Fiona Hardwick; *singing (merit)*: Anne Archer.

**Grade VIII** : *Piano (distinction)*: Deborah Peers; *piano (merit)*: Rosemary Taylor; *flute (merit)*: Claire Billingham; *clarinet (merit)*: Fiona Green.

(Note: "Merit" requires 120 marks out of 150 and "distinction" 130; to pass requires 100 marks.)

## Distribution of Prizes, December 15th, 1978

The 1978 prizegiving was opened by Mrs. Phillips, Chairman of the Board of Governors, who welcomed everyone and introduced the guest speaker Mrs. Franklin, a former head girl of the school.

Miss Farra then gave her usual review of the school year, in which the Centenary Celebrations had played a large part, and also reported the high academic standards achieved at O and A level.

The presentation of prizes was performed by Mrs. Franklin, who then gave a most stimulating talk on Trade and Commerce. She stressed their importance in modern life because a thriving economy is necessary to provide all the social amenities that people would like to have and to maintain a high standard of living.

After the vote of thanks, Governors, parents and friends were entertained to tea in the gym.

Anne Archer, U VI

# The Queen's School Parents' Association

During this school year, the Parents' Association activities have been very varied and the numbers attending have in general been most encouraging. One innovation has been the most welcome participation in the running of functions by many parents who kindly volunteered at the AGM to help on one occasion during the year. So far, this help has been mainly in the form of serving coffee and squash, preparing and helping with cheese and wine and clearing and washing up but, from all accounts, it has actually been quite enjoyable, especially for one or two fathers who found themselves washing up with about six mothers!

The Autumn Market in September was by far the largest (and wettest) undertaking of the year, as virtually all parents and staff, as well as many girls, became involved in some way. One beneficial by-product of this was the resulting contact between many people who would not otherwise have met, although naturally the main benefit was the £3773 raised. This, together with other funds, enabled the School to purchase a number of much needed items and to provide finance for some projects, to a total of almost £4000. These were:—

Library Shelving      Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme  
Overhead projector and trolley for Nedham House  
Kiln for use throughout the School  
Library books for many Departments      Money for prizes  
10 small chairs for the reading area of Nedham House  
Extras for the hall amplifiers      Office chair for Mrs. Harrison  
Cassette recorder for Nedham House      Top pan balance  
16 trapezoid tables and one matching rectangular one  
Reserve fund for the new Preparatory Department in Liverpool Road

Following the Autumn Market we had the annual General Meeting when, as usual, several new members joined the Committee. In December, the Buffet Supper was as enjoyable as ever, with a lot of help and excellent food being provided by parents, and both "old" and "new" parents having an opportunity of meeting each other during the evening.

In the Spring Term, large audiences attended the unusually varied recital on recorders, piano and guitar by three professional musicians from the Tafelmusik group, and a most interesting talk on wildlife all over the world by Mr. Wait, Curator of Mammals at Chester Zoo. This term, Mr. Peter Dornford-May, Pageant Master for Chester's 1900th Anniversary Celebrations this year, gave an extremely vivid account of his involvement with various Mystery Plays and the evolution of the Chester Tales, which he was asked to create from scratch for production this summer. In June there will be another Barn Dance, following requests by parents and girls who enjoyed the last one a few years ago, and a lively evening is anticipated for everyone who comes.

You can actively help the school simply by inviting as many "outside" friends as possible to all Parents' Association functions; the Committee would be most grateful for this kind of support and would also be delighted to hear any of your ideas for future events or speakers.

Kate Merrett, Secretary

## Voluntary Service

1978 proved to be another rewarding year for the voluntary service group. We organised two successful parties, which seemed very much appreciated, for senior citizens who are regularly visited by girls from the school.

The West Cheshire Hospital is still visited by a large number of people on Friday nights, and the number of girls visiting other hospitals in the area has greatly increased.

We would like to express our thanks to Miss Farra, Miss Edwards and Miss Hinde for their continual encouragement and guidance during our year of office and we would like to wish next year's officers the best of luck.

The Voluntary Service Committee

## Mock Election

During the first week of the Summer Term, the school, enflamed by the political ardour of our elders, decided to hold a Mock Election. Each of the three major parties was represented: the Conservatives by Debbie Jones, the Liberals by Diane Edge and the Labour Party by Kim Affleck. Very nearly every form fielded a representative for each party, and each representative endeavoured to convert her form during a special English period set aside for that purpose.

Although we started out with the highest possible ideals, we quickly learned that it is much easier, and sometimes more convincing, to ridicule the opposition, than to present one's own ideas.

Still, despite the cruel destruction of our youthful beliefs, I think we all enjoyed it. 97% of the school voted, so that we were obviously more enthusiastic than the country as a whole, and we produced the most conclusive result of the whole election - Conservatives 60%, Liberals 29% and Labour 11%.

Kim Affleck

## Music and Drama

### Music

This year's musical activities have included many interesting events. In November we were privileged to hear an excellent piano recital given in the school hall by Gerda de Lipford Sawicka, one of our visiting staff, and the school concert in December gave many people the opportunity to perform before an audience.

A large number of music groups continues to flourish, and enthusiasm is evident throughout the school. There is a second year and a third year recorder group as well as the Senior Consort, and Mrs. Pycraft holds weekly rehearsals of the Wind Group. She also conducts the Junior Choir and Senior Orchestra. The Chamber Music Group would like to thank her for her help this year. There is a weekly meeting of a training orchestra of some twenty players conducted by Mrs. Stringer, one of our visiting violin teachers.

At Christmas, Miss Lee left and was succeeded as Head of Department by Mr. Berry. We thank him for his hard work with the Madrigal Group, Senior Recorder Consort, and especially the Senior Choir, whom he prepared for the performances in March of Vivaldi's "Gloria", and Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" (reviewed below). Our thanks also go to Mr. Merry of The King's School, who coached the male part of the choir, and who conducted "Carmina Burana". Both concerts were tremendously enjoyed by the choir and enthusiastically received by the audience.

Music in the Summer Term is becoming equally enjoyable. As usual, The Queen's School is well represented at the Chester Festival, and preparations for the forthcoming musical evening are providing an incentive to all our musicians.

J. Platt, U VI

## Schools' Choral Society

One sacred and one most definitely secular work made up the programme given recently by the Chester King's and Queen's Schools Choral Society at each school on successive evenings.

With the backing of a full orchestra and directed respectively by Arthur Berry and Martin Merry, they performed Vivaldi's "Gloria" alongside Carl Orff's monumentally exciting setting of mediaeval lyrics "Carmina Burana".

Oddly enough, it was the relatively conventional and traditional liturgical work that exposed more weaknesses and a tendency to strain.

However, the orchestra and the more confident choral sections coaxed matters through the nervous patches so that the work could touch sublimity in the "Qui Tollis Peccata" and the finale "Tu solus altissimus . . . Amen".

Vocal and instrumental soloists were Anne Archer, Catherine Andrew, Charlotte Lawrie, Charles Jones (oboe) and Helen Roose (cello).

In contrast, the collective assault upon the "Carmina" was vigorous, humorous and confidently sustained throughout its edited length — gaining much eloquent pathos from the freshness of the young voices involved. The soloists here were Anne Archer, Jonathan Gibbs, Wayne Turner and Colin Scott.

Maureen Nield

*(Reprinted with permission from the "Chester Chronicle" of 30th March, 1979.)*

## Middle School Drama Festival

One of the most gratifying things about hard work is watching other people do it. When their labour results in such a pleasant evening as the Drama Festival produced at the end of the Spring Term, then hard work becomes very enjoyable indeed. This report must also include the thanks of a most appreciative audience to Miss Callaway and Miss Wilkin, who co-ordinated the four plays; to the producers and their back-stage assistants for their hitch-free and entertaining programme, and to the players themselves for their spirited and pleasing acting.





Under  
Milk Wood

Noah



Tobias and  
the Angel



The Insect  
Play

If there is a major criticism which one might feel bound to make for the benefit of future dramatic productions, it is that the speeches tended to become inaudible. It was a pity that sometimes sufficient justice was not done to the hours of learning and rehearsing, when on the night the words were lost.

This criticism particularly applied to the first of the plays, "Under Milk Wood" by Dylan Thomas, produced by Lower V G. No doubt, since it was the first on stage, nervousness accounted for much of the inaudibility, but clear speech was particularly important here to give emphasis to the Welsh accents employed by the cast. Where it could be heard the accent was carefully maintained throughout the play, and the players showed a good understanding of grouping and movement on stage, with effective use of lighting.

Upper IV H produced the second play, a modern comedy, "Noah" by André Obéy. Most impressive disguises and costumes for the animals reflected imagination and initiative and the members of Noah's family were played with zest. It was a pity that occasional fits of amnesia brought moments of unexpected silence to what was otherwise an exuberant production, nicely typecast.

After the interval we were given Upper IV G's fluent and colourful version of "Tobias and the Angel" by James Bridie. This production was visually pleasant, with an interesting and well-contrived set. The cast showed good stage sense and generally the speeches were clear, if occasionally delivered rather fast. The players looked and behaved as if they enjoyed their parts and this enjoyment was transmitted to the audience.

Lower V B brought down the final curtain with "The Insect Play" by Capěk, a comedy with a Message. Here also the costumes, stage-set and especially the make-up were both colourful and effective. The players acted with a good understanding of the humour — perhaps particularly of the black humour — and their speeches were distinct. The scene required a complicated arrangement of static and mobile characters but this, as well as the movement on and off stage, was deftly handled.

Altogether the Festival was well worth the labour of production and made a very pleasant contrast to the more intellectual and academic rôles we usually play in school. Thank you all very much — I enjoyed myself.

J.R.S.

## Persephone

Just before Christmas Remove A performed a poetic version of the Greek legend of Persephone to their parents and some of the school. It was a very successful production. The bright, happy scene of Persephone dancing with her nymphs contrasted with the sinister entry of Hades with his chariot drawn by horses, and the sadness of Demeter seeking her lost daughter contrasted with the happiness of her restoration.

The costumes showed great ingenuity and considerable care. There was special music too, composed by Matthew Parker, and the lively recorder tune for the dance at the beginning became slow and haunting as Demeter sought Persephone.

It was pleasing that every member of the form acted in the play. Outstanding was Kathleen Gillett as Hermes for her dramatic presence and beautifully clear speech, but all the main characters spoke confidently and acted well. Persephone's nymphs and the creatures of the underworld contributed greatly to the play by their effective movement. Altogether it was a very enjoyable production and Mrs. Parker must be very pleased with Remove A's achievements.

R.C.

## The Crucible

Last year in the Christmas Term, Miss Callaway adventurously decided to stage a performance of "The Crucible" by Arthur Miller. This is an especially difficult play to produce because it is very long and because there could be a risk in places of its degenerating into a Victorian Melodrama. However, undeterred, a group of dedicated actresses underwent intensive rehearsal whilst people with old sheets were vigorously urged to convert them into costumes; and the play was performed on Thursday November 30th and Friday December 1st.

The general verdict was that it was one of the best plays ever performed at Queen's. Although it of necessity had to be cut short, the story of the horror and injustice of the Salem Witch Hunt was clear.



The acting in general was extremely good, particularly the leading characters, played by Carol Marley, Helen Bevis, Kim Affleck, Debbie Jones and Alison Shaftoe; and the authentic costumes and simple scenery were very effective.

Miss Callaway and everyone else concerned with the play must be congratulated on its resounding success.

Joanna Andrew, L VI

## AND AT THE KING'S SCHOOL . . .

### Twelfth Night

Marietta, Hilda and I first attended a rehearsal for Twelfth Night one dark, cold evening, after school. And we hated it: there is something very unnerving in being watched by thirty unknown boys. Still, we survived, and in the weeks that followed I often wished we had come to know the play as well as we had come to know the cast.

Twelfth Night has a very complex plot, and because we were never present for all of the rehearsals, not one of us really understood the play until the technical rehearsal. The technical rehearsal was, in fact, a calamity. After it, when someone commented that we had two days to learn our lines, the realisation hit us that people were going to be there watching us perform very soon, and we had to get it right.

The devout promise of "It will be all right on the night" was fulfilled. And although Miss Burnett must have despaired of us most of the time, from Orsino's line "If music be the food of love, play on" to Feste's "And we'll strive to please you every day", Twelfth Night was our play and we were in the Middle Temple, untangling the love life of Orsino, Olivia and Viola.

Jane Jones, L V B

### H.M.S. Pinafore

On the 4th and 5th of May the less musical amongst us were treated to yet another joint King's and Queen's School production - this time of Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore". The singing was, of course, of a very high standard, but it was the choreography which most attracted the attention. Whoever managed to coax such sailor-like actions from such an unlikely crew deserves special praise. Perhaps the high spot of the evening was the hornpipe as performed with a professional fresh-breath confidence by Jonathan Gibbs. However, the most moving performances were given by Anne Archer who played Josephine, and Neil Almond as a suitably soulful Ralph Rackstraw. In some parts members of the audience were almost moved to tears, as things looked black for our two heroes. However, Buttercup, played by Poppy Hasted, managed to bring the story to its inevitable happy conclusion.

Throughout the proceedings piano accompaniment was provided by Mr. Higgins and musical direction by Mr. Lyons. The enthusiasm and enjoyment obviously felt by them and by the cast was communicated to the audience, making the evening very successful.

Alison Rhodes, L VI

# Clubs and Societies

## Sixth Form Link

Last Autumn this was formed as a young members' section of the English Speaking Union. At that time we had very little support, but it has now developed into a service for entertaining Chester's sixth formers in any way possible. Two parties, various talks, a sponsored marathon dance and a film have already been organized, and a massive dance with live bands as well as a discothèque is planned for a post-A level celebration.

We have representatives from Queen's, King's, Kingsway, Whitby, Christleton, Catholic High, Queen's Park, Chester College of Further Education and Carlett Park, and are trying to establish contact with Upton High and Blacon. Our main enemy seems to be apathy, something which we all suffer from at some time. Many sixth-formers already have an active social and intellectual life, but we believe that by pooling the resources of as many of us as possible we can nevertheless improve it.

Further support from present or future sixth-formers will be very welcome.

Raynor Davies, Lesley Douglas, L VI

## Chess Club



We are afraid that due to external examinations and the shortage of desirable lunch hours, we were unable to supervise the chess club this year. We were very happy, however, to see the occasional couple playing chess when they could.

We are aiming to reinstate the club on a regular basis next term and so we look forward to seeing many people wishing to learn and/or play chess.

Catherine Dubourg, Isabel Whitley, U V

## Senior Debating Society

This year the skilful interplay of devastating wit and wisdom of our members reached dizzy new heights of critical acclaim.

In the autumn term we debated motions as varied as "This house believes there is no deity" and "This house believes the appeal of Debby Harry will outlive that of Max Bygraves" (Max won overwhelmingly!). We also held a special Christmas balloon debate between members of staff; Mrs. Simpson, Miss Wilkin and Miss Winter very graciously represented Father Christmas, the Christmas fairy and Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer respectively.

In the Spring Term we organised a highly successful competition. Thanks to the constructive animadversion of various members of staff who kindly gave up their time to judge, the general standard of debating has greatly improved. We should like to thank all those members of staff who have helped us over the past year, especially Miss Farra; also Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Peers and all those people who so kindly helped to make the tea and arrange the room.

Susan Willett, Marie-Elaine Sacher, L VI

## Junior Debating Society

Spurred on, perhaps, by the example of the House of Commons, the members of this society frequently resort to a free-for-all argument technique in preference to debating. We, the long-suffering occupants of the chair, try to prevent this – with no success whatsoever.

However, the keenness of the members is very encouraging, as we rarely have any difficulty in finding speakers and several people have regularly given good speeches. The standard was especially high in our one balloon debate when Snoopy, Tom and Jerry, and Noddy and Big-Ears eloquently put forward their cases. Other debates have been more serious and the topics have ranged from euthanasia to fox-hunting.

We have been pleased by the attendance figures, which only began to flag towards the end of term. We would like to thank those who have attended for their enthusiasm, which has always led to lively debates, and for the efforts they have made in preparing their speeches.

Linda Edmondson, Virginia Pickering, L VI

## Junior Bible Study Group

This meets every Wednesday at one o'clock. We usually start by singing songs which people have requested. After about four songs (three old favourites and one new one, usually), we quieten down and have prayers. Members tell of incidents which have recently occurred where they wish everyone to pray for the people involved, and we have found that many of our prayers have been answered. Every week we find something to be thankful for, such as a wedding or a new baby. After the prayers we usually go into groups and answer questions with the aid of our bibles. Sometimes we look into a paragraph in the bible and are amazed at how much information can be found if one delves deep enough. We have also had two films, and a talk from a local minister. Unfortunately every week time gets ahead of us, so that after the grace we must all rush off to register. We enjoy bible study and it has helped us to understand what being a Christian really means.

Ruth Williams, Katy Cunliffe, Remove A

## Christian Union

This year has seen the refounding of the Joint Christian Union, which meets weekly in the sixth form coffee room after school on Mondays and is attended by staff and fifth and sixth forms of both schools. Since the first meeting in October, 1978, the society has had a large range of speakers, films, bible studies and discussions. Those speakers that have been particularly interesting or inspiring have been on the themes of "Women's Role in the Church", "The Christian Headmaster" by Mr. Munday, "Evolution and the Christian" and "Is a Christian always a Christian?"

Profits from the tea enabled us to serve Hot Cross Buns at our Easter meetings and thanks must go to Felicity Green, Jane Cumin and Miss Hayes for making them. Also, everybody's thanks go to Vicky Simpson whose tea-making has been marked by efficiency!

Throughout the year smaller internal meetings of the Christian Union have continued with regular support during Friday lunch hours.

I would like to thank Mrs. Parker for her support and help with the organisation and running of the society throughout the year.

Catherine Ross, L VI

## **The King's and Queen's Schools Joint Sixth Form Society**

Despite the lack of a report in the 1978 Have Mynde, the society has continued to meet regularly for the last two years. Various activities have taken place after school on most Fridays, ranging from a three-legged football match to a visit from the M.P. for Chester, Mr. Peter Morrison.

The season began with a basket-ball match in which the superior height of the King's School team led them to victory. The year continued with a programme of talks given by a variety of speakers, including Mr. Dickenson on hypnotism; a "Samaritan", about his organisation's work; a policeman with a film about crime prevention, and the Leader of the City Council. These were punctuated by several competitive events — croquet, with a "cucumber sandwich tea", a cricket match at The King's School, and Whist and Beetle drives.

Hints of a forthcoming General Election in the autumn led us to invite Mr. Sandy Blair, the prospective parliamentary Labour candidate, to discuss community relations. Due to the interest shown in that meeting in mixed-ability teaching, Mr. David Seltzer was invited later in the term, and he brought a film illustrating this method of education. Mr. Tony Dickenson was invited again, this time to talk on acupuncture, whilst at another meeting, Miss Sue Washington gave her views on hypnotism.

A notable meeting soon after Christmas introduced members to the rudiments of waltzing. Recent visiting speakers have included Dr. and Mrs. Robinson describing Nepal, Mr. Ian Edwards of Chester Football Club, and Mr. B. Doyle on the work of Amnesty International. At a meeting open to the rest of the school Mr. H. Prins gave an account of Scottish art, and in May Dr. N. Davies spoke about the International Year of the Child.

Judith Allanson, U VI

## **Wild Life Youth Service**

Since last year, when many of the Removes and Lower Fourths became members of the Wildlife Youth Service (a section of the World Wildlife Fund), the Natural History Club has ceased to function and the W.Y.S. has gradually taken over. Mrs. Swift, who organizes the group, has shown us films including ones about the protection of plant life and animals in danger of extinction; she has also helped us produce a large poster on which nocturnal and diurnal animals are depicted. We have also taken part in a sponsored quiz to help raise money for the preservation of sea life.

Anna Howatt, L IV S



## The Queen's School Zoo

At present, members of the school are looking after a wide variety of animals. The Removes have gained great pleasure from looking after their rapidly-increasing colony of stick-insects, and have distributed the surplus to various people who have shown an interest in them. A wormery was set up by the same forms earlier in the year, to investigate feeding habits, and two gerbils have been very carefully looked after by the Lower Fourth forms.

This year, for the first time, the school has been in possession of two guinea-pigs. Although one of the guinea-pigs, Delilah, died of hepatitis, she was soon replaced by a long-haired guinea-pig called Millicent. Humphrey, our short-haired guinea-pig, has remained in good health. Many of the school have also enjoyed helping with some locusts and two goldfish.

We would like to thank Mrs. Swift and Dr. Bradbeer for their help and encouragement throughout the year, especially when the animals have fallen ill, and we hope that next year the girls involved with the animals will have just as much fun as we had.

Katrina Wood, Wendy Winnard, U IV H

## British Association Young Scientists

The Wirral Branch of BAYS has continued to thrive this year with a varied programme of lectures, many of which were held at Carlett Park College of Technology, Eastham. We started the season with the ever-popular lecture, given by Dr. D. Nicholls of Liverpool University, on liquid air. This involved light-hearted demonstrations of the properties of nitrogen, oxygen and carbon dioxide at very low temperatures. One of these involved the freezing of a tomato so that it could be smashed against a wall.

Another popular lecture was "The New Age of Genetic Engineering" given by Mr. E. Yoxen of Manchester University. This led to a discussion of developments in the field of genetic engineering and of the practical moral and political problems which this new technology is already creating.

Other lectures included "The Application of Computers" by Prof. B. Richards, "Animals versus Disease" by Mr. J.B. Alexander and "The Atomic Threat" by Dr. Philip Gummert. Although some of these lectures were complicated and suitable only for those doing A level sciences, others were easier to understand.

We hope that there will be continued and even increased support from members of the Queen's School next term.

Kathryn Rhodes, U V W

## Art Club

Art Club has once again been resurrected and is flourishing, with a dozen or more members! This exclusive club meets every Thursday lunch time (behind closed doors) for a fun-packed half-hour filled with thrills, spills – and even some drawing.

During the summer we will possibly be organising an entry for the Chester Festival, but this term we are exploring drawing techniques.

Helen Sumner, Clare Thompson, Kirstine Howatt, L VI

# Creative Writing



## Paper Aeroplanes

It started when, at my old school, there was a sudden trend to make paper aeroplanes. At breaktime, in the playground, these menacing things wavered through the air, swerving and drifting into everybody. The teachers often became terribly annoyed when these worthless toys were sometimes thrown in class.

In our classroom, our teacher had pinned up a magnificent picture of the earth, taken from the moon. The continents were so clear and definite. This picture was difficult to obtain, so, naturally, the teacher was rather proud of it.

One morning, to her and our dismay, she found her precious photograph folded into the all-too-familiar shape of a paper aeroplane. The expression as she stood up from picking it up, sent a shiver down everybody's spine. A lot of girls, including me, started to turn bright pink. As the question was asked as to who did it, many people just stared at some imaginary thing, hoping the teacher would not look at them.

Five minutes later this dreadful silence still continued. Guessing that it was probably one of the boys who had done it, she told all the girls to read. The boys had to sit there and wait until one of them owned up. Even though the girls were excused, everybody felt very guilty. Nobody could concentrate on her reading book at all.

At long last this awful silence was broken by the sound of the break bell. Everybody sighed in relief. But the teacher was firm when she said that the girls only might go outside. All the girls hurriedly rushed outside into the playground. We heard raised voices from the direction of the classroom. When we were forced to return to that silent classroom, we wished the break time had gone as slowly as that awful time in the classroom.

We soon discovered that each boy had been supplied with a slip of paper on which he was forced to write the words:—

"I did not fold the picture into an aeroplane."

The teacher must have found out who it was because not another word was said about that folded paper. The cloud of unnecessary guilt seemed to lift from everybody after this unfortunate affair was over.

Ann Warne, Remove A

## Scorpions!

Once I was on holiday on a hot island called Minorca and one day I went for a picnic on a deserted beach. The beach had high cliffs on either side of it so when I had finished eating I decided to climb the cliffs. I did this, then, once I was on the cliff top I noticed some interesting looking caves about two hundred yards away from me.

I took quite a long time to get there (the ground was rocky and uneven and I kept on losing my "flip-flops") but when I *did* get there I noticed some primitive drawings on the cave's walls. Excited, I took a step forward and hunted with my eyes for more drawings. It was then that I saw three slimy, black things, about the length of my hand with long-sectioned tails, crawling along the floor, right in the corner of the cave. Scorpions! I was more fascinated than frightened, but that did not stop me taking a step backwards!

Apprehensively I watched the scorpions until, on impulse, I looked down at my feet. The thing which met my eyes made my heart leap up and hit my shoulder bone! THERE WAS A SCORPION ABOUT TWO INCHES AWAY FROM MY RIGHT FOOT!

It is amazing how many thoughts can go through your mind in a fraction of a second. I imagined myself lying, in agony from the scorpion's bite, with scorpions crawling all over me. I imagined myself stumbling, lost on the cliff, and being in great pain until the poison finally killed me. (This would have taken about twenty-four hours). I imagined myself having to have my foot amputated to stop the poison spreading.

All these horrible thoughts went through my mind in one moment, then I screamed "HELP" as loudly as I could, but it only came out as "help." This did not matter as I had already run about ten yards away from the cave. Then I tripped and stumbled, landing heavily on a sharp stone which made a nasty gash on my knee.

There I was, bleeding, frightened, and, as I soon realised, hopelessly lost. However optimism prevailed and I soon scrambled to my feet when I realized that all I had to do was find the cliff edge and call to my companions on the beach. I did this, only to find that my voice was carried too far out to sea by the gentle breeze. "It's all right," I told myself, "The cliff top isn't very big, I'm bound to come across the way down eventually."

I was soon to find out, however, that this was not to be the case, for every thorn bush could hide the way down to the beach, and I was surrounded by hundreds of thorn bushes. Now another horrible vision came into my mind: I imagined myself dying a horrible death of starvation, just wasting away in the heat.

I had no strength left, so I just sat down with a thump and I was just about to burst into tears, when I heard a familiar voice behind me. "Hello, where have you been? We have been imagining all sorts of terrible things happening to you!" I spun round to behold Carlos, a Spanish friend who had come on the picnic with us. "Most of them nearly did," I said, and grinned at his mystified expression.

Sally Taylor, Remove H

## When We Were Naughty

We decided to go to Kendal's, one of my favourite stores, and Mum hoped I would behave. First my mum ordered me a huge plate of spaghetti bolognaise but that morning I did not feel hungry so I tipped the plate over my head. I found this very funny but my Mum did not seem to think so. She dragged me out of my seat, but I was not ready to go as I still had not had my pudding. When Mum was trying to pull me out of my seat and I was trying to sit down somehow my dress ripped right down the back.

This was the last straw for my Mum, so she dragged me right through Manchester with a ripped dress, spaghetti in my hair, swearing never to let me go shopping with her again.

Rachel Yates, Remove H

London 1969. I was two years old. My family had never been to London before so we thought we would visit one of London's posh restaurants. When nearly all of us had finished the first course of the meal, the waiter came up and lifted the plate from under my nose before I had finished. He proceeded to take it to the kitchen. I protested strongly by standing on my chair and shouting "I want my dinner back again. I want my dinner back again." The waiter took absolutely no notice and continued to take away the plate. Then my Mum went to him. She came back with my plate only to find me being offered chocolate by an old lady. As I was upset at the time I was also rude to her, saying "I want my dinner back again. I don't want any chocolate, just my dinner." Mum apologised and sat me down with the plate in my view. Now I was not hungry but I did not want the food wasted so I made her wrap all the left-overs and put them in her handbag. Then we decided to leave.

Moya Stevenson, Remove H

Susan, my friend, had come to play. We were outside when I said: "Let's play cars." Susan agreed and we climbed into Daddy's car. I pretended to drive and then I said: "We have run out of petrol."

I got out of the car and fetched my two baskets. I told Susan to come and help fill Daddy's car's petrol tank with pretend petrol. The pretend petrol, of course, was stones. As I put them in, Susan collected them. One by one the stones plummeted into the tank.

The back door swung open and out ran a very red-in-the-face father.

Clare Jones, Remove H

## Reflections

Exploring the room the kitten came to the mirror. It shied away when it saw its reflection, then, gathering courage, came back to look again. Approaching the glass its image once again appeared and it backed away. Then once again curiosity overcame fear and the kitten went up to the mirror. It tried to sniff this new arrival and its nose bumped the glass. Hurt, it hurried away, only to come back again. It patted the glass, wonderingly watching its reflection do the same. It walked along in front of the glass, staring as the reflection did the same. When it got to the end it went behind to see if this cat was there. Finding nothing, it returned to the front to watch and stare at this new companion. Then, growing bored, the kitten made a final attempt to play; backing off and then rushing up and leaping. But instead of landing as it expected on a soft heap of kitten it just banged its head. Disgusted, the kitten walked off.

Madeleine McMullin, Lower IV S

## The Sea Monster

The sea was blue when you were far from the shore but when you came near it was absolutely clear. The horses galloped to shore carrying a blue swirling train which swept over the rocks and into the pools. The children laughed and chattered and ran to fetch water for their castle moat.

There was a child and a man standing over a pool trying to catch some shrimps for their dinner. Suddenly a deep dark cloud swept over the sun, the horses galloped along faster than ever. Piercing screams rang from the shore.

A tall dark shape appeared on the horizon and moved slowly but surely through the sea devouring everything living. By this time all the people had fled, running over the sandcastle and breaking it down. By the time the monster reached the shore it gave a loud roar and descended. The cloud went. All that was left was a broken sandcastle and two bent nets. Then came a little rumble and then the splash, splash of the sea.

Deirdre Hewitt, Form III

# Mushroom House

Once upon a time there was a little elf called Lokie. He lived in a little house called rose cottage.

It had its name on the door in gold letters. The little elf wore a tall red cap on his head. In

his house were a few twigs, some ornaments, a match box, and a piece of silk. The piece of silk and the match box was made into a bed for him. One day he was in the



woods when he found a gold ring with a sapphire in the middle. He took it to his house and put it in a cupboard. Before he went to bed he looked at it again and he saw something shining. He took the sapphire out.

It was a little glass bottle with a cork made of gold. This is fit for a king he said. He put the bottle, the ring and the sapphire back in his cupboard. Lokie said his prayer and went to bed. In the night he dreamed a fairy came to his house and said you must find mushroom house for soon there will be a big rain. When he woke up he said I must set off on my journey. He gathered some crumbs of bread, the ring, the bottle and the sapphire and put them in a bag. Then he set off on his journey. He traveled for four days and four nights till he came to mushroom house.



It had its name by the door. He turned the handle and looked inside. There was a silk bed with a satin eiderdown, flowered curtains on the windows, a table with a pink table cloth, some silver knives and forks and spoons and a dresser and a blazing fire. He skipped into the room with delight.

He found loaves in the cupboard, cheese in the greaser. He put the bottle, the ring and the sapphire on the dresser, made his bed and had his dinner. The next day there was a storm but Lokie stayed dry. He looked through the window and to his surprise there was the fairy out in the rain. Lokie ran to the door and asked her to come in. Thank you said the fairy. Lokie got some cheese and bread and water. They both lived happily ever after.



# The Witch

Katie Edwards  
age 8

Witches cauldron, boil and boil

Put more frogs in,

do not spoil.

make more frogs,

make more snails

make more snakes, make more

cats tails, dragons scales,

more tails, more scales,

good bye Mrs witch,

I'm off to

WALS.



# The Two Naughty Kittens

oneday two naughty kittens

found a tin of red paint and oh no

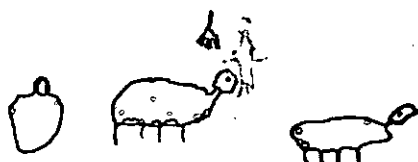
they are painting the

walls screamed there mother

so she put them right to bed

with out any supper.

Andrew Edwards age 6



## THE BANAAAANA

*There they were sitting in a bowl  
With hedgehoggy points,  
Tiger stripes on ochery.  
On my plate a rising moon,  
In my hand a squeezezy fruit.  
Quickly unzippery,  
And in my mouth tongue tingling,  
And tummy bound.  
All gone now,  
Only a deflated balloon left.*

Rachel Robinson, Form III

## CROCUSES

*Delicate, brave flowers,  
Pushing through the earth,  
Bringing to the world,  
Bright new birth.*

*Silky soft flowers,  
Purple, yellow or white  
Six petals spread open  
Or shut very tight.*

*Fire in the centre  
Burning, burning bright  
Very, very startling  
Against the quiet white.*

Charlotte Taylor, Form I



## POLTERGEISTS

*These playful spirits that haunt the house  
Day and night,  
Are like a nightmare,  
They are souls of the dead  
With magical powers.  
Abnormal creatures that creep about  
Behind the shadows of the hall,  
Weirdly moving the furniture.  
These are POLTERGEISTS.*

Elsbeth Smedley, Form II

## EL TIGRE

*Crouching patiently among the bushes,  
Waiting for the man to move,  
The tiger watches, crouching, watching,  
Not breathing and making no move,  
As the man walks carefully, slowly and carefully  
Down the clearing to the grove.  
The tiger stalks around the trees,  
He sets his padded paws down carefully  
Smelling man upon the breeze.  
The scent of man gets stronger, stronger.  
As the tiger crouches carefully.  
And suddenly he could wait no longer,  
Gathering his strength together  
The tiger watched through yellow eyes,  
He saw the hunter walk so slowly,  
Straight past his yellow, slitted eyes.  
Then suddenly the tiger pounced,  
He leapt high through the skies,  
And landed smack upon the hunter,  
Uttering his great war cries.  
The tiger dragged the carcass backwards,  
Through the jungle, through the trees,  
He dragged the prize back through the bushes,  
The scent of man gone from the breeze.*

Meleri Evans, Form III

## ANTS

*The sun high in the sky, the heat pouring down from it  
In great waves,  
Like a sea with clouds for boats speeding across the blue.  
A creak, a clatter,  
And a stone rolls from its place on the wall of the herbaceous  
border.*

*Then the earth seems to move,  
Gathering its very particles together,  
Pulling itself beneath itself.  
Then I realize:  
Ants!  
No dust, though if they were from dust  
They must be more so.*

*Ants!  
Fleeing from light, their black specks of body  
Running hither and thither  
Till all are gone from sight.*

(Inspired by D.H. Lawrence)

Kate Bott, Remove A

## THE CAT

*Silent paws,  
Sharp claws.  
Sleek fur,  
Deep purr.  
Keen eyes,  
Very wise.  
Pink nose,  
Majestic pose.  
Long tail,  
Whiskers frail.  
Teeth white,  
Great might.  
Pointed ears,  
Nothing fears.*



Vanessa Ginn, Remove H

Illustration by  
Anna Godfrey, Lower V G

## RABBIT

A beam of sunlight stretched down from among the dark  
storm-clouds.  
A rabbit stood at its foot,  
Watching the raindrops dancing in the light as the wind eddied  
and swirled.  
Its fur was moulded to its body by the water.  
Its brown, liquid eyes stared curiously at the patterns made by  
the rain on the stream,  
Water falling on water . . . . .  
It glanced upward as an obstructing wisp of cloud was wafted  
away from the sun.  
All around it was the smell of wet earth.  
Suddenly, a darker shadow fell on the rabbit. It was alert . . .  
  
It was alert too late.  
When the shadow lifted from the grass there were  
Red stains on the green.  
  
But still the raindrops danced in the wind;  
Dancing in the eddying wind  
As the hawk ate his meal.

Alex Hedley, Lower IV S

## GUINEA-PIG

Bright, enquiring eyes peer out from under  
a screen of fawn, black and white hair.  
The original walking floor-mop.  
Whiffling nose, surrounded by long white  
whiskers, enquires as to the whereabouts  
of the food.  
Like a fat, bumbling lady.  
Solemn, throaty wheeze rises to  
high-pitched squeak of anxiety as the  
hutch door opens.  
Food is forthcoming, in the shape of a  
lettuce leaf; and she settles down  
to yet another hearty meal, while  
the rabbit looks disdainfully on.

Alison Hood, Lower IV P

## REMOVE RIDDLES

*Way into the gloom and another world,  
Step through its rocky base,  
Enter its murky atmosphere.  
Frothy foam dribbles carelessly  
From the roof of its mouth,  
Droplets singing as they fall;  
This world of colours, natural growth  
And sculpturing.*

Answer: A cave

Rachel Walton, Remove A

*Nobody remembers the crime  
The judge had no word in this case.  
The prisoners move in their darkening cell  
They cannot escape, there are no doors  
For they live surrounded by window.  
The prisoners move in their darkening cell.  
They are fed from Heaven like the Israelites  
But they are not the chosen tribe.  
The prisoners move in their darkening cell.*

Answer: Goldfish in a bowl

Kathleen Gillett, Remove A

*I watched, as weird, wind-blown weapons thudded  
to the ground;  
Rapid footfalls and searching hands,  
Ten trespassers all try to prise open the spikey  
objects.  
Shouts of glee as smooth, brown balls reveal  
themselves  
Each to be pierced and threaded through  
To win triumph and victory.*

Answer: Conkers

Janet Harvey, Remove A

## NOVEMBER

*November is like a huge magnet  
Pulling all the bad weather and drab colours  
together.*

*It draws leaves off the trees,  
It draws petals off the flowers,  
Leaving them to wither and die.  
It is like a man who has let out his breath  
in a rush,  
Blowing biting winds, rain and sleet all over  
the world.*

*A man wearing a cloak of grey, yellow and  
pearly white —*

*A cloak of fog.  
It is like a spider,  
Creeping over the world, silently and secretly,  
Creating a grey web over the countryside.  
November is a month which was forgotten  
during creation,  
It was left a restless, dreary wanderer.*

Anna Howatt, Lower IV S

## THE DOWNS

*Professionally sculptured  
Into the horizon,  
The Downs lie;  
A few lonely trees split the curving line.  
Nearly quiet, but for the cuckoo,  
Ages old they lie, still as a lifeless body,  
Not changing,  
Not moving,  
Until the end of the world.  
They cannot tell what they see,  
They cannot tell what they hear,  
What conversations have been held on their backs,  
What horsemen have cantered on their shoulder-  
blades,  
What the winds have told them.*

Anna Gordon, Lower IV P

## TOMATOES

*Perfect plumpness,  
Skin pulled drum-like  
Over the soft foam fruit,  
The skin inseparable from the fruit  
Like the atmosphere from the earth,  
Hugging each other closely.*

*Redness, roundness,  
Crimson-coloured.  
Throughout the dimpled skin  
Not a sharp corner or edge,  
Not a flat surface or face.  
Whoever heard of a square tomato?*

Imogen Clark, Lower IV S

## TIME

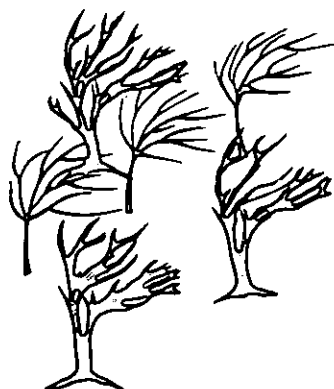
*By creating time  
man has restricted.  
Sleep, eat, work, sleep,  
the monotonous pattern of time  
flows on.  
There's a time to eat,  
A time to sleep,  
A time to sit in the rush hour on  
London Bridge.  
As time moves on,  
Our seconds pass away and  
as we work, eat and sleep,  
Time, grain by grain,  
falls effortlessly through  
another minute.  
Even the sun measures  
our days by disappearing  
to give us night and  
leaving darkness.  
Time will continue  
While human life inhabits  
this planet,  
Time which man created,  
Will create man.*

Jane Fitzsimmons, Upper IV H

## LIGHTNING

*For a second everything seemed frozen:  
The poplars in the park, like sentries on duty  
Dressed all in a ghostly grey,  
Their stark arms reaching to the sky.  
The racehorses stood like statues  
poised and ready for flight,  
But motionless.  
A mouse crouched, lying like a leaf,  
held as if by a spell;  
The cat waited near-by,  
The gneiss-like fur unwavering in the breezy  
gusts.  
Smoke from the chimneys, like pillars of icy  
marble hang from the dusky sky;  
The owl like a mobile on a rigid wire . . .  
But as the magician's box hit the ground  
the trees waved in terror.  
The horses' muscles bunched as in a group  
they leapt, nostrils flared.  
The cat was caught in the glare.  
However as the smoke and rubble towered  
high,  
Billowing up to the clouds and beyond, three  
tawny feathers settled down.*

Rosalin Andrew, Upper IV G



Katie Kane, Upper IV H



## THE PRISM

*A thing of beauty, smooth and clear,  
A jewel of changing hue,  
Reflecting centuries of light,  
So old, yet ever new.*

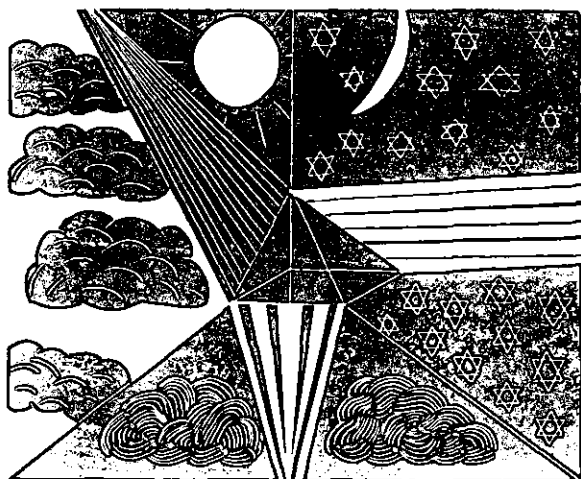
*At times, forbidding, icy, hard,  
With glassy walls austere,  
Hard angles point, accusing, sharp,  
Dead fingers of cold fear.*

*A sunbeam's ray, a moonbeam's glance  
And all becomes transformed,  
What once gave forth a chilly stare,  
Glows with a radiant warmth.*

*Transfigured now, the facets smooth,  
Reflect a rainbow bright,  
An arc of brilliant colour shines,  
A fairyland of light.*

*Deep, deep within the icy heart,  
There glows a living fire,  
The warmth of which must surely melt,  
The walls of this cold spire.*

Rachel Johnstone, Lower V G



Helen Shone, Lower V B

## SELF PORTRAIT — SATURDAY

Club costume,  
Shivering,  
Standing watching the races.  
The loud gun,  
Shouting, getting louder, cheers.  
"On the block, girls, four lengths of the pool."  
The loud gun.  
No time to feel nervous,  
Cold water,  
Tired limbs,  
Din in my ears as I come up to breathe.  
Must pull harder,  
Must touch first,  
Must win.  
Tired limbs,  
Breathless,  
Last eight strokes without breath — no time to breathe.  
Desperate,  
All over — suddenly.  
And relief — I've made it,  
Won.

Gillian Sheppard, Upper IV G.

## AMOR VINCIT OMNIA?

(with apologies to Chaucer)

A head girl there was ful wantowne and a merie,  
A model scholar, ful good and vertuous was she.  
Her duties did she in ful and blest content,  
And every chance with vertuous vigour hent,  
Curtesie and daliaunce koude she bestowe,  
But unto pupils was this ful unknowe.  
A noble ensample to the scole she yaf,  
For with a man ne'er would you see her laugh;  
" 'Tis best for a woman to be on the shelve,"  
She taughte, but last she followed it herselfe.  
Entuning through her nose, ful semely she preyed  
And believed truly alle that she seyde.

Alison Bogle, Marie-Elaine Sacher, Lower VI

## A SONNET

*The beats are daft; where do I put the stress?  
The iambs go te tum, te tum, te tum,  
The numbered lines will now be in a mess,  
The reader of this tale will think I'm dumb.  
Oh Mum, oh Dad, I'll never write this verse.  
If I could find a poem of remorse,  
And hopefully it might be writ in Erse,  
As long as Call'way doesn't know the source,  
I'd copy it and make it out as mine.  
The sun is going down, here comes the night,  
I've got the end but need another line,  
And still the missing verse is far from sight.  
I hope such homework never comes again,  
I'd rather face the lions in Daniel's den.*

Hilary Luker, Upper IV G

## TOO HAPPY?

*Suddenly, a burning force tore at me,  
And I was filled by a glowing warmth  
Which rose in pounding waves.  
A brilliant light pierced, stabbed and twisted  
my inside  
And paralysed my blazing mind.*

*This elation sent a pulsating power through  
my limbs  
Urging me to run, jump, shout,  
To embrace the nearest person.  
An irrepressible grin radiated from my face.  
I was . . . . . HAPPY.*

*For just a moment complete, entirely absorbing  
happiness  
But then suppressed by daily duties,  
By social etiquette.  
After all, it's not done, you know,  
To be too happy.*

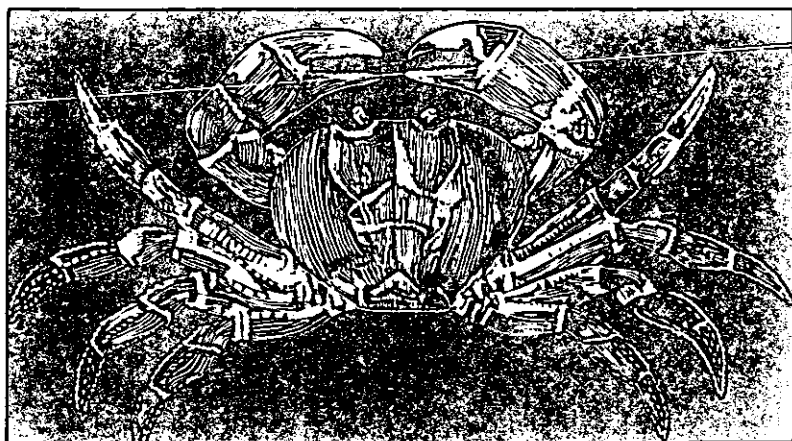
Kathryn Rhodes, Upper V W

## ON BEING A CRAB

*I would rather be a crab than anything else in  
the whole wide world.  
Imagine the delights of side-stepping over the  
golden sand all year round.  
Ice-creams, sandcastles, the salty sea, not just  
for two weeks, but forever!  
Holiday romances: sitting claw in claw, watching  
the sun set from the sand dunes.  
Dancing on the sandy beach from dusk to dawn:  
An eternal summer holiday.*

*But when we grew wiser, my crabby boyfriend  
would propose,  
And together we would make a little love-nest  
in the glittering rock pools.  
Soon our little family would grow and grow.  
We'd eat paste sandwiches and cup cakes  
And live happily ever after . . . . .  
I'd much rather be a crab!*

Kate McIntyre, Upper V W



Nerina Morfitt, Lower V G

## RAPT

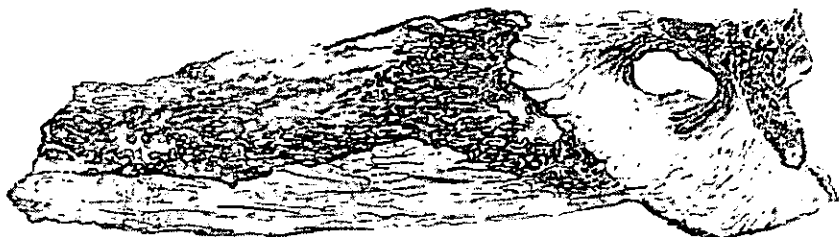
*Nailed to the trunk graceful,  
Reels graceless for the hard grain,  
Whip-wealed, drunken blood.  
And could it cool deathly  
To the cold stone?  
And could it spring from dust  
And shrouding, through dripping silence come,  
Wrapped round and rapt  
In new awakening?*

*One call from the light, fresh  
As womb-blood about me,  
Urges oblivion on me,  
Urges a ladder and a sheet,  
A hand to the hands  
And a wound complete.*

*Would to the wind I had  
Fled upon her to find  
Myself in pain  
Than lose myself in grace  
Yet white-fire wild summons  
From a black and beyond sea  
Force above  
And under me . . . . .*

*Let him forgive the sense  
That warns true sense away,  
I sink as a sailor lost  
When the north star draws to day.*

Rosie Green, Upper VI



Elizabeth Wood, Upper V W

## ON A POET CALLED TED

Oh Ted;  
When we saw you in your leather jacket,  
(The pockets reaching your knee-caps,  
From years of wear),  
We did not understand.

You  
Posed for the photographers.  
We thought you were a slicker,  
When you combed your hair back,  
And advertised your anthology.

But,  
When you began to tell us  
About your poetry –  
The Swedish movies; ouija boards; and Hungarian friends –  
We realised that  
We had not understood.

The  
Tenderness in your voice  
As you recited:  
"Full Moon and Little Frieda",  
And,  
The raw aggressiveness of your rough Yorkshire charm  
As you described the birth of a lamb,  
"Strangulated foetus;  
Blood-filled head."  
Told us that  
We had never understood.

But,  
Oh Ted;  
The tragedy of your life was fully revealed to us,  
When you refused to tell us  
About "The Green Wolf". \*

Then we understood.

Helen Bevis, Lower VI

\* "The Green Wolf" was a poem by Ted Hughes which he refused to explain.

## Family Photographs

There is a feud raging in my family between parents and children. The cause? The camera! Curse Friese-Greene or whoever it was who invented the dratted thing!

At any of our gatherings of the clan, evil, smirking parents are liable to pounce on us "children" (I'm only fifteen) with their little black boxes and drag us off to some suitable place, make us grin like Cheshire cats and snap us before we change our minds and disappear in the bathroom. Why, oh why do they insist on recording our discomforted and self-conscious smirks for posterity? And please take notice that despite the bravado, when it comes to the crunch and someone turns a little black box on them, they squirm just as much as we do.

Then, usually at the end of the party, barbecue or whatever, comes THE FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH! Dads are pulled protesting from the T.V., reluctant fingers prized from half-empty glasses and children herded up from the innermost recesses of the house. Then, for the next ten minutes, follows a quick game of musical chairs, in which we all contrive to be the ones furthest from the camera. The grown-ups are always at the back — don't think we kids don't know you're hiding behind us! — and then as the final minutes stretch out something goes wrong with the camera. Seizing our chance we sneak off and usually get half-way down the road before we are caught. Finally we are all ranged in neat ranks. Say "cheese" someone cries and immediately rows of plastic smiles and sparkling clean dentures appear. Then "snap" and it's all over.

Everyone crowds round to watch the picture develop but . . . what's happened? Where are the lovely, neat rounds of impressional smirks? The whole picture is in turmoil, resembling a pitched battle in the Congo.

"Oh! you've moved," wails an aunt. (How astute!)

We crowd round, identifying ourselves and others.

"There's Jonathan blocking out Gran."

"Michael's got a face as sour as a lemon."

"Aunty Pauline's turned her head."

"Lynne's facing the wrong way again."

This comment is most definitely true. I abhor having my picture taken and, when surrounded by relatives, unable to escape, I invariably turn my head at the crucial moment. In fact I don't think my relations have got any photographs of me showing my face.

Then again, it's their fault I'm camera-shy. After fifteen years of camera-happy relations sneaking after me with cameras behind their backs, wouldn't you be? I once spent half an hour evading one of my aunts and eventually escaped by locking myself in the loo.

Lynne Prescott, Lower V G



## The Art of Persuasion

I am sitting in my bedroom trying to do my Maths. homework.

*Me:* Mum!

*Mum:* Yes dear, what is it?

*Me:* How do you do square roots?

*Mum:* Come on Sophia. Haven't you been taught how to? Surely the teacher has told you . . . . .

*Me:* She didn't need to. All the other girls have got a calculator with a square root button, and look at mine! It's not fit for a five-year-old.

*Mum:* You should be very grateful for what you've got! When I was your age we only had pencil and paper to help us with our calculating.

*Me:* I know, but why should I always take the longest in class to work things out?

*Mum:* Come on, I'll show you the way I learnt . . . . .

Next day; Mum has just picked me up from school.

*Mum:* How was school today then?

*Me:* I got all my Maths. wrong.

*Mum:* You what! I'm sure the way I showed you last night was right. I checked it in that book of mine.

*Me:* I didn't understand it. All that division by numbers – I don't know where you got it from. Please can I have a calculator like Sara's?

*Mum:* If you can't understand a simple thing like square roots, you don't deserve to have one. Anyway, what is it? One more button for about ten pounds. Ridiculous!

*Me:* (thinks) I'll never get anywhere like this. I'll see if Paul can give me any brotherly support.

Paul!

*Paul:* Leave me alone!

*Me:* Can I ask you something?

*Paul:* No!

*Me:* Listen, can you persuade Mum and Dad to buy me a new calculator?

*Paul:* Oh yes, go on.

*Me:* Well, that's it. Can you, please?

*Paul:* I tell you what, if you pay me two pounds for my calculator, which is perfectly good, then I'll get a new one, which you can have when I've finished with it.

*Me:* I suppose it's the only way to get one! O.K.

*Paul:* (to Mum, later): Mum, how about getting me a nice new calculator?

I know one which can find the factorial of a number. Isn't that great?

*Me:* A what? What does that mean, Paul?

*Mum:* Certainly, darling. You know I'll get you anything which will help you in any way with your studies.

*Me:* Hey Mum, how come he can have one and I . . . . .?

*Mum:* He needs to know the – um – fac – um – factory – um – what was it dear?

*Paul:* Factorial.

*Mum:* Yes, the factorial. What do you think he'll do without it?

Sophia Newing, Upper IV G

## The Quarrel

I had a splitting headache. I had had a miserable day at school and we had been given a lot of homework. It was raining hard and there was a strong, biting cold wind which made me feel particularly depressed. As I walked in the back door the wind caught it and it slammed shut and jarred my whole head. I peered in the mirror that hung on shiny brass holders; I was looking pale and my head felt hot so I thought it best to have a Disprin.

Mummy was out on her monthly shopping spree; she should be home soon. I looked at the gold carriage clock sitting solitarily on the top of the television — five to five. My train of thought was interrupted by a loud burst of pop music. My brother walked in carrying his new radio/cassette player. He had a handful of tapes and after picking them up and putting them down several times he decided to play last week's "top 40".

"Oh! do you have to have that on?" I groaned.

"Yes. Why?" he answered simply.

"It's just that I have a splitting headache and I was wondering if you would mind listening to it in your bedroom." I had always been told to be polite first and to lose my temper afterwards but despite this I knew I would soon lose my temper. He seemed to ignore my last suggestion for he turned his radio on full blast.

"Paul! Did you hear what I said or have you gone deaf?" I shouted. "Turn it down!"

"No. Anyway you haven't really got a headache, don't be so babyish. And if you're that bothered why don't you go to *your* room?"

"No, it's too cold in there. Anyway, I was here first." I looked at the blazing fire through the mesh guard. The coal in the cast iron hearth was glowing orange and the bright flames leapt playfully up into the dark, sooty chimney.

"Turn it down," I screamed again. Why wouldn't he do anything he was asked? The obstinate, unsympathetic little beast! I was furious and my head throbbed like someone beating a huge kettle drum.

I looked at him. He was smiling slyly. I stretched out my arm and grabbed the nearest thing to me, the mouthpiece of a recorder, and I hurled it at him expecting it to hit his leg but he moved suddenly and it flew at his head.

What had I done? I jumped up and pressed the small black button on his radio. The cassette stopped playing, abruptly. Everywhere went quiet; my cuckoo clock struck one solitary note showing it was five-thirty.

Paul was clutching his head just above his left eye. A trickle of dark red blood ran down his pale cheek and soaked into his grey shirt collar. I rushed outside and into the garage, lifted open the freezer door and hastily got out four large ice-cubes. I then rushed back into the house and wrapped them in a cloth. I put it on his head and to my relief I heard the old familiar "chug chug" of Mummy's Renault 5 as the dazzling yellow appeared around the fence.

Caroline Elsom, Lower IV P

## My Room

My bedroom smells faintly of pleasant things like beeswax and gun oil, chocolate and mints, matches and wine and books and medicine.

Propped in the corner behind the door are my two guns in their rack. The lovingly-polished, double-barrelled 16-bore shotgun and the well-used 0.22 air rifle lie in a walnut rack, on top of which is the gun oil, cleaning patches and 16-bore cleaning kit.

Next to the gun rack is a large metal bookcase containing hundreds of books ranging from specialised topics such as "The Young Shot" and "The World of Spiders" to others such as "Jaws" and "Running Blind".

Opposite the bookcase is a desk, once in good condition but now sadly ink-stained and chipped – the heritage of time and children. In its old drawers now lie cards and paper, my match and matchbox collection, my knives, old pantomime scripts and junk, trout flies and chocolate, mouse-skins and marbles, string and a squirrel's tail, all snarled together in the junk drawer.

Next to the desk is my bedside cabinet, filled with medicine and pills, for I am a true hypochondriac, and in the small oaken cabinet is cough mixture, stomach-ache pills, mouth ulcer creams and all manner of other medicaments.

Underneath the window is my bed, small and with a considerable dip in the middle which I am so accustomed to that I dislike sleeping in any other bed. Opposite the desk and next to the bookcase is my mahogany chest of drawers, in which I keep my clothes, emergency presents and shotgun ammunition. Also there is a bag of plaster of Paris, several squares of Laura Ashley material with which I make patchwork cushion covers and several hundred large handkerchiefs.

And on top of every available flat surface are teetering piles of books, showing my great love of reading, books on hundreds of different subjects but predominantly on crime and violence, for my interest in that exceeds all.

The walls are white, but stuck onto them are hundreds of cards, pictures and postcards that I like. They are mainly of birds or snow scenes but there are several unusual ones of rock formations and butterflies. The bird that is shown most however is the kingfisher. I have over nineteen beautiful pictures of this lovely bird and two pottery models. A friend of mine once asked me if I were sick of kingfishers but I am not. Who could be, of the beautiful bird that catches fire?

Elizabeth Shanklin, Upper IV G

8 a.m., 1925

A street gas lamp burned dimly in the half light by the large iron factory gates flung wide open. It began to drizzle and I wrapped my scarf tighter around my throat to stop the rain from falling down my collar. The wood felt cold and damp. I walked from the smooth slippery pavement spotted with shallow puddles through the massive gates and the gravel of the factory yard.

As I crunched the stones beneath my feet I became aware of the faint grey outline of large rectangular buildings with flat roofs that seemed to huddle together in shelter from the unwelcome cold and wet. An alley between two of the buildings was briefly lit up by a bobbing lamp as it was crossed by a hurrying overseer.

The monotonous dripping of the rain was broken by the sound of falling water as a gutter emptied into a barrel standing underneath it. Behind me, coming along the shining pavement, I heard men's voices grunting sleepily as they trudged on their way to the factory.

I walked down between the two largest buildings of the factory, shivering and feeling the dampness seep through my old boots to my thin, well-darned socks. At the end of one of the walls at my side, a square of bright yellow beckoned invitingly to me and I hurried on, longing for the warmth and dryness of the machine room.

Stunned by the concentration and glare of the machine-room lights, I blinked and was dazzled like a straying dog confronting a car on a dark night. On becoming aware of my surroundings I was faced by a jumble of metal contraptions, as complex as a three-dimensional jigsaw. Most of the machinery shone bright and coldly in the artificial light but here and there older parts were dull and scratched and coated in dirty black oil. All stood motionless: pistons in mid-journey, cogs and wheels jammed suddenly in a half-completed turn and turbines poised ready to jerk round. All was asleep as if suddenly bewitched by a fairy tale wizard and destined to be turned to stone until released from the powerful spell.

Lowri Kemp, Lower V B

## The Burglar

I watched with horror as the door started to move gently forwards. The whitewashed wood moved hideously slowly, not creaking, not groaning until the dark interior of the cupboard was revealed. The clothes on the hangers swayed from side to side, scarcely perceptibly and yet so definitely that I could feel my skin prickling. I waited, aghast, in the awesome silence which seemed so thick that it almost deafened me. "I'll get you," came the hissed words from the dark void behind the door. "I'll get you." My heart pounding, I wrenched at the door knob, and flew out of the room, jumping down the stairs in rhythm with my speeding heartbeat.

I was in the kitchen, the pressure cooker hissing as if it would explode, the dishes clattering in the sink. Breathlessly, I exclaimed, "Quick. There's a burglar in the cupboard. He said that he would kill me! Quick!" My mother turned in consternation, saw the fright in my face, and realised the truth of my statement. She hurried through to the other room where she collected my father and a poker. They advanced up the stairs, and I followed.

They searched each room in turn methodically: he could not escape. They entered the bedroom and shut the door: he could not escape. One stood at either end of the two-ended, tunnel-like cupboard: he could not escape. My father opened the cupboard door and hacked at the clothes with the poker: he could not escape. I saw him cowering in the corner of the cupboard, trapped and alone. My father advanced into the cupboard, slashing the dark with his heavy sword: he could not escape. My father emerged at the other end: he was not there. My mother looked relieved — she had always believed me. My father raised an eyebrow; he knew the frantic workings of the mind of a child who is half hysterical with fear. I disappeared, shamefaced, through the door.

Isabel Whitley, Upper V W

## J.B. Rules — O.K?

Nikki and I were standing at the top of the field near the old tree which was the cowboys' fort, when she said it: "I want to be leader for a change." I turned and stared at her incredulously. Nikki and I were friends. We'd always been friends because her birthday was on the 17th of September and mine was on the 19th. She was a good two inches taller than me but even so I was the leader. I always had been and as far as I was concerned, always would be.

The school was just growing bigger so we were the first year to go up to juniors and therefore were the top year in the school for the second year running. Therefore as unchallenged leader of the year, I was unchallenged leader of the school, and best friends or not, I was not giving up that precious place.

After all it was me who had fought Tony, the leader of the boys; it was me who had knocked his front teeth out, not Nikki; it was me who had broken Kurt's collarbone in a game, not Nikki.

I stared at Nikki. She said: "I want to lead the Indians."

The whole school revolved around the game of cowboys and Indians. (The Indians always won). The boys were always the cowboys and the girls were always the Indians and always led by me.

"No," I said.

"Please, you're always the leader. I want a go," said Nikki. The situation is very grave when your right-hand girl mutinies. Something has to be done.

If you can beat me in a fight you can be leader for good," I said.

"O.K." she said. I was astounded. She wanted to fight me!

The fight was arranged, boundaries agreed on and the rules: me versus Nikki, no other participants and no fingers in the eyes.

The fight was over very quickly because I tripped her up and sat on her. After the fight there was a lot of crying and forgiving and we all went off to play cowboys and Indians.

Jane Bartholomew, Upper V W

## Mr. Pretty Polly?

"Protty Pelly," contorts the bird.

"Blind Ignoramus," dribbles its whisky-oozing owner. He plays the frustrated elocutionist, head held high, boasting books and bow tie, guaranteed not to spin. His pedantic trouser creases, silhouetting themselves, overshadow his mind's own tenuous outline. Importantly, the mirror shines acceptability. Soon he'll be important to another insignificant, sweatily working his way up, ripening his mind, ready to be plucked by some backslapper.

The gift-wrapped television, tucked away behind the chair ("Habitat" of course), marches on. He moulds himself into the projected prize as the pulp pours out from the pencilled-on sincerity lines. He unknowingly cries into the caves of its eyes, but only echoes . . . echoes. He approvingly consumes the approved fodder — must keep his strength up.

Eyes fixed on the budgie, the understudy rehearses his after-dinner speech. He hopes they'll like the joke about the true blue, too true Captain and the incompetent social worker. It was hard to fit that into his theme of expanding production, but he knew they'd like it. He humbly sat next to the anointed company director, who loved to jest about the indolent working classes with their hysterical political beliefs — it helped to pass the time on the yacht in Bermuda. He gave his performance. He recalled how his shouts had demanded applause, although he had wondered what the cotton wool was for; but still, at least they had closed their eyes to listen more attentively to the resonance of his rhetoric. As is customarily done, he drove home and (as they say) "got drunk" to dissolve his flutterings.

"Pretty Polly," the bird succeeds.

"Protty Pelly," the man recedes and alcoholically dreams of producing tiny feet that will patter out his fantasies — unaware that his life will end to begin again.

The budgie sings. The man preens himself in the mirror, eats his prepared fodder, ringing his plastic bell as he flaps helplessly, adhesively around his cell, squawking incoherently about something he is unable to express. "Blind ignoramus," mimics the bird.

Sián Mile, Lower VI

# Visuals



Helen Kneebone, Upper V W

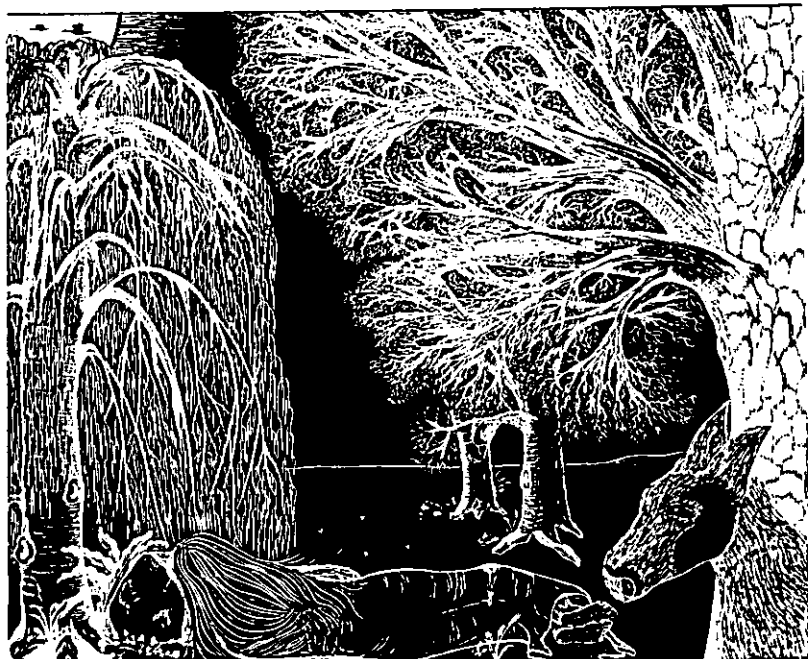




Jane Harper, Upper V W



Elizabeth Wood, Upper V F



Clare Nelson, Upper V W



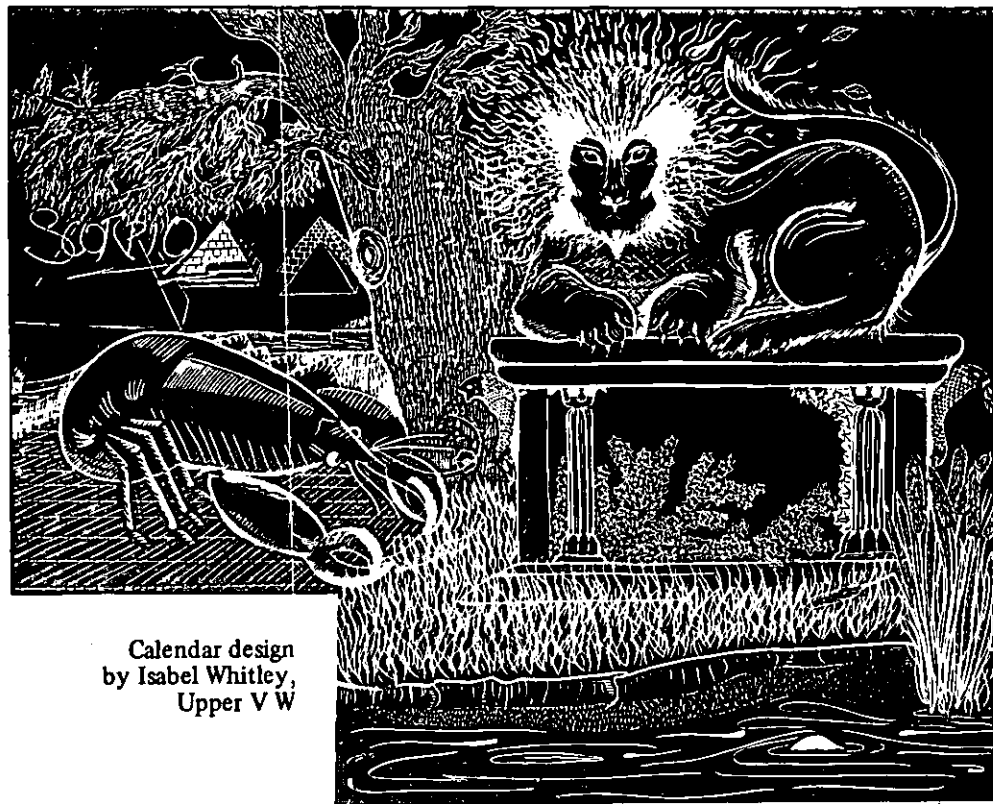
Janet Stocks, Upper V W



Sally Taylor, Remove H



Lino-cuts by Lower IV S



Calendar design  
by Isabel Whitley,  
Upper V W

# In Search of Knowledge

## An "Elective" Spent in Newfoundland

The pilot's voice over the intercom advised us to look out of the plane's window to get our first glimpse of Newfoundland. As I looked, I suddenly wondered whether my colour vision had gone, as all I could see was a vast expanse of black rock and ice. It was a relief to see some evergreen forests coming into view, and eventually, the houses of Gander.

It was late afternoon as I got into a taxi (the main form of public transport) to travel the 70 miles from Gander to Twillingate, where I was to begin my nine week "elective", working as an intern at the little general hospital there. There was hard-packed snow on the deserted twisting roads, making it safest to drive in the middle, and consequently making me wonder whether Canadians drove on the right or left. After skidding quite frequently, I was relieved when we arrived at Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital.

My first impression was one of surprise, as the hospital was brand new and impressive, and not the small, old-fashioned building I had expected. I staggered across the deep snow to the staff house where I was met by one of the other interns and some of the nurses, who made me feel welcome, and took me on a lightning tour of the hospital. I then fell into bed wondering what the next couple of months would hold.

The hospital has 70 beds and deals with every complaint under the sun, sometimes even treating sick dogs in Outpatients. It serves a population of about 5000 on the islands of Twillingate and New World Island, and is run by five doctors and nursing staff, assisted by several final year medical students working as interns. Our work entailed being on call for emergencies, seeing our own patients in the busy Outpatient Department, assisting in the operating theatre or generally sorting out problems on the wards. It was also thought to be "good experience" for an intern to go out in the ambulance to fetch emergency cases, and my heart was often in my mouth as we would almost fly along to collect a seriously ill patient. Quite often the journey itself, hurtling along the icy road, was more nerve-racking than the medical situation at the other end.

Twillingate itself is a tiny town (really an overgrown village) with a few shops selling the bare necessities of life. The twentieth century is gradually catching up with the place as witnessed by the tiny motel and take-away restaurant. Luckily the countryside is unspoilt and remains beautiful. It is strange to see snow and ice rather than sand sloping down to the sea. In the spring, large icebergs float in towards the shore, and once every 50 years or so, a polar bear walks in across the ice; not this year however. Inland the countryside looks like a typical Christmas card scene, providing a haven for winter sports such as cross-country skiing, sledging and snow-shoeing, in which one can walk across deep drifts on contraptions similar to tennis racquets.

The islanders are down-to-earth, friendly and kind, and Newfoundland hospitality seems to be unlimited. We were invited out frequently for meals to try various local specialities such as moose or turrs (small sea-birds), and the rather lethal Newfoundland rum called Screech.

In all, it was a very enjoyable time. I learnt a great deal of practical medicine, and also discovered a part of the world which I would probably not otherwise have visited. I would certainly like to return there one day, and I believe there is a six-month summer locum available each year . . . . .

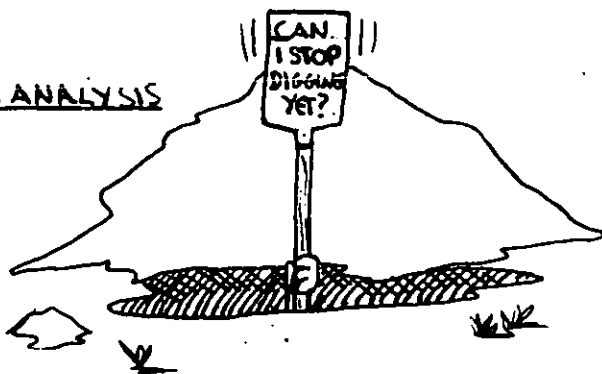
Karen Robinson (left 1974)

## On a Geography Field Course

### PEBBLE ANALYSIS



### SOIL ANALYSIS



Drawn by Jane Edwards  
from ideas by Jenny Smith, L VI

## A Trip to Oxford

With O levels completed a small group of fifth-formers were fortunate enough to be able to visit the city of Oxford, accompanied by Miss Hemming and Mrs. Hardwick.

After an uneven train journey we arrived in a hot and sunny Oxford, only to be driven mercilessly through the streets in order to see the famous clock strike one. This, however, proved to be the non-event of the visit, with the majority of the party blinking at the critical moment!

At this point, a nameless member of the party decided that she must post a letter. Accompanied by Mrs. Hardwick and a friend, she disappeared, with the firm promise of meeting us later for lunch in the park. *Two hours* later we were finally reunited, at the entrance to St. Hilda's College, where we were entertained to tea by a tutor.

During the rest of the day, we visited countless other colleges (all remarkably similar in appearance) and went to see the renowned John Noakes, in a production of "Hobson's Choice".

After a comfortable night in a hotel owned by an ex-Queen's School girl, we spent the next day visiting more colleges and consuming large amounts of carbohydrate. After a hearty lunch, however, we were forced to return to a damp and chilly Chester.

Helen Kaye, L VI

## $E \neq mc^2$ ; if you Think about it!!

When Mr. Hands asked us Lower Sixth Physicists if we would like to inherit some project about light, with a view to perhaps appearing on "Young Scientists of the Year", our reactions were mixed. However, after a day's deliberation, having decided that it would be rather fun to become T.V. personalities, that it would look good on our U.C.C.A. forms and that moreover it would undoubtedly further the progress of theoretical science, we decided that we would do it.

It was then we realized the task we had on our hands. In two months we had to construct and assemble enough of the apparatus to show to the T.V. cameras when they visited the school. After this we had about a month during which to obtain results.

Feverish activity began and continued throughout the term. There were, of course, occasional periods when interest dwindled and the very word "interferometer" could cause an attack of acute hysteria. However for much of the time our interest was limitless as we sacrificed Saturdays and holidays (and even Test Match highlights) in order to drill holes in the girder and mount mirrors. The physics lab became all too familiar, a second home in fact.

The amount we learnt was amazing; not only optics and rotary mechanics, but how to use screwdrivers, saws and files – skills with which we were not too well acquainted. Our progress can be followed in the practical notebook we (sometimes) kept in which there are many interesting entries. The morale of the research team can also be deduced from this interesting document where hysteria, frustration (due to initial difficulty in lining up the mirrors) and stupidity are clearly indicated.

Colin Riach, the producer, came to visit us and was most encouraging and agreed to have us on his programme. In the middle of November, the B.B.C. came, saw and filmed, giving us a fine example of overmanning.

After this momentous occasion, we wrote our report and actually got some results before departing on a cold January day for Pebble Mill in the school minibus.

The journey to Birmingham was not particularly exciting until we reached the precincts of the city itself where misunderstandings between the navigator and the chauffeur led to several interesting detours which showed us more of the city than we had expected to see.

We arrived eventually at Pebble Mill only a quarter of an hour late, unloaded the minibus and transported our apparatus into the studio, where we were given a small cubicle in which to display our experiment. To the great delight of most of us (Virginia and myself), we discovered that the walls of our cubicle had been used as scenery in "All Creatures Great and Small", in James's bedroom. Next door to us, in Tristan's room were the Cornish sponge studios, on the other side of whom were the musical calculator manufacturers residing in Siegfried's room.

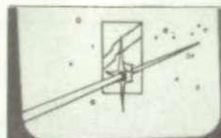
We duly inspected the studio and I was most impressed by the space-age design, thinking that it was a great improvement on the classroom-type studio of the previous series.

We then hazarded the journey to our hotel with repeated navigational difficulties. "Do not say 'right' when you mean 'correct'," said our distraught chauffeur. "It's confusing." "Right," said the navigator.

Our great day dawned at last after a night spent by certain people discussing polarization, wave interference and such like. When we returned to the studio we were shown the film that had been made of us and were suitably unimpressed. Then followed forty minutes' discussion with each judge.

Sir George Porter asked us the most awkward and difficult questions possible and in doing so seemed to imply that our project was a gallant attempt which was unlikely to succeed.

On the screen:  
*Young Scientists*  
and *Nationwide*





Ken Wallace, the engineer, was friendly, flattering and cheerful, whilst being highly critical of our engineering methods, which did not surprise us.

The biologist did not seem to understand our project and often when questioning us a pained look of extreme anxiety crossed his brow.

To our amazement we survived the morning and so proceeded to the B.B.C. canteen for our free lunch. We then explored the building for a short while looking in vain for celebrities, or television programmes to disrupt, and eventually returned to *our* studio for the afternoon's rehearsal and final filming.

And so, cheered on by our gallant supporters, we achieved stardom. Everyone has since commented on how competent, self assured, unruffled and marvellous we were. But could they say anything else? I did not find the experience at all nerve-racking but went away thinking that I should have answered the questions better, as the perfect replies formulated in my brain.

The highlight of the show deserves a special place in the annals of the Queen's School. It occurred when in answering a question, Kim Affleck (schoolgirl) said to Sir George Porter (Nobel Prize winner in Chemistry, Director of the Royal Institution, etc.) "Well, if you *think* about it," thus, we hope, urging him on to using his grey cells more often.

It was fascinating to watch the B.B.C. at work, with their multitude of cameras which noiselessly zoomed in on us. The programme was well oiled by the rhetoric of the presenter who ensured that it held together.

In the late afternoon came the judges' results and it was all over (as they say). I think some members of our team were slightly disappointed, but I felt our result was quite fair.

The atmosphere of excitement slowly deflated – as had a tyre on the minibus, which led to our returning home in the supporters' coach.

Since that momentous day our work on the project has not progressed very far, this probably being a reaction against the intensity of the work done the previous term. However, most of us are committed to getting some definite result and we still retain some interest in the project.

There have been some interesting follow-ups resulting from the programme. We received some fascinating letters, ranging from the cranky, through an interesting fan letter addressed specifically to Katie, to some rather paternal letters from retired engineers. Some of us appeared again on television, being interviewed for "Nationwide" on Einstein's hundredth birthday.

One rather interesting result has been that everyone assumes that I am a brilliant physicist and I have frequently discovered myself "explaining" the project to someone with at least twice my scientific knowledge. Such people have said such things as "You should have tried to disprove the quantum theory." It is at such points in the conversation that I quietly disappear.

However, we all feel that we achieved something, even if the schoolgirls-fighting-against-Einstein image we have been given is hardly appropriate. After all, who says the speed of light is constant in vacuo anyway?



Linda Edmondson, L VI  
(representing also Kim Affleck, Joanna Andrew,  
Jane Bowmer, Katie Breckon, Anne Cassidy, Virginia Pickering)

*Editor's note:* Yes, this *is* the project which was last mentioned in "Have Mynde" two years ago. The Royal Society has just granted it further funds, and we have hopes that it may justify a more technical report next year.

# Sports Reports

## Tennis, Summer 1978

1st VI	2nd VI	U 15 VI	U 14 VI	U 13 VI
J. Moore	A. Longden	K. Entwisle	V. Hess	S. Shaw
V. Hopper (Capt.)	S. Castle	D. Willis	S. Marsh	S. Roberts
D. Roberts	C. Faull	V. Williams	L. Drew	R. Andrew
C. Roberts	J. Allanson	S. Handley	J. Starling	E. Leach
<i>3rd couple from:</i>	G. Turner	I. Jones	A. Binns	S. Rofé
K. Pottinger	C. Sparrow	M. Hardwick	S. Cooke	K. Haynes
J. Hands	<i>also played:</i>	<i>also played:</i>	<i>also played:</i>	<i>also played:</i>
K. Frood	A. Pearson	K. Collins	K. Ingham	H. Luker
K. Strawson	K. Breckon	I. Whitley	C. Fox	S. Bladen
	K. Scholefield			S. Kay
				J. Powell

*Full Colours*  
*Half Colours*  
*Commended*

J. Moore, D. Roberts; V. Hopper (1977)

C. Roberts, K. Pottinger

U 15 - S. Handley

U 14 - S. Marsh, V. Hess, L. Drew, J. Starling,

A. Binns, S. Cooke

U 13 - S. Shaw, S. Roberts

### Match Results

1st VI	WON against Appleton Hall, Altrincham, Belvedere, Queen's Park High, Kingsway
2nd VI	LOST against Moreton Hall, Whitby, Helsby
U 15 VI	WON against Queen's Park High
	LOST against Whitby
U 14 VI	WON against Blacon, West Kirby, Queen's Park High, Kingsway, Belvedere, Pensby
	LOST against Birkenhead, Whitby
U 13 VI	WON against Blacon, West Kirby, Birkenhead, Queen's Park High, Whitby, Kingsway, Helsby, Moreton Hall, Altrincham
	WON against Blacon
	LOST against Kingsway

### Inter-Schools Tournaments

1st VI <i>Aberdare Cup</i>	1st Round:	WON against West Kirby
		LOST against Birkenhead
<i>Cheshire Cup</i>	1st Round:	BYE
	2nd Round:	WON against Malbank
	Final:	LOST against Wilmslow

### Chester and District Tournaments

U 16 team:	Runners-up
U 15 team:	Runners-up
U 14 team:	Winners
U 13 team:	Runners-up

### School Tournaments

<i>Senior singles</i>	Winner	<i>Runner-up</i>
<i>Senior doubles</i>	V. Hopper	K. Pottinger
<i>Junior team singles</i>	J. Moore & V. Hopper	K. Pottinger & K. Frood
<i>L IV singles</i>	S. Marsh	L. Drew
<i>Remove singles</i>	S. Roberts	S. Shaw
<i>Nestlé ladders</i>	S. Long	M. Thwaites

Form winners: I. Jones, S. Handley, V. Hess, S. Marsh

House Matches	<i>Senior</i>	won by Sandford
	<i>Junior</i>	won by Hastings

### Individual Successes

Valerie Hopper was selected to play in representative matches for Cheshire. Jennifer Cooke and Judith Moore won the Hoole L.T.C. U18 doubles tournament.

Susan Marsh won the U14 Singles and U14 Doubles with Victoria Hess at the Hoole, Alexandra Park Tournament. Susan and Victoria also won the U14 Doubles in the Deeside Tournament and were runners-up in the U16 Doubles. Also in the Deeside Tournament, Susan Marsh was runner up in the U14 Singles; Julia Starling was runner-up in the Hoole Club U14 Singles. Susan Shaw reached the semi-finals of the Cheshire Schools U13 Singles.

## Hockey, 1978-79

### Match results, Autumn Term

1st XI	WON against Merchant Taylors', West Kirby DREW against Helsby
2nd XI	WON against West Kirby DREW against Helsby
U 15 XI	WON against Blacon, Merchant Taylors' DREW against Christleton, Pensby Seniors LOST against Helsby
U 14 A XI	WON against Christleton, Blacon DREW against Pensby U 15 XI LOST against Helsby
U 14 B XI	LOST against Pensby U 14 A XI

### Spring Term

1st XI	WON against Leftwich DREW against Oldershaw LOST against Helsby
U 15 XI	WON against West Kirby, Pensby, Leftwich DREW against Helsby
U 14 A XI	WON against Blacon U 15 XI, West Kirby, Pensby, Leftwich
U 14 B XI	LOST against Blacon U 14 A XI
U 13 XI	WON against Blacon LOST against Helsby

### Tournaments

#### *Cheshire Schools Senior Tournament*

1st XI	Beat Malbank in the semi-final; following a 0-0 draw in the final we shared the shield with Oughtrington.
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#### *Chester and District Senior Tournament*

1st XI	WON the cup, gaining 9 points out of a possible 10.
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#### *Cheshire Schools Junior Tournament*

U 15 XI	Beat Macclesfield in the semi-final and were runners-up to Oughtrington.
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House Matches:	<i>Senior</i>	won by Hastings
	<i>Junior</i>	won by Sandford

Teams were selected from the following:

**1st XI**

E. Walker  
E. Garson  
J. Hands (Capt.)  
J. Allanson  
V. Hopper  
A. Horton  
H. Taylor  
K. Strawson  
J. Frame  
I. Jones  
K. Pottinger  
J. Gillespie  
F. Murphy  
S. Castle  
A. Perry  
J. McGaughran  
F. Sowerby  
F. Green  
S. Marsh  
A. Binns

**2nd XI**

A. Pryer  
F. Green  
F. Murphy  
C. Marley  
J. Gillespie (Capt.)  
A. Perry  
E. Taylor  
K. Scholefield  
J. McGaughran  
F. Sowerby  
S. Castle  
F. Hardwick  
M. Hardwick  
K. Entwisle  
A. Rawling  
I. Whitley

**U 15 XI**

C. Ferris  
K. Ingham  
J. Townsend  
S. Cooke  
S. Marsh (Capt.)  
C. Fox  
J. Derbyshire  
J. Starling  
L. Drew  
A. Binns  
A. Godfrey  
A. Carter  
A. Judge  
S. Shaw  
S. Bladen  
V. Hess

**U 14 A XI**

H. Hasted  
G. Sheppard  
P. Campbell  
E. Leach  
R. Andrew  
S. Bladen  
E. Shanklin  
S. Shaw (Capt.)  
S. Rofé  
B. James  
S. Kay  
N. Leech  
N. Jones  
J. Powell

**U 14 B XI**

S. Heath  
K. Haynes  
H. Carlen  
V. Lance  
N. Kerr  
S. Faulkner  
N. Jones (Capt.)  
S. Flood  
J. Powell  
C. Robinson  
H. Goltz  
E. Shanklin  
N. Leech

**U 13 XI**

K. Ross  
G. Richards  
A. Howatt  
A. Hedley  
E. King  
L. Aubrey (Capt.)  
L. Bevan  
W. Evans  
S. Long  
D. Stevenson  
L. Nell  
L. Roberts  
C. Jobson

*Full Colours*

*Half Colours*

*Commended*

A. Horton, V. Hopper, K. Pottinger

J. Frame, H. Taylor

1st XI – E. Garson, K. Strawson, I. Jones

2nd XI – A. Pryer, F. Murphy

U 14 XI – S. Bladen, S. Shaw, R. Andrew, B. James

J. Hands completed another season playing for Cheshire Juniors 1st XI.

## Lacrosse, 1978-79

Teams were selected from the following:

**1st XII**

A. Shaftoe  
C. Thompson  
K. Strawson  
J. Gillespie  
K. Pottinger (Capt.)  
C. Marley  
J. Hands  
A. Longden  
I. Jones  
A. Horton  
V. Hopper  
V. Lowe

**2nd XII**

A. Hill  
A. Rawling  
S. Hassall  
C. Kerr  
K. Scholefield  
C. Faulk (Capt.)  
J. Frame  
K. Entwisle  
E. Taylor  
J. Allanson  
F. Murphy

**U 15 XII**

V. Hess  
K. Colclough  
C. Fox  
A. Carter  
S. Marsh  
J. Derbyshire  
A. Binns  
C. Ferris  
J. Starling  
S. Cooke  
L. Drew (Capt.)  
J. Townsend  
A. Judge

**U 14 XII**

S. Flood  
S. Faulkner  
J. Fitzsimmons  
J. Powell  
R. Andrew  
E. Shanklin  
S. Rofé (Capt.)  
S. Bladen  
B. James  
S. Roberts  
S. Shaw  
G. Hands  
V. Lance  
H. Mills  
C. Robinson

*Full Colours*  
*Half Colours*  
*Commended*

A. Horton, J. Hands; K. Pottinger (1978)  
 V. Hopper, K. Strawson, I. Jones  
 1st XII – V. Lowe, A. Shaftoe  
 2nd XII – J. Allanson, S. Hassall  
 U 15 XII – C. Fox, L. Drew  
 U 14 XII – S. Flood, S. Shaw, S. Faulkner

Karin Pottinger and Anne Horton both played in the Cheshire Junior team. Karin was also selected to attend the "Centre of Excellence" training scheme set up by the Sports Council at I.M. Marsh College and attended sessions twice weekly throughout the season. Her efforts were well rewarded when she was selected to play in the North of England Junior team which won the All-England junior territorial tournament in London. She was also nominated as one of the six North players invited to the first ever Junior England trials at Bisham Abbey. We congratulate her on her selection to play in the Junior England team which beat the Junior Welsh team in Cardiff, following these trials.

**Match Results**

Although many fixtures had to be cancelled due to the very severe weather, the following matches and tournaments were played:

1st XII           WON against Shrewsbury Ladies' Club  
                   LOST against Liverpool Ladies, Belvedere, Moreton Hall  
                   DREW with Huyton, Wirral Club  
 2nd XII           LOST against Birkenhead H.S.  
 U 15 XII          WON against Wirral G.S.  
                   LOST against Huyton College  
 U 14 XII          WON against Huyton College  
                   LOST against Wirral G.S.  
                   DREW with Birkenhead H.S.

**Tournaments**

*North Schools Tournaments*

1st XII           WON against Withington, Harrogate College,  
                   Penwortham, Crossley and Porter  
                   LOST against Bolton, who were the eventual  
                   runners-up  
 U 15 XII          WON against Queen Ethelburga's, Withington,  
                   Wirral, Stretford  
                   LOST against Penwortham

The U 15 XII qualified for the semi-final, where they lost to Harrogate College, who were the eventual winners of the tournament.

*National Schools Tournament, Birmingham*

1st XII           WON against St. Swithun's  
                   DREW with North Foreland Lodge, Westonbirt  
                   LOST to Queen Anne's, who therefore won the section  
                   to qualify for the semi-final.  
 U 15 XII          WON against Lichfield, St. Paul's,  
                   North Foreland Lodge  
                   LOST against Godolphin, who went on to win  
                   the tournament.

**House Matches**

*Senior*  
*Junior*

won by Westminster  
 won by Sandford

### *News of last year's Captains:*

Congratulations to Judith Moore and Jennifer Cooke who have both played in representative lacrosse teams this season. Judith played in the W.I.V.A.B. (English Universities) team that took part in the Senior Territorial Championship and was invited to the Final England Trials. Jennifer has played in the British Colleges team.

Last summer Jennifer was nominated by School to receive an award in the Physical Education Association's "Tomorrow's People" competition. We were delighted that from the 1100 nominations submitted from all over the country, Jennifer was selected as one of 200 finalists and received a certificate of merit for her contribution to the School Physical Education programme, as a team player and also as someone who had encouraged the younger members of the school by organising extra-curricular activities for them and by giving up time to help with coaching.

**BADMINTON:** Congratulations to Virginia Williams and Ann Gilliland who have both been selected to play in representative matches for Cheshire during the year in their respective age-groups.

**SWIMMING:** Congratulations to Joanne Russell who recently won the backstroke event in the Cheshire girls' championships, in a new record time.

## Gym Club

Some of us have worked hard for the B.A.G.A. awards and the new gold top awards; Sally Bladen was the first person to gain the double gold award. Many of us just went to enjoy ourselves, and however we spent our time everyone enjoyed the gym club once a week. Our thanks go to Miss Saunders who has helped us in learning new gymnastic skills.

Shirley Davies, Siân Lewis, Penny Holloway, L IV P

## Fencing

During Friday lunch-hours girls from Removes to Upper Fifts have been taking fencing lessons with Professor Rosemary Castle. In addition we have entered some competitions. In the Spring Term a competition was held at the Catholic High School, Chester. Nicola Leech of U IV G was second in the girls' junior section and Madeleine McMullin of L IV S was third. Another competition was held at the Dee High School. Diane Stevenson of L IV S gained first place in the girls' junior section and Madeleine McMullin was fourth.

We would like to thank Professor Castle for her coaching and help to us during the year and we hope that many more girls will take an interest in this exciting sport.

Diane Stevenson, L IV S

## Table Tennis

The table tennis table so generously given to the school by Miss Baxter in 1975 is always well used, especially in the summer term when our annual table tennis tournament is organised.

There was an enthusiastic response for last year's tournament, particularly from the lower forms. It culminated in an exciting final, in which Carolyn Roberts defeated Elizabeth Walker to win the cup.

This year's tournament is already well under way, and we have again found much enthusiasm from both pupils and staff. The members of staff in particular have shown a great improvement in their standard of play.

We hope that table tennis will continue to grow in popularity during the next year, and wish good luck to all aspiring champions in the tournament.

Jane Cumin, Alison Mitchell, L VI; Judith Bonser, U V P

## Orienteering

Orienteering is a very energetic sport, enjoyable by anyone from beginners to experienced orienteers.

This year the Queen's School Orienteering Club has participated in a variety of events, some as far away as Kidderminster and others as close as Eaton Park. We represented Cheshire at Kidderminster, when we ran in the Avon v. Cheshire competition.

Some of us have been on training courses at "Fox Howl Youth Hostel" in Delamere and we have run in events ranging from championships to come-and-try-it events which, while useful for introducing orienteering to beginners, are also good training events for more experienced competitors.

We would like to thank Mrs. Geary for taking us to events in the minibus on some very cold days, when I am sure she would rather have stayed at home in the warmth.

Susan Rischmiller, L IV P

## Contemporary Dance

During the second half of the Spring Term some members of the Upper Fourth and Upper Fifth forms attended a Contemporary Dance Group during the Friday lunch-hour with the visiting student teacher, Miss Heseltine. We worked on the fight from "West Side Story" using expressive movements to show the tension of the two groups before the fight, leading up to the climax which involved carefully timed blows and kicks. It was ended by the members of the two gangs running away.

We enjoyed this extra activity very much and hope that it will be resumed sometime in the future.

Anne Macdonald, Helen Mills, U IV H

## Some Other Events during 1978-79

- May 12: A party of VI form physicists attended a Faraday lecture in Liverpool concerning the development of artificial lighting.
- May 26 – June 5: Half-term holiday.
- June 30: A party of U V visited the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis championships, whilst members of the Geography group went to Kew Gardens.
- July 1: A party went to Ludlow to see "The Taming of the Shrew".
- 18: End of term.
- Sept. 7: Beginning of the autumn term.
- 18: A panoramic photograph was taken of the entire school.
- Oct. 18–19: Miss Menon visited the school to give careers advice.
- Oct. 27 – Nov. 6: Half-term holiday.
- Nov. 21: An U VI English group saw a Russian film of "King Lear" at the Odeon cinema.
- Dec. 20: Term ended with the joint carol service in the Cathedral.
- Jan. 9: Beginning of the spring term.
- 24: Several girls took part in a Young Musicians' evening at Stanley Palace.
- Feb. 9: A VI form party saw "King Lear" at the Liverpool Playhouse.
- 19–20: Half-term holiday.
- April 2: Hot Cross Buns were baked in the Home Economics Department.
- 4: Term ended with an Easter service in school, prayers being led by Rev. Williams.
- 5: A V and VI form party attended the Faraday lecture "The Diagnostic Electron" in Liverpool.
- 25: Beginning of summer term.
- May 10: The Music Department arranged a musical evening in which many girls took part, before an appreciative audience.
- 15: At the Commemoration Service in the Cathedral the address was given by Canon Christopher Hall of Manchester Cathedral.

## The Coffee Break – A Fantasy

An anxious silence filled the Staffroom. We had synchronised our watches, but that didn't help much. It was still five minutes into the Coffee Break. The Headmistress spoke with stern sympathy:

"I'm sorry to have to tell you that the coffee and biscuits have been – misappropriated." A veil of dejection, like a sheet of thin plastic, fell over our bowed heads. "Please organise a complete examination of the situation."

"Sacré bleu!" mourned Visiting French, and collapsed heavily into a chair. Her words seemed to break the spell that bound us. We immediately went into action under the quiet leadership of the Senior Mistress.

The Games Staff tore off their sweatshirts and flexed their muscles. The Music Department settled down with manuscript paper, ready to put to music the rallying song which the English Department was already composing.

"Well now!" Head of Maths. called the rest of us to order. "How many grams of coffee were there in the jar?" And she whipped out some electronic log-tables.

"We need to know the ingredients of the missing biscuits too," claimed Domestic Science, producing a set of scales.

"And their chemical composition," added Head of Chemistry, holding a test-tube up to the light and gloomily wondering at the traces of Heinz Babyfood.

"All this information should be fed into a computer, the print-out reflected in mirrors, and we can then calculate the speed of light with which the objects were removed," offered Head of Physics, discarding his jacket and preparing to enjoy himself.



Practical as ever, the Geography Department drew exquisite maps of the area between the swallow-hole in the pantry and the limestone pavement in City Walls Road.

"Is it possible to estimate the population dispersal through the main door without first plotting the birth-rate?" enquired Assistant Geography dubiously. "Do we even know that they dispersed through the main door?"

"Or whether there was a go-between," murmured Head of English prosaically.

"Dogs!" exclaimed Head of German suddenly and we all jumped. "We could bring our dogs and track them down! Bluthunde," she explained.

"But mine would only eat the biscuits if he found them," objected Assistant History dismally.

"Not if he knew the ingredients," soothed Domestic Science.

"We might learn something useful from his entrails in any case," grinned Heads of Biology and Classics, as they slid their knives down their sleeves.

"But what I want to know is, had these items been paid for?" Economics asked with interest. "Have replacements been budgeted for? Are we to prepare for a financial crisis?"

Really the whole affair seemed to be snowballing out of control. Was there perhaps a historical precedent we might learn from? We turned hopefully to Head of History, who began with her usual calm precision:

"There was that rather distasteful affair in 1890, when the Russian Ambassador's samovar was used for —"

"What, here?" interrupted Assistant History incredulously.

"Omsk." Head of History froze her Junior with a glacial glance.

"What we need is a poster," declared Head of Art positively. She had been busy snipping pieces from the curtains, chair covers and a passing pair of jeans and now she held up a portrait, in collage, of a penguin biscuit gagged and bound. "Perhaps someone in the English Department might contribute a slogan?"

"A penguin! A penguin! My kingdom for a penguin? Cry havoc, and let loose the penguin? Where gottest thou that goose look? No, not suave enough," muttered Junior English disgustedly, and sat down to rewrite "Measure for Measure" with a really squeamish ending. The Maths. Department gave the necessary advice on metric conversions.

"Have we no cake?" echoed Head of History plaintively, and the French Department groaned in unison. They muttered "Clunqu, clique" to each other with significant looks.

"Would rolls do?" wondered Domestic Science, undoing her top button and turning back her cuffs.

"A la lanterne!" whispered Head of French, meaningfully feeling for her lanyard, but other suggestions were hastily put forward.

"If only we knew *why* —"

"— we'd know *who* —"

"— and *where*," concluded Part-Time Geography hungrily.

"Cur? Quis? Ubi?" chorused the Classics Department, and they fell to discussing the abduction of Helen of Troy — in Greek, with subtitles for the benefit of the Biology Department.

Suddenly, above this exchange of interdepartmental ideas, a rhythmic rattling could be heard outside. We gazed at each other in growing hope — the Coffee Trolley? *Could it be?*

"Or sabres," cautioned Assistant German.

"Les sans-coulottes?"

"The Seventh Cavalry!" squeaked Head of History with uncharacteristic optimism.

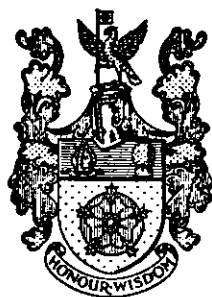
"A tectonic plate movement," asserted Head of Geography, while the Games Staff raised their whistles to their lips and the musicians diminished their fifths to reduce the discords.

"It's Einstein!" groaned Head of Physics, straightening his tie.

"How now, you secret, black and midday HAG!" sighed Assistant English with relief, as the Coffee Trolley came through the door.

JARES

# The Queen's School Association



## The Annual General Meeting, 1978

After the Centenary Buffet Lunch, the Annual General Meeting was held at the School on Saturday, 8th July. Miss Farra presided and about two hundred members were present, together with Staff and VI form leavers. The President opened the meeting, saying that it was the culmination of a very memorable long week-end. She welcomed both the "regular" members and those who had made a special effort to be present. She hoped that they would all have found friends from school days and that, in spite of changes, they would still recognise parts of the school building. The meeting then observed a moment's silence in memory of members who had died during the year.

The minutes of the last Annual General Meeting were read and confirmed. The Chairman reported that Margaret Yorke had reached the end of her second three-year term of office and wished to resign as Treasurer. The Secretary presented the retiring Treasurer with a gift of flowers and a book-token, and thanked her for her services to the Association. Mary Burgess (née Ham) was elected Treasurer by the meeting.

The Treasurer gave her report and indicated a profit on the year's working of £218.99. It was particularly pleasing that we had collected £468.85 for the newly-formed Queen's School Association Memorial Fund.

Miss Farra told the meeting of the great success of the Bursaries Appeal Fund, which stood at £191 000. Some of the first bursaries would be awarded in September, 1978. She told the meeting of the academic, musical and sporting achievements and gave us the news of life in School. She also reported the success of Gladys Phillips' "Short History of the Queen's School" and went on to speak of the Centenary Celebrations and to thank everyone who had helped to make them such a success.

Mary Burgess thanked Miss Farra for taking the chair, for welcoming us back to School and for giving us all the news.

A beautifully decorated centenary cake was brought into the hall and was cut by Gladys Phillips.

Many friends, husbands and children joined us for tea in the gymnasium.

M.M.

## Degree Results, 1978

Jane Bonner	Music and Cert. Ed., London	II 2
Gillian Breese	Medicine, St. Andrew's	
Heather Connolly	Food Science, Nottingham	II 1
Rowena Craddock	Veterinary Science, Liverpool	
Carol Davidge	Geography, Durham	II 1
Heather Davies	Fine Art, Loughborough	
Susan Flindt	Sculpture, Chelsea College of Art	II 1
Rosemary (Forster) Price	Sociology, Liverpool	I
Susan Goldberg	Geography, Bristol	II 2
Pamela Jackson	Dentistry, Bristol	
Helen (Jones) Petrie	Education, Wales	I
Pauline Lugton	Japanese Studies, Archaeology and Anthropology, Cambridge	
Susan Newey	Geography and P.E., Loughborough	II 2
Janet Palin	Medicine, Sheffield	
Patricia Rankin	Physics, London	I
Charlotte Sparrow	Human Sciences, Oxford	II
Wendy (Speed) Martland	Psychology, Liverpool	

### CAMBRIDGE TRIPOS

#### PART I

Ann Brannon	Archaeology and Anthropology	II 1
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#### PART IB

Alison Armstrong	Natural Sciences	II 2
Susan Johnston	Mathematics	II
Diana Silvester	Natural Sciences	II 2

### OXFORD

#### SCHOOL OF CLASSICS HONOUR MODERATIONS

Sarah Platt		I
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### UNIVERSITY PLACES

Grace Aldred	Durham: Biology	
Caroline Armstrong	Girton College, Cambridge: Engineering	
Joanna Bowley	Newcastle: Sociology and Social Administration	
Gillian Cooke	Lancaster: Psychology	
Barbara Elson	Leicester: Combined Studies	
Joanna Flanders	Queen Mary College, London: English	
Patricia Forbes	Aston: Business Administration	
Helen Goodship	Bradford: German and Spanish	
Susan Griffiths	Lancaster: Management Sciences	
Tessa Griffiths	Aston: Business Studies	
Vivienne Halford	Liverpool: Mediaeval Latin and Mediaeval History	
Susan Hall	Brasenose College, Oxford: Law	
Gillian Handley	Exeter: Accountancy Studies	
Sara Harker (left 1976)	Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford: Fine Art	
Charlotte Hess	New Hall, Cambridge: Mathematics (1979)	
Christina Hewitt	Somerville College, Oxford: History	
Margaret Hooper	Bedford College, London: Psychology	
Charlotte Jones	Trinity Hall, Cambridge: Law (Open Exhibition)	
Catherine Jones	Liverpool: Combined Arts	
Barbara Kennedy	Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford: Mathematics and Philosophy	

Fiona Knowles  
Jill Lewis  
Ceridwen Lloyd-Jones  
(left 1977)  
Edwina Maple  
Judith Moore  
Sarah Morgan-Wynne  
Denise Morrey

Joanna Oswell  
Jeanette Paterson  
Deborah Peers  
Helen Philips  
Janet Poole  
Sarah Purcell  
Dawn Roberts  
Helen Salt  
Tiffany Salter  
Morag Smith  
Elizabeth Thomas  
Helen Williams  
Joanna Williams  
Susan Wood

Lancaster: English and Linguistics  
Lancaster: Management Sciences

Nottingham: Plant Science  
St. Hilda's College, Oxford: P.P.E.  
Birmingham: German and P.E.  
U.M.I.S.T.: European Studies  
New Hall, Cambridge: Engineering  
(1979, British Rail Sponsorship)  
Sheffield: Speech Science  
Leeds: Agricultural Zoology  
Manchester: Music  
Manchester: Chemistry  
Reading: Modern Languages (1979)  
Bedford College, London: Mathematics and Psychology  
Liverpool: Geography  
Leeds: Chemical Engineering  
St. Hugh's College, Oxford: Law  
Reading: Horticulture  
Birmingham: Accountancy  
Nottingham: Chemistry  
Newcastle: History  
Salford: Economics and General Studies

#### OTHER DEGREE COURSES

Jennifer Cooke  
Nicola Garmory  
Elizabeth Robinson  
Jill Turner

Bedford College of Physical Education  
Manchester Polytechnic: Landscape Architecture  
Bulmershe College, Reading: Film and Drama  
Goldsmith's College, London: Education

#### OTHER COURSES OF SPECIALISED TRAINING

Deborah Baker  
Susan Dally  
Deborah Edwards  
(left 1977)  
Heather Fisher  
Victoria Gilbride  
Ruth Hassall (left 1977)  
Diane Johnston  
Deborah Jones  
Vanessa Parton  
Amanda Puddifant

Barclay's Bank  
Chester College of F.E.: Secretarial Course  
Llandrillo Technical College, Colwyn Bay:  
Hotel Management and Catering  
Withington Hospital, Manchester: Physiotherapy  
Preston Polytechnic: Bilingual Secretarial Course  
Lancashire College of Agriculture  
Barclay's Bank  
N.W. Water Board: Computer Training  
St. Thomas's Hospital, London: Nursing  
Writtle Agricultural College, Essex (1979)

## Miscellaneous News

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

Ann (Avery) Bond has written a handbook: "Preparing for A.R.C.O." published by the Royal School of Church Music. She has also written articles on Lutheranism in Music in the forthcoming new edition of Groves' "Dictionary of Music and Musicians".

Jane Bevis is steward on the Junior Common Room Committee of St. Anne's College, Oxford, for this, the college's centenary year.

Gillian Breese is a House Surgeon at Noble's Hospital, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Diana (Bridges) Leitch has given up full-time work since the birth of her daughter, but has been appointed to a half-time post in the Science Library of Manchester University.

- Patricia (Brown) Mitchell** is Secretary to the Headmaster of the Cedars Upper School, Leighton Buzzard, and enjoys the work very much.
- Belinda Byatt** has been working since January as a physiotherapist at the Hôpital Cantonal, Fribourg, Switzerland. As she will be there for at least one year, she writes that she would be pleased to hear from or receive visits from members of the Association in Switzerland.
- Jacqueline Clinton** is teaching European Studies at a local comprehensive school. She hopes to obtain a post in a Partial Hearing Unit in the not too distant future.
- Heather Connolly** is working as an assistant microbiologist for Avon Cosmetics in Northampton.
- Joan Carr Christie** passed her O level German Examination last year and has now joined an A level German class at Driffild School.
- Heather (Crossley) Royle** is now enjoying being a housewife and mother and looks forward to her new rôle as curate's wife from July this year, when her husband will take up his first curacy at St. Michael's, Chell, Stoke-on-Trent.
- Carol Davidge** spent three months studying French in Grenoble last year and is now working for the Thames Water Authority before studying for an M.Sc. in Water Science at Davis University, California.
- Margaret (Elston) Hyde** is due to complete her two-year C.Q.S.W. course at Cartrefle College, Wrexham in June, 1979.
- Patricia Freer**, who is Librarian at the Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine, London, visited Iraq in 1978 under the sponsorship of the British Council to advise on the library at the University of Basrah College of Medicine.
- Rosemary (Forster) Price** has moved to York, where her husband has entered general practice. She has written an article "The Socialization of Women - an Analysis" to be included in a Sociology textbook to be published in the Autumn.
- Linda (Green) Ripley** has moved to Tonbridge, Kent, where she hopes shortly to start work as a clinical medical officer with the Kent Area Health Authority.
- Penny (Green) Murray** is Coördinator of Music at Horringer Court Middle School, Bury St. Edmunds.
- Valerie (Griffiths) Edwards** writes that she corresponds regularly with Jill (Thompson) Kerby, who emigrated with her family to Australia in 1955. Jill, her husband and four children hope to visit the U.K. this year and will probably include a visit to Chester.
- Janice Hardwick** has been awarded an entrance bursary to the Middle Temple.
- Gillian (Heady) Limb** is teaching music on a free-lance basis, taking private pupils at home and visiting several schools.
- Elizabeth (Heath) Morris** has left the teaching profession, having been the Headteacher of a first school for a number of years, and has returned to college to do a business course.
- Mary (Holliday) Ternouth** has a post as Sheltered Accommodation Manager (Social Care) in Croydon. This is one of only a few such posts in the country and involves responsibility for the borough's social policy with regard to sheltered accommodation for the elderly and management of the Wardens.
- Susan Howells** is in her final B.Ed. year at Homerton College and will begin teaching English at the École d'Humanité, Switzerland in September.
- Pamela Jackson** is practising as a Community Dentist in Ellesmere Port.

**Margaret F. Jones** is Head of Resources at the Greneway School, Royston, which she had visited whilst on school experience at Homerton College. In late 1978, **Jane Bullock** was at Greneway, also on visits from Homerton, and the two met over coffee in the Staffroom.

**Susan Leese** has written two books: "Coaching Women's Lacrosse" and "Dance in Schools", which will be published in September. She coached the England and Great Britain lacrosse teams this year for their games against the U.S.A.

**Pauline Lugton** is teaching English at a college in Niigata City, Japan.

**Frances Lumb** has been awarded the Driver prize in Pure Mathematics at Royal Holloway College, London.

**Mary (Milton) Blane** is a teacher of dancing at P.N.E.U. School, Wolverhampton. She obtained a degree licenciate of the College of Preceptors in October, 1978. She teaches Margaret Morris Movement in Wolverhampton and in Wombourne, Staffordshire, and recently visited Switzerland with the M.M.M. party and taught a ladies' class for movement, dance and improvisation.

**Anne Minors** was awarded the Sir H.K. Stephenson Travelling Studentship in Architecture for 1978 by Sheffield University, in order to visit museums in Italy in preparation for her final year thesis design.

**Janet Palin** is a doctor in a Doncaster hospital.

**Rachel Peto** has passed her S.R.N. examinations and is taking up a post on a surgical ward in the Westminster Hospital group.

**Patricia Rankin** was awarded the Governors' Prize in Physics at Imperial College, London, for the best degree results and is now studying for her Ph.D. in High Energy Nuclear Physics. She has spent six weeks in California working on an experiment at the Stanford Linear Accelerator, and hopes to spend a year in the U.S.A. in the near future.

**Christine (Roberts) Sears** is Senior Administrator in the personnel department of Southampton University.

**Susan (Roberts) Reid** is a speech therapist with the Cleveland Area Health Authority.

**Jean Robertson-Dunn** is a management trainee at Littlewoods Warehouse, Liverpool.

**Christine (Samuels) Hampson** is still employed, part-time, by Hertfordshire County Council as a medical social worker, attached to a day hospital for geriatric patients. She is also a member of North Hertfordshire Community Health Council, where she represents the British Association of Social Workers.

**Josephine (Shipley) Marsh** is a personnel manager for the B.B.C., providing personnel support for the film department of the television service.

**Ann Stevenson** was appointed Head of Science at Farrington's School, Chislehurst in September, 1978.

**Valerie Street** has passed her second M.B. examinations.

**Mary (Swift) Doughty** writes that she hears regularly from **Dorothy (Wilson) Walker** who lives in Rhodesia. She is President of the Rhodesian Association of Garden Clubs, and travels extensively, judging and talking at meetings. Dorothy has two daughters, now married, one of whom is in charge of flowers and plants in the parks and gardens in Salisbury.

**Alison Thomas** is working in London for the Georgian Group — the national amenity society concerned with the protection of eighteenth century buildings — as the Caseworker/Assistant Secretary.

**Christine West** is now a Member of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists. She is Registrar at the Simpson Memorial Maternity Pavilion and Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

**Phyllis Woodward** says that since retiring from teaching, she has found interesting work in the local T.W.G., of which she is now the Chairman. She will be representing Prestatyn T.W.G. at the National Council meeting at the Albert Hall in May.

## Births

To **Heather (Batty) Kerswell** on 21st December, 1978, a second son, Harry.

To **Pamela (Chisholm) Baronnet** in October, 1976 a son, Marc Philippe and in October, 1978 a second son, Yves François.

To **Heather (Crossley) Royle** on 20th September, 1978 a son, Timothy James.

To **Jane (Dimmer) Scott** on 14th September, 1978 a son, David Andrew, a brother for Sarah.

To **Rosemary (Forster) Price** on 31st March, 1979 a son, Jonathan Edward.

To **Linda (Green) Ripley** on 15th June, 1978 a daughter, Gillian Alice.

To **Ann (Jackson) Wrigley** on 14th February, 1978 a daughter, Pamela Janet, a sister for Alastair.

To **Thelma (Jerome) Palos** on 17th March, 1979 a son, Oliver Adam.

To **Alison M. (Jones) King** on 28th January, 1979 a son, Thomas Bellamy.

To **Margaret (Jones) Shoesmith** on 15th January, 1979 a son, Robert Anthony.

To **Elizabeth Knox** on 8th May, 1978 a daughter, Octavia Elizabeth.

To **Janet (McLaren) Scanlon** on 21st December, 1978 a daughter, Rachel Louise.

To **Jane (Simpson) Newport** on 4th September, 1978 a daughter, Mary Louise, a sister for Daniel.

To **Angela (Smith) Oliver** on 11th April, 1978 a daughter, Victoria Louise.

To **Sharon (Whyatt) Drahota** on 20th May, 1978 a son, Joseph Anthony.

To **Margaret (Woods) Lewis** on 23rd October, 1978 a daughter, Rhiannon Sian.

## Marriages

**Philippa Craddock** on 2nd September, 1978, to Malcolm Steven Hale.

**Ingrid Davidge** in July, 1978, to Andrew Strawson.

**Susan Lee Roberts** in June, 1978, to Alasdair Reid.

## Deaths

**Barker-Jones:** in December, 1978, Katharine (née Shuttleworth) who was at school about 1906.

**Houghton:** on 1st February, 1979, Annie (née German) aged 85 years who was at the school from 1906-1912.

**Jackson:** on 23rd May, 1978, Muriel, who was at school from 1911-1917.

**Webb:** Muriel (née Barker-Jones), who was at the school from 1906-1918.

## Are you a Frustrated Lacrosse Player? . . . Then Read on

I am starting a lacrosse club in Chester next season and am very anxious to recruit members. I am sure there must be some members of the Association who are just longing to pick up their sticks again, so here is an opportunity you must not miss. All ages and standards will be most welcome! Please contact me for further information.

Miss Alison Saunders,  
39, Oldfield Drive,  
Vicars Cross,  
Chester.  
Tel: Chester 49974

— or get in touch through School.

A.S.

## Acknowledgments

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