



**HAVE
MYNDE**

1982

The Governing Body



Chairman: C.N. Ribbeck

Deputy Chairman: Miss C.M. Baxter, J.P.

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Chester

Mrs. D. Brown

W.C. Dutton

Mrs. S. Harris

L.H.A. Harrison

B.A.G. King

Mrs. D.M. McConnell

The Reverend Canon K.M. Maltby

D.F.A. Ray

Clerk to the Governors:

B. Dutton, F.C.A., 10 White Friars, Chester

Assistant: Mrs. P. Backhouse

HAVE MYNDE 1982

Foreword

The British as a nation have the reputation of always talking about the weather! The winter of 1981—82 gave us something to talk about, since it began earlier, was many degrees colder and much snowier than any other winter for almost twenty years. Ice, snow and freezing fog in December caused us to postpone Prizegiving until March, and so it was three months later than anticipated that our new Chairman of Governors, Mr. Norman Ribbeck, made his public début. Miss Baxter, in succeeding Mr. McCully as Vice-Chairman, adds yet another rôle to her impressive list in connection with the school: former pupil, former member of staff, for many years Secretary of the Queen's School Association and latterly its Chairman, and for several years a Governor. It is unusual for both Chairman and his deputy to take office together, but on this occasion the illness of both their predecessors made it unavoidable.

As I write work is proceeding on the new block of four classrooms, which should be available for use at some time during the Autumn Term. Not only will the new rooms provide us with extra space for class teaching, but they will also make possible the conversion of two rooms in the Science Block into an additional laboratory. It is less than twenty years since the Science Block was built, and at that time the school must have rejoiced in having ample laboratory space to meet its needs. Times change, and so great has been the increase in the number of girls wanting science courses, especially at Sixth Form level, that it has become essential to make extra provision for it. We all regret having to lose part of the garden, but thanks to careful planning by the architect the loss of ground space has been kept to a minimum, while the view of the garden from the cloisters has been retained. Once the building is finished, we intend that it will be surrounded by a different garden at least as pleasant and attractive as the old one.

M.F.

The Staff, May 1982

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

Mrs. J. Affleck, M.A., Oxford
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
Mrs. F. Brown, B.A. Hons., Wales
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. Gaster, B.A. Hons., Manchester
R.A. Hands, B.Sc., Nottingham
Mrs. A. Hardwick, M.A., Oxford
Mrs. C. Hargreaves, B.A. Hons., Manchester
Miss J.E. Hargreaves, B.A. Hons., London
Mrs. I.V. Harrison, B.Sc. Hons., Liverpool
Miss S.D. Hayes, Gloucester T.C.D.S.
Miss R. Hinde, B.A. Hons., Birmingham
Miss C. Jones, B.Ed., I.M. Marsh College of P.E.
* Mrs. J.H. Jones, M.Sc., London
* Mrs. H. Parker, B.A. Hons., Oxford
* Miss C. Scott, Cert. Ed. I.M. Marsh College of P.E.
Miss M. Walters, B.A. Hons., Leicester
Miss N. Woods, Mus.B.Hons. Manchester, G.R.N.C.M., A.R.N.C.M.
K. Young, B.Sc., Ph.D., Liverpool, C. Chem., M.R.I.C.

Part-time Staff

Mrs. S.J. Bastin, B.Sc. Hons., London
Mrs. M. Berry, M.A., Dublin
Mrs. S.J. Bowden, B.A., Manchester
Mrs. J. Entwisle, B.Sc. Hons., London
Mrs. N. Fowler, B.A. Hons., Liverpool
Mrs. E.L. Jones, B.Sc. Hons., Bristol
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. M.C. Wiley, B.Sc. Hons., Liverpool
Mme. M. Wozniak, Ecole Normale
Mrs. D. Wright, B.Sc. Hons., Manchester

Part-time Music Staff

H.I. Edwards, Mus.B. Durham, A.R.C.M.
Mrs. M. Fawcett, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.
J. Gough, G.Mus.(Hons.), R.N.C.M., P.P.R.N.C.M., A.R.C.M.(Hons.), F.L.C.M.
Mrs. L. Hallett, L.T.C.L.
Mrs. R. Heasman, L.R.A.M.
Mrs. J. Johnson, A.R.M.C.M.
Mrs. M. Lees, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.
J.L.B. Norris
Mrs. M. Pritchard
Mrs. G. Sawicka, L.R.A.M., Graduate of Kiev Conservatoire
Mrs. E. Stringer, L.R.A.M.

The Junior School at Nedham House

Head of Department: Miss M.N. Whitnall, B.Ed. Hons., C.N.A.A.,
Didsbury College
Mrs. B. Brady, B.Ed., Didsbury College
Miss S.M. Paice, Goldsmiths' College, London

Part-time Staff

Mrs. M.B. Chorley, B.A. Hons., Manchester
Mrs. M.D. Meredith, C.F. Mott College, Liverpool
E.M. Singleton, B.Mus. Hons., Birmingham, F.R.C.O.

The Preparatory Department at Sandford House

Head of Department: Mrs. M. Whelan, Chester College, B.A.,
Open University
Miss J. Henry, Froebel Institute, Roehampton
Miss D.M. Judge, Mount Pleasant T.C., Liverpool

Part-time Staff

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

Secretary: Miss J.F. Goodchild

Assistant Secretary: Mrs. N. Green

Domestic Bursar: Mrs. M. Harrison

Assistant Domestic Bursar: Mrs. P.M. Brambell

Administrative Assistant: C.P. Hudspith

Laboratory Assistants: Mrs. L. Aves, B.Sc. Hons., Durham
Mrs. S.M. Hobson, H.N.C.
D. Evans

* We welcome these members of staff who joined us recently. The following members of staff left during the past year: Miss Saunders, Miss Stuart, Mr. Pym.

Those in Authority, 1982

Head Girl: Emma Leach

Deputies: Sally Bladen, Kate Kane

Reference Librarians: Miss Walters, Jane Bateman, Judith Clarke,
Sarah Grenside, Louise Ward

Fiction Librarians: Mrs. Fowler, Penny Campbell, Rozanne Johnson,
Karin La Frenais, Veronica Lee, Helen Mills,
Wendy Winnard

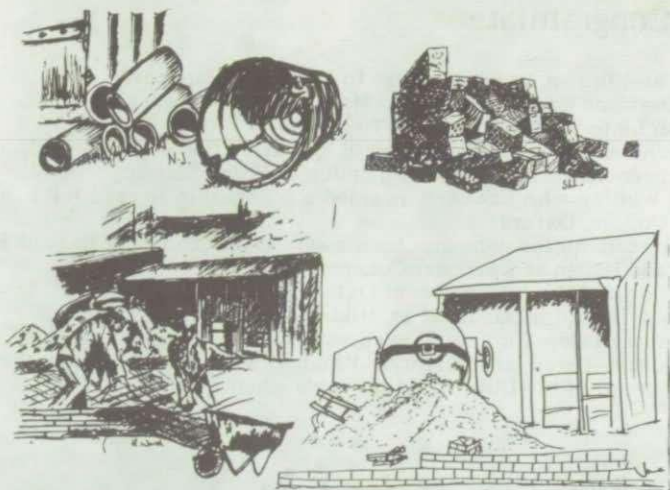
"Have Mynde" editorial: Mr. Hands, Miss Callaway, Mrs. Bates, Karen Haynes,
Anthea Johnson, Sarah Lowe, Katrina Wood

"Have Mynde" business: Mrs. Brown

Underneath the Arches . . .



. . . or perhaps the arch underneath. This was unearthed in digging the foundations. (They had to be made deeper than expected.)



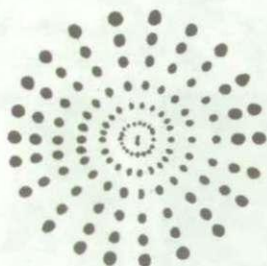
How it will look:



Architects: Design Group Partnership, Chester

We Congratulate

Miss Carol Brown on her marriage to Mr. Leslie Hargreaves;
Miss Davidson on her marriage to Mr. Christopher Gaster;
Miss McLintock on her marriage to Mr. Keith Brown;
Mr. John Gough on his successful debut at the Wigmore Hall, and on becoming a Fellow of the London College of Music;
Isabel Whitley who has been awarded a scholarship to read P.P.E. at New College, Oxford;
Catherine Hamilton who has been awarded an exhibition to read French and Italian at Worcester College, Oxford;
the following who have places at Oxford or Cambridge colleges:
Judith Affleck, for classics at St. Hilda's College, Oxford;
Katharine Healey, for natural sciences at Girton College, Cambridge;
and Alison Leech and Kathryn Rhodes, who have obtained the Gold Award of the Duke of Edinburgh's scheme.



Lesson on Virginia Woolf

To comprehend or not to comprehend . . . ?

" 'Think of a kitchen table then,' said Andrew. 'When you're not there.' " Having placed the table in the pear tree, the only solution to the problem is to accept man's rôle in society which can be achieved only by a trip to the lighthouse. At this juncture, the maths. student looked blank. " 'What beautiful boots!' she exclaimed. She was ashamed of herself. To praise his boots when he asked her to solace his soul, when he had shown her his bleeding hands, his lamented heart, and asked her to pity them, then to say, cheerfully, 'Ah, but what beautiful boots you wear!' deserved, she knew, complete annihilation."

— Thus the universal truth dawned on our mathematician (who once took a holiday in Budleigh Salterton), that man is the intellectual, woman the giver and one could then create unity in the picture with a line.

"But what then is R?" questioned the mathematician, unaware that she was following close in Mr. Ramsay's footsteps and forgetting her own rôle as a "rosy flowered fruit tree".

Early this year the Upper Sixth embarked on a journey exploring the world of Virginia Woolf as portrayed in "To the Lighthouse".

The average Queen's School student reaches J.

Judith Townsend Mary Holmes-Evans
Georgina Gunningham
Upper Sixth

Sandford House News

The year will undoubtedly be remembered for the effect of the bitter weather on school activities. The weather also, sadly, hastened the death through hypothermia of Miss Cynthia Wakefield, of whom an obituary appears in the Queen's School Association News.

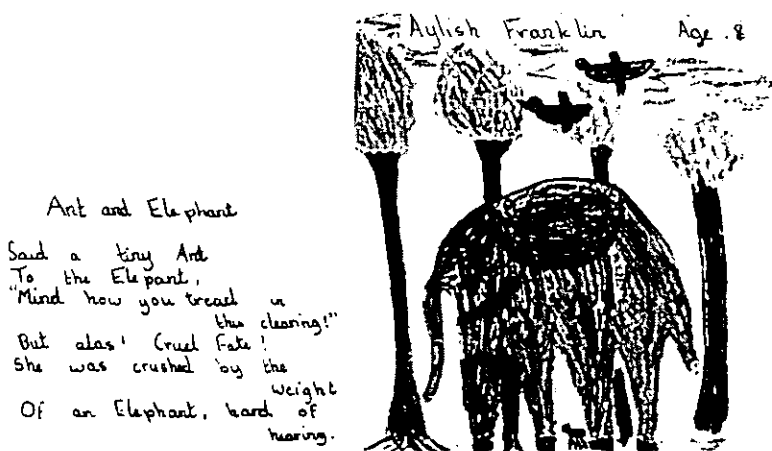
This year we have supported numerous charities. We collected £83.30 for the Royal National Institute for the Blind and some of us are competing in a sponsored swim for Cancer Research organized by Mrs. Gibbs. We have also made house collections for Dr. Barnardo's, as well as regular collections for the P.D.S.A. and the C.M.S. The staff were very moved by the grateful response from families in the Lache and Blacon areas when they distributed our harvest produce.

The Christmas Play was held in the hall at Nedham House despite a relentless blizzard, traffic jams and snowdrifts. This event was followed by sherry and mince pies for the parents and by a bring and buy sale, which raised the amazing sum of £185.00 in about thirty minutes. The Christmas Party, however, did have to be postponed – for the first time in living memory – but it was entirely successful in March, in the guise of a party to welcome the Spring.

With the return of Spring, it was easier to reflect on Sports Day and last summer's visit to the Zoo, where we heard a very interesting talk on "Animal Camouflage" in the lecture unit. Mrs. Gough's class also enjoyed visits to the Canal Museums at Ellesmere Port and Llangollen.

The first day of the Summer term is Sandford House's official birthday; so on 22nd April, we celebrated being "two" with a buffet lunch on the lawn. As we embark on our third year we find it difficult to believe that it is so long since we unpacked all those tea chests!

M.W.



Nedham House News

Every year is a year of change for the family of Neddies, including our animals. We have, regretfully, to record the deaths of two of the fish, Honey the guinea-pig and Bodie, Mr. Charters' dog. We were very sad to lose these friends, especially Bodie, who was big and gentle and playful. Dandy the tortoise ran away while on his summer holidays and we hope that he managed to find another welcoming home before the cold weather arrived. We have two new guineas, Snowy and Patch, who are enjoying being cared for by the Second Form, and Mr. Charters has a new dog, William, a bearded collie like Bodie and just as friendly and lovable.

The Panda Club organised a sale of cakes and sweets last summer; there were games to play as well. There was so much to buy that the sale went on for three days, and made a lot of money for charity.

In June, we all went to North Wales. The First Form walked all over the Great Orme and looked into Pigeon's Cave, holding Mrs. Brady's or Miss Jones' hand very tightly because it was a DANGEROUS place and very windy as well. The Second Form explored Conwy Castle as part of their summer project, and the Third Form saw a very interesting film about the history of Conwy, before walking round the walls and the streets and studying the harbour and other special bits. Juliet and some others were enthusiastic photographers and, in spite of it being a cold day, several of the Third Form were sketching various views. We had to hurry back to the Junction, across the bridge and the causeway, to meet the coaches, and the Third Form had to hurry most of all.

One day Anna's mother, who is a special sort of policewoman, brought Constable Parks and another officer to school, to show us a film and talk to us about road safety. We asked them a lot of questions afterwards, and they knew most of the answers!

Our Harvest Festival was lovely. Some parents came to it, and we sang the usual harvest hymns and said home-made prayers. We were able to take baskets to Rowlands Lodge, Dr. Barnardo's at Christleton, Kinderley House and also to about eight new harvest friends, old or handicapped people whom some of us know personally; many of our earlier friends have now either given up their own homes permanently, or else, sadly, have died.

A coach load of Neddies and parents went to the Royal Northern College of Music in October, to see the ballet of "A Midsummer Night's Dream". The costumes and the scenery were really fairy-like, and the colours were beautiful.

The bad weather at the end of term forced us to have our Carols during an afternoon instead of the evening we had planned; even so, it was getting very foggy before we finished and everyone was anxious to get home. Travelling was extremely difficult, and some people couldn't be with us because they were snowed-up, but the event was very successful in spite of all the problems. Our Christmas entertainment, the Mediaeval Feast, had to be postponed until January, and even then it was touch-and-go whether we would be able to do it. The Feast was a new venture, greatly enjoyed by all who took part. Parents dressed up, Neddies presented two plays (while the visitors consumed most of the food), the Dragon rescued a beautiful princess, and the waxworks Kings and Queens came to life. The hall and the covered-way were splendidly mediaeval, with silver knights on the walls and shields hanging from the beams. All the actors, musicians and serving maids played their parts extraordinarily well and there was almost thunderous applause at the end. We went home tired but proud and happy.

Our Birthday outing was to Martin Mere Wildfowl Trust. We were glad to have some parents with us, joining in our celebration. Two Trust wardens took us round the grounds and showed us how to recognise many of the birds. They were very enthusiastic and knowledgeable and we saw much that we would otherwise have missed. Mrs. Ogg provided a picnic for us, and we had our lovely big birthday biscuits the next day.

Vicky Bate brought her goat, Capricorn, to school one day. He was tethered near Miss Phillips' oak tree and enjoyed all the attention he got during the day. Vicky took him for a walk on the field, and the Third Form studied him as part of their work in Nature. We like having visitors.

We couldn't possibly write about everything we have done during the past year but perhaps we should mention the Guy Fawkes Bonfire Party which raised money for Dr. Barnardo's, the patchwork curtains which the Third Form are making for their formrooms, the enthusiastic and widespread support for the newly-formed Drama Club, the Easter Bonnet Competition and the Easter Egg Competition, the end-of-term Concert in March at which we entertained each other in a varied programme, which needed two afternoons to include all the items offered, the "rogues' gallery" of First Form self-portraits and their equally fascinating clown pictures and formroom murals, the Y.O.C.'s visit to the bird reserve at Shotton, and the constantly changing displays of personal treasures of all sorts which the Neddies so willingly bring to show to each other. We are very appreciative of parents' kindness and co-operation in allowing the children to bring to school items which are sometimes valuable or even irreplaceable, and we do our best to take care of them properly. We are also very appreciative of parents' generosity in supporting our charity efforts and social occasions so wholeheartedly, and thank them warmly for the many gifts which we have received.

Form III and M.N.W.



Elspeth Small, L IV H

Gifts to the School

We acknowledge, with gratitude, the following gifts:

Books and contributions to library funds: Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes and Kathryn, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew and Rosalin, Mr. and Mrs. Evans and Kate, Mr. Yarwood, Mr. and Mrs. Kneebone and Helen, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew and Catherine, Mr. and Mrs. Rofé and Sandra, Jane Harper, Mrs. P. Causebrook, Mr. and Mrs. Potter and Jane, Alison Audsley, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Catherine

Picture: Mr. F. Moss

Records and music: Mr. and Mrs. A. Berry

Money for clocks for the new wing: Mr. and Mrs. Hardwick, Angela, Janice and Fiona

Flute and a globe: Mrs. and Miss Hayes

Video tapes: Heather Steyenson

A copy of the Play Society pamphlet produced by Miss Morris and Queen's School girls, 1926: Chester College

Gifts to the Staffroom:

Telephone pad: Miss Saunders

Calendar: Mrs. Heasman

Blotter: Miss Stuart

Gifts to Nedham House

Ceramic "Cock of Happiness": Fiona Miall

Book token: Julia Kolbusz

Photograph album: Emily Dewhurst

Books: Kay Campbell, Sarah Davies, Anna Dawson, Nadia Hodgson, Virginia Ward

Garden trowel: Amanda Johnson

Violin: Rosalind Hedley

A pair of Maracas: Tonia Dodd

"Spending money" (for a Union Flag, and towards a School Flag): Louise Chesters, Sarah Collins, Allison Consterdine, Carol Irving, Judith Martin, Gaynor Willis and Clare Witter

A run for the guinea pigs: Mr. MacMillan

Two conifers for Jane Redfern's garden: Mr. and Mrs. Redfern

Wood for woodworkers: Dr. Hood

Pottery castles and turrets: Victoria Bate, Juliet Bott, Esther MacMillan, Patricia Merrett, Miriam Rayner, Kathryn Sherratt and Victoria Swift

Many books for the library: Mrs. White

An oak tree: Mrs. Towndrow

A sumach tree (Rhus tryphina): Tabitha Fairley

Thin card for handwork: Mrs. Thornton-Firkin

Air-stone for the fish tank: Sarah Vernon

Rhus cotinus and two honeysuckle shrubs: Miss Farra

Spending money for library books: Fiona Stoddart

Photographs of Mediaeval Feast: Mr. Paton

A travelling hutch for the guinea pigs: Anon

Gifts for Nedham House Birthday, 2nd February, 1982
Chocolates for Neddies: Mr. Paice
Birthday cake: Mrs. Miall, Fiona and Diana
Indoor watering-can and plant spray: Miss Paice
Photograph album: Miss Chowen

Prizes and Awards, 1981

FORM PRIZES

Lower Fifth

Louise Bevan
 Imogen Clark
 Alexandra Hedley
 Sally Keates
 Caroline Paul
 Rachael Garner
 Sophia Newing
 Clare Robinson
 Sandra Rofé
 Katrina Wood

Upper Fifth

Lower Sixth

For service to the school community

For service to the Fiction Library

For service to school music

For service to the School as Head Girl

For service to the School as Deputy Head Girls

For Games

Catherine Ferris
 Georgina Gunningham
 Jane Johnston
 Helen Shone
 Catherine Fox
 Donna Bloy
 Claire Grew
 Katherine Jones
 Alison Binns
 Sarah Cooke
 Susan Marsh

Upper Sixth

For outstanding work at A Level:

Sciences

Modern Languages

Mathematics and Physics

Physics

For English

For Economics and History

For Geography

For Latin

For French

For German

For Chemistry

For Biology

For Music

For Art

For Progress

For Public Speaking

The Queen's Jubilee Scholarship 1981-82

Amanda Betts
 Catherine Hamilton
 Margaret Hardwick
 Isabel Whitley
 Helen Kneebone
 Nicola Lawton
 Heather Stevenson
 Jane King
 Kathryn Rhodes
 Catherine Andrew
 Katharine McIntyre
 Mary Churton
 Julie McGaughran
 Fiona Hardwick
 Kathrin Evans
 Virginia Baynes
 Alison Shaftoe
 Catherine Hamilton
 Isabel Whitley

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION 1981, ORDINARY LEVEL

The following passed in five or more subjects: Nicola Alfonsi, Rosalin Andrew, Jane Bateman, Sally Bladen, Helen Carlen, Sara Goddard, Helen Goltz, Danielle Gould, Virginia Harding, Helen Hasted, Karen Haynes, Sarah Heath, Philippa Hutchinson, Pandora Johnson, Rozanne Johnson, Nicola Jones, Nina Kerr, Karin La Frenais, Emma Leach, Nicola Leech, Jane Leedham, Rosemary Littler, Hilary Luker, Sophia Newing, Suzanne Roberts, Elizabeth Shanklin, Susan Shaw, Gillian Sheppard, Jane Stevenson, Amanda White.

Alison Baker, Penelope Brown, Penelope Campbell, Jane Dale, Sarah Faulkner, Judy Fisher, Jane FitzSimmons, Susan Flood, Rachael Garner, Ann Gilliland, Gillian Hands, Barbara James, Anthea Johnson, Katherine Kane, Sally Kay, Helen Kennedy, Vanessa Lajce, Sarah Lowe, Anne Macdonald, Helen Mills, Karen Nelson, Mary Peate, Jane Powell, Susan Ratcliffe, Clare Robinson, Sandra Rofé, Wendy Winnard, Katrina Wood.

ADVANCED LEVEL

Four subjects:

Sarah Anderson, Catherine Andrew, Alison Audsley, Virginia Baynes, Susan Berrington, Amanda Betts, Isobel Borrows, Nicola Briggs, Marie-Claire Broad-Davies, Jane Campbell, Mary Churton, Fiona Clegg, Kathryn Collins, Janet Cottrell, Catherine Dubourg, Katherine Entwisle, Kathrin Evans, Caroline Griffiths, Catherine Hamilton, Sarah Handley, Fiona Hardwick, Margaret Hardwick, Christina Harvey, Irene Jones, Margaret Jones, Rhannon Jones, Catherine Kerr, Nicola Kidd, Jane King, Sarah Knight, Alison Leech, Carol Mansell, Carol Marley, Jacquelyn Martin, Julie McGaughran, Katharine McIntyre, Fiona Murphy, Alison Rawling, Kathryn Rhodes, Joanne Russell, Alison Shaftoe, Fiona Sowerby, Jennifer Wess, Isabel Whitley, Andrea Williams, Virginia Williams, Jill Williamson, Dawn Willis.

Three subjects:

Judith Bonser, Christine Ellard, Johanna Frickel, Jane Harper, Helen Kneebone, Nicola Lawton, Clare Nelson, Rebecca Nelson, Jane Potter, Anne Pryer, Heather Stevenson, Myrna Williams.

Two subjects:

Jane Bartholomew, Caroline Bushell, Sally Grimshaw-Smith, Vivien Priest.

One subject:

Sarah Birtwistle, Helen Waters.

Associated Board Music Examinations

Grade VI: Piano (pass): Anna Howatt. Flute (merit): Rachel Knight. Cello (pass): Moya Stevenson.

Grade VIII: Clarinet (pass): Nicola Leech. Flute (pass): Karen Nelson.

(Note: "Merit" requires 120 marks out of 150 and "distinction" 130; to pass requires 100 marks. Results for Grades I to V are not published in "Have Mynde".)

University and Polytechnic Degree Courses

Sarah Anderson
Catherine Andrew
Alison Audsley
Virginia Baynes
Susan Berrington
Amanda Betts
Judith Bonser
Isobel Borrows
Sally Brien (left 1980)
Nicola Briggs (1982)

Westfield College, London: Biology
St. Hilda's College, Oxford: Modern Languages
Newcastle: Dentistry
Sheffield: Civil and Structural Engineering
Nottingham: Industrial Economics
Royal Veterinary College, London: Veterinary Science
Hull: English/Theology
Queen Mary College, London: European Studies
Bristol: English/Drama
Durham: German/Russian

Marie-Claire Broad-Davies
 Caroline Bushell
 Jane Campbell
 Mary Churton
 Fiona Clegg

Kathryn Collins (1982)
 Janet Cottrell
 Christine Ellard
 Katherine Entwisle
 Kathrin Evans
 Johanna Frickel
 Caroline Griffiths
 Sally Grimshaw-Smith
 Fiona Hardwick
 Margaret Hardwick
 Christina Harvey
 Louise Hasted (left 1979)
 Irene Jones
 Margaret Jones
 Rhianon Jones
 Catherine Kerr
 Jane King (1982)
 Helen Kneebone
 Sarah Knight
 Nicola Lawton
 Alison Leech
 Julie McGaughran
 Katherine McIntyre
 Carol Mansell
 Carol Marley
 Jacquelyn Martin
 Rebecca Nelson
 Jane Potter
 Vivien Priest (1982)
 Anne Pryor
 Kathryn Rhodes
 Joanne Russell
 Alison Shaftoe
 Fiona Sowerby (1982)
 Heather Stevenson
 Jennifer Wess
 Andrea Williams
 Myrna Williams
 Virginia Williams
 Jill Williamson
 Dawn Willis

Middlesex Polytechnic: European Business Administration
 Bangor: English
 Imperial College, London: Mechanical Engineering
 Southampton: Chemistry
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: Hotel and
 Catering Administration
 Liverpool: Law
 St. George's Hospital, London: Medicine
 Southampton: Economics
 St. Thomas' Hospital, London: Medicine
 Essex: Latin American Studies
 Leicester Polytechnic: Urban Land Management
 Imperial College, London: Mathematics
 Froebel Institute, Roehampton: Biology and Education
 Goldsmith's College, London: Music
 Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford: Mathematics (Exhibition)
 Nottingham: Geography
 Liverpool Polytechnic: Librarianship
 Durham: Mathematics
 Birmingham: Medical Biochemistry
 Manchester: Psychology
 St. Thomas' Hospital, London: Medicine
 Nottingham: Social Administration
 Birmingham: English
 Birmingham: Chemical Engineering
 Birmingham: English
 Birmingham: Biology
 Liverpool: Medicine
 Leeds: German/French
 Hull: French/Philosophy
 Birmingham: English
 Nottingham: Medicine
 Birmingham: English
 Nottingham: Psychology
 Nene College, Northampton: Combined Studies
 Nottingham: Social Administration
 Wadham College, Oxford: Experimental Psychology
 Manchester: German with French
 Nottingham: Geography
 Aberystwyth: Geography
 St. Edmund Hall, Oxford: Modern History and Economics
 Liverpool: Medicine
 Oxford Polytechnic: Catering Administration
 Sheffield: French/Economics
 Liverpool: French
 St. Hugh's College, Oxford: Classics
 Manchester: Pharmacy

Other Courses of Specialised Training or Employment

Sarah Birtwistle
 Jane Haigh (left 1980)
 Sarah Handley
 Jane Harper

Kirstine Howatt (left 1980)

Nicola Kidd

Alison Rawling
 Helen Waters

Bristol Polytechnic: H.N.D., Applied Biology
 Civil Service: Clerical Assistant
 Cordon Bleu Cookery Course
 Chester College of Further Education: Secretarial and
 Business Course
 Oxford and County Secretarial College:
 Secretarial and Business Studies
 Chester College of Further Education: Secretarial and
 Business Course
 St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London: Nursing
 Guy's Hospital, London: Nursing

Sports Reports

Athletics, 1981

1981 proved to be the most successful season yet for our athletes. In May, after the Chester and District Athletics League, the following girls were chosen to represent the district in the county championships at Hartford:

Junior girls' long jump — Katy Cunliffe, Alex Murphy

Junior girls' high jump — Anna Brown

Junior girls' relay — Katy Cunliffe

Intermediate girls' hurdles — Sally Bladen

Intermediate girls' high jump — Barbara James

Intermediate girls' 100m and relay — Louise Nell

Barbara James was placed 3rd in the high jump, and Katy Cunliffe ran the last leg of the successful junior girls' relay team which won the final.

In July the Chester and District Championships were held at Overleigh. The following people deserve particular mention as they were placed in the finals of their events:

2nd Year 100m — Sarah Cotgreave (1st) (new championship record)

2nd Year high jump — Kate Williams (2nd); Fiona Hancock (3rd)

2nd Year long jump — Sarah Cotgreave (2nd)

2nd Year relay team — 3rd

3rd Year 100m — Katy Cunliffe (1st) (new championship record); Sarah Mills (3rd)

3rd Year hurdles — Anna Brown (3rd)

3rd Year javelin — Jackie Fearnall (2nd)

3rd Year discus — Sarah Mills (2nd)

3rd Year long jump — Katy Cunliffe (2nd)

3rd Year relay — 1st

4th/5th Year 100m — Louise Nell (1st); Barbara James (3rd)

4th/5th Year hurdles — Sally Bladen

4th/5th Year discus — Sally Bladen (1st)

4th/5th Year high jump — Barbara James (1st)

4th/5th Year long jump — Louise Nell (2nd)

4th/5th Year relay — 1st

These results meant that Queen's were placed 1st overall out of the ten schools competing. (This is the first time that we achieved this position.)

For the first time, Queen's entered a first year team in the Minors Chester and District Championships at Dee High School. The following girls achieved places in the finals of their events:

100m — Katy McNay (1st)

Hurdles — Maria Shepherd (1st); Elspeth Smedley (4th)

Relay — 5th

Overall Queen's were placed 5th out of 9 schools. The following girls deserve congratulations for being selected for the minors district team to participate in the county championships:

100m — Katy McNay

Hurdles — Maria Shepherd

Maria deserves particular mention as she achieved 3rd place in the final of her event.

Tennis, Summer 1981

1st VI S. Marsh (Capt.) A. Binns V. Hess J. Starling K. Entwisle L. Drew	U15 VI S. Long L. Nell L. Roberts J. Judge S. Davies C. Thompson	U14 VI J. Longden S. Willis M. Stevenson R. Hart J. Houghton A. Brown	U13 VI A. Carden H. Parker S. Barker S. Cotgreave K. Willis S. Thomas
2nd VI (U16) S. Shaw S. Roberts E. Leech K. Haynes N. Jones K. le Frenais K. Jones A. Mealor	U15 B VI L. Aubrey L. Bevan D. Stevenson W. Bracewell G. Richards J. Ingham A. Gordon G. Sloane	U14 B VI J. Fearnall S. Mills J. Briggs K. Cunliffe N. Jones C. Healey V. Cleeves S. Backhouse	U13 B VI A. Moore M. Fuller J. Nash J. Clark S. Halsall-Williams J. Corley L. Sherlock

Colours: S. Marsh (1980), K. Entwisle, A. Binns, V. Hess, L. Drew, J. Starling.

Match Results:

1st VI	WON against Whitby, I.M. Marsh, Moreton Hall, King's, Belvedere, Leftwich, Altrincham
2nd VI	WON against Kingsway, Queen's Park High DREW with Whitby LOST against West Kirby, I.M. Marsh, Christleton
U16 VI	WON against Helsby, Blacon
U15 VI	WON against Helsby, Blacon, Whitby, Belvedere, Queen's Park High, Leftwich, Christleton LOST against West Kirby, Kingsway, Hammond, Merchant Taylors', Moreton Hall, Altrincham
U14 VI	WON against Helsby, Blacon, Whitby, West Kirby, Kingsway, Merchant Taylors', Moreton-Hall, Belvedere, Queen's Park High, Christleton, Huyton
U13 VI	WON against Hammond, Queen's Park High, Christleton, Huyton LOST against Kingsway

Inter-Schools Tournaments

1st VI	<i>Aberdare Cup</i> Preliminary Round	WON against Moreton Hall WON against Birkenhead WON against Malbank
	1st Round	WON AGAINST Cheadle-Hulme LOST against Dean Row (Dean Row went through to represent the North of England in the National Final).
	<i>Cheshire Cup</i> 1st Round	WON against Highfield
	2nd Round	WON against Culcheth
	Final	LOST against Dean Row

Chester and District Tournaments

U18 team:	Winners
U15 team:	Runners-up
U14 team:	Winners
U13 team:	Placed third

School Tournaments	Winner	Runner-up
<i>1st VI singles</i>	S. Marsh	A. Binns
<i>Senior singles</i>	S. Shaw	S. Roberts
<i>Junior team singles</i>	R. Hart	S. Long
<i>L IV singles</i>	K. Willis	A. Carden
<i>Remove singles</i>	C. Leslie-Carter	C. Burke
<i>Doubles</i>	(S. Marsh	(L. Drew
	(J. Starling	(V. Hess
<i>Nestlé Ladders</i>	Form winners: J. Judge, M. Stevenson	
House Matches	<i>Senior Tennis</i>	won by Sandford
	<i>Junior Tennis</i>	won by Thompson
	<i>Junior Rounders</i>	won by Sandford

Individual successes

Susan Marsh was selected to represent Cheshire juniors in inter-county fixtures. She won the U 18 singles at Hoole and Deeside and was runner-up at Lymm.

Susan Marsh and Alison Binns won the U18 doubles at Hoole and Deeside and were runners-up at Lymm. Alison also won the U 18 mixed doubles at Hoole and reached the semi-final stage of the singles event.

Susan Shaw was runner-up in the U 18 mixed doubles at Alexandra Park and reached the semi-finals in the U 18 doubles at Hoole and the U 16 doubles at Lymm.

Sarah Long won the U 16 doubles at Alexandra Park by beating Rebecca Hart and her partner.

Wendy Bracewell represented Wales in the Guides' Tennis Tournament at Queen's Club, London.

Hockey, 1981 – 82

Match Results, Autumn Term:

1st XI	WON against Helsby, Queen's Park, Lymm, Appleton Hall
2nd XI	WON against Whitby LOST against Helsby, Kingsway, Leftwich
U 15 XI	WON against Helsby, Appleton Hall, Lymm, Christleton DREW against Blacon LOST against Whitby
U 14 XI	WON against Blacon, Queen's Park, Kingsway DREW against Whitby LOST against Helsby, Heber

Spring Term:

1st XI	WON against Whitby LOST against Oldershaw, Helsby
2nd XI	WON against Whitby DREW against Dee, Leftwich
U 15 XI	WON against Withington, Queen's Park, Oldershaw DREW against Helsby
U 14 XI	WON against Oldershaw, Dee, Queen's Park, Blacon, Withington DREW against Whitby
U 13 XI	WON against Queen's Park DREW against Heber LOST against Whitby

Tournaments

National Schoolgirls' Tournament, U18

Preliminary Round: WON against Queen's Park, DREW against Macclesfield
County Final: WON against Lymm, DREW against Helsby

We therefore qualified for the quarter-finals of the national tournament to represent Cheshire, and DREW against West Yorkshire, Greater Manchester

Cheshire Schools' Tournament

- 1st XI DREW against Helsby
LOST against Sir John Dean's
WON against Lymm in finals
RUNNERS-UP in tournament
- U 16 XI WON against Fairfield, Padgate
DREW against Priestly
LOST against Lymm
Queen's were placed 2nd in their section
- U 14 XI WON against Heber, Kenbury, Woodford Lodge
DREW against Leftwich, Alsager
Queen's were placed 2nd in their section

Chester and District Tournament

- U18 WON against Heber, Tarporley, Blacon, Upton
DREW against Kingsway, Christleton
WON tournament

Chester and District Indoor Tournament

- U 15 WON against Upton, Heber
DREW against Christleton
FINAL - WON against Tarporley
WON shield

Teams 1980 - 81

1st XI	2nd/U 16 XI	U 15 XI	U 14 XI	U 13 XI
H. Hasted/ C. Thompson	C. Thompson	C. Smedley	H. Wilder/ K. Williams	B. Dorresteyn/ A. Crees
A. Carter/ N. Chamberlin	N. Chamberlin	B. Plottier	F. Hancock	N. Limb
P. Campbell	J. Ingham	M. Stevenson	A. Carden	T. Bowra
S. Cooke (Capt.)	E. King	S. Mills	J. Gerstl/ S. Coffey	C. Smith
S. Marsh	L. Aubrey	A. Brown (Capt.)	S. Cotgreave	J. Scott/ C. Leslie-Carter
S. Bladen	E. Leach (Capt.)	S. Willis	S. Barker (Capt.)	J. Higginbotham
J. Starling	D. Stevenson	K. Cunliffe	K. Willes	A. Cobden/ K. McNay
B. James	S. Long	J. Fearnall	L. Colbourne	C. Burke/ J. Aston
L. Drew	E. Smith	J. Houghton	J. Clark	C. Andrews (Capt.)
A. Binns	L. Nell	J. Longden	J. Chamberlin	A. Butler
S. Shaw	A. Howatt	N. Jones/ C. Healey	H. Parker/ C. Duncan	K. Wilcox

Also played:

L. Nell	G. Richards
S. Long	

Congratulations to Sally Bladen, who was selected as Cheshire 2nd XI captain, and Barbara James, who was 2nd XI reserve.

Colours Alison Binns

Junior colours Katy Cunliffe, Jackie Fearnall, Anna Brown, Sarah Mills

House Matches

Senior won by Westminster
Junior won by Westminster

Lacrosse, 1981-1982

1st XII	2nd XII	U 15 XII	U 14 XII	U 13 XII
S. Flood	G. Richards	R. Hart/ R. Williams	H. Wall	C. Savin
C. Thompson/ A. Carter	W. Bracewell	C. Smedley/ A. Murphy	J. Clark	N. Limb
S. Marsh	C. Fox (Capt.)	B. Plottier	S. Barker	H. Clark
S. Cooke/ C. Fox	A. Carter/ C. Thompson	M. Stevenson	A. Carden	J. Aston/ A. Butler
J. Starling	N. Chamberlin	S. Mills (Capt.)	C. Bond	C. Burke
S. Bladen	C. Winsor	V. Griffith	S. Coffey	C. Wilcox
A. Binns (Capt.)	J. Ingham	J. Houghton	J. Gerstl	C. Andrews (Capt.)
S. Shaw/ B. James	S. Davies	K. Cunliffe	S. Cotgreave	J. Higgin- botham/ T. Bowra
L. Nell	B. James/ S. Shaw	A. Brown	J. Chamberlin	C. Smith
L. Drew	S. Long	S. Willis	L. Colbourne	A. Cobden
L. Aubrey	H. Ireson/ V. Cleaves	J. Longden	K. Willis (Capt.)	H. Kinsman
G. Hands	E. King	J. Fearnall	H. Parker	J. Scott

Colours

Junior colours

Alison Binns, Julia Starling (1981)

Katherine Cunliffe, Sarah Mills, Moya Stevenson, Jennifer Longden

Match Results

1st XII	WON against Wirral, Howells, Belvedere, I.M. Marsh 2nd LOST against Birkenhead, I.M. Marsh 1st, Withington, Bolton, Moreton Hall, King's
2nd XII	WON against Withington LOST against Wirral, Birkenhead, Moreton Hall
U 15 XII	WON against Howells, Birkenhead, Withington, Moreton Hall LOST against I.M. Marsh 2nd
U 14 XII	WON against Howells, Birkenhead, Withington, Moreton Hall
U 13 XII	LOST against Moreton Hall, Wirral

Tournaments

North Schools' Tournaments

1st XII	WON against Birkenhead 2nd LOST against Harrogate, Queen Ethelburga's, Penwortham
U 15 XII	WON against Moreton Hall, Queen Ethelburga's DREW with Wirral LOST against Bolton

National Schools' Tournament, London

1st XII	WON against New Hall, Alice Ottley, Walthamstow Hall LOST against The Lady Eleanor Holles (At the end of the section matches Queen's and Walthamstow Hall finished with equal points, but Walthamstow Hall qualified for the semi-final after the goal formula placed them ahead by 0.2 of a goal!)
U 15 XII	WON against Wispers and Eothen DREW with Walthamstow Hall LOST against the Royal School, Bath

House Matches

Senior
Junior

won by Sandford
won by Hastings

Congratulations to A. Binns and J. Starling, who both represented Cheshire Juniors, in the inter-counties tournament which was won by Cheshire. Alison was also a reserve for the North Junior XII.

Congratulations also to Jennifer Cooke and Karin Pottinger – School Lacrosse captains in 1978 and 1979 respectively – both of whom have been named as members of the senior England squad from which the team will be selected to play in the first World Tournament to be held at Nottingham in September. Karin gained her first full international cap this season when she was selected to play in the England team in the home international series. Jennifer was selected to play in the England "B" team.

Other Sports

Badminton

Lynne Roberts was selected to play in representative matches for Cheshire during the season and did particularly well in the Cheshire championships when she won the U 16 girls' doubles and mixed doubles events.

Fencing

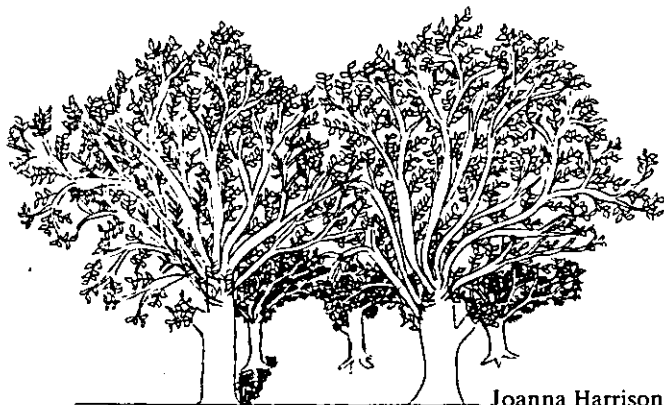
Sarah Mills has continued to participate successfully in this activity. On her results during the season she was selected to represent the North West area in the National Schoolgirls' competition in May 1981, and did very well to reach the quarter-final stage of this event. She also won the Cheshire Schools' intermediate Championship during the autumn term.

Trampolining

This has continued as an optional sixth form activity under the excellent coaching of Mr. Tranter. Most of these girls take up this sport as complete beginners and most achieve the bronze award after one term's tuition. Sally Bladen and Penelope Brown have both obtained the silver award this year, and Penelope is well on the way to reaching the gold standard.

Sportswoman of the Year – The Moore Cup

This trophy is presented annually to the individual who has represented the school most often in 1st team matches during the season. This year produced a very close result with Susan Marsh gaining two points only over Alison Binns, who was last year's winner.



Joanna Harrison, L IV W

The Performing Arts

The Year's Music

This year has been busy and fruitful for the many musicians associated with the school.

In the Autumn Term, Mr. Gough and Mrs. Fawcett kindly presented a recital of music for two pianos. There was no informal concert planned for the autumn as there was hope of a performance of music at Prizegiving, but, owing to the bad weather, Prizegiving was postponed. The Autumn Term ended with the customary carol service in the cathedral, organised this year by Mr. Ball of the King's School. The music was very ambitious with many items for the choir, including some 20th Century carols.

The first major event of the Spring Term was a choral and orchestral concert, reviewed below. The choirs are indebted to the various instrumentalists who generously gave their time to provide orchestral support.

During the half term holiday, some members of the school took part in the Young Musicians' Evening held at Stanley Palace.

At the end of the Spring Term, Prizegiving did take place, and there were lively contributions from various groups and soloists. The last week of term was extremely busy. A second performance of the "Requiem" together with Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" at St. John's for Passiontide was arranged by Mrs. Lees.

At the beginning of the Summer Term, the choir was very busy preparing for the annual commemoration service held in the cathedral, and other members of school were rehearsing an informal concert to be presented in May.

Throughout the year, various pupils have contributed to the morning assemblies and weekly music groups, which all help with the school's continuing musical activity.

Judy Fisher, Hilary Luker, L VI

The Concert on 18th February: An Appreciation

It is always a pleasure to be in the audience at a Queen's School concert in which so many people — girls, staff, parents, former staff, and other friends — are happily involved together in making music. The atmosphere in the Hall is always relaxed and the concert proceeds with apparent effortlessness; but one knows that this can only be the result of sustained and devoted work by the music staff and the girls. These concerts are "highlights", but the serious business of music-making goes on all the time.

The general tone of the concert on 18th February was unusually serious, although varied. There were three works: Richard Rodney Bennett's "Little Suite", Haydn's Symphony No. 103 in E flat major, and Fauré's "Requiem".

The Junior Choir sang the "Little Suite" with understanding and sympathy. There is a delicacy about all these songs which suited their voices well. In particular, they touchingly conveyed the pathos of "The Birds' Lament" (John Clare) and the sense of destiny behind the brittle liveliness of "The Fly" (William Oldys). As in all Queen's School choral productions, every word was articulated clearly and with apparent awareness of its meaning.

The performance of the Haydn Symphony was a triumph for the orchestra, conducted by Miss Woods. After the magnificent opening with the dramatic Drum Roll they rendered all the movements with a zest that never failed in dignity. From the centre of the Hall the blending of the various instruments seemed perfect, as also did the timing. The last movement, *Allegro con Spirito*, brought the first part of the concert to an end on a note of disciplined exaltation.

But possibly it will be the rendering of Fauré's "Requiem" which the audience will remember longest. It is a profound work in which the music exquisitely matches the Latin words. The Senior Choir and orchestra performed with seriousness and sincerity, the soloists achieving an almost unearthly purity of sound. There was variety of mood, especially in the "Libera Me" passage, but the general tone was one of acceptance and peace.

As the last notes of "In Paradisum" died away it seemed unthinkable to clap, and indeed there was a moment of silent stillness during which the audience seemed spellbound before breaking into prolonged and loud applause. It was an experience to remember.

Apart from the joy of making music one hopes that all who took part, particularly Mr. Berry and Miss Woods, were aware of our appreciation and gratitude.

One of the audience (S.R.P.)

Young Singers at St. John's

The Chester Queen's School Senior Choir visited the Church of St. John the Baptist on Sunday (March 28th) to give a concert for the Restoration Fund.

Conducted by Arthur Berry, the school's director of music, and accompanied by Mary Buckingham (organ), they sang two works contrasting in style, but united in their Passiontide theme; Pergolesi's setting of "Stabat Mater" and movements from the Requiem Mass by Gabriel Fauré. Between the two came an equally appropriate choice of organ solo, Bach's chorale on "O Sacred Head".

The delicate organ introduction to "Stabat Mater" was sensitively matched by the chorus and, throughout the work, one was reminded that, despite the solemn nature of the text (concerning the affliction of Christ's mother at the foot of the cross), the scoring is full of stimulating contrasts of tone and tempi. This variety was especially well brought out in the young singers' interpretation.

If one has a criticism to make, it would be that the upper register voices seemed to have rather more assurance and distinction than those in the lower compass, and although this wasn't evident in the full choruses it was when the two sections sang separately. However, the two soloists Marietta Elsdon (soprano) and Clare Robinson (contralto) complemented each other very well. Clare's open-voiced performance in "Facut Partem" stylishly phrased and expressively balanced and more confident than her "Libera Me" in the Requiem and Marietta's haunting "Pie Jesu" in the Fauré also represented an improvement on the earlier "Videt Suum Dulcem Natum".

The "In Paradisum", which ended both the Requiem and the programme on an edifying and ultimately optimistic note, was superbly sung, with all sections concerting voices to produce a blend of mellowness and soaring eloquence.

Maureen Nield
(writing in the Chester Chronicle, 2nd April 1982)

Music for Two Pianos

The recital given by John Gough and Monica Fawcett on October 14th must surely be one of the best concerts held at the Queen's School. Although both players are experienced as soloists, this was the first time they had appeared together, but we hope not the last.

The most obvious difficulty in the preparation of such a concert is the matching of two pianos, of different makes and sizes, to form one united voice. This was accomplished successfully, the pianos themselves being surprisingly similar, with only a very few discrepancies.

The programme was well contrasted, showing the versatility of the pianists in works ranging from Mozart to Rakhmaninov and from Handel to the present day. In all the items the players understood the different styles of composition and the mode of performance demanded. The Mozart sonata, K.448, was played with ease and classical poise, with none of the dramatic changes of dynamic allowed, given, and indeed required in the Saint-Saëns variations on a theme of Beethoven. And yet there is a similarity in the structures of both these pieces, and the Handel Andante, that poses a problem of balance, to which the players found an admirable solution. The two parts are very alike, often playing alternate melodic phrases which must sound as one line; the two players achieved this melodic unity by a very detailed consideration of dynamic.

The second half of the concert began with some light twentieth century music, enjoyed by players and audience alike; and progressed through some Irish folk songs, in which the performers totally captured the spirit of Ireland. The final and most technically demanding item in the concert was the Rakhmaninov suite no.2, op.17. In this suite, Rakhmaninov demands, as he does in the second piano concerto (composed at the same time in a similar late Romantic idiom), deep concentration from both performers, and it was in this piece, especially in the slow sections, that the greatest feeling of rapport between the two players was reached.

A return to the lighthearted vein was made in the two encores, one written by an unlikely sounding Mungo Park — an arrangement of Oranges and Lemons — the other dedicated by the players to Mrs. Heasman, a great supporter of school music. These provided a splendid end to a splendid concert.

Hilary Luker, L VI

Anna Stuart

At the end of the Autumn Term Miss Stuart, who had worked at the school for many years, left us in order to vary her activities. Both Remove and Lower Fourth forms have been taught by her, inspiring interest in the drama group which she led after school. She gave individual lessons to some pupils, giving them the opportunity to take part in local drama festivals. Her patience, unfailing and often necessary sense of humour, and her relaxed and friendly approach to lessons were appreciated by all.

During her time here, Miss Stuart directed or initiated a number of the plays and sketches which were performed in the school. Some of the more memorable productions in recent years were "Cage Birds", a modern play on the theme of captivity, and her latest, "Four Queens Wait for Henry" and "Manoeuvres". Miss Stuart showed her skill in direction in the first of these plays while the second, in contrast, was an improvisation performed by her Upper Sixth pupils. She has contributed further to school drama in that many of her pupils have taken major rôles in larger school productions in both The Queen's and The King's Schools.

We were very sorry to see her go, but she will be remembered by many of her friends and pupils for many years to come.

Mary Holmes-Evans, Sarah Pritchard, U VI

Macbeth

During the Spring Term, two members of the Lower Fifth and two of the Lower Sixth took part in the King's School's production of "Macbeth" by William Shakespeare. We had a lot of work to do in rather a short time since parts were not cast until several weeks before the actual performance. We soon became accustomed to spending our Saturday afternoons rehearsing on the King's School stage as well as several evenings after school.

Katherine Terry was one of the three witches. This seemed a very enjoyable part, since it involved wearing weird make-up and using a strange voice. Her scenes also included special smoke effects which were very effective.

Vikki Young played Lady Macbeth's waiting-lady in her sleep-walking scene and Katrina Wood was Lady Macduff. Lady Macduff's son was played by an extremely lively member of the King's School's Remove who entertained us all between scenes!

I was Lady Macbeth — rather an exhausting part, but very enjoyable. We were all very nervous as the performance dates drew nearer, but fortunately everything went according to plan, with no-one forgetting their lines. We were sad when the play was over, but glad that all our hard work had been worthwhile.

The rest of the cast were very friendly and Mr. Nelson was a really helpful producer, so that we found it easy to work with them all.

Sara Goddard, L VI

Much Ado About Nothing

On March 29th and 30th Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" was performed by members of the Lower Sixth. Any Shakespearean comedy presents a challenge, and the cast responded well, with the complications of the plot coming across clearly and a good pace of production being sustained.

The acting was of a high standard, with excellent performances by Karen Haynes and Susan Shaw as Benedick and Beatrice respectively. The audience greatly enjoyed their inverted courtship with its witty exchanges. Vanessa Lance conveyed Hero's distress sensitively and was ably supported by the sincere if distrustful Claudio (Barbara James), while Jane Stevenson came across well as the evil Don John. Dogberry, the obstinate and pompous Constable of the Watch, was superbly played by Rachael Garner, and Anthea Johnson (Leonato), Nicola Jones (Don Pedro) and Helen Kennedy (Antonio) also coped in fine style with the difficult task of playing men.

The scenery was very attractive and the stage was well used, with the steps at the front being especially effective in the wedding procession. The costumes, the result of much hard work by members of the cast and staff, were excellently made and historically accurate; the dresses of Hero, Beatrice, Margaret (Jane Bateman) and Ursula (Susan Flood) were particularly striking. Musically, the play was very pleasing and included two songs, splendidly sung by Clare Robinson (Balthazar). The atmosphere at the performance was relaxed and the obvious enthusiasm felt by the cast was communicated to the audience, who enjoyed a highly successful presentation for which Miss Callaway, Mrs. Parker and all those involved must be congratulated.

Katrina Wood, L VI



"Much Ado" at Stratford

On Saturday 24th April, a minibus full of Shakespeareans set off at the unearthly hour of 8.30 a.m. on their way to Stratford-on-Avon. There we saw a professional performance of "Much Ado About Nothing", on which we are by now authorities. We were all impressed by their beautiful set, consisting of a stage covered in mirrors which meant that we were never sure what was real and what merely a reflection. David Jacobi's interpretation of Benedick was particularly memorable but we felt that Beatrice lacked vivacity and Hero was too positive. Even so, the production was enjoyed by all and we were all sorry when it came to an end.

Barbara James, Vanessa Lance,
Susan Shaw, L VI

"Le Roi se Meurt"

On the 4th March a small party of Lower Sixth French students, with Miss Hargreaves and Mrs. Brown, went to see this play by Eugène Ionesco, presented at Alsager campus. The play is a modern one, and deals with death and man's attitude towards death. Although this sounds a doubtful basis for an enjoyable evening, everyone *did* enjoy the play. Robert Jones gave an impressive performance as the dying king, as did his two contrasting queens — Marie and Marguerite. Thanks go to Miss Hargreaves and Mrs. Brown for organising the trip.

Sue Flood, L VI

Lower Fourth Drama Group

It's fine, it's fun (and it's free!)

It's Lower Fourth drama group. Meetings are held on Wednesday afternoons at 3.45, lasting for an hour. It provides an exciting extension to drama lessons, and also a chance to take part in plays which are sometimes performed to the school.

The group is run by Kate Kane, a member of the Lower Sixth. We would welcome more members: perhaps after reading this report a few people might just forget about rushing home to see their favourite TV programme, and come to the next meeting. You never know; one day you might find yourself *on* television instead of just watching!

Jenny Wright, L IV

Upper Fourth Drama Club

For the last two terms the Upper Fourth has been able to enjoy a weekly Drama Club thanks to Mrs. Affleck, who has willingly given up her Thursday lunch hour to guide and inspire us in our amateur acting.

We have had various ideas, including adapting plays from books to suit our ability. We hope this Drama Club will continue to be a success when the enthusiastic members of the King's School are invited to join us next term.

Sally Thomas, Fiona Hancock, U IV H

Creative Writing

The Football Ground

As I gingerly pushed the cold metal turnstile, the silence of the empty football stadium filled my ears. Feeling like a trespasser, I made my way towards the pitch. The pitch itself, once a perfect plain of pedigree grass, lovingly rolled, trimmed and watered, now looked like a head of shaggy hair; long and straggly with a liberal scattering of wild daisies.

The goals were a sorry sight; the nets rotting with dampness and the posts riddled with woodworm, giving the overall effect of an elaborate mosaic.

I walked towards the stand, in its time very modern, but now a pathetic reminder of days gone by. Hearing my footsteps, a startled bird fluttered out from under the rotting rafters, giving out a piercing warning cry. An empty crisp bag skittered helplessly down the terraces, lightly skipping down each concrete step, now crumbling away with age and lack of care.

The advertisements, adorning the wall between the stand and the pitch itself, now showed increasing signs of dampness on their faded, once colourful faces.

I walked down the players' tunnel, where once famous stars came running out to the sound of cheering crowds, all waiting anxiously to see "their" team play. The dullness of the dressing room seemed to frame the whole air of the club, despondent and without hope. I wondered how many threatening speeches and talks of relegation the manager might have bellowed at the players at half-time in this dull, airless room. The team was relegated, until the club could not afford to go on . . . and now this empty skull was all that was left.

The door to the manager's office hung lazily askew on its rusty hinges. I pushed the door open and gingerly stepped inside. A worn-out, damp old carpet filled the room with a stifling musty smell, making the very atmosphere seem heavy and lifeless.

The sun cautiously peeped in through the gritty windows, casting mournful shadows across the walls, where darker rectangular patches on the faded, peeling wall-paper told tales of the few awards the club had once won.

The daylight of the open ground seemed very welcome when I walked out again, and I felt glad to get outside the stadium, back to the seemingly rushing, uncaring and heartless world of enemies, war and hate. No-one now seemed to have enough time to stop and look at this dilapidated football club, where once people had flocked to see, cheer and shout at "their" team. No one at all.

Ann Warne, Lower V H

The New Clubs

It was a bright, hot and sunny morning when I received my golf clubs. They were my first full set of gleaming, silver Jessie Valentine clubs which sparkled in the sun. The grooves on the irons were well cut and positioned. I could see my reflection in the highly polished, mahogany woods and driver. My hands moulded to the grips and I was sure I could hit the ball

well with them. They came in a beautiful big bag made of waterproof fabric which was a mixture of different browns, creams and beiges blending into each other naturally. There were lots of pockets holding golf balls — Dunlop 65, Prostaff and Penfold; tees — blues, reds, yellows and whites, and ball markers with "The World's Best Golfer" and "Hole in One" printed on them, which made me feel very proud. While I was admiring these items my Dad produced a brown trolley with a handle which was as black as ebony. It ran smoothly without the usual squeaking. I was so pleased with everything that I asked eagerly if we could play that afternoon.

I walked towards the first tee, proudly pulling my new clubs, bag and trolley. There was a bit of a queue so I took some practice swings with the driver. It felt very smooth and lovely. I let Mum drive first and she hit the ball fantastically, straight down the middle, past the bunker, but I was determined to out-drive her. I teed up a Prostaff on a sunshine-yellow tee and took another practice swing. I was now all set and ready to go, so I took the club back slowly, then followed through. I heard Dad say "You topped that one. I've told you not to hit it like that." A few people waiting mumbled "Bad luck." I looked to see where the ball had gone and was horrified to see that it had toppled into the rough, about two feet away from where I was standing!

Judith Martin, Remove H

The Lion

On the top of the lion tower in the Chester multi-storey car park, there is a statue of a lion.

One day, the lion woke up. He was a very lazy lion and he had a very sharp temper. He had been woken up by a sea-gull who had thought that a stone lion's mane would be a nice place to make a nest. The lion pushed it off with its paws and jumped down from the tower into the car-park. He climbed into a nearby Mini-Metro and drove off. He had decided to go on a tour of Chester.

When he reached the Roman Amphitheatre he saw a group of tourists. He stopped his car and grabbed hold of a very frightened Chester Guide. He instructed the guide to take him round Chester. The frightened guide first of all directed the lion to Chester Cathedral.

"Here is the famous Chester Cathedral," said the guide. "Lovely," said the lion, "but I think I would like to see the zoo." So the next stop was the zoo.

As the lion stepped out, everyone started screaming, but the lion took no notice. The lion walked rather quickly round the zoo but, when he came to the other lions, he rushed up to the wire netting and roared "Tangle my mane if it isn't old Uncle Isaac!" Eventually he went back to his Mini-Metro and set off. He had left the guide to talk to the lions! The lion decided to visit W.H. Smith's but unfortunately it was closed. So he went to Cordon Bleu. When he got inside everyone ran away, much to his surprise and advantage, because he just helped himself to a shopping basket and food. After that he decided that he had had enough fun for one day, and he climbed back onto his tower, where he eventually turned, once again, to stone.

Samantha Rae, Form III

A Woolly Mammoth In Town

"Brrrrrrr, I'm searching for a mammoth in Siberia? I think I am going crazy, this is not going to be easy!" cried Elramos, stamping some snow off his boots as he entered the laboratory he had hired for his work. Elramos was a mad scientist who was searching for a woolly mammoth to study.

After a short rest, out he went once more into a freezing snowstorm. He drove his snow-plough out grumpily for about a mile until he saw a peculiar, curved, ivory tusk, sticking out from the snow. He turned over the snow with his machine and found a woolly mammoth. Although its heart had stopped beating, its body was well preserved.

"Quick! Someone call a cab, let's get this beauty back to England!" His wish was granted but of course not in a taxi, for, as we all know, a mammoth is mammoth in proportions!

Elramos was back in his lab, with the mammoth stretched out on an enormous operating table. The laboratory was more like a wizard's store-room, packed with bubbling potions, old spell books, invention failures and machines.

Our intrepid hero had read about a spell which could turn man into any furry creature. All you needed was the heart of a mammoth and a *certain* potion. "At last this potion is ready!" muttered the mad scientist, but little did he know that something had gone wrong. His special heart-removing machine only removed a heart when a potion had been poured on it first. "Blob-blub blub-blub," went the potion as it was poured on the mammoth's body.

Oh, horror of horrors! The woolly mammoth's heart was beating!

"Excuse me, would you please tell me where the nearest hat shop is?" said the mammoth, bowing low to the thunderstruck and frightened Elramos. "My old top hat got rather damp, you see." Our furry friend put the "great" scientist on the operating table when he saw that he had fainted. "Well, I must say, he was a great help," muttered the creature as he stalked through the wall of the laboratory. Looking back, he saw that the wall had a hole in it and exclaimed, "Gosh, you would think they had doors around here!"

When he reached the centre of town the animal said to a woman, "Ex—." Before he could continue the poor woman ran away as fast as her legs could carry her. "What manners!" exclaimed the mammoth in astonishment. "Anyone would think they're *afraid* of me."

Eventually, he got to a hat shop. Inside there was a long queue and so nobody noticed him at first. "Tap, tap," went the mammoth's paw on the counter, then a loud "Crack". The counter was broken. Then everyone fainted while the mammoth looked around in amazement to see what had frightened them. "It must be their nerves," he decided. The mammoth left some money, picked up a walking stick and a new top hat with a Union Jack on it, then looked at his pocket watch and hurried out saying, "Oh dear, oh dear! I must have missed the show." The mammoth had been on his way to a circus in Siberia to act when he had been imprisoned in ice.

Eventually, when he had driven the town mad, he went out into the country where he met a circus boy whom he came to like very much. When the boy's parents heard this, they welcomed the creature to the circus where he spent the rest of his days as a trapeze artist with his little friend, Toby. (They had to get an extremely strong net to hold the mammoth's weight.)

Moensie Rossier, Form II

Spies

Every so often carfuls of spies would come to Queen's. They wore black cloaks with white collars and all looked alike. Nearly all of them were good and wanted to help except for one. His name was Jericho and he was a deadly killer.

Everyone was afraid of him, so all the other spies tried to protect the public from him. But Jericho had a band of wicked spies to help him and, one day, they descended on Queen's. They were planning to kidnap the girls and Miss Farra and make Queen's into a spy school. Jericho said, "The sooner we have got rid of this little lot the better." He laughed an evil laugh. Then another spy said, "When Miss Farra is on break duty, we will do it then." "Good thinking, Hodson."

That very day Miss Farra was on duty. The plan started with ease until a girl ran away to tell the Police. You could hear sirens ringing a mile away. The spies got away, but the police caught up with them and arrested them. In prison they started to make a long rope to escape . . .

One spy's last words were "All thanks to your wonderful idea, Jericho."



by Penelope Wickson age 7 years 11 months

MRS. CHEERS

*Prisoner of age, soul in a cage,
Lonely she's found, cats all around.
Now she's alone, it is meals-on-wheels.
Nothing now heals the slow death she feels.
Now, poor old woman, you've no-one.
We are sorry, but what could be done?*

Juliet Bott, Form III

LIKENESSES

*Perfectly the hexagonal cells of a honeycomb fit
together forming an alternating pattern.*

*Perfectly the silky green leaves of a cabbage
wrap around each other leaving no forgotten spaces.*

*Perfectly the small humbug leaves of the sunflower
radiate from the centre.*

Busily the typist taps away at her keys.

*Busily the army of soldier ants carry their goods
to and from their hill.*

*Busily the bowler-batted business men weave
their way to work.*

*Evenly the layer of wet cement is smoothed by
the skilled hand of the workman.*

*Evenly the long thin lines of knitting mesh
together to form the pullover.*

*Evenly the furrows of a ploughed field stretch
out and disappear into the horizon.*

Ayla Ustay, Remove H

WIND

*Trees swept the sky
With their trembling branches.
Grass blades were flattened;
They shimmered in the sun.
Hair was vigorously swept
Against faces of people
Shouting to be heard
Two steps away.
Skirts blew up,
Blouses billowed,
Washing on the line soared high
And descended.
Gates swung open
And clattered as they closed.
Slates on roofs crashed down to the ground.
The soft, fleecy coats of sheep
On the hillsides
Were ruffled and thrown about
By this force – wind.*

Lisa Keogh, Remove B

BADGER

*Last of the nights' quaint clan
The moons of centuries have silvered him
Rooting, rolling in dim woodlands.*

Sarah Mills, Lower V H

THE MIDNIGHT HUNT

*The mouse stiffens in the moonlight
as the quavering hoot
of the owl
reaches its ears.
Silent wings disturb
the chilling midnight air.
The owl swoops down with its talons open
screeching deafeningly.
Now everything is black for the mouse.*

Sarah Chesters, Form I

ICARUS

*He lunged into the strong current of air,
First movements cautious and slow,
Balancing the awkward wings on his back;
Then high, soaring over the patchwork fields,
The powerful rays of the sun
Melting the thick, yellow wax.
It dripped down,
Down from the silky white feathers,
Down to the sea below.
Soon he fell, twisting clumsily
As the feathers fluttered away, quivering on the wind.*

Rachel Mills, Lower IV H

AFTER THE PARTY

*How quiet it seems with everyone gone,
All excitement disappeared.
A limp handkerchief forgotten in the corner,
Flanked by deflated balloons;
Half-eaten jellies and crumbs on the floor,
Discarded in excitement to join in once more.
How still it is without the laughter of my friends.*

Fiona Brocklesby, Form I

THE TROUT

*He leaps high in a gently curving arc,
Beams of ochre sunlight throwing off
Iridescent gleams from scales
Interlocking like chain-mail.*

*Hoops of disturbed water
Ring the placid surface of the stagnant pool.
He dives, flashing deep
Into the aquamarine density.*

*Swimming close,
Bulging jet-black eyes
Peer above a gaping mouth,
As he wriggles, squirming
From a translucent nylon line.*

*Suddenly he jumps free:
His strongly muscled tail
Whips out
As he hits the water,
Which rises in a milky spray.*

Katie Hood, Upper IV A

RIVER MIST

*Air freezes, icy water slides,
Crackling; trees are still in the night.
Black river-mud, solid, crispy
Ice creeps from the banks,
 crawling over water.
Cold white tendrils swirl, steaming
Through the dark.
Boiling mist fills the air, hangs heavy
Over the river's depths.
Inching, sliding up the tarmac,
 black is obliterated.
Houses swing, rootless. Up the road
Ethereal winds pile grey fog in the
 orange light.
Seeping, evilly, stained by street lamps,
 it fills windows, doors.
Muffled passers enveloped, sounds are
 stifled, drowned.
Now the mist pales, lighter in the stumbling
 dawn.
Weak sun is cloaked.
Then, finally melting,
The mist oozes back to the dead river.*

Kate Bott, Lower V H

DRONING, DANCING CREATURES

*Buddleia in bloom,
Fluttering iridescent gauze.
Antennae quiver,
Alighting on pale, satin foliage.*

*Bumble buzzes,
Drops between tall stamens,
A shadow flickering behind translucent petals.
Emerges, pollen-sacs brimming.*

*Caterpillar crawls,
Creeps to tip of frond.
Moist belly wrinkles, relaxes to advance.
Chews, crunches perforated leaf.*

*Eye-stalks protrude,
Mollusc peers from spiral casing.
Slides slowly towards destiny,
Scrawling a glossy trail between grass blades.*

*Eight spindly limbs,
Seemingly arthritic, yet nimble.
Asphyxiated fly entwined in silken threads;
Spider views prey with satisfaction.*

*Gossamer-clad moth
Darts from tree to tree,
Thriving on the cool shade.
Wings twitch and settle, camouflaged, asleep.*

Rachel Walton, Lower V H

SEA PARADISE

*Crystal aquamarine water surrounds
A jet-black suit of rubber, finning stealthily.
Fiery coral, an array of magnificent florid textures.
Rocks penetrate the wavering branches of kelp
And tiny fish flutter amongst the suctioned winkles.*

*Sea anemones quiver with orange and lemon tentacles.
Sea urchins like porcupines, spines erect,
Dull and milky, appearing pallid
In the wonderful hue of colour.
Large, flabby jellyfish in mauve attire slither about.*

*A variety of multicoloured, tropical fish
Shimmer and escape in the sparkling water.
A starfish conceals itself in the emerald weed.
The occasional crab or lobster scuttles by,
With a coating of white, matt barnacles,
Leaving a cloud of circulating sand.*

*A huge, umber head, mottled with pearly spots,
And bearing glassy, amethyst eyes
Appears from a gaping crevice.
Six feet of lubricious eel emerges slowly
And with a flick of elongated body
It flashes away.*

Susan Callery, Lower V H

NEW SCHOOL BUILDING

*Excitement at strange faces,
Buzz of chatter, grunts of concrete mixer,
Brick pile decreases, quadrangle transformed.*

Sarah Mills, Lower V H

THE BUILDING SITE

*Perpetual sounds penetrating through the air,
As monstrous excavators break up the ground.
With an aggressive air, they dig the first foundation.*

*A waterfall of stodgy cement
Pouring from the gaping mouth of the mixer
Into a vast heap, ready for building.*

*Stacks of tanned bricks
Moved into neat rows
Piled one above the other, as the walls extend skywards.*

*Eventually, the building is completed,
The machinery moves out,
Landscape and life are altered, silence is restored.*

Joanna Harrison, Lower IV W

THE TEA CADDY

*Patterns of scaly glaucous dragons and mad oculate beasts
Stare fierily at blushing, kimonoed ladies
Fanning themselves gently against the red ribbon tongues.
Silent music slips from a pipe
Pegged in the saffron pencil-line face of a boy.
Robes emblazoned with ivory lilies and
Splashed with the fire of ochrous orchids and
Soft, black hair emblossomed with flowers.
A hot, lemon sun fries the plantation;
Trimmed, warmed bushes bob in the breeze,
Their bulbous shapes are like mossed, bloated mushrooms.*

*Inside the coolness of the octagonal vessel
Rustles the heap of soily seeds,
A rounded pyramid of a burnt nutmeg shade
Of fragments of leaves which have bronzed in the sun.
A musty, nutty aroma lingers and swells
As the lid is forced by a grubby thumb,
Like the plume which billows from the kettle.
And soon a sun-burnt liquid will gurgle and swirl as
Whirlpools are spun in the tea-stained mug.
With the tawny glow of melting honey
And with the sip of the spice-tinctured potion
The eyelids will close with a satisfying sigh.*

Katy Cunliffe, Lower V H

THE BANANA

*Solitary, unique, the man lies slung in his hammock,
Starkly distinguished from spherical neighbours, an oddity.
Earth-shaped grapefruits, lunar apples — all full-round planets
Except this strange crescent sector.*

*Firm, clammy skin like cold day-old custard
Dulling the splendour of sparkling oranges and
Glistening apples with dull colour.
Brown bruises soften its bevelled edges.*

*Bitter skin unpeels in perfect pentagonal petals from valve-like
stalk
Revealing firm, crenelated flesh.
A lifeless thing, bent like a bow without spring
It lies perfect, a ribbed, soft parcel of hidden seeds
Dispersed like asterisks,
A boomerang that could never fly.*

Fiona Pennington, Lower V H

HIDDEN PERSUADERS

*Ultra-white yacht,
Glistening copper bodies,
A glass of iced Cinzano surveys
The white crescent beach.*

*Ice cubes glide
To conclusion,
The sensually curved bowl of a brandy glass,
Cointreau adds golden warmth
To regular-shaped coldness.*

*Crystal chandeliers multiply glitter,
Silver service gleams.
Slender fingers supporting sapphires
Stretch forth to procure:
The chocolate dies in cupid-bow cavern.*

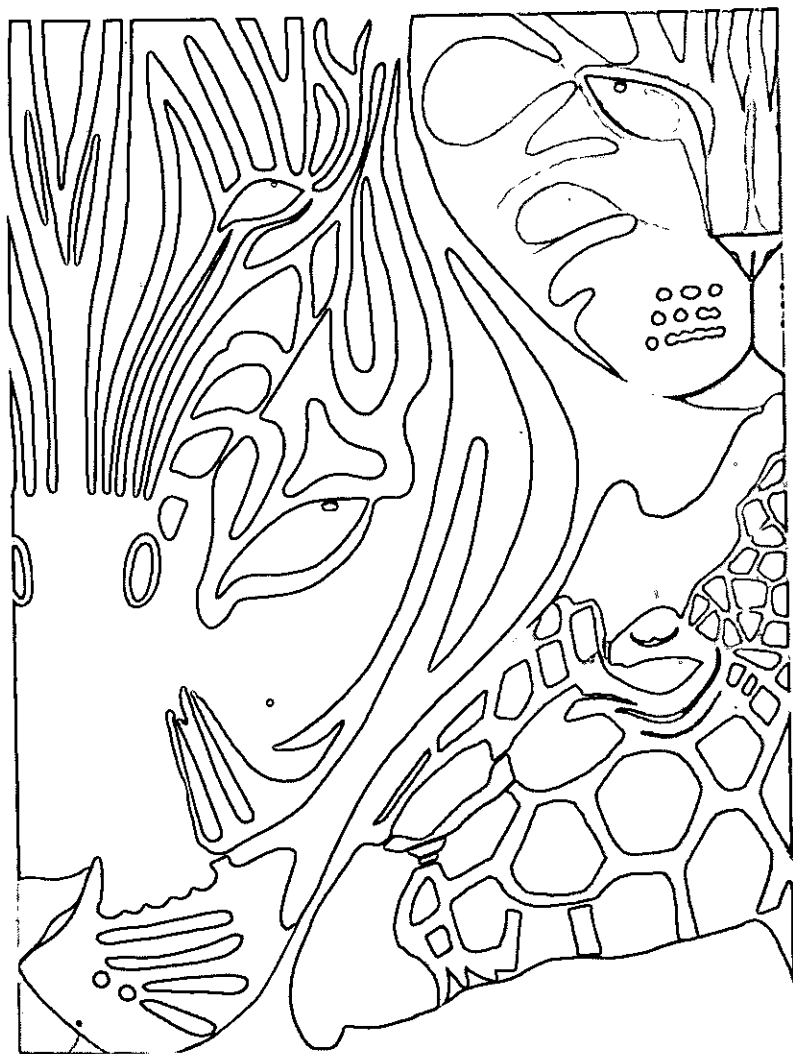
Laura Brady, Upper V D

PARTY

*Tinkling laughter, music;
I fade into the wallpaper,
Shyness imprisons me.*

Lisa Wilson, Lower V H

Visuals



Jane Stevenson, L VI



Jenny Wright, L IV H



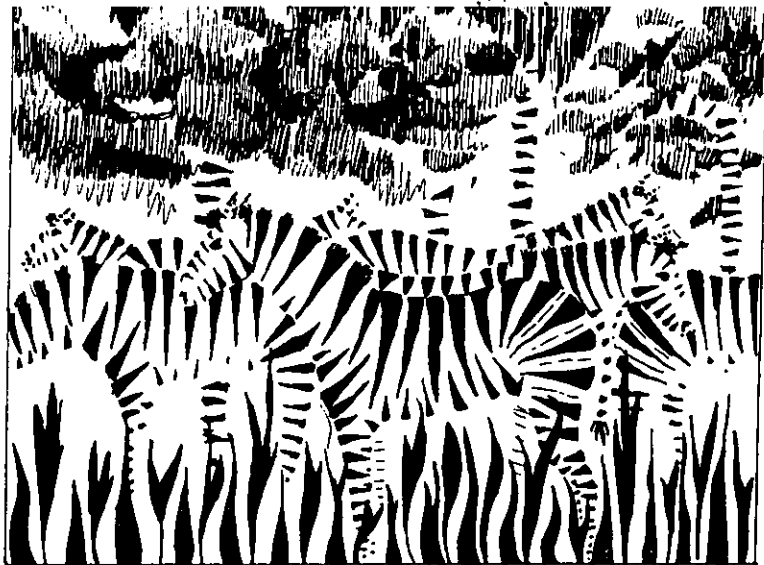
Caroline Luker, L IV H



Sarah Jackson, L IV W



Alison Hood, U V



Louise Ward, L VI

The Dying Planet

The last of the colonization shuttles was leaving Earth. The twenty men and women looked at the screen with sad eyes, watching the little blue and green planet, which now had an unpleasant orange glow around it, receding into the distance. On Earth, fresh water was now almost impossible to find above ground. Even the giant expanses of salt water, which took up two thirds of the Earth's surface, were being evaporated at a terrifying pace and, despite the melting of the ice which had made up the North Pole and covered the South Pole, which had caused massive floods earlier, the sea had receded several miles in some places and was still creeping back inch by inch.

Anything left alive was now living in the depths of the Earth. Those humans who had not been selected to join colonization crews were now living underground, or, if they had refused, must be dead by now, for nothing could survive the intense heat of the Earth's surface.

When the scientists had realized that the sun was expanding, massive chambers had been carved in the solid rock, each one containing everything one would have expected in a fair sized town, but, where the sun should have been, there were high fluorescent strips lighting the sky, dimming and brightening to simulate night and day, but with only blackness behind them. People lived as normal, working, sleeping, eating up the ten-year food supply which had been collected over the years, when it had still been possible to grow plants, and drinking the water from underground streams. These were now very low, but that did not matter, for even underground it would soon be too hot to live.

When the people had first moved into the chambers almost ten years ago, huge heating systems had been required to keep them warm, but now the chambers were getting hotter all the time; the ventilation system could no longer cope. It was the time everyone had been dreading, but had known would come. The scientists had predicted this too; that was why there was only a ten year food supply — no one was going to see the eleventh year come in! It had all been agreed at the beginning that when the heat could no longer be coped with a gas would be released into the air. It would be quite painless, just like going to sleep, only this time no one would wake up. Cylinders containing the gas were already positioned at precise points in the ventilation system. It only needed someone to press the correct button and it would be released.

With a sigh the man currently in charge of the entire population reached over and unscrewed the glass cover shielding the button, and with a shaking hand plunged it down.

Rachel Pennington, Lower IV H

My Kingdom

I am a seagull and I wheel off the rocky coast of Scotland.

The weather is stormy and grey, the whole beach is deserted. One solitary crab scuttles along the black, hard rocks.

There is a salty sea smell coming from the white foamy spray, and the strong wind fights the huge waves.

No living things are at home in this barren wilderness. Nothing except the wind and waves is free to roam along the shore. But they are enough, howling, raging and rushing. They break the silence of this bare desert.

At the far end of this desolate shore is an old tarred house belonging to an old winkle-picker. He scrambles up the huge black rocks in search of periwinkles. A huge wave comes in and wets him right up to his waist. He mutters angrily and turns back home with his winkles in a leather draw-string bag.

Another wave rolls in and I wheel in mid-air. I turn towards a little, sheltered cove, "my home". My home is damp and smelly but it has sheltered me from wind and rain for six years, since I came here.

I venture out to find some food, fish, crab or carrion. At the mercy of the wind and rain, I fly in search of food, searching, searching; my calls drowned in the howling wind.

Justine Fernandes, Form III

The Mistake I Made

I gasped as I opened the box. It was full of embroidery cottons. There was almost every colour under the sun, jet black, mahogany brown, deep crimson, violets, white, and a great many others. I lifted them out one by one, laying each skein carefully on the bed as I did so. Each colour had a number, and the boxful ranged from 2943 to 3070. As I lifted the last few skeins out, I noticed that there were some other objects in the box. First came an embroidery ring, then some french chalk, some needles, and finally a square of light blue cottony canvas. My dream had been fulfilled. Now I would have something worthwhile to do in the evenings.

I put my new prizes back in the box. Shutting the lid, I decided that I would start something brilliant, a second Bayeux Tapestry, or . . . there were endless possibilities.

The very next day I rode to the library to try to find a picture to copy, and found one almost straight away. It was an autumn farmyard scene, and I decided to try it. Sitting down at my worktop, I opened up the book. Unfortunately as it was not specifically an embroidery manual, there were no instructions as to how to work the picture. But it did not look very difficult, so, picking up my french chalk and canvas I began to draw. The chalk made sharp, thin, smudgeable lines which showed up well on the light canvas.

I put the last barn on and sat back to revel in my "cleverness". But the moment I turned on the light I saw something which destroyed the picture's beauty — a big black fingerprint in the middle of a spinney of trees. I shut my eyes and willed it to go away, but when I dared to open them again it was still there, as big and ugly as ever. I turned the canvas over, and to my relief there was no mark. I got up and went to rinse my hands before I started all over again.

It was beginning to look nice now. I had completed the duck-pond and the cornfield — and nearly all of the farmhouse. I glanced at my watch. It said half-past eight, which was my bedtime, so I undressed and got into bed. Deciding to do the rest of the farmhouse and another field before I went to sleep I selected a golden colour for the thatch, and began to sew. My eyes were feeling heavy as I should have been asleep, but my needle was obstinate, and kept on working.

Half-an-hour later, at nine o'clock, I had finished. I put the embroidery down, and switched the light off.

The next morning I threw back my curtains, and turned to look at my work. What a mess greeted my eyes, for the yellowy thatch was light green in daylight! The field area which I had only finished ten hours ago was pulled up and puckered. I picked everything up and put it all back in the box. Then I threw the box under the bed, vowing not to open it again for a long time to come.

Joanna Pointing, Remove H

A Nasty Experience

It was a Monday morning at seven thirty and the first day of a new term. I drowsily came downstairs and casually opened the lounge door, when to my horror I saw Squidge, my hamster, with her head tightly stuck through the wire netting roof of her cage. She looked very still and lifeless, and I thought she was dead. I anxiously tore upstairs to wake Mum and Dad. I have never ever seen them come down so quickly in the morning. We hurriedly took off the large lid and laid it down on the couch so that Squidge could rest her legs and take the strain off her neck. She was quite alive, but looked very ill.

Mum went to get a pair of pliers while I nursed Squidge. Her neck was badly cut and bruised, with her trying to force her head back through the netting. She had not eaten any of her food in the night, so she must have been there a long time. I could not give her any nuts or blackcurrants because she would put them in her pouches and that would only make it worse when trying to push her head through the hole.

At last Mum had found some pliers and Dad set to work trying to cut the wire around Squidge. The only problem was, he could not cut the netting because the wire was so tightly fixed around her neck that the pliers could not grip the wire. By this time we were all nearly going mad, until Mum had the brainy idea of using her sharp manicure scissors. Dad had given up to have a quick breakfast and take Squidge to the vet's. Mum was furiously trying to cut the thick wire: at last the wire snapped and Mum quickly bent the jagged wires away. Squidge carefully squeezed her ears through the hole and was free. The only trace of blood was of Mum's little finger, but it was not very much. I at once gave Squidge a piece of juicy carrot and some nuts and she hungrily tucked in as she sat up on my lap. She gladly received a drink of water and was then very happy to go to bed after her most alarming night.

Gina Gillespie, Remove B

The Mountaineering Kitten

Two eyes glowed softly in the darkness of the pipe. A black-and-white kitten emerged from the black interior and, stumbling up to me, licked my nose in acknowledgement. In a few minutes we were tumbling and frolicking as if we had known each other for years. Our fun seemed to end suddenly when Mummy tapped me on the shoulder.

"Hurry up or it'll be midnight before we reach the top of the cliff!" she laughed.

It was a hot summer's day at the Gower in Wales, where we were staying for our holiday. As it was the last day that we would have there we had decided to walk up to the cliff top, along the narrow sandy path. The little kitten I had befriended belonged to the people living at the farm nearby.

We started our journey in the afternoon, just after dinner. I waved to the kitten, who looked at me pitifully, as if questioning my departure. I was the leader of the group, placing each foot carefully and timidly. Unfortunately for me I have no head for heights and when I looked down I had to stop to steady myself. As I walked I began to feel more and more alone until a loud, squeaky "meeow!" was heard, for there was the little kitten following us up the cliff! I picked him up and we carried on up the cliff. Knowing that my little kitten was with me I was not quite so dizzy and afraid.

Ruth Cunliffe, Remove B

A Dying Race

Whales are intelligent creatures and have been hunted for many years. The way they are killed is terribly cruel. In Norway, during the first decade of the twentieth century, sei and fin whales were hunted in such a barbarous way that it is hard to believe. The whales were driven into long fjords by boats and the entrance barred off by nets. The beautiful creatures were then speared by lances whose tips had been dipped in the rotting flesh of long dead whales. Infection set in and the whales died horribly of septicaemia or gangrene.

Also many whales are just killed for sport. Again in the early twentieth century, people would drive out in a motor boat when a whale was sighted near land. It would be chased into a shallow cove or docking pond where it could not sound and hard-nosed bullets would be shot at it. The bullets would not kill at once but would bite deep into the flesh causing terrible pain. Sometimes, if the whale really was trapped, people would skim over the whales in their motorboats, cutting into their skin and blubber with the propeller blades. Then the whale would be left to rot, having served no purpose but to amuse cruel humans.

Indeed, whalemeat is rarely eaten by humans and about eighty per cent is used for fertilizer in fishmeal. The oils are used for perfumes and cosmetics. This is why I am strongly affected by whale killing as hunting methods are inefficient and a waste of time. In fact the Atlantic grey became extinct even before scientists realised its existence. In 1956, 25 289 fin whales were destroyed. That is one quarter of all remaining in the seas. I also dislike the use of charged harpoons that, when fired, dig deep into the whale and an explosive is set off inside.

Many people have actually seen the terrible cruelty done to whales. In a book I have read there is one report of pilot whales being driven aground and people attacking them with penknives, scythes and pitchforks. A boy of eight was seen astride one of them stabbing into its head. People jumped and danced in the sprays of blood that spurted from the still living whales. The report says of the whales the night before the slaughter: "They swam directly under the boat and they were beautiful, unaware of horrors to come."

I believe this pointless slaughter is one of the most horrible things man has done to his fellow creatures. There are many who will support this cause but swift action is needed for our enormous friends. If nothing is done in the next few years the whole nation of whales will die out.

Clare Cunliffe, Upper IV H

Perchance to Dream

I am running over a very rough headland on a dark night. I can hear something or someone chasing me, but I cannot see them. I am nearly exhausted and my pursuer is getting closer. Suddenly I reach the cliffs and I look down and see enormous waves breaking on the rocks below. I hear the thing very close and know I can only escape by jumping, but just as I go to jump, the nightmare returns to the beginning again.

Jacqueline Bale, U IV H

It starts with lines, just plain ordinary lines, neat and symmetrical, black and white lines, lined up as though to perform army drill. They begin to move slowly, as though marching, all correct in their footwork. Then things begin to jump out of their own lines and into others, causing a general panic. Now they are moving faster and then suddenly the whole place is full of tiny specks, making my eyes ache as they dance around, moving faster and faster towards me . . .

Hilary Parker, U IV H

I feel as though I float, float high into the air. A face, a pink bloated face is coming towards me, faster and faster. I shield my eyes and steel myself for the collision but it does not come. I open my eyes and it is gone. Then I hear laughter behind me. It laughs hideously, its open mouth showing black stumps of teeth. I try to run but my legs have shrunk and I cannot drag myself away. Another face, a woman's, with long eyelashes and scornful black eyes which glint maliciously, appears. I see on her shoulder the form of a cat emerging from her jet black hair. The cat glances at me and then pounces, its teeth seeming larger and whiter than was possible, its arched back and hackled hair seeming terrifying. The long dark claws come toward me and they grow longer and longer. I put up my hand to protect myself and the terrible raucous sound of the cat screaming stops.

Helen Kerfoot, Upper IV H

Alison

Alison's sallow little face screwed up in concentration as she tried to remember (or invent) the strange words. Then suddenly she reeled off a string of nonsensical, but nevertheless mystical, words. Taken aback, I hesitated for a moment. Then I said uncertainly:

"It doesn't make sense. You're making it up!"

"No, I'm not!" she returned scornfully. "And of course it doesn't make sense to *you* – only special people can understand it – the lady told me so!"

I struggled to find an answer, for although logic told me that she was making it up, Alison always seemed, however illogically, to be right.

"But witches don't exist, not really, and how do you know that this lady's a witch – you don't even know her name!" I muttered weakly.

"I do! I can't tell you though, you can't be trusted!"

My voice rose high in indignation.

"Why not? I wouldn't tell anyone!"

"I can't tell you, because only special people can know. I keep telling you!"

As I gazed hopelessly at Alison's yellow, heart-shaped face, with slanted, very dark eyes, framed by straight black hair, I could well believe that she was, in some frightening, bewildering way, special. She could always manage to get the better of me, and to turn my triumphs into disappointments. If I beat her at anything she would convince the rest of the class that I had been favoured by the teachers. Her conviction in herself could persuade me to believe or do anything she wanted. She had frequently tricked and humiliated me. Yet she fascinated me, and I always felt so proud, and so much better than the rest of the class when she was friendly towards me.

"Witches don't exist. You're just making it up about this lady!" I repeated.

"I am *not*. She's a proper witch, and she can do magic. She's teaching me, so you'd better be careful!" Alison swung round sharply and brought her unfathomable face close to mine.

"You'd better be *very* careful!"

I clutched at my last remnants of common sense and spat out, with more conviction than I felt:

"Witches don't exist, and neither does magic, and you're just a liar!"

With that I started to run away across the playground, then, remembering what Alison had said about my clumsy way of running I slowed to what I fervently hoped was a dignified walk. As I leaned against a wall, staring across the playground, to where Alison had already found another companion, I felt conspicuous by my solitariness. My faced burned as I visualised a humiliating existence as the odd one out in the form.

As I remembered that puzzling aura about Alison, which set her apart from the rest of us, I began to share her conviction that she was right, and I felt a shiver of apprehension.

Sally Taylor, Lower V J

West Slims — East Starves

"Come along, eat it all up, it will make you big and strong." Another typical Western mother tries to persuade her already over-fed child to eat yet more food.

"I'm sorry, I'm afraid there isn't anything to eat today." A typical Eastern mother tells her pathetically thin and under-nourished child about the lack of food yet again.

Here, in the West, if we are hungry we go to the cupboard and get ourselves a biscuit to eat. If we are thirsty we pour ourselves a cup of tea. We have three regular meals a day. We can eat almost whenever we wish. We are rarely short of food.

How many times a day do we think to ourselves, "Tomorrow I must start to diet, I eat too much." In the West there is plenty of everything, so much so that we are always having to diet, to "cut down" and to "give up". We complain about the prices of food, we say everything is too expensive and yet we continue to buy too much food, drink and cigarettes. We overeat, and it would do no harm for any of us to cut down.

When we see pictures, on the television, of starving people, people who are ill, dying, we immediately think, "Oh! how awful, I must do something, I must send some money to help." How few of us do send money.

Few of us in the Western world have suffered as the people in the East have. Few of us have experienced the anguish, the sufferings: people dying of starvation, of ill health — ill health, not through smoking but through lack of medical supplies, lack of food, lack of the will to get well.

The people in East Africa are lucky if they get one meal a day. They certainly never have to worry about going on a diet, never have to worry about putting on weight, about getting fat. In the East many people do not have houses. They live in ramshackle shelters of cardboard or they roll up in a rug. They certainly never have to worry about their mortgage.

Yet, in the West, people live in fine houses, have smart cars and plenty to eat. People in the West consider themselves unfortunate if they have a small house, clothes, food, some money but no job. Many people in the East would give anything to have these things.

Why is there such an unequal distribution of wealth and people? Is it fair that people who all have an equal right to live on the earth have to live so differently from each other?

"When we say that there are too many people on the earth don't we mean too many other people?"

This writing on a poster sums up our feelings very well: too many people in the East for us to bother about. So we just go on leading our own lives — always going on a diet — while others starve.

Vanessa Ginn, LV J



Jane Dale, L VI

Spectre Street

The ghost glided across the deserted street and paused, observing the run-down, dismal factory where, when it was a person, it had been crushed under the cotton machines. The sky was streaked with dull browns and greys, like an old black-and-white photograph. Then a seagull broke the deathly silence, as it swooped, with a rush of angry wind, through the ghost's clammy figure. The limestone flags on the pavement could almost have been gravestones, in contrast with the ghost. The ghost wished it could see some familiar people, but they had all died, and stayed in the rotting worm-ridden encasements under the hard, unwelcoming ground. Old skeletons of shops it once knew stood staring at the ghost, laughing, it seemed, at the ghost. The wretched spirit smelt nothing but dust and dry-rot as it descended into the church, no familiar flowery smell – lifeless, like itself. And so, bored and unhappy, the spectre seeped into its grave, with a sigh that made the grass quiver, as if a wind had blown it.

Juliet Bott, Form III

Clubs and Societies

Wembley '82

On Saturday 20th March, a party of girls ranging from Removes to L VI were able, for the third consecutive year, to attend the hockey international between England and the Netherlands at Wembley. We travelled down by coach, being passed by several other coaches full of enthusiastic hockey fans. Half an hour before the match was due to start we joined in the traditional sing-along with Ed "Stewpot" Stewart. The match started at 2.30 p.m., but this year there was no bully-off as the new rules, brought in for a trial year, included a push back to start the game instead. The Netherlands got off to a good start by scoring two goals early in the first half, and although England fought back well, they finally lost 4 - 2.

When everyone had eventually managed to fight their way through the crowds after the game, we set off home. We arrived back in Chester at 10.00 p.m., after a very enjoyable day.

We would like to thank Miss Jones and Mrs. Brown for being brave enough to take us: we hope they enjoyed the day as much as we did.

Sally Bladen, Gillian Hands, L VI

Keep Fit Club

This year our activities spanned one and a half terms, from September till February. We were overwhelmed by the crowd the club attracted in the first week of its existence, but soon realised it would not continue if we tried to enforce yoga exercises and strenuous circuits to reduce our supporters' waistlines. Instead we revived some childhood games, accelerating them and making them more difficult. This proved very successful and became the most popular choice amongst the loyal attenders. Dodgeball and volleyball had some success and basketball had a brief popularity. Mention must be given to those devoted regulars who boosted our enthusiasm and helped us to devise new attractions to the club. Popmobility was one of their ideas, which even attracted some Upper Fourths during a staff/pupil badminton match. Yet was it the desire to get fit that enticed them to join in, or was it the sight of Dr. Young's hairy legs?

Nicola Jones, Nicola Alfonsi, L VI

Table Tennis Club and Tournament

"It is hoped that this will now become an annual event." This quotation is taken from "Have Mynde" for 1977, when the table tennis tournament was newly introduced. Now it certainly is an annual event, with the number of entrants this year rising to 67 including the 20 staff entrants. We do appreciate the enthusiasm of the staff for the tournament, even if the object of the students is specifically to get revenge and to beat the staff! Unfortunately the tournament has not reached its climax at the time of writing, so no winner can be announced, but this delay is understandable. It is obviously difficult finding out what one's opponent looks like, and then trying to arrange a mutually satisfactory date for each match, when so many are taking part!

This year is the year of a new concept, as was 1977, but this time the concept takes the form of a Table Tennis Club which has been organised by Vanessa Lance (the teacher and "expert") and Sarah Lowe (the administrator). The enormous response to their enquiries concerning the possible start of a club resulted in sessions being held on not just one but two days each week – Monday and Friday – both at 1 o'clock. Though numbers have gradually become smaller than the initial 20 for each of the two days, the club is still recruiting a few new members to replace some of the leavers. After two terms we are finding that some very proficient and enthusiastic players are emerging, as the teaching has progressed from the simple backhand to the more advanced forehand smash and backhand flick.

Enjoyment of the club is obvious among the members, and we also thoroughly enjoy running this new activity. We both hope that the future of table tennis at Queen's will be healthy, with increasing support coming from new members of the school.

Sarah Lowe, Vanessa Lance, L VI

Badminton Club

We have met on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays during the Autumn and Spring terms. Attendance has fluctuated throughout this time, but several keen and loyal members have come each week and their playing skills have shown great improvement.

We held a doubles tournament in the Spring term which a number of people entered. After many hard-fought matches (particularly those involving Dr. Young and Dr. Bradbeer) it was finally won by Miss Saunders and Miss Jones who received a small trophy.

We hope that people will continue to show an interest in the Badminton Club next year, and we would be pleased to see any new members.

Sara Goddard, Helen Goltz, L VI

Netball

Netball Club has been held on Wednesday lunchtimes during the Autumn and Spring terms for the Removes and Lower Fourths. In the Autumn term it proved so popular that the teams had extra people in, with as many as ten people per team one week.

In the Spring term we encountered competition from the Debating Society and Lacrosse practises; however due to continued attendance of twelve very enthusiastic members we were able to carry on.

We have both enjoyed running the Club and we hope that the players have enjoyed coming, despite sometimes having to remind us of the rules!

Alison Baker, Anthea Johnson, L VI

Memoirs of a Biology Field Trip

On Wednesday 31st March we arrived at the station feeling somewhat apprehensive at the prospect of a week with the two of us marooned in the midst of Wales. Our problems started as we tried to get on the train, the aisles of which were cluttered with rucksacks, sleeping bags, walking boots and suitcases, as well as several university students with whom we became rather entangled.

On reaching Rhyd-y-Creiau Field Centre at Betws-y-Coed we were pleasantly surprised to find that it looked quite civilised. The rooms, however, left something to be desired since they only measured six feet by nine, as someone quickly discovered, and were rather like cells. People experienced problems with the bunkbeds, since there was no ladder to climb onto the top and also there was no headroom on the bottom, which caused a few unpleasant bumps.

During the week we had many remarkable experiences: not least of which was spending six hours on a very bleak moor in a blizzard. Despite our thermal vests, teeshirts, blouses, sweatshirts, three jumpers and two coats we still froze. One of the least pleasant of our activities was our day in the slurry pit at the neighbouring farm, into which one unlucky member of our group fell. The most enjoyable day was spent investigating the sand dunes on Harlech beach. When we left there was a distinct lack of shells and the beach was covered in names scrawled in the sand.

The evenings were spent in very spartan laboratories discussing what practical work we had done that day. We enjoyed what little free time we had perfecting our darts and table tennis skills in the small games room.

By the end of the week everyone was exhausted but we were all sad to leave. We had made many friends and thoroughly enjoyed our week in Wales despite all our hard work. One vital piece of information which we would like to pass on to future ecologists is "Do not despair in the showers — the hot water WILL come . . . eventually!"

Alison Baker, Sara Goddard, L VI

British Association of Young Scientists

This year B.A.Y.S. has continued, but support from the area has decreased so that there are only a few schools from which people regularly come. We have had a series of ten lectures, all but one of which were held at Carlett Park College of Technology on the Wirral.

The most popular lecture this year was held at Queen's, when the subject was "Viruses, the Simple Things in Life", presented by Professor A. Ritchie of Liverpool University. This attracted about ninety people, which was very encouraging after some winter lectures when attendance was as low as fifteen; the winter weather was no doubt responsible for that, since Carlett Park is quite a way from Chester.

Other lectures held included, "The importance of Chemistry to Biology", "Hormonal Control of Reproduction" and "Microprocessor Control".

We hope that next September will see more support from both school and the Wirral area, since the lectures are, generally, very interesting and worthwhile. Our thanks go to Dr. Young for his help.

Alison Baker, Katrina Wood, L VI

Junior Bible Study Group

Bible Study Group meets every Monday at one o'clock in Stanley Place. The meetings consist mainly of discussion based on Bible study, songs and prayer. Occasionally we see a filmstrip from our stock purchased from the Scripture Union. These all involve lessons for Christians, though with an indirect and sometimes humorous approach.

Mrs. Parker, Miss Hayes and Mrs. Hargreaves are the organisers of the group and many of the Sixth Formers who attend help out as well. We have two guitarists who accompany the songs.

We usually spend quite a while in prayer, but first we discuss the topics with each other. Many people have felt that their prayers were answered, and some problems can simply disappear.

Whether there are eight or twenty-eight present it's never dull, so why not try Bible Study even if only for one week? You'll probably want to come again.

Jenny R. Wright, Fiona Marsden, L IV H

Christian Union

The joint King's and Queen's Schools Christian Union has had a very busy year. The summer holidays were filled with rehearsals for our production of "Godspell" which we finally performed at the beginning of October, just before several members of the cast went to university. The shows were successful (we certainly enjoyed them anyway!) and although we had feared we would not make enough money to clear costs, in fact we made a profit of nearly £100. A much larger number of people came to the performances than we had anticipated. The money has been given to the Tear Fund, a Christian charity helping with many worldwide projects.

Later in October was the weekend for members of all Chester School C.U.'s, at Kinmel Hall near Abergele. The weekend consisted of several helpful talks on various subjects, plus two films, a long ramble and lots of singing and games. It was great to have this opportunity to get to know people from different schools.

There is an annual concern, each September, that C.U. will have vastly reduced numbers due to those members who have left school for university; this concern is really unnecessary. We have been delighted to see many new members in the past year, and many people have discovered what it means to commit their lives to following Christ.

Apart from the regular Monday meetings which consist of a variety of things such as Bible studies and discussions by members of the group, talks by visiting speakers, film strips, a little drama and a lot of singing, we have had many less formal meetings at members' houses, where we usually have discussions on matters of concern to us. These meetings have been blessed with the title of "Saturday Meetings" but actually rarely happen on Saturdays. Such is C.U. logic

Both schools have their own individual C.U. meetings, where usually more personal thoughts or discussions are entered upon, and which are helpful to everyone. In March 1982 our own C.U. took the assemblies for one week and also showed a couple of film strips. These, we feel, created an impression of some kind on many people, and caused a little thought about Christianity, and why people devote their lives to God. They certainly presented quite a challenge for us.

As many people are aware, the members of the C.U. are very close friends, but this in no way means that C.U. is only for certain people. As the notices say each Monday morning, everyone from the Lower Fifth upward is warmly invited to come. There are no commitments as with some of the other societies.

We would like to thank Mrs. Parker, Miss Hayes, Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Hargreaves very much for their advice and encouragement, without which running C.U. would be virtually impossible; we would also like to thank Miss Farra and Miss Edwards for their continuing interest. We look forward to another year as busy and enjoyable as this one has been.

Helen Hasted, Helen Kennedy, Nicola Leech and Gillian Sheppard, L VI

Voluntary Service

During the year members of the school have undertaken various forms of voluntary service.

The Friday Club has received lots of support from the Sixth Form who help to organise bingo for the mental patients at the West Cheshire Hospital. Attendance has been good all year, and Hallowe'en, Christmas and Easter parties were arranged which were much enjoyed by the patients.

Members of the Sixth Form who have started to work for the Gold Award of the Duke of Edinburgh's scheme, have also undertaken various forms of voluntary service, such as helping with the Talking Newspaper, working in the Save the Children shop and helping in the Royal Infirmary.

Old people in the area have received regular visits from some Queen's School pupils and many more have shown a keen interest to participate in the community. Unfortunately the old people's tea party had to be postponed due to the bad weather but we hope to arrange one sometime in the near future.

Helen Goltz, Sara Goddard, L VI

Art Club

We re-formed the Art Club at the beginning of the Spring term and opened it to the talents of those up to the Lower Fifth forms.

Subjects over the term have ranged from record covers to fabric designs, from string prints to stencils. Although response was encouraging at first, with the arrival of warmer weather attendances have fallen. However, next year, we hope to continue "to boldly go where no artists have gone before!"

Jane Stevenson, Susie Ratcliffe, L VI

Junior Debating Society

This year we have discussed some serious subjects such as whether blood sports should be made illegal and whether the death penalty should be brought back to Britain. But we have also had funny debates. At Christmas we debated whether Father Christmas was real or not! and at Easter we had a Hat Debate.

We wish to thank members of the Sixth Form for organizing this lunch-time activity, which has given much pleasure throughout the year.

Anna Dawson, Clare Witter, Rem H

Senior Debating Society

The Society has flourished this year, with fortnightly debates held with the King's School. The subjects discussed have varied considerably, from serious topics such as nuclear disarmament and a woman's right to work, to the lighter "Money is the root of all evil" and a balloon debate.

Although initially attendance was low, the number of debaters coming from both schools has increased to the extent that 6 II is now filled to capacity at every debate. Perhaps the climax of the Easter Term was "This house believes in the amalgamation of the King's and Queen's Schools", in which Mrs. Entwistle and Mr. Dodds, opposing the motion, were defeated by only two votes by Clare Robinson and Simon Edge. This debate was attended by over a hundred people, and we should like to thank Mrs. Entwistle and Mr. Dodds for giving such entertaining and controversial speeches!

The standard of speaking has improved considerably throughout the year, although in general people have preferred to read their speeches, rather than to speak freely. On the whole, speaking from the floor has tended to be limited to a few confident people, while the majority have kept their great thoughts to themselves. Exceptionally, a debate on abortion did produce a diversity of well-expressed viewpoints from the floor contributors.

Representatives from King's and Queen's also debated at Abbeygate College the motion "The Age of Chivalry is not dead" which was proposed by Steven Hutchinson and Alison Clarke, who narrowly defeated Emma Leach and Neil Shaw. We hope to return the invitation later in the year.

We should like to thank Mrs. Affleck for her advice and encouragement, and we hope that the society will enjoy continued success.

Katrina Wood, Clare Robinson, Rachel Garner, Vanessa Lance, L VI

Sixth Form Link

We are a group of Sixth Form students who meet regularly to organize various activities, ranging from political debates to concert trips and parties, for Sixth Formers attending any school in the Chester district. Thus, we try to form a link between Sixth Forms in the area.

The year began with a "Back to School" party, a pleasant relief for those of us who were already suffering from too much homework – enjoyed by all except a few grumbling males who could not survive the evening without some form of alcohol.

A successful day-trip to London was made during October, closely followed by a "French Party" held at Stanley Palace, which produced an interesting array of "Inspector Clouseaus" and other supposedly typical French characters, and a concert trip to Liverpool to see Rowan Atkinson of "Not the Nine O'Clock News" fame.

Christmas brought our annual Carol Sing in aid of charity. This year the money raised went to Rowlands Lodge Elderly Persons' Home, and a lively Christmas party.

The controversy over Proportional Representation led us to arrange a debate on the subject but, unfortunately, this had to be cancelled due to adverse weather conditions which disrupted the regularity of our meetings. More recent activities have included a Valentine Party, a concert trip to see "Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark", and, during the Easter break, a vigorous ramble to Thurstaston.

Since we are affiliated to the English-speaking Union, the year has included some combined activities, mainly lectures of a varying nature. The E.S.U. conference was held at York at the end of last year; four Sixth Form link representatives attended and appeared to make their presence felt by lively contributions to discussions.

As usual, the year will end with the famous Sixth Form Link camping holiday during the Summer break. The holidays have previously been spent in Wales and accompanied by heavy rain! Therefore, although as yet it is not decided where the holiday will be, we are thinking of travelling farther afield. People seem to prefer not to be flooded out and forced to move their tent two or three times in a week!

Veronica Lee, L VI

Work Experience

In past years the Upper Fifth forms, after taking their O levels, have had a programme of outings to such places as banks and the Magistrates' Court, and recreational outings to such places as Deeside Leisure Centre, and activities in school such as art and cookery. However, several girls in the Upper Fifth in Spring 1981 decided that they would rather use this time differently. They felt that "work experience" would be an extremely valuable alternative, giving an insight into various professions, and so the idea was put forward that we all, if we so wanted, might spend the three weeks after our O levels working, provided we could find a suitable place that would accept us. The idea was very carefully considered and eventually it was agreed that, with parental consent, we might do this. There was to be the usual programme of events for those of us who did not wish, or were unable, to find a place.

The majority of us were offered the opportunity to work at the places where we inquired. Many girls worked in hospitals, doing a variety of jobs such as working at the reception desk, or working in the pharmacy and other departments. Other girls worked at the Leonard Cheshire Home, with a dentist, on a farm and at many other places. Several girls worked in schools; I worked at the Dorin Park School for physically handicapped children in Upton. Much of my time was spent helping the children with their reading and mathematics, and pushing the wheelchairs of the heavier children when they went on outings. I also sometimes helped my mother in her office, as she is the school nurse there. My time there was very enjoyable and I found the children to be mostly very happy in the pleasant atmosphere, where they are encouraged to be as independent as possible and to make full use of their skills, and where they are totally accepted by everyone, which is not always so in the world outside.

For me, and for most other girls, having the opportunity to work otherwise than as a student was definitely a worthwhile experience, and I hope that many other girls will have the same opportunity in the future.

Helen Kennedy, L VI

Trip to France, 1981

At 6.00 a.m. on the 8th April, 1981, a horde of rucksacked beings, waving Q.S. scarves for identification, descended on Crewe Station – British Rail did not know what had hit them. In fact we (and a small group from the King's School) were continuing the exchange successfully started the year before, when our French correspondents had visited us.

Our journey took us through London and on to Folkestone – where we arrived in good time. However, we were delayed for an hour by fog in Folkestone, consequently missing our connection in Calais. We perhaps strained Anglo-French relations by eventually arriving in Strasbourg at 3.35 a.m. – four hours late.

During the two-and-a-half weeks we were in France, the majority of us visited many of the sights of the region (including Strasbourg Cathedral, Mont St. Odile and the European Parliament) and sampled the delights of Alsatian cooking – choucroute, tarte flambée and the incredibly smelly Munster cheese. Many of us were also able to take part in the celebration of our correspondent's "Profession de Foi". We all crossed the Rhine to enter Germany and visit the fun park at Rust for a day; and a few individuals visited other parts of France with their families. Our thanks go to members of staff – on both sides of the Channel – for helping to arrange this very successful exchange.

Anna Howatt, Alex Hedley, Audrey Dakin, Imogen Clark, U V B

Foreign Babble

Last October, near the beginning of a year I'm taking off between finishing my A levels and going up to study Modern Languages at Oxford, I decided it would be useful – and fun – to spend a month at a language school in France. Our next-door neighbour had told us about a place in Paris called the "Alliance Française" where her son had spent some time, so at the end of October I set off to spend November there. After a few initial problems finding accommodation I managed to get a room in a nearby "pension" and soon settled down at the Alliance. Everyone was very friendly and there was a fascinating mixture of nationalities in my class, including people from Guatemala, Poland, Greece, Mexico, and Brazil as well as many Western European countries and the U.S.A. The only problem was persuading people to stick to French, as most of them spoke English rather better!

The teaching was very good and, during the free afternoons, it was lovely being able to wander round the sights, museums – and shops – of Paris. Many of the people there had *au pair* jobs to help with finance and were totally self sufficient, although the cost of accommodation is obviously quite high in Paris. I can certainly recommend the Alliance to anyone who might be interested, and I would be very happy to give them more details if they would like to contact me through the school.

Catherine Andrew

An "Elective" amongst the Maasai

As Mount Kenya appeared in view yet again, the pilot's voice over the intercom informed us that the early morning fog at Nairobi had cleared, and that the temperature on the ground was 10° C. My reaction to this was immediate confusion. I had left England in blazing sunshine, and arrived at the equator to a cool foggy morning more typical of Manchester. This was something that the geography books never mentioned! However, within a short time I was heading towards Magadi where I was to spend the nine weeks of my final year elective, and my doubts about the tropical climate were resolved as the temperature quickly rose.

Once we were over the hills to the south-west of Nairobi, the vegetation changed from the lush grass and tall trees and became drier and drier with only tufts of yellow grass between the stunted thorn trees. Occasionally, the landscape was broken by a few mud huts or breeze-block and corrugated-iron buildings clustering around a small river, and surrounded by small subsistence plantations growing mainly bananas and maize. It was a fascinating journey on which I had my first glimpse of the giraffe elegantly eating thorn trees by the side of the road, and the baboons scurrying out of the way of approaching cars, sights that were to become so familiar over the following weeks. It was on this journey also that I saw the Maasai for the first time.

These tall elegant people of that region are one of the few remaining tribes almost totally unaffected by Western customs. At the centre of their life are the cattle; the children driving the herds each day many miles in search of water and grazing land, while the elders of the tribe congregate in the shadow of a thorn tree to contemplate the problems of the world. At nightfall the cattle are driven into the "maryatta" or compound of thorn branches, which surrounds a number of oval huts inhabited by a family group to give them protection against wild animals. Cattle (and to a lesser extent sheep and goats) are the Maasai's wealth and food supply – the staple diet being a revolting-sounding mixture of fermented milk and blood, with meat on special occasions. Because of this dependence on the cattle and the poor quality of the grazing for most of the year, the tribe is nomadic, with little interest in other possessions apart from a few cooking pots and their ceremonial beads. However, those who had worked in the factory included in their prize possessions a pair of wellington boots and an umbrella – for protection against the dust and the heat.

Magadi itself is a town of about 3000 people situated 70 miles from Nairobi, on the shores of Lake Magadi in the middle of the bush. The reason for anybody building a town in this hot, inhospitable part of Africa is the "lake". During the rains, sodium chloride and carbonate are washed out of the mountains of the rift valley into the lake. As there are no rivers running out of the lake, the water is lost by evaporation in the intense heat, to leave a brilliant white lake of crystals. In the midday sunshine this is almost painful to look at. These chemicals are dredged and purified for use as salt and in the glass industry. The town has been built for the workforce at the factory, and is almost totally self-contained, with its own fresh water supply, electricity generators, schools and so on.

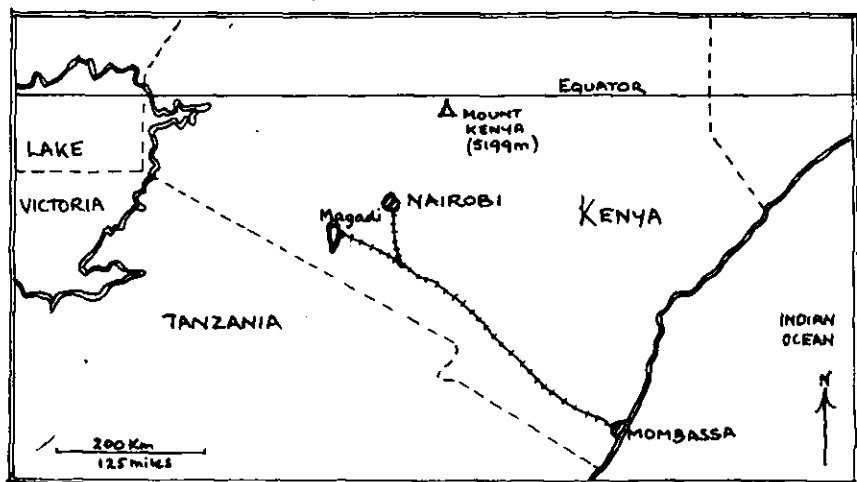
Magadi Hospital is run by two doctors and has about fifty beds. It serves Magadi itself, and provides medical care for the surrounding Maasai, many of whom walk for several days to reach hospital. It was particularly delightful to walk between the separate buildings of the hospital in the open air, catching the scent of a tropical tree, or finding a brightly coloured lizard basking in the sunshine on the "main corridor".

Most of my time was spent seeing out-patients, who came with a tremendous variety of complaints, ranging from colds and other illnesses common in Britain to things that I will probably never see in Europe such as snake bites, anthrax and a lion mauling, and including conditions like malaria and tuberculosis which are unusual here but very common in other parts of the world. I also assisted in theatre and performed some operations myself: everything was very simple with only basic equipment, but when the need arose really major operations were performed, as there was no one else to whom the patients could readily be referred.

To try to obtain a broader view of medicine in a Third World country, I also arranged visits to another district hospital, the flying doctor service and the teaching hospital in Nairobi, where I was horrified to find that there were two or more patients per bed and no sheets, and that all but emergency operations had been cancelled as the hospital had been without water for three days – conditions which were not at all unusual throughout the country. Magadi, being clean and having reliable water and electricity, was very much an exception to the usual standard.

Overall, the experience was both very rewarding, and very frustrating – rewarding to see how much relatively simple things such as vaccination, advice about hygiene, antibiotics and drugs for malaria helped the people, and frustrating to see how thinly even these basic resources were spread, and the unnecessary suffering that resulted. I learnt a great deal of practical medicine, seeing many conditions for the first time and visiting a fascinating part of the world. I was particularly fortunate to receive a grant from the Phyllis Brown Travel Bursary towards the cost of my stay in Kenya.

Susan Barker



Other Events in the School Calendar, 1981 – 82

April 28: Beginning of the Summer Term.

May 9-9: *The Pirates of Penzance* was performed by the King's School, with the Queen's School choir.

13: A Lower VI French group visited Manchester Royal Northern College of Music to see a performance of *Le Malade Imaginaire* by Molière.

A Lower VI group visited Girton College, Cambridge.

- 14: A School Concert.
 17: The Senior Choir took part in a service for the disabled in Chester Cathedral.
 22: At the Commemoration Service in the Cathedral the address was given by Canon Whittam.
 22-29: Half term holiday.
- June 22: A Lower VI group visited St. Hugh's College, Oxford.
 24: Sports day at the Preparatory Department.
 26: The Removes made a trip to Chester Zoo.
 A Barn Dance was held in the evening by the Parents' Association.
- July 3: Mrs. Gerda Sawicka gave a piano recital including pieces by Mozart, Chopin and Liszt.
 4: A trip to Ludlow to see Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.
 6: The Lower VI geologists visited Thurstaston.
 7: A performance of the Greek play *Hippolytus* by Euripides was given by the Lower VI.
 9: The Voluntary Service Group gave a tea party for the elderly.
 11: Lower V A visited Alton Towers. A party saw *As You Like It* at Erddig.
 13: Upper IV and Lower V drama festival.
 Lower VI Economists and Chemists made a trip to Associated Octel.
 14: End of the Summer Term.
- Sept. 10: Beginning of the Autumn Term.
 18: A tea party for last year's Upper VI.
 22: The Lower VI musicians and Miss Woods attended a performance of *Fidelio* at the Liverpool Empire Theatre.
 25: The English staff took a party to see *Twelfth Night* at Theatr Clwyd.
- Oct. 2: A classics convention at Merchant Taylors' School.
 4: A Lower V group saw a film of *Romeo and Juliet* at Ellesmere College.
 8: The Parents' Association held their annual general meeting.
 15: The annual general meeting of the Northern section of the Independent Schools Information Service took place in school.
 20-21: Miss Menon visited the school to give careers advice.
 23: A hockey match between Queen's School 1st team and King's School.
 24: An Upper VI English group went to Stratford for the week-end and saw *A Winter's Tale*.
 26-30: Half term holiday.
- Nov. 3: Careers Convention.
 6: A trip to Theatr Clwyd to see *Oedipus Tyrannus* and *Antigone* by Sophocles.
 28: The Upper VI classicists attended a conference at Manchester University.
- Dec. 3: A representative from British Nuclear Fuels Limited at Capenhurst came to school to give a talk to the Lower VI on Nuclear Power.
 12: The Parents' Association Buffet Supper.
 16: Christmas Party (Weihnachtsfest) held by the German department.
 17: Internal Carol Service and Christmas Post.
 18: The Carol Service with King's School ended the term.
- Jan. 6: Spring Term began.
- Feb. 11: A tutor from Bradford University came to give a talk on University entrance and University life to the Lower VI.
 12: Sixth formers taking German went to see Brecht's *Der Kaukasische Kreidekreis* performed by students of Manchester University.
 19-26: Half term holiday.
- March 3: Lower VI German students went to see a film of Theodor Storm's *Der Schimmelreiter*.
 4: The Parents' Association arranged a cookery demonstration by the Milk Marketing Board.
 10: The A level German group attended a conference at C.F. Mott College.
 12: Lower VI Art Students attended a day-long conference at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, entitled *Women in Art*.
 16: Some sixth-formers attended a Latin lecture in Liverpool.
 25: Prize-giving was held late in the school year due to the *marvellous* (!) weather in December.
 31: End of Spring Term.
 The A level Art group went to Manchester University for a course on art history, and another group saw a Greek play in Manchester.

The Queen's School Association

The Annual General Meeting

This was held on Saturday, July 4th, 1981 at Nedham House. Miss Farra presided and about 75 members were present, together with staff and Sixth Form leavers. The minutes of the last A.G.M. were read and confirmed. Susan Benson was elected to the committee, there being a vacancy as a result of the resignation of Jill Harper. The meeting accepted with regret the retirement of Connie Baxter as Chairman; she was warmly thanked by the President for the way in which she had guided and inspired the Association. Margaret Hassall was elected Chairman by the meeting.

The Treasurer gave her report, and then Miss Farra gave us all the news of the school and its sporting, musical and academic achievements. As the purpose of holding the meeting at Nedham House was to give members an opportunity of visiting Sandford House and of seeing the changes at Nedham House, we adjourned to Sandford House for sherry, where we were joined by some husbands, families and friends, all of whom enjoyed being able to look round the "junior campus" at their leisure.

M.M.

Degree Results, 1981

Susan Abbey	Sheffield, Medicine	
Grace Aldred	Durham, General Honours	
Caroline Armstrong	Cambridge, Engineering	
Caroline Cleaves	Lancaster, French and Marketing	II 2
Gillian Cooke	Lancaster, Psychology	II 2
Lesley Cooke	Chester College, Education	II 2
Rhona Deas	Bath, Business Administration	II 1
Barbara Elson	Leicester, Art History Studies	II 1
Drue Etheridge	Birmingham, German	II 2
Vivienne Faull	Nottingham, Theology	II 1
Nicola Garmory	Manchester Polytechnic, Landscape Design	
Vivienne Halford	Liverpool, Mediaeval History & Mediaeval Latin	II 2
Susan Hall	Oxford, Law	II
Gillian Handley	Exeter, Accountancy Studies	II 1
Christina Hewitt	Oxford, Modern History	II
Amanda Jones	Oxford, Modern Languages	II
Catherine Jones	Liverpool, Classical and Mediaeval Latin	I
Charlotte Jones	Cambridge, Law	II 1
Gwyneth Jones	Oxford, Medicine	
Barbara Kennedy	Oxford, Mathematics	III
Edwina Maple	Oxford, P.P.E.	II
Jeanette Paterson	Leeds, Agricultural Zoology	II 2
Deborah Peers	Manchester, Music	II 2
Marianne Phillips	Sheffield, Medicine	
Sarah Platt	Oxford, Classics	II
Dawn Roberts	Liverpool, Geography	II 1
Tiffany Salter	Oxford, Law	II
Diana Smith	Nottingham, Geography	II 1
Helen Stringer	Newcastle, Speech Therapy	II 1
Elizabeth Thomas	Birmingham, Accounting	II 2

Miscellaneous News

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

Ann Archer is taking her finals in May and hopes to work in Germany.

Jean (Ballard) Maycock is working as a part-time lecturer in English and French in a technical college.

Amanda (Box) Morgan is working as a speech therapist in Milton Keynes and living in Bedfordshire.

Diana (Bridges) Leitch is still working part-time at the University of Manchester as scientific medical information officer. She will soon be specializing in computerized information retrieval. Her daughter, Fiona, will be starting school later this year.

Anita Brown is S.H.O. in general medicine at the Royal Liverpool Hospital.

Margaret Chase is working as a translator for a large sewing thread company (Ackermann) in Augsburg, West Germany.

Jacqueline Clinton is now training for her R.N.M.S. at a sub-normality hospital on the other side of Cheshire. She hopes to do a short tour of Norway, Denmark and Sweden. She would like to hear from any Old Girl who works with or who has physically or mentally handicapped children; please contact her through school.

Philippa (Craddock) Hale qualified in December 1980 to become a dispensing optician and is at present awaiting an imminent promotion to managership.

Ann (Davies) Briers writes, "I had the great honour of playing a small part in the ITV Production of John Mortimer's 'Voyage Round my Father' with Sir Laurence Olivier."

Sally (Davies) Melling and her husband completed the first London Marathon and raised £350 for her school. "I've never been regarded as the running type; in fact, my last race was as a Brownie, when my sister Ann and I won the wheelbarrow race — and even then I didn't use my legs, as I was the front half. I shall be running the Marathon this year with my husband and eldest son."

Rhona Deas is now doing market research for a firm of property developers in Bristol. She is engaged to be married in July 1982.

Jacqueline (Denyer) Cheetham was appointed a magistrate on the Därtford Bench last year. She finds the work interesting.

Jillian (Gill) Clubbe qualified in social work from the Nottingham Polytechnic in the Spring of 1980, and is now working as a hospital social worker at the Royal Copthorne Hospital, Shrewsbury.

Louise Goodbody is a research assistant in the Department of Psychology, Calderstones, Whalley.

Mary (Garnett) Vallance's husband has been appointed Head of Bloxham, near Banbury. They move in August.

Vivienne Halford started with the Merseyside Police in November 1981, having graduated from Liverpool University. She is a W.P.C. in the Merseyside Force "A" Division, Liverpool City Centre.

Sandra (Hastie) Saer's eldest son, Angus Adair, won the second Queen's Scholarship to Westminster School and her second son, Benedict Alexander, has been awarded a major music exhibition at St. Edwards' School, Oxford.

Elizabeth (Heath) Morris, with her husband Richard, spent a month's holiday in Australia last year, combining a visit to friends with seeing as much of the country as they could. They would like to go back.

Christina Hewitt has been working since September 1981 as a trainee chartered accountant for Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Co. in London, having gone down from Oxford in June.

Carol Ann (Holme) Wilkinson is S.H.O. in paediatrics at Park Hospital, Davyhulme, Manchester, under her maiden name.

Anne Johnson qualified as a speech therapist in June 1981 and is now working for St. Helens and Knowsley Area Health Authority.

Sylvia van Kleef rowed in the successful Cambridge women's event against Oxford.

Edwina (Maple) Hayward is now doing a post-graduate course at Imperial College, London for an M.Sc. in Management Science, having come down from Oxford in June 1981.

Ann Minors received R.I.B.A. membership in February 1981.

Pat (O'Hara) Slater is a tutor in the Adult Literary Scheme; she had one student for eighteen months and another for one year; both went on to continued learning with a group class.

Cilla (Perry) Henderson emigrated to Ottawa, Canada, in November 1981.

Mary (Proudlove) Sara is enjoying second year of the B.A. in Visual Arts course at Ilkley College, doing a great deal of etching and drawing and some music.

Judith (Reid) Allinson writes, "I was fortunate to have a very good partner in the W.I. National Tennis Tournament; we won the Cheshire final, then the North of England, and went on to represent the North in the final at Queen's Club. It was the experience of a life-time."

Christine (Roberts) Cole is teaching at Meldreth Manor School; this is run by the Spastics Society for mentally and physically handicapped children.

Christine (Samuels) Furmston is living in south Cambridgeshire with her husband and three daughters. She is a full-time housewife and mother.

Jo (Shipley) Marsh has been appointed Head of Personnel for T.V. Programmes B.B.C. Her area of responsibility caters for T.V. producers and directors and their production teams.

Diane Southern has been teaching in Sedbergh, Cumbria, since September 1981. She teaches biology and science with mathematics. She is responsible for the biology in the small comprehensive school there.

Elizabeth Thomas is now taking a year off in America before joining Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Co., Chartered Accountants in Black Friars, London, in 1982.

Charlotte West-Oram appeared in the Beastly Beatitudes of Balihazar at The Duke of York's Theatre, St. Martin's Lane.

Brenda (Wheeldon) Partington is now Head of the Chemistry Department at the Sacred Heart High School as from September 1981 having spent one and a half years as second in the department. Her husband and sister have taken over as owners of "Squire's Restaurant", Southport, which is mentioned in all four gourmet's guides.

Valda (Whittingham) Mutch is living in Hale, Altrincham; her husband works in Manchester.

Pauline (Williams) Baker invites any students at College in London to drop in for a coffee or a meal if they are feeling homesick. Tel: 01-368 6228.

Dorothy (Wilson) Walker, who has lived in Zimbabwe for thirty years, hopes to come to England for a holiday in June/July. She will be staying in Crosby with Mary Doughty (Swift) for a few days, and hopes to meet her friends in Chester and North Wales.

Linda Woodhouse will be working as a senior occupational therapist in Chester from April 1982.

Births

To Diana (Bridges) Leitch on 18th July, 1981, a son, Andrew Graham.

To Pamela (Chisholm) Baronnet on 6th March, 1982, twin daughters Brigitte and Virginie, sisters for Marc and Yves.

To Hilary (Clarke) Batty on 16th June, 1981, a daughter Janet Elizabeth, a sister for Nigel, Jennie, Helen and Heather.

To Ann (Davis) Samuel on 14th February, 1982, a daughter, Ann Elizabeth.

To Beatrice (Douglas) Holmes on 26th June, 1981, a daughter, Julia Mary, a sister for Thomas.

To Gill (Forster) Bridgmann on 18th September, 1981, a son, George.

To Rosemary (Forster) Price on 13th April, 1981, a son, Simon David Keith, a brother for Jonathan.

To Penny (Green) Murray on 8th August, 1981, a daughter, Rosalind Jane.

To Marjorie (Hack) Miln on 17th January, 1982, a son, James Maxwell, a brother for Andrew and Philippa.

To Hilary (Jones) Gray on 8th December, 1981, a daughter.

To Diana (Partington) Irven on 14th April, 1981, a daughter, Alexandra Clare, a sister for Nicholas, Charles and Richard.

To Margaret (Woods) Lewis on 3rd July, 1981, a son, Huw Wynn, a brother for Rhiannon Sian.

Marriages

Jean (Ballard) Rigby on 21st November, 1981, to Geoffrey Laycock.

Amanda Box on 8th August, 1981, to Robert Morgan.

Susan Jennifer Cottier on 5th December, 1981, to William Charles Edward Potter.

Drue Etheridge on 4th July, 1981, to John A.W. Patten.

Laura (Green) Bushell on 7th March, 1982, to George Lowes.

Susan Howells on 23rd December, 1980, to Oliver Richard. (Susan wishes still to be known as Howells.)

Pauline Lugton on 15th September, 1981, to Sotoyoshi Kontani.

Edwina Maple on 25th July, 1981, to Paul William Curtis Hayward.

Christine (Mayson) Orman on 7th May, 1981, to Lewis Kenneth Ayre.

Robina Salisbury on 9th July, 1981, to David Blann.

Deaths

Metzger: on 29th September, 1981, Doris Metzger (née Edwards), who was at school from 1912–1918.

Parrish: on 8th January, 1982, Dorothy Parrish (née Drew), who was at school from 1902–1904. She was a grand-daughter of W.E. Gladstone.

Simpson: on 13th March, 1981, Joyce Simpson, J.P., Hon. Alderman, who was on the staff during 1932–1933 and then became head-mistress of Purley County Grammar School.

Wakefield: on 28th December, 1981, Cynthia Wakefield, the first head-mistress of the Preparatory Department.

Miss Phillips writes:

When Miss Wakefield joined the Queen's School staff in 1921 to take charge of the kindergarten and preparatory form, her two small classes occupied a single room on the ground floor of the south-west wing. When she retired twenty-seven years later, her charge, considerably increased in size and standing, had become the preparatory department, housed in its own quarters in Stanley Place and in the course of further expansion into the adjoining property.

She began with two senior girls as her part-time assistants; she retired as departmental head with a staff of three experienced teachers. It was a progress that testified to the quality of her teaching and teaching methods; but such was her native modesty that her gratification lay not in her own achievement, but in the wider opportunities made available to the children and the greater advantages for their development and well-being.

She retired from School in 1948, having by that time completed thirty years of teaching. She was however only fifty-four years old, and such was her love of teaching that, about two years later, she began a new life for herself by opening her own small school for 5 to 8 year olds in her home at 51 Abbot's Grange. This she continued with great success until July 1960, when (at the age of sixty-six) she made it over to Miss Alex Joseph, one of her former assistants at the Queen's School, who carried it on under the name of the Wakefield Grange School.

Miss Wakefield was a gentle soul, chiefly remarkable for her tranquility of temperament, though occasionally – very rarely – a sudden outburst would reveal unsuspected intensity of feeling. She was friendly in manner and, despite a certain reserve of character that discouraged undue familiarity, always approachable. With children she was at her best, directing and controlling them without any apparent effort and with unvarying success. Her unsentimental understanding of their needs gave her an authority which they instantly recognised and respected, her presence alone being enough to reassure the timid and to subdue the turbulent. Her classes in consequence ran always as on oiled wheels, and tears and tantrums were remarkable only by their absence.

She was no traveller, but for many years she spent idyllic summer holidays with her cousins in Ireland, where she particularly delighted in being taken for drives through the countryside and having picnics among the Mourne Mountains.

It is now thirty-four years since she retired from the Queen's School, and many of the little people who passed through her hands there are themselves parents and grandparents. She never forgot any of them, and they in their turn will remember her with affection, and, in bidding her their last farewell, will wish her an eternity of halcyon days amid the celestial mountains of infinity.

Editor's Note . . .

The trouble with a magazine which comes only once a year is that no-one does very much about it until it is imminent. Then, all too often, people haven't time. This year we have been more than usually handicapped by dilatory (or totally absent) contributions, and the response to enquiries has usually been "I didn't know you wanted it yet."

Please, therefore, will those who will, who should or who merely might contribute to next year's "Have Mynde" take note that:

All contributions which possibly can do so should reach the editors by the end of the spring term. (They will be accepted at *any* time during the year.)

The very last date for receiving reports of late events is the end of the first full week of the summer term, April 30th, 1983.

All text should be on one side only of A4 paper (*not* foolscap, quarto or exercise-book size) with wide margins. It should be typed if possible, with double spacing, or written on wide-lined paper. More details of the best way to present it may be had on request.)

Pictures are welcome as text.

On a happier note: we have been glad to hear rumours of several form magazines flourishing in the school, and actually to see a copy of L V J's "Never Mynde". We admire their enterprise, and particularly their speed and frequency of production. Perhaps next year we may be favoured with copies of any such journals in time to compile a serious review.

R.A.H.

Acknowledgments

We are grateful to the Chester Chronicle for permission to reprint the report by Miss Nield on p.22.

The cover design is based on experiments of Bauhaus students by Virginia Harding, Sally Kay, Jane Leedham, Rozanne Johnson, Karen La Frenais and others of L VI. The drawings on p.5 and the design on p.6 also are by members of L VI. Photographs are by Mr. Hudspith (pp.4 and 5) and Mr. Hands (p.24).

We very much regret that contributions from the following people had to be rejected at the final stages owing to shortage of space: Judith Allen, Victoria Atkinson, Katy Cunliffe, Clare Ibbott, Carol Irving, Louise Kay, Esther McMillan, Kirsty McNay, Hazel Morris, Rachel Oliver, Catherine Oultram, Hilary Parker, Sarah Shepherd, Penny Weston, Lisa Whalley and Rachel Williamson.

Katy Cunliffe is particularly to be congratulated on the quality of her contributions.

We should like to congratulate the winners of the Remove Christmas short story competition. Again, we regret we cannot print the stories as they are long. The winners are Kate Jones and Julia Kolbusz, the seconds Mai Nguyen, Clare Parker and Kirsty McNay.

