



HAVE MYNDE

1983

## **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

J.A. Bruce

W.C. Dutton

Mrs. S. Harris

L.H.A. Harrison

B.A.G. King

Mrs. D.M. McConnell

Miss G. Phillips

The Reverend Canon J.C. Sladdon

D.F.A. Ray

E.B. Walton

*Clerk to the Governors:*

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

*Assistant:* Mrs. P. Backhouse

# HAVE MYNDE 1983

## Foreword

March 7th, 1883, saw the opening by the Duke of Westminster of the school's first permanent building. In November, 1982, we joyfully moved into the latest addition, started only seven months earlier, but already so familiar and so carefully blended with the older structure that one can easily forget how new it is. It is fitting that, on this occasion, the official opening was performed by the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. C.N. Ribbeck, who thus had the satisfaction of seeing the whole project through from the early planning stage to its highly satisfactory conclusion. Now, once more, the school has enough room for its immediate needs. I wonder how soon it will be outgrown!

The end of the Direct Grant era finally came in 1982, when the last of our direct grant pupils left from the Upper Sixth. The attaining of full independence was accompanied by a restructuring of the governing body: instead of eight members nominated by the local authority, now there are only two. To the somewhat smaller Board of Governors there have been added two new representatives from the University of Liverpool and the Parents' Association respectively. Their appointment marks the beginning of a new phase in the school's history, at a time when the continued existence of independent schools is being questioned in some sections of contemporary society.

Faith in the future is important. Heart-warming expressions of that faith have come to us during the year, in the shape of generous legacies from two long-serving former members of the staff, Miss Catherine Ayrton and Miss Nancy Foulkes, tributes to whom appear elsewhere in this issue. Together they have added no less than £4 000 to the Bursaries Fund, a lasting expression of loyalty for which the school is deeply grateful.

M. Farra

## In Memory

Mr. George L. Britton died on 24th May, 1982, after a protracted illness. Until ill-health caused him to retire in March, he had served for almost 7 years as assistant to the Clerk to the Governors. He was also Treasurer of the Centenary Bursaries Fund. His deep knowledge of the school and its affairs made him a valued friend and adviser.

During the year we heard of the deaths of Mrs. Gertie Taylor, who worked in the kitchen from 1912 until her retirement in 1977, and of Miss Alice Wright, a school cleaner for many years.

M.F.

# The Staff, May 1983

*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  
Mrs. M.L. Burgess, B.Sc. Hons., Nottingham  
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  
Miss S.D. Hayes, Gloucester T.C.D.S.  
Miss C. Jones, B.Ed., I.M. Marsh College of P.E.  
\* Mrs. P. Maddocks, B.A. Hons., London  
Mrs. H. Parker, B.A. Hons., Oxford  
\* Miss C. Quail, B.Sc. Hons., Hull  
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. J. Lea, A.T.C.L.  
Mrs. M.D. Meredith, C.F. Mott College, Liverpool

### *The Preparatory Department at Sandford House*

*Head of Department:* Mrs. M. Whelan, Chester College, B.A.,  
Open University

\* Mrs. A. Brocklehurst, Christ's College, Liverpool  
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. J.C. Barnes, O.N.C.  
Mrs. S.M. Hobson, H.N.C.

- \* We welcome those members of staff who joined us recently. The following members of staff left during the past year: Mrs. I.V. Harrison, Miss Hinde, Mrs. J.H. Jones, Mr. Singleton, Mr. Evans (laboratory assistant).

## Those in Authority, 1983

*Head Girl:* Imogen Clark

*Deputies:* Penelope Holloway, Diane Stevenson

*Reference Librarians:* Miss Walters, Louise Bevan, Wendy Bracewell,  
Wendy Evans, Georgina Sloane, Elizabeth Smith

*Fiction Librarians:* Mrs. Fowler, Nicola Chamberlin, Jane Ishmael,  
Clare Madden, Kathryn Ross, Gaynor de Wit

*"Have Mynde" editorial:* Mr. Hands, Miss Callaway, Mrs. Bates, Kate Berens,  
Laura Brady, Ruth Hall, Alison Hood

*"Have Mynde" business:* Mrs. Brown

## We Congratulate

Miss Hinde on her marriage to Mr. Danny Sedgwick;  
Miss Scott on her captaincy of the Scottish Lacrosse Team;  
Katrina Wood on gaining a scholarship to read medicine at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge;  
and the following recent leavers who have obtained the Gold Award of the Duke of Edinburgh scheme: Mary Holmes-Evans, Alexandra Phillips, Karen Scholefield

## Miss Ruth Hinde

Although a few of her friends had an inkling of her plans, the majority of us were unaware that Miss Hinde would be leaving in December, 1982, and for so happy a reason. We were delighted to know that she was to marry Danny Sedgwick, a friend of many years' standing.

An inspired teacher of German, and a caring form-mistress for almost twenty-five years, Miss Hinde endeared herself to everyone through her enthusiasm for German life and language, her love of the natural world and her sensitivity to the individual.

However, for many years her life was divided between Chester and her beloved North Wales, where she acquired a tumbledown cottage and created from it a delightful home. There she spent much of her spare time planning, building, gardening and practising her Welsh.

In school we greatly enjoyed Ruth Hinde's artistic flower arrangements. Her generous gift to the school now hangs in the entrance hall and reminds us of a long and happy association with the Queen's School.

E.M.E., J.G.



# Nedham House News

We are fortunate that we have had few staff changes at Nedham House, but last July we said "goodbye" to Mrs. Brown (French) and Mr. Singleton (Piano) and welcomed their successors, Mrs. Gaster and Mrs. Lea, in September. Later, Mrs. Garner came, to help Mrs. Ogg at lunchtime.

In May, 1982 — a long time ago it seems now — we all took part in the National Trust Theatre Workshop at Erddig. We were house-maids, butlers, lords, scullery maids, estate workers and tramps, costumed most ingeniously by mums, re-living King George V's Coronation Day celebrations. An important part of the exercise was the children's reaction to the social realities of the time, presented to them by the professional actors who led each group. It was a truly memorable experience.

In the following month, June, we all went to York for the day, on a British Rail special "schools" train. We took a picnic lunch, saw the York History Exhibition, visited the Castle Museum and either the Minster or the Railway Museum, and had a meal in one of the University refectories before coming home.

Highlights of Nedham House's year always include Harvest, Carols, Christmas Post, our Birthday and the Easter Bonnet Parade. This year, we also enjoyed all the activity associated with the Autumn Market and felt that we had had a very successful stall, raising nearly £200. On the Friday before the Market, the Third Form were very busy during Activities, finishing items and travelling to the senior school gymnasium in Mrs. Brady's and Miss Whitnall's cars to set up the stall. Lots of people came to the Market, and on the Nedham House stall all the helpers were kept very busy serving the customers.

Some people have tried to write an original story for Prince William's Bedtime Story Book (in aid of Guide Dogs for the Blind) and we have recently been working on two more competitions, the Post Office Letter-Writing Competition and the Living Language story competition. This was great fun, and on the evening we first heard about it everyone went home asking themselves "What if . . . ?"

In February, Mr. Wakely came from the R.S.P.B. reserve at Eastwood to show us a film and to talk about some slides. He told us about all the different birds he saw from the window of his hut. His favourite bird was the owl. It was extremely interesting and a group of Y.O.C. members have arranged to go to Eastwood themselves.

On March 28th, we collected in the hall to hear the results of our 1983 Easter Egg competition. The designs ranged from a blue-haired punk to a lady called 'Eggzotica the Eggzotic Egg Head'). The judges must have had a very hard time trying to select the winners, because everybody had a prize, ranging from cream eggs to little chocolate eggs. In the Easter Bonnet competition too it was very difficult to decide who should have a prize; all the bonnets had been made so carefully.

Many Neddies took part in the sponsored swim to raise money for the N.S.P.C.C. We were given lane numbers and we had to start off in the water. The swim was for 10 minutes and everyone did very well, although at the end of the time limit some people were very tired and could hardly get out of the baths.

Mr. Hill, Jane's daddy, came to talk to the First Form about his work on a modern oil tanker. He looked very smart in his uniform and answered all the questions the First Form could think of. They had been learning about life on board ships of long ago and talked about how different it was then.

Miss Joseph, who used to teach at Stanley Place, very kindly brought some of her beautiful Victorian and Edwardian clothes to show the Second Form, as part of their Costume Project. The Drama Club has been very enjoyable this year. We have tried a variety of activities and even had a keep-fit session. Another club is the Y.S.C.F. club, which was started by Pippa Rowland and Sarah Dennehy just before Christmas, 1982. Y.S.C.F. stands for "Young Save the Children Fund". There are about 12 members at present. Everyone who goes to the meetings is very keen.

Many people spend time in the garden. When the weather is kind, the gardens down on the field are very busy. Vegetables and flowers were planted and after the holidays lots of little shoots were showing through. Mr. Charters looks after the main garden very well, and helps us to look after the small gardens too.

It is like a mini-factory down in the pottery studio and the kiln room. Making a pottery item has become a major activity on Friday afternoons. Three keen potters comment:

"I am very glad to have been able to do pottery while at Nedham House."

"I have enjoyed mixing glazes for Mrs. Meredith."

"Since I have been at Nedham House, the different types of moulds and clays have been increasing rapidly."

Although the Second-Formers are the people who feed and look after the animals, the guinea-pigs Snowy and Patch are fun for everyone to hold and play with, and the fish, Chang, Sheba and Henry, are interesting to watch. We are glad that the Neddies are so willing to look after the animals during the holidays, and thank them very much for accepting this important responsibility.

Just before the Easter holidays each Third-Former started to make either a cushion or a G.N.B. cover, using her own original design. They all looked very colourful; one had a chequered pattern on it, with lace around the edge; it was a bit uncomfortable at first but the owner soon got used to it; there were also patchwork designs, a brick wall pattern, felt appliqué, embroidered pictures and even a Neddie, complete with red woolly hat!

Our flag-pole was blown down in the winter gales and it broke into several pieces. Fortunately, the base was not damaged, so we took the opportunity to move it away from the front shrubbery, where it was becoming engulfed by the forsythia and other bushes, and it has been re-sited at the end of the island flower-bed, between the "In" drive and the pedestrian drive. We hope to get a new pole soon and we think it will look splendid in its new position.

Many of our extra-curricular activities are undertaken with the purpose of raising money for our favourite charities as well as that of providing an enjoyable pastime and we are glad to report that, through the generosity of Neddies and their families and friends, we have been able to share nearly £600 among the Save the Children Fund, Dr. Barnardo's, Guide Dogs for the Blind, the N.S.P.C.C., the Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal, the St. John's Hospice in Wirral, the R.S.P.B. and the World Wildlife Fund. Children are very willing to help people less fortunate than themselves, especially other children, once they understand the great need to do so. Thank you, all of you, very much.

We've had another busy, happy year and are richly blessed.

Form III and M.N.W.





*Gillian Addison, Form III*

## News from Sandford House

For the second year in succession we were sad to lose a former Head of the Department with the unexpected death during the Autumn Term of Miss Nancy Foulkes. Miss Foulkes succeeded Miss Wakefield as head of the Preparatory Department in 1948 and remained until her retirement in 1967. Although it is now 16 years since she retired we are often reminded of her by the numerous books in school which bear her name.

In other respects, though, our third year in this lovely old house has been a busy and happy one. With 85 children now in the school and an additional member of staff teaching in the library, Sandford House is very fully occupied. Nevertheless, one has the feeling that after its many years of emptiness the building really enjoys being "Maison des Petites". Our lively little ones certainly enjoy being its occupants!

The first events of the Autumn Term were, as usual, connected with Harvest Thanksgiving and its related projects. Miss Henry took her class to visit Weinholt's Bakery in Handbridge. The free samples made the visit very popular with the children. The girls from Mrs. Gough's class spent a morning at Newtown Bakery in Hoole in connection with a study of fermentation and the use of yeast, whilst the boys visited a brewery for the same purpose. Free samples were restricted on this occasion! My own

class spent a very interesting day visiting three farms — the Grosvenor Estate Farm at Aldford; a pig farm at Kinnerton; and a large dairy farm at Bretton Hall. The children took great interest in the latest methods of rearing piglets, growing crops and feeding cattle. Stimulated by our farm visit, and helped and encouraged by Mr. Tim Heywood, we then embarked on a little poultry breeding in the classroom. There was great excitement when the incubator arrived; then the eggs — one for each member of the class. After three weeks of patient egg turning and temperature checking, we were rewarded with our first little yellow chick. Others followed, and a number of children took one home to look after during the holidays.

Our Harvest Service was very well supported. It had as its theme "The Harvest of the Sea" and was based on the story of a Japanese fisherman. The modern elements were represented by an oilrig worker, a seaweed farmer, a scientist and a trawlerman. The children's beautiful baskets of produce were later taken to Lache School for distribution amongst deserving pensioners.

Thanks to the continued efforts of the staff and the children and to Mrs. Brocklehurst in particular, our Christmas play enthralled everyone. Based on the story of how Herr Grüber, a German choirmaster, came to write "Silent Night", the play had an almost magical atmosphere, which we wish we could have captured and kept for ever.

Instead of our customary Christmas Party, this year we decided to break with tradition and take the children to a circus. As we were seated only a few feet away from the performers, the children were thrilled by the colour and skill of the acts.

Other visits during the year were made to Liverpool Museum, the Reptile House at Chester Zoo and Jodrell Bank Telescope, in connection with projects about transport, weather and reptiles. Wirral Country Park was our choice for the Summer outing and, as the day was warm and sunny, we all enjoyed spotting seabirds and finding exciting treasures on the Thurston shore.

Sports Day was another happy occasion with the usual predominance of spacehoppers, sacks, eggs, spoons and skipping ropes. Mothers and Fathers very sportingly charged their way to the finishing line again, and were very glad of the tea (provided by Mrs. Ogg) which followed.

The weather on the occasion of our third birthday — the first day of this Summer term — was rather wet and cold. However, with the excitement of a fancy dress parade, no one really noticed. We all admired the patience and ingenuity of Mothers who had made a great variety of costumes for witches, robots and elephants as well as fairies, white rabbits and sunflowers.

For charities this year we have again supported the R.N.I.B. with a cheque for £106; Dr. Barnardo's, the P.D.S.A. and the Ethiopian Appeal. The sponsored swim of last Summer, organised by Mrs. Gibbs, raised a sum of £225 for Cancer Research. This year the children will be swimming for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

In between all these special events we did a lot of hard work and I would like to thank those who have given their time and energy so unstintingly to make the year a very satisfying one.

M.W.



*Sponsored swimmers with their cheque.*

## Gifts to the School

We are glad to record our appreciation of the following gifts:

*Books and contributions to library funds:* Mr. and Mrs. Derbyshire, Mr. Kevin Foster, Mr. A. Gresty, Alison Judge, Mrs. E. King, Mrs. Margaret Noblet, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend and Judith, Miss Pope, Mrs. M. Wilshaw

*Other cheques:* Mr. and Mrs. Fair, Mr. and Mrs. Hedley, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Leslie-Carter, Mrs. Pritchard and Sarah, Mr. Yarwood

*Engraved rose-bowl:* Mr. and Mrs. Bloy and Donna

*Test tubes:* Mr. Kimberley

*Athletics cup:* Miss Saunders

*Plants to go near the new building:* Mr. and Mrs. Healey and Katharine

*Picture – A Singing Bird in a Tree in a City:* Miss Hinde

*Relief map of Iceland:* Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Rosemary

*Shrubs for the gardens at all three departments:* Miss Baxter

*The long-term loan of his thesis on leprosy:* Mr. Keogh

*A copy of his Holiday Suite, recently published:* Mr. Ian Milnes, to whom we are grateful also for the dedication of another recent composition, the introit *Prevent us, O Lord*. This was first performed at the 1982 Commemoration Service.

*The C.P. Witter Award:* Mr. Witter. This provides annually a week on the O.Y.C. sailing vessel *The Francis Drake*; it has been made this year to Catherine Thompson.

In addition we are grateful for generous legacies from Miss Ayrton and Miss Foulkes, both of which have been added to the Centenary Bursaries Fund, and for substantial gifts resulting from the Parents' Association Autumn Market. These have included furniture for the new fiction library, and audiovisual equipment for all three departments of the school.

## GIFTS TO THE STAFFROOM

*China telephone coinbox:* Mrs. I. Harrison

*Clock and chairs:* Miss Hinde

## Gifts to Nedham House

*Books:* Mrs. White, Victoria Bate, Emma Place, Miriam Rayner, Kathryn Sherratt, Eleanor Thornton-Firkin, Anna Toosey, Catherine Watts, Nicola White, Caroline Potts

*Shrubs and trees:* Mrs. D. Brown, Mrs. Meredith, Emma Hill, Esther McMillan, Fiona Miall, Victoria Swift

*Garden gift tokens:* Eleanor Thornton-Firkin, Lindsay Willis

*"Spending money":* Vanessa Pennington, Angela Pickering, *Anonymous*

*Pottery moulds (cup and saucer):* Victoria Bate

*Slide Projector:* Lindsay Stent

*Framed picture: "Breakfast under the big birch":* Kathryn Bowden

*Bag of big marbles:* Victoria Swift

*Big Boggle game:* Alison Wright

*Dunlop Tennis Trainer:* Samantha Rae

*Photograph album:* Kathryn Heap

*A set of acacia wood nativity figures from Africa:* Mr. and Mrs. Chesters and Sarah

*Big marbles:* Sally Toosey

*Fish tank equipment:* Mrs. Stowell

*Henry, the goldfish:* Rebecca Briffa

*Wood for woodworkers:* Dr. Hood

*Treasure box of photographs of himself:* Adrian Chorley

*Dressing-up clothes:* Sarah Chesters

*Gifts for Nedham House Birthday, 2nd February, 1983*

*Saucepan for the cookery corner:* Miss Farra and Miss Edwards

*Book: "Arabian Nights Stories":* Miss Chowen

*Birthday cake:* Mrs. Riches and Alison

*Vast quantities of "goodies":* Gillian Addison, Sally-Ann Arthur, Kate Bastin, Philippa Bickerton, Claire Davies, Sarah Dennehy, Charlotte Fraser, Charlotte Hobson, Clare Ibbett, Elizabeth King, Victoria Paton, Sarah Peaker, Monica Risam, Sarah Stowell, Christine Towndrow

## Gifts to Sandford House

*Glockenspiel:* Philippa Miln

*Rose-bushes:* Nicola Roberts

*Magnolia tree:* Laura Burke

*Shrubs:* Alison Stoddart, Miss Farra

*Book token:* Fiona and Alison Stoddart

*Books:* Sally Toosey, Miss Farra, Miss Edwards

# Prizes and Awards, 1982

## FORM PRIZES

### Lower Fifth

Jacqueline Fearnall  
Rachel Knight  
Judith Pennington  
Sally Taylor  
Zöe Watkinson  
Victoria Young

### Upper Fifth

Louise Bevan  
Laura Brady  
Imogen Clark  
Alexandra Hedley  
Sally Keates  
Caroline Paul  
Lucinda Summers  
Catherine Thompson

### Lower Sixth

*For Games*  
*For public speaking*  
*For service to the school as Deputy Head Girl, and Games*  
*For service to the school as Deputy Head Girl*  
*For service to the school as Head Girl*  
*For service*  
*For service*  
*For service*  
*For service*

Barbara James  
Clare Robinson

Sally Bladen  
Katherine Kane  
Emma Leach  
Sara Goddard  
Helen Goltz  
Helen Kennedy  
Nicola Leech  
Hilary Luker

### Upper Sixth

*For service, including service to school music*  
*For good work at A Level, especially in Economics*  
*For good work at A Level*  
*For good work at A Level, especially in German*  
*For good work at A Level, especially in Classics*  
*For good work at A Level, especially in History*  
*For good work at A Level, especially in Physics and Biology*  
*For good work at A Level*  
*For good work at A Level*  
*For English and French*  
*For Physics and Chemistry*  
*For English*  
*For progress*  
*For progress*

Mary Holmes-Evans  
Caroline Brady  
Diane Blackburne  
Julie Derbyshire  
Jill Evans  
Claire Grew

Katharine Healey  
Alison Judge  
Jane Price  
Sarah Pritchard  
Angela Sutton  
Judith Townsend  
Catherine Ferris  
Ann Mealar

## GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION 1982, ORDINARY LEVEL:

*The following passed in five or more subjects:* Helen Aston, Tracey Bedford, Kate Berens, Laura Brady, Charlotte Briggs, Diana Conway, Joanne Cooper, Shirley Davies, Caroline Elsom, Wendy Evans, Anna Gordon, Camilla Henfrey, Penelope Holloway, Alison Hood, Jane Ishmael, Lisa Jennick, Sarah Johnson, Sally Keates, Carole Kenyon, Sally Leaman, Sian Lewis, Clare Madden, Hazel Morris, Carole Owen, Caroline Paul, Nicola Pritchard, Susan Rischmiller, Kathryn Ross, Georgina Sloane, Catherine Thompson.  
Carolyn Adnitt, Louise Aubrey, Louise Bevan, Wendy Bracewell, Sheila Braine, Gillian Carruthers, Nicola Chamberlin, Imogen Clark, Gillian Cowell, Audrey Dakin, Ruth Hall, Alexandra Hedley, Fiona Hickson, Anna Howatt, Jo Anne Ingham, Catherine Jobson, Joanne Judge, Elizabeth King, Sarah Long, Madeleine McMullin, Louise Nell, Susan Owen, Gillian Richards, Lynne Roberts, Elizabeth Smith, Diane Stevenson, Lucinda Summers, Susan Vernon, Catherine Winsor, Gaynor de Wit.

## ADVANCED LEVEL

### *Four or more subjects:*

Judith Affleck, Diane Blackburne, Donna Bloy, Caroline Brady, Alison Carter, Katharine Colclough, Jane Corrigan, Lindsey Drew, Catherine Fox, Amanda Gibson, Anna Godfrey, Claire Grew, Georgina Gunningham, Helen Harding, Katharine Healey, Victoria Hess, Mary Holmes-Evans, Louise Howard, Jane Johnston, Katharine Jones, Petrina Mayson, Ann Meador, Alison Nichols, Sharon Parker, Lynne Prescott, Jane Price, Sarah Pritchard, Helen Shone, Julia Starling, Elizabeth Tedstone, Judith Townsend, Katie Weston, Shoonagh White, Sarah Whittaker, Claire Williams.

### *Three subjects:*

Denise Buckley, Sarah Cooke, Jacqueline Dakin, Julie Derbyshire, Yvonne Edge, Marietta Elsdon, Jill Evans, Catherine Ferris, Anne Foster, Nicola Halford, Rachel Johnstone, Alison Judge, Carol Mansley, Susan Marsh, Nerina Morfitt, Angela Sutton.

### *Two subjects:*

Rebecca Carter, Suzanne Fair, Amanda Hill, Jane Jones, Tina Watson.

### *One subject:*

Alison Binns, Kerstin Ingham.

## University and Polytechnic Degree Courses

Judith Affleck	St. Hilda's College, Oxford (1983): Classics
Diane Blackburne	Royal Holloway College, London: English
Donna Bloy	St. Andrews: Psychology
Caroline Brady	Sheffield: Psychology
Denise Buckley	Aberdeen: English
Alison Carter	York: Biology
Katharine Colclough	Swansea: Geography
Jane Corrigan	Goldsmith's College, London: English and Drama
Jacqueline Dakin	Harper Adams Agricultural College: Agricultural Technology
Julie Derbyshire	King's College, London: Law
Catherine Dubourg (left 1981)	Liverpool: Dentistry
Marietta Elsdon	York: Sociology
Jill Evans	Birmingham: Classics
Catherine Fox	Birmingham: French
Amanda Gibson	Birmingham: Biological Sciences
Anna Godfrey	Birmingham: Geography
Claire Grew	Westfield College, London: History
Georgina Gunningham	Bedford College, London: Nursing Studies
Catherine Hamilton (left 1981)	Worcester College, Oxford: French and Italian (Exhibition)
Helen Harding	Royal Free Hospital, London: Medicine
Katharine Healey	Girton College, Cambridge: Natural Science (Biology)
Mary Holmes-Evans	Exeter: Mathematics
Jane Johnston	Liverpool: Chemistry
Rachel Johnstone	Birmingham: Psychology
Katharine Jones	Exeter: Geography/Social Science
Alison Judge	Surrey: International and Linguistic Studies - French
Carol Mansley	Bradford: Management Sciences
Ann Meador	Liverpool: English
Nerina Morfitt	Sheffield: Physiology
Fiona Murphy (left 1981)	Liverpool: Biochemistry
Clare Nelson (left 1981)	Homerton College, Cambridge: B.Ed. with English
Alison Nichols	Liverpool: Law
Jane Price	Sheffield: English Literature
Sarah Pritchard	Leeds (1983): English
Julia Starling	South Bank Polytechnic: Estate Management
Angela Sutton	Durham: Natural Sciences

Elizabeth Tedstone  
Judith Townsend  
Katie Weston  
Shoonagh White  
Isobel Whitley (left 1981)  
Claire Williams

Reading: Agriculture  
Homerton College, Cambridge: B.Ed. with English  
Leeds: Agricultural Animal Sciences  
Durham (1983): French/German  
New College, Oxford: P.P.E. (Scholarship)  
Birmingham: English and American Studies

## Other Courses of Specialised Training or Employment

Rebecca Carter  
Sarah Cooke  
Yvonne Edge  
Suzanne Fair  
Catherine Ferris  
Anne Foster  
Amanda Hill  
Kerstin Ingham

Jane Jones  
Nicola Kidd (left 1981)  
Sharon Parker  
Lynn Prescott

Charing Cross Hospital: Nursing  
Nottingham School of Physiotherapy  
National Westminster Bank  
John Radcliffe Hospital: Nursing  
Addenbrookes School of Nursing  
Central School of Speech and Drama: Speech Therapy  
North Wales School of Radiography  
Hartwell House School of Citizenship:  
Secretarial and P.A. Course  
Sainsburys: Trainee Retail Manager  
Bristol Polytechnic: Bi-lingual Secretarial Course  
Lloyds Bank: Trainee Management  
Chester College of Further Education:  
Art Foundation Course

## Association Board Music Examinations

*Grade VI: General Musicianship (merit): Hilary Luker. General Musicianship (pass): Judy Fisher. Clarinet (distinction): Anne Jones. Clarinet (pass): Caroline Luker. Oboe (merit): Elizabeth Duke. Piano (distinction): Jane Nash.*

*Grade VII: 'cello (pass): Moya Stevenson.*

*Grade VIII: Piano (merit): Alison Baker, Carole Owen.*

(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*.)



*Charlotte Briggs, L VI*

# Sports Reports

## Athletics, 1982

1982 again proved very successful for our athletes. In May, following the Chester and District Athletics League, the following girls were chosen to represent the district in the county championships:

Anna Brown – intermediate high jump.

Katy Cunliffe – intermediate 100m and relay.

Sarah Mills – intermediate 100m and relay.

Sarah Cotgreave – junior 100m and relay.

Maria Shepherd – junior 75m hurdles.

The sprinters performed particularly well. Sarah Cotgreave was placed 3rd in the final of the junior 100m. Sarah Mills was placed 4th in the final of the intermediate 100m, and Katy Cunliffe was placed 1st in the final of the intermediate 100m. Katy was then selected to represent Cheshire at an inter-counties meeting in June.

The Minors championships were held at the end of June at Dee H.S. Following good performances at this meeting, several girls were chosen for the Minors district team.

Allison Consterdine – 100m.

Gina Gillespie – high jump.

Allison Consterdine )

Clare Parker )

Julia Kolbusz )

Wendy McVicker )

– relay

Allison was placed 4th in the final of her event at The County Championships at Crewe.

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

*2nd year hurdles* – Maria Shepherd (2nd)

*2nd year discus* – Caryn Smith (2nd)

*3rd year 100m* – Sarah Cotgreave (1st)

*3rd year relay* – 3rd

*4th year hurdles* – Anna Brown (3rd)

*4th year 100m* – Katy Cunliffe (1st)

Sarah Mills (2nd)

*4th year 200m* – Alex Murphy (3rd)

*4th year long jump* – Katy Cunliffe (1st)

*4th year high jump* – Anna Brown (2nd)

*4th year relay team* – 1st

*Senior hurdles* – Sally Bladen (1st)

*Senior 100m* – Barbara James (1st)

Diane Clague (2nd)

*Senior 200m* – Susan Shaw (1st)

*Senior high jump* – Barbara James (1st)

*Senior discus* – Sally Bladen (1st)

*Senior relay* – 1st

These results meant that Queen's was placed 1st overall out of ten schools competing.

*Colours:* Sarah Cotgreave

*"Athlete of the Year":* Katy Cunliffe



# Tennis, Summer 1982

1st VI	2nd VI	U15 VI	U14 VI	U13 VI
S. Shaw (Capt.)	From:—	From:—	From:—	From:—
A. Binns	J. Judge	R. Hart	A. Carden	C. Burke
S. Cooke	W. Bracewell	M. Stevenson	M. Fuller	N. Haresnape
S. Marsh	S. Davies	J. Longden	K. Willis	C. Leslie-Carter
S. Roberts	C. Thompson	S. Willis	H. Parker	J. Cribb
S. Long	L. Bevan	S. Mills	S. Cotgreave	J. Scott
	L. Aubrey	J. Fearnall	S. Barker	J. Higginbotham
	D. Clague	C. Healey	J. Thomas	C. Andrews
	L. Roberts	V. Cleaves	A. Moore	B. Dorresteyn
	D. Stevenson	A. Brown	J. Halsall-Williams	C. Smith
	L. Nell	J. Houghton	J. Corley	J. Aston
	K. Haynes	J. Briggs	J. Chamberlin	N. Limb
	N. Alfonsi	K. Cunliffe	J. Clark	
	K. La Frenais		L. Colbourne	
			J. Nash	

*Colours:* S. Marsh (1980), A. Binns (1981)

*Junior Colours:* M. Stevenson, R. Hart, S. Willis, J. Longden

## Match Results:

1st VI	WON against Queen's Park High, Merchant Taylors', I.M. Marsh LOST to North Staffordshire, Whitby, Kingsway, West Kirby (Match against Moreton Hall abandoned due to rain.)
2nd VI	WON against Blacon, Whitby, Kingsway, Christleton LOST to Queen's Park High, Howell's, I.M. Marsh
U15 VI	WON against Blacon, Queen's Park High, Whitby, Howell's, Kingsway, Helsby (Home and Away), Merchant Taylors', Christleton, Huyton, West Kirby, Birkenhead High Match against Moreton Hall abandoned due to rain.
U14 VI	WON against Blacon, Queen's Park High, Kingsway, Howell's, Helsby, Christleton, Huyton, Merchant Taylors' LOST to Whitby, West Kirby, Birkenhead High
U13 VI	WON against Kingsway, Christleton, Helsby (Home) DREW with Helsby (Away) LOST to Whitby, Merchant Taylors'

## Inter-Schools Tournaments

1st VI	<i>Aberdare Cup Preliminary Round</i> WON against Culcheth Hall and St. Hilary's, Alderley Edge <i>1st Round</i> LOST to Dean Row and Birkenhead High <i>Cheshire Cup 2nd Round</i> WON against Malbank School <i>Semi-final</i> WON against Highfield <i>Final</i> LOST to Dean Row
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## Chester and District Tournaments

U18 Team:	Runners-Up
U15 Team:	Winners
U14 Team:	Winners

## School Tournaments

	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Runner-Up</i>
<i>1st VI Singles</i>	S. Shaw	S. Long
<i>Senior Singles</i>	J. Judge	L. Roberts
<i>Senior Doubles</i>	S. Shaw	J. Fearnall
	S. Roberts	S. Mills
<i>Junior Team Singles</i>	M. Stevenson	R. Hart
<i>LIV Singles</i>	N. Haresnape	C. Leslie-Carter
<i>Remove Singles</i>	G. Gillespie	M. Arden
<i>Nestlé Ladders</i>	Form Winners: R. Hart and A. Carden	
<b>House Matches</b>	Senior Tennis won by Thompson	
	Junior Tennis won by Thompson	
	Junior Rounders won by Hastings	

## Individual Successes

Rebecca Hart progressed through four rounds of the annual Nestlé Knock-out Tournament.

Moya Stevenson was third in the Cheshire Schools Under 15 Singles Tournament (Okell Cup), having beaten our other entry, Rebecca Hart, in a previous round.

These two girls reached the Final of the U16 doubles at Alexandra Park.

Susan Shaw won the U19 Singles at Alexandra Park.

Jill Crippin won the Knutsford U12 and U14 Singles. She was also runner-up in the mixed doubles in her age group at Prestbury, and in the singles at Prestbury and Wilmslow.

## Hockey, 1982 – 83

### Match Results, Autumn Term

1st XI	WON against Merchant Taylors', Crosby, Christleton, Dee H.S., Whitby
	LOST against Helsby, Lymm
2nd XI	WON against Christleton, Whitby
	LOST against Merchant Taylors'
U15 XI	WON against Helsby, Christleton, Lymm, Merchant Taylors', Whitby
U14 XI	WON against Heber
	DREW against Dee H.S.
	LOST against Helsby, Christleton, Merchant Taylors', Whitby

### Spring Term

1st XI	WON against Whitby, Dublin H.S.
	LOST against Withington, Lymm
2nd XI	WON against Whitby
U15 XI	WON against Merchant Taylors', Lymm
	DREW against Withington
U14 XI	WON against Queen's Park
	LOST against Whitby, Merchant Taylors'
U13 XI	WON against Blacon, Whitby, Queen's Park, Heber

## Tournaments

### *Chester and District Tournaments*

- 1st XI      WON against Dee H.S., Upton, Heber, Abbeygate  
             DREW against Christleton  
             WON Tournament
- U15 XI      WON against Abbeygate, Hammond, Dee H.S., Upton  
             DREW against Christleton in final  
             WON Tournament on penalty corners

### *Cheshire Schools Tournaments*

- U18      WON against Heath, Runcorn  
             DREW against Priestly, Heber
- In semi-final      DREW against Sutton  
                         LOST on penalty flicks
- U16      WON against Ellesmere Port Catholic H.S., Stockton  
             Heath, Sutton, Heber;  
             therefore qualified for finals  
             WON against Poynton  
             DREW against Harefield  
             LOST against Culcheth Hall  
             RUNNERS-UP in tournament
- U14      WON against Grange, Ellesmere Port, Verdin  
             DREW against Helsby, Blacon  
             LOST against Grange, Runcorn  
             RUNNERS-UP in section

### *U16 Indoor Tournament*

- WON against Christleton, Heber, Upton B  
             DREW against Upton A  
             WON Tournament

### *U16 National Schoolgirls Tournament*

- Preliminary round:  
             WON against Leftwich  
             WON against Great Sankey  
             In the Cheshire finals:  
             WON against Macclesfield and Sutton  
             DREW against Harefield  
             We therefore qualified to represent Cheshire in the  
             regional finals  
             In the regional finals:  
             WON against Manchester H.S.  
             WON against Bradford H.S.  
             We therefore qualified to represent the north-west region  
             in the north final.  
             In the north final:  
             DREW against Ormskirk  
             LOST against Berwick, Northumberland, and Armthorpe,  
             South Yorkshire  
             Armthorpe went through to the national finals.

## Teams 1982 – 83

	1st XI	2nd XI	U15 XI
<i>GK</i>	C. Thompson	C. Smedley	H. Winder
<i>RB</i>	N. Chamberlin	M. Stevenson	F. Hancock
<i>LB</i>	P. Campbell	B. Plottier	A. Carden
<i>RH</i>	S. Mills	E. King/E. Leach	J. Gerstl
<i>CH</i>	L. Aubrey	A. Brown	S. Cotgreave
<i>LH</i>	S. Bladen	S. Willis	S. Barker (Capt.)
<i>RW</i>	K. Cunliffe	D. Stevenson	K. Willis
<i>RI</i>	J. Fearnall	L. Nell	L. Colbourne
<i>CF</i>	S. Long	J. Houghton	J. Clark
<i>LI</i>	B. James (Capt.)	J. Longden	J. Chamberlin
<i>LW</i>	S. Shaw	N. Jones	H. Parker/C. Duncan
<i>Also played</i>		J. Ingham	
		D. Clague	
		A. Howatt	
		C. Healey	

	U14 XI	U13 XI
<i>GK</i>	A. Crees	L. Minshall/M. Arden
<i>RB</i>	N. Limb	R. Cunliffe
<i>LB</i>	T. Bowra	J. Kolbusz
<i>RH</i>	C. Smith	J. Crippin/K. Jones
<i>CH</i>	J. Scott	C. Oultram
<i>LH</i>	J. Higginbotham	P. Farrington/C. Dalton
<i>RW</i>	A. Cobden	A. Consterdine
<i>RI</i>	J. Aston	G. Gillespie (Capt.)
<i>CF</i>	C. Andrews (Capt.)	J. Andrew/G. Willis
<i>LI</i>	C. Burke	E. Elvin/C. Fulford
<i>LW</i>	H. Clarke/K. Wilcox	M. Sinclair
<i>Also played</i>	H. Kinsman	W. McVicker
	R. Oliver	J. Fielding
	J. Cribb	L. Howard
		F. Collins

### County Honours

Sally Bladen and Sarah Mills were selected for the Cheshire 1st XI. Katy Cunliffe was selected for the Cheshire 2nd XI and Barbara James was selected as a reserve.

### Colours

Senior: Barbara James, Katy Cunliffe, Sarah Mills

Junior: Susan Barker, Katy Willis, Joanna Clark

### House Matches

Senior WON by Westminster

Junior WON by Hastings

### 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 in the various sports during the season. This year the cup has been won by Susan Shaw.

# Lacrosse, 1982 — 83

## 1st XII

S. Flood (Capt.)  
B. Plottier  
M. Stevenson  
N. Chamberlin  
C. Thompson  
S. Mills  
S. Bladen  
B. James  
K. Cunliffe  
A. Brown  
J. Fearnall  
L. Aubrey  
J. Longden

## 2nd XII

From:—  
R. Hart  
V. Griffiths  
W. Bracewell  
C. Smedley  
V. Cleaves  
A. Murphy  
L. Nell  
S. Shaw  
S. Davies  
J. Ingham  
G. Hands  
S. Willis  
E. King  
S. Long

## U15 XII

From:—  
A. Jones  
J. Clark  
S. Bather (Capt.)  
A. Carden  
M. Evans  
C. Bond  
S. Coffey  
J. Gerstl  
S. Cotgreave  
K. Willis  
H. Parker  
L. Colbourne  
J. Chamberlin  
C. Duncan  
K. Smith

## U14 XII

From:—  
R. Oliver  
J. Cribb  
H. Clark  
A. Butler  
N. Limb  
C. Burke  
C. Andrews (Capt.)  
J. Aston  
H. Kinsman  
A. Cobden  
C. Smith  
J. Scott  
L. Polding  
S. Jackson  
J. Higginbotham  
J. Harrison

## U13 XII

From:—  
J. Fielding  
P. Farrington  
J. Crippin  
R. Cunliffe  
C. Oultram (Capt.)  
V. Edwards  
G. Gillespie  
M. Sinclair  
G. Willis  
V. Ward  
E. Elvin  
C. Dalton  
L. Minshall  
A. Consterdine  
F. Collins  
T. Warwick  
J. Kolbusz

*Colours:* S. Flood

*Junior Colours:* K. Willis, S. Barker, A. Jones, H. Parker

Anna Brown represented Cheshire in the North Counties Tournament which Cheshire won. S. Flood and S. Willis were chosen as reserves.

## Match Results

### 1st XII

WON against Wirral  
DREW with Howell's (Autumn)  
LOST to Moreton Hall, I.M. Marsh, Howell's (Spring)

### 2nd XII

WON against Wirral, Abbot's Bromley  
DREW with Moreton Hall (Spring)  
LOST to Moreton Hall (Autumn), Withington

### U15 XII

WON against Moreton Hall (Autumn), Howell's, Wirral,  
Huyton, Belvedere, Abbot's Bromley  
DREW with Withington  
LOST to Moreton Hall (Spring)

### U14 XII

WON against Howell's, Wirral, Belvedere  
LOST to Moreton Hall, Huyton, Withington

### U13 XII

DREW with Belvedere, Wirral

## **Tournaments**

### *North Schools Tournament*

- 1st XII      WON against Belvedere and Stretford  
              LOST to Harrogate and Moreton Hall
- U15 XII     WON against Gateways and Queen Ethelburgha's  
              LOST to Moreton Hall and Bolton

### *National Schools' Tournament, London*

- 1st XII      WON against The Mount, Abbot's Bromley  
              DREW with St. Maur's  
              LOST to St. Helen's and St. Katharine's  
              The 1st XII finished second in their section.
- U15 XII     WON against St. George's, Croham Hurst, Queenswood  
              LOST to Haberdashers' Aske's  
              The U15 XII went through to the semi-finals, as the best  
              runners-up. They lost 3-2 in the semi-final to Lady Eleanor  
              Holles, who went on to win the final.

- |                      |               |                    |
|----------------------|---------------|--------------------|
| <b>House Matches</b> | <i>Senior</i> | WON by Westminster |
|                      | <i>Junior</i> | WON by Hastings    |

## **Gym Club**

The gym club, held on Tuesdays and Thursdays during the Autumn and Spring terms, once again proved to be a popular lunch-hour activity. The clubs were chiefly attended by girls in the lower part of the school, but it is hoped that many of the members will want to continue with this activity as they move up the school.

The girls worked hard and enthusiastically during the two terms to acquire and perfect new skills on the floor and apparatus. Many achieved the standard necessary to gain either the B.A.G.A., gold top or acrobatic awards. During the spring term, members of the Thursday gym club worked in groups to make up gym routines, which they displayed to the rest of the members at the end of term.

Our thanks go to Miss Jones and Miss Scott for their help and encouragement.

S. Bladen, D. Clague, UVI

## **Badminton Club**

The badminton club this year has been well attended by some very keen players. Sessions have been held on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. There was a successful badminton tournament, with enthusiastic staff participation, which was eventually won by Georgina Sloane and Lynne Roberts of the Sixth Form.

Lynne Roberts, L VI

## Table-Tennis Club and Tournament

Great enthusiasm has again been evident for both the club and tournament this year, with the meetings of the table-tennis club occurring on three days (Monday, Wednesday and Friday) and the tournament being split into junior and senior sections. The tournament, as a result, was in progress for less time than last year, though just as many took part. The final of the junior tournament drew many people who had loyalty to one or other of the players involved and this was evident from the cheers or otherwise which occurred as each point was won or lost. The whole tournament was a great success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all those involved – even those who had to be coaxed into playing. The final winners of the two sections were as follows:

Senior Tournament – V. Lance, U VI

Junior Tournament – G. Willis, L IV F

Thanks go to Jo Ingham for the hard work put in to the organisation.

The table-tennis club in its second year increased the number of members, with many new members coming from the Remove forms. Each meeting begins with practice, but mid-way through each session the members switch to playing doubles matches. In some cases the techniques employed in the practice part are not carried over into matches since enthusiasm tends to override concentration. However this leads to enjoyable matches with much hilarity.

We hope Jo Anne Ingham will glean as much enjoyment from running this club as we have done over the last couple of years, and that the Queen's School Table-Tennis Club will continue to grow in popularity.

Sarah Lowe, Vanessa Lance, U VI

## Windischgarsten Ski Trip, 1983

Early one morning we got off the train at Wels and were met by our ski-rep., David. We breakfasted at the hotel in Windischgarsten and then, having collected our skis and boots from a shop in the village, some of us got stuck up the hotel ski-slope for several hours. The first night we retired early, so as to be up bright and fresh for a whole day's ski-lesson. Breakfast was excellent with fresh rolls, cheese, meat and steaming pots of coffee or tea. The already competent skiers went off to Spital, whilst we were taught the art of flying down icy mountainsides in blizzard conditions and *enjoying* ourselves at the same time.

Our instructors were Harry, Harold (his father) and Franz. Harry was just as a ski-instructor should be, tall, blonde and very capable, and by Tuesday the middle group also was doing long ski-runs at Spital. Everyone was quite pleasantly surprised when they found they could actually get to the bottom of a slope without *too* many falls, by the end of the week.

*Après-ski* entertainment was provided at the Café Mayer, where we seemed to be the star-attraction and drew the crowds from kilometres around! Trying to forget our bruises, we bounced around through the evening with several of the accompanying staff and with Joseph Eckerstorfer, our friendly neighbourhood coach-driver. (We must thank him for all he did for us, and especially for playing sad music on the way home, which helped us to cry.)

We'd like to thank Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, Miss Quail, Miss Jones and Miss Scott who made the trip possible, and David (who did a great job), and to wish good luck to all those going in 1984.

Laura Brady, Camilla Henfrey, L VI

Observer 21 May 1982

# New Chester setting

In an inspiring Queen's School Commemoration Service last Friday, in the Cathedral, there was much fine music and singing. The School Chamber Choir sang a new setting of the Prayer Book Collect "Prevent Us O Lord" by Chester composer Ian Milnes. The work had virility and an innate freshness about it in a contemporary style which combined warmth and boldness with subtle harmonies. Its full impact was admirably expressed by some impressive singing by the choir.

Following this there was an eloquent reading of Bach's "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring" sung by the School's Senior Choir.

Included in the service was an imaginative selection of hymns in particular "Be

Thou My Vision" expressed with appropriate spiritual fervour.

A rich and vigorous Organ Voluntary Carillon de Westminster by Louis Vierne brought the service to an impressive conclusion.

A collection was taken which will be divided between the Cancer Research Campaign and the Cathedral Restoration Fund.

JNC

Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with Thy most gracious favour, and further us with Thy continual help; that in all our works, begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may glorify thy holy Name, and finally by Thy mercy obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Handwritten musical score for "Prevent us, O Lord". The score is written on multiple staves, including vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The score is signed "Ian Milnes" and dated "1981". There are also handwritten notes: "Original copy completed - Thursday, 10th July 1981" and "Handwritten - Chester (the copy completed - Thursday 27th July 1981)".



# The Performing Arts

## The Year's Music

Musical activities resumed in September 1982 with new members taking part in the various instrumental groups, choirs and orchestras. In an informal concert held on 14th December, 1982, some of these groups were given a chance to perform. The senior orchestra attempted a rather ambitious work by Richard Rodney Bennett called *Party Piece*, in which Hilary Luker featured as the piano soloist. Amongst the music performed by the Chamber Choir was a carol called *Just a Dream*, composed by Julia Thornton of L VI. This had been submitted as an entry for the BBC Nationwide Carol Competition. The annual joint carol service with the King's School was held in the Cathedral and ended the Autumn Term. The inclusion in that service of the mediaeval *Song of the Nuns of Chester* added special interest for some.

Vaughan Williams' *Folk Songs of the Four Seasons* (with Elizabeth Kimberley and Clare Robinson as vocal soloists), Michael Hurd's setting of some poems by Robert Herrick entitled *Charms and Ceremonies* and a concerto grosso by Handel made up the programme for the choral and orchestral concert held in school during the first half of the Spring Term 1983. The small string orchestra for this event was joined by Mr. Gough at the piano, who supplied both solo and continuo parts. As in previous years, the school was represented in a Chester Music Society "Young Musicians' Evening" at Stanley Palace in February: Elizabeth Kimberley contributed solos by Arne and Torelli, and was joined by Katie Hood in duets from Handel's oratorio *Judas Maccabaeus*.

In April there were three performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta *Iolanthe*, about which you can read below. Another informal concert was given in May and, at the time of writing, the school looks forward to the opportunity of hearing again Mrs. Fawcett and Mr. Gough in a recital of music for two pianos.

Members of the school continue to gain valuable experience from playing in various orchestras in the area, including the Chester Orchestral Society, the Warrington Youth Orchestra, the Cheshire County Youth Orchestra and the Merseyside Youth Orchestra, all of which give regular concerts in and around Chester.

Louise Bevan, Caroline Paul, L VI

## Iolanthe

Rehearsing for *Iolanthe* has been one of the highlights of this year for certain members of the sixth forms of both the King's and Queen's Schools. They have joined together every Friday, and found the activity has been extremely enjoyable as well as hard work.

Soon the Easter holidays were upon us and the cast realised with horror that the performances were to take place in only a month's time. Three whole days were spent during the holidays, away from the mountain of school work, to perfect the operetta.

A week before the first performance the cast was excited by the arrival of the costumes from Leeds. The hampers were wrenched open in eager anticipation, but cries of horror could be heard coming from the gym



cloakroom as the fairies discovered head-dresses similar to those worn by waitresses, and the peers, to their disgust, found white ballet tights and knicker-bockers.

The dress rehearsal was treated as seriously as the first performance. Make-up was applied for the first time and many sun-tanned, rosy-lipped faces were seen wandering around the corridors. Costumes were checked for size and the boys soon became reconciled to their tights. The success of this final rehearsal gave us an added boost of confidence and prepared us for the three nights ahead.

On Thursday 28th April, the first night, members of the cast waited nervously in the wings, the adrenalin flowing as the curtains slowly opened. According to the audience, the show went well, and we were all extremely pleased. The next two nights followed without incident and everybody was very sorry when the curtain fell on the last night.

The party on Saturday night was also successful and was an enjoyable way to conclude our three performances.

We would like to give special thanks to Mr. Lyons, whose determination pulled us all through. Our thanks also go to Miss Woods and Mr. Higgins for accompanying our rehearsals on the piano. To Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan we owe much gratitude for composing such a superb operetta – and for giving us some sort of excuse for doing a little less homework!

Helen Aston, Camilla Henfrey, L VI

## Chamber Music Recital

In an age when several university music departments have resident string quartets, it is good to find a school which has close links with a string quartet in that Nicola Woods on the music staff of the Queen's School, is the 'cellist in the Delfino Quartet. The other members of this quartet come from the Manchester area, and are Brian Batey and Christopher Tayler (violins) and Peter Adamson (viola). Along with their colleague Geoffrey Smith (clarinet) they presented a most enjoyable recital in the lovely setting of the Queen's School hall. The occasion was made all the more delightful by the beautiful summer evening weather and refreshments in the interval, all making for a wonderfully relaxed atmosphere, ideal for chamber music.

With the inclusion of a work for clarinet and string quartet as the centrepiece of their programme, the players showed how varied is the chamber music repertoire of the Classical era (the Beethoven work dating from his first, more "Classical", period). It was good to hear one of Haydn's earlier quartets – Opus 20, No. 4 in D major – and to be made aware of his remarkable originality even at this early stage.

Beethoven's quartet in G, Opus 18, No. 2, concluded the programme, and it made an interesting contrast and comparison with Haydn – two very different musical personalities, yet these two small masterpieces show a similar good humour and a contrasting serious side.

However, it was Mozart's glorious masterpiece of his Clarinet quintet in A which was undeniably the unforgettable highlight of the evening. Geoffrey Smith stood in for Colin Touchin at really short notice, yet Mr. Smith and the Delfino Quartet gave us a fully integrated professional performance – and this was all the more wonderful since none of these players is a full-time professional performer. Only occasionally and in the early stages did the clarinet tend to come over the strings a little, but this minor balance problem soon solved itself and Mr. Smith gave an exquisite reading of the clarinet line to which the string players rose perfectly, producing one of the most beautiful performances imaginable.

Ian Milnes

## 1982 Schools' Prom

As the sun was rising on a cold December morning, Louise Bevan and I set off on a coach with the Merseyside Youth Orchestra from Liverpool. A long five-hour journey lay ahead of us until we should reach London where, that evening, we were to take part in the 1982 Schools Prom.

Arriving at the Royal Albert Hall, we were all issued with badges granting us admission. We then followed a programme schedule which was so hectic that it did not allow us to be daunted by the vast size of the building.

The concert proved to be very exciting and offered a wide variety of items, ranging from a jazz orchestra from Doncaster to a steel band from Birmingham. But, in the writer's unbiased opinion, the highlight of the event was the M.Y.O.'s performance of the Grieg piano concerto, with Anna Markland, the 1981 "Young Musician of the Year". We rounded off the evening playing "Land of Hope and Glory" conducted by Anthony Hopkins. This was a tremendous experience, with the audience waving flags and singing their hearts out. However, I hope the searching television cameras did not choose to highlight the oboes at that point, as my sister was overcome with an attack of hiccups!

On Christmas Eve, we had all our relations lined up to watch this great event on television. Unfortunately we had been misinformed and they showed only items from other evenings. But I do not think it mattered, as several of my elderly aunts were confident that they had seen us and were not to be persuaded otherwise. Louise and I are still scanning the *Radio Times* each week, as the M.Y.O. has been promised a showing at some time.

Caroline Paul, L VI

## The Tasks of Ming-Lo

If you wondered why Lower IV F were going round speaking with Chinese accents in the Spring term – it was the effect of rehearsing their Chinese play "The Tasks of Ming-Lo". This is an attractive fairy-story of how Ming-Lo wins his princess's hand in marriage by killing a dragon, getting rid of a robber chief and guessing what the emperor was thinking. So that everyone could have a part we had different players in each act.

The play looked very attractive, as the princesses wore colourful kimonos and the princes bright Chinese costumes. We particularly enjoyed the forceful acting of the robber chief (Ruth Cunliffe), the charming princesses (Louise Minshall, Lisa Keogh, Lesley and Joanne Sealey, Vicki Atkinson and Stephanie Munday), the cheerful street cleaner (Samantha Bestwick) and, of course, the hero, Ming-Lo (Melissa Sinclair and Elizabeth Ellis). We all became fond of the little green dragon and were sorry when he went away to his island. Many parents said they had enjoyed the play and so Lower IV F can be proud of this achievement.

R.C.

# Middle School Drama Festival, 1982

## ERNIE'S INCREDIBLE ILLUCINATIONS

Since this was our last chance, as Lower Fifths, to take part in the drama festival, we wanted to perform a play that was lively and, we hoped, funny. "Ernie", as the play was affectionately called, presented us with many problems because the play demanded many different skills and scenes. After a traumatic (to say the least) dress-rehearsal, the actual performance ran smoothly, and we were pleased that the play was received enthusiastically.

Lynne Warrington, Jane Romer, U V G

## THE PRINCESS AND THE WOODCUTTER

In last year's drama festival, Lower V H performed "The Princess and the Woodcutter", a play styled on the traditional "happy ending" fairy tale. Rehearsals were at first rather disorganised and we despaired of ever completing our quest for suitable costumes. Our disastrous dress rehearsal, in which everyone stood in the right places but said all the wrong lines, was redeemed by a lively and amusing performance which we enjoyed just as much as we hope our audience did.

Vikki Young, Upper V B

## FAMILY PRIDE

As their contribution Lower V H performed "Family Pride", a comedy melodrama with great potential for would-be over-actors. Rehearsals tended to be traumatic, but everyone involved worked with great enthusiasm and, at the end of a superb performance, the dastardly villain was foiled again.

Kathleen Gillett, Rachel Walton, U V B

## PYGMALION

Last year U I V A chose "Pygmalion" as their first attempt in the drama festival. Most people are acquainted with this play about a London flower girl who is transformed, in six months, to be passed off as a lady, by a phonetics teacher, Professor Higgins. Jane Nash gave a good performance as Eliza, as did Marina Kirchem as the professor. We hope that those involved enjoyed performing this play as much as we enjoyed producing it, and we are looking forward to doing our second production this year.

Siân Jones, Katie Hood, Lower V Q

## ARTHUR

For this drama festival, Upper IV H produced the play "Arthur". The main character was played by Denise Whitehead, and his rather eccentric Aunt Alice by Sarah Halsall-Williams. These, along with two other main characters, Denise and Frederick, were supported by a strong army of firemen and policewomen. The plot was about the way in which Arthur, tired of being dominated by his aunt, achieved his aim of becoming a "somebody" in society. The whole cast enjoyed performing this comedy as much as we enjoyed producing it, and we are all looking forward to contributing again this year.

Ruth Prince, Hilary Parker, L V M

## Upper Fourth Drama Club

The Joint Upper Fourth Drama Club is held on Wednesdays after school for an hour and a half. Subjects are numerous and totally unpredictable; everything from a sound effects story to Frou-Frou, the wonderdog! Organisation and ideas are provided by Mrs. Affleck and Mr. Cole (from the King's School). We presented a few plays earlier in the year: "The Whole Truth" and "The Tiger's Bones". These were shown, with others by members of the King's School, in early March. Thanks go to all those who made these possible, and we hope that we will be able to do many more.

Jennie Wright, Upper IV A

## Lower Fourth Drama Club

This was very well supported at the beginning of the term, though the crowds tended to drift away after the novelty had worn off. We all enjoyed The Daniel Jazz, a series of words and various rhythms. Learning to fall over without hurting yourself is a great achievement; it depends on knowing the technique of bending your knees. All the members would like to thank Mrs. Hargreaves and her sixth form helpers, Anna Howatt and Catherine Winsor for their guidance and help throughout the term.

Samantha Bestwick, Lower IV F

## Out of Our Myndes?

Over a year ago, in a flash of inspiration, we decided to inflict upon our form, then L V J, a form magazine entitled "Never Mynde". We expected that people would be desperate to write articles for it, would pay the earth for it and would think it the best thing ever to hit The Queen's School — but unfortunately, it wasn't that easy.

There were many snags that slightly dampened our enthusiasm; getting people to write articles was one of them. Everybody seemed to be under the impression that to get your name in print, a B.A. in English is needed. We managed however to dismiss this theory very quickly! Another problem was getting the magazine printed, for all the printers in Chester quoted extortionate figures for printing. Even though we considered the magazine to be brilliant, 50 pence a copy was a bit steep. Fortunately, Sally Taylor's father came to our aid with his photocopier which produced a cheap, good quality magazine.

The most enjoyable part of producing "Never Mynde" is being able to interview some of the many celebrities in the north-west. We compiled a hit-list, and wrote a polite letter to our first victim, Paul Power, the Manchester City captain. We were amazed and delighted to see a reply drop through the letter box a few days later. The first line of "I would be delighted to allow you to interview me for your school magazine" was enough to create hysterical behaviour for the next few days.

The success of this interview gave us renewed confidence to set upon other well-known personalities such as Phil Wood (a Piccadilly Radio D.J.), Kevin Bond (yet another Manchester City footballer) and last, but certainly not least, Stuart Hall of "Look North-West" fame. For this we nervously descended on the B.B.C.'s Oxford Road studios in Manchester, where not only did we have a forty-minute interview with Mr. Hall, but were shown part of the vast labyrinth of the studios, where the journalists were preparing the evening's news stories.

Since its uncertain beginnings, the number of magazines produced each edition has doubled. After eleven issues we now have a print run of 70 copies and it is even read by some of the staff. So watch out Fleet Street, at this rate we'll soon be selling more than *The Times*!

Rachel Yates, Jackie Briggs, U V G

## Long Live Gammarus

(For the ignorant: they are freshwater shrimps.)

### *An account of a biology field course*

On the 6th April, 1983, eight wary Queen's School girls arrived at Preston Montford Field Centre, Shrewsbury, ready for a week of biological activities. As the week passed by, our worst expectations were justified. We really did have to be up for breakfast at 8.30, which greatly boosted the number of TV-am's viewers. We really did have to venture into streams full of "creepy crawlies" and we did have to climb sheer rock faces (in wellies), at the end of which we realised that our fashionable skin-tight jeans were not really adapted to this type of activity. Years of Athena rowing proved an asset to one of our members who, on one cold, wet Sunday morning, had to paddle a dinghy around the Centre's carp-infested pond. This was an exercise related (or so we were told) to estimating the fish population.

Some advice to any future "A"-level biologists: do not be apprehensive; if you have as good a time as we did, you will not complain, but for your own comfort, remember to take baggy jeans. Be encouraged by the overall conclusion from our educational holiday: it is surprising how little sleep you do actually need.

Louise Aubrey, Jo Judge, Nicky Pritchard, Siân Lewis,  
Elizabeth King, Nicola Chamberlin, Jo Cooper, Kath Ross, Lower VI



## Art Club

Having got off to a somewhat shaky start, the Art Club is now slowly but surely beginning to flourish. An abundance of work made our enthusiasm dwindle towards the middle of last term, but the eager participants bombarded us with pleas to continue with the club and masterpieces are once again being produced. Our future Rembrandts have enthusiastically drawn birthday cards for the Leonard Cheshire Home and done somewhat messy finger painting, one particular student having an obsession with the drawing of ducks in all the different media. Future projects will include clay modelling and Aztec designs on scraper boards.

We would like to thank Mrs. Bates for her help, and all the members for their eager participation. See you all next term!

Tracey Bedford, Laura Brady, L VI



*Lindsey Colbourne, L V M*

## Christian Union

Talks have ranged from epics of achievement – by Vincent Williams, local musician and former teacher at Queen's Park High School – to a rather lighthearted look at the effect of money (with reference to Winnie the Pooh and Co.).

Despite low numbers at the internal C.U. (Friday at 1.00 p.m.) we have held many interesting discussions, including the following subjects: denominations, churches, war, women in power, nuclear arms and many others. When ideas for discussion have not been forthcoming, various quizzes and crosswords have been devised to entertain members.

Our thanks go to those members of staff who regularly attend and contribute to meetings.

Gill Richards, Caroline Gunningham, Lucinda Summers, L VI

## Charities

The efforts made by the various forms in the shorter Spring term included fewer special efforts, as the use of the hall has been restricted. This did not deter the enthusiasm with which the forms provided various small competitions to raise money for the charities, which included both locally and nationally known ones. These competitions included a treasure hunt, and a sponsored swim was held. The total amount collected in the Spring term was £258.69. This amount reflects the more personal approach with which the money has been raised.

Thanks go to all charities monitresses, who have *usually* been prompt in bringing their weekly collections. Thanks also go to Mrs. Ferris for all her advice, enthusiasm and time spent in helping us and overcoming our problems.

Carole Kenyon, Fiona Hickson, Joanna Judge, L VI

## Voluntary Service

So far we have thoroughly enjoyed our term as voluntary service officers. We received a great deal of support for the painting of a mural in one of the bedrooms at the Leonard Cheshire Home, Christleton, and would like to thank all who helped. The mural depicted three clowns who, despite rumours, bore no resemblance to anyone known to the school!

Members of the Sixth Form have regularly visited the Home to play with the children and would love to carry on, but sadly it is closing down due to lack of funds. Is there anything we can do?

Throughout the school, some girls have continued to visit old people in the area, but we would like to see more enthusiasm from other members of the school. It was only after much bullying and harassment by form assistants that enough money was collected to buy Easter eggs for all the old people who are visited. The Friday Club at the West Cheshire Hospital is still carrying on, although support is dwindling. Perhaps the warmer weather will bring budding helpers out of hibernation!

In the coming term we are looking forward to organising a children's clothes collection for a nursery in Blacon, as well as sending toys to the Chester Toy Library. There will also be an excursion or a summer party for the old people, after the end-of-term exams and/or "O"-levels! Here's hoping for plenty of enthusiastic help in the future.

Tracey Bedford, Anna Gordon, L VI



## English Speaking Union Sixth Form Link

We took over as the Queen's School representatives in October, and have since been involved in the organisation of several parties, and a trip to London in the October half-term. All these activities have been well supported and, we hope, enjoyed. In April the present Lower Sixth officially took office; besides planning a trip to Brussels next October we have had a "Swinging Sixties" party. We hope to have equal support for a three-legged race for charity, which we hope to organise if the weather permits. We look forward to continued support next year, when we will welcome the new Lower Sixth Form to our joint activities with other Sixth Forms in the area.

Kate Jobson, Gill Carruthers, L VI

## Joint Senior Debating Society

During the earlier part of the year we had several interesting debates on a wide range of subjects. They ranged from controversial issues like religion, which we had hitherto studiously avoided, to the usual light-hearted debate at Christmas. This year "Things that go bump in the night" were examined.

A debate on "The Seven Deadly Sins" was very amusing and provoked much further discussion afterwards. The artists and scientists were set against each other in a debate in which we discussed the usefulness of art and science to the community. Tea and cakes were served as usual after each debate, and we thank Mrs. Harrison for her kind co-operation in helping to prepare them.

Support from the other half of the Society has waned since Christmas, and we admit we have been less enthusiastic ourselves. However we assure you this is only temporary, and we have many interesting debates in the pipeline for next year.

C. Thompson, L. Brady, L VI

## Junior Debating Society

We have been very pleased with the support the Junior Debating Society has received since it restarted in January. The first debate was a balloon debate in which Mrs. Affleck, Miss Callaway and Diane Stevenson represented Christopher Columbus, Toad of Toad Hall and Sarah Greeve (of Blue Peter) respectively.

Since then we have had lively debates on foxhunting, standards in the Removes and the merits of Easter eggs. We would like to thank all speakers, particularly the heroic guest speakers who have run the gauntlet of probing questions (sometimes more than one at once) from the floor. We look forward to the remainder of our year in office.

Audrey Dakin, Alex Hedley, L VI

# From the Poets

## MY FIRST FRENCH LESSON

*"Voici un chat."  
"What on earth is that?"  
I thought as Mrs. Gaster mumbled on.  
"Voici une pomme."  
I stared at the floor,  
School is such a bore!  
Why can't we learn  
Some NICE things this term?  
"Anna," I heard Mrs. Gaster roar,  
"Is there really something so  
intriguing on the floor?"  
"No," I said,  
And stared straight ahead,  
All eyes were on me.  
"Attention Anna, s'il vous plaît.  
Merci!"*

Anna Toosey, Remove H

## THE WASHING LINE

*The clothes hang lifelessly,  
Still wet and dripping.  
They are draped uneasily,  
Left deserted and unwanted  
Until dry.  
Hanging in odd positions  
By large harsh wooden pegs,  
Waiting for a gust of wind  
To fill them and bring them to life.  
Then like dancing human beings  
They prance and flutter,  
Being flung from side to side viciously.  
And then, exhausted,  
They become lifeless again,  
Limply standing to attention.*

Elsbeth Smedley, Upper IV B

## ESCAPED!

*An animal once full of grace,  
With agony upon his face;  
What was it for? What had it meant?  
Was he a mere experiment?  
His lovely eyes are full of sorrow,  
Will he still be alive tomorrow?  
Will no-one heed his cry for help,  
The "Come and save me" in his yelp?  
He stares, unwavering, at the locks,  
That keep him in his metal box.  
Then suddenly, is this his chance?  
He trembles, as if in a trance;  
The open door, the "Come on boy!"  
His lifeless tail wags with joy.  
A struggle and he's reached the floor,  
The very thought of suffering more  
Telling him "run on! run on!"  
And in a minute, he is gone,  
Escaped, to find another life  
Free from the scientist's piercing knife.*

Sharon Ellis, Remove S H

## SEALS

*Gliding through the water like a streak of grey.  
Bouncing, along on their flippers, as if they might  
collapse, looking surprised.  
Big, fat, long seals on the shore.  
Fluffy white pups staying close to Mother.*

Siân Wright, Form I

## THE WILD WOOD

(Inspired by "Toad of Toad Hall")

*The Wild Wood is low and threatening  
Like a black reef in a still sea.  
Twigs crackle under your feet in the Wild Wood.  
Faces of fungi grow on tree stumps in the Wild Wood.  
Black holes make ugly mouths in the Wild Wood.  
THERE ARE FACES IN THE WILD WOOD.  
They are little faces.  
They are evil faces.  
They are narrow, poky faces with hard eyes.  
They are evil and hard-eyed and sharp.  
They shoot glances of malice and hatred.*

*THEY WHISTLE IN THE WILD WOOD.  
They whistle faint and shrill in the Wild Wood.  
They whistle faint and shrill.  
The whistlers are everywhere.  
They whistle throughout the whole wood to its farthest limit.  
Ready for him, him who is alone, unarmed and far from any help,  
When the night is closing in.*

*THERE IS PATTERING IN THE WILD WOOD.  
He — he who is alone, unarmed and far from any help,  
When the night is closing in, thinks it is falling leaves,  
So slight and delicate it is.  
But as it takes up its menacing, regular rhythm,  
He who is alone knows it for nothing else  
But the tap-tap-tapping of little feet.*

Kirsten Foster, Remove H

## MIDNIGHT

*Witching hour in many places  
Is a time of fearful dread.  
Often law-abiding people  
Will lie shaking in their beds.*

*Midnight in a lonely graveyard  
Brings a lease of life anew.  
Zombies, vampires, werewolves, witches —  
All would like some part of you.*

*Stealthily they creep behind you.  
Kill you with a vicious cry.  
Drink your blood and leave you withered  
For the morning sun to fry.*

*Werewolf is a solitary:  
Likes to hunt and kill alone.  
Tears your flesh from off your body;  
Then he gnaws the marrow bone.*

*Vampires are the famous villains,  
Sucking blood to gain new life,  
But in fact they take it home  
To make black puddings for the wife.*

*Never walk alone at midnight  
If you have to pass a church.  
Something might be waiting quietly,  
For a fateful, fatal lurch.*

Helen Wall, Lower V M

HOW TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF  
A ROQUEFORT RIND  
*or, a nonsensical recipe*

*If you chance to find  
A grizzled Roquefort rind,  
When it's very dark,  
Before the singing of the lark,  
Preserve it with old rum,  
Dilute it in sea scum,  
Smother it in dust,  
Boil with orange rust,  
Sandwich it in tripe  
(When it's very ripe);  
Garnish with beer froth,  
Parsley and Scotch Broth.  
Share it with a fox;  
Drink it on the rocks  
In the ring of Stonehenge on a Midsummer's night.*

Juliet Bott, Remove S H

BABY

*Dimples on cheeks and elbows, bracelets of flesh around  
tiny wrists,  
Toothless gums between soft rosebud lips.*

*There she lies, fine silken cap of hair covering the pulsating  
fontanelle  
Motionless, her head top-heavy,  
Strangely large in comparison with the frail-seeming body.*

*I look at the limpid, peaceful eyes,  
So innocent, and yet somehow so knowing and so wise.*

Katie Barry, Upper IV A

## A SNOW-COVERED LANE

*The snow piles high on the sides of the lane,  
All white and mottled with shadows.  
Twigs, as fine as lace,  
No leaves, just bare, bare trees.  
Look at the drifts where someone has slid,  
Look at the lane as it slopes downhill.  
Look at the sky, so heavy with mist.  
Look at the hedges, all stark and bare.  
Nothing moves,  
Nothing breathes.*

*The sun's twinkling rays glisten and dance,  
On the snow so bright,  
Like white bleached clay  
Moulded over mound and dip  
By an old man's hand.  
It lies, as quiet as death,  
Smoothed by the night's strong winds.  
And covers the trees that stand on the hill,  
A grey blur in the mist of the morning:  
Nothing moves,  
Nothing breathes,  
There is nothing here but the trees and the snow.*

Ruth Cunliffe, Lower IV F

## WHEN "O" LEVELS ARE OVER

*When "O" Levels are over: I'll slide down the banister from  
the top of the main building.  
I'll eat string and blotting paper,  
Forget all the work I never learned.  
I'll free the locusts.*

*When it's over: I'll forget it.  
I'll smile at strangers,  
Comb back the hair over my ears  
with my fingers and look  
discontented.  
I'll be cool . . .  
I'll be beautiful.  
I'll be in the Sixth Form.  
I'll wish I'd revised instead of  
watching T.O.T.P.  
I'll come in at 3.00 a.m. and sleep  
with my make-up on,  
I'll pick up the 'phone to male  
"bellos".  
I'll pick up the pieces.  
I'll develop opinions.  
I'll stand at the Cross and make  
a spectacle of myself,  
I'll tell people what I think of them.  
I'll order a chip butty in the  
Grosvenor.*

*After the last exam: I'll paint the knight in the garden  
with liquid paper to stop him  
eroding,  
I'll whitewash the ball floor,  
Train the Sixth Form to walk the  
right way up the stairs,  
Catch up with my History  
homework;  
Short-circuit Mr. Hands;  
Let Susan have Leroy . . .  
I'll marry Prince Edward or  
Richard Gere or ANYONE.*



*I'll eat a whole packet of Sainsbury's  
choc chip cookies,  
And then I'll be sick.  
I'll join the Moonies!  
I'll have a jelly fight in the upper  
dining-room.  
I'll feel lost . . . . .  
When "O" Levels are over . . . I'll go home.*

Mrs. Parker's Upper Fifth English Group

### GIANT OF THE EARTH

*Volcano sleeps,  
Still, silent,  
Year after year.  
Suddenly, arising from his bed  
Deep in the depths of the earth,  
Thundering a mighty roar  
He warns all those in his path,  
Who flee in terror at his command.  
Lava, a fiery liquid, flows;  
Flows from his frothing mouth.*

*Raging inferno;  
Curling, thick black smoke,  
Poisoning the air.  
A mighty, majestic King,  
Laughing at his subjects  
Fleeing, as lava runs and destroys.  
Villages evacuated,  
Sombre, bleak, desolate,  
A scorched, cindered black mass.*

Moensie Rossier, Form III

## THE CHURCH

*The sturdy, solid oak door  
Creaks as I open it,  
Fingermarks are left on the clean, shining door latch.  
I walk past piles of hymn and prayer books,  
The collection plate standing empty  
On a small table with sweetly scented flowers.  
The blue carpet in between the pews  
Leading to the altar,  
The most sacred part of any church.  
A fine reredos, a work of art,  
underneath the crucifixion of Christ.*

*Light shining through windows makes an eerie shadow  
On the pews, font and double-tiered candelabrum.  
The eagle, ready for flight,  
Standing proud on his ball – to represent the world.  
I hear the church bells ringing and echoing  
Into the dark night.  
The church is left, no-one to walk in and out,  
As the rector turns the key  
And locks the door.*

Alison Wright, Remove H

## SHADOWS ON HALLOWE'EN

*As I lay in my bed on Hallowe'en  
with the candle light flickering like a spark.  
The wind was whistling like a flute  
which is played by a shadow in the dark.*

*Suddenly, my window swept open,  
my candle light goes out;  
There is something else in the room  
which I don't want to know about.*

Stephanie Walkden, Form II

## METAMORPHOSIS

*With blackened eyes, a sallow face so pale,  
Remains of last night's make-up now gone stale,  
The hooded eyelids feel like heavy lead,  
And last night's party drums on in her head.*

*A looking glass reveals the tousled hair.  
She gently smooths on cleanser, taking care,  
And cotton wool removes the layer of paint  
But leaves behind an almond-scented taint.*

*Another bottle holds some rose-pink waters,  
And fast the once-so-wan complexion alters.  
Now moisturising lotion, so enriching  
It penetrates the skin, prevents all aging.*

*The eyelids are bespangled metal green,  
Black luscious lashes curling so serene,  
Pink cheeks of peaches, lips of deep warm wine,  
Beneath each eye is drawn a jet kohl line.*

*Behold the face — a marvel of creation,  
A metamorphosis through paint and potion.*

Helen Taylor, Upper V G

## THE THIN PRISON

*If I opened my pen and let the words out,  
what would they be?*

*Smelly socks, baked beans, Peter Pan, purple potatoes,  
sour soup, blue bike, Daddy dear, little leprechaun,  
singd sausages and a bouncing ball.*

Sarah Clayton, Form I

## THE SWIMMING POOL

*I see you sparkling in the sun,  
The centre of my summer fun,  
So blue and fresh, so nice and cool,  
My Godmother's garden swimming pool.*

*I climb the slide, my heart beats fast,  
Splash! Down I go, I'm in at last,  
To join the games we love to play.  
We start with Blind Man's Buff today.*

*Charles is on. We swim off fast.  
He cannot see us going past.  
But grabs my leg, I can't get free.  
"Is that you, Pippa?" "Yes, it's me."*

*I'm on now. I call their names,  
And then we play some other games.  
We dive and swim and shout with glee,  
Then clamber out and have our tea.*

Philippa Bickerton, Form 3

## STRAWBERRIES

*A heart-shaped fruit with a tang,  
Scarlet, with surface dimpled,  
And hairy like a gooseberry,  
Plump and bulging with fiery ripeness.  
Inside the cushiony, quilted skin  
A flavour like nothing else,  
Refreshing and cool,  
Sweet and luscious,  
Irresistible — like rubies;  
Treasures of summer.*

Sarah Shepherd, Lower V Q

## GARDEN PARTY

*Bathed in golden light the garden seems to breathe:  
Her gills are the quivering languid flowers,  
Sighing and emitting plumes of heady scents.  
Tapestries of coral-like alyssum dance with  
Lilac roses in the finest taffeta.  
Heady with fragrance,  
Fuschia flowers tumble like Chinese lanterns.  
Ivory buds of lavendered linen are cradled  
                                gently in the balmy air,  
While sweet peas waltz like butterflies  
                                in organza dresses.*

Katy Cunliffe, Upper V B

## KINGS AND CAMELS

*Slowly, slowly the kings ride on;  
The sand swirls round the camels' feet,  
The rich velvet draperies flow in time  
To the plod, plod of the regular beat.*

*The kings ride, watching the cool night sky;  
'Gainst the camels' sides are soft, hide baskets.  
These wise men bring gifts to a blessed one,  
Spices and gold in jewelled caskets.*

*They seek a warm, dry stable bare,  
Where they might kiss the lovely child,  
And present him their fine, rich gifts  
Which are meant for a king so mild.*

Verity Edwards, Lower IV W

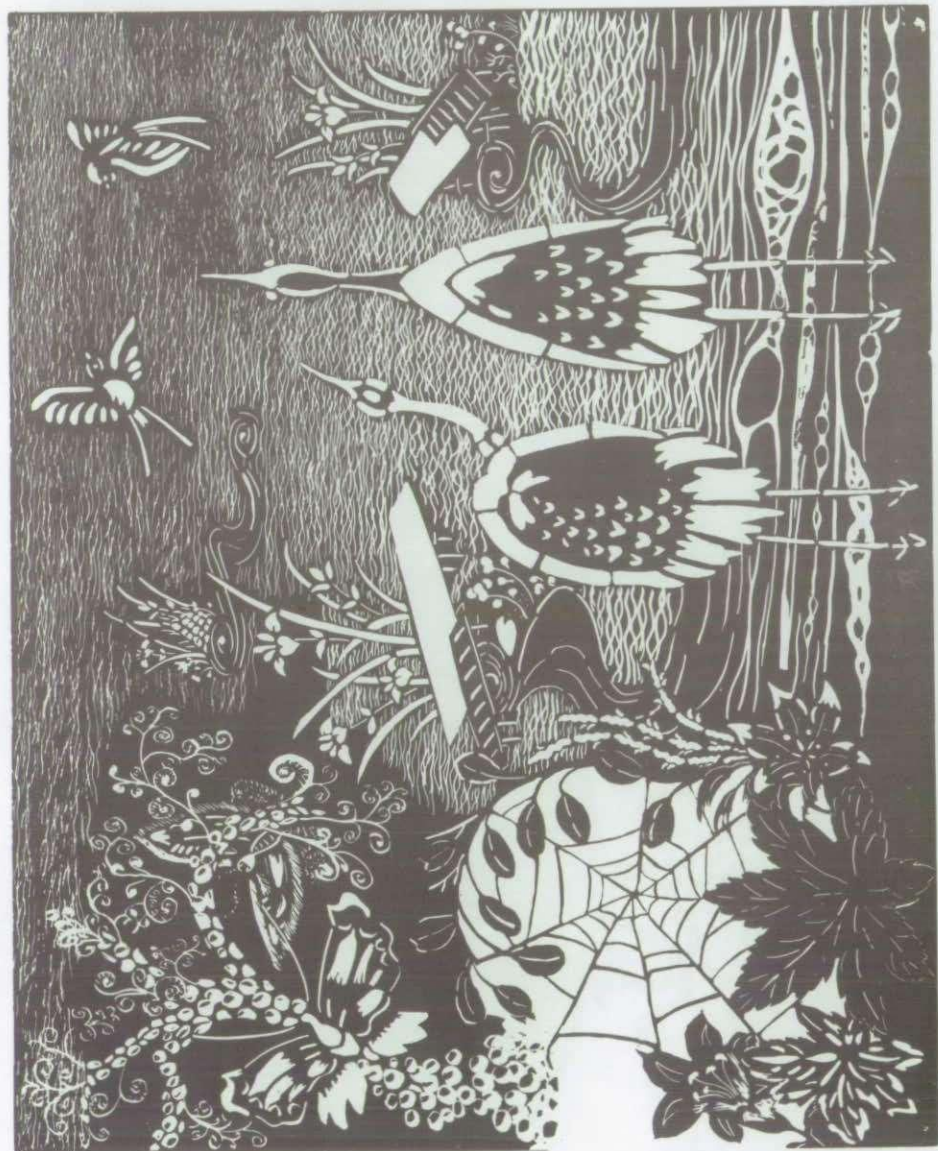


*Joanne Houghton,  
U V B*

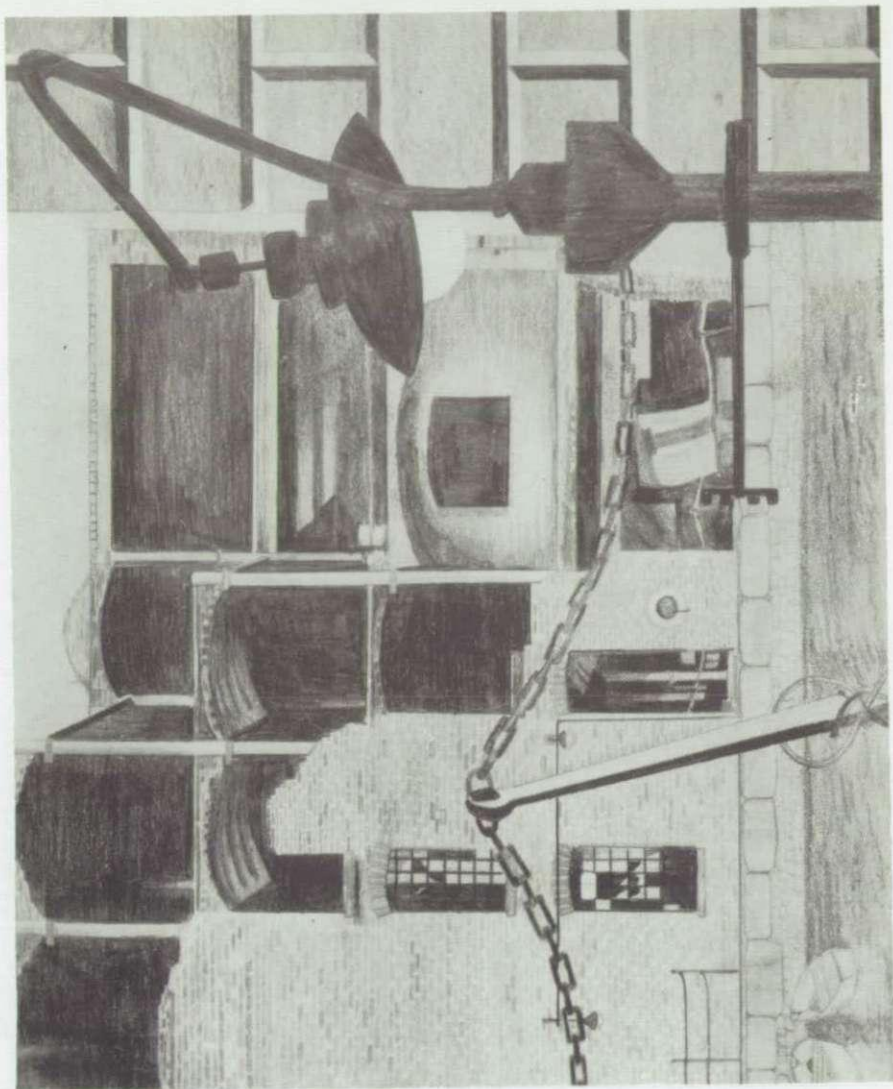


*Kathryn Smith, L V M*

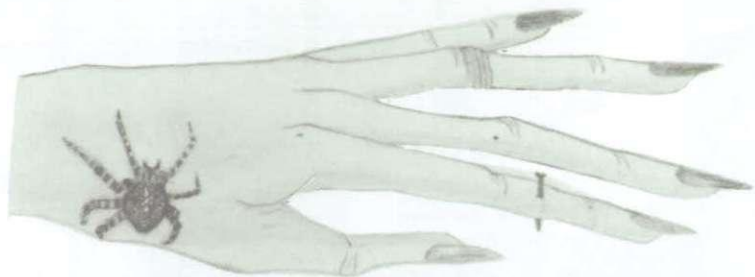








Kathleen Gillett,  
UVB



*Justine Fernandes, Form III*

## Creative Prose

### The Shipwreck

A long time ago, when I was a young boy, my great-grandfather told me a tale about a famous ship which had lots of treasure in it, like blocks of gold and rings and emeralds.

The Americans were taking the treasure to the French, but the ship did not arrive. It is believed that it sank off the coast of Devon. Years ago deep sea divers tried to find it, but they never succeeded. At first I did not believe the legend, but then I decided to try to find it. I collected some divers, and I bought a diver's suit, and said

"Meet at the harbour." So the next day I was very excited. When I saw my friends, I said

"Come on, let's get our suits on."

We jumped in and swam powerfully under the glittering waves. We swam down to where it was quite murky and gloomy, until I put my hand up and we all stopped. I pointed to a piece of wood on the bottom, but there was no ship around it.

After six years we were still looking for it. When I got out I thought the tale wasn't true, but my friend said

"One more go."

So the next day we went to Devon's rocky cove. We found some more wood and then! my friend found a small gold coin. We rubbed some muddy sand off it. We looked at the date and we saw it was around the time of the shipwreck. So we swam deeper into the cove.

Suddenly I swam very quickly to the right of me and I saw a big lump in the corner of the cove. I first thought it was a big rock, but, as I swam nearer to it, it turned out to be a chest. I signalled to my friends and they tried to prise it open, but they couldn't do it. I had a go, and at last I did it. We looked inside, and there was treasure.

We took it up and we took it to the museum. We were rewarded and we felt very proud of ourselves.

Oliver Smith, aged 7

## Meddling with Magic

I must tell you about the wonderful and strange Mr. Beasley and his magic. It all began when I went backstage after his show to get his autograph. There was nobody there, not even Mr. Beasley. Had they all been magicked away?

No, of course not. Still, everything seemed very peculiar, and the atmosphere was very strange. I felt excited and scared all at the same time. I crept onto the dark stage when suddenly the trap door opened and I fell into the darkness below. When I had recovered, all kinds of magic began. Magic cabinets disappeared and reappeared. Rabbits popped up out of hats, and magic carpets floated me up and down.

Suddenly, there was a flash of blue light and a puff of smoke, and Mr. Beasley stood there.

"What are you doing here?" he roared.

"I c-c-c-came to get your au-autograph," I stuttered.

"I suppose you want to know how I do my magic? because everything I do really is magic" said Mr. Beasley. I laughed a little nervously, but was soon lost in Mr. Beasley's magic world. He became as tall as a giant and then as small as a mouse, and did many other marvellous tricks. Then finally he said,

"Here is my last trick for you," and before I knew it I was tucked up in bed!

There are all kinds of magic, but I have seen real magic!!

Clare Davies, Form 2

## The Lost Pony

On a late afternoon I opened the door and stepped onto the damp grass. My riding boots squelched in the soft mud and soon I heard the pony whinny as he saw me approaching. I put a halter on his proud head and soft muzzle, and then clipped the reins on the bit. I had decided to ride him bare-back. The rhythmic thud of his hooves on the soft turf always made me feel free and happy inside. As I dismounted, a large, noisy car rushed past on the road a few yards away. The startled pony galloped off and bolted into a dense clump of trees. I slammed the gate shut and started to search for my lost pony.

I searched for hours but in vain. Eventually, with my heart in my mouth, I set off for home. It was quite late and I had to go straight to bed, but I couldn't sleep. Questions surged through my mind. How could I find him? Would I ever see him again? Perhaps he'd been injured? I couldn't stand this nonsense any longer. With low spirits I dressed in an old pair of trousers and a warm sweater and crept outside. I looked everywhere, even venturing into the formidable wood, where an owl hooted in the distance.

In the early hours of the morning, cold, miserable and tired, I trudged towards home. I was just passing the paddock when a shrill neigh caught my ears and there was the pony, wet, dirty and looking very sorry for himself. I ran up to him and gave him a large sugar lump and a pat on the neck. Feeling much better I jogged home and fell fast asleep.

Caroline Surfleet, Form 3

## My Mum and Dad when they were young

Years ago, when Dad was eleven or twelve, he lived just outside London. He and his friends used to go outside the house and watch the flying bombs, or "doodlebugs" as Dad called them, go over. Dad took great pleasure in doing this until one day the engine of the "doodlebug" stopped. Dad said he had never run so fast in his life. He ran straight into the house and dived underneath the table. Luckily the bomb landed about a mile away. That night Dad, feeling very angelic and grown-up in his Scout uniform, went to help with the cleaning of the debris. He never went outside to watch the "doodlebugs" again.

Mum, living in South Shields up in Tyneside, never saw the flying bombs, but she saw plenty of the normal ones. Underneath the stairs they had a little room. They put it there because Grandpa had been in Barcelona, and he said that when houses were bombed the staircase was usually left standing. Under the stairs Grandpa put a bed, food, candles, matches and anything else they would need in an air raid. When the siren went off they would all rush in there; they put Mum and Auntie Dotty (Dorothy) in the bed and everybody else would sit on it until the air raid was over.

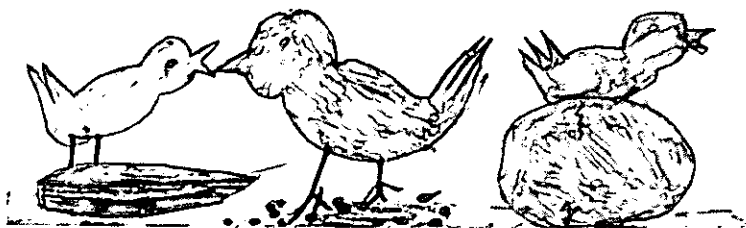
Once a bomb dropped in the next street and all the windows broke, the ceilings fell down (one on Auntie Ella's husband who lived upstairs) and the gas supply went off, along with the water and electricity supply. The local council came and inspected the house and decided that the house was not fit to be lived in, and asked Grandma if they had anywhere to go. She said they could go to her sister's.

The Americans were very sorry for the English children and sent chocolate powder to mix with hot water to make a sort of hot chocolate. The children used to lick their fingers and dip them into the bag of chocolate powder and then eat it. Once the Americans sent dolls to all the little girls who had been "bombed out". The school asked all the girls who had been bombed out to put their hands up. Mum did and was told she was to be given a doll the next day. She was very excited and could not wait to tell Grandma about it. Much to Mum's amazement and sorrow she went up to school to say that there were much worse off people than they and that the doll should be given to one of those children. Mum cried but Grandma was adamant.

Dad used to have his gas mask in a metal box with sharp corners and, as he had to walk three quarters of a mile to school with his gas mask over one shoulder, you will not be surprised to learn that he was black and blue from the corners of his mask. When Mum went to be fitted up for her gas mask she was not very happy. When she saw Grandma in her mask she screamed and cried and refused to put hers on, even when she was given a "Mickey Mouse" mask. The people said that she should get one and Grandma should try it on her when she felt less frightened, but every time Grandma advanced on her she cried. Grandma kept the mask but Mum never wore it.

Anna Swift, Remove S H

## Hatching our own chicks in the Incubator



Before Christmas we hatched some eggs out of an incubator that Anna's Daddy brought to school. We hatched twenty-one eggs, one for everyone in the class.

A few weeks later Andrew heard a chirping noise coming from the incubator. Mrs. Whelan didn't hear it, but Andrew heard it again. So Mrs. Whelan looked and there we saw a little chick hopping about. So Mrs. Whelan helped it to drink some water. Because it was born on a Thursday we called it Thursday.

The next day more chickens hatched out. I have one of the chickens at home and every morning we hear "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" He does it very strongly. His name is King Kong because he eats everything up!

Rosalind Blackwood, aged 6

## All things are subject to gravity; Or are they?

Miss Farra read out the hymn number and which verses to omit, as usual, and Mr. Berry looked at his music and prepared to play. Everyone was singing the third line before anything happened.

There was a squeaking sound coming from the piano, not the sound of one of the pedals being used, but it was coming from the inside. Slowly, so slowly that no-one noticed at first, the piano lifted itself two inches off the ground. Mr. Berry looked puzzled but carried on playing. The instrument floated higher. Gasps of astonishment came from the Upper Fourths and Sixth Form. Miss Farra turned pale as she watched the seemingly bewitched piano go higher and higher. The Lower Fourths and Removes turned round and rows of mouths and eyes opened wide. Hymn books were dropped, chairs were pushed hurriedly aside as pupils and teachers just stood and stared. There was a thud as the music fell off the lurching piano, and landed on the floor. Everyone ran as the piano acted like a musical Harrier jet, swooping down, then gaining height to attack once more. It calmed down, floated peacefully up to the stage and landed, and gave a faultless performance of Beethoven's "Für Elise". Girls who had fallen over in the mad rush for the doors picked themselves up and, keeping a wary eye on the piano, walked slowly for the doors. The piano lifted itself in the air again, floated off the stage and settled down in its usual place; a squeaking noise came from somewhere inside the piano, then silence. Miss Farra slowly returned to her ordinary colour and wondered whether she had been day-dreaming in assembly.

The hall looked a mess. Chairs were still where they had been flung. Hymn books were scattered everywhere. There was no possible explanation for it.

Judith Allen, Lower IV F

## The Sword

Each sword is quite unique, concealing tales of battles long past; of valiant knights riding, their fate entrusted to this ancient weapon. The sword has a certain harshness about it, cruel-looking, almost bloodthirsty, and yet its shape wields a strange fascination; an unmistakable beauty, smooth, slim like a tall blade of grass, rooted in its hilt, willing you to touch its smooth dazzling steel.

This is no lifeless thing; often its hilt is studded with priceless jewels, shimmering like the early morning dew-drops on the fresh grass; mesmerising those who behold it. Shaping the course of History, it lies, a great warrior, now retired, its heart still, silent, yet still a source of wealth, as jewel or legend, to any country fortunate enough to possess it.

Moensie Rossier, Form III

## Love Story

"Hughie, I love you" I whispered into his large hairy ear. His velvety-brown eyes looked into mine as he chewed thoughtfully.

I think I loved him from the first moment I saw him, soliloquising by the stream. At first I was unsure how to take his serious quiet nature and the inquiring gaze that penetrated to the depths of my innermost soul.

Since then we have often wandered together through the meadows, totally engrossed in each other as we shared chocolate biscuits. I poured out my heart to him and he was such a good listener that I never realized just how little he told me about himself; he was the strong silent type.

All I knew of Hughie's shady past was that a beautiful rich lady had rescued him from the cellar of the infamous Sweeny Tandoori, where he was held captive and in imminent danger of becoming Tandoori Hughie or possibly Vindaloo Hugh or even Chop Huey Fuey.

In the mornings I took food out to him, and in the evenings we leaned against the fence and watched the sun go down, as I tugged gently at his beard. Even now when I think back I can feel his strong, yellowed teeth nibbling at my ear and the texture of his wiry hair between my fingers.

His sudden cold detachment devastated me when, one day, I slipped in the mud and he made no attempt to help me to my feet. It was then that I realised it was over and he had found a new love.

But now it is all in the past, and time has healed the gash which was slashed in my heart when he threw me over for another girl. I recently heard that Hughie's girlfriend has had a kid, which they called Billy. Now I can smile and honestly say I am happy for them, because I have a new love of my own. I wonder what Rover would say if he knew I once loved a goat?

Kathleen Gillett, Kate Bott, Upper V B

## An Autumn Sunset

The days were getting shorter and the nights colder as the beginning of autumn drew close. I looked into the sky and saw the sun; a fiery ball of flaming red engulfing the area around it and turning the sky into a deep crimson. It clutched the sky with its scarlet fingers as if not wanting to loosen its grip. The amber-gold rays shot out from the fading sun; like ochre tongues they licked up the grey-blue clouds and burnt them, until there was nothing left except slate-coloured ashes.

Then, suddenly this world of blazing colour slipped away into nothingness. I turned away disappointed.

"Never mind," I said to myself, "It will come again tomorrow."

Justine Fernandes, Form III

## Hairstyle

Sally had soft chestnut-coloured hair which tumbled in gentle waves over her shoulder and had a natural shine, so that it always looked rich and polished. It was thick and healthy but it needed a lot of washing, brushing and care. Both Sally's parents agreed it was lovely hair. Sally however was not happy with it. She thought it was old-fashioned, being influenced by her friends' opinions and her weekly fashion magazine. There were photographs of girls with "The Sizzling Hot Hair Styles". They had hair which looked so different from her own; theirs was styled and flecked, streaked or tinted, and that was how Sally wanted her own hair to look.

Her parents needed a great deal of persuasion, but, at last they agreed and the appointment was made for her to have her hair cut. She carefully cut out the photograph of the model she wanted to imitate: small painted face framed by short straight hair with blonde streaks highlighting the clever styling.

Sally sat down in one of the chairs in the hairdresser's salon and looked for the last time at her long hair. She smelt the shampoo and glanced at the photographs of different styles hung on the walls. She watched as her hair fell onto the floor and she watched the scissors dart in and out of what was left like a quick silver fish in duck weed. She began to feel nervous as the hair piled around her on the floor.

At last the hairdresser stopped trimming and laid down his scissors. Sally looked at her hair. She blinked at her reflection; surely something was wrong? Why did the sides not flick back? Why did her fringe stick out, and not lie flat on her forehead? Surely her face had not been so fat before — and had her ears always been so ugly?

C. McNay, U IV A

## Was I Dreaming?

The broken pane of glass rattled in its rotting frame. A twig from the old oak outside tapped the window, a sound like an old man tapping frantically to get in. The moth-bitten, tarnished net curtains swished gently as the wind found a break in the frame through which he could push his ice-cold breath in. A frightened insect made its way to the gap under the door. A door behind me gave way in the wind, trying with great difficulty to move despite its rusting hinges. The thick walls were cold to the touch. The floor was hard and uninviting; even the silent footsteps of an ant could have been heard echoing round the room.

There was no noise. An eerie silence filled the large room. Despite the room's size it was cramped, filled with old, unwanted belongings. Somebody's belongings. The diminishing candle wove wavy patterns on the thick walls and the dying fire in the hearth created little or no warmth. The candle had reached the end of its life. With a sharp, extinguishing blow it was out. Now I was left with only the small glow of the fire to light the silent room.

Catherine Watts, Remove H

## Distraction

It was raining guillotine blades and I was alone in the house trying to do my chemistry homework. The monotonous ticking of the clock annoyed me intensely; it prevented me from working because I kept stopping to listen to it. Finally I climbed up on a chair and, balancing precariously on tiptoe, I lifted the clock off the wall. I then hid it under a cushion on an armchair and went back to work. It was no use, because I could still hear its muffled ticking.

I flung my books across the room and went to the kitchen in search of food. I discovered a shiny red plastic packet of biscuits with chocolate bits in them. Being too lazy to go and look for a pair of scissors I tore the rattling packet open with my teeth. Greedily I devoured two biscuits and took the rest through to the lounge, where I turned on the television and threw myself into an armchair. Suddenly I jumped up again realising that I had sat on the clock; I hung it back on the wall and hoped that no-one would notice that it had lost its menacing tick.

My hand constantly in and out of the plastic bag, I sat through the film of "The Wizard of Oz" for the fourth time. Just as the Scarecrow was being given a brain my hand felt the bottom of the bag and my fingers twisted into each other. A guilty feeling crept into me as I realized that I had eaten a whole packet of biscuits. I put the empty wrapper in the pedal-bin and hoped that no-one would miss the crunchy biscuits with chocolate bits in.

Later in the afternoon my mother returned, bogged down with shopping and bedraggled from the rain. She asked me to put the kettle on and make us both a coffee and then she added,

"There's a nice packet of biscuits with chocolate bits in in the cupboard if you'd like to get them out."

Susan Johnson, Lower V Q



## Very Small and the Jam Butty Mountain

Very Small was an ant. He was the youngest ant in the whole ant hill, and he was very small. In fact, he was too small. He could not help his larger brothers and sisters carrying and fetching; he could not lift the heavy loads they had to carry; he could not help with the daily cleaning of the hill, either. He would keep getting in the way of the others. There was nothing Very Small could do to help anybody. It made him very sad, and he often used to wish he was a little bigger.

There was one ant in the anthill where Very Small lived who was very old. He was the oldest ant in the hill and was very wise. He was also extremely good at telling stories. Every evening, all the ants would gather in the hall and listen to his stories. Very Small liked the stories about the Jam Butty Mountain best.

The Jam Butty Mountain was a tall mountain, white in colour, with a sweet-tasting, sticky middle. Many ants had gone looking for it and very few returned. Those that did told terrifying tales of huge two-legged creatures, thousands of times bigger than the mountain itself, that guarded it. No ant who climbed the mountain was ever seen again.

It was Very Small's secret dream to be an explorer and to go in search of the Jam Butty Mountain. He used to think about nothing else all day, and dream about it all night. He wanted to climb right to the top and down again. Most of all he intended to return to the anthill alive, to tell the others about it.

One morning, at the crack of dawn, Very Small set off in search of the Jam Butty Mountain. With him he took his catapult, a crumb of cheese, and a large red handkerchief with white spots on to carry everything in.

He travelled all day, and all the next day too, and he saw many queer and dangerous creatures. Finally, he saw it! "It" was in a range of mountains in a land covered with blue and white squares. The mountain itself was in the middle of a round, white lake that had frozen over. At last, Very Small's secret dream had come true! He ran across the lake, slipping and sliding in his anxiety, and climbed right to the very top. It was quite an effort, and Very Small was very tired when he arrived at the top.

Then, suddenly, a huge shadow fell across the mountain, and Very Small looked up, trembling with fear. He saw a huge creature with five legs floating through the air towards him. Its skin was covered with wrinkles, and one of its legs had a gold band round it. Quick as a flash, he picked up a pebble from the mountain, and scrambled down the slope, across the lake and the land of blue and white squares, and onward to his own anthill, and home.

When he arrived, the other ants crowded round him, asking where he had been. Very Small told him his story and showed them the pebble which was very soft and squashy. From then on, he was called Very Small, the Brave, and he did not mind being quite so small any more.

Susan Moyes, Upper IV B

*This story was entered for the Book at Bedtime Competition organised by the Royal Institute for the Blind. Competitors were asked to write a story suitable for Prince William.*

## Winter Skater

Last year as the cold weather approached, I looked forward to the time when the flooded field near our house would freeze over. After a couple of nights when the temperature fell below zero, the gigantic puddle was transformed to a solid block of ice.

As I stepped onto the ice my feet pushed out automatically to each side of me, guiding my shining blades across the surface. I glided along as though I were a snowy-white swan floating smoothly and silently over the rippled surface of a summer pond. All alone, skating, with my feelings and thoughts, I felt happy and free.

When I got tired I liked to kneel on the cool, glassy surface of the ice and stare right down through it to its hidden depths and secrets. There, trapped and enclosed in the ice, were air bubbles, dead winter leaves and stray blades of grass, coated in a kind of white frost. I wondered about them and the air, trapped in all those different-shaped and -sized bubbles.

The sky darkened and the trees cast finger-like shadows over the crisp, sparkling snow covering the field. But first, as I stood watching, almost mystified by its beauty, the sun, a great, burning red ball of fire, sank below the horizon behind the trees, outlining them in black.

Sarah Wyllie, Lower IV W

## Life

From the vulva, a calf's foot protruded a few inches and, as the cow strained, a muzzle appeared momentarily. The little nostrils twitched as they sought for the outside air and the calf continued to emerge slowly. Inch by inch he pulled on the rope and the slimy wet mass slid gently onto the deep straw bed. The rib cage heaved and the fine heifer calf was soon wriggling as he rubbed it down with dry straw.

Rising trembling to its hooves, the shaky figure swayed in jerky movements over the floor. Cautiously it stepped nearer to its intrigued mother, who lay, relieved of her burden, on the deep straw bed. The black, silky coat was still moist with a wet gleam. The inquisitive eyes, like dark pools, stared into the darkness as she nuzzled to the warm udder. At first she sucked the teats with frustration, until foam-white milk jets squirted over the damp muzzle, dripping onto the golden straw. Life had begun.

Rachel Mills, Upper IV A

## The Bus Journey

I looked up at the sky, rapidly being eroded into the black winter gloom of another December evening. Another day of school was over, another day nearer to Christmas, and my thoughts were dominated with ideas, forever changing, on presents for the family. Nonchalantly I groped inside my pocket for my purse containing my bus fare. The heads of my fellow queuers turned as if in a dance formation, as the bus drew to a stop at the curb. I delved quickly into my purse to extract the money, but found only half the necessary amount there. At first, believing the rest of the small change to have escaped from the inside of the purse to the hidden depths of my pocket, I searched briskly and blindly with my hand, half believing and half hoping to find what I had momentarily mislaid. There was nothing there.

The queue was gradually decreasing as more people, with relief, were swallowed up in the comparative warmth of the bus. I now began to search desperately in my school-bag with some ridiculous hope of a miracle occurring and my finding the money I needed lurking in a dark corner. Hopes crushed, I scoured the area around me, praying for a familiar face, a friend, a neighbour, anyone from whom I could beg a few pennies. But there was, not surprisingly, no-one but withdrawn, tired and cold office workers and shoppers.

Panic having subsided somewhat, my mind now began to function more effectively. Various suggestions competed against each other in my mind as I tried, calmly (at least to external appearance) to think of something. Obviously I should walk home but it was dark and cold and I was too exhausted. Should I ring home? No-one would be there. I thus decided, with no firm resolution, to board the bus and request the fare for the amount I had left and pray I was not detected and accosted.

Shaking with fear and acute guilt at the deadly crime I was about to commit, I stated my fare, paid the driver and so self-consciously dissolved into a seat. The journey was a nightmare. Every quick glance or long stare that any passenger, or pedestrian I saw through the window, gave me seemed to be a look of reproach, a look of disgust meant to evoke remorse, self-hatred. Every time the door opened my heart ceased to function, and I had to restrain myself from either grabbing my bag and sprinting from my prison of conscience, or just simply covering my face with my coat.

The bus neared the penultimate stop and, as I scanned the waiting people at the stop, I believed, with real horror, that my final day had come. There, waiting to board, was a man in a black, dreadful (literally) uniform and matching black peaked hat — a seeming symbol of doom. I knew in my soul it had to be an inspector — a formidable black tower, eager to break a dull monotony with a catch. I thought of jumping off the bus. Too late — it had started to move off again. I looked up and, to my ever-lasting relief and thankfulness, I perceived not an inspector but a Salvation Army member. I felt like approaching him and offering my faithful membership and dedication for life, such was my elation.

Catherine Healey, Upper V B

## Solo

No, nothing to do with that notable TV series, but, for me, an experience I shall never forget. I have been learning to fly for six months now, and after about twelve hours' dual instruction, including the amazing feeling of stalls and spins and several hours' "circuit bashing", my instructor jumped the big surprise.

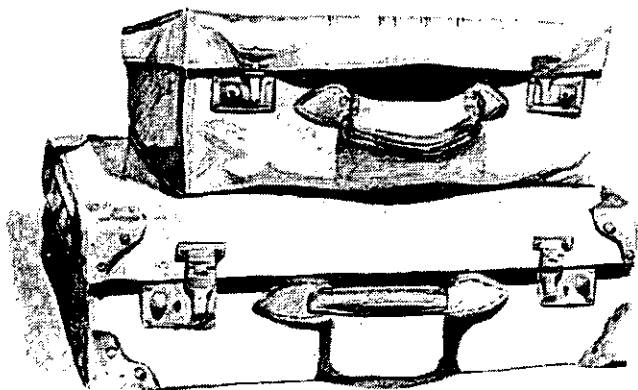
"Right — off you go on your own now," and while my face reflected my shock, he gave me a confident grin, clambered out over the wing and sauntered back to the clubhouse. While my brain stayed numb I went automatically through the power, take-off and taxiing checks. Then — "Echo Whisky rolling" — and away I went.

My first reaction was surprise at how much faster the 'plane rose without the additional weight; the climbing turn at 500 feet seemed incredibly soon, and suddenly I realised that I was alone, but that I *could* and *would* get down safely and I hoped with a good landing — an occurrence which could not be depended upon!

As runway 32 passed on my left, I proceeded with the downwind call and aircraft checks, constantly rechecking my position in relation to the airfield. Then, after another 90° turn, the landing procedure started: carb. heat hot, throttle closed and 10° flap. A final radio call, "Echo Whisky, finals", then full concentration to keep the airspeed at about 75 knots, yet control the rate of descent with a bit of power, the end result intended to be a smooth round-out and a gentle touch-down.

But, as usual, not everything was perfect and, as the tarmac loomed close, the Beagle Pup ballooned a bit as I panicked gently. But as I could really only go down, a little less stick resulted in a gentle bump onto the runway. After that, I taxied to the apron, with a grin only to be equalled by that when I passed my driving test. My instructor was pleased, everyone else congratulated me, and I was ecstatic! Cloud Nine, here I come, and not just metaphorically!

Alison Hood, Lower VI



Kate Bott, U V B

# The Last Letter

Bluff Cove Camp,  
Port Stanley,  
S9 4E80,  
The Falkland Isles.  
14th April, 1982

My dear Cathy,

It is barely a month since I received your last letter. How events have changed! We civilians were notified about the war suddenly on the television and none of us thought that we would end up on the front line in a bleak battlefield, as we were all swept away on a wave of national feeling. The night that I received your letter, my family and I walked out into Buenos Aires with most of the remaining population. We held candles and we cared nothing that the hot wax was dripping down and singeing our fingers, for we linked arms and waved the pale blue Argentinian flags. We do not hate you, the English, but there was an overwhelming outburst of national feeling as we clamoured to claim the islands. Our moods and emotions changed drastically however in the following weeks as we lads waited tensely, but perhaps excitedly, for the news of our conscription, and uneasiness was spreading as our mothers mourned for their sons who were to fight on some bleak Atlantic islands.

One autumn morning my uniform arrived. I had expected to receive a smart, braided uniform resembling that of our President, but instead I received a pair of stiff leather boots and cloth cap and thick windcheater: this seemed inadequate protection for an Atlantic winter.

I shall always remember the night that we were taken to our mobilization points. Many men younger than I were herded into army vans and trucks. They were bewildered and knew little of what to expect. Nobody spoke during the journey, but I stared at all the frightened, tanned faces and the big, black eyes.

I was filled with terror when I was first confronted with the weapons. They were new developments, and their metal flanks were daubed with fresh paint depicting their numbers.

Being one of the more intelligent men, I was assigned an FX 2 machine gun. The bullets that I had to feed into the infernal machine were nickel, and they hung in a heavy chain around my neck.

We were all more frightened of the officers than the war, as they were aloof and isolated – men in warm, combat jackets; and indeed if they knew that I was writing to you now I would be punished severely. We were told nothing of our purpose, nor were we trained correctly.

You British may think that we soldiers are cruel, but we had to be prepared to steal in order to get food to survive. Last night, a group of us raided the stove tents by slashing the green canvas. We snatched up tins of beans and we opened the metal tins using pen knives.

At the moment I am sitting thigh-deep in an icy trench, and British bullets are rattling and rebounding off the surrounding sandbags . . . . .

*Postscript. I regret that your Argentinian penfriend has been shot down during an air-raid attack, but I will see that your letter is delivered personally after this war.*

*Alfredo Gutierrez*

Communicated by Rachel McDonnell, Upper V G

*Editor's note: This is a work of fiction.*

## Escape from Greyness

Harry Fletcher, a product of two world wars and many years' hard graft in the textile industry, filled his armchair with his huge bulk like an enormous scoop of melting strawberry ice cream. The top of his head shone pink and round, fringed with red hair, strong as copper wire, which curled wildly as if the short lengths were trying to escape his scalp. From above, Harry Fletcher seemed a pleasant, colourful object with an attractive pink glow, but when the viewer looked from the front the effect was quite different. It was Harry's eyes that prevented children from approaching him fearlessly as they might approach a favourite uncle. Fat around his browbone had caused the skin to fill, and a deep crease spanned the bridge of his nose from temple to temple. His wiry eyebrows overhung his eyes, almost reaching the lower lid — his bulldog face had an eternal frown. From beneath the fold, two close-set eyes glittered at the outside world, eyes of such a pale green they seemed almost silver, even in their permanent shade.

Since retirement Harry had found himself a hobby.

"A man must find something to occupy his time, else he loses respect from others and from himself."

Harry's way of finding new respect had been to invest in several indoor plants (the terrace had no garden) which now totally occupied his time. One in particular, a cactus, had earned itself a special place in Harry's affections. It was indeed an impressive plant with its cluster of stems, some globose, some cylindrical, which swelled to fill the pot completely. Spines radiated in brown-tipped stars, so that each blunt-ended stem seemed covered with rosettes. These rosettes were fascinating in themselves, but their attraction was as nothing compared with the splendour of the flowers. Petals of the palest pink curved their fragile bodies backwards to form a delicate trumpet; each petal sported a darker mid-stripe, the colour of dried blood, while from the centre of the funnel a tuft of yellow stamens thrust out pollen to powder the air.

At that particular moment, Harry was reading aloud from the newspaper,

"Retired radiographer Alf Surridge is a very proud gardener. For Alf has a miniature cyclamen with more than seventy blooms in his greenhouse.' Do you hear that? Seventy blooms — you'll have twenty-three when those other two come out. Still, he's had that cyclamen for four years, and they grow like weeds, those do." Gently, he blew on the bulbous stems, his frog-mouth pursing to form a fleshy circle. Having given the cactus an extra supply of carbon-dioxide Harry resumed his reading.

"A cutting taken from a geranium plant now will prevent the stem, from which the cutting is removed, flowering for a further ten to ... What do you want?"

Harry's wife had come down the stairs which led directly into the living room. Nervously she fingered the topmost button on her straight, unfashionable dress. The dress, like Avril Fletcher, lacked freshness — even when both were washed and scrubbed they still looked creased and worn. In contrast to her pink husband, Avril was grey — from her limp hair right down to her dusty slippers, and she was thin — arms, legs and neck all seemed of exaggerated length. In every part of her body her skeleton could be seen lurking under the surface of her skin.

"I thought I'd pop along to Brenda's. She asked me if I'd like to join the Women's Institute and I thought I might." Her eyes cast themselves down as she waited for the onslaught.

"You? In the W.I.? That's for women who are useful. You can't even keep the house tidy — look at that mantelpiece, it's disgusting. When you can keep the place clean, then we'll talk about Women's Institutes. Get away with you." From their cleft, Harry's eyes scanned the sunken cheeks, the hollow eyes.

"What have you done to your face?" Each word fell harshly, like metal on metal.

"Lipstick."

"What? I can't hear you." He could hear her, she knew he could hear her, but she was powerless to escape. Her fingers plucked at her top button again.

"Lipstick."

"You look like someone's cut your face. On a good-looking woman, I don't mind a bit of lipstick, but on a scrawny thing like you . . . You look like you're trying to flaunt yourself, and it isn't working. Nothing will work on a worn-out thing like you. Get off with you, go and do a bit of housework."

Tiredly, the dust-woman dragged her dust-body back up the stairs to scrub her crimson lips on a piece of toilet-roll. Back in the living-room Harry Fletcher was pouring himself a whiskey.

"Have a drop of this." Carefully, he dripped the pale amber fluid over the lip of his glass. A gold-winking bead rested on one trumpet, holding its perfect shape momentarily before sliding straight down the flower. "Like that, do you? It's the stuff of heroes, the spirit of kings." Harry poured himself another whiskey.

A single knock, a shot fired from outside into the cosiness of the living-room, made Harry down his whiskey quickly.

"I'm coming." He shut the glass away in the sideboard; it would not do for Harry Fletcher to be seen drinking before four. Crossing the dining-room, he drew back the curtain which hung over the door. Jack Willis stepped into the room.

"I've come to tell you about the flower show next month." Harry's pig-eyes did not flicker — Harry Fletcher knew all that could be known about anything to do with plants. "You'll be entering of course?" Harry nodded, his chins creasing like a concertina. Jack handed over a few entry forms and remarked on the magnificent cactus, "Doing well, isn't it?" Harry's frog-smile made his eyes disappear totally for a moment.

"Like a cup of tea Jack?" Any praise of the cactus deserved a reward. "Avril! Make me and Jack a cup of tea."

Avril Fletcher came down the stairs again for the second time in fifteen minutes.

"Hello Jack." The words were quiet, as if whispered in a paper bag, muffled and cautious.

"Hello Mrs. Fletcher," Jack smiled. As if struck by this fragment of warmth from a human being, she twisted her button again.

"Well, go and make the tea."

Gangly, like a long-legged bony horse ready for the knacker's yard, she scurried into the kitchen. Shortly afterwards she came back into the living-room.

"Sugar Jack?" Again the timidity of her voice made it seem small, as dusty as she appeared.

"Jack's man enough to put his own sugar in his own tea — just bring it in." The frog-smile stretched itself again as Harry turned once more to Jack, "Do you have problems with your wife?" Jack fidgeted nervously, glad that he did not live with this pink tyrant. The tea was brought in.

"Aren't you going to have a cup, Mrs. Fletcher?"

"Avril wouldn't be interested in hearing what we men talk about — Get off then!" Dismissed before she could utter a single word, Avril Fletcher hauled herself back up the stairs to be alone in her greyness.

That night Avril lay beside her fat husband, not touching, not communicating; it had been like this since the plants. He lay on his side, his back to her, his frown deepened in sleep. On the other side of this man-mountain Avril lay straight, flat on her back, rigid with tension even while sleeping.

Pink wolves pursued her through the greyness of her dreams. In her subconscious something colourful leapt from the shadows. It was Avril, fresh and shiny — a garish plastic Avril, bright as a beach-umbrella — an Avril straight from some factory that made shiny plastic toys. This Avril took hold of the wolves and tightened her plastic grip on their throats. One by one they were throttled, until the spanking new Avril stood by a pile of pink shagginess that faded to grey. The tense body loosened; for once, sleep soothed Avril Fletcher.

Next day Avril and Harry sat in opposite corners of the living-room. Harry was blowing on the cactus once more. Suddenly he broke off, snapping his head back so that the chins wobbled crazily.

"Stop making that noise!"

Avril looked at him. She had been cutting out oven gloves from scraps of cotton.

"I'm making oven gloves for the bazaar." She sounded different from her normal timid self, her voice actually held some sort of defiance. Momentarily set off-balance, Harry glared before his normal tirade started.

"You? Making oven gloves? You can't even darn my socks properly, you always leave them lumpy. Your oven gloves won't protect anybody — housewives from all over will be complaining they've burned their hands wearing your oven gloves."

Avril stood up, scissors flashing.

"What're you doing?"

She crossed the living-room. Her long legs had elasticity in them for once. She picked up the cactus in one spider-hand. Deliberately she held it high in front of her face and snipped off each pale-pink flower. Harry's pink colour deepened to a deep red. His hands jerked helplessly on the arms of his chair. Then Avril stabbed the stems one by one, till the sap ran like runny wallpaper paste from the wounds she had inflicted. Harry was purple by now, from the collar of his shirt to his hairline. He shook, he trembled, his flesh quivered. Blueness crept around his lips. His eyes opened wide — his brows lifted to expose them, rolling back in his head. Then the flap of his brows flopped back to form the crease, and his eyes were covered again.

.....

"Of course," everybody at the Women's Institute said, "carrying that much weight, he was asking to have a heart-attack." Sitting in a circle of fellow flower-arrangers, Avril Fletcher curved her crimson-painted lips into a smile.

Anthea Johnson, U VI



## Nursing in Zimbabwe

It was on a day in February 1982 that I said goodbye to family and friends in a very cold British winter, and came out to the warm sunshine of Zimbabwe; this was on a two-year contract to work at Muvonde Mission Hospital.

At the end of a very hot three-hour drive (the last ten miles of which was along a very sandy dirt road) I arrived at the mission, found the hospital and was given a very warm welcome. They had heard I was on my way, but no one had known when exactly I would be arriving or how, so they were very relieved to see me!

Muvonde Hospital has 140 beds, built 20 years ago by the Swiss and until 1979 run by a German order of religious nursing sisters, but now run by African sisters. The next few weeks found me very busy, as I found out that I was not only to be in charge of the operating theatre but also to be sister in charge of the 35-bedded female ward. For the previous six months they had had no resident doctor, but a Dutch couple, both doctors, were due to arrive in May. In the 1960's and early 1970's there had been several American doctors at Muvonde who had brought to the hospital a lot of equipment, and so I was both delighted and amazed to find the hospital, and particularly the operating theatre, extremely well equipped.

Until June, when our doctors eventually arrived, we had a visiting doctor once a fortnight. In between his visits I had to take on the rôle of both doctor and nurse to my patients, examining them and deciding on the diagnosis, any investigations needed and the treatment required. At first I admit I was rather nervous, as I had always been able to leave this side of medical work to the ward doctor, but I quickly began to realise and be very thankful for the extremely good nurse training I had been given, and started to enjoy being doctor as well as nurse.

Since our doctors came I have been kept very busy both running the theatre and my ward and occasionally helping out in the out-patient department and maternity ward. We are very short of trained nurses: most of our nursing staff are untrained girls, but they quickly learn, and many who have been here for many years are very proficient at their work and quite able to do many tasks that not even fully trained nurses in England would do, for example taking blood samples and putting up a drip.

Certainly running and organising an operating theatre in Africa is very different from working in a big ultra-modern, air-conditioned theatre in London, but the work is in many ways far more challenging. In Europe so many of the things we use in the operating theatre are disposable, and after one use are just thrown away with no thought as to how or whether they might be resterilised and used again. For instance, in many hospitals, not only are the face masks and surgeons gloves disposable, but also the drapes we use to cover the patient while operating, and the gowns we wear. Here all these items are washed and cleaned, checked to make sure they are not damaged and then resterilised for use once more. So, since being out here I have really learnt to be economical and not waste, by throwing away, anything that could quite safely be used again.

As well as caring for our patients in the hospital we also visit the surrounding district, holding baby clinics where mothers bring their children up to the age of five years to be weighed and given all the necessary childhood vaccinations. During the war leading up to Zimbabwe's independence in 1980, much of this work had been stopped, so that now there is a lot of catching up to be done, to make sure that (as soon as possible) all mothers are able to visit a nearby clinic.

As I write this I have been out here almost one year, and, although of course at times I miss family and friends, the last eleven months have flown by. I love my work out here very much and I am very pleased that

I chose to come to Africa for these two years. I love the challenges and new experiences that nursing in Africa have brought me, and I know that much of the work I have done I would never have had the chance to do in England. I look forward to returning home in 1984, but know I will miss the freedom and the many friends I have made out here.

Rachel Peto

## American Activities

When Richard (my husband) and I were offered the opportunity to work in the USA for two years we accepted (with some tribulations) and although at times it has been extremely lonely, we have been able to experience a different culture and to see so much of the country that I believe I could give geography lessons on it! We have visited (to name but a few) San Francisco, Washington, D.C., New York, Miami, Phoenix, Boston, Los Angeles, Toronto, Honolulu, Mexico, even Disneyland, Meteor Crater and the Grand Canyon. Of all the different towns, sights and countries, the last will always be the most memorable. It is totally awe-inspiring. Photographs and films cannot do it justice. It is so huge and colourful.

Mexico was fascinating too. We were off the tourist track (which leads to Mexico City and Acapulco) in the Yucatan peninsular looking at the ancient Mayan temples still partially hidden in the jungle. I think that to see them this way is the best, as my imagination ran riot – picturing firstly how it must have been at the height of the Mayan civilisation, pristine and impressive, cleared out of the jungle – and then the gradual decay of the place, and the forest encroaching and hiding the stones until their recent rediscovery. I think that in ten years' time, when more tourists visit and the sights become more commercialised, this timelessness will go forever.

We are located in Connecticut, New England. Around us for as far as we can drive there are trees. No fields or clearings break the forest with the exception of towns, roads and houses. I dislike this very much as it always seems dark, even on a sunny day and I miss the open space and fields of home. I also wonder how the early pilgrims and immigrants managed to clear enough for their smallholdings and settlements.

Despite all the attractions of America which are frequently heard from returning visitors to this country, neither of us would care to live here permanently. Life appears to be so much more fast-paced and frantic and transient than in Britain. We are told that being located so close to New York is partially responsible for this, as life in the city is very highly geared. It seems to me as if all around people are striving for money, materials and positions which, once achieved, become empty and unfulfilling. Without doubt the schooling system here is terrible – not perhaps in terms of education, but in the pressures brought to bear on pupils by their contemporaries for each to be "one of the lads". We look forward to returning to Cheshire and to relative peace and calm, although I know that I shall miss the "Jetset" lifestyle when it stops.

My own work may surprise you. Mr. Hands will be most amazed to know that for the previous two years I have been working for a company

whose entire function is the design, manufacture and sale of mass spectrometers. I imagine that the possibility of myself and physics having close ties seems as remote to him (and Mrs. Hardwick) as it would have done to me until recently. I can however say that I have thoroughly enjoyed my work and have learned a tremendous amount, not only about the theory and the instruments themselves, but also of their applications in such fascinating and famous research laboratories as Los Alamos, Fermi Labs., Lawrence Livermore Lab. and Sandia National Labs.

I am sure that all this seems a far cry from graduating from the University College, Aberystwyth with a degree in Agricultural Botany. I did take an agriculture-related job after graduation, but was soon made redundant as the economic climate worsened.

I often wonder, do you speculate on how your pupils turn out? I have frequently laughed to think "If only such a person could see me now". Miss Hayes will be interested to know that I make many of my own clothes and that cookery is one of my major passions. Miss Edwards might be surprised to learn that I did quite well at statistics at university and have since begun a computer programming course (sadly unfinished because of our move to America). If I was the despair of anyone else (yes, Dr. Young, I have learned a little chemistry as well as physics in my job!) then perhaps I have grown a flourishing interest in those subjects too. I remember my days at school with affection (truly) and am still convinced that there is nowhere better to go.

Elizabeth Potter (née Pulman)

## Australasian Experience

Last summer as part of my medical training I was able to spend time working in hospitals in Sydney and in Singapore. Whilst in Australia I worked mainly in a small, old-established hospital close to the city centre. When I arrived the entire staff and community were fighting a Government decision to close the hospital, to make way for a large new one to the west of Sydney. Despite massive support from all sections of the community it was still scheduled to close at the end of the year. Nevertheless the work continued as usual and I was quickly made welcome by all the staff.

As it was small and well-run, I was able to participate fully in the day-to-day running of the hospital. I studied General Medicine and I spent some time working in Coronary Care, the Dialysis Unit and Casualty. I saw many interesting cases, including a lady with a right-sided heart, and some very rare diseases. I gained much valuable experience with the more common illnesses including heart and chest conditions, and in Casualty I helped with the emergency admissions. The most up-to-date diagnostic equipment was available throughout the hospital. I also spent a few days at a small country hospital 150 miles from Sydney.

The hospital staff were very keen to show me Sydney. I saw all the usual tourist sights (Bondi beach, etc.) and I went several times to the Opera House and sailed round Sydney harbour. They also organised several trips to the mountains and wine growing areas; they think nothing of driving several hundred miles for a day trip. Many Australians described England as beautiful but claustrophobic, and, when I experienced the vast distances between places and the wide open spaces with no houses in sight, I realised why.

I had some time to spend on holiday; I spent a few days in Adelaide and then flew on to Alice Springs, where I spent some of the most enjoyable days of my trip. It had not rained in Alice for four months and, although it was winter, it was hot and dry. The water supply there is not a problem, since there is a large artesian water reserve. The original Alice Springs was a telegraph station on the route from Adelaide to Darwin and the town grew up around it. People travel from hundreds of miles away to buy their supplies there.

Singapore was a complete contrast – hot, humid, crowded, colourful and well-regimented. The hospital was small and very overcrowded, with queues of patients arriving early in the morning. I studied dermatology and saw many cases of topical skin diseases. I worked mainly in outpatient clinics, but also visited a leprosy hospital, where I saw patients suffering from the results of long-standing leprosy.

Most visitors to Singapore spend two or three days on stopover flights and very often see nothing of Singapore other than the huge modern hotels and shopping complexes. I was fortunate enough to have more time to spend wandering around the other parts, especially in the evening, when the temperature drops slightly and the streets become full of bustling market stalls with bright Chinese lanterns and displays of topical fruits.

I feel that I learned and benefited greatly from the experience of working in hospitals abroad and meeting people from two such different but equally interesting countries, and not least from travelling by myself. I was fortunate to receive the Phyllis Brown Travel Bursary to help towards the cost of my trip.

Susan Johnston, Newcastle University

## Australian Disaster

It really was a nightmare of a day – we knew from the weather forecast that a day of extreme fire danger was ahead of us. David's first job was to make sure our fire truck – an old Austin truck with a 400-gallon tank of water and firefighter on the back – was ready for action.

We first knew of the fire soon after midday: I heard the ABC radio programme interrupted by the Regional Manager at Mount Gambien, who announced that there was a fire out of control in the Mount Brice district near Lucindale; David and Hugh saw the smoke from the paddocks.

We went outside to prepare the house area as best we could against fire. The wind was furious – hot and blowing dust in our eyes. Leafy twigs were blowing everywhere.

About 3 p.m. the wind went round to the west, blowing more furiously than ever. The sun shone red through a pall of smoke. The power had gone off; we were thankful there was sufficient life in the radio's batteries for us to continue to hear what was happening in the district. A call went out for the people of Glencoe to leave their homes and assemble on the town oval; then the same for Mount Burr (only ten miles from us). Then we imagined one of the pine forests must have caught fire as a thick black cloud of smoke engulfed us. David drove a quarter of a mile to check the level in our water supply tank, and he needed the car headlights to see where he was going. When he climbed up the ladder against the tank, he could not see it. He was thankful to find the tank almost full – with the power off, no more would be pumped into that tank.

For some reason I can't recall I had gone in the house, and there it was blacker than night. I was fumbling about blind. This was when I realised how slight was our hope of saving even our house. How can we fight a fire, I thought, if we can't even see? This black-out of the sun was certainly longer and darker than a total eclipse which we experienced here a few years ago.

The wind continued to back until it was coming from the southwest, directly over the Edwards' house. It was now cooler but still blowing strongly. We had the big sprinkler playing on the southwest corner of the house, and two more hoses ready. Hugh placed the fire truck at that corner too, facing the front gate. All the buckets I could find were lined up on the verandah and along the south side of the house, full of water.

So there we were at the front of the house waiting for the fire. And, as David said afterwards, the fire kept on not coming!

When it appeared that the fire was not, for some unexplained reason, coming our way, David and Hugh took the fire truck over to the Edwards' to make sure their house and wool shed were safe. When they had emptied the tank on the truck, putting out fence posts, Hugh refilled the tank at one of our bores whilst David came and got me and some sandwiches. David and I used the two hoses to put out burning bushes, and to try to damp down the unburnt hedge ahead of the fire. I stayed on the back of the truck (sometimes only just!) hanging on to the water tank with one hand and playing the hose with the other. David was mostly on the ground. Every now and then he'd shout to Hugh to keep going because he could see fire under the wheels or under the petrol tank. We kept going until we ran out of water, by which time there was a fine drizzle falling. Whilst this was not enough to put out any fire, at least it seemed to be more on our side than anything else was that day. It was dark by now and burning trees seemed to ring us on three sides.

We eventually had our evening meal at 11 p.m. I was certainly surprised to be sleeping in my own bed that night.

Next morning we drove round our local area, about a ten mile circuit, and found devastation – burnt paddocks and fences, dead sheep and cattle and one dead kangaroo. We drove round our own farm and were amazed to find all the cattle and sheep alive. Our only casualty was our mare, Bronwen, whom we found dead.

We discovered that a paddock of turnips about half a mile southwest from our house split the fire and sent it either side. It was further reduced on the south of us by irrigated pasture, and was put out on roadsides. The other arm swept on across our northern paddocks, burning stock pasture and sheds, right up to neighbour's houses.

### *Three weeks later:*

We're all trying to get back to normal. Graziers are re-fencing their properties. Timber workers are bringing out blackened logs from the eighty square miles of pine plantations that were burnt, in the hope of salvaging perhaps one fifth of them.

But the best thing that has happened since the fire is that it has rained – not really good soaking rains yet, but enough to make us cautiously optimistic. We're praying that the fringe of green now appearing will make good growth to feed the remaining stock throughout the coming winter.

Elizabeth Kentish (née Lewis)

## Other Events During 1982 – 3

- April 20: Term began, with work on the new wing well under way.  
24: The L VI English group went to Stratford to see *Much Ado about Nothing*.
- May 14: At the commemoration service in the Cathedral, the address was given by Canon Lawton.  
20: A school concert.  
27: The Removes visited the Northwich Salt Museum.  
31-4 June: Half term holiday.
- June 21: The Preparatory Department visited Ellesmere Port Canal Museum.  
25: The Removes went on a Biology Field Excursion to the zoo.  
25: The Parents' Association held a Barn Dance.
- July 3: School visit to Ludlow to see *Richard III*.  
8: An U IV Geography Field Excursion to Clocaenog Forest.  
8: Various L VI Economics, Chemistry and Mathematics groups visited the Oxford colleges and Associated Octel.  
15: End of term.
- Sept. 9: Autumn Term began.  
22: The U VI musicians and Miss Woods attended a Sixth Form Music Workshop at Lancaster.  
22: The Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award winners attended a presentation ceremony in the Town Hall.
- Oct. 2: Autumn Market, organised by the Parents' Association.  
19-20: Miss Menon visited the school to give a careers lecture to girls and parents and advise girls concerning their careers.  
23: The Sixth Form music group and Mr. Berry attended Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms* in the Cathedral.  
25-29: Half Term holiday.  
25-29: Miss Jones and the hockey team visited Holland and won the trophy for the best English team.  
30: The VIth form English group with Miss Callaway and Mrs. Parker visited Stratford to see *Macbeth*.
- Nov. 1: The New Wing came into use.  
4: The VIth form geographers attended a conference on World Population.  
12: A Lower and Upper IV group, with Miss Calloway, Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Hargreaves saw *She Stoops to Conquer* at Theatre Clwyd.  
19: The official opening of the New Wing and Laboratory.
- Dec. 1: Lower VI English group visited Manchester to see *The Duchess of Malfi*.  
4: The Parents' Association Buffet Supper.  
9: Professor Alan Gemmell was the guest speaker at the Prize-giving.  
15: School Christmas Lunch.  
15: An A level physics group attended a Christmas Lecture at Liverpool University.  
16: The U VI pantomime was followed by a service of carols and Christmas reading.  
17: End of term.
- Jan. 5: Spring Term began.
- Feb. 1: The VIth Form Home Economics group and Miss Hayes visited exhibitions in York Castle Museum.  
19-28: Half Term holiday.
- March 8: The Parents' Association promoted a performance of *The Golden Pathway Annual* by the Gateway Theatre Company.  
8: The VIth Form Physics group attended the Faraday Lecture at Liverpool University.  
30: Term ended.

# The Queen's School Association

## Degree Results, 1982

Susan Barker	Manchester, Medicine	II 2
Kate Bates	Durham, Anthropology	II 2
Joanna Bowley	Edinburgh, Joint Hons. (Social Admin. and Sociology) (Awarded the Carruthers prize)	II 1
Julia Coathupe	Cardiff, Accountancy & Law	II 2
Ruth Collin	Liverpool Polytechnic, Librarianship	II
Veronica Davies	Oxford, P.P.E.	II
Patricia Forbes	Aston, Managerial and Administrative Studies	II 1
Joanne Frame	U.M.I.S.T., Colour Chemistry	II 1
Helen Goodship	Bradford, Modern Languages	II 1
Rosemary Green	Sheffield, English Literature (Awarded university poetry prize, 1981)	II 1
Tessa Griffiths	Aston, Managerial and Administrative Studies	II 1
Charlotte Hess	Cambridge, Theology	II 2
Ruth Jobson	Newcastle, Psychology	II 2
Jane Jones	Durham, German	II 1
Judith Moore	Birmingham, Combined Hons. (German & P.E.)	II 2
Denise Morrey	Cambridge, Engineering	II 2
Judith Olorenshaw	Durham, Mathematics	II 2
Joanna Oswell	Sheffield, Speech Therapy	II 1
Rachel Phillips	Leeds, Medicine	
Lesley Roberts	Reading, Cybernetics and Control Engineering with Mathematics	II 2
Melanie Rydings	Warwick, English & American Literature	II 2
Ruth Shabi	Birmingham, English and Philosophy	II 1
Carol Shaw	Leicester, Law	II 1
Katie Strawson	Durham, Biology	II 1
Valerie Street	Sheffield, Medicine	
Stephanie Underwood	Warwick, English and Philosophy	II 2
Sylvia Van Kleef	Cambridge, Modern and Mediaeval Languages	II 2
Elizabeth Walker	London, Biochemistry	II 2
Higher degrees:		
Edwina Maple	London (Imperial College), M.Sc.	
Patricia Rankin	London (Imperial College), Ph.D.	
(Awarded fellowship to continue her research for two years)		

Charlotte Jones has been awarded a Winston Churchill Pupillage Prize by the Masters of the Bench of the Middle Temple.

Sandra Cowall has been awarded the second year Economics Class Prize and the Mary Wong Smith Scholarship in Political Economy at the University of St. Andrews.

## The Annual General Meeting

This was held on Saturday, July 3rd at 5.30 p.m. Miss Farra presided and about 50 members were present, together with members of staff and Sixth Form leavers. The minutes of the last A.G.M. were read and confirmed. The Chairman reported that two members of the Committee,

Gwynneth Quinn and Phyllis Waymouth had resigned. In thanking them for their service to the Association the Chairman made particular reference to Phyllis, who had served on the Committee since 1929.

Ann Short (née Brotherhood) was elected to the Committee. The meeting accepted with regret the retirement of Marjorie Miln as Secretary. She was warmly thanked for all the work she had done for the Association and presented with a book token and flowers. Mary Wood was elected Secretary.

On the recommendation of the Committee it was unanimously agreed to create the office of Honorary Vice-President, and that the first four holders should be Catherine Ayrton, Connie Baxter, Miss MacLean and Gladys Phillips.

The Treasurer reported that the Trust Fund had been established in 1981, and that an exhibition, similar to that endowed by the Hastings Trustees, would be awarded to a Sixth Form girl from September 1983. The Treasurer reported on the Association's financial position, and it was agreed by the meeting that the Annual Subscription be £1.50 exclusive of "Have Mynde".

The President gave a progress report on the building programme, and Miss Farra hoped that members would take the opportunity to see the new buildings at the A.G.M. in 1983. The President went on to give an interesting report on the activities of the school and of the Northern ISISA.G.M. which had been held at the school. Miss Farra concluded by especially thanking the retiring members of the Committee. Mary Wood thanked the President for welcoming us to the school and for keeping us up-to-date so that we felt involved in the school.

Following the meeting we were joined by families and friends for sherry.

The Committee for 1982-83 is as follows:-

<i>Chairman:</i>	Margaret Hassall (née Owen)	1943-48
<i>Hon. Secretary:</i>	Mary Wood	1935-46
<i>Hon. Treasurer:</i>	Mary Burgess (née Ham)	1952-63
<i>Committee Members:</i>	Connie Baxter	1921-33
	Pamela Benson (née Jackson)	1967-74
	Susan Benson	1945-52
	Marie Christopherson	1923-30
	Doris Compton (née Corbin)	1926-32
	Sheila Douglas (née Williams)	1944-49
	Jenny Entwisle (née Ray)	1950-54
	Judith Fernandes (née Dunart)	1951-56
	Hâf Davies-Humphries (née Griffiths)	1950-64
	Philippa Hale (née Craddock)	1968-75
	Shirley Hayes	1947-54
	Margaret Ireland (née Kelly)	1952-65
	Margo Lumb (née Weaving)	1934-48
	Marjorie Miln (née Hack)	1949-63
	Joan Roberts (née Brookes)	1934-43
	Ann Short (née Brotherhood)	1954-61
	Rosemary Sunter	1940-53
	Kirsty Whiteley (née Elliott)	1966-73
	Margaret Yorke (née Longman)	1950-57

M.W.



## Other News

*Note that, contrary to recent practice, items are listed in alphabetical order of present surnames, rather than the maiden names of those now married.*

**Judith Allinson** (née Reid) and her partner won, for the second year, the Cheshire and North of England finals of the N.F.W.I./M.M.B. National Tennis Tournament and represented the North of England in the National Finals at Queen's Club, London.

**Pauline Baker** (née Williams) would like to see the London Q.S.A. Branch re-started – is anybody else interested?

**Margaret Bennett** (née Jones) was appointed Deputy Head of Wheatfields Junior School, St. Albans, in January, 1983.

**Susan Benson** has helped to set up a new firm of consulting engineers with offices in Tarvin and London. She also hopes to offer secretarial services to others on a free-lance basis.

**Gillian Bridgeman** (née Forster) is living in Bedford and would like to hear from any of her 1956–71 friends who are living in or near Bedford. She has two children and is a part-time teacher of biology.

**Fiona Carr** writes, "I have now been working at the North Regional Advances Department of the National Westminster Bank since April, 1982. I live in Hale and would be pleased to see anyone, should they be in Manchester at any time."

**Jacqueline Clinton** is still enjoying the R.M.N.S. Course at Grange Hall. In April she is going to South Greece and looks forward to visiting sites described by Miss Pope.

**Ruth Collin**, having graduated in July, 1982, is now working as an Assistant Schools Librarian in Bebington, Wirral.

**Pamela Cooper**, who was at school from 1940–47, is living in America. She would be pleased to hear from her old friends, particularly if they are in the U.S.

**Veronica Davies** is a trainee in production management with the Co-operative Wholesale Society and is studying for the Certificate of the Institution of Industrial Managers.

**Frances Evans** (née Rowcliffe) is the 1983 Captain of the Welsh Northern Counties Veteran Ladies Golf Association.

**Hilary Faulk** is helping to run management courses for the National Environment Research Council in Swindon.

**Vivienne Faulk** is now Deaconess at Mossley Hill Parish Church, having spent three years at Nottingham Theological College.

**Catherine Ferris** is now nursing at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge.

**Jaye Gillespie** is now a physiotherapist at Northwick Park Hospital in Harrow.

**Susan Glass** (née Gray) married in 1974, graduated in 1979 with a B.A. Arch.Hons. and B.Arch.Hons. R.I.B.A., and now works part-time in a private architect's office. She writes "We now have two sons, Jonathan (2½) and Simon (9 months). When I have sufficient energy I play squash for my local club."

**Philippa Hale** (née Craddock) is the branch manageress of Rayners, Opticians, in their new branch in Wrexham.

**Susan Hutton** (née Barker) has been accepted for the 3-year G.P. training scheme from 1st August, 1983.

- Rosalind Kirby** worked for two years in private practice following qualification as a solicitor, but is now working for the Citizens' Advice Bureau, developing an experimental project in the County Court. The aim is to provide a welfare officer in court to assist unrepresented litigants.
- Laura Lowes (née Green)** was placed first in the Novices' Section for Northumbrian smallpipes at the Rothbury Music Festival last July. She would be interested to know of any other smallpipe players.
- Valda McDonald (née Bridges)** is teaching 9-10-year-olds in Brookvale County Junior School, Runcorn.
- Sally Melling (née Davies)** is now Deputy Head of a school in Barnes. She completed the second London Marathon in a shorter time than the first. The children at school sponsored her on each occasion, and they have bought a video recorder and a computer with the money raised.
- Barbara Monkhouse** has been employed as a solicitor by British Aerospace at Weybridge, Surrey, since 1981. She is engaged to be married in May.
- Glynis Owen** takes up a new appointment as Deputy Head of Howell's School, Landaff in September, 1983.
- Jane Platt** won the Royal Holloway College "Driver Prize" for playing Franck's Sonata in A for violin and piano. She has gained a place on the advanced course at the Royal Academy of Music for next year, which will be devoted entirely to violin lessons, practice and playing.
- Sarah Platt** is working in the London advertising office of the *Christian Science Monitor*.
- Stroma Riunger (née MacDonald)** has been appointed Head Teacher at Craigie Primary School, Perth.
- Dawn Roberts** is doing research on the Welsh environment for the E.E.C.
- Mary Roosevelt (née Winskill)** writes that she and her husband visited Broadlands last year, "to launch fund-raising for the new United World College in New Mexico. Our hosts were Lord and Lady Ramsey, Prince Charles and Lady Diana. Then Prince Charles joined us in New Mexico when we visited the new school - a fascinating experience for all of us." Mary continues "I'm still committed to training teachers at the University of California." Her daughter, Becky, is now twelve.
- Heather Royle (née Crossley)** moved from Stoke-on-Trent to Leyland in October, 1982. Her address is: St. John's House, Leyland. (2 minutes from Junction 28 on the M6.) She would be delighted to see old friends.
- Anne Smith (née Pegrum)**, whose daughter Lisa was born in February, 1981, had a research team in Paint Research at Teddington, but has more recently been working as a microbiologist with the Metal Box Company.
- Rosalie Stockton** has been teaching in a school for E.S.N.(S) children for the past nine years. She is now taking a two-year part-time course for the Diploma in Professional Studies in the education of children with special needs in reading.
- Valerie Street** is now working at Rotherham General Hospital. She is engaged to be married in July.
- Jean Stugwell (née Robertson-Dunn)** is now living near Harrogate (Tel: 884656) and would welcome any of her old friends.

Sarah Swallow (née Wain), who left school in 1974, is hoping to organise a reunion of that year on Saturday, 23rd April, 1984, and asks that all those interested should contact her at Delves Walk, Deva Park, Great Boughton, Chester.

Mary Ternouth (née Holliday) continues to work as a member of staff for the social work course at Croydon College.

Mary Vallence (née Garrett) has moved to Banbury, where her husband is Headmaster of Bloxham School.

Karen Vanner is now Head of Languages at Marian High School for Girls.

Elizabeth Walker is now taking a post-graduate course at University College, London, for an M.Sc. in Biochemical Engineering.

Charlotte West-Oram is appearing in the West End at the Globe Theatre in *Daisy Pulls It Off*, an adventure set in a girls' boarding school in 1927. She is playing the headmistress — much, she supposes, to Miss MacLean's surprise!

## Marriages

Valda Bridges on 15th February, 1983, to Robert A. McDonald.

Susan Barker on 17th July, 1982, to Dr. Andrew Hutton.

Rosemary Green in August, 1982, to Nicholas Evans.

Haf Griffiths on 30th March, 1983, to John Davies-Humphreys.

Deborah Jane Jones on 11th August, 1983, to Phillip David Wagstaff.

Margaret F. Jones in July, 1982, to Graham Douglas Bennett.

Barbara Price (née Priestley) in September, 1982, to A. Statham.

Lesley Roberts in May, 1983, to Neil Timothy Favager.

Jane Vickers on 21st August, 1982, to Timothy J. Blackmore.



Catherine Winsor, L VI

## Births

- Bannan** — On 5th October, 1982, to Valerie (née Taylor), a son, Richard George, a brother for Teresa.
- Blann** — On 5th December, 1982, to Rhona (née Salisbury), a son, Thomas David Benjamin.
- Burgin** — On 6th April, 1983, to Susan (née Barker), a daughter, Melissa Sarah.
- Cartwright** — On 18th April, 1982, to Elizabeth (née Cook), twin daughters, Emily Elizabeth and Victoria Louise.
- Chamberlain** — On 27th April, 1982, to Alison (née Mackenzie), a daughter, Laura.
- Critchley** — On 15th June, 1982, to Christine (née West), a daughter, Julia Dawn Victoria, a sister for Bernard.
- Farrow** — On 6th February, 1983, to Stephanie (née Seed), a daughter, Alicia Sarah, a sister for Richard.
- Forsyth** — On 20th June, 1982, to Mary (née Thomas), a son, Richard Thomas, a brother for Alan and Isobel.
- Gascoyne-Cecil** — In June, 1982, to Judy (née Roberts), a daughter, Helen Elizabeth, a sister for James.
- Harrison** — On 20th September, 1982, to Iola Harrison (ex-staff), a daughter, Lowri Jane.
- Jones** — On 22nd December, 1982, to Jane Jones (ex-staff), twin daughters, Penelope Ruth and Rebecca Claire. We are deeply sorry that Rebecca died in infancy.
- Jones** — On 22nd August, 1981, to Susan (née May), a son, Ian Christopher.
- Lowes** — On 23rd January, 1983, to Laura (née Green), a son, George Matthew.
- Mostyn** — On 29th September, 1982, to Susan (née Hough), a son, Neil James Lloyd, a brother for Sarah and Joanna.
- Royle** — On 27th July, 1982, to Heather (née Crossley), a son, Jonathan Philip, a brother for James and Stephen.
- Samuel** — On 14th February, 1982, to Ann (née Davies), a daughter, Anna Elizabeth.
- Strugnell** — On 12th August, 1982, to Jean (née Robertson-Dunn), a son, James Paul.
- Swift** — On 1st May, 1983, to Sheila Swift (ex-staff), a daughter, Fiona Catherine, a sister for Stephen.
- Ternouth** — On 15th December, 1982, to Mary (née Holliday), a son, Andrew, a brother for Graham.
- Threadgold** — On 24th November, 1982, to Kathleen (née Moss), a daughter, Suzanne Bernice, a sister for Paul.
- Tucker** — In May, 1982, to Wendy (née Jones), a daughter, Josephine, a sister for Richard and Alan.

## Deaths

**Ayrton:** on 31st December, 1982, Catherine Ayrton, who was at school from 1905–1912 and returned as a member of staff, staying until her retirement in 1955.

**Christie:** in November, 1982, Irene Christie (née Butler), 1955–65.

**Doughty:** on 31st December, 1982, Mary Doughty (née Swift), 1919–1932.

**Forrest:** in 1982, Maysy Forrest (née Burlingham), 1900–11.

**Foulkes:** on 12th September, 1982, Nancy Foulkes, who taught in the Preparatory Department for 32 years, the last 19 of these as Head of Department, until her retirement in 1967.

**Hall:** in June, 1982, Margaret Hall (née Barker), 1947–52.

**Gwilyn Hughes:** on 23rd April, 1983, Ethel May Gwilyn Hughes (née Dodd), who was at school before 1912.

**Powell:** in August, 1982, Diana Powell (née Stone), 1931–44.

**Schröder:** on 9th April, 1983, Katherine Schröder (née Kinn), who was at school in the early years of this century.

**Shepherd:** on 19th January, 1983, Marjorie Shepherd (née Finchett), 1900–11.

**Williams:** on 2nd January, 1982, Dora Williams, 1916–24.

## Miss N.C. Foulkes, member of staff, 1935 – 1967

I appreciate that Nancy Foulkes must have meant many things to many people. For six years she was my head of department and it was her welcome to a rather diffident new member of staff that set the seal for a lifelong friendship.

Our staffroom, a small room on the third floor of Stanley Place which we shared with Perry, Foxy's highly intelligent and very lovable large white poodle, reflected her personality. We were a happy team and knew we had a head who would support and guide us, and she generously arranged timetables to accommodate us all.

The feedback we had from the parents in those days (the early fifties) was of the great esteem they had for Miss Foulkes. She was especially reassuring to the parents of less obviously successful children, finding qualities in them to be praised and encouraged. Of her personal attributes, it was her voice that called forth most comment and many admired its richness and warmth. Always ready to give a helping hand, she devoted a lot of her time and energy to a variety of people and causes.

Since her retirement I had the pleasure of visits from her to my Scottish highland home and it was always a joy to see her trim figure step from her car, with not a hair out of place. Her consideration, appreciation and good company made her the ideal guest. It was typical that, in her last illness, her concern was not for herself but for others, and the staff at the hospital only needed to know her for a short time to describe her as a very dear and gracious lady.

Myrtle Winskill

## Catherine W. Ayrton (1894 – 1983)

Catherine Ayrton's relationship with school was particularly intimate. Her own mother had been one of its earliest members; for many years her father was deputy chairman of the Governors. She herself became, in time, both pupil and teacher. Apart from her years of music study, she was never away from the school community until her retirement, with her friend, Miss Rountree, of Chipping Norton in 1954, leaving as a gift to school the beautiful walnut table, made by Gordon Russell for the Hall platform. They both paid their last visit to Chester for the centenary celebration.

Before the war, when the school was still small, Miss Ayrton had taught piano pupils on a part-time basis. It was when she became a full-time member of staff that she began her memorable and happy partnership with Miss Whittam, in joint charge of the Music department. Between them they established a strong tradition of good choral singing and a wide range of instrumental playing, both of which brought lasting pleasure to many of their pupils. For the specialists there was the added enjoyment of the madrigal group and, in their latter years, the occasional frolic of a joint King's and Queen's Schools' Gilbert and Sullivan production.

As little girls in needlework classes for the Remove forms, those who are now middle-aged wives and mothers recall how they struggled to reach Miss Ayrton's exacting standards of neatness, cleanliness and finish, unconsciously observing, by the way, important principles of conduct. Both piano and needlework sessions gave opportunities also for individual consultations with a sympathetic listener, whose quick perception often recognised a cry for help. It was in this unobtrusive guidance and encouragement to the diffident and the anxious that, without knowing it, she made one of her greatest contributions to education.

The Queen's School Association realised that in Catherine Ayrton they had found the perfect secretary, one whose identification with the school community extended back, through her mother's generation, almost to our foundation. She had an unfailing gift for fitting names to faces and made a practice of always going straight to the washing-up sink when the garden-party was over. In those days it was the convention to wear hats for the A.G.M., even though the July rains often forced us to stay indoors. Catherine's hats were typical of her quiet personality, usually brown or beige, nothing that would be noticed; but everyone was drawn to this gracious, much-loved hostess.

Those of us who worked with her for so many years had a deep respect and affection for her and we shall cherish the memory of a gifted, generous personality. Her father, whom she resembled in her love of craftsmanship, was a good amateur cabinet-maker: Catherine too was fine-grained. Sensitive and alert, especially, of course, to sounds and atmosphere, a good judge of character, she also had a great capacity for enjoyment. Music, colour, flowers, fine china, theatre (after all, the famous Edwardian actor, Randall Ayrton, was her uncle), driving, cycling – she loved a fast run on a switch-back road – these things all enriched her life. But she was never self-indulgent. By nature a most fastidious and critically observant person, she was nevertheless undemanding, contented with her lot and always appreciative of others. A dry sense of humour was her cover for any unavoidable expression of dissent or criticism. Even in the last years, when she suffered from failing sight and increasing physical weakness, she never lost the innate, carefree gaiety which had irradiated her daily life.

Elizabeth N. MacLean

## Please Keep Us Informed

We often wish that the friends who gave us such a wonderful send-off ten years ago could know how we continue to appreciate their good wishes and generosity, and how much we enjoy the many gifts which they showered upon us. Queen's School news is always received with pleasure: we hope we are forgiven for being such inadequate correspondents. Retirement is a very happy state.

Elizabeth N. MacLean, Joan L. Maggs

## For Next Year's Have Mynde . . .

. . . do write something. About anything that happens in school, or anything that interests you, or anything you do that might interest others.

Write it on one side only of A4 paper (the size we use for examinations) with wide margins. Type it if you can (with double spacing) but otherwise write on wide-lined paper.

Submit it as soon as it is ready. Everything which possibly can should arrive by the end of the spring term; the final deadline is April 27th, 1984.

Photographs and drawings of school events are welcome too; we had very few this year.

R.A.H.

## Acknowledgments

We are grateful to the *Chester Chronicle* for the use of the photograph on p.9, and to the *Cheshire Observer* for the report on p.22. All other contributions © the Queen's School and the contributors.

The cover was designed by Charlotte Briggs, L VI.

Shortage of space has obliged us to omit contributions from the following which were worthy of inclusion:

Rebecca Gambrell, Form II; Rachel Oliver, U IV B; Zoë Watkinson, U V B, Caroline Whittle, Rem SH; Rachel Williams, L IV W.

