

HAVE MYNDE



1984

The Governing Body

Chairman: C.N.Ribbeck, O.B.E.,B.Sc.,D.L.

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

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B.A.G. King, T.D.

Mrs. D.M. McConnell

Miss G. Phillips, M.A.

D.F.A. Ray, B.A.

The Reverend Canon J.C. Sladdon, M.A.,B.D. (Oxon)

E.B. Walton, J.P.

Clerk to the Governors:

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

Assistant: Mrs. P. Backhouse

Have Mynde, 1984

Foreword

Once again, Have Mynde sets before its readers a detailed chronicle of school life, especially the wealth of extra-curricular activity enjoyed by so many girls. A quick count reveals that approximately three dozen groups meet regularly to pursue their particular interests, either sporting or cultural, guided by staff and senior girls. No lunch hour is without its clubs, usually several vying with one another for time and members, and the precious hour or so available when afternoon school has ended rarely goes unused. Among the new activities the Computer Clubs have proved particularly popular, and in the course of the year members have been weaned away from the simpler games towards more demanding uses. The school is grateful to the Parents' Association for providing five of the computers, and to the Governors for the careful budgeting which enabled them to furnish the room and buy the rest of the equipment.

It is all too easy to equate school with subjects and examinations. 1983 goes on record as being the best so far in terms of examination passes, in both quality and quantity. Good examination results are essential as qualifications and bring great satisfaction to all concerned, but life holds much more besides that is worthwhile and satisfying. Education is not confined to lessons, nor indeed to school. It is encouraging that so many people devote time, energy and intellect to developing their interests, but also sad that there are some who remain unwilling to participate, either to give or to receive.

Elsewhere in this issue there are tributes to three particularly long-serving members of the staff, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Bates and Miss Goodchild, who have all retired during the year. The school is grateful for the very different contributions they have made to its corporate life and wishes them all a long, happy and fulfilling retirement. Also recorded, in the "News of Old Girls", is the death of Miss Phyllis Waymouth, a lifelong friend and supporter of the school and for many years Treasurer of the Queen's School Association and a member of its committee. She was a regular attendee at school functions until she became too incapacitated and her name is known to many girls through the travel bursary she established about ten years ago. A generous legacy, to be added to the Bursary Fund, is a further expression of her affection for the school for which we are extremely grateful.

M. Farra

The Staff, May 1983

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

- Mrs. J. Affleck, M.A., Oxford
- * A. Bent, B.Sc.Hons, Birmingham
- 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 R. Callaway, B.A.Hons., Liverpool
- Miss E.M. Edwards, B.Sc. Hons., Manchester
- Mrs. C. Ferris, B.A.Hons., London
- R.A. Hands, B.Sc., Nottingham
- Mrs. V. Hands, B.A.Hons., London
- 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 M. Hemming, B.A.Hons., Lancaster
- Miss C. Jones, B.Ed., I.M.Marsh College of P.E.
- Mrs. S.V. Nightingale, Dip.A.D., Manchester
- Mrs. H. Parker, B.A.Hons., Oxford
- Mrs. M. Prince, B.A.Hons., Sheffield
- Miss C. Quail, B.Sc.Hons., Hull
- Miss C. Scott, Cert.Ed., I.M.Marsh College of P.E.
- * Miss C. Switsur, B.Sc.Hons., Birmingham
- 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., M.Ed., 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
- * Miss F. Brett, B.A.Hons., Manchester Polytechnic
- Mrs. J. Entwisle, B.Sc.Hons., London
- Mrs. N. Fowler, B.A.Hons., Liverpool
- Mrs. M.L. Hart
- Mrs. E.L. Jones, B.Sc.Hons., Bristol
- Mrs. K. Kimberley, Interpreters' School, Zurich
- Mrs. P. Maddocks, B.A.Hons., London
- 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.M. Holmes, Mus.B.Hons., G.R.S.M., A.R.M.C.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. 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: Mr. M. Whelan, Chester College, B.A.
Open University
Miss R. Brown, B.Ed.Hons., Liverpool
Mrs. D.M. Judge, Mount Pleasant T.C., Liverpool

Part-time Staff

Mrs. A. Brocklehurst, Christ's College, Liverpool
Mrs. G.M. Gough, Bedford Froebel Training College

Secretary: Mrs. N. Green

Assistant Secretary: Mrs. K. Jones

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 these members of staff, who have joined us recently. The following members of staff left during the past year: Mrs. M.Bates, Mrs. M.L. Burgess, Mrs. S. Gaster, Mrs. M. Pritchard, Miss J.F. Goodchild

Those in Authority, 1984

Head Girl:

Suzanne Cribb

Deputies:

Emma Francis, Joanna Street

Reference Librarians:

Miss Walters, Victoria Griffith, Joanne Ramsden,
Christina Smedley, Helen Taylor, Sally Taylor,
Stephanie Willis

Fiction Librarians:

Mrs. Fowler, Valerie Ashe, Catherine Healey,
Rachel McDonnell, Jane Romer, Christina Winnard

"Have Mynde" editorial:

Mr. Hands, Miss Callaway, Mrs. Nightingale,
Jackie Briggs, Kathleen Gillett, Annabel Lewis,
Rachel Walton, Rachel Yates, Victoria Young

"Have Mynde" business:

Mrs. Brown

We Congratulate

Miss V. Brown and Mr. R.A. Hands on their marriage, which took place on May 18th, 1984;

Miss C. Scott on her captaincy of the Scottish Lacrosse Team for a second year; Tracey Bedford, who was the local winner of the Lions' Club Community Service Award, and runner-up at the regional final;

Moirá Gillett, who won 3rd prize in region 3 of the Observer-Whitbread Essay Competition, and

Wendy Bracewell, who was commended in the 1984 competition;

Clare Cunliffe on her success in the Post Office Letter-writing Competition; the following who were selected for a year's voluntary service with Project Trust: Laura Brady (1984-85 in Sri Lanka),

Alex. Hedley (1984-85 in Indonesia) and

Wendy Winnard (1983-84 in Kenya);

and the following who have places at Oxford or Cambridge Colleges:

Imogen Clark, for Natural Sciences at Trinity Hall, Cambridge;

Jane Dale, for English at Somerville College, Oxford;

Alex. Hedley, for Mathematics at Clare College, Cambridge;

Fiona Hickson, for Mathematics at Hertford College, Oxford;

Anna Howatt, for History at Newnham College, Cambridge;

Vanessa Lance, for History at Hertford College, Oxford;

Clare Robinson, for Medical Sciences at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

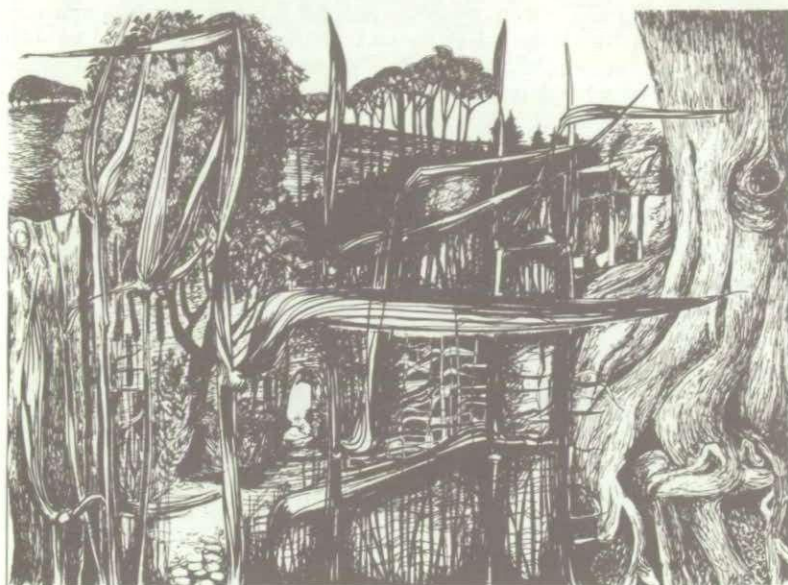
Mrs. Margaret Bates



What can one say about someone who has been part of the school for so long? The high quality of the art speaks for itself, and Mrs. Bates's keen interest in all aspects of painting certainly conveyed itself to her pupils. Her love of architecture has inspired some of them to become architects, and has made many look at their surroundings much more observantly. This was the heart of her teaching: that one should see and observe closely. Her interest in art was always practical and we are glad that retirement is giving her more opportunity to paint.

Mrs. Bates's contribution to the artistic side of drama was invaluable. People still remember the original production of Britten's *Noye's Fludde* and we still have the beautifully realistic animal heads which she made for it. We will never forget coming into the school hall and seeing a huge, incredibly powerful sphinx frowning at us, the backcloth for *Caesar and Cleopatra*.

Many of us have experienced Mrs. Bates's personal kindness and help. The fact that she has taught here for so many years, and that her daughter Kate was educated in the school, means that the Queen's School was a major part of her life. She contributed generously to all that is best in the tradition of the school.



Margaret Bates



Miss J.F. Goodchild

The Queen's School is 106 years old this year, and for one person to have served it for more than a third of that time is a rare distinction. Miss Goodchild has worked with three headmistresses: her knowledge of the day-to-day working of the school is unparalleled and has enabled her to react to any situation with wisdom, humour and tact. For so many people she has been the first contact with the school, either in person or as a voice on the telephone. In either situation she has given a warm, reassuring welcome to parents, governors, new members of staff and children alike.

The duties of a school secretary are so varied that they are almost impossible to define. The office is the hub round which the school revolves and to which everyone goes for help; children who are ill, or who have lost valued possessions, or who have forgotten their bus fares; members of staff needing information; representatives of commercial firms looking for business; parents delivering forgotten swimming things or prospective parents seeking application forms. Miss Goodchild became the valued friend of us all. Anyone who has been such an integral part of school life for so long is bound to be missed, but she has earned her retirement and the opportunities it brings for following fresh interests. The school is grateful to her for her many years of devoted service and we wish her well for a long, happy and active retirement.

M.F.

Mrs. E. Baker



We were all delighted that Mrs. Baker felt able to fulfil the rôle of caretaker at the Senior School in 1976, transferring from the duties she had carried out so competently at the Preparatory Department in Stanley Place. In her many years there she became the friend of numerous generations of small children, who instinctively trusted her.

During the past seven years she has shown her skill in anticipating the needs of a much larger community. Always cheerful, equable and resourceful, she appeared to be undaunted by problems whether they arose from temporary shortage in her staff or misbehaviour of the central heating system; her fund of common sense ensured that matters were kept in proportion, and pupils, staff and parents felt that they had in Mrs. Baker someone whose opinion they respected.

We are grateful for her years of service and are glad that her new home in Liverpool Road affords us the opportunity to see her often. She remains a close friend of the school and we wish her many happy years of retirement.

E.M.E.

Gifts to the School

We should like to record our appreciation of the following:

Books, and contributions to the Library funds: Mr. and Mrs. Bladen and Sally, Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe and Katy, Clare Dobson and Rev. and Mrs. Dobson, Mrs. S. Elsey, Mr. and Mrs. Goltz and Helen, Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, Lloyds Bank, Mrs. H. Morton, Miss Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Powell and Jane, Kate Ross, Mrs. B. Statham

Other cheques: The Post Office (a £75 prize won by Clare Cunliffe in a letter-writing competition), Mr. Yarwood
Music: Mrs Pritchard, Miss Rountree (from Miss Ayrton's collection)
A modern language prize for ten years: Mr. and Mrs. White and Shoonah
Three pictures: Mrs. Bates
Glass flower bowl: Karen Haynes and parents
Microscope and camera: Thornton Research Centre
Christmas tree lights: Karin La Frenais
Computers: Parents' Association
Plant stand: Mrs. Baker
Overhead projector: Shell Research
Curtains for the office, and mirror for staff cloakroom: Miss Goodchild
GIFTS TO THE STAFFROOM:
Large scissors: Mrs. Gaster
Table lamp: Mrs. Bates

Gifts to Nedham House

Marjoram plants: Lesley Cowan
Two computer books: Monica Risam
Fibre-glass flag-pole: Parents of Third Form leavers
Music "Cries of London": Mrs. Smith
Tambourine: Sarah Dennehy
Tennis racket and case: Jane Beese
Books: Corinne Dodd, Claire Ibbett, Sarah Peaker, Mrs. White and Joanne
Garden spade and rake: Alison Riches
Oven glove, matching tea-towel, rolling pin and set of records of birds' songs: Charlotte Hobson
Fern in a jardiniere: Clare Wormald
Pottery moulds: Sally-Ann Arthur, Claire Davies and Nicola Morgan
An ilex, Argento Marginata: Miss Goodchild
Violin: Anonymous
Card for models: Mr. Adnitt

BIRTHDAY GIFTS, 2nd February, 1984:

A pieris shrub, Forest Flame: Miss Farra and Miss Edwards
"Spending Money": Miss Christopherson
Book "Europe and the Americas": Miss Chowen
Big Birthday Cake: Mr. & Mrs. Chesters, Louise & Sarah
Two more Birthday Cakes: Lesley Cowen and Lisa Smith
Many different "goodies": Alison Adnitt, Clare Davies, Susan Ireland, Nadine Moore, Caroline Potts, Lisa Smith, Sarah Watts and Fiona Westcott

Gifts to Sandford House

Books and book token: Caroline Chadwick, Stephen and Sarah Lilley, Nicholas Brocklesby
Thermometer: Oliver Smith
"Aynsley" coffee service: Krishan Banerjee
Roses: Claire Johnson, Miss Farra, Miss Edwards
Cheque for gardening needs: Miss Christopherson

From Nedham House

In April of 1983, members of the Y.O.C. took part in a sponsored Bird Watch in Nedham House garden and more than twenty different species were recorded. Some members did the Watch at home instead.

Our summer outing was to North Wales and we had to choose which place we wanted to visit: the Great Orme, Bodnant Gardens or the "Humpty Dumpties" at Deganwy. The First Form had their picnic on the top of the Great Orme, with thick mist swirling all round them, and Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Lea had to be careful not to lose anyone. They also had fun making plaster casts of birds' tracks on the beach. Miss Paice looked after the group at Bodnant, with Mrs. Green's help, and Mr. Puddle, the Head Gardener, escorted them during the morning and took them into places not normally open to the public. The flowers and shrubs were beautiful and, although they were tired by the end of the day because of all the walking, everyone enjoyed the garden very much. The third group walked through the pleasant, varied countryside, making a round trip from the "Humpty Dumpties" (the two hills behind Deganwy) — clearing a path through the "jungle" at Llanrhos and being saved from the attentions of "savage beasts" (a herd of cows really) by Mrs. Meredith's dog, Bracken. We all enjoyed our rather damp, chilly and muddy summer outing.

A few days later Mrs. Brady, Mrs. Meredith, Mrs. Chorley and Mrs. Green took the Third Form to the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen. They had a most exciting day, talking to many visitors and admiring their beautiful costumes, and listening to and watching some of the performances in the huge marquee.

The weather was glorious for our Flower Festival, organised by the Third Form; not the normal sort of flower festival (how could it be at N.H.?) more like a non-uniform garden party. We had Crazy Sports, a fancy-dress competition (won by the Scarecrow, the Flower-pot Man and the Flower-bed) and competitions for flower arrangements and gardens-on-plates. The Third Form performed their Montgolfier play and also made up and performed "The Battle of the Bugs". We had picnic lunch in the garden, and a garden treasure hunt with clues to be worked out at each step. It was all great fun.

Early in the autumn term, Mr. David Griffiths came and showed us some of his interesting collection of old musical instruments. The smallest was a tiny recorder and the largest was an enormous shawm bigger than himself. He let us try them too, which we enjoyed very much, and he answered all our questions.

We went to the R.N.C.M. in Manchester to see the ballet *Giselle* and, as usual, were impressed by the quality of the production and the high standard of the dancing and the costumes. One Neddie wrote later, "It was a typical romantic ballet; it was danced very well," and another wrote, "The dancing was good but *Giselle* stabbed herself and went on dancing!"

Our B.B.C. microcomputer arrived in October, bought with a generous "spending-money" gift from a parent. We are very grateful to our benefactor. Our problem now is to find enough time for everyone to have "hands-on" experience. There was great excitement in mid-October, when the Parents' Association held their Fashion Show in our hall. Some Neddies were models and enjoyed wearing the pretty clothes and walking along the catwalk — others were musicians and entertained the audience before the two halves of the show and again at the end.

The Hallowe'en "Horror House", organised by the Third Form, seems to have become an annual event. This year, we had a big spider, a spaghetti witch and two vampires in attendance for the first time. We were pleased that Fiona Stoddart, who left two years ago to live in Sheffield, was able to visit us and join in the fun.

Mr. Hill, Jane's daddy, came again to see us and brought a film about a giant oil tanker to show to us. We wrote to Shell, in London, to thank them for the film and had a very official-looking special letter back, thanking us for thanking them!

We were glad to join in the Blue Peter Weatherbeater Appeal and had another big bring-and-buy sale. The Y.S.C.F. organised it and Sandford House and parents and friends came to support it splendidly. We were able to send more than £100 to the appeal.

Parents and friends often come on our outings and attend events at Nedham House. Our carol service is always a "house full" occasion and everyone sings well. The generous retiring collection last December enabled us to send Christmas parcels to all our 22 harvest friends, who were so pleased to be remembered again. The fact that someone has bothered about them is appreciated as much as the parcels themselves.

Our Birthday Outing, on 2nd February, was to Speke Hall and the Liverpool Museum. We had two helpful guides at Speke Hall, who told us many interesting things about its history. We were surprised to learn that the Norris family, who owned it for many years, were related to our Mr. Norris, who teaches 'cello. We will remember some things for a long time . . . the story of the lady who threw her baby into the moat and now haunts the house, the priest's hole, the eavesdropping hole, the Adam-and-Eve trees; the carved birds in the ceiling decoration, the "modern" kitchen . . . It is a lovely house and its furnishings are very interesting.

We enjoyed our picnic in the beautiful garden before going on to the Museum. There was so much to see at the Museum, and only the afternoon available, so we had to choose carefully. Most of us spent a long time watching the fantastic fishes in the Aquarium Room. Many were funny shapes and brilliantly coloured. One was so ugly that it made Claire scream with fright! the tarantula spider was frightening too. The mummies were fascinating, so old, so dried-up. We looked at the railway coaches, the horse brasses, the precious stones and the totem pole, the model ships and the stuffed birds, the historical costumes and the reconstructed Victorian alley. We had to leave without seeing everything but got back to Nedham House in time to have a drink of orange squash and Mrs. Ogg's lovely Birthday Biscuits.

Many Neddies entered the Pancake Race on Shrove Tuesday and the rest enjoyed watching them. Some pancakes blew away while they were being tossed in the rose-garden; the birds had a feast later.

Nearly every Neddie took part in the sponsored walk/run for the British Olympic Fund and we were pleased to earn £555 to add to the total. It was fun having our photographs taken with Suzanne Dando. We walked to the senior school in the morning but were very thankful to travel back to Nedham House in a double-decker bus. The top deck was very popular! Lunch was late that day and afternoon lessons were unusually quiet, though no-one actually fell asleep. The Easter Bonnet competition was even harder to judge this year, the bonnets were so ingeniously designed and made. Mrs. Ogg, Mrs. Cawley, Mrs. Garner and Mr. Charters found it difficult to choose the best entries from each form. The decorated eggs were also especially good this year and there were 32 entries. We had an egg-and-spoon race too. The World Wild Life Fund and the Save the Children Fund benefited from our Easter festivities.

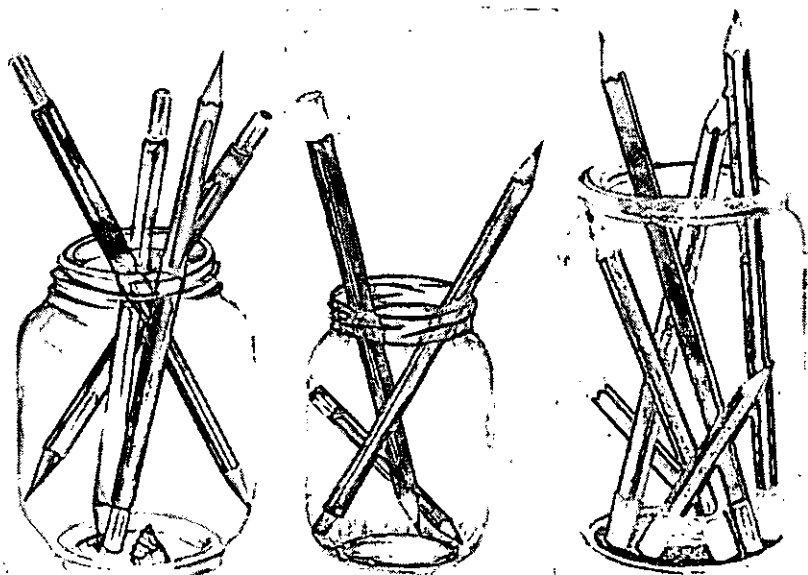
The Y.O.C., the Panda Club and the Y.S.C.F. are flourishing and have their respective loyal supporters. The Second Form look after the animals faithfully and Snowy, Patch, Sheba, Chang and Henry are all healthy and happy. We thank those Neddies who provide holiday homes for our pets and care for them so well.

Our "new" flagpole will be a year old on 6th June and we are grateful to the parents of last year's leavers for providing it for us. It looks just right in the island flowerbed, and has been used on all the important school anniversaries this year, the flag fluttering proudly for all to see. The garden is always changing and developing, from season to season, from year to year, a constant source of pleasure and refreshment for us all; it is, perhaps, what Neddies miss most when they leave us. We have had many new plants and shrubs this year.

We tend to take for granted the every-day things of school life, all the tasty dinners provided by Mrs. Ogg and her ladies, the long hours worked by Mr. Charters, Mrs. Forgham's help in the building and Jeremy's help in the garden. The Neddies and the teaching staff very much appreciate the service given to the school by all these people.

This report tells only part of what we have done, the non-academic side of our little-family life. Add that to all the timetabled work, and throw in play-time and getting-to-know-people time, and you'll agree that Nedham House is a busy place!

Form 3 and M.N.W.



Prizes and Awards, 1983

FORM PRIZES

Lower Fifth

Jacqueline Bale
Sally Thomas
Kate Wardley
Denise Whitehead
Kate Williams
Katie Willis

Upper Fifth

Melanie Ashton
Katherine Bott
Suzanne Cribb
Katharine Cunliffe
Janet Harvey
Rachel Knight
Judith Pennington
Fiona Runeckles
Sally Taylor
Zoë Watkinson
Rachel Yates
Victoria Young
Sarah Mills

For Games

Lower Sixth

For service to the neighbourhood
For service to school music
For service to the school as Deputy Head girls

Tracey Bedford
Anna Howatt
Penelope Holloway
Diane Stevenson
Imogen Clark

For service to the school as Head Girl

Upper Sixth

For service to the school

Sally Bladen
Helen Hasted
Rachael Garner

For outstanding work at A Level:
For outstanding work at A Level, especially
in chemistry

Helen Goltz
Helen Kennedy

For outstanding work at A Level:
For outstanding work at A Level:
especially in English and History

Vanessa Lance

For outstanding work at A Level:
especially in Modern Languages
For outstanding work at A Level:
For outstanding work at A Level,
especially in physical sciences

Veronica Lee
Clare Robinson

Geography

Classics

French

German

Physics

Biology

Art

Gymnastics

For progress in mathematics

For general progress

Katrina Wood
Karin La Frenais
Jane Dale
Anthea Johnson
Judy Fisher
Hilary Luker
Sarah Heath
Sara Grenside
Diane Clague
Helen Hasted
Nicola Leech
Wendy Winnard

C.P. WITTER AWARD 1983 (a week on the Ocean Youth Club sailing vessel, *Francis Drake*) Catherine Thompson

PHYLLIS BROWN MEMORIAL TRAVEL BURSARY 1983

Christina Faull, for an elective period in a hospital in Kenya as part of her medical course.

PHYLLIS WAYMOUTH'S TRAVEL BURSARY 1983

Wendy Winnard, for voluntary work with the Project Trust in Kenya.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1983, ORDINARY LEVEL

The following passed in five or more subjects: Melanie Ashton, Jacqueline Briggs, Llewela Charles-Jones, Virginia Cleaves, Helen Collins, Vanessa Ginn, Victoria Gladstone, Victoria Griffiths, Rebecca Hart, Clare Jones, Elisabeth Kimberley, Julia King, Rachel Knight, Fiona Leslie, Jennifer Longden, Rachel McDonnell, Alexandra Murphy, Jane Peaker, Bridget Plottier, Lesley Rhodes, Jane Romer, Alexandra Rowden, Moya Stevenson, Joanna Street, Helen Taylor, Sally Taylor, Katherine Terry, Lynne Warrington, Stephanie Willis, Christina Winnard, Rachel Yates.

Katherine Bott, Anna Brown, Susan Callery, Suzanne Cribb, Katharine Cunliffe, Jacqueline Fearnall, Emma Francis, Kathleen Gillett, Mary Harding, Sally Harper, Janet Harvey, Catherine Healey, Joanna Houghton, Donna Hurle, Stephanie Hutchinson, Naomi Jones, Louise Kay, Annabel Lewis, Sarah Mills, Fiona Pennington, Judith Pennington, Fiona Runeckles, Christina Smedley, Wendy Somerset-Jones, Rachel Walton, Ann Warne, Zoë Watkinson, Ruth Williams, Lisa Wilson, Victoria Young.

ADVANCED LEVEL

Four or more subjects:

Nicola Alfonsi, Alison Baker, Jane Bateman, Sally Bladen, Penelope Campbell, Jane Dale, Susan Flood, Moira Gillett, Sara Goddard, Sarah Heath, Barbara James, Anthea Johnson, Nicola Jones, Katherine Kane, Sally Kay, Helen Kennedy, Vanessa Lance, Emma Leach, Veronica Lee, Nicola Leech, Rosemary Littler, Sarah Lowe, Hilary Luker, Helen Mills, Karen Nelson, Jane Powell, Clare Robinson, Gillian Sheppard, Jane Stevenson, Elaine Thomas, Wendy Winnard, Katrina Wood.

Three subjects:

Diane Clague, Judy Fisher, Rachael Garner, Helen Goltz, Sara Grenside, Gillian Hands, Virginia Harding, Helen Hasted, Karen Haynes, Pandora Johnson, Rozanne Johnson, Karin La Frenais, Sophia Newing, Susan Ratcliffe, Suzanne Roberts, Susan Shaw, Louise Ward, Tina Watson, Amanda White.

Two subjects:

Penelope Brown, Judith Clarke.

University and Polytechnic Degree Courses

Alison Baker
Jane Bateman
Sally Bladen

Penelope Campbell
Diane Clague
Judith Clarke
Lindsay Drew (left 1982)
Susan Flood
Rachael Garner
Moiria Gillett

Sara Goddard
Helen Goltz
Nicola Halford (left 1982)

Gillian Hands
Helen Hasted
Sarah Heath
Victoria Hess (left 1982)
Barbara James
Anthea Johnson
Rozanne Johnson
Nicola Jones
Katherine Kane
Sally Kay
Helen Kennedy
Karin La Frenais
Emma Leach
Veronica Lee
Nicola Leech
Sarah Lowe
Helen Mills
Karen Nelson
Sophia Newing
Jane Powell

Clare Robinson

Susan Shaw
Gillian Sheppard
Helen Shone (left 1982)
Elaine Thomas
Tina Watson (left 1982)
Sarah Whittaker (left 1982)
Katrina Wood

Manchester: Medicine
Leeds: Modern Languages
Royal Military College, Shrivenham: Civil Engineering
Manchester: Chemistry
Birmingham: Chemistry
Essex: Language and Linguistics
Exeter: Accountancy
Durham: Zoology
Nottingham: Medicine
Queen Mary College, London: Mathematical Sciences
Liverpool: Life Sciences with S.R.N.
East Anglia: Chemical Sciences
Birmingham: Computer Science and Software Engineering
Bedford College of Higher Education: Education
Liverpool: Pure Mathematics with Statistics
Bristol: Veterinary Science
Exeter: Psychology
Durham: Geography
Birmingham: English
Nottingham: Geography
Exeter: French and Italian
Birmingham: Medicine
Essex: American Studies
Bath: European Studies
Newcastle: Dentistry
Nottingham (1984): Geography
Birmingham: French/German Joint Honours
Manchester: Medicine
Bath: Architecture
Newcastle: Geography
Reading: French Studies
Durham: General Science
Homerton College, Cambridge: French and Education
Emmanuel College, Cambridge (1984): Medical Sciences
Exeter: English and Drama
Manchester: Biology
London Veterinary College: Veterinary Science
Bangor: French
Liverpool: Pure Mathematics
Nottingham: English and American Studies
Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge: Medical Sciences (open Scholarship)

Other Courses of Specialised Training or Employment

Penelope Brown
Judy Fisher

Sara Grenside
Virginia Harding

Karen Haynes

Louise Howard (left 1982)
Pandora Johnson

Jane Leedham

Rosemary Littler
Susan Ratcliffe

Suzanne Roberts
Jane Stevenson

Louise Ward

Amanda White

Lloyds Bank
Chester College of Further Education: Secretarial Course
University College Hospital, London: Nursing
Robert Jones and Agnes Hunt Orthopaedic Hospital, Oswestry: Physiotherapy
Oxford and County Secretarial College: Secretarial Course
Civil Service, Wrexham:
Chester College of Further Education: Secretarial Personal Assistant Course
Oxford and County Secretarial College: Secretarial Course
Withington Hospital, Manchester: Physiotherapy
Wrexham College of Further Education: Art Foundation Course
Bristol Polytechnic: Diploma for Bilingual Secretaries
Cheshire School of Art & Design, Northwich: Art Foundation Course
Cheshire School of Art & Design, Northwich: Art Foundation Course
Oxford Polytechnic: Diploma in Foreign Languages

Cheshire Players

Ten girls have represented Cheshire in different sports this year. In hockey: Sarah Mills, Jackie Fearnall, Anna Brown and Stephanie Willis. In lacrosse: Louise Aubrey, Susan Barker, Katie Willis and Alice Carden. Jane Romer has played squash for Cheshire and Jill Crippin has played tennis for Cheshire and also for the North-West.



Sports Reports

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 Hockey, Lacrosse and Tennis matches. This year the cup was won for the second year running by Susan Shaw who represented school on 21 occasions.

Tennis, 1983

1st VI

S. Long (Capt.)
S. Shaw
M. Stevenson
J. Longden
S. Willis
J. Briggs
R. Hart

2nd VI

J. Judge
D. Clague
A. Brown
S. Mills
L. Bevan
S. Davies
K. Cunliffe
L. Nell
L. Aubrey

U16 VI

J. Briggs
J. Fearnall
K. Cunliffe
A. Brown
V. Cleeves
C. Healey

U15 VI

S. Barker
H. Parker
K. Willis
A. Carden
M. Fuller
S. Thomas

U15 B VI

J. Nash
J. Clark
S. Cotgreave
J. Corley
J. Chamberlin
A. Moore
S. Halsall-Williams
L. Colbourne

U14 VI

C. Burke
N. Hareshape
J. Cribb
C. Andrews
J. Scott
J. Higginbotham

U13 VI

J. Crippin
G. Willis
M. Arden
G. Gillespie
J. Andrew
E. Elvin

U12 VI

L. Willis
V. Bate
S. Rae
A. Toosey
S. Hart
E. McMillan

Colours: S. Shaw

Junior Colours: S. Barker, A. Carden

Match Results:

1st VI WON against I.M. Marsh, Heber H.S., Howell's
 LOST against St. Hilda's, Moreton Hall, Lymn
2nd VI LOST against Merchant Taylors'
U16 VI WON against Blacon
U15 VI WON against Howell's, Merchant Taylors', Lymn, Ham-
 mond, Blacon, Moreton Hall
 LOST against Birkenhead
U14 VI WON against Hammond, Kingsway
 LOST against Birkenhead, Merchant Taylors', Blacon,
 Christleton, Upton H.S.
U13 VI WON against Heber H.S., Blacon, Christleton, Kingsway,
 Upton H.S.
U12 VI WON against Upton H.S.

Inter-Schools Tournaments

<i>Aberdare Cup Preliminary Round</i>	WON against St. Hilary's
	WON against Cheadle Hulme
	LOST against Dean Row
<i>Cheshire Cup: 2nd Round</i>	WON against Shavington
<i>Semi-Final</i>	WON against Malbank
<i>Final</i>	WON against Dean Row

Cheshire Schools L.T.A. Tournaments

Intermediate Doubles Team: Winners

Junior Doubles Team: Winners

Chester & District Tournaments

U18 Team: Winners

U14 Team: Winners

U13 Team: Winners

School Tournaments

1st VI Singles

Senior Singles

Junior Team Singles

LIV Singles

Remove Singles

Senior Doubles

Winner

M. Stevenson

D. Clague

A. Carden

J. Crippin

V. Bate

J. Longden

S. Willis

Runner-Up

R. Hart

J. Judge

H. Parker

M. Arden

S. Rae

S. Long

L. Nell

House Matches

Senior Tennis

Junior Tennis

Won by Westminster

Won by Hastings



**The
First
Teams**

Athletics, 1983

The athletics season got off to a bad start because of heavy rain in the first few weeks of the summer term. For the first time the Girls' Athletics League events had to be cancelled, and the Chester and District team was chosen from performances recorded at school. The following girls were selected from Queen's to compete in the county championships.

Allison Consterdine	— 200 m and relay
Jill Crippin	— 75 m hurdles
Caryn Smith	— discus
Katy McNay	— junior 100 m and relay
Sarah Cotgreave	— intermediate 100 m and relay

Sarah and Allison ran particularly well, Sarah being placed 4th in her final and Allison 2nd in the 200 m final. Allison was then selected to run for Cheshire at the inter-counties meeting at Warley, and here she achieved a national standard time of 26.7 s.

The Minors championships were held at the end of May at Dee High School. Following a good performance at this meeting, Julia Farrell was selected for the Minors Chester and District team to compete at Crewe. There she was placed 2nd in the 100 m final.

In July the Chester and District Championships were held at Overleigh. The following girls are to be congratulated on being placed in the finals of their events:

2nd year 200 m	— Allison Consterdine (1st)
2nd year hurdles	— Jill Crippin (2nd)
2nd year relay	— 3rd
2nd year long jump	— Allison Consterdine (1st)
2nd year discus	— Michelle Arden (1st)
2nd year high jump	— Gina Gillespie (2nd)
3rd year 100 m	— Katy McNay (2nd)
3rd year hurdles	— Maria Shepherd (4th)
4th year 100 m	— Sarah Cotgreave (1st)
Intermediate 100 m	— Katy Cunliffe (2nd)
Intermediate long jump	— Katy Cunliffe (1st)

Queen's were placed 6th overall, out of the eleven schools competing.

Colours: Sarah Cotgreave (1982)

Allison Consterdine

Athlete of the Year: Allison Consterdine

House Athletics

For the first time an inter-house athletics competition was held. This proved to be very successful and it was very pleasant to see such a large cross-section of the school participating. Westminster won the trophy by 14 points from Hastings.

Rounders, 1983

During the term the Rounders Club was well attended, and there was great competition for team places, especially in the Removes and Lower Fourths.

	U13	U14	U15
<i>B</i>	J. Crippin (Capt.)	C. Bamber	C. Bond
<i>BS</i>	M. Arden	L. Whalley	J. Clark
<i>1B</i>	E. Elvin	N. Haresnape	J. Gerstl
<i>2B</i>	V. Ward	S. Ward	A. Carden
<i>3B</i>	J. Andrew	C. Smith	R. Prince
<i>4B</i>	G. Gillespie	C. Burke (Capt.)	H. Parker
<i>1D</i>	G. Willis	A. Cobden	S. Cotgreave
<i>2D</i>	C. Oultram	J. Scott	L. Sherlock
<i>3D</i>	P. Farrington	K. Wilcox	S. Barker
<i>also</i>			
<i>played</i>	C. Fulford	L. Fielding	
	R. Cunliffe		

The U13's did particularly well, winning all their matches during the term and then winning the Chester and District tournament at the end of June, beating Heber in the final.

House Matches (Junior)

Winners

— Hastings

Lacrosse, 1983—4

1st XII	2nd XII	U15 XII	U14 XII	U13 XII
A. Jones	R. Hart	C. Savin	L. Minshall	F. Wright/
M. Stevenson	H. Clark	N. Limb	V. Edwards	C. Winder
C. Thompson	J. Clark	H. Clark	E. Elvin/	K. Bowden
(Capt.)	M. Evans	A. Butler	T. Warwick	J. Atkinson
N. Chamberlin	C. Bond	J. Cribb	R. Cunliffe	K. Bond
S. Mills	A. Carden	C. Burke	C. Oultram	L. Stent
S. Barker	J. Chamberlin	C. Andrews	(Capt.)	L. Willis/
S. Willis	S. Davies (Capt.)	(Capt.)	A. Consterdine	S. McIlhinney
S. Davies/	A. Brown	J. Aston/	G. Gillespie	R. Clark
A. Brown	H. Parker	L. Polding	M. Sinclair	V. Swift/
K. Willis	L. Colbourne	H. Kinsman	G. Willis	V. Bate
J. Fearnall	J. Gerstl	A. Cobden	J. Crippin	C. Bond
L. Aubrey	C. Andrews	J. Higginbotham	C. Dalton	A. Toosey
J. Longden		J. Scott/	S. Bestwick/	A. Swift/
		J. Higginbotham	K. Ashton	C. Whittle
				M. James/
				V. Brown

Colours: C. Thompson, S. Mills

Junior Colours: H. Clark

1st XII	WON against St. Helen's & St. Katharine's, Abingdon, Belvedere, Bolton Club, I.M. Marsh 2nd XII, St. Colomba's DREW with Birkenhead H.S. LOST against Moreton Hall, Cheltenham Ladies' College, Wirral, Bolton School, Germantown Friends' School (U.S.A.)
2nd XII	WON against Birkenhead H.S., Wirral, Bolton, I.M. Marsh 1st year Beginners XII LOST against Howell's
U15 XII	WON against Howell's (Autumn Term) LOST against Birkenhead H.S., Wirral, Belvedere, Howell's (Spring Term), Bolton, Moreton Hall
U14 XII	WON against Birkenhead, Wirral, Howell's (Autumn Term) LOST against Belvedere, Howell's (Spring Term), Bolton, Moreton Hall
U13 XII	LOST against Moreton Hall, Wirral

Tournaments

North Schools' Tournament

1st XII	WON against Queen Ethelburga's 2nd, Birkenhead, Bolton 2nd, Polam Hall DREW with Queen Margaret's LOST in the semi-final to Harrogate College
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National Schools' Tournament, London

1st XII	WON against North Foreland Lodge LOST against St. George's, Harpenden, Monmouth, Wycombe Abbey
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House Matches

Senior won by Thompson

Junior won by Hastings

Hockey, 1983—84

House Matches

Senior won by Hastings

Junior won by Sandford

	1st XI	2nd XI	U15 XI
<i>GK</i>	C. Thompson	S. Smedley/H. Winder	C. Savin
<i>RB</i>	N. Chamberlin	M. Stevenson	N. Limb
<i>LB</i>	B. Plottier	A. Carden	T. Bowra/C. Burke
<i>RH</i>	S. Mills	J. Gerstl/E. King	J. Cribb
<i>CH</i>	A. Brown	S. Cotgreave	J. Scott
<i>LH</i>	L. Aubrey (Capt.)	S. Barker	J. Higginbotham
<i>RW</i>	L. Nell	K. Willis	A. Cobden
<i>RI</i>	J. Fearnall	L. Colbourne	J. Aston
<i>CF</i>	S. Long	J. Clark	C. Andrews (Capt.)
<i>LI</i>	J. Longden	J. Chamberlin	K. Wilcox
<i>LW</i>	S. Willis	H. Parker	H. Clark
<i>also played</i>	N. Jones	C. Duncan	H. Kinsman

	U14 XI	U13 XI
<i>GK</i>	M. Arden/L. Minshall	F. Wright/C. Whittle
<i>RB</i>	R. Cunliffe	L. Willis
<i>LB</i>	W. McVicker/C. Dalton	L. Stent/V. Pennington
<i>RH</i>	J. Crippin	V. Bate
<i>CH</i>	C. Oultram	R. Clark
<i>LH</i>	K. Jones	A. Platt/C. McMillan
<i>RW</i>	A. Consterdine	J. Atkinson
<i>RI</i>	G. Gillespie	C. Bond
<i>CF</i>	G. Willis/J. Andrew	R. McGrath/M. James
<i>LI</i>	E. Elvin/C. Fulford	K. Bond
<i>LW</i>	M. Sinclair	S. Rae/V. Swift
<i>also played</i>		A. Swift
		K. Heap

Senior Colours: Jackie Fearnall, Sarah Mills (1983)

Match Results

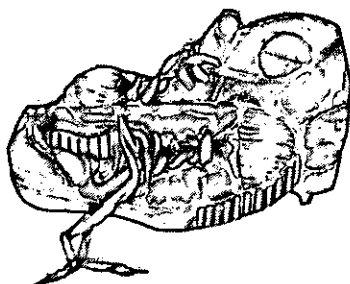
	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against
1st XI	5	1	3	16	5
2nd/U16 XI	2	1	1	13	3
U15 XI	1	7	3	2	14
U14 XI	8	2	1	28	4
U13 XI	-	1	2	2	4

Tournaments

Chester and District Tournament

<i>1st XI</i>	v	Heber 1—0
	v	Queen's Park 1—0
	v	Abbeygate 5—0
	v	Upton 1—0
	v	Kingsway 2—0
		WON Tournament

<i>U15 XI</i>	v	Upton 0—0
	v	Christleton 0—0
	v	Abbeygate 0—0
	v	Hammond 1—0
		3rd in section



U14 Indoor

2nd in section; qualified for semi-final. In semi-final 0—0 v Upton — WON on corners. In final 2—0 v Christleton.

WON tournament.

U18 National Schoolgirls' Tournament

Preliminary rounds:

1—1 v Macclesfield

2—0 v Lymm

Cheshire final:

3—1 v Helsby;

qualified to represent Cheshire.

Regional final:

0—0 v Winstanley

0—1 v Bingley, Yorkshire.

Bingley qualified for the north finals.

Cheshire Tournaments

U16 Preliminary section:

Drew 0—0 v Padgate

Drew 0—0 v Heber

Drew 0—0 v Wade Deacon

Won 2—0 v Sutton

In semi-final won 1—0 v Lymm; qualified for finals day. On finals day:

Drew 0—0 v Tarporley

Lost 0—1 v Harefield

Won 1—0 v Verdin

RUNNERS-UP in tournament.

U18 Preliminary section

Drew 0—0 v Culcheth

Won 4—0 v Heath

Won 1—0 v Sir John Deane's;

Qualified for finals day. On finals day:

Drew 0—0 Sir John Deane's

Won 1—0 v Helsby

Won 1—0 v Whitby

WON tournament.

Table-Tennis tournaments

Both the table-tennis clubs and tournaments have been very popular this year. The Removes have been very keen and, despite the noise level at each club meeting, have managed to attain a very high standard of play. The final of the junior tournament surprised us by the skill and competitiveness with which it was played; helped on, no doubt, by the equally enthusiastic spectators. The final was won in two games by Pippa Bickerton, the runner-up being Katherine Bond.

The teachers starred again in the senior tournament, Dr. Bradbeer carrying the honours this year by beating Sarah Shepherd in the final.

I hope that everyone will continue to participate in both the clubs and tournaments next year, with just as much skill and enthusiasm.

Bridget Plottier, LVI

The Athena Rowing Club

The 1983 season, although not the most successful in the history of the club, has been very enjoyable and included several close races. The Junior Fifteen four were narrowly beaten at Northwich, North West Women's and Grosvenor Women's regattas by Mark Rutherford School, Bedford and had the misfortune to meet exceptionally good crews at Lancaster and Merseyside in the Senior C section. The Novice crew members were unlucky in that they were always drawn against large, strong girls and never had quite enough stamina to beat the older crews. Gaynor de Wit beat a Grosvenor Rowing Club sculler at Chester Sprints Regatta to win her novice sculls.

Thanks to the hard training over the winter, not only that on the river but also running and weight training in the gym, the 1984 season has started successfully. Because of increased club members Athena was able to enter two crews in the North of England Head of the River race. The first eight beat the second eight by several minutes and were therefore the winners of the Women's Junior Eights pennant. At the North West Veterans' and Juniors' Regatta Meleri Evans and Helen Winder were narrowly beaten by Northwich/Nottingham Boat Club in the final of the Junior Coxless Pairs event. The Junior Fifteen crew, consisting of Lorna Warren, Lisa Whalley, Sarah Ward and Fiona Carruthers, was successful at Runcorn Regatta where they easily beat the University College of North Wales and Liverpool University to win the Women's Novice Fours. We hope the season continues to be successful, and that once again the Athena Rowing Club can make its mark on junior women's rowing.

Helen Winder, UVH

Trip to the England v. Wales Lacross International

It was a cold, wet day, as we all jumped into the coach for Liverpool to watch the lacrosse international.

When we arrived, the curtain-raiser match (between Junior England and Young England) had begun. It was a very fast match and both teams tackled each other whenever possible. The more experienced Young England eventually won, seventeen goals to four.

The next match was the Senior International between England and Wales. This match was even more exciting and we could see how much more skilful the players were. One of the England reserves, sitting on the bench, was an ex-Queen's School pupil — Karin Pottinger. After a lot of battling and crashing of sticks the score was seventeen:three to England. On our journey back to Chester Miss Scott told us more about the players and the training they do.

Pippa Bickerton, Hannah Owen, Remove Q

Creative Prose

My Dream Landscape

At first I saw several shapes in the grey, swirling mist. As I looked more closely I realised that these were trees. They seemed to be shining through the grey air and I moved nearer to take a closer look. To my astonishment the trees seemed to be made from tiny splinters of glass. The tiny pieces glittered and sparkled in the dim light, their branches long and thin, twisting and turning and covered with tiny glass leaves, sparkling like diamonds. I had never seen anything so beautiful. I smiled and reached upwards to pull off a branch to take home, but as I touched the tree I heard a terrible cry. Startled by the sudden shriek I moved away from the tree and saw in its branches a peculiar creature, which I presumed to be a bird. It glared down at me with narrow red eyes. The strange creature had an enormous, curved beak stretching out from a long, thin head. The beak seemed sharp and cruel-looking as the creature stared down at me.

Then I noticed the bird's flesh was not covered in feathers like that of the birds I knew at home. It looked like a plucked chicken's skin; it was pink and seemed to be covered in goosepimples. It made me shudder with horror. The bird's claws were long and pointed and, like its beak, looked ready to sink into my tender skin with their sharp-pointed ends. They seemed very large and out of proportion compared with the rest of the bird.

The bird never blinked or moved a muscle but sat motionless in the tree and continued to stare at me. I began to feel uncomfortable and turned to move away, but as I turned I was greeted with several more pairs of cruel red gleaming eyes. These belonged to similar birds, and the air was filled with high-pitched cries, which sounded frightening and strange compared with the cheerful and tuneful songs of the birds I was used to. I felt the evil eyes and skinny heads turn and follow me, and I moved quickly away. As I hurried on, the air felt cold and hostile, and now total silence seemed to wrap itself around me.

Now I heard a new sound; there had to be a river or stream close by, for this was the sound of running water, although it had to be a slow-moving stream, for somehow the water sounded slow and sluggish. As I reached the river I saw why — instead of the water being cool and bubbly, this river looked thick and hot. It moved slowly, and steam was rising into the air. Large bubbles were formed which rose to the surface and popped, spraying a thick substance into the air. The river was the colour of blood. It looked thick and red, and as I stared at it I felt a wave of revulsion pass over me.

On the banks of the river grew some plants, their long thin stems to me seeming too skinny and weak to hold their enormous flowers, but all the plants were upright. The flowers were bell-shaped, with huge orange petals. From the orange bells poked purple tongue-like stamens covered with pollen, like thick, yellow dust. They were not pretty plants; they looked like something totally alien, something from some other world, an evil and horrible world. They seemed to lean forwards towards me, their tongue-like stamens visibly growing and coming towards me — they were going to wrap round me and pull me to them.

I turned to run away but I was not quick enough. I was pulled towards one of the flowers and suddenly was falling down, down into the orange cup of the flower, the bright orange colour filling my eyes. Then, suddenly everything was black and I opened my eyes. The bell on my alarm clock was ringing and automatically I reached out to turn it off. I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes. I tried to remember the strange trees, birds and river that I had visited in my dream landscape, but found I preferred to forget them.

Kirsty McNay, Upper IVH

Rome

I woke up and lay for a few moments in the cool white bed, wondering where I was. The air on my face was warm and I heard a deep, mellow note sounding out over the city, which I now remembered was Rome. The morning was beautiful.

I stepped quietly over to the window and breathed in the amazingly fresh air, which seemed unusual for a big city. The sun had caught the golden dome of St. Peter's, and it stood like a magnificent beacon against the far-reaching misty blue sky. The enormous bell swung again and sent another great chime over the city which would soon be alive.

I had ordered an early breakfast; so I dressed quickly and made my way down the sweeping staircase, which always reminds me of the romantic films in which beautiful girls, in rich, jewelled dresses, stand at the top of staircases and gaze down at their Romeos. I drank my coffee, and walked out under the gates of the colomus, which was once a palace belonging to the cardinals of the Vatican. The *Conciliazione* was amazingly quiet and I was able to walk with ease under the great colonnades that surrounded St. Peter's Square, where already pilgrims had arrived.

My plan was to reach the top of St. Peter's before the crowds arrived, and so I decided to leave the actual tour of the cathedral till later. I bought my ticket for the lift and soon I was halfway up the dome, from where on I had to walk. I looked over the balcony at the pilgrims praying, many feet below. I marvelled at the paintings of Michael Angelo and at the height of the dome, which was illustrated by the feather in the hand of a bearded prophet. This was really five feet long, but from the ground looked about the size of an ordinary seagull's feather.

After a spiralled walk round the dome I arrived at the very top. I walked out into the open air and the heat struck me like a wave. The heat haze had dispersed and I could see for miles. The whole of Rome and its surrounding fields of grapes was laid out before me.

The city seemed quiet from such a height and the only noise was the buzzing heat. The golden domes were drinking in the sun, giving it a magical story-book look. The theatres, and the magnificent buildings which made it such a beautiful city, were all there below me, and an immense feeling of serenity and peace filled me. The Papal gardens lay below me, the luscious green lawns spiralled and patterned by immaculately shaped green box hedges. Sparkling white fountains stood out against the green, and the bright flowers made it a wonderfully ornate scene. The large white temple called the "Wedding Cake"

was clearly visible, along with the Colosseum and the ancient temples of the Roman Forum. I could imagine the cheering crowds at the Circus Maximus, willing the fiery horse-drawn chariots on.

The winding Tiber had seen all these crowds and had witnessed some of the atrocities committed by those ancient Romans. The river had also seen the peaceful vineyards to which the city gives way, the fields of grapes where the peasants worked and still made the wonderful Frascati which I drank with relish at every meal. The fields went on for ever, it seemed, until they reached the dark, distant mountains, which were but a deep blue haze merging into the sky.

I was lost in the feeling of beauty and happiness with which Rome filled me, until a coarse American voice shouted with unrestrained gusto:

"Gee; look at that, Marjorie . . ."

Elizabeth Wharram, Upper VB

Dallas

The screen is filled with a spectrum of multi-coloured swimming costumes and towels as the Dallas fancy folk relax around a luxury swimming pool. Decidedly masculine men, with amazing good looks and muscles bulging under their skin, dive into the pool, like bronzed missiles entering the water, making the reflections of the light on the surface break up into tiny pieces, like a mirror being smashed into a thousand fragments. Very attractive women in colourful but hardly adequate swimming costumes, smile seductively as they spread their sun tan oil on their legs, giving the impression that the entire population of the city has just walked out of a model agency.

The scene is perfect and the obvious heat is just beginning to seep through the television screen into the room, when J.R. appears, looking like a walking mushroom in his grey suit, cowboy boots and enormous stetson hat, and the atmosphere immediately changes to freezing point as he makes his way towards his wife and son. Sue-Ellen turns round, her eyes blinking, her lips quivering and her lower jaw dropping and swinging from side to side like an unstable drawbridge.

"What are you doing here, J.R.?" she says with a look of disgust as she sees her "man-you-love-to-hate" husband. Her son (who masters the English language wonderfully with an occasional "Yes — No — O.K. Mommy" or "Let's go swimming, Peter!") cowers behind a deck chair.

The scene changes to the Ewing Oil office where Bobby, the "goody-goody" of the family, is drowning his sorrows after his divorce from "wet-lettuce" Pam, and Katherine Wentworth is eyeing him up with her blue eyes as cold as icebergs.

"How about lunch?" is invariably the next line as they troop off to an expensive restaurant, have a wonderful meal and conveniently leave before they have paid the bill. No wonder they are so rich!

Sharon Ellis, Lower IVP

Synthesis

Dirty froth arose violently from the liquid and settled. More powder was added until grey lumps began to form at the base of the bath. When the depth of the precipitate had been measured several times, the alkali was filtered slowly and the filtrate allowed to run into the next bath, leaving the thick grey substance in the bottom. This was methodically collected and put into white plastic buckets. The girl heaved up two of these and made her way through the heavy door and into the antiseptic corridor. The grey porridge slopped revoltingly in the buckets as she walked awkwardly towards the shredding room. Silently she passed others who were carrying trays of chemicals or buckets of the same grey liquid. Entering the huge, cluttered shredding room with difficulty, she dropped the buckets, sending a heavy spray of slush across the floor. The girl sat on a nearby table amongst bottles of essence, colourants and enhancers and watched while the grey liquid was poured into a deep trough, full of a stiff brown substance. Some Emulsifier 332 was added, then some E150, some whey powder, potassium bicarbonate and finally some sodium 5-ribonucleotide. Now the brown mass was ploughed by the shredding machine and came out as a thick carpet of moist "Kesp". This disappeared into another machine and reappeared in chunks — to be taken to food factories and used in curries and meat pies everywhere.

Wendy Grimshaw, Lower VW

Upon Returning Home

Turning up the gravel drive, now overgrown with groundsel and dandelion, I feel a rush of happiness at returning home. I hear the familiar click of the key grudgingly turning in the lock, the creak of the door and then an empty silence. My loud footsteps seem out of place.

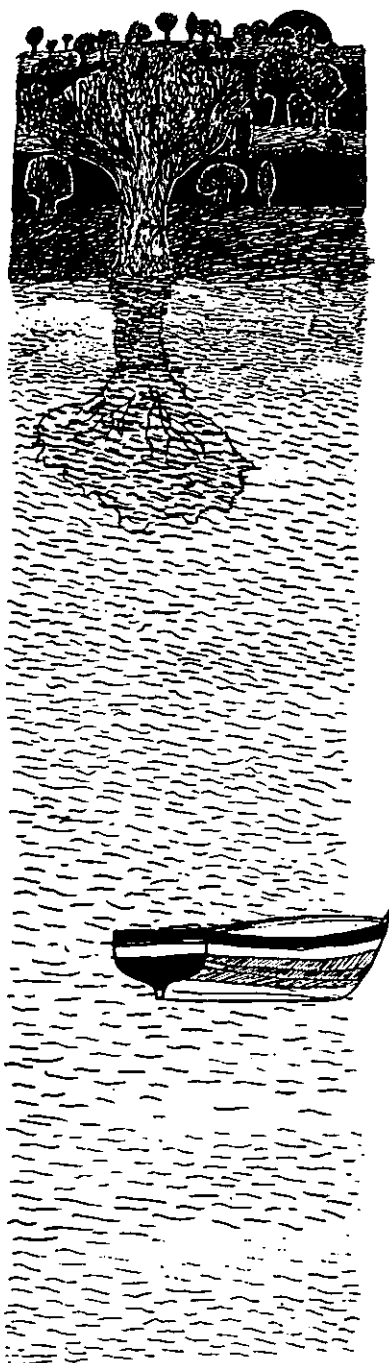
In front of the door is a pyramid of unopened mail, circulars advertising double glazing and book clubs, bills and a Conservative pamphlet.

From the kitchen I hear the monotonous sound of a dripping tap. On the table are last fortnight's flowers, now faded and withered, the petals strewn around the base of the vase filled with murky water.

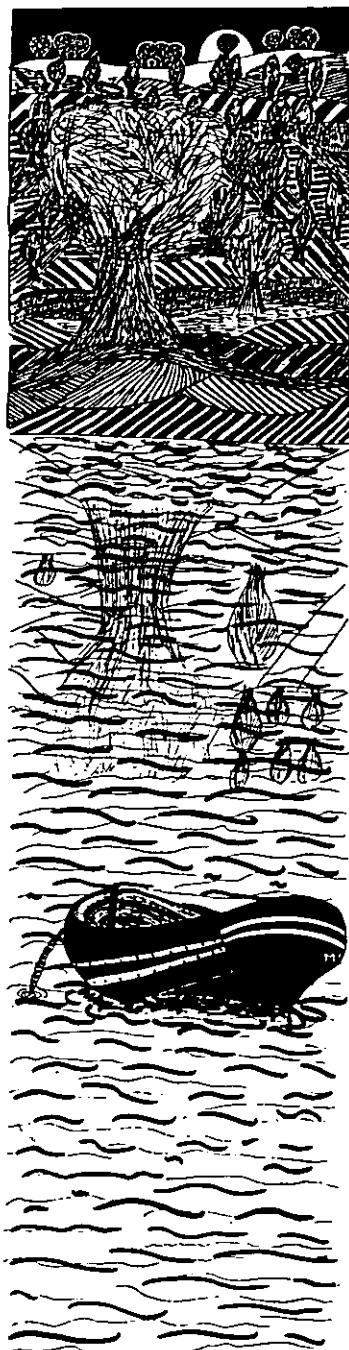
On the windowsill, still and covered with dust, lies a dead bluebottle. I look out of the window and see a stretch of unmown lawn, unkempt and carpeted with buttercups and daisies.

Everything will be different tomorrow. Dad will wind up the clock, mend the washer on the dripping tap and mow the lawn. Mum will dust the windowsill, remove the bluebottle and replace the dead flowers. The mail will be opened, the circulars thrown away and the bills groaned over. Everything will return to normal, until the next holiday.

Justine Fernandes, Remove Q



C. Ibbett



*Caroline Surfleet
Remove Q*

Science and Technology

Take Two!

On the 4th April, 1984, the Queen's School Physics Laboratory was in chaos as we attempted to make our first, and probably last, film. Our Director, alias Mr. Hands, paced up and down surveying the various teams who were excitedly preparing their experiments for our 20-minute feature film. Our epic production consisted of experiments concerning energy. Two and a half minutes before the countdown started, Jane, Gina and Kirsty (members of UIVH) had their make-up touched up by our make-up artist, alias Mr. Hands! However, they needed more time to polish final details, and Mr. Hands wiped his brow in agitation as minutes slipped away; the tension was beginning to show.

Finally filming began as Ruth, Julia and Nichola went into action, demonstrating how to use a model steam engine. Disaster struck as the "meths" in the steam engine caught fire, spreading quickly onto the bench! But our fire chief, alias Mr. Hands, saved the day and soon had everything under control.

Our second group of budding young scientists were Sam, Lisa and Michelle, demonstrating the uses of solar energy. Our camera man, alias Mr. Hands, demanded silence as he zoomed in. Apart from a few minor stumbles everything went smoothly, and we were impressed by their script which explained the matters very simply. Next, Jane, Gina and Kirsty gave us a very systematic and formal account of the energy transfers produced when two marbles roll down a slope. We were baffled by their complicated calculations but they sounded very professional.

Our last experiment was performed by Georgia, Emily and Kay. They seemed to find it amusing, and later at the premiere of the film the whole cast thought it hysterical. We could not find out why: unfortunately "on the spot" interviews were unobtainable, as our actresses had to rush off immediately, presumably for security reasons.

Vicki Atkinson, Julie Howard, Kate Appleby, UIVH

"Dr. Bradbeer likes talking about pigs."

(Mrs. Affleck)

"She breathes, that's the trouble."

(Mr. Hands)

"I'm scared of the physics lab — it all looks very efficient in there."

(Mrs. Wiley)

"The truth's got to come out sooner or later but I'd rather it was later."

(Mr. Bent)

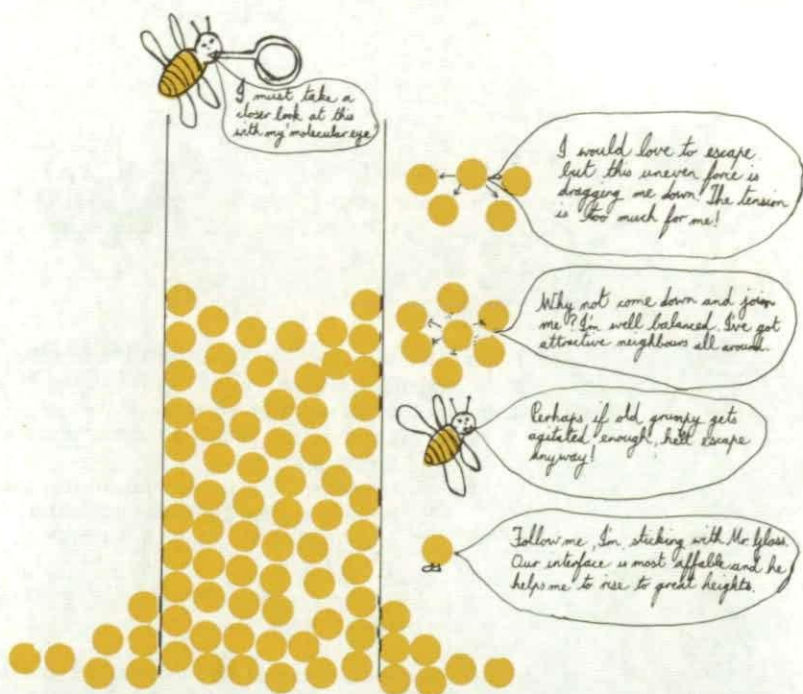
"I had a nightmare of a conveyor belt running away with me."

(Mrs. Entwisle)

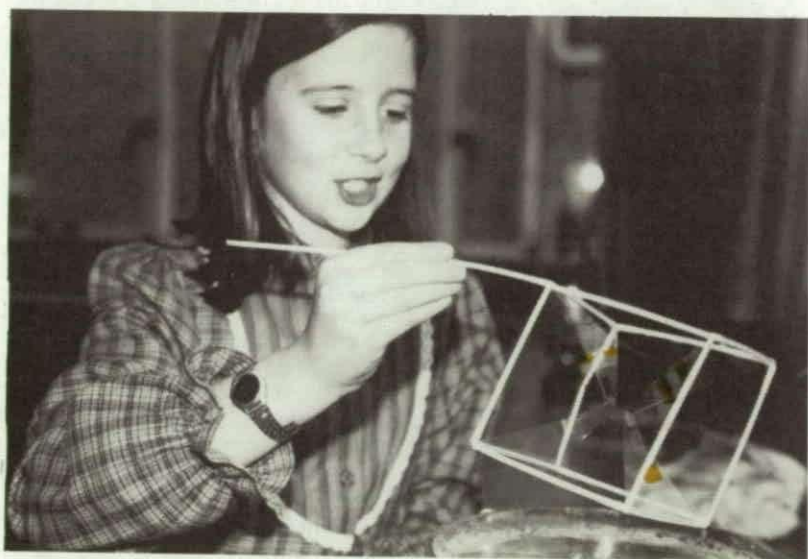
"Molecules are very small, but not always; it depends on how big they are."

(Dr. Young)

SURFACE TENSION

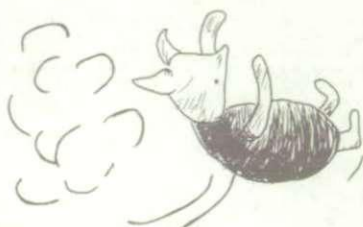


Moensie Rossier, Rem Q



Examinations are Fun

(if you study the right books)



1. If Noddy parks on a hill, forgetting to use his brake, and his car starts to roll down the hill, and when it reaches the bottom it hits a wall,

- Describe the energy changes which are taking place.
- If the car takes ten seconds to reach the bottom, at what speed was the car travelling, just before colliding with the wall?
- What height was the hill?
- If the car had a mass of 2 kg, how much energy was lost?



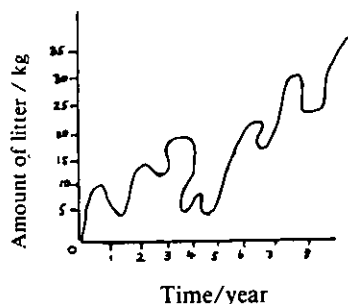
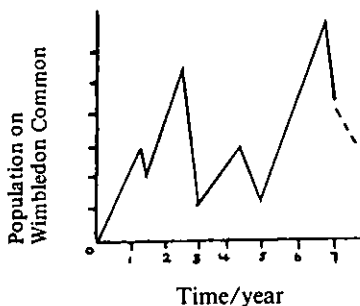
2) If the circumference of Pooh's tummy before he got stuck in Rabbit's doorway was 60 cm, what was the circumference of his tummy after eating ten pots of honey containing 16.3 cm^3 of honey each?

(Don't assume that $\pi = \frac{22}{7}$.)



- With the aid of a sketch map describe and locate McWombly.
 - Give an account, with reference to specific examples, of the factors which influenced development in this area.
 - Describe and account for the fluctuations in the population on Wimbledon Common. How does this relate to the mounting litter problem over the last few years?
 - Give one way in which this problem could be solved.





4) Peter Rabbit has ventured into the garden of Mr. McGregor and has just consumed three lettuces which he has stolen from the vegetable patch.

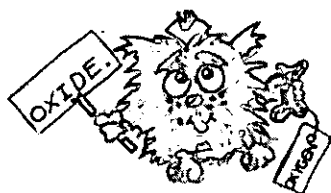
- What processes of digestion are involved as the lettuce leaves pass through the digestive tract? (Peter Rabbit is a "cuniculus".)
- He is spotted by Mister Man. What is the hormone which comes into operation as he tries to escape?
- Peter Rabbit runs towards the perimeter of the garden and tries, in vain, to squeeze under the gate. Given that the gap between the bottom of the gate and the ground is 10 cm and Peter Rabbit's average weight after eating TWO lettuces is 3.54 kg,
 - How much fat from his adipose tissue would have to be respired in order for him to be able to squeeze under the gate?
 - Give a balanced equation, and state symbols, for this process.



Lindsey Colbourne and other UV

REACTIVITY

BY SHARON ELLIS, LIZ P



① AN ELEMENT AND AN OXIDE ARE HEATED TOGETHER.

② THEY 'FIGHT' FOR THE OXYGEN.

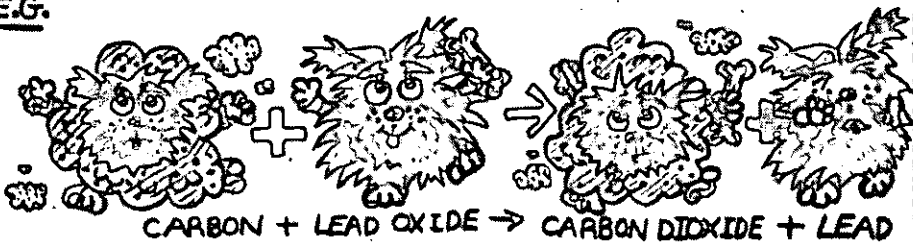


③ THE STRONGER ELEMENT 'WINS' THE OXYGEN.

④ THE OXYGEN BECOMES PART OF THE STRONGER ELEMENT AND IT BECOMES AN OXIDE.



E.G.



From the Poets

THOUGHTS ON A BUTTERFLY

*Its brightly coloured wings
Bring to mind a multitude of images:
A much disjointed rainbow,
A small child's painting,
A church window,
A box of bright, foil-wrapped sweets,
Or an ancient patterned mosaic,
All fitted together with pure, neat symmetry.
To form the grace and beauty of the butterfly.*

Alison Riches, Remove H

A PRESS CONFERENCE WITH TWO LEADING SPORTSMEN

*Congratulations!
You've done it again
A "Gold" for your country,
We're proud of you men.*

*A word from the winners?
"Well, we'd just like to say"
Any plans for the future?
Olympics in May?*

*"We'd like to say thank-you"
Yes, yes, we know,
All that blab to the sponsors,
You must say for show.*

*We want
Are itching to hear
Like: who are your girl-friends?
Brand of nightwear?*

*The nightclub you visit,
The make of your car,
Any forthcoming marriage
Or things on a par.*

*Exactly how old are you?
Which social class?
Have you a "Batchelor Pad"
Complete with smoked glass?*

*Are you already married?
Is she older than you?
Have you ANY such scandal
Or strange point of view,*

*That we can grasp onto
To make you a hit?
(But please don't be saintly
— too boring to fit.)*

*All right, you're good sportsmen,
But that's not enough,
You need a big image
Like "MEAN, HARD AND TOUGH".*

*We've got all we want now,
So you can be off.
Your sponsors? Forget 'em —
They're not big enough stuff.*

*To meet the huge needs
Of our public, who pay,
We need CRISIS and SCANDAL,
The news of today.*

Denise Whitehead, Upper VB

HOME IMPROVEMENTS?

*Home is where the heart is,
Home is where the builders are.
Hammering home the nail, hammer banging
Shakes the house, slowly settling,
New cracks appear.
Light fittings hang uprooted,
A bunch of switches like cherries — take your pick
And jungle wires twine, a menacing plant, seeking entrance.*

*The air
Dust-filled, lands and overflows through
Sacred rooms, untouched by
Heavy foot and blue overall,
Sleeping under doors,
Insidious influence griming lino, enamel;
Lifting in solid heavy clouds from blankets and cushions.
Someone mopped the floor: two days' soot
Too deep to be erased. The 'phone
No longer rings, its bell choked by the encroaching
Dust.*

*The house suffers painful change,
Creaking butterfly with dirty wings.
Slowly emerging, moulded by the drills, the saws,
The old walls,
Shored up,
Supported
With a new coat of plaster.
Complications, complications,
"We'll look at it again after a cup of tea, Bill."
The Bill
Will be horrendous,
Staggering the tree that money doesn't grown on,
Breaking the camel's back.*

Kate Bott, Lower VI

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: or, What you Will

*The day loomed ahead
Terrifying, black,
Shot through with claps of thunder
And scenes from Macbeth.
And with awesome terror I recognised
These feelings of misapprehension and dread
Were because I had not done
My English homework yet —
And today was Sunday,
The day I had to write
An article for — Have Mynde!*

*"Shakespeare, Shakespeare,
Wherefore art thou, Shakespeare?"
In desperation I cried,
For well had I hoped that
Mayhap I could glean some
Flash of inspiration, winging from
Heaven as a gift from the Almighty above.
But, alas, my mind went blank,
And 'twas obvious that Shakespeare's
Muse was yet again on strike.
I cursed the day I had to write
An article for — Have Mynde!*

*"To be, or not to be" —
That was the question,
But to my poor fevered brain
The answer was a certainty —
I had not gained a single line
So it was "not to be!"
"It isn't fair!" I cried aloud;
"Shakespeare never had to write
An article for — Have Mynde!"*

*"The quality of mercy is not strained."
So spake Portia in her famed speech,
But yet, although I mistakenly believed it,
I now do find that mercy droppeth not
On anyone who has to write
An article for — Have Mynde!
Friends, Romans, and fellow schoolgirls, unite!
Let us band together and ban
These cursèd days of fright!
Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war
Upon the teachers who declare
That we must write
An article for — Have Mynde!*

*But stay! "Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious" — with Shakespeare's help;
For the Muse is back to work at last,
And I have had some inspiration,
The results of which you see
Upon the page before you.
"Double, double, toil and trouble"
Has at last been driven to rest,
And perhaps they aren't so bad, after all,
The days I have to write
An article for — Have Mynde!*

Written and edited by Susan Moyes, Lower VA,
with comments by Shakespeare

SKIING

*The shining peaks that sharply dissect the horizon, whizz by
And the valleys descend into a blur and haze,
Just hiding the small town of Vald'isere.
I glide down swiftly the Solaise Mountain,
And, as I turn, snow spray flies up on to my face,
Making vision through my sunglasses slightly blurred.
I look out for the bumpy turns,
Where my skis chatter like sticks on corrugated iron.*

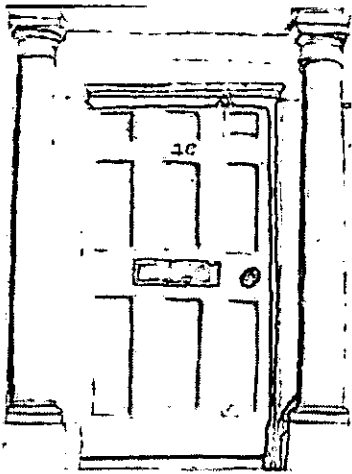
*I ski off piste on to virgin snow,
I smoothly career down,
Making pure new traces and patterns.
The wind blows on my sunburnt face:
What a sensation! I feel happy and carefree.
People look like specks of colour on a white background,
As I zoom past them.
There's only a few metres to go now,
I 'shoose' down in a tuck position at top speed.
There's a mogul ahead, I will jump over it,
For a split-second I feel like a bird flying.
I land and stop,
I've come to the end of the slope.*

Hannah Owen, Remove Q

THE SLEDGE-RIDE

*A great world of white
At my wellingtoned feet!
The arms of a pine-forest stretch out to greet
My wrapped, buttoned-up figure.
With a great push I'm off,
Effortlessly swooping, twisting,
Bombing down the icy, smooth surface,
As the frozen, cold snow
Sprays up into my excited face.
Blurred images surge past, as I race downhill,
Ploughing the great slope.
The hill splays out before me,
My arms clinging tenaciously to the wooden sledge.
Then suddenly, against my will,
All is over, my sledge upturned, perfectly still,
Buried in the mound of stinging ice.
Gone is that delight, that joy.
Instead, soft, icy smoothness covers my head.
The fingers of numbness creep over me
As I lie, bedraggled, in the snow.*

Clare Ibbett, Remove Q



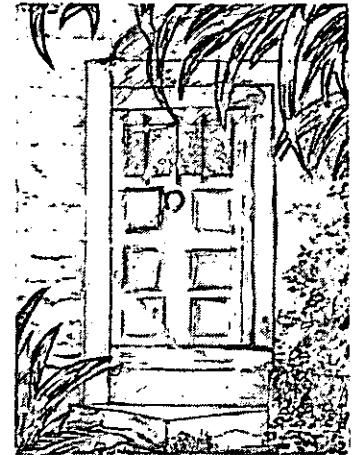
I have to wedge my door shut with a couple of paperbacks. At the moment I'm using "Why split the atom? (The character and achievements of nuclear physics)" and "The works of Renoir (illustrated)" when I need a bit of colour. Perhaps I should be using "The doors of perception" by Aldous Huxley.

If windows are the eyes of a house, then the door is its mouth.

Doors

My bedroom door is very important, as it is the threshold between the territory of my family, and my territory. In my room I say what happens, but in the rest of the house there are rules to be obeyed. My room is the refuge from these rules.

Saying a last goodbye to someone I wouldn't see for a long time. Looking out of the window and seeing a removal van. Walking out of the door for the last time.

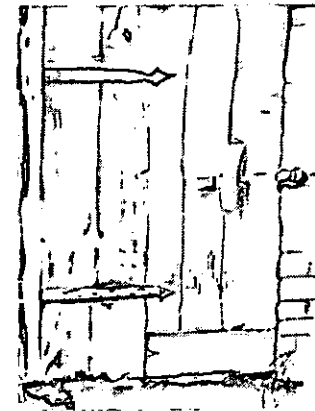


I fear doors.

An important door in my life was the entrance door of the Queen's School, when I was going to collect my "O" level results. I had never really appreciated it before, I had just walked blindly into and out of it, but because of what I knew was behind the door, I was afraid to walk through it.

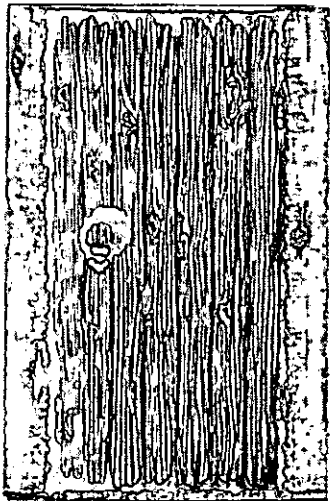


After the Queen's School entrance exam. I was desperate to find the exit! Queen's can be a very confusing place to a bewildered eleven-year-old. After darting into the cloisters, the quadrangle and two cloakrooms, we eventually found the big brown door. That door was important because, although I desperately wanted to find it on March 4th, 1978, I also wanted to go through it in September, 1978 — and I did.



The door makes a satisfying clang when it shuts out the world, allowing me to enter into home, safe and secure. If doors can have a character, I suppose it would have a maternal nature, with its white vastness and heavy lock.

Many a time I have wished it were open, as I have sat, huddled like a tramp on my own doorstep, being stared at incredulously by our dog, whom I cursed for not being able to open it.



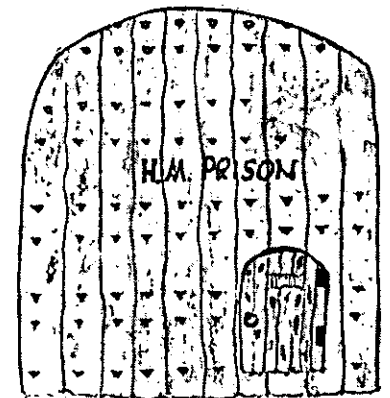
The time when a door was important to me was the time I forgot my front door key, one freezing cold winter's evening. The door was only three inches thick, but it was that three inches which was keeping me in the cold. If only I had remembered that irregularly shaped metal object, which would allow me to go inside . . .

A door is something that a dog is always on the wrong side of.



Contributors (from Mrs. Nightingale's L VI Sixth Form Studies Groups):

Lesley Rhodes, Mary Harding, Rachel Yates, Lynne Warrington, Kathleen Gillet, Tina Winnard, Vanessa Ginn, Fiona Leslie, Llewela Charles-Jones, Kate Bott, Clare Hainsworth



DREAM LANDSCAPE

*Emerging from purple mists, which whisper that my life is
done,
I blink at all the brightness, and survey the ivory towers,
gleaming in the sun.
Shrouded in a cloak and gown of purest white, I hear the
silence.
No movement here, no trace of war, no hint of violence.
Beyond the towers are rainbows never-ending, twined with
roses;
A myriad of passion flowers, soft clouds adorned with
posies,
And in the distance gates of gold.
A ghostly vision in my sight, head bowed in meditation's
hold,
I walk on air, his hand is raised as if to beckon me,
I reach the gates; beyond, the crystal waters of tranquility.*

Louise Minshall, Upper IVH

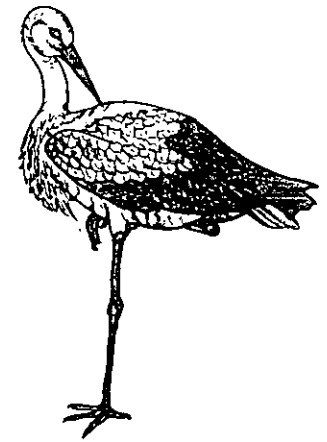
SPAIN

*The mountains rise behind the town.
In the shade of a whitewashed street
Two mules drink from a cracked trough.
Old women, dressed in black, stand in a doorway,
talking and nodding.
There is a break in the conversation as they look up
To see the coach rumble past.
The peace is broken as cameras whirr and click.
And English voices call to each other excitedly.

Miles away on the sunburned beaches
Girls lie face down on the hot sand,
Or stare out to sea, carelessly flicking hair out of their eyes.*

QUESTION TO A STORK

*You, Stork
up there, what
are you?
You stand there
one-legged, with great
sweeps of wings,
black and white,
no subtleties
of pearly grey.
You who stab without
warning
at frogs, soaking
hot sun before
frosts come;
looking down balefully
at us,
you queer bird,
what
are you?*



*Look at my wings —
they stretch
across stork heaven
with no boundaries
at all.
I am opposite,
black and white together,
one-legged I stand,
viewing my world.
Looking at crinkled lichen
on my roof, feeling the wind
in my luxurious feathers,
I am king of this world,
the stork world.
You,
how can you enjoy life
without the blessing of
flight?
It is not possible.*

Mary Stevens, Remove H

Drawing by Rachel Walton, L VI

ANSWER TO A MAN

*I am Stork,
monarch of air, the one
who knows no fear,
except the black stones
which come as flying death
from you,
wingless,
stupid
creatures,
who never knew the
beauty of the air.
Look at me.
I can fly above
this strange man-dwelling
of hard inedible stone.*

*Then the sun sets,
A huge red ball sinking slowly into the sea,
Lengthening the shadows thrown onto the white walls.
The wind ruffles the towels on the beaches
And the last thin line of light disappears.*

Clare Witter, Upper IVB

FISHING PORT AT DUSK

*The cobbled pier steams in the drizzle
And a gauze-screen mist ghosts in from the sea.
Discarded scraps of herring gullet lie undisturbed by the
gulls,
Pulped by the careless tracks of daytime lorries.
A coiled rope hangs on the brink,
Rotting in a pool of stagnant froth.
Pink, fleshy,
Crabshell scrunches under fisherman's boot,
And a solitary gull glides in on the heavy salt breeze
Attracted by heady odour of pungent, putrid fish,
Drawing the scavengers for the banquet.
The harbour steps "tart" for the party
With tasteless green weed cloak and mermaid's purse,
Encrusted with periwinkles,
Impedimenta of trolleys and barrels
A silhouette on the sea wall.
The lifeless salt water below sucks at the gossiping pebbles,
Surrendering them to deeper water.*

Kathryn Smith, Upper VB

THE CATHERINE WHEEL

*With bated breath, I stand
Whilst the fuse remains unlit.
But then, the moment of contact,
The welcoming flicker of light.
Slowly, steadily, silently it swirls,
Gaining speed.*

*Swooping, swishing,
A willy-nilly rainbow,
A whirlpool of light,
A kaleidoscope of colour,
Mesmerising me.
But this spectrum cannot last.
The wheel tires,
Failing to spin,
Losing its array of colours.
No longer wielding power,
Spluttering awkwardly,
It comes to a standstill,
A ghost of former splendour.*

*But still, the bonfire crackles.
And upon rosy faces
Vermillion-fingered gloves
Tentatively touch,
Beckoning, possessing,
Willing me to gaze.
But what care I
For leaping, lapping tongues of flame,
For feathered stars, flaunting plumes,
For screeching sirens, signalling cascading fountains?
A mere consolation prize.
For me, the image
Of that swirling, twirling whirlpool
Persists before my eyes.*

Moensie Rossier, Remove Q

The Parents' Association

The Queen's School Parents' Association fulfils a social and fund-raising rôle for the Queen's School, both Senior and Junior Departments. Of the recent events held by the Association, three have been noteworthy. In October 1983 a Fashion Show was held at Nedham House with the assistance of the children from Sandford and Nedham Houses and the staff of *Nought to Twelve* of Bridge Street, Chester. The event was very much oversubscribed and was enjoyed by all parents and children who attended. The Christmas Buffet Supper in December was not so well attended but nevertheless a good time was had by all. We rather hope that in future more parents from the junior departments will attend to meet other parents. In March a Disco was held at the Senior School for 13—15-year-olds. As the event was apparently a success it is hoped that another may be held next year.

In the year ending 30th September 1983, £5500 was raised by the Association. That money was spent on five computers and ancillary equipment, camping equipment for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and tables and chairs for the Library in the Senior School; 'cello and other equipment at Nedham House; a video recorder, radio cassette recorder and photocopier for Sandford House. With the Autumn Market this year, we hope to raise enough to cover half the cost of an all-weather playing surface to be built at Nedham House and have sufficient left over to purchase more items for other departments of the School.

The Parents' Association makes a very real contribution to the School and I hope that during the next year more parents will subscribe to the events that are arranged, in particular to the Autumn Market.

Simon Parrington

Senior Debating Society

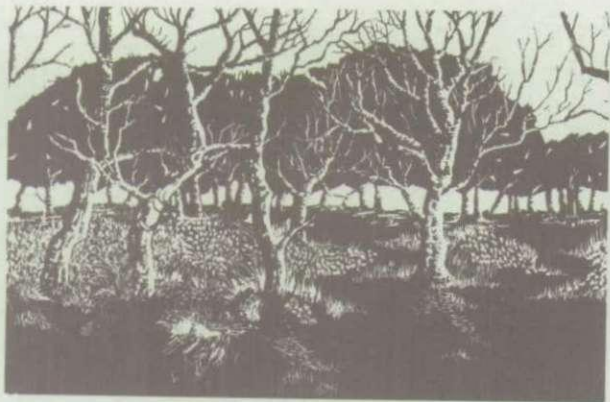
We are very glad that, thanks to the helpful advice of Mrs. Affleck, the Debating Society does actually debate now, instead of just firing questions at a panel of defenceless individuals. Topics over a very varied range have been debated, many of them being moral issues such as "Being virtuous is preferable to having fun", and the condemnation of the treatment of homosexuals by our society.

The Christmas Balloon Debate was as usual a great success as Christmas characters used their charm and wit to remain in the balloon. Tim Royce, as a Christmas fairy, provided us with a great deal of amusement and consequently remained in the balloon.

Red apparently is not better than Green. Despite a great deal of pessimism, the debate on this theme turned out to be extremely stimulating.

We should like to thank Mrs. Affleck for her time and advice donated to such a worthy cause, and Mrs. Harrison for providing us with tea bags and milk for every debate without fail, even when tea had to be cancelled because of the T.C.P. flavoured water in a contaminated supply, and we auctioned the bottle of milk.

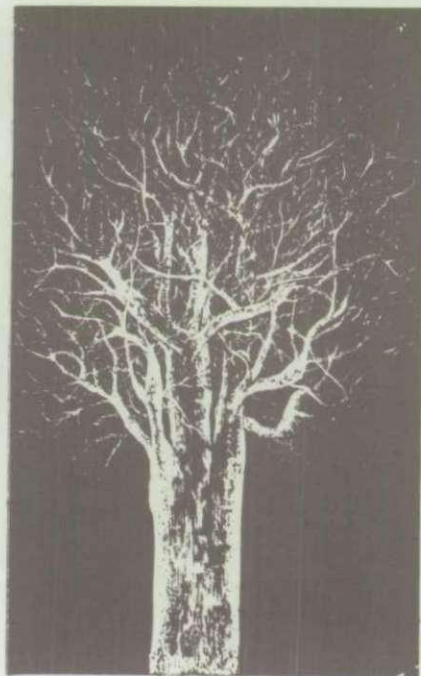
Susan Callery, Kate Bott, Sally Low, LVI



Jo Clark, U V H

Jill Irving, U V H

Rachel Knight, L VI



Lindsey Colbourne, U V B



Portraits by Kathleen Gillett, L VI



Catherine Winsor, U VI

FROM SANDFORD HOUSE



In the ever-changing life of a school there are always some sad and some happy events. This year we were particularly sorry to say *au revoir* to Miss Henry. However, we enjoy receiving the latest news from her at the International School in Lagoa, Portugal, where she has settled very happily. We were also sorry to lose our part-time swimming teacher, Mrs. Gibbs, who raised such a lot of money for charity while she was here. In their places, however, we were pleased to welcome Miss Rosemary Brown and Mrs. Ann Roberts.

During the summer term of 1983 we held another sponsored swim, this time in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. We were thrilled when we were invited to the lifeboat stations at West Kirby and New Brighton, where the older ones amongst us had a most interesting day examining the latest equipment, as well as learning about the early horse-drawn lifeboats. A cheque for the splendid sum of £353.79 was handed over to Mr. Dennis Price, the Area Organiser. Other visits during the term were made to Chester

Zoo and the Canal Museum at Llangollen. We also raised £147.32 for the R.N.L.B. and £93.00 for Dr. Barnardo's, as well as smaller amounts for other charities.

After the beautiful summer holiday, a visit to the Sunblest Bakery seemed very appropriate for our first outing of the Autumn Term. We watched with wondrous eyes as vast quantities of dough were mixed, poured, baked, then sliced into hundreds of delicious-smelling loaves, buns and rolls. We were then given a really sumptuous tea and sent back to school with an unexpected bag full of "goodies". Our own efforts at breadmaking were carried out with plenty of added interest after our visit. Sunblest also kindly made us a beautiful sheaf of bread for our Harvest Thanksgiving Service. Despite that wet spring and the dry summer parents also sent their usual generous supply of produce, which was later distributed to various addresses provided by the Social Services. With harvest over it was soon time to turn our thoughts to the Christmas Party and the Nativity Play. Based on the story of the *Little Match Girl*, the play was a reminder of the difficult times which some people have, even at Christmas.

In the Spring Term we enjoyed a fascinating talk by Mrs. Gertrude Wright about the life of children in a small village in Ladakh in Northern India. Her slides illustrated extremely well the contrasting life and the difficulties of growing food and providing education in this area. We hope that the money raised by our next sponsored swim will enable two or three more children to attend school in this very poor part of India.

We celebrated our fourth birthday at Sandford House, on the first day of the Summer Term, with a trip on the horse-drawn barge "The Chester Packet". The older ones inspected the locks at Tower Wharf before joining the others for a picnic. We were very grateful for the beautiful weather as our picnic site was very boggy indeed only a few weeks earlier!

During the year we received a beautiful sundial and a birdbath in memory of Miss Cynthia Wakefield, a former Head of the Preparatory Department. These were donated by a member of her family, Mr. Terry McRae, of Dundalk, in Ireland. As well as serving as a happy reminder of Miss Wakefield they make a most attractive and useful addition to the garden. The grounds at Sandford and Nedham Houses have been particularly beautiful this year, as tulips followed daffodils and then magnolia, apple blossom, cherry and rhododendron all delighted us in their turn. We remember with gratitude the people who have donated the trees and shrubs in the past.

My own thanks go once again to everyone who has contributed to this school year and helped to make it a happy and successful one.

M.Wh.



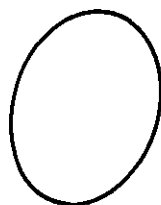
Night

The sun is setting and the darkness comes. Sleepy people are coming home. When all the children are in bed, the moon, a diamond ball of silver light, comes shooting out. Little sparkles, stars, get into their places and twinkle a flaming light. But the diamond ball stands there, and wears her lovely dress of silver white, and casts a spell of gleaming frost over all the lovely homes. The spiders' webs go all silvery white. The dew starts falling and glistens on the ground and makes the plants gleam and sparkle.

Now you can hear the milk float rattling. And now the children are going to school once more.

Josefine Olsson, aged 8

The Surprise Easter Egg



One beautiful summer's morning a little girl called Philippa was walking in a big field, when straight ahead she saw something glinting in the grass. She ran on to have a closer look. Soon she found herself holding up a golden Easter egg with silver trimmings on it. It was bigger than her hand. Then she noticed a small door in the side of the egg. She opened it, and turned small! Then she went through the egg into a small room where an elf was sitting, reading a book called *The Murder of Mister Mistoffeles*.

"Excuse me," said Philippa politely, "Where am I?"

The elf turned away from his book.

"You're in an Easter egg!" he snapped, "a chocolate Easter egg." Philippa looked round and, sure enough, all round the room was chocolate.

"How did I turn small?" she asked.

"Anyone who touches that door turns small, and can never get away," he said sadly. "I've been trapped here for 60 000 years. You will never, never, never get out. Just try and get out of the door." So Philippa looked round and found there were some tin soldiers standing in the way of the door.

"No problem," said Philippa, and knocked them down with one blow.

"Cor!" said the elf, "You are strong!" They walked out of the door, and they turned back to their normal sizes and walked into a wood. But Philippa picked up the egg and thought:

"That is a nice moment to remind me of today." And she ran off home.

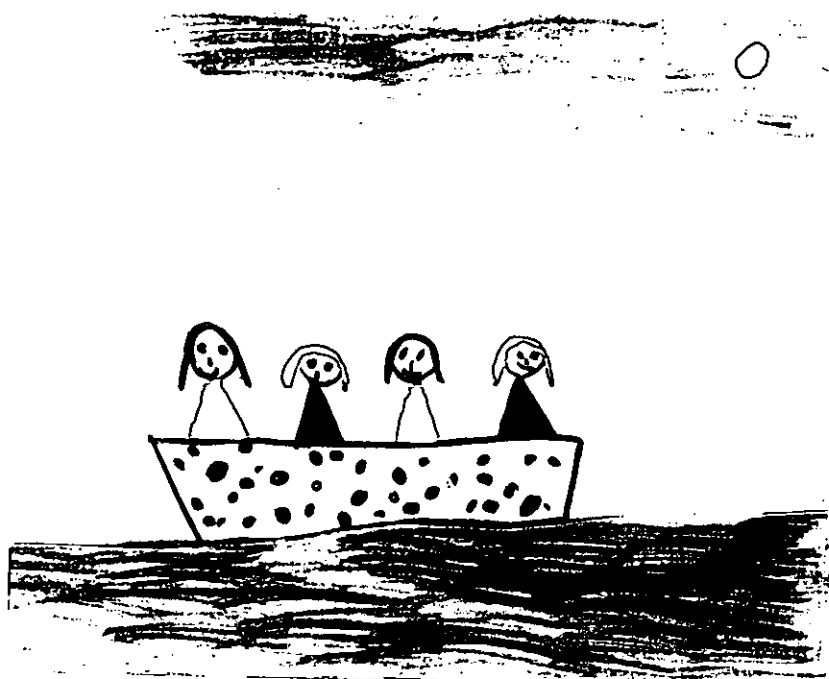
Sally Bowden, aged 7.

Our Canal Trip

For our trip we went to the canal. First we walked to the canal and we got on a kind of boat: it is called a barge. I like boats because they are on water, and I like water because I can swim. I saw a boy jump off a bridge but I cannot do that.

We went under lots of bridges. I like going under bridges. On the way we saw a lot of things, and then we stopped and had our picnic on the grass, and I had a good run round. We went up the hill and down the hill. We all had a good run up and down, and then I went back on the barge on the water and we saw some birds.

Katherine Adair, aged 6



What is Orange?

*Orange is orange,
A sweet orange fruit.
Orange is fire,
Fierce and spreading.
Orange is sunlight
In the early morning.
Orange is a sign to slow
On a traffic light.
Orange is rusty cars
On a rubbish dump.
Orange is dyed hair
In long, long strands.
Orange is marmalade
You have on your toast.
Orange is the colour
That I love most.*

Katie Job, aged 7

A Tiny Village in Northern India

When Mrs. Wright came on Friday she showed us some lovely slides of Northern India. One of the slides was of a very small shack where some shepherds stayed the night and rested. The shepherds had to bend down to get into the shack; it must have been very uncomfortable for them. The clothes that some of the poor children wore were very ragged and torn. But the ceremonial clothes were very different: in fact, they were very beautiful.

The houses are made of mud and sand, and inside they are quite dark and cool. But there is no furniture at all; there are only rugs and mats to sleep on. They must be used to it, but we are not, because we sleep on comfortable beds.

She also showed us some of the rocky mountains covered with snow. When the snow melts it forms a little stream, and as it travels further down the mountain the little stream becomes a large lake, going on for miles and miles.

Julian Fernandes, aged 8

Mrs. Brown Wants to Move

Mr. Brown is a lighthouse keeper, and Mrs. Brown is his wife. He lives by the splashing, crashing, spraying sea in a little cottage on a cliff. One day Mrs. Brown woke up complaining about how small her cottage was. At dinner-time she was complaining about not having a modern kitchen. At supper-time she was complaining about all the draughts that came under the doors and through the windows. When she went to bed Mrs. Brown shouted in a loud voice,

"I'm tired out with living by the sea, with the seagulls crying and screeching at dawn. I want to move!"

At first Mr. Brown stood up to his wife and said,

"But surely you do not want to move away from the beautiful sight of the sea?"

"Yes I do!" shouted Mrs. Brown. "Tomorrow you and I will go to town to look around."

Then Mr. Brown began to be afraid of his wife. So the next day Mr. and Mrs. Brown went to town to have a look around. At last, after a lot of argument, Mrs. Brown chose a house.

But as they got into the busiest part of town, Mrs. Brown decided that town was not as good as she had thought. So, when they went back past the house Mrs. Brown had chosen to live in, she said to her husband,

"I have decided that I want to take down the 'For Sale' signs on the lighthouse, and go and live there again."

Kate Downey, aged 7

The Performing Arts

First Act at the Gateway

Before Christmas, I spent a rather different term from my friends, for I would suddenly disappear in the afternoon, or go back to school at 1 o'clock after a morning performance of *The Wind in the Willows* at the Gateway theatre. I had been surprised when, after an audition at the Gateway that was worthy of my badly-bitten nails, I was told that I was playing two minor parts, a schizophrenic rabbit and a small but evil member of a gang of stoats and weasels. However, when all the forms, passport photographs and my birth certificate were given in, I had to wait a few weeks before the rehearsals for the play began.

I and about twelve others, in two groups of children aged between eleven and fifteen, were ushered into the studio by our amiable director, Peter Fieldson, given thick pink scripts and introduced to the actors and actresses who were to take the main parts, such as Toad and Badger. I must admit that I felt very small and unimportant against these professionals, singing so loudly and clearly, while I squeaked away at the carol and grunted through the stoat's song — which we were finally banned from singing!

I was soon measured for my two-in-one costumes which consisted of tie-dyed thermal underwear and various accessories, such as a battered boater and "ears" for the rabbit. When I was a stoat, the effect was of something out of Fagin's band in *Oliver Twist*. My rabbit image was of a very forgetful individual who was partial to raw carrots.

Some nights were fairly empty, others were packed out, but I made my way through thirty-five performances oblivious of the audience, as I was on an extended, high part of the stage that was reached by climbing some flimsy stairs in the wings. Apart from some "technical hitches" such as the lighting flickering, and my singing, everything ran quite smoothly. I was envied by friends for the number of lessons I missed, but it was very hard work to concentrate fully on schoolwork and the play.

I shall always remember the party that the cast had before the last night, when the actors could not drink alcohol as tipsiness on stage is not admired. A beautiful cake was made depicting *The Wind in the Willows* poster design, and everybody helped to demolish the sweets and crisps supplied. After that performance I went home with the remains of black and white pancake makeup still on my face and mixed feelings, including a vow never to eat a raw carrot again!

Juliet Bott, Lower IVP

Middle School Drama Festival

At the end of the summer term the middle school presented four plays to their parents. Despite the heat, the festival was a great success.

The Rose and the Ring

Lower VM performed a slightly cut version of this fairy-tale play. Our whole form was involved either in acting or in producing the play and we all worked very hard at the end of term to put on a good performance for our parents.

The story was about a ring whose magic makes the wearer appear beautiful. It was originally given to Princess Angelica, (played by Jane Corley and Kathryn Smith as the princess had a dual character) by Prince Giglio (Susan Barker), but Angelica discarded the ring in an argument and Countess Gruffanuff (Alison Moore), took possession of it and the beauty which it brings. Other members of the Royal Family were played by Hilary Parker (the King), Ruth Prince (the Queen) and Sarah Halsall-Williams (Prince Bulbo), a bulbous and proud man and the wearer of the rose. The fairy-tale finale to the play is the wedding of Betsinda (Denise Whitehead) to the handsome Giglio and all live happily ever after.

The play was a complete change from *Arthur*, a comedy which we performed when Upper Fourths, and both rehearsing and performing the play was very enjoyable. Everyone put in a lot of hard work and much of their free time, staying after school for rehearsals, but it was all worth it for the applause we received from the audience at the end. During the two years in which we, as a form, have been part of the annual drama festival, it has been fun and a satisfying success.

Sally Thomas, UVB

The Rising Generation

Lower VQ were pleased that the whole form was in their play. It was a very modern play, in which we succeeded in scaring every man in the audience, by chanting (untruthfully) "We hate men" and waving dustbin lids and broomsticks about. The play ended when Julie Gerstl climbed a ladder and dropped a nuclear bomb, and the cast took off dramatically in a space ship amidst startling lighting effects. We think that we managed to shock the audience awake for the rest of the evening.

Punk Panic

This is a brilliant play written by Mrs. Parker and Carey Bamber. It involves a middle-class family, the Murgatroyd-Smythes, whose daughter Penny (played by Lisa Whalley) becomes bored by their conservative way of life and, with her friend Cindy (played by Lorna Warren) begins to socialise with a band of punks — or "hooligans", as Mrs. Murgatroyd-Smythe, played by Wendy Grimshaw, would say.

Penny becomes romantically involved with the ring-leader, Gary (played by Sarah Ward), much to the disgust of her family and her suitor, Keith (played by Elsbeth Small). In the last scene when the water tank bursts, Gary, of course,



turns out to be the hero, while Keith is left floundering in the water, worrying about his pure wool suit. In our production the costumes and hairstyles were fantastic, thanks to other members of Lower VW.

Lisa Whalley and Lorna Warren, LVW

(The achievement of brilliant pink, spiked, jelled hair in the five minutes while Jane Aston and Lara Fisher-Jones were dancing was near to the miraculous. H.M.P.)

Sweetie Pie

This play is a modern version of a classic fairy tale, where a young girl meets her Prince Charming. Sweetie Pie, played by Elise Campbell, is helped with her marriage plans by Mr. Cash, who was jointly played by Helen Kinsman, Helen Clark, Beth Hamer and Rachel Oliver. After her marriage Sweetie was instructed (with her friend Joan) by Mr. Cash on how to be an ideal wife. The play ended with Sweetie feeling that there was more to life than washing dishes and ironing shirts.

The play was produced very well by Alex Crees and she, and all of Upper IVB, enjoyed being included in the production, which we hoped gave the audience as much enjoyment as it gave us.

Helen Kinsman, Clare Burke, LVA

The Birds

Caroline Bennett's adaptation of *The Birds* of Aristophanes was an inspired choice for a middle-school production early in the summer term. Not only does it provide parts for a large number of actors, but it gives an opportunity for those whose talents lie in music, singing and dancing, and particularly in painting, designing, and handicraft. Moreover, the play has the charm of novelty: few of the audience, whether they were familiar with Aristophanes' original or not, can have known this delightful adaptation.

And, truly, it was delightful — and most skilful! It keeps the characters, plot, and structure, the variety, verbal wit, and liveliness, of what is perhaps the most lighthearted and poetic of Aristophanes' plays, but cleverly brings the fable into the modern world. Thus, when human officials try to intervene in the founding of Cloud Cuckoo City, the Commissioner (in Athens an impressive person who reported on affairs in a colony) is hailed by Pete "What's this? Pinstripes?" and he answers, "I am the official inspector, appointed by the Government . . . Have you applied for planning permission? I shall need it in triplicate . . ." In the same section the Poet, (whose words in a fairly literal translation are "I'm a warbler, carolling sweet lays, an eager meagre servant of the Muses") declares, "A wandering minstrel I, a thing of shreds and patches, of ballads, songs, and snatches".

The immediate effect of this production was of vivid colour and joyous verve. Perhaps the most demanding parts were those of Euelpides (Eric) and Pisthetneros (Pete), for they were on stage for most of the play and it is difficult for girls to be convincing as men. But Jenny Wright and Kate Jones were consistently successful; Jenny made Eric a forthright, gauche, and rather endearing youth, while Kate's Pete came across as keener-witted and more of an intellectual (as he said, "he hadn't studied rhetoric for nothing"). Both brought out the humour of their parts to the full.

The Birds not only looked charmingly amusing, but was acted with spirit. The Hoopoe had regal dignity, the Owl was a bullying martinet (quite frightening!) as he marshalled the Birds of Prey, and the Nightingale was enchanting with her flute.





Music was interwoven with the acting, enhancing the other-worldliness of *Cloud Cuckoo City*. It also restored to the play something of the poetic quality with which Aristophanes endowed his choruses, probably the only thing lost in this adaptation. The small orchestra and the large company of singers were trained by Miss Woods. The singing throughout had the freshness and spontaneity which (paradoxically) only comes through patient rehearsal.

The dancers too must have trained hard to achieve such a degree of effortless grace and confident precision of movement. In their interludes they showed a variety of skills — acrobatic feats of balancing and the weaving of precise and intricate dance-patterns. They were trained by Miss Switsur, one of the mathematics staff.

The contribution of the art department was evident throughout the play — and even before it began, as we studied our elegant programmes with their bird-patterned covers. Mrs. Nightingale and Miss Brett were the Artistic Directors and apparently most of the school had assisted in the painting of scenery and the designing and construction of bird-masks and head-dresses.

The backcloth was a strikingly graceful pattern of birds and foliage in black on a cool white ground. This was an excellent foil to the brilliant plumage of the Birds — most impressive when the whole Chorus, ranged on the steps below the stage, turned away from the audience and appeared as a great cascade of shimmering colour.

So it was a production to delight the eye, the ear, and the mind. The audience obviously enjoyed it and for those who took part in any way it will surely be remembered as a happy achievement. Congratulations must go to all the staff who were concerned, especially to the English Department, and above all to Miss Callaway for this addition to the long list of plays she has successfully produced on the Queen's School stage.

Stella R. Pope

The Year's Music

The first concert in the 1983-1984 school year was a much appreciated recital by four local, amateur musicians, the Friday Players. The group, an ensemble specialising in the performance of the Baroque period's repertoire, was formed almost six years ago (and derives its name from the fact that it meets for practice on a Friday evening). Its members are David Allen (recorders and oboe), Geoffrey Butt (bass viol and recorder), David Kinsell (recorders) and Ray Hands (harp-sichord) and for their concert at The Queen's School chose music by Italian, French and German composers.

The group's versatility is suggested by this breadth, and was confirmed by the inclusion of a work by the twentieth century composer Paul Hindemith and by the presentation of two jazz pieces. Considered phrasing and articulation and the careful balancing of parts combined to produce persuasive playing, that had due regard for matters of style.

In Handel's Cantata *Nel Dolce del' oblio*, instrumentalists were joined by Elisabeth Kimberley of the Lower Sixth Form: she tackled well a taxing vocal line. Altogether, the variety of programme and easy presentation were valued.

An informal concert was held on 8th December, 1983, in which girls from the numerous choirs, orchestras and instrumental groups were given the opportunity to show off their talents. All the soloists gave noteworthy performances, especially Anna Jones of UV, who was the soloist in Mozart's Piano Concerto in D minor, with the senior orchestra. The Junior Choral Group performed the *Innkeeper Carol* by Julia Thornton of UVI, which was submitted to the Nationwide Carol Competition, whilst the Chamber Choir sang *We wish you a merry Christmas* as their last item, which captured the flavour of the evening perfectly. The King's School joined us as usual in the Cathedral for the service of Lessons and Carols, which were this year chosen and directed by Mr. Ball.

February was a very busy month for the Music Department. After many hours of practice, a highly successful Choral and Orchestral Concert took place on 16th. Amongst the music were selections from Handel's *Messiah* and *Rodrigo*, Haydn's *La Passione* Symphony and *A tribute through music* by Ian Milnes. This last was a first performance. Also in February six girls played piano duets at the Young Musicians' Evening at Stanley Palace.

Another informal concert took place on May 24th, and (at the time of writing) the school is looking forward to a recital by Mrs. Jean Johnson (contralto) and Mrs. Mary Lees (piano), both of the music staff.

As usual, many girls have played in local orchestras, such as the Cheshire County Youth Orchestra, the Merseyside Youth Orchestra and the Chester Orchestral Society.

A.B. and Moya Stevenson, L VI

Associated Board Music Examinations

Grade VI

Flute (pass): Verity Edwards

Clarinet (pass): Gina Gillespie

Piano (distinction): Caroline Paul

Flute (pass): Rachel Yates

(Judith Chamberlain and Jane Nash were awarded a Merit in the Junior Division of Piano Duet playing.)

Grade VII Clarinet (distinction): Anna Jones

Grade VIII Piano (distinction): Clare Dobson
Flute (pass): Rachel Knight
'cello (pass): Moya Stevenson

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*

Recital for Two Pianos

On the evening of Wednesday, 6th July, 1983, a large and enthusiastic audience gathered in the Hall of the Queen's School to hear a recital of music for two pianos by two gifted members of the Music Department, Monica Fawcett and John Gough. This was a return performance, following their tremendously successful concert of the previous year, and our expectations were high.

They began with a sparkling account of the *Sonata in B* by Clementi, remarkable for the precision and neatness of the playing and the pellucid quality of the scale passages. In the *Elégie* by Poulenc and *Fêtes* by Debussy, a series of varied moods and colourful images was skilfully presented.

An immensely rhythmic and vital performance of *Scaramouche* by Milhaud particularly delighted the audience and concluded the first half of the programme.

Wine was served in the interval, and we lingered for a short while out of doors, the lovely evening (one of many in a memorable summer) adding greatly to the pleasures of the occasion.

The second half held special delights, including *Two Street Songs* by Arthur Benjamin and a witty and elegant performance of *Popular Song* from *Façaide* by William Walton, in which the rapport between the performers was particularly apparent. This was followed by a charming novelty, *Madeleine* by Hans Bund, happily rescued from obscurity by John Gough, who had found it amongst some old music.

It was a pleasing touch to end a rather light-hearted programme with a more thoughtful work. The *St. Anthony Variations* by Brahms were lent a particular warmth and radiance of tone in their arrangement for two pianos.

Two encores were demanded before the performers were allowed to leave the platform, having given us a concert that was quite outstanding in its technical and artistic excellence and not least in the charm, humour and grace of its presentation.

J.J.



Drawing by Reuben Wesley

Public Speaking

This year two teams entered the English-Speaking Union's Public Speaking Competition. Each team comprised three members: chairman, speaker and the proposer of the vote of thanks. The fourth year team speaker Cerian Savin chose "1984" for her subject and together with Caryn Smith and Elise Campbell came fourth in their heat.

The sixth form team was more successful. Susan Callery gave an amusing speech on "Memory", Suzanne Cribb performed her function as chairman with great naturalness and Kathleen Gillett coped admirably with the unenviable task of giving a spontaneous vote of thanks. The three girls won their heat but were narrowly beaten in the district final by their rivals from the King's School. The formal, yet friendly, atmosphere of the competition contributed greatly to all the entrants' enjoyment of the evenings, as well as giving them valuable experience.

A member of the E.S.U.

Quest Club

This meets every Friday lunchtime in Stanley Place and is attended by a large number of people from Remove to Upper Fourths. Its purpose is for them to get to know one another while finding out more about the claims of Jesus Christ in our lives. The activities range from seeing films and discussing in small groups to improvised drama. The singing which opens the meetings is always very popular.

The year began with a large tea party for those who had been away on the "Living Waters" weekend last summer. There is to be another weekend away this year and eighty-seven are booked to go.

At half-term in the autumn, a minibus load of Quest Club members went off for a hike on The Sandstone Trail which was greatly enjoyed. The second part of the Easter term was spent in preparing for the end-of-term service, with some short plays to illustrate the films which were shown.

All these activities are enjoyed by the members of Quest Club and help to fulfil its purpose.

Clare Hainsworth, Julia King, Lower VI

Charities Report 1984

The Spring Term was a very successful one for Charities. Nowadays each form is allotted two weeks for their fund-raising activities, and we were pleased to see that enthusiasm did not wane. Apart from the usual sales of cakes and sweets, we have enjoyed various entertainments such as a Top of the Pops competition, a Fashion Show and intriguing quizzes. The total amount raised in the Spring Term was £427.16 and the five Charities which benefited were most grateful. We would like to thank Mrs. Ferris for all her advice and encouragement.

Sarah Mills, Elizabeth Irwin, Virginia Cleaves,
Lynne Warrington, LVI

Here and There

The Corkscrew at Alton Towers

The iron structure of the exciting "Double Corkscrew" looked very impressive from the distance. Sections of it towered above the evergreen trees, shining a canary yellow in the warm, bright sun. Entering between the tall trees, the structure became completely visible. It was sturdy and intricate, looking like the great skeleton of a writhing sea-serpent.

I joined the crocodile of people. The corkscrew was not for the faint-hearted, and these laughing teenage girls and boys were looking forward to their daring and exciting ride. These people were not afraid of heights, tilting or going upside down; if they were, they certainly were not showing it. Finally I clambered into a carriage. The safety locks and bars were brought down electronically and I knew I was safe and secure.

The ride began; the chatter of the crowded mass of people in the queue was faint as we steadily climbed the steep slope. It felt as though the incline was too much strain for the carriages' mechanism. As we reached the summit of the slope I was terrified, we were so high. Suddenly the carriages seemed to gain so much speed that I was sure I would be unconscious. The rollercoaster stormed down, tilting fantastically and straightening up again, then tilting again, dangerously rounding a corner. Up and down and round we went; it was terrific. Next we gathered enough speed to tackle the corkscrew. I lost my stomach again and again. The two complete loops lasted seconds, and then more twisting, turning and tilting. I felt sick and dizzy, my heart was in my mouth, my stomach miles behind, and unconsciousness edging in upon me. But then quite suddenly, we began to slow down. The carriages whistled to a halt. and I managed to haul myself out on to the platform.

It was over; I had experienced the frightening, famous double corkscrew. I was glad it was over; thrilling though it might be to some people I had no desire to go on it again. It was an experience to relate at home, even if I did not admit to the fear which had accompanied me. At least I could boast that I had dared to ride the famous corkscrew at Alton Towers.

Verity Edwards, Upper IVB

A Very Special Day

Sudbury Hall is about 300 years old and was built for the Vernon family. (It now belongs to the National Trust). Its purpose is to tell about the life of children, past, present and future.

When we arrived we were taken into the "Fantasy Room." This was a room where children could do something they had only dreamt of. The most popular section was the "spaceship". This was a small room, exactly like the inside of a space ship, with buttons, flashing lights and "telescopes" which had pictures of space stuck on the end.

When we had finished looking around the Fantasy Room we were taken into

the "Introductory Area". We were given the choice of wearing an Eton collar, which the boys would have worn in Edwardian times, or a white pinafore dress which the girls would have worn. I decided to try an Eton collar. I remember feeling as if my neck had been stretched at least two metres! They were very stiff! Once fitted with clothing we set out to tour Sudbury Hall.

The next room that we went into was the nursery. There were dolls' houses, lead soldiers, china dolls and tin models on display. This was the selection of toys that children from a well-off family would have had. There were building blocks made from stone and wood for the very young children and, for the older children, toy theatres, peepshows and magic lanterns with hand-painted slides. On a Sunday all the toys except Noah's Ark would be put away.

The children of richer families spent most of their time in nurseries in the care of a Nanny and only saw their parents for a short time each day.

Next we visited the parlour. This was usually the main living room of the house. In the evening the Nanny would bring the children to sit with Mama and Papa.

On a Sunday everyone wore their "Sunday Best" clothes and only the Bible and religious books could be read. Families often made several visits to church or chapel. Sudbury Church was restored in the 19th century, but there is evidence that the church stood in Norman times because the Domesday Book records that Sudbury had a church and a priest. There is also a lot of Norman architecture on and in the building and there are arrow slits in the side of the tower. There were many interesting tombs, monuments and plaques in the church, but I found the pulpit the most interesting. In the fourteenth century it was movable, so that when it was cold the pulpit could be put in the warmest part of the church.

After visiting the church we went into a small room where a model chimney had been put up. This chimney was a replica of the sort of chimney poor children would have had to climb and sweep to earn a few pence for their family. We were allowed to climb it and found it quite difficult, even though it was only a third of the size of the chimneys children would have had to climb years ago.

The room that we visited next was the school room. This school would probably have been run by one teacher, helped by monitors. Children of all ages would have been put into one room and divided into groups. They had to learn a lot of work by heart, although older children used exercise books, in which a very high standard of neatness was demanded. The cane, ruler and dunce's cap were used for punishment. Reading, writing, arithmetic and religion were the main subjects, but nature study, history and geography were sometimes taught. We all sat down at the desks and copied "Strive to improve your handwriting" from the blackboard onto slates. We were busily writing when the guide suddenly sat down at the teacher's desk, grabbed the brass ruler and yelled "Straighten your backs!" We all looked at each other and then realised that she was taking the part of an Edwardian teacher. The guide told us how sometimes the teacher would hit the children so hard that she would break their knuckles with the ruler.

Finally we looked around a display of clothes worn by children in the past. Boys wore dresses like the girls until they were five or six and then they were put into trousers.

I thoroughly enjoyed this trip three years ago, and I should love to visit Sudbury Hall again.

Alison Platt, Lower IVS

"Looking Ahead 1984"

I arrived at Crewe College knowing only that I had been asked to go on an educational course organised by Cheshire County Council for fifth formers. From my programme I could see that I could expect a series of lectures and discussion groups on a wide range of subjects ranging from "Freedom of the Press" to "Romantic Piano Music".

We were accommodated in individual rooms in the halls of residence at the college and we were fed very well. The course did turn out as the programme introduction had stated, enabling us to "look ahead ... and realise there are other points of view and interests."

Dave Clarke, from the British Everest Expedition 1975, came and spoke to us about his experiences and about taking risks. It was a fascinating talk and he showed some superb slides of the mountain. He did not actually reach the summit but got further than he had hoped to.

For me the climax of the course was the last lecture. Brian Jacques, of radio fame, came and spoke to us about "a sense of humour and belief in your own ability". It was not long before there were tears of laughter streaming down my face; he is an excellent speaker and comedian.

Looking back now, I am glad that all the sessions were compulsory, as I gained an enormous amount from each one. If you are ever given the opportunity to go on one of these courses, do not say no, for they are well worth while.

Elizabeth Duke, UVH

"Living Waters"

The 1983 Quest Club Weekend

At Dolwen, North Wales, set amidst fields and trees, is the "Living Waters" Conference Centre. My friends and I, along with about fifty other girls from the first three years of school, enjoyed a weekend there last June. We loved the quiet peaceful place where we listened to talks about our faith, did a lot of singing and drama and enjoyed various other activities — silly games, swimming in the pool, which was freezing cold even though the sun was shining, and the happy campfire at dusk on the Saturday night. Hot dogs have never tasted so good either before or since. The beautiful old building, where even the bats were welcome, was really liked and is still quite often remembered.

Many thanks go to all the staff, old girls and sixthformers who organised the lovely weekend and made it so enjoyable.

Katie McNay, LVW

The Cheshire Drama Course

It was quite a privilege to be among the 77 people from schools all over Cheshire, who arrived at the Menai Centre for the 21st Cheshire Drama Course last summer. The "coming-of-age" of the Senior Courses had attracted a good deal of attention, not least from the BBC; certain members of the course had the dubious thrill of descending, tired and hot, from the coach, to come face-to-lens with a television camera. For weeks we awaited with trepidation the results of three weeks of filming, which were shown on BBC 1 on April 27th, condensed to half-an-hour.

On arriving, we were shown our dormitories and were then presented to the Great Man himself, Peter Dornford-May, the organiser of the course. He seemed much more jovial than he had at our interviews a few weeks previously, when he had asked the pointed question, "Can you promise to give your best if you are offered a place?" We had all looked him in the eye and answered with a firm "Yes!"

The next few days were a blur of blue and pink name-badges from which we attempted to learn everyone's names, and of copies of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* from which we attempted even more earnestly to learn our audition pieces. At the same time we were involved in a non-stop whirl of "sessions." There was fencing, in which we discovered the secrets behind most of Errol Flynn's movie swordfights, and Simulated Unarmed Combat, or how to stage a realistic fist-fight. (Unfortunately, mistakes in this class produced one or two accidents, which were not altogether simulated!) "Improvisation" taught us the art of off-the-cuff performance, and mime, the ancient skills of dumbshow. Also there were practical sessions in Costumes, Props and Makeup — having barely mastered the basics we launched into producing the props and costumes for the play itself!

Audition-night came and went, leaving some people overjoyed and others a little disappointed. But there was no-one who was not involved in the frantic preparations for our first night. We say "frantic", remembering the dress rehearsal in which (despite desperate efforts by the costume department) certain members of the cast went on without costumes! Luckily all was resolved by the time the big day arrived.

After two weeks of immersion in the world of drama, we needed the Open Day to remind us that parents and friends still existed at home! All the same, we scarcely noticed them as we "psyched ourselves up" for the first peak of the course, our presentation-piece. Entitled *Celebration*, this was a piece in which everyone took part, written and put together by us with the help of long-suffering tutors.

The end of the course was tinged with sadness as we left the Menai Centre, and our new friends. But amid the regrets was the consolation that we would see each other again at the Lyceum Theatre, Crewe, where we performed *As You Like It* for another week. The Victoria Centre in Crewe was the scene of a second performance of *Celebration*, at which Miss Farra was among the audience. We hope she enjoyed it as much as we did!

The course is over, but many of the friendships we made remain, and we have many enjoyable times to remember and chat about. We hope this report will encourage other members of the School to apply in future years. You won't regret it.

Anna Howatt, Vikki Young, L VI

Ben Ze Neez??

The Windischgarsten Ski Trip, 1984

As the possibility of seven days' skiing in Austria does not arise very frequently, it is not surprising that the multitude of potential skiers were somewhat excited as they jumped (with remarkable agility for 11.30 p.m.) from the coach and were confronted by Hotel Sperl, their residence for the next seven days. Yes, the members of the 1984 Queen's School skiing party had arrived at their destination, and were soon to take to the scintillating slopes of Upper Austria ...

On our first morning we met the ski-instructors who had the difficult and painstaking task of teaching us to ski. But on the first day, somersaulting all the way down a slope, with a "Ben ze neez!" or "Snow pluff" clearly audible, to end up buried in thick snow, as a source of amusement for an audience of chortling, garlic-smelling Austrians, was not uncommon among the beginners.

As the week progressed, so too did the standard of our skiing. By the end of the week everyone had managed to reach the bottom (sometimes on this part of the anatomy) of a six kilometre ski-run at Spital. The P.W.W.L.Y. (People Who Went Last Year) and the competent skiers spent an enjoyable last day on a more difficult ski-run at Hinderstoder. The hotel was actually quite impressive, although the P.W.W.L.Y. had prepared us for the worst. It was situated in fantastic scenery, about a mile out of the village and directly opposite some (supposedly) nursery slopes.

The food was (contrary to what the P.W.W.L.Y. had informed us) very good. The only complaint would perhaps be the abundance of dumplings with every meal. The Austrians must have been under the impression that a meal was not complete without a dumpling or two. We even found them floating in the soup. Nevertheless, we all survived to tell the tale.

Après-ski entertainment was varied and amusing. There was the Hotel Sperl, which was usually full of Austrians dressed in traditional "Lederhosen", who seemed to think that waltzing was the only form of dancing that existed. In the village, we had a choice between the Café Mayr, where the Austrians again delighted us with their waltzing but this time to more modern music, and the Disco Remise, which had a dance floor the size of a broom cupboard. However, we all enjoyed the evenings spent in the village, especially when the drinks were not too expensive!

The staff coped admirably with us and deserve all the credit for making the holiday such a great success for everyone. It was certainly a holiday we will



all remember for years. We would like to thank Miss Quail, Miss Scott, Miss Jones, Mrs. Rowlands and Mr. and Mrs. Brady, firstly for making the holiday possible and secondly, for all the trouble they went to in organising it and making it a success. I hope that anyone who is fortunate enough to go in 1985 will find it as enjoyable as we all did.

Jackie Briggs, Lower VI

Invasion of Wildhaus, Switzerland

At ten to eight on Saturday the eighteenth of February, we, twenty Upper Fourth girls and four adults, began a twenty-six-hour journey to Wildhaus, in Switzerland. After meeting our Ski Sutherland representative, David Robbins, at Victoria Station, we took a ferry, various trains and a coach to our resort, only to find that our rooms were not yet ready, so that we had an extra hour to explore the village.

The Hotel Hirschen proved to be large, comfortable, and full of après-ski activities. The disco was the high-spot of the village when it opened at nine o'clock, and until then the games room and free swimming-pool provided ample entertainment.

As for the skiing; the two male instructors, Noldi and Matthias, were tall, and handsome. The second-year skiers' instructor, Doris, was kind and, most of the time, very easy to follow. We learn many new skills, including two verses of Noldi's "New York rap", and by the end of the week, quite a few of us felt confident enough to attempt our bronze ski award.

On Friday, which was our last full day of skiing, slalom races were organised, and everyone received a certificate and sticker at the "kinderball" that evening. Unhappily, the holiday had to come to an end the next evening, and the coach echoed with sobs and snuffles as we were driven away from Wildhaus. After saying goodbye to David at Victoria Station, we arrived home tired but contented on Sunday morning.

We would like to say thank you once again to Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Jones for a great holiday.

Jo Pointing, Eve Grimshaw-Smith, Anna Mullock, and all the UIV skiers



A Medical Elective in Kenya

The Nyanza Province General Hospital was designed and built by the Russians in the late 1960's. My first impressions were of a very smart and modern hospital, much bigger than I had expected. The front of the hospital certainly conveyed this, but inside the picture rapidly changed. I shall never forget the stench of the wards nor the broken windows, flaking plaster and waterless sinks.

The hospital had two surgical wards, a casualty department, gynaecology, maternity and orthopaedics wards and three paediatric wards as well as a large out-patient unit. I spent the majority of the time on the paediatric wards. Ward 5 was for the over 2's, ward 8 for the under 2's and their parents, and there was also a paediatric observation ward (POW) where emergencies were dealt with, and which was always extremely busy. I was surprised at the number of staff on the wards, but unfortunately the staff did not seem to be being used particularly efficiently. The interns (junior house officers), the least experienced doctors, did the main work, with some support from the medical officers. Wards 5 and 8 had a formal ward round weekly attended by all of the more senior doctors. This was the time when most of the problems were discussed and when the consultant became involved in the ward work. The consultants were rarely seen on the ward at other times, which I thought was a pity, as they were clinically and academically excellent.

As the wards were so well staffed I was not given any position of responsibility, but I was fully involved in the diagnosis, investigation and treatment of the children. Because of the language barrier between me and the patients and the unavailability of any translator I was little involved in actually clerking patients except as an onlooker, or in "outpatients", which was held twice weekly.

Infectious diseases were by far the commonest troubles. Ward 8 was over half-filled with children with severe bronchopneumonia or dehydration due to gastro-enteritis. Every day there were children admitted with advanced meningitis and cerebral and ordinary malaria, and I saw two cases of tetanus during my stay. Sick-cell disease was very common and children were repeatedly admitted for blood transfusion and bone pain due to "crisis". Schistosomiasis was another common and sometimes fatal complaint.

Tuberculosis was another frequent reason for admission but not as often as I had anticipated, as a lot of children were now vaccinated. Rheumatic heart disease also caused many problems, and burns from the open cooking fires and kerosene lamps were quite horrific. There were always one or two children with nephrotic syndrome and infective hepatitis was quite common.

Of the rarer things I saw, three stick out in my memories. There was one child with post-measles SSPE, basically a brain rotting disease, and I watched this little boy deteriorating in the weeks I was there. Another child was admitted with massive lymph adenopathy which later proved to be Hodgkins' Lymphoma. One of the happiest children on the ward was an eight-year-old cretin. Despite having severe hip contractures and being only able to crawl, this boy was always humming to himself and a beautiful, slow smile of greeting would spread across his face each time he saw me.

The problem of malnutrition was vast. The wards always had children with kwashiakor (marasmus seemed to be less prevalent). It was extremely satisfying to see these children lose the awful oedema, their skin lesions heal and their pitifully miserable faces begin to show a spark of happiness; their diet in hospital was rich (relatively) in protein. Malnutrition was of course a factor which complicated the diseases of all the children, and their strength was really quite remarkable.

One of the disappointing and frustrating things I found in the hospital was the inefficiency and slowness with which everything was done in the midst of so great a need. This was particularly obvious in the work of the various laboratories. Blood samples would take sometimes over a week to analyse, even if marked urgent. Results were often lost and sometimes not even reliable! I remember vividly one little boy who had been on the ward for six weeks gradually deteriorating. Eventually a rectal snip was taken and ten days later, before the biopsy was even begun to be worked on, Peter died.

I did see a lot of death on the children's wards, particularly in the POW and the younger children's ward. Many of the children were brought to the hospital too late, when their lungs were too solid with pneumonia to be resuscitated, or their haemoglobins were too low and blood transfusion only precipitated heart failure. What struck me about the deaths was how little anyone except the mother seemed to care. Whether this was cultural or their way of coping with the magnitude of the problem I never managed to find out. It shocked and upset me that people could be apparently so blasé about the deaths and give so little comfort to the mother.

This lack of caring permeated the whole hospital and all aspects of its work. Many of the staff approached their work as just a job, to be done as quickly and with as little effort as possible. It was a great contrast to Britain. The doctors were poorly paid, although it was a reasonable wage relative to others, and most were aiming to go into private practice as general practitioners, where they could earn a lot of money.

Every Monday afternoon there was a mortality meeting, during which the cases of children who had died in the previous month were presented by each ward in turn. The object was to learn from their experiences. The idea was a good one, although the notes were seldom thorough enough to allow proper analysis. I felt the meeting served another very valuable purpose in that it allowed the staff to discuss any other problems on the wards, particularly how to cope with the lack of supplies. This was obviously a great problem to the hospital. Needles were used and re-used until very blunt, too blunt to penetrate a vein. Scalp vein needles for transfusions and fluid administration were sometimes simply not available, so that children had to wait for lifesaving treatment. The shortage of intra-venous fluids made the treatment of many children impossible. Many other things were in short supply and the doctors and nurses became quite adept at improvising. Although equipment was in such poor supply, what was available was often very poorly looked after and inefficiently used. There seemed to be no organisation in any of the wards to make sure that best use was made of what little there was. There was no team effort and no leadership.

It is ironic that the first services to be cut in any health system are the preventative ones: the very services that reach the majority of people and enhance the health of the community, not the individual, the services which give long-term benefits. The doctors agreed that preventive work was more valuable in the long run, but there was so much less status for it in the eyes of the people, who see no solid hospital buildings for it, and in the eyes of other countries, who perhaps see the modern *de luxe* Kenyatta hospital but not the lack of rural health services.

I spent the last part of my time in Kenya at a small district hospital in Kiambu, 10 miles from Nairobi. Kiambu immediately struck me as being a much cleaner and pleasanter hospital. There were even gardens with flowers outside the wards. The hospital was also very much better equipped than Kisumu. I learnt that this was because it was so much closer to Nairobi so that pressure could be

brought to bear more easily: politically it was in a much stronger position. The paediatric ward here was run by two clinical officers and I spent some time dealing with much the same, although seemingly less severe, problems as at Kisumu. The whole area seemed richer and nutritionally better-off than Kisumu, and this was reflected in the admissions.

I also spent quite a lot of time in the maternal and child health clinic, seeing the children and working in the family planning section. The sister in this section was excellent, and was one of the few people I saw treat the patients with the respect that I had been accustomed to in medicine in Britain. The obstetrics and gynaecology wards were always busy and I spent some interesting time there seeing various aspects of maternal health and their influence on the children's own health. By no means all babies are delivered in hospital, but those that were were in almost a production line, the demand for the delivery beds was so great! The average number of children was six to ten per mother, and as polygamy was the accepted practice there could be sometimes 40 children in one family.

I hope I have managed to convey just a little of my many and varied experiences in Kenya. The country has many problems and has many decisions to make in the immediate future, not least about the priorities of medical provision. I was saddened to find that so much preventive work had been abandoned, for the health needs of the people are very great. I saw the end products of a lot of eminently preventable conditions.

The problems of malnutrition will become worse as the population increases at an ever accelerating rate, unless a policy of family planning is much more strongly advocated, with all that that entails in the way of education and practical provision. Infectious diseases are preventable, if not by sanitation and hygiene then by increased vaccination uptake. Measles is a killer disease, yet the vaccine (which is readily available) is poorly used. I saw children with polio and tetanus, both of which are relatively easily preventable.

My disappointments and frustrations with the hospital medicine must not detract from the good work that is being done under considerable pressures. I feel however that there is so much more that could be done with what is already available.

I am indebted to all those who have enabled me to have this time and experience in Kenya. I know that I am both medically and personally richer for it. Kenya is a beautiful country and its people are overwhelmingly hospitable and welcoming. I have learnt some new priorities of medicine, and can now appreciate even more how difficult it is to separate medicine from politics. Despite being one of the richer of the Third World countries, Kenya does have tremendous problems. I hope I have contributed, if only in a small way, to the alleviation of some of the problems.

Christina Faull

July – September, 1983

A Week on the Drake!



Next to the large cargo ships in Liverpool docks, the 72 foot ketch "Francis Drake", which was to be my home for the next week, looked incredibly small. As I took my first tentative steps down the gangplank, I said good-bye to my family and wondered if I would survive the rigours of life at sea and see them again a week later.

I stowed my luggage next to my bunk and then helped to make some supper. We had wine with that meal but unfortunately this did not turn out to be the norm. After that very quiet first meal everyone began to relax and talk to their fellow aspiring sailors.

Apart from the captain, there was a bosun, another experienced yachtsman, two "mates", each in charge of a watch, and a "supernumerary" — an incredibly funny Irishman who kept us going throughout the week. Altogether, there were eighteen of us.

We were split into "port" and "starboard" watches and worked on a four-hours-on—four-hours-off system so that we rarely got more than four hours' sleep at a time. After an hour-long briefing we set sail at 10.00 a.m. and headed for the Isle of Man. We worked our way carefully along the Mersey and out into the Irish Sea.

It was very calm and foggy with hardly any wind so we were forced to use the engine. Every minute we had to blow the foghorn, a brass instrument that looked like a hunting horn.

At 1.00 p.m. the next day the quay at Port St. Mary loomed out of the mist. We went ashore and had our first experience of "sea legs". After eating some awful fish and chips (which seem to be a characteristic of the Isle) it was back to the boat. We followed the coast to Peel where we spent the night in the comfort of a harbour.

We left the Isle of Man early next morning and sailed through the fog to Port Logan of the Galloway peninsula in Scotland. There we dropped anchor and went ashore. All 18 of us sent post cards from the tiny post office and walked along the deserted beach. That night we had to keep an anchor watch. This meant that two people kept watch for an hour at a time to make sure we were not drifting. It was very quiet and eerie as the mist still surrounded us.

In the morning we sailed on to Port Patrick where we had to manoeuvre into a very small harbour. Most of us went to a hotel to enjoy the luxury of a bath. In the evening we played crazy golf and thirteen of us teed off at once at the last hole, including the captain. While we were in port I climbed to the top of the main mast. From near the ceremonial crow's nest I had a marvellous view, but the orange deck beneath looked almost too small for eighteen people to stand on.

By the next morning the mist had cleared and a fresh breeze was blowing. Time, at last, for some real sailing! All went well for the first half-hour — until I was forced to make my first visit to the side of the boat, something I repeated frequently that day.

The wind reached force 6 at times and the boat crashed down into troughs from the crests of waves larger than I had ever seen. If I happened to be near the edge of the boat, which I often was, the waves came right over and drenched me. For the first hour or so I was petrified but after that I was too ill to be scared. However, as soon as we entered Loch Ryan, I felt much better. That night we went to a family disco in wellington boots and oil skins and performed a dance to "Don't rock the boat, baby" to the great amusement of the locals.

In the morning I was up at 5.00 a.m., cooking porridge and a traditional English breakfast. Two people were on galley duty each day, and this was mine. All morning we kept up a continual flow of coffee and made a large salad lunch. The bosun put in a request for orange meringue pie. I had just grated the seventh and final orange when we "went about". The dish of rind hit the rim of the table and went flipping onto the floor. We quickly gathered it up again and nobody seemed to notice anything wrong when we served the final product. The floors and white work were washed every morning so at least it had fallen on a clean floor!

We reached Laxey that night and sailed on to Douglas on the next day. The last day was "fun" day. We all had a chance to sit in the bosun's chair and be pushed out to sea on a lanyard attached to the mainmast. Someone holding the rope invariably slackened it, resulting in an unwelcome swim.

We practised tight turning and I was sure we would capsize at times when the boat lay over at a frightening angle. Throughout the voyage we had practised man-overboard drills, using cardboard boxes as bodies and not sailing on until they had been recovered.

Some of the crew wanted photographs of the boat in full sail, so a camera crew was lowered in the dinky and we sailed the Drake as close as possible to it at full speed. At times the camera crew thought that they would be rammed, but this was always averted at the last minute.

We dropped anchor just off Douglas for the obligatory swim. I have never been in such cold water before and I hope that I will never be again! In the morning we did all the usual "housework" such as scrubbing the deck and polishing the brass. We also did a lot of extra work to ensure that the boat would be as clean as possible for the next crew.

Most of us then caught the ferry back to Liverpool, where we said a very sorrowful and sometimes tearful goodbye. I made many friends, learnt more than I would have thought possible in a week, and had a wonderful time on the Drake. I only wish I could go again.



Catherine Thompson, UVI

Other Events during 1983—4

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| April | 19: Summer Term began. |
| | 20: Some L VI girls attended an open day at Liverpool University. |
| | 22: A school photograph was taken. |
| | 28: Representatives of Whitbread's attended morning assembly to present a prize and certificate to Moira Gillett for coming third in the North West region in the Observer-Whitbread essay competition. |
| May | 2: Bank Holiday. |
| | 8: Some Upper Fourths joined the King's School orienteering group. |
| | 20: Rev. Philip Crowe gave the address at the Commemoration Service in the Cathedral. |
| | 26: The Removes visited the Northwich Salt Museum. |
| | 30—June 3: Half-term holiday. |
| June | 3: Y.O.C. members were invited to the opening by Prince Philip of the Deeside Naturalists' Centre. |
| | 20: Joanne Atkinson had a picture accepted for the Cadbury National Exhibition of Children's Art. Numerous others received certificates of merit. |
| | 27: The Removes visited the Zoo. |
| | 29: There was a lecture-demonstration for senior girls and mothers by the Women's Self-Defence Association. |
| July | 1: An U IV Biology/Geography field trip to the Ruthin area. |
| | 2: A fifth form group visited Ludlow to see <i>Anthony and Cleopatra</i> . |
| | 6: Some L VI girls visited Birmingham University. |
| | 7: The L VI Economics and Chemistry groups visited Associated Octel. There was a retirement party for Mrs. Wells, a cleaner of many years' standing. |
| | 13—14: Some L VI girls attended a <i>Challenge of Industry</i> Conference. |
| | 14: End of term. |
| September | 8: Autumn Term began. |
| | 16: A tea party for last year's U VI. |
| | 23: After school was held the first of a series of classes for senior girls, organised by the Women's Self-Defence Association. |
| October | 14: Mrs. R.V. Faulkner was appointed caretaker to succeed Mrs. Baker. |
| | 20: Mrs. Affleck took the L V Drama Club to the theatre in Liverpool. |
| | 24—28: Half-term holiday. |
| November | 1: Mrs. A. Maple (mother of ex-pupils) spoke to the U VI on "Poverty". |
| | 8: Dr. Brambell spoke to the U VI on "The ethics of keeping animals in captivity". |
| | 12: An U VI English group saw <i>Hamlet</i> in Manchester. |
| | 22: Dr. G. Madden (father of Clare Madden) spoke to the U VI on "Mental illness and drug addiction". |
| | 29: Mr. R. Paul (father of Caroline Paul) gave a talk to the U VI on "Environmental pollution — the balanced approach". |
| December | 1: A VI form German group attended a lecture at Ellesmere Port Catholic High School. |
| | 13: Dr. P. Rankin (ex-pupil) gave a talk to the U VI entitled "Being a woman physicist". |
| | In the evening, prizes were presented by Professor D.S.R. Welland, formerly Pro-Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University. |
| | 16: Joint Carol Service with the King's School in Chester Cathedral, marking the end of term. |

January	5:	Beginning of Spring Term.
	17:	Mr. M. Goodger (Salford University) spoke to the U VI on "The population bomb".
	24:	Mr. D. Briggs (father of Jackie Briggs) spoke to the U VI on "The newspaper world".
February	26:	A VI form Physics group attended the Faraday Lecture in Liverpool.
	7:	Mr. D.W. Caroline (Salford University) spoke to the U VI on "Trade unions and the economy".
	20—24:	Half-term holiday.
March	27:	Prize-giving holiday, given in recognition of the exceptional examination results.
	12:	Many members of the school participated in the sponsored "Round England Run" to raise money for the British Olympic team.
	13:	Mr. Horsefield (probation officer) spoke to the U VI on "Prisons and alternatives to prison".
April	19:	Visit by members of Lower VI to open day of Queens' College, Cambridge University.
	5:	End of Spring Term.
	25:	Beginning of Summer Term.
May	1:	Liverpool University Open Day attended by various members of L VI.
	7:	Bank Holiday.
	9:	Mr. M. Jones (advisor in English Literature to Cheshire Education Authority) spoke to the L VI on "Women in words".
	11:	Commemoration Service in Chester Cathedral.
	12:	Finals of Modern Language Reading Competition.
	16—17:	Members of Lower VI visited various College open days at Cambridge University.
	24:	The Removes visited the Salt Musuem.
	28—31:	Half-term holiday.

The Queen's School Association

Degree Results, 1983

Kim Affleck	Mathematics, III, Oxford
Judith Allanson	Pharmacology, II ₁ , Cambridge
Jane Beckett (née Cumin)	Institutional Management, II ₁ , Cardiff
Janet Bernie	German, II ₂ , Durham
Clare Billingham	Mathematics, II, Leeds
Alison Bogle	Theology, II ₁ , Sheffield
Anne Cassidy	Biochemistry, II ₁ , London
Elizabeth Collier	Mathematics, II ₁ , Durham
Lesley Douglas	S.E. Asian Studies, II ₁ , Hull

Linda Edmondson
Catherine Edwards
Sheena Elliott
Katherine Froot
Julia Hands
Helen Kaye

Elizabeth Margaron
Siân Mile
Alexandra Phillips
Jane Platt
Karen Scholefield
Josephine Steadman
Penelope Street
Karen Swain
Jayne Hughes

Jennifer Smith

Higher Degrees:

Elizabeth Munday
Christine Sears (née
Roberts)

Mathematics, III, Durham
Biological Sciences, II₁, Sheffield
Geography, II₂, Liverpool
English and Education, I, Cambridge
II₂, Durham (awarded departmental prize)
Economics and Accounting, II₁, Newcastle
upon Tyne
Geography, II₂, Sheffield
English, II₁, Birmingham
Social Policy and Administration, II₂, Kent
Music, II₁, London
Geography, II₁, Durham
Human Sciences, I, Oxford
Geography, II₁, Sheffield
Mathematics, II₂, Sheffield
Business Studies and German, II₁,
Manchester Polytechnic
Psychology, II₁, Sussex

D. Phil. (Oxon), Anthropology

M.Sc., Social Administration, Southampton

The Annual General Meeting

This was held in the school hall on Saturday, July 2nd at 5.30 p.m. Miss Farra presided, and about 60 members were present, together with members of staff and Sixth Form leavers. The minutes of the last A.G.M. were read and confirmed. All members of the Committee being willing to stand again, they were duly re-elected, as were the Officers.

Following the Treasurer's report on the Association's financial position, the President brought us up to date with the school news. Miss Farra invited us to inspect the new wing, which was formally opened in November, 1982. She told us that the additional space is a great asset and that everybody is pleased with the new accommodation and the associated changes. She went on to say that computers are now an essential part of education for all ages, and that ten new ones would be in use from next term.

Sue Lumb thanked Miss Farra for her interesting report, and for making us so welcome to the school.

On behalf of members, Pauline Beacham presented Ruth Sedgwick (née Hinde) with a cut-glass bowl and a cheque to mark her retirement and her marriage.

After a glass of sherry, many members and their friends took the opportunity to see the new building.

Social Events

Barbecue: On Saturday, 10th September, 1983, John and Sheila Douglas kindly invited us to hold a barbecue at their home in Churton. After the beautiful summer weather, it was disappointing that this was the darkest, wettest, coldest evening for months; but all that did not dampen the enthusiasm of those who attended. Thanks to the large dry barn in which the barbecue was held, and all those who prepared and cooked the food, it was declared a most successful evening.

Coffee Morning: On Saturday, 31st March, 1984, about 75 friends met in the school hall for coffee and enjoyed a happy social gathering.

The bring-and-buy/produce stall did a brisk trade, and a box of fruit was raffled, the lucky winner being Denise Partington.

Margo Lumb and Joan Roberts did their usual lovely flower arrangements, which made the tables look most attractive and welcoming. Other members of the Committee brought home-made scones and biscuits, which were appreciated with the coffee.

Helpers and supporters alike appeared to enjoy the morning, which made a very satisfactory profit of £68.

M.W.

News of Members

Helen Aird is living in Vancouver and working as a Systems Analyst for the B.C. Telephone Company.

Anne Archer left Frankfurt last June, and is now living in London.

Kate Bates will in October this year be taking up employment with Diwas Jones, a firm of Chartered Surveyors based in London. She writes: "I would be very willing to talk to anyone at school who is interested in surveying as a career, as I know how difficult it was to get any first-hand information when I was considering this career."

Jane Beckett (née Cumin) is working for the N.H.S. in West Sussex, in the National Domestic Services Management training scheme.

Valerie Berry (née Labrum) is working for Clwyd Health Authority as Principal Clinical Psychologist in the Child Health department.

Pauline Black is a lecturer at the Salford School of Radiography.

Ann Bond (née Avery) is still Director of Music at Lingfield Collegiate Church, and also directs occasional courses at the Royal School of Church Music. She plays the harpsichord in an early music ensemble with members of the Academy of Ancient Music and the English Concert; we look forward to hearing her play in Chester at some time.

Anita Brown is currently Registrar in Radiology at Broadgreen Hospital. She hopes to complete an Assistant Flying Instructor's course this summer.

Susan Burns (née Johnston) has been appointed Deputy Head of the Mathematics Department at George Orwell School, Islington.

Jacqueline Clinton, who is still working at Grange Hall Hospital, would welcome news of any former school friends.

Ruth Collin is working in the Borders Regional Library Headquarters, Selkirk.

- Lesley Cooke** completed her studies at Leeds University by gaining a Ph.D. in Psychology and is now based at Chester College of Higher Education where she lectures in Psychology and Sport Psychology.
- Karenn Coombes** is now responsible for a team of ergonomists at Marconi Space and Defence Systems at Finley, working on command, control and communication systems. In April this year she gave an invited paper to the N.A.T.O. conference on Systems Design.
- Sarah Copeman** qualified as a Chartered Surveyor in 1982, and is currently working in New York. In 1983 she spent four months in Dallas on a FIABCI Scholarship, studying Real Estate at Southern Methodist University Business School, and then travelled widely for six weeks.
- Jane Cronin (née Clark)** lives in London and designs clothes in suede and leather.
- Deborah Crow née Todd** qualified as a Chartered Accountant in July 1983.
- Valerie Curtis** has given up her civil engineering job in London to go to Uganda with an Oxfam team. She will help to provide water supplies to refugee camps near Kampala.
- Veronica Davies** is going to Leicester University in September 1984, to study for a Postgraduate Certificate in Education.
- Diane Edge** is a qualified occupational therapist working in the geriatric unit of Wrexham Maelor Hospital.
- Sheena Elliott** is now working in the National Health Service as a trainee administrator.
- Beryl Ennion** is now manager of Webster's Book Shop in Brighton.
- Joyce Forster (née Palin)** has a part-time partnership in a general practice in Gosport.
- Felicity Green** qualified as an occupational therapist in 1983, and is now working at St. Mary Abbot's Psychiatric Day Hospital in London.
- Julia Hands** spent a few months, after graduation, with the National Westminster Bank. However she is now studying at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, and expects to be commissioned in August, probably into the Education Corps.
- Susan Howells**, who lives in Switzerland, regrets that she cannot attend our A.G.M. because of the distance, and also because she is expecting a baby in June.
- Jayne Hughes** is working for Austin Rover as an advertising executive.
- Helen Kaye** recently started a three-year training contract with Armitage and Norton, Chartered Accountants, in Huddersfield.
- Helen Kerswall (née Batty)** has been appointed Assistant Borough Planning Officer for the London Borough of Greenwich, with responsibility for preparing a community plan for the borough.
- Elizabeth Lewis** is an accounts assistant in Bristol.
- Elizabeth Lunn** has been appointed Senior Auditor in the Treasury Department of Cheshire County Council.
- Elizabeth Munday** has been elected Research Fellow at St. Anne's College, Oxford.
- Susan Oliver (née Ross-Kane)** writes: "I have been living in Saudi Arabia now for 17 months, where my husband is the Deputy Construction Manager for Shell, building a very large refinery. Though life is very restricting

in many ways, one adapts to the situation, and I find it fascinating to observe how the Saudis live. Ten years ago this area of Saudi Arabia was a sleepy town of 8000 people, fishing and pearl diving for their livings. Now 55 000 non-Saudis are there, building the vast industrial city which the Saudis hope eventually to run themselves. It is a terrific experience, but it has meant boarding-school education for our children aged 13, 11 and 8½."

Alexandra Phillips has been appointed a health centre administrator in London.

Marianne Phillips is now specialising in paediatrics in Manchester.

Rachel Phillips is now living in Leeds and working in Leeds General Infirmary's paediatric unit.

Karin Pottinger is a qualified physiotherapist working at Walton Hospital, Liverpool.

Rosemary Price (née Forster) is living near York Minster, and would be happy to see any old friends who are in the city of York.

Denise Pritchard has now retired to live in Ross-shire, Scotland, where she is very involved with local affairs and thoroughly enjoys life.

Patricia Ritchie (née Hough) is Senior Lecturer in Careers Guidance in the Department of Management and Administrative Studies at Huddersfield Polytechnic.

Mary Sara (née Proudlove) opened an art gallery in Ilkley in August, 1983, and exhibits work in a variety of media by local and non-local artists, herself amongst them.

Christine Sears (née Roberts) continues to work as a personnel officer, and has been doing some part-time lecturing to postgraduate students.

Janet Spruce (married name Hay) has been appointed an associate lecturer at the University of Surrey in Guildford. She will be teaching senior nurses.

Erica Stanton is taking a two-year M.A. course in dance at Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, New York.

Christine Stevenson (née Moss) is a systems analyst at the National Girobank, Bootle. Her husband, Malcolm, is Head of Chemistry at King George V Sixth Form College, Southport.

Sarah Swallow (née Wain) is working in the Chester Social Services Department. She is Honorary Secretary of the British Canoe Union's Wild Water Racing Committee, and is still very involved in canoeing generally. She has organised a reunion of her old school friends — the 1967-74 group.

Rona Wagstaffe (née Deas) is now working as a marketing consultant for a trust organisation in Bristol, set up to help small businesses.

Charlotte West-Oram (married name Negus) is returning to the Globe Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, to continue playing the headmistress in *Daisy Pulls It Off*. She writes: "I would be delighted to see old friends and staff backstage if they happened to come to the show."

Carole-Ann Wilkinson (née Holme) is working in the Chester hospitals as part of her general practice training.

Jane Williams has been appointed staff nurse in the progressive patient care unit of Killingbeck Hospital, Leeds. In May 1983, she attended a reception held by the General Nursing Council at St. James's Palace.

Jill Wilson (née Holme) is working in personnel management.

Marriages

Jane Clark, on 25th June, 1983, to Alan Cronin.
Jane Cumin, on 23rd July, 1983, to Joseph Beckett.
Susan Goldberg, on 20th August, 1983, to Jeffrey Wood.
Susan Johnston, on 6th August, 1983, to Robin John Burns.
Elizabeth Lewis, on 28th April, 1984, to Mark Mitchard.
Anne Pallin, on 27th August, 1983, to Colin T. Reid.
Valerie Street, in July, 1983, to Brendon Swales.

Births

Madden — on 10th January, 1984, to Nicky (née Strawson), a daughter, Katherine Maureen.
Millman — on 3rd June, 1983, to Jean (née Pate), a daughter, Ruth Frances, a sister for Howard John.
Negus — on 12th October, 1983, to Charlotte (née West-Oram), a son, Peter George.
Ritchie — on 27th May, 1981, to Patricia (née Hough), a son, Duncan.
Roberts — on 14th February, 1984, to Alison (née Jones), a daughter, Antonia Helen, a sister for Andrew (now 6) and Edward (aged 4).
Strawson — on 14th September, 1983, to Ingrid (née Davidge), a daughter, Victoria.
Tyler — in March, 1984, to Pauline (née Thorpe), a son, Jonathan William.
Withinshaw — on 7th July, 1983, to Lyn (née Pottinger), a daughter, Samantha Jane.

Deaths

Day: in 1983, Rosamond Day (née Clark), 1921—28.
Rees: on 29th December, 1982, Nancy Ross, 1918—21.
Stell: in August, 1983, Eleanor Stell (née Davies-Jones), 1922—31.
Waymouth: on 15th December, 1983, Phyllis Waymouth, who was at school from 1914—25 and served on the Queen's School Association Committee from 1929 until her resignation in 1982.

EDITOR'S NOTE

This year's magazine has suffered more than usual from dilatory contributions, and we particularly regret the total lack of creative work from members of Nedham House. For next year we will try to arrange an effective system of reminders, but we can say now that the dates to observe are (as before)

The end of the Spring Term, for everything that can possibly be ready then, and

The end of the first full week of the Summer Term, for all other written contributions except items of late news. Pictures can be a little later.

Nevertheless we have had more than enough to fill the magazine, and have reluctantly had to omit a story by Sally Leaman (U VI), which was very good, but needed almost three pages; and poems by Moensie Rossier (Rem Q), Christina Merrett (U V B), Samantha Rae (L IV S) and Ruth Johnson (Rem H), as well as a descriptive item by Gina Gillespie (U IV H). We would welcome readers' opinions as to whether the resulting balance between the varied kinds of material is right.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The cover was designed by Susan Johnson and Joanna Clark of U V H.

Other illustrations not separately credited were drawn by Sharon Ellis (L IV P), Catherine Winsor (U VI) and various members of U V B.

Photographs were taken by Mrs. Whelan, Miss Scott, Mr. Bent, Paul Newing and sundry other friends and relations of those depicted, to whom we are most grateful.

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