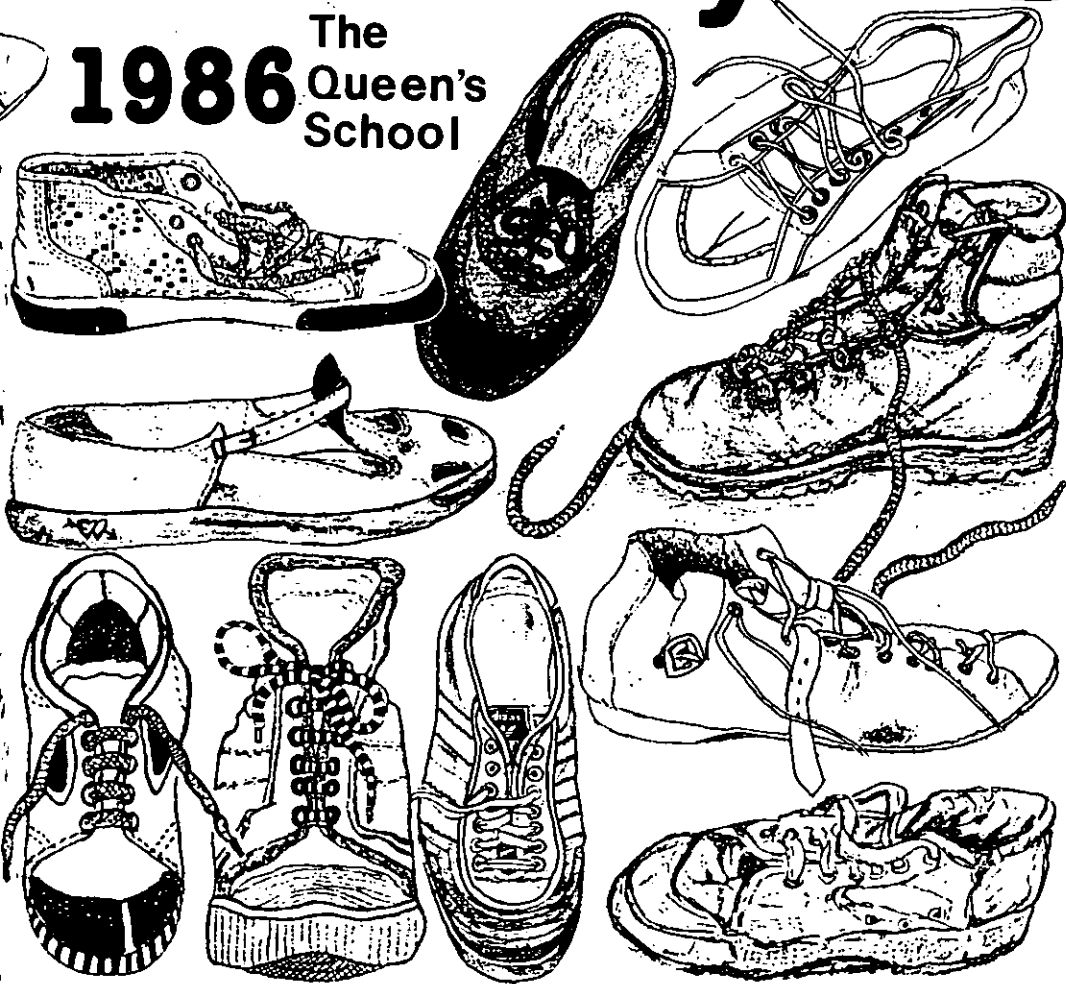




Have Mynde

1986 The
Queen's
School



The Governing Body

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

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

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Chester

J.A. Bruce, M.A.

W.C. Dutton, M.B.E., F.C.I.S.

Mrs. S. Harris, J.P.

L.H.A. Harrison, M.A.

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

Mrs. D.M. McConnell

Miss G. Phillips, M.A.

D.O. Pickering

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

The Rev. Canon J.C. Sladden, M.A., B.D. (Oxon)

Clerk to the Governors

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

Have Mynde, 1986

Foreword

As 1986 progresses schools throughout England and Wales prepare for the introduction of GCSE for which teaching will begin in September. It is over thirty years since O Level and A Level replaced School Certificate and Higher School Certificate, a radical change in its day but far less so than the change from O Level to GCSE is going to be. Nothing can continue unchanged for ever and O Level has had a very long innings. The needs of young people seeking higher education and employment in the 1980's and 90's are very different from those of their predecessors of thirty years ago; subjects themselves have evolved, as have teaching methods and the philosophy of education, and this must be reflected in the examination system. In the words of the General Criteria, issued by the Department of Education and Science, the new examination aims "to enable all candidates to demonstrate what they know, understand and can do". We look forward to the future with interest.

Meanwhile, the life of the school goes on with the customary mixture of hard work and fun described in this issue of Have Mynde. In the course of the year Mrs. Brien has retired from her post in the Mathematics Department and Mrs. Wright from her part-time chemistry teaching. We are grateful to them both for their many years of service and wish them well in their new-found freedom to pursue fresh interests.

M. Farra

The Staff, May 1986

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

- Mrs. J. Affleck, M.A., Oxon
- A. Berry, B.A., G.R.S.M., Manchester, D.A.S.E., Liverpool, R.A.M.,
A.R.M.C.M., A.R.C.O.
- Mrs. P. Bradbeer, Ph.D., Dunelm
- Mrs. F. Brown, B.A.Hons., Wales
- Miss R. Callaway, B.A.Hons., Liverpool
- * C.V. Cook, B.Sc.Hons., Wales
- Mrs. K. Dewhurst, Mus.B.Hons., Manchester
- Miss E.M. Edwards, B.Sc.Hons., Manchester
- Mrs. C. Ferris, B.A.Hons., London
- Mrs. A. Hardwick, M.A., Oxon
- Miss J.E. Hargreaves, B.A.Hons., London
- Miss S.D. Hayes, Gloucester, T.C.D.S.
- Miss M. Hemming, B.A.Hons., Lancaster, M.A., Birmingham
- Mrs. S.V. Nightingale, B.A., Manchester Polytechnic
- Miss V. Nowell, M.A., Birmingham
- Mrs. H. Parker, B.A.Hons., Oxon
- Mrs. M. Prince, B.A.Hons., Sheffield
- Miss C. Quail, B.Sc.Hons., Hull
- * Miss P. Stanley, B.Sc.Hons., Reading
- Mrs. C. Tottey, B.Ed., I.M.Marsh College of Physical Education
- Miss M. Walters, B.A.Hons., Leicester
- Mrs. L. Waring, B.Ed., I.M.Marsh College of Physical Education
- K.R. Young, Ph.D., M.Ed., Liverpool, C.Chem., M.R.I.C.

Part-time Staff

- Mrs. S.J. Bastin, B.Sc.Hons. London
- A. Bent, B.Sc.Hons., Birmingham
- Mrs. M.T. Berry, M.A., Dublin
- Mrs. S.J. Bowden, B.A., Manchester
- Miss F. Brett, B.A.Hons., Manchester Polytechnic
- * Mrs. D.M. Carter, B.A.Hons., Wales
- Mrs. M. Chorley, B.A.Hons., Manchester
- Mrs. J. Entwisle, B.Sc.Hons., London
- * Mrs. S. Exley
- Mrs. J. Falcon, B.A., Open University
- Mrs. N. Fowler, B.A.Hons., Liverpool
- * Mrs. C.P. Johnson, Ph.D., London
- Mrs. E.L. Jones, B.Sc.Hons., Bristol
- Mrs. P. Maddocks, B.A.Hons., London
- * Mrs. F.M. Prescott
- Mrs. E.D. Rowland, B.Sc.Hons., Bristol
- Mrs. S.M. Stinson, B.Sc.Hons., London
- Mrs. H. Teige, B.A., Manchester
- Mrs. M.C. Wiley, B.Sc.Hons., Liverpool
- * Mrs. G. Zagel-Millmore

Part-time Music Staff

- 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. R. Heasman, L.R.A.M.
- Mrs. J.M. Holmes, Mus.B.Hons., G.R.S.M., A.R.M.C.M.
- Mrs. J.M. Johnson, A.R.M.C.M.

- * Mrs. C.E.Jones, B.A., Glasgow, L.G.S.M.
Mrs. V.M. Lees, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.
Mrs. G. Sawicka, L.R.A.M. Graduate of Kiev Conservatoire
Mrs. E. Stringer, L.R.A.M.
D. Thomas, A.R.M.C.M.
Mrs. G. Thomas, A.R.C.M.
Mrs. B.A.L. Webber, A.G.S.M.

The Junior School at Nedham House

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

Part-time Staff

- Mrs. M. Chorley, B.A.Hons., Manchester
- * Mrs. J. Stewart, B.Mus., Birmingham, A.L.C.M.
- Mrs. M.D. Meredith, C.F. Mott College of Education

The Preparatory Department at Sandford House

Head of Department: Mrs. M. Whelan, Chester College, B.A.,
Open University
Mrs. R.A. Evans, B.Ed.Hons., Liverpool
Mrs. D.M. Judge, Mount Pleasant T.C., Liverpool

Part-time Staff

Mrs. G.M. Gough, Bedford Froebel Training College
Mrs. A. Roberts, St. Mary's College, Cheltenham

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. Hudspeth

Laboratory Assistants: Mrs. L. Aves, B.Sc., Dunelm

Mrs. J.C. Barnes, O.N.C.

Mrs. G.M. Hobson, H.N.C.

Technical Assistant: *R.I.C. Holland, 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. Brien, Mrs. A. Brocklehurst, Mrs. C. Fowles, Mrs. L. Hallett, R.A. Hands, Mrs. C.M. Hargreaves, Miss M. Livett, Mrs. G. Jones, L. Norris, Mrs. A. Whitty, Mrs. D. Wright.

Those in Authority, 1986

Head Girl:

Clare Burke

Deputies:

Helen Clark

Angela Cobden

Reference Librarians:

Miss Walters, Lara Fisher-Jones, Carol Goy, Jane

Hainsworth, Cerian Savin, Lorna Warren

Fiction Librarians:

Mrs. Fowler, Wendy Grimshaw, Selena Leggett, Susan

Moyes, Catherine Owen, Lucinda Polding

"Have Mynde" Editorial:

Miss Walters, Miss Callaway, Mrs. Nightingale, Carey

Bamber, Alison Butler, Elise Campbell, Alyson Jones,

Helen Kinsman, Catherine Wilcox

"Have Mynde" Business:

Mrs. Brown

We Congratulate

Miss C. Jones on her marriage to Mr. A. Tottey on 3rd August 1985;
Miss M. Hemming on her award of an M.A. from Birmingham University on completion of a thesis on 'The Novels of François Mauriac';

Mrs. L. Waring on being a member of The Senior North Territorial Lacrosse team;
Katie Willis on her captaincy of The Cheshire Junior Lacrosse Team, Alice Carden on her vice-captaincy and both on being selected for The Junior North Territorial Lacrosse Team.

The following who were awarded places at Oxford and Cambridge:

Jane Ashworth at Clare College, Cambridge, to read Medical Sciences;

Jacqueline Briggs at Oriel College, Oxford, to read Modern Languages;

Catriona Duncan at Exeter College, Oxford, to read Mathematics;

Kim Edwards at Hertford College, Oxford, to read Law;

Jane Nash at Somerville College, Oxford, to read Modern Languages;

Judith Pennington at Christ's College, Cambridge, to read Mathematics;

Helen Wall at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to read Oriental Studies;

Zoë Watkinson at Downing College, Cambridge, to read Law;

Katie Willis at Pembroke College, Oxford, to read Geography;

Rachel Yates at King's College, Cambridge, to read Archaeology and Anthropology.

Mrs. Marjorie Brien



Mrs. Brien came to teach, part-time, in the Mathematics Department on the retirement of Miss Joy Tolliday in 1974. Initially she came for six months but we were very happy that she stayed eleven years, being a full-time member of the department from 1977 until her retirement last July.

During that time almost two thirds of the school was taught by her at some time and remembers her lively lessons and mathematical games on the field at the end of the summer term.

We wish her a long and happy retirement and hear that she is still as busy as ever. She is helping with the Literacy scheme in Wrexham and has enrolled for a degree course (in English) with the Open University.

A.H.

Gifts to the School

We should like to record our appreciation of the following:

Books and contributions to the Library funds: Mrs. M. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, Lord Chalfont, Mrs. Churton, Mrs. Harker (a copy of her new book 'The Secret of a Saxon Summer'), Sandra Macgregor Hastie (a copy of 'Troubled Times', an anthology of Spanish poetry which she has edited and translated), Mr. and Mrs. Healey and Catherine, Mrs. Anneli Lindroos, Miss M. Livett, Mr. Ray, Canon J.C. Sladden (a copy of his book 'Boniface of Devon')

Other Cheques: Mrs. Kimberley and Elisabeth, Mr. and Mrs. Paton and Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, Mr. and Mrs. Willis and Stephanie, Mr. Yarwood

Copies of Music: Miss M. Whitnall, Miss M. Wood

Records: Mrs. Brien, Miss M. Wood. Record of 'The Scholars' — Kym Amps

Anna Markland Trophy for Music: Cestrian Concerts Society

Science Apparatus: Shell Research

Picture for Sixth Form Room: Upper Sixth

Pencil Drawing of the school: Mrs. C. McCreddie

Set of Books on Photography: Alison Hutton UIVF

Money for Furniture and Furnishings in the Sixth Form Coffee Room and Lower Sixth Common Room: The Parents' Association

Gifts to Nedham House

Computer Programmes: Mrs. Roberts and Nicola

'Earth from Space' Meteorological Office Posters: Mr. and Mrs. Adley

Paper and Card for practical activities: Mrs. K. Jones, Mr. Adnitt

Photographs of Y.O.C. outing and Tatton visit: Mr. and Mrs. Guha and Priya

Book and Cassettes: Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Sarah

Music stands: Mr. and Mrs. Hill and Jane, Clare Davies

Garden tools: Mr. and Mrs. Wright and Sian

Electric food mixer: Mr. and Mrs. Bate and Caroline

Bird nesting box: Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Annabel

Oven mitt and Snoopy apron: Mr. and Mrs. Wynne and Caroline

Bottle garden: Mr. and Mrs. Murphy and Elizabeth

Cut-glass flower vase for the hall: Mr. and Mrs. Powell and Catherine

Terra-cotta strawberry pot: Mrs. Franklin and Aylish

Tennis racquet: Mr. and Mrs. Ford and Samantha

Oil paints and Art manikin: Mr. and Mrs. Wieringa and Fenneke

Books for the library: Dr. and Mrs. Burke and Laura, Mr. and Mrs.

Clayton and Sarah, Mrs. Davidson and Fiona, Mr. and Mrs. Graham-

Palmer and Alice, Mr. and Mrs. Guha and Priya, Mr. and Mrs.

Pathak and Charu, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair and Pauline, Mr. and Mrs.

White and Joanne, Mr. and Mrs. Wickson and Penelope, Mr. and

Mrs. Wilson and Rachel

'Spending money' for books or art/pottery equipment: Dr. and Mrs.

Hollinrake and Patricia, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and Laraine, Mr. and

Mrs. Scott and Sarnia

Fancy dress pattern: Mrs. Sinclair
Aneroid barometer: Mr. and Mrs. Dawson and Heather
Scripture books: Sandford House
Carpets and Chairs for the staffroom: Mr. and Mrs. Paice and Miss Paice
Sumach tree: Mr. and Mrs. Brotherton
Large decorative candle and wreath: Mr. and Mrs. Payne and Lara
Rose bushes: Mrs. D. Brown
Large cutlery tray for the cookery corner: Miss Farra and Miss Edwards
 We apologise that the following item was omitted from the list of gifts of 1984 leavers, printed in *Have Mynde* 1985;
Computer software token: Mr. and Mrs. Polts and Caroline

Gifts to Sandford House

Juniper bush: Jonathan Beck
Books: Daniel Benton, Heather Dawson
Large Photograph Album: Sally Bowden
Tapes of Aled Jones: Kate Downey
Model Steam Engine for Science: Simon Hewitt

Prizes and Awards, 1985

FORM PRIZES

Lower Fifth

Prizes for good work

Ruth Cunliffe
 Carolyn Dalton
 Anna Dawson
 Kate Jones
 Lindsay McGonagle
 Stephanie Menday
 Sarah Wyllie

Upper Fifth

Prizes for good work

Elise Campbell
 Helen Clark
 Angela Cobden
 Carol Goy
 Sarah Hickson
 Jane Higginbotham
 Julie Tattam

Lower Sixth

Prize for Games
Prize for Service to
the School as Deputy Head Girl
Prize for Service to
the School as Head Girl
Queen Victoria's Jubilee Scholarship

Susan Barker
 Bethan Roberts
 Sally Thomas

Katie Willis
 Catriona Duncan

Upper Sixth

Prize for outstanding work at A Level
Prize for outstanding work at A Level,
especially in physical sciences

Jacqueline Briggs
 Suzanne Cribb

*Prize for outstanding work at A Level,
especially in art*
Prize for outstanding work at A Level
*Prize for outstanding work at A Level,
especially in modern languages*
*Prize for outstanding work at A Level,
especially in german*
*Prize for outstanding work at A Level,
especially in mathematics*
Prize for outstanding work at A Level

Kathleen Gillett
Janet Harvey

Catherine Healey
Janet Reeve

Judith Pennington
Jane Romer
Moya Stevenson
Zoë Watkinson

SUBJECT PRIZES

English

History
Geography
Economics
Classics

French

German

Chemistry
Home Economics
Games

Prizes for progress in physics
Prize for progress in music
Prize for progress in English
Prize for general progress

Prize for service to the school

Prize for service to the neighbourhood

Sally Taylor
Victoria Young
Llewela Charles-Jones
Jacqueline Fearnall
Rachel Yates
Lynne Warrington
Stephanie Willis
Katherine Bott
Elisabeth Kimberley
Sally Taylor
Melanie Ashion
Emma Francis
Jacqueline Fearnall
Fiona Leslie
Joanne Ramsden
Clare Hainsworth
Annabel Lewis
Jennifer Longden
Susan Callery
Clare Hainsworth
Naomi Jones
Jane Peaker
Joanna Houghton

C.P. WITTER AWARD 1985 (a week on the Ocean Youth Club sailing vessel, 'Francis Drake').
Hilary Parker.

PHYLLIS BROWN MEMORIAL TRAVEL BURSARY 1985

Judith Allanson for an elective period in China as part of her medical course.

PHYLLIS WAYMOUTH'S TRAVEL BURSARY 1985

Rachel Yates for work with the Project Trust in Zimbabwe.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1985

The following passed in four or more subjects at Ordinary Level: Jane Aston, Carey Bamber, Tamsin Bowra, Bridget Bullivant, Alison Butler, Fiona Carruthers, Angela Cobden, Louise Fielding, Lara Fisher-Jones, Carol Goy, Wendy Grimshaw, Jane Hainsworth, Angela Huxley, Caroline Luker, Fiona Marsden, Catherine McNay, Rachel Mills, Catherine Owen, Deborah Parker, Rachel Pennington, Lucinda Polding, Elspeth Small, Sarah Ward, Lorna Warren, Penelope Weston, Lisa Whalley, Catherine Wilcox, Jennifer Wright.

Carolyn Andrews, Rowan Browning, Clare Burke, Elise Campbell, Helen Clark, Janette Cribb, Leontine de Galan, Beth Hamer, Nicola Haresnape, Joanna Harrison, Sarah Hickson, Jane Higginbotham, Anne Hutchinson, Louise Isserlis, Sarah Jackson, Helen Kinsman, Diane Lawson, Nicola Limb, Caroline Moss, Susan Moyes, Alison Owen, Louise Reynolds-Jones, Cerian Savin, Julia Scott, Maria Shepherd, Elsbeth Smedley, Caryn Smith, Julie Tattam.

ADVANCED LEVEL

Five subjects:—

Judith Pennington

Four subjects:—

Melanie Ashton, Katherine Bott, Jacqueline Briggs, Anna Brown, Llewela Charles-Jones, Suzanne Cribb, Jacqueline Fearnall, Emma Francis, Kathleen Gillett, Vanessa Ginn, Victoria Griffith, Clare Hainsworth, Mary Harding, Rebecca Hart, Janet Harvey, Joanna Houghton, Elizabeth Irwin, Naomi Jones, Elisabeth Kimberley, Julia King, Rachel Knight, Fiona Leslie, Annabel Lewis, Sally Low, Rachel McDonnell, Sarah Mills, Jane Peaker, Bridget Plattier, Janet Reeve, Jane Romer, Moya Stevenson, Joanna Street, Helen Taylor, Sally Taylor, Ann Warne, Lynne Warrington, Katherine Whittaker, Stephanie Willis, Lisa Wilson, Rachel Yates, Victoria Young.

Three subjects:—

Valerie Ashe, Susan Callery, Virginia Cleaves, Sally Harper, Catherine Healey, Joanne Ramsden, Christina Smedley, Wendy Somerset-Jones, Jane Tickle, Rachel Walker, Rachel Walton, Zoë Watkinson.

Two subjects:—

Jennifer Longden, Christina Winnard.

One subject:—

Helen Collins, Clare Jones.

Higher Education and Employment

Valerie Ashe

Melanie Ashton

Katherine Bott

Sheila Braine (left 1984)

Jacqueline Briggs

Anna Brown

Susan Callery

Nicola Chamberlin (left 1984)

Llewela Charles-Jones

Virginia Cleaves

Helen Collins

Joanne Cooper (left 1984)

Suzanne Cribb

Shirley Davies (left 1984)

Gaynor de Wit (left 1984)

Jacqueline Fearnall

Emma Francis

Kathleen Gillett

Victoria Griffith

Clare Hainsworth

Mary Harding

Rebecca Hart

Janet Harvey

Catherine Healey

Joanna Houghton

Elizabeth Irwin

Catherine Jobson (left 1984)

Bristol Polytechnic: Modern Languages and
Information Systems

Liverpool: Chemistry

Newcastle: Medicine

St. Martins School of Art, London: Fine Art

Oriel College, Oxford (1986): Modern Languages

Middlesex Polytechnic: European Business
Administration

Lancaster: Marketing and German Studies

Seale-Hayne College of Agriculture: HND
Agriculture

Durham (1986): History

Cardiff: Institutional Management

Barclays Bank: Banking

Durham: Economics

Edinburgh: Chemistry

Birmingham: Geography

City: Economics

Durham: Geography

Cardiff: Home Economics

Goldsmiths' College, London: Drama and French

North East Wales Institute: Personal Assistant's
Diploma

Durham: English

UMIST: Management Science

Durham: French

Bristol: Veterinary Science

Worcester College, Oxford (Exhibition): Modern
Languages

Chester College of Higher Education: Education

Sheffield Polytechnic: Business Studies

University College, London: Statistics, Computing,
Operational Research and Economics

Clare Jones
Naomi Jones
Carole Kenyon (left 1984)
Elisabeth Kimberley
Julia King

Rachel Knight
Sally Leaman (left 1984)
Fiona Leslie
Annabel Lewis
Jennifer Longden

Sally Low

Clare Madden (left 1984)
Sarah Mills

Caroline Paul (left 1984)
Judith Pennington
Bridget Plattier
Joanne Ramsden
Janet Reeve

Jane Romer
Christina Smedley
Wendy Somerset-Jones

Moya Stevenson
Joanna Street
Helen Taylor
Sally Taylor
Jane Tickle
Rachel Walker
Rachel Walton
Ann Warne
Lynne Warrington
Zoë Watkinson
Katherine Whittaker
Stephanie Willis
Lisa Wilson
Rachel Yates

Victoria Young

Countess of Chester Hospital (1986): Nursing
York: Biology
Sheffield: Biology
Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford: Modern Languages
Bath College of Higher Education (1986): Home Economics
UMIST (1986): Electrical/Electronic Engineering
Bedford/Royal Holloway: English
St. Andrews: Medical Science
St. Thomas's Hospital Medical School: Medicine
Chester College of Further Education: Personal Assistant's Diploma
Southampton College of Higher Education: ISVA
Fine Arts and Chattels Course
Reading: Psychology
Loughborough (1986): Physical Education and Sports Science
Durham: Classics
Christ's College, Cambridge: Mathematics
Liverpool Polytechnic: Architectural Studies
Newcastle: Music
King's College, London: English Literature and Language
Nottingham: Mathematics
Kent: American Literature
Chester College of Further Education: Art Foundation Course
King's College, London: Law with German
Lego UK: Sales Administration Assistant
King's College, London: Classics
York: English
Wrexham College of Art: Art Foundation Course
Bristol: Law
Wrexham College of Art: Art Foundation Course
Reading (deferred place): Land Management
Nottingham: Classics
Downing College, Cambridge (1986): Law
Birmingham: French/Spanish
St. Hilda's College, Oxford: Classics
Hatfield Polytechnic: Business Studies
King's College, Cambridge (1986): Archaeology and Anthropology
Manchester: English and Drama

Modern Languages Association

The following girls were placed in the Regional Finals of the Spoken Word Competition, held at Birkenhead School on Saturday April 27th, 1985.

German: Under 14: Mary Stevens (1st)
Under 16: Verity Edwards (3rd)
Under 18: Joanna Street (1st)

French: Under 14: Victoria Swift (2nd)
Under 16: Ayla Ustay (3rd)

Mary Stevens and Joanna Street therefore represented the region in the National Finals, held in London on June 29th. Mary did very well to be placed first in the 'Under 14' group; her prize included a week's holiday in Berlin in October.

Sports Reports

Tennis, 1985

1st VI	2nd VI	U15 VI	U14 VI
S. Barker (Capt.)	R. Reynolds	G. Willis	L. Willis
A. Carden	H. Parker	G. Gillespie	A. Toosey
M. Stevenson	K. Willis	R. Hignett	S. Rae
S. Willis	S. Thomas	E. Elvin	V. Bate
J. Crippin	J. Corley	J. Andrew	K. Sherratt
M. Arden	K. Turner	E. Cornes	E. McMillan
	S. Cotgreave	S. Bestwick	S. Hart
	J. Clark	V. Edwards	
	J. Chamberlin	M. Sinclair	
U14B VI	U13 VI	U13B VI	
C. Bond	H. Owen	E. Ford	
K. Bond	V. Paton	S. Raizada	
R. Clark	N. Morgan	K. Brattan	
C. Whittle	J. Beese	C. Davies	
E. Senior	P. Bickerton	R. Wilson	
A. Swift	A. Harcourt	C. Dodd	
A. Wright			
A. Platt			

Colours — Senior: Susan Barker, Jill Crippin, Michelle Arden
Junior: Gina Gillespie, Gaynor Willis, Jane Andrew.

Many matches were, once again, cancelled because of the teachers' dispute. The results of the matches played are as follows:

1st VI	WON against I.M. Marsh, Birkenhead, Whitby, Moreton Hall, Huyton
2nd VI	WON against Birkenhead, Howells LOST against I.M. Marsh, Merchant Taylors
U16 VI	WON against Abbeygate LOST against Whitby
U15 VI	WON against Merchant Taylors, Whitby, Christleton, Huyton LOST against Birkenhead, Moreton Hall
U14 VI	WON against Whitby, Christleton LOST against Birkenhead, Merchant Taylors
U13 VI	WON against Whitby, Abbeygate LOST against Merchant Taylors, Birkenhead

Tournaments

Aberdare Cup — 1st Round:	WON against Birkenhead, Cheadle Hulme, Loretto
2nd Round:	WON against Hartford, Wilmslow
Area finals:	LOST against Withington
Cheshire Cup — 1st Round:	WON against Mount Carmel
2nd Round:	WON against Ellesmere Port
Final:	WON against Sale

Cheshire Schools L.T.A. Doubles Championships.

Senior Team: Winners

Intermediate Team: Winners

Junior Team: Runners Up

Chester and District Tournaments — cancelled because of the teachers' dispute

Midland Bank Tournament:

U13 age group — Cheshire Runners Up

U15 age group — Cheshire Winners. They therefore progressed to the North-West Tournament where they WON against Withington, Belvedere and Queen Mary. As North-West winners the team played against the Scottish winners and WON against Woodfarm H.S. Glasgow. In the North final the team played against Bradford H.S. They DREW 3-3 in matches but Bradford won on games and went through to the National finals.

School Tournaments:

	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Runner Up</i>
1st VI Singles	J. Crippin	M. Arden
Senior Singles	A. Carden	H. Parker
Junior Team Singles	G. Gillespie	G. Willis
UIV 'non-team' Singles	A. Pickering	E. Hill
LIV Singles	N. Morgan	J. Beese
Remove Singles	V. Burke	C. Dawson
Senior Doubles	J. Crippin	S. Barker
	M. Stevenson	H. Parker

House matches

<i>Senior</i>	Westminster
<i>Junior</i>	Westminster

Hockey, 1985-86

	1st XI	2nd XI	U15 XI
GK	M. Arden	H. Kinsman	C. Whittle
RB	K. Turner	N. Limb/R. Cunliffe	L. Stent
LB	A. Carden	T. Bowra/W. McVicker	L. Willis
RH	C. Oultram	J. Cribb/C. Fulford	E. McMillan
CH	S. Cotgreave	J. Scott/C. Dalton	R. Clark (Capt.)
LH	S. Barker (Capt.)	J. Higginbotham/K. Jones	V. Bate
RW	K. Willis	A. Cobden/A. Consterdine	A. Toosey
RI	G. Gillespie	J. Aston/J. Andrew	C. Bond
CF	J. Clark	C. Burke/M. Sinclair	R. McGrath
LI	I. Chamberlin	K. Wilcox/G. Willis	K. Bond
LW	H. Parker	H. Clark/E. Elvin	S. Rae
also	T. Bowra		K. Heap
played	G. Willis		A. Platt

	U14 XI	U13 XI
GK	C. Davies	K. Pearse/D. Bate
RB	F. Brown	V. Bowra
LB	J. Beese	J. Fearnall
RH	K. Brattan	C. Irwin
CH	R. Cornes	V. Burke
LH	S. Raizada	C. Dawson
RW	S. Arthur	S. Watts
RI	A. Harcourt	M. Robertson

CF	N. Morgan	P. Jebson
LI	H. Owen	L. Shaw
LW	E. Ford	S. Holiday
also	C. Surfleet	V. Connerty
played	P. Bickerton	K. Peel
	C. Dodd	H. Milner

Senior Colours: Susan Barker (1984), Alice Carden, Joanna Clark, Katie Willis, Sarah Cotgreave, Kathryn Turner

Junior Colours: Rebecca Clark, Samantha Rae, Lindsay Stent

House Matches	<i>Junior</i>	Westminster
	<i>Senior</i>	Westminster

Match Results

The teachers' dispute badly affected the winter fixture programme and the teams had to travel further afield in search of competition. No tournaments were held, except for the National Schoolgirls Championships. The results of the matches played are as follows:

Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	Goals For	Against
1st XI	7	3	4	16	12
2nd XI/U16 XI	4	3	2	10	4
U15 XI	4	4	3	15	9
U14 XI	6	1	2	18	9
U13 XI	2	1	3	4	9

Matches were played against: Helsby, Whitby, Hartford, Abbeygate, I.M. Marsh, Birkenhead, Sir John Deane's, Manchester, Altrincham, King's, Merchant Taylors, Queen Mary, West Kirby, King's Hospital, Dublin.

National Schools Tournament:

1st XI WON against Widnes VIth Form College and therefore represented Cheshire. In the Regional finals the team DREW against Bradford, LOST against Winstanley College.



Lacrosse, 1985-86

Lacrosse Captain — Anna Jones

1st XII

A. Jones
C. Bond
J. Clark
A. Carden
S. Barker
A. Consterdine
K. Willis
C. Oultram
J. Chamberlin
G. Gillespie
G. Willis
H. Parker

2nd XII

N. Limb
A. Butler
J. Cribb
J. Aston
H. Kinsman
J. Higginbotham
J. Scott
A. Cobden
J. Harrison
C. Burke
L. Polding
H. Clark
K. Stewart
A. Dawson
E. Elvin
R. Cunliffe
M. Sinclair
C. Dalton
S. Bestwick
K. Ashton
J. Kolbusz

U15

M. James
C. Whittle
A. Toosey
K. Heap
S. Rae
C. Bond
V. Bate
R. Clark
L. Willis
L. Stent
K. Bond
V. Brown
E. Thornton-
Firkin
C. Winder

U14

S. Arthur
J. Beese
N. Morgan
E. Ford
R. Cornes
A. Harcourt
H. Owen
P. Bickerton
C. Davies
A. Hutton
C. Rimmer
A. James
C. Towndrow
F. Brown
C. Wormald
C. Ibbett

U13

V. Bowra
S. Watts
C. Dawson
D. Bate
C. Irvin
J. Fearnall
L. Shaw
L. Cribb
P. Jebson
K. Parker
K. Peel
V. Burke
S. Holiday
H. Milner
D. Miall
M. Robertson
S. Watts
S. Walkden



Senior Colours: Susan Barker, Alice Carden, Judith Chamberlin, Katie Willis (1984).

Junior Colours: Kathryn Bond, Rebecca Clark, Samantha Rae

House Matches

Senior
Junior

Westminster
Westminster

Match Results

	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against
1st XII	11	3	3	96	50
2nd XII	1	2	1	12	18
U15 XII	6	2	1	36	20
U14 XII	3	6	—	20	37
U13 XII	2	3	—	7	18

The season has proved to be a most successful one for both teams and individuals. It is to be hoped that players will take encouragement from their results and continue to play with the pleasing attitude with which they have finished the present season. In the various tournaments the players have been inspired to produce their best efforts and excellent results.

The First Team played well in the North Schools Tournament, losing only one of their matches, and they repeated their performance in the National Schools Tournament in London. They were gratified to learn that the only two teams to beat them during the season later competed for the Championship of Great Britain, one winning and the other becoming the runner up. The third defeat was against one of the two American teams touring the country.

The Under 15 Team have had a splendid season. In March they went to the North Schools Tournament with an unbeaten record. They won their first three matches convincingly. In the last two matches they were beaten by one goal (against Birkenhead, in the dying seconds and against Huyton, after losing a key defending player, on the final whistle). This left three schools level on points and the team missed a semi-final place by just 0.2 of a goal.

Both the Under 14 and Under 13 Teams have continued to show enthusiasm and determination. They have improved their standard of play considerably this season, showing increased confidence as a result of their successes.

Seven First Team players gained county honours, representing Cheshire. They were Gaynor Willis, Gina Gillespie, Claire Bond, Joanna Clark, Judith Chamberlin, Katie Willis as Captain and Alice Carden as Vice-Captain. Alice and Katie went on to represent the North of England and Gina and Judith the North of England reserve team.

Athletics, 1985

There were no inter-school athletics competitions in 1985 (again because of the teachers' dispute). This proved very disappointing for all those who had practised hard all term, especially the Removes and LIV's who had shown great enthusiasm.

However there was one open competition at Hartford to replace the Cheshire Schools Championships and several girls entered this. Julia Farrell was placed 1st in the final of the Junior 100m and Anna Toosey 5th in the final of the Junior 800m. Allison Consterdine ran in the Welsh Championships on the same day and was placed 3rd in the final of both the 100 and 200m. events.

Allison and Julia were both selected to run for Cheshire at the inter-county meeting at Warley where Allison ran particularly well and was placed 2nd in the final. Allison was then selected to run in the All England Counties Championships at Hull.

Colours: Allison Consterdine, Julia Farrell (1984), Anna Toosey.

Athlete of the Year: awarded to Allison Consterdine for her consistently high performances.

House Athletics Competition

This took place at the end of the Summer Term and some excellent performances were recorded. The Lower Sixth deserve particular mention for their help in organising the house teams. The final result was very close with Sandford emerging as the winners for the first time.

Sportswoman of the Year

This trophy is presented annually to the individual who has represented school most often in 1st team hockey, lacrosse and tennis matches. This year the cup is awarded to Susan Barker who has represented school on 30 occasions.

Cheshire Players

The following girls were selected for Cheshire:

Hockey: Susan Barker, Alice Carden, Joanna Clark, Kathryn Turner, Catherine Oultram, Sarah Cotgreave.

Lacrosse: Katie Willis, Alice Carden, Judith Chamberlin, Claire Bond, Gina Gillespie, Joanna Clark, Hilary Parker

Tennis: Jill Crippin, Michelle Arden

Athletics: Allison Consterdine, Julia Farrell

Table Tennis Club

This year the Table Tennis Club has been enthusiastically supported by girls throughout the school. Amongst the many enthusiasts there is a large number of extremely talented players. In the annual Table Tennis Tournament, which took place during the Easter Term, the Senior section was won by Philippa Bickerton (runner-up Dr. Bradbeer) and the Junior section by Claire Dawson (runner-up Victoria Burke). Several members of staff have participated and their support has been greatly appreciated. The weekly lunch-time meetings of the club have temporarily ceased but we look forward to renewed support from Sixth Formers as their help is invaluable.

Rosemary Gill LVI

Athena Rowing Club

In 1985 the Athena Rowing Club once again went from strength to strength beginning the season with a victory in the Junior Women's Eight Section at The North of England Head of the River held in March. As the season progressed the Club split into Fours and we had many victories: Northwich Head, Women's Elite Fours, Chester Veterans and Juniors, Junior Fours, Runcorn Regatta, Women's Senior C Fours, Merseyside Regatta, Athena/Grosvenor Women's Senior C Fours, Chester Regatta, Novice Women's Fours and Lancaster Regatta, Women's Senior C Fours. Also a Junior 16 Four (Bow- Lorna Warren, Lisa Whalley, Sarah Ward, Stroke- Fiona Carruthers, Cox- Aiden Smith) was put in for the Junior Women's National Schools' Regatta in Nottingham. Although crew members were only 15 and 16 years of age and were competing against the top crews in the country we were placed 5th out of fourteen entries which was highly commendable. Unfortunately the further progress of this Four was prevented by the back injury of Lisa Whalley.

A Junior Women's Eight was chosen for the National Championships to be held at Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham. (Bow- Meleri Evans, Melissa Sinclair, Lorna Warren, Sally Birchall, Kay Campbell, Helen Winder, Sarah Ward and Fiona Carruthers with cox Aiden Smith of The King's School). A month of intensive training began. Then two weeks before the Championships we received a magnificent Eight built by Ray Sims of Nottingham — the result of a year's hard fund-raising by our parents. In the heats the Eight had a marvellous row and won, easily achieving the second fastest time overall. The final took place in extremely negative weather conditions but these were overcome and once again the Eight excelled itself and after an excellent race finished in the silver medal position. The Eight also won the Club Championship plaque.



This performance once again led to selection for the Anglo-French Junior International Match a week later, held in Le Creusot, France. Unfortunately there was no Women's Junior section, only a Junior 16 section and so Meleri and Helen had to leave the Eight and were chosen to represent the North of England in a Junior Women's coxless pair and a Junior 16 Women's Eight.

Competitive rowing lapsed during August and training began in the Autumn when club membership had a boost because of new interest from younger members of the school. We hope that this enthusiasm will continue. Our thanks must go to our parents for their support (financial and otherwise!) and to our coach, Sheila Barret.

Lorna Warren and Lisa Whalley Lower VI

The Anglo-French Junior International Rowing Match

On July 25th at eight in the evening the Chester and Liverpool contingent of the North of England team left Dee Lane, proudly sporting their England blazers, "en route" for Le Creusot, France.

Twenty four hours later, after a tedious coach journey, a bilious sea journey, an even more tedious train journey from Boulogne to Paris and finally a journey on a high-speed train, we arrived feeling tired and hungry at our five star accommodation, Le Creusot's "Foyer de Jeunes Travailleurs".

An excellent meal of horsesteak(?) was arranged for us after which we were intending to visit the lake where the races were to take place, but the gastronomic delights proved too much for the coach drivers who refused to take us. It turned out to be an early night all round.

Early the next morning the drivers agreed to ferry us to the lake where the boats were put together and the arguments over who had what kit started.

The afternoon saw the racing, the only reason for the whole weekend (or so the coaches kept stressing). The competitors just wanted to get their race out of the way, not caring if they won or lost, so that they could make their way to the large hypermarket near to the lake and begin on what they considered to be the most important reason for the weekend — THE POST RACE PARTY. This started on the banks of the lake after racing, included a formal dinner, a late night walk through Le Creusot and a riotous party back at our "foyer" which was broken up in the early hours of Sunday morning. However we did have something to celebrate as the English team won for the first time in four years. The boys must be thanked for this as the girls have failed to win their section since the match came into existence.

We were very sad to leave everybody at Dover and some of the more sentimental amongst us shed a few tears . . . We are however looking forward to possible selection for the 1986 match, even if Sheffield is not such an exciting location.

Lisa Whalley Lower VI

Hockey Trip to Holland

At nearly midnight on Monday 21st October, thirty four senior girls and four members of staff set off by coach for Holland for a four day programme of hockey coaching and matches. Three hours later, thirty four girls and four staff were having a very early morning picnic on the hard shoulder of the M6 while waiting for a replacement coach which did have a gear box! But finally, on Tuesday afternoon, after seventeen hours of travelling, we arrived in Noordwijk in glorious sunshine.

The hotel 'Hotel Aan Zee' was quite nice, although the bread, rubbery cheese and greasy ham did get a bit monotonous and the rooms were a bit on the small side to cope with all the food, mascots, make-up bags, wine-bottles! and hockey sticks.

In Noordwijk there were plenty of things to do. There was a lovely main shopping street with many friendly cafés, swimming pool, bowling alley (where Mr. Tottey was the obvious champion), crazy golf, horse-riding on the large beach and bike hire. One of the funniest things we did on holiday was to try to ride a tandem. It is much harder than you think!

On the Thursday morning we had a trip out to Amsterdam. Being cultured we went on a boat trip around the canals and the rest of the day was spent shopping and eating.

We did manage to fit some hockey into the trip and all three teams gained valuable experience playing some very fast and skilful Dutch teams. The First XI were particularly lucky to play on astroturf under floodlight.

On behalf of the three teams that went to Holland I should like to thank Mrs. Tottey, our party leader and Mrs. Waring, without whom our fantastic tour would not have been possible.

Susan Barker Upper VI



Associated Board Music Examinations

Grade VI *Singing (pass):* Judith Chamberlin
Flute (pass): Emma Judge
Flute (pass): Elspeth Small
Flute (merit): Catherine Wilcox

Grade VII *Piano (distinction):* Judith Chamberlin
Flute (pass): Verity Edwards
Violin (pass): Julie Tattam

Piano Duet, Middle Division (distinction): Melanie James and Ann Swift

Note: "Merit" requires 120 marks out of 150 and "Distinction" 130; to pass requires 100 marks. The results for Grades I to V are not published in **Have Mynde**.

The Middle Division in Piano duet playing is appropriate for players approaching the standards of Grade VI to VII.

The Year's Music

The following musical events have taken place during the past year:

Friday 6th December
Wednesday 18th December

Thursday 13th February
Wednesday 19th February

Thursday 13th, Friday 14th
Saturday 15th March
Tuesday 22nd April

Wednesday 14th May

Thursday 22nd May

Informal Concert
Carol Service with The King's School in
Chester Cathedral
Choral Concert
Young Musicians' Evening organised by
Chester Music Society in Stanley Palace
Performances of 'Oliver'

Chamber Choir took part in BBC's
'Daily Service'.
Commemoration Service in Chester
Cathedral
Informal Concert

Music for the Season of Lent

After the culinary excesses of Shrove Tuesday, we were given some reminder of the real meaning of Lent in a concert presented on Thursday 13th February. Once again we were delighted that two of our music staff, Mary Lees (piano) and Jean Johnson (contralto) had agreed to perform for us, and they began the evening with the beautiful "Inflammatus" movement from Dvorak's "Stabat Mater".

The second item, though overlapping thematically with the first, formed a complete stylistic contrast. The Senior Choir, directed by Mr. Berry, presented twelve movements of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater". Even though the mood was generally sombre, the enthusiasm of the singers emphasised the moments of

irrepressible baroque exuberance which seemed to break to the surface from time to time in this work. The three extracts from Stainer's "Crucifixion" which followed provided yet another contrast with their somewhat sentimental victorian harmonies.

To finish, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Lees performed two of Vaughan Williams' "Five Mystical Songs", the triumphant "Easter" bringing the concert to a fitting close. Our thanks to all concerned for such an enjoyable evening. It was only a pity that their efforts were not better supported.

M.J.H.

The Young Musicians' Concert 1986

On the 19th February a small, informal concert was held at Stanley Palace, organised by The Chester Music Society.

Other similar gatherings had been arranged previously with one main theme in mind, e.g. "Italian Composers" and "Music from the Seventeenth Century". This concert was slightly different in that it involved no-one over the age of eighteen. The idea was to give young musicians the chance to perform in front of a welcoming and receptive audience.

The players ranged from a seven year old pianist to an eighteen year old horn player. The Queen's School was well represented by five of its pupils. Melanie and Angela James and Caroline Surfleet played a piano trio which occasioned much interest, Julie Paul played a sonata for oboe by Poulenc and Debbie Parker played a sonata by Handel.

The whole evening was most enjoyable with tea and biscuits served afterwards. Thanks must go to the Chester Music Society and also to Miss Eva Warren and Mr. John Gough for putting so much time and effort into the organisation.

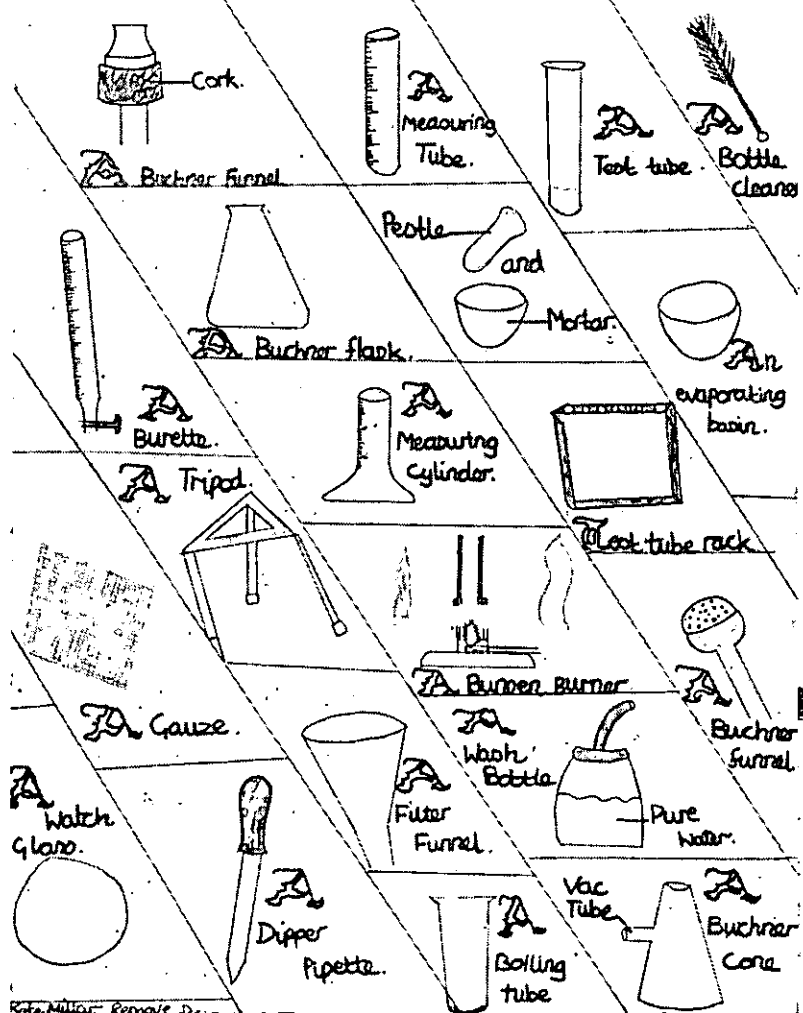
Debbie Parker LVI



Moensie Rossier Upper IVF

Science and Technology

Chemistry Equipment



Kate Millar Remove D

1986 — The year of the Comet

The winter of 1985/6 has seen some exciting pictures sent back from the probes launched last year to intercept comet Halley. The European space agency's "giotto" probe has recently enabled us to see pictures of the actual nucleus of the comet — the first pictures of a comet nucleus ever seen. Russia's "vega" was not as successful since its probe was not as close. Japan also made its first major space launch with a slim-line probe which made investigations of the comet's dust and ion tails.

Unfortunately the comet is not very spectacular this time, though easily visible in the early morning sky with a good pair of binoculars or a small telescope. Our grandparents may remember the comet's last visit in 1910 when it was very bright with a clear tail, visible during the day. However modern technology has more than compensated for this and some marvellous pictures have been developed. The amateur astronomer can also take some quite passable photographs with a normal 35mm camera, fast film and a steady tripod. Several members of the Chester Astronomical Society, including myself, spent several hours, after waking at four o'clock, one Sunday morning, in sub-zero temperatures on a remote hill outside Manley, near Frodsham, waiting patiently for the comet to rise over the horizon. Dawn unfortunately prevented any decent photographs from being taken. Those which I took last November produced little more than a fuzzy blob of which someone asked "Was that a smudge on your lens?" I remain however determined to acquire some clear pictures before the comet leaves us in May. Either that or I'll have a long wait until next time!

Jennie Wright Lower VI

An Industrial Visit

Industry provides a challenging environment in which to work. That is the message of Industry Year. A group of sixth formers learned this at first hand by spending a day in December as the guests of The Associated Octel Company, chemical manufacturers in Ellesmere Port.

We spent the morning in the Company's Research and Development Department. The day started with a video film on the company's product and processes. Dr. Wylde talked to us about the objectives of a research department. We toured the department in small groups and saw some of the projects on which members of the staff were working.



Immediately after this we had an "interview" session with some young scientists and technologists who talked about their research projects and their own career paths. To our delight a sumptuous buffet lunch was provided and during lunch we had the opportunity to talk informally to various members of the staff.

Thus fortified we faced the elements (driving rain) clad from top to toe in protective clothing. Trendy!



We had a brief tour of Ellesmere Port works, concentrating on the Sodium Plant, and were astonished to see chemistry practised on such a large scale. The huge hall houses nearly a hundred electrolysis cells containing molten salt at an extremely high temperature. It all looked rather casual but clearly involved a great deal of organisation. A brief "follow-up" session in the Research Department resolved any outstanding questions and ended the day.

We should like to thank Mrs. Entwisle for arranging the visit and Mr. Cook for driving us. Above all, we should like to thank The Associated Ocel Company for arranging such an imaginative and interesting programme.

Jane Aston and Clare Burke Lower VI

Photographs by courtesy of The Associated Ocel Company Ltd.

Clubs and Societies

Chester Sixth Form Link Society

Once again the Sixth Form Link has enjoyed a busy year of varying activities from theatre trips and well-supported parties at Stanley Palace to the more unusual events. In the summer the society constructed a raft to take part in the annual raft race on the Dee in aid of local charities. Despite a few faults in its design, the raft and its crew of six completed the course. In October, two representatives of the committee attended the annual English Speaking Union Conference at Dartmouth House in London to give the Sixth Form Link annual report. Future events include a trip to see "The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole, aged 13¾" and a parachute jump in aid of Cystic Fibrosis and the Hospice fund. Again we hope to enter the raft race and surely the highlight of the year will be the trip to Paris in October. We look forward to the support of the new Lower Sixth in the Autumn Term and hope that the Sixth Form Link will continue to fulfil its purpose.

Fiona Carruthers and Elsbeth Smedley, Lower VI

Upper Fourth Drama Club

The Third Year Drama Club meets at one o'clock on Tuesdays. Last term we started with a theme of communication and expression (or:— "oh yeah — I could really relate to that" . . .) More recently we have been concentrating on stage skills and movement (no more Magnus Pike impressions please). Practical sessions have provided much amusement, ranging from the melodrama of Macbeth "Was Shakespeare really serious?" and Dynasty (no comment), to the controlled (?) chaos of spontaneous improvisation, including the ultimate of enigmas — just how many people *can* you squeeze into a flooded hotel suite on a Sunday afternoon . . .?

Jennie Wright and Susan Moyes Lower VI

Recorder Club

Every Monday at one o'clock the Remove Recorder Club meets to play light-hearted and entertaining music and on Tuesday at the same time there is a club for the LIV and upwards. Both these groups have played successfully in School Assemblies this term and also in the Informal School Concert. I hope that the members will continue to be as involved and enthusiastic as they have been so far.

Debbie Parker Lower VI

Quest Club

Quest Club is probably viewed by its members in a variety of ways. For some it means an opportunity to come and sing songs in 8 Stanley Place, songs which perhaps remind them of times at "Living Waters" in earlier years. For others

it will be an opportunity to talk and pray about some of the things which trouble them: family illnesses, exam nerves and so on. Yet others will come because for them Quest Club means Dolwen in the summer — a time for water fights in the open air swimming pool, impromptu drama dressed in sleeping bags, a camp fire and "My Ship went to China". Last year at "Living Waters" our theme was Spiritual Growth and one group wrote a song about it beginning "Carrots grow in the ground". Perhaps more significant is the last verse. It goes to the same tune as "God is love, His the care".

"We've come here to praise Your name
Many people do the same
And we've learnt how to grow
Caring for the seeds You sow".

This helps to sum up why Quest Club is important to us.

Helen Parker

Joint Senior Debating Society

The Joint Senior Debating Society has continued to meet regularly every Tuesday after school and, as usual, the choice of topics debated has been varied and interesting.

It was decided that hooliganism is not a direct result of a lack of opportunities and that life is not cheap. The house most certainly did not approve of sex without love. After very convincing speeches by two members of staff, it was concluded that the teachers were justified in taking industrial action.

On a lighter note, we learnt that it is better to be a girl than a boy, that Bonfire Night has more sparkle than Hallowe'en and, most surprisingly, that the King's and Queen's Schools should not be merged. The annual Christmas Balloon Debate was won by the Christmas Fairy and the Virgin Mary.

The Senior Debating Society would be nothing without all the brave people who volunteer, or are forced into, speaking. Grateful thanks go to these people and also to Mrs. Affleck for her support. We look forward to many more lively debates in the future.

Alison Butler, Helen Kinsman and Nicola Limb Lower VI

Joint Christian Union

Joint Christian Union meets together on Mondays after school. We have enjoyed talks and discussions led by members themselves or by outside speakers, teachers, ministers and, early last term, a representative from the Scripture Union. All have shared with us their thoughts on many varying topics such as prayer, worship, growth, church unity and the third world. Recently two of our members, Robert Assheton and Richard Griffiths, have been busy writing and producing "Paul" — a musical based on the life of the apostle Paul, in which several members of the Christian Union took part along with Christian Union groups from other Chester schools. Many thanks go to all the staff for all their help in the smooth running of the group meetings.

Jennie Wright Lower VI

LIV Drama Club

This new club has been regularly attended by members of LIVN who have been enthusiastic and lively. Any new members from LIPV would be very welcome. Since the club is still in its infancy we have not done any serious work yet,

although everyone seems to have enjoyed herself. Our ambition is to produce a small-scale play by the Summer Term but so far it has proved difficult to find a suitable play with enough parts in it.

Elise Campbell Lower VI

Charities Report

During the past year, because of exceptional enthusiasm, record totals have been collected for various charities, both local and national. As well as the usual sale of cakes and sweets there has been a very wide range of events, many of which involved several members of staff. Particularly enjoyable was their fashion show. All these contributions have been greatly appreciated.

This Year's Removes have made an impressive start, both forms raising over £200 in their first charities week. In the Autumn Term appeals for the Ben Hardwick Memorial Fund, Live Aid, and The Hospice of the Good Shepherd above all, touched members of the school, contributing to the outstanding total of £1195 for the term.

Charities which we have supported have continued to send letters of thanks, showing how much they have appreciated our efforts. Our special thanks go to Mrs. Ferris for her encouragement and advice.

Jane Higginbotham, Julie Tattam, Lisa Whalley Lower VI

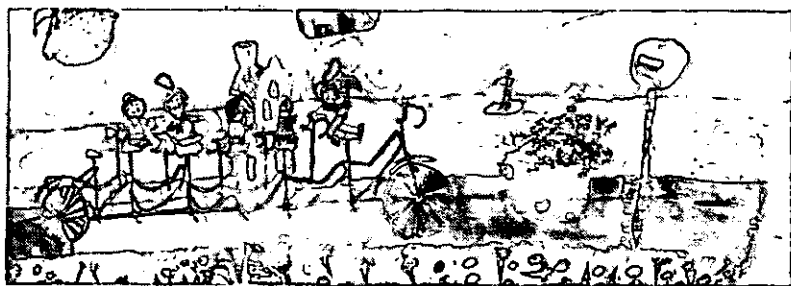
Voluntary Service Report 1985

During the last year, the various activities concerning voluntary service in the school have continued. Members of the Sixth Form regularly visit residents at Callin Court, an old people's home on City Walls Road. Girls also make visits to elderly people living in and around the Chester area. This aspect of voluntary service culminated in two parties which we organised with the help of other members of the Upper Sixth. The Tea Party in July and Christmas Party were both very successful and were enjoyed by the pensioners who attended.

In addition, Sixth Formers from both The Queen's School and The King's School run the Friday Club at the Countess of Chester Hospital. Each week participants play bingo with the patients and make tea for them.

We have enjoyed our participation in the activities of the Voluntary Service Group. Finally, we should like to thank Miss Edwards for her help and encouragement through the year.

Alice Carden, Jane Nash, Alison Moore, Upper VI



Sarah Chesters Lower IVN

SANDFORD HOUSE NEWS

As one looks back over a school year there is often something out of the ordinary by which one remembers it. This year will, undoubtedly, be remembered for the havoc which greeted us on successive Monday mornings after three burglaries in eight weeks! The loss of all our audio-visual equipment was exasperating but the wanton damage to the fine old door frames, windows and furniture seemed even worse. Order was soon restored but we were left with feelings of deep disquiet about the profound contrast between the innocent endeavour to do good in our own small children and the mindless, destructive attitude of our young intruders.

Our main charity effort of the year was a sponsored swim for Dr. Barnados which raised nearly £500. A contribution of £55 was sent to the B.B.C.'s "Children in Need" Appeal. A further £40 was given to The Hospice of The Good shepherd and £75 went to the N.S.P.C.C.

A number of diverse projects took us in various different directions. My class enjoyed a visit to Liverpool Docks, first exploring the numerous decks of a huge, very modern container ship and afterwards seeing the interesting relics on display at the Maritime Museum. Mrs. Gough's class visited the Ellesmere Port Boat Museum and saw a ship being launched by the Mayoress. In the Autumn Term the theme of the Harvest Service was "Thank You for a Loaf of Bread". This was followed by another visit to the Sunblest Bakery where the pungent smell of revolving loaves gave us all an appetite for the delicious buffet lunch which was provided. In preparation for a project on Halley's Comet the top class saw a special programme in the miniature planetarium at Jodrell Bank. At Christmas the children gave us a delightful performance of "The First Christmas Rose". We were pleased to have with us Mrs. Gertrude Wright and five Ladakhi girls in traditional dress. The girls performed some unusual dances for us and Mrs. Wright reports that the two children whom we have sponsored are doing well at the Mission School in Leh.

During the Spring Term the top class produced their own newspaper "The Planet" to coincide with the introduction of the new national newspaper "Today". The children have also taken part in the National Oak Project. We were grateful to His Grace the Duke of Westminster for allowing the children to study the substantial oaks at Eaton Park where Mr. Dick Emmerson, the Head Forester, showed them many interesting features of the trees. They learnt about growth and structure, diseases, seasonal changes, distribution and habitat, grew their own saplings and delved into the uses of oak in history.

For our "birthday" this year we shall first visit Ness Gardens to plant a commemorative tree and afterwards we shall study life on the sea shore of the Wirral Estuary.

During the year we were delighted to have a surprise visit from Miss Joanna Henry which brought rapture to the faces of her former pupils. Miss Henry has now taken up a new post at the International School in Vienna where she is very happy. We were also very pleased to see an old friend from "Down Under" — Mrs. Sheila Rimmer. Sheila has now fully recovered after being very badly injured in a serious car accident in the Australian Bush. In July we were very sorry indeed to lose our part-time member of staff, Mrs. Ann Brocklehurst, who left to take up a full-time post in Neston. It seems strange to have her in school as a parent instead.

Like Christopher Robin "Now we are six" and I am most grateful to all staff who strive for a high standard in all that we do at Sandford House and above all who help to make it a busy, happy place.

Margaret Whelan

My Friend

My Friend is Angela. She has got brown hair. She has got socks on. She has got two slides. I want her to come to my party.

Julia Mounsey, aged 4

When I am grown-up

I think I would have to be 27 to be grown-up. My job will be being a toy shop keeper. My shop will close at six o'clock at night time. When the shop has closed I would go out with my husband to a ball. I would dance with him until nine o'clock and then I would go home.

Katie Foster, aged 5

What to look for in spring

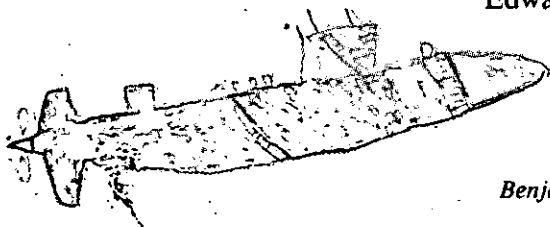
I like spring because the baby lambs are born and the snowdrops, primroses, crocus, daffodils, violets, bluebells, hyacinths and tulips all come out. They are all very pretty. In the spring the piglets and foals and deer are born. It is better for them to be born in the spring because they could die in the cold and summer will make them feel fresh. Snowdrops are white and like snow falling from the sky. Primroses are yellow. They grow near the banks of a river. Crocus can be yellow, white, pink and lots of other colours. Crocus grow near grassy banks. Hyacinths can be any colour. Hyacinths are very nice. In the spring the tractors are ploughing the fields. In the spring pussy-willows and catkins and almond blossom come out. Leaves are beginning to appear on the branches. Insects are beginning to come out of their holes. Spring is a very busy time. After the cold weather the birds will not have found a lot of food. They will be eating the seeds the farmers have sown. And as the tractor ploughs the fields there will be a long line of birds behind it eating the worms which have been turned up. In spring the days become longer and the nights shorter. Rooks and crows build very untidy nests. Easter is nice because you get Easter eggs and play games. The nights are getting lighter.

Jessica Pollitt, aged 7

The Sea Adventure

Once me and my friend sea divers were going to go on a sea adventure. They were called Steve, Joe, Peter and Edward. We were going but I said to Steve the leader "I have got no swim suit and soon it will be nightfall." So the others went home. Next day I still had no dive suit. I had an idea — Professor Cinck! He could invent a swim suit. So I went to Professor Cinck's laboratory and he made me a swim suit that fit me. So me and the gang heard a submarine and went down and we all opened a door and closed it and all the water came rushing in and so we all had nowhere to go inside so me and the gang saw sea anemones but then so suddenly we were swept into a crevice. Then we just got out of it. And we saw another submarine and got on it and went home.

Edward McAllister, aged 7

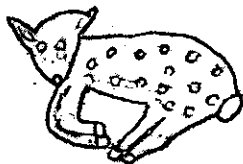


Benjamin Galaud, aged 7

The Deer

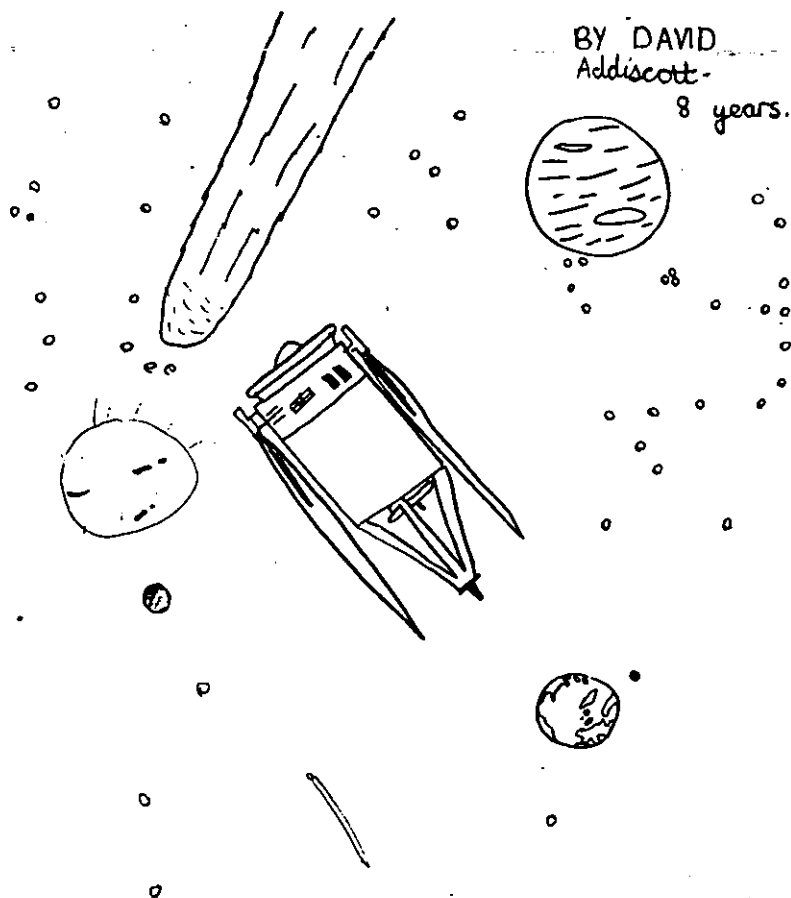
The deer was weak in the grass and it lay gently in the breeze. Its mother was watching out for enemies. A fox slowly crept up. After a while the mother saw it and she chased it away. The little deer had kept very still and quiet. The mother went over to the little deer and licked it softly, the mother sat down and the deer snuggled into the mother. The little deer sucked his mother's milk and went to sleep. The deer had had a lovely day.

Jill Unsworth, aged 8



Giotto Passes Halley

Astronomers thought that Giotto was going to be crushed by Halley's comet's long tail. When Giotto was at the closest to Halley's nucleus we lost touch with it. Giotto was badly damaged when it came out the other side of the comet. Will Giotto fall back to Earth or will it go out of our solar system and discover a new comet or galaxy?



NEDHAM HOUSE NEWS

We have enjoyed another year of fun and hard work, making and doing, visiting and being visited, earning and giving.

We were sorry when Mr. Norris left us last summer because of ill-health. He had worked hard to build up the 'cello group during his years with us; we thank him very much for that and also for the many extra hours he gave us for Carols and concerts, and at the Cathedral in December 1984. We hope that he is enjoying better health now, in semi-retirement, and that he will continue to visit us. Mrs. Quinn helped our 'cellists during the Summer Term and Mrs. Jones joined us in September.

Mrs. Lea has abandoned our pianists this year, while she does some more studying; Mrs. Stewart is helping us temporarily and energetically and seems to like being with us.

Charity fund-raising this year has included competitions in aid of the Friends of Ian fund, the sale of Christmas goods for the Save the Children Fund and Buffy's Tour in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. The proceeds of the Hallowe'en Horror House were for the Ethiopia Appeal and those of the Christmas Festival were allocated to Chester's Hospice of the Good Shepherd. Our Harvest celebration included a thought-provoking play, performed splendidly by the Second Form, about senseless vindictiveness in a village community and how it was overcome by the love and compassion of a child. Neddies and their parents provided enough gifts at Harvest to distribute about thirty individual baskets to needy friends and several larger contributions to various hospitals and nursing homes. The children are always keen to support good causes and have formed the Charities Club, under Miss Riley's direction, to co-ordinate our efforts. Even so, we would achieve little without the parents' backing and practical encouragement so we do thank parents very sincerely for all their help.

Last May, we went on a summer outing to Tatton. Our progress through time, in the Old Hall, was fascinating and instructive and many of us tried our hand at winnowing, mediaeval-style, in the cruck barn. Groups also went to the Farm and the Gardens. The Y.O.C. enjoyed a nature walk at Sarnia Scott's home and a Bird Watch in Nedham House garden. The Third Form learned a lot about the Cathedral during their visit in July, under the guidance of Canon Daintith. Our theatre trip, in December, to see the "Nutcracker" ballet was very popular; 112 people travelled to Manchester to watch the Northern Ballet Theatre's colourful and lively production and beautiful dancing. Contrasting sharply with that was our Birthday Outing to Martin Mere in February; most parents (wisely?) declined our invitation to join us and it was bitterly cold. Nevertheless, we enjoyed meeting Cynthia, the nearly-10-year-old cereopsis goose who thinks she's human, and watched the flocks of wild geese on the mere, and envied the flamingoes inside their centrally-heated winter quarters, and sat happily in the theatre enthralled by the film about wild swans while our fingers and toes gradually thawed out. We returned to Nedham House tingling all over and enjoyed Mrs. Ogg's orange squash and Birthday Biscuits.

A variety of other special activities punctuated the normal pattern of work and play during the year. Mr. Quayle paid his annual visit to take our photographs. The Third Form organised a Fun Day, with games, competitions, crazy sports, and a tuck shop, and also found time to perform "Blanche Neige" (i.e. Snow White in French) to entertain us. They invited the staff to join them at a French petit déjeuner; some of us found it difficult to recall enough French

to have a conversation during the meal but the penalty for lapsing into English was to stand up and sing or recite in French! The Parents' Association held a Short Tennis Tournament on the new courts which they helped to provide. It was lovely to see so many people enjoying themselves in "our" garden and the whole venture was very successful. We are benefiting greatly from the Parents' generosity and we thank them for enabling us to expand our games facilities in this way. We were invited to take part in Chêster's "Sport and Leisure" week in July and performed "Sir Spence and a Dragon called Horace"



in the Town Hall. The sloping stage was a little difficult to move about on, and the musicians were squashed into a corner, while the entrances and exits had to be made without disturbing the neighbouring Court which was in session! but we managed somehow, and enjoyed doing it. We were very grateful to Mr. Hudspeth for fixing up a flight of steps at the front of the stage and can't imagine how we could have done the play at all without them. Many parents could not attend that performance so we gave a second one, at Nedham House, a week later. Every seat was taken, and some people even stood up all evening. The entrance of the Dragon was greeted with loud applause; he was Mrs. Meredith's inspiration and very splendid to see. We had a Christmas Festival, instead of Carols, and, thanks to Miss Paice and Miss Riley, were reminded most beautifully about the real meaning of Christmas, with the story of Baboushka and re-enactments of children's Christmas customs in other lands, drawn together in the final Nativity scene. All the children took part as actors, singers or musicians — a memorable evening.

It was lovely to see a number of "old" Neddies during the year. Bridget Bullivant spent a week with us in June, after her exams, and Llewela and Jenny "popped in" to see if things had changed. Ruth Collin, now a children's librarian in Selkirk, was at the Old Girls' Summer Reunion and Sarah Shepherd, still in the Main School, spent a day with us. Alice Graham-Palmer, who left last year to go to boarding school came for a day to join her old form when she was on holiday and we were not. This reminds us what a big family we are of older and younger Neddies and we hope to be in touch with many more in two years' time, during our Ruby Jubilee celebrations. Please, "old" Neddies, let us know where you are now, what you are doing, news of anyone else you are in contact with, and what you remember about the time you spent at Nedham House. We would love to hear from you.

We are very appreciative of all that many friends do for us at Nedham House; Mrs. Ogg and Mr. Charters, always busy looking after our comfort; Mrs. Forgham and Jeremy, their hard-working out-of-sight assistants; Mrs. Cawley, Mrs. Power and Mrs. Garner helping Mrs. Ogg during the day; Mrs. Green and Mrs. Jones in the Main School Office; and Miss Farra and Miss Edwards who always take a keen interest in all that we do and accept our invitations even when they are very, very busy themselves. We remember, too, the children who take our pets home for the holidays and look after them so conscientiously; the animals always return looking as though they have enjoyed their change of surroundings, just as we do ourselves. We are conscious, too, of a big debt of gratitude owed to Neddle parents this year, as every year; they have provided us with many luxuries, mainly in the form of leaving presents, and Nedham House is indeed a treasure-house of which to be proud as well as being, we hope, a happy, busy community of people, all learning how to learn.

M.N.W.



The Gypsy and the Crystal Ball

There it was, the old horse cart situated on the summit of a deserted hill. I looked at it, my eyes on the old, abandoned, neglected wood. There was no paintwork, the screws had rusted and the wood had dry rot. The wheels of the wagon were embedded in mud and the small, pretty windows were opaque. Peering through the door I caught sight of the gypsy. Her long, grey, straggly hair lay on her rounded shoulders. She had a gaunt face and her forehead was wrinkled and dry. A black flowing skirt complete with shawl hung loosely around her emaciated body. There was so much dirt in her long, pointed finger-nails that you could hardly see the crystal ball. The crystal ball had oily colours around it. I began to speak to the gypsy but she did not answer me. All she

did was raise her head and give me a piercing look. Looking around the room, I saw her belongings — a small tray for collecting money, a cup and saucer, a kettle and a toothbrush. I must be getting home now, I thought. Waving to the gypsy, I scampered down the hill. The caravan was silhouetted against the dark sky. When I arrived home, I told mother about my escapade and she told me never, ever to go up there again. Mother never told me why. I wonder.

Verity Owen Form III

THE BADGER

*It was a cold winter's night,
The mist hung around the trees.
In the bushes I heard a rustling noise,
A face appeared in the darkness,
It was a badger.*

*He stood motionless like a statue,
His nose twitched and his eyes sparkled.
Slowly he crept out of the undergrowth,
His black and white face stared at me.
I started moving nervously backwards.*

*His heavy weight snapped the twigs.
I could see his sharp claws scrape the ground
As his grey body lumbered along.
He moved away from me, towards a tree,
Seeking for a place to sleep.*

Tessa Adnitt, Form 1

BRAVELY

*Bravely the man climbs up the hill,
Bravely the boy goes into the mill.
Bravely the fireman fights the fire,
His turn-table ladder going higher and higher.
Bravely the girl dives into the pool,
Into the water so deep and cool.
But bravest of all —
Is the soldier tall,
Who stands on duty outside the city wall.*

Katie Blackburn, Form 1

THE SEAL

*Turning and twisting
Under the waves,
Through curtains of seaweed,
Into dark caves.*

*Darting and diving
Through shoals of fish,
Chasing his dinner,
His tail gives a swish.*

*He glides through the water
With swiftiness and grace,
Moving on beaches
Slows down his pace.*

*Silvery bubbles
Mark out his trail,
He changes direction
With a flick of his tail.*

*His fur's soft and silky,
His eyes gleam so bright,
His whiskers are spiky,
He's a beautiful sight.*

Katie Geddes, Form II

THE DESOLATE BEACH

*As dawn breaks over the beach
The day begins afresh.
Breakers over the horizon gradually decrease
To the peaceful, rippling waves that lap at my feet.*

*Polished plains of sand,
Used as a well-worn floor,
Wiped clear at midnight by the foaming sea,
Left in the morning like a blank page.*

Anna Heywood, Form II

TIBBLES

*One day with my cat Tibbles
Sitting by the fire,
Watching flames go soaring,
Higher and higher and higher,*

*We heard a gentle squeaking
Somewhere by the door.
Then off my knee jumped Tibbles
And landed on the floor.*

*He crept into the kitchen,
Through the pantry door,
And sitting on a pantry shelf
A little mouse he saw.*

*This little mouse was nibbling
A very tasty cheese.
But Tibbles wasn't having that,
That mouse he'd have to tease.*

*His eyes grew bright,
His whiskers curled
And through the air
That mouse he hurled.*

*The story ended happily
Since Tibbles was so brave,
And as I was so very pleased
A big sardine I gave.*

Suzanne Edgerton, Form III

Creative Prose

MY DAY OF COMPLETE FREEDOM

On my day of complete freedom, I should definitely not go to school. I would not wear school uniform and I would not brush my teeth or comb my hair. I would not do any work of any kind and I would not eat my food at normal times.

On this day I should get up at 8.00 a.m. and have pizza and coleslaw for breakfast with a black cherry yoghurt to follow. I usually have coco-pops and toast but on this completely free day I would have pizza as it fills me up satisfactorily for the rest of the day. Normally I get dressed before my breakfast but I would get dressed after my breakfast on this day. I would wear some old trousers and a sweat shirt and a pair of pink and green fluorescent socks and some old trainers. After this I should go to the Lake District, because this is my favourite place in England. I like it there because it is clean, not busy and has pure, fresh air.

In the Lake District I should walk to the nearest lake and jump into it with all my clothes on. I have always wanted to do this because I like the feeling of wet clothes against my skin, especially when it is really windy. Then, after drying off slightly, I would run all the way to the top of a grassy hill and roll all the way down again until I was thoroughly dirty. I would then run all the way to the top again and just simply sit there without a care in the world and look at the view. When I had dried off completely I should run down the hill and jump over a stile onto a winding lane, leading down to a small village. A skateboard would be there onto which I would jump and go all the way down as fast as possible, waving my arms in the air to everyone as I pass! At the bottom I should walk into the nearest shop and buy an ice-cold drink. Then off I should go to London for the afternoon!

In London I should take part in a quiz programme on television and win all the things I have ever wanted. I should win a stereo, a computer of my own, a micro-wave oven and a holiday for a month in the Bahamas for all my family and friends. After this I should go to Buckingham Palace and take the place of one of the guards outside the gates in a sentry box. I would wear a large busby and smart red uniform. I should stay on duty for half an hour and then I should quickly travel to Land's End in Cornwall for the evening.

At Land's End I should have a cup of hot chocolate whilst watching the sun go down over the sea and seabirds swooping and gliding around me. After watching the sunset I should return home and curl up in my cosy bed, thinking my day of freedom is over now and tomorrow I shall be imprisoned again!

Catherine Powell, Remove H

THE ROOM!

As the girl walked down the icy, damp corridor, her tense footsteps reverberated ominously. Her breath was slow and laboured as she approached her fate. A scream of anguish broke the silence. For a moment the girl paused, only to see the young boy escape from the room, with terror written all over his face. She continued until she approached the room.

As she stepped into the room, cold beads of glass-like sweat trickled down her furrowed forehead. She could feel her body tense up as she glanced around the room. It was as tiny as a rabbit hutch with yellow stained curtains drawn across the only window. The walls were brown and damp and the whole room smelt musty and decaying. The single blinding spotlight illuminated the room.

The girl's unknown foe approached her. He had hard, unflinching, steely eyes and a mutton chop moustache. His hair was as black as night and straight as an arrow. He had a grotesque scar running down his right cheek that made his face seem puckered.

His accomplice flashed a wicked smile at the girl, as her unknown foe pinned her to a chair. The accomplice had grey, smokey hair scraped back into a knot at the back of her head. Circular glasses perched on the end of her hawklike nose, which exaggerated her murderous glances at the next victim. She had a mouth that twitched with amusement as you flinched with pain.

The girl now saw the glinting implements of torture, lying in wait by her foe's side. The spotlight came closer to her face, dazzling her. She flinched with terror. Her foe's distorted face came nearer as the razor-sharp blade approached her mouth. There was no escape this time; this was the end for her.

Yes, you have guessed it. She was at the . . . DENTIST'S.

Sian Holiday, Lower IVN

MY SKIING ACCIDENT

My heart beat nervously as I held tightly to the ski lift. There was silence. I glanced around me, marvelling at the massive mountains blanketed in snow. The others had finished ages ago. I looked back down the slope of the mountain. In the distance I saw our minibus. They would be sitting inside having their lunch, while I would rather be dead than skiing down a mountain.

At last I reached the top. I was trembling from head to toe, I did not even know how to hold the silly sticks! I tottered across to the top of the slope, half walking, half sliding. I was very nervous. If only I could turn back and go down again, but they would call me coward. I would have to go. I got myself into position and pushed away.

I began to skim over the hard-packed snow. It was not as bad as I had imagined, in fact it was better than I have ever dreamed it would be. There was a lovely scraping noise as my skis skimmed over the crisp snow. It was lovely, I was zooming along. I began to concentrate on other things apart from my skiing, such as the other skiers. I laughed as I went whizzing past those who had fallen over. The wind whistled round my ears. I saw a tiny cabin ahead and so I decided I would rest there for a few minutes.

Once inside I looked around. In one corner there was a lit fire. Through a door there were some stretchers and a first aid cupboard. I sat down on one of the benches and got a bar of chocolate out of my pocket.

I gazed out of the window. It was very amusing to watch the other skiers topple over. Suddenly there was a terrific whoosh and a flash of yellow whizzed past the window. It must have been one of the professional skiers. I decided I would try to ski at that speed, so I finished the chocolate and went outside.

I pushed away and started off once more. I pushed harder and harder on the sticks. Everything just whizzed past me in one great blur, and then it happened. I must have been skiing really fast because one of my sticks was forced out of my hand. I lost control, I began to stagger and wobble. I seemed to be going faster than ever before. It was horrible. Then I caught my right ski against a rock and went tumbling down, rolling over and over. The whole world was spinning round me. I yelled and screamed. I stopped rolling but I still kept slithering down. I landed with a bump.

The next thing I knew I was in a hospital bed with a broken leg and a bruised head. I then vowed I would never ski again.

Elizabeth Boyd, Remove D

THE MASTER RACE?

The mother dog was lying in her basket, four puppies around her. These were highly fashionable puppies, puppies to be exhibited and displayed and bred to produce champions. For, less than an hour ago, their velvety ears had been carefully incised away, and their small neat tails cut to stumps. The brown eyes of the mother dog were full of incomprehension and hurt. With whines she licked the raw edges and nuzzled the frightened bodies of her children. The puppies too were deeply unhappy — they shook their heads and scrabbled feebly at their ears where soft lobes should have been. They whimpered and squealed pathetically. Not so long ago their clumsy paws had been used in delightful play-fighting, heavily patting their brothers and their mother. Their tails had wagged in a fumbling way, as they tottered and fell from the basket. Some had squealed for the fun of it, some dared a midget bark, sometimes all were silent. Their mother's eyes had been full of contentment and plump satisfaction, indulgent as her offspring climbed over her, careful as she took the loose scruff of the neck to lift them back near the warm safety of her body. Then they had been snatched away.

She had whined, snarled, pawed, even barked until the puppies were returned. Then she looked at the meticulous, accurate cuts in unbelieving anguish, answering every cry with her own. I was sitting near her basket, watching her and her four mauled children, hearing her hopeless, lost cries. Suddenly I heard the owner standing above me.

"Pathetic, isn't it? But she'll get over it — they always do."

Mary Stevens, Upper IVB

THE EDGE

I looked up at the great sandstone rocks looming over me, and their majesty overawed me. Rawhead, at the bottom of which I was now waiting, was one of the most impressive hills that I had ever seen, and I could not wait to stand

at its vertiginous summit with Cheshire stretched beneath my feet. "Three seconds." I soothed Rufus, and then "Alright, Go!"

The wild surge which leapt beneath me surprised me temporarily, but as the little horse stretched out into a pounding, thundering gallop, I felt intensely exhilarated. I could see the huge trees which overhung the track, swaying in the strong wind and the leaves skittered across the ground in front of me, like nervous yearlings. I felt for a second like an element of the sky, which rolled on so majestically.

Perhaps it was a fleeting second of loss of concentration that did it. I shall never know, but before I could register any thoughts, I found that the track in front of us had ended and Rufus was striking out up a seemingly vertical path in front. It was thickly strewn with clots of mud and because of this, our gallop had degenerated into a sort of bunny-hop, in which Rufus seemed to bounce vertically up the treacherously muddy path in front of us. I realised then that I could not stop, for if I had, the lack of forward momentum would have caused Rufus to topple backwards onto me, and back down the perilous path which we had just ascended.

At this moment in my thoughts, I realised that I was no longer going up. Indeed I was on flat, solid earth. As I looked down I realised it was hardly short of a miracle that I had made the ascent safely.

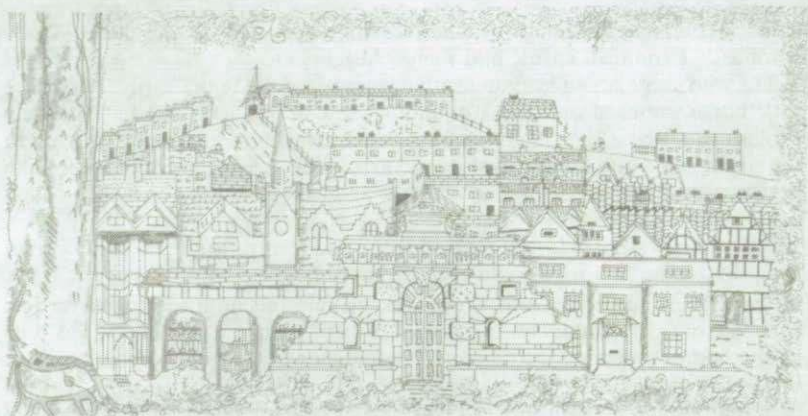
In the meantime Kate had materialised. We stood in shocked silence for a moment. Kate was the first to recover. She said, a little huskily, "I think we should go."

I could not have agreed more fervently. We could not turn round on the narrow pathway, so we were forced to continue our teetering walk on the two feet of path, until we reached a place where we could turn round.

At this point, Kate had what seemed to be a good idea. "Let's go down these steps," she said blithely. "It must be easier than that last path, the one we came up." I admitted that this seemed to be sound reasoning, and so I followed Kate down the steps that were in front of us. The first few I managed easily enough for they were good and wide. The ones after that abruptly became narrower. Rufus turned a disbelieving eye towards me. I knew what he was thinking, but I could not turn round. Taking a deep breath, I managed to persuade him to follow me down the next two. Then disaster struck. I tripped on a tree root which protruded onto the next step and slithered ignominiously down to another, wider step, a few feet lower down. Had I let go of the rein by which I was leading Rufus, no doubt that would have been all right. Sadly, with a bad luck which I felt was typical of me, I still had the rein clutched in one hand. The only thing that Rufus could do was follow. He slithered and hopped down until he was on the same step as me. One iron-shod hoof hovered an inch from my face. I shut my eyes, convinced that my end was come, but the crunch of metal on bone did not occur. Instead, the hoof plopped to the earth, a hair's breadth from my right arm, and I found myself lying under Rufus, his hooves around me, looking up at his muddy girths.

Somehow I managed to extricate myself, and by some miracle we arrived at the bottom of the steps, which came out on the road from which we had started, mercifully unscathed. I looked up at Rawhead towering above me and knew then that I should never attempt to climb it again.

Charlotte Hobson, Upper IVF



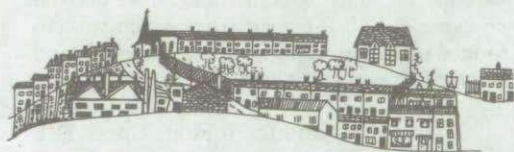
Rachel Clarke Upper VN



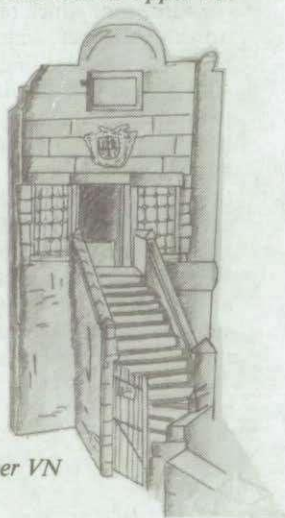
Justine Fernandes Upper IVF



Rachel Clarke Upper VN



Rachel Clarke Upper VN





Elizabeth Elvin Upper VB



Tamsin Bowra Lower VI



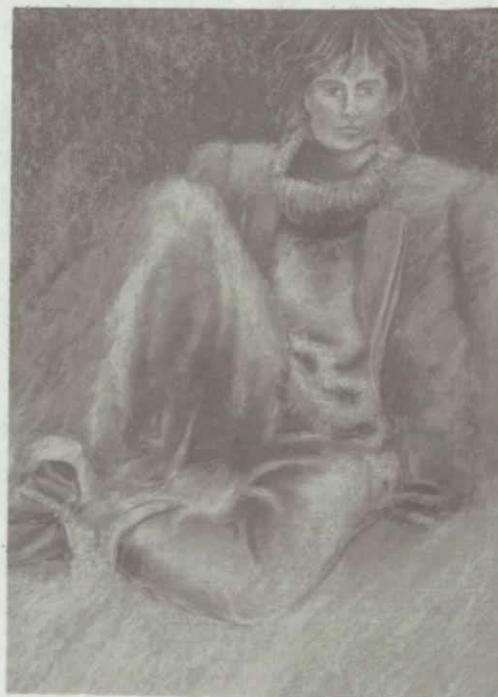
Susan Johnson Upper VI



Claire Hewson Upper VI



Victoria Swift Lower VS



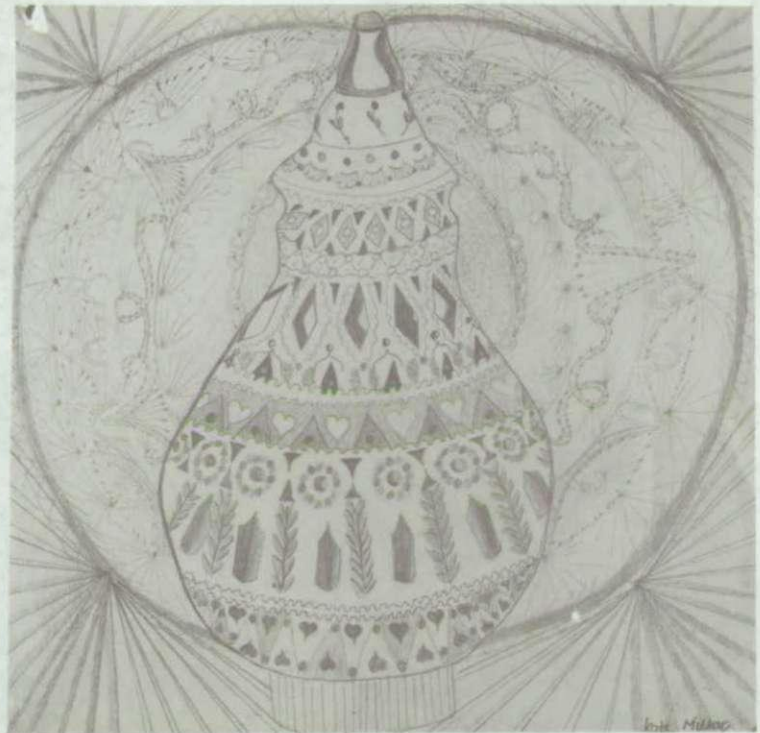
Rachel Mills Lower VI



Jane Wareham Upper VI



Lindsay Marland Remove D

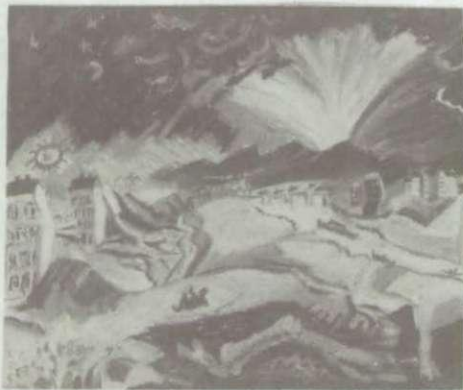


Kate Millar Remove D

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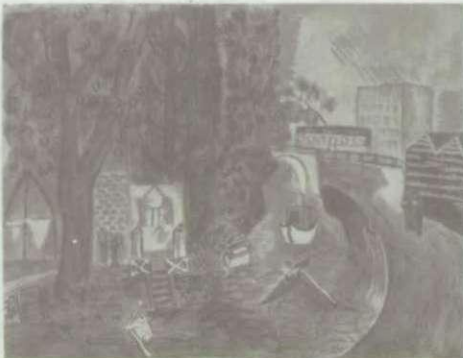


Sian Wright Remove D

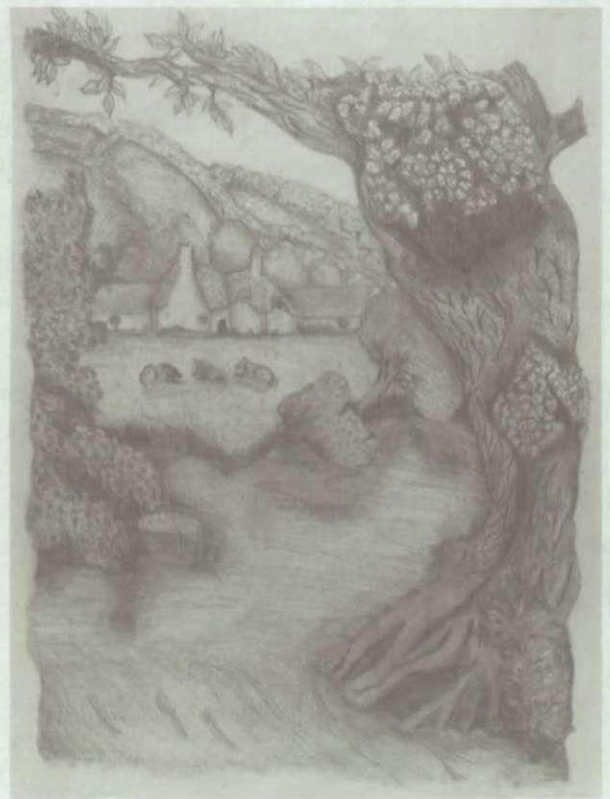


Moensie Rosier Upper IVF

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Catherine Owen Lower VI



Stephanie Walkden Lower IVN

A MAN IS MADE

I whittled away irritably at my bowl, the final image not forming itself in my mind. It was of beautiful, old pine, matured for many years; the kind only used for making sacred or magical objects. It was to be a medicine bowl, but I was not of the opinion that doing a woman's work would be good for my education. I threw it across the room violently. I was the son of a chieftain. Why then should he think me only fit to become a wise man or a prophet? True I was the youngest he had sired, but I was as eager and brave-hearted as even the lowest warrior! I could not overcome my anger and my jealousy of my two brothers. So, I sat there indignant, and began to brood, as I so often did, if only to escape from the constant teasing and cajoling of my relatives, noble though they were.

To cap it all, my father left me at home, while he and my brothers, Thrassi and Moeri, went on a raid to the Southern Lands. I had just come to warrior age and this should have been my first battle, only father had said that a raid was no fit way for a potential wise man to become an adult! I could not think of a reason for this persecution. Thrassi and Moeri had been the best of friends always, sparring and learning together, but I was of a different parentage. My father was their father, but Hilda, the old crone, said that my mother was a noblewoman from a distant land. Perhaps that is why my hair was dark and I was short and I showed almost no trace of my Viking blood. But I had a Viking heart and a Viking pride and I would not let my father do this to me, whether he be chieftain, god, or Odin himself!

It was then, whilst brooding in one of my blackest moods, that I decided to prove to my father and kin that I was as brave, if not more so than they. I would be the bravest of warriors and the wisest of wise men and one day I would become a chieftain and have my own tribe to rule. I leapt up in that moment of inspiration, my depression thrown off as if a cloak, and I hurried to Gromor, the Wise. I respected him greatly and often came to talk with him for I knew he understood and maybe even liked me. I told him of my new-found determination and my intents, but he quickly tried to quell my ebullience, saying,

"It is all very well having the will to *want* to do something, but you must have the will to do it."

"Do you too, have so little faith in me? Has my father poisoned your mind also?"

"Well then, tell me what is your opinion of this tribe's future, for wisdom cannot be learnt, only developed. It comes from within you, so show me your wisdom if you have any."

I told him how I felt that father was trying to reap too much wealth from the Southern Lands and that soon they would rise up and war would break out. But I felt that unless we could secure some help, we would stand little chance of success, and more of being wiped clean out of Midgard and into Odin's Hall at Valhalla prematurely.

"Well, young Ragnar, you are of a man's age and it seems you have a man's mind. Surely it would be wise indeed to counsel your father and give him your opinions, for you appear to have thought much and heavily on this subject."

"Do you think he would let me get past the word 'Father' without abusing me in his usual manner? Of what worth is my opinion to any man? I would rather be in Jotunheim where the giants lurk, than in my father's hall at this time!"

"Then you must try to have words with him, and I will speak well on your behalf when next he summons me."

"I thank you, Gromor, but I fear it will do little good."

A few days later the ships returned, laden with treasures and delicacies from the south. Thrassi and Moeri were hailed as heroes and there was much revelling and merry behaviour. But I was a party to none of this. My father had spoken hardly a word to me since his return, he seemed to be ashamed to be near me, and this hurt me deeply. I was beginning to brood again, my previous hopes fading in this new wave of depression, when a great silence fell upon the Hall. Intrigued, I slipped inside to hear the very news I had been expecting . . . we were at war with the Southern Lands, but, the Chieftain was saying, they had found allies and were indeed a considerable force to be reckoned with. They now had more men than us and thus, more strength; it would take a clever strategy to defeat this enemy. I had thought of this hard and long before it ever came into fruition and I had a feeling that my strategy would be the only one that could win us a victory. I had developed it from an old legend about Loki, the Crafty, when he was living with the Aesir in Asgard. It is lengthy and complicated but basically the attack was to be in three waves at different points along the coast. The main body should arrive first, thus drawing the enemy onto the beach. The other two sections should land some little distance to either side of the battle. Then they should march around the men, and, thus encircling the enemy and closing in gradually, they would win the victory. I had discussed this with Gromor but he, being no strategist, approved uncomprehendingly.

I could not decide in my mind whether to tell this idea to my father. I felt he would need it, for, if it worked for Loki, surely it would work for us, and yet, if I did tell him, he would pay little attention to it. I was torn by indecision when I looked into the blue-black sky and prayed to Odin and all the Aesir for advice: what should I do? As I looked, a flaming star crossed the sky and fell behind a cloud. I was amazed. This could only be a sign from Thor, telling me that it would work. I *should* tell my father! And so I hastened to his room that night and to my surprise, he listened to me and was in accord with everything I said. I think he must have been truly disheartened by the magnitude of our enemy and maybe Thor put wisdom in his eyes for, thus it was, my plan became the tribe's plan.

The morning mist was heavy and grey but visibility was not marred too greatly. Father had permitted me to help him lead the main body whilst Thrassi and Moeri would lead the other two. I had trained frantically with Olaf, the most experienced, if aged, warrior of our tribe, and today would be the culmination of my efforts. Thor held my fate now, for he had forced my hand and I knew not what was to come. I remember little of the start of the battle, only that my heart seemed to beat with more vigour and life than any other part of me. I remember suddenly seeing that we were in a circle as had been planned, but too many of our helmets were falling, and too much of our blood was being spilt. I killed and killed that day without feeling or thinking, until I saw my father sinking to his knees. The blood was pumping from his wound, thick blood, purple blood, noble blood. His face was maimed by his efforts to contain his pain, as he gasped:

"It is you, my wise son, who must win this battle now, not I. Forgive me, Ragnar, forgive me. May we meet one day in Valhalla."

And thus he fell, a chieftain to the last. I stood over his body and hacked at bodies mindlessly, their blood staining my clothes and skin, my face flushed with rage. But we were slipping. The men were tired and numb, defeat was

nigh. I raised my hands to Asgard, there was naught else I could do, and I cried out, "Odin, Thor, you have helped me thus far, show me that you are with us! Will you let our defeat be yours? If you are a true god, then help us now, O Thor!"

And with a deafening roar, an immense ball of fire crashed into the sea where our ships lay. I think many must have heard my words for the enemy fell to their knees, dropped their weapons with a clatter and began to moan and pray like superstitious women! Then I heard a great cheer and I was lifted up by Thrassi and Moeri proclaiming me a true chieftain and hero. But I could feel the warmth swelling up and seeping out from beneath my hand and mine too was thick, purple and noble, just as my father's. As I looked into my brothers' concerned eyes I whispered:

"It was as I called the gods. It is Thor's will," and a tremendous pain swept over my body and I knew no more.

So here I sit in the Hall of Valhalla, where I feast each day with Thor and my father, and I see my brothers ruling together, fairly and justly, and I hear Gromor singing songs about our battle down in Midgard, the Middle Earth, dwelling place of mortal men and I am happy.

Ruth Cunliffe, Upper VB



Katharine Bond Lower VA

A HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME

Until the last day of the holiday I could honestly have said that I had never enjoyed anything more than the two weeks that we spent in Sierra Leone. We spent days on the beach playing with the beach ball and swimming, then we would return to the hotel, get changed and find a restaurant for lunch. Afterwards we usually went sightseeing around the rural parts of the country seeing how life differed from that in Nigeria.

It was the afternoon before we were to go home and dad had just changed a great deal of money into travellers' cheques and Niara (the Nigerian currency). Mum's handbag was full, stuffed with passports, money, food, souvenirs and we were on our way back to the hotel. We found a taxi which took us half the way, then we stopped for petrol. The taxi driver was fiddling with the exhaust but we did not really take it into account. We continued on our drive and we stopped once again in between a beach and some marshes. This time the taxi driver said that the exhaust was broken and that it would take some time to fix. Meanwhile we played on the beach, writing our names with long sticks. Out of the blue two black natives jumped behind my mother, stole the bursting handbag, then ran stealthily into the marsh and swamp land, followed bravely by my father. (After all, we did stand to lose a great deal through the loss of this handbag.) My mother stood shouting hysterically at us children to gather and told us, almost in tears, that our dad might even die in these marshes, for the men would know their way very well and we had all seen the long, fat knives which they had been carrying. After an awful quarter of an hour, my father came slowly out of the swamp, looking despairing. He had not caught the thieves but at least he was alive. The taximan had done nothing to help. We all scorned him for this and stopped the next car coming in our direction. This took us all to the police station, where dad explained the situation to the sergeant there.

After hours of a silent and boring wait, while the grown-ups were talking, we, at last, were driven back to the hotel. On our way out we saw the taxi driver being arrested and taken to prison for conspiring in the robbery. When we arrived at the hotel we were completely exhausted. We went to bed while dad thought up ways of explaining the situation to the hotel manager, a situation which was very desperate. We owed a lot of money to the hotel.

The next day we woke up and who did we see as we went towards the reception desk? Our good friend, Mr. Morris. What a coincidence! When we were in an hour of need, who should walk in but someone who could help. Dad talked to Mr. Morris, who lent us the money, as a good friend would, and by the same time the next day we were on an aeroplane going home. I can never forget how coincidental it was that our friend should happen to come to the same hotel, same town and same country. Without Mr. Morris, I do not know what would have happened. We should probably still be washing dishes in the kitchen, eight years later, still trying to pay our bill!

Emily Cornes, Upper VB

BILL

Most farmers in the close-knit district of Rhuthun kept their own bull, and, as a supreme cliché, they were all fondly named "Bill". During my mother's

childhood, adolescence and early college life the greatest fear instilled in her was by the piercing scream of her mother: "Bill's out!" The frantic warning that Bill had broken his chains withstood several generations of bulls. The bulls kept at Plas Tower Bridge always had the same name and unfortunately the same vicious nature.

In the post-war days of my mother's childhood the bulls were invariably all Friesians in Clwyd. They were taller and more gaunt than the heavily-curved, docile Charolais, which later developed and were frequently adorned with magnificent horns! The first Bill who developed a strange escapist instinct, in his early years seemed grateful for the privilege of retaining his masculinity and took kindly, or tolerantly to the cruel ring through his nose and did not seem perturbed to watch the cows loll out to the meadows after milking time. It appears that his destructive nature developed with age. He learnt, after several years of being chained to a metal pole, that if he threw his head violently upwards and to one side, the link of the chain slipped through the loop and he would roam the cattle shed, clinking and rattling his chains like a mad ghost. This was accepted until he discovered that his powerful shoulders when applied forcefully to the solid wooden door, would absorb all shock from the impact and send the door hurtling and scraping across the cobbled yard. It was decided that Bill would be safer in the field, until he realised that by hooking the gate with his horns and tossing his head backwards, he would be free once more. The gate would thud hollowly on his narrow rump and fall to the ground behind him.

Bill's successor, Bill of course, developed an almost human hatred of humans. His life began peacefully and the terrors of his sire faded into gruesome memories until a placid day in August. Nain and Taid were returning home from town on Friday and to their horror, Bill was rampaging round the yard, his chains trailing in the dust!

As the car drew to a halt Bill turned to acknowledge its arrival and dismissed it until Taid opened the door to coax him back into the shippen. The docile eyes became clear and bulged, the long black and white head lowered and Taid leapt into the car just as the crescent horns crashed into the door. For two hours Bill shook and buffeted the car until the farmhand returned from a distant field and, armed with a pitchfork, bullied and threatened Bill back to his prison.

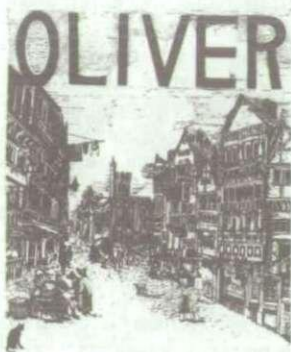
The next encounter was after the harvest. Taid was walking alone through a field and Bill leapt the matted hawthorn hedge to chase his captor across the sharp stubble. Taid sat on top of a stock of straw until the bull tired of rocking and tipping the unsteady stack.

Bill's fate was finally decided when his pogroms on the house became frequent. The last was a near-fatal disaster. Mother was feeding the hens when Bill tossed the door over his shoulder and pranced stiltedly into the yard. Mam dropped the bucket and ran to the house, the sound of cloven hooves carving the turf in her wake. The back door was bolted, but Bill, undeterred, roared and blew great snorts at the family through the window. By means of a small passage he circled the house, occasionally throwing his weight at the walls and heaving at the door and windows.

On Friday the gavel struck the bare boards and years of persecution were washed away. Mam could now walk home from school without holding herself taut and ready to run for safety. There would be no more broken ribs and escorting Bills with two sharpened pitchforks leaning threateningly on patched cheeks and jaws; no more until the new Bill grew out of his gentle adolescence and adopted a dangerous talent and playfully tossed gates over his head . . .

Rachel Williams Upper VN

The Performing Arts



Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist" must surely be one of the great popular works of art of all time; its reformist and compassionate author revealed Victorian life as one of misery, of down-and-outs, of poor people's hospitals and criminals' dens. The novel has provided entertainment for stage and screen and "Oliver",

the musical adaptation by Lionel Bart, with its memorable songs, lively tempo, its sombre and serious as well as its colourful and highly entertaining scenes, was an ambitious undertaking by a cast made up entirely of girls. The Queen's School rose to the challenge admirably and gave much pleasure to an appreciative audience on three successive evenings. The singing was excellent, the acting thoughtful and convincing with well mastered cockney accents from some of the characters; stage movement was very effective and efficient while the varied, colourful costumes created an authentic atmosphere.

The main role of Oliver, the orphan boy fallen among thieves but behaving with great gentility, was played by Katie Hastie who charmed the audience with her appealing innocence. She sang feelingly and interpreted her part sensitively, creating the awareness of a system which cruelly exploited the poor, the young and the ignorant and which was itself fought by evil and brutal people. Katie is to be congratulated on her touching performance. Demanding roles are those of Fagin, Bill Sikes and Nancy. Jenny Wright gave an impressive performance as Fagin, the wily, miserly exploiter of the young and poor. Her singing, her character interpretation and her superbly expressive use of face and hands while she sang created an impression of remarkable confidence. Bill Sikes presents an almost impossible task for a girl; his first appearance at the "Three Cripples" cowers



the drunken revellers into immediate and real fear of him. Jane Aston, singing and acting confidently, became increasingly menacing until she executed the killing of Nancy most effectively. Lesley Sealey, playing Nancy, was obviously "at home" on stage and used her singing and acting experience to good effect. The role was again sensitively interpreted particularly her betrayal of the gang



and her protection of young Oliver. Jo Sealey, possessing the same vocal and acting talents as her sister, also displayed her stage experience and created a lively and amusing Artful Dodger. Other creditable performances were given by Joanne Woodward in the difficult role of Mr. Bumble, Tessa Warwick as Bet, Julia Kolbusz as Mr. Brownlow, Rosemary Gill as Mr. Sowerberry and Jane Hainsworth was an effective foil at Mrs Sowerberry. Ruth Cunliffe as Dr. Grimwig, Samantha Bestwick as Noah Claypole, Karen Stewart as Charlotte and other minor characters contributed usefully to the success of the show.

The chorus work in a musical is vitally important as it sustains the story and supports the individual characters. This chorus was very precisely trained and sang delightfully with a welcome clarity of diction. The opening chorus in the workhouse with its strains of "Food, food . . ." was an early indication of the high standard of singing we were to enjoy throughout. The girls' facial expressions helped to convey their hunger and desperate anticipation of their meagre allowance though, happily, their looks and energy belied the state of deprivation which lead to Oliver's request for "more"! There were precise and polished movements in the "Three Cripples" and in Fagin's den where the young criminals showed their style. I am certain that "Oliver" will lead to many more musicals and, with these future performances in mind, I would like to suggest that the chorus tries to become more fully involved in the action; I felt that the rough and rowdy customers of the tavern could have displayed a more coarse and less inhibited sense of fun while the "den" boys, with their immaculate rags and gleaming hair, were maybe rather "refined" rascals! The London backcloth provided an authentic background for the street scenes. Natalie West sang delightfully as the rose-seller; she, the strawberry sellers, the milkmaids and





organ grinders made a very clear, tuneful vocal contribution but perhaps the street should have had more life and bustle.

The audience response was one of loud applause and obvious appreciation of this most successful venture brought about by the collaboration of the entire cast, the orchestra and the full production team. As usual, "helping hands" are too numerous to name individually but congratulations must be extended to Katharine Dewhurst, musical director, to Ruth Callaway who directed the acting, to Claire Fowles as choreographer, to Sue Nightingale and Fiona Brett who were responsible for the sets and scenery and to Tina Quail whose responsibility was costumes for the large cast. I believe that "Oliver" was the school's first "go-it-alone" full musical production; having set the precedent so successfully, it should now look forward to establishing the new "tradition"!

Dilys M. Carter

The Other Side of the Curtain

It was six o'clock on Thursday, 19th March, the first night of "Oliver" and the culmination of all our efforts. The cast was trickling in, nervous and excited, trooping up the stairs to the Lower Sixth common room where costumes in carrier bags and school uniform were strewn all over the floor and sundry hairbrushes and magazines decorated the tables and cupboards.

Once we were in costume, everything was more real. Here we all were, dressed in long dresses or knickerbockers, hair scraped back into French pleats. The faint smell of greasepaint had already infiltrated the common room, giving it a distinctly theatrical feeling, and the first few workhouse boys, hitching red-striped tops on their shoulders, were being made up, orangey complexions and black streaks covering their everyday faces. Quickly, dirty cups amassed in the common room and dining room, "boys" in black knickerbockers showered watches and chains on Mrs Jones, whilst the little cloakroom at the top of the stairs became crammed full of girls brushing dishevelled hair under flat caps. Last minute panics about lost shoes followed, Mr. Bumble searched for his

mace and Mrs Fowles issued her last instruction: "Just sock it to them!" before hurrying downstairs. Then we too were tiptoeing down, silently creeping into the wings. The first familiar bars of the overture were heard, sounding vaguely different played by the visiting orchestra to which we were unaccustomed. The audience had fallen silent and the air of expectation grew until, sixteen bars later, the first sad-faced workhouse boy had walked onto the stage. The show was on.

The audience's presence somehow sharpened the whole performance yet, once on stage, we hardly noticed them except as a sea of faces. How quickly the scenes seemed to go by, taking on a new aspect with the orchestra's professional playing accompanying the songs which were delivered with new vigour.

All too soon it was over, the finale completed for the last time. The audience clapped for curtain after curtain until we sang the encore again. Bouquets were fetched from the wings and homage was paid to the surprised directors: Mrs Dewhurst was smiling happily with the orchestra, Mrs Fowles came on from the wings grinning from ear to ear, and Miss Callaway . . . Where was Miss Callaway? The audience laughed and the cast stamped, but it did not matter, she got the flowers later. The final bows were taken and the red curtains closed for the last time.

The party was the end of it all. Riotously happy, we consumed vast quantities of lemonade and crisps and chattered noisily, elated at our success and flushed with pleasure. Staff mingled with cast in the warm common room and too soon it was eleven o'clock — time to go. One by one we left, reluctant, exhausted but jubilant. Only the lipstick-smeared mirrors and crisp-strewn floors remained as evidence of three triumphant, glorious nights.

Charlotte Hobson Upper IVF

Upper Sixth Pantomime

As the end of the Autumn Term approached, the thoughts of the Upper Sixth turned to the annual Christmas pantomime, inspired, written, adapted, acted, directed, produced and cried over by the majority of the year in a last vain attempt to leave our mark on The Queen's School, Chester.

In traditional style, preparations were left until the last possible moment when the producers, realising that the impending date could not be avoided, frantically began searching for "divine inspiration". Susan Johnson proved to be our budding Bernard Shaw, providing the cast with the basic idea for the pantomime. The greatest difficulty facing those involved was the co-ordination of practice times and actresses. Obviously, one without the other does not lead to startling success (as we discovered to our cost). However, the Sixth Form genius for last minute preparations (perfected by seven years of "the night before" exam technique) ensured that the production did not collapse. The cast is deeply indebted to Thomas the Tank Engine who not only provided the music for scenery shifting but also livened up our evening rehearsals. We would also like to thank Father Christmas, the Fairy and Rudolph for appearing at what must have been a very busy time for them.

Despite all the difficulties we encountered in producing the pantomime, the Upper Sixth all thoroughly enjoyed participating as it was our last opportunity to work together as a year. The Upper Sixth would also like to thank all those who helped us to make the production a success, who opened doors, provided costumes, helped to clear up and generally encouraged us when things became difficult.

Upper Sixth Pantomime Producers

From the Poets

BROWN

*Brown is a versatile colour with many different shades,
Starting from bitter chocolate, from dark to light it fades.
So many different shades of brown, copper, beige and tan.
Brown is cool and welcoming, when in a Heine-can.*

*Brown is the colour that man uses most,
Brown is the tea and hot buttered toast,
Brown is the gravy, the beef and the steak,
Brown is the rum in the Christmas cake.*

Annemarie Mitchell, Remove H

THE BAKER

*A cloud of white puffs up,
She turns the mixture, slapping,
Thumping it on the bench.
Her sleeves are rolled up,*

*Her face has a floury streak,
Remaining from her exasperated
Wipe across her brow.
She is up to her elbows in flour dust.*

*Another batch on the table,
Another, freshly rolled, in the oven,
Soon to emerge, crisp and golden.
A greying wisp strays from her cap.*

*Fluffs of cream and shakes of powdery sugar
Top the jam tarts, like a covering of snow
On a pool of strawberry ice. A layer of
Delicious lemon tops the delicately
Light flaky pastry — her speciality.*

Catherine Goy, Lower VS :

PRE-MED

*Lying in crisp, white starched sheets,
Each visitor is eyed with apprehension and terror,
Finally one stops at the bed,
Superficially smiling, speaking words of reassurance
That mean nothing.*

*Capped and gowned, an alien from another world,
His boots squeaking on the ice-rink floor.
Meaningless questions answered
Signalling the arrival of a ride to oblivion.*

*A prick, then seconds pass
Reality and unreality become entwined,
Empty words echo round the brain
Then darkness and insensibility.*

Vicki Connerty, Lower IVP

THE VISITOR

*She has entered.
The waft of perfume floats across the ward,
Her high heels sharply click against the tiled floor.
Her fur coat and sleek black handbag under her arm.
She turns to the hospital bed and sits on the metal chair
Flicking her slender leg over her knee.
The recoiling patient is helpless.
Her handbag opens to reveal the brown bag with the huge
juicy grapes inside.*

*Her endless chatter,
An empty conversation and then an awkward silence.
He is content to listen, not offering any replies.
Her sharp, red nails pass over his hot forehead once more.
How much longer can he lie there without a protest?*

*Visiting time is over.
She plants her huge red lips on his pale cheek;
The black handbag snaps shut again and she rises to leave
She prances out in her artificial clothes.
It is over but she has left her mark.*

Fiona Westcott, Lower IVP

FIVER'S VISION

(based on 'Watership Down')

*The sweet smell of grass and of dandelions
And then . . . changes;
The smell of creosote and paint!
It comes from the field
The field of danger!
Scarlet blood drips and flows,
Through the grass it comes . . .
It slows down, then it wavers
And stops on the edge of the warren,
One shining drop comes forward and trickles away into the
grass.*

*A warm, safe burrow,
Then, a kicking scrabbling rabbit,
A vision of a deep, gushing stream
And rabbits, bucks and does
On a raft —
The raft that is horror.
White, shiny, perfectly shaped bones
And sharp silvery wire.
There is a command — swim, swim!
Rabbits frantically tumble here and there
And a special friend floats away into the darkness.*

*The thin cold grip of wire,
A squeal of terror,
The wire tightens
The rabbits kick frantically
For it is caught, caught in the snare of danger.
He is reassured but heaves a sigh of anguish.
A fortunate sensible few will leave
But the others will stay,
stay to face the danger,
Blinded by their own good fortune.*

Rebecca Gambrell, Lower IVP

LOVE AND LIFE AND DEATH AND PAIN

*Love and life and death and pain
Come knocking on my door
And when I looked into their eyes
I looked again no more.*

*Their faceless faces were lit with shadows,
Their eyes were dark with flame,
And in those eyes I saw myself
My Love, my Life, my Death and Pain.*

*Love took my hand and held my soul,
Took my heart and held my brain
He promised me, singing, a life of joy,
But behind, shadowed, hid the Pain.*

*Then out leapt Pain, devouring Love,
And clawed at my heart with a violent hand
With a ghastly cackle tore it in two
And the passion drained out of the weeping wound.*

*Then up stepped Life, with his gift of Hope
Saying 'Do not fear, I am still at your side'
But in his wake walked the dark-eyed Death;
He embraced me, smiled, and I died.*

Kirsten Foster, Lower VA



Christine Towndrow Upper IVF

THE SPOILS OF WAR

*Time had not faded
That impish grin,
Nor extinguished the light
Of those twinkling eyes.
Time could not spoil
Those elated features
Nor quench
That spring of life,
For all were preserved
In one old photograph
Which forever suspended
That moment in time,
In the life of a boy,
Unspoiled by poverty,
Unspoiled by hardship.
No bashful boy this,
Who, with audacious pride,
Raised his head to pose,
Wavy brown hair neatly oiled,
Cap set at rakish angle.
His face was genial,
Handsome, carefree,
His brown eyes kind,
Shining and bright,
Cascading into a grin, so broad,
Exuberant with life.*

*But then came the war,
Harshly, relentlessly,
Leaving non untouched.
Gone was the humour
From those eyes,
Now austere and cold,
Emptily staring*

*From gaunt and hollow,
Skull-like face,
Lips firmly pursed,*

*Whilst former laughter wrinkles
Clung stubbornly, mockingly
Beside mouth and eyes.
The war was won,
But he, a victim of its clutches,
Had sadly lost.*

Moensie Rossier, Upper IVF

PICTURE WITH LIFE

*A beautiful picture,
Portraying a scene;
Ninety nine maidens
All sweet and serene.
Their shoes are pink satin
Their dresses, white lace
And no one has seen
Such a wonderful place.
The trees hang with diamonds
The grass is of gold.
Many a tale
Of this place has been told.*

*The moon is now shining
The lights have gone out,
The room is in darkness
There is no one about.
Ninety nine ladies
Dance onto the floor,
The picture is empty
A space on the wall.
The whisper of music
The patter of feet
But the dancers are weeping
Their group incomplete.*

*A creak of the door,
A young girl comes in
She understands nothing
Of what is within.
The dancers are quiet*

*But smiling with glee,
A hundred young ladies
Tonight there will be.*

*The maidens surround her
With scarves she is tied;
She is gasping with fear
And her eyes open wide.
She drinks from their goblets
And laughs at their dance,
Her lips, they are smiling,
Her mind in a trance.*

*Gently they lead her
Into the frame,
Morning is coming,
Sun's rising again.
A beautiful picture
Portraying a scene
A hundred young ladies
All sweet and serene.*

Nicola Collins, Lower VA

BUZZARD

*Long slow flaps of broad wings; span
three feet in length,
Quartering the grassland in search of prey.
Effortless power, graceful hidden strength
Although never aimless, almost lazy.*

*Upper body encased in dark brown plumage,
Front deep chested; pale with dark bars and streaks.
Sharp eye staring; twisted foul beak
— noble head.
Bony, slender talons, murdering feet.*

*Wings, now angled against high resisting wind
One swift move, and plunges toward the ground.
Precision-absolute, talons meet the flesh
Triumphant, upward sailing, captive found.*

*Hawk, hunger satisfied, regains his lair;
Cold-hearted buzzard, lord of the air.*

Lindsay Stent, Lower VA

FARMER'S TOIL

*His hands gripped tightly to the plough,
His knuckles white, skin rough as bark,
And droplets formed upon his brow,
As he made furrows in the dark.*

*His feet were heavy as the soil
That churned beneath each spinning blade,
Saliva viscous, just like oil,
His grimace hidden by the shade.*

*He pushed the clumsy wooden frame
Across the field with all his might,
And as the sun rose like a flame,
Continued in the morning light.*

*His rasping breath came quicker still
And seemed to graze his throat like stone,
His strength was sapped and weak his will,
And yet he carried on alone.*

*The sun now central in the sky,
The farmer's arms rose like a shield,
And he surveyed with weary eye,
His newly corrugated field.*

Sharon Ellis, Lower VS

GERIATRIC WARD

*Spartan antiseptic distillery;
A place to die.
False sympathy from the visitor
Seen in so many ways
On Mondays and Thursdays, the visiting days.*

*Ward upon ward of eighty-year-old men
Share the common complaints of growing old.
One mumbles 'thyroid', another his 'veins';
Surrounded by horrific furniture of uniformity
Patients blend as one, individuality hard to see.*

*Not too dead, though, to complain
About the poor ruffled nurse,
Fascist and bullying in their senility,
Hating the system that put them there;
Maybe it's sadder when they no longer care.*

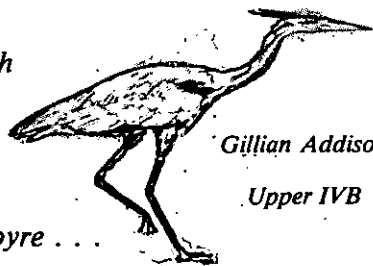
Margaret Patten, Lower VA

A SUFFOLK AFTERNOON

*The sparkling water shimmered with the heat
The surface flecked with diamonds;
No wind stirred the rushes
Or the air around me, filled with scent of meadowsweet.*

*The heron stood motionless
As made of stone
The river water made silent progress
Up the oozing mud, as the tide crept in,
And the bees went about their business
In the poppy clumps, and droned.*

*Suddenly, a dragon prow cut through
The diamond flecked water;
A deck of muffled oars
A line of burning bronze shields
Swiftly gliding up the flooding tide
Bearing the chieftain to his funeral pyre . . .
A flash of horned helmets —
But all was gone
With the thunder of American bombers overhead.*

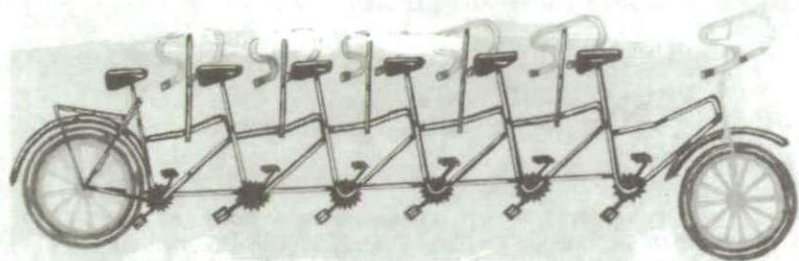


Gillian Addison

Upper IVB

Tabitha Fairley, Lower VA

Here and There



Rachel Evanson Upper IVB

Skiing Holiday — Château d'Oex

We landed in Geneva amid snow and ice and, a few hours later than expected, we finally arrived at the Swiss hotel, "Roc et Neige", our home for seven days. The next morning we collected our skis and met our ski instructors. The promised hunky teachers were non-existent; they were all women! For us, as beginners, the first morning was particularly difficult. After many disastrous attempts at staying on the lift, our group reached the top of the nursery slope and skied, or rather slid, to the foot of the incline. We were moving through the large flakes of snow which fell heavily from the grey sky. To our amazement the instructor praised us and promised a "blue" run the next day. As the week continued we found ourselves improving. We had managed the "blue" slope in a matter of minutes and even the "black" run by the end of the week.



Most of us will agree that the scenery was very impressive, especially when the sun came out! We also agree that the hotel was fantastic with a very well-organised night life. We made friends with members of the boys' school who were also staying at the hotel. We spent evenings skating, at the disco, watching films or enjoying a Raclette evening. (Even if the melted cheese quickly cooled to a rubber frisbee!).

The whole week had been enjoyable, the skiing great and the hotel perfect (although the food definitely was not!). The staff coped cheerfully with Sarah's cut nose, Caroline's broken leg and Michelle's eye (the only injuries) and made sure that the holiday was a success. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs

Rowland, Mr. and Mrs Tottey, Mr. and Mrs Fowles, Miss Quail and Mrs Wright for putting up with us and giving us a great time! Perhaps they will think twice about taking us again but we would certainly like to go.

Catherine Goy Lower V

“Medea”

During February a group of the Upper school, accompanied by several members of staff, went to see “Medea”, a Greek tragedy, at Theatr Clwyd. Medea was portrayed by the well-known actress Eileen Atkins who showed her to be a forceful character carefully plotting her revenge. Leon Herbert acted the part of Jason and he successfully showed the swing from great happiness to great despair. It was a very striking production by Tony Robertson with several unusual features. The setting itself was very stark as it was completely white. Most of the characters were black — Medea as a white woman was strongly contrasted with Jason as a black man. The chorus was unusual as it consisted of three Caribbean women dressed in floating silks chanting to a reggae beat. There were, however, several unanswered questions such as why was Jason wearing evening wear while Creon and his followers were dressed in military uniform and why was Creon in a wheelchair? But these were only minor points. Overall, it was a very enjoyable and successful performance.

Jenny Cornes Upper VI

“A Mid Summer Night’s Dream”

On the 31st November 1985 a small group of King’s and Queen’s School pupils set out early one evening for The Palace Theatre, Manchester, to see Benjamin Britten’s opera, “A Mid Summer Night’s Dream”, adapted from the Shakespeare play. For many of us it was our first taste of opera and although it was rather unusual we all enjoyed the new experience. The appearance of the theatre’s interior is most daunting although it is not to be recommended for anyone who suffers from vertigo. Fortunately we all kept our heads and managed to sit through all three acts. Thanks must go to Miss Hemming and Mr. Inge of The King’s School for taking us in the school mini-bus and also for arranging a most enjoyable evening.

Debbie Parker and Lara Fisher-Jones Lower VI

Field Courses 1986

During the Easter holidays most of the Lower Sixth Biologists and Geographers attended field courses in different centres around the country. We include reports on two of these study centres.

Orielton Field Study Centre

This is a huge, old house in South Wales, overlooking the oil refineries of Milford Haven. About seventy students from Birmingham University, London, Kent and Warwick converged on this house, all of them loaded with wellies and sleeping bags — very necessary equipment. The house is so cold that I needed six blankets to stay warm during the night and the wellies were essential to withstand snow, hail, thunder, wind and rain! There were lectures after breakfast and after dinner while the day itself was spent “in the field”, collecting dead snails to look for any thrush preferences, marking pond snails, rolling down sand dunes, using quadrats to count species and the numbers of individuals of each species, setting live mammal traps which needed monitoring at dawn(!) and dusk, carrying out “kick tests” on river beds and looking at communities under stones. All the fieldwork was fascinating and the instructors were young, interesting and very enthusiastic about their work. We thoroughly enjoyed our week, including the opportunity to make many new friends.

Jane Higginbotham Lower VI

Preston Montford

This is an old country house near Shrewsbury, converted into a maze of twin-rooms, dormitories, library, common room and several science laboratories. Alison and I were lucky to find ourselves in the new, centrally-heated extension where we were able to regulate the temperature in our own room. We spent the first two days climbing hills, measuring heather and taking stream samples but this changed unfortunately when, on the third day, I fell over in a snowstorm and spent the rest of the field trip on crutches! Our field work included soil analysis, studying pollution in rivers and calculating the population of fish in a pond. Firm friendships were formed during the trip, especially on the day when we had to stay up for 24 hours counting shrimps in a stream every hour.

We shall look back on our trip with fond memories despite hail, sleet, snow, rain, fog and occasionally a little sun!

Caryn Smith, Alison Owen Lower VI

Cathedral Camp — Salisbury

For a few moments I was deafened by the huge bell tolling out eight chimes for the citizens of Salisbury. This was 7th August — one of the warmer days of last summer and the first of the Cathedral Camp which was to count as my residential project for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award. During the first evening meal the nine girls and sixteen boys were introduced and some distinctive accents revealed to my surprise that there was one Australian and two New Yorkers on the camp and the female camp leader from Philadelphia.

The first item on the agenda was a guided tour of the cathedral that evening. The enormous task of maintaining such a building was described to us as we crossed on wooden planks the plastered domes, the “topsides” of the nave's high arches beneath us, and we began the tortuous, dizzy climb up the narrow, spiral stairs of Britain's tallest cathedral spire — over 400 ft. The centuries old oak beams were being laboriously replaced as the wood worm and other beetles won the battle against the insecticides and continued to munch

their way through them. The trudge up the smooth, worn steps of the spire led us with perfect timing through the bell chamber — at exactly 8 o'clock — then on up the final steps to a small circular room from where, through a trap door and with the expert use of ropes and harness, the occasional foolhardy person can climb the outside of the spire to the aircraft warning light! Our insurance — “however!” — did not cover this and we contented ourselves with a spectacular view of the Cathedral Close, the City and the South Downs from the parapet.

Back on the ground and down to more mundane matters we returned to the church hall where we were staying to work out the sleeping arrangements. Our accommodation was basically two bare rooms and we slept in sleeping bags on the floor. We did however have the use of the Cathedral School's showers and outside swimming pool.

The range of jobs for the week varied considerably from day to day depending on what needed to be done both inside and out. My own jobs ranged from demolishing and digging with pick axes and shovels the foundations of a section of the wall which surrounds the Cathedral Close to digging up mediaeval tiles which had been transported from the site of the original cathedral at Old Sarum to be used as rubble in the cloisters when they were built, and scrubbing and polishing the original grey/pink Purbeck marble pillars of the nave and choir. The most enjoyable aspect of the work was the interest and appreciation shown by the tourists whose curiosity was aroused by the distinctive bright red T-shirts we were all given to wear and who always stopped to ask about the camp and what we were doing.



The funniest day of the week proved to be the day on kitchen duty which involved thoroughly cleaning the hall, shopping at the local supermarket for twenty-five people and providing meals for the other workers. (Meals excluded breakfast which tended to be a free-for-all with the Rice Krispies and Cornflakes at five to nine). Lunch was a relatively simple snack on the Cathedral lawn but it involved an hilarious 10 minute walk across Salisbury to the Cathedral carrying trays and plates piled high with biscuits, sandwiches, fruit and huge jugs of drink, to the astonishment and amusement of the city shoppers! The evening meal was a much more serious affair — even Cordon Bleu! — since

there was a prize for the group who made the best meal. Our group of four eventually won, probably on account of our "pièce de résistance" of huge strawberry flans with cream piped all over the top and the bottle of wine in the casserole!

The last evening came all too soon but we drowned our sorrows at the glorious celebratory barbecue supplied and cooked for us by the Cathedral staff. We continued the party at the church hall until 3 o'clock the next morning — "lights out" four hours earlier was somehow ignored! The camp was certainly great fun and enabled me to make many new friends. Working on the Cathedral was a rewarding though unusual experience which I would recommend to anyone and I am very glad I had the opportunity to take part in it.

Caroline Macdonald-Williams Upper VI

Photograph by courtesy of Cathedral Camps

St. Valery-sur-Somme, July 15th-18th

When Miss Hargreaves first suggested the trip to France, she obviously did not know what she was letting herself in for! We all met outside school on the Sunday evening, and when everyone was present, Mrs Ferris bravely called "All aboard" and forty-five members of the Lower and Upper IV climbed onto the coach. As we moved off we could see crowds of parents standing on the pavement frantically waving "good-bye" — though probably glad to see the last of us for a few days.

After a detour to Stoke-on-Trent where we changed drivers, we arrived at Dover in plenty of time and caught a ferry earlier than planned. We had a lovely smooth crossing to Calais and were soon in Boulogne where we did our first assignment. From there we completed our journey, arriving at the hotel in the afternoon.

The next three days were full of activities, work, and, most of all, enjoyment. We travelled on a French train, climbed a light-house, explored a hyper-market and visited a local fire-station where the firemen allowed us to put on their uniforms to be photographed. We explored St. Valery, played mini-golf, made our own French meal, and — most intriguing of all — discovered a French toilet!



Despite the odd mishap, we all had a wonderful holiday which would not have been possible without Miss Hargreaves, Mrs Chorley, Mrs Ferris and Miss Livett.

Rachel Evanson Upper IVB

Life on the Ocean Wave!

1985 was the year of The Ocean Youth Club's Jubilee and so I was not only lucky enough to win a week of sailing but also a week of celebrations. To commemorate its anniversary the OYC had arranged a "Round Britain Rally" during which the eleven schooners were to sail as a fleet. I was joining the "Francis Drake" for the Ipswich to London leg.

After one day on the boat we sailed out into the night and straight into a storm which seemed to us like a gale but which the skipper assured us was only a slight swell. I think we all suffered trying to get our sea-legs in the rolling sea. (During this time I had the unpopular job of galley slave!). The rain was so heavy that at one time it completely cut out the radar, leaving us sailing blind around the sand banks of the North Sea. But this, and the roaring wind, only added to the excitement, forcing us to work harder to try and keep the boat on course. Luckily we did have the radar the next day when sailing around a wreck still containing thousands of tons of explosives but even this could not prevent us from getting a little too close for comfort!

Most of the next day was spent being filmed by "BBC-Breakfast Time". Five hours of filming us dressing, eating, scrubbing the decks and sailing resulted in two minutes on the screen!



Our actual entrance to the City of London was impressive. We sailed up in a convoy and, as the opened London Bridge came into sight, four members of the crew went up the mast and stood in star formation in the riggings. The opening of the bridge had caused havoc to London traffic and drawn crowds to the river to watch our arrival. We docked alongside HMS Belfast where we remained for the night, joining in the celebrations on its deck in the evening.

The following day meant an early start and, sailing back down the Thames, we made our way to East India Docks where the real work of cleaning the boats began because, that afternoon, HRH Princess Alexandra

was to visit each boat and crew in turn. Water sports in the pouring rain followed, including a ritual ducking in the Thames for skippers and crews.

The last night was spent at a barn-dance and Ceilidh for which each boat was supposed to provide entertainment (as it turned out, ours was the only one which did!). We then all adjourned to the "Francis Drake" . . .

I have never enjoyed a holiday so much before, working as part of a team and making so many new friends. We had to work hard but the rewards certainly made it all worthwhile. All I can say is: if you have the chance, have a go. Thank you so much, Mr. Witter.

Hilary Parker Upper VI

“Blockbusters”

Why I was chosen to represent the school on “Blockbusters” is still a mystery to me — I had only put my name down as a laugh. But I was still thrilled. My sisters, Emily and Becky had already worked out the percentage of my winnings that they were going to get!

I was not really scared until I entered the actual studio where “Blockbusters” is filmed. There were the seats for the audience and then, set apart from everything else, were the contestants’ seats in which at some time I would be sitting. However the most nerve-wracking object was the actual board from which the letters are chosen — it was truly massive, about as big as the width of our school hall. We were made very welcome and there were so many people assigned to look after us. There was Micky, a little Irishman, whose forte was to insult all of us all the time, “Hunky Dunc” who made sure that all of us were in the right place at the right time, Liz, Lesley, Ivan . . . the list was endless. There was also the studio comic who had to keep the audience, which was made up mainly of students and pensioners, quiet by telling jokes. There was only one problem — he used the same material each time so in the end I could tell his jokes for him! Then, of course, there was the questionmaster — he was such a nice man who took the trouble to have lunch and to talk to us so that he could know us better.

The other contestants were friendly as well. As four shows are recorded each day and it is uncertain whether the single or double team will win, there are always more contestants present than are needed. Also each day more and more contestants arrive to replace those knocked out. There were eight of us when I arrived on the Thursday but at least twenty-five on the Tuesday when I left — they came from Runcorn, Bournemouth, Wales, London, Isle of Wight, Blackburn and even Northern Ireland. Everyone was rooting for everyone else — one boy apologized constantly for beating other people! When you actually sit in that seat and compete you forget about the audience and cameras focussed on you totally and you just try to win so that you can set foot on that “Hotspot”. When you lose, as I did, you feel terrible for a short time but then you realise that you did your best and the other contestants were just quicker on the button. The only annoying feature about television is the boredom between rehearsals and recordings — all you can do is go to the canteen . . . or watch television, of course. But you do receive the best treatment — a dressing room, nights in a first-rate hotel with videos to watch (here Eddie the Scotsman made sure that we woke up on time and that we behaved ourselves) and all your expenses are paid. However the money does not matter because you have appeared on television and also seen behind the scenes and made many friends. In fact the only agonising time is actually seeing yourself on the screen, realising your mistakes and then being recognised in the street. But it was a great experience and I would gladly do it all over again.

Jenny Cornes Upper VI

Other Events during 1985-6

April	16:	Summer Term began. Visit by Dr. Fielding from ICI to address LVI and UVI Chemists.
	22:	UVI German group attended a conference at Manchester University.
	23:	UVI Economists and Geographers attended a course in Manchester.
May	6:	Bank Holiday.
	8:	Visit of representatives from industry for an Engineering Day for UIV, LV and UV pupils.
	9:	Debating Society trip to Manchester to see "Guys and Dolls".
	10:	Commemoration Service in the Cathedral.
	16:	LVI Classicists attended a conference at Oxford University. Removes visited the Salt Museum, Northwich. LVI visit to Cambridge.
June	27-31:	Half-Term Holiday.
	18:	LVI German group visited the Goethe Institut, Manchester, to see a film.
	19:	Evening of Gymnastics and Dance.
	21-23:	"Living Waters" Quest Club week-end away.
	25:	Removes carried out urban field work in Chester.
	26:	LV and LVI Classicists joined with pupils of The King's School and Abbeygate College for a Greek play reading.
July	27-28:	LVI visit to Oxford.
	29:	Outing to Ludlow to see "The Tempest".
	2:	UIV visited Clocaenog Forest on a Geography field course. Some LVI attended a "Challenge of Industry" conference.
	3:	Removes visited Chester Zoo. LIV visited York.
		UIV visited Ludlow to see "The Tempest". LV visited Chatsworth House. LVI visited London.
	4:	LVI Physicists and Biologists visited the Nuclear Research Laboratory, Daresbury.
	5:	UIV and LV Drama Festival.
	8:	A conference was held for UV of both the King's and Queen's schools.
	9:	Some LV and LVI visited Bradfield College to see "Antigone".
	11:	End of Term.
September	4:	Autumn Term began.
	18:	Several "Old Girls" gave a talk to UVI on "The University Experience".
	25:	Lecture on "Career Prospects for Graduates" for Sixth Formers and Parents.
October	1:	Sixth Form Linguists attended a Modern Languages Association lecture on Linguistics.
	15:	Lecture on "Gap" for Sixth Formers and Parents.
	16:	Some UV attended a Modern Languages Association meeting at Neston on "Why learn German?". Lecture given to UVI by Mr. D. Briggs, Chief Sub Editor of "Daily Mirror" on "The Newspaper World".
	17:	Sixth form Geographers attended a Population Study Day at Sheffield.
	21-25:	Half-Term Holiday.
	30:	Lecture given to UVI by Mr. M. Horsefield, Probation Officer on "The Role and Function of the Probation Service".

- November
- 1: UVI and LVI English groups visited The Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester, to see "Death of a Salesman".
 - 5: Visit by Miss Menon who gave a talk on Careers to Pupils and Parents.
 - 6: Lecture given to UVI by Mrs A. Maple, Senior Social Worker, on "Child Abuse".
 - 11: Sixth Form Art group visited London Exhibitions.
 - 13: Lecture given to UVI by Mr. D. Lawson, a Quaker, on "Pacifism and Peace Studies".
- December
- 19: A music group saw "West Side Story".
 - 4: Lecture given to UVI by Mr. A. Atkinson, Probation Officer, on "Drugs and Drug Abuse".
LVI and UVI German groups attended a lecture at Liverpool University.
 - 11: Prizes were distributed by Professor John Ashworth, Vice-Chancellor of Salford University.
 - 18: Joint Carol Service with The King's School in the Cathedral, marking the end of term.
- January
- 7: Spring Term began.
 - 17: LV Art Group visited an Art Exhibition at County Hall, Chester.
 - 22: UVI German group attended a course at Salford.
 - 29: Lecture given to UVI by Dr. R.M. Philpott, Psychogeriatrician, on "The Dementia Experience".
 - 30: LVI Physicists attended a lecture on Communications at Liverpool.
- February
- 5: Lecture given to UVI by Mr. G.P. Scanlan, Lecturer in Law, on "Have you stopped beating your wife?"
 - 12: Lecture given to UVI by Dr. R. Miller, Lecturer in History, on "Britain, Argentina and The Falklands Crisis".
 - 17-21: Half-Term Holiday.
 - 20: LVI German group attended Manchester University for a German play.
 - 25: LVI trip to Salford to see a French play.
 - 28: LVI Home Economists visited York Castle Museum.
- March
- 6: UV Chemists visited UKF, Ince.
 - 12: LVI Classicists visited King's College, London, to see "Bacchae".
LVI Historians visited Chester College to attend lectures.
Lecture given to UVI by Mrs G. Elal-Lawrence, a Clinical Psychologist, on "Drinking and Young People".
 - 19: Lecture given to UVI by Dr. A. Irwin, Schools Liaison Officer, on "Preparation for University".
 - 21: LVI visited Salford to see "Measure for Measure".
 - 22: Twelve girls from our link school in Heidelberg arrived to stay with their English pen-friends.
 - 23-29: LIV Trip to St. Valery, France.
 - 26: End of Term.

Thoughts on University Life

It would be easy to start with all the clichés: that at university you “discover the sort of person you really are”; that it is the place to go to “enhance your social life”, while not forgetting to “further your academic achievements”; that it could even be “a place to meet your prospective husband!”

Do not automatically believe all the stories you hear. University is not quite as wild as some people make out, though it is probably true to say that you get from the experience as much as you are prepared to put into it. The first week is one long party and, to some extent, this sets the pattern for the rest of the year. You meet many people and are enticed to join many societies. You have the opportunity to do almost any activity you wish, but a certain amount of discretion is required so that you do not exceed the time available. It is somewhat of an anticlimax when lectures actually start.

Though it is not the easy life that some parents seem to think, I have found that there is much less work than I had expected. Could it be that after seven years' hard work a comparative rest has been earned? Unlike at school, you are left to work on your own except when you attend tutorials which are like lessons. The general consensus of students and staff alike is that scientists have more work to do than students of the Arts.

The initial choice of university is difficult and even when you have considered factors such as course, campus, size and geographical location, it is obvious that you will not know what it is really like until you are there. Most courses seem to have a basic core with flexibility in options and though it is advisable to have an idea of what career you intend to follow ultimately, once at university future plans need not be so cut and dried. Campus universities seemed to me to be the easier option in that they avoid the inconvenience of travelling, but sometimes you do feel that you need to get away from the university system and living in halls away from lecture theatres and laboratories automatically provides this escape. Most people settle into hall life during the first term although some obviously cope better than others. Independence is fairly important and I felt that the Sixth Form provided an adequate preparation for the “outside world”.

Living close to a large city definitely has its advantages as, although all large universities offer concerts, parties etc., the city can provide an alternative to Student Union events. This inevitably eats into the student grant which is mostly spent on accommodation, entertainment and food and drink. Though there are always complaints about its inadequacy — the Chancellor of Durham spoke of “students not having enough money to work” — if parents can make up the grant (here covenancing is worth all of the form filling) most people would have to agree it is just enough.

After being at an Independent School it is interesting to meet a broader spectrum of people. The Chemists I know range from an anarchist, who has not used a comb for three years, to southerners who thought that Liverpool was south of Wales! Everyone on my course is very friendly and it all seems a far cry from the corrupt drugs-ridden scene I had half imagined. I am not saying that the university is immune from such problems but I have not come across anyone at all who is involved.

Decisions about university (if indeed you decide you want to go) should not be made final with U.C.C.A. until you are as sure as possible. Interviews however precede choices and, although I am not advising that they should be treated at all flippantly, it seems that they are as much for the university to

"sell" itself as to find out about a prospective student. Personally, I found Imperial College perhaps a little restricting (taking only science students) and London overwhelming. Cambridge was charming and very friendly, though obviously of a very high academic standard. York was nearly as beautiful but perhaps too quiet. Manchester seemed large and impersonal where U.M.I.S.T. was small and friendly and Bradford was much more impressive than most people imagine and even offers a year's placement abroad. In my opinion, however, none matched Liverpool and even though it is a local university you can be just as independent as at any other establishment further afield. If anyone of you would like to come and see first hand, you are very welcome to come for coffee and an unbiased chat!

Melanie Ashton (left July 1985)

From the Zimbabwe Bush

The day after our arrival in this country, Chloë (the girl with whom I have been "posted" for the year) and I were taken on an extremely bumpy journey in a rather dilapidated "pick-up" across eighty kilometres of parched savanna grassland and we eventually arrived at Howard Institute that evening where we were made very welcome by the Headmaster and his wife who invited us round for a very tasty meal of chicken and rice.

After three weeks of sleeping on the floor of a Canadian teacher's house we eventually reached our own abode along with the furniture necessary for our survival; four upright chairs, one small table, two beds and one small stove. We are lucky enough to have running water and electricity but both have a habit of disappearing rather frequently! Moving into our house was quite a traumatic experience in that we first had to get rid of a few unwelcome inhabitants. When we unlocked the door for the first time we were greeted by thousands of enormous cockroaches crawling all over everything — not a pretty sight! We attacked them for a few minutes, armed with a small can of "deadly" and the geography room broom, but we were fighting a losing battle. A wise old gentleman advised that "Baygone" was the best solution and at last we had the house to ourselves, if you disregard the overweight rats which play around in the roof, the toad in the kitchen cupboards, the enormous hairy spiders that decorate the bathroom and the Black Mamba in the garden!

Howard Institute comprises a hospital (which is in desperate need of more advanced medical equipment as the facilities at present are extremely basic), a Weaving School, a Nurses Training Centre, a Primary School and a Secondary School. The Primary School consists of about four small buildings but has to cope with nearly two thousand pupils. Consequently lessons have to be carried out in shifts and many are conducted out of doors. Chloë and I are both teaching at the Secondary School. There are about eight hundred students and the majority of them are boarders. As this is a mission school (run by The Salvation Army) there are two Canadians, two Germans and a Mauritian couple as well as the eighteen African teachers on the staff. Most of the members of staff are over twenty-six years old which makes Chloë and I feel very young indeed. Teaching itself is great fun. The students are always hungry for knowledge and just cannot stop smiling. All of my classes contain forty-five

students or more which presents quite a problem when there are only about ten books to go round. Chairs, desks and even form rooms are also in short supply and students often have to sit on the floor during lessons.



At the end of last term the Headmaster announced to the school that all those students who had not yet paid all five hundred dollars of the year's school fees must go and fetch the money owed from home. (1 dollar = about 42 pence). Many of the students were absent for days as they had to travel great distances through the bush to reach their own isolated kraals. Some students did not return at all as their parents could not scrape together enough money to give them. Most parents here will even go without food in order to educate at least one of their children.

Last term was very chaotic indeed. Because of complex internal problems involving the administration of the school and its funds a full scale riot broke out. Large stones were thrown at the Superintendent's house, breaking all the windows. The fence was flattened, the garden was uprooted and the vegetables were thrown through the broken windows. The chickens were burnt alive and the curtains were lit in an attempt to set the whole house alight. The tyres of the school truck (which the Superintendent keeps for his own personal use) were let down and the horn was peeped in time to the chanting of the angry students. He retaliated by firing several shots but luckily there were no casualties. It took the police three hours to reach the scene of the riot and they are only based about ten kilometres away — that's speed for you in Africa! The dispute was finally resolved through the intervention of The Ministry of Education. At no stage, however, were Chloë and I in any danger whatsoever. The violence was directed towards the one individual and discipline at the school is not a problem at any time.

Travelling to Harare is quite an experience as we have to catch the local African bus. You just have to cling on for dear life as the rickety tin box hurtles down through the scrub (the drivers are usually of the impatient kind and don't

realise that the use of the brakes may sometimes be a good idea). All the people at the bus-stop, along with their chickens, dogs, beds and anything else they care to bring along, are crammed into the bus and we are sometimes treated to the accompaniment of Zimbabwean music as we pass kraal after kraal, the occasional township and fields of "mealies" (maize) being hoed by women and children.

During the Christmas holidays we joined up with some of the other Project Trust volunteers and caught the train down through Botswana and into South Africa. It was quite a shock to be no longer in a third world country. We could not believe our eyes when we walked into a South African shop and suddenly discovered all the things that we had not seen for the past few months — Cadbury's chocolate, raisins, tuna fish, oats and so on. We spent Christmas itself in Cape Town and then for the rest of the holiday we hitch-hiked around the country and visited Kimberley, Lesotho, Johannesburg and Mafeking. South Africa is such a beautiful country: it is just such a pity that it has been spoilt by "apartheid". I have loved every minute of my stay so far in the heart of the Zimbabwean bush and will definitely continue to do so for the rest of the year. I have learnt a great deal already and would like to thank all my sponsors for making such a fabulous experience possible.

Sarah Mills (left school 1985)

A year in Indonesia with Project Trust

I am almost two-thirds of the way through my eleven months here and completely settled in. My work is still keeping me occupied, I have a lot of friends from the office and I am managing to see a great deal of Indonesia. I went to Bali for ten days over Easter, a fascinating place and very different from Java because of the different religion. The Balinese are Hindu rather than Muslim.

The numbers in my English classes at the office have fallen for various reasons but the pupils that I do have are all very conscientious and their oral and written English is definitely improving. I am also teaching now for three mornings a week in a local school where I am encouraging the 15-17 year old pupils to speak English as much as possible. They are particularly keen to ask me questions about Britain. We tend to take it for granted in the UK that someone learning a foreign language can go and stay in that country to improve fluency or that there will be plenty of foreign visitors to practise the language on but it is different here. Outside Jukarta foreigners are rare and very few Indonesians have been out of the country. This means that I am in great demand as an English speaker.

The hot season is starting now so the sugar factories are getting ready for the milling season from May to September. They do not crush cane earlier in the year because tractors cannot work on the waterlogged soil and the percentage of sugar in the cane is also lower. I have been invited to an opening ceremony at Jatitujuh next week. All the ladies, including myself, have to wear

kain kebaya, traditional Javanese costume: batik sarung jacket and false hair-piece. That should be quite interesting and help us to get through the endless speeches and endless cups of lukewarm, sweet black tea which come automatically with every formal occasion in Indonesia.

I have just seen a production of "Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat" in Jakarta. The four Project Trust volunteers there produced it with children from the schools in which they teach. It was quite impressive and both the performers and the audience seemed to be enjoying themselves. It is very difficult to get people here to do what they say they will do, so organising the whole thing was a major achievement for them. My only contribution was setting up some stage lights. Luckily I came to the rehearsal wearing rubber-soled shoes — the state of the wiring in the hall was horrific. We handled all the electrics very gingerly and there were no problems.

I was away during Mrs Thatcher's visit to Indonesia so I missed the reporting on the BBC World Service, the Indonesian television news and so on but the visit seems to have impressed everyone. Apparently she is the first British Prime Minister ever to visit here, although the Queen came on a state visit a number of years ago.

Alex Hedley (left school 1984)

The Parents' Association

Last year the new "all-weather" playing surface at Nedham House (which the Parents' Association helped to provide) was launched at a very successful Tea and Tennis Afternoon held in the June sunshine. There were side-stalls, pony rides and Punch and Judy shows and many families came along to enjoy themselves watching the competition. The December Buffet Supper and Dance was once again a lively evening with all tickets sold. The profit from these two events was £950, some of which was set aside to provide furniture for the Lower Sixth common room. In February a representative from the Cheshire Drug Squad addressed parents on the subject of drug abuse and in March the committee again organised a disco for IVth and Lower Vth forms. Pupils from The King's School were invited and 200 tickets were sold.

For those who may not know, the Parents' Association is a social and fund-raising group run by a committee of parents with Miss Farra. This year, in addition to social events, the committee offered parents a list of VIth form girls interested in babysitting duties. Many parents requested a list and we hope the service is helpful to parents and girls alike. We are now planning to raise further funds for the purchase of new stage equipment, including an improved lighting system and a replacement backcloth. Plans for the Autumn Market, scheduled for 11th October, are well in hand and we look forward to seeing all parents of children from every department of the school at this and other forthcoming events.

Elizabeth Downey

The Queen's School Association

Degree Results 1985

Isobel Borrows	Law, II ₂ , Sussex
Caroline Brady	Psychology, II ₁ , Sheffield
Alison Carter	Biology, II ₂ , York
Fiona Clegg	Accountancy, II ₁ , Hull
Raynor Davies	Business Studies, II ₁ , Sunderland Polytechnic
Marietta Elsdon	Sociology, II ₂ , York
Jill Evans	Classics, I, Birmingham
Elizabeth Garson	Geography, II ₁ , Sheffield City Polytechnic
Anna Godfrey	Geography, II ₁ , Birmingham
Claire Grew	History, II ₁ , London
Sally Grimshaw-Smith	Zoology and Psychology, II ₁ , Cardiff
Katharine Healey	Natural Sciences, II ₂ , Cambridge
Mary Holmes-Evans	Mathematics, II ₁ , Exeter
Jane Johnston	Chemistry, I, Liverpool
Katie Jones	Geography/Social Science, Exeter
Ann Mealar	English, II ₂ , Liverpool
Nerina Morfitt	Physiology, II ₁ , Sheffield
Alison Nichols	Law, II ₁ , Liverpool
Jane Price	English, II ₁ , Sheffield
Joanne Russell	German and French, II ₁ , Manchester
Fiona Sowerby	Geography, II ₁ , Aberystwyth
Angela Sutton	Applied Physics and Electronics, II ₁ , Durham
Margaret West	B.A. Open University
Isobel Whitley	P.P.E., II, Oxford
Virginia Williams	French, II ₂ , Liverpool

Degree Results 1984 (in addition to those printed in Have Mynde 1985)

Susan Johnston	Medicine, Newcastle
Fiona Walton (née Smith)	Scandinavian Studies, II ₂ , London

Higher Degrees/Diplomas

Barbara Elson was awarded the degree of M.A. in Art History at The Courtauld Institute, London, in 1984.

Erica Hargreaves (née Stanton) completed her Master of Fine Arts degree at Sarah Lawrence College, New York.

Marianne Phillips has become a member of The Royal College of Physicians.

Awards

Judith Affleck was awarded the Edith Carr prize and the Beilby Exhibition at St. Hilda's College, Oxford, where she is reading Classics, and the C.E. Stevens Scholarship, a University award for travel.

Imogen Clark was awarded a scholarship and prize for Natural Science on her first year's work at Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Jane Dale was awarded the Coombs Exhibition on the results of her first year's work in English at Somerville College, Oxford.

Association News

18th May 1985 London Luncheon: This was a memorable day for members who met at the University Women's Club in London for lunch and a most enjoyable reunion. There were no pauses in conversation either amongst those who had not met for many years or those who came in small groups. The years since leaving school quickly faded as news was exchanged and the phrase "Do you remember?" echoed around the room. Connie Baxter set just the right atmosphere by welcoming members at the door in her usual happy fashion, greeting everybody by name. We were delighted to have Miss MacLean and Miss Maggs with us and also Miss Pope. We should also like to thank Miss Farra and Miss Edwards for making the effort to travel (on Cup-Final day) from Chester.

27th September Harpsichord Recital: Unfortunately, owing to illness, Ann Bond was unable to give the planned recital but thanks to the Friday Players we were still able to have an interesting musical evening which was well supported. Members of the committee provided delicious refreshments which added considerably to the enjoyment of the evening. We send Ann our best wishes for her continued return to health.

The Annual General Meeting

This was held in the school hall on Saturday 29th June at 3.00 p.m. Miss Farra presided and fifty-five members were present. Others were prevented from getting to the meeting on time as the surrounding roads had been closed for several hours, but happily they were cleared during the afternoon.

VI Form leavers were elected members of the Association "en bloc". The Secretary, Mary Wood, had completed her term of office but being willing to stand again was duly re-elected. All members of the Committee being willing to stand again were also unanimously re-elected. No new nominations for Committee had been received.

The Treasurer gave a comprehensive report and tabled the book of accounts for members to inspect.

The President then gave an interesting report on the school's year including news of past pupils who had received grants from the various funds to help them in their further studies and work.

Fiona Hassall, on behalf of members of the Association, presented Mrs Valerie Hands (née Brown) with water-colour painting equipment and a cheque.

Ann Short thanked Miss Farra for her interesting report, for bringing us up-to-date with the school's news and for so warmly welcoming us back to school.

Following the meeting many friends joined us for tea.

M.W.

The London Luncheon

Little did we realise when May 18th was decided for the date of the London meeting that it was also Cup-Final day. However that did not deter over fifty members from attending the luncheon at the University Women's Club. I was in the happy position of knowing everyone there and what a great pleasure it was to greet, with Miss Farra, such a wide representation of years from Dorothy Wallis (Mrs Ker) who left in 1932 to Kate Entwisle who left in 1981. Members were delighted that Miss Farra, Miss Edwards, Miss Pope and Margaret Hassall came up from Chester and were so pleased to meet again Miss MacLean and Miss Maggs who came up from Oxfordshire. The venue was ideal and the food delicious and we were all most grateful to Mary Wood for her thorough planning of the event which, I feel sure, was somewhat time-consuming.

Connie Baxter

Association Concert

On the evening of Friday, 27th September 1985, an enthusiastic audience of past pupils of the school, their families, friends and other guests, gathered in the School Hall to listen to a concert given by "The Friday Players".

The performers first told the audience something of the history of the various instruments, one of which, the viola da gamba, dated back to 1590. The programme was "An Exploration of Differing Styles in Baroque Music" and included Scarlatti's Sonata in G Minor (The Cat Fugue), and an interesting piece of music by Monsieur Naudot (French 1726) "Fête Rustique in C Major", which cleverly managed to convey to the audience the sounds of bagpipes and hurdy-gurdy. The enjoyment of the evening was enhanced by the delicious light supper which was enjoyed by everyone during the interval.

Our thanks to Mr. Ray Hands and the Friday Players, for stepping in at such short notice, to replace Mrs Ann Bond (née Avery), a former pupil of the school, who, owing to illness, was unable to give an harpsichord recital, as originally planned. Thanks also to Mrs K. Merrett, who kindly loaned her fine harpsichord for the occasion.

Judith Fernandes

Informal Reunion

Rosemary Price writes: "An informal Reunion Supper Party for 1968 leavers and members of that year will be held at Mollington Banastre Hotel on Saturday 30th August 1986. Further details are available from Rosemary Price (née Foster), 108 Heworth Green, York YO3 7TQ. Will those who are interested and "eligible" to attend please contact Rosemary. The closing date is 8th August.

Working with the Deaf in Thailand

After gaining my degree at Oxford and taking a post-graduate course in Audiology I became head of a Deaf Unit in Durham, co-ordinating deaf children in the area into "normal hearing schools". Discovering that Thailand was starting to concentrate on the problems of the deaf and was setting up new schools, I applied for a post for eighteen months working with the Thai government and showing Western methods of treatment. I am now based in Chiang Mai and am really enjoying the work, despite the fact that I have to learn the language (seventy-seven letters in the alphabet and different tonal values for each word!). The country is beautiful and a most interesting place in which to work.

Sara Harker (left school 1976)

News of Members

Anne Archer is now Personnel Officer for a German Bank in the City of London.

Janet Balling (née Poole) has recently returned from abroad and is living near Northwich. She would like any of her old schoolfriends to contact her.

Joan Bentley has retired from teaching Senior English and is planning to sail her boat (alone) round the Greek islands this summer.

Nina Bentley teaches the violin and viola at The Kent Rural Music School. She plays in concerts as a member of a quartet and also in the Tunbridge Wells Orchestra which she often leads.

Mary Blane (née Milton) continues to coach tennis for Staffordshire Adult Education during the summer since obtaining the L.T.A. coaching certificate.

Ann Briers (née Davies) writes that she "worked on 'Paradise Postponed' by John Mortimer, playing a character who goes from her 40's to 80's."

Ann Bond (née Avery) has retired as Director of Music at Lingfield Collegiate Church and is taking up a new direction as a professional harpsichord recitalist, as well as teaching harpsichord at Croydon High School. An anthem she wrote last year is being published by The Royal School of Church Music. She still writes regularly for The Musical Times and has been asked to write for the Channel 4 "Man and Music" series.

Fiona Clegg has moved to Manchester to train to become a Chartered Accountant with the international firm KMG Thomson McLintock.

Jacqueline Clinton is now Acting Sister at Cranage Hall Hospital. She would like to make contact with any old girls who speak Esperanto.

Sarah Cooke is now living in Birmingham and is employed by British Telecom Transport Division as a Clerical Officer working with computers.

Karenna Coombes has been awarded a G.E.C. Fellowship for 1986 which she is using to undertake research into ergonomics design methods as part of her doctorate programme.

Annette Cowie (née McLean) writes: "I was appointed Headmaster's School Secretary on 2nd January when I duly started in my freshly decorated office! I often think of Miss Goodchild and hope I do as well as she did. The school is a large comprehensive (based on an old Grammar School founded in 1558 and Girls High School similar to Queen's) with a very rural catchment area in Staffordshire. I would be delighted to hear from any Old Girls in Derbyshire or on the Staffordshire/Cheshire borders."

Patricia Dutton (née Rogers) has obtained a B.A. degree in History/English from Chester College in 1985.

Barbara Elson was awarded a London Rotary International Foundation Scholarship which enabled her to complete a one-year post-graduate course in Far Eastern Art and Architecture at The University of Victoria, British Columbia, Canada (1984-5).

Katherine Entwisle is in her final year of reading Medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital Medical School. She gained a distinction in her Pathology Finals in December 1985. She is spending a ten week elective period in Malaysia and finds the study of tropical medicine fascinating.

Frances Evans (née Rowcliffe) is 1986 Captain of Welsh Northern Counties Golf Association.

Marietta Evans (née Elsdon): Since graduating in Sociology at York University Marietta has taken a Health Education Course and gives courses weekly in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Vivienne Faull writes: "In October 1985 I left Liverpool to become Chaplain of Clare College, Cambridge, arousing media interest of the 'first woman' sort. Many women know the strain of being 'alone of all their sex' in a masculine institution. Do you struggle to gain status as a honorary man, or do you accept being the 'invisible woman'? Invitations to work a little for Channel 4 T.V., to say grace at the Women of the Year luncheon at the Savoy and to sing Evensong on Radio 3, have been an encouragement during a pioneering year. The job also allows time for writing on inclusive language in the liturgy (persuading the Anglican Church that God and congregations are not necessarily male) and for work towards the ordination of women."

Carol Ferris (née Jones) is still on the Senior School staff. Her sister Margaret is now living in Sussex and doing occasional supply teaching.

Catherine Ferris has now qualified as a Registered General Nurse at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge and has been appointed Staff Nurse. In October 1986 she is starting a 3 year degree course at Hull University for post-registration students.

Sarah Gall (née Platt) writes: "In 1985 I published a calendar of my home town, Godalming, incorporating my own pen-and-ink drawings. This year I am hoping to do the same thing on a bigger scale."

Erica Hargreaves (née Stanton) writes: "I am presently lecturing in dance at The Centre for Movement and Dance at the University of London Goldsmiths' College. In addition I work as a freelance choreographer and dance teacher. I would love to hear from the infamous 1st Lacrosse XII of 1975/76!"

Lorna Jenner (née D'Arcy) has been appointed Countryside Ranger for Wrexham Maelor Borough Council at their new Country Park "Ty Mawr" at Newbridge.

Jane Johnston is now working in the Chemistry Division of Atomic Energy Establishment at Winfrith in Dorset.

Susan Johnston qualified in Medicine in 1984 and has since worked in hospitals in Durham and Stockton-on-Tees. She has recently moved to the Maternity Hospital in Middlesbrough.

Sarah Knight is a Process Engineer with ICI Petrochemicals and Plastics Division on Teeside.

Margaret Lewis has a temporary job in the coding section of a market research firm. "Last year," she writes: "I was one of the 400 people in a choir singing 'Messiah' in Welsh in St. David's Hall, Cardiff. I sat next to Patricia Lister who was a contemporary at school and is now a Pharmacist at Newport."

Susan Lyons (née Leese) has two children, Beth 3 and Sam aged 1. She has been awarded a doctorate from Surrey University, having done research into Dance Education in Secondary Schools.

Susan Marsh is working for a textile company in Piccadilly. In addition to using her secretarial skills she is being trained in the use of computers and in export techniques.

Patricia Mitchell (née Brown) is working one day a week as an Adult Volunteer at Whipsnade. She is one of the Education Department helpers.

Betty Moon (née Law) is still teaching infants at Tushingham School.

Sheila Moore (née Dutton) has a lecturing post in Business Studies at Farnborough College of Technology.

Valda McDonald (née Bridges) — since the birth of her son Valda has given up teaching but in her spare time is studying German. This year she is the local organiser of the Runcorn group of the National Housewives Register.

Joan McLean (née Buckley) is now teacher in charge of German at Cardinal Allen High School, Fleetwood. She has three children aged 14, 13 and 11 years.

Alexandra Phillips has transferred from the Health Service to the business world, working with a firm of stock brokers in the City and hoping to get onto the Stock Exchange.

Marianne Phillips has now passed her final examination for membership of The Royal College of Physicians. In June she goes out to Ghana for the Dunn Nutrition Trust of Cambridge on a Medical Research Council post, investigating cause and effect of protein deficiency in kwashiorkor and marasmus in Ghanaian children. This is a nine-month appointment.

Rachel Phillips is in Leeds at Killingbeck Hospital as a Senior House Physician.

Karen Pottinger writes: "I am grateful to the Old Girls Association for their very generous contribution towards my Great Britain Lacrosse tour of Hong Kong and Australia in July and August 1985. The tour was a great success and a marvellous experience for me. It is worth remembering that it all started on the Queen's School playing fields. This year, in June, I shall be touring Philadelphia and Toronto with the England Lacrosse Team. Thank you again for your kind help."

Ann Reid (née Palin) writes: "The grant funding my research in The Forestry Department at Aberdeen University ran out at the end of December 1985."

I am now working in the bookshop which serves the University and thoroughly enjoying the change while keeping up with University life."

Karen Robinson will be starting work as a full-time General Practitioner in Church Stretton in South Shropshire on May 1st. Before that she is having a complete change from medicine and is taking 3 months off to travel in Australia and New Zealand.

Sandra Saer (née **Hastie**) has had published her translation of an Anthology of 20th Century Spanish Poetry — the first to be available in English — entitled "Troubled Times".

Mary Sara (née **Proudlove**) is still running her own one-woman business, The Hawksworth Gallery, and after nearly 3 years' hard work has achieved a reputation for interesting and varied exhibitions. She is also succeeding in selling her own paintings and drawings.

Una Scaletta (née **Frost**) continues to teach part-time and occasionally does translation work for the University in Sicily. She would like to hear from any Old Girls who go to Sicily on holiday.

Alison Shaftoe was elected last May to serve on Nottinghamshire County Council as a Conservative councillor.

Rona Wagstaffe (née **Dear**) is now the Placements and Industrial Projects Officer in the School of Management at Bath University. She also works for the Bristol Enterprise Agency, advising small businesses about Marketing.

Fiona Walton (née **Smith**) is now working as a documentation clerk for the Central Electricity Generating Board in Knutsford.

Births

Gascoyne-Cecil — in May 1985, to **Judy** (née **Roberts**) a son, **Andrew**, a brother for **James** and **Helen**.

Glass — on 22nd April, 1985, to **Susan** (née **Gray**) a son, **Oliver James**, a brother for **Jonathan** and **Simon**.

Jones — to **Susan** (née **May**) a son, **Philip Hugh**, a brother for **Ian** and **Richard**.

McDonald — on March 22nd, 1985, to **Valda** (née **Bridges**) a son, **Alexander Russell**.

Moss — on 30th January, 1986, to Janet (née **Rait**) a daughter, Caroline Jane.
Potts — on 13th March, 1985, to Elizabeth (née **Pulman**) a son, Robert Andrew.
Samuel — to Ann (née **Davies**) a daughter, Katie, a sister for Ana.
Thompson — on 26th November, 1985, to Jill (née **Gough**) a daughter, Sarah.
Turner — on 10th June, 1985, to Janine (née **Flamank**) a son, Matthew William Flamank.
Unsworth — in July, 1985, To Eileen (née **Darwin**) a daughter, Catherine Emily Faith.
Wilkinson — on 30th August, 1985, to Carole-Ann (née **Holme**) a daughter, Laura Juliet.
Wilson — on 27th August, 1985, to Jill (née **Holme**) a daughter, Emily Georgina, a sister for Lucy Charlotte.
Wood — in July, 1985, to Susan (née **Goldberg**) a son, Thomas John.

Marriages

Marietta Elsdon, in August, 1985, to Michael H.T. Evans.
Dinah Frost, on 7th September, 1985, to Christopher Bonsor.
Susan Margaret Hassall, on 7th September, 1985, to Lt. Elton A. Davis.
Katherine Sarah McIntyre, on 20th July, 1985, to Christopher Michael Gray.
Jeanette Susan Paterson to Charles David Oakes.
Fiona Smith, in May, 1984, to Simon Walters.
Erica stanton, on 15th June, 1984, to Glenville Hargreaves.
Alma Dawn Willis to Ian Robert Swettenham.

Deaths

Brown: on 15th September, 1985, Jessie Ellen 1902-10.
Caplin: on 16th June, 1985, Mary Elizabeth (née Breeze) 1948-60.
Jennings: on 20th July, 1985, Barbara 1929-39.
Lea: in January, 1985, Margaret (née Haworth) 1915-25.
Miln: on 7th January, 1985, Constance Mary 1903-16.
Thompson: on 4th April, 1985, Kathleen (née Marston) 1939-44.
Walley: on 17th January, 1985, Helen 1907-17.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Will contributors to Have Mynde 1987 please note the following dates:

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. Art work and photographs should also be submitted by this date.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Cover design by members of Lower and Upper Fifth Forms.

Team photographs and photographs of "Oliver" were taken by Tina Quail. Other photographs were taken by various members of staff, pupils, and friends and relations of those depicted, to whom we are most grateful.

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