



HAVE MYNDE
1987

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.

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

Mrs. G. Jones, B.Sc.

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

Mrs. D.M. McConnell

Miss G. Phillips, M.A.

D.O. Pickering

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

Clerk to the Governors

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

Foreword

In May, 1897, the first issue of *Have Mynde* was published. The Head Mistress, Mrs. Sandford, was its editor, and, as she says in her opening pages "It was in May, 1878, that the School was first opened; . . . May, therefore, seems the right month to choose for the publication of the first number of our annual, and as we have been graciously permitted to call our school the Queen's School, it seems appropriate to select Her Majesty's Birthday, May 24th, as the actual day on which it should come out".

Mrs. Sandford also explains how she saw the words, *HAVE MYNDE*, carved in a stone in the old church of St. Cross, near Winchester. Their simplicity, combined with the depth of their meaning, impressed her. "The next thought that occurred to me was that here, at last, was the very device I had been seeking, both as a motto for the Queen's School itself, and for the Queen's School Union of Past and Present Pupils which it had long been in my mind to propose, and also as a title for the Queen's School Annual . . .". Time has, as usual, wrought changes: *Have Mynde* is not the school's motto, the Union of Past and Present Pupils is now The Queen's School Association, which also celebrates its ninetieth anniversary in May this year, and the magazine no longer appears on Queen Victoria's birthday. Only its title remains unchanged and is just as appropriate now as it was ninety years ago — *Have Mynde* — remember, recollect, consider, think ahead!

That first volume of *Have Mynde* was slender, and no less than 30 of its 65 pages were taken up by a single historical story. The eight other sections included among other things, details of school events, a set of competitive exercises and book reviews. None of the contributions came from girls! One of Mrs. Sandford's objectives in starting a school magazine was to provide a regular means of preserving a written record. This it undoubtedly does, reflecting not only the academic, sporting and social life of the school year by year, but also the gradual changes in outlook, taste and literary style which would otherwise go unnoticed.

In October last year we heard, with sadness, of the death of Mr. Frank Hack who served the school as Clerk to the Governors for 37 years from 1943 until his retirement in 1980. He is remembered with affection and esteem by all who knew him. The governing body has lost two of its valued members. Last summer, Mrs. Sylvia Harris retired after representing the Hastings Foundation for many years. Her wide experience of public service enabled her to bring much wisdom and knowledge to her work for the school, for which we are most grateful. Mr. D.F.A. Ray, who died suddenly in February, was appointed as a Governor only in 1982, representing the Oldfield Foundation. His deep interest in education was apparent from the start; he was a most regular attender at meetings and a faithful supporter of school events.

Reference has been made elsewhere to Mrs. Hardwick's retirement from her post as Head of Mathematics, a post she has filled with distinction for the past twelve years. Her retirement is well-earned; we thank her most warmly for her many years of service and wish her much happiness in the future.

A school is constantly evolving in response to educational change. Very far-reaching changes are likely to take place during the next few years, putting ever-increasing pressure on all our facilities. More teaching groups require more rooms and these need to be properly equipped. I hope that, in the near future, the Governors will be able to carry out the interesting plans they have made to modernise the North wing and create the extra space we urgently need without having to encroach any further on the garden.

M.Farra

The Staff, May 1987

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, L.R.A.M.,
A.R.M.C.M., A.R.C.O.

Mrs. P. Bradbeer, Ph.D., Dunelm

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. P. Jones, B.A. Hons., Sheffield

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. S. Purcell, B.Sc. Hons., London

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

* Miss. S. Williams, B.A. Hons., Wales

* Miss. S. Woodland, M.Sc., York, C.Biol., M.I. Biol.

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. F. Blything, B.A. Hons., Manchester Polytechnic

Mrs. S.J. Bowden, B.A., Manchester

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. J. Guha, B.A. Hons., London

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. Swift, 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

- * Mrs. E. Dutch, B.A., A.R.C.M.
J. Gough, G.Mus.Hons., R.N.C.M., P.P.R.N.C.M., A.R.C.M. Hons.,
F.L.C.M.
Mrs. 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.

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. S. Tyldesley

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

* Mrs. A. Clements, B.Sc., London

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

Technical Assistant: * Mrs. J. Lamprell

- * We welcome these members of staff who have joined us recently. The following members of staff left during the past year: Mrs. L. Aves, Mrs. F. Brown, Mrs. D. Carter, Mr. R.I.C. Holland, Miss. C. Quail, Mrs. A. Roberts, Mrs. S.M. Stinson, Mrs. B.A.L. Webber.

Those in Authority, 1987

Head Girl:

Deputies:

Reference Librarians:

Fiction Librarians:

Anna Dawson

Emma Judge, Stephanie Menday

Miss Walters, Louise Chesters, Rachel Clarke, Carolyn
Dalton, Judith Fielding, Nichola Gorton, Lindsay
McGonagle.

Mrs. Fowler, Clare Fulford, Roslyn Gilroy, Eve
Grimshaw-Smith, Aida Nadra

"Have Mynde" editorial: Miss Walters, Miss Callaway,
Mrs. Nightingale

"Have Mynde" business: Miss Hemming, Eve
Grimshaw-Smith, Aida Nadra

We Congratulate

Miss F. Brett on her marriage to Mr. D. Blything in December 1986.

Colette Rimmer on being awarded The Baden Powell Trefoil Badge.

The following who were awarded places at Oxford and Cambridge:

Carol Goy at St. Anne's College, Oxford, to read PPP;

Amanda Pidler at Downing College, Cambridge, to read Engineering;

Kate Wardley at King's College, Cambridge to read Archaeology and Anthropology;

Denise Whitehead at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to read Modern and Medieval Languages

Mrs. Audrey Hardwick



Everyone who has taken a GCE examination since 1975 remembers with gratitude Mrs. Hardwick's clear instructions, reassuring advice and calming influence in the examination room. Her meticulous organisation of external examinations is one aspect of her major contribution to The Queen's School.

Mrs. Hardwick joined the staff in 1969: in earlier years she taught Mathematics and Physics and in 1975 became Head of the Mathematics Department. In this rôle she has ensured the continuing appeal of Mathematics to pupils of all abilities and has guided the department through changes of syllabus. Those in Mrs. Hardwick's divisions know that extra help is always available outside lessons, be they third year pupils finding the subject difficult or Sixth Formers preparing for Ox-bridge entrance.

Colleagues enjoy Mrs. Hardwick's humour and welcome her down-to-earth advice and generous involvement in school activities. She is never too busy to make "Smiley" biscuits for a charity effort or gâteau for a party, to organise the staff stall at the Autumn Market or to take a group of Lower Sixth to visit Oxford Colleges. Members of her department never seek advice on the solution to a mathematical problem in vain. Her delight in Mathematics and first-rate ability ensure that no examination question remains unsolved for long.

Mrs. Hardwick will indeed be missed. It is her nature to be busy with worthwhile occupations carried out to the highest possible standard and we wish her many happy years doing the things she most enjoys.

Perhaps she will publish a set of model answers to examination questions!

E.M.E.

Gifts to the School

We should like to record our appreciation of the following:

Books and contributions to the Library funds: British Telecom, The Institute of Electrical Engineers (tokens won as prizes in The North West area Telecom Link Competition), Elena, an Italian Visitor, Mr. and Mrs. Jaques and Wendy, Miss Oborn, Sarah Shepherd.

Library bookcase: Miss K.M. Wood.

Television Set: Miss. C.M. Baxter, Mr. R.E. Baxter

Other Cheques: Mr. W.R. Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Fordham, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and Annabel, A. Mackay-Smith, O.G.A., Mr. and Mrs. Paul, Mr. D. Roebuck.

Copy of "A Mass for All Saints" by Peter Aston: Miss F. Osborn.

Copies of music: Mrs. Bowden, Miss. E.N. MacLean.

Rhododendron: UVI.

Trangia for D. of E. use: Caroline Macdonald-Williams.

Cup for Skiing and Mineral specimen: Mrs. D. Wright.

Hockey Cup: Mr. and Mrs. Mills and Sarah.

Scientific apparatus and Filing cabinet: Shell Research.

Gifts to the Staffroom: Supply of pencils and biros: Mrs. M. Brien,
Posture chair: Mr. R. Hands, Flower prints: Mrs. Fowles, Tea cosy:
Mrs. D. Carter, French dictionary: Mrs F. Brown.

Gifts to Nedham House

Photograph album: Mrs. Meredith

Sets of Common Entrance Papers: Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman and Annabelle

Veterinary fees for Patch and Snowy: Mr. and Mrs. Cawley and Lucinda

Artist's easel and a roll of art paper: Mrs. Johnson and Claire

Plants for the garden: Mr. and Mrs. Cadwaladr and Sophia

Hand-decorated bird-feeder (with seed) and an outdoor window thermometer: Alison Adley

Peak District tea-towel: Third Form Expedition, July 1986.

Lake District map: Third Form Expedition, Sept. 1986.

A Christmas Cactus: Mrs. E. Clarke

A large holly wreath: Mr. and Mrs. Cawley

A quantity of Craft materials: Helen Baxter

Hay and a water bottle for Patch: Mr. and Mrs. Skilton and Julia

Pillow and pillow case: Mrs. Adley

"Peace" roses: Mrs. Barrow

A Daphne Mezereum shrub: Miss Whitnall

Entrance Exam. Celebration cake: Mrs. Adley

World map for the wall: Capt. and Mrs. Short

"David Copperfield" video tape: Lucinda Cawley

A new stand for the fish tanks: Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Jacky.

"Spending money" for our Birthday: Anon.

Birthday Cake, Feb. 1987: Julia Skilton and Victoria Burton

Jigsaw of Degas Ballet scene: Miss Farra and Miss Edwards

Sweets for the French Fête Day: Mr. Weigh

Leavers' gifts, July 1986:

A set of three books: Mr. and Mrs. Hart and Charlotte.

"Spending money": Mr. and Mrs. Paton and Camilla.

Kitchen sieve and cook's knife: Mr. and Mrs. Geddes and Katie.

Black & Decker Workmate, 18 Fiction books, 9 Non-fiction books,

Climbing rose "Schoolgirl": All the members of the Third Form:
Krishna Banerjee, Claire Bunney, Caroline Chadwick, Karen Chan,
Charlotte Currie, Fiona Edge, Suzanne Edgerton, Katharine Edwards,
Lisa Harrison-Smith, Charlotte Hart, Annabelle Hoffman, Claire
Johnson, Sarah Lamond, Suzanne LeMière, Claire Lewis, Jane Okell,
Verity Owen, Camilla Paton, Elizabeth Pumfrey, Nicola Scott, Victoria
Stinson, Nicole Travers, Lucina Troy, Caroline Weigh, Katie Wood,
Jennifer Wright, and their Parents.

On indefinite loan to Nedham House:

A Puppet Theatre: Mr. and Mrs. Somerset-Jones, Wendy and Felicity.

Gifts to Sandford House

Books: Miss Farra and Miss Edwards

Stuffed badger: Mrs. Jones

Aquarium: Jill Unsworth and Prue Nickson

Equipment for aquarium: William Roose

Rain gauge: Annie Percik

Cherry tree: Elizabeth Woolnough

Framed picture of Sandford House: Olivia Searle

Large rocking elephant: Helen Cunliffe

Prizes and Awards, 1986

FORM PRIZES

Lower Fifth

Prizes for good work

Joanne Atkinson

Celia Brimelow

Sharon Ellis

Julia Farrell

Catherine Goy

Joan Senior

Heidi Whitlow

Upper Fifth

Prizes for good work

Jane Andrew

Chantal Bland

Ruth Cunliffe

Anna Dawson

Rachel Hignett

Stephanie Menday

Sarah Wyllie

Lower Sixth

Prize for service to school music
Prize for drama
Prize for service to the school
as Deputy Head Girl

Deborah Parker
Jenny Wright

Helen Clark
Angela Cobden

Prize for service to the school
as Head Girl

Clare Burke

Queen Victoria's Jubilee Scholarship

Caroline Luker

Upper Sixth

Prize for outstanding work at A Level

Jane Ashworth
Jacqueline Bale
Susan Barker
Jane Corley
Catriona Duncan
Kim Edwards
Anna Jones
Marina Kirchem
Jane Nash
Amanda Pidler
Ruth Prince
Bethan Roberts
Sally Thomas
Angela Towndrow
Helen Wall
Kate Wardley
Denise Whitehead

SUBJECT PRIZES

English
Geography
Classics
German
Mathematics
Physics
Chemistry
Art
Games

Kathryn Smith
Katie Willis
Helen Wall
Denise Whitehead
Catriona Duncan
Elizabeth Duke
Susan Barker
Meleri Evans
Joanna Clark
Katie Willis
Hilary Parker
Jane Wareham
Clarie Bond
Pauline Hemsley
Elizabeth Duke
Sarah Cotgreave

Prize for progress in economics
Prize for progress in English
Prize for general progress

Prize for service to the school
Prize for service to the neighbourhood

ANNA MARKLAND CUP FOR PIANO

Melanie James

C.P. WITTER AWARD 1986 (a week on the Ocean Youth Sailing vessel, "Francis Drake").

Joanna Harrison

PHYLLIS BROWN MEMORIAL TRAVEL BURSARY 1986

Susan Flood (for Operation Raleigh in Australia)

NESSIE BROWN SCHOLARSHIP

Zoë Watkinson

Helen Wall

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION 1986

The following passed in five or more subjects at Ordinary Level: Judith Allen, Jane Andrew, Kate Appleby, Michelle Arden, Victoria Atkinson, Samantha Bestwick, Chantal Bland, Elise Campbell, Emily Cornes, Ruth Cunliffe, Elizabeth Elvin, Judith Fielding, Clare Fulford, Gina Gillespie, Roslyn Gilroy, Lisa Keogh, Nichola Gorton, Julia Kolbusz, Kirsty McNay, Wendy McVicker, Stephanie Menday, Catherine Oultram, Joanne Sealey, Lesley Sealey, Melissa Sinclair, Felicity Somerset-Jones, Virginia Ward, Gaynor Willis.

Kirsty Ashton, Laura Bailey, Louise Chesters, Rachel Clarke, Fay Collins, Sarah Collins, Allison Consterdine, Carolyn Dalton, Sarah Davies, Anna Dawson, Tonia Dodd, Verity Edwards, Philippa Farrington, Eve Grimshaw-Smith, Rachel Hignett, Carol Irving, Kate Jones, Emma Judge, Judith Martin, Lindsay McGonagle, Anna Mullock, Mai Nguyen, Clare Parker, Joanna Pointing, Catherine Tickle, Ayla Ustay, Tessa Warwick, Rachel Williams, Clare Witter, Sarah Wyllie.

ADVANCED LEVEL

Five subjects:—

Catriona Duncan

Four subjects:—

Jane Ashworth, Jacqueline Bale, Susan Barker, Claire Bond, Sheena Campbell, Judith Chamberlin, Joanna Clark, Sarah Conlan, Jane Corley, Jennifer Cornes, Sarah Cotgreave, Clare Cunliffe, Elizabeth Duke, Kim Edwards, Meleri Evans, Fiona Hancock, Sarah Heaton, Pauline Hemsley, Claire Hewson, Clarie Hodgkinson, Clare Holdsworth, Jill Irving, Susan Johnson, Anna Jones, Fiona Jones, Alicia Kerr, Marina Kirchem, Caroline Macdonald-Williams, Jane Nash, Jane Osborne, Hilary Parker, Amanda Pidler, Ruth Prince, Ruth Reynolds, Rachel Robinson, Linda Sherlock, Kathryn Smith, Sally Thomas, Angela Towndrow, Kathryn Turner, Lisa Wafford, Helen Wall, Kate Wardley, Jane Wareham, Elizabeth Wharram, Kate Williams, Katie Willis.

Three subjects:—

Caroline Bather, Karen Howard, Wendy Jaques, Christina Merrett, Juliet Paul, Bethan Roberts, Sarah Shepherd, Denise Whitehead, Rachel Williamson, Helen Winder.

Two subjects:—

Alice Carden, Miriam Fuller, Helen Kerfoot.

One subject:—

Alison Moore.

Higher Education and Employment

Jane Ashworth
Jacqueline Bale
Susan Barker
Caroline Bather
Claire Bond

Sheena Campbell
Alice Carden

Sarah Conlan
Jane Corley

Jennifer Cornes
Sarah Cotgreave
Clare Cunliffe
Elizabeth Duke
Catriona Duncan
Kim Edwards
Meleri Evans

Vanessa Ginn (left 1985)
Victoria Griffith (left 1985)

Fiona Hancock
Sally Harper (left 1985)
Sarah Heaton
Claire Hewson
Claire Hodgkinson
Clare Holdsworth
Karen Howard
Jill Irving

Wendy Jaques
Susan Johnson

Anna Jones

Fiona Jones

Helen Kerfoot

Alicia Kerr
Jocelyn King

Marina Kirchem
Jennifer Longden (left 1985)
Caroline Macdonald Williams
Rachel McDonnell (left 1985)
Christina Merrett

Alison Moore
Jane Nash

Jane Osborne
Hilary Parker
Juliet Paul
Jane Peaker (left 1985)

Clare College, Cambridge, Medical Science
Bristol, Veterinary Science
Nottingham, Medicine
Bristol, Dentistry
Reading, French Studies and International Relations
Leicester, Geography
Oxford and County Secretarial College, Secretarial Course
Exeter (1987) Law
Middlesex Polytechnic, European Business Administration
Bristol, Latin
Addenbrooke's Hospital, Physiotherapy
Leeds, Medicine
Birmingham, Physics
Exeter College, Oxford, Mathematics
Hertford College, Oxford, Jurisprudence
Wrexham College of Further Education, Art Foundation Course
Nottingham, Chemistry
Nottingham, Economics and Agricultural Economics
King's College, London, Nursing Studies
Bristol Polytechnic, Estate Management
Keele, Geography/American Studies
Sheffield, French
Sussex, Geography with German
Sheffield, Medicine
Warwick, Education
Imperial College (1987) Electrical and Electronic Engineering
Liverpool (1987) Veterinary Science
Mid Cheshire School of Art, Art Foundation Course
St. Bartholomew's Medical School, London, Medicine
Newcastle, Agriculture and Environmental Science
Llansillo College of Further Education, Personal Assistants Diploma
Surrey, International Linguistics (French)
Norland Nursing College (1987) Nursery Nursing
Exeter, Computer Science
Oxford Polytechnic, Catering Management
Durham, French
Manchester, Pharmacy
South Bank Polytechnic/Westminster Hospital, Nursing Studies
West Cheshire College, Secretarial Course
Somerville College, Oxford, Modern Languages
Kent, Economic and Social History
Exeter (1987) Economics and Politics
Durham, French
Manchester Polytechnic, Hotel Management and Catering

Amanda Pidler	Downing College, Cambridge (1987)
Ruth Prince	Engineering
Ruth Reynolds	King's College, London, Law
Bethan Roberts	Aberystwyth, Agricultural and Food Marketing
Rachel Robinson	Exeter, French
Sarah Shepherd	Royal Holloway, London (1987) Psychology
Linda Sherlock	Homerton, Geography
Kathryn Smith	Withington Hospital, Physiotherapy
Sally Thomas	Durham, English Literature
	St. Thomas's Hospital Medical School, Medicine
Angela Towndrow	Exeter, Economics
Kathryn Turner	Manchester, Pharmacy
Lisa Wafford	South Glamorgan College of Higher Education, Cardiff, Environmental Health
	Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Classics
Helen Wall	King's College, Cambridge (1987) Archaeology and Anthropology
Kate Wardley	Cardiff, English and Law
Jane Wareham	Leeds (1987), Oriental Studies
Elizabeth Wharram	Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (1987)
Denise Whitehead	Modern and Medieval Languages
	Bedford College of Higher Education, Dance and English
Kate Williams	Hull, French and Linguistics
Rachel Williamson	Pembroke College, Oxford, Geography
Katie Willis	Goldsmiths' College, London, Education
Helen Winder	



Fiona Brown LVA

Sports Reports

Tennis, 1986

1st VI

A. Carden (Capt.)
S. Barker
M. Arden
G. Gillespie
R. Reynolds
V. Burke

2nd Squad

G. Willis
J. Andrew
R. Hignett
K. Willis
H. Parker
J. Aston
J. Chamberlin
C. Burke
J. Cribb
J. Scott
J. Higginbotham

UI5 Squad

L. Willis
S. Rae
A. Toosey
K. Sherratt
C. Bond
K. Bond
S. Hart
E. Mcmillan
E. Hill
A. Platt
A. Pickering

UI4 VI

H. Owen
P. Bickerton
N. Morgan
A. Harcourt
J. Beese
E. Ford
C. Towndrow

UI4B VI

R. Wilson
F. Brown
C. Davies
S. Raizada
C. Dodd
S. Peaker
A. James
C. Hobson

UI3 VI

C. Irvin
P. Jebson
C. Dawson
K. Shambler
S. Walkden
A. Adnitt

UI3B VI

V. Bowra
J. Fearnall
L. Shaw
M. Robertson
V. Groom
D. Miall
S. Holiday
D. Bate

Colours — *Senior*: S. Barker (1985), M. Arden (1985).

Junior: V. Burke, L. Willis.

Match Results

1st VI WON against Birkenhead, Moreton Hall, Whitby.
2nd VI WON against Whitby
 LOST against Merchant Taylors, Huyton.

UI5 VI WON against Abbeygate, Whitby, Huyton.
 LOST against Birkenhead, Merchant Taylors, Moreton Hall.

UI4 VI WON against Whitby, West Kirby, Abbeygate.
 LOST against Birkenhead, Merchant Taylors.

UI3 VI WON against Whitby, Abbeygate.
 LOST against Merchant Taylors, Birkenhead.

Tournaments

Aberdare Cup — 1st Round: WON against Hartford, Cheadle Hulme, Penrhos.
 2nd Round: WON against Birkenhead, Altrincham
 3rd Round: LOST against Withington

Cheshire Cup — 1st Round: WON against Wirral
 2nd Round: WON against Altrincham
 Final: WON against Marple Hall

Cheshire Schools L.T.A. Doubles Championships

Senior Team: Runners Up
Intermediate Team: Winners
Junior Team: Winners

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

Midland Bank Tournament

U13 age group: Cheshire Winners. They therefore progressed to the North-West Tournament where they WON against Withington and Ellerslie School, Blackpool. In the North-West final they LOST to Merchant Taylors.

School Tournaments

	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Runner Up</i>
1st VI Singles	V. Burke	M. Arden
Senior Singles	R. Reynolds	J. Andrew
Junior Team Singles	L. Willis	S. Rae
UIV 'Non-team' Singles	G. Addison	K. Spall
LIV Singles	C. Dawson	C. Irvin
Remove Singles	K. Millar	C. Bate
Senior Doubles	G. Gillespie	J. Chamberlin
	M. Arden	R. Reynolds

House Matches

<i>Senior</i>	Thompson
<i>Junior</i>	Thompson

Hockey, 1986-87

Hockey Captain Tamsin Bowra

	1st XI	2nd U16 XI	U15 XI
GK	M. Arden	C. Whittle	C. Davies/A. James
RB	L. Willis	C. Dalton	F. Brown
LB	T. Bowra	W. McVicker	J. Beese
RH	R. Clark	J. Cribb/E. Mcmillan	R. Cornes
CH	C. Oultram	J. Scott	S. Raizada
LH	K. Jones	J. Higginbotham/V. Bate	S. Arthur
RW	A. Consterdine	A. Cobden	C. Surfleet
RI	G. Gillespie	J. Aston/C. Bond	N. Morgan
CF	G. Willis	R. McGrath	H. Owen
LI	K. Bond	C. Burke/J. Andrew	E. Ford
LW	S. Rae	H. Clark/K. Heap	H. Scott
<i>also</i>	L. Stent	R. Cunliffe	C. Dodd
<i>played</i>	A. Toosey	A. Platt	P. Bickerton
	M. Sinclair	M. James	

	U14 XI	U13 XI
GK	K. Pearse	M. Brij/C. Powell
RB	V. Bowra	S. Ford/N. Morris
LB	J. Fearnall	A. Mitchell
RH	C. Irvin	K. Honey
CH	V. Burke	C. Bate
LH	C. Dawson	L. Burke
RW	M. Robertson	R. White
RI	S. Holiday	K. Millar
CF	P. Jebson	S. Wilkinson
LI	L. Shaw	R. Rowland
LW	K. Parker	J. McManus
<i>also</i>	V. Connerty	S. Hockley E. Boyd
<i>played</i>	K. Peel	T. Andrews F. Davidson
	H. Milner	P. Guha
	S. Watts	L. Arnold



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Senior Colours: C. Oultram, R. Clark

Junior Colours: N. Morgan, H. Owen

House Matches

Junior
Senior

Sandford
Sandford

Match Results

The 1986/87 season has proved a difficult one in many ways, the fixture programme being badly disrupted by the weather. The Senior teams have had mixed success but this year has seen a lot of changes in the 1st XI after losing eight of last year's team. As the season progressed, it was good to see an increase in confidence in the younger players and it is hoped that next year the 1st XI will achieve the success of which they are capable. The Junior teams have shown great enthusiasm and determination throughout the season. They have achieved good results on the whole but they must learn to convert their superiority into goals if they wish to achieve results which reflect the standard of their play.

County Honours: C. Oultram, R. Clark, A. Consterdine, K. Jones, G. Gillespie.

Tournament Results:

U18 National Schools — Cheshire Winners

1st XI Cheshire Tournament — 2nd in section

U16 XI Cheshire Tournament — 2nd in section

U14 XI Cheshire Tournament — won section and qualified for the finals.

In Final — drew against Hartford, drew against E.P.C.H., won against Henbury, WON TOURNAMENT

Lacrosse, 1986-87

Lacrosse Captain — Jane Aston

Senior Squad

J. Cribb
J. Higginbotham
J. Scott
A. Cobden
J. Harrison
C. Burke
L. Polding
H. Clark
A. Consterdine
C. Oultram
G. Gillespie
G. Willis
A. Dawson
R. Cunliffe
M. Sinclair
C. Dalton
J. Kolbusz
E. Cornes
K. Heap
S. Rae
C. Bond
R. Clark
L. Willis
L. Stent
K. Bond
V. Brown
E. Thornton-Firkin
C. Winder
A. Toosey

U15

S.A. Arthur
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

U14

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. Walkden
R. Hoyles
V. Groom
K. Pearse
N. Durrant
K. Hastie

Senior Colours: Gina Gillespie

Junior Colours: Claire Davies, Rebecca Cornes Nicola Morgan, Hannah Owen

House Matches

Senior
Junior

Hastings
Sandford

This has been a building season as the first twelve lost many of the regular players over the last two seasons. The first team has been composed mainly of Lower Sixth and Upper Fifth form pupils this year and although they have risen above expectations this factor has been reflected in the results gained. In both the North Schools Tournament and the National Schools Tournament the first team finished as section runners-up, losing to the eventual tournament winners.

The U15 team had a disappointing day at the North Tournament but finished third overall.

The U14 have had a mixed season. When the full team has been available it has maintained an unbeaten record.

The U13 squad players have experienced their first taste of matches. The results they have achieved have not been a true reflection of their standard of play. They have practised hard and shown great enthusiasm throughout the season.

Eight pupils have gained county honours representing Cheshire. They are Anna Dawson, Gina Gillespie, Gaynor Willis, Catherine Oultram, Allison Consterdine, Katherine Bond, Hannah Owen and Nicola Morgan.

Gina Gillespie, Catherine Oultram and Hannah Owen were selected to represent the North of England reserve team.

Athletics, 1986

There were no Chester and District competitions in 1986 (once again because of the continuing teachers' dispute). The junior members of the school practised hard and an Athletics match was arranged against Abbeygate for 1st, 2nd and 3rd year age groups. This was a great success and Queen's won each age group.

An open competition was held once again at Hartford to replace the Cheshire Schools Championships and several girls entered. Julia Farrell was placed 2nd in the Intermediate Long Jump and Allison Consterdine was placed 1st in the Intermediate 100m. Both girls were then selected to represent Cheshire at Warley at the Inter-Counties meeting. Allison was also selected to represent the county at the National Schools Championships at Hull where she was placed 5th in the final.

In the Inter-House Competition, great enthusiasm was shown by all years of the school. It was good to see so many people participating and many girls achieved performances of which they could be proud. Let us hope that in the Summer Term of 1987 all normal schools competitions will resume, thus giving aspiring athletes the chance of greater competition and success.

Inter-House Competition: Winners Sandford

Athlete of the Year: Not awarded this year.

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 Gina Gillespie who has represented school on 35 occasions.

Cheshire Players

The following girls were selected for Cheshire:

Hockey: Catherine Oultram, Rebecca Clark, Allison Consterdine, Kate Jones, Gina Gillespie.

Lacrosse: Gaynor Willis, Catherine Oultram, Allison Consterdine, Gina Gillespie, Katharine Bond, Anna Dawson, Hannah Owen, Nicola Morgan.

Tennis: Michelle Arden, Victoria Burke.

Athletics: Allison Consterdine, Julia Farrell.

Olympic Appeal

The British Olympic Association, in its preparation for the 1988 Olympic Games, has designed a major sports scheme associated with schools. The scheme, named 'Adoptasport', is sponsored by Weetabix. The Queen's School was one of 750 schools in the country invited to take part.



The scheme involves each school in selecting one of the nominated Olympic sports (Queen's has chosen hockey). Having 'adopted' a sport, each school receives free coaching by a leading national coach, plus charts and booklets to enable the pupils to follow the national team's progress. Each school also takes part in a major fund-raising event which involves a sponsored run of 400m laps, up to a maximum of 5 miles.

The Queen's School held its sponsored run on Tuesday 31st March. We were lucky to have a warm, dry day and most of the school (including Nedham House) took part. The highlight of the morning for many girls (and staff!) was the visit of Adrian Moorhouse who had his photograph taken individually with every girl who ran. He then came down to the field and spent the rest of the morning running, signing autographs and chatting to the girls. The money raised from the run benefits both the school and the Olympic Association.

Athena Ladies' Rowing Club

1986 has definitely been the most successful season in the Club's 10 year history. Our first success came on home waters at the North of England Head of the River race with wins in the Women's Junior and J14 categories. We also won in the Women's Senior B category in combination with Royal Chester and Grosvenor Rowing Clubs. We have attended many local regattas over the summer months with wins as follows:

Women's Novice Coxed Four 4+: Runcorn, Lancaster, Dee Autumn Fours, Northwich Head of the River.

Women's Senior C 4+: Lancaster, Ironbridge.

Women's J16 4+: Lancaster, Chester, Warrington.

Women's Senior B 8+: Ironbridge.

Women's Senior B 4+: Dee Autumn Fours, Runcorn October Head.

After 'O' Levels had finished, training increased in preparation for the National Championships held at Holme Pierrepont in Nottingham. The crews involved were the Women's Junior 4+ and the Women's J16 8+. The 4+ had a heat on the first day of the Championships, and after a good performance gained a place in the final. This was a first in the Club's history, with two crews representing Athena in their respective finals. The 4+ rowed well in their final and finished fifth despite having to race Great Britain and Scottish Squad crews. The hard training paid off for the 8+ who comfortably beat their opposition to become Club Champions and to take the gold medal in their section. This was another Club first, improving upon last year's silver medal in the Women's J8+ category. This achievement resulted in the Club's selection for the third year running for the Anglo-French Junior International Match. The French proved strong opposition for the English crews and won the match convincingly.

Here our season ended and our long summer break began. Winter training started in full force with great enthusiasm from younger members of the school drastically increasing Club numbers. We have to thank our coach, Sheila Barratt, and our parents who have continued their unfailing support both vocally and financially with the many fund-raising events which help to keep the Club running.

We look forward to the 1987 season, as it is not only our tenth anniversary but it also looks like being another successful year because of the promising ability of our younger members (and, of course, the continuing ability of us aged members!).

Ruth Cunliffe LVI and Claire Winder UVN



Tamsin Bowra UVI

"Out on the Piste"

At one o'clock in the morning on the first Sunday of Half-term fifty-five intrepid Queen's School girls and six adults left City Walls Road to embark on a week of adventure in the Italian Alps. The journey to Turin airport was straightforward and, although certain members of the party slept all the way to the resort, the Italian scenery was breathtaking. After collecting our boots, skis and poles, we went into the village to gain our first glimpse of Clavière. A shop selling fresh pizza was soon found (although the man behind the counter proved to be more of an attraction than the pizza) along with a supermarket and two or three gift shops. Clavière is set on the border between Italy and France and the Customs House was only a hundred yards from our hotel. We discovered that the bar was frequented by the border guards and we did not (of course) miss this valuable opportunity to practise our colloquial French.

Monday found the majority of us bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, ready for the full day ahead. The slopes could be conveniently reached; they were within easy walking distance of the hotel, and we skied every day from nine till twelve and then from one until late afternoon. We had a series of two-hour lessons and the general opinion was that, although the Italian ski instructors were not as desirable as expected (except, according to some, for Ernesto and Alfredo), they were caring and considerate and by the end of the holiday had risen in our estimation.

The weather was slightly cruel to us but, as we braved the fog and waist-high snow, we were assured that the conditions were "perfect" . . . although they did cause one broken nose, two cases of concussion, two impaired ligaments and one Head Girl in a very muddy river.



The evening entertainment was varied and enabled us to "mingle" with the natives. We visited the local nightclub, "La Sabbacheria" several times, had a pizza evening in true Italian style, a fancy dress disco, a bingo evening, and, on the last night, a presentation evening where we received the badges for which we had qualified in the tests held during the day.

The end of the week came much too quickly. All too soon we had to say "ciao" to our skis, Pierro, the Italian waiter who looked amazingly like Bobby Ball, Mike, the friendly ski technician, Mariano, our ski Hourmont rep., the instructors and everyone else. Not everyone appreciated the people who, on the way home, repeatedly said "Oh, just think, this time yesterday we were . . ." which made the journey seem even longer but at eight o'clock we arrived back in Chester with some great memories.

Our thanks, as always, must go to Mr. and Mrs. Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. Tottey, Mrs. Faulkner and Mrs. Jones, all of whom made our holiday special and an unforgettable experience.

Oh, and by the way . . . where was the swimming pool??

Jo Pointing and the 1987 February Skiers

Associated Board Music Examinations

Grade VI Clarinet (pass): Joanne Woodward

Grade VII Piano (pass): Kathryn Sherratt

Grade VIII Clarinet (pass): Gina Gillespie
Violin (pass): Julie Tattam

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 Year's Music

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

Monday 15th December
Thursday 18th December

Thursday 12th February
Wednesday 25th February

Tuesday 31st March
Thursday 30th April
Friday 1st May
Saturday 2nd May

Friday 8th May

Tuesday 30th June

Informal Concert
Carol Service with The King's School in
Chester Cathedral
An Evening of Nineteenth Century Music
Woodwind Ensemble contributed to Chester
Music Society's "Young Musicians" Evening
Informal Concert

Opera "The Yeomen of the Guard" with The
King's School
Commemoration Service in Chester
Cathedral
GCSE Playing Evening

An Evening of 19th Century Music

On Thursday 12th February the main musical event of the year was held in the school hall. Although all the pieces performed had in common their 19th century background, the rich variety of the Romantic era was much in evidence.

The only liturgical work in the programme, Schubert's five-movement Mass in G, began and ended in gentle mood. These outer movements, juxtaposed with the vigorous central sections of the Gloria and Sanctus, provided the Senior Choir with an opportunity to show its range of dynamics.

The Mass was followed by a stylish and polished performance of two of Dvorak's Slavonic Dance Duets for piano (E Minor and G Minor) by Melanie James and Caroline Surfleet, the somewhat wistful main theme of the first contrasting with the vitality and syncopated rhythms of the second.

The folk dance element was also evident in the Leibeslieder Waltzes by Brahms, sung in an arrangement for female voices and accompanied most sensitively by Mary Lees and Rona Jones, for whose help we are most grateful. The singing was characterised by a strong, even tone and sections were sung by the Chamber Choir with soloists Chantal Bland, Felicity Somerset-Jones and Sarah Cundy.

Before the finale, the pianists again performed, this time two works by Chopin. Caroline Surfleet gave a most musical and beautifully phrased account of the Nocturne in E flat which naturally balanced Melanie James' splendidly spirited playing of the A Major Polanaise, surely Chopin's best known piano piece.

No concert of 19th century works would be complete — in England at least — without some Gilbert and Sullivan, and the obvious enjoyment with which the choir sang five excerpts from the operas seemed to embody the attraction that these pieces have held for audiences ever since they were written. These choruses provided a suitably rousing end to a most enjoyable evening and doubtless both choir and audience would wish to thank Mr. Berry for all his hard work.

M.J.H.

Informal Music Concerts

During each term when no major work is being prepared the music department organises an "informal" concert. On these occasions a capacity audience enjoys a programme of miscellaneous items by individuals, small instrumental and choral groups, choirs and orchestras.

We welcome these concerts for the variety of musical experience and because they are an indication of the scope of extra-curricular activities which take place during lunch hours and after school. Some are organised by senior girls; occasionally a composition or arrangement by a member of the Sixth Form appears in the programme. The choice of items is designed to give as many as possible the chance to participate.

In recent concerts we have been particularly impressed by the confidence of the orchestra. Many of its members have their first experience of orchestral playing in Mrs. Stringer's training orchestra which meets at lunch-time. That their transition to Mrs. Dewhurst's main orchestra is so smooth is an example of the co-operation between members of the music department which makes these concerts possible.

Since no admission charge is made, we are grateful for the generous contributions made to the collections. This boosts the music fund and is used to purchase instruments, sheet music and other items which ensure that music making is available to all members of the school.

Members of the audience invariably comment on the variety of musical opportunities available to pupils and we are grateful to the members of the music department who encourage and train the performers to such a high degree of competence and to Mr. Berry for making these concerts regularly available to us.
E.M.E.

Evening of Music — Stanley Palace

It was on February 25th that the GCSE wind group attended the annual concert at Stanley Palace. The concert was so well attended that there were problems trying to fit everyone in. The items were varied and the pieces performed by various schools in Chester were enjoyable to listen to. Our time to play came at the beginning of the second half. Contrary to what was written in the programme, the audience was soon to realise that we were not "The Queen's School Recorder Group". Our group, including flutes, clarinets, oboe and Mrs. Dewhurst on the piano played "Penny Lane". The concert came to a rousing finish with Caroline Surfleet and Melanie James playing their duet. This brought to an end a very enjoyable evening of music.

Colette Rimmer LVA

The Anna Markland Piano Competition, 1986

During the summer term of 1984, Anna Markland, BBC Young Musician of the Year in 1982, gave a piano recital at The Queen's School under the auspices of The Chester Symphony Orchestra. In order to commemorate that event, The Cestrian Concerts Society presented a trophy to The Queen's School to be competed for annually and Anna Markland's piano teacher, Mrs. Heather Slade-Lipkin, agreed to adjudicate the first competition.

This was held on Tuesday 8th July and consisted of three classes in which the competitors played a set piece and a piece of their own choice. The set piece for the Removes and Lower IV class was "The Moth" by Goedicke, and because of the large entry it was necessary for heats to be held to reduce the number to eight. The deserving winner of the trophy was Victoria Groom who played "Allegretto" from "Sonatina in G" by Vanhal as her own choice piece. The performances in this class, as in the other classes, were of a good and polished standard.

In the Upper IV and Lower V class, the set piece was Grieg's "Elftanz" from "Danses des Sylphes". There were five entrants and the winner was Caroline Surfleet who gave a highly accomplished performance of Debussy's "Rêverie". In addition to a trophy, Caroline also received a personal award from Mrs. Slade-Lipkin, for the best performance in the competition.

In the open class the entry was, to say the least, disappointing, with only one competitor for the Anna Markland trophy. The set piece for this class was "Prelude in C Minor" by Bach. The winner, Melanie James, played two Lennox Berkeley Preludes as her own choice piece.

Mrs. Slade-Lipkin should be warmly thanked for devoting her services to us and presenting all the competitors with extremely helpful and thoughtful adjudication. Thank you also to Mr. Berry and Mrs. Dewhurst for aiding the smooth running of the competition. Let us hope that next year the entry for all classes is enthusiastic and at least trebled in the open class!

Melanie James UVP

Science and Technology

Telecom Competition

It was in July, 1986, that Caroline, Rowan, Selena and I entered the Institute of Electrical Engineers/British Telecom Telecom Link Competition. We had been invited to enter the regional heats in Liverpool at the last minute because of the shortage of teams.

Each of the four teams was allocated a communication system which, over a period of two days, they had to cost out, plan and market. After two days spent with calculators, acetate sheets and worried frowns, we managed to present our system (Terrestrial Microwaves) to the three other teams. Our team won, beating three teams of boys selling optical fibres, satellites and coaxial cables. We had managed to make our system seem more viable, cheaper and more reliable than the others. We had convinced the judges that our "company" was well established and that due care would be taken of the environment. As Mr. Hopkins was keen to point out "Being female had nothing to do with it".



Photograph by courtesy of British Telecom.

As well as book tokens our team won the chance to appear in the finals in London in October. From the moment that we arrived at the headquarters of the Institute of Electrical Engineers in Savoy Place, London (next door to some large hotel) it was obvious that we had problems. We had had to prepare a display to promote our Terrestrial Microwaves link before the competition. To be honest we were quite proud of our documents and prospectuses, as well as our promotion posters which Selena had had to return across London to collect. However, as teams arrived from places such as London, Manchester and (dare I mention?) Cardiff, armed with computers, video screens and working models we realised we were somewhat out of our depth. The judges in-

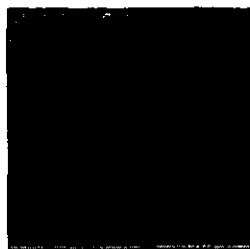
spected each display and the winners were announced at a special dinner given in our honour by the I.E.E. Needless to say, our team did not win this "first heat", but none of us was really worried. We enjoyed a fantastic meal with plenty of wine (Rowan!) and then had the rest of the evening to ourselves in London. All the teams got to know each other and we all made quite a few friends before returning to the £48 a night "Strand Palace" hotel (all expenses paid by the I.E.E., I hasten to add).

The next day, while the four teams who had won the first heat battled it out for the final prize, the other sixteen teams were treated to a day in London. We had a guided tour of the Houses of Parliament, including the House of Commons, which was very interesting. After that it was on to Telecom House where we saw a display of telecommunication systems.

We had a wonderful time in London even though we did not win the competition. It was a great experience, meeting so many people and living in the lap of luxury for a night. Thanks go to Miss Edwards for accompanying us to London and to Mr. Cook who got us involved with the competition in the first place but who, unfortunately, could not come with us. Mrs. Falcon must be mentioned for all her "economic" help and we owe a big thank you to the Institute of Electrical Engineers and British Telecom.

Alison Butler UVI

de-I cer
polycleas b R ush-cleaner
swa R fega
car pol I ish
skincare lo T ion
ble A ch
nail var N ish remover
paint s T ripper



H air spray
A ir Freshener
R weedkiller
M carpet-sha poo
F abric conditioner
U mble weed
L windo ene

Mary Dawson Remove S

DON'T BE GOOFY



Pick up - Wipe up - Clean up
before you trip up.

Catherine Powell LIVW

Clubs and Societies

Voluntary Service Report

1986 was a successful year for the Voluntary Service group. Several people continued to visit elderly people in the Chester area. We have also encouraged the Lower-Fifth to start visits on a regular basis, with an enthusiastic response. The Lower-Sixth seemed keen to help at Friday Club, resulting in, if anything, too many helpers. The Friday Club is a weekly event where psychiatric patients are invited for a game of Bingo and a cup of tea at the Countess of Chester Hospital. It is enjoyed immensely by the patients who frequent it. The Strawberry Tea and Christmas Dinner held for the elderly were great successes. We were also asked to help at a tea party in Handbridge. Girls were keen to help and the afternoon went well. We thoroughly enjoyed our year in office and should like to thank Miss Edwards for her help and encouragement.

Janette Cribb, Nicola Haresnape UVI

Charities Report

This year as usual the school has supported a wide variety of charities and each form has been involved in weekly fund-raising events. The methods of collection were wide-ranging and included a conga around the Roodee, a school Y-front challenge and the more traditional selling of cakes and sweets. On the occasional weeks when no form held an official appeal, the money from the Friday collections was donated to Cystic Fibrosis and Christian Aid. The charities chosen by forms have ranged from the Hedgehog Preservation Society to Rachel Yates' (an ex-Queen's School pupil) appeal for money to fund the education of one of her pupils in Zimbabwe. The Sixth Form should be congratulated on appearing more enthusiastic and on the amounts collected each week.

We would like to thank each charity monitress for bringing the weekly collections to the waiting landing every Friday — although we hope that this year their promptness will improve. Finally we would like to thank Mrs. Ferris for all her help and enthusiasm and everyone for giving so generously.

Judie Martin, Jo Pointing, Virginia Ward LVI

Quest Club

Quest Club has been well supported this year particularly by members of the Upper IV who have attended very regularly. Lower V and Upper V who got to know us at Living Waters often rush over after late lunch to join in a discussion group or sing a last song. We shall be sorry to lose Fiona Marsden this year as she has always been involved with Quest Club and in the last few years as a helper.

Eight Stanley Place is a very ordinary little room but it has a piano and seems pleasantly remote from the usual bustle of School Life. Quest Club members have happy memories of making new friends there and beginning to understand God's will for their lives. The singing is especially good and the current favourite is "Tell me why do you weep?", frequently chosen by Fiona and Katie.

Each year's Living Waters weekend away seems better than the last. In 1986 Miss Ruth Ackroyd, a lecturer at Chester College, was the Speaker and over seventy people attended. It is hard to say what will be best remembered: Rigel and Lindsay's sports? the camp fire? hilarious drama? the Cordon Bleu food? For some, we hope, it will be the time when they first started to think seriously about their faith.

Chester Sixth Form Link

The Sixth Form Link is a branch of the English Speaking Union and involves Sixth Formers from the Chester area. This year, as in the past, we have organised theatre trips, including one to see "Adrian Mole" and numerous well-attended parties at Caverns Night Club. We have enjoyed two trips to London and one to York. We also organised a Christmas Barbeque Beach Party which was slightly less well attended but just as enjoyable.

Some of the money raised from these events was given to local and national charities including Children in Need, and presents in the form of games and posters were presented to the Phoenix Centre at the Countess of Chester Hospital. We hope that next year will be just as active and enjoyable for all concerned.

Laura Bailey, Ayla Ustay, Judie Martin LVI

Joint Senior Debating Society

After a disappointing start to the Summer Term we are glad to be able to say that the standard of speeches improved during the Christmas Term and so far this year the attendance has been good. We have debated a wide range of motions ranging from the controversial "AIDS is a gay plague" to the more light-hearted "Parties bring out the best in people". We would appreciate any offers to speak and, unless someone is prepared to do the washing-up, we are sorry that the infamous "Tea and biscuits" will no longer be available next term. We should like to thank Mrs. Affleck for her help and support.

Sarah Davies, Sarah Collins, Laura Bailey, Ayla Ustay,
Catherine Tickle, Catherine Burden, Anna Mullock LVI

UIV Drama Club

This new activity was eagerly taken up by many Upper Fourth girls who now have the opportunity to enjoy forty-five minutes of drama every Wednesday at 4 p.m. Activities for "warming up" are followed by putting together sketches based on a given theme, reading and acting a written play or performing to the class plays which we have written ourselves. Since the club is well supported, a lot can be achieved and we have all benefited from becoming members. We should like to thank Miss Williams for all her help and advice.

Vicki Groom, UIVH

Remove Table Tennis Club

Both attendance and enthusiasm were excellent at the beginning of the Autumn Term and the basics of the game were taught. At Christmas we held a tournament which was won by Wendy Thompson of Remove S. This term, however, less ambitious table tennis has been played and we have resorted to playing alternative versions of the game, with original forfeits for the losers. Over the previous terms we seem to have learnt more about the Remove's personal lives than they have about table tennis. We have all had a lot of fun running the club — or rather learning to control the boisterous Removes.

Anna Mullock, Fay Collins, Emma Judge LVI

Christian Union

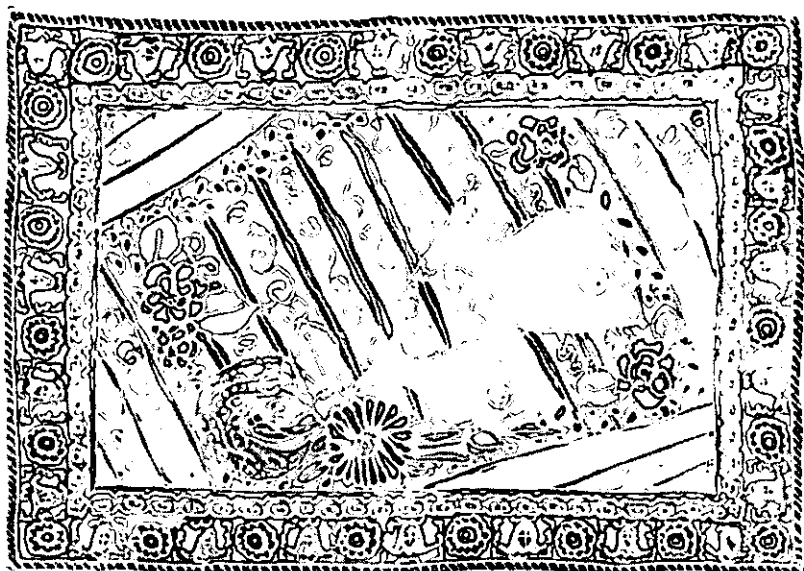
There are two meetings of Christian Union each week, both on Monday. One is a short meeting at break and one after school when we are joined by The King's School Christian Union in 8, Stanley Place. The year began with three meetings especially for those who do not usually come to the group but we would stress that all our meetings are open and everyone is warmly invited to come and join us.

We have a regular planning meeting in the holidays and aim at a varied programme. Some of the most notable meetings this year have been a talk by a haulage contractor on "My Faith and My Job" and one on "Relationships" by Mrs. June Silver, wife of the recently arrived Pastor of Northgate Church. This term we have had a series on what the Bible has to say about "The Christian teenager in the 1980's". It has been particularly good to see how many people have attended regularly and to welcome visitors to our meetings.

Our links with other schools have grown. Miss Farra kindly allowed us to use The Queen's School hall for one performance of the Chester Schools' Christian Fellowship production of "Being . . . for the time being", a musical written and produced by the members. This was very well received and well attended. Another highlight of the year was the "Living Waters" weekend at Dolwen when pupils and staff from several Christian Unions in the Chester area met for fellowship and teaching. The speaker was Mr. Peter Partington, an evangelist from the Wirral.

Our aim in all things is to present the claims of Jesus Christ in our schools and to unite those who wish to serve Him.

Emma Collinge, Joan Senior UVN



Fiona Brown LVA

SANDFORD HOUSE NEWS

As our birthday approaches again we look back at the blissful years spent in this delightful old house. Perhaps the incongruous marriage between Sandford House and its eighty two lively, enthusiastic little occupants should now be suffering from the seven year itch. But, apart from a little wear and tear, and despite economic recession and fluctuating birth rates, it seems to thrive and flourish.

The Summer Term of 1986 began with our birthday outing. Our proposed visit to Ness Gardens had to be postponed because the torrential rain of the previous day made tree planting impossible. Fortunately, we were still able to visit Wirral Country Park, though we quickly realised that, after the downpour, we would first have to tackle an assault course, if we wanted to study the shore. Teachers straddled fast running streams and handed children across stepping stones in fire-bucket style, but what fun we had! The children finally reached the estuary and collected their shells, bits of old boat, feathers and fishing net, before returning tired and hungry for their picnic. It was a really beautiful day: we could hardly believe our luck. A week later the top class went to Ness to plant an oak tree to mark their participation in the Great British Oak Project. Prue and Jill also planted the saplings which they had grown from acorns in the classroom. With the help of the Director the children also planted our special tree — a Chilean Firebush. The Director took us on a most interesting tour of the Gardens and made it a really memorable afternoon.

Later in the term the staffroom once more became a collecting point for our Toy Stall for the Autumn Market. From then until October conversation between staff was reduced to "How much shall we charge for this?", "This is in nice condition, £2 or £2.25?". Thanks to the generosity of parents who made soft toys or others who sent used toys in lovely condition, we had a really successful stall on the day, and conversation in the staffroom returned to normal.

October and the Harvest Service came round with alarming speed and with the theme of "Fruits of the World" we were again enjoying the spectacle of beautifully made baskets of produce. At this time also my class were fortunate to spend a day at the Duke of Westminster's farm at Aldford, kindly arranged by Mr. Heywood. The children were thrilled to be allowed to feed calves and inspect tractors and chitting sheds and were also interested to see what an early frost can do to ruin a crop of sweetcorn. Other visits during the year were made to see three plays, "The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe", "The Dawn Treader" and "Alice Through The Looking Glass". At Christmas the children enjoyed seeing Mrs. Gough's class perform their version of "The Way to Bethlehem".

At Half-term we were sorry to say "Goodbye" to Mrs. Ann Roberts, our Swimming teacher, who left to join her husband in Cambridge. We were also sorry to lose Mrs. Dewhurst, our visiting Music teacher, at the end of the Spring Term. During her three years with us Mrs. Dewhurst staged some delightful performances with the children, including "Snow White", "Hansel and Gretel" and "The Tailor of Gloucester". We hope that she will look back on her time at Sandford House with as much pleasure as she herself gave to the children.

Our contribution to charity this year was over £800. £504 of this was raised from a sponsored swim and was sent to "Sport Aid". A further £80, £1 from each child in the school, was sent to the Blue Peter "Eyes for Africa" appeal, each £1 providing treatment for one African child. The mobile hospital, the back of a converted landrover, is obviously giving very good value for money. £50 was sent to the Chester Council of Churches for their excellent work,

through voluntary staff, in providing soup and sandwiches daily to some forty homeless people in Chester. The Royal National Society for the Blind received £162.25 and £12.54 was raised from the sale of poppies. This amounts to £10 per child for the year but our thanks go to the parents for their generous donations.

May I sincerely thank everyone concerned with Sandford House for the help they give to make our "Maison des Petites" a special place.

Margaret Whelan

The Wind

The wind blows mummy washing line. Sometimes it blows your hat off. You have to run after it.

Sophie Jarrett, aged 4

The Rain

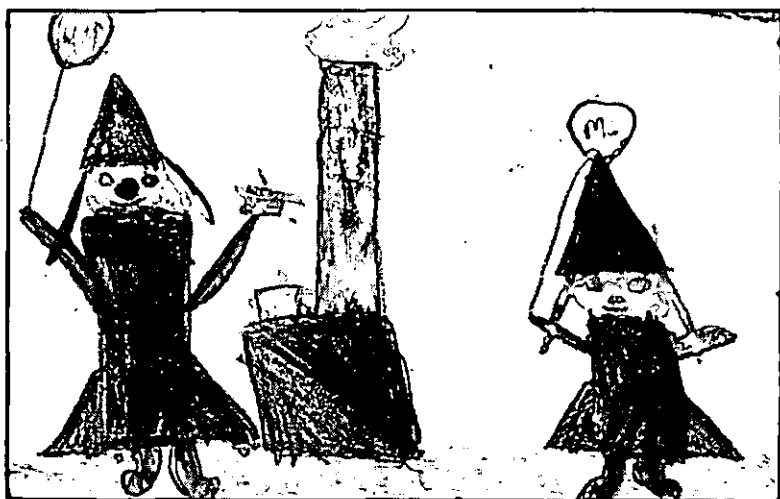
This morning when we went to school in the car it was raining. We had to put our mac on.

Caroline Appleton, aged 4

The Witches Teaparty

If I ever went to a witches tea party you might have spider stew snails on toast and slug dumplings also snail skwash. You could fall down a trap. They might play pass the spider if the witch lose the game she might turn you into a frog. At the party there might be monsters and people like that. You would have to wear witches clothes. The house might be a cave or a castle.

Rachel Cocker, aged 5



Melinda Totty Aged 6 Class 2

The Woodland Party

Once upon a time there lived a clever badger called Stripey. He was called Stripey because he had stripes on his head. It was Autumn in the forest and in a few days all the animals would be going to sleep. So Stripey would not see his friends for a long time. Then Stripey had an idea. His idea was to have a party so that he could see his friends before they all went to sleep. So he called his friend Robin Redbreast to deliver the invitations. He invited the rabbit family, the mice, the robins and the squirrels. For the table they used a tree stump and for the chairs they used toadstools. To eat they had mushroom pie, roasted chestnuts and fungi soup. For decorations Stripey asked some spiders to come and make some webs and hang them up. At the party they played hide and seek in the trees, ring a ring a roses round a fire and blind man's buff using a leaf for the blindfold. The next day the rabbits ran into their burrows, the mice jumped into their holes and the squirrels and birds got up into the trees to go to sleep. And, as for badger, he just curled up and went to sleep in the shade of a tree.

Chloë Fordham, aged 7

How the Robin Got a Red Breast



One day robin went out to look for worms and berries. But snow lay deep. Robin tried pecking at a berry but the snow had stuck on. She tried at the earth but at last her beak got so cold that she could not do it. That winter she got thinner and thinner. One day the sun was out but it was still winter. Robin tried again but the berry burst and she got some on her breast. She ate more and more she got fatter and fatter and her breast got redder and

redder. Then she went to a puddle to drink. As she bent over she saw herself. My goodness! I've changed a lot. It must have been the berries. She rushed home shouting "eat berries family, eat berries, have a red breast". They all rushed out and ate and ate and soon all of them had a red breast. Yes, all of them. From then to now robins in winter have a red breast and that is why.

Alexandra Wilson, aged 6

If I Were a Lion

If I were a lion I would be very fierce and I would frighten anybody who looked at me especially grown ups! And I would steal all the food off the animals at the zoo every day! Then I would carry the food back to my den in the forest and hide it down a big hole. If the other animals smelt the food with their noses and would come near I would send them away by roaring at them and then they would be frightened and run away. But if silly children would come along I would be able to play a little trick on them! I could run at them and make them run backwards and they would fall into the village pond and drown and that would be the end of them.

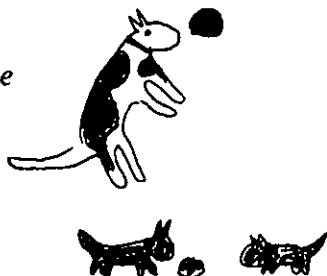
Oliver Hingston, aged 7

The Dog Show



*At a dog show
That I know
There are lots of dogs
Some are black and some are white
And some of them will bite.*

*Their glossy hair
Brushed everywhere
Makes them look so fine,
I know the prize will go to Fred
But I think it should be mine.*



Nicola Renison, aged 8

NEDHAM HOUSE NEWS

When we started to compile this report, we thought we had had a quiet year at Nedham House, with little of note to mention! However, it would seem that we have enjoyed a "normal" Neddle year with many extra-curricula events, from established favourites such as the Hallowe'en Horror House and the Third Form's petit déjeuner to a different way of celebrating our 39th Birthday last February.

Last May, Mrs. Meredith persuaded us to join the Chester Zoo Sponsor-an-Animal Scheme. We chose a Cotton-topped Tamarin, a very attractive small mammal with a cheeky face, and you may now read our name among the list of sponsors outside the Tamarins' enclosure. We hope we will be able to maintain our sponsorship for a long time.

It was also Mrs. M's idea to take some of the Third Form away for a weekend in June, 1986, to Castleton in the Peak District. Miss Riley did a lot of the background work for that weekend, writing letters and making 'phone calls and so on, and Mrs. M. was THE DRIVER of the School's mini-bus. Twelve Neddies went, and they all enjoyed themselves immensely. It was a very successful "expotition" and Miss Riley and Mrs. M. not only immediately set about organising a second weekend, to Hawkshead in September, but also decided that a third venture would be possible, again to Hawkshead, in June 1987.

We have had two outings to the Northern Ballet Theatre, in Manchester; the first time to see a Triple Bill of one-act ballets very varied in character, the second time to enjoy a full-length presentation of "Swan Lake", beautifully danced and beautifully costumed. We are indeed fortunate to have such a good ballet company so close at hand. Some members of the YOC went with Miss Paice to the Connah's Quay Bird Reserve last June; they enjoyed a very pleasant day and "spotted" many different birds. All the children took part in the City's "Sport and Leisure Week" in July. We provided part of a musical entertainment one afternoon, singing, playing instruments and performing country dances. Some parents and a group of visitors were our audience.

Mrs. Audrey Hill came to talk to us about Action Aid and invited us to draw or paint "Our School", the results to be included in an exhibition in the Children's Library in Town Hall Square, together with pictures from other Chester primary schools and many exhibits from overseas. Miss Riley took some Neddies to help to set up the exhibition; it was very interesting to see how the theme had been interpreted in different ways.

We were busy getting ready for the Autumn Market long before the summer holidays, while we had the "old, experienced" Third Form with us. When the Day came at last, we had so many items of handwork, embroidery, pottery, printing, fancy goods and fudge that it wouldn't all fit on the stall so we had a large reserve store to draw upon when necessary. We thought our stall looked very attractive and so did a lot of other people too, evidently, because trade was comfortably brisk and steady all the time; it was worth the hours of effort beforehand when we saw the faces of our satisfied customers. The Neddies were punctual in keeping to their counter staff rota and proved to be excellent sales assistants.

We seemed to distribute even more Harvest parcels than usual after our Harvest Service, including a contribution to the Retreat House in Abbey Square and to several Old Peoples' Homes as well as many individual baskets. We received appreciative letters and messages in return and one lady insisted on giving us a lovely Christmas Cactus which flowered profusely and lives on the Hall table.

Two Senior School girls came to help us; Kate Appleby joined us for a few days in June to see if she liked working with juniors and Sarah Shepherd, an old Neddie, spent a week with us in September before starting her course at Homerton. They were great fun; they showed us many new things and we hope that they enjoyed themselves. Another visitor we have welcomed is Mr. Harada, a Lecturer at Chester College, who has come each Tuesday afternoon since September, to observe life at Nedham House and to do some teaching. We think we have surprised him a little! He says that he has learnt a great deal! We are glad to have had this contact with the College and hope that other Lecturers will be able to visit us too.

Mr. Harada brought some of his students to the Dress Rehearsal of our production of "A Christmas Carol" in December. Miss Paice, particularly, and also Miss Riley are to be congratulated for their very imaginative and successful presentation of Charles Dickens' story. The stage "sets" were cleverly arranged to depict the three main indoor scenes of Scrooge's office, his bedroom and the Cratchit's home, and the other acting areas were clearly defined by the actors themselves. All the children took part in some way or another, as actors, scene-shifters, backstage helpers, singers or musicians. Seating is always a problem when we do a "big" production. Obviously, the families and friends of the participants want to come to see them and support them but our Hall has a limited capacity; however, we try to accommodate as many guests as possible.

In view of last year's freezing visit to Martin Mere and the bad weather at the beginning of this year, we decided to have a "Fun at Home" Birthday last February. We looked at slides of Nedham House and outings dating back to 1973, and the old photograph albums were objects of even greater interest and closer examination than usual. Miss Riley provided the First Form with their own special "What do you know?" quiz and Miss Paice devised a more extensive Nedham House Quiz, which necessitated much moving about and careful observation of things both inside and outside. We brought out our collection of 'Have Mynde' magazines, which go back to 1940, and found out a great deal about the early days of Nedham House. The children asked many questions. We had lunch all together, squashed into the front room, as we do and are at Christmas and, thanks to Mrs. Ogg and her Ladies, made the meal into a Birthday Party. Julia and Victoria made us a Birthday Cake which we all enjoyed. We were kept very busy finding out our own history and the day passed too quickly. Two days later we planted our Birthday shrubs, a Halimodendron (or Salt Bush) and a Daphne Mezereum which was already bursting into flower.

Mrs. Ogg is still working very hard to look after us in many different ways but her faithful helper Mrs. Forgham retired in September. Many Neddies may never have seen Mrs. Forgham because her work started when the children went home but the results of her efforts as Mrs. Ogg's assistant were plainly to be seen each morning in tidy, bright and shining rooms. We were sorry to lose her but glad that she is now enjoying a busy retirement with her husband and family. We gave her a pottery figurine, specially made by Suzanne, and some "spending money" and everyone brought a flower from her own garden to make a huge bouquet for her, as a mark of our affection and appreciation. Mrs. Charters helped Mrs. Ogg during the Autumn Term and we thank her for that help. We now have another Mrs. Forgham, "our" Mrs. Forgham's sister-in-law and we hope that she is enjoying helping to look after us. Mr. Charters continues to work long hours in the building, the garden and the swimming pool, with Jeremy's assistance, for which we thank them both.

We also thank the Neddies who so carefully look after the animals, both during the term and through the holidays. The fish are very well and have just

moved house to the other end of the Covered Way, on to a new stand which Mr. Jones (Jacky's Daddy) has made specially for them; it suits them much better than their former home on the library shelf. Patch, the guinea-pig, is also thriving though now about seven years old and therefore quite elderly. We are sorry to have to report that his companion, Snowy, died at the end of the summer holidays, in August 1986. He was on holiday at the vet's at the time, so we know that he had expert care during his final short illness. He, too, was very old and had not been in good health for some while. Many Neddies will remember him with affection; he was quite a character.

Yet again we have been over-whelmed by the generosity of so many Neddies and their Parents. The Gift List is an indication of the constant support we enjoy in numerous ways and we thank everyone most warmly for helping us to live and grow as a community.

Our Charity efforts have continued to provide enjoyment for us and much needed donations for a number of worthy causes. This year we have sent contributions to the NSPCC, Chester Zoo, The SCF, the Earl Haig Fund, the Blue Peter Save-a-Sight Appeal, the Hospice of the Good Shepherd, and the Zeebrugge Ferry Disaster Fund, to a total of about £950. The children have worked hard to raise this money in a multitude of ways and we thank all parents, families, friends and neighbours for supporting them so well. There is an old saying which runs, "To those who give, freely and with love, will be given a hundredfold in return". It is a very true saying, and one of life's lessons which we would have all children understand and learn early.

M.N.W.

AUTUMN

*Yellow the bracken,
Golden the sheaves,
Rosy the apples,
Crimson the leaves;
Mist on the hillside,
Clouds grey and white.
Autumn, good morning!
Summer, good night!*

Helen Pantony, Form I

THE SCARECROW

*In the spring my job begins,
Guardian of the new sown seed.
Standing tall with outstretched arms,
Tattered clothes and battered hat,
Hair of straw and turnip head.
Here I stand — alone.*

*Terror of the greedy birds,
Who without my standing here
Would swoop down and eat the seeds,
Spoil the crop and fly away,
Leaving nothing growing here.
Just the soil — alone.*

*Spring to summer brings the seedlings,
Pale green shoots begin to grow,
Ripen in the summer sun.
Swaying golden waves of corn,
Ripple round my wooden feet.
Paddling — alone.*

*In the autumn, peace is over,
Loud machines with greedy jaws
Gobble up my golden carpet.
Gathering all the harvest in,
Food to feed the hungry people.
I am left — alone.*

Sophie Crossfield, Form 1

THE WATCH

It was a chilling, frosty night and eerie when he went down to the dark silhouetted outline of a tent. A cold wind blew and the sound of an owl's hoot patterned the air with a haunting night time melody. He knew that it would come out as the weather was just right. He crept into the welcoming tent and sat there, patiently waiting.

Suddenly he stiffened and watched as a small shadow trudged slowly across the snow. All at once he realised this was not what he'd been waiting for and he could relax for a minute. However, very soon he heard a snuffly noise from outside the tent. Could this be what he had hoped to see? Slowly, he went to move but realised too late that his legs had stiffened in the damp night air. Overbalancing he fell with a thump to the frozen earth.

The echoing sound broke the stillness of the midnight air. With a quiet rustle of leaves, the badger melted into the velvet darkness of the night.

Katie Job, Form2

HAPPINESS

*It makes me happy when I feel
The ice rushing by under my heels,
When I skate round the rink as the music plays
These are for me my happiest days.*

*It makes me happy when I play
Tennis with dad on a sunny day,
When I hit the ball right over the net
Or, even better if I win the set.*

*It makes me happy being with a friend
And never wanting a game to end,
Or swimming and diving in the pool
And feeling the water so fresh and cool.*

Claire Jones, Form II

"IT WAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING"

*It was on a Sunday morning
The muse was fine and fair,
I wrote a marvellous poem,
And then to my despair,
My dog Sir Henry William,
Came bounding up the stair.*

*Because it was so early,
No food had passed his jaws,
He saw my sheet of paper
And grabbed it with his paws.
He thought it was a sausage,
A dish that he adores.*

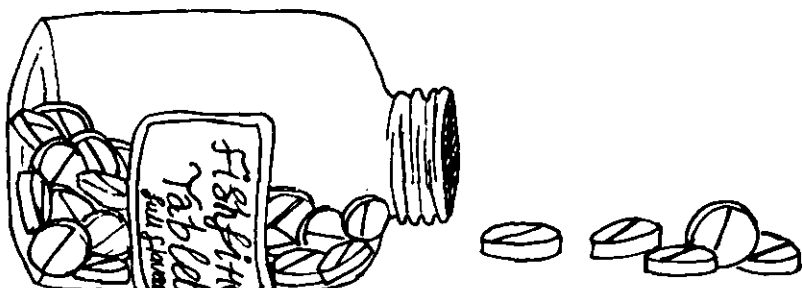
*Oh, bad Sir Henry William,
How could you eat my verse,
The best I've ever written,
Which only makes things worse.
Go down and eat your biscuits
And leave me here to curse.*

*The moral of my story,
This sad and sorry tale,
When inspiration strikes you,
Remember without fail,
To give the dog his breakfast first
Or your work's to no avail.*

Kate Crossfield, Form III

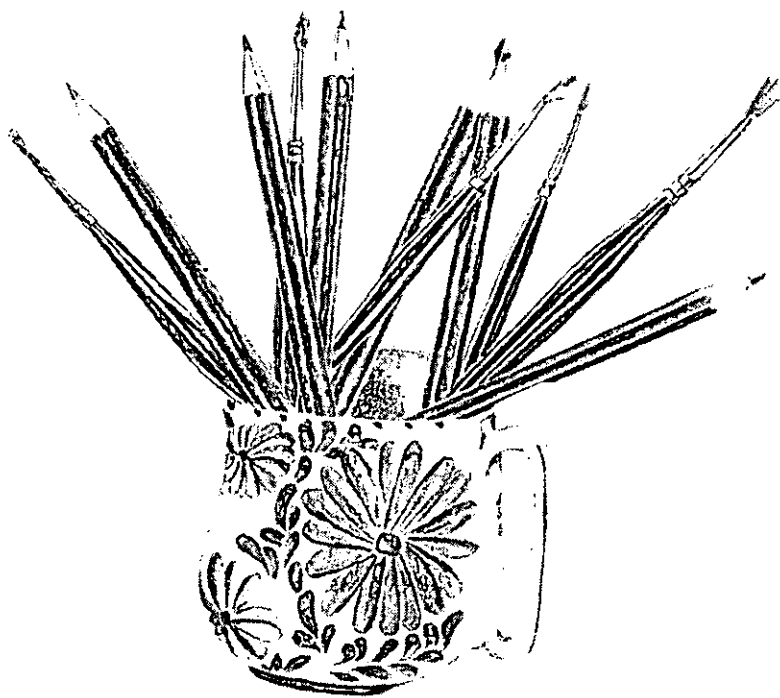
WHEN I'M NINETY-NINE

*In the year two thousand and seventy four,
I'll still be around on this earth I'm sure,
I'll have reached the great age of ninety-nine,
My bones will be brittle but my brain will be fine,
I'll have seen such changes, so much will be new,
And there'll still be plenty of things I can do . . .*

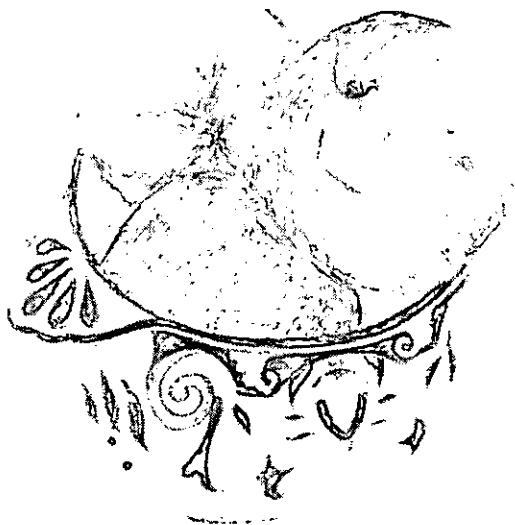


*I'll take trips to the moon,
In a hot air balloon,
And go over France,
Through the Tunnel Advance,
My great, great grandchildren,
Will come round to tea,
We'll eat fish-finger tablets,
And they'll sit on my knee,
And I'll tell them all stories,
Of when I was small,
How a sky-scraper then,
Was regarded as tall!
How women wore dresses and walked on high heels,
And we drove round in cars with four rubber wheels,
By then we'll wear space suits and hover around,
In flashy transporters that don't touch the ground,
Isn't it funny to see how life will be,
But the wonderful thing is I'll still be me!*

Amy Walton, Form III



Emma Hill UVP



Victoria Sharp LVP

Creative Prose

THE RAINBOW

The waterfall gushed down the slope, forming a spray of clear, fresh water. A sunbeam suddenly lit up behind the waterfall and a blaze of colour appeared; a red geranium, an autumn sun, a yellow lollipop, a blade of grass, a summer sky, a deep purple cloak of velvet, a violet. They all merged together, adding colour against the dark green limestone. It was a beautiful precious iridescent jewel that shone in the light. It was transparent but the colours stood out well. The sun slipped behind a cloud and it was gone.

Rebecca Wright, Remove S.

VENICE

My family and I were sitting on some steps by the water's edge in Venice. It was a lovely day and the sun felt hot on our skin. We were eating ice cream and waiting for a gondola.

I had finished my ice cream and was getting hot so I took off my shoes and dangled my feet in the cool water. While doing so, I watched the pigeons in St. Mark's Square waddling around and pecking at the seed on the ground.

Eventually, a gondola came and the gondolier helped me and my sisters into the gondola but when Mum and Dad got on, the boat rocked and practically turned on its side. We all got fits of the giggles and could not stop laughing and the gondolier laughed with us, but in a nice way. We all eventually stopped laughing and sat down on gorgeous, soft velvety seats with plenty of cushions. The gondola moved slowly away from its moorings and glided silently through the water in the sun. We lay back in the seats and relaxed, just watching the beautiful palaces and St. Mark's Square drift past. The gondola wove in and out of the little dark canals between tall buildings and drifted under little bridges made of stone that were beautifully carved. It was lovely in the warmth of the sun, curled up on the cushions, gliding along on the water of the Grand Canal. I was so happy, all my problems and worries seemed miles away.

Charlotte Hart, Remove D

TRAPPED

"Coming, ready or not", came the distant cry, followed by giggles and rustling from other girls in hiding.

"No-one will ever find me in here", I thought to myself. I was hidden away in a buffeted, old trunk in the dusty corner of our dormitory. The long wait would be very boring but I did not mind; it was good to stay hidden for hours, with people searching for me in vain.

There was a musty smell in the old trunk: it smelt of dried flowers that had long since lost their scent. Matron would complain if my uniform got dirty and I would have no excuse either. I awkwardly fumbled through my pockets for any sweets. It was difficult to do so in the enclosed space; no sweets but a hard tube. I withdrew it from my pocket and instinctively drew it nearer for

closer examination. I pressed the end and the trunk was lit up. I must have found my pocket torch. As I had thought, the bottom of the trunk was covered in a thick layer of dust and the sides with ancient, peeling stickers. The trunk was of heavy oak, backed in places with rusty metal. Carved into the wood were the unmistakeable initials "C.S.". I wondered who "C.S." was and what she had put in the trunk. I shuddered as I thought of the things which might be in the trunk now with me.

"Who haven't we found?" I heard someone shout. I longed to shout: "Me. You haven't found me yet".

"Just Laura. Look in the East dormitory for her," came another cry. I was in the East dormitory. Running footsteps came down the corridor towards me. I considered banging on the lid of the trunk, but I decided against that, as I might be found. I heard someone looking under duvets, under beds and behind curtains but no approach to the trunk.

"No, she's not here"! whoever it was shouted out. I did not know why but I was slightly disappointed that no one had found me and I was all on my own.

It now felt like ages since I had got into the trunk and I was hoping to be found rather than stay in here any longer. I banged on the lid to try and attract attention, but to no avail.

"Oh, it's no use"! I thought to myself. "I'm getting out". I pushed my knees hard on to the lid in an attempt to open it. The lid did not move. I hammered on it with my fists, but still it remained shut. A sickly shudder tickled my spine as I realised that the trunk was locked.

"Help me!" I screamed, "Please, oh please, somebody help me!" My piercing screams turned into muffled sobs as I released the pressure on the lid of the trunk.

I was stunned into silence as a blaring bell rang out over the whole school. It was too unfamiliar to be the break bell, no, this was the fire bell! I stopped breathing in a sense of fear and dread as I realised that I was trapped and all alone. I sensed the trunk was full of billowing smoke. My eyes were streaming and I was choking on smoke and stifled sobs. I swung my head to and fro as if trying to wake up from a nightmare. A newly-acquired sense of claustrophobia swept over me as I beat my aching fists against the solid trunk. My lips rose into one long, hollow scream as the crackling flames danced and the smoke leapt around my suffocating prison! I was trapped and the flames were going to claim me.

Laura Burke, Lower IV B

LES ESCARGOTS

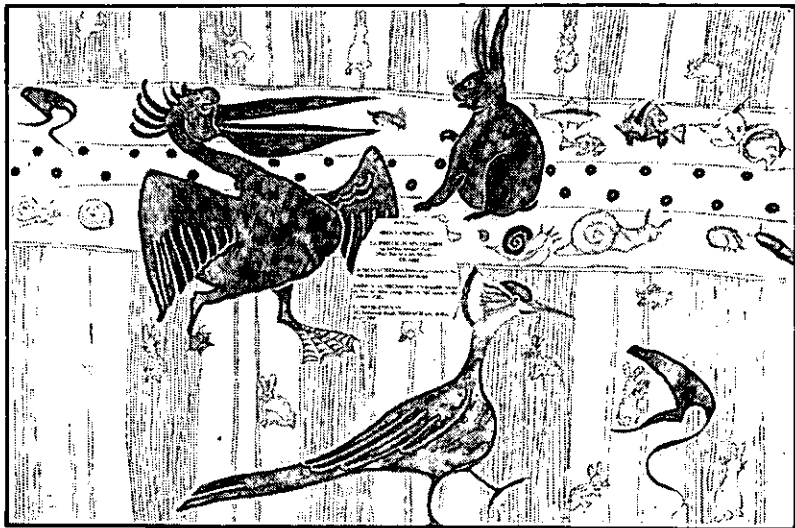
Once we were staying at my Aunt's new home in France. As always the weather was perfect, and we spent hours running around playing in the hot sun. My cousin arrived with her parents so there were three families there one day. Catherine is only a year younger than me and so we eagerly ran off together to play.

For some reason, that summer, the walls of the house were covered in snails and we spent many happy hours collecting them, admiring their mottled shells and placing them in the shade of a large black bucket. To identify them, we had the idea of writing a number on the back of each with a felt pen, and soon we had labelled snails crawling everywhere! In the search for more, we wandered round the rather weedy garden, eyes peeled and on the look out for more to add to our collection.

As well as some additions, we also discovered a few immense slugs, about six inches long, lurking in the undergrowth, their huge eyes waving menacingly on the end of their long stalks, protruding from brilliant orange bodies. These were magnificent specimens, yet neither of us could bring ourselves to pick the revolting creatures up, so we adopted a different plan.

A few hours later, with the sun slowly sinking below the line of the trees to the back, a short queue had sprung up outside the side door. The strange band of adults stood, muttering, until Catherine and I began our tour. We eagerly revealed our snails and then trudged around the garden proudly showing the huge slugs. It seems ridiculous now, but we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and at the end of the trip we were rewarded by an ice-lolly each which we proudly ate, watching the red squirrels leaping in the trees behind and guarding our precious snails.

Clare Ibbett, LVA



Susan Wilkinson UIVJ

A LUCKY FIND?

Resting his spade for a second, Ken eyed the sky over the ridge by Owen's farm. The sun was close to setting and soon he would have to pack all his gear into the Land Rover so that it was ready for the day after, when yet again he would be searching further and deeper for what always seemed an unobtainable goal.

The Roman site, situated in a dip below the prehistoric circle of stones was scattered with ancient pots and implements but never had Ken found something of actual monetary value. The pots had been interestingly inscribed and he had even found some weapons once but his secret dream had always been to find some Roman gold coins.

It was now too dark to dig without lighting, so Ken picked up the box with his tools and the few cracked pots he had found, but he could not even walk one step for the load was too heavy.

After removing the tools he carefully lifted out the two big clay jars, still encased in mud. Even lifted separately they were heavier than the normal weight of the whole box. When he had found them he had not appreciated their full weight, merely assuming that the earth filling them included a few rocks. But now he realised that this did not make sense.

Feeling a twinge of excitement Ken gently shook one of the jars. Was that a 'clink' he heard? He shook the other jar, this time distinctly hearing a rattling sound as something rubbed against the clay inside. He felt his muscles become tense as his mind jumped to conclusions far beyond even his range of comprehension. Could this be the end of his rainbow?

Ken sat down on the damp earth, staggered by the enormity of his find. He and Annabelle could afford to get married and move out of the small flat. He could buy new equipment for his work, a new camera to take pictures for the book he was writing about Bently's history. He would be invited to appear on chat shows, be mentioned in "Archaeologists' Weekly".

By now sanity had been abandoned. After carrying the jars in turn to the car and loading his gear, he sped through the dim country lanes, barely missing the tree trunks occasionally jutting out through the hedges. The jars were strapped in the passenger seat and, as he drove, he kept one hand protectively over them as they rattled with the movement of the car over the bumpy roads. Even speeding, as he had been, it still took him a quarter of an hour to reach Bently, by which time he was regaining his senses, temporarily suppressed by the shock they had received.

He walked into "The Bell", quietly confident. It was the pub he always went to as the landlord was Annabelle's father and to drink elsewhere would have been an insult to a probable father-in-law even if he did charge the highest prices. He ordered his pint, then sat at the bar waiting for Annabelle who always met him there after she had finished work at the supermarket. That afternoon she came in full of excitement, the boss had boosted all the salaries as an incentive to harder work. Naturally Ken could not hope to gain her attention until the whole tale had been told but finally, she had finished and looked at him expectantly for some appreciation of the increase of their income. Instead of a mighty hug or even a kiss, she was faced with a smile, a smug smile brimming over with self-assurance. He knew something she did not and she did not like it at all. However, now certain of her curiosity, he told her of his discovery including every detail of its size and possible value, but stressing that, so far, all this was speculation and that the inscriptions on the jars could have been misinterpreted. Annabelle, however, did not doubt his capabilities. If he said it was gold, then gold they had struck and she went rushing off to inform her friends of the tremendous news.

Reluctantly Ken left the bar and drove back to the flat where he unpacked the pots and placed them on the kitchen table. This was the time of judgement. He carefully flaked away the dried mud from around the necks of the jars and dug his hand down into the earthly contents. He felt something cold on the back of his hand. He delved deeper this time, grasping several coins in his palm. As he drew out his hand he felt a sudden loss of nerve. What if they were not gold? He would be the laughing stock of the whole village for he assumed that the word must have travelled round by now, if he knew Annabelle. Pulling himself together, he extracted his hand from the pot and dropped the coins on the table. They looked browner than he had expected but they were still coated with mud. He rubbed them furiously with a rag, until through the dirt he saw a dull shade of brass. Not dirty gold or even rusty silver, but brass!

He sat down immediately-humiliation was a depressing prospect. That evening, as usual, they went to "The Bull", Ken having to be forced to go as he wanted to avoid the embarrassment. However, quite rightly, Annabelle said he would have to face everyone sometime and it was just as much embarrassment for her as it was for him.

Mr. Peters, Annabelle's father, was very sympathetic when he heard the tale. "Oh, I am sorry, lad! I know what it's like being let down. Now that fool at "The Oak" has lowered his prices I'm losing punters every day. They don't even come in for our pub lunches any more".

"Well, you can have the coins if you like. They're worthless. Give them away with every pint. I must have hundreds of them in those pots". "Do you really mean it? What a brilliant idea! Can you see the sign now? Get your Roman coin free with every pint of Bently Bitter!"

Sure enough, sales did rise, though why the prospect of a useless grubby coin enticed people to buy at "The Bell" seemed to mystify Ken. However the regulars returned and even some strangers appeared behind the bar, one of them being Mr. Morris from Sunnington. He had heard about these coins from his wife who often went to the craft centre in Bently where she was told about it by an assistant. Deeply intrigued, he had driven up to Bently straightaway and that was how he came to be buying a pint at "The Bell". Like everyone else he was given a coin with his bitter but unlike the rest, he studied his intently. By nine o'clock he was sure he was right. He approached Mr. Peters and questioned him on the origin of the coins.

"You're a copper, aren't you? Don't worry. They're not stolen. In fact, between you and me, they're worthless". "Ah, but that's where you're wrong, Mr. Peters. I'm a professor in numismatics and if I'm not mistaken, these are rare Syracuse coins dating from around four hundred B.C. They're worth at least a hundred pounds each". "Betty! Doreen! For goodness' sake hold the bitter".

Christine Towndrow LVA

ΟΙΚΙΑ ΔΙΟΣ

Again it was time to board the coach; I was filled with anticipation. We were on our way to Dodona. Dodona was home to a magnificent ancient theatre and also an ancient oracle to Zeus.

As with most southern European countries the scenery was marvellous, but the mountains were difficult to negotiate on a coach. Along the way were small shrines with beautifully painted icons, a candle or lamp and a good supply of oil. Some were metal and some were stone. One that I shall always remember was a miniature church made from white marble. It contained pink roses and an exquisite golden icon of Our Lady. The oil was in a beautiful intricate silver vessel. We were told that whenever a road accident happened, the survivors built these little shrines in gratitude for being spared!

At last we arrived there and, as we were driving down the mountain I beheld a magnificent view. The ancient theatre lay in a beautiful, lush, green valley. I gasped as the full impact of it hit me. As we moved along the track I saw more of this beautiful sight created by ancient hands in years gone by.

We got off the coach and walked down to the theatre. I stood in the middle observing all. The layers of grey stone cascaded in orderly rows in a massive semi-circle in front of me. Behind me stood the ruins of the little building that was used as a changing room. I was amazed that the theatre was practically intact.

Here, everything seems to have come together. Dodona did not disappoint my dreams. I had imagined the Greece of Achilles and Heracles to be thus. The tall, barren mountains provided the perfect setting and contrasted with the multitudinous vegetation. There were little buildings of stone dotted about the valley where the peasants still farmed with their oxen and still grew olives. The twentieth century had not interrupted this beautiful seclusion. Instead a handful of tourists, once a day, with their holiday clothes and cameras intruded upon this scene of natural beauty. Yet, to me, it was undefiled. I shut my eyes and imagined the cheering crowd after a play by Aeschylus. I could see actors parading on the stage, wearing masks, with the chorus singing. To me Dodona brought to life a whole civilisation as no text-books or author could.

Beside the theatre stood an old oak tree and the ruins of a temple. For here were the ruins that made Dodona so famous. Zeus sent three doves, one of which settled at Dodona and since then Dodona has been a sacred site to Zeus and home of the famous oracle. The priests would hear answers through the rustling of the oak tree leaves. I was dismayed to find out though, that it was not the same oak tree as the ancients used. Instead marauding Christians had burnt the original tree down. Also at Dodona there were the remains of an old basilica.

I clicked away with my camera, determined to capture the magic on film. All my photographs, however, cannot communicate the atmosphere at Dodona, only its rare, unspoiled beauty.

Wanda Holmes, LVA

THE NOSE

The cluster of girls sitting on the grass looked like jelly tots on a birthday cake. The brightly coloured bags and hair ribbons offset the drab school uniform and it was a totally archetypal picture of teenage girls that greeted you as you looked over the wall. Without listening you could imagine the conversation: animated voices discussing boy friends, fashion and looks. As they walked towards the school snatches of conversation could be heard.

"I hate my hair, it's so boring. I wish it were blond!"

"Oh, I like the colour".

"Yeah, and the style's nice".

"Perhaps, though, you would be better with more height . . . it would make your nose look smaller".

The girls giggled and carried on the conversation excitedly, all that is except Debbie. With one sentence, her "friend" shattered her confidence. Her nose was huge. Everyone knew now. How could she have walked through school and around town with a nose like that? They had known all along and had been laughing at her behind their hands. She was a laughing stock. How could she not have noticed?

After break Debbie rushed to the toilets to check her nose. She gazed at it with hatred. Flared nostrils, a huge bridge with a massive lump on the top, laughed at her from the mirror. As she looked it appeared to grow, taking over her face, her eyes and mouth dwarfed by its size.

In Physics, the teacher kept laughing when he turned to write on the board, laughing at the gross enormity of her nose. In French, the teacher kept looking at it with a look of incredulity on her face. In Maths, the teacher just looked sympathetic and gave her pitying looks when her eyes passed her way.

Finally, the moment Debbie had been dreading arrived: the bus journey home. School was one thing, but on the bus, in public view! Debbie was almost in tears. She tried to hide her face behind her bag, even put her hood up, though it was really quite hot but it was no good. She kept catching sight of her nose in the bus window, pimply and beaky, shouting out to the people how ugly its owner was.

Debbie's friend sat next to her on the bus. Debbie was surprised that she had any friends, she did not know how they could talk to someone as ugly as she was. She supposed that they pitied her. Her friend finally spoke to her.

"You're very quiet. Anything the matter?"

"Yeah. My nose. I've just realised how incredibly ugly it is".

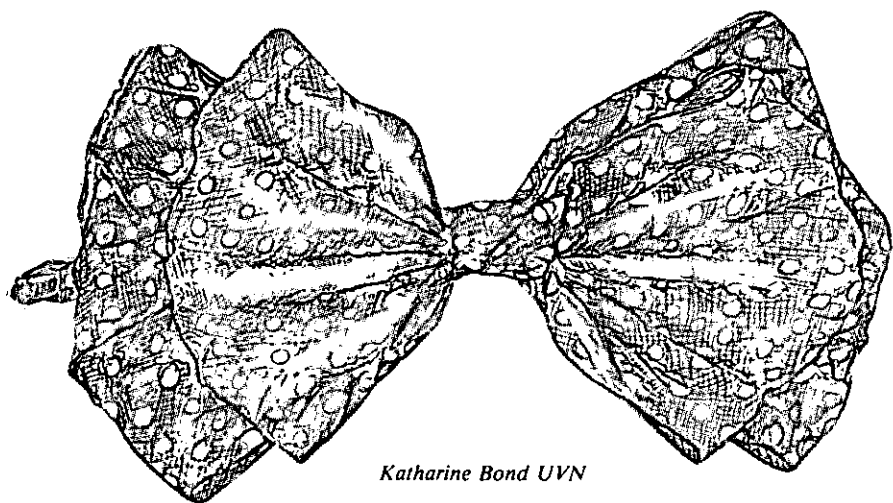
"Don't be stupid. I think it's really nice, dead small and aristocratic".

"You mean big. It's my worst feature".

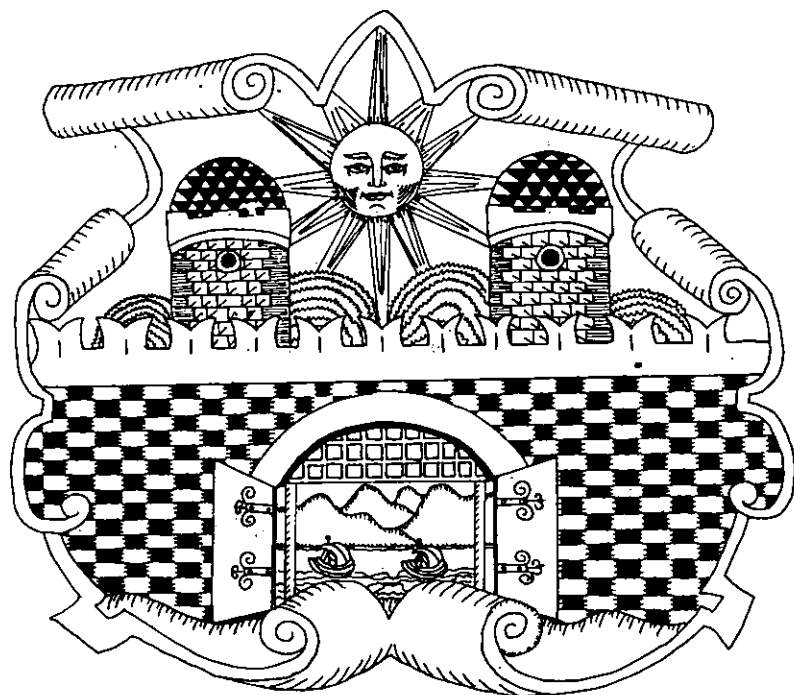
"Don't be silly. If you've got one, I think it's your mouth".

Debbie flashed her eyes to the bus window. She was right. Look at those blubbery lips with no shape. Her nose was fine, but her mouth! Everybody on the bus was looking at it, it must be really difficult for them to stop laughing. How could she go out with a mouth like that . . . ?

Ann Swift, UVP



Katharine Bond UVN



Victoria Connerty UIVJ

The Performing Arts

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"



As one of Shakespeare's more light hearted plays with a wide variety of characters and settings, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" offers itself to school productions. Yet, from the start this production encountered several problems. Because of the prospective presence of opera scenery stage space was drastically restricted and the majority of the play acted out on blocks in front of the stage. A certain amount of cast "tension" arose which seemed in particular to disrupt, if not prevent, the supposed "romantic" atmosphere of certain scenes! However, in spite of fits of panic as the dreaded first night approached and Moonshine had gone down with glandular fever and two others had menacing sore throats, the "show went on".

The lovers' scenes caused a certain amount of amusement as Helena disapproved of the suspected teasing intentions of Lysander and Demetrius and their amorous advances and Hermia disapproved even more strongly of the pointed remarks made about her height! The rather hyperactive elves added an extra dimension to the "fairy" scenes (and backstage scenes) making an interesting contrast with the rather evil presentation of Oberon and Puck whilst Titania somehow continued to remain remarkably calm, collected and "fairylike"!

The tremendous vitality of the mechanics' scenes will certainly be remembered for a long time — the last scene in particular. Trying to feign laughter was not exactly a problem for us "gentles" on stage — much to Mr. Nelson's relief. As Pyramus struggled to unsheath his sword from down the side of his startling pink tights, Thisbe sobbed agonising tears in a high-pitched moan and the lion roared in a rather powerful Brummey accent as his mane slipped cock-eyed over his eyes! Quince developed an incredible nervous twitch on the last night while Moonshine number three munched his way through apples and bananas galore, Wall *tried* to get his cue right and Theseus cracked incomprehensible Elizabethan jokes to his rather bored, impatient queen, Hippolyta (who did look remarkably like him, now people have pointed it out)!

We were certainly rewarded for our efforts by large and appreciative audiences each night which make the performances even more enjoyable for the cast.

Although it was a King's School production and the majority of our thanks must go to Mr. Nelson and Mr. Allday for their efficiency — and patience, Nicky and I would also like to thank Miss Callaway for relieving our worries of failure connected with the dreaded Act III Scene II. For my part I hope the audience obtained as much pleasure watching the play as we did performing it.

Kate Jones LVI

Upper Sixth Pantomime

To say that we enjoyed writing the pantomime would be incredibly creepy and also partly untrue. Never have two people had so many sleepless nights over something that was supposed to be fun. In fact the problem of writing overtook our lives, lessons and our friendship as it caused our first (and last?) argument. Alison suggested the ideas which left Carey to string them together in an acceptable form. Unfortunately here again our teamship failed because of our inability to cooperate. Approximately two weeks before the actual performance, panic overtook the Upper Sixth coffee room as we realised that we did not have a script, let alone rehearsal times, organised. In true Upper Sixth style we threw together a hotch-potch of ideas, insults and insanities, and arrived at a point where we finally had a script, admittedly somewhat bizarre and absurd, but it was a start.

Next came the rehearsals which gave the word "despair" a new meaning for both of us. We were lucky if one tenth of the cast appeared for rehearsal with the exception of Clare who held the whole thing together (creep, creep). As the day of the panto approached we grew more and more worried. Would Mrs. Berry be offended by our caricature of her? Would people even find it funny? At last the day arrived and we encountered more than our fair share

of last minute hitches. At 11.30 we discovered we had forgotten the programmes. Again employing the "last minute" technique, we rattled off two hundred programmes in an hour, thanks to the kindness of the office staff who allowed us to use their photocopier.

When the hour of performance was finally reached we bluffed our way through what must possibly be classed as the most obscure pantomime ever. Grateful thanks must go to the scores of celebrities who so brilliantly took to the stage, including the "Blue Peter" and "Rainbow" teams, Bob Hopeless from "Blockbusters", Abba, Nana Moussaka (who was superbly represented by Jane Aston), and of course to those members of staff who allowed us to caricature them and who managed to take it all in good spirits. However, the biggest vote of thanks undoubtedly goes to all the members of the Upper Sixth who allowed us to write their panto (what an honour!) and who so brilliantly put words into action.

Carey Bamber and Alison Butler UVI

English-Speaking Union Public Speaking Competition, 1987

With the help of Miss Callaway I became involved in this competition and then had the task of conning (?) two friends to join me to make up the team of three competitors. Roslyn Gilroy agreed to be the Chairman and Nikki Gorton offered to propose the vote of thanks. My task as main speaker was to give a prepared speech lasting six minutes and to answer questions from the judges and members of the audience for four minutes. The speech I gave was entitled "Do we get value for money from the Royal Family"? Never before having entered such a competition we were rather nervous but Miss Farra, Miss Callaway and Mrs. Parker were very helpful and gave us many useful hints for "the big night" at a rehearsal a few days beforehand.

On 6th February we arrived at Stanley Palace, the headquarters of the Cheshire branch of the English-Speaking Union, filled with trepidation, not quite knowing what to expect. Our fears, however, were unfounded. For our fellow competitors (including a Lower Fifth team: Wanda Holmes, Kirsty Randall and Rebecca Cornes) helped to relax the atmosphere. We enjoyed two excellent presentations before our big moment arrived. We gave our best performance (or so we hoped)! and Nikki proposed a particularly good vote of thanks for Wanda's speech entitled "South Africa — is it time for a change?" After a break whilst the judges made their all-important decisions, we were back in our seats waiting for the results. Each of the three judges congratulated everyone on the quality of the presentations. We were delighted that the Lower Fifth team was judged second equal with one of the Kingsway High School teams and that we ourselves had won the competition. I was also awarded the prize for the best speaker of the evening — even more of a surprise!

My thanks to the English staff for all their help and particularly to Miss Farra and Miss Edwards for their support on the evening. Good luck to anyone competing next year!

Sarah Collins LVI

Here and There

St. Valery-sur-somme March 23rd-29th, 1986.

As we waited for the coach in the rain at midnight I doubt that any of us could have imagined the surprises that lay in store for us in the forthcoming week. The coach took us to Dover where we caught an earlier ferry than planned. The crossing was rough although most of us managed to eat breakfast aboard. That was just the beginning of a fun packed week.

The meals were good and ranged from frogs' legs and snails to a picnic lunch prepared by ourselves.

Over the next few days we completed various assignments in a variety of different situations. We completed worksheets on the campsite, the market and the hotel, to name but a few. In Rouen we visited the old cathedral and the more modern cathedral of Joan of Arc. The stained glass in both was spectacular. While in Rouen we visited Aitre Saint Maclou where a cat has been preserved behind glass for three hundred years.

We travelled on a train, visited Dieppe with its hypermarket, and we sat in on English lessons in the Abbeville school. We were shown round a fire station and a gendarmerie, where we were kindly locked in the cells for a while.



Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the trip, so a big "merci" goes to Miss Hargreaves and Mrs. Ferris for all their hard work and organisation.

Siân Holiday UIVH

The Liverpool Medical Conference

Still recovering from the New Year celebrations, six budding doctors met at the Liverpool Medical Institution at the beginning of a three day medical conference.

After a lunch, which seemed to contradict somewhat the medical profession's main interest in good health and a balanced diet, we were plunged into the heart of the matter with lectures on Kidney Transplants, Tropical Diseases and varied talks on six types of medical careers. During dinner we discussed Medicine with doctors and students alike until coaches arrived to transfer us to the Greenbank Halls of Residence where we could get down to some serious student "nitelife"!

The next day we visited the Royal Liverpool Hospital where lectures covered topics such as Clinical Diagnosis, University Medical Courses and Women in Medicine. We were able to visit the Casualty, Out-patients and X-ray departments, see the C.T. scanner (one of the newest and most expensive pieces of equipment) and watch actual operations. Over lunch we discussed, in detail, brain transplants and after several more lectures we returned to our rooms to prepare for "The Last Night".

At breakfast the following day (four parties, several bottles of Martini and not much rest later) we were able to confirm the true revitalising qualities of black coffee. More lectures concerning Entry into Medical Schools and Qualifications Required for Entry brought the course to a close.

The two main aims of the conference, to gain an insight into the medical profession and to experience student life, were both adequately fulfilled.

Rachel Hignett LVI

London Art Trip

When Mr. Downey and Mrs. Nightingale suggested an Art trip to London, they obviously did not know what they were letting themselves in for! Despite having to be up at 6 a.m. on a cold, November morning, we all arrived at Chester station where the train was waiting for us and we eventually set off.

The couple of days that followed at the Mount Royal Hotel, Oxford Street, were definitely never to be forgotten. Trying to sort out our rooms proved somewhat amusing for Mr. Downey but we left finally for the Victoria and Albert Museum where we admired the ceramics and saw the Pirelli Calendar girls and Clothes through the Ages, although some of us found the coffee shop of particular artistic significance! After getting lost on the tube and paying £5 for a two-minute trip in a taxi, we had a very early night. Most of us will agree that Pablo Picasso's personal sketchbooks exhibition of "Je suis le cahier" was extremely interesting. Our visits in the afternoon included Piccadilly Circus, Covent Garden, not forgetting the trip to the chiropodist! Thanks are due to Mr. Downey and Mrs. Nightingale for putting up with us all!

Judith Fielding, Louise Chesters, LVI

“Cogito ergo sum . . .?!”

Having attended two preparation days at Chester College, four Queen's School pupils joined about thirty other Cheshire sixth formers at the Menai Centre in Anglesey for a weekend of philosophising. We mused over all kinds of questions ranging from “What is Philosophy?”, “Can animals think?”, “Do animals have rights?” to such “deep” questions as “What is the meaning of life?” and even “Does Philosophy achieve anything?” As the weekend progressed and theories on rights, punishments and utilitarianism were puzzled over, the discussion groups definitely became more lively. For people who have little or no previous knowledge of Philosophy the course is well worth applying to. It is certainly very enjoyable as well as extremely interesting and thought provoking.

Kate Jones LVI

Intensive German Weekend

When we first received our invitation to attend an “Intensive German Weekend” at the Menai Centre in Anglesey we accepted enthusiastically. However, as the weekend approached the thought of speaking German from morning until night (fines imposed) did not have the same appeal. We convinced ourselves it would not be “so bad” — and, sure enough, with the help of our leader — WOLFGANG! — is was not. After the reception on the Friday evening the ice was broken (aided by a token glass of Liebfraumilch) and the aim of creating a German atmosphere was fulfilled. Despite the failed plan to get us to speak German *throughout* the weekend it did improve our German in general with the organisation of activities including videos, games and lectures on both controversial issues and literature — not only of interest but also relevant to our A level course. On the Saturday evening each group had to prepare some form of entertainment for the “Bunter Abend” — from a typical German folk song to a German version of Blind Date. It was all good fun. We left Anglesey on Sunday afternoon, fluent in German, of course!, and with the generally held opinion that the weekend had been both enjoyable and worthwhile.

Fiona Carruthers UVI

Iceland 1986

After undergoing three selection weekends at the Guide Training Centre in North Wales, I was invited to represent the United Kingdom as one of fourteen Ranger Guides from different parts of Wales at an Icelandic Scout Jamboree. This was the first international camp hosted by Iceland and only the second camp held there in four years.

On 26th July, 1986, a group of navy-clad, rucksack-carrying girls congregated at Terminal 2, Heathrow Airport, bound for a small uninhabited island just off the coast opposite Reykjavik. The activity suggestions and challenges which we were invited to try included abseiling, fishing off the quayside or swimming in baths naturally heated from thermal sources, hiking across lava fields in mainland National Parks, windsurfing off the coast or pioneering inland. We were also challenged to a commando-style assault course constructed by the host Scouts. The climax of our joint activities was a superb public fair on the penultimate day when the Scandinavians put us to shame by producing in-

genious challenges and games made out of simple raw materials such as wood and stone.

As in all Scout camps some considerable time was spent singing, mostly in Icelandic and English. We gave some flavour of our country by singing and dancing to traditional songs.

Who would have believed that we would experience nearly a fortnight of glorious weather in a country renowned for its high rainfall? Or that we used glorified cardboard boxes for toilets for a week?

After offering farewell gifts and thanks to the Icelanders and crossing back to the mainland in the little orange ferry-boat, we began a four day stay with a host family. We all managed to see some of the sights which make Iceland a fascinating country to explore: volcanoes, glaciers, geysers, hot springs, lava fields, huge lakes and breath-takingly beautiful waterfalls. We were all stunned by the beauty of the country and by the friendliness of the Icelanders — a truly warm people.

Unfortunately the time for our departure came all too quickly. The experience of visiting such a marvellous country has whetted our appetites and we feel sure that there will be several visits back to Iceland in the future. So — a message to all young Guides, Rangers and Ventures, take advantage of all such opportunities.

Verity Edwards LVI

Acorn Camp No. 60 1986

Killerton Estate, Devon

Having set out a day early in order to arrive on time, we still managed to arrive late. Met by twelve silent faces and two leaders we dumped our luggage, which was just about equal in size to all the rest put together, and sat down at the only two places left, which just happened to be at the broken end of the table. We then had fun, watching our bowls of soup gently slide towards each other. After a silent meal we attempted to play rounders in order to try and break the ice. It worked.

Next day "Good morning, campers" broke through into our sleep-fogged minds, as the first people on duty were "encouraged" to get out of bed and make some breakfast. A rota was arranged so that everybody had a chance to take part in the "favourite" chores — cooking, washing-up or making packed lunches. We soon learned to distinguish the excellent cooks from the not-so-excellent ones. Meals varied from concrete porridge to the more edible vegetarian nut roast. It was amazing how many people became converted to vegetarianism as the week went by.

Throughout the week work varied from brashing trees (removing the lower branches from them) in Ashclyst Forest to pulling up ragworts — a deadly weed — for cows. We also tried our hands at road building (more like a dirt track). We worked very hard, doing two weeks' work in one, but at the same time having a great deal of fun and improving our tans in the sunshine.

In the evenings we amused ourselves playing rounders and football, having tugs of war with the local Scouts in whose hut we were staying and sampling the local produce (cider). One afternoon in the week was left free which we spent on the beach at Exmouth. The sea was so cold that I (Jane) was the only one who swam for longer than a minute. We then took shelter in a cafe, ordered twelve traditional Devon cream teas and mountains of clotted cream and jam with scones.



On the last day we finished work early, climbed a few trees, had a tractor ride back to the village hut, then went to Killerton House, the National Trust property at the centre of the estate on which we were working. This housed a very interesting costume collection dating over many centuries. In the evening we had a farewell barbeque, using the fire to toast marshmallows. Disaster struck halfway through the evening when one girl had to be rushed to hospital with a sprained ankle but this was the only injury of the week apart from the scratches on our arms, permanent reminders of the wild roses in the forest.

The next morning was rather subdued as we said goodbye to all our new friends and exchanged addresses. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely, learning to live as a group. We highly recommend these holidays as a chance to make a positive contribution to conservation and enjoy oneself at the same time, for only £15 a week. We don't think anyone had second thoughts about reapplying this year.

Jane Higginbotham, Susan Moyes UVI

"Ajax" of Sophocles

On Wednesday 11th March a group of LVI Classicists travelled to London to see the annual classical production at King's College; this year the play was Sophocles' powerful tragedy, the "Ajax". Despite last minute changes in the cast it proved extremely successful, silencing the sceptics after last year's problems! A superb atmosphere was created with authentic masks and the chorus singing to eerie orchestral music. The frozen "tableau" scenes were brilliant and effective. Of course the play was performed entirely in ancient Greek, and, although we cannot claim to have understood every word, the compelling acting conveyed all the emotions of the play. We all enjoyed it very much and thank Miss Walters for making the visit possible.

Lindsay McGonagle LVI

"Amadeus"

On 24th September, 16 keen (?) German students, one willing (?) teacher, Mrs. Maddocks, and two chauffeurs descended upon Theatr Clwyd to see a production, in English, of "Amadeus".

Being intellectual and cultured German students we paid a quick visit to Miss Brett's Art Exhibition before ordering our interval drinks and taking our seats in the auditorium. Following a superb First Act and light refreshment we returned to our seats for Act Two which opened with Salieri, one of the leading characters, saying to certain members of the audience who were rustling sweet papers "Oh do be quiet", (thankfully none of our party was guilty) whereupon he received a round of applause and the play continued. It was an excellent performance, enjoyed by all.

Our thanks to Mrs. Maddocks and our two chauffeurs for a very enjoyable evening.

More please!

Sarah Collins LVI

Classics Conference

Attending a Classics Conference may not sound like the ideal way to spend an afternoon, but the one at The King's School on the 13th November was both informative and interesting. The Hall was packed for the first lecture on poets, which was in itself reassuring because I now know that there are others besides me who are studying a "dead language". After the talk we split up into groups dealing with subjects ranging from Latin and Greek insults, Computing and Classics, to Roman cookery. Emily and I opted for the kitchen, having decided that it might offer the best reward. After sampling dates stuffed with almonds (*à la Emily et moi*), port and apricot stew, salad laced with liquamen and other Roman delights (despite no dormice!) we felt slightly bloated in the final lecture on architecture. The afternoon was a refreshing change from the classroom and we all enjoyed the "fieldwork". As well as scholars from all over the area, T.V. cameras were also present. We managed to make our film début — even if it was only for a few seconds, stuffing dates, on "Look Northwest"!

Anna Dawson LVI

A week on the "Francis Drake" — C.P. Witter Prize, 1986.

I had been looking forward to my week on the "Francis Drake" for a long time, but as I stood at Holyhead harbour on a dreary August evening I grew more apprehensive about it. I was one of twelve people who were to act as crew aboard the 72-foot long Ocean Youth Club sailing vessel. We were welcomed aboard by George, the skipper, Rob and Jo, the first and second mates, and Debbie, the bosun. Although some of the crew members had met previously, I did not know any of them but after the first evening we all seemed to get along well.



The next morning we set sail out of the harbour and into the Irish Sea towards Northern Ireland. Under instruction we were all allowed to put the sails up and down, pull the various ropes, steer the boat and practise the "man overboard" drill with a dummy known as Fred. It was during the voyage to Northern Ireland that I, like most of the crew, had to pay my first visit to the side of the boat to relieve my stomach which seemed to be rolling more than the sea!

Our voyage ended in the early hours of the next morning when we reached the fishing village of Strangford, situated at the foot of Strangford Loch. Later on that morning, after a few hours' sleep, scrubbing the decks and cleaning the galley, we took our first step onto Irish soil (and dry land!) to explore Strangford. The afternoon saw us sailing further up the calmer water of the loch, weaving in and out of the rocky islands and the numerous boats anchored in the loch. Our stop for the night was at the clubhouse of Down Cruising Club which was a large, old, steel tug which had been modified. As we arrived we were informed, to our delight, that the clubhouse had a shower, a facility that the "Francis Drake" did not possess! Unfortunately the shower was situated inside the male toilets and had no door! But, after more than two days at sea, the female members of the crew were not deterred by this, so we just used the shower anyway. After spending most of the evening in the sailing club we returned to the "Francis Drake" where we sang right through the ship's songbook to George's guitar until 3 a.m.

We spent most of the next day tied up to the Down Cruising Club, enjoying some more leisurely activities. One crew member gave us a diving demonstration as he recovered some cutlery which had been tossed overboard with the breakfast washing-up water. For lunch we had a barbeque on Rainy Island, a small island close to the boat, so the food and the crew had to be transported over in the rubber dinghy. During the afternoon we all tried climbing the mast and we were all given the chance to sit in the Bosun's chair to go down the deathslide (an aerial runway) into the jellyfish-inhabited water.

The evening saw us setting sail again down Strangford Lock through the whirlpools at its entrance and into the Irish Sea towards Scotland. For this voyage we had to sail through the night, doing four-hour shifts on deck and sleeping for four hours in between. It seemed really strange to be woken up at 4 a.m., to sit on deck watching the sky become lighter and then to go to sleep again at 8 a.m. At midday I was woken up as I was the galley slave who had to prepare the lunch of seafood soup and sandwiches. At the time the boat was going through some turbulent water so the soup slid violently across the stove and the oven-ready chickens, which were to be eaten that evening, took flight and hurtled from one side of the galley to the other! It was soon after lunch that we tied up in the harbour of the fishing town of Campbeltown in Scotland, much to the amusement of the locals who seemed to accumulate at the quayside. Here I was given the chance to visit some family friends who live in the area. Later on that evening we decided that we would explore the local nightlife. But because of the severe rainfall we all had to go out in our bright yellow "oilies" so we were instantly recognisable.

The next morning it was time to start heading back towards Holyhead. Unfortunately, the tide and wind were both in the wrong direction so we were forced to use engine power. The winds seemed to be getting stronger so in the evening we dropped anchor in Loch Ryan. We then took it in turns to do anchor watch until midnight when we pulled up the anchor and motored back out to sea. By this time the winds were force 8 and gusting up to a force 10 gale. Between midnight and 4 a.m. I was meant to sleep but because of the perpetual throbbing of the engine, the constant pitching of the boat and the rattling of the pans in the galley I found that it was impossible to sleep. Worse things were in store for me as I went up on deck. Walls of water seemed to throw themselves over the sides of the boat, drenching us all. This was definitely a time to have our safety harnesses and "oilies" on. At this point our morale hit an all time low, as we were forced to drop anchor in Luce Bay so that we could have some sleep, and wait for the tides and winds to change. That evening we were meant to be back at Holyhead but at 4 p.m. we were still anchored off the Scottish coast. As soon as the tides were right we set sail on our final voyage past the Isle of Man towards Anglesey. Here we were able to steer by the stars, although some of them were shooting stars which seemed to drop suddenly out of the sky. At 5 a.m. we reached Holyhead harbour where we took the sails down for the last time. After only three hours sleep we had to scrub and clean the boat to get it "ship-shape" for the next crew who were arriving that evening.

After travelling 320 miles, visiting Northern Ireland and Scotland and making fifteen new friends, my week on the "Francis Drake" was over. It was a fantastic and memorable experience and, given half the chance, I would love to go again. Many thanks go to Mr. Witter for making it possible and I hope that future winners will have as much fun aboard the "Francis Drake" as I did.

Joanna Harrison UVI

Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award Scheme

Every year many LVI girls begin the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award Scheme. Although a small proportion ultimately succeed in achieving the award, all participants gain enjoyment and valuable experience from the activities they complete.

Voluntary organisations appreciate the contribution of girls who are undertaking their year of service to the community. Organisations with which girls are currently working include the St. John's Ambulance, RNIB and local Cub Scout units.

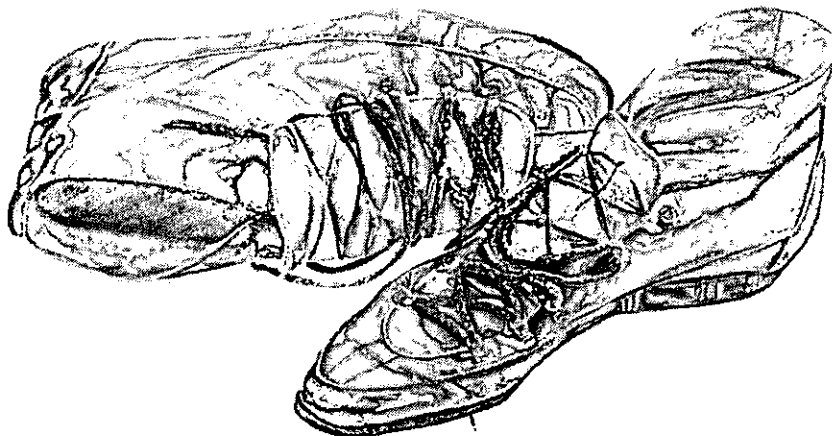
The compulsory residential week can provide an opportunity to attempt a new activity, for example helping to maintain the environment during an Acorn Camp week or restoration work as in the Cathedral Camp courses. Those who have completed this requirement of the scheme have found it thoroughly enjoyable.

For their skill most girls choose to continue a hobby in which they are already interested, for example dressmaking or photography, as it requires a regular commitment over a period of eighteen months. However there is scope for a wide range of activities, from genealogy to soft toy making, to be attempted at varying degrees of difficulty.

The four day expedition generally proves to be the greatest challenge. In October a group of seven girls completed a two day practice venture. Because of the inaccurate map reading of our group, making us over an hour late, we had to put up tents and cook the evening meal by torchlight. The second group experienced similar difficulties with map reading on the second day. We are learning valuable lessons and feel that more planning time and practice walks are needed if we are to complete the four day expedition successfully.

We would like to thank Miss Hargreaves and Mrs. Ferris for making this venture possible. Their continued advice and practical support are very much appreciated by all those who are currently taking part in the scheme.

Julie Tattam UVI



Tamsin Bowra UVI



Diana Miall UIVH



Louise Chesters LVI

From the Poets

THE SHETLAND ISLANDS

*Shetland, Shetland, the land of woollen jumpers
And little hairy ponies, running everywhere.
Where Vikings sailed in Dragon-boats
Now helicopters fly
And lighthouses flash messages
Across the dark night sky.*

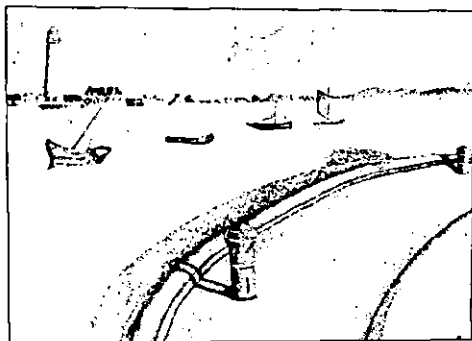
*Shetland, Shetland, the land of midnight sun
And brightly-coloured puffins living underground.
Where fishing boats sail out to sea
And come back in the dawn.
How I wish I lived there now,
The land where I was born.*

Menai West, Remove D

THE SEA AT NIGHT

*Hair-bullying wind, face-lashing rain
on top deck in the dark,
The wind sweeping each floor.
Cowardly grown-ups stay inside in the warm,
the light, the comfort,
But I like to play in the dark, the wind,
the rain, all there.
The sea laps at the boat with rolls
and roars and rumbles,
A ferocious monster catching its prey.
The sea, the wind, the rain, the dark
and me remain friends.*

Anna Dentschuk, Remove D



Judith Fielding LVI

WHITE

*White is the sky on a cloudy day,
So are the eggs that my hen may lay,
Also my dress at Sunday lunch
And the rabbit we say on the first of the month.
White are the mints we buy by the pound,
The glittering frost that lies on the ground.
White are the lambs that frisk on the hills
And those dreadful doctor's pills!
The startling white of our form room walls,
White are those fluffy cotton-wool balls;
White is the dress of a beautiful bride
And the shirt of the groom who stands at her side.
The beard of old Santa is whiter than white,
And so is the powder that makes clothes so bright.
White is the plumage of a peaceful dove
And the swan that I see from the bridge above.
White is the stout little yoghurt pot
Just like the sails of a beautiful yacht.
But whitest of all and the prettiest sight
Is the thick fallen snow on a cold winter's night.*

Mary Dawson, Remove S

WORDS

*Words amuse me,
Words confuse me.
How did they begin?
Did someone make up all the words?
Every single word I've heard?
Were they made up as the centuries went by?
Words like singing, ringing, sky.
Did they just look at things and say
That's a curtain, a bed, some hay?
Were words suddenly born?
Or did the words gradually form?
If we did not have words what would we do?
Without them life would be a long game of "Give us a clue".*

Alison Turner, Remove D

TOMORROW

*A pile of homework lay beside,
Twas nearly time for bed,
She'd put her homework off since tea
And sat there watching the T.V.
Not doing Maths or History.
"I'll do it tomorrow", she said.*

*A pile of school books lay beside,
She coated her lips in red,
Forgot there was revision there,
As she began to do her hair,
Exams on Monday, she doesn't care,
"I'll do it tomorrow", she said.*

*And now that she's nineteen years old,
Her life before her spread,
She thinks of buying a house or flat,
Having a husband, children, cat,
But there's still lots of time for that,
"I'll do it tomorrow", she said.*

*But now the years have passed her by,
She lies confined to bed.
Unseeing eyes in darkness stare,
No family for her to care,
She'll pass away in the bedsit there,
"Now there's no tomorrow", she said.*

Sarah Clayton, LIVB

THE LOCH

*Locked in the great arms of the mountain,
The water lay quiet and still.
It reflected the deeper blues and deeper golds
Of the hills and sky.
One thin gleaming line quivered between the world of reality
And the world of the water below.
Our boat drowsily edged its way
Along the near shore of the loch.
Water licked softly under the bows
And whispered along its sides.
The tangle and smell of the black and rose-red seaweeds
Drifted up, sharp and exciting.
The shore slid past
Gorse and heather overhung the summer clouds of birch.
The gentle slumber of our boat
Aroused the silk-smooth water into ripples of copper and indigo.*

Kate Millar, LIVB

FIRE

*A signal is sounded, he springs to his feet, and
begins the rhythmic movement.
The swaying of the dance becomes more violent; he
leaps and turns, blazing with energy.
He has no thoughts for others; he is only concerned
with his own strength and survival.
In his greed, he grabs for more, he must have
more space, to keep up the frenzy of the dance for life.
He grows stronger, stronger, always moving, never still.
He reaches for more, but nothing is left, he cannot
survive; the dance is slowing, slower and slower,
Until there is nothing left.
In his greed, he has destroyed his world.*

Sarah Chesters, UIVH

THE TOADSTOOL

*Walking in the cold, frosty air of a winter morning,
Breathing steam,
Which filters away into the air as nothing.
Nothing to see,
But white fields and occasional wisps of green grass
that stick up
Out of the snow in clumps.
Nothing to hear,
But the emptiness of a deserted countryside.
Nothing to smell,
But the freshness of the early morning dew.
Nothing to mark any life,
Nothing to prove that anything lives here.*

*Suddenly,
The shock of a scarlet red toadstool,
Standing high,
Out of the frosty layer,
Respected by the boredom of eternal snow,
The substance that blots out all life
Which is weak enough not to fight it.
But the dazzling red is rare
And the whiteness stretches out before me, like a road,
Beckoning me to follow it — to nowhere.*

Patricia Merrett, LVA

HERO WORSHIP

*A thousand posters, pictures, books,
This is the guy with all the looks.
He's tall and strong, with eyes of blue,
The girls all screaming, "We love you"
Are open-mouthed and several faint.
To them this gorgeous bloke's a saint.*

*An overnight success they say,
The record's number one today.
"Already the publicity"
He says "is far too much for me".
But now the promoting company
Is asking P.M. round for tea.*

*One year later forgotten is his face,
A new-born idol takes his place
And nothing more than memories
And re-releases overseas
Are left as reminders of his fame,
No recognition of his name.*

Clare Wormald, LVP

THE TERRACE

*You turn the corner of the street
Into another Victorian lower-class road.
These roads interconnecting with dark back alleys,
Alleys where rats have scuttled,
Children have played
And people have met for sinister reasons.
Now these alleys lie desolate.
Row upon row of redbricked terraced houses,
Each street looking like the last,
House after house, each the same.
Faded, painted doors, with brass letter boxes,
banging in the wind.
Faded lace curtains switch whenever anyone walks by.
Well-worn steps washed meticulously over the years.
Cracked pavements and cobbled roads
Their gutters full of rotting leaves and rubbish.
Occasionally a small, dark shop tags onto the street,
Streets unchanged by generations — will they ever change?*

Yvonne Windsor, LVA

WINTER JOURNEY

*Looking out of the frosty glass
Made cloudy by our own iced vapour,
We roll down the drive,
The engine stuttering and starting,
Chug up the hill by the post-office
And plunge into blindness
at the low sun.
The bus is passed
Its murky images floating behind
Translucent mud-spattered windows.
Detour at Blacon, where a burst water main
Transforms the road into a skating rink.
Booted out at the canal
We slip down the walls,
Numb fingers clutching at the sticky railings
To form chilblains on the pipes at school.*

Tabitha Fairley, UVN

LATE

It was so late.

*A streak of light
Extended from the obscurity
Into the room
And over the corrugated bed.*

*Electrical light fittings in my head
Whimper and cry.
My accoustic organs terrorise me
The gloom absorbs me.*

*The distant rumble of a truck
Makes me shudder.
Clutching the eiderdown my skin swelters
And I dream of the only escape
With sleep my convoy.*

Jane Beese, LVP

UNDER THE BRIDGE

The girl sat and looked at the canal.

*A thick brown soup with golden croutons
Made from tiny chips of sunlight
Broken off the sun by the ruthless wind that now stirs
The soup like an invisible ladle.*

*She picks up a chip of rock, another product
Of the murdering wind,
A terminated pregnancy of the mother earth.
She throws it into the water.*

*The stone pushes between the H_2O molecules rudely
Without a "pardon me"
And cockily tries to ride them
Defying the laws of Physics,
For rules are to be broken.
But the reactionary water quashes the revolutionary
And it falls, its protests surfacing as bubbles
To pop silently.
The air is the only one informed of the sad demise.*

*And the slippery water flows on,
Water-tight to curious eyes.
A closed clique to anhydrous insolubility.*

*And the girl looked at her cousin one third removed,
If she had that "one third" would she too be immune
To the knives and guns of hand and tongue
Of man and machine?
Could she clean away and dissolve the problems
Deeper than the great body of the water itself?*

Kirsten Foster, UVN

THE STREAM

*Wading through waves with the sun in the sky
I eagerly watch as the stream hurries by.
It strangles my ankles in thin films of green,
Coating my legs in its shimmering sheen,
Rolling and tumbling it laughs its way past
Scatters and drowns all the weeds in its path.*

*A bubbling world of colours and hues
Turns deep-sea-surface greens to electric blues.
Like a rabid hyena it tears at its prey
Of pebbles and stones, all hours of the day.
It worries the fishes and herds them ahead,
Disturbing the slumber of sand in its bed.*

*The watery waves that glisten and gleam
Give a delicate look to the fast-moving stream
It caresses the driftwood, it fondles the fronds
Of the colourful plants and the flowers beyond
But leaping and dancing and singing with glee
It laughs round the curves on its way to the sea.*

Samantha Rae, UVN

LA BASILIQUE DU SACRE COEUR

*" . . . And after the earthquake a fire,
But the Lord was not in the fire.
And after the fire a still, small voice."*

*Outside, exposed,
White heat reflects from polished marble domes,
Gleaming swords to pierce the skin.
The stark, blinding surfaces repluse and regular steps oppress.
Inside, enclosed.
The stabbing swords are defeated as dusty coolness pervades.
No longer does the air clamber and cling,
Peace is suspended in a soft cloud as the dusty flecks
Dance in the spotlight of sun and flickering flame.
The coolness is a misty spray lapping against the burning skin.
And within this holy place Christ looks down.
A brilliant image with arms outstretched as if to embrace the
wandering souls,
Who make their way in awe around the dome.
Transfixed by His intentions, the senses reel awhile,
As the endless stream of tourists,
The lost sheep of many nations
Make their way in silent admiration around the centre stage.
Their footsteps echo softly in the dancing flame of mystic torches
And you too are led by instinct through the dimming glow,
Past jagged black shapes that menacingly tear the soft blanket,
Harsh wooden pews and human forms that flicker in the haze.
Past the cold silken jewels that are statues.
Stiff white pearls that cluster around the towering altar piece.
The ultimate symbol of majesty.*

*Shadowy alcoves yawn sleepily around the dome edge,
 Yielding up their treasures to human view.
 A painting, showing all the glory of the figure it portrays
 An intricate representation of something that is everything,
 Or a marble case, wherein the dust is at rest for ever.
 And in one such opening a stiff, pale human form,
 A ghostly figure that clasps her child,
 Ageless, timeless and still.
 And peace is in that place,
 A peace that lulls the senses and yet mingles with soft pulses
 That excite nerve fibres with electric sparks,
 So that the very soul, within its bodily confine leaps
 And you go on your knees before her,
 As the subconscious mind obeys a forgotten instinct.
 There, divorced from all that is of this world,
 But with every fibre straining to hear the whisper of contact,
 There is a spiritual closeness,
 Slowing swaddling the limbs of the mind in silk,
 As you start to pray.*

Alison Butler, UVI

DE QUOI S'AGIT—IL?

*Qu'il fait si beau ce soir!
 Qu'il fait si calme et noir!
 Eux, ils ne peuvent rien voir
 de la campagne dans toute sa gloire.*

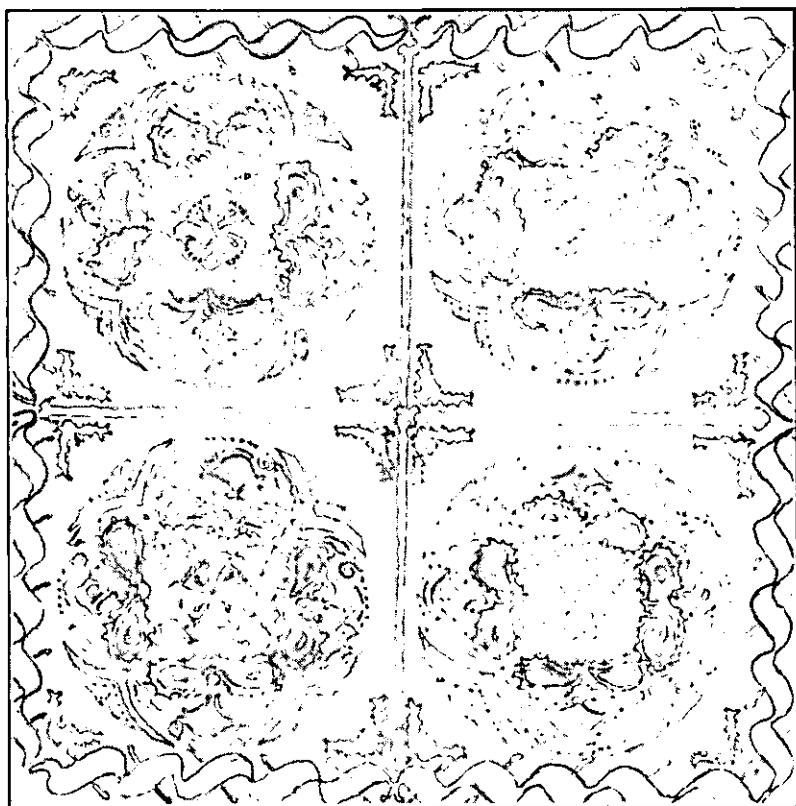
*Le ciel ne fronce plus ses sourcils,
 Mais, chassant les nuages tout gris
 Il me voit, il m'appelle . . . et sourit
 et m'explique ce dont il s'agit.*

*Il ne s'agit pas de richesse
 Dont tout le mond parle sans cesse;
 Il ne s'agit pas de tristesse.
 Alors, il s'agit de jeunesse?*

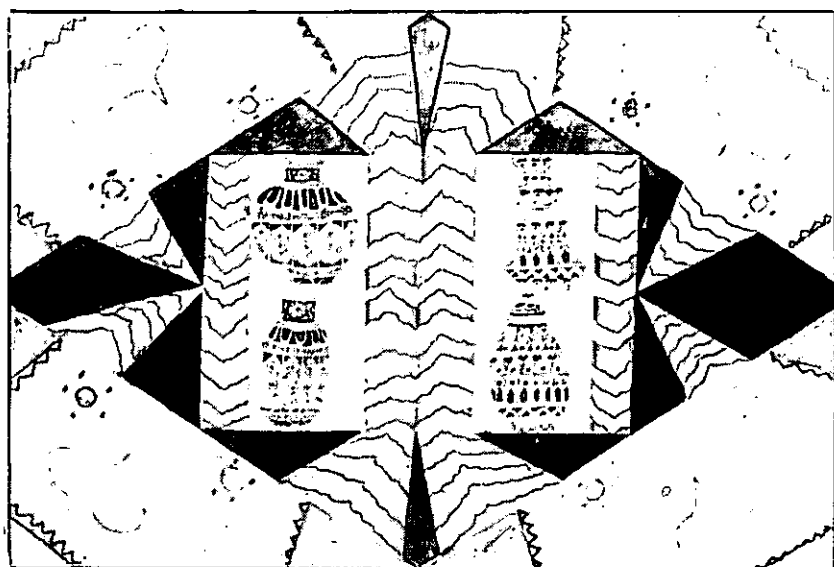
Peut-être, mais . . .

*Il s'agit de feuilles, j'en suis sûre;
 Il s'agit de fleurs, je le jure;
 Il s'agit de beauté très pure,
 Surtout il s'agit de nature.*

Kate Jones LVI



Alison Adnitt UIVJ



Susannah Filce Remove D

Operation Raleigh, 7A Cape York Expedition

In May 1985 I learnt that I had, after a rigorous selection procedure, been chosen to represent The United Kingdom on a phase of Operation Raleigh and so would be spending the following summer working in far North Queensland, Australia, as part of "Expedition 7A Cape York". Consequently I stood in Gatwick airport, fourteen months later, about to fly to the other side of the world to work for three months with a group of complete strangers!

Much effort was needed on my part to raise the £2,000 contribution towards my participation but I was lucky to receive several very generous donations (including an equipment grant, and help from The Queen's School) which boosted my monies raised from a sponsored 16 miles row/tandem ride/48 hours fast and a raffle.

Arriving in Australia, following a brief stop-over in Bali, we spent several days under expert instruction being enlightened on such topics as "How to deal with a snake-bite", "Diving Medicine" and "How to treat dangerous stings and bites" before being divided into three project groups, each a month in duration.

I was thrilled to discover I was to spend my first month diving on The Great Barrier Reef and living on Lizard Island in the Great Barrier Reef National Park. Competition for places on Lizard Island had been strong but I was lucky to have had a year's diving tuition at University, as well as having recently graduated in Zoology, which would prove useful in our reef surveys. We aimed to establish a comprehensive picture of coral structures around the island in order to find damaged areas where permanent anchor points could be built to avoid further damage to the beautiful reef structures. Scuba diving is an exhilarating experience when one is diving in the murky, cold waters off the Scottish coast so I was in raptures when in turquoise, tropical ocean, 130 feet below the surface, I could still see the bottom of the boat. Such was the clarity of the water. Diverse marine life on the reef was abundant — sea snakes, turtles, dolphins, hugh manta-rays and, of course, the legendary sharks! However (believe it or not) it was extremely hard work, mentally and physically strenuous, and potentially dangerous. Night dives were not for the faint-hearted. Imagine shining your torch into a dark cave only to be confronted by a 10 foot long moray eel! It was a thrilling month.

My second project site was the Johnstone Gorge which lies in the tropical rainforest belt of the North East coast. Here, our only protection against the frequent torrential downpours was a tarpaulin and we would be living on Australian Army Rations — not to be recommended except in cases of near starvation! Our first week in the gorge was spent in the construction of a walking track. Work was often slow, hampered by thick vine roots, huge rocks, cyclone-damage, humidity and, worst of all, the fauna of the forest which included snakes, lizards, scorpions and the notorious funnel-web spider! However, we soon became proficient in the art of building retaining walls. The remainder of our time was spent rafting the white-water of the Johnstone river in order to carry out exploration into the thick jungle. We carried all our belongings in our 2-man canoes (necessitating desperate attempts to waterproof sleeping bags in layers of polythene). My group, after trekking on foot and a lengthy search by Royal Australian Air Force helicopter, was lucky enough to rediscover a series of six hundred feet high waterfalls, recorded by the Australian explorer Christie Palmerston in 1882 and which had not been heard of since.

My final month was spent in the dusty outback of Chillagoe — real Crocodile Dundee country! Here we worked for the National Parks, carrying out survey work in the magnificent limestone caves in the area (discovering a whole new cave system) and also helping to establish an accurate picture of the area's vegetation. The latter involved trekking for hours on foot, armed with a soil-PH-test-kit, "A Guide to Queensland's Trees" and the trusty water bottle (of course) in temperatures of up to 43c!! Thirsty work, to say the least. During our stay in Chillagoe we were lucky enough to visit a gold-mine and a local cattle station, both interesting experiences.

Operation Raleigh taught me a great deal. As well as fulfilling the research aims of the expedition and carrying out worthwhile conservation work and community projects in Australia, I had been able to spend an enlightening three months, living at very close quarters with young people from all over the world — Singapore, France, Italy, Canada, the USA, Hong Kong, Switzerland, Japan, The Oman — a great variety of cultures. In addition, I had got to know more about the Australian way of life and to appreciate a beautiful country. I cannot wait to return: it was the best time of my life.

Sue Flood (left school 1983)

Other Events During 1986-7

April	15:	Summer Term began
	16:	Economics Day School
	24:	UVI Classicists attended a course at Manchester University
May	5:	Bank Holiday
		UVI Visit to Stratford
	9:	LVI Classicists attended an Open Day at Cambridge University
	14:	Commemoration Service in the Cathedral
	15-16:	LVI Visit to Cambridge
May 26-June 1:		Half-term Holiday
	23-24:	LVI Visit to Oxford
June 30-July 2:		A Conference was held for UV of both the King's and Queen's Schools
	7:	Drama Festival
	8:	Anna Markland Piano Competition
	11:	End of Term
	12-26:	Thirteen members of LV visited their pen-friends in Heidelberg where we have a link school.
Sept.	4:	Autumn Term began
Oct.	27-31:	Half-term Holiday
Nov.	6:	Lecture given to UVI on "Drugs and Drug Abuse" by Mr. A. Atkinson, Probation Officer.
	11:	Careers Talk given by Miss Menon
	13:	Lecture given to UVI by Dr. A. Carty, a Consultant Radiologist, "Brilliant failure: An Account and Appreciation of the life of Oscar Wilde".
	20:	Lecture given to UVI by Mr. D. Briggs, Chief Sub-editor of "Daily Mirror" on "The Newspaper World"
Dec.	1:	UVI German group visited The Goethe Institut, Manchester.
	4:	Lecture given to UVI by Nina Butler, Research Assistant in Clinical Psychology, on "Anorexia"
	9:	Prizes were distributed by Professor Philip Gamage, Chairman of The School of Education, Nottingham University

	11:	Lecture given to UVI by Mr. M. Horsefield, Probation Officer, on "The Magistrates Courts"
	15:	Informal Concert
	18:	Joint Carol Service with The King's School in the Cathedral, marking the end of term.
Jan.	6:	Spring Term began
	8:	Lecture given to UVI by Mrs. A. Maple, Social Worker, on "Child Abuse".
	9-11:	Members of the Sixth form German group attended a course at The Menai Centre
	22:	Lecture given to UVI by Dr. J. Milton, Lecturer in Immunology, on "Organ Transplantation"
Feb.	5:	Lecture given to UVI by Dr. R. Leah, Lecturer in Zoology, on the "Acid Rain Controversy"
	12:	Choral Concert
		Lecture given to UVI by Dr. G. Scanlan, Lecturer in Law, on "Have you stopped beating your wife?"
	16-22:	Half-term Holiday
March	5:	Lecture given to UVI by Dr. K. Khan, Consultant Psychiatrist, on "Stress and Mental Health"
	11:	LVI Classicists visited King's College, London, to see a Greek play
	13:	UV Trip to "Oliver"
	16:	Some members of LVI attended a lecture on "Sophocles and Shakespeare" at Newcastle High School.
	19:	Careers Convention
	26:	UVI Classicists attended lectures at Manchester University
	31:	Informal Concert
April	2:	Spring Term ended

The Parents' Association

It has been a mixed year for the Parents' Association with some successes and some disappointments. A wine tasting evening in May had to be cancelled because of lack of support. Also there was an attempt to liaise with the King's School Parents Groups to set up a summer tennis club. This, too, failed to materialise. However, by contrast, the October Autumn Market was, as usual, a highly successful venture and a sum in excess of £6,000 was raised. This is being used for the purchase of stage equipment for the Main School.

The Christmas Buffet and Dance again proved popular and the Disco held in March for Middle School girls with boys from the King's School invited along as usual.

The Committee has become involved in the campaign organised by the Independent Schools Information Service (ISIS) Association to form a local action group which is working diligently to promote independent schools and to defend them from political attack. We need to raise money to make such a group work effectively and so, in January, we asked parents to tell us what sort of social and fund raising events, if offered, they would support. As a result we have organised a programme for the year which we hope will be very well supported as well as being enjoyable and profitable for the Association so that we can continue to further the interests of the Queen's School.

Elizabeth Downey

The Queen's School Association

Degree Results 1986

Catherine Andrew	French and Italian, II ₁ , Oxford
Amanda Betts	Veterinary Science, London
Sally Bladen	Civil Engineering, II ₂ , Royal Military College, Shrivenham
Donna Bloy	English, II ₂ , St. Andrews
Jane Campbell	Chemistry, I, Edinburgh
Anne Cassidy	Medicine, London
Diane Clague	Chemistry, III, Birmingham
Janet Cotrell	Medicine, London
Kate Entwisle	Medicine, London
Susan Flood	Zoology, II ₂ , Durham
Maira Gillett	Mathematics, II ₁ , London
Georgina Gunningham	Nursing, II ₂ , London
Nicola Halford	Computer Studies and Software Engineering, II ₁ , Birmingham
Catherine Hamilton	French and Italian, I, Oxford
Helen Hasted	Mathematical Statistics, III, Liverpool
Victoria Hess	Psychology, II ₂ , Exeter
Barbara James	Geography, II ₁ , Durham
Anthea Johnson	English, II ₁ , Birmingham
Susan Jones (née May)	Hons. Degree, Open University
Alison Judge	Linguistics and International Studies, II ₂ , Surrey
Carol Mansley	Managerial Sciences, II ₁ , Bradford
Clare Nelson	Education, II, Cambridge
Sophia Newing	Natural Sciences, I, Durham
Sarah Pritchard	English, II ₁ , Leeds
Alison Richardson (née Audsley)	Dental Surgery, II, Newcastle
Julia Starling	Estate Management, II ₁ , South Bank Polytechnic
Susie Tan	Accounting Studies, I, Huddersfield Polytechnic
Judith Townsend	Education, II, Cambridge
Tina Watson	Pure Mathematics, III, Liverpool
Jennifer Wess	Medicine, Liverpool
Jill Williamson	Oriental Studies, II ₁ , Oxford
Katrina Wood	Pathology, I, Cambridge

Further Successes:

Kate Entwisle: distinction in Pathology, St. Thomas' Hospital Medical School.
Catherine Hamilton: Junior Paget Toynbee Prize for Modern Languages, Worcester College, Oxford.

Vanessa Lance: Open Scholarship in History, Hertford College, Oxford.

Clare Robinson: Senior Exhibition in Medical Sciences, Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Susie Tan: Bailey Prize for Accountancy, Huddersfield Polytechnic.

Association News

March, 1986, "Oliver": Some members went to and thoroughly enjoyed the school's excellent production of the musical "Oliver".

16th July — Buffet Supper: A very successful Buffet Supper was held, by the kind invitation of Margaret and Stephen Hassall, at their home in Willington. This was a lovely setting for a summer evening in the country and for once, during a very wet season, the weather was kind. It was good to see some members there who had not met for a long time and so, as is usual on such occasions, there was no lack of conversation. As a result of a raffle held during the evening a donation of £16 was sent to The Hospice of The Good Shepherd Appeal.

27th September, 1986: Margaret Hassall and Mary Burgess attended the Association of Representatives of Old Pupils Societies Conference held at Manchester Grammar School.

11th October, 1986, The Parents Association Autumn Market: Once again the committee held a raffle which, thanks to those who sold tickets, raised £72.

M.W.

The Annual General Meeting

This was held in the school hall on Saturday 28th June at 3 p.m. Miss Farra presided and sixty members were present. The President opened the meeting by welcoming those present especially Miss MacLean and recently retired members of staff. Minutes of the last AGM were read, confirmed and signed. VI Form leavers were elected members of the Association "en bloc". It was reported that Susan Benson was leaving Chester and so wished to resign from the Committee. No new nominations had been received and the remaining committee members were re-elected "en bloc".

The Treasurer gave a comprehensive report and said that, although the annual subscription had been £1.50 for four years, costs were rising more slowly and therefore no increase was being recommended for the year 1987-88. £333.80 had been received in donations to the Memorial Fund. The book of accounts was tabled for members to inspect.

The President in her report spoke of the wide implications of the forthcoming GCSE, the new examination to replace "O" level and CSE.

Miss Farra referred to the highly successful production of "Oliver", to excellent concerts given during the year, to Sandford House Nativity Play and the entertainment Nedham House produced for parents at Christmas. Miss Farra also gave us news of the school's sporting and academic achievements.

A message of good wishes and appreciation for all the help she had given the Association with regard to the business aspect of Have Mynde was sent to Mrs. F. Brown who was leaving the district.

Presentations were made to retiring members of staff, Mrs. Brien, Mr. Hands and Mme. Wozniak.

Jane Mildwater thanked the President for giving us all the school news and for so warmly welcoming us back to school. The meeting closed at 4 p.m. and we were joined by friends for tea.

M.W.

A.R.O.P.S. Conference

The Queen's School Association has been a member of A.R.O.P.S. (The Association of Representatives of Old Pupils Societies) for the past five years and has been represented at several conferences.

On 27th September 1986 Margaret Hassall and Mary Burgess attended the conference held at Manchester Grammar School. The High Master, J.G. Parker M.A., welcomed us and gave a brief history of the school. He also spoke about the defence of Independent Education, the need for parental choice and the inherent dangers of a state monopoly in education. John Roper, a member of the S.D.P. Parliamentary Advisory Committee, spoke on the Alliance policy for Education and Frank Crowley, Bursar of St. Mary's College, Great Crosby, gave a detailed talk about the phasing out of the Direct Grant system. There followed a general discussion on the issues raised and a short "domestic" session on problems common to the running of all Old Pupil Societies. Finally we toured the school and were shown the old buildings including the Main Hall and the new impressive laboratories cleverly built inside the older buildings.

Mary Burgess

Informal Reunion Dinner

On Saturday, 31st August, over thirty young (?) women of class '68 gathered together from all parts of Great Britain and beyond, for a reunion dinner and what might be termed a blast from the past! It was an amazing evening of "Do you remember?" but probably the most incredible thing was that we all felt as though we had seen each other only the day before instead of eighteen or in some cases twenty years previously.

The whole thing was the brainchild of Rosemary Price (née Forster) and was put into practice with a little help from her friends, namely Diane, Justine and Wilma.

On behalf of all those present at the historic occasion I should like to thank some of those who helped in the detective work of tracking down addresses: Miss Baxter, Miss Edwards, Miss Osborn and last but not least Mary Wood, Honorary Secretary to The Queen's School Association. I can assure you it was a night to remember and an experience to be highly recommended to anyone else from any other year who may be thinking about planning a similar venture.

Una Scaletta

News of Members

Judith Allison (née Reid) writes "My husband and I had the experience of a life-time when we were one of 13 couples selected from 6,000 applicants to be contestants on Channel 4's "Treasure Hunt" programme. We spent a memorable but very interesting two days rehearsing and recording at Lime House Studios. The area covered was Bath.

Joan Alsop (née Phillips) is looking forward to seeing Shirley Shaw (née McMillan) at her daughter, Margaret's, wedding in April.

Anne Archer is now living in Sidcup, Kent. She has moved to another German Bank as Personnel Officer, a post which she finds hard work but very interesting.

Pauline Baker (née **Williams**) writes to say that she is always glad to see old QSA members if visiting London and school leavers if away from home for the first time. "A North country welcome awaits them". Last November Pauline was one of the Tap Dancers for BBC's "Children in Need" appeal. Three days later 120 ladies from North London did it all over again and raised over £3,000 in sponsorship money.

Susan Benson moved to Worthing last August and is working for the same firm of Consulting Engineers. We are pleased to know that Susan is happily settled and enjoying her lunch time walks by the sea.

Robina Blann In addition to looking after her 3 young children, all under four, Robina and a friend have started up their own knitting business, knitting children's jumpers to original designs. She writes, "if any old girls are in the Brighton area I'd love to see them".

Donna Bloy is temporarily working for Eurocamp Travel as a driver in France.

Janet Burley (née **Sweeney**) has retired from teaching after 16 years to become a "full time mother" and she is "thoroughly enjoying life".

Susan Burns (née **Johnston**) is working for a year as a Research Fellow at King's College for a Graded Assessment Project. She has moved to a larger house and would welcome old girls visiting London.

Alison Carter is moving from York to Shrewsbury in May to study the woodlands of Shropshire for the Nature Conservancy Council.

Jacqueline Clinton continues to enjoy working at Cranage Hall Hospital and her holidays abroad. She would like to contact other old girls who work with the mentally handicapped and also anyone "who has done or is doing the Diploma of Nursing".

Christine Critchley (née **West**) is a temporary Senior Lecturer in the Department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, University of Edinburgh and Honorary Consultant in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

Jacqueline Dakin completed her H.N.D. course at Harper Adams College with distinction.

Veronica Davies is now teaching at Penrhos College and is learning Welsh at evening class.

Karen Dinsmore (née **Swain**) qualified as a Chartered Accountant in September and is now an Audit Senior.

Ena Evans will hold the office of President of the Girls Schools Association from November 1987 for one year.

Susanne Fair has recently qualified as a Registered General Nurse in Oxford. She is now working in the Neuro Surgical Intensive Therapy Unit in Oxford.

Nicola Halford is now working for Ford Motors at Brentwood.

Julia Hands who received the sash of honour at the end of her Sandhurst course was appointed ADC to Princess Anne during her two-day visit to the Signal Regiment at Krefeld in West Germany in May 1986. Lieutenant Julia Hands is one of the very few women officers in the Army of today who have field duties and she has 56 N.C.O.'s and signallers under her command.

Alison Hayes (née **Shaftoe**) is planning a reunion for everyone who left school in 1981. Would anyone who would like to be kept informed or who will help with the organisation of the event please write to Alison at 141, Russell Drive, Wollaton, Nottingham.

Jane Ishmael is now in her third year studying Biomedical Sciences at Bradford University, specialising in Pharmacology. She writes "This year is spent away from Bradford on industrial placement. I am working for Organon Laboratores (Lanarkshire) in the Pharmacology Department which is part of the Research and Development group.

Heather Kerswell (née **Batty**) has been appointed to the new post of Director of Planning and Economic Development with the London Borough of Ealing. Congratulations Heather upon being the first woman chief officer with Ealing.

Margaret Lewis (née **Woods**) is now doing part-time Library work at Cardiff University.

Carol Mansley writes "I am currently working in Birmingham for GKN Group Management Services. For the past six months I have been working within "Information Services" supplying Business Micro Computers — both hard and software — providing technical support and programming development work for the entire UK Group of companies. During the next eighteen months I will be extending my computing experience with some work on larger computer systems".

Penny Muray (née **Green**) is teaching music part-time at a school in Godalming.

Valda Mutch (née **Whittingham**) is at present nursing in a Private Nursing Home in Bowdon.

Mary Sara (née **Proudlove**) has been running her own gallery for over three years and has gained a reputation for showing serious and interesting work. She is also working on illustrations to a book and writes reviews of exhibitions in the West Yorkshire area for the Yorkshire Post.

Alison Richardson (née **Audsley**) is now living in Devon and working in General Dental Practice in Exeter. Her husband is working in the Pathology Laboratory in the Hospital.

Sandra Saer (née **Hastie**) has a book on her parish in West Sussex coming out at Easter. It is called "Coldwaltham, a story of three hamlets".

Jenny Sanderson (née **Cooke**) writes "In June 1985 the second World Lacrosse Tournament took place in Philadelphia USA. The following countries took part: Australia, Canada, England, Scotland, Wales and America. Karin Pottinger and Jenny Sanderson were selected for the England Squad. For Karin this was her second World Tournament and adds to her continuingly successful Lacrosse career. Going to Philadelphia brought back memories of our Lacrosse and Hockey tour to this area in March 1978. Karin and Jenny would like to hear from all members of the Queen's School USA Tour Party in order to organise a reunion on the 10th anniversary of the tour in March 1988. Please contact Karin 0829 52044 or Jenny 0777 871380".

Valerie Swales (née **Street**) is completing her Vocational Training for General Practice (part-time) finishing in July this year.

Sarah Swallow (née Wain) works as a Home Care Organiser in the Chester Social Services Department.

Mary Ternouth (née Holliday) is lecturing part-time at Croydon College on the Certificate of Qualification in Social Work Courses.

Gayna Walls is teaching German at St. Stephen's College in Broadstairs.

Charlotte West-Oram writes "I am still working as an actress. Last year I played Miss Pyke the Classics don of "Shrewsbury College", Oxford in "Gaudy Night" by Dorothy L. Sayers for BBC TV. This will be shown some time in 1987".

Joan Wilson (née Hollingsworth) writes "I have recently travelled to South Africa and Zimbabwe and spent some time with both Therèsà Tweedy (née Davies) and Jean Howard (née Taylor), both living in Kloof near Durban. Dorothy Walker (née Wilson) made us very welcome in her lovely house in Rusape, Zimbabwe. She is a fantastic gardener and travels many miles giving arrangement demonstrations".

Margaret Yorke (née Longman) will be National President of the Association of Teachers of Home Economics for the year commencing July 1987. She would be pleased to hear from any old girls who are Home Economics Teachers. Margaret is currently lecturing in the Home Economics Department in the North East Wales Institute, Clwyd.

Births

- Barrow** — on 23rd October, 1985, to Marion (née **Brown**) a daughter, Sarah, a sister for Rachel and Elizabeth.
- Bennett** — on 11th January, 1987, to Margaret (Mig, née **Jones**) a son, Hugh William Reeves.
- Blann** — on 21st October, 1986, to Robina (née **Salisbury**) a daughter, Rose Jessica Mary, a sister for Thomas and Joseph.
- Burley** — on 7th October, 1986, to Janet (née **Sweeney**) a son, Simon Alexander James.
- Forster** — on 11th June, 1986, to Janet (née **Palin**) a son, Matthew James.
- Hasted** — on 10th September, 1986, to Louise, a daughter, Charlotte Elizabeth.
- Meredith** — on 13th October, 1986, to Judy (née **Huxley**) a son, Christopher Paul, a brother for Philip.
- Merrick** — on 26th July, 1986, to Linda (née **Woodhouse**) a son, James Stuart Warren.
- Strawson** — in September, 1986, to Ingrid (née **Davidge**) a daughter, Annabel, a sister for Victoria.
- Swales** — on 16th April, 1986, to Valerie (née **Street**) a son, William.
- Swallow** — on 22nd November, 1986, to Sarah (née **Wain**) a daughter, Victoria Jean.
- Ternouth** — on 2nd January, 1987, to Mary (née **Holliday**) a third son, Robert.
- Wagstaff** — on 2nd November, 1986, to Jane (née **Jones**) a daughter, Lucy Charlotte.
- Walton** — on 30th May, 1986, to Fiona (née **Smith**) a daughter, Julia Helen.
- West-Oram** — on 25th February, 1986, to Charlotte a son, John Patrick Negus, a brother for Peter George.
- Withinshaw** — on 14th April, 1986, to Lyn (née **Pottinger**) a second daughter, Natasha Clare.

Marriages

Alison Audsley on 12th July, 1986, to Nigel Paul Richardson.
Helen Hasted on 7th February, 1987, to Ian Andrew Beddow.
Alison Shaftoe on 3rd May, 1986, to John Hayes.

Deaths

Almond: in November, 1986, Phyllis 1924-32
Booth: in 1986, Phyllis 1926-33
Elliott: in December, 1986, Madge 1903-19
Godfrey: on 5th October, 1986, Nancy (née Abel) 1923-31
Horlock: on 27th March, 1987, Nancy 1925-33
Jones: on 16th November, 1986, Sheila (née Caig) 1955-64

EDITOR'S NOTE

Will contributors to Have Mynde 1988 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. Art work and photographs should also be submitted by this date.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The cover was designed by Sue Nightingale with contributions from numerous girls representing various age groups throughout the school.

The 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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