

# HAVE MYNDE 1988



## Foreword

Within the pages of this issue of *Have Mynde* is recorded the retirement of three long-serving members of the teaching staff, Miss Callaway, Miss Edwards and Mrs. Whelan, whose total service adds up to no less than 81 years! From the governing body Miss Gladys Phillips has also retired after serving as a Governor since 1961, including twelve years as a distinguished and hard-working Chairman. Her association with the school goes back to 1912 when she came as a very young pupil, and her interest and loyalty have remained firm throughout. The school is fortunate, indeed, to have such a tradition of service, and while all four are ending their active participation in school life, I know that they will continue to watch our progress keenly. Mr. Bent and Mrs. Gough will also retire at the end of the Summer Term, after much shorter periods with us. Our good wishes go with them all.

As I write in the relative peace of the first week of term I look forward to the arrival of the builders and their transformation of the North Wing to create extra teaching rooms and a more compact Kitchen and dining area. That particular part of the school (among the oldest of our buildings) has undergone several changes already, from accommodation for resident staff to a boarding house for girls, and with further piecemeal alterations to the way it is now. I wonder what our successors in the next century will do with it! *Have Mynde*, once again, fulfils its function as a chronicle of school events, of the generous gifts received and of the various activities of past pupils. Miss Walters will relinquish her editorship after this issue to take on the greater responsibilities of Deputy Head Mistress in September. Under her meticulous care the magazine has flourished and I thank her, and wish her much happiness and satisfaction in her future role.

M. Farra

### 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.

D.T. Doxat-Pratt, A.R.I.B.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

D.O. Pickering

P.A.W. Roberts, M.A., F.C.A.

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

Miss K.M. Wood

*Clerk to the Governors*

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

# The Staff, May 1988

*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.  
Miss R. Callaway, B.A. Hons., Liverpool  
C.V. Cook, B.Sc. Hons., Wales  
Miss E.M. Edwards, B.Sc. Hons., Manchester  
Mrs. C. Ferris, B.A. Hons., London  
\* Mrs. C. Firmstone, B.A., Birmingham  
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. G. Little, B.Ed., Sheffield Polytechnic  
\* Mrs. J. Lucas, G.T.C.L., L.T.C.L.  
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  
Mrs. S. Redman, B.A. Hons., Wales  
Miss P. Stanley, B.Sc. Hons., Reading  
\* Mrs. P. Steventon, B.Sc. Hons., Exeter  
\* Mrs. L. Stuart, M.A., Aberdeen  
Miss M.L. Walters, B.A. Hons., Leicester  
Mrs. L. Waring, B.Ed., I.M. Marsh College of Physical Education  
Miss S. Woodland, M.Sc., York, C.Biol., M.I. Biol.  
K.R. Young, Ph.D., B.Sc., M.Ed., Liverpool, C. Chem., M.R.S.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. V. Carpenter, B.A., Nottingham  
Mrs. M. Chorley, B.A. Hons., Manchester  
Mrs. J. Entwisle, B.Sc. Hons., London  
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., B.Sc. Hons., London, C.Chem., M.R.S.C.  
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, B.A., Open University  
\* Mrs. V. Wilcox  
Mrs. M. C. Wiley, B.Sc. Hons., Liverpool  
Mrs. G. Zagel-Millmore

## *Part-time Music Staff*

Mrs. S. Charles, G.R.N.C.M., P.P.R.N.C.M.  
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.

## **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  
\* M. Fogell, B.A., Open University  
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. Hudspith

*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 last year: Dr. P. Bradbeer, Mrs. K. Dewhurst, Mrs. S. Exley, Mrs. A. Hardwick, Mrs. S.V. Nightingale, Mrs. J. Stewart, Mrs. H. Teige, Mrs. C. Tottey, D. Thomas, Mrs. G. Thomas.

## Those in Authority, 1988

*Head Girl:*

Victoria Swift

*Deputies:*

Sharon Ellis

Claire Winder

*'Have Mynde' editorial:*

Miss Walters, Miss Callaway, Mrs. Firmstone, Mrs. Maddocks, Juliet Bott, Kirsten Foster, Margaret Patten, Lindsay Stent, Anna Toosey, Catherine Watts

*'Have Mynde' business:*

Miss Hemming

## We Congratulate

**Mrs. S.M. Swift** on the award of an Open University degree in Geology

**Miss Janice Williams** on her marriage to Mr. P. Lucas

**Miss Siân Williams** on her marriage to Mr. K. Redman

The following who were awarded places at Oxford and Cambridge:

**Elise Campbell** at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, to read Jurisprudence (1988)

**Helen Clark** at St. Anne's College, Oxford, to read Jurisprudence

**Jane Hainsworth** at Girton College, Cambridge, to read History

**Carol Irving** on being awarded a scholarship by Imperial College, London, where she will read Biochemistry (1988)

**Kate Jones** at The Queen's College, Oxford, to read Modern Languages (1988)

**Caroline Luker** at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, to read Engineering (1988)

**Lindsay McGonagle** at Trinity College, Cambridge, to read Classics (1988)

**Rachel Mills** at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, to read Fine Art (1988)

**Karen Stewart** at New Hall, Cambridge, to read English

## Miss E.M. Edwards



After long associations people and institutions become inseparable in the minds of those who know them. Miss Edwards first came to our school in 1950, and except for three years in which she taught in America and in South Wales, she has been here ever since. In that time, more than a third of the school's total existence, she has become so much a part of it that it is difficult to imagine The Queen's School without her.

Miss Edwards, with her unfailingly sound judgement and good sense, has been a very influential member of the school, loved and respected by staff and girls alike. As a teacher of mathematics she has had the gift of being able to inspire the confidence to succeed in both the highly ambitious mathematicians and those for whom the struggle for O Level has presented seemingly insuperable obstacles.

As Deputy Head Mistress for the past 25 years Miss Edwards has worked with two Head Mistresses and numerous staff colleagues.

She is both friend and adviser to us all, always willing to listen and always sensitive to our needs. Newcomers to the staffroom soon find themselves made very welcome and through her caring help and guidance initiated smoothly into the numerous baffling complexities of the system. Her calm, unruffled approach to problems together with her ability to see a clear path through apparently insoluble difficulties is a rare gift from which we all benefit. The very fact that the Queen's School staffroom has such a happy atmosphere is due in no small measure to Miss Edwards' personal contribution.

She has always taken an interest in the progress and activities of all the girls within the school and has supported them in their various endeavours whether in academic, musical, sporting, dramatic or fund-raising activities, taking a

special interest in the Voluntary Service Group whose services she has co-ordinated for many years.

Retirement marks the end of an era, always for the person retiring and frequently also for the community in which she has worked. Miss Edwards will be greatly missed by us all, but her retirement is well-earned and gives her scope to develop new interests. We wish her many years of health and happiness and are glad that her continued residence in Chester will enable her to keep up her long association with the school.

M. Farra, M.L. Walters

## Miss Edwards remembered by her ex-colleagues

The versatile Miss Edwards who, when asked if she was looking forward to the new term said, 'Of course! Every term is better than the last', is remembered for her musical talents, playing the violin in the school orchestra, for her sporting prowess, playing the 'gentle' game of tennis with colleagues after school and hockey in the staff team (which, incidentally, fielded 12 players, a fact which went unnoticed by the 1st Eleven until the oranges ran out at half-time!), and for her dramatic expertise, being well cast as Mother Rabbit in *Toad of Toad Hall* and wearing a pink print dress! Who could fail to have been impressed by her elegance? In the best tradition of students trained at Hughes Hall, Cambridge, she wore a different dress every day at school and the sandals and the cardigans always exactly matched the colour of the dress!

She was always deeply interested in the girls as individuals from her first year as a Lower Fourth Form-mistress. Indeed her spontaneous concern for other people was soon apparent. She even stayed late after school to help an older member of staff work out her form's 'fortnightly averages' — we had such things in those far-off days! She always gave unstinting help wherever it was needed. Her day seemed to consist of 48 hours because she always found time to listen, to help and give advice and sympathy. Visitors to the school and Old Girls were given an unhurried welcome; sick colleagues were visited and she still found time to enjoy concerts, plays and exhibitions.

C. Baxter, J. Goodchild, S.R. Pope

## Miss Ruth Callaway



There was an apocryphal story, current when I joined the school in 1970, that you would be 'all right' with Miss Callaway and Miss Monck-Mason provided you mentioned the Lake District or sheep in your essays. They are in truth very fond of fell walking and of the Lakes poets for that matter. I asked her the

other day what were her favourite authors at the moment and she replied that she still liked the best of Coleridge and Wordsworth very much, then Hardy and George Eliot of course and T.S. Eliot — absorbingly interesting when one can understand him. Her enthusiasm for literature is as keen now as when she started and she is forever bewailing the lack of time to read the things she wants to. Like all real teachers and lovers of literature she cannot wait to share her interest in some verse she has read or to communicate her delight in an exactitude of description. This is the enthusiasm which she has been able to convey to so many Queen's School girls. Less exciting but nonetheless vital are those piles of meticulously corrected essays and scholarly notes for the Sixth Form but they have made desperate 'A' level candidates feel more secure. Miss Callaway is notably unselfish with her time and has made herself available to all her pupils not only the particularly intelligent ones. She genuinely likes children! She has actually chosen for the past six years to plan, shop, and, with the help of a staff team, cook for eighty plus Junior members of the school at Living Waters. Everyone has pronounced the food marvellous. Just remember though, Removes, she is not at her best at midnight: she needs her sleep! Can she be tempted to come again in 1989 one wonders? Most people will remember Miss Callaway for all those school productions: Romeo and Juliet, The Crucible, Caesar and Cleopatra, The Winter's Tale, The Birds, The Insect Play and so many more. Did she really enjoy producing all those plays? 'Yes, as long as one accepts that the whole thing was a kind of appalling nervous agony until the production when it always absolutely transformed itself into something quite unrelated to what one had seen at rehearsal.'

We once went to a memorial service for a brilliant teacher of English and I remember Miss Callaway saying what a pity it was that people had probably waited until that poor woman was dead before saying all those generous things about her. Miss Callaway is a person of immense warmth, intelligence and originality and we are sad to see her leave:

Let us honour if we can  
The vertical man  
Though we value none  
But the horizontal one.,

W.H. Auden  
H.M.P.



## Mrs. Margaret Whelan

Margaret Whelan joined the staff of the Preparatory Department in 1967 and became the Head of the Department in the Summer Term of 1971. In July we say our sad farewells to her after twenty one years of care and devotion given to the youngest pupils of The Queen's School. During the seventies she was instrumental in transforming Sandford House into the present department and revising the curriculum to accommodate four classes.

She retains a keen interest in all her past pupils and is always delighted to see them and hear of their achievements. She will be sadly missed by staff, pupils and parents. We wish her a long and happy retirement.

S.H.

## GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

We should like to record our appreciation of the following:

- Cheques:* Mr. and Mrs. Butler and Alison (for Library books), Mr. and Mrs. Hainsworth and Jane, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Becky, Sophie and Charlotte, Mr. B. Luker (for Physics), Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Deborah (for English and Music), Mr. and Mrs. Pennington and Rachel.
- Prize for Service:* Mr. and Mrs. Aston, Helen and Jane.
- Record for the Music Department:* Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan.
- Records:* Mrs. Hardwick.
- Garden Seat:* Mr. and Mrs. Huxley and Angela.
- Hall lighting and backcloth:* The Parents' Association.
- Grant to the Science Department towards a Computer Printer:* Shell Community Service.
- Aerial Photograph of the School:* Mr. Stent.
- A copy of 'A Golden Adventure':* Chairman and Directors of Ultramar.
- Stone Trough for the garden:* Upper Sixth.
- Tape of 1987 Carol Service:* Mr. R. Williams.
- Gifts to the Staffroom:* Sherry for Christmas lunch: Dr. P. Bradbeer, Electronic Timers for use in examinations: Mrs A. Hardwick. Perfumed coathangers for staff cloakroom: Mrs. S. Nightingale.

## GIFTS TO NEDHAM HOUSE

- New seat and repairs to the swing:* Mr. Jones (Jacqueline's daddy)
- Files and spare paper:* Mrs. Faulkner
- Handwork Materials:* Mrs. Cawley
- Photographs of the Kenya Safari Park:* Mrs. J. Stewart
- Gentleman's suit for Drama:* Mr. and Mrs. Cadwaladr and Sophia
- Herbs for the strawberry pot:* Kate Downey, Laura Jones, Lara Payne, Belinda Pickering and their parents
- European Parliament Information Pack:* Mrs. Hollins
- Photographs of N.T. Theatre Workshop at Dunham Massey:* Ruth Mitchell
- Travelling box and food for Patch:* Jane Williams
- French song-book, with Records:* M. and Mme. Robitaille and Séverine)
- Exam. celebration cake:* Capt. and Mrs. Short
- Carpet for Staffroom:* Mr. and Mrs. Paice
- Telephone pad and Feather duster:* Third Form Hawkeshead Trips
- Computer Discs:* Mr. and Mrs. Bayston and Victoria
- Leavers' Gifts, July 1987*
- Two tubs and trough, for the Wendy House:* Mr. and Mrs. Cawley and Lucinda
- Secateurs and Photograph Album:* Capt. and Mrs. Short and Anina
- String Puppets; Witch and Policeman:* Mr. and Mrs. Ibbett and Sarah
- Two Skipping Ropes:* Mrs. Totty.
- Shrubs:* Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood and Rosalind, Mr. and Mrs. Payne and Lara
- Books for the Library:* Kate Crossfield, Rebecca Porter, Louise Cadman and their parents
- Garden Seat and Fountain/Waterfall Pump for the pond:* The Third Form: Alison Adley, Joanna Adnitt, Yvonne Bate, Rosalind Blackwood, Louise Cadman, Sophia Cadwaladr, Helen Cartwright, Lucinda Cawley, Katie Clough, Kate Crossfield, Rebecca Dennehy, Nadia Evans, Catherine Goddard, Anna Heywood, Sarah Ibbett, Gillian Ireland, Jacqueline Jones, Sarah Jones, Rebecca Porter, Katy Probert, Elizabeth Ramsden, Sarah Seys-

Llewellyn, Anina Short, Rachael Stanley, Anna Thorne, Amy Walton and their parents.

*Ruby Jubilee Gifts, 2nd February, 1988*

*Photograph Album and Photographs: Senior School 'Neddies'*

*Two slate wall-plaques: Mr. and Mrs. Adley and Alison*

*Book Token: Mrs. M. Hassall*

*Photograph Album: Miss Chowen*

*Cooling Rack: Mr. and Mrs. Paice*

*Garden Gift Token: The Queen's School Association*

*'The Luttrell Village' and Luttrell postcards, and 'Norman England': Miss Maggs*

*Steam iron: Miss Farra and Miss Edwards*

*Spending money: Miss Baxter, Miss Christopherson, Miss Goodchild, Miss*

*Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. Hill and Jane, Mr. and Mrs. Pollitt and Jessica*

*Primula: Caroline and Sally Chadwick*

*Two poetry books: Sophie and Kate Crossfield*

*A Birthday Cake: Mrs. Blackburn and Katie, and Claire Jones*

*Many goodies for our Birthday Party: Nedham House mums, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. K. Green and Mrs. K. Jones*

*Palette Knife for cookery: Miss Paice*

*Pocket Calculator: Miss Riley*

*Weather meter and Birthday photographs: Miss Whitnall*

## GIFTS TO SANDFORD HOUSE

*Book 'The Secret Garden': Miss Farra and Miss Edwards*

*Clay for modelling: Mr. and Mrs. Hollins and Louisa*

*Weather Vane: Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood and Alison*

*Cheques: Mr. and Mrs. Addiscott, Miss Christopherson*

*Wrought iron garden seat: parents of children leaving from class 4; Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, Mr. and Mrs. Benton, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Clough, Mr. and Mrs. Downey, Mr. and Mrs. Elton, Mrs. Galand, Mr. and Mrs. Hinde, Mr. and Mrs. Hingston, Mr. and Mrs. Parrington, Mr. and Mrs. Pollitt, Mr. and Mrs. Renison, Mr. and Mrs. Southerden, Mr. and Mrs. Totty, Mr. and Mrs. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Wormald.*

# Prizes and Awards, 1987

## FORM PRIZES

### Lower Fifth

*Prizes for good work*

Katie Dalton  
Charlotte Hobson  
Clare Ibbett  
Sharon Raizada  
Moensie Rossier  
Mary Stevens

### Upper Fifth

*Prizes for good work*

Joanne Atkinson  
Celia Brimelow  
Sharon Ellis  
Catherine Goy

Fiona Miall  
Ann Swift  
Victoria Swift  
Caroline Whittle

### Lower Sixth

*Prizes for Service to the School*

Victoria Atkinson  
Rachel Clarke  
Sarah Collins  
Carolyn Dalton  
Judith Martin  
Melissa Sinclair  
Gaynor Willis

*Prizes for Service to the neighbourhood*

Gina Gillespie  
Anna Dawson  
Emma Judge  
Stephanie Menday  
Sarah Wyllie

*Prize for Games*

*Head Girl's Prize*

*Deputy Head Girl's Prize*

*Queen Victoria's Jubilee Scholarship*

### Upper Sixth

*Prize for outstanding work at A Level*

Alison Butler  
Elise Campbell  
Angela Cobden  
Sarah Hickson  
Jane Higginbotham  
Caroline Luker  
Rachel Mills  
Catherine Owen  
Rachel Pennington  
Karen Stewart  
Julie Tattam

## SUBJECT PRIZES

*English*

*History and Geography*

*History*

*Geography*

*Economics*

*Classics*

*French*

*Mathematics and Physics*

*Chemistry and Biology*

*Art*

*Prizes for Progress*

*Prizes for Progress in English*

*Prizes for Service to the School*

Karen Stewart  
Helen Kinsman  
Jane Hainsworth  
Caroline Moss  
Alison Butler  
Sarah Hickson  
Julie Tattam  
Caroline Luker  
Angela Cobden  
Rachel Mills  
Janette Cribb  
Nicola Haresnape  
Georgina Russell  
Jane Aston  
Jane Higginbotham  
Julie Tattam

## GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION 1987

*The following passed in five or more subjects at Ordinary Level: Victoria Bate,*

Camilla Bond, Katharine Bond, Claire Buchanan, Rebecca Clark, Emma Collinge, Nicola Collins, Kathryn Edwards, Helen England, Tabitha Fairley, Julia Farrell, Emma Foster, Kirsten Foster, Kathryn Heap, Kay Jennings, Margaret Patten, Janet Pendlebury, Alison Platt, Samantha Rae, Elizabeth Senior, Joan Senior, Kathryn Sherratt, Lindsay Stent, Anna Toosey, Catherine Watts, Lindsay Willis, Claire Winder, Alison Wright.

Joanne Atkinson, Juliet Bott, Katherine Bowden, Celia Brimelow, Victoria Brown, Adela Conway, Katie Cottrell, Sharon Ellis, Jacquelyn Ford, Catherine Goy, Sophie Hart, Emma Hill, Melanie James, Amy Lillicrap, Esther McMillan, Fiona Miall, Vanessa Pennington, Angela Picking, Emma Place, Michelle Pritchard, Ann Swift, Victoria Swift, Eleanor Thornton-Firkin, Claire Walden, Gail Wardley, Nicola White, Heidi Whitlow, Caroline Whittle, Fiona Wright.

#### ADVANCED LEVEL

*Five subjects:-*

Selena Leggett

*Four subjects:-*

Tamsin Bowra, Rowan Browning, Alison Butler, Elise Campbell, Fiona Carruthers, Helen Clark, Angela Cobden, Janette Cribb, Lara Fisher-Jones, Rosemary Gill, Carol Goy, Wendy Grimshaw, Jane Hainsworth, Joanna Harrison, Sarah Hickson, Jane Higginbotham, Angela Huxley, Louise Isserlis, Alyson Jones, Helen Kinsman, Diane Lawson, Nicola Limb, Caroline Luker, Rachel Mills, Caroline Moss, Susan Moyes, Alison Owen, Catherine Owen, Rachel Pennington, Georgina Russell, Julia Scott, Elsbeth Smedley, Karen Stewart, Julie Tattam, Lisa Whalley, Catherine Wilcox.

*Three subjects:-*

Jane Aston, Carey Bamber, Bridget Bullivant, Clare Burke, Nicola Haresnape, Catriona Hogg, Fiona Marsden, Catherine McNay, Lucinda Polding, Elspeth Small, Jennifer Wright.

*Two subjects:-*

Deborah Parker, Louise Reynolds-Jones, Caryn Smith

*One subject:-*

Leontine de Galan, Anne Hutchinson, Katy Probert.

#### ANNA MARKLAND CUP FOR PIANO

Melanie James and Caroline Surfleet

**C.P. WITTER AWARD 1987** (a week on the Ocean Youth Club sailing vessel "Francis Drake") Gaynor Willis

#### PHYLLIS BROWN MEMORIAL TRAVEL BURSARY 1987

Nicola Leech (for elective period in Southern India)

**ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION SCHOOLGIRL EXCHANGE SCHOLARSHIP** (for a year in an American school) Nicola Haresnape

#### SUCSESSES OF FORMER PUPILS

Jane Dale Class I honours degree in English, Oxford

Caroline Limb Class I honours degree in Italian and French Studies, Lancaster  
 Lucinda Summers Class I honours degree in Basic Medical Sciences with Anatomy, London  
 Katie Willis Oades and Stafford Scholarship in Geography, Pembroke College, Oxford

#### DUKE OF EDINBURGH GOLD AWARD

Lucinda Summers

## Higher Education and Employment

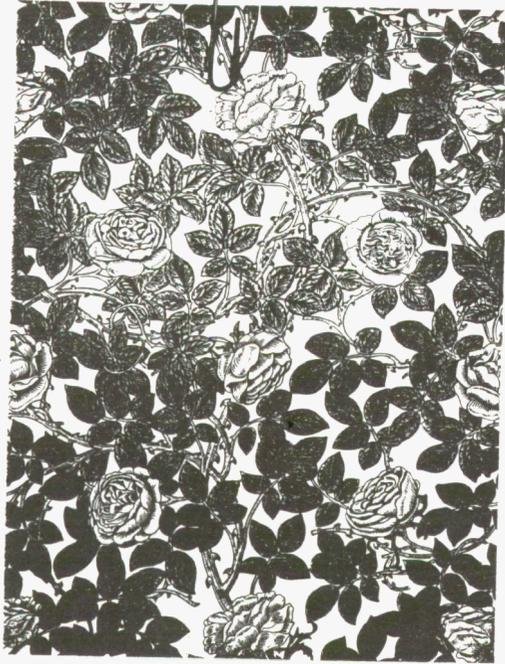
Jane Aston	Aston, Ophthalmic Optics
Carey Bamber	Allied Lyons, Trainee Manager
Tamsin Bowra	Sussex, French/History
Rowan Browning	Leeds, Computational Science/Mathematics
Bridget Bullivant	Queen Margaret College, Edinburgh, Home Economics
Clare Burke	Royal Holloway and Bedford New College, London, Zoology and Physiology
Alison Butler	Leeds, International History and Politics
Fiona Carruthers	Middlesex Polytechnic, European Business Administration
Judith Chamberlin (left 1986)	Leicester, Musicianship
Helen Clark	St. Anne's College, Oxford, Jurisprudence
Joanna Clark (left 1986)	Birmingham, Physical Education
Angela Cobden	Nottingham, Medicine
Janette Cribb	Birmingham, Medicine
Meleri Evans (left 1986)	UMIST, Textile Management
Leontine de Galan	Le Vieux Chalet, Switzerland
Lara Fisher-Jones	Bristol, Ancient Mediterranean Studies
Rosemary Gill	Swansea, French and German
Carol Goy	St. Anne's College, Oxford, Psychology with Philosophy
Wendy Grimshaw	Manchester, History
Jane Hainsworth	Girton College, Cambridge, History
Joanna Harrison	Imperial College, London, Biochemistry
Sarah Hickson	King's College, London, History
Jane Higginbotham	Sheffield, Medicine
Catriona Hogg	Aberdeen, Law
Ann Hutchinson	King Alfred's College, Winchester, Education
Angela Huxley	Homerton College, Cambridge, Education
Louise Isserlis	Aston, French/German

This postcard of a design for wallpaper

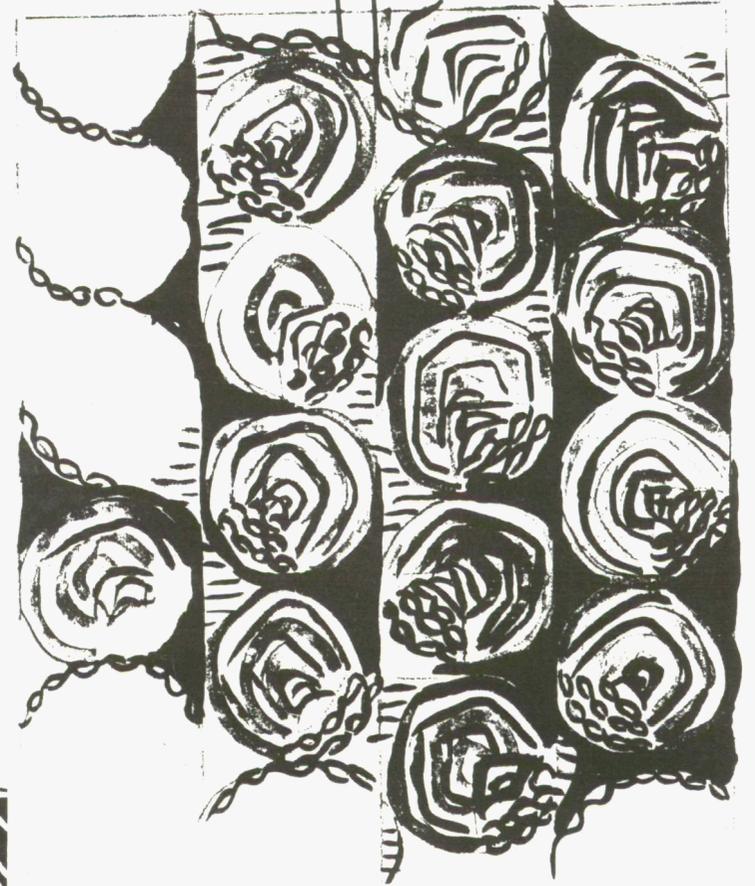
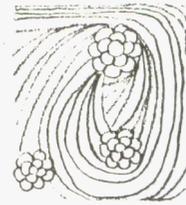
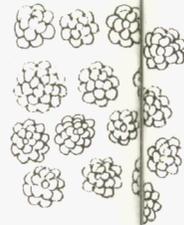
illustrates, I feel, how a plan view of a rose has far more scope for a design than a side view.

I have been studying William Morris and of all his designs this is the one I like the least.

With his other designs flowers, leaves, birds etc. have been stylized. I think that this design is almost too realistic.



William Morris - Rose 1877



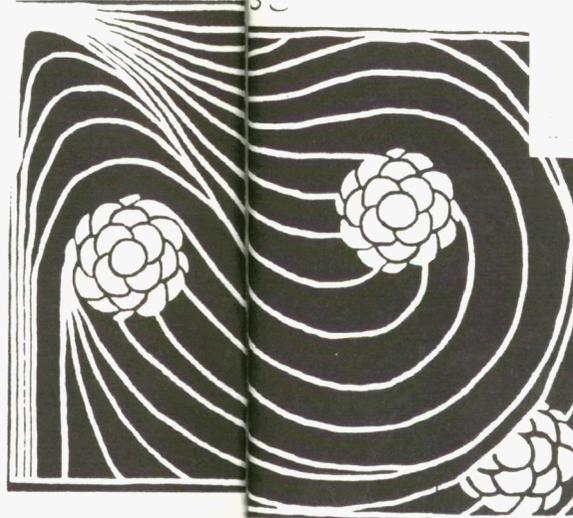
From a plan view a rose is more of a basis for design than a side view.



a year ago I spent time trying to develop roses but I didn't get very far, however, a fresh look at roses and I've seen them in a different form after studying some of C.R. Mackintosh's designs.



I've been looking at roses from above and not in too much detail, it's surprising the different patterns I've seen.



Susan Johnson (left 1986)	Manchester Polytechnic, Design for Learning
Helen Kinsman	Birmingham, Law
Diane Lawson	UMIST, European Studies and Modern Languages
Selena Leggett	Imperial College, London, Electrical and Electronic Engineering
Nicola Limb	Royal Holloway and Bedford New College, London, History
Caroline Luker	Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge (1988), Engineering
Fiona Marsden	St. Thomas's Hospital, London, Nursing
Catherine McNay	Royal Holloway and Bedford New College, London, English
Rachel Mills	Mid-Cheshire College of Further Education, Art Foundation Course
Caroline Moss	Birmingham, Geography
Susan Moyes	King's College, London, Law
Alison Owen	The Queen Alexandra Royal Army Nursing Corps, R.G.N.
Catherine Owen	Glasgow, English, Film and TV Studies
Deborah Parker	Bretton Hall College of Higher Education, Education
Rachel Pennington	Durham, Mathematics
Lucinda Polding	Liverpool Polytechnic, Business Studies
Katy Probert	Salford College of Technology, Home Economics
Louise Reynolds-Jones	The Marlborough Secretarial College, Cambridge, Secretarial Course
Georgina Russell	Warwick, English and European Literature
Julia Scott	Bradford, Modern Languages (French and German)
Elsbeth Small	Edinburgh, History
Elsbeth Smedley	Oxford Polytechnic, Estate Management
Caryn Smith	Sheffield Polytechnic (1988), Food Marketing Science
Karen Stewart	New Hall, Cambridge, English
Julie Tattam	Bradford, Modern Languages (French and Spanish)
Lisa Whalley	Royal Holloway and Bedford New College, London, History
Catherine Wilcox	University College, London, History
Jennifer Wright	Chester College of Higher Education, Education

## Future Hopes for Education

We are indebted to Rev. E.V. Binks for stepping in at the last minute to speak at Prize-giving in place of Miss Ruth Etchells, who, unfortunately, was unable

to attend because of illness. Rev. Binks encouraged those of us who were not receiving prizes with an admission of his own lack of scholarly success.

On a more serious note, Rev. Binks gave his own views on the Government's educational policy. He stressed the importance of schooling in the local community, warning the Government against centralising education. He also criticised the content of the proposed National Curriculum, expressing his opinion that it is too vocational and gives insufficient emphasis to the broader aspects of education.

Kirsten Foster LVI

## Sports Reports

### Tennis, 1987

<b>1st VI</b>	<b>Senior Squad</b>	<b>U15 Squad</b>	<b>U14 Squad</b>
G. Gillespie (capt)	R. Hignett	H. Owen	C. Dawson
M. Arden	V. Edwards	P. Bickerton	P. Jebson
G. Willis	R. Cunliffe	J. Beese	C. Irvin
J. Andrew	W. McVicker	N. Morgan	K. Shambler
L. Willis	J. Fielding	E. Ford	S. Walkden
V. Burke	S. Bestwick	A. Harcourt	D. Miall
	J. Scott	C. Towndrow	V. Bowra
	J. Higginbotham	A. James	J. Fearnall
	N. Haresnape	C. Davies	M. Robertson
	C. Burke	C. Dodd	S. Holiday
	J. Aston	S. Raizada	L. Shaw
	J. Cribb	R. Wilson	S. Watts
	V. Burke	F. Brown	V. Groom
	V. Bate	S. Peaker	D. Bate
	C. Bond		A. Adnitt
	K. Bond		K. Parker
	A. Toosey		K. Peel
	R. Clark		<b>U13 Squad</b>
	S. Rae		K. Millar
	K. Sherratt		C. Bate
	A. Platt		T. Andrews
	E. Senior		A. Mitchell
	S. Hart		A. Franklin
	E. McMillan		K. Honey
	M. James		R. White
	C. Whittle		F. Davidson
	A. Swift		S. Wheeler
	A. Pickering		S. Wright
	E. Hill		R. Wilson
			R. Rowland
			C. Powell
			S. Hockley
			J. McManus

Colours — Senior: M. Arden (1985), G. Gillespie (1987)  
 Junior: V. Burke (1986), N. Morgan (1987), H. Owen (1987),  
 P. Bickerton (1987).

**Match Results**

1st VI WON against Moreton Hall

U15 VI WON against West Kirby, Hartford  
 LOST to Moreton Hall

U14 VI WON against Helsby, West Kirby, Hartford, Birkenhead, Abbeygate

U13 VI WON against Hartford, Birkenhead

**Tournament Results:**

*Aberdare Cup* — 1st Round: WON against Culcheth Hall, Rydall  
 2nd Round: WON against Birkenhead, Wilmslow  
 3rd Round: LOST to Withington

*Cheshire L.T.A. Doubles J.R. White Cup:*

1st Round: WON against Culcheth Hall  
 Final: WON: against Sale Grammar School

*Cheshire Schools L.T.A. Tournaments:*

Senior Doubles: LOST to Widnes 6th Form College  
 1st Round: WON against Stanney  
 Inter Doubles: 2nd Round: WON against Sandbach  
 Final: WON against Hartford  
 WON against Knutsford  
 LOST to Wilmslow  
 Queens were Runners up

Junior Doubles: 1st Round: WON against Christleton  
 2nd Round: WON against Weaverham  
 Final: WON against Fallibroome  
 WON against Wilmslow  
 WON against Cransley

Queens WON

*Chester and District Tournaments: cancelled because of the teachers' dispute*

*Midland Bank Tournament:*

U15 Preliminary round: WON against Abbeygate  
 Area final: WON against Neston  
 WON against Fallibroome  
 LOST to Wilmslow  
 Queens were Runners up

U13 Preliminary round:

LOST to Bishop Heber

**House Matches**

Senior Thompson  
 Junior Thompson

# Hockey, 1987-88

**Captain: Catherine Oultram**

	1st XI	Senior Squad 2nd XI and U16		
GK	M. Arden	C. Whittle	C. Davies	C. Dalton
LB	L. Stent	C. Bond	G. Willis	J. Beese
RB	L. Willis	F. Brown	S. Raizada	E. Ford
LH	K. Bond	A. Toosey	P. Bickerton	J. Andrew
		(Capt)		
CH	R. Clark	S.A. Arthur	K. Jones	A. Harcourt
RH	C. Oultram	M. Sinclair	K. Heap	V. Bate
LW	S. Rae	E. McMillan		
LI	H. Owen			
CF	N. Morgan			
RI	G. Gillespie			
RW	A. Consterdine			

	U15	U14	U13
GK	K. Pearse	C. Powell	S. Le Meire
LB	V. Bowra	A. Mitchell	G. Patten
RB	J. Fearnall	N. Morris	W. Thompson
LH	V. Burke/ K. Shambler	S. Hockley	J. Shambler (Capt)
CH	C. Dawson	C. Bate	H. Turner
RH	C. Irvin	K. Honey	K. Edwards
LW	K. Parker	R. White	L. Harrison
LI	L. Shaw	R. Rowlands	L. Williams
CF	P. Jebson (Capt)	S. Wilkinson	J. Okell
RI	S. Holiday	K. Millar	S. Filce
RW	M. Robertson V. Connerty S. Watts W. Robson K. Peel	J. McManus	V. Stinson A. Trybocka C. Weigh V. Owen C. Bunney H. Pinnington R. Wright S. Lamond F. Edge S. Griffiths

*Senior Colours:* G. Gillespie, L. Willis

*Junior Colours:* P. Jebson, C. Irvin

**House Matches**

Junior Thompson  
 Senior Sandford

**County Honours:** R. Clark, N. Morgan, C. Oultram, S. Rae, L. Willis

### Tournament Results:

1st XI Cheshire Tournament: Finalists (still to play)

U16 Cheshire Tournament: Qualified for Finals. Finished 4th

U16 Barclays Bank Championship: Cheshire Winners. Finished 2nd in regional round

Touring Teams: Mount Sackville Secondary School, Dublin, The High School, Belfast.

All teams have played with great enthusiasm. Team spirit has been high and it has been a good season. The 1st XI has had notable wins against Merchant Taylor, Cheadle Hulme, Manchester High School and St. Julies (a new fixture this season). Touring teams have extended invitations for the 1st XI to visit their schools and we hope to take up their kind offers in the future. We will be sorry to lose second year sixth players this year but the squad is strong and should do well again next year. The U15 squad has shown great promise this season despite several injuries. Many of the squad contributed to the U16 successes in the Cheshire and Barclays Bank Tournaments. It has been a difficult season for the U15 squad. Opposition has been very strong but they continue to play with great commitment and enthusiasm. The U13 squad has enjoyed a successful season and should do very well next year, closely followed by the U12s who have tasted success with a match against Birkenhead which they won 1-0. It has been lovely to watch Nedham House girls enjoying their first taste of hockey: they are proving to be very skilful. Well done and good luck to all the squads for the next season.

**Squash:** County Honours: P. Jebson, S. Rae, P. Rae.

**Badminton Tournament Winners:** K. Shambler, A. Wright.

**Table Tennis Tournament Winners:** P. Bickerton, S. Jones.

### 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 jointly to Gina Gillespie and Gaynor Willis who have represented school on 35 occasions.

## 'Give Blood — play hockey'

With Mrs. Little taking over the First Team helm this season, our motto changed from Mrs. Tottey's 'Streak and Dink' to the (it has to be said, original) 'If you bobble it, slip it'?! Now to the hockey . . . The season could not have started better with a goal in the first fourteen seconds in the match against Manchester High School. Mrs. Little scarcely had time to take the whistle out of her mouth! At Merchant Taylors, true to tradition, Becky Clark took the slogan 'Give Blood-play hockey' a little too seriously and broke her nose. However, the worst affected was Katharine Bond who had to be treated on the sideline for shock. Despite the loss of players, Queen's fought valiantly on with nine men and still managed to score. Condolences go to Lindsay Willis, Left Back, who failed to score her first goal.

This season saw the First Team's debut on astro turf in the Barclays Bank tournament at Prestcott. Unfortunately, the dreadful weather conditions hampered our performance and caused several injuries (i.e. we lost). We have

entertained two Irish touring teams this season from Dublin and Belfast. These 'internationals' produced a high standard of play and an even higher standard of culinary expertise. Both occasions were much enjoyed and we hope to be able to return the visit early in the Summer Term.

Other achievements of the season included the selection of six team players to play for Cheshire, reaching the final of the U18 Cheshire tournament (to be played in the Summer Term) and managing to defeat Abbeygate without a goalkeeper. The squad this year has been bursting with enthusiasm and team spirit has run high throughout, as our results have proved. Special thanks go, of course, to Mrs. Little and also to our fan club, Mrs. Faulkner and Mrs. Steventon for their undying support.

The First Eleven

## Lacrosse, 1987-88

**Captain: Gina Gillespie**

### Senior Squad

G. Willis  
C. Oultram  
A. Consterdine  
A. Dawson  
M. Sinclair  
C. Dalton  
A. Toosey  
K. Heap  
S. Rae  
C. Bond  
R. Clarke  
L. Willis  
L. Stent  
K. Bond  
V. Brown  
E. Thornton-  
Firkin  
S. Arthur  
N. Morgan  
E. Ford  
A. Harcourt  
H. Owen  
P. Bickerton  
C. Davies  
C. Towndrow

### U15

V. Bowra  
C. Irvin  
D. Bate  
J. Fearnall  
L. Shaw  
P. Jebson  
V. Burke  
K. Peel  
S. Holiday  
K. Pearse  
R. Hoyles  
C. Hickson  
S. Wilkinson

### U14

T. Andrews  
C. Bate  
E. Breeze  
P. Guha  
K. Honey  
K. Millar  
N. Morris  
R. White  
S. Wilkinson  
C. Wynne  
S. Hockley  
J. McManus  
A. Mitchell  
C. Powell  
N. Roberts

### U13

H. Turner  
J. Wright  
C. Lewis  
J. Shambler  
C. Owens  
K. Jackson  
S. Filce  
S. Banerjee  
A. Turner  
G. Patten  
S. Griffiths  
A. Trybocka  
C. Weigh  
K. Wood  
C. Blain  
V. Owen  
N. Thompson  
A. Dentschuk  
F. Edge  
R. Wright  
J. Okell  
K. Edwards



Throughout the season there has been a high standard of enthusiasm and commitment shown by all players, and keen competition for team places. The season has proved to be a difficult one in many ways. The fixture programme and squad sessions have been disrupted by the wet weather. On many occasions flippers and swim suits would have been more appropriate kit.

The number of players being selected to representative teams has been astonishing. The following were selected to represent Cheshire: Gina Gillespie, Gaynor Willis, Allison Consterdine, Catherine Oultram, Katharine Bond, Rebecca Clark, Hannah Owen and Nicola Morgan. Gina, Allison and Hannah are to be further congratulated on their selection for the North of England.

Unfortunately many of the players who gained county honours in both hockey and lacrosse have been unavailable for school fixtures. This has led to a lack of continuity in teams playing but the results gained have revealed strength in the depth of the squad.

In both the Senior and Junior North Schools Tournaments the teams played well in adverse conditions. The Senior missed the finals by only 0.5 of a goal and the Juniors finished 3rd in the section. The Senior team, unfortunately, was unable to play in the National Schools Tournament in London.

The U14 and U13 squads have had mixed seasons. The standard of play has risen as the year has progressed. Both teams had notable wins over Moreton Hall, something that has not happened in the past. Both squads have practised well and the improvement in their stickwork, team spirit and determination should lead to a good set of results next season.

Pop lacrosse has been successfully introduced into the curriculum at both the Junior and Senior schools. Next season we look forward to fixtures with the Chester schools who have also introduced pop lacrosse into their P.E. programmes.

In the house matches the Juniors with banners and soft toys supported Sandford to victory. Hastings again showed skill and flair to win the Senior competition.

*Senior Colours* are already held by Gina Gillespie, and this year are awarded to Allison Consterdine and Katharine Bond.

*Junior Colours* are awarded to Catherine Irvin and Siân Holiday.

## Athena Rowing Club



It has been a mixed season so far. An influx of younger members has highlighted the enthusiasm throughout the school but, unfortunately, this has meant that we have had to restrict the number of club members because of the lack of equipment. The National Rowing Championships again proved to be the most important event the Club attended, where the Junior 16 eight achieved bronze medal success in their category, a good result as their average age was fourteen years.

Over the summer our coach was ill but her return was warmly welcomed earlier this year. In the meantime we must thank Mr. Carruthers who maintained club interest. Several girls passed their R.I.A. (Rowing Instructors Award) which has enabled them to coach younger members with more confidence. Parental support has continued both vocally and financially and as a result we now possess our own coaching launch and boat trailer. Despite this increase in independence we are still indebted to the King's School for allowing us to store our boats in their boathouse.

We look forward to the rest of the season in the hope that Athena can continue to make a mark on women's rowing.

Claire Winder, Jacquelyn Ford LVI



# The Year's Music

## Associated Board Music Examinations

Grade VI Piano (distinction): Mai Nguyen

Grade VII Flute (pass): Emma Judge

Grade VII Piano (merit): Lindsay McGonagle

Grade VIII Flute (pass): Verity Edwards

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 following musical events have taken place during the past year:

Friday 13th November

Thursday 10th December

Friday 18th December

Thursday 18th February

Friday 29th/Saturday 30th April

Friday 6th May

Thursday 26th May

Thursday 30th June

Piano Competition

Informal Concert

Carol Service with The King's School in Chester Cathedral

Music by Fauré

Girls contributed to The King's School production of 'Trial by Jury'

Commemoration Service in Chester Cathedral

Informal Concert

GCSE Playing Evening



## Music by Fauré

The main school concert this year in February provided both unity and diversity: unity in that all the works performed were by the French composer, Gabriel Fauré, diversity, in that different sized ensembles, both vocal and instrumental, performed the music.

The concert began with one of Fauré's best loved works, the 'Requiem', in an arrangement by Desmond Ratcliffe, sung by the combined Senior and Chamber Choirs, with Sarah Cundy and Alexandra Clegg taking solo parts. The 'Pie Jesu' was, unusually, sung by all the sopranos, rather than standing as a solo. Mr. Berry was the conductor in this performance.

Melanie James followed the choral singing with two piano pieces played very stylishly, showing clearly the Romantic nature of much of Fauré's music. Mrs. Johnson then performed two song settings of works by the 19th century poets Verlaine and Sully Prudhomme, in which Fauré captures marvellously the playful wistfulness of the first, and the sentimentality of the latter. His genius for producing flowing melodies with a hint of melancholy was further underlined by Nicola White's performance of the 'Sicilienne' for flute.

The final vocal piece of the evening, the 'Cantique de Jean Racine', performed by a small group of singers conducted by Mrs. Johnson, was followed by the piano duet 'Le jardin de Dolly' from Fauré's 'Dolly Suite'. The performance by Melanie James and Caroline Surfleet brought this very pleasant evening to a fitting conclusion.

We are grateful to Mr. Berry and Mrs. Lucas for all the hard work, preparation and planning which goes into such an evening, and we acknowledge our debt, as always, to Mrs. Johnson and also to Mrs. Lees, who provided the accompaniment for the choral events.

M.J.H.

## The Anna Markland Piano Competition, 1987

The second Anna Markland Piano Competition took place on Friday, November 13, and despite the ominous date which made some girls slightly fearful, the evening was both successful and enjoyable. The adjudicator was Mrs. Griselda Rawlinson who is a tutor at the University of Liverpool and her enthusiasm and helpful comments were welcomed by the competitors.

The competition is divided into three age ranges. The Removes and Lower IV division was won by Sarah Seys-Llewellyn who gave a colourful performance of the Matyas Seiber 'Tango' and an imaginative account of the Satie 'Gymnopedie No.1' as her own choice.

The Middle division was won by Katie Hastie with a vigorous rendition of 'Moonrakers' by Leslie Fly and a well chosen contrasting piece, the 'Berceuse' by Ilynsky.

The competition in the Senior section was perhaps the most intense. Melanie James played the Grieg 'Nocturne' with eloquence and beautifully controlled tone colour, while Caroline Surfleet gave an admirable account of the Concert Study in E flat by Lennox Berkeley, not an easy piece by any means. The Anna Markland cup was presented jointly to them, it being the second time Melanie has won it.

The Duet class was a new addition to this year's competition and it proved popular with seven pairs competing. The winners, Caroline Surfleet and Angela James, gave a sensitive performance of the ever popular 'Berceuse' by Fauré. In a very close second place were Melanie James and Nicola White who played the Thomas Johnson 'Rumba' with considerable aplomb.

It is to be hoped that even more girls will compete next time as the competition proves to be a rewarding and worthwhile event.

J.G.

## Science and Technology

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### Spaghetti Bridge Competition

Building a bridge out of spaghetti may sound a little crazy but when you realise that it must be strong enough to hold a 1kg bag of sugar you would perhaps think us all totally mad. This was, however, the challenge set by Leeds University. So, one night each week after school, from September to the end of term, four 'builders', Helen Martin, Victoria Flanagan (UIV), Helen Baxter and myself (UVN) with Mr. Bent, tried to construct two bridges.

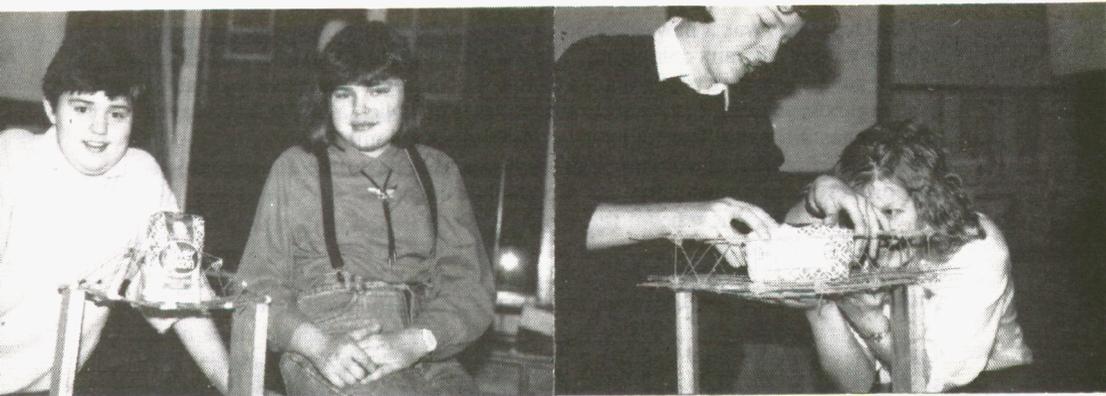
Helen and Victoria decided on a simpler structure than Helen and myself. We encountered many difficulties such as how to stick the spaghetti together without it sticking to the paper it was lying on. A humble jar of vaseline proved to be the answer. We smeared the paper with the vaseline before we glued the spaghetti together. This was successful and when the glue had dried the structure peeled easily off the paper.

Then came an even harder problem to solve — how do you stick a vertical structure to a horizontal one without having to hold them for fifteen minutes while the glue dries? We all discovered the versatility of crocodile clips!

Next we attached the structures to a wooden support and made final alterations before the moment of truth — the testing with the bag of sugar.

Helen and Victoria finished first and the bag of sugar was carefully lowered onto the bridge and as they stood by the bridge (waiting to catch the sugar?) the event was photographed to be sent off as an entry to Leeds.

Helen and I finished our bridge the next day and we duly tested it. Amazingly it held the weight. We weighed our bridge and it was about 2½ times heavier than the other bridge.



Our entries were sent off to Leeds University and at the beginning of January we were invited to go to Leeds University and watch the finals even though we were not placed. So on the 5th February we all went to Leeds. When we arrived at the University we were shown round a display showing the projects done by some of the students. Then we were shown to a practical lecture room where there were some engineering activities set up for us to try. Some were connected with bridges and arches and others with towers. After lunch we all went into a lecture room where the prizes were awarded and afterwards the bridges were tested to destruction. The winning bridge weighed only 9.5 grams and took the largest load to weight ratio.

We all enjoyed ourselves tremendously both at Leeds University and building our bridges and we will undoubtedly enter the competition in the future if it is run again.

Yvonne Windsor UVN

## Clubs and Societies

### Removes Table Tennis Club

The Remove Table Tennis Club has been well attended this year and the standard of play has been very high. We found that everyone, having learnt the basic shots, was keen to get match play experience and so we held a mini-tournament in addition to the main school event. Both tournaments were closely contested. The mini-tournament was won by Sarah Jones and Amy Walton was Runner-up. The main tournament was also won by Sarah Jones and the Runner-up was Linda Honey. Thank you to all the Removes for your enthusiasm this year which has made running this club so enjoyable for us.

Samantha Rae, Katharine Bond, Kathryn Heap, Alison Platt, LVI

### UIV Drama Club

Potential Thespians of the third year meet after school every Wednesday afternoon for 'Drama Club'. The improvisations and sketches that they have been set have been interpreted in a vast array of interesting (and often unexpected) forms; including one Upper Fourth who insists on playing a four-legged creature no matter what we ask of her! We hope that our ideas have been enjoyed and have inspired some to future stardom on the stage! Thanks go to Mrs. Redman for her help and enthusiasm towards the club.

Catherine Watts LVI

### Lace Club

'Don't forget Lace Club on Tuesday at one o'clock in the Domestic Science Lab'. How many times have we chalked this on the blackboards in the Remove rooms only to have it altered to 'Do forget' the moment we leave? Lace Club started late in the Autumn term and once the three of us had done some recruiting to swell the numbers (from one!) we had a group of six Removes who now come regularly, if they don't forget their lace pillows! They soon picked up the basic stitches and how to undo them and they have now finished their first piece of lace. We hope they will continue to make lace and we are sure that soon we will be seeing lace collars on all the school uniforms!

Helen England, Joan Senior, Emma Collinge, LVI

### Joint Senior Debating Society

Sadly there seems to have been a crisis of confidence in the Upper School. This has led to a shortage of voluntary speakers and a spate of moral bullying amongst the Sixth Form organisers. However, it is encouraging to see more speakers outside of the usual circle of world-weary, cynical Sixth Formers, whose sparkling oratorical performance is often jaded by the thought of handing in four, as yet unwritten, essays the next day.

During the past year, the J.S.D.S. has been busy setting the world to rights: the Western governments have been found guilty of committing murder in Ethiopia, David Alton has been told that women do have the right to abortion on demand and God was told that a belief in christian ethics is more important than a belief in Him. Much comfort has been given to The King's School boys by the assurance that "It is better to be ugly than beautiful", a motion enthusiastically championed by the glamorous Miss Esther MacMillan. Also, the romantics amongst us will be reassured by Cupid's (or should I say Eros') victory in "This house believes that love makes the world go round". Credit here must go to Cassian Wheeler for actually speaking when he was supposed to deliver an emotional and arousing speech.

After a democratic agreement with The King's School over washing-up the welcome tradition of tea and biscuits after debates has been revived. Many thanks go to all who have spoken and especial thanks go to Mrs. Affleck for her continued, enthusiastic support and her attempts at encouraging questions from the floor. We of the J.S.D.S. committee look forward to solving more of the world's problems and hope that more of the quiet, retiring and genteel young Queen's School ladies will come out of their shells to do so.

Kirsty Foster, LVI

## Chester Geographical Association

The Chester Geographical Association came into existence during this school year. In its short life it has provided a valuable opportunity for a link between the sixth formers in Chester schools. Multifarious lectures and a "World Wise Quiz" have established it as a great success academically and socially.

The first lecture "A Geography of Sport" by John Bale persuaded those coerced by their teachers into making an appearance that today's geography is relevant and exciting. Further lectures provided a new angle on more topics relevant to the A level course. The fifth year has also benefited with the "World Wise Quiz". The reward for winning was a place in the regional finals. Moensie Rossier, Wanda Holmes and Nicola Morgan represented The Queen's School. Sadly the team did not win but all three enjoyed the fun of competing.

Everyone who has taken part in the Association's activities would like to thank Mrs. Affleck and the Geography teachers across Chester for their enthusiasm in starting the society and we hope it will continue to benefit other students in years to come.

Margaret Patten LVI

## Voluntary Service Report, 1987

1987 was a busy and successful year for the Voluntary Service Group. Sixth formers continued to pay regular visits to Callin Court, an old people's home near to school, and many other girls, including Fifth formers, are now involved in visiting elderly people in the Chester area. At Easter, chocolate eggs were given to those visited.

In May and October a number of Sixth formers helped by serving tea and chatting with guests at tea parties organised by Miss Margaret Hodson and held at Handbridge Village Hall. These afternoon teas proved to be a success and were enjoyed by girls and guests alike.

Parties for the elderly were also held at school. During the Summer Term there was a small tea party which we were able to hold in the quad because of the good weather. Sandwiches, cakes and strawberries and cream were served and much appreciated by the guests. Entertainment was provided by Julia Kolbusz and Nichola Gorton who played a flute duet.



The annual Christmas Dinner Party at which a great number of girls helped was held on the last day of term. Many thanks must be given to Mrs. Harrison and the kitchen staff for providing the first course — turkey, roast potatoes, stuffing, sprouts, carrots and gravy, and also to Vicky Atkinson and Jackie Ford for providing the dessert — mince pies and fruit salad. Melanie James and Ann Swift entertained the guests by playing a collection of Christmas carols on an organ. On leaving, all the guests were provided with gifts. We feel sure that this dinner was enjoyed by all and will be remembered by both girls and guests.

We have enjoyed our year in office very much and would like to give sincere thanks to Miss Edwards without whom much of the Group's achievements would not have been possible.

Gaynor Willis, Melissa Sinclair, UVI

## Friday Club

To say "Friday Club" has become part of our lives is not an overstatement, for the two hours we actually spend in "The Countess" psychiatric wing only provide the source for numerous amusing conversations throughout the rest of the week. The characters we have met there, and have come to think of as friends, could come straight out of a storybook — from Kenny to Ivy to Lorna and so on — the list is endless. Despite the often uninspired Bingo calling and the fluctuating attendance figures, the chat between patients and ourselves has always been enjoyable and beneficial.

Catherine Watts LVI

## Charities Report

Throughout the past year the school has continued to support a wide variety of charities. Money collected has gone to Baby Life Support Systems, AIDS Research, The Home Farm Trust, Search 88 and many other equally deserving causes. A special effort was made by everyone to support Comic Relief in February and the ever-popular Top of the Pops competition was held. Some of the other methods of raising money were unusual, such as the sponsored Baked Bean Eat, but some forms resorted to more traditional competitions and the selling of cakes and sweets. Enthusiasm from forms throughout the school has not dwindled this year and most have continued to donate money regularly via the weekly collection. We feel that both the present UV forms should be congratulated on their consistently high totals and our thanks go to their charities representatives.

Finally we should like to express our appreciation to all the hard working charities monitors and to Mrs. Ferris for her help and support.

Fiona Miall, Nicola Holt, Ann Swift, LVI

## Quest Club

Quest Club has continued to meet every Friday at lunchtime in 8, Stanley Place and welcomes members of the school from Remove to Upper Fourth, as well as older girls whose help is much valued and enjoyed. Our meetings have been relaxed and friendly with the lively opening sessions of singing always popular. Summer for Quest Club, of course, means our annual weekend away to Dolwen, which in 1987 proved once again to be highly successful and memorable with our central theme being Jesus as the Way, the Truth and the Life. We look forward again to the 1988 trip at which we will be especially fortunate to welcome back Debbie and Vicky to minister to us. Quest Club means something different to each of its members, and as a Sixth Form helper, I especially value the chance to get to know and share with the younger members of the school. Fellowship really is the strength behind our meetings and we gladly welcome any new members who would like to find out more about the claims of Jesus Christ in our lives.

Lindsay Stent, LVI

## Joint Christian Union

There are two meetings of Christian Union in the week. On Thursdays Queen's School girls meet briefly at short break and on Mondays after school we are joined by the King's School boys. At both meetings the attendance has been encouraging, but sadly support has recently dwindled amongst the King's boys.

Meetings have varied greatly over the past year. A number of speakers have come to talk on topics ranging from "Suffering" to "The Occult — What does it mean to you?" We have also watched videos and filmstrips and we spent one enjoyable meeting learning about missionary life in the form of the "Wycliffe Game".

In this past year we have taken special pleasure in the strengthening of our links with Christian Unions in other schools. A group went to "Living Waters" again and spent a very active (if exhausting) weekend away. The speaker was John Cavanaugh who based the weekend on "God's Standards" and how they affect our lives in today's society. After the successful C.S.C.F. play last year a new committee with representatives from several schools in the Chester area was formed to organise other events such as a Teddy Bears' Picnic and Smartie Party, a barbeque, barn dance and a showing of the video made at the "Living Waters" weekend. In all our activities we aim to learn more about being a member of God's family and about His love for us.

Lindsay Stent, Joan Senior, Emma Collinge, LVI

## Sandford House News

As we approach our 8th Birthday the wind of change is blowing towards the Department with the imminent retirement of Mrs. Gough and myself. After a long period with the same staff working together, Sandford House can look forward to an injection of new, young blood in September. We welcome Miss R. Morgan from Eaton Square School, London, as the new Head and Mrs. D. Thomas, who worked for a term in the Department last summer, as Mrs. Gough's successor.

The first day of the Summer Term, 1987, our 7th Birthday, was spent at Wigan Pier. After an exciting ride in a double-decker bus, the children saw for themselves another aspect of our great industrial heritage. They watched with fascinated eyes as the pistons of the largest working steam engine in the world drove the giant engine of the Trencherfield Mill. Although, sadly, most of the spinning machines which it powered now lie idle, the children enjoyed seeing the different processes of cotton manufacturing on the machine which is used for exhibition. From the original pier, a water bus carried the children to the various other exhibits. Later we enjoyed our picnic in the quiet garden beside the canal and a walk along the towpath. For most of the children the highlight of the visit was undoubtedly the chance to experience a 19th century classroom. They really entered into the spirit of the occasion as the actors who played the part of the teachers scolded the Sandford House staff for their lapses of concentration etc. They also enjoyed the shops, market, coal-mine and houses which depict the working life of Wigan at that time. The life-like figures and the use of actors made it all so real.

In the Autumn Term my class was fortunate to make a visit to the Duke of Westminster's farm at Aldford. As harvesting was particularly late the children were thrilled to see combine harvesters, circular balers and grain trucks busily trying to rescue a storm-flattened field of wheat. They also saw a vast potato-sorting machine at work, a giant grain dryer and huge piles of corn. The most thrilling part of the visit, as always, was being allowed to feed the baby calves, but it was also interesting to see a cow being prepared for the show ring, watching the cows being milked and seeing various stages of Canadian Holstein stock. We picnicked, a little nervously, under the watchful eye of an enormous prize bull and ended the day with an exciting safari amongst the seven-foot tall crops of maize. From the state of the children's pockets I suspect that we collected a few more 'free samples' than we were actually given!

Mrs. Gough took her class to the Waterworks as part of her project about water. There they saw the treatment and purification tanks and the computer control room. Water was also the theme of our Harvest Service. We were most grateful to the parents who delivered the Harvest baskets as well as to everyone who gave so generously.

At Christmas we saw a very good performance of "The Wind in the Willows" at Theatre Clwyd, whilst Mrs. Gough gave us another variation of the nativity story with a simple, yet delightful version of this theme with her last production for Sandford House, called "A Child is Born".

In the Spring Term Capt. and Mrs. Mucklow kindly arranged for the top class to visit a nuclear-powered submarine, H.M.S. Courageous, at the Seaforth Dock in Liverpool. The children showed particular interest in the periscopes, torpedoes, and in the computer control room. They were entertained royally by the crew and enjoyed having lunch in the Mess.

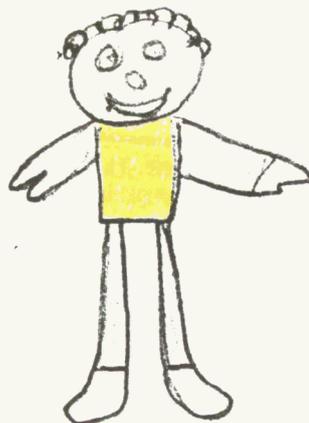
To charity this year the Department gave the sum of £922.96. Our spon-

sored run, organised by Mrs. Tyldesley, raised £467.82 for the R.N.L.I. A further £212.60 was sent to the branch of Riding for the Disabled and £130 to Oxfam through Comic Relief. We feel that it is important to foster amongst our small children an interest in helping others, but, nevertheless, we are overwhelmed by the response from our young parents and do thank all of them for their contributions.

After 21 years in the Preparatory Department I approach retirement with mixed feelings. Mrs. Gough and I hope that our successors will find their work at Sandford House as fulfilling and rewarding as we have and we wish them and the school a very happy future. We take this opportunity of thanking all those whose cooperation and willingness to help have kept the wheels turning smoothly. We shall look forward to viewing the Department from a different perspective!

Margaret Whelan

### My Daddy



Daddy gives me a ride on the tractor. The tractor is red. He plays cricket. Daddy goes to golf. Daddy goes to his office. I love him.

Polly Clegg, Aged 5

### My Mummy

My mummy does the cooking. She makes my breakfast. She gives me bran flakes. She lets me go out to play. I love her.

Caroline Antlett, aged 4

### King Andrew

If I was a king I would tell my men to catch all the baddies and put them in the dungeons and hang them up on the wall so that

they died. I would be lazy and ask my servants to get my food. I would live in a big castle with big turrets, a big drawbridge and lots of rooms. I would have a big feast every night. All of my friends would come to it. I would eat off golden plates and have lots of treasures.

Andrew Scott, aged 6

### The Egg

If I was walking in a forest and I found an egg on the ground I would be very surprised. It would be very very big. It would be purple and pink. I would take it home and wrap it in some cotton-wool. And then I would put it by the fire. Next morning I would see it cracking. And out would pop a dragon. It would be a she and I would call her Sweetie. She would eat anything. She would be very, very, very naughty. She would eat cakes, lamps, books, lipstick, paint, trees, flowers, absolutely anything. She would be lots and lots of different colors. After a few days later she wanted her mummy. I went to the wood and found her mummy. I was very sad to leave her but I knew that I could not live with her. I sadly went home and thought about the things we had done together. That night I stayed awake for a very long time. I did so love Sweetie.

Katherine Fennell, aged 6

### Colours

I think red is a lively and exciting colour. It tells us when there is danger, or when we have to stop and let people cross the road. It reminds me of exciting bon fires and fire engines racing to put a fire out. It also makes me think of the lovely red trees in Autumn and flames of a candle at Christmas time and warm fires with the flames leaping up.

Black is not really a colour, it makes you feel dull. It is not bright, not exciting, not an Autumn colour so it's not really anything. It reminds me of a miserable day and black clouds in the sky and rain beating down on the window. It is used for spooky things and witches. The only nice thing black is the soft fur of a mole.

George Heywood, aged 7

## The Big Red Monster

One day there was a little fieldmouse he was playing in a field and he saw another field mouse he ran to see the fieldmouse. She was a little brown field mouse. They decided to live together. They were going to have children so they had one he was called Tom. One day he went out to play and he heard a big noise. It was a big monster cutting the corn down. It was red. He ran in side and told his mummy and daddy so they ran into the wood and made a home there and they lived happily ever after.

Sarah Rogers, aged 6

## Dogs

Some are big dogs,  
Some are small,  
Some are fat dogs,  
Nice are all.

Some are dirty dogs  
Some are clean,  
All of the dogs  
Know what you mean.

Some are black dogs,  
Some are white,  
Some are noisy dogs,  
Who bark through the night.



Nina Barbour, aged 7

## Nedham House News



End of Term!

It is said that ladies don't like to acknowledge their age once they have passed the milestone of 40 years old! At Nedham House, we publicised our Ruby Jubilee widely and celebrated it joyfully and extensively. We have been 40 years old since 2nd February, 1988!

We began our celebrations by commissioning a new aerial photograph from Mr. Stent (father of an 'old' Neddle). So many changes have been made at the 55-57 Liverpool Road site since the previous photograph was taken in the 1960's that we felt it was the right moment to bring the records up to date. We are very pleased with the result, a large, handsome, coloured, mounted and framed photograph which hangs in the front room, ideally placed above the mantelpiece. On the Birthday itself we spent the morning hearing about our history, with quizzes, a slide show, an exhibition of photographs and time to read and discuss the contents of "Have Mynde" (as far back as 1940) and Miss Phillip's "A History of The Queen's School". At lunch time, we all squashed into the front room for a festive Birthday lunch, Miss Riley and her helpers having decorated the room with streamers and balloons. After lunch, we changed out of uniform into party clothes and had hilarious, noisy and good humoured fun in the Hall, with old-fashioned party games like Pass-the-Parcel and Musical Arms and some quite original games which we had never played before. We particularly enjoyed tying ourselves to our partners and trying to free each other without breaking the string. We also enjoyed dancing the Circassian Circle and making animal noises in the story about Farmer Giles. While we were enjoying ourselves in the Hall, many mums were working hard in the kitchen and setting out a super Party Tea in the front room. They put red check cloths on the tables, and the Tudor-rose place mats and glass mats which we had made earlier, and then plates piled high with lovely sandwiches, sausage-rolls, biscuits and little cakes. We had three birthday cakes (because there were many of us!); one was made by Katie Blackburn and Claire Jones, with some help from Katie's mum, and it had pink and white icing and 40 candles. The other cakes had candles too and icing writing. It was very warm when all the candles were lit. Katie and Claire helped to blow them out; it was quite difficult to do it in one breath! The mums looked after us during the

Party Tea and did all the washing up afterwards and we'd like to say "Thank you very much!" again to them for helping to make our Birthday so enjoyable. We all had a "Lucky Bag" to take home with us, containing a piece of Birthday cake, a balloon, a chocolate penny, a packet of crisps and some sweets.

We celebrated our Ruby Jubilee in an equally joyful but more dignified way on February 8th with a service of Thanksgiving and Re-dedication, which was held in our Hall, with a closed-circuit T.V. link into the Second Form, because so many people wanted to come. About 130 Senior School Neddies came and nearly 30 of their parents; most of the Governors came and also many present Neddie parents, former members of staff and members of The Queen's School Association, and other friends. It was particularly pleasing to see Mrs. Kirby again. She was able to sit on one of the cushions made years ago under her direction. We were very sorry that Miss Maggs and Miss MacLean were not able to undertake the long journey from Oxfordshire but we know that they were with us in spirit; so much of what we enjoy today at Nedham House is due to Miss Maggs' boundless energy and careful planning for the future and Miss MacLean's far-sighted understanding of the needs of the Junior Department. Our service was conducted splendidly by the Reverend Tony Boyd, the Rector of Holy Trinity, Without-the-Walls, and his assistant curate, the Reverend Ian Davenport. The Dean of Chester, The Very Reverend Dr. Stephen Smalley, had agreed, enthusiastically, to give the address and he held the attention of young and old as he spoke about Christ, The Light of the World, who, in the words of our special hymn 'once was small and tender, a candle's gentle ray'. We will remember seeing the little flickering light of the candle which Dr. Smalley had on the table in front of him, shining in the darkened Hall. Victoria Swift (an 'old' Neddie and Head Girl of the Senior School) read the lesson very effectively. We all sang beautifully (because we had practised a great deal!) and a choir of Senior School Neddies sang descants to the three hymns, "When Mary brought her treasure unto the holy place", "Everything changes, but God changes not" and "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven". The piano wasn't strong enough to accompany such a huge congregation and we were very pleased to have Mrs. Stringer with her violin and Mrs. Norris with his 'cello to strengthen the sound. Both of them have worked very hard for Nedham House in the past and it was lovely to have their help again on this memorable occasion.

The Ruby Jubilee was the highlight of last year at Nedham House but we were as busy as usual throughout the whole year with a lot of school work and a lot of equally enjoyable extra-curricular activities. Mr. Pickering lent us a calf and a goat for a day in June! They munched away happily in their trailer while we talked to them and sketched them. Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Jones organised a concert in which all their piano, violin and 'cello pupils took part, even the newest beginner. It was very good to listen to, but must have been a bit nerve-racking for the performers. Sadly Mrs. Stewart left us in July, to go to Kenya with her husband and sons for a few years. She writes long, interesting letters to us and we write to her, so we are keeping in touch. Mr. Fogell is teaching piano now; he seems to enjoy being with us and the pianists are doing well. Mrs. Little has taken Mrs. Tottey's place in the P.E. Department and has decided to teach us Junior Hockey and Lacrosse. This is very exciting and we have done a great deal of practising at long and short breaks, using the specially designed sticks. We have also been using the two long skipping ropes which Mrs. Tottey gave us when she left, so we are getting plenty of exercise! "Young" Mrs. Forgham found that she had to give up tidying up after us after school each day but we are pleased that Mrs.

Hamilton is enjoying working at Nedham House. She sweeps and mops and dusts and polishes and leaves the building neat and tidy, ready for the next day. Esther helps her and both of them work very hard and very cheerfully. We were worried about Mrs. Ogg when she was ill a few months ago but she is now much better and always busy. She and her Ladies in the kitchen now wear attractive white caps; they do look smart. Mr. Charters has been busy too as usual. He had to remove the stump of the elm trees which we lost because of Dutch Elm disease some years ago; the stump had gradually rotted away and now there is a round, bare patch waiting to be made into a flower bed. The two Clematis, which he planted at Easter, 1987, beside the remains of the pear tree in front of the garage, are doing well and steadily covering the decapitated trunk. The Beech hedge which was planted two years ago to shelter the Rose garden from the worst of the weather, at the swimming-pool end, is strong and healthy, and beginning to thicken. He renovated the Wendy house last year and the First Form is very pleased and grateful. Miss Farra ceremonially re-opened it one Tuesday morning after assembly; she had to cut the Tartan ribbon which stretched from one hanging basket to the other passing through the handle of the key on the way. Inside the building we have enjoyed the extra space in the Hall, made available by storing the stacking chairs in the boiler house, with a new neat and unobtrusive connecting door into the Hall. The animals are well and the Second Form continue to care for them very conscientiously, even looking after Patch during the holidays.

A surprisingly large number of our activities seem to be connected with food! The Third Form enjoyed their annual petit déjeuner and ambitiously organised a French lunch in the garden for the Second and Third Forms. Just for once we couldn't manage to finish all the splendid pottage and salad and gateaux and other scrumptious sweets, but we did our best! We were quieter than usual during the rest of the afternoon! We enjoyed lunch in the garden for about a fortnight last summer, using the French shop windows as serving hatches; it was very pleasant. Séverine, Sarah's French cousin, was a delightful visitor for a week at the end of the Summer Term; she joined in everything very energetically, especially Fun Day which raised a lot of money for the Cancer Research Campaign. We went to Manchester to see the "Nutcracker" ballet and to Dunham Massey to take part in the National Trust Theatre Workshop about the First World War. It took some of us a long time to realise who Tommy Atkins was! Our nurses' and wounded soldiers' costumes were much admired by the professional actors who were in charge of us. We took part in another Theatre Workshop at Styal, our Birthday outing, where we were apprentices in Mr. Greg's cotton mill and learnt about the terrible conditions in other mills. Groups of Third Formers went to Hawkeshead for two separate week-ends, enjoying themselves immensely, and Miss Riley and Mrs. Meredith will soon be making the final arrangements for the next expedition. Miss Paice and Miss Riley organised the two Harvest plays "The Cargo of Wheat" and "The Rice Harvest" which were performed to an appreciative audience of Neddies, Parents and children from Sandford House. They also produced a very successful Christmas play "The Angel who could not sing" in which everyone took part in some way or another. There were many people at the Dress Rehearsal which was a useful experience and the performance itself played to a packed house of about two hundred. They obviously enjoyed it as much as we did. We had separate Form outings last summer, instead of one big one for everybody. Miss Riley and Mrs. Meredith took the Second Form to the International Eisteddfod at Llångollen and Miss Whitnall, Mr. and Mrs. Adley and Mrs. K. Jones took the Third Form to Manchester Airport. Alison Adley's daddy arranged

the Third Form outing because he is a pilot and knows the people at the Airport; we were very excited when two B.E.A. hostesses took us through a security check and on board an aircraft and some of us were allowed to speak over the Cabin Address system and help to serve refreshments. Mr. Adley must have spent a long time planning our itinerary, making sure we saw as much as possible in a limited time and we are very grateful; all the staff at the Airport looked after us very well.

The Daylight Theatre Company (all three of them) came to Nedham House to present an Energy Conservation play called "Shiver". It was very good and we learnt a great deal in a very amusing way. We liked Baron Von Draught and his magical tricks and the way they chased each other round the castle. We liked talking with the actors afterwards too. They answered questions about how some things are done in the theatre and let us help to carry props and bits of the set to their van. We are looking forward to their next visit, which will be about the Spanish Armada. Another popular visitor was Penny Poole, who plays her violin in the Sadlers Wells Theatre Orchestra. She told us about her work and played for us. She said she would keep in touch with us and we have received two postcards from her already, one from Plymouth, the other from Belfast. Some of us have written to her too, and we hope she will come to see us again. She said that she had never broken a string during a performance, then broke one while she was playing for us!

We have enjoyed supporting many charities this year. In addition to Cancer Research, we are glad to have been able to send donations to Help the Aged, R.N.L.I., The Home Farm Trust, R.S.P.C.A., Comic Relief (Red Nose Day), Chester Zoo, The Earl Haig Fund and the Chester Animal Rescue. The Charities Club and various outside agencies have worked hard to organise interesting and enjoyable activities and stalls in order to raise money to give away. We thank Parents and Friends for encouraging and materially supporting the wish to do something practical for those in need, which is displayed so clearly in the attitude of their children. Somehow, the children have raised nearly £1,500 in the past year; such a result speaks for itself. Thank you! We offer our thanks also for the many generous gifts we have received during the past year. Our already rich environment is growing richer each year and we are truly grateful; Nedham House is a very pleasant place in which to learn and work. A special "thank you" is due to Mrs. Walton, who worked hard on behalf of last year's leavers and their Parents to provide the pond pump and attractive garden seat, both of which will enhance the pond corner considerably. The prayers in our Ruby Jubilee Service included the hope that the children will "grow in wisdom as well as knowledge". In our observation of them day by day and week by week we are glad to see this happening, slowly and steadily and, we hope, lastingly.

M.N. Whitnall and Form III

### Service of Thanksgiving and Re-dedication to mark the Ruby Jubilee of The Junior Department at Nedham House, 1948-88



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Some of the prayers from the order of service:

Let us give thanks:

for the foresight and careful planning of Miss Nedham and the Governors, for the great generosity of Phyllis and Francis Brown, for the inspiration and energy of Miss Maggs, and for the industry of all who have cared for Nedham House and its surroundings.

for the parents of all past and present pupils, for their loving concern for their children and their constant support of this school.

for the familiar friendliness of the building, for treasured gifts to use and enjoy, for the space and freedom of the garden, and for time to play and to watch the many things that grow.

for those who have taught and guided us, for the lasting friendships we have made, for the rich variety of activities we have been offered, and for the chance to be responsible and independent in all that we do.

O God, our Father, we pray for the children of this school as they prepare for their futures. May they learn the lessons of greatest worth: self-discipline, integrity of character, having a care for others and a true sense of values. So may they gain wisdom as well as knowledge, and strength of spirit to serve their generation and further Thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O God of Love, we pray for all former pupils. As they face life, and all that it holds for them, give them the confidence to put their trust in Thee. Help them to discover Thy purpose for their lives and true fulfilment in Thy service; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

### *That Awful Boy!*

*He's always untidy,  
His desk's in a mess,  
His shirt always hangs out,  
We call him "the pest".*

*He gets all his sums wrong,  
He tips on his chair,  
He chews all his pencils  
And pulls people's hair.*

*He kicks and he thumps,  
And eats chewing gum,  
He's always in trouble,  
We all think he's dumb!*

Nicola Renison, Form 1

### *FIRE AT SCHOOL FÊTE*

Fiery Fred Dragon, aged 1004, was charged at Chester Courts today with causing a public disturbance. Police had come to the scene of the crime and found a pile of ashes in the builders' yard next to Nedham House. The dragon had been invited to the school fête to be in charge of the barbeque. The fête was in aid of Chester Zoo so the dragon was particularly interested and worked his hardest. He stopped cooking to watch a display of country dancing by the Nedham House pupils. In his excitement, the dragon roared his approval and burnt three piles of the builders' building timber. The court found him guilty and his punishment was to help the builders clear their latest building site by burning down some old cottages.

Nedham House's fête raised £350 for their cotton-topped tamarins at Chester Zoo, although the barbeque was not very popular because Fiery Fred burnt most of the food!

Annie Percik, Form II

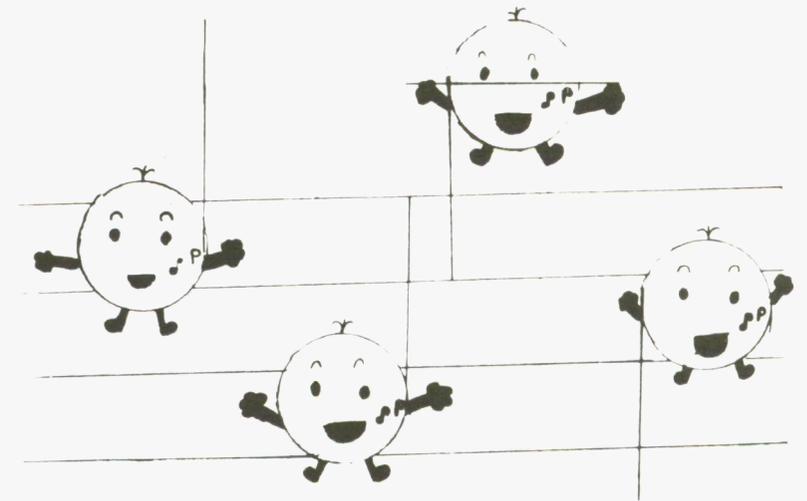


Kate Walker, Form I

### *WATER*

*What can you do with water?  
Well, you can drink it, sink in it,  
Slurp it, make a potion,  
Then stir it with your finger,  
To make a swirly motion.  
You could throw it at a pesky cat,  
And say, "Well, that is that!"  
Also, you wash with water,  
And collect tadpoles in water,  
You mix mortar with water,  
Throw water at a crispy plant,  
"I think I've saved it!" is the chant!  
So you've guessed,  
Because we've put it to the test,  
There are lots of things you can do with water!*

Prue Nickson, Form II



## THE TUNEFULS

Sophie Wood, Form III



Two o'clock and a stream of aliens, conscientious objectors, landgirls and munition workers from post-Edwardian times are marching smartly behind a wounded soldier. Can it be? Yes, once again the Neddies have invaded the peace and quiet of another stately home, this time Dunham Massey. But why the costumes? The fact is that we are taking part in the Young National Trust's Theatre Workshop and it is Empire Flag Day, 1971.

Sally Bowden, Form III

### A LAST LOOK ROUND

Holly was dying. She was lying on the kitchen tiles, at the age of eighteen, in a bedraggled state. Her dog fur was ruffled and clinging together from the tears which Sarah had been shedding. She was a black labrador with what used to be sparkling eyes and a wet nose. Sarah used to run her up and down the field till they both collapsed in front of the trustful fire. Then she would watch television while Holly gently snored.

Sarah ran her caring fingers through Holly's dying fur and imagined what Holly would be thinking. She thought like this. This is my last look round and I had better look at everything for the last time. She saw Ivy, the cat, munching

happily at her Kitty-Kat and Dad hammering together two pieces of wood to fix onto what would be her grave, the re-done kitchen and her well-enjoyed water bowl, which was now filled with milk resting on the glowing orange Ruabon tiles. She saw the blazing fire and the hearth rug on which she was lying. Andrew's radio/tape recorder was blaring out from the first floor. Jane, Sarah's sister, was getting square eyes in front of the television. Nobody except Sarah cared about Holly.

She gave her stale biscuits and a bowl of warm milk, but still Holly would whine and cry. Then Holly fell asleep. Sarah told Dad, but when he came to look, Holly was dead. The once loved labrador was dead . . .

. . . The next day she was buried underneath the Holly bush because Sarah thought it appropriate. Holly was dead.

Fiona Crumplin, Form III

### "CRAGSIDE"

*Let me be within Cragside,  
Let the tallest of the speechless trees be around me,  
Let the old stone walls be shading me,  
Let the high turrets loom over me,  
Let the endless landscape stretch before me,  
Let me feel grand as I stride through the gallery,  
High mighty statues on either side,  
Let me lie in the Red Bedroom, feeling like a queen  
in her robes,  
Let me sit and play the grand piano,  
My hands running over the keys so smoothly.  
Let me dine among all the richness,  
The food so tempting and so fine,  
Let that place be within me: let me be where it is.*

Julia Copland, Form III

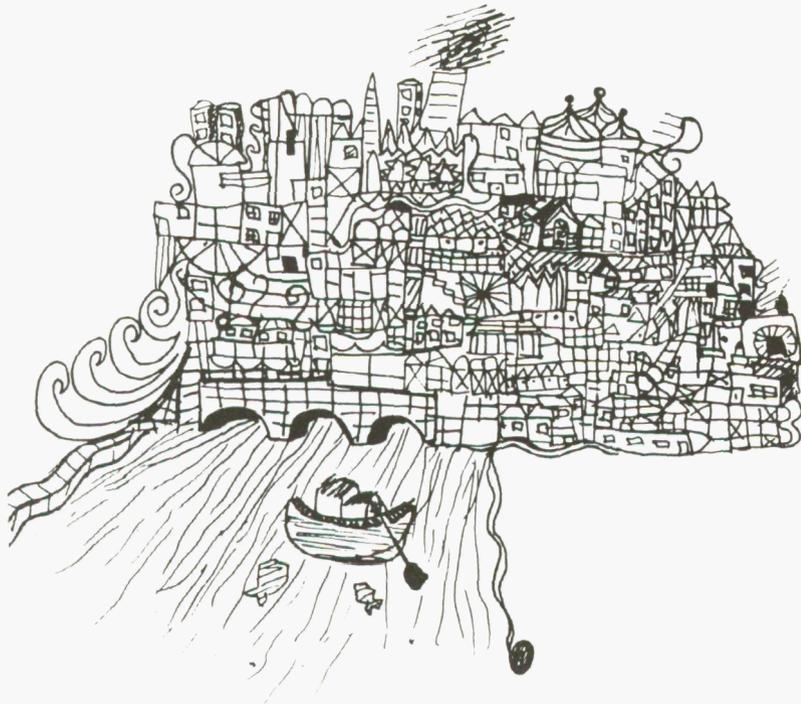


Removes' Project "Mother and Child":  
a lesson in the refurbished Art Room.

# Creative Prose

## *CORFU DAYS*

The glaring sun beat against the parched ground as I lay as if paralysed on the pool side. The outline of the purple mountains of Albania could be seen across the glistening sea and haze. The laughter and shouts from the children playing in the pool near me sounded as if they were far away. I dreamt that I was shipwrecked on an island not far from Corfu. The crickets stopped for a few moments and I really thought I was shipwrecked but soon their incessant noise continued. I could hear the flying cockroaches floating past me and I jumped up and they flew away like lightning. The water running from the poolside shower could be heard and there were shouts and screams of people, who, under pressure, were situated under the cold water. Dad had brought some iced water from the poolside taverna. The clink of the ice-cubes against the sides of the glass made me sip some straight away. The cool, refreshing water passed my lips and soothed my dry throat. I held the ice-cold glass against my cheeks and forehead. It cooled them down and reminded me that I hadn't had a swim for some time. In the heat of a hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, I ventured out onto the heated stone path to the pool. I took a step downward into the refreshing water. After I had adjusted to the temperature I ventured still further out to the deeper water. There was a sudden decrease in depth where there was a steep slope on the bottom of the pool. My friend, Laura and I kept on jumping in off the diving board to see who could reach the bottom first. I climbed the rickety steps to the board. I walked to the edge and wiped the water off it. My hands felt a bumpy and coarse surface. I stood up once



again and lifted my arms in the air, bounced twice and jumped off. I could feel the force of the water on my body as I went further and further down. Eventually I touched the bottom with my toe. The pool floor had bits on it, settled dirt, though not a lot. I rushed up to the surface and when my head was above the water, I gasped for air.

As the sun set, the purple mountains disappeared, the pool was silent, no more shouts and laughter, no more shower noises, no more diving, no more iced water.

Jennifer Barber, Lower IVL

## *A FOREST IN AUTUMN*



The place was a wilderness of autumn gold and purple and violet and flaming scarlet, and on every side were sheaves of white lilies standing together — lilies which were white or white and ruby. Late roses climbed and hung and clustered, and the sunshine deepening the hue of the yellowing trees made it look as though it were an embowered temple of gold. A low hanging bush was covered with garnet red berries, shining like precious jewels. The yellowing grass lay weak with big drops of crystal dew which caught a multitude of colours from the rays of sunshine. A thin mist hung over the scene like a blanket which was soon to lift and reveal the picture to the world.

Rebecca Wright, Lower IVW

## *FAMILIAR THINGS*



My cup of tea was cold. Nurse must have brought it some time ago, but I realised that I had been daydreaming and thoughts were still very clear in my mind. Lying in this warm bed, drifting from thought to thought, I was reminded of Saturday mornings at home, my collection of porcelain horses silhouetted against the lightening sky. It was a familiar sight — each one cherished and loved, each one a reminder of an event, a gift, an occasion. The rough outline of the white Welsh cob was so familiar, and so like my own first pony, Tiggy. Of course Tiggy was never as smooth and glossy as this miniature, his mane grew ragged from frequent encounters with the barbed wire, nor did his coat gleam as much. The dish-faced, showing its careful breeding, sweeping down to flared nostrils, the salmon-pink lining exposed, recalls the regular snorts in the crisp, frozen air.

The head crowned with a wisp of forelock, fringing the eyes, and the gentle lilt of its head recall Tiggy's unswerving loyalty. The whiskered muzzle brings to mind the days when Tiggy, in his retirement, roamed from one tuft of grass to another, irrespective of the quality. His coat, I remember well, was thick and coarse and was extremely difficult to brush. His prominent belly was almost too heavy to carry, unlike this well proportioned figure. Nevertheless, it was a cherished reminder of a much loved friend.

The second horse was one that had caught my eye for its similarity to Corrie, my second pony. It was a palomino, with an amber body and a white mane and tail. Her sleek appearance always gave rise to congratulatory comments, her coat responding well to the circular motion of the body brush. Ears pricked and head held high and alert, my filly would prance to and fro, her floating gait so elegant, and her dainty hooves just skimming the ground. The wind-blown mane, streaming behind and fixed in time, matches the reality to perfection. The porcelain figure has a white tail that tapers away to nothingness and is held high in the arrogant arabic manner. The incredible speed that my steed endeavoured to attain outstripped the wind. The sureness of foot matched the fleetness. The sheer thrill of participating in shared effort to reach that nimbleness is a feeling to be treasured. Sadly, it has always puzzled me, why Corrie has such an erratic approach to dressage — this does not justify her ability. The cheeky glimmer in her eye is not always to be trusted as it is sign of oncoming frisky behaviour and the eye of the miniature, although glazed over, depicts a similar character.

These nostalgic thoughts, interrupted by the antiseptic smell of the hospital, drifted to the occasions on which I had acquired these prized models. These occasions evoke memories of my childhood: my palomino filly with a coat like tarnished copper was a congratulatory gift from my mother, as a result of the intense preparation during the weeks preceding my "11 +" examination. The grey colt was a spontaneous buy at a jumble sale, where a little bartering worked wonders. These objects, indelibly marked in my memory, are carefully treasured. An incident, which at the time I wished to obliterate from my memory, was when my mother, in the process of dutifully dusting the mahogany fireplace, accidentally knocked over my precious article. The rear hind leg snapped off on impact with the tiled fireplace and reduced me to a fit of near hysteria. We managed to gather together the pieces of the leg and with great care, the fragile pieces were glued together. Unfortunately, while the adhesive was drying, it trickled down a fraction and so afterwards, a thin, black line was still visible. In retrospect, it was very foolish of me to have left them on the mantleshelf, because accidents will occur. In order that the same mishap should not happen again the figures were mounted on rectangular wooden bases.

These wistful thoughts, absorbing me into the past, were interrupted by the tea-lady rattling the trolley. She saw my untouched cup. "Now lovey, drink up".

Rachel Hoyles, Lower VS

## ***RUINED***

I gazed at it in its shimmery splendour, letting my hands touch and caress each silky fold which reminded me of cascading waterfalls. I could feel myself holding my breath as if a harsh touch would ruin it and make it crumble into dust.

I picked it up, hugging it to me and catching my breath when it glistened in the light and the seemingly-flawless white revealed shades of ice-blue and pearl pink. I felt like a mermaid queen as the gown shone with a tremulous light. The sleeves and the hem were trimmed with fur, which looked so temp-

ting I could not resist the urge to blow warm breath on it and rub my cheek in its softness. The gown glimmered as if a fluorescent moonbeam had been caught and woven into the fabric.

I thought of the wedding tomorrow: everything would be perfect; already a fresh crisp layer of snow was beginning to fall. I would step out of the church into a fairy tale world of pure white on evergreen and I would feel the fur of the gown swishing around my ankles. I stood still, relaxing in the silence of my thoughts. My eye were closed and I was luxuriating in the imaginary silky touch of the gown against my skin.

The gown itself was made out of heavy, rich satin, cut in simple slender lines. The material seemed to glow as if it had been washed in the morning dew. I stroked the string of pearls at my neck. They were all the same size and shape, a perfectly matching set. They seemed like curved mirrors, reflecting the colour and shimmer of the gown exactly. I was going to wear no other jewellery but this. I did not want to spoil the effect by being cluttered with diamonds and rubies; pearls were so much nicer, warm and beautiful, not hard and glittering like diamonds.

I crept closer to the open fire, for the winter chill was becoming apparent. I turned my back towards the fire, taking delight in the feeling of the heat creeping up my body. I turned suddenly, hardly able to suppress a cry of delight as I visualised my wedding scene, the gown and my husband, but the sound quickly turned to one of horror. A flame in the fire had leapt and licked the bottom of my gown. I watched terrified, as with lightning speed the bottom of the gown became nothing but a burning fireball. I felt the searing heat upon my ankles. I flung the gown away from me in pain. It landed in the grate and the fire seemed to die out but then it leapt back into life with a roaring ferocity. I turned away, my eyes almost blinded with tears, whether it was from the pain or because the gown had caught fire, I had no idea.

My mind was in a whirlwind telling me I must act quickly. I stumbled through several rooms until I came to the garage. I grabbed a bucket and filled it to the brim with water. Then, almost at a running gait, I rushed back into the room, not caring how the water sloshed over the bucket's sides and ruined the carpet.

I ran to the hearth and threw the water at the grate. The water paused momentarily in the bucket, as if reluctant to leave and then it gushed forward onto the fire. I turned round and supported myself with the mantelpiece. I could not bear to look down; the sickening, sizzling sound had been enough.

I stood there feeling weak with fear, not daring to open my eyes for what might greet them; but I knew that sooner or later I must face it. I must learn the extent of the damage. My hand gripped the mantelpiece until my knuckles showed white through my skin. I turned slowly, gently lowered my head and opened my eyes. There it was, that black charred, smouldering mess, that had once been a shimmering apparition. All that was left of the fur was a small, matted and dirty clump. The satin clung limply to itself and was covered in brown nicotine-like stains.

I gave a small sound of horror halfway between a gasp and a cry. I was on the verge of a new life and this seemed an ill-fated omen, marring my way to a glorious future. I sank to my knees and clutched the wet bundle to my chest as the tears streamed from my eyes.

Lorraine O'Toole, Upper VH

## FRIDAY AFTERNOONS

Friday afternoons were always looked forward to by the third form at Nedham House, and especially by me. We ate lunch in the large dining room, which must once have been at least two rooms, and played in the large gardens at the front and back of the house. Here the large soft green leaves of the rhododendron bushes were noticed even by the first formers who tended to have no interest in the flowers of the season, but just in the particular game of 'horses' or 'families' which they were involved in at the time. Then came the afternoon, most looked forward to by myself. Paint-splattered, multi-coloured overalls were donned, the general maroon colour of our uniform changing to the blue of our protection. About seven of us trooped down the steep concrete stairs in single file as the green walls were so close together. The notice on the door ahead read 'Studio' in black, dirtied letters. This always gave me a feeling of professionalism as I entered through the heavy door to the right. Minding the small step downwards, I entered the small orange-lighted room, waiting a couple of seconds for my eyes to adjust to the darkness of the cellar. The teacher, also clad in overalls, welcomed us in her usual smiling manner, making the dark, dampness of the musty room seem almost homely. We always had fun in that room with that particular teacher, who would joke continuously and assist whenever asked.

The first question was always the same: ›  
"What do we want to make today?"

Some members of the group knew exactly what was to be on their agenda, but others, and usually me, had no idea. The usual:

"A cat, please" or  
"A cottage, please"

were said, but this time I had an idea. My mind was fixed on making a lion.

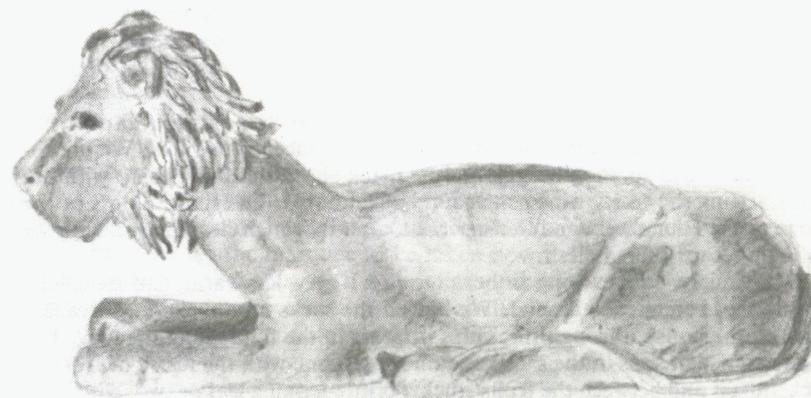
I stood in front of a smooth, blue-covered table with a chunk of clay. How was I to start? I started to finger the cold, soft, malleable piece of dense, brown clay, which was to be transformed into a life-like roaring lion. I decided to start with the head, cutting off a section approximately a quarter of the size of the slab in front of me. Having made one ball for the head and positioned it roughly in the right place on the slowly drying up slab which I had approximately moulded, I was stuck. The teacher came round to me and soon realised, that, although I had started, I had not got over the first hurdle.

Several jokes and moments of contentment later, the outline of the lion, lying ready to pounce, had been successfully completed. Now was the time for my murderous character to break out as the vague outline of a lying lion was executed and quartered! The neck was too long, hence the execution and I had to hollow out the body, leaving fragile, easily-dentable halves which needed to be welded together without trapping any air, as in the fiery-red depths of the kiln the air would expand and cause the lion to roar and explode. It seemed strange to me that such a fragile object, fragile in that it could dent easily rather than break, was destined to become a brave, muscular lion.

Detail was to feature greatly as slowly but surely over the next few weeks the soft, brown cubic chunk of clay was to turn into a strenuous, muscle-rippling large cat. The mane was formed by pushing a lump of soft clay through a wire meshed sieve and carefully positioning the sausage-shaped tube, soon to be part of the mane, on the head, each piece positioned individually.

The more clay is fingered, the drier it gets and this needed to be avoided. After the bell sounded every Friday afternoon, signalling the end of school, the clay had to be wrapped in wet, coarse grey cloths, dirtied after numerous weeks wrapped round half-formed animals or models.

As the lion began to take shape, I often got stuck, and while I was waiting for help I developed a habit of running my finger down the centre of the lion. Gradually a groove began to appear which grew deeper as I continued my habit. I started to get worried that it was too deep, but as it turned out it just made the back appear more muscular. The day came when my lion was to be fired. The kiln was turned on and steadily it reached the optimum temperature of 330° Celsius. My lion, along with other items, was in the redness of the fiery blaze, as I looked through the peep hole carefully, so as to avoid the heat. So often items exploded, damaging others and leaving shattered pieces all around the inside of the kiln, but I was fortunate. My lion, looking a much lighter colour and exceedingly brittle came out of the deep hell and death trap of so many other models, whole. After a period of cooling, which was usually filled with many trips with friends to show off the item, the colouring began. One of my favourite jobs to do with pottery making was mixing the glazes, the colours. When they are not used for a few days a sludge-like precipitate settles to the bottom, leaving a liquid with small particles of the powdered glass suspended in it. These two had to be mixed together and then sieved until the liquid was thin enough to get through the smallest of the mesh sieves easily. This took much stirring of the sludge with various sticks and brushes. I often spent my Friday afternoons mixing glazes as no one else enjoyed kneeling on the hard concrete floor, leaning over the buckets of glaze, stirring. After much glazing, the coloured effect I wanted was achieved, but still I had to wait agonisingly while my lion went through the kilning ordeal again. The second time it was unusual for any of the items to explode, but even so I was pleased to see my lion, looking eager and ready to pounce, come out whole. I was even prouder, though, when I found out that my lion was to be displayed in the entrance hall for all to see.



Even now he lies, waiting to pounce, in our lounge on a shelf, along with my many happy memories.

Claire Davies, Upper VN

## DAMSON PICKING

The musty old jars of damson jam, festering in the cupboard below the stairs serve as reminders of the autumn, years ago when we bucketed and bagged the fruits and hoarded them away by the hundreds. On the labels, the quavering immature print of hands smaller than mine declare that these jars of blackness actually were edible once-though one glance at the dusty lid and the date on the label is enough to tell that it is not edible now.

From the house, the old damson tree had looked the same as any other, an old dark silhouette against the warm autumnal sunlight. Its boughs hung over the bottom of the field, dangling their leaves high over the grass stalks. The pale yellow stalks of old hay lay dormant between the fresh new green spikes and, on top of this was laid the old painting sheet, the one with holes burnt in it and paint splashes dotted over it. The sheet lay like a mountain landscape on top of the spikes beneath it, as if it could glide across the field, rippling over the ready stems.

We tramped our buckets and sacks to the bottom of the field, and from there, could see the great clusters of purple-black gems, which looked like hard, dull nuts, out of reach for small people, but well within range of Dad's hands, which squeezed the fruits gently to see their ripeness. The fruit skin gave way to his fingers and their shape, for a minute, was changed. The old trunk was deeply lined, with horny crevices etched into it. Dad climbed up the wooden climbing frame, as far as the swaying branches would let him, and we three held the corners of the sheet below. The tree's boughs rocked rhythmically, leaves being brutally bashed against each other, rustling noisily. The hard, almond-shaped objects rained down on the white sheet, and beyond, but we did not mind if we lost too many-the sheet was darkening with the dense puddles of purpley fruits-those which came off the sheet nestled themselves between and under the long flat grasses. They were often just visible between the green stripes and those which sprayed onto my head felt like rubber marbles, which bounced off sharply and dented the sheet still further.

They battered on the bottom of the huge bucket like a drum, until it was too heavy to carry, and the bucket looked small, once it was filled. We polished the dull skins to an aubergine-purple black shine and burst them with our teeth, letting the fruity wine run around our mouths. The sharp points of the stone pricked our cheeks and were spat out, after thorough cleaning and scraping for any scraps of red flesh.

As the misty, dark evening air began to rise, it grew less warm, and the golden evening was coming to an end. We lugged the sacks and buckets of treasure back to the house, through the whips of grass in the field along the way. The mounds of damsons in the sacks and buckets shone with the lustre of freshly-picked fruit and between the fruits stuck a brittle-looking leaf or two, still clinging onto a stalk.

The buckets adorned our hall for days until they decreased and the pile of jars of jam increased and more damson purée was frozen and bags of damsons were shipped off to glad receivers. Now, they have all gone. The only remnant of that day is encased in glass, and a waxed paper circle and a layer of dust.

Sally-Ann Arthur, Upper VN

## THE MORNING AFTER

The morning sun filtered through the seams of the marquee casting a shadow over the debris from the night before. Tables, once neatly laid, were strewn with empty glasses and fallen bottles. The once starched white tablecloths were stained red with wine and scattered with ash and small burn-holes from their cigarettes. This was the day after my sister's twenty-first birthday party.

The smell of musty wine and flat champagne lingered in the air leaving a pungent smell that hit one forcefully as one entered the marquee. It seemed so sad that the party was now over after such a wonderful evening. The silver ballons which had once been tied so neatly to their strongholds on the tables had been released and had gathered together in congregation at the top of the domed, stripey roof. The once crowded dance floor now seemed so empty and had only the remains of cigarette butts and hair-pins — which had been lost in the frantic excitement of dancing, to keep it company. Plates of food had been left around, half-eaten and everywhere there was a mess. Everyone had gone now, the majority probably fast asleep, unlike my sisters and I, who, unfortunately were left to dispose of all the evidence from the night before. The flowers had begun to droop and their petals had started to fall, like the leaves in Autumn. Their once sweet-smelling scent was now overpowered by the smell of alcohol. In the corner, I heard an infuriating and incessant drip . . . drip . . . drip . . . it was a beer keg leaking slowly onto a hard wooden crate.

So, out came the black bin bags and although we were too tired to feel like doing anything-what had to be done, had to be done! My youngest sister decided to do the easiest job of collecting the tablecloths to be washed, while I and some willing people who had offered to help had the more difficult tasks. The empty and half-empty bottles of champagne and wine, many of which would be the cause of many people's tiredness and grouchiness the next day, were loaded into crates and carried heavily away from the tented bombshell. Many of us just threw what we saw into the bags for the dustbin men to collect. We must have been clearing away for at least an hour when we discovered a tired, brainless body curled up underneath a table, fast asleep! Soon everything was cleared away; with so many people to help it did not take long. The tables had been carted away by men with lorries, the dance floor had been taken up and now it was time for the marquee to be taken down. The music had finished only a couple of hours ago, yet it still rang round my ears as loudly as it had when we had been dancing and the smell of all the drink still lingered in the air.

As these men began their slow task of striking the tent, I felt sad that the climax and fun of the party was now over. Everyone had enjoyed themselves so much and I wondered where this tented palace would be going to next. I wondered if the people who would be using it next would have as much fun in it as my family and all my sister's friends did and thought about them going through the same tedious procedure of clearing up the day after, as we did today.

In a few hours' time, all evidence of that wonderful evening for my sister would be gone. Well, I suppose there's always the photographs of course, and the memories . . .

Hannah Owen, Upper V

# The Performing Arts

## The Insect Play November 1987

The title bugged me. I did not know what to expect. A play about insects, written half a century ago and of Czechoslovakian origin, seemed an unlikely choice for the major Queen's School dramatic production of the year. Would it be a sort of lepidopterous version of 'Wind in the Willows' or an entertainment based on the music of the Beatles?

As the plot unfolded, it became obvious that this play was no frivolity but a significant statement which elicited a spectrum of emotional responses from poignancy to the belly laugh.

'The Insect Play' is an extremely clever weaving together of the web of insects and the warp of man and, given the weight of the work, it was an ambitious production to mount. The actors and all those who contributed to its presentation rose magnificently to the challenge.

It is more a collection of related plays with a connecting character — a tramp excellently acted by Kirsty Foster. She spent a great deal of time on stage and dealt with the task of holding the theme together with confidence and skill.

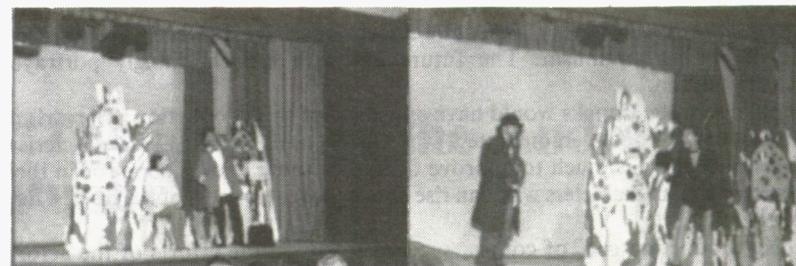
After the 'Prologue', Act I uses an analogy between the flitting frenetic activity of butterflies and the social whirl of upper class young things in the 1920's. All parts were played with a liveliness which left one amused and yet frustrated at the shallowness of the characters being portrayed. Of particular mention were Harriet Scott's Iris, Victoria Sharp's Clytie and the wonderful interpretation by Sharon Ellis of the pathetic poet Felix. A butterfly, indeed, has a stronger backbone than that hapless fop.



A complete contrast came with Claire Winder and Catherine Watts' Mr and Mrs Beetle in 'Creepers and Crawlers', Act II of the play. Their punk presentation was played to the full for laughs but the pointlessness of their obsession for accumulating junk sharply commented on the human preoccupation with materialism.



Mr Cricket, well portrayed by Moensie Rossier, is one of a series of characters consumed in a depressing cycle of greed. There are many light moments in Act II, but the cast did well to retain the irony of the message.



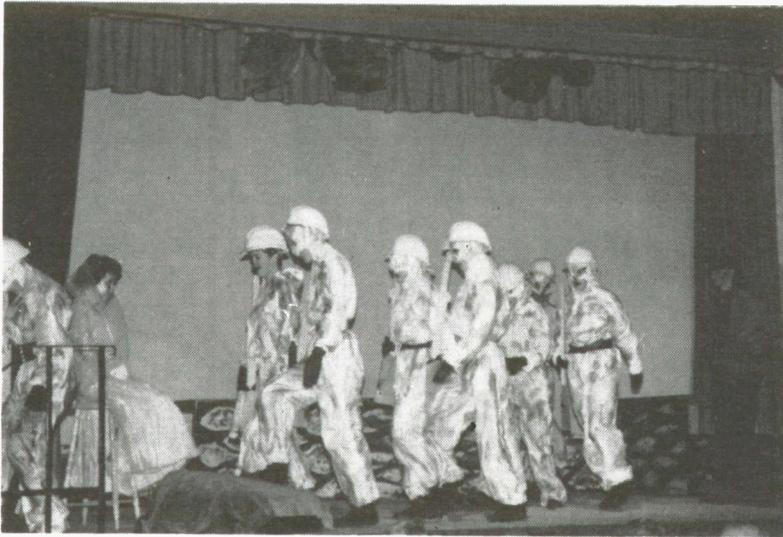
Act III, 'The Ants', proved to be a chilling comment on the destructive power of man's capacity for mindless greed. The acquisition of territory and wealth and the potential for an extreme situation to allow the rise of a dictator, as is exemplified in 'The Ants', is an obvious comment on Nazi Germany in the 1930's.

This part of the play was particularly well staged. The mechanical movement of the worker ants was excellently choreographed and presented. The chilling atmosphere was maintained throughout. Much of the credit for this must go to Nicky Collins, whose presence as the Chief Engineer was formidable. She was very ably supported by Kay Jennings as the Second Engineer.

A Character who, like the tramp, appears in a linking role, is the chrysalis. Vicky Connerty played the part with a wistful sensitivity. The chrysalis is hope. She yearns to escape, to be born and fly. Sadly she becomes a moth and like

the other moths is drawn to the light and dies in its glare. This scene was beautifully danced and provided yet another dimension to the production of the play.

Towards the end of 'The Insect Play' all appears to be hopeless. Even the



man — the tramp — is enmeshed in the fragile world of the insects and he too dies.

The authors of the play, Josef and Karel Capek, do, however, give us a last possibility for optimism. The future lies with the charmingly portrayed schoolchildren.

No doubt the Capeks would have approved of this production. The girls of The Queen's School demonstrated, with their sensitive acting and characterisations, that there is much to approve of in the young and to hope for in their development as characters who can rise above the fecklessness of the insects/men of the play.

No production can, of course, succeed solely on the efforts of the actors. Very many hours of dedicated endeavour were spent by the production team. A word of special mention must go to Carol Firmstone and Katharine Bond, whose imaginative and appropriate scenery enriched the enjoyment. All members of the cast deserve praise for their individualistic interpretation of Katharine Bond's costume designs. Victoria Sharp miraculously converted a bedspread into a gorgeous dress and Vicky Connerty made lovely use of a diaphanous material to create the image of her chrysalis.

Ruth Callaway and Helen Parker again showed their expert skills as producers. The presentation of a play with a large cast and a difficult plot is a mammoth and time and energy-consuming project. This production must be deemed a success.

If this had to be Ruth Callaway's last production before her retirement from The Queen's School she should be well satisfied that the fruits of her labours were so abundant.

S. Pider

## The Yeomen of The Guard

The great joy of Gilbert and Sullivan is that one enters a completely different world — a world of totally unrealistic plots, in which young ladies are allowed to be pretty and young men, however absurd their situation, are definitely young men.

The joint King's School and Queen's School production of 'The Yeomen of the Guard' in May 1987 was a fine contribution to the long tradition of Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Listening to the opening solo of the love-lorn Phoebe (charmingly played and beautifully sung by Lindsay McGonagle) we were immediately in the Gilbert and Sullivan world. The magnificent set of the Tower of London prepared us for the entry of the yeomen and Dame Carruthers' tribute to the grim old tower was impressively sung by Rachel Clarke, who acted with a maturity and confidence beyond her years.

The lovely duet 'I have a song to sing O!' soon followed. Andrew Lilico played the part of the jester Point with whimsical humour and Chantal Bland sang Elsie with great artistry. Fairfax, of course, one expects to be good, and the King's School was fortunate in having Jack Holroyd to sing the part. His professionalism was an encouragement to the rest of the cast.

The music was delightful throughout and I remember with particular appreciation the lovely quartet 'When a wooer goes a-wooing'.

Gilbert and Sullivan operas are escapist and the audience demonstrated its pleasure in escaping into a world which, if sometimes silly, is always beautiful. We are grateful to the cast and to the producer Mr Lyons for giving us such enjoyment.

R.C.

## "The Quest for the Andrex Puppy"

Once again the annual Upper Sixth pantomime provided a very entertaining afternoon. It was based on the school's ever-present problem, the longing for soft toilet paper, with doses of festive spirit thrown in. The story followed the vain attempts of Head Girl and deputies to seek out the illusive Andrex puppy (convincingly played by Rachel Williams). The charade began in the Upper Sixth common room, providing a genuine snippet of Sixth Form school life, with continual repetitions of 'I'm having a party!' throughout the scene. The characters "following the toilet roll trail" found themselves in situations ranging from Star Trek to the Queen's School top garden. The valiant Head Girl struggled on despite challenges made to her position by the ambitious Mrs Faulkner! (Kate Jones). Eventually the puppy was found at the North Pole which created



# Here and There

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## C.P. Witter Prize

I was the lucky winner of the 1987 C.P. Witter Prize which involved a week on the Ocean Youth Club sailing vessel 'Francis Drake'. As it was the first time I had ever been sailing I was really excited.

I arrived in Holyhead in the pouring rain and soon met two of my fellow crew members. We were soaked before we even reached the 'Francis Drake' which was moored quite a distance from the quayside. A wooden launch took us to the 72ft ketch which seemed surprisingly smaller than I had imagined. Being the last to arrive on the 'Drake' we had bunks in the saloon which, although lacking privacy, were 'the most comfortable' according to the skipper.

The 2nd mates, Roger and Dave, kitted us out with harnesses and bright yellow 'oilies' and we were introduced to George, the skipper, and Sue, the 1st mate, who divided us up into 'port' and 'starboard' watches. Everyone found it difficult to sleep on the first night, not only because of the new and strange surroundings but also because of a very noisy but funny Liverpoolian called Jamie who had great difficulty in keeping his mouth shut for longer than 5 seconds!

The next day after a morning learning the ropes we were ready to set sail in brilliant sunshine, a contrast to the previous day. For a large number of the crew, myself not included, the new experience proved too much, resulting in sea sickness and the first few hours at sea being spent at the side of the boat. At 10p.m. we anchored at Port Erin in the Isle of Man which, in the dark, appeared as a mass of brightly coloured lights more like Blackpool illuminations.

Early next morning we sailed 7 miles further round the coast to Peel where we were able to go ashore. Later we continued on to Scotland. I took the helm for the first time which seemed a huge responsibility and very difficult. The boat seemed to be on such a tilt that it would keel over but I was assured this would not happen. Once I relaxed it became much easier and very enjoyable. Unfortunately I was on the dreaded galley duty for the evening which involved cooking the main meal of the day. Believe me it was extremely difficult trying to peel potatoes, prepare pork chops, vegetables and gravy while the boat was violently moving from side to side and up and down — not the best conditions for showing off your culinary skills! In the evening we arrived in the Isle of Whithorn where we decided to go and explore the very limited nightlife. We were enthusiastically greeted by the locals who insisted on shaking our hands and treating us like VIP guests.

By the next afternoon we had entered the neck of Strangford Lough in Northern Ireland which was very narrow and required very careful and frantic sailing together with good teamwork. We anchored safely in the harbour for the night and went ashore to look around. On Wednesday morning we scrubbed the boat from top to bottom and stocked up on fresh food supplies. Unfor-

tunately we had to use the motor out of the Lough because the tide was against us. This meant we would not have another exciting sail like the previous day which was perhaps a good thing because we were all completely exhausted. However we still had enough energy to trap Jamie in a sail bag and hoist him up with the help of George. This was a source of great amusement to everyone as it actually left him speechless for a few seconds!

We continued our sail and after a short stop for fuel at Kilkeel, a busy fishing harbour, we experienced our first taste of night sailing. My watch had to be on deck from 12-4a.m. We all had to be alert as it was our responsibility to sail the boat and keep a good lookout. It was a really enjoyable night as the sky was clear and the sea not too rough.

The following morning we hoisted the sails again as the winds increased and sailed into Abersoch on our way to Barmouth. George managed to weave his way in and out of the numerous speed boats, dinghys and water skiers so that we could anchor relatively near the beach. After lunch and a swim in the freezing waters we headed for Barmouth, hoisting the Mizzen sail, an enormous and impressive green and white sail which almost formed a roof over the 'Drake' and increased greatly our sailing speed. Our arrival in Barmouth had been publicised and so crowds of people had gathered at the quayside. It was really exciting sailing in to such a response and we felt like real celebrities as we were photographed and interviewed by the local newspaper. We changed skippers here so it was with our new captain, Stuart, that we set sail on our final leg to Holyhead at 6a.m. the following morning when the conditions we faced were the roughest we had experienced all week. This led to really thrilling sailing with the boat tilting at an incredible angle and waves completely soaking us.

When we finally reached Holyhead it felt as if I had been away for months rather than a week as I had learnt so much and visited so many new places. We had logged 377 miles in total. The boat was thoroughly cleaned on Saturday morning ready for a new crew who would be joining that evening. It was with great reluctance that I left the 'Francis Drake' and said goodbye to the friends I had made during the week. It was a fabulous experience and I should like to thank Mr Witter for giving me the opportunity to go and I should like to encourage younger members of the school to try for the C.P. Witter Prize if they are given the chance.

Gaynor Willis UVI

## Intensive German Week-end at Menai

An entire week-end spent speaking and thinking German may not be everyone's idea of fun, but undeterred we set off from Chester station on Friday, 15th January, bound for Menai. On arrival we were immediately made aware of a ten pence fine if we were 'caught' speaking English. Consequently some people went home penniless!

After our first meal we were left wondering whether the 20 mile queue for the Tuck Shop reflected the quality of the food! The German atmosphere was enhanced by a variety of activities ranging from a Treasure Hunt across the

welsh countryside to a lecture on German wine, although many people were left disappointed as this did not include tasting! An interesting schedule of entertainment was provided on Saturday evening in the form of a show in which everyone had to take part: acts included German songs and sketches amongst which 'Ost Enders' and 'Der Preis ist richtig' seemed popular. The highlight of the week-end had to be the disco although the music seemed limited to the 'Grease' album! Everyone enjoyed the course but whether or not our German has improved remains to be seen!

Kate Appleby, Vicki Atkinson UVI

## Intensive French Week-end at Menai

Never before have ten girls spent so many sleepless nights worrying about the thought of having to speak French from morning till night for three days! At first we were enthusiastic about spending a week-end at the Menai centre in Anglesey but as the week-end approached we became slightly nervous and the thought of having to pay a fine every time we spoke English was not very encouraging, to say the least.

Despite a rather slow and anxious journey we finally arrived at our accommodation for the week-end. The aim of creating a French atmosphere began with a welcome drink of wine and a meal. However, some of us decided to opt out of the food as the sliced bread did not exactly match our expectations of 'baguette'. As the week-end progressed we definitely became more lively, especially at night time, when some of us were totally oblivious to the fact that there were people trying to get some sleep! Despite the failed plan to get us to speak French throughout the week-end, it did improve our French in general with organised activities such as videos, games and lectures. On Saturday evening each group had to prepare some form of entertainment for 'le grand concert', ranging from a song to the French version of 'Blankety Blank'. When we left on Sunday afternoon, the general opinion was that it had certainly been very enjoyable and, of course, we are now fluent in French!

Judy Fielding UVI

## Remove S Ramble

One Saturday in October several of us went on a ramble in Peover, near Knutsford. We were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Little. Mr. Little is keen on nature so he was occupied in finding objects of interest. We passed an old house and farm before arriving at the church in Over Peover. We went inside and realised that, despite its outward moderately sized appearance, it was actually very small. Inside were a few graves which were reminiscent of Egyptian tombs.

Once outside, we continued on the path for about two miles before eating lunch. After crossing quite a few fields — including gaining some experience in herding cows — we came to Lower Peover. We crossed more fields then came through the graveyard up behind the local church. We did not go in to this one but continued past a cottage built in 1679. After going through 'The Bells of Peover' we were back at the minibus. We would all like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Little for making this trip possible.

Sarah Jones, Remove S



## Upper Fourth Activities Holiday

We arrived at Hyde House, Wareham, Dorset, on Sunday 10th April, ready to begin a packed programme of activities the next morning. For the first three days we enjoyed hot, sunny weather but found that the recommended jumpers came in handy at night in our unheated bedrooms! Our activities included archery, judo, horse-riding, parascending, canoeing, windsurfing, rock-climbing and abseiling, all under the watchful eye of our handsome instructors!

In the evenings we had a trip to the seaside at Bournemouth, a film on video, a game of rounders and a disco. The end of the week came far too quickly for most of us and we found ourselves waving goodbye to our friends at Hyde House before we were really ready to leave.

Hyde House was in the middle of an adder sanctuary, but we left without actually seeing one, to the relief of some people! We also departed before spotting "Stanley the Crocodile" who, legend has it, lived in the lake outside the house.

We should all like to thank Mrs. Little and Miss Purcell for giving up five days of their Easter holidays to give us the best five days of ours.

Anna Maddocks, UIVS

## 'The Frogs', March 1988

A very early start enabled us to have time to spend looking round the British Museum in the morning. The Greek antiquities got us in the mood for the afternoon's performance. Although not *all* the dialogue was understood by us, the bawdiness came across through the visual slapstick! The frog chorus made a brave attempt to dance their parts to such jazzy tunes as 'Mississippi Mud' or the more sombre 'National Anthem'. The characters did not adhere strictly to classical dress: Pluto wore tails, Charon a gondolier's outfit and the lead frog had a cigar and impediment to give him a Churchillian air. We were all glad that Mrs Fowler had taken us to see such an enjoyably novel interpretation.

Esther McMillan LVI

## Roman Studies Conference

As we set out for the King's School I think that we were all rather apprehensive about the afternoon ahead, as we had never attended anything quite like it before! However, all of our fears were quelled as we were greeted by Mr. Johnson, the Classics master, who engineered the whole event. We were made to feel very welcome and all enjoyed watching many other school parties filling up the hall.

The afternoon had been organised to give us a clearer idea of what Roman pastimes were really like. We were able to choose two activities from cooking, plays, making pan pipes, games, museum finds and jewelry. The cooking session was highly informative and gave us an opportunity to sample traditional Roman dishes, including pork with apricots and stuffed dates which we made for ourselves from dates, salt and pepper, fried in honey! The pan pipes session produced some impressive creations and the plays some hysterical laughter.

Between the two sessions Mr. Johnson gave a talk on the varied careers that can follow from the study of Latin and made it amusing as well as serious. I know that the afternoon was enjoyed by all and I hope that it will be the first of many.

Annabel Taylor, UIVP



## A Life on the Ocean Wave

Life on an Ocean Youth Club vessel is fun, but involves a lot of hard work. The old saying "you only get out of it what you are prepared to put in" immediately springs to mind. If you are prepared to put aside personal differences, sleep in a wet sleeping bag, smile at all times (even when hung over the side, desperately wishing that you had not had two pieces of sponge pudding), cook a full roast dinner for twenty one at an angle varying between ninety and one hundred and eighty degrees, oh, and be called all the names under the sun if you dare to drop off whilst at the helm at two o'clock in the morning, having been

up for eighteen hours, then you are the sort of person who would revel in such an experience.

There are good parts to the trip though: the varying senses of achievement when you reach the top of the sixty foot mast, the feeling of companionship when you are enjoying a singsong in the middle of the Irish sea and for some obscure reason you feel perfectly safe, and the suntan has to be one of the best obtained without a passport. I have definitely caught the sailing bug. This year I am taking part in a two week trip around Ireland in early August. I would recommend an OYC "adventure under sail" to anyone — but one final word of advice: remember to take some thermal underwear. It can be pretty cold out at sea at four o'clock in the morning!

Jo Pointing, UVI

# Les Orres Skiing Trip 1988

"We are on the M25". Helen England's running commentary as to our location finally brought some sign of hope. We were nearing Gatwick. For some of us first time fliers, the cramped compartment of the 757 and the fried in-flight breakfast were little comfort. We arrived in Grenoble to brilliant sunshine which cheered up an arduous journey to Les Orres, punctuated by a stop at an irate Frenchman's hotel, where sixty queued for one toilet.

The hotel (Les Arolles) was very welcoming, although we were surprised to be explaining our bedding requirements to an Englishman. The whole hotel was run by a British team; British in the true sense of the word from Fraser, the fiery Scot, who plagued Mrs. Faulkner all week, to Jim, the Cockney, and Chris, the country bumpkin, — a particularly popular instructor with certain members of the Lower Sixth.

All the beginners loved our shy and ever-patient instructor Derek who toiled for an hour to get everyone up the scary drag lifts on the blue run. He finally gave up on one unnamed beginner who fell off halfway up three times and thus had to slide back down on her behind, consequently missing the whole lesson. Despite the lifts and the icy conditions, all the beginners gained a Two Star Award at the end of the week — a just reward for the practice they put in.

Following a rather anxious assessment of all the "intermediates" on the first day, ("intermediates" being a rather loose description, ranging from second-timers to near Martin Bells), we were put into groups; these being the advanced group, perilously led by Derek, the true intermediates headed by the bearded and bespectacled Brian, and the "definitely room for improvement" group which contained several of the trip's "characters", and was bemusedly instructed by Chris ("Know what I mean, Jean"), who unfortunately had a tendency to become a little over-enthusiastic, but nevertheless was an endless source of amusement and encouragement. Sadly the icy conditions took their toll, resulting in three injuries which put paid to Catherine's, Fiona's and Wenonah's further skiing.

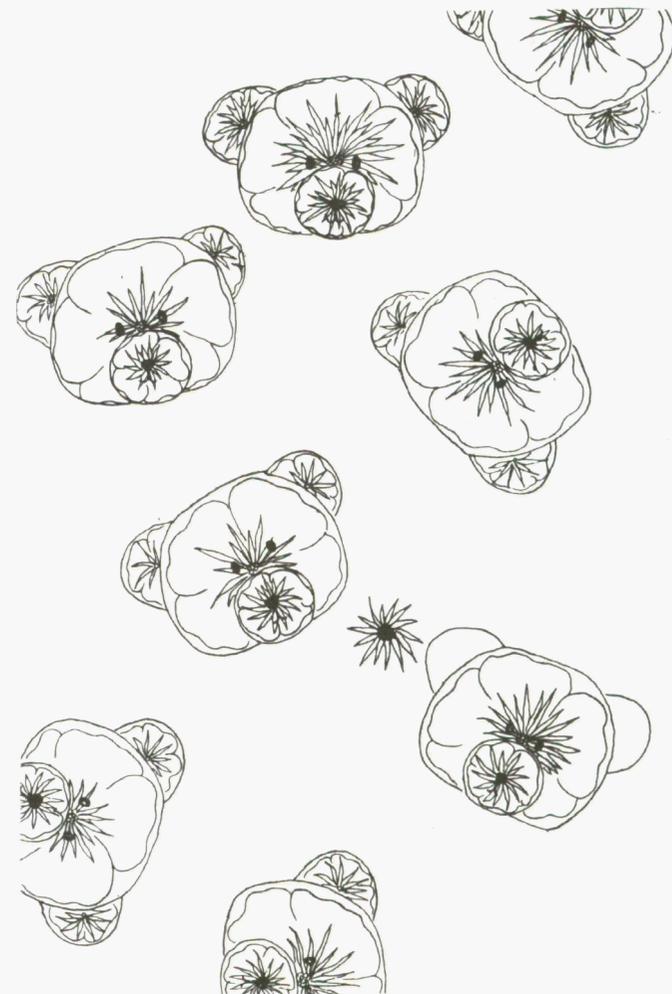


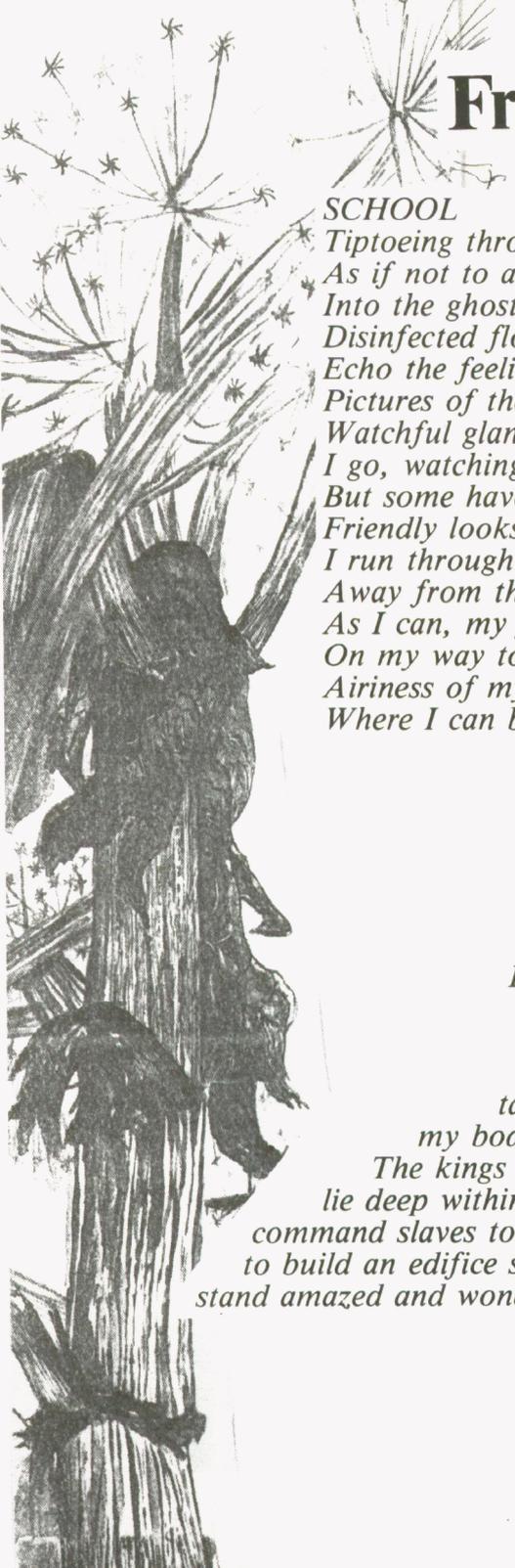
The après-ski was summed up by Mrs. Faulkner's quote; "The men are thin on the ground like the snow!" There was only one notable conquest during the week — Melanie worked hard on Anglo-French relations.

Evening entertainments included a Quiz and a Treasure Hunt, won by the highly competitive members of Studio Ten. The local disco, a crêpe and foun-due evening and a highly charged presentation of awards rounded off a perfect week of sunshine, skiing and food.

Many grateful thanks go to Mr. Steventon, who recorded our holiday on film, Mrs. Steventon, Mrs. E.L. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. B. Jones, Mrs. Little and Mrs. Faulkner for organising and enduring us for a week.

Margaret Patten and Lindsay Stent, LVI





# From the Poets

## SCHOOL

*Tiptoeing through the abandoned passages,  
As if not to awake the past,  
Into the ghostly picture gallery, where  
Disinfected floors, newly mopped to last,  
Echo the feeling of long ago. There,  
Pictures of the century's headmistresses cast  
Watchful glances, everywhere.  
I go, watching my behaviour. Some look aghast,  
But some have smiling, kindly countenances, and  
Friendly looks of care.  
I run through the creaking cloister door  
Away from that place as fast  
As I can, my feet hardly touch the floor,  
On my way to the vast  
Airiness of my own secret, private rose garden,  
Where I can breathe at last.*

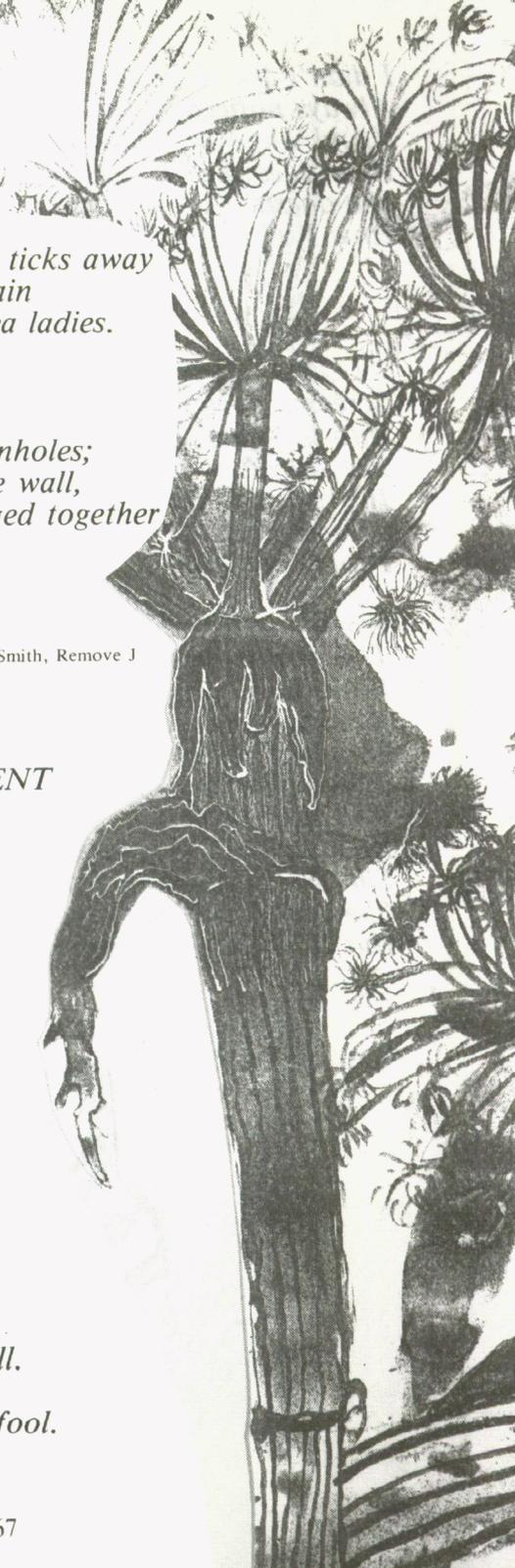
Anina Short, Remove J

## PYRAMID

*I  
am a  
creation  
tall and wide  
my body made of stone.  
The kings and queens of Egypt  
lie deep within my soul. At Pharaoh's  
command slaves toiled, four thousand years ago  
to build an edifice so grand, that to this day men  
stand amazed and wonder at my being. A pyramid great  
am I.*

Loren Knight, Remove S

## THE ENTRANCE HALL



*The round peppermint clock ticks away  
Being disturbed now and again  
With the chattering of the tea ladies.  
In the small cosy pantry  
The light peers down  
From the outside world  
Through the large bucket sunholes;  
The art display shines on the wall,  
The jungle of colours smudged together  
With a whirl and a swirl  
Of a magic brush  
In the empty entrance hall.*

Lucy Smith, Remove J

## A TALL PERSON'S LAMENT

*I didn't ask to be tall,  
It just happened, that's all!  
Out shopping for a dress  
Oh what distress!  
"But madam's so tall!"  
How I wish I were small!*

*I didn't ask to be tall;  
The teasing at school:  
"Hold your head up high!"  
How I wanted to cry.  
The unkind names they call.  
How I wish I were small!*

*I didn't ask to be tall;  
Not Cinderella at the ball,  
An ugly sister dressed to kill.  
No one knows how I feel.  
At the disco I look such a fool.  
How I wish I were small!*

I didn't ask to be tall;  
 Always noticed in the hall.  
 "And why weren't you praying?"  
 How does she know what I'm saying?  
 She doesn't care at all.  
 How I wish I were small!

Eleni Kinch, Remove J

ALONE

Screams of laughter echo up from the yard  
 Into the silent library.  
 She sits alone with books all around her,  
 In front and behind are shelves  
 Filled with books.  
 People are working.  
 The room is full of people yet she is alone,  
 There's no one here any good to her.  
 The yard is where she wants to be  
 With other girls of her own age,  
 But how can she go there?  
 She does not belong.  
 They will either torment her or ignore her.  
 And then some kinder people will come  
 And pity her; she hates that most.  
 She wants attention from friends, not teachers.  
 She cannot see any other way round it  
 But to sit at that table alone.

Sarah Boyd, Remove J



W Denim jeans  
 tough and strong  
 A little bit frayed  
 worn all day long  
 Patch pockets  
 Double seams  
 Levi Strauss  
 frayed  
 buttons  
 will do  
 the bottom  
 And at  
 I SDS

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 I SDS

S I'm warm and cozy  
 I'm rather old but I'm treated with care  
 I hate to be washed  
 I've shrunk here and there  
 I've slipped a few stitches  
 And suffered a tear  
 But I'm worn so a lot  
 that it's easy to tear  
 It's good to be loved on  
 and worn everywhere

H I'm warm and cozy  
 I'm rather old but I'm treated with care  
 I hate to be washed  
 I've shrunk here and there  
 I've slipped a few stitches  
 And suffered a tear  
 But I'm worn so a lot  
 that it's easy to tear  
 It's good to be loved on  
 and worn everywhere

M I'm warm and cozy  
 I'm rather old but I'm treated with care  
 I hate to be washed  
 I've shrunk here and there  
 I've slipped a few stitches  
 And suffered a tear  
 But I'm worn so a lot  
 that it's easy to tear  
 It's good to be loved on  
 and worn everywhere

G I'm warm and cozy  
 I'm rather old but I'm treated with care  
 I hate to be washed  
 I've shrunk here and there  
 I've slipped a few stitches  
 And suffered a tear  
 But I'm worn so a lot  
 that it's easy to tear  
 It's good to be loved on  
 and worn everywhere

D I'm warm and cozy  
 I'm rather old but I'm treated with care  
 I hate to be washed  
 I've shrunk here and there  
 I've slipped a few stitches  
 And suffered a tear  
 But I'm worn so a lot  
 that it's easy to tear  
 It's good to be loved on  
 and worn everywhere

Y I'm it's  
 Pair -  
 exactly  
 the same  
 covered  
 in mud  
 my claim to  
 fame is a  
 hole in my toe

Amy  
 Walton  
 Remove S.

### WAR MEDALS

*Thick dust had gathered on the murky medal of memories;  
The striped ribbon had lost its bright rainbow colours  
For it had faded, and so had the memories attached to it.  
The screams of pain and anguish echoed round inside my head:*

*Gunshots and crying and men and women suffering,  
Young children, taken from their home, away to the passive countryside,  
The massive explosions, as frequent as leaves falling from an autumn tree.*

*But what resulted from the two world wars? Peace?  
Tranquillity?*

*Just a few old men, with medals tucked away in dusty attics.*

Geraldine Patten, Lower IVL

### RACE AGAINST DARKNESS

*Harsh rasping, ricocheting inside your head  
Drawing white, fading patterns.  
Bass drum heartbeats, cloud and mist.  
Footfalls echo and rebound.  
You want to stop but it's no dream;  
Will you melt or freeze?  
The loud silence causes all systems to malfunction,  
Overload,*

*S C R E A M !*

*Cuts the night in two,  
Then, silence . . .*

*Pampered by a single bird's wings.*

Juliet George, Lower IVW

### THE SPIDER

*There it was,  
Lying still in the bath,  
As if it was made out of wood.  
Its eight spiny legs like pieces of straw.  
The girl reached for her shoe,  
And gently tapped the spider,  
Her hands shaking.  
It ran blindly to and fro,  
Round the clean, white bath,  
Like a swinging pendulum.  
Next the girl reached slowly for the tap.  
Water began to surround the unknowing spider.  
It hauled its legs into its body,  
And like a hedgehog,  
It rolled into a ball.  
The water carried it round and round the bath,  
Like a man drowning,  
In a rough sea.  
It circled the plug hole,  
Trying to crawl free,  
From the heavy pull of the water,  
But it was too late,  
The spider disappeared,  
Into the unknown world of the drain.*

Wendy Thompson, Lower IVW

### ANGER

*Like a bomb exploding,  
Suddenly anger flows into me  
From the depths,  
A furious rage tearing reason from doubt  
And as if the pistol went in a race  
I tear into action.  
'How could you do that?  
My favourite programme ruined!  
Your stupidity amazes me!'  
An eternal-seeming silence roots me to the spot  
Until  
My sister looks up tearfully,  
Sweetly and angelically.  
As unexpectedly as the anger had flowed,  
My sister's face  
Turns off my anger  
And allows me to calm down.*

Menai West, Lower IVL

### *OH WASHING MACHINE!*

*On Monday a.m.,  
with breakfast mayhem  
cleared and gone  
and Mum alone,  
the washing machine  
began to lean  
this way and that,  
and then it spat  
a gush of foam  
throughout the home.  
"Oh, help! What's wrong?  
It's not that long  
since the last man  
came and fixed this can."  
shrieked Mother dear,  
(no one could hear)  
but still she roared  
abuse that soared  
right down the lane;  
and so in vain  
she tried her best  
to extricate the vest  
jammed in the pump,  
which continued to thump.  
"Oh, washing machine  
don't be so mean!  
I've this great pile  
of clothes so vile  
with mud and murk  
it's so much work!  
Please clean for me  
I beg of thee."  
The machine gave a belch  
and with one great squelch,  
it did its best  
to fling the vest  
out of the pump  
which ceased to thump,  
and again her slave  
began to behave.*

Nicola Gowland, Upper IVS

### *JACK*

*Seaweed-yarned nets and rigid lobster pots  
bask on sun-beaten quay,  
Fishermen sit, rubber-clad legs outstretched,  
repairing torn nets.*

*Shale-edged surf rolls along the debris zone,  
strand-line, frolicking and licking the fibrous legs of pier.*

*Pipe in mouth, eyes brimming with fisherman's twinkle,  
the old man admires his day's work.  
Wavy-lined lettering of 'Nord Star' on varnished planks  
Glimmers in the sun.*

*Standing on treasured deck of boat,  
proud lungs absorb the sea air,  
while gnarled red hands loosen granny knot to pier.*

*Jack, stroking hands along the stern,  
roars engine into action.  
Meanwhile black, tumbling skies churn;  
Choppy waters swelling, boat rocks from crest to crest,  
Jack, clinging to self-worn seat of 'Nord Star',  
waves too great for turning into shore.*

Laura Burke, Upper IVS

### *SONG OF THE BLIND CHILD*

*No one else could sit and  
Stare at the huge white daisies  
for long,  
But she sees only darkness in  
front of her,  
For she lives in a world without light.*

*There is no flick of the switch for her,  
No electricity bill,  
Only the endless, black tunnel lies ahead.  
She has no future, no plans,  
And no one understands  
the bleakness that surrounds her.*

*Day after Day she wonders inside  
her empty head,  
What the world is like beyond her  
meaningless eyes.  
She has no pictures, not even memories,  
She knows not what her own face looks like.*

Fiona Westcott, Lower VA

### *LA MAISON À DEMI CONSTRUITE*

*Il a pris la brique  
Dans les mains  
Il a placé la brique  
Dans le ciment  
Sur la brique précédente  
Avec la gâche  
Il a coupé l' excès de ciment  
Qui est tombé à terre  
Il a mis la gâche  
Sur la brique  
Sa dernière brique  
Et il a quitté le terrain  
Pour la dernière fois  
Son travail était fini  
Il était au chômage.*

Susan Ireland, LVA

### *RED AND BLACK*

*Red and black are wounds and mourning,  
The partnership of suffering;  
Red and black, austere, forbidding  
Are visions of the twisted mind  
Say who?  
Only those wo do not dare  
Think 'bright', think 'stark', think 'vivid'  
Not I! No sir! I'll not conform  
To pale pink and blue oblivion.*

*"How can you bear to stay  
In such a room?"  
A 'wound', a 'funeral parlour.'  
This they later said, in reference  
To my work-my walls, emblazoned  
With red and black insignia  
Painted in the emancipation  
Of one crazy summer,  
Painted, the creation  
Of one rebelling mind.*

*'Do it yourself' — such was the trend —  
So I did, with all the zeal  
Of vehement hatred  
For the superficial,  
For pale pink dresses  
For pale pink minds  
And false smiles  
And false friends.*

*Stark and true, the black roller  
Struck that smooth cream wall,  
And with one fell stroke, appeared  
A broad black streak  
Of quintessential sincerity;  
Another, yet another  
And each new mark  
Was restful to the eyes.  
Now the red I flicked like bullets  
Which knocked out the teeth  
Of that spurious smile  
And made it bleed true blood  
Which washed away the pallor  
And kept on flowing, never clotting  
Like the fire within me.*

*"I decorated my room this summer,  
Black and red, even the walls."  
"Oh," they said and turned away.  
I saw their smile and sidelong glance  
And thought.  
"Of course, you'd  
Hate that, wouldn't you?  
— Black and red, I mean."*

Moensie Rossier, Upper VN

### SKI-TRIP

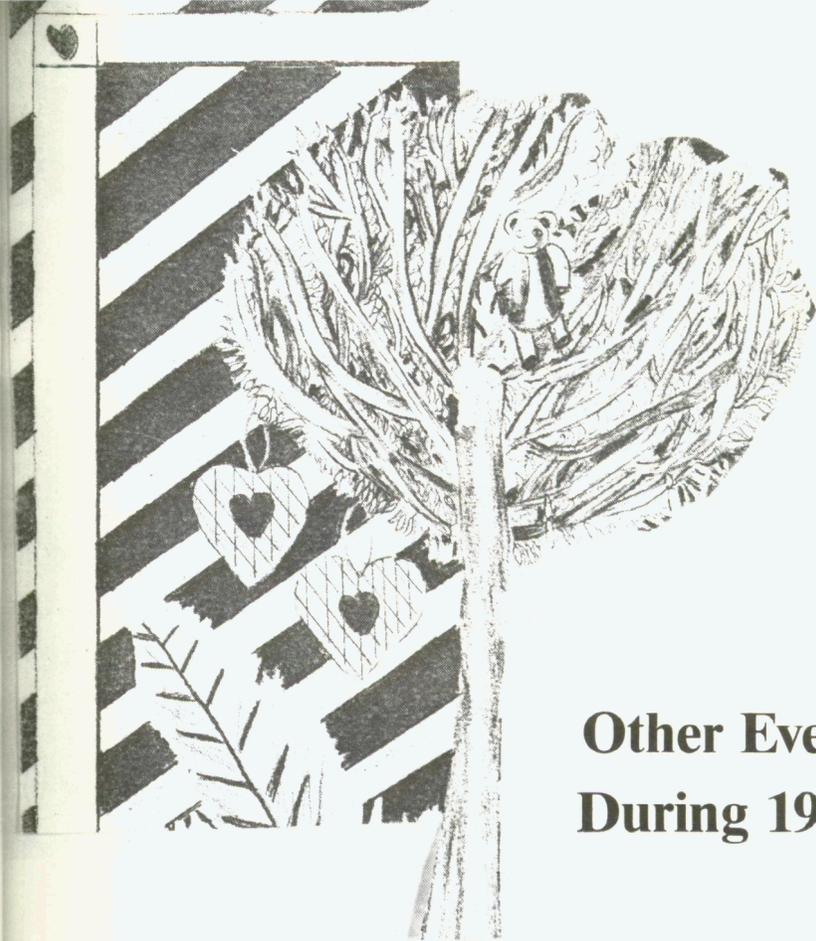
*A slow stumbling trek, with metal shafts on shoulders  
Sun glinting on glistening remnants of the day before.  
Birdsongs, the only noises to break the crisp silence,  
Are suddenly heard no more.*

*As the challenge is approached, the pace slows  
And breathing becomes quicker, punctuating the air  
With smoky expression.  
At last, the arrival, shafts to the ground,  
Here dawns the skiing lesson.*

*One small tension or thrust sends each pair of skis  
Sliding smoothly downward, over ridges, cushioned  
By air and padded clothing only.  
Myriads of coloured bodies cascade down alongside each  
other,  
Leaving no chance to be lonely.*

*CRASH! — an unexpected collision leaves bodies  
Spread-eagled in the white, dusty clouds of levitated  
particles.  
Friends showered, unrecognisable in snow-capped,  
Padded articles.*

Melanie James, Lower VI



## Other Events During 1987-8

April	23:	Summer Term began
April	30	
May	1	Joint Opera: Yeomen of the Guard
	2	
	5	
	6	LV Geography Field Work
	7	
	8	Commemoration Service
	14	LVI Visit to Cambridge
	15	
	25-31	Half-term Holiday
June	22	LVI Visit to Oxford
	23	
	25	UIV Geography Field Work
	30	LV GCSE Playing Evening
July	3	'Thinking about Thinking' — Smallpeice Trust
	10	End of Term

Sept	10	Autumn Term began
	17	Lecture given to UVI on "The University Experience"
	24	Lecture given to UVI on "The UCCA Application" by Mr. R. Hall, Director of Student Recruitment, Brunel University
	29	Visit by Miss Menon
	30	
Oct	2	UVI and LVI German groups visited Manchester to see a production of Brecht's "Mother Courage"
	22	Lecture given to UVI by Mr. A Atkinson, Probation Officer, on "Drugs and Drug Abuse"
	24	Organised walk for Removes at Peover
	26-31	Half-term Holiday
Nov	13	Piano Competition
	19	Lecture given to UVI on "The Newspaper World" by Mr. D. Briggs from the editorial staff of "Daily Mirror"
	26	Lecture given to UVI on "Disasters and the Role of Materials" by Dr. F. Noble, lecturer in Materials Science, Liverpool University
	26	
	27	The Insect Play
	28	
Dec	3	Lecture given to UVI by The Dean of Chester on "The Gospel according to St. John"
	10	Informal Concert
	15	Prizes were distributed by Rev. E.V. Binks, B.D., A.K.C., Principal of Chester College
	18	Joint Carol Service with The King's School in The Cathedral, marking the end of term
Jan	6	Spring Term began
	7	Lecture given to UVI by Mr. M. Horsefield on "The Role of The Court Welfare Officer in Divorce"
	14	Lecture given to UVI by Mrs. A. Maple, Social Worker, on "Child Abuse"
	16	Organised walk for Removes in Cheshire
	21	Lecture given to UVI by Professor J. Tarn, Professor of Architecture, Liverpool University, on "The Buildings of Liverpool"



	28	Lecture given to UVI by Mr. P. Rowe, Senior Lecturer in Law, Liverpool University, on "The Criminal Trial in England"
Feb	10	UIV Latin groups attended a Roman Studies Conference at The King's School
	11	Lecture given to UVI by Nina Burke, Research Assistant in Clinical Psychology, Liverpool University, on "Coping with stress"
	18	Concert
	22-26	Half-term Holiday
	24	Chester Music Society: Young Musicians' Evening
Mar	10	Lecture given to UVI by Dr. R. Ward, Senior Lecturer in Farm Animal Medicine, on "A Veterinary Surgeon's Approach"
	16	LV, UV, LVI and UVI Classicists visited London to see a production of Aristophanes' "Frogs"
	24	UVI Classicists visited Manchester University for lectures on A Level set texts
	31	Spring Term ended

## The Parents' Association

The past year has had several enjoyable and memorable occasions. The disappointment of having to cancel the visit to Gawsworth Hall for "As You Like It", owing to lack of support, was soon forgotten with a glorious day for the Garden Party and Short Tennis Tournament in July. The variety of side shows, strawberry teas, swimming and tennis provided entertainment for everyone. It also raised £585. We were very grateful to Mr. Charters for all his hard work.

The Antiques Road Show at Phillips of Chester was an interesting and successful evening — even if many went home with “disappointing” family heirlooms! Then came the Christmas Buffet which, with Clwyd sounds, was yet again an enjoyable, festive occasion. Thanks to the inspiration and efforts of Mr. Jeremy Taylor, the Association held a Quiz at the Senior School in March. This was a very good evening, well supported, and with fun and challenges for all participants. The Middle School Disco swiftly followed, with the boys of The King’s School invited. This proved to be a very popular event.

The committee felt that continued liaison was needed between schools, parents and ISIS to promote independent schools. (Membership application forms are available from the Senior School).

The Committee does appreciate the guidance and support given by Miss Farra and all the help and advice it has from Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Faulkner in the organisation of Parents’ Association functions. The Association is now in a healthy financial position to launch into the next Autumn Market which, because of the planned building operations for the Senior School, is to become a “Spring” Market in 1989. So we look forward to another year of involving all parents in various activities to further the interests of The Queen’s School and our children.

Charlotte Rose



# The Queen’s School Association

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## The Annual General Meeting

This was held in the school hall on Saturday 27th June at 3.30p.m. Miss Farra presided and 50 members were present.

Minutes of the last AGM were read, confirmed and signed. VI Form leavers were elected members of the Association “en bloc”. Hilarie McNae (née Adams) was elected to the committee, there being a vacancy following the resignation of Doris Compton and Margo Lumb. The President thanked the retiring committee members for their long and loyal service and encouraged more members to show their willingness to stand for election next year as there were still three vacancies.

The Treasurer in her comprehensive report said that the year 1986/87 showed a profit of £183.83 and that contributions to the Memorial Fund had totalled £387.50. The book of accounts was tabled for members to inspect.

The President in her report spoke of academic successes in the school and the high standard attained in the ‘O’ and ‘A’ level examinations. She also read some early degree results. Miss Farra gave details of other activities during the past year, including sporting and musical achievements. She told us that in May 1897 the first issue of “Have Mynde” was published with Mrs. Sandford, the Headmistress, as editor and that 1987 was also the 90th Anniversary of the first meeting of the “The Queen’s School Union of Past and Present Pupils” which was marked by a dinner held in the school on 16th May.

The President thanked the Association for the continuing valuable contribution it makes with both financial and practical help. Miss Farra concluded by thanking those in charge of catering and Joan Roberts for the beautiful flower arrangements.

Veronica Davies, on behalf of the Association, wished Mrs. Audrey Hardwick a happy retirement and presented her with a tapestry frame and cheque.

Cecily West thanked Miss Farra for taking the meeting, for welcoming us back to school and for giving us such an interesting report of all the news.

After the meeting a selection of photographs dating from the earliest days of the school were on display for the interest of members and their friends who joined us for tea.

M.W.

## The Committee for 1987-88 is as follows:-

Chairman	Margaret Hassall (née Owen)	1943-48
Hon. Secretary	Mary Wood	1935-46
Hon. Treasurer	Mary Burgess (née Ham)	1958-63
Committee Members	Connie Baxter	1921-33
	Pamela Benson (née Jackson)	1967-74
	Marie Christopherson	1923-30
	Sheila Douglas (née Williams)	1944-49
	Jenny Entwisle (née Ray)	1950-54
	Judith Fernandes (née Dunart)	1951-56
	Shirley Hayes	1947-54
	Hâf Davies-Humphries (née Griffiths)	1950-64
	Margaret Ireland (nee Kelly)	1952-65
	Hilarie McNae (née Adams)	1949-63
	Marjorie Miln (née Hack)	1949-63
	Joan Roberts (née Brookes)	1934-43
	Ann Short (née Brotherhood)	1954-61
Rosemary Sunter	1940-53	
Kirsty Whiteley (née Elliott)	1966-73	
Margaret Yorke (née Longman)	1950-57	

## 90th Anniversary Dinner

On Saturday, May 16th, The Queen's School Association held its 90th Anniversary Dinner. About seventy members met for pre-dinner drinks and chat in the school hall where there was an exhibition of photographs and recordings of happenings throughout the years.

Gladys Phillips said grace, and Margaret Hassall as Chairman welcomed guests and introduced the speakers. Special guests were Mr. Michael Scott, Chairman of the Parents' Association, and Mrs. Scott and also three generations of the same family: Anna Dawson, the present Head Girl, her mother, Hilary Dawson (née Moss), and her grandmother, Dora Dawson (née Ward). Mr. Ribbeck, Chairman of the Governors, and Mr. Dutton, Clerk to the Governors, were not able to be present.

After Margaret Hassall had proposed the Loyal Toast, Miss Farra proposed a toast to the Association to which Connie Baxter responded. In her speech Miss Farra compared The Queen's School of 1897 with the school as we know it. 1897, when Mrs. Sandford was headmistress, saw the publication of the first issue of *Have Mynde* which has continued to record events in the life of the school ever since: the academic and sporting successes, the building schemes, comings and goings of members of staff, entertainments, fund raising, original

articles, poems and drawings. The Queen's School Association of Past and Present Pupils was also formed in 1897 — a forerunner of The Queen's School Association, and Miss Farra invited the members present to drink a toast to the Association.

Connie Baxter seconded this by telling us anecdotes of episodes during the reigns of the four headmistresses she had known. They emerge as excellent, dedicated women and very human ones: sometimes appearing rather awesome but their kindness, humour and understanding remembered and appreciated. We were all amused by Connie's well-told tales of chaperones, of the day the school caught fire during a medical inspection, of personalities who left their mark, of her own youthful peccadilloes. Above all, she called to mind the values, the qualities of enthusiasm, enterprise, creativeness and public spirited service which The Queen's School instilled in its pupils.

Afterwards, of course, there was much talk and reminiscing. The generations were well mixed and Marie Christopherson's school group photographs, from 1924 onwards, created a nostalgic and enjoyable guessing game! The interesting exhibition from the school archives was arranged by Stella Pope and Mary Wood.

The meal was excellent too: Melon or Florida Cocktail, Gamon and Pineapple, White Wine, Raspberry Meringue or Black Forest Gateau, Cheese, Coffee. At the end of the evening everyone agreed that it had been a very happy and successful reunion.

J.G.

## Degree Results 1987

Judith Affleck	11 <sub>1</sub> Classics, Oxford
Jane Bateman	11 <sub>2</sub> Modern Languages and Literature (French and German), Leeds
Tracey Bedford	11 <sub>1</sub> English, Manchester
Kate Berens	11 <sub>2</sub> English, Durham
Imogen Clark	11 <sub>2</sub> Economics and Management, Cambridge
Judith Clarke	11 <sub>2</sub> Language and Linguistics, Essex
Jane Dale	1 <sub>1</sub> English, Oxford
Clare Dobson	11 <sub>1</sub> Music, London
Sara Goddard	11 <sub>1</sub> Zoology, Liverpool
Helen Goltz	11 <sub>1</sub> Chemical Sciences, East Anglia
Gillian Hands	11 <sub>2</sub> Education
Fiona Hickson	11 <sub>2</sub> Mathematics, Oxford
Alison Hood	11 <sub>2</sub> Biochemistry, Southampton
Anna Howatt	11 <sub>2</sub> History, Cambridge
Sally Kay	11 <sub>1</sub> American Studies, Essex
Emma Leach	11 <sub>1</sub> Geography, Nottingham
Veronica Lee	11 <sub>1</sub> French and German, Birmingham
Siân Lewis	11 <sub>2</sub> Mathematics and Statistics, Birmingham
Caroline Limb	1 <sub>1</sub> Italian and French Studies, Lancaster
Vanessa Lance	11 <sub>1</sub> History, Oxford
Julia McGaughran	Medicine, Liverpool
Sarah Mulcahy	11 <sub>2</sub> American Studies and English, Birmingham

Nicola Pritchard	11 <sub>1</sub> Microbiology, London
Clare Robinson	11 <sub>1</sub> Medical Science, Cambridge
Lucinda Summers	1 Basic Medical Sciences with Anatomy, London
Catherine Thompson	Medicine, Nottingham
Sarah Wardley	11 <sub>1</sub> Politics, Bristol
Shoonagh White	11 <sub>1</sub> French, Durham
Catherine Winsor	11 <sub>2</sub> Textile Design, Leeds

**Awards:** Jill Irving was awarded a Scholarship at Imperial College, London.  
Jane Nash: Pope Exhibition in Modern Languages at Somerville College, Oxford.

## News of Members

- Joan Alsop** (née Phillips) writes: "between home, garden and family I help to run the coffee shop at church, help with the 'Mums and Toddlers' club and am secretary of the London Diocesan Social Concern Committee of the Mothers' Union."
- Anne Archer** is now working for the Deutsche Genossenschaftsbank in the City as Personnel Officer
- Rowan Browning** who already holds the Queen's Guide Badge has also gained the Queen's Scout Award. She is currently studying Maths and Economics at Leeds University where in her spare time she helps out with the local scout group.
- Elizabeth Cartwright** (née Cook) lives in Derbyshire and writes: "I would be pleased to hear from any old friends with whom I have lost contact. Telephone 028 373 3619."
- Jacqueline Clinton** hopes to take a nursing degree after completing the Diploma of Nursing course this year.
- Hilary Cotton** (née Faull) is tutoring at the Civil Service College in Sunningdale.
- Freda Crowe** (née Gill) is moving to Salisbury in April as her husband has been appointed Principal of Salisbury/Wells Theological College.
- Valerie Curtis** has spent six months with the Red Cross in Ethiopia helping the victims of drought. She says "Ethiopia is a beautiful country and its people are a proud and clever race. I feel very privileged to have been able to go out there and help."
- Judy Davies** (née Jones) is teaching at Cherry Grove Primary School in Chester.
- Veronica Davies** is still working at Penrhos College and is particularly enjoying being involved with the Careers department.
- Caroline Elsdon** (née Done) is now living in Evesham and has been appointed Development Officer for 'Age Concern' in Worcester — a job which she is finding extremely interesting.
- Sarah Gall** (née Platt) is living in Godalming and writes "I'm doing lots of interesting work including artist's impressions for estate agents and historical research for the National Trust."
- Jaye Gillespie** has returned to Sydney, Australia, following her 'round the world' tour and is now working in the Physiotherapy Department of the St. Vincent Hospital.
- Audrey Hardwick** writes "I am enjoying my retirement. My tapestry frame is being put to good use as I am working a kneeler for my local church.

I have also become a cross stitch addict and have completed a wedding sampler for my daughter and an embarking on a christening sampler for my son's baby."

- Nicola Haresnape** was awarded an English-Speaking Union Schoolgirl Exchange Scholarship for a year in an American school. She writes "Having the time of my life in Memphis, Tennessee, at the Hutchinson School for Girls." In her travels she has spent 5 days in New Orleans, a long weekend in St. Louis, 6 days in Chicago, 4 days in Florida and 5 days in Acapulco in Mexico. Disneyland she says was "out of this world". Nicola sums up her travels by writing "In all my travels around this vast land I have found that there is nothing to compare with good old England."
- Kirstine Howatt** is in her third year as a Production Co-ordinator with Carlton Television and writes that she is thoroughly enjoying work and social life in London. Her sister, Anna, will also be living in London following her marriage in July.
- Barbara James** is now working in Manchester. She is on a two year training course with Sun Alliance Insurance Company, and is currently on a three month secondment in Horsham.
- Sarah Knight** is working as a Chemical Engineer on Plant Development with ICI Chemicals and Polymers Group on Teesside. She is completing a year as President of the Teesside branch of British Junior Chamber.
- Elizabeth Lunn** has been appointed Assistant Chief Auditor at Cheshire County Council.
- Julie McGaughran** gained a distinction in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Liverpool Medical School. Since graduating she has held House Officer posts in Jersey and at Arrowe Park Hospital, Wirral.
- Marian McLachlan** (née Davies) is the Senior Teacher at Chantry Junior School, Ipswich. She has recently been awarded an M.A. in Mathematics and Science in Education by the University of East Anglia.
- Alexandra, Marianne and Rachel Phillips** are now all living in London and would be pleased to see old friends. Alexandra is working as a Stockbroker for Chase Manhattan Bank, dealing with clients from New Zealand. Marianne is Senior Registrar in Paediatric Oncology at Great Ormond Street Hospital and has recently spent a holiday trekking in Nepal. Rachel is a Registrar in Diagnostic and Therapeutic Radiology at The Middlesex and University College Hospitals. She plans to spend some time in America working in this field.
- Barbara Phillips** (née Monkhouse) who studied Law at London and Oxford Universities, specialising in Commercial Law, has been made an associate director of Dan-Air, a company with which she has been working since 1986 as the company solicitor. She is a Liveryman of the City of London Solicitors' Company and a member of the Commerce and Industry Group of the Law Society and the Association of Women Solicitors. She also holds the Freedom of the City of London.
- Dawn Roberts** has gained her Ph.D. in Geography and is now working at Manchester University.
- Sarah Robinson** (née Wood) writes: "we are now settled in Bracknell in Berkshire until such time as the Air Force moves us again! I have gone back to work as a Purchasing and Travel Co-ordinator for a Canadian Computer Software Company, with the great advantage of being able to spend time with Tom and Mary when they are at home in the school holidays." Sarah had met Rosemary Owston at the Beatrix Potter Exhibition at the Tate Gallery.

**Ann Samuel** (née Davies) is now working as a freelance book designer with the newly established children's book division of the American company, World Book International, based at Bath. She still lives in Bristol and would welcome contact from any 'old girls' in the area.

**Mary Sara** (née Proudlove) continues to write for the Yorkshire Post. She has had a successful show of her own drawings and has illustrated a book. Her gallery celebrated its 5th anniversary in August 1987.

**Diane Southern** is teaching in Adelaide this year.

**Margaret Stephens** (née Jones) has moved to Merevale House, Shrewsbury where she has a studio and frames pictures on a part-time basis. She writes "any 'old girls' in the area are most welcome to call in for coffee any morning."

**Sarah Swallow** (née Wain) writes "To all girls who left the VI Form in 1974 — Don't forget we all agreed to meet again in 1989 — Please write to me with your current address to 7; Delves Walk, Chester. CH3 5XG.

**Mary Ternmouth** (née Holliday) has three sons but is managing to work part-time as a lecturer/tutor at Croydon College and for the National Institute of Social Work Research Unit. She hopes to move back to the Chester or Manchester area later in 1988.

**Catherine Thompson** is continuing her clinical medical training in Nottingham

**Sheila Turner** (née Horne) is now living in Cheltenham and she writes that she is well occupied rearing her four children, tending an allotment and playing the piano at the primary school.

**Joanna Udall** was awarded a Ph.D from London University in 1987. Her thesis was 'The Critical old spelling edition of "The Birth of Merlin" (1662).' She is a part-time lecturer in English at King's and Royal Holloway Colleges.

**Rona Wagstaffe** (née Deas) is a freelance Marketing Advisor for small companies.

**Elizabeth Walker** is due to complete her Post-graduate research at University College, London, this summer.

**Yvonne Walker** (née Woodhead) keeps in regular contact with Elizabeth Kentish (née Lewis) and they see each other from time to time despite the 900 miles distance between their homes in Sydney and Adelaide. She would be delighted to hear from any Queen's School friends should they be in Sydney.

**Lynne Warrington** is now in her final year at Nottingham University reading Classics. Next year she will be studying for the Postgraduate Certificate of Education in Classics at Hughes Hall, Cambridge.

**Karen Webb** (née Robinson) is a G.P. in South Shropshire.

**Karin Whitehead** (née Pottinger) is working as a physiotherapist at the Alexandra Hospital, Cheadle.

**Ruth Williams** is living at the Wesley Community in Edinburgh whilst in the third year of a Business Studies Course at the University. She writes that she would love to hear from anyone from her year.

**Elizabeth Winder** (née West-Oram) has three children aged 17, 16 and 12. Last year she studied Health Visiting at the North East Wales Institute in Wrexham. She is now enjoying a full-time post as a Health Visitor in Runcorn.

## Births

**Blann** — on 29th February, 1988, to Robina (née Salisbury) a son, Patrick Samuel Edward, a brother for Thomas, Joseph and Rose.

**Burns** — on 28th November, 1987, to Sue (née Johnston) a daughter, Ruth Elizabeth.

**Cartwright** — on 18th November, 1987, to Elizabeth (née Cook) a third son, Richard

**Mellor** — on 25th February, 1988, to Anna (née Gordon) a son, Daniel Kenneth

**Reid** — on 7th September, 1986, to Susan (née Roberts) a daughter, Louise Lee

**Rothbarth** — on 26th September, 1987, to Lynda (née Jones) a son, Giles Oliver Michael

**Strugnell** — on 21st December, 1987, to Jean (née Robertson-Dunn) a son, Andrew Graham, a brother for James and David.

**Wagstaffe** — on 30th November, 1987, to Rona, (née Deas) a son, William.

**Wood** — on 12th July, 1987, to Susan (née Goldberg) a second son, David.

## Marriages

**Caroline Done** on 12th September, 1987, to Andrew Elsdon.

**Sheena Elliot** in April, 1987, to Carl William Cumiskey.

**Hilary Faull** on 1st August, 1987, to Robert Cotton.

**Susan Hall** on 26th September, 1987, to Neil Forbes Addison.

**Margaret Hardwick** on 6th February, 1988, to John Stokes.

**Alison Leech** in April, 1987, to Peter Maddocks.

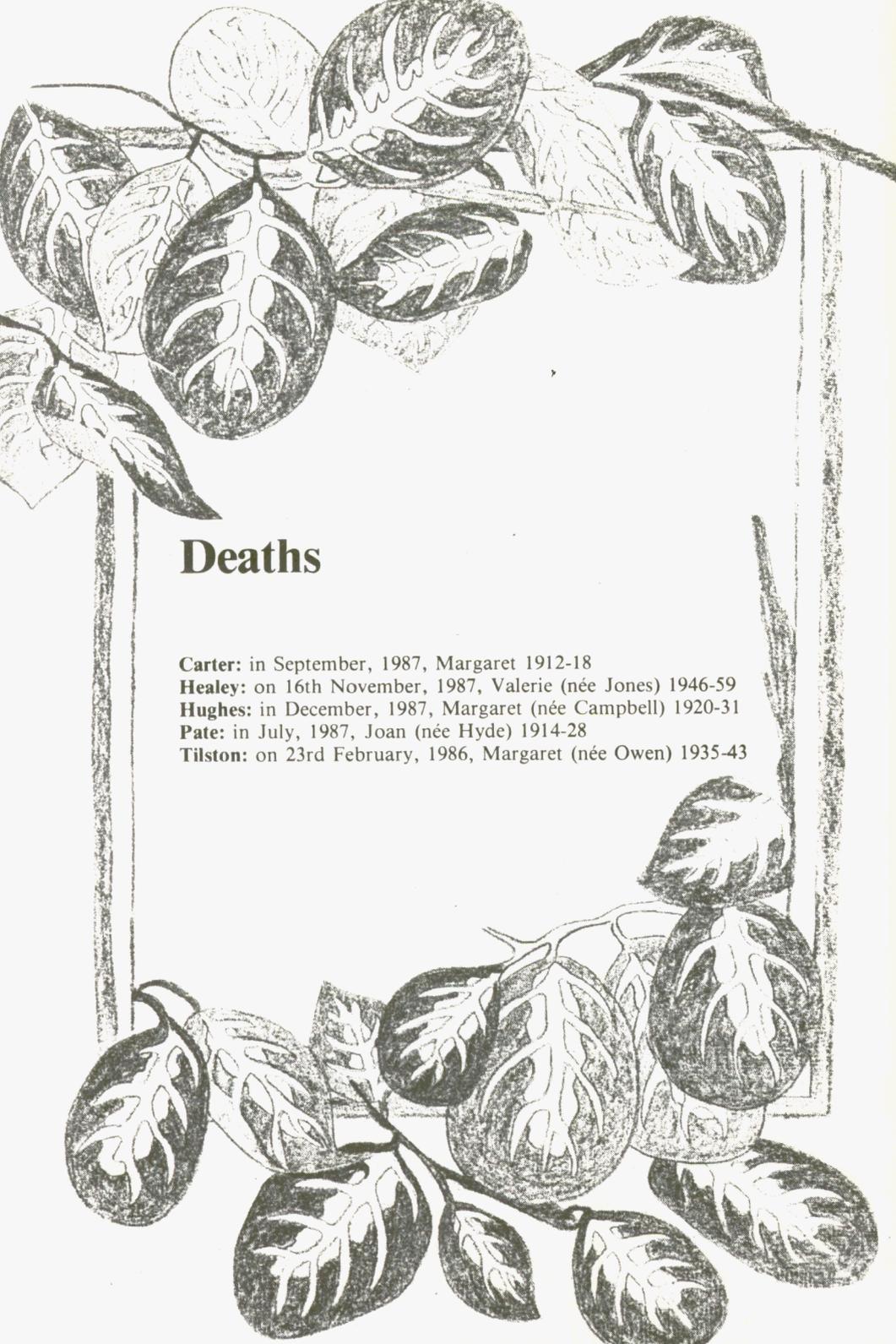
**Clare Nelson** on 8th August, 1987, to Richard Hooper.

**Sharon Parker** on 8th August, 1987, to Sean Michael Bradley.

**Karin Pottinger** on 18th September, 1987, to Peter Whitehead.

**Karen Robinson** on 5th September, 1987, to John Henry Webb.

**Marie-Elaine Sacher** in April, 1987, to Mark Houghton



## Deaths

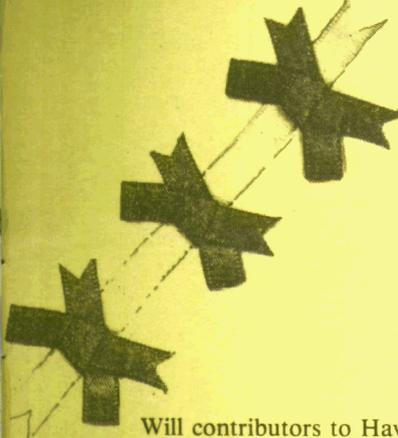
**Carter:** in September, 1987, Margaret 1912-18

**Healey:** on 16th November, 1987, Valerie (née Jones) 1946-59

**Hughes:** in December, 1987, Margaret (née Campbell) 1920-31

**Pate:** in July, 1987, Joan (née Hyde) 1914-28

**Tilston:** on 23rd February, 1986, Margaret (née Owen) 1935-43



## Editor's Note

Will contributors to Have Mynde 1989 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.

I should like to express my personal thanks to all those people who have contributed in any way to the production of this magazine and the previous three issues which it has been my privilege to edit. I wish the new editorial teams every success and I look forward with interest to the future development of the magazine.

M.L. Walters

## Acknowledgements

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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