



**HAVE  
MYNDE  
1976**



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**THE MAGAZINE OF  
THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL,  
CHESTER**





## THE STAFF, May, 1976

Locations on the photograph are numbered from the left of each row; the rows are distinguished by letter, the front row being A.

*Headmistress:* Miss M. Farrá, M.Sc., London (A5)

- Miss S. Bough, B.A. Hons., York (D7)
- Miss M. Brown, B.Sc. Hons., Wales (B9)
- Miss V. Brown, B.A. Hons., London (B6)
- Miss R. Callaway, B.A. Hons., Liverpool (B2)
- Miss A. de Reybekill, Bedford College of P.E. (C8)
- Miss E.M. Edwards, B.Sc. Hons., Manchester (A4)
- Mrs. J.A. Eifler, B.Sc. Hons., Leicester (D6)
- Mrs. C.F. Ferris, B.A. Hons., London (C7)
- Mrs. A.J. Gorman, B.A., Manchester (D1)
- R.A. Hands, Esq., B.Sc., Nottingham (B11)
- Mrs. A. Hardwick, B.A. Hons., Oxford (A8)
- Miss J.E. Hargreaves, B.A. Hons., London (B8)
- Miss S.D. Hayes, Gloucester T.C.D.S. (C5)
- Miss M.J. Hemming, B.A. Hons., Lancaster (D5)
- Miss E.T. Hill, B.Sc. Hons., Nottingham (D2)
- Miss R. Hinde, B.A. Hons., Birmingham (D9)
- Mrs. J.M. Holmes, Mus. B., Manchester, G.R.S.M., A.R.M.C.M. (D8)
- Miss J. Legge, A.T.D., A.T.C., Manchester (C4)
- Miss M. Monck-Mason, M.A., Oxford (C6)
- Mrs. S. Nelson, B.Sc. Hons., Ph.D., Liverpool (B7)
- Mrs. H. Parker, M.A., Oxford (B5)
- Miss S.R. Pope, M.A., Liverpool (A7)
- Miss A.M. Saunders, B.Ed., I. M. Marsh College of P.E.
- Mrs. S.M. Swift, B.Sc. Hons., London (D4)
- K.R. Young, Esq., B.Sc., Ph.D., Liverpool, C. Chem., M.R.I.C. (A9)

### *Part-time Staff*

- Mrs. J. Affleck, B.A., Oxford (B1)
- Mrs. M.J. Bates, A.T.D., D.A., Manchester (C3)
- Mrs. M. Brien, B.Sc. Hons., London
- Mrs. J.T. Dutton, M.A., Glasgow
- Mrs. J. Entwisle, B.A. Hons., London
- Mrs. N.M. Fowler, B.A. Hons., Liverpool
- Mrs. C. Gretton-Watson, Graduate of Messina University
- Mrs. M. Hack, F. L. Calder C.D.S.
- Mrs. K. Kimberley, Interpreters' School, Zurich
- Mrs. M. Prince, B.A. Hons., Sheffield (B4)
- Mrs. J.R. Simpson, B.A. Hons., London (A1)
- Mrs. M.C. Wiley, B.Sc. Hons., Liverpool (D3)
- Mme. J. Wozniak, Ecole Normale

### *Part-time Music Staff*

- Mrs. H.K. Copland
- H. Edwards, Esq., Mus. B., Durham
- Mrs. M. Fawcett, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M. (B3)
- Mrs. L. Hallett, L.T.C.L.
- Mrs. R.M. Heasman, L.R.A.M.
- Mrs. J.M. Johnson, A.R.M.C.M.
- Miss P. Kasler, A.R.C.M.
- Mrs. M. Lees, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M. (B10)
- L. Norris, Esq.
- Mrs. M. Pritchard
- Mrs. G. Sawicka, L.R.A.M., Graduate of Kiev University
- Mrs. E. Stringer, L.R.A.M.

*Part-time Speech Training Staff:* Miss Anna Stuart, L.G.S.M., A.L.A.M.

*The Junior School at Nedham House*

*Head of Department:* Miss J. Chowen, N.F.I., Roehampton  
Mrs. M.F. Barrow, St. Hild's College, Durham  
\* Mrs. P. Maddocks, B.A. Hons., London  
Miss M.N. Whitnall, Didsbury College

*Part-time Music:* Mrs. I.M. Forster, A.R.M.C.M.

*The Preparatory Department in Stanley Place*

*Head of Department:* Mrs. M. Whelan, Chester College  
\* Miss C. Jarvis, Froebel Institute  
Mrs. A.M. Patterson, West Hill College, Birmingham

*Secretary:* Miss J.F. Goodchild (A6)  
*Assistant Secretary:* Mrs. K. Green (A2)  
*Domestic Bursar:* Miss M. Christopherson (A3)  
*Administrative Assistant:* P. Hudspith, Esq.  
*Laboratory Assistants:* Mrs. J.C. Barnes, O.N.C. (C1)  
\* Mrs. L. Burt, B.Sc., London (C2)  
\* D. Evans, Esq. (C9)

\* We welcome these members of staff, who joined us during the present academic year.

The following members of staff left in 1975 or 1976:

Mrs. R.M. Butterworth (Nedham House), Mrs. S.M. Coppins (Preparatory Department), Mrs. H. Finch, Mrs. J. Littlemore, Miss F. Osborn, Miss M.L. Parrott, Mrs. M.A. Scard, Mrs. R. Upsall, Miss S.M. Warburton, Miss A.E. Williams, Mrs. D. Andrew (Laboratory Assistant).

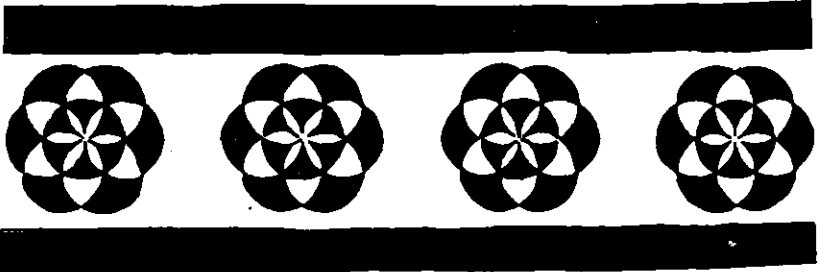
**THOSE IN AUTHORITY, 1976**

*Head Girl:* Phillippa Gimlette  
*Deputies:* Susan Flinn, Fiona Hendley

	<i>Games Captains</i>	<i>Vice Captains</i>
<i>Hockey:</i>	Elizabeth Mount	Susan Moore
<i>Lacrosse:</i>	Clare Birchall	Susan Lundy
<i>Tennis:</i>	Diana Smith	Jane Northway

*Reference Librarians:* Miss Pope, Rachel Meaton, Caroline Cleaves.  
*Fiction Librarians:* Miss Monck-Mason, Elizabeth Lewis, Valerie Street.

*"Have Mynde" Editorial:* Mr. Hands, Miss Callaway, Miss Legge,  
Valerie Curtis  
*"Have Mynde" Business:* Miss M. Brown, Miss Edwards, Alison Barrow,  
Janice Hardwick





## FOREWORD

During the past year, much time and energy have been spent in preparing for the phasing out of the direct grant, due to begin in September this year. Campaigning on political issues does not normally form a part of the school's activities, as indeed it should not, but friends of the school of all ages and political persuasions were glad to have the opportunity, during last summer term, to protest actively about the ending of the direct grant through contributing to the petition to Parliament, both by signing it and collecting signatures. We all know the feeling of helplessness and frustration that arises when one can do nothing about an unpalatable situation, and the petition fulfilled a much-felt need. For many people it was also their first introduction to ISIS, the Independent Schools Information Service, which not only organised the petition, but also did, and continues to do, valuable work on behalf of all independent schools, ensuring that they receive beneficial publicity and acting as a co-ordinating body for the collection and distribution of important information. At a time when far reaching changes are taking place it is cheering to know that there is such an organisation with the experience and expert knowledge to guide us. For our own part, the financial and social success of the Autumn Market, run by the Parents' Association to raise money to start a bursary fund, bears ample testimony to the support the school enjoys.

Elsewhere in this issue, detailed reference is made to the death of Miss M.T. Nedham, Headmistress from 1925 until 1947, and of Mrs. M.C.C. Evans, who served for many years on the Board of Governors and latterly as Vice-Chairman. The Queen's School has been remarkably fortunate throughout its existence, in being served by people who have devoted many years of their lives to its welfare, and is the richer for it.

Miss Christopherson retires in August after working for thirty-one years in the school. Generations of girls associate her inextricably with school dinners, biscuits, and the provision of splendid teas on important occasions, but her work has actually covered every aspect of the domestic side of school life, and we will all miss her. We thank her for meticulous attention to detail and cheerful good humour, and wish her a long, happy and busy retirement.

M. Farra

**MISS MAUD NEDHAM, Headmistress of the Queen's School,  
1925-1947; died February 13th, 1976.**

Miss Nedham was my Headmistress from January 1926, when I entered the School in Form III, to the year I left, 1934.

I remember being taught Geometry by her for one year, particular her quiet, pleasant voice and dignified bearing. She was always elegantly dressed and, although slightly reserved in manner, had a great sense of humour, which I have appreciated in recent years.

As a pupil I remember in particular her conducting Morning Prayers, when we would read a Psalm, she and the School taking alternate verses. Certain of her favourite prayers I can remember to this day: "Keep us, O Lord, in that realm of the Spirit where the mind is without fear...."; "Grant to us, O Lord the royalty of inward happiness ..."

I returned to the School, on the Staff, in 1946, and found Miss Nedham always kind and considerate.

In recent years I have several times visited her in retirement in Dorset. She was a delightful companion and conversationalist, and after suffering falls and entering a nursing home, was exceedingly brave and cheerful.

I remember Miss Nedham with deep affection and admiration.

Olga Smith

Miss Nedham was undoubtedly the strongest strand by which the Queen's School had been woven into my life from my schooldays until the present time. As a pupil in her mathematics classes I gained much from her sound and patient teaching, and only reached and passed in Maths, (compulsory in those days) at "Matriculation" standard as the result of her special help.

Later on, in 1936, I was privileged to be invited by Miss Nedham to be her Secretary, and during the next five years I came to know her more intimately, and respected her quiet wisdom and understanding, yet firm leadership. I admired her meticulous methods of planning the organisation of the School, and also the lively interest and pride she took in all the girls, their careers and their achievements both in and out of school.

My daughter in her turn passed through Nedham House and benefited thereby from the forethought and wise decision, coming chiefly from Miss Nedham, to establish the Junior School apart.

After her retirement she became a dear friend of my family; we visited her several times in Bath and in Poole, and I was usually included in any small gatherings arranged to see her

when she was in Chester. We kept in touch until her last illness. Alas, the years pass, and now we can only cherish precious memories of Maud Nedham, a truly wonderful Headmistress, a dear friend, and a much-loved person.

Enid Hird-Jones

#### **PLANTING A TREE IN REMEMBRANCE OF MISS NEDHAM**

On Friday 13th of February Miss Nedham died. We had our flag at half mast and, because we wanted to remember her, we started to collect money for a tree as a token of remembrance. One of the elm trees had been cut down recently, and so we took a cross-section from it and put it on the platform in the hall. Through the term we have collected money in a spiral upon it, and when we had enough Miss Chowen went out and bought us a pink flowering chestnut tree with it. Miss Chowen got this kind because it was Miss Nedham's favourite.

On the 5th April, just after break, we went outside and took part in planting the tree. First the gardeners took turns in putting peat and soil into the hole, with the tree inside. Then everybody had a turn. I put in a trowel of peat. The gardeners finished it off and then we all went inside. Now we can remember Miss Nedham properly, whenever we go by the field and see the tree.

Philippa Mason, Form III

#### **MARGARET C.C. EVANS, DIED JANUARY, 1976**

There may be members of the Association who still remember Margaret Mackenzie as a young teacher at the Queen's School before her marriage in 1916. My own recollection takes me back to 1947 when she was Deputy Chairman of the Governing Body, a position which she held under three successive chairmen. Her past link with the school and her acquaintance with many of the teaching staff gave her a clear understanding of our post-war opportunities for expansion and, although it was her nature to urge caution and restraint, she was also convinced that the first duty of a Governor was to find out what the Head wanted and then to recommend it to the Board. I found her a splendid ally and unfailingly generous to the school.

After her retirement from public work she retained her affection for the school, regularly attended functions and kept in touch with her friends there and in the Queen's School Association. In spite of increasing infirmity, she enjoyed a serene old age, under the devoted care of her housekeeper-companion, dying two days after her 92nd birthday. Those who knew Mrs. Evans will remember her with gratitude and affection.

E.N.M.

## NEDHAM HOUSE NEWS



We were very sorry to hear of the death of Miss Nedham on 13th February, but were glad to know that she had been able to enjoy the flowers we sent her only two weeks earlier, on her birthday. We have planted a tree in her memory.

Last summer term a study of Masks led to the appearance of a donkey's head and a lion's head, made by Mrs. Butterworth and a third former respectively. One thing led to another and finally a production of part of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in modern English provided interest and amusement for us all. "The Cat Who Walked by Himself" and excerpts from "Toad of Toad Hall", as well as various French plays, have also been enjoyed.

During the summer holidays Miss Brown was married, and is now Mrs. Barrow. We are pleased that she is continuing to teach at Nedham House.

Last summer term, our parents were invited to an "Activity evening" so that they could make things as we do on Friday afternoons. Some mums tried woodworking, and two fathers printed ties, amongst the other activities chosen. Gardeners' Question Time, chaired by Mr. Johnston, our gardener, was another evening which parents enjoyed; many gardens will have derived benefit from his advice.

Our local policeman, P.C. Johnson, visited us in September. After he had told us how to take care in crossing the road, he showed us his truncheon and helmet and told us about his radio transmitter, and Alexandra helped him to show how his handcuffs work!

At Christmas we were sorry to lose Mrs. Butterworth, who has shared her many enthusiasms with us and given so much of her time helping us. She and her family have moved to Taunton. In her place we welcomed Mrs. Bates. Mrs. Maddocks joined us in September; she and Miss Hemming replace Mrs. Finch and Miss Williams who taught us French. Our previous caretaker, Mr. Rogers, left us in the summer and Mr. Charters (and his cat Rosie) now look after us very well indeed.

During the year we have undertaken a number of interesting "expotitions": to Jodrell Bank one Saturday last summer; a journey on the Chester Canal Packet from Christleton to Cow Lane Bridge; a walk along the Canal Trail; a visit to the Chester Architectural Heritage Centre; and a visit to the Liverpool Museum to study several sections of beautifully displayed exhibits. At Christmas the first form saw a production of Aladdin at the local College of Education and we all saw "The Conservation Game", a film sponsored by the Department of the Environment for European Architectural Heritage Year.

We have enjoyed the garden as we always do. The annual invasion of frogs provided much interest for us to watch and study. We were fascinated by the British Transport Film "A Journey into Spring". Recently a new pair of netball posts arrived, with nets which can be raised or lowered; they are rather splend. We have taken part in a netball tournament and a swimming gala, both of which were enjoyable.

We are constantly aware of how privileged we are here, and try to help those less fortunate than ourselves. This year we have contributed to the Honduras Relief Fund, Help the Aged (from a second hand book and toy sale) and the Church of England Children's Home, by participating in the Christingle Service at St. John's Church and by sponsoring the growth of sunflower seeds. At Christmas, the cards we printed were sold in aid of charity, and we took food hampers to our various pensioner friends in Chester.

Music continues to be an important activity at Nedham House. Recorder groups have played for our morning assembly every Tuesday morning, and this year we were able to buy, with gifts from last year's leavers, a bass recorder, which some of us have large enough hands to finger. Many parents and friends joined us for our Carols: recorders and percussion instruments were added to an our six violinists (including Mrs. Stringer) and Mrs. Barrow played her cello. It was a festive evening.

J.C.

## THE ELM TREES

In the month of February this year the two elm trees were given a haircut. One of them was pulled down.

The third form were in the hall at the time, and we saw the tree being pulled down. First of all the men tied a thick rope round the tree, and then they tied the rope to the lorry. The first time, the knot of the rope came undone, but the second time the elm came down with a great crash. For about five days the branches of the tree lay where they used to be, but on the ground.

The men left the stump of the tree to remind us, and future Nedham House children, of the elm.

Sally Kay, Form III

## CONGRATULATIONS

to Miss Philip, on her marriage to Mr. Geoffrey Holmes;  
to Dr. Young, on his marriage to Miss Lesley Morton;  
to Miss Saunders, on being selected to play lacrosse both for  
England and for Great Britain;  
to Alison Armstrong, on gaining an Exhibition in Natural  
Science at Newnham College, Cambridge;  
to Melinda Diamond, on being awarded the Joan Ashdown  
Scholarship in Classics at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford;  
and to the following girls who have obtained places at Oxford  
or Cambridge;  
Hilary Faull, for mathematics at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford;  
Susan Johnston, for mathematics at Newnham College,  
Cambridge;  
Alison Ross, for law at St. Hugh's College, Oxford;  
Diana Silvester, for natural science at New Hall, Cambridge.

## GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

The following gifts are gratefully acknowledged:

*Mineral specimens:* Mr. Hudspith  
*Records:* Elizabeth Bookham, Rachel Benjamin  
*Croquet set:* Miss Osborn  
*Arrangement of dried flowers:* Jane Clark  
*Picture:* Lucina Docherty  
*Photograph of Miss Baxter:* Mr. Hands  
*Map of Roman Chester:* Mr. and Mrs. Tubb  
*Model kit for chemistry:* Mr. Edmondson  
*Chemicals:* Shell  
*Electrical equipment:* Dr. Templeman  
*Rebinding of two Greek dictionaries:* Mrs. Platt  
*Calendar and booklet "Beautiful British Columbia":* Mrs. Doris Mellish  
*Books and cheques for the Library:* Rachel Benjamin, Elizabeth Bookham,  
Mr. Castle, Dr. Elsie Conway, Avril Dancjak, Carol Davidge, the  
executors of Mrs. M.C.C. Evans, Mr. Guy, Hilda Hagan, Mrs. Robert  
Henrey, Mr. and Mrs. Higson, Sally Higson, Janet and Judith Howells,  
Mr. Layzell, Miss Legge, Mrs. Littlemore, Mr. Mason, Dr. Nelson,  
Patricia Rankin, Mrs. Scard, Felicity Sparrow, Fiona Town, Dr. Young  
*Other cheques:* Mr. and Mrs. Burdett (for language tapes), Mr. and Mrs.  
Burson, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Connolly, Mrs. Finch,  
Anne Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Lea, Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, Mr. and Mrs.  
Roberts, Deborah-Anne Tubb, Miss Williams  
*Gifts to the Staffroom:* Miss Osborn (tea trolley), Mrs. Scard, Mrs. Upsall  
and Miss Warburton (stationery trays), Mrs. Finch and Miss Williams  
(cheque for purchase of chair); and a cheque given anonymously

## NEDHAM HOUSE LEAVING PRESENTS, 1975:

*Books:* L. Dodd, A. Hill, A. Gibson, V. Hess, H. Harding, C. Storrer, S. Kellett,  
S. Marsh  
*Book tokens:* M. Holmes-Evans, M. Elsdon, K. Colclough  
*Cheques:* K. Ingham, J. Starling, J. Derbyshire, S. Cooke, S. Fair, S.  
Pritchard, C. Fox  
*Games:* J. Price, Miss Osborn  
*Brace and bit:* C. Ferris  
*Trowels:* A. Nichols  
*Projection screen and crossword puzzle:* Mrs. Butterworth  
*Posters:* R. Butterworth  
*Rose trees:* Mrs. F. Brown

## NEDHAM HOUSE BIRTHDAY PRESENTS, 1976:

*Screen pointer and plant:* Miss Farra and Miss Edwards

*Book:* G. Carlaw

*Plant:* A. Dakin

*String container:* I. Clarke

*Plaster model:* J. Bailey

*Picture:* Nedham House Staff

## RETIREMENT — MARIE CHRISTOPHERSON

Marie Christopherson has been Domestic Bursar for thirty-one years, but her association with The Queen's School goes back to 1923, when she came as a little girl of six, with long, fair pigtails — as the youngest boarder. She left in 1930 but returned to join the staff in 1945, and she kept us fed and comfortable ever since. I wonder how many school dinners she has planned? We can all remember favourite dishes: cheese flan, creamy rice pudding, all-in stew, as well as the elegant afternoon teas and superb coffee which she served at school



functions. From her linen cupboard she could always produce just the right piece of material to make a special curtain or a cushion to match the decorations of a music room.

In addition to all these things we shall remember most of all her kindness and gift for friendship, her absolute integrity, her sense of fun, her insistence on doing things the right way with accuracy and neatness, her interest in Victoriana and local history, and her care and consideration for the domestic staff, who always knew that "Miss Chris" would sort things out fairly and look after their interests. We shall miss her quizzical smile, which sometimes meant that she had no intention of doing what she didn't want to do, and her clear voice which made her easy to locate!

Now she is about to retire, still with fair hair but without her pigtails, we thank her with great affection for all the creature comforts she has provided, and wish her many happy years of leisure to do the things she enjoys most.

J.G.

## COMMEMORATION DAY 1975

On May 20th, parents and past and present members of the school attended the annual service in Chester Cathedral to mark the founding of the school and to commemorate its founders and benefactors.

This year the address was given by the Reverend J.R. Carhart, Principal Lecturer at Chester College. He began by comparing the school with a garden in which runner beans are growing. As pupils of the school, we are the beans, and have been cultivated in a well-tilled garden for nearly 100 years, aided by guide poles of which the most important is Jesus. Mr. Carhart pointed out that these guide poles promote our growth and development. We must seek guidance for the future and the changing times from God and from the strength and power of the Holy Spirit at Whitsuntide.

Mr. Carhart went on to describe two other guide poles essential for our progress. The first is the "upward look". He emphasized that we should look up to God and also to all people, even those younger than ourselves or those who have opposing views, both in the "garden" of school and in that of our own home.

"Beware of labels" was the second guide pole which Mr. Carhart regarded as equally important. As he pointed out, people have always had a tendency to group together things which seem similar and to make a general statement about them. Society today is anxious to label and categorise. Jesus, however, knows each one of us separately and therefore we should have concern for people as individuals. With the aid of guide poles and with the support we receive from our family, school and friends, we continue to grow in God's strength and love.

Suzanne Baboneau, Upper VI

## THE DIRECT GRANT SCHOOLS ACTION GROUP PARLIAMENTARY LOBBY, June 24th, 1975

Collecting signatures for the petition urging Parliament to reconsider phasing out direct grant schools was only the beginning. The next step was to present the petition at the House of Commons and to lobby M.P.'s with a view to increasing support for the schools.

A special train was chartered to convey an estimated 450 people from the North-west to London. This School was represented by Miss Edwards and Mrs. Affleck from the Staff, and ten parents.

The "Special" arrived at Euston with just enough time for us to raid the cab ranks and speed to Westminster to see the petition presented. It was ushered into the Commons by Sir George Sinclair, an M.P. who has a great interest in education. The School received a special word of commendation from him for collecting nearly 14,000 signatures for the petition during the previous three weeks.

We had made appointments with our own M.P.'s but intended also to approach as many other Members as possible. A long wait in Parliament Square was increased by a division in the Lobby. This had to be cleared before our appointments could be kept.

Meanwhile 4000—5000 representatives from all over the country were marshalled into orderly ranks by coachloads of policemen while the hours drifted by. It was a glorious June day, and, if our shoulders did occasionally sag in the heat, our spirits remained high. Certainly the press and television reporters took us seriously, and various members of our party were later to be identified on the news-reels, and in the Guardian.

The first indication that things were moving at last was the astonishing sight of Miss Edwards and Mrs. Collicutt detaching themselves from the rest of us pressed against the barriers. We watched with staring eyes as they glided up the steps of St. Stephen's entrance, leaving us rattling the bars of our pen, as it were, and admiring a mixture of graft and graciousness to which we could not aspire.

However the remainder of our party was finally able to follow and contact our various M.P.'s. Mrs. Affleck had the hardest meeting, since hers was a Labour Member, whom she admitted afterwards to have left unconverted. But then, neither was he able to discourage Mrs. Affleck. She remained at her post, foregoing the rest of the day's programme, and only just had time to catch the train home.

Disengaged M.P.'s were not much in evidence for us to buttonhole, though Miss Edwards made a supreme effort to stop Mr. Cyril Smith in full sail. It was an ill-matched encounter, reminiscent of the little Revenge; Mr. Smith failed to stop and his was the loss.

The day was scheduled to end with encouraging speeches at the Central Hall, and the Grand Committee Room, by well known Members. Again the more alert ladies from our party, led by Miss Edwards and Mrs. Collicutt, circumvented the organised queues and check-points and made for the Committee Room, where Mrs. Thatcher made an unscheduled appearance.

The rest of us, legitimately at Central Hall, missed this excitement, but were fired instead by Mr. St. John Stevas and his determination to continue the struggle. This we all have done in our several ways.

So the excursion was over, though not the campaign to save our schools. The "Special" waited at Euston to return us home, and so to bed.

J.R.S. et al.

#### **DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, Tuesday, December 16th, 1975**

Miss Phillips opened the 1975 prize-giving with her customary fluency, welcoming everyone, and especially the principal speaker, Mr. Donald W. Insall, to this, the most important social event of the school year. She commented on the unanimous decision taken by The Queen's School Governors to become independent, because of the present government's attitude to Direct Grant Schools, and justified that decision as the only viable alternative open to us. She also asked for the continued help of parents and friends that will be needed in the future, above all in the next few years when Queen's will be a "hybrid" institution—partly independent and partly direct-grant.

In her report on the year's activities, Miss Farra congratulated all examination candidates, especially the girls of last year's Upper V forms, who all qualified for a place in the VI form by passing in at least five subjects at Ordinary level at grade "C" or above, representing a pass rate of 94.5 per cent. The headmistress also gave detailed information of extra-curricular activities, which (as always) have changed, and possibly increased in number, over the past twelve months.

After distributing the prizes, Mr. Insall gave a straightforward and very enjoyable talk that was of great interest to all Cestrians and lovers of the city, and particularly appropriate to his position as the City's Consultant Conservation Architect. He put forward the very interesting suggestion that the past and future were inextricably mixed in present-day Chester, thus impressing the importance of both conditions on our lives. Mr. Insall then asked himself a very difficult question—which is the more important, time or place? He suggested that in Chester time and place became one, and ended a stimulating speech by calling upon us all to love our city, and to encourage others perhaps less fortunate than we in their surroundings, to love and cherish their equivalent of Chester.

After a vote of thanks to the speaker had been proposed by Mrs Davies Colley and seconded by the Head Girl, Jane Bullock, prize-winners, parents, staff and friends of the school met in the gymnasium for tea, to conclude another memorable occasion.

Susan Hall, Lower VI

## PRIZE WINNERS 1974-75

### FORM PRIZES

*Lower Fifth* Charlotte Jones, Deborah Jones, Judith Olorenshaw,  
Tiffany Salter

*Upper Fifth* Anne Boothroyd, Sarah Copeman, Valerie Curtis, Susan Hall,  
Janice Hardwick, Amanda Jones, Fiona Pringle, Valerie Street

*First Year Sixth* Susan Johnston, Sarah Platt

### *Second Year Sixth*

*For outstanding work in Mathematics and Science*

Alison Armstrong, Patricia Rankin

*For good all-round achievement*

Angela Hardwick, Margaret Long, Jennifer Whitcombe

### SUBJECT PRIZES

*English and History*

Melanie Austin

*Geography*

Carol Davidge

*Economics*

Penelope Northway, Judith Thomas

*Classics and Mathematics*

Hilary Faulk

*Modern Languages*

Hilary Burson

*French*

Jane Burdett

*German*

Janine Flamank, Valerie Travis

*Physics*

Patricia Rankin

*Chemistry*

Alison Armstrong

*Biology*

Susan Goldberg, Gillian McCausland

*Music*

Elizabeth Bookham

*Home Economics*

Rachel Peto

*Art*

Jennifer Whitcombe

*Games*

Penelope Northway

*Gymnastics*

Erica Cleal

### SERVICE PRIZES

*Head Girl*

Jane Bullock

*Deputy Head Girls*

Anne Brannon, Bryony Lodge

*To the School Community*

Avril Clarkson, Jane Crammond, Ruth Dolton,  
Susan Elliott, Fiona Hassall,  
Susan Lundy, Fiona Town

*To the Neighbourhood*

Alison Campbell

*To School Music*

Hilary Faulk

*The Queen's Jubilee Scholarship 1975* Alison Armstrong

## GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION 1975, ORDINARY LEVEL

*The following passed in five or more subjects:*

Wendy Albinson, Alison Barrow, Jane Bevis, Caroline Blackhurst, Anne Boothroyd, Sheila Carny, Caroline Cleeves, Sarah Copeman, Rona Deas, Julie Eckles, Alison Edkins, Janice Hardwick, Ruth Hassall, Fiona Hendley, Helen Iles, Catherine Ingram, Claire Johnson, Gwyneth Jones, Susan Jones, Barbara Kennedy, Judith Lee, Julia Palmer, Gillian Pearson, Bridget Purcell, Stan Robinson, Robina Salisbury, Isabelle Snow, Camilla Stanhope, Helen Stringer, Angela van Ree.

Pevril Allen, Susan Barker, Amanda Box, Deborah Chesters, Lesley Cooke, Valerie Curtis, Jane Dutton, Deborah Edwards, Drue Etheridge, Susan Finn, Philippa Gimlette, Susan Hall, Jane Heathcote, Susan Hickman, Anne Johnson, Amanda Jones, Jane Jones, Elizabeth Lewis, Rachel Meaton, Fiona Murphy, Jane Northway, Rachel Phillips, Fiona Pringle, Elizabeth Robinson, Shirley Rydeard, Karen Shabi, Diana Smith, Valerie Street, Anne White, Linda Woodhouse.

## ADVANCED LEVEL

### *Five subjects:*

Alison Armstrong.

### *Four subjects:*

Elizabeth Bookham, Heather Connolly, Victoria Corless, Jennifer Danczak, Carol Davidge, Anne Eastaway, Hilary Fauli, Susan Forbes, Susan Goldberg, Angela Hardwick, Sandra Kynnersley, Margaret Long, Gillian MacLeod, Gillian McCausland, Penelope Northway, Patricia Rankin, Katharine Seed, Felicity Sparrow, Judith Thomas, Jennifer Whitcombe.

### *Three subjects:*

Kim Amps, Melanie Austin, Rachel Benjamin, Susan Bromilow, Jane Burdett, Hilary Burson, Alison Campbell, Fiona Carson, Jane Clark, Janice Colley, Alison Davies, Janine Flamank, Isobel Hamley, Rosalind Hopper, Anne Kendall, Catherine Lace, Sandra Lacey, Susan Newey, Sylvia Paterson, Rachel Peto, Valerie Travis, Jane Vickers.

### *Two subjects:*

Jillian Gill, Sarah Higson, Gillian Hutchinson, Alison Jolliffe, Vivien Lea, Kathryn Mason, Elizabeth Pym, Deborah Stripp, Deborah Taylor.

### *One subject:*

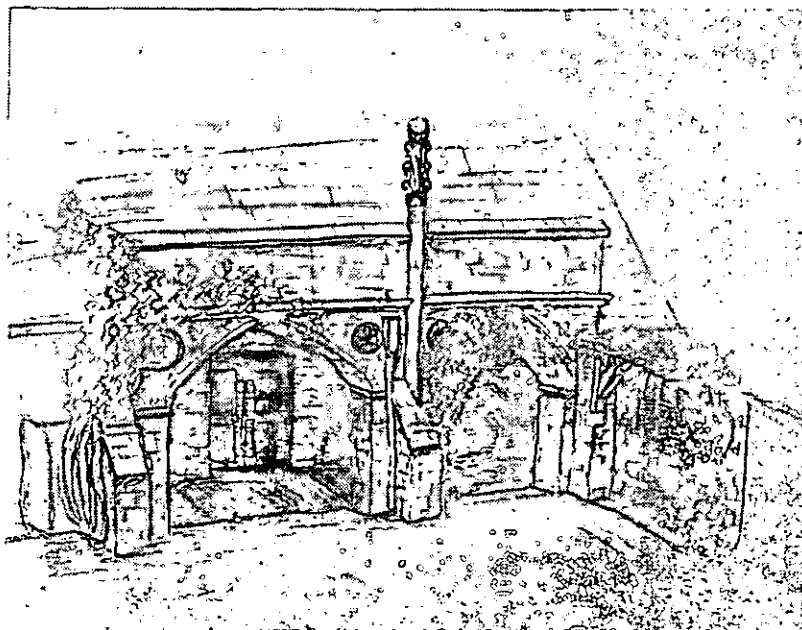
Gillian Logue, Fiona Town.

## EXAMINATION OF THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC, 1974-75

*Grade VI Flute:* Susan Lundy; *Clarinet:* Anne White; *'Cello:* Claire Johnson.

*Grade VII* *Violin:* Bryony Lodge; *Singing:* Janine Flamank

*Grade VIII Viola:* Rachel Benjamin (Merit); *Flute:* Joanna Andrew (Distinction)



Christine Roberts, Upper VI

## CHARITIES

This year we have supported a wide range of funds including those for animals, research into various diseases and care for those afflicted, organisations such as the R.N.L.I. and also small isolated charities such as York Playspace. We have collected £895 altogether, £400 of which was raised through the sponsored spell for Doctor Barnado's. Another children's charity we were very pleased to send £23 to was the N.S.P.C.C. as we were informed they had insufficient money even to advertise for the help they desperately needed. However, our main aim was to stimulate interest and concern for those who are completely deprived—whole peoples with nothing, whose lands are desert areas, as in the State of Bangladesh to whom we sent £62 through Tear Fund. Martin Luther King voices our feelings entirely in his words "The true revolution of humanity will come when men see the great contrast between poverty and wealth, and say: this is not just". In addition there have been collections after assembly for two major relief funds—the Vietnam Orphans and the sufferers from the Pakistan earthquake.

By now everyone must have heard about Felix Nkoko to whom we send £30 p.a. to pay for his education. Our termly collections brought us the total of £48, in return for which we had a letter of overwhelming thanks from Felix, on behalf of his mother as well as himself. In fact all the charities we have supported have been very grateful, and it is through their letters which Miss Farra has read out in Assembly that the school understands how much our money is needed. We would like to give our thanks also, not least to Miss Bough for her help in handling the money raised, and ask that people may continue to donate with the same generosity in the future.

Karen Camp, Liz Mount, Diane Stalker, Upper VI

## VOLUNTARY SERVICE

Throughout the year many members of the school have participated in several aspects of voluntary service. Some of the VI form have devoted school time not only to visiting patients in the Infirmary, but also assisting in the medical records department. Others have chosen to give their help and time to the City or the West Cheshire Hospitals.

The highlights of the year have been the two old people's parties. One was held out in the quadrangle last summer, and the other was in the form of a Christmas dinner. We are grateful to the Senior Choir and the Christian Union for providing music for these occasions. We were pleased that many junior members of the school volunteered their help, and that the Lower V gave a party for children. However we must offer our special thanks to Miss Christopherson and her staff for their help.

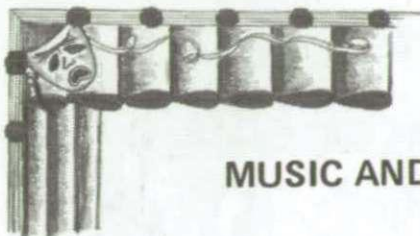
We are pleased that these events have encouraged more people to visit the elderly in their homes. Not only does this enrich the lives of the old people, but it also helps in a small way to narrow the generation gap.

As usual, at Christmas all the forms and tutorial groups made up hampers, which were distributed to needy families.

We enjoyed our term of office and would say to our successors that continued support from the rest of the school and the invaluable encouragement and guidance given by Miss Edwards will enable them to have a rewarding year.

Sara Whiteley, Shani Maple, Susan Moore, Upper VI





## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### THE YEAR'S MUSIC

As usual this was a very busy musical year, involving two major productions with the King's School, as well as routine choral and orchestral work and the Commemoration and Carol Services in the Cathedral. On the 25th and 26th April a mixed choir sang Haydn's "Te Deum" and was joined by the Junior Choir in Britten's "St. Nicolas" (soloist: Roger Cann) at the King's School. These were very much enjoyed by those who went to see either of the performances.

Choirs and soloists from school took part in the 1975 Chester Music Festival last May, the Senior Choir being placed first in their class, to win the Bebington Cup. They were under the direction of Miss Phillip, who since December has been known—erratically, due to poor memories!—as Mrs. Holmes. The Motet Choir also did well, winning the Nicholson Rose Bowl, and the two senior recorder groups were placed first and second in their class.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term, Mrs. Holmes and the other members of the Ryland Ensemble gave an evening recital at school, adding a "touch of class" to the school's musical life.

Miss Parrott left at the end of the Autumn Term, and those who were taught by her or knew her may be interested to know that she has since given birth to a baby girl (Miss Parrott being, in private life, Mrs. Thompson). We are most grateful for all she did, and have been pleased to welcome Mrs. Johnson in her place.

A number of our musicians gave pleasure to audiences outside school when they played and sang last May to the Soroptomists, and in February at the Young Musicians' Evening organised by the Chester Music Society at Stanley Palace. In November, the Remove forms enjoyed an informative schools' concert given by the Lancastria Brass Ensemble at Queen's Park High School, and a number of girls have taken advantage of the specially priced schools tickets for the Chester Music Society Winter Concerts.

Undoubtedly, the most successful event of the year was Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado" which is reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Mrs. Holmes and Miss Bough must be thanked for their hard work throughout the year, and congratulated on the fruits of their labour.

Susan Hall, Lower VI





THE  
MIKADO



This year's joint musical production by the King's and the Queen's school choirs was Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado". It was obvious to anyone who attended a performance just how much work had gone into making "The Mikado" as successful as it was.

The orchestra provided a commendable background to the vocalists—the extensive choruses delightfully complementing the solo parts. Kim Amps sang beautifully the romantic part of Yum-Yum, amusingly and well supported by the two maidens Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo (Susan Hall and Philippa Bristow) who shuffled gracefully behind her. Erica Stanton, heavily disguised as the elderly ugly Katisha, played the part with conviction. The Mikado of Japan was very well represented by Christopher Hodges, Timothy Ashley and Graham Varley were suitably superior as the Noble Lords Pish-Tush and Go-To, and John Bell was the magnificently pompous Pooh-Bah. Raymond Small was excellent as the highly comic figure of KoKo, and of course our congratulations must go to Mr. Flint for playing so well the part of Nanki-Poo, the hero of the piece, as well as so admirably directing the whole production.

The extremely professional presentation, especially the introduction of the two poker-faced attendants Gerald Holton and Ian Harrison at the beginning, helped to make the production the most effective we have seen here for some time. The oriental atmosphere was conveyed by a combination of the colourful costumes, well designed stage sets and very effective lighting.

Mrs. Holmes especially should be thanked for her musical guidance throughout, and for conducting the actual performances, but our thanks must go to everyone who contributed in any way. This was a production which the audience will remember with pleasure, retaining an impression of good singing and infectious humour, set against an exotic atmosphere of oriental colour.

Anne Johnson, Lower VI

### MIDDLE SCHOOL DRAMA FESTIVAL, April 1st, 1976

Anyone who has been involved in the production of a play will know the mixture of pleasure and anxiety, the elation and satisfaction, compensating for the nail-biting times when the stage never seems available and all the leading actors have 'flu. Drama is a heady potion and addictive. Another play is proposed, another Drama Festival announced, and those same lunatics who like plays find themselves caught all over again.

April 1st was a sunny Spring day, the chestnut buds bursting along the City Walls, a daisy-sprinkled turf outside the Hall. Traditional April 1st activities were left to the Upper V and VI forms as from 9.15 a.m. onwards everyone else was occupied with the Drama Festival. We were particularly pleased to have Mrs. M. Craine, a former member of the Maths. Staff with wide experience in the production of plays, to comment on the festival.

There were six plays to see—four in the morning and two in the afternoon. The morning began with Lower VB's "Spring and Port Wine" by Bill Naughton, a comedy about the conflicts arising in a family where there is an old fashioned and repressive father. Mrs. Craine commented especially on Josephine Steadman's interpretation of the ebullient Harold, which she felt afterwards was one of the most successful of the day. Next we saw "The Ugly Duckling" by A. A. Milne, performed by Lower VM. This was a sophisticated and very amusing fairy tale, with the familiar ingredients of an unmarried princess, a prince in disguise, and so on. Lower VM seemed at ease on the stage, and had the assurance of much more experienced actors. After the interval we saw "The Great Dark" by Dan Tothoroh performed by Upper IVEH — a grim little story of the wives of coal miners, waiting fearfully for news of their husbands trapped underground. This was the only totally serious play of the day and the suggestion of mounting tension was very well created. The morning ended with a rollicking



melodrama "Hiss the Villain" by A.R. Taylor, also performed by Upper IVEH. None of us will forget the near-asphyxiation of Bowler (Deborah Jones) as he struggled to expose the villain.

Lunch was presumably eaten at dangerous speed by Upper IVSH, as by 1.30 p.m. they were ready to show us "Thirty Minutes in the Street" by Beatrice Mayor, a play (with no fewer than twenty characters) which satirises the tendency of most people to be busy about their own affairs and to have little or no time for others and their needs.



We were all very impressed by the professional-looking set, and Mrs. Craine spoke appreciatively of the lively characterisation of two elegant but garrulous society ladies by Penny Street and Karen Scholefield.

Finally we saw an interestingly different interpretation of "The Ugly

Duckling" again by Upper IVSH. Jenny Smith will be remembered as an engagingly eccentric King with a large chocolate-coloured teddy on his knee.

It was particularly gratifying to hear a comment on every single character, and Mrs. Craine was able to advise actors and producers most constructively. I thought her insistence on "lightning cue-take" with no "day-light" between the speeches was especially helpful.

The great advantage of this sort of festival is that everybody in a form can contribute if she wants to, even if only in wielding a paintbrush or taking in a seam. An official School Play may seem more splendid and prestigious, but comparatively few can hope to act in it.

In thanking Miss Callaway, who did so much of the preliminary work in finding plays, arranging rehearsals and organising the day of performance, Hilda Rodger expressed what most people had decided: that the Festival was a very good idea, and should be repeated next year.

Helen M. Parker



Towards the end of the autumn term the school was delighted to leave its more formal education for the contemplation of higher things—approximately four feet off the ground, on the stage. Nobody could deny that the writer-cum-producer-cum-you-name-it. . . Miss Helen Stringer's adaptation of the story of Macbeth was highly individual. The play bore more resemblance to the Holinshed original than to Shakespeare's version, and (judging by recent trends) Miss Stringer could have a future in Stratford.

One thing this play had, which both Shakespeare and Holinshed virtually omitted, was a strong element of humour. Though it had its ups and downs the comedy was for the most part actually funny, which is a rare occurrence in a school play. One of the more noteworthy "ups" was the hilarious and unexpected entrance of Miss Christopherson (at a banquet, of course), which convulsed the audience.



Rona Deas, in the title rôle, was a real, Valentine Dyall Man-in-Black baddy, and we hope her ego was not daunted too much by the enthusiastic boos and hisses she received at every appearance. Philippa Gimlette as Lady Macbeth, a poor down-trodden housewife with a fluorescent orange duster, had the very useful ability to get the audience on her side. Caroline Cleeves, Debbie Edwards and Shirley Rideard brought a bit of glamour into the world of the supernatural, as the three black-fish-net-tighted witches, whose rendition of the song "Sisters" was enough to shame the Andrews sisters from the stage. Macduff, the hero, or at least the goody who ultimately marries Lady Macbeth, was impressively played by Susan Hall.

But there were just too many people to mention individually—in fact, all the Lower VI. We thank them all, and also our special thanks go to Miss Farra, who sanctioned the performance, and allowed the rest of the school two free lessons to watch it.

Ruth Dolton, Upper VI  
Robina Salisbury, Lower VI



## CREATIVE WRITING

### I LIKE TO BE FIRST

Nearly every year we go to Southern Ireland for a holiday and we always stay in the same cottage in the same place—the Dingle Peninsula. This is a very pretty and very quiet peninsula in the south west of Ireland. We always drive down there from Rosslare or DunLeoghaire, depending on where we sail from, Fishguard or Holyhead. This takes a whole day, so we always drive onto the peninsula just as the sun is setting and one of the first sights we see is that of a blood red sun dipping below the horizon, and soaking the sea in red and orange light. When we arrive at the cottage I like to be the first to go in and to see all the old familiar haunts and faces: the village post-office, which never has stamps but always has everything else, the water pump on the village green, Mrs. O'Donnel's chickens, her cow Mourny and her little calf, which won't be quite so little now, the palm trees outside the bedroom window (the climate is very mild in this part of Ireland,) and the beach, not one hundred yards away from our cottage. All you need to do is to walk down the slightly overgrown back garden, over a rickety stile, down a path fringed with tamarisk bushes and down about twelve steep steps carved out of the cliff, and you are on the beach.

Nearly every year while on holiday in Ireland we climb a mountain, the most common being Mount Eagle. This can be seen from the sitting room window of our cottage and is about two miles away. There is a path up to about half way up, but after that you have to scramble up the mountain side, over huge rocks and round the corrie about three-quarters of the way up and all the time through bogs and marshes. It is really rewarding when you reach the top and this is what I like to be the first to do.

On the Dingle Peninsula there are many beaches, one of them being called Cappugh. This is a beach with very soft sand, sinking sand. Embedded in the sand is a huge anchor, festooned with seaweed and barnacles. No-one knows which ship it came from, although there is a popular story that it is from a Spanish galleon which once formed part of the Armada, as many were sunk round the coasts of the peninsula, in the deep waters below the ruins of Fort DeLouragh. In the early morning I like to get up and walk along Cappugh watching my feet sink twelve inches into the warm sand. When I get to the anchor I climb up and sit on the dry end, watching the sea washing gently over the sand and the sun rising over the waters. I look back at the trail my footprints have made in the sand and think that if anyone else comes now they will see my footprints and know that they will not be able to have the pleasure of being first.

Jacquelyn Martin, Lower IV G.

## A LANDSCAPE

We went to Majorca for our holiday last year and although everyone said it was a beautiful island, I could not compare it very favourably with Scotland, for example. But one day we went out to a donkey ranch in the hills which turned out to be a fine old hacienda where evening barbecues were held. When we returned from our donkey ride we took our drinks to a raw wooden table at the edge of a terrace overlooking the surrounding countryside and it was a scene I shall never forget.

The sun was shining brilliantly and the colours were vivid and alive. As we looked down over the rustic fence, we saw to one side steps leading down to a natural swimming pool and at the other side a waterfall was gushing down the rocks, feeding it. All round the waterfall tropical flowers bloomed exotically and the water glistened silver in the sun. A little wooden bridge spanned the rocks so that you could stand by the waterfall and people were being photographed there. The pool itself sparkled greenish and we longed to jump in and cool ourselves.

Beyond the pool we looked out over a plain and in the distance we could see the sea. The earth was light brown and parched-looking, dotted with green blobs everywhere which were almond trees. It was almond-ripening time and people were gathering them by shaking the trees so that the almonds fell into a net on the ground.

Behind us were the hills and mountains. They looked very barren but trees were managing to grow sometimes out of bare rock. In the distance the mountains rose higher, with no earth, just rugged, cruel-looking rock.

Alison Nichols, Remove F.



Robina Salisbury, Lower VI.

## DIVING

At camp this year I somehow spent nearly all my time teaching myself to dive in the pool there. It had three diving boards and a springboard and soon my dives were at least not belly-flops. I used just to like swimming but now I have to dive and just keep diving.

I do not know what it is about diving that I like so much. When I run up to the edge and spring off it is almost like flying for a few seconds. It is a wonderful feeling of being independent of everything but going really fast. Then the downward plunge with my eyes closed feels strange. It is like diving into something really solid and firm but instead of bouncing off it, it opens up and swallows me, the water gently flowing past me, sealing me within its boundaries in the strange world. Then I hit the bottom with my hands. I know that ten feet above me is the air necessary for me to live, but here I am swimming along the bottom. I am in my own little world. None of the problems that worried me above the surface bothers me here. The light from the surface is only a faint link with the outside world and occasionally an arm or leg appears up there and then is gone in a flash. It is surprising how few people venture to the bottom. The weird noise that is always there starts hurting my ears and my breath is getting short so I gently kick my legs and let my arms reach upward to catch the air. As the pressures and shades of light alter near to the top I swing my hair from my eyes scattering a fine spray of water over the surface of the pool. I gasp in the cool air and swim slowly to the side.

Susan Johnston, Lower V B.

## OUR BONFIRE PARTY

We lit the bonfire with great enthusiasm. The wood was damp. We had to add pieces of newspaper to it. This was a help in starting it off. The paper burned easily. Little black cinders flew around the garden. A few minutes later we could detect wisps of smoke seeping and wriggling through the sodden planks of wood. We watched amazed, as the flames crept up the twigs with vigour. Soon the whole mass of wood was on fire, the wood we had so carefully collected, sorted and neatly placed in the incinerator. All our work was going up in flames, but it was well worth it. We pushed potatoes under the fire and then sucked our scorched fingers.

The time came for the fireworks—thirty-three in all. Beforehand my brother had counted them a million times, hoping to pass the time till we lit the bonfire. First, as always, we watched a Roman Candle. The gun-powder thrust itself through the gay paper and exploded into a thousand tiny fairy lights. There were "Oohs" of admiration as my father lit a Mount Vesuvius. The colours forced their way up and up into the sky, then withered and died as they were coming down. The Traffic Light gave off red smoke that went mysteriously round the garden. This then changed into orange, then green smoke. It was a strange, eerie sight. There was a shout of joy when my mother came out

with cider and a tin of toffees. We buttered and sprinkled salt on the baked potatoes. We then ate them quickly and greedily, washing down the charred potato skins with gulps of fizzy cider.

We next opened the packets of sparklers and attempted to light them. It was difficult and we needed lots of patience. Finally, we danced triumphantly round the garden, twirling and spinning the sparklers as we went. The sparklers soon went out, so we stood gazing into the fire, contentedly watching the dying embers fade away into the night.

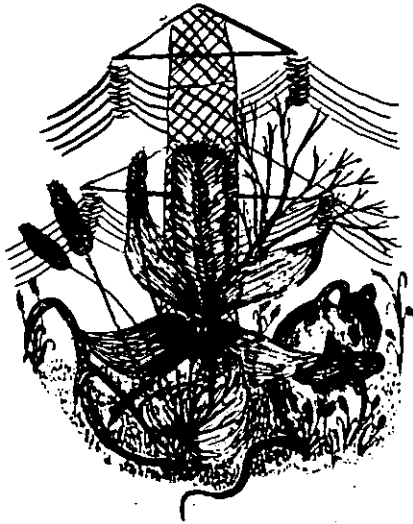
Elizabeth McIntyre, Remove F.

### IN THE COUNTRY

If you go in the country you can have lots of fun. When I go into the country I usually go fishing in the streams. If you go fishing you have to have a fishing rod and some fishing line on a reel, and a fly. I usually go fly fishing.

I also have picnics in the country. I have orange squash and jam sandwiches and crisps and apples and a chicken leg. When I have caught a fish I usually go exploring and climbing rocks, or sometimes I look for animals' footprints and see if I can guess the animal. I also like bird watching and sit and watch the birds in the sky.

James Entwisle, aged 9



Drawing by Louise Hasted, Lower V.

## WHEN I AM OLD

The flickering fire is giving out a pleasant heat. It is warm and comfortable, here, in this corner by the fire, when the shadows are lengthening outside and the light is growing dim.

I remember my old father sitting here, as I do now, when I was only very young. I used to play under the chair, pretending that I was a dangerous caged beast, who could only be tamed by the judicious use of milk and biscuits, after which I would pretend to be my father, sitting on my little stool, head in hands, gazing into the fire, aping his every movement.

My imitation used to make my father smile and finally laugh, and then I would laugh too, pleased to have shaken him from his depression. He was unemployed at the time and I could never understand why all the good food used to stop appearing on our dinner table and why my mother began to be irritable, cross and sad.

When I was myself unemployed, I again unconsciously aped my father, happily long dead, but luckily the unemployment period did not last for long. I soon went down the mine again and soon the money came into the house and my now grey-haired mother began to smile and enjoy life.

I was down the mine at the time when it collapsed. I remember the time well. I was working with my brother on the face of the tunnel and we were joking together as normal. Suddenly, with a sound like an approaching storm, the face began to fall towards us. I shouted something to my brother, but before he could reply, I was hit by a huge block of rock and I fell. My brother was miraculously still standing and he tried to clamber across the growing mound of rock and coal towards me. There was another rock fall, then as the roof fell in, and just before I was myself knocked out, I saw my brother being buried by merciless, pumelling rocks.

When I came to, I found that I was completely buried, although my head and chest were in a little cavity formed by a rock the size of a small car. I shifted carefully and found that I could move my legs. I drew myself into a crouching position and looked around. At the far end of the cavity lay my brother. I crawled across to him and saw that he was just alive. The far end of the tunnel face must have fallen completely on him, for only his face was visible and that was torn and bloody. I cradled his head in my hands until he died. It was all I could do for him after all.

After that I could no longer work in the mine. The image of my brother's face would always haunt me every time when I was underground and I could not face that. I took up the carpentry trade and buried my memories under piles of dusty wood-shavings and sawdust.

Caroline Andrew, Upper IV SH.



## DEATH'S DOOR

July 27th, 1952

As far as the eye can see, there are bodies of people dead or dying. Our camp is a victim of the plague which is sweeping this part of South Africa and as nobody here knows how to cure it, we have isolated ourselves from the outside world in case it spreads. All women and children have been killed, but it is a custom that no man shall die a coward's death and we have to bear the pain. The first signs of infection are when the person begins to have violent bursts of coughing. His skin becomes very sore and dry and he is overcome by a fever. As he cannot eat, starvation will also help to kill him. It makes me shiver to think about it because it is such a horrible death.

July 29th, 1952

Twelve men out of the twenty-six are already feeling the effects of the plague. The blazing sun is making us all very irritable, although it has never done so before. Above us the vultures are screeching and it is sickening to think that soon we will be such easy prey for them. Today we have all eaten well because tomorrow we may not be able to. I have still not felt any effects from the plague, but I think that it is worse to wait and see all of the horror that goes with this plague than to die quickly without realising what is happening.

August 2nd, 1952

Today twelve men are dead and eleven others will quickly follow. They are so thin that they look like skeletons lying on the sand. The vultures are waiting to eat them as they ate the dead before. It was so horrible that I turned away, crying, because one of them was my eldest son. The sick men do not respond to us when we talk to them. They seem to be asleep, but they are not. Sometimes they try to talk to us but no words come.

August 5th, 1952

Now only three of us are alive, but all three of us are coughing badly and my skin is very sore and I am very tired as well. The sun has made my skin even worse and sand gets into the cracks, making me sting all over. I am so afraid of dying that I wish I had never been born at all. It would have saved me from this horrible death.

August 8th, 1952

Today I cannot write quickly or think clearly. I cannot even grip a knife to kill myself, which is all I want to do. I am the only living man in our camp and it is terrible lying, doing nothing, just waiting to die which is the only way to freedom. I feel as if I am in a tiny room and the only way to get free is through a door, but there is no door in the wall.

Jane Jones, Remove F.

## HOW THE WATER LOST ITS FACE

In the shade of a tall oak tree, away from the heat and brightness of the sun, sat a shrivelled old woman. A little way from where she was sitting a child was happily playing by the pool. Suddenly she stood up and ran to the old woman.

"Grandmother," she asked. "Why can I see my reflection in the water?"

"Sit down, my child," replied the old lady, "and I will explain." And she told this story.

A long, long time ago, when the world was first created, every creature had its own face. The pool too had a face, the most beautiful of all creatures. Everyone who passed admired it and the spirit of the water, Naida, was flattered by this admiration. One day, however, she began to wonder if more creatures should have the privilege of seeing her enchanting looks. She pondered over this for a while and then she decided, "I must cover the whole world so that every creature can see me and tell me how wonderful I am." So she began to overflow her banks. She trickled slowly across the grassy fields, spreading further and further across the countryside.

Eventually she saw some rabbits hopping about in the nearest meadow.

"I will go to them and then they will admire me," she told herself.

In the meadow the rabbits looked at her in horror as she filled their burrows and crept closer and closer towards them.

"Oh, oh, she will drown us all!" cried the rabbits and they turned and fled away from her. Naida was puzzled by this reception.

"I will continue on my way," she said. "Someone will see me soon and tell me how lovely I am."

By now she was no longer a quiet, gentle pool but had become a huge rushing river. She became deeper and deeper until she had covered the trees, taking the birds' nests with her. The birds flew here and there looking for somewhere to land and rest, but all they could see was the swirling and rushing water beneath them. She gushed into every little creature's burrow until at last only the highest mountain was still above the water. All the creatures and birds stood there, crying and screaming in terror as the water lapped further and further up the mountain. At last the creatures began to call out.

"Oread, Oread, spirit of the mountain, our king, save us from Naida. She has filled our burrows and taken our nests and now we shall be drowned."

Suddenly there was a crash of thunder and Oread appeared before them all on the mountain.

"Naida," he roared. "What makes you do this to my children? Be still and do not trouble us any more." And with that he stretched out his hand and an icy wind blew across the mountainside and slowly the ripples of the water became still until Naida felt herself become hard and stiff. She was frozen and could not move at all.

"Please forgive me, Oread, please release me from this vile spell, I beg of you," she pleaded.



"I will release you, Naida," said Oread, "but you must be punished. You will be banished to the remotest valleys and hollows, where you will disturb and trouble no-one. To make sure nothing like this happens again, as it was your face which caused the trouble, it will be taken away from you and from now on you will possess no other face than that of another creature."

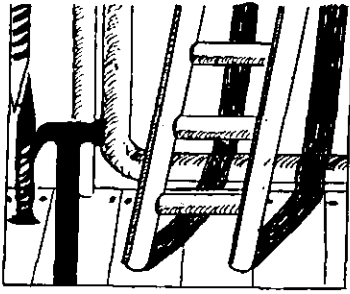
The animals watched Oread as he leaned forward and breathed his fiery breath over Naida and she became water again.

Gradually her beautiful face disappeared and she subsided away from the mountain. Oread sent his warm breath over the countryside and soon everything was dry and warm again and so the animals returned to their homes. All the creatures were happy except for Naida. She had filled the hollows and the valleys and although she was feeling miserable, she knew that she herself had been at fault and so she decided to live at peace with the rest of the world.

"So you see, my dear," said the old woman. "that is why when you looked into the pool, you saw your own face instead of that of Naida."

Heather Stevenson, Lower IV H.

Drawing by Anne Horton, Lower V B



My family and the  
**GREAT  
CENTRAL  
HEATING  
DISASTER**

It was a quiet peaceful Sunday morning about half an hour before lunch and the delightful aroma of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding wafted gently through the house. Daddy, who had spent the morning behind his newspaper, decided at that moment to take it upon himself to secure a loose floorboard which had been in that condition since the central heating had been put in a few months before. Mummy was busy in the kitchen, Rosemary, my elder sister, was doing her homework and I was doing "nothing in particular" when Daddy said, "Come and give me a hand".

Daddy and I went out to the garage where he picked up a heavy hammer and looked around for some nails. The only ones he could find were six inches long. He gave me the hammer to carry and we proceeded upstairs to my bedroom. Daddy rolled back the carpet and carefully felt with a knife along the loose floorboard to find where the joists were. Bang, bang, bang, bang, in went the first nail. Bang, bang, bang, in went the second nail. Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, in went the third nail. "That's it finished," said Daddy as he straightened up and started to roll back the carpet. But suddenly a look of horror spread across his face and he lay down on the floor with his ear on the ground. "Hell's Teeth!" he cried.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I think I've punctured the central heating pipe because I can hear a hissing sound."

"Quick, let's get the floorboard up! I shouted.

But the floorboard was firmly fastened down by the six inch nails and could not be raised. Daddy rushed down to the garage to find a crowbar and came pounding up the stairs with it, looking somewhat red in the face. He wrenched the floorboard up with the crowbar and a jet of water spouted up from the punctured pipe. Daddy jammed his thumb on the hole to stop the water and immediately leapt backwards because the jet of water was nearly at boiling point. He landed on the upturned floorboard and the nail which was sticking out of it went right through his slipper into the sole of his foot. With another piercing yell he shot forward and the jet of scalding water hit him full in the face.

By this time my mother and my sister had come to see what all the noise was about and when Mummy saw what had happened she dashed down to the kitchen and shouted that water was coming through the ceiling. Daddy said that he would have to turn the water off in the attic. So he hopped downstairs to fetch a ladder from the garage. He was in such a hurry that when he picked up the ladder the end swung round and went right through the garage window. By this time my sister was in tears and Mummy was furious. She decided that Daddy had already done enough damage to himself and to the house so she ran for a neighbour. He turned the water off and drained it from the central heating pipe.

When it was all over Mummy discovered that the Sunday joint had been burned to a cinder and she was even more furious.

Daddy could hardly walk for a week because of his injured foot, and his scalded face did not heal for another two weeks.

When peace was finally restored Mummy started to laugh and still laughs everytime she thinks of it. But she still refuses to let Daddy nail down any more floorboards.

Eileen Taylor, Lower IV H.

Drawings by Philippa Gimlette, Lower VI.

### A TIME WHEN I PANICKED

I recall a time, a few years back, when I was only six years of age. So vivid is the memory, that in spite of the gulf of time separating me from this occasion, I still remember well the time I panicked.

My family and I were spending our holiday in a luxurious hotel called the "San Rema". It was situated in Devon and every day we had brilliant sunshine, so I spent a lot of time in the swimming pool. I could not yet swim, but loved to play in the clear, cool water, wearing arm-bands to keep me afloat. I usually went in with my father who was a very good swimmer. I enjoyed this tremendously and one day, I was permitted to go in the swimming pool by myself, as both my parents were otherwise engaged. I went down to the pool-side in my swimming costume. Then I got into the glistening water—and just too late, remembered that I had forgotten to put on my arm-bands! My heart missed a beat as the sudden realisation swept over me, and left fear and shock in its place. I wildly struggled to reach the surface, lashing out with my hands and feet. I swallowed much water in my mad efforts to reach the surface and nearly choked. However, I eventually got to the top and clung to the side coughing and choking. As these coughs subsided, I began to feel numb and thinking about what would have happened, had I not managed to reach the atmosphere in time. I was shaking with shock. After some moments I was pulled out of the water by my anxious parents. Crying by now, I related what had happened. It was a long time after this frightening experience that I felt any desire to re-visit the swimming pool, even with my father.

Joanne Russell, Lower IV H.

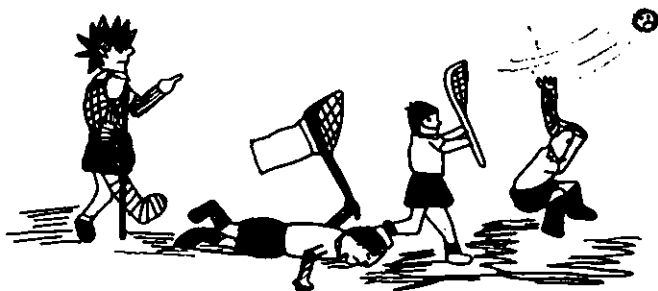
## A JAR OF MARMALADE

Long thin shapes of darkness mar the opaque clarity of the orange base, suspended for ever in a solid, which looks liquid. It seems the powerful force of gravity has been ignored as the heavy stripes linger motionless, supported only by a weak liquid. Stillness prevails. As in a photograph, movement has suddenly been stopped; one moment in time captured in infinite peacefulness and silence, but the movement that was once there can still be perceived.

The light coming through the window shines on the jar, illuminating one side of its contents. One side looks bright, clear and full of vibrant colour, the other side of the jar looks dull and lifeless in comparison, the light only being strong enough to filter through a fraction of the contents of the jar.

Jeanette Paterson, Upper VH.

## A PECULIAR HUNT



Things had warmed up quite considerably since I last stepped out of my cave so I decided to take advantage of the beautiful morning and go for a brisk walk. I set off, club in hand and skins adorning my hairy body and feet. How refreshing, I thought, to be out in the open again after my sleep! (How could I know that my sleep had lasted for thousands of years?) My surroundings were certainly changed; for a start there were now no huge insects who might gobble me up and also I did not have to wade through forests of grass. Everything seemed so much tamer and more controlled.

Then I arrived at what I could best describe as a lake of grass, not long but clipped short, perhaps trampled by the monsters. Several creatures were running about in all directions on the grass. I concluded they must be hunters for they were carrying weapons of sorts. Strange, I thought, that they were all running in different directions when surely their prey could only run in one. Well, who am I to teach them the logic of hunting? Let them learn.

Then I saw it, "it" being a small animal running fast along the ground. I counted the hunters on my fingers and then decided I must be wrong for I counted twenty-four hunters but surely they could not all be after this little creature for he would not feed a fly, never mind a person. I could not understand but nevertheless I continued to observe the chase. One hunter armed with a stick, at the end of which was a bag-like net, ran towards the creature and caught it. I thought it was a victory but soon I was proved to be wrong for the creature could jump and off it went through the air until it landed in a triangular cage. Suddenly a mighty cheer went up and all the hunters started leaping and jumping with glee. I could not understand why for the creature was still free as it had just rolled out of the cage and was lying out of breath on the grass. I attributed this fact to my lack of knowledge and continued to watch as the hunt was resumed. Again, as the hunter seemed to have caught the beast, it gave a mighty jump of all of twenty feet and landed in the clutches of another hunter. This time three or four of them seemed to be fighting over him. I was getting very heated and my cheeks were turning red. "What a way to go about catching an animal," I thought, "too many hunters, prey not worth catching, and squabbling over the animal's captor, honestly!" Hearing a cry, I looked again and I observed three of the hunters lying face down in the mud, crying, and the victor running madly towards the cage with the prey. But before he reached it the animal jumped again. A master of escape I thought!

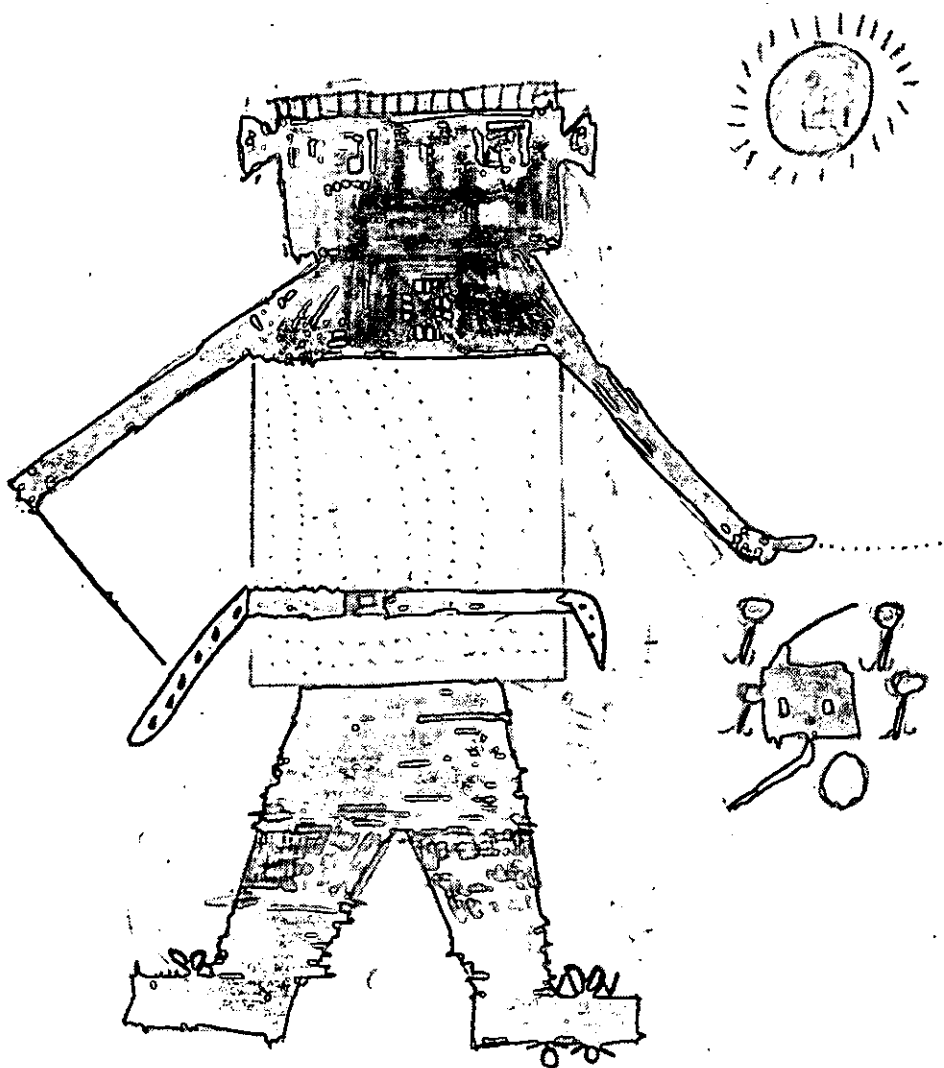
Suddenly I heard a shrill whistle and a huge bellowing monster appeared on the scene, dressed in very peculiar garb. All the hunters stood to attention, picked up their weapons and sprinted immediately to their leader. They must be planning new tactics to trap that elusive creature I thought. After much discussion and waving of arms the assembly broke up but much to my amazement, instead of pursuing the animal, who incidentally was still lying on the grass, they went off home, leaving it entirely alone. Feeling very frustrated by my lack of understanding I picked up my club and went home too.

Hilda Rodger, Lower V B.



Drawings by Judith Affleck, Remove H.

## IRON MAN



One day I had a brilliant idea. I set to work making an IRON MAN. When it was finished it looked like the picture above. I gave it a spear for a sword and a pistol. He was TERRIFYING. I had been making him outside in case he was too big for my house and he was miles too big. He was two miles high. He had a radar under his chin. He had a belt, holster and scabbard and that is all he had.

Sam Gwynn Dewhurst, aged 7

## The dog

once upon  
a time there was  
a dog he liked  
to play he liked to dig  
in the garden.  
one day he found  
a bone and he  
was happy

Julia Kolbusz. 5 years

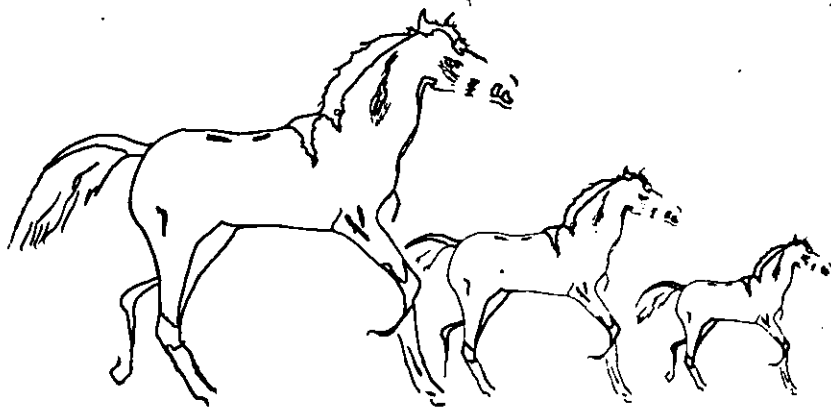
once upon a time there was a  
hungry butterfly and he was going  
to get some nectar when he  
heard a bee going to the same  
flower as him  
so he hid in some grass

Louise Fielding  
6 years

## HORSE MAD

*I used to know a girl who was too fond of horses.  
When asked "What shall we play today?"  
The answer was of course, "Horses".  
Oh, no! Not that again!  
My mind whirled as I tried to think.  
But it was no good, she had already started.  
"Now you be so and so and I'll be thingummyjig."  
Clipperty clop, clipperty clop  
Down smote our shoes on the tarmacked pavement.  
"We are on a secret errand," said she.  
Head tossed back and ponytail straggly,  
Her nose quivered and I expected her to neigh  
And canter away to a faraway field.  
And so it went on. This horse had been stolen  
And we had to rescue it!  
Her ideas were collected from "horsey" books  
Which she devoured when not practising "the art".  
The dreaded next morning when I asked  
"What shall we play today?"  
Oh no! Not horses again!*

Virginia Baynes, Lower IV G.



Drawing by Sarah Anderson, Lower IV EH.

## MY SHADOW

*My shadow is fun  
Under the mid-day sun.  
Sometimes it is tall,  
Sometimes it is small;  
Sometimes it jumps up and goes down with a fall.  
When the sun shines it is happy and gay;  
When the rain comes it fades away.*

Matthew Grinyion, aged 7

## A BABY

*Lying sleeping on a blanket  
Is a baby, eyes shut tightly;  
Rosy lips half closed in slumber;  
Teeth inside so small and gleaming.  
Tiny toes are curled and wrinkled,  
Hair curls softly, fair and shining.  
Little hands are grasping Teddy.*

*Now the baby, eyes wide open,  
Throws her Teddy, shouting, crying.  
Toes are wriggling, legs are kicking,  
Hair is tousled, arms are waving.*

*Mother comes and comforts baby,  
Smooths her hair and stops her sobbing.  
No more crying, no more shouting,  
Baby lies there, grasping Teddy,  
Lying, sleeping on a blanket.*

Katharine Healey, Remove F.

## IRONY

*You laughed at me.  
You laughed at my clothes,  
My hair,  
My face.  
But your laughter soon died  
As you realised  
That I was your  
Reflection.*

Catherine Fox, Remove F.

## MY UNCLE JIM

I have an Uncle Jim,  
And I'm very fond of him,  
And he is very fond of  
all his plants.  
He doesn't mind a din,  
If you're out or if you're in,  
That's why I like him better  
than my Aunts.

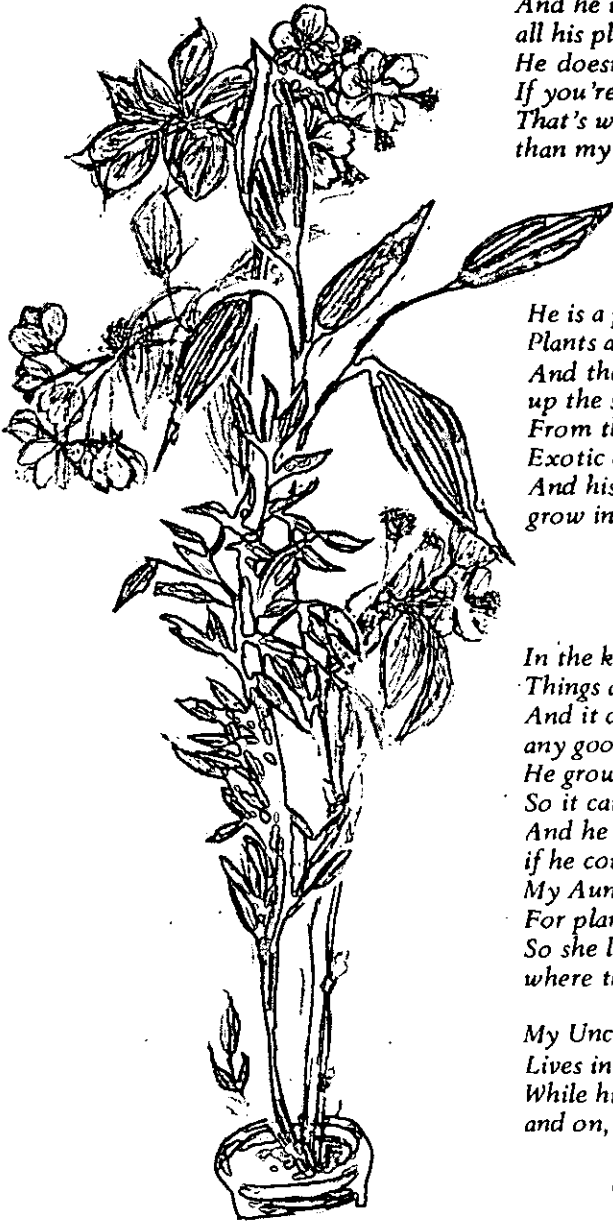
He is a plant fanatic,  
Plants are growing in the attic,  
And the rubber plant is growing  
up the stairs!  
From the lampshade in the hall  
Exotic orchids fall,  
And his shoes! the mushrooms  
grow in all the pairs!

In the kitchen, as you'd think,  
Things are growing the sink,  
And it doesn't do his washing  
any good.  
He grows marrows in his car  
So it can't go very far,  
And he wouldn't move it, even  
if he could!  
My Auntie doesn't care  
For plants growing everywhere,  
So she lives inside the greenhouse  
where there's none.

My Uncle, on his own  
Lives in the house alone,  
While his happy plants grow on,  
and on, and on.

Clare Nelson, Lower IV G

Drawings by Grace Aldred and Gillian Belsham, VX.



ODE TO MARGARET THATCHER  
(by Harold Wilson?)

*My lovely little Tory blue  
I want to run away with you.  
Oh dearest, you are all my life,  
Come Sweetest Tory, be my wife.*

*We'll live upon an iron rig  
Together we will strike it big.  
Oh Maggie dear, with your permission,  
We can have a coalition.*

*You'll bathe in black gold every day  
And wash your fair locks in the spray.  
Against the sheiks we'll bravely fight,  
Together we'll set England right.*

*Your little jaunts in "Morning Cloud"  
With Edward Heath won't be allowed.  
But Maggie, when you are with me,  
You will not want his company.*

*It will be rather sad, I think,  
As first we watch the pound notes sink.  
But dearest, we'll soon set that right  
And save the poor things from their plight.*

*We'll show those Common Market fools  
That truly our dear Britain rules.  
We'll show the Arabs and O.P.E.C.  
That Britain is not such a wreck.*

*So Margaret Thatcher come with me  
My lovely, little blue Tory.  
For Britain's sake, in times of strife,  
Come dearest Maggie, be my wife.*

Linda Edmondson, Upper IV SH.

## FEBRUARY MORNING

*The moon is drawing a green veil down the sky;  
I hear it brush her hair, stir dark, motionful curls  
where they meet the crust of hills,  
like spray on surf and silver sweeps  
of wind over wheat in rich autumnal fields.  
The breath of her mouth is hot on my cold night cheek.  
I should have thought it May,  
not this new-born February day.*

Robina Salisbury, Lower VI.

## THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

*The limestone, jagged, pitted, scarred,  
Wind howling through flutes and weird shapes carved,  
Ululating eerily, intensely, unceasingly,  
Green turf growing, lusciously, luxuriantly.*

*A lonesome place, a cold place,  
Delicate purple flowers, leaves of lace,  
Incongruous in this bold, bare place,  
Grow, protected by the cold cliff face.*

*This maze of weathered limestone  
Eroded, devious, ankle-twisting, known  
Only to the few, who dare, aloof,  
To climb and clamber to the world's roof.*

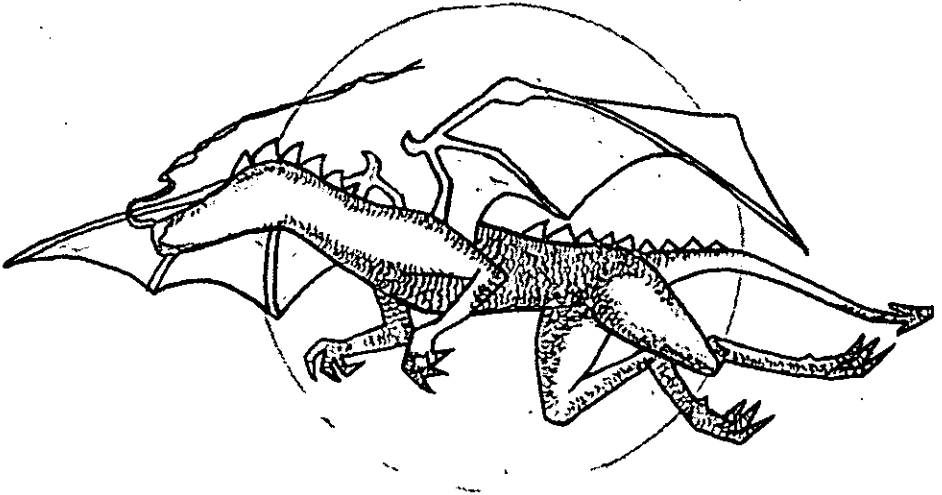
*One lone birch, twisted and deformed  
Stands alone, its weird shape formed  
By the ever present rush of the gale.  
It, it knows, must never fail.*

Anne Cassidy, Upper IV SH.

## THE SUN DRAGON

The earth grew dark as its giant sister's  
shadow passed over it.  
Jupiter returned to the sun,  
The glowing ember that was now the sun.  
Jupiter halved the orbit of Mercury, and waited,  
grew white hot.  
Then, on the surface of the sun, there appeared  
a brighter spot.  
The spot rose and grew.  
It was the sun dragon.  
As it stepped to white-hot Jupiter,  
The sun died.  
Then the dragon blossomed, and flew,  
Flew faster than light through space,  
Flew to where the new stars were waiting for it,  
Flew, to the new universe.

Alex Hedley, Form II.



Drawing by Fiona Pringle, Lower VI.

CREATION  
(based on Norse legends)

*In the beginning there was a yawning void,  
Ginnungagap, in which strange mists were drawn,  
Made deeper voids, Ginnungagap destroyed  
And eerie lands of fire and mists were born.  
In this new world was made a giant man,  
Fought by the Gods, was slain, thrust down the void.  
His icy blood now as earth's rivers ran,  
His flesh dry land, his skull as sky employed.  
The new-born stars were made from sparks of fire,  
The sun was drawn by steeds with swiftest feet,  
Chased by an evil wolf who would not tire,  
As was the moon, the earth was quite complete.  
But was it known that all this sea and rock  
Would end that fateful day of Ragnarok?*

Jane Bowmer, Lower VB.

IN THE BEGINNING

*In the beginning it was unmarked, pure,  
Lying smooth, no life moving, still.  
Elliptical egg, spotted black on white,  
The mother lying, nestling close.*

*Then crack! A gaping chasm breaks the egg.  
A hole marks the surface. Now  
A yellow ball of fluff erupts, like ash  
From a volcano pouring out.*

*New life. Small chick, big hen. New world for it—  
Cruel world.*

Alexandra Phillips, Upper IV EH.

## THE END OF THE WORLD

*Suddenly all the lights of the world went out.  
Everywhere was black.  
Then the candles were lit,  
But a sudden strong wind blew them all out.  
All the trees fell down;  
All the glass cracked;  
All the steel bent double;  
All the plastic melted.  
Everywhere was chaos.  
It began to rain and all the rivers flooded  
And the rain continued falling,  
And it was so heavy, nobody could see.  
The sun exploded and splintered.  
Red balls of fire landed on the grass  
And immediately a blaze began.  
All the people died.  
They could not see to get out  
They could not get out of their houses anyway  
Because of the fire and the rain, neither disturbed by the other.  
So they all perished and the Earth burnt into fragments.  
The fragments rotted away in a matter of days.  
And suddenly the fire went out and the rain stopped.  
For there was no need to carry on,  
The End of the World had come.*

Louise Huggins, Upper VE.



## PEMBROKESHIRE AT EASTER

*The bitter, biting blizzard blew  
And friendly, fearless fulmars flew  
Serene, above a savage sea,  
Unfettered, fast and frail but free.*

*The Spring sun shone on shimmering sand  
Below granite, grey and gnarled and grand.  
Seals showed their snouts in surging surf  
And pink thrift tossed in trembling turf.*

*The curved-bill chough careered and cried  
Through blood-red bill to greet his bride.  
Old Skomer skulked below the sky  
And I shall go there by and by.*

Linda Edmondson, Upper IV SH.



Drawing by Ann Boothroyd, Lower VI.

## COMMENT ON CONSERVATION

*The word "conservation"*  
*Sometimes emerges from the realms of cliché,*  
*Hitting someone, somewhere,*  
*With a desperate, urgent meaning.*  
*It lingers round a bulldozed hedgerow,*  
*A concrete jungle, a slaughtered forest,*  
*A polluted river, an oil-slicked shore—*  
*Haunting the huge excess of land*  
*That man cannot bear*  
*To leave unproductive*  
*To his own*  
*Needs.*  
*The innocent inhabitants of once-wild places*  
*Cannot fight against inevitable destruction.*  
*Their pleading cries are left to waver*  
*Untranslated in the breeze of time—*  
*And are soon forgotten.*  
*But as soon as near-extinction*  
*Threatens some exquisite species—*  
*Then wisps of grief, concern, outrage*  
*Fleet hastily, nationally.....*  
*For a minute—*  
*Or less.*  
*They dare not rise above momentary murmurs.*  
*It would not do to soil the convenience*  
*Of humdrum human ignorance*  
*With an inconvenient scrap*  
*of unpalatable*  
*Truth.*  
*Yet, to destroy a wilderness— however small—*  
*Is to strike stone dead some unborn moments*  
*Of wonder and revelation, contained in*  
*Future generations—*  
*Moments that give to life*  
*Its very incentive*  
*For being lived*  
*At all.*

Judith Olorenshaw, Upper V H.

## KARAMATEL

Desolate,  
Lonely,  
Lifeless,  
Peaceful.

Three bleak and weathered crosses profiled against the skies.

Below them a deep valley gouged out from the rock  
Shelters the lonely dwellings and spires of ancient churches.  
Barren grasses, scorched by the sun, extend over the hillside,  
while cold, blue mountains hang in the stark horizon.

No living creature  
roams the hillside,  
Afraid of the legends  
the crosses hold.  
Only a harmless  
hermit seeking solitude  
Knows the truth  
the stories tell.  
No one bird hovers  
in the lonely skies.  
All is sinister  
in the Indian Pass.

Tracey Derbyshire, Lower VM.

## ICICLE

*Water  
Transformed into a triangular needle.  
Shiny surface covered with lumps,  
Each lump a smooth, glassy hemisphere,  
Adheres to the fragile backbone.  
The whole skeleton of ice  
Is glazed with water, melting from each point,  
Making the icicle smooth and silky to touch.*

Alison Sutcliffe, Lower IV G.

Decoration by Jane Bevis, Lower VI.

## THE EGG

*I picked up the egg.  
And gazed at it.  
Among the blood red veins  
Scattering the shell  
Were crevices and worn river beds  
Which weaved about in ochre and rust.  
I turned the egg over and could see  
Oceans of powder blue  
Surrounded by shores of salmon pink  
Where fronds of seaweed delicately draped  
Made filigree patterns on the sand,  
Their dusty olive strands  
Glinting gold as they caught the last rays of the evening sun.  
The contour lines wound round;  
The orange unconsciously clashing with the red.  
The egg  
A map of colour;  
Vibrant, pastel, muted.  
The shades portraying the heights and depths  
Intertwining roads weaved round  
Interrupted by meandering streams  
Going slowly to the sea  
To be swallowed up into the deep depths.  
The cliffs surrounding the sea  
Had sharp, jagged edges  
On which were perched seagulls and terns  
Watching the cloud above.*

Tessa Griffiths, Upper V E.

## THE PENDANT

*Rich woman's wealthy hand, lily white  
As fresh blanched linen, raises  
Crimson lid inlaid with gold,  
Lined with silk and soft bed of velvet;  
Sees lying in dented groove her pendant,  
Ruby tears on golden chain:  
Lifts it, drooping,  
Velvet's soft support removed,  
To ruby lips.*

*She raises to her lips the stone that tells  
Of tears shed,  
Blood shed  
For ruby, wealth, possession, power,  
Unaware,  
Seeing only perfect symmetry and glass-like purity.*

*Yet beneath its smooth superficiality,  
Deep in its heart and hid from all  
But the closest eye,  
Are flaws and splinters,  
Cruel crevices,  
Evils hiding dark beneath the surface,  
Like repressed hatred and desire  
And all complexities  
Below the surface of the human mind.*

*Two tear drops, side by side,  
Both fall, one from each liquid eye,  
One for sorrow, two for sorrow doubled,  
Not for joy.  
Two drops of spilt blood,  
And life ebbs away from weakened limbs.  
Death and sorrow,  
Linked by a golden bar,  
Are joined, yet held apart.*

*Fire of life, shades of death,  
The two are one and the same  
To the lifeless stone, onlooker to life and death,  
Spectator, not partaker.*

*Losing yet gaining  
For it is warmed by the life of which it forms a part,  
Close on her breast to her heart.*

Charlotte Jones, Upper V E.

## THE BOTTLE

Protruding from the barren ground an object glinted green.  
A jagged edge pierced the bleak skyline,  
It sparkled as though the sun's light was dancing on it,  
Yet the sky was possessed by the grey winter clouds.  
I reached out to touch it and caught my finger on the sharp edge.  
Quickly I pulled back my hand.  
Little blobs of dark blood stood out against the paleness of my skin.  
They trickled down my finger and fell onto the glass.  
There they lay in contrast with the oily green of the bottle.  
Then from the depths of the sky fell the first silver drops of rain.  
The blood was smudged by the water  
And the bottle was smeared in a pale, watery red.  
I left it and trudged through the dead grass as the sky darkened in the distance.

Jill Lewis, Remove H.

## THE REGAL COURSE

Oh, sweet perfumers of the lucent air,  
The ends of daydreams lying in the street,  
Imperial incense mixed with soft pale hair  
Where night-time and the start of morning meet.  
The city streets then briefly were our home,  
And, singing how we lost our finite youth  
And childhood's silver spent for adult chrome,  
Then with sweet verbiage we veiled the truth,  
Where hands held flame that kindled crimson light,  
Which fled away down corridors of time  
Where faces stared, but with a bonded sight  
That never heard eternity's bell chime.  
Now through a bright illuminating haze  
We view again the gold forgotten days.

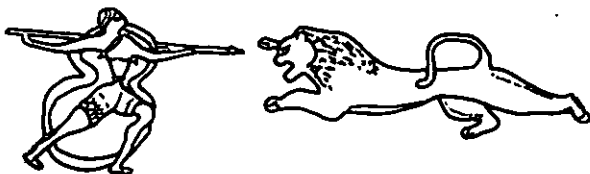
Barbara Kennedy and Rachel Meaton, Lower VI.

## THE SCHLIEMANNS AT MYCENAE

*Sophia was excited  
And her eyes were big and round,  
As she looked upon the treasure  
That her husband had just found  
In an old grave circle  
Underneath the ground.*

*There were weapons, dishes, ornaments,  
Masks all made of gold.  
Alongside nineteen bodies,  
Dusty, still and old.  
And she shivered as she stood  
In that chamber dark and cold.*

Georgina Cunningham, Remove H.



*I've dug all through the heat of day  
And found some old remains.  
No matter what the o'thers say,  
I'll see what it contains.*

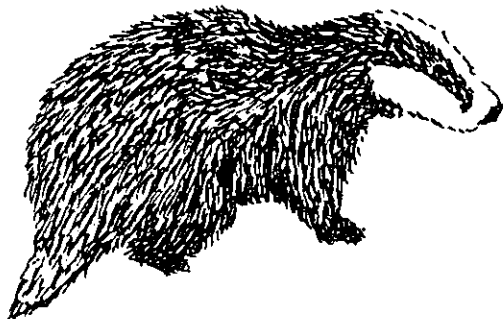
*Oh careful now! Don't miss some gold,  
For treasure must be near.  
Ah! what is this that I unfold?  
Agamemnon's grave, it's clear.*

*A golden mask gleams through the soil.  
I lift it from its place,  
Then know with awe, that I have seen  
King Agamemnon's face.*

*Come here, Sophia, and share my joy,  
The rest we'll soon unfold,  
For here we've found the treasure of  
Mycenae, rich in gold.*

Catherine Ferris, Remove H.

Decoration by Rachel Meaton, Lower VI



## THE BADGER

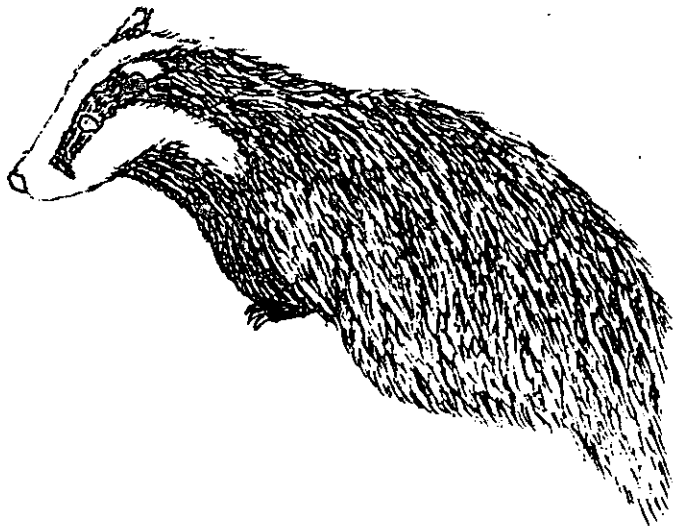
It was dusk. I slipped out of the house after supper and went for a walk. As I walked quietly along I heard some rustling, then I saw it, a little black and white face peeping at me through some leaves. I sat down on a nearby tree stump and watched quietly.

The badger had a good scratch and then went over to what must have been his food supply. He appeared nervous as he ate, twitching his nose; suddenly he seemed to be looking straight at me.

As quickly as I came across him he had gone. I heard him scramble back down his set; he must have scented me.

That had been the first time I had seen a badger. I felt so excited that I sat awhile, watching the twinkling of a few stars and thinking I had been very lucky.

Anna Howatt, Form III.



Drawings by Judith Lee, Lower VI.

## JOHN CURRY

Poised calmly in the middle of the large ice rink, he waited for the music to begin. On the first note the whole audience fell quiet, awaiting the master's performance, and suddenly an explosion of noise and the master was at work. With great confident, gliding paces he strode past the judges, eyeing them as if telling them to expect something really magnificent. It only took a few seconds for his expert eye to run over the judges and sum them up before he flung himself whole-heartedly into the music.

I was captivated. My eyes were glued to him and would not even for one second tear themselves away from the master. His skilful twirls were like those of a ballet dancer and the graceful glide like a swan alone on clear water with its neck outstretched. Yet the actions were crisp and neat with an air of cheekiness about them.

His performance made you alert and gave you a new energy. His elegant, long body swept past me; erect and tall he pirouetted round on his skates and I watched attentively, utterly fascinated.

Suddenly the music changed and with it his mood, from one of increasing energy to one of leisure and a "couldn't care less" attitude. His frown of concentration was overpowered by his fixed smile of confidence that he had learnt to keep with ease, to fool the audience and the judges into thinking that this was the basic standard that everyone should be at as it looked so easy, and that they should not be lowered to a poorer standard.

No perspiration poured down his face, as with his fellow competitors, and the whole performance appeared to be as easy as walking down the road.

As he came to the final part of his programme, his arms stretched out like the wings of a bird and he lightly flew into a graceful twirl in the air and landed softly on the ice again. He finished triumphantly and thunderous applause followed. But he simply took a humble bow and with a quiet smile of one who has great wisdom, he turned and skated out of sight.

The audience cheered incessantly for this magician, genius and wonder of their lives, who brought skating alive and made it look everything which it is not: easy, unenergetic and yet exhilarating.

John Curry, a great perfectionist of our time.

Judith Moore, Upper V H.

Design by Julia Palmer, Lower VI.

## INVIGILATION

I've opened the door, walked in and sat down at the back of the room. A dozen pairs of uninterested eyes flicked over to check the interruption, recorded the fact of my arrival and returned to the papers on the desks.

Now complete absorption suffocates the room and my own thoughts are dictated by its stranglehold. I'm immersed again—after how many years?—in the whirlpool of effort and concentration, when all one's faculties and mental dexterity spin on a single balanced point.

The only movement is of pens rising and falling over the pages—like surf, forward and back; forward and back. On this tide will surge shining thoughts and ideas, the sparkling reflections of a brighter sun. No doubt there will also be the inevitable flotsam and water-logged debris, ashamed to make its appearance finally at the water's edge.

A cough. More paper? No, just a cough. Heads bob up accusingly, and burrow back again among the pages. Remarkable, the petulance expressed by the back of a head. A sneeze. I stifle the temptation to say, "Bless you!" How well is she of the coughs and sneezes able to concentrate if intellect is throttled by catarrh-arrh!-arrh? Will she be able to rise above her nose, as it were?

And what about the candidate just in front of me? I shall, all unbeknownst, pin her through and display her like a butterfly. Does she feel tortured? Or does she view this exercise as an exhilarating challenge? I can't tell much from her back, but her pen has not paused for a moment. Perhaps her mind has met the challenge and marches forward as irresistibly as the neatly drilled ranks of letters on her paper. (Or is she writing to her pen-friend?)

The half-view curve of her face glows with a soft translucence in the sun which glints on the gold lights in her darker hair, like fine-spun copper webs. Clusters of soft hair nestle, petal-like, into the nape of her neck. So heartrendingly vulnerable, somehow, the backs of young necks with their little tufts of down behind the ears. The fluffy bunny syndrome. She appears calm and peaceful, so intent. It's like looking at a Botticelli angel from the other side of the canvas.

Well, that's the end of my stint. The small stir caused by my relief's arrival bumps me back to earth.

One thing I have learnt. But for viewing Miss Botticelli from behind in these unusual circumstances of peace and quiet, I should never have seen the other side of that fidgety, inattentive, cantankerous little madam.

An Invigilator.



## GAMES REPORTS

### TENNIS, SUMMER TERM 1975

<i>1st VI</i>	<i>2nd VI</i>	<i>U15 VI</i>	<i>U14 VI</i>
M. Long—Capt.	(selected from)	J. Moore	K. Strawson
P. Northway	H. Connolly	V. Hopper	K. Pottinger
J. Northway	D. Roberts	J. Cooke	J. Hands
R. Hopper	K. Mason	R. Sladden	J. Allanson
D. Smith	S. Bromilow	G. Aldred	H. Rodger
A. White	S. Moore	S. Griffiths	R. Grudgings
	C. Birchall		
	S. Whiteley		
	S. Lundy		
	S. Copeman		

D. Jones played in some U15 matches.

A. Horton played in some U14 matches.

*Full colours:* M. Long, J. Northway (P. Northway, R. Hopper, 1974)

*Half colours:* D. Smith

*Commended:* 1st VI: A. White

2nd VI: H. Connolly, D. Roberts, C. Birchall, S. Moore.

U15 VI: J. Moore, J. Cooke, V. Hopper, R. Sladden.

### TENNIS MATCH RESULTS

<i>1st VI</i>	<i>Aberdare Cup</i>	1st Round	v West Kirby	WON
			v Birkenhead	WON
		2nd Round	v Altrincham	WON
			v Wilmslow	WON
			v Lowther College	WON
		3rd Round	v Seafield Convent	WON
		(N.W. Area Final)	v Queen Mary's, Lytham	LOST
	<i>Cheshire Cup</i>	2nd Round	v Ursuline Convent	WON
		West Area Final	v West Kirby	WON
		Final	v Wilmslow G.S.	WON
	<i>Other matches</i>		v Howell's, Denbigh	WON
			v Whitby Comprehensive	WON
			v Huyton College	WON
			v Altrincham	WON
		"A" VI	v Ursuline Convent	DREW
<i>2nd VI</i>			v Howell's	WON
			v Whitby	WON
			v Birkenhead	WON
			v Moreton Hall 1st VI	LOST
			v Altrincham	WON
<i>U 15 VI</i>		"A"	v Whitby	WON
		"B"	v Whitby	LOST
			v Birkenhead	WON
			v Moreton Hall	WON
			v Ursuline Convent	WON
			v Huyton College	WON
			v West Kirby	WON
			v Queen's Park High	WON
<i>U 14 VI</i>		"A"	v Whitby	LOST
		"B"	v Whitby	LOST
			v Ursuline Convent	WON
			v Huyton College	WON
			v West Kirby	WON
			v Queen's Park High	WON

*Chester and District Schools' Tournaments*  
U 16 team — WINNERS

U 15 team — **WINNERS**

U 14 team — **WINNERS**

*School Tournament Results*

Senior team singles:	J. Northway	Runner-up: P. Northway
Senior singles:	D. Roberts	Runner-up: C. Birchall
Middle School:	J. Moore	Runner-up: V. Hopper
Lower School:	A. Longden	Runner-up: Felicity Green
Removes:	M. Hardwick	Runner-up: S. Handley
Nestlé Ladders—form winners:	D. Roberts, J. Moore, V. Hopper,	K. Pottinger.

*House Matches*      Senior: Sandford  
Junior: Hastings

*Individual tournament successes:* Congratulations to:

**D. Smith** Winner — Hoole Alexandra Park: U 16 singles and doubles  
(with J. Moore)

U 18 mixed

Hoole L.T.C. Junior Tournament: U 18 girls' and mixed  
doubles

Lymm: U 18 mixed doubles (doubles runner-up):

Hightown: U 18 mixed doubles joint winner

Colwyn Bay: U 18 girls' doubles (singles runner-up)

West Cheshire Championships: U 18 doubles  
runner-up

Cheshire Junior Championships: U 16 singles  
runner-up

**D. Roberts** Winner — North Wales: U 21 singles

Welsh: U 16 doubles (singles semi-finalist)

Wolverhampton open: U 16 singles and doubles

Deeside: U 18 singles, doubles and mixed doubles

U 16 singles (doubles runner-up)

**J. Moore** Winner — Cheshire: U 16 singles championships

Colwyn Bay: U 15 singles and doubles

(with V. Hopper)

Hoole Alexandra Park: U 16 doubles (with D. Smith)  
and U 16 singles runner-up (to D. Smith)

West Cheshire Championships: U 15 doubles

(with V. Hopper) and U 16 mixed doubles.

Hightown: U 15 Handicap singles and U 15 doubles  
(with V. Hopper)

Guildford: U 15 doubles (with V. Hopper)

**J. Cooke and**

**G. Aldred:**

Winners — Deeside: U 16 doubles

Hoole: U 16 doubles

**V. Hopper** Winner — Chester and District: U 14 singles and U 14 doubles  
(with R. Sladden)

West Cheshire Championships: U 15 doubles  
(with J. Moore)

Colwyn Bay: U 15 doubles (with J. Moore)

Guildford: U 15 doubles (with J. Moore)

Reached final of U 15 handicap doubles at Hightown with J.  
Moore, but rain stopped play.

Reached final of U 14 singles at Hightown.

**J. Northway**

Cheshire: U18 doubles runners-up.

Invited to play at the Junior Grass Courts Championships and the  
National Championships at Eastbourne.

**S. Whiteley**

Reached the final of the National Guide Tennis Tournament at  
the Queen's Club, Kensington.

Jane Northway, Diana Smith, Judy Moore and Valerie Hopper  
played for Cheshire in junior teams, and Dawn Roberts played in  
North Wales junior and senior teams.

# HOCKEY 1975-76

<b>GK</b>	<i>1st XI</i> D. Morrey	<i>2nd XI</i> M. Evans	<i>U15 XI</i> E. Walker	<i>U 14 XI</i> K. Breckon/ H. Collicutt
<b>RB</b>	E. Stanton	V. Street	R. Grudgings	F. Green
<b>LB</b>	J. Poole	S. Griffiths	J. Hands	A. Perry
<b>RH</b>	S. Whiteley	N. Garmory	A. Horton	S. Phillips
<b>CH</b>	J. Northway		V. Hopper	E. Garson
<b>LH</b>	D. Roberts	C. Armstrong	W. Roberts	A. Bate
<b>RW</b>	E. Mount (Captain)		H. Taylor	A. Mills
<b>RI</b>	S. Moore		H. Rodger	C. Lawrie
<b>CF</b>	D. Southern	J. Cooke	K. Pottinger	K. Scholefield
<b>LI</b>	C. Birchall	G. Handley	K. Strawson	A. Longden
<b>LW</b>	J. Moore		C. Faull	S. Castle/ A. Rhodes

Plus U 15 team members and reserves. Also played: E. Cleal, R. Sladden, C. Jones, A. Timms, G. Aldred.

Also played: J. Price, S. Cooper, J. Jordan, J. Gillespie, J. Frame

Also played: S. Mile, P. Street, S. Elliott, J. Scard, S. Hassall

*Full colours:* D. Southern

*Half colours:* S. Moore, S. Whiteley, D. Roberts, J. Moore, (C. Birchall, E. Mount, 1975)

*Commended:* 1st XI: D. Morrey, J. Northway, E. Stanton

2nd XI: J. Cooke

U 15 XI: E. Walker, J. Hands, V. Hopper, K. Pottinger, A. Horton

U 14 XI: E. Garson

## HOCKEY MATCH RESULTS

	<i>Autumn Term 1975</i>		<i>Spring Term 1976</i>	
<b>1st XI</b>	Old Girls	<b>DREW</b>	Whitby	<b>DREW</b>
	Whitby	<b>WON</b>	Parents	<b>LOST</b>
	Elfed H.S.	<b>DREW</b>	Germantown Academy (U.S.A.)	<b>DREW</b>
			Howell's	<b>WON</b>
			Deeside Ramblers	<b>LOST</b>
			Helsby	<b>DREW</b>

### *Cheshire Schools' Tournament*

<b>Qual. Round</b>	v Lymm	<b>DREW</b>	<b>Final Round:</b>
	v Crewe	<b>LOST</b>	Second to Helsby in section and best runner-up.
	v Hartford	<b>WON</b>	
	v Queen's Park High	<b>WON</b>	
	v Sutton	<b>WON</b>	
	Finished 2nd to qualify for finals.		<b>Semi final v Whitby</b> <b>DREW</b>
			Whitby qualified for the final on corners; the tournament was won by Helsby.
<b>"A" XI</b>	West Kirby	<b>WON</b>	A Scottish Schoolgirls XI <b>LOST</b>
<b>2nd XI</b>	Whitby	<b>LOST</b>	Whitby <b>WON</b>
			Helsby <b>DREW</b>
<b>U 15 XI</b>	Whitby	<b>WON</b>	Whitby <b>WON</b>
	Blacon	<b>WON</b>	Blacon <b>WON</b>
	Christleton	<b>WON</b>	Helsby <b>WON</b>
	West Kirby	<b>WON</b>	

*U16 Chester and District  
Tournament* **WON**

*U15 Cheshire Schools  
Tournament.*

v Crewe **WON**;  
v Culcheth **DREW**;  
v Helsby **WON**;  
v Wilmslow **DREW**;  
v Macclesfield **WON**;  
v Winsford **DREW**;  
Semi-final v Appleton Hall **WON**;  
Final v Helsby **DREW**;  
(trophy shared)

<b>U 14 XI</b>	Whitby Christleton West Kirby	<b>LOST</b> <b>LOST</b> <b>LOST</b>	Whitby Helsby	<b>LOST</b> <b>LOST</b>
	<i>House Matches</i>		Senior: Sandford Junior: Westminster	

**LACROSSE 1975—6**

	<i>1st XII</i>	<i>2nd XII</i>	<i>U15 XII</i>	<i>U14 XII</i> (selected from)
<b>GK</b>	M. Evans	D. Morrey	J. Frame	A. Mitchell
<b>P</b>	S. Lundy	V. Street	J. Hands	H. Collicutt
<b>CP</b>	S. Whiteley	C. Jones	K. Strawson	C. Billingham
<b>3M</b>	E. Stanton	J. Poole	V. Hopper	S. Hassal
<b>RD</b>	J. Northway	S. Griffiths	J. Gillespie	Felicity Green
<b>LD</b>	S. Copeman	R. Sladden	W. Roberts	K. Scholefield
<b>C</b>	J. Moore	D. Southern —Capt.	K. Pottinger	E. Garson
<b>RA</b>	A. White/ E. Mount	N. Garmory	C. Faulf	A. Londen S. Castle
<b>LA</b>	P. Bristow	J. Bullock	H. Rodger	K. Breckon N. Mason
<b>3H</b>	J. Cooke	G. Handley	A. Horton —Capt.	S. Elliot S. Mile
<b>2H</b>	C. Birchall —Capt.	F. Hendley	J. Allanson	P. Street
<b>1H</b>	S. Moore	G. Aldred	S. Johnston	

The following also played in some matches:

*1st XII:* D. Southern, J. Bullock

*U15 XII:* S. Jones, C. Limb, V. Lowe

*Full Colours:* C. Birchall, S. Lundy, A. White, M. Evans

*Half Colours:* J. Northway (1975), S. Whiteley, S. Copeman,  
J. Moore

*Commended:* *1st XII:* J. Cooke

*2nd XII:* D. Morrey, F. Hendley, C. Jones

*U15 XII:* J. Frame, J. Hands, V. Hopper, J. Gillespie,  
K. Pottinger, A. Horton

*U14 XII:* E. Garson



#### GERMANTOWN ACADEMY VISIT

The school hockey and lacrosse teams were hostesses to a touring team from Germantown Academy, Philadelphia, from 20th to 23rd March. They played lacrosse against the 1st XII on one day, explored Chester and played Howells and our 1st XI on the following day, and sampled fish and chips at a lively gathering of hostesses and players that evening. They left for Liverpool after shopping on their last morning; the traces of American accents remaining amongst the hostesses are a token of the goodwill and enjoyment which made their visit so profitable.

## LACROSSE MATCH RESULTS

	<i>Autumn Term 1975</i>		<i>Spring Term 1976</i>	
1st XII	v Belvedere	WON	v Belvedere	WON
	v Moreton Hall	LOST	v Birkenhead H.S.	LOST
	v Bowdon W.L.C.	WON	v Bolton	LOST
	v Huyton	WON	v Germantown Academy	
	v Hoylake W.L.C.	LOST	(U.S.A.)	WON
	<i>All England Schools</i>			
	<i>Tournament, London</i>			
	v Penwortham	LOST	v St. Columbus, Glasgow	WON
	v Belvedere	WON	v The Lady Eleanor Holles,	
	v Harrogate College 2nd	WON	Hampton	WON
	v Marple Hall	WON	v Portsmouth H.S.	WON
	Semi-final v Harrogate 1st	WON	v Godolphin, Salisbury	WON
	Final v Bolton	LOST	Semi-final v Harrogate	
			College (eventual winners)	LOST
2nd XII	v Moreton Hall	LOST	v Birkenhead H.S.	LOST
U15 XII	v Belvedere	WON	v Belvedere	WON
	v Moreton Hall	LOST	v Birkenhead H.S.	LOST
	v Huyton College	LOST	<i>North West Schools U15</i>	
			<i>Tournament</i>	
			v Queen Ethelburga's, York	WON
			v Penwortham	WON
			v Huyton	WON
			Semi-final v Harrogate	LOST
U14 XII			v Birkenhead H.S.	LOST

*House Matches* Senior: Hastings  
Junior: Hastings

## SWIMMING

Girls from each year have continued to attend extra swimming sessions weekly and an increasing number of Swimming Teachers' Association Distance Awards have been achieved. Six girls passed personal survival awards in the Spring term and, with others, are working towards higher levels. A small group entered the Chester and District Age-group Championships and the Inter-Schools Gala, and were successful; this should prove an incentive to others to swell the team in the future.

Congratulations to Joanne Russell who was selected to swim for England against West Germany in the U14 squad.

## ATHLETICS

Interest in this relatively recently introduced activity has continued to increase steadily and to spread throughout the school. Several girls have stayed after school regularly to practise the events of their choice. However, it would be good to see more of these entering the Chester and District Schools' Meetings, and improving their performances as a result of competition.

The completion of the long jump pit has widened the scope of participation and it is hoped that the present facilities will be further extended in time to include some other new events.

Two girls achieved success at County level this season. Congratulations to Allison Bethwaite on selection for Cheshire Women's B team for 200 m and Long Jump. She won the Cheshire Women's Long Jump and was third in the 200 m at Chester Sports. She ran 200 m and 400 m for Cheshire Schools.

And to Jayne Jordan on winning Chester and District Schools' 200 m, therefore representing Chester at the Cheshire meeting and being reserve for the All England Schools' Championships at Durham. She won the Cheshire Women's 200 m, then ran in the Northern Inter-Counties meeting at Barnsley. She was chosen to represent Cheshire at the Inter-Counties meeting at Rossendale.

## GYMNASTICS

Gymnastics clubs have once again proved to be a popular lunch-hour activity. So far these have been attended chiefly by girls in the lower part of the school, but it is hoped that many of the present members will want to continue with this activity as they move up the school. They practised enthusiastically during the two winter terms to acquire and perfect new skills on floor and apparatus, and a good number were again successful in achieving awards of the British Amateur Gymnastics Association during the Summer term.

## BADMINTON

Because of the continuing popularity of this activity it has been necessary, unfortunately, to restrict it this year to girls from the Lower V forms and above. Sessions have been held regularly during the lunch hour, and after school one day each week. We have been pleased to be able to enter a team in each of the Chester and District Schools' tournaments and, despite limited opportunity for practise and playing together beforehand, the players achieved some very encouraging results. It is hoped that the progress shown this year will be maintained and even improved upon next year.

## FENCING

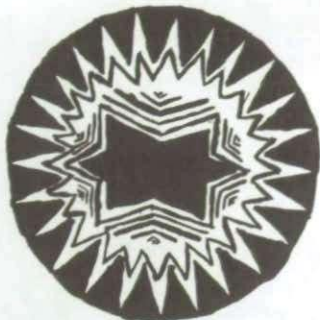
Like most other societies, the Fencing Club has suffered this year through widespread illness, but some good results have nevertheless been achieved. In the Cheshire Open Championships Fiona Hardwick was sixth in the Junior and Charlotte Jones first in the Under-16 section. The Cheshire Closed Competition was won by Charlotte in the Intermediate Section, and Fiona was placed fourth in the Under-14's. Charlotte also won the Under-16 North West Schoolgirls' Trophy and Ann Brannon was first in the Under-18 age group, so they both went to the National Schoolgirls' Finals, where Charlotte fenced well and reached the quarter finals, and Ann was placed second after a fight-off for first place.

Ann has travelled abroad extensively this season, with journeys to Germany, Switzerland and Hungary, together with an international fencing camp in Israel for a fortnight last summer.

The club is fortunate to have Professor Rosemary Castle as coach since the autumn, and some thirty Upper and Lower Fourths have been introduced to the sport this year. It is hoped that they will maintain their interests, and that the sport will continue to grow in popularity throughout the school.

A.S. and A. de R.

## SCIENCE SECTION



### **The British Association of Young Scientists, Wirral Branch**

B.A.Y.S. is a national organization which has been set up to expand the interest of young people in various scientific subjects. Our local branch, Wirral B.A.Y.S., held several lectures last year at Carlett Park College of Technology in Eastham. Their subjects ranged from "Fire and Explosion" and "The Behaviour of Elastic Liquids" to "The Potential for Integrated Pest Control" and "Visitors from Outer Space".

However because of the very poor attendances at the last few lectures, it was inevitable that the lectures between Christmas and Easter of this year were postponed. Disbanding was suggested but rejected, and a new programme is to be drawn up for the year beginning in September, 1976. So far we have established that the new programme is to be made up of nine lectures to be held at three-weekly intervals.

Five of these will be lectures on subjects of a general scientific nature, and will be held at Carlett Park. The other four will be on subjects taken from the "A" level syllabuses, and will be held at four different schools, one being the Queen's School.

We are hoping that this new system will increase the number of people regularly attending lectures, and will also increase the number of actual members from this school.

Claire Chin, Ann Jones, Lower VM

### **Physics Research Project**

The Royal Society's Scientific Research in Schools Committee has agreed to support an experimental investigation to be undertaken in this school, concerned with the speed of light from moving sources.

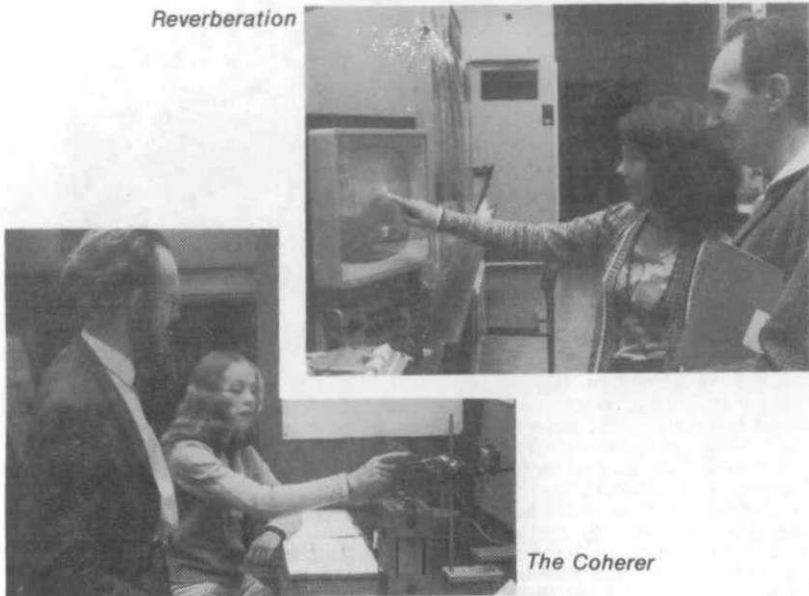
Einstein's theory of special relativity assumes that the speed of light always appears the same in air. In 1962 the American, Wallace Kantor, performed an experiment which appeared to demonstrate that, when light passes through glass windows moving fast in the direction of the light, it is accelerated. This positive result has never been adequately tested or explained, so with the help of the Royal Society we intend to try to do so.

Some preliminary work carried out last summer by Patricia Rankin was halted by the untimely demise of our laser, now about to be replaced. We are still in need of a massive baseboard about 2 m x 0.5 m (has anyone a second-hand gravestone?) but we hope that progress will soon be rapid.

The help provided by the Royal Society includes monetary aid, the loan of equipment and the provision of an expert adviser, Dr. W.R.C. Rowley, who coincidentally is an old friend and colleague of Mr. Hands. Twenty years ago they worked in a laboratory once supervised by my grandfather, at King's College, Newcastle-on-Tyne (now Newcastle University).

Valerie Curtis, Lower VI

## Reverberation



*The Coherer*

### **The Merseyside Science and Technology Fair, 1975**

This was held in the Physics Department of the University of Liverpool last July. The Fair is held annually (although not always at the same venues) with the aim of increasing the understanding of science and technology, both among the exhibitors and the people who visit it.

In the Lower VI, projects are included as a regular part of the physics practical course, and our projects were accepted for exhibition at the Fair.

#### ***Reverberation—Caroline and Alison***

Our project was concerned with measuring the reverberation time of the school hall. Reverberation is the process by which sound appears to last longer than it actually does at the source, due to multiple echoes from the walls of a room. The reverberation time is the time taken for the intensity of the sound to fall to one millionth of its original value, and it is this which mainly controls the acoustic properties of the room. It depends on the size of the room, and the nature of its walls and contents, since different materials reflect or absorb sound to different extents, and therefore increase or decrease the reverberation time.

As some of you may remember, we did this by firing a starting pistol in the hall, and recording the sound as it died away. Afterwards we "played" the tape through a cathode ray oscilloscope. The trace produced was then photographed and measured.

Because of the difference caused by the absorptive properties of people, we did the experiment with the hall occupied as well as with it empty. We are pleased to inform you that, with the generous co-operation of the school during assembly, we now know that your presence reduces the reverberation time from 1.2 s to 0.7 s.

#### ***The Branley Coherer—Sue and Marianne***

The coherer was invented in 1890 by E. Branley, and consisted of a glass tube filled with metal filings. He found that, when this was connected in series to a battery and a device for detecting current, the current in this circuit increased when electromagnetic radiation was being produced, even at a moderate distance.

We reproduced this experiment as nearly as possible, obtaining the expected result. Hoping to find the mechanism for the phenomenon, we

varied the type and size of the metal particles, modifying our apparatus as needed. On the basis of our findings we hypothesised that the mechanism was one of partial fusion of the metal particles. Calculations concerning the energies involved showed that this was quite plausible.

#### *The Hectic Week*

We rattled to Liverpool in the school minibus, and arrived to find that we were to set up our exhibits amongst those from colleges, rather than others from secondary schools. This rather unnerved us, when we compared our apparatus with the highly sophisticated college equipment. However, we soon cheered up when we saw the cathode ray oscilloscope which the university was lending us—an impressive piece of equipment. Nevertheless it took even the experts two hours to get it working, and it was temperamental throughout the week! The Van de Graaff machine used in the Branley coherer experiment was suffering rather badly from travel sickness when we arrived, and refused to generate even the smallest spark. The lab. assistants had never seen one quite so small, and the only one they had to lend us was about 10 m high!

The Fair was a great success, and during the week there was a continuous stream of visitors of all age groups, including many scientists who were intrigued by both projects. We found the other exhibits throughout the Fair very interesting, and often entertaining. We were sorry when it ended, though by the end of the week both we and the other exhibitors in the room were heartily sick of the continual sound of a pistol shot being played back at quarter speed!

Susan Abbey, Caroline Evans,  
Alison Miller, Marianne Phillips, Upper VI

#### **Feminine Physics**

All too frequently, it seems to me, I hear the comment following my revelation to my companion that I study physics, that "That's a very difficult subject isn't it, especially for a girl?" The attitude seems firmly entrenched wherever it is found, and, although I doubt that many reading this would add the final clause to the question I would like to try to demolish the misconception finally, in the few who are unconverted. (As for the first clause, there are many times when I would agree: I would not otherwise be studying it.)

There appears to be a body of opinion that considers physics as a masculine subject. Luckily it does not exist in my department at college, which spends considerable time trying to dispel this outside image, and increase the number of women students. Whilst it is true that men predominate in number (a ratio of eight to one is considered good), I do not think that this is due to their greater willingness to accept the challenges, competitiveness, risks and dangers of the "Science Game". I doubt if they wish to shield the supposedly more delicate half of the species from the harsh realities of the Uncertainty Principle. I think it is due to the fact that more men than women at school discover how much fun it is, so that, as women's science education improves, so will the ratio.

If there was to be an area where one might expect to find it harder as a woman, I suspected that it might be "practical work", before I reached university. At university I not only discovered my irrational dislike disappearing, I found that those aspects I did dislike I had in common with the remainder of my tutorial. Arguably the most physically demanding aspect was lathe work in workshops, but even this was within my unathletic capabilities. In other matters manual dexterity more than compensates for any lack of brute strength. In electronics, for example, it is easier to set up circuits if one has fingers of a scale comparable with that of the components.

To complete the first year practical course one is allowed to choose an option. Those available range from parapsychology, through analysis of satellite pictures and computing, to reactor physics. Since the options

out-numbered the women students, obviously some specific projects failed to attract any women; however these could not be linked to a specific field such as optics or astronomy. One field attracted more than its fair share: reactor physics had four women (including me) amongst its devotees. (Shades of a Curie-Mayer syndrome, perhaps).

Similarly on the theory side no section of the course has been found specifically harder by women than by men. Since it has already ranged from classical mechanics and waves to wave-particle duality, I doubt if such a topic will appear.

I think, and intend to prove, that women can be as successful at science as men. They can certainly get as much enjoyment out of it. If you find science interesting, do think about joining me; if you feel tempted to neglect it, reconsider please. I know there are those who know it's not for them, dislike it or don't care, and I am not so biased as to consider it the only thing that can give anyone satisfaction, but it is the only thing for me.

Patricia Rankin,  
Imperial College, University of London

### **NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY**

At the end of the summer term we were sorry to see the departure of Mrs. Upsall, which seemed to mark the end of an era for the Natural History Society. We are sad to say that there has been some decline in membership, enthusiasm and original ideas for projects.

However, every Friday lunch hour, one large group has met and studied a range of topics, under Mrs. Swift's guidance. In the autumn term we were studying pond life, including pond water, pond insects and pond weeds. In the spring term we did a field study of the games field and its surroundings. There are not very many wild flowers around the sides except daisies, though there are many grasses and weeds. Towards the end of the term we began pressing wild flowers, and this is progressing well. At one time goldfish were purchased, and when, unfortunately, they died, they were not wasted —but dissected!

We hope that all the present members of the Society will continue to enjoy themselves as much as we have done.

Elizabeth Pulman, Alison O'Malley, Upper VI  
Anne-Marie Thomas, Remove H

### **ORIENTEERING CLUB**

This year has been very successful for the senior members of the club, and very enjoyable and instructive for those of us who are less experienced.

Good weather prevailed on the majority of occasions, although bad weather conditions such as snow, sleet and hail proved to be no deterrent to the keen orienteers. Several people found that compass bearings were not to be followed too accurately when they led straight through marshes, lakes and rivers, and, on one occasion several Removes returned to the minibus caked with mud from the neck down.

Good results were obtained all round. Five of us were asked to represent Cheshire in an event against Cumbria near Coniston. Frances Lumb won the North Wales Championships and both she and Susan Johnston (Upper VI) have won several other events between them. At Easter, three of us entered an international event in the Lake District and Sue and Frances have been invited to help organise the World Championships in September. Also at Easter, four of us attended a course at Beeston from which we have benefited greatly.

Finally, we would like to thank Miss Bough for her services as a driver, which have enabled us to take part in many events which we would otherwise have had to miss.

R. Taylor, S. Johnston, R. Jobson, Lower V

## **SIXTH FORM SOCIETY**

The meetings of the King's and Queen's School Sixth Form Society have once again proved varied and interesting, and for the most part well supported. The meetings have ranged from a "Call my Bluff" quiz and a beetle drive to entertaining lectures given by outside speakers.

Near the beginning of the spring term Mr. E. Prins gave his annual lecture, this time on "Hands and what they convey," which was captivating and informative. Mrs. Saunders gave us an interesting account of her trip around the world, and Mr. Baines told us of his adventures travelling around South Africa. Dr. Davies (from the United Nations Association) enlightened us about the extent of the work carried out by the organization, and Mr. Lyons talked to us about Opera, which he illustrated with various records. One of our recent speakers was Mr. Peter Garson, who spoke to us about his research work into the lifestyle and habits of wrens—a subject of interest to everyone, especially the school biologists.

We are indebted to all those who gave up their time to speak to us on such interesting topics, and our thanks also go to Miss Christopherson and her helpers for preparing the tea.

Clare Birchall, Lorna D'Arcy, Upper VI

## **SENIOR ART CLUB**

Activities recommenced on January 29th, and the club has been meeting every Thursday afternoon after school throughout the easter term. An enthusiastic group of Lower V and VI formers have successfully produced three murals, one of which will enhance the barren walls of the science block later this term. We hope that each member has benefited from the club and that her work will develop further next term.

Jane Bevis, Angela van Ree, Lower VI

## **CHESS CLUB**

This year the school chess team took part in an inter-schools league, to improve its standard of play by confrontation with more experienced players. The teams were Nantwich, Queen's Park High, and Crewe, the Cheshire champions. Although in none of these cases were enough games won for us to gain the matches overall, there were some individual victories for Anne Pryer, Stan Mile and Catherine Dubourg. Thanks are due to Mrs. Wiley for her valuable assistance throughout the year.

Bridget Purcell, Lower VI

## **JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY**

The society started again in September, with considerable support from the Remove and Upper IV forms. We have debated a wide variety of subjects, ranging from the serious to the ridiculous, and have been impressed by the confident speeches—which improved dramatically when the best speaker was awarded a chocolate bunny! The society has ceased activities for the summer, but we hope to see the same enthusiastic support when we recommence in the autumn, so that the standard of debating can be further improved. We wish to thank Miss Callaway for her guidance, and have found it an enjoyable experience running such a lively society.

Jane Bevis, Valerie Curtis, Robina Salisbury  
Angela van Ree, Lower VI

## SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society has continued to flourish this year, and we have enjoyed several interesting meetings. Their subjects have varied considerably, since we have ranged from a light-hearted "hat" debate through a series of thought-provoking topics, including the existence of the deity, the reintroduction of capital punishment to combat terrorism, the abolition of the motor car, devolution and the validity of the family unit today.

A particularly interesting and well attended meeting was a joint Debating Society and Sixth Form Society evening just before Christmas, when Mr. A.R. Munday and Mr. Hands spoke on the relative importance of the studies of classics and science. We are grateful to them for sparing the time to lead our debate on that occasion.

Also in December, our joint team entered the Liverpool and Cheshire Junior Debating Competition. Debbie Edwards and Richard Horden spoke well on the motion "This house believes that the key to the door should be given at twenty-one", but were narrowly defeated by an older and more experienced team from Nantwich.

Finally, I should like to thank Dr. Young for his continued help and encouragement, and Miss Farra for her interest and support.

Susan Barker, Lower VI

## THE ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION COMPETITION, 1976

This is a competition in which teams of speakers from schools all over the country take part, and are judged for their skills on the platform. The Queen's School team comprised three girls from the Upper VI: Anne Mackay-Smith as the speaker, Deborah Boys in the chair and Sara Harker to propose the vote of thanks. Several other Upper VI girls attended the Cheshire round, held on 12th March at the Stanley Palace. There was in fact a record attendance, and the small hall was packed. Despite some pessimism expressed by members of the team prior to the judges' announcements, they had all spoken well, and proved to be the overall winners. Anne in particular gave a lively talk with the title "I am an alien" which held everyone's unwavering attention. She answered the questions put to her very well, with spontaneity, and was unanimously declared the best speaker of the evening. The judges also did their job well, giving helpful comments to each person.

The North West section of the competition took place on 20th March in Manchester, at the Abraham Moss Centre. A party of staff and Upper VI formers went, and all were impressed by the high standard of performance. Anne delivered essentially the same speech, but with a slightly more serious tone. Debbie and Sara spoke equally well, but unfortunately the team did not qualify for the next round.

Everyone involved considers this competition to have been an exercise that was well worth while, and it gave enjoyment to all concerned. To be able to speak in public is certainly a valuable attribute, and I think it increases fluency and clarity of expression in a person's ordinary conversation too. I hope these events will encourage the birth of a permanent public speaking society within the school: the first signs of this are already evident.

Hilary Whitley, Upper VI

## OTHER EVENTS in the School Calendar, 1975-6

- |          |  |
|----------|--|
| April 17 | Beginning of the summer term.  |
| 22       | Dr. Elliot spoke to Remove forms about the healing miracles in St. Luke's Gospel.            |
| 25       | Mrs. Redfern spoke to the Sixth Form Society on the work of the Cheshire Conservation Trust. |

- 28 There was a charity rounders match between members of the King's and Queen's Schools' V forms.
- 29 A school party went to the finals of a debating competition in Liverpool.
- May 5 A school party heard Mozart's "The Magic Flute" at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool.
- 12—17 Members of Upper IV N were sorting stamps at St. Bridget's Mother and Baby Home.
- 14 The Parents' Association heard a talk on the Snowdonia National Park by its Warden, Mr. G.R. Edwards.
- 23 A classical reading competition in Liverpool was attended by members of the VI form; Elizabeth Lunn won a prize in the Senior Latin section.
- 26—30 The half-term holiday.
- June 2 The Lower IV forms had a field study day at Bickerton accompanied by science and geography staff.
- 18 The Remove Swimming Gala.
- 21 Mrs. Upsall, Miss Monck-Mason and Mrs. Scard took some of the Natural History Society to Lyme Park.
- 23 (to July 11) A flower arranging competition was organised by Mrs. Parker.
- 25 An Upper IV field study day at Llangollen was accompanied by biology and geography staff.
- 27 An Upper V expedition to Haworth, with Miss Monck-Mason.
- 30 A tea party for the new Remove forms was followed by a uniform sale.
- July 1 Miss de Reybekill took an Upper V group to Wimbledon. Dr. Nelson and Mrs. Upsall accompanied members of the Lower VI to the Natural History Museum, London.
- 2 The Voluntary Service Group held a tea party for elderly people.  
Miss Callaway and Mrs. Parker took a school party to see a film of "The Taming of the Shrew" in Liverpool.
- 3 An Upper V expedition to York was accompanied by Mrs. Ferris and Miss Pope.  
Miss Callaway, Miss Monck-Mason and Dr. Nelson took a school party to Ludlow to see Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night".
- 7 A careers forum was held for the Lower VI form.
- 8 An Upper V party visited Port Sunlight; other Upper V members visited the Merseyside Science and Technology Fair.  
An Upper V and Upper VI party walked the Sandstone Trail with Miss Callaway.  
The Junior Tennis Tournament was held.
- 13 The Christian Union held a picnic on the meadows.
- 14 Members of school were at Bedford College of Physical Education for a lacrosse and tennis camp.
- 15 End of the summer term.
- September 11 Beginning of the autumn term.
- 19 There was a tea party for the previous term's leavers.
- 26 Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Fowler took a VI form party to a classical conference at St. Margaret's School, Aigburth.
- 27 The Autumn Market, organised by the Parents' Association in aid of the Queen's School Fund.
- October 8 The Lower IV forms attended the international lacrosse match at Liverpool, in which Miss Saunders played in the English team.
- 22 The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association, followed by cheese and wine.

- 27—30 The half-term holiday.  
November 3 The whole school took part in a spelling competition in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.
- 4—5 At evening meetings for parents, Miss Mennon spoke on careers.
- 4—7 Miss Mennon gave interviews in school about careers.
- 11 The Remove forms entertained their parents to a tea party.
- 12 The school orchestra played during Assembly.
- 14 Dr. Blackley, of British Nuclear Fuels, spoke to the Sixth Form Society.
- 18 A Careers Convention was held in school for V and VI formers of our own and surrounding schools.
- 19 A Bible study film "The Stranger" was shown to those interested.
- December 2 Our economics students heard a lecture by a banker.
- 5 A Remove party went to the Little Theatre with Miss Monck-Mason to see "King Patch and Mr. Simpkin".
- 8 Our VI form scientists heard a lecture on "Molecules" by Dr. Salthouse.
- 9 Lower IV H presented plays to an audience of parents and junior forms.  
The senior recorder group played in Assembly.
- 13 A buffet supper was held by the Parents' Association.
- 15 Remove F performed their play "The Persian Wars" for Remove H.
- 17 Christmas Post was distributed, and the internal carol service held. The day ended with the Debating Society Party.
- 18 The autumn term ended with the joint carol service in the Cathedral with the King's School. There followed the Christian Union party and a Voluntary Service party for old people.
- January 7 Beginning of the spring term.
- 27 Mr. Robin Seager gave a talk to members of the King's and Queen's Schools' VI forms on Sallust's "Jugurthine War".
- 20—25 The half-term holiday.
- February 27 Mr. J. Foster spoke on Vergil's "Aeneid" Book XII to members of the King's and Queen's Schools' VI forms.
- March 1 Beginning of a week of international prayers: Welsh day: reading by Gwyneth Jones.
- 2 German day: reading by Tina Oberhausen.
- 3 French day: reading by Elizabeth Hoffmeyer.
- 4 American day: reading by Anne Mackay-Smith.
- 5 Malaysian day: reading by Susie Tan.
- 17 The Christian Union held a "SingalongaCU".
- 19 In the Liverpool Classical Association's reading competition held at Liverpool University, Melinda Diamond and Sarah Platt jointly won the First Prize in the Senior Greek section.
- 22 Prayers this week were taken by members of Lower IV G.
- 26 Mr. David Lyons spoke to the Sixth Form Society about Opera.  
Miss Monck-Mason took an Upper V party to see "A Doll's House" at the Little Theatre.
- 27 Miss M. Brown and other members of staff went with a VI form group to London, to the Geological Museum, the Tate Gallery and the Thracian Exhibition at the British Museum.
- 29 Prayers this week were taken by members of Lower IV H.
- 31 Mrs. Prince and the Lower VI A level German group went to see "Mutter Courage" at Manchester.
- April 8 End of the spring term.



### A TASTE OF MALAYSIAN SCHOOL LIFE

I start my day before, the cock has crowed, because I live eight miles away from my school, and I must reach it by seven o'clock. My school is called Bukit Bintang Secondary Girls' School. Bukit Bintang means Star Hill. The school is situated on a hill and, at night, the largest visible star always seems to be on top of this hill.

Several of my friends greet me outside the classrooms. They are of different nationality; Chinese, Malay, Indian, Sikh and Eurasian, (mixture of Portuguese and Chinese). The same morning greeting, "Good Morning" is often said in three other languages. "Salamat Pagli!", (Malay), a local Chinese dialect and Mandarin. Most of the schoolchildren speak several languages, but the medium used in teaching in most schools is English. At half past seven the school bell goes, and all the girls line up in twos in front of their classrooms. Silence is observed and we wait for our teachers to come and lead us into our classrooms. Lessons start straight away. There are four lessons, each lasting forty minutes. At ten past ten the recess bell goes: this is a break lasting for only twenty minutes. This is the lunch hour. All girls who do not bring packed lunches to school will have to buy their lunch at the school canteen. In the canteen are sold biscuits, sweets, chocolates, and cooked meals too. The whole canteen is filled with the smells of fried noodles, curry, hot chilli sauce and other spicy Malaysian delicacies. During this twenty minutes, not only do we stuff ourselves with food—we also get a chance to exercise our tongues and our legs!

Malaysian schools do not employ cleaners to clean the school's classrooms, but only the surroundings of the school. Every girl has to co-operate in the cleaning of the school premises, especially the classrooms. A duty rota is set up and girls are appointed specific duties, such as dusting the blackboards, cleaning the teacher's desk, arranging the books and notices, cleaning the window panes, arranging the flowers, and the most tedious and unpopular of all . . . sweeping the classroom floor! These duties are done during the same break, and often girls have to sacrifice their lunch to keep the classrooms tidy. The most tidy classroom wins the school cleanliness shield, and so all the girls work hard in order to win the shield. The same goes for a boys' school, though I can never bring myself to imagine boys sweeping the floor and cleaning the windows. My brother says that they do, but they get out of it whenever possible!

After break, we line up again and wait for the next teacher to come. Even though it is only about half past ten, the sun is beating down on our heads and we often wait impatiently to dash into our cool classrooms. We have another four lessons, and we finally finish about one o'clock. This is the end of the morning session. All Malaysian schools are divided into two sessions because of the number of schoolchildren is too large to be accommodated all in one session as in British schools. The 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th forms attend the morning session, whilst the 1st and 2nd forms attend the afternoon session. The higher forms have the advantage of the morning hours, to make up for having to get up early. It is easier to study in the early hours of the day, when the sun is not too hot. In the afternoon, it is difficult to concentrate and work in a temperature of 82°F! The classroom fans are

often working at full capacity, but most of the schoolchildren use their exercise books to fan themselves, in order to keep cool faster!

After school, there are extra-curricular activities. It is compulsory for every girl and boy to participate in at least three activities after school. The aim of these activities is to train us to be co-operative, responsive and responsible in society. We have to play games such as netball, table tennis, hockey, swimming, judo, rounders and badminton. There are also clubs for chess, cookery, needlework, science, history, geography and art.

Sometimes, after school activities, we work in the school library, where it is quiet and cool. Often, I return home at about half past six, which means being at school for twelve hours! It can be very tiring, and the hot, humid, equatorial weather does not help. It is such a relief when the day has finally come to an end. You may think that it is all glory to have sunshine every day and every minute. It is in fact often too hot to study. In the afternoon we run for the shade, and if we are lucky we may get a warm breeze coming our way.

Malaysian schools are inflicted with exams most of the time, and, because the schoolchildren tend to stick closely to the text books, very often they are ignorant of everything else that happens around them. But the most important aspect of being at school is learning to work and study with children of different nationalities in goodwill and harmony, to the end of being useful Malaysian citizens.

Susie Tan, Lower VI

### THE CAMBRIDGE BACTRIA EXPEDITION, 1975

Last summer, I was one of six students from Cambridge University who travelled to Afghanistan to carry out archaeological and entomological studies. We were privileged to be helped financially by several trusts and institutions and I was particularly fortunate to receive an award from the School's Phyllis Waymouth Travel Bursary Fund.

We drove overland in a Land Rover which we named Bucephalus, after the horse of Alexander the Great, although Mark II proved less reliable than its prototype. After driving through Europe, we crossed Turkey and Iran, which helped us to become acclimatized gradually to the heat of Afghanistan, where the daytime temperature rose to 120°F. We called ourselves the Cambridge Bactria Expedition because we wanted to study, in particular, aspects of the archaeology of Bactria, a Greek province of Afghanistan.

The two aspects of our project proved to be a very successful combination, as archaeological sites provide excellent collecting grounds for bees, and, whilst looking for the smaller bees, we often spotted details of ancient structures which we might otherwise have overlooked. Our archaeological studies were somewhat hampered by vehicle breakdowns and political problems, but the data we did collect on the logistics of Alexander's campaigns will be analysed and published this summer.

Our exploits with the bee nets prompted a great deal of curiosity from the local inhabitants, as no collection of bees had been made before in Afghanistan. One of the most useful phrases of Dari (the dialect of Persia which is spoken in much of the country), was "His father is an insect collector!" This explanation of our activities seemed to satisfy them: on one occasion we were directed to a bank of earth which was swarming with bees, and another time, two little boys took possession of a couple of our nets and went haring off through a field of pasture crop, until a box on the ears from an irate farmer put an end to their entomological aspirations! Analysis of the specimens we collected has shown that we collected several species which were previously unknown to science, in Turkey as well as in Afghanistan. One of our problems was that the ether (which we used to kill the bees) evaporated very quickly in the heat, and our pidgin Persian, even when assisted by sign language (in which we had, by this time, gained considerable expertise) obtained for us after several days of searching only fly spray. Kabul University eventually came to our rescue, and from then on we treated our ether like gold dust.

Not all our shopping was so arduous; I found the atmosphere in the bazaars most exciting, and we were frequently invited to drink tea with the

shop-keepers. The souvenirs were a far cry from our plastic ash trays, "A Present from Bognor". Cotton dresses, leather bags, jewellery made of blue lapis lazuli and silver, and richly coloured Afghan carpets were among the purchases we brought back. Our six weeks' sojourn in Afghanistan was a most refreshing break from the inflation of Europe, and even of Iran. Of course prices vary according to one's skill at bargaining, but a satisfying meal at a tea house (Tchai Khaneh) could be brought for 10p, a loaf of unleavened bread or a pot of tea for 2p. Our resources being limited, we tended to eat the local food in spite of the consequences: most places offered pilao, kebabs, gormah (a thick soup of meat and vegetables), and a kebab and tomato omelette, called karyee. The melons there were of such a size and price that, on our return to this country, I laughed aloud to see the wizened specimens which English greengrocers pass off under the same name.

Afghanistan in many ways proved an eye-opener for me. I have never before been confronted by such appalling poverty as I saw in the back streets of Herat, the first town we came to after crossing the Afghan border. The beggars' ragged garments provided a stark contrast with the opulence of the turquoise-tiled mosque, under whose walls many lay huddled. Secondly the seclusion of the women, who are clad in ankle-length veils with only a tiny gauze for the eyes, put "Women's Lib." well and truly in perspective for me. The third eye-opener was a morning spent in a semi-nomadic village in the south-west of Afghanistan; having provided us with food and shelter for the night, the villagers came to us with all their ailments, ranging from toothache to running sores. They had great faith in the White Man's medicine, and I felt deeply saddened that we had neither the skill nor the supplies to give them adequate treatment.

On many occasions during our trip, I felt the sensation that the pages of a geography book were springing to life: the expanses of desert, the clear blue skies, the mudbrick houses with their domed roofs, the black tents of the Koochi nomads dotted over the hillsides like scabs, the camel caravans lurching along the road, young children shepherding large mixed flocks of goats and sheep . . . Whenever I am asked the question, "What was Afghanistan like?" my problem is not where to start, but how to stop.

Elizabeth Munday

### THREE MONTHS AT THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL

During the spring term of 1976 I had the opportunity to stay at the Queen's School. At first many things were new and unusual for me, as for example the morning assemblies or the school dinners, but the hardest thing to become accustomed to was to stay at school until four o'clock in the afternoon. In Germany we usually finish at one o'clock, and therefore I felt a bit like a prisoner at the beginning, but when I got to know the teachers and pupils better this feeling soon disappeared.

I learned a lot of new and useful things here. So, for example, in a history lesson, my ignorant eyes were carefully opened to the fact that I live in the most primitive part of Germany. But I hope that, after three months of successful Queen's School education, I'll be able to civilise this area when I return to Germany.

How much indeed my English improved could I see by the remark of one girl: "At first we couldn't understand you at all, your accent was so thick, but whenever there was a violent explosion at the other end of the room we knew this was Tina". It took me quite a long time to recover from a cramp caused by too much laughing. I'm glad that they can understand me now without too much difficulty.

I found a lot of new friends here, and now, at the end of my stay, I feel really sorry to leave the Queen's School. I want to thank you all very much for the lovely time I was allowed to spend, and I'll always remember it as one of my most interesting and happiest times.

Rüth (Tina) Oberhausen

## DE EDITORIBUS

We've not often had an editorial. The very first issue of this Queen's School Annual had one—a four-page soliloquy on its title. That was in 1897, under the aegis of Mrs. Henry R.P. Sandford, the headmistress at the time. Later editors have generally avoided personal comment, and my most recent predecessor always did: so let me say something of her.

For the past fourteen years Miss Pope has been chiefly responsible for editing "Have Mynde". Knowing a little of what is involved in having things printed, I have long wondered that she was able to combine this with running the library, advising university entrants and teaching a full time-table; having now tried the editing myself, I am awe-struck. Many girls helped her, certainly—but inevitably they were inexperienced, and (however willing) could lighten the load only a little. She coped with several changes of printer. One closed down, another was expensive, a third delivered late. It was a brave woman who approached yet another printer the following year. But I am glad she did. In the last few years, with the aid of modern printing technology, she has led the magazine towards a more interesting format, with much more visual impact. I admire her achievement, and shall be very glad if I can do so well.

I am glad to say that there will be some continuity. For a couple of years now Miss Callaway has selected and edited the original poetry and prose, and Miss Legge has organised the drawings and decorations; they are continuing to do so. We hope you will like the blend of factual record, journalism and creative endeavour that we have assembled: if you don't, please tell us what would make it better—and provide it if you can.

What indeed should be in a school magazine? That first number (*All Rights Reserved*) followed the editorial with a thirty-page novelette by a member of staff. For several years "Have Mynde" was chiefly a literary magazine, with contributions from staff, former staff, relatives of staff, and old girls, and just a few notes of school activities. In 1905 came the first cautious inclusion of a poem or two by present pupils: these multiplied, and so did the news items, until by the thirties the balance was much as now, and staff contributions were rare.

I think the blend of fact and fancy is probably about right—but people surely have fancies in other than literary and visual forms? Twice, but only twice, we have included musical compositions; twice also have there been pieces of mathematical theory. Does no-one make sculpture? We can photograph it. Or engage in controversy? We could express it. We could also use a team of social reporters, commenting on school life and how it changes. We do record most major events in the school, but changes which are not events tend to be missed. There was a passing reference in 1967 to "the optional" (sic) "wearing of mufti in the Sixth" but the later, greater change of their appearance in jeans went quite unrecorded. So did most changes in uniform. (Should we now record that hats have just become optional in winter as well as summer?)

So, no—this magazine does not include everything that it might. It never could, in one issue. But I am quite prepared to ring the changes.

R.A.H.

## AN APOLOGY

Because of a misunderstanding, we printed amongst the original contributions in last year's "Have Mynde" a poem entitled "The Moon". This was in fact written by R.L. Stevenson. To his memory, and to our readers, we apologise.

## THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

### The Annual General Meeting, 1975

The meeting was held on Saturday, 5th July, at the School. Miss Farra, as President, took the chair, and about seventy members were present as well as staff and VI form leavers. The President opened the meeting by welcoming members, commenting particularly on the number of mathematicians who had travelled from afar to be present.

The meeting stood in silence in memory of members who had died during the year. Miss Farra referred to Miss Morris's death in December 1974. In her memory the sum of £127 had been subscribed, by members of the Association, to the Merseyside Association for Kidney Research: this was eloquent testimony to the great regard that former pupils felt for her.

The minutes of the last A.G.M. were read and confirmed. Eispeth Northway's resignation from the Committee was announced by the Chairman, Connie Baxter. Connie thanked Eispeth for all she had done, for the Association and for the School generally.

Margaret Yorke was re-elected as Treasurer; she read the Treasurer's report, and indicated that the profit on the year's working was £15.80.

Miss Farra devoted the greater part of her report to outlining plans for the future of the School. She gave news of the School's activities during the past year.

Miss Maclean gave news of her recent visit to Miss Nedham, then aged eighty-six. She said that Miss Nedham was still very interested to hear about the School.

Miss Farra said that the time had now come to say goodbye to Miss Tolliday and Miss Osborn — the only remaining members of the teaching staff to have been appointed by Miss Nedham. Vivien Faull presented Miss Tolliday with a tea and coffee service. Miss Tolliday said that she would treasure the present, and would be delighted to offer hospitality to old girls.

Mary Burgess presented Miss Osborn with a gold bracelet and a cheque, saying that Miss Osborn had conveyed her own enthusiasm and love for mathematics to those she had taught. She would be remembered above all for her deep interest in individuals, at school and afterwards. Miss Osborn said that she would much enjoy wearing the bracelet.

Gladys Phillips thanked Miss Farra for chairing the meeting, and for allowing us to use the school for meetings and for celebrations; members much enjoyed returning to "the haunts of their youth".

Some husbands, children and other friends joined us for tea in the garden.

J.E.

**MISCELLANEOUS NEWS** (in alphabetical order of maiden names, which are in brackets for those now married):

- Judith (Astle) Gregory** is now Principal of a commercial college in Manchester.
- Doris (Bates) Mellish** is living in Vancouver, but hopes to visit the U.K. in May and June. She is glad to hear the school will maintain its independence and aims.
- Elizabeth (Berry) Ingills** has emigrated to Canada, with her doctor husband and daughter Victoria.
- Carol Ann (Berry) Percival** is married to a rural beat policeman in a small village in Warwickshire. She is very interested in village life, and is a keen member of the local theatre group.
- Catherine Bowley** is working as an occupational therapist in a large psychiatric hospital in Sheffield.
- Gillian Breese** has completed her B.Sc. (Medical Science) course at St. Andrews University, and is now studying for the clinical part of the degree at Manchester University.
- Anita Brown** has been awarded the Edith Lydia Johns Scholarship of Girton College, Cambridge.
- Fiona Brown** is staying for six months in Toulon, southern France, as part of her polytechnic course.
- Jacqueline Clinton** hopes to train to teach the deaf. She would like to hear from any former classmates.
- Eileen Darwin** is Head of Music at a Crewe school. She has begun a part-time course for a Diploma of Advanced Study in Education at Keele University.
- Beatrice (Douglas) Holmes** has now returned from West Germany and is living in Knutsford.
- Rosamund (Day) Clark** has retired from the British Council. In early 1975 she visited Egypt for two weeks as a guest of the Ministry of Higher Education. She also spent a week in Jordan. Later in the year Rosamund visited Brazil, renewing friendships made when she was Assistant Representative of the British Council in Rio de Janeiro.
- Lucina Docherty** has finished her course at Salford Technical College and has gone to live in Rhodesia.
- Joan Ellams** has recently spoken on Radio 4 on the problems of recovering from a stroke. She has a Master's degree in speech therapy.
- Beryl Ennion** is Assistant Manager of Bredon's Bookshop, Brighton.
- Gillian Foster** has been doing a course for a Graduate Certificate in Education in York, and will be teaching in an upper school in Bedford in September.
- Linda (Green) Ripley** is now living in Bleasby, Notts. and is a School Health Officer.
- Penny (Green) Murray** is an assistant music teacher at Comberton Village College, Cambridge.
- Ann Gumbleton** returned to the U.K. in 1975, after a further two years in South America.
- Janet Hartley** is now researching in 18th century Russian history at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London.
- Jane Haworth** is doing a postgraduate executive secretarial course at Salford College of Technology.
- Gillian Heady**, having completed a one-year advanced course at Trinity College of Music, London, is now teaching at Waverton County Primary School.
- Valerie (Hewitt) Hay** is Head of the Mathematics Department at Winnington Secondary School, Kent.
- Mary (Heys) Blackshaw** will soon be moving to a boarding house at Malvern College, where her husband will be Housemaster. She thinks life will be very full, with sixty to seventy boys to care for as well as her own four children ranging from nearly three to nearly fifteen.

**Jane Higson** is a residential Child Care Officer at Knutsford.

**Patricia Hough** is now lecturing in management studies at Huddersfield Polytechnic.

**Marian (Hughes) Martin** is now married, with a two-year old daughter, and is living in Belgium.

**Susan (Hughes) Oldfield** is teaching in Germany. She has a small daughter.

**Alison (Irvine Brown) McGettigan**, who is a veterinary surgeon, married another veterinary surgeon in 1973.

**Sheridan (Irvine Brown) Morello** is Head of the Commerce Department at Tewkesbury Comprehensive School.

**Aison (Jones) Roberts** has given up her lecturing job in Liverpool and has joined the School Meals Service.

**Judy (Jones) Davies** has one daughter (Sarah) at the Preparatory Department and another daughter (Claire) who hopes to start there next year.

**Helen (Lace) Bullmore** is living in a little village in the heart of the Cotswolds, and is teaching home economics at a secondary school in Bourton-on-the-Water.

**Betty (Law) Moon** will soon be returning to this country after a year in Australia. She and her family have enjoyed the magnificent Sydney Opera House, and outings to the Blue Mountains and the surfing beaches outside Sydney.

**Elizabeth (Lewis) Kentish** lives in Kalangadoo, South Australia. She was visited there last year by **Susan (Woodcock) Alcock** and her husband and son. They stayed three weeks with Elizabeth, in the course of a world tour. When the school term began, David Alcock (who spent his sixth birthday in Kalangadoo) joined Elizabeth's boys Hugh (9) and Tom (7) in the schoolroom where they do their Correspondence School lessons. Elizabeth has just returned to teaching music part-time. She much enjoys reading "Have Mynde".

**Dorothy Ann (Long) Hallatt** is now living in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where her husband is Area Secretary for the Church Missionary Society, covering Newcastle, Durham and Scotland. She is working part-time as a physiotherapist.

**Catherine Lace** has been commissioned in the Women's Royal Army Corps.

**Ruth Lysons** has been appointed art teacher at Sexey Middle School, Somerset, from September, 1976, and hopes to assist in the drama and music departments.

**Susan May** has successfully completed the professional examinations of the Library Association, and has resumed work at Liverpool City Libraries.

**Margaret McCrae** has been commissioned in the Women's Royal Naval Service. Princess Anne, as Chief Commandant, took the salute at her passing-out parade.

**Sheila Morgan** was appointed last June as staff manager at John Lewis's, Edinburgh.

**Hilary Muirhead** lectures at Bristol University.

**Anne Palin** is doing research in botany at St. Andrews University for a Ph.D. degree.

**Jan (Pate) Millman** is living in Tonbridge, Kent, and working for Kent Area Health Authority as a speech therapist.

**Pauline (Reeves) Black** is training to be a radiographer at Manchester's Withington Hospital. She is working part-time as a croupier bunny at the Playboy Club, Manchester.

**Jennifer (Ross Kane) Handley** is living in Colchester, where her husband is a consultant physician.

**Susan (Ross Kane) Oliver** moved to Cleveland in April 1975. Her next-door neighbours are **Mary (Proudlove) Sara** and **Susan, Janet and Judy Howells**, so that it is quite an ex-Queen's School group.

**Pat (Russell) Granfell** was elected President of the Western Association of the Medical Women's Federation in May, 1975.

**Josephine (Shipley) Marsh** is now Assistant Registrar with John Lewis, Oxford Street, London. She became a graduate member of the Institute of Personnel Management last summer.

**Olga Smith** finds retirement such fun, and her activities so varied, that she can vouch for the truth of the saying "How did one find time to go to work?"

**Veronica Solloway** has been awarded a Rotary Club bursary to enable her to spend three weeks at the Salzburg Music Festival.

**Jane Stant** has been appointed librarian at St. Kentigern's Academy, Edinburgh. She is getting married this summer.

**Patricia (Stevens) Silver** has now returned to full-time teaching, at a primary school in Leicester.

**Mary Stone** retired from the Home Office Probation and After-Care Inspectorate in August 1975, and is now living in North Wales. (Mary was at school from 1921 to 1933 and was Head Girl in 1932-3.)

**Mary (Thomas) Sergeant** qualified as a Town Planning in July, 1974, and worked for a time in the Liverpool City planning Department. She is now at home, looking after her daughter.

**Jane Todd** is now an air stewardess with British Airways, and has visited America, Australia and Africa.

**Joanna Udall** has a postgraduate studentship at King's College, London.

**Karen Vanner** captained the hockey team of King's College, London, from 1973 to 1975. She has spent a year as an English Assistant in Douai in Northern France.

**Gayna Walls** has gained a Doctorate of Philosophy at Vienna University.

**Christine West** is now a Senior House officer at the Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Edinburgh.

**Charlotte West-Oram** is an actress with "The Key Perspectives" (Theatre in Education) Community Theatre Group in Peterborough.

**Sharon Whyatt** is President of the Faculty of Arts at King's College, London.

**Edna Wicks** (who left in 1943) has recently been ordained into the Methodist ministry, and will take up full-time work as a minister when she retires from teaching this summer.

**Sarah Wilson** works for the Ministry of Defence at their Explosives Research and Development Establishment, and is joint author of a paper published in the Journal of Chromatography.

**Mary (Winskill) Roosevelt** is living in California. She has received a California teaching credential from the University there, and is lecturing part-time in the Department of Education. Her daughter Becky is now five. She would love to hear from friends with whom she has lost touch.

**Sarah (Wood) Robinson** is married to an R.A.F. pilot and living in Germany. She and her husband have bought a house in Anglesey, and come home to it as often as possible. She would be delighted to see any old girls living or travelling in Germany.

#### FIRST DEGREES, 1975

Mary Boffey	II 2	Economic and Social Studies, Manchester
Catherine Bowley	II 2	Sociology and Economics, Sheffield
Marian Davies	II 2	Zoology, Devon
Anne Dowler	II	Biochemistry, Oxford
Diana English	I	Textile Design, Leeds
Gillian Forster	II 2	Agricultural Zoology, Leeds
Hilda Hagan	Hons.	Div. B General Studies, Durham
Janet Hartley	II 1	History, London
Jane Haworth		Psychology, Sheffield
Adrienne Hurley	II 1	Government, Essex
Valerie Jackson	II 2	Biological Sciences, Leicester
Elizabeth Lindsell	III	Education, York
Teresa Lindsell	II 2	Sociology and Economic History, Bristol
Catherine Miller	II 1	Zoology, Bristol

Anne Palin		Botany, Oxford
Silver (Quinn) Elsey		B.A. of the Open University
Judith Roberts		Engineering, Cambridge
Catherine Smith	1	Politics, Nottingham
Helen Stephens	1	Geography, Sheffield
Jane Todd	2	Social Studies, Hull
Alison Town	2	Agricultural Biology, Nottingham.
Margaret Trelfa		Mathematics, Oxford
Joanna Udall	1	English, London

### UNIVERSITY PLACES, 1975

Penelope Birchall (left 1974)	Bristol: Veterinary Science
Elizabeth Bookham	London: Music
Jane Burdett	London: French
Hilary Burson	Oxford: French and German
Janice Colley	Warwick: English
Heather Connolly	Nottingham: Food Sciences
Victoria Corless	Newcastle: Psychology
Carol Davidge	Durham: Geography
Anne Eastaway	Sheffield: Medicine
Janine Flamank	Birmingham: French and German
Susan Goldberg	Bristol: Geography
Isobel Hamley	Manchester (UMIST): European Studies
Angela Hardwick	London: Medicine
Rosalind Hopper	Kent: Social Administration
Anne Kendall	York: Social Science
Pauline Lugton	Cambridge: Oriental Studies
Gillian MacLeod	Bristol: Psychology
Gillian McCausland	London: Medicine
Sylvia Paterson	Hull: Geography
Patricia Rankin	London: Physics
Charlotte Sparrow	Oxford: Human Sciences
Judith Thomas	Sheffield: Economics
Deborah Ann Tubb	Oxford: English
Jennifer Whitcombe	Edinburgh: Fine Arts

### Other Degree Courses:

Alison Davies	Newcastle Polytechnic: Applied Modern Languages
Susan Forbes	Central London Polytechnic: Law
Jillian Gill	Stoke Polytechnic: Sociology
Vivien Lea	Birmingham Polytechnic: Accountancy
Margaret Long	Trent Polytechnic: Town Planning

### COLLEGES OF EDUCATION

Susan Bromilow	Lancaster
Alison Campbell	Edge Hill, Ormskirk
Sarah Higson	Wall Hall, Watford
Kathleen Hughes (left 1974)	Bangor Normal
Susan Howells (left 1974)	Homerton, Cambridge
Gillian Hutchinson	Trent Park, Barnet
Kathryn Mason	Ripon
Susan Newey	Loughborough
Deborah Stripp	Roehampton
Fiona Town	St. Hild's, Durham

### ART COLLEGES

Jane Clark	Gloucestershire College of Art, Cheltenham
Alison Jolliffe	Chester College of Art

## MUSIC COLLEGE

Rachel Benjamin

Welsh College of Music and Drama, Cardiff

## NURSING AND MEDICAL AUXILIARIES

Gillian Logue

Leighton Hospital, Crewe: Hospital Administration

Rachel Peto

Westminster Hospital, London: Nurse training

Johanna Marvan (left 1974) National Hospitals College of Speech Sciences:

Speech Therapy

Deborah Taylor

Woodlands, Birmingham: Physiotherapy

## SECRETARIAL AND BUSINESS COURSES

Fiona Carson

Newton Secretarial College, Chester

Sandra Lacey

Kelsterton College of Technology: Business Studies

Elizabeth Pym

Llandrillo Technical College: Hotel and Catering

Valerie Travis St. John's College, Manchester: Bilingual Secretarial Course

## OFFICER CADET WRAC

Catherine Lace

## BIRTHS

To **Hilary (Clarke) Batty** in May 1974 a daughter, a sister for Nigel, Helen and Jenny.

To **Diana (Clubbe) Cotes** a son by adoption.

To **Judith (Durrant) Fernandes** in August 1975 a son, Julian Marcus, a brother for Justine.

To **Erica (Ingham) Parkin** in March 1974 a daughter, Emma Jane, and in April 1975 a second daughter, Kirsty Marie.

To **Allison (Irvine Brown) McGettigan** in November 1975 a daughter, Donna Maria, a sister for Russell Scott.

To **Judy (Jones) Davies** in January 1976 a son, John Alexander Glynne.

To **Margaret (Kelly) Ireland** in January 1976 a second daughter, Gillian Victoria.

To **Dorothy (Parry) Simpson** in April 1975 a son, David Andrew.

To **Monica (Preston) Champlon** in December 1974 a son, Charles William Holmes, a brother for James.

To **Susan (Ross Kane) Oliver** in June 1975 a son, Christopher Lindsay, a brother for Vicki (4½) and Katie (2½).

To **Anita (Samuels) Hampson** in July 1975 a daughter, Rachel Clare, a sister for Katherine Mary.

To **Daphne (Taylor) Moser** in July 1975 a daughter.

To **Mary (Thomas) Serjeant** in January 1976 a daughter, Laura May.

To **Elisabeth (West-Oram) Winder** on 29th July 1975 a daughter Susannah, sister for Alice and Benjamin.

To **Pamela (Wilshaw) Pleavin** in April 1976 a daughter, Lorna Mary.

To **Sara (Wood) Robinson** in 1975 a daughter, Mary, a sister for Thomas.

## MARRIAGES

**Marian F. Brown** in July 1975, to Paul Barrow.

**Jane Carter** on January 3rd, 1976, to Timothy Walker.

**Silvia (Davidson) Nicholson** in March 1974, to George Macdonald Thomson, F.R.I.C.S.

**Anne Davies** in October 1975, to Dr. Raymond George Houlgate.

**Laura Green** in April 1976, to Timothy Bushell.

**Penny Green** in March 1975, to Roger Muray.

**Gillian Hampson** in March 1976, to Ted Alderman.

**Katharine D. Jones** in March 1976, to A. Derek Butterworth.

**Helen Lace** in July 1975, to Mr. Bullimore.  
**Allison Owen** in April 1976, to Robert E. Williamson.  
**Jean Pate** in December 1975, to Dr. Roger N. Millman.  
**Pauline Reeves** in February 1976, to Norman Black.  
**Josephine Shipley** in September 1975, to Roger Antony Dale Marsh.  
**Daphne Taylor** in December 1972, to Hans Moser, in British Columbia, Canada.  
**Sharon Whyatt** in September 1975, to Antonin Drahotá.

## DEATHS

**Crawford:** in June 1975, Susie, who left school in 1926.  
**Ellis:** in October 1975, Vivienne, aged twenty-nine.  
**Evans:** in January 1976, at the age of ninety-two, Mrs. M.C.C. Evans, sometime member of staff, governor and Deputy Chairman of the governing body, 1950—64.  
**Imison:** in December 1974, Pauline (née Holland).  
**Nedham:** in February 1976, Miss Maud Nedham, Headmistress of the Queen's School from 1925 to 1947.  
**Polack:** in January 1976, Irene (née Meredith). Irene left school in 1917.  
**Wilson:** during 1976, Lady Joyce Wilson (née Ayrton).  
**Beryl Woodward** (née Jones), in May 1975, aged forty-nine.

(Appreciations of Miss Nedham and Mrs. Evans appear on pages 6 and 7.)

## NEWS OF FORMER STAFF

**Miss Osborn** set off for Italy in April this year, to learn Italian and to study Renaissance and Baroque Art. She will return in July.  
**Miss Mary Garland** has left Norwich High School to become Head of the Environmental Studies Department at Aigburth Vale Comprehensive School, Liverpool.  
**Miss Sybil Bell** is leaving Ravensbourne Comprehensive School, Kent, to become Head of the Music Department at the Old Palace School, Croydon, in September 1976.

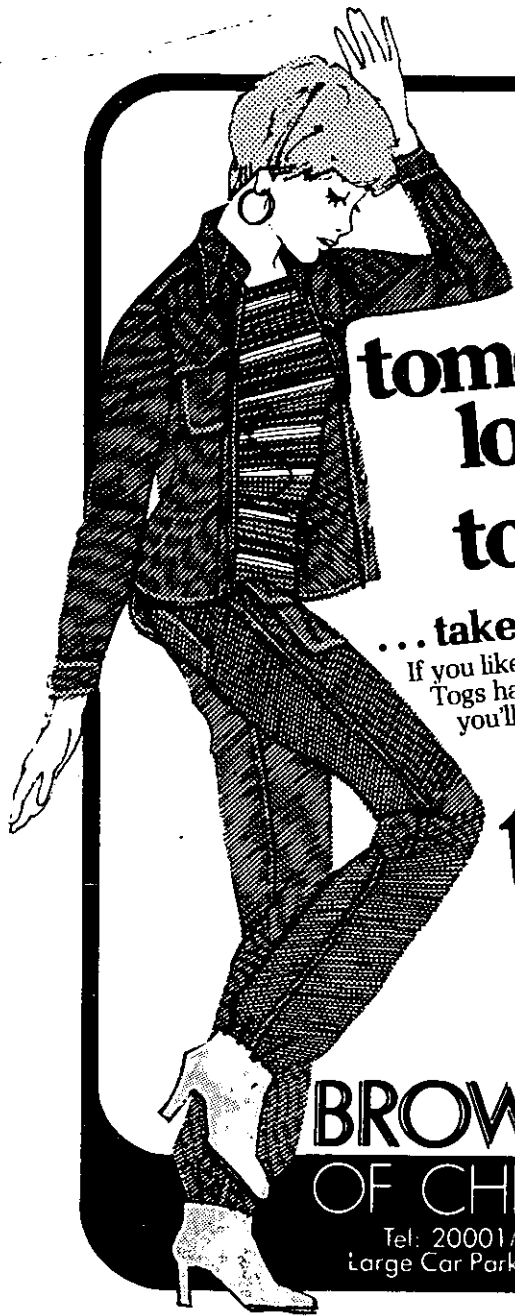
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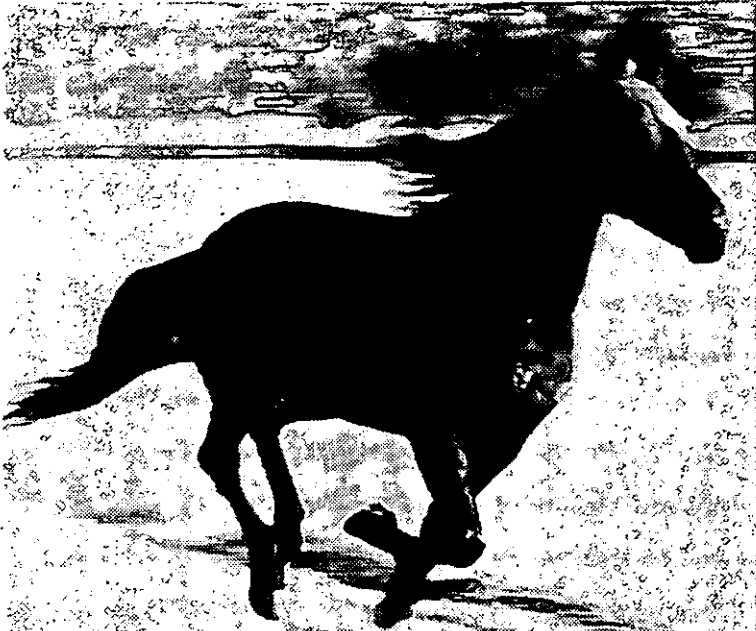
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