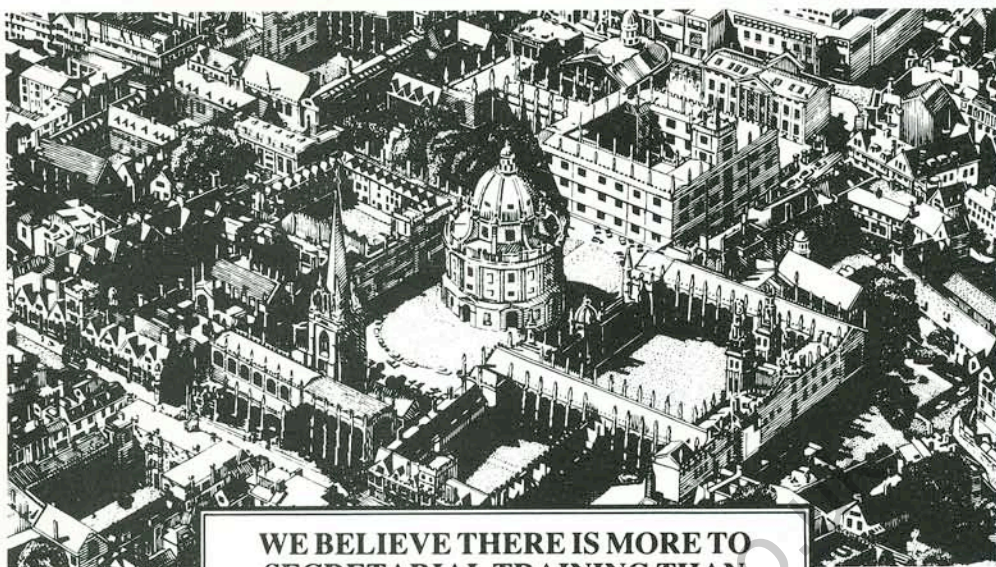


The Elphinian

1984





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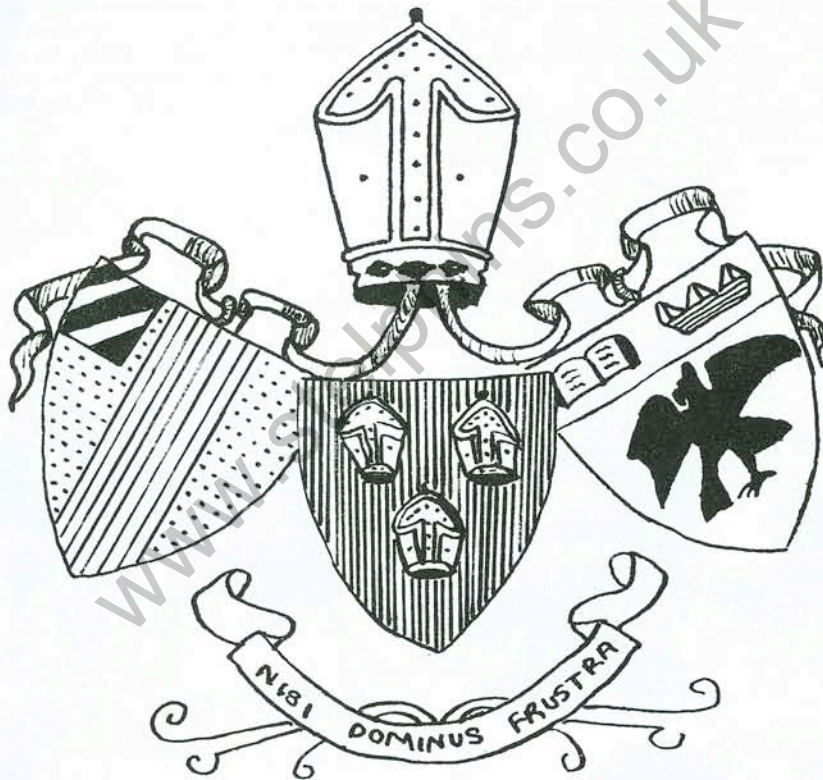
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St. Elphin's School



1984

Magazine Officials

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<i>Photographers:</i>	Sarah Straw Annie Fung
<i>Graphics:</i>	Jo Clarke Penny Eaton Karen Ashmore Rachel Gregory
<i>Cover:</i>	Kay Sales
<i>Frontispiece:</i>	Victoria Neil

Editorial

This latest chronicle of St. Elphin's life — given a new name but retaining last year's much welcomed style of presentation — covers four terms. The articles, art work and photography which follow show just how exciting and varied they have been. A splendid new building, a new Bösendorfer grand piano (the gift of the Friends) the likes of which few, if any, other schools possess, restyled sleeping and study accommodation for an ever-increasing Sixth Form, and new bathrooms for Pigot House: these have been the chief outward signs of our 'progress'. The calendar of events shows how constructively girls can spend their time. House and society reports reinforce this theme.

There have been many special events: an Open Day which attracted over 600 visitors; the visit of Richard Baker and his friends to delight us with their music and words; a play and an operetta on top of the usual musical and dramatic productions and concerts; a visit to Vienna which those of us involved will never forget; inspiring Services — confirmations, a Radio broadcast, the tapestry dedication in Chapel — these, too, have reinforced the School's desire for quality at all levels.

There are, of course, the inevitable moments of sadness. The touching lament for the closure of Gresford shows one of these; the farewells to Miss Cooper,

Mrs. Embrey, Miss Fisher, Mrs. Gill, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Job, Miss Major, Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Peake combine sadness at their leaving with admiration and gratitude for what they achieved for their pupils. May they enjoy happiness in retirement or in other spheres of activity.

Not quite enough is said, perhaps — for the girl editors will not be aware of this — of the care and devotion of the St. Elphin's Governors and their determination to keep St. Elphin's in the forefront of girls' schools. Their willingness to give money to increase our scholarship provision, their attendance at a host of meetings, the pastoral visit of the Chairman who came last March with Mrs. Henshall to stay in school, for three days and meet and talk with staff and girls, seeing at first hand the school in action: these serve to reinforce their interest in what goes on here. Most recently, in April 1984, the second "Think Tank", attended by many governors and staff, looked in depth at every aspect of our present school and planned with confidence for the future. As always I have been struck by the governors' loyalty to and affection for St. Elphin's; this theme shows, too, in several of the articles written by the girls. We are in good hands, and in good heart.

Peter Pollard



Tributes

Miss Anne Cooper — from an interview

Twelve years ago, when Miss Cooper first arrived at St. Elphin's, she was bewildered by the number of buildings. She liked the grounds as soon as she saw them and they are still one of her favourite aspects of the school. She was "struck by the lovely atmosphere" and settled down quickly.

Coming from a school of about 2000 pupils Miss Cooper was pleased that St. Elphin's was small enough to get to know everyone.

Miss Cooper has seen four different headteachers since September 1972, Miss Robinson, Miss Mayhew, Miss Stevenson and our present headmaster, Mr. Pollard.

Miss Mayhew was very interested in developing the extra curriculum activities and it was mainly due to her that Miss Cooper started the yoga and natural history clubs. Of these two, yoga was more popular.

She is very interested in natural history and crafts. When she retires Miss Cooper hopes to do a lot more weaving, spinning and painting. Her aim is to weave a rug. She spins sheep's wool and dyes it with natural dyes such as blackberries and onion skins.

She would like to travel more; her ambition is to go round the world. She likes the country-side and often visits the Lake District. She also hopes to do more walking, birdwatching, painting and swimming.

When we asked her what she thought of the girls she said "mainly I like them", and that they are "generally polite". She is the L4B form-mistress and says that she is "very fond" of them.

She is sad that she is leaving as she will miss everyone but says that "it'll be very nice not to get up at six o'clock any more."



Miss Cooper thinks that the Biology lab is one of the nicest rooms in the whole school.

Although Miss Cooper was taught Biology only from text-books by the History teacher, she liked the subject enough to persevere, to take a horticulture degree and eventually to become a Biology teacher.

Miss Cooper feels that she is not leaving the school completely as she will probably return for social events such as sports day and the swimming gala.

Katherine Walters and Emma Thompson, U4A

Miss Jo Fisher

Jo Fisher, during her short time at St. Elphin's, imbued both the language and P.E. departments with her energetic approach. She was a keen and lively teacher, as well as being a friendly and supportive member of Staff. Her work in the German department was possibly crowned by her marvellous achievement at Open Day, when the German Café attracted many of the guests. Her contributions to the P.E. department could not have exhausted her as she was always keen to jog, swim, or play badminton out of school hours!

Altogether we were all sorry to see Jo go — pupils and staff alike — and we all wish her well in the future.

Joy Goldthorpe

Mrs. Carol Embrey

It was a sad day for St. Elphin's when Mr. John Embrey took up an appointment in Scotland for, inevitably, his wife would join him there.

Mrs. Carol Embrey joined the staff in September 1976 and became Head of Mathematics one year later. Under her leadership the department flourished so that an increasing number of girls chose Mathematics for 'A' level and the more demanding Further Mathematics 'A' level course became firmly established.

As a teacher, Mrs. Embrey not only achieved excellent results with the mathematically gifted girls, but also brought out the best in those who were less able. She gained the respect of all her pupils.

Mrs. Embrey did not confine herself to mathematics matters, for she readily participated in the organisation of bazaars, sponsored walks, house affairs, Bookshop and she scored many a sporting event. As part of the Careers Department she gave much wise counselling to those seeking careers advice.

Indeed, St. Elphin's Staff and girls alike will remember Carol Embrey with much gratitude and affection, especially the many overseas girls to whom she gave holiday-time hospitality.

We wish the Embreys every happiness in their new life in Scotland.

Elizabeth Wass

Mrs. Christine Peake

Christine Peake has been a part-time teacher in the History Department for eight years. For most of this time she has worked with the 11-13 year olds and has developed a syllabus to interest and stimulate her pupils in the understanding of History. The fruits of their joint endeavours have enlivened the walls of the History Room and have provided the focal point of interest on Open Days. Christine has also constructed a course of Current Events for the Sixth Form, and knowing her as a truly professional teacher, I am sure she has provoked the girls into thinking more deeply about world problems.

Although a part-time member of Staff, Mrs. Peake involved herself in the life of the School. She was the School Representative of the A.M.M.A. and has been prepared to listen to and help her colleagues. Since 1982 she has served with me on the Governing Body as an elected Staff Representative.

Mrs. Peake was prepared to be outspoke on issues which concerned her, but she had the strength of character to ask for and offer forgiveness and she always retained a sense of humour.

I have been fortunate to have had a colleague with whom I have been able to work, knowing her to be a dedicated teacher and a person of integrity, sustained by her Christian Faith.

We shall miss her in the Classroom and Staffroom, but I am sure we all wish her a happy retirement so she and Dr. Peake can spend more time with their family.

David Prytherch

Miss Elaine Major

We are all sorry to have to say goodbye to Elaine Major who is leaving us this term to take up a post at Stanway Prep. School, in Dorking.

Elaine came to St. Elphin's in September 1970, having previously taught at the Presentation Convent. She established the Junior School Drama Club some years ago, attracting many keen volunteers, and soon revealed a talent for producing plays which she had written, often also arranging music to suit the performance.

Elaine Major has been a caring and conscientious teacher, and she, and her sense of humour, will be sadly missed by the Junior School.

Sheelagh Willies



Mrs. Christine Job

Christine Job, who leaves us after eight years mathematics teaching at St. Elphin's, joined us quite by chance, after writing to the school to enquire of possible vacancies in the department. The Head of Mathematics at that time, Mrs. Kitchen, had good fortune to have such an applicant - a mathematician of quality (B.A. Hons. Oxford).

Christine's husband, John, is a Methodist Minister and between 1970 and 1975 his work took him to Nigeria. Christine taught at the International School (University 'Of Ibadan) during this time and it was his appointment to Cliff College, Calver, in 1975, which brought Christine to St. Elphin's.

She is by nature a modest lady with a mildness of manner much appreciated by the girls, from the most bewildered Upper Third to the most exigent Oxbridge candidate.

St. Elphin's may have had equally hard-working teachers; it is to be doubted whether it ever had one more so.

We are greatly in her debt and wish Christine, John and their family every happiness in their move to Warwickshire and trust that both Mathematics and the Jobs will flourish there.

Geoffrey Williams

Mrs. Jean Gill

We were sorry to say 'Goodbye' to Jean Gill in the Summer of 1983; she had been with us a valued colleague and friend, in both full and part time capacities as Head of Modern Languages since 1965.

Whilst presenting a very calm and reserved exterior to the World, Jean has a delightful sense of humour and served the School on every occasion in every department.

On 'state' occasions, Jean was almost an institution; seating the Speech Day platform party, scoring on Sports Day and Gala Days and running the Grand raffle at the Bazaar.

Nor was this all! Jean accompanied School tours to Brittany, Normandy and Guernsey, was a VI form form-mistress, an interested member of Kennedy House, a 'regular' at Wimbledon (including 1984, we were pleased to note) and above all our Dame du Moment of G.C.E. which she organised to perfection for over ten years.

We miss Jean in so many ways — and even though she lives close to Matlock, do not see enough of her! We wish her and her family a very happy retirement with more time for garden, tailoring and travel.

Madame de Maintenant

Mrs. Jo Thornton

In our last school magazine Mrs. Thornton wrote in her Careers Report that "The person who has most chance of survival . . . is the one who has a variety of skills, or has qualifications that can easily be adapted" and she was herself an excellent example of the truth of that statement.

Having first trained in Home Economics, Mrs. Thornton later took a degree in Politics at the London School of Economics. She came to St. Elphin's in 1976 to teach the transition class, where her musical ability was a great asset. She joined the team of careers advisers and a few years later took over from Mrs. Hargreaves as Head of Department. During her last year here, when the transition class had disappeared she changed her "skin" with the skill of a chameleon and taught Economics and some cookery while still running the careers department.

Having a daughter of her own, Mrs. Thornton was very aware of the importance of career advice at school and was unstinting in her efforts to see that St. Elphin's girls had the best advice. We are most grateful to her for all her hard work, and we remember the patience and good humour she brought to all her many roles.

Patricia Outram

Mrs. Janet Holmes

At the end of last Christmas Term we said "Goodbye" to an 'old' and valued member of the Staff. Mrs. Holmes, who had been with us for thirteen years, and taught both French and English, decided that it was time to change her job and turn her attention away from St. Elphin's towards home and husband.

Always calm and pleasant, Mrs. Holmes cleverly hid qualities of efficiency and good organisation. These surfaced at times of Public C.S.E. Examinations and School Entrance Examinations, when, for many years she organised, without fuss, both these events. She was also always a willing volunteer at times of school functions like the School Sports and Bazaar.

Younger girls will remember how excited they were at an announcement of a Theatre visit which Mrs. Holmes took it upon herself to organise, often

not for academic reasons but purely for fun! She always managed to pick out those plays so suitable to certain age groups and delighted in seeing them dressed up ready for a night out at the Theatre.

We will all miss her quiet charm and wish her a very happy life in her new job as a full-time housewife.

G. Leach

Selected Calendar Events

SUMMER 1983

Outing to "The King and I", Chesterfield.
Golf coaching Course — Lea Green.
Stage Make-up Demonstration.
Buxton Festival.
Duke of Edinburgh Awards, Camping.
English Speaking Board examination U3/L4.
Sixth Form Science Lecture, Matlock College.
Sixth Form Lecture, Action Research.
Organ recital — Bakewell Parish Church, Mr. Stephen Pilkington.
Newark and Notts Show, outing.
Tennis — U16 South Peak Tournament, Ashbourne.
South African Missionary — talk — Dr. Denise Lomas.
Senior Chapel Choir — Evensong at Derby Cathedral.
Midland Bank Tennis — Bolsover.
I.S.C.O. interviews (Mr. Maxwell-Scott)
Nicolson Bowl Tennis Tournament — Deincourt.
School concert.
LV to Stratford: "Twelfth Night".
Sixth form Social (Welbeck).
Brian Hooper — Marathon Run.
Orchestral Workshop.
Associated Board Theory examination.
House outings to Alton Towers.
"The Mikado".

AUTUMN TERM 1983

Sixth form French set to 'Caligula'.
Old Girls' Reunion, St. Elphin's.
Challenge of Industry Conference, Denstone College.
Sponsored Walk.
Harvest Festival Services.
U5th Form, I.S.C.O., Tests.
U16 School Tournament at Noel-Baker School, Derby.
U18 Hockey Trials, Swanwick Hall.
Hopkins Building opened by Duchess of Devonshire.
Girls' Schools Association Midlands Region meeting — St. Elphin's.
Chatsworth Horse Trials.
Ice Skating.
Inter House debate Powys v Pigot.
Duke of Edinburgh Awards, camping (L5)
U18 County Coaching, Lea Green.
Matlock Speakers Club competition LVI.
Commemoration Service, Chesterfield Parish Church:
Preacher — the Bishop of Liverpool, the Right Rev'd David Sheppard.

Distribution of Prizes and Certificates: Speaker — Lady

Bowden, President of Lucy Cavendish College, Cambridge.

"Die Fledermaus" Nottingham.

"Henry IV" outing, Stoke-on-Trent.

Vienna Boys Choir, Nottingham.

History Sixth — Matlock College — Historical Association.

Bonfire and Fireworks.

LVI English Set "Measure for Measure", Stratford.

Junior School to Whirligig Theatre, Buxton.

Nottingham Music Festival.

Bazaar.

"The Rhinegold", Liverpool.

Trinity Guitar Exams.

1st XI, U.15 and U.14 Hockey v Queen Elizabeth's School, Ashbourne.

Carol Services.

House Drama Competitions.

U6, Science Museum, London.

Christmas Dinner.

SUMMER TERM 1984

Chesterfield Festival — Woodwind Group.

Buxton Festival.

Talk "The Biochemist" — Dr. J. A. Carnie.

L6th Social — Repton.

Lecture Recital — Birkdale School.

Tate Gallery — London.

Derbyshire U16 Tennis — final.

E.S.B. Examinations.

L6 group, visit to Newnham College, Cambridge.

Sheffield Symphony Orchestra Concert at Stancliffe Hall.

Duet Competition.

Swimming Gala.

Talk on Kitchen Planning.

School concert.

Ascension Day Services.

House Tennis Tournament.

Junior School outing — "Aesop's Fables" — Derby.

Lea Green Courses: Canoeing and Snorkelling.

U5 Outing to Boots.

U5 Outing to Thornton's Factory.

Junior School Open Afternoon.

Senior House outings — Alton Towers.

Choral Society to Vienna.



SPRING TERM 1984

I.S.I.S. Exhibition, Birmingham.

Debate — Derby Chamber of Commerce.

Stancliffe Hall: Wind Band "Workshop".

Talk on Hardy — Dr. F. B. Pinion.

UVI German — Salford University.

German weekend course in London.

Choral Society — Benefit Concert.

Houses — Social Services.

Careers Talk, Captain Bailey W.R.A.C.

"Hamlet" — Crucible Theatre, Sheffield.

Aviemore.

North Derbyshire Duke of Edinburgh Awards —

Committee meeting at St. Elphin's.

Junior School Drama Production.

Women's world day of Prayer Service.

Careers Convention.

County Hockey Tournaments — U14, and U16 teams.

Bishop of Warrington's Pastoral visit.

Fashion Show — Hospital Appeal.

Nottingham University — German Day.

Confirmation Services — Bishop of Warrington and Bishop of Repton.

Language Entertainment, Nottingham.

Nottingham University — French Day.

Workshop Concert — "Carmina Burana"

Sixth Form History Conference.

Sixth Form Science Lecture — Derby College.

School Production "The Importance of Being Earnest"

House Music Competition.

South Peak Swimming Gala — Matlock.

Recital — Richard Baker Trio.

School Officer Holders 1983-84

Head Girl: Rachel Gregory

Deputy Head Girls: Catherine Bone, Titilayo Olarewaju

Prefects: Elizabeth Bardsley, Ruth Dodd, Annie Fung, Amanda Gretton, Mechelle Hemley, Natalie Hewins, Sarah Knight, Louise Lau, Jane Proctor, Sarah Straw, Sharon Taylor, Melanie Thompson, Adanna Ugwu.

Sub-Prefects: Jane Bennett, Ellen Bone, Helen Hoskin, Sarah Janaway, Pauline Lee, Fatou Marenah, Teresa McNeice, Atinuke Oye, Anita Patel, Clare Sales, Victoria Sanyaolu, Fiona Turner, Siobhan Watts, Elizabeth Woods.

Head Sacristans:

Head of Choir:

Heads of Houses:

Catherine Bone, Ruth Dodd.

Melanie Thompson.

Kennedy : Sarah Knight

Pigot: Ruth Dodd

Powys: Natalie Hewins

Wilson: Annie Fung



Margaret Flood House

Staff: Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Coombs, Miss Mellor, Mrs. Willies, Miss Major, Mrs. Mayall

Head Girl: Fiona Adamson

Deputy: Hazel MacMaster

Prefects: Sophie Cannon, Nicola Fearn, Claire Tinker

In September we welcomed Mrs. Mitchell as Housemistress in Willowdene, and Mrs. Mayall and Miss Black (soon to become Mrs. Coombs) took over the responsibility for Form II.

It was a busy, but happy term, with several outings, the Bonfire and the Orchestra Workshop Concert. Most girls took part in the Sponsored Walk, raising £181.80. The term ended with the Junior Carol Service, and a lively Christmas party.

Half way through the year the Junior School Drama Club gave a performance of "Happiness Magic" to an appreciative audience of parents and friends. We were also allowed to take part in the South Peak Junior Swimming Gala for the first time. During March we worked hard to collect £91 for the N.S.P.C.C., having a good deal of fun on the way.

We were sorry that Mrs. Mitchell had to leave, for family reasons, at the end of term; but were relieved and pleased that Mrs. Coombs was able to be our Housemistress for the Summer Term.

On returning to school after Easter we plunged straight into preparations for the Buxton Festival. Most of the House took part in the Festival, winning several certificates. The Junior School Choir (trained by Mrs. Johnson) did very well, and Mrs. Coombs's newly formed Choral Speaking Group also gained a 1st Certificate with high marks.

There have been several outings this term, including a visit to Derby to see a Puppet show of "Aesop's Fables". The Green and Yellow team won the cup at the Swimming Gala, and the Green team received the Board Trophy on Sports Day, Nicola Allwright winning the Dobson Cup as *Victrix Ludorum*.

During Christian Aid Week we all had a good (and rather wet!) time collecting for the fund.

At the time of writing we are working hard towards the combined Open Day and Prize Giving on 7th July; and looking forward to the House outing to Twycross Zoo.

We thank Mrs. Coombs (and Digby) for looking after the House this term, and also thank Miss Mellor for all the care she gives the boarders. We are, however, sad to be losing Miss Major, and send her our very good wishes for success and happiness in her new post.

Sheelagh Willies

Kennedy House

House Captain: Sarah Knight

Deputy: Amanda Gretton

House Mistress: Miss Elvin

At the beginning of the Autumn Term Kennedy gained 18 new girls, 5 of whom went into the sixth form.

Yet again the house did extremely well in the Lent effort. We managed to raise over £100 which was sent to "the Sir Malcolm Sargent Cancer Research Fund."

In the inter-house drama competition, Kennedy chose an Act from "The Inspector Calls" and with tremendous enthusiasm from all the budding actresses and good organising from Amanda Gretton, Kennedy gained a well-deserved first place.

Our sporting achievements have once again been exceptionally good. We came second in both the senior and junior hockey matches, narrowly beaten each time by Powys, and in the swimming gala we excelled ourselves — we won for the fifth time in succession — let's hope we can keep it up!

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Elvin and all the girls for their help and support throughout the last year.

Sarah Knight



Pigot House

Head of House: Ruth Dodd

Housemistress: Mrs. Shaw

After last year's drenching, the sun shone on this year's Sponsored Walk in which all Pigot girls took part. The money we raised, together with a substantial amount from our toiletries stall at the Bazaar, went towards paying for the new grand piano which all houses put to such good use in the House Music Competition. Pigot gained 3rd place and 4th in the Drama Competition for our mini-skirted version of several scenes from 'The Rivals'!

One Pigot triumph was 1st place in the newly established Debating Competition due entirely to Catherine Bone's leadership — and another highlight was coming 2nd in the Swimming Gala.

Many thanks to all Pigot girls for their continued enthusiasm and hard work and to Ruth Dodd, Head of House last year.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs. Shaw, at the end of her first year, for her support and wish her many more happy years in Pigot.

Elizabeth Woods



Wilson House

House Mistress: Mrs. Aspinall

Head of House: Annie Fung

Deputy Head of House: Louise Lau

1983–84 At the beginning of the year Wilson House contributed well towards the Sponsored Walk.

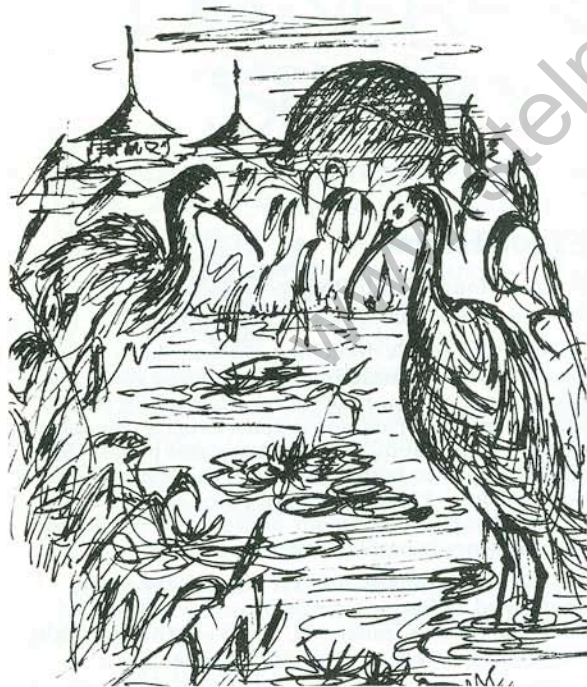
In the Drama Competition, Wilson performed an act from "An Inspector Calls" and came 3rd.

However, when it came to the Music Competition we improved by coming a very close second. We obtained full marks with our Hawaiian dancing scene.

A good third position in the Swimming Gala proved how hard Wilson's swimmers worked and again on Sports Day their efforts and enthusiasm were well rewarded with 1st place and three individual cups, Wilson's victory of the year!

All in all, it's been a good year for Wilson and on behalf of the house I would like to thank Mrs. Aspinall and all members for their hard work and encouragement.

Kay Sales and Annie Fung



Powys House

House Mistress: Miss Jarvis

Head of House 1983–84: Natalie Hewins

Deputy Head of House 1983–84: Pauline Lee

This year Powys House received many newcomers, mainly from Gresford House, which closed down last year. Powys is now the biggest house and this benefited us in all this year's events. In the Autumn Term we had our first success and that was winning the Inter-House Hockey competition. Unfortunately we did not quite make first place in the Drama Competition but gained a well deserved second place. The producer, Siobhan Watts, the cast and all the back stage crew worked well to produce a high standard of performance in "An Inspector Calls". Powys achieved another second place that term in the Debating Competition, where we always did our best in tackling some taxing debates.

Spring term came when we won the Music Competition. The theme of our surprise item was 'Spread a little happiness' — and we certainly did. A special thanks should go to Pauline Lee who fulfilled her role of Music Captain successfully for a second year.

In the Summer Term, Powys, despite all the effort, could only gain fourth place in the Swimming Gala but we had a near win in the Athletics Competition, where we were just beaten into second place by Wilson House. This year I can happily report that Powys's growth in size has also brought an increase of success. I hope next year will be even better!

Finally I would like to thank Miss Jarvis and all the Powys Staff for their support in all the events. I must also thank and say goodbye to Natalie Hewins and Pauline Lee, as Head and Deputy of Powys this year.

Sarah Janaway

Woodcut from an almanach.
15th Century



Gresford House

"“I would rather make my name than inherit it.”
What will the name of Gresford mean to the
St. Ephinites of the future?”

These are the words on the first page of the house Log book, written by Betty Lavender, the first house captain, in the Autumn term of 1951. Today, almost thirty-three years later Gresford is no more, but the name of the house will linger in all our hearts for the rest of our lives. It was a pleasure to be a member of such a friendly, caring house, and Rachel and I had the special privilege of being joint House Captains in Gresford's final year. At the time we did not know that it was to be the last year, but as it was we still gained first position in many of the inter-house activities that year. Only very rarely did people have to be bullied into things, and practices for sports or rehearsals for drama and music were always lively and full of excitement.

Of course, things were not always quite so harmonious. Through the years we have had our fair share of trouble-makers but the overwhelming atmosphere of the house as a whole was one of friendliness. I do not know of anyone who was lonely or felt left out of things in Gresford. In house matches such as hockey or rounders those who could not take part joined our cheer-leaders to chant the phrase “We are ace. We are cool. We are Gresford, and we rule!” which featured in the Music Competition a few years ago. Our house mascot, Gregory, the teddy-bear, bought by Gresford girls in 1951, was always present at such occasions. He is now enjoying a peaceful retirement in Mrs. Woods' cupboard.

In recent years our efforts caused a vast increase in house funds. With our wealth we were able to buy a record player/radio/cassette. At the beginning of this year the Lower 6 bought this from us, and we used this money, plus what was left in house funds, to pay for a party in the Autumn Term. This was the last time the house was all together and it was the most enjoyable party we had ever attended. We ordered food from the Chinese restaurant in Matlock, the Lower 6 made an enormous “Whacko” and Rachel and I provided some memorable forfeits for “Pass the Parcel” (it was nice to see staff participation in the latter!) It was only unfortunate that this joyous party was taking place for such a sad reason.

There has never been a time when we won as many competitions as in our final year. Even in those competitions which we did not win, we were very well represented. In last assembly the whole house stood up and clapped each time we won something — they hardly ever sat down! Our achievements included first place in Sports day, rounders, tennis, hockey and work, and we gained our highest position ever in the Swimming Gala thanks to Mrs. Straw and Sarah. We also did well in the Music Competition.

Living in “Orchards” was a unique experience. “Cubies” were popular with the Gresfordites. We managed to have fun by climbing over the inter-connecting walls in the middle of the night.

Gresfordites tended to be somewhat boisterous, and it was impossible for us to alter this image at the end of the year. On the last night of term the boarders

decided to sleep in the corridors in Orchards, which was rather chaotic and uncomfortable but nobody cared. Some of the 5th form rearranged the tables in the dining room into a “G” shape, and we konga'd all the way through the school to breakfast, singing the house song. A very touching moment was when Deli proposed “Three cheers for Gresford”. Most of us could not cheer because of lumps in our throats but the remainder of the school made up for this, the volume of sound proving how popular our house was.

As the announcement about our separation came at the end of term, there was rather a rush to choose which house to move into. The majority of people went in to Powys, but where ever they went, I hope that they are very happy.

The re-vamping of Orchards was not a new idea. So the news last year came as no surprise. No one can now deny that a new Lower Sixth house was desperately needed for the growing Sixth form. Orchards was the only suitable place for this and its conversion has been an overwhelming success. It was very kind of the Lower 6 to allow us to use their new common room for our farewell party.

A house is not complete without its House Mistress and we had the best, Mrs. Woods, who, though maintaining a high standard of discipline and tidiness at all times, was always ready to join in with any house activities and although she always backed out of playing “Whacker” at house parties, she often dressed up for the occasion! We were very lucky in the fact that we also had very good teaching staff attached to the house. Mr. Jackson coped admirably with the awesome job of “pocket money” and managed to keep his temper when mischievous Fourth Formers ordered £2.00 in ½p pieces! Miss Marsden had been with Gresford for many years and was at one time our House Mistress. We are all very grateful to her and the other members of staff for their help and support.

There is now only one group of people left to thank — the Gresford girls themselves. A better set of girls could not be found anywhere! It is hard to find words to describe them! We were extremely proud of them all, especially because of the way they took the unfortunate news. Their “never say die” attitude was a great comfort to us. I hope that they will not forget the high standards which were instilled into all Gresfordites at an early date and will all go on to lead happy and successful lives.

So it was that a term of “firsts” (Rachel was our first Gresford Head Girl for many years, our high standards in sports, etc.) became our term of “lasts”: last house time, last meal together, last line up . . . but hopefully it will not be the last time we think of Gresford. It is now my duty to answer the question asked by Betty Lavender in 1951. The name of Gresford to St. Elphinites of the present means “Greatest”.

Melanie Thompson
House Captain
(1982–83)

Scholarships 1983-84

Sixth Form Awards

Upper Sixth: Anita Patel, Melanie Thompson
Lower Sixth: Siobhan Watts, Elizabeth Woods,
Mary Harding, Sophie de Malet-Roquefort

SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

— MARCH 1983

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS

Scholarships

Clergy: Elizabeth Astill, St. Wilfrid's Church of England High School, Blackburn, Lancs.; Rachel MacLachlan, Hawtonville Junior School, Newark, Notts.

Lay: Pauline Sheppard, St. Dominic's School, Brewood, Staffs.; Imogen Turner, Lady Manners School, Bakewell, Anneliese Aulton, St. Elphin's School

Exhibitions

Clergy: Jane Morris, St. Peter's Church of England Primary School, Bryn, Lancs.

Lay: Henrietta Makinson, St. Elphin's School
Music Scholarship: Fay Neary, St. Elphin's Junior Department

SCHOLAR'S GLOAT: Diana Hill-Wilson

COXON MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP: Rachel Gregory

POWYS MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP: Ruth Dodd

STOPFORD MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP: Elizabeth Bardsley

WHITTAM SCHOLARSHIP: Louise Barker



Woodcut from an almanach.
15th Century

University of London G.C.E. Examinations 1983

Prizes awarded for the best results in G.C.E. examinations

ADVANCED LEVEL—Diana Hill-Wilson

ORDINARY LEVEL — Siobhan Watts; Elizabeth Woods

ADVANCED LEVEL

Bolatito Adenihun: Chemistry.
Sarah Adlington: French; German(A); History.
Ayodele Agboola: Economics; Geography; History.
Alison Cockman: English; History
Caroline Fairchild: French; Latin; Mathematics.
Susan Gibson: Biology; Chemistry; Mathematics.
Diana Hill-Wilson: German(A); Theoretical Music; Practical Music(A).
Nichola Holt: French; Latin; Mathematics.
Helen Hudson: Mathematics; Further Mathematics; General Studies; Physics.
Nina Kan: Economics; Mathematics; Further Mathematics.
Melinda Lau: Chemistry; Mathematics.
Jill Lee-Young: English(A); French; History.
Wei Fung Li: Art(A); Biology.
Lisa Loveday: English; French.
Penelope Lowe: Biology.
Sarah Lyte: Art.
Joanna Neil: Mathematics.
Olayinka Oyekunle: Chemistry; Mathematics.
Rachel Petty: French; German; Latin
Michelle Roberts: English(A); German; History.
Elsie Tse: Economics; Mathematics; Further Mathematics.
Emma Waters: Art.
Ruth Wheeler: Biology; Latin; Mathematics.
Alice Yue: Chemistry; Mathematics(A); Further Mathematics; Physics.
Corinne Yue: Economics; Mathematics.

FORM PRIZES

Upper VI: Sarah Adlington
Lower VI: Catherine Yu
Upper VA: Fiona Turner
Upper VB: Sarah Janaway
Upper VC: Trudi Ward
Lower VA: Lucy Makinson
Lower VB: Yvonne Osamor
Upper IVA: Rebecca Michell
Upper IVB: Kathryn Scott
Lower IVA: Rachel Johnson
Lower IVB: Lyn Schofield
Upper IIIS: Julie Gardner
Upper IIIE: Henrietta Makinson

HEADMASTER'S PRIZES FOR EFFORT

Upper VI: Wei Fung Li
Lower VI: Elizabeth Bardsley
Upper VA: Sophie de Malet-Roquefort
Upper VB: Mo Ki Wong
Upper VC: Sarah-Jayne Bates
Lower VA: Jane Gregory
Lower VB: Louise Bigland
Upper IVA: Lorraine McNeice
Upper IVB: Helena Straw
Lower IVA: Sally Stephenson
Lower IVB: Julia Robinson
Upper IIIS: Joanna Bethell
Upper IIIE: Susan Williams

SUBJECT PRIZES

English: Jill Lee-Young
History: Michelle Roberts
Geography: Carolyn Cartwright
French: Sarah Adlington
Classics: Nichola Holt
Latin: Caroline Fairchild
German: Diana Hill-Wilson
Mathematics: Alice Yue
Physics and Chemistry: Alice Yue
Biology: Susan Gibson
Art: Wei Fung Li
Domestic Science: Claire Sales
Music: Fiona Turner
Scripture: Joanne Stephenson

SPECIAL PRIZES

The Chairman's Prize: Susan Gibson
The Henry Andrew's Prize for Domestic Science:
Laura Rudge and Sarah Kirkham
The Henry Andrew's Prize for Needlework: Victoria
Goodman
The Pass Prize for English: Michelle Roberts
The General Musicianship Prize: Diana Hill-Wilson

CUPS

Swimming: Kennedy
Athletics: Gresford
Hockey: Gresford
Tennis: Gresford
Music: Pigot
Helen Robinson Cup for P.E.: Amanda Gretton
Barton Cup for Swimming: Sarah Straw and Sarah
Knight
Joyce Knight Cup for Speech and Drama: Alison
Cockman
Miss Thompson's Cup for Music: Ruth Wheeler
MacIlwaine Cup for Organ Playing: Rachel Petty
Aulton Rose Bowl for Singing: Melanie Thompson
Hitchin Cup for Piano: Louise Lau
Susan Gibson Cup for Service: Ellen Bone
Adlington-Neil Cup: Michelle Hawthorn
Thornton Cup for Economics: Ayodele Agboola

Entrances to University and Colleges 1983

Bolatito Adenihun—University of California, U.S.A.
(Foundation Course)
Sarah Adlington—University of Sussex (French)
Ayodele Agboola—University of Manchester (Business
Administration)
Caroline Fairchild—University College of North Wales,
Bangor (Latin and Italian)
Diana Hill-Wilson—Merton College, Oxford (Music)
Nichola Holt—New Hall, Cambridge (Classics)
Helen Hudson—University of Reading (Statistics)
Nina Kan—Kingston Polytechnic (B.Sc. Estate
Management)
Melinda Lau—South Bank Polytechnic (B.Sc. Physical
Sciences, Sandwich Course.)
Jill Lee-Young—London School of Economics (1984)
(Law)
Lisa Loveday—University of Nottingham (1984)
(French Studies)
Rachel Petty—University of East Anglia (French,
German, Linguistics)
Michelle Roberts—University of Exeter (History)
Elsie Tse—University College of North Wales, Bangor
(Accounting and Finance.)
Ruth Wheeler—University of Nottingham (Sociology)
Alice Yue—City University, London (B.Sc. Computing)

Girls proceeding to other courses and professional training:

Alison Cockman—Higher Secretarial Course,
Chesterfield College of Technology
Sally Kirkham—Higher Secretarial Course,
Chesterfield College of Technology
Wei Fung Li—Art Foundation Course, Manchester
College of Art
Penelope Lowe—Winkfield Manor
Rebecca Thornton—Norland Nursery Training College
Emma Waters—Art Foundation Course, Chesterfield
College of Art
Thomasina West—Nurse Training, St. Thomas's
Hospital, London



University of London G.C.E. Examinations—June 1984

ADVANCED LEVEL

Funke Adesina: English Literature.
Elizabeth Bardsley: English Literature; French;
History.
Catherine Bone: English Literature; General Studies;
History; Latin.
Mechelle Hemley: General Studies; German.
Natalie Hewins: Biology; Mathematics.
Sarah Knight: English Literature.
Louise Lau: Economics; Mathematics.
Pauline Lee: Mathematics; Further Mathematics.
Kenria Lightbourne: English Literature.
Fatou Marenah: Biology; Chemistry.
Titi Olarewaju: Biology; Chemistry.
Anita Patel: Chemistry; German; Mathematics (A);
Physics.
Jane Proctor: English Literature; History.
Sarah Straw: Chemistry; Mathematics; Physics.
Priscilla Tang: Chemistry; Mathematics (A); Physics.
Sharon Taylor: English Literature; German.
Melanie Thompson: Biology; General Studies (A);
Physics.
Sally Twogood: English Literature; French.
Adanna Ugwu: Biology.
Catherine Yu: Mathematics (A); Further Mathematics;
Physics.

ORDINARY LEVEL (2 or more passes)

Lower VI

Sarah Fisk 2, Sarah Kirkham 3, Bonnie Kwan 5,
Cynthia Lee 4, Janet Lee 3, Michelle Mackey 8,
Beverley Middleton 6, Fiona Obinna 2, Lisa
Vickers 3, Elizabeth Woods 2.

Upper VA

Moji Adesina 12, Nicola Bentley 3, Joanna
Clarke 10, Fiona Cooper 8, Annabel Daws 6,
Penelope Eaton 6, Jane Gregory 7, Michelle
Hawthorn 7, Camille Hewins 9, Ruth Hibbert 8,
Sarah Hill 8, Ruth Howorth 5, Kate Huddie 11,
Adrienne King 8, Sophie Loveday 6, Lucy
Makinson 11, Uzo Okoli 10, Suzie Sheldon 8,
Anna Shelley 10, Bridget Smeaton 4, Joanne
Stephenson 10, Emma Walker-Smith 7, Emma
Waterhouse 10, Rosemary Watt-Wyness 10.

Upper VB

Louise Bigland 5, Sally Bigland 6, Janet Bishop 3,
Esther Chan 4, Sai Man Chong 6, Wai Win Chung 3,
Karen Edge 7, Toni Kent-Watson 6, Nicola
Kimber 5, Jane Lam 8, Tami Mallion 8, Victoria
Neil 6, Lorinda Nicol 4, Yvonne Osammor 6,
Helen Pearson 4, Jacqueline Pimbley 4, Samantha
Samson 9, Joanna Skelton 8, Mobolaji
Soremekun 3, June Squires 2, Emma Stephenson 5,
Jane Threlkeld 6, Harriet West 6, Karen Whetton 5.

Prizes

Best 'A' Level: Anita Patel
Best 'O' Level: Lucy Makinson

FORM PRIZE

Upper VI: Priscilla Tang
Lower VI: Siobhan Watts, Heidi Ho
Upper VA: Joanne Stephenson
Upper VB: Tamsin Mallion
Lower VA: Rebecca Michell
Lower VB: Carolyn Cartwright
Upper IVA: Rachel Johnson
Upper IVB: Helen Bradley
Lower IVA: Henrietta Makinson and Julie Gardner
Lower IVB: Sarah Prior
Upper IIIS: Sarah Pattinson
Upper IIIE: Vanessa Rainsford

HEADMASTER'S PRIZE FOR EFFORT

Upper VI: Catherine Bone
Lower VI: Helen Hoskin, Helen West
Upper VA: Kate Huddie
Upper VB: Jane Lam
Lower VA: Sarah Ronald
Lower VB: Sarah Burney
Upper IVA: Karen Herbert
Upper IVB: Betty Yiu
Lower IVA: Elizabeth Astill
Lower IYB: Catherine Barr
Upper IIIS: Monita Cheung
Upper IIIE: Anna Shepley

SUBJECT PRIZES

History: Elizabeth Bardsley
English: Elizabeth Bardsley
Geography: Sarah Holme
French: Rosemary Watt-Wyness
Classical Studies: Joanna Clarke
Latin: Joanne Stephenson
German: Anita Patel
Mathematics: Catherine Yu
Physics: Priscilla Tang
Chemistry: Anita Patel
Biology: Melanie Thompson
Art: Joanne Clarke
Domestic Science: Michelle Hawthorn
Music: Kate Huddie
Scripture: Heather Richards

SPECIAL PRIZES

The Chairman's Prize: Rachel Gregory
The Henry Andrews' Prize for Domestic Science:
Jane Threlkeld
The Henry Andrews' Prize for Needlework: Penelope
Eaton
The Pass Prize for English: Joanna Clarke
The General Musicianship Prize: Jane Gregory
The Helen Robinson Cup for P.E.: Sarah Hill
The Barton Cup for Swimming: Amanda Gretton
The Joyce Knight Cup for Speech and Drama:
Melanie Thompson
Miss Thompson's Cup for Music: Melanie Thompson
The Aulton Rose Bowl for Singing: Adrienne King
The Hitchin Cup for Piano: Louise Lau
The Susan Gibson Cup for Service: Michelle Hawthorn
The Adlington-Neil Cup: Jane Threlkeld
The Thornton Cup for Economics: Louise Lau

Speech Day 1983

Mr. Pollard's speech, introduced as usual by the Bishop of Warrington, Chairman of the Governors, dwelt on the importance of a single-sex establishment like St. Elphin's in allowing girls the educational equality, especially in sciences, that they deserve, and more particularly on the recent renovation and construction within the school helping to constantly improve facilities for all pupils.

The Guest speaker, Lady Bowden, took up the idea of all-girls schools and relived some of her own experiences in what was an original and amusing address. Many thanks from all of us to Lady Bowden for distributing the cups and prizes.

For the first time Rachel, Head girl, and Catherine and Titi, her deputies, were asked to describe the extra-curricular activities within the school. Thanks to everyone responsible for organising such an enjoyable afternoon.

Elizabeth Woods

Chapel Notes—April 1983-July 1984



On Sunday, 1st May, we were pleased to welcome the Archdeacon of Macclesfield (Ven. R. Simpson M.A. M.V.O.) as the Preacher at the Sung Eucharist, and on the 15th May the Rev'd John Petty, M.A. the Area Dean of Ashton under Lyne, and father of Rachel. The Archdeacon of Lancaster (Ven. K. Gibbons B.Sc), who was a fellow Curate in the Fylde Deanery many years ago, was the Preacher on the 26th June.

I was sorry to say good-bye to the Sixth Form girls who joined with me week by week in Pax Christi, but I am pleased that there is still contact between us even though members are scattered throughout the world. Pax Christi has continued this year, and I am grateful for the spiritual support I have received, but perhaps next year the Holy Spirit may raise up something else amongst us to strengthen each others faith.

My thanks to Jo Neil, the Head Sacristan 1982-83 who worked so willingly and cheerfully, and to the other Servers and Sacristans.

Lady Osmond (nee Sybil Wells) has donated a life size tapestry of the Ascended Christ to the Chapel in memory of her sister Muriel. The tapestry was ordered through Vanpoules and made in Belgium and hangs on the West wall. It was dedicated at Evensong on the day of the Old Girls' reunion. When the congregation are dismissed from the Eucharist with the words "Go in peace to love and serve the Lord" they turn to leave Chapel and see this magnificent tapestry of the glorified Christ to remind them to take the living Lord with them into their daily lives.

Our grateful thanks to Lady Osmond.

The following weekend we held our Harvest Thanksgiving Services, and had sufficient goods to send out thirty parcels to local homes and hospitals. On October 5th we held a Service of Dedication in the Stopford Hall before the Duchess of Devonshire opened the Hopkins Building.

We were pleased to receive one of our Patrons, the Bishop of Liverpool, at the Sung Eucharist on

Commemoration Day and afterwards at School for his first visit.

Since I moved the Junior Carol Service to a Sunday Morning, we have been able to invite parents and there has always been good support. Because of the number of girls in the Middle and Senior Schools we have not been able to invite parents to the Middle and Senior Carol Services, but those parents who started attending the Juniors have now moved up with their daughters! Whilst we welcome the support of such parents, I hope that they will accept the inevitable 'squash', as even with extra chairs we can seat only 200.

In the Octave of Prayer for Christian Unity, we were pleased to receive a party from the Presentation Convent High School at our Sung Eucharist. Sister Kathleen, the new Headmistress, was especially welcome. My wife and I have always been made most welcome at the Convent Speech Days and Carol Services over a number of years and it is important that two Schools, which witness to the same ideals, should meet and co-operate whenever possible. On major Holy Days, which fall within the week, we expect every girl to attend one Service, and the easiest way to divide the School is to invite all the Confirmed to a Sung Eucharist and the non-Confirmed to Evensong. This year we had two such days — Ash Wednesday and Ascension Day.

Radio Derby invited the School to broadcast a Service in their series 'Wake Up and Sing', on Sunday 18th March. It was a challenge to choose a Theme and prepare a Service to last 29 minutes without any experience in broadcasting. However as the 18th March was a Confirmation Day, I chose the theme of Christian Commitment and as the broadcast was recorded on the 9th March I was able to use candidates for Baptism and Confirmation to take part in the readings. The Senior School sang hymns between the reading and the Choir and Anthem. It was an interesting experience for us, but I hope it was not only beneficial to those of us who took part, but was received as an Act of Worship by those who heard it over the radio.

Once again we required two Confirmation Services this year with thirty-two candidates, including seven for Baptism, from 11 years to 18 years and from England, Ghana, Hong Kong and Nigeria.

On Sunday, 29th April the Bishop of Leicester (Rt. Revd. C. R. Rutt C.B.E. D.Litt) presided and preached at the Sung Eucharist. Bishop Richard had been a member of the Archbishop's Delegation to the Republic of China, and after the Eucharist he talked to our Chinese community on the revival of the Christian Faith within the Communist Republic.

Mrs. Pollard's brother, The Rev'd Francis Dewar M.A., was the Preacher on Whit Sunday, and we were pleased to welcome a party from Kings Sterndale Parish to the Eucharist. Mr. Jackson plays the organ at Evensong at Kings Sterndale.

Our thanks to Miss Wendy Marler whose generous donation to Chapel enabled us to buy a cloth to hang on the Screen to highlight the Oberamagau Crucifix and the free standing Altar. My thanks too, to Mrs. Rosemary Mayall who sewed the curtain, and also for undertaking to make new altar cloths from old.

The Rev'd James Burgess is out at St. Mary's most Sundays, but I am grateful for his assistance on weekdays. My thanks to the Head for sharing the administration each Sunday, Mr. Andrew Jackson, Organist and Choirmaster, and the other members of the Music Department who give so much time to the Chapel; to Melanie Thompson, Head Chorister and the members of the Senior and Middle School Choirs who so enhance our worship. My special thanks to the Head Sacristans this year, Ruth Dodd and Catherine Bone, and to all the members of the Chapel Guild. We should not forget the back-up services of the laundry and cleaners.

Candidates presented for Baptism * and Confirmation in 1984

Sunday, 11th March. The Bishop of Warrington.

Louisa Adamson, Folashade Afilaka*, Christine Baxter, Sally Beighton, Lorraine Cartwright, Rachael Farley, Rachel Johnson, Lucy Makinson, Hayley Middleton*, Jane Morris, Sarah Pattinson, Sarah Stephenson, Sarah Walsh, Emma Waterhouse, Katie Windle, Catherine Wilson.

Sunday, 18th March. The Bishop of Repton.

Charmaine Barrett, Helen Beardsley, Katherine Brookes, Wai-Win Chung*, Sarah Holme, Katherine Kirby, Nicola McGee*, Emma Parkin, Catherine Robey, Natlie Ross, Pauline Sheppard, Joanna Skelton, Anna Smith, Dee Smith*, Kathryn Ward*, Helen West.

Social Services

This year each House raised money for a charity of their choice, and money was distributed as follows:

Kennedy: £110 to the Malcom Sargent Cancer Research Fund for Children.

Pigot: £70 to Mencap.

Powys: £35 to Leukaemia Research.

Wilson: £55 to the British Heart Foundation.

Margaret Flood: £100 to the N. S. P. C. C.

Through the initiative of Mrs. Patricia Miles there was a special effort in the School in Christian Aid Week and £156 was raised.

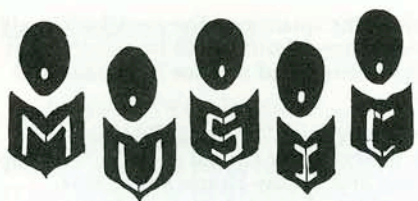
Many thanks to all the House Staff and girls who worked so hard to raise this money. The Social Services Committee is meeting this term to plan next year's activities and to arrange for Speakers to come from the charities selected by the Houses.

A number of girls continue to visit the homes of the elderly and also patients in the Whitworth Hospital. We may be able to extend this activity through the structured Sixth Form Course planned for next year and also because of the accommodation for the elderly being built in Two Dales.

The distribution of harvest parcels and our invitations to the Christmas Tea and Carols keeps us in touch with many friends and former domestic Staff.

My thanks to Mrs. Maureen Pattinson who acts as Secretary of the Committee and who supervises so many of the activities.

David Prytherch, Chaplain



This year has been a busy one for the staff and girls in the music department. Carrying on the tradition established a number of years ago, the school welcomed the 13th annual workshop in which both the school and training orchestra proved how hard they have been working throughout the year.

Apart from the usual activities in the musical department, last March the Chapel Choir was once more asked to sing for the Women's World Day of Prayer at Dale Road Methodist Church, Darley Dale and also in the same month the Choir joined together with the Choir of Worksop College for a magnificent performance of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana".

The arrival of the new Bösendorfer piano led to the organisation of a concert by Richard Baker and friends in a performance of "Three's Company". Special thanks go to the 'Friends' for the hard work they put in which made this a success.

Once again St. Elphin's enjoyed success at the Buxton Festival. All the Choirs that were entered won

their classes and participated in the evening concert. Pianists, singers and players also entered the festival for an enjoyable and rewarding day.

The highlight of the year, musically, is the Choral Society's trip to Vienna, for which, money was raised at a Benefit Concert earlier in the year and thanks must be duly awarded to all those who worked especially hard in raising the money in order to get the trip off the ground. We all hope it turns out to be an enjoyable experience and a huge success. Full details will be recorded elsewhere.

All I have left, is to thank both the heads of the Chapel and Secular Choir — Melanie Thompson and Ruth Dodd and their deputies for all their support and we hope that their successors will carry on from where they have left off and maintain the high standard they have set, and of course, our special thanks to Mr. Jackson and the music staff for all the hard work they have put in this year to make the musical activities so enjoyable.

Ellen Bone

The Fiddle Riddle

One day whilst playing my fiddle,
I thought "It is a riddle!
If a sharp and a flat
Change the notes like that,
I think I should play up the middle!"

Rachel Sayles, FII

The Choral Society

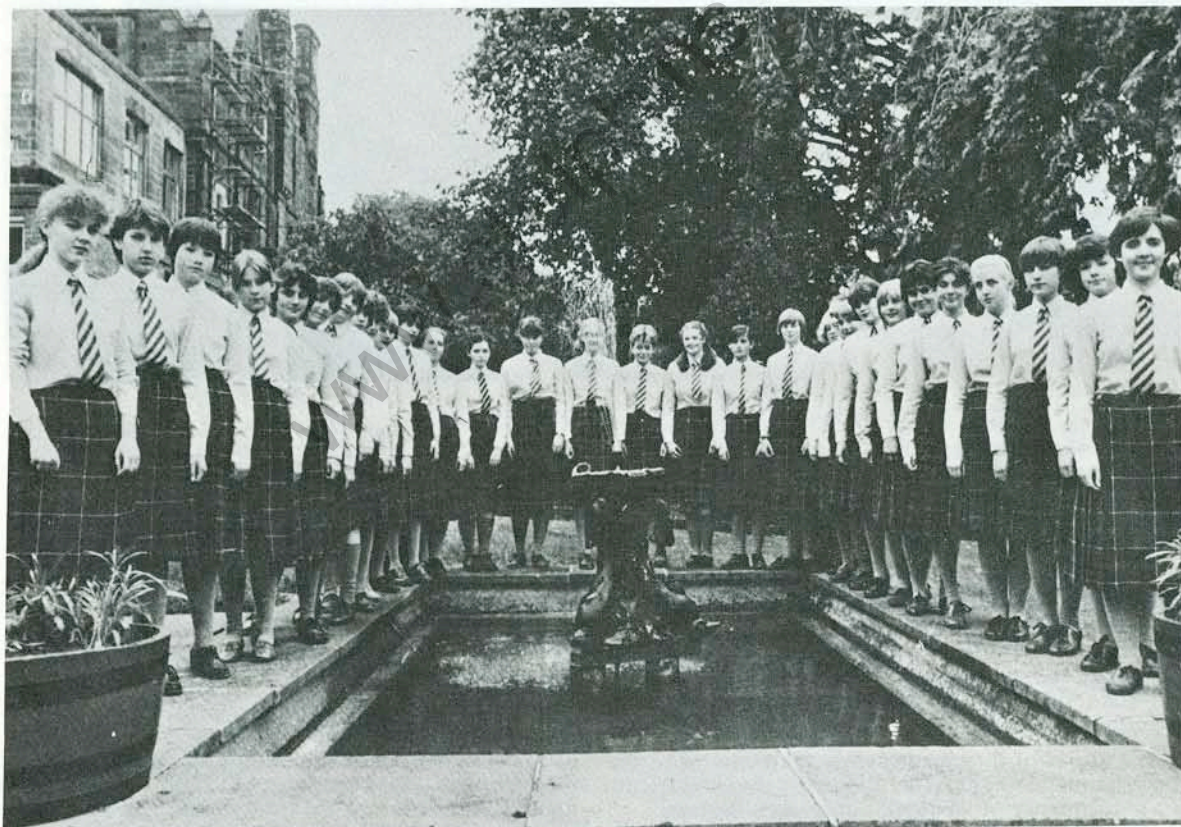
This year has proved to be an extremely successful one, with numerous wins and achievements. We maintained our excellent standard at the Buxton music festival by coming 1st, therefore keeping the trophy for another year. The Nottingham festival was a very close competition and we were narrowly beaten by a much older ladies' choir. The judges obviously were going for age rather than beauty! Another competition, but on an even larger scale, was the Sainsbury's choir of the year competition, when we went to Manchester to the BBC studios. There we sang exceptionally well,

and were praised on the quality of the sound we made. Unfortunately only three choirs could be selected out of the twenty-five entries, and so once again, age and maturity beat us.

The joint performance of "Carmina Burana" by Carl Orff, which included our Choral society, Worksop College Boys' choir and Ranby House choir, was unbelievably successful. Enjoyed immensely by all, it proved to be even more of a success than in previous years, but, needless to say we did have to work extremely hard for it.

The biggest event of the year is yet to come. On Tuesday, 10th July, we leave for Vienna, for a 12 day international festival which starts off with a concert in Mons, Belgium. We have endured endless rehearsals to ensure that the quality of our performances is of the very best. I must, of course, thank Mr. Jackson, without whom this trip would not be possible, and also for the energy, time, effort and his patience in preparing us. Mr. Pollard, Miss Goldthorpe and Miss Marsden must also be thanked, for without them, we would not have achieved such a successful and enjoyable year.

Jane Gregory, U5A



The 13th Viennese Festival of Youth and Music

Tuesday, July 10th

After 14 months of preparation, 31 members of the Choral Society were ready for a dawn departure at the start of their 1,000 mile overland journey to Vienna. After a motor journey south, Stella Nordica saw us safely over the Channel, departing in brilliant sunshine and landing in Belgium in a torrential down-pour.

Our first concert started within 30 minutes of arriving at the S.H.A.P.E. base at Mons, where the multi-national audience enjoyed selections from the Vienna repertoire. Afterwards, a large number of these families kindly provided overnight accommodation for girls and staff at their homes. We are most grateful to them, and to Staff-Sergeant King, who master-minded all arrangements in Mons.

Wednesday, July 11th

Another early start; temperatures in the Upper 30s and 400 miles to cover; this was certainly the "Longest Day"! Josef, from Mons, shared the driving with Bob, and Staff-Sergeant King provided a military escort as far as Nennig. It was a great relief to cross the Danube, leave the autobahn at Augsburg Ost and be welcomed at the Youth Hostel.

Thursday, July 12th

A routine early start, after Bob had negotiated his elastic-sided coach through Augsburg's narrow one-way system. After a short journey we crossed into Austria singing "Sound of Music" extracts and stopped for lunch in scorching Salzburg. Then the last leg of the journey was soon completed, via Linz and included a break at Ansfelden, Bruckner's birthplace, and a drive through the Vienna Woods.

After a very brief settling-in visit at Atzgersdorf, we were soon on the Schnellbahn and Underground; emerging in the center of Vienna in Stephansplatz with the awesome St. Stephen's Cathedral towering above.

At our restaurant we were welcomed by Robert Avery and Phil Lowe of the Anglo-Austrian Society, introduced to our superb guide, Dieter Reichenauer, and informed that we were the *first group ever* to arrive in the right place at the right time!

After a meal and a briefing session, we spent the rest of the evening sight-seeing in the inner city, absorbing the Viennese atmosphere.

Friday, July 13th

In the morning we were joined by Herr Direktor Lemell and escorted by him round the Bösendorfer workshops at Wiener Neustadt, south of Vienna. This was a rare opportunity and we were treated to a fascinating tour of their establishment, seeing the whole range of grand and upright Bösendorfers in all stages of their construction.

Herr Lemell gave us a very detailed, unhurried tour, explaining all the processes and pointing out all the special Bösendorfer features.

In the afternoon we had a rehearsal in the Schottenkirche, in preparation for the Sunday Service and concert there. The Schottenkirche (meaning Scottish Church) was established by the Irish Benedictines at the time when Ireland was called "New Scotland". It is a huge, originally Gothic church (like St. Stephen's) which was given its Baroque appearance in the 17th century. It has wonderful acoustics, and to sing there was a completely new experience for the girls. A memorable rehearsal passed very quickly.

Later, a relaxed and hilarious evening was spent at the Prater funfair, drenched during a terrific thunderstorm. This did not deter us from defying gravity on the rides and enjoying a circuit on the world's largest Ferris wheel (200 feet diameter) as lightning flashed over the city.

Saturday, July 14th

A day of official welcomes and celebrations. A morning rehearsal at the modern Kongresshaus was followed by an opening concert in the splendid Sofiensaal. This was attended by all the participating choirs and orchestras and they were officially welcomed to Vienna. The evening saw this beautiful hall transformed for a spectacular dance and disco and we were able to meet all the other groups informally. It was the first time we had heard Strauss waltzes played for disco dancing – or seen such enormous chandeliers flashing to the disco beat!

Sunday, 15th July

The day began with a 9.30 a.m. Service at the Schottenkirche, during which the Choral Society sang the Messe Basse by Fauré and afterwards presented a short concert. Most of the concert items were sung from a high organ gallery but the last few pieces were performed from the front of the church.

The appreciative audience included a group of British holidaymakers who so enjoyed the singing that they came to our adjudicated performance later in the week. After the concert the Benedikt presided over a short personal Service for the Choral Society.

A brief drive brought us to Schönbrunn, a majestic palace in a wonderful setting of classical French gardens, formerly the summer residence of the Hapsburgs. Once again the weather took a hand and we were soon drenched yet again.

We dried out on our drive south from Vienna through Burgenland to Bad Tatzmannsdorf, a spa town near to the Yugoslav and Hungarian borders, where an evening concert was given at the Kurzentrum. The programme lasted about an hour and was very enthusiastically received, especially the Radetzky March and the 'Circus'. A thunderstorm arrived on cue as background atmosphere for the Skye Boat Song.

Later we were entertained royally to a Hungarian supper. (Burgenland was part of Hungary until 1921 and today Hungarians make up 2% of the population) Bernhard, our host told us about the spa's cures and enrichment courses.

Monday, 16th July

Following a morning of preparation, the Choral Society gave its adjudicated performance in the Kongresshaus. This was assessed by judges from Austria, Germany, Japan and Great Britain, the British adjudicator being Bernard Keefe.

The Choral Society gave convincing performances of the set piece — Bartok, Three Village Scenes; Panis Angelicus by Franck and My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land by Elgar. A tape was made of the performance and a photo-session held afterwards.

An evening absorbing Vienna's ambience included climbing St. Stephen's South Tower (312 steps!), a tram ride and sunset over the Belvedere Schlösser, the two imposing palaces built by Prince Eugene with Versailles in mind, and linked by a formal terraced park, with water gardens and symbolic statuary.

Tuesday, 17th July

A return visit to Schönbrunn in the morning enabled us to take advantage of the English guided tour of the palace and to admire the splendour and variety of its interior. It also gave us the opportunity to study the manners and queuing habits of other nationalities.

Lunch was provided at Heiligenkreuz in a delightful 'Keller' before we drove to Eisenstadt, a short distance away. Eisenstadt is the capital of Burgenland, but probably best known because it was where Joseph Haydn lived and worked (and is buried) for over 30 years in the service of the Esterházy.

The Esterházy palace dominates the town, and here, in the magnificent and dreamlike Haydn-saal we attended a concert given by the East Riding Youth Orchestra. Haydn's "London" Symphony came alive in such a perfect setting, and the programme ended with the Radetzky March.

We also found time to visit Haydn's house and Eisenstadt Church which not only contains his tomb but also a unique, artificial Calvary Hill, representing the Way of the Cross with life-size figures in cave-like rooms and chapels.

Wednesday, 18th July

In the afternoon the Choral Society gave its last performance in Vienna, in the Pensionistenheim Maria Jacobi. The hall was large and the stage small, but the girls sang very well in hot, difficult circumstances. They were presented with a clown doll at the end of the performance; he was immediately adopted as mascot and christened Radetzky!

After a visit to Schubert's School and to Strauss in the Stadtpark, about half of the party were lucky

enough to attend a performance of Die Fledermaus in Vienna's incomparable Staatsoper (State Opera House). Badly damaged during the war, it has been lovingly restored to its former unique elegance.

Thursday, 19th July

During the morning the prizewinners' concert was held in the Sofiensaal. At the end of a very impressive programme certificates were presented. Bernard Keefe presented Mr. Jackson with our adjudication sheets, individual certificates, a recording of the adjudicated performance and a large photograph of the Choral Society.

A free afternoon in the city, spent partly at Demel's famous coffee-house was followed by the Grand Closing Concert and farewells all round.

Friday, 20th July—Sunday, 22nd July

Sadly we retraced our steps (wheels?) across Europe, calling at Salzburg, Augsburg and Mons on the way. Once more we were guests of SHAPE personnel in Belgium, where staff-Sergeant King presented the choral Society with a plaque to commemorate their visit. They were very grateful and will keep it on display in school. Once more we had a smooth crossing — and a smooth passage through Dover Customs, arriving back in Darley Dale in good time.

The project involved an incredible level of commitment, unremitting hard work and a tremendous amount of planning and preparation but everyone had a wonderful time. All felt that to be in Vienna, and to take part in such an International Festival, made everything worthwhile.

The Choral Society performed excellently in five very different locations, adapting well and showing a high level of professionalism — and all returned with new ideas and new goals — and all brought back their own special memories: Salzburg, Sachers, the Haydn-saal, Brahms, but above all, the wonderful experience of singing in the Schottenkirche and taking part in the world's premier International Festival in the capital of Music.

Special thanks are given to: Bob and Graham (K. V. Slack Coach Operators), Staff Sergeant King and SHAPE personnel, Josef and Dieter, Robert Avery and his staff at the Anglo-Austrian Society in London and Vienna, all our hosts in Vienna, Staff escorts, Col. Hobbs and Mrs. Renshaw. All who have donated money or helped to raise money on our behalf. All helpers at School, especially Mrs. Barnes and her Staff, Mrs. Witham and Mrs. Hunter — and the many more who made this experience possible.

A.J.J. and J.M.

Careers Report 1983/84

The Careers Department has, as usual, had a varied year. In school our programme included a presentation by the army careers service, a visiting speaker from U.M.I.S.T. on biochemistry and medical research and a Careers Convention in which we were greatly helped by the parents and friends who gave up their time to come and talk about a wide range of careers to girls from the Upper Fourth form up to the Upper Sixth. Late in the summer term we held a symposium for the Lower Sixth on the varied choices offered in Higher Education.

One Sunday afternoon, an Old Girl of the school, Dele Agboola, came with another student and the Warden of her University hall of residence to lead a discussion on University life. After the video presentation, the teaching staff were banished to their tea so that the rest of the conversation could be unhindered by concern for the delicate sensibilities of the older generation!

As well as welcoming these visitors, girls and staff have been out of school on many different visits. A large group of senior girls visited a careers service exhibition, "Careers for the 80's" in Leeds in November - Mrs. Coombs and Mrs. Outram returning weighed down with informative "bumph". In June Mr. Pollard and Mrs. Outram attended a seminar on University entrance where much useful information was gleaned. Individual girls have been able to participate in the I.S.C.O. careers experience courses and to attend short courses at University during the holidays.

We have maintained our most helpful contacts with I.S.C.O. (the Independent Schools Careers Organisation). Many girls benefited from the tests and reports, and careers staff attended meetings and visits in London and in our own Region. Plans are already under way for events in 1984/85, and we are looking forward to "enrolling" one of the School's computers as a member of the Careers team.

Judy Crook and Patricia Outram



Special Events

"THREE'S COMPANY"

It was quiet in the hall, and people waited expectantly, looking at the stage, which was decorated with bright flowers.

Richard Baker and his two partners, Caroline McCausland and Raphael Terrone, came onto the stage. Richard started by telling us that the flowers would later be donated to a local hospital.

Several jokes later, there was a celebratory christening of the new Bösendorfer grand piano by Raphael. The audience were spellbound as he played the beautiful "Moonlight Sonata".

Richard's father couldn't be entirely right when he said that Richard couldn't sing - he defied this and even reached the low bass notes of "Sailor Beware."

Caroline sang, and accompanied herself with a guitar, a lively Negro spiritual called "Norah built it," Norah being the Negro word for Noah. It was an amusing story about the ark and its animals, and the audience joined in enthusiastically when invited.

As a complete contrast, Caroline played and sang a gentle story from the Appalachian mountains entitled "Jane Seymour" - about her and the birth of her child.

This is a selection of four out of the wide range of musical and spoken pieces which were performed in this concert. Richard kept us entertained by his witty remarks throughout, and altogether there was something for everyone in this enjoyable concert - even books, records and autographs at the end of it!

Imogen Turner, U4A

Charity Fashion Show

St. Elphin's fashion show was the first event of its kind to be seen by the school and parents. The hall looked different when we first saw it as we crammed in around the edges of the quadrangle of chairs set up to allow the models a catwalk down the centre. The models themselves were local people modelling clothes from local shops, so that the atmosphere gradually relaxed into a more familiar, almost family atmosphere, whilst still remaining very professional with the lighting and the music from the D.J.

The clothes themselves covered a wide range — toddlers, teenagers and adults as well as nightwear, underwear and rainwear. Nor were the models all female. Some of the men made a very brave show, even if they didn't perhaps swing as well as the ladies! It was the toddlers, though, who stole the show, running away in fright or enjoying themselves hugely, as the impulse took them. To provide a little diversion from the pop music, the Choral Society performed a few pieces. The evening contained a variety of ideas, and certainly was to be enjoyed by all, especially the Bishop of Warrington, who was staying in school at the time.

Proceeds (over £600) went to the Buy-a-Brick Scheme for a new physiotherapy unit in the Whitworth Hospital.

Rosemary Watt-Wyness, U5A

The Music Competition 1984

On March 27th, the School held its Annual Music Competition, when each House, after frantically practising for weeks, presents its finished product to be duly judged.

I felt that this year's Competition was the highest standard of the seven years competitions I had seen and heard. It was a thoroughly enjoyable day and everyone who took part in any way is to be commended.

The first house to present its offering was Kennedy. It is always very difficult to open the proceedings and Kennedy did it well. They were working under some difficulty as Jane Lam, their main pianist, was far from well. She valiantly saw the House through its performance before taking to her sick bed again!

Powys House was second to perform. Its programme deserved a special mention for the well thought out design and beautiful printing by S. Janaway and J. Lee. Their theme "Spread a little happiness today" was very apt. We all thoroughly enjoyed their performance and *felt* happier for it! Two items which really stood out were the Surprise Item, produced by Slobhan Watts, and the Rossini "Cat Duet" performed by Adrienne King and Jane Gregory. The duet was very well sung and the acting completed our enjoyment of it.

After lunch, Wilson opened the proceedings. Again they were to be congratulated on the design of the programme (Karen Ashmore and Kay Sales) based on the theme of their Surprise Item from "South Pacific".

Outstanding items here were Louise Lau's performance of Etude in E Major, by Chopin and the Surprise Item. The Surprise Item again radiated enjoyment which is what music is about.

Pigot completed the day's events — again a difficult task when everyone else has performed and can relax! Their programme was quite dramatic with its orange printing on a black background. This was a very nice team effort with a bright ending in the Surprise Item "Macnamara's Band".

Our adjudicator this year was Mrs. J. Rhodes from New Mills and our thanks are due to her for her fair, sympathetic and encouraging adjudication. After adding up all the marks, Powys was pronounced the well-deserved winner. A very enjoyable day was had by all.

Margaret Johnson

Wake Up and Sing—Radio Derby

The Chaplain had written and chosen several suitable readings to be interspersed with some hymns on the theme of commitment to Christ in our lives. Mr. Pollard began the act of worship by welcoming listeners to the school and telling them something of its History. The Chaplain then made his address and introduced the theme of the service; the opening hymn was a hymn of Thanksgiving "O praise ye the Lord".

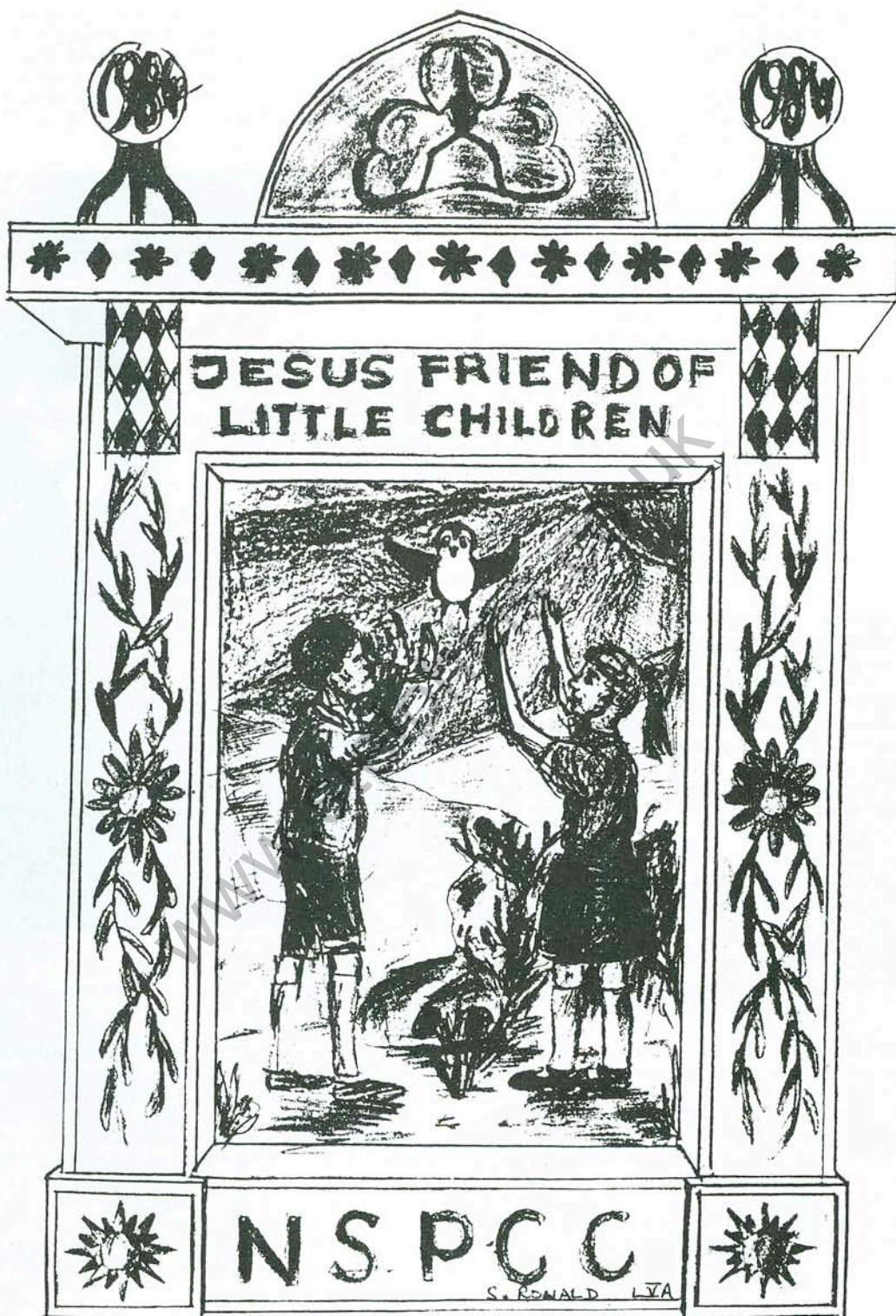
This was followed by a reading on Penitence by Nicola McGee accompanied by the hymn "Just as I am without one plea". To illustrate the steps in our lives I read a passage on Baptism following repentance with the hymn "Now in the Name of Him who sent to preach by word and sacrament". Confirmation follows Baptism and the next passage read by Helen West concerned this step towards Christ; the hymn was "When our Master Jesus went away".

The importance of the Holy Eucharist bringing about Christian Fellowship was read by Rachel Gregory and illustrated by the Anthem "Ave Verum", sung by the Choir. Wai-Win Chung then told us how it was important to take the power received by Christ out into the world, which was followed by the hymn "Living Lord".

The Chaplain then led the prayers and finally the Blessing was given by the Bishop of Warrington.

Emma Waterhouse, UV





A design for Bakevell Brownies' Well-Dressing by Sarah Ronald LVA

Open Day 1983

Open Days are a grand opportunity for everyone, staff, pupils and parents to show off — in the nicest possible way as I am sure you will all understand. A St. Elphin's Open Day is no exception but the 1983 event was a vintage affair in many respects. For a start the weather men must have been showing off as the day dawned bright and clear, the sun continuing to shine throughout the proceedings — none of the Derbyshire rains and mists to which we have become accustomed at almost any St. Elphin's event, whatever the season.

Experienced St. Elphin's "eventers" set themselves an itinerary to follow on these occasion — one which takes in their daughters' interests/likes/dislikes (the last a speciality for "Parents' Meetings") with a minimum mileage. (Has anyone ever counted all the steps and stairs at St. Elphin's? — without careful planning you may climb them all, some several times, in the course of one morning — a considerable ascent in mountaineering terms!) The theme of the 1983 Open Day was quickly apparent — *everyone* was doing *something* somewhere — indeed one or two girls (disguised as Market Researchers) seemed to be doing everything everywhere.

Highlights? — hard to say and certainly unfair to pick out; but it was obvious wherever you went that a tremendous amount of hard work by staff and pupils had gone into preparation and rehearsal. Therefore the things that one remembers as a visitor are the things to which one can relate and the things which one can appreciate from one's own knowledge of the work involved. For instance we now know that we can't roll our tongues, that passengers who travelled to the school in the same car cannot agree half an hour later which way they had travelled, that we were never very good at Latin verbs (or else, that someone sneaked off with two of the Golden Apples) but we did enjoy a very authentic Kaffee and Kuchen in the German Cafe.

1983 was the last chance to experience the good natured chaos of the old Art Room — for all its shortcomings a room of great character and well suited to displaying the highly professional work of the VIth Form Art pupils. But there could be no doubt about moving on to better things — the new rooms were completed and we can look forward to some splendid displays of Arts and Crafts in 1984.

At the Thornton Block there was a nice juxtaposition with, on the grass outside a very well set up Duke of Edinburgh's Award camp whilst within and in direct competition was a very authentic Roman Orgy. Or at least there *had* been a Roman Orgy earlier in the day but by the time we arrived the "Romans" had consumed all but a few morsels.

Time is always the enemy so if you spent too long watching the flashes and sorcery in the Chemistry Labs you never found out which of the personalities debated in the Library was to be done away with. Did Father Christmas rate more highly than Mr. Andropov? — perhaps we shall find out in 1984.



Beautiful needlework and dressmaking, delicious food, literally hair raising physics demonstrations, an orchestral workshop, displays in the Gym — the list is almost endless and will quickly turn into a mere catalogue. What, apart from the visitors' stamina does it prove? Without a doubt it proves that St. Elphin's girls can and do turn their hands and minds to almost anything and that they are supported and encouraged by most loyal and hardworking teachers who take a particular pride in seeing that everything is done well.

David Ronald



Despite the bad weather preceding the second St. Elphin's Open day, we were fortunately blessed with a fine morning. From the moment that the day officially started, there was a continuous flow of visitors and a buzz of activity everywhere.

For those fitness addicts amongst us, there was a self-defence and keep-fit display in the gym at intervals during the morning. At one point, parents were invited to join in, but I am not sure how many actually took up this offer though! After this we were given a taste of the then forthcoming performance of "The Mikado" in an open rehearsal. This seemed to whet many an appetite. In the Library, there was a brilliant battle of wits in the form of a 'Balloon Debate'. This involved characters from Father Christmas to Shakespeare.

After this constant activity, many people decided to retreat to what they thought relaxation of a German Cafe. But they soon changed their minds when they realised that English was prohibited even for customers. There were German refreshments, songs, and of course not to be forgotten, the traditional thigh-slapping routine! On the subject of food, later in the morning, all the Latin scholars indulged in a true Roman feast complete with togas! There was also a Latin treasure hunt, which I think brought home to many a parent how rusty their Latin actually was.

In the various subject rooms, there were continuous displays ranging from some French sketches to the Language room to the dissection of rats in the Biology Laboratory.

Unfortunately, there is not the space to do justice to all the many varied activities. Many thanks to all the staff who put so much time and effort into what proved to be a very enjoyable and successful day.

Elizabeth Bardsley and Jane Proctor

A Grand Day at School

Top marks to St. Elphin's School, Darley Dale, for their recently held open day which was informative, thoroughly well organised and extremely enjoyable.

It was refreshing to talk with pupils who were, without exception, articulate, poised, courteous and helpful, and who displayed an obvious pride in their appearance. They showed an enthusiasm for a school which impressed me as a friendly and caring society with an emphasis on high standards of behaviour and work. A few words with a readily available and approachable headmaster and wife, reinforced this impression.

Complaints? Just one: Three hours simply wasn't long enough to do justice to the multitude of activities and displays available and complete that splendid Latin treasure hunt — at least that's my excuse for not finishing it!

My thanks to all who made possible such a rewarding open day: May there be many more of them.

JOHN M. PEPPER
Horsley Road,
Kilburn.

by courtesy of The Matlock Mercury.

Art Outing to London—June 1984

A small number of girls from three senior forms of the school went down by coach to London to the Tate Gallery, principally to see the unique collection of Pre-Raphaelite paintings on exhibition there; it was a chance to see together and in chronological order the major works of the Pre-Raphaelite artists — Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, Brown and Burne-Jones, from 1848 to Rossetti's death in 1882, and also many works previously unavailable for exhibition. As an added bonus and with time on our hands, we also saw an exhibition of paintings by the Welsh artist, Cedric Morris, and then we could wander round the gallery to see whatever style and period of painting and sculpture we particularly enjoyed.

The Tate also has on permanent show many works by various famous artists — Constable, Turner and de Vinci. Favourite painters were there, too: David Hockney, Picasso, Matisse, and enormous sculptures by Henry Moore.

Whenever we visit a gallery we always ask ourselves "Now which work of art would I take home?" Perhaps the totally blue canvas by a modern artist — definitely a dramatic painting with great impact, or the exotic scene by Millais, painted so professionally when only sixteen years old — certainly inspirational material!

The day was a great success, although exhausting, and many thanks must go to Miss Cawood, Mrs. Leach and Mrs. Smallman who accompanied the trip.

Emma Waterhouse and Jo Clarke



The Ideal Home Exhibition 1984

When the St. Elphin's contingent arrived at Olympia, the exhibition centre was buzzing with activity and the centre was already filling up with potential home buyers and pleasure-seekers.

The hall consisted of two floors (which had to be bigger than four hockey pitches each). On the ground floor there were a few houses which had been specially built for the occasion and I'm sure that everyone enjoyed looking around them. Upstairs, was a hive of people trying to demonstrate every imaginable household item – including a sponge which was guaranteed to hold twice its weight in water and not to drip!

Radio 1 had a good day, too, at the Ideal Home Exhibition, where people could attempt becoming a D.J. for 15 minutes. They then gave us a hoolahoop demonstration by the world champion hoolahooper! Their shop was just around the corner and I'm sure they must have done a roaring trade that day that we went!

After a few hours of walking around the floors everyone was ready to get back on the coach and go back to school.

All in all I think everyone had a very enjoyable Saturday and we should thank Miss Elvin on behalf of everyone who went, for a great day out.

Tracey Smith, Karen Edge and Jacquie Pimbley



The Christmas Party

Variety was the key-word for the first Christmas Party, that was greeted enthusiastically by all: staff and pupils, and the effort that was put into the preparation was obvious by the variety of bizarre costumes that were produced. After seeing Batman, Robin and Boy George (in fact *we* had 2 Boy Georges!), it was not, perhaps so surprising to see a couple of Christmas trees dancing to "Uptown Girl"!

The variety of music ranging from Rock to the Waltz was requested by Mrs. Shaw was matched by the profusion of hair colour, that adorned the majority of the girls, the volume of the music adding to the atmosphere.

The food was a credit to the house staff and I would like to thank, on behalf of the school, all of them for their hard work.

After the success of the party this year, we are all hoping that a school Christmas Party will become an annual event.

Adrienne King

Ski Marilleva 1984

New Year 1984 arrived with headaches; resorts were making the headlines, but for lack of snow. Fortunately our hot line to the slopes reassured us: "All runs open, all lifts operating".

At 3 a.m. rendezvous at school revealed two groups of skiers: the ones who had already packed in a night's sleep and those with stamina who had decided to make a night of it!

Our 'new generation wide-bodied Boeing 757' deposited us smoothly in Verona in no time at all, after a breathtaking cruise over the Alps, and we were welcomed at Marilleva 900 as old friends (vintage 1982).

Skis were issued and the bubble lift was only a minute away. Slopes covered six mountainsides linking four valleys and three resorts with lifts of every type and pistes of every grade.

The disco beat livened our evenings, pasta and blood oranges satisfied the inner girl and schools from North Wales and South England provided the romantic interest.

End of week ski races came much too quickly and our death-defying beginners with nerves of steel scooped most of the awards. Special memories: of a genuine St. Bernard with a genuine barrel, skiing vertically between trees, ski jumping, snow machines, the biggest moguls this side of Aspen, and Vittorio.

So successful was the trip that the unanimous verdict was to book Marilleva for 1985 – so we look forward to meeting again: Mark, Sandro, Claudio and perhaps, Bristol Grammar.

Jean Marsden

The Opening of the Hopkins Building

As the Hopkins Building quickly shot up we all waited eagerly to see the result, and no-one was disappointed. It was a credit to the architects. The girls were all impressed with the new "white boards" and carpeted floors. The new Art and Craft rooms were a pleasure for both staff and girls to work in.

Exactly a year after the building was started we were all able to attend the opening ceremony. This took place on a lovely day, October 5th, when our school Visitor, the Duchess of Devonshire, came to open the building officially.

A service of "Thanksgiving and Dedication" took place in the morning. The Duchess began her witty speech by asking how long it would be before she

woke one morning to find that St. Elphin's had reached the boundary of Chatsworth.

After the service the Governors and the Duchess went to the new Hopkins Building for the actual ceremony. The Duchess officially declared the building open. She was then taken on a tour of the building, even trying her hand at writing on the "white boards".

Eventually she made her way back to the Gym where all parents and friends had been invited to an informal Buffet lunch. Kate, Titi and I had also been invited. We were introduced to the Duchess and then left her in peace to enjoy the lunch!

Altogether it was a very pleasurable day for everyone. We now look forward to the arrival of the next new building!

Rachel Gregory







“The Mikado”

For our musical production in July 1983 we took a big step forward in experience by moving backward in time. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan wrote “The Mikado” a century ago, but its charm, freshness and humour will never fade and were particularly appropriate for our almost all-female cast.

Nevertheless we are enormously grateful to Mr. Pollard to agreeing to be our Mikado and thus ensuring the essential element of authority, (and of course musicianship) in this role. The time needed for rehearsals can ill be spared in a headmaster’s schedule, especially at the end of the summer term, and we very much appreciate his support. That he also found time to be available as a rehearsal pianist was nothing short of miraculous!

For the rest of the cast, “G. and S.” was a new experience. The soloists coped admirably with three and four part ensembles and the chorus provided an alto as well as a soprano line – on one occasion a bass as well. Sometimes they remembered their movements too!

Writing twelve months after it all happened. I remember the excitement and the colour, and above all the heat, especially in the make-up room. I remember, too, that moment, repeated on each of the four nights, when Koko held the audience – and Katisha – in the palm of her (his) hand as she (he) sang “Tit-willow”, not, as it is usually done, as a comedy number, but with a plaintive air to touch the stoniest heart.

For staff as well as girls the production was always a team effort. The make-up, the scenery, the costumes for a “cast of thousands” (bless you, Mrs. Mayall), and above all the music, were the result of hours of work. Alongside our “resident” pianists we welcomed Keith Hodgson as the new member of the team, opening the innings with Mr. Jackson in the overture. Perhaps he will find that St. Elphin’s will become a regular fixture.

And finally, the undoubted “man of the match”, the “Viv Richards” of our team, was Mr. Jackson himself, who carried his bat(on) – sorry! – with tireless concentration and endless patience – and who almost managed to make everyone else work as hard as himself.

Patricia Outram

The Mikado

As with many things, people tend to forget all the hard work put into a production such as this. Only the performances linger in the mind. Of course from the point of view of the audience this is hardly surprising, as it is only the performance which is seen. For the cast, however, there are many memories of rehearsals.

It all began in September 1982. The Mikado was a very ambitious choice, especially as we only had one male singer – Mr. Pollard. One of the greatest problems was that parts scored for tenors had to be sung by sopranos, and these parts tended to remain in the upper range. Of course the cast managed splendidly and I am sure that the audience did not realise our difficulties. Although we began rehearsing early in the year we still had a lot to cover in the few weeks before the performance, and we spent many evenings practising the “head-chopping” scene – which we never seemed capable of completing without lapsing into peels of laughter. Even Rosemary enjoyed it, and she was the victim! We also had to learn now to look and move like Japanese ladies and gentlemen, and how to grovel at the appropriate moment when the Lord High Executioner or the Mikado entered. This was not very enjoyable as splinters in the knees can be painful.

Alison Cockman playing Katisha came over beautifully to the audience and received lots of laughs – after all it is not everyday a member of the 6th form gets the chance to push the Head around!!

Jane Gregory, playing Pish Tush and the three little maids acted by Rachel Petty, Sharon Neale and Fiona Cooper were also very popular with the audience; receiving numerous encores.

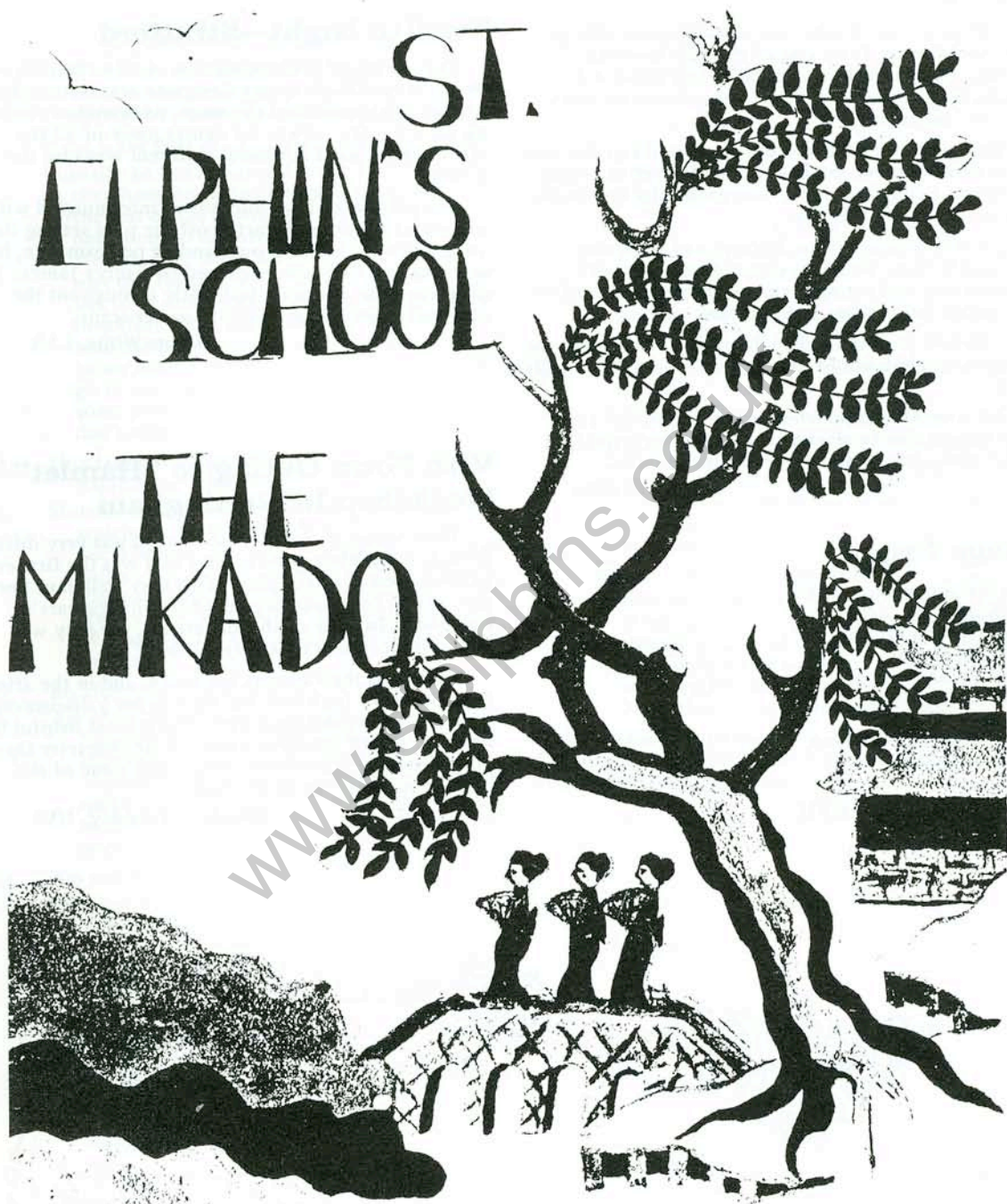
The standard of singing may be the best in the country, but no production such as this could get off the ground without scenery, props. and costumes. Very many hours of toil went into the making of kimonos and trousers for the cast. They were all beautifully made and Mrs. Mayall and her sewing team are remembered by us all with many thanks. Miss Cawood and accomplices miraculously changed a London street scene (left over from Oliver) into a blue and white oriental garden scene. There were many people who helped in other ways. Mrs. Leach and Mrs. Prytherch to name two. There is no room here to mention them all but the cast were all very grateful for their efforts.

The main factor which holds a performance such as the Mikado together is “team work”. Everyone involved, no matter how menial a task they performed, felt part of the whole and it is because of this that the performances were so successful. “The Mikado” is rather like an endurance test and the only way to make it is by all pulling together. Not only did we learn and improve our singing and acting techniques, we also learnt how to deal with each other! It was an extremely valuable and enjoyable experience for everyone involved and we were grateful for all the time and effort put in to the production by Mr. Jackson and Mrs. Outram.

Melanie Thompson (Nanki Poo),
and Karen Hawthorn

ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL

THE MIKADO



“The Importance of Being Earnest”

On 23rd and 24th March a production of Oscar Wilde’s “The Importance of Being Earnest” was performed.

The play was chosen, cast and rehearsed during the short Spring Term and all the girls involved worked extremely hard, learning their parts and organising props and costumes in order to be ready for the “big night”.

Melanie Thompson as Lady Bracknell captured the style and period of the play perfectly, her maternal authority being frequently disregarded by Gwendolen played by Siobhan Watts.

John Worthing (Fiona Turner) and Algernon Moncrieff (Jane Bennett) coped admirably with Bunburying and eating their way through mounds of cucumber sandwiches and muffins!

Niki McGee played a most charming Cecily under the competent guidance of her governess Miss Prism (Ellen Bone).

All were ably supported by the rest of the cast. Our thanks also to all staff and girls who helped to make this a happy and successful production.

Tracey Coombs

Stage Fright

Worried, hopeful, excited,
Weak, shaking, delighted;
Butterflies in tummy.
Help! Mummy!
Breath won’t come,
I can’t even hum.
It’s us – now!
We’ve remembered how.
They’re applauding.
It’s over!

Rachel Sayles, FII

Theatre Outings

Once again our visits to theatres were many and varied. Here are some short comments on just a few:

Twelfth Night—Stratford

The setting of this production of “Twelfth Night” by the Royal Shakespeare Company was outstanding. A huge tree dominated the stage, its branches cascading over the set. It was the centre piece of all the action, being used in various different ways by the actors.

The playing of lutes and horns, intermingled with the sound of thunder started off the play setting the atmosphere. The most outstanding performance, for me, was that of Malvolio played by Emrys James. He portrayed the character brilliantly throughout the play but especially in the cross-garter scene.

Claire White, L5A

VIth Form Outing to “Hamlet” Workshop In Nottingham

The version of the play performed was very different from most modern productions as it was the first-ever printed version of the play. This may well have been the version originally presented by Shakespeare’s company. In spite of this difference, the play was well produced and most enjoyable.

There was then a break for lunch, and in the afternoon we went back into the theatre for a discussion with the actors and producer. It was most helpful to hear the actors’ interpretations of the character they played and the discussion illuminated some of the ideas brought across in the play.

Elizabeth Bardsley, UVI



"Caligula" in Nottingham

Caligula is suddenly aware, after the death of his sister and mistress, of the simple truth that men die and are not happy. He decides to make men face this truth, recognise the absurdity and injustice of life and thereby dominate it. His motives are right, but his methods disastrous. In a rule of arbitrary terror, he challenges people's belief in reason and order in the world by the destruction of their security and values. Caligula knows that death makes everything useless and since it cannot be avoided, it does not really matter if he advances the day by a few years. Caligula piles crime upon crime until he is eventually murdered.

The cast were all very young and there was very little scenery, but the play was well acted, effective, and gave us all something to think about.

Elizabeth Bardsley, UVI

"Mother Courage" and "The Country Wife"

We attended two plays which were relevant to our Seventeenth Century Studies. At Nottingham Playhouse we saw "Mother Courage" by Berthold Brecht which gave us an insight into how a peasant family survived during the chaos of the Thirty Years War. We entered high society when we watched William Wycherley's "The Country Wife" and also learned to appreciate the broad humour enjoyed by the Court of Charles II. This production was at Derby Playhouse.

Catherine Bone

Thanks are extended to the many members of staff who accompanied us on these outings.



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SPORT.

Brian Hooper's run for the Sponsorship of British Olympic Athletics

The location, for our "extended" walk
Was the flat field by the tennis court,
The juniors had done it, so could we,
Or else we'd blame it on injury!

Thirty laps we had to face,
Thirty laps at ridiculous pace,
Although the gang was rared rough,
To show that St. E's was tough,
We kept on going, until the end,
Round and round that eternal bend.

The day of the photos at last arrived,
More running for those who had survived.
The run that had been some days before,
And now they had to run some more.
But never mind it wasn't far,
Jogging with torch behind the car.
And as they turned into the drive,
Loud were the cheers as they arrived.
Brian Hooper was there to promote the Fund,
Which had been started in bonny Scotland.
And which was to end amid the sand,
Down in Cornwall, at Land's End.

Sarah Hill and Fiona Cooper



The U14, U15, U16 and 1st XI teams all enjoyed playing in the many matches over the past season 1983-84. Although because of the bad weather a few matches had to be cancelled.

1st XI Squad

Amanda Gretton (Captain), Sarah Knight, Louise Barker, Catherine Bone, Natalie Hewins, Elizabeth Bardsley, Jane Bennett, Fiona Turner, Alison Woods, Lucy Burke, Margaret Duke, Ellen Bone.

U16 Squad

Sarah Hill (Captain), Karen Whetton, Sophie Loveday, Nicky Bentley, Bola Soremekun, Susie Sheldon, Jo Stephenson, Jo Clarke, Uzo Okoli, Janet Bishop, Bridget Smeaton, Lucy Makinson, Annabel Daws.

Both these teams took part in the respective county tournaments. the U18 played very well at Ilkeston and reached the semi-finals, but unfortunately lost to Woodlands School.

The U16 played at Derby, who also reached the semi-finals but unfortunately lost their match.

Several girls were sent for trials to play for the county and we congratulate Natalie Hewins who was chosen as captain to the Derbyshire U18 and XI and Sarah Hill who was vice captain to the Derbyshire U16 1st XI.

Sarah Hill

Tennis

Owing to industrial dispute within the Teachers' Unions, many of this year's fixtures had to be cancelled. Therefore, friendly matches were only played against Highfields, The Convent and Denstone College.

Congratulations must go to the U14 team who won the Midland Bank Tournament for their age group, but by only playing one match!

Another successful team was that of Sarah Hill and Sophie Loveday. They won the U16 South Peak Tournament and also the U16 South Derbyshire Tournament. Unfortunately, they were defeated in the County Tournament.

House tennis matches were successfully organised at the weekends by Mrs. Fearn and Miss Williams. These were enjoyed by all who participated and also by the spectators.

I would like to thank Mr. Whitehead, Mrs. Fearn and Miss Williams, for all their support and help.

Fiona Turner

Swimming

The swimming this year has been most enjoyable, the swimming gala being the climax.

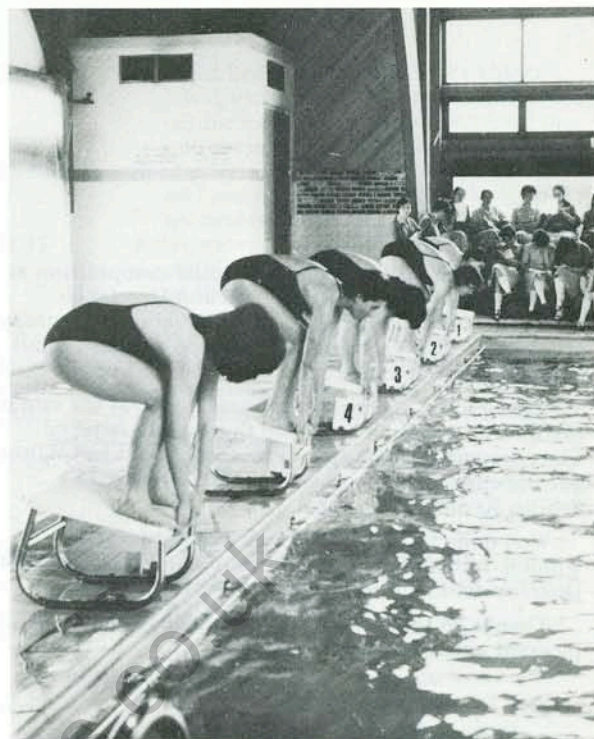
Fourteen girls passed their A.S.A. Preliminary Teacher's Award and according to their coach were "the best pupils I have taught for some time."

There has been a growing interest in synchronized swimming and girls have been taken to the Club on Monday evenings. All these girls have already passed their first grades and many have gone on to take grades two and three.

The other awards that have been gained include fourteen RLSS Bronze Medallions, Severn Award of Merit and Amanda Gretton has passed the A.S.A. teacher's Award.

On behalf of the school I would like to thank Mrs. Fearn, Miss Williams, and Mr. Soppett for their hard work and support throughout the last year.

Alison Woods



South Peak and Derbyshire Athletics

Unsure of how our efforts at the Shot and Javelin would compare with the rest of the South Peak District, Sarah Hill and I arrived at Matlock College for the South Peak Athletics trials. To our surprise and joy we both won our events and as a result we were selected to represent South Peak in the Derbyshire Trials. Thanks to the conscientious training plan and advice imparted to us by Miss Williams and Mrs. Fearn we ventured into the trials with increased confidence and again won and went forward to represent Derbyshire for a year.

Uzo Okoli



Athletics

This year we did not have the usual competition at South Peak except that Sarah Hill and Uzo Okoli took part. Sports Day was held as usual on a Saturday afternoon. This year not only was ice cream sold but also strawberries and cream, which pleased us all.

The Friends organised an obstacle race at the end of the afternoon which everyone thoroughly enjoyed. The competition was very close throughout but Wilson got the edge after the obstacle races, followed by Powys, Kennedy and Pigot.

Well done to the three Victrix Ludorum cup winners who were: Sarah Hill (senior), Rachel Johnson (Intermediate) and Charmaine Barrett (Junior).

Thanks go to all the staff who made it such a pleasant and enjoyable afternoon.

Karen Hawthorn



Sports Day

Sports day is always held on a Saturday afternoon in Summer when it is raining. It always rains on Sports days, except of course when it snows instead.

This particular Saturday the morning was sunny bright and clear. By 2 p.m. it was throwing it down.

Diary of events

- 2 p.m. Ambulances arrive to cart away the losers, victims, etc.
- 2.01 p.m. Starts raining.
- 2.02 Rain water gets into loudspeaker system.
- 2.03 Loudspeaker, microphone and amplifier explode killing 3 staff and maiming 2 others who were hiding under the table.
- 20.4 Head asks for silence — particularly from those girls who are rolling about on the floor laughing their heads off.
- 2.05 Girls stop laughing. Headmaster struck by lightning — everyone screams with laughter. Three parents choke on strawberries.
- 2.06 Five girls die of food poisoning — strawberries infected with the plague — price reduced to 20p a dish.
- 2.07 The judge of the javelin event disputes a throw by one of the lower sixth form — he is taken to hospital to have it removed from his foot.
- 2.08 Silver cups fill up with rain water — table collapses onto the music staff sheltering under it — no damage done but staff suffer multiple cuts, cruises, etc.

- 2.09 Sand pit becomes a pond. Two Upper IIs drown in it. Teacher in charge told off for losing the rake when trying to pull them out — rakes are expensive.
- 2.10 Shot putt — Head of Maths dept. struck on head by shot — fortunately it misses his brains by six feet.
- 2.11 Relay race. Games mistress loads starting pistol with live ammo — she shoots 2 of the girls before she can be stopped. Two of the houses are thus disqualified for not having a full team.
- 2.12 One of time judges strangled with his own stop-watch cord by an Upper III.
- 2.13 Rain washes away all of the white lines on the field.
- 2.14 Fathers' race. 2 fathers disqualified for fighting, one other for being drunk. No one knew in which direction to run so everyone declared the Winner.
- 2.15 Liverpool supporters invade the track — repelled by mothers throwing empty bottles of wine.
- 2.16 Army arrives to clear the track — one of their tanks is stolen — head of music suspected as he needs a new vehicle.
- 2.17 Games cancelled — sun comes out again.

A. Kulprit



A. Kulprit



Clubs and Societies

Drama Club

This year the Drama Club has thrived, benefiting greatly from the ideas and experience of Mrs. Coombs, together with the enthusiasm of members from all parts of the school.

At the final assembly of the Autumn Term we presented a Christmas miscellany of poetry, song and drama, (were my eyes deceiving me, or did I really see next year's head girl go up to receive her prefect's badge with greasepaint daubed all over her face?). In the Easter Term we devoted all our energy to the production of "The Importance of Being Earnest", and in the summer we prepared a short programme for some of the Senior Citizens' clubs in the area. The idea for this came from the Matlock District Council, and at the request of the area's physiotherapist we also demonstrated a keep-fit routine designed to keep ageing joints supple and circulations moving, so we hope that our hosts and hostesses will benefit in a practical way from our visits. (After watching Mrs. Coombs in action, I feel the "Green Goddess" will have to look to her laurels).

So we come to the end of a full and varied year, looking forward already to the continuation of our activities in 1984-85.

Patricia Outram

Natural History Society

The Society has had several meetings this year. Its activities have included making bottle gardens using catering-sized salad cream jars from the kitchen, and trying to identify bird calls as a tape was played, with varying degrees of success!

Anne Cooper

Bookshop

This year we have extended Bookshop in two ways, by dealing on a sale-or-return basis with The Wildlife Bookshop, in Bakewell and by opening daily with the help of a team of assistants. Business has thrived and we have made record-breaking sales of a greater variety of books. The library, of course, benefits from the profits on book sales and we all gain much enjoyment from browsing and reading.

Ann Hodgson



Many more girls this year have taken part in the newest school activity — debating — with the introduction of the House Debating Competition, involving girls of all ages from each house. Titles included 'This House prefers Orville to Othello', 'Karl Marx has more to offer than Marks and Spencer' and 'Violence in the defence of liberty is no vice'.

In addition to these internal competitions, members of different years again took part in the County debates. A team of U6 managed to reach the quarter finals — congratulations to all who took part.

This year, a team of four L6 were the first to take part in a speaking competition organised by the Association of Speakers Club, the subject being 'Earth, Fire and Water'. This event was enjoyed by all who took part and although we were narrowly beaten it was by such an entertaining team that we did not mind, and hopefully the experience gained will help us in next year's event.

Finally, well done to all who took part, especially those younger girls, and a big thank you to Mrs. Brook for helping with speeches and calming shattered nerves!!

Elizabeth Woods and Ellen Bone

Other societies which meet regularly include the Computer Club, The Art Club, The Language Club, The Stamp Club and Sketch Club.





The Duke of Edinburgh's Award

Camping this summer has involved nearly 40 girls at Bronze level and a number of animals!

Cows and ponies took a very great interest in the campers at Walton, (too great an interest at times), shire horses kept the Cutthorpe group company and moles were rumoured to be hill building underneath the groundsheets at Whatstandwell.

Some campers suffered sunburn, some were soaked and many eaten alive by visitors of the winged variety; and one group managed to insert House Tennis Matches into the middle of their expedition and still find the energy to entertain the assessors to dinner.

Camping however, is only a small part of the scheme. Girls are also working on various aspects of service, skill and sport. The important thing is to have commitment and determination to work hard over a minimum of two years in order to gain Gold standard — as has been achieved by Sarah Straw — our first School trained 'Gold'.

We would like to offer special thanks to all the staff and parents who have helped in so many ways to make the running of this scheme possible.

Jean Marsden

Our First Gold Medal

I began working for my Gold Duke of Edinburgh's award in December 1982, choosing swimming as my sport and photography as my skill. Photography proved to be great fun and I actually began by making my own pin hole camera.

In January 1983 I joined the British Red Cross Society and after a day's training became a manicurist for Gemon Manor Home for the elderly. The ladies at the home are wonderful; I still go and give them all a manicure each week and will be very sad to leave them in September.

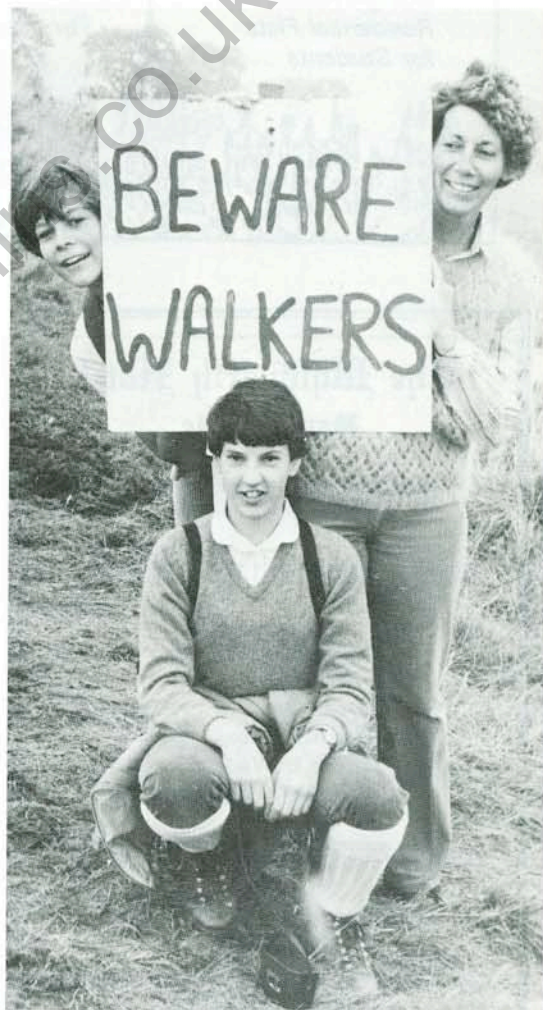
For the Gold Award one is also required to take part in a residential project which involves living away from home. For my project I chose to go to White Hall Outdoor Pursuits Centre, Buxton, where I spent an exciting week abseiling, caving, camping and hiking across Kinder Scout!

For my expedition I joined a group of boys and girls in Yorkshire. We did our 50 mile hike and three nights' camp in Wensleydale and Swakdale.

I have thoroughly enjoyed taking part in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and I would like to see a lot more St. Elphin's girls gain their Gold.

Finally I should like to thank Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Scott-Robinson from the Red Cross, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Soppitt, Mrs. Fearn and everyone else who has helped me to gain my award.

Sarah Straw



The Oxford and County Secretarial College

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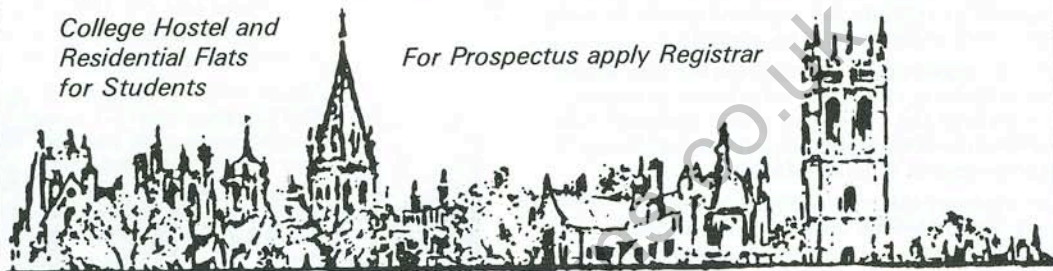
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St. Elphin's though different ages

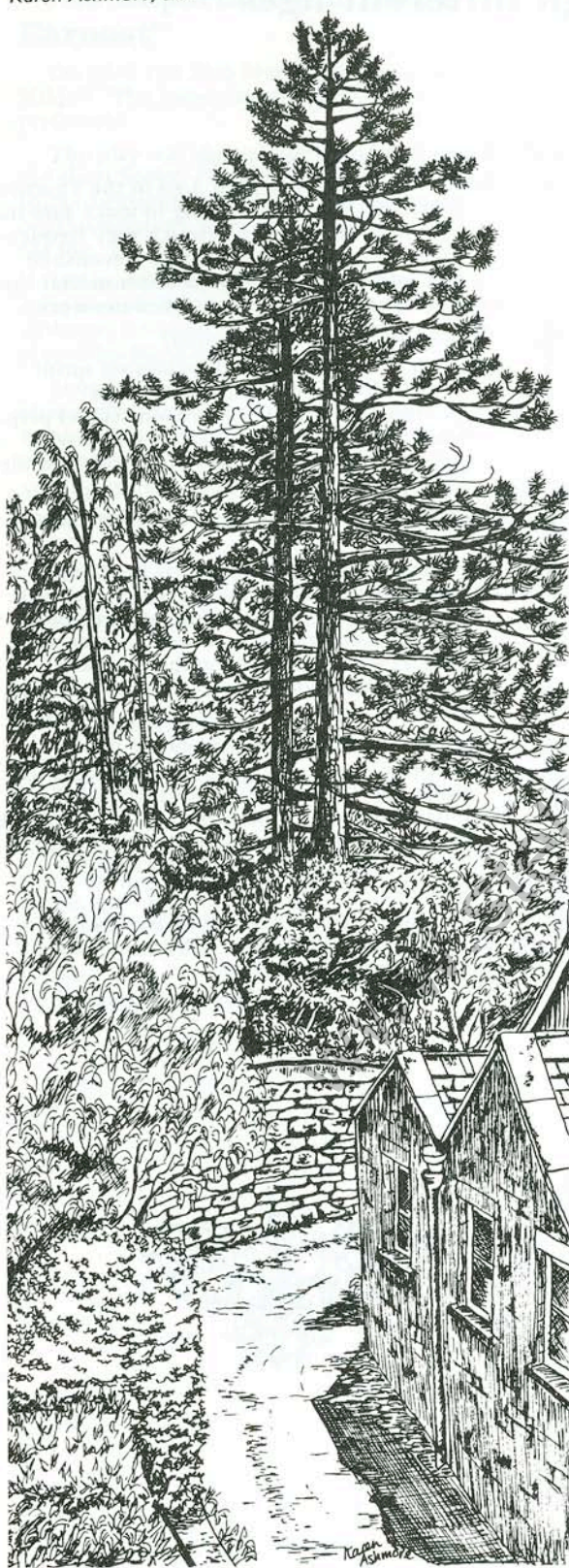
A Day in the Life of the Head Girl

- Q. What time does your day normally begin?
- A. In the winter my day begins at 6.50 a.m. before most of the school has even thought of waking up. In the summer I wake up even earlier.
- Q. What is the first thing you do when you get up?
- A. I usually go next door and wake up 'Doddy' then bang on all the doors upstairs to wake the rest of the house up. Next it's into the bathroom to discuss the day's weather with Melanie. We leave 'Dev.' at 7.30 to go and sort out the pile of fan-mail I receive, which has to be dealt with before breakfast. After breakfast it's a quick dash to front hall to read the horoscopes in all the newspapers to see what's in store for me that day. I then go to see Miss Crook and decide what gruesome punishments to give out to the previous day's offenders.
- Q. Mondays are different aren't they? What happens on a Monday morning?
- A. Monday is assembly. I stand in front hall and watch the school go into the hall and confiscating the odd item here and there. I then collect Mr. Pollard from his office to escort him to the hall. Walking through the ranks I always pray that I won't fall over! With a fear of heights I am always terrified of falling off the stage.
- Q. So after that your day is pretty normal?
- A. Far from it! At break, having crammed as many biscuits into my mouth as possible, I dash into front hall, take up my position on the Fender, and watch the world go by. Lunch is quite a busy time, making sure that all the staff have scorts for lunch, then hoping that some kind soul has saved me a seat.
- Q. Do you have a rest after lunch?
- A. Sometimes I manage to snatch a quick sit-down. Lunch break is often filled with meetings. For instance, I go to food meetings with the Bursar and Mrs. Barnes, to discuss the menus for the week and to put forward suggestions and complaints.
- Things are slightly less hectic in the afternoon until tea-time. In addition to trying to eat my own food at top speed before dashing off to some rehearsal or other, I have to try to stop the rest of the sixth form causing a riot with their bun-fights!
- Q. Do you do many extra activities during prep?
- A. Well I'm in the choral society so I often have practices. I am also part of the school orchestra's renowned percussion section.
- Q. Really? What instrument do you like to play?
- A. I like to play the cymbals (and shot-gun!) in the 1812 overture.
- Q. Where do you do your prep?
- A. Before I start my own prep. I go to the Thornton Block and Hopkins Building to make sure that that everyone is quiet – which they frequently are not! Then I go back to Devonshire and barricade myself in my room so that I'm not disturbed until I've finished my work.
- Q. Do you have a rest after supper?
- A. Well, on Mondays and Wednesdays we sprint back to 'Dev.' after supper to watch "Coronation Street" before our second prep session starts. At nine o'clock it's on with the hot milk for nice cups of chocolate while I plot what I'm going to do the next day.
- Q. What has been your favourite experience whilst in office?
- A. The special festive atmosphere at the Christmas Dinner was moving. I enjoyed it very much. We decided to make it a formal, long-dress occasion. It was the first time I'd ever worn one. It was odd sitting on the top table viewing the school after years of sitting with everyone else.
- Q. What was the thing you disliked the most?
- A. Speech Day, without a doubt. It took ages to think up a witty speech. I was scared that I missed the rest of the speeches. Then when it eventually came to my turn I could hardly stand up because I was shaking so much. Nevertheless everything went well.

We would like to thank our Head Girl, Rachel Gregory, for her hard work this year, and also for allowing us to print this interview.

Melanie Thompson





The Diary of Harriet Swelcombe at St. Elphin's School

Monday

A perfectly beautiful day. Papa brought me in a dog-cart; he handed my box to Mrs. Malcolms, kissed me and left.

After supper I was introduced to the girls; the other new girl is called Millicent Turner. She had short red hair that will not plait. The school rules are that it must be plaited, therefore she has two small pigtails that stick out at right-angles to her head.

After supper, Mrs. Andershon read "The Pilgrim's Progress" to us; then we had to study Luke, Chapter nine, verses 23—28 quietly; but Milly dropped her book with a bang. For a punishment she had to learn three psalms.

Tuesday

The first lesson was Geography, taught with the globes. Mrs. Redwood told me to 'look, learn and inwardly digest.'

Downstairs in the classroom we have gas light; but upstairs we only have candlelight. We each have a pitcher and washbowl by our beds.

Wednesday

In French, Milly (who sits next to me) pinned Victoria Kenning's plait to the back of her chair; when Victoria rose to answer Mme Vernier, she screamed and fell back. Milly whisked out the pin and look angelic.

Thursday

I do declare that Dancing is my favourite lesson by far! I like today; we have elocution and deportment lessons. Food for tea was black gruel and bread. Breakfast was porridge: lunch was cold meat and potato.

Friday

Milly was caned today for spilling ink all over Victoria! Victoria had to go and change her white pinafore too; it was all spotty with ink. Very cold today; there might even be a frost! And in October! I do declare!

Saturday

There was a frost. We had to break the ice on our pitchers and there was not enough water left to brush our teeth!

Milly tore her History Book by accident today; she was sent to Mrs. Malcoms, who said that she really ought to "behave with decorum!" Porridge for breakfast today — burnt and horrible.

Sunday

We had a three-hour service today; we had to remember the text of the sermon. It was "I am the Resurrection and the life", but Milly forgot. She had to learn a psalm for punishment.

Mrs. Redwood said today that I was 'a most diligent pupil'; Papa wrote to me yesterday. I shall write back and repeat the compliment.

Henrietta Makinson, L4A

A Day in My Life

A Member of Staff

Awakened at five a.m. by her climbing on my bed. As soon as I stir she licks my face and asks to be taken out. Stagger into dressing gown, stumble blearily down stairs, walk into sandals, open door onto DAY, DAY!, DAY!! Bask in wet sunshine — "so cool, so calm, so bright." Recall that Herbert is disregarded generally because he wrote religious verse. Pray thanks for another morning. Scramble back up stairs and under duvet. She decides to join me but finds it too hot and pours herself resignedly onto floor. Wall to wall spaniel. Consider day. Work out what preparation has to be done before form time. Decide to discard most as impossible. Think about getting up.

Rise soon after six. Make breakfast, considering why Descartes assumed the separation of mind and body. Burn toast. Climb stairs. Consider advantages of living in bungalow and conversely disadvantages of living in pueblo. Select shirt and tie with eyes closed.

Go over to school. She is in pensive mood, reflectively sniffing. "My dog's got no nose — How does she smell? — Terrible." Would be suitable for a lower four. Make mental note to start collection of age-graded jokes, "The Teacher's Friend."

In school. Go to pigeonhole. Read memos. Mental note to ask writers what note means in order to postpone having to act. Write four friendly ones making positive, cheerful, nagging proposals. Feel better. Prepare pictures of Greek Ships. Where could I get one of Merchant-man? Bible calls them Tarshish-ships, fat bellied and slowmoving, like me. Try to find Upper Four wallet. Go to look at prep. shelf. Only miserable handful of swots have handed theirs in. Thankful that my first headmaster taught me how to mark at high speed. Greet early staff. A. is subdued. B. has hangover. C. had wonderful night. D. is in rush. Go to copy notes. E. is already there. Chat about school (= grumble about girls, governors, head, staff, bursar.) Go to form room. Few girls there. Answer questions about revision. Mark prep and register and give out blast notes, notices, reminders.

Go to chapel. Pray over day. Tell story with funny voices. Choir seem to be listening.

Prepare for first lesson on way to Thornton Block. Have brought wrong material. Suggest to class that they might choose to consider the possibility that they might begin to initiate the start of the commencement. Wander out, muttering darkly.

Consider possibility of teaching in blank verse or alternatively from top of cupboard. Recall lesson given to Lower four from horizontal position. All they remembered was position, not subject.

Shout at class for not doing prep. Spend whole lesson trying to establish connection between doing prep and getting through exam in such a way that brains are irrelevant. Fail. Make note to repeat next time. Form X come in. Does not want to work. Rave and threaten. Punish P, Q and R. Consider the unfairness of punishing them for rules I have made or for being bored with lesson that I teach. Consider school where teachers punished for low exam marks.

Break. Listen to complaint of S about my form in prep. Make not to shout at them. Eat too many biscuits. Decide to pronounce it bixquitts until Thursday. Have pleasant nothing chat with V and W.

Go to room and find form still there. Scream ineffectually as they saunter out like dolphins. Try to write appropriate lyric to Toreador song: "they're never early — they're always late." Consider problem of existence with sixth.

Go to computer. Check over library, sort program.

Lunch: Y takes me into lunch. On table with Z, B etc. Quite cheerful but lower fours a bit shy. E tries to pump me about my social life. F attempts to compose grace in verse. All try to ignore food.

Fetch out notes for p.m. lessons.

Afternoon: Don't feel like teaching. Give test. Tell story to next form. Explain movement to restore Biblical value for PI. Notice that H and J actually understand a problem. Rejoice restrainedly.

Tea: One cup. Teach logic class advantage of material implication over entailment. Wonder if there really is any advantage. Leave and supervise part of prep. Score four sendouts on first run. Form K is idling but taker won't send out. Girl L looks guilty Pounce. Convo illicit book and put in form library.

Home: Welcomed by ecstatic dog. Play. Make bread. Mark half a set. Put on supper. Bath. Decant wine. Check vat. Lay table and ignore TV. Sort books for different libraries and plan shopping. Eat watching TV without sound on. Wash up. Think dreamily about irrigation, obligation and sublimation. Aroused by her demanding last out. Go into garden. Follow her up stairs. Remove her from my bed into basket. Pray thanks. Sleep as if no tomorrow.

James Burgess



My Arrival at St. Elphin's

To begin a different school of the type you have been used to is one thing. To begin a totally "new" school is quite another!

My first day at St. Elphin's was quite frightening (verging on the horrific!) and, possibly to my disadvantage, not in the least as I had expected. I had previously been to a large comprehensive school which had pupils from a number of the surrounding towns, and villages. To put in politely, my old school was . . . let us say . . . "undisciplined". My preliminary visits to St. Elphin's were extremely informative and, after much deliberation, my family and I decided that St. Elphin's was the school at which I would take my 'A' levels.

I arrived, and was allocated my room in "Orchards". I decided that, instead of unpacking all afternoon, I would wander round and find somebody to talk to. My housemistress, Mrs. Pattinson, introduced me to an "old girl" called Alison Woods, and we quickly became friends. Having heard the standard story from the staff I had met earlier, I then had the "inside" story given to me by my new-found friend. I am sure you can imagine the sort of puzzle I was left with; I had the task of making one, accurate story out of the two very different half-stories. Fortunately the answer I came up with was a fairly correct one.

I did say my early visits were enlightening, and so they were; HOWEVER . . . they failed to tell me those small rules, always numerous and varied, which have never been (and will probably never be) written down. This, as could only be expected, gave my housemistress cause for considerable agitation. At times, it even distressed me too!

My initial feelings on arriving for my first day at this school were: confusion at all the rules and regulations; hesitancy, in case I broke any of the aforementioned rules; and that vague strangeness you experience when finding yourself amongst three hundred-and-fifty-odd girls, none of whom you know. These feelings I could dispel in the form of art, but I still find it hard, even after a full year, not being able to escape from everyday life and the people it involves.

It did, in fact, take a whole term before I felt totally settled into St. Elphin's. You would think at all the fuss I have just been making, that I absolutely loathed the place. In actual fact, I like it very much here, and I would even, if suitably provoked, recommend this school to any potential students.

Diana Ramsay

My First Day at St. Elphin's

"Gosh!" I used to think. "Just think next term I'll be in Senior School, it's so big!"

I was terribly nervous, and so many questions kept going through my head. What was the form like? What were the lessons like? What were the teachers like? Were they the hard, strict sort, that glared at you through tiny pairs of gold-rimmed spectacles, and told you off if you sneezed? You could say that I had 'butterflies'!

I soon found out that the teachers were not a bit like that. I also realized that none of my form had been in Senior School before, and so, in a way, we were all new.

I thought that my first night would be terrible, but it really was just like an ordinary night in Junior School. There were some Lower Fours in my dormitory who were willing to show me what to do, and make me feel at home.

So I managed to survive my first day after all!

Sarah Pattinson, U3S



Jane Lam, UVB

St. Elphin's v Cypress Creek High

It's like being in two different worlds; St. Elphin's School and Cypress Creek High, the former being an "only girls" Church of England School situated in the Derbyshire countryside and the latter being a mixed comprehensive school in the midst of the thriving city of Houston, Texas.

The first and most obvious difference between the two schools is in layout. Being in the south, Cypress Creek was built in an open-plan. Large areas of the school were separated only by a thin screen, making it possible to have a chat with someone from the next class. To some people of course, this was an educational hazard. Another, maybe indirect hazard of the schooling system in Houston was the lack of uniform, decided in an attempt to inspire individuality. Instead, the result was a "uniform" consisting of the "right" brand of jeans, tops, jackets, etc. Unlike at St. Elphin's, personal teaching to individual students was made difficult due to the fact that most classes had 30–35 students in them. Another aspect of Cypress Creek which was different was that teachers didn't have a form room where they met with their form; instead they strolled around pushing trolley-like structures which carried all their necessities such as books, marked papers, even students at times!

To accommodate the 3,000 or so students there was an excellent cafeteria available. Unlike the orderly and efficient meal times at St. Elphin's, the meals at Cypress Creek were almost a free-for-all.

Lunch was split up into three periods because of the number of students but the first Lunch periods was nick-named "Brunch Lunch" because it started at 11.20! I remember how surprised I was when we all filed out after meals and of course no one has let me forget how, after the first meal as we walked past Mr. Pollard in front hall, I waved to him joyously calling out "Hi Mr. Pollard!" Somehow I can see how inappropriate that was! Our headmasters or principals as we used to call them, not unlike Mr. Pollard, were kept busy with school activities and preparatory work but unlike Mr. Pollard and because, I assume, they dealt with so many trouble-makers, most of our principals were ex-football or basket-ball coaches!

Academically though, both schools offer excellent opportunities for all types of young people with university potential either in America or England.

Tami Mallion, U5B



An Unusual Relation

Every family has one, and our family is no exception. Our 'unusual' relation is my Great Great Aunt Gwendoline, (or Gwen for short) who has just had her ninety-sixth birthday.

Unusual is just the word for Aunt Gwen, although maybe 'difficult' or 'cantankerous' would be even better. (In case you have not gathered, Aunt Gwen is the family headache). Aunt Gwen, let us be honest, is not very beautiful. Some might call her ugly but not her great great niece here. No, I am prepared to call a spade a spade and not to transform Aunt Gwen into an aged old dear for the sake of the exam, so let us state the facts, simply and clearly; Aunt Gwen, although beloved by us all, looks like a toad. Yes, I am grieved to say that it is true. Maybe it is the way her eyes pop out, or the numerous warts and tufts of hair which sprout from her chin and nose or the way her chins seem to cascade down her front, but, whatever it is, she certainly is the living embodiment of the garden toad as we know it.

Aunt Gwen was always the plain Jane of the family of five (four of whom were daughters). As the first-born her arrival was awaited with great anticipation; unfortunately for Aunt, her mother was bitterly disappointed at having a daughter, and worse still an ugly, bad-tempered, cross-eyed one, and her first words on seeing her infant are reputed to have been "Take it away". It is a matter of great debate in our family as to whether or not it was those words which soured her for life or whether she was just like that anyway.

Poor Aunt Gwen had an awful childhood, with three younger, and very beautiful sisters and one petted and cosseted boy. However, as my father said "That's no reason to take it out on us." She took a great deal of satisfaction in the fact that they all "went to the bad" except her, who, for some obscure reason became the first woman Irish social worker. My great-grandmother (G.G.) gambled all her money away, Sylvia, the next eldest, had a suspicious 'lady-friend', Olga went mad (and how!) and the pride and joy of the family, the only son is never referred too, although I did find out that he emigrated to Australia.

Every year the family used to meet at London and have a good quarrel. I know this because my Grandfather, then about ten, was chaperoned by Sylvia's suspicious 'friend' around London after he had first been dragged there, screaming and kicking.

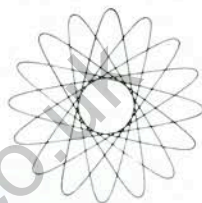
Right, enough of reminiscing and on with Aunt Gwen.

At ninety-six Aunt Gwen is in a pretty decrepit state body-wise. Mentally she is as sound as she ever has been. She is confined to her wheelchair, is half deaf, half blind and half anything else you would care to mention. She also has a wig. I only found that out a few weeks ago. Thankfully she lives in Ireland so I have not seen her for about seven years, although Mother went to see her a few months ago. How do I know what she looks like then? I hear you ask, Mother's graphic accounts of her stay, is the answer.

The family bear under the considerable strain of Aunt Gwen well. They take out their frustration with

Aunt Gwen on their various off-spring who in turn take it out on the dog or cat, and make rude comments about her. In their heart of heart of hearts no-one can really dislike Aunt Gwen. She may be cantankerous, snipey, a pain in the neck, bad-tempered, bossy, pernicious and stubborn, she may have a sense of humour which died the day she was born but at least she is . . . honest and lovable in an unlovable kind of way.

Katherine Walters, U4A



Thoughts

There they sit
Prisoners of conscience,
Best to be forgotten
14 snow-white heads bent,
Some playing cards
Some knitting gramants for
Beloved grandchildren, never seen,
Others listening to music,
Each waiting for death's knock,
Some afraid, some bitter.
Memories fill this peaceful, still, cage,
Death's waiting room,
Some afraid, some glad of death.

The bell ring,
14 heads lift, 14 hearts pound,
Visitors!?
A thrill of excitement runs round the room
Hope vibrates For me???

But no,
Only the milk boy came for his money.
Money?
What does it matter?
What does anything matter?
Cards are picked up, games resumed
Despair sets in like a heavy, black mist.

14 snow-white heads bent . . . waiting.

Louisa Adamson, U4A

Waking Up Early

As I wake up I hear the birds singing, as if to welcome the morning sun. The light reflects on the wall, and patterns dance like ballerinas as the leaves of the horse chestnut tree rustle and wave in the gleaming sun. The light comes creeping round the door casting shadows into every corner. As the great tree waves its numerous fingers, I wrestle with the thought of getting up.

Soon I am dressed and on my way downstairs. Every creak seems ten times louder in the sleeping house. Everything is peaceful, fresh and new, and it is only the groaning of the stairs that disturbs the new born day. The house is sleeping, people are sleeping, but somewhere I sense that something is awake. I go into the kitchen and look out of the window. There is the milkman delivering his goods. Stray dogs follow him, in hope of a scrap.

The fridge starts up, snatching my from my thoughts. I cross the room and hear voices in the street. People are up. The world is waking. I hear a noise overhead. An aeroplane flies high above me. I hear a voice in the house and now I know the day has really begun, and all that is to follow is the hustle and bustle of any other day.

Elizabeth Astill, L4A



Arabella Smallman, LVB

Cold

Outside it is very silent,
The icicles glisten in the sun,
The trees are white with frost,
Oh Winter has just begun!

It is very cold, but bright,
My nose and cheeks are red,
My feet and fingers almost numb,
I wish I was in bed!

Claire Pritchard, FII



The Tide

As I was standing on the beach,
Staring out to sea,
Chasing up the beach
A wave came after me.

It touched me so that I was "on",
I chased it down again,
The sea was much too quick for me,
So I gave up the game.

Nicola Allen, Form II

Smells

In Springtime I like best of all
The daffodils, swaying to and fro.
And crocuses and hyacinths
The smells I do adore.

The smells of Summer I like so much
Are the roses, pink and white,
The strawberries, red as red can be,
And the grass that's just been cut.

The Autumn smells are apples green,
And damsons, by the dozen
Then blackberries, Oh! how they stain
When Mum is making jelly.

The smell that means the most to me
At Christmas, is the Christmas tree.
And then the turkey, golden brown,
Next comes the roast potatoes.

Hazel Macmaster, LIII

From Putty Hill to Slack End

I live in the beautiful Derbyshire Peak District. High, it is well over a thousand feet, it is a limestone area — the vast majority of the stone in the area is the strong, white rock limestone. Mainly used for building in previous centuries, it's main industrial use now is for limestone dust, a constituent of cement. The rock is still used for building, but being so hard, it is very difficult to 'dress' — shape — and with labour costs rising, many of the small quarries around Derbyshire are now closed down.

Several of these small quarries are situated just under two miles from our house; a series of open-cast excavations into the steep hillside known as Putty Hill curving round into Priestcliffe Slack. Putty Hill is wooded, but this tree cover thins to brambles and then, on 'the Slack' itself, the hillside is a sheep-cropped pasture. Such variation of country within a mile, typical of the Peak District, provides homes for an extensive range of flora and fauna.

Because of this, the area was fenced off as a nature reserve with the best of intentions, but much to the indignation of we local inhabitants, who are not such yokels as not to appreciate the delights of the old quarry. The 'reservists' soon discovered that the plants did not grow so well after enclosure — and were much perturbed. They eventually realised it was because the land was no longer grazed; animals' grazing of the area had been one reason for the survival of so many plants. The nature reserve was opened for grazing, and there is now a concession footpath running through.

The Putty Hill end of the quarry is quite densely wooded. No foreign conifers here; slim birch, gnarled thorn and prodigiously leafed horse-chestnuts intertwine their roots under a soft rustling duvet of dead leaves, on the steeply sloping wood floor a profusion of wild flowers grows throughout the year.

My mother thinks these woods most beautiful in spring, when fragile slender white wood anemones seem scattered over the entire ground, and the exuberant shining yellow of rosette-leaved winter celandines bursts from a surprise patch of sunlight at the passing walker. The blackthorns in the scrubby land are white with blossom, and the winter bare hillside gently shimmers with the wick green of spring.

I prefer the summer, busy yet peaceful, when early on, delicate bluebells replace the ivory anemones, foxgloves nod in the patterned green horse-chestnut shade, and (for North Derbyshire is behind the rest of the country because of its height) the May blooms. Wild strawberries, well suited to the scrubland of the quarry, thrive. Dog roses, holding forth from the rock face, spread their silky, pink message far and wide. Dead nettles, their red and white flowers in dripping clusters surround greyed outcrops and interspersed among them, the blue, hairy-stemmed scabious stretches skywards; and the whole mass looks like an old faded union jack. In the meadows around the Slack end of the quarry, the tranquil blue of cranesbill blends against the grey walls where yellow lichens and red-tinged white stonecrop precariously cling to a carefree life. The meadow looks an impure spectrum where colour changes are unclear, so profuse are the

mingling miles. This collusion temptingly demands further attention. On examination, they are classified as Lady's Smock, Egg and Bacon or Eyebright, all growing no higher than the bright cropped grass.

In later summer, the quarries are like hidden gardens. The entrances barred by blackberry bushes, thick and heavy with succulent fruit, and inside, a panorama of colour meets the eye. Pink flowers and crimson stems of ragged robin crisscross the rockface, sunny yellow flowers and shiny green of Biting Stonecrop pour out of crevices in the rock. Along the foot of the cliff, and in fallen boulders, golden and green patterns of bachelor's button are woven, and the fresh blue of forget-me-not still shows next to its rarer, and deeper blue cousin, the alpine variety. Comfrey, well known locally for its healing properties, is often gathered here; distinguished by its broad hairy leaves contrasting with its delicate clusters of dangling flowers — pink, white or purple. On the top edge of the cliff, rockroses straggle along, their shrubby forms making the skyline uneven and ragged yet gilding it with their blossoms.

Wandering through the quarries, I often discover hidden treasures. Shade-loving early purple orchids, concealed in a hollow dip in the meadow, clustered in the brambles, or carpeting the wood floor with their opulent, richer-than-axminster shades of purple. Folklore has it that its potted leaves are stained with Christ's blood — this orchid was said to have grown at the foot of the cross.

The quarry — from Putty Hill to Slack end — is a source of refreshment for all who visit it. Quite literally — many a picnic has been improved by the addition of fresh wild strawberries or ripened juicy blackberries. Many would emphasize the reviving performed by the healing plants; comfrey, meadow-sweet, ragged robin — the list is long. But I would say that another refreshment, much more difficult to describe, is bestowed by this place. I could spend days here; just watching animals, observing plants ro lying on my back soaking in the stillness and tranquillity. This is the most effective tonic. Viewing comfrey, not poulticing it, lying among meadow-sweet, not eating it, serves me better. In this beautiful, remote, exuberant yet withdrawn place, I find quiet and peace.

Lucy Makinson, UVA



Jive Talk

Something is giving me some jip — something is troubling me.

Let's have a jive — may we listen to this music.

Let's have a butchers — may we see it.

Smart! — an exclamation of approval

It's a right doss! — oh what excellent fun!

To spark up — to light one's cigarette,

To be in a bait } when one cannot control one's temper.

To take the rip — a way of amusing oneself at another's expense.

Splat job — I have made a mess of that (exams, sport, etc.)

A neshite — some one who cannot bear the cold.

Let's have a perk — when one wants the kettle on for coffee.

Let's have a brew — when one wants the kettle on for tea.

To get canned up — the result of too much alcohol!

To flake out } the effect of one of too much exercise.

To crash out } to have a rest

What a fit bit! — a species of the male sex approved of by the female sex.

What a fit bod! — the appearance of a male who is found appealing by the female.

It's wreckin — something is giving me extreme pain.

To suss something out — to work something out.

Jacked in! — rather tired!

To have a rekkie — when one explores a place.

It's a rip off — when one is given a bad deal.

To neb about something — to complain.

Right up the creek! — expression used when one is in trouble.

Paaang! — expression used when one needs help.

To be cracked on — feelings for someone special.

Prig/prog/prol — a rather stupid person.

A wilting violet — hypochondriac.

An Alkie — a person who likes alcohol.

A druggie — one who is on drugs.

Straight up! — exclamation used when one is telling the truth.

It's parky — when the weather is rather cold.

Well out of the ball game — when one has no chance of succeeding.

Up the dove — when one is in the family way.

Jane Bennett, Karen Hawthorn and Ellen Bone



'I hope never to go there again'

"Are you coming?" Mum's voice travelled up the stairs and I answered "Yes!" and ran down.

"Where are we actually going?" demanded James.

"You'll see — don't be impatient — you know your father always choose somewhere nice."

"What about — ?"

"Yes, except for the day when he chose to go to that park that was closed for half the year — but then he never does read the small print . . ."

At last, armed with impedimenta typical of their own characters: James a bag of sticky boiled sweets, Gran her newspapers and reading glasses. Mum several kagoules in case of rain in July, and I had nothing except books and the picnic that we carried to the boot, we set off on our Sunday drive. The journey took two hours, stopping a few times to buy drinks, sweets or petrol, and eventually we arrived at Chelmorton Park. "Off you go, kids, your Mum and I want to sunbathe for an hour or two."

James immediately tore off to the west, having got wind of an adventure playground that way. I decided to do some exploring . . .

The cave was set at the foot of the hill; it was a very small, dark cave, and I don't suppose I would have even noticed it had I not followed the sign that said "Nature Trail this way."

Looking round quickly to see if anyone was watching, I crawled in on hands and knees. It was a tight fit, and just as I began to feel claustrophobic, the tunnel widened and I crouched down, listening.

At first I thought it must be my imagination. But then I realised there actually were voices; varied voices, discussing voices.

I caught argumentative phrases, like "Well it doesn't matter what YOU think," and "I think we should," but I never made out what the real gist of the matter was.

I decided to investigate.

I crept along until I came to a part where I could stand up, and climbed up a sandy bank to a hole. Through this hole I saw something that I shall never forget. There were about a dozen men and women round a table, as different and individual as people could be.

I gazed down at them in amazement. I was much higher than they were, and there was a wooden ladder running down the wall just below me. By the sound of it, their views were varied and individual, too.

I was just enjoying a heated discussion between a tall, old man dressed in white, and a pretty lady with a peach-coloured dress on, when all the talking stopped. Every pair of eyes was fixed on me. There was dead silence in the room.

"So", said the old man in white, not unkindly, "A young mortal from the world of men has perceived a noise and witnessed the gathering of the months."

His tired old voice echoed round the still room. I was very confused. What could he mean? Who were

these people? Where was I?

"Welcome," he said. "Climb down, and join us in a drink."

"Yes welcome", eleven voices echoed him, and as I climbed down the ladder, I heard murmurings and whispers. But when I reached the ground and turned round to face the strange fathering, there was dead silence again.

"Sit down", said the pretty lady in peach, beckoning me to a small stool, in between her and a tall young man resplendent in oranges, rusts and mustards. He had fruit embroidered on his waistcoat and had chestnut hair. Later I learned his name was October.

The old man called December poured me a drink, and I lifted my glass with the others.

"To a conclusion," they said solemnly.

"You see — " said December.

"We've called a meeting — " said October.

"You could help us", said a lady with a flowered dress and sandals, called June.

"It's about us, the months," said the peached-coloured lady, called May.

"We must decide," said a tall lady with white hair and a sparkling white dress, called January.

"Who to abolish," said a lady with blonde hair and a rose coloured dress, called July.

"Well, not exactly," said a solemn old man, softly. He had steel grey hair, and a straight grey suit. He was called November.

"Just two of us," added a young girl with Auburn hair and a green dress, called August.

"It wasn't our idea, you see," smiled a quiet lady with a pale blue dress, called February.

"Mother Nature's" informed a tall young man with a dark blue suit and bright blue eyes, March.

"I think it's silly, really" giggled a girl with a cornflower blue suit, April.

"Do you think you could help us choose?" questioned a bright young man with a tan-coloured suit and twinkling eyes, September.

By this time I was completely dumbfounded. To abolish two months? I couldn't believe it. And here they were, in person, enquiring whether I would choose with them!

I didn't want to abolish any of the months, really. It all seemed so unreal, so eerie. I wanted to get away from this decision, not to have the burden put upon me to make the choices . . .

"Wake up, for goodness sake!" I heard an impatient voice shout in my ear. It was James.

"Winter?" I questioned, not quite awake yet.

"Winter?? What are you talking about? Have you been dreaming?" he demanded.

"No-o. At least . . ."

"Anyway, do you want an ice cream or not? It's a wonder you didn't get sunstroke lying there for two hours outside that old cave. I thought you were meant to be exploring?"

"Well . . . you run on ahead. I'll have a choc ice."

I put my ear to the hold in front of the cave. I thought I heard a voice say. "August and November, shall it be then?" and hastily ran down the slope to catch James up.

As I climbed into the car, I though drowsily, "Well, however good at choosing picnic spots Dad is, I hope never to go there again!!"

Imogen Turner, U4A



Another way to cheer myself up when I am sad is to read a book. I lose myself in someone else's life and forget my own troubles.

I also prize being young. I am healthy, fit and 'bouncy', I can move, and I enjoy these things because I know that they cannot last forever. When they leave me, and I am old or ill, other things which I cannot see at the moment, might come, and keep my spirits up, but I still prize them.

I also prize writing. There are some things which I want people to know, but cannot tell them, because to voice my own fears or inner feeling, might sound childish or petty to them. The solution is to write it down. When something is written down, it sounds different because the person who reads it, reads it as they would say it, and this can make the 'world of difference'.

Even if the person is a school-friend, it does not matter, because a letter can be saved and reread until the reader understands it fully and is satisfied.

Above all these things, I prize one place, which means something to me different from most other people. The place is St. Elphin's.

Emma Thompson, U4A

The Things I Prize Most in My Life

I prize a number of things, all of which are basic ingredients of happiness.

The first is my freedom. I am allowed to choose what I want to do, I am not forced into decisions which I do not want to make.

People are kind to me. My family listen to my views and opinions, and share their own with me. My friends mean a great deal to me. I seem to get on with people of all ages. I spend most of my breaks at school with someone who is not in my form. She is older than me, but we laugh and talk, and at night when I am remembering the day, I feel warm inside, and happy.

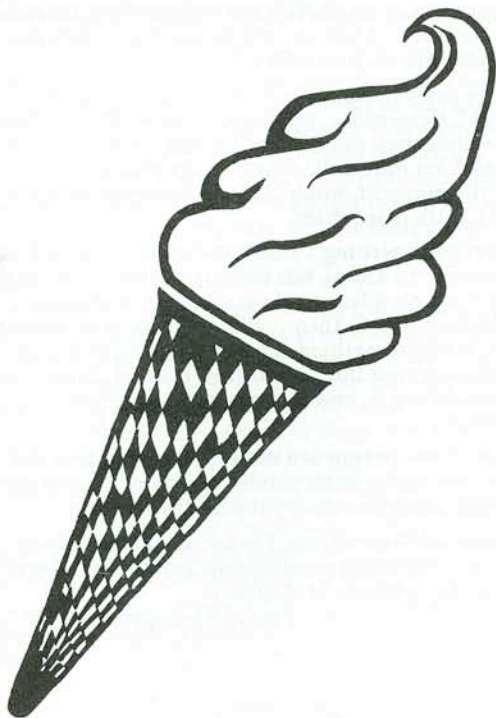
Laughing and talking are simple things to do, but they have qualities which can mean a lot to people. It can alter the atmosphere of a group of people if one person sulks, among happy, cheerful people. It can dampen their feelings and cause upsets. Cheerful people are always in demand!

I prize my bedroom. It is mine and mine only. When I am in it I can forget the whole world, and just think to myself, in private. All my belongings are in my bedroom. It holds books, paper, toys, records, as well as thoughts and ideas, which I keep to myself, because only I am unable to understand them fully.

I love playing the piano. When I am sad, and I play the piano, it soothes me and I calm down and cheer up. When I am happy, people know because I play jolly pieces, which unconsciously convey my feelings to them.



Sarah Walker, U3E



Arabella Smallman, LVB

The possession I prize most of all is my cross and chain, which I hardly ever take off. It was given to me by my Nan, who, although the age difference between us is enormous, is really my best friend. She helps me in everything I do, and she has been the main influence on my character throughout the twelve years of my life. The cross and chain, although she has given me a lot of things, is the only thing that I can have all the time to remind me of her.

Some other possessions I value greatly are my watch, which never (touch wood) goes wrong, my collection of records and tapes, my 'Kajagoogoo' posters and a teddy bear which I have had since I was born.

The one thing, if I had it, that I would value above all my other possessions, would be a signed photograph of Nick Beggs, or one of the beads out of his hair.

Fiona Outram, U4A

The Things I Prize Most in My Life

The one thing that comes above all others in my life, is my family, because I am part of it, and it is part of me. Also I know that, if I am unhappy or ill, the one place in which I know I will be looked after and cared for is my home, which is, in a sense, my family. I think of my home as the place where I live, and my family; not just as a pile of bricks and slate slapped together with cement. To me, my home is the one place where I can never be harmed. It is, I suppose, a kind of sanctuary.

Another thing that matters to me a lot, is friendship, between me, my friends and my family. To be able to care for someone, as I care for my mother, you have to know them as a person, a friend, as well as the illusion young children get; a person in whose company one cannot be harmed.

I also value my school very much. It has taught me how to behave, how to read, write, and above all how to be part of a community, where really, everyone depends on everyone else, although some people pretend to be loners who don't seem to want friendship or help.



Helen Waddingham, LVB

The Tunnel

The last thing I remember before the tunnel was a screech of brakes, a sharp pain, then nothing, except for pain. Not a pain that went and came, differing in its intensities, but a sharp pain that bore inside of my head, never ending, engulfing the whole of me, so that I was pain. This pain seemed to last for ever and at that time I thought that it was the worst thing that could happen. But, when the pain lapsed, noise leapt into the gap, as if it had been waiting for its chance. A shrill, high pitched sound from which there was no escape, except to succumb to it. When I gave in to the sound I found another noise, a deep, low throbbing which carried me along as if on waves. I was in the tunnel. The tunnel was dark and made me want to sleep, but I knew that if I slept, I would never wake up, but that I would go back to noise and to pain, then through to somewhere beyond them. This I did not want, I was not ready for, so I clung firmly onto wakefulness, onto life. The next stage of my journey was life, my life. The tunnel showed me pictures of myself, not happy pictures but sad, depressing ones, making me want to stop trying to get back to them but to let go of Life and go into darkness. This I would not do; I loved life.

The hardest time to hang on to the thin strand that was Life was the middle of the tunnel. A kaleidoscope of spinning, whizzing, bright piercing colours, threw me round, making me dizzy and tired, ready to give up, to throw away my life. But then, in the midst of the bright oranges, greens and pinks, I saw a pale yellow which seemed to be drawing me on, and out of the whirling mass. I took a firmer hold onto Life and gradually the whirling became less and I thought I heard a voice saying, "Come on, hold on." Then there was darkness.

The darkness was nothingness, the part of my life not yet lived. I nearly lost the thread in the many different paths my life had yet to take, but I found it again and kept a firm hold. Then, at the end of darkness I found light. The yellow spot grew bigger, leading me faster and faster through the tunnel, through many faces and voices which suddenly burst upon me in a confusion of light and noise. I looked up and saw a familiar face and I knew that I had come to the light of life at the end of the tunnel of Death.

Rachel Johnson, U4A



"The Stork taking Physic". Wood engraving.
15th Century

Poem for Peace

In the dark all men wear grey.
Fear, I often find, is colourless.
But at tea, the vicar,
furious in black and white
stopped the clocks —
he has his answer.
But not mine. Youthful hours that fleet away
are not unlimited when unmarked.
I told him so, but I don't think
he heard me — the vicar is slightly
deaf you know.
I stepped outside, and walked
in a war of cemeteries.
Death is too vicious, too cunning.
It waited for you to surrender your
yet unwearied body to its ancient
bed.
The photograph of you is wet
that watches over your grave.
The polythene that encloses it
has torn about the nails,
which have rusted.
The pot stands halfway down,
but only one flower wilts in it,
which longs itself for the cool
of the dark earth.
Your name swells with the snow,
melts with the spring,
and sometimes a swastika
props up your back.
You have changed;
your once mountainous grave
is flat, and the sight of it
is no longer such a struggle to me.
When it received you, the
earth was swollen by your presence.
But its sickness is cooled.
It too has forgotten you

Towards the end of the autumn term Mrs. Brook came to me with a leaflet advertising a 'Poem for peace' competition. The entries had to be in the following morning and, as I was the only person to enter, Mrs. Hodgson kindly provided the fifty pence entry fee. Then I forgot all about it, until the Easter term when a letter arrived to tell me I had won second prize and would I and my family attend a buffet and prize giving in the Quaker Meeting House in Sheffield. Certainly we would. Free food always appeals to us, though had I known I would have to read the poem out I might have thought otherwise. But we went, had a sumptuous meal in a grand hall and returned home with a cheque and trophy. My first earnings as a writer! The poem should, one day, be published in an anthology, so I quite expect you all to buy a copy! I would like to thank Mrs. Hodgson and Mrs. Brook for entering me.

Rosemary Watt-Wyness, U5A

La journée du chauffeur de taxi

Une Dame à l'air riche; elle porte un manteau de vison, et une rivière de diamants.

La Dame Taxi, Taxi.
 Le Chauffeur Oui Madame, vous voulez aller où?
 La Dame Nulle part, mais suivez cette voiture.
 Le Chauffeur Laquelle?
 La Dame Là, la Renault blanche, vite, vite: je suis pressée.
 Une minute plus tard, quand le chauffeur l'a rattrapée.
 Le Chauffeur Madame, mais pourquoi est-ce que vous voulez suivre cette voiture? C'est une voiture normale, n'est-ce pas?
 La Dame Non, c'est une voiture volée, et le conducteur est un meurtrier!
 Le Chauffeur Il est très dangereux de suivre une voiture, surtout quand le conducteur est un meurtrier!
 La Dame Ah, vous ne comprenez pas, je suis une détective anglaise, de M.I.5!
 Le Chauffeur Vous parlez bien français.
 La Dame Oui, je suppose, mais regardez la voiture tout le temps.
 La Dame La voiture s'est arrêtée. Arrêtez-vous ici. Devant la boulangerie.
 La Chauffeur D'accord, Madame.
 La Dame Nous attendrons une minute puis nous suivrons les meurtriers!
 Le Chauffeur Je suis seulement chauffeur de taxi!
 La Dame Je vous protégerai.
 La Dame Suivez-moi. Vous avez peur?
 Le Chauffeur Moi? Mais non.
 Pendant une demi-heure ils les ont suivis. Puis les hommes les ont vus, et ils ont couru.
 La Dame Courez Monsieur!
 Le Chauffeur Oui, Madame,
 Et ils les ont poursuivis par les rues de Paris. Soudain la femme s'est arrêtée.
 La Dame Monsieur, vous devez téléphoner à la police, au revoir et bonne chance.
 Le Chauffeur La Police? Je me présente, Monsieur Dupont. Je suis dans la rue des Haudriettes, où Mademoiselle Sylvie, 101 la détective anglaise a suivi des meurtriers. Mais elle a besoin d'aide. Maintenant!
 La Police Oui, Oui. Ah, merci. Nous arrivons immédiatement.
 Le Chauffeur a attendu trois minutes.
 L'agent Ils sont ici? Dans cette rue?
 Le Chauffeur Mais oui, monsieur. J'espère qu'elle sera saine et sauve.
 L'agent Venez avec moi, monsieur, s'il vous plaît.
 Le Chauffeur Oui monsieur.

L'Agent Vous dites qu'elle a disparu au coin de la rue.
 Le Chauffeur Oui, ça c'est vrai.
 Deux minutes plus tard . . .
 Le Chauffeur Eh, Monsieur, Elle est là, elle a attrapé les meurtriers.
 L'Agent Mademoiselle Sylvie, Mademoiselle. Vous n'êtes pas blessée?
 La Dame Mais bien sûr que non, c'était facile. J'ai attrapé les meurtriers avec mon revolver. Et vous monsieur Dupont, vous serez un héros. Vous êtes marié?
 Le Chauffeur Oui?
 La Dame Voilà mon manteau de vison pour votre femme, et je vous donnerai cinq cents francs!
 Le Chauffeur Ah, mais non mademoiselle.
 La Dame Si, j'insiste.
 Le Chauffeur Merci, merci beaucoup.
 Finola Doyle, L5A



The Magic of Water!

What would we do without the sparkling liquid – water?

It bubbles and curves – it's a liquid of pleasure. We do not fight over water; it's so innocent. Only if we tease it with foolishness does it seem to be our enemy.

Think of the pleasure you have by a river, or the sea. The excitement of trying to stop it with a dam or by catching it by a moat. It does not turn and fight for revenge. The splashing and gurgling of delight come from children as they play in the fascinating liquid of joy!

It cools you, cleanses you, refreshes you – it's part of our life, part of our world.

Where would we be without water?

Susie Peel, L4A

Le Kidnapping

'Au Revoir'! ont dit la mère et le père d'Ingrid.

'Au revoir'! a dit Ingrid.

Elle retournait au Lycée Montaigne après une semaine de congé parce qu'elle avait attrapé un rhume, et elle avait de la fièvre, et elle toussait et éternuait, mais elle s'est vite rétablie et elle était en pleine forme pour retourner à l'école. Elle a dit au proviseur, Monsieur Bernard Gaby, qu'elle voudrait entrer en première pour préparer des examens au niveau avancé. Après son cours de chimie cet après-midi-là, Ingrid est allée attendre sa mère, juste devant l'entrée de l'école; soudain elle a vu un homme dans une voiture verte, il la regardait.

Elle était sur le point d'entrer à l'école quand un homme au pullover jaune a saisi Ingrid par le bras, et il a obligé Ingrid à monter dans la voiture. Ingrid a crié au secours mais on ne l'a pas entendue. Alors avec un chiffon de chloroforme il a mis sa main sur sa bouche. Quand Ingrid s'est réveillée, elle a trouvé qu'elle était dans une maison avec des volets fermés, dans l'obscurité. Elle a crié au secours mais elle était bâillonnée pour étouffer ses cris. Soudain les kidnappeurs sont entrés dans la pièce. "Tu te lèves, tu vois ma petite, nous serons riches," a dit le ravisseur.

"Je veux rentrer à la maison"! a crié Ingrid.

"Ferme-la, tu es notre otage, tu iras à la maison quand nous aurons l'argent de la rançon," a dit le complice.

Quand les deux hommes sont sortis, Ingrid s'est assise et a commencé à penser. Alors elle a ouvert les volets et la fenêtre, elle a vu un jeune homme et elle a eu une idée.

"Jeune homme! Regardez-là! Regardez au troisième étage."

Elle a pris le journal et elle l'a lancé par la fenêtre.

"Lisez!" a-t-elle crié.

Le jeune homme qui s'appelait Roussel a lu le journal,

"Kidnappeurs demandent dix millions de francs!"

"C'est moi qu'ils ont enlevée!" a dit Ingrid.

Le jeune homme est allé à une cabine téléphoner à la police. Peu de temps après Ingrid a été libérée et les ravisseurs ont été arrêtés.

"Roussel, nous vous sommes bien obligés. Nous vous remercions," ont dit les parents. "Voici mille francs de récompense".

Susan Moukarim, LVA



*A doctor of the 15th Century
engraved in Paris, 1488*



Helen Sales, LIVA

The Hunt

The fox stood, tensed, one white paw raised. The wind ruffled his red fur and his nose and whiskers twitched as he caught the scents of the nearby woodland on the wind. He felt the drumming of hooves beneath his pads, he could hear, in the far distance, the baying of hounds and a huntsman's cry.

Suddenly, his head snapped round. He listened intently for that sound again, the tiny glimpse of red he had seen. There. He heard it, his vixen, warning him, come home, come back to the den. And he knew she would lead him home.

He was off. Never had he felt it so long before running than today, and he could hear the baying of hounds just over the crest of the hill.

"Where, where", he inwardly called to his mate, and then he heard the whine; "here, here come to the water!" He ran for all he was worth to reach the water he could sense it, smell it. A silver gleam between those two trees, a brook, a crystal stream ran in front of him.

He leapt from rock to rock, down to the glistening water. Slipping on smooth pebbles and weed, he scrambled upstream, ever listening for his vixen's cry. "come home. Follow me!"

Downstream he could hear the thunder of hooves. He leapt up the muddy bank and raced across the heath. In the far distance he glimpsed a trace of red, his mate. The flick of her tail cried out to him "Run! Run!" The flash of white paws called out "Follow! Come home!" And he ran, following her beckoning howl, her encouraging bark.

"Ho, down! Ho, Down!" cried the huntsman, and the fox heard. The yapping of the hounds became more frenzied. They had picked up his scent again. He ran for his mate, for the den, for the five, fluffy cubs underground . . .

A tree. Another. A fallen log. A wood! Now where? Help me, my mate! Where?

Run, run! Follow! Jump the fallen tree, pass the dead tree, run, to the very end of the wood!

The fox did run. She was calling him, but he couldn't see her through the trees! Oh, my vixen, don't leave me! Where are you? His steps were slowing. He felt the pounding hooves, the baying, the shouts, a triumphant blast on the hunter's horn. Daylight through those two trees . . . the end of the wood . . . a bramble bushes' thorns tugged at his fur, a rabbits' hole tripped him, but he was out of the wood. Vixen, vixen! My mate! There you are! His heart soared. There she was standing alertly on the crest of the hill! He strained to reach her, and they were running together, vixen and mate, striving to reach the den. Like two streaks of red, they leapt down into the safe, warm earth. Safe at last, with the cubs.

"Back! Back down!" called the huntmaster. "Drat. The damned thing's gone."

But the vixen and her mate were safe, home.

Suzy Jones, L4A

The Puppy and the Snow

The puppy's eyes are round as saucers.
The snow is falling down.
The puppy runs out side to sniff the cooling air,
She licks her left paw
And then her right,
And standing out in the cold,
She looks right up in the sky,
And rolls up in the snow.
When the snow is falling down,
She catches flakes in her mouth.
She jumps about and licks the ground.
Then goes back into the house.

Anthea Osammor, Form II



No more to
be said.

Except....
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Old Girls Section

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Bolton-le-Sands
Cainforth, Lincs.

Dear fellow members.

From letters I have received, it seems that the News letter sent to each member in November is popular, so I hope it will continue now that its 3-year trial period is ended. This will be decided at the A.G.M. to be held during the Reunion at St. Elphins on September 22nd.

If you have not already done so, you can get details and an application form *from me*, although the event is being organised by Siân Davies, to whom I am very grateful.

We shall be glad to welcome you to what is always a very enjoyable day. (Non-members are also welcome, but do not attend the A.G.M.).

Although the News Letter keeps us in touch with each other, it is the Magazine which keeps us in touch with St. Elphins, and I am very glad that a large number of you continue to buy it.

With best wishes
Yours sincerely
Eileen S. Smart

Reunion September, 18th 1983

This year's Reunion, held at St. Elphin's on September 18th, had the added attraction of a Hockey Match in the afternoon. We all enjoyed it — whether we played or watched. It was a welcome return to a former custom. Unfortunately — but not surprisingly — the Old Girls didn't win (but we did manage one goal!)

In the morning, after coffee, the A.G.M. of the Guild was held, at which our President, Mr. Pollard, took the Chair, and to which we were pleased that our Vice-President, Miss P. M. Robinson, had been able to come.

The meeting began with Prayers, and remembrance of those Old Girls who had died during the year, after which the Minutes of the last meeting were read and passed, and the Treasurer presented her Balance Sheet and Report.

It was decided (after having been proposed by Lady Osmond (Sybil Wells) and seconded by Vera Hoole (Murdoch) that interest from money in the Building Society should be left there and allowed to accrue.

There had been little work for the 12 "information contacts" to do — in fact none of them who were at

the meeting had received a single enquiry. It was felt, therefore, that there was no point in spending time and money on writing to find 12 others willing to act in their stead. The list, therefore, remains as last year.

Mr. Pollard then gave us his report on what had been happening at the School since our last meeting — which you can read in his very interesting letter included here.

He also told us that a Video of the School had been produced which can be bought or borrowed to use for publicity. Many of us took the opportunity of watching it later and thought it was very good.

Thanks to Col. Hobbs and the domestic staff of the School we and our families enjoyed the usual excellent lunch, and then, during the afternoon, we were able to divide our time between exploring the School and its new buildings, watching the match, or the video, or just talking.

It was sad not to have Miss Helen Thompson with us at Evensong. Except for the few occasions when she has not been well, or has had a wedding service to play for at her own Church, she has played the organ for us at Reunions for many years. Since she retired from the Staff of St. Elphin's she has been an enthusiastic member of the Guild and will be greatly missed.

Our thanks are due to the Chaplain and the Choir for leading us in our worship, to the girls who showed us round the School and to Mr. & Mrs. Pollard and members of the Staff who gave us such a warm welcome.

Those present included:— our Vice-President, Miss P. M. Robinson, and also— Helen Atkin, Anne Barber (Glover), Jennifer Beebe (Hyde), Johanna Bradwell, Barbara Brooke-Taylor (Barrow), Cynthia Brown (Lucas), Margaret Carmichael (Houghton), Anne Chapman, Catherine Clarke (Spencer), Suzanne Coon, Sally Gregory, Rosemary Hack, Ann Hall, Elizabeth Hall (Mumford), Helen Hall (Sergeant), Sally Havenhand, Mandy Heyes, Vera Hoole (Murdoch), Fiona Hunter, Ingrid Kenney, Joan Kiddell, Anne Kinloch (Richardson), Lesley Lambs (Ralph), Avice Lee (Barrow), Jean Davies (Donaldson), Siân Davies, Anna Dawes (Kastoriano), Elizabeth Ellis, Susie Farley, Jean Fisher (Hutchinson), Marjorie Gardener (Longden), Audrey Glover (Bell), Mary Goodman, Sarah Grafton, Jean McGregor (Beauchamp), Sybil Osmond (Wells), Jill Reid (Chorlton), Jan Reynolds, Margaret Rouse (Carmichael), Erida Roche Hochin, Elizabeth Rutherford (Bolt), Menna Salisbury, Rosemary Taylor, Marjorie Tomlinson (Barrett), Eileen Smart (Whittaker), Caroline Wareham, Elizabeth Wareham (Carson), Helen Wheeler

News of Old Girls

Ann Entwistle (Lyon) is no longer nursing, but is very involved with voluntary work. As well as being a J.P. she is local treasurer for Cancer Research and, last year, was Chairman for the second time of Halton (or Hatton) "C.H.C." (Cheshire Homes Committee? — my guess!)

Her son is teaching English in Germany, one daughter is reading Medicine and the younger one, psychology.

Rosemary England is a Staff Nurse in the Psychiatric Unit at St. James' University Hospital, Leeds; and her sister Caroline is studying Law at Manchester University. Rosemary would like to hear from any Old Girls of her time (1969–75) as she never sees any of them.

Mary and Jennie Gamble and Muriel Rose (Stavert) are very involved with the work of the Church they attend in Basingstoke. Study Groups are held in the afternoons there so that the members do not have to go out in the evenings. Last year Mary and Muriel visited Crete, and saw Fair Haven Bay where St. Paul took shelter. They sometimes see Constance Lee (Moorhouse) and Betty Abdy (Birkett).

Sally Havenhand is studying for a B.Ed. (Hons) degree in French and Drama. She has passed her 1st year exams and is looking forward to the last term of her second year which will be spent at Ohio State University in America. Her third year will be spent in France as a "French assistante". At present her course includes numerous teaching practices at nearby secondary schools.

Angela Hewitson (Wells) has a second son — now just a year old. He and his elder brother Michael are great friends at present. Angela and some of her friends had a mini-reunion in Matlock Bath recently.

Dawn Hives' two years stay with the British Forces in Hong Kong has sadly come to an end and she has returned to Duffield in Derbyshire.

Eleanor Jones (Burnett) had a difficult time last year when there was a freak storm in the vicinity of their bungalow in the Isle of Man. The water rose in 25 minutes and they were rescued by boat (along with 2 cats) when they were standing 4 feet deep in water. Luckily their younger daughter and her husband live on the Island and they were able to go to them. They were packed in there for 4 months while considerable repairs were carried out and they sorted out the chaos. It was particularly awkward as her husband is treasurer of several organisations (including the Church) and his records had to be dried, sorted out, and copies in many cases. Worst of all were the layers of mud; they thought they would never get the place clean.

Miss Isobel Stevenson is enjoying life in Jersey very much. She now has a house of her own there. The Jersey College for Girls of which she is Headmistress, has about 850 pupils. There are long waiting lists for entry at 5, both boys and girls, as they take the boys who go on to Victoria College when they are 7+ years old. There are a few places in the Senior School, mainly because they will not accept anyone who does not pass their entrance examination well enough. It is basically a Grammar School so standards must be kept up. There are strict rules about residence; girls have to have lived in Jersey for at least two years before entry, so have to go to another school in the meantime. This is very hard when they do have places available. Bank managers are appointed from the mainland and then find that they cannot get their daughters in immediately.

Winifred Sweeting (Bagshaw)'s daughter is a representative of a Travel firm which makes arrangements for school holidays abroad. She has already arranged one for St. Elphin's.

Winifred Thompson is expecting a visit from her niece, Joy, from New Zealand this autumn. Joy's mother, Dorothy Hickman (Thompson) who was at St. Elphin's from 1916–18, died earlier this year. Winifred is looking forward to her visit as they will be hiring a car to enable them to get about a bit. She herself no longer drives, but uses long distance buses to visit family branches in Wales. Another niece Pauline (Thomas) (who was also at St. Elphin's) is now a "young grandmother" with an interesting job catering at a residential school for spastics in Mid-Glamorgan.

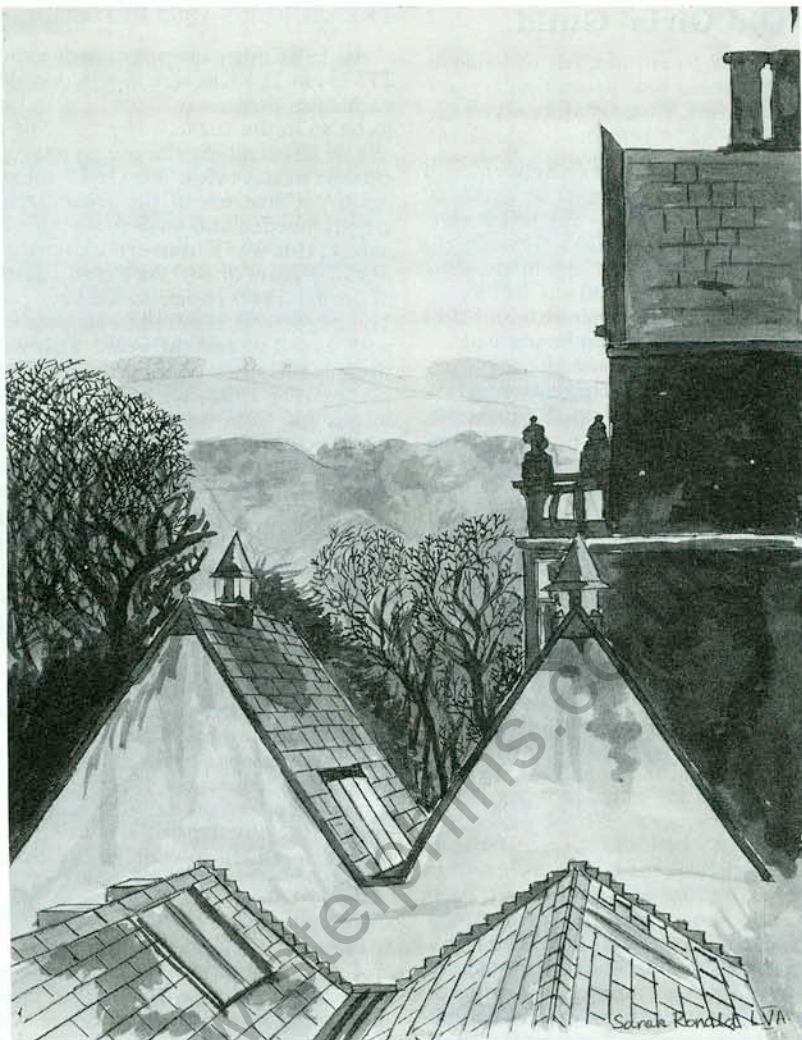
A Mini-Reunion — from Angela Hewitson (Wells)

Six of my year from St. Elphin's met up for coffee at the New Bath Hotel, Matlock Bath, at around 11 a.m. on June 4th, 1983, with the Chaplain — i.e. (maiden names only) Mary Daybell, Julie Irvine, Katie Parry-Evans, Hilary Hepworth, Rosemary Levick and myself.

After lunch outside, by the swimming pool, in the beautiful sunshine we made our way to the school and were joined by Fiona Macdonald who left St. Elphin's at the end of the 5th year. Some of us had our husbands and children with us, so it was a lovely reunion.

Names such as Stephanie Revill, Mary Williams and Jo White came up in conversation, and more people would have attended the mini-reunion if they had not already had previous commitments.





Births

HEWITSON: On November 7th 1982, to Richard and Angela (Wells) a second son, Andrew Philip.

HOWE: On April 4th 1983, to Nicholas and Caroline (Pearson), a son, William Michael, brother for James.

BISBROWN-LEE: On Jan 11th 1984 to Ann Bisbrown-Lee (née Bisbrown) a daughter – Zamina Elizabeth Bryony.

TURNER: On April 18th 1984, to Keith and Jane (née Powell) a daughter – Hannah Ruth.

Marriages

SAYER-HALL: In 1981, Martyn Sayer to Diana Hall.

LATTIMER-HALL: In 1982, Edward Lattimer to Christine Hall.

HARRISON-GRENFELL: On November 26th 1983, Graham Mark Harrison to Penelope J. Grenfell.

JACKSON-GOUGH: On April 3rd 1983, Roger Edward Jackson to Elizabeth Mary Gough.

Deaths

JENSINS: On December 18th 1982, Dr. Mary Jenkins (Astin).

HICKMAN: On April 21st 1983, in New Zealand, Dorothy Hickman (Thompson).

THOMPSON: On April 10th 1983, Miss Helen Thompson.

BERWICK: On July 6th 1983, Alix F. H. Berwick.

MARE: On October 22nd 1982, Margaret Mare, aged 81.

SMITH: In July 1983, Caroline Smith (née Slater).

GOUCHER: On Easter Eve 1984, On Easter Eve 1984, Mrs. Emma Goucher.

St. Elphin's Old Girls' Guild

Tributes

Miss Helen Thompson, House Mistress of Selwyn House 1950-1972

Miss Thompson was house mistress of Selwyn House for 22 years. Hundreds of us must be grateful to her for all she did over these years. She was a very good house mistress. A fair-minded disciplinarian, she always listened to the other side of an argument, provided that it was politely expressed and she had an exact sense of what was expected of her girls and thus earned a deep respect from all. Selwyn House was housed in "The Lodge", 300 yards from the main school along the A.6. It had a very happy domestic atmosphere under such a house mistress. Some may remember the afternoon teas by the fire, others being allowed to take Miss Thompson's springer spaniel for walks across the countryside and yet more the wonderful trips to Sheffield City Hall on a Friday evening to share Miss Thompson's love of music. Miss Thompson set a fine example in her love and respect for other people and her love of animals. Selwyn House was a house where love, kindness and loyalty predominated. Miss Thompson was Selwyn House and so many girls who spent their school days there will remember her with gratitude and affection.

Annette Eley née Beddoes
House Captain of Selwyn House 1971-72.

May Hall (Mayhew-Jones)

From Irene Bullock:

I was so glad to see in the magazine a tribute to Mayhew Jones from someone who knew her during the last part of her life. I was a younger contemporary of May at school and college, having occasional contact afterwards, but not in recent years. I remember that she was very proud of her Mother, and rightly. When Mrs. Jones was left a widow through her husband's early death, she remembered that her butcher had once praised an ox-tongue which she had salted and prepared for a parish function, and decided to use this skill to develop a small business of home-cured hams and tongues. It was successful and helped her to give May the education she would have loved herself. May helped her all she could and later gave up teaching to carry on the business. The war brought it to an end, but the experience must have been valuable for her future career.

Anyone who has occasion to visit or correspond with the Textile Institute in Manchester may notice its Coat of Arms. St. Elphin's played a part in producing this, for it was while May was on the staff of the Institute that it was granted a Charter, and it was she who found its motto waiting for it in a line of the Latin poet Ovid - 'Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendencia filo' - 'All the affairs of men hang on a slender thread.' Her successor as Editor of the Institute's Journal wrote of her, "She was a delightful person, a warm-hearted and generous colleague, who gave me much valuable advice."

TREASURER'S 1982 REPORT

In 1981 our current account expenditure was £737+; in 1982, it was nearly double, at £1418. In each case, postage was the biggest item and is lively to be so in the future. If a "set" of notices is sent out to all members the cost is approximately £75 at current postal rates. For 1982 we actually had an extra 'set' because of the address books, which were greatly needed and have proved most useful. Fortunately, this was a 'one-off' expense, at any rate for the next 10 years or so! As I mentioned last year, we did order 1000 copies so we have plenty in hand. The large debit resulted in an overdraft of £78.92 with which to end the year. This was rectified as soon as I discovered it early in January, and to date (September 1983) we have £116 in credit. In order to pay our bills, we have had to transfer a total of £945 from the deposit account, so that in the D/A, the sum of £740.66 was carried forward. Donations were down about £100 but I feel this is quite understandable in view of the general situation. However, this year (1983) they are up considerably, for which many thanks.

Subscriptions continue fairly steadily. Generally a few old girls become life members, who have been out of circulation for some time and re-join the fold when the family is off their hands.

It was decided at the September Meeting, that the interest from our £500 invested in the Abbey National building society should remain with the society and be added to the capital, thereby increasing the total a small amount annually. For many years it was credited to the deposit account but now I feel we ought to remain solvent, so the change has been made.

Rosemary E. Taylor

Statement of Accounts - year ending 31st December 1982

1. CURRENT ACCOUNT	£	P
To:		
Balance b/fwd	152.96	
Donations	59.80	
Transfer from D/A	940.00	
Reunion monies	185.40	
Cash in hand	1.34	

£1339.50

	£	P
By:		
Address books (1000)	495.00	
Magazines	260.00	
Postage	272.34	
Duplicating	166.00	
Envelopes	18.55	
Sundries (Secretary)	4.59	
Sundries (Treasurer)	5.39	
"Friends of St. Elphin's"	10.00	
Reunion charge: Meals	185.40	
Interes on Overdraft	1.15	

£1418.42

Excess of Expenditure over Income		
at 31.12.82	£78.92	
∴ Carried Forward:		
Overdraft of £78.92		

	£	P
By:		
Transfer to C/A 640		
200		
100	940.00	

Balance to cary forward	940.00
	740.66
	£1680.66

Rosemary E. Taylor,
Treasurer 1982.

2. DEPOSIT ACCOUNT

To:	£	P
Balance b/fwd	1227.49	
Donations	59.00	
Subscriptions	263.00	
Bank Interest — June	69.33	
December	40.16	
Building Society Interest	21.68	

£1680.66

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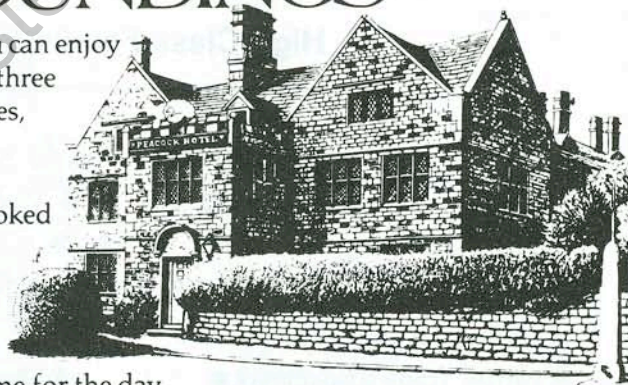
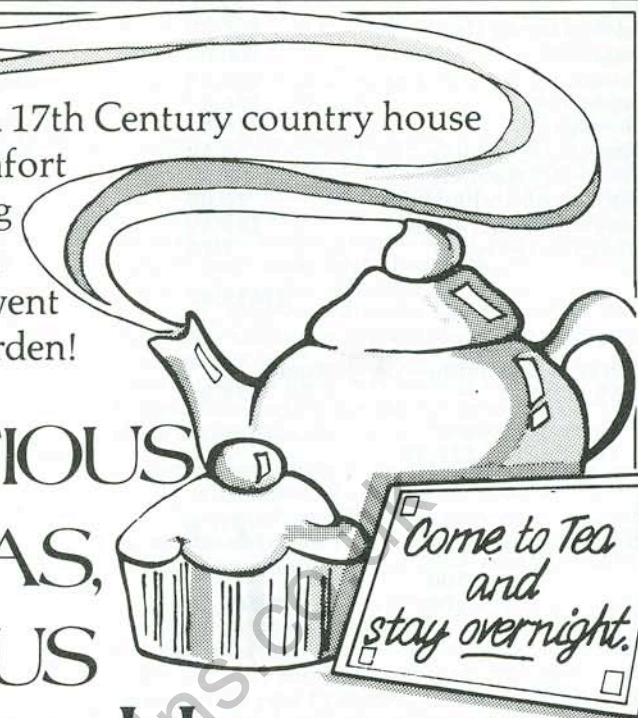
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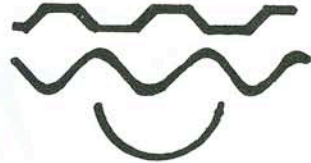
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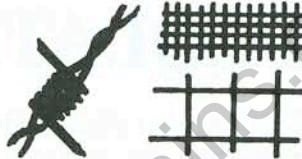
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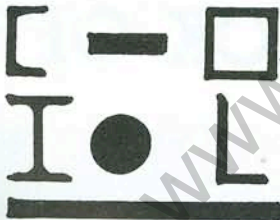
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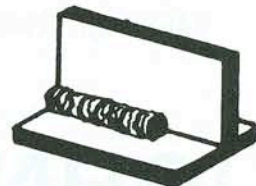
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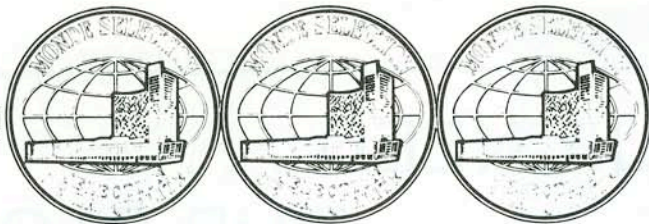


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