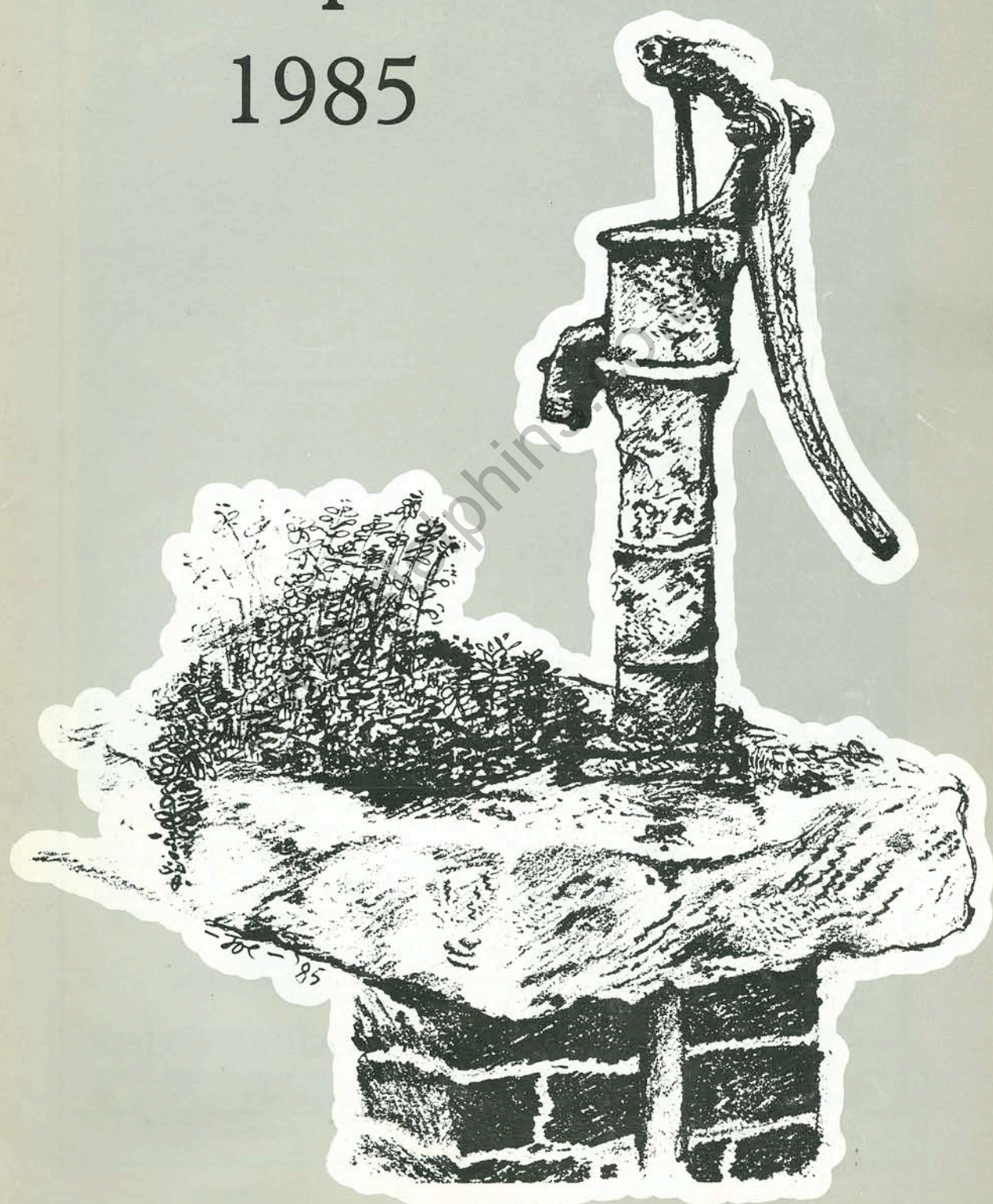
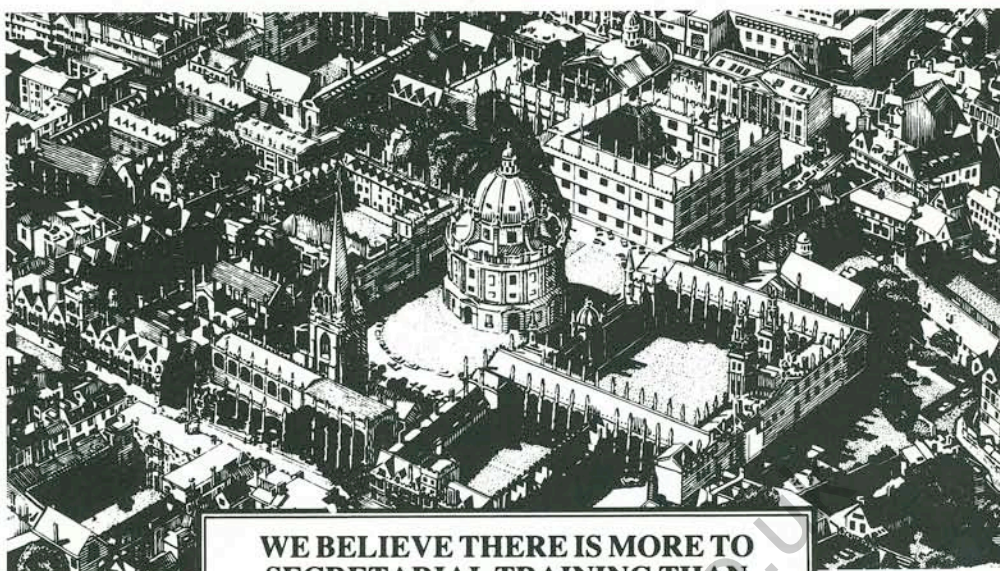


# The Elphinian

## 1985







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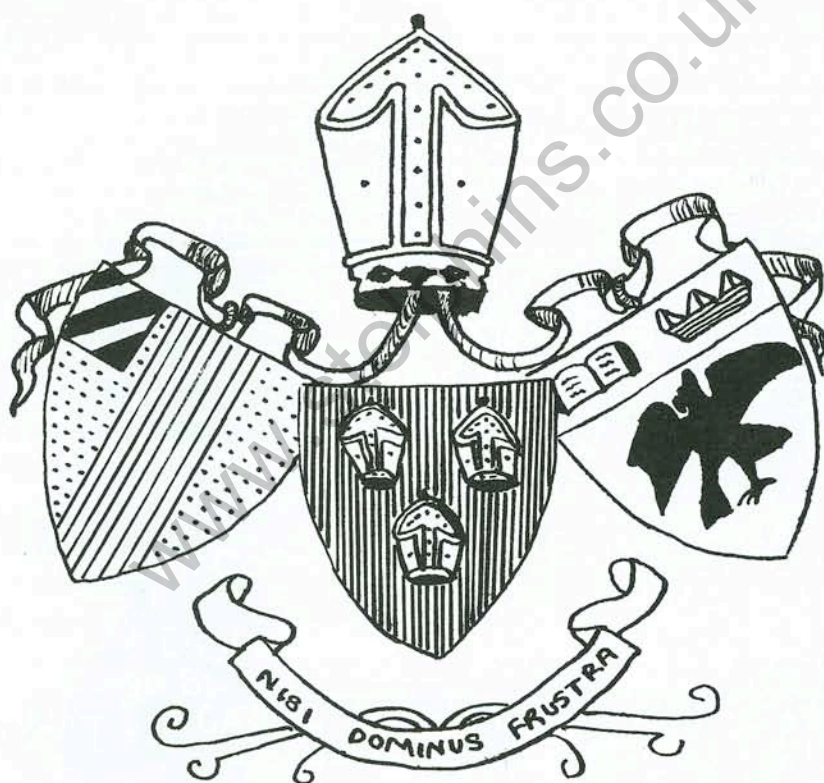


**St. Aldates Secretarial College, Oxford**

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# St. Elphin's School



# 1985

*Editors:* Siobhan Watts, Ellen Bone

*Committee:* Tami Mallion, Rosemary Watt-Wyness,  
Catherine Haynes

*Art Editor:* Jo Clarke

*Photography:* B. Middleton

Thanks to Mrs. Hunter for all her work in typing out the  
copy

## Editorial

The style and format of last year's "Elphinian" were welcomed, and the 1985 issue comes in a similar form. This has been an interesting and challenging school year; its variety is well reflected in the magazine articles. We try to maintain the traditions; we sometimes strive for novelty; we are always aware of the need to gain good publicity for the School.

Traditions? Since schools are, first and foremost, institutions of learning, we can only be pleased when success comes at the highest level. Siobhan Watts's place at New Hall, Cambridge — our second Cambridge classicist, our fourth 'Oxbridge' place in as many years — brought added joy to the month of December. At the end of the Summer Term the triumphant "Joseph" production (surely the best we have yet mounted?) and the life-saving swimming awards, five at distinction, the highest level, brought the year to a most happy conclusion.

Novelty? Not perhaps the best word to describe fund-raising for Charity. Some months ago, however, there emerged a strong feeling within the Staffroom that St. Elphin's, as a Church school, was not doing enough to help those in need outside our small school world. Much has been done to remedy this. Our participation in the N.S.P.C.C. Centenary Appeal — some £3,000 raised by the Sponsored Walk, a concert shared with the Melbourne Male Voice Choir and other fund-raising events, particularly by the Junior School — was a unifying force for good within the School. Later in the year we organised concerts for the Derby Royal Society for the Deaf (Duke's Barn Appeal), for the Beethoven Fund for Deaf Children — an evening of music shared with Highfields School and Matlock All Saints Juniors — and also raised a substantial sum for the Ethiopian Relief Fund. All these were done in addition to our usual Spring Term Social Services work.

You will also read of our splendid 'new' Library: a room now carpeted and shelved, its stock controlled by a computer. Noted for the variety and visual

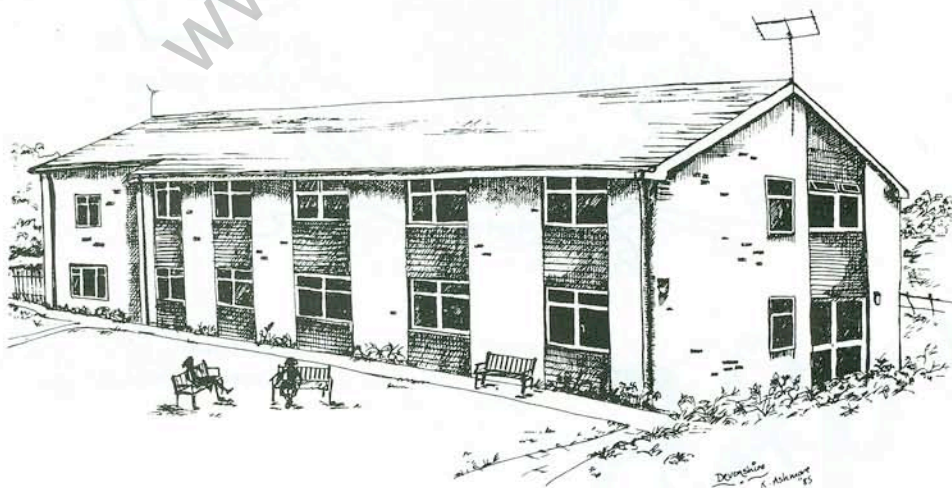
splendour of its frequent displays, it is quite unrecognisable from the rather drab large room in which books used to be housed, almost, it might seem, by chance. You should hear, too of the valuable post-'O' level 'work experience' which was organised by the Careers Department for some 30 Upper Fifth Formers in July. With a range of new general courses for all Sixth Formers now an integral part of the curriculum, it is clear that we are looking in new directions.

Good publicity? Well, we've been on show twice this year: a splendid Senior School Open Day showing our quality at all levels, not least as charioteers in a memorable finale, and a Junior School Open Afternoon in early July. Heads of preparatory schools visited us on two occasions, to tour the school, meet senior girls and staff and, after supper, to discuss matters of shared interest in a more formal way. Partly as a result, perhaps, we drew a larger than ever 'field' for the annual scholarship examinations.

The Governors expressed their confidence in school matters by allowing me to appoint a new Infants' teacher, Mrs. Rosemary Cuff of Matlock, to initiate the plans to extend the age range of our pupils. We now hope to admit girls and boys from the age of 4½ upwards. This is the way things are moving.

Finally, of course, you will read most of all about people. The tragic loss of Mr. William Linnell, friend of St. Elphin's in all senses, is movingly conveyed. We have recently said goodbye to several members of staff, all of whom served the school loyally: Miss Goldthorpe, Mrs. James, Dr. Riley, Mrs. Aspinall, Mrs. Gillam, Mrs. Ince, Miss Marler, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Woods. And it is people who create what is contained within these pages. My grateful thanks to Mrs. Hodgson and her helpers for giving us a magazine which truly reflects our life here; my thanks, too, to all my colleagues and to the girls who make a Head's life so 'interesting and challenging'. In my beginning was my end.

Peter Pollard



"Devonshire" by Karen Ashmore



## Prefects and Sub-Prefects— Summer Term 1985

*Head Girl:* Jane Bennett  
*Deputy Head Girls:* Sarah Janaway  
 Teresa McNeice

### PREFECTS

#### Upper Sixth

Ellen Bone  
 Sara Fisk  
 Karen Hawthorn  
 Helen Hoskin  
 Diana Ramsay  
 Claire Sales  
 Kay Sales  
 Fiona Turner  
 Siobhan Watts  
 Alison Woods  
 Elizabeth Woods

### SUB-PREFECTS

#### Upper Sixth

Karen Ashmore  
 Finiba David-West  
 Clare Jenkinson  
 Sophie de Malet-Roquefort  
 Fiona Obinna  
 Laura Rudge  
 Lisa Vickers  
 Elizabeth Wall  
 Helen West

#### Lower Sixth

Wai Win Chung  
 Fiona Cooper  
 Karen Edge  
 Jane Gregory  
 Michelle Hawthorn  
 Ruth Howorth  
 Lucy Makinson  
 Jacqueline Pimbley  
 Joanna Skelton  
 Bridget Smeaton  
 Emma Waterhouse

#### Lower Sixth

Annabel Daws  
 Ida Fong  
 Camille Hewins  
 Adrienne King  
 Tamsin Mallion  
 Uzo Okoli  
 Samantha Samson  
 Anna Shelley  
 Joanne Stephenson  
 Rosemary Watt-Wyness



*The Upper Sixth 1984-5*



## Mr. W. H. Linnell

Mr. William ("Bill") Linnell died suddenly, in hospital, on January 30th, 1985, after a short illness. As parent, Friend and Governor, Mr. Linnell had a close connexion with St. Elphin's going back over 30 years. A man of remarkable personal qualities, he was loved and respected by all who knew him. The affection he showed for the School, the readiness with which he helped, advised and befriended all of us here, above all, his wonderful sense of humour: these qualities, and others in abundance, were revealed in all his areas of good works. For St. Elphin's was only one part of his commitment to the community in which he lived, though clearly it was a most important part. We miss him sorely, and offer heartfelt sympathy to his widow, Mrs. Peggy Linnell, who continues to keep closely in touch with school life and remains a regular and always welcome visitor. St. Elphin's was well represented at Mr. Linnell's funeral in St. Helen's Church, Darley, on Friday, February 8th. Our Chaplain and choir took part in the funeral Service; Governors, Staff and girls were present in a Church that was full to overflowing. All present were struck by the appropriateness of the Rector's Sermon, and Dr. Yates has kindly allowed that Sermon to be printed in "The Elphinian". It is an apt tribute to a great-hearted man.

Peter Pollard

*An Address at the memorial Service in St. Helen's Church, Darley, for W. H. (Bill) Linnell on the 8th February 1985.*

*1 Timothy 6:11: 'thou, O man of God, pursue justice, godliness, fidelity, love, fortitude and gentleness. Fight the good fight of faith and take hold of eternal life. For to this you were called and you confessed your faith nobly before many witnesses'.*

As we give thanks at this service for Bill Linnell perhaps the danger is that we may lose the man in the number of his involvements for the welfare of others, in the church and in the wider community. Just to list these is to be made aware how many and various were his commitments, into all of which he put his whole self. Churchwarden of this church for the last twenty years, a trustee of the Whitworth Institute for nearly as long, past chairman of the Friends of St. Elphin's and a school governor there, active in the affairs of Tawney House and of the Red Cross as its County Director for three years, one of the mainstays of local Age Concern, a County Councillor for three years in the past and in that period a member of the educational and social services committees, a governor of Ernest Bailey Grammar School; active, too, in political affairs locally as a member of the Conservative party, active as a member of Rotary and on its talking newspaper for the blind; it will amaze us that one man could have involved himself so widely, when we remember that he was never a passenger in any of those voluntary organisations but always actively involved in any cause he undertook to support. And this is really only the half of it: because, behind the scenes, he worked for others in, for example, efforts to find employment for those unfortunate enough to find themselves out of work; or in quelling some potential trouble at source, as a wise counsellor in Darley or Matlock; or in coping with a hundred and one other needs.



Bill came to live in Darley thirty-seven years ago after distinguished war service. In my five years with him he never referred to this but I have gleaned from others that, among other things, he was involved in that form of service which above all requires nerve and courage, bomb disposal with the Royal Engineers. He finished the war as a Lieutenant-Colonel and came to work in Darley as representative of a Shell subsidiary, engaged in the sales side of their operations. This gave him wide contacts all over the county and I suspect that many of his clients became his friends. What were the leading characteristics of his life of service to the church and the community? First, I would say that he knew what it meant to be committed; and so to be reliable, dependable, rock-like in the faithful discharge of his duties. If Bill said he would do something, you knew that he would do it, whatever the inconvenience. This was especially noticeable, and admirable, to me when as a newly appointed and perhaps over-enthusiastic incumbent I urged upon him such things as local ecumenical activities. Whether or not he was convinced of their value (and I like to think that he grew to be so) he supported me from the start and to the hilt, even though it meant adding to an already over-loaded programme. He was a man of mature convictions, who knew where he stood on things political, social and religious. He was a good man to have on your side, and, where necessary, but always with courtesy, he was prepared to do battle for his convictions. Yet with this went an admirable flexibility and willingness to listen to others. At times, not least in church affairs, he put the wishes of the majority above those of his own taste. Secondly, he could carry heavy responsibility. Bill was a born leader, with out-of-the-ordinary administrative gifts, which he deployed generously in many causes. What perhaps was less obvious, to those who judged him on externals, was that he was a sensitive and perceptive judge of people, with an intuitive faculty which once or twice staggered me; and also someone who was



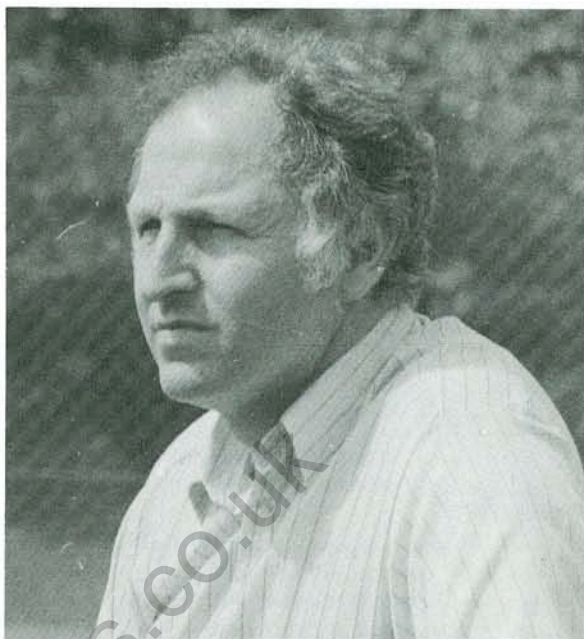
quick to spot a tendency in, for instance, the church's life which had the makings of a betrayal of the things for which it stood. This side of Bill, so different from the bluff exterior which he presented to the world, made it no surprise to me that there was at least one artist of distinction in his family in the past. Finally, and surely all of us who knew him will want this to be emphasised, there was his **sense of humour**. How many sticky committees have been de-fused by Bill's capacity to produce a remark which reminded us that we are never more ludicrous than when we are most over-solemn. You will have your own favourite memories of a sense of humour which specialised in the juxtaposition of the solemn with the ridiculous. One of his less onerous duties on big occasions in church was to ensure the orderly progress to the communion rail: 'some of them behave as if they were under National Hunt rules'. Or, again, when we were discussing the sometimes dead hand of tradition on church life: 'ah, you've got to remember that that has happened since times immoral'. How often have we all thanked God for Bill's sense of the ridiculous. By and large we are fond of those who make us laugh: and one key to the enormous respect and affection which Bill inspired was his refusal to take himself, or life, too seriously.

If I had to select one word out of our text to express Bill it would, I think, be fidelity, or, in older versions, faithfulness. Justice — yes, he was straight as a die and did not know what it meant to be devious — but of all the other virtues mentioned here, all of which he manifested at times, he was pre-eminently faithful: to his God, to his church, to the welfare of others. We thank God for him and that, as he would have wished, he died still in harness. 'Thou O man of God, pursue justice, godliness, fidelity, love, fortitude and gentleness. Fight the good fight of faith and take hold of eternal life. For to this you were called and you confessed your faith nobly before many witnesses.'

*A message from the Chairman of the Governors of St. Elphin's School, the Right Reverend Michael Henshall, Bishop of Warrington.*

Strong Christian men like Bill Linnell are getting rarer in our rather self-centred world. Many of us closely connected with St. Elphin's School want to thank God for his earthly life. He was a robust, active governor, always deeply conscious of the fundamentals of the Christian faith and Christian morality on which the School rests. He could talk with sympathy to girls and staff as well as to fellow governors. He will be remembered as an English Christian gentleman, for whom duty and honour and service mattered enormously.

The funeral service of the Church combines in a telling manner joy and sorrow, hope and compassion, death and life. On behalf of all of us at St. Elphin's, we rejoice in a life well lived, we sorrow with the nearest and dearest, but our hope, like an anchor, gives us firmness in Our Lord's Resurrection and the certainty of abundant life ahead. May he rest in peace.



## Dr. David Riley

"A kind, friendly man". "Sweet" "Patient". "A good sense of humour". These are a few of the comments by girls taught by Dr. Riley. He joined the staff as teacher in charge of Chemistry in January 1979, having spent many years in industry as an analytical chemist. During this time Dr. Riley worked for some years in foreign parts including Australia and Wales. His teaching will be particularly remembered for his interesting practical demonstrations including some striking photochemistry and loud explosions. (He leaves us with a full complement of fingers!) When girls had difficulty with their work, Dr. Riley was always willing to give up his own time to help. Duke of Edinburgh campers will remember his willingness to supervise their excursions and the way he would appreciate the burnt offerings at breakfast. He also took groups out cycling and walking in the summer.

For some years Dr. Riley has devoted himself to caring for his wife, a multiple sclerosis sufferer — and will now be spending much more time in her company. We will all miss his caring approach and wish him every happiness.

David Farrer



## Miss Joy Goldthorpe

Joy Goldthorpe came to St. Elphin's in 1980, and the ability, enthusiasm and love for music from which her pupils and her colleagues were to benefit were soon obvious. During her five years in the school she built up the training orchestra, where young instrumentalists are able to gain valuable performance experience, and in her teaching and her own musicianship she set a standard to challenge the best in the school.

Beside her music, Joy will be remembered by her colleagues and her pupils for her sense of humour, her sense of justice and her patience. All these, we know, will stand her in good stead in her new post at The Mount School in York. Our very best wishes go with her and Benison for their new life there, and we hope that they will be able to visit us often.

Many of us know that we shall never achieve excellence in any sphere, but we are satisfied to do the best that we can. However, we can still appreciate excellence when we meet it, especially in one of the 'performing arts'. We have been privileged to enjoy Joy Goldthorpe's music for the past five years. We shall miss her.

Patricia Outram

## Mrs. Aspinall

Mrs. Aspinall has now been Housemistress of Wilson House for 5 years. From next year, however, she is leaving Wilson to be a relief Housemistress. Wilson will all miss her very much indeed. She has done so much for the House over the past few years, and we hope that she has enjoyed some of our times together as much as we have.

Rosemary Watt-Wyness and Ruth Howorth

## Miss Wendy Marler

Any member of staff able to look after adolescent girls for eight consecutive years and at the end of that time retain the zest for all aspects of school life that she showed on arrival must surely have unusual qualities of persistence and determination! Such are undoubtedly the hallmarks of Wendy Marler, Matron of Wilson House since June 1977, who is leaving us this term, to get married during the summer holidays. The role of Matron has been much undervalued over the years; she it is who carries out the thankless tasks, who has to be able to turn her hands to anything, who can sometimes be unrewarded for her pains. Nothing has ever been too much trouble for Miss Marler. She is kind and generous — almost to a fault — and has always cared deeply for the girls in her charge. Her colleagues knew that they could always depend upon her help, and no task was ever too irksome for her.

We shall all miss Wendy Marler's cheerful "Good mornings", her friendly chats in corridors, her instant discovery of broken windows or unlocked doors late at night. She has given valuable Christian service to St. Elphin's, and leaves with our thanks and very best wishes for the new life which she is now undertaking.

Peter Pollard

## Mrs. Ince

Unfortunately, this year we are saying "Goodbye" to Mrs. Ince, who has been ballet teacher at St. Elphin's for as long as I can remember, much longer, in fact — 25 years. At the moment she teaches seven girls in the senior school plus a number from the Juniors.

It is several years since I gave up lessons with Mrs. Ince, but her infinite patience and good humour are still foremost in my memory. She gave an excellent grounding for many girls through the years and I know she and Mrs. Needham will be missed by their pupils. We wish her happiness in the future.

Emma Waterhouse

## Tribute—Mrs. Shaw, Pigot Housemistress Easter 1983-Easter 1985

Pigot House was sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Shaw at the end of the Spring Term after she had been Housemistress for 2 years.

All the girls would like to thank her for all she did in the way of helping us and showing great enthusiasm in all House and School activities, and especially for helping us over the Drama Competition with costumes and props — many a sleepless night was spent washing and ironing various last-minute costumes!

We would also like to thank her for encouraging us and helping us to organise the annual Bazaar and Lent effort.

On behalf of all the members of Pigot House, I would like to wish Mrs. Shaw all the very best for the future.

Jacqueline Pimbley



Mrs. Shaw, Karen Ashmore, Siobhan Watts and Kay Sales



## Three Cheers for Mrs. Woods

Seven years of service spent,  
Time, advice, encouragement lent;  
Mrs. Woods whom we should thank  
For her excellent job at Housemistress rank.

Trophies and cups we won with speed,  
For which Gresford girls had worked indeed;  
She helped us through the ups and downs  
With a smile on her face — never a frown.

Then one fine day, early in July,  
Gresford House was told "Goodbye",  
Goodbye to friends, goodbye to fun,  
Goodbye to the cups and name we had won.

All was not lost, for Mrs. Woods stood her ground.  
A new job in the School for her was found;  
A general field of work she took,  
Helping the School from head to foot.

Always a favourite Housemistress here,  
But, with a sob, and choked-back tear  
We say "Goodbye", 'cos her bags are packed,  
Good luck, God Bless — we'll hope you'll be back!

Fiona Cooper and Jane Gregory



Mrs. Woods and Mrs. Shields

## Selected Calendar Events

### AUTUMN TERM

Industrial Society Challenge of Management Conference.

Sixth Form outing to "Hamlet", Stratford.

Old Girls' Reunion: St. Elphin's

Hockey Match v Old Girls

Derbyshire U16 National Hockey Tournament

Sixth Form Science Lecture, Leicester University

Sponsored Walk (in aid of N.S.P.C.C.)

House Debate: Powys v Pigot

Junior School boarders to "Little Arrow", Derby Playhouse.

L. 6 outing to Derby Playhouse "Trafford Tanzi"

Sixth Form Social (Welbeck) at St. Elphin's.

Matlock Bath Cable Cars (U. 3rds).

Concert by Eddie Thompson Trio: organised by Friends' Committee.

12-14 October: Upper V Campers (Whatstandwell).

Hockey v Presentation Convent: 1st XI, U15 and U14 teams (Home).

Chatsworth Horse Trials.

Sixth Form Outing: "Measure for Measure", Barbican Theatre.

Roller Skating, Derby.

Commemoration Service, Chesterfield Parish Church.

Preacher: The Rev'd. E. R. Binks, St. Katherine's College, Liverpool.

Distribution of prizes and certificates. Speaker: Lady Parkes, J.P., M. Ed.

Bonfire Night/Fire Safety Drama Competition, Imperial Rooms, Matlock. L. 3 and Junior School Boarders.

Art Department visit to London (Children's Art Exhibition).

Geography 'O' level Field Study weekend, Cumbria.

U4/L5 outing to "Romeo and Juliet", Crucible Theatre, Sheffield.

Orchestral Workshop and Concert.

Junior School outing to Buxton — Whirligig Theatre.

Choral Society — Nottingham Festival.

School Bazaar.

Concert by Melbourne Male Voice Choir (and St. Elphin's Choral Society) in aid of N.S.P.C.C.

Centenary Appeal.

"Messiah for All", St. Helen's Church, Darley Dale.

N.S.P.C.C. Service, Derby Cathedral.

L.V/U.IV E.S.B. Examinations.

Disco for all girls.

Junior Carol Service.

Senior Carol Service.

House Drama Competition.

Middle School Carol Service.

Junior School Christmas Party,

Christmas Dinner preceded by Carols in Front Hall.



## SPRING TERM

Ski-ing.  
Sixth Form linguists to Metro Cinema, Derby.  
Party to Sheffield Ice Rink.  
Visit to Derby Playhouse: "The Sleeping Beauty".  
House Debate: Kennedy v Wilson.  
'O' level Geographers to Flamborough.  
Junior School boarders to Crucible Theatre, Sheffield  
and boarders' outing to Sheffield cinema  
"Ghostbusters".  
Disco at Stancliffe Hall, (U. III & L. IV Forms).  
Social Services weeks.  
U6 English set (Tom Stoppard plays).  
Ski-ing to Aviemore.  
St. Valentine's Day Concert — in aid of Social Services.  
"Jesus" film, Matlock.  
Sixth Form Social at St. Elphin's (Welbeck and  
Denstone).  
Confirmation Service: The Bishop of Warrington.  
National Mathematical Contest.  
Women's World Day of Prayer Service: Dale Road  
Methodist Church.  
Scholarship Examinations.  
Cancer Research: Speaker, Mrs. Marlowe.  
Nottingham Playhouse: "A Man for All Seasons" L.5.  
Recording of "Wake Up and Sing" (Radio Derby).  
L.6 Theatre Studies/L6 German set to "Playday",  
Derby Playhouse.  
Sixth Form French specialists to Nottingham  
University.  
Piano Recital: Mireille Faye-Mora.  
'O' and 'A' Art specialists to Mappin Art Gallery,  
Sheffield.  
House Music Competition: Adjudicator, Mrs. R.  
Morten (Buxton Girls' School).  
Sixth Form Debate.  
Sixth Form Biologists to Manchester University.

## SUMMER TERM

U.6 English set to "The Canterbury Tales": Derby  
Playhouse.  
Buxton Music and Speech and Drama Festival.  
South Peak U.16 Tennis Tournament — Ashbourne.  
E.S.B. Examinations.  
Outing to Newark and Notts. Show.  
Verdi's "Requiem": Bassetlaw Centre, Worskop.  
L.VI and U.VI Home Economics to Conference  
"Electricity in Eighties", Nottingham.  
Senior School Open Day.  
Chapel Choir: Evensong: Yougreave Parish Church.  
Duet Competition: Adjudicator, Mrs. T. M. Stuart.  
Beethoven Fund for Deaf Appeal — Concert in  
Stopford Hall given by Choral Society and local  
schools.  
Sixth Form Social, Repton School.  
Sixth Form outing to Jodrell Bank.  
U.IV Campers — Duke of Edinburgh Awards.  
Lower 6 English set to "Jumpers", Aldwych Theatre.  
Disco at St. Elphin's (Stancliffe Hall).  
Junior School to London.  
L.Vth Fashion Show, Chesterfield.  
Sports Day.  
Upper Fifth — Welbeck College (Sports Afternoon).  
Friends of St. Elphin's Dance.  
Outing to "The Mastersingers", Nottingham.  
U.5 Work Experience Week.  
U.V outing to Boots.  
J.S. boarders to Abbeydale.  
"A Passage to India" Matlock.  
L.4 to Buxton Micrarium.  
L.4 to Stratford "Alls well that Ends Well".  
Junior School Open Afternoon and Prize-giving  
ceremony.



*Carols before Christmas Dinner*



## Speech Day 1984

The afternoon began when the Bishop of Warrington, the Chairman of Governors, welcomed visitors and friends. His Address is printed in full after these remarks. Mr. Pollard's reply followed, when he spoke about the progress achieved in St. Elphin's over the past year and all the work that has been done to contribute to a wide group of charities. The school year of 1983/84 was revealed more fully by the two Deputy Head Girls, Teresa McNeice and Sarah Janaway, talking of the many school events and giving details of the new Sixth Form General Studies Course.

We were pleased to welcome to the School Lady Parkes as our Guest Speaker and to distribute the prizes and certificates. Her speech was enjoyed by everyone — the subject being the advantage of single-sex schools.

Finally, the Head Girl, Jane Bennett, gave the vote of thanks. Tea and cake in the gym completed an enjoyable afternoon.

Karen Hawthorn

### Chairman's Speech

Headmaster, Fellow Governors, Parents, Girls, Ladies and Gentlemen

I welcome you all most warmly to this very important and significant occasion in the life of our School. St. Elphin's always has this day as a highlight, and as it comes round year by year, oddly enough I think we all look forward to it increasingly. I must say that I address you this afternoon with some considerable trepidation! It's highly dangerous at the present time for one reason or another to be a Bishop of the Established Church on a public platform! Pressman creep in, unbidden, to analyse your every utterance! They come to decide, on the thinnest of evidence, whether you are in favour of King Arthur and his revolutionary table, or of Mr. McGregor and his employer's table. They want to know whether you are orthodox or heretical about the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection and miracles. Bishops, they say, generally speaking, are generally speaking! But it is thoroughly healthy, whatever your political standpoint happens to be, to be made to feel from time to



Speech Day 1984



time uncomfortable, to be reminded, however uncomfortable it may be, that there is another country whose values and principles actually matter in the ordinary living of everyday life, both educationally, and industrially and wherever one happens to be. Religion like education is in the news again. It will ever be so because religion and education have to do with ultimate issues. They are concerned with answering questions like, what kind of a society do we want? Or what kind of people are we becoming? Without religious commitment and without creative education there is muddle and confusion, rather like that Irish video advert that you may have seen. It says that the Irish make videos that people don't like so they can watch them when they're out! The 19th century educationalists were strong on the so-called three-Rs, and without any doubt whatsoever, literacy and numeracy are still the foundation stones on which all constructive education is raised, and it is a matter of concern and a matter of sadness that too early specialisation in some schools has led, for example, to scientists arriving at university incapable of writing an English essay, and it has led also to graduates in high technology asking, "Who was this guy, Shakespeare?" And that is the kind of thing that here at St. Elphin's in the under-girding of our curriculum that we have set our sights against. There remains always a proper regard for literacy and numeracy and for what I think is technically known as integration across the curriculum. Today, when I'm asked by parents, and I'm always glad that parents write to me and ring me up or come and see me, or by colleagues with whom I share this responsibility, when I'm asked how I see the philosophy of education in our school, I hope that doesn't sound too high-falutin, I don't actually speak of the three-Rs which, hopefully, I take for granted, but I speak of the three-Cs, because they are not so often considered. Education has been defined in a vast variety of complicated terms. Words and phrases like 'nurture' and 'character-formation' and 'character-assembly', and all those sort of words are significant and important, but the three words that I use to describe the philosophy of education that I try to bring in my leadership of the Governors centre on the three words, confidence, criticism and compassion.

A brief word about each, for they are the words that lay behind a very important Think Tank that the Governors and members of the Staff attended last Easter. The word confidence. Modern psychology has revealed the complexities and the complexes within every human being. It has shown that a great deal of conduct is based in fact on unresolved feelings of inadequacy and inferiority, often turned over into feelings of superiority and aggression. Making and keeping human nature truly human is all about learning the meaning of genuine confidence. A successful education is one which builds that genuine confidence in a whole variety of ways, not only on academic awareness but also on a moral and spiritual basis. The Chapel of this School, for example, is not there as a sort of optional extra for the particularly pious or as a kind of front advertisement. It's there because a truly confident human being must be aware of spiritual and moral dimensions, and if he puts that from his life he lacks that kind of fullness, that awareness. Yes, it's important to know about the history of Europe and the differential calculus and the backbone of a rabbit, and all that, but confidence is the ability

to enjoy life without the need to compensate and it lies at the very heart of what I believe is the philosophy of education here at St. Elphin's.

A word about criticism. The ability to offer and to receive criticism is a further significant point in a genuinely educated person. It is the difference, if you like, between a reacting and responding, between prejudice and ignorance being turned in favour of balance and truth within a person. We opt more these days, as we all must notice from the media, we opt more for insult in public life because of the decay of the critical faculties. I dare to think that the education we offer in this Church of England school is that which enables the recipients to understand the genius of the Anglican compromise, that which arises out of an instructed mind and an integrated personality. This ability to make and take creative criticism is a hallmark of an educated person and I hope the hallmark of any girl who leaves this school.

My third C is compassion. King Solomon, you may or may not remember, when given the divine chance of asking for anything he could name chose not wealth, or status, or influence, but he chose compassion. He opted for an understanding heart at the top of his agenda. And it's compassion that shines like a jewel in the Christian crown and which is ever the end product of a civilised education. A person who lacks compassion lacks maturity and integrity. A society or an individual lacking in compassion has got a touch of the Gadarenes and deserves the same fate as that unfortunate herd. Confidence, criticism, compassion, the basis on which we attempt to govern St. Elphin's with the thorough and trusted leadership of our Headmaster and with the support of an increasingly able and qualified staff and with the major assistance of Colonel Hobbs, our friendly and effective Bursar. There is plenty to celebrate in St. Elphin's one hundred and forty years on from its foundation, as we heard in this morning's Sermon, and I express my gratitude to the Head of St. Katharine's College for that Address in Chesterfield Parish Church this morning. But I also want to celebrate the commitment and sheer ability of my governing body. Now if that sounds like a celebrated bit of back-scratching let me say at once that I am only the purple-clad front man. They do the work. Many of them give the School hours and days year by year on a purely voluntary basis. I know that when they arrive at school the girls whisper about the return of the fogs and claim, on quite erroneous grounds, that the quality of the lunch that day has improved, but it should be fully realised that the governing body of the school are, in fact, an effective and dedicated group of men and women.

I want also to celebrate a particular educational point that I have made repeatedly from this platform over the years. A piece of very careful research on more than 300 independent schools carried out by Hull University and to be published next year, clearly suggests, and I am grateful to it, that the exodus of girls to boys' schools at the age of 16 is not justified on academic grounds. Some of us have been saying that for a long time. The survey also suggests that 'A' level results are very important to parents; that we know, and that it is not the size but the quality and the proportion of a Sixth Form which matters most. Our aim here is to maintain and to develop a Sixth



Form of significance where confidence, criticism and compassion inspire academic, cultural and social excellence and balance.

I want also, if I may, this afternoon to celebrate the significant progress that we have been able to make in offering really valuable and realistic scholarship and awards to able girls. We live, whether we like it or not, in a pluralist society where there are many different beliefs, values and cultures. This foundation I would remind you, stands four-square for the uniqueness of Christian belief and practice, but that doesn't inhibit us from encouraging a cosmopolitan dimension in which girls can grow up, as it were, within a microcosm of the whole, wide world. Scholarships are a very important part of our life as Governors and in providing them, and we do so with joy, we are concerned that those should get better so that our intake, as it were, can be as broad and as cosmopolitan and as, therefore, effective for the future, as possible. Schools like St. Elphin's, I am delighted to say, scored very heavily indeed in the Hull survey that I hope will be read by parents when it is published. Better, in fact, than some more expensive schools, better for less cash was the significant comment in the research programme. And therefore, I say in conclusion that those three words that I mentioned are important, are words that we ought to think about and talk about. Confidence inspired by informed criticism producing compassion. That is a philosophy worth expounding and it is, parents, in particular, a philosophy designed to bring to perfection the gifts and the abilities of the apples of your eyes.

## Senior School Scholarships/ Exhibitions 1985

### Clergy Scholarships:

Susila Thubron Wheatley Hill Junior School,  
Co. Durham.

Alexandra Mayland Queen Anne Grammar School,  
York.

### Clergy Exhibition:

Catherine Malkinson Newton Bluecoat School,  
Kirkham, Lancs.

### Lay Scholarships:

Charlotte Haines Brooklands School,  
Stafford

Helen Clarke Totley All Saints Church of  
England School, Sheffield.

Ekroop Dua St. Mary's School,  
Doncaster.

### Lay Exhibition:

Claire Walker St. Elphin's Junior School.

### Music Scholarship:

Emma Butler Churnet View Middle School,  
Leek, Staffs.

## JUNIOR SCHOOL AWARDS 1985

### Lay:

Annabelle Smith Nagle Preparatory School,  
Matlock

Joanna Wardle St. Anne's School,  
Baslow.

Rachel Woodhouse Matlock County Infants'  
School, Matlock.

Polly Stevenson Holymoorside Primary School,  
Chesterfield.

## Prizes

SCHOLAR'S GROAT: Claire Walker

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

ADVANCED LEVEL: Heidi Ho

ORDINARY LEVEL: Sarah Ronald

## University of London G.C.E. Examinations 1985

### ADVANCED LEVEL

#### Upper VI

Folashade Afilaka: Religious Studies

Karen Ashmore: Art; Biology; Geography

Jane Bennett: English

Ellen Bone: English; History

Finiba David-West: History

Sara Fisk: English

Karen Hawthorn: English

Heidi Ho: Mathematics (A); Further Mathematics +  
Special Paper; Physics

Helen Hoskin: Biology; Chemistry; Latin

Sarah Janaway: English; History; Religious Studies (A);  
General Studies

Clare Jenkinson: Biology; Mathematics; General Studies

Bonnie Kwan: Chemistry; Mathematics; Physics

Cynthia Lee: Economics; Mathematics (A); Further  
Mathematics (A)

Janet Lee: Mathematics; Further Mathematics

Ida Lo: Mathematics (A); Further Mathematics;  
Physics

Teresa McNeice: Biology; English; Mathematics

Sophie de Malet-Roquefort: Chemistry; Mathematics;  
Physics

Fiona Obinna: Biology; Chemistry; Mathematics

Diana Ramsay: Theory of Music

Laura Rudge: English

Claire Sales: Economics; English (A); History; General  
Studies

Kay Sales: Art; Mathematics

Fiona Turner: Biology; Chemistry; Mathematics;  
General Studies



Lisa Vickers: English  
 Elizabeth Wall: Economics  
 Siobhan Watts: English (A); History; Latin  
 Helen West: Biology (A); Chemistry; Physics  
 Elizabeth Woods: Chemistry; Mathematics; Physics;  
 General Studies (A)

#### Lower VI

Jane Lam: Chinese

#### 'O' LEVEL RESULTS 1985

\* denotes Grade A, † denotes C.S.E. Grade 1.

#### Upper VA

Jane Aizlewood: Biology, Classical Studies\*, English Language, English Literature, Latin, Mathematics, Physics, Religious Studies.  
 Finola Doyle: Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, German, History, Latin\*, Mathematics, Religious Studies\*.  
 Christine Elsom: Classical Studies\*, Economics, English Language, Mathematics, Physics, Religious Studies.  
 Alexandra Farley: Biology, Economics, English Language\*, English Literature, French, Geography, German, History, Logic, Mathematics, Religious Studies.  
 Sarah Hetherington: Biology, English Language, English Literature, History, Mathematics, Music, Physics, Religious Studies.  
 Louise Hill: Biology, English Language, English Literature, History, Religious Studies\*.  
 Dawn Jenkinson: Biology, Classical Studies\*, English Language, English Literature, Food & Nutrition\*, French, Mathematics, Needlecraft\*, Religious Studies.  
 Rachael Kelsey: Biology, Classical Studies, English Language, English Literature, French, Mathematics, Physics, Religious Studies.  
 Katie McCormick: English Language, Food & Nutrition, Religious Studies.  
 Lorraine McNeice: Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, History\*, Latin\*, Logic, Mathematics, Add. Mathematics, Physics, Religious Studies\*.  
 Jonsaba Marenah: Classical Studies, English Language†, English Literature, Mathematics.  
 Rebecca Michell: Chemistry, English Language\*, English Literature\*, French, History\*, Latin, Logic, Mathematics\*, Add. Mathematics, Physics\*, Religious Studies\*.  
 Susan Moukarim: Biology, Classical Studies\*, English Language, English Literature, French, Latin, Mathematics†, Physics, Religious Studies.  
 Karen Myles-White: English Literature, French, German.  
 Nathalie Nakouzi: Classical Studies, English Language, English Literature, French\*, Mathematics, Religious Studies.  
 Bola Ogunsola: Biology, Chemistry, Classical Studies\*, Economics, English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Physics, Religious Studies.  
 Melissa Raynor: English Language\*, English Literature, French, History, Latin, Mathematics, Religious Studies\*.

Heather Richards: Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, History, Latin, Mathematics, Religious Studies\*.  
 Sarah Ronald: Art\*, Biology\*, Chemistry\*, English Language, English Literature\*, French, History\*, Mathematics\*, Physics\*, Religious Studies\*.  
 Kathryn Scott: Biology, Economics, English Language, English Literature, Food & Nutrition, French, History, Mathematics, Religious Studies\*.  
 Elizabeth Smith: Biology\*, Economics, English Language, English Literature, Food & Nutrition, French†, History\*, Mathematics, Religious Studies\*.  
 Tracey Smith: Economics, English Language, English Literature, French†, History, Mathematics†, Religious Studies\*.  
 Joyce Tang: Biology, Chemistry, Chinese, Economics, Mathematics\*, Additional Mathematics\*, Physics.  
 Lisa Tew: Classical Studies, English Language†, English Literature, Food & Nutrition.  
 Anna Tse: Chemistry, Chinese, Economics, Mathematics\*, Add. Mathematics, Physics.  
 Gena West: Biology, Chemistry, Classical Studies\*, Economics, English Language\*, English Literature, French, Mathematics, Additional Mathematics, Physics.  
 Claire White: Biology, Chemistry, Classical Studies\*, English Language\*, English Literature, French, Latin\*, Mathematics, Physics, Religious Studies.  
 Cecilia Wong: Chinese, Classical Studies, Mathematics, Add. Mathematics.

#### Upper VB

Sarah Ashmore: Art\*, Classical Studies, English Language, English Literature, Food & Nutrition, Religious Studies.  
 Sally Beighton: Classical Studies, Economics, English Language, Religious Studies.  
 Sarah Burney: English Language, Food & Nutrition, Mathematics†, Needlecraft, Religious Studies.  
 Carolyn Cartwright: English Language, Food & Nutrition\*, History, Mathematics†, Religious Studies\*.  
 Jessica Chang: Chinese, Economics, Mathematics.  
 Caroline Day: Biology, Classical Studies, English Language, Food & Nutrition\*, French†, Mathematics, Needlecraft.  
 Lisa Dixon: English Language†, Food & Nutrition, Religious Studies.  
 Dianna Gregory: Art\*, Needlecraft, Religious Studies.  
 Rachel Hunton: Classical Studies, English Language†, Mathematics†, Religious Studies.  
 Catherine Johnson: Economics, English Language, Food & Nutrition, French, Mathematics, Religious Studies.  
 Venus Kwan: Art, Biology, Chemistry, Chinese, Mathematics\*, Add. Mathematics, Physics.  
 Janice Lam: Chemistry, Chinese, Mathematics, Add. Mathematics, Music.  
 Cherry Mills: Art, Classical Studies, English Language, Religious Studies.  
 Sarah Morley: English Language†, Food & Nutrition, Religious Studies.  
 Sarah Randell: Classical Studies, English Literature, Religious Studies.  
 Sarah Renshaw-Smith: Classical Studies\*, English Language†, English Literature, Mathematics†, Religious Studies.



Brione Slaney: Art, Biology, English Language, English Literature, History, Mathematics, Religious Studies.  
 Arabella Smallman: Art, Classical Studies, English Language†, Mathematics†.  
 Emma Stevenson: English Language†, English Literature, Religious Studies.  
 Helena Straw: Art, Biology, Food & Nutrition, Mathematics, Add. Mathematics, Religious Studies.  
 Priscilla Wong: Biology, Chemistry, Chinese, Mathematics\*, Add. Mathematics, Physics.

### FORM PRIZES

Upper VI: Cynthia Lee  
 Lower VI: Rosemary Watt-Wyness  
 Upper VA: Rebecca Michell  
 Upper VB: Venus Kwan  
 Lower VA: Fiona Outram  
 Lower VB: Yvonne Chan  
 Upper IVA: Julie Gardner  
 Upper IVB: Suzanne Day  
 Lower IVA: Sarah Pattinson  
 Lower IVB: Lisa Knowles, Claire Stockton  
 Upper IIIS: Scilla Grimble  
 Upper IIIE: Kathryn Johnson

### HEADMASTER'S PRIZES FOR EFFORT

Upper VI: Lisa Vickers, Helen Hoskin  
 Lower VI: Tamsin Mallion  
 Upper VA: Susan Moukarim  
 Upper VB: Brione Slaney  
 Lower VA: Yvette Everitt  
 Lower VB: Joanna Martin  
 Upper IVA: Sarah Prior  
 Upper IVB: Lucy Nicholls  
 Lower IVA: Vanessa Rainsford  
 Lower IVB: Jacqueline Vickers  
 Upper IIIS: Emma Howorth  
 Upper IIIE: Andrea Thickett

### SUBJECT PRIZES

English: Claire Sales  
 History: Lorraine McNeice  
 Geography: Ida Fong  
 Latin: Siobhan Watts  
 Classical Studies: Claire White  
 Religious Studies: Sarah Janaway  
 Mathematics: Ida Lo  
 Physics: Elizabeth Woods  
 Chemistry: Helen West  
 Biology: Helen West  
 Music: Janice Lam  
 Art: Karen Ashmore  
 Domestic Science: Carolyn Cartwright  
 Needlework: Caroline Day

### SPECIAL PRIZES

The Chairman's Prize: Jane Bennett  
 The Henry Andrew's Prize for Domestic Science: Dawn Jenkinson  
 The Henry Andrew's Prize for Needlework: Dawn Jenkinson  
 The Pass Prize for English: Rebecca Michell  
 The General Musicianship Prize: Diana Ramsay

### CUPS

Athletics: Kennedy  
 Hockey: Powys  
 Swimming: Kennedy  
 Tennis: Pigot  
 Music: Powys  
 Debating: Wilson and Powys  
 Drama: Powys  
 Rounders (Junior): Kennedy  
 Rounders (Senior): Kennedy and Powys  
 The Barton Cup for Swimming: Fiona Cooper, Michelle Hawthorn, Ruth Howorth, Joanna Skelton, Bridget Smeaton, Emma Waterhouse  
 The Joyce Knight Cup for Speech and Drama: Gena West  
 Miss Thompson's Cup for Music: Alison Woods  
 The Aulton Rose Bowl for Singing: Adrienne King  
 The Hitchin Cup for Piano: Janet Lee  
 The Thornton Cup for Economics: Claire Sales  
 The Helen Waddingham Cup for Art: Sarah Ronald  
 The Helen Robinson Cup for P.E.: Suzannah Sheldon  
 The Susan Gibson Cup for Service: Karen Edge  
 The Adlington-Neil Cup: Ruth Howorth

### Known destinations of Upper Sixth leavers are as follows:

Karen Ashmore: St. Martin's, Lancaster — Geography (Art)  
 Jane Bennett: Chesterfield College of F.E. — Beauty Therapy  
 Ellen Bone: University of London, Whitelands College — B.A. Hons Degree Course, Sociology, Religious Studies  
 Karen Hawthorn: North Cheshire College H.E. — Executive Secretarial Course  
 Heidi Ho: University of Bath — Electrical Engineering  
 Helen Hoskin: Princess Alexandra School of Nursing, London  
 Sarah Janaway: University of St. Andrew's — History  
 Clare Jenkinson: Working in U.S.A.  
 Bonnie Kwan: Re-taking Physics, Chemistry, Biology at Davies's College, London (Was offered place at University of Bath — Engineering)  
 Cynthia Lee: University of Manchester — Computer Studies, Mathematics  
 Janet Lee: University of London, Queen Mary's College — Statistics  
 Ida Lo: University of Birmingham — Mathematics, Computing  
 Teresa McNeice: Leeds Polytechnic — B.A. European Studies in Accounting and Finance  
 Sophie de Malet-Roquefort: University of Dundee — Electronic Engineering  
 Fiona Obinna: University of Leicester — Microbiology  
 Laura Rudge: Richmond College, Sheffield — Secretarial Course  
 Claire Sales: University of Lancaster — Economics  
 Kay Sales: West Notts. College of F.E. — Art Foundation Course  
 Fiona Turner: Birmingham Polytechnic — Economics  
 Lisa Vickers: Finishing School in Switzerland  
 Elizabeth Wall: Derbyshire College of H.E. — H.N.D. Business Studies  
 Siobhan Watts: University of Cambridge, New Hall (1986) — Classics  
 Helen West: University, Nigeria — Medicine  
 Alison Woods: Norland Nursery Nursing Course  
 Elizabeth Woods: University of Liverpool — Electrical and Electronic Engineering



## Speech and Drama Results 1984/85

### Honours and Merits

#### Christmas 1984

##### Speech and Drama

Grade 4	Scilla Grimble	77 Merit
	Joanna Martin	75 Merit
Preliminary	Sarah-Jayne Goodlad	75 Merit

##### Solo Acting

Grade 5	Gena West	85 Hons.
4	Nicola McGee	76 Merit
3	Richenda Leigh	75 Merit

##### Duologue

Grade 1	Emily Gillson	82 Merit
	Anna McErlain	82 Merit
	Sarah Tarbatt	81 Merit
	Fiona Northcott	78 Merit
	Katie Else	80 Merit
	Claire Pritchard	79 Merit
	Nicola Allen	75 Merit
	Anthea Osammor	75 Merit

#### Easter 1985

##### Duologue

Grade 4	Sarah Renshaw-Smith	83 Merit
3	Oluseyi Agboola	81 Merit
	Claire Richardson	81 Merit

##### Solo Acting

Grade 7	Gena West	81 Merit
Senior	Siobhan Watts	91 Hons.

##### Spoken English

Grade 4	Hannah Hinckley	76 Merit
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##### Speech and Drama

Grade 4	Fiona Adamson	78 Merit
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##### Choral Speaking

Grade 1	St. Elphin's Choir (Forms I and II)	77 Merit
Grade 2	St. Elphin's Choir (LIII)	80 Merit

## Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

### Distinctions in Practical Examinations

#### Piano

Grade 1:	Allison Justice
Grade 3:	Suzanne Mills
Grade 7:	Yvonne Chan

#### Violin

Grade 1:	Elizabeth Day
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#### Singing

Grade 4:	Katie Windle
Grade 5:	Fiona Cooper
Grade 7:	Adrienne King

### Full marks in Theory Examinations

Grade 1:	Carole Walker
Grade 4:	Rachel Shaw

## Guildhall School of Music & Drama Examinations Summer 1985

Speech and Drama	Grade	Result
Sarah Strivens	Preliminary	Merit
Melissa Allsopp	1	Merit
Claire Walker	1	Merit
Caroline Atkinson	1	Merit
Rachel Barbee	1	Honours
Anthea Osammor	2	Merit
Nicola Allen	2	Merit
Katie Else	2	Merit
Sarah Tarbatt	3	Merit

#### Public Speaking

Mobulaji Soremekun	6	Merit
Jacqueline Pimpley	6	Merit

#### Solo Acting

Gena West	8	Honours
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#### Duologue Acting

Samantha Osammor	3	Merit
Katie Windle	3	Merit
Suzanne Day	3	Merit
Hilary Watt-Wyness	3	Merit



## E.S.B.

This year saw an increased number of entries (86) in the English Speaking Board examinations in public speaking. Each girl has to present to an audience a fifteen to twenty minute programme including a poem or piece of prose, a talk and an extract to be read from a book. For the first time some LVth girls reached the Intermediate grade, the equivalent of 'O' level. The results were outstanding with three distinctions and three credits. The self-discipline involved in reading to a group of people, gaining their attention and answering their questions in indeed good training for later and certainly improves self-confidence.

### Results:

#### Intermediate Grade (Credits and Distinctions):

*Distinctions:* Anneliese Aulton  
Justine Nelson  
Olufunmi Soremekun

*Credits:* Katherine Kirby  
Lesley Jephcott  
Carole Walker  
Katherine Walters

#### Senior Grade 3

*Distinction:* Rachael Farley

#### Senior Grade 2

*Credit:* Joanna Dent  
Wendy Houlston  
Rachel Shaw  
Katie Windle

#### Introductory Grade

*Distinction:* Scilla Grimble

*Credit:* Caroline Atkinson  
Rachel Barbee  
Nicola Fearn  
Lucy Golland  
Catherine McClimonds  
Andrea Thickett  
Dzerassa Wilson

## Lower Four's Experiences during the ESB exam

We were all sitting in the careers' room and it was nearly 4 o'clock. I thought, 'I haven't been yet! If I do it tomorrow, I'll have to do it in front of all the B form.' and nearly died of a heart attack.

It was just before my turn to do the exam and I got my things together and put them on the table. I walked up to the examiner and everyone was mouthing the words 'do your reading first.' I gave the book to the examiner and thought, 'I'll muck this up!' And I did.

I was worried about forgetting my poem as I did not know my poem all that well. Also there was one paragraph in my chapter with impossible Welsh names. I was sure she would pick that passage but fortunately she didn't.

After the actual examination I had to do a conversation. I felt a bit of an idiot.

I must confess now — when I came back to school I had nothing prepared — I was scared!

The next thing was when the marks were put up in Long C. Dare I look? I knew I had done quite well but a Distinction!?! I wasn't excited, I don't know why (not half as pleased as my Mum was — don't get me wrong though, I was pleased.) And the last feeling of being terrified is still with me — I don't want to go on the stage!

When my name was called up, I felt the ton weight from my stomach drop way down to my feet. I had had this ton weight in my stomach all morning and I felt increasingly sick!

I distinctly remember my feeling when my turn was over. I was so glad, I felt over the moon! But on the other hand I was feeling quite sad — all that work gone in ten minutes! It was an empty kind of feeling.

... I had also lost my headings and I was getting all twisted up inside, thinking it was all going to be terrible. Then just after my poem, when I thought nothing could go wrong again, I picked the wrong chapter of my book.

When I sat down again my hands were still very shaky. At first I could not pick up my books, they were shaking so much. I could not think anything, my mind was a blur, I do not think that I even realized who it was, I certainly can't remember seeing anybody. Then relief swept over me and I said to myself, 'You've been working for ages, you're tired; but now it's all over.'

Happiness — when I went to the board in Long Corridor and realized that I had gained a distinction. I felt so happy and excited. I do not think anything could have spoilt that moment for me — I was so really really pleased — and amazed!

The most memorable thing for me was finding out I could actually stand up and speak to people. I am sure that now I will be able to speak to people with less hesitation and even more important, I will be more confident in myself.

Finally I think I enjoyed the excitement of it all. The suspense the night before, where you can't go to sleep because the poem is going over and over again in your head.

The audience didn't laugh at the funny bits and only two people asked me questions. My balloon wouldn't blow up so I could not show how jet propulsion works. There were only two very small blackboards to put my five posters on. When I had typed out my notes, the typewriter wasn't working very well, it didn't wind down, so my notes were rather squashed up. I kept losing my place.



## Kennedy House Report

*Housemistress:* Miss Elvin.

*House Captain:* Karen Hawthorn.

Kennedy welcomed 14 new girls at the beginning of the year, all of whom have settled into the House. The House didn't begin their inter-House competitions on a good foot this year coming last in the House Drama Competition — we performed an extract from "The Wizard of Oz" but despite our position we all enjoyed it. Apart from this all other House competitions have been quite successful. Both junior and senior Hockey teams gained second places in the matches that were played at the end of the Christmas Term. After the Hockey Matches came the Bazaar; we had our usual Tombola, along with the toiletries stall which raised money for the N.S.P.C.C.

At the end of the Easter Term came the House Music Competition and Kennedy, surprisingly, came second — a big improvement on our normal last position!

For our Social Services week co-operation and help from everyone in the House helped to raise a considerable amount of money.

At the beginning of the Summer Term was the House Swimming Gala — and once again, for the sixth consecutive year, Kennedy was the winning House! It is becoming quite a habit, so keep it up girls!

As Kennedy has had no Matron this year, on Miss Elvin's day off Mrs. Comley has looked after the House, so on behalf of the House I should like to thank her for her hard work. I should also like to thank Miss Elvin and the rest of Kennedy for all their help and for making my final year such an enjoyable one.

Karen Hawthorn

## Powys House Report

*House Mistress:* Miss Jarvis.

*House Captain:* Sarah Janaway.

*Vice-Captain:* Teresa McNeice

This year has been very successful for Powys. We managed to keep some old cups, gained some new and only said goodbye to one. The Autumn Term was busy trying to turn half the House into habitants of the "Wild Wood" for the Drama Competition. Many thanks go to Sibby Watts, who, despite her Oxbridge examinations, really worked hard to make "Toad of Toad Hall" the success it was; congratulations also to Jane Gregory for winning the best individual performance cup — for her portrayal of Toad!

Once again we were successful in the House Music Competition, although this year's competition was stiff; here credit must be given to Janet Lee and Adrienne King, and once again to Sibby (who by this time knew she had gained a place at Cambridge). We also shared the Debating Shield with Wilson.

Sporting wise Powys does not so obviously shine, but we did keep the Senior Hockey Cup, although we

lost the Junior — better luck next year. To our surprise we came second to Kennedy in the Swimming Gala. In the last few years we have never done very well in this, so it was quite an achievement to be runners-up this year.

I'd like to thank Miss Jarvis, Sarah, Teresa, Janet, Sibby and Jane for their efforts throughout the year, to make Powys what it is and hope we shall do them proud this next year.

Emma Waterhouse  
(House Captain 1985-86)

## Pigot House Report

*Housemistress:* Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Gillam

*Head of House:* Elizabeth Woods

*Deputy:* Alison Woods

The Sponsored Walk this year led us to Chatsworth House, as guests of the Duchess of Devonshire who made a personal appearance. With our 'nearly new' stall at the Bazaar Pigot again raised a large sum of money for charity.

The highlight of the Autumn Term was our version of "Alice in Wonderland". It was tremendous fun to produce and to act in, and special thanks must go to the U6 and to Sarah Ronald for her highly praised costumes and props.

We transformed the stage into the beach at Skegness in the final item of the Music Competition. The whole House worked together to make our version of "O, What an Atmosphere" a success, gaining joint highest marks. We were commended for our attention to detail, thanks going to those who provided the necessary 'thermal underwear' and 'smell of fish and chips and sewage everywhere!' Well done to the U5s and their "let it go, let it show" grannie-routine!

Pigot failed to win back the Debating Cup this year, but enjoyed preparing for the competition, writing and speaking on motions such as "This horse would emigrate" and "Feminism has gone too far". With the enthusiasm generated by Liz and Ellen this year, Pigot look forward to the forthcoming competition.

In the Sports this year, we have played and swum, and run consistently well, and although not always beating other Houses have enjoyed taking part.

I would like to thank Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Gillam for their work for the House — we wish them all the best in the future.

Thanks must also go to Liz and Alison, with special thanks to Ellen and Jackie Pimbley who have done much work for Pigot, which is appreciated.

Jo Clarke

## Wilson House Report

*Housemistress:* Mrs. Aspinall

*Matron:* Miss Marler

*House Captain:* Kay Sales

The Autumn Term was an enjoyable but very busy time for Wilson House, starting with the House's



participation in the Sponsored Walk, this time a lovely walk through the grounds of Chatsworth, finishing with sandwiches and tea on the lawn! This year Wilson was responsible for a soft toys stall in the Bazaar which was very successful and the term traditionally encompassed some social services in aid of charity. The high point of many was the Drama Competition. Wilson performed a very ambitious "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" and there were many 'new' faces to be seen which enabled the whole House to get involved.

Throughout the Autumn and Spring Terms there were debates of a very high standard, and Wilson, led by Kay and Rosemary, came first. We were represented very well indeed in all the debates and showed our superior eloquence on such matters as "A Permissive Society" and "Feminism"! Wilson's contribution in the Lent effort was much appreciated and we obtained money for the Cancer Research Fund. Of course, traditionally, the Music Competition took most of everyone's energy and this year Wilson presented many excellent individual items and a most enjoyable Black and White Minstrel Show for the Surprise Item.

The Summer Term is always a very active and exciting term with the Swimming Gala quickly followed by Sports Day, tennis matches and Rounders. Wilson was represented by many strong, enthusiastic competitors in all these events and many girls showed their winning spirit in new races. There were some outstanding performances in all the sporting events and well done to Pauline, Emma, Gena, Sharon and Rachel! Rachel won the Victrix Cup on Sports Day and Gena sped into first place in the 100m. Well done!

Sadly, we will be saying goodbye to both Mrs. Aspinall and Miss Marler at the end of this term. We look forward to seeing Mrs. Aspinall as Wilson's Relief House-mistress and hope she will always remember Wilson with a smile and many happy thoughts.

Tami Mallion

## Margaret Flood House Report

*Housemistress:* Miss F. Smith  
*Matron:* Miss A. Mellor  
*Staff:* Mrs. T. Coombs; Mrs. R. Mayall;  
 Mrs. S. Willies  
*Head Girl:* Sarah Tarbatt. Head Boarder: Karen Shopland  
*Deputy Head:* Fiona Northcott  
*Prefects:* Nicola Allen, Katie Else, Helen Ogley, Claire Pritchard, Sarah Rawling, Claire Walker.

We were happy to welcome Miss Smith to Willowdene in September, then we were very quickly involved in a busy year.

Most members of the House took part in the Sponsored Walk, raising £443. During the rest of the Christmas Term, we visited the theatre, Chatsworth Horse Trials, and went roller-skating. Christine Thompson lit the School Bonfire, and we all enjoyed the firework show. We were also pleased when L.III won a prize at the Matlock Bonfire Safety Competition. Many visitors attended our Carol Service, which

was followed by the splendid Christmas Dinner. We were all very proud of singing in Latin. The term ended with the usual lively party.

During the Easter Term the boarders went ice-skating and roller-skating; they visited the Blue John Caverns, and enjoyed "Aladdin" at the Crucible in Sheffield. We all worked very hard, with Mrs. Coombs's help, at our play "The Phoenix and the Carpet", performing before a capacity crowd of parents and friends. Between February 1st and March 23rd we collected £110, to be divided equally between the R.S.P.C.A. and R.N.L.I., having great fun in the process. There were competitions every week, and food on sale most days.

Buxton Festival started 3 days after our return for the Summer Term. Many girls took part in individual classes, and our two Choral Speaking groups gained the first and second certificates in the Open class. The next week was filled with choir rehearsals, ready for the Buxton Festival (much enlivened by Mrs. Johnson's portrayal of a kangaroo). We were delighted when the choir won the Wood Cup for Junior Choirs; and thanks to Mrs. Johnson, and Jane Lam, our accompanist, for all their hard work.

The boarders visited both the Newark and Notts Show, and the East Midlands County Show, and sticking to the farming theme, spent a happy afternoon with Miss Mellor at Elvaston Castle.

The yellow team came out top in the Swimming Gala, and completed their success by also winning the Board Trophy on Sports Day. Juliet Scott won the Dobson Cup as Best Junior Athlete.

We had various other expeditions which were both educational and fun; to the museums in London, Casleton, Matlock Post Office, Riber Zoo, and one evening the boarders were entertained to tea by Miss Smith's parents before visiting the Abbeydale Industrial Hamlet Craftsmen Fair in Sheffield.

The Junior School Open Day on July 6th, was hard work, but great fun, and we enjoyed entertaining our many visitors on that afternoon.

Members of the House have taken part in the Music Workshops each term, and others have attended the evening concerts.

Our end of year party took place in the Drama Studio, when we watched performances of "Peter Pan", extracts from "Charlotte's Web" and some improvised scenes, followed by games and a lovely tea.

We are sad to hear that Miss Smith will not be our Housemistress next year. We have had a wonderful year with her, full of outings and walks and surprises, and will miss her very much.

Thank you also to Miss Mellor for looking after us so well; and also to Sister for her kindness when we are ill.

The end of every year is tinged with sadness, as several members of the House leave to go to the Senior Houses, or to other schools. We wish them all success and happiness for the future.



## Chapel Notes

It is difficult to assess the spiritual development of a community like St. Elphin's, but this year we have enjoyed an active and varied life with more participation from a wider range of people.

My suggestion that I celebrate the Eucharist in the House Room of each House was taken up by the House Staff and I was invited to Powys in December, Pigot in February, Kennedy in March and Wilson in May. In each case the existing table was used for the Altar and the girls set out the room so all could feel that they could share in the Service. We used as many girls as we could, a Server, another to read the Epistle, five for the Intercessions, three for the Offertory, and the House-mistress read the Gospel and the Head coped with the House Room piano! Although there is no intention to replace the more formal worship in Chapel, I am sure that many saw the Eucharist through fresh eyes when it was celebrated in the room where so much of their communal life is spent.

It has been the custom to allow girls from Lower Fifth upwards to volunteer to be trained as Servers and we have never been in short supply, but this year we have twelve pairs and so to use them we have introduced double servers at the 9.50 a.m. as well as the 11.00 a.m. Eucharists. I am most grateful to the Head Sacristan Finiba David-West and to Jo. Stephenson, Ruth Howorth and Bridget Smeaton who have served as Deputies and all the members of the Chapel Guild for their support throughout the year.

When I wrote last year I expected that Pax Christi would end as most of the original members had left, but members of the Lower Sixth approached me and gradually a new group has emerged which meets with me each week and has adopted the Pax Christi name. At one meeting it was mentioned that, some years ago, members of the Sixth Form used to take turns to lead Morning Prayers on a weekday, and immediately there were volunteers so from last March we have had a Sixth Former leading Middle School Prayers on a Wednesday or Thursday.

Ash Wednesday fell in Half Term, but on the Thursday night we held a Service of Evening Prayer followed by the Renewal of Baptismal Vows as an act of dedication at the beginning of Lent and some fifty to sixty girls attended. On the Fridays in Lent I invited members of Staff to prepare a service before lunch which consisted of a short Address; a hymn and prayer. The theme was "Jesus, the Way, the Truth, the Life", and "Jesus our Lord" and they were taken by Miss J. Crook, Dr. D. Riley, Miss H. Cawood and the Headmaster and the Chapel was well filled for each Service.

In the last week of term I held another voluntary Service to prepare for Holy Week based on the Service of Repentance, once again there was a good response and I am sure that these Services did lead to a deepening of Christian commitment by the increased numbers of those who made use of the Ministry of Forgiveness and Reconciliation.

Another welcome feature has been the visit of parishioners from Wingerworth Parish Church and a

second visit from King's Sterndale Parish Church, in both these cases our guests participated in the Eucharist and I believe our family lives were enriched. On Ascension Day the Clergy and Lay People of the Wirksworth Deanery came to a Sung Eucharist at 7.30 p.m. Although the School had had two Services that day, we provided a Choir and a number of Sixth Form looked after our guests. I was invited to celebrate as the Deanery wanted to participate in our form of Service, one of our girls read the Epistle, the Rural Dean the Gospel and the Churchwarden of St. Helen's led the Intercessions. The Head received the Deanery in the Hall afterwards for tea and biscuits and I am sure all agreed with the Rural Dean when he said that the Service 'had raised all our spirits'. On May 12th the Choir were invited to sing Evensong at Youghalgreave Parish Church and I was invited to preach, and afterwards the parishioners entertained us to coffee and biscuits.

Once again Radio Derby invited us to prepare a Service for the series 'Wake up and Sing' this time to be broadcast on Easter Day, so the theme was ready made. The readings and hymns chosen were only four seconds short of the 29 minutes required! As many parents and girls could not hear the broadcast, we played a recording in Chapel on Open Day.

We have had our usual round of Services: The O.G. Reunion on September 22nd attended Choral Evensong at which Miss Sian Davies and Mrs. Eileen Smart read the Lessons. We held our Harvest Thanksgiving Services on Sunday and Monday 23rd and 24th September. The Bishop of Warrington celebrated the Sung Eucharist in Chesterfield Parish Church on Commemoration Day, 20th October. The Revd. E. V. Binks Pro-Rector St. Katherine's College, Liverpool (our Sister Foundation) gave the Address. Governors, Staff, Parents and girls took part in the Service by reading the Epistle and Gospel, leading the Intercession and in the distribution of Holy Communion to the large congregation. On All Saints Day we held a Sung Eucharist for all the Confirmed girls and a Choral Evensong for the Non-Confirmed, and this arrangement was repeated on Ascension Day. Our annual Carol Services for Juniors, Middle School and Seniors were held in the last week of the Autumn Term, and Carols were sung round the Christmas Tree before the Christmas Dinner on the last night of term.

On Sunday, 20th January within the Octave for Christian Unity we welcomed Sisters and fifteen girls from the Presentation Convent High School to our Sung Eucharist and they shared the Readings and Prayers with us.

The Bishop of Warrington presided over a Service of Baptism, Confirmation and First Communion on Sunday 24th March and Bishop C. M. Warren (formerly of Canberra and Goulbourn) presided over another on Sunday 3rd March. Although there were fewer candidates this year, it was encouraging to present seven members from the Upper Fifth.

We welcomed as Guest Preachers: The Bishop of Sheffield on October 14th, the Archdeacon of Leicester on May 5th and, at the time of writing, we look forward to the Revd. Gordon Watts, C.E. (Siobhan's Father) on June 16th.



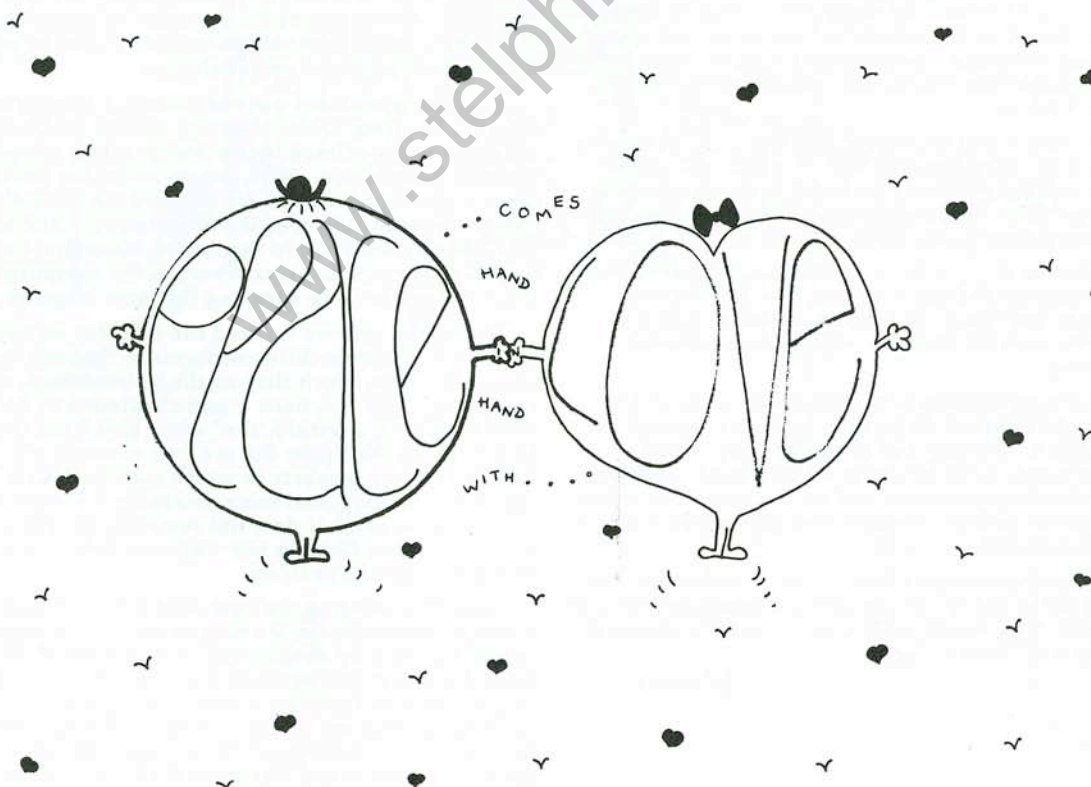
My thanks to the Head and James Burgess for their assistance, Andrew Jackson and members of his department, who have played the Organ and trained the Choirs, for Alison Woods and the Choir who have invigorated our worship, and to Miss Jarvis for her flower arrangements in Chapel and to all the ladies who clean the Chapel and launder the linen.

Presented for Confirmation on 24th February — \*also Baptized.

Pigot House: Eleanor Forrest, Allison Justice, Rachel Ogley, Dzerassa Wilson\*.  
 Powys House: Angela Lawton, Lorraine McNeice\*, Suzanne Mills, Heather Richards\*, Claire Stockton, Susan Williams.

Presented on March 3rd.

Kennedy: Caroline Atkinson, Helen Gilbert\*, Dianna Gregory, Victoria Macleod, Sarah Morley, Melissa Raynor\*.  
 Wilson: Sarah Fearn, Rachael MacLachlan, Lisa Tew, Sarah Walker, Gena West.  
 David Prytherch, Chaplain



Natalie Ross





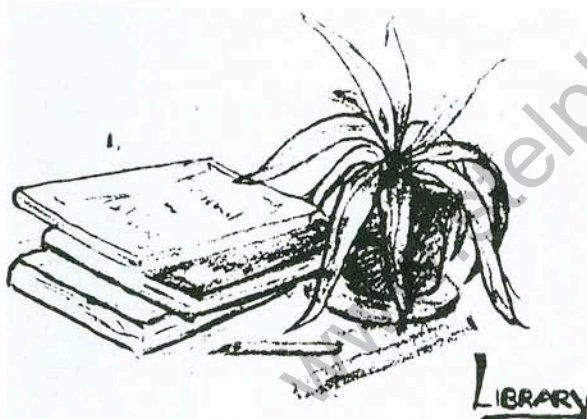


privileged to welcome three young managers from James Neill Ltd. of Sheffield, who gave us a first glimpse of the role of computers in modern industry. This will be followed up in the autumn term by visits to the company's new premises. We are very grateful to Mr. Leach for 'introducing' us to the company.

It may seem from this report so far that most of our contacts with the outside world have been based on academic institutions, so I shall end with what is probably our most important innovation of the year. Thanks to a great deal of hard work by Miss Crook, our first work experience programme is taking place as I am writing, enabling girls in the Upper 5th to gain first-hand experience of manufacturing industry, hospitals, legal work, journalism, hotel work and many other career fields.

It is very appropriate that all these new activities should have been 'incubated' in new premises. The Careers Room moved during the Christmas holidays to a much larger home, close to one of the main highways of school life. This change has brought many advantages for the careers staff and, we hope, for the girls who use the room. We would like to thank Mr. Pollard and the Bursar for making the change possible.

P. K. Outram



The foresight of former Governor, Thomas Whittam, provided funds which enabled the Library to be completely refurbished this year.

The large room which houses the Library had originally to be adaptable to various uses: the floor was tiled and the books were confined to unstable shelves around the walls. But now all has changed. The floor has smart sand-coloured carpet tiles; the books are nearly all housed in double-sided free-standing units. We have six individual study desks against the walls and a large display area. The Fiction forms a relaxed section with armchairs and floor cushions, with the Middle School paperbacks colourfully displayed on a triangular stand. The magazines are here too on sloping shelves which gives prominence to their cover designs. The light beech wood of the shelving provides a pleasant contrast to the books themselves, and we even have six large decorative plants to complete the decor.

The new atmosphere of this transformed space has greatly encouraged use of the Library, both as a place to browse and relax in, and as a peaceful study area. The number of loans increases weekly. There have been varied displays, a weekly "Did you See . . . ?" collection of newspaper articles of interest, and to launch the opening a "Terrible Titles" competition. This was won by a group entry from U5A who designed a cartoon rendition of the title "Hamlet". They were closely followed by a L6 version of "Tales of the Unexpected" where various animals sported some extraordinary tails!

The Library has acquired some 500 new titles this year and increased its magazine holdings. We have an Apple II microcomputer on which a catalogue system created by Mr. Burgess is being developed and on which the Librarians record loans. The School has been fortunate to have had a team of hard-working librarians who have nobly moved, re-arranged and checked over 8,000 volumes during the year. I am most grateful to them for their help and patience, but above all we have to thank Thomas Whittam for making our new Library possible.

There is only one note of regret: the loss of Mrs. Woods, who is leaving St. Elphin's this summer. Mrs. Woods has provided a steady and calm influence in the Library Office even when sorely taxed with computer failures and a mountain of new books to process. Without her help those books would never have reached the shelves so quickly nor would they have remained long in one piece without her care in binding and covering them. And it is thanks to her industry that we have many sections of our computer catalogue up-to-date. We in the Library are very sorry to lose her; but we wish her every happiness for the future.

M. Shields





## “Joseph”

“A very enjoyable performance!” These were the very words of a member of the audience on the night of July 11th, after the final performance of “Joseph”.

Some of our ‘adoring’ audience, even went as far as to say that this musical was the best we have ever done. Mr. Pollard was congratulated on the excellent standard, which never seems to drop.

As the narrator, I had the cumbersome task of “keeping the Show together” as Mrs. Outram so kindly told the audience on the last night. It could have been a boring part – as there was no specific action for me – but I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the performances – and the practices. I know that, for me, it was the greatest show we have ever done, and I will never forget taking part.

Hearing the response from the audience made me feel that all our seemingly fruitless rehearsals had not been in vain. As with most performances, it was inevitable that not all the appointed times for the rehearsals were considered as ‘suitable’ to everyone. Nevertheless, it was virtually impossible not to come out of them humming various catching lines to our-

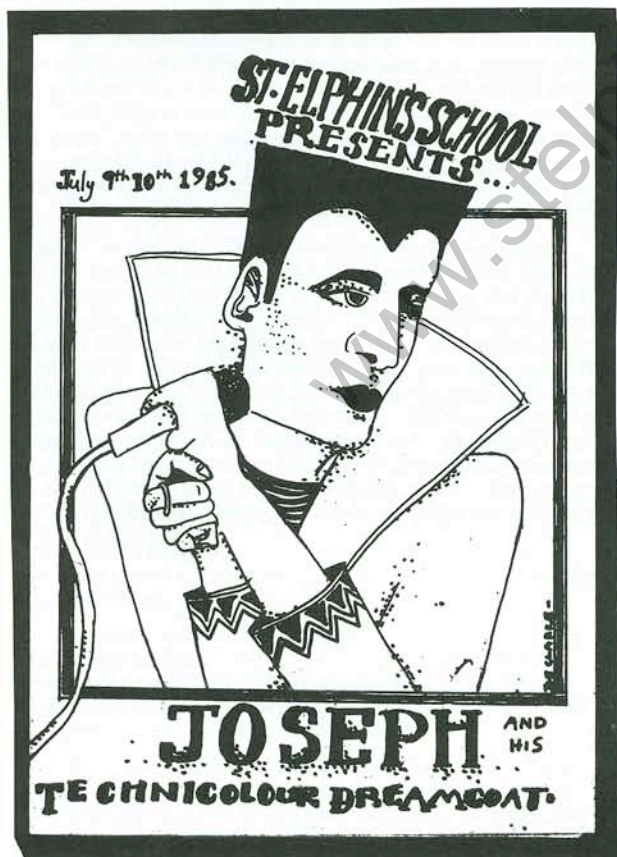
selves, and for the next few hours I’d have a particular song ‘on the brain’. Feeling depressed about ‘O’ levels I’d come out of rehearsals smiling.

One of the most interesting aspects of the performance was the great variety of different atmospheres which transpired, and it was obvious from their reactions that the audience loved the way we switched from cowboy scenes to French scenes, and so on.

As one of Joseph’s brothers, I thoroughly enjoyed having to shove him around (I wonder if Scilla did though?!) Scilla Grimble coped excellently with her part as Joseph – it must have been a real challenge for such a young girl – but she certainly succeeded in performing her part with as much assurance as any of the older girls. We all enjoyed Pharaoh’s scene, which was encored enthusiastically!

Most of all, on behalf of the cast, I would like to thank Mrs. Outram, Mr. Jackson, Miss Goldthorpe and Mrs. Coombs, and all the other Staff and pupils who helped make this an enjoyable performance. It was the team spirit that did it!!

Jane Gregory and Gena West



Josanna Clarke L6



Claire White and Sarah Ronald



## "Joseph"

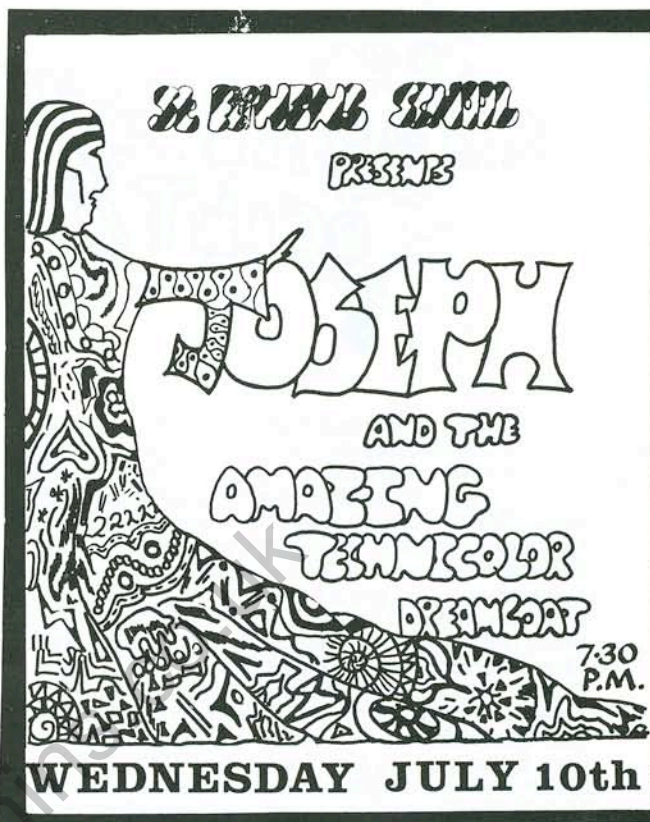
On a warm, summer's night, we took our seats with anticipation and expectation. Everyone had said how good it was and the Hall was full with bustling people (some coming for the second time) finding seats and greeting friends.

Four-year old Sian took her place between her father and me, sitting high upon two cushions timely placed. We opened our programmes — Sian's upside down — and before much ado we were applauding the entrance of Miss Goldthorpe, the competent accompanist for the first half. Equally as competent, Mr. Jackson took over after the interval.

As the lights dimmed and the curtains slowly opened we were instantly transported into a world of melody and colour which filled our senses. The cheerful chorus sang with enthusiasm and sustained this high standard right through to the end.

I was impressed with the energetic confidence which permeated from Jane Gregory as the Narrator through to the whole cast. Jane carried the Show along with her superb performance and clarity of speech. Her voice reached the furthestmost corners of the Hall and never lost its sweetness.

The eleven Brothers were admirably portrayed and all gave realistic, lively performances that we almost forgot they were girls!



Rosemary Watt-Wyness, with her humorous portrayal of the French Singer in the Cafe, was pure magic and much appreciated, particularly by the men in the audience!

Sharon Neale as Pharaoh, or Elvis, stole the scene as the audience gasped with delight and amazement when she stepped forward from the Egyptian 'Mummy' doors. Her transformed appearance in the magnificent Elvis costume, complete with belt and shoes, was glittering and her voice captured the atmosphere of the 'Pop' scene of twenty years ago.

The challenging part of Joseph was admirably performed by Scilla Grimble, who, despite her years, managed to overcome the difficulties of a very young but sweet voice. Her coat of gold was striking and added to the atmosphere at the end.

Small, but delightful character parts were played by Emma Waterhouse as Mrs. Patiphou, Rachel Johnson as Patiphou and Adrienne King as the aged father portraying Jacob with a clear strong voice.

The Grand Finale was striking in its simplicity as the shimmering silk enfolded in rainbow colours like the rays of the sun. A truly technicolour ending!

The Encore was much appreciated and rang in our ears as we walked out to the terrace in the evening light.

"Look, Daddy", said Sian pointing to the fountain, "Pretend rain!"

G. S. Leach





Although we have not had a Vienna trip to look forward to this year, the Choral Society has, nevertheless, participated in many events, both in and out of school. Again, we took part in the combined choral work with Worksop College and other schools, this year singing Verdi's "Requiem", with as much gusto and enthusiasm as ever. We have held many concerts in school too, and one of the most enjoyable of all of these was arranged by the Rotary Club of Matlock in aid of the Beethoven Fund for Deaf Children. Our Choral Society, the Choir and Band of Highfields School, Matlock and All Saints Junior School, Matlock, took part in this worthwhile concert, and managed to raise a considerable amount for the Fund. Other concerts include one in November in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. which involved the Choral Society and the Melbourne Male Voice Choir; this concert, too, was a huge success. A St. Valentine's Day Concert and the School Concert during the Summer Term.

I would like to thank Mr. Jackson for all he has done for the Choral Society this year and especially for all his patience! Also, many thanks to Mr. Pollard for being our faithful accompanist throughout the year.

Jane Gregory



Once again, the Music Department has had a full and exciting year in which the pace has never slackened. There have been two Orchestral Workshops, and the thrills (and spills!) of these never seem to dwindle. The orchestra always presents a wide range of music, and enjoys welcoming outside musicians to these occasions.

The Friends of St. Elphin's have indeed been busy in this direction, too, for after bringing Richard Baker to St. Elphin's they, together with Mr. Jackson, arranged for Mireille Faye-Mora, a young French pianist, to entertain us and also a Jazz band. More recently we were visited by a French Wind Group.

For individual performers, the pressure increased with the repeat of the now firmly established Duet Competition. This year's winners were Julie Gardner and Susanna Peel. Buxton again exerted its influence over the School, as the usual high number of entries were kept up. The singers did especially well, with Jane Gregory and Fiona Cooper winning the duet class and Sharon Neale winning the vocal solo class. The Middle School Choir also performed excellently, collecting two trophies in one evening.

The Chapel Choir has been busy, not only in our own Chapel, but taking part in Services in other churches as well. There have been any number of individual achievements over the year, with the school maintaining its usual excellent standards in Associated Board Examinations.

A big thank you is due to Mr. Jackson and his colleagues in the Music Department for co-ordinating and coping with all these activities so well. We are sorry to be losing Miss Goldthrope who has done so much for St. Elphin's music, and wish her success and happiness in her new work.

Rosemary Watt-Wyness

## A Successful New Course

The new Theatre Studies (A/O) course has proved to be a great success, according to the seven members of the Lower Sixth who enthusiastically took the examination. The course has three main sections including a project with subjects varying from Fifth Century Greek Theatre to the use of make-up in modern plays. Emma Waterhouse studied the Royal Shakespeare Company in Stratford and even interviewed the actors backstage. Lucy Makinson's project on Buxton Opera House made very interesting reading.

The second paper, the theory, covers two prescribed texts, "A Taste of Honey" and "The Duchess of Malfi" this year, and two periods of the history of drama. The third section is a dramatic performance, this year a section of Tom Stoppard's "The Real Inspector Hound". This proved such a success that we were asked to perform it on Open Day.

There is strong emphasis on the dramatic aspects of a play, therefore practical work is often done to help in the understanding of a play's dramatic qualities such as lighting, movement, sound and tone. Both Mrs. Shields and Mrs. Coombs who teach Theatre Studies are themselves drama enthusiasts and encourage visits to playhouses. This year Mrs. Shields arranged visits to see "Trafford Tanzi" at Derby Playhouse, "A Man for All Seasons" at the Nottingham Playhouse, "Caucasian Chalk Circle" at Nottingham Playhouse and "Romeo and Juliet" at the Crucible, in Sheffield.

We enjoyed play-readings on Sunday evenings at Mrs. Shields's house and felt that we had increased our knowledge of the world of drama.

Tammy Mallion



*Our theatre outings have been so numerous this year that we can include only the following reviews.*

## **Trip to "The Canterbury Tales"—Derby Playhouse**

Expecting to have to sit through a boring 'A' level text, the Sixth Form English groups were pleasantly surprised to find that this production of the Canterbury Tales was far from dull. Our hopes sank when we read on the programme that the notoriously bawdy "Miller's Tale" had been removed from the show because it was unsuitable — only to find that this was part of the pretence of this production. The tales were presented as a contest, in which all the contestants acted out each others entries and the audience was very much involved in the show — we watched in terror lest one of us should be picked out and carried on to the stage by the Miller! The Miller managed to have his tale performed eventually — and it won the contest as the most popular of the tales! It was a very enjoyable evening and our thanks must go to Mrs. Hodgson for organising the trip.

Siobhan Watts

## **A Play-day at Derby— "The Caucasian Chalk Circle"**

Nine Lower 6th girls and Mrs. Shields left school at 8.30 a.m. in order to arrive at Derby in time for the start of the 'Play-day'. We knew that this particular production would be helpful to all of us, as Brecht, the playwright, figures greatly in our studies for either German 'A' level or Theatre Arts A/O level, but we really were surprised at the amount of help it did give us.

To begin with, at 10.30 a.m., five members of the cast and the producer of the production we were to see, came onto the stage, gave us a lot of the background of Brecht and his works and read to us some of his other works. At one point, they were describing to us their reasons as to why they produced it as they did and invited all the audience to 'direct' the scene!

Then, as an added bonus for the Theatre Arts group, the lighting manager, the designer and the music director all came onto the stage and explained what they were going to do and why!

After a short break for lunch, the much awaited performance began. It did, of course, live up to our expectations (great that they were!), in fact, it exceeded them! The most notable characters were: the narrator, whose voice was excellent (and whose face wasn't bad either!) — he managed to gain our undivided attention all the time he was on the stage; also Azdak was splendid, succeeding in making us laugh, only to make us pity him at the end.

After this production of "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" we had to rush off to catch public transport back to school in time for supper. Half an hour's wait later, we finally caught the right bus and arrived just in the nick of time!

The unanimous feeling by the end of the day was that the whole trip had been a complete success and we'd gladly do it again, even if it does mean braving public transport at 8.30 in the morning!

Many thanks to Mrs. Ecclestone and Mrs. Shields for organising it for us.

Adrienne King, L.VI

## **We took London by storm . . . .**

On Friday, 15th March, we (i.e. the L6 French 'A' level group) had 'carte-blanc' to venture (quite staffless) into the depths of London in order to see a performance of L'Ecole des Femmes by Moliere, one of our set authors.

After catching an early morning bus to Derby, we then caught another bus to London — which was only an hour late! Consequently, we arrived just in the nick of time for the lecture which was to be given on this particular play. This lecture was very informative and was a great help to us.

Having lunched chez MacDonalds, we returned to the theatre, buying postcards of the capital en route.

The performance of the play was excellent, giving us much insight to the actual study of it and to our own portrayal of the characters in the excerpt we performed from it on Open Day. All the actors performed marvellously and the costumes helped to project the tragi-comic theme throughout. Notable characters were: Arnolphe, who nearly had us in tears, both of laughter and of pity, and Georgette and Alain, who succeeded splendidly in providing 'comic relief'.

The journey back to school was just as eventful! Travelling back by the same genre of transport, we managed, once again, to be scheduled on a bus that happened to be an hour late! (We had this peculiar sense of *deja vu* . . .). It seemed blatantly obvious that that particular bus service was not au fait with the latest timetable. Unfortunately, the Derby bus service was! Because of the hour's delay in London, we had missed our scheduled bus to Matlock. By now, having coped with all the mishaps of the day, we were well prepared for one more so we caught a local bus to Matlock and arrived two hours late at school. Still, the trip to and from London had a certain "je ne sais quoi" about it and we all returned having enjoyed the day very much.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Pollard for allowing us all to go, Miss Deniaud and Mrs. Banks for arranging the whole thing for us.

Adrienne King and Ruth Howorth, L6



## Inter-House Music Competition 1985

The competition between the four Houses took place on Monday, March 25th with Mrs. R. Morten from Buxton as the adjudicator.

Pigot House had the unenviable task of opening the proceedings. Their verse speaking contribution "James and the Giant Peach" was particularly effective. Their programme was very well put together — they had obviously taken a lot of trouble over presentation.

The second House "on show" was Powys. Again, the programme deserves special mention as they had taken the trouble to include photographs of all those taking part. There were some very pleasing performances here including a pianoforte solo by Helga Mann which won the cup for the best individual performance. Everything was linked together very well by the "Headmistress of Powys Academy", Sarah Janaway.

After a short break, Wilson House took the stage. The Verse speaking "Little Red Riding Hood" by Gena West was very imaginatively portrayed. Again the Junior pianoforte solo was very well performed by Fay Neary, who also showed great promise for the future as an accompanist when she accompanied Scilla Grimble in her vocal solo. The Surprise item was interesting but I think it would be better to include more of the House in it.

Last, but not least, Kennedy House completed the afternoon's efforts. There were some very pleasing performances here. Especially worthy of mention were the Instrumental Duet — Elspeth Tyler (clarinet) and Anneliese Aulton (flute) — and the Vocal Duet — "The Floral Dance", sung by Teresa Charlesworth and Katie Windle. Jane Lam is to be commended for her proficient and sympathetic accompaniments.

The afternoon was very enjoyable and Mrs. Morten's comments were very helpful and constructive — the result was Powys 1st, Wilson and Kennedy joint 2nd and Pigot 4th.

On the whole, I felt the standard was not as high as that of last year, but it was very encouraging to note the number of younger girls taking prominent parts. This suggests that we can look forward with confidence to some more very good Music Competitions in future years.

M. Johnson





## House Drama Competition

One of the dangers in judging a drama competition is that one is influenced more than one should be by the plays themselves. Different plays present different problems (and possibilities) and a completely fair judgement would need four versions of the same piece to be produced. (For the fact that they were not, the adjudicator is duly thankful. While we might have achieved stricter justice, the entertainment value would have sunk without trace.)

The competition this year was on the theme of fantasy, and we started off with Charlie in his Chocolate Factory by Wilson. The author seemed to have gathered together his pet hates about children, and paid off scores to each in turn. A rather moralistic little piece with little to offer in storyline, but with opportunities for mechanical tricks (which were not always taken) and for caricature acting (which were, notably by Karen Ashmore as a spoiled brat with a piercing voice).

From the Factory we took the yellow brick road of "The Wizard of Oz," by Kennedy. Here, the actors, being somewhat unsteady in their lines, had some trouble in maintaining their quest. They might remember for next time that an audience is slow to notice an actor's mistakes so long as the actor continues to act, i.e. to perform. Bluff and bravado can carry you quite a long way on stage. The main successes in this production were the witch and her cat.

They proved suitably wicked and comic at the same time — not an easy feat.

The third production was from "Alice in Wonderland" by Pigot, and here the honours really went to the design team (led by Kate Kirby) who filled the stage with all those familiar characters in a dazzling array of colours. The trial scene was well amazed, with an imposing Red Queen (Jo Clarke) terrorizing her unfortunate consort (Catherine Haynes).

The final offering was from "Toad of Toad Hall" by Powys, and opened in splendidly ominous fashion, with rumbling thunder and packs of villainous weasles literally creeping out of the woodwork and swarming over the stage. One was immediately hooked. The Central characters of Toad, Badger, Rat and Mole were most convincingly made up and acted with gusto particularly by Jane Gregory (who took the acting award). Swinging between Toad's self-pity and his irrespressible desire to shock, she gave a sustained performance which enabled this lively production, imaginatively directed by Emma Waterhouse to win the competition by just three points from its nearest rival.



Result.	1	2	3	4
	Powys	Wilson	Pigot	Kennedy

Tim Shields







## St. Elphin's Open Day 1985

Where to visit before our first coffee?

We were pleased that we decided on the Religious Studies room — we enjoyed its style — cheerful with green plants and thematic interest — although even now I'm unsure as to whether "Religious Studies" is a misnomer. R.E.? Scripture? Divinity? Which was correct? We liked the script used for Scripture and the cartoons for Comparative Religion.

A move to the Economics Room with some dramatic and humorous posters, and we were already on the track for some delicious food (secretly the main purpose of a certain boy's visit). We decided, very wisely, to test the European Café. Delightfully uniformed waitresses helped us decipher the multi-lingual menus — and we sampled gateaux and schnitzels and coffee and glaces — all mouth-wateringly tempting.

Our hunger temporarily assuaged, we consulted the timetable to find that we could experience a Parisian son-et-lumière. To the accompaniment of some suitable piano-accordion music, we watched the said display with all-but-bated breath. The "tour" included a look at Les Invalides (solemn strains of the French National Anthem), l'Opera (La Bohème) la tour Eiffel (back to the piano-accordion) Notre Dame (the famous bells swung and clanged such that we could almost picture Quasimodo) — all described in well-articulated home-grown French accents. Then . . . enter the can-can dancers from the Moulin Rouge — with some raw recruits still in their school kilts. It was all done with typical Fifth Form St. Elphin's panache — the final splits even accomplished in kilts (P.E. teachers N.B.).

A visit to the Chapel and a recording of "Wake Up and Sing" proved a quieter and more reflective time. We were sorry to have missed the original broadcast on Easter Day, so that it was a good opportunity to hear the girls' pleasant blend of voices, and enjoy a moment of peace.

We had been looking forward to our visit to the newly-furnished library, but the marvellous trolleys, shelving, and carpeting exceeded our expectations. The room itself seems to have opened out and lightened up, and yet become fuller than ever of interesting and well-displayed literature of all tastes. And for the literati — a quiz. Could we guess the titles of these books from the given visual clues? "Love in a Cold Climate" was our family favourite. (Perhaps it was a presage for the weather in June).

Now for some more food . . . or so we thought. Let's visit Rome and Pompeii in the Latin Room and afterwards go and sample the Roman food. Strolling among the ruins with Mrs. Miles's Italian trip girls — up the heights of Vesuvius — through the dust of the narrow streets — past various darkly appealing Romeos — lovely postcards and photographs. Mm . . . we were in the right frame of mind mm . . . we could smell the figs and the boar's head. Alas! Nos miseramus . . . tempus had fugit. Everything was gone! Thwarted and in despair (Does that sound like a piece of Latin translation?) we searched for an ice-cream in the European cafe.

At peace with the world again, we went to watch the grand finale — a chariot race in the Roman style — wheelbarrows decked as chariots, girls dressed in togas and a resplendent Mr. Pearce as Caesar Augustus bedecked in golden laurels and heralded by trumpeteers.

Herewith were some of the surprises in store at St. Elphin's on Open Day 1985, without having mentioned a peep into the Hall to hear the beautiful, magnificent but unspellable piano and some girls in concert, a display in the Needlework Room, some experiments in the Labs, cookery demos, videos of school-life (look at young X in L.IVA!), computer games, and above all a taste — no, not of the European/Roman — food of the quality of friendliness and hospitality of all the girls and Staff at St. Elphin's.

Angela Turner





## Open Day 1985

"Dans le jardin", said Leo the lion. My friend and I were doing a puppet play in the French Room. Everyone was laughing and talking. You could hear people whispering about the puppets and the scenery.

We were on the second play but everything was going wrong. The puppets were talking to the ground and everyone was hiccupping. All this was part of the St. Elphin's School Open Day that we had been working very hard to prepare for,

"Comme toujours," said Claudette. Then all the puppets bowed and everyone clapped, although my Mum couldn't because she was still laughing at my friend.

After the puppet play L4A did "Punchlines" in French. It was really good. After that we did a song called "Quelle est la date de ton anniversaire?" It was a total disaster, an absolute flop! Everyone was staring into space and no-one was singing at all. All you could hear was the tape at the back.

I think in French I enjoyed the weather game the most. I was thunder, Rhoda was the fog; Rachel Ogle was someone shivering, Yinka was the weather lady and lastly, but not least, Catherine McClimonds was the sun. All I had to do was say "crash, boom" all the time. When Catherine did her sun everyone laughed and my Mum said she looked so sweet. I was at French for 3 lessons.

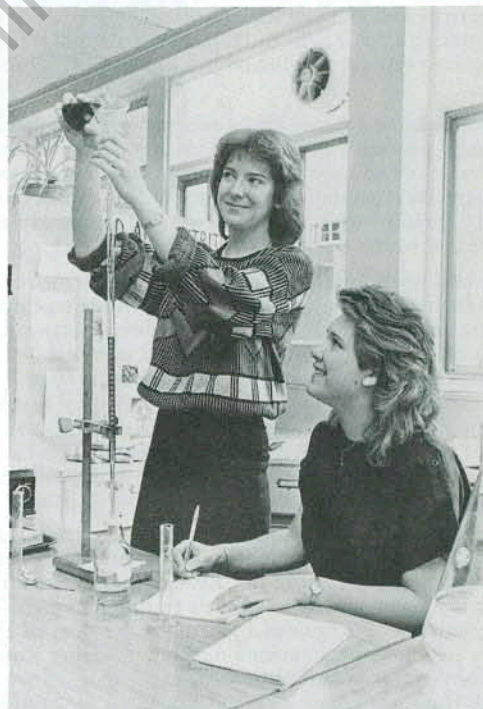
I had two spare lessons left, so I decided to take my Mum around the School until 12.20 when it was time for the Chariot Race.

I took my Mum to the Continental Cafe. My mum had some cake and some coffee. Mum's friend, Lynne, came with her two children. She's thinking of sending them to the Junior part of St. Elphin's. We all set off to look around the gym. Mum was going on the box and doing leapfrogs. Lynne was balancing on the form and the children were doing rolls. We enjoyed it very much. We then went to the Kennedy dormitories and the other Houses.

Lastly, but not least, it was 12.20 and time for the Chariot Race. We couldn't find my friend anywhere. She was going in the Chariot (wheelbarrow) and Yinka and I were pulling it. We had decorated the chariot with silver paper and paper flowers. It looked very nice but we didn't win. The L6 won. They made their chariot look like Concorde.

We were in the first heat in the race. It was sad because the person said "Go" and Yinka had walked off looking for everyone, so by the time she arrived everyone was near the end. Nevertheless, Yinka and I pulled the wheelbarrow about 200 yards and my friend fell out. The stretcher came, picked her up and took her to the end. We came last again, but it was very enjoyable and a lot of fun. Open Day was a success.

Caroline Atkinson, U.IIIE





# ATHLETICS

## Hockey Report

Jane Gregory, Uzo Okoli, Lucy Makinson, Michelle Hawthorn, Bola Sorémekun, Ellen Bone, Suzie Sheldon, Jo Skelton, Bridget Smeaton, Jane Bennett (Capt.), Rosemary Watt-Wyness, Annabel Daws, Jo Stephenson.

This year, due to the new sports time-table, hockey for the 1st XI has not played such a prominent part in the school curriculum. Nevertheless, many matches were played both home and away, with many favourable results for all the School's teams.

As far as tournaments are concerned, the 1st XI did exceptionally well at the Derbyshire County Tournament held at Derby. Fourteen schools took part and the 1st XI reached the final only to lose by penalty flicks, but we were delighted to get so far. I hope they do as well next year, and thank you to Mrs. Fearn and Miss Williams for all their support and encouragement.

Jane Bennett 1st XI Captain



# Hockey



## Swimming

Once again, this year has been another eventful year with respect to swimming. The highlight of the year, of course, was the Swimming Gala which was won by Kennedy yet again, making a double hat-trick for them; and this year saw the entry of a new race — the open life-saving. This reflects the ever-growing number of girls who now work towards their R.L.S.S.'s Bronze Medallion and Award of Merit.

During the Autumn Term members of L5, U5 and L6, took part in a life-saving competition at Clay Cross, which, although we were unsuccessful in, we all gained from the experience and hope to participate in similar events next year.

As has become customary, fourteen girls completed their Preliminary Teachers' Award and two members of the U6, Liz Wall and Alison Woods, received their Teachers' Award.

I would like to thank, on behalf of all the girls, Mrs. Fearn, Miss Williams and especially Mr. Soppitt for their help and organisation throughout the year.

Bridget Smeaton



## Tennis

Unfortunately this term not many matches have been played owing to industrial action in the State schools, and although we did not win all the matches we thoroughly enjoyed them and learnt from our mistakes. Instead, we had to be content with playing inter-House matches but, once again, circumstances intervened to prevent all the matches from being played.

We'd like to thank Mr. Whitehead for coaching us; and Mrs. Fearn and Miss Williams for arranging the matches, and look forward to a better season next year.

Bridget Smeaton

This year has been a very successful year. The following girls have passed Royal Life Saving Society Awards:

**R.L.S.S. Distinction:** Fiona Cooper, Michelle Hawthorn, Ruth Howorth, Jo Skelton, Bridget Smeaton and Emma Waterhouse.

**Award of Merit:** Annabel Daws, Camille Hewins, Tami Mallion, Suzannah Sheldon, Jo Skelton, Jo Stephenson and Jo Clarke.

**Silver Cross (in Open Water):** Jo Clarke, Fiona Cooper, Annabel Daws, Michelle Hawthorn, Camille Hewins, Ruth Howorth, Suzie Sheldon, Jo Skelton, Bridget Smeaton, Jo Stephenson and Emma Waterhouse.

**Bronze Cross (in Open Water):** Sally Ambrose, Karen Herbert and Sharon Neale.

**Bronze Medallion:** Louisa Adamson, Jane Aizlewood, Sally Ambrose, Christine Baxter, Helen Bradley, Sarah Burney, Carolyn Cartwright, Finola Doyle, Christine Elsom, Jane Gregory, Karen Hawthorn, Karen Herbert, Sarah Hetherington, Camille Hewins, Louise Hill, Rachel Hunton, Dawn Jenkinson, Rachel Johnson, Rachael Kelsey, Adrienne King, Katie McCormick, Nicola McGee, Jo MacMaster, Lorraine McNeice, Lucy Makinson, Tami Mallion, Sarah Mann, Jo Martin, Sharon Neale, Fiona Outram, Heather Richards, Natalie Ross, Harriet Sheldon, Suzannah Sheldon, Tracey Smith, Sally Stephenson, Helena Straw, Emma Thompson, Elspeth Tyler, Rosemary Watt-Wyness and Claire White.







## Sports Day

Sadly, this year, Sports Day was again postponed due to the intervention of 'good old English weather!' Many of the events had, however, successfully taken place prior to Sports Day and for these the weather was perfect. All these events were well supported by Houses and the standard in all was very high.

Sports Day was finally held after exams on a gloriously hot day. Everyone was cheering heartily for her own House, hoping that it would win. The House that finally clinched the victory was Kennedy, but only after a hard fight.

Outstanding performances were those of Uzo Okoli (Senior Victrix Ludorum and Senior 200m), Gena West (Senior 100m) Rachel Johnson (Intermediate Victrix Ludorum and Intermediate Long Jump), Helen Gilbert (Middle High Jump) and Rachael MacLachlan who shared the Middle School Victrix Ludorum.

I would like to express many thanks to Mrs. Fearn and Miss Williams and their helpers for their excellent organisation, and the Chaplain for co-ordinating the whole day and making it a successful occasion for all, concluded by the Cups, presented this year by Mrs. Bennett, (Jane's mother).

Suzie Sheldon





## Sancta Elphina in Herculaneo

The Italian Agent supervising the visit of the St. Elphin's party to Pompeii was named Eros Mercati.

The modern mother aims to please,  
And sends her little chickabees  
To Paris, St. Moritz or Rome  
So far from Mum and Dad and home;  
So absolute her trust in those  
Brought up on Greek or Latin prose,  
And the stern upright moral tone  
Of school-marms, several or alone.  
And so to Pompeii they go  
Ignoring apres-ski and snow,  
And keeping well beyond the pale  
The curly haired Italian male.

Carlo, begone! Antonio  
My pupils do not need a beau!  
Girls, heed him not, his flashing eye,  
His wicked glance and vulgar tie!  
Goodbyes are said, the plane speeds on  
Mama bereft, her children gone  
Seeks, in the travel blurb, the name  
Of he who guides her little Jane.  
But what is this, what cruel jest,  
To guide the fairest and the best  
Despatched to earth by mighty Jove  
None but one Eros, God of Love.

ANON



*Ready for home?*

## Rome and Pompeii

We were off to Gatwick early — we had to wake up the coach driver first! — where we all enjoyed the new Satellite immensely! The plane was very, very small, and I was a bit worried about whether it would actually fly, but it did, and we were soon in Rome after a beautiful flight over the Alps. The very first evening the sight-seeing started — whilst Mrs. Miles tried gallantly to sort out our double-booked hotel! She was lucky in that we had a fantastic guide for our stay in Rome — I'm sure we will all remember Daphne for many years. It was largely thanks to her that we managed to see all that we did during our time in Rome. The ancient was balanced with the not-quite-so-ancient. We shall all remember Michelangelo's statues and the fantastic fountains we saw. One we even saw at night, its beautiful horses and cascades illuminated.

Our next trip was to the Vatican and St. Peter's. This was a wonderful day. The splendours of the Vatican Museum were breathtaking, and the beautiful architecture of St. Peter's was something we all loved. It was especially interesting to compare this with the splendours of Ancient Rome which we saw at the Forum and the Coliseum. The Coliseum was almost disturbing because of its size and the ideas of the events it contained, whilst the Forum, the centre of Rome's culture, exuded a more contemplative and tranquil air. It was so lovely to see in Rome the beautiful architecture of so many ages standing next door to each other. Everywhere you go there is something. On our own street we had an aqueduct and the Temple of Minerva, so when we came to leave we were all very sorry, but the seas beckoned and so we were off to Vico Equeze. Our time here was more restful. We had long days in the sun, and some even dared the ice-cold waters, but most of us just settled for ice-cold lemonades.

Yet these days saw perhaps our two best loved visits. Our visit to Herculaneum was our first trip, one we all enjoyed immensely. It was so much better preserved than most of us imagined, so that we could all imagine very easily that real people had lived there. Our visit to Pompeii astounded us with its sheer size and its completeness. We had never imagined such theatres and shops and houses. It was the amphitheatre that amazed us the most with its vastness and grace, and it was these same attributes that made us fall in love with Vesuvius. This time it was Nature's immensity and grace at work, and as architects even the Romans couldn't compare. The beauty of the volcano us somehow enhanced by having seen Pompeii, and by appreciating its force. The size of it you can appreciate when you have to walk up the last stretch to stand on its rim. As usual, however, the lighter side of the holiday came through, as Mr. Outram had convinced us there was a lift!

Very many thanks to Mrs. Miles for all that she did, and, as we said, we're just waiting to go to Greece now!

Rosemary Watt-Wyness



## Our Trip to Rome and Pompeii

Drove down to Gatwick at 6.30 a.m. We caught the 2.00 p.m. flight to Rome. On arriving in Rome we were taken to our hotel – “Hotel Brighton”.

Next day, after a short tram journey we arrived at the Colosseum. Daphne, our guide, showed us the arch of Titus and then took us round the Colosseum. The floor had been removed so therefore the chambers for the prisoners and lions were visible.

Hot and tired we were hustled off the Forum, the remains giving us a vivid idea of the typical Roman life.

Off to lunch . . . More Pasta!! Feet killing us, we headed for the Spanish steps, unfortunately there were no flowers.

Off to the Pantheon, which was found in a small square. This building was amazing as it held the first Roman Dome without supports. Refreshing ourselves with an Italian ice-cream, we headed back by bus to our hotel, with the thought of more pasta!

The following day after fresh rolls and strong coffee, Daphne took us by coach to the Vatican, wandering through amazing galleries, we headed for the Sistine Chapel. How on earth did they paint those ceilings?

After climbing the famous Capital Hill, we went to our little cafe for lunch, PASTA?

Back to St. Peter's, which was filled with gold, mosaics, paintings and the famous “Pieta”, stopping on the way back to see the Circus Maximus, or rather . . . what was left of it!

By coach we climbed up the Palatine Hill, eating yet another “Cornetto”, whilst admiring the view. After supper, we went to the “Trevi Fountain” to throw a penny in, which meant we might return to Rome. Quickly back to the coach, we went back to our “Hotel Brighton”.

Daphne left us on Saturday night, so on Sunday, after packing we went to the Church of Santa Maria invading on their Service!

After our final lunch of . . . PASTA!, we set off for Vico Equense, arriving for a gorgeous dinner of steak and chips, then tired out we flopped into bed.

Monday we spent a lazy day on the beach, sunbathing and some of us braved the cold Mediterranean. Soon we had to move from our hot spot because of some pestering Italian boys. Finally, we trudged back to the hotel, hot and bothered.

In the afternoon some of us went to Vico Equense to buy presents and postcards.

Next day we dragged ourselves out of bed and up the ninety-six steps to breakfast, after which we were given a packed lunch and drive to Herculaneum. We bought tickets and entered. It started to drizzle and unfortunately few of the ruins had roofs. The roads with their troughs at the corners were in good condition, many of the ruins had a hole in the rook and a tank underneath, “impulviums”. Some had patterned marble floors. There were many different decorated shrines and statues. After spending about two hours there we headed back for the bus which then took us up the winding road to Vesuvius. We could see the huge lava flow of 1942. We left the bus and climbed

up to the crater where we were greeted by a fat male guide who insisted on a tip.

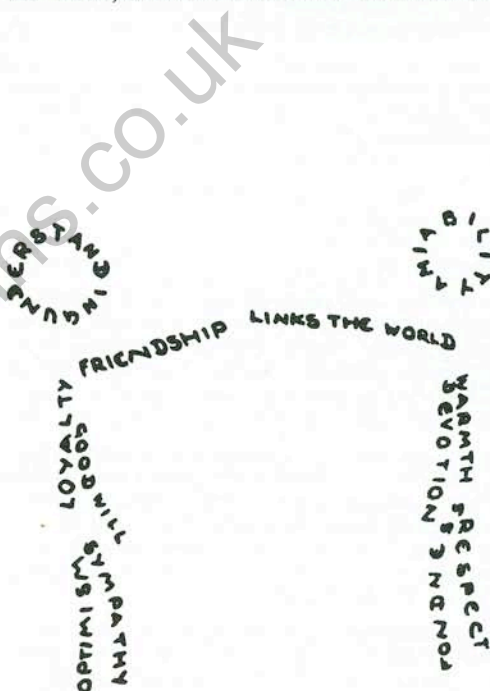
Steam was billowing from the cracks. Sliding back down the volcano we took the bus back to the hotel, where we went to the disco on the roof.

We went to Pompeii by train, queuing for a long time trying to get tickets, we admired the deep ruts in the road and the cats' eyes. We met an old man who kindly showed us his own excavations, of a family of three. After finally being pestered by numerous Italian men we boarded the train back to the hotel for more sunbathing!

The hotel treated us to wine on the last evening. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Then came the champagne . . . no wonder we managed to get Mrs. Miles on the dance-floor!

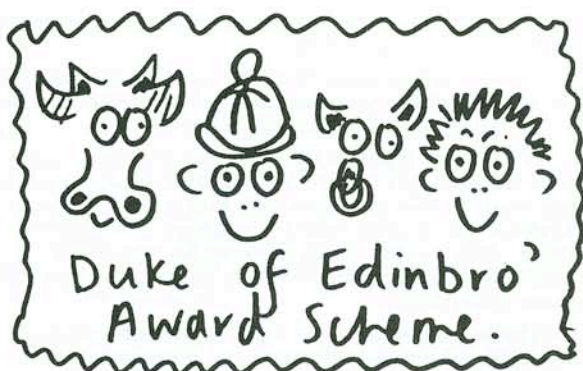
We left Italy and arrived in England, welcomed by the cold bus and the cold climate.

Elizabeth Astill, Jo Bethell, Henrietta Makinson, Susie Peel and Claire Richardson.



Emma Thompson





## **The Duke of Edinburgh's Awards Scheme**

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme continues to occupy a large number of girls, and sometimes an equally large number of staff and parents.

A weekend's camping which might involve six girls very often involves even greater numbers of helpers. But the camping is only a small part of the Scheme, and participants are also working hard at the other aspects for qualification.

For the Service Awards, several vets, churches, old and young people are benefiting, and we are grateful to Sister Radcliffe at the Whitworth Hospital for allowing a group of Upper Fourth's to help there.

An equally wide range of activities is followed for the Skill and Sports sections. Photography, Synchronised swimming, riding, music and Yoga are amongst the many pursuits offered — and we appreciate the many staff and other helpers who have kept these activities on the agenda since the Scheme was first introduced.

Progress in most branches of the Awards Scheme is good, and the new entrants are always very enthusiastic, but I am sorry how few of them continue on to the more challenging levels (this is a world-wide problem, not just one of ours!) and I would like all of our volunteers to become even more committed and eventually "Go for Gold".

Many thanks to all the helpers who make the running of this Scheme possible, especially Colonel Hobbs, the kitchen staff, and staff and parent chauffeurs, trainers, assessors and safety officers.

J. Marsden

## **Camping '85. The Duke of Edinburgh's Award. Bronze Level**

This was our first experience of camping and survival after our sheltered life at school and it did not get off to a very good start. We struggled to erect our tents in horizontal torrential rain and Force 8 winds. The staff 'encouraged' us with unhelpful comments as they sat in the minibus, warm and dry, drinking coffee!

Our simple site had one or two drawbacks: a bird was nesting in the only 'loo' so we had to leave the door open, a noisy cockerel woke us every hour, the camp site sloped steeply and we all slept in a heap at one end of the tent. The tent leaked, the breakfast was only half-cooked (our technology could not cope with a camp stove!) and we were shattered before we started our walk!

En route we learned that all hills are uphill! We did a circuit including Stanton Moor, Haddon and Elton, luckily in fine weather, studying Domestic Architecture and Industrial Archaeology. (The tent leaked only when we were in it to appreciate it.)

By Sunday our culinary skills had improved considerably and we were able to offer coffee and bacon sandwiches to our visitors. I wonder why they all refused? However, we're all looking forward to the next time!

Lesley Jephcott

## **Camping '85. The Duke of Edinburgh's Award. Silver Level**

After weeks of planning and packing we were finally ready for lift off by Friday tea-time. The minibus was navigated to Cutthorpe and we set up camp in a soggy field. Late supper comprised a special post-School Concert fish and chip delivery, then we piled on layers of clothing (including thermal underwear) for the chilly night, spent caring for a very pregnant mare.

After cursing the dawn chorus, room service supplied breakfast in bag, sleeping bag, that is, of beans, bacon, sausage, bread, tea and coffee! Soon we were loading up and making soggy sandwiches for our expedition.

We enjoyed our lakeside walk, getting sunburned and weary, studying aspects of ecology for our project work. After a brief interlude for tennis — we still had some energy left! — we were soon back at camp for more food and more maternity care. It was another late, cold night.

Sunday commenced with Church Parade, in the rain. The Vicar made us very welcome — after we had shed our muddy outer layers — and mentioned us in his Address. A further muddy walk followed. Shoes were lost in the mud but morale was high.

Even more foot completed our expedition and it was soon time to pack, and welcome Mr. and Mrs. Pollard who kindly came to take us back to School.

The mare foaled next day.

We'd like to thank our helpers, especially Mrs. Ambrose and Karen.

Nicola McGee and Karen Herbert



## Ski-ing in Marilleva, Italy. January 1985

Our travellers are becoming quite blasé about pre-dawn departures, snow-bound airports and fog, so no surprises en route to Marilleva 900.

The red carpet was out ready for us, and we were welcomed back (for our third visit) in true Italian fashion by tour staff and locals alike.

We were also welcomed with 'anecdote of the day' by Sandra, our rep., yet another of Hourmont's assets. No doubt by now we, too, have made our contribution to Marilleva folklore. Plenty of examples spring to mind.

Appreciated less, were the very sub-zero temperatures, lowest since 1926, which, combined with brilliant sunshine amazed us and the locals.

However, most of our young ladies were of the tough variety and took full advantage of the endless, carefully maintained slopes, new lifts and Bristol Grammar!

Patient Dan-Air cabin staff and crew delivered us safely, if steeply, back to Manchester, already making plans for '86, probably a chalet party to Austria.

J. Marsden



*House Parties*



## Clubs and Societies

### Matlock Speakers' Club— Speaking Competition

For the past two years the Matlock Speakers' Club has been holding a Public Speaking Competition for various local schools. In 1983 four of us from Lower 6 entered — Sarah Fisk, Elizabeth Woods, Ellen Bone and myself. The subject was "Earth, Fire and Water" and three other teams entered. Highfields won the competition with hilarious speeches which had the audience rolling round in hysterics. This year, however, we were alarmed to find that eight other schools were entering and the subject was even more open — "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly". Our team for the competition consisted of Elizabeth Woods, Ellen Bone and myself (once again) and also Fiona Turner. In the end we decided to tackle it in a different way— with each of us personifying one part of the subject. Liz was the Chairwoman and held the whole thing together, Ellen was the Ugly (which is no reflection on her personal appearance), Fiona was the Bad, and I of course was the Good. Mrs. Brook gave us an enormous amount of help — she worked out a dialogue form in which we could present the material which she rehearsed with us as many times as she could and organised the transport etc. for the evening. We enjoyed the competition very much indeed, in spite of the fact that we were all suffering from nerves and no-one could have been more surprised than us when they announced that we had won. Much to our delight we were each given a £10 token from the Derbyshire Building Society and were also presented with the Derbyshire Times Trophy. Our thanks must go to the Matlock Speakers' Club, the Derbyshire Building Society and Derbyshire Times for organising the competition, and especially to Mrs. Brook for all the hard work, help, support and encouragement she gave us.

Siobhan Watts



### Debating

After making a debut only a few terms ago, debating is now enthusiastically followed in and out of school.

Motions in the inter-House competition included "Manners Maketh Man", "Permissive Society has gone too far", and, "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword". Many thanks to the adjudicators. Their extremely useful comments have been noted for future debates.

Outside school, a team from St. Elphin's took part in a speaking competition beating teams from other schools in the district, all of whom spoke on the subject, "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly". They gave three well-spoken, humorous and original speeches to win the cup — a notable achievement. Congratulations to Ellen Bone, Fiona Turner, Siobhan Watts and Liz Woods.

We now look forward to the year's debating ahead of us.

Jo Clarke



Winners of the Marlock Speaking Competition — Siobhan Watts, Ellen Bone,  
Liz Woods and Fiona Turner



## Art Club (1984-85)

We met for the Autumn and Spring Terms, and in the first term did various things, including making posters using marbling and making cut-paper card designs, etc. The highlight was a visit from Mrs. Ruth Burton of Two Dales. She showed us how to make pressed-flower designs for cards and bookmarks, and then heat-sealed them on her own press at home. Everyone was thrilled with the results.

The Spring Term was devoted to drawing and painting.

H. J. Cawood



## Bookshop

As usual Bookshop has proved very popular this year even though in temporary accommodation in the Careers Room. As library loans increase, so too does the demand for buying books.

Ann Hodgson



*Our new screen-printing studio*



## Pax Christi

This year, a group of Lower Sixth have started up Pax Christi again. This involved a weekly meeting with the Chaplain in which we discuss anything of our choice. Subjects ranged from women in the Church (which provided some amusing discussions between the Chaplain and us) to the question of whether Christ will come back in a space-ship or not. I hope this group will continue in the years to come.

Ruth Howorth

## Socials

Socials are becoming increasingly popular with the Sixth Form girls. This past year Welbeck seemed to be the hot favourite, possibly because of all the fit bodies developed during Army training! Denstone and Repton coming a close second. I am happy to say that all the Socials have been successful, everyone has now acquired new acquaintances and the post on Tuesday mornings after a Social suddenly increases 100%!

I would like to thank Mr. Pollard for giving his kind permission in allowing such enjoyable occasions, and Mrs. Pattinson for all her hard work in the organisation of these.

I hope we will be able to have many more in the coming year.

Jo Skelton, Social Secretary

## Social Services

This year has been particularly busy, beginning with a very "fruitful" Harvest Festival, when, because of girls' generosity, many gifts were distributed to the aged and various local institutions.

In November a number of fund-raising events were held in School and £413.23 was sent to the Ethiopian Famine Relief Fund — well done, everyone!

Many thanks also to Housestaff and girls, who worked so hard to raise money for their House Lent Effort. The following amounts were sent to Charities of their choice:

Margaret Flood	£110.66	— Royal Life Boat Fund and R.S.P.C.A.
Kennedy	102.19	— Cancer Hospice
Wilson	86.60	— Cancer Research
Pigot	70.63	— Cancer Hospice
Powys	35.00	— Multiple Sclerosis

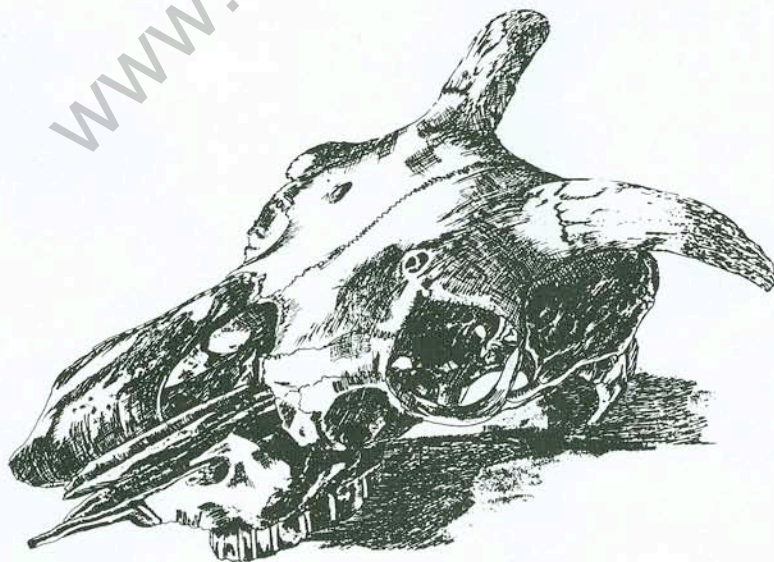
A number of girls entertained the Elderly on two occasions during December and the Christmas tea-party was a great success, keeping us in touch with many former staff.

In February the proceeds from a Concert were given to the Duke's Barn Appeal for the Deaf.

Congratulations to Vanessa Daws and Funmi Soremekun who raised money for the Howard Jones Ethiopian Appeal.

My thanks to the Social Services Committee for their help and support.

Maureen Pattinson





An exclusive interview with talented Fiona Cooper, a new member of the National Youth Theatre of Great Britain.

- Q. How long have you been interested in the theatre?  
 A. Umm . . . ever since I knew what a theatre was, I suppose.
- Q. Why did you apply for N.Y.T.?  
 A. I wanted to see whether I really did have a chance in the theatre and this is my first step.
- Q. How many auditions did you have?  
 A. Two auditions and two interviews plus a recorded interview. I had to pass the first audition to go on to the next stage.
- Q. Where were the auditions held?  
 A. Manchester University
- Q. How many people applied for the N.Y.T.?  
 A. 3,500 and only 50 got in.
- Q. Did you enjoy the auditions?  
 A. Yes. They were good experience.
- Q. What happens now you have got in?  
 A. Well, first of all, this summer I will be attending the senior course in London together with all the other new members enrolled this year. Then after that I will have the chance to perform in London or go on tour with the company.
- Q. What will the course involve?  
 A. It's a course involving instruction in acting, movement, speech, textual study and dramatic verse and will involve considerable improvisation. The main emphasis will be on practical work and theatre disciplines.
- Q. How long will the course last?  
 A. 3 weeks working, 7 days a week from 10 a.m. – 9 p.m. approx.
- Q. Do you wish to have a career in the theatre?  
 A. That's a hard one! I have considered it and if the N.Y.T. is a success for me I'll definitely have a bash!



- Q. What other career prospects have you in mind?  
 A. Management in Beauty Therapy. I would also like to travel.
- Q. Has the School helped and influenced you in your decision?  
 A. I've always liked being in school productions. It is good fun and the Theatre Studies course (A/O level) has helped me a great deal and given me an even greater interest.
- Q. Where do you see yourself in 10 years time?  
 A. Er . . . married with six kids? . . . starring in the West End? . . . No, seriously, a lot could happen in that time and I am just waiting for things to sort themselves out.
- It's been great talking to you and I wish you all the best in your career.

Jo Skelton



Dear Mr. Pollard,

I don't know if you are planning to mark the 40th anniversary of V.E. Day in any way, but if you are, I thought the enclosed might interest you.

I was Head Girl in 1944-45, and the most thrilling experience for me on V.E. Day was pulling the bell after its 6 years' silence!

On the second day of the celebrations the maids all had the day off and Miss Jennie Gamble and Miss Julian-Smith and the prefects saw to all the cooking and serving of the meals.

Giving "a chocolate biscuit" for a prize was almost like giving someone a video today! — we just hadn't seen them all thro' the Wars.

With all good wishes to the School.

Yours sincerely,

(signed) Betty Wilkins

(nee Monica Elizabeth (Betty) Martin) (1938-46)

## Tuesday May 8th 1945

Today is V.E. day. The war in Europe is over. Somewhere nearby the soldiers are letting off their guns. It is very hard to believe that these guns signify peace, and not war.

Perhaps 20 or 30 years hence I shall try to recall this day. Outwardly it has been an exciting day — starting with Breakfast at 8.45 — boiled eggs — hard, as usual. Then we had our Thanksgiving Service at 10.00 a.m. There was a procession, and I carried the Cross, then read the lesson — St. Luke II 8-14 "the beginning of the everlasting Gospel of peace". It was a simple but impressive Service, which filled our hearts.

After Chapel we went out to collect wood for our (victory) bonfire. By the time Hibby and I had got out our bikes it had begun to rain, so we stood under a railway bridge down by the river and talked.

We had a wonderful Victory Dinner at 12.30, with pork, stuffing, roast and boiled potatoes, green peas, carrots and leeks, with Christmas Pudding for dessert. In the early part of the afternoon we lounged in chairs to recover. Afterwards we planned our costumes for the Fancy Dress Ball. VIA went as Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, with Bill as Prince Charming; the Dwarfs were: Doc (Flit), Dopey (Beauchamp), Bashful (Bob), Happy (Willie), Grumpy (Ellie), Sleepy (Linnet) and Sneezy (Carson). Anti-climax: I was Snow White.

At 3.00 p.m. we listened to Churchill — it was a fine speech which struck home in all of us.

4.30: we had Tea. After tea we got ready for the Ball. I wore my pair of clean sheets, (alas no longer clean). The Dwarfs wore leg make-up on their faces — it was very effective.

At 6.30 the Staff appeared in the Rec. — all, except Miss Patton, were a terrific dragon — the head of each one of them being a big silver scale — except Miss Stopford's, which was the dragon's head. Patton was St. George. Loud cheers from the School on their appearance. Afterwards we all promenaded round.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs were highly commended, but didn't win a prize.

We had a buffet supper in Long Corridor — I looked after Emily and Clara. Afterwards we had some games and dances, and then we listened to the King's Speech at 9.00. After the King's Speech we all went out to the bonfire. I spent my time running round with two little Juniors one on either hand, who were wildly waving flags. Everybody sang and danced.

## Wednesday May 9th 1945

Awake at 7.15 and down half an hour later, to make breakfast. Toasted, and helped cook the bacon. Woke School at 8.15. Took Stopford's breakfast at 8.45. Served for School breakfast, then had ours in the kitchen with Jennie, Julian and the other helpers. Spent the rest of the morning copying out lists of groups for picnics for various members of Staff.

Lunch, which we eventually salvaged from remnants after everyone else had gone, was super. There were 6 of us — Hibby and I and 4 Juniors: Anne Herring, Diana Wells, Ann Rees and Hazel Burrow. We found a lovely spot down by the river and spent a happy hour or two, first eating, and then recovering from, lunch. "Mrs. Jackson's jam-puffs" were unanimously shunned, but later, after an invigorating paddle, heartily welcomed.

After gathering some flowers for the Form-room competition and finishing off our S.D.I., we trailed back to School, somewhat tangled and mud-bespattered. As soon as our Juniors came in sight of some others, there came a terrific and exultant cry of "We've paddled", and there was a terrific response, "So've we".

At 5.30, I took High Tea in the Senior Dining Room and Willie took it in J.D. We had a vegetable-cheese pie and chips, followed by buttered buns and jam. We stayed in 35 minutes — a record for Tea!

Evening — swept the Rec. with Jonesey and Dykey. Chapel. After Chapel — judging of Form-rooms. VIB and Lower Vth won, and each member of the respective Forms had a chocolate biscuit for a prize. Hibby, of course, dropped hers, just as Stopford was handing it to her. Dancing on "C" — national and ball-room. 9 o'clock — cakes, buns and "booze" in the Common Room. Cleared Common Room at 9.30 and all (presumably VIA) retired to the Form-room and sat over a huge tin of biscuits, which we couldn't eat because we were so full of lemonade.

At last we were able to stagger to our feet and totter round the Form-rooms to admire the decorations. VIB was super — big Vs made of flowers on the walls, and bowls of red, white and blue flowers all round the room. Lower Vth had made the Union Jack with red, white and blue flowers, and written "God Save the King" in moss and flowers across a big red rug thrown over some desks. In the middle of the room they had arranged the desks in tiers, covered with rugs, and on every tier, bowls and bowls of flowers.

Having gone round the Form-rooms we did P.C. and so, to bed.



## Glossary

- Hibby — Mary Hibbins (now McMeeking)  
“green peas” — a great luxury compared to the hard yellow things we usually had.  
Billy — Alison Bradfield (whose married name I forget)  
Doc — Ruth Flitcroft  
Dopey — Jean Beauchamp (now McGregor)  
Bob — Rosemary Taylor  
Willie — Mary Davidson (now Aithchison)  
Ellie — Jill Chorlton  
Linnet — Linnette Rice (now Croxford)  
Carson — Betty Carson (now Wareham)  
Rec. — Recreation Room  
Miss Patton — P.E. teacher and very popular.  
Emily and Clara — had been Ladies’ Maids to Miss Hudson, and although Clara had retired by the time I came to St. Elphin’s in 1938 Emily was still there, moving about in her long rusty, black skirts, with her little frilly white apron and frilly white cap.  
Jennie — Miss Jennie Gamble, Domestic Science Teacher. Jennie and older sister, Mary, the Secretary, were mainstays of the School.  
Mrs. Jackson (formerly Miss Daintith) taught Biology and was a marvellous teacher.  
S.D.I. stood, I think for “Soft Drinks Industry” — it was the code for any form (some very indiscriminate!) of squash during the war.  
J.D. + Junior Dining Room.  
Jonesey — I can’t recall the rest of her name!  
Dykey — Helen Dyke.  
P.C. — was a nightly round of the Form-rooms and Common Rooms by two prefects (on rota) to make sure nothing had been left out — if there was anything, it was confiscated, and returned, I think, at the cost of an Order mark against the House!

Dear Mr. Pollard

I am an Old Girl — vintage 1939-46, and wondered whether, in view of all the ‘40 years on after V.E. Day’ you would be interested in a little anecdote.

The evening before V.E. day all the boarders were assembled in the Common Room by Miss Stopford who told us that the next day would be a holiday. Toffee made by the kitchen staff was passed round (a Lucullan feast!) and we were told that, after a Thanksgiving Service in Chapel, followed by a flag-raising ceremony on the Terrace, we would be free all day. Most of us went out for picnics. In the evening there was to be a fancy dress dance (with prizes) in the Recreation Room.

I expect the ‘Rec’ fell down years ago. It was a large, corrugated iron building with a stage, reached from a passage by the music practice rooms, and was used for our annual Gilbert & Sullivan production, for

Saturday evening dancing to records and for Badminton. In it there was also a large cupboard full of ancient theatrical costumes, known as the ‘acting chest’.

Accordingly, a group of us Lower VI were given keys to the acting chest and went to see if we could find any inspiration for the fancy-dress dance. Among other relics we found an enormous pair of bright red cotton baggy trousers — Dutchman’s trousers or Harem pants I don’t know, but they were formidable and somehow, I don’t know quite how, we found ourselves running to the flag-pole — and up they went — filling with the evening breeze like a huge bifurcated wind sock.

We stood there, lost in admiration for a while — and then realised we’d better haul them down quickly before authority saw them. This was when disaster struck. The ancient hallicard broke as soon as we started to pull — and we were left with a bit of old string in our hands — and the bloomers still happily waving.

There was nothing for it but to go to bed and pray that they would blow away by morning.

Morning came, and Miss Stopford, in her sitting-room began to receive telephone calls. She told me years later that she was astonished to learn how many miles away our flag could be seen — I think we must have scandalised half Derbyshire. I can’t remember being punished for the escapade — perhaps because we were all so happy that the war was ending, though it was made quite clear to us what a nuisance we had been, especially as the school handyman had to lose some of his holiday and unstep the pole to get them down!

I hope I am correct — or that my ‘Whittakers’ is and St. Elphin’s has a headmaster rather than a Headmistress — I feel very peculiar at the thought really — after all when I was a Junior we took our green pinafores off and washed our hands on Sunday afternoons to go to Miss Hudson’s room for sweets and games with the visiting priest — Father Snell (Mirfield) would even play ‘bears’ with us.

Miss Stopford brought us into the real world, and also improved our academic record, but in Miss Hudson’s time we were practically in a Convent — in fact she left us to enter one.

Have you still got the green glass chandelier? Once we had a little flood in the dormitory over it and drops ran along the arms and down onto the head of a visiting bishop.

As for me, I read English at Birmingham University and taught for several years, only giving up when my eldest child was born. I have been married now for 31 years and have slightly more than the ‘quiverful’ — which, I understand, was 3 — as I have 4 children. Two are married and 5 grandchildren have so far appeared.

We were not able to afford boarding education for them all, though Peter had a scholarship to Millfield (he is now in Banking). The girls went to City of London School for Girls — the younger one on a Music Scholarship. She read Music at Cambridge and is now working in computers and wishing she could get back into Music — though she plays (horn) for several pro-am orchestras.

The younger boy went to Forest School Snarebrook on a scholarship and is now reading Physics at Oxford where he is a scholar.



I see that you have music scholarships now at St. Elphin's — in our day it was piano and singing or nothing — Miss Gregson was much beloved, and managed to awaken a great deal of enthusiasm — I still remember her panic, though, when Miss Stopford managed to persuade Peter Pears to sing to us and she had to accompany him!

Wishing you all every success, academically and personally.

Yours sincerely,  
Erica Abbott (nee Hancock)

The Mews  
82 London Road  
Newark  
Notts

Dear Old Girls

At our last Reunion, after fifteen years as Secretary of the Old Girls Guild, Eileen Smart retired. On behalf of everyone, I would like to thank Eileen for her many years of valuable service.

The 1985 Reunion will be held at St. Elphins on 21 September. We would be delighted if more Old Girls could attend and bring back their families, friends and hopefully, old classmates. Any good hockey players would be especially welcome to challenge the School hockey team!

We would also like to forge stronger links between the School and its Old Girls. Many Old Girls expressed an interest in School activities, to which end, we are now enclosing a School fixture list with our annual newsletter.

We look forward to meeting new and old members at the next Reunion.

Best wishes,  
Claire L. Derry



## Reunion 18 September 1984

This year's Reunion was attended by just under 50 Old Girls and their families. After morning coffee, the AGM of the Guild was held, at which our President, Mr. Pollard, took the Chair. The meeting was opened with prayers and remembrance of those who had died over the past year. The minutes of last year's meeting were read and signed as correct.

Mr. Pollard gave us his report on School activities after which there was debate over how we could encourage more Old Girls to play a more active part in School life. It was felt that the School Open Day would be a day of interest to Old Girls. It was decided to include fixture lists in subsequent newsletters.

There was lengthy discussion on the appointment of a successor to Eileen Smart as Secretary of the Guild. No one single person was prepared to volunteer for this task and it was therefore decided to form a committee to run the Guild as an interim measure. In the meantime, we would seek to find any Old Girls prepared to help with the administration in their spare time.

At the end of the AGM a presentation was made to Eileen which included a cheque, zoom lens, film and jar of coffee!

Lunch was served in the School dining room with wine supplied to fortify the Old Girls playing in this year's hockey match. Fortunately for us, the School 1st XI was away and the Old Girls were able to secure a 3-3 draw. Leading 3-0 at half-time, the Old Girls' age caught up with them in the second half!

A most enjoyable day ended with an evening service in the School Chapel. Our thanks to the Chaplain and Choir for leading us in worship.

Those attending the Reunion were:

Mr. A. P. C. Pollard in the Chair, plus Helen Aitken, P. Barnsdale (nee Moxon), B. Brooke-Taylor (nee Barrow), M. Carmichael (nee Houghton), Suzanne Coon, Jean Davies (nee Donaldson), Siân Davies, Julia Dixon (nee Rowley), Claire Derry, Mary Duff, Elizabeth Ellis, Rachel Downe (nee Orme), Marjorie Gardener (nee Longden), Audrey Glover (nee Bell), Mary Goodman, Sally Gregory, Melanie Grenfell, Penny Harrison (nee Grenfell), Mandy Heyes, D. Hoole (nee Murdoch), Kaye Huddy, Stephanie Jones, Rachel Johnston, Joan Kiddell, Avice Lee (nee Barrow), Ann Palm (nee Evans), Rachel Petley, Eileen Smart, Catherine Smart, Mary Stoneham (nee Smart), Mary Scudmore (nee Jones), Sarah Scott, Jo Scott, Bridget Thompson, Dorothy Tredwell (nee Kiddell), Helen Wheeler, Ruth Wheeler, Elizabeth White (nee Evans), Sharon Wilby, Anne Barber (nee Glover), Elspeth Stoppard (nee Gash), Susan Gibson, Jo Neil and Ingrid Kenney.

Regrets from:

Miss Jasper, Rosemary Runciman, Ruth Hibbert, Susannah Farley, Fiona Hunter and Miss Dobson.



## News of Old Girls

**Susan Bridget Hill** St. Elphins 1969–1977. Still in touch with a number of Old Girls Alison Grimes, Kay Bibby, Kate Cooper, Susan Green and Esther White. Was a Bridesmaid for Helen Simpson (now Miller) in 1982. Bridget is now working as a receptionist for Budget Rent a Car in Bury St. Edmunds.

**Sally Havenhand.** Left St. Elphins in 1981 and since then has been studying for a BEd Hons degree in French and Drama. This involved her studying at Ohio University in USA as an exchange student and also the Sorbonne in Paris. She is shortly moving to Maidenhead and would like to meet other St. Elphin's Old Girls in the area.

**Ruth Van Oostveen (nee Patterson)** 1950–1955. Took her SRN at Queen Elizabeth Birmingham, eventually going as a Sister to St. John's Ophthalmic Hospital in Jerusalem for 2 years and then to St. John's Ophthalmic Hospital in Johannesburg where she is now a Matron. The hospital receives patients from all Black South Africa, particularly the troubled townships of Soweto. Ruth has now married a Mr. Van Oostveen.

**Ruth Turner** 1971–1978. Now living and working in London. After successfully completing her course at Nottingham Polytechnic in Surveying and Land Valuing, she now works for an Estate Agents in Golders Green.

**Kathryn Betterton** (1971–1980). Now engaged and living in Bristol. She finished her course at Sheffield Polytechnic in Maths, Statistics and Computing and now works in a Bristol hospital as a computer operator.

**Claire McIntosh** (1973–1978) (nee Chapman) Been married for 2 years, now lives and works in Grantham, Lincs.

**Lydia Smart** (1975–1978) Getting married in June '85. Her and her husband will be living on a sheep farm in Dorset. Lydia gained a 1st class degree in Agriculture.

**Margaret Hutchinson** (1972–1978) Now working for Austin Reeds at their HQ in Thirsk. Also works part-time as a beauty therapist at a small health club in Thirsk.

**Susan Miller (nee Thomas)** Was at prep school with my brother Richard. Now runs a catering business called 'Bon Appetit' in her maiden name.

**Joanne Kemp** Left St. Elphin's to go to Oakham. Got 2 'A' levels. Currently an au pair in Paris. Hopes to go to either Portsmouth Poly or Reading University to study French and Russian.

### Mini Reunion:

**Mary E. Tuxworth** (1955–1959) advertised in Daily Telegraph for Old Girls who were at the School at the same time as her to meet for a reunion at the George Hotel, Stamford. 12 people turned up. Jill Dixon (now Thomas), Judy Furness (now Sharp), Susan Tock (Palmer), Lynn Kime (Kirby), Rosemary Hill (Kershaw), Margaret Watson (Oldbury), Diana Padgett (Bell), Anne Savage (Thompson), Susan Grainger (Wheatley), Jane Walker (Bealby), Joyce Perkins, Mary Capps (Tuxworth). A most enjoyable day was had by all.

## Births

**Sue and Sandy Greig (nee Hardee)** A second girl Rebecca on 5.6.85.

## Marriages

**Helen Simpson** to Derek Miller 1982.

**Penelope Anne Dickman** to Christopher Bale on 8 September 1984.

**Ruth Patterson** to Mr. Van Oostveen.

## Deaths

**Margaret Laithwaite (nee Owen)** – January 1985  
**Dorothy Mulliner** – 21.5.85. St. Elphin's – 1928–1933. Died at home, Drapers Homes, St. Peters Road, Margate, Kent.

**Gwen Leigh (nee Calthrop)** – 3.3.85. St. Elphin's – 1912–1919. 169 Tennal Road, Birmingham.

**Rita Hilary Cooke (d.o.b. 29.7.38)** Sept. 1946– July 1955 died at the end of July 1985.

## “Letter from an Evacuee”

“Wheat Farm,”  
Trelill,  
Bodmin,  
N. Cornwall  
January 8th, 1941

Dearest Mummy and Daddy,

After saying goodbye to you on the platform it was awful trying to get to the train. I decided to wait for the last possible one because the struggle to get on the first one was tremendous. I saw lots of tiny toddlers being shoved and pushed so near to the edge of the platform. Anyway I did get the last train, thank goodness and I was in a carriage with seven other girls. They were very pleasant to me. I felt very left out though because they all knew each other. They were all from the school at Lyndwell.

It was such a long journey I thought we might be travelling through the night at first but just before it got dark we stopped at a station. I cannot remember the name because I was so tired. A big fat woman who I now know as Mrs. Keane, picked my bag up and took me by the hand and I was put in a big cart. She is so nice, Mummy, but not as nice as you, she has three daughters and two sons and they are ever so kind to me. Jessica even lets me play with her dolls. They live on a really big farm and it's absolutely great for exploring. When do you think I can come home? I hope you can live here with me soon.

I love you both very much. Send my love to Chiffy.

Affectionately,  
Anne Bishop, L4A,



## The Mini-Saga Competition

An innovation this year was a very successful mini-saga competition. The sagas, which were all sent later to the "Sunday Telegraph" Competition had to have a beginning, a middle and an end and have exactly fifty words. Here are the winning six, with other good entries.

### The Sandcastle

Tiny fragments of shell grind to make sand. The sand piles up until it is enormous, shaped, sculptured and decorated with wet seaweed and brittle shells. Crushed, crumbled and trampled, it lies in ruin. White foam curls over the disaster until no traces are left. The sand becomes smooth again.

Melissa Allsopp, L3

### An alternative saint

Once upon a time a part-time preacher inhabited the Irish bogs. He was also a keen geologist, interested in stones and strata; and often used geological examples for his sermons. Once he espied an unusual specimen: intrigued, he drew closer. Unfortunately, it was only a clay boulder — a sham rock.

Lucy Makinson, L6

Out of the darkness easily into life's screaming, kicking existence. Their noisy infant, their mischievous child, their problem teenager. Always imprisoned. Love, the ball and chain. Escape love, to what? Back to love on **your** terms. Finally claimed by the inevitable shackles of the darkness between this death and life.

Fiona Outram, L5A

He had told her she had no feelings, that all she ever thought of was her beauty. And he left her.

He was wrong. She cried to prove it but he wouldn't return. She went on crying until she realised she was getting wrinkles under her eyes. She never cried again.

Marijana Urbany, L5A

### One Man or Two

A man walked along a path, fist clenched, knife in pocket, nothing but violence around him.

A man walked along a path calling his dog, flowers in one hand, lead in another.

Two men walked along, one robed in violence, the other robed in peace.

The two men walked in one.

Hilary Watt-Wyness, U4A

You meet a stranger, you talk, you learn, you wonder. Hidden inside is a corpse's shell.

You've learnt, still knowing little. You share, you trust, you love. You're inside out.

You fight a silent war, no words. You forget. You've learnt too much. It fades. You leave a well-known stranger.

Lucy Nicholls

### Senility

"The bombs are bad tonight, aren't they? They sound so close. I wonder how dear Alfred is, out there, fighting to keep them away. Protecting us, God bless him. But I wish he would come back. Why doesn't Alfred come back?"

Nurse enters. "Talking to ourselves again, are we, dearie?"

Yvette Everitt, L5A

### On Writing a Saga

She said it had to have a beginning, a middle and an end. I think I have got a beginning. I think I may even have a middle, but when I tried to find an end, my mind went blank and so I left it as it was . . . the end!

Karen Edge, L6

### Trouble

Oh no! I'm in trouble! I haven't written any saga for English prep. "I'll have it done by tomorrow, Mrs. Brook, I promise."

Tomorrow comes, I haven't kept my promise. Mrs. Brook won't mind, as long as I have done it by tomorrow. Never mind, I'm only fifty words short.

Tiffany Morris

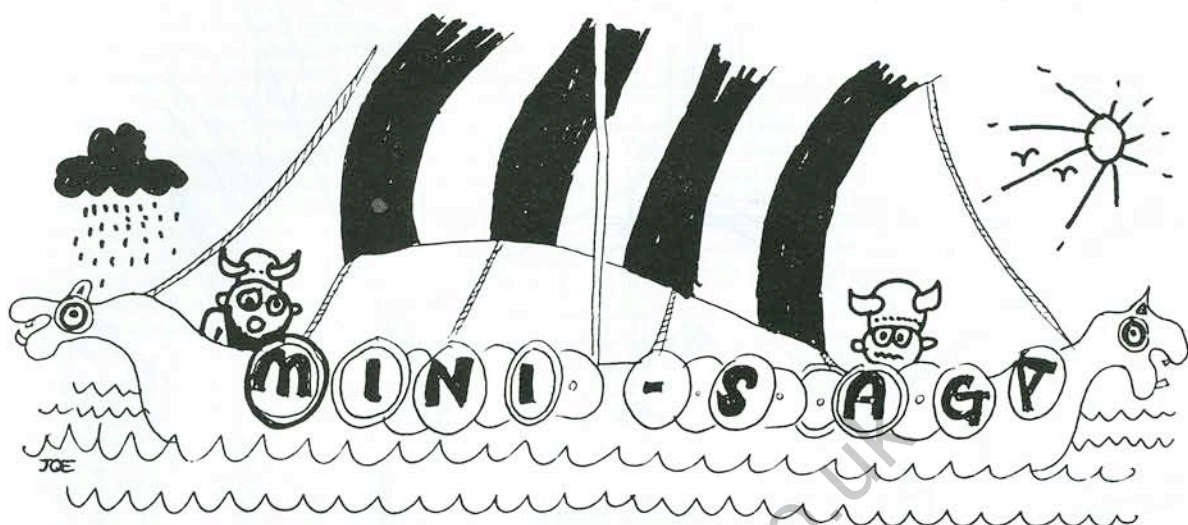
### The Alarm

It was eerie walking along the forest ride before dawn. The tall trees, dark sentinels against the lightening sky, appeared menacing in the still air. Close by, a high-pitched whistle pierced the silence. Primeval fears stirred in us before realisation came: it was a Sika stag warning of intruders.

Mavis Hunter







Tears burst, friendship over, everything comes to an end. Nobody cares, nobody knows except my tearful pillow case. I have no hope, no joy, no friend, our argument rooted in my mind, friction, disagreement, giving me hopelessness and sadness. Never mind, stand on my own two feet, my own two feet.

Rosanna Siu

#### Sight is not appreciated until it's lost

Life rushed on. Terror of being left behind filled me. I dashed past the details.

Splashes of brilliance, shards of colour blotted out the sounds of life.

Then suddenly, only the icy colours of white walls and uniforms. Only the cold tiles and pale bedspreads. Then nothing.

Now I listen.

Suzie Jones

#### The Book

The girl sees the book. The book has writing. The girl reads the book. She doesn't understand the book; The girl asks the teacher. The teacher explains the book, the girl doesn't understand the book. The girl reads another book. She doesn't understand the other book.

This is called learning!

Rachel Johnson, L5A

Stifled and sticky on the hot July day the class gazed silently at the teacher . . .

He was telling them about the fire drill system. " . . . don't panic," he droned on.

"Oh, look over there, sir, smoke, sir", piped up a small voice. Teacher screamed and jumped out of the window.

Imogen Turner

#### And so did she

Up in the attic among the dust and cobwebs, the broken mirror lay . . . I looked. I stared at her and she stared at me. I smiled at her and she smiled at me. I turned away and she turned away. I walked out of the attic . . . and so did she.

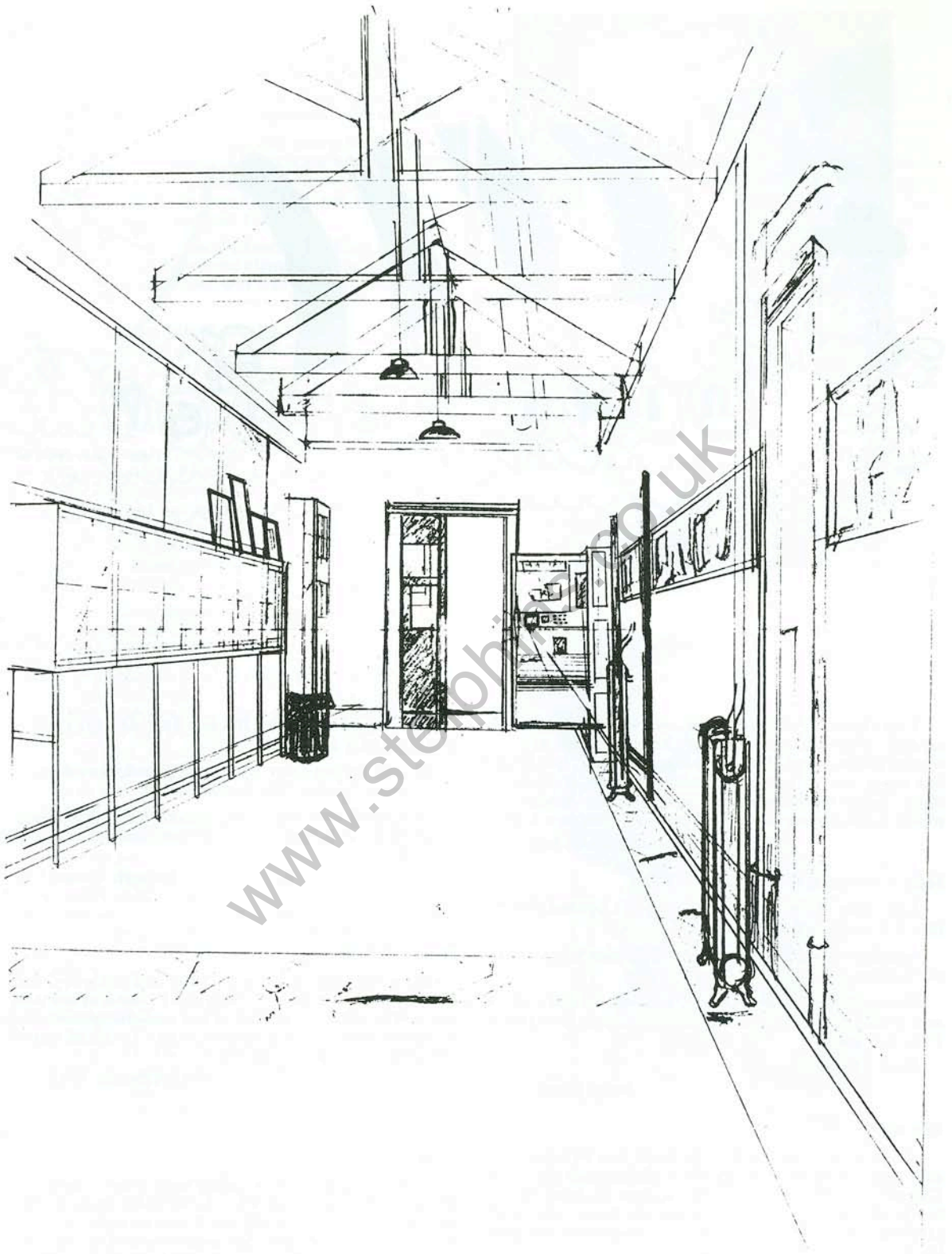
Seyi Agboola, U4A

#### Lyceana

The first time I went sailing with Dad's camp, the Broads were calm and still. As we were coming off Hickling, a gust of wind blew Lyceana right over. Seconds later she sank. We were rescued by members of the camp. I told Mum who said, "Pull the other one!"

Deborah Parsons, U3S



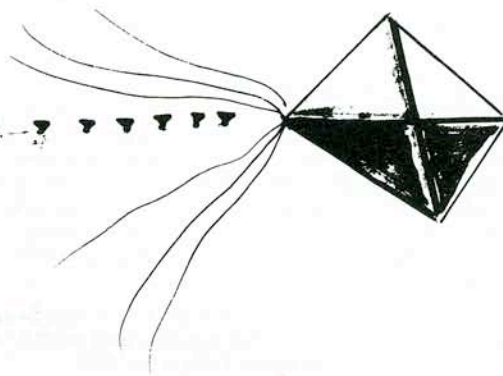


*View down long corridor. Rosanna Sin L5*



ARE YOU AT A LOOSE END?

Nicola McGee



He did not pass any exams and he is on the dole.

She worked hard at school and passed all her exams. After she left she went to college and worked hard there, as well. Her qualifications won, she began to look for work.

She is out of work, like him.

James Burgess

Picking our way through the wet grass and mud on an afternoon in early December, we clung to the higher path near the hedge, slipping constantly. Daddy walked out of his welly ankle deep in mud, and squelched home in great discomfort, still slipping and cursing every now and then.

Emily Gillson, LIII

#### Deus ex Machina or Fly Away Home

Enemies surrounded him, he knew. The jungle lapped him in green. His damn red coat made him conspicuous. He blundered on. If only he could find direction, gain some height — . The foliage waved above. He started to climb — slowly, painfully — then roaring, whirling night. The grim reaper at 1000 r.p.m.

Tim Shields

She was walking along, routine road. Catches sight of dream on other side. Shock. Where's my camera, pen and pad? Got to get to him, see him, meet him.

Sunday Telegraph. Girl dies in car accident. Bouquet of roses lying on grave with letter attached. Sorry! Eternal love, Ian Rush.

Sharon Neale

#### Work

She sat in the library and opened her files. Ten minutes later she was still sat looking, staring, mesmerised by all the work she must do.

Half an hour and she still sat, in the library, looking, staring, mesmerised.

Examination: she sat, **not knowing**, looking and mesmerised.

Karen Herbert, L5A

#### The Ghost that Never Was

I was sure I saw a ghost by the wall. It was all in white and glowed in front of me and then it just vanished.

I ran to my Mum and told her, she just laughed at me. What had happened? My little brother had been using the projector.

Emma Howorth, U3S

ANYWHERE, ANY GOOD  
WHATSOEVER, WHEN IT'S  
MAIN PURPOSE IS DESTROY  
HOW CAN IT DO ANYONE  
NIGHT

Elsbeth Tyler



## Gunpowder Plot

On Thursday, 1st November, L.III took part in a Guy Fawkes Drama Competition which was organised by Matlock Home and Leisure Safety Committee. We were asked to present a short original programme illustrating the dangers of Bonfire Night and how accidents can be prevented. L.III worked on this in their class Drama lessons and their own ideas were incorporated into a programme of poetry, music, movement and improvisation which was entitled "Gunpowder Plot".

All the effort which had been put into this competition was rewarded when we won second prize and were presented with a Book Token for £10.

T. Coombs

## The Bonfire Competition

As I watched the first play,  
A flame of terror crept into my heart,  
And I remembered how we prepared at the start,  
We switched on the music and moved to its sound,  
And made up sequences as we rose from the ground.

The flames of material fluttered and swayed,  
And as the fire began to fade,  
Black shapes rose slowly like shadows of doom,  
And an eerie silence filled the room,  
They cartwheeled, jumped and whirled around,  
Then slowly sank back down to the ground.

The Guy in his long, sweeping cloak,  
Gave a sly grin,  
And Fiona and her schoolchildren marched in all neat  
and trim.

It's us now, oh no!  
Quick on the stage, don't be slow,  
The results are coming very soon,  
A hearty applause fills the room,  
We came second. Oh dear.  
We won't be in the juniors for first place next year.

Melissa Allsopp

## Bonfire Night

When I first came to this school, L.III were practising for a competition. As I was in L.III they asked me if I would like to join in. They said the theme was "Safety on Bonfire night".

We had red and yellow material in long strips for the fire. We sat in a circle and the opposite people held one end of the strip each. Karen was the Guy and she stood in the middle. We waved the material while others were fireworks. They shot into the air like rockets. Gradually the fire died down and so did the music of fireworks.

Everything became more lively as the bonfire party went on. We brought the firework code into it and told of the dangers of fire and fireworks. We had party poppers for fireworks and all the streamers came out. At last it was over and we watched the others. Sarah collected a book token because we had come second.

Claire Walker, age 11, L.III

## Gunpowder Plot

Fireworks are whizzing, we are here. Oh, no!  
Do we have to wait outside? It's starting to snow.  
Oh good, thank goodness we are going in,  
I looked for Mummy, she gave a big grin.

Material bonfires, rockets and catherine wheel,  
Guy Fawkes was so good he looked almost real.  
Out came the jumping jacks, golden ray and all.  
Be careful, Emily, don't fall.

Out go Katie, Fiona and Claire,  
All in dazzling costumes they wear.  
The fire is dying down. It's nearly the end.  
Just the poem. The Guy stoops and bends.

Now. We've finished, out we go.  
I hope we have won, soon we will know.  
Here we are, we came second. Oh dear!  
Never mind, we might win next year.

Claire Pritchard, L.III, age 10½

## The Great Lover

by Form I and Rupert Brooke

These have I loved:

soft sponges, the rustling  
of pencil cases, blossom trees, bonfire  
smoke, sand running through my  
hands, the telephone ringing,  
coloured butterflies, the feel of silk  
and clean clothes; milk shakes, yoghurt,  
sunflowers in the garden, jumping in  
swimming pools, a cuddle from Mummy,  
a fire in the lounge, and going off to  
sleep.

All these have been my loves

## Colours

Yellow is the colour of a big, hot sun,  
Blue is the cool, wet water,  
Green in the grass so green and so fair,  
Red is the colour of the hot, night air.  
Brown are the leaves when summer has gone,  
White is the snow as it falls on a stone,  
Black is the colour of the dark, dark night,  
Orange the moon a-glowing into sight.  
Silver and gold are the colours of love,  
The stars in the sky that shine up above.

Sarah-Jayne Goodlad, F.I





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## Percy the Cat

Percy the cat comes  
out at night  
Looking for other cats  
to fight.  
Then at dawn he wanders  
home  
To sleep in the sun all  
alone.

Lucie Palfree, Form II

## Cats

I feel sorry for cats  
That have no home.  
They're cold on the street  
Too hot in the sun  
And have to sleep in the dustbin.

I feel sorry for cats  
That have nothing to eat,  
No dish of milk,  
No little treat,  
And nowhere to go at night.

I feel sorry for cats!  
Clare Fleming, Form II

## My Cat

My cat is fat,  
And full of milk.  
He is plump and furry,  
As smooth as silk.  
He likes to be stroked,  
And to sleep on my bed.  
He has big green eyes,  
In his big black head.

Juliet Scott, Form II



## The Robin

Snow flakes fall on my face and nose,  
Jack Frost nibbles at my toes.  
The robin with his coat so red,  
Wishes he was home in bed.  
He searches here and there,  
For tit-bits in the snow.  
Whilst trees and branches all hang low.

Wendy Kirkland Form II



## My thoughts on "The Phoenix and the Carpet"

The panic had started.  
As the day drew near,  
Mrs. Coombs kept wondering  
"Now, is everything clear?"

The day dawned at last.  
The audience came in.  
Mrs. Coombs said her speech  
And signalled to begin.

The time drew near  
When I was to go on.  
The Phoenix whispered,  
"It won't be long."

I climbed on the stage,  
When the time had come.  
I peered into the audience,  
And saw my Mum!

I walked off the stage,  
And sat on the floor.  
"Thank goodness I don't  
have to go on stage any more."

Everybody started clapping,  
For it was the curtain call.  
When we got back to the Form room,  
I thought, "I did enjoy it all."

Claire Walker, L.III

## Feet

Feet  
Standing  
Walking on land  
Kicking and itching  
Asleep and awake  
Running and jumping,  
Feet can go backwards.  
Feet can go forwards.  
Feet can go up.  
Feet can go down.  
Good feet,  
Bad feet,  
Feet.

Emily-Victoria Gray-Fow, Form I

## Feet

Feet  
Walking  
Squiggling in wet sand,  
Bumping and jumping,  
Stamping and clamping,  
Kicking and missing,  
Tiny toes on tiny feet,  
Large toes on large feet,  
Untidy feet,  
Neat feet,  
All different sorts of feet,  
Dancing and prancing,  
That's what feet do.

Katherine Core, Form I

## Acting in "The Phoenix and the Carpet"

This is the day. The great day. We've been preparing for months on end, and today is being produced "The Phoenix and the carpet". There'll be lots of people out there. Will my hat drop off? Will I forget my lines? Oh, I'm so frightened. "Come on Sarah. Come and get your make-up on," said Mrs. Coombs.

In no time at all we were all ready to start. There was so much happening, and I thought my voice was going to go, because I had had a bad cough the day before. Oh, and my face felt itchy; I wanted to scratch. Oh, it's me!

"Greetings", I said, quite relieved that I had got on all right. All the people that were on the stage at this moment were acting really well. The scene was soon finished, I knew I was enjoying myself.

It was nearly ending. "What a pity," I thought. At this moment somebody nudged me to go on for a curtain call.

At last we ended. How relieved I felt. I hadn't gone wrong and everybody was clapping. Afterwards we had orange squash and biscuits. I think we all deserved it. We had all worked very hard, and everyone enjoyed it. I think it was well worth the effort.

Sarah Tarbatt, L.III

## Post Box Pete

Old Post Box Peter, standing there,  
Decided to give everyone a scare.  
When Postman Jim opened his tummy,  
A voice inside said, "I feel rather funny."

Postman Jim jumped back in surprise  
As Peter twirled and twizzled his eyes,  
Letters flew high into the air,  
Postman Jim was in despair.

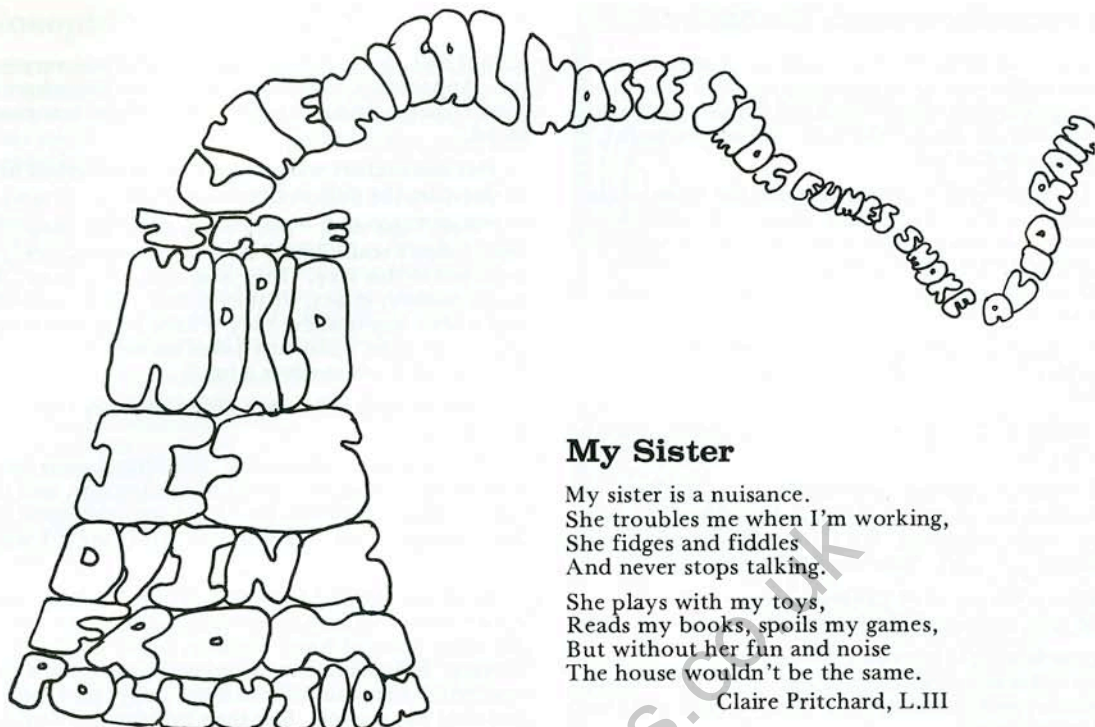
"Could this be a person in disguise?  
I really can't believe my eyes,"  
Peter laughed, "I am having fun,  
Life for me has just begun."

Around the town there was a mad chase,  
For the letters flying from place to place,  
Soon the mail was safely gathered,  
And Post Box Peter once more tethered.

Next time you post some mail  
Please think of this funny tale,  
For the post box on your street,  
May very well be Post Box Pete!

Lucy Pritchard, Form I





Clare Jones, L5A

## My Sister

My sister is a nuisance.  
She troubles me when I'm working,  
She fidgets and fiddles  
And never stops talking.

She plays with my toys,  
Reads my books, spoils my games,  
But without her fun and noise  
The house wouldn't be the same.

Claire Pritchard, L.III

## A Cobweb

A cobweb is made of long, thin, silky filaments of thread spun by a spider. It is very delicate, and beautiful to look at, especially when there are dew-drops caught on the silky-smooth surface. Frost sometimes covers it, and then they sparkle like a thousand diamonds. If you touch a cobweb lightly, the silken threads break.

Cleaning ladies hate cobwebs, they brush them away with feather dusters, but I think they are beautiful.

Small, shiny, fairy necklace,  
Covered in pearl drops, sparkling and fine,  
Silken, delicate fairy dresses,  
Better than leaves any time.

Sarah Rawling, L.III

## The Monster

"The Monster" was of immense size, he had eyes as big as saucers. When he walked his feet made the ground shake. The Monster's mouth was big, droopy, and cruel-looking, but he was really very friendly. He was made up of all the colours of the rainbow, and his name was — can you imagine? "Rainbow".

Very sadly, nobody liked him. He was very upset about this. Many a time people had tried to capture him. So he just went on living in a quiet, sad way.

Rainbow's house was in a cliff. It was carved out of the side of the cliff. In it was a table, a chair, and a bed. All this was made from parts taken from the rainbow. This is why sometimes you cannot see all the rainbow.

One day I met Rainbow. I knocked on his door, he said, "Come in", in a big, loud voice. So, in I went. I went to ask him if he could help clean the statue in the park, as it was very hard to put the scaffolding up. He said, "Yes". So, we went along to the building place. The men were not altogether sure about this, but eventually they agreed. Ever since then everyone has liked Rainbow.

Sarah Strivens, Form II



## An Interview with Sister

"Wait a minute. I'm just coming," called Sister as she hurried to join us in the Surgery. She eyed the tape recorder nervously. "I didn't know you were bringing one of those," she said. We smiled at her, and proceeded.

"To begin with you have to train for three years to become a State Registered Nurse," she explained. After this she had to have three years of experience to become a Staff Nurse. Once she was qualified, she gained experience in whichever area she preferred. Then she became a Sister.

"I always wanted to be a nurse," she enthused, "I trained to be one, and then I did a year as a midwife."

Following this, she had to take a year off to look after her daughter.

"I took on a school job shortly after that, to ensure that my daughter, Vivian, got a proper education, while I worked. Well, it took care of arranging holidays," she said. "We were both off together."

Sister's job involves the general care and welfare of the girls and Staff of the School.

Sister is widely travelled, having lived in Canada for eleven years as a Registered Nurse. She has also been a Midwife, and worked on a gynaecological ward in the United States.

"I have also worked in both ante- and post-natal clinic," she stated. "I hope I will stay in this school until Vivian has finished her education." When Vivian has finished here, Sister would like to return to midwifery.

She has worked at other private schools, the previous one being a girls' school in Lewes, Sussex. The

school had about eighty boarders, and was very exclusive. Apparently, when they were deciding where to send Princess Anne to school, this school was short-listed.

Her discomfort was obvious when we asked her to describe the girls at her old school.

"Well," she said, "They were nice, but they . . . well, I don't really know how to describe them, . . . well, put it this way. They had a lot of money. Too much money, in fact. If they'd had a little more love, and a little less money, they'd have been much better off. They didn't play any jokes on me, they kept themselves to themselves a lot."

Does this job affect her life in any way? we wondered.

"To a certain extent, yes. Not that I want one, but a social life is almost impossible, going out, and that sort of thing. I usually find I can amuse myself, and find enough to do, but it would affect me if I wanted to go out."

In all her time of travelling (States, Canada and West Indies), Sister has had many different jobs. She did three years of basic training, followed by agency nursing. In Canada, she experienced her most alarming moment, when a mother had her baby, took out a gun and shot the doctor! She then returned to England, and did three years as a midwife. Then she worked in out-patients and ran a gynaecological ward.

In her spare time Sister enjoys writing to her many friends she has met in her different jobs. She watches some television, and tries to manage a walk every day, as she believes it helps to keep her fit.

But what does Vivian think of it all?

"Oh, she likes it," Sister assured us.

Suzi Jones and Rachel Letford, U4A





## An Interview with Colonel Hobbs

Colonel Hobbs has been the Bursar of St. Elphin's School for ten years. He was previously a major in the British Army. Being a member of the army, he has travelled to countries as far and wide as Germany and the mystical Far East. Keeping up the reputation of previous courageous colonels, Colonel Hobbs cared to venture into less desirable places such as the Malaysian jungle and the desert area of Egypt. When asked why he joined the Army, he answered, "I thought it would make a good career, the type of career I would like. It was active, out of doors and interesting. It provided the element of adventure, travel and, of course, as you can see from the number of countries I have travelled to, I have had a very interesting life!"

As well as finding it rewarding and exciting, Colonel Hobbs also experienced the dull side of the Army.

Now working as a Bursar at St. Elphin's, Colonel Hobbs misses a great deal of the army, but fortunately he is able to keep in contact with his colleagues by attending frequent Association dinners and annual functions.

In 1970, Colonel Hobbs decided to retire from his duties in the army, and venture into the business world. He found that the army had laid a good foundation for him as a businessman. He first worked as a personnel manager in industry. He was responsible for organizing personnel functions, recruiting people, setting up of people, etc.

After a few years of being a personnel manager, Colonel Hobbs left the Plessey Company and took a

few steps into the less hectic life of a Bursar in a private school. He found that his previous jobs had left him well-equipped for this.

Every day at a quarter to nine, Colonel Hobbs walks down Long Corridor towards his Office, accompanied by his faithful companion, Hardy. His first stop is his pigeon-hole to see if he has any mail. The school grounds need an occasional visit to make sure no major accidents have happened during the night. Colonel Hobbs also makes regular visits to the kitchen, to make sure that everything is running smoothly. He then checks his appointments for he has regular meetings with the School Governors. He then has a usual busy day of sorting out bills, rates wages, etc and his assistant, Mrs. Renshaw, helps him a great deal. When we asked if his job ever got tedious, he answered with a big grin, "No, not at all, I never have the time to let it get tedious!"

His hobbies involve a lot to do with army life. He is in charge of the Derbyshire Territorial Army, which he visits weekly. He also enjoys a lot of energetic sports such as hockey, tennis and squash, but he admits, "I am getting a bit too slow for squash!" When asked if his job allows him holidays, he said that even when the School is on holiday, he has to organise architectural projects, because it is too dangerous in term time, but altogether he has a rewarding four-week holiday.

We both enjoyed talking to a very interesting, adventure-packed Colonel Hobbs, and we hope he enjoyed answering our questions.

Seyi Agboola and Claire Richardson, U4A

ARE SOME PEOPLE SO FULL OF  
HOT AIR?

Hetty Sheldon



## A New Friend

My mother called it nosiness; my father regarded it as "usual behaviour for a woman" and my sister, as usual, managed to avoid giving her opinion. I thought it was friendly and considerate, but I realised that it was verging on 'being a busy body' and 'sticking my nose in'. Whenever a newcomer arrived on our street I had to be the first person on the scene.

I usually arrived two seconds after the removal van, with my welcoming speech ready to burst forth. I was such a nuisance that I was invariably invited for morning coffee on the following day – anything to get me out of the way while they unloaded their precious belongings.

The real fun started over the coffee, when my natural curiosity got the better of me. As well as being extremely eloquent, I was a good listener, and I usually went home for lunch after a good morning's work.

Last Saturday I was sitting on a plush green sofa in the drawing-room of the street's latest arrival, sipping iced tea – it was too hot for coffee. She was called Mary Large, much to my disgust. She deserved a more dramatic name, nothing that boring.

She was quietly spoken and had rather a snobbish intonation. Whenever she moved, she did so in a relaxed, graceful way. She was totally open and not in the least embarrassed.

The most striking thing about her was her sense of humour. For some unknown reason she started telling me jokes and we were both rolling around with laughter. She was a marvellous impressionist – her forte was Esther Rantzen, but she made up her own lines and stories.

She told me everything I wanted to know, and more besides. She enjoyed being in the limelight.

She was strikingly ambitious. She had been working with the BBC 'behind the scenes' for six months, preparing for her first mission in another six months' time. She was going into Africa to report on a famine. When she spoke about this I noticed another part of her personality. She was determined to make people notice their own shortcomings. She detested the attitude 'someone else will do it', and made people realise that they could and should help less privileged people. She wanted to be noticed, and was going about it the hard way, determined to succeed. I admired her.

She was very skilful at changing the subject, talking about anything that entered her head. She was obviously intelligent, and the most interesting person I have ever spoken to. She fascinated me, easily holding my attention.

The most interesting thing about her was the way she regarded her parents. They had made her leave home when she had calmly announced over dinner that she was going to become a punk. I thought this was a drastic measure – so did Mary.

After their decision, she treated them like distant acquaintances, only visiting them when it could not be avoided, and not being very sociable. She did not feel as if she lacked anything. She preferred having no bonds or ties. To her, happiness was freedom and caring about her own wishes.

I was pleasantly shocked when she looked out of the window and saw two terrors from one of the local gangs having a scrap. She stood up, marched outside and tore them away from each other. Then she gave them both a piece of her mind, and sent them away, looking dejected, sheepish and self-conscious.

When she came inside she resumed the conversation as if it had never happened. She looked neither annoyed nor ruffled. On the contrary, she seemed rather amused by the whole episode and kept glancing out of the window with a twinkle in her eye.

Ten minutes later I found myself being ushered out of the front door. For the first time in my whole career of 'Official Hilda Ogden', I had lost control of the situation! As I said "goodbye" it was as if I had known Mary Large all my life, not just two hours and I hoped that I would be seeing a lot of my new friend in the future.

Emma Thompson, LVA

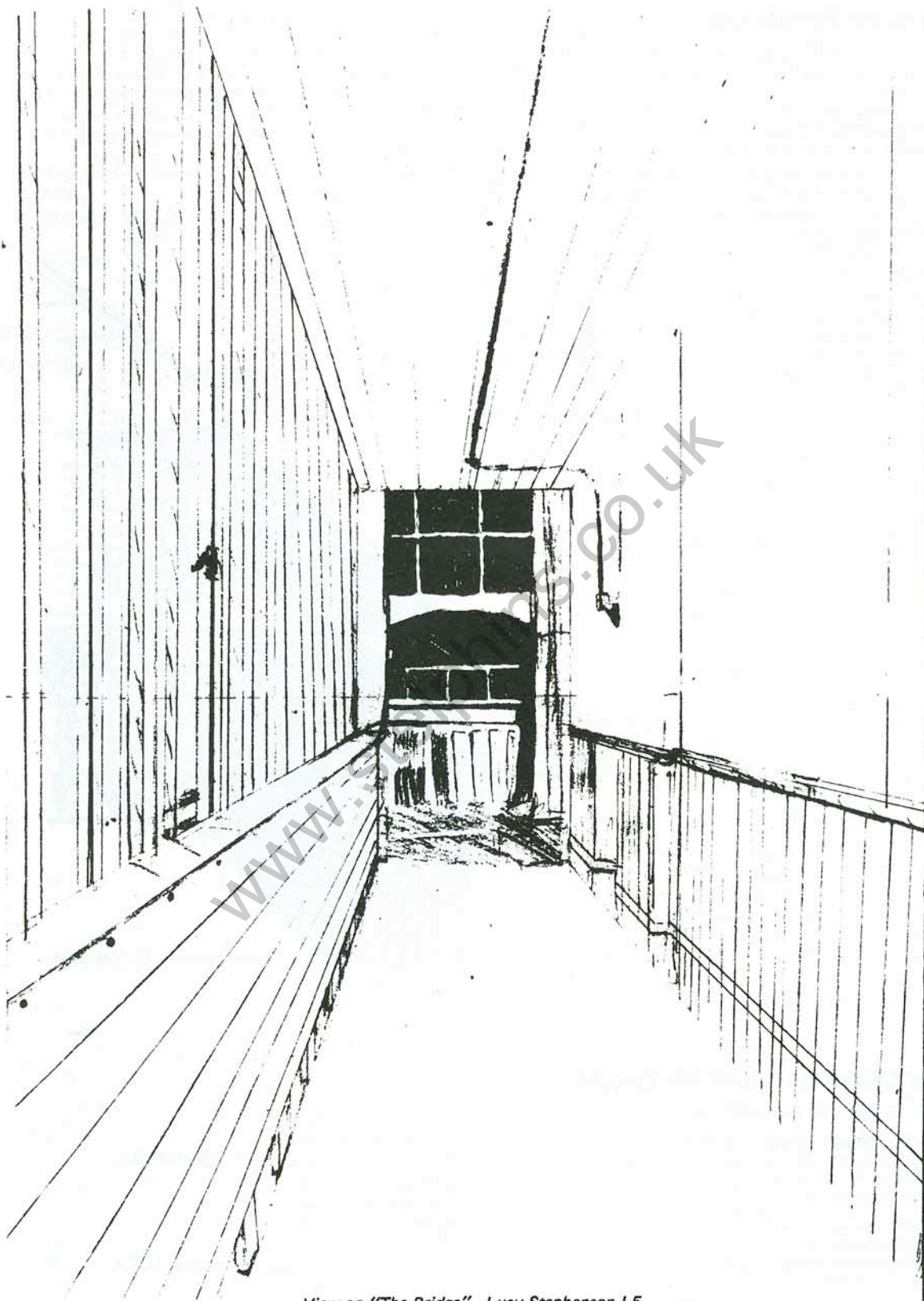


## Sounds in the Zoo

It was a hot summer's day  
as the ponies were neighing  
the children were playing  
And the keeper was saying  
"Who wants a pony today?"  
The monkeys were chatting,  
and bears were clapping.  
Whilst the penguins shuffled  
the polar bears huffed –  
How rude of the elephants to trumpet, thought they,  
The parrots didn't share  
this muffled respect,  
and were heard to repeat  
in spite of the heat . . .  
"Who wants a pony today?"

Toni Myles-White, U3S





*View on "The Bridge". Lucy Stephenson L5*



## Winter Problems

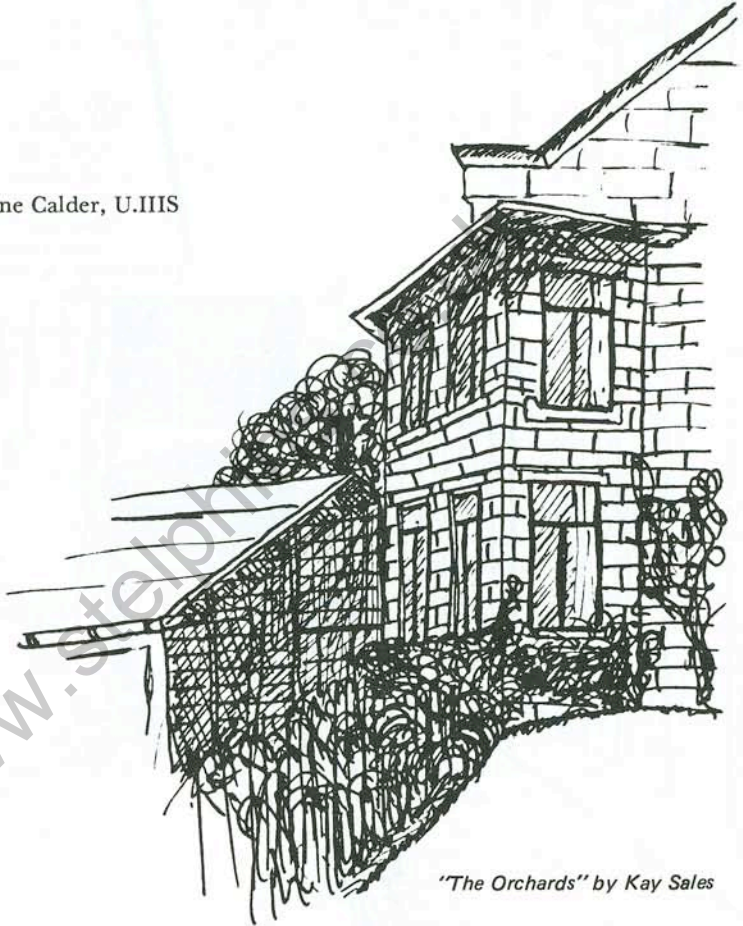
Power cuts, burst pipes, keeping the house warm,  
Old people, coughs and colds, the snow-plough getting  
stuck.

Bare trees, empty nests, hibernation.  
Poor animals stiff and cold  
Waiting for the summer.

Wet gloves, cold feet,  
In and out of the house,  
Wet floors and carpets,  
A very angry Mum.  
Radiators on full blast,  
A nice warm fire.

Transport, fog and icy roads,  
Running late, stuck on hills,  
Washing frozen on the line,  
Winter at its best.  
Cut off, snowed up  
In a nice warm house.

Jane Calder, U.IHS



*"The Orchards" by Kay Sales*

## Le Carol de Noël du Lapin

The Rabbit's Christmas Carol.

Je suis malade comme un chien,  
J'ai perdu ma carotte,  
Je me fiche pas mal si c'est  
Le jour de Noël.

Je suis malade comme un chien,  
J'ai perdu ma carotte,  
Alors trouvez-nous une laitue  
Ou . . . . fichez le camp!

Kit Wright

I'm sick as a parrot,  
I've lost me carrot,  
I couldn't care less if it's Christmas day.

I'm sick as a parrot,  
I've lost me carrot,  
So get us a lettuce  
Or . . . . go away!

Susan Moukarim, U.VA



## Visiting the Mummy's Tomb

Mummy had insisted that we went to the Valley of the Kings. She had decided that it wasn't worth flying all the way over to Egypt if we didn't visit the Valley. I didn't want to go, and Daddy wasn't too keen on the idea either, but we were eventually persuaded to put on our trainers, shorts, caps and whatever we fancied, and hike off to the nearest tourist office.

After trying to get through to the Egyptian what we wanted, we got onto the coach ready to leave. The journey was long, hot and the coach was extremely crowded. Reaching the Valley was a blessing from the gods, I assure you. The heat was intolerable and the immense brightness made me hate the idea even more. As we walked towards what I thought was just a mass of gaping holes in the mountain side, the English tour guide talked about something I didn't quite hear, and didn't really intend to either. All I actually did hear was a mention of five thousand years ago, or something of that sort.

While venturing towards one of the gaping holes in the mountain side, I saw them, the queues of people forming long snakes outside the openings. There were absolutely hundreds of people. I never dreamed that there could be so many people in one place.

"I refuse to go in there," I suddenly said to my mother, who was walking next to me.

"Why not, dear?" she asked.

"I'll get claustrophobic," I insisted.

"Don't be silly," answered my mother and walked ahead of me to join Daddy. We finally reached one of the openings and stood in the queue, waiting. Waiting for what? I didn't know what to expect. We seemed to be standing there forever, when suddenly we were signalled to enter. My heart began to pound against the inside of my chest. Why was I nervous? After all I was only going into a building, a church, or something like it. But I was wrong. I walked through the small door-way and the hot, breezy air from outside suddenly changed into a cool, musty air that choked me. It was dark in the room, almost pitch black. A scent of mould and dust suddenly entered my body, and seemed to go into my brain. Everybody else was forgotten. In my mind I was alone in this place, alone with history.

The first thing that I noticed was the walls. On them, there were faded paintings of animals and gods and kings. Cracks covered the walls, though the ancient works could still be visualised. The colours of the walls seemed to stand among the greyness of the room. The floor was of hard stone. It felt cold, and I could even feel the coolness of it floating into my feet and up through my body, making me shiver as it did. At first, I had not noticed the ropes and the "Please do not touch" signs that were before me now. They seemed out of place, and somehow useless, as I reached out my hand and pressed it against the stone. It was cold and dull, and reminded me of the sky when about to throw rain and lightning.

I could now see clearly what the pictures represented. There was a boy sitting on a large

golden throne, with gods offering him gifts. They wore masks and all stood in a peculiar way. Some ladies stood in the corner of the room playing instruments made from wood and reeds. It was all extremely clear.

I eventually noticed that everyone was walking into another room, and so frowning, I took one more look at the painting. The second room was even darker than the first, and the room seemed airless. It was cold and made me shiver, eventually turning into a tremble. The room was large and dull. In front of where I stood, was a large stone box, made of marble, I think. Nothing else was in the room, just this one box. I stepped a little further to inspect, something was written on the side of the box, something that I couldn't read. It wasn't Egyptian, or English. It was a language of picture form that I did not recognise. What was it?

I was now close enough to see slightly into the huge marble box. Something white lay inside, though I could not make out what was in there. I moved right up to the side of the box. Hundreds of bits of rags lay there in the coffin. That's what it must have been, A coffin. The stiff, murky air choked me as I thought. I could sense that this room was a place of rest and that I didn't belong there. I suddenly felt myself thousands of years back in history, back long before the time of Christ. A cold breeze skimmed my face, and I imagined that I heard a voice singing an ancient tune, in a language long forgotten. Was I dreaming? No, I was still awake. I imagined rows of men marching in line through the doorways of the tomb, carrying a coffin shaped like a person, singing ancient hymns. I could hear the wailing of women, their teardrops stinging my heart and I thought. Then suddenly I was back to reality. There wasn't any more singing now, but only the shouting of tourists trying to push the people behind me to see the box that I saw.

"Isn't it just amazing, Burt? I mean, just look at those bandages that they wrapped him in. Isn't it truly amazing?" a woman shouted at her husband. "Yes dear, lovely" he answered.

I now realised what had happened. I had been in a trance, and had imagined myself back in time. I heard a familiar voice. It was Mummy.

"Come along dear, we've got to go now. Where on earth have you been? You father and I have been worried sick," laughing. "We thought that maybe an ancient priest had dragged you off somewhere down a hidden passage!"

Had they?

Sarah Holme, L5B





## Nottingham's Royal Concert Hall

As I walked through the subway, nerves fluttered urging my legs to walk faster, just in case I would miss anything exciting. I climbed up the last step, ran round the seemingly never-ending corner, no-one was there, nothing had happened. It was peaceful. The trucks rested after their exhausting journey, shining in the sun while the "Roadies" unloaded the trunks shouting as they threw them down the slide which clattered with a piercing echo.

I sat down on the stairs, looked down at the large, white doors, above which was a sign in large, clear, dark brown letters, which stood out for miles saying "Stage Door".

The bridge from the hotel to the concert hall towered above the thin dark line where the sun could not beat down on the pavement. The windows of the dressing rooms tempted people to climb on the trucks, peer in and hope to catch a glimpse of their favourite star, taking photos or passing autograph books through the small crack which it would open.

No-one was around, yet no doubt soon there would be flocks of people, all crowding in this small car park outside the concert hall. I walked around to the front, past the row of grand white pillars of the theatre part of the building onto the modern section. The lights were on the high roof, sleeping after their busy night, but as soon as darkness fell again they would wake up, burning their colourful energy across the black night all around Nottingham.

The massive shining blue giant stood before me, its dark, cool, glass doors opened wide and beckoned me inside. Once in the foyer there was silence, my foot which quietly trod on the floor, shattered the silence like broken glass falling onto a concrete floor, echoing right to the ceiling and around the building.

The pillar stood in the middle of the hall, it was like a root, holding a large tree above it, while it was permanently fixed on the ground having no other task, like Atlas holding up the World.

The dark-blue steps spiralled to the top with the metal hand-rail waiting to give someone an electric shock. The whole room was empty, all the ticket boxes shut.

I walked back to the stage door. The clear area was beginning to shrink as people emerged, talking about who had the most posters of him. Passers-by smiled at us sometimes and enquired who was in town tonight.

The odour of meat pies and gravy floated down from the restaurant. My stomach rumbled but it was too much of a risk to go to the shop in case you missed him.

Later on I at last saw the bus arriving. Cameras, flowers, letters and autograph books shook as we held them. The suspense was like a balloon being blown up with air about to pop. The bus door opened, and

the balloon burst. He ran out with his arm around his wife, and, as if in a trance, people were running after him. He rushed through the stage door without stopping, the Roadies were trying to hold us back. People were now crying and saying how they despised him for ignoring them. We all felt depressed, all our hopes had been thrown away like a discarded piece of paper in a bin, no-one bothering to care for it, after all it was just one of the crowd.

We had some hours to pass before the performance that night, everyone dispersed into the evening. I stayed for a while, begging the guitarist to allow me into the sound-check, but he couldn't because they were being filmed. I had never felt so depressed as when he shut the door and said "Sorry. 'Bye". My stomach turned, tears filled my eyes, I felt my whole life had been wasted. I had waited for hours for nothing. A cold breeze was blowing, some people were huddled in groups, the trucks were empty, everything was miserable. I went to the side of the building, and put my ear to the wall, hoping to hear something. The cars on the road roared by, everyone acting out their routine, no-one knowing what I was doing, they were just travelling along. I was about to go home when his body guard walked past. He enquired why I was distressed, and walked on. I suddenly started following him. I don't know why. He was at the top of the stairs, glanced down and said, "Come on then, but don't make a sound!" I flew up the stairs, my heart beating so fast. I thought it was a dream and he would turn around and say, "Sorry, you can't come in", so I followed closely. We entered the auditorium, and there he was on the stage. I sat down and burst into tears again. I was the only one in the whole auditorium apart from four girls upstairs. His voice echoed around the empty place. I wanted to stand on the chair and scream and shout to make him notice me, but the television cameras were hovering around and Jim had told me to sit still.

The rows of empty seats were wasted, but for the first time I realized how large the concert hall was. Soon thousands would be standing making the enormous place shrink.

The guitarist was wondering how I came in. I felt so happy, my whole bedroom wall was actually talking, joking and singing to me!

My friend and I entered the foyer, clutching our precious tickets as if they were diamonds. People were everywhere. The foyer walls were bulging, ready to burst. Everyone was chattering and buying tickets. We squeezed our way up the stairs; everywhere you looked you saw people. We went into the auditorium and sat down. Everyone was walking around, the size had shrunk, the massive emptiness was filling up with bodies all thinking about the same thing.

After the support band, it was his turn. All his group were on stage without him, the suspense was terrible and then like a god coming down to please and control his people he rose from the back on a lift. The noise was horrendous, the atmosphere fantastic, everyone was on his feet, dancing, singing, screaming or crying. The massive space above our heads was filled with noise, it felt as though the roof would blow off to make room for all the sounds.



We walked out into the cool, dark streets. I couldn't hear anything, my head buzzed. I felt sick and faint, but I had never felt so happy. Outside the stage door there was a group of girls shouting for him, but he had already gone. I walked down the quiet, calm street, even all the cars and people were peaceful. I saw a taxi, went up to it, bent down and said to the taxi driver, "Beeston Fields Drive, please."

Vanessa Daws, L5B

## Difficultés chez l'épicier

### Scène première

La cliente: Bonjour! Je voudrais de l'orangeade.  
 L'épicier: Je regrette, je n'ai pas de sardines.  
 La cliente: Non, je voudrais de l'orangeade!  
 L'épicier: Pardon?  
 La cliente: (Criant) Je voudrais de l'orangeade!!!  
 L'épicier: Oh là là, de l'orangeade.  
 La cliente: Oui, de l'orangeade.  
 L'épicier: Je n'ai pas d'orangeade.  
 La cliente: Oh là là, au revoir.  
 L'épicier: Madame! Madame! De l'orangeade!  
 La cliente: Oh là là, vite, vite! Il est midi et quart.  
 L'épicier: D'accord! Oh . . . (Boing!)  
 (La bouteille d'orangeade tombe sur la tête de l'épicier.)  
 La cliente: Oh non, réveillez-vous! Levez-vous, s'il vous plaît. Levez-vous!  
 L'épicier: Bonjour. (Il se tient la tête.) Oh là là!  
 La cliente: Oh non, l'orangeade!  
 L'épicier: Oh non, oh non, oh non!  
 La cliente: Comment ça va?  
 L'épicier: Comme ci, comme ça.  
 (Ils nettoient les dégâts mais il n'y a plus d'orangeade pour elle.)  
 La cliente: Au revoir!

### Scène deux

Enfant No. 1: Je voudrais de l'orangeade, maman!  
 Enfant No. 2: Oui, de l'orangeade!  
 Les deux enfants (ensemble): O-ran-geade s'il vous plaît, o-ran-geade s'il vous plaît (cinq fois)  
 L'épicier: Pardon, il n'y a pas d'orangeade!  
 Catherine McClimonds, U11 E

## The Room

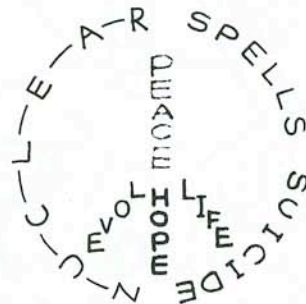
The room with the beige-painted wooden door is very familiar to me. It's like a haven, peaceful and quiet. I go there often to talk to the frail old lady who lives in there.

The bold, brass door-handle is cold to the touch, and my fingers slip slightly on the smooth, bright metal as I turn it and push the door gently. The air is different from the air anywhere else in our house; it is cool, dry but fresh. The pale pink of the walls gives the room the appearance of a pink cave, and the light, provided by the window which is shaded by a pink Venetian blind, glows rosily. The birds sing cheerfully outside the partly-open window, but inside the faintly glowing semi-darkness of Great-Gran's room all is peaceful and still. The lazy summer sun shines between the slats of the blind, striding the carpet and walls.

As I walk to the bed — only a couple of steps from the door in the tiny room — the carpet feels soft, plush and comfortable beneath my feet. The furniture takes up nearly all the space — there is just enough room to walk round the bed. The dressing-table is a wooden shelf across a tiny alcove in one wall, cluttered with French ornaments and perfumes. Under this is a heavy trunk full of old photographs, albums, postcards and love-letters bound in ribbons. The grand mahogany wardrobe stands with dignity in one tiny corner, next to a matching chest of drawers with an oval-shaped mirror on the top. Chests, trunks and chairs litter the room, filling in spaces or gaps between heavy wooden furniture. Pots and vases of flowers stand on every available surface, on lacy mats and cloths.

Great-Gran, lying in the pale pink bed, greets me warmly in French. I sit down carefully on the edge, enjoying the tranquillity of the cool, shady room with its smell of lavender. Gran smiles and chatters to me in her broken English, and I practise what little French I know in answering her. She is happy and friendly, warm, quiet, and a little thoughtful. She seems much more like a good friend than a grandmother in her nineties. Although a little frail, she has not lost height and her hair is barely grey. We spend the afternoons together, reading, talking and laughing until Mum calls me down for tea.

Suzi Jones, U4A





## Desert Island Books

We have interviewed a cross-section of people connected with St. Elphin's to find out which books (3), which luxury item and which person they would take with them. We found the results very interesting.

### Chaplain:

1. "Middlemarch" – G. Eliot.
  2. "Crime and Punishment" – Dostoyevsky.
- Person – Queen Christina of Sweden 1632-54.  
Object – Capentry set.

### Sister:

1. "Every Aspect of Nursing and Medicine"
  2. "The Life and Times of Barry Manilow"
  3. "The Supernatural".
- Person – Chris Lloyd/John Denver.  
Object – Tape deck plus Barry Manilow and John Denver tapes.

### Ian Evans (Catering Manager):

1. "The Complete Works of Escoffier".
  2. "How to Survive on a Desert Island" (Ladybird).
  3. English Law reference books.
- Person – A close friend.  
Object – Mouth organ.

### Mr. Pollard:

1. "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" – Muriel Spark.
  2. "Persuasion" – Jane Austen.
  3. The novels of Barbara Pym.
- Person – Mrs. Pollard.  
Object – Piano.

### Mrs. Hodgson:

1. "The Chronicle of Ancient Sunlight" – Henry Williamson.
  2. "Madame Bovary" – Flaubert.
  3. "The Rattle Bag" edited by Ted Hughes and Seamus Heaney.
- Person – Derek Jacobi.  
Object – A sun hat.

### Jane Aizlewood:

1. "The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole 13¾".
  2. "To Kill a Mockingbird" – Harper Lee.
  3. "Kane and Able" – Jeffery Archer.
- Person – Terry Wogan.  
Object – Telephone.

### Mrs. Brook:

1. "Pride and Prejudice" – Jane Austen.
  2. The largest Poetry Anthology I can carry.
  3. "A Natural History of Selborne" – Gilbert White.
- Person – David Attenborough.  
Object – Chemistry Set to analyse what is poisonous and what isn't.

### Emma Thompson, L.V:

1. Kate Kirby's Essay book.
  2. "Maths Made Simple".
  3. "The Rumpole Omnibus" – John Mortimer.
- Person – Pat Cash.  
Object – Photographs.

### Fay Neary, L.IV A:

1. Geography text book.
  2. Maths text book.
  3. Monita's diary.
- Person – Monita.  
Object – Mop.

### Henrietta Makinson, U.IVA:

1. "The Hollow Hills" – Mary Stewart.
  2. "Jane Eyre" – Charlotte Bronte.
  3. "Smiley's People" – John Le Carré.
- Person – Suzanna Kershaw.  
Object – Teddy-bear.

### Kathryn Johnson, U.III:

1. "The Growing Pains of Adrian Mole".
  2. A James Herriot Compendium.
  3. "How to Speak Chinese".
- Person – Boris Becker.  
Object – Walkman and never-ending supply of batteries.

### Deborah Parsons, U.III:

1. "The Secretary Diary of Adrian Mole".
  2. "The Wizard of Earthsea" Trilogy – Ursula le Guin.
  3. "Dune Trilogy" – Herbert.
- Person – Shakespeare.  
Object – Tape recorder plus batteries and cassettes.





**Marijana Urbany, L.V:**

1. "The Sandcastle" – Iris Murdoch.
  2. "The Cove of Time".
  3. "Little Dorrit" – Dickens.
- Person – Pete Burns.  
Object – Helicopter.

**Mr. Rothwell**

1. "Pride & Prejudice" – Jane Austen.
  2. "Quentin Durward" – Walter Scott.
  3. Tower of London (Detailed guide).
- Person – Wife.  
Object – Dog.

**Miss Crook:**

1. "Natural History of the Island".
  2. Georgette Heyer Novels.
  3. "The Lord of the Rings" – J. R. Tolkien.
- Person – All her family photos rather than one person.  
Object – Toothbrush.

**Mrs. Pearce**

1. "Three men in a Boat" – Jerome K. Jerome.
  2. "Emma" – Jane Austen.
  3. History of Rome – Theodore Mommsen.
- Person – Hannibal.  
Object – Record-player.

**Fiona Outram**

1. "The Lord of the Rings" – Tolkien.
  2. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" – Hardy.
  3. "Jude the Obscure" – Hardy.
- Person – David Bowie.  
Object – Hay Fever Spray.

**Diana Ramsay**

1. "Brave New World" – Huxley.
  2. Penguin Dictionary of Quotations.
  3. Works of Rupert Brooke.
- Person Philip Michael-Thomas.  
Object – Trumpet.

**Tami Mallion**

1. "The Quiet American" – Graham Greene.
  2. "The Picture of Dorian Gray" – Oscar Wilde.
  3. "Brideshead Revisited" – Evelyn Waugh.
- Person – Rosemary W.W.  
Object – Hairbrush.

## Découverte archéologique

Un jour au printemps, deux étudiants, Yves et Danielle, escaladaient une grande montagne. Danielle prenait une photo du panorama. Puis Yves a dit, "Vite! Il est quatre heures. Nous devons rentrer".

Au bout de dix minutes, Yves a regardé la carte et il a dit, "Nos avons perdu notre chemin!" "Oh non" a-t-elle dit. "Maintenant il y a beaucoup de brouillard. Je ne pouvais pas voir le chemin."

Ensuite, Yves est tombé dans une crevasse. Danielle était affolée. Elle est allée au téléphone d'urgence et elle a dit à l'homme de garde, "Au secours! Mon ami est dans une crevasse. Vite! S'il vous plaît."

Cinq minutes plus tard, Danielle a vu deux sauveteurs qui portaient un brancard. Elle a dit, "Vite! Yves est dans la crevasse là-bas."

Un sauveteur est allé sur la corde, dans la crevasse. Là, il a vu Yves, qui était sain et sauf, et qui regardait un dessin préhistorique.

Maintenant, beaucoup de touristes visitent la grotte où Yves a trouvé les dessins. Si vous allez en France, allez les voir!

Catherine Yates, L.VA

## Ein fixer Bursche

An einem schönen Montagmorgen hielt ein Porsche vor der Bank an. Zwei Männer stiegen aus dem Wagen aus. Sie hatten etwas unter dem Mantel. Im Wagen blieb ein anderer Mann. Die Zwei Männer gingen in die Bank. Ein Fensterputzer hat sie gesehen.

Einige Minuten später liefen die Männer aus der Bank. Sie trugen Strümpfe über dem Gesicht. In ihren Händen hatten sie Säcke voller Geld. Der Fensterputzer hat alles bemerkt. Die Diebe bedrohten die Bankbeamten mit einem Gewehr.

Der Fensterputzer hob seine Leiter auf und warf sie vor den Wagen. Der Fahrer fuhr weg, aber die Windschutzscheibe war kaputt. Weil er nichts sehen konnte, fuhr das Auto auf den Bürgersteig und gegen eine Mauer.

Fünf Minuten später kam die Polizei an. Sie hat die Diche verhaftet. Ein Polizist schrieb die Details in sein Notizbuch und hat den Fensterputzer gratuliert.

Finola Doyle





## The Smuggler

I first saw him standing alone, at the top of the cliff. The wind blew his shock of pure white hair all over his face but he did not seem to mind, or even notice. He was looking far out to sea, not gazing at any particular thing, or occurrence, just looking at the sea itself. A seagull waddled cautiously towards him and pecked at his boot with curiosity. Evidently there was nothing of interest to be found on the boot; the bird flew away shrieking in disgust.

A cloud of blue smoke wandered upwards from his cigarette, and was torn to pieces by the wind. He smiled a small, private smile, and turned away from the cliff's edge, proceeding carefully down the dunes between the tufts of sharp grass. I lost sight of him as he descended into the wood below me and I wondered what the cause of the smile was. I was soon to find out.

The next morning I was out for a breath of fresh air, walking aimlessly amongst the dunes. How I found myself there, I cannot say, but I arrived somehow at the very spot upon which the old man had been standing the previous afternoon. I needed a rest, so I sat down on the dew-covered grass and began to fall asleep. The next thing I was aware of was the presence of another person, sitting on the grass behind me. I turned my head sharply and he laughed. It was the man again, smoking another of his self-rolled cigarettes.

"How long have you been here?" I asked, fearing that I may have missed my meal, "And how long have I been asleep?"

I checked my watch, which told me that it was only half past eleven. That gave me two hours to talk to this old man, maybe to find out the reason for his lonely walks on the cliff and his small smiles.

He answered very slowly and in such a way that I felt he was much wiser than I, and older than the sea which he evidently loved so much. "Not long, my dear, not long. See the tide's only beginning to come in now, and high tide is at five o'clock. What time did you get here?"

"About ten o'clock" I replied, confused.

"No, no. I meant where was the tide when you arrived?" It was the voice of patience itself, not a trace of anxiety to get anywhere or do anything. Just slow and calm, like the tides of the sea, I suppose.

"Just turning, I think, sir." I found myself liking and respecting this man, even though we had only conversed for five minutes or so.

"Oh, no, I'm not a 'sir'! You just call me Bob, that'll do. Anyway, my dear, you've only been here for about . . ." he thought for a while, ". . . thirty minutes."

He proceeded to tell me stories of his adventurous youth as a smuggler, of shipwrecks on the rocks in the bay and the treasures they yielded and of the coast-guards and their futile attempts to catch the smugglers. As he spoke, his eyes took on the same far-away look that I had seen on his face before, and the glinted like the sunlight on the ever-changing waves of the sea. He had a habit, I noticed, of rubbing his gnarled

fingers in his nicotine-stained beard and moustache as he talked, which gave the impression of intense concentration. In fact, he could have been mistaken for a great thinker of sombre thoughts if it had not been for his eyes. These eyes were the colour of the sea, a very deep, almost navy blue, and they held both the wisdom of old age and the innocence and love of life of a young child.

When his tales were over, he excused himself from me, saying that he must go home for his dinner. I also returned to my hotel, pondering upon the tales of "Bob", as he liked me to call him. I spoke of him to the owner of the hotel, who seemed a very serious woman with a decided lack of imagination, but at the mention of his name her solid features melted into a smile.

"He's a lovely man, isn't he? I must admit I used to be very fond of him when I was younger, but I haven't seen him for a long time." Her tenderness surprised me very much, but I realised that he had the same effect on me as well.

I never spoke to old Bob again, but I saw him many times on the cliff, thinking about his smuggling days and smiling at the sea. In fact, I gave him a nickname, which I never repeated to another — Poseidon, to whom the sea belongs.

Fiona Outram, L5A



Karen Ashmore. U6



*The following anecdote was received earlier this year, written by an elderly friend of St. Elphin's, E. F. Irvine of Worthing.*

## A Well-Time Encounter or Manoeuvring in the Mist

On the afternoon of Saturday, June 9th, 1962, I was sitting in the Drawing-room of the University Women's Club, South Audley Street, London. A friend had dropped in to see me and before long we were chatting over an early cup of tea. Anxiety as to the future hung over me like a cloud, alternating with a dream-like state of indifference.

A few feet to my right a large and reassuring log-fireplace was stationed where fuel was well known to burn on wintry days or even chilly evenings. Above it stood out a fine marble mantel-piece on which stood the main centre of interest in the room, a clock widely characteristic of our grandfather's days — a clock with a steady voice, unhurried, reassuring, its delicate beauty hindered from a too close inspection by a dome-shaped glass case. I had come to know it well and as I listened a slight feeling of hopefulness overtook me and I made a renewed attempt to take command of my precarious situation. Teacups were re-filled and conversation resumed.

"I told my taxi friend to come for me, whatever the circumstances, on Tuesday at 2 p.m. the day that my Club could no longer retain me." My speech was clear and determined. Something, I thought, might intervene.

For all purposes we were alone in that ample room but at some little distance, in a corner, an unknown member was bending over correspondence. What could she care, understand or even want to understand about my private affairs?

By now our tea-tray had been taken away and we sat in silence. The writing-table at the far end of the drawing-room stirred and an apparently uninterested fellow-member turned round. To our astonishment she spoke.

"I just wonder if this would serve your purpose?" she said.

"I am just off to my cousin's in Westminster. She has to go abroad for three months this week and wants to find someone to occupy her flat."

Inwardly I gasped; the apparently impossible had happened. I held out a hand for the vanished teacup, sat up and replied.

The rest goes without saying. At 2 o'clock on the Tuesday I was borne slowly southwards to Westminster by my invaluable driver, almost as relieved as myself at the sudden turn of events.

Life has moved on since then, but every evening, as Big Ben tunes in, memory pricks, and I am beckoned back to that strange afternoon in the Drawing-room of 2 Audley Square.

Was it "chance", so-called, that came to my rescue or a dexterous move by a Master Hand?

I could only wonder.

# THE DAYS ARE GETTING LIGHTER

Funmi Soremekun

## Stone Wall

Walking towards the stone wall I could see that it was falling down in some places and the ground next to the wall was covered with dead leaves, bits of twigs and, sprouting from under all this was the occasional clump of snowdrops or daffodil buds, surrounded by dead grass. The wall itself was cold and rough, but where the moss grew, it was soft and moist. The stone was grey-green with fungi covering parts of it, or moss, or wall flowers, or the roots where they had been. In the cracks between the stones it felt gravelly and bits of mud stuck to my hands. Further along the wall I could see ivy growing wild up the side and, further along still the dead bramble bushes were scattered with fluff, paper and rubbish. On the other side of the wall there was a field with new, fresh grass and the clumps of dandelions or weeds were just visible.

The ground was muddy this side of the wall and damp and moist, but the grass grew near the wall. Most of the ground was covered in leaves and pieces of wood.

Sloping upwards beyond the wall there was fresh, green grass, fields and at the top there was another wall. The farm barns make it look country-like, but the bungalows and houses with their red and black tiled roofs spoiled this effect and made it seem like a quiet, peaceful village. The hill behind the village was orangy-green as the grass had died over winter. The trees, either green or orangy-brown, cover the west end of the hill with the autumn coloured leaves covering the ground. The walls are dividing up the land.

The wall here divides farmland from school grounds to keep cattle in the farmer's land and not allow them to wander. This type of wall can be seen all over the country.

The cold wind blows north-westerly and carries the smells of burning leaves, manure and the dampness. The wall is standing lonely, in quietness and in the freezing cold, but stays out in the fresh air.

Standing by the wall I feel cold and a little sad because the litter lying around makes it look like a piece of land that has been rejected, but the daffodil buds and snowdrops growing among the fresh, new grass make me think of the fresh beginning that these plants have been able to have after being covered with the dying leaves that have kept the ground a bit warmer over the winter; but now the leaves aren't wanted and have already started to rot along with pieces of wood, dead slugs and snails which the birds have attacked, and all of these make it look like a burial ground where the dead rot and the fresh, new plants start to grow.

Lorraine Cartwright, UIVA



## Is Physical Violence Ever Justified?

There are many different forms and uses of physical violence. It can be used for political reasons. It can be used as a control over people, as a sport and against individuals. There is a lot of physical violence in the world today. Some of it we frown upon and some we accept as part of everyday life.

It used to be legal in this country for the State to use physical violence against individuals, as a form of punishment. Hanging was an accepted punishment for many crimes, such as murder and theft. Corporal and capital punishment were used to protect the country. In a way it was disposing of people who were a danger to society. Caning is a sort of corporal punishment and used to be used in schools on those who needed keeping under control, but should any man be allowed to strike a young child, young enough to be influenced and who may grow up using physical violence for his or her own cause? Should another man be allowed to decide if a man is allowed to continue to live?

Members of the State used physical violence for many things. It goes on around us every day, terrorists shooting and bombing, killing thousands of people every year, innocent people who have probably never hurt anyone in their lives. Why? Because they do it for their cause. Take the I.R.A. for example, they set off the Hyde Park bomb in which police and innocent passers-by were injured; the military band was the worst hit. Not only do they spread terror in England but in Ireland as well, in their own country. Riots and terrorism are a regular occurrence in Ireland. Other types of terrorists are the guerillas who carry out their warfare in and around small villages.

War is another form of physical violence and one of the worst types because it is the one which claims the most lives, and breaks the most hearts. Now the Nuclear bomb has been developed to such an extent it only needs two men to press two little red buttons and we will all be dead. Two main countries are controlling the culture of the world. One form of physical violence which is most used during wars is torture, to gain access to top secret enemy plans by different forms of inflicting pain on the captive. It is also used by terrorists to scare whoever they are, anarchists who use physical violence to oppose the government.

Physical violence against children is only really present in schools, with the use of the cane which has been made illegal in this country but is still used in Scotland in the form of the tawse which is a piece of leather with many thinner pieces of leather coming from the end of it which are metal-tipped. It is really only used as a form of control over children but could leave them with scars for the rest of their lives physically and mentally.

Vandalism is a form of physical violence directed at either one individual or a certain group of people.

Football hooliganism is more obvious now than ten or twelve years ago and is often the cause of a fight or riot between the opposing teams' fans. Child battering is occasionally noticeable in the society around us, and then there are the sadists who carry out such things as rape, muggings and murder which seem to have become more apparent along with kidnapping. Take the case of Niky Laitner, for example. She was raped on the night of her sister's wedding in the house where all her family lay dead and by the man who killed them. Luckily the man was found and put in prison, but sometimes they are not. The body of a child is found. Nobody knows who killed him or her. A search is organised, questions are asked and a lot of publicity is given to the case, but after four or five weeks when no-one has been found in connection with the case, it is never heard of again. What do the vandals and robbers gain? A sense of power or is it just pure greed and what must it be like to enjoy inflicting bodily harm and causing pain for others?

Physical violence shows through in sports as well. Hunting is a tradition of England. You chase a fox for mile upon mile just to watch the dogs kill it in the end. It may be good exercise for the horse but it is a funny sort of sport, because you gain nothing from it in the end. Shooting is another sport which is carried out in England but, unlike hunting, you gain food from whatever you shoot. You don't just shoot and kill for the fun of it or because it is good exercise. Boxing also involves physical violence where two men get in a ring to see who can hit the hardest and injure the other the most.

Whaling is a form of physical violence which is endangering the species. The whales are killed to obtain the oil from the blubber for use in cosmetics. This is really not necessary as other forms of oil could be used for this purpose. A similar argument can be used in the case of vivisection where animals are used for the testing of cosmetics. By now, one would think enough has been tested to know what is safe and what is not. Vivisection is used for medical purposes, such as cancer research, whether children can be saved from leukaemia in the early stages. Valuable research such as this is carried out on one or two animals and could save the lives of thousands.

Vivisection for medical purposes is the only form of physical violence I feel is ever really justifiable. Thousands of lives can be saved in this way, but, in any other form, thousands of lives are lost. No man has the right to take another's life. Murder is no way to take revenge, because in the end no-one is any better off than before. The use of physical violence on children may make them more riotous, and the only thing gained from mugging, robbery, rape and murder is grief!

Helen Bradley, L5B





## Nine Trees

The quality that made Nine Trees more exciting than anywhere else on the farm was that it was virtually impenetrable. To an adult, that is; for Rowena and me, the path, about a foot high, more of a tunnel, was a passageway to an afternoon of fun. Rowena had the rock buns and I had the "grog", hanging around my neck on a string. I remember the string cut into my neck.

About half-way through the twelve to fifteen foot tunnel was a small clearing. We sat in the little circle and looked upwards. I saw the blue sky with the swallows circling above and the willowherb, taller than Rowena or me, etched against the blue. On the deceptively green, but boggy moss a tortoiseshell butterfly was sunning its wings. Rowena blew at it, and it wagged a feeler and flew away.

"Time to go," said Rowena, and I sighed and replied, "Aye, aye, Captain."

Rowena was captain now, not because she was my senior, but because we took it in turns. If we had not taken it in turns, one of the crew would have become mutinous.

Ships were very much in our minds just then, as we were distinctly aggrieved at having flown back from Iran. We had both wanted to come by sea, as we were, at the time, full of "Swallows and Amazons."

Arriving at Nine Trees was a surprise, but it entailed a lot of careful crawling. Not only the moss had to be circumnavigated, but also there was a really vicious bed of nettles and an irritating hawthorn bush which snatched at the hair and clothes. Our arrival followed a well-known routine. Rowena lifted the rickety gate and, from force of habit, I grabbed the rest of the fence, which, home-made was shaking as though blown by a hurricane. Rowena squeezed through the gap and I followed, but I was clumsier than Rowena. I caught the gatepost and the whole structure collapsed. Rowena's shrug was one of resignation. One of us always knocked the fence down: building it each night was a ritual.

Nine trees was a naturally made hut, surrounded by trees and with a familiar tree at each corner. The roof was not really needed for the canopy of mountain ash protected us from most weathers, but we had it. It was made of moss and old grass.

Rowena crawled out of the shelter and her face was white against the dark of the hut, with a big black smudge across her nose.

"Hurry up!" she said reproachfully.

Abashed, I scrambled away to find some moss with which to patch the roof. It was a soft cool moss and Rowena insisted we picked it carefully with not too much being stripped at one time.

"I've got your moss," I said.

"Good. Be careful, you're treading in the sea."

It was part of the earlier days, this business of the sea. A special part of the grass was designated as the ocean, and it was forbidden to tread on it.

"Sorry." I began, then trod on a nettle and shrieked.

"Shut up! There's our dock leaf store."

Chastened, I rubbed my foot with the rough leaf.

"Better?"

"Yes."

Patching the roof was difficult: mending the fence was easy. For the roof, someone stood inside, directing the outside person, who gingerly dropped a straw. The fence was propped up with stone and very fragile.

We'll have our food now."

I sat on my own tree and ate. The tree was high, but the branches were thin. This was always the finale to the evening: We would sit munching in the tree, peering through the branches of the big hawthorn tree, as the sun grew redder and redder and finally set.

After restoring Nine Trees we wormed our way along the tunnel. The blue sky and the swallows had gone. When I looked upwards the sky was dusky-grey. The evening was over.

Henrietta Makinson, U4A



## The Gymnast

She bounced up to the stage with grace and beauty,  
Thinking about the test before her.

Confidently she looked ahead,  
And ran and bounced  
With a perfect poise, as she touched the beam,  
Then a flick-flack and a somersault  
With astounding suppleness.  
She cartwheeled and twisted,  
And as she did so the audience  
Stared in wonder.

Silence reigned all round,  
Amazed at this elegant girl as she touched the ground  
There was a sound like thunder,  
As the audience showed their appreciation.

Kate Ward, L.IVA



## The Festivals in Hong Kong

As Hong Kong is a Colony of England, there are many English and Chinese live in Hong Kong. As a result, many Chinese and English festivals are held there. People will have holidays on either the Chinese festivals or English festivals. As I'm Chinese, of course, I would like to prefer the Chinese festivals. Most of the Chinese festivals are according to the Chinese Lunar Calendar. There are many Chinese festivals celebrated in Hong Kong. Let me introduce some of them to you.

New Year is the first festival and also the happiest festival in the year. Before the New Year's Day, people are very busy, especially the housewives, who buy food to prepare for the New Year, buying something new because they believe that New Year will bring new luck to them. What are they going to buy? Just depends on different families. Some people are particularly superstitious. They think something will bring luck to them, therefore they will buy those things. Like some plants or flowers. People also clean their houses and put up some lucky posters on the wall. They are some words which mean "Progress in the New Year", "New Year Felicitations", or "Plenty of luck in the New Year".

The night before the New Year's day all the members of a family will have a dinner together. At the dinner there are many foods like chicken, duck, fish, etc. The names of the dishes means bring new luck to them or progress in the coming year, or gain more money in the New Year. After the dinner, some families go out to some markets which have many plants or flowers to sell. Some younger people go out with their friends to join the hilarity. In the night there are many thousands of people in the streets, it causes the congestion of traffic.

During the New Year's Day, many people dress very smartly with new clothes. They go to visit their relatives and friends. When they meet they say greetings to each other. A universal greeting of the Chinese is "Kung Hei Fat Choi" which means wishing you to grow prosperous. Perhaps the greeting suits almost everybody because in a commodity society, everyone would like to become rich.

On the third day of the Chinese New Year, there is a traditional belief that if you go out to visit your friends or relatives, you will argue with them. So some old people will stay at home. But now, most people do not believe this traditional saying.

On the seventh day of the new year, it is birthday for everybody. Therefore, the Chinese have three birthdays. One is on the seventh day of the new year, one is according to the Chinese lunar calendar, it is usually a bit later than the English calendar. Another one is according to the English calendar. Most of the old people count their birthday which is according to the Chinese lunar calendar, but most younger people count their birthday with English calendar.

Most probably the children and the unmarried people are the happiest people in the New Year because they can receive plenty of lucky money — it is also called "red pocket money". The married people will put some money into a little red paper bag, and they give these "red pocket money" to the children and the unmarried people. At this time,

the unmarried people are very embarrassed, because people will ask them to get married as soon as possible.

The second festival I'm going to introduce is called the Ching Hing Festival. On this day, the people will bring chicken, baked pork, eggs, some fruit to their ancestor's cemetery. This food is used to offer as sacrifice.

The third Festival in a year is the Tuen Ng Festival. Actually, this festival is used to commemorate a great Chinese poet, thinker and statesman called Chu Yuan. He was born a noble of Chu. Once Chu was a powerful kingdom which started to decline. At first Chu Yuan had won the confidence of the King of Chu, and held the high post of Minister. Later, because the King of Chu was surrounded by a group of self-seekers and the King's favourite concubine, he had not taken Chu Yuan's advice which was to make an alliance with Chi to ensure the safety of the State, but brought about the poet's estrangement from the ruler. As a result, the King was tricked into going to Din where he died after three years' captivity.

When Chu Yuan was sixty-two, he wrote a poem of lament about the capital of Chu being sacked by the enemy. He had lived for more than twenty years in exile and now, drowned himself in the Milo River in Hunan.

Not only the people of Chu sympathised with him, but the people of all China for two thousand years and more have honoured him. Every year people throughout China commemorate him through dragon-boat races to represent the way in which the people of Chu recovered his body. On this day Chinese everywhere eat a special variety of dumpling, made of sticky rice wrapped in leaves and steamed. Some of these dumplings are, in keeping with tradition, thrown into the river to feed the dragons and serpents so that they may not devour Chu Yuan's body. This tradition reveals the fact that he, as a great poet, will never be forgotten by the people.

People also believe that if you go swimming on the day, you will get healthier and healthier. So on that day every beach and swimming pool is full of people.

On the 15th of the 8th month of lunar calendar, the Chinese celebrate the Mid-Autumn Festival. At night, people would pray to the Moon Goddess and offer sacrifice. On that night the moon is usually round and bright. There is an ancient Chinese saying that "When mid-Autumn comes, the moon is extraordinarily brilliant".

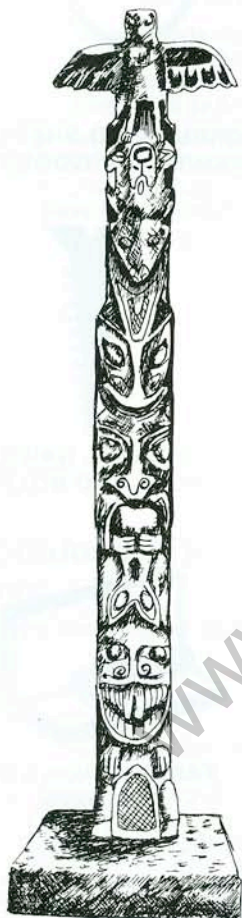
People often refer the festival to the story of Chang Ngor. It was said that she was the wife of Hou-Z, who was a skilful archer in the ancient time. One day a Goddess gave some medicine of immortality to the archer. However, his wife stole it and swallowed it. Hou-Z was very angry and wanted to kill her, so Chang Ngor fled to the moon and became a Goddess ever since.

On the day, Chinese used to eat a kind of cake which is called moon cake, but since China is a large country, so it has many Provinces. As a result, there are many varied flavours of moon cake.



Since all the above festivals provide a chance for family members to gather together, so some people still keep their tradition.

Jessica Chang, U5B



Karen Ashmore. U6

## The Chemy Lab

"The Chemy Lab, the clear old Lab,  
So ancient, clean?, and oh so fab,  
True centre for St. Elphin's life,  
Where Middleton sits and teaches life,  
And talks of Moles and Nuclear Fission  
With all his learned intuition."  
So spake the School's grand video,  
And it's the one who ought to know,  
For men were paid for saying so!  
They handed me a booklet free,  
In fancy prose which sang the praise  
Of scenes in modern days  
Until I felt a filthy swine,  
For hating Chemy all this time,  
And rotten to the very core,  
For thinking isocones a bore,  
And full time bores more sure to roam  
To chemy labs than stay at home.  
So up I went where teachers' coalition  
Had written 'No entrance' without our permission."

Oh where's the 'Doc' who used to stand  
Pestle and mortar in his hand,  
The rooms with pretty 'elf' cream walls.  
The mud-stained benches, matching doors?  
That building wasn't worth our while,  
You'll find we have rebuilt the lab,  
In scientific style!

Based on Betjeman's "The Village Inn",  
Rebecca Michell and Finola Doyle

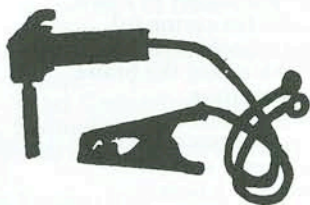
## Winter Sonnet

The snowy ground lies frozen underfoot.  
The robins sings a cheerless little song.  
Where is the Autumn the cruel winter took?  
Oh why does this awful winter last so long?  
And when I close my summer story book  
Autumn's crisp leaves hang heavy on my mind.  
The bees hummed. Guitars were played.  
This eternal winter is not kind.  
How I wish that the Summer had stayed.  
I watched the hare and lovely hind  
The weary sower leaned upon his plough,  
The hedges filled with currants oh so nice,  
The apples then hung heavy on the bough  
The little children played with lovely kites  
The hazy summer heat, the drowsy cow  
The sweet, grass covered old bombsites.

Richenda Leigh, L4A



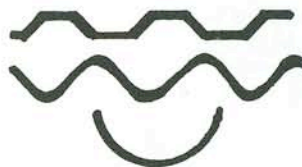
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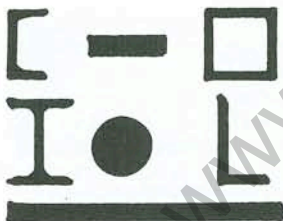
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# No more to be said. Except.... Kenning.



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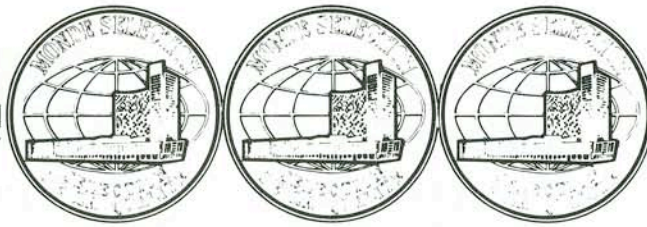
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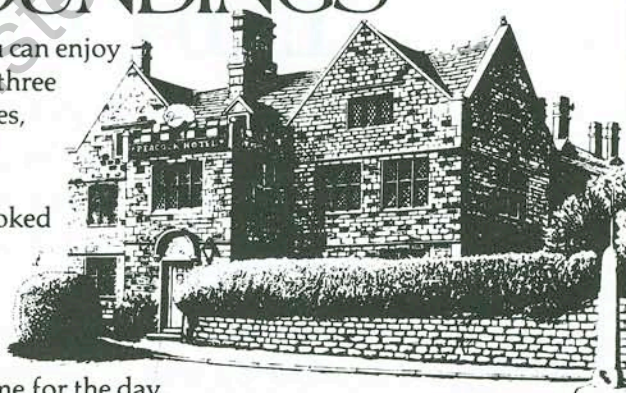
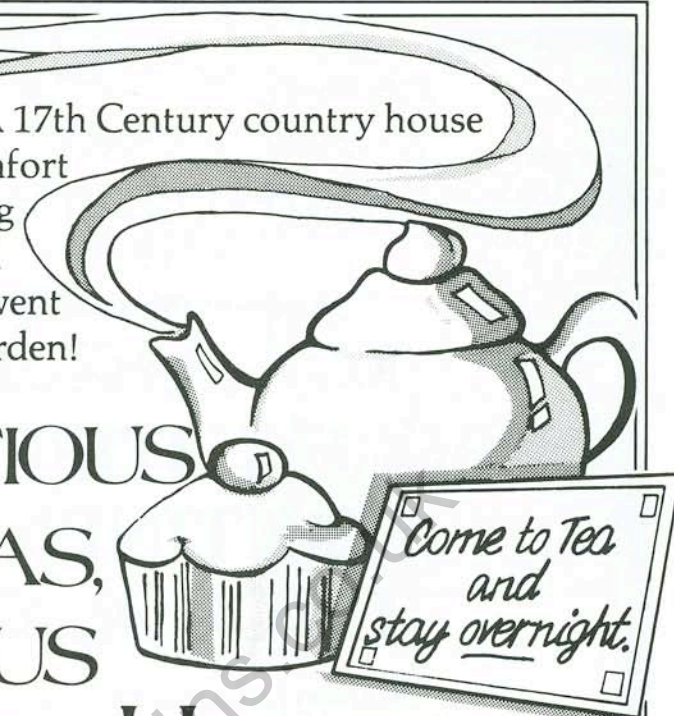
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