



The Elphinian 1990

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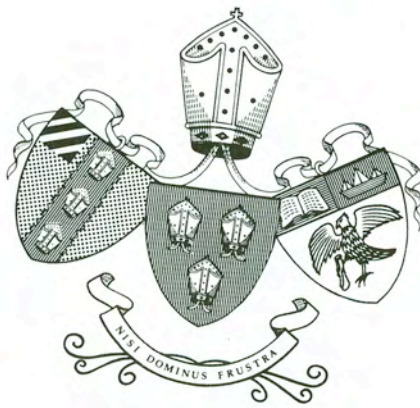
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St. Aldates
Secretarial & Business
College



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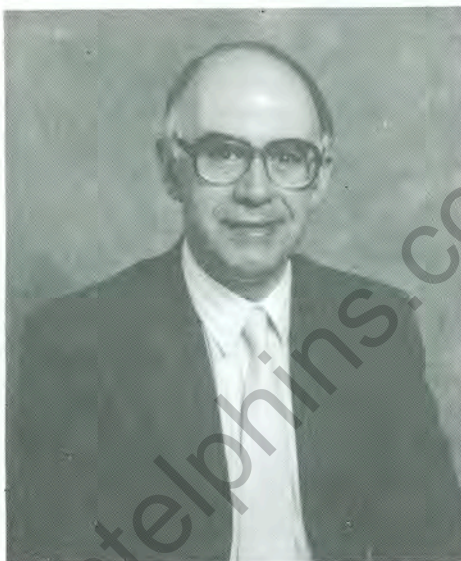


Foreword

Last year's 'Elphinian' was most favourably received. Ironically, when tradition was a recurrent theme, we saw at first sight a magazine different from anything before. Our eyes were held by its striking layout. We admired the colour within its pages and we smiled at the pictures of staff and girls in uncharacteristic poses. We were aware of the printer's skill in blending the old with the new: on the front a lovely picture of 'One Tree Hill'; a back cover which was recognisably art of today. We felt both challenged and reassured.

Once again my themes in this Foreword must be tradition and change. 'The Elphinian' 1990 pays tribute, first and foremost, to our most famous Old Girl, Richmal Crompton Lamburn - 'Ray' to her family, friends and, presumably, contemporaries at St. Elphin's in the early years of this century; 'Miss Lamburn' to the pupils she taught here, and to everyone else just 'Richmal Crompton', author of the "William" stories. These were part of the fabric of my childhood, as they were of that of generations of children born after 1920 and before about 1960. These stories broadcast on the radio (do you remember 'Children's Hour'?) and eventually serialised on television, are still widely read. Miss Lamburn, a pupil and teacher at St. Elphin's, was one of those who moved from Warrington to Darley Dale when the School left its original home. The centenary of her birth falls on 15th November, 1990, and we are planning to mark this event in very special ways. Appropriately, since Mrs. Ann Hodgson edits 'The Elphinian' and each year inspires her team to make it so attractive, it was she who first suggested the idea of celebration. Mrs. Hodgson's enthusiasm has been infectious and we hope to make November 15th a day to remember. Later in this magazine you will read of the events that have been planned. We look forward to welcoming Richmal Ashbee (Richmal Crompton's niece) and other distinguished visitors to the School. The Service to be held in Chapel, the dress we shall be wearing that day, the arrival of a horse-drawn carriage, the tree-planting ceremony - everything in fact, will be related to life here in the early part of the century and within the framework of an heritage and tradition of which we're rightly proud.

What, I wonder, would Miss Lamburn have made of St. Elphin's as it moves towards the next century? Having created an iconoclastic grubby school-boy, she could scarcely have disapproved of a man in charge! Her novel 'Anne Morrison' (which Miss Flood would not allow the girls to read) portrays a school with a cloying, cloistered atmosphere which surely suggests her dislike of some aspects of the school she knew best. All one reads about her suggests that Miss Lamburn was not hostile to change, and that she



absorbed new ideas readily. She could certainly relate well to the young. I like to think, then, that she could still feel at ease in the school she described so vividly. We're lucky to be able to reprint some of her own magazine contributions in this edition.

Its pages will also tell you in detail much of what's been happening during another eventful year. Most of my last year's forecasts have been fulfilled. The Warrington Music Centre (thanks to Mr. Thornton) is a reality. The old 'tin tabernacle' has gone, opening up the area in front of the music rooms and allowing much-needed space for cars to park. The appearance of Front Hall has been greatly improved, with a new floor and carpet. We're working to improve the school's corporate image, another 'must' in today's publicity-conscious world. Changes are occurring, too, where it matters most - in the classroom. From September courses in Design and Technology will have been introduced throughout the Junior School and in the first year in the Senior School. Our eyes are firmly

fixed on 1992 and the European theme. We're gradually implementing other aspects of the National Curriculum, and Mrs. Miles has joined top management in the newly created post of Curriculum Co-ordinator/Director of Studies, to oversee future changes in this area.

So much happens from term to term that it's all too easy to forget the big moments. That's where 'The Elphinian' helps in keeping the record straight for future generations. Just as we can still read what life was like for those who moved from the town to the country in 1904, we must hope that in years to come future readers will hear of the day when the St. Elphin's Choir sang Evensong in Westminster Abbey; will read of the School's transformation into Grangewood School for Girls during the memorable performances of 'Daisy Pulls It Off'. They will see that our Young Enterprise Group won even more trophies in 1990 than it did in 1989, and they will know that our talented athletes defeated those from all our rival schools. What would the girls in 1904 have thought about the Duke of Edinburgh's Awards Scheme? This grows in popularity thanks to the devotion of those who give up hours of their time to organise the expeditions and other activities demanded. Did Derbyshire schoolgirls at the turn of the century visit Greece or study Geography in North Yorkshire? Such events are now almost commonplace today, except of course for those members of staff who so readily organise them.

'The Elphinian' of 1990 does not set out fully the Governors' plans for the next stage of our development, but I have referred to them in my letter to Old Girls and you will know much more about them by the time you read the magazine. By then the demolition experts will have arrived and the Appeal should be under way. For now my end is linked with my beginning. It's reassuring to feel the continuation of traditions in the school which educated Richmal Crompton Lamburn. Yet the plans for the future will challenge us as never before. 'The Elphinian' of 1991 should be able to picture and describe their progress. And that, as I said a year ago, will be another story.

Peter Pollard



Editorial. January 1906

This is the first number of our Magazine to be published at Darley Dale, and we must begin it by apologising most humbly for the long silence we have kept. But now that the management of it has been transferred to the control of a Committee, we hope to be able to publish a number regularly twice a year.

So much change has been brought about by our removal to Darley Dale, that all the different items have had to be treated in separate articles, so that justice may be done to each.

One of the results of our removal to the country has been the adoption of white sailor hats by the girls during the whole year, instead of the alternate use of black and white ones in winter and summer respectively. And we have also copied the example of most other large schools in adding to our hat-band a badge of the same two colours. The design, consisting of "S. Elphin's" and three mitres, is in light blue on a dark blue background.



Editorial.,1909

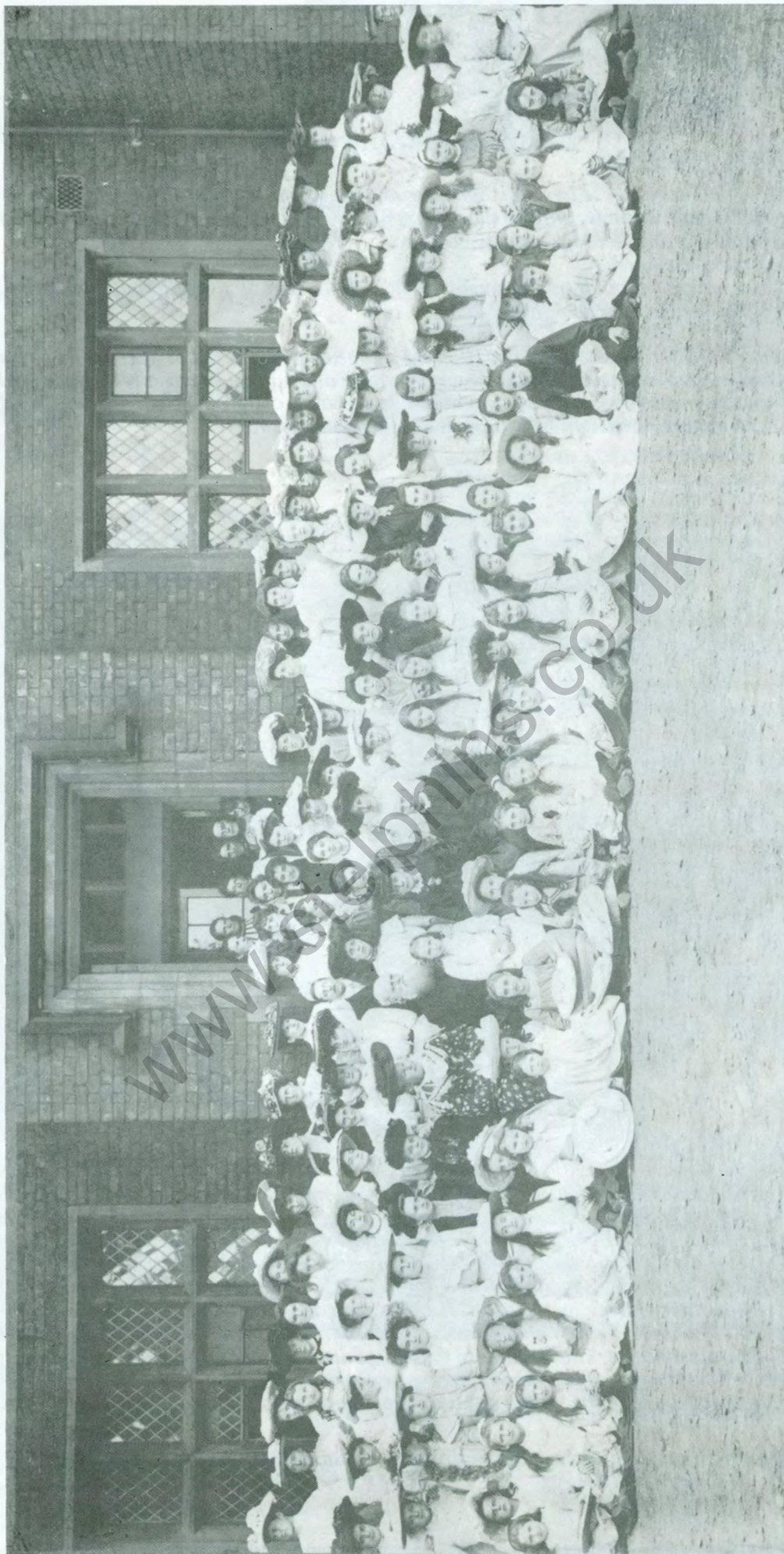
The chief event of the year has been the completion of the building of the new dormitories, which were in a very elementary stage when we last published the Magazine. The School seems ever to have believed in the saying, "What's worth doing is worth doing well," and the new dormitories may well serve as a good example of this. They have been built and fitted up with every possible modern convenience. Each girl has her own private room, divided from the next by a plaster partition. This and the door are perhaps the chief attractions, in contrast to the old curtained cubicles. Every room has a window of its own, a wardrobe, dressing-table, bed, and hot and cold water laid on. The Prefects' rooms are rather larger, and have two windows, but otherwise are just like the rest. There are altogether 38 rooms, 19 on each of the floors. There was much discussion as to the name of the new dormitory, but it was finally decided to call it "The Orchard," as it has been built on the site of the old orchard. The luxuries of these dormitories are fully appreciated by all those lucky enough to have rooms in them, whilst the rest of the school jealously await their turn.

The completion of "Orchards", soon to be totally altered. The wheel turns full circle. APCP.

Hoc opusculum verterana manu scriptum est. Si cui difficile visum erit, sexta classis explicabit.

M. L. F.

The end of magazine article - sent in by Miss Flood!



CLERGY DAUGHTERS SCHOOL WARRINGTON, 1902
Richmal Crompton is sixth from right on the back row.

St. Elphin's Infant and Junior School Activities 1989/90



Autumn Term 1989

- September Sponsored Walk
- October Talk on Sign Language for the Deaf
Harvest Festival
Black Rocks, Cromford
Infants and J1 to "The Chestnut Centre",
Chapel-en-le-Frith
Harpsichord Recital
Swimming at Chesterfield
Buxton Opera House:
"The Ideal Gnome Exhibition"
- November Chatsworth Adventure Park
Theory of Music Examinations
Firework and Bonfire Supper
Music Practical Examinations
Christmas Bazaar
Boarders Christmas Shopping
- December Junior School Christmas Party
Infant Christmas Party
Junior School Carol Service
Christmas Lunch
Infant Carol Service
Infant Party



Spring Term 1990

- January Parent/Teacher meetings
11+ Scholarships
Boarders to Pantomime: "Snow White"
- February School photographs
Coffee Morning
Dress Rehearsal for Play and Cast Tea
Boarders to Derby Cinema
"The Pied Piper"
School Concert
Social Services Fund collection began
(£150 was sent to the R.S.P.C.A. and for
Cancer Research at the end of term)
J1 Geography visit to the Cactus Centre
Theory of Music Examinations

March

Music Practical Examinations
Junior Choir sang at the Darley Dale
Women's World Day of Prayer Service
7+ Award Tests. Awards to:-
Rebecca Hildred Tansley
Kathryn Phillips St. Elphin's
Anna Kenning St. Elphin's
Victoria Sheldon Caterham
Sophie Liu Chesterfield

Guildhall Speech and Drama
Examinations
The London Academy of Music and
Dramatic Art Exhibitions
Junior Cross Country
Netball matches



Summer Term 1990

- April Speech and Drama Competition at
Buxton
- May Walk around Two Dales and Sydnop
Boarders Trip to Rollerworld
Music Competition at Buxton
History trip to Bolsover Castle
Music Competition at Derby
Newark Agricultural Show
Nursery children to the Garden Centre
Walk in Hall Dale
Boarders to Ashbourne Brass Rubbing
Centre
Examination Week
Infants to Buxton Opera House to see
"Pinocchio"
School Concert
Ashford Well Dressings
- June Athletics Match against St. Anselm's
J1 and Infants to Twycross Zoo
Theory of Music Examinations
Boarders Sponsored Walk at Chatsworth
Swimming Gala
Junior School Open Day and Sports
- July Junior School Outing
Infants Sports and Open Day



Margaret Flood House Report

The year started with an increase in numbers which caused some staffing problems until we were able to appoint Mrs. K. Cartlidge to teach in the Junior School and become Form Mistress to J2.

We have also been fortunate in having Miss T. Goodwin who joined us to help look after the boarders. Mrs. A. Phillips, the San. Sister and Margaret Flood House Mistress, had an operation during the Easter holidays and has been absent from School since then, so Miss Goodwin found herself in charge of the boarders.

The first theatre visit of the year, in October, also brought us a late surprise at the end of June. After attending "The Ideal Gnome Exhibition" at Buxton Opera House, most of the Juniors entered for a colouring competition linked with the play. The completed pictures were posted in November. We had forgotten about them, then in June Mr. Pollard received a letter announcing that Man-yi Tsang had won the competition and 10 Yamaha Keyboards for the School.

Since October there have been many other visits and outings and we look forward to a day at the American Adventure Park next week.

With Mr. Pollard away on his Sabbatical during the Autumn Term Miss Crook took Chapel for us each Tuesday and signed "Sent-ups". We missed the Headmaster, but enjoyed getting to know Miss Crook better.

One experience this year which, whilst exciting at the time, we hope not to repeat, was being involved in the bomb hoax. The School waited outside whilst the Police checked the rooms before allowing girls to return. All behaved calmly, but were relieved when it was safely over.

Most girls and their families took part in the Annual Sponsored Walk, often surprising themselves at being able to walk 20km. Once again, also, the Margaret Flood stall at the bazaar was piled high with good things and very busy.

As usual, during Lent, the House was occupied in raising money. This year we shared the fund between the R.S.P.C.A. and Cancer Relief. Girls also generously supported other worthy causes during the year and recently brought in large bags full of clothes and other goods destined for the Orphanages in Romania.

Many girls took part in the Music and Drama Festival at Buxton this year and returned with a large number of Cups and Certificates. Mr. Mold also entered some of our recorder players for the Derby Festival for the first time. They were very successful, gaining many certificates and even taking the first five places in one big class.

The Junior School Play this year was "The Pied Piper of Hamelin". Produced by Mrs. K. Caryl, it was performed in the Hall before an appreciative audience, just before Half-Term in Spring. It was a very busy day as the Choirs also sang in the School Concert that evening.

Roller Skating usually occupies the House for some time in the Summer Term, but this Term, for some reason, football seems to have taken over. After lunch each day, children from 4 years - 11 years can be seen kicking footballs around the Junior playing area.

Many other forms of sport have also been enjoyed. The Cross-Country Run, Netball matches, Athletics, Tennis and Table Tennis were all well supported. The Junior and Infant Swimming Galas held on 22 June were a great success.

We were disappointed when the Sports had to be cancelled because of rain on the Open Day, but hope that the Infant Open Morning and Sports will be more fortunate with the weather.

Twenty girls are moving into the Senior School next term. We wish them happiness in their new Houses and thank them for their contribution to Margaret Flood House during their time in the Junior School.

Sheelagh Willies

A week in the life of the Infant School

Mon. 30th. A witch dressed as Mrs. Grant comes to collect rest of her coven from the Infants and takes them to Castle of Swan at Bonsall for a party.

Tues. 31st Lauren tells us that her Daddy can write Bibles and sing.

November 1st

Wed. During Gym an Infant who must remain nameless confides to Mrs. Cuff that "my Mummy's got a bottom"!!

November 2nd

Thurs. Mrs. Cuff hides the glitter pot and angels wings as she hears the strains of "Away in a Manger" coming from Mrs. F's room - her stress level rises slightly at the thought of the performance only one month away!!

November 3rd

Fri. Excitement about bonfire that evening severely interrupts Maths and English and all the staff would kill Guy Fawkes if they could lay their hands on him.

Mon. Why does ? want to know how to spell Vet when writing descriptively about fireworks?

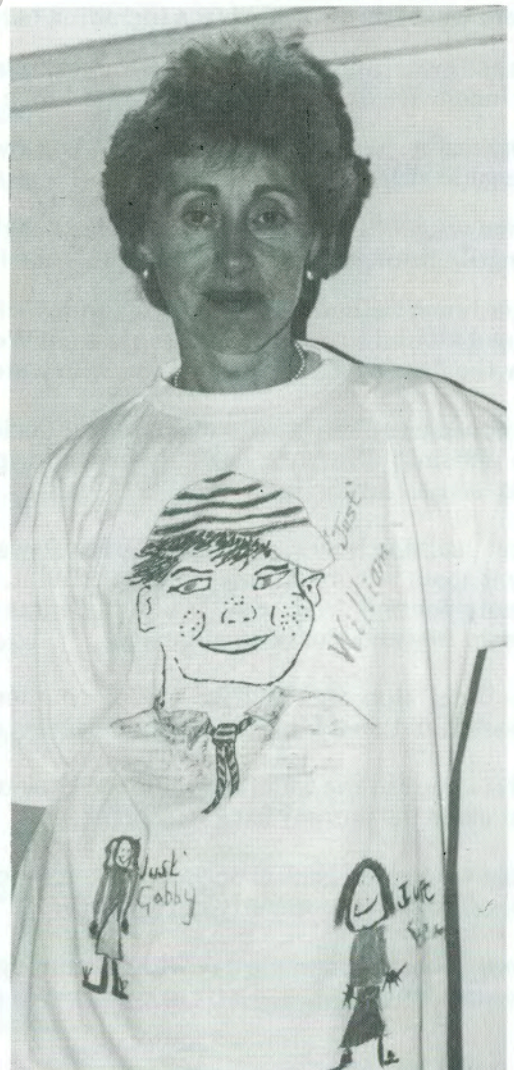
Tues. Infant Chapel Service - Chaplain asks for name of famous classical composer. The reply "Kylie Minogue."

Wed. What sort of games **does** Mr. Yeo play in the Waddington Music Centre?

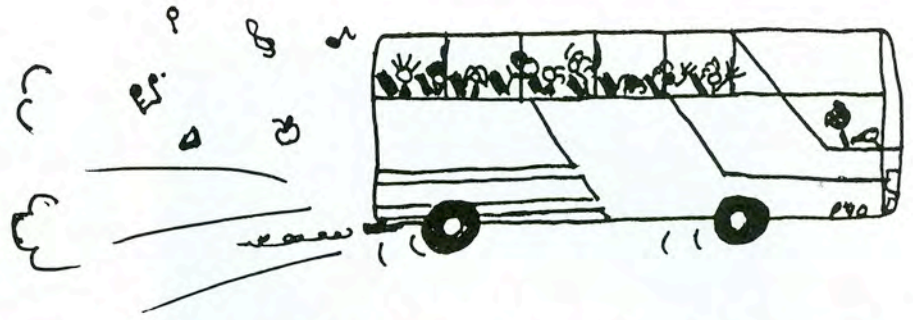
Thurs. Miss Mellor is changing Anneka into her P.E. kit. A. looks with big eyes and says: "Miss Mellor you've gone white. Compliments like this make teaching so worthwhile."

Friday Laura on the loo looks up and says what the teacher thinks is "You look lovely". "I look lovely. Thank you." says teacher. "No" says Laura. "You look like Nana"!!!

Rosemary Cuff.



Twycross Zoo



At 7.45 a.m. on Thursday, 14th June, in our post examination period, Sarah, Nicki, Melissa and I woke up, bleary eyed, after under two hours' sleep. We made a quick packed lunch which was big enough to feed all the infants and then Jane drove us to school for nine o'clock.

The school was deserted and we thought we'd got the wrong day, but as soon as we reached the infants block the familiar babble of twenty eight excited girls confirmed the day.

We collected the school packed lunches and climbed on the coach. The journey took about two hours because we were held up for forty minutes, but the infants had plenty to occupy themselves including playing Mallet's Mallet, I-Spy, noughts and crosses and even listening to an extract from our G.C.S.E. Latin set book - the Cyclops - read by Melissa!

Having arrived at Twycross we divided up into groups of four. My group consisted of Georgina, Vicki, Katie and Myself.

We headed straight for the chimp and monkey enclosures and marvelled at the varying lengths of tails and the different coloured monkeys - including those with red faces!

We also saw the Brooke Bond chimpanzees, who were privileged enough to have a television, and Toby, a twenty seven year old orangutan.

We went to see the camels, the elephants and the four giraffes. I took lots of photographs including some of the otters and the prairie dogs. Georgina and Vicki were more interested in having a picture of the otter's ball and the burrows of the prairie dogs!

There were lots of exotic birds including parrots, cockatoos and emus.

We had great trouble trying to find the sealions and other water creatures and we found them on our way back to the coach for lunch. We decided to go back after lunch.

The weather was remaining fine and by now I was quite hungry having run around the whole zoo behind the three energetic girls.

When we got back to the Silver Service bus the blankets had been spread out and everyone was tucking in. I ploughed hungrily through two packed lunches - one I'd brought and one that Sarah had made for me.

After lunch Catherine and I joined groups which made it even harder to check that everyone was there. Every time we turned around someone had disappeared! We walked, or rather ran, back to the sealions and also the penguins. We also saw the flamingoes and two tapirs, who were fast asleep.

By now it was almost two o'clock and we decided to brave the gift shop. Everyone had fifty pence to spend and so most settled for the furry tigers and seals.

Sarah had said how good the reptile house was, so having spent about twenty minutes trying to find it, we paid the twenty pence entrance fee. Inside there lots of snakes, a tomato frog and even two alligators.

Our final stop was the ice cream counter where we splashed out on a Mr. Men ice lolly each!

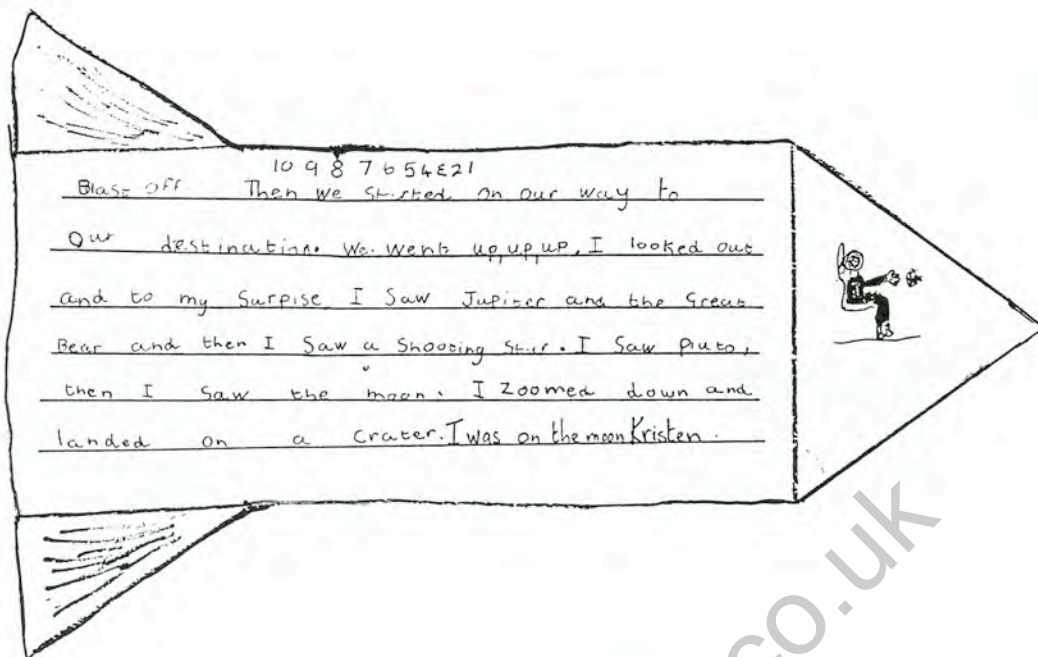
After a visit to the toilets we climbed back on the coach and made the journey back to school.

Once we arrived back at school it was a quick cup of tea and off to the second party in two days.

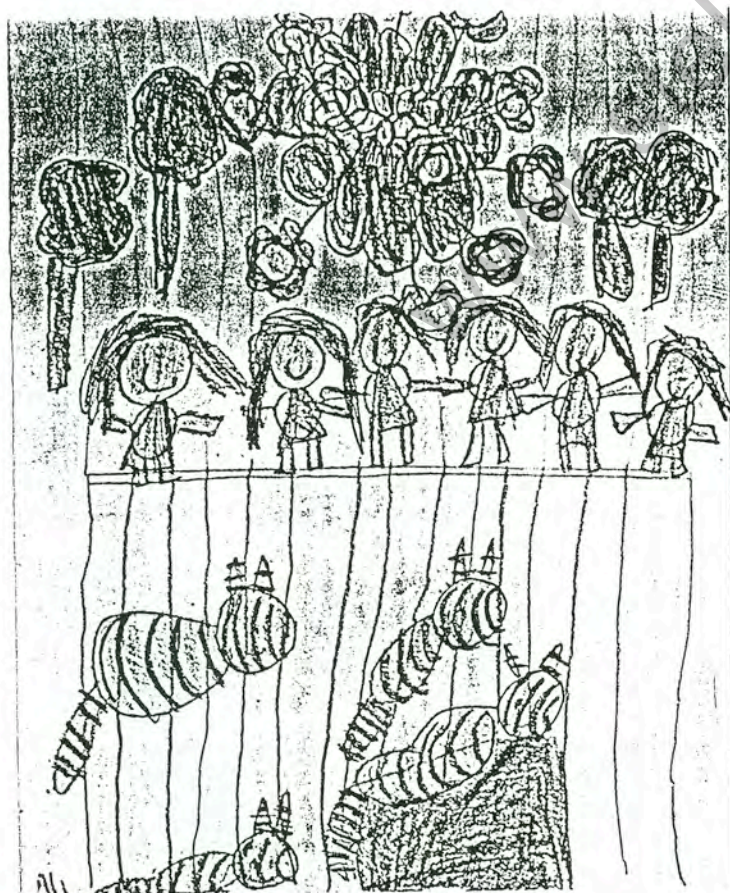
It was a most memorable day which I thoroughly enjoyed after our long exams!

Claire Walker.



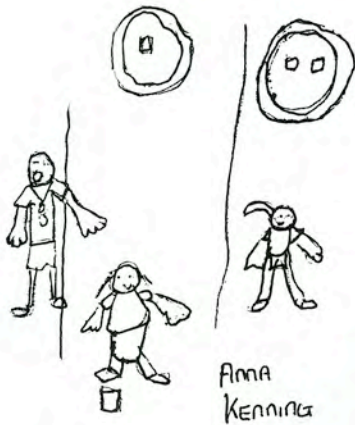


10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
 Blast off Then we started on our way to
 Our destination. We went up, up, up, I looked out
 and to my surprise I saw Jupiter and the Great
 Bear and then I saw a shooting star. I saw Pluto,
 then I saw the moon. I zoomed down and
 landed on a crater. I was on the moon Kristen.



We went to Twycross Zoo
 on the coach I saw some
 monkeys and they made me
 laugh we had a picnic I bought
 a cat from the gift shop
 I liked the tiger.

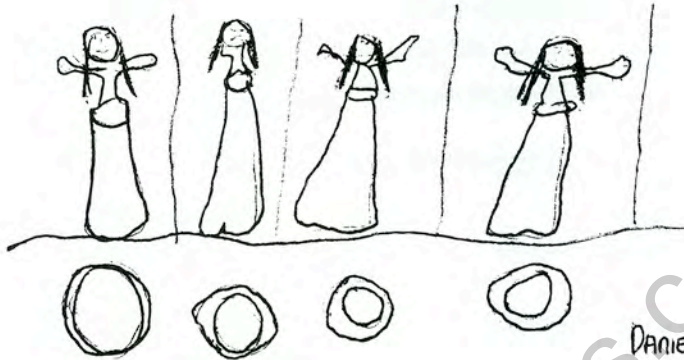
Jessica H



Kathryn

Sports races

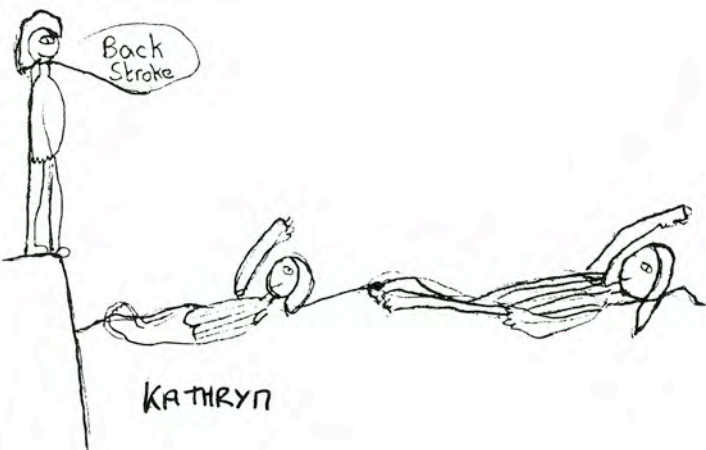
In July it is the Infant Sports day. When it is time for the races my tummy tickles. I like the egg and spoon race best. When it is time to start Miss Carmichael says on your marks get set go and we run as fast as we can. If we come first or second we get a marshmallow.



Miss Carmichael takes us for swimming at the lido in Matlock. She teaches us lots of strokes.



Our Mummy and Daddy came to see us swim our races.



HANNAH Fox 6 years

Our Hoovers

We have an upright hoover
A cylinder hoover too,
They're really groovy movers
Their names are Sam and Sue.

They dance around the carpet,
Picking bits up as they go.
I know they really like it,
Because they told me so.

They waltz their way around the
floor,
Edge to edge and side to side,
They don't think it's such a
chore
But Mummy does I'm sure!

Annabel Fenwick, J4



The Wind

I like the song of the
Scurrying, blustering, bullying,
Bellowing, hurrying and
laughing
Wind!

Making a song as it gallops
along,
Over the hill and houses.
Scattering everything in its way.

I like the song of the
Galloping, spinning, dusty and
gusty
Shrieking and unerring
Wind!

Yelling at birds screaming at
trees
As it gallops along.
I like the wind.

Natalie T. Skidmore, J2



Sports Thoughts

My knees are all shaking
Butterflies in my tum
My stomach is hungry
Oh why did I come?

My shoes are not clean
My airtex is creased
My shorts do not fit me
Why should I care in the least?

I wish it was over
And eating my tea,
Every one to the line
1.... 2.... 3....
Go!

Victoria Fenwick



Some members of J.3

Spellings Test

Mondays are the worst for me,
I've been awake since half past
three,
Trying to think of words to spell,
All I hear is the old school bell.

I try so hard to get them right.
I wish I felt awake and bright.
I'm so happy when the test is
through,
Results to come, what shall I do?

Rachel Cope.

$$2 \times 2 = 5$$

Table Tests

Table tests are what I hate.
Are four twos really eight?
Lying in my bed at night
I cannot seem to get it right.

I am so scared the night before.
I cannot learn them anymore.
The next day comes, the test is
here.
Hurray, it's over, no more fear.

Claire Hildred.

A Good Book

Nancy Drew, Sherlock Holmes,
Ghosts and Ghouls who utter
groans.
Dungeons and Dragons,
trapdoors and tombstones,
Space travel, moonstone, family
heirlooms.
Treasure, pirates, the B.F.G.,
Firemen, robbers and look at me;
Reading this book, "Oh, do catch
that crook!"
Giants and monsters, knights in
shining armour,
Flying horses, shooting stars,
The Clue in the Wall, The Brass-
Bound Truck,
Grave Robbers, who dress up as
monks.
Girls and boys, just like me,
sprouting wings and flying away.
My favourite place is the land of
books,
Where anything could happen,
nobody knows.

Anna Farmer, J4



The Baby Dragon

What's that I thought as I lay in bed
It can't be my little Ted,
I felt some wings
and some other things,
Like claws,
and a jaw.
I picked it up and looked at it,
I nearly had a fit,
Big nostrils it had
and a face which was sad.
A nappy it wore
and a wing which was sore,
It was covered in green
With gleaming scales, all clean.
It was a dragon,
A baby dragon.

Joanne Mapp.

It Isn't Fair

It isn't fair
Why do people stare
Just because my Mum's hair is green.
You see people grinning
everywhere to be seen!
Why did Mum dye her hair green?
It's just not fair.

Jenny Bailes

A Typical Lesson

Sally fidgets in her chair,
Zoe scribbles everywhere.
Laura grins, her cheeks bright red,
Anna wants to go to bed.
Donna, she sits very still,
Jenny speaks aloud, at will!
Juliet pulls a funny face,
While Jo thinks, "It's hometime, ACE!"
Mrs. Willies sits down quietly,
If she moves it's very silently.

Anna Farmer, J4

The Argument

"I'm the best," said the fire,
"No, I am," said the ice,
"I can burn," said the fire,
"I can freeze," said the ice.
"Well I'm
Hot and smokey,
I burn and crackle,
I spread and dance,
I burned
The whole of London town
Once," said the fire.

"You wrecked the town
You must pay the price"
said the ice.
You'll soon see
Quite a different side of me"
The ice pounced
The fire thought,
The ice fought.

And when the fight stopped
There was no more of the fire.

Ruth Brown, J1



Desert Life

Scorching days and freezing nights
This is the desert.
Blistering heat shrivels life
The desert is cruel.
Prickles and spines on desert plants,
They survive the scorching
Camels have a store of fat
They survive the drought.
Fenel foxes have large ears
They survive the heat.
What do we have to survive
Nothing!

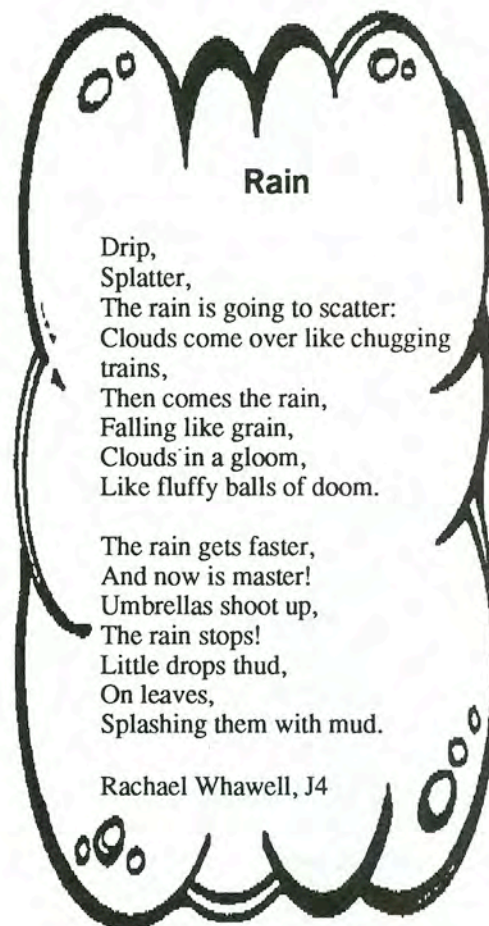
Frances King, Ruth Brown and
Clare Fisher, J1

The Storm

Heroic arguing from on high
Then a flickering of light in the night,
Lines were cracking in the clouds,
I tried to see what was behind them,
But nothing. You couldn't see a thing.

A sparkle and flicker came out of the clouds,
When I saw what I thought might have been a door opening out,
Then it closed up again.
I wish it would start to rain.

Eleanor Wicks, J3

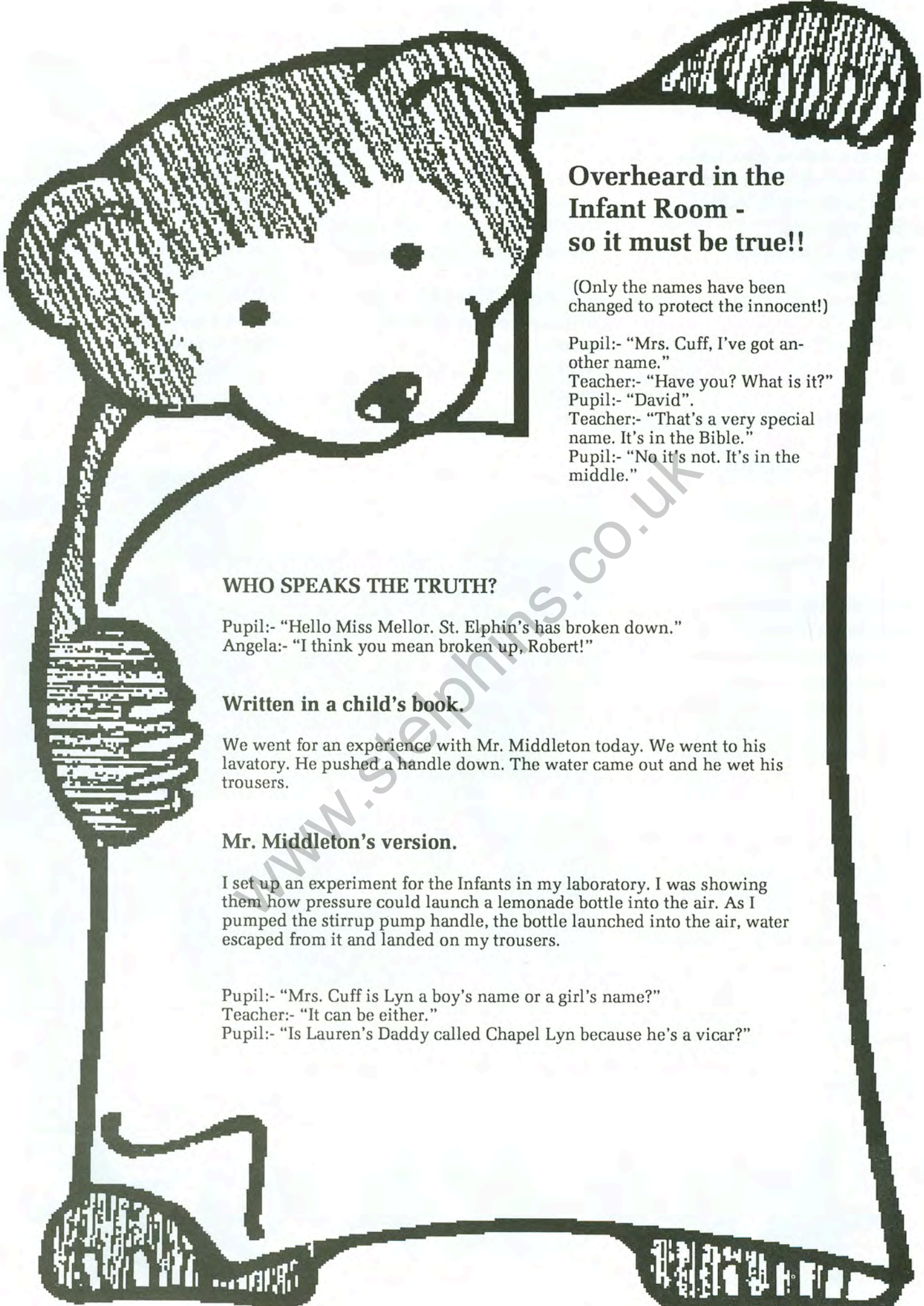


Rain

Drip,
Splatter,
The rain is going to scatter:
Clouds come over like chugging trains,
Then comes the rain,
Falling like grain,
Clouds in a gloom,
Like fluffy balls of doom.

The rain gets faster,
And now is master!
Umbrellas shoot up,
The rain stops!
Little drops thud,
On leaves,
Splashing them with mud.

Rachael Whawell, J4



Overheard in the Infant Room - so it must be true!!

(Only the names have been
changed to protect the innocent!)

Pupil:- "Mrs. Cuff, I've got another name."

Teacher:- "Have you? What is it?"

Pupil:- "David".

Teacher:- "That's a very special name. It's in the Bible."

Pupil:- "No it's not. It's in the middle."

WHO SPEAKS THE TRUTH?

Pupil:- "Hello Miss Mellor. St. Elphin's has broken down."

Angela:- "I think you mean broken up, Robert!"

Written in a child's book.

We went for an experience with Mr. Middleton today. We went to his lavatory. He pushed a handle down. The water came out and he wet his trousers.

Mr. Middleton's version.

I set up an experiment for the Infants in my laboratory. I was showing them how pressure could launch a lemonade bottle into the air. As I pumped the stirrup pump handle, the bottle launched into the air, water escaped from it and landed on my trousers.

Pupil:- "Mrs. Cuff is Lyn a boy's name or a girl's name?"

Teacher:- "It can be either."

Pupil:- "Is Lauren's Daddy called Chapel Lyn because he's a vicar?"

We arrive in the car,
I'm impatient,
Mummy manages to park,
I'm relieved.
We start to follow directions,
I'm worried about the time.
We sit in the church waiting,
I feel a little cold.
My name is called first,
I'm nervous.
I listen to myself. The right
pitch?
Don't rush, "With expression,"
"Look up."

I listen to the others,
I'm calmer.
The occasional mistake,
I'm tense.
There is good competition,
I know and admire.
I select the winner, it's obvious
to me,
There are thirty readings, I'm
glad I'm not the judge,
I wait for adjudication, I'm
worried about the time.
I wait to hear my name, Surely
they can't have missed me,
Disbelief - but it's true, I came
third.

Third place, I'm proud.
Mum gives me a squeeze.
Emma is the winner and I feel
very pleased,
I knew she was best, I told Mum
so.
But we can't wait to talk,
A sudden sense of urgency.
Where is the next class held?

Carly Thomas

Dashing along to the Festival
Brushing my hair as I go
Mummy fussing as usual
Fixing my ribbon in a bow.

Shoes all shiny and clean
Kilt all tatty and torn
Mrs. Willies waiting with a beam
"Verity where have you been?"

O.K. Paxton Suite here I come
With my recorder all ready to
blow!
(With nerves all rumbling up in
my tum)
I hope Mr. Mold is here when I
go.

My name and number is up on
the board,
I blew my recorder as never
before.
I was shaky and oh no here
comes the hardest chord,
Now the bit I simply adore.

I sit there waiting for the results,
All the practice and hard work,
All the worry and sulks,
I think I'll throw away my books
Was it all worth it?
Yes 'cause I won the Cup!

Verity Walker



St. Elphins Junior Musicians



Super Rats in top production at St. Elphin's

RATS IN LEOTARDS

BIG RATS, SMALL RATS, BLACK RATS AND TAWNY RATS - all members of the St. Elphin's Junior School production of *Pied Piper*.

This well-loved story was brought to life most colourfully last week.

Every girl in the Junior School played a part, whether as a villager, rat, cat or alderman. The *Pied Piper*'s magic flute was played by Rachael Whawell from Belper and the double-dealing Mayor was Juliet Kirkwood of Belper.

Eleanor Wicks played the lame child, Obie, who successfully persuades the Piper to return the children that he has charmed away to the Land of Sweets and Lollipops, as skilfully as he rid the town of its plague of loathsome rats.

The lame child can dance again and the deaf child can hear the other children's laughter as they return to their village.

This charming play with a cast of 61 was produced thanks to the hard work of Mrs. Kate Caryl, the Head of Drama at St. Elphin's.



Rats

Scruffy and rough,
are the rats.
They bit the cats
and then when,
the Piper comes to town,
the rats come tumbling town,
Squeaking, leaping,
Whisking, frisking.
Stop biting the children,
and gnashing teeth,
and clashing the pans in the
houses.
Stop biting and fighting,
Start dancing and prancing,
Out of the town.
More rats?
More cats?
Cupboards bare,
Rats everywhere,
Down the street,
Under people's feet,
They go
So
Is it not a pity,
the rats,
are not in the cats?

Scat rats!

Alison Griffiths, J1



The *Pied Piper*





St. Elphin's Junior School Open Day Prizes and Awards

Form Prizes (for girls who ended the year as top of their form)

Junior	4	Anna Farmer
	3	Sharon Wong
	2	Carolyn Thomas
	1	Hannah Sutcliffe

Headmaster's Prizes (for outstanding effort throughout the year)

Junior	4	Annabel Fenwick
	3	Christina Munro
	2	Verity Walker
	1	Ruth Brown

Conduct Prizes

Junior	4	Sarah Wood
	3	Fiona Hibbert
	2	Rachel Cope
	1	Frances King

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

Piano

Grade 1	Pass	Sally Hurn, Juliet Kirkwood, Jennifer Liu, Amanda Richardson, Caroline Turner
Grade 2	Distinction Merit Pass	Rachael Whawell Louise Benoist Amanda Richardson
Grade 3	Distinction	Rachael Whawell
Grade 4	Distinction	Rachael Whawell

Violin

Grade 1	Merit Pass	Amanda Richardson Anna Steeper
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Clarinet

Grade 1	Distinction Merit	Louise Benoist Sarah Kirkwood
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Singing

Grade 1	Merit	Jennifer Bailes
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Theory of Music

Grade 1	Distinction Pass	Juliet Kirkwood Louise Benoist
Grade 2	Distinction	Rachael Whawell

Guildhall School of Music and Drama

Speech and Drama

Preliminary

PASS

Caroline Allsopp, Louise Benoist, Carly Birds, Gemma Farmer, Verity Griffiths, Anne Hudson, Juliet Kirkwood, Christina Munro, Elisabeth Sumper

MERIT

Charlotte Betts, Julia Ellis, Louise Hinchliffe, Elisabeth Hughes, Sally Hurn, Anna Steeper, Hannah Sutcliffe, Carolyn Thomas, Sara Vinall, Caroline Walker

HONOURS Jennifer Bailes, Eleanor Wicks

Grade 1

PASS Caroline Turner

MERIT

Caroline Walker, Rachael Whawell

Grade 2

HONOURS Rachael Whawell

The London Academy of Music & Dramatic Art Speaking of Verse and Prose

Grade 1

PASS

Catherine Benoist, Julia Ellis, Sarah Kirkwood, Sarah Marshall-Hilton, Christina Munro, Pamela Sheldon, Katie Weightman, Sarah Wood

DISTINCTION

Elizabeth Allsop, Sarah Allsop, Carly Birds, Gemma Farmer, Victoria Fenwick, Claire Fisher, Anne Hudson, Jane van Huyssteen, Frances King, Natalie Skidmore, Elisabeth Sumper, Verity Walker

Acting

Grade Junior 1

PASS Julia Ellis, Carolyn Thomas

Duologue

PASS Caroline Turner, Eleanor Wicks

Swimming Awards

Life Saving 1

Jennifer Bailes, Louise Benoist, Charlotte Betts, Victoria Fenwick, Verity Griffiths, Lucy Hayes, Fiona Hibbert, Louise Hinchliffe, Anne Hudson, Sally Hurn, Jane van Huyssteen, Juliet Kirkwood, Sarah Patterson, Pamela Sheldon, Natalie Skidmore, Anna Steeper, Caroline Turner, Caroline Walker, Eleanor Wicks, Sarah Wood

Life Saving 2

Caroline Allsopp, Sarah Allsop, Annabel Fenwick

Personal Survival Bronze Award

Elizabeth Allsopp, Jennifer Bailes, Louise Benoist, Julia Ellis, Victoria Fenwick, Verity Griffiths, Lucy Hayes, Fiona Hibbert, Anne Hudson, Elisabeth Hughes, Sally Hurn, Caroline Hurt, Jane van Huyssteen, Juliet Kirkwood, Sarah Kirkwood, Helen MacBain, Sarah Marshall-Hilton, Sarah Patterson, Amanda Richardson, Pamela Sheldon, Natalie Skidmore, Hannah Sutcliffe, Katie Taylor, Carolyn Thomas, Caroline Turner, Sara Vinall, Rachael Whawell, Eleanor Wicks, Sarah Wood

British Amateur Gymnastics Association

Grade 4

Catherine Benoist, Louise Benoist, Carly Birds, Ruth Brown, Rachel Cope, Victoria Fenwick, Verity Griffiths, Lucy Hayes, Fiona Hibbert, Claire Hildred, Elisabeth Hughes, Caroline Hurt, Jane van Huyssteen, Jennifer Liu, Helen MacBain, Sarah Marshall-Hilton, Christina Munro, Sarah Patterson, Amanda Richardson, Natalie Skidmore, Elisabeth Sumper, Hannah Sutcliffe, Katie Taylor, Caroline Turner, Sara Vinall, Verity Walker, Katie Weightman, Sharon Wong

Grade 3

Victoria Fenwick, Sarah Kirkwood, Pamela Sheldon, Caroline Turner, Sharon Wong

Junior School Cross-Country Run

Junior	4	Ruhi Singh
	3	Eleanor Wicks
	2	Helen MacBain
	1	Hannah Sutcliffe

Table Tennis - Dunlop Skills Award Scheme

Grade 1

Catherine Benoist, Louise Benoist, Charlotte Betts, Lucy Hayes, Jane van Huyssteen, Christina Munro, Pamela Sheldon, Amanda Richardson, Man-yi Tsang, Eleanor Wicks

Buxton and North Derbyshire Musical Festival

Bible Reading (under 12)

1st	Eleanor Wicks
3rd	Juliet Kirkwood, Carolyn Thomas, Caroline Turner

Mime (under 10)

1st	Carolyn Thomas
2nd	Ruth Brown

Duologue Acting (under 13)

2nd	Victoria Fenwick, Verity Walker
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Prose Reading at Sight (under 12)

3rd	Rachael Whawell
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Prose from Memory (under 12)

1st	Rachael Whawell
2nd	Carolyn Thomas

Verse Speaking (under 11)

1st	Caroline Turner
3rd	Pamela Sheldon

Verse Speaking (under 9)

1st	Carolyn Thomas
2nd	Hannah Sutcliffe
3rd	Frances King

Recorder Solo 10-11 yrs

1st	Jennifer Bailes
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Recorder Solo (under 10)

1st	Verity Walker
3rd	Verity Griffiths

Recorder Duet (under 13)

1st	Jennifer Bailes & Rachael Whawell
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Hymn Singing Choirs

1st	St. Elphin's Junior School 'B'
3rd	St. Elphin's Junior School 'A'

School Choirs 8-11 years

1st	St. Elphin's Junior School
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Best Junior Choir in the Evening Concert

St. Elphin's Junior School Choir

Derby Arts Festival

Descant Recorder Solo (12 years & under)

Honours	90	Rachael Whawell
Distinction	88	Charlotte Betts
	87	Jennifer Bailes
	86	Juliet Kirkwood

Descant Recorder Solo (10 years & under)

Distinction	88	Sarah Wood
	86	Lucy Hayes, Anna Steeper
	85	Verity Griffiths
	85	Eleanor Wicks

Descant Recorder Duet (12 years & under)

Distinction	88	Jennifer Bailes and Elisabeth Hughes
	86	Juliet Kirkwood and Rachael Whawell

Chater Swimming Cup

Individual Swimming Cup	Blue Team Caroline Turner
P. E. Cup	Jennifer Bailes and Sarah Wood
Art Cup	Joanne Mapp
Music Cup	Rachael Whawell
Warrington Speech & Drama Trophy	Carolyn Thomas

The Clarke Shield (Team Stars)

The Star Trophy (Individual)	Yellow Claire Hildred
The Mosley Cup for Courtesy	Anna Farmer

The Board Trophy and The Dobson Cup were not awarded, as the Sports had to be cancelled.

WANTED

School Officers

HEAD GIRLS: Katherine Brookes and
Shalini Nair
DEPUTY HEAD GIRL: Victoria Gordon
CHAPEL PREFECT: Pauline Whitehouse

PREFECTS:

Emma Butler
Teresa
Charlesworth
Monita Cheung
Suzanne Edge
Jenis Gadhvi
Victoria Gordon
Charlotte Haines
Rachael
MacLachlan
Shalini Nair
Fay Neary
Elisabeth Thornton
Jennifer Turner
Helen Tyler
Kathryn Ward
Natasha West
Pauline
Whitehouse
Wendy Yiu

SUB-PREFECTS:

Helen Gilbert
Sharon Jones
Lisa Knowles
Elsa Lui
Carina Mak
Lucy Roberts
Emily Skipper



U5 A, 1988

SPECIAL DUTIES

KENNEDY

Head: Charlotte Haines
Deputies: Anna Shepley, Helen Tyler

PIGOT

Head: Kathryn Ward
Deputy: Natasha West

POWYS

Head: Elisabeth Thornton
Deputy: Wendy Yiu

WILSON

Head: Rachael MacLachlan
Deputy: Jenis Gadhvi

Head Sacristan - Pauline Whitehouse

Head of Choir - Rachael MacLachlan

Head of Choral Society - Scilla Grimble

Head of Orchestra - Fay Neary



Two years later as sixth formers they "swing their pants".



The Orchards – Jill Whitten

U6 Form Song

To be sung to 'Jerusalem the Golden' Hymn No. 346

Biology the golden
With milk and sugar tests,
And out of all the topics
It's HUMAN we love best.
I know not, O I know not
Plants or histology,
But we love those who teach us
Pam, Anne and Judiqui.

Oh English is our interest,
We all love Jane Austen
But poetry's our favourite
It is so feminine
We read, oh we read
From death to life again
And when we do our prep well
Ann gives us 10 on 10.

Yet we have failed to mention
The subject of the year.
It's taught by Margi Bower
Dom Sci's the name we fear
We cook well, oh we cook well
From flans to garlic bread
And when we're in the kitchen
Bacteria end up dead.

And Chemistry we love it
It really is the best
Oh go on Brian, tell us
What is the alkenes test.
Markownikoff and Bronsted
These are just names we call.
We know not, O we know not
We know not much at all.

5. Oh Maths, what a subject,
It is so difficult!
From adding to subtracting
What next to make us sulk.
We do so, oh we do so
Get into such a stew,
Because we just can't make 4
From adding two plus two.

6. Oh Deutsch ist total super
You'll always hear us call
The grammar gets us down, but
There's always dear old Böll.
We know not, oh we know not
Der, den, dem, die, das, des
But Catherine keeps on trying
She knows we are the best.

7. And next, we have our favourite
With Gerry, Pat and Anne,
Our accents are the worst, but
We do the best we can!
We just can't do the listening
Our speech is not that good
Translation, lit and grammar
Forget it - wish we could!

8. "Sine era et studio"
Said Tacitus our friend
But Gerunds and Gerundives
They send us round the bend
Poor Pat and Do are suffering
The valium stocks are low
Aeneas will just kill us
The way he did Dido!

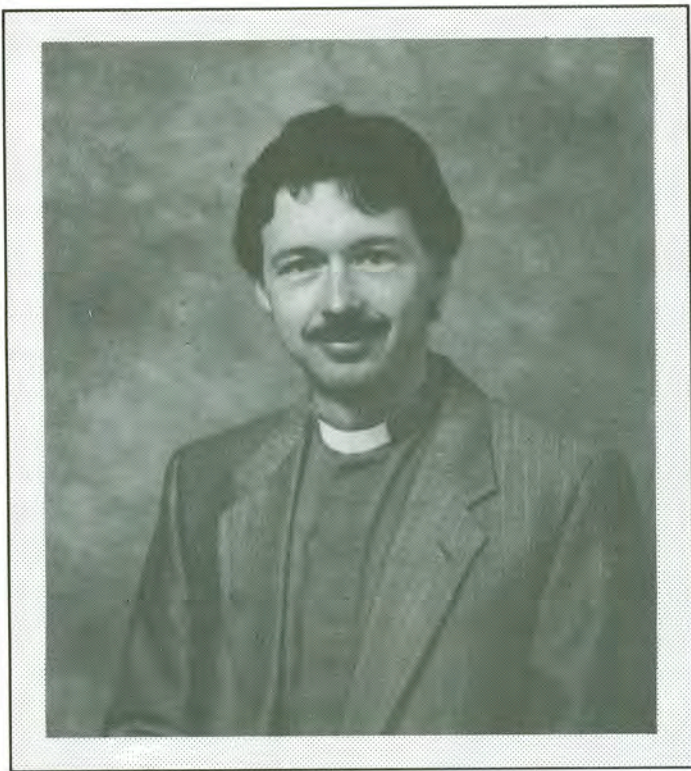
9. For Physics, we're ecstatic
With hunky David George
And Newton's laws and forces
And Flemming's left hand laws.
We know not, oh we know not
What amps and volts will do
So circuits are beyond us
With BIL and BE'V and MU.

10. Geography is our world
It is our universe
And we love agriculture
It is the best on earth.
Oh rocks and yet more rocks!
Dear Jenny, take a hike
Forgetting other subjects
It's Biol. we all like.

11. And now for all those people
We haven't mentioned yet.
If we'd even tried
We'd have ended up in a fret
And now before we leave
We've a few more things to call
We'd like to say thank-you
And we're gonna miss you all.

**GOODBYE TO THE UPPER SIXTH –
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?**





Chapel Notes

SEPTEMBER 1989 - JULY 1990

At the end of the first full day of a new academic year St. Elphin's boarders always make their way to Chapel for a short service. Last September, as the girls entered Chapel for that service, they were met with the sound of a recording by a Christian singer-songwriter named Marilyn Baker. Apart from being a talented musician who writes moving and inspiring songs, she is blind due to an accident she suffered at birth. I mentioned this to the girls during the Service. She insists that blindness has never prevented her from doing her work and thanks God for the special gifts she has been given. She does not doubt God's love for her and writes to make other people aware of Him.



I have seen something of this attitude at St. Elphin's and throughout the year I have greatly appreciated the contribution made by girls and staff to the Christian life of the School. I am encouraged by their faith, commitment and the giving of their talents in School worship. They have an influence and perhaps the impression they have made can be seen clearly in two specific ways.

Last Autumn a large number (28 girls) started preparing themselves for Confirmation, and now more girls than ever are coming forward to be Chapel Servers and take a more active role in the Services.

Last Autumn the first major festival was Harvest. At this time especially the Housemistresses play a very important part and they decorated the chapel superbly. Parents were very generous and the produce looked beautiful and smelled delicious. The Infant and Junior Staff also worked very hard preparing their special service. I thank them for their support. The service itself was great fun though rather painful at times - it can be tricky with carrots down your socks, leaks up your sleeves, melons in your cassock and a tin of beans in your back pocket!

During the Summer of 1989 it was arranged for me to take an evening service at the Congregational Church in Hackney and early on in the Autumn Term girls joined me at the Church to lead the worship. The congregation were very appreciative and warmed to the girls quickly. Sarah Rawling played the organ and Laura Bennett and Helen Ogley read the lessons.

Every Monday with the Junior service in time with them girls show a understanding be a Christian. It therefore when Anne Hudson, baptised in our preparation family met with



Infants on a beautiful Autumn morning and the baptism took place. There was an added thrill for Mrs. Cuff who was asked to be a Godmother.

morning I meet School for a short Chapel. I enjoy my and many of the m a t u r e of what it means to was very exciting one of the girls, asked to be Chapel. After due Anne and her the Juniors and

Then in the Spring Term and again after careful thought and preparation Christina Munro was baptised one Saturday morning. She was supported by her family and Junior School Boarders.

Near the end of October the annual Commemoration Service was held in Chesterfield Parish Church. Unfortunately the Chairman of Governors, Bishop Michael Henshall, was not at the Service because he was on a sabbatical but it was a great pleasure for me to celebrate Communion in his place. The Address was given by Canon John Colling, Rector of Warrington and Area Dean of Warrington. The Choir was in excellent form and my thanks to Mr. Yeo and Mrs. Johnson for this and all their other work for School Worship. Mr. Johnson kindly played the organ at the Commemoration Service.

When we celebrate Christmas at St. Elphin's many people work hard getting ready for the Services. A

great deal of time is given over to preparing bible readers and my thanks go to Mrs. Hodgson for working so hard with the girls. Thank you to the girls and staff who took part and to the Choirs for their contribution.

I must now thank the Chapel Servers who do an excellent job throughout the year but especially at Christmas time. Under the guidance of Pauline Whitehouse our Senior Sacristan they worked with great confidence and efficiency. They have shown these and many other qualities and their work 'behind the scenes' has also been invaluable.

During the winter I invited several interesting speakers including a member of the Samaritans, a Missionary from Africa, an Evangelist and a couple of youth workers to speak at the Chapel Services. The evenings were both informative and enjoyable.

In the Spring Term the Confirmation candidates continued to prepare for their Confirmation day. The classes were held in chapel and usually consisted of a short time of discussion followed by silent prayer. At the start it was rather difficult to sit quietly for more than a few moments but with time and effort the girls adjusted to what was required of them and I think most girls found the time to be a rewarding experience. On Sunday, 11th March the Chapel was full for the Confirmation Service. Bishop Michael confirmed the girls and preached.

Throughout Lent lunchtime services were held each Friday and these were led by girls and staff. They all worked hard preparing material and I thank them for their efforts.

This year has been very fruitful for the Chaplain and his family, and the Director of Music and his family, and to celebrate this a Special Service was held at the start of the Summer Term in the School Chapel when their babies Grace Owen and Ciaran Yeo were baptised.



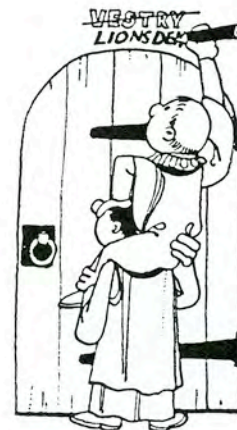
In the Summer Term girls leaving St. Elphin's at the end of the academic year were formally admitted into the Old Girls' Guild. Mrs. Rosemary Chambers, Secretary of the Guild, spoke about life as an old girl and the work and influence old girls have over our school. They certainly do make a great contribution and have in fact made special arrangements for the Chapel.

We have continued the tradition of inviting guest speakers to the Chapel and have been very pleased to welcome Canon Keith Wilkes of the Midland Division of the Woodard Corporation and Canon Christopher Hill, Canon at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to our Sunday Morning Communion Services.

As I conclude my report I must thank Mr. Pollard, Miss Crook and Mr. Burgess for their support and kindness. It is always greatly valued.

Finally thank you, Mrs. Mellor, and her team for keeping us supplied with neatly laundered Chapel linen, and the ladies who work diligently to make Chapel clean and tidy for us.

Robert Owen



Confirmation and First Communion by the Bishop of Warrington on Sunday, 11th March.

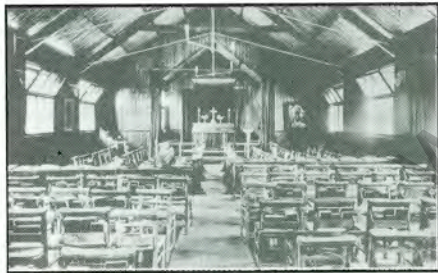
Helen Ainscough, Emma Atkinson, *Angela Billington, Rachel Butler, Louise Cox, Hannah Dornan, Julia Faulkner, Rebecca Fischer, Gillian Frazer, Lucy Golland, Victoria Gordon, Sarah Hurn, *Kristy Johnson, Sharon Jones, *Wynne Lam, Gemma Meredith, Anna Michell, Emma Neish, Lucie Palfree, Claire Plowright, Lucy Pritchard, Amanda Pope, Amy Turner, Laura Turner, *Lucy Vernall, Joanna Wardle, Hannah Wicks, Zofia Wojciechowska.

*These girls were baptised on the same day.



The Last Sermon in the Old Chapel and the first in the New, 1906

As has been already said, the sermon at the last Reunion Service in the old Chapel was preached by Canon (then Archdeacon) Wilson. Taking as his text Hebrews xii. 27, "The removing of those things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain," he reminded us that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews was telling the Christian Jews, dispersed by the Fall of Jerusalem, that they were losing the material elements of their life - things that are made - that the finer elements of their religious life - those things which cannot be shaken - might remain. Religion, he said, consists not in outer form, but in the inner life. Something material is always passing away from us, that eternal truths may remain. A material change is passing over this school and we may well pause to consider that what has made it dear to its pupils is something which cannot be shaken, and which by the loyalty of its members shall be transferred to its new home. The glory of a school is the presence in it of the Spirit of God.



"It is natural," Canon Wilson said, "that you should feel a sense of loss and change at leaving the old building. But other schools have removed to new buildings without forfeiting the affection of their former scholars, and I do not doubt but that it will be so with you. The members of S. Elphin's owe a great debt to this institution and are trustees of its good name both at home and at school. With them it rests whether the school has a high moral tone or not. In the coming change all can show their sense of duty by being cheerful and helpful. You inherit a school with a high

reputation, but it is an inheritance which will perish unless you keep always before you ideals of school life, about which I hope to speak to you in your new chapel."

On September 25th, 1901, the first Sunday at the new school, Canon Wilson acted as chaplain. His sermon at the morning service was on the school motto, *Nisi Dominus frustra*. The text was: "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is not lost that build it."

"The use of a motto is to perpetuate some noble thought which becomes characteristic of the school. This motto expresses the conviction that prosperity comes from God, and reminds us that only those who are one in will with God and pray to him are sure of His blessing. The Psalm from which the motto is taken is appropriate, for the Jews were rebuilding their city after the captivity; and the poet reminded them that all their efforts were useless if they were not blessed by God. It was thus a prayer to dedicate their new home to God, and so it is with us to-day. You have the privilege of founding new traditions, and forming new ideals, and your example will leave a deep mark on the school. You must cultivate a sense of brotherhood, and true public spirit, feel that you are called upon to do God's work in this school and ask Him to help you. The happiest memories of school life are those of industry, loyalty, and high endeavour. Join your prayers to-day with those of all who pray for you and take an interest in the school, and then no efforts will be in vain. Wealth and culture are useless if they are not devoted to the services of God. So our motto suggests a life of duty, reverence, industry and complete loyalty to the school."

The sermon at Evensong was on "School Ideals." The text was taken from Phi. iii. 13: "One thing I do; forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal."

"The phrase 'School Ideals' means that we think best for the School, and as no life can be satisfactory which is not an effort after an ideal, we should do well at

a fresh period in the life of this school to consider what are the ideals appropriate to it.

First there is the personal ideal of truth, simplicity, and unselfishness. The basis of womanliness is reverence, courage, self-control and kindly fellowship with those around you.

Then there is that quality called "moral thoughtfulness," which consists in accepting great principles and facing the voice of the Holy Spirit speaking through our consciences. We often fail because we are afraid to face those principles, and shrink from what is disagreeable.

Another part of your inheritance, which is not shaken by external change, is the sense of corporate life. If I address the mistresses I should say that it means a real devotion of thought and affection to the interests of the young lives committed to your care. To turn to the older members of the School it means that you should care much and care always for the intellectual and moral honour of the School as a whole; and even the youngest must not be indifferent to it. May God give us loyal hearts eager to use all His gifts to the uttermost, and let us trust Him to bless a School we have prayerfully committed to His care, and in which we desire to dedicate ourselves afresh to His service. "*Nisi Dominus frustra*." "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it."

- M. Clayton.



St. Elphin's Girls Outside the
'Tin Tabernacle'

HOUSE REPORTS

Kennedy

Housemistress:
Mrs. Ainscough
Mrs. Halliday

Head of House:
Charlotte Haines

Deputies:
Anna Shepley, Helen Tyler

This year has been a year of great change for Kennedy. We started off the year with Mrs. Ainscough as our housemistress and Mrs. Comley assisting with the domestic side of the house. For various reasons Mrs. Ainscough felt her time with Kennedy had to come to an end and left at Christmas. She has, however, continued to teach. I would like to thank Mrs. Ainscough for all the help and support she gave the house during that term.

Mrs. Halliday took over in January and has coped with us brilliantly during the past six months. Unfortunately Mrs. Halliday, too, is leaving us at the end of the summer term. I would like to thank her on behalf of Kennedy for her enthusiasm and support.

On Speech Day we collected the Gascoigne Cup for best all-round House. We continued to do well in competitions throughout the year even if we didn't come first. In December, for the Drama Competition, Kennedy presented a very striking play about the War. With a mixture of improvised drama and war poems, the piece was very moving. Some teachers apparently shed a tear or two.

This year the Swimming Gala was moved to the Autumn Term and after ten years of continually winning the cup, we had to concede defeat and hand it over to Wilson.

The Spring Term was the term of the Music Competition. We didn't win the overall competition but we did win the surprise item with a spoof of various space films and series such as Star Trek, Mork & Mindy and the beloved Doctor Who.

Also in the spring Term Kennedy raised money for the Terence Higgins

Trust for Aids and National Children's Homes Safehouses Scheme.

The main event of the Summer Term was Sports Day in which we came a commendable second. As usual Kennedy put in a tremendous amount of effort all round.

This year Kennedy decided to be different and have two deputies. This method worked really well as Anna and I were able to get to know the boarders and Helen the day girls. It meant that between us we knew the house really well. I'd like to thank both Anna and Helen for their cooperation.

Throughout the year Kennedy's house spirit has become overwhelming. Although we haven't been overly successful in competitions, the House has kept going with a smile at all times.

On behalf of my deputies I'd like to say well done and thanks everybody.

Charlotte Haines



Pigot House

Pigot welcomed several new girls at the start of the Autumn Term, including a number of Lower Sixth. Their introduction to St. Elphin's, was of course the Sponsored Walk, the dreaded annual hike around the wilds of Derbyshire. As usual it was cold and windy, but undeterred the vast majority of Pigot's walked and raised money for charity. However, money raising did not stop there for Pigot: at the annual bazaar in November Pigot had the plant and picture stall and raised £70.

Then in the Lent Effort, through 'toiling' over a hot stove for a week, Pigot raised the largest amount of all Houses, £170. £50 of this money went to the local church, St. Helen's, for restoration use. The further £120 went to the charity, 'Shelter', which provides food and shelter for the homeless in Britain.

Pigot's sporting achievements unfortunately followed recent trends. Even though we tried hard, the vast majority of inter-house sports were well out of our reach. Our Swimming Gala efforts were unfortunately hindered by the 'flu epidemic and many of our 'best' swimmers were 'out for the count', yet Lisa Knowles, Natasha West and Nicky Bond all excelled themselves by gaining four golds in speed swimming and Hannah Wicks was a credit to Pigot. She filled in for several swimmers and, despite having the 'flu herself, she swam excellently. Well done, Hannah.

The senior team failed dismally in the House Netball, but the Juniors gained a very creditable second place.

House Hockey is best not talked about in Pigot: despite all our efforts, we only managed to achieve fourth place in both teams.

In inter-house athletics, Gingha Stewart performed outstandingly in the pentathlon. Natasha West as usual did very well in the individual events and, unfortunately, just missed recovering the Victrix Ludorum. However, overall Pigot was not successful and came last. The same result awaited our tennis matches. The seniors played very well in the House Rounders, especially when fielding; Andrea Riley did very well as bowler, catching various members of the opposition out.

The Drama Competition was another disappointment. Under the direction of Nicola Bond, the house did a series of sketches along the theme of 'Love'; the school in general appeared to have enjoyed it, but the adjudicator believed that there was not sufficient 'dramatic atmosphere.'

Andrea Riley directed Pigot music, but, again, despite a great deal of hard work and an entertaining Pigot interpretation of "Yellow Submarine", Pigot did not win.

Yet in spite of the lack of success in competitions, Pigot has always stuck together. Who knows, maybe with a little more determination, Pigot could gain the honours it deserves.

I'd like to thank Natty for her help and support over the year, and also thanks to Mrs. Phillipot. Good luck Pigot!

Kate Ward



Powys

This has been a very good year for Powys. Everyone has contributed greatly to all house activities and we have achieved excellent results in everything.

The first major event of the year was the Sponsored Walk, for which the house raised £747. Thank you to all who contributed.

Inter-house Sports Competitions were well played: we came first in both Junior and Senior Hockey, and in both Junior and Senior Tennis; the Senior Rounders team came first and the Junior Rounders were third; in Netball, the Seniors won and the Juniors came third; in the Cross Country Competition Powys had two firsts and one second position; at the Swimming Gala, which was held during the Autumn term, Powys swam well and came third.

Powys were the first to hold their Lent Effort week. Thanks to everyone who donated, we raised £115 which was sent to St. Helen's Church Extension Appeal and Cancer Research Campaign.



Powys won both the House Drama and Music Competitions. Well done to all who took part in the Drama, especially Suzanne Edge and Jane Townend who produced the play on the theme of Crime and Punishment, and also to Nicola Allen who won the Best Individual Actress Prize for her part as the hangman. Congratulations and thank you to everyone who took part in the Music Competition and to the dedicated music captains, Deborah Parsons and Helga Mann. Many thanks to Alex Mayland who captained the Debating Competitions, in which we came second.

Well . . . Goodbye and good luck, Powys! Keep up the house spirit and all your hard work to make Powys the happiest house. Thanks to Miss Jarvis and all the Sixth Form for their support and help over the last year.

*Elisabeth Thornton
and Wendy Yiu*

Wilson House

The Wilson year started in the best possible way with two successes in the swimming pool with Wilson winning both the Standards Cup and also the Gala itself - a feat which hasn't been achieved by any other house but Kennedy, for the last nine years! The achievements were made greater because three of Wilson's best swimmers were in the san, and replacements for all ages were 'thrown in at the deep end', but performed exceptionally!

The Drama Competition took a different form this year, and it was all credit to Scilla and her helpers that Wilson's performance was produced on time. We only managed to come third with our theme being "Generations", but all four houses gave very good performances!

Once again, Wilson was very successful in the Inter-house Debating Competition, covering

topics like: "Progress is an Illusion", "Man will never rid himself of his evil and destructive tendencies" and "Violence achieves more than reason." Wilson opposed all these motions and won them all. As always it's not only the six house speakers who win, but the whole house who ask questions from the floor gaining valuable points for the house.

In Wilson's Lent Effort, £150 was raised and shared between 'Cancer Research', St. Helen's Church and 'Trees for Uganda.'

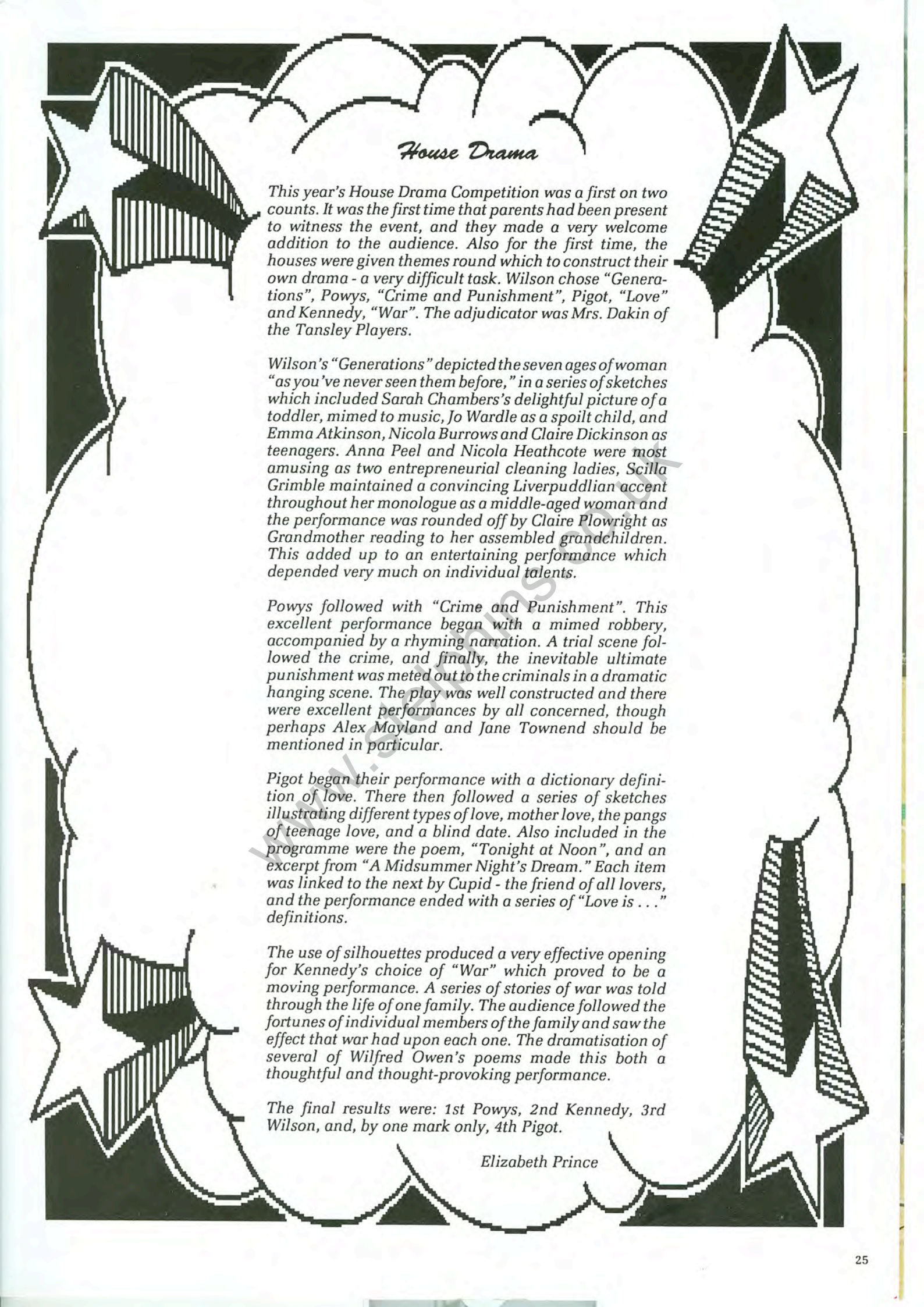
Although we didn't win the Music Competition, Fay Neary won the individual cup for the fourth year running. We would like to thank Fay for all her musical efforts in the time she has been in Wilson House.

For once, it didn't rain on Sports Day and the house had a day full of successes and near-misses. We didn't win overall, but we did as well as a small house can do.

Thanks to Mrs. Aguma and the whole house for all their efforts this year - we deserved to win a lot more than we did win! Next year: The Gasgoigne Cup!

Rachael MacLachlan





House Drama

This year's House Drama Competition was a first on two counts. It was the first time that parents had been present to witness the event, and they made a very welcome addition to the audience. Also for the first time, the houses were given themes round which to construct their own drama - a very difficult task. Wilson chose "Generations", Powys, "Crime and Punishment", Pigot, "Love" and Kennedy, "War". The adjudicator was Mrs. Dakin of the Tansley Players.

Wilson's "Generations" depicted the seven ages of woman "as you've never seen them before," in a series of sketches which included Sarah Chambers's delightful picture of a toddler, mimed to music, Jo Wardle as a spoilt child, and Emma Atkinson, Nicola Burrows and Claire Dickinson as teenagers. Anna Peel and Nicola Heathcote were most amusing as two entrepreneurial cleaning ladies, Scilla Grimbale maintained a convincing Liverpudlian accent throughout her monologue as a middle-aged woman and the performance was rounded off by Claire Plowright as Grandmother reading to her assembled grandchildren. This added up to an entertaining performance which depended very much on individual talents.

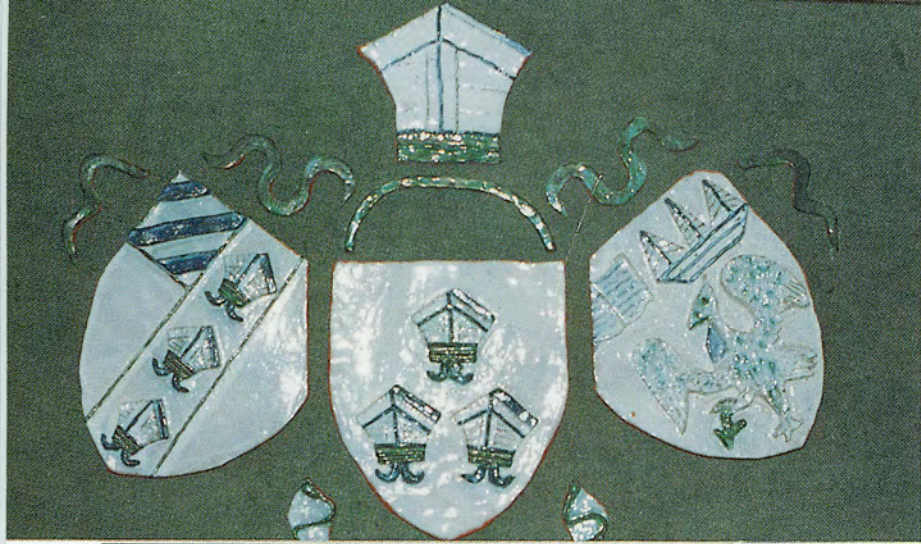
Powys followed with "Crime and Punishment". This excellent performance began with a mimed robbery, accompanied by a rhyming narration. A trial scene followed the crime, and finally, the inevitable ultimate punishment was meted out to the criminals in a dramatic hanging scene. The play was well constructed and there were excellent performances by all concerned, though perhaps Alex Mayland and Jane Townend should be mentioned in particular.

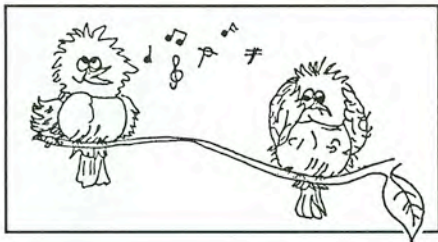
Pigot began their performance with a dictionary definition of love. There then followed a series of sketches illustrating different types of love, mother love, the pangs of teenage love, and a blind date. Also included in the programme were the poem, "Tonight at Noon", and an excerpt from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Each item was linked to the next by Cupid - the friend of all lovers, and the performance ended with a series of "Love is ..." definitions.

The use of silhouettes produced a very effective opening for Kennedy's choice of "War" which proved to be a moving performance. A series of stories of war was told through the life of one family. The audience followed the fortunes of individual members of the family and saw the effect that war had upon each one. The dramatisation of several of Wilfred Owen's poems made this both a thoughtful and thought-provoking performance.

The final results were: 1st Powys, 2nd Kennedy, 3rd Wilson, and, by one mark only, 4th Pigot.

Elizabeth Prince





Music Department 1989 - 90

This academic year began in a rather chaotic way, as the area known as The Music Squares was still in the process of being renovated. However, we managed, with teachers and pupils scattered throughout the school - on the stage, in Willowdene, in House rooms - to cope, though at times it seemed rather like a game of Cluedo (Mrs Jones, with the flute, top floor of Willowdene). At last, however, our patience was rewarded, and the Duchess of Devonshire opened the now renamed "Warrington Music Centre" on the afternoon of Speech Day.

St Elphin's must now have one of the pleasantest, and well equipped Music schools, of any girls' school in the country. In the Centre there are four rooms for visiting music staff, a classroom, ensemble room (which also houses 10 electronic Keyboards and associated equipment), store room, and another nine smaller rooms for practice purposes (each of which has a piano). The Director of Music has his office here as well, and there is a small office for all the visiting staff to use. The whole area is decorated in light colours, and carpeted throughout. The approach to the Centre is made more interesting by a lovely mural, designed and executed by Nicola Bond. Through the generosity of Mr Stanley Thornton we now have a Music School, of which we can justly be proud. In fact, one of my sixth form students told me that a local university music department which she visited recently did not have facilities half as good as ours! Those of you who contributed to the 'Just-a-note' appeal last year will be interested to learn that the funds raised from that bought one new piano, and helped towards the cost of a Yamaha Keyboard, amplifier and multi-track recorder.

However, equipment and facilities are only tools for a job, and so the most important part of my report is to tell of all the musical activities which have taken place this year. On 12th October we welcomed Mr Roberts to the school, who gave us

an entertaining recital on the Harpsichord. As well as the music, everyone was impressed by the exquisite 18th century artwork on the outside and inside of the Harpsichord.

During the first part of the Autumn term the Choral Society was busy rehearsing for Speech Day. As well as full singing we made use this year of soloists: Andrea Riley played the Clarinet before the Service; Kate Ward and Rachael MacLachlan sang in Lloyd Webber's "Pie Jesu" (from "The Requiem"), during the Communion, as did Scilla Grimble (singing Bach's "Du bist die ruh"). As in previous years the Choral Society was invited to sing at the end of the prize giving.

After Speech Day all energies were put into rehearsing Parts one and two of The Christmas Oratorio (Bach). This was performed in Chesterfield Parish Church on Saturday 2nd December. It involved over 120 girls (Choral Society and Middle-School Choir), and brought Mr Pollard back from his sabbatical to play the organ. We also engaged two soloists (one of whom was Jane Deakin, a former singing teacher in the school), as well as using a Harpsichord (Mrs Johnson), Flute (Mrs Richards), and Timpani (Mr Flack). At the end of term the usual Carol Service took place. Many people commented that they were sorry we did not hold a Public Carol Service as we had in 1988. It will be back on the calendar this year (1990).

The Easter term was dominated with rehearsals for the House Music Competition (a report appears elsewhere), but there was the usual half-term concert, and the Junior Choir sang again for the 'Women's

World Day of Prayer' Service at the Methodist Chapel in Two Dales. At the end of term the Choral Society joined forces with the Darley Dale Brass Band, to provide a most entertaining concert which was packed out (standing room only).

I returned to school at the start of the Summer term in something of a panic, knowing that within a week the Choral Society would have sung Evensong in Westminster Abbey. I know that a detailed report appears elsewhere, but I have to say that to be able to combine a tour of the Houses of Parliament with the privilege of being allowed to sing a Service in the Abbey (the first girls' choir to do so for nearly five years), followed by a private tour of the Abbey must show the value of educational trips. I hope that the memory of this day will stay with the girls who went all their lives. It certainly will remain in mine. I received a charming letter from Roger Royle ("Good Morning Sunday") who attended the Service, who said, "I thoroughly enjoyed the Singing of the School Choir ... and felt both the quality of their singing and the intelligence of their singing made the worship most memorable".

On Friday 4th May the Juniors and Infants set off for Buxton, to take part in the Music Festival. Numbers have grown so much in the Junior School that this year Mrs Johnson had to 'field' both A and B teams. They returned with three cups, including the one awarded to the best overall choir singing in the evening's concert. I was delighted that Rachel Butler came first in the under 14 Solo Singing Class.

This year has seen the fruits of Mr Mold's work with Recorders in both



The Duchess of Devonshire unveils the plaque at the opening ceremony

the Infants and Junior departments. A pupil, or pupils from St Elphin's won every class in which they entered in both the Buxton and Derby Festivals.

On Friday 11th May the Choral Society began a busy weekend. First came a visit to Brewood Parish Church to give a concert to raise money for the Compton Hospice (over £300.00 this year), and then on the Sunday they travelled to Manchester to take part in the Sainsbury's "Choir of the Year" competition. Despite the fact that they were competing against choirs which draw their members from a large area, they were not outclassed, winning from Andrew Carter (one of Britain's leading choral adjudicators and arrangers) the following high praise of their performance of Stanford's "Bluebird" ... "A really musical account and a beautiful piece of mood setting. Your tone showed itself to be rich and confident, well developed and yet full of quiet repose. Delicious ..."

On Friday 25th May came the end of year school concert. More than ever this year I used it to try and show the breadth of music making that takes place at St Elphin's. Consequently we had contributions from "The School Orchestra" (Summertime), The String Orchestra (Vivaldi double cello concerto in G Minor), The Infants' Choir, (where due to a typographical error not spotted by me the Lonely Crocodile became the Lovely Crocodile), The Junior Choir, The Choral Society, a first outing for The Brass Group, The String Quartet (playing a composition by Polly Phillpot), and solo items for Recorder, Piano, and Voice.

Our last piece of exciting news this year is at Man-Yi-Tsang, a pupil in the Junior School, has won for the school 10 Yamaha Keyboards. I hope to get these set up for September and in due course all girls will be able to use them.

Finally, as ever, I must list my thanks to the girls and staff who have helped so tremendously towards the smooth running of the department over the last year. Thanks to Fay Neary ('leader' of the Orchestra), Scilla Grimble (Head of Choral Society), and Rachael Maclachlan (Head Chorister); to all the peripatetic staff who have given so freely of their time; to Mr Pollard for his help in accompanying; and to Mrs Johnson for all her help with accompanying and her general encouragement throughout the year.

Stephen Yeo

House Music 1990

Everyone was tense. People rushing about frantically, notes being played, costumes being tried on, noise and bustle everywhere. Pigot was the second house to perform. We had put such a lot of effort into it. Everyone made a contribution whether it was making costumes, making props, singing, playing an instrument, conducting, making programmes or even backstage.

It was a new experience for me and I enjoyed it immensely.

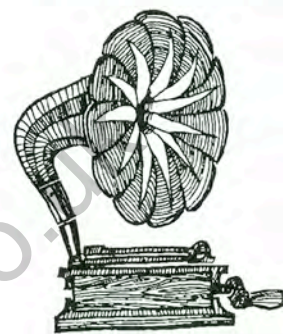
Ruth Gilkes, U3

Tuesday, 24th April - The Choral Society sing in Westminster Abbey

Having left school at a time which should be removed from the clock, and after a journey made interesting by eating, laughing and crime-spotting, we arrived at Westminster in the City of London at around half-past twelve and went straight to the Houses of Parliament. After being scanned by what we assumed was a criminal-proof security system, we split into groups and started on our guided tour of the Chambers, spotting famous people (like Edwina Currie) on the way. Unfortunately, we could not see the robing room in the Lords but we did see the famous green benches, thrones and other items of ceremony in the House. After rubbing Churchill's toe, a custom supposed to bring luck, we passed through the Ayes Lobby and then entered the House of Commons, where a few aspiring politicians practised at the despatch box. We were also given a few snippets of inside information on the probable outcome of the Abortion Bill being voted through on that day (incidentally, our guide had it just right). Then we went out through the Members' Lobby, a hive of activity, to the Great Hall, a huge and dark room dating from the earliest days of Parliament. We were then set free in the Capital for around an hour and a half to have some lunch or do what we wanted before rehearsal.

When we returned to the Abbey, the rehearsal in the Song School passed quickly and fruitfully. We met the Chanter for Evensong, who walked

us through the routine of procession before rehearsing the responses with us. I think that more than a few people were surprised to hear how good they sounded as the architecture of the Abbey itself (as well as the quality of the Choral Society!) blended our notes into a sound richer than we are used to. After a short rehearsal with the Abbey organist, we processed out to wait in the cloisters for the start of the service. Possibly a few members of the congregation, including the Zambian ambassador, were a little taken aback at our uniform, but that spoilt no-one's enjoyment of the service, which was an experience. As an introit we sang a prayer by W.



(Mr. Yeo will tell you!) set by Mr. Yeo to the music, 'Round me falls the night' and with the help of the acoustics t h e

soprano's top notes sounded a lot better than usual! Sumsion in G was the setting for the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, the music which we sang last year at Lichfield and now greatly improved this year. For an anthem we sang 'Fac ut Ardeat' from Pergolesi's 'Stabat Mater' which was performed in the school chapel two years ago. I think that the 'continental' style which Mr. Yeo had been attempting to drill into us actually paid off (through many 'grim' rehearsals) and it did sound very Italianale in the huge Abbey.

Once the service was over, we were given a short tour around the rest of the Abbey, pausing in Poets' Corner to spot various heroes, gazing in awe at the ceilings and even occasionally silenced by the atmosphere of the place. Finally, it was time to leave London for Derbyshire. Owing to a diversion on the M1, we followed the time-honoured tradition of arriving at least two hours later than expected after a tiring but enjoyable day.

Thanks and congratulations are due to Mr. Yeo and the other staff for an interesting, educational (!) and, most of all, enjoyable day out. Fingers crossed for Canterbury? Durham? next year!

Sarah Rawling, U5A

Social Services

The harvest services were held in October and there seemed to be more gifts than ever this year. These were distributed to previous employees, and old people's homes and children's homes in the area. We entertained 15 of the ex-employees to tea and carols at Christmas, and Mr. and Mrs. Rothwell were given a small gift in celebration of their Golden Wedding.

A variety of charities have been supported. The Home Clothes days have been towards the Diocese of Liverpool's Urban Fund, the Parents' House Fund at Christie's Hospital, Manchester, the Romanian Appeal (based at St. David's College, Llandudno) and the Telethon Appeal.

The Lower Sixth fasted for Population Concern and the Upper third to Upper fourth did a word-search using the letters of the charity concerned "Tenovus Fights Leukaemia". Catherine Holmes won with 2024 carefully researched words.



The Spring Concert was in aid of the Whitworth Hospital "buy-a-brick" Campaign.

The Houses worked hard for the Lent Effort. Each House contributed part of the money they raised to the building fund at St. Helen's Church, Darley Dale. The other causes supported were the Terence Higgins Trust, the Children's Society safe houses, Shelter, Cancer Research, Trees for Africa and R.S.P.C.A. The Houses raised a total of £716 between them.

Judy Corfield

Report on the Year of Cheers! A Young Enterprise Company



In September 1989 a small group of L6 formers came together to form the new Young Enterprise Company. Last year's company had been exceedingly successful, so we had a lot to live up to.

Due to transport difficulties our targetted market had to be the pupils, but what product/service did they want? The answer to this question was relatively easy - entertainment. Our company name was decided upon to tie in with the decision - CHEERS! the most profitable form of entertainment, we concluded, would be a social, as there was bound to be a lot of interest shown.

However, there was a slight problem in that our share capital was not sufficient to cover the projected cost of such an event, so the social was delayed until we could raise funds. The School Bazaar provided an ideal opportunity for this. Our chosen product was homemade sweets so the team assembled in the Dom. Sci. room one weekend, prepared for action. Everything was going smoothly until we came to the toffee. The recipe said to pick up the mixture, then pull and fold repeatedly. This was fine until it was time to get the toffee off your hands . . . ! I won't say anything more, except that we did not sell toffee on our stall!

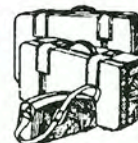
The stall was successful enough to allow us to hold the social, our 'St. Valentine's Disco', on February 3rd. Having invited local schools, Trent, Repton and Welbeck, we were assured of success. Indeed, despite a few difficulties in administration, the evening was most enjoyable.

Our final product, scented cards, was unleashed on the public and parents, at school concerts and the Young Enterprise Trade Fair held in the Eagle Centre, Derby. These sold well, but our profit

margin was slim. With this our year began to draw to an end, liquidation looming on the horizon. Before this, however, we compiled a company report, the Directors were interviewed and a team gave a ten minute presentation about CHEERS! at the Area Presentation Evening. All three of these factors were taken into account when the Derby Area Prize was awarded, CHEERS! did very well indeed, winning 6 out of 9 prizes - Best Company Report, Best Presentation, Best Financial Director (Joyce Lam), Best Sales Director (Alex Mayland), Best Managing Director (Scilla Grimble) and Overall Best Company.

Having made a donation to charity, we were able to give a 150% dividend to our shareholders. Many thanks to all who helped us this year.

Scilla Grimble



My Impressions of St. Elphin's School!

Wednesday, 18th April, 1990, is the date of the start towards the other world, England. Luggage in hand, I travelled through England to arrive at St. Elphin's school, in Derbyshire, my new school for one term. I stood in front of the Hall viewing the massive buildings surrounded with a large stretch of lawn and with the tennis courts.

It was the beginning of my stay.

Welcomed with a lot of kindness, I discovered little by little each room and each person with whom I was going to live for a long time.

First of all I had a meeting with Mr. Pollard who was very nice and spoke with me about my family, my personality and my present situation.

The next day was special because it was the reopening of the school. We had "Assembly" in which all the girls of the school participated, and after a short hymn Mr. Pollard talked about some news, gave prizes and besides he announced the arrival of two French girls . . .

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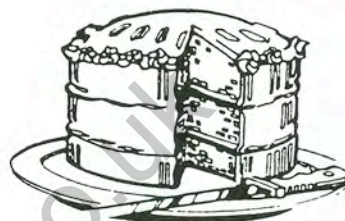
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I discovered each teacher and introduced myself to them at the beginning of the lessons. Once again, I was very moved because they paid attention to me. Indeed four days after the reopening, I had seen a play and I was in the tennis team.

It was the first time I had been in a boarding school. That was a complete change from my life in France as a day-girl. I was very surprised because of the good relationships and the mutual help between the girls. I was even more astonished when the 28th April, the day of my feast day, my new English friends have organised for me a "party".

Three different girls gave me a bunch of flowers. They had bought cakes and drinks. It was so kind and I was very pleased and happy. I was a bit embarrassed as well!

I quickly got into the habit of the rules of the school.

The week-end is two days of freedom without any uniform except on Sunday morning. So I couldn't recognise the girls because of their make-up and fashionable clothes.

During the week-end, some excursions were organised to visit something or to go shopping. It was the time I got to know some of the girls because we were fewer.

Sunday is a special day in St. Elphin's school because of the important religious ceremony, all the girls wore their uniform, their school ties and their boaters. It's very funny but so strict.

After the service, there is the traditional Sunday Lunch with praises before and after and there's an adult at each table.

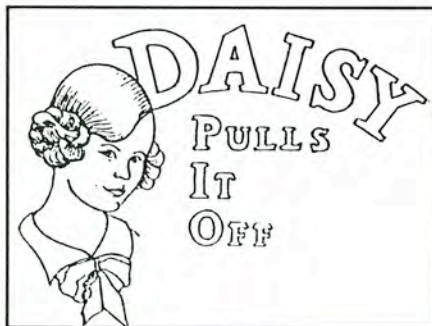
During the afternoon, I was very surprised because the tennis courts were empty without anybody! A lot of girls were watching T.V. or working because of the next exams.

The atmosphere is really pleasant and enjoyable.

I have been here for eighteen days and I'm very grateful and thankful to the English for their kindness and good welcome in this school. I think I'm very lucky to be in such a big school where we can do a lot of things: sports, music, computing, speech and drama, singing and of course: work!

It is a very good human experience and a big advantage for the future!

Valérie Lesage



It was with some trepidation that we entered the School doors on the last night of "Daisy". We had been led to expect something unusual to happen in the Front Hall. However, our fears were groundless as we were warmly greeted by all the members of Grangewood School ready to welcome us and usher us to our seats.

The blue tunics worn by the girls suited them admirably and my husband 'innocently' asked if the 'New' school uniform was on trial as it looked a refreshing change!

The Play was presented in the 'Round'. On speaking to the leading lady - Kathryn Johnson - afterwards, she said she found it easier and more friendly than a conventional stage. The cast used the area confidently and spoke with clarity, making it easy for everyone to hear and see the actions taking place. The jerking train movements and the hockey match were particularly cleverly and amusingly simulated.

Kathryn Johnson in the part of the heroine Daisy Meredith, carried the play along with her enthusiastic and realistic performance of a School girl in the 1920's. She was rarely off stage but did not relax her character for a second, setting a high standard for the rest of the cast to follow. She added a further dimension to her talents by even playing the piano when called for. I am sure we have not heard or seen the last of the acting career of Kathryn Johnson.

Daisy's partner in crime - Trixie Martin - was ably and amusingly performed by Alexandra Mayland. She made a perfect foil for Daisy with her meaningful dialogue, drawing her syllables to give added effect, especially when mentioning Sybil Burlington's name!

The spiteful Sybil was brilliantly played by Laura Bennet whose clear diction was heard in every part of the Hall. She was very well supported by the simpering Monica Smithers played admirably by Sarah

Strivens. Together they added highlights to the evening's entertainment.

Another double act of note, namely Lucy Golland and Emma Howorth, were the Sporty Seniors Clare Beaumont and Alice Fitzpatrick. They characterised the 'fair play' attitude of Grangewood School for Girls perfectly and made a good team.

Scilla Grimble as the haughty Miss Gibson and Sarah Chambers as Matron were 'cameo' parts played with sophistication and maturity, by the two girls.

Another delightfully airy character was played by Helen Cawood who looked and spoke like a true 'mademoiselle'. I think she enjoyed playing the part as much as the audience's obvious enjoyment of her.

Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Phillpot as Miss Granville and the Headmistress were also suitably cast and both looked and spoke very much the part.

Anna Peel as Daisy's mother, Nicola Allen as Belinda Matheson, Emily Gillson as Winnie Irving, Sarah Lamb as Dora Johnston and all the 'Staff and Girls', not forgetting the impassive "Portraits" all pulled their weight in bringing the story together and giving atmosphere to the play.

Of course last but not least I have to mention the two men in the Play - the dastardly Mr. Scobrowski and the surprising Mr. Thompson played respectively by the Headmaster and the Chaplain. They added hilarity and wit to an already funny story and put everything they had into their parts much to the amusement of all, especially the St. Elphinians in the audience.

In conclusion, the musical ability of Angela Billington deserves a mention as she carried the atmosphere of the play along with her subtle but effective playing throughout the performance.

Rachael Maclachlan was cue perfect on the lighting and Rachel Gowers made a wonderfully efficient production secretary, described as a "poppet" by Mrs. Kate Caryl, the producer who had chosen a play perfect for casting within the school and has really made the most of the "Round".

Bridget Bree the Assistant Producer gave her all to the production. The

cast and helpers had all enjoyed working together for this play which reflected the ability of Kate Caryl to direct with efficiency and vitality.

One can only add, "Hip-ra, hip-ra, hip-ra."

Gill Leach

"Daisy Pulls It Off"

- A jolly spiffing review
by Daisy Meredith

First of all, thanks awfully for the absolutely top-hole reception each of the three audiences gave to us Grangewood school members - it was spiffing, toppingly glorious, eh what? Secondly, I ask you all to remember that the success of Grangewood school, its sporting and academic achievements, its tradition of fairness, loyalty to school and country and its sense of duty and honour was due foremost to two jolly decent beings - I give you Mrs. Caryl and Mrs. Bree.

It was not however without trepidation that we lined the stairs of front hall and at a quarter past seven o'clock our eyes unwillingly followed Mrs. Walker who majestically swung open the simple oak doors to reveal a gaggle of fearfully bewildered parents and friends, each one waiting for the next person to venture towards the outstretched hand of Mrs. Phillpot-Gibson - "Welcome to Grangewood, so glad you could make it." To top it all, they rounded the corner and - I say! Instead of the familiar figure of Mr. Pollard to welcome them to the school, there stood a rather curious moustached Russian music/geography teacher. That was it - the bewildered and by this time quite pale-looking parents could take no more. They sprinted off down the corridor, heroically fighting their way through the whirlpool of blue and white Grangewood school-girls who were flooding in from all directions to greet them. Practically sweating blood and almost at their last breath the parents at last found their seats, where they thought they would be safe from all further anxiety.

Little did they know that during the next three hours they would not only be subjected to the kiss-curls and finger-waves of Grangewood schoolgirls, but also to the prospect of sneaking scholarship girls, the word "topping" mentioned at least sixty-three jolly spiffing times and to cap it all - the rear ends of 11 very honourable hockey players!

Nevertheless, how perfectly scrummy everything turned out to be, and what fun lies ahead - HONESTA QUAM MAGNA, HINC SPES EFFULGET, HIP RAH! HIP RAH! HIP RAH!

Kathryn Johnson



Rest and Refreshment



I used that phrase many times last year when people asked me what I hoped to gain from a sabbatical term. Now, writing ten days after the summer term has ended, the words have rather a hollow ring. Reports, references and 'Elphinian' articles are not quite finished; the 'Daisy' performances have left me with more to do than usual before clearing my desk to go on holiday. Moreover, I have added family anxieties at present: we, too, are waiting for 'A' and GCSE results and one son is about to take his driving test and needs my car for practice. I feel ready for something called a 'sabbatical'.

The word grew up, I believe, in American universities at the end of the last century. It became common for professors to be granted a year (N.B.) of absence from duty for the purposes of study and travel. The practice has certainly increased in England in recent years. Given the hectic pace of life today, those in managerial positions do need time to reflect on what they're doing. Fortunately for me, the Bishop of Warrington, our Chairman, is a firm believer in the idea. He encouraged me to take time away from St. Elphin's and by chance was on study leave at the same time as I was. Hence our joint absence from Speech Day last year.

'The Elphinian' 1989 carried an interview which I'd given to Scilla Grimble and Emma Howorth. Unfortunately, that article (not the writer's fault, I must add) contained some strange misprints and omissions which may have left people confused. I certainly needed to visit the U.S.A. if I really thought and said that New York, rather than Washington D.C., was its capital city. In essence, though, I hoped not only

for a break in routine after 30 years' continuous teaching but also to achieve three objectives: I wanted to fulfil a lifelong ambition to visit the States; I was intending (this was the serious part) to visit girls' schools both there and in England to discover how they've responded to the move to co-education over the past 15-20 years and I was also determined to improve my piano playing!

My Award from the Ecclesiastical Insurance Group made travel possible and the first objective could be achieved. I went both to America and also to Oslo where my elder son was acquiring information on the painter Edvard Munch for an 'A' level Art History project. Both visits were wonderful. I spent almost a month in the States and fell in love with the America I saw. It was a trip limited in scope - New York followed by a stay in Virginia - and I'm leaving the delights of Disneyland etc. for another time. I hoped to explore in depth rather than attempt a whistle-stop tour and I think I succeeded in doing this. Though it took time to find my bearings in New York, I came to appreciate its glamour by walking almost everywhere. I climbed the important and tallest buildings, had a memorable Circle Line Cruise around Manhattan Island, took a trip on the Staten Island ferry and on the overhead railway to Roosevelt Island, heard the New York Philharmonic, saw a Tennessee Williams play on Broadway - and much else - all in five short days! Washington, I thought, had beauty. I felt this most of all one glorious late afternoon in September while walking the length of the Washington Mall. That piece of open land, with the Capitol building at one end, the Lincoln Memorial at the other and the Washington Monument and many elegant buildings in between, has a unique loveliness when bathed in sunlight. It was then, perhaps for the first time, that the sheer privilege of being on Sabbatical leave struck me most. It is delectable to be simply enjoying oneself as a tourist knowing that everyone back home is still at work! And that understandable reaction persisted at intervals throughout the term. I know I made the most of it.

I felt grateful for the gift of having 'time to stand and stare'. I revelled in the feeling, albeit temporary, of being able to please myself. There was also another conclusion I came to early on: how often we justify our

reluctance to do something by saying we 'haven't got the time' to do it. I'm now resisting any temptation to fall back on that excuse. I appreciated, too, the trivial aspects. I rarely wore a suit, I lingered over breakfast and the daily paper and I watched television without that persistent feeling that I ought really to be writing someone's reference or answering a letter from an anxious parent. As it happened, this was a special privilege, as it enabled me to attend to the dramas unfolding in Eastern Europe. I'd spent time in West Berlin earlier in the summer - in fact I was in nine different countries during 1989 - and simply couldn't believe I was actually seeing the collapse of that Wall. I'm about to return there, just in case.

There was time, too, for the unexpected discovery. Our most popular playwright after Shakespeare is currently Alan Ayckbourn. Most of his plays have begun life in Scarborough at the Stephen Joseph Theatre in the Round. Now I've had a cottage in North Yorkshire for the past 11 years but, have never, it would seem, 'had time' to realise how close it is to that very special place. I went there seven times between September and December, and those experiences have brought lasting pleasure. I had more time to read of course, I wrote letters and, yes, I did play the piano - a great deal. I had to anyway in readiness for the Christmas Oratorio performance, my biggest challenge of all. Alas, despite Mrs. Johnson's encouragement, exhortations, threats almost, I still don't feel ready for the Grade 8 exam, but I did achieve part of my third objective, and that encourages me to persist.

Objective two was much harder than I'd realised. I did indeed learn about girls' education in American schools similar to our own. Through the kindness of Canon Wilkes I was able to make contact with three well-known Church Schools (one boarding, two day schools) in the Diocese of Virginia. I spent time in these as well as in the school attended by the children of friends I was staying with in Fredericksburg. (Here, incidentally, I had my first lessons in the history of the American Civil War). In true American fashion - 'Hi', 'Have a nice day', which I said along with everyone else - I was warmly welcomed and put at ease wherever I went. I soon learned something important. Just as in England,

boarding has become less popular than it was and the girls' schools are all facing the challenge of co-education. Familiar themes. Indeed, since I returned home I've heard from one Headmistress I met that she's just been appointed to run an amalgamated school, when next year the neighbouring girls' and boys' sections are put together. I don't think my colleagues here would like one of the differences I discovered between our systems. Apparently in most American private schools salaries are lower than in state schools because the teaching conditions are thought of as that much more favourable. As I've suggested earlier, it didn't take long to adapt to the informality, which is so striking a feature within their schools. I was surprised, when I was leaving St. Agnes School, Alexandria, to find an official card pinned to the windscreen of my hired car to inform me that I was parking in the girls' car park where my car had no right to be. Imagine what I'd have to say in Assembly about the 'bad publicity' it had brought the School if a St. Elphin's Sixth Former had done something like that!

I came away from these Virginian schools with three lasting impressions. First, the intense emphasis the Americans place on marketing and P.R. in all forms; by English standards their financial and staffing resources for this seemed enormous. Secondly, the Schools seem adept at raising money - parents (past and present) and grandparents, too, play a large part, and I believe there is usually a separate team of administrators to look after fundraising. Thirdly, former pupils seem very closely involved if one compares the situation which exists in most English girls' schools. I've been pondering over all the aspects



Along the Washington Mall

since I returned as I'm sure we have something to learn.

I've not yet been able to complete my picture of what's happening here in England. I visited about a dozen girls' schools last November, but time (genuinely) then ran out. That's perhaps as it should be, really. Taking a sabbatical gives one opportunities and whets the appetite; it's also bound to leave one feeling "If only I'd had the time to . . ." That reminds me. I've not got round to telling you what happened to me in Macy's store in New York!

Peter Pollard



DUST FROM MOTORS LANCASHIRE FARMERS ON COST OF ROAD REPAIRS August 1904, Buxton News

The Lancashire Farmers' Association, at Preston, on Saturday, discussed what was held to be the nuisance caused by motorway traffic to agricultural districts and passed a resolution requesting the County Council to bring the matter before the County Councils' Association, with a view of that body considering whether it was possible to take steps to remedy the matter.

Mr. Fitzherbert-Brockhole, said the huge clouds of dust raised by motorists was not only a nuisance, but it was positively detrimental and injurious to people living in agricultural districts.

The Rev. J. C. Gardner said the cost of road maintenance was becoming simply terrible.

Mr. Ball, secretary, expressed the opinion that motors had come to stay. Motor traction was the coming traction, and would benefit farmers to a larger extent than any other class of the community.



Who needs the rest now?

Fings About Fiddly Fingers

September 1989 saw the birth of a great new club, "Fiddly Fingers," masterminded by Mrs. Taylor. With the aid of Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Barratt, Mrs. Mayall, Mrs. Cartledge and Mrs. Cuff, previously idle fingers started fiddling every Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon in the textiles room. Among the crafts embarked upon are lace making, embroidery, glass engraving, soft toy making, patchwork, cushion making and art straws. With luck, fimo modelling and origami will be added to this ample list next term. If you were one of the people who visited the display in the I.B. block on Sports Day, you will have seen the fruits of "Fiddly Fingers'" labour.

With all the "Fiddly Fingers" members looking forward to acquiring new skills in different crafts next school year, the club is going from strength to strength. If you have any ideas about new crafts for "Fiddly Fingers", we are open to suggestions!

Lucy Vernal, L4M

RING THE BELL

At Bakewell, on Friday, John Garlick of Wormhill, was charged with not ringing his bicycle bell and warning pedestrians of his approach, at Tideswell, on June 27th. Defendant pleaded guilty.

Police-sergeant Holmes said the square was completely full of people. Defendant ran into a man's back and nearly cannoned off ten other people. A child was badly hurt.

The Chairman said it was a very serious offence. He would be fined 10s and 6s costs.

This year you could say that "Art in The Community" seems to have been one of our main themes.

Elsa Lui, doing 'A' Level in U6th, did a splendid 6ft x 12ft painting of a Venetian scene used to advertise the Chesterfield Gilbert & Sullivan Society's production of "The Gondoliers". Many people, I gather, were impressed by it as they saw it on display in the Halifax Building Society window.



How many of us were tempted to buy one or more of the colourful silk tie-dyed scarves made by girls in the Craft room, and sold at the Bazaar? By the evidence in the Staffroom of neck-scarves and hair-bows there were quite a number of us!

Towards Christmas you'd find night after night, groups of the L4th in the Art room, finishing off their Fabric Collages, so that they could go on display to brighten up part of the local "Whitworth Hospital" over Christmas. Their collages and other pictures we put up there for the first time, were a real "hit" with the patients and staff, and they look forward to *more* facilities next year!

Next time you visit School go into the Chapel and look at the large, decorative hanging panel made by everyone in J.3 in Art Lessons. Each girl had a part in making it and again we used fabric collage as our medium. Mrs. Mayall gave her time to join it all up for us, with bright red binding. Its theme is "The Creation".

It has a central panel of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil with the brightly patterned Snake around its trunk. Around the sides are coloured squares, each depicting different stages of Creation. It has a very vibrant and cheerful effect on the Chapel wall.

In the Spring Term if you went up Long Corridor and attempted to enter the smart "revolutionized" Music Squares you'd have had a problem! I hear that one peripatetic Music teacher and her pupils became adept at clambering through scaffolding to get into her teaching room! The reason for this was that Nicky Bond (L6th) was often to be found up this (semi permanent) scaffolding, painting a very striking and attractive mural, on the wall at the entrance to the new Music Centre. Nicky used the shapes of musical instruments, painted in pinks, reds, blues and purples to blend with the new decoration. This piece is also part of her 'A' Level Course-work.

Half-way through the year we started "Clever Calligraphy Club". The younger girls who came to try their skills at this art, or craft, have started to fathom the basics, and soon will be able to put this special talent to good use in and out of School.

Our Information evenings have been another source of bringing Art into the community. The selection of work on display has shown prospective parents what can be achieved within the Art department. To quote one parent on our last Information evening of the year; "I wish I'd brought my daughter, she would have loved to have seen all this."

On certain Wednesday evenings in the Autumn Term you'd have seen Mrs. Leach and me, and Vicky and Elsa, each doing 'A' Level Art) all rushing off in one of our cars to a Fabric Painting class. There we chose different things to do, and between us learnt quite a lot, which gave a new impetus to the G.C.S.E. classes doing Screen Printing for the first time, as well as to Vicky doing 'Textiles' for her 'A' Level Art.

On 15th March a group of earnest-looking girls with clip-boards and pencils were trying to find the answers to such questions as, "Find the ONLY full-length, life sized portrait of a person that Frans Hals painted. Who is it?" They were in the Royal Academy, London at the

"Frans Hals' Exhibition, of course! After that we found ourselves listening once again to Jane Dodwell (an expert and knowledgeable lecturer), this time giving us a fascinating insight into a few well selected landscape paintings in the National Gallery.

We looked at Uccello's carefully arranged fallen lances all in neat "one point" perspective in his "Battle of San Romano", and on the other extreme at Turner's marvellous atmospheric painting of "The Fighting Téméraire" being towed to her last berth.

Three months later in June the L6th artists and I went on a study visit to the Tate and National Galleries in London, with the object of studying works first-hand for their 'A' Level "Personal Study." We were thrilled to see, in particular, the new extension to The Tate called the Close Gallery. It is given over to housing most of the paintings of J. M. W. Turner. As Nicky aptly put it, "Everywhere you turned, there was a Turner!" We had a rush to catch the five o'clock train home from St. Pancras, and tore up and down the escalators, platforms and round corners on the Underground. We finally made it in good time, "on our knees" and "broke" (well nearly!) having had a really profitable day.

We would have been too shattered to go to the Barn Dance at school that evening, even had we booked to go! I hear from Mrs. Leach that Miriam Aguma's large wire and plaster seagull, or was it a seal, or a fish . . . ? attracted some speculation and surprise in the garden. I prefer to think of it as definitely a *seal* with extended flippers. It had been in the Craft room a long time, and finally Miriam had sprayed it a bluish-silver, and that settled it for me.

The year has been definitely different in many aspects, with new avenues explored and exciting results obtained.

Helen J. Cawood



Sketching in 1906.



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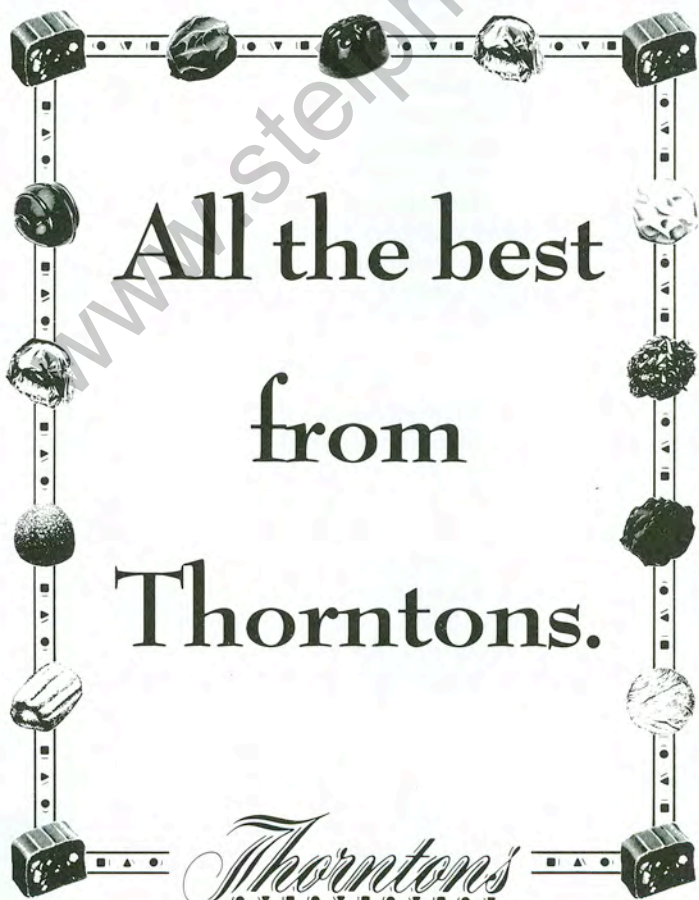
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Montrésor October 1989

Half-term at last. Released from Speech Day we peeled off suits and spread into jeans. The Gallic flavour of the Bishop's speech rang in our ears - noses twitched the garlic - the palate longed for wine

By 3.00 a.m. on Sunday, spirits still undaunted, and with Mitchell a blue-eyed leprechaun for a driver, we sped our way towards Montrésor, arriving so early that their planned apéritif evaporated into coffee.

They shook off our hands, kissed both our cheeks, and carried us away. We turned awfully pink, waved our arms, and dived for phrasebooks. Mitchell had seen it all before

Next week the sun shone every day. We glowed, purred and basked in the warmth of the glorious Autumn weather. Drowsily, we dreamed our way from one chateau to the next . . . and the next . . . and the next . . . *ét puis, en voilà un autre!* Some of us got really excited about them, and others preferred to absorb the 'ambiance' of the local café.

On official recommendation we visited Tours, and a wine co-operative in Vouvray. '*Vous n'allez pas à Paris! 'Don't go to Paris,' forbade our hosts . . . 'Trop loin . . et puis les embouteillages . . vous êtes folles? . . . Vous comptez revenir à minuit?*'

We went. Spun around the *Périphérique*, held our breath, and threaded our way to the foot of the Eiffel Tower. The tour of the Louvre beat all records - just dix minutes to La Joconde and back.

It was a lovely, lovely visit. When and where's next?

Geraldine Martin



Montrésor

'Tous les jours se levaient clairs et sereins pour nous'

That slight adaptation of the words of tormented Phèdre as she thinks about the young lovers in Racine's play just about sums up my memories of a week spent in the Loire Valley with a group of assorted St. Elphin's girls. The late autumn sunshine showed us one of the most beautiful parts of France in the glory of its autumn colours and meant that every day out could be enjoyed to the full.

We were all staying with French families, so the chatterboxes could make the most of their chance to air their vocabulary while the shyer ones made do with smiles and sign language. On the whole things worked out well with real friendships being formed - some of them with little French brothers and sisters - although there was some evidence to support my personal theory that *no-one* can be fussier about food than an English teenager. (Unless it is a French teenager!)

Thanks to Mrs. Martin's careful planning, and the good-humoured co-operation of our Irish driver, Mitchell, our travels were very successful. We visited chateaux (some of us, only when we had to, but others with great enthusiasm), a wine co-operative in Vouvray, Tours and Paris - where Mitchell coped stoically with the '*périphérique*' in the evening rush hour.

To sum up:- with good weather, friendly people, a lovely driver, a great city, some interesting towns, history, countryside, calm seas and good shops all on

the list of ingredients, it is not surprising that this latest offering from 'La cuisine de Tante Géraldine' was '*Une véritable pièce de résistance*', or simply '*chouette*' as we say in Lower 4M!

Patricia Outram

French Trip to Montrésor

Gillian Frazer:-

We had eaten our first Sunday lunch and we asked what it was - they said chicken gizzards made into a paté. We were nearly sick!!

Lizzie Kelly:-

The baby, Florian, kept weeing on the seats at the table, and biting the dog!

Helen Fox:-

Went to Paris and attempted to take a picture of the Eiffel Tower but only got a picture of the graffiti on the wall in front.

Angela Billington:-

My partner and I had to sleep in the same bed, which caused some annoyance. The family didn't speak any English. We had cocoa and cake for breakfast, which made me feel rather sick. I liked the mussels, omelette, rabbit and cheese, but not the sausages and pate.

Helen Ainscough:-

We had to sleep in the same bed, every morning I was woken up by Bruno the baby crying. We had rabbit, I thought the woman said bread and wondered why we were having bread for the main course.



Mundan Ceremony

11th March

A few years ago my family was invited to a Mundan Ceremony function. This is one of the many ceremonies that Indians perform. All the first hair growth on the child's head is completely shaved off. It is a rite which is performed by many Hindus when the child is very young and in some families, mostly for the boys. This is a religious ceremony and part of the belief is that the child is born with very fine hair growth, but when shaved off completely, this allows a thicker growth of hair.

The ceremony we attended was for two brothers. Relatives and friends of the family were all invited and the ceremony took place at the family's home. There was quite a large gathering for the function. A pooja (dance) was performed before the actual ceremony by a pundi (priest). We all gathered around their lounge where the pooja was to be performed. The room was really crowded and with everyone talking it was very noisy.

Once the pundi arrived and started pooja, everyone kept quiet. After pooja the two little boys were sat up and the barber began to shave off the hair off their heads. Both the boys cried as they must have been frightened. It took quite a while to shave their hair as they were crying. We all had to sit in silence while it took place so that the barber could concentrate. It was a relief when it was finally over. The two boys looked very sweet with their hair shaved off but I don't think they really enjoyed having no hair. The boys were taken up for a bath.

In the meantime all of us were given Indian sweets. Once the boys were dressed up all of us went over to a nearby hall where lunch was to be served. There was a huge lunch awaiting us. It was all Indian food and it was delicious. After lunch there was some scrumptious pudding. Everyone enjoyed the meal.

After lunch the older parents sat around talking while the children played outside. We children had an enjoyable time especially as the weather was good. Before long we realised it was tea-time and we all went in and joined the adults for tea and snacks. Most of the people left after this. A few of us stayed back to help clear up the hall.

All in all it was a most enjoyable day.

Sunita Nair



Confirmation

9th March

When a baby is born into the Christian church the first step for it is Baptism. This is the ceremony in Church where a baby (normally, although one can be Baptised at any age) is welcomed into the family of the Church and a cross of holy water is put upon its forehead.

The baby grows up in the Christian way of life. The next step to take is Confirmation. This is the ceremony, which, if you like, 'qualifies' a person to take Holy Communion, the receiving of blest bread and wine to symbolize the body and blood of Christ, who Christians believed died for the forgiveness of their sins. Holy Communion is normally incorporated into a Sunday (or other) Church Service.

My family are not in the least religious and I cannot remember ever seeing my parents in Church. I never went to Church or Sunday School and my junior school was a state school which was basically non-committed. However, through St. Elphin's I have been able to develop my Christian faith and I am being Baptised and confirmed on Sunday (the 11th March).

To be confirmed you have to be considered old enough to make a choice. When you are a baby you don't have much choice about whether you are baptised or not, but YOU choose whether you want to be confirmed.

You attend confirmation classes for about four months to prepare you for confirmation.

Then the big day arrives

. 10.30 exactly. You arrive at school, nervously clutching your name and service booklet. You meet your friends on your way up to the common room, exchange excited glances and climb front stairs with your legs shaking every step of the way. Your mind flits back to last night, making sure that your shoes

were shiny, kilt was pressed, hair and nails were clean and tidy and you had an ironed shirt and school tie, and sleeping fretfully amidst images of flowing service booklets, wine, bishops, hats and the colourful clothes of the congregation.

Once in the common room you meet everyone else who is being confirmed and feel a little better. The housemistresses make small talk with you and you try to smile as your stomach turns to a small hard ball.

Oh no! You see Mr. Pollard standing in the doorway, asking the candidates to go through to his study to 'have a chat' with him. He turns around and leads you towards his study with his long, confident stride and his permanently shining bald head.

Everyone stands there, upright and tense, false smiles on their lips. The atmosphere is thick as Turkish coffee. Mr. Pollard grins nobly at you and addresses the candidates with a - 'this is it' type speech. No-one says anything. No-one is asked to say anything.

Out you all troop again. You see the procession of the choir down the landing. Mr. Pollard leads you in file towards the Chapel. This IS it!

Walking down the aisle to your place at the front, you search desperately for your own relatives among the throng of Mums, Dads, Aunts and Uncles, brothers, sisters, cousins, friends and Godparents, but to no avail. 'Are they here?' you ask yourself. Oh no! You are sitting at the front and you can't turn your head in Chapel! So there's no way of knowing.

You glance at your friends.

Suddenly you realise the service is about to begin.

You sing a hymn, hear some Bible readings, sing another hymn, sit through a sermon and sing a couple more hymns. Then it really is time. The Bishop says:

Those of you who want to be confirmed must with your own mouth and from your own heart declare your allegiance to Christ and your rejection of all that is evil. Therefore I ask these questions:

Bishop: Do you turn to Christ?
 You: I turn to Christ.
 Bishop: Do you repent of your sins?
 You: I repent of my sins.
 Bishop: Do you renounce evil?
 You: I renounce evil.

Then he says:

Bishop: Do you believe and trust in God the Father who made the world.
 You: I believe and trust in him.
 Bishop: Do you believe and trust in his son, Christ who redeemed the world.
 You: I believe and trust in him.
 Bishop: Do you believe and trust in his Holy Spirit, who gives life to the people of God?
 You: I believe and trust in him.

Then you go to the altar rail.

Bishop: Confirm, O Lord, your servant (and he says your name) with your Holy Spirit.
 You: Amen.

He then anoints you with blest oil.

You sing a few hymns and say prayers, but it's all over too quickly.

You come out feeling a strange kind of elation.

For better or worse, people are confirmed. I believe it to be for better, others not so. However, it is quite scary in the sense that it is like the one big performance of the largest play - after marriage, that is -

Sympathise with me.

I'm being confirmed on Sunday.

Lucy Vernal



Prejudice?

The bus was strangely empty for a Thursday evening. The only passengers, myself included, were crammed onto the back seat! I was wedged into one corner by a large West Indian lady, with all sorts of bulging parcels and shopping bags, who was on her way to see her son in prison to give him his Christmas presents. Next to her, sitting bolt upright with lips pursed, hands folded in their laps on top of angular handbags, were two Brummie blue-rinsed snap-shred grannies. They were sitting as far away as they could from the West Indian lady and the occupant of the other corner. I suppose he was Chinese, but whether the colour of his face was due to his nationality or ingrained dirt was impossible to determine. He was completely encased in a huge greatcoat, like a caterpillar, and was swathed in scarves. He was also fast asleep.

The only other passengers in the bus were a young couple - an Asian girl dressed Western style and a white boy. They were entwined around each other's shoulders and nibbled one another unceasingly. Us apart, there was an empty bus, with a surly half-caste driver.

Bored, I turned my attention from speculation on the other passengers to the dreary urban view through my dripping window. Having rubbed a space clear of condensation a grey film of muck on the outside window still partially obscured my view. We were travelling through Handsworth, not the pleasantest of places at any time, but in November everything was grey and gloomy. As it was about half-past five there was considerable traffic on the road, so the bus was travelling at a steady twenty miles per hour.

The streets were still busy, if not busier than they had been so far that day. Apart from the few jewellers, tightly shuttered, padlocked and security-alarmed, life was really just beginning. We passed the tandoori chicken restaurant, a brightly-lit hygienic place of white glass and stainless steel. The Yiddish supermarket was doing steady trade whilst the fish and chip shop had its customary long queue of schoolchildren, clutching money for their tea. A tramp, slumped by a pile

of boxes outside the chemist, huddled in newspaper; mothers of all races with pushchairs battled by on their way home from work. There were cabbage leaves and crisp packets, newspaper and soggy cardboard boxes, a carpet on the pavement under the feet of the men going to the pub straight from the overcrowded Job Centre.

Through it all, the bus rattled on in that way not peculiar to a WMPTE vehicle, almost as if it had caught the hacking smoker's cough and wheezing emphysema of its driver.

Soon the shops dwindled into terraces, with the occasional hairdresser or seamstress in someone's front room. Net curtains prevented curious passers-by from seeing within, but many were boarded up and dark, with council signs warning "DANGER. Unfit for habitation." However many of these decaying Victorian slums were inhabited by 'moon-light flitters', addicts and wanderers.

The bus ground abruptly to a halt with the shudder of its epileptic brakes - a traffic jam. Looking out of the windscreen with my fellow passengers, I saw two terraces, freshly painted and brightly lit, with open doors - an unfamiliar phenomenon in this part of the urban sprawl known to the world as Birmingham and the West Midlands.

Looking closer, I saw the building was a mosque. A constant stream of the faithful entered its doors, skull-capped and veiled. Through my peephole I noticed a small group of schoolchildren obviously on their way to their nightly learning. There were three girls, and two boys, all still in school uniform; the trousers worn by most Asian girls still under their blue school skirts, long hair in plaits hanging down their backs, white socks, and cheap patent black shoes, cracked and plastic. The boys ushered them along the pavements quickly, all of them in inconspicuous duffle-coats, carrying their copies of the Koran close to themselves, covered in cloth and plastic bags. They had a furtive air about them, although nobody took much notice of them.

The bus juddered into life again, and moved slowly up the road. We were travelling at about the same pace as the half-walking, half-running children. When the bus stopped again, we were about fifty

yards from the mosque. The children continued to slip in the shadows near the wall. Some Rastafarians swayed past, a Polish grandmother hurried by, and life was as normal.

The bus had been moving slowly, and now we were opposite the mosque. The children were not far behind, and as they were just about to enter the safety of the building another group of children, four in all, emerged from the shadows. These newcomers were Hindu, obviously known to the Muslims, the biggest boy sent his sisters into the mosque with rapid arm movements and an obvious torrent of language. Then he turned to face his top-knotted rivals.

Losing no time on their attack they rushed forwards, arms flailing and legs kicking. The Muslim's younger brother darted unseen from the door of the mosque and went for the nearest Sikh, pulling off his top-knot covering so that his long hair fell about him. Immediately, as any Sikh did, he left the fight and began to plait and wind his hair up again.

The boys were kicking and biting; one Sikh spat in the younger Muslim's face, he then instantly kned him, and flew back into the fray. I widened my peephole and the other passengers watched intently too. The Sikh who had been out of it, having re-knotted and secured his hair, rushed back and dived onto the struggling heap of boys.

A couple of reinforcements from the opposing faction began their own separate battle, and soon the pavement outside the mosque was a struggling heap of small boys. The West Indian lady eased her bulk out from beside me, and waddled down the bus. It was probably her stop soon, I thought. It was impossible to distinguish the two sides, or even individual bodies from the mass of limbs and teeth. A small group of disinterested parties had collected, and were stamping their feet and clapping their hands in time to their chant of "scrap, scrap, scrap, scrap."

The steam brakes of the bus told us that its doors were open and then our fellow passenger, the West Indian lady, positively ran onto the scene, and began laying about her with her large and spiky umbrella! As if by magic the spectators dispersed and she was picking up the boys and shaking them like rag dolls berating strongly 'the ones that

slipped away.' She was obviously enraged, and had soon cleared the street, sending the leaders of the Muslim and Hindu sides on their ways with a resounding slap on each bottom, probably more shameful than their cuts and bruises which were at least gained from war.

The mosque door closed behind the Muslims and newspapers blew along the pavement. I could see a shoe half hidden under a cardboard box . . . but at that moment the steam brakes hissed, and the bus shook itself into life. Our West Indian lady squashed herself back into her old place, and jabbed her umbrella back into her shopping bag.

As she settled herself back into a comfortable position and folded her hands on her lap, all she said was "Fightin' in the streets! Disgustin!" A picture jumped to my mind of a regiment of her children, of varying sizes, but all dressed exactly alike, and of them marching in crocodile to school with Big Mama at their head twirling a drum majorette's stick and shouting orders. "My children would never be as disgraceful as them forriners! Fightin' in the street! Pooh! My Billy may be in prison but he's a good lad . . ." We gathered speed in the bus at the same rate as the West Indian lady chattered, and no more was said about the children's own religious war.

Sarah Rawling



A Holiday of a Lifetime

"Where are you going for your holiday then, Nicola?"

"Alaska."

"Alaska!"

Deadly silence.

This was the case every time someone asked me where I was going for the holidays - either people burst into fits of laughter, thinking that I was joking, or they remained silent, adding after a slight pause, "Oh that will be nice," but I could sense this sarcasm in their voices. Other people inquired about the weather. "Won't it be a bit cold?" and I did wonder myself what the weather would be like. So the whole

family ended up with taking ninety-nine percent winter clothing (including coats, sweaters etc.) and one percent summer (a pair of shorts and a tee-shirt each) even though it was mid-August.

The plan for our week in Alaska was that we would sail down from Anchorage to Vancouver on the Island Princess cruise liner, stopping at Glacier Bay, Skagway and Ketchikan on the way.

So, after what seemed an age of waiting for our holiday to begin, we arrived in Alaska. We spent a day looking around the city of Anchorage and then on the following day we boarded the ship.

After three days of sailing we arrived in Glacier Bay. So far the weather had been magnificent, and this particular day was no exception. The sun beamed down on the mountains of ice which were becoming more frequent as we moved further up the bay. The temperature was about 85°C and the whole family were wearing their only pair of shorts!

Glacier Bay is like the eighth wonder of the world. It is a huge stretch of water covering an approximate distance of sixty miles; this huge inlet is surrounded by mountains and glaciers, and on a sunny day the effect is breathtaking.

I myself on this beautiful day was lying in a lounge chair on the back deck with my face to the sun, admiring the view. Suddenly a message came over the loud speaker, it was the captain: "A group of killer whales have been sighted towards the bow of the ship."

"Whales!" I cried as I jumped up, grabbed hold of my Dad's arm and raced along the deck to the bridge where the captain was standing - equipped with binoculars and wearing his typically-English deerstalker hat.

Quite a crowd had gathered around the front deck of the ship, and they were all eagerly scanning the water to catch a glimpse of any whales. As I leaned against the rails of the ship, I began to quiver with excitement. I had always had a great fascination for whales, the gentle giants of the deep, and my one wish this holiday was to see one.

"There it is, there it is!" someone from the crowd shouted, and sure enough, quite a distance away from the ship a small black fin could be seen gliding along the surface of the water. My heart gave a sudden jump, I had seen a whale! I couldn't wait to write back to England now, telling everyone. But I had seen nothing yet.

As the whale didn't appear again, it seemed that the show was over. Slowly, the deck began to clear as people ambled back inside. A few keen whale-watchers stayed out, hoping to catch another glimpse of the whale if it surfaced again. I also stayed out on deck whilst my Mum and Dad returned to the back deck to resume their sunbathing.

Knowing that the whale must be somewhere, I scanned the water for any black specks which could locate the whale's dorsal fin. I couldn't really see far enough away, so I decided to return to my parents to ask if I could borrow the binoculars.

The stern deck was practically deserted. "I expect everyone's inside playing stupid bingo," I muttered to myself. How anyone could play bingo (which, I add, could be played practically anywhere in England) while the magnificent Alaskan scenery was just being ignored, I really didn't know. There wasn't much point in coming on a holiday like this if you sat inside all day. I'm sure there were some people on the boat who didn't venture out onto the deck even once during the entire week.

Both my Mum and Dad returned with me to look for any whales, and I took with me my camera and binoculars, just in case. We had quite a shock when we arrived at the front deck: a massive group of people were standing by the railings looking out to sea. There were so many cries of 'oohs' and 'ahs', you would have thought it was a fire display. I ran up to the crowd and desperately tried to squeeze through. I eventually made it to the front, and what a sight met my eyes. There, only a few metres away from the ship, swam a group of about ten killer whales. I could hardly breathe, I felt on such a high as I watched the magnificent creatures ride with such ease over the water. I pinched my hand to check that I wasn't dreaming, no, I was awake alright. I glanced across

to look at my Dad who was standing a few metres away from me.

"Nicki!" he cried, "the captain is allowing any youngsters to go and stand on the bridge so that you can have a clearer view of the whales."

I rushed down the steps to the bridge, where a member of staff was standing by the gate ready to admit any children. From the bridge I had a perfect view of the whales. All the ship's officers were now moving out onto the deck while the ship's controls were put on automatic. I heard many of them comment that they had never seen anything like it before - to see so many whales together, and so close to the boat.

Everyone's cameras were clicking away and I'm sure the ship's shop sold a good deal of films that day.

By now, the whales were slowly moving off into the distance and the crowds were dying away. Even when the whales were completely out of sight, I stayed out on deck looking out over the water. I wouldn't be able to go back to reading my book now, I was too overwhelmed.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the Columbia Glacier, one of the most splendid glaciers in Alaska. The effect of the sun beaming down onto the face of the huge mass of ice was dazzling. Surrounding the foot of the glacier were tiny pieces of ice that had broken off from the main clump. The captain, who was standing out on deck as we were approaching the glacier, asked us if we could see the seals. Seals! I thought, what seals? The captain, seeing the puzzled look on everyone's faces, then explained that the tiny black dots that could just be seen on top of the pieces of ice were in fact seals. "I bet you can't guess how far we are from the foot of the glacier at the moment?" the captain asked, grinning. Shouts went up from the people: "a mile!"

"Two miles!"

"Eight hundred metres!" Personally, I agreed with the latter guess as it looked as though soon, I would be able to reach out and touch the glacier with my hands. The captain stood with his hands clasped behind his back laughing, "No, you're all wrong. We are five miles away from the foot of the glacier but the

ice makes it appear a great deal closer than it actually is." A gasp went up from the crowd.

As the ship slowly moved forward, towards the glacier, I was able to make out the familiar shape of the seals, as they lay basking in the sun. Sometimes, they would slide off the ice into the water for a quick dip and gaze up at you as they bobbed up and down. Their cute little faces were so appealing and I wondered how anyone could kill these beautiful creatures for fur, or indeed anything else. As I gazed up at the glacier and its ice formation, I found it hard to imagine that once, ice had covered the whole valley we had just sailed through, as the glacier was retreating very quickly - six miles in twenty years, to be precise.

Later that day, I looked back on all the things I had seen and done. I had seen so many things in one day that most people would never see in their entire lives. It was a fantastic feeling.

The next day, my Mum and I were relaxing on the deck, enjoying the sun. One boy, who was sitting near us, was wearing a tee-shirt with a giant killer whale printed on it. My Mum leaned over to him and asked whether he had bought the tee-shirt after seeing the whales the day before. The boy shook his head, "I didn't see the whales." I had not been paying much attention to the conversation as I was engrossed in a book, but when I heard that he hadn't seen the whales, I looked at him in astonishment. "What were you doing?" I asked, for I thought that everyone must have seen the whales because they had been there for such a long time, and the captain had announced their appearance over the loud speaker. "I was playing shuffleboard out on deck!" he answered. I flopped back into my chair and sighed. Some people amazed me. How anyone could stand there playing shuffleboard when a group of eleven killer whales were in view, I really don't know! The boy's parents were probably the ones inside, playing bingo. He certainly took after them if they were!

Nicola Allen



A True Story

On August the 7th, 1985, my life changed forever. As a child of ten my whole world and outlook on life was thrown into turmoil. I felt completely alone in a world of evil and pain. August the 7th turned out to be the longest day in my life.

I awoke late, on that bright, sunny morning, eagerly looking forward to the first day of my Summer Holidays. Daddy was taking me to the ice-cream parlour for a treat. I put on my favourite dress, bold yellow and white stripes with a dropped waist, and went in to wake up Daddy. He wasn't feeling too well, so we decided that we would eat lunch at home and go to the ice-cream parlour in the afternoon.

I took off my dress, so it wouldn't get dirty, and put on my shorts and a T-shirt. I made some tea and toast and took it in for Daddy, along with two paracetamol. He had a slight temperature.

After making my bed I set about getting lunch ready. I had become a competent little house wife over the last five months. This wasn't through choice. My mother had had to leave Uganda to go and look after my sister, Anna, in England, who had cancer. It had been difficult for all of us but we managed. Everyday I cooked, cleaned and went to school and everyday Daddy worked until the early evening. In the evenings we would either listen to music and read or go out to "La Bella", the local gathering spot, where we would have supper and catch up with our friends. It was tough but whenever we felt weak, we would remind ourselves that we had to be strong for Anna and the rest of the family. The frequent phone calls, letters and messages from my Mother also helped us cope with our lonely lives.

As I stood at the kitchen sink peeling potatoes, while blissfully day-dreaming of the ice-cream parlour, I was suddenly brought back to earth. Marching along the road in front of our flat was a continuous stream of soldiers. I stared, spell bound for five minutes, unable to believe what I saw. A row of soldiers, five men across, marching in combat gear with machine guns slung over their shoulders, were walking down the street! I felt a cold hand squeeze the blood out of my heart, pure terror blazed through my veins. What was happening? Why were there so many soldiers? The questions rushed into my mind so fast I couldn't even consider answering one of them. I ran to Daddy's bedroom. He was gone. They had come to get him. Panic engulfed me. I walked to the sitting room, propelling myself forward by pushing against the wall. As I entered the sitting room, all the fear that had just filled my whole soul, flowed away as my gaze fell on Daddy. He was sitting in his pyjamas in his favourite chair, trying to tune in the radio. My relief at seeing him was so intense that I just stood there and didn't say a word about the soldiers. The room was deathly silent except for the quiet hum from the radio. Suddenly Daddy tuned into the local station. The D.J. was interrupted by a "Public Announcement."

"The Major General of the Ugandan Armed Forces would like to inform the people of Uganda that he and his men have overthrown the President."

My Father reached out and turned off the radio. I stared at him in disbelief. It was a mistake, it had to be. Things like this just didn't happen now, they happened before I

was born when our family had to run into exile in the '70s. We could run! But where? The borders and airports were closed. Even the roads out of town were blocked.

I started towards Daddy searching for answers but I stopped as quickly as I had started. My Father seemed to be trying to block it all out, trying to force all his fears and memories of the past into the back of his mind. The effort broke him, he became dazed and disorientated. It was then I realised that I must be as strong as I could and do all I could for him.

A blast of gun fire broke into my thoughts, reminding me of what was happening. I went around the flat locking all the doors and pulling the curtains over the windows without netting. Then I went back to the potatoes.

As they boiled, I put the water on to make some flasks of tea for Daddy. I prepared the tomatoes and sausages for grilling and then I took the peas into the sitting room, so I could keep Daddy company. As I sat and shelled the peas I watched him. He sat on the settee in his pyjamas and started into the distance, not saying a word. I couldn't stand seeing him so lost. I heard the water boil and returned to the kitchen gladly. I stayed there until I had finished preparing the meal completely. Carefully I carried Daddy's meal out on a tray and placed it in front of him, along with a cup of tea and two more paracetamol. We sat and ate in silence.

I began to get more worried about him when he began to shiver and sweat. I decided I must go up stairs to see George who was a doctor. The flats we lived in had an odd structure. Two blocks of four joined together by an open stair case. I realised that going outside, in full view to all, was a stupid thing to do but I was so worried about my Father that I had to.

I opened the door slowly and checked if my way was clear. Then I sank to my hands and knees and scuttled up the first flight of stairs. As I reached the second I decided to slide up the stairs, just to be on the safe side.

"Sarah! Sarah! Let me in. It's me, Miriam. I've come to see George. Let me in."

The door opened a crack and the scared face of Sarah, the house girl, peeped through. She smiled in relief and quickly pulled me in.

"Where's George? I need to see him, Daddy is ill."

"He is hiding in the bedroom."

I walked along the corridor to his bedroom and gently tapped on the door.

"George, it's me. Miriam. Can I come in?"

There was no answer. I slowly opened the door and looked in. Opposite me there was a cupboard with a full-length mirror. I could see George squashed against the wall behind the door, a look of terror on his face.

"It's all right. It's only me, George. You can come out. And anyway, I can see you."

He came out and took a huge gulp from a large glass of whisky which was on the bedside table. He had drunk almost the whole bottle but he didn't seem to be affected at all!

"George, what's the matter? Where's Margrette and the children? Where are they?"

"In town."

"In town! But the fighting. When did they go? Didn't they see the soldiers?"

"They left early this morning to go to the dentist. I haven't see them since. Look, it's almost two o'clock! They left at eight-thirty."

He began to pace around the room, lost in his own thoughts, the fear keeping the alcohol at bay. As my eyes wandered around the room, I noticed the bed was covered in pictures and documents, all of which had been ripped too.

"George, why did you do this? Won't you need them?"

"No-one must know who we are! I am one of the President's cousins. They may kill Margrette and the children if they find these. I have to destroy them!"

With that, he sat down and began to rip up the papers as if he was possessed. I left him to it, knowing that he was too stressed to deal with someone else's problems, let alone his own.

I crawled down one flight of stairs to "Danny's Place." Danny Obote was the overthrown President's half-brother. We had seen him run off in his pyjamas earlier on. I knocked on the door and went through the process of identifying myself. The only people left in the house were the house boys, Martin and James, although you couldn't really call them house boys because firstly they had been treated, until now, as one of the family and secondly Martin was about twenty five and James was pushing fifty!

We sat on the floor for a short while and talked. I asked Martin, who was a close friend of mine, where the "Dannies" had gone. He said that he had no idea and they had told him it would "be better if he didn't know for his own safety." I asked him what I should do about "Engineer Aguma," my Father, and he told me to just let him rest. As I stood to leave he gave me a word of warning.

"When you open the doors either stand right inside or duck down."

When I asked why he told me that he had stood in front of the door and a soldier in a mango tree across from the flats had shot at him. The bullet had just grazed his shirt!

I left saying I might be back and began my painful journey down to our flat.

We sat in the sitting room in silence although you couldn't really call it silence. There was gunfire going on all around us. I couldn't understand why, though. We lived in a residential area, almost half an hour away from the city centre. I asked my Father why.

"We are in the centre of three important targets. The post office, the television station and the radio station. They will fight for these places first so they control all the national and international communications."

This long speech seemed to have completely exhausted him and his eyes slid shut. I roamed around the house wondering what to do.

As I came back into the sitting room my attention was brought to the veranda. As I stood at the window I saw a big, black limousine, with a large Kenyan flag hanging from one of the windows, draw up in the car park. The driver began to beep the horn, the noise could barely be heard above the gunfire. Suddenly George came running around the corner.

"What's happening? Where are you going?" I shouted.

"The Kenyan Embassy are going to fly us out. I can't stop. We must go. I'm sorry."

With that he hustled Margrette and the children, who had finally returned from town, up to the limousine. All the embassies were flying their people out secretly. Margrette worked for the Kenyan Embassy and was also Kenyan. The unfairness struck me like a hand across my face. Why couldn't we go? Didn't anyone care? I sank down on the floor and cried.

After a while I realised that I hadn't seen Sarah leave with George. I quickly wrote a note for Daddy, who was still asleep, and began my snake-like ascent to their flat. When I reached the door, I knocked. This was rather difficult as I was still lying down, I wasn't going to risk being shot at! There was no reply so I slithered down to "Danny's Place." After several minutes of knocking and persuasion they opened the door. They had been afraid the soldiers looking for George had taken me and were using me to gain entry so they could search for him. Once in I asked them what had happened to Sarah.

"Nothing. She was told to stay here with us. She is in the toilet."

When she came out I asked her if she would rather come down and stay with us as I thought it wrong that a young girl should be alone with two grown men. She hurriedly agreed. I think she was rather afraid of them both! After talking for a short while we slid back to my flat.

Daddy was awake again by the time we returned. I told him what had happened and he agreed it would be better if Sarah stayed with us. It was almost six o'clock by now. Daddy turned on the radio to see if there was any news. There was. The voice told us that the fighting was thought to go on throughout the night and that we were advised not to go out or turn on any lights. We decided that we had better make some sandwiches and some more tea while we could still see to do it. Sarah and I set to it while Daddy had another sleep.

As the sun set we prepared ourselves for a long night. We bolted the door and pushed a chair across it, just in case. Sarah and I brought the food into the sitting room and placed it on the coffee table. Once that was done we collected a couple of blankets each and settled down on the floor.

We didn't talk much, just listened to the gunfire, magnified by the darkness. Daddy lay on the settee staring off into the distance, probably remembering the past - the sudden need to flee his country fifteen years previously. The pain and danger his whole family had faced. The thought of maybe having to do it again but with a young child and without the support of a wife and son. All these thoughts came into my mind as well. All the stories of the past slowly coming true. Would we live through this? If we

managed to escape, where would we go? We couldn't just fly back to England, we couldn't get hold of any money until we could go to a bank. What would happen if the soldiers came and got us? Would I ever see Mummy again ...?

"Right it's ten o'clock. Let's go to bed."

My Father's voice brought me back to the present. We began to gather up our things and head towards the bedroom when we were interrupted by a shaky voice.

"Where shall I sleep?"

"Oh, you can sleep in my bedroom, across from us. I'll sleep with Daddy."

I showed her where to go and then went to settle down. As I stared out the window I could see bright lights, a bit like mini fireworks, flash across the sky. It suddenly dawned on me that they were bullets flying through the sky. A sudden scream pierced my thoughts. I flew from the bed, panic charging through me. Had Sarah been shot? Was there someone in the house? As I entered my room I found Sarah huddled up at the end of the bed, shaking and making small whimpering sounds.

"What's the matter? Are you hurt?"

"A bullet." She moaned.

"Where? Where did it go?"

"Past the window. The whole window bent inwards."

She began to cry uncontrollably and she clung to me as if I were her life source.

"Come on, get up. You can come and sleep with us. o.k.?"

She nodded and we slowly walked over to the other room.

"Daddy? Daddy, Sarah was scared. She is coming to sleep with us. You can go back to sleep now. Allright? Goodnight."

As I lay there, my Father gently snoring on one side, Sarah, still shaking, on the other, I realised this was only the beginning . . .

Miriam Aguma



Letter from St. Andrews. 1907

My Dear Elves, -

You have always been a more or less sporting body, and have lately taken an interest in golf - if only indirectly - namely, by playing hockey on antique links! So I thought you might like to hear my experiences of the Amateur Golf Championship Competition. I was present at the most exciting part of it - at the end of the semi-finals and nearly half the final round.

The New Cricket Pitch. 1907

We have been enabled, by a kind gift of £10 10s. from Canon Wilson, to level a part of our hockey field, and so gain a nice cricket pitch which we needed badly.

Letter from an Old Girl

I have been asked to give some of my experiences in Petrograd.

After the Revolution in March 1917, things got steadily worse, especially as regards the food question. Then on October 23rd of that same year we woke up to hear that the Bolsheviks had seized the reins of Government and that Kerensky, the head of the Socialist, but not Bolshevik Government, in whom most people had believed so profoundly, had disappeared. We had one day of disorder, and that not all over the town, and ruthless shooting down of the upholders of the former Government, and then to all appearances things settled down as usual. But every day the aim of the Bolsheviks became more apparent, which was to get rid altogether of the aristocracy and "Intelligentsia" or educated classes.

Letter from India

*S. Elizabeth's Hospital,
Karnal, Punjab,
May 30th, 1907.*

My Dear Girls, -

I was very pleased to get your joint letter and will try and answer your questions.

First of all, S. Elphin's Cot has got no name board yet. Will one of you (it must be one who draws very nicely) make a name board and ship it out to us?





South Africa is a beautiful country of variety and contrast. The mix of race and language and the different creeds and colours are a source of amazing potential yet at the same time, conflict. I have spent most of my childhood in South Africa, the country everybody condemns and gets into violent arguments about. But surely this is a purely emotional response. When people shout for action do they really know what they are shouting about? Do they have any idea what they are shouting for? Whose rights do they want to protect?

Have they ever seen the black and white man working side by side together, sweating together?

Have they heard the easy flow of conversation between blacks and whites with common interests and views? Have they ever seen the women of both races going shopping and gossiping together? Have they ever seen the black and white hands of the children clasped together in friendship? No, what have they actually seen?

They have seen the television documentaries of the prisoners in Pretoria on death row, the pictures on the news of black and white beaches, a black woman crying because her son has just been sentenced to life imprisonment by an all white court. A toddler taking his first steps in a disease ridden, dirty neighbourhood he is forced to call home. Yes, the people have seen all of these and much more. These are a reality, they cannot be denied or ignored.

Another reality people rarely see are the houses of the white people, every window fitted with burglar bars, every door equipped with three or four locks and safety chains. Every house has a vicious guard dog, trained to kill. The houses have high walls and strong gates, which are locked every night with padlocks and chains. Every house and car are fitted with complicated foolproof burglar alarms. But are they foolproof? You constantly hear about the assault, rape or murder of some innocent schoolgirl or helpless old age

pensioner. I'm not condemning this more than I would in any other society, after all there are twenty million blacks and only four million whites, more crimes are bound to be committed by the majority. Knowing this, however, doesn't stop you from feeling afraid.

A direct result of this fear is the white community remaining in isolation. There is ignorance concerning the extent of injustice surrounding them. South Africa is a vast place and people are only aware of what is going on in the neighbouring suburbs.

White families employ one, sometimes two maids and a gardener. The employees living in adjoining flats. Their children are often educated by the employers. Bonuses are frequently given, holidays are booked and plans made together. This, however, does not solve anything; it is merely evading a problem which is crying out to be solved. Blacks should be able to pay for their own holidays and educate their children in a school of their choice, which at the moment they cannot do because of apartheid. Blacks don't need charity. They need help.

South Africa's problem is a complicated one. Say the black followed Zimbabwe's example and became a country governed by blacks, which tribe would rule? This may seem a trivial problem but let me clarify things a bit. The blacks of Southern Africa are divided by custom social system and language into a number of groups. The Zulus are by far the largest tribe, consisting of about five million blacks. The Xhosa, Swazi, Sotho, Tswana, Ndebele, Wenda and Lemba are just a few of the many smaller tribes scattered around the plains of Southern Africa, each with its own separate language or dialect and different customs.

Then also to be taken into consideration are the three million coloureds and one million Asians, a large community of Indians and Chinese which have settled in South Africa. They too have views and opinions which cannot be ignored.

The list of problems to be faced before South Africa can become a safer, juster place where people can live together in peace is endless. Changes have already begun. Perhaps the most significant is the release of A.N.C. leader Nelson Mandela after twenty-seven years of imprisonment. The legalizing of the A.N.C. is also another step in the right direction. The ban on newspaper restrictions has been lifted and more importantly apartheid has begun to be

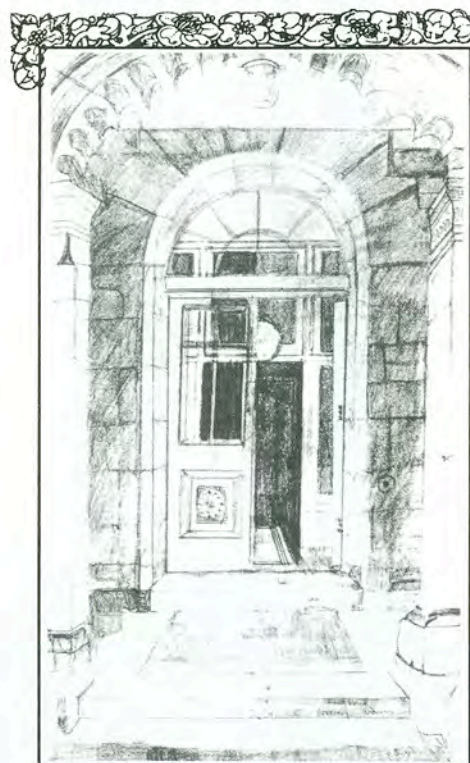
broken down. Many public places such as beaches which were before closed to blacks are now open to everybody, whatever their colour may be.

The President of South Africa, F.W. de Klerk, has lately made some very controversial decisions like the legalizing of the A.N.C. which have put him under much criticism from many of the members of the Southern African parliament, especially the radical right wingers who have vowed to fight F.W. de Klerk and his supporters tooth and nail.

Although changes have been made there is still a very long and rough journey ahead to be faced by the citizens of South Africa. And in the eyes of many people the long struggle for human rights will only be ended when the policy of one man, one vote comes into power.

Personally I still believe that South Africa will one day be a safer place to live in, where people can come and enjoy its beauty. Now that the ban of news coverage has been lifted, people can see more of South Africa's policies on their television screens and in their newspapers. Maybe now they will be able to see the many difficulties South Africa faces and appreciate the great strides it has so far made.

Karen N. McNally



by C. Watt

Fifth Form Visit to a Magistrates' Court

Early this year, U5A attended a Magistrates' Court sitting as part of a GCSE study they were carrying out on Crime. Below are a few extracts from reports written by Nicola Allen, Rachel Amner and Sarah Rawling:

The Educational Value of Trips to Court

Everyone in the country should know what happens in a court of law which, after all, is there to protect them. A trip to court not only provides students with first-hand information about the procedure and the legal system, but also will hopefully deter them from committing a crime as they see how others suffer from their actions.

Sarah Rawling

Commentary on Cases

The second case, involving a fight in an Hotel, was totally different. Although the accused in both the first two cases were the same age, they had differing backgrounds. The first two lads were studying for A levels, and what you would term 'decent' lads. The boy in the second case, had left school to become a builder, had had convictions before, and instead of standing before the magistrates in a passive stance, as the others did, he strutted in with his face screwed up into a pugnacious and defiant glare. However, when he stood before the magistrates, he did take his hands out of his pockets and straighten his slouch. Also, incongruous to his appearance and manner, when the clerk asked him if he had anything to say, he muttered "I'm ashamed s'pose." So perhaps his bearing was a disguise, a defensive system to show that he wasn't scared. It was interesting to note that he had no parental support.

In case number 3 the man accused was middle aged, slightly overweight, and had had a nervous breakdown. Now, he was nervous,

he fidgetted and bumbled all the way through the proceedings; fumbling with his coat lapel as he stood before the magistrates, without a lawyer. Another salient point which told me a lot about his character, was when his case was over, his frail, elderly mother in a little pink hat, came tottering up to meet him and although he was twice the size of her, he was totally under her thumb: meekly answering all her questions, as they left.

Case number 4. There was another drunk driver, who was also nervous, but more embarrassed, turning a brick red. He took up an embarrassed position, his eyes darting, and when he sat down, it was in a wary way - forward in his seat, and hands on knees which drew his body stiffly straight. I think that he was so uneasy because if the magistrates chose to take his license away, living in a rural area, it would be difficult to go to work.

Case number 5 was very dramatic. The doors were flung open, and flanked by six burly policemen, two men were 'frog marched' in. When they reached the accused seats, they stood resolutely, head straight, legs slightly apart as soldiers stand when shouted at to stand at ease, and with shoulders back. They clasped their hands behind their backs, both with left clasped over the right hand. It was like a well practised play.

As you can probably tell from what I have written in this section, at the court I was very interested in the human element and I was pleased to see that the court roused some sort of emotion from the guilty people, as it meant that the court was working and that there was still moral awareness - for that is all that holds today's society together, a sense of wrongness, for who can effectively argue that it is wrong to sin unless their audience has experienced what is commonly known as a conscience, something that irks you when you do something 'wrong'. So if there is still moral awareness and people feel nervous or embarrassed about being in court, then, only then, can

you mete out punishments to what society considers wrongdoers.

R. A.

Aims of Sentencing

Our present legal system manages to achieve the aims of sentencing on very few offenders and would-be offenders and it needs to be made more efficient in the hopes that more of the British public will be deterred from committing a crime. The death sentence should not be re-introduced, but magistrates should have greater sentencing powers and sentences should be publicized more. An alternative to prison should be found for petty criminals, for example, longer community service hours or tag-bracelets (which are being tried out in Manchester, Liverpool and London from the 13th February 1989 for a trial period). Pubs should run a minibus service for a small charge, or there should be a bus service which could take people nearer their homes without them having to drive. More checks for speeding and drink-driving should be set up, more Neighbourhood Watch schemes established and areas should be encouraged to create a community spirit and keep an eye on other people's property. Leaflets or booklets could be distributed with the local papers encouraging people not to invite crime and warning people of the effects of committing a crime.

Our society should be encouraged to befriend others and keep a neighbourly eye on others and their possessions. If this kind of operation and community spirit were to exist in Britain, the amount of crime would probably decrease.

S.R.

Advantages and Disadvantages of Britain's Legal System

From my point of view, the British Legal System seems to be a very efficient and organised scheme and I hope that it will continue to be so.

In recent years crime has been publicised more than ever both in the newspapers and on the television. This has made people more aware of the types of crimes that are committed in this country. A major problem in this country at the moment is the overcrowding of our prisons and this has led to a reduced number of prison sentences being passed. For example, in case no. 18, where the man was caught drinking and driving, perhaps if our prisons weren't so crowded he could have been sent to prison for a short period of time, as well as having his licence removed for eighteen months.

N.A.

My Personal Response to the Morning's Events

When the Prosecution set out the basic facts of the assault cases I was horrified that the vicious assaults had been taking place five minutes away from school when I was tucked up in bed! Having heard of the brutality in some cases from my mother, a magistrate, I was not as shocked as some people, but shocked all the same! It also gave an insight into the darker side of human nature and I spent a long time trying to work out the psychology of it afterwards.

S.R.

Education

I think that trips such as our trip to Matlock Magistrates' Court should be made by every school because it provides an insight into the British legal system. I found our trip very enjoyable and interesting.

N.A.



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Greece and All That

The highlight of the year for the Classics Department was our tour of Greece, an inevitable sequel to our two previous visits to Italy, and it proved even more successful. I am still amazed at how much we managed to see and do in a mere eight days - all that it took me previously a month or more to do under my own steam. This was largely thanks to our excellent courier and coach driver for whom nothing seemed impossible.

What a great relief it was for me as the person in charge to be free from the hordes of Italian Romeos that pursued us through Italy and, in spite of the hotel being situated in the "Red Light" district, for us to be able to walk through the streets of Athens unmolested.

There are so many memories I shall cherish. After a year of intensive study of Greek tragedy and comedy with the sixth form, it was a great thrill to sit in the theatre of Epidauros bathed in the early morning sunlight and likewise in the theatre of Dionysos at Athens where the plays of Sophocles and Aristophanes were first performed.

We were lucky to have Tirys almost to ourselves and the more adventurous investigated the numerous tunnels and water cisterns beneath the vast Cyclopean walls.

The National Archaeological Museum at Athens has so many wonderful treasures you could spend days exploring it. I was particularly excited by the temporary display of remains from Atroteri, a recently excavated Minuan town on the island of Thera buried by a volcanic eruption about 1500BC. I had read so much about it and seen numerous photographs but had never expected to be able to see the beautiful wall paintings and pottery in such a perfect condition.

The white marble silhouette of the Temple of Sounion against the deep blue sea and sky captivated us as it did Lord Byron. I'm afraid we failed to find his graffiti which the guide books told us was there.

By the time of our return to England we were all in need of a good rest but the tour had been extremely worthwhile for the thirty two girls and four staff.

This term we visited York and the Archaeological Resource Centre, a new enterprise which aims to give visitors hands-on experience of sorting, handling and assessing archaeological remains. We were most impressed with the imaginative way it had been presented and particularly with the three man performance of Beowulf put on for our benefit. May I point out here that the visit was incident free and that the account that appears below is quite libellous!

The Upper IVs went on their customary archaeological trail to Roystone Grange and Arbor Low which must take us through some of the most beautiful countryside of Derbyshire. Again we were blessed with a beautiful day.

Several members of the Lower Sixth have attended meetings of the local archaeological society and two hope to follow this up by going on an actual dig. Archaeology is becoming increasingly popular. Claire White is currently reading a degree in it at Newcastle University and Siobhan Watts is about to embark on an M.A. after being awarded a Class II degree in Classics at Cambridge.

In the autumn we were treated to an account by Lucy Makinson and her friend of the horrors and indeed pleasures of travelling through the interior of Turkey in pursuit of Roman remains. Lucy is presently reading Greats at Oxford. We were amazed at the number of remains in almost pristine condition standing unvisited and un plundered in sharp contrast to those of Greece and Rome. The girls are now anxious for me to take a tour to Turkey but after Lucy's experiences with recalcitrant guards and complete lack of toilet facilities I feel my pioneering spirit is somewhat lacking.

As usual we entered the East Midlands Latin Reading Competition and continued our run of success. Laura Bennett gained first place in the Intermediate Section against considerable competition especially from the boys' schools.

We look forward to a full programme next year when we will be welcoming a third member of staff to the department, the Revd. Edwin Hunt. Little does he know what is in store for him with Latin à la William style on November 15th.

Patricia Miles



Our Holiday in Greece 1990

Monday, 26th March

At midday school was in chaos as a frantic Mrs. Miles was checking all 32 of us were present and that we had all remembered the right luggage. There was excitement in the atmosphere that what we had been waiting for, for so long, was actually happening to us now! We said unregretful goodbyes to family and friends and settled down into the comfortable coach on which we were to be travelling for about three weary hours down to Gatwick Airport.

When we at last arrived at Gatwick we realised that we had five hours until our plane was to depart, so we were three hours early!! However, this wasn't such a bad thing because we were allowed to check in ages before anyone else did, so we were spared the tiresome queues! We were let loose to wander around the airport shops and please ourselves and the time went fairly quickly. Having actually boarded the plane we were told much to our horror that there was an engine problem being sorted out and we didn't take off for yet another hour!

The plane journey dragged on for nearly four hours but we got a superb view of Athens by night. We arrived in Athens airport at 4 a.m., Greek time, and I can hardly remember what happened as we were all so tired - it seemed as if we were in a dream. After quickly collecting our luggage, we met Sue, our Cosmos guide and staff, our coach driver for the week and drove through the dark, unfamiliar streets to our hotel for the night. There, we fell into our beds at 5 a.m., too tired to even get undressed.

Tuesday, 27th March

Some of us woke up a few hours later, unable to sleep through the bustle and chaos in the streets below, but the lucky ones slept all morning, so we relaxed in the hotel or fought our way through the busy streets behind Mrs. Miles to get a first look at Athens.

Then, in the early afternoon, we had to repack our cases and were collected by Sue and Staff to head for Delphi. Between Sue's many interesting stories of Greek heroes and her terrible jokes, we stopped for a breather at an isolated place called "The Luidia Friendly Shop" which was rather ironic because the prices there were extremely unfriendly! We had to pay £1 just for a small glass of orange juice because there was no other place for miles so the thirsty ones had no choice!!

We drove over the many hills and at one time we were 3900 ft. high! Sue told us that Delphi was considered as the Centre of the World and that games were held every four years in honour of Apollo. Delphi, we found, was a picturesque village town, situated high up, nestled into the mountains. The little houses and shops were so quaint and we were allowed time to shop down the enchanting little streets before dinner, when we had settled into a little hotel (occupied by us only!)

Wednesday, 28th March

We were woken up at 7.30 a.m. by Mrs. Pearce hammering on the door, and dragged ourselves down to a continental breakfast. At 8.30 a.m., all our luggage had to be in the reception area and we then walked down to Delphi museum, which was extremely interesting. Some of the statues are in almost perfect condition! Then we spent an intriguing few hours wandering round the sanctuary of Apollo (the home of the Oracle), a large area, including many beautiful temples, a theatre and a stadium. The atmosphere there was so inspiring that you could almost feel the presence of the gods themselves. The view was magnificent, as we were about 2100 ft. high. We even purified ourselves at the Spring of the Castilian Gorge, as the Greeks did long ago.

Luckily we missed the 20 odd coach loads of rowdy tourists which arrived as we were leaving but certainly for most of us, Delphi was our favourite place.

The next stop was Olympia but on the way we stopped off at Colovino beach for lunch and a dip in the sparkling sea. Three of our members managed to step on sea urchins while paddling, so were hobbling around for the rest of the week. We also passed through the largest olive grove in Greece, with over three million trees and Sue told us all about them, which was very interesting. Olives are a symbol of Apollo.

Then we took a cold and windy journey by ferry over to Parras and the peloponnese but we didn't see any pipes masquerading as guns!

At Olympia we were advised to stop in at night as the place had a rather bad reputation. It was a very raucous town, quite dirty and the people weren't as friendly as at Delphi! However, staying in didn't stop us from having fun! Georgina Glover tried to lure some English boys by dropping her brace from the window onto the top of the hotel's awnings but her efforts weren't entirely in vain for after three hotel staff had retrieved the brace, we had made quite a few friends among them. By the end of the evening we had done quite a lot for International Relations with members of the opposite sex from Italy, France, Germany, Greece. . . .

Thursday, 29th March

The Olympian archaeological site, which we visited in the morning was not as inspiring as Delphi. It was difficult to visualise what the ruins used to be like. However, we did have a laugh running for England in the Stadium there. Alex Mayland received a golden apple (a plastic orange football) which fell out of the sky and landed at her feet as she was admiring the Temple of Zeus. Now she likes to think that she is highly favoured by the gods!



We then continued on a stomach churning journey over the beautiful mountains along hair pin bended roads, towards Palio Epidauros, a picturesque harbour town. There we spent a relaxing evening, some of us sampling Greek coffee and Greek cakes.

Friday 30th March

We visited the stadium, theatre, sanctuary and museum of Epidauros which were all very interesting, especially the magnificent theatre. It dates from the 3rd Century B.C. and seats about 14,000 people! It is in almost perfect condition! The acoustics were incredible for when some of us dropped coins in the centre, the sound could be heard right up to the seats at the very top, some 115 steps up.

It was quite funny because a French tourist was performing and he droned on for ages. When he finally "put a lid on it", Mrs. Outram entertained us with an extract from the "Taming of the Shrew" so we got our own back!

We also stopped off at Tiryns and Mycenae, both prehistoric sites from the time of Agamemnon. We explored the underground passages of Tiryns and the tombs of Mycenae, where we re-enacted the death of Agamemnon.

More stories from Sue, together with more bad jokes, followed, as we made our way down to the gulf and the Corinth Canal. Unfortunately, no ships obliged us by passing underneath the rather shaky road bridge which we stood on.

You really can't appreciate the magnificance of the sheer drop and narrowness of the canal, unless you are actually standing there. There is a sheer drop of 200 ft. from the bridge to the canal and the canal is only 27 yards wide. The cliff sides are absolutely vertical! Some of us had a feeling of vertigo as we looked down!

Then it was back to Athens for the last three nights, to the same hotel with the rowdy French and their harassed leader - the John Cleese look-a-like!! The meals at this hotel were very un-exciting and consisted of oranges for

pudding every night! By the end of the holiday, we couldn't face another orange!! However, the good looking waiters made up for this!

Saturday 31st March

Today, we battled through the lively streets of Athens to the Acropolis, which we can see from our hotel. At night it looks gorgeous, lit up with red flood lights. We saw the huge Parthenon which unfortunately had a lot of scaffolding around it; and many other beautiful remains. It was, although very cold and windy, quite spectacular and the view over the entire City of Athens was absolutely incredible. We felt almost on top of the world!

We also went to the National Archaeological Museum which was extremely interesting. One statue that was amazing, was one of Poseidon throwing a thunderbolt, and the fascinating thing is, he is completely balanced on the toes of one foot and the heel of the other and it is completely made of bronze.

Then, we went on the world's greatest shopping experience through the chaotic streets of the Plaka, a vast market, and we spent all afternoon in small groups, hunting for bargains. By the end of the day, our feet were sore, we were quite tired and our pockets were less full.

Sunday, 1st April

Today was the day we were all especially looking forward to. A relaxing cruise round the islands of Poros, Hydra and Aegina on board a large luxurious cruiser called the "Aegean Glory". Attired for sunbathing, we were cheated by the gods, for the weather was gloomy, cold and extremely windy on the swift cruiser. However, it was extremely enjoyable for the food and drinks were nice, the service good and we were even entertained with Greek dancing.

Some of us joined in with the bingo, which was a good laugh. We were given an hour each time to explore the quaint little islands and it was a very relaxing, enjoyable day.

Monday 2nd April

We spent our last morning at Cape Sounion where the elegant, pure white marble Temple of Poseidon was silhouetted against the brilliant blue sky. Fortunately, to Mrs. Miles' relief, no-one tried to throw herself off the steep cliff into the sea many feet below, as Aegeus did long ago.

Then, as our last meal, we treated ourselves to proper Greek food at a traditional Greek taverna on the harbour front at the port of Piraeus. This special meal was the most delicious of the whole holiday for to start with, we had a wide variety of hors d'oeuvres, which consisted of: warm, fresh, crusty bread to have with a selection of dips - crab dip, garlic dip, tuna and mayonnaise dip and also fried squid, butter beans in a sauce and stuffed vine leaves. Most of us were full up before we even started on the main course, which was fresh fish of the day - red snapper, an extremely tasty fish! Then last, but by no means least, came the pudding. We devoured a fantastic chocolate soufflé, which beats oranges any day (even juicy ones!) It was certainly a brilliant way to end an excellent holiday and we would like to thank all the staff who arranged the holiday to make it so enjoyable for us. Also, we'd like to give a special thanks to Mrs. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Outram for putting up with us for eight whole days.

Rachel Cooper, Jill Whitten and Laura Bennett

Invasion of York

Ecstatic to be out of school, the L5 ambushed York in the footsteps of the Romans who had done so hundreds of years previously. Being wildly interested in all things classical the enthusiastic girls tripping happily along the Roman walls trying to avoid Swedish sightseers and numerous chickens. Apologies to all tourists who "fell off" the wall that day!

After a swift march in Roman disciplinary style led by our gallant leader Mrs. Miles, we reached the Jorvik Viking centre, having lost several of our number in the Swedish War. (Note to all worried parents. We eventually ransomed them with the help of our delicious packed lunches which we unwillingly gave up to lob at our Nordic enemies. Of course they were unable to withstand such power and surrendered with cries of "No more!")

The victorious but hungry girls quickly lost all pangs of hunger upon entering the time warp and smelling the aroma of Viking life. Having passed through many viking huts we felt strangely at home and realised that the housing conditions were not as different as we had thought from those of St. Elphin's. On leaving the centre, girls were given the opportunity to stamp a viking coin for a mere 50p. But having been brought up in the close vicinity of Colonel K. for the past few years the majority kept to their good breeding and clung tightly to their purses.

The brave crusaders were then granted the one in a million chance to amble in small groups through the streets of York and sample the wondrous sights of "Fudge Kitchen" and "Bettys" on the condition that we arrived punctually at the Archaeological Resource Centre.

With the aid of our superbly designed maps everybody got lost with the exception of our leader Mrs. Miles and her contemporaries. Eventually, however, the weary girls were accounted for and we entered the converted church only a little bit late. We were then subjected to a short slide show and led on to a room full of precious archaeological finds and let loose to sort them. In a record breaking five seconds with no help from leaders the items were sorted, bagged and labelled and the girls moved on to more challenging things - the intricate computer system. Thanks to Mrs. Ainscough's superb training we were all only slightly baffled by the complexity of the machines and only four were broken by the end of the day. Damages were successfully camouflaged by our A.T.C. experts and Mrs. Miles's well stocked first-aid kit.

The enthusiastic girls then hurried outside for an excellent production of the Viking tale "Beowulf" performed by a cast of only three. This was much enjoyed by all and the audience participation was of a high standard. At the end of the visit, armed with spades, recently acquired knowledge and ambition the girls left to dig up Barclays Bank.

One feels it necessary at this point to illustrate a small act of hypocrisy - Having been ordered on pain of death by our teachers to arrive at the bus on time and handicapped once more with the useful map the ever punctual girls would like you all to know that not one of the teachers was present at the said time.

Although this may seem otherwise, we all enjoyed ourselves very much and would like to thank all involved for a really really great day. Apologies to those who may be offended, especially those of Swedish breeding.

*Danielle Boon, Sarah Strivens,
Sarah Chambers, Nicola Hammond, Claire Welberry*



Measles

(with apologies to "Haiawatha")

You shall hear how germs of Measles,
How the cruel spotted Measles,
Came into the school called Elphin's
Came and seized on many a victim,
Made them cough and gave them headaches,
Made them spotty, red all over.

In the winter, in the snow time,
When the nights are long and stormy,
And the days are dull and dreary,
All the girls came to St. Elphin's;
Came back to that place of learning,
Full of joy and full of laughter.
With them came the old Germ Measle
Grim and gloomy, full of hatred,
Laid his talons on two young ones,
Downstairs to the San. he sent them.
Then he seized on many others
Till the San. was overflowing,
Full of weak and suffering mortals.
Still the bad germ had no mercy,
Went on with his wicked purpose,
Till the Wing was crammed with people
Packed like herrings in a barrel.
Not content with six and forty,
Even mistresses he grabbed at,
Clutched two in red-hot fingers.
Oh, how hot and red they all were,
Covered quite with crimson blotches!
Only fed with milk and Benger's
(Oh, the unsubstantial Benger's),
Only that and cod and medicine.
How they longed for ice and dainties,
And the brown and juicy sausage;
Sausages instead of Benger's!
Daily while the measles lasted,
Stood a queue outside the bathroom,
Like the queue at Sunday fruit time,
Waiting there to be inspected,
Collars off and ties all waving.
Then the suspects, pale and trembling,
Sat there till their "temps" were taken,
Till their fates were quite decided
And the grim old Measles claimed them.

After three long weeks of torture
Back they came to school once more,
Dwelt in Seven for a season
Till their trembling legs grew stronger,
Till their failing sight was strengthened,
Quite restored to health and vigour,
Then returned to work again.
Even then the bad old Measle
Had revenge on all his victims,
Tore out all their hair in handfuls
Till they went about lamenting.

Thus the Measles came and ended.

A. and E. Hodgkinson.

S. Elphin's Domestic Difficulties, Winter Term, 1918

Good people all, of every form,
Give ear unto my song!
And as it is both brief and short
It can not keep you long.

I now will tell to all, the tale
Of this ill-omened Term,
When silently among the maids
There crept an evil germ.

Then forth we went to fill the breach,
And boldly every day
We sallied forth with brooms and pans
In glorious array.

The meals we laid with lightning speed,
The dining room we scrubbed,
We found how Orchard taps would shine,
If only they were rubbed.

And some of us were kitchen-maids,
And soon we learned the skill
Of drying saucers two at once
Without a break or spill.

At butter-pats we grew expert,
And found we quicker grew.
The cook enhanced the evening hours
With stories strange and true.

And still we waged the bitter war
Against the evil germ,
With dusters, brushes, brooms and pans,
Until the end of Term.

Lena Nicol



St. Elphin's School Work Experience June 18- 22 1990

Name	Employer	Type of work
Miriam Aguma	Whitworth Hospital	Physio/O.T./Nursing
Julia Allen	Birtley Engineering	Business management
Nicola Allen	Inkersall Green School	Handicapped children
Melissa Allsopp	Derbyshire Times Matlock	Journalism
Rachel Amner	Ralph Selby & Assoc.	Photography
Bernice Cheng	Peacock Hotel	Hotel management
Katharine Cox	W. & A. Glossop	Solicitors
Claire Dickinson	Robbins & Co.	Surveyors
Katie Else	Thorntons Plc.	Business management
Emily Gillson	Maynard Arms Hotel	Hotel management
Stephanie Goult	Simon Reeve	Veterinary surgeon
Sarah Gowers	David Lewis	Architect
Katie Horsfall	Birtley Engineering	Design Office
*Lucy Hudson	Mrs. C. M. Kirkwood	Art conservation
Jenny Kayes	Mrs. Linda Robbins	Public relations
*Sarah Lamb	Mrs. C. M./ Kirkwood	Art conservation
Sandy Law	Thorntons Plc.	Accounts
Donna Lester	Lockwood Freight	International goods handling
Karen McNally	Elliot Mather Smith	Solicitors
Catherine Malkinson	Walton Hospital	Occupational Therapy
Helen Ogley	Walton Hospital	Occupational Therapy
*Polly Phillpot	Mrs. C. M. Lockwood	Art conservation
*Claire Pritchard	Mrs. C. M. Lockwood	Art conservation
Karen Shopland	Thorntons Plc.	Business management
Sarah Tarbatt	Rolls Royce, Derby	Personnel Management
Susila Thubron	Scott Wilson Kirkpatrick	Civil Engineers
Claire Walker	Rolls Royce, Derby	Personnel Management

N.B. * = This placement for three days - June 18 - 20th.

(Laura-Jane Quick	Marks & Spencer	Retailing
		Sheffield one week in August)



Careers 1989-90

With a few notable exceptions, happenings in the careers department have been similar to last year's, so most of this report will concentrate on one theme - our Work Experience week.

But first the highlights, best of which must be the Young Enterprise group's success in the Derby Area Board competition. Guided by their two advisers from East Midlands Electricity, Ray Stephenson and Dennis Carrington, the 'Cheers' company did even better than 'Skribbles', last year, winning all three 'team' awards and three of the four individual awards. One is tempted to conclude that this simply reflects the advantages of independent over state education but this would not be just, as we were competing against Repton as well as several very keen groups from state schools. The success of 'Cheers' was due to the commitment of all the girls involved, and, at the Presentation Evening, to three public speaking performances of the very highest quality.

Another cause for rejoicing was the arrival of Sue Hargreaves as our Regional ISCO secretary for the new Central England region, now 'christened' CERISCO. Many girls have already benefited from Sue's great experience of giving individual advice and organising careers events. We are very lucky that she is based in Bakewell!

The 6th. Form General course was extended by the introduction of a seven-week series of talks and discussions on 'Understanding Industry' during the Easter term. This was a popular option which we plan to repeat next year.

Finally, Miss Crook, Miss Bower and I were very pleased to welcome Mrs. Spriggs as a member of the careers 'team'. We look forward to the next year, strengthened and invigorated!



And now



WE = Worried Evenings waiting for replies to my requests for help from employers; finding suitable placements for girls who tell me at the last minute that they want to take part; sorting out transport to Derbyshire villages cut off from the known world as far as the buses are concerned (solution - my car and those of very kind colleagues).

And for the girls

WE = Weary Eternity when you haven't enough to do; when so-called 'colleagues' don't speak to you (sadly it can happen); when you've just missed your bus because there is nothing at the bus station to tell you where to get on it.

WE = Worthwhile Education

'..... I had learned how to use a photocopying machine, a facsimile machine and a modern digital switchboard.'
'My project work for the week was writing articles for a user-friendly manual for the managers.'
'I now know how to copy technical diagrams onto a computer and fit them together using the CAD.'
'..... how to strip and make a bed, including the famous 'hospital corners,'
'.....you need to be part of the team...'
'I learned more about using my own camera...'
'I learned to notice the difference between sand and clay soils...'
'..... a project which made me use ordnance survey maps...'

WE = Wonderful Excitement for the lucky ones - and I'm not exaggerating. I quote from written and verbal reports:-

'I've been on a high all week'
'I really enjoyed my week would have liked to have stayed longer'
'You don't have to worry about the staff because they are just so nice;
'One of the best parts of the week was the visit to the shop floor to see all the engines being made'
'just relax and enjoy yourself because you couldn't find nicer solicitors anywhere'
'This was ... the most interesting, informative and wonderful day I have ever had'
'Everyone was so kind'
'I would like to go back for another week'
'I have had a great week'

WE = Welcome Entrants St. Elphin's girls get the bouquets

'We enjoyed having her'
'very open-minded and intelligent girl, interesting to be with'
'it was a pleasure to see her in the office'
'she is one of the best students we have ever had'

WE = Worth the Effort EVERY TIME !



Two weeks in Banking - Summer, 1989

After two very valuable weeks with Rolls Royce last summer, it seemed like a good idea to extend my own work experience during these long holidays. Thanks to Simon Maxwell-Scott, our former ISCO Regional Secretary, I made contact with the Midland Bank, and they arranged for me to spend one week based in the North Derbyshire and North Notts. Area Office, which is in Chesterfield, and one week at the Bank's Training Centre in Birmingham. (this involved the 7.14 a.m. train every morning - the only thing that I was glad to say goodbye to at the end of the week.)

I decided to look at banking for two main reasons:- first, I know from the careers literature that we receive from all the banks that this should be a good area in which to plan a career, with well-run training and career advancement programmes. Second, I had been told very categorically, (by an accountant) that banking is the most male chauvinist of the professions. I hoped that my time 'on the inside' would give me the chance to check the validity of both these ideas. Perhaps I should say now, in case any reader is rushing ahead to find a 'Sun' type exposé of dirty linen, that I found the first to be quite true, and the second to be equally false - although there was general agreement that the disappearance of male chauvinism is a recent development.

The one theme that seemed constant wherever I went was that of change. The Area Office where I spent the first week was about to be disbanded, with its branches shared out between Derby and Nottingham, so very few people knew where they would be in a few weeks. However, it did seem very likely that most of them would move to equivalent posts not too far from their homes. (One advantage of working for a bank is that they have branches all over the country, so although you may have to move for promotion or other reasons, you will probably not have to move very far. Also, if you are married and your husband's firm moves him, the Bank may well be able to move you in the same direction.)

Apart from this major upheaval, people's actual roles in the organisation are changing, too. I spent my first day with the Area Sales Manager (anyone who is old enough to have a bank account will know that all the banks are now into the business of selling their services). From him, I moved on to an Account Manager and was able to visit some of his clients with him (they agreed beforehand to my sitting in on their meetings). These two days made me very aware of how the traditional image of a bank manager is being updated. The man (or woman) in charge of each Branch is only one of a team, on an equal footing with many other professionals in the organisation, and this system is providing many more openings for ambitious girls. My third day was spent in a real Branch - in fact, Mike Gregory, the Manager of the Matlock Branch, who we know well at St. Elphin's because of his help with our Young Enterprise group, had kindly agreed to be my host. Here, as well as finding out how the Bank is run 'at the chalk face' (as we sometimes say in teaching), I was able to meet more of the people who have helped St. Elphin's girls on work experience placements.

Thursday and Friday were spent back in the area office. First I saw something of the more desk-bound side of banking, where most of the work is done on computers. I saw how applications for loans etc. are processed, and

how the Bank records details of the securities involved. My last morning was spent with the Sales Manager's assistant, Joan Melbourne, whose very varied job includes planning targets, monitoring progress and presenting the results to the relevant managers. In the afternoon I was with the Area Operations Manager who, as he explained to me, is responsible to everything that isn't actually banking - i.e. staff, (including discipline problems), buildings and planning. While I was there, we actually had a report of a serious problem in one of the Branches - of course it had to happen on a Friday afternoon. No chance to wind down to the weekend.

My second week, - in Birmingham - filled in the background to much that I had seen in week one. I learned how training is planned and delivered, using a variety of resources from the traditional classroom to the latest interactive video. (This is where a computer program includes filmed sequences, some giving examples of the points being taught, others being testing material about which the student is asked questions - for example I was asked to indicate when I thought the interviewer had asked a good question, by pressing a certain key. At the end of the section I was told which of my choices had been right, and **why** my mistakes were wrong.)

The Bank provides training for employees at all levels, and there is also a package for 'self directed learning' which everyone is encouraged to use. You choose your own topics, and teaching materials include video and audio tapes as well as books etc..

To go into top management you will have to pass the banking exams, but there are plenty of good careers that are open to everyone. Your choice, your personality and your own ambition will be the most important influences on your future career if you choose banking. Of course you will probably enjoy it more if you can get on with the people you work with, even if you don't always agree with them. Also, while it is pretty obvious that you will need to understand the significance of figures, not everyone realises how important it is in banking to be able to write concise clear English. In fact, from what I saw, I would say an Account Manager is going to find her job fairly trying if she doesn't positively enjoy writing factual reports.

Finally, and very encouragingly for girls, it is clear that banking is gearing itself up for the time when many of its most valuable staff will want to take time off to have babies and to look after them. It is becoming easier all the time for women to take time out and then go back, with the help of 'refresher' training, into a high-level job. The reason for this is probably simply that there won't be enough men to do the work, but it would be churlish to complain about the reasons when the results are just what we want (and deserve!). So there could hardly be a better time to think about the opportunities offered by a career in banking.

Next year, watch this space for a worm's-eye view of life with Marks and Spencer.

P.K. Outram



Richmal Crompton Lamburn



Nov. 15th 1890 Born in Bury, daughter of Clara and Edward Lamburn, curate/schoolmaster.

1902-1909 Joined Sister Gwen as boarder at Clergy Daughters' School, Warrington.

1904 School, renamed St. Elphin's, moved to Darley Dale.

1909-11 Pupil teacher at St. Elphin's.

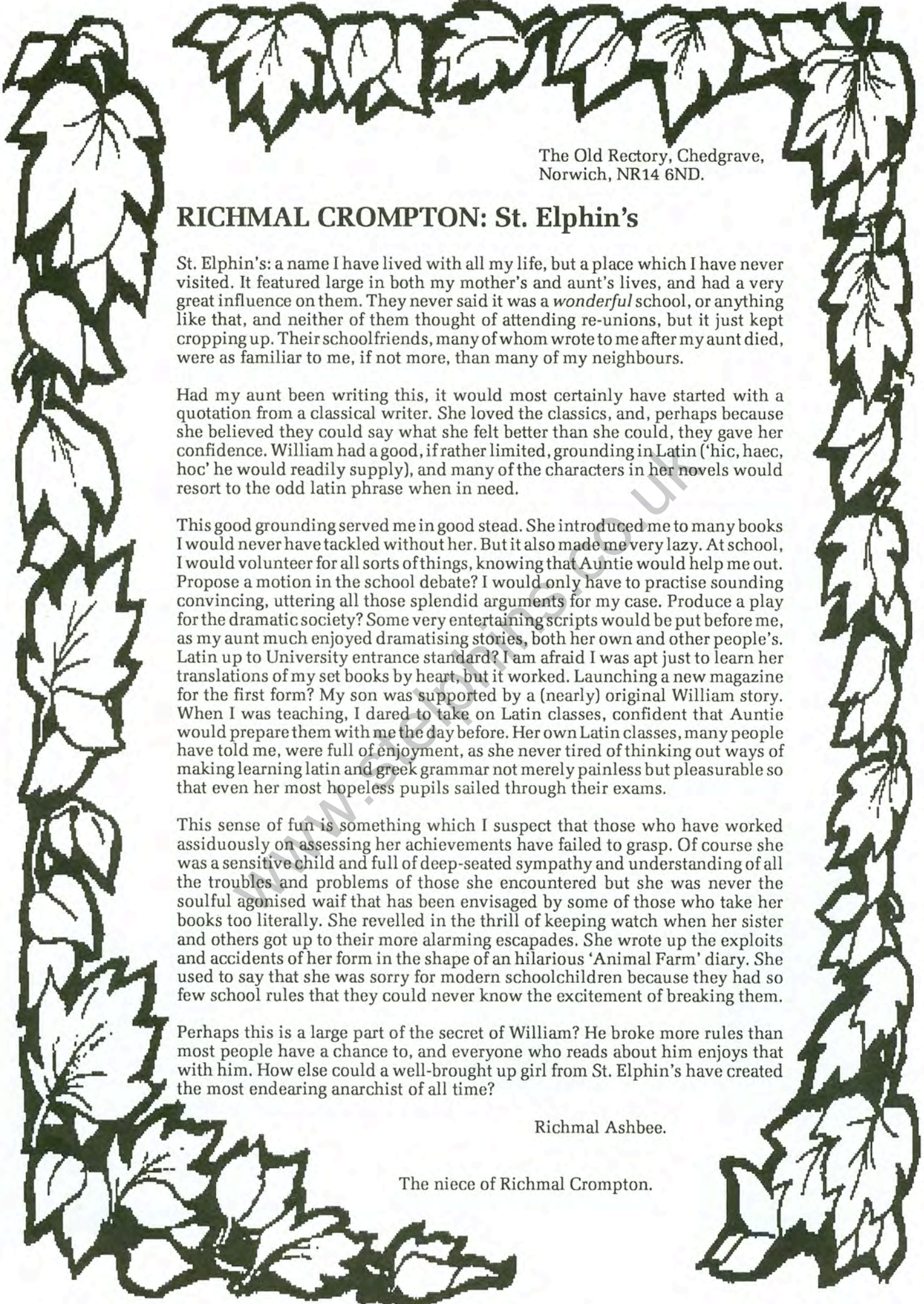
1911-14 Read Classics - Royal Holloway College.

1914-17 Taught Classics - St. Elphin's.

1917-23 Senior Classics Mistress - Bromley High School.

1923-69 Wrote William books, novels and short stories.

Jan. 11th 1969 Died in Chislehurst, Kent.



The Old Rectory, Chedgrave,
Norwich, NR14 6ND.

RICHMAL CROMPTON: St. Elphin's

St. Elphin's: a name I have lived with all my life, but a place which I have never visited. It featured large in both my mother's and aunt's lives, and had a very great influence on them. They never said it was a *wonderful* school, or anything like that, and neither of them thought of attending re-unions, but it just kept cropping up. Their schoolfriends, many of whom wrote to me after my aunt died, were as familiar to me, if not more, than many of my neighbours.

Had my aunt been writing this, it would most certainly have started with a quotation from a classical writer. She loved the classics, and, perhaps because she believed they could say what she felt better than she could, they gave her confidence. William had a good, if rather limited, grounding in Latin ('hic, haec, hoc' he would readily supply), and many of the characters in her novels would resort to the odd latin phrase when in need.

This good grounding served me in good stead. She introduced me to many books I would never have tackled without her. But it also made me very lazy. At school, I would volunteer for all sorts of things, knowing that Auntie would help me out. Propose a motion in the school debate? I would only have to practise sounding convincing, uttering all those splendid arguments for my case. Produce a play for the dramatic society? Some very entertaining scripts would be put before me, as my aunt much enjoyed dramatising stories, both her own and other people's. Latin up to University entrance standard? I am afraid I was apt just to learn her translations of my set books by heart, but it worked. Launching a new magazine for the first form? My son was supported by a (nearly) original William story. When I was teaching, I dared to take on Latin classes, confident that Auntie would prepare them with me the day before. Her own Latin classes, many people have told me, were full of enjoyment, as she never tired of thinking out ways of making learning latin and greek grammar not merely painless but pleasurable so that even her most hopeless pupils sailed through their exams.

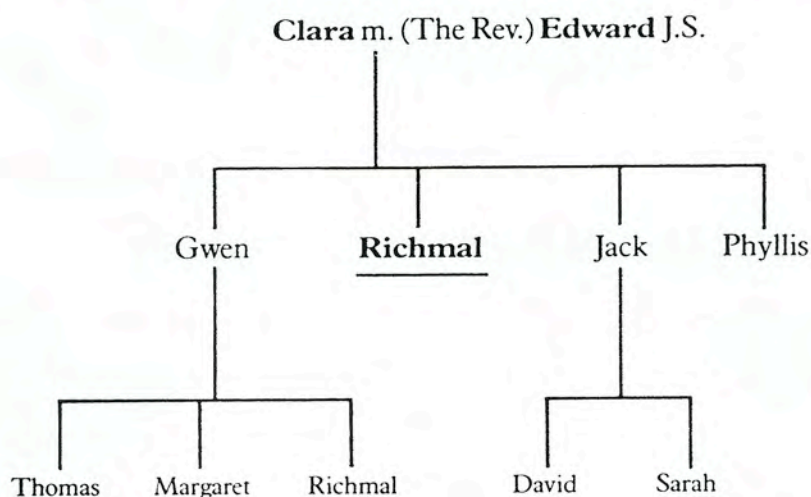
This sense of fun is something which I suspect that those who have worked assiduously on assessing her achievements have failed to grasp. Of course she was a sensitive child and full of deep-seated sympathy and understanding of all the troubles and problems of those she encountered but she was never the soulful agonised waif that has been envisaged by some of those who take her books too literally. She revelled in the thrill of keeping watch when her sister and others got up to their more alarming escapades. She wrote up the exploits and accidents of her form in the shape of an hilarious 'Animal Farm' diary. She used to say that she was sorry for modern schoolchildren because they had so few school rules that they could never know the excitement of breaking them.

Perhaps this is a large part of the secret of William? He broke more rules than most people have a chance to, and everyone who reads about him enjoys that with him. How else could a well-brought up girl from St. Elphin's have created the most endearing anarchist of all time?

Richmal Ashbee.

The niece of Richmal Crompton.

Richmal Crompton's Life at St. Elphin's School



I. The Clergy Daughters' School, Warrington

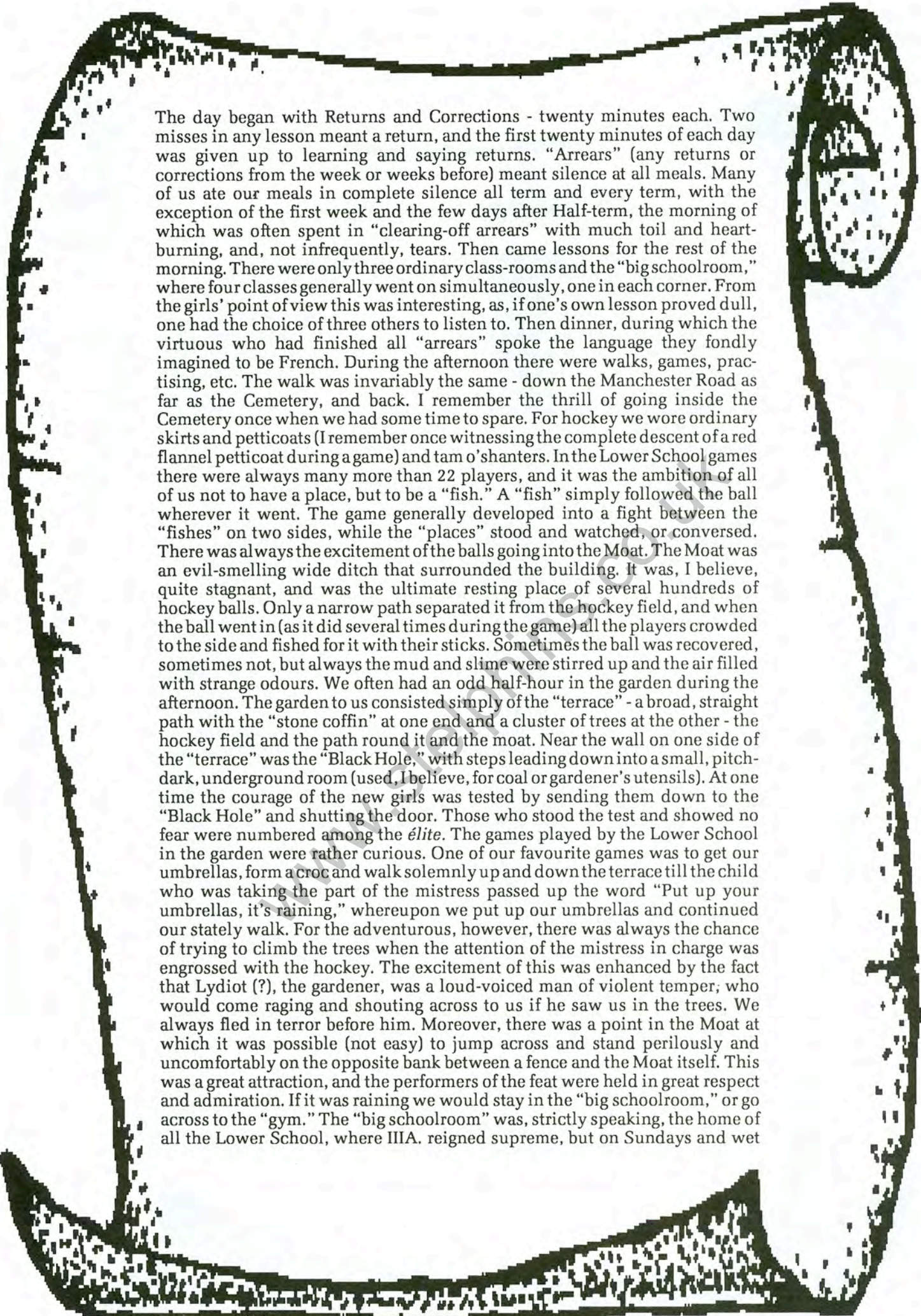
Richmal Crompton was born into a clergy family in Bury in 1890, her father being curate and schoolmaster at Bury Grammar School. She had an older sister, Gwen, and a younger brother, Jack, (another sister Phyllis died in infancy) one of the models for her William stories later. The main basis for William was her nephew Thomas Disher, Gwen's son. At eleven she followed her sister, Gwen, to the Clergy Daughters' School, Warrington, where, after a nervous beginning, through which she was helped by Gwen, Richmal enjoyed boarding school life to the full, benefiting from its high academic standards.



She wrote of her memories there in an article in "The Elphinian" 1918, after she had left to teach at Bromley High School.

REMINISCENCES OF WARRINGTON

My chief memory of St. Elphin's, Warrington, is one of dark corners and narrow, mysterious passages. It was a big, rambling building and to go from one room to another one generally had to traverse a passage or two and go up and down several steps. In the Lower School, at any rate, we peopled every corner of it freely with ghosts. Some places were more especially haunted than others. There was the narrow passage that led from the Sixth Form room, past the top of the cloakroom steps, to the ante-room, where a pair of mysterious hands were supposed to chase their victims at night. The gloomy cloakroom with its spiral stone staircase also contained a ghost. The unhappy cloakroom monitresses, to whose lot it fell to turn out the last gas and bolt for dear life up the dark stairs, had many hair-raising stories. I remember hearing one my first night at school. It concerned a tennis racquet which the monitress had thrown into the cloakroom one night in the dark and which had been promptly returned by the ghostly occupant. It must have been a ghost of a sportive turn of mind. The Bishop's bathroom was haunted by a very inoffensive nun who was generally considered rather uninteresting. As we were rather vague as to whether the old building had been a monastery or nunnery in the first place, our ghosts were monks and nuns indiscriminately. They were very plentiful near the place where the underground passage led to the church. The bravest of us ran past there after dark. The spiral, stone staircase with its deeply hollowed steps, in the middle of the building, impressed our imagination strongly. We pictured to ourselves the hooded figures who had worn the deep hollows and wove innumerable stories about them. There was a crack in one of the steps, I remember, and this we made the post-box of a certain Lower School Secret Society. The aims of this society, whose secrecy we were prepared to guard with our lives, were solely literary. At our meetings we read aloud original poems and stories and voted for the best. So far as I can remember we each voted for our own. Between the meetings we wore a secret badge and tried to look mysterious. We held the position of "postman" in turn, and it was then our duty to take out of the crack in the evening any notes that might have been put there during the day and give them out. This custom grew out of use owing to the difficulty of finding anything to write about to people whom we saw and conversed with freely every minute of the day. To return to the ghosts, there were terrible stories told with bated breath about the "stone coffin" on the terrace. We sometimes walked round the building and tried to find windows which would correspond to no room inside. We always hoped to make some great discovery and run a ghost to earth. We did once discover a door high up in a wall above the stairs leading from the White Dormitory to Bishop's Bathroom, and on packing day, full of the daring that end of term inspires, we reached it by a sort of human ladder and pushed it open. All we found, however, was a long narrow room with a tiny window at one end, the floor several inches thick with dust, a horse trough, some mouldy books and a dead bird. The part I played in the adventure was the inglorious but necessary one of "keeping cave." The Upper School had breakfast at 7.30 and then went to chapel, but most of the Lower School had a late breakfast and did not attend morning chapel. At breakfast, as at all other meals, French was spoken. The mistresses had to be addressed in French not only at meal times, but all through the day. Hence our conversation with the mistresses was rather strained. The language we spoke at meal times among ourselves, however, resembled Esperanto more than French.



The day began with Returns and Corrections - twenty minutes each. Two misses in any lesson meant a return, and the first twenty minutes of each day was given up to learning and saying returns. "Arrears" (any returns or corrections from the week or weeks before) meant silence at all meals. Many of us ate our meals in complete silence all term and every term, with the exception of the first week and the few days after Half-term, the morning of which was often spent in "clearing-off arrears" with much toil and heart-burning, and, not infrequently, tears. Then came lessons for the rest of the morning. There were only three ordinary class-rooms and the "big schoolroom," where four classes generally went on simultaneously, one in each corner. From the girls' point of view this was interesting, as, if one's own lesson proved dull, one had the choice of three others to listen to. Then dinner, during which the virtuous who had finished all "arrears" spoke the language they fondly imagined to be French. During the afternoon there were walks, games, practising, etc. The walk was invariably the same - down the Manchester Road as far as the Cemetery, and back. I remember the thrill of going inside the Cemetery once when we had some time to spare. For hockey we wore ordinary skirts and petticoats (I remember once witnessing the complete descent of a red flannel petticoat during a game) and tam o'shanter. In the Lower School games there were always many more than 22 players, and it was the ambition of all of us not to have a place, but to be a "fish." A "fish" simply followed the ball wherever it went. The game generally developed into a fight between the "fishes" on two sides, while the "places" stood and watched, or conversed. There was always the excitement of the balls going into the Moat. The Moat was an evil-smelling wide ditch that surrounded the building. It was, I believe, quite stagnant, and was the ultimate resting place of several hundreds of hockey balls. Only a narrow path separated it from the hockey field, and when the ball went in (as it did several times during the game) all the players crowded to the side and fished for it with their sticks. Sometimes the ball was recovered, sometimes not, but always the mud and slime were stirred up and the air filled with strange odours. We often had an odd half-hour in the garden during the afternoon. The garden to us consisted simply of the "terrace" - a broad, straight path with the "stone coffin" at one end and a cluster of trees at the other - the hockey field and the path round it and the moat. Near the wall on one side of the "terrace" was the "Black Hole," with steps leading down into a small, pitch-dark, underground room (used, I believe, for coal or gardener's utensils). At one time the courage of the new girls was tested by sending them down to the "Black Hole" and shutting the door. Those who stood the test and showed no fear were numbered among the *élite*. The games played by the Lower School in the garden were rather curious. One of our favourite games was to get our umbrellas, form a croc and walk solemnly up and down the terrace till the child who was taking the part of the mistress passed up the word "Put up your umbrellas, it's raining," whereupon we put up our umbrellas and continued our stately walk. For the adventurous, however, there was always the chance of trying to climb the trees when the attention of the mistress in charge was engrossed with the hockey. The excitement of this was enhanced by the fact that Lydiot (?), the gardener, was a loud-voiced man of violent temper; who would come raging and shouting across to us if he saw us in the trees. We always fled in terror before him. Moreover, there was a point in the Moat at which it was possible (not easy) to jump across and stand perilously and uncomfortably on the opposite bank between a fence and the Moat itself. This was a great attraction, and the performers of the feat were held in great respect and admiration. If it was raining we would stay in the "big schoolroom," or go across to the "gym." The "big schoolroom" was, strictly speaking, the home of all the Lower School, where IIIA. reigned supreme, but on Sundays and wet

days it was invaded by almost all the Upper School as well. Then the Lower School was snubbed, petted, bullied, made to fetch and carry and generally taught its place. It was the fashion in the "big schoolroom" to walk solemnly up and down, from end to end, in couples, in a sort of "croc," and discuss the world at large.

Service in the Chapel, which we shared with the Training College, came after preparation. To reach this we had to go through the Training College (whose students we disrespectfully termed "The Betties"; they called us, I believe, "The Clergy Brats") and down their corridors, from which we caught thrilling glimpses through open doors of the Betties in their studies and common room, then through their conservatory into the chapel. The mistresses walked with the girls at regular intervals, and at one time the most daring spirits among the girls made a habit of taking a leaf from the conservatory plants as they passed. The nearer one was to a mistress the more exciting it was. Several people were the proud possessors of quite a large collection. The practice continued till some entries in the Black Book put a stop to it. At supper a roll-call was taken and each girl had to give in, in French, what she had done during the afternoon. A usual one was: "Je me suis promenée pendant une heure et j'ai joué à hockey pendant une heure," but on wet days the account was fraught with danger. "J'ai causé pendant deux heures" (quite a usual account) was met with scorn and sarcasm. If the mistress could not hear what was said the first time the account had to be written out twenty times. It was horrible to be caught unawares, if the name before one's own happened to be absent, with a large mouthful of bun. Our "bath nights: would amuse modern St. Elphinites. There was a scarcity of bathrooms and the room which most of our dormitory used was a large one with a fixed bath in one corner. Several hip baths were ranged about the room filled with water and separated by screens.

These baths had to be emptied and the screens put away before the bathers could go back to their dormitories. This took a long time especially when we were rather small people, and it was all counted into the fifteen minutes allowed for the bath.

Two of us would stagger across with a little bath to empty it into the big bath, whose occupant had her pleasure in her ablutions completely spoilt by conscientious bathers anxious not to be "late up from baths" (which meant a bad mark) clamouring to be let in to empty their baths long before she was ready. We washed our hair also in the hip baths, kneeling on the floor, and nurse rinsed it by watering it from a watering can. On Saturdays we had "gym." and the gym. mistress had just told us about an old lady who went down a chute in a fire at full speed and was smashed to atoms because no one was holding the other end, we just shut our eyes, took a plunge and hoped for the best. There was always great joy when a fat person stuck in the middle, as often happened. After dinner on Saturday, five people went to a fruit party with Miss Kennedy. Each girl's turn did not arrive much more than once a year. We saved up for it our best blouses and super-best manners.



Richmal Crompton Lamburn
(second part of article later)

Richmal Crompton attended St. Elphin's at one of its most interesting periods, when it changed its site. "Anne Morrison" is a semi-autobiographical novel, at least in the first part, in which Anne goes to "The Priory School" an amalgamation of the Warrington and Darley Dale Schools, presided over by Miss Masters (Miss Kennedy) and second mistress (Mrs. Flood).

Many of the events in Richmal Crompton's article are reflected in the experiences of Anne Morrison at The Priory. The Clergy Daughters' School had formerly been a convent.

The oldest part of the school had been part of a twelfth-century monastery, but a modern wing had been added. The central part of the school was the old part. The windows were leaded diamond-shaped panes with deep window-seats showing the extreme thickness of the walls, the woodwork was old oak, the floors and wall were of stone. The only central staircase was a small stone spiral staircase whose steps were deeply hollowed by the passage of innumerable feet. Very few of the rooms were on the same level. One or more steps led up or down into each of them.

Anne and Lorna shared a double cubicle in the Green Dormitory. All the dormitories, though the counterpanes and curtains were white, had the names of colours. There were sixteen girls in the Green. Their boxes had not arrived yet, but they took off their hats and coats and washed and tidied their hair, greeting friends and talking excitedly in the thrill of reunion, pouring forth holiday news.

"Anne Morrison"

This description of the dormitories and their contents has a very familiar ring and the unpacking for inspection is still carried out today.

When they came up from tea the boxes had come and everyone went upstairs to unpack.

A very large chest-of-drawers stood in the middle of the dormitory. Upon it were the common "hair jar" and an enormous jug of water at which each girl filled her "tooth mug." The drawers were all labelled. Each girl had two drawers in the dormitory and a peg in the large hanging cupboard that stood down the three stairs in the passage outside. Each cubicle contained a small locker which served for a seat, and a small wash-handstand with a tiny square looking-glass.

The boxes all stood in a row in the corridor in the new wing, and the stairs were soon full of a procession of girls carrying up armfuls of clothes to the dormitories or coming down for more. Soon the Green Dormitory had all its clothes arranged in neat piles on its beds.

"Anne Morrison"

At that time the school had no uniform but certain clothes were worn traditionally.

Around her on the bed were all her clothes - the little underclothes, made and tucked and trimmed by Aineen, the blue serge school frock, the "crushed strawberry" Sunday dress, the white party dress, the pile of blue check overalls, all made by Mother.

Anne's first Evensong at her new school records Richmal Crompton's own feeling of strangeness in new surroundings.

And still the endless day was not over. There was chapel - hats and coats again, a silent queue in the Big Schoolroom with Miss Butler again in charge . . . the bell . . . the procession down the corridor to the little chapel, the filing into the seats with mistresses at the end of all the rows . . . the majestic entrance of Miss Masters . . . and the reading of Evensong, and the singing of the Psalm: "My lovers and my kinsfolk hast thou put away from me . . ."

"Anne Morrison"



Her sister Gwen's diary records her taking the entrance examinations at Warrington:

Sept. 18th 1902. Thursday.

Got up at 7.30 this morning. Ray not at all home-sick. She keeps one from being so; she's a darling. She's gone in for the introductory exam. Now we've just had forfeits. I've had to pay 4d for forfeits.

When I started I had 6½TM. I tipped the porter at Warrington 2d paid 1/- for cab. Podge Wilson paid the other porter.

window sat a tall, thin, handsome woman of between forty and fifty. A large time-table was outspread over the bureau, and at this Miss Mott was working with frowning brows, putting little pencil-marks and arrows, crossing out and writing in. Occasionally she looked up to give a keen, unsmiling glance at the girls as they passed her desk.

"Motty!" said Lorna, with only a movement of her lips, and Anne looked at her with fearful interest.

Upon the hearthrug in front of the fire stood a short, rather stout, but

tables evolved from chaos, lists of all kinds, dormitory lists, practising lists, bath-night lists, chapel place lists, walk lists, seemed to spring to life, neatly written, with no overlapping and no inaccuracies. She was responsible for all the internal arrangements of the Priory. She kept the household accounts, and every penny was accounted for every week. She ordered, kept and dispensed the books and stationery, kept and copied out each girl's term accounts, answered Miss Masters' letters, and taught every period during the morning. She was in-



In the afternoon went to church to a service for the opening of the new organ. Awfully funny, organ has little doors in and men go in and out. Didn't do Prep till about 6. There are three new mistresses, M. Simms, H. Wright xxxxx.

In real life Miss Kennedy and Mrs. Flood were the Head and Second Mistress of the school in reality.

Anne was introduced to the second mistress, Miss Mott, based on Mrs Flood.

At last their turn came and Lorna went in first, holding Anne by the hand. It was a large, very comfortably furnished room with heavy curtains drawn across the window, and a cheerful fire burning in the grate and shining on to burnished brass fireirons and fender. A deep, comfortable arm-chair stood at one side of the hearth. There was a piano behind the door, and at a bureau in the

very majestic lady with brown hair parted in the middle and taken very tightly back into a bun of tiny plaits at the back of the head. She wore an old-fashioned dress. It was high-collared, had a tiny white frill at the top of the collar. Its much beaded and buttoned bodice was magnificently boned, and fastened over the skirt in a peak slightly below the very well-defined waist. The skirt itself was very full and very long, ending in a train that swept the ground for about a yard. She reminded Anne of Queen Victoria, though really she was not at all like her. The "queue" became suddenly silent as it entered the door and went in single file up to the regal little figure on the hearthrug. She bent down, put her cheek against each child's cheek, first on one side, then the other, kissing them quickly as she did so.

Richmal Crompton later talks of Mrs. Flood's position in the school.

Miss Mott possessed a genius for organization. In her hands time-

valuable to Miss Masters. She did three people's work for one person's salary.

and then to the Headmistress herself, a character very similar to Miss Kennedy.

Anne became more and more nervous as the moving queue brought her nearer Miss Masters. She was rather relieved to see that Miss Masters put her hands on Lorna's shoulders and smiled at her kindly. Then she turned to Anne.

"And this is Anne?" She bent down to Anne and kissed her. "I hope you'll be very happy, my dear. You must work hard. Here's the other little Morrison, Miss Mott. Her father thinks she could go straight into IIIa."

Miss Mott merely nodded, said: "Yes, Miss Masters," looked at Anne and returned to the time-table, and the terrible interview was over.

They went back to the Big Schoolroom. It was a very long room, but not very broad. There were four "class squares" in it - one at each corner, each with mistresses' desks in the centre, rows of desks along the side, a wide passage down the middle, and at the end of this, under the high stained-glass window, a fifth mistress's desk upon a platform. Girls were sitting on the desks and at the desks, girls were pacing in couples in a kind of "crocodile" up and down the length of the room.

This incident sounds very familiar at St. Elphin's today.

It was in this lesson that Miss Masters suddenly thundered:

"Who's that girl in IIIb with a stocking coming down; Come out here."

A small child stepped out, revealing a ruckled stocking and a glimpse of fat bare leg between it and the end of the blue serve frock. Miss Masters descended from her platform, adjusted her spectacles, bent down and looked slowly up and down the offending leg.

"Disgusting," she pronounced at length. "Have you no sense of decency? Have you no garters or suspenders? Go to Mrs. Dolf at once and ask her to remedy it."

In the Warrington School and The Priory lessons were on an open-plan system.

A bell rang and everyone came to their desks, and lessons for the morning began. Four mistresses came to the four class squares, and Miss masters swept up to the big desk on the platform, where she spread out the school timetable and then spent her time apparently writing in a notebook; but, as everyone was aware, really listening to the four lessons going on around her. It did not conduce to the easiness of either mistress or girls. There were thrilling moments when her terrible voice boomed forth suddenly:

"Miss Butler, who was that girl speaking to you in that tone of voice?"

Or: "Miss Harris, who is that girl stumbling so over her lesson? Stand up. Haven't you *learnt* your lesson, child? Bring your book to me."

And the other three classes would turn round to gaze with morbid interest at the culprit, and the three other mistresses would make half-hearted attempts to continue their lessons as if nothing had happened.

After the first lesson Miss Masters went back to her study as Miss Mott came in, looking neither to right nor left, and took her place at the mistress's desk in the IIIa square.

"Anne Morrison"

Miss Flood was a formidable figure to the Lamburn girls, as Gwen records in her diary.

Richmal Crompton, like Anne, gradually came to enjoy the routine of school, lessons, customs and its games.

The life of the Priory had laid its hold upon Anne. Its lessons, its routine, its games, its friendships, seemed the only life possible. The White Cottage had faded to a distant dream, becoming poignantly longed for only under the spell of the chapel music and at bed-time. Then her thoughts, busy elsewhere all day, flew in devoted loyalty back to Aineen and Timothy and Paul and Cathy.

At the Priory there were no lessons before breakfast or in the afternoon or evening. In the afternoon there were long walks - walks which Anne loved - up the hills and over the moors, "breaking line" and wandering free as soon as they left the town; or games in the garden and little wood. The Priory had adopted hockey, after long heart-scorchings on the part of Miss Masters as to whether it was really a game fit for ladies. It was a curious game as played in those days at the

Priory. It was played in coloured blouses, long skirts and petticoats, tennis shoes and tam-o'shanter. There was no games' mistress. The rules were vague. If more people wished to play than the orthodox twenty-two, they were admitted as "fishes." They played where they liked. Yet it was a game - it held the thrill of victory and the sting of defeat, the glow of exercise, the excitement of contest, the indefinable ideal of esprit de corps.

On wet days there were games in the Big Schoolroom, confidential talks in groups, or the deep window-seat of the silent Library and the old-fashioned leather-bound books. On Saturdays a large militant-looking lady (called Miss Franks) came to teach "gym." The "gym" stood by itself in the grounds. It was fitted up with ropes and bars and a horse.

Perhaps we should reintroduce the following practice from Warrington?

After the weekly "gym" class they went up to the top story of the main building to the shute. Leslie Crowborough and Fay Rushton stood below in the garden and held the end of the shute. On the first Saturday of the term Miss Frank harangued them before the open window.

"In a real fire, of course," she said, "be very sure that someone is holding the end . . . I know a case when a poor old lady thought someone was holding it and came down and crashed to pieces at the bottom. Now, first one, please."

Then they began to go down pell-mell, helter-skelter, tumbling out at the end head first, hair over their faces. Anne, as she stepped into the shute over the sheer drop on to the garden beneath, felt a sudden terror, but gave no sign of it. Then came the delicious thrill of the drop. Anne tried to imagine herself the old lady, to know suddenly that no one was holding it, to expect fully to crash to pieces in a second.

19th Friday 19
 Had ordinary lessons in
 morning. Had one made
 a new rule & we ~~only~~ have
 5 min. extra at ~~bed~~ after
 breakfast & lunch (instead of
 go. waiting to be sent in procession
 to our classrooms) when the bell
 rings we go to our classrooms
 quickly. In afternoon Ray
 went up to hall in outdoor things
 & looked for me & Mrs Flood
 scolded her for ~~being in the~~
 & then she turned to go out at
 front door & Mrs Flood decided
 to come.

Later games lessons were brought up to date.

The Priory was being brought up to date. Miss Masters had engaged a games mistress. Miss Masters considered the "gymnastic tunic" to be a most unwomanly garment.

She only allowed the girls to wear it for games and the actual gymnastic class. They changed immediately before and immediately afterwards.

Miss Monks as games mistress was an asset. She was very com-

petent. The games at the Priory improved beyond recognition under her tuition. The girls liked her, and even Miss Masters approved of the way she snubbed any display of sentiment.

"Anne Morrison"

REMINISCENCES OF WARRINGTONIAN DAYS

July 1918

I have been allotted the very difficult task of writing reminiscences of the history of the School in its Warrington days, from Miss Kennedy's advent as Head Mistress down to its removal to Darley Dale. Hoping to relieve myself of the task, I asked another Old Girl to do it for me, but she, like myself, felt it a work beyond her powers, because so many of one's reminiscences are purely personal, and would be of little interest except to a few intimate school fellows who shared the knowledge of the events - and some of them are perhaps - shall we say it - not suitable for publication! But as the task has reverted to me, I must do my best to cope with it, though I feel that the result will be very feeble, especially as in these strenuous days one's brain is apt to become a little distraught. Still the attempt must be made. My life at School began the same term as Miss Kennedy came there. The number of girls was not large then, just 37, and before the removal to Darley Dale it had reached nearly 70. The Staff of Mistresses which Miss Kennedy brought with her was five in number. All "Old Girls" of that period will remember the very names by which the Dormitories were called - and which were mostly given them according to the colours of the curtains attached to the beds; but for the sake of having it recorded as history I will give the list as I remember it. There were the Red, the Red and White, the Blue, the Blue and White, the White, the East, the West (these being the two largest Dormitories), and the Bishop's, so named because it originally was the bedroom of the founder of the School, Bishop Powys. Several years after Miss Kennedy came, a dormitory, which in bygone years had been used by the School but had temporarily been occupied by the members of the Training College, was taken back by the School, and for this reason it was decided that a suitable name for it was the "Ancient and Modern." Whilst on this subject, I may mention - and it is well to have these things recorded as history - that the White Dormitory was supposed to be haunted! It was not in use when I first went to the School, but I remember, being put to sleep in it somewhat unexpectedly on one famous Re-union night, and whether the stories afloat had affected my nerves or not, I cannot say, but certainly I awoke in the night with the impression that my bed was shaking violently, and it seemed to continue to do so, and I was unable to sleep any more that night! In addition to the "Ancient and Modern" Dormitory above mentioned, there was another room which reverted from the Training College to the School during Miss Kennedy's days, and that was one underneath the Big Schoolroom; it was found absolutely necessary to have this room again in order to use it as a dining room as the number of girls increased. The girls at the School in those days were very conservative in their habits, many of which died very hard. There was what was always called the "St. Elphin's kiss" - that is you had to greet every girl at the beginning of term with a kiss on *both* cheeks, no matter how much she might be your enemy! - and also when saying "good morning" or "good night"

to either Mistress or girl you had to give this double kiss - it was considered very bad manners to kiss only one cheek. I remember that when we removed to Darley Dale, Miss Kennedy suggested that this custom should be dropped and that one kiss should suffice, but it was with great difficulty that the habit was eradicated. Then there was another idea that if you were walking with a girl, no matter if it was only walking up and down a room, you had to do it arm in arm, and you were considered quite a "freak" if you neglected this detail. It was customary after supper, when the younger ones had gone to bed, for the older girls to walk up and down the Big Schoolroom, generally in couples, arm in arm, up and down, up and down; it reminded one rather of a Zoological Garden with the lions and tigers pacing endlessly to and fro in their cages; and many is the time I have felt "sea-sick" from the motion of doing it, though as I liked to be in the fashion, I never gave in to the feeling.

It may interest some to have the words of the old "School Grace" re-called to their memories. In my days, it was always sung on such occasions as the Re-union and Anniversary. Whether it was sung more frequently in earlier days, I do not know. The words ran thus:

"For these and all Thy mercies given
We bless and praise Thy name, O Lord;
May we receive them with thanksgiving
Ever trusting in Thy Word.
To Thee alone be honour, glory,
Now and henceforth for evermore."

I cannot reproduce it here, but I remember the tune to which it was sung always held a great fascination for me, especially the third line, which was sung by the altos only.

There was the old School song, which, even if feeble in words, was always sung most lustily to the tune of the Eton Boating Song. We quote it as it may be of interest to some:

1. Here we sing together,
Sit and chant and sing,
Lifting up our voices
With a joyous ring.

Chorus
Sing, sing together,
The School we love so well,
Sing, sing together,
S. Elphin's of schools the belle.

2. On the terrace breezy,
In the garden fair,
Round the field so pleasant
Walking pair by pair,
Sing, sing, etc.
3. Casterton may be older,
London in numbers more,
But we'll stand together
True as aye before.
Sing, sing, etc.
4. Some are going to leave us,
But we know that they
Never will forget us,
Though they're far away.
Sing, sing, etc.

5. Others may fill their places,
Dressed in the old dark blue,
But we'll stick together,
We'll to our School be true.
Sing, sing, etc.

A year or two before the School moved to Darley Dale, the above School Song fell into disuse, and a new one came into vogue, the words of which were kindly set to music by the Rev. A. Markham. It ran as follows:

1. Come now together let us sing,
Together make the rafters ring,
And by our joyous strains declare
None can with this our School compare.

Chorus
Girls of the present, girls of the past,
Those who leave this year, those who left
last,
All who have lived here in ages gone by
In singing the praise of S. Elphin's will vie.

2. Our mistresses first let us toast
And couple with their names this boast,
That, though we searched the wide, wide
earth,
We could find none of greater worth.
Girls of the present, etc.
3. And now for Old Girls raise a cheer;
Let each one know we hold them dear,
That *Alma Mater* welcomes each
And every one she used to teach.
Girls of the present, etc.
4. In scholarships we hold a place
To equal any in the race.
The lists we enter, and we fight,
By Cambridge lists to show our might.
Girls of the present, etc.
5. Our might we show in tennis too,
While hockey proves what we can do,
For rival schools oft see us stand
A glorious and victorious band.
Girls of the present, etc.
6. Then when we go our different ways,
Perchance again in distant days
Old friends to see, we'll ne'er forget
T'was at S. Elphin's first we met.
Girls of the present, etc.

I suppose that one of the things for which Warringtonian S. Elphinites had the greatest affection was the Chapel, the use of which we shared with the Training College, though our services were held at different times; and the procession to Chapel twice daily down twisty stairs and along lengthy passages was quite a marked feature of the daily routine. The Chapel was one of the things which we felt the greatest regret at leaving when the School removed to Darley Dale. This event, which I suppose is one of the most important in the history of the School, took place in 1904, and considering the difficulties of such a move, was accomplished with great speed and success. But at this point my duty ceases, and I leave it to some other Old Girl to write of the history of the School in its Darley Dale days.

H. M. T.

3. The Hydro - Debut and its Demise

Buxton Advertiser 1893

NEAR MATLOCK

Within fifteen minutes of Matlock Bridge Station, and five minutes of Darley Dale Station.

PROSPECTUS SENT ON APPLICATION

DARLEY DALE HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT

This splendid Sanatorium, erected at a cost of over £35,000, is situated in one of the most delightful spots in Derbyshire, and stands in its own richly-timbered Park of 51 acres.

PROPRIETOR - Mr. WM. ATKINS

MODERATE TERMS

Postal Address - DARLEY DALE HYDRO., near Matlock.
For Prospectus, apply Miss Bates, Colonnade, Buxton.

DARLEY DALE HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, MATLOCK.

MR. WM. ATKINS, Proprietor.

"Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown with tangled boughs."

The Darley Dale hydropathic establishment, which occupies an unrivalled site, is not alone a great sanatorium, but also a noted pleasure resort annually frequented by numbers of families in the fashionable world. The original object of the establishment was, no doubt, to provide complete arrangements for carrying out the hydropathic system of treatment under the most favourable conditions. The buildings were completed at great expense, and the furnishing and equipment cost a very large additional sum. Mr. Atkins, the enterprising proprietor, was, however, determined to spare no expense in providing a really first-class establishment, and the result is that families and others now resort to the Darley Dale Hydro. as one of the most agreeable summer or winter holiday retreats, and one of the most convenient centres for enjoying the choicest scenery in Derbyshire. The building stands in its own spacious and well laid-out grounds and gardens, in a well-wooded park of 50 acres, at an elevation of 350 feet above the level of the sea. The position is quite rural and secluded, but the establishment is easily accessible from both Darley Dale and Matlock Bridge stations, and carriages meet the several trains as desired. The grounds are entered from the public highway by large artistically-designed iron gates adjoining a handsome stone lodge, from which a spacious carriage drive through the grounds leads to the principal entrance.

Though the site is elevated, the establishment is completely sheltered from cold winds from the north and east, and therefore the climate is mild and genial both in summer and winter. The main entrance hall is a spacious lofty chamber and is fitted up and decorated in a very handsome style. A noble staircase gives access to the principal rooms on the upper floors, and the corridors, reception and public rooms are maintained at a pleasant equable temperature by a costly system of hot-water pipes. The large dining hall is a magnificent chamber, spacious, lofty, well ventilated and superbly furnished. There is a farm and also a kitchen garden on the estate, and fresh dairy produce, vegetables, &c., are supplied in abundance. The splendid drawing-room is furnished in the most elegant style, and well-furnished private suites and apartments are available at a moderate cost. The lighting, heating, ventilation and general sanitary arrangements are of the most improved character, and the building is supplied with a special service of remarkable pure water from the noted "Sharder Spring." The domestic arrangements throughout are admirable, and no expense has been spared to ensure the physical health and comfort as well as the mental recreation and enjoyment of the guests. Tennis, croquet, billiards, chess, bagatelle, &c., are provided, and the comfortable library and reading-room are well supplied with current news and standard literature. The establishment possesses

spacious and well-arranged stocked stables and coach houses. Mr. Atkins was for twelve years proprietor of the Rock Side Hydro., and he has an extensive experience in the practice of hydropathy according to the most approved methods. The baths at Darley Dale have been fitted up in the most complete manner, and facilities are at hand for vapour, Russian, sitz, needle, plunge and other baths, as well as for treatment by massage, &c. Patients have the advantage of being able to consult the physician of the establishment, Dr. W. Moxon, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., an eminent authority; and all the officials in the building, from the bathmen and bathwomen to the ordinary attendants, may be considered as more or less experts.

The surroundings are all of the most cheerful character: and with the refined home comforts and the admirable arrangements to save guests from the least trouble or inconvenience in making their arrangements or looking after the business details of their daily life, Darley Dale Hydropathic Establishment forms an ideal retreat for the weak, the tired or the ailing, as well as for the robust who are merely in search of a delightful holiday amid the most charming surroundings. In the comparatively short space of three years it has advanced into a leading position, and, mainly through Mr. Atkins' enterprise and ability, has become one of the most notable resorts in Derbyshire.



FAMOUS DERBYSHIRE HEALTH RESORTS

1893

A rather sad advertisement in the 'Buxton Advertiser'.

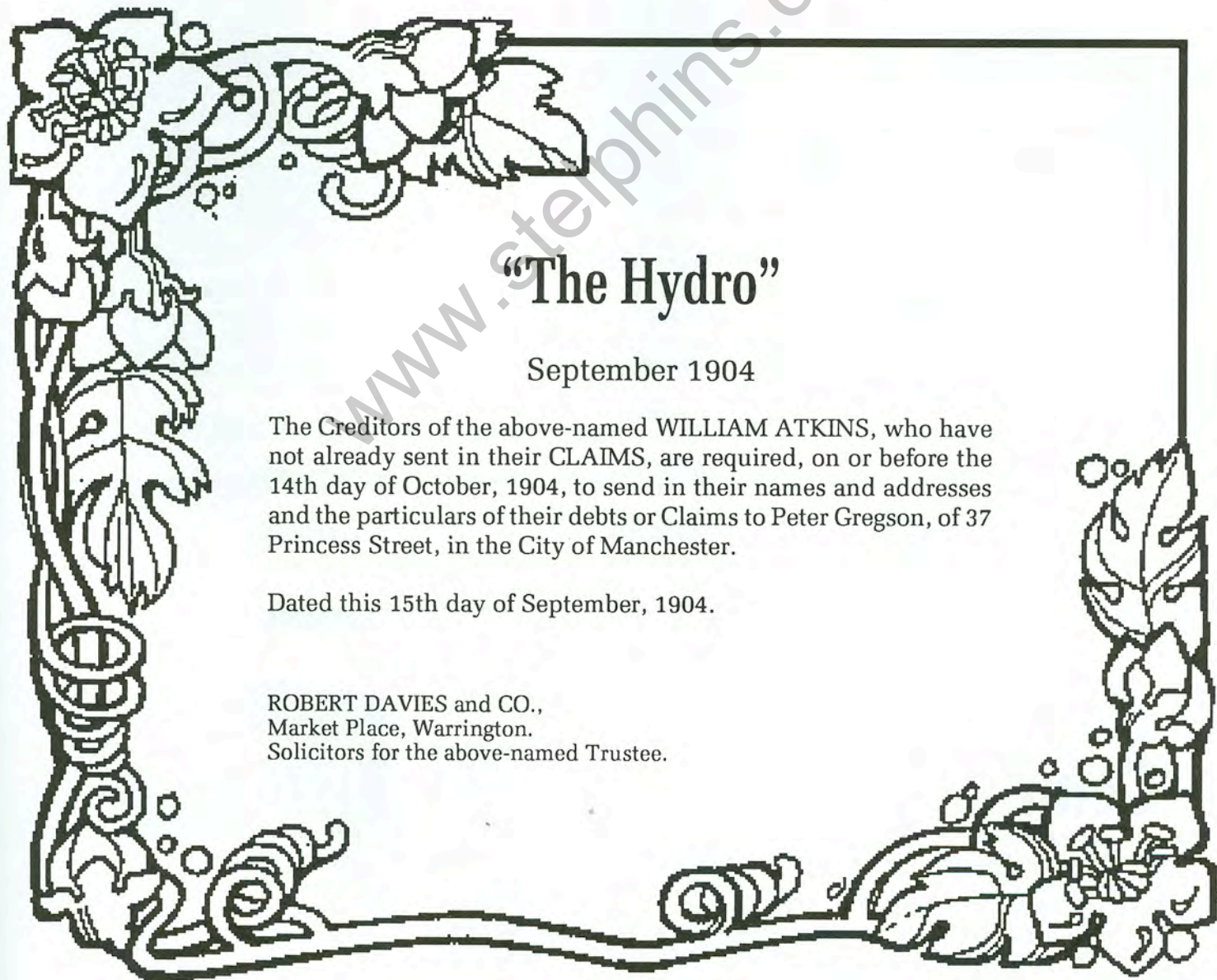
"The Hydro"

September 1904

The Creditors of the above-named WILLIAM ATKINS, who have not already sent in their CLAIMS, are required, on or before the 14th day of October, 1904, to send in their names and addresses and the particulars of their debts or Claims to Peter Gregson, of 37 Princess Street, in the City of Manchester.

Dated this 15th day of September, 1904.

ROBERT DAVIES and CO.,
Market Place, Warrington.
Solicitors for the above-named Trustee.



Printed & Sold

Darley Dale Hydro. Hotel,

NEAR MATLOCK,

DERBYSHIRE.

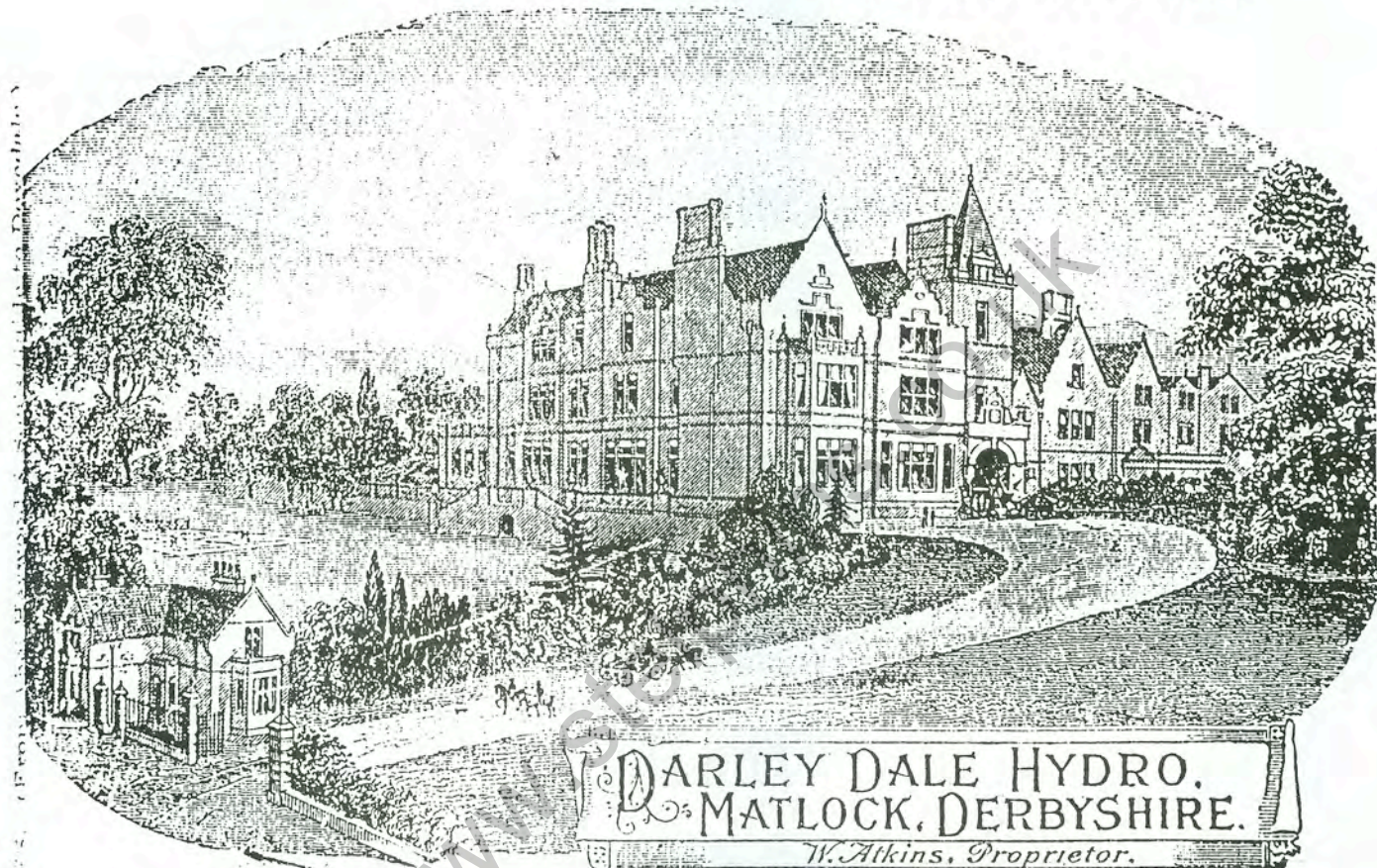


Photo by Dove & Co. 10, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. 2.

SITUATED in one of the most delightful spots in Derbyshire, and standing in its own richly-timbered Park of 51 acres.

TERMS from £2 12s. 6d. per week.

Prospectus on application to Manager.

Photo by

Tennis ! Billiards ! Golf ! Fishing !

Good Stabling and Cycle Accommodation.

*Extracts from Margaret Flood's Memoirs,
written when she was 82*

Warrington

School life was very austere in those days, and hard work was expected on the part of everyone, starting with Miss Kennedy herself. The catering was simple but adequate. On this point I have the evidence of two Old Girls, for I myself as a Student Mistress enjoyed a slightly more varied type of meal. Breakfast was at 7.25 a.m. and consisted of porridge followed by bread, one small pat of butter with marmalade on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. On Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday there was a sausage or an egg or three rounds of a little red-skinned sausage. By extra payment these items of delicatessen could be had every day. As a matter of fact I believe Miss Kennedy introduced a somewhat less Spartan fare than that previously allowed. At morning break plain bread was provided with milk or water (if paid for); for lunch meat and potatoes (with green vegetables three days a week), fish on Fridays. There was milk pudding three days a week - not very well cooked - sometimes Spotted Dick, Treacle Tart, Bread and Butter Pudding or some such. On Saturdays there was always hot roast joint followed by boiled rice mould (the rice often rather hard) with prunes or treacle. On Sunday without variation there was always cold roast beef (with beetroot, etc. quite often) followed by extremely good fruit tarts or in winter a very nice kind of plain Christmas Pudding. There was always pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. Tea consisted of bread and butter (one pat) with jam or watercress or sometimes cake. For supper there were bread, buns or biscuits and milk. The Sixth Form had something more elaborate. There was no fresh fruit except what the girls were allowed to buy for themselves - 3d. in Lower School and 6d. in Upper per week. This sounds a somewhat limited diet by modern standards, but of course funds were limited and for the fees charged this was as much as could be afforded, and it was certainly not inadequate in quantity or quality. I well remember the late Archdeacon Fletcher, whose daughters were in the School (and not on the lower scale of fees) saying that school food was generally an object of complaint by boys and girls, but that as his daughters always came home from the C.D.S. in robust health there could not have been much of which to complain except perhaps dullness!

There was very little free time; The 'high spot' was fruit parties on Sunday afternoons and free time for reading and writing home, the only time in the week apparently when, as an Old Girl writes "We could really relax. What we did at Half-term," she continues, "I cannot think, except that we had, surprisingly a dance in the evening; and *dance* we could - it must have been part of the curriculum. We also used to put on extremely good 'shows' for Speech Days, every girl in something!"

In health matters the standard of care and attention was certainly below modern requirements - at first it was very much of the "Mother Camp" type, when everything was cured with Gregory's Powder. Old Mrs. Hughes (housekeeper) had a basement room in which a girl might sometimes recline - it was difficult to get into the Sick Room - and the Gymnasium had to be used in an epidemic. In the last bout of Scarlet Fever which caused the removal of the School from Warrington, a wing of the School had to be kept for the 16 cases (of which I, by now in 1903 a member of the Staff just down from Cambridge, was one). A girl could go about with a cold and even a temperature and not be sent to bed. Things were greatly improved when "Little Nurse", as she was called by all, Matilda Hill being her actual name, was appointed. Though even then there was too little regard paid to care beforehand which might prevent spread of epidemic - or perhaps serious results from neglect of minor ailments. A delicate girl would find herself definitely unhappy - a tough one could get through her whole school life without feeling wretched at all.

The outbreak of Scarlet Fever ended by being a blessing in disguise, as Miss Kennedy felt that she could no longer be responsible for the health of the School in its present environment. In 1904, therefore, at the request of the parents and at the instigation of Miss Kennedy and of Canon Wilson, then Archdeacon of Manchester, the decision was made that the School should be moved. It was suggested that there were two alternatives:-

I. To take a house for temporary occupation while a new school could be built.

II. To purchase some existing house and grounds and to transfer the School thither during the summer of 1904. The first alternative was rejected, and it remained, therefore, to consider the second. Two houses were proposed as worthy of consideration; one of these was Massey Hall, near Thelwall, belonging to Mrs. Peter Rylands; the other was Darley Dale Hydro, near Matlock. The former was not really suitable for the purpose. The second, however, presented many advantages. The house itself was very suitable for adaptation for a Boarding School in respect of bedrooms and classrooms and there was plenty of scope for adding to the building. It was, too, in lovely country, and it seemed that a school in such healthy surroundings, under so distinguished a Head Mistress, would be a certain success. Miss Kennedy and my mother had visited Darley Dale and reported the building and its grounds as completely suitable for a new home for the School. It was decided therefore to choose the Darley Dale Hydro to be the future home of the School.

Darley Dale

After the decision was made, the whole School visited Darley Dale during the Summer Term and we were at once in love with it. We explored the house in every corner and also the delightful grounds in which we had our picnic lunch, quenching our thirst with herb-beer purchased from a nearby cottage. Then followed the tremendous undertaking of the actual removal. I shall never forget the dismay with which we saw the Hall at Darley Dale School piled to the ceiling of the gallery with the Warrington furniture which looked unspeakably dirty and dingy, and with the huge packing cases.

At Darley Dale, with the admission of lay pupils, the School was known as St. Elphin's, taking its name from the Parish Church at Warrington; the traditional account of this Saint is recorded in my History of the School (1844-1944). Before we had been long in the Darley Dale School Miss Kennedy had acquired a wood and corrugated iron building for use as a Chapel; the room in the main building became the dining-room, and the old noisy accompaniment of hail and rain on the roof, but it made quite a nice little Chapel. The end recess, which contained the Altar, was curtained off when the main part of the building was used for Divinity Lessons or Lectures. Whence came a school phrase "Curtains, not hats", as for Services, whether daily prayers or Sunday worship, we always wore hats, but if the curtains were drawn across the recess, no hats were needed! The Sunday Duty was undertaken by Members of the Governing Body of the School, parents of pupils or the Rector of Darley Dale, at that time the Rev. R. Whittington. He was responsible for preparing the girls for Confirmation. The Bishop of Southwell held a Confirmation annually in the School Chapel; in later years, when the Diocese of Derby was cut out of the Diocese of Southwell, the annual Confirmation has always been continued by the Bishop of Derby.

The Chapel when I became Head Mistress was still the wooden building, but later - in 1916 actually - I converted the old stable building, which was used as a gymnasium, into a Chapel, as we now had a gymnasium provided, and the former Chapel became for a time a dormitory and later a Recreation Room. There seems a special suitability in the conversion of a stable into a House of God and dwelling place for Jesus in our midst. As a matter of fact, on one of the stones of the stable I found the Sacred Monogram I.H.S. This Chapel was dedicated by the Bishop of Southwell, Bishop Hoskins, in 1916.

The juxtaposition of Terrace and Lawns enabled us to perform out-door plays and provided a specially good setting for Greek Plays. There were steps from the Terrace leading to a small grass plot, which gave effective entrances and a stage for performers or Chorus. The audience occupied the Tennis Lawn. In this setting we produced the Antigone of Sophocles (during the 1914-18 war, at which we had an audience of R.A.M.C. occupying the Whitworth Institute), the Alcestis of Euripides and the Demetres of Robert Bridges. On the lawn in the Rose Garden, we produced Twelfth Night, when we had suitable twins!

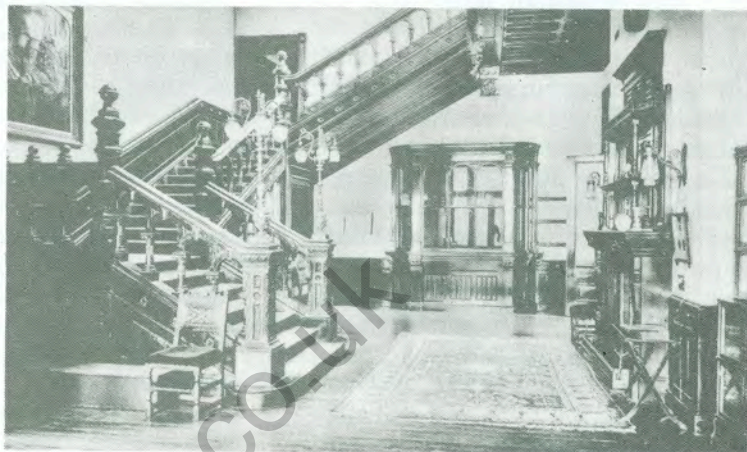
Margaret Flood

2. St. Elphin's School, Darley Dale

In the School Magazine of 1918 Richmal Crompton recorded the move to Darley Dale (second part of article).

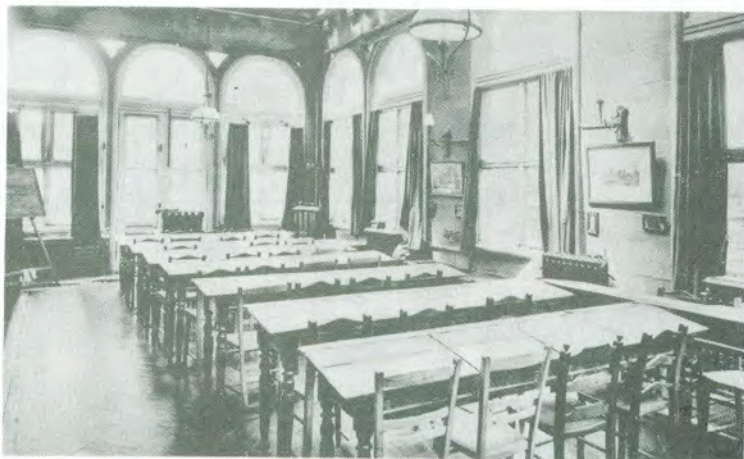
We heard the news that we were going to remove from Warrington first as a vague rumour. Soon, however, in the ante-room (which corresponded to the present Reading Room) appeared a coloured poster on which was depicted a large building and tennis court, where several females in vivid-coloured blouses and black skirts, poised in picturesque attitudes, brandished tennis racquets. At the bottom was printed "Darley Dale Hydro." We gazed at it coldly and distrustfully and came to the conclusion that we liked our own School, with its queer mysterious corners, narrow passages and old-fashioned rooms, much better than Darley Dale Hydro. We were thrilled, however, by the news that we were going there for our Half-Term.

The Half-Term was a never-to-be-forgotten day. We arrived breathless, hot and brimful of curiosity at "Darley Dale Hydro" and over-ran every corner of it. The room which is now the dining room was not quite finished and we made a point of going in and out of the window frame for no apparent reason except that it was more difficult and dangerous than using the front door. We were all much amused by the bar in the hall. We went down to the stables (now the chapel). It had two stories and the upper one was reached by a rickety, wooden ladder at one end. We waited in a crowd to go up this ladder though we were told by everyone who came down that there was nothing to see. We were determined to miss nothing. Our party had lunch on the steps leading down from the terrace just outside the cloakroom door. The "garden" was simply a riot of overgrown grass. Then we swarmed over the



village in parties, bought up all the flowers, picture post cards and mineral waters that the inhabitants could supply and finally met together at the Whitworth Institute, where we consumed a large pre-war tea of boiled eggs, bread and butter and jam and every sort of cake. The last Re-union at Warrington at the end of our last Term was rather a sad one. It was, I should think, the largest one there had ever been at the School. Every S. Elphinite who possibly could came back to bid a fond and sad farewell to the old School. We wandered about, talked over "old times," lingered sentimentally by the moat (stronger than ever that summer) and, following the example of our elders and betters, shed a few silent tears. The last night, the last service in the Chapel, the last roll-call in the "big Schoolroom" were very dismal affairs. We were full of interest and curiosity, however, when we arrived

at S. Elphin's, Darley Dale, at the beginning of the next Term and sorted ourselves out into various class rooms and dormitories. Gone were our quaint old dormitory names - the White, the Red, Bishop's, Ancient and Modern, Red and White, they were called simply by numbers now. The present dining-room was the Chapel and N. was used as the vestry as well as V. Form Room. The V had to turn out of their room on Sundays in time for the prophet to robe before service. The present Servants' Hall was the Junior Staff Room. It is strange, but true, that the V. did not appreciate the privilege of living always in full view of four or five mistresses. R. was the VI. form room and L.C. was the home of the whole Lower School. O.D. was the Dining Room and the IV. had the Glass Room. The "Prophet's Chamber" was on Top Floor Central. "Orchards" and the iron chapel (now a dormitory) did not exist. The present chapel was the gymnasium. At first we wandered and explored rapturously. We could always explain our presence in any place by simply saying we had got lost. All the first morning mistresses with long, wandering strings of girls behind them roamed disconsolately round the music rooms, or met in the swimming bath, looking for N. or P. (then the Practical Chemistry Room) or the Chemistry Room or Mr. Darby's Room (then used as a class-room). My general impression of the building at the end of the morning was that it contained innumerable swimming baths.



In the garden also, for the first day or two, we raced about at our own sweet will, ran down the drive, clambered over the beds and shrubberies to the gym. and kitchen gardens and pigsties and sheds. We never knew exactly where we were, and we certainly made the most of that first day or two of wild liberty. Then rules were laid down as to where we could or could not go, and once more we settled down to a decorous life. It is perhaps impossible to explain to any present St. Elphinite the joy of the walks in and around Darley Dale after Manchester Road and the Cemetery; and the freedom of the garden and field after the straight, short Warrington "terrace."

The race of Warringtonians has passed away from S. Elphin's. Not one is left of those who "croced" sedately down Manchester Road, fished for hockey balls in the stagnant moat, were shut into the "Black Hole" as a test of courage, or talked in fearful whispers of the cloakroom ghost and the "stone coffin." But, after all, it is only the building that is changed. S. Elphin's took with it to Darley Dale something that had been built up slowly generation by generation in the overcrowded, old-fashioned well-beloved building, something that modern S. Elphinites hold as dear as did the funny littler persons of our day in the comical gym-dresses and tam o'shanters. Tradition, loyalty, *esprit de corps*, keenness to "play the game" do not change or die. It was no new S. Elphin's that sprang up in Darley Dale. It had only changed its dress. To misquote Horace, "caelum non animum mutavimus."

Richmal Crompton Lamburn

Gwen Lamburn missed the familiar Warrington School. You will find elsewhere in this article a description of the Darley Dale Hydro as a tourist attraction.

A Description of Darley, January 1906

Our new home at Darley Dale - the new S. Elphin's - is a large stone building situated on the side of a hill. Behind the house, a steep climb leads up to the moors; in front, the Igneous Hill makes a lovely background, at the foot of which the silver river winds its way. The hockey fields on the right side of the house, when coming up the drive, form grand battle fields, where many a heated victory has been won. Two large tennis courts, given to us by the Archdeacons and the Canons on the Committee, and called respectively the "Archdeacons" and the "Canons" Courts, have been made in the same field. There is also a cricket pitch higher up, on which we have already distinguished ourselves.

An important feature of the garden is a group of seven flower-beds, where each girl, down to the Remove, shares with one of her school-fellows the care of a curious-shaped plot of ground. There, in autumn and spring, sturdy workers may be seen with sundry gardening implements. One day a fair gardener was heard to say in a distracted voice, "Whatever *shall* I do? I've put my bulbs in the wrong way up."

A favourite path in the garden goes by the name of the "Church Walk," and at certain times of the day this path is the most frequented of all.

The old stables belonging to the house in days gone by have been turned into a large gymnasium, fitted with apparatus. Here every Saturday the girls have their gymnasium lesson, and on wet days it is used as a recreation room.

On entering the house one steps into a magnificent hall; in this there is a tall and beautifully carved mantelpiece. Opposite to this, the plentifully decorated staircase, with its wide, shallow stairs, gives a graceful finish to the house.

Nov 7th 1904 (Monday)
This is the ~~commence~~ of the
winter term and our first
term at Darley Dale.
It's so awfully pretty
place but I after work
I were back at Warrington.
There were so many ~~at~~
associations connected with
it I loved the old buildings.

The girls soon settled into life in their new home and found many compensations, as portrayed in articles by other girls.

Next come the dormitories, which are much smaller than those at Warrington, none of them holding more than eight girls, and consequently are much preferred by the girls themselves.

In the newer part of the house the chief feature is the stone corridor leading out of the hall to the swimming bath. Though not very large, the bath affords ample room for slim swimmers; at the one end it is about six feet deep, and at the other rather shallower.

The Library, through which a door leads into the garden, makes a cosy corner where the girls may read on any subject imaginable.

One of Darley Dale's greatest charms is the beautiful walks which it affords, and the splendid views which can be obtained. A very favourite School walk is round "One Tree Hill," as it is called, because it boasts one solitary tree. Behind it the scenery is thoroughly Derbyshire - steep hills and deep valleys, with grey rocks scattered about. In the other direction the scenery is almost perfect. "Lady Grove" consists of a shady walk beside three lakes, and in autumn the still waters seem to reflect every shade of brown and gold of the trees.

Whatever the weather, wet or fine, the day seems always to end in a beautiful sunset, and early risers may see the sky a perfect blaze of red and gold at dawn.

Altogether Darley Dale is a most delightful place, and although we were very sorry to leave Warrington for so many reasons, we are glad now that we live in such a beautiful country.

- Maura Brooke Gwynne.

Richmal Crompton Lamburn wrote in a letter to her parents that occasionally she tired of the repetition of school life.



expected to execute commissions for the school on Saturday afternoon, and innumerable little paper slips signed by Miss Masters, with accompanying money, were given to them by anxious purchasers, who explained *just* the sort of thing they wanted, and that *nothing* else would do. King Edward had died that term, and everyone was sending into the town for sixpenny black ties. Francis Hilton appeared in a black skirt as well, but that was felt to be unnecessary and rather objectionable "swank." Anne had shed tears in secret over the portraits and descriptions of the widowed queen. As a matter of fact, the Saturday shopping was a hard afternoon's work, involving the carrying of many heavy parcels and the long and laborious sorting out of change afterwards, but it was a welcome diversion in school life. There was a certain thrill in

I was nice yesterday
I took my mac & brolly out &
sat lay down & my mac &
stuck up my brolly to keep out
the so sun & had a lovely read
Sometimes I do get bored
& sick of the same things
day after day & week after week
with nothing but bad marks on
the books least exciting
Can you send me a white
hair ribbon for Sunday & the
concert
I remain with everlastingly love
myrads of love of longing
to you
Ray Ray
PS Don't forget Out P. holes
to the
PS Oh! I do so long to see my own
2 sweet angles again I keep dreaming
about the holiday last night I
dreamed we went to "B. adick" &
queen even to fish & fell on
& we having her up to dry
on a clothes line & all kinds of
queen things

The whole school enjoyed country walks!

The VI were allowed to go in parties of two or more into the neighbouring country town to shop. They were

walking into a shop and giving orders to humble assistants, in having ices at the little marble-topped tables of the confectioner's (a proceeding that they never knew was really allowed by Miss Masters, but which had never been actually forbidden), in eating the delicious hot halfpenny buns which they bought

at the little confectioner's and ate on the road home, always ready at once to conceal the half-eaten bun in the paper bag and change the working of the jaw to a fatuous smile of greeting should a mistress suddenly appear - all this added zest to life. Their days of "crops" were over. The VI were allowed to wander at will over the moors and hills. Sometimes on Saturdays they could obtain leave of absence from school tea and take a picnic tea out with them.

"Anne Morrison"



Other pupils at the time record outings, particularly during half-terms which the girls spent at School.

Visit to Chatsworth, November, 1904

It was our winter half-term holiday, and we started in coaches for Chatsworth House, the residence of the Duke of Devonshire. It was a delightful drive, and before we came to the House itself we passed through a lovely park, where deer were feeding which looked so timid and pretty.

They went by coach.

The Drive to Wingfield. Half-Term June 1907

Our Beryl Griffiths expedition to Wingfield took place on the following Friday.

At about 2 p.m. four char-à-bancs drew up at the door and very soon were filled with girls and mistresses. At last we were off, and swung out of the gate at full trot of nine horses, which sounded very impressive.

And train.

Visit to Haddon, March, 1905

As the second half-term holiday at Darley Dale drew near, we were very excited to hear that we were going to visit the lovely old mansion of Haddon. It was in the early spring, so it was rather cold, but we did not enjoy ourselves any the less.

Directly after an early dinner we started for the station. The train steamed in, and off we went, feeling very happy, as may be expected. After a short journey we arrived at Rowsley, from which we had a walk of about two miles to the Beautiful old Hall.

Richmal Crompton wrote home to her brother (using her nickname Pussy), Jack, about a trip to Chatsworth.

Dear Jacko,

How do you like this exciting p.p.c.? Do you remember those half-term French lessons G. and I used to try to do with you? How are you getting on at School? Caught any more tadpoles? We went to Chatsworth on Tuesday. Don't you wish I was at home to tease you?

With love,
Pussy.

She also corresponded in Latin with her father who wrote the following postcard to her.

Ad thurnsconem ire cum Joanne constitui. Per mensem Augustum ibi morabimur. Tu et G. cum matre ibitis. Forsitan in villa versabimini. J. Norton hic est, nox appetit. J. surgit hora sexto et cum Sykes et Howard. Currat. Vale.

I decided to go to Thurnesso with Joanne. We will stay there for the month of August. You and G. will come with mother. Perhaps you will live in the villa. J. Norton is here. Night approaches, J. gets up at the sixth hour to run with Sykes and Howard.

Goodbye.

Both Warrington and St. Elphin's have traditions of ghosts which we have inherited from Richmal Crompton's days.

Anne had been made a monitress the time before. Not a dormitory mistress, but a downstairs mistress - a shutter of windows and tidier-up of form rooms and collector of forfeits and turner-out of lights. The position involved a lot of trouble and little honour, but Anne was very proud of it. Peace had been a monitress at the beginning of the year, and Lorna had been one for over a year. Anne was on Big Schoolroom duty at first. She had to stay behind in the Big Schoolroom after evening roll call, and turn out the lights. There was that term a recrudescence of the ghost agitation. The Priory was supposed to be haunted by a nun. None could explain why a nun should haunt the Priory, but, as being more romantic than a monk, haunt it she did. The evening when Anne's monitress duties began she was regaled with full and authenticated accounts of the ghost by a circle of friends.

"Anne, when you've turned out the last gas and it's quite dark you'll know that you aren't alone. I always just dash out . . . I can feel there's something else in the room. I daren't stop a minute."

Although belief in the ghost was obviously forbidden by the authorities, all Anne's circle believed in it. Lorna and Sylvia were firmly convinced of its existence. Sylvia said once she thought she'd seen it, but couldn't be sure.

"Anne Morrison"

The Planting of the Trees

(Richmal Crompton planted a maple)

(An extract)

It was a cold drizzling day, in the year 1905 A.D. The whole school of St. Elphin's was assembled on the stretch of wasteland outside the playing-field. Each girl was planting her own particular tree. There were maples, oaks, horn-beams, ashes, and every kind of tree conceivable, and by the end of the afternoon the patch of ground looked like a miniature plantation. Everyone took part in the performance, from the head-prefect to the smallest babe of Form I., and at three o'clock we all adjourned to the School, feeling we had done a good afternoon's work.

It was a 100 years later, in the year 2005 A.D. The little plantation had grown into a huge forest, and stood tall and gloomy, overshadowing the field. Suddenly, at exactly two o'clock, the wood was filled with ghostly forms which flitted in and out of the trees in hopeless confusion. They were the ghosts of dead and gone St. Elphinites

who had come back to revisit their old haunts on the centenary of the planting of the trees.

I (who was there as a long, thin spectre) thought that the best thing to do, would be to try and find the tree and recognise some old acquaintance among the crowd of ghosts. I looked hopelessly round and soon beheld a tall, harassed-looking spectre approaching me. In one hand she held a list of the hockey elevens, and in the other a catalogue of books. There was no mistaking her - it was Dorothea, our beloved hockey captain. I accosted her. "Hail! beloved companion of my earthly life, whither goest thou?" She stared vacantly. "There's only one more match this term," she said, "and that's with Buxton," and flitted away through a tree and was lost to sight. So I sat down and was just wondering what to do next, when I saw another shade approaching. There was surely

no doubt who was this. She staggered under the weight of three Greek lexicons, each of which was twice as big as herself. It was Muriel, *alias* Nudae, our much-respected head. I advanced, "Well met, my friend," I said. "How goes the world with you?" She peeped out from behind a Greek lexicon and said "That's not the question. You see, in Greek as in French, one must put an article before *every* noun!" and before I could answer, the shade had glided away, and I was left alone. So I wandered along, until I came across the shade of Miss Flood, sitting beneath a tall oak tree with Virgil, Book III., in her hand. She was explaining to the Remove, that, strange to say, the ancient Latins *never* made an accusative case the subject of a finite verb. She quite agreed with them that this was odd, but she thought that S. Elphinites might follow their example even in this peculiarity.

In 1907 Richmal became a member of the magazine committee and dedicated this poem to the school.

S tand up for S. Elphin's, ye old girls and new,
A nd keep its name sacred whatever you do;
I t's a name whose traditions are sound and intact,
N ever sully or stain it by word or by act.
T hrough school life and after let this be your rule -
E 'er to cleave to your motto and honour your school,
L earn to fight with a will and you're certain to win,
P lay up for S. Elphin's through thick and through thin.
H er honour is sacred and true, every bit;
I n everything show here you've courage and grit,
N ever forgetting the time-honoured call -
S aint Elphin's for ever! - the best school of all!

She wrote another poem about our blot on the landscape, the boiler-chimney. There really is a room approached by rickety wooden steps at the bottom of the chimney in which the staff used to dine.



The Chimney

If anyone should visit Darley Dale one summer's day,
There's an elevated structure one could see from miles away,
Its grand and stately aspect you would certainly admire,
You might take it in the distance for a steeple or a spire;
But when you've got quite close your admiration then would cool,
For it's nothing but the sky-aspiring chimney of our school.
Now it grieves me very deeply that, although so fine and tall,
This graceful looking chimney is no good to us at all,
And I hope a few suggestions, friends, will not be quite in vain,
From one who's turned the weighty matter over in her brain.
Why not have a spiral staircase so that each S. Elphinite,
(In her usual thirst for knowledge) on a star-lit summer night,
Might in turn ascend the chimney with a volume in her hand,
And, equipped with many telescopes, upon the summit stand,
And turn that thirst for learning (which in girls is hard to stop),
To the study of astronomy upon the chimney top.
Why not, friends, when strangers come in troops to Darley Dale,
And tourists come in mighty crowds by motor and by rail;
Lead them gently to the staircase - let them climb up two by two,
And stand upon the summit and admire the glorious view;
And we'd charge them for this privilege 1s., say, per hour,
And sell them picture postcards of "Ye Olde S. Elphin Tower,"
And we'd all collect the shillings at the bottom of the stairs,
And very soon we'd all of us be multi-millionaires.
I'll make one last suggestion, if you've any time to spare;
(This suggestion's not original - of that I'm quite aware),
For if it was with several doors and several roofs provided,
Into sitting-rooms the chimney might be easily divided.
The very topmost room, perhaps, might be a trifle small,
And through the opening at the top the rain might sometimes fall:
But the inmate must not grumble if it's somewhat of a squash,
And when it rains she then must sit and wear a mackintosh.

I've turned the matter over, friends, again and yet again,
And these are the suggestions of a most inventive brain;
And I humbly beg your pardon if you think they're rather long,
So with kind respects to everyone, I think I'll end my song.

- Richmal Crompton Lamburn

In 1909 Richmal Crompton described a rainy picnic in Dovedale.

Our Picnic

The day was very bright and fine, the sun was in the sky
(I do not know the reason, so I cannot tell you why).
We were picnicing to Dove Dale for our usual mid-term fête,
And at ten a.m. in char-a-bancs we started off in state.
To see the sights of Dove Dale every one of us was pining;
For two whole hours we drove along, and still the sun was shining.
"But, oh, my friend, is that a cloud, so small and far away?
And can this be a drop of rain? O tell me, friend, I pray.
Oh, can this be a summer shower? What mean these dismal fogs?"
To tell the plain unvarnished truth, it's raining cats and dogs.
We all put up our "brollies," and we all put on our "macks,"
And little streams of water soon are trickling down our backs.
Still, undepressed, we pass the time with endless jokes and tales;
But after, say, an hour or so, our conversation fails.
For a "brolly" to the left of me has poked my hat awry,
And a "brolly" to the right of me is digging out my eye
(And still the rain comes pouring down, and still the sky is black),
A "brolly" just behind me is now dripping down my back.
But do you see, my friend, the clouds are lifting over there?
(The "brolly" to my right is now entangled in my hair);
We hope that it will soon clear up, alas! we hope in vain,
For nothing happens all the day but rain and rain and rain.
We reach the Peveril of the Peak, and there we have our lunch.
(The shapes of all our hats would be a subject fit for "Punch"!)
They give us a piano and a room in which to play,
And the noise we made that afternoon was heard a mile away.
Then after tea we think it time we started home again,
So we don our "macks" and "brollies" as defence against the rain;
We dash through every watery road and every muddy street,
Causing infinite amusement to the people whom we meet.
The "brollies" all around me are quite blocking out my view,
But still, in spite of all, the rain succeeds in coming through.
Then, home once more, each drenched maid up to her dortoir goes,
We wring the water from our hair, and change our dripping clothes.
And you, my friends, perhaps will be surprised to hear me say,
That some of us, in spite of all, enjoyed this curious day;
Perhaps it was the dampness or the blackness of the sky,
I do not know the reason, so I cannot tell you why.

- Richmal Crompton Lamburn

Both Gwen and Richmal's many examination successes were recorded in the magazines of the time.

Here are just a few.

DRAWING EXAMINATION, 1905	
G. Lamburn	Honours
R. Lamburn	Honours

1906	
R. Lamburn	Pass. Distinguished in Latin.

Cambridge Higher Local Results, 1909	
Class I.: Group A.	
R. C. Lamburn.	Distinguished in History of Literature.

1913
Gwendoline Lamburn has taken her London B.A. degree. She is now Mathematical Mistress at the Grange School, Buxton.

In 1909, at the age of 19, Richmal Crompton Lamburn became a pupil teacher at St. Elphin's, a system whereby older girls working for university entrance helped in teaching the Lower School. She reflects her reaction to tutorials with Miss Kennedy in "Anne Morrison":

At first Anne was overawed at the thought of lessons with Miss Masters with only Sylvia (who was trying for a scholarship that year) as a companion. But the lessons when they began were a revelation to Anne. As a coach, Miss Masters was inspiring and stimulating. She was herself a scholar of the finest calibre, and her enthusiasm communicated itself. Her knowledge, her unerring taste, her readiness to hear and consider the pupils' opinions impressed Anne from the first, and from the first Miss Masters held her interest. Just at first the old fear was there - the nervousness, the dread of making a mistake and so drawing upon her the terrible wrath. That dread began to disappear during a coaching, when Miss Masters looked up from her book with a far-away, anxious expression and said:

"Oh, dear! I don't know what to do. One of my stay bones is broken and is running into me, and I can't make up my mind whether to go and change now or wait till after."

A stay bone . . . Why, she was human, human.

Richmal Crompton realised the deep concern Miss Kennedy had for the girls themselves.

While Anne and Sylvia were having a coaching one evening, a small member of IIIa was sent up for writing notes in preparation. Uncomfortably, with eyes downcast, Anne and Sylvia heard the terrible wrath burst forth. Then, looking up as the door shut, they saw the wrath give place to a smile. Miss Masters handed them a note.

"It's rather amusing, isn't it?" she said, "especially that bit about Miss Butler."

They read it with amusement, tempered by awe.

"That child's in your dormitory, isn't she, Anne?" said Miss Masters. "What do you think of her? Rather a nice child, really, isn't she?"

It was like the withdrawing of a curtain. Anne had seen girls pass behind that curtain before, but had never realized that the wonderful experience might happen to her, and it was happening. Miss Masters, no longer magisterial and terrible, was friendly . . . actually friendly. Anne was working harder than she had ever worked in her life, and was enjoying her work more than she had dreamed that work could be enjoyed. She worked for Miss Master's praise, and Miss Masters gave praise unstintingly where it was due. She asked Anne to tea (as she asked all the VI Form girls in turn), and sitting over the fire afterwards, discussed with her the books she had read, the younger girls, her home life. It was Miss Masters asking her opinion about the girls in the Lower School that touched Anne most deeply.

1910

Miss Kennedy's death is also echoed in 'Anne Morrison.'

And then -

It was only a bad cold that kept Miss Masters in bed for the week-end. She was up again the next day, teaching and taking chapel as usual, but she went to bed again at the end of the week. She took Anne and Sylvia for their lesson in

bed, sitting up with a plaid shawl over her shoulders and her hair in a very tight pig tail down her back. She wore a pink flannel nightdress that buttoned up to her throat and ended in a tight frilled collar. Incredibly thick underclothing and an enormous pair of black corsets were on a chair on the other side of the bed. She taught as if the proceeding were the most natural in the world, except that her voice was very husky. Sylvia and Anne dared not look at each other. Outside her room they fell upon each other.

"What a scream."

"Anne, *did* you see the corsets?"

"Her nightdress! Wasn't it sweet?"

It was the last time they saw her. The next day a uniformed nurse arrived, and the word "Pneumonia" flew round the school. The school was immediately sobered.

Miss Kennedy died in 1910.



Richmal Crompton obtained a Scholarship to the Royal Holloway College and gained her degree in 1914, after which she returned to St. Elphin's to teach Classics in the disturbing conditions of wartime.



Miss Margaret Flood, daughter of Mrs. Flood, was now Headmistress of the school and she and Richmal Crompton taught successfully together for several years, Richmal Crompton's return to St. Elphin's marked a period of great respect for her learning and enthusiasm for her subject. There was one moment during the war when Zeppelins were dropped nearby but the Staff kept awake alone and did not need to rouse the girls from their dormitories.

I cannot resist quoting Miss Flood's account of the end of the war even though Richmal Crompton had by now left the school for Bromley High School.

Letter from the Headmistress, December, 1918.

The Term that is just ending has been one of the most eventful and unusual of all the Terms I have known at S. Elphin's. Domestic catastrophes came upon us thick and fast, "these of the largest size," and we all had to turn our hands to occupations of the most strenuous nature in order to "carry on." We began the Term without a cook, and in general the domestic staff was much depleted, and when even the few we had fell ill with influenza, we were in a sorry plight. However, the determination to carry on and refuse to be beaten by difficulties, surmounted all these trials, and we all really enjoyed the domestic work that fell to our lot. Mistresses and girls alike worked hard, and with but slight loss in ordinary lessons, the machinery of the school was kept going.

Hardly had we recovered from the dissipations of the Half-term than we were hurled out of our usual peaceful routine by the startling news of the Armistice on November 11th. We shall none of us ever forget the thrilling moment in the middle of morning school, when the joyful news of victory reached us. We all rushed into the Hall, saluted our flag, and sang the National Anthem, cheering as we had never cheered before. Then when the flag was hoisted the drive re-echoed with renewed cheers and the singing of all the Allies' National Anthems and the cheering of some wounded soldiers who were passing at the moment. After this the school formed into procession, armed with trays, cymbals, combs, the gong, and various instruments, and made music in the field, until dinner called. After dinner games provided an outlet for uproarious spirits and in the evening lessons were resumed, as owing to the death of one of the maids that day, it was felt more seemly to postpone the rest of our Armistice celebrations. We had Thanksgiving in Chapel in the evening, but had our Special Thanksgiving Service on Tuesday. After Evensong, during which we had special Psalms, Hymns and Lesson, we sang the Te Deum, For all the Saints, and the National Anthem. An extra week was added to the Christmas holidays to complete the celebrations.

Apart from all these special events, there has been a fresh feature in our school arrangements, and that is the division of the school into Houses. There are three Senior Houses, named after our Founder and Secondary Founders, "Powys," "Kennedy," and "Wilson," while the Lower School is known as "The Junior House." Each House has its own colours, Kennedy, blue; Wilson, cerise; Powys, green; and the Juniors, fawn. This system is on the whole a great success, and has promoted much keenness in games and entertainments, talent of all sorts being discovered for use in the latter.

There are many developments possible in the arrangement, as the Houses are run entirely by the girls, while they have the support of the mistresses allotted to the different Houses, and I hope for great advances in *esprit de corps* and in the ability for self-government.

Margaret Flood



In 'Anne Morrison' Anne's teaching career began at St. Catherine's (still the name of Mr. Pollard's house) and Miss Rose is understood to be modelled on Miss Flood, who, as you will read in Lady Osmond's letters, was offended by what she deemed to be an unflattering portrait of herself but the two women became friendly again in due course. As Richmal Ashbee and Margaret Disher have pointed out to me Margaret Disher was Margaret Flood's god-daughter and named after her, so the rift has perhaps been exaggerated.

From here the story is well known. Richmal Crompton Lamburn taught at Bromley High School for six years then began the series of William books which we all read in childhood and beyond. After an attack of poliomyelitis she devoted herself to full time writing, with an enormous number of titles, 38 William books, 42 novels and short stories.

She died on January 11th, 1969, at Chislehurst, Kent in the midst of writing "William the Lawless" which was completed by her niece Richmal Ashbee, from notes left by her aunt. In his obituary David Holloway wrote that "the success of Richmal Crompton's 'William' stories was that they were those which could bring adults and children together".

As we have been reading these very stories this year in preparation for writing our own stories, I have seen many girls, heads immersed in books in the library, or chuckling as they read on the way to the Thornton Block. Speaking to parents I suspect that I was not the only 10 year old of my day to have a "liquorish maker" store on a shelf in the kitchen. I have taken great pleasure in getting to know Richmal Crompton as I researched the information for these pages which has given a new dimension to my re-reading of the William stories.

*In "Just-Richmal" Kay Williams passes on to her readers a tribute from Spain which I echo here:
"The mother of William will have presented herself before God with her arms full of William's smiles."*

Ann Hodgson.

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"Anne Morrison" - Richmal Crompton.

Very many thanks to Richmal Ashbee for all the help she has given.

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Mrs. Anne Johnson and I also interviewed two interesting former helpers at the school, Mr. James Slack (boot boy and errand boy, 1919-1924) who cleaned boots and sports shoes in the boot hole and put them on named racks in the cellar and Miss Corley who worked in the laundry after 1943. More of both their interviews in the 50 years of St. Elphin's book!

Some interesting facts gleaned from them:

- 1) Long Corridor contained ovens to keep food hot before service in the needlework room.
- 2) The practice rooms were massage and special treatment parlours!
- 3) The swimming pool was in the far music room.
- 4) Willowdene was the old sanatorium, with Nurse Hill, and was constantly in use as there were so many illnesses in those days.

Ann Hodgson

**A CELEBRATION OF
RICHMAL CROMPTON'S YEARS
AT
ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL
THURSDAY, 15th NOVEMBER, 1990**

Some of the Events

Carriage arrival as if from Warrington in 1904.

Maple tree planting by Richmal Ashbee,
niece of Richmal Crompton Lamburn.

Chapel - Original 1904 Sermon.

Formal Lunch with sung grace.

Edwardian lessons - Classics and Drill.

Richmal Crompton - talk by Mary Cadogan.

Under 12 William Workshop - Footprints Theatre Group

William and Violet Elizabeth Look-Alike Competition.

William "Feast" - a successful raid on the larder!

"William and The Pond" - Rex Diamond Radio Script - senior girls.

Old School Song and William Ditty.

There will be a Senior School Open Morning
from 9.30 - 12.30 on Saturday, 17th November.

The choir will be taking part in a Special Service
to be held in Bury Parish Church, at 11 a.m. on Sunday, 18th November.

Tributes

Richmal Crompton Lamburn

The centenary of the birth of 'Ray' Lamburn will be celebrated in November 1990. She was known to many generations of girls at St. Elphin's. Ray was a pupil of the school for ten years (1901-1911) and, after gaining her degree, taught there from 1914-1917.

My elder sister, Muriel Wells, was sent to St. Elphin's in the same year that Ray returned to join the Staff. Miss Lamburn taught Muriel Latin and Greek and, when Ray left to take up a post at Bromley High School, they continued to keep in touch. Ray, with her charm, sense of humour and wide interests, was a very popular member of staff. I believe her teaching ability to have been outstanding.

Many years after she had ceased to teach (following polio in 1923) Ray told me that she attributed much of the academic success of her pupils to one thing. She apparently began every classics lesson (including every lesson for the VIth form) with an oral test of grammar. Thereafter, no girl needed to pause to think of correct tenses or conjugations.

Members of the Old Girls' Guild were delighted to meet Ray Lamburn when she came to Reunion meetings in London. Some of us were confused to discover that Ray Lamburn and The Richmal Crompton, whose "William" books we had so much enjoyed, were one and the same person.

After my husband and I had moved to Shortlands, Ray invited me to her house, Beechwood, in Chislehurst - just five miles away. It was only then that I realized what a very large number of adult novels she had also written.

When Richmal Crompton's novel "Anne Morrison" was published in 1925, Miss Flood felt that the second school where A. M. taught and the headmistress Miss Rose in the novel were partially based on St. Elphin's and showed school and head in a very unfavourable light. She banned the book. Parents must have cooperated because I remember being allowed to read it for the first time on the day I left school in 1932.

Miss Flood thought very highly of Ray both when she was pupil and when on the staff. The continued coldness between them after the publication of 'Anne Morrison' seemed particularly sad. When Miss Flood was staying with us in the 1950's, I, (with Miss Flood's approval) invited Ray to tea. After some initial hesitation, they decided to forget the past and we had a very pleasant afternoon. In 1966, Miss Flood asked me to circulate some of her early travel memoirs in order to raise money for a St. Elphin's Bursary Fund. I was delighted to be able to tell Miss Flood that the most generous contribution of all came from Miss Lamburn.

St. Elphin's can surely be proud of this outstanding classical scholar who became a gifted woman novelist, perhaps unique in writing about small and scruffy boys and in appealing to such a wide age range.

Sybil Osmond
(née Wells)

A Society Without a Name

Little did I know in 1983 when I suggested to a small number of fans of Richmal Crompton's writings that a get-together would be a good idea, it would snowball into an annual event.

Fifteen people met in a hotel in Leeds one afternoon in July 1983 simply for the pleasure of showing each other our various collections of WILLIAM books and to talk about the writing skills of Miss Crompton. My initial suggestion of this meeting to a few people, had gathered momentum as they in turn had by word of mouth told fans that they knew so we even had people with us from the south coast of England. It was such a good atmosphere that we all felt it a good idea to try to organise something a little bit better with guest speakers. I took on the "position" of being at the helm and one other person would co-ordinate the next meeting which would be in Nottingham in 1984.

Subsequent meetings have been in Hemel Hempstead, Stafford, Banbury, Chester, Norwich and this year Bromley where Richmal Crompton spent most of her life. Our next meeting, April 1991, will be in Bury.

William encountered all sorts of weird and wonderful societies in his youthful career: societies with obscure sounding names and ideals. He probably never encountered one as I describe - a society without a name, without any formal set-up and without any promotion except that by word of mouth. But despite all that, it's a very happy band of people that meets each year and some good friendships have been made. What more could one ask?

Darrell Swift,
President.

We have extended an invitation to the 'Society Without a Name' to hold its annual meeting at St. Elphin's in the future and look forward to meeting its members.

Words from Rex Diamond, producer of the 1950's "Just William" radio series which some of us remember so well.

Besides having had the satisfaction of being part of the success of the radio series, it was also a pleasure and a privilege to have become not only a working colleague but also a close friend of Richmal Crompton herself. I never ceased to marvel at her accomplishments, for here was a Lady, and I emphasise Lady, of genteel breeding, kindly nature, unassuming, almost hiding from any sort of limelight and acclaim, who, through her observations of her brother and I believe nephew's boyhood pranks and actions, had turned them into a practical form of entertainment for so many by her creation of "Just William".

I counted many of the big stars of the past I worked with as personal friends, among which, of course, was Richmal Crompton.

Rex Diamond.



SPORT

Rounders Report Summer 1990

U18 Squad

Rachael MacLachlan - captain,
Emma Howorth, Jane Townend,
Rachel Gowers, Lucy Golland, Helen Gilbert
Antonia Myles-White, Natasha West,
Andrea Riley, Claire Tinker

U16 Squad

Karen Shopland - Captain, Katherine Fowler
Katharine Cox, Catherine Malkinson,
Nicola Allen, Sarah Rawling,
Claire Dickinson, Stephanie Goult,
Fiona Northcott, Natasha Wojciechowska,
Rachel Amner

U15 Squad

Abigail Joyce - Captain, Juliet Scott,
Laura Turner, Miranda Smith, Sue Stenson,
Carolyn Watt, Claire Welberry,
Sarah Langridge, Claire Mansell,
Amanda Pope, Sarah Robinson,
Valerie Lesage, Natalie Good,
Shantell Aleverares-Johnson,
Nicola Hammond, Fiona Wong

U14 Squad

Roberta Tomkinson - Captain, Emma Neish,
Suzanne Ellis, Emma Carter, Georgina Glover,
Tohan Ayewoh, Nicola Burrows,
Zofie Wojciechowska, Renata Del Luongo,
Sophie Vinning, Helen Johnson,
Bryony Lawson, Bethan Lewis, Joan Bertie,
Gillian Frazer, Elizabeth Kelly

U13 Squad

Amy Turner - Captain, Joanna Wardle,
Jeanette Fyfe, Hilary Coe, Emma Atkinson,
Claire Plowright, Claire Inman, Karen
Cartlidge, Emma Graham, Devanie Hutton,
Catherine Hawley, Kathy Perrin

U12 Squad

Deborah MacLachlan, Rachel Woodhouse,
Hannah Wicks, Elizebeth Turner,
Meike Smith, Katie O'Neill, Rebecca Hawley,
Katherine Tatler, Zoe Blount, Ruth Gilkes,
Caroline Bond, Nicola Strivens, Julie Smith

Our opposition this term has consisted of Lady Manners, The Presentation Convent, Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Highfields and Ecclesbourne. We were able to play every match but one of the Queen Elizabeth fixtures was halted abruptly, ten minutes into play, by a torrential downpour and thunder and lightning! The match was abandoned and the girls were soaked through to the skin!

The U18 team was particularly strong this season. One of their best features being their ability to hit the ball hard! This is an area where the U12 and U13 teams need to improve if they are to capitalize on their improved fielding.

Generally, throughout all the teams, fielding has sharpened considerably. Their knowledge of the rules and the ability to put them into practice has strengthened their game considerably.

The girls have continued to play every match with total commitment and in a competitive, yet sporting manner.

I should like to thank Jane Townend for her help and assistance in coaching and encouraging the U12 team.

Patricia Hooton



House Results 1989-90

Netball

Juniors	1. Kennedy 3. Powys	2. Pigot 4. Wilson
Seniors	1. Kennedy 3. Wilson	2. Powys 4. Pigot

Hockey

Juniors	1. Powys 3. Pigot	2. Wilson 4. Kennedy
Seniors	1. Powys 3. Wilson	2. Kennedy 4. Pigot

Cross Country

Juniors	1. Powys 3. Pigot	2. Wilson 4. Kennedy
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1st	Amy Turner (Po)
2nd	Claire Kirby (Pi)
3rd	Rebecca Fischer (Po)

Inters.	1. Powys 3. Pigot	2. Kennedy 4. Wilson
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1st	Susie Ellis (K)
2nd	Sarah Robinson (Po)
3rd	Sarah Langridge (Pi)

Seniors	1. Pigot 3. Powys	2. Kennedy 4. Wilson
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1st	Andrea Riley (Pi)
2nd	Katy Fowler (Po)
3rd	Rachel Gowers (K)

Tennis

Juniors	1. Powys 3. Wilson	2. Kennedy 4. Pigot
Seniors	1. Powys 3. Wilson	2. Kennedy 4. Pigot

Athletics Standards

1. Kennedy 3. Powys	2. Wilson 4. Pigot
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Athletics

1. Powys 3. Wilson	2. Kennedy 4. Pigot
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CUPS

Junior High Jump

Devanie Hutton (K) 1.30m

Senior High Jump

Natasha Wojciechowska (Po) 1.50m

Intermediate Long Jump

Joan Bertie (Po) 4.65m

Senior 200m

Fiona Northcott (Po) 28.3

Junior Victrix Ludorum

Elizebeth Turner (K)

Inter Victrix Ludorum

Joan Bertie (Po)

Senior Victrix Ludorum

Jane Townend (Po)

Rounders

Juniors	1. Wilson 3. Powys	2. Kennedy 4. Pigot
Seniors	1. Powys 3. Pigot	2. Wilson 4. Kennedy

England Schools Milk Cup Team Competition

U14 Placed 3rd County Competition

J. Wardle	Shot	800m
A. Dickinson	100m	Relay
C. Plowright	Javelin	Relay
E. Graham	Hurdles	Discus
J. Fyfe	Javelin	1500m
E. Turner	Long Jump	100m
L. Cox	Hurdles	Shot
Z. Wojciechowska	200m	High Jump
K. Core	Long Jump	Relay
P. Stevenson	High Jump	200m
A. Turner	1500m	Shot
R. Woodhouse	1500m	Relay

U16 Placed 1st County Competition

6th Midland Regional Final

J. Scott	High Jump	200m
E. Turner	Shot	Relay
K. Lawson	Hurdles	Long Jump
B. Lawson	Hurdles	Discus
B. Lewis	Discus	200m
N. Burrows	800m	Relay
F. Wong	Shot	Relay
S. Ellis	800m	Long Jump
S. Robinson	1500m	Relay
C. Watt	800m	Javelin
J. Bertie	100m	High Jump
T. Ayewoh	High Jump	200m
E. Hill	Javelin	Relay

Derbyshire County Championships

Juniors

J. Bertie	3rd	100m
Z. Wojciechowska	2nd	200m
S. Ellis	9th	800m
B. Lawson	4th	75m Hurdles
B. Lewis	10th	Discus
E. Kelly	9th	Shot

Relay

J. Bertie	
T. Ayewoh	6th
Z. Wojciechowska	
N. Burrows	

Inters

F. Northcott	1st	200m
County Champion		
C. Dickinson	6th	100m
C. Watt	7th	400m
S. Robinson	8th	1500m
K. Lawson	2nd	80m Hurdles
J. Scott	4th	High Jump

Relay

F. Northcott	
C. Dickinson	
J. Scott	4th
C. Watt	

Seniors

J. Townend	2nd	100m hurdles
E. Howorth	3rd	100m
N. West	2nd	200m
R. MacLachlan	2nd	Long Jump
T. Charlesworth	2nd	Shot
K. Johnson	2nd	400m

5 Star Awards

28 Awards at 5 Star Level

Derbyshire Representatives

Fiona Northcott	200m	Inters
Natasha West	200m	Seniors
Karina Lawson	80m Hurdles	Inters

Match v. Worksop College & St. Mary's School

U16 Team

St. Elphins 1st. Worksop 2nd. St. Mary's 3rd

J. Bertie, T. Ayewoh, B. Lewis, E. Turner,
G. Stewart, J. Scott, C. Welberry, S. Robinson,
C. Watt, S. Langridge, N. Burrows,
Z. Wojciechowska, B. Lawson, N. Burrows

1st v. Worksop, Abbotsholme, Newcastle, Abbots Bromley

U15 Team

A. Turner, J. Fyfe, B. Lewis, N. Burrows, S. Ellis,
T. Ayewoh, Z. Wojciechowska, J. Bertie,
J. Wardle, C. Plowright, R. Woodhouse

U17 Team

F. Northcott, C. Dickinson, J. Scott, S. Rawling,
C. Watt, K. Lawson, K. Johnson (Captain),
S. Robinson, S. Langridge, V. Lesage E. Hill,
N. Good

Winners of The Worksope College Centenary Trophy



South Peak Championships v Highfields, Queen Elizabeth G.S., Belper, Antony Gell, Ecclesbourne

Juniors	Intermediates	Seniors
100m		
J. Bertie 1st	C. Dickinson 2nd	E. Howorth 2nd
200m		
Z. Wojciechowska 1st	F. Northcott 1st	N. West 1st
400m		
	C. Watt 2nd	K. Johnson 1st
800m		
S. Ellis 2nd	S. Langridge 5th	L. Golland 5th
1500m		
A. Turner 4th	S. Robinson 2nd	V. Gordon 2nd
Hurdles		
B. Lawson 1st	K. Lawson 1st	J. Townend 1st
Long Jump		
K. Core 3rd	F. Northcott 1st	R. McLachlan 1st
High Jump		
T. Ayewoh 3rd	J. Scott 2nd	C. Tinker 3rd
Javelin		
J. Fyfe 4th	E. Hill 5th	J. Townend 3rd
Discus		
B. Lewis 1st	C. Dickinson 3rd	N. West 2nd
Shot		
E. Kelly 2nd	K. Shopland 3rd	T. Charlesworth 1st
Relay		
N. Burrows	C. Dickinson	E. Howorth
J. Bertie	J. Scott	N. West
T. Ayewoh 1st	C. Watt 1st	J. Townend 1st
S. Ellis	F. Northcott	R. MacLachlan
TEAM		
1st	1st	1st

Records to date for events held at the Inter-House Athletics Championships. July 1990

Rounders Ball			
U3	J. Fyfe (Po)	1989	31.70m

Javelin			
L4	E. Hill (Pi)	1988	17.55m
U4	E. Turner (Po)	1989	16.62m
L5	K. Francis (W)	1989	17.32m
U5	J. Calder (Po)	1989	20.42m
6th	L. Golland (K)	1990	14.80m

Shot			
3.75K	L4 E. Kelly (K)	1989	6.90m
3.75K	U4 E. Kelly (K)	1990	8.04m
3.75K	L5 C. Welberry (K)	1990	7.45m
4.00K	6th R. MacLachlan (W)	1990	8.09m

High Jump			
U3	T. Ayewoh (Po)	1988	1.25m
L4	D. Hutton (K)	1990	1.30m
U4	N. Wojciechowska (Po)	1988	1.45m
L5	N. Wojciechowska (Po)	1989	1.45m
U5	N. Wojciechowska (Po)	1990	1.50m
6th	J. Townend (Po)	1989	1.37m

Long Jump			
U3	B. Lawson (K)	1988	4.00m
L4	S. Ellis (K)	1989	4.79m
U4	J. Bertie (Po)	1990	4.65m
L5	K. Auty (K)	1988	4.54m
U5	F. Northcott (Po)	1990	4.71m
6th	R. MacLachlan (W)	1990	4.88m

100m			
U3	S. Ellis (K)	1988	14.22
L4	T. Ayewoh (Po)	1989	13.38
U4	J. Bertie (Po)	1990	13.40
L5	C. Dickinson (W)	1989	13.06
U5	F. Northcott (Po)	1990	13.23
6th	R. MacLachlan (W)	1990	13.74

200m			
U3	S. Ellis (K)	1988	30.55
L4	T. Ayewoh (Po)	1989	28.48
U4	T. Ayewoh (Po)	1990	28.92
L5	F. Northcott (Po)	1989	28.06
U5	F. Northcott (Po)	1990	28.30
6th	R. MacLachlan (W)	1990	29.49

800m			
U3/L4	S. Ellis (K)	1988	2 min. 50.09 sec.
U4/L5	S. Langridge (Pi)	1990	2 min. 47.47 sec.
U5/6th	L. Golland (K)	1989	2 min. 53.00 sec.

1500m			
U3/L4	C. Kirby (Pi)	1990	6 min. 05.08 sec.
U4/L5	S. Langridge (Pi)	1989	6 min. 00.00 sec.
U5/6th	K. Johnson (K)	1988	6 min. 00.07 sec.

Hurdles			
70m	U3/L4	B. Lawson (K)	1988 12.35
		B. Lewis (W)	1989 12.35
75m	U4/L5	B. Lewis (W)	1990 12.37
80m	U5/6th	J. Townend (Po)	1989 13.81

Pentathlon			
Open	F. Northcott (Po)	1989	322 points

SWIMMING AWARDS 1989-90

A.S.A. Gold Challenge

K. Ward, C. Haines, S. Chamber, J. Whitten

Bronze Personal Survival

79

Silver Personal Survival

21

Gold Personal Survival

C. Malkinson, K. Fowler, A. Wood, S. Rawling, S. Gowers, K. Shepherd, N. Allen, F. Northcott, N. Bond, R. Gowers, E. Howorth, V. Pope, Z. Wojciechowska, A. Billington, G. Glover, R. Tomkinson, C. Jurczyk, A. Smith, K. Smyth

1500m and 1 mile

H. Fox, R. Tomkinson, C. Jurczyk, S. Hicks, K. Smyth, A. Smith (U4), S. Vinning, Z. Wojciechowska, J. Faulkner, E. Jackson, C. Plowright, J. Wardle, C. Hawley, R. Fischer, E. Graham, K. Cartledge, P. Stevenson, K. Ward, L. Cox, R. Butler, L. Baxter, E. Atkinson, L. Pritchard, D. Hutton, A. Dickinson, C. Haines

Life-Saving 1

33

Life-Saving 2

29

Bronze Medallion and Standard Resuscitation

E. Thornton, S. Edge, S. Nair (U6), P. Whitehouse, J. Turner, T. Charlesworth, E. Skipper, N. Heathcote, C. Welberry, K. Margetts, S. Chambers, A. Thompson, C. Watt, N. Good, S. Stenson, A. Joyce, S. Robinson, N. Hammond, L. Turner, C. Mansell, L. Bennett, J. Scott, S. Strivens, J. Stoppard, F. Wong, R. Cooper, M. Smith (L5)

Standard Resuscitation

J. Whitten, A. Pope, L. Palfree, D. Boon, J. Walker (L5), S. Hay, S. Langridge, A. Lok, D. Wright, A. Chung

Award of Merit and Advanced Resuscitation

N. Allen, S. Tarbatt, F. Northcott, M. Allsopp, C. L. McSherry, K. McNally, C. Dickinson, K. Cox, S. Gowers, S. Gault, C. Walker (U5), L. J. Quick, C. Malkinson, K. Shopland, L. Roberts, S. Jones, J. Taylor, H. MacMaster, D. Parsons, V. Gordon

Advanced Resuscitation

P. Phillipot, N. Wojciechowska, C. Pritchard

Silver Cross Open Water

A. Riley, A. Thickett, K. Shopland, N. West, E. Howorth, L. Knowles, C. Walker (U5), K. Cox, S. Gault, C. Dickinson, M. Allsopp, F. Northcott, K. McNally, N. Allen, C. Malkinson

Distinction

K. Ward, C. Haines, A. Shepley, N. Bond, K. Cox, C. Dickinson, K. Shopland, A. Thickett, A. Riley, E. Howorth, C. Dickinson, F. Northcott

Inter-House Swimming Results 1989-90

Butterfly

U3	H. Wicks (Pi)	32.6
L4	C. Plowright (W)	30.7
U4	V. Pope (W)	32.83
L5	N. Good (W)	33.73
U5	N. Wojciechowska (Po)	25.7
U5	K. Shopland (K)	25.7
6th	A. Thickett (K)	22.31

Breaststroke

U3	R. Woodhouse (W)	31.54
L4	J. Wardle (W)	29.26

U4	N. Burrows (W)	31.57
L5	A. Thompson (W)	29.67
U5	N. Allen (Po)	30.26
6th	L. Knowles (Pi)	26.51

Individual Medley

U3/L4	J. Wardle (W)	2.34.66
	G. Glover (Po)	2.35.34
L5	J. Scott (K)	2.43.76
U5	F. Northcott (Po)	2.19.85
6th	A. Thickett (K)	1.55.37

Backstroke

U3	D. MacLachlan (W)	27.13
L4	E. Graham (K)	30.88
U4	Z. Wojciechowska (Po)	30.95
L5	C. Mansell (Pi)	27.81
U5	C-L. McSherry (K)	29.9
6th	K. Johnson (K)	23.12

Life Saving

Open N. Bond (Pi)

Front Crawl

U3	R. Woodhouse (W)	27.68
L4	C. Plowright (W)	25.39
U4	G. Glover (Po)	27.19
L5	A. Joyce (Po) & N. Good (W)	25.16
U5	S. Gowers (K)	23.29
6th	K. Johnson (K)	19.41

FINAL RESULT

1st	Wilson
2nd	Kennedy
3rd	Pigot
4th	Powys

Inter-House Athletics Results 1990

Rounders Ball

U3	Katie O'Neill (Po)	24m 24
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Javelin

L4	Jeanette Fyfe (Po)	15.32m
U4	Georgina Glover (Po)	13.48m
L5	Elizabeth Hill (Pi)	15.50m
U5	Katy Horsfall (W)	18.67m
6th	Lucy Golland (K)	14.80m

Shot

3.75		
L4	Claire Inman (K)	5.42m
U4	Elizabeth Kelly (K)	8.04m Record
L5	Claire Welberry (K)	7.45m Record
U5	Natasha Wojciechowska (Po)	7.45m Record

4 Kilo

6th	Rachael MacLachlan (W)	8.09 Record
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High Jump

U3	Ruth Gilkes (Pi)	1.13m
L4	Devanie Hutton (K)	1.30m Record
U4	Tohan Ayewoh (Po)	1.36m
L5	Juliet Scott (K)	1.30m
U5	Natasha Wojciechowska (Po)	1.50m Record
6th	Natasha West (Pi)	1.27m

Long Jump

U3	Nicola Strivens (K)	3.97m
L4	Claire Plowright (W)	4.49m
U4	Joan Bertie (Po)	4.65m Record
L5	Juliet Scott (K)	4.20m
U5	Fiona Northcott (Po)	4.71m Record
6th	Rachael MacLachlan (W)	4.88m Record

Hurdles

U3/L4	70m @ 68cm	Elizebeth Turner (K)
U4/L5	75m @ 68cm	Bethan Lewis (W)
		12.37 Record
U/6th	80m @ 76cm	Jane Townend (Po) 14.1

100m

U3	Elizebeth Turner (K)	14.83
L4	Claire Plowright (W)	14.91
U4	Joan Bertie (Po)	13.40 Record
L5	Juliet Scott (K)	14.42
U5	Fiona Northcott (Po)	13.23 Record
6th	Rachael MacLachlan (W)	13.74 Record

200m

U3	Nicola Strivens (K)	31.89
L4	Joanna Wardle (W)	31.61
U4	Tohan Ayewoh (Po)	28.92 Record
L5	Sarah Robinson (Po)	30.06
U5	Fiona Northcott (Po)	28.3 Record
6th	Rachael MacLachlan (W)	29.49 Record

800m

U3/L4	Rebecca Fischer (Po)	3m 00.64
U4/L5	Sarah Langridge (Pi)	2m 47.47
		Record
U5/6th	Kathryn Johnson (K)	3m 04.2

1500m
 U3/L4 Claire Kirby (Pi) 6m 05.8m Record
 U4/L5 Suzanne Ellis (K) 6m 20.6
 U5/6th Katherine Fowler (Po) 6m 37.5

Pentathlon Joan Bertie (Po) 309 pts.
Open Jane Townend (Po) 309 pts.

NETBALL SQUADS

1989-90

U12

K. Perrin (Captain), J. Smith,
 M. Smith, E. Atkinson,
 R. Woodhouse, H. Wicks,
 R. Gilkes, K. O'Neill

U14

N. Burrows (Captain), S. Ellis, E. Kelly,
 M. Willetts, B. Lawson, J. Bertie, B. Lewis,
 T. Ayewoh, A. Michell

U16

S. Rawling (Captain), N. Wojciechowska,
 K. Cox, K. Fowler, F. Northcott, S. Gowers,
 J. Scott, C. Watt, K. Lawson

U13

C. Inman (J. Captain), C. Plowright, D. Hutton,
 Z. Wojciechowska (J. Captain), K. Core,
 Z. Berry, T. Wong, J. Wardle, L. Stuart

U15

J. Scott (Captain), A. Joyce, S. Robinson,
 K. Lawson, C. Watt, J. Stoppard, K. Margett,
 F. Wong

Seniors

R. Gowers (Captain), A. Myles-White,
 L. Golland, A. Pope, E. Howorth + U16

The netball season was reduced to the Spring Term with House Matches being played in the Autumn Term. The U12 team improved as the season progressed and are having matches in the coming Autumn Term. The U13 team lacked a determination to succeed and although they are skilful need to be much more positive. The U14 team continue to play netball of a very high level. The Senior team played well particularly against Queen Elizabeth G.S., Ecclesbourne and Worksop. A good season. Well done!

S. M. Hayward

Cross Country

The U14 team were winners of the South Peak Championships.
 Suzanne Ellis, Bethan Lewis, Nicola Burrows,
 Joan Bertie, Bryony Lawson, Amy Turner

S. M. Hayward

Pentathlon Results

Final Total	Final Position		Hurdles	High	Long Jump	Shot Jump	800
291	4=	Bethan Lewis (Wilson)	12.5 1st 65 pts.	1.27 3rd= 60 pts.	3.46 7th 54 pts.	5.94 4th 56 pts.	2.50.07 3rd 56 pts.
143	8	Hilary Coe (Wilson)	15.4 7th 42 pts.	1.06 8th 43 pts.	3.66 6th 58 pts.	-	-
309	1=	Joan Bertie (Powys)	12.7 2nd 63 pts.	1.36 1st 65 pts.	4.43 3rd 73 pts.	5.39 6th 50 pts.	2.46.55 1st 58 pts.
309	1=	Jane Townend (Powys)	13.7 4th 55 pts.	1.33 2nd 63 pts.	4.22 4th= 69 pts.	7.09 1st 67 pts.	2.52.24 4th 55 pts.
291	4=	Kathryn Johnson (Kennedy)	14.7 5th 46 pts.	1.12 7th 49 pts.	4.31 3rd 71 pts.	7.05 2nd 67 pts.	2.44.86 2nd 58 pts.
186	7	Claire-Louise McSherry (Kennedy)	15.3 6th 43 pts.	1.21 5th 57 pts.	3.39 8th 52 pts.	-	3.35.93 7th 34 pts.
265	6	Jennifer Meeks (Pigot)	15.9 8th 39 pts.	1.15 6th 52 pts.	4.22 4th= 69 pts.	5.93 5th 56 pts.	3.05.50 6th 49 pts.
308	3	Gingha Stewart (Pigot)	13.3 3rd 57 pts.	1.27 3rd= 60 pts.	4.62 1st 77 pts.	6.80 3rd 65 pts.	3.04.63 5th 49 pts.



Hockey 1989/90

It was unfortunate this season that poor weather affected the amount and continuity of matches and practices. In spite of this the results were quite encouraging including victories against Ecclesbourne School, Lady Manners School, Sheffield High School and Highfields Schools. (Stancliffe Hall evade us for another year!)

At area level, too, the squads produced some fine play. The U16 squad came third losing only one game. Karen Shopland was selected to play in the Derbyshire Squad after successfully completing trials and training sessions earlier in the season. The U14 squad came second in the area tournament and as a result went on to represent The South Peak Area at the County tournament, a very valuable experience for all concerned. The U18 squad had two successful county trialists in Andrea Riley and Emma Howorth but as a squad had an "off-day" come the U18 County Schools Tournament at Repton School. Matches against "the parents" were again played with spirit and vigour, the honours being shared this year.

Some restructuring of the School Hockey Club will be taking place next season, one of the objectives being an attempt to provide a little more practice time. If all goes well then there is nothing more to say than look out Stancliffe Hall!

M. Carmichael

The Squads

U18

A. Pope, E. Howorth, R. MacLachlan,
 H. Gilbert, A. Myles-White, K. Johnson,
 L. Golland, R. Gowers, A. Riley, A. Shepley,
 N. West, J. Townend, J. Taylor, N. Bond,
 C. Tinker, J. Gadhvi.

U16

D. Boon, N. Allen, K. Cox, C. Dickinson,
 K. Fowler, S. Gault, C. Malkinson,
 F. Northcott, S. Rawling, K. Shopland,
 N. Wojciechowska, A. Wood, S. Gowers.

U15

J. Stoppard, K. Margetts, N. Hammond,
 R. Cooper, C. Welberry, C. Mansell, K. Lawson,
 J. Scott, C. Watt, S. Robinson, S. Stenson,
 M. Smith, S. Langridge, L. Turner.

U14

E. Kelly, B. Lewis, K. Smyth, G. Glover,
 E. Neish, T. Ayewoh, B. Lawson, S. Ellis,
 A. Billington, R. Tomkinson, N. Burrows,
 A. Michell, S. Yearn, E. Allsopp.

U13

K. Cartledge, E. Graham, Z. Wojciechowska,
 P. Stevenson, J. Wardle, C. Grant, Z. Berry,
 C. Hawley, C. Plowright, K. Core, C. Inman,
 K. Perrin, L. Pritchard, H. Coe, A. Dickinson,
 L. Stuart, A. Turner, D. Hutton, M. Ludlam,
 L. Vernal.

Tennis 1990

INTRODUCING THE SQUADS

U19

Jane Townend, Anna Shepley, Lucy Golland,
 Natasha West, Emma Howorth,
 Antonia Myles-White, Kathryn Johnson,
 Catherine Potter.

U16

Nicola Allen, Sarah Lamb, Fiona Northcott,
 Katherine Cox, Stephanie Gault,
 Claire Dickinson, Katie Fowler.

U15

Valerie Lesage, Juliet Scott, Karina Lawson,
 Carolyn Watt, Sarah Robinson, Natalie Good,
 Sarah Langridge, Abigail Joyce, Jo Stoppard.

U14

Elizabeth Kelly, Nicola Burrows,
 Gillian Frazer, Bryony Lawson, Bethan Lewis,
 Emma Neish, Emma Carter, Karen Smyth.

U13

Catherine Hawley, Emma Graham,
 Lucy Pritchard, Claire Inman, Hillary Coe,
 Polly Stevenson, Rachel Butler,
 Karen Cartledge, Jo Wardle.

Our fixtures this season were played mainly on Tuesday evenings. Opponents included Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Lady Manners School, Highfields School and Ecclesbourne School. The results varied but in brief were "a whole lot better than last year's." The most consistent winners were the U19 and U14 age groups but the overall standard of play and of commitment was very pleasing. Particular thanks go to the sixth form squad who were of great help and very supportive throughout the season. Special thanks to the pupils, staff and parents of the Presentation Convent School who joined us in the early part of the season for a rather more social sporting occasion.

In essence, well done everyone. It was a good season but don't let that stop you practising!

M. Carmichael



May we be permitted through the medium of the Magazine to congratulate the mistresses on the valiant stand they made against the First Eleven? The match was watched with great interest by the whole School.



The First Cricket Eleven 1905

Games Column, 1906

Never has the Hockey spirit of the School been keener than it is this term, and consequently we pride ourselves on having a stronger First Eleven than for several years past. Miss Sharman has been umpiring for us every Wednesday, and it is greatly due to her careful coaching that we know wherein our chief faults lie.

GAME AS A WHOLE

FAULTS

1. Too slow.
2. Some skirts too long, which prevents running.
3. No one exactly knows where every player is, including herself.
4. Therefore lacking in judgement when and where to pass.
5. Not enough ingenuity shown in evading an attacker.

GOOD POINTS

1. A far keener spirit in the game throughout than last year.
2. Also much more combination shown.
3. The team as a whole is steady and fairly strong. Wants more dash.
4. Ought to rank among the first in school teams, if the details pointed out are practised.

We have at last made up our minds to choose distinctive hockey colours, and to keep to them permanently. The blouses are white, the skirts navy blue with a row of red braid round the bottom, and the ties and belts scarlet. In addition to this we have instituted "good conduct stripes," the winners of which are chosen by the votes of the eleven after the match.



Now the Music Room



Girls Working for the War Effort on the Land, 1918

If I were to give anything approaching a complete account of my work and experience on the land this summer, the dimensions of my production would far exceed the capacity of the School Magazine. The life is a very full one in every respect, so I will just endeavour to say a little about the parts of it that I think will be most interesting.

Our first job was among the hop gardens in Kent in a village named Otford, about three miles from Sevenoaks. There were ten of us in the gang, and we met at Victoria Station on the day appointed, and travelled down together. At Otford we were met by our gang leader, who had gone down before to make arrangements for us, and proceeded down the village street, while the whole population turned out en masse - not to welcome us, I am afraid, as we learnt afterwards that they "did not approve of imported labour," but out of curiosity only.

Our destination was the Vicarage. The Vicar had kindly offered us the use of two large empty attics as bedrooms and the entrance hall for our dining room. Our beds were large sacks, filled with straw, on the floor, and we took our own rugs and pillows with us. The first night, of course, not one of us slept a wink. The straw was full of the most obstinate bumps and hollows, and whenever anyone moved a muscle the most uncanny creaks and rustlings filled the room. The second night, however, after our first hard day's work, it was very different, and in a very short time we could not have slept more soundly in feather beds.

The farm we were to work on was not very far from the Vicarage, but when we were in some of the most distant fields we had quite a long walk to our work. We did not begin until eight o'clock, so that we did not have such an early rise as we had expected. At about twenty minutes to eight we used to leave the Vicarage and hurry up the village street, a motley crew in a variety of strange garments, laden with a miscellaneous assortment of water bottles, tin mugs and lunch boxes.



Duke of Edinburgh's Awards Scheme

As usual the Summer Term has been extremely hectic with the "dreaded" expeditions - yes camping out can be cold and wet sometimes, and it *has* been most of the time this term.

21 new stalwarts were recruited to "the cause" just before Easter and have undergone extensive training in map and compass work, first aid, campcraft and route planning.

The Bronze practice expedition was unrivalled for its noise - the campsite didn't know what had hit it and neither did I. However, apart from one or two slight navigation errors the weekend was reasonably successful. The actual expedition started well with 4 groups leaving Hartington at 10 minute intervals; apart from one group getting lost but finding themselves and getting back on route everything went very smoothly. The camp was at Butterton and this time was very quiet (thank goodness!). On the second day the weather was appalling and soon everyone was soaked to the skin and spirits flagged. I did hear mutterings of "never again" but hopefully time will be a great healer and after all the scheme is meant to show that participants are *determined* people who can operate in *all conditions!!!*

There were 16 participants for the Silver Expedition, including 4 direct entrants. The contrasts in the weather between the practice and actual expedition were very marked - the practice expedition was scorching hot, far too hot for walking whereas the actual expedition was cold and wet - that's British weather for you! Walking 30 miles and camping out for 2 nights when it is wet shows "true grit".

[Next time however don't dry your boots under the hand drier at Street House Farm!!*??!]

I am pleased to say that all Bronze and Silver participants were successful and deserve to be congratulated as a certain amount of endurance was necessary.

Bronze		Silver	
Group 1	H. Ainscough K. Partington J. Faulkner A. Smith K. Core	Group 1	L. Bennett H. Ogley R. Cooper S. Thubron K. Fowler R. Amner S. Chambers
Group 2	S. Hurn E. Neish K. Johnson N. Burrows L. Kelly	Group 2	E. Hill M. Smith K. Margetts J. Walker S. Robinson
Group 3	G. Frazer V. Pope C. Holmes S. Hicks	Group 3	N. Allen S. Tarbatt C. Dickinson C. Malkinson L. Roberts
Group 4	L. Bennett S. Chambers	Gold	A. Riley
+ 4 direct silver entrants	J. Walker, E. Hill, K. Margetts, M. Smith		

At the time of writing (5/7/90) we are in the throes of the Gold expedition - 50 miles in Wild Country with camping out for 3 nights. The practice expedition took place in the Dark Peak Area - criss-crossing kinder up to the knees in peat bogs. Yes, you have guessed correctly it was wet again, however that didn't stop the midges from biting. I am thinking of including a mosquito net as part of the essential equipment for next year!

The final expedition is to take place immediately term ends - in fact we leave for the Lake District early Saturday morning and the expedition starts on Sunday - 50 miles to walk and 10 mountains to climb. Good luck to the 6 participants N. Allen, M. Allsopp, C. Dickinson, S. Goult, S. Tarbatt, C. Walker.

Before completing this article however I would like to express my very gracious thanks to Mr. Farrer and Mrs. Blount for their unstinting help, without which life for me would be very difficult. I would also like to thank the participants for accepting my "nagging" in good part and for keeping cheerful under such poor conditions. Roll on next year.

Footnote

We have now arrived back after completing the Gold Expedition and if you guessed at rain you would be correct again - still one nice day out of four is better (just) than it might have been.

We arrived in the Lake District on Saturday and tried to familiarise ourselves with the terrain but all we could see was mist, more mist and even more mist . . . , spirits sank. The weather cleared a little during the early morning and the group left cheerfully and at least the tents were dry. The route was through Conistone and instead of going up to the top of the mountain the escape route was used because of low mist and gale force winds. One highlight of the day was a dog called Ziggy, she joined the group near Conistone and led the way for about 4 hours. We had to ring the dog's owner to come and collect her from the 3 Shire Store at the top of the Wrynose Pass - the dog deserves a medal also. We camped that night at Turner Hall Farm in the Duddon Valley - a field, 2 toilets and a cold water tap. This was really getting away from it all, and to cap it all it rained for most of the time. Still we did manage to find somewhere warm and dry to spend the evening but that's another story.

The third day was always going to be the longest and hardest day but luckily it was warm and sunny (wonders never cease). The only change of plan came when I couldn't cross a river and finished up having to wade across up to my knees deep but being kind hearted I changed the route so that this crossing was unnecessary for the group. The group had lunch at Wasdale Head and set off up the "Slog" to Styhead Tarn.

However, by the time they reached the tarn they were on time and feeling very pleased with themselves. After a short rest at the Mountain Rescue Box the group set off again up hill to Sprinkling Tarn and then to Angle Tarn before dropping down Rossett Gill into the Langdale Valley - everyone will tell you going downhill is far more tiring than going up hill. It was 8.00 p.m. before our heroes (or camp and I did hear them ask if "they tent up." After cooking their three course and not another sound was heard until

By next morning the weather had changed was down to 300 ft. and the first stop for 2200 ft. The group walked into the mist they even saw another person and 4.00 mist was very thick, in fact it was of course very, very wet. Mrs. Blount, meet the group. This meant more than an Mosedale. We waited and no group made a contingency plan [- the thought in my mind but one can't allow oneself to



should I say heroines) arrived at the were allowed to die before they put their meal ALL elected to go straight to bed next morning.

again and really had it in for us - the mist the group was at the 3 Tarns at approx at 9.30 a.m. and it was 2.00 p.m. before p.m. before they were out of the mist. The impossible to see more than 10 feet and myself, my husband and Helen set off to hour's walk up a desolate place called arrived - this is when I get worried!! We of calling the mountain rescue team was panic!! (who says)]

The plan was that Helen and I would p.m. If we had not received any word I was to drive over Hardknott and Wrynose Pass and check for our missing group and then return; if there was still no word I would have to call out the Mountain Rescue Team. Under such circumstances every minute seems like an hour and I must have looked at my watch a hundred times. On the stroke of 3 o'clock I saw an orange coated figure running towards the minibus. Was it good news or bad???

walk back to the bus and wait until 3.00

Meanwhile Mrs. Blount and my husband had set off to meet the group. They set the same bearing on their compass (+180°) as the group should use and set off. Within 15 minutes they met the group head on - this shows you must be prepared to trust the compass under these conditions. The group were O.K. but very cold and wet and I understand there were tears of relief at actually being correct and meeting friendly faces, still . . .

Back at the minibus we were very busy boiling up steam water and making drinks of hot chocolate. The group were quiet and subdued on arriving but chocolate to eat, hot chocolate to drink and K rations soon revived the spirits. We insisted on the girls changing into dry clothes before they continued and it was lucky the minibus windows were already steamed up!!!

Mrs. Blount and my husband had actually met the Mountain Rescue Team up in Mosedale - they were looking for a group of D. of E. silver participants who had been missing since the night before. I think I said a prayer of relief at that point and added another that this group would be found.

The group re-clad, warm and full of food set off again and actually ran the last bit just to prove how fit they were (or was it madness?)

I would like to congratulate the group who kept their nerve under the most appalling of conditions. Mrs. Blount had no hesitation in telling them immediately that they had passed. I am now looking forward to the girls helping with Bronze and Silver groups next year - they have certainly earned their spurs.

Well done.

Eva Ainscough

Duke of Edinburgh Silver Expedition June 1990

by Rachel Cooper

DAY TWO

Sunday, 24th June

After a satisfying sleep, our tent was the first to drag ourselves out of bed at 7.00 a.m. and soon enough the smell of bacon was in the air. Unfortunately our smell of bacon was in the air too long and we ended up with charred pieces of something that didn't look like bacon! We had large bowls of my favourite crunchy nut cornflakes, had tin tomatoes and then I went off to wash up in cold water while the others packed the tent up.

Luckily, today we were allowed to go first because I was a bit worried about the uphill. Day two was the worst for uphill but we set out full of vigour and high spirits.

We didn't see the other groups until we reached the 2nd point at Cuckoostones. There was a lovely walk up to a little clearing where we met Mrs. Ainscough with her map, compass and a meaningful smile! Rucksacks off, map and compasses out! Then we had to identify three distant objects on our maps; the church in Butterton; Sheen Hill and a largish school. After much sweating I finally got it right!

Then we walked and walked, chatting amongst ourselves to keep us going. The weather was taking a turn for the worst and we were soon soaked through! The heavens opened up and it poured for its heart's content! By the time we reached Waterhouse, point X, we were cold, wet, tired and most of all . . . hungry!

Rachel knocked on the door of a nearby farm to ask for shelter while we all stood in the rain, next to Mr. Farrer in his warm, dry car. By this time, we felt like Mary and Joseph, asking for shelter!! We had planned to have our lunch under the bridge at Bridge End but there was nowhere to sit underneath it. The door was answered by an elderly lady who couldn't hear Rachel very well. After about ten minutes of conversation,

Rachel finally returned to us with a shake of her head. Our spirits fell even more. But luckily, the lady said there was another farm down the road which had more space for us than she had, so we all trooped off and followed Mr. Farrer's car to the farm, called Ridge End Farm. There, a kind farmer allowed us to have a large barn to eat in and he even provided us with seats (stacks of hay). It wasn't very good for my hay fever but we were all extremely grateful to him. Soon after, the other two bedraggled groups stumbled out of the rain to join us.

After lunch, when we had wrung our socks out, we made our way through the long wet grass, across the fields. But unfortunately we just

couldn't find the footbridge leading to the next field and after 20 minutes we at last found it after scouring the whole field. So, feeling thoroughly fed up we crossed it and then realised that the 2nd group had overtaken us and the 3rd group was

close behind! So we were now the 2nd group.

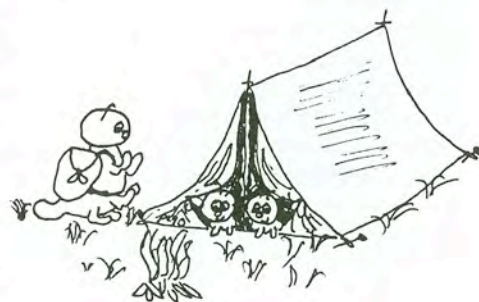
Then we walked along a nice stretch of downhill, followed by a not so nice stretch of uphill - the steepest of the whole weekend. Rachel kindly took my arm and we both kept each other going up the hills of despair. The rain was falling less frequently now, but my boots sloshed on every step.

When we reached Longnor, a little town, there was a mad dash for the loos and we saw the other groups here. Then, feeling more refreshed, and certainly more relieved, we set off on the final stretch of Day 2.

We collapsed on the grass as soon as we had reached Streethouse Farm, our next campsite which is near the end of the Peak Trail. But because it was beginning to drizzle again, we quickly put our tent up and started to boil water for our soups and pot noodles. We had arrived in good time today, it was about 5.00 p.m.

That night we had tinned meat, potatoes and peas/sweetcorn for our main course and tinned treacle pudding to follow. Then I tried to have a shower but it was too cold so I gave up! So I read my book, wrote a few letters and went into Miranda's and Sarah's tent for a chat.

By this time the wind was quite strong and it was still raining and a lot of the tents were getting wet under the flysheet, because the wind pushed the flysheet onto the cover underneath. Laura's sleeping bag was getting dripped on too, to add to all this! So Mrs. Ainscough and Mrs. Blount kindly gave up their tents and slept in the car and we had their tents. The four of us slept in Mrs. Blount's two man tent so we felt like tinned sardines! If one of us lifted a finger the rest of us woke up! But it was good fun, and also Mrs. Blount has a lilo to sleep on so that was comfy! Only one more day to go; what a relief!!!



U3's in Mr. and Mrs. Lewis's garden - the annual trip to Eyam.



The Debating Society

December 1914

We are glad to be able to announce that a Debating Society has been formed, and we have had three debates already, one of which was a sharp practice.

The first meeting was held on Oct. 22nd, when a President, Miss Freer, and a Secretary, I. Scott, were elected.

The following week a debate was held on the "Advantages and Disadvantages of Conscription," and the motion was lost. Owing to several difficulties having arisen during the course of the debate it was felt impossible to proceed further until a written constitution was drawn up. Accordingly, on Nov. 5th, a constitution was formed; the different regulations being proposed by various members and voted upon.

The next week, after several amendments had been made to the constitution, the House proceeded to discuss the question whether sport was carried to excess in this country or not. The motion was lost. At the end of this meeting much apprehension was caused in the School by the announcement that there would be a sharp practice at the next meeting. Accordingly, the following week, motions having been collected, a few bold spirits put their names into the bowl provided for that purpose, and the sharp practice began. The first motion drawn was "That members of Parliament ought to be paid." This was lost. The next two motions drawn, had to be discarded; the one "That Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays," finding no supporters, and the other "That holidays are necessary," not being opposed by anyone. The fourth motion, "That Universal Suffrage is necessary to England," was lost. It was particularly noticeable during this debate that most of the time which was not spent in arguing over the constitution, was spent in crossing the floor.

The Debating Society has been a great success so far, and we hope that the number of its adherents will increase and not diminish.

I. Scott

The Talbot Science Prize

We were being followed by a cream car. At every twist and turn of Mr. Pollard's driving, the cream car followed the minibus. Perhaps they were assassins who, politically against private education, had been attracted by the school's name so blatantly emblazoned upon the minibus exterior. We liked this idea and expanded upon it. Polly sat hunchedly learning her speech. We entered Denstone College and the cream car also drew up in a flurry of gravel. Seven little school girls got out from it. They, due to a mistake, were our fellow competitors.

We were then directed to Buckingham Palace (the name of Denstone Physics Lab.). In this small room, we eyed up the enemy (opposition) over tea cups. Nervously, Polly adjusted herself to the room and set the overhead projector up, which refused to work.

Repairs later, the competition proceedings were opened with welcome speeches and the Junior entries began their speeches. After a five minute talk, stop watch timed, on the subject of an ecological study, Polly turned round, shocked: "I'm only allowed five minutes but I was told it should be ten minutes long. I can't cut my speech down to five minutes." Stunned, she sat watching the next competitor talking about a soil survey. It was her turn next.

In agony, we watched her make a heroic attempt to cut down her speech, thinking on her feet. She was stopped mid-sentence by the stopwatch and then subjected to a veritable grilling about her G.C.S.E. Geography coursework pollution study. White faced she returned to her seat, but she had done her best now and could only wait for the results. First however, we had to watch the senior category present their projects, all of which were 'A' level science courseworks. Then to prolong the agony (really to give the judges the chance to come to a decision) there was a supper interval. This took the form of a buffet in the school's baronial dining hall - the teachers and parents dined and wined; we ate the chocolate eclairs.

During this interval, as the proceedings were running late, there was a large scale expedition, aim to find the elusive working telephone to phone to parents and change the

pick up time back at school. P., and the others dropped out of the running as Polly wanted to go back to Buckingham Palace in case they announced the results early. Rachel however, undaunted, forged on. Totally lost in the depths of Denstone, she found herself incarcerated in the huge bowel of the Denstone kitchens. She was escorted to the kitchen phone.

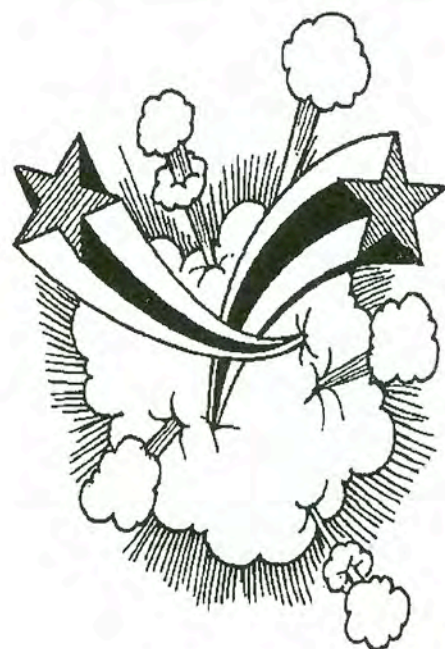
Meanwhile, back at Buckingham Palace, tension was rising. People were sitting forwards in their benches, not now just because they were uncomfortable, but because the winners were about to be announced. Enter R., late comme toujours. The ceremony recommenced, whilst R. was ushered to her seat.

The judges, distinguished researchers, there that evening at great expense, shuffled their notes and pronounced their comments and final judgements.

It later transpired that Mathew Walker of the field study - a virtually published, life's work, project had won. The runners up were the A'level researchers of the plant root study and urinary system (here the researcher used himself in the experiment).

Polly has however done extremely well to get through to the final and deserves congratulations, as do the other two Geography courseworks entered. As for the supporters that night, we now know what to do for our A level science courseworks, so the evening was of value for all!

Rachel Amner and Polly Philpot



House Debates and Public Speaking

The house debates were, as usual, very well attended by enthusiastic audiences. The average attendance was round about 100. The topics debated were submitted by the pupils themselves and a list drawn up. The subjects debated ranged from, "Girls who are educated in a single-sex school are always at a disadvantage," to "Euthanasia should be legalised." Wilson was the winning house, with 79 points, but the other houses were not far behind, Powys being second with 77. It was very pleasing to see the generally high standard reached, and the self-confidence shown by those taking part.

For the first time this year Bakewell Rotary Club organised a debating competition between us and Lady Manners School, Bakewell, which took place in Great Longstone School Hall. The motion was, "Charity Should Begin At Home." Although we lost, it was an enjoyable event, and very good practice for the pupils involved, since they were all from lower school and quite inexperienced. However, Caroline, Louise, Sarah and Amy all did very well indeed, and were quite pleased with the book tokens! We hope that this debating competition will become an annual event.

This year the Matlock Speakers Club changed the format of their public speaking competition and three individual speakers gave a speech each on different subjects and were judged individually. Alex Mayland spoke on "Pets"; Helen Tyler on "Newspapers: fact sheets or fun sheets?" Jane Townend on "Shopping." Jane's speech was very funny and very successful: in fact, she won the competition in the face of formidable opposition from seventeen opponents. Her winning speech is published elsewhere in this magazine. Read it and judge for yourself!

I have very much enjoyed all these events, and my enjoyment has been increased by the energy and willingness to help of many members of the sixth form, who have cheerfully given their time both to speak and to chair and to take part in external competitions. My thanks to them.

D. Pearce



Jane Townend's Speech "Shopping"

Ladies and Gentlemen -

"The car, the furniture, the wife, the husband, the children - everything has to be disposable, because you see the main thing today is - shopping! Years ago a person who was unhappy didn't know what to do with himself - he'd go to church, start a revolution or something along those lines. Today you're unhappy? Can't figure it out? What's the solution? - Go shopping!?"

I'm afraid that I must disagree entirely with Arthur Milles here, since all shopping seems to be designed to create unhappiness, rather than cure it!

Take shopping for "pleasure"! What a misnomer! You either have time and no money, or money and no time. Who has never experienced that dreadful feeling of pressure as the clock races towards closing time and the vital present remains unbought? Who has never experienced that rush of dread and embarrassment as one winces and unwraps a completely unsuitable present, destined for some ill-starred recipient. Who has never experienced the complete exhaustion, followed by a strange dreamlike trance, during which one purchases the strangest objects, and emerges from the anaesthetic to regard them with disbelief and horror?

Whence comes this strange, compulsive desire to buy, buy buy? It surely cannot be that we are foolish enough to believe the advertisers when they try to tell us that Brand X shampoo will not only clean our hair, but also take three stones off

our weight, give up a new outfit and change her boyfriends out of all recognition?

Well then, shopping for "pleasure" is inexplicable. How about shopping for necessity? Here, ladies and gentlemen we must stiffen the sinews and summon up the "blood," for we are entering a minefield cannily disguised as a supermarket. This is a danger zone. BEWARE! Here are a few RULES FOR SURVIVAL IN A SUPERMARKET, the fruits of many a bitter experience:

ONE Choose your trolley very carefully. It is destined to be both a container *and* an offensive weapon. Inspect it from top to bottom, checking especially the wheels, or you may find yourself at the bacon when you really wanted to be by the bread.

TWO Never buy anything which you have to put into a plastic bag. These bags were designed by sadists to be almost completely customer proof. They have no openings. I have seen old ladies in tears, frantically discarding bag after bag in the pathetic hope of finding one that opens.

THREE Harden your heart and disregard gossiping groups who stand right in the middle of the aisles. I am not suggesting that you imitate "Ben Hur" in his famous chariot race, but perfect the art of saying "Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry" as you run over them.

FOUR Go in for meditation, yoga, or cultivate the disposition of a Saint for those inevitable, dreadful moments when the price label is missing from one of the items you have selected. You can shout its 59p, its 59p, until you're blue in the face, but nobody will believe you. Someone has to go and check.

FIVE Avoid the woman juggling with two trolleys, a bulging handbag, a cheque-book, and a cheque card, who can't find a pen. The bodes ill for your chances of getting past the check-out before Christmas.

Christmas!! Now there is a subject for shopping



Elsa Lui U6.



Victoria Gordon U6.



Nicola Bond L6.



L4th "Rubbish"

Romanian Appeal - Summer 1990

When we heard about an ex-Chesterfield teacher who was planning to take his second convoy of aid to orphan children in Romania in July, the School took the idea to its heart. There had been a great deal of news in the national media about the sad conditions of thousands of children, victims of the inhumane Ceaucescu regime, and the feeling that we actually knew that our gifts would definitely reach people who really needed them produced a wonderful response.

We asked mainly for babies and children's clothes and toys, and these arrived by the car load as soon as the Junior and Infants staff passed the word on to the children and their parents. By half term, I felt rather like the 'Sorcerer's Apprentice' (who started something he couldn't stop), as the pile of black plastic bags grew and grew. However, right on cue, a Junior School father made a marvellous offer of a 40 feet container lorry, and driver, to help with transport, and as I write I know that Hugh Lomas, who is leading the convoy, has been in touch about this. A Lower 4th father has made a similar very generous offer.

Money began to roll in too. Mr. Pollard and Mr. Yeo agreed that we could run a raffle at the school concert at half term and that we could have half of the collection made that night. We shared the proceeds of the 'home clothes day' and we received some very generous donations from parents and other well-wishers. We have collected nearly enough to pay for an electricity generator and a water pump and purification plant, both desperately needed by orphanages, hospitals and schools.

After their GCSE's had finished, a small group of Upper 5th girls spent a day collecting gifts - and some money - from shoppers at Gateway in Matlock. (We used the money to buy the ingredients for 'a good coffee break' for the orphanage staff).

Some of the girls decided to run their own fund-raising efforts, too. Two of the Junior School (with help from Mum, I hope!) sold teas in their village one fine Sunday. Another Junior girl did a sponsored piano practice (!) and several kind friends provided raffle prizes.

After the exams, Hugh Lomas came to talk to the school and showed slides about his first trip. Some of these were quite heart-breaking, but Hugh was able to show us others that showed how quickly the children's condition improves when

help has reached them. He explained that his next visit will be to a remote village that has not yet received any aid, and he hopes to come back and tell us about it. As I write, news from Romania is not all good. There are - not surprisingly after so many years of repression - many unsolved problems, but Hugh assures me that he will go as planned, and, if they need to wait at the Hungarian border, so be it. As the hymn 'God is love' says, He cares for 'every child of every race', so surely He will bless this and other efforts to help those children and the people who care for them.

Before I finish this report I must tell you about the real heroine of St. Elphin's effort for Romania. Mrs. Aspinall, who is standing in for our school Sister this term, has sorted (with stalwart help from Mrs. Aguma, Wilson housemistress), everything that has been sent in to school - and that is at least two mini-bus-fulls of clothes and toys etc. All the bags are carefully tied up and labelled so that delivery will be easy the other end. With help like that, how can the plans possibly fail?

P. K. Outram



Old Girls

Dear Old Girls,

My 'annus mirabilis', referred to when I wrote to you last July, ended abruptly on 31st December, 1989. Elsewhere in this magazine I've described something of what I was doing during the six months when I was freed from the daily pressures of school life. I had so much energy when I first returned that I scarcely knew when to stop suggesting a new or different idea. I soon learned to resist the temptation to keep saying 'When I was in...', and in any case I was quickly plunged into reality and the problems every new term brings. My deputy, Judith Crook, together with the staff and girls, had worked splendidly in my absence, and I returned to a school full of confidence and goodwill.

I was able to attend the London Reunion as well as the one held at school last May, and have enjoyed my contacts with you on these and on other occasions. Rosemary Chambers has spoken with enthusiasm about both Reunions and I must take this opportunity to thank Rosemary for all she has done for the Guild during her five years as Secretary. I am very pleased that Christine Codling has volunteered to take over in due course. Her daughter Katrina came to St. Elphin's in September as the first holder of the bursary donated anonymously by an Old Girl just over a year ago.

As you will have realised, this 'Elphinian' is intended as a tribute to our most famous former pupil, Richmal Crompton Lamburn, and the 'period' articles should interest you especially. I'm sorry that Rosemary has had to chide you gently for your lack of news this year; we certainly need to have the closest possible links at this time between St. Elphin's and its Old Girls. Ann Hodgson, my Head of English, is the inspiration behind all that has been written about Miss Lamburn and I know what pleasure she has had searching through old magazines, looking at early documents (kept in Warrington and Chester) and making contacts in various parts of the country. At the end of March Mrs. Hodgson and I, together with Joy Revell (Director of Admissions) who is masterminding the arrangements for November 15th, spent a memorable day with members of the 'William' Society at their annual meeting in Bromley. I was asked to speak about St. Elphin's and was able to tell them with pride of the plans we were making to mark the centenary of Richmal

Crompton's birth. Some of the Society's members hope to visit the school in November, and any Old Girls who want to be with us would be most welcome to attend. Please write or telephone nearer the time and we can give you more details. Those who can't manage a Thursday but would still like to see the School in action might like to come up two days later, on Saturday, 17th November, when we shall be holding an Open Morning in the Senior School from 9.30 - 12.30.

Having reached this section of the magazine you'll already have learned much about school activities over the past year. The 'period' articles have told us something about St. Elphin's in the early years of a century now in its last decade. The key phrase from now on, however, must be 'towards the 21st Century' AND I MUST SEEK YOUR HELP, SUPPORT AND GENEROSITY AS NEVER BEFORE. You will know that the Governors recently launched an Appeal for £350,000 - part of the total sum of over half a million pounds needed to complete a 'structure plan' being proposed. Until recently the mere mention of a figure of this size might have seemed laughable. Nowadays, though, almost all similar schools have been faced with raising sums of this nature. Returning recently from a meeting in Kent, I was talking with the Head of another well-known girls' school who told me that her governors were about to launch an Appeal for a million pounds! So I do believe that our target can be reached. Your interest and donations, however small, will help us to succeed and realise current ambitions.

The developments proposed are as follows:

1. We want to **demolish** the Willowdene building and all huts in that area, which will be landscaped and used for car parking. There will be a traffic-free 'play area' for juniors, with facilities for netball and other games.
2. We want to **build an extension** to Devonshire (Sixth Form House) to enable both Lower and Upper Sixth Form boarders to be given comfortable study bedrooms, with improved recreational facilities.
3. We want to **convert** the present Pigot and Kennedy house area into a new Nursery, Infant and Junior School. This is the most innovative aspect of the whole programme and will provide a splendid and much needed teaching and sleeping block.

4. We want to convert and **refurbish** Orchards, as well as the areas currently used in the main school for Powys and the junior boarders to create new and comfortable boarding units for girls in the 11-16 age range.

5. The plan includes new heating systems - long needed - and up graded fire and safety precautions of the standards now demanded.

What is proposed will affect every girl in some way or another and it is obviously attractive to have an Appeal which benefits everyone.

We all want St. Elphin's to strive for excellence. This is another milestone on the way to achieving it, and I ask for your support and prayers as we embark on a journey which will test the courage and resilience of everyone.

My very best wishes to you all.

Yours sincerely,
Peter Pollard.

St. Elphin's Old Girls' Guild July 1990

Dear Old Girls,

Many of you have told me how much you enjoyed last year's Elphinian, particularly the cover with One Tree Hill on it. That picture seems to have brought back nostalgic memories of school walks!

I'm sure you will find plenty to enjoy in this edition of the School Magazine, but I am sorry there is not more "News of Old Girls". Obviously I can only print the material I have been sent and really I have not heard much from you during the past twelve months. Come on everyone, somewhere out there is an old school friend of yours who is longing to hear how you are getting on. Do write to me so that the Old Girls' Section of the magazine can be of interest to all of you.

Yet again we failed to get a place to play in the Silver Tassie Golf Tournament. This was particularly disappointing as we did so well the one and, so far, only time we took part. Founder members get priority and all we can do is keep putting our name forward for the draw for remaining places. However, it is a good idea for those of you who would like to play to send me your names so that I have a list ready when we do next get a place. How about us having a friendly match amongst ourselves? I am sure we could have a very enjoyable Old Girls Golf

Tournament. Would a keen golfer be prepared to arrange such an event? Please get in touch with me if you would be willing to do this. I am sure it could become a regular occurrence. Several schools have Old Boys'/Girls' Golfing Societies, so why not St. Elphin's?

We are collecting old pictures and memorabilia at school. Please send photographs of your days at St. Elphin's plus any official school photographs that you no longer want to keep. Also, your memories of times at St. Elphin's are always interesting to put into the magazine.

I have not heard much from Area Organisers this year, so the system is obviously not working too well. Perhaps things will improve when everyone has the new address book. In the meantime, will you all revert to sending your news, change of address etc. to me at St. Elphin's. I have written to the people involved in areas asking them to be responsible for getting more local reunions organised.

There are only twelve people on my list of Old Girls who are willing to give information about their careers to current St. Elphin's pupils. I'm sure many more of you could help in this - please do.

You will read in the minutes of the A.G.M. that I asked to resign my post as O.G.G. secretary. I shall be carrying on for a while until my successor, Christine Codling, née Tew, takes over in the Autumn. All mail will be sent on to her from St. Elphin's, so just continue to write there in the usual way.

Thank you for all your kind letters to me over the past five years. Do keep in touch with the school and I look forward to meeting many of you at future reunions.

With very best wishes to you all,

Rosemary Chambers

REUNIONS

London 16.9.89

Thirty three Old Girls attended the reunion held at the Oxford and Cambridge University Club in Pall Mall on September, 16th, 1989. Added to this number were Mr. Pollard (Headmaster), Miss Jarvis (current Staff), several members of the sixth form and one or two husbands and friends of Old Girls.

This reunion is always an informal gathering and very useful for O.G.'s who live in the London area and find it hard to get to Derbyshire. The Club provides a delicious tea which we all enjoy and tend to sit over for ages while chatting to long lost friends. Our thanks go to Sybil Osmond (née Wells), who is a member of the Oxford and Cambridge University Club and enables us to use it.

Those present were:- Rachael Farley, Shirley Mackenzie (Lewis), Christine Baxter, Margaret Carmichael (Houghton), Margot Houlden (Sherwood Jones), Mary Gamble, Jennie Gamble, Joan Newcombe (Brittain), Brenda Leslie Genoux (Stephens), Leslie Titford (Hallam), Amber Garland (Smith), Diana Stephens, Ruth Hibbert, Rachel Gregory, Jane Gregory, Louise Barker, Bridget Thompson, Muriel Hinde (Jones), Joanna Codrington (Scott), Sybil Osmond (Wells), Angela Wesson (Willatt), Ingrid Victor (Kenney), Jill Mullshaw (Cartwright), May Hamilton Eddy (Lindsey), Penny Jenkins (Thornton), Rosemary Chambers (Thornton), Nichola Holt, Sue Gibson, Kerry Botham, Ros Wilkins, Margaret Joslin (Russon), June Gibson (Brierley), Ruth Kitsel.

Spring Reunion and A.G.M. at St. Elphin's 12.5.90

A welcome cup of coffee awaited travellers on their arrival at St. Elphin's, and "coffee time" was extended later than in previous years as more Old Girls than usual were expected. When most members had arrived we moved to the common room for the A.G.M.

Opening the meeting with prayers, our President, Mr. Pollard, remembered Old Girls who had died during the previous twelve months:- Patricia Henderson (née Elliot), Miss Sylvia Holmes who was matron during 1950s and 60s, Mary Gamble who was both an old girl and an ex-member of staff, and we also prayed for Charles, son of Felicity Hay, née Forster, who had died of a heart attack aged only 39.

Apologies were received from Jane Chadbund, Mary Nesbitt, Marjorie Gardener, Hilary Hepworth, Margot Houlden, Mary Perryman, Eileen Smart, Joan McIntyre, Marjorie Onslow, Judith Carter, Sybil Osmond.

Mr. Pollard welcomed all present and said how good it is that we now have a regular reunion in London for Old Girls who find it hard to get up to

Derbyshire. Because of this many more members are able to keep in touch with the School.

The Minutes were read and signed as a correct record of the previous meeting.

Matters Arising

The Honours Boards are still unsited owing to the proposed new developments in School. When these are completed a permanent home will be found for the boards.

More than enough money has now been donated by Old Girls to cover the cost of the Chapel Lighting. It was proposed by Margaret Carmichael and seconded by Mary Goodman that the excess balance should go towards the cost of a Plaque to be put up in the Chapel, with O.G.G. funds covering the remaining cost of this.

The new address book had not yet been printed as the cost would be considerable and it was necessary to have permission from the meeting to go ahead. It was proposed by Mary Mayo and seconded by Elizabeth Waters that the cost of the address book, around £500, should come from O.G.G. funds and for printing to commence.

Treasurer's Report

Members were given a copy of the Balance Sheet which was explained. Funds are very healthy at present owing to an old Abbey National Building Society account which had been quietly gaining interest and had recently been added to the Alliance and Leicester Building Society account. Much of this will now be used, to pay for the new address book and part of the Chapel Plaque. The Balance Sheet was then signed by Mr. Pollard.

Secretary's Report

Favourable comments had been received concerning 'The Elphinian' and the secretary, Rosemary Chambers, said she hoped people would leave copies lying around in strategic places as 'The Elphinian' had become a very important promotion for the School. She also said that by September 1990 she will have been secretary of the Old Girls' Guild for five years and felt it was time to pass the job on to someone else. A change of secretary would bring new ideas and fresh enthusiasm to the job; also if the secretaryship changed every five years or so members might not be so reluctant to take it on. Volunteers were asked to get in touch after the meeting.

Headmaster's Report

Mr. Pollard had thoroughly enjoyed his Sabbatical and had found his research into the current health of Independent Girls' Schools both interesting and informative. In Virginia U.S.A. (where the choral Society may visit next year) promotion is very big business. American schools have the ability to generate tremendous finance and grandmothers play a very important role in meeting granddaughter's school fees!

He was pleased to be able to report that St. Elphin's is thriving and numbers have continued to rise. There is a boom in the younger age range and weekly boarding is increasingly popular, but there are fewer full boarders and more day girls than there used to be.

The Choral Society sang in Brewood Parish Church which led to the production of a tape, now available at a cost of £6. In April the Choral Society sang Evensong in Westminster Abbey. Outstanding results were gained at the Buxton Festival and there are several extremely good musicians in school. Drama flourishes and the summer term play will be 'Daisy Pulls It Off.'

A very successful concert was given by the Choral Society with the Darley Dale Brass Band, Debating and Public Speaking flourish and a St. Elphin's pupil recently won a Latin Speaking competition in Nottingham. There was a Junior School play and an excellent inter-house Music Competition. Young Enterprise thrives with many prizes won by St. Elphin's girls.

In the Lent term, Social Services raised money for various charities and the Sponsored Walk raised £3000, £500 of which went to the Church Urban Fund.

The Richard Stilgoe/Peter Skellern concert had been first class and a complete sell out. A big fireworks display and supper for 400, also in the Autumn term, had been excellent.

There had been a trip to Greece and a good Geography Fieldwork course. Also twenty girls have been to the Loire Valley to stay with French families.

1989 G.C.S.E. and A level results had been excellent. Design and Technology Courses are due to be introduced in September 1990.

Mr. Pollard said that in the past parents had sent their daughters to St. Elphin's for various reasons - the war, because it had been their mother's school or, if they were the daughters of clergy etc. Now it seems to be because St. Elphin's reflects the image of the old Grammar Schools.

The date of the next meeting was chosen - May 11th, 1991.

Those present at the A.G.M. were:- Mary Scudamore (Jones), Stephanie Jones, Sarah Hulme (Scott), Angela Blanchard (Smith), Pat Mayne, Heather Woodcock, Mary Goodman, Jean McGregor (Beauchamp), Christine Mason (Line), Margaret Malmstrom (Wallis), Fay Smith, Margaret Barrett (Bacon), Jean Waddell, Sylvia Hooley, Rosemary Taylor, Freda Hawkes (Plant), Pat Skinner (Towers), Lydia Boorman, Margaret Williams (Patton), Avice Lee (Barrow), Elizabeth Styles (Hewitt), Christine Codling (Tew), Mary Mayo (Reeman), Felicity Hay, Joan Kiddell, Kathryn Dickens (Betterton), Margaret Carmichael (Houghton), Margaret Thompson (Carmichael), Elizabeth Wareham (Carson), Anne Carson, Margaret Gell, Molly Neild, Elizabeth Rumboll (Swain), Elizabeth Waters (Taylor), Mary Aitcheson (Davidson), Rosemary Chambers (Thornton), Lisa Loveday, Dorothy Laybourn (Wallace), Rosemary McKeag (Line).

After the A.G.M. the Old Girls enjoyed an excellent lunch organised by the Bursar. Our thanks go to him and Mrs. Renshaw (Assistant Bursar) and the Catering Staff.

Several more Old Girls, some with families, had arrived by lunch time. These were Joanna Codrington (Scott), Elizabeth Lavender, Menna Salisbury, Sarah Grafton, Elizabeth Gibb (Jackson), Mary McMeeking (Hibbins), Alison Manning (Yates), Vanessa Yates, Sue Gibson and Ruth Wheeler.

A pleasant afternoon was spent wandering round the school. The refurbished Music Squares were much admired. They are adorned by a mural, the work of a pupil (Nicola Bond) as part of her 'A' level Art course.

During tea we were entertained by the girls who performed several musical items. Our thanks to them and to Stephen Yeo, Director of Music.

Evensong was a fitting end to a very happy day. Our thanks to Robert Owen, School Chaplain, for the beautiful Service. Lessons were read by Sue Gibson and Christine Codling.

ST. ELPHIN'S OLD GIRLS' GUILD

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE PERIOD FROM 1ST MAY 1989 TO 30TH APRIL 1990

INCOME	£	£
May '89 Reunion Moneys	176.00	
London Reunion Moneys	285.00	
Donations	66.00	
Badges Sold	24.50	
Chapel Lighting Donations	100.00	
Building Society Interest - August 1989	131.71	
Subscriptions	760.00	
Refund from Silver Tassie Golf Comp.	14.00	
Abbey National Building Society - ex Rosemary Taylor	764.75	
May '90 Reunion Moneys	110.00	
EXPENDITURE		
A.R.O.P.S. Subscription		6.00
May '89 Reunion Expenses		171.00
London Reunion Expenses		334.12
Postage		366.68
Envelopes		29.26
Photocopying		26.50
Chapel Lighting		807.00
Cardboard Badges		12.07
	2431.96	1752.63
Balance in Alliance & Leicester Building Society on 1st May 1989	2090.80	
Balance in Alliance & Leicester Building Society Gold Plus Account on 30th April 1990		2770.13
	4522.76	4522.76

R. Chambers
(Hon. Treasurer)

Marriages

DAWN HIVES (1971-76) to Lt. Col. JACK STENHOUSE on 13th January, 1990.

SARAH SCOTT (1971-80) to SIMON HULME on 8th April, 1989.

CAROLYN CARTWRIGHT to SHAUN WEALLEANS on 2nd June, 1990.

Deaths

Miss SYLVIA HOLMES, matron at St. Elphin's during 1950-60s, died in March 1989.

MARY GAMBLE died on February 15th, 1990. She was at St. Elphin's as a pupil from 1923-30 and afterwards for several years as School Secretary.

PATRICIA HENDERSON (née ELLIOTT) was in Wilson house at St. Elphin's from 1965-72. Sadly, she died this year, 1990, at the age of only 36. She leaves two children aged nine and six.

Miss D. M. BREWSTER of Bridgnorth, Shropshire, died in 1988. She was a matron at St. Elphin's during 1920s and talked of happy memories of those years to her nephew, Mr. Willshaw of 5, Gilberthorpe Drive, Rotherham.

Obituary

Few people can have had a longer connection with St. Elphin's than Mary Gamble, first as a girl at school, then as Secretary, and during all that time and in her retirement she never lost her love of St. Elphin's.

My earliest memories of Mary are of her welcome and friendship to me as a young, inexperienced member of staff. She was extremely efficient but always managed to laugh even when snowed under organising school matters.

Mary radiated happiness - a happiness based on her deep and unshakeable faith - but what fun it was to be with her, whether changing the altar frontal in Chapel for 'Phil and Jim' (St. Phillip and St. James) or when, sitting at the back of the Chapel singing 'saintly maid and godly matron', she began to chuckle and soon the whole row of chairs quivered as we tried to control our laughter.

On her retirement after a number of years as Headmistress's Secretary at Christ's Hospital, she joined Jennie, her sister in Basingstoke. Here they were both very active in the life and work of All Saints' Church where a Requiem Mass was held for her and where many from far and near came to join in the Service of Thanksgiving for Mary's life.

To Jennie we offer our sympathy. To Mary, after a life of true Christian witness, may she rest in peace.

CATHERINE M. JOHNSON
Staff 1935-38.

News of Old Girls

PAT SMAIL (1965-71, SELWYN) is married but also uses her maiden name. She has two boys aged six years and three years, and is a Social Worker. Her sister JUDY SMAIL (1963-69) is now a primary school teacher and lives in Hitchin, Herts.

JANE GREGORY (1979-86). On April 1st, 1990 Jane became R.G.N. Gregory - Night Relief Staff Nurse covering the Medical Unit at the hospital where she works in London.

ROS HURN (née JACKSON, 1950s) married Roger Hurn in 1980 and they have a daughter, Holly, who is eight. Her sister FANNY was also at St. Elphin's, preceding Ros by seven years. Fanny's surname is now TERRIBILINI. She lives in Switzerland and has a married daughter, Laurence, and an engaged son, Giles. Ros saw SUE TALENT last year and keeps in touch with JANE BEALBY.

KATHLEEN BROWN (née HOOLE, 1956-61) has left the Department of Employment where she has worked for the last nineteen years, to become Deputy Manager at Nelson Job Centre. Her son, David, has been doing a Pharmacy Degree course in Sunderland and hopes to go to Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. Kathleen's mother VERA HOOLE (née MURDOCH, 1923-31) has moved into a residential care home - Four Oaks, The Crescent, Reedley, Burnley, Lancs. BB10 2LX. Vera is unfortunately suffering from Parkinsons Disease. Kathleen and her husband have moved from the house they shared with Vera to 8, Marsden Court, Burnley, Lancs. BB10 2SS.

Miss CATHERINE JASPER (Staff 1943-59) has moved into St. John's Home, St. Mary's Road, Oxford, and would welcome visits from friends and old girls.

ELIZABETH LAVENDER (1943-51), known as Betty, is teaching at Yarlett Hall Boys' Preparatory School near Stafford. In her holidays she explores the inland waterways of England and Wales in her narrow boat, often with crews of school boys.

SARAH HULME (née SCOTT 1971-80) has worked for the last three years as a Rehabilitation Officer for the visually impaired. In July 1990 she is taking up the post of Tutor at the North Regional Association for the Blind in Leeds. She still keeps in touch with ANGELA BLANCHARD (née SMITH, 1973-80).

MARGARET WILLIAMS (née PATTON, Staff 1941-5) has recently joined the S.E.O.G.G and came to the reunion in May. Since then she has written "I notice that your maiden name was THORNTON and I wonder if you are related to Shirley whom I taught. She is sitting in the front row of the 1942 photograph. Strange how one remembers the names of children fifty years ago and yet cannot recall those of yesterday.

ROSEMARY TAYLOR took MARY AITCHISON (née DAVIDSON, 1940-45) and me for a drive on the Sunday (after the reunion). I was staying in Matlock Bath and had travelled up by train. We revisited Tissington where we held the two Harvest Camps during the war. For two weeks of the summer holidays the senior girls helped the farmers. They often returned in the evenings very wet and always very hungry. It was a lovely drive and so good to see the countryside unchanged. Many of us remembered the visit to Warrington for the Centenary Service and now you are planning for the 150th Anniversary! I have fond memories of our matches against Penrhos - tennis matches in the Rose Garden and hockey in the grounds."

BARBARA SMITH (née MARRISON, mid 1930s) was in Kennedy House at St. Elphin's and visited the school last year for a brief period. Recently she had a reunion with MARY NESBITT and ELIZABETH WHITE (EVANS, 1931-40). Barbara and Elizabeth had both lived in Bakewell at one time and had not seen each other since 1936! Barbara has a sampler worked by a MARGARET DOBSON aged seven at St. Elphin's School, Warrington in 1845. The Dobsons were Barbara's late husband's first wife's family and lived in Co. Durham. The text on the sampler reads "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for such is the kingdom of heaven."

JULIA WRIGHT (née WELLS, 1957-64) was hoping to take a two month trip to England in December 1989 and January 1990 with her two boys and to make a visit to St. Elphin's to see all the changes. (Julia lives in Australia). At the time of writing (28th July, 1989, just too late for last year's 'Elphinian') Julia was half way through the first year of a two year course for an Associate Diploma in Accounting. After the trip to England she was going to look for an Accountant's post as both boys would be at High School making a full time job easier to handle.

Whilst in Britain Julia hoped to see ELIZABETH WILLIAMS (née ROCH) and PAT McLEOD (née BROWN, maths teacher).

MARY MAYO (REEMAN, 1951-58) took a holiday in Norfolk in the summer of 1989 and met JUDITH CARTER (née TUCKWELL) and MARY ROSE ROWE (née SOCKETT).

EILEEN SMART (WHITTAKER, 1925-30) had a wonderful holiday in Japan last year when she visited ALEX FARLEY (1980-87), her granddaughter, who was studying there. She found the contrast between the hustle of the crowded streets of Tokyo and the peace and beauty of the great parks round the Palaces, Temples and Shrines right in the centre of the city guide unbelievable. She also visited some of the old capitals like Kyoto and Nara which were beautiful.

(See new Address Book for changes of Address and New Members).

SOME OF THE MANY EVENTS AND OUTINGS

(Sports Fixtures Listed Elsewhere)

SEPTEMBER

- 6th Lower Sixth Form consultation with Heads of subjects.
Tea for new girls and parents
- 9th Boarders' outing to Southwell Minster and Sherwood Forest
- 10th New boarders' walk to One Tree Hill
- 16th Old Girls' Reunion, London
- 20th Joint Service Day (Upper 4th) - Leconfield, Hull
6th Form Geography Group - Chesterfield
Derby College of Further Education -
Illustrated talk South Pole '89, North Pole '89
- 22nd I.S.C.O. Tests, Upper Fifth
- 23rd Sponsored Walk organised by Friends of St. Elphin's
- 24th The Rev. Canon Keith Wilkes, Provost of the Midland Division of the Woodard Corporation

OCTOBER

- 1st Duke of Edinburgh's Awards - Presentation Evening, St. Elphin's
- 6th Day Girls' Harvest Festival Service
Debate Kennedy v Powys
- 7th I.S.I.S. Exhibition, Royal Hotel, Nottingham
- 8th Boarders' Harvest Festival
- 12th Harpsichord Lecture/Recital given by Mr. Roberts
- 13th Debate Pigot v Wilson
- 14th Parents' Matches
- 16th Friends of St. Elphin's Committee Meeting
- 17th L6 "Hamlet" - Leicester Haymarket
- 19th 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', Theatre Royal, Nottingham
- 20th Governors' Dinner, St. Elphin's
- 21st Commemoration Service in Chesterfield Parish Church:
Preacher - The Rev'd Canon J. O. Colling
Distribution of Prizes in Stopford Hall.
Guest Speaker - Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire
French Exchange pupils to Paris and the Loire.

NOVEMBER

- 3rd Fireworks and Bonfire Supper
- 10th Debate Powys v Wilson
- 16th Matlock Floral Art Society, Stopford Hall
- 18th Christmas Bazaar
- 22nd Promotional Evening, Chesterfield
- 24th Matlock Speakers' Club
- 30th Swimming Gala
Friends' Concert - Richard Stilgoe/Peter Skellern

DECEMBER

- 2nd Choral Society - Bach's 'Christmas Oratorio',
Parts 1 and 2 - Chesterfield Parish Church
- 8th House Drama Competition
Carol Services
- 11th Christmas Dinner
Carols in the School Chapel

JANUARY 1990

- 13th Boarders' Outing to Granada Studios, Manchester
- 22nd Lent Social Services
- 24th Scholarship Examinations
- 26th Debate - Powys v Wilson
- 30th U6 Latin group to London

FEBRUARY

- 2nd Debate - Pigot v Kennedy
- 3rd Junior Boarders to Pantomime Nottingham, 5.45 p.m.
U3-U4 Boarders to Showcase Cinemas, Derby
Young Enterprise Social - St. Elphin's
- 9th 'Meridian', Manchester L5/U5
"Britannicus", Crucible, Sheffield
- 12th Nursery/Infants' Coffee Morning, 10.30 - Noon
- 15th Faraday Lecture - Sheffield
"Daisy Pulls It Off" Haymarket, Leicester
- 16th Junior School Play: "Pied Piper"
Concert - Orchestra and Choir
- 26th Visit of Beeston Hall Prep. School Netball Team
Music Soirée, Warrington Centre
- 28th Ash Wednesday Sung Eucharist
Theatre Studies Group - Leicester "The Crucible"

MARCH

- 1st Sixth Form Biology revision day, London
- 2nd Junior School to sing at Women's World Day of Prayer,
Darley Dale
Debate - Kennedy v Wilson
Disco, Repton
- 5th "To Kill a Mockingbird" - Buxton Opera House
- 8th Inspector Gill - Self-Defence
Latin Speaking Competition
Group to Stancliffe Play
- 11th Confirmation Service: Bishop of Warrington
- 13th L.A.M.D.A. Examinations
- 14th Sixth Form Mathematics revision day: Birmingham
- 15th Art Outing to London
Guildhall Examinations
- 16th Debate - Powys v Pigot
- 17th Social, Welbeck
- 19th Home Clothes Day
- 21st House Music Competition
Sixth Form Geography Fieldwork Course
(Cranedale, N. Yorks)
- 22nd Concert with Darley Dale Brass Band
- 23rd Sixth Form English Day Courses in Manchester

APRIL

- 19th Evensong in Chapel
- 21st Boarders' Outing to Boston, Lincs.
D. of E. Training Day
- 24th Choral Society to sing Evensong in Westminster Abbey
- 25th Wilfred Owen/Siegfried Sassoon:
Dramatic Presentation: "Not About Heroes"
- 27th Talbot Science Prize Presentation - Denstone College
- 28th Buxton Festival - Speech Classes
- 29th D. of E. Training

MAY

- 2nd Stratford: "Much Ado About Nothing"
- 4th Buxton Festival - Choirs (Infants and Juniors)
- 8th Social Evening, Presentation Convent
- 9th Junior School Recorder players - Derby Festival
- 11th Choral Society to sing at Brewwood
- 12th Old Girls' Reunion, St. Elphin's
- 13th Sainsbury's "Choir of the Year" Competition, Manchester
- 17th 'Young Enterprise' Directors' Interviews, Derby
- 21st L6 Theatre Studies performance
- 24th Ascension Day
- 25th School Concert

JUNE

- 14th Hugh Lomas (Romania)
- 15th Friends' Barn Dance - Stopford Hall
- 16th Inter-House Athletics Competition
- 17th D. of E. Bronze Expedition - White Peak
- 18th English Speaking Board Examinations
- 19th Fashion Show (Coles)
- 22nd Infants and Junior School Swimming Gala
Bakewell Rotary Club Inter-schools Debating Competition,
Great Longstone
- 23rd Social Outing, Repton
D. of E. Silver Expedition - White Peak
Sixth Form Barbecue, Welbeck
- 24th Sponsored Walk - Chatsworth
- 28th U3's to 'Pob' Maths Royal Show, Sheffield
U3's to Eyam: Geography and English departments
L6 Biology Fieldwork
Outing to 'Around the World in 80 Days'
- 30th Boarders' Outing to Alton Towers
Junior School Open Afternoon and Sports
D. of E. Gold Practice Expedition - Dark Peak Area

JULY

- 2nd U4 Forms to Royston Grange - Classics
- 3rd L6 Physics Group to Firth Rixson
- 4th Nursery and Infants Open Morning and Sports
L6 Biology Fieldwork
- 5th 'Daisy Pulls It Off' (Final performance of School Play)

SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS - MARCH 1990

Lay Scholarships

Kennedy	Melissa Heathcote, St. Joseph's Convent, Chesterfield
Clergy Exhibition	Lucy Vernal, St. Elphin's School
Lay Exhibition	Louise Stuart, St. Elphin's School
Award for Daughter of an Old Girl	Gillian Hyde, Bakewell Methodist Junior School
	Katrina Codling, Beeston Hall School, West Runton, Norfolk

Sixth Form Awards

Sarah Tarbatt
Claire Walker
Claire Pritchard (Exhibition)

Scholar's Groat

Alison Carminke

Coxon Memorial Scholarship

Sarah Rawling

Powys Memorial Scholarship

Alexandra Mayland

Whittam Memorial Scholarship

Louise Stuart

Stopford Memorial Scholarship

Rachel Amner
Sarah Rawling

'A' LEVEL

Emma Butler Studies	Chemistry, Mathematics, English (A), General
Teresa Charlesworth	French, German, Latin, General Studies
Monita Cheung Studies	History, Mathematics, English, General
Suzanne Edge	French, History, Pure Mathematics
Jenis Gadhvi Studies	Economics, History (A), English, General
Victoria Gordon	Art, English
Charlotte Haines	Biology, Chemistry, Pure Mathematics
Sharon Jones	Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics
Elsa Lui	Art, Pure Mathematics
Rachael MacLachlan	Class. Civilisation, English
Jane Morris	General Studies
Shalini Nair	AS Home Economics, Biology
Fay Neary	Latin, Music (A)
Lucy Roberts	Biology, Physics
Anna Shepley	Biology, Geography (A)
Emily Skipper	German, English
Elisabeth Thornton	French, Geography, German, General Studies
Jennifer Turner	French (A), German, English, General Studies
Helen Tyler	Biology, Geography
Kathryn Ward Biology	Class. Civilisation, Geography, GCSE Human
Pauline Whitehouse	Biology, English, General Studies

GCSE RESULTS 1990 UPPER 5A

Miriam Aguma	Biology (B), Classical Studies (B), English (B), English Literature (B), French (B), Geography (B), Mathematics (B).
Nicola Allen	Biology (A), Chemistry (B), Classical Studies (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), Geography (A), Mathematics (B).
Melissa Allsopp	Art & Design (B), Chemistry (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), History (A), Latin (A), Mathematics (B), Physics (A).
Rachel Amner	Biology (A), Chemistry (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), Geography (A), Latin (A), Mathematics (B), Physics (A).
Bernice Cheng	Biology (A), Chinese (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), German (A), Home Econ. Food (A), Mathematics (B), Music (B).
Katharine Cox	Biology (A), Chemistry (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), History (A), Latin (A), Mathematics (B), Physics (A).
Deborah Croxall	Biology (B), Chemistry (A), English (B), English Literature (B), French (B), Geography (B), German (A), Mathematics (B), Physics (C).
Claire Dickinson	Biology (B), Chemistry (B), English (B), English Literature (B), French (A), Geography (B), Mathematics (B), Physics (C).
Katie Else	Biology (A), Chemistry (B), Classical Studies (A), English (B), English Literature (A), French (C), Mathematics (B).

Katherine Fowler

Biology (B), Chemistry (A), English (B), English Literature (B), French (A), Geography (C), Latin (A), Mathematics (B), Physics (C).

Stephanie Goult

Biology (A), Chemistry (A), Classical Studies (A), English (B), English Literature (B), French (B), Geography (A), Mathematics (B), Physics (B).

Jenny Kayes

Biology (B), Chemistry (B), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), German (A), History (A), Mathematics (A), Physics (B).

Sylvia Kwok

Biology (B), Chemistry, Chinese (A), English (C), Mathematics (B), Physics.

Wynne Lam

Biology (C), Chemistry, Chinese (A), Classical Studies (C), English (B), Geography (C), Mathematics (C).

Karen McNally

Biology (B), Chemistry (B), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), History (B), Mathematics (B), Physics (B).

Catherine Malkinson

Biology (B), English (B), English Literature (C), French (B), Geography (C), Mathematics (B), Music (B), Religious Studies (C).

Fiona Northcott

Biology (A), Chemistry (B), English (B), English Literature (C), French (A), Geography (B), Mathematics (B), Physics (C).

Polly Phillpot

Biology (A), Chemistry (A), English (B), English Literature (A), French (A), Geography (A), Mathematics (B), Music (A).

Claire Pritchard

Biology (A), Chemistry (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), German (A), Mathematics (A), Physics (B).

Sarah Rawling

Chemistry (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), Geography (A), Latin (A), Mathematics (A), Physics (A).

Karen Shopland

Biology (A), Chemistry (A), Classical Studies (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), Geography (A), Mathematics (B).

Sarah Tarbatt

Biology (A), Chemistry (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), Geography (A), Latin (A), Mathematics (A), Physics (A).

Susila Thubron

Biology (A), Chemistry (C), Classical Studies (A), English (B), English Literature (B), French (B), Geography (B), Mathematics (A), Physics (B).

Claire Walker

Biology (A), Chemistry (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), Geography (A), Latin (A), Mathematics (A), Physics (A).

Natasha Wojciechowska

Art & Design (B), Biology (B), Chemistry (B), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), Geography (B), Mathematics (C).

UPPER 5B Julia Allen

Biology, Chemistry, English (B), English Literature (A), French (A), German (C), Home Econ. Textiles, Mathematics (C).

Nicola Crawley

Biology (C), English (B), Mathematics (C), Religious Studies.

Kenrah Francis

Biology (B), Classical Studies (A), English (A), English Literature (A), History (A), Mathematics (C), Religious Studies (A).

Emily Gillson

Biology, English (C), English Literature (C), French, Home Econ. Food (C), Home Econ. Textiles, Mathematics, Music.

Sarah Gowers

Art & Design (B), Chemistry, English (A), English Literature (A), French (C), Geography (C), Mathematics (C), Physics.

Katie Horsfall

Biology (C), Chemistry (C), English (A), English Literature (A), French (B), Home Econ. Textiles (C), Mathematics (C), Religious Studies.

Lucy Hudson

Biology, English, English Literature (B), French (B), Geography, Home Econ. Food, Mathematics.

Cynthia Lam

Art & Design (C), Biology (B), Chemistry (C), Chinese (A), English (B), Geography, Mathematics (A), Physics (B).

Sarah Lamb

Art & Design (C), Biology, English (B), English Literature (A), French (C), History (B), Mathematics (C), Religious Studies.

Sandy Law

Biology (B), Chemistry (C), Chinese (A), English (B), French (C), Geography (C), Mathematics (C), Physics.

Donna Lester

Biology, English (B), English Literature (B), French, Geography, Mathematics, Religious Studies.

Rachel Leung

Art & Design (C), Biology (A), Chemistry (A), Chinese (A), English (B), Geography (A), Mathematics (B), Physics (A).

Ruth Lockwood	Biology, Chemistry, English (C), English Literature (C), French, Mathematics.
Claire-Louise McSherry	Biology, Chemistry, English (B), English Literature (B), French (B), Geography, German, Mathematics.
Kate Moss	Biology, Chemistry, Classical Studies, English, English Literature (C), French, Home Econ. Food, Mathematics.
Susanne Ng	Biology, Chemistry, Classical Studies, English (C), Home Econ. Food (C), Mathematics (B).
Kenia Nottage	Biology, Classical Studies (A), English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), History (B), Mathematics, Religious Studies.
Helen Ogley	Biology, English (A), English Literature (A), French (A), Geography (C), Mathematics, Music, Religious Studies (C).
Laura-Jane Quick	Biology, English (B), English Literature (C), French, Home Econ. Food (C), Home Econ. Textiles (C), Mathematics, Religious Studies.
Alexandra Wood	Biology, Chemistry, English (C), English Literature (C), French, Home Econ. Food (C), Mathematics (C), Music.

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

Advanced level	- Jenis Gadhvi
GCSE	- Claire Walker

FORM PRIZES

Upper 6	Emma Butler
Lower 6	Kathryn Johnson
Upper 5A	Sarah Rawling, Sarah Tarbatt
Upper 5B	Kenrah Francis
Lower 5B	Karina Lawson
Lower 5C	Laura Bennett, Jill Whitten
Upper 4T	Angela Billington
Upper 4M	Emma Allsopp
Lower 4M	Lucy Vernall
Lower 4L	Lubna Zaman
Upper 3J	Sophie Clayton

HEADMASTER'S PRIZES FOR EFFORT

Upper 6	Victoria Gordon
Lower 6	Emma Howorth
Upper 5A	Nicola Allen
Upper 5B	Rachel Leung
Lower 5B	Fiona Wong, Debbie Wright
Lower 5C	Rachel Cooper
Upper 4T	Helen Ainscough
Lower 4M	Sunita Nair
Lower 4L	Kathy Perrin
Upper 3J	Ruth Gilkes

SUBJECT PRIZES

English	Emma Butler
History	Jenis Gadhvi
Geography	Anna Shepley
French	Jennifer Turner
Latin	Rachel Gowers
Classical Studies	Kathryn Ward
German	Teresa Charlesworth
Mathematics	Emma Butler, Sharon Jones
Physics	Sharon Jones
Chemistry	Sharon Jones
Biology	Stephanie Goult
Art	Elsa Lui
Music	Polly Phillpot

SPECIAL PRIZES

Chairman's Prize	Shalini Nair
Pass Prize for English	Katharine Cox
Bishop Claxton's Prize for Religious Studies	Kenrah Francis
Henry Andrew's Prize for Home Economics	Bernice Cheng
Henry Andrew's Prize for Textiles	Helen Moore

CUPS

Barton Cup for Swimming

J.W. Trippett Cup for Backstroke	Charlotte Haines,
Helen Robinson Cup for P.E.	Kathryn Ward
Joyce Knight Cup for Speech & Drama	Kathryn Johnson
Lindsay Prize for Public Speaking	Rachael MacLachlan
Hilary Pollard Memorial Music Prize	Sarah Chambers
	Jane Townend
	Fay Neary

Miss Thompson's Cup for Music
Aulton Rose Bowl for Singing
Hitchen Cup for Piano
Moorcroft Piano Salver
MacIlwaine Cup for Organ Playing
Thornton Cup for Economics
The Logic Symbol
Helen Waddingham Cup for Art
Susan Gibson Cup for Service

Adlington-Neil Cup

Hammond Shield
Lester Cup

HOUSE CUPS

Athletics	Powys
Athletics Standards	Kennedy
Hockey	Senior
	Junior
Swimming	Senior
Tennis	Junior
Netball	Senior
	Junior
Rounders	Senior
	Junior
Cross Country	Senior
	Intermediate
	Junior
Debating	
Drama	
Music	
The Gascoigne Cup	

Scilla Grimble
Kathryn Ward
Angela Billington
Helga Mann
Sarah Rawling
Jenis Gadhvi
Karen Shopland
Melissa Allsopp
Rachael MacLachlan,
Pauline Whitehouse
Charlotte Haines,
Elisabeth Thornton
Sarah Strivens
Jane Townend

Powys
Powys
Wilson
Powys
Powys
Kennedy
Kennedy
Powys
Wilson
Pigot
Powys
Powys
Wilson
Powys
Powys
To be announced

ESB RESULTS 1990

SENIOR GRADE INTRODUCTION

Distinction	Sophie Clayton Nicola Strivens Hannah Wicks Zoe Blount Caroline Bond Nicola Howson Anita Liu Julie Smith Lisa Wilkinson gained by 9 girls gained by 4 girls
Credit	
Very Good Pass	
Good Pass	

SENIOR GRADE 1

Distinction	Rachel Butler Emma Graham Kathy Perrin Lucy Pritchard Polly Stevenson Lucy Vernall Lucy Baxter Zoe Baxter Alison Carminke Karen Cartlidge Hilary Coe Jeanette Fyfe Caroline Grant Catherine Hawley Faye Rider Claire Smith Amy Turner Joanna Wardle Lubna Zaman gained by 18 girls gained by 2 girls gained by 1 girl
Credit	
Very Good Pass	
Good Pass	
Pass	

SENIOR GRADE 2

Distinction	Angela Billington Helen Fox Georgina Glover Helen Ainscough Michelle Willetts Stefanie Yearn gained by 16 girls gained by 15 girls gained by 2 girls
Credit	
Very Good Pass	
Good Pass	
Pass	

GUILDHALL SPEECH AND DRAMA RESULTS 1990

Preliminary Grade

Honours	Jennifer Bailes
Merit	Charlotte Betts Louise Hinchliffe Elisabeth Hughes

Pass Sally Hurn
Anna Steeper
Hannah Sutcliffe
Carly Thomas
Sara Vinall
Caroline Allsopp
Louise Benoist
Verity Griffiths
Louise Hinchliffe

Grade 1
Merit Alison Carminke
Sunita Nair
Helenor Renshaw
Rebecca Smith
Caroline Walker
Hannah Wicks
Rachel Woodhouse
Lubna Zaman
Anna-Louise White

Grade 2
Honours Catherine Potter
Rachael Whawell
Kenrah Francis
Caroline Grant
Claire Kirby
Kenia Nottage

Grade 3
Honours Lucy Baxter
Kenrah Francis
Kenia Nottage
Miranda Ludlam
Helen Moore
Joanne Stoppard
Sarah Langridge
Claire Plowright

Grade 4
Merit Susila Thubron
Julia Walker
Sarah Chambers
Julia Faulkner

Grade 6
Honours Nicola Allen
Sarah Tarbatt

LAMDA RESULTS 1990

SPEECH AND DRAMA

Grade 1
Distinction Elizabeth Allsopp
Sarah Allsop
Carly Birds
Gemma Farmer
Victoria Fenwick
Claire Fisher
Anna Hudson
Eleanor Hughes
Frances King
Claire Mansell
Kristen Moore
Kathryn Phillips
Sophie Munro
Amanda Pope
Danielle Skidmore
Natalie Skidmore
Elisabeth Sumper
Jane van Huyssteen
Verity Walker
Catherine Benoist
Julia Ellis
Sarah Kirkwood
Sarah Marshall-Hilton
Christina Munro
Pamela Sheldon
Katie Weightman
Sarah Wood

Grade 2
Pass Miriam Aguma
Kerris Thompson

Grade 5
Distinction Emma Atkinson
Catherine Hawley

ACTING
Grade 5
Distinction Georgina Glover
Sara Hurn

Grade 6
Distinction Nicola Bond
Katie Else
Fiona Northcott
Anna Peel
Jane Townend
Claire Welberry
Katie Horsfall

Pass
Grade 7
Distinction Nicola Hammond

Grade 8
Distinction Kelly Margetts
Bronze Medal
Pass Emily Gillson
Lucy Golland
Emma Howorth
Sarah Lamb
Catherine Malkinson
Karen Shopland
Sarah Strivens

Gold Medal
Pass Scilla Grimble

Mime
Honours Sarah Chambers

BUXTON FESTIVAL RESULTS 1990

Verse Speaking Under 8
First Nicola Butler
Third Danielle Skidmore
Distinction gained by 3 girls
Merit gained by 3 girls

Verse Speaking Under 9
First Carolyn Thomas
Second Hannah Sutcliffe
Third Frances King
Distinction gained by 2 girls
Merit gained by 4 girls

Verse Speaking Under 10
Merit gained by 2 girls

Verse Speaking Under 11
First Caroline Turner
Third Pamela Sheldon
Merit gained by 11 girls

Verse Speaking Under 12
Third Katie O'Neill
Merit gained by 9 girls

Verse Speaking Under 14
First Nicola Strivens
Merit gained by 6 girls

Verse Speaking Under 18
Third Lucy Golland
Merit gained by 2 girls

Bible Reading (a) Under 12
First Emma Walker
Third Carolyn Thomas
Distinction gained by 1 girl
Merit gained by 8 girls

Bible Reading (b) Under 12
First Eleanor Wicks
Third= Juliet Kirkwood
Third= Caroline Turner
Merit gained by 7 girls

Bible Reading 12-14 years
Second Laura Bennett
Merit gained by 24 girls

Bible Reading 15-18 years
First Sarah Chambers
Second Scilla Grimble
Third Claire Mansell
Merit gained by 11 girls

Bible Reading Over 18
First Kenrah Francis
Second Kenia Nottage

Duologue Acting Under 13
Second Victoria Fenwick
Verity Walker
Nicola Howson
Katie O'Neill
Merit gained by 6 girls

Duologue Acting Under 16
First Nicola Burrows
Suzanne Ellis
Second Faye Rider
Clare Smith
Merit gained by 2 girls

Duologue Acting Over 16
First Catherine Malkinson
Karen Shopland
Second Nicola Allen
Sarah Tarbatt

Shakespeare Under 16
Second Laura Bennett

Reading at Sight Under 12
First Emma Walker
Second Rachael Whawell

Reading at Sight Under 16
First Laura Bennett
Third Sarah Strivens
Merit gained by 6 girls

Reading at Sight Over 16
First Scilla Grimble
Third Claire Walker
Merit gained by 5 girls

Prose from Memory Under 12
First Rachael Whawell
Second Carolyn Thomas
Third Emma Walker
Distinction gained by 2 girls
Merit gained by 12 girls

Prose from Memory Under 16
First Georgina Glover
Third Sarah Tarbatt
Distinction gained by 8 girls
Merit gained by 12 girls

Prose from Memory Over 16
First Melissa Allsopp
Second Claire Walker
Third Scilla Grimble
Merit gained by 5 girls

Public Speaking Under 18
First Julia Walker

Sonnet Under 16
First Laura Bennett

Sonnet Over 16
Second Nicola Allen

Solo Acting Under 12
First Caroline Bond
Second Emma Walker
Merit gained by 3 girls

Solo Acting Under 16
Second= Rachel Butler
Second= Sarah Chambers
Third= Kelly Margetts
Third= Sarah Strivens
Distinction gained by 3 girls
Merit gained by 4 girls

Solo Acting Over 16
First Nicola Bond
Second Scilla Grimble
Distinction gained by 1 girl
Merit gained by 4 girls

Mime Under 10
First Carolyn Thomas
Second Ruth Brown

Mime Under 15
Distinction gained by 1 girl
Merit gained by 1 girl

Mime Over 15
First Sarah Chambers
Second Sarah Strivens
Merit gained by 1 girl

Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

During the academic year 1989-90 the following girls were successful:

PIANO

Grade One (Pass):	Helen Ainscough, Emma Atkinson, Catherine Benoist, Sally Hurn, Juliet Kirkwood, Jennifer Liu, Caroline Turner.
Grade Two (Pass):	Helen Ainscough, Joan Bertie, Amanda Richardson, Anna-Louise White.
Grade Two (Merit):	Louise Benoist, Sara Hurn.
Grade Three (Merit):	Joan Bertie.
Grade Three (Distinction):	Rachael Whawell.
Grade Four (Pass):	Ruth Gilkes, Gemma Meredith, Elizebeth Turner, Alexandra Wood.
Grade Four (Distinction):	Rachael Whawell.
Grade Five (Pass):	Emma Lai, Alexandra Wood.
Grade Five (Merit):	Angela Ching.
Grade Six (Pass):	Lucy Pritchard, Sarah Robinson
Grade Six (Merit):	Alicia Woo
Grade Seven (Pass):	Brenda Ng
Grade Eight (Pass):	Joyce Lam, Helga Mann, Pauline Whitehouse

Grade Eight (Distinction): Angela Billington

VIOLIN

Grade One (Pass):	Amanda Richardson
Grade One (Distinction):	Rachael Whawell
Grade Five (Pass):	Rachel Cooper
Grade Six (Pass):	Lisa Knowles

VIOLA

Grade Seven (Distinction): Sarah Rawling

'CELLO

Grade Five (Pass):	Deborah Parsons
Grade Six (Distinction):	Angela Billington
Grade Eight (Pass):	Fay Neary
Grade Eight (Merit):	Emma Butler

CLARINET

Grade One (Merit):	Sarah Kirkwood
Grade One (Distinction):	Louise Benoist
Grade Two (Merit):	Rachel Butler, Sophie Clayton
Grade Three (Pass):	Miranda Ludlam
Grade Four (Pass):	Lucy Baxter
Grade Five (Merit):	Scilla Grimble
Grade Six (Pass):	Joy Taylor
Grade Six (Distinction):	Samantha Hay

FLUTE

Grade One (Pass):	Deborah Maclachlan, Kathy Perrin
Grade Two (Pass):	Catherine Johnson
Grade Three (Distinction):	Jennifer Bailes
Grade Five (Pass):	Hilary Coe

OBOE

Grade Four (Pass): Charlotte Haines

SINGING

Grade One (Merit):	Jennifer Bailes
Grade Two (Pass):	Rachel Butler
Grade Two (Merit):	Sophie Clayton
Grade Three (Pass):	Claire Welberry
Grade Five (Pass):	Alicia Woo
Grade Five (Merit):	Scilla Grimble
Grade Six (Merit):	Helga Mann

ORGAN

Grade Four (Distinction): Sarah Rawling

THEORY

Grade One (Pass):	Shantell Aleverares-Johnson, Juliet Kirkwood, Caroline Turner
Grade One (Distinction):	Helen Ainscough, Joan Bertie, Devanie Hutton, Amanda Richardson, Lubna Zaman
Grade Two (Pass):	Louise Benoist
Grade Two (Distinction):	Lubna Zaman
Grade Three (Pass):	Emma Graham, Ya-El Murray
Grade Three (Distinction):	Rachael Whawell
Grade Four (Pass):	Nicola Allen
Grade Four (Distinction):	Sarah Tarbatt
Grade Five (Pass):	Nicola Allen, Laura Bennett, Lisa Knowles, Wynne Lam, Helen Ogley, Lucy Pritchard, Sarah Robinson
Grade Five (Distinction):	Rachel Cooper, Sarah Tarbatt
Grade Seven (Pass):	Pauline Whitehouse

Calling All Bird Watchers!

In the 10 years I've been at St. Elphin's School I have been pleased to be able to observe an astonishing variety of birdlife in and around the grounds, and feel that it is a shame not to record the species. I am sure that many parents and pupils share my interest in ornithology and I propose to record on a map, which we shall keep in a prominent place, the dates and birds that we have observed. Those interested should either send their records in writing to me or see me personally.

Here are some of my records over the last year.

Behind the Thornton block:-

Tree Creeper, Nut Hatch, Galafinches, Chaffinches, Swallows, Yellowhammer, Redwings, Fieldfares, Long Tail Tits, Lesser Spotted Woodpecker, Green Woodpecker.

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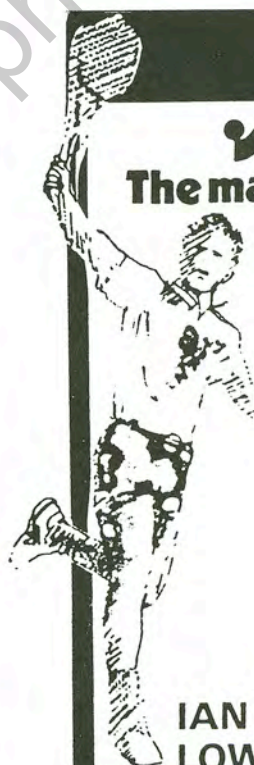
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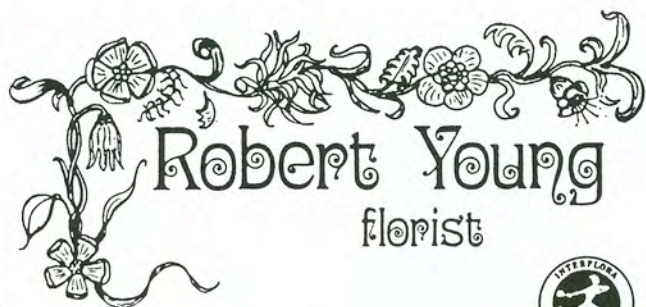
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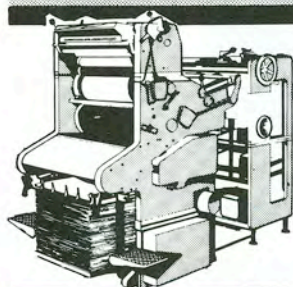
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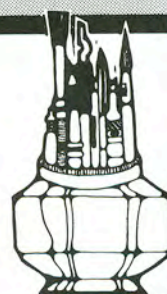
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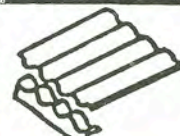
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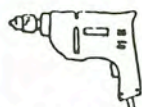
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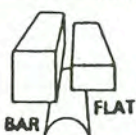
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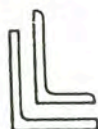
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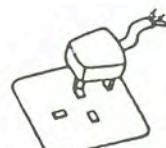


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