



**QUEEN'S
COURIER**

Editorial

This is the first edition of the school magazine to be prepared and compiled entirely by pupils; formerly it was done by the staff.

Last year an editorial committee was established. The members were: William Hoekin, Richard Terry, Sara King, Tony Knight, Peter Wright, who represented the first, second, third, fourth and fifth years respectively, and ourselves, Laura Overend and Joe Day of the sixth year.

We wanted the magazine to be a real school report and to give our pupils a chance to work towards it the year round. We also wanted to give our pupils a chance to express their views on school life.

We are sorry the sports and games results are not very efficiently compiled and that the articles on sports are generally non-existent, but our sports editor left before the end of this summer-term, and therefore we had to make last minute arrangements with the help of Kathy Bishop and Caroline Marshall - both excellent girls with a keen eye for initiative.

Many thanks must go to the printer, the girls in Miss Hill's group and the ladies in the office.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL JULY 1973

Boatless + Bob

pattern print
by L. L. L. L. L.

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Editorial

This is the first edition of the school magazine to be organised and compiled entirely by pupils; formerly it was done by the staff.

Last term an editorial committee established themselves; they are Jillian Rankin, Richard Terry, Zara King, Tony Knight, Fiona Ransley, who represented the first, second, third, fourth and fifth years respectively, and ourselves, Lynne Overend and Bob Wagg of the 6th form.

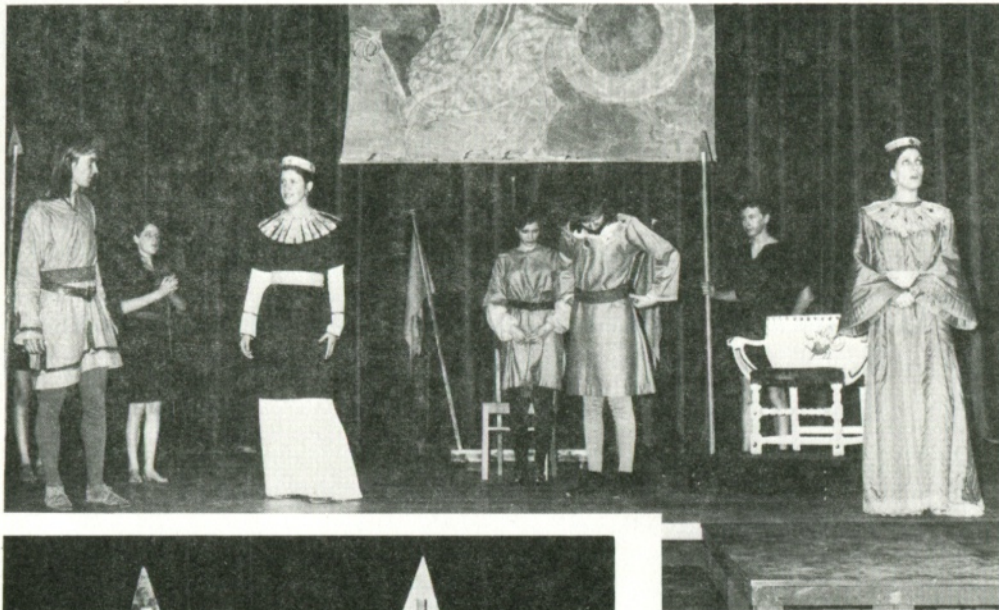
The School Council wanted the magazine to take on a less conventional aspect than the usual type of school magazine, and to print more examples of pupils' work throughout the year; but exclude exam results and prizewinners as these matters seem more properly dealt with on Speech Day.

We are sorry the sports and house results are not very efficiently compiled and that the articles on sport are practically non-existent, but our sports editor left before the end of this summer-term, and therefore we had to make last minute arrangements with the help of Kathy McGuire and Caroline Munslow - both efficient girls with bags of initiative.

Many thanks must go to the typists: the girls in Miss Ball's group and the ladies in the office.^{FW}

pattern print
by L. Lomax ZAR

BooLace + Bob



KING LEAR
(see page 20)



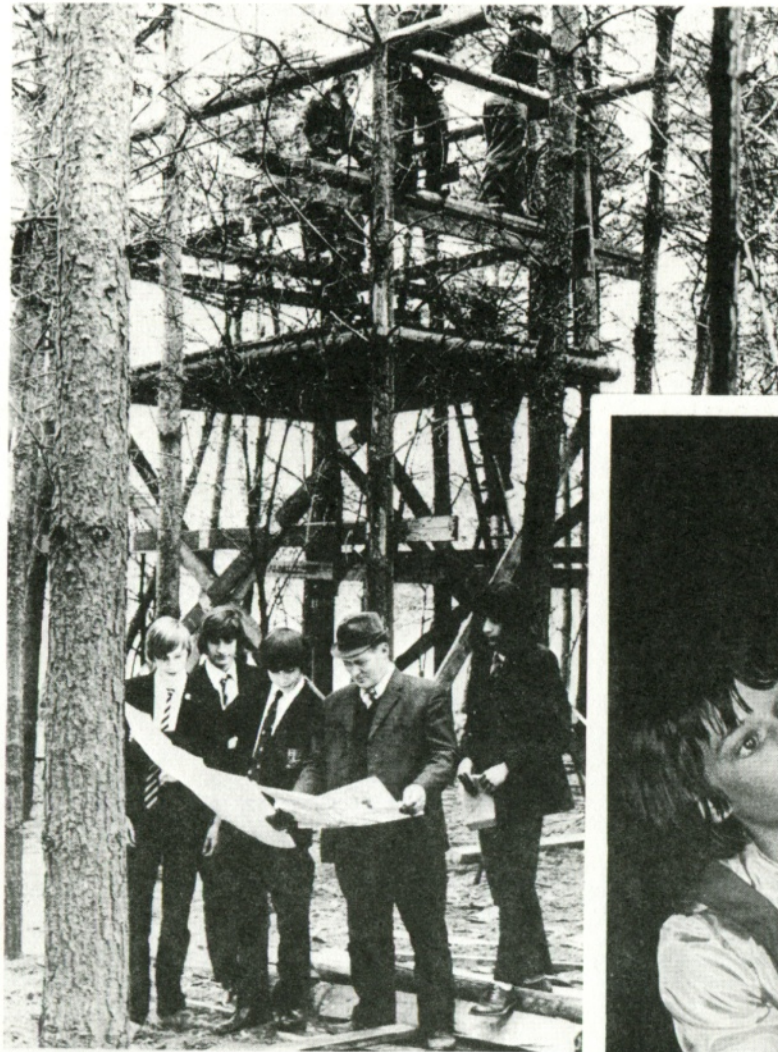
MR. THOMAS
(see page 4)



SIXTH FORM AND STAFF DANCE (see page 28)



PLAYGROUND SCHEME ▶
(see page 7)



▼ WIZARD OF OZ (see page 31)

CHARITY WALK (see page 31)
▼



QUEEN'S SCHOOL SONG

This School, this branch of Britain's youth,
Set deep in foreign soil,
Must bear aloft the right and truth
Gained by our forbears' toil.
Four Houses here within one School
Unite with common aim
That our example, work and play
Achieve a worthy name.

Atlantic breakers smash in vain
On Cornwall's rugged shore:
Her people, fearless, brave the seas
In storm, in peace, in war.
Of Edinburgh's fortress rock
No conqueror can boast:
Its every strength has won respect
And peace from coast to coast.

Now Gloucester's towers serene and proud
Beside the Severn stand,
A symbol of our ancient faith,
The spirit of our land:
Invaders fear, whilst travellers greet,
The chalk-white cliffs of Kent,
And from her orchards, thick with bloom,
Our nation draws content.

Such scenes, beliefs, from ages past,
We hold to, all our days.
For youth to-day, to-morrow leads,
And guides our country's ways.
So strive we must, and knowledge gain,
That war shall one day cease,
For through our work the future's built,
And, through our learning, peace:
"Pax a Discendc".

these songs are both
extracts from
Queen's School
very first magazine
— Queen's Courier
published in 1955.
We would like to
know if anyone knows
the music to the
school song.

The rock'n'roll
one amused us,
especially as it
was written in the
real rock'n'roll era
of 20 years ago.

HOW ROCK 'N' ROLL CAME TO STAY

There was a time, so I am told,
When people neither rocked nor rolled.
This was history's greatest lull --
Life must have been extremely dull!

This is the tale of Slasher Sid,
Who never bothered what he did.
He really was a cheerful soul --
His chief delight was Rock'n' Roll!
One night when he had nought to do,
He saw a lengthy picture queue.
At what was on he could not peep --
The crowd were queuing fifteen deep!
And then he got a pleasant shock,
The film was "Rock around the Clock".
He danced and shouted out with glee:
"This is the film I want to see!"

And then at last the film began,
The film the critics tried to ban.
The songs all made our Slasher smile.
He Rock'n'Rolled all down the aisle,
And when they'd finished all their firing,
They started coshing, slashing, knifing.
It really was a thrilling fight,
And went on far into the night.
The police then came to intervene
And soon broke up the rowdy scene.
Our Slasher Sid turned deathly pale
When he was whisked off to the jail.
But then next morning came the shock:
The strains of "Rock around the Clock"
Came from the court. They all raised hell --
The jury men joined in as well.

And that, dear friends, tells of the day
That Rock'n'Roll came here to stay.

Anonymous

THE CASE OF

NOW REVEALED—

MR. THOMAS WHO KILLED CUDDLING AT QUEEN'S SCHOOL

When Mr. Thomas, Deputy Headmaster, left last Easter he had been with Queen's School for four years, and formerly, King's School for nearly five. He is now in Wales - at another Queen's (high) School in Newport, and before he left Bob Wagg and I interviewed Mr. Thomas. We asked him what he thought he had achieved during his time at this school; but very modestly he would only tell us the devilish way in which he had had the side-benches along the main corridors removed! Then he went on to say that, in this way he had killed the kissing and cuddling that had gone on, because when people sat on the benches they were partly hidden by the coats hung up. More seriously, he said he had managed to get the style of the curriculum changed so as to be more versatile.

In his 'departure speech' one morning in assembly, he remarked on the general level of enjoyment in Queen's, and that he liked the pupil-participation that went on, and the many activities such as school drama and the 5th and 6th school dances. He bemoaned the lack of a proper 6th form centre, such as that of Kent School, and also the lack of good drama facilities. He mentioned that DOE had in fact condemned the board for lighting which was used for the Wizard of Oz, and so they were breaking rules by using it.

Having three children of his own; two in their middle-teens, and working in a secondary school,

has made Mr Thomas very interested and involved in youth activities. He disliked the way in which there was a divisional effect on military establishments which also affected the youth because of clubs like the USCC where officer's children can go and yet children of lower ranks have no where, save the Blue Pool, so they either break rules and go to "forbidden territory" or they segregate themselves, so really, he said, there ought to be a communal coffee-bar at least, where the young people could go. He would have been willing to give up time for youth services, as there was a need, and that perhaps the school could provide something. However, since that interview something has been done along the lines of which Mr. Thomas was talking, and we are sure he would be delighted to know that thanks to Mr. R. J. McCrimmon who wanted to make this a "better place for young people to live in", the school will be open on two evenings a week starting next September and lists of super activities have been provided for us, ranging from yoga and judo to motor vehicle maintenance and jewellery making. All the subjects have been carefully chosen to appeal to us, and there will be a coffee-bar, not to mention a music session, where we can socialise.

contd.

contd. from page 4

We asked Mr. Thomas of any amusing incidents he had experienced during his teaching years with B.F.E.S. He recalled the time when the back courtyard at King's School was flooded for ice-skating--the staff were dubious and a bit worried, but the rural science master managed to do it, with a hose, with just a trickle of water, but after all the trouble, only 2 square feet of water eventually froze.

Then we moved on to "awkward situations" which I'm sure all teachers can relate. Mr Thomas would mention no names, but he talked about the time how every other week a teacher would send him a certain boy to be caned. Apparently the boy was always grinning, even when told off and this infuriated the teacher. But Mr. Thomas never had the heart to cane him because the boy was Mexican and he knew that the boy's grin was natural!
(There has been no caning in Queen's School this year).

Mr. Thomas had enjoyed his years as Deputy Headmaster, though he said, a pupil/teacher relationship was more personal and gratifying; and now he has gone back to teaching his subjects which are physics and maths and we wish him all the best at his present station.

Editors: Lynne Overend
Bob Wagg

DREAMS

You limp on like an old ship
entering the breakers yard
You stagger along gaunt and ragged
looking like a man
As you pull your body across the horizon
a bent bushy tree
No one knows where to go
To the unknown lands across sheer cliffs
You will be broken to pieces
and crumble

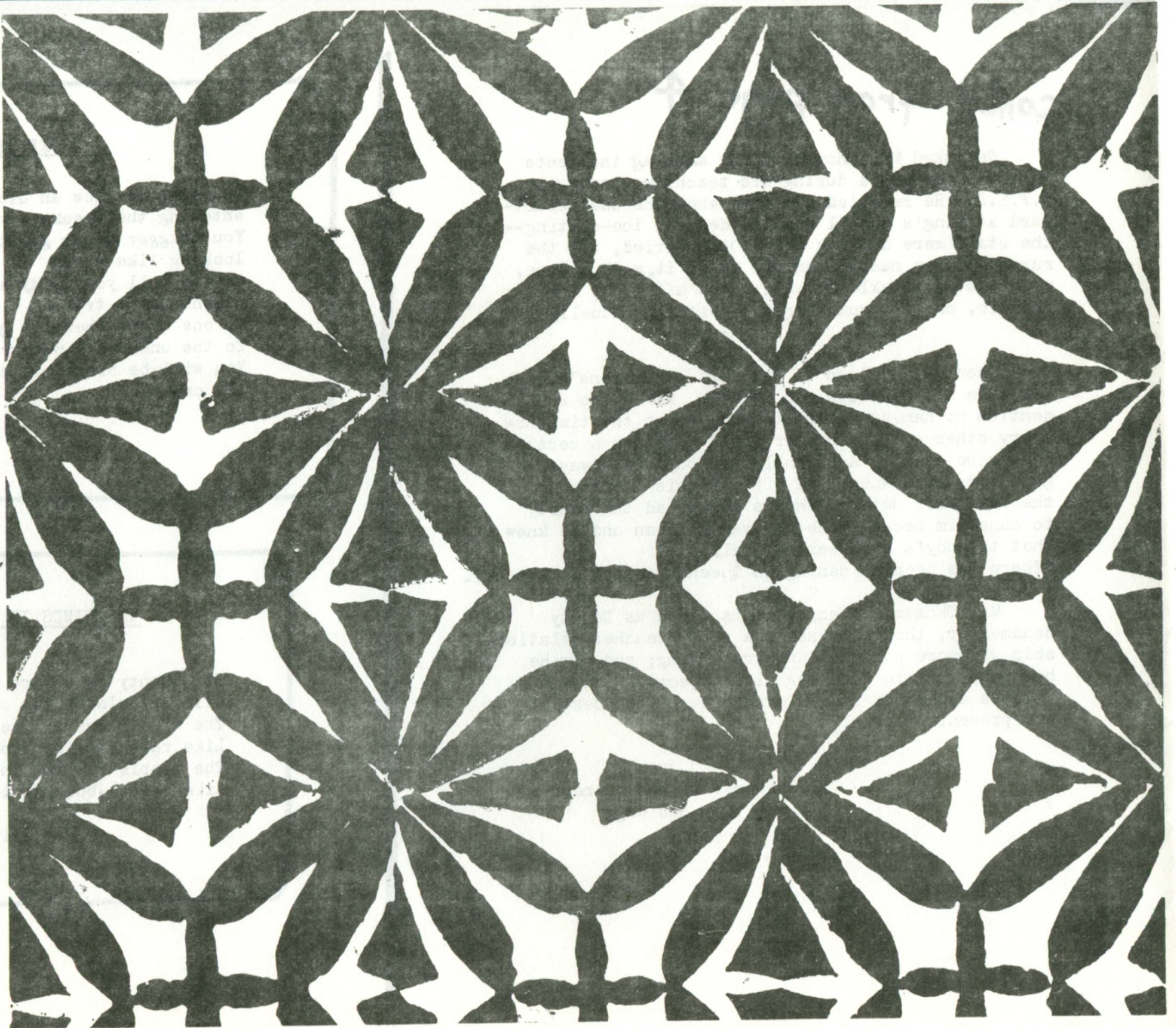
Peter King 5DW

THE WINDS IN BAHRAIN

The shanty towns are falling down,
Clitter, clattering on the ground,
The wind blows up the sand around,
Like rain falling from the clouds.
The people rushing in and out,
Like bees-a-buzzing in a hive.

Gillian L. Barnes 3JD

pattern print
by Margaret
Wheeler



6.

playground

scheme

BRITISH



LEYLAND

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In June 1972 the Garrison Commander approached the school with the idea of designing an adventure playground for the 10 - 13 age group. After a meeting of a number of interested teachers including Miss York, Mr. Lovegrove, and Mr. Hughes, plans went underway for the playground's siting and contents.

Mr. Hughes then selected seven senior boys; R. Roweth, P. Rutland, I. Black, P. Emerton, ... Bradshaw and myself, to draw the equipment for the playground. After the drawings were completed they were sent to the Garrison Commander.

In April 1973 the adventure playground came off paper and went on the ground in a small wood beside the RAF sports track in Buschof. Four of the original designers including myself were able to see that their work was all worthwhile and everybody seems to be happy as the photograph suggests.

Clinton Morris 6HG

(see photograph.)

Poem about Queen's Lower School Teachers

Mr. Jenkins with his musical mind
Tells us to sing psalm one hundred and nine.
Miss Sowerby an art pupils delight
Makes us draw with all our might.
Mr. Baker who looks so grim
Has us all afraid of him.
Mrs. Bennet our French teacher
Says that our work could be neater.
Our leader in prayer Mr. Morgan
Plays a gigantic organ.
An enthusiastic P.E. trainer Miss Stean
Says I run like a runner bean.
Mrs. Priest with a sewing mind
Teaches us all the things she can find.
Mr. Walton, a scientific creature
Creates smells as a daily feature.
For maths there's friendly Mr. Rhodes
With measurements, circles, squares and codes.

Karen Topham
LPK

LOOPY LIMERICKS

There was an old man from Surrey
Who made a whole pot of curry
He ate the whole lot -
And ran to the tap in a hurry

A greedy young fellow named Sid
Once ate eighty tarts for a quid
When they asked "Are you faint?"
He replied, "No I ain't."
But I don't feel as well as I did."

There was a young fellow from Harrow
Whose nose was both long and narrow
It gave so much trouble
That he bent it up double
And wheeled it around in a barrow.

A silly old farmer named Brown
Once walked on his head into town
It will cost him for sure
Half his wages to cure
The corns on top of his crown.

Elaine Stewart 4LB



Sounds Of Skool

The pattering of feet, the screaming outside, clattering of plates, the jingling of money, girls giggling, boys cheers, Creaking doors, teacher's voice, rustling paper, the flushing loo, Shuffling, and sipping, nappy whistlers, melodies from the piano, excited gabbling, scribbling pencils a slight chatter from the corner. The shrill bell the pounding of feet, pushing, hushing, shushing, the clinking of coins, the music starts, the mail half hour is here, hair flying, red faces, feet tapping, nips swaying, revolving records, chatter and laughter, but the music dies, sorrowful moans, the bell rings
and back
to normality.

By Karen Line. 1PK

COTTON REEL DREAMS

I'm a cogitating kitten who has much upon the
mind
Which cotton reel to play with and which
knitting to unwind?
Why barking sounds behind the door are such a
great attraction
Why table legs when rubbed against provide
much satisfaction?
I'm a cogitating kitten who is trying to
decide.
If lap or mat is nicest, with a fire to sit
beside.
And shall I ever catch that tail that's
ASKING to be bitten?
All very serious problems for a cogitating
kitten.



THE MONSTER AT THE NAAFI

The other day I took a stroll
Along Queens Avenue.
And then I saw the NAAFI
With trollies all askew.
But what amazed me most of all
Was in the middle sat
A thing! It looked a cross between a
dragon and a bat.
It was a violent shade of violet
With glowing golden horns.
It's skin looked awfully slimy
Studded with evil looking thorns.
It swallowed jars of salad cream
And raspberry yoghurt as well
And lots of Smedley's Garden Peas
More than I could tell.
The place was all deserted .
And as I took to my heels
I wondered how the monster
Could eat such ghastly meals.
I ran on to the Astra and turning
to the left
I came upon the Police Station
Where a notice said "Local Theft".
I told a large policeman
He said, "Hop into my car"
And we swerved along at ninety
With the siren going blah.
But when we came upon the scene
I gasped and almost swooned
For everything was normal
Not looking all typhoned.
There was no sign of the monster
Or jars of salad cream
But as I took one look at the policeman
I thought I hope this IS a dream.

Naa fi

KAY VERNON
FORM 1PK

EASTER ARTS FESTIVAL

Eisteddfodd

At the end of spring-term, an inter-house eisteddfodd was held, and needless to say it was an enormous success with everyone who was involved in it. The programme included musical compositions by the pupils themselves, prose, poetry, singing and drawings based on the easter theme. The following three pages... contain some examples of contributions.

REMEMBER

Falling rain of scarlet blood
Covered Friday's streets,
The jewels of torture lingered
In a pattern of regret.
The bloody day was soon to pass
Into the blackness of the night.
To bring forth hours of agony
Repentance mixed with guilt.
Sunday dawns a bright spring day
With happy thoughts endowed
The sun shines forth with golden rays
To glory all around.
For he who hung and martyred there
Is now to us released,
And guilt which caused the hateful death
Has lifted with the peace.

CHRIS WRIGHT. 5TH.

To Found a Home, or a Custom.

Captain Bentzigh thought back over the last few days. He almost relived the experience once again. He had been shown films of the decaying Galaxy, and was told that within two months his civilization would be extinct.

He was to leave his own galaxy, and reach the next one for inhabitable planets.

Five minutes after he had taken flight, he had 'jumped', and re-entered space in the spiral out rim of the next galaxy. His drive checked the motions of several stars, until it found one that did not behave correctly, and must, hence, have planets. His drive calculated the possibilities of life on each planet, and headed fourth.

It was a beautiful planet, just perfect for life. A knock on his door brought him back to reality. Benysergh said worriedly:

"Jasuaosghy is sleeping in his cabin, and we're on collision course with two thousand mile wide asteriod."

Three minutes later, Jasuaosghy awakened, and looked at the warning system; his was the only inhabitable cabin left.

As he was trying to land, a nuclear reactor went up, annihilating two villages and warning a third. He salvaged some medical supplies, and set the ship to self-destruct.

At the village he was met by a crowd of people, who, after he had mastered their language, asked him two major questions. He answered them, as near as possible within their comprehension.

"My name is Jesus, and I come from Eastere."

By
Tony Knight
4 F.M.
Gloucester

THE MARTYRDOM

An old wizened face stared in memory's thought, stared still, silent, set on old hunched shoulders which bore more than an aged head, more than time's weight, which held the picture of the end of one who became the beginning and of Him who created a love so strong that the whole world was moved by the fear of it.

The old hermit sat alone in love and fear. He prayed.

Since the death, the martyrdom, the now silent thinker had spent his middle years just sitting, praying, wondering, until the light of youth had become no more than a distant bean of unfocused light.

He sought himself in God.

His dreams were not nightmares, although they told of tales more ghastly than the imagined, this man's dreams were a reality, they were of murder, a suicide by man, a martyrdom, by the king of man.

This truth was so great that in all the years of self-sentenced solitude the form and image of it had not left the old man's inner eyes.

He found, once, relating a true story, as he saw it, as he still could see it. He told it to himself.

"I saw Him, I saw His pain and end, I saw Him. I saw His face, creased like the well worn robe, trying to smile on His burden, on the faces that doubled His load with heavy chants of hate. I saw His burden"

The old hermit paused to catch a breath of the picture he could clearly see.

".... that tree, planed into the shape



of a cross, its ghastly arms stretching as wide as death, it clung to the Lord's weak arms pushing its weight onto His bent, shrunken body, it was dark and evil, a scaffold and noose combined. I saw the Romans smile as they nailed the Lord's helpless hands to the tree, the nails sank deep and streams of bright red life-blood seeped from the impressions, they poured in fast torrents taking away life and hope. I saw the bright sun shine hot and burning, as they raised the half dead martyr, so that it shone around Him and His dark death bed, and sent its dancing golden rays flitting to and fro around this black silhouetted shape."

"I heard Him cry to His father,
I heard Him forgive this sinful world,
I saw Him die."

The old hermit's eyes were filled with true tears as he spoke these last words of his story. He wiped them on an old and dirty sleeve and then stared at the damp specks on his only coat and shirt and clothes. He prayed. This poor old man had seen it happen, had seen the death that began the love in man, the love that was to grow, the death was to be glorified. He had seen his Lord and master save him save the world and his own life. He had felt his fears be calmed, his sins forgiven and his heart taken into the love of the Lord. Jesus Christ, the prophet from Nazareth, the Lord who lived for the old hermit, for the executioner, the dictator, for all men.

ALISTAIR BRIGGS
KENT HOUSE.



KREMER
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TO HECK WITH FLUFFY BUNNIES

"W. H. Smith and Son" the sign proclaimed. "Easter cards now in". I opened the door to be met with an army of small children, all holding Easter bunnies and fluffy chickens. I fought my way through to the display stand of Easter cards. I searched among the cards looking for one that really had some meaning of Easter, but it seemed I would never find it. They all had those pathetic little baskets with pink-and-blue spotted eggs and yellow fluffy chickens. To heck with fluffy bunnies, I thought, I want a card with sincerity in it. I closed my eyes, ran my hands along the cards, stopped and pulled one out. I stared at it for a full second, hardly believing my eyes. It had a beautiful painting of Jesus Christ on his cross, and people gathered around him. The verse inside had a beauty and charm of its own, and somehow this little card fascinated me. A haze grew round my eyes, the oak beams around the door became the cross, and the other customers the mob around Jesus.

"Tear his robe off."

"Call yourself King of the Jews now, eh?"

"Nail him! Nail him!"

"If you're really the Son of God, why don't you save yourself?"

The atmosphere was electric, you could almost reach out and feel the tension in the air. Then Jesus came into sight, and the crowd went wild, screaming surging towards him. Jesus, guarded by soldiers, reached the cross he was to die on. I was jostled and shoved, and damn near flattered by the surging crowd. I ended up at the front of the crowd, not far from the cross.

My ear-drums were vibrating with the noise, I almost thought they were going to burst.

Jesus was led up to the cross. The crowd stopped jeering, and gazed in awe as he took off his robe for his terrible ordeal. He turned to the waiting soldiers. "I am ready," he said. That was all. He was hauled roughly to the cross and gruesomely nailed on. The scene was morbid, as Jesus hung limply, blood spurting from his hands and chest. A peculiar sensation rose up me as I watched this man die for us, so that we may learn from it the art of kindness to everyone. The crowd, now their entertainment was over, were thinning out, the babble dying down. Suddenly the meaning of Easter became clear to me.

"Excuse me, the shop is closing." I came back to earth, full of praise for Jesus Christ, who is indeed our Savior.

ANNE BENNETT
CORNWALL
4TH YEAR

FULL MARKS?

- i) You are reading a comic behind your R.I. textbook. All of a sudden you are aware that someone is glaring over your shoulder. You look up and there behind you is Mr. Lovegrove, who has sneaked into the room unnoticed. Do you:
- (a) pretend you haven't seen him and give it to the person next to you, saying "I don't know what you see in such rubbish!"
 - (b) say "What funny things they put in R.I. books, sir!"
 - (c) whisk it into your bag quick and try to look innocent.
 - (d) leap ostentatiously to your feet hoping he'll be so chuffed at your politeness that he'll forget the comic.
- ii) It is a bitterly cold lunchtime and you are hiding in your formroom throwing chalk/bashing your pal/playing poker/doing last night's homework or indulging in similar scholastic pursuits. Enter one inhuman prefect who yells "Everyone out!" in a sadistic manner.
- (a) ask for his autograph (to waste time)
 - (b) stalk out sulkily, muttering abuse.

- (c) try to disguise yourself as a desk, failing miserably and being chucked out anyway.
- (d) take as long as you can getting your things together, swear under your breath and "accidentally" tread on his toe as you go out.

- iii) You are wearing a purple T-shirt with a death's head embroidered in orange across the front and "Hells Angels" inscribed on the back. Miss Bobbe/Mr. Thomas seems totally unimpressed with the aesthetic beauty of the thing and orders you to remove it. Do you:
- (a) say (astonished) "Purple? Orange? I don't see any! It's grey!"
 - (b) say "Oh, sorry! Mum washed it with dad's socks and this is how it turned out!"
 - (c) say apologetically "Oh, I'm terribly sorry ma'am/sir. I must have put it on by mistake! It won't happen again, I promise!"
 - (d) rapidly ask him/her about assembly arrangements or anything and dash off before he/she can say anything further.

contd. → ? ↑

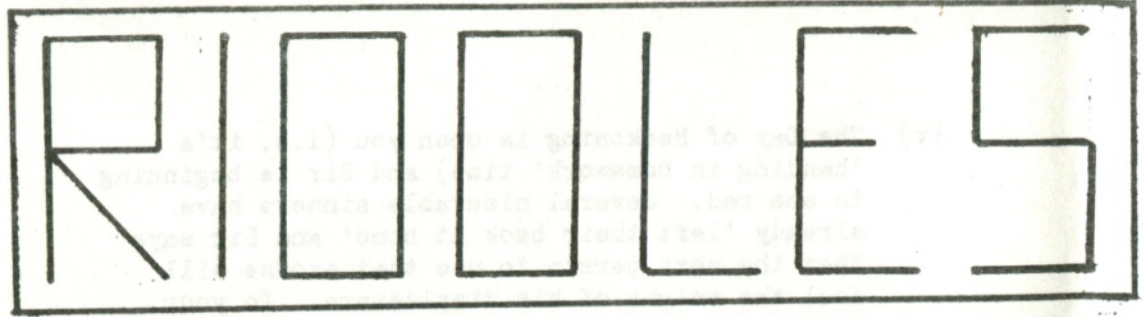
contd. →

1.

A RIDDLE ME-REE

My first is in meal and also in maize
 My second is in blinkers but never in graze
 My third is in saddle and also in strain
 My fourth is in trappings but never in cane
 My fifth is in breeching and also in grey
 My sixth is in corn but never in ley
 My seventh is in stirrup and also in seat
 My eighth is in oats but never in wheat
 My ninth is in foal and also in fox
 My tenth is in bit but never in box
 My eleventh is in mare and also in mane
 My twelfth is in gelding but never in plain
 My whole is David's wonderful horse
 Who has jumped at the Wembly and White City Course

answers on page 23



2.

By altering one letter at each move only, change the top word to the bottom word in the amount of goes specified.

1. GATE

— in four
— moves

PACK

2. TENT

— in three
— moves
BOAT

3. MIST

— in three
— moves
DISH

4. SAW

— in three
— moves
CUT

5. WOOD

— in four
— moves
FIRE

6. CAMP

— in three
— moves
HOME

7. BELL

— in three
— moves
PEAL

DOUGLAS BROWN 2AR

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

3

A Palindrome is a word that can be spelt backwards or forward.

Can you say what the following palindromes are?

NOT SIR 1

A MUSICAL NOTE 2

MIDDAY 3

AIRCRAFT USE IT 4

A GIRLS NAME 5

N. COCKNER

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

4



Try and put ten horses into these nine stables without putting two in one or leaving one out.

joke!

A tourist driving through Ipswich was not sure he was on the right road. He stopped his car and asked a farmer in a hay wagon, "Which way is it to Newmarket, please?"

"Don't know," the farmer answered.

"Well then which way is it to Bury St. Edmunds?"

"Don't know."

In irritation the tourist snapped, "Don't you know anything?"

"Well said the farmer, "I ain't lost."

Gary Lawrie.
2AR.

King Lear

Lower Sixth and fourth years, directed by Mr. Lord, acted the great Shakespearean tragedy on the nights of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th May.

The last night of Queen's Upper School production of "King Lear" was appropriately heralded with a cry of "my girdle's killing me". Whilst the producers and wardrobe mistress were presented with gifts of appreciation from the cast, we were content with someone's humorous idea of passing round a drooping daffodil during the finale. After much hard work by everybody, the performances we gave at school seemed to be well received.

For outstanding performances the best actors received "Lears" in place of the traditional Oscars... the rest of the cast voted Lear, the Fool, Goneril, Edmund, Edgar and Gloucester as eligible for these trophies.

20.

Things did not stop here however. → ↑

We were invited to perform our play in the impressive Cranjerie Theatre in Roermond. There we had a much larger, very responsive audience - mostly Dutch students - and we had great fun mingling with them during the intervals. It was a very rewarding evening and could be the first of many performances of English plays in Roermond. "King Lear" was, in fact, the first play in a foreign language to be produced at the Cranjerie.

It was a great honour and we are very proud to have been there. Later, Herr Bongaarts, who teaches English, and who invited us to Roermond, presented the cast with a beautiful candle-stick complete with candles which are appropriately carved with 'Lear' figures. Now the performances are over, we English 'A' level students are just beginning to understand the play we are studying...KING LEAR!!!

Lynne Overend
Mitra Berkshire

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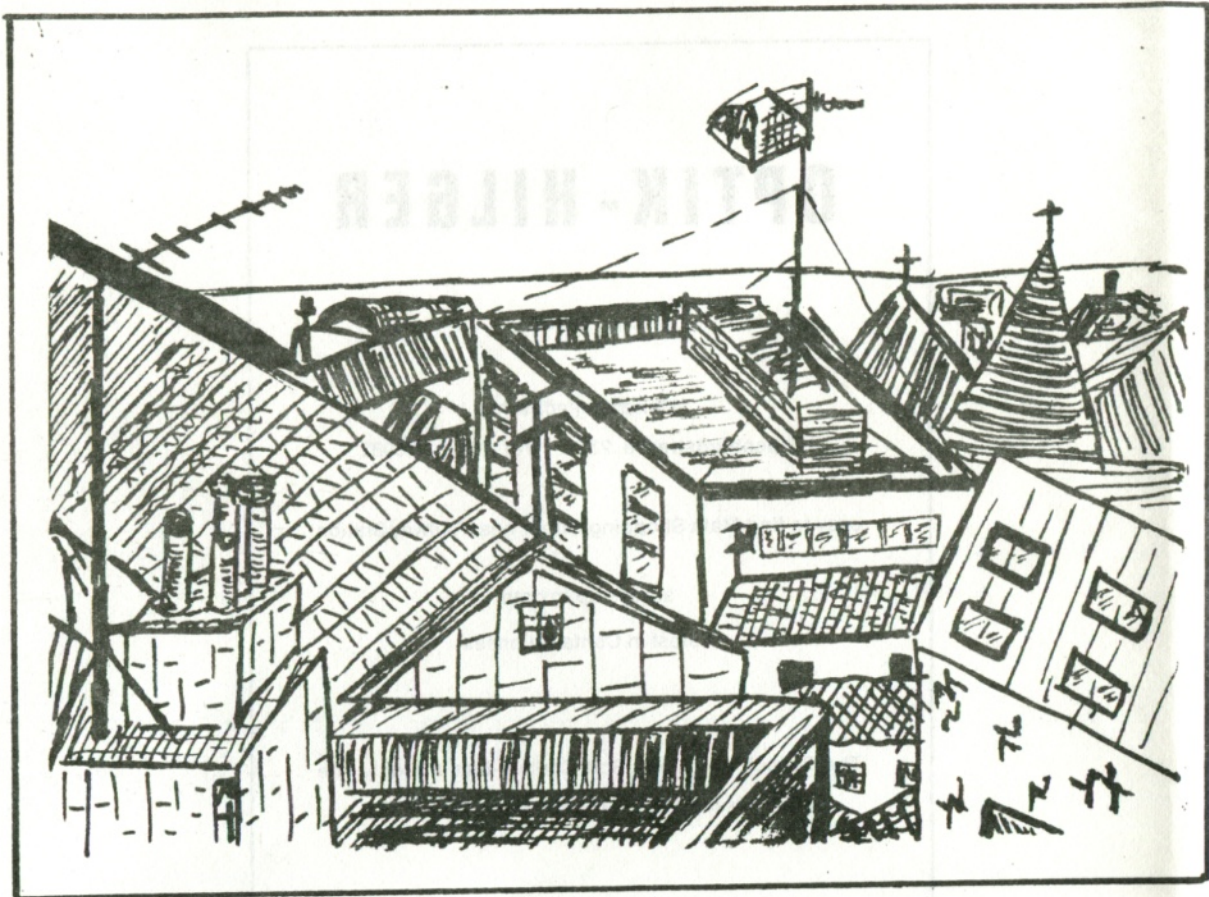
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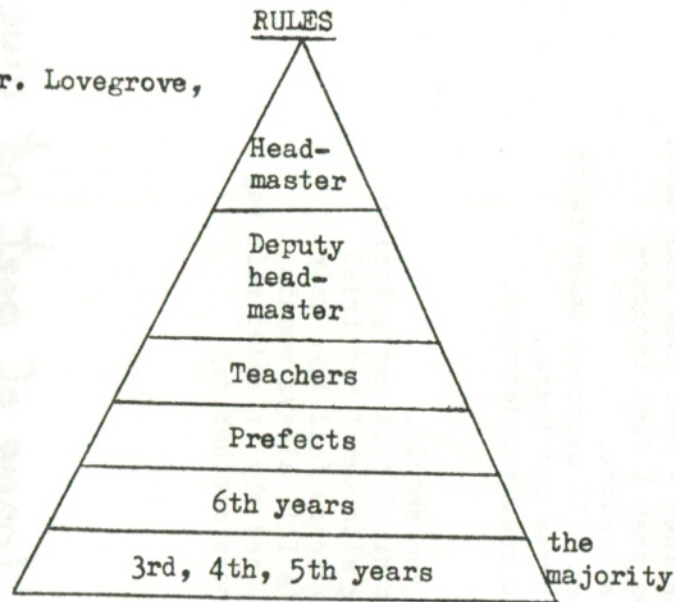
As I sit here on the rooftop
I think about life
The things that mattered
But now are like pieces of an old
Movie twisted and torn.
I no longer look through smoked glass
I live within myself
I am my own universe
My own infinity
My own alpha
My own omega
Running down a corridor looking for my
Shadow in the dark.



The street so far below me
And with outstretched arms I jump
The ground so cold
And oh so very
Hard.

poem + picture
by Richard
Turner

Dear Mr. Lovegrove,



QUEEN'S UPPER FEUDAL SYSTEM

In the Queen's School feudal system the head-master is in charge followed by the deputy head-master and so on downwards.

In this school the rules are only made for the 3rd, 4th and 5th years, all the rest seem to be exempt. These rules are stupid, they forbid people to go up the down stairs and down the up stairs, that is to say it effectively forbids the 3rd, 4th, and 5th years. There are many other petty rules and privileges e.g. 6th formers are allowed to wear blue shirts.

The prefects enforce the rules and seem to immensely enjoy doing so, especially certain prefects who do more duties than necessary.

DAVID FOX HOLMES

answers to RIDDLES
from pages 18 and 19.

ANSWER

1

Mister Softee (David Broomes horse)

KAREN PRETTY
FORM 1PK

2.

ANSWERS

1. GATE, MATE, PATE, PACE, PACK.
2. TENT, BENT, BEAT, BOAT.
3. MIST, FIST, FISH, DISH.
4. SAW, SAT, CAT, CUT.
5. WOOD, FOOD, FORD, FORE, FIRE.
6. CAMP, CAME, COME, HOME.
7. BELL, SELL, SEAL, PEAL.

3

1. MADAM
2. MINIM
3. NOON
4. RADAR
5. ANNA

ANSWERS

T	E	N	H	O	R	S	E	S
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

4.

KAREN PRETTY
FORM 1PK

23

"ON HAVING TIME TO THINK"

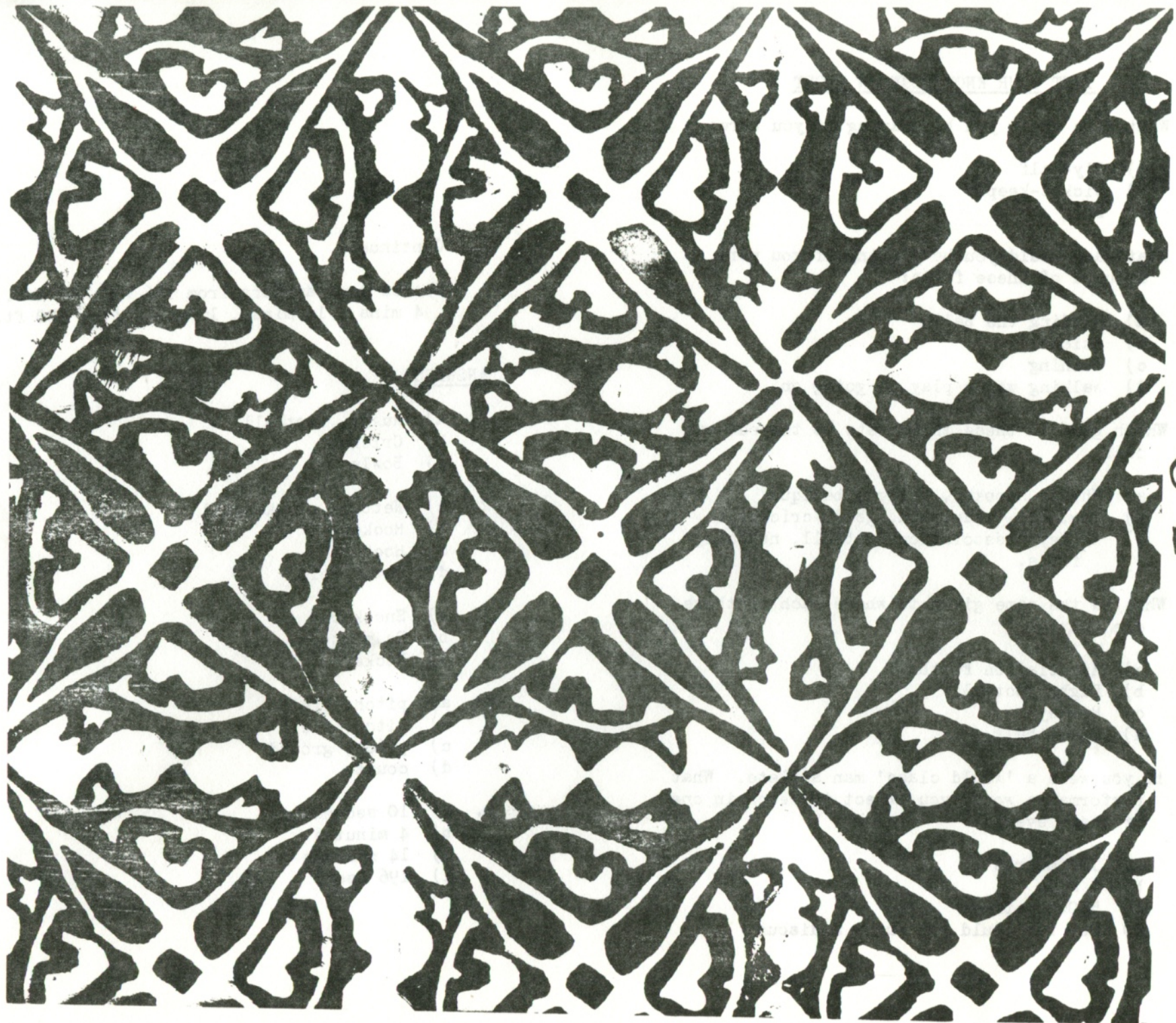
I look thru' the window for the very first time
 at the polluted atmosphere, the smoke, the grime.
 The pattern of branches against a cloudy sky
 and my life just some years that have quickly flown
 by.

Wondering where will it end, why and how?
 Will it go on the same way it's going now?
 A full-stop on an unread page
 could it be that this is the very first stage
 The first notch marked clear to see
 Like the first year of my life - the beginning of me.
 Remembering times of happiness when joy was shared
 not thinking about it but knowing they cared.
 But I was just an addition to a growing race
 a nobody - just another face.
 Another new-born, with an ordinary name
 could it be me - who can say who's to blame?

Tho' I had friends I felt lost and alone
 it took a long time to realise I was grown!
 And now there's no one who can understand,
 who can show me the way without taking my hand.
 I've lost the family I once had
 we're on different wave lengths - I know it's sad.
 But on trying to reach them, I lose all my trust
 in a blink of an eyelid, I find it's unjust.
 It's a phase you say when everything changes,
 when all loved ones sometimes become strangers.
 Then the next minute it's like the hour before
 you can reach them - hear them - feel them once more.
 But still there are times when I feel insecure
 so worried confused and so unsure.
 I know it'll take time but I'll overcome these fears
 tho' it'll bring pain, sorrow and tears.
 I found someone once, who really understood.

I thought he loved me as you should.
 And when I found I'd lost him I felt empty inside
 once again I'd gone wrong although I had tried.
 So now I've given up, my tears fall like rain
 in this egg-shell perhaps I'll always remain.
 Still wondering what happened why it ended this way
 I'll find out soon tomorrow another day.

(name of poet not given)



pattern
print
by
Caroline
McPherson
ZAR.

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON SPORT

1. What game would you be playing if you were:

- a) Fly-half
- b) Wicket-keeper
- c) Skip

2. What game would you be playing if you were accused of these fouls:

- a) holding the ball
- b) sticks
- c) turning
- d) walking while play is going on

3. Which game in these three sets is the odd man out:

- a) Whist, snooker, bridge, bezique.
- b) Football, badminton, golf, cricket.
- c) Hockey, Association Football, netball, fives.

4. What is the name given to where each of these are played:

- a) Association Football
- b) Rugby Football
- c) Hockey
- d) Basketball

5. If you were a 'world class' man athlete. What performance would you expect to reach in one of these events:

- a) 100 metres
- b) 1 mile
- c) 5,000 metres
- d) How far could you throw a discus

5. Continued:

Choose your answers from 196 ft., 10 sec., 4 mins., 14 mins., 1 hr., 2 ft., 280 ft.

ANSWERS

1. a) Rugby, football
b) Cricket
c) Bowls

2. a) Netball, Basketball
b) Hockey
c) Hockey
d) Water Polo

3. a) Snooker
b) Badminton
c) Hockey

4. a) pitch, field
b) pitch, field
c) pitch, ground
d) court

5. a) 10 seconds
b) 4 minutes
c) 14 minutes
d) 196 feet.

CROSS COUNTRY

Out of the changing rooms we race,
Some break their necks on Barry's lace,
We race to the start for on the spot,
We have to be there on the dot.

Then through the woods, as we see the suns rays,
We all go away, on our own cheating ways,
But when we can cheat no more,
We keep to the Cross Country law.

Soon we clamber over the log,
But people slip and sink in the bog,
Then the heafties push us around,
Until only three of us are left on the ground.

Luckily the heafties tire,
So off we race like wild fire,
But soon we are lost and as we start to think,
Down into the swamp we sink.

But I soon make my own way out,
And triumphantly I shout,
I run and soon I find my way,
And past the winning post I lay.

I made a mile in five minutes flat,
No other pupils have beaten that.

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SIXTH FORM AND STAFF DANCE

Sixth Formers in Service Schools tend, almost by definition, to be a conservative bunch. Not that there's anything wrong with that, it's just that it makes them highly resilient to change. Now this can make things awkward. Take, for instance this year's Sixth Form Dance. Now this was traditionally held in the U.S.O.C. on a Monday night along with fifth formers.

Well this year the U.S.O.C. was, for various reasons, out. Alternative venues were thought of, and ruled out. It came down finally to the school hall. So it was put to the sixth formers, who with all the reactionary tendencies of the Duke of Wellington, said no U.S.O.C., no dance. Christmas went without one.

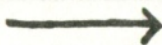
The spring term came and the subject was raised once more. However, still there was no chance of the U.S.O.C. And it was put to them again. But this time rumours of the possibility of a bar had emerged. Ah! well that's different. They were a little inclined to forget the U.S.O.C. by this time. It was decided to go ahead and plan it anyway.

It finally emerged as a dinner dance, which at DM 8.50 a ticket, included pre-dinner drinks and wine during the meal. Music was a problem; the extra cost of a band would have been prohibitive. It was therefore canned: recorded, by courtesy of the U.S.O.C. Discotheque, by Colin Vaughn and myself. Colin's efforts have to date been largely unappreciated and I should like to thank him here for his hard work. It took us a little over a week to record four and a half hours music.

The final evening was a success. Final numbers were about ninety-six including twenty odd staff. The meal could not be faulted, and in the ensuing dancing everyone enjoyed themselves. One incident springing to mind is that of Mr. Lovegrove leading a ten body conga between the tables. The bar ensured everyone was "oiled" enough not to seize up. The hall lost any claim to being a "school hall" after the very able efforts of Mrs. Maunder in the realm of flower arrangement, and other decorations put up with the equally able hands of many sixth formers, transformed it completely.

Thus the main bone of contention was removed. So when the next dance comes think seriously of the school hall. I'm sure everyone at this year's dance thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

MIKE HURST
HEAD BOY 1972-73



SPORT

AUTUMN AND SPRING TERMS 1972-73

NETBALL

Queen's School came second in the Garrison Netball League after Kent Ladies. In the Senior Netball Festival, Queen's won all their games against the other B.F.E.S. schools who competed with amazing scores. The fourth year team won all their games against the schools Kent, Cornwall, Prince Rupert and Windsor, but lost 8 - 9 to Gloucester. Also very successful was the third year team who won 11 - 0 against Windsor Girls School and drew 5 - 5 with Kent School.

Colours Awarded

Re-awards: J. Kelly
L. Marshall

New Awards: J. Turtle
L. Barrett

HOCKEY

Queen's School drew with Kent School for first place in the festival held at Windsor Girls School. The first XI played 29 Company and won, lost against 68 Squadron, won against B.A.O.R., and won against the staff (2 - 1). In the fourth year hockey festival Queen's won all three games, and also a game against Kent School. In the third year festival, Queen's lost a game, won a game, and drew a game!! The third year team also won a game from Kent School and drew a game with Windsor Girls School.

Colours Awarded

Re-awards: J. Kelly

New Awards: C. Munslow
L. Barrett
M. McAlister
D. Goulds
N. Marel

SUMMER TERM 1973

SWIMMING

Swimming Gala

Upper School

1st	Kent	135 points
2nd	Edinburgh	106 points
3rd	Gloucester	101 points
4th	Cornwall	100 points

Lower School

1st	Edinburgh	140 points
2nd	Gloucester	104 points
3rd	(Cornwall (Kent)	103 points

Third Year Inter School Swimming Gala

1st	Queens School
2nd	Kent School
3rd	Windsor Girls School

ATHLETICS

1st	Cornwall	161 points
2nd	Kent	117 points
3rd	Edinburgh	116 points
4th	Gloucester	102 points

TRI-ANGULAR ATHLETICS

1st	Kent School
2nd	Queens School
3rd	Afcent

INTER-SCHOOL TENNIS FESTIVAL

1st	Queens School
2nd	Kent School
3rd	Windsor School
4th	Kings School

R.A.F. GARRISON FOOTBALL LEAGUE

1st	Scribes B	39 points
2nd	Scribes A	35 points
3rd	Queens School	31 points
4th	Comcen	29 points

Football

RAF Sunday League

Queen's played 22, won 16, drew 1, lost 5.
Goals for - 89; against - 50; points 33.

Tennis Results

	Points	Sets	For	Against
Kent	15	10	87	71
Windsor	9	5	63	97
King's	5	4	67	111
Queen's	23	17	116	54

Players

Debbi Chapman and Caroline Munslow
Jane Kelly and Diana Gould
Susan Moore and Jane Bateson
A. King and Mandi Jones

1st in Festival

Netball

S. Smith, D. Gould, L. Barrett, J. Marshall, J. Kelly,
J. Turtle, N. Marel, C. Munslow.

1st in Festival

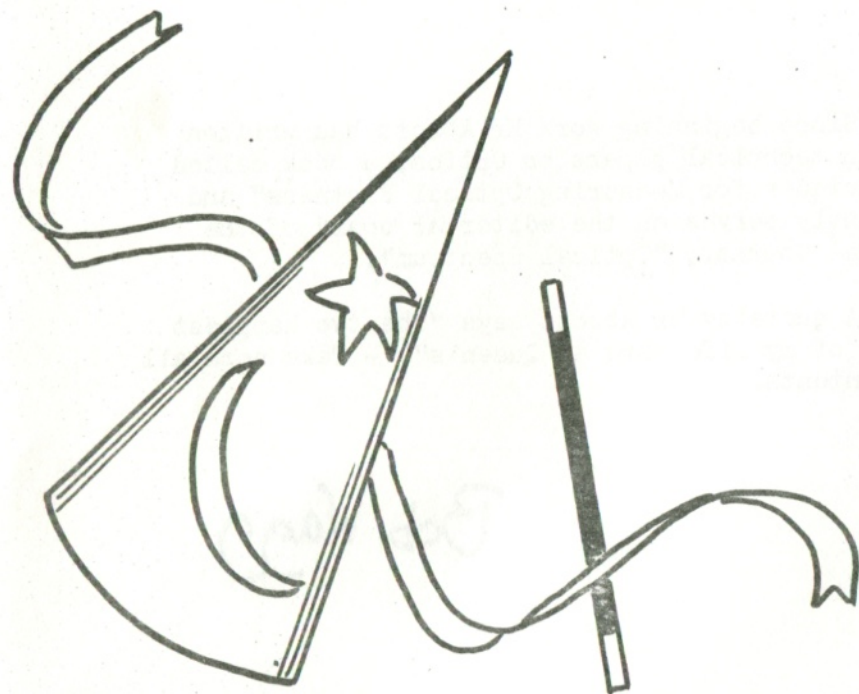
Hockey

S. Smith, L. Richey, N. Marel, B. Vaughan, L. Barrett,
C. Munslow, J. Kelly, D. Gould, M. McAlister, J. Bidgood,
S. Bickley, J. Bateson, P. Jenkins.

1st in Festival
Tied with Kent

THE WIZARD OF OZ

The production of The Wizard of Oz was performed at the end of the Spring term. It had a cast of sixty-nine pupils drawn mainly from the second and third years. It was produced by Valerie Quant and the music was directed by Tudno Jenkins.



SPONSORED CHARITY WALK

The number of pupils who took part from Queens School was one hundred and sixty-nine. Of these one hundred and sixty-three completed the thirty-five kilometres. The total amount collected by the Queens School walkers was DM 8554.63. Of this, DM 5000 was donated to Leukaemia Research and a guide dog for the blind was bought for DM 3000.*

Several other schools competed:-

Math.-Nat. Gymnasium - Mgl.
Staat. Madchengymnasium - Mgl.
Madchengymnasium - Rheydt
Realschule - Wegberg

Triumphant Return

On the 14th of March 1973 an old Head Boy returned to visit Queen's School whilst on a business trip to Germany. I was asked to interview him for the school magazine and show him round the school.

Mr Frank Abbott made both these tasks very easy for me with his open, engaging manner. Apparently he now lives in America with his wife and three children working for the 3M Company as chief optical engineer in Minnesota.

Mr Abbott joined Queen's in September 1958 to take pure maths and physics 'A' levels, and he was made Head Boy in 1959. Mr Abbott played an active part in extra-curricular activities including forming the "5th and 6th Form Society" which held talks and debates after school with participation by pupils and staff. Mr Abbott said that he had many happy memories of Queen's, but perhaps the happiest was when he first met his future wife on a trip to Wilhelmshaven in 1960. They finally married in 1963.

As well as being a scholar Mr Abbott took a keen interest in sport. He was house captain of Kent and also captain of Queen's football and cricket teams.

In 1960 Mr Abbott left Queen's and went to the University of Leicester from which he duly emerged a Member of the Institute of Physics (this is the equivalent of an M.Sc.)

In 1963 Mr Abbott joined the Rank Organisation as an Optical Experimenter. By 1964 he was manager of the optical department. From this post he moved on to I.T.E.K. corporation in 1966 to design optical reconnaissance systems for satellites.

Since beginning work Mr Abbott has written eleven technical papers on Optics, a book called "Techniques for Measuring Optical Flatness" and currently serves on the editorial board of the Optical Journal, "Optical Spectrum".

A quote by Mr Abbott says "The two happiest years of my life were at Queen's". - Take note all malcontents.

Bob Wagg