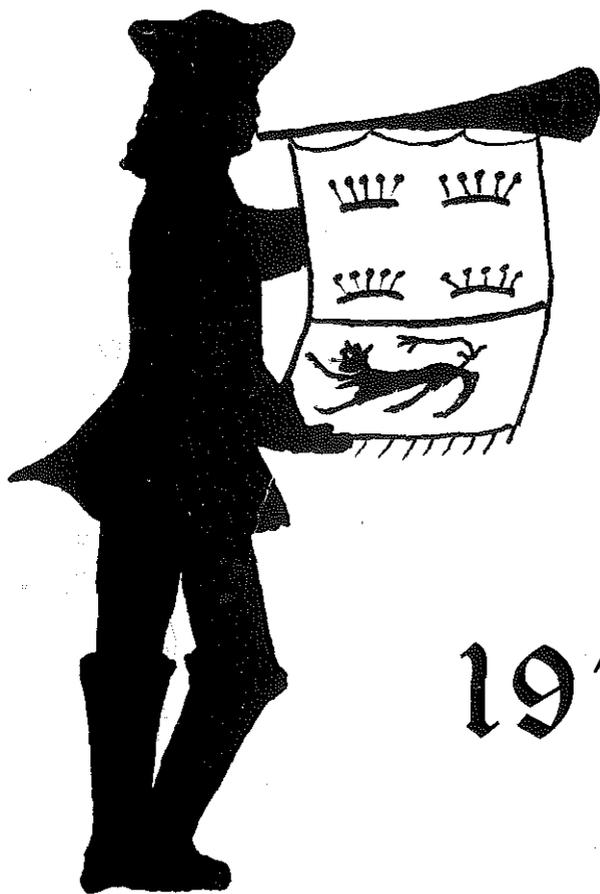


Queen's Courier



1979

F O R E W O R D

It is impossible for a school magazine to cover all areas of school life. It should endeavour, however, to present a selection of the highlights of the school year along with a sample of the more interesting, and unusual activities enjoyed by the pupils. This, we hope, we have done.

The present edition of the Courier comes at an important time in the history of Queen's. After many frustrating years we are at last united on a single site, with facilities second to none in BFES. When General Sir William Scotter, KCB, OBE, MC, Commander-in-Chief BAOR, officially opened the new buildings earlier this year it finally seemed a moment worth the wait.

This year, too, we were graced with a royal visit when HRH, the Duchess of Gloucester made a tour of inspection of the Design and Craft wing.

Lastly, I wish to thank sincerely those people who have contributed, in many ways, towards the presentation of this magazine, not least PRU, who have provided a most flattering finish to our efforts.

EDITOR

Queen's School

As I sit in the pleasant surroundings of a Queen's School approaching its Silver Jubilee it is salutary to trace in outline how it has developed in the 25 years.

On January 10th 1955, 50 pupils assembled in two rooms in Cambridge House. After Easter four classrooms in the just completed St. George's School were taken over for a term and finally in September the 'new' building (i.e. the block we have recently had re-furbished) was taken over and the school population was 283 - a year later 420. As the building had been designed for 350 the pattern of quarts and pint pots was commenced and 'provisional' accommodation was sought 'temporarily' elsewhere. An extension (present rooms 45 and 58) was completed in 1957 and two rooms in the Army Instructional Centre were used as a 1st year base. (Pupil total now 550) By the early 60's plans were completed for taking over part of BMH Hostert (now Kent School) as an Annexe but varying factors delayed then finally prevented this. Meanwhile RAF Trailers were used for class-rooms (the last one to leave us was the PE store until a few months ago). Alternative room-space was made in the converted German canteen still bearing the sign 'Lower School', St. David's School, the Church Centre, RAF Amenities Centre, Royal Signals block, and Cambridge House helped out, Block 22 (now the new Youth Centre) was taken over and Block 4 (near the Globe cinema) was the Craft Centre. As early as 1963 when the school peaked at 1100 pupils, spread on 4 main sites, with some 1st year pupils having to remain in their Primary Schools there was talk



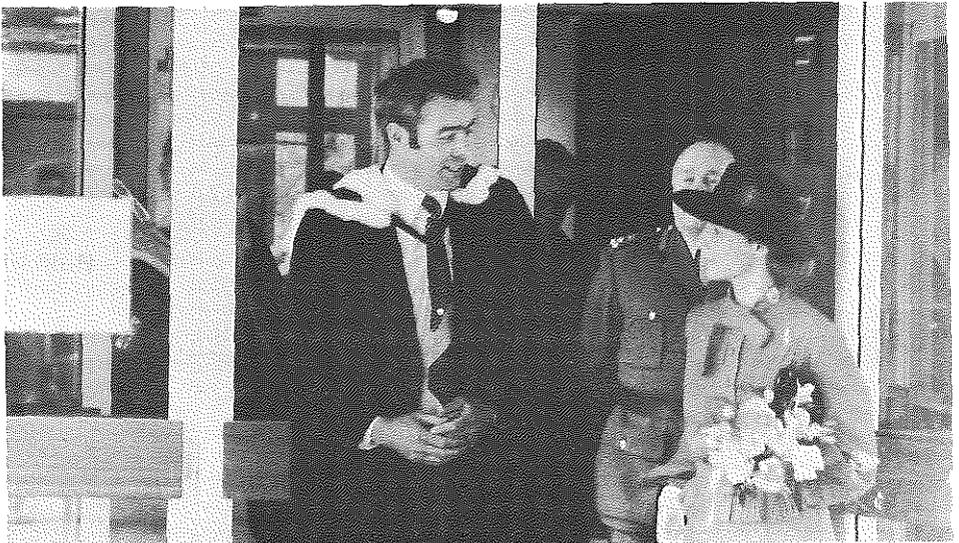
General Sir William Scotter officially opens the school

of a building to take the whole school on the present Snyder's Road site. The Library was added in 1968 but planning for the major building project necessary took many years (and several MPBW/DOE/PSA architects!) Initially 1973 was given as completion date - for a variety of reasons covered by the word 'slippage' 1978 proved to be the year.

And so I have come full circle, back to the present excellent school buildings opened officially in March of this year. However, I can think of no more fitting way to end this piece than by quoting from a Queen's Courier published when difficulties were greatest " ... although excellent buildings can be a great asset to any organisation nevertheless it is the people in that organisation, and particularly in a school, that really make or mar it."

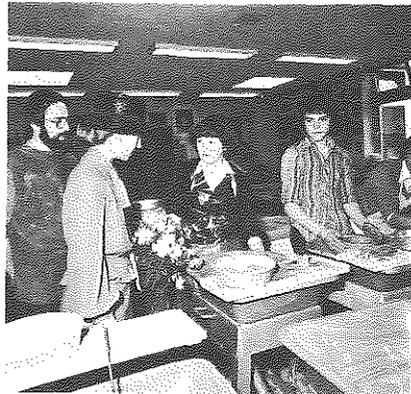
J. J. J. J.

Headmaster



The Royal Visit

In her role as Colonel-in-Chief of the Army Education Corps, the Duchess of Gloucester paid an official visit to JHQ, Rheindahlen. Queen's School was one of the fortunate two selected for her inspection during her busy schedule. Below are a selection of photographs of the Duchess during her tour and an article written by two girls who assisted with the catering preparations.



PREPARATION FOR THE DUCHESS

On the 17th May both the staff and pupils of Queen's rushed around in last minute preparation before the Duchess of Gloucester was due to arrive for her one hour visit.

Mrs Beckett busily ordered her fifth year 'O' level food and nutrition candidates to put on their aprons and finish the preparation for the proposed tea party. Glancing around the room I noticed the best China tea set; very dainty, of course, being polished and buffed up by two dedicated girls. Throughout the Design Block and especially in the kitchens I could feel the growing tension and anxiety of the workers. Today nobody stood around in idle chit chat, there was not time.

Flowers were being thrust into the hands of one and whisked away by another - I imagine the flowers cost a small fortune; there were certainly plenty of them and the smell was quite intoxicating. I noticed and particularly admired Miss Evans' artistic display of flowers outside her needlework room.

In one small section of the kitchen two girls stood painfully trying to spread hard butter on to soft bread for asparagus rolls, the results were good and they tasted delicious. I studied the room and the various activities, sausage rolls were being made, cakes were being iced, lemons being sliced (very thinly) for lemon tea, and flans being filled with fruit. I could go on for an eternity describing the variations. Poor Mrs Beckett was being pulled here, there and everywhere, adjusting various items to perfection on her way.



At last the anxiety and tension ceased and with the class dismissed Mrs Beckett was able to look with great pride at the results of her wonderfully trained, fifth year, 'Cordon Bleus'.

Note: The Duchess, I hear, had lemon tea to drink but declined any offers of food, she had just eaten a large lunch, and although disappointing to many of us who helped in the preparation of the food, just think of the size she would be if she had to eat at every function she attended.

Vanessa Wheawell
Siân Tobin

THE BFES BUSINESS STUDIES INVESTMENT GAME

The name of the game that a lot of people have heard of but very few know anything about. So first I'd better tell you.

Primarily each syndicate in the game (Queen's had 2) is given a notional sum of £20.000, which is then invested on the Stock Market using prices quoted in the Daily Telegraph. Each month the teams are allowed to sell their shares and buy others. At the end of the game (May) the team with the most money wins. The aims of the game are to promote an awareness in the workings of the Stock Exchange and help students develop their personal qualities of initiative, self-confidence and decision making.

After making our first investments in November, when the Telegraph at last started arriving, with a very stagnant market our shares did very little. However, it was clear that at Christmas Gold Mines would be profitable and after purchasing Elsburg Mines (which rose from 71p to 98p), Bracken Mines (76p to 99p) and Wit Nigel mines (31½ to 44p) the value of our portfolio rose by £7.000 in one month. However, it was at the start of the year that the rest of the market made a major recovery and we failed to exploit it. So in the end it was a hard fight, and a rights issue of 4 shares for every 9 at 34p each for our holding of Norfolk Cup Hotels (53p) flattered our position at the top of the league.

Congratulations must also be given for Queen's B team who were with us up to the end.

A team members were Rob Deacon, whose mastermind decisions were of great value, Glen Johnston whose calculated risks proved also of vital importance and James Clamp whose speed was one of our greatest assets.

B F E S I N V E S T M E N T G A M E

FINAL PLACINGS 1979

Queens A	36321	← Champs with a
Queens B	31725	gross profit of
Kent A	30281	£16,321 ^{FW}
Prince Rupert A	27091	
Windsor Girls	24962	Approx. capital
Gloucester B	24629	growth being 81%
Cornwall B	24572	over the seven
Prince Rupert B	23523	month period!
Windsor Boys B	21900	
Cornwall A	21009	
Windsor Boys A	20601	

Responsible for B team's success were Mark Strange who made a 'strange mark' on their success, Peter Gwynne the Milton Friedman of the team and Peter Cheley, the mastermind of all random selections.

Of course, without the guidance of our Syndicate Correspondent, Mr Henwood, none of this could have been possible, perhaps proving there is a correlation between good teaching and the ability of those taught to do well.

Finally, one should always remember this phrase from John Maynard Keynes, who maintained that: "Investment is the backbone of the country."

Bob Deacon

'Annie Get Your Gun'

To say it all went off 'with a bang' would not be quite true. A musical in school is always ambitious because it needs actors who are also singers.

When the idea of a play was first announced in assembly by Miss Shaxon it stirred many hearty laughs from the back rows; the prospect of a musical had most shedding tears. More than fifty, however, found the prospect sufficiently stimulating to be auditioned for parts or to offer back-stage help.

The chief problem was the singing. In the words of Frank Butler, regarding Miss Cunningham, the musical director, 'I sang songs from the play and she forced smiles over the piano - it was a very happy relationship.'

Not so happy was the time factor. Rehearsals of intonation and movement needed supplementing by singing practice. Our meetings swelled in number and still the deadline date approached too soon. It was little comfort to hear the flop of a final rehearsal rationalised as, 'They all do, darling. You see, a bad D.R. means a super show.'

Surprisingly this turned out true and when the first night came all the cues responded. Predictably, however, came the 'accidents' which plague any show. When Annie was being initiated into the Sioux tribe and was dancing vigorously with Sitting Bull, her necklace of bears' teeth broke spraying the stage with white painted Brazil nuts. The bare footed Indians, who danced immediately after, added to the comic effect, so it turned out not too badly. Other small problems



included a seagull which Annie was supposed to shoot while in a boat. She aimed her rifle in the air and fired. But the seagull was thrown on from the other side of the stage and hit Charlie Davenport on the head. This, thankfully, raised a laugh from the audience. The guns, too, which failed to work at crucial times, were re-charged by Frank Butler's Friday ad-lib. 'Damn this cheap ammo.!' Finally, the end fell off the pipe of peace during the Indian ceremony.

Five successful nights were deserved reward for those teachers and pupils who had given so much time and sweat to the school's production. A heartfelt thanks to you all.

N Armitage
N Austin

THE CAST

Charlie Davenport	<i>Pete Cheley</i>
Mac	<i>Christopher Paterson</i>
Foster Wilson	<i>Paul James</i>
Dolly Tate	<i>Sally Rees</i>
Winnie Tate	<i>Leigh Clarke</i>
Tommy Keeler	<i>Julian Morgan</i>
Frank Butler	<i>Nick Armitage</i>
Annie Oakley	<i>Caroline Moutia/ Sharon Grattan</i>
Little Jake	<i>Christopher Clark</i>
Nellie	<i>Anne-Marie Clarke</i>
Jessie	<i>Katharine James</i>
Minnie	<i>Kirstie Robertson</i>
Col. Wm. F. Cody	<i>Peter Gwynne</i>
Conductor	<i>Cathy Thomas</i>
Pawnee Bill	<i>Justin Maguire</i>
Chief Sitting Bull	<i>Neil Austin</i>
Pawnee's Messenger	<i>Gillian Slaven</i>
Major Domo	<i>Anja Darley</i>
Sylvia Potter-Porter	<i>Elizabeth Langley</i>

Townsfolk: Jocelyne Ayles, Helen Collins, Anja Darley, Sally Gibbins, Sharon Grattan, Ruth Haydock, Elizabeth Langley, Julia Martin, Yvonne McKenzie, Timothy Morgan, Gillian Morrisroe, Caroline Moutia, Debbie Sargent, Carl Scarisbrick, Gillian Slaven, Cathy Thomas, Evelyn Tosh, Sarah Wintle.

Circus Troupe

Clowns: Jocelyn Corderoy, Rachel Corderoy, Debbie Goodswen, Leanne Myford.

Jugglers: Jill Bailey, Pam McMillan.

Acrobats: Laura Boniface, Debbie Buckley, Lynn Lupton, Nichola Phebey, Karen Read.

Animal Trainers: Jackie Maginn, Alison Paterson.

Indians: Sue Bailey, Anne-Marie Donnelly, Lorraine Downing, Andy Ewart, Jackie Hinchliff, Alison Leverett, Liane Line, Helen Mead, Louise Morgan, Sara Olney-Smith, Tina Reed, Karen Sandwith, Tracy Thompson, Alison Todd.

Backing Group drawn from the Queen's Singers:

Bridget Corderoy, Jan Corderoy, Philippa Corderoy, Melanie Maguire, Maxine Peckham, Lynn Sanderson, Deborah Scott.

Producer

Musical Director

Miss S Shaxon

Miss M T Cunningham

Education On The Move

SCIENCE WEEKEND IN HAMM

After a two hour bus journey we arrived at Windsor Girls' School, surprised to see a sign on the barbed wire fringed fence stating, 'Beware, Guard Dogs On Duty'. Inside, however, we were welcomed, given a meal of stew and bread and shown our dormitories. That evening we were shown a film and introduced to the staff running the course.

Saturday session I: Practical Electronics was one of the courses that could be picked. It was educational and a lot of fun, starting with lamp circuits and ending with multi-vibrators and a medium wave transmitter. The multi-vibrator we saw had two lamps, one of which was off while the other was on. To this an oscilloscope was added and patterns could be seen on the screen. A long wave radio was converted to a six volt medium wave unmodulated transmitter which could be used as a metal detector.

(Christopher Tapp)

Saturday session II: After the Electronics session we had lunch, then the second session came in the afternoon. This session was about "Bridges and Structures".

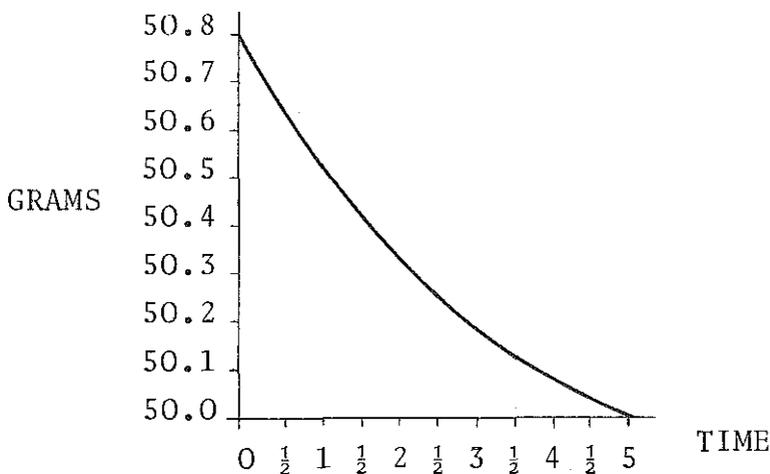


First we went into pairs (I went with Chris), and we were given each a large piece of card. We were then told to transform the piece of card into something which would hold a considerable amount of weight. The result that Chris and I came up with was a tube with other tubes fitted inside it, these tubes being the same length as the original one. The result was quite astonishing. It managed to hold up even me, about forty-five kilos. Next we were asked to construct a rail bridge, similar to one in a book, out of balsa wood. This took us the rest of the session and eventually we made quite a good model.

(Simon Grapes)

Sunday session: Short Science Experiments, two of these were connected with the weight of a candle during burning, and gravity.

In the first a candle was placed on a pan-balance and the weight taken every half minute. The results were tabulated and made into a graph.



In the gravity experiment a board two metres long was put on a slope and a trolley was allowed to roll down it. It took the trolley five seconds to do this at an average speed of 0.4 metres per second.

(Christopher Tapp)

The third session on Sunday was Chemistry for me. Chris was doing something different. In Chemistry I had a go at making soap. In this you had to use any type of oil and another liquid and heat them up. After a few minutes you added five or six spatula measures of a substance, then heated for another few minutes. After adding the colouring you filtered the solution. Then, after leaving it to dry you should be left with some soap, although not looking like the commercial kind. I also tried my luck at some nail varnish but it didn't work out too well.

Altogether I enjoyed the weekend which consisted of films and barbecues as well as the Science Sessions.

On Sunday at half two we left Hamm and arrived back at Rheindahlen at quarter to five.

(Simon Grapes)

TRIPPING TO THYSSEN

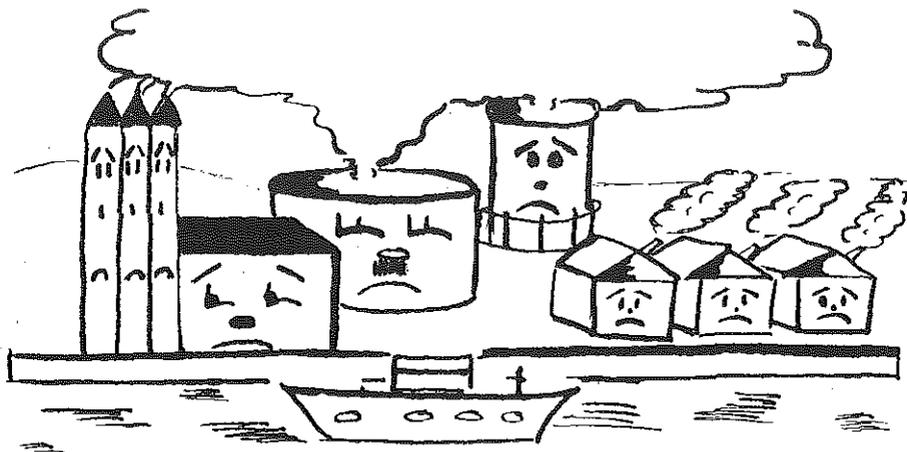
Last May a group of pupils from Dr Evans' Chemistry class went on a visit to the Thyssen Iron and Steel Works in Duisburg.

We started the journey at about nine o'clock in the morning and after travelling for a couple of hours we arrived at the heavily industrialised town of Duisburg. We found the works quickly and we were greeted by an employee, who gave us all protective helmets. So, slightly self-consciously we began our tour.

Our first destination was the place where the pig-iron was converted into steel. We found ourselves in a massive building which stretched as far as we could see. From our position on a raised walkway we could see the converter. The process used was the Linz-Donawitz process, where a blast of air at a supersonic speed was blown into the molten pig-iron. During the conversion, sparks of all colours flew from the mouth of the converter.

From our position we could also see molten steel being put into moulds, a sintering machine, and massive torpedo-shaped vessels which held the pig-iron. After an hour in this building we left and went by bus to the Blast Furnaces.

They were all dull grey and rather impressive, but besides that there was little else to see. Luckily we arrived just as one of the furnaces was being tapped, which means the molten iron and slag were being drawn from the base of the furnace. The molten iron or pig-iron was then transferred to vessels which were taken to the place which I have mentioned previously.



Having watched the pig-iron flow for a few minutes we boarded the bus again and were taken around the docks. The raw materials for the furnaces; limestone, coke and iron ore could all be seen being off-loaded from barges, or in the coke's case, being actually prepared on the site. We were now taken to the last part of the plant, the rolling mill.

The mill was situated in yet another massive hall, however, unlike the other hall, this one was extremely hot. At the start of the milling process the steel was in rough blocks, at the finish it was in sheet form. As we watched we saw pieces of steel hurtle past us, at the same time being shaped and flattened.

By the end of the tour it was dinner time and we were kindly given dinner by the firm. Having eaten the 'interesting' food we gave back our helmets and boarded the bus for the last time. We arrived back at school at about ten past three and Dr Evans insisted that we have a Chemistry lesson for the last fifty minutes. This tempered an interesting and extremely enjoyable day at the Thyssen Iron and Steel Works.

Michael Cox

SUMMER SCHOOL '79

July 2nd saw the start of yet another Summer School - the 5th venture - and this year it was off to Bevercé in the Belgian Ardennes where for a change "ze French" had to be spoken. Eighty-five pupils went this year, which was lower than previous years - obviously they heard that neither Mr McCrimmon nor Mr Griffiths were going. What is the point of it all? Why stay locked up in a Youth Hostel with kids for a whole week? Easily answered; it is a get to know your teachers/pupils week, with a bit of adventure thrown in. Most of the pupils will be next year's Sixth form, and they will see by the end of the week that their teachers are, in fact, human. No bolts-in-the-neck squad; really blue-blooded humans. Likewise the staff can get to know their future students - see how they react when the rope breaks, 50m up, or down. Ropes? Yes it is an adventure week - Climbing, Canoeing, Sailing, Orienteering, Grass Ski-ing, Hill-walking - all good healthy stuff, which soon separates the brave from the wise. Courage is needed - but so is stamina. Only the tenacious can hope to last Mr Payne's cabaret and Padre Daniels' services and remain sane.

The man who ran it this year, as he has done for the previous two, is Mr Graham Gregory, the Youth Tutor. Let's hope this year's Summer School is a great one as Graham leaves at the end of this term.

Derick McCrimmon

SUMMER SCHOOL



WINTER SKI



SKIING AT STEIBIS

This year the school sent two skiing trips to Steibis in the Allgäu. We set off early in the morning on Saturday 3rd February for our destination ten hours away. The journey wasn't too bad, however, we had a comfortable bus and some amusing Billy Connolly tapes to listen to. During a road-side stop at Ulm the first sight of snow went to our heads and we had a snowball battle with some German schoolboys.

We stayed at a place called Hotel Edelweiss and the food was awful! At least we thought so, though the teachers seemed quite happy to 'polish off' what we left. The landlady, 'Dragmar', was a bad tempered woman. One week after we had left she gave birth to a baby in the ambulance on her way to hospital. We obviously had booked a week too early.

Steve Pope, our skiing instructor, came with us from Rheindahlen. He was a good teacher and the hills around provided a real challenge for everyone. We divided up according to our skiing experience and expertise, and while the beginners practised slaloms and snow ploughs on the lower slopes, the more advanced group worked at parallel turns, jumps and speed skiing down the more difficult runs.

There was a drag-lift beside the hotel off which everyone kept falling. The sesselbahn was better and took nearly twenty minutes to reach the top. On the final day of skiing we had a slalom competition for each group and, would you believe it! the girls won all the prizes.

The journey home was best forgotten but the week at Steibis is a memory worth preserving.

Rory McCrimmon

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN

Last term IPM and other tutor groups went to Evoluon, a science museum situated in Eindhoven, Holland. After a lengthy journey, during which we amused ourselves by waving at passing drivers, we arrived. We clambered off the bus and stood gazing at the huge saucer-shape before us. As we entered the teacher distributed questionnaire sheets among us (work!). We were divided into groups and our exploration of the huge saucer began.

The first technical instrument we saw when we entered was a set of four transparent red cylinders which showed you how many people had already been admitted. On the first floor there was a set of four revolving chairs. As they revolved they passed a model of a plastic film crew which filmed you and your picture was projected all over Evoluon. On the first floor, too, was a machine which informed you how many babies were being born in the world each second.

We found, on another floor, purple cylindrical music booths in which you had a choice of seven different kinds of music, including pop. There was also a skeleton whose internal organs could be lit up at the touch of a button.

A strange, box-like room with screens all around the walls, when activated, showed pictures which gave you the impression that you were driving down a road. Suddenly a person would step out in front of you and you had to brake. It tested your reflexes.



A glass case contained a model of some office buildings around which, if you pressed certain buttons, trees, bushes, people, shops and lights would appear on the landscape, showing how you could develop the area in different ways.

There was a strange maze made of steel down which metal balls endlessly raced. Once they reached the end they were immediately transported back to the beginning.

We left reluctantly, still having seen only a few of the many marvellous instruments at Evluon, and returned to school. We should like to thank Mr Davies for making this most enjoyable outing possible.

Compiled by Christopher Clark and
Katharine James from reports by lPM

ROMAN REMAINS AT XANTEN

On the 26th June, 1PM went to the Colonia at Xanten.

The trip was a long one and took about an hour but we spent most of the time singing and telling jokes.

The Colonia, a Roman fortified town, was set upon a small hill and had a deep ditch around it. The Germans have been rebuilding it but only a small amount is so far completed. The walls were about 6.60 metres high and had towers situated at intervals along them. In one corner of the Colonia was an Amphitheatre which was also reconstructed. It was quite small and had tiers of seats rising up from the arena. Around one side of the arena was a tunnel, through which the Christians and lions would have been transported. As you walked along the tunnel you could just imagine how scared the prisoners would have felt.

At twelve o'clock we left the Colonia and had our lunch. We then went to the museum.

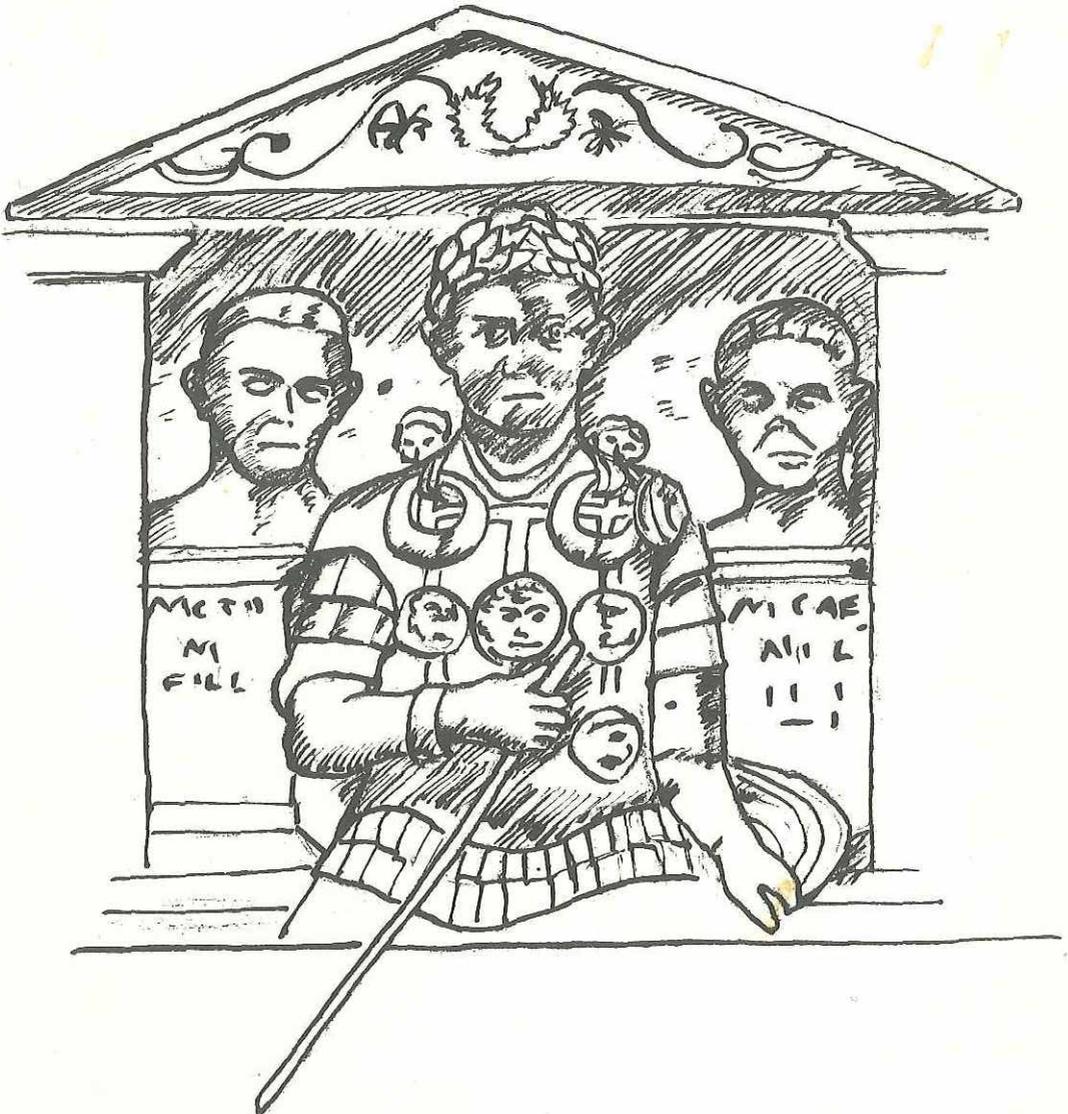
The museum was full of Roman jewellery, pottery and coins, it also had the remains of some Roman weapons.

Inside the museum there were also three models, one of the Colonia, one of a villa and one of a section of a Roman town, all three were very detailed.

At two o'clock we boarded the buses and returned to school. The return bus journey did not seem nearly as long as the journey going.

We arrived back at school at half-past three and spent the last half hour discussing the visit. We had all thoroughly enjoyed it and thought that Xanten was a place well worth visiting. Many thanks to the teachers that made this trip possible.

Katharine James

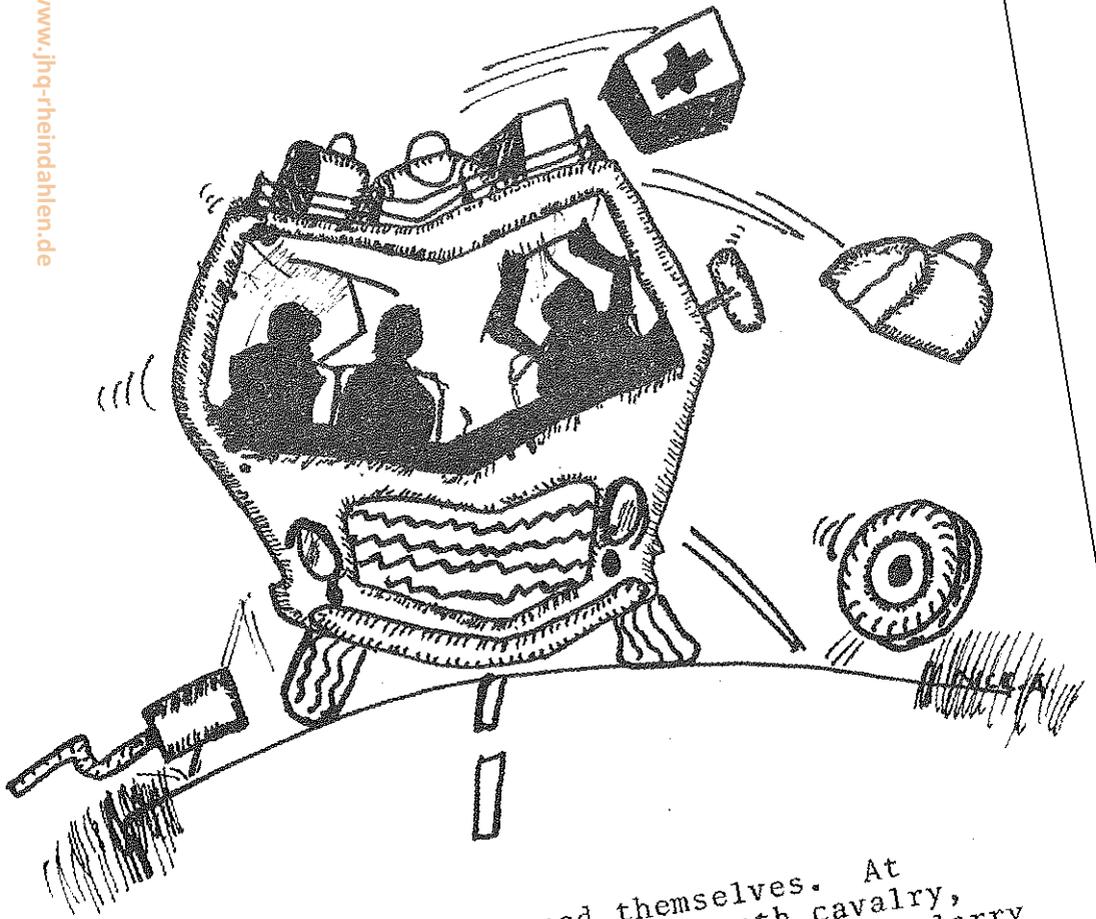


IN FLANDERS FIELDS - NEARLY!

Near the French town of Arras, some of the trenches used during World War I have been preserved as a memorial. A group of pupils in year 4 did a field trip to this area in June 1978 and found it educational and interesting. With this successful venture behind us, the history department set out to do the same in June 1979. However, the story which unfolded was somewhat different.

A breakdown near Erkelenz meant it took 5 hours to reach the border at Aachen. With approval from the Ford Garage, the intrepid travellers carried on into Belgium - only to break down permanently on the outskirts of Charleroi. By this time it was 10 pm and getting dark. While some of the pupils and one member of staff were taken into town by BMW - the others travelled in style - towed behind a breakdown lorry. As the bus was decidedly ill, further progress was impossible and the Belgian telephone exchange had, by this time, given up the ghost for the night. And so to bed. With no room at the inn and no place to set up camp, the 1979 British Expeditionary Force went to bed in the mini-bus - yes all fourteen of them. Fortified by hot chocolate and, somewhat anaesthetized by Chris Griffith's feet, they went to sleep - for two hours.

The Saturday dawned bright, sunny and very early. Frantic 'phone calls, accompanied by corned beef and beans, set the rescue in motion - two or three times at least. To pass the time till help came, our intellectual historians ate; ran around; ate; played rounders with a frying pan;



ate; and generally amused themselves. At 3.30 pm like the proverbial seventh cavalry, 68 Squadron RCT arrived with coach, 4 ton lorry and trailer.

Although not very historical, the weekend was certainly hysterical. Only the endless help from various Belgians and the efficiency of the RCT saved the day. The good humour of the group meant that this field trip will take a long time to be lived down - so don't believe all the stories you hear or have heard. Now - anyone interested in a history field trip to the World War I battlefields next June?

Mr Gibson

EXPLORATION HARZ - 1979

Monday 19th March - 9.30 a.m. After waiting patiently for the Kent people we finally departed. A long drive and two food stops later we arrived at the Youth Hostel. En route one unfortunate person, having picked up the wrong package, ate the Sunday joint instead of sandwiches. Food was 're-inforced' by a dubious German soup at 6 p.m., followed by a tutorial on the next day's programme, before we went off to explore the town's nocturnal culture.

Tuesday 20th March - breakfast 8.00 a.m. (though one member of staff never did make it on time). Then, packed lunches at the ready, we made our way to Braunlage where we took a chair lift to the top of Wurmberg, 970 m. above sea level. The view was tremendous and our guide, Herr Kilin, very informative. From a distance we saw the East German border, a grim place with tall watch towers from which stern guards assessed the casual visitor and hungry Alsations drooled eagerly. Herr Kilin told us about the divided families in this divided country.

Our afternoon work consisted of sketching and sampling in quarries, and doing an urban study (with some funny looks from the local inhabitants). A shower, for the lucky ones, preceded a better evening meal.

Wednesday 21st March - The Oderteich ambush! Halfway along a breathtakingly beautiful walk in the Oder valley Mr Flavell's Geology group bombarded us with snowballs. When order was restored we moved on to the St. Andreasberg Silver Mine where the workings and methods were explained. In the afternoon we conducted a detailed study of the Innerste valley. Part of the work involved measuring the river's depth in places; one boy

found it to be thigh deep - a chilling experience.

Tutorial that night proved difficult when we tried to draw together our different studies. Altenau's night life, after the hostel's culinary nightmare, provided little solace for us but a huge meal for the teachers.

Thursday 22nd March. Both minibuses managed to start without fuss - the Queen's one usually needed a push. A Gypsum works visit in the morning preceded a hike, and Limestone quarry study in the afternoon. Before reaching the limestone caves the geologists went into ecstasy over a coral reef. We were not so happy about the stalactites and stalagmites, however, most were held up by concrete.

Friday, 23rd March. The temperature dropped drastically - and so had Queen's mini-bus! At the Oher valley we took soil samples as well as the usual field sketches and notes, followed by lunch at a garage (fuel for thought?). Our final urban study, that afternoon, was in Goslar. The second bus was nearly late back for dinner; two girls had got lost. Mr Payne, who found them, said he'd never seen faces more pleased to see him in his life.

Saturday 24th March. A tedious journey back was relieved by welcome sleep, for most of us, and the prospect of a less physically demanding week ahead. Despite the frost bite and blisters, however, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and learned a lot. We'd like to thank Mr Payne, Mr Flavell and Mr Young, on behalf of all, for taking us.

Sally Rees
Angela Goreham

FIELD DAY AT AHR

Tuesday morning dawned, the sky bright and clear,
As we trundled away with all our gear,
Our tin-can of a bus transported us
With a creak a groan and a deal of fuss.
On the autobahn, hit at least - thirty,
Although the bus was grumbling and dirty.
We looked out of place in that queue of cars,
Mercedes and Audis with bright, chromium bars.
But what cared we for the bus's condition,
We were out on educational mission,
To sample the soils and examine the river,
To study the vines while the wind made us shiver.
Then into an inn, with the cup that cheers.
We all tasted wine, despite teacher's fears.
But our stomachs were aching fit to break
We ate our 'sarnies', Mr F. ate steak!
Then into Ahrweiler, its shops and streets,
Trapping the townsfolk with questions discreet.
Until, Oh alas! Recalled to the bus,
For the rumbling return to the school that loves us.
As this is the end of our little rhyme,
Yes, thanks, Mr F., we had a good time.

Judith Reeves
Mandy Wheeler

QUEEN'S AT NEUSS 1979



EXCHANGE WITH MAZINGARBE

Each year pupils in the 4th Year at Queen's link up with French pupils from the C.E.S. (Comprehensive 11-16) at Mazingarbe. Class, and individual, letters are exchanged before the Queen's contingent descend on the village in November for a weekend. This year, after a journey of five hours under the tutelage of Mr Cosgrove and Mrs Evans the pupils enjoyed a variety of experiences.

'Mazingarbe is situated in a mining area and Monsieur Tailliez, father of my correspondent, Maryse, was a miner. As such he managed to get permission to take Maryse and myself around one of the mines.

On Saturday 25th November, after the normal working day had finished, M. Tailliez drove us to a nearby mine. We were transported to the top of a tower in a lift, from where we could see the lights of houses for miles around. Maryse's dad tried to explain the workings to me. Unfortunately we were not allowed underground because it was considered too dangerous but, all in all, it was an interesting experience.'

(Susan Barrington)

'During my stay I went to visit Vimy Ridge where a 1st World War battle was fought between the Canadians and Germans. There, now, is a Canadian Memorial around which trees have been planted; each one represents a soldier who died. The ground around has many large craters and entry is still prohibited in parts as unexploded, undiscovered bombs may lie there yet. Signposts lead one to the respective front lines and into the trenches.'

(Kim McGettigan)

'Saturday 25th November was the fête de St. Catherine and, following tradition, all the girls were sent cards. That evening a dance was held in the centre of town to celebrate, drawing in people from the villages around.

We arrived there 10 p.m. and did not leave until 2 a.m. People of all ages were there, mingling happily, and we were made to feel very welcome. There was a variety of dancing and at midnight, the boys gathered in the middle while the girls danced round them in a ring. Each chose a girl and kissed her on the cheeks. Apparently they do this at every dance!

We enjoyed the 'bal' very much and found it interesting to see how the French enjoy themselves.'
(Jane Wilkinson)

The cultural and linguistic experience is seen as a valuable re-inforcement of the French studies in the 4th Year and helps foster supra-national friendships. In May the Mazingarbe hosts became the guests back here in Rheindahlen.

DUTCH EXCHANGE TO HEYTHUSEN

At nine o'clock on Thursday 15th March, Karen Carter, Debbie Gardner, Diane Kirk, George Heads, Ian Read and myself were outside Mr Lovegrove's office. Several teachers passed, commenting on how smart Ian looked (for a change!). At nine-fifteen the Dutch students arrived with their teacher; Mrs Hoerberichts-Zopp (a teacher from the former Dutch school on camp). We left after a quick introduction and a "good luck and behave yourself" from Mr Lovegrove. We arrived at the Dutch school at approximately ten o'clock.

The school, as we were told, was one of only five or six 'experimental' comprehensive schools in Holland. Each of us was shown around the school by a pupil. During the morning we stayed together, going from lesson to lesson. We noticed that there was a very relaxed atmosphere in each classroom. The pupils seemed far less restrained. In the afternoon we were separated. The boys went to do sport and the girls went to different lessons. I myself went to a Maths lesson and was taught how to count in Dutch. By dinner time we were counting our arms, legs, indeed our very limbs. Well, the looks we received were very worrying, to say the least. Another worrying factor was that only 15% of the school were girls!

The day was split into five lessons. Each pupil had to attend for a set number of lessons a week. This meant that they could stay for five lessons one day then only two the next. For example, if they did not like a particular lesson, they could just get up and leave. The lesson lasted for fifty minutes, after which there was a ten minute break. During the lesson teachers were called by first names and allowed to smoke.

By three o'clock, when we had to leave, everyone was very happy, especially George and Ian who had come second and fifth respectively in high-jump (despite the fact that most of the Dutch boys were almost twice their size.)

As an experiment, the school seemed very successful, although it did not seem to be an English-style comprehensive school.

Michaele Carmichael

Der Jugending Münchengladbach Theatre Visits

During the past school year a group of Sixth and Fifth Form students, accompanied by Modern Languages teachers, have attended twelve performances of productions at the beautiful, modern Theatre in Münchengladbach. These have included opera and ballet as well as plays, so a wide range of tastes has been catered for. For example, Humperdinck's 'Hänsel und Gretel' and Tchaikovsky's 'Schwanensee' could be enjoyed and appreciated by those whose German was not sufficiently advanced to grasp every word of the plays.

The standard of acting, stage-setting and lighting are very professional and some of the special effects are quite spectacular. On the other hand, if the young audience have on occasion failed to behave responsibly, Herr Moog, the Direktor, has been known to interrupt the performance to berate them! - which all makes for an interesting evening for the English student who is learning German.

The School Group benefits from a special subscription of DM 40, which halves the normal cost. Free transport is provided from Queen's School at 7.15 p.m. and arrives back on the Garrison at approximately 11 p.m. There is always an interval during which a bar is open. Here is a good chance to make contacts with our German neighbours.

So if you are studying German, why not take advantage of this opportunity. I am sure you will not be disappointed.

Susanne Brandreth

Recreation At Queen's

What else is there at Queen's besides work? Any pleasure in the place at all? I think there is; the staff think there is, but I wonder if our friendly pupils realize just how much there is to do during school hours.

Take sport, for example - the most popular activity after teacher-baiting. The school has recently done away with the house system and all competitions are on a tutor group basis; planned so that to get the proper team, nearly everyone in the tutor group has to take part - even those with two left feet. So for this year we have had: Soccer, Hockey, Volleyball, Athletics, Netball, Rugby, played on an inter-tutor group basis from years 1 to 4.

In addition, however, there is a variety of activities starting either at 12.45 or 1.15 of a non-sporting nature. Clubs in Electronics, Chess, Model-making, Stamps, Craft, have flourished this year while the new Sports Hall has seen kids climbing over one another to get to the Badminton and Table Tennis Clubs.

The pattern of attendance at the lunchtime clubs is probably predictable. Lots of enthusiasm in years 1 and 2; some deterioration in year 3, and a low, especially among the almost young ladies, of year 4. Perhaps they prefer the high-class school lunches.

In addition to these open activities there are always the official school teams - teams which every good school likes to run and always hopes will do well. At the senior level; we are in the purple years at Queen's, without any doubt.

Our Senior Soccer squad won the BFES competition and also two out of the three competitions which form part of the RAF Inter-Section League, largely thanks to Mr Payne, who has now run this team for 4 years. The rugby squad - although badly hit by the weather - has played most Saturdays with Mr Gregory leading from the front as usual. How difficult it is to pit these lads against the brawn of the grown-up soldier! One pleasing thing here is that only one boy plays in both teams so we really have a lot of the older lads playing sport.

Let's not forget the fair sex. BFES Champions in Netball, 3rd in the Rhine area league and a fantastic interest in the team, thanks to Mrs Hedges, who worked so hard to create as high a competitive level, as I have ever seen senior girls reach. Sadly she has left us, but she will be ably replaced. As with the rugby, the girls hockey had a curtailed season, but Miss Hull got them out whenever she could, gaining 3rd place in the BFES 7-a-side festival.

Further down the school there is a wide spread of school teams especially good in the lower 2 years where Mr Butterworth runs competitions during the winter terms for boys and girls against Kent, Dalton, Rhein and Cheshire schools. This is a great idea for these younger ones and the competitions certainly have created lots of interest.

The middle school - years 3 and 4 - still remain a problem. We have lots of enthusiastic kids; willing staff but no-one to play against except at football. Try asking 1 FC Mönchengladbach for a rugby match!

Away from sport; so much more activity in music has been seen this year with the arrival of

Miss Cunningham. Kids are singing; music is heard and bandsmen and other external music teachers are programmed in after hours to give individual tuition. What a great development; may it continue and flourish.

Boring place? Not really. What is boring is the number of pupils who say "What is there to do?". Ask your son or daughter, parents, which activity they do or which school sports practice or music group they attend. If they say "None", ask them to think again.

Derick McCrimmon

School Clubs

ELECTRONICS CLUB

The aim is to provide pupils with practice in building electronic devices and, since its inception, has attracted a number of interested members.

Initially the newcomer uses S-DEC, a non-soldering method of building up circuits. Construction is quick and errors are easily traced. Burglar and fire alarms, sirens, radios and intercom's have all flowed off the 'assembly line', before being tested and dismantled.

With increased proficiency members progress to making permanent circuits out of strip-board, or printed circuits, soldered together. Two pupils, James White and Kevin Broom, are currently on the more advanced stage. They have been members; from the start and enjoy the challenge. Kevin Broom said, "When I started I couldn't even change a plug." Now both of them see the club as a useful apprenticeship to their future careers.

CAN I CANOE YOU?

The Queen's Canoe Club, run by Mr Davies, covers building and repair as well as those elusive controlling skills. Each Monday, from 4.00 - 5.30 p.m., new canoes are created from moulds while old are repaired, using glass reinforced plastic.

Each Friday, at 6.30, comes the moment of truth. The Blue Pool may not be the dashing river down Everest but it's challenge enough to those beginners from years 1 - 6 who come and learn the basics - try just getting into a canoe without the necessary experience and you'll see what I mean. Within a few weeks, under careful tuition, the beginner will have progressed to rescuing and rolling, as well as learning the elementary skills of survival. Remember, all are welcome to attend.



COMPUTER CLUB

This year the Computer Club has been labouring under a distinct disadvantage; no computer. Despite this a few keen pupils have soldiered on writing programmes which the 'Big House' have kindly fed into their machine. The time lag between despatching the programme and seeing the result, however, has been a severe handicap.

From Christmas, if arrangements are realised, all should be well. Queen's School has invested in its own computer and INTERACTION should become a reality. Quite simply, this means that the pupil will gain satisfaction from the actual operation and manipulation of the machine. The possibilities are almost endless; this intellectual toy can challenge the ingenuity of the human mind in games of stock market skill, government decisions, chess and even 'Hangman'. One rather gruesome game puts the player into a dictator's position with vital decisions to make. The reward is continued power; the punishment for error, 'assassination'. On a physical level the machine can simulate the T.V. games of tennis which are now so popular.

Next school year, therefore, should see a marked rise in Computer Club interest as pupils come to realise the potential of this versatile machine. And not only for the pupils! Regular sessions for teachers are planned, the spin-off from which should be beneficial to the whole school.



BFES ATHLETES





BFES ATHLETES



Sport

BFES ATHLETICS FINALS

Queen's school athletes - part of the Southern Zone Squad - were again much in the limelight at the Rote Erde Stadium in Dortmund. A team of 60 pupils went from the school - for some it was certainly their first real athletics meeting - and the standard was high. Darren Johnson was our most successful athlete with 3 wins - High-Jump, 1500 metres and 400 in the fourth year age group. Kirk Newton won the 400 metres for second years and the boys won the relay for that age group too. Big little Howard Gibbins broke the record in winning the first year discus. Girls were there too by the way. The Williams twins in fourth year swamped the first 2 places in the 800 metres and Tracey Chapman won the fourth year girls Javelin.

Middle Zone again won the inter-zone competition while our zone was last once more. I say once more, as numerically we are the smallest group and it will take a well above average group of athletes to lift us up to the top.



QUEEN'S SCHOOL 1ST XI SOCCER 78-79

1978-79 was a very successful season for the Senior team. Of the 35 fixtures played, the team won 31, drew 2 and lost only 2, scoring some 103 goals and conceding 44.

Of the two defeats one was very costly, the school losing 1-4 to JHQ/Supply Squadron, a defeat that ultimately cost the school the Inter-Section League Championship, that honour going to 11 SU 'A', who pipped the school by one solitary point. The other defeat came at the hands of Stockport C.A.T., but this was billed as a friendly, the school losing 2-3.

One draw was against nearby rivals, Kent School, 3-3 in an exciting league tussle, the other 0-0 in the BFES Senior festival against W.B.S. However, Queen's went on to win that competition defeating Kent, and King's on the way to a final meeting with P.R.S., a match they won 2-1.

The school won both RAF Inter-Section Cup competitions. In November they came from behind to defeat Kent (again) by 3-2, in the League Cup Final. David Arliss scoring the winner 5 minutes from time. In May the school won the K.O. Cup final on penalties after extra time failed to produce a result. The score being 2-2.

In short, in 4 competitions the team won 3, and finished runners-up in the other, leading goal-scorers were Davies (42) and Simpson (22). The regular squad was: R Deacon (VI), C Bradley (V), R Swinney (VI), T Keenan (VI), C Payne (staff), P Cheley (VI Capt.), D Smart (V), G Johnston (VI), M Simpson (VI Vice Capt.), S Lamming (V), S King (VI), P Davies (VI), K Robertson (V).

Footballer of the Year was Glen Johnston.

A marvellous season and all players are to be congratulated on their performances in sportsmanship.

C Payne

BFES SOUTHERN ZONE 4TH YEAR BASKETBALL FESTIVAL

The BFES Southern Zone 4th Year Basketball Festival was held at Queen's School Rheindahlen on Friday February 9th 1979. The teams taking part were Queen's School, Rheindahlen, Kent School, Hostert, and Cornwall School, Dortmund.

In this 3-way competition the results were decided on a league basis with each team playing against each other team. In the first match Cornwall school played Queen's school in a very close match. At half time the score was 12-10 to Queen's with Tomovic of Cornwall showing up as the best player on the court having scored 8 of Cornwall's points. In the second half however, Queen's pulled away and Tomovic notched up 5 personal fouls and had to leave the court with the score at 20 points to Queen's and 14 to Cornwall. Queen's relaxed at this point but Cornwall fought back defiantly with No 5 Dare taking over the role of scorer and almost bringing Cornwall level. Despite the efforts of the Cornwall team Queen's won the first game 23 points to 21.

Cornwall then played Kent School in the next match and Tomovic soon made his presence felt with 4 baskets in the first half. The Kent team worked hard and Cantwell scored the majority of Kent's points to end the first half at 10 points to Cornwall and 7 to Kent. Cornwall's defence worked even harder in the second half and the luckless Kent team were unable to score. Tomovic continued in his good form and Cornwall ran out winners 22 points to 7.



The final game between Kent and Queen's proved easy for Queen's. Height advantage by the Queen's team proved too much for Kent despite Cantwell's hard work and Irons' industry in attack. Johnson and Gregson both scored well and Queen's ran out eventual winners 41 points to 20.

The competition was won by Queen's School with Cornwall second and Kent third. Tomovic was top scorer in the competition with a total of 26 points and looks a useful prospect with a fine shooting action and some very good skills in controlling the ball. Not surprisingly Johnson and Gregson were among the top scorers with a total of 20 points each. Both players showing that they have potential at basketball. Davies of Queen's scored 14 points and Cantwell of Kent School, perhaps Kent's best player, scored 12 points.

Thanks are due to S/Sgt Doug Poultney and Cpl Keith Steadman who both officiated at all three matches.

P Butterworth

RUGBY SEVENS

This year's 4th year Rugby Tournament took place at Windsor Boys' School, Hamm, under excellent conditions.

The eight 4th year teams were divided into two groups A and B. Queen's being placed in group A with Kent, Prince Rupert School and Gloucester. The other schools were in group B and were Windsor Boys', Cornwall and King's and Edinburgh.

The first match played by the Queen's team was against Prince Rupert school. This was a good match as the two teams were quite equal in skills. Alister Gregson scored 2 tries for Queen's, neither of which were converted. Prince Rupert School scored 1 try and 1 penalty. The final score was 8-7 in favour of Queen's.

The second game which Queen's played was against Gloucester school. The standard of play in this game was higher. No points were conceded but Darren Johnson scored 2 tries and Alister Gregson 1.

The third game which Queen's played was against Kent, with whom they had drawn 6-6 six days before. Queen's won their match against Kent and were therefore the finalists from Group A to play the finalists of Group B, the hosting team, Windsor Boys'.

Queen's started the game and soon saw the danger from the opposition winger, and Captain, who turned out to be a good challenge to Alister Gregson in line outs. At half time the score stood at 0-0. The next 7½ minutes were to be difficult for both teams. Scrums were even

between the two teams and each won the ball about the same number of times. Despite the pressure from Richard Fox, Windsor scored 1 try, giving them 4 points. Queen's played their best to try and even the score. Another run down the Windsor left wing left Queen's trailing by 8 points. Windsor scored once more to make the final score 12-0 and a much deserved win for Windsor.

TEAM

Christopher Hopkins, Darren Johnson, Richard Fox, Christopher Griffiths, Timothy Davies, Shaun Stevenson, Nicholas Trainell, Alister Gregson.

Shaun Stevenson

2ND YEAR NETBALL TEAM



SOUTHERN ZONE NETBALL 2ND YEAR

On Thursday 8th March, the second year Netball team made its way down to the Sports Hall. It was not very warm but nevertheless we played outside. Our first match was against Kent School. Queen's won the advantage of the toss-up so we took up our positions and got ready to play. We played this match very well, at the end, the score was Queen's 6, Kent 5.

Our next match was against Rhein. In this game the team played well, there was some very good play by Diane and Sandra, the shooters, the score was Queen's 10, Rhein 3.

After a short break we got ready to play Dalton. The score of this game was Queen's 9, Dalton 3. Then after another short break, we played our last game against Cheshire. The sun was shining for us but the wind was very cold. During this game Queen's did not play at its best, partly because we were hungry and tired. But after a hard struggle the score ended Queen's 4, Cheshire 3. Queen's had won the 2nd Year Festival. We were very pleased; we had won all our games.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Miss Pendergrast for getting us ready to play and thank you, team, for playing as well as you did.

Fiona Reed

THE TEAM

Sally Gibbon
Sandra Jackson
Joanne Hilton
Diane Bullock
Susan D Boyd
Carol Buckley
Fiona Reed (Captain)

Creative Section

ENGLAND

Oh! to be in England
I think that's how it goes
Oh! to be in England
land of rain, and winds and snows
Oh, to be in England ?
Upon this line I feed,
Oh to be in England
a consoling thought indeed.

England, my England,
D.H. Lawrence wrote.
England ? My England ?
I feel sick upon this boat.
For now in Gale Force Fifty
I gaily write this draft,
My stomach heaving to and fro
Some 'fore but more is aft.
As wind blows wild my heat is calmed
Thinking of my Engelonde.

N Armitage

TV

I watch TV and the TV watches me,
A cowboy shoots at me from a miniature world
Of red, blue and yellow dots.
Absurd is the tele's domination over me,
Absurd is the domination
I'm supposed to have over it.
Compulsive is the need
to watch that dread machine,
That drug that's worse than L.S.D.
Visions of heaven and hell I see,
None of them real, none of them me.

Stephen May

ON STRIKES

While brewers stopped their clocks at night
Next to the gloomy picket.
The angel of the lord came down
And told them where to stick it.
The tavern owners they rebelled
Against the brewers strike,
And God himself came down that night
Upon a protest hike.

A DEATH BY DRUGS

Green trees, red trees, yellow trees.
Red sun, blue sun, mauve sun.
A chocolate moon, A rush of
Blood!
Yellow blackness, glare of death.
A cheddar moon, A rush of
Blood!
Hero and Heroine. A Pot and then
a Joint. A blackened moon. A rush of
Blood! A rush of
Death!

A RIDDLE

When the rain falls I fall also.
When it stops I do too.
Life I give and life I take,
I show man love and also hate.
What am I?

Stephen May

INSIDE FLORENCE J SHEPHERDS

My name is Florence J Shepherds. Don't ask me what the 'J' stands for because I don't know; my Pa just put it there because he thinks it sounds more upper class. My friends call me Fudge. That's the corniest line I know so I put it in.

My Pa is rich. He's a senator. Because we are so rich, I am absolutely and thoroughly spoiled. To make things worse I'm the only daughter my parents have. I have a brother called Jonathan but he's in disgrace because he went to the flicks with the most common girl at his college called Lavinia Robbins (not that I like naming names, but you like to air these things once in a while) God knows where he is now; I wouldn't blame him if he ran away. I feel like running away. I mean I'm so bored. B-O-R-E-D!! To relieve my boredom I usually flood off into a beautiful daydream about Harry Wilder. He is the most ravishing creature you've ever seen! Or, failing that (which is rather impossible and I mean IMpossible!) I pop over to Tiffanies, or, failing that I pop over to our local. No, not Public House but our local Yves St. Laurent boutique. When I get there I usually buy a few outfits with my meagre allowance.

I'm in a mood too. Not just because Ma and Pa won't let me date Harry Wilder, but also because I am expected to socialise at my Ma and Pa's garden party, and as anyone who has been to one of these wayout (ha, ha.) parties will know, I am definitely not, repeat NOT the most sociable person in the world. Oh my Gracious! Regardez le temps (Smart line? HW taught me it). I must go and get ready. What will I wear? I have the

most juicy collection of gowns you ever did see. Most of them are Dior, a few from Yves' boutique. I suppose I'd better do something about my face. Well it's too late to visit the Plastic Surgeon, so I suppose Estée Lauder will just have to do. By the way, I have to say Estée Lauder and not War Paint because if I don't my Ma says she will take away my Teddy Bear:- but I don't have a Teddy Bear. Ma picked up that threat from some old Spock book. Even though I don't have a Teddy Bear I have to humour her don't I? If you're wondering what my face looks like, I'll tell you. I have a thinnish face. White-pale blonde hair in a Vidal Sassoon creation called "The Shake." I have medium size blue eyes and a medium size nose. Altogether I am medium.

Oh Sugar! Here come the Floridian Slobs, coming to another Floridian Garden Party to eat Floridian food and drink Floridian booze. By now you smart types will have worked out that we live in FLORIDA! I better go down and pretend to socialise. Oh-Oh! Here comes Ashley St-John. Ashley has a hopeless crush on me. "Oh-a-hi Ashley, nice to see you!" Yeearghh!! Horrible, greasy. Multimillionaire. That adds to your ugliness.

"Hi Fudge, fancy meeting you here." My God the conversation is riveting. My Ma wants me to get friendly with a guy who smells constantly of Peanut Butter and Salami? "Well, I do live here, Ashley."

"That must be why you're here then!"

Change the subject, Fudge!

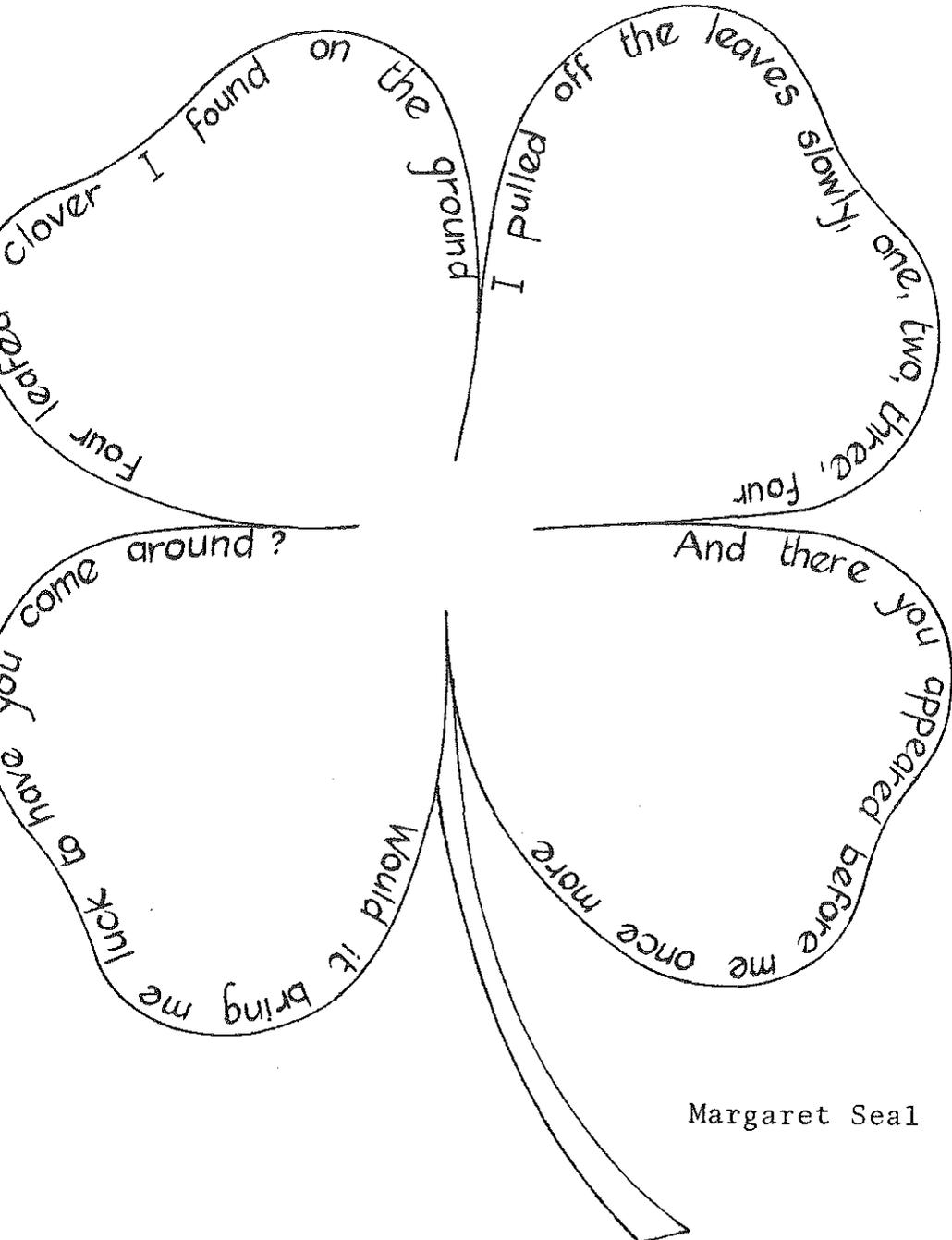
"I love that suit more each time you wear it, Ashley!"

Here comes Ma.

"My, you two are getting on like a house on fire, I'll leave you to it, you seem to be having a great time!"

Help! Harry, where are you? I need some good polite words - and fast!

Philippa Morris



Margaret Seal

WHITE NIGHTS

I've come to mock
 our nightly sacrifice,
You cold and lovely
 swan of sculptured ice.

I hate you for your frost
 between our sheets.
I'd cast you out, say:
 'Go, you, rove the darkling streets!

But as I love you though
 your hands are cold and hard,
Your lips I'll pry apart
 Break ice, hide shards.

Grow old together, if not,
 At this skittish game,
The nip and tuck of
 Frost and flame.

A knife of ice, though
 traceless, will draw blood
And melt away to mingle
 with the angry scarlet flood.

So I'll bear your
 transplutonian cold.
Hard to find another
 one to love-hate-hold.

Hard to find another
 one to love-hate-hold
I'll grow yet to
 cherish your stellar cold.

B del Rio

THE COLD GREY SEA

Is it possible to fall in love after knowing a person for one hour and seven minutes? However many times my teenage magazines tell me that it can't happen, I still believe that the answer is 'yes'. After all, it did happen to me. Nevertheless the cold grey sea and the lonely cawing gulls reflected my mood exactly. The seed of doubt, planted only this morning by Emma, had grown into a flowering tree. Her predictably pessimistic comment of "He probably won't bother to come" was typical but none the less cruel of her.

A huge wet paw and a shower of droplets reminded me that I wasn't alone. Darling Ben. Whatever the evening held for me I knew that Ben, with his large sad eyes, would be there, ready to help and comfort me.

The sheer cliffs behind me, silhouetted against the red-orange sun, cast long cool shadows across the deserted beach. Gone were the children who built sand castles and shrieked with delight as the sea lapped over their pink toes. Everyone had gone, except me. And Ben.

"Please come, please" I whispered.

"Rugh" answered Ben as he chased a huge crab who, by some unfortunate chance, happened to be scuttling across the sodden sand.

I peered anxiously into the gloom and relief swept through me as I was able to make out two lonely figures coming towards us. My heart leapt. He had come! Everything that mum had told me to say had buried itself in the sand, with the crab. My tongue appeared to have swollen to twice its normal size, leaving me speechless.

"Don't panic," said a voice inside me.

It was Ben who settled the matter by racing up to Mr Chips and starting a wrestling match. Bradley smiled and I knew that my fears were unfounded. The smile was so very beautiful. Bradley is the most beautiful person I have ever known. Not just his face but his heart and love are beautiful too. It's inside beauty that matters and I just wish that my soul was even half as lovely as his.

While we were separating our two dogs our hands touched and I felt an electrifying tingle shoot up my arm and down my spine. I shuddered, afraid that perhaps I shouldn't have felt that brief sensation. When at last we had untangled the two furious dogs, we slowly began to walk along the desolate beach. Suddenly, it didn't matter that the beach was deserted.

His long fingers intertwined with mine and I clung to them like a drowning man does a life-line. He turned and smiled a smile that said more than words could ever say. I grinned back, feeling for the first time in ages safe and happy. All too soon we arrived at the rocky steps that led off the beach to my house. Bradley stopped walking and looked into my mind with his blue, blue eyes. He bent and kissed me softly on my lips.

"The same time tomorrow?" he whispered. I smiled and nodded. As I turned to go a breath of wind caught my hair and I knew that, for me, the sea would never be grey again.

Jane Hilton

LOVE, TEENAGE STYLE

When there's rain clouds in the sky,
and you're feeling very happy,
When your usually loathsome enemy
is suddenly very chatty,
When you don't hit your brother all day,
and you actually put your records away,
Then, something's on your mind.

When you're watching 'Starsky and Hutch',
and they don't seem quite so trim,
and you gaze all night
at your photograph of him,
When your acne doesn't appear for weeks,
and you've got natural colour in your cheeks,
Then, there's someone on your mind.

When you listen to gentle symphonies,
Instead of 'Radio One',
When your Mother doesn't nag at you,
and your dandruff has gone,
When you're near him it's bliss,
and you love his goodnight kiss,
Then, there's a boy on your mind.

When your Mother gets out old pictures
of your Father as a youth,
When you fit into your jeans,
and they're even slightly loose,
When you mistake a Blackbird
for the Whitest of Doves,
Then the whole world can see, you're in love.

J Reeves

ONE MAN ALONE

Against all odds, he stands and fights,
The enemy attacking, a filthy sight,
His comrades dying at his feet,
Oh God! His end did he have to meet?
One
Man
Alone.

Physically, he is amidst a crowd,
Grenades and bullets explode all around,
With bombs overhead and blood at his feet,
Oh God! His end did he have to meet?
One
Man
Alone.

Crouched in a corner, his gun by his side,
The memories flood back, of his wife and his child,
Cold bloodedly slaughtered by Nazi guns,
Oh God! His revenge he would have on those Huns.
One
Man
Alone.

Pushing all cautionary thoughts aside,
He jumped out of the trench and boldly he cried,
"My family you killed, now come and kill me!"
And then he ran forward and shot the enemy.
One
Man
Alone.

Against all odds, he stood and fought,
The enemy attacked, a victory they sought,
The battlefield quiet at the end of the day
His body, shot through, they carried away.
One
Man
Alone.

Kim McGettigan

THE BALLAD OF THE LONGEST DROP

It was late in nineteen-forty three,
When our 'Sarge' came over and said to me,
"I've got you a job, and you can't say no!
You're flying your Lanc' up to Oslo."

It was late evening, on that darkened day,
When we loaded her up and went on our way.
I looked all around me, "What've I got?
A machine gun and bullets and that's the lot."

"It's eight o'clock and we're over the sea,"
Said the navigator as he brought my tea.
"In an hour or two we'll be in for a show,
'Cause then we'll be flying right over Oslo."

We crossed the coast without much trouble,
I could see everything from inside my bubble.
A crackle on the headphones, "Bandits at three!"
"My God," I thought, "They're coming for me."

I swung round to meet them, guns ablazing,
All around me shells were breaking.
"BALE OUT! BALE OUT!" was all I could hear,
Then a feeling came over me, a cold clammy fear.

I looked for my 'chute, but all was on fire,
In a state of shock I began to perspire.
If I stayed, without doubt, I'd surely die,
But what else could I do, we were flying so high?

I stood at the door, "What can I do?"
I prayed to God, "The rest's up to you!"
I jumped from the door, into the freezing air,
I hoped that my Lord had a moment to spare.

V A L E D I C T I O N

Once again Queen's bids farewell to a number of staff, some of whom have been here long enough to give an illusion of permanence, all of whom have made their mark.

Mr Gregory first arrived in Germany in 1972 where he taught Craft at Kent before joining Queen's. In 1976 he became Youth Tutor. Sandford Special Education School will benefit by his presence from September.

Miss Taylor has spent six years at Queen's and contributed much to the musical life of the school, and of the garrison. She returns to a non-teaching post in Suffolk.

Miss Ward has been the guiding light of Commerce in Queen's for just over three years. Her new appointment is at The Hundred of Hoo School, near Rochester.

Mr Elliot, responsible for Chemistry during the past three years is returning to a Head of Science post at Abbot Beyne School, Burton-on-Trent.

Mrs Allen who has taught Biology at Queen's for three years, the last one full time, leaves for RAF Lossiemouth because of her husband's posting.

Mr Morrell has regrettably had to curtail his tour for personal reasons and will be teaching from September at Burleigh Community College, Loughborough.

Mrs McNee who has taught full time this term in the Science Faculty, will not be returning to Queen's next term.

We who are staying wish you all the best for your future.

P R O D U C T I O N T E A M

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