

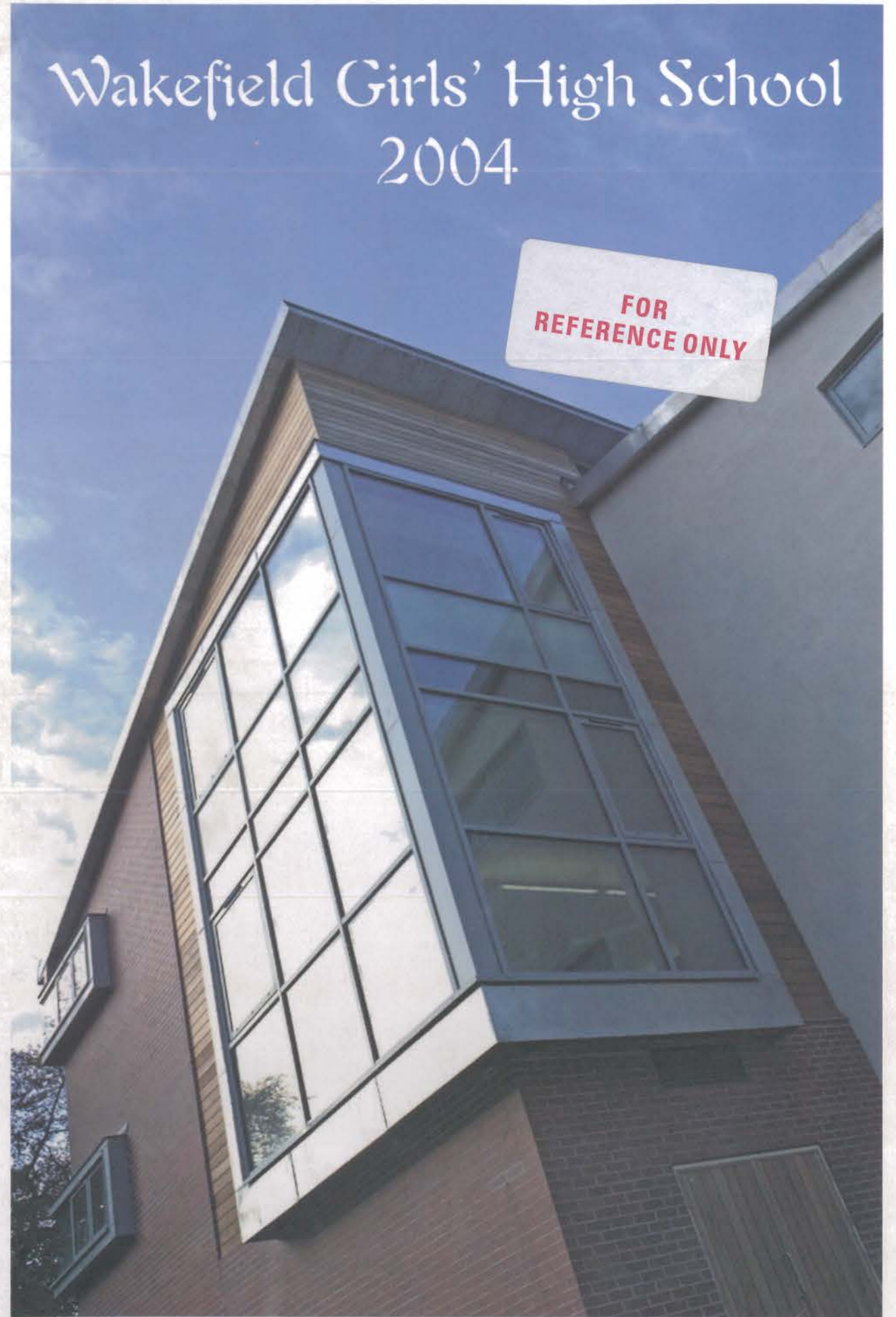


Isobel Thomas
Upper

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Wakefield Girls' High School 2004

FOR
REFERENCE ONLY





Welcome to the school magazine for 2004 and to a new editorial team. In recent years the magazine has flourished under the guiding hand of Mrs Helen Gill whose imagination and flair brought a particular style and magic to each edition. We are very grateful for all she has done and we hope we have built on what she established. There is one significant change however, in that the magazine now covers a calendar year rather than an academic one and will therefore be distributed early in the following year.

There is much to report.

Celebrations of our 125th anniversary continued into 2004 when over 700 attended the first Foundation Ball in the Royal Armouries in May and culminated in the whole school visit to Alton Towers.

The opening of the last phase of the Creative Arts development was also a significant milestone in the school's history. Years in the planning and eagerly awaited, the Forrest Building, the Gill Linkway and the Fielding Suite have significantly enhanced the school's facilities and have enabled us to make major improvements throughout the school.

You can trace the history of the school in its buildings, but of far greater importance are the lives and learning of those who inhabit them. It was with great regret that we learned of the death of Miss Hand, teacher of mathematics from 1962 and Headmistress from 1975-1987. An obituary and an account of her Memorial Service can be found in this magazine.

As always it has been an extremely busy year with many memories to treasure. School work is not neglected but continues alongside this myriad of activities. There have been many notable academic achievements and many personal triumphs.

As we enter our 126th year we are in good heart and high spirits.



Magazine Council

Mrs P A Langham Mrs L Maddick
Mrs R Gratton Mrs A Bedford
Mrs C Field

With grateful thanks to all those who contributed to the magazine in any way.

PAL



The Creative Arts Development



Mr Philip Gill Mrs Pat Langham Dr Bill Forrest

There were plans in place for the Wentworth Street buildings when I joined the school in 1987. Unfortunately all our planning applications were unsuccessful and it was in 1991 that a possible way forward was suggested. A small group consisting of: Peter Spawforth, our planning consultant; Guy Cliff, the Clerk at the time; Sir George Grenville Baines, the architect of the STC and myself provided a detailed brief of what WGHS required and the competition to design the whole site was advertised in architectural journals. A team of assessors was agreed, headed by Sir William Whitfield, the keeper of the fabric of St Paul's Cathedral. There were over 140 entries and it took a whole weekend to short-list and then to choose the final winners, a Sheffield based firm, HLM Architects.

The winning plan for the whole site was submitted and accepted. Some 12 years later HLM's innovative and creative approach is evident in Mulberry House, the villas: Hepworth and Cliff and the long awaited completion of the Creative Arts Development: the Forrest Building, the Gill Linkway and the Fielding Suite.

The official opening was held on 14th October. There to open the buildings named after them were former Governors Dr William Forrest and Mr Philip Gill. Both men have played an active and prominent role both on the Governing body and in Wakefield. Dr Forrest ran the Selby coalfield and was a governor from 1982-1992 [Spokesman 1986-1992]. Mr Philip Gill was Coroner for Wakefield and served 35 years on the governing body from 1959-1994 [Spokesman from 1971-1978]. Mr Gill's family has been associated with the Foundation for over a century and both gentlemen have had children and grandchildren at the school. They were both very involved and encouraging about the development at WGHS and they and their wives have continued to be friends and supporters of all the schools in the Foundation.

We were honoured that they agreed to officially open this beautiful new building.

The Fielding Suite of English rooms will be opened some time in 2005 by Helen Fielding once she is less busy promoting the latest Bridget Jones film.



P A Langham Artist's impression of the Creative Arts Development Source: HLM Design



Parent and School Association

2004 has been an excellent year for the PASA as we saw the opening of the new recording studio, which has been the result of our fund raising efforts for quite some time. It was with great excitement Mrs Langham took us to meet Mr Turmeau and Mr Meredith in the new recording studio after the Annual General Meeting which was held in September. I am sure everyone must have felt the same pride as I did knowing the funds we have raised going towards something so special.

One of the great events of the year was the Ball held at the Royal Armouries which was unique in itself as it brought PASA members together from all our Foundation schools to mark the 125th anniversary of Wakefield Girls' High School. The Ball was extremely well attended with everyone having a thoroughly good evening.

As in previous years we have run many of the tried and tested events, which are always extremely popular, which

not only provide social time for friends to get together but also helps to raise funds along the way. Then of course we must mention Mrs Langham's Ladies Dinner which this year was held at Painthorpe Country Club. It's always with a little trepidation that a hugely popular event is changed as the dinner has always gone so well in school but we just could not accommodate the amount of ladies wanting to attend. The evening was fabulous and will again this year be held at Painthorpe.

All our successful events don't just happen. Lots of hard work, organisation and fun goes into the running of them so I would like to thank the ladies in the office, staff and members of the PASA who give their time and commitment to make Wakefield Girls' High School PASA the success it is.

Debbie Thorpe
Chairman of PASA

Foundation Ball at the Royal Armouries

On Saturday 22nd May 2004, over 700 staff, parents and friends of all schools of the Foundation descended upon the Royal Armouries, Leeds for a celebratory evening in honour of the 125 anniversary of WGHS.

And what an evening it was! A variety of entertainment was carefully planned, kicking off with a performance by our very own Swing Foundation, followed by a comedian and then a disco. Guests were entertained at their table by the roving magician, and for those feeling 'lucky' a casino and scalextric racing was also available throughout the evening!

As well all these occasions, with the champagne flowing

freely and spirits high, the evening passed too quickly, but many happy memories were captured on camera by the photographer, a very small selection of which we have included in this magazine.

The months of organisation certainly paid off, and special mention should be given to the Committee of Lynne Staveley, Jayne James, Gillian Johnson, Diana Brown, Karen Jaques, Susan Westwood, Debbie Thorpe and Trudie Thornes who dedicated much time to ensuring the smooth running of the event.

Camilla Field



Parent and School Association

Opening of Recording Studio

In recent years the PASA have devoted all their fund raising efforts towards the provision of a recording studio for all pupils to be sited in Willows. Much effort went into the organisation of a large number of events which together raised the magnificent total of £20,000. We also received a generous donation from Mr Stephen Bell. While school covered the costs of all the building work needed to strengthen the floor and convert the room, the other funds were used for the equipment.

With this new facility girls will be able to record their work in the sound proofed pod using their own instruments with the help of a range of top quality microphones, Roland TD8 electronic drum kit, fender telecaster electric guitar and electric bass plus a Studio logic master keyboard.

Their live recordings can then be combined with midi recordings made in the computer room, processed electronically to produce high quality CDs and sampled to produce the raw material for electronic compositions using the Cubase and Emagic Logic software run on the Apple Mac G5 computer.

This wonderful new facility was officially opened by Mrs Jill Calvert and an extract of her speech is printed below.

Extract from Recording Studio Opening Speech

As you know, music has played a great part in my life and so I was delighted and honoured to be asked to open this wonderful new facility.

My first recollection of music within the Foundation was about 35 years ago, with a production of Benjamin Britten's



'Moyes Fludde' in the Cathedral. Although it was mainly a QEGS production, the girls from the High School played in the orchestra. Unlike today, only a small percentage of pupils from either school played a musical instrument - although music was there in the schools, it did not play the huge part that it does today.

When I was Chairman of the PASA, Miss Hand asked me if we could put our minds to raise money to buy a much needed (second-hand) Grand Piano for the school hall. So we organised a Sponsored Knit and asked every girl in the school, plus their Mums, Grans and some dads, to knit as many 6" squares as they could - each square to be sponsored for 25 pence - the wool kindly provided by Sirdar. We raised just under £1000 which in today's money was a considerable achievement, and we got our grand piano.

Incidentally, all the squares were sewn up into blankets and sent out to Eastern Europe, where there had just been a terrible earthquake - so our achievement was twofold.

It is very pleasing to see that 30 years on, the PASA are continuing their good work and as Mrs Langham has already mentioned, the incredible generosity of Mr Bell has enabled music within the Foundation to flourish.

This cannot happen, however, without gifted and dedicated staff, whom we have in abundance, under the wonderful guidance of David Turmeau. From the three year olds - I have sat in on Sue Turmeau's entrancing music lessons in the Nursery Department, to the amazingly varied and high standard of music in the Senior Schools, as anyone present at the superb Christmas Concerts will know, we are indeed very blessed.

Jill Calvert
(Former Parent and Governor)



Prefects in Springtime

The prefectorial system has evolved over the years and all girls in the Sixth Form can now apply to be prefects. However, the tradition of holding a formal election for the Head Girl, Deputy and Senior Prefects remains. Beginning with nominations the shortlist is then published, voting takes place in the Jubilee Hall and the results are announced in a very special Friday assembly.

We thank all our retiring officials with special mention being made of the Head Girl and her Deputy. All are clapped off the stage and then the new prefects come out followed by the new Senior Prefects and then the new Deputy and finally the Head Girl. Emotions run high as they should for this is a very special day.

The May Ball follows the next day and continues the celebrations.

Looking Back

Well it's true to say that this year has really flown. It seems only yesterday that the nominations for Head Girl and Deputy were announced, and we were all eagerly awaiting the final results. Both Joanne and myself were thrilled to be elected and spent the following few days on an absolute high. We would like to thank Ruth and Ellie (our predecessors) for showing us 'the ropes' and making our first few days less nerve racking.

We were both keen and excited to take on the tasks ahead, but these would have proved to be quite difficult without the help and dedication of our Senior Prefects, Kate Barron, Sarah Booth, Helena Clark, Emma Cousin, Louise Foster, Sarah Frankland, Dimple Patel, Natasha Roberts, Olivia Smith and Claire Sowerby.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Ms Hutchins for her hard work and support throughout the year as Head of Sixth Form. The office staff and Mrs Maddick have also been very dependable, were always there to help and make our job much easier.

We have enjoyed many events during the year but my particular favourites have to be the Hockey Tour to New Zealand and Australia which was a great experience for everyone involved and Speech Day where Barbara Hepworth's son-in-law, Sir Alan Bowness was the guest speaker. (As any Head Girl will confirm Speech Day is the one occasion where the nerves definitely come into play!) It has proved to be a busy and special year with numerous concerts, parents' evenings, the charity fair, Advent Service, Speech Day and all the 125th School Anniversary celebrations. A great day was had by all at the games field and I will never forget Mrs Langham being thrown off the Bucking Bronco!



The tradition of the VI Upper Christmas Assembly continued with an amazing account of the Christmas story. The school were not disappointed with performances from the Kumars at No. 42, The Darkness (the shepherds), Queen (the kings), Michael Jackson (Joseph) and Madonna (Mary). This was a great event and thanks must go out to all the teachers who took part and made it such a memorable concert.

So now as we prepare to move on to the next stage in our lives, Jo and I would like to wish the newly appointed Head Girl and Deputy, Lisa Howes and Hannah Seymour, all the best in their year of office and good luck to all the present VI Uppers in their forthcoming examinations.

Bethany Bradshaw and Joanne Eaton



The Senior Prefects Team





Head Girl: Lisa Howes

Deputy Head Girl: Hannah Seymour



Senior Prefects



Elizabeth Allen
Victoria Archer
Emma Barker
Hannah Cunningham
Keturah Dodd

Rebecca Harris
Sarah Helme
Alice Hezselte
Jennifer Littlewood
Katherine Scott

Prefects

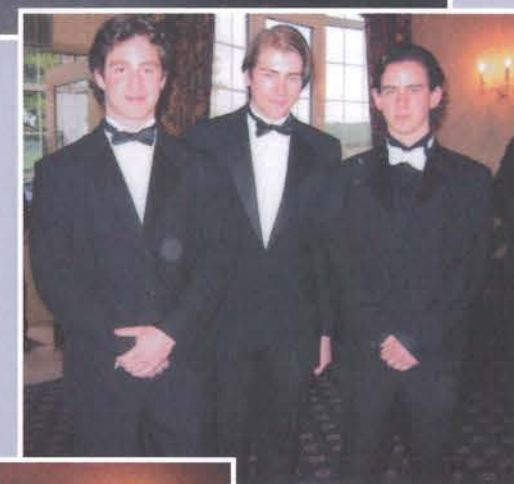
Mariam Abbas
Claire Adams
Amy Allen
Charlotte Anderson
Sonum Batra
Jennifer Bloom
Sarah Burnham
Amy Cooper
Alexandra Cummine
Sarah Earnshaw
Lucy Guy
Rebecca Harvey
Katherine Holt
Sarah Jackson
Emma Jenkinson
Sana Khan
Elena MacDuff-Clack
Lucy McKenna
Hannah Patrick
Sonal Raithatha
Katherine Robson
Emma Senior
Charlotte Swift
Laura Tattersley
Lucy Thornhill
Emily Ward
Elizabeth Williams

Sarah Adams
Chloe Akhbari
Fiona Allen
Claire Barrett
Katie Berry
Sarah Briscoe
Holly Butterworth
Leah Cousins
Sarah Dobson
Antonia Ellison
Victoria Hall
Lucy Herrick
Lorna Hopps
Holly Jackson
Hannah Jones
Julia Leatham
Lucy Marsh
Sophie Monk
Natalie Pety
Catherine Raynor
Caroline Scholefield
Samantha Shaw
Charlotte Sylvester
Emily Taylor
Sophie Thornhill
Laura Weightman
Joanne Woodhead

Suzanne Adam
Saba Al-Din
Claire Anderson
Barnaley Baruah
Hannah Binks
Erica Brown
Sarah Cook
Charlotte Cox
Hannah Drury
Katie Fox
Julia Harrow
Lucy Hirst
Catherine Horn
Emily Jeffries
Jasmine Kerry
Fiona Ledgard
May Mathew
Stef Oates
Amy Pond
Kelly Reddington
Laura Scuffam
Mengjia Shi
Alison Tasker
Georgina Thornes
Elizabeth Walker
Georgina White
Eleanor Wright



Held at
Painthorpe
Country
Club





Heidi Stevenson
V Upper

Staff Moves



Peta Moffat

There has always been a global dimension to Peta's journey through life, since she arrived at WGHS in 1986 to teach Mathematics via Papua New Guinea, London and Edinburgh, and her future plans will take her regularly between her home in Bradford and Tanzania. En route, she has acquired an urbane and talented clergy husband, George, and two creative and independent daughters Basilie and Zemirah.

Appointed by Miss Hand, Peta has taught Maths to all levels in school, has been Form Tutor to most year groups - including spells as Head of Years 12 and 13 - and was for seven years in charge of Higher education. As a teacher, she is extremely effective: clear and decisive in her delivery but rigorous in insisting that her pupils think for themselves. She has run Chess Club, helped with PASA and introduced a Philosophy Club for Sixth Formers, and has always been a great supporter of Music, Drama and Dance. A lively member of the Common Room, Peta can always be pinpointed by her exuberant

unrestrained laugh, and she rejoices in the company of others, always taking a particular interest in her staff, and enquiring about those who are unwell. She and George are hospitable and regularly entertain colleagues and friends.

One of Peta's great loves in life is Africa, specifically Tanzania and Issenye High School. Since she visited the school during her sabbatical in 1999, she has continued to forge links between Issenye and WGHS, has raised funds for a number of worthwhile projects and led parties of adults and students, all of whom have benefited from the experience and been caught up in the magic. Peta is leaving us to become the Mara Link Officer of Wakefield Diocese and is very excited about this new chapter in her career. We hope to see her from time to time and know that the connection between Issenye and WGHS will flourish, largely because of her vision, energy and commitment. We wish her every happiness and success, and fear that the place may suddenly seem much quieter and less colourful without her!

Helen Gill

Monica Royle

Monica Royle came to WGHS in April of this year to cover Elizabeth Cross's maternity leave. Given that Monica's sister, Clare Richards, teaches in the Latin Department, we knew we were likely to have found a very good teacher, but nothing could have prepared us for just what a wonderful teacher and colleague we have found.

All the girls who have been taught History and Classics by Mrs Royle have benefited enormously from her tremendously efficient, informative and inspiring teaching. It is by no means an easy task to take over from someone in the middle of the academic year, but very quickly girls were convinced Mrs Royle had been a member of staff for a long time, so seemingly effortlessly did she adapt to the needs of our pupils. 'Effortless' of course it was far from being, as Mrs Royle's dedication to her work is exemplary, but it is a tribute to her skill that she made her work appear so.

Not only have pupils benefited from Mrs Royle, but so have her colleagues. It is delightful to think we have found not simply a good teacher, but also a wonderful friend. No matter how difficult a situation or dark a day, we have been able to rely on Monica's unfailing cheerfulness and consideration to help us along and we owe her a deep debt of gratitude. We are delighted that we will not be losing touch with her and look forward to many more hours of her marvellous company.

Alan Shaw



John Consadine

John Consadine has worked within the Design and Technology Department as a part-time member of staff from September 2003 to July 2004. John Consadine has taught many girls in IV Lower, IV Middle and IV Upper. He has made a valued contribution to the school and taught girls to make high quality practical outcomes and he was responsible for development of the clock project and the electronic game. During lunchtimes he regularly helped girls with their project work and D & T club. He was a popular teacher and I am sure many pupils have missed his quiet, caring nature. John Consadine has recently moved to Harrogate and will be teaching nearer to home. Both staff and pupils wish him every future success.

Peter Elmes

Joanne Cater-Whitham

Joanne was only a member of the Geography department for a year but during that time she impressed us all with her calm manner and commitment to the teaching of geography. Her interest in developing the subject further meant that her promotion to Head of Department was inevitable. We wish her well in her new job and her new school.

Linda Wraight



A Warm WGHS Welcome to



Henry Hargreaves

I graduated from Birmingham University in June 2000, completing a PGCE following my Geography degree. My first and only other appointment was at Tom Hood; a school in East London where I was a teacher for two years and later promoted to subject leader for a further two years. A four-year spell in London was fun but I was keen to leave at the end of it; trying to get to the Peak District on a Friday night confirmed that! My fiancée and I decided to move to the north where we can enjoy the great outdoors and I can live a stereotypical life as a geography teacher: hiking, camping and getting cold and wet.



Kim Stothard

Yesterday, standing outside the staff room door, Emma politely asked me if she could speak to Mr Shaw. I was able to smile to myself. This was the first time in some weeks I knew where, and who, to look for. After twenty years in the profession it has been strange being one of the 'new' teachers at WGHS. Born and bred in the 'South', I moved to Yorkshire following my university years at Loughborough and Exeter. With just two breaks for maternity leave, I have been teaching Geography and PE with different responsibilities for more years than I care to remember. Arriving at WGHS and changing some of the habits of a lifetime have been exciting. That my daughter could tell me more about the school's routines and traditions was just a small price I have had to pay to become part of a truly smooth operation. The first term has flown by. It has been great fun. Thank you to all the girls, staff and parents who have made me feel so welcome so quickly.



Brent Carlin

I was born and raised in Mansfield, Nottinghamshire (Robin Hood country), where I was also educated. After completing my A levels I attended Sheffield Hallam University where I successfully achieved a First Class Honours degree in Design and Technology with Education. My hobbies and interests include football, walking, mountain biking, DIY, electronics and motorbike racing. I am quite a film buff as I enjoy going to the cinema a lot and watching movies at home. I also have an extremely varied (sometimes odd) taste in music.



Jenny Rees

I am delighted to return to the Foundation after a 'break' of six years! Having started my teaching career at QEGS in 1995 I moved to Hipperholme Grammar School near Halifax, where I had a successful time in the Maths Department, whilst also developing my interest in outdoor pursuits, such as climbing, caving and skiing. I am glad to be back, now with a young 3 1/2 year old son, Oliver, who helps fill most of my time outside school.



Sarah Betts

My first encounter with Wakefield Girls' High School was in January 1987 when I arrived as a nervous 11 year old to take the entrance exam, I actually went to Bradford Girls' but I still remember meeting with Mrs Langham and when I found out I was going to join the team at the High School Office I was very excited. My expectations were certainly met and I have enjoyed every minute since I arrived in March 2004! This year promises to be a very busy one for me as I get married to Carl on August 20th and most of my spare time will be spent planning this (it is escalating into a military operation!!) Any other spare time I have is spent playing hockey or walking my dog - Boris.



A Warm WGHS Welcome to



Fiona Preston

I arrived at WGHS in September from New College in Pontefract, where I was a faculty head for many years, in charge of subjects as diverse as Performing Arts and General Studies. I was appointed to the Foundation, which means that I spend half my time at WGHS and the other half teaching at QEGS. I enjoy the variety, and the exercise is doing me a power of good. If you need to get in touch with me, just pin a note to one of the pelican crossings... I also do quite a lot of examining work in music for OCR which I enjoy very much. Outside school my free time is largely taken up with my family - just call me mummy - and my house, which dates back to the 15th century (before you ask, no, it's not haunted) and is architecturally quite unusual with a bell tower and dramatic gothic windows. We rescued it from virtual dereliction 13 years ago and I have become a reluctant expert on damp, dry rot, woodworm and leaky roofs. I can also make up a mean pair of curtains when the need arises. I'm very pleased to be teaching at WGHS and QEGS

and everyone - staff and pupils alike - has been very friendly and welcoming. I look forward to some excellent music - making in the future.



Sarah Loftus

Having studied for an English and History degree in Newcastle, I completed teacher training and began working in the area nearly 17 years ago. As I obviously went into teaching for the love of the subject, I was horrified to discover, on the first day of my first ever job, that Maths and Girls' PE were unexpectedly on my timetable! I have managed to avoid teaching both of these since. After two years of teaching pupils with Speech and Language Impairment, I'm back to my English roots and thoroughly enjoying it. I'm also able to walk to work for the first time since I had a paper round, which is a real treat. In my "other" life, I'm a mother of four children and I enjoy running (are the two things connected?). Spring months usually see me pounding the streets, preparing for the Great North Run.



Hannah Stirling-Martin V Upper



Recent Additions to the Family



Penelope Jane Cross



Zoe Meredith



Connor Singleton



Imminent addition to Mrs Hesmondhalgh's Family



Music and Drama

Music Review

As always, it's been another busy year for the Music department, as the music staff have been frantically co-ordinating all the various concerts, workshops and competitions. We have heard everything from classical recitals to break-away pop hits fill the hall, and despite all the last minute rehearsals and near catastrophes, Mr Turmeau still appears to be as, erm, enthusiastic as ever!

The choirs started off the year with a flourish, performing at our 125th anniversary Thanksgiving Service, which was held in the cathedral. Senior Choir performed part of Vivaldi's 'Gloria,' with Emma Cousin stunning parents and governors alike with her rendition of 'Domine Deus.' Another beautiful solo was sung by Emma Greaves; the rich, soul, "Pretty Baby." Similarly at the Advent Service, the choirs made Mr Turmeau proud; we even avoided setting each other's hair alight during the candle-lit procession! A special mention should go to the seven girls who sang with the Wakefield Cathedral choir for a 'Live Choral Evensong,' broadcast by the BBC. This included Hannah Watson, who has now taken over from Emma Cousin as Head Chorister.

New vocal talents emerged at the annual Cabaret Evening, which was, as usual, a great success. Special thanks must go to Mr Wigley for guarding the pie and pies with such diligence! In various performances over the year, a huge variety of talent was showcased; the highlights included the Leeds Chamber Orchestra's concert in September, with solos by the talented pianist, Marc Corbett Weaver. Duncan Glenday gave another remarkable piano recital in January, as part of the Bell Celebrity Series. We welcomed young students from the Junior School of the Royal Northern College of Music, who gave a stunning performance.

Our own concerts were, of course, packed full of variety, enthusiasm and talent. The Young Composers' Concert gave Mr Meredith the chance to show off his students' best work styles and genres, and an opportunity for all those hours of lovelly work in the computer room to get some recognition! The Foundation Chamber Concert featured part of a Vivaldi

Concerto, Schubert's Mass and a wonderful solo from Laura Sharp, supported by Chamber Choir. The main concerts of the year were, of course, at Christmas and summer, where ensembles from across the Foundation contributed to four spectacular evenings.

More than sixty students from years 11, 12 and 13 from both schools were cast in last year's musical production - the show-stopping *Guys and Dolls*. On Broadway it was a runaway success, but taking \$12 million was nothing compared to the reception it received at WGHS! There was something for everyone in this riotously funny, sometimes moving and often chaotic spectacle; scantily dressed Hotbox girls sang alongside shady gangsters, while Cuban waiters danced with Salvation Army officers! With an extravagant set and a huge range of costumes to maintain, it was a good thing that the backstage crew had an army of helpers that were so well organised, not to mention all the rehearsals that the orchestra players faithfully attended. However, despite the brilliance of all the music, sound, lighting, props, costumes and prompters (hope I didn't miss anyone!) the show would have been nothing without its leading actors, who brought the drama to life and the audience to its feet - well nearly! Congratulations go to Jade Taylor, James Zacheri, Hannah Cunningham and Andy Heyes, who took the lead roles. Many thanks to Miss Gore and Mr Tamlyn who undertook the majority of the rehearsing and directing.

The year ended on a high note, with the Music Competition running concurrent with exams; even so, while revising their socks off, our musicians managed to find time to enter one or more of the numerous categories, including composition and ensemble work. This culminated in the Winner's Evening, featuring the best from all categories performing before an adjudicator - last year we were lucky enough to have Ms Geraldine Gaunt, Wakefield Music Advisor. Michaela Noble was announced as Junior Musician of the Year, Alexandra Russell as Intermediate and Gemma Johnson was chosen as Senior Musician of the year, giving an amazing recital of Bruch's 'Kol Nidrei.' Congratulations to all who took part.

Hannah Walker Gore

Cabaret Evening

Cabaret Evening was once again a highlight in the schools calendar. The evening gave performers an opportunity to experience a relaxed club atmosphere where they could all perform their favourite routines. This year the event was Sixth Form dominated, but School of Jazz held their own for the Lower School, and is sure to be a group that we will see rise to do great things. Birdland, VI Lowe's own band:- Helen Holmes, Sarah Clarkson, Naomi Baker and Amy Wray performed their own pieces but these band members did far more than perform. Sarah was there all the way through rehearsals and on the night as stage crew and sound.



Lara Wild made the crowd laugh with her performance of 'Moon Dance' and certainly increased Mr T's temperature! Or was the room too hot? Fever performed by Imogen Sandwith added a flair to the evening as mothers all over the audience muttered either 'I used to be able to do that' or 'I could never do that.'

Our talented singers performed with flair making the whole night an overall success and a reminiscence of The Kit Kat Club (Cabaret). The performances covered huge areas of style including the Flower Duet and other classical pieces. Overall the evening was a huge success and was complemented by the ever welcome pie and peas!!

Laura Elli Sharp

p.s. This wonderful evening ended on a high note when Laura Sharp sang a most beautiful version of 'Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again.'

PAL



Before They Were Famous

In December last year, Sonum Batra, Lower Sixth volunteered to take on the junior drama clubs during my intensive rehearsals for 'Guys and Dolls'. She said that she had written 'a little piece' for them to perform.

A week later the year 7 and 8 drama clubs had swelled from about thirty girls to eighty, all eager to take part in the production. With no auditions, but a little natural diminishing of numbers, the final performance on 24 June involved about sixty talented girls.

Sonum had scripted a play about a performing arts college, something like a 'Fame' academy, which was used as a vehicle to showcase a varied repertoire. There was the acting class, the dance classes, singing for solo and chorus, and the humdrum life of the college cleverly linking the items.

Every girl appeared in several items, having rehearsed for two terms. The choreography was imaginative and accomplished, well co-ordinated and a delight to watch. One of the highlights for me was an extract from 'Chicago', 'All that Jazz' sung confidently by Antonio Georgiou and Amy Rennison and danced by about twenty slinky black and red clad dancers.

The production revealed some very promising actors in those year groups. Among them Katie Hicks' rendition of Micky in Willy Russell's 'Blood Brothers' was outstanding and Ruth Switalski's belligerent student was acted with verve.

For a sixth former to be able to write, direct, choreograph and produce such a marvellous evening of entertainment is an excellent accomplishment. Sonum's organisational powers and artistic skills are remarkable for someone of her age. It was a joy to see so many sixth formers helping out the young cast in many ways making it a true WGHS occasion.

Many people will remember the evening for a less auspicious reason - England's fateful game with Portugal. Despite the competition with the match on TV, the audience was large and enthusiastic and one soccer fan was heard to say that he did not mind missing the football for such enjoyable entertainment.

Congratulations to all who contributed in any way.

Jenny Gore

Dance Show 2004

Ballroom dancing, Irish dancing - you name it Wakefield Girls' High School pupils could perform a whole host of dances. The PE staff from both the Senior and Junior School wanted to display these various talents they had been nurturing so on 17 February both departments combined together to present an evening of dance.

All the girls involved highlighted their talent and ability in a variety of ways. Some groups performed routines they had been working on during their lessons whilst others excelled themselves by choreographing their own performances to the likes of Atomic Kitten and Justin Timberlake. Both the Junior and Senior School Dance Club displayed performances of their own choreographed by Vicky Ford and interform winners from IVL DAS, IVM AJC, IVU MD and VL EH were given another opportunity to perform in front of a captivated audience.

The range of dances shown was spectacular but the night itself not only reflected the hard work of the girls but also from people behind the scenes! Girls have already begun practising for next year's show so watch this space.

Krista Robinson



Kelly Jackson
V Upper



The Bell Violin Recital

On Tuesday, 21 September we were delighted to welcome Emily Steinitz, a distinguished former pupil as guest soloist in our Bell series of talented performers' recitals. Emily graduated last summer from the Royal Academy of Music following her undergraduate study at Cambridge. She was accompanied by the equally talented Susie Summers who is much in demand as a chamber music pianist and accompanist.

A well-attended and enthusiastic audience was treated to a most enjoyable and varied programme including violin sonatas by Dvorak and Beethoven, four pieces by Suk and a very evocative performance of Cage's Nocturne. Susie displayed her soloistic skills in a beautifully performed Chopin Ballade No 4 in F minor.

It is a real treat to see former students returning as confident professionals and to be able to follow their developing musical careers.

David Turmeau



Duncan Glenday Piano Recital



Thursday, 22 January 2004 was a most special evening featuring the superb pianist Duncan Glenday. Once again, we were astounded by a musical event, sponsored by our own musical benefactor, Mr Bell.

Duncan Glenday is a well-known musician from across the Pennines. After completing his education at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester, he has had a demanding solo career as a piano recitalist, conductor, organist and choir trainer, encountering endless success.

Duncan is no stranger to performing in the Jubilee Hall on the Yamaha grand piano as he starred in the opening recital for the piano in 1998, along with Claire Hampton, providing yet another entertaining recital.

The concert ran smoothly, although during the second half (in the midst of Schubert's Andante sostenuto) we were rudely interrupted by a passer-by who obviously had no sense of music, but despite this Duncan Glenday carried on regardless.

This was a most enjoyable performance with an exciting programme, consisting of the composers; Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Debussy and Schubert. For me the most enjoyable performance was 'Clair de Lune' by Debussy as he captured the ambience of the piece with extreme sensitivity. Succeeding an interval of fine wines and orange juice I

was delighted to hear a selection of Schubert's greats, played with sensitivity and his pianism shone through. Once he had completed this astonishing programme, he continued to thrill the audience with an amazing encore.

He provided an evening's music which none of who were privileged to be in the Hall that evening would ever forget.

Duncan Glenday has been described as "a pianist of incredible charm" and the members of the audience were amazed with his musical integrity.

Amy Wray

Interform Dance

The Interform Dance Competition is designed to involve all girls from IVL to VL.

This year the "traditional" Hosa Hosa music was abandoned in favour of a new era ranging from Dido to Girls Aloud.

The final performances took place at lunchtime and congratulations go to IVL JH, IVM RG, IVU MD and VL JW.

Krista Robinson



Guys and Dolls – ‘Nicely nicely thank you’

The joint production of Guys and Dolls shone with a vibrancy that transported the audience to the busy streets of New York.

The opening scene gave a sense of the hustle and bustle of Broadway where subtle humour seemed to occur naturally from the colourful characters.

This atmosphere provides the perfect backdrop for the woes of Nathan Detroit (James Zakeri) who is trying to find a place for his crap game, ‘the oldest, established, floating crap game in New York’, so he can take his cut from the many all singing, all dancing gangsters who are looking for a piece of the action. At the same time he has to please his long-suffering fiancée Miss Adelaide, played wonderfully by Jade Taylor whose sense of comedy made her character endearing. All she wanted was ‘a home with wallpaper and book-ends’. Adelaide puts on shows with the help of ‘the Hot Box Girls’ in the ‘Hot Box Club’, a vivacious social club for the local sinners. ‘Take back your mink’ was especially lively.

Into this world of gambling and gaudiness comes the ‘Save a Soul Mission’ led by the charmingly sweet and naive Sarah Brown (Hannah Cunningham). Soon even the mission becomes part of the action as Nathan bets big-time gambler Sky Masterson (Andy Hayes) that he can’t ‘take that doll to Havana’. Sky succeeds; and the Havana scene flowed like milk and Bacardi with its spicy music and

dancing. In return for this little trip, Sky gives his marker to Sarah ‘for at least twelve genuine sinners’ at her prayer meeting.

Back in the sewers of Broadway the gambling rages on. This set was fantastic and was enhanced in particular by effective use of lighting. Here Nathan has a brush with Chicago gambling pro, Big Julie (Oliver Smith) until Sky wins the souls of the whole group and sends them to the mission. The sight of all the crapshooters piling into the prayer meeting and singing hymns was one of the funniest parts of the play. It also included one of the most memorable songs ‘Sit down you’re rockin’ the boat’ (led by Paramesh Kumarar as Nicely-Nicely).

The final scenes highlighted the contrast between the two leading ladies as they resolve to ‘marry the man today and change his ways tomorrow!’

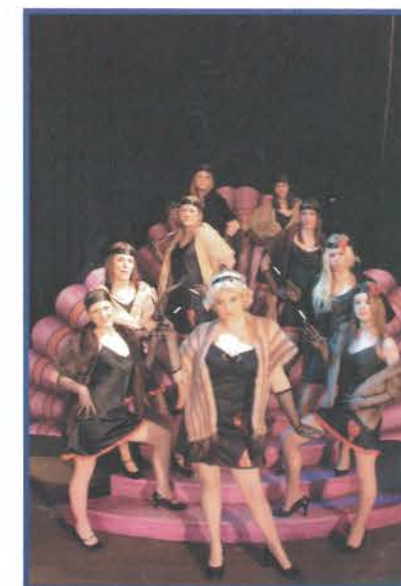
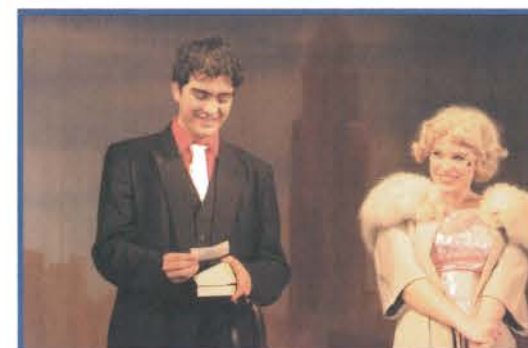
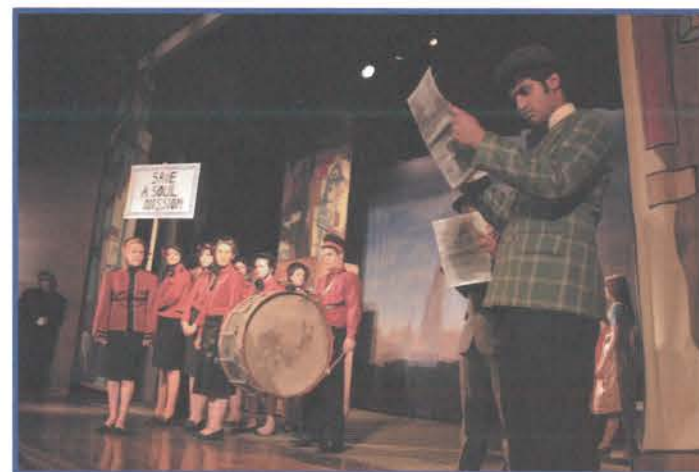
The play was pure fun and benefited from the obvious enthusiasm of everybody involved. The songs were a real highlight, ranging from sweet and romantic ‘Sue Me’ to the show-stopping final rendition of ‘Guys and Dolls’.

Congratulations to the cast and crew for a wonderful production that did justice to one of Broadway’s greatest successes of all time.

Amy Pond



Guys and Dolls



Composers Concert



The Drama Competition

In February an invitation went out to Years 7, 8 and 9 to write a play based on the title "Lost and Found". This play had to involve about eight actors and should last about fifteen minutes or so in performance.

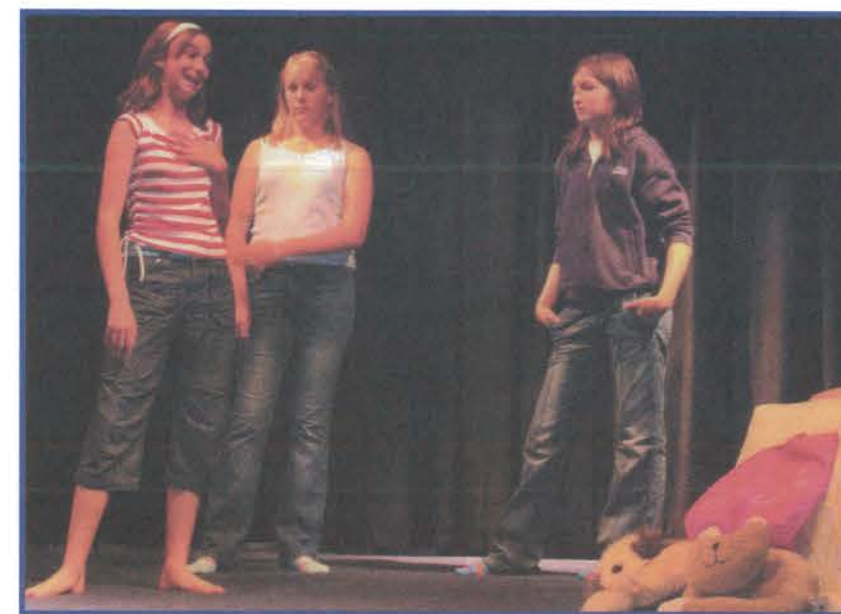
That was the start of this year's drama competition which eventually involved over eighty girls in the lower year groups. Four teams were structured vertically, involving girls of all ages in each group, and every aspect of performance was managed by them, on their own. The winning plays for each team were rehearsed on a strict rota basis, directed, produced, publicised, costumed, stage-managed and lit by the girls themselves. This could be a difficult task for anyone - yet these 11-14 year olds coped excellently delivering polished and entertaining pieces in front of a large audience on a summer evening at the end of term.

Each play interpreted the title very differently. There was a sinister child abductor in the woods during a camping weekend - performed by the Red group. The Green group gave a lively play which incorporated music and singing involving a girl pop group. Three generations of a bickering family which seemed to lose and find most of its possessions was acted out by the Blue group, and the Yellow group performed an interesting play about crime and amnesia.

Miss Amanda Barnes, Head of Drama at QEGS, adjudicated the plays and gave a full positive and constructive report on each one.

Finally, Maria Brook and Grace Farmiloe were awarded the trophies for the best playwrights for the Blue team; and the Yellow team won the prize for the best production. This play was written and directed by Simone Hoggart in Year 9.

Jenny Gore



Green Group in Performance



Girls at the end of the Drama Competition

National Schools' Public Speaking Competition 2004

After being entered for the Schools National Public Speaking Competition 2004, organised by the British Junior Chamber, my first challenge was to prepare a five-minute speech in the style of a debate. From a choice of ten topics, I eventually decided to prepare a debate on 'You Should Never Judge a Book by its Cover'. The competition started with the local round followed by the regional final then the National Final. The various stages became progressively harder as the standard of the competitors and the quality of their presentations greatly increased. Nevertheless, the experience was enjoyable and winning the National Final was a bonus.

You Should Never Judge a Book by its Cover

Over the last few years, Beckham fever has swept the nation. Every boy wants to play football like David Beckham and every girl wants to date David Beckham and in the light of current affairs it seems possible that they may have. He's obviously spent too much time sleeping between the wrong covers! But despite that, aren't he and Posh a stunning couple, when they arrive clad head to toe in Armani. Perfect, immaculate, the height of sophistication - or are they? Let's take a little peek into a shared domesticated moment between Posh and Becks.

(Beckham): These cucumbers are a bit 'ot Victoria

(Posh): They're courgettes David! David, I've had a brain wave! Seeing as you're going to play football in Spain ... we should live there!

The height of sophistication, don't judge a book by its cover.

But of course, we are all serious and substantial people aren't we? We wouldn't be caught behaving like some business men, who can be found sitting comfortably on the GNER travelling from Leeds to London, sipping coffee; whilst engrossed in a Harry Potter book, carefully concealed within the folds of the Daily Telegraph - and indeed, this problem has been addressed by publishers, which led them to bring out, Harry Potter, the adult edition. Exactly the same book, but with a more leather bound sophisticated exterior.

However, with the exception of ourselves of course, many people do tend to judge others by their appearance, for example, this occurred with Joseph Carvery Merrick, who I'm sure many of you will know as the elephant man. He suffered from a rare disease known as multiple neurofibromatosis which gave him tumours and bodily disfigurements from as early as the age of 2. Due to this grotesque

appearance, his family abandoned him and he was made the object of a freak show up until the age of 28 when he died. He was deprived of friendship, family and love - because of his appearance. He was made the object of ridicule because of his appearance. Nobody cared that he was a kind and gentle human being and this feeling of angst of being judged by his cover is expressed in a film, which was later made about his life, in which his character proclaims, "I'm not an animal, I'm a man."

A recent demonstration of society judging a book by its cover is Pop Idol. Many of you will have heard the latest headlines in the pop industry: 'First Fat Pop Star', 'Michelle's Big Challenge', but initially the game was to judge a book by its cover. Many managers would have had the approach "blonde, size 6 waist, can't sing a note - She's our new start!" But by choosing Michelle, it shows us that society is looking beyond the cover, appreciating true talent despite the appearance.

On the whole, with the exception of the elephant man, I have dealt with some of the lighter aspects of this, but there are more serious issues. In 1982 Simon Weston was aboard the Sir Galahad when it was bombed by Argentine planes. The burns he suffered have left him with scars, which to this day still have to be treated. But for companies, however, Simon is the ideal person to talk to and inspire its people. His message is one of a single-minded determination to not only accept what he has but to turn that to his advantage. Simon's own career path clearly demonstrates how a positive attitude can achieve great business goals. His irrepressible humour, infectious enthusiasm and engaging personality are what has made Simon the number one choice for companies who invite him back time and time again, not his appearance. He has not allowed himself to be judged by his cover, because he knows in society that this is wrong.

Much of children's fiction also tries to demonstrate this, for instance Roahl Dahl's Big Friendly Giant? Surely one would tend to think giants were vicious and daunting characters, but we're proved wrong. The same scenario occurs with C. S. Lewis' The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe, Aslan, a friendly lion? But this can now bring us to the conclusion that time is the key element to deriving a person's personality, not their appearance.

Therefore, it can be concluded that assumptions should not be based upon the exterior, a book should not be judged by its cover. It's the interior that counts, the personalities and qualities that lie within and this is expressed in Juliet's simple, yet profound statement to Romeo:

'Thou Art Thyself'

Sonum Batra



Swing Foundation 2003-2004

Our first gig of the year featured the Barcelona tour band for the final time. It took the form of a jazz picnic in Mirfield and included new members Ralph Brown and Thomas McPeake. This wins the award for the coldest gig this year with temperatures reaching record low! Thermals at the ready for Ralph and Tom!

Early October saw another successful Information Morning, while our next engagement was a champagne opening of a suite of luxury penthouse flats in Brighouse. However the flats had not actually been built yet, so the event took place in a derelict mill with winding staircases - a great challenge for the crew!

In the Foundation Christmas Concert, we opened our set with Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer to great acclaim. This starred Santa in his sleigh, pulled by three fully moving reindeer (courtesy of Mr Waters!). The penultimate piece featured Andrew Douglas in Little Drummer Boy in which he amazed the audience with his drumming prowess. The concert was drawn to a wonderful close with a rendition of Respect. Hannah Cunningham was joined by our two new vocalists - Harriette Hale and Jade Harris, with Josh Jeffries, Andrew Herrick and Harry Tabner displaying some superb choreography work featuring tambourines and, of course, the reindeer!

In the spring term our schedule eased off, as many band members were involved in the production of Guys and Dolls. However, we managed to fit in two jazz workshops on the side with some professionals from the jazz world. We were joined for the first one by Steve Berry of Loose Tubes in addition to pupils from Outwood Grange College. The second one was led by Scott Stroman from Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and this time we were joined by Manygates Big Band. Both of these workshops were extremely informative yet fun!

Our next gig was in February, for the West Riding Sailing Club at Wolski's restaurant. Unfortunately, Leah Cousins was waitressing at the restaurant that same night, which involved a very quick change 2 minutes before we were due to play! Another quick change was required for our gig in March. We teamed up with Wakefield Amateur Operatic Society at Wakefield Theatre Royal, the same night as the Guys and Dolls dress rehearsal! This has to have been one of our best gigs of the year with everyone playing outstandingly... not blowing our own trumpets!

Plunged into darkness, we began our first piece at the Summer Concert led by Luke Hutchinson, complete with sombrero. This marvellous performance

of Children of Sanchez was followed by another fantastic solo of In A Sentimental Mood played by Andrew Heyes. Fowl Play showed off all our departing members as each soloed in turn: Paramesh Kumara, Andrew Heyes, Andrew Douglas and Dave West. The band sends best wishes for the future to them all.

By far the most prestigious engagement of the year for the band was Wakefield Girls' High School 125th Celebration Ball! This was held at the Royal Armouries, with an audience of over 800 in attendance! Despite this huge (and slightly overwhelming) crowd, the band did a sterling job of entertaining. Many ex-teachers displayed some well-hidden dancing talents much to the amusement (or was it amazement...?) of us all.

The concluding concert of this year was at Castleford High School to celebrate 100 years of the Castleford Rotary Club. Unfortunately everyone's time (in the band) comes to an end! As it was our last gig with this year's band, it was a tear-jerking and memorable occasion for all.

Naomi Baker,
Sarah Clarkson and
Amy Wray



Amy Wray
V Upper

Answers from Page 61

1. Mrs Langham, 2. Mrs Gill, 3. Mrs Cross, 4. Mrs Carter,
5. Mrs Waterhouse, 6. Mrs Richards, 7. Mrs Bedford, 8. Mrs Hutchins,
9. Mrs Laydon, 10. Mrs Ward, 11. Mrs Robinson



Independent State School Partnerships



The Foundation was treated to a feast of dance, drumming and close harmony singing from the depths of the Sub-Saharan Bush on a cold day in mid November.

Further to months of planning and sponsorship by the Wakefield Partnership, the eight-piece dance troupe "Siyaya" from Bulawayo in Zimbabwe's Matebeleland visited the Queen Elizabeth Grammar School to give a day of workshops and performance to round off their six-month tour of Europe. They had previously visited a number of schools, and had performed at venues such as the Glastonbury Festival and the Edinburgh International Festival this summer.

The four schools in the Foundation were joined by students from Sandal Endowed, Lofthouse Gate, Rooks Nest and Newton Hill Primary Schools, and also Outwood Grange College and Kettlethorpe High School. Students from years 6 and 7 were entertained by Siyaya and then



drawn into a series of workshops concentrating on some very exciting skill by singing and demonstrating intricate patterns, and singing at high volume while dancing a choreographed routine that was quite exhausting to watch. Each set of workshop students left the Q.E. Hall tired yet exhilarated.

The students returned in the evening for Siyaya's spectacular performance. The workshop students had bought in a huge audience, and the Q.E. hall was packed downstairs and up. The first half of the concert kicked off with Siyaya's high-energy traditional dances, singing and percussion. There was little short of 90 minutes of mesmerising visual and aural showmanship, with powerful drumming, dancing and

shaking, singing, ululating, leaping and joking around, during which 2 of the workshop groups were invited on stage to participate with their dances. This half was rounded off with some humorous sketches and songs about the mining townships, involving the miners' helmets, overalls, the gumboot dance, and a brief improvisation from the Bwana (Boss man) for the night, Mr Haigh. After lavish refreshment provided by the Friends of Foundation Music, the second half was a little more relaxed, with Siyaya demonstrating their close harmony skills, and inviting the third workshop group on stage. 500 people left the Q.E. Hall with smiles on their faces and, we hope, a little Southern African sun in their hearts.

Peter Tamblyn



A Day to Remember

You may have noticed the posters up and around school, advertising the group, Siyaya. This group came all the way from South Africa and have visited many places around the UK. The concert, held in the QE Hall over at QEGS was brilliant.

During the day on Tuesday, 16 November many schools including the four Foundation schools, attended a workshop and then went on to perform at the evening's concert.

I attended the workshop and thought it a very enjoyable experience. We were taught a series of different ways in which to play the drum and also we put together our very own piece of music. Everybody got to play their own instrument. We were then taught to dance in the life style of the band and we sung and moved around to the drums.

The concert was great and I listened along with many others and when it came to performing everybody was fantastic and really thought attending the concert was certainly a once in a lifetime chance.

And I think everyone will agree with me saying "It gave us an insight into what life is like for the Siyaya Company. It was definitely a night to remember"

Laura Lockwood



An Interview with Miss Kadic

Bosnian born Miss Kadic has been here at BWGHS, her first teaching post, for over a year now so with clipboard and pen poised we decided to ask her a few questions about her life and how she found settling into this country at a young age.

So how young were you actually when you came to England?

I was 12 years old when I came over from Bosnia to Harrogate originally for 6 months. I came with my family as a result of the war breaking out in Bosnia. The move was all very sudden. We just had to pack and leave and I was told that we would come back home when it was safe to do so. It was only by chance that we managed to come to England. A church in Knaresborough was running a scheme to sponsor some families to come from Bosnia to Harrogate.

What were your first impressions of England?

The people in Harrogate were really friendly and welcoming but I missed my friends in Bosnia. I didn't get chance to say goodbye to them. We just had to leave. The people from the St James Church in Knaresborough were fantastic. They found us a house which used to be the old courthouse in Harrogate and they converted it into a refugee centre for us! They visited us daily and helped us set up in the early months. The big problem for me was school and I hated the uniform!

So you found school quite hard then?

At first I couldn't speak any English but I picked it up in the



end. I got my GCSE in it! I think that's why I ended up in the Science field because when I came here, Maths and Science were the subjects I enjoyed. I didn't really have to understand much English to do well in it.

Did you not want to study languages considering that you could speak two languages fluently already?

At first that was my thought as supposedly when you can already speak two languages, the more languages you learn the easier it gets! I ended up doing all Science A levels and then went to Birmingham University to study Biochemistry followed by achieving my

teaching certificate at Kings College.

Why did you want to be a teacher?

When I was at university I decided I wanted to teach Chemistry as I love the subject and some of my happiest times are from my school days. I often helped out at my own school after I left with things like school trips and I helped run a Chemistry Club at the end of the school year once. Also, I had an excellent Chemistry teacher - Dr Saunders who really inspired me.

Do you ever find yourself having to speak your first language now?

Now I think and dream in English so I guess that's a good sign. My parents still live in Harrogate so I tend to use Bosnian at home. My brother was born here but my mother still taught him Bosnian while he was growing up so he is bi-lingual.



Wakefield Independent/State School Partnership Modern Languages Provision for Gifted and Talented MFL Students

In September 2004 a project drawing together teachers and pupils from state and independent schools in Wakefield was launched. One of the aims of the group was to extend provision for pupils with a particular aptitude for foreign language learning. WGHS, along with QEGS, and eight local state schools were asked to each nominate 10 pupils in Year 10 to take part in a series of Master classes and also work on some web-based activities.

Having so many very gifted and talented linguists at WGHS, the Modern Languages Department had no problem in finding ten eager participants and on 24 November 2004, the girls, along with Miss Cooper and our foreign language assistants, Karine and Elmar, headed off to Trinity and All Saints College, Leeds for the first Master class.

The day began with a plenary session outlining the project to the 101 participating students. The cohort was then divided into small French, German and Spanish groups, who were sent off to a whole variety of workshops staffed by

experts in G and T (Gifted and Talented, of course!) education. During the day our girls attended sessions in critical thinking, PowerPoint story-telling, extension of writing skills, improving reading skills, creativity and grammar... All of course in their specialist language! The French team were fantastic participants in 'Who wants to be a Millionaire?' and all girls managed to interview a native speaker during the lunch break.

Feedback from our G and T linguists was predominantly positive. They feel very special to be the 'chosen ones!' and they especially enjoyed the ICT work and reading skills session. Back in school the girls have already met up, to work on their latest challenge: to create a PowerPoint story. This is where the real fun begins: Nemo meets Mission Impossible....

WGHS participants: Margaret Browning, Katie Evans, Esme Firth, Laura Gibb, Maria Ghaus, Hannah Miller, Charlotte Morris, Zoe Proud, Holly Szoke, Lizzie Wainwright.

Lucie Gaillard – French Assistant



Hello everybody! Let's introduce myself for those who don't know me. My name is Lucie and I came to your school to be a French Assistant. I come from Nantes, near the Atlantic coast, and I have been studying English for ten years, and I plan to carry on because I still have a lot to learn! So when I go back, I'll study again.

Let's talk about this year now. This was my first year of teaching and I thank you so much for being so welcoming, kind and patient to me. I learnt a lot with you all, and I hope you learnt a lot of French too! I was so pleased to make you discover the French language and culture, and I hope you enjoyed them. I'll remember this year for sure! I've had such a great time with you, thank you for that and good luck!...

Akim Akodad – German Assistant



My name is Akim Akodad and I study German and English at Munich University. I was the German Assistant at Wakefield Girls' High School and at QEGS from October 2003 to May 2004.

I am supposed to write some lines and to say that I liked my time here. But that is not really true. Actually, I loved my time here! I had lots of wonderful experiences and have learned many things about British traditions and the English way of life.

I would like to thank everybody at this school for supporting me and I hope that many more students will be able to enjoy the delights of German lessons.



Biology Field Trip to Malham and Filey

With AS exams safely tucked under our belts, we seasoned biologists set off for an ecology experience of a lifetime. OK, so the Doc's promise of equatorial forests and Caribbean beaches was a slight manipulation of the facts, but he is a man and therefore prone to exaggeration.

On arrival at Malham Tarn Field Centre, we had to get kitted out with waterproof leggings and wellies. Being fashion conscious young ladies (oh and a not so fashion conscious old man), we greeted the news with a chorus of disapproval. Indeed Saba took it so personally, she refused to don smelly old green rubber and insisted on wearing a fetching pink and purple pair instead. Go Saba! Disgust soon turned to appreciation though, as we headed for the infamous peat bogs. So as not to disturb this rare habitat, we had to perform thunderbirds puppet impressions as we carefully traversed the sponge-like terrain. Miss Kendall set to, helping us identify weird and wonderful flora, whilst Dr Korosi spent the whole afternoon irritating everyone by using the area as an over-sized trampoline. That there is no justice in life was confirmed when the most petite of our party, May, disappeared down a smelly peat hole beyond her knees (admittedly not that great a distance).

Sanity was temporarily restored the following day when Mrs Liddy and her children joined us on our quest to uncover the secrets of a freshwater stream, but was short lived as we were soon prancing around the centre, pretending to be carnivorous nymphs. Whatever!

Before we had had chance to recover from our traumatic ordeal we were whisked off to Filey by Mrs Riddle and the Doc (again!) to learn about the mating rituals of barnacles, limpets and dog-whelks. Is there no end to our suffering? Caroline was so awestruck by these fascinating creatures that she wedged herself into the rock face (twice) refusing (or unable) to move until they had accepted her as one of their own. It takes all sorts! Accommodation was interesting if not exactly luxurious, especially one sunny Saturday afternoon, when some male member of our team (mentioning no names) managed to get us locked out. To redeem themselves, that same person chose to break in through an open kitchen window, but in true "Winnie the Poohesque" style proceeded to get stuck. Why we rescued him we'll never know!

That same evening we headed for the beach, where Kelly Reddington, clearly still unsettled by previous events, chose to audition for the role of King Canute, attempting to hold back the waves of the North Sea. Judging by the pool of water in the minibus on our return trip, don't give up the day job Kelly!

No trip to Filey would be complete without sampling the delights of the waffle shop, playing crazy golf (or climbing the obstacles in Sarah's and Laura's case) and taking part in a sand castle building competition (someone needs to tell Charlotte, Emily, Liz, Sarah and Clare that it was only a game). We did not disappoint and would like to congratulate Mrs Riddle on giving the doc a lesson in golfing humiliation. GIRL POWER! In spite of the fun we actually did a phenomenal amount of work on the trips and slept soundly for the following week. Alison couldn't have had a better venue to celebrate her 18th birthday. Yeah right!

We would like to thank all the biology staff for preparing and supervising these unforgettable outings.

Sixth Form Biologists



German Exchange Report 2004



I will admit it; there I was on my way to Germany, 17 years old, petrified! Although it seemed like a good idea way back in September when I signed up for the trip, the more I thought about it, the more scared I became - I was going to stay with a stranger for a week and this stranger was German! However having said that from email exchanges with my partner Desiree I had concluded that she seemed very nice and surprisingly normal!

After a short journey by coach we arrived at the Kopernikus Gymnasium in Neubeckum and a huge crowd greeted us. It felt like a cattle market as well, all just stood there in the hall of the school, waiting to be purchased. English on one side and German on another. I watched everyone get struck off and sent to their partners, mouthing 'text me' to them as they walked off. I waited for my turn.

I was assigned to two giants standing quietly in the corner, they took my case and off I went. I didn't really say much in the car, the 5 years of German vocabulary had escaped me but I quickly found my feet when I got back to my home for the next week, in a town called Ahlen about 40 minutes away from Beckum where the rest of my friends were.

They seemed a really nice family. However the father of the family did insist on talking to me about really hard topics very quickly. I just nodded and smiled but you wouldn't believe some of the strange vocabulary I learnt and it was only in the last few days of my stay that I would actually understand what he was talking about. The weekends went really quickly, we went to see 'Mona Lisa's Lacheln' (Mona Lisa's Smile) at the cinema with my partner and one of her friends, and I was really surprised by how much I understood!

During our time in Germany it was 'Karneval' and we were really fortunate to have been in Germany at this time of the year. There is nothing like 'Karneval' in England and compared with 'Karneval' the British seem quite reserved in their festival celebrations. The only words I could use to describe this day are utter madness! The main celebration of 'Karneval' took place on the Monday so we had the day

off school and also Tuesday too! The whole day was taken up with the parade in the town of Beckum and the street parties. There were thousands of people in the street singing German Karneval songs and people throwing sweets and cakes into the crowd from the numerous floats and to top it all off, I was reunited with my friends.

The day after 'Karneval' because we had the day off school, we went to Munster, one of the major cities in the region of Germany that we were in. There, we visited the cathedral and also were witness to some of the buildings that we, the British, destroyed in World War Two.

The next day was my first day at school, up at 5.30 am back home for 2 pm. I had History and IT at school and I am not ashamed to say that I did not really understand any of it. School in Germany is so different to ours: no uniform, the bread van comes at 'Pause' instead of having tuck shop, there is a 5 minute break after every period and there is no assembly. However the main difference is that school finishes 3 hours earlier!

On my last day in Germany, I was greeted with a snow blizzard, which delayed the 6.30 am train so we had to wait for the 7 am train in the freezing snow. I only had RS at school and then the whole exchange party went shopping to Hamm. There we sampled German ice cream and looked and chuckled at German fashion. Later on, in the evening, we went out for 'The Last Supper' where we went for 'German Chinese' - an oxymoron if ever I heard one!

Sadly my week in Germany had ended, we had met many new people and we had learnt a lot...we didn't want to leave...but we would return soon.

On behalf of the German Exchange Party of both Queen Elizabeth Grammar School and Wakefield Girls' High School, I would like to thank Miss Pick, Mrs Firth and Mr Gibb for accompanying us to Germany, giving us reassurance and helping us out of those sticky situations!

Elizabeth Allen



The French Exchange

We set off on Saturday morning from Wakefield station and arrived in Angouleme in France in the evening. Although it was a long journey everyone had fun and the whole group got to know each other but as we drew closer to Angouleme station the train got quieter and quieter as everyone began to think about meeting their hosts who they would be staying with for a week.

We needn't have worried because our hosts were very welcoming and by the time we arrived at the school on Monday most of us felt at home in France. We had lessons in the morning and then in the afternoon we went on a tour around Angouleme seeing all the main sights including the town hall.

On Tuesday we went to lessons again in the morning but in the afternoon we took a bus to Cognac to have a look around the brandy factory there. We even got a small taste of the brandy at the end and I can quite safely say that I won't be having any brandy again!

It was another morning at school on Wednesday but as the French schools get the afternoon off, so did we. Lots of people went ice-skating although I went horse riding and had great fun. Everyone decided that having Wednesday afternoon off was a great idea.

Thursday was a day off lessons and we went to Bordeaux and spent the whole day shopping and just having fun. Six of us managed to get a ride on an old fashioned carousel which was fun. Everyone had a great day and spent most of their money.

With Friday being the last full day as a group we went on a rally around Angouleme (which my group won) and in the afternoon we went bowling and played pool.

Saturday we were all on the train going home. Everyone had had a great time and when we arrived back in England lots of people boomed! Thank you to the teachers that came on the trip with us, we had a really great time and made some really good friends. Merci beaucoup!

Kirsty Vogan

My French Work Experience with Acorn

When I heard that I would have the opportunity to do work experience in France for a week I was thrilled! I absolutely love France and I thought an opportunity to improve my French was one to be taken! Admittedly, when I then heard that I would be working in a railway cafe, I had my reservations. Even more so, when I arrived to be told that "voila!" my uniform for the week was to be an Extra Large bright yellow shirt! But things certainly started to look up when I set my eyes on the man of my dreams...the 50 year old Iraqi head chef who seemed to spend his days singing into a baguette - very French!

On a more serious note, my period of work experience in Nantes was absolutely invaluable. My day consisted of making sandwiches, while chatting to the kitchen staff and serving customers across the bakery counter. Much as I found myself asking very similar questions all day long, the listening practice was fantastic (and I had an opportunity to chat away in French as much as I wanted when I got home to my host family, more about that later!). I was bombarded with a whole host of different accents and speeds of talking and as the week went on I began to feel less like I was target practice (!) and my comprehension improved ten-fold.

Furthermore, I stayed with a host family with whom I covered a large range of dinner conversations from politics to the top ten countries for lavatories in Europe! I won't elaborate except to say that I was well and truly put off my beef kebab! Really though, the host family were extremely hospitable and so eager to help us understand and learn. Mine and Shuchi's host family had previously welcomed several youths taking part in Acorn exchanges to stay with them before from England, America, Germany and Spain so they knew the ropes! I would not have passed up the opportunity to stay with a host family, though I could have stayed in a hostel.

The Acorn leaders who accompanied us down to Nantes in the coach and looked after us for the week were absolutely lovely and you knew they would do their best to sort out any problems you had, and the evenings as a group together really were something else! When we heard that they had activities like bowling and karaoke planned for us, we admittedly were cynical but the whole party of us got on so well that the activities we had thought were "beneath us" and "childish" ended up just topping off the brilliant holiday we were already having. Oh, and trust me a 17 hour journey by coach really isn't as bad as it

sounds when you're on a coach full of 50 plus people your age all singing along to Shrek karaoke!

In short, my confidence in French has improved terrifically, and the whole experience is one not to be missed. I was totally responsible for myself for a whole week (getting a bus then a tram to work and still making sure I arrived on time! (7.30 some days!) and I reckon I have probably gained in maturity. The only thing is...I wanna go again!

Laura Partridge



Rhineland 2004: Phone, Purse and Polizei!

Sunday: travelling from school to Dover in a coach, then Dover to Calais by ferry, Calais to service station in Belgium by coach and finally service station in Belgium to Boppard and our hotel by coach. In the coach we watched Bend It Like Beckham and the girls on the back seat treated us to the Euro 2004 anthem most of the time. We arrived in time for tea, unfortunately, then those who wanted to went for a stroll in Boppard. This was our first chance to get out and about and practise our German.

Monday: We went to a small town where we went up a hill in a chairlift. Most of us were up when Mrs Staveley's chairlift came up and as it was her birthday we treated her to a rendition of Happy Birthday. We then walked down the hill into the town where our group went to a cafe and we all bought an ice cream. That afternoon we took a cruise on the Rhine. The cruise took us past three castles which at one point you could see all of them at once. We had a quiet evening that night.

Tuesday: We went to Bonn and saw the Beethoven Haus then after being shown where the Rathaus was and receiving free t-shirts from a charity promotion stall we were set loose. When we met up we took a trek to where the coach was parked. Then we made our way to the swimming pool. We all enjoyed the swimming as there were three pools, one of them outside, a slide, a current machine and some rope climbing slides.

Wednesday: We went to Koln and had a look round the cathedral. Some of us climbed to the top of one of the towers and enjoyed the view, though it must be said we could still see a McDonalds. Some people went to a chocolate factory where apparently there was a section made to be like the rainforest. The rest of us went shopping. There was also a museum on the Romans which had a mosaic in it made of glass which was almost complete. It was dedicated to Dionysus. After the Koln experience we went back to the hotel. We went to a castle that evening where some of us went in very small 1m high tunnels which boys of 12 and 13 would go in to stop invaders. We went to a cafe next to the castle where the teachers bought everyone a drink. After that we went to the hotel.

Thursday: We went to Fantasia Land which is where the title to this piece comes into effect. There were a fair few rides but my favourite was the rickety train. Unfortunately whilst I was on the train my bag was stolen. The bag was returned but my phone and purse were not in it. The woman to whom the bag had been anonymously returned had quite a few things to say about this, most of them starting with 's' and ending with 't'. Afterwards we found this enormously funny. At the time however I was fairly distressed. The whole day was just set off by on the way home having to stop off at the German Police to report a missing phone and purse. Not a lot of people knew about this, but I am told that after Phillipa, Mrs Staveley and I left the coach to go to the police station, Mrs Singleton informed the entire bus over the loud speaker. At the police station we had to talk to a police officer. I know we all think that the stuff they teach us like how to say your address won't help you in a foreign country but if you ever get stuck in a pickle like this it will come in handy. In the middle of talking to us he had to stop to talk to a person on the phone. Mrs Staveley later told us that he was having a conversation with a man who had been forced out of his flat because of an unknown reason and his wife and children were living there and that he had thought he would force them out instead so he could live there. Anyway the man was telling him that he could go, or they could come and force him out. After we had done we went back to the hotel and played some games set up by Mrs Singleton. We had a fun time and enjoyed ourselves.

Emma Sheard and Phillipa Kurwie



Rhineland Visit, Summer Half Term 2004

38 girls from IV Middle and IV Upper accompanied by 4 members of staff travelled to the Rhineland this summer for a week's rest and recuperation after the rigours of the preceding school exam week.

Here's what they will remember from their trip:-

"Going to Boppard in the evenings. The streets were lively with lots going on and the ice-cream was very good too!" (Amber O'Donnell)

"Walking through the underground tunnels of the Rhine castle holding hands in a long chain and singing "follow me!" (Ruth Switalski)

"Miss Kendall and Miss Kadic had to fetch their birth certificates to prove they were over 18 because the barman in the hotel wouldn't serve them alcohol!"

"The Tower of Terror at Fantasia Land. I was so frightened before I went on it, but I ended up going on three times. My voice was hoarse afterwards!" (We all screamed a lot - including the staff). (Jess Theile)

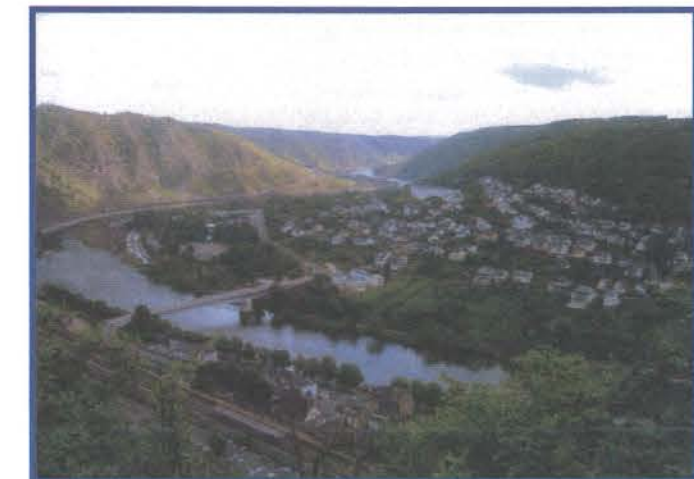
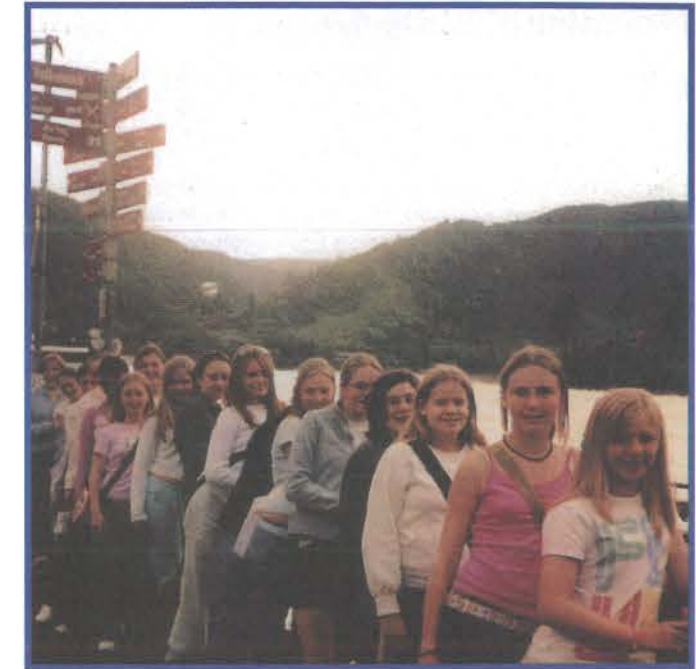
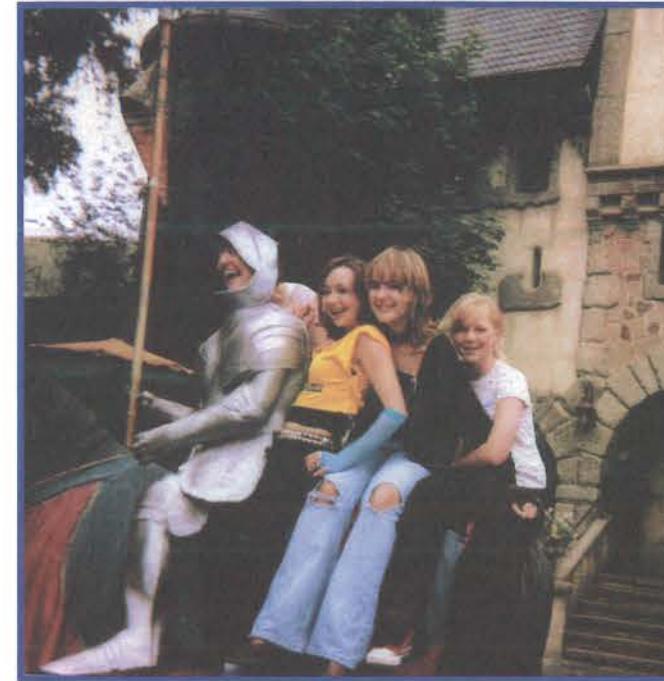
"My best memory was climbing up 511 steps to the top of the cathedral in Cologne, then looking down and enjoying the views!" (Amy Rennison)

"Hanging an England flag from the balcony and playing the England Football Anthems CD on Emily's CD player at maximum volume!" (Bethany Doughty)

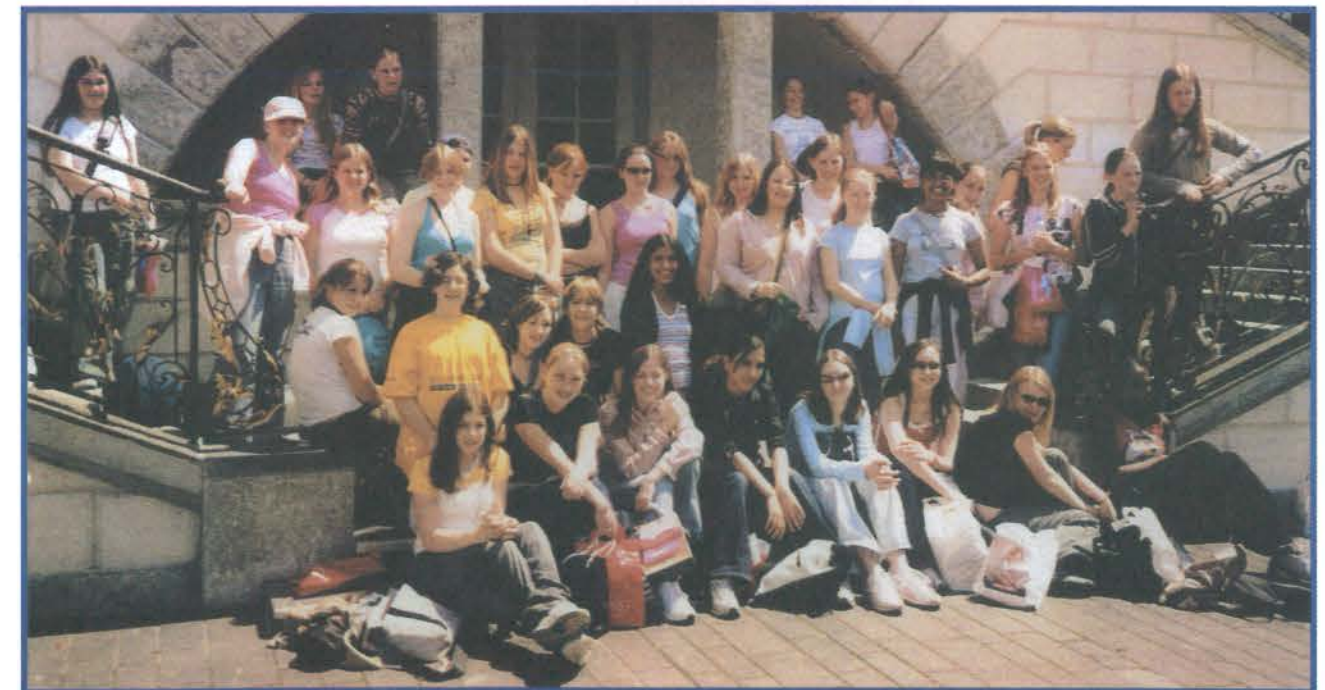
"Walking down to Boppard on a warm night and eating yummy ice-creams whilst watching ducks and boats flow past on the River Rhine. The scenery was very beautiful." (Olivia Taylor and Lucia Jackson)

We hope that Jess Falk and Danielle Saunders speak for everyone when they say "I will never forget how much fun we all had over the 6 days in Germany.... Every experience I will remember forever".

Lynne Staveley



Rhineland Visit, Summer Half Term 2004



Out and About

Normandy 2004

One o'clock Sunday morning, the coach is packed and ready to go, the coach falls silent as we drive off. Six in the morning we're at the ferry terminal waiting, waiting and we're getting on the ferry. We have a private lounge, a couple of films, a bit of seasickness and we're in Caen. A few hours drive and the Chateau de Tertre is in front of us. It's raining. We have a guided tour of the grounds by Katie our PGL representative, have tea, then go to our rooms and go to bed.

Monday, we go to Fougeres and do a small investigation for the French lesson we have had earlier that morning. Lots of people are eating pastries and enjoying them. We have a delicious lunch on the rocks outside le Mont St Michel then go along the battlements to the top. We are set loose and go to do some souvenir shopping. We reassemble near the cannons later to go back to the chateau for tea, then games in the gym. Lots of games later we finish with the longest line. Mrs Jones is asked to pick the strangest object. An item of Becky's, we all laugh when Mrs Jones picks it up to show us all. We go to bed.

Tuesday, it's time to go buy our own food from Ernee market then prepare a cold lunch. My group makes a chicken, mayo, cucumber and lettuce sandwich out of a baguette sliced all the way down the middle. We win best presentation whilst at the same time having great fun getting lettuce, mayonnaise and chicken on the table on floor. Oh and chairs. Afternoon, we're split into four groups then sent off to do activities. My group do abseiling first with Big C and Stube going down the side of the abseil tower three or four times. Then we go to do intellect games in a garden playing Dr Who and Spiders web and various others. Then we go to have tea then get changed to go to the creperie where the teachers buy us five euros of pancakes or a pancake and a drink each. We all look at menus then go up to the counter and order in French. Stuffed we make our way back to the coach. As soon as we get back its bedtime.

Wednesday, we go to Mayenne and have a survey to do. After we've finished we can do some shopping yippee. To Hyper-U to do some food shopping. Then back to the chateau for lunch and more activities. We do the low ropes course first using the fist, no sorry, the dude of friendship to help us across the difficult sections. Moving on to orienteering my group came second out of three groups, finding the markers and punching the cards. Soiree, ending with girls and boys (it was mixed schools) in two separate lines facing dancing to 'You're The One That I Want'.

Thursday, we are leaving but on our way to the ferry terminal we stop off at Bayeux to see the tapestry, which was interesting, then more shopping before getting on the ferry and crossing to Portsmouth. Back on the coach we watch a film, change drivers and we're in Wakefield outside the school gates. Home.

Emma Sheard

IVL Trip to Bradford Photography Museum and Ice-Skating Rink

On Tuesday, 20 January 2004 the IV Loweres went on a trip to Bradford Photography Museum and Ice-Skating Rink.

In the Photography Museum's IMAX cinema we watched 'Space Shuttle' - it was a fantastic film showing us what it would be like to live in space. I would miss my comfy bed and chocolate! We had a good look around the museum and I particularly enjoyed being a news reporter.

After lunch we went ice-skating which we all enjoyed, even Mr Elmes and Miss Hawkridge had a go!

The whole day was very enjoyable and we would love to go back again. Thank-you to all the Mums who helped on the trip.

Georgina Guy



Lauren Addy V Upper



The Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme

D of E Expedition - 30 April to 2 May 2004

Day 1

Day 1 was an eventful but successful day as we surprised ourselves by arriving back at camp first but very weary. We set off from the car park in Baslow at about 11 o'clock, second to last. Our first problem was when we got to the end of the car park we didn't know which way to go! After getting past this first hurdle we continued without getting lost and taking a few breaks. We stopped for lunch and this was the first time we saw the teachers. Dr. Korosi came on his bike and told us to get a move on as we were quite behind. We continued all afternoon walking along with solid determination. Our energy was kept up by taking a large amount of energy tablets and with the help of these we all sang for a long part of the way. Our main motto was "Just keep walking, walking, walking" which I turned into a chant and kept on singing until everyone got really annoyed! We made one wrong turn on a footpath in the afternoon but we realised before going too wrong and soon got back on the right track. We arrived back at the campsite at 6.30 pm. We were all very, very tired but happy and surprised to be first. The best thing is that we worked really well as a group all co-operating with no arguments whatsoever which is what D of E is all about!

Day 2

We set off from the campsite at about 9 o'clock after quite a good night's sleep. We began walking with longer steps than the previous day as were slightly more exhausted. We stopped for lunch without getting lost at all in the morning. It was a lovely place by a river with a bench but unfortunately in front of the bench was a massive cow pat in the grass which Catherine Helme had the luck of standing in 3 times much to all of our amusement. We also had a fiasco with a golden Labrador which kept on returning to our picnic much to the frustration of its owner. In the afternoon we only got lost slightly but we were soon back on track. We met a few other groups and we all had a little moan to each other about how much we ached etc. I (Alice) was rationed to 2 energy tablets on this second day as everyone found me too hyper and too much singing the previous day. Also every time I started singing I was quickly hushed up with the promise of an energy tablet. Even though we were all exhausted we still didn't argue at all and we finally reached the campsite fourth after climbing up the killer steps which seemed to go on forever. Everyone has lots of blisters, bruises and sunburn but we were still smiling. (Also as a point of interest on the walk we saw some Llamas which were in a field - in the middle of Derbyshire!!) We had a good evening but I was so tired I fell asleep ages before everyone else. I don't think I have ever slept so well in a tent. We learnt many things on this D of E Expedition but the most important thing is that working as a good team made it really enjoyable.

Alice Farmiloe

Award Winners 2003-2004

GOLD AWARD

Kathryn Basford
Susanna Currie
Kathryn Edwards
Eloise Fowler
Elizabeth Grove
Suzie Philippon
Katie Stephenson

SILVER AWARD

Claire Anderson	Jennifer Bloom
Holly Butterworth	Katrina Craig
Keturah Dodd	Sally Grove
Josie Hall	Rebecca Harris
Sana Khan	Natalie Potts
Philippa Ramsden	Catherine Raynor
Kelly Reddington	Hannah Seymour
Charlotte Swift	Laura Tattersley
Laura Weightman	Sarah Wilson
Rebecca Zserdicky	

BRONZE AWARD

Joanna Aldoori	Naomi Baker
Penny Butterworth	Louise Chung
Emily Duckitt	Jenny Dyer
Alice Farmiloe	Rosie Fox
Sally Grove	Phillipa Kiernan
Sophie Major	Joy Newton
Jigna Patel	Rachel Paxton
Laura Phillips	Rosie Pollitt
Philippa Ramsden	Francesca Rukin
Helen Salmon	Suzie Saperia
Laura Smith	Abbey Sykes
Natalie Taylor	Emily Taylor
Ruth Townend	Rebecca Wathen
Roz Williams	Sarah Wilson
Rosina Wolverson	Holly Woolven



The Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme

Duke of Edinburgh Gold Awards – St James' Palace – 9th March 2004

In March of this year I was lucky enough to be invited as a guest at St James' Palace for the Gold Award Presentations. When students achieve this prestigious award they are invited to a special presentation at the Palace along with a guest, usually a family member. About 11 of our girls, all now at university, were going to be there and this year WGHS was also invited to send someone to act as a marshal. This is quite a daunting job as the marshal is responsible for a group of about 20 awardees and introduces the group to the Duke of Edinburgh himself. Our D of E team asked Mrs Margaret Andrassy if she would like to marshal, even though she had recently retired from teaching at the school, in recognition of her long service to the scheme. I was delighted and excited to be asked if I would also like to go.

It was a freezing cold morning as Mrs Andrassy and I travelled down by train, all dressed up to the nines with posh hats ready for the grand occasion. We lunched at a cosy Italian restaurant on Old Oxford Street and then taxied to the Palace. Then began a long period of waiting as all the participants arrived and queued outside and the marshals were ushered in to be appraised of their duties. The waiting and the shivering were made enjoyable, though, as all our girls and parents arrived and we could catch up with gossip about school and university. Eventually

we were shown to our places in the Palace itself. There were about 300 people there to collect their awards, split into groups of about 20 spaced out across 3 rooms. Each room was to have a 'celebrity' to make the actual presentation. Ours was Richard Gainsford, the roving reporter for GM TV, who told us about his time in Iraq during the war and his planned follow-up visit. Eventually the Duke arrived and as he toured the rooms he stopped to speak to each marshal and to members of the guest groups and the awardees. When he was introduced to Mrs Andrassy he spent quite a long time chatting about the origins of her surname. As she explained that her husband's family had come to England from Bavaria in the 1800's he was quite excited as he claimed a friendship with Count Andrassy and wondered if there might be a connection. We have such aristocratic staff at the High School! He also spent some time chatting to Roshini Kulanthaivelu about her expedition in France.

Once the presentations were complete we were allowed to wander around the official Palace rooms before setting off home, so we had an extra bonus to what had already been a lovely event. Gaining Gold is such a fantastic achievement that Mrs Andrassy and I were proud to be part of the occasion – a great day.

Mrs K Preston

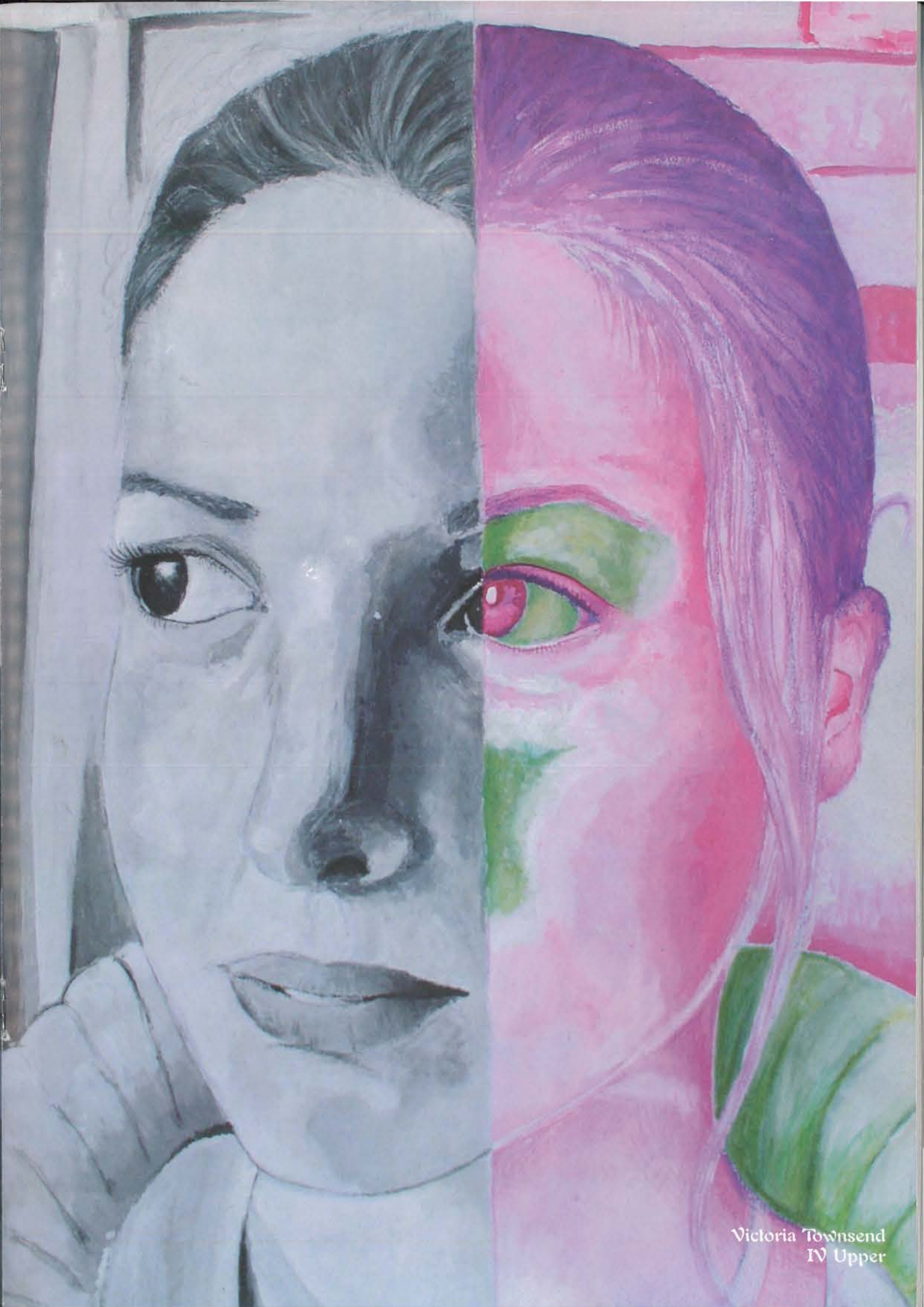


Harriett Hale
V Upper





Emily Hutchinson
IV Upper



Victoria Townsend
IV Upper

Cross Country

The cross country runners have had another excellent season in school.

In the Wakefield Championships individually the girls did very well, with Lizzie White placed 3rd in the Under 13 section, Sarah Higgins winning the Under 15 title and Georgina Thickett coming 8th. In the Under 17 age group Kirsty Vogan came 7th.

The named girls along with Jasmine Kerry and Jacqui Howes qualified for the West Yorkshire Championships where Sarah Higgins came 1st in the Under 15 event with Jacqui Howes 46th and Georgina Thickett 40th. At the Under 17 level, Kirsty Vogan came 25th and at Senior level Jasmine Kerry came 2nd. Sarah and Jasmine qualified for the English Schools Cross Country Championships in Maidstone.

At this event Sarah came 70th in the Under 15's, Jasmine came 36th in the Under 19's. With more than 300 competitors running in each race these were very good results.

Miss Applewhite

Athletics

The athletes have succeeded as a team and individually this season. Congratulations should go to the athletes who regularly attended practices and have shown enthusiasm to improving their performance and trying new events. The collective effort of the athletes has produced strong team performances in matches again Bradford Girls, Queen Margaret's and in the Jubilee League.

The English Schools Cup continues to be a successful competition for the school teams. This year the Junior team finished Round One in first place and progressed to the Regional A Final. The Intermediate team was also successful, finishing second in Round One and progressing to the Regional B Final.

The Junior team went on to once again win their match and as a result qualified for the English Schools Cup Final in Gateshead. The team finished a well-deserved 12th place with excellent performances from individual team members. Hannah Evenden threw brilliantly in the discus to gain the Championship Record with 31.52 metres.

Individually, seven girls qualified for the West Yorkshire Schools Championships at Thornes Park. Great potential was shown by many of the junior girls, with six being placed, two of them in first position. First places went to: Hannah Evenden - Junior Discus and Zoe Hodges - Junior High Jump. Also in the high jump Natalie Lynch competed for the Intermediate Girls finishing in third place. Following this meeting Hannah Evenden was selected to compete in the English Schools Final, which once again took place in Gateshead. Hannah improved on the record throw gained during the English Schools Cup Final with a throw of 31.92m to finish in fourth place.

Sports Day is always enjoyable for the pupils and staff with wholehearted competition between the forms. Pupils performed well on the track and field, the Victrix Ludorum winners were: IVL - Elizabeth White, IVM - Sophie Woolven, IVU - Zoe Hodges, VL - Rebecca Kearney.

Finally, on behalf of myself and all the athletes I would like to thank the PE staff for their dedication and encouragement throughout the season.

Jasmine Kerry



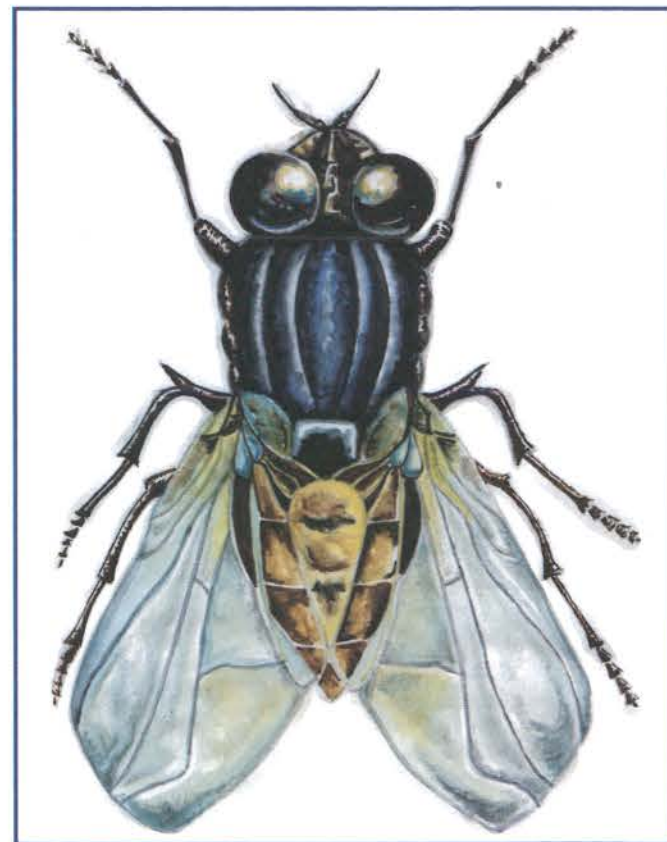
Rebecca Barber VI Upper



Sarah Brookes V Upper



Francesca Rukin V Upper



Sarah Brookes V Upper



Vicky Peacock



Helen Palfrey



Elizabeth White

Netball

U12

The U12's have made an excellent start to their school netball career. Attendance at club has ranged from twenty to forty people varying in standard depending on their previous netball experience. They have all progressed over the season improving their technique and developing their games play. They have a super attitude towards the sport and have been a pleasure to coach. This season three were selected for the district squad. They were runners up in the District Tournament losing in a closely fought final, so there is still lots to work on next year. They have played 31, Won 18 and Lost 8 and drawn 5, scoring 228 goals and conceding 125.

U13

The U13's have had a successful season with practices very well attended. We have run a 1st and 2nd team and all players have shown commitment and a desire to improve. They have the ability and talent to beat any school in the Area and are always disappointed when they lose. This competitive edge is always positive and they have lots to work on next season in order to regain their District crown which they lost to Silcoates in this year's District Tournament. Individual congratulations go to Sophie Woolven who was selected for the U14 County Squad and to the five girls who were selected for the District. They have played 19, won 11, lost 8 and drawn 1, scoring 175 goals and conceding 152.

U14

Practices have been well attended and we have been able to put forward a regular 'B' team who have played with great determination against tough opposition. During the season the U14 'A' team have grown in confidence and have come together and play as a strong team unit. Their level of ability was highlighted in the final of their Area Tournament where they played with grit and determination and narrowly lost by 1 goal in a closely contested final. Congratulations go to the girls selected for the U15 District team and to Charlotte Crapper, Jacqui Howes and Narelle Beckley-Perry who were selected for the U14 County team. This season the U14's have played a total of 22 matches, won 8 and lost 14.

U15

The U15's comprise a squad of very able and skilful players who have worked well together as a team unit. Training with the seniors has given them good match practice and they have benefited from playing older girls in these sessions. They were runners up in the final of their Area Tournament and were outright winners for their age group in the West Yorkshire Tournament. Congratulations go to the two girls who were selected for the U15 District team and to Olivia Hussain and Carolyn Sharpe who were selected for the U16 County squad. This season the U15 squad have played a total of 15 matches, won 11 and lost 4.



U15 Netball Squad

U16

This year the U16 team have continued to go from strength to strength. Although they were disappointed in their performance at the West Yorkshire Tournament they put that behind them and worked hard on developing their tactical play and correcting their mistakes. As a result of their hard work they should be congratulated on convincingly winning their Area tournament and narrowly



U16 Netball Squad



missing out on a place in the final of the County round of the National Schools Championships. Individual congratulations go to Laura Allen who was selected for the U16 County Squad and to Holly Woolven who was selected for the U18 age group. Both players were also selected for the North of England Squad. Overall this season the U16's have played a total of 14 matches, won 11, lost 2 and drawn 1.

U18

After returning from New Zealand and Australia, the U18's were full of exciting tactics and strategies designed to improve their overall style and standard of play. Throughout the season they have maintained a strong and competitive spirit and have played well against tough opposition. They won their Area Tournament in style and progressed to the semi finals in the first round of the National Schools. Individual congratulations go to Olivia Smith and Emily Jeffries who were selected for the U18 County Squad.

Once again the Dewsbury League has proved to be a successful time for our senior team. The girls are currently winners of their section and are poised to move up a division next year. All squad members have put a lot of time and effort into their training and matches. They have displayed a great deal of potential and always play with a great attitude. They have been a great team, for the younger ones to look up to and they have been a pleasure to coach. This season they have played a total of 24 games, won 18 and lost 6.

Mrs Tingle and Mrs Robinson

Hockey

This has been a building year for the senior team with many new players establishing themselves in the 1st and 2nd teams. The 2nd XI have played some good matches against strong opposition and many players have improved their skill level and will be hoping to be selected for the 1st XI next year.

The 1st XI have had a successful season winning 15 matches, scoring 60 goals and only losing 4 matches but unfortunately were at untimely moments in the National Competitions as we were knocked out at the West Yorkshire semi-finals stage.

The U16 team won all their matches without conceding a goal to be crowned Wakefield District Champions.

The U15 squad have also worked hard and have been keen to improve their overall skill level. Of the 11 games played they have won 6 and lost 5. In the Wakefield District Finals they were again successful with convincing wins.

The U14 squad have attended practices every week and out of the 16 matches played, they won 8, drew 4 and only lost 4. In the National Schools competition they were unfortunately unsuccessful but in the Area Tournament they were again undefeated to become Wakefield Area Champions.

The U13 team have remained undefeated all season playing 16 and winning 16 and in the Wakefield Area Tournament they won all their games without conceding a goal to become Wakefield Champions.

At U12 level we entered two teams in the District League. The B team played well to finish 4th and the A team were unbeaten all season to be crowned Wakefield District Champions. The A squad also reached the final of the Hymers Invitational Tournament.

Many thanks to all the PE Department for their support throughout the season.

Bethany Bradshaw (Hockey Captain)

Indoor Hockey Report

The season has again been dominated with the U16 National Clubs/ Schools event. The team have played successful matches against the Seniors and the QEGS boys and with a lot of hard practice their general play has improved considerably. Although the squad comprises of many younger players they showed real skill and determination to win the North of England Finals and qualify for the National Finals at Worcester. At these finals the girls came up against much stronger and older opposition but they showed real character and although they did not win any matches they gained a lot of experience, which will be a tremendous benefit for next season. We look forward to another successful season. Many thanks to Mrs MacGregor for her time and commitment.

Bethany Bradshaw (Indoor Hockey Captain)

Tennis Report

This year the weather was kind with the squad practices being well attended and with lots of enthusiasm, setting our players off to a good season.

The senior team, having drawn on the 1st round of the Summer Aberdare cup, unfortunately lost on sets. All the age groups however, went on to perform well in the Jubilee league. Our 1st couple, Emily Ward and Alex Cummine finished 4th, with the 2nd couple, Laura Allen and Lisa Howes finishing 2nd. Our U15 couple, Jacqui Howes and Julia Swift finished 5th with our U12's, Alice Castle and Olivia Dobson finishing 2nd. The staff were also successful with Mrs MacGregor and Mrs Tingle 2nd, and Mrs Hartley and Mrs Robinson 4th.

Winter saw Charlotte Morris and Julia Swift finishing 4th in the County Schools with Elizabeth Brown and Charlotte Walker finishing 3rd. Unfortunately, we did not get any places in the National Schools Tournament.

Overall we achieved 3 wins to only 2 losses against Yorkshire schools this season - great effort by all the girls.

I hope that everyone has enjoyed this season and good luck to all of you for next year.

Lisa Howes



Sports News and Reviews

Wakefield District Hockey Champions U12-U16



Higgins Group National Indoor Championships
Perdiswell Leisure Centre 2004



Charities

Charity Fundraising 2004

Designated Charity	Details	Amount
Spring Term		
Breakthrough Breast Cancer	Sale of ribbons, V Upper Xmas Cards	92
Bluebell Wood Children's Hospice	Staff Xmas Cards, Badges, IV Middle RG Charity Fair	338
National Kidney Research	Breakfasts - Mrs Ward	30
Pets as Therapy	IV Middle SDB Charity Fair	84
Whale and Dolphin Conservation	IV Middle PE Charity Fair	39
British Heart Foundation	IV Middle SAP Charity Fair	20
Cancer Research UK	IV Middle AJC Charity Fair	43
Macmillan Nurses	IV Middle AJC Charity Fair	43
UNICEF	Non Uniform Day	650
Summer Term		
Aqua Boxes	Purchase of 'Aqua Boxes' to fill with items to send abroad	94
International League for the Protection of Horses	IV Lower Lunchtime Karaoke	70
Teenage Cancer Trust	Plays performed by IV Uppers	105
Issenye High School, Tanzania	Raffle	3300
Wakefield Hospice	Foundation Ball at Royal Armouries 22/05/04	2265
Shelter	Non Uniform Day 30/06/04	570
Make A Wish Appeal	'Before They Were Famous' Concert by Sonum Batra 24/06/04	300
Sport Relief	Fun Run 02/07/04	400
Wakefield Hospice	Tickets for concert at the Academy Theatre, Barnsley on 03/07/04	175
Autumn Term		
Muscular Dystrophy Research	Sponsored Bike Ride in the Summer Holidays	3123
NSPCC	"Mathionaire" (Maths Quiz)	250
	Genes for Jeans Day 01/10/04	700
Breakthrough Breast Cancer	Pink Day and Staff Xmas Cards and Raffle	1150
Wakefield Hospice	Sponsored Walk 19/09/04	845
Children In Need	Lunchtime Karaoke 16/11/04	100
Teenage Cancer Trust	Advent Service Collection 30/11/04	520
The Laura Crane Trust	Charity Fair 14/12/04	250
World Aids	Bun Sales	50
Haiti Appeal	Support for hurricane victims	150
TOTAL		£15756

Charities Report 2004

WGHS girls have worked with great enthusiasm and great dedication to raise the largest amount for charity we have ever achieved. There has been a number of fund raising activities throughout the year and as well as the obvious pleasure in being able to offer beneficial help to a variety of worthwhile causes, it has been most encouraging to see how the girls have thrown themselves into raising money for others in need and along the way have learned many 'life skills', such as how to market and organise a public event, approach sponsors for financial support and how to work co-operatively with one another.

As the amount of charitable involvement has grown throughout the year it seemed appropriate to form a Charities Committee and this committee has met regularly to decide on recipients for our usual fund raising such as the Non Uniform Days and Advent Service collection and also the committee organised a Charity Fair just before Christmas on behalf of the Laura Crane Trust. Laura Crane was a 15 year old schoolgirl from Huddersfield who became ill as she was studying for her GCSEs. After a long battle against a complex mix of four cancers, Laura died just two weeks after her 17th birthday. Her parents started the trust to find measures to improve the quality of life for teenagers and young adults with cancer and also to fund a cancer research project at St James' hospital in Leeds.

As well as raising money for important causes we have supported other schemes such as the collection of Christmas Shoe Boxes organised by the charity Samaritan's Purse. This year we were able to send 230 boxes with Christmas presents for needy children in Hungary.

We also supported the Rotary initiative of providing Aqua Boxes. The idea of these boxes is that they collect a good amount of polluted water which can then be converted into drinking water by the filter and water purifying tablets which each box contains. This is obviously an invaluable help in crisis situations where the loss of the water supply is the greatest threat to the lives and well being of survivors. As these boxes are going out to disaster areas, instead of sending them out empty it makes sense to fill them with objects which would be useful for families in a crisis such as simple tools, toiletries and a set of clothing for each family member.

We have also sent over 10,000 used stamps to support the Children's Trust, a school for children with special needs in Surrey.

We were very delighted that WGHS girls have once again won the Princess Diana Memorial Award. This year the honour goes to Hannah Seymour and Charlotte Sylvester who have been visiting a senior citizen in Wakefield as part of our community outreach programme.

Thanks go to this year's charity prefects: Elena MacDuff-Clack, Barnaley Baruah, Hannah Stirling Martin and Lauren Addy for all their hard work.



Charities



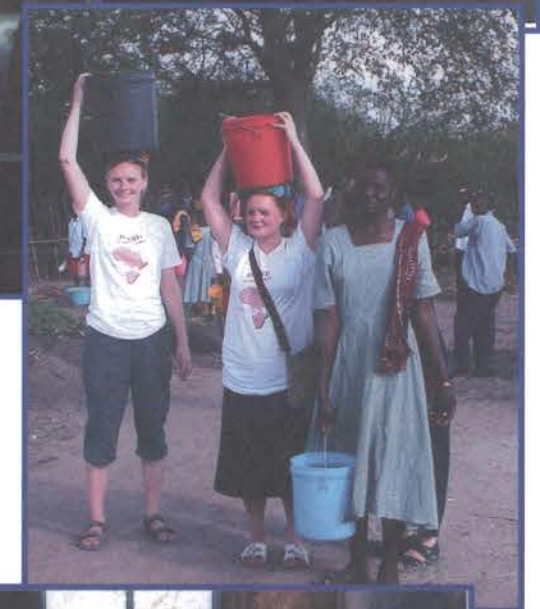
Charities

WGHS/Issenye Link

The link with Issenye Secondary School continues. Although there was not the usual group of Sixth Formers as in previous years, we still were represented by one - Rebecca Maclean. It is always a life changing experience realising that the things we take for granted are not available in this fascinating country of Tanzania.

Rebecca went down to collect water with the girls (her bucket was quarter full) from a well 2km away. This is the only source of water. It is a massive daily activity to provide the school of 450 pupils, 22 teaching staff and everybody else who works in the school with water for all basic needs.

Val Denison



Charities

Brave Bikers Bring Home the Bacon

Who could have thought that a Friday assembly last year, when a group of mad for it Year 11 girls, sped dangerously through the Jubilee Hall to a fanfare of "I want to ride my bicycle" would act as the catalyst in generating an incredible sum of £3260 for muscular dystrophy.

On August 22, 2004, the sleepy seaside resort of Morecambe was rudely awoken by 16 "ladies" of WGHS wearing bright orange t-shirts and cycling shorts! Not a sight for the faint hearted! Loaded down with beach pebbles and endless amounts of junk food, biological principles were defied, as our girls enjoyed the first day's riding into the foothills of the dales in glorious summer weather.

What a difference a day makes! The morning of the 23rd heralded a return to midwinter. However freezing rain, powerful headwinds and endless up-hills do not defeat the Wentworth Street clan, and incredible determination (and tremendous support from our minibus crew) saw these queens of the mountains through to Masham, soaked but not dispirited.

The vale of York provided welcome relief to tired legs on our third day; that is until the serenity was broken, by the early inclines of the infamous Sutton bank. Three miles of a 1 in 4 hill climb. Bring it on! No sweat, and what a fun descent into Helmsley.

Day 4, our final journey, meant yet more hills but by now, even the north face of Everest wouldn't have stopped these super youngsters completing their quest, a fact exemplified by one of our party (who will remain nameless) suddenly discovering that she had a further 15 lower gears on her bike. The sense of achievement felt whilst cycling along Scarborough's Marine Drive and jettisoning those pebbles into the North Sea was simply awesome.



For me personally, this was a trip of a lifetime and a humbling experience. If the future of our country lies in the hands of these amazing young women I for one am very optimistic. May I extend my gratitude to the cyclists Jasmine Henderson, Gemma Johnson, Sarah Frankland, Sophie Monk, Clare Anderson, Liz Williams, Jackie Jones, Jenny Domaille, Lizzie McCloy, Laura Philips, Sana Khan, Natalie Taylor and Rosina Wolverson and our support crew of Helen Holmes, Jenny Dyer and Jenny Bloom. A special thank you too, to Mr and Mrs Jones, Miss Kendall, Dr Duerden-Brown and her husband who selflessly gave up their free time, and without whom the trip could not have occurred, and of course to all of you who generously sponsored us.

And yes, coast-to-coast 2, the sequel is in the planning stage for next year!

Jonathan Korosi



National Breakfast Week

Wakefield Girls' High School celebrated National Breakfast Week by providing a range of breakfast dishes from 7.45 am until 8.30 am.

Bacon sandwiches were the most popular but girls and staff tucked into porridge, muffins, scotch pancakes and toast with tea, coffee and fresh orange juice.

The week was very successful with 48 bacon sandwiches being made and eaten each morning.

Miss Hawkrige and Mrs Ward were in school bright and early!!! to ensure all preparations were made before the 'rush' at 8.10 am.

£105 was raised, with £30 going to Kidney research, a pasta maker for Food Technology and some decorative paints for Textile Technology.

Julia Ward



Governors



Back Row l to r: David Peckett, Claire Lawton, Robert Hardy, Tim Stephenson, Moray Bisset, Pat Langham, Mike Gibbons, Daphne Cawthorne, Douglas Metcalfe, Mike Mordue, Carol Shawcross, Dennis Wheatley, Ray Annable, Lorraine Ellis.

Front Row: Elizabeth Settle, Martin Bousfield, Megan Waugh, Robert Gage, Richard Hemsley, Chris Haigh, Mark Domaille.

Co-opted Governors (Normally Five Year Term of Office)

Martin Bousfield	Michael Mordue
Irene Dalton	David Peckett
Mark Domaille	Dr Carol Shawcross
Christine Haigh	Robert Turner
Michael Harrison	Megan Waugh
Douglas Metcalfe	Dennis Wheatley

Nominated Governors (Normally Four Year Term of Office)

Nominated by the Chapter of the Cathedral Church of All Saints, Wakefield
Canon Robert Gage

Nominated by the Council of the University of Huddersfield
Dr Ray Annable

Nominated by the Council of the University of York
Professor Jane Moody

Nominated by the Council of the University of Sheffield
Dr Lorraine Ellis

Nominated by the Council of the Mid Yorkshire Chamber of Commerce and Industry
Claire Lawton

Nominated by the Council of the University of Leeds
Dr Tim Stephenson



Memories of Speech Day - Friday, 12 November 2004

The opening remarks were cordially made by Canon Robert Gage prior to four Sixth Form girls, namely Harriette Hale, Hannah Watson, Jenny Stafford and Naomi Baker taking to the stage to sing 'God So Loved the World' from Stainer's Crucifixion. This unaccompanied piece was sung beautifully.

The Headmistress duly thanked the Canon and the other dignitaries, which included the Lady Mayor and the Deputy Mayor and his wife and proceeded to deliver her report which was most informative and full of exciting news. Probably one of the biggest achievements of the year was the opening of the new building after many years of planning and construction.

Although Mrs Langham and the Foundation had agreed not to talk about league tables, as they can be misleading, when you are at the top of one of them it is hard not to comment publicly about this! Once again our girls have been very successful in the public examinations with over 70% of the GCSE results being grade A or above. All A2 candidates were placed at universities within two days of receiving their results. On the theme of league tables, the school has been voted the second friendliest school in the country by the founders of the Friends Reunited website!

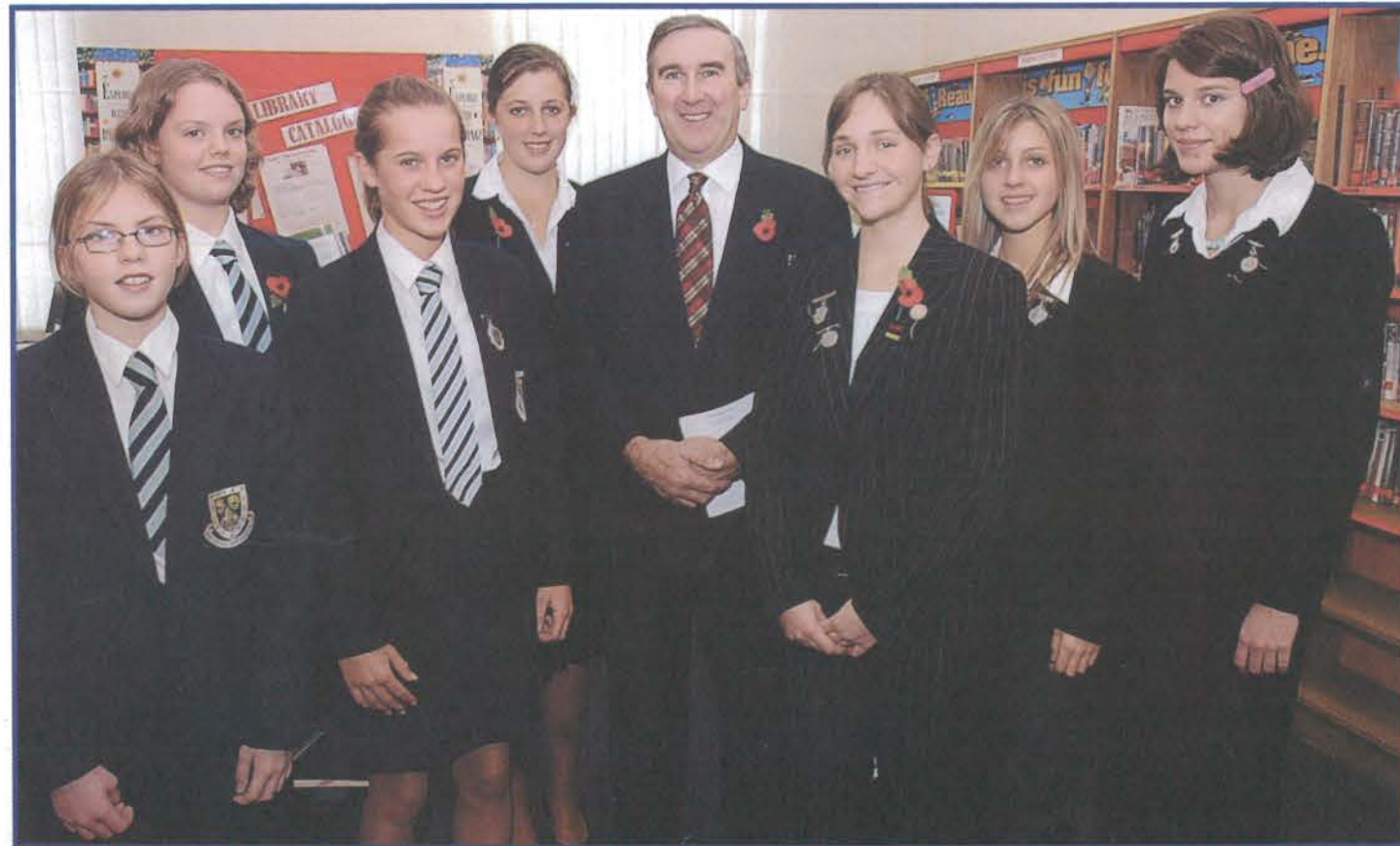
The girls have worked hard this year not only from an academic point of view but have raised £12,000 for various charities. At the end of the summer term to celebrate the

school's 125th anniversary year, the whole school visited Alton Towers. Mrs Langham's lasting memory of the day was sitting or rather flying alongside Mrs Staveley at the front of the Air ride listening to our girls singing at the top of their voices "I believe I can fly!"

The Headmistress reported on the Ogden scholarships and how links were being fostered with state schools enabling gifted and talented students from both sectors to work together.

We were incredibly lucky to have author and local celebrity Gervase Phinn as Guest of Honour this year and he was to distribute the prizes and of course make a much-awaited speech. Gervase Phinn taught in a range of schools before becoming General Advisor for Language Development in Rotherham. Four years later he was appointed Senior General Inspector for English and Drama with North Yorkshire County Council and was subsequently made Principal Advisor for the County. He is currently a freelance lecturer, schools advisor and visiting professor in Education at the University of Teesside. His best sellers include 'The Other Side of the Dale', 'Over Hill and Dale' and 'Up and Down in the Dales' which recount his memories of life as a school inspector.

The girls were awarded their well-deserved prizes by Gervase Phinn. One could not help notice that after Mrs Langham asked Gervase to speed up the proceedings, due



to him spending rather a lot of time chatting to the girls, he seemed to take even longer than before!

Gervase Phinn's speech was one of bitter sweet contrasts and he had the rare ability to capture and hold an audience's attention. One of his many anecdotes of his time spent as an inspector included the meeting of a six year old boy called Benedict dressed in a crimson blazer with gold trimmings, who approached Gervase and said, "I've been wanting to meet you. I've read your poetry and I think it's really quite good!" Gervase thanked him and asked him if he wrote poetry, to which the boy replied, "Yes, would you like to look at my portfolio, we must meet sometime and do lunch!" Gervase went on to say that it was evident that this little boy had been loved and cherished by his parents and as a result had the high self-esteem and confidence to communicate with an adult in such a manner. Not every child he'd met was quite so fortunate.

He once met a boy whose writing started off very neat and then, towards the end of the paragraph trailed all over the page. He asked the boy the reason for this, to which he replied that the pencil had a mind of its own!

Gervase also read a moving poem which he'd written about his mother entitled "When you thought I wasn't looking" which told of how his mother had indirectly told him how proud she was of him by displaying his first painting on the fridge door and also taught him to show kindness to others

less fortunate by feeding milk to a stray cat.

He told us of his somewhat humble past growing up in a council house in Rotherham, his grandfather being a steel worker. He reckoned that his parents had a sense of humour calling him Gervase! He attended a public school similar to ours and was inspired by his English teacher, a Miss Wainwright, the lady in tweed. He described how she was once laid down on a table in her black gown acting the part of Juliet in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet and in the middle of the scene she told her student to stop reading the words as if they were on a shopping list! He spoke proudly of his own children and had to confess that his youngest daughter, who once saw him as a font of all knowledge, is studying at university and treats him more like a case study!

Gervase concluded that we are very lucky as a school to have Mrs Langham as a headmistress, who he rated as being one of the finest in the country.

Head Girl, Lisa Howes, gave a delightful vote of thanks and said that she'd like to take a leaf out of Benedict's book and say that Gervase Phinn's speech had been really quite good!

The School Hymn and National Anthem brought the proceedings to a close for another year. A truly memorable Speech Day.

Sarah Duerden-Brown



Jenny Stafford V Upper



VI Upper Destinations

Name	Destination	Name	Destination
Ashley Armitage	University of Durham: History	Zara Hussain	University of Newcastle: Spanish and Business Studies
Sophie Atkinson	University of Durham: Molecular Biology and Bio Chemistry	Gemma Johnson	St John's College Cambridge: Engineering
Rebecca Barber	Manchester Metropolitan University: Marketing & Management	Charlotte Jones	Employment
Holly Barnes	University of the Arts, London: Product Design & Development for the Fashion Industry	Rebecca Kershaw	Employment & Open University Course
Kate Barron	St Andrews University: Modern Languages	Sarah Latham	University of Birmingham: Geography
Kathryn Basford	University of Manchester: Medicine	Victoria Lockwood	University of Hull: History with Economics University 2005
Victoria Bateman	Nottingham Trent University: Business and ICT	Hailey Matheson	University of Loughborough: Geography
Lara Birkinshaw	University of Leeds: Fashion and Textiles Marketing	Georgina Mackey	Oriel College, Oxford: Experimental Psychology
Sarah Booth	Newnham College Cambridge: Land Economy	Rebecca Maclean	University of Sheffield: Philosophy
Bethany Bradshaw	University of Edinburgh: Medicine	Kelly Martin	University of Leeds: Dentistry
Holly Brearley	Leicester University: Sociology with Psychology	Jessica Myint	Northumbria University: International Business Management
Laura Caryl	University of Chester: Criminology & Social Science	Nadia Nami	University of East Anglia: English Literature & Philosophy
Meera Chauhan	University 2005	Kate Papworth	Jesus College, Cambridge: Economics
Vicky Chung	University of Leeds: Psychology	Dimple Patel	St Martin's College Ambleside: Advanced study of Early Years Education with QTS
Helena Clarke	Magdalene College, Cambridge: Law	Emma Pyke	University of Leeds: Creative Writing
Emma Cockroft	University of Newcastle: Architectural Studies	Amanda Raper	Northumbria University: Law
Emma Cousin	Exeter College, Oxford: Fine Art	Giorgina Reed	University of Durham: History
Sarah Doyle	Employment: KPMG	Natasha Roberts	Nottingham Trent University: Accounting & Finance
Emma Durgan	University of Leicester: English Literature	Lucy Robinson	Liverpool Institute of Performing Arts: Music
Stephanie Duxbury	Art Foundation Course	Hannah Rockcliffe	University of Loughborough: Mechanical Engineering
Joanne Eaton	University of Leeds: Medical Sciences	Seuranie Rose	Drama College
Sarah England	Nottingham Trent University: Fashion Marketing & Commerce	Danielle Sampson	University of Derby: Occupational Therapy
Sophie Farrell	University of Durham: History	Joanna Sandwith	University of Manchester: English Language
Emma Fearn	Northumbria University: Architectural Design and Management	Clare Sanford	University of Manchester: Architecture
Clare Ford	University of Birmingham: History	Sarah Sankarsingh	University of Leeds: Nursing
Louise Foster	University of Leeds: Medical Sciences	Jennifer Slack	University of Durham: Natural Sciences
Sarah Frankland	New Hall College, Cambridge: History	Katherine Sims	University 2005
Emma Gallagher	Sheffield Hallam University: Geography	Anugrah Singh	Leeds Metropolitan University: Physical Activity Exercise & Health
Charlotte Gill	University of St Andrews: Ancient History and Spanish	Candice Smith	University of East Anglia: Biology with Management
Laura Gray	University of St Andrews: French & Spanish	Olivia Smith	University of Newcastle: Law
Amy Green	University of Newcastle: Accounting & Finance	Claire Sowerby	University of Leicester: Law
Alana Gruszka	Northumbria University: Architectural Design and Management	Katherine Stephenson	College of York St John: Occupational Therapy : 2005
Katherine Halliday	University of Newcastle: Town Planning	Lucy Van Hille	University of Leeds: Environmental Science
Kate Hamlin	Northumbria University: International Business Management	Julia Varley	University of Leeds: Medical Sciences
Jazmyn Henderson	University of Bath: Aerospace Engineering: 2005	Elizabeth Walters	Nottingham Trent University: Psychology with Criminology
Rachael Hogley	University of Durham: Physics	Catherine Whiteley	University of Birmingham: Sport & Exercise Science
		Emma Williams	Kings' College London: English Language & Communication
		Harriet Worth	



Personal Experience

My Memories

One of my most vivid memories is from when I was eleven. My father made me sit down and said he had something important to tell me. He asked if I had noticed a book about something called 'Asperger's Syndrome' on the bookshelf. I had, but it wasn't anything spectacular - my mother had been a psychology student and still had all the books from the course. It wasn't as if the bookshelf wasn't full of similar books. When I asked why, Dad explained that I myself had this syndrome.

I burst into tears until Dad explained that I wasn't going to die. In fact, he told me Asperger's Syndrome and its close relative autism are mental conditions, not medical. This, I soon realised, was possibly a factor in why I was considered odd by my peers, although neither I nor they had known.

One effect of Asperger's is to cause poor motor control and hand-eye co-ordination. This was certainly true of me, and explained why I was so bad at games and PE. I had always hated these subjects and tended to be picked last for teams.

Another is extreme sensitivity to physical stimuli, such as taste and touch. I am an extremely picky eater and hate trying new foods, because I am highly sensitive to taste and texture of food. As for touch, I cannot wear embroidered shirts as they feel unpleasantly rough. I had to wear thick vests under my Brownie Guide uniform because the insignia on the polo shirt was unbearably itchy. I also have to leave the room sometimes because of the noise the vacuum cleaner makes - though now I can cope with it, more or less. When I was small, I was terrified of it.

Certain common points of the syndrome are not true of me. 'Aspies' are known for being observant and having good memories. While this is true of me to some extent, I can leave a room and instantly forget what I was doing in it - although that could be put down to general dizziness. I am also not particularly good at maths - number skills being another common trait. I do, however, have quite a good eye for detail, unless the subject is extremely boring. I was good at jigsaws as a child and I was very good at spelling. The downside to this is that I feel extremely uncomfortable in presence of signs which are hung crooked - or worse, badly spelled or punctuated. However, hating to see greengrocers hang up signs for 'TOMATOE'S' is not a trait unique to those with Asperger's Syndrome.

Perhaps the most annoying trait to others is the Asperger's Syndrome person's tendency to obsess over their interests. When I was small it was dinosaurs. Toy dinosaurs filled my room. I drew, painted and read about dinosaurs constantly. I knew the differences between Brachiosaurus and Diplodocus. I once even tried to correct a teacher's pronunciation of a dinosaur name. I have since passed through many interests - currently I am on Tolkien's works. Before it was Harry Potter. Fortunately I have never become quite as obsessed as a man mentioned in a book about the syndrome which I read. Bill Bryson describes an incident where a complete stranger ('the world's most boring man') came up to him on a train and talked at great length about how to tell the difference between different types of train. Train spotting is considered a favourite pastime of many people with Asperger's - I personally cannot imagine anything more boring, but to each his own.

Asperger's Syndrome can also make one anti-social to some extent. I have never had many close friends, but I never really wanted many. I just don't have the same interests as my peers - I hate pop music and I find clothes supremely dull and they haven't read any of the books or seen the films I like. The Asperger's may be a factor in this, or perhaps I'm just odd. Whichever it is, I'm actually quite happy with only a few friends. Parents should not assume their child is lonely - I for one like being on my own and so do many people with my condition.

Last year, I read 'The Curious incident of the Dog in the Night-Time', about a boy with Asperger's. His is a good deal more advanced than my own mild case, but the way he acts and thinks is very accurate. His 'five red cars mean a Super Good Day' is similar to my own obsession with even numbers. I used to feel uncomfortable if I had an odd number of sweets in the packet and I would always chew each mouthful an even number of times. Asperger's Syndrome is not as much of a problem as I thought at first. In fact, after I found out about it, I didn't show the symptoms as much. This is probably because I can think 'would a person without Asperger's do this?' and if the answer is no, I can stop. My mother says that she never wished I didn't have it (even though I know it must have made me a very difficult child to raise) because I wouldn't really be me if I didn't have it. I have to admit, I agree with her.

Rachel Waller

Lord Lieutenant's Cadet

Earlier this year I was selected by South and West Yorkshire Wing ATC to be the Lord Lieutenant's cadet for West Yorkshire. One cadet from each of the Air Training Corps, the Sea Cadet Corps and the Army Cadet Force are appointed annually to represent their parent forces and to attend the Lord Lieutenant for the County, Dr Ingrid Roscoe. To be eligible you have to have completed the Silver Duke of Edinburgh Award and taken part in a variety of community events. I will formally take up this position at a presentation on 7 October and following this will accompany HM Lord Lieutenant to a variety of military and civilian ceremonies throughout the year.

Kelly Reddington

Radio 4 Work Experience

I applied for work experience with Radio 4 because by the end of my first year at university I had pretty much become addicted to the thing! It alleviated many a lonely, stressful essay-filled day, anyway. I decided that I wanted to become involved with student radio, but having listened to University Radio York, found that there was no intelligent speech show similar to Radio 4 that I'd like to become involved with. Instead, I ended up conceiving, writing, producing, presenting and technically editing a flagship Arts show at University Radio York. Each week we interviewed authors (Salley Vickers being the most famous!) or student directors of plays that were being performed, used actors from the drama society to read poetry, held a 'Name the Novel' competition where listeners heard a famous scene from a work of classic literature enacted and had to e-mail it in order to win free tickets to a student play, general literary news and a debate on a literary topic. Fun but immensely hard work trying to get it on air every week. Off the back of this I decided to apply to the BBC for work experience on the real thing. I was called for interview in Manchester, and given a placement with the Entertainment Department for February.

I was supposed to be working with the production team on a programme called 'The In-Crowd' which goes out on the 6.30 pm comedy slot, but in practice, I did so much more, as often happens with these things. There were two live recordings of the show which Radio 4 were eager to find a student audience for, so I got in touch with lots of universities and produced a flyer for advertisement, then organised promotion with a local television station and the national student broadcasting network. But mostly I worked on a programme to be broadcast in the autumn about the 'Follies Bergeres' in Paris, which consisted of me researching the programme and ringing France to organise interviews - apparently nobody else claimed to speak the slightest bit! I also translated a 30pg French website - Mrs Hotham did me proud! I had to order up archive material and select soundbites, record



them on to minidisc for the programme too. Perhaps the most fun and creative task I had was to come up with titles for comedy programmes - 'Barrel of laughs' about drunken comics was my favourite, and they're using it! When I helped with the recording of a music quiz called 'Counterpoint', I shared drinks, nibbles and conversation with host Ned Sherrin. English Language A Level came into its own when I overheard somebody on the current affairs programme 'You and Yours' ask what the difference between an accent and dialect was. I sat in on 'The Message', journalistic ethics programme, and listened whilst David Mellor tried to attack the media for unjustly ruining his reputation when his affair hit the headlines(!) The highlight of my three weeks there was getting to work on 'Woman's Hour', which I thoroughly enjoyed, albeit much more than presenter Jenni Murray, who claimed it was the worst show of my career' - phone lines collapsed mid-interview, feature tapes jammed, headphones broke, and guests attempted to perform last-minute open-heart surgery, making them late for appearance!

I also took a production and journalism safety course, which I passed, and counts as a minor BBC qualification. All this and a 10am start (although the fact I was commuting to and from York every day did take its toll!)

Nicola Hodgson, 1995-2002

Christmas Cards and Cranberry Sauce

"ARGH!" My head swivelled round, as I peered down aisle five. A man in a lumpy overcoat was standing next to the tea bags - a packet of mince pies in one hand, and annoyed from his crinkled face. I tried to catch a snippet of his mumblings, but I only got the odd phrase: "...November-the-bloomin'-thirteenth...", "...songs at this time...", "...hate Christmas...hate it..."

In the background, I suddenly became aware of the quiet hum of Christmas carols, being emitted by the speakers overhead. The man was still quietly grumbling over the induction of Christmas songs so early in the year, that he did not notice the two small children that were hurtling towards him at top speed, a bundle of parcels and boxes clutched in their hands. A few metres behind, a woman frantically chasing after them, the children's mother I assumed. Her trolley swerved and squeaked as she desperately tried to keep it in control while hurrying after the two little brats. It was inevitable what happened next. The two screaming infants ran circles around the grumpy man's legs, and before anybody knew what was what, the scene had become a tumble of fallen displays and squashed boxes.

The children's piercing screams could be heard at the other end of the store, and then, surprisingly, the (rather old-looking) man's thundering shouts. What was even more startling however, was that the shouts were directed specifically at the two children, who were now standing amid piles of the latest toys and games that I had seen advertised on the television, looking positively terrified. He bellowed and roared, telling them they were "spoil little horrors" who did not understand the meaning of Christmas, while he himself was growing more and more red in the face, until he had become a deep shade of maroon. The mother was staring, transfixed and unbelieving, at the man, as were most of the other customers. He took one last look at the masses of presents everywhere, and then stormed out of the store.

I myself was also rather shocked, when I returned back home, thinking about what had happened. Surely that was unfair? They were only two small children after all. But then again, had the old man had a point? It's a commercial world we live in, that's for sure, but whose fault is that? Not the children's. Is it the advertisers, who constantly brainwash us with the newest products and the latest gadgets? Would you blame the media who shove

the rich and famous down our throats on a daily basis, showing us what we could have if we were rich enough? Is there anyone to blame?

Over the next few days, I thought about it, as I noticed the other little tell-tale signs that Christmas was a-coming; advertising of new Christmas catalogues, chocolate Advent calendars piled high in all the supermarkets, blow-up Santas in shop windows, Christmas trees being advertised in the newspapers - the hints were everywhere - BUY! BUY! BUY! - I'm sure it could be classed as subliminal messaging even. Companies employ specialised retail psychologists to sneakily and deceitfully con you into buying their wonderful Christmas gifts for everyone - your friends, your family, even your dog... Maybe this is why many adults are opposed to the idea of Christmas? The holiday to them, is just a constant reminder of the extravagant costs.

But do we really care? I for one am more than happy to be bought into the Christmas spirit - for me Christmas always conjures up lovely, inviting feelings; the smell of Christmas cake rising in the oven, the tinkling of baubles as they are lifted out of their dusty box each year, that first delicious mouthful of warm mince pie...

When I was little, Christmas was very much about the presents. I wouldn't say I was spoilt though; I really did enjoy giving the very-carefully-picked presents as well as receiving them! Most of all, I enjoyed the thrill of Christmas morning, rushing down the stairs to dive upon the pile of presents in the corner of the room with my name on it. I was, and still am, the sort of person who loves Christmas for its feel. I love the fact that everyone spends the whole day together and the fact that the shops don't open. I remember how excited I used to get, snuggled up in bed, positively bursting at the first sight of the chock-full reindeer - embroidered stocking, before rushing downstairs at some insane hour of the morning. I loved the smells from the kitchen and the fact that for once you were allowed to eat chocolate before breakfast! I think I love it most because it is a happy time. Just imagine the grimness of winter without the glow of shop windows, twinkling with gorgeous fairy lights, rich with the promise of celebration and warmth up ahead. Unthinkable.

The simple way I see it, and I'm sure as countless other people see it is that there are two types of Christmas; it is a religious festival, and it is also a commercialised, splurging-on-presents-for-your-loved-ones holiday. Both ways are beneficial. Those who are religious need Christmas to reaffirm their reasons to believe and make their resolutions to attend church more frequently come New Year, and others need it as a nudge to get them to think about how much they appreciate friends and family.

Many people prefer to spend Christmas writing their Christmas cards and doing their Christmas shopping, whereas others would rather sit around the table with their family, eating their turkey and cranberry sauce, and enjoying each other's company. I think that both aspects of Christmas should be embraced in this modern culture, because there are a wide range of religions and traditions which should all be catered for. In this country, there should be an equal balance of a religious Christmas and a commercial Christmas, and neither aspect should overcome the other. But whether religious or otherwise, Christmas should be about being with your loved ones, because after all, without them, it wouldn't be special, whichever way you look at it. Christmas, commercialism, and all that it brings with it - is fine 'n' dandy, and more than welcome to fill the shops in the dreary, miserable month of October, if that's what it takes to cheer us up. In a nutshell, Christmas, has become a much over-commercialised, money-making scam for the retailers, and a licence for the general public to do things that for the other eleven months of the year they would not even dream of. But, even for all its hard work, and preparation, and frantic last-minute-oh-my-gosh-I-forgot-that-person card writing, I am still a firm believer that a bit of Christmas cheer can do us all a bit of good.

Sophie Henalla

A Closed World

My protector was dead. I had reached the stage in my life where I was to fend for myself. Everybody had left me, I was alone, with the knowledge that I would have to visit a place that was unknown to me. This meant I had to discover the world around me, understand my surroundings. My world consisted of a large wooden roof with four wood sides sinking into bare earth, through one of these sides was a hole entering into the unknown. My mother left through this hole many a time, she would be gone for hours, she would risk her life to keep mine going, get food. Each time she returned, I would hear of creatures she had seen from afar, a ball of fur with sharp teeth, pricked ears and claws sharp enough to kill. I would like to meet these creatures, somehow return to them the pain they have given to me. The pain of waiting for your mother to return but her never doing so.

As I observed the world outside my home, through the hole, I see a family of my kind, children with both parents, brothers and sisters and I am here with no one. I sleep at night on my bed of broken leaves, hearing the happiness of their lives. The youngsters having the protection they require whereas I do not. I feel so isolated.

In my world all I saw was the comforting face of my mother and a blurry circle of light, a gateway to the world beyond. I never needed to know what was beyond that gap. Each night my mother would leave to hunt for food; when she returned, a whole feast would arrive with her. One night my mother did not return, leaving me, young and weak like a baby taking its first breaths, to open my eyes to the real world.

Watching through the gateway, I realised that at some point I was destined to leave the comfort of my home, the only life I had ever known would be abandoned momentarily. My home kept out all enemies, the creatures which had killed my mum. I had spent the full extent of my life in this warm, sheltered environment, not needing to worry about the dangers of outside life. I was young; no one had ever taught me how to find a meal, where to find a meal or even what lay in the world outside my home. How was I to cope?

Two days later, the hunger and fear had almost beaten me. At that point I decided that I had to go out, face my fears, survive for my mother's sake and somehow get revenge. That night I left the safety of my naive existence, to gather food. As I left, I saw the security provided by the other family, a comfort I knew I would never have again. As I ventured out into the real world, a whole melody of sounds and smells reached my senses. As a breed we are known for our bad eyesight but our sense of smell and good hearing makes up for that. I followed by nose, which brought me to an earthy mound, but then my eyes pricked up. I tensed, bristling yet quaking in fear of what I had heard. Looking up I had caught a glimpse of the horrific creature my mother had described, the blurry outline with the telltale ears and fangs. A cat.

I lay curled up in a protective ball for what felt like hours, listening to my surroundings. So this was why my mother did not like the outside world. I wish I had never left my innocence behind. Before I had stepped out of that hole, I had been oblivious to the full extent of the dangers. I missed my mum. After a while, I heard no more noises, it was safe. Uncurling, I was struck by a large force, razor sharp talons clawed my underside. No more pain, worry or insecurity. At least now I would be reunited with my mother, hedgehog with hedgehog.

Sarah Leithgoe

Faces from the Past

Message received today at 12.35.

"Hello this is Sister Platts at Bradford District Hospital. I am trying to contact relatives of a Ms Violet Crow who lives in Shipley. She was brought into hospital yesterday as an emergency following a fall. Please could you contact us or Social Services on 01274 33494 Ext 34, as soon as possible."

I looked at mum puzzled. She was staring at the phone deep in thought. Apparently she had heard of a Violet Crow from my 80 year old grandma but it was many years ago. Moments later we received a call from grandma herself who was extremely agitated. She had been trying mum's mobile all day whilst we were out shopping, but as usual it was switched off. Social Services had contacted her first having found her number in amongst Violet's personal papers. Mum told grandma not to worry, she then explained to me grandma's vague recollections of Violet. She was grandma's second cousin and fifteen years older than her. Although grandma had had a fairly close relationship with Violet's mother 'Aunt Kate', she had only hazy memories of Violet. Violet had fallen hopelessly in love with her cousin Ralph when she was 20 years old which had caused quite an upset in the family, and Kate, her widowed mother, had packed her off to Bradford to some other distant relative in the hope she would get over him and meet someone else there. Violet had gone to work as a junior housekeeper to a wealthy family in a large house. My grandma remembered seeing her only occasionally when she returned to the North East to visit Kate. Then when grandma was fifteen the war broke out and the visits from Violet became less frequent. In 1945 grandma met and married my grandfather and she too moved away to my grandfather's family business in Yorkshire.

By 1950 Grandma's Aunt Kate had died and although she had seen Violet at the funeral and a couple of times after that, by 1960 they had lost contact with each other after Violet moved house.

The next day mum and I drove to the hospital. Dad was away on business, grandma was too ill to go and I did not want mum to go on her own. I was quite apprehensive as I didn't know what state we would find Violet in. By the time we arrived I was becoming increasingly anxious. We were directed over to ICU where mum instructed me to sit outside which was quite a relief. I waited and waited - it seemed forever before she reappeared at the doors and beckoned me in.

In the room I remember thinking how sad mum looked. I felt quite breathless as I tried to take everything in. There seemed to be so much to see; monitors beeping and tubes snaking across the top of the bed attached to clear bags containing a jelly-like substance. It was easy at first not to see the tiny form on the bed. Her wrinkled skin was so white it was almost translucent with the lines of blue veins in sharp contrast, but the most startling thing was that she hadn't a hair on her head. The smooth shiny surface looked almost polished. I stared at this fragile old lady, she looked so vulnerable. It was difficult to imagine she was part of our family. I felt she needed a sign round her neck 'Fragile, handle with care'. For a moment I wanted to run away and hide behind my mum and for her to make it all go away. It seemed too much emotion for me to cope with.

We continued to visit over the following week and Violet's condition gradually and miraculously improved. The nurses all said she must have had a very strong will to live. Mum and Dad made plans what was going to happen to her as it was clear she couldn't go back to her home. Social Services had

found her a place in a care home near to her own flat but the responsibility of closing up her home fell to mum.

We all felt very strange when we first visited her flat. Mum said she felt extremely uncomfortable, like we were intruders rifling through her things. We discovered, talking to her elderly neighbour, that she had led a very isolated life for the last year. A close friend Gladys had had an accident the previous year and was no longer able to visit Violet. From then on she had become more and more reclusive. It was also tragic that the church she had belonged to had burnt down 18 months before so she had also lost touch with the elderly people there. She has relied on a couple of neighbours bringing her food in. The cupboards were really quite full. I felt the saddest part was seeing the half eaten toast on the table and the pot of tea just as she'd left it the day she fell down the stairs and hit her head on the stone steps. She obviously had become very forgetful because we found dozens of notes scattered everywhere with the day on and instructions reminding herself when to wash and change her clothes. It was terrible to hear how in the last weeks she had become so lonely. Each day she had stood for ages on the landing outside her door waiting for someone to pass just to say hello to. I hated to think anyone could be so desperately lonely. Mum and grandma felt terribly guilty too although it was Violet who had lost touch and not informed grandma of her new address twenty years ago. The clearing of the flat was actually quite amazing. Black and white photograph albums from the turn of the century showed beautiful ladies dressed in wonderful hats and long lace-trimmed dresses. There were boxes of letters and postcards dating as far back as the 1880's and 90's. I have never seen so many Bibles! Some belonged to Violet's mother and had inscriptions from the 1870's. Every bill and receipt had been kept for the last sixty years. Most of the furniture was old and very shaky - we discovered she had only bought her first fridge ten years ago! The beds were amazing too! They were the old spring beds and very heavy. In the spare room there were cupboards full of white linen and pretty quilted bedcovers with embroidered pillowcases. When we turned back the covers on the bed in the spare room we discovered half an iced birthday cake with a photograph. It had been given to her on her 90th birthday by the members of the church. It seemed too sad to think of her solitary life. I found some nights I couldn't sleep for thinking about it all. It was especially upsetting when we found parcels of clothes carefully wrapped in yellowing tissue paper. They were exquisitely embroidered linen nightgowns. We think Violet must have put them away hoping one day they would be part of her wedding trousseau as there was a faded photograph of a smiling young man in amongst them.

I think we all relaxed when the flat was cleaned and the keys handed over. In the meantime we were visiting Violet on a regular basis. The first time I visited her when she had regained consciousness, as she stared at me I could hardly bear to look into her eyes. They were full of sadness. As I carefully lifted her thin bony hand I could almost feel the intense loneliness. I felt a surge of pity rise up and I was determined she wouldn't feel so alone again.

Violet is now happily settled in a nursing home in her own room with some of her own furniture around her and many of her ornaments. The nurses are very caring and considerate and she has made several friends. Mum visits twice a week and takes her treats. Grandma and I visit when we can and she loves the company. She often forgets who we all are and confuses us with the many faces from her past but she seems happy and content and hopefully will remain so in the time she has left.

Alys Healey

He Scratched at the Black Box

Jamie and Malcolm arrived outside Great Grandpa Humphrey's house awaiting the sombre task of organising his belongings. Rose Cottage was lit by the midday sun which delicately highlighted the overgrown ivy surrounding the large wooden door and the sweet scented roses scrambling up the walls. Jamie climbed hurriedly out of the car, bounded up the weed-strangled path and stood impatiently at the door to the cottage. Jamie had always loved being at Great Grandpa's house and was happy to be there once more. His eyes, however, displayed his feelings of underlying sorrow. Even now he could still feel Humphrey's genial character filling the air.

Humphrey was a friend to everyone and loved people's company just as his own company was enjoyed by others. Great Grandpa's armchair was still in the corner facing the fire and was next to the small table with a drawer containing anything and everything useful. Jamie followed his dad into the sitting room and leapt into the chair. The cracked brown leather still smelt of his Great Grandpa as if he was still in the room. Only it wasn't the same without being hoisted up and sitting on Great Grandpa Humphrey's knee. Jamie would sit for hours listening to Great Grandpa's stories of fighting in the trenches just as Malcolm had done years earlier when he was a young boy. Humphrey told everyone his stories, as his vivid accounts of events and cheerful disposition kept people fascinated. He had made Jamie decide he wanted to be a soldier, as did all his friends. They wanted to be brave like Humphrey and to have a family that would be proud of them like Jamie was proud of his Great Grandpa.

Malcolm stood in the doorway to the room with some stepladders which he was going to use to climb into the loft. An excited grin appeared on Jamie's face, as he had never been into the loft, though it had always interested him.

Jamie followed Malcolm into the loft and, with only their heads peering through the hatch in the ceiling they scanned the space with a torch. They saw what seemed to Jamie as millions of boxes and a vast array of old, dusty furniture. As he and his father began to sort through the belongings, Jamie became intrigued by a curious black box. He found it buried at the bottom of an old chest. The box was no larger than a shoebox and what's more it was locked. Jamie rummaged eagerly to find a key amongst the disorganised mess with which he could open the box. There wasn't one to be found anywhere so he raced down the ladders into the sitting room clutching the black box tightly to his chest. Through searching in Grandpa Humphrey's drawer he obtained a small screwdriver that he used to scratch at the box.

Jamie found the box hard to open and the paint began to chip away around the lock revealing the marked wood beneath it. He wished he knew where the box had come from or how long it had been locked for, but Great Grandpa Humphrey couldn't answer his queries anymore. There was a sudden crack as Jamie forced the screwdriver into the box and levered the lid off. Inside the box lay a sealed envelope post-dated 1914. The envelope was ripped open and from that slowly drifted a small, white feather which settled on the floor, resting next to Jamie's feet.

Phillipa Kiernan



Running for England

The sky was grey and a slight breeze crept amongst the Snowdonian heathers. The car shuddered to a halt and the four of us, Carrie, Danielle, Vicky and I, each eased out. The crisp morning air clamped itself onto my skin and whipped its way through my lungs. Perfect conditions for running. The bright cloudy greyness of the blanket suspended above dazzled my eyes. At nine o'clock in the morning, this chillingly refreshing atmosphere and intense glare provided an immaculately crafted wake-up call.

I was in a world of my own, deep in thought, anxiously awaiting the warning signal. It was an agonising wait, in which the ability to remain calm and focused was tested to the utmost limit.

I was soon to be representing my country in the sport I had grown to love. Running. The sense of responsibility was immense. I had been selected for this task and people were depending on me. I was one out of four who had won the honour of representing their home country. One of the few who had the privilege of running for England.

We lingered beside the car in thoughtful silence, absorbing the atmosphere and surroundings. Marshals were scurrying here and there, like any army of ants. The start line being sprayed onto the rocky track in fluorescent orange. The remaining strands of tape being knotted onto braches as a guide for the runners. The timekeepers gathered in a huddle, discussing arrangements. Athletes everywhere were stretching and preparing for their races. Team managers stood nearby, observing the competition and guarding their representatives. All this action shadowed by the great mountains beyond.

I had one hour to prepare myself for the race of my life. To stretch, relax and focus. To pin my number onto my vest, tie the laces on my fell shoes and secure back my hair. To trace and remember the route of the course in my mind and to wish my team-mates good luck.

Now granted with only thirty minutes before the start gun, I decided to commence my routine warm-up jog. Whilst doing so, doubts, hopes and fears hastily scrambled through my thoughts, like a swirling whirlpool of desired and undesired scenarios.

Ten minutes remained and the nerves were starting to swell. The adrenalin was beginning to flow and my heart pounded, the pulsating rhythm constantly increasing in speed. How was I to survive the next thirty minutes?

Deep breath, focus! The warning whistle had sounded and only two minutes remained before the start of the race. My heart was thumping rapidly now, adrenalin fiercely cascading through my body. The nervous anticipation of what was soon to follow gradually ebbed away as the sound of the start gun grew ever nearer.

I was on the start line now, clad in my brand new kit. The red shorts with the black edging that were a size too big and the white vest with the tell-tale red stripe and white rose. The kit I had dreamt of wearing from the age of seven. The kit that I had seen running around the Olympic track, winning medals and standing on the Olympic podium, with an International athlete inside it. This was my dream. Thankful even to be there, my ambition was to finish within the first ten places.

Crack! The start gun had sounded. There was a scramble of fell shoes, bodies and mud. The Welsh in red, the Irish in green,

the Scottish in blue and the English in white stampeded from the line. First to the top and back, wins. Figures in thermal jumpers and waterproof cagoules perched themselves on the hillside, cheering wildly for their home side. A Scotsman in a woollen kilt shrieking for the Blues. A Welshman balanced on a rock, yelling for the Reds. An Irishwoman enthusiastically encouraging the Greens. Norman Matthews, the team manager for England, outrageously screaming for the Whites. Every member of the spectating crowd, each willing someone on.

We had run two hundred metres and I was already one of the leading pack, in fifth position. Two of my team-mates were out in front. 'If only,' I thought, 'if only I could catch them.'

We had reached the climb now. The uphill stretch was looming over us. This section was to be the most challenging of all. But I was determined to catch my fellow team-mates in first and second and to pass the Welsh and Irish girls in third and fourth.

I was lucky. The two girls in front were tiring. I had a chance to move into the bronze medal position. Without a second thought, I took it. Two hundred feet into the climb and I had passed them both, in one single effort. An effort in which physical strength and concentration had been vitally required. Underfoot the terrain was a sheer coating of rocks and bracken. Ploughing up this wall of disorganised boulder fragments was certainly not for the faint-hearted. Two kilometres of solid uphill climb, running on rough mountain tracks and grassy slopes.

The two in front were too far ahead now, I would not be able to catch them. All I could do was hang on. Stay in third position to make it one, two, three for England and win the team gold. I was determined to do it, not only for myself, but for my country also. I gritted my teeth and ran hard. I was running assertively, almost dangerously, as I had never run before.

The turn-around point was near. Once there, the rest of the race would be downhill. A further two kilometres of running, though this would be flying down, rather than scrambling up. Hurling downwards, my arms flailed in an attempt to keep my balance. Stones tumbled beside me. Puddle water splashed against my legs and soaked my fell shoes. A thrilling sensation of soaring through the air engulfed my body.

The finish line was in sight. Fatigue was rapidly closing in on my drained body, but I was not going to allow that to shatter my chances of individual bronze and team gold. I looked ahead and locked my vision on the finish line. This was my destination.

"Dig deep," yelled Norman, "dig deep and go!" So I did. I unearthed the remaining dregs of strength within me and battled. I battled my way straight through the finish line - and collapsed. Exhaustion, relief and joy swept over me in one great wave. The sense of unexpected achievement was overwhelming. Again I delved into my own world. I lay on the banking, eyes closed, with a slight breeze creeping amongst the Snowdonian heathers surrounding me. A smile of satisfaction carved into my face. I had only ever dreamt of winning a medal whilst clad in an England vest. Of being the worthy owner of an international prize. On that day, I lived a dream.

Thalia Jones



The Ravens of London Tower

The dark figure stares with harsh black beads of glass, absorbing its surroundings to search for enemies.
Tight steel talons curl over the cold stone that has been there so long, recognising its mournful history.
Black oily feathers tell of the tower's darkness, sharp as the guillotine's blade.
As night falls, their calls can be heard, deep cackles of mocking laughter, calling out to the long gone prisoners of the tower.
A sharpened sickle for a beak, ready to harvest any life that dares cross its path,
Wings like black shrouds, covered with quills dipped in ink, painting the sky as it flies.
A heart as black as its plumage, pumping fear into others' hearts.
The raven flies out, a stream of sadness and ill wishing, leaving its cold perch.
From behind a soft wispy cloud, a creature of light, purity and hope sweeps out into the sunlight, facing the raven, the symbol of darkness.
The dove overwhelms it with its radiance and love.

Stephanie Chui

Winter

Footsteps crunching, like crushing crisps.
Snow capped evergreens
Guarding the glittered frozen lake.
The bright sun shining down,
Across the diamonds encrusted in icing sugar.
The robin springs across the white trampoline,
The footprints, the only clue he was ever here,
Jumping onto a shivering tree branch,
Sending dust falling once again.
The clear finger of ice clings to a windowsill.
A droplet like a pearl rolls down.
The great snowman shrinks rapidly.
The huge ball of fire kills all traces.

Katie Hicks

Autumn

Bare trees stripped of their coats.
Crispy leaves decorate the ground,
A carpet - red, orange and brown.
Raindrops on the window like frosting.
A sheet of cold wrapping itself around us.
Gentle breezes turn into cold winds,
Misty mornings to grey days and soon to
an early dusk.

Rachel Boldison

Pavement I have been beaten

I have been beaten
By the rays of sun light,
Crushed by the rain, the snow, the hail
And by gushing winds that fly past
day after day

I have been beaten
By the few pairs of feet that pass by
when the sun rises,
The millions of feet that stamp on me
at midday
And the hundreds of partying folk
who finish me off at night.

I have been beaten
By the baby's cry,
The mother's scream,
The songs at night, when the men
come back drunk from a good night
out.

I have been beaten
By the burning smell of cigarettes,
The perfume of a posh woman or two
And the smell of the poor old beggar
woman, who sits by me all day and
night.

I have been beaten.
No one would think of it.
I'm only the pavement.
What would you care?

Antonia Georgiou



Ottakars Competition Original Poems

The Match

Our uniformed organisation stands proud and assumes the position for the start of play.
The enemy approaches, goal defence sidles up against me, a tank, the driving force of the
opposition.
Suddenly I feel small and wounded.
And then it begins.
Our frontline troops grapple for the ball as the back-up forces defend rival territory;
a frenzy of feet down the wing causes a sandstorm, obscuring our vision.
Our only equipment, our only supplies are our limbs - both teams sneakily try underhand methods
to deviously seal victory.
But all in vain for our visitors, our secret weapon prepares to fire the bomb into the net.
It explodes right on target; my shot is greeted by rapturous cheering to mirror the missile's effect.
However casualties are piling up.
Half time, and our rations are delivered. How good those oranges taste!
More allies and reinforcements are sent from our sideline base onto the battlefield, as many limp
away injured.
Two, three, four goals we concede but still our brave soldiers fight on to equalise and then take
the lead - I lose track of the tally.
The sergeant barks orders nearby; the conflict is far from over yet.
Time is running out and our platoon is surrendering, will we triumph?
A blast of inspiration from our defence gives us the will to succeed, a new energy.
We fire the projectile down the court. I catch it in the shooting circle.
Twenty seconds left, our last chance to defeat them...can I convert this crucial shot into a goal?
I can.
The final whistle sounds, we emerge victorious! I did it!
The battle is won.

Zoe Proud

Need More Time

Time. Time.
Need more time.
All the things I have to do.
You wouldn't believe what I have to do.

Cure world hunger, stop disease.
Before morning break!
What to do?

I have to chat to the UN.
About world peace and stuff like that.
Late for physics again!
Because of all the stuff I have to do.

Oooo!
Cute boy coming boy coming my way!
Slow down, pout, smile.
Smile returned. Bingo!
Stop to chat.
Oh God, physics!

Part with a wave and...sprint!
Teacher's mad.
Put on my 'pleading' eyes.
No luck. Detention.

She doesn't seem to understand
That there is no TIME for detention!
I've got to research global warming,
The planet's future is in my hands.

And what about the animals?
The poor rhinos are dying out.
Where would we be without the rhinos?

Next, I race home
'Cos I've got a netball match
Then a hockey match
Followed by two hours of swimming.

Then we have to go to my great aunt's
funeral.
She died last week. It was very sad.
We only get in at 2am.
I'm so tired that I oversleep.

So you'll understand why I didn't do my
maths homework.
I really wanted to
But there wasn't enough time.

Margaret Browning

Background
Heidi Stevenson
Upper



Great Minds Poetry Competition

The following poems have all been included in the book of winners in the Great Minds Poetry Competition.

Oh Why is the Cheshire Cat's Grin so wide?

Why is the Cheshire cat's grin so wide?
Is it because he's got chocolate inside?
Is it because he's seen the Mad Hatter?
If he has, does it really matter?
Is it because he's just been to tea,
With Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee?
Is it because he ate a tart,
Made by the famous Knave of Hearts?
Is it because he smoked the hooker pipe,
Which, from the Caterpillar he swiped?
Is it because he's taken the time,
To talk to White Rabbit and tell him this rhyme?
Is it because he's just met Alice,
Going to play croquet at the Queen of Heart's palace?

Or is it simply because HE ATE THE DORMOUSE?

Anoushka Wilson

The Shoes

These are the shoes,
My Grandad wore.
These are the shoes,
He walked about in,
Drove around in.

These are the shoes,
He tends to the garden,
Races around in,
Shouts at the squirrels in,
Mended things in.

These aren't the shoes,
He went away in,
He fell ill in.
These aren't the shoes,
He never came back in.

Rosanna Jones

The Wise Nocturnal

Two bright, wide eyes
Glistening in the dark.

Two feathery wings a flapping,
Rustling in the dark.

A hooting cry speaks to me,
Echoing in the dark.

And the face of wisdom
Glares at me
In the shape of
Two bright, wide eyes
Glistening in the dark.

Rachel Cust

The Parting

She lay on the bed and closed her eyes
And thought of good times
Before the goodbyes

Out of her eyes came the tears
For the man she'd loved
Over the years

So now on the bed heartbroken she lay
With her life torn apart
And no more to say

'There's tomorrow,' to herself she said
As she cried for the man
Who now lay dead.

Polly Rodgers

Little Book

Little book was opened
The story was begun
Book sucked me in.
Big world appears, -
I was a big bear
But you could be anything
Like a witch or a fairy.

Little book was shut
Big world disappears
But I know
Even if the book is small,
Long or short
Fiction or non-fiction
That inside is
Big world.

Tomomi Mizutani



Rebecca Barber
VI Upper

Hawk

My hawk who soars
On outspread wings,
His solemn form,
In silence sings.
His gentle nature,
Full of grace,
Hunter's eyes,
In Tapered face,
Watching, waiting,

For His part,
Silent beauty,
Captures hearts
A force of nature,
Swift and strong,
Full of magic's
Silent song.

Cathryn Henderson



Curtain Call

We pack the furniture into the lined shoeboxes
Carefully,
Dismantling the miniature, well-worn sets,
Trying not to be sentimental.
This is just a dolls' house, with Sylvanian inhabitants,
We are Too Old for it, anyway;
After all, the figures are just plastic.

They came in neatly boxed families:
A father and mother bear, who loved one another
The right amount, and in the right way;
Two children, who would always have their lives before them,
Who would never have to realise their dreams.

They played out their scenes with such aplomb,
The marriages and tea parties and instant births,
They in their perfect world, for good,
We in ours, for a while.

Those dreams would come to us, we knew,
And we would play them with all the finesse of the dolls.

In time, their furniture grew dusty, as we neglected them,
They no longer went to parties or opened Christmas presents,
But they are waiting still, patient, for their directors to return,
That the curtain might come up once again.

The doorbell rings,
My sister drops her shoebox and races downstairs -
She has an appointment she *cannot* miss,
With someone who will wait forever.

I sit, holding a tiny alarm clock in one hand,
In the other, a beaver in a pink dress.
She is about to ask for her true love's hand...
But she doesn't.
Because I don't know what she should say.

Clare Walker Gore



Rebecca Barber
VI Upper

Dress modelled by
Alana Gruzka



Sarah Brookes
V Upper

Homeless

There he sits, alone
The drizzle running down his back, an icy trickle.
His flea-ridden mongrel hovering over his outstretched legs.
He does nothing, makes no effort,
He simply stares at the dreary street corner on which he sits.
His dirty uncut beard conceals his dirty unwashed face.
He is that stranger your children are always warned against.
He is the protruding thorn in a rich garden of flowers
He is the taste of disdain on every magistrate's tongue.

There he sits, alone
His sustenance for the day, a cold cup of coffee, he rhythmically circles
His hat, in which he collects his donations, lies empty
To everybody else he is not a human being with a soul.
To them he is an ugly piece of furniture which needs to be removed.
He knows not of love, of kindness, of care,
But of cruelty, of loneliness, of hate.
Yet behind his ragged appearance lies a spirit desperately fighting for dignity.
He is a human caterpillar waiting to become a spectacular butterfly.
He is a feeble acorn waiting to become an all-powerful oak.

There he sits, alone.

Laura Gibb



Obituary - Yvonne Hand 1927-2004

Yvonne Hand was born in Boston in 1927. After her schooling there and in Peterborough she went to Westfield College, London University to study Mathematics and, having gained her BSc, did her teacher training at Cambridge.

Her first post was on the Mathematics staff at Bradford Girls' Grammar School. She was appointed Head of Maths at Wakefield Girls' High School in 1962, became Deputy Head in 1971 and then Headmistress from 1973 to 1987.

She died 12 June 2004.

She first acquired a reputation as an outstanding hockey and tennis player at County level, representing her college and known to be a formidable opponent in interschool tournaments for years. As well as her own prowess people remember her constant support of school players - a shrewd, absorbed spectator, smiling encouragingly at a fine stroke or clever strategy. She would have no truck with bullies or sharp practice.

As Headmistress she supervised a great expansion of the buildings at Wakefield Girls' High School: the Library '74, the Kitchen and Dining Areas '76, Sixth Form blocks '80-82 and Laboratories in '84. This was managed at a time of political uncertainty and austerity when extreme determination and imagination were needed. She kept the School community calm through the threat of extinction in 1976 and steered through the change from Direct Grant to Independent status. She celebrated the '78 Centenary, pursuing her plans to upgrade the quality of life for every girl without losing any part of the School's valuable history. She did everything with meticulous care, earning great respect and support from Parents, Old Girls and the Friends of the School.

The outstanding reputation for academic achievement at Wakefield Girls' High School was much enhanced during her headship: many individual girls were extraordinarily successful at university and in subsequent careers but there were also steadily increasing lists of students with more modest ability who did remarkably well because of the way they studied and were guided. That particularly pleased her always.

If you worked with her you knew she was meticulous in every detail, official or personal. Always courteous, as a hostess she took infinite trouble with simple cooking, presentation and hospitality but made no great splurge. Professional experts recognised in her a brilliant mathematician. "Her solutions were firm, simple, carefully thought through. They had a poetic grace." Just before her death she wrote about her delight in Pythagorean Triples and said, "I am so grateful I can still do the Maths."

One friend said, "Mathematics was her life." It was certainly an everlasting inspiration and teaching it became a cherished vocation. But she told me once that she had originally longed to be an architectural engineer, when that was impossible for girls. This interest in design, a desire for aesthetic perfection, was allied to her long-term vision and planning.

She was a very private person. She loved the beauty of remote landscapes and watercolours where there was space, peace and loveliness understated.

Similarly she had great loyalty to places and people: the Hebrides and East Anglia she revisited many times. She contributed to life generously and selflessly wherever she was. Her perception and sensitivity were often unrealised but in fact she had a rich variety of friends. She remembered names and details, not just of high-fliers, but of all her colleagues, girls and people who had done work for her at home however simple. She had no intellectual snobbery.

Many thought Miss Hand rather austere and remote but everyone respected her standards. They said what a strong but fair disciplinarian she had been at school. Much less well known was her caring warmth for others, her courage when she bore disappointments alone; she was outwardly very positive and never despairing. She had a firmness about her moral convictions. If something had to be done she did it - as when she rescued a girl enticed away by the Moonies or when unpleasant meetings were to be faced. A wealth of amazingly gentle appreciative correspondence has also emerged revealing enduring interest in and affection for many pupils and godchildren.

She was firm but personally modest. As a kind, courteous colleague she always acknowledged her own limitations. For example she admired musical talent and yet would tell you she had no ear - and had been asked to leave the singing lessons as a girl at school!

When the notice of Yvonne's death was published the mother of a former pupil wrote directly to the Vicar of Helmsley to say, "I am grateful for the quiet confidence she gave my daughter, allowing her to develop at her own pace instilling a caring attitude to others. Would that every child could have the benefit of such a benign and wise head."

Maybe she was not easy to know intimately but the first and lasting impression everyone mentions is the instantly recognisable sense of her absolute integrity: instinctively they knew she possessed this quality to a rare degree.

Only a few were privileged to glimpse the depth of her spiritual feeling and lifelong religious faith. However, when she was fully aware of death approaching, the peace and serenity never seemed to desert her: "to the end she had a young girl's face, bright eyes which never dulled."

Miss Hand's life had a wholeness which few achieve and everything that is written here has been said at one time or another during her lifetime.

We remember her with pride, admiration and love.

Miss E A Gray OBE



Obituary - Yvonne Hand 1927-2004

It was with great sadness that we learned first of Miss Hand's illness and then of her untimely death.

Those of us privileged to attend her funeral in Helmsley were very moved by the service and the address by Reverend David Wilbourne.

This relatively private occasion was followed in September by the more public Memorial Service in St John's Church, kindly loaned by the Reverend Dowling. The Venerable Kenneth Unwin (sometime Vicar of St John's and Archdeacon, Pontefract) very kindly agreed to return to Wakefield to officiate and gave a most moving and personal tribute in his address.

The church looked lovely and was decorated with a display of cottage garden and country meadow flowers. The large congregation consisted of former colleagues, pupils, governors and friends. We deliberately kept the service simple. The hymns and readings were the same as at the funeral. We sang Immortal Invisible, The Lord Is My Shepherd, and Father Hear The Prayer We Offer and we ended with the school hymn. The String Group played and Harriette Hale sang a beautiful rendition of Faure's Pie Jesu. Dr Cherry Tweed (nee Moore) read a poem by Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Mrs Joyce Lane a former colleague read an extract from Romans. We then adjourned to Mulberry House for tea and the sharing of many memories.

We hope to commission a specially designed sphere in memory of Miss Hand. Anyone wishing to make a contribution should contact school.



Sarah Brookes
Upper

Friends Reunited

WGHS Revealed to be the Second Friendliest School in Britain!

It is often said that the friends you make at school are friends for life. In November last year, thanks to the phenomenal popularity of the website Friends Reunited, the secondary schools whose ex-pupils stay in touch the most were revealed for the first time.

By analysing the number of messages sent between its 11 million-plus active members, registered across the 22,000 secondary schools listed, the website has made public a league table of the top 200 schools with the friendliest past-pupils. The tables have been formulated by analysing the total number of contact emails sent by the ex-pupils of each school as a proportion of those registered, giving a comparable 'friendliness' rating regardless of the size of school.

In the 2004 School Friendship League Tables, Wakefield Girls' High School was placed 2nd with Queen Elizabeth Grammar School in 5th place. A South London comprehensive, Elliott School in Putney, was placed 1st.

On Monday 15th November Wakefield Girls' High School was delighted to welcome Steve Pankhurst, Friends Reunited co-founder and Carolynne Bull-Edwards Head of PR for Friends Reunited, who travelled from London to present WGHS with our award and to meet Old Girls of the school at a celebratory lunch.



Steve Pankhurst "These league tables are a testament to the ability of schools, of all kinds, to forge life-long friendships."

Pat Langham "Our school motto begins with "Each for All" and we are a very happy school with a family atmosphere and a strong sense of community. We encourage the girls to look after each other."

Following their visit to the school both Steve and Carolynne remarked on how wonderful it was to see a truly deserving school receive the award

Nationally, the Class of 1963, who would be around 58 years old now, has been revealed as the year group that keeps in touch the most. The Class of '73 is second and the remaining top 10 year groups are all in the 1960s suggesting it was the friendliest decade.

Commenting on the results, Pankhurst said: "There appear to be a host of reasons why some schools engender such long-term friendships, but a recurring theme from the past-students of those schools is the quality, consistency and dedication of the teaching staff."

"They say that the friends you make at school often stay friends for life and the extraordinary success of Friends Reunited over the past four years would seem to bear that out. It's fascinating to see that overall, most of the keenest users of Friends Reunited are in their fifties, at least."

Camilla Field



Friends Reunited

Would you have been friends with these people at school?



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8

11



9



10



Answers on Page 21



Memories of WGHS

I attended WGHS from 1982-1989, 11 yrs to 18yrs of age. I was sent to WGHS by parents who are both teachers. There were people from all walks of life, from varied backgrounds and of different faiths...but it was an immensely friendly and generous spirited place and you always felt as though you belonged.

At first I objected profusely as I wanted to go to my local school with all my friends... I arrived at WGHS thinking that it was the worst thing that could ever have happened to me! I was put in a form of 32 girls and within an hour was happy as you could ever be. I enjoyed school immensely and am very, very proud to say that I went to WGHS. Some of my best friends now are people that I met on that first day.

Uniform

I was taken to a school shop in Barnsley where I was bought enough kit to clothe a small European country: hockey stick, those awful black hockey boots (which your feet get wet in and where the rubber circles to protect your ankles go nowhere near them and an itchy blazer (blue felty stuff with royal blue braid). I still have it and now sadly feel quite fond of it.

We had to wear brown shoes. We wore beige socks aaagh with a navy school uniform. We all wanted to wear over the knee socks. Trinny and Susannah would die. We wore these lumpy socks which made our hockey calves look enormous and let them drop into huge Norah Batty folds round our ankles. Way back then we were supposed to wear one of 3 styles of skirt (four gore, kilt or A line). We tried to improve them by rolling them up about 10 times and hoiked them up as far as we dare!

The PE kit -. We had to wear a pale blue aertex and what seemed enormous cotton grey pants (Elephant pants) together with a grey skirt. We had to run round a shared athletics track (shared with QEGS) in the summer in just

your top and your pants- it was ok but as you passed through puberty and developed a bottom and boobs it became a nightmare.

For the first five years we had a different headmistress, a mature unmarried and very kindly lady who gave off an aura of dignity and calm. How things have changed. The new (well I think she joined about 17 years ago now!) headmistress Mrs Langham has moved things on a bit ...six formers wear natty little navy suits and tights (they look better dressed and more equipped for the office than me!!!) and everyone gets to wear a striped tie, not just the 6th formers. Mrs L drove a triumph stag, wore a black bikers jacket and funky boots to watch our hockey matches - how cool was she!!!

Start

I arrived at WGHS in shock and a little fearful. My parents lived about 17 miles from school and getting there involved my mum dropping me off at Pontefract bus station. I then had to wait for the service bus to Wakefield. I had to hide from the hard kids who shouted "posh kid at me" (I later became much more savvy and would ram my blazer in my bag and rip off my tie before the bus got to Featherstone and tried to blend into the background. So much kit! Remember being about 12 and having hockey, cookery and wind instrument lessons on same day. Put luggage on rack (in those days you could- no one would nick it) and my Lancashire hot pot escaped the wicker cookery basket. Really needed a small pit pony or Sherpa to get me to school on those days. When got to Wakefield walked to school.....

This involved going along Wentworth Terrace. The area for young love, furtive hand holding and adoring glances! This was the area between WGHS and QEGS!!! No snogging allowed- supposedly! Much time spent walking slowly through there hoping that someone of the opposite sex might just notice you.

Pre- O'level (we were the last year of the O'levels)

The emphasis was on education but also in you becoming very well rounded young ladies.

There were boundaries but they were unspoken. It will seem amazing to some that I cannot recall anyone ever being told off. Everyone jumped to their feet when the teacher came in and just stopped talking. There was no



Ex Head Boy Silcoates Deputy Head Girl WGHS Head Girl WGHS Pal Langham Ex Head Boy QEGS



such thing as detention- I don't know why. Everything was just kind of unwritten. You just behaved.

Although we had a very traditional education the emphasis was on freethinking and there was an understanding that you could completely be yourself. The whole ethos was about making you good spirited and open to new ideas and things that were different for you.

We had an assembly with traditional hymns each morning though. WGHS made me the perfect wedding guest. I can now belt out any hymn when others are mouthing the words, stuttering at the start of each verse or do not know the tune (much to my husband's embarrassment)

There was a great emphasis on academic achievement but I don't think that we were really overly aware of it. People did pretty well. I think that the results that the school get now are pretty fantastic. It was a learning environment but you could concentrate your efforts on other things too.

Sport

The sport was amazing. We won the All England School Girl's Indoor Hockey Championship in 1989. An achievement as we didn't have a sports hall at that time. A triumph for the then Miss Fraser. We practised in the Jubilee Hall and borrowed other school's halls on occasions. The school now has the most fantastic facilities.

School Dinners

We had different sittings- first sitting good, fourth not so good-best puddings gone and left with cheese and biscuits or an apple!

MMMMM what can I say about school dinners. Cheese slop was legendary. It had the ingredients of a cheese soufflé but seemed to miss out on the air. It was kind of flat, cheesy and eggy, stodgySometimes it had a crispy dark surface on top (burnt cheese) and pools of bright orange cheese grease collecting on its surface. Interestingly it was served with cold slices of beetroot (very vinegary). After 5 years of eating it you grew to like it (not sure if that was through necessity or familiarity). It was probably far better for you than chips everyday!

V11th Form

My best memories are of the V11th form. We were suddenly treated in a much more adult way and had loads of freedom.

We had our own separate house called Sotterly to which staff rarely ventured. Damanjeet was head girl and I was deputy head girl. The positions were voted by staff and the older girls as were those of prefects! A very democratic school! Dam and I had our own office where our friends hung out!

Boys, boys, boys we worked much more closely with QEGS. We were allowed to spend time with them and boy did we! We were no longer tied to furtive meetings on Wentworth Terrace and to going on the cross-country run just to go past Silcoates (the other boys' school in Wakefield).

We all got a bit crazy and rebellious (or so we thought a little sadly; we were so tame really). Everyone got heavily into their UCAS/PCAS (that dates us) admissions. We all looked furtively at the male to female ratio for each institution.

Mrs L was the new headmistress in our 6th form and boy did things move shake and change. We could wear black shoes for starters. She treated us like grown ups and didn't bat an eyelid at our antics really. She told us that we were the worst 6th form ever. It is much later that you realise that they probably said that to every 6th form!!!

Leaving

We all stood on the stage and sang the school song to the tune of "I still haven't found what I am looking for"-U2. It all sounds rather embarrassingly sad now...but on our last day I have to say we took it very seriously and were very tearful. We chucked everyone in the pond, wrote on each others shirts and vowed to be friends for ever.....

And for a lot of us that has remained the case.

Clare Kirton

I went to Wakefield Girls' High School

I went to Wakefield Girls. We had a reunion 15 years on a few weeks ago.

I was absolutely dreading it. There is nothing like such a time benchmark to make you start thinking "What have I got to show for those years?" I am not married or with child, a career was all I had to bring to the party. Many of the people there I have seen but many I hadn't seen since we left. My friend and I entered the hotel with dread in our hearts, wondering how we could bat away, nonchalant style, the inevitable question "So are you married? Any kids?" When I walked into the party, wearing my best wacky London chick outfit (you have to play to your strengths), all my anxiety dissolved. It was so wonderful to see these girls and boys with whom I had grown up and formed as a person.

They had all had the same anxieties and had all brought security blankets of one sort or another. The ones with children and no career had husbands and armfuls of photos of kids and wedding days. But all those props became an irrelevance so quickly. We tapped into the things which had united us then, we were all essentially those same girls who had thrown up in the waste paper basket in French, fallen in the pond, let a stink bomb off in assembly. The same girls who had explored all aspects of teenage angst together!

Most of us had had triumphs and many of us had had tragedies too, and it was so wonderful to realise that through all that we had retained the essence of ourselves. Our school was a warm place to grow, we were supported by staff and we looked out for one another, our world was quite narrow socially, economically we were generally from the same kind of background. That gave us a foundation which has meant that now living and operating in a much much bigger and more diverse world, I still have the same values and way of approaching the world as I did then. The warmth of friendship and nostalgia lingered with me for days back in the metropolis. It's a nice feeling to belong to that gang, I hope we get together again before our dotage, I think we will!

Susie Donaldson



Welcome to WGHS Reunited

WGHS Reunited has been developed in association with Abattia, a London-based specialist software company. It is a major development which not only enables all Old Girls to be in touch with the School and with one another, but also gives Old Girls control of their personal data, with the security and assurances highlighted overleaf.

WGHS Reunited is innovative, flexible and adaptable . . .
. . . the possibilities for using it imaginatively are tremendous!

10 good reasons for registering

1. Maintain contact with existing friends and get in touch with old friends.
2. Get your own email address that stays with you for life.
3. Search for fellow Old Girls using a range of criteria (e.g. name, leaving year).
4. Build a personal "who's who" entry online, including details of school and life achievements, and access entries of other registered members.
5. Enter and keep up-to-date personal data (including contact details) held on WGHS Reunited.
6. Manage your own reunions and events, publish news items or publicise events of interest to others.
7. Keep in touch with news and events from the Old Girls' Association.
8. Network with business professionals and share your knowledge and expertise.
9. Find out about Old Girls who live in the same region or country, share the same interests or attended the same university.
10. Offer your knowledge, skills and advice to current and future generations of WGHS pupils seeking careers advice or work experience.



Communicating with new and existing friends

An "email for life" address becomes available to all registered members of WGHS Reunited for communication with fellow Old Girls - and, for that matter, with any other email addressee.

You can take advantage of two options.

1. Use the facilities within WGHS Reunited for your email needs.
2. Instruct the network to forward emails received at the WGHS Reunited address to another email account of your choice.

Note: The "email for life" address is expected to become the principal vehicle for communication amongst the Old Girls Community, although other contact details may be provided by registered members at their discretion.

To register:

1. Visit www.wgsf.org.uk
2. Select 'WGHS Senior'
3. Select 'Old Girls' and then follow the on-screen instructions



The Old Girls' Association

My Elective in Chikballapur, India

One of the highlights of my career so far as a medical student has definitely been my elective. Most medical students training in the UK have the opportunity at some point in their undergraduate training to work abroad and to study any discipline they choose. I had decided that I wanted to go somewhere where I would see different diseases that are exciting and rare in the UK, somewhere where I could make a difference and somewhere that is easy to travel from at the weekends. I found a hospital that sounded ideal, the Church of South India (CSI) hospital in Chikballapur, a rural hospital where cases of snakebites and leprosy were common.

The CSI hospital was a 150 bed charity hospital situated in the middle of a small town called Chikballapur, 40Km from Bangalore. Chikballapur is a stark contrast from the silicon city of India that is Bangalore. There is a much smaller western influence and the locals do not see westerners very often. As a result, I was stared at all the time. Families on a single motorbike would be looking over their shoulders to watch me instead of the road ahead. The hospital is funded by the church, donations and payments from some patients so it is very poorly equipped. The departments included medicine, surgery, obstetrics and gynaecology, ENT, orthopaedics, paediatrics, although in reality most problems were treated in the hospital.

I started every day with a ward round at 8.30, which fortunately for me were in English. There was another ward round at 9.30 followed by the outpatient clinic. Patients could turn up when it was convenient for them as many had to travel from outlying villages. The surgeon was particularly keen to teach. I assisted with operations and he taught me how to do some minor procedures such as removing moles and stitching. I performed a spinal anaesthetic in theatre, however the anaesthetist only showed me where to put the needle and gestured to go ahead. I managed it with no adverse effects for the patient but I decided not to do another one.

Unfortunately the language barrier proved to be a problem when talking to patients. The nurses and patients could not speak English well enough to translate for me and my Kannada was very basic. The dentist sometimes translated when she had time. I was disappointed that I could not clerk patients at their initial presentation but this was made up for by the variety of patients and with lots of clinical signs. I had many opportunities to improve my examination skills.

There were all sorts of diseases ranging from the exciting infectious diseases and tropical diseases such as leprosy, malaria, tetanus and dengue fever to the common problems we have in the UK such as diabetes and COPD. I was quite amazed at the degree of poverty and lack of education which had a direct effect on health. Patients generally presented to a doctor later than people do in the UK. This was often fatal. One patient had a corn on his foot which he cut at with a knife for over a year. He presented with an infected foot and x-ray revealed his heel bone was crumbling away due to the infection. I watched the amputation of his foot.

The hospital adapted well to its lack of funding. Most of the equipment was none disposable. Gloves, masks, hats and



gloves in theatre were autoclaved and reused. Less expensive operations were offered which are not performed in the UK. In theatre angle poise lamps were used for extra lighting which we also used for premature babies if both the incubator and phototherapy lamp were occupied.

The staff in the hospital were very friendly and welcoming. I stayed for the majority of my visit on a private ward. At first I was pretty horrified with my hospital bed, the squat toilet and no shower. However, I soon became used to it and one of the nurses brought me a bucket of hot water every day, luxury! Eating the hospital food was quite a challenge, as it consisted of rice three times a day. After a while one of the doctors offered to cook for me for the rest of my stay and she taught me how to prepare some fantastic Indian dishes. I feel very much indebted to her.

I think my elective met up to most of my initial expectations. It was certainly a challenge and I definitely saw diseases that were rare in the UK that I expect I will never see again (unless I go back of course). I had managed to travel at weekends to some amazing places in India.

After my stay at the hospital, I travelled to the north and trekked in the Indian Himalayas. I hope I made a difference to the hospital particularly by encouraging the safe disposal of needles and syringes. It was certainly an unforgettable elective.

Miriam Angus
Pupil from
1993-2000



The Old Girls' Association



Kelly Jackson V Upper

Hatfield Travel Bursaries

I could hardly believe my luck when I was selected to climb the highest freestanding mountain in the world with twenty-four other adventurous Durham students to raise £1,000 for 'Save the Children' charity. Furthermore I was extremely grateful when the Hatfield Travel Fund decided to sponsor me and took on my other fundraising duties and training with as much vigour and enthusiasm without reality actually setting in.

Prior to the trip we had several training sessions and many nights out enabling the group to bond, however I don't think any of us actually realised what we had let ourselves in for until our aeroplane flew past the peak of Kili, and for the first time doubts began to creep into our minds.

Standing a mammoth 5896m, snow-capped Kilimanjaro is the highest peak in Africa and one of the continent's most magnificent sights. It is also one of the highest volcanoes in the world; this would not be so easy after all!

After landing at Kilimanjaro airport we made the short trip to Murangu where we undertook two day walks in order to acclimatise, everyone was in high spirits ready to take on this mountain as soon as possible.

The first day was both exciting and nerve racking. We were kitted out with walking poles, which despite my initial reluctance I found later to be indispensable. We commenced by trekking through lush rainforest. Despite being all uphill it was generally a gentle incline which enabled us to take in our surroundings, we reached 3000m luckily without anyone suffering from the altitude. The second day offered a change in scenery, with little shade and the sun shining in full force, lots of sun cream! We broke through the cloud cover on the third day it was almost like we were walking through fog and we could feel the temperature gradually dropping, time for the thermal gloves! The altitude had begun to affect some people; however Jimbo our leader stating that my headache was caused by the swelling of my brain reassured me!

I was extremely apprehensive about the fourth day as I knew that sooner or later the altitude would really start to affect me, it would only be a matter of time, I was so scared that I wouldn't be able to make it to the top and let the group and most of all myself down.

We all felt the same so endless games of 'would you rather' passed the time in a humorous way.

We finished the fourth day walk at 5.00 pm had tea and went straight to bed, piling on the layers in preparation for the minus twenty-five temperatures! I had a vivid dream, (which I blame on the side effects of my malaria tablets) where I fell backwards through my rucksack and couldn't get out.

We woke up at 4.00 am; I knew the next seven hours would be the hardest seven hours of my life - mentally and physically. Kitted up with head torches - eight layers on top, five on the bottom, four pairs of socks, three pairs of gloves and my trustee thermal underwear we set off, looking like walking adverts for Michelin. The only thing we were carrying was our water bottles, which we had to tuck inside our coats otherwise the water would freeze.

A combination of the altitude, weariness and the cold bombarded me, I looked up vertically and saw a little track of lights and knew I just had to carry on and follow. I felt nauseous with every step I took; the ground was slate like, so with one step forward it seemed like two steps back. We were separated into two groups. No one spoke, there was nothing to say, we just knew we had to keep going, it would be over soon. Even in these situations the morale was still high and somehow we managed to keep each other going. Every time we stopped for a short break we had to make sure no-one fell asleep and keep drinking. The guides were fantastic and made sure no one was seriously ill.

After what seemed like forever we finally caught up with the first group and made the excruciating trip to Stella's Point. From then on it was only 40 minutes to the highest point, which seemed to go on forever.

We made it, every single one of us, the feeling was indescribable - pride, amazement, I was on top of the world and that's how I felt! Looking back climbing Kili was the most amazing thing I have ever done in my life. I have made some absolutely amazing friends from the experience. It will be an experience I will remember forever and I'm sure I will tell my grandchildren.

I would like to thank Hatfield for sponsoring me and giving me this opportunity of a lifetime.

Victoria Sugden, former Head Girl
1995-2002

The Old Girls' Association

Officials 2004-2005

President: Mrs P A Langham
Vice President: Mrs Louise Cousins
Staff Representative: Mrs Anne Bedford

AGM

The above meeting was held in the Library on Tuesday, 2 November 2004.

Following approval of the minutes of the previous AGM and under Matters Arising, the Committee discussed the role of the OGA and its relevance in the school of today. It was agreed that this point should be debated at the next Committee Meeting.

Liz Hall, as Treasurer, gave her report and it was resolved to give a gift to school of £1000 to enable school to start the refurbishment of the chairs in the Sixth Form Centre.

Events of 2004

This year we decided to hold one major event 'An Evening with Gervase Phinn' on Friday, 3 December which proved to be extremely entertaining and popular.

Births

To Vicky Apperley (nee Blakeley) 1985-1992, a second baby girl, Lucy, born November 1993.

To Louise Barnes (nee Field) 1985-1992, a son Jack, born March 2004.

To Anna Bell (nee Clarkin) 1983-1990, son, Theo Thomas Jacob, born July 2004.

To Gillian Cannon 1980-1989, a son, Daniel Thomas, born February 2004.

To Rachel England (nee Hewitt) 1980-1988, a son, Jack, born January 2004.

To Alison Hill (nee Haigh) 1983-1985, a son Daniel, born August 2003.

To Vanessa Meagh (nee Wilkinson) 1980-1988, a daughter Nell, born November 2001 and a son, Finn born May 2003.

To Michelle Menzer (nee Smith) 1982-1989, a son, Daniel Stephen, born September 2003.

To Isobel Patrick (nee Corney) 1971-1976, a son William, born October 2003, a sister for Emilie, born in 2001.

To Helen Ryan (nee Mirfield) 1987-1994, a daughter, Elizabeth Kate born June 2004.

To Caroline Shone (nee Auckland) 1985-1993, a daughter, Mollie Paige, born July 2004.

To Joanne Topping - 1986-1993, a son, Jacob Matthew Boneham, born April 2004.

To Rachel Ward (nee Bottomley) 1979-1986, a son, Alfred Harry, born December 2003.

Marriages

Rachel Bottomley - 1979-1986 - married Mr Kevin Ward in September 2001.

Helen Cunliffe - 1989-1996 - married Mr Ashok Murthy in May 2004 at St John the Evangelist Church, Killingworth Village, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Gillian Kent - 1979-1986 - married Mr Duncan Rhind in June 2002 in York.

Helen McKinley - 1986-1993 - married Mr Michael Smith (ex QEGS) in May 2004 and will be known as Helen McKinley-Smith.

Caroline Morley - 1988-1995 - married Dr Matthew Williams-Gray at Merton College Chapel, Oxford in August 2004.

Karen Roy - 1991-1996 married Mr Robert Cooke in April 2003 at Sheen Mill, Cambridgeshire.

Vanessa Wilkinson - 1980-1988 - married Mr Joe Meagh in May in Manchester.

Harriet Wood - 1971-1978 married Mr Christopher Ansell in December 2003 and will be known as Harriet Ansell-Wood

Joanne Topping - 1986-1993 married Dr Steven Boneham in June 2001.

Engagement

Claire Nalson - 1991-1998 to Mr Andrew Fonseca in June 2004.

Deaths

It is with regret that we record the following:

Joan Glover - Left school in 1939, taught in Junior School 1946-1955, died February 2004.

Avice Margaret Piesse (nee Harrison) - Left school in 1938, died June 2004 from complications arising from a fall in January

Lesley Mitchell (nee Butterfield) - 1953-1959 died in June 2003 after a long fight against cancer.

Edith Nickson (nee Dixon) 1935-1942 died in St Michael's Hospice, Harrogate in November 2003.

Caroline Robinson (nee Hough) 1976-1983 died on 20th November 2004 after a courageous fight against cancer.



