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7 October 2000**
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Never mind, I thought. What ever would I do on Fridays if I had no detention to go to?

**Editor: Carol Gibson
Contributors :
Pamela Lunn
Pat Hendry**

CCHS News

CCHS School Reunion, 7 October 2000

By Pamela Lunn (Farrington)



Thanks to everyone for making our first reunion for 13 years such a success! Nineteen ‘old girls’ turned up on the day with quite a few travelling from some distance to attend. There would have been more of us had it not been for the last minute rescheduling due to the fuel crisis.

We held the last reunion in July 1987 as many will remember (memories jogged no doubt by photos on the pin board), so to hold another in Millennium year seemed appropriate - and not before time. Overall the idea was well received but they are not everybody’s ‘cup of tea’. One ‘old girl’ was so traumatised by the last one she attended circa 1972 (does anybody remember this one?) that she felt quite unable to repeat the experience!

30th wedding anniversaries, imminent grandmotherhood , house moves, trips to Australia and bar mitzvahs all conspired to prevent several more people from attending. Then of course despite people’s best efforts it was impossible to contact everybody from the original list and, very sadly, just a few of us are no more.

A big ‘thank you’ must go to Carol Gibson who volunteered to organise the reunion at the Chester

end. Carol found the venue, organised the buffet, arranged for the cake to be made, liased with the newspapers, made the pin board and set up the wonderful web site, in addition to getting in touch with her own network of contacts.

The Internet also came into its own for tracing ‘missing persons’. We thought we had found Jennifer ‘Burrows’ at one stage but it turned out to be someone from Walton on Thames with a husband called Adolf, who denied all knowledge of Chester City High School! Email, too, was a real boon, saving pounds on postage and telephone calls.

Finally, if nobody has been too traumatised by this reunion we’re planning to do it all again, this time including ‘old girls’ from the years immediately above and below ours.

Date for your diary: Saturday 8 September 2001 – same time, same place! §

Note from Carol Gibson - I received tremendous support from Susan Silversides and others, who racked their brains to trace old chums. The Dene Hotel and Gill Mulliss, of Tiverton Cakes, all coped admirably with the forced changes.

INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE

By The Webmaster



See overleaf for a few photos from the crime scene.

More can be seen on the CCHS website

www.isadora.co.uk

For those interested, the origin of the site name - ‘isadora’ is not Dora Duncan, but my cat who isa-dora-ble!

Captions wanted!!

The best ones will be added to the website.

The judges will be the Webmaster, Farrers and Isadora; whose decision will be final!



Existing captions are suggestions only - you can do better, being la creme de la creme!

Pace, Miss Brodie

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ERRANT FIFTH FORMER

By Pat Hendry (Smith)



My eyes travelled up from the heavy brogue shoes to the lisle stockings, the herringbone skirt and arms folded over the ample heaving bosom. From under my over-long fringe I finally made eye contact with the pop bottle bottom glasses behind which gleamed the eyes of one Miss Dallimore, definitely not the patron saint of fifth formers.

"It is a school rule that you do not wear long black boots in the new block" she snapped, her eyes travelling from my backcombed birds nest hairdo over my skirt which was barley visible under my blazer and down to my knee high black leather boots. "You will present yourself at detention on Friday evening, AS USUAL, and I should be grateful if you do not break any more school rules, girl. You exasperate me, Pat Smith, go on, get out of this building". Old bag.

The morning passed in its usual haze of teachers trying to stuff

my tender brain full of unwanted facts and at last lunchtime dawned, with the prospect of a few Weinholt's pineapple buns on the bus on our way to lunch. Beck and I duly consumed three each of the said buns as a pre-lunch snack, ate lunch, and then caught the bus back to school with two bars each of Fullers tangerine cream to fortify our hunger pangs on the -trek from the bus stop to school.

For some reason which after thirty five years seems to escape me, I had an urgent telephone call to make from the telephone box in the vicinity of the Old Dee Bridge. (In those days I don't remember knowing anyone who was on the phone). The weather was murky and grey which naturally necessitated me to wear my black, square, incredibly trendy, sunglasses.

Beck, my lookout, was frantically gesticulating from outside the phone box, and I smiled indulgently at her antics. However, suddenly the kiosk door was thrust open as if by a cyclone, and a familiar pair of brogues came into view. I do not believe it' she said. (Victor Meldrew had nothing on her) "You know it is a school rule that you do not make telephone calls whilst wearing black sunglasses and chewing gum with your school hat not visible because of the arrangement of your hair". Here we go again. That woman could make up school rules for

England.

Never mind, I thought. What ever would I do on Fridays if I had no detention to go to? §



Call for copy

Blimey, that brings it all back!

If you have anything to say about past times - or current times, or times in between, please send it to me so that we can all share it. It occurs to me that some of you may have been affected by flooding and have a tale to tell. If you have, my commiserations, but do tell! §

Contact list: new additions

Pat Bethell
Marilyn Jones
Madeleine Keefe
Helen Parker
Judith Parker

If anyone wants to get in touch with these people , please contact Pam or me for addresses. And let us know if you move, so that we don't loose touch again §