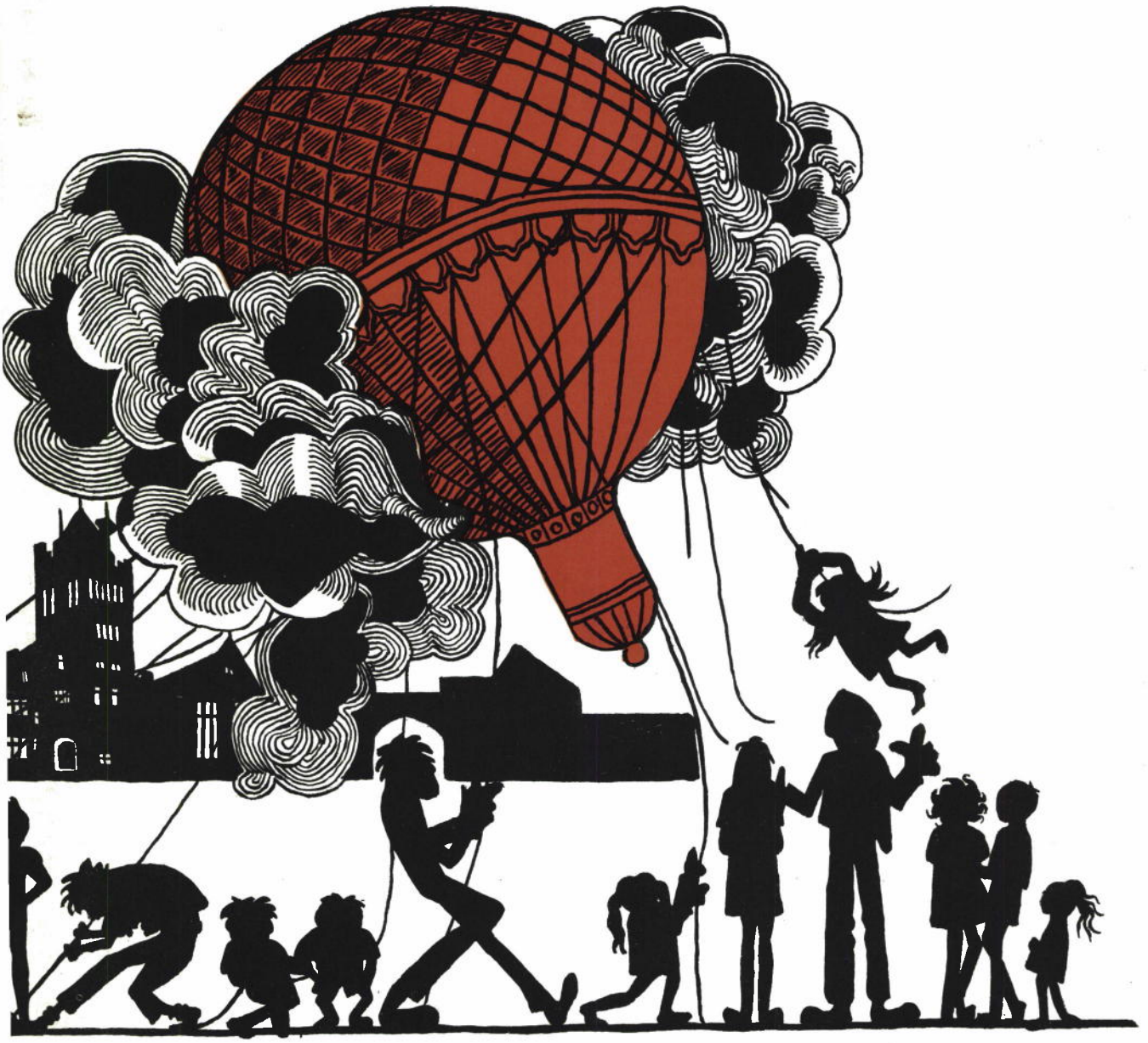
THE AVENUE



January 1968

The "Avenue" appears once a year, in the Spring Term.

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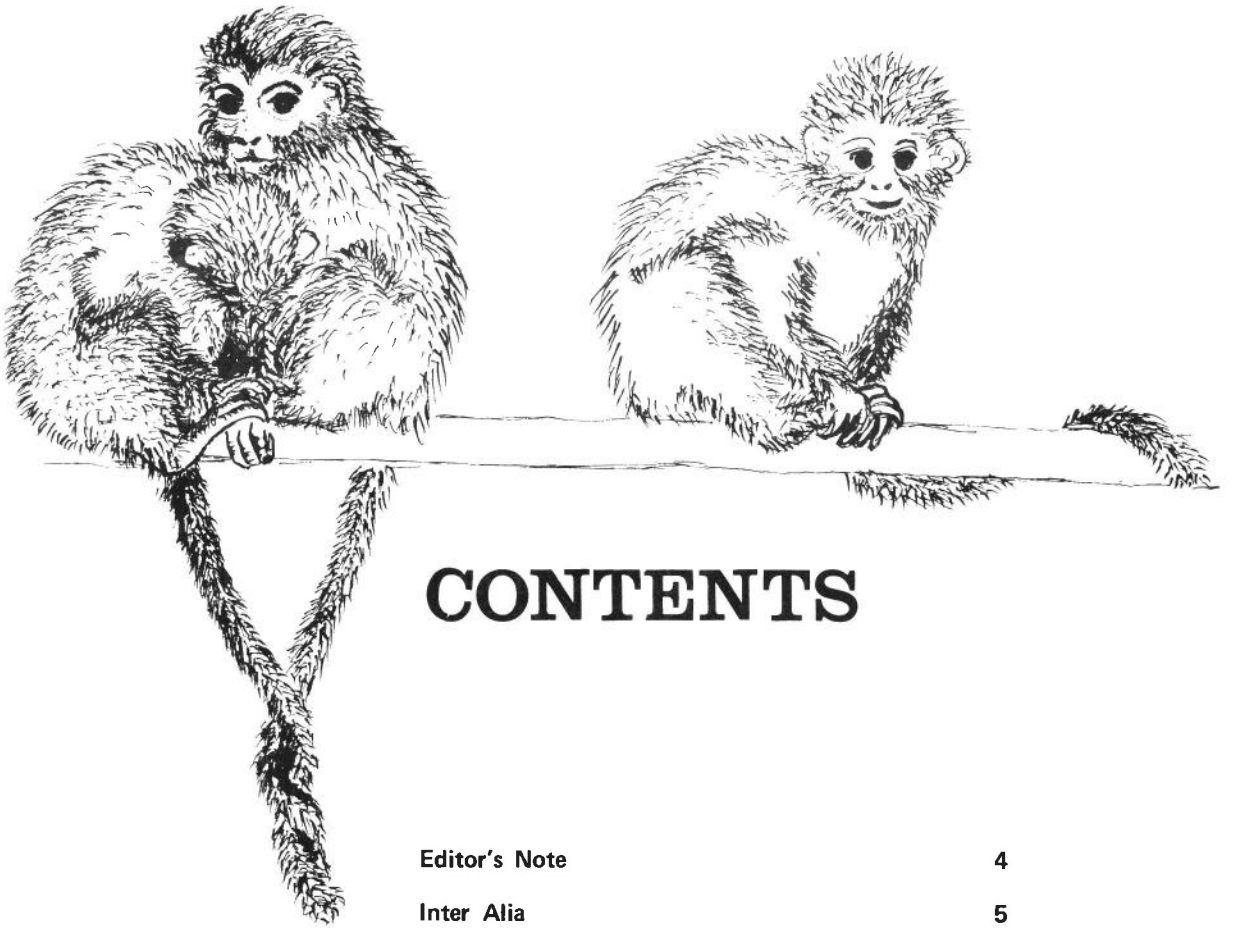
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1968 Friends School, Saffron Walden

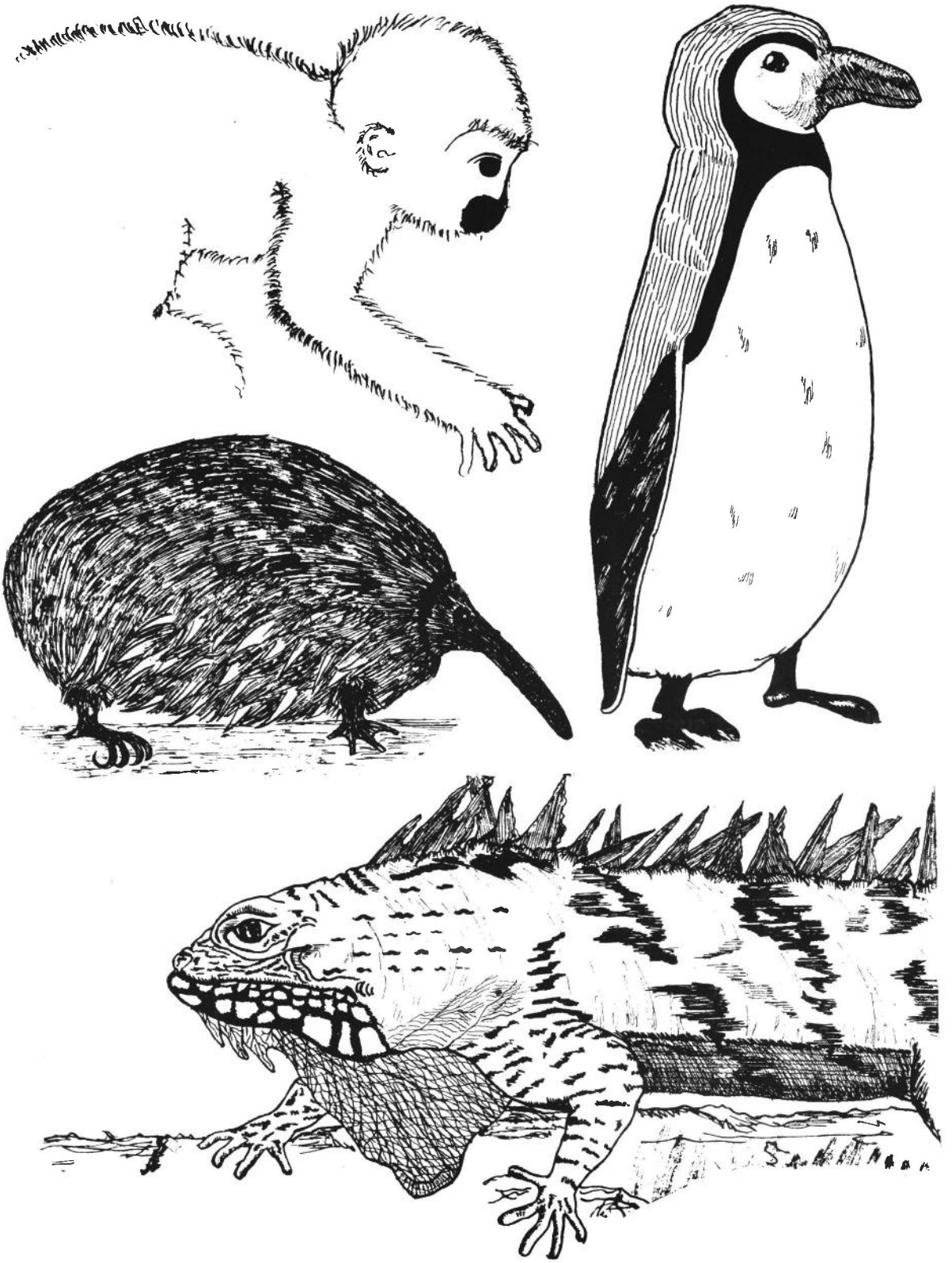
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For typographical information see Editor's Note on page 4



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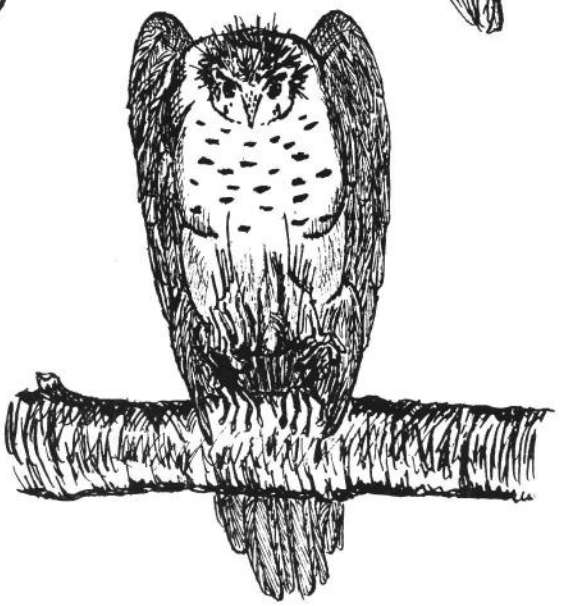
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Drawings :

Madeline Whear

Miranda Kennett .



Editor's Note

The writing on the opposite page is obviously typewritten. But so is what you are reading. In fact everything in this "Avenue" (except the headlines) has been typed, although it looks like print. The typewriter is an electric IBM Composer and it costs about £1500. It looks like a normal typewriter except that the letters are embossed on the "golf ball" illustrated above. This ball sits in the centre where the letters would be: when you press a key the ball is lifted, rotated and inclined to the correct letter and then pressed on the paper. If you want to change to a bigger type, or a different type face, you simply unscrew the ball and insert another.

This issue is typed in

Press Roman Medium and **Bold**

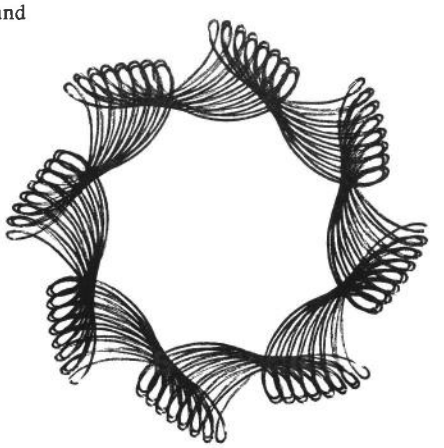
Universe Medium and **Bold**

We can also have italic In any face.

abcde **abcd**

The printer sends us the typed text. We paste it onto dummy page cards and add headings with letraset transfer lettering, in 14 point Fortune or 24 point Clarendon. We paste our drawings and photos on and return the cards to the printer. He makes a thin sheet metal photo of each whole page and prings from this sheet by the offset litho process.

This new system gives us much more of the work, and fun, of getting the magazine printed. It saves money, but learning it has taken us time. That's why this issue is late. Sorry!



We congratulate the following on their successes:

William Bertram:	Pensioner place at St. John's College, Cambridge to study Mechanical Science. Also British Petroleum Company Scholarship.
Margo Dunlop:	Place at New Hall, Cambridge, to study Chemistry. (gained after only four terms in the Sixth Form.)
Robert Greaves:	Pensioner place at Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge to study Medicine.
Simon Wallis:	Major Scholarship in Natural Sciences at Kings College, Cambridge (also after only four terms).
Margaret Weston:	Place at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, to study Politics, Philosophy and Psychology.
Sarah Hutton:	A recent leaver, who has gained a place at New Hall, Cambridge.

FLIGHT OF FANCY

Inspired by our earlier small attempts, and realising the difficulties involved in making a man-carrying hot-air balloon, we com-promised and built one a mere 13 feet high. The sphere was nine feet across, and held about 500 cubic feet of hot air.

The con-struction was simple, consisting of twelve segments joined at their edges, like sections of orange peel. Incidentally, the segments had each to be fashioned from eight sheets of household tissue paper! Aluminium oil formed the neck, and a wire ring held it open. Cross wires supported a meths burner.

For the first captive flights, we launched the balloon over a burner the ground. Twice the line broke, and the balloon escaped, attract-ing public speculation and police enquiry. On one of these occasions it drifted about a mile on one filling of hot air, landing in a tree and near disaster.

On its last flight its own burner was used; a large crowd saw it quickly rise through the calm evening air, and we, tracking it by car, saw it disappear into the clouds.

Enquiries at a certain American air base revealed the clouds to be at 5000 feet; unfortunately their radar was incapable of detecting it. We calculated that it would have travelled for twenty miles or so before its burner died, and it des-cended to its unfound grave.

By William Barbam and Roger Harrison 6s

INTER ALIA

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1967

by Sue Garrod, Judy Kemp,
John Miller and Michael Matthews.

This was a year of rearranged rooms and splashings of YELLOW paint. The pink San. was put into working order, at last, and the Boy's Playroom became a clean luminous green light at one end of centre corridor. The new four-classroom block was finished and now houses the first and second forms who also have a common room where the workshop used to be, the latter being transferred to once cold, stony, now warm concrete rooms 13 and 14. Voluminous room 2 has been converted, to Bursar Brown's fine design by our own hard-working carpenters, into a split level bedroom for girls only. It has a playpen in the middle. . .



Babies. The Lightfooted baby (Sarah) beat the Haslam baby (Judith) by a week, and the Allen baby (Jeremy) beat the Gray baby (John) by a month.



Departed Staff this year are: Ken and Jean Plant, Janet Lappin, Gunver Lindegard, Anne Douthwaite, Hilary Steele, Ailsa Neal, David Lewis, Jennifer Byard, and from the domestic side Bernice Mitchell, Ann Broomhall and Sandra Kinovskis. After 35 dedicated years as School Engineer, Mr. Jacob has left us to be succeded by Ray Holroyd.

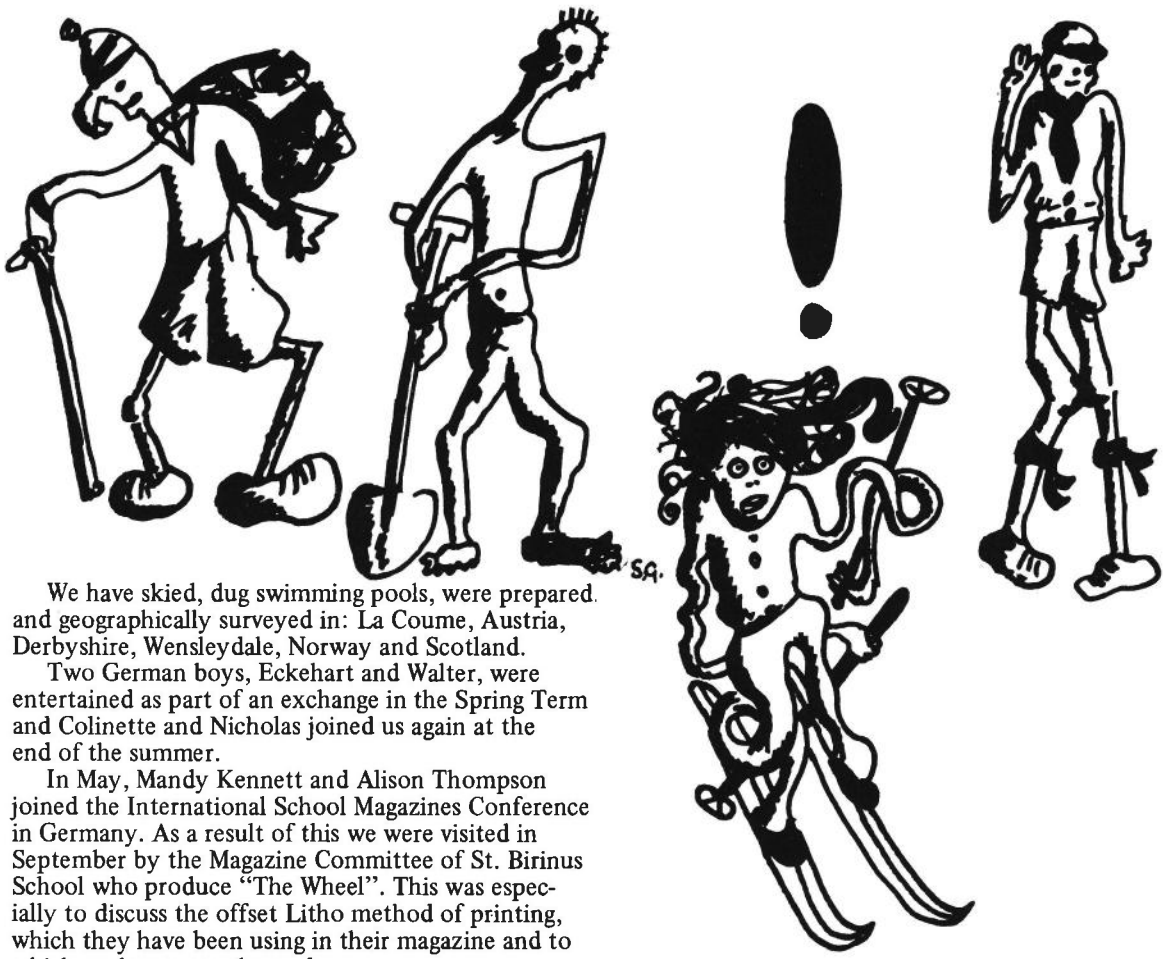
The school received, with dismay, Mr. Nicholson's announcement, in an outside summer assembly, of his intended retirement at the end of summer 1968. His successor is to be John Woods, an old scholar, at present Head Master of the Friends' School at Kamusinga in Kenya.



New arrivals were: John Chapman (Biology), Helen Shaw (Chemistry), Alison Turnbull (History), Therese Roxby-Bott, an ex-head girl, (Mathematics), Marjory Howard (Latin) and to the domestic side Freda Granville (Gibbon Cage), Margaret Roberts (Domestic Bursar) and Patricia Milestone (Ass. Dom. Bur.).

With us for a short time were student teachers Margaret Sloane, Humphrey Clucas and John Richardson. Valuable part-time help was given by David Trotter (History), Mrs. Winup (Dom. Sci.), Mrs. Masterman (Dom. Sci.) and for Maths. Mr. Santon (from CIBA), Mr. Drewery, Miss Kennedy, John Evans, and for the umpteenth time Eileen Thompson came to our rescue with Domestic Subjects. Richard Wright took a well-earned sabbatical term and used it to go on a Maths. teaching course in Cheltenham. After being back only a few weeks he had to leave us again, this time for a major operation, from which he has happily recovered. Sixth form Maths students have not!

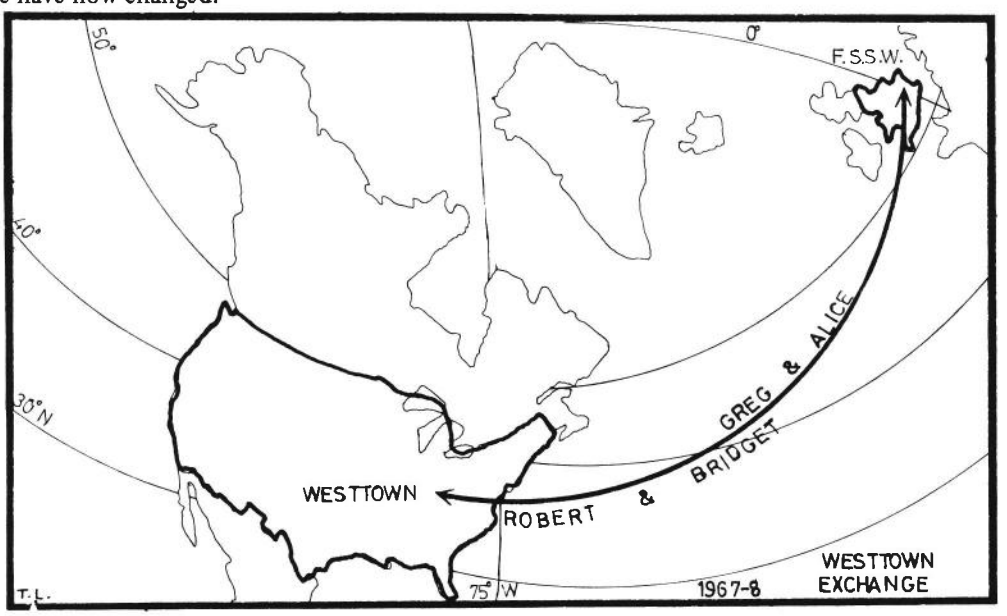




We have skied, dug swimming pools, were prepared and geographically surveyed in: La Coume, Austria, Derbyshire, Wensleydale, Norway and Scotland.

Two German boys, Eckehart and Walter, were entertained as part of an exchange in the Spring Term and Colinette and Nicholas joined us again at the end of the summer.

In May, Mandy Kennett and Alison Thompson joined the International School Magazines Conference in Germany. As a result of this we were visited in September by the Magazine Committee of St. Birinus School who produce "The Wheel". This was especially to discuss the offset Litho method of printing, which they have been using in their magazine and to which we have now changed.



This year the pupils' attitude to the School Council has improved and the "no-prefect" system continues to work well. It is generally felt throughout the school that, although we have a long half-term break, by the end of the fifteen weeks of the Autumn Term we are all exhausted and gain little from the last part of term.

General Meeting, this year, moved from summer to autumn and was somewhat curtailed to allow for our departure for the half-term break. This change was made because there is now little time after exams at the end of the Summer Term owing to external arrangements.

Joseph Hutchinson, the present chairman of the school's Board of Governers and last year's President of the British Association, came to the school and discussed, with the sixth form, his presidential address to the Association on the subject of overpopulation and its problems. It is interesting to note that Kathleen Lonsdale, this year's President was also on our Board of Governers. During the year the sixth form outlook has been broadened politically by talks from: Will Hamling, Peter Bessell, Philip Noel Baker, Terence Higgins, Peter Kirk and a representative from the Communist Party Central Office. The arrival of the new stage curtains, in the Autumn Term, coincided most appropriately with a reading, in assembly, from the thoughts of a prominent Chinese statesman. The colour of the curtains? RED of course!

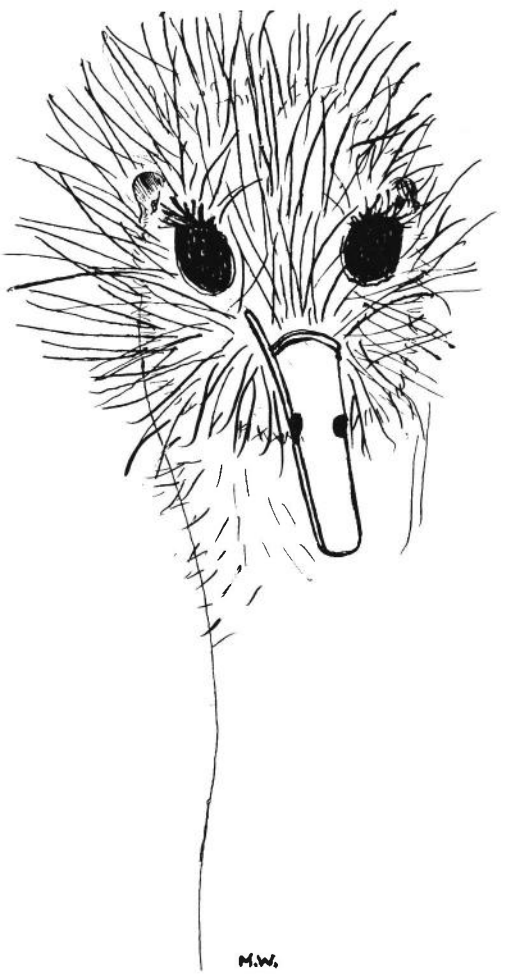
A short while later the school play "A Penny for a Song", by John Whiting, was performed within and without these same curtains. The play, which is reviewed elsewhere in the magazine, was a complete contrast to last year's production.

Our Anglia quiz team made it to the semi-finals but, not believing in pushing our luck, we have not entered a team this year.

During the Spring Term we received a call for help from the Friends' School in Hobart, Tasmania, asking for financial aid for the children whose homes were lost in the devastating bush fires. In only a short time we collected a substantial sum which was despatched at once. This helped some of the pupils with their school fees. More recently we received an appeal from the Friends' School at Brummana in the Lebannon for assistance in buying books for the recent large influx of Arab refugees. We have close connections with the school through Mr. Wright and Roy Birkinshaw and we were happy to be able to send immediately £100 left over from our Indian Village fund of two years ago. This has been supplemented by a sum of £47 collected by various efforts within the school during the Autumn Term.

During the year the school Amnesty group have been active with several talks, films and a large notice board in centre corridor. A week before the end of term four representatives went to the B.B.C. in London to record an interview about Amnesty, which we expect to hear sometime in January.

In the summer a very welcome addition was made to the library, in the form of a moveable trolley loaded with paperbacks. This meant we could afford many more contemporary books which are well worth reading, but no one has dared to buy for the main library. It was this term too, that beheld the birth of a hot air balloon and also its fate. We watched colourful, dashing, pounding Zulus come careering at us on the big screen; the fog arrived, to be quickly followed by early December snow; the dining hall decorations did go up and Christmas dinner was lovely. The Choir sang beautifully at Finchingfield and Newport, filling everyone's hearts with gladness and joy. The final carol service, but no singing at Trafalgar Square. The welcome end of a VERY long term.



THE COLD HARVEST



by Nicholas Fell 3Y

The land rover rumbled and bounced on over the bumpy track, its engine screaming in agony. It was a late harvest that year. The morning was chilly; there had been a frost the previous night. All in all Mrs. Salmon was feeling pretty grumpy that morning. She always did. She was 45 and looked 50. Her legs were scrawled and blotched with varicose veins, she coughed chronically and had a bad back. Mrs. Salmon, old and forgotten, always alone except for the man she had lived with for a brief two years.

Old and decrepit as she was, she always came on the potato picking. She needed the money. The land rover bumped and screamed its way on to the fields. She reckoned to earn at least £3 a day. She was a good picker.

The tractor spun another row, the workers moved on, backs bent, methodically up the rows. They coughed and wheezed with the exertion. They were all old, housewives like Mrs. Salmon, except for a few young boys who didn't last out the morning. "They're a tough lot, these old girls," the tractor driver observed. "Each year, come what may, they're always here The hard core of potato pickers, tough professionals, you might call them. Go like hell for a few quid more."

They were warming up, doing the first couple of rows at a medium pace, gradually stepping up the pressure. Pressing on at an inhuman pace, coughing and spluttering. Bent over the rows, legs stride, moving forward at a fast walk. They finished the first half of the field and took a break.

"O.K. Darlin's," the man said, leaping off his tractor to join the small congregation of toothless, munching faces. "Let's tuck in."

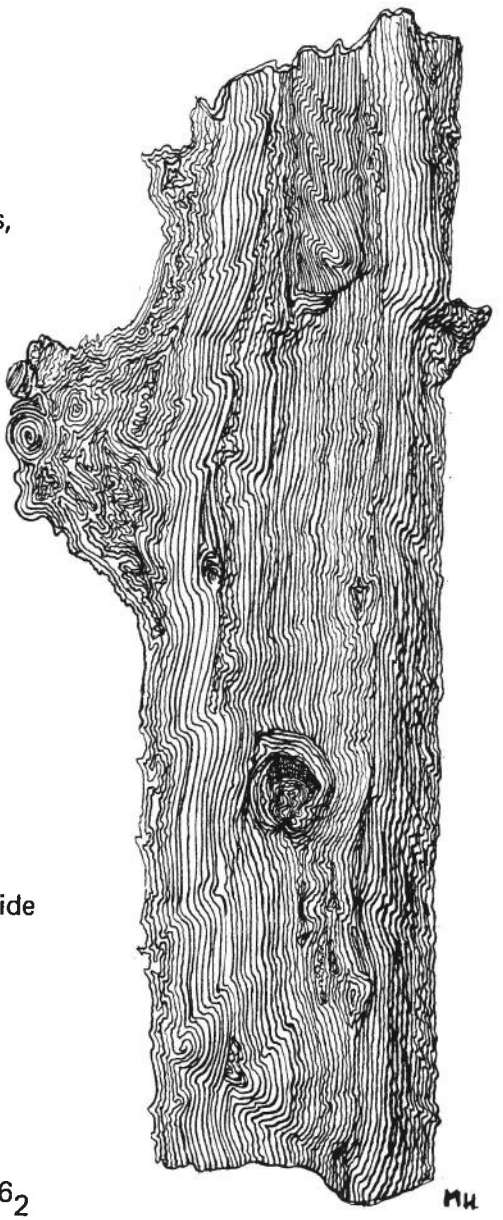
He began mumbling to himself as he poked his way through his lunch packet, giving little gasps of joy as he found each new crisply packed wad of sandwiches. "Cheese, egg, ham, yes, all here," he mumbled. He looked round to see who he was sitting next to; oh, old Mrs. Salmon. " 'Lo there, Ma," he said, slapping her jovially on the back. She fell forward in a little cold huddle. And didn't get up. Ever.

Some say she died of a broken heart when her husband left her. Some say it was the especially cold morning plus the slap on the back that finished her off. But if you ask me, Ma Salmon just died.

RUBBISH DUMP

A pile of black, tarry filth,
Out of the burrows
Of man.
Coal Mine.
Rusty Corrugated Iron,
And black dusty filth.
"Industry"
"The National Coal Board".
But what name
Can be given to these filthy slopes
Of Aberfan?
As we sit here,
In a comfy car,
With the heater on,
We watch the yellow coal board huts,
Sitting under the threat
Of Aberfan.
The disaster everyone talks about,
With the heating full blast,
In the luxury of home. Thinking
of Aberfan.

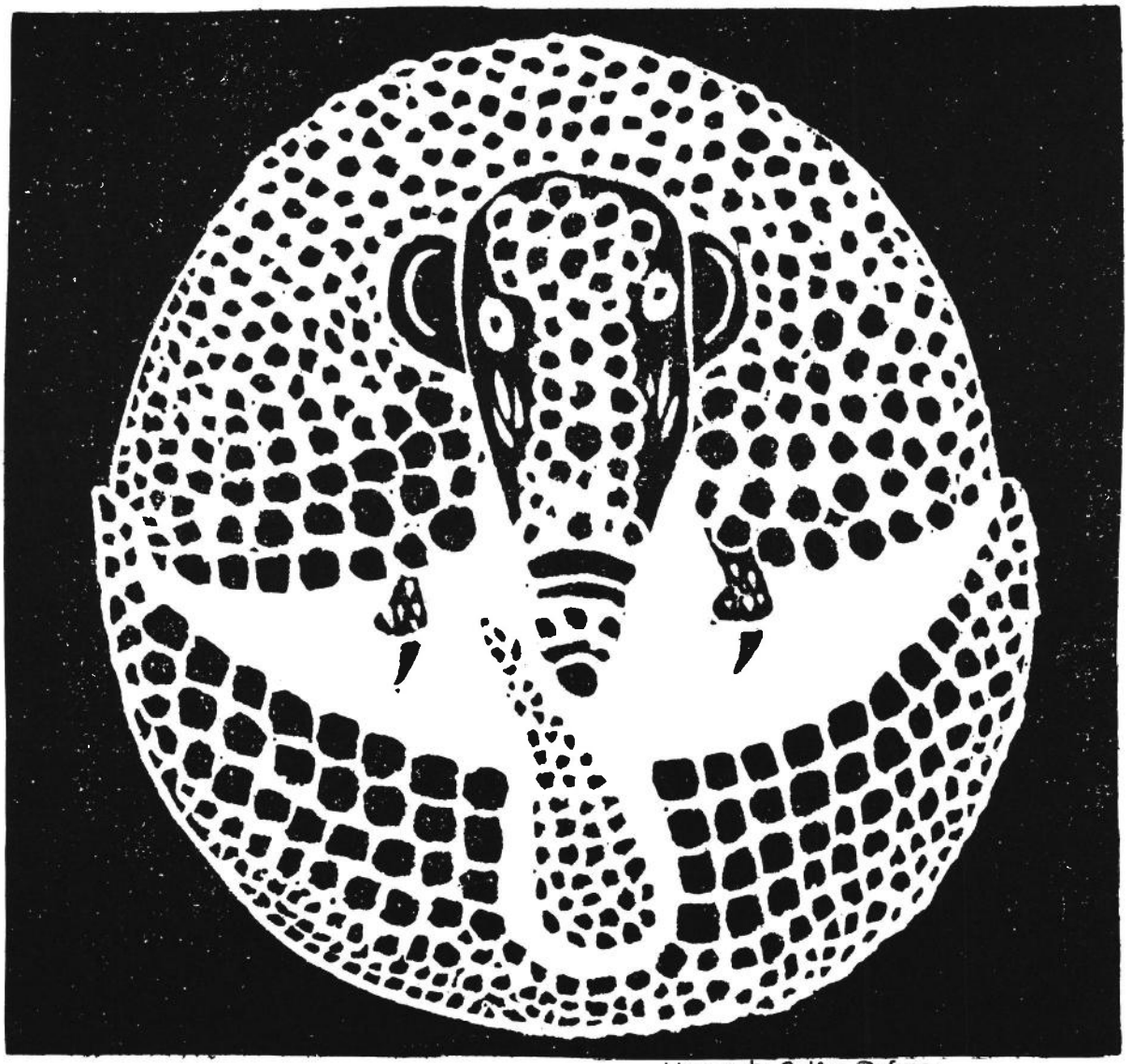
Ben Cheese 3_Y



ISOLATION

In a snare
Trapped.
Once there was a friendly world outside
But now you realise and fear;
For it only existed in imagination.
The one reality disappears,
Likewise the one communication;
And so, unable to struggle further,
You fade into numb isolation.

Patsy Hodgess-Roper 6_2



Lino cut: Cathy Bolam.

FOX

I dare not turn;
Having come so far I must not,
Cannot turn.
I feel the breath of time
Hot on my neck;
The corridor of life stretches
To indistinct mists;
I wonder where it ends.

Andrew Fry 6_2

MY EXPERIENCE

by Sue Garrod 62

It's a blackness of unknown. There are people moving somewhere ahead of me. Dim figures bending over, tall buildings and apparatus. Somewhere beyond this blackness is emergence into a light open space with trees and wide roads. What shall I decide?

Birmingham, Sussex, Southampton, Warwick, Durham, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Reading, Essex, Oxford and Cambridge. Which is best for me? Do I really want to go to University?

I found this big green book with lists and lists and tables. Black type on white paper, columns of numbers, years, course requirements general entrance requirements; Maths "O" level required here. I leafed and leafed and looked and tried to decide. Then writing off. Is it "yours faithfully" or "yours sincerely" with "Dear Sir"; "yours faithfully" I'm sure; where does the comma go? I remember learning it in the third form.

Then masses of big brown manilla envelopes came pouring throgh the letter box onto the carpet. My name typed on the outside. They actually admit that I exist, those hordes of beglassed people, official and impersonal who one day received my hand written enquiry which I had a fear they'd take no notice of because it wasn't in a brown envelope or typed.

The prospectuses don't really tell me much. The only bits that I can feel anything about are the photographs. But how do I know if they're truly representative or not? How on earth can I decide? Do I really want to go to University? Which one is best for me? Liverpool, Leeds, Hull, Nottingham, East Anglia, Bristol, Reading, Oxford, Cambridge, Essex and Birmingham. I know I want that one. I have got to decide on five more. Then which order am I going to put them in?

By the end of the summer holidays eight had emerged. The first four were definite but I really don't know how I decided about them. I knew very little about any of them. There was only one whose town I'd been to. Why did I choose the ones I did? People would be sure to ask. I just don't know.

Back at school again and a panicky fear came over me. Everyone else had been deciding, the same as I had, and they'd surely decided better.

Today I went and got it. It's much larger than I imagined, much flimsier too. Shiny paper folded into three. "Write clearly in black ink. This form is to be photo-copied." I must cross out the eight and write nine. I want to go in 1969.

U.C.C.A. B.L.A.C.K. I.N.K.

"Father's occupation, course code numbers", why do I want to miss out a year from academic work? How can I say all I feel in one little line two inches long? How much do they really want to know?

It took me two days before I got the courage to fill it in IN BLACK INK. Then it was done and I didn't feel any different. It was still too far away to touch me.

Do I really want to go to University? Am I doing the right thing?

Refugee

by Frances Condick 3X

He lifted up his dirt-caked face, and his weary, ageless eyes looked up at her. "Don't you remember?" he said dully. "Don't you remember?"

A golden summer afternoon eight years ago in the university town of Egdirmac. Two people come laughing together down to the little river Atnarg, a girl with a bright pink dress and a young man in casual "slennafs" and a purple scarf. Together they get into a punt, and drift away. . .

The nervous expression on her face became more intense.

"Er—I'm sure you've mistaken me for someone else. Well—" her lips forced themselves into a bright, cheerful smile "I must be going." She backed away still smiling, and went hastily out of the gate of the camp.

The man's gaunt figure seemed to slump. He turned slowly away, and from behind it was easy to see the twisted leg that finished, horribly, in the halved foot.

Soon after that blissful day on the river war had broken out in that country, and the young man had joined the Hsilgne Resistance, hoping to find the girl again.

Then he had been caught. Tortured. And now the war was over, but for all he cared it might just as well still be on. He had no country—no friends—his career of sport was finished forever. All he had was a tattered photograph of the girl. His other possessions were those that sympathetic Namregs had given him. For two years he had looked for her, then today he had found her. Well—she needed him no more, so he would have to lose that dream.

He squatted down on the ground and thought of the clothes he had had before the war, especially the gold laced suit that he had once worn to a banquet, and also of the heavy velvet cloak that had been part of the suit.

He could have done with that cloak, right now. It was cold at night without any covers or bedding except straw. Thinking of that suit made him think of the banquet. Chicken. . . he hadn't tasted chicken for years. Couldn't even remember what it looked like.

He got up stiffly and limped back to the main part of the camp. Taking a broom he slowly began to sweep the dead leaves together.

THE REFUGEE

A spangled night sky,
A sphere spinning through the stars.
I saw it and wondered.
Alone.

A new neighbour.
"Don't point".
A Refugee.
"Don't stare".
"You must be kind to the refugee".

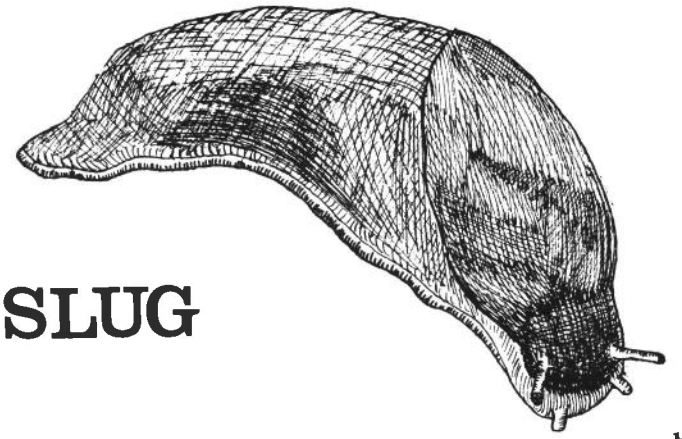
The Refugee never laughed.
Or cried,
Or danced,
Or sang;
But looked far, far away
Into the sky,
At night.

The Refugee did not come to church,
Or the supermarket.
He never bought icecreams,
Or came to tea.
The Refugee was unhappy,
They said.
They said I must not

Stare,
Point,
And ask questions.
The Refugee could not go home,
They said.
They said it was rude
To stare,
Point,
And ask questions.

A sphere returned,
Spinning through the stars,
Into the sky,
At night.
The Refugee was gone,
Back to the land of Refugees.
Somewhere in the spangled sky.
Gone to face the things he had run from.
I wondered.
Alone.
Because it was rude
To point,
Stare,
And ask questions
About the Refugee.

Chloe Cheese 4X



SLUG

by Andrew Greaves 3X

The rain stops, and seemingly from nowhere appears the black, paunchy slimy slug. Its back arches, and a wave of wrinkles ripples down its moist crinkled skin, as it moves along, very slowly, gaining its own length across the grass, at each movement, the front of its jet torso dragging the rear.

Slug. Repulsive to most humans, a delicate morsel to many a hungry bird.

With the rain comes the slug, moving lethargically across the moistened ground, leaving its own special trail, as it makes a bid to cross the wide expanse without being crushed by a rubber heel or lacerated by searching beak.

An odd, short life; appearing when others are sheltering, slithering from lichened rock to rock, until perhaps its life is cut short, just like that, one damp day, leaving only a shiny trail as proof that it has ever lived. . .

BOREDOM

God! I said it was awful;
Lights flash, people run,
Persecution!
Love - hate - desire.
Great Desire, unsatisfied.
Lonely or jealous?
Thoughts squirm.
Flirt, scream, run, it's done.
DAMAGE
All because of boredom.

Tanya Fox 4Y

SHORT STORY

There was a time, once,
When we could look only
up. Upward. Not sideways or down.
Wondering and asking -
Instead of criticizing . . .

As a child
I used to wake some mornings
Thinking
How incredible that I
The individual me!
Should be here

And how amazing that
I, out of the unknown supernatural
Potential. The infinitesimal
Might be. Should have been chosen.

I can remember sitting
on a small wickerwork chair
on a narrow balcony
cheek against the black railing,
twisted ironwork smelling of black paint-dust.
I was looking at the square.
The square - the white peeling
Plane trees and mirror roofs of cars.

But then,
I could also look up
At the bare branches
And the crackling leaves above.

Thomas Monck 6_1

(Note: Kama was one of the pet names of Montezuma, last king of the Aztecs.)



KAMA

Frances Condick 4_X

Kama walks slowly out:
Out to
the peopleplacespassions
that await him.
Behind him lie
a thousand years
of gold-tinged history.
Ahead lies . . .
slavery? glory? death?
Who can tell -
yes, who can tell on this
dreaming day
this extravaganza,
who can tell that
in three months time
Kama
will be dead and
his people
gone?
Who can tell?

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Editor's Note

Our Short Story Competition was not a great success. We are not sure why, but it attracted few entries (none from the Sixth Form). Many of the contributions were considered by the judges to be not short stories at all, but rather fragments of narrative or simply descriptive writing. These were therefore not eligible for the Competition, though some were good enough to be considered for printing elsewhere in **The Avenue.**

When the competition was launched we said we were not committing ourselves to awarding the prizes if the entries were not prizeworthy. Of the genuine short stories the judges considered only one reached prize standard. They decided to make no award in the Junior section (Forms 1 to 3) and to award only the second prize of one guinea in the Senior section (Forms 4 to 6) to Joanna Godfrey for her story "The Fire". We offer her our congratulations.

THE FIRE

by Joanna Godfrey 5Y

The atmosphere was close, stifling and breathless in the hotel room, even though all the windows were wide open. The distant hum of the traffic in the little Maltese town wafted in through the window.

Micky lay motionless in his bed with his arms folded above his hot tousled head. He was gazing at the black velved sky, trying to count all the stars he could see through one window pane. He thought the sky looked like a piece of black material with minute holes cut out of it, and pinpoints of light showing through. If he stared hard at one star, it would become more and more difficult to see. He would blink and it would disappear. He pondered on this for a while, and his mind wandered. He could just hear Anne breathing steadily by the door and Dad's heavy snoring next door.

He wandered why he was so wide awake; it must be because he was excited. After all he was only seven, and it was the first time he had been abroad. But then that wasn't really fair because Anne was only five and it was her first time too.

His nose twitched suddenly, and twitched again. He inhaled deeply. . . he could smell something peculiar, something burning. He sat up and stared out of the window breathing deeply. Perhaps someone was having a bonfire? At this time of night? Well people did do funny things in foreign countries.

Slowly Micky tugged back his bedclothes and warily put one foot out of bed. The rush matting felt coarse and prickly. His head reeled slightly for a moment. The room seemed to be filling with thick white smoke, he couldn't breath, he was coughing and spluttering, and groping for the door handle. Anne was whining like a puppy. . . he'd better find Mum and Dad, but he couldn't find the door handle.

Suddenly he felt a protective pair of arms round him, and a handkerchief was dumped over his mouth. He heard Dad's reassuring voice: someone was crying. He was wrapped up in a bundle of blankets and handed to someone else.

His head rolled like a baby's, and his ear kept rubbing against something cold and hard, probably one of the fireman's buttons. He could hear a tremendous roaring, crackling sound intermingled with terrified sobs and screams. At least he was being quite brave about it all.

Through his eyelashes he could see dark forms darting to and fro, and the bright flashing of licking flames. He seemed to be jolting up and down even faster now. They were going downstairs. The man was moving frighteningly slowly it seemed, and they were going further and further into the blinding, suffocating furnace.

He buried his head deeper into the handkerchief and screwed his eyes up tightly. All he could hear was the hissing, spitting and the snapping of the flames, and the tramp of the fireman's footsteps.

Suddenly he realised he was scared, really scared. . . what had happened to Mum and Dad and Anne? Were they safe? The handkerchief was wet now. Was it tears, sweat or blood? He couldn't tell.

Eventually they reached the outside and the cool air contrasted sharply with the heat of the building; he shivered violently. It was almost like daylight, in a yellow thickening sort of way. He could see a huddle of people on the road. The fireman carried him over to them.

"What's your name sonny? he asked.

"Micky," the little boy said, his voice sounded unnaturally small and strained.

The fireman put him on the grass which felt warm and dry. He searched the crowd eagerly for a familiar face, and a wave of relief swept over him when he recognised his family. His mother began crying with relief when they saw him, but he just smiled and hugged them all.

He looked at Anne. Her tiny face peeped out from under a blanket, small and white; the reflection from the flames lit up her face and glinted in her eyes. Her thumb was stuck firmly in her mouth, and her fingers were curled comfortably over her nose.

The fire was devouring the building fast, and the black shell of it could be seen clearly against the red glow of the sky.

Micky felt a strange mixture of sadness and gladness. He was sorry about the building and their now ruined holiday, but he was certain that none of his friends at school had been actually involved in a fire, nor rescued by a real fireman.

the end

KITE

Why so high, kite? Why so aloof and strange?
Are you chicken, kite? Are you sick as you bob and sway?
Or does the laughter, hideous and raw, sound better faraway?
Do I amuse you, kite? Do I make you smile
as you toss and turn till you slow and fade away?

SEA POT

Swirling sea pot - thousands of footprints
coiling round and round
where have they come from?
who sent them?
are they relief waves
standing in place of shattered ones?
no, they are mine;
they are patterns of my thoughts.

MOTHER, THE GIRL'S FACE HAS CHANGED COLOUR

mother, the girl's face has changed colour
she is turning blue, pastel blue,
electric blue.
her legs are swaying in the wind
the birds are coming
they're at her, mother.
her head is back, right back,
her eyes are half-closed,
her mouth is half-open, smiling,
letting saliva dry and curdle on her lips.
her armpits need support
lost without the crutches,
they lie in front of her as a death plank
a plank of death.

thoughts:

rosemary montford.

PEOPLE

People
as a race revolt
disturb
embarrass
me

People
as individuals very individual
give me a feeling of hope
in a world of deaf and dumb
massing the casualties
classing them with numbers
as numbers
not as God's creatures.

PAIN

layers of skin are visible
a small shaft has formed
I look down and I see the scab,
edged precariously on my knee joint.
scratch it and it peels off and bleeds,
lick it and it glistens like a jewel,
my jewel.
does the scab portray my life?
subjected to horror, intentional
unintentional
like war
in the east, west
on the land.
I scratch my scab off and it bleeds
red
raw
realistic
but I bear the pain.

(leaver from fifth form, July 67)

BEN SIMON'S DEATH

Ben Simon walked in a wilderness.
His mind clogged,
Fogged by a swilling, swelling, gold-dulling
Haze of beauty.

Red buses danced as poppies in Ben Simon's life.
Tall men, as feather-grasses, swung with heavy heads,
Swayed, murmured and washed past
In a tide of brushing softness.

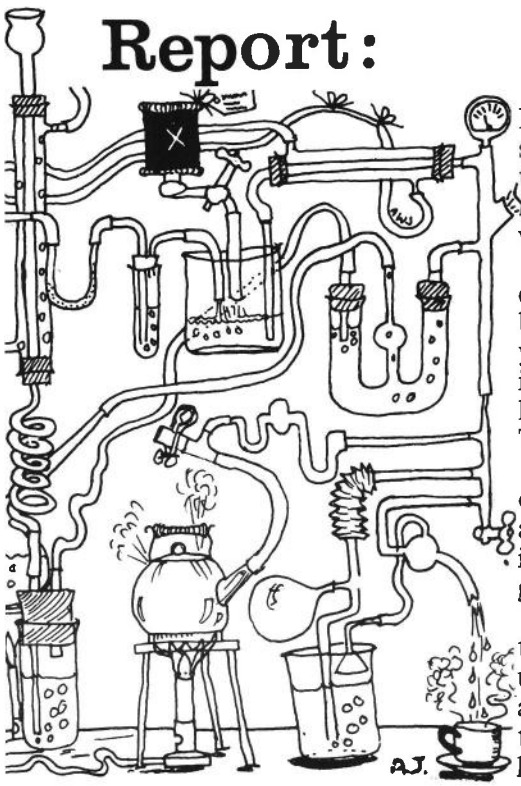
Dim in his mind the old life welled
Oiled over. Ripple-smoothed.
His mind's cleft crevice let him sink,
Left him weightless
In his wilderness.

No grief, nor bitter chill wrankled his daft, blank mind.
Ben Simon slipped with ease,
Slipped willingly, incredibly
To death.

Kathryn Salmon.
(leaver from fifth form, July 67)

Report:

by a Damsel (distressed)



I have to report that within our very walls there are very strange happenings. For there is a small room hidden deep in the school frequented only by a select few. Within this room near adults brew a mixture so potent that it affects their very lives, by enabling them to get through an arduous day.

The mixture verges on being viscous and is slightly effervescent. It is made from a fine dark powder which may be obtained by devious methods down town but I must tell you that there is a supplier of this powder in this very building. Once a week the group is given their grains. I have known girls my age drink up to six cups of this liquid a day. These are of course the hardened cases.

This brewing is very prevalent in the upper forms as only they have the necessary instruments for heating the additive so that it produces the desired effect. The effect is that the consumer feels satisfaction, well being and a warm glow inside.

I know the staff are aware of these activities, they even try to stop them by curbing the supply. This of course is useless when you are "hooked", and sheer mental agony for a five-cup-a-day-girl like some of my associates. Please help them, I beg you, by granting Six One girls another jar of beloved. . . . . Nescafe.

Brief Escape



by Adrian Good

The religiosity is over for another Sunday evening. The pious bodies stream out of the sacred hall. For a baker's dozen of people the "after meeting" time is used for a brief escape into another life. Quickly they rush to bedrooms and shed the garb of conservatism, exchanging it for a new identity.

They collect expectantly outside the victim's home and then infiltrate noiselessly.

"Which room are we in?"

"Front,"

The mass surges forward and descends, like the proverbial plague of locusts, on the room.

"Where's the incense?"

"Go and get the candles."

"Who's got the matches?"

"Put that damned light out."

The room sinks into a heavy and impenetratable darkness that stifles movement and speech.

A scrape of a match breaks the silence and a muted curse informs the company that the match refuses to strike. In an expectant hus the invisible fingers fumble blindly for another match. With a feeble splutter of damp phosphorous the match stumbles into life. The candles are lit ceremoniously one by one and the room is suddenly warmed by the yellow, mellow glow that cuts away the clinging darkness.

The music of Segovia floats through the air with the sluggish smoke of the incense sticks that are being "smoked" by several of the ghostly hulks strewn haphazardly over furniture and floor.

Strong, aromatic coffee appears in the centre of the floor and bodiless limbs creep out and drag the hot mugs back into the depthless shadows. The air grows heavy with candle and incense fumes. The candle flames are surrounded by an aurora of smoke. The dense air wreathes itself around the inert figures like a soft blanket.

The music flows on, changing from Bach to Leadbelly. The mass sinks deeper into the soft sleepy sea of contentment. The faceless identities think on. The music stops, but a clangorous silence can still be heard. One of the candles fades out.

Someone moves softly.

The harsh electric light and harsh reality are both turned on simultaneously.

"It's half past nine, quick!"

The dark silhouettes become a pack of urgent animation. They flow out into the night. Quickly they forge up towards the gaunt building sulking sombrely on the top of the hill.

The slothful locusts have returned to their cage.

An Abandoned Building

by Rowan Corringham 5Y

After leaving our home I returned, five years later. I remembered it a filthy back street house, one of many, probably one of thousands of terraced houses that dominated that part of Manchester.

I returned to find it abandoned, uninhabited, unwanted. Our home, if one could have called it a home, had been void of all happiness and useful activity.

Now rats and mice slept in the discarded mattress, bats hung contentedly, sleepily upside down in dark corners. I peeled a piece of wall paper and uncovered a family of ear-wigs which promptly fell to my feet. My stomach heaved.

I turned and walked up the stone stairs avoiding black beetles which gazed at me condemningly for intruding upon them. I entered what had once been my elder brother's bedroom. A wooden box stood in the corner, this had once contained all his private things. It bore a green rusty padlock which had been forced open and everything had been taken out. He had taken his things? No, I thought not, I had been told there had been no time. No some filthy ruffian had taken his things for himself.

I walked into my own room, part of the ceiling had fallen away and there was a gaping hole cut in the outside wall. I dared not walk in far, for fear that what little remained would give way under my weight. I laughed at my own cowardliness as a fat grey rat clambered down a rugged piece of wall to the floor.

I stood and gazed contemptibly through the hole in the wall. I could see many other houses, the one where Sally had lived, the one where we had played burglers and had been caught climbing out of the toilet window. I smiled, I could see where Sam and Debb had lived and the house round the corner where Lindie's dad had died.

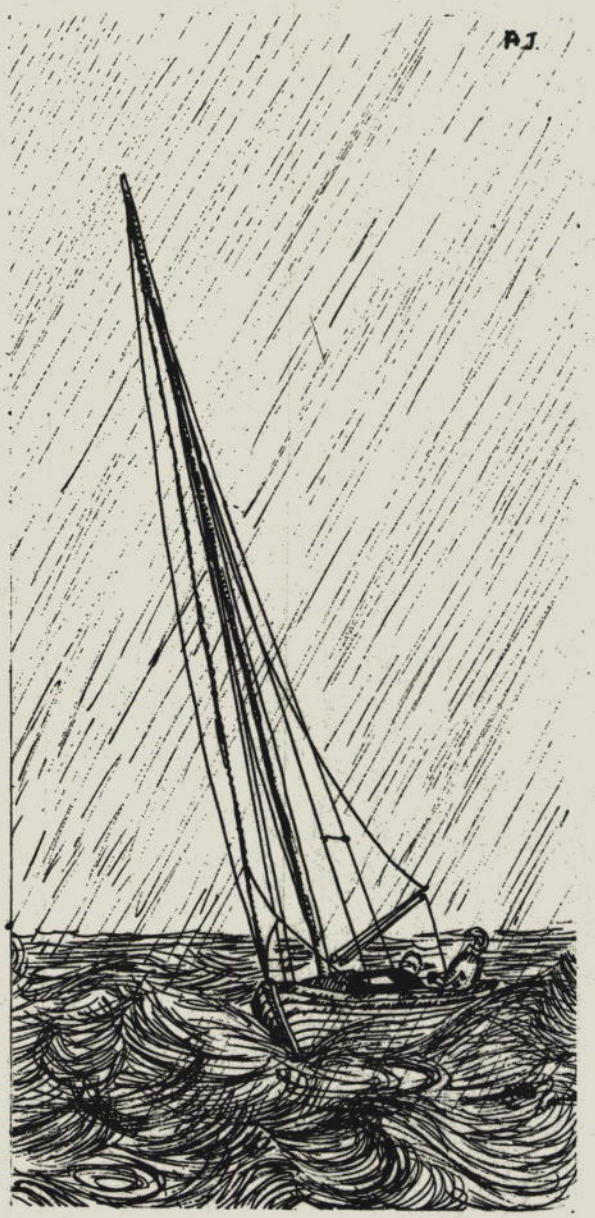
Standing there I hated everything, everything that I could remember about being a child. Everything seemed so pointless. We had saved everything gone without, so that we could keep our home. And now even hope had been abandoned. But it was not just us. It was everybody, everybody on this side of Manchester. They had just given up. Let them win. "So who cares?" That is what everybody said.

I felt bitter about everything. This was our home, left to rot, to house the rats and mice. They were probably happier than we ever were. That alone felt wrong.

I wondered into what had been the bathroom. No bath, no basin, no pipes. I laughed. It could have been the pantry. Someone had taken everything. No, that was wrong; things would have gone secretly. Next morning they would not be there. Then a day or so later somebody else would take something else, just one thing (so that it would not be missed) until everything was gone.

I walked quickly down the stairs, squashing a beetle under my heel without a backward glance, closed the front door behind me. I twisted the door handle to shut it properly. Something splintered, and I stood looking at the handle in my hand. Was something, some part of our house mine after all? I smiled cynically at myself and threw away the piece of wood.

The Cruel Rain



It was a stormy night, it was,
And rain was in the air.
And sailors feared a deadly cross
That showed that rocks were there.
And late it broke, a deadly storm,
That no-one e'er had seen.
The rain beat down in silent form
To wash the cold rocks clean.

The sailors out aboard a ship
Knew not the waters round,
And with a sudden sickening tip
The rocks their victims found.
And still the rain beat down on them,
As if to see if they
Could stand the mighty fighting storm,
And live another day.

E're next morn the boat went out,
To see what she could find,
And the dreaded scene that they beheld
I fear to bring to mind.
For all around the wreckage lay,
With bodies floating too,
And out of seventy on board,
Four were left to crew.

David Shepherd 2_X

may we present (in alphabetical order)

Charles, Colinette, David, Mark, Nicholas, Robert, Robin, Steven, Stewart

and

A forty-ton, seventy-foot, half-inch-mouldering-steel, diesel-engined, bad tempered narrow boat (in laymen's language, a barge).

in

A WEEK ON THE SEWER

With gross apologies to the River Soar, Barbara Castle and the Foxton Boat Services Ltd.

by Mark Loveridge

Six days, actually. I reached Foxton, a microscopic village near Market Harborough, on a Sunday morning in August only to find that the rest of the Party had taken the barge off to the north the evening before. However, by some snappy road-work I managed to catch up with them only a few miles north, just south of Leicester. When I first saw it, the boat was in what was to become a remarkably familiar position during the next few days—jammed tight against one bank of the canal, solidly aground. On the tow-path stood a horde of local yokels, guffawing mildly while eight sweaty juvenile unfortunates struggled to push the boat off the mud. I jumped on and was greeted pleasantly by a volley of assorted oaths and an injunction to start pushing.

With the help of the yokels we were fairly soon off the mud and slowly the barge chugged into the industrial centre of Leicester, down a narrow twisting, weed-clogged canal. Slowly it grew dark, and now the barge was travelling very, very slowly. Eventually we decided that there must be something round the propeller, and at nine-thirty in the evening, outside a mouldering factory we stopped the boat in St. Mary's Mill lock (O, St. Mary, if only you knew). We all gathered round while Charles and Robert struggled in the black, smelly, cold water for ten minutes to remove yards of nylon rope from the shaft and a large sack from the propellor. The sack looked as though it might have held a dead body, so we flung it through a factory window and were rewarded with a gout of stale steam from a rusty pipe. Ahead we saw a good place to stop for the night, with a glorious panoramic view of the gasometers and the power station, and the railway conveniently near. It took us two and a half hours to moor the boat, all of which except for a few minutes were spent in the middle of the canal on a sand-bank that stretched from shore to shore two feet under the surface. However, at midnight we were off, helped by two campers who cleverly supplemented the boat's rope, which was far too short, with wire neatly cut from the railway signals.

To make up for this delay we started at five the next morning, reaching the commercial part of the city at about half past seven, though not without incident. At about six-thirty we passed under a bridge and were suddenly faced with a T-junction: we were coming along the upright of the T and the canal ran to the right and left. In front was a factory wall, and the boat was travelling fairly fast—about three miles an hour. David at the tiller swung the boat around, but it was not quite quick enough in turning. The boat slid gently through the water, on a collision course.

Through this drama Colinette was calmly eating a bowl of Weetabix on the bows, facing backwards, and so she did not see the impending disaster. Probably at six-thirty in the morning her brain was not keyed to its usual high pitch. "Colinette! Colinette!" we screamed. The water was a tepid industrial morass. "Watch out! The wall! Colinette! Watch out!"

"Healorstaisezvousimbecile. . . qu'estqequevousdites. . . merdealors. . ." was the reply from behind a curtain of tangled hair, from the middle of which protruded a hole through which to insert Weetabix. At this moment the prow struck the wall and Colinette sailed through the air, shrieking indignantly and scattering sodden Weetabix to the four winds.

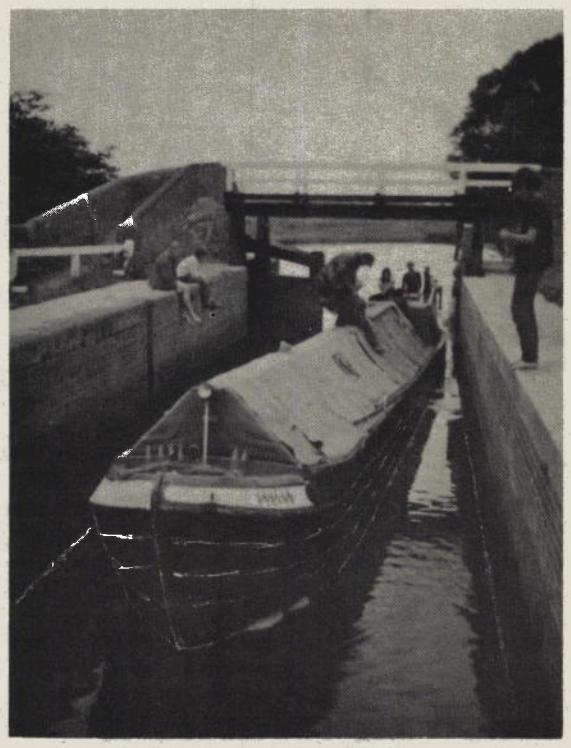
If I knew a bit more French I would have known what she was saying as we pulled her out.

As we reached the centre of Leicester the city began to come to life. Having held up a milk lorry and a bread van we ate a quick breakfast and continued northwards out of Leicester. As nine o'clock came and went the windows of the factories lining the banks of the canal filled with faces as we went by in our noisy splendour. Apparently a narrow boat of such size was fairly rare, and we usually collected a few stares everywhere we went.

North of Leicester the scenery was superb, and the morning was hot and drowsy. From the bank the boat must have looked like a mobile sunbathing platform. Even the helmsman nodded off occasionally, and some of the beauty of the day was lost in pushing the obstinate bulk off sand-banks. Locks became less of a hindrance as we became more and more proficient at manoeuvering the barge in and out of the gates, and the miles passed steadily. By two in the afternoon we were in Loughborough and the whole crew except Robert and myself went off to find fish and chips and other provisions. The boat was moored beside a path near some houses and the usual group of yokels gathered on the path to admire, wonder and spit. Soon the gathering had all melted away except for a shy little man with a cloth cap, a stick and no teeth, who stood eyeing the boat reminiscently, smiling engagingly at no-one in particular. He had been, as were a surprising number of people we met, a barge-man. For about half an hour he told us how, in 1910, he used to walk with a barge from Watford Junction into London and back in a day, for a shilling pay. We agreed that it was disgraceful how the canals had been allowed to fall into such a gross state of disrepair, and he propounded economic theories as to how the canals were the most economical form of transport. By now the rest of the crew had returned with huge bundles of fish and chips, which were getting cold as we listened to him. We said would he like a few chips, but he just shook his head and went off, twirling his stick.

After lunch we set off north again, up the tortuously curving River Soar. In some places the river wound so sharply that the boat could hardly get round, and a lot of skill, which we did not possess; was called for. Heaving with poles against the bank to float the barge off sand-banks, we developed muscles we never even knew we had.

At about six o'clock in the evening we reached the Trent, and set off westward to find the Trent and Mersey canal, intending to do a circular tour and



approach Foxton from the south-west up the Welford branch of the Grand Union. For about half an hour we steamed happily down the wide river, traveling dangerously near the sound barrier at six miles an hour. So fast were we going that no-one saw the sign saying "Sawley Canal: left to Trent and Mersey Canal." and another saying "DANGER! Weir ahead!" In blissful ignorance we went on up the river.

Before reaching the weir the barge had to pass under a bridge, and here tragedy struck. As the boat passed under the bridge there was an ominous scraping sound from the hull, and the front of the boat rose out of the water, then fell back level with a crash. Not only was the barge grounded, it was grounded more firmly than it had ever been before, impaled on the stakes of an old bridge that had been demolished to make way for the new one. A telephone call brought a pale faced man from Foxton up at the gallop. Surveying us morosely he smoked, scratched his head and dropped his jacket in the water. Then he told us to wait, and went away scratching his head.

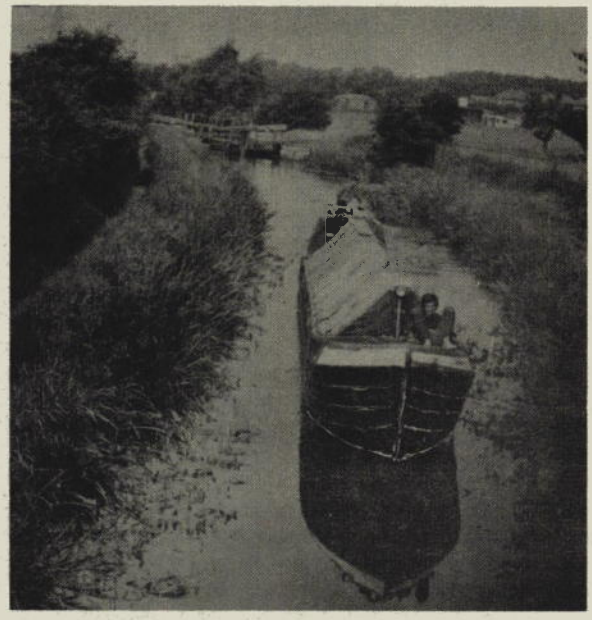
We waited. All night. At ten the next morning a virile British Waterways tug managed to pull us off, and we moored at a nearby boating club. Teutonic Tony, who had come up again, insisted that we remove the ballast (hundredweight concrete paving slabs) so that he could see whether there was too much water in the bilges. We took of the tarpaulins,

removed the bunks from inside, took up the floorboards and extricated some paving slabs. Teutonic Tony looked at the bilges, scratched his head, shook it, and said that there wasn't really enough water down there. Then, when the boat was reloaded, he said he thought we were incompetent and that he intended to steer us back the way we had come as far as Loughborough. After a well-timed collision with a lock-gate we told him he was incompetent too and that we were perfectly capable of steering the boat back. After all, we had got this far, for better or for worse! Tony scratched his head, agreed, and took his leave.

That night the boat was moored near a village with the poetic name of Kegworth, and it lived up to its name. Everyone was in very high spirits, and we celebrated the victory over Teutonic Tony with three pounds of spaghetti and a meat and tomato sauce (cooked expertly by Steve). About eleven o'clock we took some time off to play with cows and electric pylons in a muddy field treacherously studded with cow-pats, which somehow seemed enormously funny at the time, though not afterwards. Next morning Steve and I went for a swim to clear away the cobwebs. At seven o'clock the sun was up but there was still a damp mist over everything, reducing the landscape to shades of grey. The air and the water were shockingly cold, what a Yorkshireman would call "bracing", but it was more effective than Andrews' Liver Salts.

Nearing Loughborough at about ten in the morning the helmsman, whose name I shall not reveal as it might tend to incriminate me, took a right-hand bend too slowly and carried half a willow tree away on the bows. The stern became stuck on the left bank and gradually the prow swung over in the current and jammed itself against the right bank so that the boat blocked the canal entirely. Fortunately no other boats wanted to pass and the canal was deserted, so our mistake went unnoticed. For an hour we pushed, pulled and kept the engine at full throttle, watched by several placid, curious cows. Stewart, pushing against what was left of the willow tree, broke a branch off and fell into black, sticky mud up to his knees. Colinette, in a sudden fit of playfulness, pushed David in, then ran screaming through the fields with David close behind with a mooring spike. Robert, still in his pyjamas, trod on a thistle and gave a realistic display of Tarzan of the Apes. Eventually I got the boat off by persuading everyone, including the barge that I was God. All I had to do was point my finger and the barge floated free, with everyone except the helmsman stranded on the bank.

By midday we were in Loughborough, and by four o'clock out in the country again. The helmsman's attention was momentarily distracted by a nudist camp heavily disguised as a nature reserve, and the boat drifted up a wrong channel. Jerked out of his reverie by an anguished scream from someone



sitting on the bows, the helmsman slammed into reverse. . . and the boat glided on, not answering to the throttle. A close inspection showed that a pin holding the driving shaft had sheared, so another telephone call was made to Foxton. Teutonic Tony had had some sort of breakdown, so a bearede Scotsman came up and mended the engine with a sledge hammer.

By now it was too late to go on so we stayed where we were, lighting a huge fire at the edge of a barley field beside the towpath, singeing the leaves off a nearby tree. A quick walk round a village revealed a pub crowded with canalmen who took a great interest in us. We persuaded them that we were Belgian students by getting Colinette and Nicholas to hold a rapid-fire French conversation, and then told them how much we liked their lovely country.

Back round the fire at ten-thirty an impromptu barbecue of sausages, cornflakes and Stewart's backside was held. Feeling rather hilarious we charged into the soaking wet barley field, and then came back and steamed slowly round the fire, while Nicholas gave translations of choice French humour until about twelve-thirty.

The next day, Thursday, was almost all taken up with getting the boat through Leicester. By lunchtime we had reached the commercial area, where the canal, as can be seen from the title of this account, looked particularly revolting. Amongst the various particles of organic debris bubbles of marsh gas rose from the bottom, filling the air with a penetrating stench. Unfortunately we had some more nylon rope round the propellor, so Steve plucked up his courage, blocked up his big nose, and stuck his arm in up to

the shoulder to pull it off, helped by Robin. Meanwhile a crowd of mucky-faced urchins had gathered on the bank. Colinette soon got tired of their stares and poured voluble French all over them. A few of them ran away, outclassed, and the rest were rescued by a florid woman with a figure like five dogs fighting in a sack.

By three o'clock we had reached the gasworks and the infamous sandbank. Taking it cautiously the boat was nearly across before the stern lifted and we were stuck again. The campers were still there, however, and obligingly took a stroll up to the railway lines to fetch some more wire. At four the boat came off the bottom, and by six the industrial concentration had been left behind. Now we had that evening, all of Friday and until ten o'clock on Saturday morning to get back to Foxton, about sixteen miles away. It seemed easy enough, but just south of Leicester the boat ran aground again, under a bridge in a narrow section of the canal. Peering down through the shallow, murky water, a large rectangular object could be seen, obviously the property of the infamous Davy Jones. Three of us took boat-hooks, probed around to see if we could fish anything out, and were rewarded with a cast iron bedstead, a tricycle, a set of springs for the bedstead, and several lengths of nylon rope, which seemed almost as common as weed in that section of the canal. The helmsman backed the boat off and this time scraped through the bridge.

At seven-thirty, fourteen miles from Foxton the boat was stopped. Due to uncoordinated shopping in Leicester there were about six loaves of bread in the cupboard, far too much for one day. Two swans gliding round the boat with a batch of scruffy cygnets gradually sank lower and lower in the water until eventually they had eaten nearly three loaves between six of them. Someone carelessly heaved a bowl of dirty dish-water over the side, and the whole brood, turning flapped crazily and strained to get clear of the water but it was too much for them. One by one they dropped down like indignant overloaded sea-planes, glaring over their shoulders and belching at us. Later after dinner, someone found a station on the radio which was playing continuous Beatles, and everyone lay on their backs on the grass gazing up at the stars while "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" floated up to the trees and across the water.

Friday morning, we were laced with a problem. The boat wouldn't start. The engineers among us decided that the battery was flat, and spent half an hour cranking before the diesel coughed into life. Progress was slow: there had been so little rain in the past few weeks that the level of the water was nearly a foot below what it should have been. We had to let more water into each section by opening the next lock up and taking water out of the section above us. However, by midday the canal was deeper, but narrow, winding through the heart of the country side and through beautiful scenery. We travelled obliquely up a ridge, the distance between locks sometimes only a few yards. Once on the edge of the ridge a panorama of the Soar valley was opened up to the east, and we were now only five or six miles from Foxton. It was late afternoon when Steve took the boat through the damp, eerie half-mile of Chessington Tunnel without scraping the side once, the noise of the deisel beating back from the brick walls while the crew looked around in the gloom for the ghost of the decapitated woman which haunts the tunnel.

At seven, two miles from Foxton, we stopped the boat and ate a remarkable supper, composed of everything left in the cupboard except the Weetabix, eggs and bacon. We turned in early, got up late, ate and started the boat about nine. Half an hour later the barge glided gently into the private backwater of the Foxton Boat Services Limited, watched by Teutonic Tony who seemed very pleased to see us, and even broke into a smile at one point. The engine was stopped, the mooring-spikes hammered in for the last time and the cabin was cleaned and cleared of all our baggage. Smelling pungently of canal and diesel, we assembled on the tow-path to pay our last respects, namely a kick in the bows from Charles. We piled our bags into Teutonic Tony's Land-Rover and bounced away across the fields singing an adulterated version of "God save the sailors on a night like this".

photos by D. Le Mare



FAREWELL, FAT FRIEND

When the sun shines
and it's hot and warm
I think of you,
Shut away
Indoors,
Enclosed by oily flesh,
maggot white.

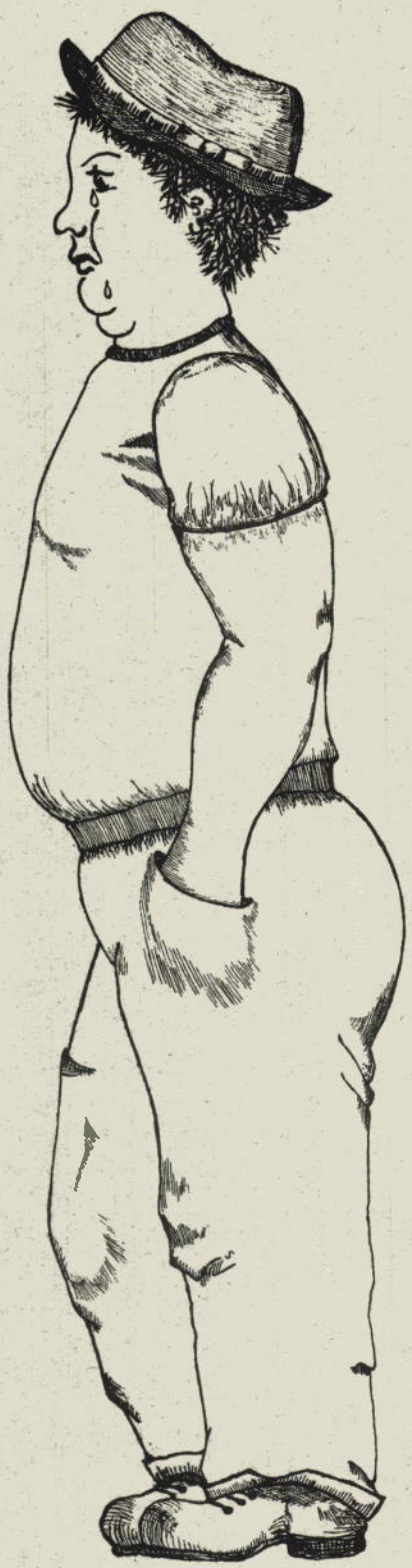
I think that
You
Should be out
Soaking up the warm brightness,
but I soon feel sick,
imagining you fry
Like a fat lychee.

I have tried to
feel
affectionate
towards your bulk.

I have tried to
feel
your blubber
without distaste.

But I can't,
not that and the adenoids.
It is all too easy
to see me
in those
flabby,
undulating
acres.

Miranda Kennett 6_2



Drawing: Madeline Whear.

AGE

by Susan Mia 5Y

The little old man wandered absent-mindedly down the dirty street, peering vaguely at the dingy houses, scratching at the bricks with filthy fingernails. His mac was a nondescript colour. It was meant to be grey, but the years had turned it a dusty black with the odd patch of grease. His hands were gnarled and old, callouses on the palms, broken dirty fingernails. He had a blue pinched look about his mouth and a continual twitch above his right eyebrow. But he had a noble looking face, a high forehead, arched nose, but it was his eyes that captivated everyone. They were bright blue, the colour of cornflowers. They sparkled so much that they seemed to be smiling. His hair was a dirty grey, with all too frequent patches of white. He wore no cap so his thin hair was ruffled by the breeze. On his feet he wore brand new boots, black with very shiny toes.

As he wondered along the street a cat appeared as if from nowhere and wound itself round the old man's legs, its tail waving and curving in seductive motion. The old gent's piercing blue eyes lit up and, stroking the cat caressingly, he spoke gentle and soothing words to it.

"Ah, Tom, you've come to visit me have you? Well I'd say that was very kind of you. Come along now and we'll go home for some supper." His voice was pleasant and musical. The cat purred and followed the man docilely.

The darkening night threw the two figures' shadows on the wall. Anyone on the opposite side of the street would have seen a weird sight, for the shadows of the man and cat appeared strange and grotesque. Like a wizard and his cat. The couple wondered on for another hundred yards and they turned together into a derelict house, with broken windows patched with dry sacking and cracked and broken bricks. The old man rapped sharply on the door and hurrying footsteps could be heard. The door was flung open and a little girl of about ten years appeared, with a grin on her face.

"Oh, Granpa, you've come at last!" and she kissed him and led him to the living room.

The old man let himself be led by his grand-daughter. It didn't matter to him that he was old. He loved and was loved.

The Sheer Hopelessness Of It All

by Jocelyn Lucas 5X

Mr. McFerguson was muttering to himself, his broad Scottish accent picking him out from the dock-yard slang like a girl in a boy's school. He was wondering if he was really cut out for the job. He had read in one of those quaint Scottish newspapers that contain information about knitting circles, W.I. and dwell on obituaries, about a Scottish girl who had gone to work in the slums and had been acclaimed a heroine by her village. He realised that this was the sort of job he wanted and after three years he found himself picking his way through Suez Street on his first real mission.

It had been reported to the County Hall that a certain Timothy Winters, address 12 Suez Street was neglected badly, both in food and love and it was Mr. McFerguson's job to try to find a means of providing him with both.

He found the house; there was no number but by counting from those that were numbered he managed to work it out. He cautiously knocked on the door, noting mentally the lack of paint and the window panes. After a while he heard the heavy tramp of feet and the door was opened by a man who looked fifty but was probably only thirty-five. He was holding his head with one hand and in the other was a chipped, handle-less mug of strong black coffee.

"Are you Mr. Winters?" asked Mr. McFerguson, astounded at the strength of his voice compared with the fear he felt.

"What do you want?" snarled the man, "I want to speak to you about Timothy."

"What's he done, the dirty rat? Wait till I lay my hands on him."

"You don't seem to understand. I'm from the County Hall and we have been given to believe that you have not been caring for your son in the proper manner," replied a very worried Mr. McFerguson.

"I suppose Miss Pringlewood has been yapping again."

"I would just like to take a look around the house, see his bedroom, the kitchen and the sanitation."

"There ain't nothing wrong, but if you must.., replied Mr. Winters. Cautiously Mr. McFerguson stepped through the door into the dining room cum living room.

"This is where we eat. We don't have a fire, too dangerous with boys around, you do understand, don't you?" Mr. McFerguson nodded knowing full well why there was no fire.

"Here's his room, lazy fool, he's not made his bed yet."

"No," thought McFerguson, "If that's what you call a bed. One sack and an old rug." He was then shown the kitchen where Mr. Winters explained the mess and lack of food by saying: "The old girl's gone shopping, she'll clear up when she returns." There was no running water or facilities, but there was nothing he could do about that as nor had any house and he couldn't have them all destroyed.

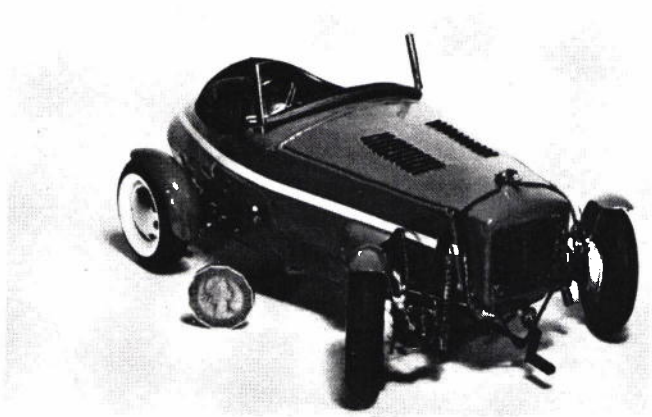
When Mr. McFerguson had finished, Mr. Winters showed him the door "Now you tell me what's wrong here," said Mr. Winters. "He's got a Dad who cares for him. He might not have a four-poster but he's comfortable. He eats well. He gets more than I ever got at his age." Mr. McFerguson realised he had no strong claim, but in his heart he knew it was all wrong.

He got out a note-book and wrote in large letters: "Case closed, complaint unjustified."

A DETAILED WORKING MODEL CAR OF ORIGINAL DESIGN

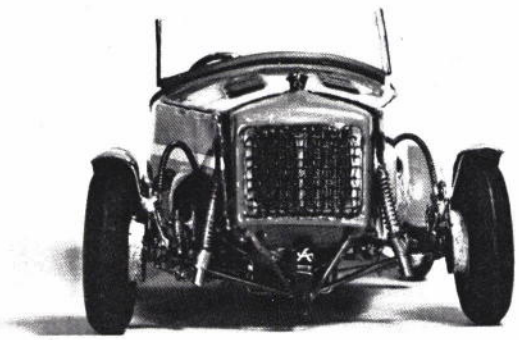
Constructed by Andrew Jones

photos Andrew Mummery



Above
The bodywork is finished in red polyurethane paint. Mudguards are of thin alloy, shaped in wooden former.

Below
The front view shows detail of centre-pivoting spring suspension, brake drums and brake cables.

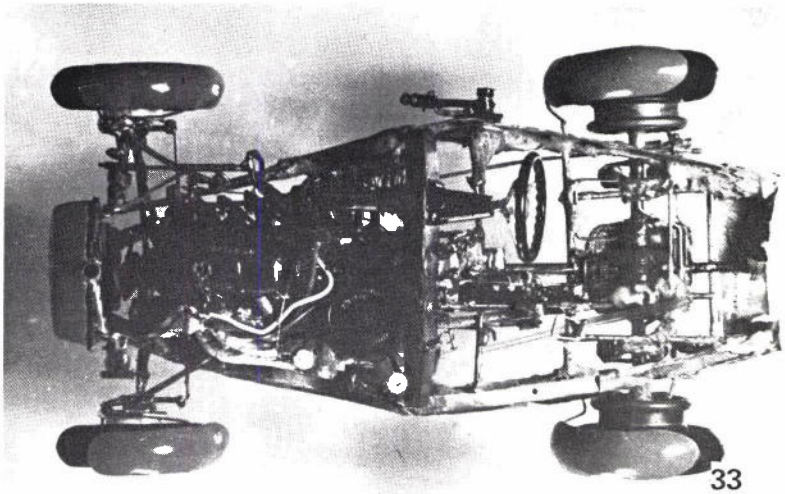


I sometimes wonder what inspired me to make this model on such a small scale, but eventually put it down to the great difficulty of making satisfactory tyres with my limited workshop facilities. Thus I had to use the largest suitable tyres I could find, (which were taken from an old clockwork racing car), and scale the vehicle between them.

However, I was blessed with a roomful of odd bits varying in shape and size, and all very useful. It was with the help of these, a few materials from a Model shop, and a soldering iron, that a start was made.

Very little preliminary planning was carried out, except for preparing some sketches to find a suitable shape for the old-fashioned body incorporating few compound curves as these are difficult to form in the thin alloy sheet. Incidentally, I was lucky to find this metal, previously used for a printing process, which I used throughout construction, in such parts as the hub caps, formed by pressing the metal in the top of a bottle, using the rounded end of a screwdriver handle. The chassis and moving parts, such as the spring suspension units, steering linkage, gear shifts, control pedals and brake couplings, incorporate extensive use of "piano" wire, small gauge brass tubing purchased from a Model shop, and of course the many oddments collected over the years, including the unsophisticated curtain ring and pins used for the steering wheel.

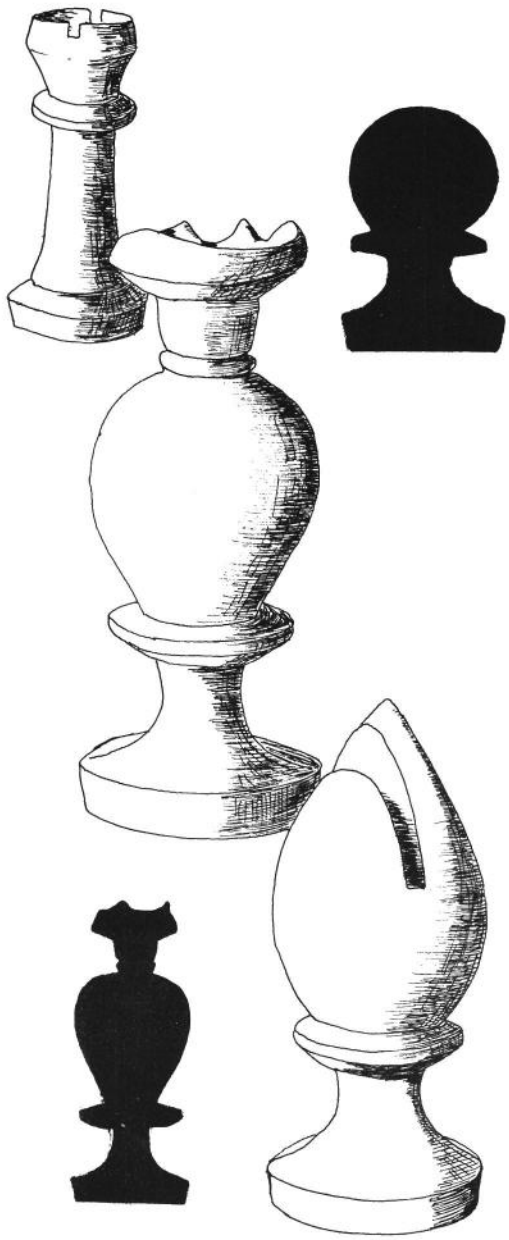
The pictures show the result of two years' intermittent work.



Right
Body, seat and flooring are removed to reveal chassis. The car is powered by an electric motor concealed in the front, using an external battery supply. Transmission is via pulley and belt gearbox, spring clutch, neutralising dog, and a crown and pinion gear to the back axle.

chesssmen drawn and lathe-turned by Tony Lane

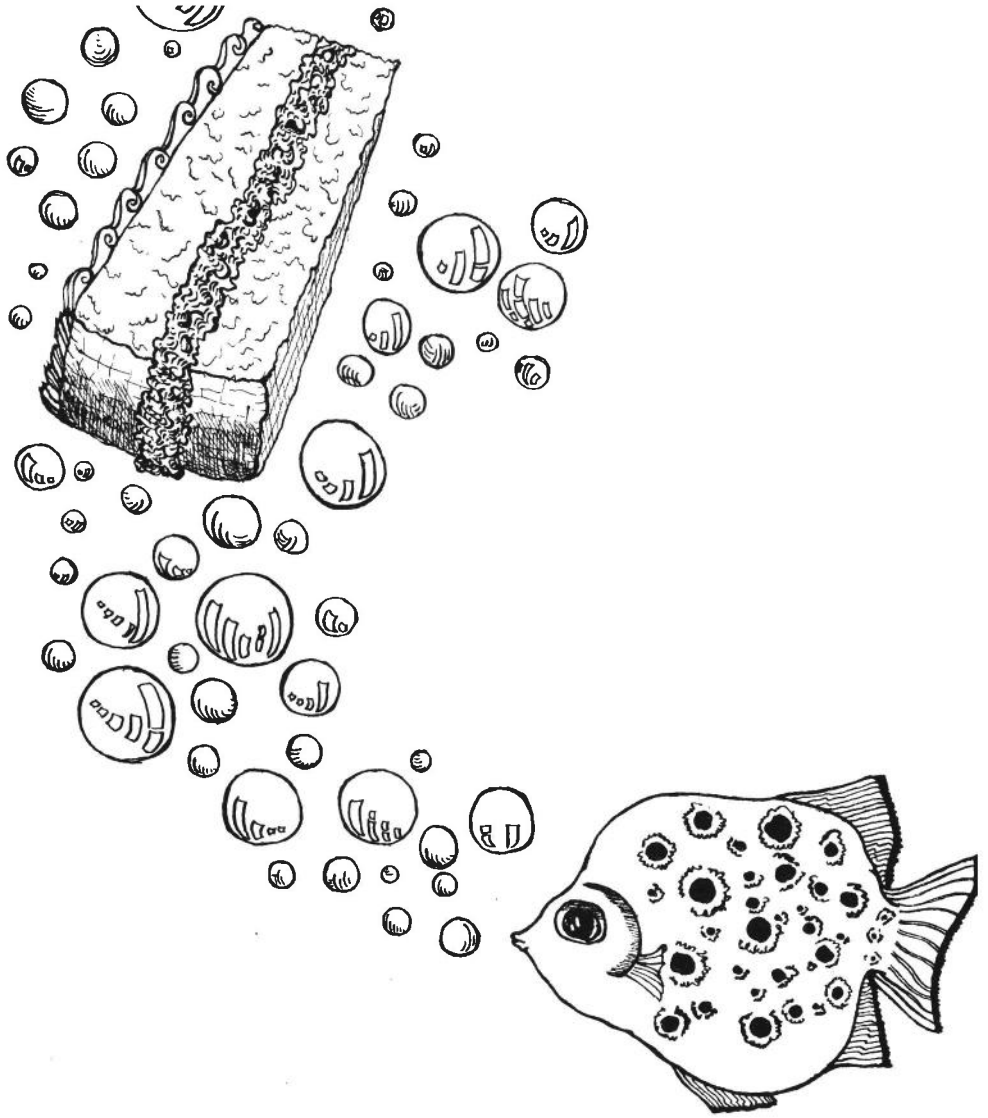
OUT OF ONE BOX INTO THE NEXT



Out of one box into the next,
No pause between
To live.
Mechanically working along
The road to a piece of paper which means nothing,
But is essential.
Driven by the eternal nudge
Of time;
Living in order to live,
Living to avoid death
Which we cannot comprehend,
But still fearing it.
Do number six, part one; which exists
Only in the book
And will never be seen again,
Or have use.
Breathing in the magic air
To which we are grown immune;
Wandering in an unknown world
To which we show no interest.
Life one long fancy dress ball
Each guest masked, pretending to be someone
He isn't.
And doesn't want to be;
Persuading himself that he must,
To fit in with others.
And on removing the mask
He feels naked and blind.
Frightened of being himself.
Scared of seeing beauty;
In fear of hearing real sound;
Living on nature
Instead of with nature.

Andrew Fry 6_2

The Sad Tale of the Piece of Fudge Cake



by Mandy Kennett 61

On Thursday last, proceeding in a westerly direction towards my bedroom, I was proffered a piece of Fudge Cake. The said morsel looking goodly, I accepted.

I was at the time about to indulge in taking a bath, so, taking comestible article in my hand, I proceeded in an easterly direction to the bathroom. Once there I decided to eat the before mentioned article in the bath, and as I was anxious to have both hands free to divest myself of my garments, I deposited the cake in the soap rack.

Having removed my garments I stepped tentively into the bath.

However I had disregarded an elementary principle of physics, that of the displacement of a liquid when an object of weight is deposited in it. Thus it was to my horror that I saw the same water in which I was engaged in immersing myself enveloping the said morsel of cake in the soap rack.

The worst of this unfortunate story is that the cake remained in an irretrievable soggy state despite considerable reclamatory measures.

FIRST FEAR FOR A YOUNG CHILD

by Bridget Davey 3X

"Go home, nigger!" The young black man turned, to see a group of boys behind him.

"Yeah, we don't want no niggers round here." He quickened his pace a little. The leader of the boys started following, and the negro walked faster.

"He's running away. Poor little nigger. Run, run, run!" one of the boys mocked. Then the negro could stand it no more. He turned to face the boys.

"I have as much right here as you. Why do you not leave me alone?"

"Oh! So the little nigger is threatening us. Go back to your dirty friends! Go to hell. It's where you belong," the leader of the young yankees sneered at him. The black man screwed up his face in hatred and contempt, and spat out his next words.

"You think you own the place! Well you're wrong. God created this world for everyone, not just you!"

"Don't talk religion to me," snarled the leader of the gang, while the others chanted,

"God made the little nigger boys,
He made them in the night,
He made them in a hurry,
And forgot to paint them white".

The negro swung his fist in the face of the nearest boy.

"Viscious, eh?" growled the leader. He whipped out a knife, and the negro began to run. The alley was narrow, and the walls on either side high. He ran fast but not fast enough. In no time at all, he was surrounded by tough, leering faces, and the leader was in front of him holding a knife, which glinted in the hot sunshine.

"Goodbye, little nigger. Give God my love," sneered the leader. Then he raised the knife and plunged it deep in the negro's chest. The black man staggered, cried out, and collapsed to the ground. The group of boys around him scattered and they all ran off.

The sun was hot and blood was matted in the young negro's hair while the blood had soaked through his shirt and dried into a thick scab on which flies settled.

About this time, little Johnny, aged three, came running down the alley. He stopped when he saw the dead man.

"Hello, mister," he said. There was no answer.

"Hello, mister," repeated the child. As there was still no answer, he prodded the man. The body rolled a little, and Johnny had a vague uneasy feeling in his stomach.

"You're cut mister," he ventured, and hit a fly away. As he did so his other hand came into contact with the body. It was surprisingly cold, and Johnny was suddenly scared. He had never known fear before, and he did not like it.

He wanted to run away, but he felt that he could not just go. He did not know what was wrong with this man, but he knew it was something terrible. He touched him again, and as he did so, the mouth fell open, and he could smell the foul breath. Certainty flooded over him, and he knew the man was dead.

He started to run, and in his wild flight, he fell over. His face was cut, and his knee too, but he picked himself up, and continued to run, though his knee hurt him dreadfully. He was out of breath, but he had to get away, and with tears of panic and desperation streaming down his face, and his heart beating wildly, he ran into the arms of his mother.

a calm day in the city

by Owen Joseph 5Y

It was one-fifteen in the city, and everyone was having their lunch hour. In the parks, normally prim and efficient, secretaries were sprawled out on the grass showing a vast expanse of leg in a futile attempt to get brown. In the restaurants the fat bowler-hatted business men were sweating over a large meal in horror of other rich business men whom they hoped to squeeze. In the streets the workmen were sitting back and enjoying their lunch of tomato sandwiches and cheese from the wife, and a pint from the local.

It was very hot and humid and everything seemed hazy and damp. Everyone was hot and lethargic and even the birds in Trafalgar Square were content to sit on the rim of the fountains, keeping cool. The guards outside Buckingham Palace stood hot and bored in their thick coats and their busbies, the sweat pouring down their faces and dripping off their chins, unable to evaporate.

Then suddenly it was two o'clock, and all the secretaries got up, adjusted their dresses and hair and rushed off to the offices; the workmen stopped drinking and went back to their afternoon of shovel leaning. The guards outside the Palace changed and went back to a cold drink and a shower and then suddenly again it was quiet.

A PENNY FOR A SONG



Pippin, a maid-servant	Mary Ayton
William Humpage	Martin Underwood
Sir Timothy Bellboys, head of the family	Patrick Coleman
Samuel Breeze, Hallam's man-servant	Alan Wright
Lamprett Bellboys, Timothy's brother	Martin Drummond
Hester Bellboys, Lamprett's wife	Miranda Kennett
Dorcas Bellboys, their daughter	Alison Swaisland
Hallam Matthews, a London "dandy"	Steven Polak
Edward Sterne, a radical	Roy Birkinshaw
A small boy	Giles Norton
George Selincourt	Tom Monck
Members of Selincourt's "fencibles"	
Rev. Joseph Brotherhood)	John Batten
Rufus Piggott	Stephen Willson



Directed by Kenneth Whitlow

Sound effects under the direction of Peter Cutler

Scenery erected by Tony Lane, Alan Busher and Andrew Jones and painted under the direction of Imogen Rowlands.

Wardrobe Mistress Madeline Whear, assisted by Rosemary Naish.

Lighting and Sound Effects by John Miller, Tony Lane and backstage helpers Alan Busher, Andrew Jones, Andrew Fry and Michael Matthews.

Prompters Jane Harris and Susan Mia.

Performed in the school hall on 30th November, 1st and 2nd December.

Photo's: David Campbell.



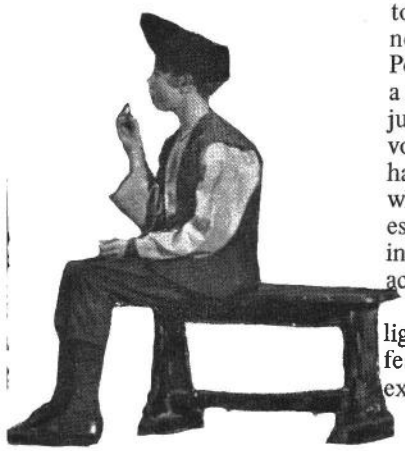
John Whiting wrote this play at "a time of great personal happiness" and his mood is reflected in the style of the play. For the most part it is a subtle comedy with a gentle satirical sting, and does not stand out either as a comedy or a satire. Instead its chief charm lies in the characters and in their very individual traits. The school is fortunate in having a number of outstanding actors, and with Mr. Whitlow's typecasting up to its usual standard most of the main characters were completely relaxed and at ease in their parts.

Martin Drummond brought over perfectly the middle-aged eccentric, bullied and petulent, but cocksure when out of range of his wife. He was the perfect foil for Miranda Kennett, whose unflinching handling brought to life the rather difficult part of a woman whose mind is filled with the necessity of becoming a sergeant-major in an East Anglian Amazon regiment. Patrick Coleman as Sir Timothy also gave a convincing performance, even though he is not as experienced as most of the other actors. Tom Monck played the "Taunton Officer" George Selincourt with a distinctive touch, acting with complete confidence and giving the impression that he was enjoying himself enormously.

The "non-eccentric" characters, (there were only three who had large parts) were also well acted. Alison Swaisland has only to relax and act naturally to play the innocent, charming young girl, and Steve Polak also gave a polished performance as a middle-aged conservative dandy, imparting just the right touch of gentle irony to his voice. Roy Birkinshaw is another actor who has not had much experience, but on the whole his performance was a capable one, especially on the Saturday, when with the increased response from the audience his acting rose in standard noticeably.

The usual excellent set, sound and lighting effects gave this production the professional touch which we have come to expect from Mr. Whitlow's expert direction

Mark Loveridge





GAMES REPORTS

January to December 1967



SOCCER

1st. XI, CLUB XI.

The highlight of the season for the senior teams was the hard exciting match against the Old Scholars which our Club won 4-3.

Within nine minutes of the start of the Club were winning 2-0, after a penalty from a handball and a spectacular "header" by Jeremy West. The Old Scholars fought back, and just before half-time Tom Johnston made it 2-1.

In the second half the Old Scholars found it had to penetrate the tight defence, but two mistakes led to two goals.

The Club, who were fitter, speeded the game up, committing the opposition to defensive errors, one of which was a hard clearance to David Lewis, who lobbed the ball into the goal to equalise. Three minutes before the end, Bob Greaves controlled a high ball and pushed it past an advancing goalkeeper.

Performances have improved this season, with training in mid-field and short, quick passing.

The under 15 XI have had a much improved season this year, against stronger and older opponents. Two matches were won, compared to none last year, and a young forward line was well backed by a strong defence. The season has been most enjoyable, with several extremely muddy matches. For one of these two brilliant goals were scored by a defender, but the team would have been more pleased if they had gone in our opponents net! Regular members of the team were Graeme Ford; Colin Bell, John Seaman, Nicholas Fell, Roger Lenk, Patrick Coleman, Robert Welsh, Tony Mallet, Andrew Greaves, Tim Aubin and Jeremy Stock.

The under 13 XI this year has shown considerable promise and at times has played really constructive spirited football. Three matches have been won, two drawn and four lost. Of the 19 goals scored, 7 came from the captain, C. Gayfer. Uncertainty in the defence contributed to the 25 goals conceded. Other regular members of the eleven were Greaves, Norton, Dewhurst, East, Hunt, A. Gayfer, Stuckey, Adu and Barber.

BOYS' FIRST TEAM HOCKEY

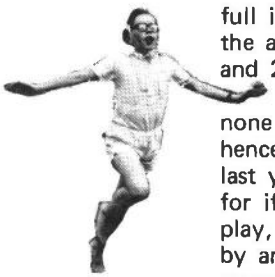
Last season was one of chop and change, both of the team and of the pitch. Still with us from the 1966 team were Guy Willis and Alan Rowntree, both of whom were picked for the Cambridgeshire Schoolboys' XI. Jeremy Hindle was injured and out of the team for the whole season. Throughout the term team members were changing and seldom was the team the same as it had been the previous week. Since we were young and inexperienced the results were poor until late in the season when we rose to draw 1-1 with both the Old Scholars and the Hockey Association. Both were excellent games, the Old Scholars game on the girls' pitch being especially fast and very enjoyable. In this game the team was revitalized by a change of defenders to attackers and vise versa, our most successful policy of the term!

The pitch was ruined early in the season and for many games we were forced to use a rough pitch on the new field, but this was eventually rolled into good shape.

On the last Monday of term we were pleasantly surprised to see half the school turn out to watch us play the town. The match was very much a social occasion, which we unfortunately lost 2-0.

We are very pleased to hear that Alan Rowntree has been picked for Middlesex U.23 XI since leaving school.

Colours were awarded to Alan Rowntree, Guy Willis and Jeremy West.



GIRLS' HOCKEY

The statistics of the 1st XI for this Autumn Term are; played 7, won 3, drawn 1 and one nearly successful visit to a tournament. This does not convey the impression of unmitigated success; however there are many matches yet to be played this season. Two of those already experienced (and lost) were against the apparently undefeatable Cambridge Ladies. The record is therefore much better than it appears at first sight.

The under 15 XI are having a very successful season with play full of fire and determination. So full is it in fact that the team did not succomb to the attack of Herts and Essex as, sadly, did the 1st and 2nd elevens.

Because of the dates of the trials this year none had the opportunity to display her skill and hence be chosen for the county team as some were last year. This is perhaps fortunate for the selectors for if, as seems likely when viewing our standard of play, a Cambridgeshire team had been monopolised by an Essex school this would surely have been somewhat unorthodox.

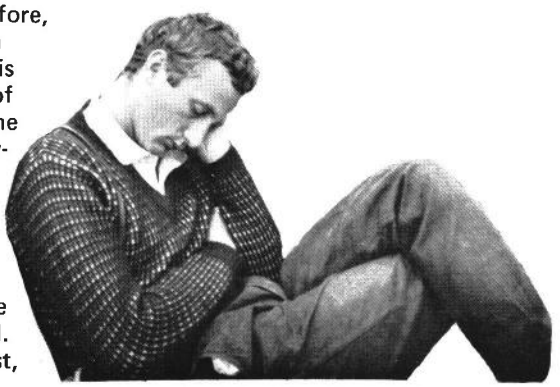
To celebrate the success of last season the first XI were entertained by Miss Ashford and Miss Marriage to a chicken dinner. This was an innovation vastly appreciated by all the participants and we are extremely grateful to our hosts for the occasion.

FRIENDS SCHOOL RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL CLUB XV

(THE FIENDS XV)

This season has proved, as if we didn't know it before, that a so called "minor" game can arouse as much enthusiasm as any of the "others". Result-wise this has been our best ever season, winning three out of our four matches and losing only to Netteswell, the big comprehensive in Harlow. The victories, however, have been made by individual skill and enthusiasm and not by co-ordinated teamwork. We feel that there is little that can be done to remedy this, as the team rarely, if ever, gets a chance to practise together. This is because many of our "stars" play the other kind of football and so have their time on the rugby field very strictly rationed. Instrumental in our victories has been Jeremy West, whose performance at fly half, has once again shown the need for speed as well as weight in the team.

Our status, as longest established sport club, continues.



CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

Out of six matches the school team won four. Lots of people trained very enthusiastically and in the house matches there were some fine performances. All three records were broken. In the junior race Paul Brewster made it in 10 mins. 12 secs., in the intermediate Anthony George's record was 15 mins. 27 secs. and in the senior Bob Greaves cut 10 secs. off John Craig's record. This stood for only three weeks when Robert Lunnon ran a superb race to cut 1 min. 38 secs. off Bob's time to bring the record to 24 mins. 5 secs.



SWIMMING

In the past year we have had a fine session winning all our matches except the very exciting one against Granta. In this match the boys drew 91 points each and the girls lost by 87-91. This is the closest we have ever got to beating Granta and the final result was unpredictable right up until half way through the last relay.

Johnny Hartman trained hard and demonstrated an excellent standard of swimming throughout the summer term, breaking six under 15 records at the same time breaking the corresponding senior records;

25 yards butterfly 13.8 secs.
50 yards butterfly 33.0 secs.
50 yards back crawl 32.8 secs.
50 yards free style 26.8 secs.
100 yards free style 68.8 secs.
50 yards breast stroke 34.5 secs.



Johnny was awarded full colours.

Everyone in the school has a chance to be taught Life Saving and we are greatful to the help of Mr. Edwards, from the town swimming club, for his help. The 4th and 5th form boys are being taught survival swimming and the Junior forms are reviving water polo. Splish, splash!

ATHLETICS



Fifteen boys represented the district in the West Essex trials and five of these (Jonathan Edwards, Jeremy West, Simon Grillet, Andrew Hindle and Patrick Coleman) represented the division in the Essex Championships. In these championships Patrick Coleman came third in the junior boys' 880 yds. creating a new school record of 2 mins. 13.5 secs.

Sports Day this year took place on Thursday 29th June in glorious sunshine. Some fine competitions were witnessed and sixteen school records were set up in the boys' events. One other record was the number of boys taking part! For the first time five separate age groups were held and in some groups A and B races were staged. This meant that most boys competed in at least one event.

In girls athletics there is not a great deal of enthusiasm but there are several people who do enjoy athletics. Sara Edwards qualified in the West Essex trials to go onto the Essex Champion ships but it was decided that she was too young for her age group and she might strain herself running against people older than her.



Games Report photos John Gillett

CRICKET

The 1967 season was not a successful one for the 1st XI, the school winning only two out of seven matches. It was, however, a young team this year, containing at least five members of the fourth form. The two most consistent players, Guy Willis and Jeremy West, will also be with us next season and we look forward to a general rising of the standard at the top of the school next year. Regular members of the side were; Martin Reynolds (capt.), Guy Willis, Alan Wright, John Miller, Neil Maxwell, Chris Guy, Anthony George, Jeremy West, John Bell, Robert Harkness and Johnny Hartman (wkt.)

In contrast to their senior compatriots, the Under 14 XI had probably their best season ever. They won seven matches, including one against Bishops Stortford College, a very strong cricket school. They only lost their final match. During the last match one of our players also conceded, though not without resistance, a large piece of tooth. Graeme Ford and Colin Bell have batted very consistantly during the term and Tim Hardy, a third former, bowled very well with Graeme Ford. Two other bowlers, Robert Welsh and Tony Mallett, improved a great deal during the season. Other regular members of the team were John Seaman, Jeremy Stock, Patrick Coleman, Tim Aubin, Roger Hailey, Frank Marsden, Colin Watts and David Shepherd.

The first eleven have had a pretty rough season this year with many injuries.

The Captain was the first to be carried off and had to spend the rest of the summer playing with only one short square leg.

TENNIS

The girls who played in the teams enjoyed their tennis (which is the important thing, after all!) though they are not overjoyed at the results:

1st VI played 6 won 1 lost 4
(and abandoned 1)
2nd VI played 3 lost 3
U15 VI played 3 lost 3

But we are assured that the general standard of both boys' and girls' tennis is rising, and this may well be due to the enthusiasm gained from the tennis tournament. Anyone who could possibly pick up a tennis racket had a chance, and matches provided a great deal of entertainment for both spectators and players, so making each match quite a social occasion.



There were 61 entries from both staff and pupils, men's singles being the most popular with 31 entries! The enthusiasm for all events however did trail off towards the end, owing to almost total staff domination. But we must congratulate Brian Cappell and David Haslam for their performance put up in the finals of the men's singles; it lasted for three hours and it was stated by the loser, David Haslam, to be "A triumph it fitness".

The feeling throughout the school is—"Can we have another tournament next year?"

20 BOYS BREAK JIM RYAN'S WORLD RECORD MILE TIME!

In 1966 Jim Ryan of the U.S.A. set up a new World Record for the mile of 3 mins. 51.1 secs. Few people realise just how fast this is and this summer two teams of eight fourth formers set out to see if they could beat the record by a combined effort.

3 mins. 51.1 secs. for a mile is an average speed of 13.1 secs. per hundred yards, or about 28.8 secs. per 220 yards. In fact, if eight boys ran a relay of 220 yards each in 28.8 seconds, they would achieve a time of 3 mins. 35.9 secs. for a mile.

Our two fourth form teams set out to do this and at the end of the term they displayed remarkable depth in sprinting for one form, when one team recorded 3 mins. 35.9 secs. and in the same race the three teams recorded 3 mins 50.9 secs.

On 3rd July Bob Greaves, Jeremy West, David Hartman and Jonathan Edwards ran a 4 x 400 yards relay and achieved an excellent time of 3 mins. 42.3 seconds. We are now ready to challenge Jim Ryan himself!

THE YEAR AS A WHOLE

Basketball was introduced earlier this year and has been played with growing enthusiasm helped by the encouragement of Roy Birkinshaw and Greg Diaz, our exchange student from Westtown. (Will Robert Harkness start Westtown playing cricket?)

The last evening of the Summer term saw most people out on the school field running round in sacks, playing volleyball, rounders and having Tug o' Wars.

After a demonstration at the start of the Autumn Term by the Saffron Walden Judo Club, a group of boys in the middle school showed some interest and now have instruction on Friday evenings down in the town.

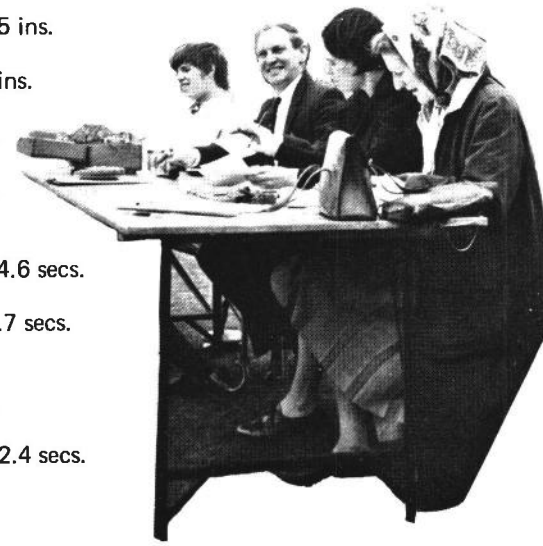
A coach party of hockey enthusiasts went to Lords to see an international pre-Olympic hockey tournament; they were greatly impressed by the brilliance of the play and stickwork, especially of the Indians.

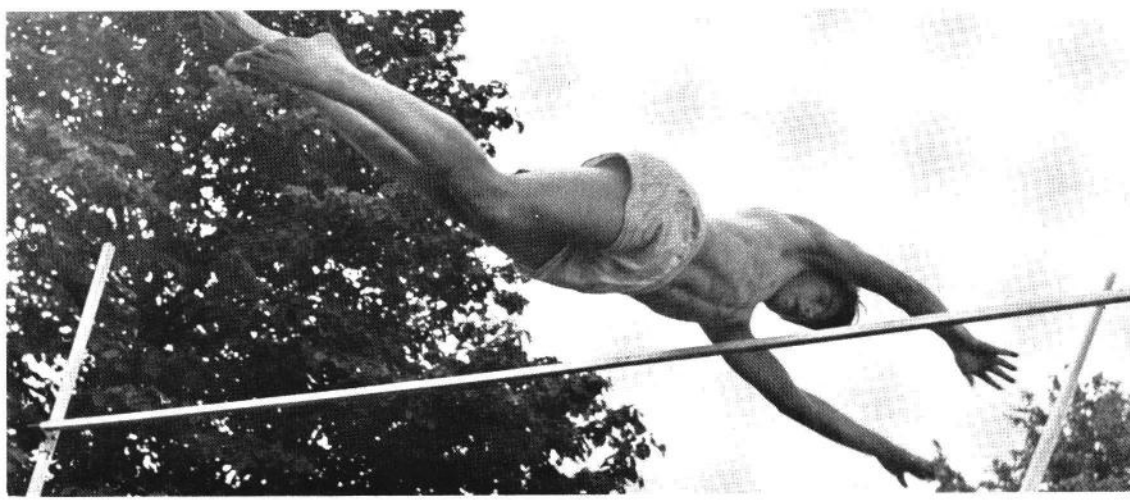
The final House Trophy results were very close, Tuke winning with 77, Lister second with 75 and Mennel third with 72 points.

Finally we would like to thank those people who have made all this possible: the record number of coaching staff, the groundsmen, the kitchen staff and laundry.

SPORTS DAY RECORDS

Open events:		
1 mile walk	A. Hindle(L)	8 mins. 46 secs.
Senior:		
Shot (10 lbs)	D. Hartman (T)	36 ft. 5 ins.
U. 16:		
880 yds.	A. George (L)	2 mins. 20 secs.
Mile	C. Davey (M)	5 mins. 1.6 secs.
Discus (1 Kg.)	J. Hartman (T)	121 ft. 2.5 ins.
Javelin (700g)	J. Hartman (T)	119 ft. 9 ins.
110yds. Hurdles.	J. Batten (T)	16.9 secs.
4x100 yds Relay.	Tuke.	51.4 secs.
U. 15:		
880 yds.	P. Coleman (T)	2 mins. 14.6 secs.
Mile	P. Coleman (T)	5 mins. 3.7 secs.
U. 14:		
440 yds.	N. Fell (L)	64.6 secs.
880 yds.	N. Fell (L)	2 mins. 32.4 secs.
U. 13:		
220 yds.	N. Hunt (M)	30 secs.
4x100 yds Relay	Lister.	60.6 secs.





SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

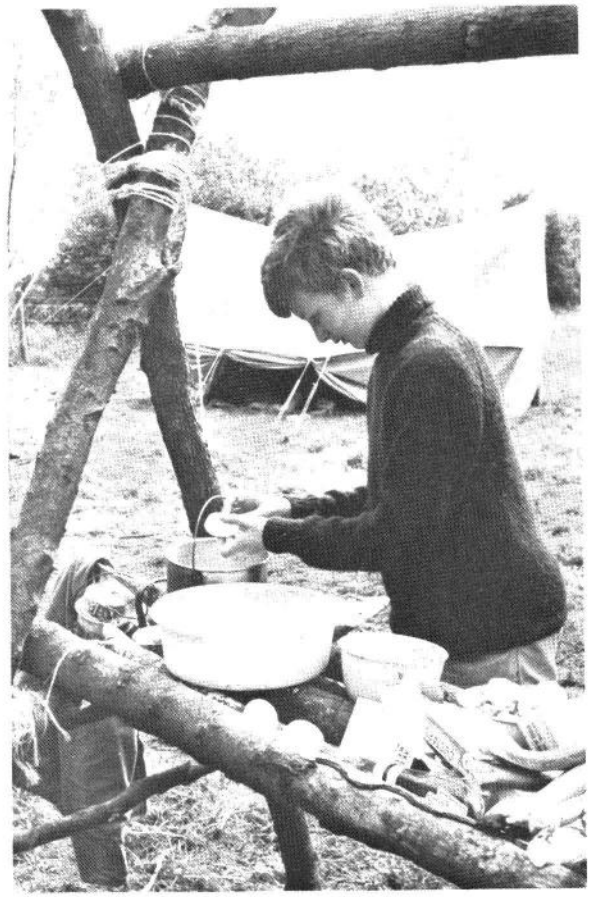
4th SAFFRON WALDEN SCOUT GROUP

by Neil Stuart

At the beginning of the year we took part in "Skipells 67" at Thriftwood; this is an annual gathering of Essex scouters and patrol leaders and this year there was 240 present. The week-end was packed with varied activities ranging from building flame-throwers to visiting a mental hospital, and our team took first place in an orienteering activity. During the Easter holidays a small group walked 85 miles on a Youth Hosteling expedition across the South Downs of Sussex. We enjoyed this greatly and some of the highlights of the week were visits to Arundel Castle, the Long Man of Wilmington, the Seven Sisters and a journey in driving rain and sleet across the top of the downs.

Summer camp was held in the Peak District. The camp site (which the P.Ls. had visited in the Easter holidays) was situated beside a stream at the bottom of a deep valley. This stream was the focal point for many activities, such as the construction of dams, bridge building and hammock making; Simon Cannon was the first to claim to have spent a restful night above the water. Among our out-of-camp activities we hiked on a very hot day to the head of the valley where the scenery looked like something from "Dr. Who", we walked to Eyam, the village that was almost wiped out by the plague, we visited Castleton where we saw veins of Blue John in some caverns and we crossed Mam Tor (the "Shivering Mountain") in thick mist. Itswas later on this expedition that a District Nurse, seeing the school champion walker hobbling along with boots in hand, leapt out of her car to give him first aid because, she said "he looked so pathetic." We also went by coach to Chester Zoo, which was so extensive that at the end of the day we felt we had walked almost as far as on a tough hike! Other activities included rock climbing and an opportunity for all to soar to 600ft or more and see the fields spread below in a gliding excursion.

In the summer term the Kestrel and Badger patrols each built a land yacht and raced them on the school field. This term a rafting project on a lake way out in the country was very popular—in spite of the cold and thick mud. The Stags did particularly well by managing to take their huge raft the 10 miles without using motor transport.



We are very grateful for the help we received from Mrs. West and Mr. Hawkey on this occasion. In the District Swimming Gala our troop won the cup and three members of our team competed in the County Championship, Dorian Hawkey and David Heydecker gaining second places.

The "new" scouting is well under way. We have not only changed our style of dress, we are trying to be more up to date in our outlook, more varied and challenging in our activities. Right from the start of one's scouting career there is an even greater emphasis on out-door activities and on helpings others. I think that scouting has broadened its attitude a good deal for the better and am very envious of those young scouts coming into the movement at this exciting moment.

CHOIR



At the end of the Easter Term we gave a concert in the Parish Church beside the customary one at school. For this, in addition to "Sleepers Wake", we learnt a set of three motets (composed in 1952 for the school's 250th anniversary) by Edmund Rubbra: "Let us now praise famous men", "Blessed are the poor" and "Except the Lord build the house". As these were somewhat discordant the choir were not too keen on them at first, but when we could sing them more correctly they became more popular. In the second a soprano soloist sings the last words of James Nayler, a persecuted Quaker in the early days of the Sect, while the choir sings the Beatitudes as a background.

In addition to the two main works three more motets were performed: "Ave Verum by Mozart. "Resonet in Laudibus" by Jacob Handel and "Alma Redemptoris Mater" by Palestrina. The Mozart was especially popular.

In the Autumn Term the small choir were told only a week in advance that something must be learnt for General Meeting, so a chorus from Delius' opera "Romeo and Juliet" was hastily learnt and duly performed.

We polished up the carols which had rather less time spent on them than usual owing to Mr. Sturge's brave decision to perform the WHOLE of Handel's "The Messiah" with big choir at Friends' House as well as at school next spring. These performances have been fixed for May 1st and August 28th respectively, so rehearsals are going ahead at full speed. It is the first time for a long time that the whole work has been performed at once, so there is a tremendous amount of work to do. The first plan was to perform parts II and III at the end of the Easter term at school, but as it was going so well Mr. Sturge suggested a performance of the whole work at Friends' House and this was eagerly taken up.

As usual small choir visited Finchingfield and Newport churches to sing carols, besides the usual school carol service on the last morning of term.

We would like to thank the orchestra who twice took part with us in "Sleepers Wake" and the much needed tenors who came in to supplement our small forces, and we would especially like to thank Mr. Sturge for his painstaking and skilful training of the choir.

GUIDES

by Lucinda Coleman and Margaret Winram

Over the last year the Guides have taken part in several successful ventures - and in some which have been less successful! In the summer we went on two weekend camps at the May's farm. On one of these our wood-collecting party returned half-an-hour late, with mud up to the ankles, plus a rather meagre amount of wood, guided by a dog which had fortunately appeared on the scene.

It was at this time that Pat Dunbar was first suspected of having appendicitis, but this was not confirmed until half a term later.

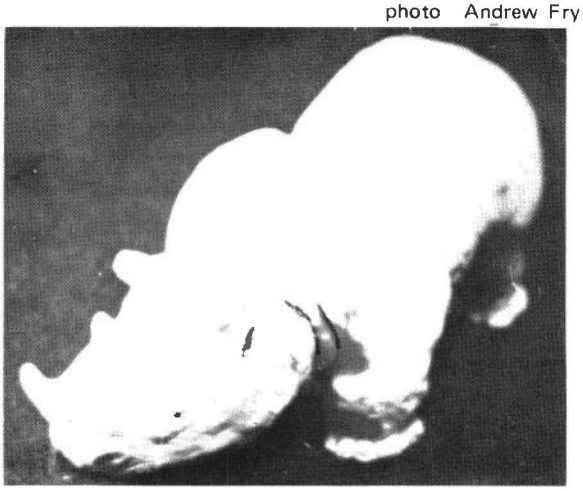
We entered a model of a guide weekend camp for the Strathclyde Cup which was judged top in our division. . . but did not get a very high place in the finals.

During the Autumn Term we raised money by selling biros which were printed with our Company name and number, sold mostly to people **not** in the school!

We also visited St. James' Old People's Hospital, where we acted a nativity scene and sang carols in each of the three wards with accompaniments by various budgerigars.

We wish to thank Miss Ashford and Miss Drewery for their help with the Guides, and also Miss Shaw who joined us at the beginning of this term.

pottery Sue Garrod
photo Andrew Fry



RAMBLING CLUB

by Dennis O'Malley

The summer outing started with a 60 mile coach trip to Wolverton, a small village on the Sandringham estate. We had a quick look at the little railway station there, formerly used by the Royal Family, that had recently been auctioned for about £16,000 to some private collector, before walking off briskly in the direction of King's Lynn.

We clambered up the side of a bank that had been built at the edge of The Wash, to protect the surrounding countryside from the serious floods of earlier times. When we reached the top straight ahead of us were miles and miles of muddy sand. The tide was obviously very low.

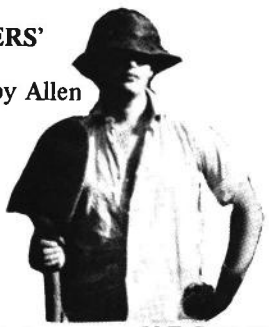


We were told of a good sandy beach beyond Hunstanton, and since the weather was glorious some of us bathed. After we had dressed we had tea kindly served by Mr. and Mrs. Sparke from their nearby beach hut, and then came home by coach.

The autumn outing started from school along the recently closed railway line. A group near the back placed a railway bogey on the track (we had by this time passed the crane that was pulling it up) and gave Mr. Capell a ride the rest of the way to Bartlow as the distance had rather tired him. We explored the Bartlow signal box, crossed the A604, and followed the old Roman track to Wandlebury Ring and its interesting site of the old Roman camp. We waited in cold rain twenty minutes for the coach, but the 15 mile walk had reconfirmed that the Rambling Club is a very worthwhile activity.

YOUNG FARMERS'

by Denby Allen



The club entered the annual Y.F.C. Rally at Maldon in determined spirit and came second, only a short way behind the winners. Some high marks were gained particularly in the cattle, pig and poultry sections.

We have not, however, neglected sheep, the flock having grown to four including one home-bred lamb.

Members have flexed their muscles in a steaming attempt to convert horse manure into mushrooms; but we still await results!

Before the weather and light deteriorated some senior members put in many tractor hours, and accomplished, or attempted to, various skills on the newly acquired machine.

It turned out to be too late to prepare properly for an arable crop on the new ground this year, but hay was made for winter keep.

SENIOR LIT

by Margaret Weston

This year we have had a wide variety of meetings ranging from poetry readings by the members themselves and play readings (such as "The Hollow Crown") to interesting talks given by outside speakers.

In the Autumn Term we had visits from Chris Parry of the Perse School, Cambridge on Shakespeare in Schools and from Matthew Evans, an old scholar from Faber and Faber publishing company, who spoke most interestingly on "Books and Publishing".

Arrangements are beginning to be made for celebrations of the Society's 50th anniversary next year.

POLICE CADETS

by Thomas Monck and Anthony Bedford

The Police Cadets was a larger group this year, made up of eight sixth formers from Newport Grammar School and sixteen members from Friends'. Most of our members were fifth formers with two members of 61 to give the group a fitting distinction.

Instead of the very long course of last year, which was felt to be too demanding of time over a prolonged period, the course was shortened to take up the Autumn Term only. The object of the course was to give everyone a wider understanding of the work and problems of the police in general and of other social welfare organizations like the Probation Service.

We began by examining the history of the Police Force and its general organization. This was followed by a visit to the Saffron Walden Magistrates Court to introduce the British Court system. This in turn was followed by a visit to the Chelmsford Quarter Sessions, which was extremely interesting, but, from our view, inconclusive as we had to leave before the end of the case.

The following week we were visited here by two members of the Probation Service who illustrated their work by a mock-up of a juvenile court in session.

Our visit to the Essex Boys' Home was unfortunately cancelled, as apparently the thought of the effect our mini-skirted girls might have had upon the boys there was more than the powers-that-be could bear to comtemplate!

For two sessions we travelled to Police H.Q. at Chelmsford to learn something of various aspects of the field work of the police, including photographic and fingerprinting techniques.

The visit of the Police Frogman team was memorable for the breeziness of Sergeant China, an ex-Royal Navy diver in charge of the team. Here Patrick Stern and Stephen Willson acted as guinea-pigs in Friends' swimming pool, but were no real substitute (at least from the divers' point of view) for Nina Zealey's performance in an exposure suit last year!

We visited the new Police H'Q. at Harlow and the Police Driving School at Chelmsford (looking in on an inspection of Police dogs and their handlers, which coincided with our visit) but were not offered a trip on the skid pan!

The course finished at Newport with a review of its contents and discussed improvements to what was already a very good thing.

ORCHESTRA

by Christopher Woodhouse

After the Spring Term concert the senior orchestra stopped to make way for G.C.E. exams, but junior orchestra continued till the end of the year, to put on an excellent end-of-term concert in the summer.

On reassembling in the autumn we were not left with a great number of players from the previous year, particularly in the woodwind; but places have been filled by a number of people who have moved up from junior orchestra.

Works played this term are part of "The Classical Symphony", Rimsky-Korsakov's "Dance of the Tumblers" and part of Delibes' ballet "Coppelia", in preparation for next term's concert.



The Scouts' Land Yacht.

CHEMISTRY SOCIETY

by Ruth Gaussen

Many members have joined the society this year with the result that on Monday evenings the lab. is often crowded with members whose experiments fill the room with choking fumes.

In the first half of term items for the chemistry exhibition at General Meeting were prepared by various members and included: isolation of oil of cloves and use of oils (such as orange oil) in perfumery; gaseous diffusion; a crystal garden; several forms of paper chromatography; and the curious "rainbow effect" obtained by electrolysis of universal indicator.

We have also had a very interesting lecture on plastics and hope to have some films and further talks later in the year. Many thanks to Mr. Haslem and Miss Shaw for the time and energy they have devoted to organizing the society.

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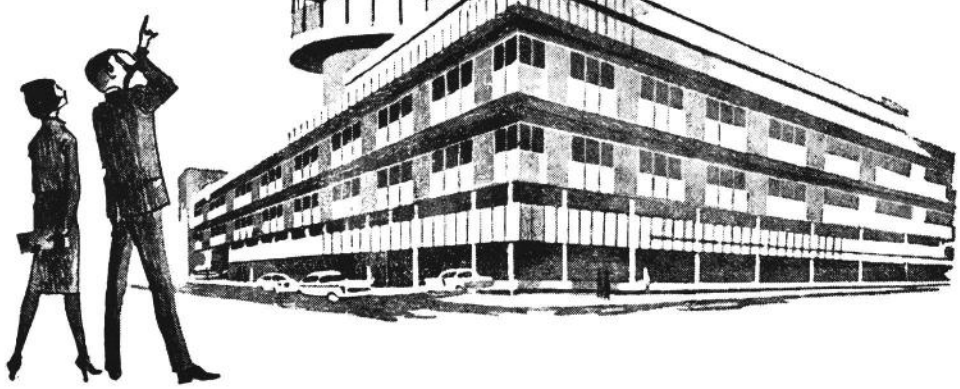
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