THE AVENUE

January 1969



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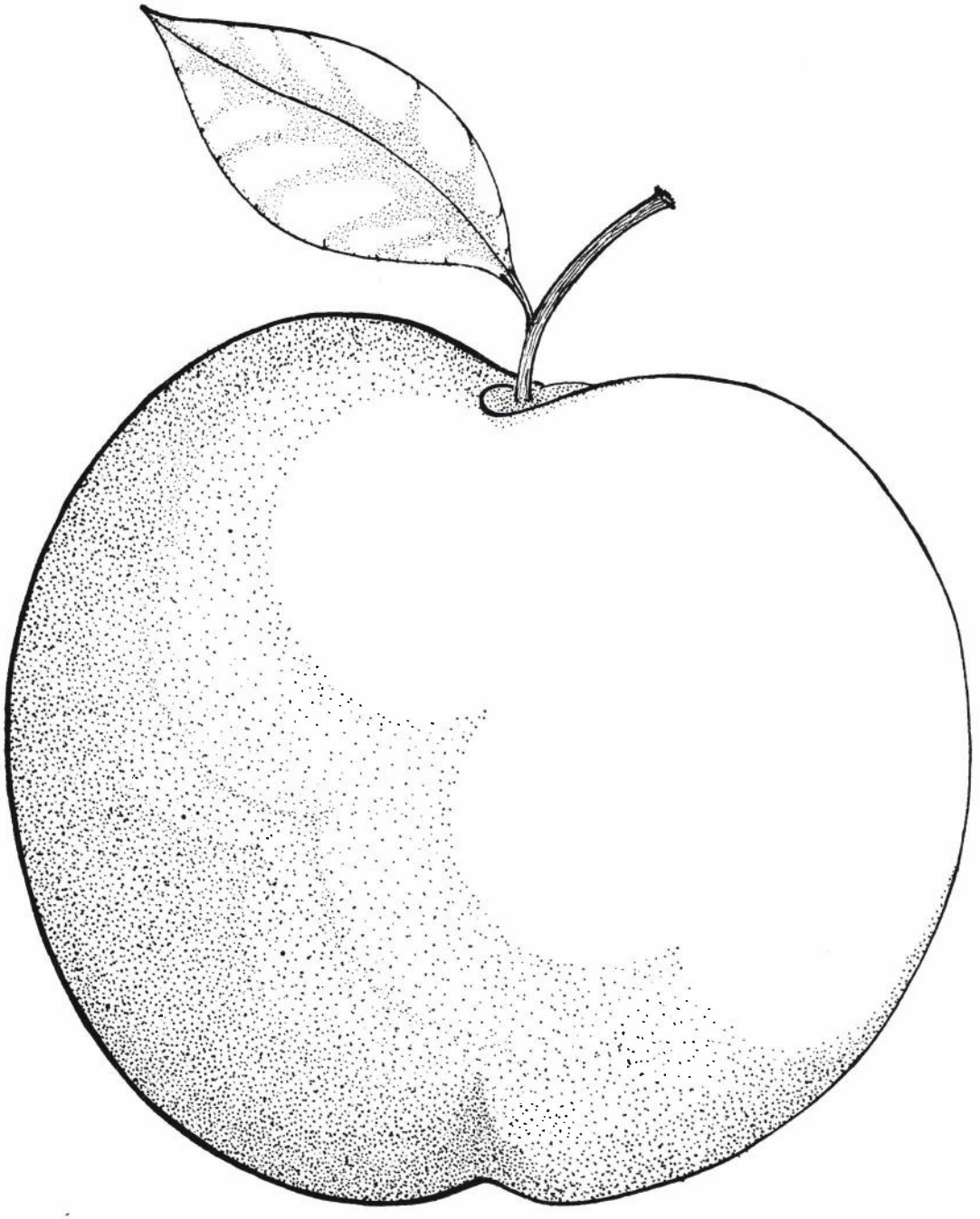
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Inter Alia 1968

Compiled by Paul Bessell, Patrick Coleman, Frances Condick, Lesley Cuthbert, Tanya Fox and Jane Garrod.

JANUARY

Micki Dross, the German student who arrived at the beginning of the Spring Term, proved himself to be a brilliant drummer when he stood in for Graham Turvey at the end of term dance.

After his many years of service to the school, we were sorry to learn of the death of Dr. Lumsden on the day that he was to have retired from being our Medical Officer. He has been replaced by Dr. Weller, whose first patients were from the last ski party who returned with 'flu.

FEBRUARY

Maybe the office robbery explains the rise in school fees.

MARCH

March was a blistery month by the end of the sponsored Shelter Walk (a whole 15½ miles), which walked to an impressive one thousand, one hundred, and sixty-one pounds, eleven shillings and ten pence.

APRIL

Despite being in continuous proximity for eleven weeks the school still had not had enough of each other and met in the holidays to:-

learn French in Paris,
study Geography in Yorkshire,
scout with John Gillet in Dorset,
go on a pilgrimage with other Southern Friends' Schools to the Fox Country,
and go to Stratford to see the 'Birthday' production of "King Lear" at which some Sixth Form turned up in jeans and subsequently discovered that the audience around them were in evening dress.

MAY

The choir, having returned early at the beginning of term, gave two stimulating performances of "The Messiah", one at school and the other at Friends' House, London, the latter being given a very good 'crit' in the Friend.

D.O.B. TOPPED THE POLL. He is now a liberal councillor, as well as Head of the Physics Dept. CONGRATULATIONS!

The Talk of the Year came from Madame Jeanty Raven about her experiences in the war.

Some Fourth Form geographers arrived at Great Ayton without incident, where they spent a pleasant week end. On returning the temperamental Denbymobile obliged the Geographers by breaking down and making them late for evening meeting.

JUNE

This year's G.C.E. examinees were not too pleased at having the Battle of Britain fought over their heads.

Kenneth Whitlow had a big surprise on his birthday when the staff unexpectedly presented him with a cake with sixty candles on it.

JULY

During the Debden Air Show great credit was given to our Meteorological Dept. for their excellent weather forecasting service.

The school group, the Inquisition, split at the end of the Summer Term, leaving a big gap in the school entertainment.

AUGUST

Owing to the modernisation of the Meeting House the town meeting moved up to school.

The "temporary" huts were re-established next to Crosfield.

Having spent £250 on the water tower and reservoir the school are now in a dilemma over what to do with it.

"Boys' dormitories are in one half of the school, those for girls in the other. But it is only a short distance between the two, and the doors to the dormitories are not locked." This is a quotation from an article about the school in the "Sun", entitled, "Where the kissing can start but must stop."

Some of the other claims it made were . . . . . .

"Inside there is that spartan atmosphere many public schools and monasteries share. It is the common seal of dedication to the training of young minds as the country's elite; or to the moulding of young minds for the service of God."

"Staircases are concrete."

"Practically all lessons are shared. This includes the Biology lessons at which the mechanics of sex are taught, and the special talks for 14 year olds about human problems. Meals are also taken communally.

"Co-education is not a means for permitting experiments in sex."

SEPTEMBER

This year Karen Young and Russ Adams came over to join us from Westtown, and we sent in exchange Penny McLeish and Roger Backhouse.

The Cafeteria System proved a success contrary to the failure of the Barn Bedroom.

The Sixth Form was the biggest ever.

OCTOBER

John Woods tightened up on smoking and loosened up on clothing and worship.

Senior Lit. celebrated its 150th birthday with an entertaining talk by Laurence Lerner, an exhibition by Jennie Ellinor, the school archivist, and Senior Lit's own production of John Arden's "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance".

During the term we have been entertained by a series of informal after-lunch concerts.

NOVEMBER

We were all vaccinated against one 'flu—and immediately caught another 'flu.

Kenneth Whitlow's 20th and final school play was the best for years.

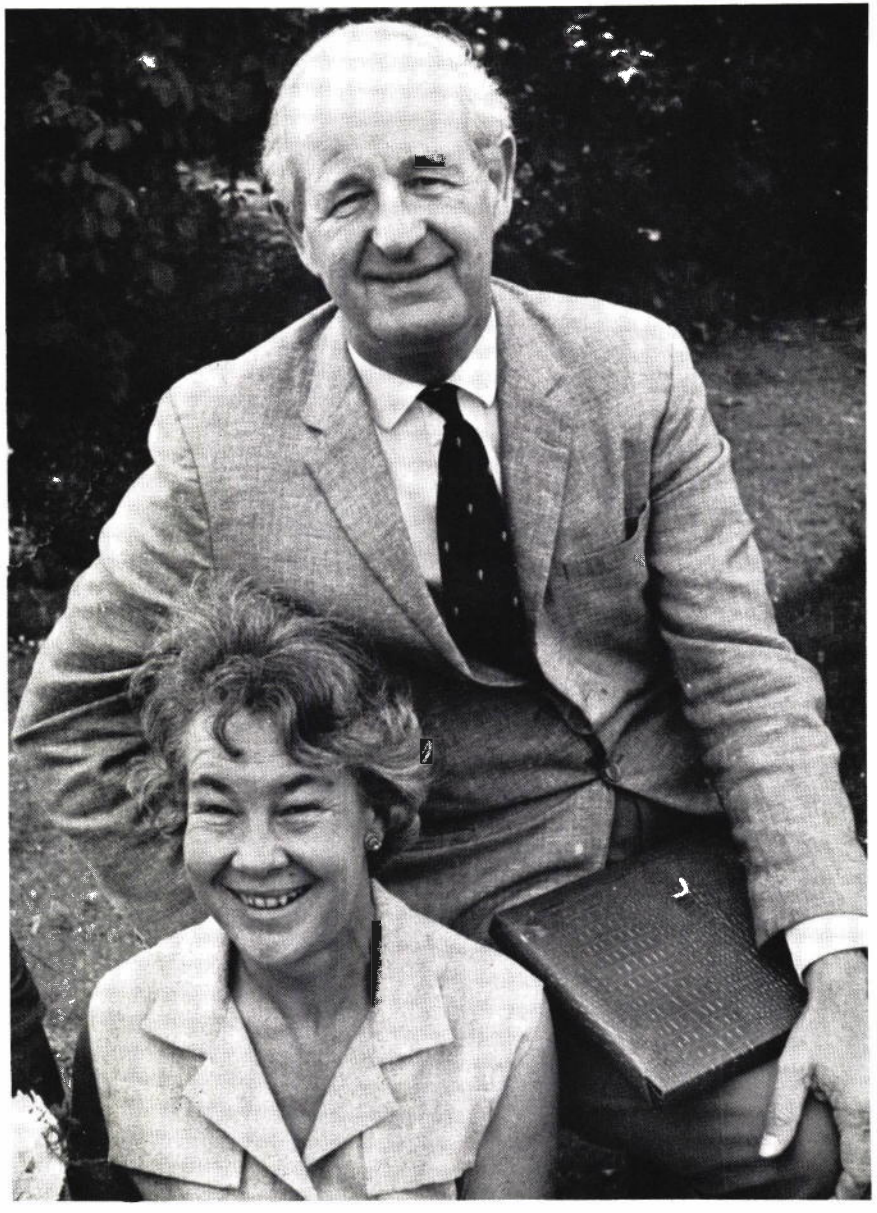
DECEMBER

Hurrah for later rising!

Paul High became a Daddy.

Kenneth Nicholson

From Cyril Mummery's presidential report to Old Scholars' Annual General Meeting. 19th October 1968.



Kenneth and Annis Nicholson at their retirement

"I am sufficiently old-fashioned as a historian to think that people matter and to find some modern approaches to historical interpretation nauseatingly "trendy". To me the appointment of a Headmaster is a mile-stone in the history of a school. Kenneth Nicholson's appointment in 1955 coincided with what historians of the future may decide is a bigger historical milestone—the end of wartime in Britain and the real beginning of the concept of the affluent Society. Inflation has been well described as a "selective weed-killer". Kenneth Nicholson very quickly recognised the need to keep abreast and ahead of the demands of the new Britain and the imaginative planning of the School—Essex wing, 1961, Crosfield, 1967, and the crowning inspiration of Gibson House, under the splendid care of John Gillett—is his lasting moment. I worked very closely under Kenneth Nicholson for thirteen years—for the last four as his deputy. It would be idle to pretend that we always saw eye to eye during that time: indeed I think it would be a very sad commentary if we had. But ballasting all our relationships has been Kenneth Nicholson's warm capacity for friendship, his willingness to talk out matters at the deepest level, his eternal approachability. Parents who heard Kenneth Nicholson's memorable final address to the P.T.A.—an address I hope he will have the leisure to work into a book—will be aware of his understanding of and belief in people: tolerant, believing the best, expecting the best—and, as a result, getting the best—he has allowed this great school to emerge. It is good to know that his massive wisdom in the field of education is being actively used in his position as Secretary of the Cadbury Trust".

Interview with John Woods.

by Kay Howitch and Miranda Kennett.

Q What is your greatest criticism of the school?

A Oh help! I don't really know, but I suppose a new person has always got to be critical, in order to assess the situation and decide what has to be done. I was very amused to see how much the place is the same as it was twenty years ago; the atmosphere is the same, the limitations are still basically the same and Mr. Mummery is still here.

Q If you had unlimited resources what would your first improvements be?

A People feel the pressures of boarding school life more now than 20 years ago. Because of freer outside life and society, we find restrictions harder to bear. Therefore people should have an opportunity to be in smaller units. This, of course, affects the approach to boarding accommodation, classrooms and common rooms.

20 years ago, it was wartime, a national crisis. There was a good deal of unity in the country and there was an obvious purpose: survival. This, thank goodness, is removed and the question of purpose is a question harder to answer.

Q What do you do in your leisure time?

A Recover! . . . . . Oh, I look after the children, play a bit of tennis. I expect I shall take more part in choir later on. In Kenya we made rugs because there was nothing else to do.

Q Did you find you watched a lot of television when you came back?

A At first, but the novelty has worn off. I listen to classical music, Mozart and Bach.

Q What are your views on pop music?

A I don't hear much, but what I do hear, I like. I enjoyed the Beatles we had in assembly.

Q And long hair?

A I'm not against long hair, provided it doesn't touch the collar! But I try not to judge people by their outward appearance.

Q Do you find any great differences in England now?

A I think youth has great difficulty in finding a purpose. I was prepared for more changes than I have actually experienced, it is the similarities that have struck me more than anything else.

Q Do you feel you have fulfilled your greatest ambition?

A I don't think I have any specific greatest ambition, but I have wanted to teach since I was 12.

Q What do you feel is your aim in life?

A To grow in grace and truth and serve other people. That sounds a bit trite but life is a continuous search for these things and they're best achieved in serving other people. What I do has to be measured against my aim. I went to Kamusinga not through any



John Woods at his appointment

specific intention to help Africa, but because I felt I was not suited to the school where I was teaching. It was a state school, not a very good one, there was an authoritarian regime, lots of caning, it was just not me. I was happy at Kamusinga, I felt it was the right choice but we always intended to come back.

Q Would you agree with the maxim "familiarity breeds contempt", particularly where staff and pupils are concerned?

A Any relationship is a risk. I try to look for the good in a situation, respect is not an end in itself. Respect or contempt is something that grows. But it is good to be open with one's teachers.

Q What is your definition of sin?

A When a man knowingly breaks his relationship with God. Evil is that break.

Q Could you define a "relationship with God?"

A It is the open search for truth and wisdom. The man to man relationship is relevant to the man to God relationship for it is these qualities of truth and compassion which are predominant in our relationships with others.

Q Have you always believed in God?

A Yes, it has been a growing thing. I test my belief constantly to see if it is real—I have found it to be real.

Q How do you test your belief?

A By continually relying on it, drawing on it, working on it, letting it grow.

Q What role do you think your family plays in school life?

A They keep me sane! They comfort me in my distress, and keep my feet on the ground by making me do the washing up when I'm feeling a high and mighty headmaster!



MARY JARVIS

We cannot let this year pass without mentioning the retirement of Mary Jarvis, a familiar and well-loved figure at the Boys' End, with her broom and duster, for the last 50 years. Mary can remember the days when the present Assembly Hall's position served as a rhubarb patch, and the Dining Room floors were scrubbed (by hand) every Saturday afternoon. The cleaning staff at that time were paid only 6d. an hour, and were sometimes required to work a fifteen hour day, she says.

During Mary's service at the School she has gained the affection and respect of all those who knew her, and her cheerful face has been noticeably missing from the libraries. She has survived the reigns of four monarchs, four headmasters and five headmistresses, but even now continues to take a keen interest in school life.

Dorothy Backhouse and Valerie Dix.

1940: On Film

In the summer of 1940, the German Air Force launched an all-out offensive against the Royal Air Force during which some of England's best pilots and aircraft fought and destroyed the superior numbers of the Luftwaffe.

This summer, 28 years later, men and aircraft were brought together again for the making of the film: "The Battle of Britain." It is due to be released late in 1969.

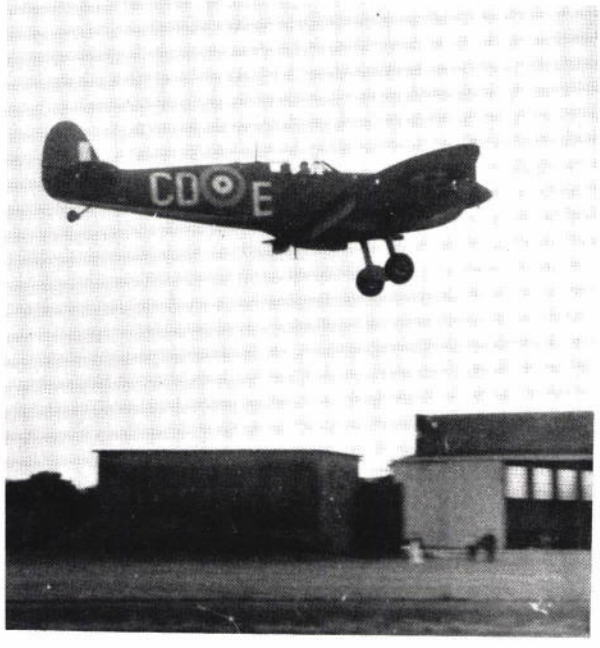
The aircraft used were procured from all over the world, some being hauled out of museums. Some of the flying was by World War II pilots, including British Ace Douglas Bader, and German pilot Adolf Galland.

The enemy aircraft, representing Messerschmitt 109 fighters, Heinkel III bombers and Junkers 52 transports were all b ought or borrowed with pilots, from the Spanish Air Force, which built a large number of these types under licence at the end of the war, the main difference being that the Messerschmitts and the Heinkels were fitted with Rolls Royce Merlin engines (which powered the British fighters) instead of Daimler-Benz engines of German origin.

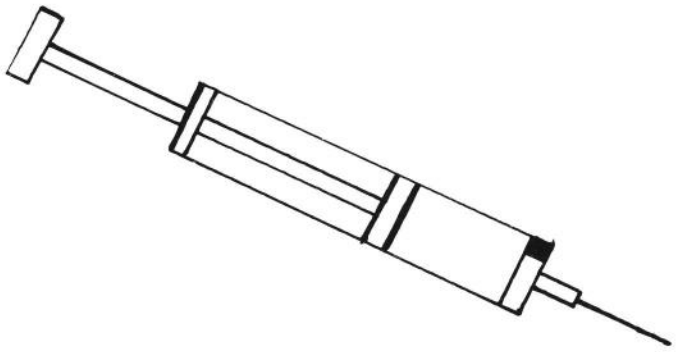
The British aircraft, Spitfires and Hurricanes, were found in museums, rubbish dumps, foreign air forces and in their manufacturers' works. They were repainted in accordance with 1940 camouflage schemes and made to represent aircraft from fictitious squadrons.

All the aircraft were then taken to Henlow Airfield where some scenes were shot, and to Debden and Duxford airfields. Together with some 30 wooden mock-ups, the fighters and bombers were flown, crashed, blown-up and shot down all through the Summer Term. At Duxford £50,000 worth of aircraft and hangers were blown up in less than 10 seconds amid reconstructed bomb shelters and living quarters. Day after day the fighters and bombers roared low overhead, smoking, flashing, being filmed by a North American B-25 Mitchel bomber, especially converted for the purpose.

At Debden Air Show the pilots gave a superb display of a dogfight, with a number of Messerschmitts and Spitfires. Now the flying is at an end. All the surviving aircraft have been sold or restored to their owners. We now await the film!



Jonathan Schofield 4Y



A GENTLEMAN

Anthea Pitcher 5X

He lives in a mansion far out on the moors
Where the interior's a blaze of windows and doors.
And the stairway runs down to a seaway of green.
Where mosaics and marble are grey-plum and cream.

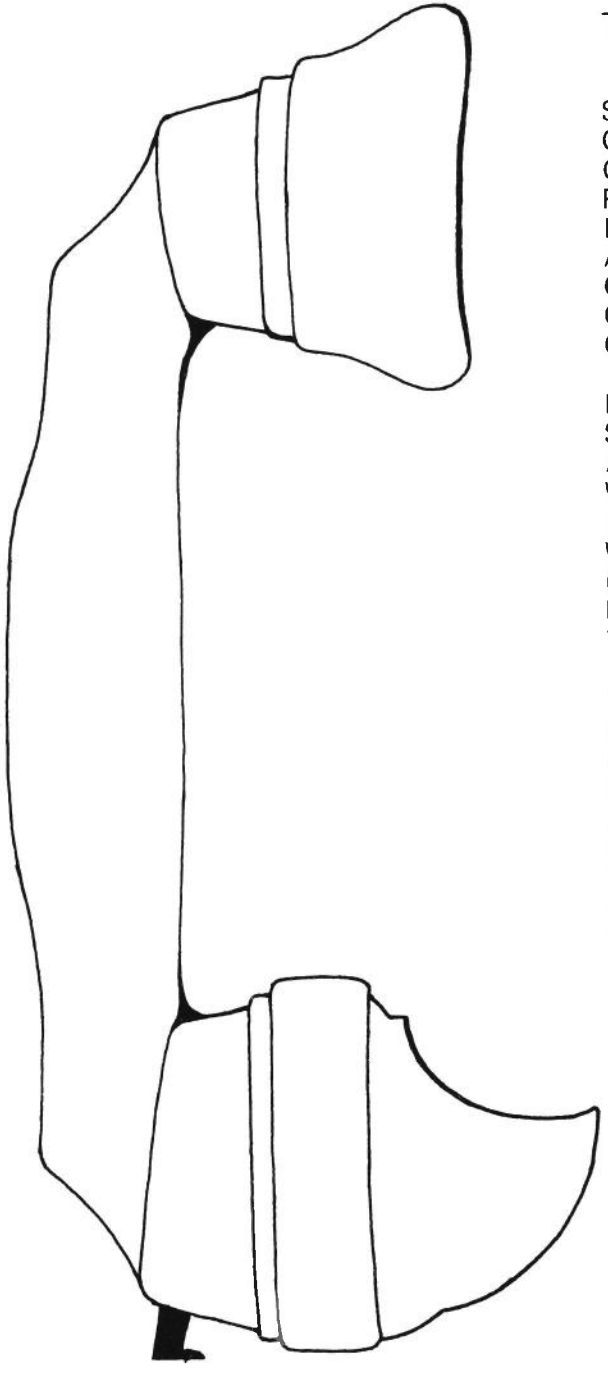
His apparel is loose and his skin pure as milk,
He dresses in pin-stripes and slippery silk.
And glides round the house with the utmost of grace,
Through rooms of deep velvet then those hung with lace.

His hands are long and bony and thin,
With well-manicured nails kept close cut and trim.
He dabs them all over with Toilette de Rose,
He's all charm and elegance, posture and pose.

He has long since returned from his early profession,
He departed from that with ease and discretion.
For twenty long years spent in a prison,
Is not to be repeated for a man of position.

Now all he does is handle the drugs,
Which he sells for a lot to the locals and thugs.
With large sums of money they beg at his door,
And he'll arrange an abortion if you pay a lot more.

So here is our man slowly melting away,
From the cares of the world, and the cares of to-day.
With his elegant clothes and milk-white skin,
And arms all pock-marked where the needle's gone in.



THE HOUSING OFFICER

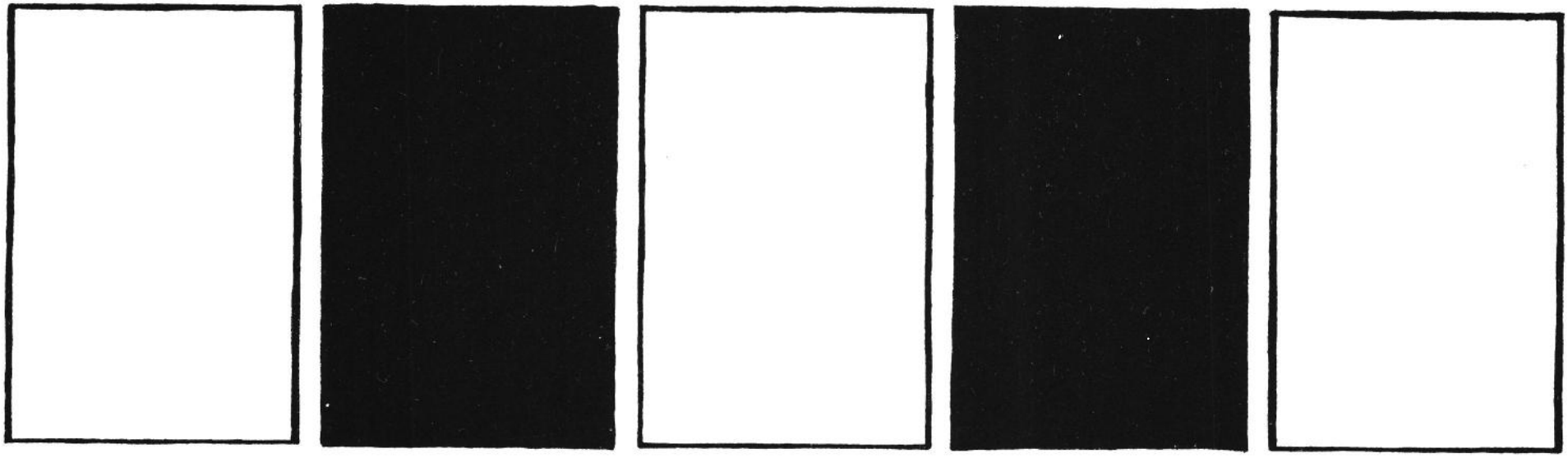
Chloe Cheese 5X

Sunlight fall,
Cut into neat squares,
Onto the beeswax-polished desk.
Pens and pencils,
In neat batteries,
A clean blotter;
Of baize green.
One black pen.
One red pen.

Behind the pampered
Status symbol,
A man-produced man,
With a man-produced smile,
In a man-produced suit,
Waits.
Power at his fingertips
He presses
The bell.

Ten children,
(one black)
On the dole.
(I know the type)
Another on the way.
(Like rabbits)
Tears
(Can't control herself)
"I quite understand."
Black pencil.
"I'll do what I can."
Seals
Their fate.

"Payable to . . . . . ?"
"It's my wife;
"We need a change."
A red pencil,
And the deity
Causes the lives
Of his minions,
Imprisioned in files,
To change.



LET THE OUTSIDE IN

Andrew Fry, leaver from 6_2

From a window high,
Just under the eaves,
I looked down on one whom I once thought I knew.

And she spoke to me;
Wished I could hear
But a pane intervened and the invisible air.

So I could but watch the sayings in your eyes,
The words on your lips;
But my eyes did not hear
And my mind does not see,
For I knew her no more than I knew myself,
Or she knew me.

It is an empty room I live in
And I have furnished it in my mind;
I would gladly open the windows and
Let the outside in;
As I would gladly open my heart and
Let love out,
If I could.

You have just finished a double lesson in geography about desert climatology. It is cold and raining. The world is damp and tired. You deposit your books in the study where the post-cards on the ledge are curling up in the humidity. You plod into the form room. You are too late. There is no more brown bread. You will never get a piece of toast. The queue is too long. So you settle for a cup of coffee. There are no mugs. The only ones left in the stale drawer are chipped and useless. It has been a long hard term.

You see the newspaper and pick it up for lack of anything better to do. It goes limp when you hold it up to read. Worn out and tired it is giving up. In the middle of the article on the bombing of Saigon someone bumps into you, spilling coffee all over the splattered floor, and mumbles an apology. You cannot concentrate on the paper. Everyone is talking at once. They are squabbling over the tack, discussing the chemistry practical and the art exam. It is the same day after day. What is the point? "I have measured out my life in coffee spoons"—and toaster queues, boiling over milk, knives covered in marmite, wars and strikes.

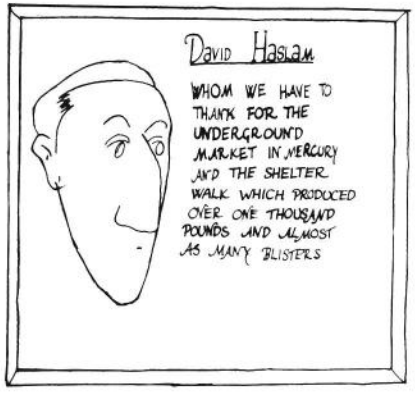
You must escape and get away. But where can you go? The rain is everywhere, closing you inside, inside with your past ten years of life, that monstrous waste of time. Once, a long time ago, it was not like this. You used to wake up anticipating a new day of joy, a day of hide-and-seek in high wheat fields rippled by the wind, a picnic by the creek with your cousin with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, lemonade, and chocolate chip cookies, and a game of "Trampoline" on your bed with your cousin because your parents were out and the babysitter was asleep in front of the television.

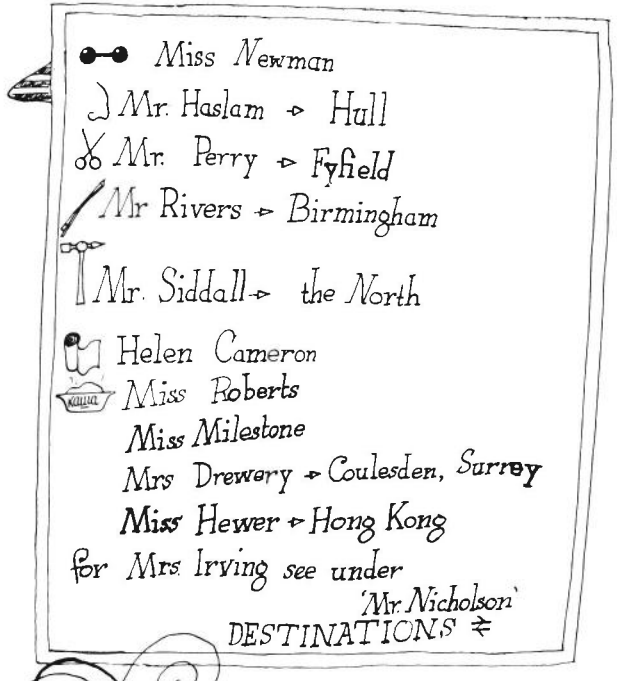
But this is all over now. The contentment and carefree joy are gone. You are caught in the net of routine from which you cannot escape. You know that inside you you do not want to escape and tomorrow you will have forgotten today's diversion.

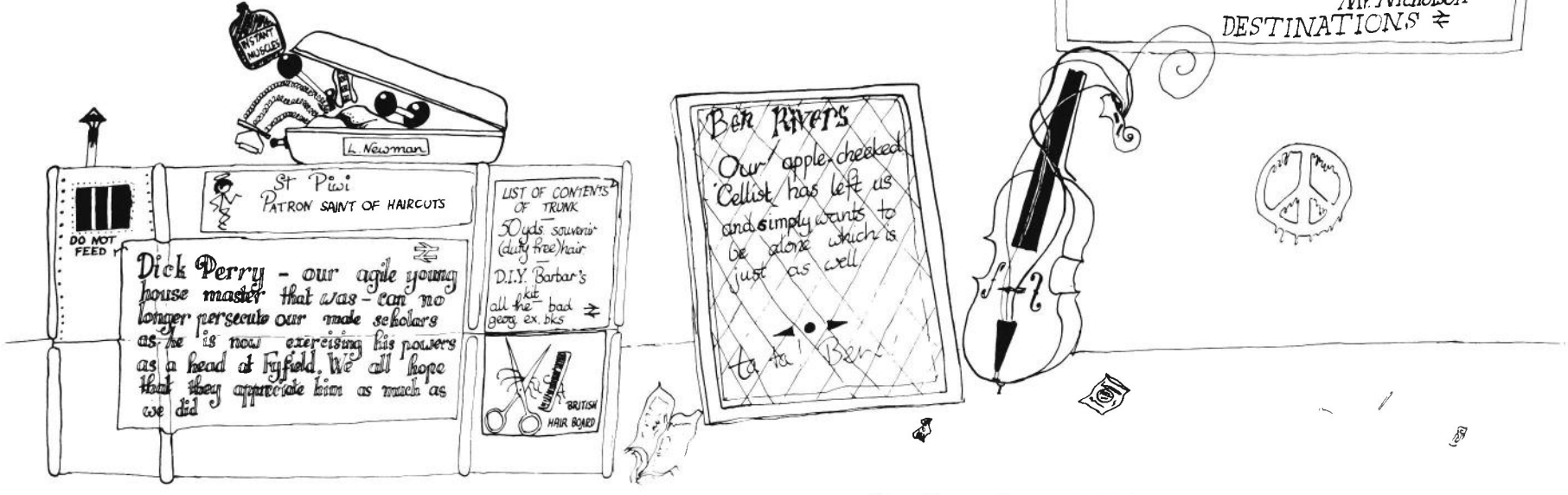
Alice Andrews 6_1

WE WISH TO THANK . . . .





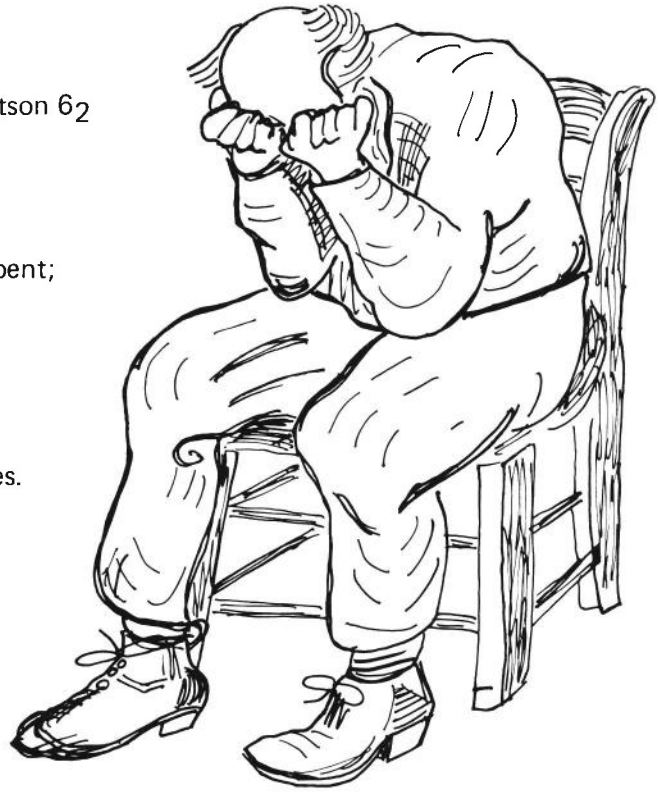




ALL CHARACTERS ARE FICTIONAL
& DO NOT BEAR ANY RESEMBLANCE TO THOSE IN REAL LIFE

LET'S MEET WHEN WE'RE OLD

Fiona McDonald Watson 6$_2$



One day,
When your hair is grey
And your strong hands gnarled and bent;
You'll be walking alone
Near Marylebone,
And we'll meet by accident.

You will look at me,
And feel old when you see
The wrinkles and lines round my eyes.
We'll feel awkward at first,
And say silly things,
Like, "Goodness! How time flies!"

Then I'll take you back
To my neat little flat,
And make you a cup of tea;
And we'll gradually melt
To be just old friends
Talking quite naturally.

I'll tell you who
I got married to,
And how many children we had,
And you'll tell me
Of your family
And how the kids drive you mad.

And then we'll begin
Reminiscing,
About the wonderful days of our youth,
We'll giggle and sigh
(I'm afraid I might cry)
And we'll both tell the absolute truth.

We'll remember our song,
And discuss what went wrong,
And why our love didn't last.
We'll dream of old places,
Rename fading faces,
And together dig up the past.

Then a clock will strike
And much as you'd like
To stay, you're afraid you must go.
It was wonderful meeting,
And talking and laughing,
(You've still kept that inner glow).

And now that we've met,
We must not forget,
To visit each other again.
You kiss me "goodbye"
And I try not to cry
Remembering how it was then.

And as you walk away,
On that distant day,
Your face pink with the cold,
I may remember
Writing a poem once,
About meeting you when we are old.

WEEKEND

Tanya Fox 5Y

I sit on the bed,
And think
Of my weekend,
  the worst weekend of my life,
  and everyone was so decent to me.
I'm trapped,
  with my knowledge and doings,
As only I know,
  that—I think is most frightening.
—I want to share my secret,
But circumstance prevents it.
I've borne the pain,
      And cry
Softly into my bedspread,
Because
I'm unhappy and miserable with a Sunday evening feeling
    and very happy for another.
Yet, I cannot understand.
And then,
  red eyed still
I go and talk:
      talk earnestly
to hide my fears
    or drown my thoughts
      —I guess.
I'm lucky—everyone's so good to me.

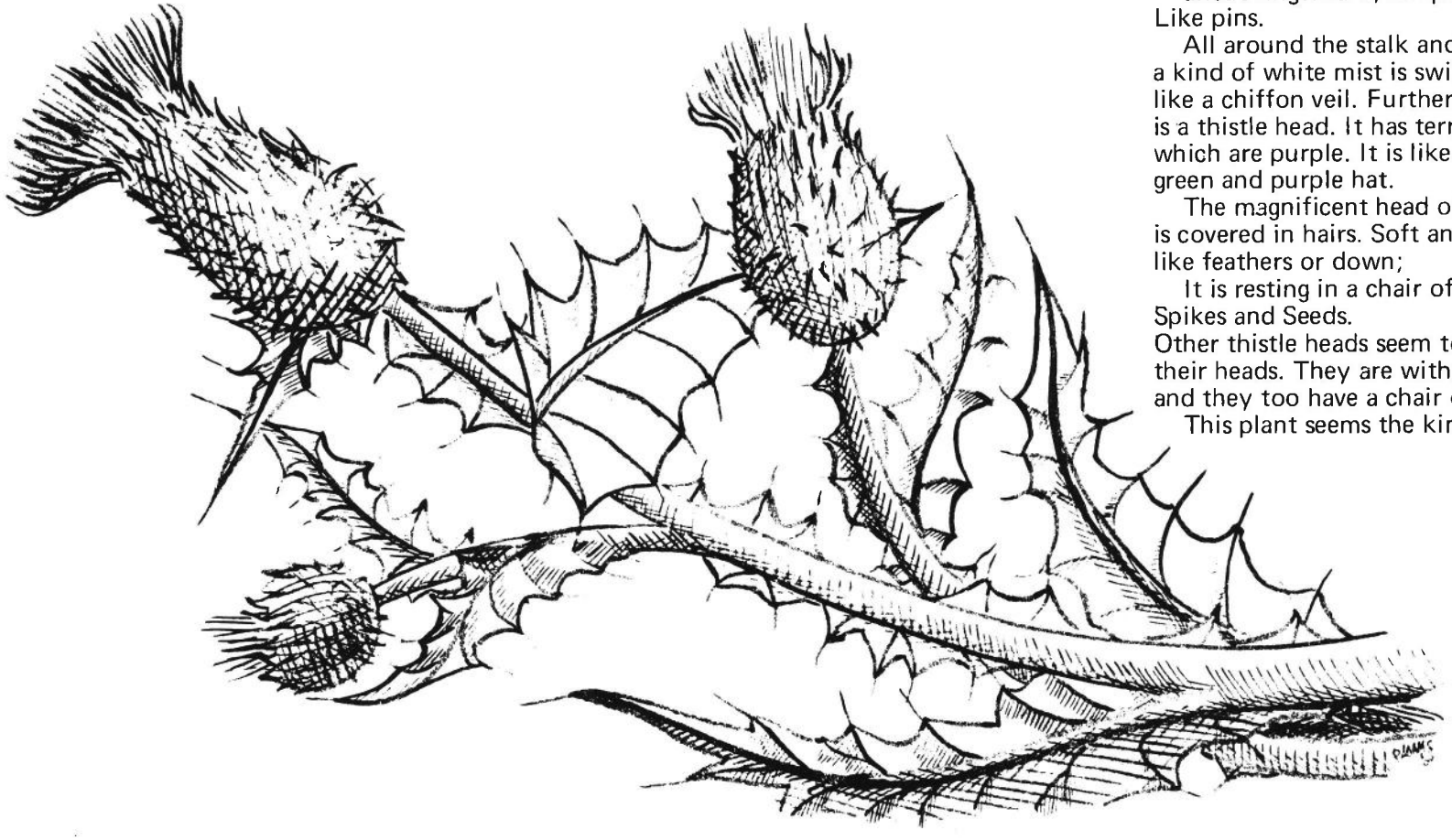
A THISTLE

Annamarie Critchard IX

The thistle's stalk is grooved and hard on the outside, but brittle. I feel the shape of the stalk; it is distinctly square. Inside is a white, papery substance, like the inside of a sugar cane.

The leaves look as if ready to collapse at a touch, fragile, and paper-thin. The colour of the leaves is like a mixture of mud and water. The spikes are only slightly sharp, hanging downwards. The whole leaf looks as if in sorrow. The bell-shaped flowers I can see, tolling away, but muffled with a silver, feather-soft down. The bells have a shell made of scales and spikes.

The tattered and torn sackcloth over the leaves is like the covering of the bells. Their message is, "Dead! All is dead!" yet, buried in the fluff is a seed, ready to fly off on silvery wings to grow.



THE THISTLE

Catherine Greaves IX

The long stalk is like a long
Slender Snake curling upwards.
It is brown and green with dirty
Looking patches and long dirty green lines.
It smells grassy and wild
It stands like an old man bent double.
Its curling twisting leaves are like
fingers scrawling and twisting for new
Life or a long uncurling veil
winding about.
The leaves have little spikes like
uncut fingernails; its spikes stick into me
Like pins.
All around the stalk and leaves
a kind of white mist is swirling and curling
like a chiffon veil. Further up the stalk
is a thistle head. It has terrible spikes
which are purple. It is like a brilliant
green and purple hat.
The magnificent head of the thistle
is covered in hairs. Soft and white
like feathers or down;
It is resting in a chair of thistle
Spikes and Seeds.
Other thistle heads seem to be bowing
their heads. They are withered and dry,
and they too have a chair of spikes.
This plant seems the king of wayside flowers.

THE COPSE

Rosemary Naish 6_1

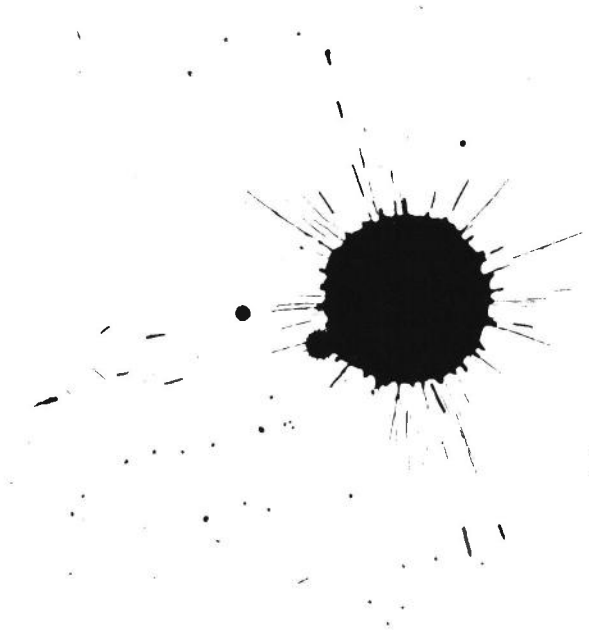
I remember a walk
To a small copse.
It stood alone,
Among the bare fields,
Their surfaces broken
By the ridges of the plough.

It was early in the spring.
The trees were stark and bare of leaves,
Standing straight, erect and still,
Like sentinels on guard.
Then, swaying gently, with the wind,
Like native dancing girls
From South Sea isles.
And the sky,
Steel grey at times,
Then changing, to its own
Peculiar shade of blue,
Showed through the lacy patterned
Branches of the trees.

Inside the copse
It was dim and cool.
And on the ground,
Potholed with rabbit warrens,
Small fat shoots
Were growing,
As yet a tender green,
Showing that they too
Were new still, to the warmth of the sun,
If any reached that far.

Except for the soft murmurings
Of our voices, and the quick, sharp,
Snapping of the twigs,
Beneath our feet,
The copse was silent.
The silence broken,
Occasionally by a few
Clear, bell like notes,
Of bird song,
And the quick, undignified,
Scamper of a frightened rabbit
To its burrow.

The air hung heavy, smelling
Of spring, the scent of rain
On freshly ploughed soil.
A heaven its silence seemed
To me, from the noisy city.
But never again
Will I visit that copse,
For if I went back,
And found it different
I know it would break my heart.
But yet, I wonder
Have the leaves grown
On those slender bare branches?
Have those small fat shoots,
Grown, and flowered exotic creations?
And has tall, golden wheat,
Grown in those bare, ridged fields?



THE RAIN CAME

Nicholas Smith 5X

First as large blotches on the concrete,
Slowly it came.
The number of blotches increased and they merged,
Faster it came.
The concrete was covered by one great blotch,
Denser it came.
The rain began to splash on the concrete,
Puddles came.
The water in the culverts grew swift and broad,
Swiftly it came.
The streams and rivers swelled and threatened,
And still it came.
Down in the valley under the railway bridge,
The river came.
The river was angry with the restricted clearance,
The break came.
The bridge was washed out and trains were stopped,
The calm came.
All lines of communication were broken, so,
The platelayers came.
In a few days' time, the bridge was restored,
And the trains came.

AN EVENING'S STUDY

Paul Bessell 61

Scrape! Kick! Bang!

"Sorry I'm late." Pitter patter, pitter patter.

"Hang on a minute, come here!"

"Y-Yes?"

"Who do you think you are, coming into prep like that?"

"Well you see, I've been in the toilet and it took longer than I expected, and I've run all the way here an' . . . . . ."

"Okay, okay, go and sit down and shut up."

Purdy slinks into his place and everything is back to normal. I sit here and watch all these young faces, with so much to learn, absorbed in their work or comics. I hear some sniggering in the corner; I look up in the direction it came from and see a boy with a row of flashing teeth, yet, funnily enough, he is cleaning them, with his finger. Very innocent.

Alderson gets a plastic jig-saw out of his desk.

"Alderson."

"Yes?"

"Come here."

He arrives. "Do you really think you are allowed to do that?"

"No . . . . . I mean, yes."

"Well, you're not. Got any work to do?"

"No."

"Right then, I'll give you something to . . . . . ."

"Oh yes! I've got plenty of work!" he bellows as he rushes back to his place.

My eye wanders to the boy sitting next to the window on my left. A bullet head, downed with golden curls, squared up by heavily rectangular spectacle frames, a blue ink smudge down one side of his nose. He works with absorption, tip of tongue protruding.

Near him sits J.F., picking his nose quietly and contentedly.

My sight settles on the back row, but is startled by a massive pair of spectacles staring me in the face. Behind them a scrawny head, straight dark hair. Not one of the brighter social fellows yet he has one of the most exciting characters in the School. He is working comparitively hard. He looks upwards, scratches the dark hair until suddenly he finds the answer and with one quick jerk, eyes gleeful, he's back to the grindstone. Once more he stops, contemplates whether he should, and, having worked up the nerve, shambles in a hunch-backed manner to my desk.

"Can I get a book from my locker?"

"Certainly," I smile. He can sense that I like him; he tries to make conversation.

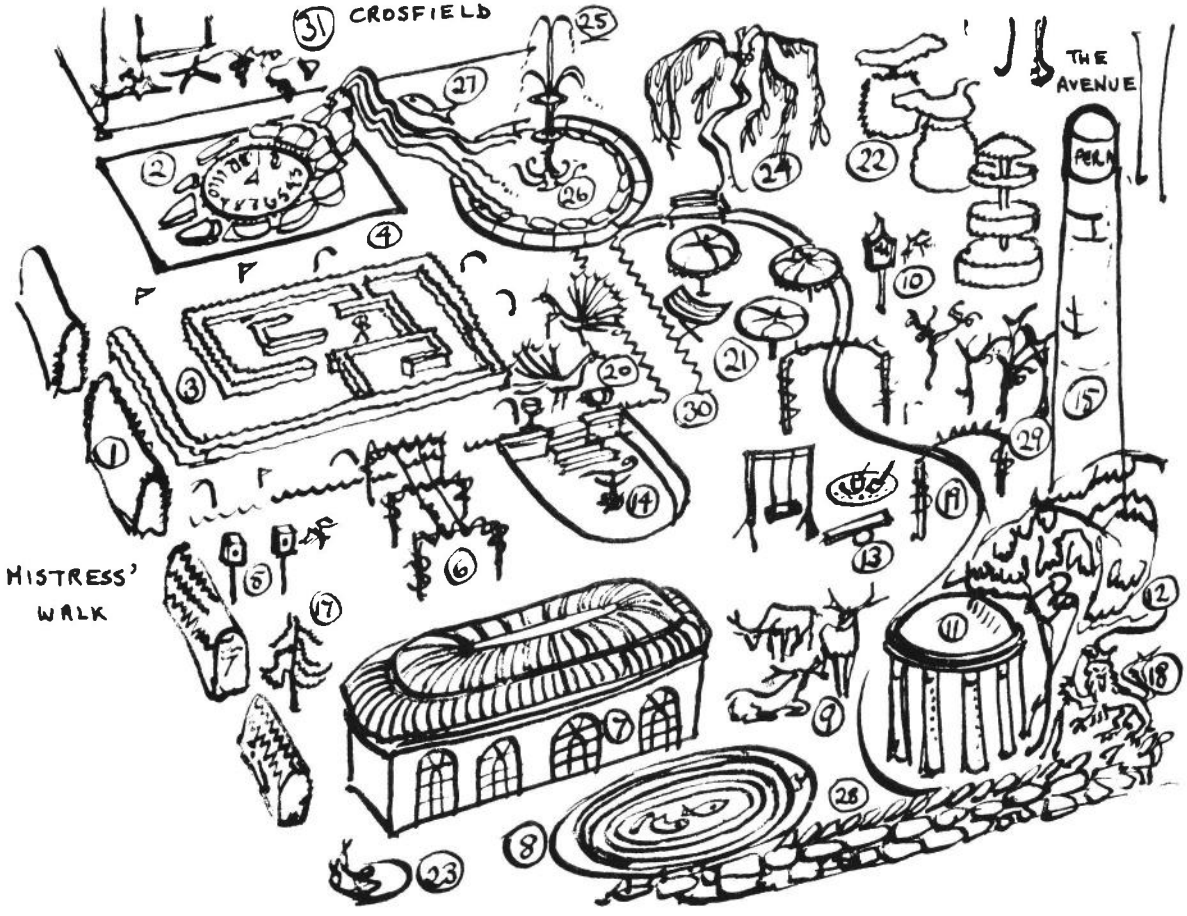
"It's good fun getting things from my locker," he says happily.

"Get off with you!"

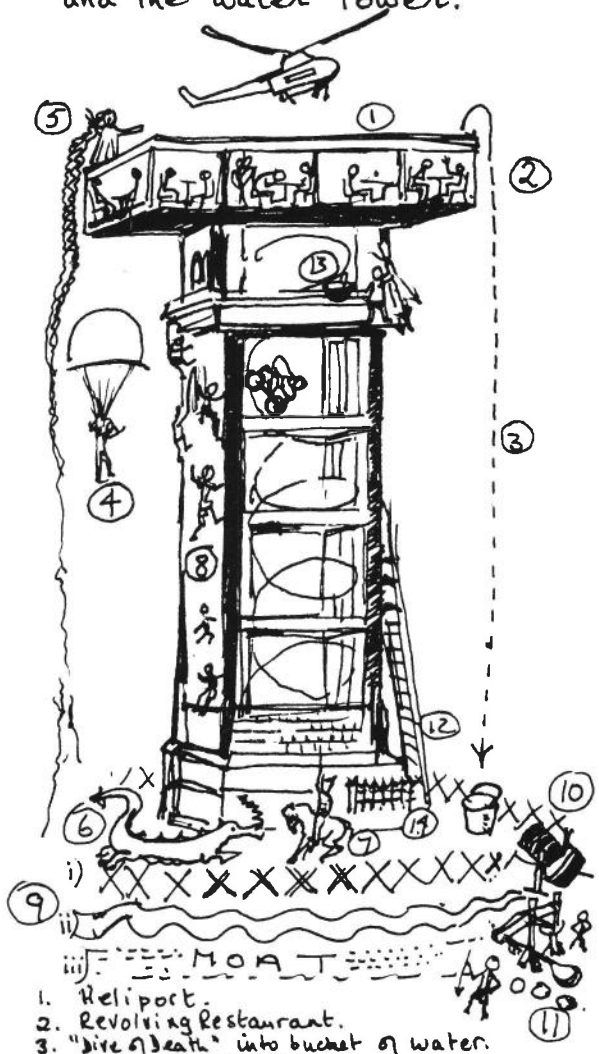
The clock is working its way round to the end of the prep and the books are piling up. Isn't it peculiar how they have all suddenly contracted coughs!.



"CONSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS" for Crosfield Garden..... and the Water Tower.



1 Beech Hedge – with gaps.
2 Floral clock (changed fortnightly) with Plastic gnomes
3 Maze – with trap for recalcitrant small boys.
4 Croquet lawn – combined with Putting Green.
5 Cotes for fan-tailed pigeons.
6 Rose trellises – rare varieties.
7 Orangery. See – Kew.
8 Carp Ponds – see Versailles.
9 Red Deer.
10 Dove Cote.
11 Greek Temple – for dalliance.
12 Californian Redwood Tree.
13 "Kiddies Korner"
14 Sunken Garden – with statuary (e.g. Cupid?)
15 Folly. "Per ardua ad alta" at top – saffron crocii at foot.
16 Herbaceous Border.
17 Monkey Puzzle Tree – with Gibbons.
18 Lion – See Longleat – free car stickers provided.
19 "Primrose Path"
20 Peacocks
21 Tea Lawn – Staff use only.
22 Topiary – shapes changed regularly.
23 Snake Pit and Rubbish Dump.
24 Weeping Willow – fairy lights at night.
25 Fountain – illuminated at night for "son et lumière".
26 Goldfish Pond
27 Salmon Leap
28 Retaining wall in imitation York stone – rockery – rare plants.
29 Hisikura (See C.A.M.)
30 Labour-intensive Box Hedge.
31 Grape Vine.



1. Heliport.
2. Revolving Restaurant.
3. "Dive of Death" into bucket of water.
4. Parachute Jumping.
5. Damsel in Distress (supply your own hair).
6. Dragon
7. Suitors on horseback (Life more difficult for couples.
8. i) Geography Field Course training ground.
   ii) Scouts character-building course.
   iii) Outward Bound Course.
   iv) Circuit Training.

Nos 9-14 = Practical History:-

9. Defences:- i) Electrified fence,
   ii) "Vallum"
   iii) Moat.
10. Cannon – See Edinburgh Castle.
11. Catapult
12. Scaling ladder.
13. Boiling Oil.
14. Protest Railings – authentic Pankhurst.
15. Route for Wall of Death Run – alternative Puni.

Suggestions for interior:- Fruit Machines – dispensing fruit; P.E. Dept. e.g. Treadmill; Music Dept. – 'Cut Your Own Record'; Maths Dept. – Bingo; Leisure – Squashed Court.



All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary and any similarity between them and actual people and actual incidents is unintentional and coincidental.

My mind surfaced from the depths of unconsciousness that it had lain in for the past two hours and formed the question, "What time is it?"

"12.15. Are you getting up?"

"No!" My mind slumped again.

"No?" The blurred black head suspended over me sounded disappointed.

"Why not?"

I groaned and dragged myself out of the warm cocoon of my bed.

"Meet you at Brighton Beach," said the boy and slipped through the creaking bedroom door. Daniel and I started dressing. We pulled our limp clothes onto our bodies.

"You'll get caught," grumbled Hank from his bed on the other side of the room. We ignored him, tip-toed out and peered round the door onto the boys' well.

"Hell," I breathed. "Fred's door's open, and the light's on."

We stood shivering in the darkness; then, with a boot in each hand, we slithered down the concrete stairs. At the bottom I stepped out into the corridor. I stopped dead, my heart leapt, someone was standing there, looking at me out of the murky gloom of the corridor. Then I realised, the spectre was my own reflection in the glass door.

We padded across the playroom floor. Crammed on our boots. Through an open window. A silent dash over the ashphalt and we were on the muddy, moonlit playing fields. Four shadowy, black figures materialised from around a corner. Things were O.K. Together we set off at a run through the misty darkness.

It was cold, chilling. The grass was crisp and crunchy under-foot and overhead the stars twinkled frostily. We ran. Past the end of the Avenue and then along roads, we slowed and flitted through the pools of light cast by the street-lamps. Some of the houses had square windows glowing but the others were black, silent silhouettes. The silence was complete. Apart from us nothing moved. The six of us scudded along under the misty brilliance of the stars, the air stabbed at our lungs and my boots rang dully over the pavement.

Soon we plunged off the road and floundered along a muddy cart-track. Some trees materialised vaguely in the mist and a small fire glowed redly at their feet. We stumbled and slithered over the mud and through the spiky bushes that tore at our legs.

The fire was roaring warmly, sending clouds of sparks upwards towards the silver stars. Twenty half-seen people were huddled in a ring round the fire. They were half buried in leaves and faces glowed redly as they reflected the bright glow of the flames.

Everyone talked, joked, ate toast, and listened to a couple of boys hunched up, playing guitars. After an hour, tiredness began to creep over the party, people vanished into the blackness, the fire refused to flame, bodies crept nearer the fire, and conversation began to die. A haggard figure came over to me and we set off for school.

We were tired, and almost slept as we walked. A car flashed past its engine churning the silence in the black darkness. Then we were back on the Avenue. The school was wrapped in vacant silence, it was icy in the crystal star light. We took off our boots and climbed delicately through a window.

On the stairs we split up. I shuffled into the silent bedroom. All was still. We took off our smoked clothes and collapsed into bed. All was well; no one would know of our midnight escapade.

"By the way they had a bedroom check about fifteen minutes after you'd gone." The voice was silent again. I ignored him, and slept soundly.

The next morning the master on duty was unusually happy. Later there were official notes for us on the board. A short ticking off. A week of early beds, and a letter home to our parents.

Ah well, it happened to the best of us!

Duncan Birmingham 6$_1$

TROPICAL ISLAND

Sunshine on spiky palm leaves,
Wind playfully dancing with the shadows,
Makes a twisting and turning pattern
Of light and shade;
Gentle ripples of shimmering water
Lapping on the golden sands,
Ridged and crinkled by the ebbing tide.
Noon-day sun brought
Nut-brown children
To splash laughing in the surf,
Chasing from blue-green breakers
Back to the warm sands,
Rolling and frolicking.
Baskets in the market
Full of crabs, fish and fruit
Fetched eager, noisy bargainers:
Corn stood ripening under the blazing sky.

Now the day is calm and quiet
And only the sea-birds call.

Susan Needham 2Y.

THE FOOL ON THE BRIDGE

Running, running, from everyone,
Everything,
Leaving it all behind?

The bright lights of the city?
Dim now.
The noise of the busy streets?
Far away.
The Fool on the bridge looks down
Into the water;
Black; mud-black; Death-black.

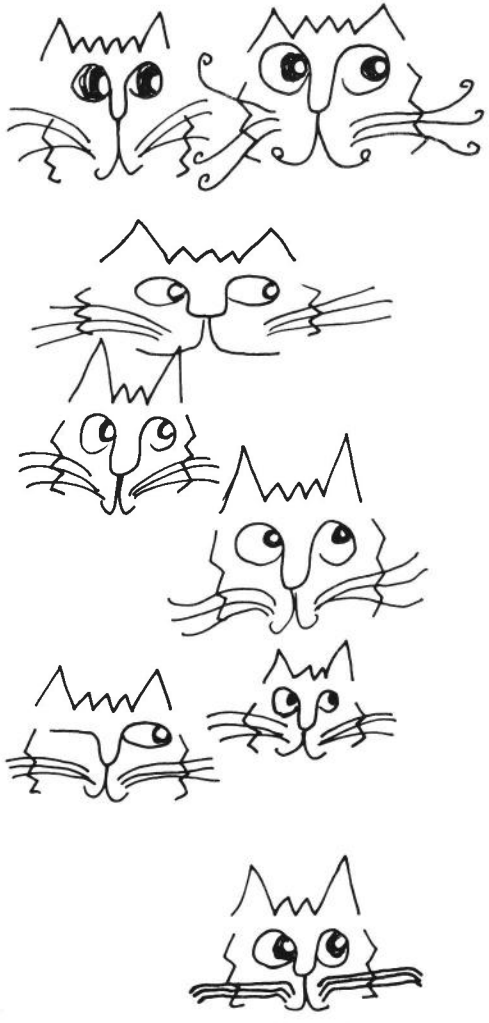
Falling, falling, from everyone,
Everything,
Leaving it all behind.

Lucinda Coleman 4Y

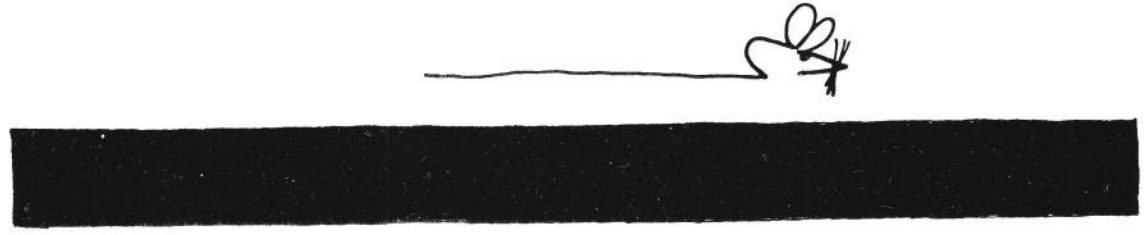


CAT AND MOUSE

Eddie East 3Y



Slowly, stealthily, stalking her prey,
soft, silky fur gliding past
summoning strength in supple limbs
for the kind spring.
Her scarred adversary scratched and sore,
scurrying hither and thither—
Escape a distant dream,
sure to surrender and die.



Last night we went to the cinema again. Again I had that feeling as we sat in the balcony that I wanted to throw myself over. Not because I wanted to kill myself, but because I wanted to fly, to leave myself to the warm oblivion and eternity of falling. I never feel the same about diving from the top board of a swimming pool, there is always the eager water at the bottom, giving me the feeling that I have to fight to preserve myself. I can't relax having fallen, but always the water is forcing me upwards, stuffing itself into my ears and nose, pressing my chest, trying to deflate me. And because the water is agressive I have to struggle against it. The warm darkness of this fall from the balcony would accept me passively, gently, I could forget the bottom at the top.

I told my mother. Her face became an impersonal wall of make-up with two holes gouged in it. She took my arm and we walked out of the cinema. I wanted to see the rest of the film.

In the morning I came down and sat in the hygenic kitchen. My mother was somehow out of place there with her over-powdered face and scars of eyes, floating bulkily around in her expensive peignoir. There was a claustrophobic aura surrounding her stuffy flesh. The air was thicker near her, much thicker. She came and stood behind me. I choked for breath over my boiled egg. Without looking I could feel her face, anxious, although trying to appear unconcerned. Gas chambers must be like that, you turn your head but on every side the stench forces itself at you.

"Dr. Blake will see you at two o'clock" and, bending, she gave me a kiss on the top of my head, to emphasize her mood of maternal care. My scalp burned where she touched me. I felt entombed by coarse piles of white blankets.

"You will be alright going by yourself, dear?" More a pleading command than a question.

I put on my coat and walked out of the door, down the path. I could feel my mother was leaning on the door, clutching it, swaying slightly, her eyes following my progress down the street, but I did not turn to look, to smile, to wave.

The street was dirty and unpleasant. Every passerby had a malicious grimace scratched into their features. All their clothes looked as if they had been made for someone else, a long time ago. I hurried past each one, hunching my shoulders more, letting my hair fall over my face, turning up my collar, sometimes running.

I couldn't face the stares of the people in the bus queues, and contact with the filthy hands of the conductor. I took a taxi. When I paid the driver his whole face seemed contorted into one big sneer. I couldn't look at him.

I got into the lift. The walls were grimy and the floor was littered with squashed cigarette packets, stubs and dirt. I had to put my gloves on before I could touch the buttons to operate the lift; there were greasy marks of ugly fingers glistening on every one. The lift was dark and oppressive, the emptiness hardly better than the gaping faces. I got out and walked the last two flights.

When I came out of his room the sun was shining through his secretary's window. She came down in the lift with me to get some coffee. She looked as neat as a typed envelope in her dress. She left me at the bus stop. It was very warm waiting in the sun. I bought some flowers and an evening paper.

Two little girls sat in front of me on the bus and discussed 'sexy intacoss' in lowered voices, alternating between nervous glances round the bus and high pitched giggles. I could hardly stop myself from laughing.

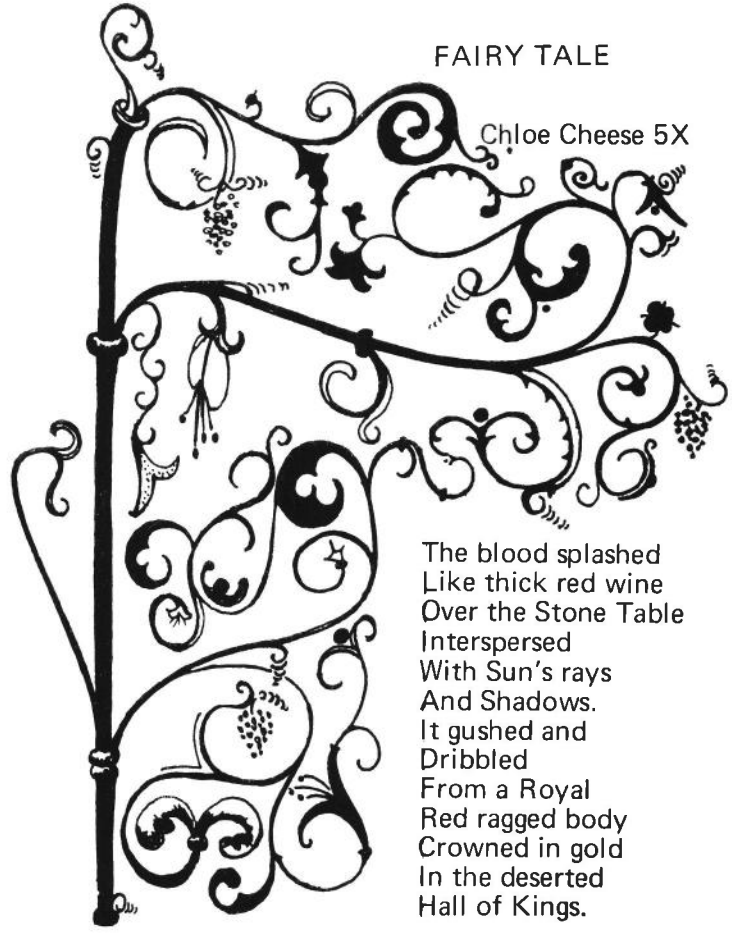
I didn't wait for the bus to stop, but jumped off with such momentum that I had to run along the pavement a little before I could slow down.

Someone had just painted a lamp-post green. There was a 'wet paint' notice. I went to touch to see if it was still wet; green shadows on my finger tips. I ran up the path and rang the bell, although I had my key. It was nice to hear the chimes.

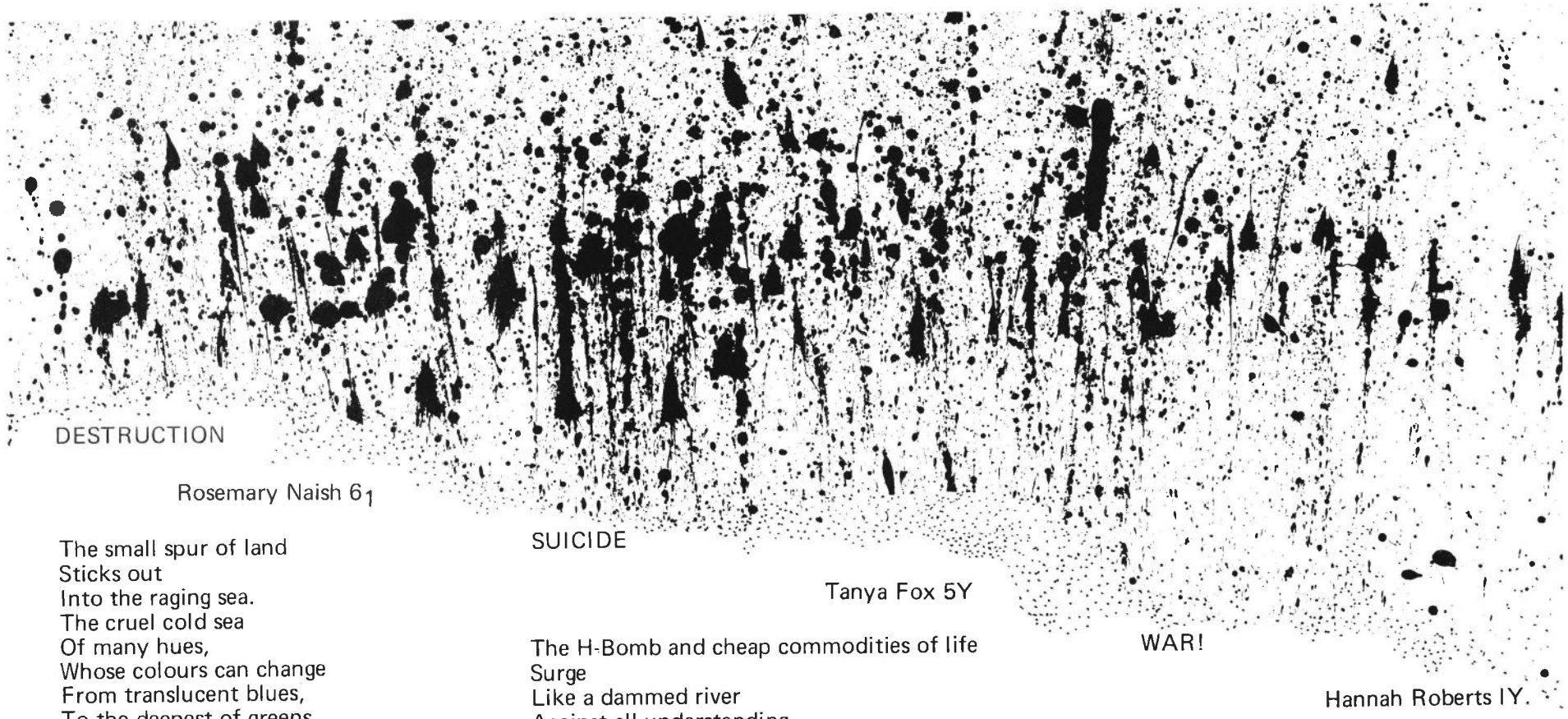
Miranda Kennet 62

FAIRY TALE

Chloe Cheese 5X



The blood splashed
Like thick red wine
Over the Stone Table
Interspersed
With Sun's rays
And Shadows.
It gushed and
Dribbled
From a Royal
Red ragged body
Crowned in gold
In the deserted
Hall of Kings.



DESTRUCTION

Rosemary Naish 6$_1$

The small spur of land
Sticks out
Into the raging sea.
The cruel cold sea
Of many hues,
Whose colours can change
From translucent blues,
To the deepest of greens.
The land sticks out,
As I said, into the sea.
Its chalk cliffs are white
But soon, they will cease to be.
For at the land
The sea is greedily grabbing.
Its slimy, sea-weedy fingers
Slither over the rocks,
At the foot of the cliff,
Tugging and pulling them
Into the sea,
And then they cease to be.
The cruel, cold sea,
Which kills when it can,
Is slowly destroying
The small spur of land.

SUICIDE

Tanya Fox 5Y

The H-Bomb and cheap commodities of life
Surge
Like a dammed river
Against all understanding.
Terrified
I run
Hysterical, away
Away from the last breach of life
To lie in
tranquillity.
With dirty tyres
Marking
The destruction of my existence.
All is cold,
null

and void
As the crowd
Persists
To stare.

WAR!

Hannah Roberts IY.

Endless destruction
Endless strife,
You can't trust your neighbour,
You can't trust your wife.
You can't keep up with the Joneses,
The Joneses aren't there.

Everyone faces starvation,
Bloated stomachs
On stick-like legs.
The children gaze hungrily
At passers-by
Hoping for money, for food,
and some for death!
This is what WAR causes!

WHY?

Jay Thatcher 2X

The still morning,
The placid glass-like lake,
Are broken by a noise;
A noise of the fluttering, flapping, waving forest of wings.
The flock circles and swoops down,
Then breaks the water.
Slowly then clean their feathers,
Going over each one carefully, painstakingly,
Like an old craftsman
Skilled from years of experience.
Silence settles over like a cloud of mist once again.
The silence is broken by a sharp crack.
Fear spreads quickly through the flock,
Like fire through a field of dry grass.
The geese flutter away,
Darkening the sky with their thousands of wings.
Slowly it lightens,
As the noise grows distant.
The one bird is left on the lake;
It's head bent,
Floating meaninglessly,
Taking no notice of the steady lap, lap, lap of the water against its sides.
The one solitary goose is left
For the savage animal,
Who lowers his smoking gun with a smile.

THE SONG OF THE PILOT-FISH

Fiona McDonald Watson 62

'Enry was a shark
Was 'Enry,
As mean as any shark could be.
'Enry was a shark was 'Enry
An' 'Enry depended on me.

'Enry trusted me
Did 'Enry,
To lead him to a tasty fish.
But one day 'e ate a man by mistake
'E said t'was a luvverly dish.

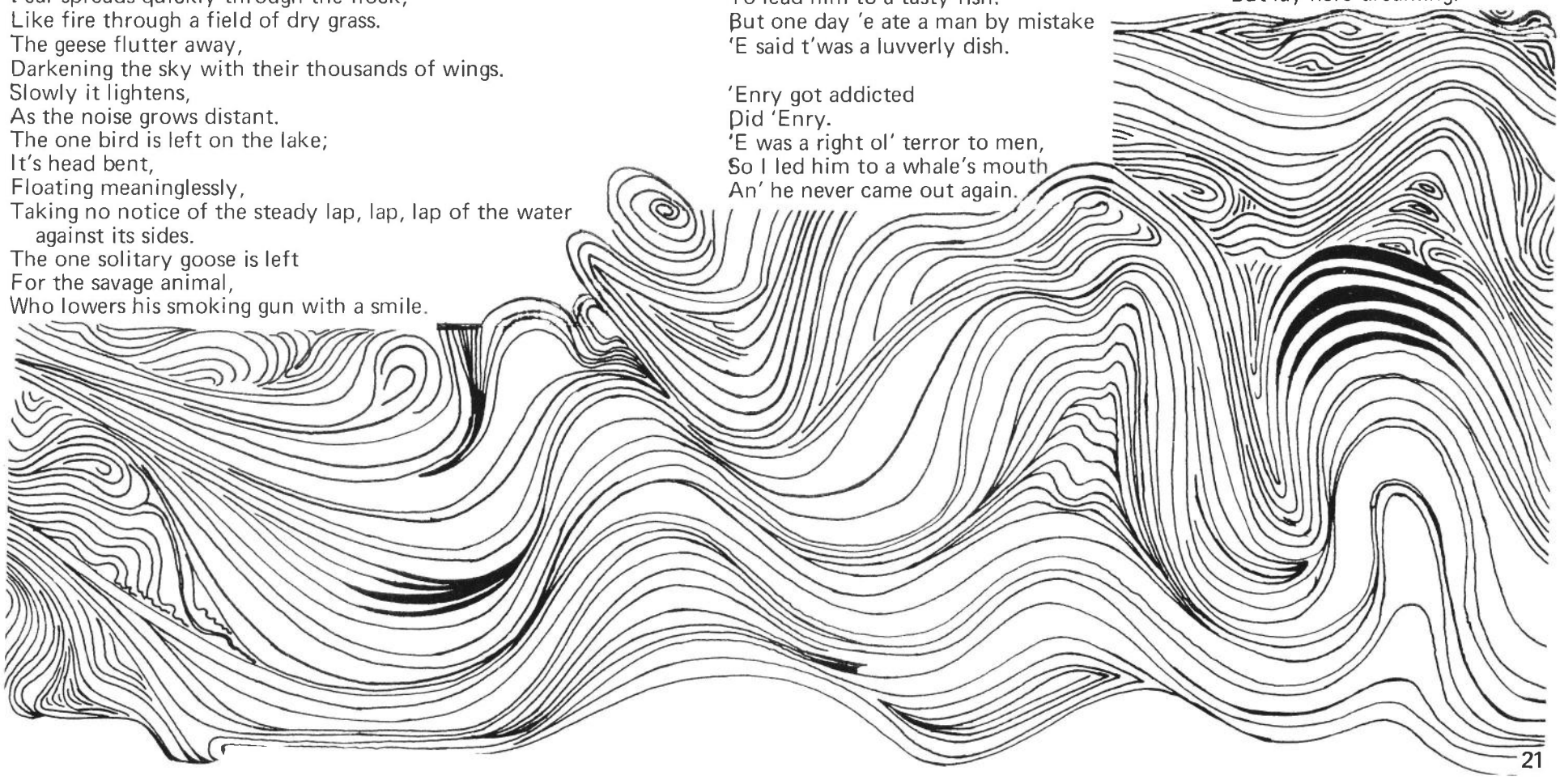
'Enry got addicted
Did 'Enry.
'E was a right ol' terror to men,
So I led him to a whale's mouth
An' he never came out again.

CONTENTMENT

Lucy Sutton 1Y

Lying by the dying fire,
On this cold November night.
Having everything I desire,
This fills me with delight.

Outside it is very cold,
And the moon is gleaming,
I did not go to bed when told,
But lay here dreaming.



a clash of personalities

Chloe Cheese 5X



The girl stood on the edge of the cliff and wondered, in a slightly abstract way, if the tide would rise to cover the theatrical mess of blood, brains and body below her. The logicality of the green water stirred her and she smiled; white foam tipped eddies to obliterate what was left of Miss Whittington for ever.

She picked up the ugly National Health spectacles which lay forlornly on the dewy grass and threw them joyfully, over the edge to join their prim owner.

Without looking back she turned and ran, light-footed and happy, dismissing the unexpected ugliness from her mind. She remembered the cobwebs hung with diamonds in the gorse bushes and the white, swooping flight of the gulls. Miss Whittington had called them brittle Latin names in her passionless thought-disturbing voice as she read from her squat, green bird book. Now Miss Whittington was gone, banished and vanishing in the nights of long-ago; life and happiness could be synonymous once more.

Each Tuesday afternoon she had been scrubbed and tidied, then put in the front room which smelt damp.

Each afternoon Miss Whittington came, at exactly a quarter to three, when the longest beam of sunlight just touched the horse-hair sofa which crouched like a great, black beast of prey in the corner.

Each afternoon the girl sat quietly subdued, hating the damp room and the unsympathetic voice which droned monstrously on and on . . . . . .

Sometimes the girl's thoughts wandered in their usual haphazard, inquiring way.

Sometimes Miss Whittington was angry and slapped her, but not very hard, so she didn't cry.

As time progressed and the tree turned from green to red and brown the lessons became more frequent and the exercise books filled with more and more spidery blots and scratches. More and more often the girl found it difficult, then impossible to concentrate. The droning voice became an evil incantation and the stinging slaps a penance to be born for slight freedom . . . . . .

What a strange, gull-like screech Miss Whittington had uttered as her prim mouth opened wider and wider and her skinny hands beat the cold air. She had landed like a ripe tomato on the sharp rocks. The girl giggled.

cliché, darling

Steve Polak 62

The brook tinkled past the weeping willows and flowed through the dewy meadows like molten silver. Lambs gambolled between the buttercups and the birds flitted and tittered through the trees. The girl stood on the path by the brook, her flaxen hair caressed by the wind, with her finely chiseled face turned to the setting sun. The larks warbled a serenade as she watched the blood red sun sink below the horizon and the cotton wool puffs of cloud turned by the sunset into pink candy floss.

The minutes ticked by as she waited for her love, dreaming of the good times to come. Suddenly she heard a far-off drumming of hooves. She half turned towards the sound, her delicate profile and milk white skin caught by a golden ray of sunlight. Her eyelids fluttered like a wounded bird as the horse and rider drew nearer.

Charles leapt from the saddle into her arms and looked deep into the limpid pools of her eyes. Then he looked breathlessly at her body, cut like an alabaster statue and carelessly wrapped in shimmering silks. His eyes returned to her face, feasting on her perfect features. A lump rose in his throat.

She in her turn looked shyly at his manly chin, his strong aquiline nose and his firmly moulded mouth. His breath came in short, sharp pants and with every breath his broad shoulders expanded even further. Oh how she loved this squire's son. Oh how he loved this dairy maid.

Then, as if Cupid had fired his arrows, they felt a tremendous upsurge of overwhelming feeling. He took her gently into his strong, tanned arms. Their half open lips met with clinging passion and both lost themselves in the wonder of that moment.

The sun had sunk to form an orange rim to the world. The lark had stopped her serenade, and the lambs were curled up to sleep. Only the horse stood patiently and quietly by, watching with his warm, brown eyes. Their kiss ended and he spoke those three magic words . . . . . "I'm a fairy."



BY COURTESY OF MIRABELLE

ENGLISH ESSAY NO. 7.

Owen Joseph 6$_1$

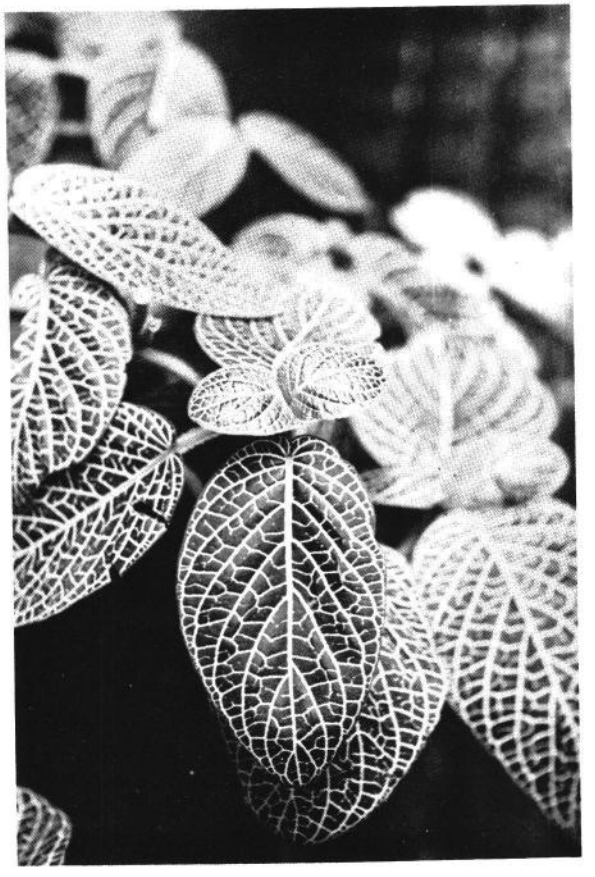
As I walk down the desolate High Street this Sunday morning everything is quiet and I remember what it was like just eighteen hours ago. Yesterday the cars were jammed against each other bonnet to bumper, or were slowly, almost imperceptably, creeping up on the car in front like a tiger tense for the pounce. Here and there were blasts of horns as some stupid parcel-laden pedestrian protruded into the road or as a driver tried vainly to get his fifteen foot car into a fourteen foot eleven inch space. On the pavements people were jostling around, laden with shopping, and pushing their way through the masses. In the shops women were running around picking up things, changing their minds and picking up something else.

But today there is none of this. In the streets where, not long ago, cars were jammed, there is nothing except for a little boy on a large bicycle, wobbling slowly along and a dirty, dusty tramp picking up cigarette ends from the dirty, dusty gutter and fumbling them into his pockets.

There is no one on the pavements, just a layer of litter ranging from old coke bottles to newspapers which scurry and swirl along the dusty pavement in the breeze, while all the time a road-sweeper tries to catch up with them.

There is no one in the shops either, and as I walk along I see the shuttered, blank faced shop fronts of grocers and butchers, and clothes shops with fancy arrangements and well-figured, well-dressed models staring seductively out of the windows at nothingness in synthetic loneliness. There are the jewellers' shops with barred windows, showing rings and watches like Bunnies, see but no touch. In the supermarket, though there is no one there, the fluorescent lights are on showing off their goods, while the windows are spattered with bargain, free sample and 'threepence off' posters, in gay colours, peeling at the corners.

In the flats above the shops most of the curtains are drawn and there is not a sound. It is almost like a ghost town in a 'Western' movie, except for the distant chimes of the church bells, reminding everybody of their weekly commitment to God.

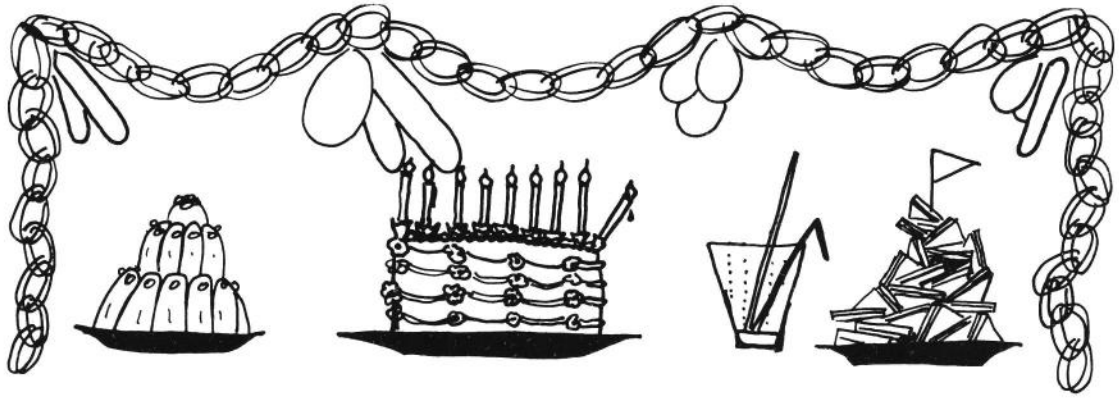


Andrew Fry

METAMORPHOSIS

Huw Gray 3Y

Who'd guess that one as strange as he,
A lovely butterfly will be?
With body long and legs short,
Often in handsome colours wrought
He winds himself in silken thread,
And looks as if he's really dead.
When summer trees their green leaves wave,
He rises from his silky grave,
No longer earthbound as before,
The heavens are now an open door.



THE PARTY

Shân Poynder 2Y

On Tuesday morning, my invitation to Janice's party slithered through our letter-box.

"How nice for you dear!" my unfeeling mother remarked brightly when she heard. HOW foul Janice is and she makes me sick!

All my protests were in vain and I was sent to buy a present. An Enid Blyton story about "Pipsie, The Jolly Fairy" seemed suitable, so I blued the remainder of my savings on it.

What on earth could I wear, I wondered glumly? My one and only party dress was small to say the least. Oh well, if I hold my breath. . . . . ? Janice would invite all her ghastly friends as well, the type who get a new outfit every time they are invited to a party. 'Flu? Not a hope. It seems to have missed our town out. I suppose I shall have to endure the wretched thing—four hours!

On Wednesday I was as nervy as I could be. All those giggling little snobs, all that valuable china dotted about the house. (Last year I broke one piece worth ten pounds.) HELP! By 4.00 p.m. I was almost calm. A slight shiver ran up my back occasionally, but that was all. I found the book and set off.

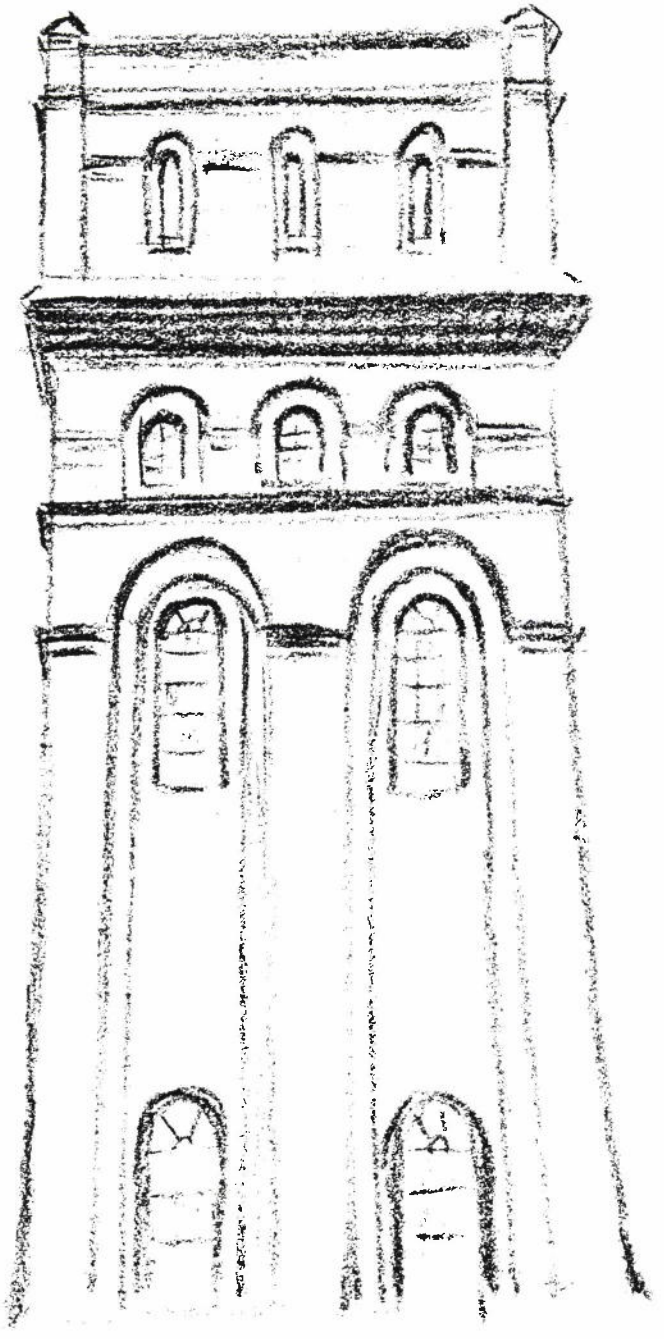
When I reached the house I was ushered into a huge room. Just as I thought, not a single familiar face excepting Janice. At once I was shoved into a team and given brief instructions. It was very complicated but somehow I muddled through. Each event was worse than the last. When I left eventually, it was in the deepest disgrace. I had knocked the jelly onto a valuable carpet and Janice's mum was furious! I am afraid she took it out on Janice, and, when I left she was in tears. "I shall NEVER! NEVER! NEVER, invite you to my party again" she sobbed. What a hope. That was what she had said last time, and the time before that, and the time before that . . . . . .



Andrew Fry

If I knew her
And she knew me;
And they knew that we two
Wanted to see;
Longed to know
Where to go,
When, how and why;
Touch, hand to hand,
See, eye to eye;
Touch, heart to heart,
See, mind to mind;
Alone, vain we search,
Together we find.

Andrew Fry, leaver from 6_2



A FREE FALL

Angus Willson 3Y

I was in a paroxysm of rage. It burnt inside me. The orgasm was painful in my mind. I started walking, trotting faster, running, sprinting, as thoughts poured through my disturbed brain. I just wanted to rid myself of it. I only had another twenty yards to go, when I chickened. I had to do it, though. My eyes through a red blurr could see a rose bush. I grappled with a branch. The thorns were deeply embedded into my palm. I gave a last satisfying twist. I looked at my hand; a palmist would have been horrified. To look at it stirred my rage. I reached the door of the water tower. It was locked. I wrenched off the padlock with sheer fury and stumbled towards the iron staircase. As I tried running up it the spiral would whirl faster and faster, and then suddenly stop. I had slipped and fallen down a few steps. At last I reached the trap door. I pushed it up and stepped out.

The harsh wind that blew at my face, had the voice of Satan.

"You are at the top now. Why don't you jump?"

He seemed to drag me to the edge, my feet dangled, I wondered why my legs weren't eighty feet long. As he repeated it, I saw a pin-like person running and shouting but it was useless. I was at least two ear shots away. As the pin person became more like a nail, I could almost hear what it was saying, but I didn't want to hear. Then Satan pushed me. I fell.

Down I went; my brain bounced about my head pounding like a hammer. My eyes were shut but I could still see bricks rushing past. The bricks were red, but they looked like coloured baby bricks blocks rumbling down upon me. It was me that was falling though; the bricks were not moving. It felt as if I was being dragged back by a force like gravity. My eyes were open now. I could almost see something through the columns but it went away. Then I suddenly stopped. I was giddy. I stood up and it had gone. My mind was clear. It was as if my absolution was about to be granted. A man? No, a spirit. It wasn't a man, it was a spirit. The spirit drifted towards me. It took my hand and walked straight at a wall. It went through. I followed. I was through.



HAROLD'S DREAM

Ruth Gaussen 62

In a vast, carboniferous, underground cavern, through which a river of mud gently oozed its way, three witches were seated round the fridge, deep in their various speculations.

"What ails you, Agnes, my dear?" suddenly screeched Cecily in a high-pitched and piercing voice, which prised off several small stalagmites from the roof. "What do you see in that lump of ice?"

Agnes' eyes circled wildly as she hollowly forced out the fatal words through clenched teeth: "I see the death of God and the end of the world!" The raucous words rolled and rumbled round the rocky room and were reflected and refracted at random by the ragged rock-faces.

Shock of the worst order ensued. All sat as if turned to stone, save Sarah, who with severe stupidity cried, "Prepare for death, ye sinners! Prepare for judgement and the wrath to come!"

"But," piped up a little lizard, who had been eavesdropping behind a rock, "God might die first, and then we wouldn't have to go to hell."

Sarah's face was contorted with the effort of understanding this advanced argument. "True," she admitted at last, "but it's safer to repent. Repent ye all!" . . . . . .

As if to conjoin this, a trap-door in the ground opened and a crowd of friar toads clambered out singing the well-loved medieval chant: "Repent, repent . . . . . It is good to repent, yea verily, verily, for the end of the world is at hand!"

The fridge door opened just as they had reached the line . . . . . "It is good to repent" a small carniverous gnome, who had been hibernating there, rushed out.

"I forgot to tell you last autumn," he exclaimed in anguished tones, "that the president is coming today. He should have arrived by now. In fact, here is his boat!" and he pointed to the river where a large bath was floating along on the mud.

A second later a voluminous man with a long nose had sat up in the bath and was crying, "Hail, my loyal subjects." They only just summoned up enough energy to reply, "Hail, O Master, O president of that far-distant and marketing country of all superiority!"

But he, espying their forlorn and fallen faces, enquired, "I beg you, my loyal subjects, to tell me what has occurred to upset you so."

"It would be good to tell you, master, but I fear it is bad news. Agnes has been looking into the ice again," said Cecily. "She sees . . . . . I can hardly tell you . . . . . she sees the death of God and the end of the world!"

"What!" screamed the president in a blind rage, relapsing into a foreign language in his fury. "The death of G-God! God cannot die, non, non, le dieu ne peut pas mourir jamais, jamais! Il ne peut . . . . . moi, je suis . . . . . ." but his voice was no longer audible for the boat had capsized and he had been thrown into the mud.

Consternation of a peculiar sort ensued . . . . . Meanwhile, the old vampire gnome of Zurich swiftly and silently turned himself into a python and slithered salivating after him into the squelchy slime . . . . . !



The Skin of our Teeth.

Thornton Wilder



WHEEL : MIRANDA KENNETT.

Cast

Sabina	Alison Swaisland
Mr. Fitzpatrick	Alan Wright
Mrs. Antrobus	Miranda Kennett
Baby Dinosaur	Fiona MacDonald Watson
Baby Mammoth	Polly Headley
Telegraph Boy	Giles Norton
Henry	Martin Underwood
Gladys	Gwendoline James
Mr. Antrobus	Patrick Coleman
Miss E. Muse	Dorothy Backhouse
Miss T. Muse	Caroline Darke
Miss A. Muse	Jane Harris
Moses	Tom Monck
Doctor.	Piers Headley
Homer	Roy Birkinshaw
Fortune Teller	Mina Safizadeh
Interviewer	Tom Monck
Broadcast Official	Piers Headley
Holiday Crowd	Lucinda Coleman, Stephanie Nunn Amanda Crowe, Nicholas Fell, Neil Stuart, Pat Dunbar, Timothy Hardy,
Hester	Caroline Darke
Ivy	Jane Harris
Fred	Tom Monck
Sound Effects	Scenery
Peter Cutler	Imogen Rowlands
Richard Blomfield	
Wardrobe	Electricians
Madeline Whear	David Spathaky
Rosemary Naish	Robin Bloomfield
	Colin Maclean

Mark Loveridge 62

From the back row on the Saturday night it was interesting to see which sections of the audience were finding it easier to respond to the play. Enthusiasm seemed to come mainly from the "more mature" watchers, who possibly found it easier to accept Wilder's extremely motley blend of ingredients. Quite a few of the younger people seemed slightly baffled by the play's many facets. Personally I felt that I was being required to taste every ingredient of some complicated recipe, and that the finished dish was not really acceptable as a whole because some of the ingredients were too widely different. A play in which the maid can deliver philosophical rhetoric while Homer sings "Jingle bells" and plays his 12 string guitar is faintly perplexing . . . . . .

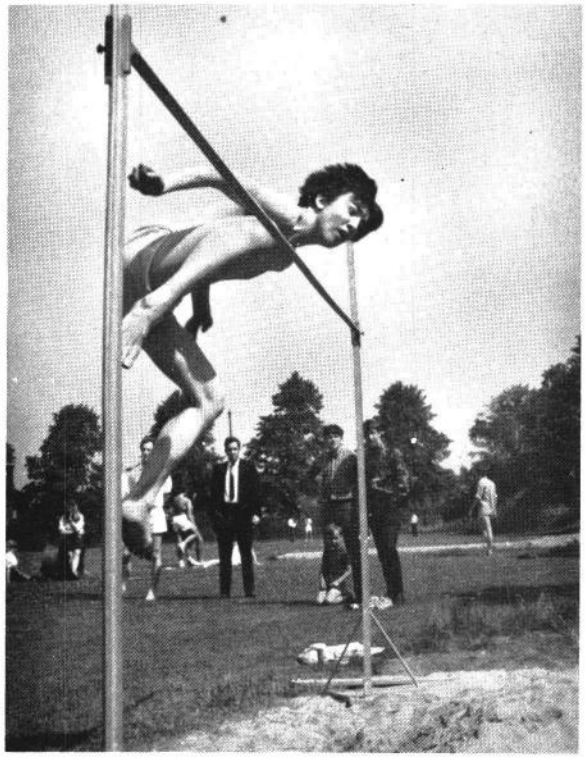
However I found that the cooks (if the sustained metaphor is not too obnoxious) had done a very good job in adapting from the recipe book and that the presentation was convincing and successful in every way. Much of the credit must go to Mr. Whitlow. This was his last school play, and as on all other occasions his experience and sensitive direction have meant that the play compares very favourably (so I am told) with the productions of other schools. Much of the success of the occasion is due to his work.

As usual the standard of acting was high. Alison Swaisland dealt with the wide range of the part of Sabina, the maid, with remarkable dexterity. The contrasting archetypal and domestic qualities of the Antrobus couple were brought out well by Patrick Coleman and Miranda Kennett: Martin Underwood, acting with vigour, made a convincing Henry/Cain and Gwen James was well up to the standard of the others as Gladys in her first school play. All the minor characters were well taken: foremost among these must be Tom Monck, whose roles as the ultra-suave Robin Day, Nine o'clock Spinoza and Moses provided adequate scope for almost all his acting abilities. The baby dinosaur and mammoth both made their mark on the audience . . . . . .

Mention should also be made of all those who worked to provide sound, light and film effects, the scenery and the costumes, including various stunning off-the-shoulder, almost off-the-chest, furs. A very revealing play.

sports reports





THE YEAR IN GENERAL

The latest addition to the P.E. programme is Fencing, a group of boys and girls participating in it once a week. Basketball is now flourishing on a court erected on the third hard tennis court.

The prize acquisition, though, is a life-size female dummy called "Resuscianne" for practising mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. This will be used by both boys and girls in life-saving practice.

Last year a group of staff attended golf lessons in Cambridge, and as this was very successful, negotiations are in progress to arrange lessons for boys.

The overall House Trophy scores for 1967-68 were:-

1st Lister 85 pts.

2nd Tuke 77 pts.

3rd Mennell 63 pts.

Thanks go to all staff who have coached and refereed, the groundsmen, domestic staff and fifth-form girls for preparing teas, and to the laundry for cleaning kit.

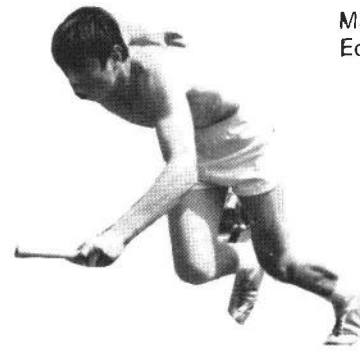
BOYS' HOCKEY

Enthusiasm ran high in all elevens.

The 1st team under the leadership of Jeremy West played with fire and determination, in particular Guy Willis adding great spirit to the attack. They beat Saffron Walden Hockey Club Sunday XI 6-0, the highest score we have ever recorded against a town side. Alan Wright played some fine games in goal for the 1st XI (and the Town XI) with excellent covering from John Miller.

Full colours were awarded to Jeremy West, Guy Willis, John Miller and Alan Wright.

The U.15 XI and the U.14 XI, captained by Colin Bell and Tony Mallett achieved creditable wins against Forest School and King Edward VI School, Chelmsford.



GIRLS' HOCKEY (AUTUMN '68)

Weather has affected most of the matches, over half of them being cancelled.

The 1st XI have lost twice against Cambridge Ladies, but have won two and drawn one of their other three matches.

The 2nd XI, mainly playing against opposition's 1st XI's have won two and drawn three of their five matches.

The Under 15 XI have won both of their matches, scoring eight goals and conceding none, and the Under 14 XI drew their only match.

After attending Cambridgeshire Junior County Trials in October, the following were selected:-

Nancy Ayton—2nd team.

Jean Appleton—2nd team.

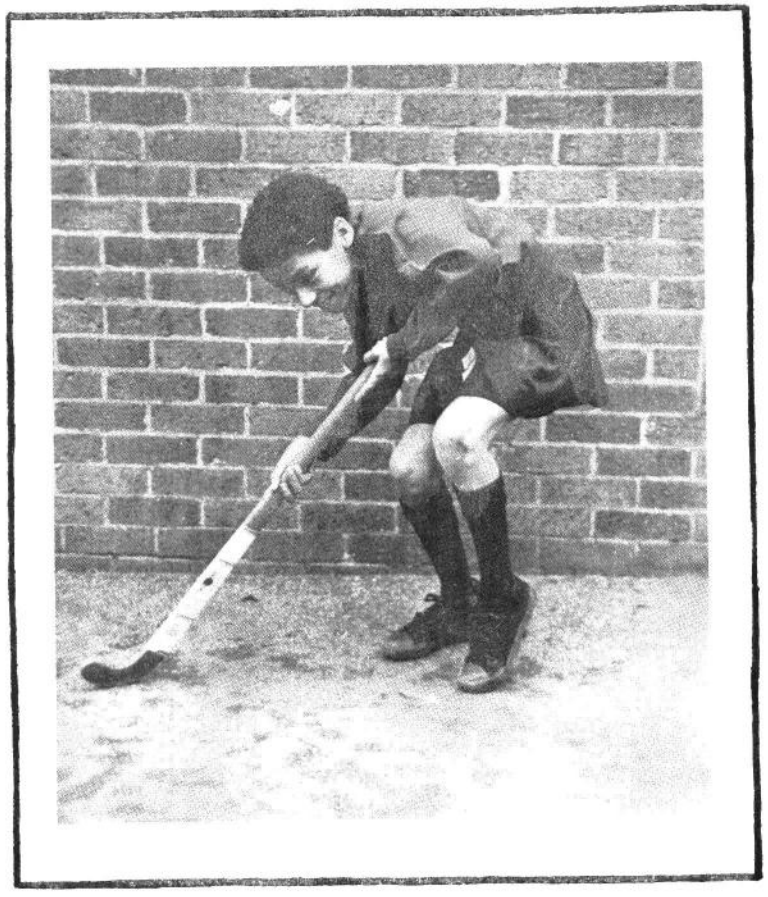
Jane Garrod—2nd team.

Nicola Darbishire—2nd team and them promoted to 1st team after one match. She has scored in both county games so far.

Caroline Darke—reserve.

Colours were reawarded to:

Nancy Ayton, Miranda Kennett, Jennifer McClelland, Helen Adler, Jean Appleton, Nicola Darbishire, Jane Garrod, Caroline Darke.



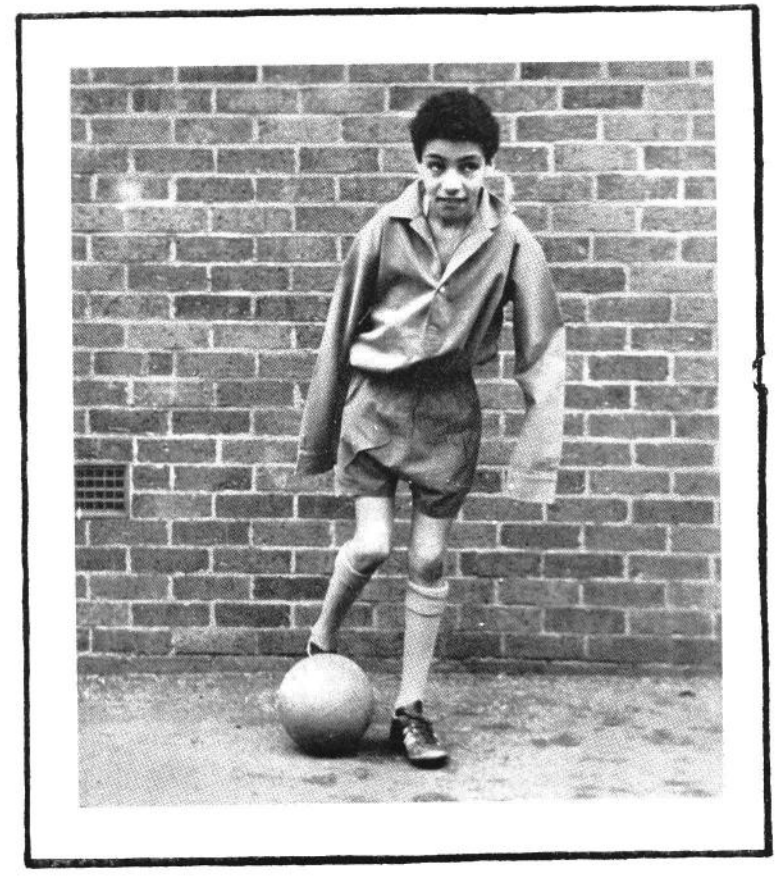
GIRLS' HOCKEY (SPRING '68)

The 1st XI played seven games, winning three of them. Herts and Essex High School was the only school to beat us in the '67-'68 season, the other three defeats in the spring being by club sides.

The Under 15 had a good season, only losing to Herts and Essex High School. They finished in third place out of fifteen teams in the West Essex Under 16 Tournament, and then only on goal average.

Colours were reawarded to:

Hilary Bullman, Sue Garrod, Nancy Ayton, , Jennifer McClelland, Miranda Kennett, Pat Coxall.



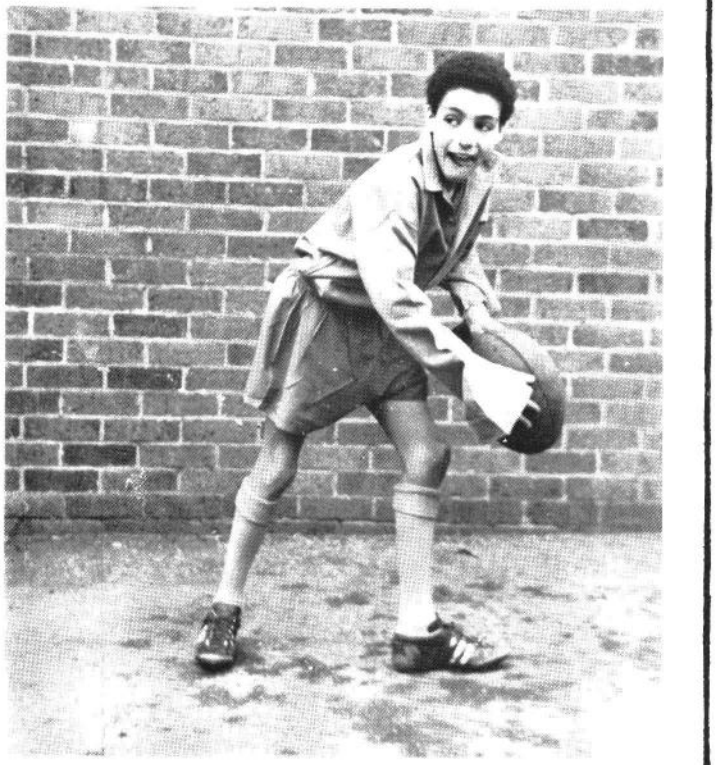
SOCCER

With a large number of last year's team leaving, the first XI has been young, and this has been mirrored in the lack of experience or confidence of some players, although results have improved through the season. Defensive play has been their strength, with Jerry Hindle, the captain, chasing hard, Alan Wright strong in the air, and Graham Ford and Andy Hindle tackling hard.

The forwards have found if difficult to score goals, except in the last match, won 3-1 against Soham G.S. 2nd XI.

The U15 won 2, drew 1, and lost most of their matches, but they have shown promise. Captain Tony Mallett has already played in 1st XI and Club XI games which is a fine achievement.

The U.13 XI had a very lean time, and did not win in eight matches. They had 42 goals scored against them and two for, but there is definite talent in the team and they should not be too despondent.



CLUB XI SOCCER

The Club XI were unbeaten in their seven matches, drawing only with the Old Scholars XI and Cambridge University Falcons.

In this latter match, the score was 1-1. Throughout the game the defence was subjected to pressure, but after an uncertain start the team progressed in confidence and the Falcons after taking advantage of one defensive error, found it more and more difficult to get through.

In the second half the whole team worked hard, challenging well in the air and on the ground, and the visitors found themselves well held. With about fifteen minutes to go, a good through ball found the inevitable Brian Capell, who scored with confident ease.

This was a hard earned draw, and credit must go to all the team for an excellent performance.



CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

Teams reached a high point this season, the seniors unexpectedly beating Newport Grammar School and thrashing the staff team.

In the senior house match Lister had an exceptionally fine team, winning comfortably. Tuke managed to raise a team, and entered for the first time for two years.

In the Intermediate race the record was broken for the fifth consecutive year, this time by Patrick Coleman in recording 15 mins 4 secs.

Four runners broke the record in the Junior race, *Paul Brewster, Banji Adu, Giles Norton, Paul Copeland-Watts, but Paul Brewster beat the time later in the season with 9 min. 35 secs.

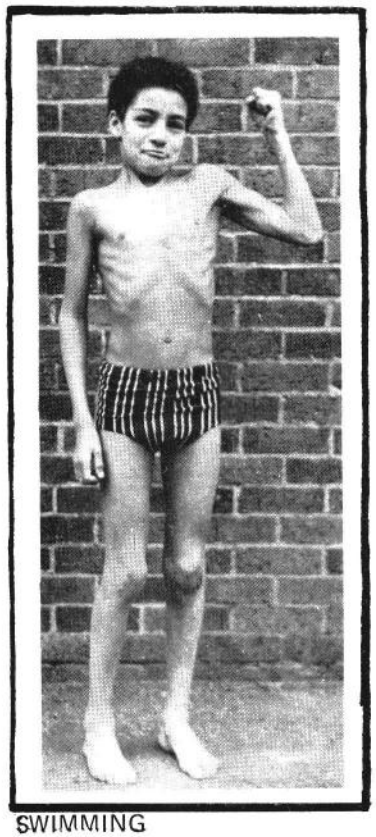
The fastest senior boy time was jointly recorded by *Robert Muir and Anthony George, 24 mins. 52 secs.

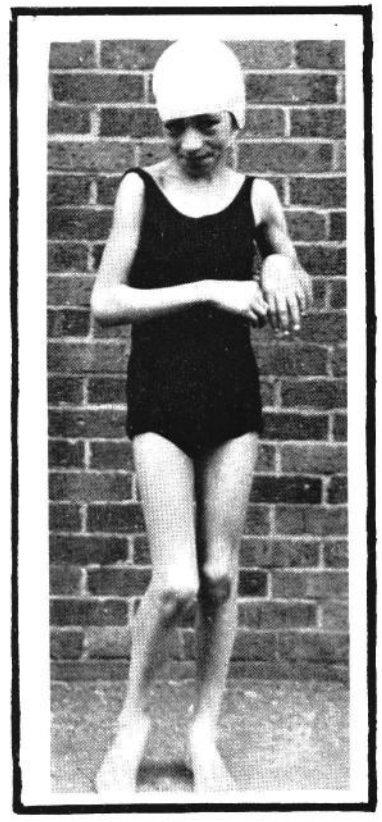
Full colours were awarded to Robert Greaves and Roger Backhouse.

Brian Lightfoot changed his tactics from supervising cross-country to running it himself. He lowered his time from 37 mins. to 26 mins. within eight weeks, after being "off" activity for ten years.

Paul Brewster
Banji Adu.
Giles Norton
Paul Copeland-Watts.

Robert Muir
Anthony George.
Robert Greaves.
Roger Backhouse.





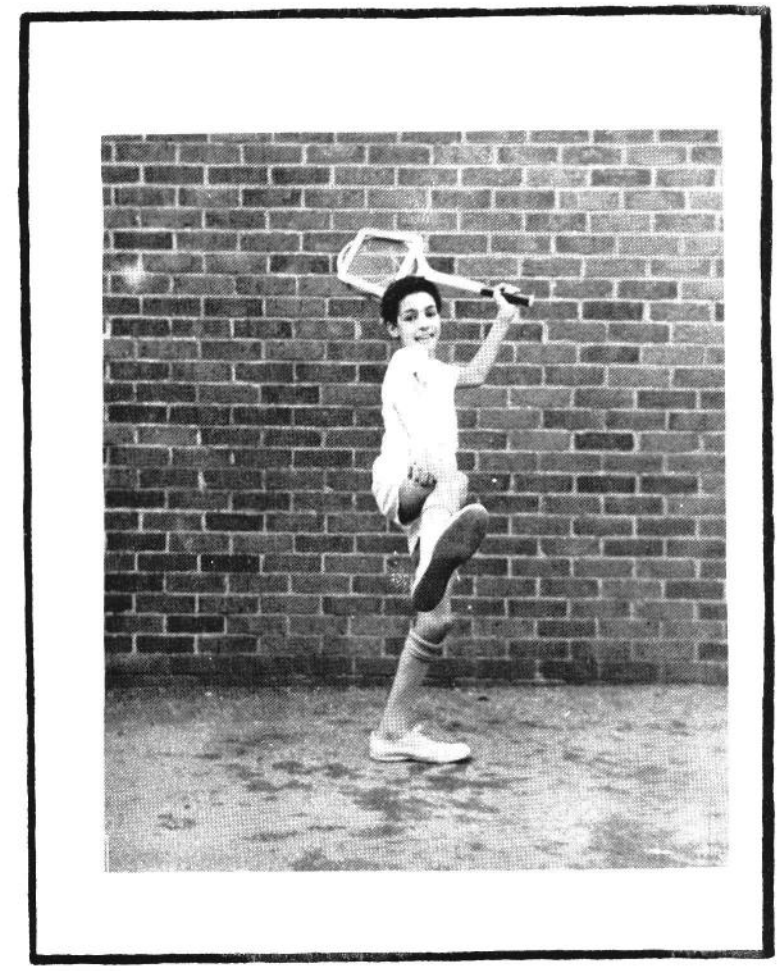
SWIMMING

The '67-'68 House Matches were postponed, on medical advice until the Summer Term. They produced a very exciting result, all three houses finishing with four points separating them, Mennell gained a narrow victory.

The '68-'69 House matches were swum in the Autumn Term, and produced another victory for Mennell, this time by a greater margin. Newcomers to the school featured prominently, in particular Stephen Moody, Gary Weston, and J. Davis. Christopher Woodhouse became the first boy to break one of John Hartman's records in winning the 100 yards back crawl.

Penny Kemp was unbeaten over 50 yards backstroke from March '65 until she left in July '68, and was awarded her colours, as were Caroline Darke and Carolyn Selby.

Large groups of both boys and girls have been practising for the A.S.A. Survival Swimming Awards, the majority of them with success! Another group has been practising Life Saving, but owing to inexperience at Mouth-to-Mouth Resuscitation they all failed the exam.

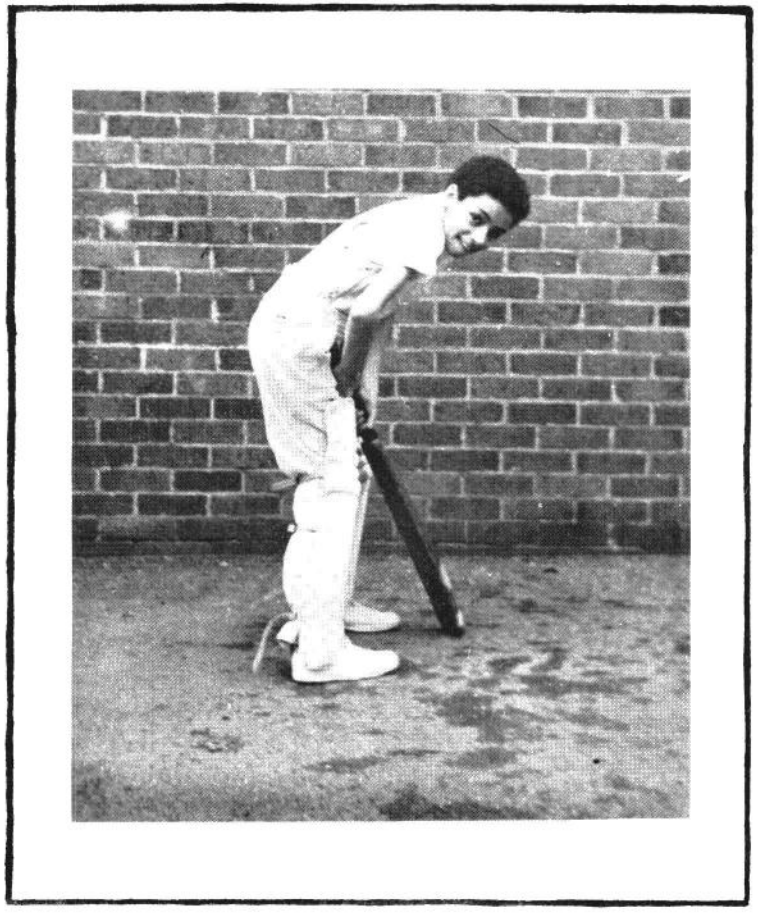


TENNIS

The girls first VI had bad luck with wet weather, only managing to play three matches, but then won two of these. The general standard of play was an improvement on the last two seasons. The 1st VI consisted of Penny Barnard, Gwynneth Barnes, Jane Garrod, Sue Garrod, Briana Lane, Jennifer McClelland.

The Tennis Championships were again dominated by staff, the winners being:-

Men's Singles	Brial Capell
Ladies Singles	Leslie Newman
Men's Doubles	Brian Capell and David Haslem
Ladies Doubles	Alison Turnbull and Elizabeth Weech
Mixed Doubles	Elizabeth Weech and David Gray.



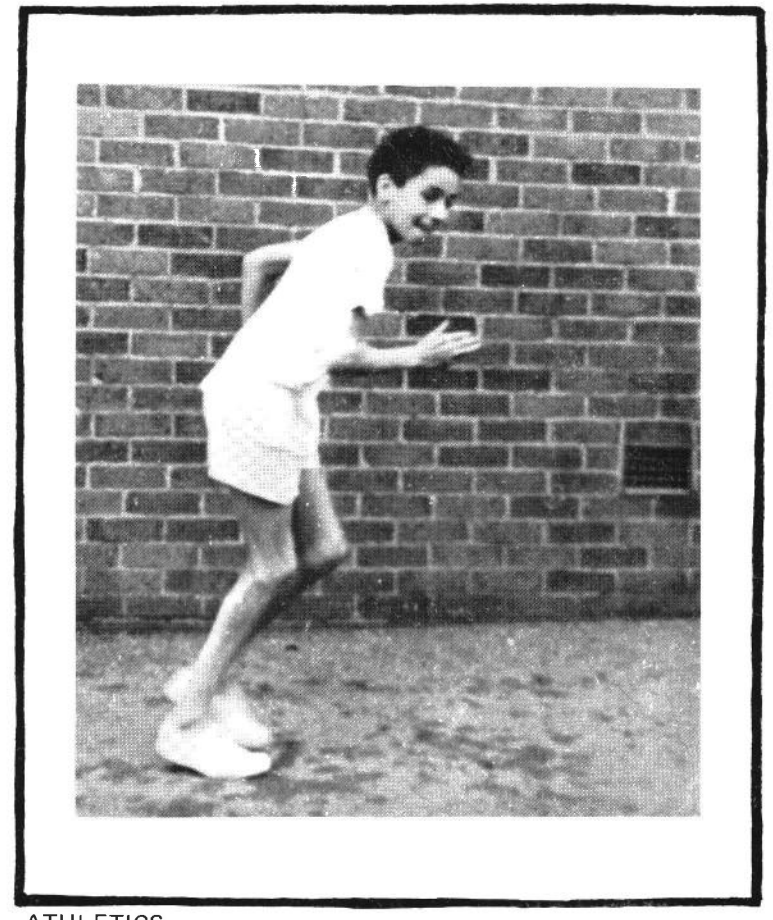
CRICKET

Both the 1st XI and Club XI's results were badly affected by the wet weather, only three of the fourteen matches resulting in their victory.

The main successes of the year was the fine bowling attack of Guy Willis and Jeremy West, Guy taking 33 wickets at 12.6 each. The batting was variable, but the captain John Miller, Alan Wright and Guy Willis played some good innings.

At Whit weekend the Bishops Stortford College 2nd XI appeared to be heading for a comfortable win, and then collapsed dramatically to Alan Wright's bowling. Colin Bell and Graham Ford had their debuts in the 1st XI, both proving very useful.

Full colours were awarded to:- John Miller, Guy Willis, Jeremy West.



ATHLETICS

Standards continue to improve, and enthusiasm increases, as was shown by the number of boys applying for A.A.A. Five Star Award Certificates. Of these Nicholas Fell, Tony Mallett, Peter Clifford and Banji Adu achieved Four Star Standard.

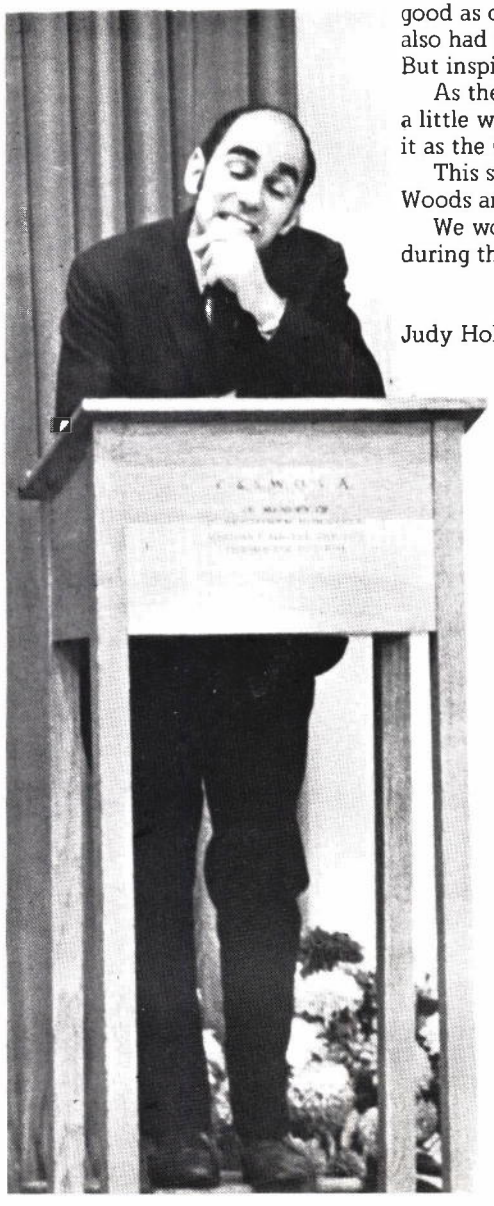
Good results were achieved by the senior team in matches, notably winning the N.W. Essex Championships by 70 points, and winning the match with Essex Police Cadets, Newport Grammar School and S.W.C.H.S., but on the whole opposition was rather poor.

After the N.W. Essex Trials, 22 represented the District. Of these Patrick Coleman and Anthony George were selected to run in the Essex Championships.

Sarah Hall and Sarah Edwards gained West Essex School Athletics Standard Badges. Both were chosen for the Essex Championships but were unable to compete owing to school commitments.

A Week In The Life of F.S.S.W.

monday



THE GUIDES

Last year Miss Shaw successfully arranged a week's camp for the Guides at Little Bardfield. Unfortunately the weather was not as good as one could have hoped, although we had some sunshine we also had a lot of rain and a hurricane which blew the tents down. But inspite of all, we enjoyed it very much.

As the music hut had to be taken down, the Guides were left for a little while without a meeting room. However the wait was worth it as the Guides now have a brand new room to themselves.

This splendid room was opened early in the Autumn Term by Mr. Woods and Miss Ashford.

We would like to thank all who have contributed to the Guides during the past year, particularly Miss Shaw.

Judy Holmes and Jenny van den Ende.



tuesday

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

During the past year Senior Lit. has heard talks from Fred Sessa about trends in modern drama and censorship and from Richard Sturge about the "Background to the Renaissance", both of which were extremely interesting. The Society has also put on Giles Cooper's "Everything in the Garden" in the form of a dramatised play-reading; the parts were read from books but acted out on full stage setting.

The main events of the Society's year were, of course, its 150th Anniversary celebrations in early October. A large public meeting was held on the night of Friday 4th, at which the speakers were Jennie Ellinor, the late headmistress, and Laurence Lerner, Reader in English at Sussex University, who read extensively and entertainingly from his own poetry. Almost 300 people attended the meeting, including about 200 visitors.

Then on Tuesday 8th members of the Society produced and acted extracts from John Arden's "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" at a private meeting. This venture was extremely successful, no expense or trouble being spared to create the correct "period atmosphere".

The usual meeting in the second half of November was cancelled, with the Society deciding to take over the organization for the end-of-term entertainment instead.

Mark Loveridge 6_2



YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

Some Y.F.C. lines–to be recited rapidly without drawing more than one breath.



Knitting a hat
Killing a rat

Tractor to start
Water to cart

Weeds to spray
Modelling clay

Sheep to shear
Speakers to hear

Ewe to ram
Tail off lamb

Eggs to sell
Trees to fell

Tools to make
Fence to stake

Rabbits to show
Lettuce to grow

Dung to be shifted
Spuds to be lifted

Judging jowl
Trussing fowl

Butter to churn
Machines to learn

Sugar from beet
Rot from feet

Making jam
Judging ham

Mushrooms 'n muck
Pullets 'n pluck

Paring hoofs
Repairing roofs

Reaping rye
Planning a sty

100-watt brood
On pelleted food

Flowers on show
Onions to hoe

Judging cow
Setting plough

Films, slides
And tanning hides

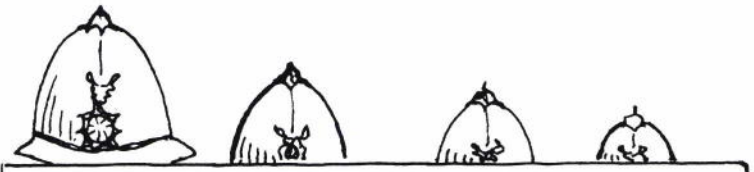
Hiving in bees
Out to Great Leighs

For Primo it's hay
And 8 pintas a day

Ahead of the field
And winning a shield.

D.A.

wednesday



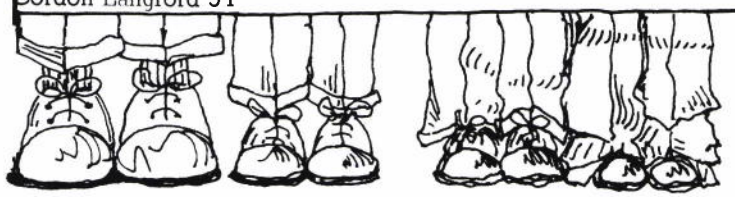
POLICE CADETS REPORT AUTUMN TERM 1968

On the first morning of term Mr. Wright persuaded six boys to join the police cadets: Garth Coupland, Andrew Eltis, Paul Stephens, Neil Stuart, Julien Bareham and myself. The only girls who joined were Dorothy Backhouse and Mandy Crowe. Numerous boys from Newport G.S. joined too.

The course started at F.S.S.W. with an amusing talk by Sgt. China on the History and Organisation of the Police Force. Every Wednesday afternoon we had something different: a visit to Chelmsford Quarter Sessions (we heard four actual cases); a visit to the training school museum at Chelmsford: Police recruitment. At the talk on Police photographic and fingerprint techniques the lecturer told us of some gruesome stories about having to photograph the body of Tony Mafia and digging up people from graves, two months after burial. Sgt. China returned to F.S.S.W. bringing his underwater team. They showed techniques and equipment in the pool. Most of us had a go–except Garth who did not want to get his hair wet. We visited Harlow H.Q. and were told about crime prevention, road safety, squad cars and police dogs (one nine year old has had three heart attacks in the last year and is still on the job). They are German Sheep Dogs. On that trip we even had time to walk about Harlow New Town for half an hour. The Police Skid Pan at Chelmsford interested the car enthusiasts but the Cafeteria interested everyone. The course which lasted twelve weeks ended at Newport G.S. with a review of all that we had learnt.

The usual thanks to Mr. Ratcliffe who did the organising and efficient arranging of early lunches; and to all who were concerned in the Essex Police Force and were most co-operative. I hope the Newport boys enjoyed the course as much as I did.

Gordon Langford 5Y



THE MESSIAH

It was an event of major importance in the history of the school's Choir to sing this oratorio which is, after all, one of the great works of the human spirit. Over a quarter of the school (there are 100 singers in Choir) were caught up in this noblest of music. We returned a day early from our Easter holidays for extra practices (many of us coming straight from two days of Shakespeare's birthday and plays at Stratford). We were wonderfully strengthened by the superb tenor of our Friend, Wilfred Brown, who most generously gave his services. Our first performance was for the opening Sunday Evening Meeting of term. Our second, at Friends House, marked and celebrated the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Friends Service Council, furthering the traditional link between our Choir and this major Quaker Committee, who have in the past sponsored our Friends House concerts and our carol singing in Trafalgar Square. With their help we make our music heard; our music helps support their work for the world the Messiah came to love.

R.L.S.

thursday

AMNESTY

This year the Amnesty group has grown in number and participation. We have adopted three prisoners; a Russian, a South African and a Greek.

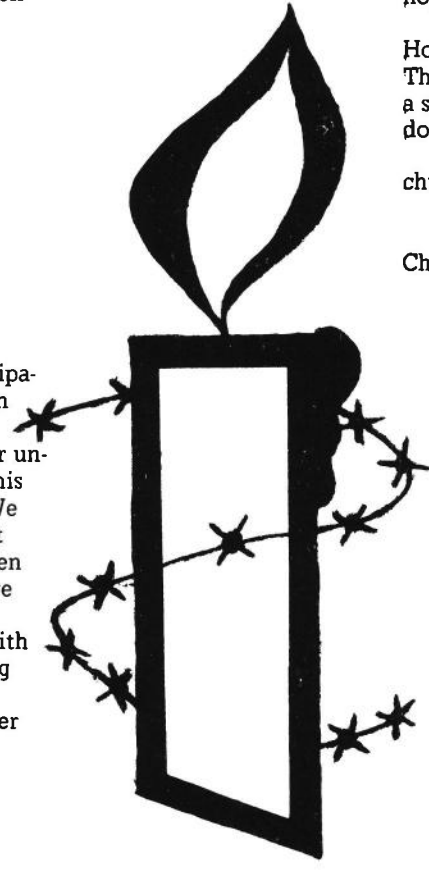
All attempts at tracing the Russian prisoner have proved so far unsuccessful. We have been in contact with the South African and his family, and have sent clothes and a subscription to a magazine. We had a major disappointment when we were told by Amnesty that the Greek prisoner, for whom we had done so much, had also been adopted by other Amnesty groups. Thus we lost him, but we have received another Greek in his place.

Those members of the Amnesty group not directly engaged with helping a prisoner, have undertaken other tasks, such as collecting relevant articles from newspapers.

In the future we hope to be able to arrange meetings with other Amnesty groups, attended by visiting speakers.

We are most grateful to Miss Turnbull for all her help.

Adrian Good 6_2



ORCHESTRA

Thursday night has been for many years the traditional night for orchestra. We have numerous difficulties to contend with. Firstly. tuning. This always takes five minutes, and the fact that wind instruments are always flat when cold means we have a complete retuning after ten minutes or so when they have had a chance to get warm. Thus rehearsals are very difficult to start on time.

We have assembled this term in a smaller ensemble group. We have gained a few players who no longer have lessons, but come along for some orchestral playing. We have a woodwind section which has increased in size, with some delightfully low notes coming from our new bassoon player, Mr. Whittington.

This term we gave a concert on a Sunday afternoon to raise money for F.S.C. We had a cake stall at the back provided by junior girls, and raised a total of £35. Because of the success of this concert we hope to perform another on similar lines next term.

We are also going to give a concert to the patients of Fulbourn Hospital in Cambridge, where we hope our effort will be appreciated. The programme will incoude Mozart's "Eine Kliene Nacht Musick", a symphony by J. C. Bach, and the slow movement of the Bach double violin concerto.

We shall also play at Finchingfield, Newport and Abbey Lane churches in conjunction with the choir, who will sing carols.

Christopher Woodhouse 6_1

friday

4th SAFFRON WALDEN SCOUT GROUP

During the Easter holidays a group of four scouts plus Mr. Gillett went youth hostelling in Dorset. We hiked in snow and sun along cliffs and inland, and visited Maiden Castle, an ancient hill fort with deep ditches which made a fine place for rolling each other down.

Summer camp was held in sunny Wales in a rocky and well wooded site tucked away from the road; as far as scenery was concerned it was the best camp we ever had, and the view from Flag Top of the mountains all around was quite fantastic. Each patrol had its own site: across the stream in "Paradise" were the Stags; on the near side were the Merlins in "Hell"; further up came the Badgers in "Earth", while high ubove us all with the best view and the longest run for stores were the Kestrels in "Heaven".

Our longer hikes took us up Moel Hebog (2566 ft) in the sun and Cnicht (2265 ft) "the Matterhorn of Wales" in swirling mist; and one group climbed Snowdon by the Watkin path and had superb views from the top. While we were lunching at the summit Mr. Gillett's tomato went rolling over the edge; perhaps something other than gravity was at work . . . . . For our excursion we travelled by the Festiniog railway down to the coast, where some swam. After lunch we explored Caernavon Castle, with its long dark passages, fantastic museum of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and fine views from the turrets.

Eventually the time came to return to storm-swept Essex; we left just after 8 a.m. but the coach broke down and after a seven-hour wait in a transport cafe we reached Walden at mid-night. We should like to thank most sincerely Mr, and Mrs, Wright, Mr. Perry, and Mr. Burton for all they did in making our unexpected extra night's stay at school so comfortable.

At the end of the Summer Term Neil Stuart became the first scout in the district to gain his Chief Scout's Award. This term for the second time running we won the District Swimming Gala and four members of the troop were in the district team which gained second place in the county competition.

Finally I should like to give a very warm welcome to Mr. High who has joined the troop and already given much valuable help.

Chris Sparke 4Y

weekend

RAMBLING CLUB

After slaving away to complete our five qualifying rambles, and to pass our many exams, we felt that we had really earned our all-day ramble near the end of last Summer Term.

We set off one Tuesday morning wearing protective clothing against the brilliant sunshine, in the shape of cotton handkerchiefs on our heads! The coach took us as far as a little village near Leiston, Suffolk, known as Westleton. After the usual photographs we started off to walk the four miles through attractive country lanes, (as usual getting slightly lost en route). On arrival at the sea we bathed and then consumed our lunch in vast quantities.

After lunch we began to walk the remaining eight miles (or so we thought) to beyond Sizewell. As always happens the rain came down in torrents, so we had to shorten our walk and be collected at Sizewell. This duly happened after a bathe in the warmer water from Sizewell Power Station, and the inevitable tea.

We arrived back at school to hot baths and supper.

Owing to not enough people qualifying, the autumn ramble had to be cancelled.

We wish to thank, Mr. Cutler, Miss Weech, Mr. Perry and Mr. Rivers for all their hard work for the club.

Jo Atkins and Veronica Chamberlain.

SMALL CHOIR

The tradition of carols at Newport and Finchingfield were kept up for yet another year and were still enjoyed by both congregations and singers. Carols were also sung at the Congregational Church in Abbey Lane and of course at school on the last Sunday of term. By Mr. Nicholson's request we sang "God Be in My Head" at his last meeting and for Mr. Woods' first General Meeting "Ave Verum" by Mozart was polished up and performed, having been sung before by most of us in Big Choir in 1967.

Our many thanks to Mr. Sturge for all his help and patience.

Rosemary Norris 6_1

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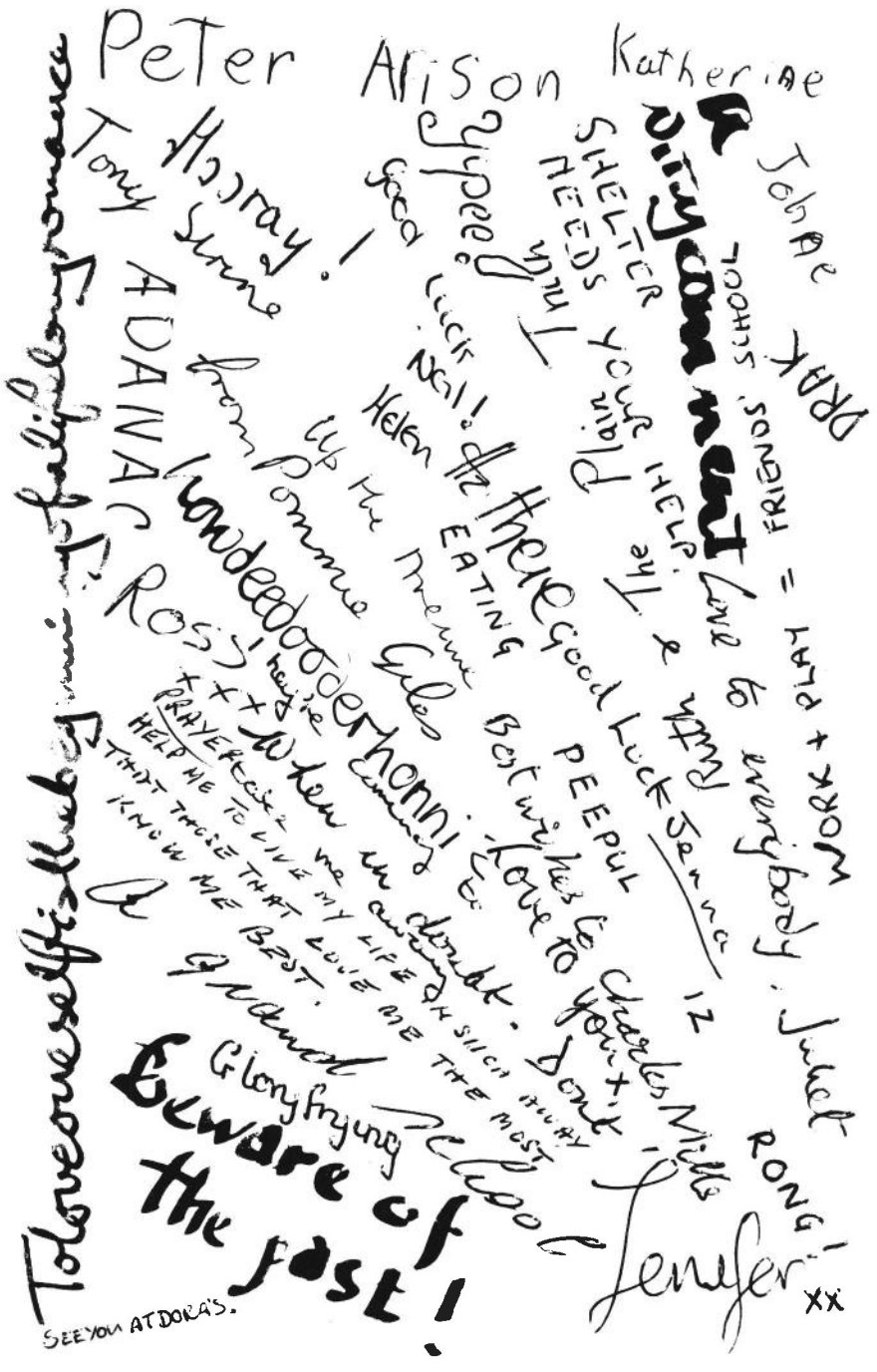
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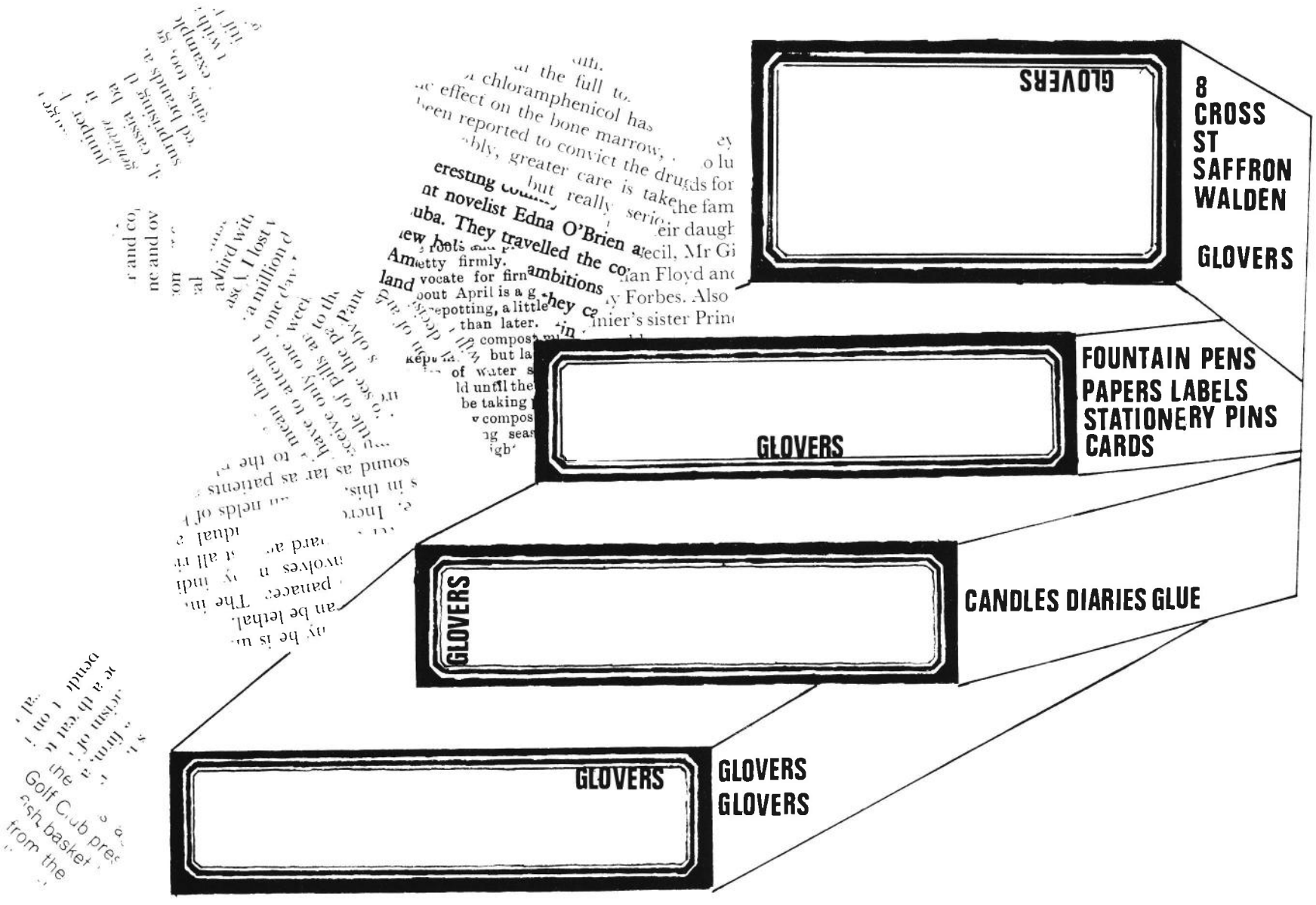
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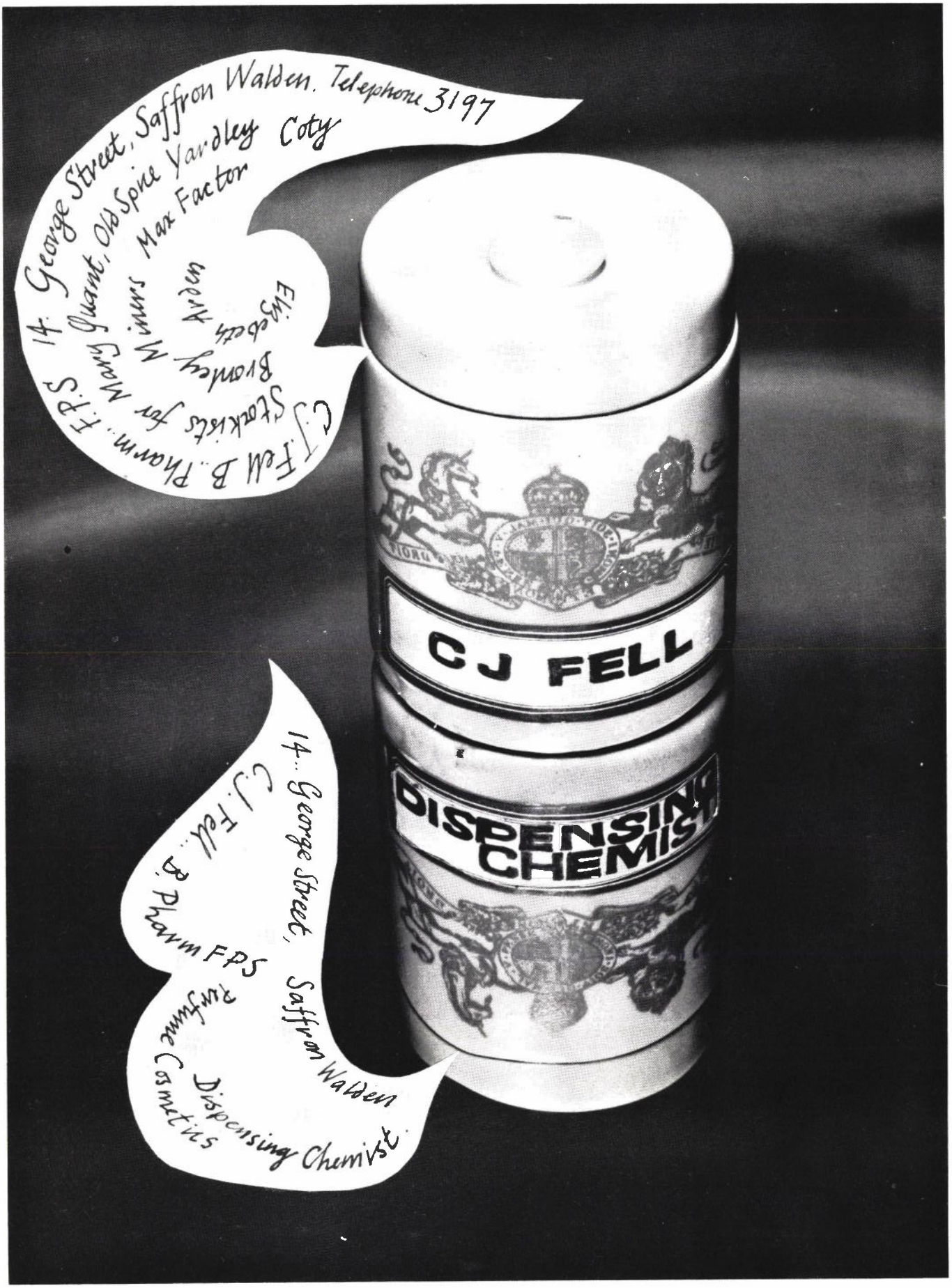
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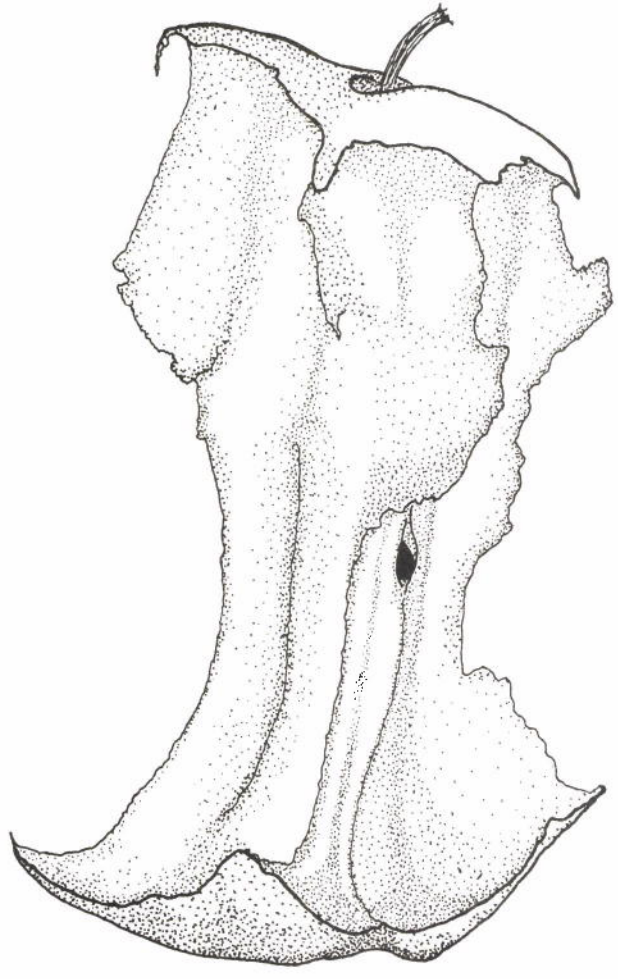
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