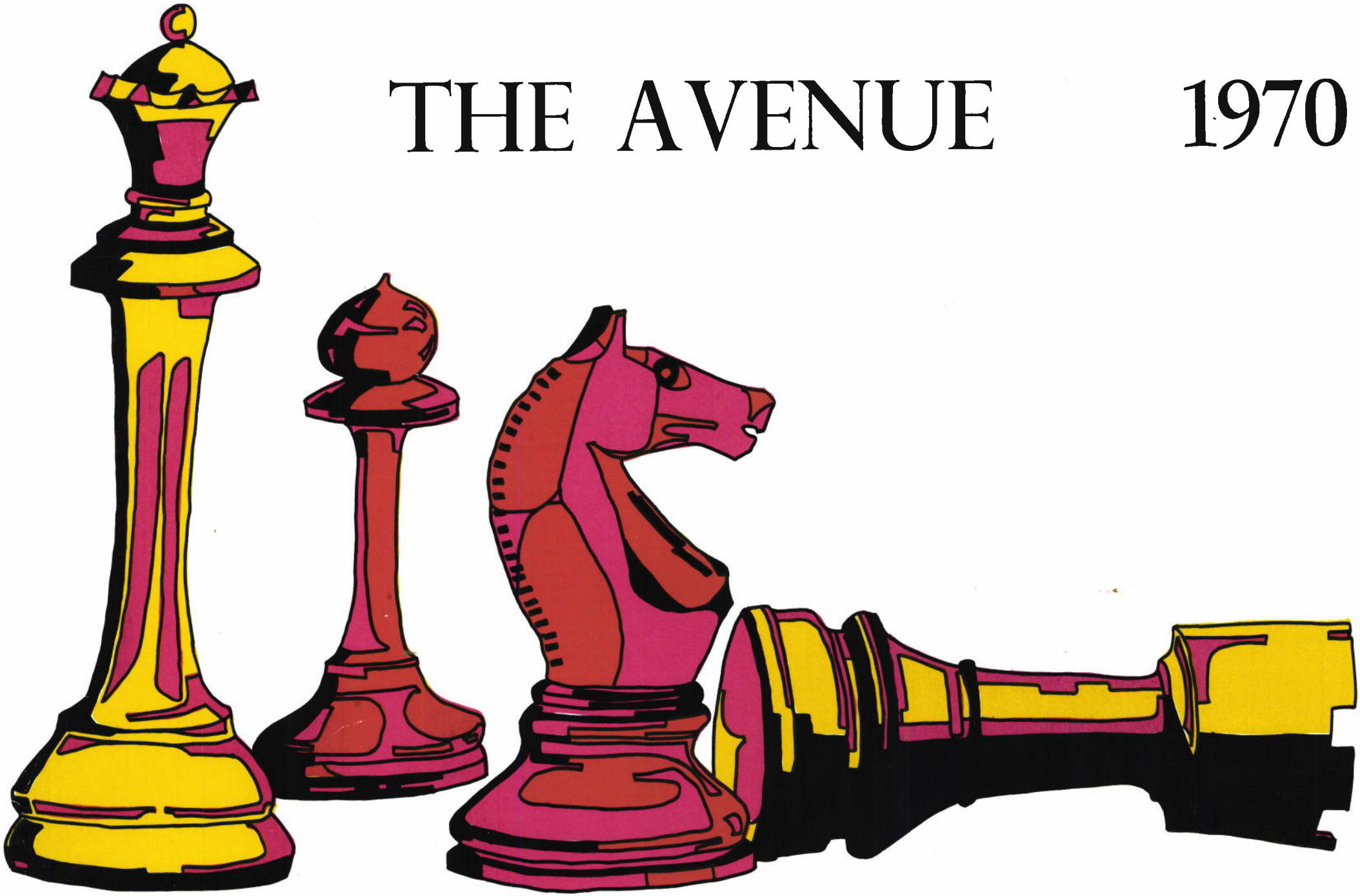
THE AVENUE 1970



KENNETH NICHOLSON

in memoriam

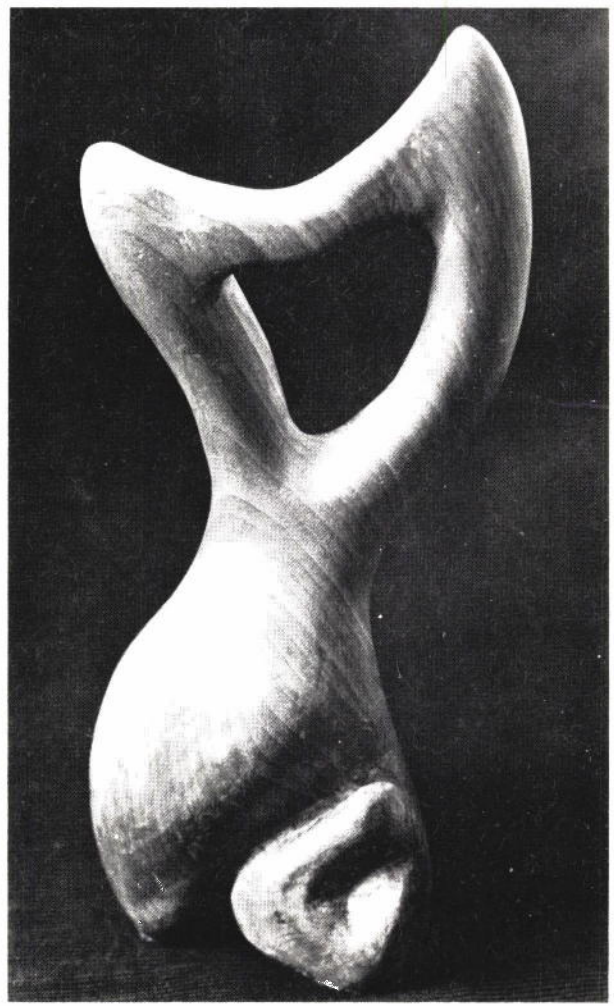
In *Inter Alia* we record the news of Kenneth Nicholson's death, which occurred so tragically soon after his retirement from the Headmastership at Saffron Walden. In our last issue of *The Avenue* we printed our tribute to him on the occasion of his leaving. Rather than repeat ourselves with another "obituary notice" we have chosen to print here, in memory of him, the prayer of Saing Ignatius Loyola, which was one of his favourite Morning Assembly readings.

"Teach us, good Lord, to serve thee as thou deservest; to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labour and not ask for any reward, save that of knowing that we do thy will."

Orders for the next issue, or for copies of this, should be sent to The Business Manager, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex. Prices for this issue: 2/6 to members of the school and 4/- (post free) to others.

Details of advertising rates from the Business Manager, Advertising copy for the next issue should reach him by 1st December 1970.

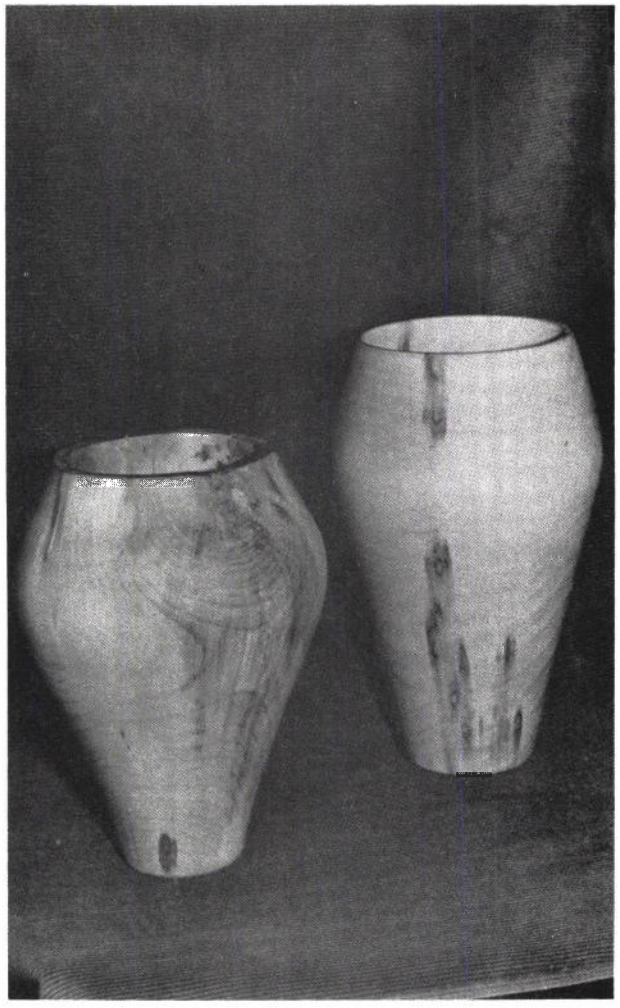
The Avenue is financed by a grant from the School Committee, by income from Sales and by advertising revenue.



Chris Guy woodcarving; photo *David Campbell.*

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Guest Editorial

"To keep quiet is to allow yourself to believe that you have no opinions, that you want nothing, and in certain cases it amounts to really wanting nothing."

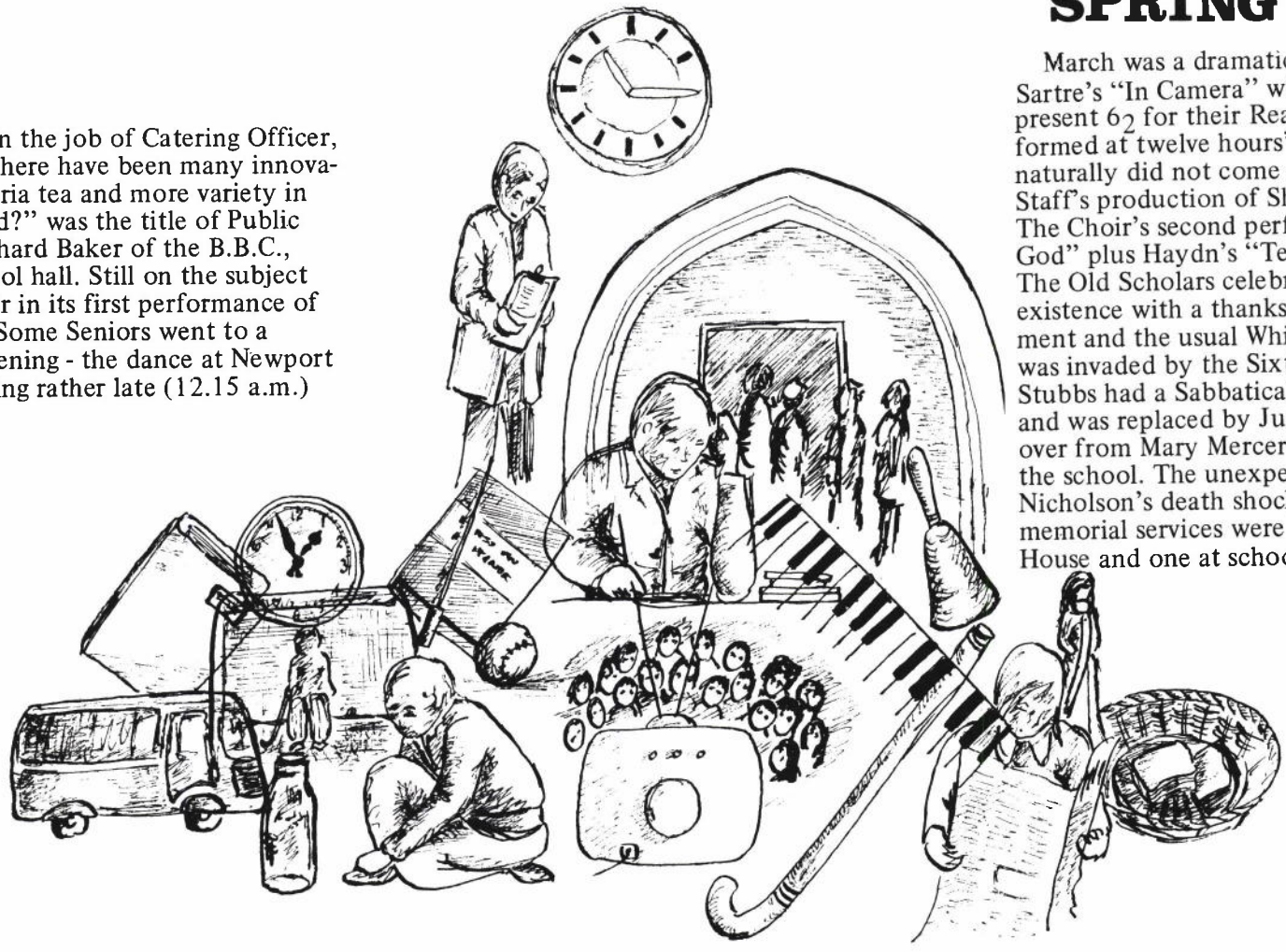
from *The Rebel* by Albert Camus.

inter alia

JANUARY-DECEMBER 1969

WINTER

Since Mr. Smyth took on the job of Catering Officer, at the beginning of 1969, there have been many innovations in the form of Cafeteria tea and more variety in the menus. "Is There a God?" was the title of Public Discussion, chaired by Richard Baker of the B.B.C., which was held in the school hall. Still on the subject . . . Mr. Sturge led the choir in its first performance of Bach's "Praise Our God". Some Seniors went to a rather different musical evening - the dance at Newport Grammar School – returning rather late (12.15 a.m.) owing to a coach muddle.



SPRING

March was a dramatic month beginning with Sartre's "In Camera" which was performed by the present 6_2 for their Reading Club. Produced and performed at twelve hours' notice, it was good, but it naturally did not come up to the standard of the Staff's production of Shaw's "You Never Can Tell". The Choir's second performance of "Praise Our God" plus Haydn's "Te Deum" was well received. The Old Scholars celebrated their 100th year of existence with a thanksgiving service, an entertainment and the usual Whit. Weekend activities. Ireland was invaded by the Sixth Form geographers, Jean Stubbs had a Sabbatical term visiting the Continent and was replaced by June Williams. Mrs. Parker took over from Mary Mercer who retired after 18 years in the school. The unexpected announcement of Kenneth Nicholson's death shocked and saddened us all. Two memorial services were held for him, one at Friends' House and one at school.

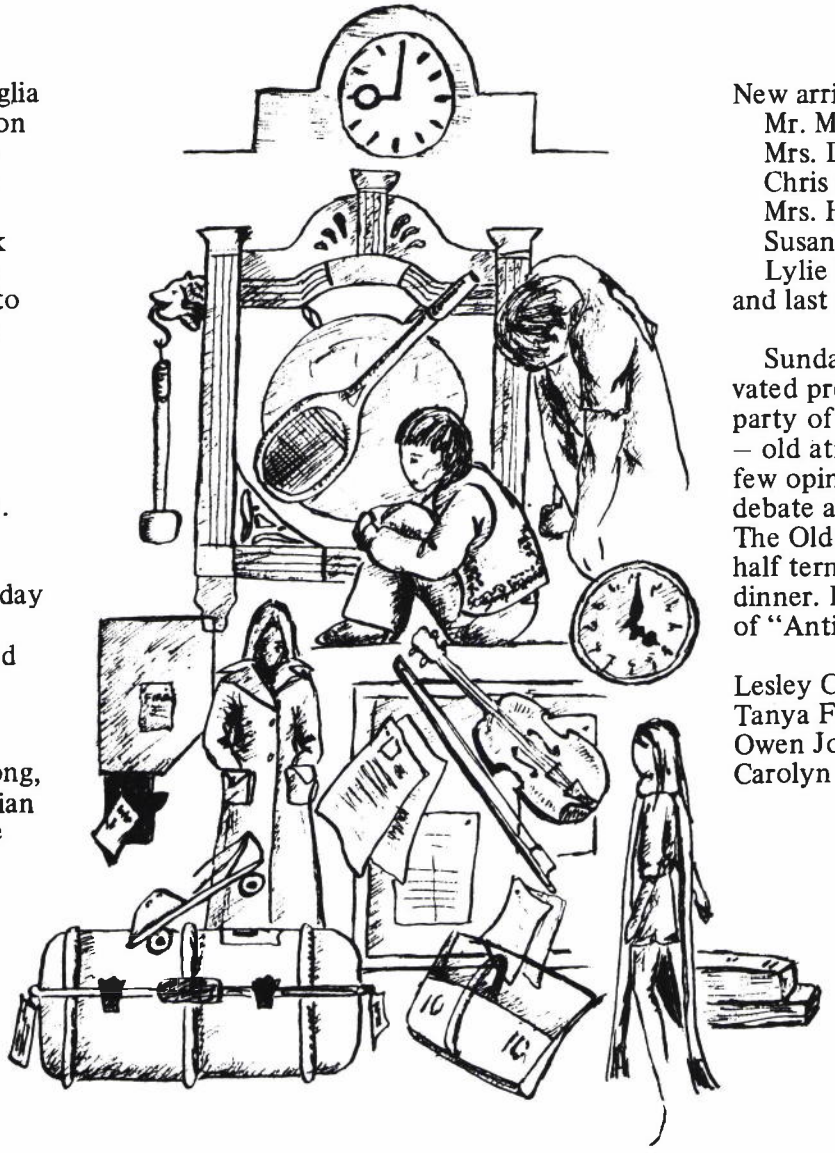
SUMMER

Fame at last when the school found itself on Anglia T.V. in a programme on co-education. Concentration flagged during the exams owing to the Carnival (including six-a-side soccer on the common), the heat wave and the Concorde. In addition to the annual migrations of Scouts to Exmoor, Guides to Norfolk and a party of Sixth Form to La Coume, there was also the first (and last?) Sixth Form biology party to Scotland, and six Scouts hiked the 270 miles along the Pennine Way in 20 days.

Born . . .
To Mr. and Mrs. Whittington – a daughter – Rachel
To Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot – a daughter – Susan.

Married . . .
Miss Weech became Mrs. Cave and on the same day Anthony Ratcliffe also got married. Later in the summer Philip Skelker and John Catchpole followed suit.

"Departed" . . .
Mrs. Gibbons, June Williams, Marie-France Trolong, Nicola Wilkinson, Margaret Walter, Rod Thorne, Brian Capell and Kenneth and Ann Whitlow all left at the end of the summer.



AUTUMN

New arrivals . . .
Mr. McSweeney – Household Administrator.
Mrs. Dickinson – Hillcroft Matron.
Chris and Hazel Smith – Games Master and wife.
Mrs. Harding – Heads' Secretary
Susan Cole – Heads' Secretary
Lylie Brown, Westtown swap for Mina Safizadeh, and last (but not least) Hepzibah Marie Sessa.

Sunday Morning Meeting moved back to its renovated premises – new atmosphere, new thoughts? A party of the more enthusiastic visited the Fox Country – old atmosphere, old thoughts? Senior Lit. voiced a few opinions on the British Examination System in a debate at Burnt Mill Comprehensive School in Harlow. The Old Scholars were let loose upon the school during half term, so that they could have their centenary dinner. David Gray made his debut as the producer of "Antigone", this year's school play.

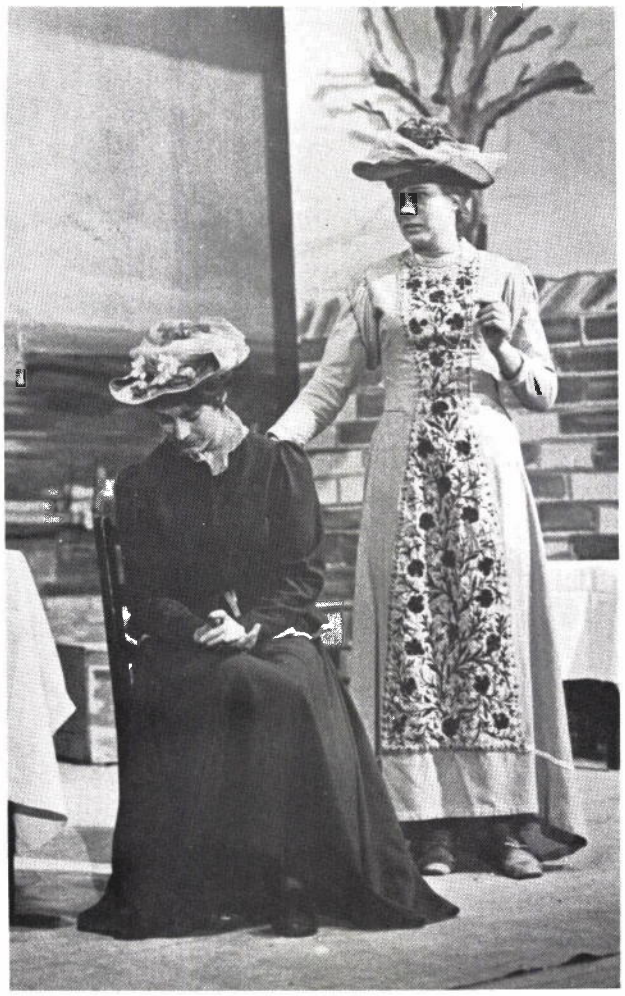
Lesley Cuthbert,
Tanya Fox,
Owen Joseph, and
Carolyn Selby.

Drawings by *Dorothy Backhouse.*

you never can tell

by Bernard Shaw

Photos by *David Campbell.*

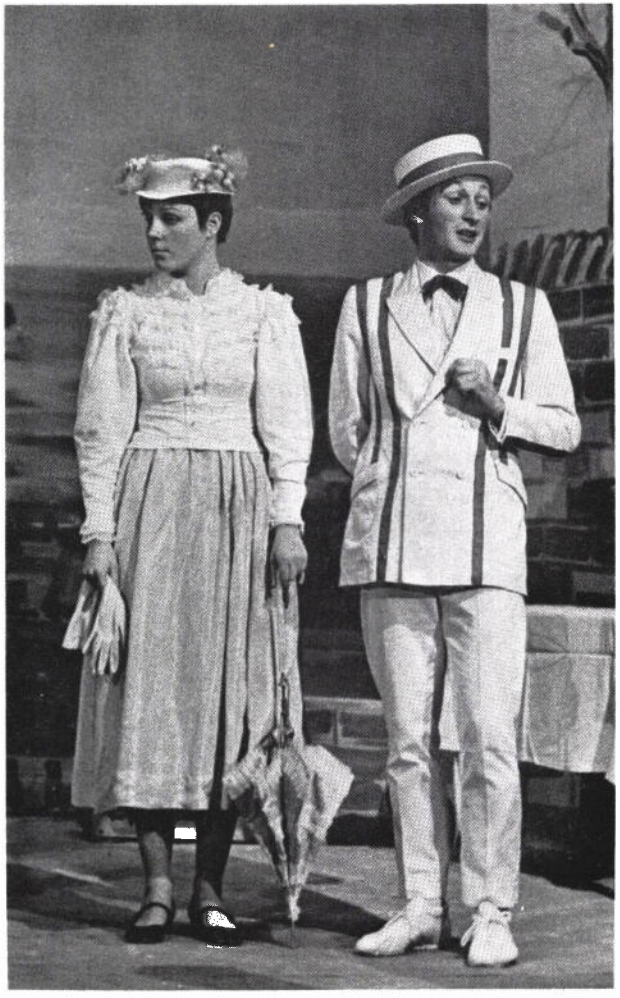


A PRESENTATION BY THE STAFF

In this play, as in most put on by the Staff, the characters of the actors seemed to fit very adequately with the characters of the play. (No offence meant to anybody, of course!)

Anthony Ratcliffe, the young Romeo, bore his part as Mr. Valentine very assuredly as he wooed the beautiful, prim and proper Gloria (Elisabeth Weech). Brian Capell was made for the part of the cheeky Philip and his twin sister Dolly (Heather Long) soon warmed up to her part. Alison Turnbull played an excellent Victorian mother, though her method of bringing up her children, copied from her "Twentieth Century Treatises" was certainly very un-Victorian. Mr. Crampton was played well by Peter Cutler, and by the end of the play he had won the affection of his three children, Philip, Dolly and Gloria. Iowerth John, Timothy Gay and John Gillett's acting was also very commendable.

We all enjoyed the play very much, and would like to make a point of thanking Kenneth Whitlow for producing it. And in his own brief appearances, as the silent elderly waiter, the producer nearly stole his own show!



Duncan Birmingham and Rosemary Norris

GIRAFFES

Standing like branches under umbrella trees
Some standing motionless
Some munching the leaves from the tall branches,
Some, with their legs apart, licking
the salt from the ground, left by the wardens.
Others sit on the ground
Their necks stretched, pole-like in the air.

Then the sound of engines,
Motorcars.
One by one they stiffly rise,
First by heaving themselves onto their forelegs,
Then their hind.
They forget the leaves on the grass,
The salt on the ground and canter away
In their elegant, lolopping fashion
Into the umbrella tree'd distance.

Margaret Le Mare 5X.

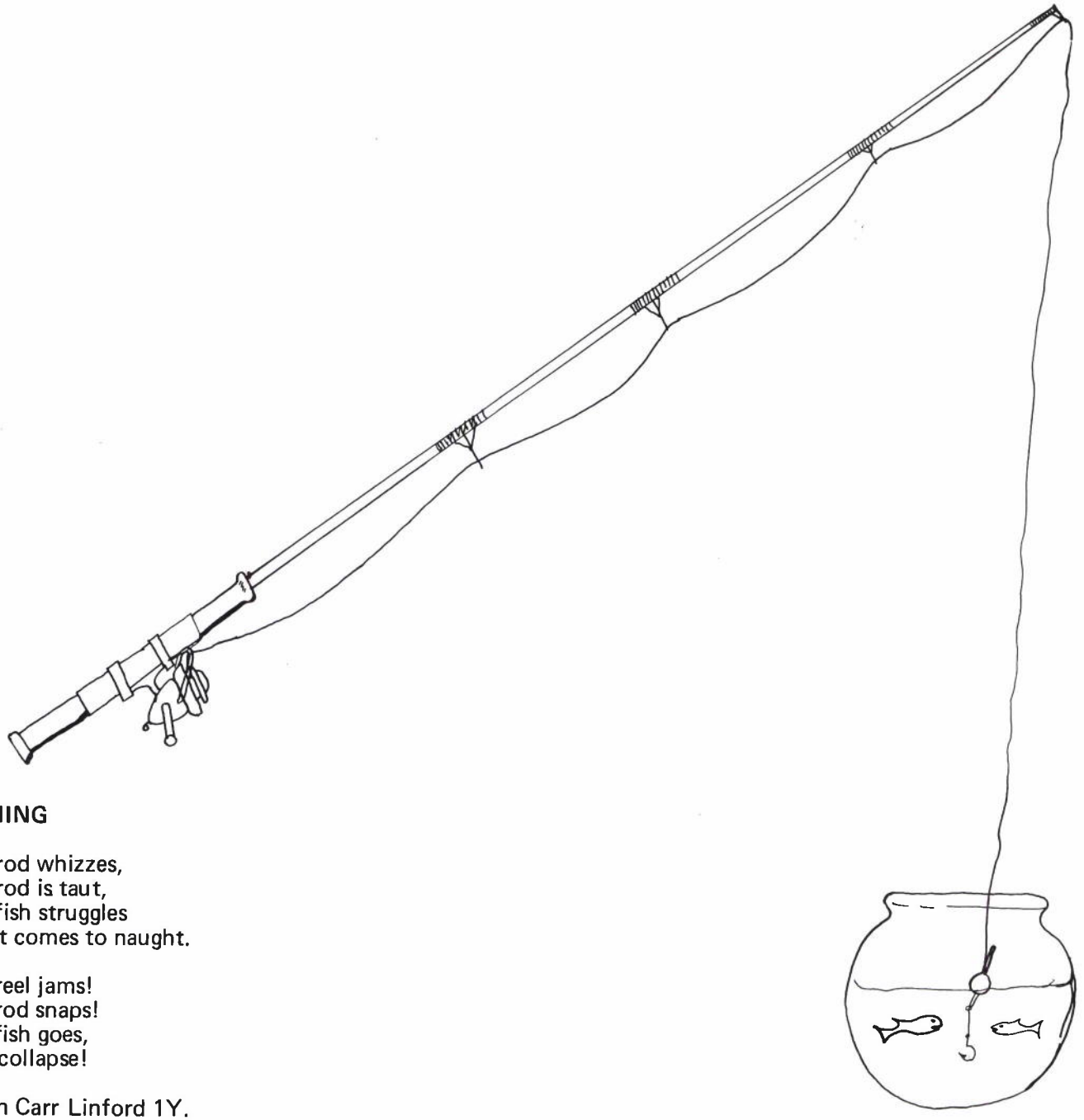
ALBATROSS

Wheeling, soaring, albatross,
I whirl, sweep, glide on the gale.
Trees bend, but I do not bend
To a tearing force of air.

It is enraged, seeking to enrage me, to see me
Plummet to the waves,
Be dashed on rocks – yet
I may take my food from its jaws.

As the night darks
My soaking wings scarcely hold me up.
Still, in the sleet,
I track my wandering way to the stars.

Annamarie Critchard 2X



FISHING

The rod whizzes,
The rod is taut,
The fish struggles
But it comes to naught.

The reel jams!
The rod snaps!
The fish goes,
You collapse!

Julian Carr Linford 1Y.

the old man

by Anna Coryndon 62

The old man got up from his chair and went to find a lamp. The forest was dark and green and the trees across the valley were still touched by the sun. The rains were late that year and the grass outside the house was dry and yellow; the earth was a reddish-brown and still warm from the afternoon sun. A cool breeze came through the open door but there were no clouds in the sky yet. The old man hoped the rains would not come for a few days. He was expecting visitors from Nairobi and although he would have preferred them not to come, he knew the roads would be bad if the rains came now.

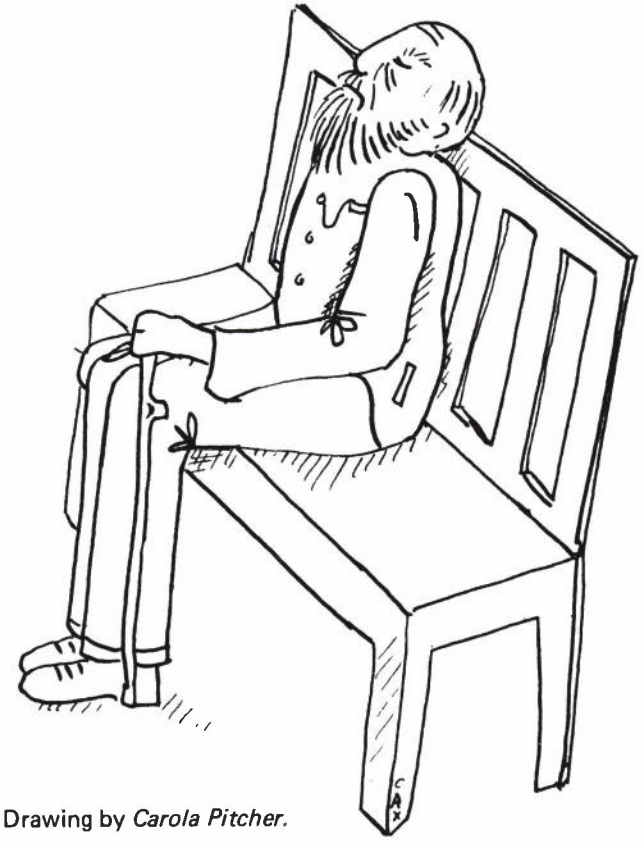
The old man lit the lamp set on a folding table in the middle of the room. In one corner of the room there was a wood stove and in another a pile of packing cases. A cupboard contained a few books and there were two chairs now, instead of one. He only had two chairs. The old man enjoyed his own company and was not used to visitors.

Tonight he would have to make conversation, and part of tomorrow also. In the afternoon he might be able to go across the valley to the village beyond the hill road. He had heard that there were spitting cobras near there. It would be worth the effort he would have to make if he could find some; the market was good for cobras just now.

He walked stiffly out of the house and down the track a little way to the hut where the cook lived. He found the African sitting on an empty petrol can and staring at his feet.

"Do we have any food for the visitors from Nairobi?" he asked.

"There are new eggs and some fruit. Shall I kill a chicken, Bwana?"



Drawing by *Carola Pitcher.*

"Do you have a good chicken? Not too old, you understand? It must be tender."

"Yes, Bwana."

"And make sure the fruit is ripe. The food must be good tonight."

"It will be good, Bwana."

"Yes."

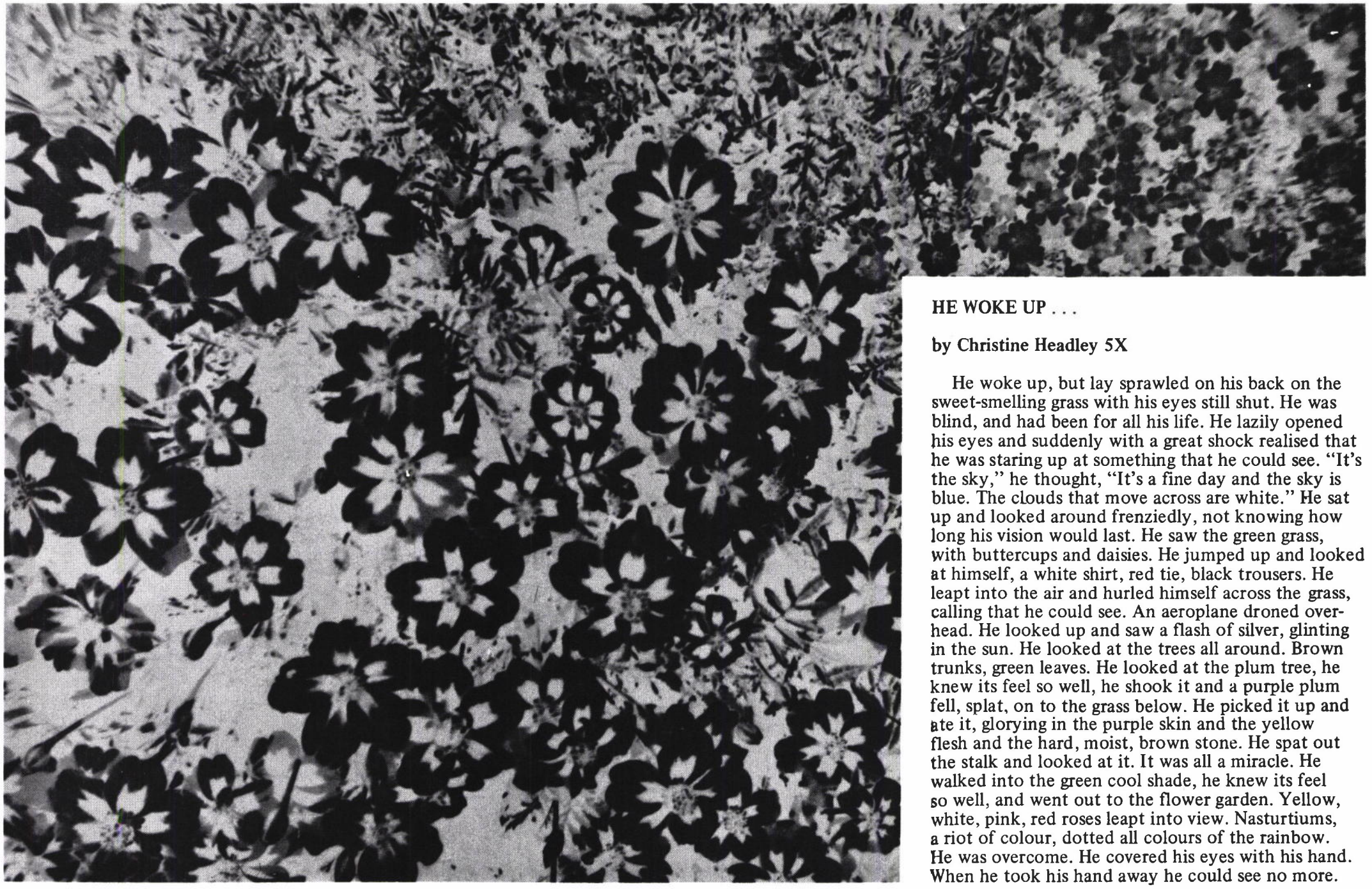
The old man turned away, satisfied. It was dark now. The night was clear and cool but there was no moon yet The forest beyond the house was black and the house was dark with a pale glow because of the lamp. The snakes were restless in their boxes. Tomorrow they would be taken up to Nairobi. The old man was running out of boxes. It had been a good year for snakes.

Inside the house the old man lay back in his chair. He lit his pipe and closed his eyes. He was long and thin and his brown wrists were angular beyond the sleeves of his old brown sweater. The skin of his face was stretched tight across his large aqualine nose and high forehead.

He was thinking that soon he would have to go to Nairobi. His legs were bad and would get worse. He had not listened to the doctors. Only very rarely had he taken advice offered to him by anyone. To go to England was out of the question. He disliked England and was afraid that if he went he might die there. He wanted to die in Africa.

The cook appeared in the doorway with a faded blue cloth which he spread on the table, moving the old man's tobacco to the edge of the stove. The visitors were coming along the valley road. Had they crossed the bridge yet? The African thought that they had. The old man said there was no hurry for the food, and went to find something for his guests to drink.

There was a warm smell of cooking and tobacco and the lemon tree behind the house. The old man heard the rumble of a car as it climbed the hill towards him.



HE WOKE UP . . .

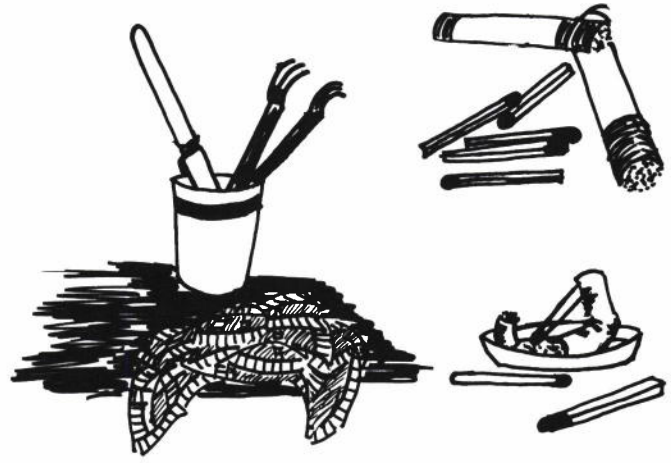
by Christine Headley 5X

He woke up, but lay sprawled on his back on the sweet-smelling grass with his eyes still shut. He was blind, and had been for all his life. He lazily opened his eyes and suddenly with a great shock realised that he was staring up at something that he could see. "It's the sky," he thought, "It's a fine day and the sky is blue. The clouds that move across are white." He sat up and looked around frenziedly, not knowing how long his vision would last. He saw the green grass, with buttercups and daisies. He jumped up and looked at himself, a white shirt, red tie, black trousers. He leapt into the air and hurled himself across the grass, calling that he could see. An aeroplane droned overhead. He looked up and saw a flash of silver, glinting in the sun. He looked at the trees all around. Brown trunks, green leaves. He looked at the plum tree, he knew its feel so well, he shook it and a purple plum fell, splat, on to the grass below. He picked it up and ate it, glorying in the purple skin and the yellow flesh and the hard, moist, brown stone. He spat out the stalk and looked at it. It was all a miracle. He walked into the green cool shade, he knew its feel so well, and went out to the flower garden. Yellow, white, pink, red roses leapt into view. Nasturtiums, a riot of colour, dotted all colours of the rainbow. He was overcome. He covered his eyes with his hand. When he took his hand away he could see no more.

6th form frustration









by Diana Slee 62



Photo by *Martin Ellis.*

Frustration is general throughout the world. Violence in race relations, sport, student unrest and strikes are evidence enough. On this scale the cause is probably world overcrowding. But why are we, why am I frustrated? As another sixth former was heard to say, "It seems so silly. I am involved in it and part of it, but when I sit down and think, it seems so silly." The reasons for this frustration are obscure and generally beyond our immediate power to remedy.

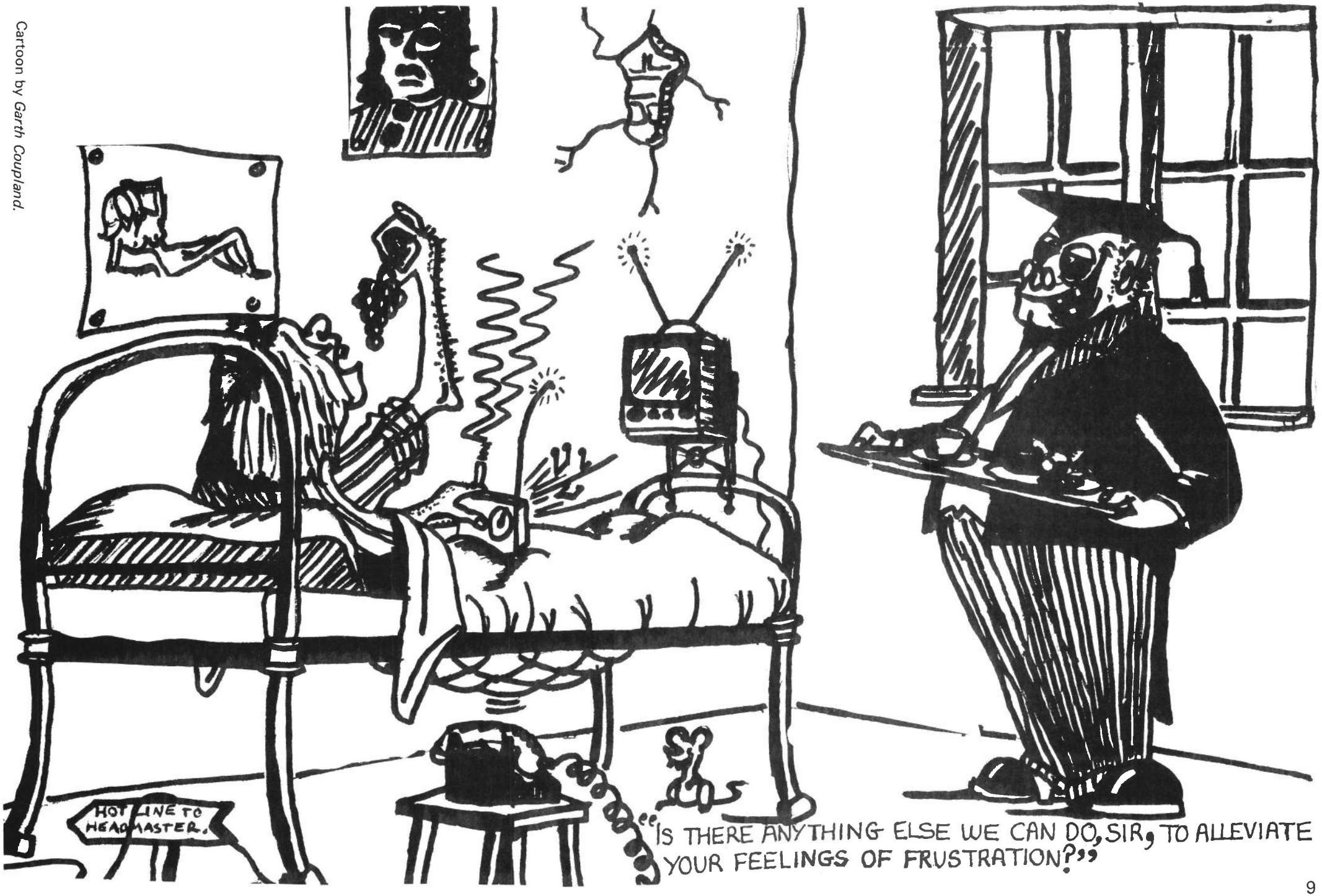
At a recent sixth form conference at Woodbrooke someone defined life as a point on a three dimensional graph with axes of physical skill, mental (intellectual) ability and emotion (mind, soul, conscience, psychic power.) I find the present two year 'A' level course occupies only part of this human potential and does not wholly satisfy even that part.

We are cooped up for a period, programmed to produce 'A' level passes. If we fail, then we have wasted the expense of the education, the staff's time, effort and energy and our own. This period from fifth year appeared to me as a dark cloud through which I would pass as long as I kept moving, learning, much as you hold your breath as a lorry passes belching out exhaust fumes.

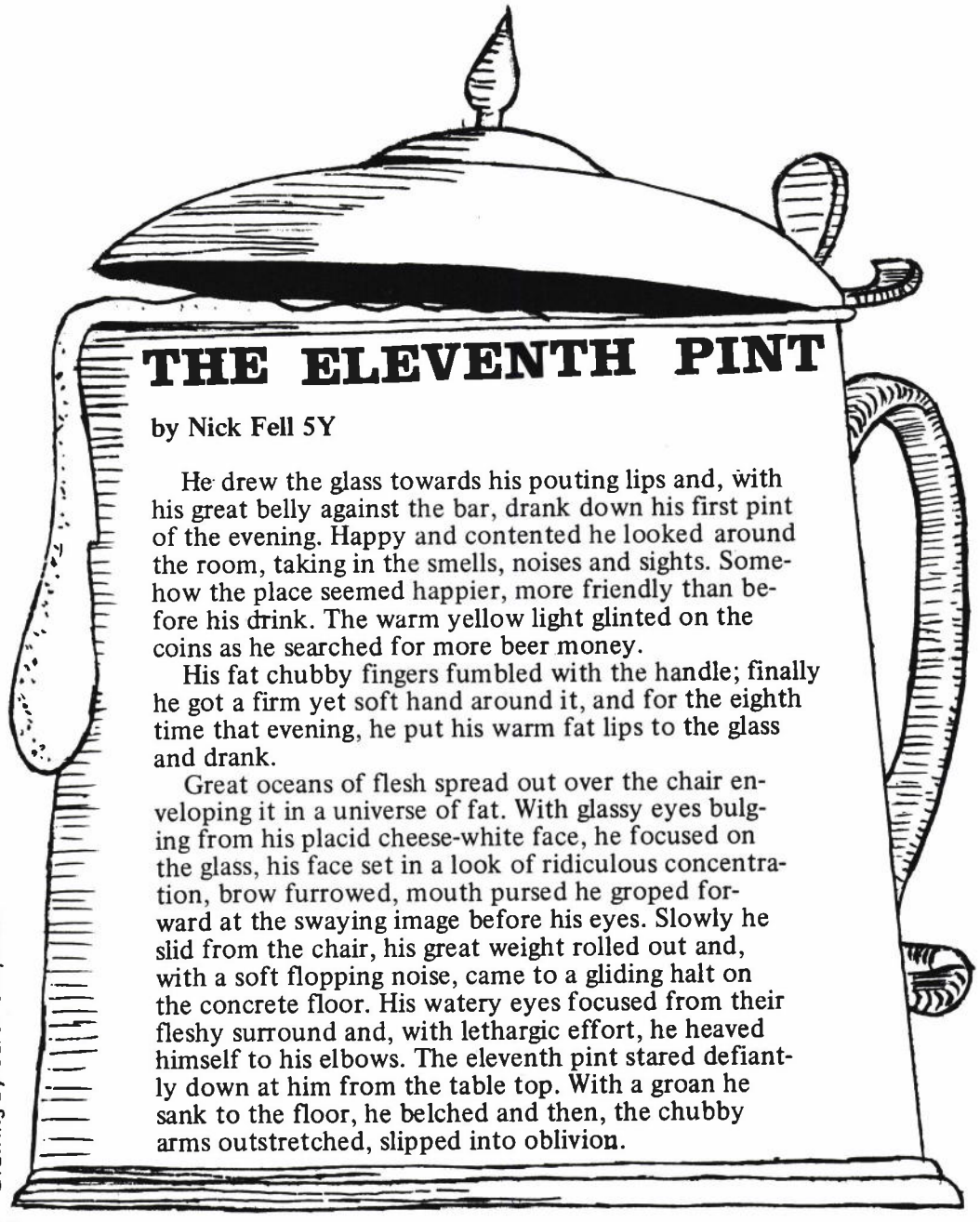
If life seemed meaningful and worthwhile and if I was completely absorbed by it, I would not feel frustrated. What does sixth form life lack? In trying to discover this we stumble against tangible restrictions which we worry about and frustrate others over. To remove these would not solve our basic problems, but merely expose them more.

At some universities there is absolute freedom: no compulsion, no restriction, no boundaries, no security. Nothing to relate to. From the relatively sheltered environment of fixed lessons, eating times, sleeping times; from familiar surroundings, belongings, responsible adults, you step into an amorphous waste of freedom and meaningless responsibility. The outcome is frequently deep depression, nervous illness, unhappiness, loneliness, or an imposed traditional British 'dinner jacket-in-the-jungle' rigidity.

Is it advantageous to take a break to gain some experience and emotional balance before sixth form or university? Or would the experience of positive, purposeful and constructive living before-hand lead to an even greater frustration on entering a system which seems to me as divorced from the pressures of life as present sixth form and university courses?



Cartoon by *Garth Coupland.*



THE ELEVENTH PINT

by Nick Fell 5Y

He drew the glass towards his pouting lips and, with his great belly against the bar, drank down his first pint of the evening. Happy and contented he looked around the room, taking in the smells, noises and sights. Somehow the place seemed happier, more friendly than before his drink. The warm yellow light glinted on the coins as he searched for more beer money.

His fat chubby fingers fumbled with the handle; finally he got a firm yet soft hand around it, and for the eighth time that evening, he put his warm fat lips to the glass and drank.

Great oceans of flesh spread out over the chair enveloping it in a universe of fat. With glassy eyes bulging from his placid cheese-white face, he focused on the glass, his face set in a look of ridiculous concentration, brow furrowed, mouth pursed he groped forward at the swaying image before his eyes. Slowly he slid from the chair, his great weight rolled out and, with a soft flopping noise, came to a gliding halt on the concrete floor. His watery eyes focused from their fleshy surround and, with lethargic effort, he heaved himself to his elbows. The eleventh pint stared defiantly down at him from the table top. With a groan he sank to the floor, he belched and then, the chubby arms outstretched, slipped into oblivion.

Drawing by *Garth Coupland.*

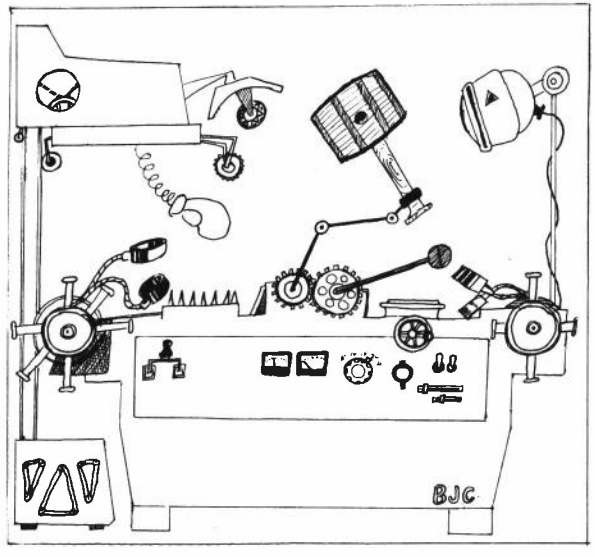
THE SHRUNKEN HEAD

by Trevor Brown 1X

She was a traitor to Britain a hundred years ago, for she was cruel and wanted to be the head of Britain. Indeed she was the "head of Britain" for it was cut off by a guillotine and her brains were syphoned out of her nostrils. Then with the crimson blood around the torturer, boiling hot sand was poured into her hollow head. It slowly shrank and when the sand had been poured out the "Shrunken Head" was hung up on display in the Tower of London.

This was not the end of her witch-like ways. Her tangled white hair streamed down to the marble floor, for by some power, it still grew. Her teeth as black as ebony slowly fell out to reveal her blood-soaked tongue. Her withered skin was wrinkled and old and there were deep hollows where her eyeballs had been.

At night one can still hear her in the Tower, chanting spells and cursing her ancestors who brought her to her fate. Nobody could beat her. She wasn't going to be beaten by a simple human being.



"LOOK, I AM SERIOUS"

"Look, I am serious,
This has got to stop."
Headmaster frowns at you
Going bald on top.

"Public drape", "Fool's paradise"
"What about your work?"
"Priorities " and "Parents"
Now it starts to hurt.

"Look, you must see reason"
Mother's worrying too,
Father sits, is silent,
Not sure what to do.

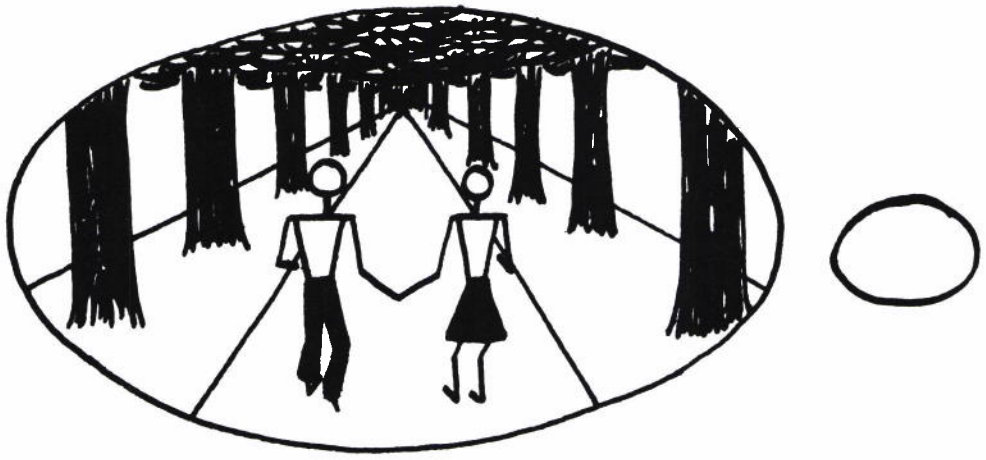
Everyone advises,
Mind is in a whirl,
It seems that all the world's against
A boy and his girl.

Walking in the sunshine,
Laughing in the rain,
Perhaps it's just because they wish
They were young again.

Lying in a hayfield,
Running at a gale,
My skin, torn and tawny
Hers, quite pure and pale.

Youth, pleasure, happiness,
Love, giving, joy.
Who needs the world? Nature's for
A girl and her boy.

Patrick Coleman 62



HERE I SIT . . . . . .

Here I sit alone, quite alone.
Silence everywhere, not a sound.
And here I am — pen poised,
Awaiting inspiration!

Now there's a nice word,
Inspiration.
Apart from sounding useful,
I wonder what it means — exactly?

Insist; Insolent; Insomnia; Inspect
Ah! Inspire.
"To infuse thought or feeling into a person or writing."
Mmm . . . . . I wonder.

What a dull world it would be to have no inspiration.
Just imagine,
Thousands of people sitting alone, quite alone,
Awaiting inspiration.

Chris Guy 62



Drawing by *Chris Guy*.

6th form biology field trip

Our biology field trip:- Denby Allen, Jane Bynoe, John Chapman, Lesley Cuthbert, Ruth Fowler-Dixon, Owen Joseph, Robin Lemare, Helen Moody, Jason Nickalls, Diana Slee, Patrick Stern, Rod Thorne, and Alan Wright left for Perthshire on July 6th.

We spent the night camping in a farmer's muddy field in Northumberland. Unfortunately Jowen did not bring the instructions for putting up his tent so quite a time was wasted before the girls started cooking the meal.

The next day, leaving Jason's trousers on a wall, we started on the last leg of our journey to Kindrogan, a field centre out in the wilds, where we joined company with two groups from Leicester and Birmingham Universities.

Projects included a large scale transect of Kindrogan Hill from which we were able to produce positive and negative correlation diagrams for the way in which plant species frequency varied with altitude.

We compared still and running fresh water habitats by measuring flora, fauna and physical factors. We visited the primeval pine forest of Rannoch and learned some of the problems of colonisation of bare rock while climbing the ecologically severe quartzite peak of Schiehallion.

Among individual projects was a population estimate of tadpoles by sampling, marking and resampling, also an investigation of the effects of sewage effluent by comparing habitats above and below the outfall into the river. While at the river, Denby, John and Rod decided to play "Pooh sticks" using "measuring the rate of flow" as their excuse (see illustration).

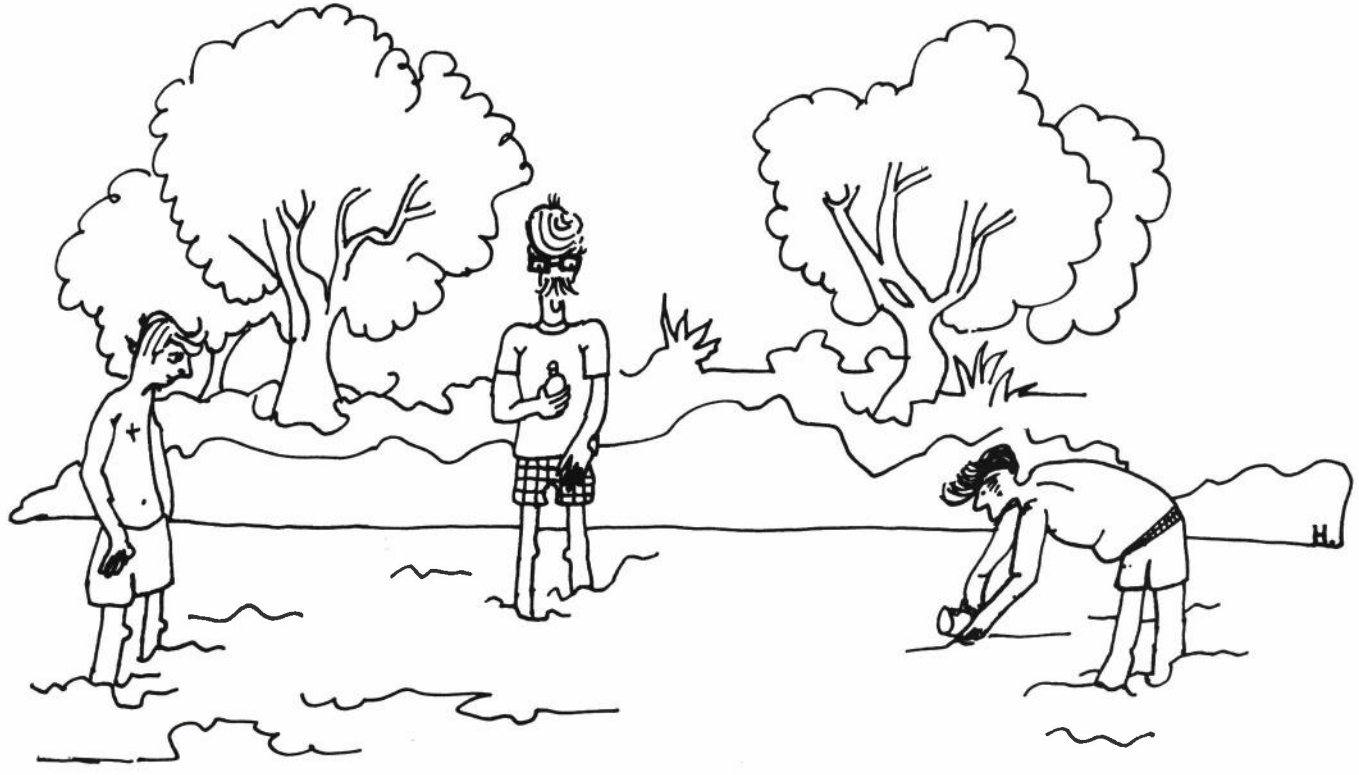
Rod, a registered bird ringer set up his mist net and demonstrated handling tehniques. With his expert help we identifield 85 species of birds including the dipper which walks on river beds, the caper-caillie a turkey-sized woodland bird and corncrakes which at dusk we stalked to within a few yards.

The next day, having seen Jane and Helen off on their twelve-hour train journey, everyone else made for Mallaig. En route Denby and Lesley shocked a shop assistant by asking for eighty rashers of bacon!

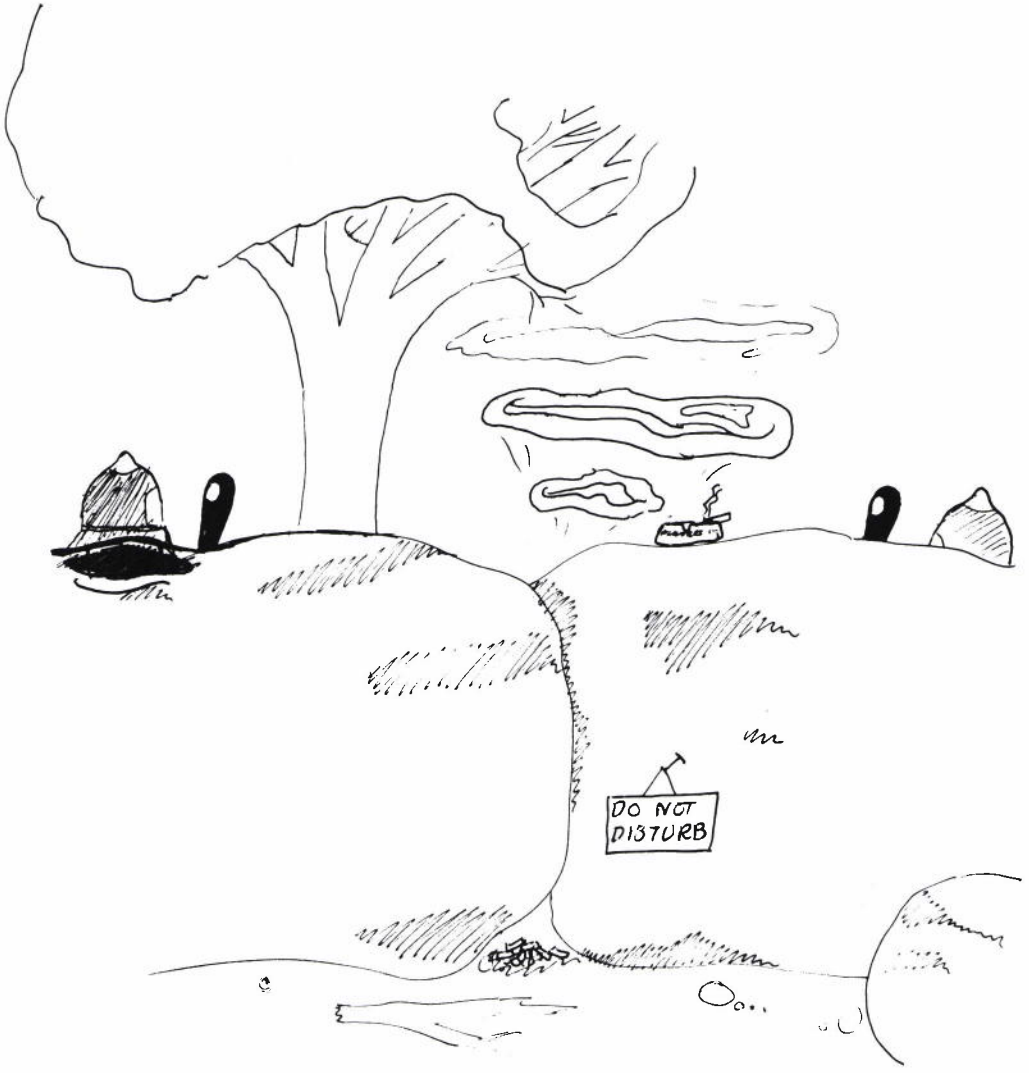
After one day of marine biology, in which we completed a line transect of the intertidal zone, we set off in a fresh gale for ornithological purposes. We slept in a boathouse converting it into a chinese laundry. Meanwhile Patrick, who had stayed on the mainland, was given some extra sausages while buying chops for supper because the local butcher mistook him for a tramp.

We left 24 hours early because of heavy rain and arrived at our various homes well and truly worn out.

Helen and Lesley.



The Ballad of the Smoker



Drawing by *Ben Cheese.*

To a barren place of rock and stone,
often, often do I roam.
But the law, I know, has cottoned on
And soon my freedom may be gone.

Where the lark sings in the sky,
And a throstle warbles nigh,
There I sit, all alone,
At the barren place of rock and stone.

And even if I the law escape,
For my pleasures terrible pain I must take;
For the cancerous growth inside my lungs
Ascends me slowly up death's ladder rungs.

Yet if I **am** caught by the law
Life will be nothing but a bore.
For without tobacco I can't go on.
Humanity, be warned by the smoker's song.

Garth Coupland 61

dormitory diary

The time – 9.10 p.m.

"Zero hour," thought I.

Blackout.

"Good night all, pleasant . . . SHUT UP!"

The door clicked to, all was dark. Suddenly a bolt from above struck me – all was stars. The bolt receded across the room in --'s direction and I sat on the floor rubbing my head. "Ouch, that hurt!"

I clambered back onto my bed and found my sack of feathers – gone! (In case you had not realised, I am talking about my pillow.)

I rolled out the other side, stood up, and was immediately hit by one of those notorious bolts from X's direction.

This time the bolt remained at my feet; this was not really surprising as it was my own, MY OWN pillow.

A moment of realisation was upon me . . .

THE NOTORIOUS BOLT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY BOTH – AND X!

You may wonder how I arrived at this decision: so do I, but there it is.

I was at this moment very angry!

This called for ACTION!

Armed with my own trusty, lead-soled, ground-to-air, misguided slippers I attacked on all fronts and attempted to withdraw my assailant's bed covers.

To my surprise my enemy was not within, which accounted for . . . another bolt being laid heavily across my shoulders from behind.

This called for an orderly retreat.

During my headlong dash to safety I tripped over what might be called a heap of blankets. Reaching my fortress I discovered a slight deficiency of my blankets.

My brain worked overtime and put two and two together! That made four but did not alter the fact that MY BED COVERS WERE MISSING.

Having gathered together my losses and placed my blankets on my bed I:

a) discharged my missiles (hearing satisfying cries of agony from out of the target area)

b) "FELL INTO THE CONDITION NORMALLY RECURRENT EVERY NIGHT AND LASTING SOME HOURS IN WHICH THE EYES ARE CLOSED AND THE NERVOUS SYSTEM INACTIVE" – in other words, SLEEP!

by Mole and Hole

(Thomas Holman 2Y, Charles Mills 2X).



Photo by *Chris Prince.*

STUPID THOUGHTS FOR STUPID PEOPLE



Drawing by *Garth Coupland.*

Two leaves were talking and one said to the other:
– I will meet you again when we go down to heaven; I think that there is a heaven down there although we have no eyes to see it. I am getting frail and I will die soon.

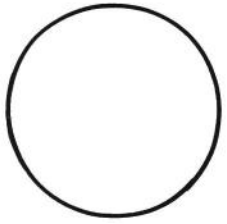
Later the leaves died and floated down to land on top of one another in heaven on the ground, but they couldn't know that they were in that position because they were dead.

A bird was talking to a stone who said:
–You think that I am dead because I am hard and stiff but let me tell you, this is not usually the case. I just stiffen up when I am touched so as I don't get hurt; you see I am easy to hurt really.

The bird didn't like being disillusioned and decided to teach the stone a lesson so he flew behind him and silently flew hard at the stone so as to catch him off guard and so hurt him, to teach him that birds are more clever than stones. The bird dashed his brains out on the stone; the stone smiled and started to eat the dead bird.

Ink is wet and beautiful – it trickles and reflects a blue kaleidoscope of light, but it ceases to be beautiful if it is put where it isn't wanted; on skin it is most ugly. Why is this?

by Piers Headley 5Y



SIMPLICITY

Wash me clean
as my clothes
in silky suds all specked with green
and floating in the soft sea
of
hand hot water
rinse
to purity.

Tanya Fox 6$_1$

THE FIREWORKS

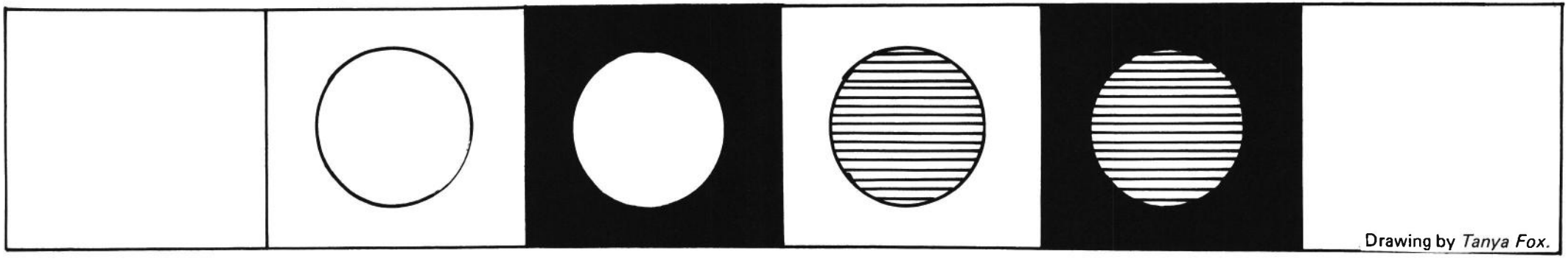
The first man-made star
Soars into a sea of black,
Bursting into miniature replicas.
Reds, blues, whites,
Turning into golden ash,
Falling helplessly to the ground.
No time for mourning;
Another takes its place
Snapping and popping,
Hurling itself across the sky,
It dies also.
A rocket leaps from its holder,
Tries to reach the height of his brothers
But fails.
Then all that is left is the night and peace again.

Judith Womack 2X

COMMUNICATION

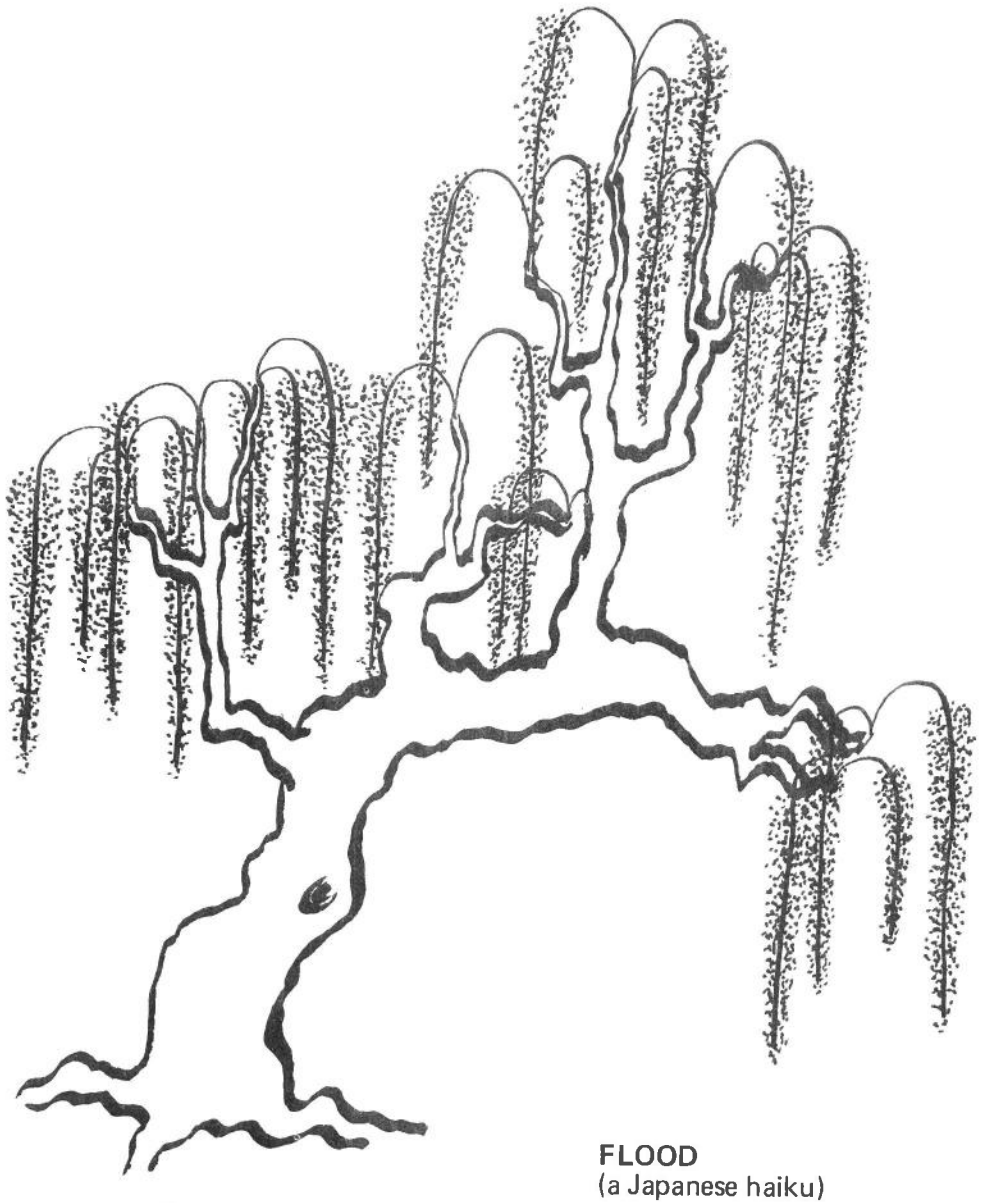
My friend lived at the far end of the building.
Leading a life not unlike my own,
— conventional
routine and dull.
Alone in strife and fear
until
two blackened threads
converged.
And at once
the world splayed and sprawled at his feet,
with unknown quests,
to forfill
in the decreasing days of love
— least it should pass by unknown.
Together —
we paced the track
in sublime self-centredness,
to survive
— not forfeit life.
Why bypass to maturity?
It breeds no ill
but bursts upon the scene
just once, it knows no bounds
to happiness.
So as it fades
I still live at the opposite end of the building.

Tanya Fox 6$_1$



Drawing by *Tanya Fox.*

在大水



Drawing by *Anne Powell.*

FLOOD
(a Japanese haiku)

Sweet the birchblossoms,
Stirring the waters, that soften
The walls of my house.

Rachel Morris 2X

antigone

by jean anouilh

Briefly, Anouilh's 'Antigone' is about a young girl who defies her uncle, King Creon, by attempting twice to bury the corpse of her brother, Polynices. She can give no good reason why she is defying the King's edict except that she absolutely must bury the body. Creon eventually has her walled up in a cave where she hangs herself.

I watched the Saturday evening performance of the play and was most impressed, particularly by the amount of time that had obviously been spent on the production. David Gray and Hazel Smith had attended to even the minutest detail in the set; the props and the costumes and were really the successes of the evening.

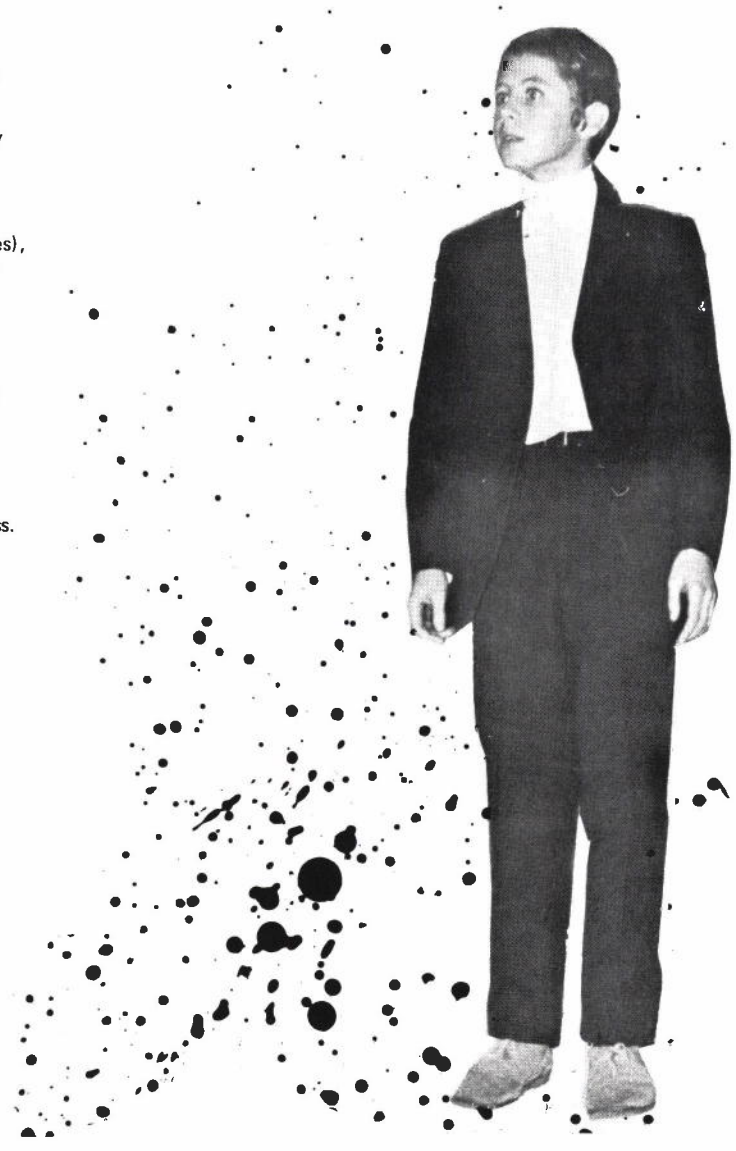
After the production I talked to a lot of people, playing that cruel game – "Who gave the best performance?' Antigone (Gwen James), the First Guard (Alan Wright) and the First Chorus were all mentioned but I think the front runner was the Messenger (Giles Norton).

This is one of the remarkably unfair things that can happen in plays: Antigone and Creon do all the work, then along comes this little boy, years younger, and with one speech he captures the audience. But did the rest of the cast watch him? He had a marvellous speech but there are other marvellous speeches; he entered at a crucial moment but there are other crucial moments. I think his success rested on the fact that he was unafraid; he wasn't afraid of the strong visual impact of his words or afraid of the emotion evoked by them.

Gwen James, as Antigone, showed great intelligence and control in such a difficult part. At times she was overwhelmed by the sheer quantity of words but mostly she was a mature confident young actress. One of her biggest problems was coping with a part written for a French actress, and French actresses have a facility for passing rapidly from calmness to violent emotion without physically tightening up. I have never yet seen an English actress able to do this and one can hardly blame Gwen for failing in the speeches where this quality was needed.

Creon had a beast of a part. I think Patrick Coleman did very well. To do better he would have to have been fifteen years older, but I don't suppose that could have been arranged for just two performances.

Ismene is a beautiful girl and Barbara Crossley was well cast, but she too, like Antigone seemed to be slightly uncomfortable with the emotional pieces. Mind you, Ismene is not at all an easy part to play. She spends much of her time being bewildered by Antigone's actions. Haemon, too, is completely bewildered and, I think, Martin Underwood failed to show it. But he and Antigone were a pleasure to watch in their long scene together. They were not afraid to touch one another. How seldom do amateur actors touch one another, yet these two were doing just that with no embarrassment.



The Guards could have run away with the play and I have a suspicion that in poorer company they might have succeeded. Did they though, really understand the commonness, the ordinariness of such people? These guards were not caricatures with lower class accents; they were people, and millions of real people think, and are prone to act, as they were doing.

Anouilh's play has one man as the Chorus, but David gave the speeches to two girls on the quite valid grounds that the original Greek choruses were naturally split into two parts. But I must say that I didn't like the change. I think perhaps that it was the white dresses and their sometimes rather blank faces that annoyed me, though both spoke clearly and pleasantly enough. Marian Davies (Nurse) and Helen Robertson (Secretary) also carried their parts capably.

One last comment: surely there could have been more front-of-house spotlights? There were only four, which were opened out as far as possible, but still they failed to cover the whole area downstage of the curtain line. When I asked about this over coffee – which, incidentally was most welcome – I was told that there were more spotlights available but that the wiring was not adaptable enough to supply them. A pity.

How then shall I sum up my feelings? Well certainly I look forward to seeing your next school play. Next time, I hope, one with less talk and more action.

John Prior

NOTE

Our reviewer, John Prior, writes about the Saturday evening performance. But there were four performances in all, with a double cast! We even arranged a different cast for each performance! Those who watched the other actors, Nichola Weate, Paul Verity Smith, Anne Breeze and Piers Headley, all say they also gave most lively and enjoyable performances, and that "there was nothing to choose between them".



on stage

First Chorus	Mandy Crowe
Second Chorus	Lucinda Coleman
Antigone	Gwen James (Thurs., Sat.) Nichola Weate (Fri. Sat. matinee).
Nurse	Marian Davis (Thurs. Sat.) Anne Breeze (Fri. Sat. matinee)
Euridice	Anne Breeze (Thurs. Sat.) Marian Davis (Fri. Sat. matinee).
Ismene	Barbara Crossley.
Haemon	Martin Underwood.
Creon	Paul Verity Smith (Thurs. Sat. matinee) Patrick Coleman (Fri. Sat.)
Secretary	Helen Robertson.
First Guard	Alan Wright (Thurs. Fri. Sat), Piers Headley (Sat. matinee)
Second Guard	Eddie East
Third Guard	Piers Headley (except Sat. matinee)
Messenger	Giles Norton

Time — the present
Place — contemporary Greece, or any other modern para-military state

off stage

Sound	Robin Bloomfield, Michael Matthews
Sound effects	Giles Norton, Tim Hardy
Programme design	Simon Greaves, Piers Headley.
Prompt	Anne Breeze (Thurs. Sat.) Marian Davis (Fri.), Ruth Caswell (Sat. matinee)
Call Boy	Giles Norton
Lighting	Richard Bloomfield, David Heydecker, Colin Maclean
Stage and Set	Tim Gay, Imogen Rowlands, Lylie Brown, Dorothy Backhouse, David Gray, Michael Cooper, Paul Copeland-Watts, Lesley Cuthbert, Paul Harris, Margaret LeMare, Colin Maclean, Paul McWilliam, Daniel Monck, Martin Underwood, Nichola Weate, Sarah Edwards, Pat Dunbar, Richard LeMare, Ben Cheese, Ruth Caswell, Christian Gayfer, Timothy Watts, Geoffrey Barnard, Patrick Stern, Jacqueline Whittle, Alan Wright and others
Properties	Heather Dunlop, Ruth Caswell
Make-up	Hazel Smith, Alan Wright, Jane Harris, Giles Norton
Costumes	Elaine Winup, Margaret Winram, Celia Nickalls, Louise Paolozzi, Mandy Crowe, Lucinda Coleman, Elizabeth Plowright, Jo Atkins, Joy Worrell, Patsy Darbishire, Michele Underwood, Martin Underwood, Julie Little, Bron Lewis, Kate Northam Nicola Darbishire, Madelena Argyraki
Business Manager	Peter Cutler
Assistant Producer	Hazel Smith
Producer	David Gray

Hair styling by David of Saffron Walden
Armoury by R. B. Walkyier
Costumes by Gray Palmer and the Arts Theatre, Cambridge
Desk from Gerald Pagano

DESPAIR

"Shut up . . . please . . . sit down, Ginnie! Sit down . . . all of you – there's only a few more minutes." They didn't listen. Nobody listened – nobody ever did in prep

"Ehem." Jane looked up, glanced at the clock and pushed back her chair. Utter tumult reigned for the next five minutes.

"Books please, Maths books . . . I'm going."

"Going to Art Club, Wendy?" . . .

"Are you **coming**? !"

Suddenly peace reigned instead – all departed, in couples, or to clubs staged round the school. She gathered up her books..

. . . . . .

"Jane, your letter."

Jane took it and sat down in a quiet corner. Thank God she had no more preps to take – last night had been the limit. She opened her letter. It was brief. "Dear Jane, See you Saturday. Love, Mother."

Mother. Arriving today, Saturday. Stunned, she feebly replaced the letter in the envelope.

Suddenly she sat up. What could she do? Postpone her? No good. Avoid her? How? Face her? Oh God . . . she couldn't bear it. The thought of her mother looking through her books – needlessly, relentlessly pointing out mistakes – Jane could just hear her, her famous voice, loved by millions of film-goers, saying teasingly, "Darling, you do know that plus three X can't equal nine if minus two equals three plus four X!" Why, oh why did she have to have a mother that was so beautiful, so well known and well . . . so clever?

"Jane!" The sharp voice broke into her thoughts like a knife through a badly cooked cake. "Tell your mother I would like to speak to her when she next comes."

Tell your mother. Tell her. Tell her what? Why? Why did Miss Cravat want to see **her** mother? Oh, of course! She dreamily imagined her mother being told that her daughter was not capable of 'A' level French and it would be better to do something else instead of wasting her time.

What would her mother say? Worse; what could she do? Jane remembered the day when her 'O' level result came through – a six! Jane felt sick, desperate – was it easy to commit suicide?

"Jane! Jane! A telegram!"

The slip of paper was thrust into her hand. She dreamily opened it.

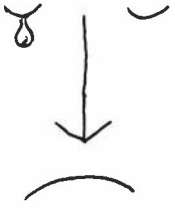
"Bad news?"

"No." That was her voice, she realised. No – it wasn't bad news. Re-reading the telegram she felt a surge of warmth rise up in her.

"Jane Malton-Wasley. Mother car-crash. In hospital."

No teasing voice, no well manicured hands gliding over her mistakes. Not for a long time. Not today.

by Helena Weaver 3X



I LOOKED OVER···



by Sarah Hall 5X

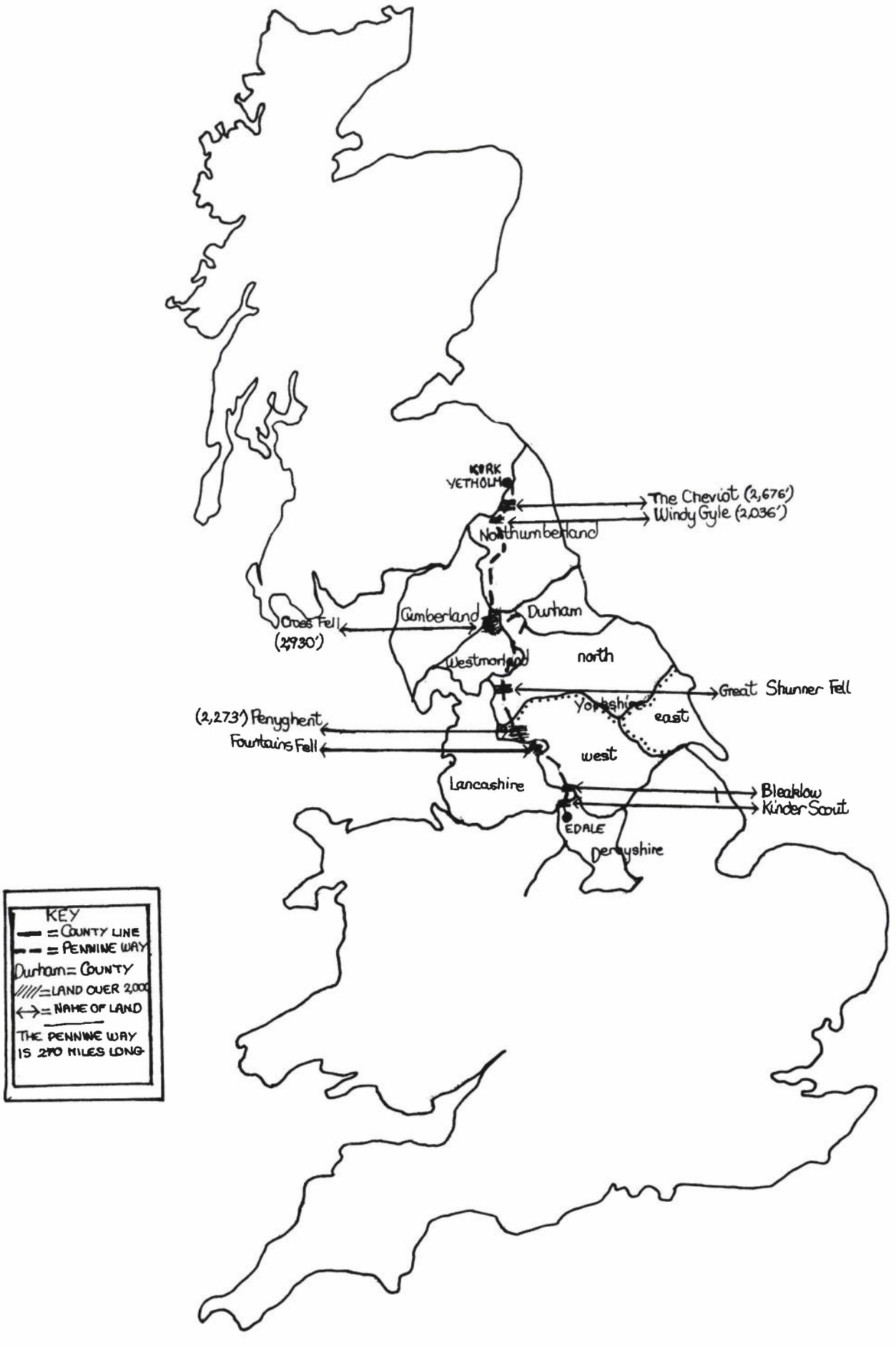
I looked over to where she remarked on the "brilliant dancing". There was a group of people all dancing, one of them being my brother. He had an agonised look on his face as he curled his shoulders and danced. I didn't know this Nick, he was confidently exhibiting himself amongst all these people. "Can you dance?" she said, and started to move. I had never seen such dancing. I almost started trembling, the sweat crept into my clenched hands. "No I can't," I said and laughed as I saw her do before.

But she had turned round and with eyes closed, chin up and painted lips curled round a fag, she accepted a light. It was her boyfriend. I knew somehow it was the end of our conversation. He and she smiled at each other. It was a mutual feeling portrayed in one glance. I was intruding. I shouldn't be there, but I was fascinated. Her eyes were shining and he looked down at her with admiration, affection, and gentleness. I looked away terrified as their heads slowly met to kiss.

Swallowing hard, I averted my gaze. I had never been as openly excluded from anything before. I could do nothing against this silent, motionless embrace of eyes: the mild teasing, the symbolic slaps of affection. It was others in their element and me far from mine.



by Sarah Hall 5X


KEY
= COUNTY LINE
= PENNINE WAY
Durham = COUNTY
////= LAND OVER 2,000
↔ = NAME OF LAND
THE PENNINE WAY IS 270 MILES LONG
KIRK YETHOLM
The Cheviot (2,676')
Windy Gyle (2,036')
Northumberland
Cumberland
Durham
Cross Fell (2,930')
Westmorland
north
Great Shunner Fell
Yorkshire
east
(2,273') Penyghent
Fountains Fell
west
Lancashire
Bleaklow
Kinder Scout
EDALE
Derbyshire

THE PENNINE WAY

On 20th July 1969 six scouts and one scouter set off from Edale in Derbyshire to walk the 270 mile Pennine Way. The route goes through every English county north of Derbyshire and over the top of Penyghent (2,273'), Cross Fell (2,930'), Windy Gyle (2,036') and the Cheviot (2,676'), and ends in Kirk Yetholm, a small hamlet just north of the Scottish border. We intended to camp some nights and Youth Hostel others, with Tony Lane (who was driving Mr. Gillett's dormobile) meeting us at each camp site except the one on Windy Gyle. This plan meant that supplies would be carried in the dormobile and our packs would be fairly light. But on the second day the dormobile took off of its own accord and crashed into a Ready Mix Concrete lorry, so we had to spend an extra day at Mankinholes Youth Hostel while Mr. Gillett hired a car and fetched the kit. For several days we walked in the heat with full packs and then Tony turned up at Hawes with his parents' car and we continued without mishap, arriving at Kirk Yetholm after eighteen days of what one guide book describes as "some of the roughest walking to be found in Britain."

We should all like to thank Tony Lane for his splendid help and also the many generous friends who sponsored the walk.

To sum up the general feeling I asked each member of the party one question:

Why did you go?

Simon Greaves: It was partly spontaneous I think. Mr. Gillett announced at one Troop Meeting his intention of doing the walk and almost without thinking I put my name forward.

Would you go again?

Paul Brewster: Yes, as long as the weather stays fine because I enjoyed it so much last time and through the whole walk we passed through and saw such a cross section of interesting subjects and features.

What did you feel when you learnt of the dormobile crash?

John Gillett: Relief on discovering that nobody had been injured; then a great sense of loss — and not just financial. I suppose every driver has a sentimental attachment for his first car and I certainly had for the 'elephant'; it was almost as though a close friend had been hurt. I felt very sorry for Tony, knowing how wretched he must feel, and I was worried, too, about how we should manage to sleep that night without tents or sleeping bags, and how we should ever make contact with the kit again, as it was over 70 miles away.

What was the funniest moment?

Giles Norton: The funniest moment was just beyond Hawes when David, having just negotiated a narrow stile was hurrying to catch up. I heard a slip — slip — thump — and looked around to see a mass of rucksack, arms and legs writhing on the ground.

What was the most miserable moment?

Neil Stuart: It was coming down off Great Shunner Fell in the pouring rain. I could feel that cold unfriendly water running down my face, dripping off my nose, trickling down my back and filling up my boots. What's more, we had nowhere dry to eat our lunch.

What was the most enjoyable moment?

Eddie East: The camp on Windy Gyle (2034') when although it was a long slog to find water, cold and very windy I really felt we were achieving something worthwhile.

How did the walk affect your relations with the others?

David Heydecker: Apart from the fact that Eddie, Giles and Simon talked incessantly in their tent while I was trying to sleep in mine, my relationship with the others improved no end.



Although at different stages along the route we were miserably wet or boiling hot, suffering from midges or completely exhausted, the great sense of achievement and the £750 gained from our sponsors towards a Scout Hut made the whole walk very worthwhile.

Eddie East.

THE SKY, THE SEA, THE SAND.

Out on the tide-worn sands
a lonely man stands
and stares, unmoving, out to sea.

The sky, the sea, the sand
are locked within
his silent, blackened, lifeless soul.

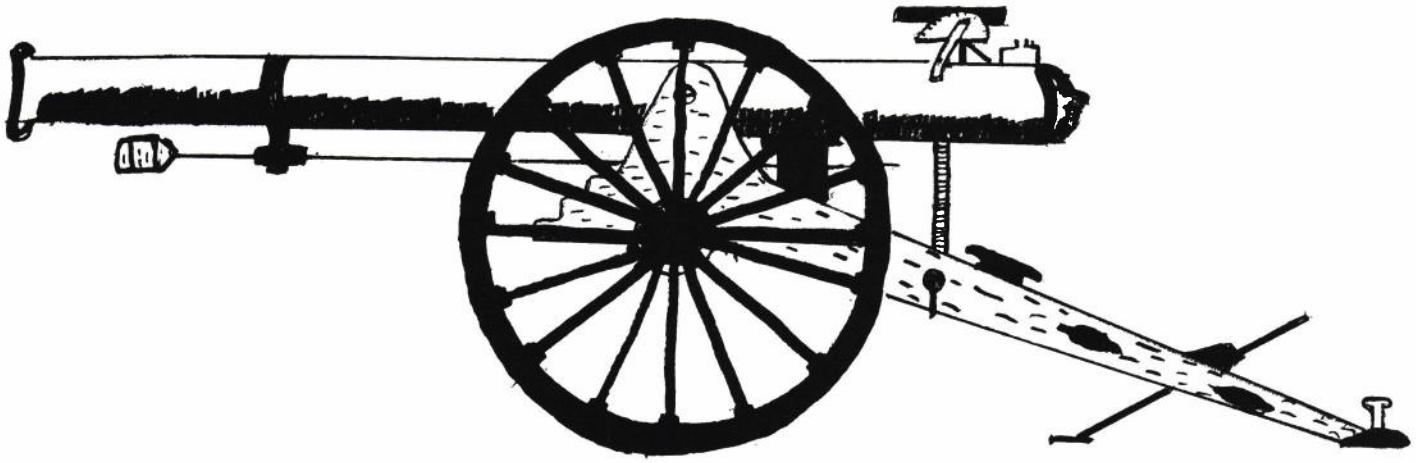
Above, the sea-birds swirl
and swoop, oblivious
of the still and staring man below.

who now begins to slowly stoop
and, with a tired and withered hand,
takes off each shoe.

Then stumblingly he moves
towards the silent sea,
and steps straight through
the seething, surging waves
until they swallow up
his body and his soul.

Empty.
Empty now, the sand, the sea, the sky
No longer locked in one.
Only a pair of shoes . . . . . .

Rosemary Norris 6_2



Drawing by *Nick Dakin.*

ENSLAVED WORLD

People are peculiar things,
They appoint advisors, queens and kings,
They love to be ruled,
By lordly voices,
and dictating words.

Any old Communist,
Humanist or Racialist,
Standing on a box,
Can turn their minds to rocks.

With steel hard souls,
And a chill inner light,
These listeners are doomed,
To a terrible plight.

Following leaders,
Who seem to be right.
There is no freedom left in the land,
Freedom has long ago held its last stand.

Andrew Smart 2X



EPITAPH TO BATTLE

A pink streak of sunlit cloud
advances through the sky.
Ecstatic grey plumes unfurl
in glory.
To the north flank a flying troop
detaches from the regiment.
The streak has gone
And woefully
Tinged crests wheel in fright
As from the south another
Black herald of night appears.

Martin Underwood 6_1

War and No Quarter

Hooves clattered upon the old stone bridge, the bridge that was gnarled and twisted and torn like an old beech tree, yet still defiant, still standing after many years of foaming roaring torrents (the cruel spring floods) that had come rushing down the river.

Many had passed over the bridge, many and another, one or two saints too, by all accounts (or so they said). Yet these that passed now were no ordinary travellers; they passed the ruined toll gate to eternity. They were entering into the shadows and would never return. Many stood and watched them go by, yet not a cheer was raised. The silent crowd sensed that these people would perhaps never come back. Many of them knelt and offered a silent prayer, yet all their prayers would not avail them now.

He that led them was tall and proud, yet despair was written in his eyes. He could not have been more than twenty-five but he held the wisdom of a thousand years locked in his heart. His sombre clothing was rich in its plainness. He had long, lank hair, as black as a raven's wing. Some of it had escaped from the plaited thong which held it prisoner and hung across his face. He was thin to the point of gauntness and his face was drawn with pain.

Not many knew the name of the mysterious leader of this doomed people, less knew from whence he came – it was rumoured that he was the devil himself. One felt a thrill of excitement (or was it fear?) when one met the green fire of those half-lidded eyes, and the mockery in them.

This man, he would mock at death itself – for he was fearless. For all this, those whom he passed nearly noticed that his face was pale and that his hand trembled on the reins. Even so, they knew in their heart of hearts that it was not fear upon him – this man would never give way to fear – but the wasting sickness.

Those that came after were silent – they had enough to think about – but their faces were set and resigned, the faces of men who know that they must die.

The wind wailed and howled and swirled about them; it tore at their cloaks, and whipped their hair into their eyes. It moaned and screamed around them in its frenzy and madness, and buffeted their horses, as if to lament them for eternity. War and no quarter.

No one who saw that cavalcade could ever describe the trappings of the horses, the men, their weapons or their gear. What they saw was a mocking, half-lidded pair of eyes that were lit with green fire and seemed to gaze from hell itself.

by Katherine Jeary 3X



the big boys

by Nick Fell 5Y

The scraping of chairs and banging of desk tops startled him back to wakefulness. He put his books back in his desk and followed the rest of the boys out of the room, down the Avenue and into the common room. As he passed through the playroom he became alert, his senses tensed for any signs of animosity on behalf of the towering, loud and insensitive older boys.

He ate his bread and marmite, the dry sticky particles clinging to his mouth and throat, and made an attempt to join in with the other boys in their affected togetherness. They shunned him; it had now become socially acceptable to shun him; he was no longer a person to take heed of and his opinion, therefore, could be of no harm.

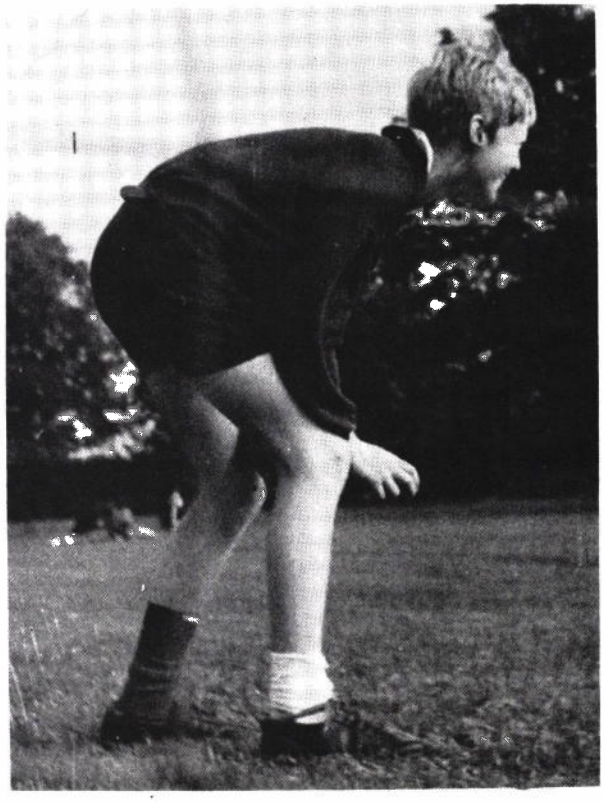
He forced the milk down his throat, threw the bottle into the rack and walked through the swing doors that led into the playroom. He walked round the corner not looking and bumped into a fourth former. "You little spastic" – a thump on the head followed. He looked up, hurt and angry, to meet the glare of his attacker. He had gone; not even wasting the time to judge his reaction or notice his feeling. He walked out of the door, stifling the tears and holding his breath until he came to the corner of the swimming bath wall.

Tomorrow was Sunday and he waited for it with a feeling of apprehension and joy, stifling self-pity and elation. His parents were coming.

He waited outside the playroom, straining for a glimpse of the dark green bonnet that must soon push its brim round the corner. He waited, trying to look as nonchalent and bored as all the other boys. Every now and then he thought he saw it, and then his moment of elation was cut short by an unfamiliar radiator grill or face. At last they arrived and as he walked towards them he tried to stop the stupid beaming smile that crept round his lips. He wanted to run forward and hug them, but the million eyes trained at his back stopped him. He wanted to laugh and smile and be happy, but flaunted opinions in the form room stopped him. The compassion of his mother embarrassed him and the proud possessive smiles and glances of his father had the same effect. His younger brothers' squeals of joy and excitement made him vulnerable to ridicule and it was not until they were all at home eating lunch that he felt happy and safe. But then the agonising thought of leaving them rose in his throat like an ulcer. He needed them all so much, and yet he did not dare say it or show it; the terrible thought that once-exposed feeling was as vulnerable as a bare arm stopped him.

They all sat watching television; he so much wanted to tell them about all the frightening things, the big boys, the doorless loos and the domineering masters, but he felt that once talked about, once admitted, they would grow and become bigger until eventually he drowned in his own self-pity and sorrow.

Photo by *Peter Jones.*



* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

He hurriedly got changed among the chatter of voices, shoes and doors. Running outside the cold morning air stung his legs and his boots felt tight and restrictive. Collecting a football from the box he ran out to join the other boys on the pitch.

The lesson passed, he played well and enjoyed himself. Finally the games master read out the list of boys to come back that afternoon with the second form to play for selection for the UI3 XI. He was on it.

As he changed he nattered with another boy. He too had been chosen to come back that afternoon, and as they talked thoughts of his parents, of the pond in the garden and his little brothers slipped away.

WILD HORSES

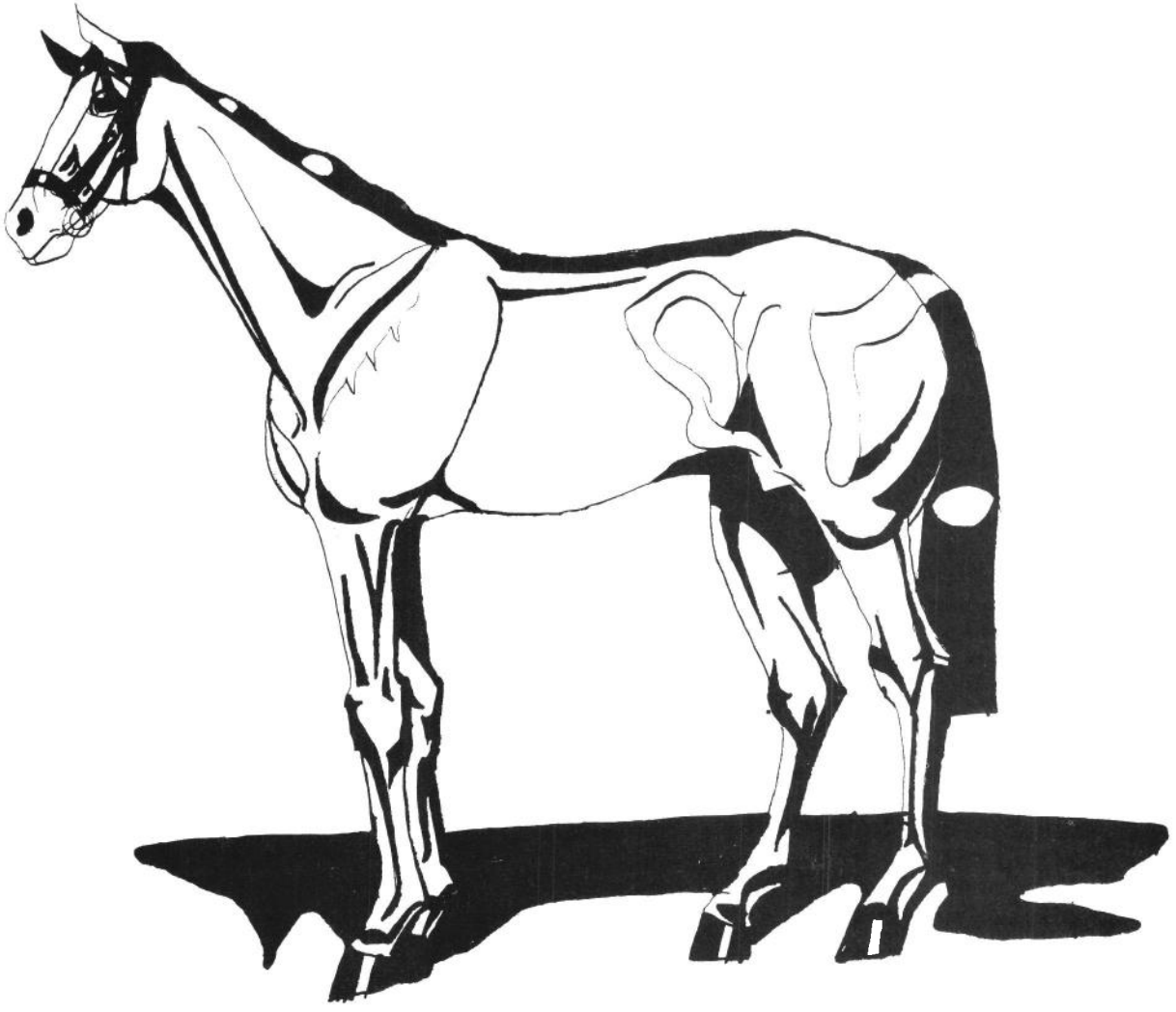
Galloping across the moors, munching
all the grass,
Making use of their free lives while
the daylight lasts.

There's an orangey tint on the edge of
the hills, the evening has come;
Finding shelter for themselves the
wild horses run.

With forelock, mane and tail flapping
in the breeze,
They'll shelter behind the rocks or
under the cover of trees.

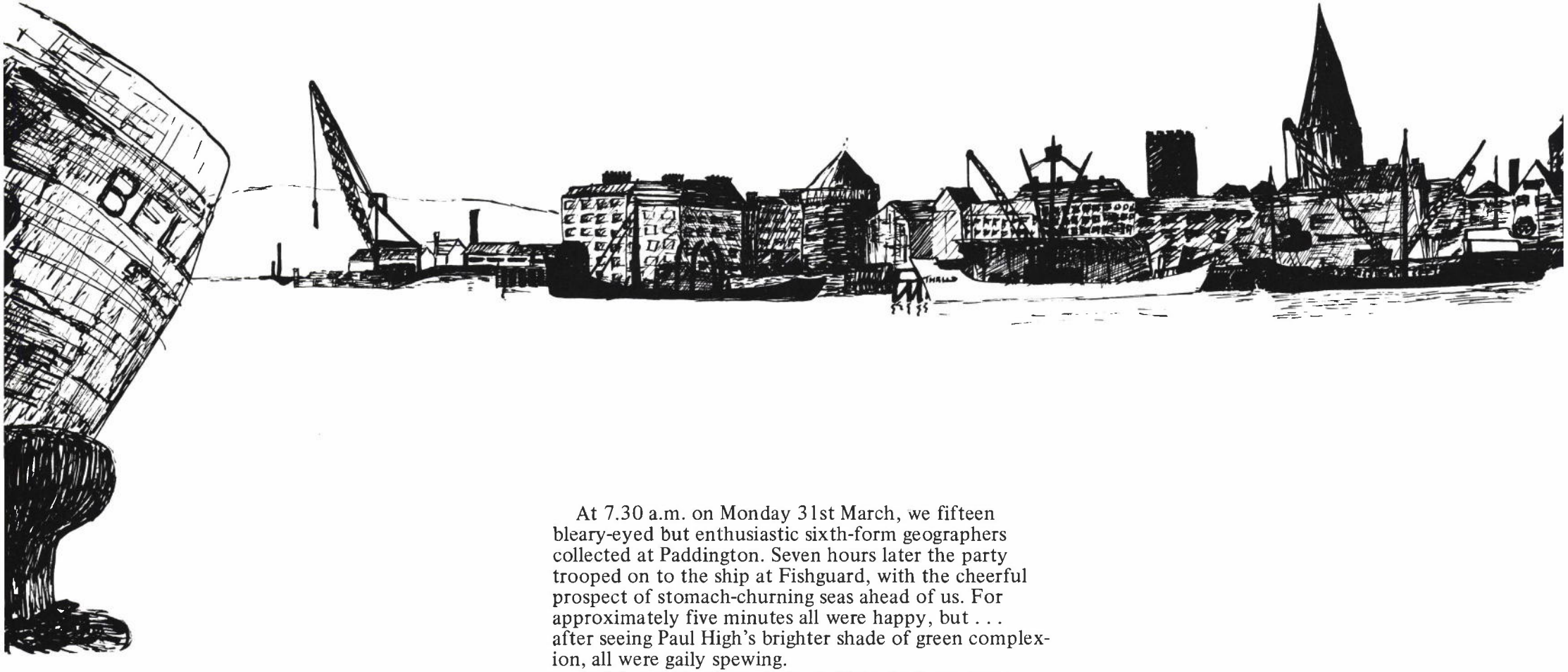
But we know in the morning when
the dawn has just come,
Far from the distant hills you'll see
the horses run.

Neila Joseph 1Y



Drawing by *Vivian Hobbes.*

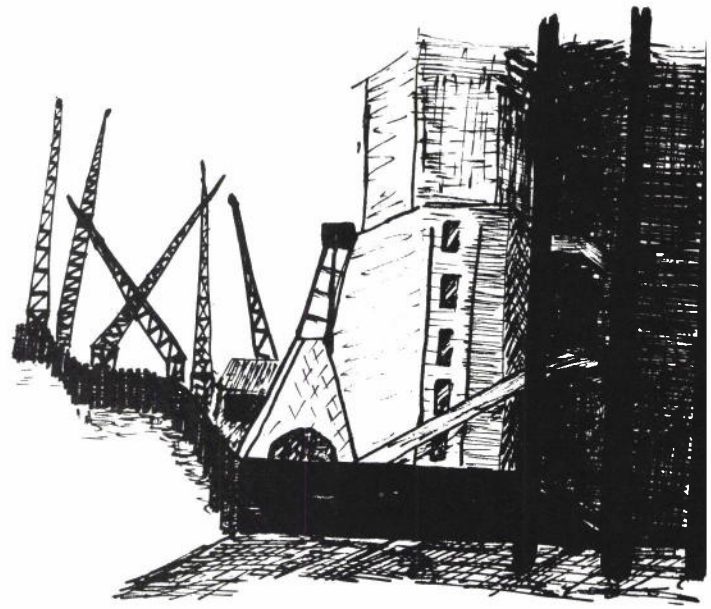
The Ireland Field Trip '69



At 7.30 a.m. on Monday 31st March, we fifteen bleary-eyed but enthusiastic sixth-form geographers collected at Paddington. Seven hours later the party trooped on to the ship at Fishguard, with the cheerful prospect of stomach-churning seas ahead of us. For approximately five minutes all were happy, but . . . after seeing Paul High's brighter shade of green complexion, all were gaily spewing.

Arriving at Newtown School, Waterford, we were greeted by further quantities of green-clad beings, but after three days we were left with the run of the school. We soon got used to the two-feet long beds and constant supplies of green, wholemeal bread, which gave everyone constipation.





The programme consisted of daily field surveys ranging from glacial to settlement studies, including a day of Drumlin hunting in the Wicklows. At the end of the week of exhausting activities we had a day of individual projects which included sunbathing in the quite unexpected heat-wave that had been with us all week. Evenings were spent supposedly slogging at our field notes, but entertainment was more often than not provided from other sources!

The dreaded return crossing turned out smooth, and then, at 2 a.m., fifteen weary people trudged back on to the Pullman with red, glowing noses and many happy memories of their ten days in Ireland.

Myra Barnes,
Joanna Godfrey and
Lee Taylor 62



a day in the life ...

a day in the life ...

Wallace drifted into consciousness as the harsh ringing of the bell fell unkindly on his ears. He slowly opened his eyes, realised that it was only first bell and closed his eyes again. In the snug cocoon of his bed, he thought lethargically about the day ahead, deliberately protracting the aura of sleepy contentment as long as possible. He had a hard day ahead of him. French – "Oh, yes, that test", then athletics and swimming in double games . . . Second bell crashed into his thoughts – quarter past seven. He rolled back the covers and tentatively put out his feet on to the bare boards. Wallace rose on this dismal Tuesday that was so, so like all the others.

Slowly, he half dressed, cursed as he got a splinter in his foot, then found his way down to the wash-room. He washed, wincing as the soap got in his eyes – more vehement cursing. He dried off and finished dressing. Now he was slightly less dead to the world. The gong was being thrashed as he went down the stairs and shuffled unshaven with all the other inmates to breakfast, of (as ever) cornflakes, bread, tack, tea and sausage and tomato. He thought as he ate the soggy mess that it sounded innocent enough when written on the menu. The real thing is another matter.

Breakfast over, Wallace rose dishevelled to bed-making, then down to brush his teeth, off to do his house jobs – Oh, the monotony of it all!

He sat on the form-room window sill with French vocabs across his knees until collect, when yet another found pen, another lost watch, "Less noise in the bedrooms!" was declared. Assembly was someone reading about Jonah, he thought, not taking it in. More notices, form meeting, lessons.

Today was not extraordinary in any way. Wallace survived the French test, existed through games, till recess, when he ate his bread and drank his milk, preparing for Bio.

A curtain seemed to be drawn across Wallace's mind: a heavy velvet curtain. He occasionally had these sluggish days which he could not snap out of.

He experienced his way through Bio. until dinner, which was tired-looking fish and greasy chips. He was not fussy, but it was almost too much, thought Wallace.

History and Physics passed silently, dream-like; some spare time, a swirl, and tea descended heavily on his weighted shoulders. An egg swimming in fat, two minute potatoes; that was tea, then.

Prep came round again, he did some work, messed about a bit, till the beleaguered prefect murmured "O.K." and hordes made for the door.

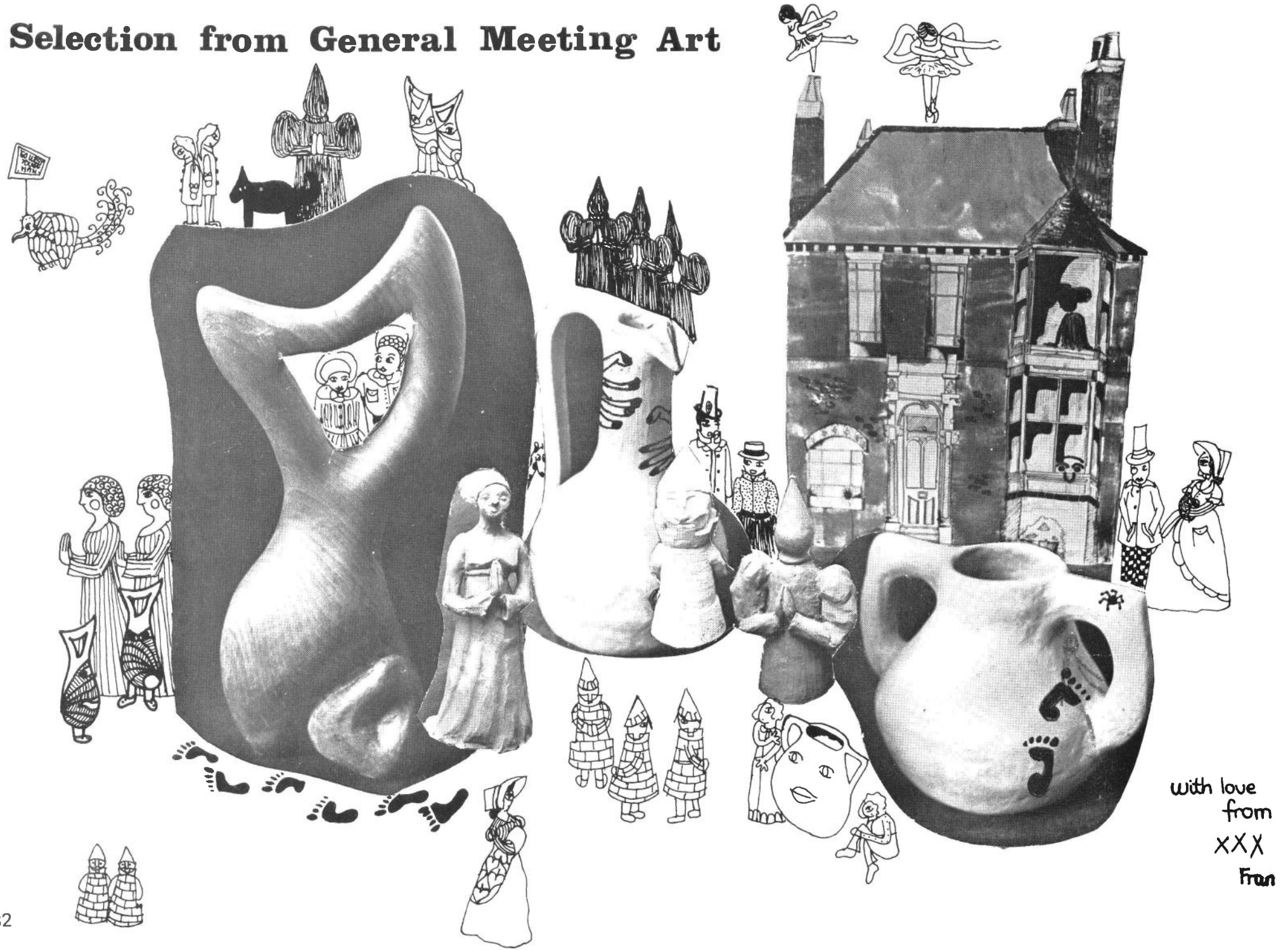
He went out and bought an ice-cream, kicked a ball around for a few minutes, then went into a supper of dilute-marmite spread bread which was curling at the corners and some vile fluorescent green liquid; then – up to bed.

A quick bath, a short read on his bed, then the M.O.D. doused the light.

Wallace relaxed a little as a low clandestine murmur arose. As he sank his head in the blankets, he thought, "Oh well, tomorrow's another day."

by Andrew Greaves 5X

Selection from General Meeting Art



Drawing by *Carola Pitcher.*

SNOW

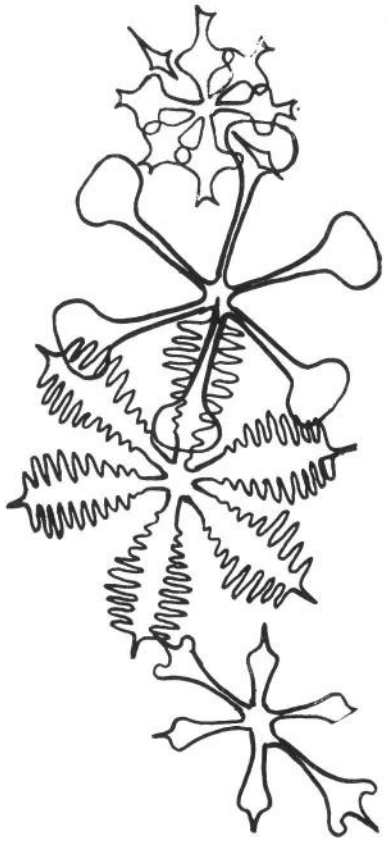
Fluttering down
To the street.
Landing softly
At our feet.

Crystals large,
Crystals small,
Slaty roofs
Break their fall.

Howling winds,
Whirling white.
Turning five o'clock
To night.

Sleety rain
Comes at last,
Melts the snow
Into the past.

Caroline Casson 2Y.



SNOW

Snow is falling snow is falling
Most adults find this appalling.
Little children hurry to play
Before the snow all melts away.
Snow is falling snow is falling
IS it really so appalling?

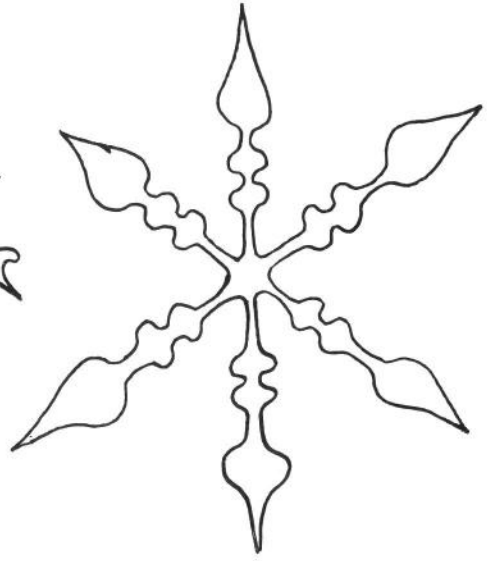
Martin Pedley 1X.

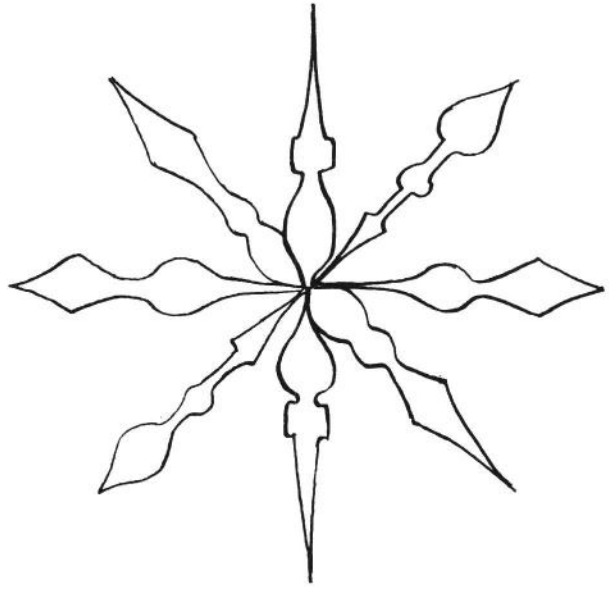


EVERYTHING GLISTENED

Everything glistened as the silver snow fell,
The once dormant rabbits peep from the shady dell,
Their soft pink noses are moist and warm
As they skip apprehensively over the lawn.
Silhouetted in the sky are scrawny trees
Swaying strangely in the icy breeze
That sprinkles sequins from the boughs.

Sue Harlock 3Y.





SNOW

by Rowan Slee 3Y

Each crystal glitters on the icy road in the headlights of an on-coming car. The verges are crisp and white with frozen snow. From the hill-top the sleeping village is covered with a blanket of snow; each roof-top, tiled or thatched, is white; every hedge is topped with a scattering of powdery flakes. The fields sweep from hedge to hedge in a mottled cloak of brown and white.

A golden square of light glares out of the twilight. Someone else must be awake and sharing in the early morning beauty so few will ever see.

MORNING NOON AND NIGHT

Each autumn morning the sun, like a drop of blood, spreads hesitantly in the doubtful sky, shrouded in a veil of mist.

Hoar frost glistens momentarily like shattered glass on the wet ground. As the sun rises, spherical and golden, higher into the sky, it shines, like polished brass through the trees and wafting mist, destroying the pearly drops of dew on the spiders' webs hanging motionless among the hedges. Slowly life wakes up and the earth begins to thaw.

On the field black bundles take shape and identify as they loom out of the depth of the smokey morning mist. Feathers of frost melt and merge with the dew, to evaporate under the sun.

By noon, the world has become tired and listless; the fresh green of the morning has become faded and dusty. People wander aimlessly, kicking the plantain and daisy heads, on the field.

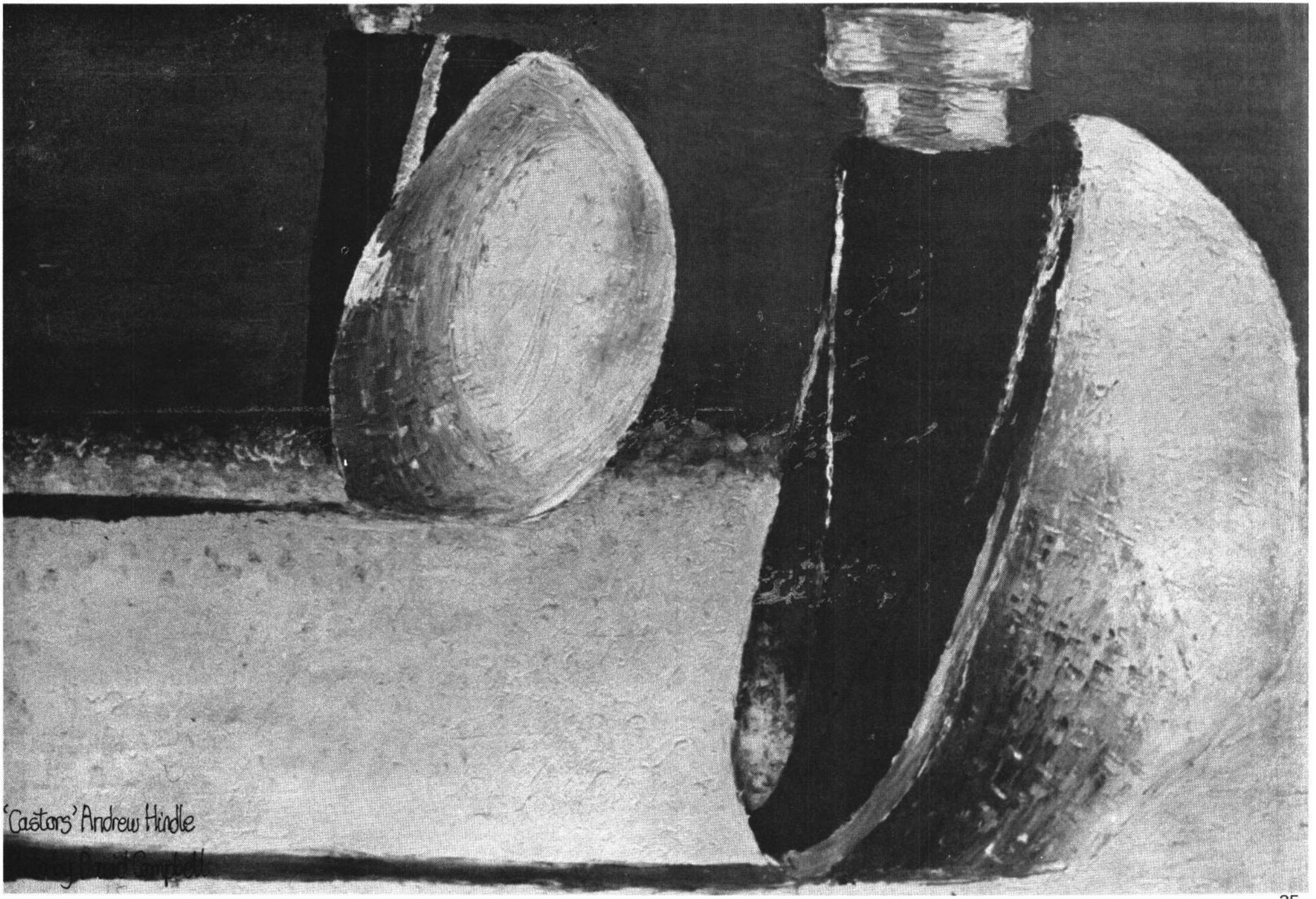
Sounds are no longer acute; the sun and afternoon blurr and suppress them. The muted drone of a mower, the voices of inert groups of people waft lazily over the squashed daisies and grass cuttings.

As the afternoon slides on into dusk again her decor changes, to that of the glinting sequined elegance of night. For darkness has eclipsed the sights of day and with renewed vigour earth will masquerade under the stars.

While, to the west, the sun sinks reluctantly, leaving a landscape of flat, blue-black back cloth figures against an Antigone red glow.

Anon.




'Castors' Andrew Hindle



pastimes

Scouts

Simon Greaves.

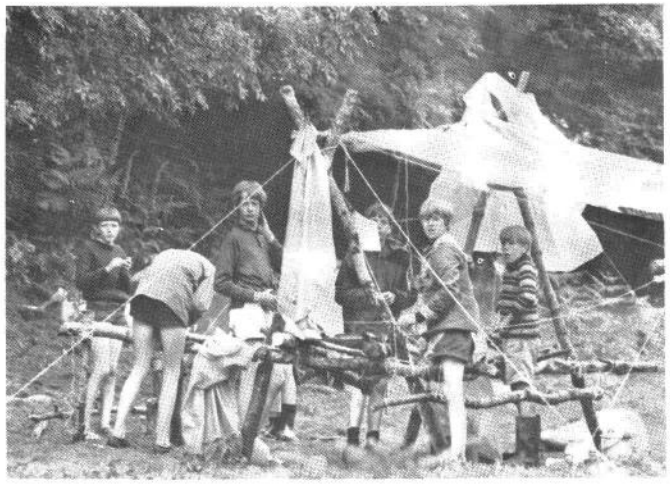
Scouting, it seems, becomes more ambitious each year. Apart rom the more traditional aspects such as camping, wide games ınd training, there spring to mind activities such as the trip to Gilwell (where the Patrol Leaders took part in a programme which ncluded archery, tape recording and making hot air balloons), a night hike, a snow camp, an inter-troop project with Fyfield ınd, of course, the Pennine Way hike.

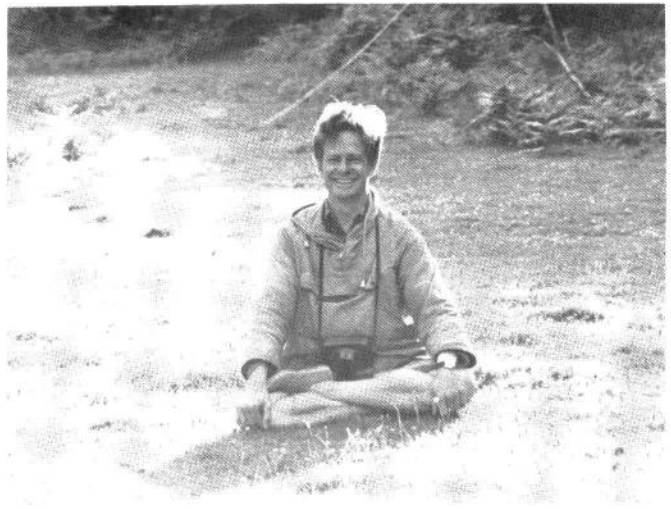
The night hike, although restricted to third and fourth forms, was well attended and took place on a cold, still night. We started at Wandlebury and walked along the Roman Road, and although many sank into unnoticed furrows filled with muddy, leafy water this did not detract from our enjoyment.

On the night of a heavy snowfall the idea of a camp was put forward, so the next day with provisions hastily put together, four intrepid adventurers set off. Conditions were slippery, and heavy, overloaded packs meant that climbing up from an untimely fall was difficult but in spite of such delays they reached their destination beyond Debden in good time and pitched camp in the corner of a field where the trees offered some protection. Sleep on what turned out to be the coldest night since 1950 was fitful since so much body-heat was absorbed by the snow and in the morning with hands numbed and joints chilled they experienced difficulty in lighting the primus with a fiddly match. In spite of all this they affirmed that it had been a tremendous experience.

The meeting with Fyfield took place in Epping Forest. It was a vigorous, tiring game played throughout the day, in which a knowledge of all aspects of scouting was needed as well as an observant eye.

Summer camp was situated in an Exmoor valley, heavily wooded with one stream running parallel to the site and another bisecting it. Again we were lucky with the weather and enjoyed extensive walking over the lonely moors and also along the attractive coast. It was a haven for Bleep to hunt for slow-worms and many of the rest of us found pleasure in swimming in some of the deeper, larger streams. Kestrels won the camping competition but this seemed insignificant as the camp was so much enjoyed by all. As well as thanking Paul High and John Gillett we should like to say how grateful we were to Richard Myatt, Neil Stuart and John Seaman for all their help on this occasion





Guides

Jane Cole 3X

We have been trying in various ways to keep to our relatively new eight-point programme.

Keeping fit! by going on numerous hikes and taking part in the Strathcona Cup, coming first in the district and second in the N.W. Essex division.

Enjoying (?) the out-of-doors by having our summer camp where we were eaten alive by gnats, learnt how to row a boat round in circles and where we built waterproof (?) dens.

Becoming a Homemaker by embroidering a tablecloth and sending it to Kahuhia, Kenya.

Getting to know people by a Christmas party with 5th Saffron Walden Guides and we hope one with the Scouts this year.

Service by raising £5 for a limbless child in Viet Nam, by a sale of cakes, sweets, biscuits and jam. We also sold soup for the Save the Children Fund.

Exploring the Arts by brass-rubbing at Littlebury.

Thinking for Ourselves — we have also passed our First Aid and Emergency Helper bandages after a series of lectures on the subject by Mrs. N. Gray. So if any of you have a broken arm, leg, sprained ankle, broken jaw or fractured skull come and call on us (we are fully prepared for such cases). If you somehow managed to walk to our Headquarters, we promise you that you most certainly will not be able to do so after we have finished with you!

Keeping the Guide Law by obeying Rule Number 10, and by being self-controlled in all we think, say and do.





Photo by David Campbell

WRITTLE: 1969

Every Easter for the past eight years, the E.P.H.A. (Essex Physically Handicapped Association) have taken over the easily-adapted Agricultural College at Writtle to give a holiday to 50 to 60 physically handicapped people. Last year eight Sixth Formers went to help on this course as tutors, aides and nursing helpers.

While at Writtle the "students", as the physically handicapped are called, can take a course in one of the following subjects:- drama, music, lettering, art, soft furnishing or safer driving. The groups are small in number and the tutors are all professional teachers in their subject. Classes were held in the mornings and early evenings, the rest of the time being free. Every group goes on an outing during the week; the music group went to the Royal Festival Hall, the Dramagroup went to the Romford theatre, the Art group went to the National Gallery. As well as the outings there was a film on the first night, and an entertainment on the last one.

The course, which lasted for eight days and is the only one of its kind in the country, was much enjoyed by all "students" and "staff".

Lesley Cuthbert and Roger Leyland.

AMNESTY

At the beginning of the 1969-70 school year, the school Amnesty Group had a great influx of new members who brought with them much enthusiasm, something which has been lacking over the last few years. The Group feels that it is about time that it made itself more prominent in the school and to this end has started putting up more notices and displays.

The Group still has three prisoners, one in Greece, one in Russia and one in South Africa. We seem to be making progress, slowly but surely, with the Greek and South African prisoners, but not, unfortunately, with the Russian one.

Joint meetings with the Cambridge University and Thaxted Groups are being arranged. Also it is hoped that a C.E.W.C. Group will be started from the Amnesty Group.

Lesley Cuthbert 6_2

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

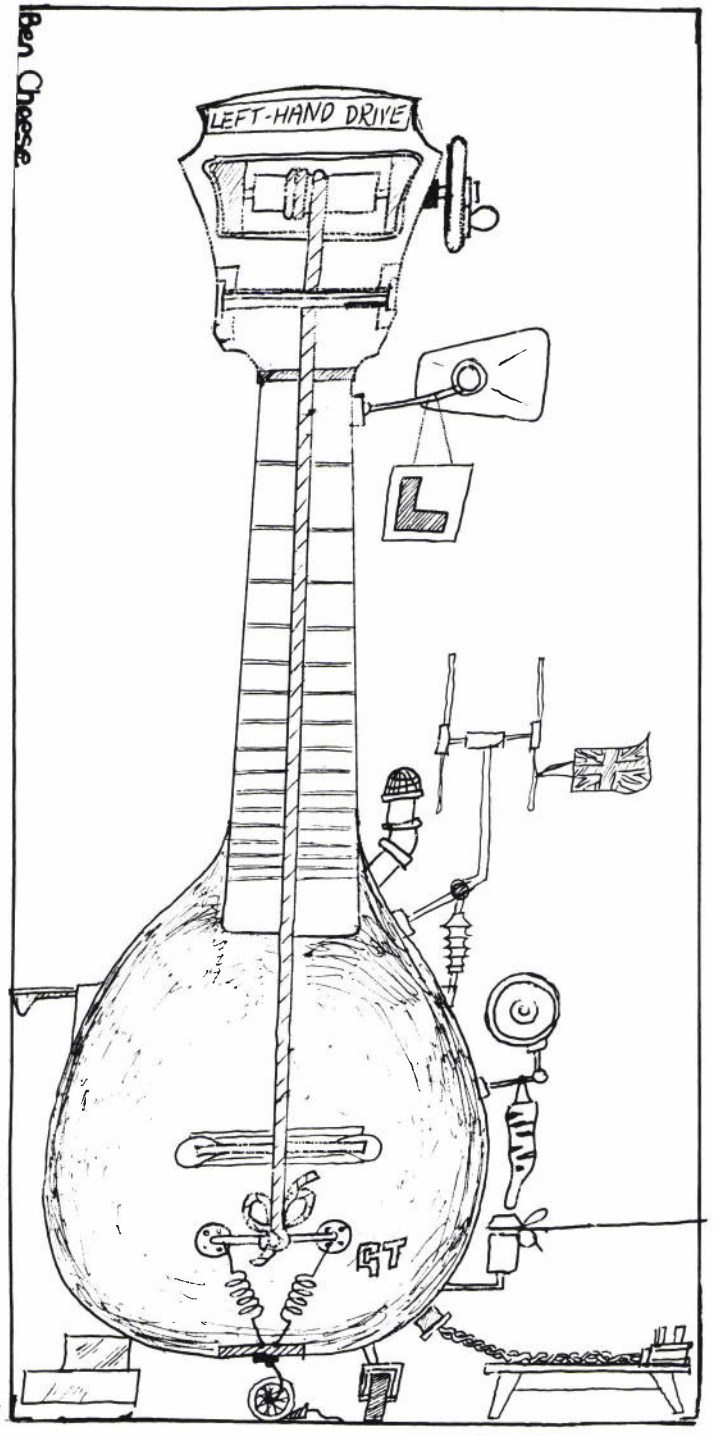
The year started with a dramatised play reading by members of the Society of Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot". This was in preparation for the excellent talk by Dr. John Northam, Lecturer in English at Clare College Cambridge. He spoke about how Chekov's play "The Seagull" and Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" can be traced from Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and "The Tempest" respectively.

In September another play reading was performed. This time it was Dylan Thomas' "Under Milk Wood". The second speaker this year was Dr. J. H. Walter who spoke on the subject of "Editing Shakespeare's Plays".

In October Senior Lit. branched out and took part in a debate at Burnt Mill Comprehensive School in Harlow. The motion was "This house deplores the British Examination System" and was carried with an overwhelming majority!

Lesley Cuthbert 6_2





Ben Cheese

Music

An encouraging feature of this year's work has been the continued rise in our instrumental standards, which had fallen deplorably low in recent years. Two boys have obtained Grade VIII in the Associated Board examinations, two more will be taking the same grade shortly, and there has been a welcome increase not only in solo work but also in ensemble work and chamber music. This growth has been fostered by increased opportunities for performance at school concerts, extended Assemblies, and above all by the new, informal lunch-time concerts which Mrs. Rowland has organised.

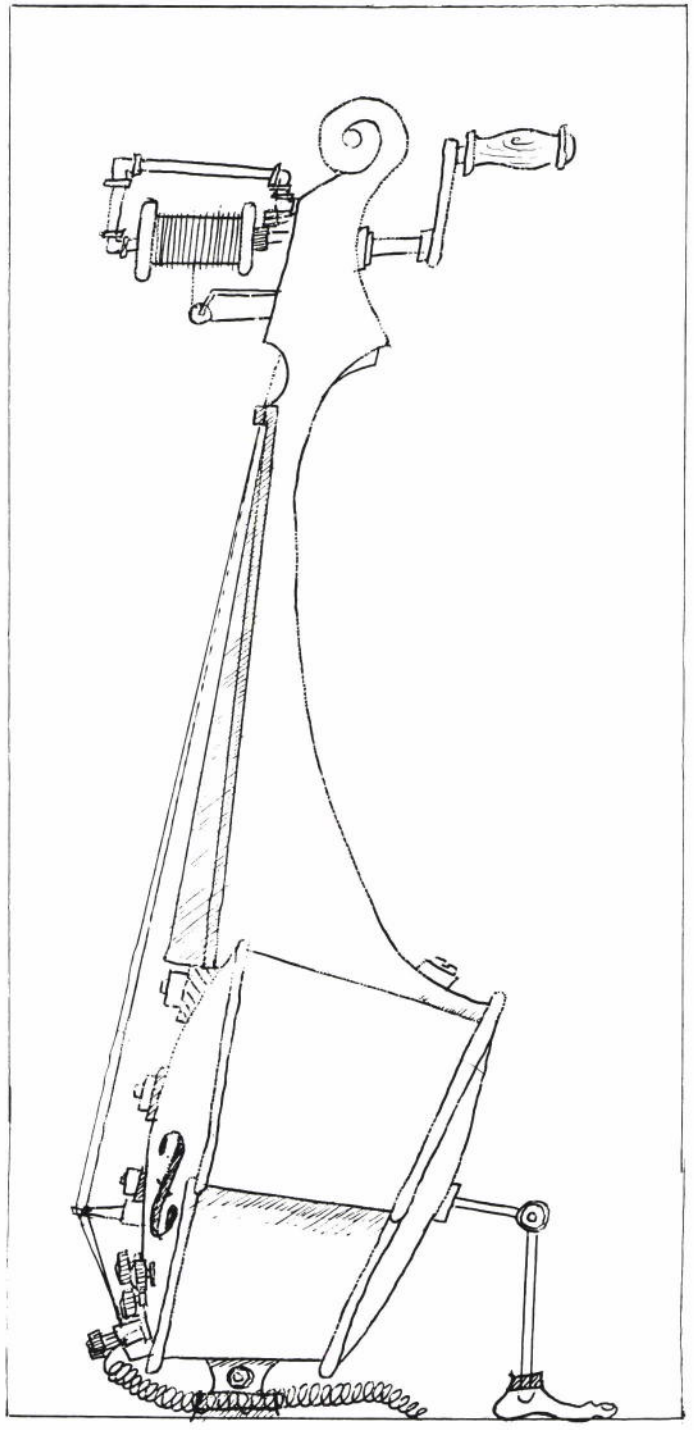
The principal event of the Easter Term was the concert at Parents' Weekend, when the Choir and Orchestra combined to perform Bach's Cantata "Praise our God" and Haydn's "Te Deum". Between these two works, Theodore Sturge and the orchestra played Telemann's viola concerto. Some of this music was repeated later to mark the one-hundredth anniversary of the Old Scholars Association.

In the Summer Term the Second Orchestra and a number of ensemble groups visited the Chelmsford Music Festival, where they gained some success and much profitable experience. Roger Leyland and Daniel Townsend obtained a first in their class.

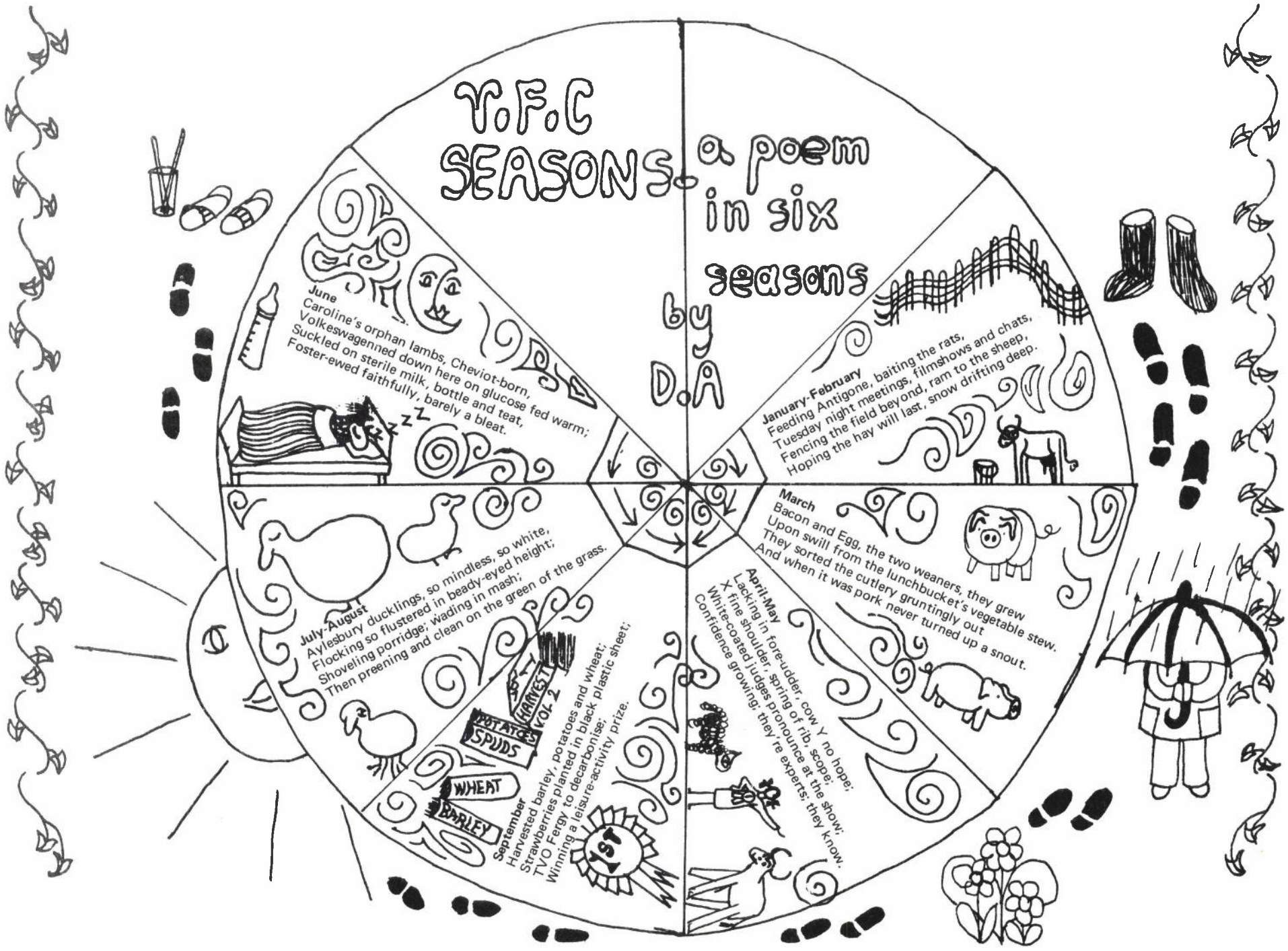
The Autumn Term has seen the re-opening of the Friends' Meeting House in the town, and the First Orchestra gave a concert there to mark the occasion. The programme included a Haydn symphony: Mozart's Flute Quartet, played by Roger Leyland, Christopher Woodhouse, Theodore Sturge and Mary Mileson: part of Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante, played by Christopher Woodhouse and Theodore Sturge with the orchestra: a Bach Prelude and Fugue played by Roger Leyland; and Schumann's Arabesque played by Stephanie Nunn. The occasion was highly successful, and all except the piano music will be repeated, together with carols, at the Choir's Christmas concerts. This is the last season when Christopher Woodhouse will lead the orchestra, and it is fitting to pay tribute here to all that he has done.

The Choir is now engaged upon Bach's Mass in B Minor, of which three performances are to be given in the spring. A new and most welcome addition to the school music is the Junior Choir, under the direction of Mrs. Cousins. Their debut at an extended Assembly, and later at St. Mark's College, is imminent as we go to press.

R.L.S.



Lesley Cuthbert 6$_2$


T.F.C
SEASONS
a poem
in six
seasons
by
D.A
June
Caroline's orphan lambs, Cheviot-born,
Volkeswagenned down here on glucose fed warm;
Suckled on sterile milk, bottle and teat,
Foster-ewed faithfully, barely a bleat.
January-February
Feeding Antigone, baiting the rats,
Tuesday night meetings, filmshows and chats,
Fencing the field beyond, ram to the sheep,
Hoping the hay will last, snow drifting deep.
March
Bacon and Egg, the two weaners, they grew
Upon swill from the lunchbucket's vegetable stew.
They sorted the cutlery gruntingly out
And when it was pork never turned up a snout.
April-May
Lacking in fore-udder, cow Y no hope;
X fine shoulder, spring of rib, scope;
White-coated judges pronounce at the show;
Confidence growing; they're experts; they know.
July-August
Aylesbury ducklings, so mindless, so white,
Flocking so flustered in beady-eyed height;
Shoveling porridge; wading in mash;
Then preening and clean on the green of the grass.
September
Harvested barley, potatoes and wheat;
Strawberries planted in black plastic sheet;
TVO Fergy to decarbonise;
Winning a leisure-activity prize.
HARVEST
VOL. 2
POTATOES
SPUDS
WHEAT
BARLEY
1ST

RAMBLING CLUB

The club completed two highly successful rambles during 1969, thus regaining the momentum which it appeared to be losing in 1968. In the Autumn Term of that year no ramble was possible because too few members qualified. But fortunes (and the weather!) improved last summer, and the end-of-term ramble took place as planned on July 1st, when we managed to walk most of the way round Mersea Island. We would like to record our thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Fox for throwing open their garden and house to us; and to S-m-n Gr--v-s for instituting the S-cr--p ferry service for damsels who did not wish to get wet feet! We feel less than grateful to the numerous and very ugly jelly-fish which — all too literally — left their mark on some of us!

In the Autumn Term, we welcomed many new members amont the First Formers. Again the weather was kind to us, and our all-day ramble on October 12th was a warm and pleasant affair. We walked along six miles of the ancient Cambridgeshire Roman Road, and about as far on the derelict railway from Bartlow to Haverhill. By the end of this ramble, our column was well and truly strung out, the tail being some two miles behind the head; but at least the tail was still wagging vigorously, even though S-s-n D-mm-n had taken to the bottle! Rambling is a healthy pastime: you can't beat it, so why don't you join it next Summer Term for our excursion to Burnham, Bradwell and the Essex marshes?

My warmest thanks, for all their support and help, to Miss Rowlands and Mrs. Cave.

P.C.



DRAWING BY CAROLA PITCHER.

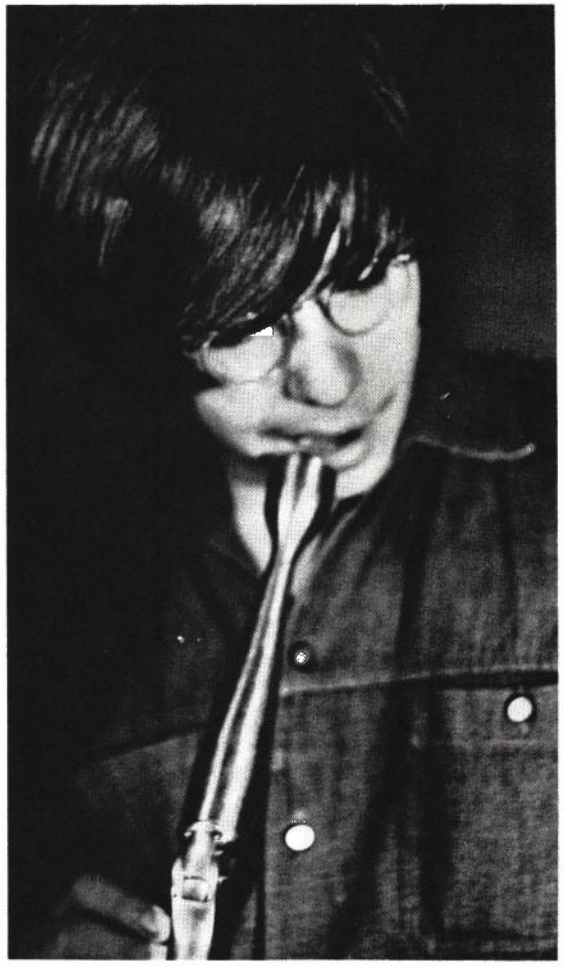
FRENCH SOCIETY

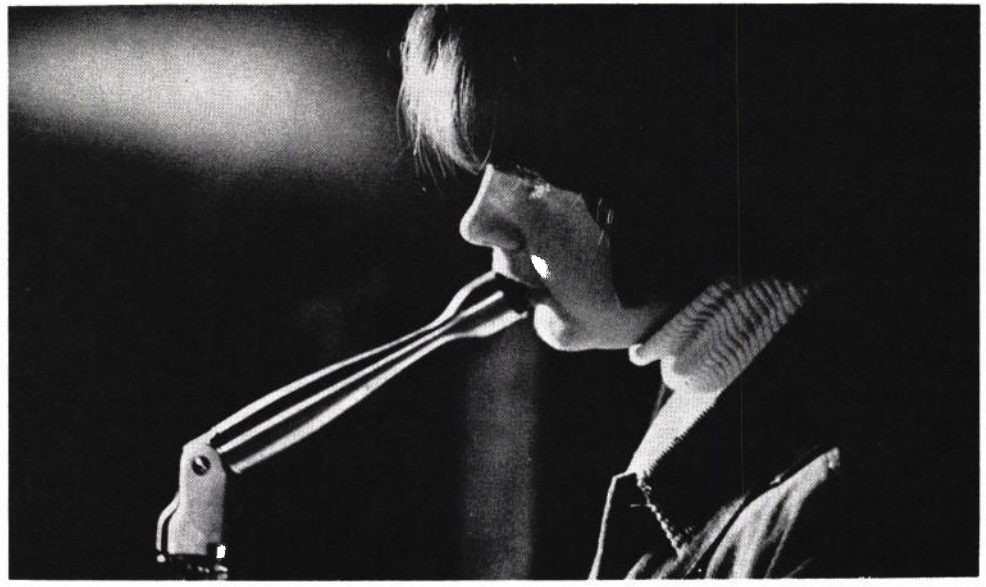
Even though we have had only one meeting so far we have high hopes of this new society being a success, providing that interest and enthusiasm can be inspired. The society is planned for sixth formers doing 'A' level French, although there may be occasions when the rest of the sixth form can attend the meetings.

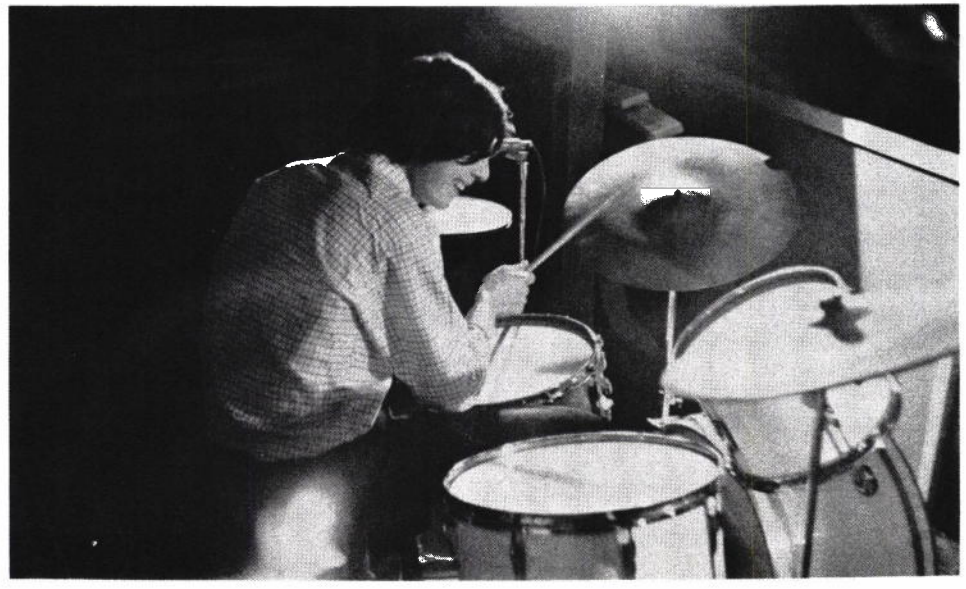
At our first meeting we had a programme of French poetry reading. A few poems were selected and played from a record of poetry reading with music. The poems were read by Jean Chevrier and the music was by Maurice Thiriet. Other poems were chosen and read by members of the society. Judging by the number of offers from people to plan future meetings the evening was a success.

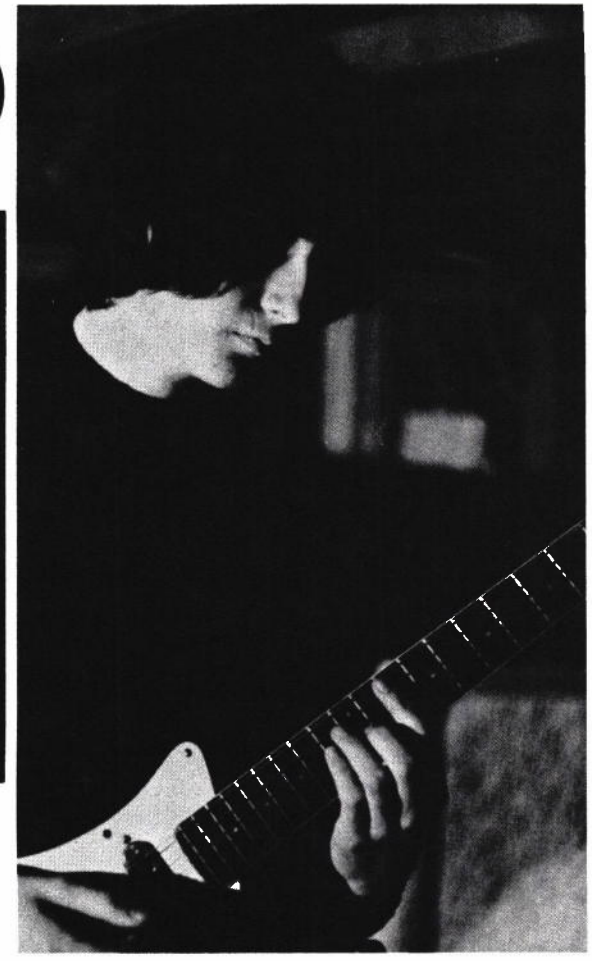
Rosemary Norris 6_2

the group









photos by Mike Matthews 5

The Roar of the Crowd

by Nick Fell 5Y

Drained of emotion he allowed himself to be carried with the smelly jostling crowd down the stairs. He felt sad and disillusioned, cheated by life. For him the world had lost some of its fantasy, the enigmatic quality of existence had, for a while anyway, disappeared.

He let the hamburger slowly dissolve in his mouth, his eyes stared vacantly at the pavement as he pondered and contemplated. Brief instances of the match came floating back. For a moment he recaptured the thrill, the excitement of seeing his idols. Once every week he paid five shillings to be able to see them humiliate the opposition, to make him important, to give him the chance to share their triumph and glory.

He swallowed the last of the hamburger and, eyes blank and empty, started home. A gusty wind blew into his face; for warmth and comfort he pulled his blue and white scarf round his neck. He shuffled up the deserted street, his scarf fluttering limply in the cold and empty air.



Drawing by Liz Wimp

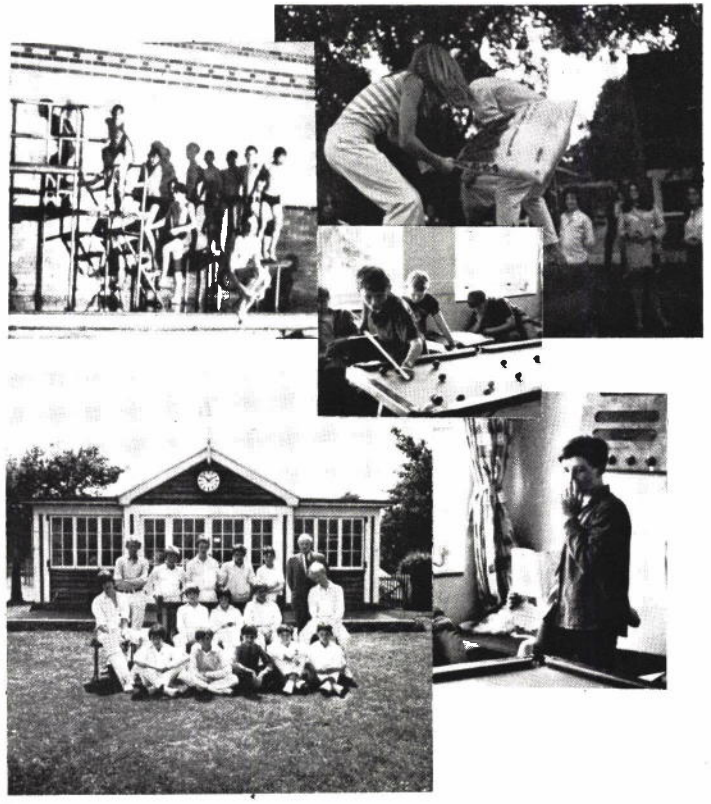
Pilgrim's Progress

by Patrick Coleman 6_2

The dark morning twilight weeps gently into the wide puddles left by the night's storm. Gusts of cold, refrigerated wind throw the drizzle into your face with a bitter laugh. You leave the main school building, walking south to the Antarctic, your "Genuine Irish Thornproof All Pure Wool" jacket no match for the spines of the wind and rain. Behind you, every window in the school blazes, barricaded against the night. The naked trees of the Avenue, their advance halted by the library, really do look like sentinels. Or perhaps choirboys. Everything is stark, beaten, subdued by winter as you reach your destination, new-shaven cheeks cringing before the quiet assault of the elements, shivering, eyes streaming.

If you don't feel ill when you leave school, you will by the time that you arrive – at the San.

sports



Rugby

The departure of Chairman Dick Perry, the founder of our club, left a hole in the school's first formed sports club. With him went some very important players who were also sadly missed. However, we welcomed last year Herr Fred Sessa who has taken over Dick Perry's job with great gusto. After a rather unsuccessful season last year (we lost all our matches) this year's team is pulling through quite well, against some fierce opposition.

Of the four matches played so far, we can boast of only one victory, that against the Leys' 3rd XV. Of particular note is the match we had against Netteswell Comprehensive School, who have about a thousand boys. In a good match we were defeated 9-8 which is an exceptionally good result!

Our scrum composed of such wild and woolly characters as Chris Woodhouse, Andy Hindle and Dick McLeish), held its own against any opposition, while Dan Townsend played well as hooker and provided scratches and bruises for the opposition at the same time.

In the back division the elusiveness of Owen Joseph backed up by the speed of Graham Ford and the hard tackling of Robin LeMare always kept the chances of scoring very high.

Chris Woodhouse 6_2

Hockey (Girls)

Spring

Of thirty hockey and netball fixtures only nine were comple ted, the weather claiming victory for all the others! Among the matches that were played the 1st XI beat Saffron Walden Colle 10-0, and Cambridge High School 5-2.

The U.16 XI in the West Essex Hockey Tournament won four matches, and drew with Epping Secondary School in the final.

Nicola Darbishire played for the Cambridgeshire 1st XI, and Jane Garrod and Jean Appleton played for the 2nd team in the County matches against Suffolk.

Colours were re-awarded to; Nancy Ayton, Helen Adler, Mar Kennett, Jennifer McClelland, Caroline Darke, Nicola Darbi- shire, Jane Garrod and Jean Appleton.

Autumn

This was a very successful term for personal performances. Nicola Darbishire (Captain), Jean Appleton, Phillippa Hutton, Gwen James and Jacky Whittle were all chosen to play for the 1st Junior County Team. Jane Garrod and Barbara Hawtin were chosen for the Second Team and Sally Wood, Patsy Darbishire and Sarah Hall were chosen as Reserves. Nicola Darbishire also competed in the Final Trial for the East of England Team.

In the school matches both the 1st and 2nd XI have done moderately. The U.15 XI have played well and met with some success, and the U.14 XI won their only match 4-0, against the S.W.C.H.S.

A.M.

Tennis

Of the three matches that the 1st XI played, two were won and one was lost. There was a good win against the S.W. College – 9 sets to nil. The 2nd VI, "A" VI and the U.15 VI each played two matches. Four matches were cancelled owing to the English weather.

Colours were awarded to Jennifer McClelland, Alison Green- wood and Jane Garrod.

A.M.

Swimming (Girls)

In the two matches that were held in the Summer, Ruth Wood twice equalled the U.13 25 yards Freestyle record and Imogen Moody twice equalled the U.13 25 yards Backstroke record.

Three girls gained the Gold A.S.A. Survival Swimming Awards.

In the House Championships in October three records in the U.14 group were broken: Virginia Fox - 25 yards Freestyle
Ruth Wood - 25 yards Breaststroke.
Beatrix van den Ende - 25 yards Backstroke.

A.M.

Swimming (Boys)

We had some interesting matches against big town teams in the summer, which provided us with all the competition we needed. Although most of these were lost the standards of performance were high for both boys and girls.

The most successful swimming event, however, was the Inter-House Swimming Championships when both boys and girls battled out a close match. First was Mennell, second Lister and third Tuke. Christopher Woodhouse broke the senior boys 100 yards backstroke record by two seconds, while some juniors, notably Stephen Moody and Simon Cannon, swam well in their events.

Full colours were awarded to Chris Woodhouse.

Chris Woodhouse 6_2

Athletics (Boys)

There was a noticeably greater interest in athletics this year by members of the school and Tuesday evening training sessions were well attended. The school athletics team proved itself to be the best in North West Essex (again), but unfortunately only six of us were able to go to the West Essex trials, where Peter Clifford won his race to qualify for the all-Essex trials.

Tuke won the House Match after another very close competition, in which each house scored over 1000 points.

Patrick Coleman 6_2

Soccer (1st XI)

Anyone looking at this season's results could quite reasonably draw the conclusion that we have been tragically outplayed in all our matches. This is, however, far from the truth; though against Braintree at home and Newmarket away we were each time beaten 3-2, we were unlucky to lose in both cases.

Our main failing has, as usual, been our inability to score goals in spite of creating many opportunities. The main burden of work up front has fallen on Chris Guy and Graham Ford, both of whom have played with good control and intelligence, but have hit the woodwork more than the netting.

Jeremy Stock has developed through the season as a mid-field player of great promise, and has worked well despite his lack of size. The back of the defence contained Colin Bell, Tony Mallett, Alan Wright and Nick Fell, who adapted himself well to the full-back position.

Good football has been produced, but never for the duration of a whole game, and this is reflected in the results.

Alan Wright 6_2

Soccer (Club XI)

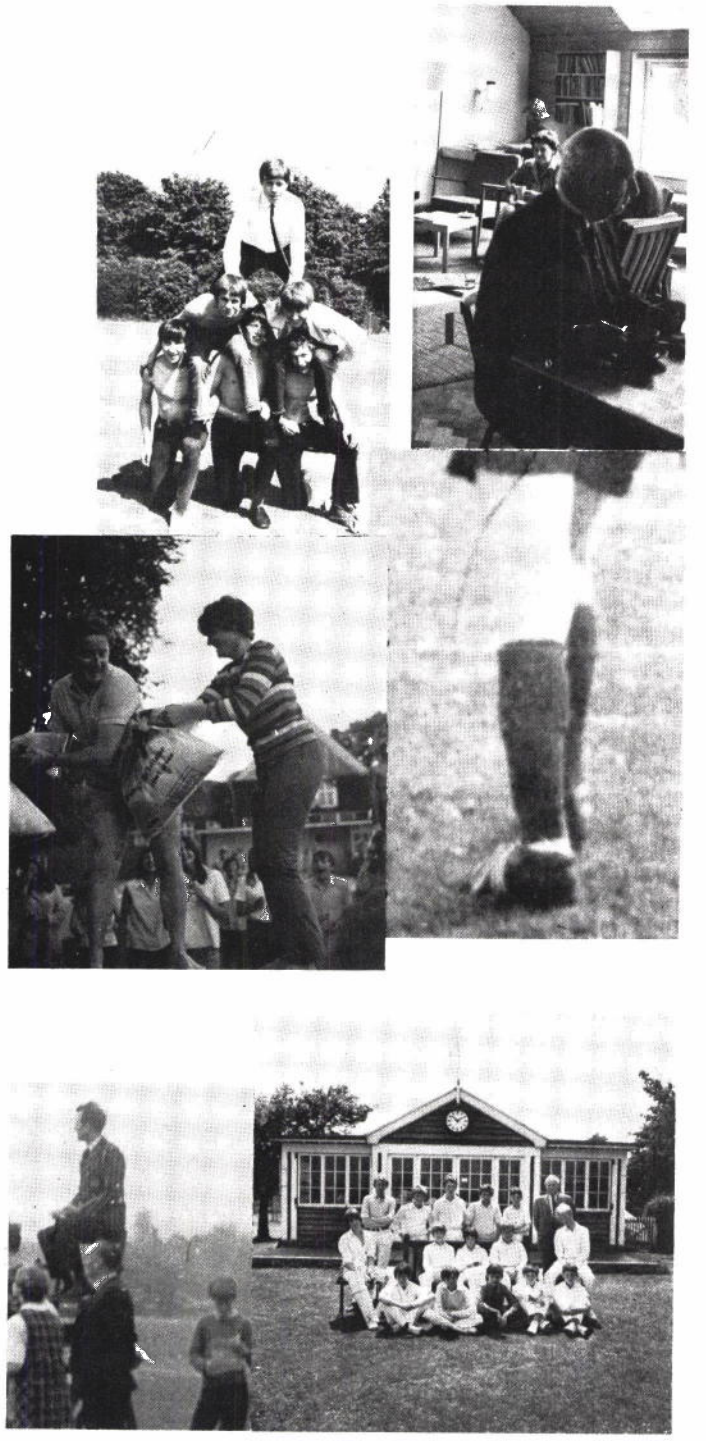
After last year's superb results we were due for a fall — we got it! We have won one and drawn two of our eight matches, and have on two occasions played really badly as a whole team. When playing Cambridge University Falcons we produced some good football, had several near-misses, and yet lost by the unflattering score of 9-2. A week later (for the only time in the season) we continued playing well throughout a match, and we beat the Old Scholars 2-1, although deserving a larger margin of victory.

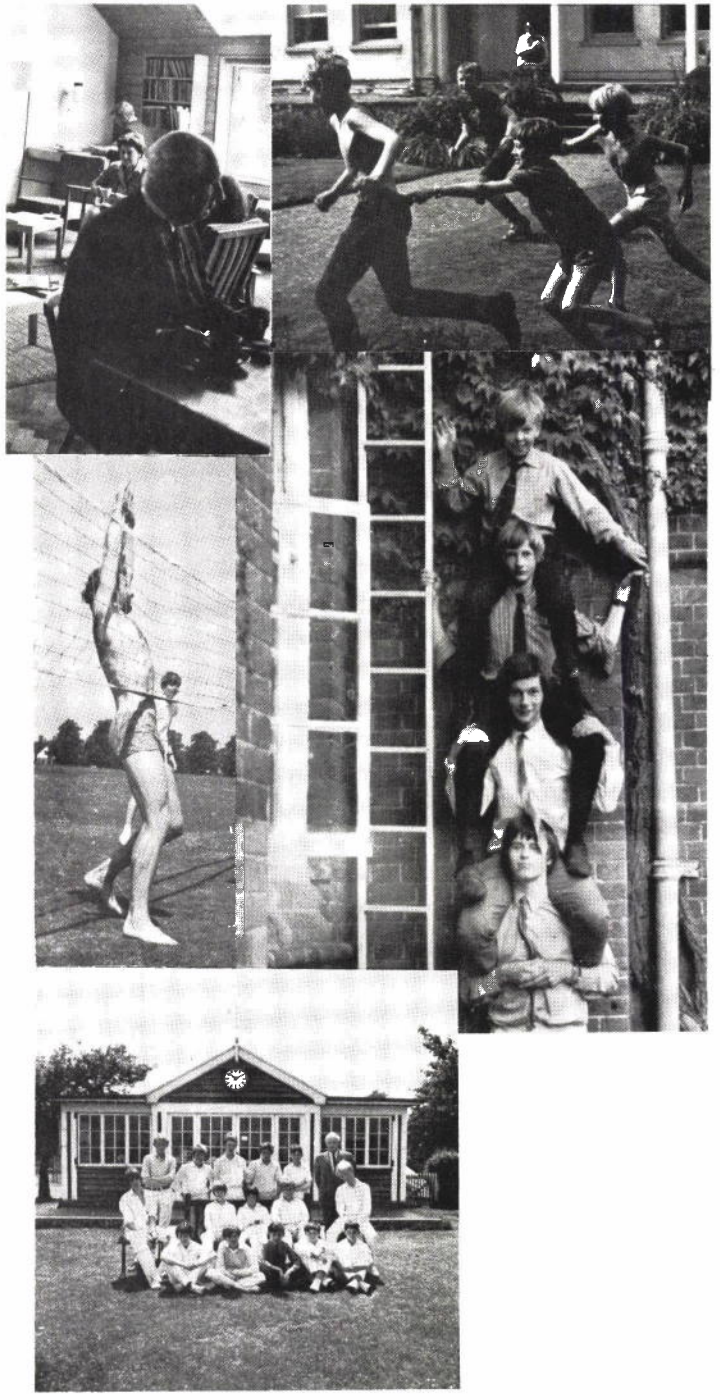
Brian Lightfoot and Denby Allen have proved their worth with several fine games each, but we still lack a consistent striking forward.

Injury has plagued us throughout: no member of the school has played in all the 1st and Club XI games — possibly the worst blow was Chris Smith's leg injury keeping him out for all but the first and last matches.

On several occasions boys from the U.15 XI have been called on to play for the 1st and Club XI, and have made a real contribution to the team's performance, in particular Simon Greaves when playing against the Old Scholars.

Alan Wright 6_2





Athletics(Girls)

In the Inter House Championships three new records were set:

Alison Coleman 150 yards – 1st year.

Rowan Slee 150 yards – 2nd year.

Michele Underwood 150 yards – 3rd year.

In the High Jump Rowan Slee cleared 4ft 2in.

In a match between the S.W.C.H.S., Netteswell Comprehen sive School, Stansted Secondary School and F.S.S.W., the 1st., 2nd., 3rd., and Senior year groups from F.S. finished third overall. The standard of athletics in this match was good.

A.M.

Fencing

Several members of the school have been attending fencing classes in the town on Wednesday afternoons since Autumn 1968. At first there were more boys than girls, but now the balance has swung the other way. The instructor comes from Newport Grammar School and is himself a fencer of inter-national standard. Many of the boys that he teaches at New-port come to the classes on Wednesdays and much can be learned from fighting against them (even if you do lose all the time). He hopes to enter five people for the County Junior Championships. The classes are much enjoyed by everyone who attends them and the general feeling is one of enthusiasm.

Lesley Cuthbert and Diana Slee 6_2

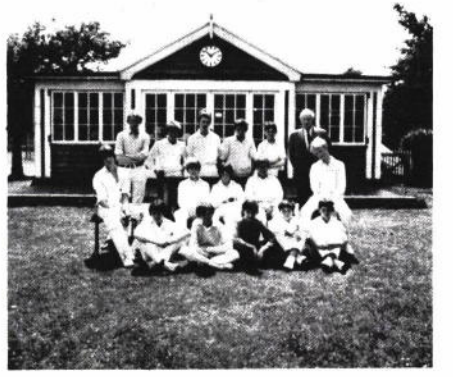
Hockey(Boys)

The standard of boys' hockey in school seems to rise every year and this year was no exception.

Our first and best game was against the Perse. We reigned victorious with a score of 8-0. Our first goal came after only 32 seconds, and the Captain scored four of the eight. We held the Old Scholars to a no-score draw and it was the traditionally exciting and tough match. Another strong fixture was against the Hockey Association (a side with five international players), on an all weather pitch, at Harlow. They beat us 3-2, but the experience gained was tremendous.

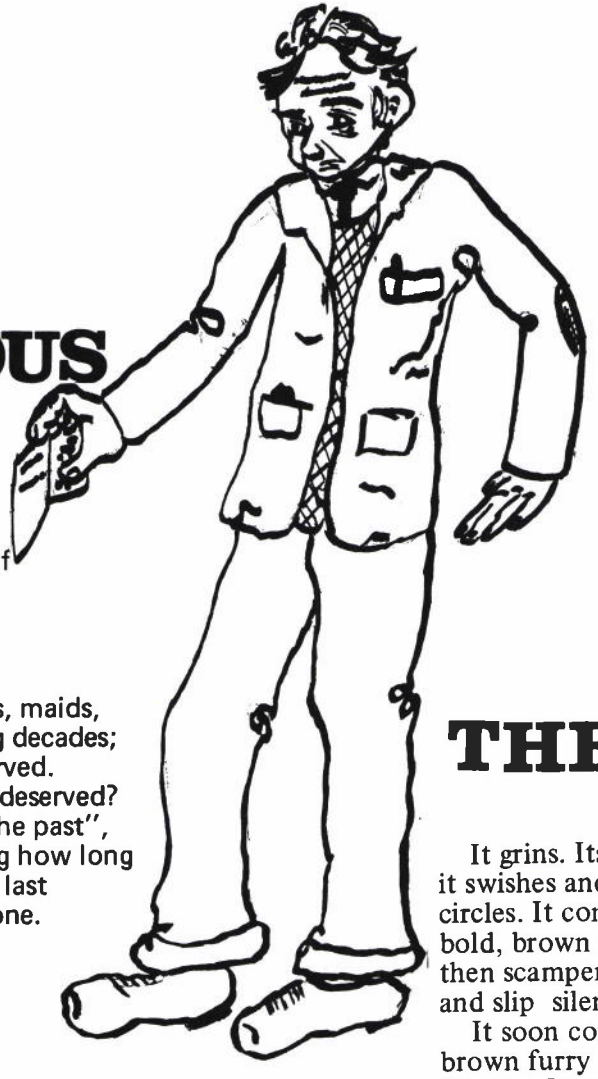
After the cancellations, because of snow, we finished the season with only one defeat and three wins and a draw to our credit. We expect great things for next season.

Chris Guy 6_2



Drawing by
Gaia Shaw

POMPOUS



Long ago respected,
Now neglected,
On a giftless birthday,
Pompous lay
Staring at a naked shelf
Bare but for one card
From himself,
And thinking hard.

Of his butlers, servants, maids,
Serving him those long decades;
Diligently they had served.
Why was this what he deserved?
"Now it's all back in the past",
He thought, wondering how long
He was really going to last
Now his luxury was gone.

Bronwen Lewis 4Y.

THE OTTER

Alison Coleman 2Y

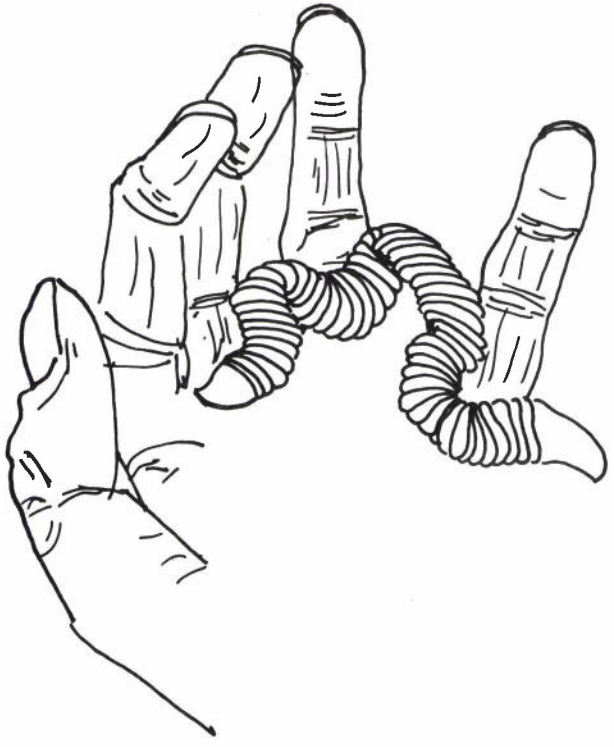
It grins. Its sleek, slender body enters the water and it swishes and swirls, sometimes swimming in small circles. It comes out to stare at the world with its bold, brown eyes. It shakes in a dog-like manner and then scampers away to slide down the slimy mud slope and slip silently into the water.

It soon comes out to play hide and seek with its brown furry friends, each with a coat just as silky as its own. In and out of the reeds they run. Then it's a race all run, and one streak of brown fur flashes to the mud slope, stops, breaks up, and becomes four otters again.

WORM

Alison Bernal 4X

Limp and damp, like a pale pink root, it waved a probing head and pushed between the fingers as a dog does when it wants to be stroked. I put it down, and it started shunting, moving like a train, leaving a damp trail. I rolled it over; it stuck slightly with its damp segments spattered with mud. It gathered itself up and pushed forward. When I picked it up, it hung like a wet sock, wrinkles sticking together; a worm, doubling up in contortions on my hand.



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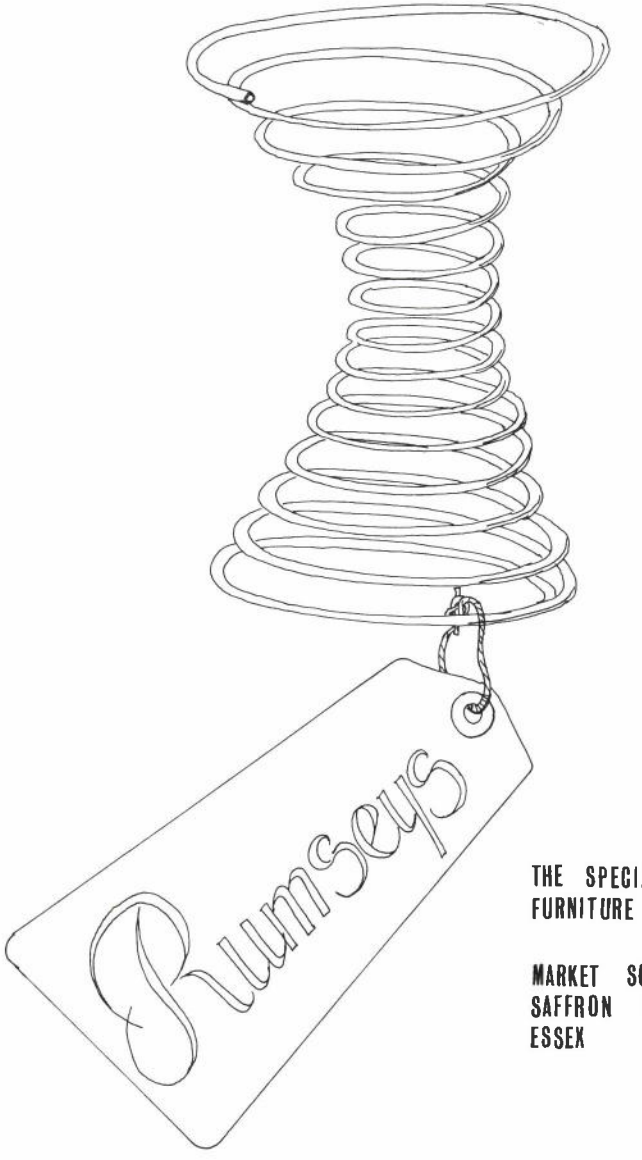
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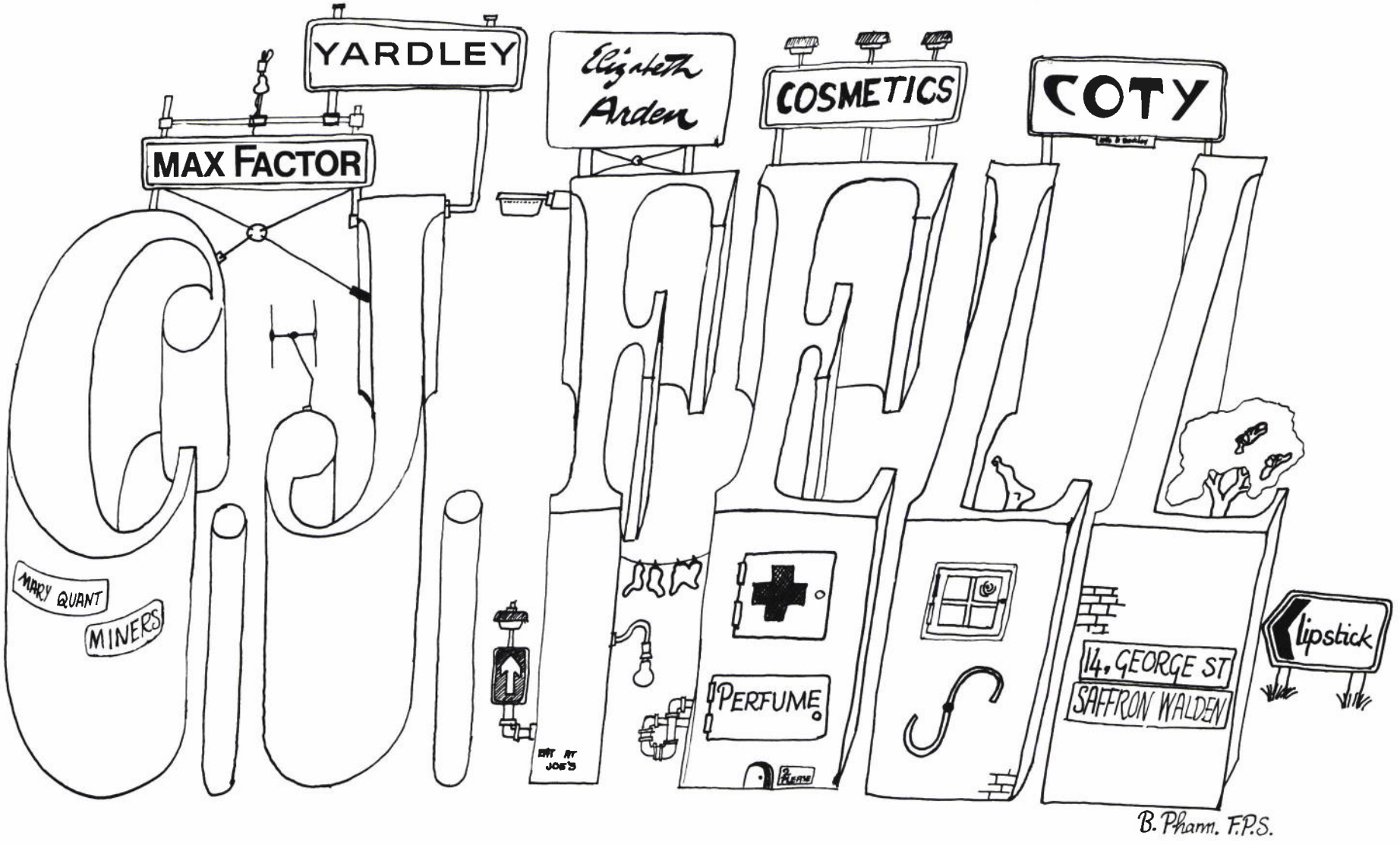
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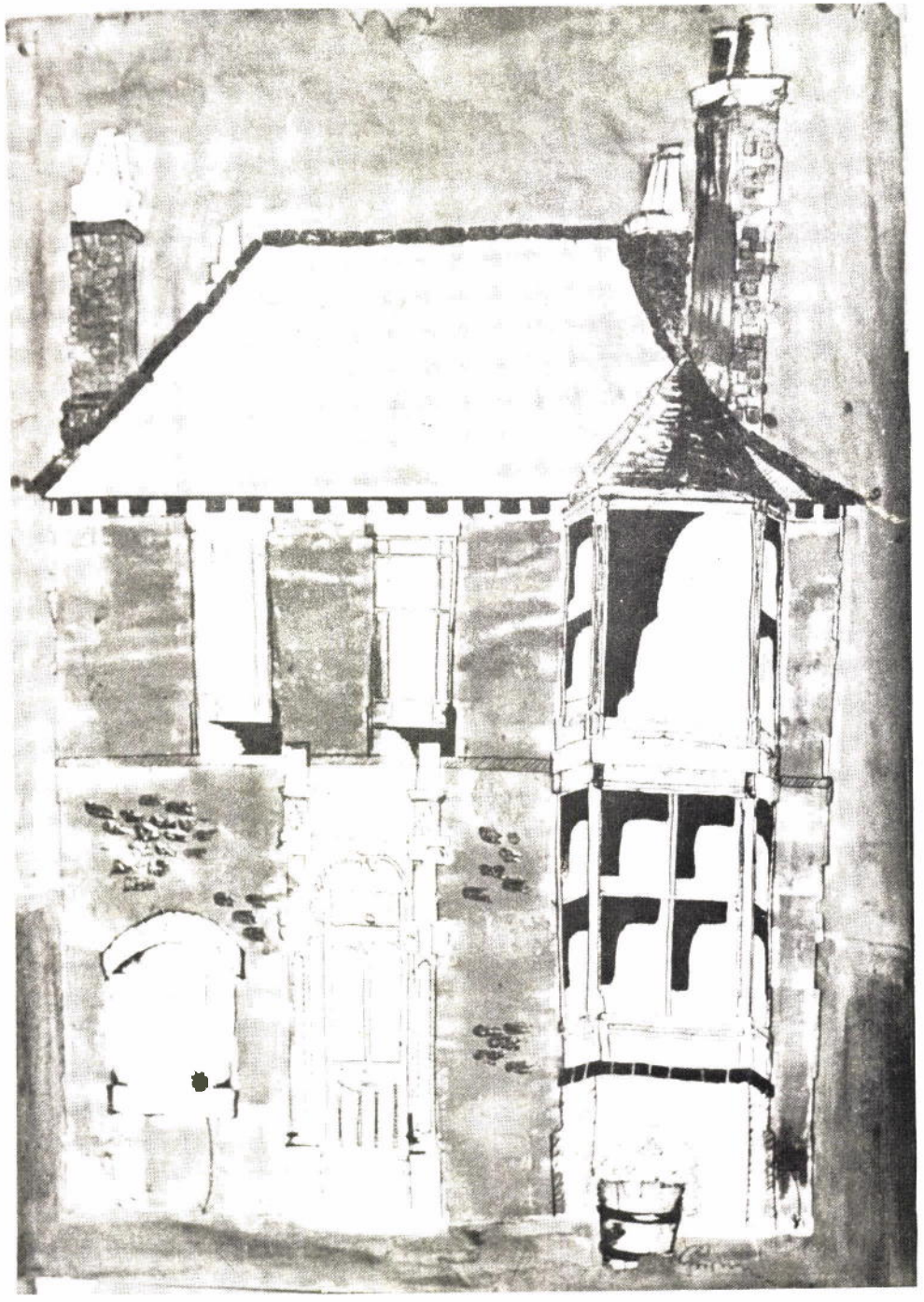
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