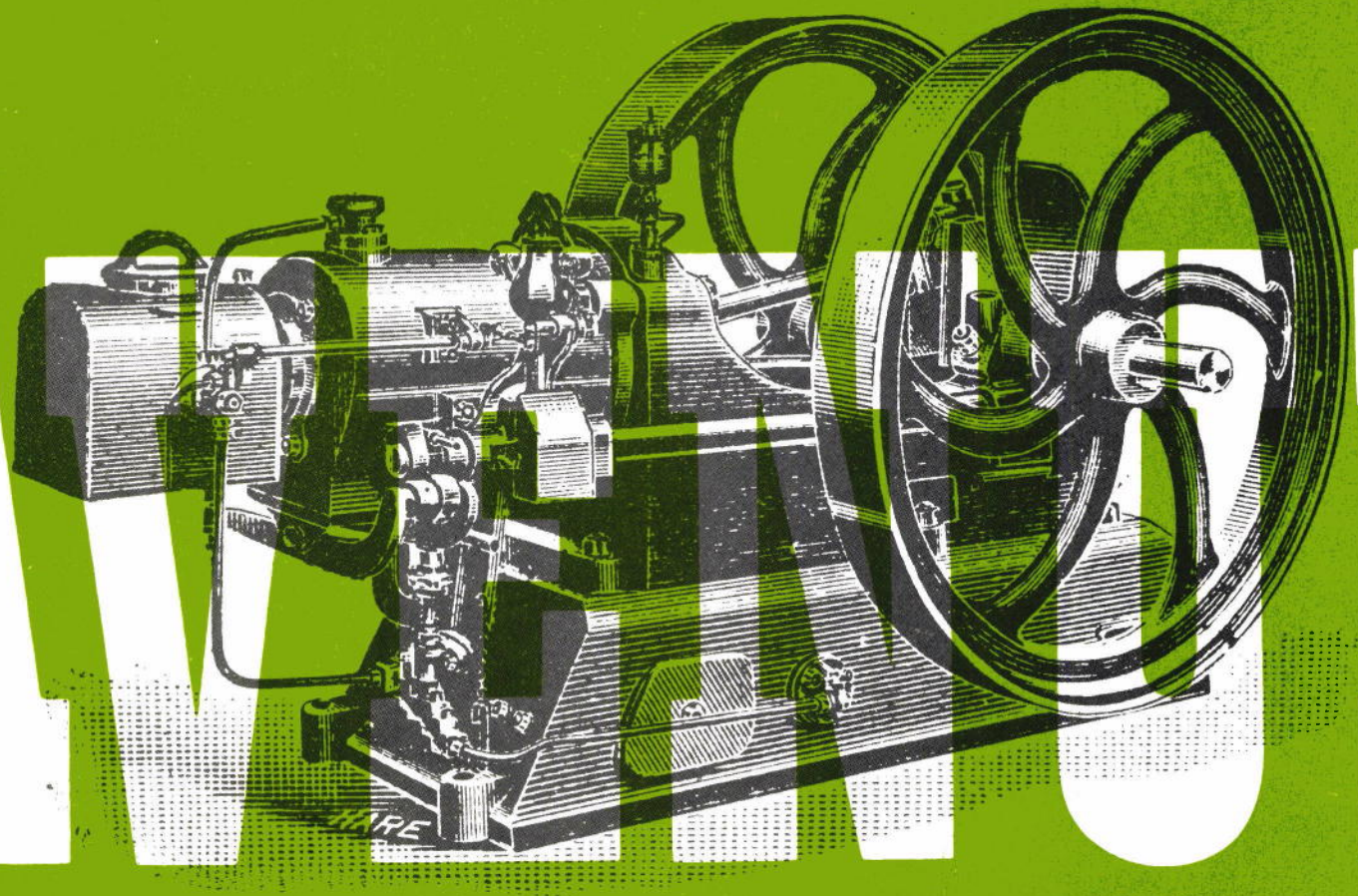
AVENUE



1972

WANTED



REWARD

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FOR THE AVENUE — ESSAY

On a grey Friday November morning, the long-distance London coach coughed into Newcastle bus station and wheezed to a halt. Companions of nine-hours-sitting tumbled out in slow motion, dépeignés and bleary-eyed after a bad night's sleep. Gathering together the jumble-sale rucksack, half-knitted socks and father-blown eiderdown-sleeping bag, she emerged into the unwelcoming arms of a seven-thirty terminus.

This begrudingly revealed a small waiting-room. Piling belongings on the shabby seat, she cautioned an ex-traveller to guard them and joined the shuttle service between waiting-room and lavatory. A negro smiling imbecilically to himself in a corner could have been a thief. Carefully made-up, hair smoothed, composed she sat an hour, reading "MIDDLEMARCH", till the bus shelter shut.

He could have been here to meet her. But it was rather early, she supposed. And after all, she had no claim on him really. She had ditched him and now she was grovelling back. But he wanted her, he did want her back.

Out in the fresh-cold air, the first shooting pains of anxiety hit her. A strange city, full of strangers but one—and he little more, all so unsure. Sitting in a travel agency, she watched buses stop—and start again, every two minutes, spilling out workers/schoolgirls/businessmen. Studying their faces, she searched for his, grasping at slight resemblance in vain. She shook herself together, already in pieces, and began to walk the unfamiliar streets, crying quietly and without spectacle, but unceasingly. A statue reminiscent of Eros loomed in the drifting mist. Students and bums sat at the foot, like the 'Dilly, but alien faces. Trek-back to the stagnant bus station—still empty, of him.

She knew he would not be there. Why should he be? Why should he care any longer? No claim, no claim echoed round the chambers of her mind.

The negro selling papers smiled in recognition: "You found who you was waiting for, miss?" A melancholy nod replied and fresh tears channelled black trenches down her lipstick-reddened cheeks.

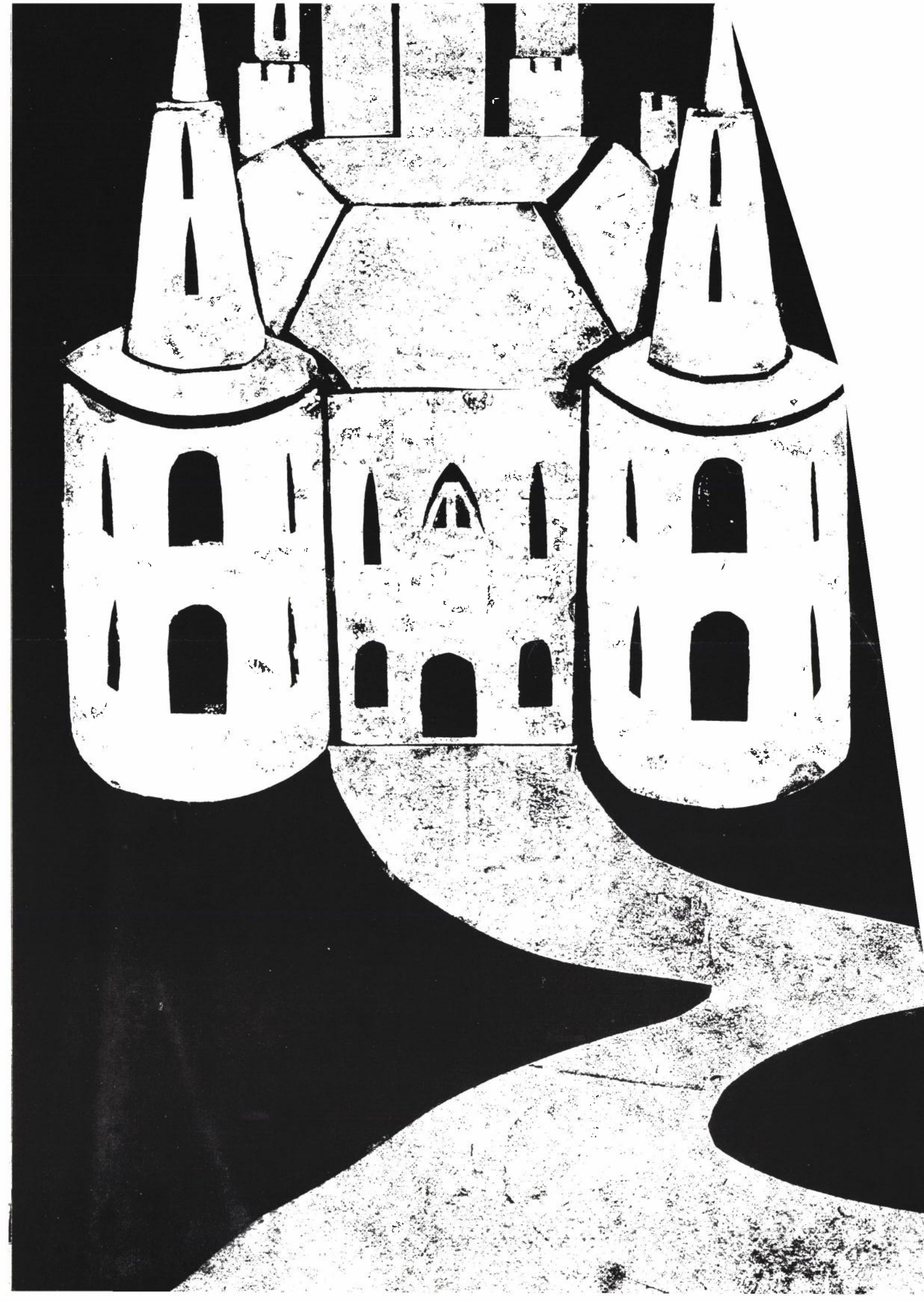
Tramping the now-known King Street, new shoes rubbed raw heels. Mist lifted as hopes fell. She asked directions to the University and scanning the skyline for a view to match a postcard, found the Students' Union. Sudden uncertainty and a large black notice prevented entry. Final collapse came as she reached a park bench outside the Civic centre.

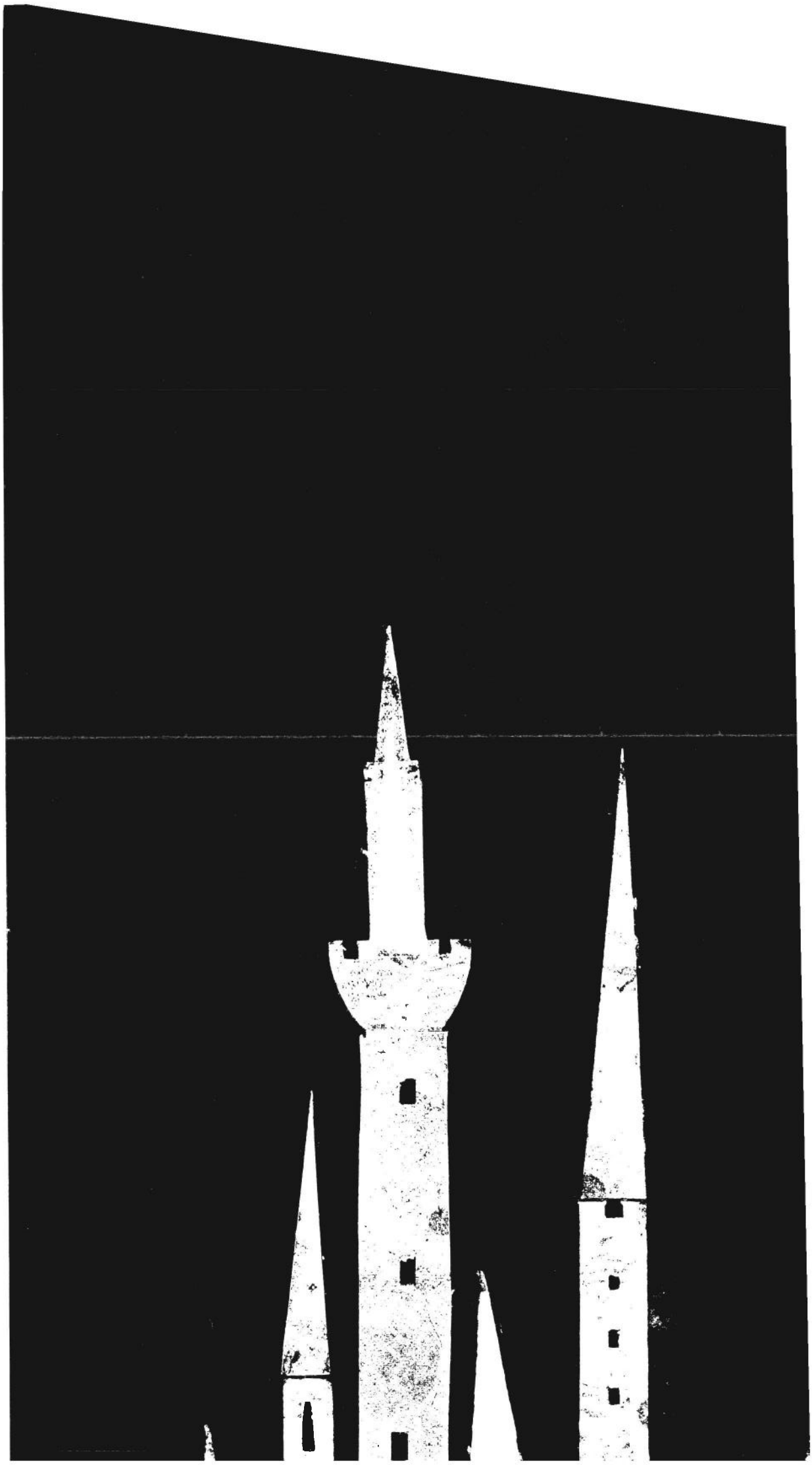
A kind Geordie came to comfort and console the weeping girl. Still sobbing, she asked the way to his flat—the one address she knew. Along a broad open road, the trees on either side of no protection against the bitter-cold wind. She struggled along, buffeted by gusts of wind as buses roared past. Turning down his road the dank smell of decaying refuse assailed her—a growing pile stretched several yards. As she knocked on the green peeling door, a squall of hard rain battered her. A small dark woolly Welshman opened up after an eon. He was not there. He had been expecting her on the morrow.

Soaring, she repaired her make-up and spirits. Together with the Welsh stranger she stepped back to the Union where he was. They called him over the Tannoy. He came to her wide-open with surprise and defenceless.They clung together and she tried to tell him of her experience of the last three-and-a-half hours. He nodded in attempted empathy. She thought of Aldous Huxley: "Embraced, the lovers desperately try to fuse their insulated ecstasies into a single self-transcendence; in vain." He could not know. But nothing could take back that knowledge of herself.

"You said tomorrow." She laughed and denied with her eyes. He took her home and showed the letter.

Lucinda Coleman, 61





OLD MAN

Good God, he'll say one day, when his hair's turned grey and his shoes stand cold and brown in the hall.

He remembered perfectly the times when he was younger than now, the times when the sun was hot on his back and he was able to take off his jacket and run, when the sun had a greater meaning than hotness, when it could inspire more than the beads of sweat which now ran down the middle of his chest ~~and~~ from his armpits to drip on his shirt as he sat all alone in his attic room in front of the window with his pipe and matches on the little table beside his cup of cold tea, lying perfectly still on the table top with the sunlight picking out the dust on the stem of his pipe. How it was to be old, to retract like a crab's yellow claw at the sound of a bus and to have the noise of life glide meaninglessly and distantly past your ears while the wall in front of you remained perfectly white and still, putting you down to sleep.

Church bell sounds in the distance meaning its time for tea. Tea and crumbly biscuits, soft white bread and strawberry jam, cold china plates and clean big tablecloth; the dining room as cold as a tomb and the gurgle of tea being poured into the fine delicate cup like the dripping of water down the wall of a cave, ~~the clink of spoon is the tap in your head~~.

Quickly, dear, turn on the telly. Time to be happy, time to laugh, time to prove you're still alive. Listen to the music, laugh at the jokes. Listen, laugh, knit, smoke, cross legs, blow nose, gurgle inately, push hanky only half back into pocket, loosely done tie hangs over your cardigan. The socks on your leg are half falling down showing old white legs hairless and sagging. End of the show and a lull in the noise. ~~A lorry bursts through the window, half open because it's a Summer evening and you begin to cry without tears~~. You give up the fight waged with tea cups and pipe with cardigan, sock and umbrella, night potty and hot water bottle. Your head sags to one side and you stare ~~terrified~~ out of the window as the evening rush of the city burbles and grumbles outside the high garden wall with climbing ivy on its sides and roses soft and quiet patrolling its base. You give up the fight and give up to yourself and all else slips away to take up its proper position far away from your ears and eyes to stop, like the long distance express pulling slowly into the station nudge the buffers and cease, when you die.

Nick Fell.

NO-ONE NOTICED

His life rotated like a wheel.
He outset at the bottom,
  In the dust,
And revolved to a gentle summit.
So vague was the ne plus ultra,
That no-one noticed he was there.

Without ceasing he descended.
He arrived at the bottom,
  In the dust.
The outset, the advent—all the
                same place.
He had reached an undefinable
                no-where.
A shame, no-one noticed he
                wasn't even there.

Angus Willson, 61

Two people sit
and stalk
The empty man who
cannot talk

Two people stand
and find
The empty man who
has no mind

Two people run
and are
The empty man who
seems so far.

Nick Fell, 62

LET US PRAY FOR THE HUMAN RACE

The bombs whine and mothers sigh,
Lovers lie together and babies cry,
The world's gonna blow now. Byebye.

Who is my neighbour?

God. What are you going to do?
The world's in a mess.
Can't you see the murder, the thieving, the trickery going on down here?
Can't you see the wars, the politicians?
What can you do?

You told me that every man was my neighbour.
Well God, who is yours?

Charles Mills, 4x.

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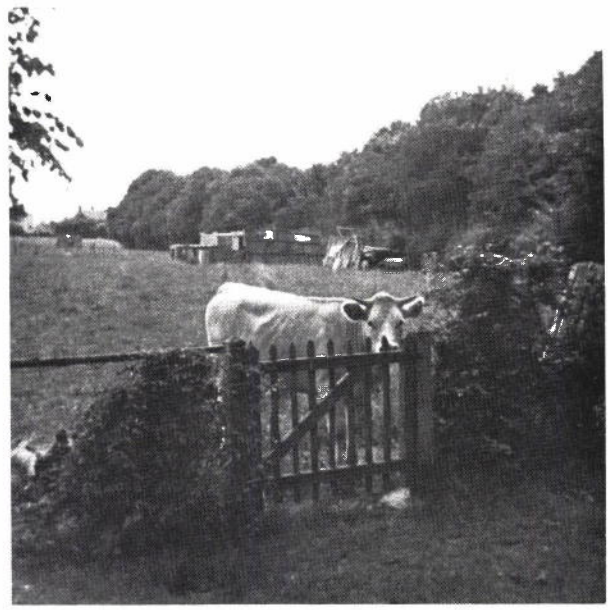
inter alia

January

This term's three student teachers were John Martins (Maths), Diana Gibbs (Biology) and Richard Fleming (English). The Moot Hall Players came and gave us a performance of "The Essex Hundreds", an interesting account of local history.

February

They later returned with "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf". At PTA the Choir performed Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum". Richard Fox spoke to the parents about 'Drugs' and Raymond O'Malley took Evening Meeting. One Saturday, just before tea, a blue and red balloon floated over and we all rushed out to watch it.



March

After the Seniors' exams, the Sixth form organised and carried out a day with minium staff available (just the Office and Sister). There were discussion groups, more "formal" lessons—surveying, drama, music and a dance to round it off. We felt that it was hard work, but we would like to do it again next year. A table tennis tournament collected more money for the NSPCC. At the end of term, David Gray left to organise the English Department of a new Yorkshire Comprehensive School.

April

During the holidays, Six One Geographers went on a field trip to Yorkshire while twenty other Sixth formers spent ten days in Russia. Further down the School, a group went to Paris Easter School with Peter Cutler and Alison Turnbull. Mr. and Mrs. Gay had a baby, Benjamin.



May

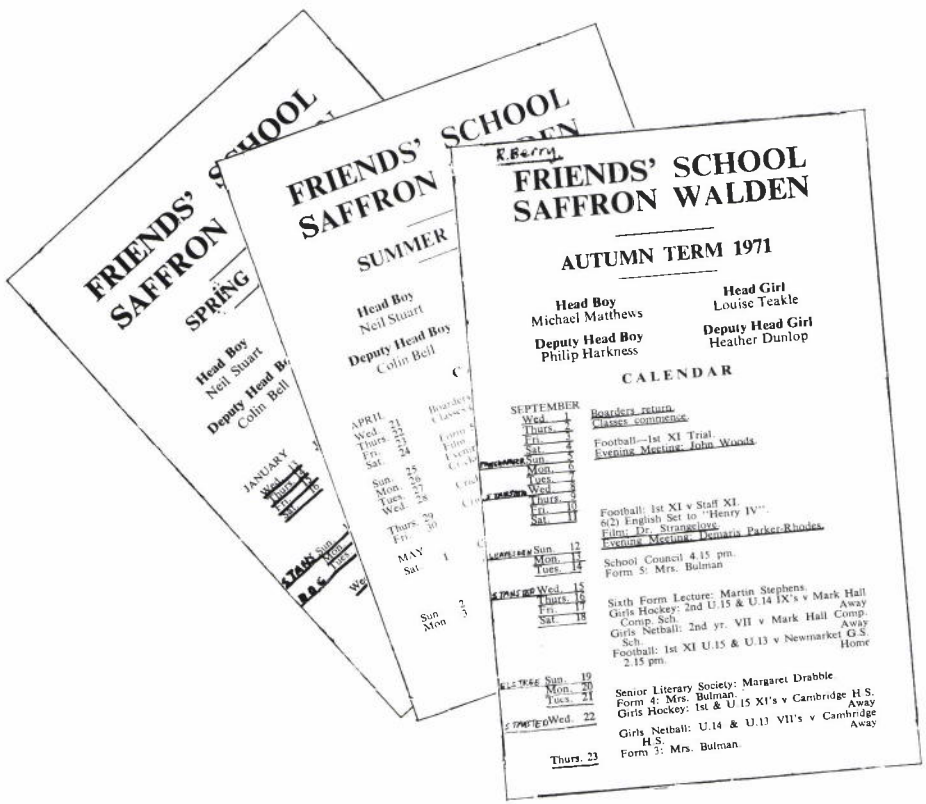
We got back to school to find Gaye Edwards as DG's replacement. An Evening Meeting early in the term was taken by P. J. Hoffman, a young American Friend in England for a year, who got us singing with his guitar. Soon after that came the Inter-School Dance attended by Sixth Forms from Bishop's Stortford College, the County High School and Newport Grammar. Over Whitsun, David Gray came back, temporarily, and spoke in Evening Meeting.

June

A month of exams, which excluded much else from happening. Fred Drane, a school gardener and local fireman, got the M.B.E. in the Queen's Birthday Honours. Some Six One girls were shown round the Cambridge Colleges which are going co-ed.

July–August

On July 3rd we said goodbye to Alison Turnbull, Helen Shaw, Felicity Pearson, Judy Cousins and Gaye Edwards. Then the Six One Biologists set off for Yorkshire with Denby Allen and John Chapman. Later on Denby was in charge of the party of Six Two who went to La Coûme in the Pyrenees.



September

Our new staff were Anita Thistlethwaite, Ruth York, Sue Betts, Dorita Barrett, Mark Milleh, Mike Ratcliffe, Dorothy Keen and France Bennett (the French assistante) and the new "quartet" were Michael Matthews, Louise Teakle, Philip Harkness and Heather Dunlop. The Cafeteria service spread to breakfast and weekend meals, served by Six Two girls. A letter was received from Alison Turnbull, on her way to Australia overland, saying that she had been refused entry to St. Peter's, Rome, because her skirt was too short! Some more Six Two went on the Southern Schools Pilgrimage to Fox Country with Miss Ashford. During their meeting on Pendle Hill, a sheep came up, looked at them for a while and then calmly walked away again.

October

A dozen people from the upper school sang or gave out programmes at a Beethoven concert in the Parish Church. Nearly all of us were "influvac"-ed two days before General Meeting and half term.

November

We returned to oddly light mornings. Some Sixth and all the Fifth found exams imminent. The annual play came round, after much hard work, at the end of the month. There was a short experiment, at breakfast, to reduce our milk consumption. Milk was served out as well as the sausages or whatever.

December

It made the queue take too long and was discontinued. For the last two weeks of a tiring term we got up twenty minutes later. Helen Pitstow was accepted into the Essex Youth Orchestra and Small Choir rounded off the term with Carols, for the School and the local geriatric hospital.



The Day the Sixth Form took over

The idea came from Westown School Philedelphia, the proposal from a sixth former, the assent from School Council, the staff, the heads and the governors, the plans from the Sixth Form and the enthusiasm from the whole school. That was only the beginning.

The Sixth Form met twice in a whole body, firstlyto decide whether they could go through with it and secondly to decide the form and purpose of the day. By a majority vote we chose a restructured day as against one where the timetable and subjects taught would remain the same and the only difference would be in the teaching personnel. Although this involved a lot more work for the executive committee (the head boy and girl, deputy head boy and girl and two elected representatives from each sixth form) this departure from the normal gave all participants added interest in the experiment and, by increasing the challenge heightened the success of the day.

Thus on Tuesday morning the 15th March the atmosphere was charged with suspense as the scholars were woken by the sixth formers on duty. No teaching staff were on the premises so all their supervision had to be done by us. Meals were as normal except that duties were done by sixth formers. In odd corners little huddles could be seen making last minute preparations for rotas and lessons. In Assembly notices were given out with more detailed instructions in the form meetings which followed. Then came the first lesson which lasted until recess—a discussion session led by four sixth formers to every twenty scholars. The groups were either first and second, third and fourth, or fifth formers. Naturally the quality and quantity of discussion varied greatly from group to group. After recess the same system applied except that people had signed up for lessons under broad subject headings. In these the more interesting aspects of French, English, History, Geography Maths, Science etc that are not usually lingered upon dut to the necessity to finish syllabus work were explored more fully. Again some of the lessons tended to peter out although on the whole they were probably more successful.

Lunch over, a much wider choice of subjects was offered until 3.00 p.m. which continued later if the participants saw fit. Otherwise they changed to games which had been going on all afternoon. Courses included Yoga, Land Surveying, Skin Diving, Drama, and Music as well as the more conventional, or unconventional Science. Activities were prolonged well after 4.00 p.m. in some cases, such as the walk to the Beeches which grew out of the Drama lesson. At 6.00 p.m. the original morning groups reconvened to discuss the Day and anything else. It was generally considered a great success by all. For everyone it had been an exercise in self-discipline and communication while furthering insight into the potential enjoyability of subjects studied out of pleasure rather than obligation. For the Sixth Form it was a case of fulfilling what they had set out to do—a task involving attack on a broad front with both advance preparation and on the spot decisions. There were flaws which must be rectified next time (already in the planning stage). Some Sixth Formers did not help in a single lesson. The main result was improved understanding of the problems involved in running a school and dealing with people.

At 7.00 p.m. there was a dance to match the air of celebration which was followed by bed-putting where the saying "When the cat's away . . ." did not, as far as I know, apply. Already anecdotes were being swapped—How David Gray drove past the school at 5 m.p.h. looking for signs of fire or other catastrophe, how John Woods sat glued to the "hot line" all day etc. the final word must go to the cleaner who on Wednesday morning reported to John Woods "They was wonderful."

Cathy Pleydell, 6 2.



plays...

THE BOY WITH A CART

by

Christopher Fry

Villagers of Steyning:

TAWM	Rhoderi Evans.
HIS DAUGHTER	Katherine Davies.
FARMER	Aubrey Bufton.
ALFRED	Mark Steele.
DEMIWULF	Andrew Smart.
1st NEIGHBOUR	Susan Shaw.
2nd NEIGHBOUR	Sarah Eddington.
OTHER NEIGHBOURS	Robin Hibbs, Shiela Berry, Alison Fielder.
MRS. FIPPS	Gaia Shaw.

Characters in order of speaking:

PEOPLE OF SOUTH ENGLAND	Catherine Greaves, Alison Coleman, Hannah Roberts, Charles Coulson.
CUTHMAN	Charles Mills.
BESS	Alison Fielder.
MILDRED	Sheila Berry.
MATT	Robin Hibbs.
TIBB	James Gaussen.
CORNISH NEIGHBOURS	Sarah Eddington, Mark Steele, Susan Shaw, Andrew Smart.
CUTHMAN'S MOTHER	Helen East.
MOWERS	Robin Hibbs, Rhoderi Evans, Andrew Smart.

Mower's song composed by Susan Betts

THE FARCE OF MASTER PIERRE PATHELIN

Translated by John Allen

Characters in order of speaking:

PIERRE PATHELIN, an advocate	Daniel Monck.
GUILLEMETTE, his wife	Sara Milton.
GUILLAUME JOCEAULME, a draper	Robin Wright.
THIBAUT L'AGNELET, a shepherd	James Gaussen.
A JUDGE	Peter Jones.

Costumes:	Designed by Elaine Winup and made by Elizabeth Plowright, Ruth York, Philippa Bush, Rosemary Catterall, Helen Cooper, Annamarie Critchard, Jennifer Durst, Alison Fielder, Sally Godfrey, Claire Holmes, Hermione Holmes, Rachel Holway, Emma Majdalany, Sandra Pearce, Dirne Reading, Lucy Sutton, Erica Way, Gaia Shaw.
Lighting:	Robin Bloomfield, Benjamin Heydecker, Anthony Crow, Christopher Prince.
Sound:	Antony Jewell.
Business Manager:	Anthony Ratcliffe.
Make Up:	Iorwerth John, Jane Field, Susan Betts, Ruth York, Margaret Vokins.
Properties:	Hermione Holmes, Emma Majdalany.
Producer:	TIM GAY.

Both plays performed in the round

THE BOY WITH A CART

This is the story of a young boy called Cuthman (Charles Mills) whose father dies. He decides to leave his native village with his old mother whom he pulls in a cart towards their unknown destination. Cuthman says he will stop walking when the rope linking him to the cart breaks. There he will stay and build a church.

Of the performers I thought that the People of South England had a rather boring part that could have been improved by more intonation in their voices. Cuthman's mother (Helen East) played her part perfectly throughout. Mrs. Fipps (Gaia Shaw) had an impressive part which she played well. No insults, but I thought she was just the right person for it. Cuthman (Charles Mills) had an interesting part which suited his temperament. He put on a very realistic facial expression and made his part very lively. Alfred and Demiwulf (Mark Steele and Andrew Smart) fitted in well as brothers under their make-up, though it would have been better had Andrew joined in a little more in the group scenes. Lighting and sounds were excellent, and I must say that I enjoyed both plays very much.











THE FARCE OF MASTER PIERRE PATHELIN

Very briefly this is the story of an advocate who uses his verbal skill to obtain six yards of cloth for nothing from a stingy draper. Master Pierre gets a case to take before the judge on behalf of a shepherd who has killed his master's sheep. The shepherd's master happens to be the draper.

In court the draper brings up the cloth case again and mixes it up with the dead sheep case. The judge clears the court and the shepherd is acquitted. The shepherd then swindles Master Pierre out of his promised fee.

I was most impressed by the way the Judge (Peter Jones) fitted his partly exactly and had worked out the smallest intonations of his speech. He showed a great deal of self-control not to laugh at the bleating of the shepherd (James Gaussen). I thought that James Gaussen's performance was cold and nervous at first, but he soon warmed up to play an active part. Master Pierre (Daniel Monck) was delightful in his hysteria and played his part with skill and involvement. Sara Milton (Guillemette) coped with her part very well. Altogether I thought this made a most enjoyable and entertaining play.

Chris Lyons, 4X.

THE SCHOOL PLAYS—A PRODUCER'S VIEW

Looking back now at the plays it is difficult for the producer to be objective. During later rehearsals it is impossible, I find, to judge how good the final production will be. At the dress rehearsal I have doubts about every decision I have made and at the performances I feel as if I am revealing part of my soul for judgement. Here, for what they are worth, are a few of my thoughts and impressions as producer.

Choosing a suitable play always seems to me crucial. By suitable I mean one that is emotionally as well as intellectually within the grasp of the performers and which at the same time has some value as drama beyond that of being purely entertainment.

Casting must not be hurried, and I took a long time to choose Helen East for the part of Cuthman's mother, indeed it was not until about a week before the play that she suddenly seemed right for the part, and went on to give such moving performances.

Putting on the plays 'in the round' proved to be an exciting experience for the performers. At first they hated the idea and felt too close to the audience, but eventually they came to enjoy the freedom it gave. Whilst having no scenery gave one less worry, the planning of lighting and seating made extra work. I felt it to be well worth the trouble but I couldn't have done it without lots of help from other people, not least Robin Bloomfield. The costumes had to be especially good, and Elaine Winup's flair made sure they were.

The pace and exaggerated farce style of 'Master Pierre" proved more difficult to obtain than the simple clarity and group sensitivity required in 'The Boy With a Cart', although we rehearsed the Mrs. Fipps incident more than anything else in either play."I'd just like to do that once more, only this time . . . . . " became almost a catch phrase. Half the trouble was that nobody thought it would work except me, and of course I had secret doubts.

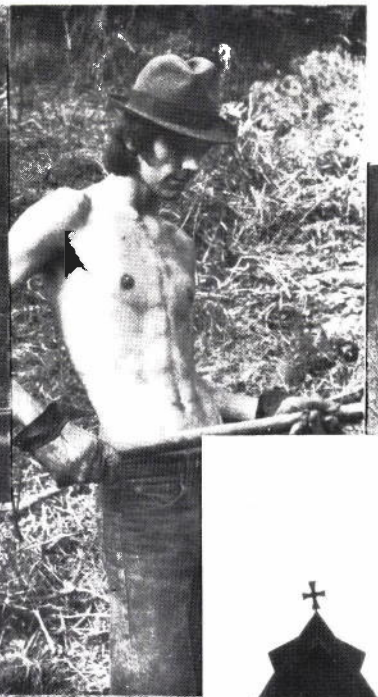
One member of the cast described my method as "an effective combination of vagueness and ruthlessness." Ruthless surprises me, but I do know that I found it hard to think of anything else when the play was in rehearsal. Single minded perhaps.

In the end the reward is in the feeling which develops when a group of people get to know each other well, work towards a common goal, and feel that they have done their best. After all the doubt and hard work achieving some success in creating something worthwhile."

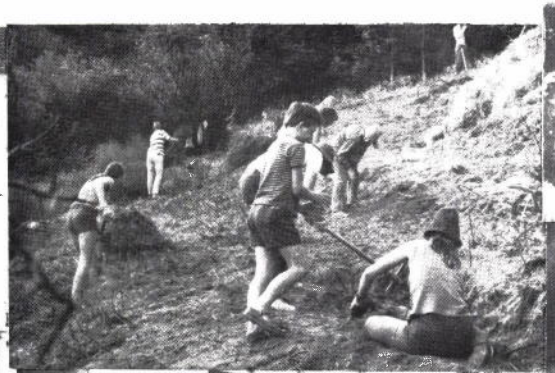
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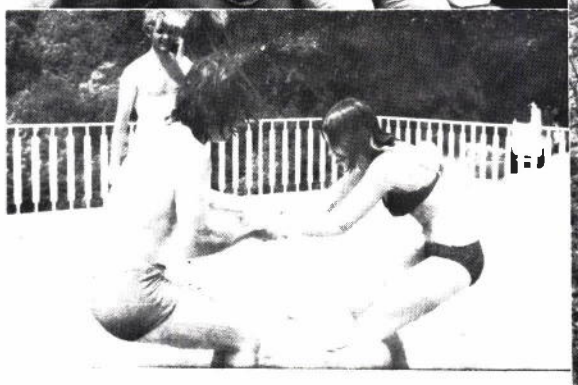




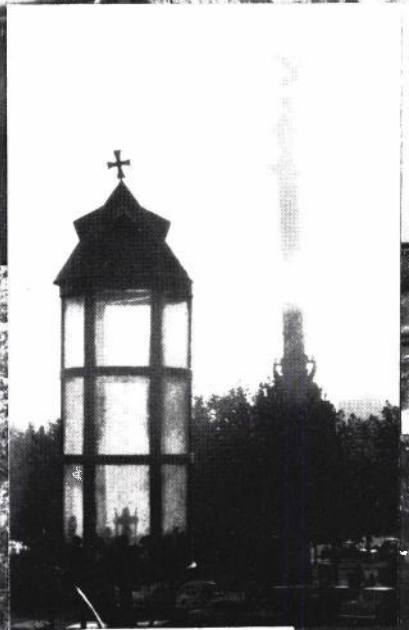


















Союз Советских Социал



We left by coach at 8.00 a.m. on Saturday, 28th March, picking up Veronica, Margaret and Sheila at Victoria, and Imogen and Christine at Dover. After a good crossing we boarded the train at Ostend and arrived at Aachen where an hour's delay enabled us to explore the town briefly before settling down in our cramped sleeping quarters on the train to Berlin. Judy soon showed her expertise in the art of bed-making, and together with Louise was persuaded to assist the more helpless members of the party. Spirits were very high at the end of our first day.

At 4 a.m. next morning we were woken up at the East German frontier. Jackie's laughter proved too infectious even from the grim-looking border guards who visibly melted under her influence, and who proved to be quite humane after all. Three hours later—West Berlin. We split into groups and most of us went to have a look at the Wall. It was a depressing spectacle. The cold, dull, misty morning seemed to intensify the grey, bleak, muffled emptiness of the once throbbing Potsdamer Platz, and we were glad to get back to the city centre. Tired after our morning's exertions must of us plumped for the comparative relaxation of Berlin Zoo, except for Sheila and Christine who both seemed to have boundless energy. In the evening we transferred by local train to East Berlin where we boarded the train bound for Moscow.

Over the Polish frontier at midnight—we managed to persuade a friendly German waiter to bring us "Breakfast in bed" next morning, then a long day through Poland before arriving at Brest-Litovsk at 4 p.m. on Monday. Pandemonium. Various officials—border guards, custom officials, police came on the train and proceeded to give Buff, Gordon, Sara, and Jackie the full treatment, checking their passports and currency, searching their luggage and reading their literature (some of it upside down). Even Jackie's laughter was

истических Республик

reduced to a wan smile on being asked to summarise Thomas More's Utopia in Russian. The order to remove ourselves and our luggage on to the platform caused a mild degree of panic (clothes, belongings all over the place by now), but to our relief an Intourist guide came panting on to the scene to apologise for the confusion and to tell the officials to "stop messing us about". However, we did have a stroll around the station whilst Brian Lightfoot was trying to explain why he'd brought in 19 bodies, but only 16 passports. Back on the train we enjoyed our first Russian meal, glimpses of the darkening Russian countryside, an encounter with a strange man, and a sense of arrival.

Tuesday, 6.00 a.m. Moscow! To our surprise we were welcomed by a group of Russian students with flowers. It was a bit odd (Buff clasping a forlorn-looking pansy), and we felt a bit awkward at first, but they seemed friendly enough. Soon we were on our way to the National Hotel, ideally situated in the heart of Moscow. At breakfast we looked out on to the Kremlin with its golden onion-domes, deep red-brick walls and turrets, and shrouded in mist at the far end of Red Square, St. Basil's Cathedral. It was a wonderful sight. We spent our first morning touring Moscow by coach—the Kremlin, Red Square, University, Lenin Hills, House of Friendship,—it was all rather confusing, Lenin was everywhere. We were accompanied by our Russian friends and by a Television team who were making a film about our stay in Russia; cameras and microphones heightened what we felt was an already slightly contrived situation with the Russian students. In the afternoon—sleep: in the evening we signed out (Imogen was MOD), and most of us went for a walk.

The next four days in Moscow involved trips to various "showpieces",—Trediakov Art Gallery with its unique collection of icons, the Borodino Museum, the House of Friendship, the Exhibition of Economic Achievements with models of spaceships and the Lunokhod, the Metro—clean, efficient with mosaics and stained glass windows, the Pioneer Palace. Outside the "official" daytime activities we could do as we wished. We walked freely round Moscow, we shopped in GUM, went to films, to the Bolshoy Theatre, discussed with our Russian friends politics, religion, morality (we wonder whether they have yet recovered from the pummelling Sheila gave them). We found the people friendly, they stared at our long hair, our odd clothing, they were interested in us as we were in them. We danced at a Russian wedding, we ate the inevitable ice-cream, practised our Russian, and usually at the end of the day congregated in Brian's or Imogen's room and discussed the events of the day. The mood was serious and gay, amusing incidents abounded (Buff colliding with Russian 'tanks', Caroline looking for the elusive bed-bug). There were some frustrating moments. Louise, Jeremy, Dennis and Moray spent one futile evening trying to get into a crowded cafe, and an equally futile afternoon trying to gain entrance to the TV Tower. But such moments were few and far between.

On then to Leningrad. Caught the 'Red Arrow' at 11.00 on Saturday night, sang most of the night before arriving at 8.00 on Sunday morning. We were taken to our hotel the 'Astoria', again very central overlooking St. Isaac's Cathedral. In the morning of our arrival made a general tour of Leningrad and saw the Hermitage, Nevsky Prospekt, the Bronze Horseman and many other places of historical or cultural interest. There were probably more tourists here than in Moscow, so we were not such oddities, although Jackie was called a gypsy by an old woman, and Sara's bare feet in the snow provoked spontaneous outbursts of sympathy and disgust. In the afternoon we visited St. Isaac's Cathedral and were very much impressed by the colourful, almost gaudy splendour of the interior.

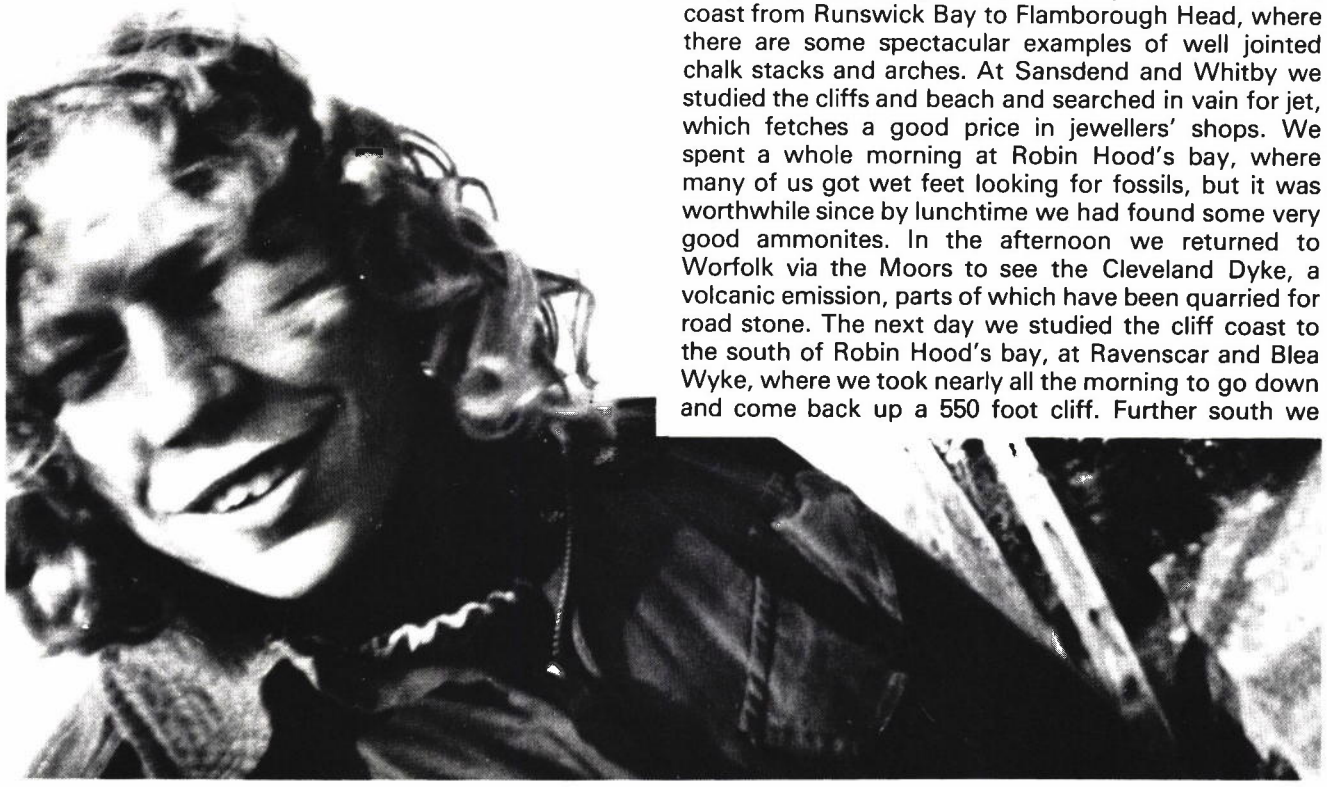
Next day (Monday) we went to Pushkin, a few miles outside Leningrad. It was a dull, cold day, the worst of our stay, but in keeping with our afternoon visit to the grim fortress of St. Peter and Paul. For some unaccountable reason this forbidding prison evoked unseemly mirth from some members of the party. Perhaps by this time the Russian propensity for reeling off statistics was wearing a little thin. But how very different were our feelings next day on entering St. Nicholas' Church. Outside resplendent white-stoned building with golden domes glinting in the sun-light, and inside a sense of reverence, awe and humility was evoked by the flickering candles, the smell of incense, muted colours, old women kneeling in reverence before ancient icons. We felt instruders. We were intruders. It was a moving experience. Later Jane, Louise and others went back to attend the evening service, and to their surprise found the church crowded with worshippers.

Of course we visited the Hermitage, where we imbibed "culture" in vast quanties and at high speed. We also spent one morning in a Russian school which was a very interesting experience (they sang Jingle Bells for us).

At last it was time to go home, and on Tuesday evening boarded the "Red Arrow" back to Moscow, spent most of the day at the Bucharest Hotel before setting off on our long journey back to England via Brest-Litovsk (where we said goodbye to our guide Masha), Warsaw, Berlin, Hannover, Cologne.

What were our impressions of Russia? Of course we had only skated on the surface of life. We had admired the cold, serene beauty of Leningrad, experienced the more intimate atmosphere of Moscow, but perhaps more important, we had discussed the real values of life with other young people. The solid, amorphous, ideological masses had become humanised.

geography field trip



At the start of the Easter holidays a band of thirteen Advanced Level geographers set off for Worfolk Cottage, Staintondale, Yorkshire. There we found a selection of books about Quakerism and about the Sturge family who used to live there. There was also an ancient pano-cum-desk on which Candia managed to play some pleasant tunes despite the odd note which didn't work. We stayed there for ten days during which time we visited the many places of geographical interest and the local pub.

We went to nearby Scarborough, where we visited the castle and did some urban studies and we spent a whole day, in pairs, surveying various parishes. This was tiring, but interesting. On several days we studied the coast from Runswick Bay to Flamborough Head, where there are some spectacular examples of well jointed chalk stacks and arches. At Sansdend and Whitby we studied the cliffs and beach and searched in vain for jet, which fetches a good price in jewellers' shops. We spent a whole morning at Robin Hood's bay, where many of us got wet feet looking for fossils, but it was worthwhile since by lunchtime we had found some very good ammonites. In the afternoon we returned to Worfolk via the Moors to see the Cleveland Dyke, a volcanic emission, parts of which have been quarried for road stone. The next day we studied the cliff coast to the south of Robin Hood's bay, at Ravenscar and Blea Wyke, where we took nearly all the morning to go down and come back up a 550 foot cliff. Further south we stopped at Cayton Bay for lunch and a quick game of hopscotch on the sand to keep our circulation going. Then we lost Penny, who had decided to go for a walk not realising that we were just about to set off for Flamborough Head, but fortunately we found her a mile along the road.

We spent a morning visiting Tees Dock and the ICI Billingham works. Unfortunately four of us travelling in Anthony's Renault had to get out and push. Consequently we got lost in the industrial complex and caught up with the others later. In the afternoon we visited Great Ayton and Rievaulx Abbey. On the final Sunday we set out to visit the high moors and walk across to Worfolk, but thick fog descended, so we decided to take a trip to York, arriving just in time for a performance of the St. Matthew Passion in aid of the Wilfred Brown Fund. The concert was given in the freezing and scaffolded Minster, where we ran into Caroline Weston, former Head's secretary at FSSW. On the Monday, the final day of the trip, we set off to do individual studies on villages, farms, rivers and the coast. Richard's study is worthy of note; he was puzzled by the highly alkaline soil samples he took, until he found out that the farmer had just limed his fields. We enjoyed the trip, despite the few coughs and colds and Heather's 'flu. We took it in turns to cook, and found that we were able to feed ourselves surprisingly well. The early start each morning was only possible because Judy and Celia rose at 6.30 to cook breakfast and bring morning tea.

The ten days did not pass without many an amusing incident. On April 1st Lucy went to post a letter and posted her Post Office Savings Bank book as well. After waiting half an hour for the postman she decided to stick a letter to him on to the post box. Fortunately the postman didn't take it as an April Fool's joke and the next day Lucy retrieved her book from the Post Office. For the rest of the trip poor Lucy was plagued by jokes and teasing every time we saw a post box.

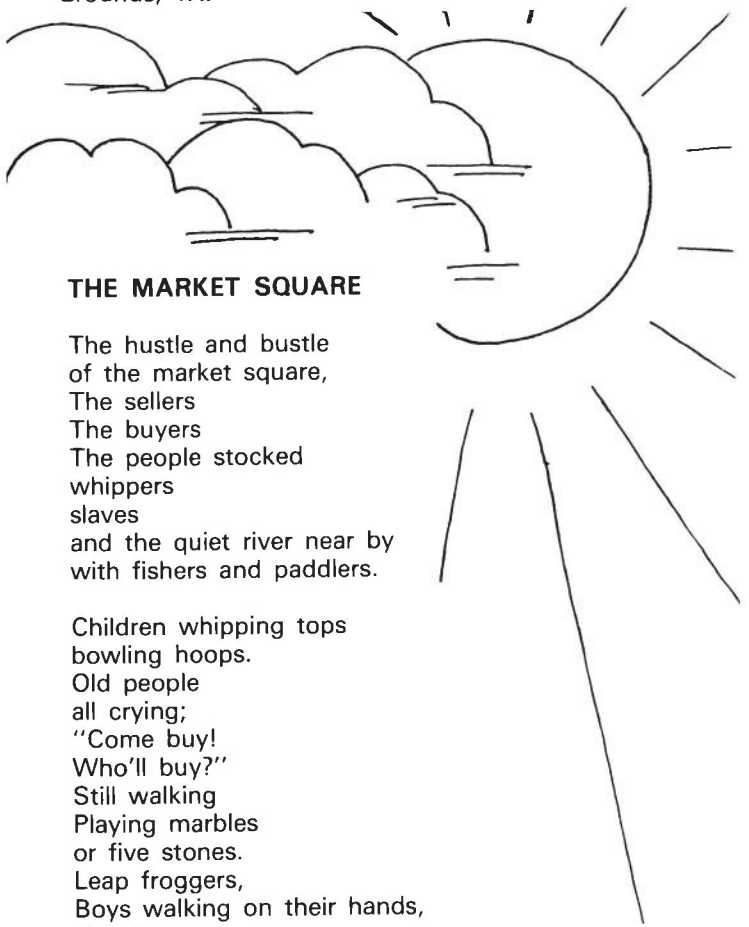
We should like to thank Paul and Anthony for taking us on the trip and for driving all the way, though we did sometimes wonder whether we should arrive intact.

Chris Sparke and Celia Nickalls, 6$_2$

THE SUN

Roaring, burning, majestic, King of the whole of space. Awe filling, frightening, feeling for fuel. The god, a fierce, fiery lion growling majestically. Over-powering, white hot eyes staring out, with a tail curling round. A tremendous heat over all planets and stars charging through space giving out great cracks and roars. The whole sun andgod,a great massive ball of red and white and blue FIRE.

Alexandra Grounds, 1X.



THE MARKET SQUARE

The hustle and bustle
of the market square,
The sellers
The buyers
The people stocked
whippers
slaves
and the quiet river near by
with fishers and paddlers.

Children whipping tops
bowling hoops.
Old people
all crying;
"Come buy!
Who'll buy?"
Still walking
Playing marbles
or five stones.
Leap froggers,
Boys walking on their hands,
Dancing
Playing lag
Rolling Barrels
People all over the place
That's the market square.

MY UNCLE

My uncle is an extraordinary man;
His hobby is quite a usual one;
Botany; but once it turned out wrong.
He found a sunflower seed and planted it
In his greenhouse among all his other shrubs and plants
(It's quite big).
But this sunflower was different.
Within an hour it began to flower,
Within a day it was huge!
Its head touched the roof!
It had no room to breath.
And when next day he came to inspect it,
He found the greenhouse covered in green;
What a scene!
And that is why to this day
My uncle cannot abide sunflowers
Let alone the seeds!

Claire Greaves, 1y.

PARADISE

The dirty mud track
Lies still,
A frog leaps across it
His brown back and boney legs
With another leap
He has disappeared
Into the grass.
The corn
Blows about in the wind,
It sweeps across the hill
With smooth movements,
A field mouse appears.
It scuttles around
Looking for food,
Then scrambles up a thread,
Gnaws at a grain
And scampers hurriedly away.
Yellow corn gleaming in the sun,
Suddenly a dark cloud
Covers the light
Paradise!

Martha Holmes, 1x.

PEBBLES

I kneel alone my hands clasped by the cold, searching fingers of the sea. I gaze intently through my rippling fingers at the priceless treasures below. Gently my hand moves again to take one of the jewels before it stumbles back to melt among the murky shadows in reaches beyond my own. Each gem is a crystal of a thought, a feeling, a dream. . . . . But soon there will be no more room in my mind.

Rowan Slee, 5Y.

The wind, as I run
With my hair blowing,
Sweeping behind me,
I run.
I run across the field
Laughing, shouting
Carefree.
The wind seems to blow my
Worried, troubled mind
Carefree.
Wildness creeps into me,
Overtakes my body,
I leap around
Wanting to run
Anywhere
Just run through the howling wind,
I don't notice the coldness
The biting of the wind
As it cuts my face
And runs through the streaming hair.
What a sensation of freeness,
But it never lasts.
It can't.
I have to go back to my work,
To all my troubles and problems
That the wind has blown out of me
For a short ten minutes.

Jo Holmes, 2x.

BATS

Bony
Skinny
Long ears
Sticking out
Hairy
Rough
Legs like twigs
Thin paper—
Like skin,
Hanging
Upside down
Like a leaf,
It speaks
Then swoops away.

Martha Holmes, 1x.

A STRANGE ANCESTOR

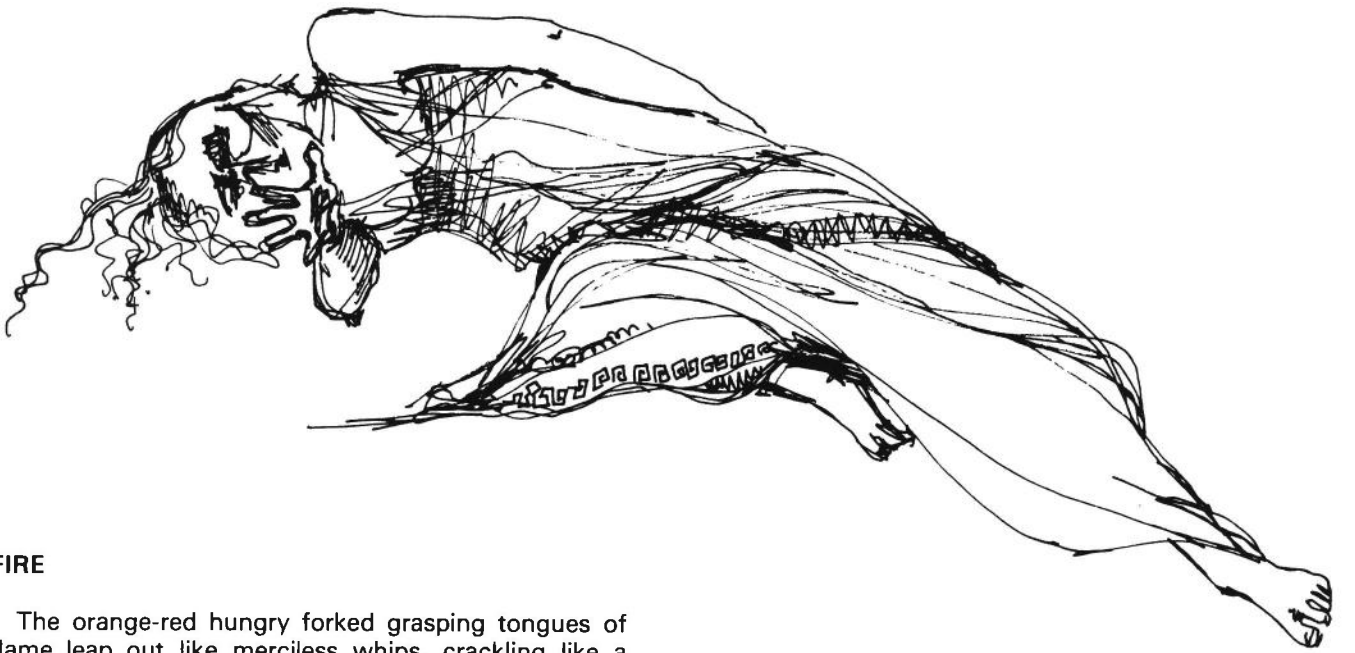
In a far off land,
In a deep dark cave,
Lives a strange old woman,
With a strange dark face.
She has grey eyes,
She has a red nose,
She has a pair of glasses which are now very old!
Her face is very wrinkled,
Her hands are very worn
But I'm still very sure
It's my old grandma!

Melissa Parker, 1y.

SLEEPING MOUTH

pink puffy lips belled against and exhaled breath
they tremble as it passes
the jaw droops and nostrils dilate with inhalation
an inverted sigh, lips stick together, eyelids
flutter as gummed lips stretch transparent against the contained air
and burst with the soft dry distant
sound of a pebble in a still pool.
You can see the eyes searching behind the lids
considering the next breath.

Peter Jones, 4Y.



FIRE

The orange-red hungry forked grasping tongues of flame leap out like merciless whips, crackling like a thousand cruel laughs, eating like a hungry beggar, destroying like an elephant with musk. The firemen arrive in a tearing hurry like ants on motor bikes. They spray the fire with cloud like foam which envelops the fire with enshrouding mist from which only black ghost-like dripping soaked shapes remain.

Nick Greaves, 2Y.

WEIGHT

Pound, stones, tons,
Lifting loads of sacks
Muscles tighten
To accept the weight
Of bursting sacks
One by one
They strain away
Till the lorry is empty.

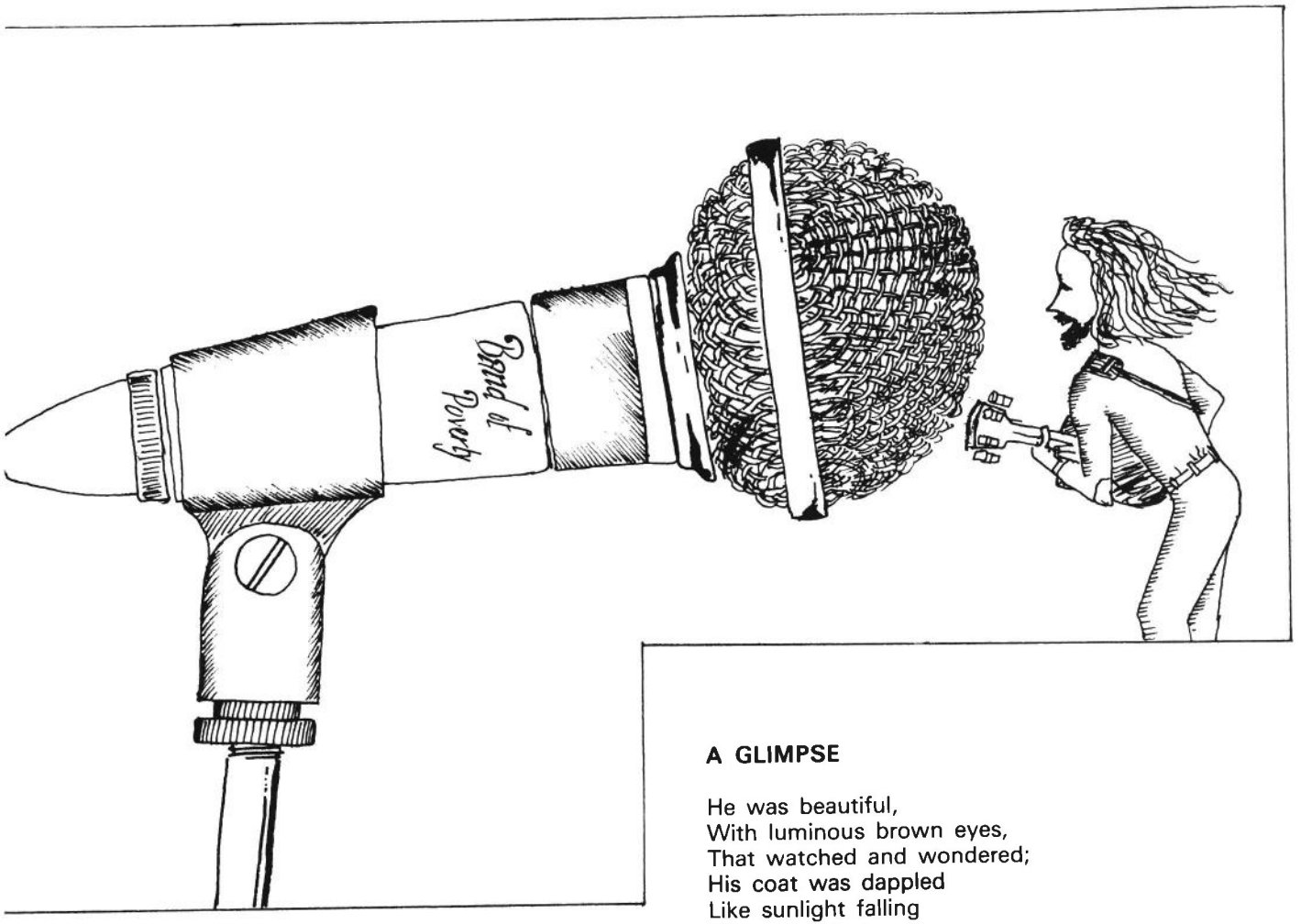
Martha Holmes, 1x.

WONDER

Her face is smooth and perfect. She gazes at the closed hands of His worshippers. One offers a bird, another, old and crooked, brings lambs wool and his eyes are full of wonder.

The child is wrapped in warm materials, His hair, fair and wavy. He lies in a manger with His father near him, but not seen to human eyes.

Isobel McConnan,



People are like bumble bees,
They are velvety soft and Easily squashed.
They are drawn by the beauty of flowers.
They have but one sting
That wounds the enemy
But kills the soul of the giver.

Alison Coleman, 3Y.

Someone cut the grass's fingernails,
But they cut the heads off the daisies.

Alison Coleman, 3Y.

A GLIMPSE

He was beautiful,
With luminous brown eyes,
That watched and wondered;
His coat was dappled
Like sunlight falling
Through thin trees,
And as he flicked his tail,
It fell across his flank
Like a black shadow,
His polished ebony hooves
Rested softly,
Upon green turf
Spangled with yellow and white flowers.
Overhead,
In a sky of mother-of-pearl,
A brown bird hung motionless,
Waiting,
And a feather drifted downwards.

Pippa Carr Linford, 2x.

A SYCAMORE LEAF

Just one sycamore leaf
That came from a shady wood
Where the trees barely moved
And silence reigned apart from the bird calls
And the murmur of the wind
Among the trees,
The trees shaded the ground below them
The flowers displayed their soft petals
The sun shone on them
Each flower faced the sun
And eyed it with warm greetings
Of its golden wonder.
It shone in rays on the bluebells
Who glowed within its splendour.
The wind murmured in the trees
And the bluebells swayed in the breeze.
Just like the sycamore leaf
That came from a shady wood
Where the trees barely moved
And silence reigned in the coolness.

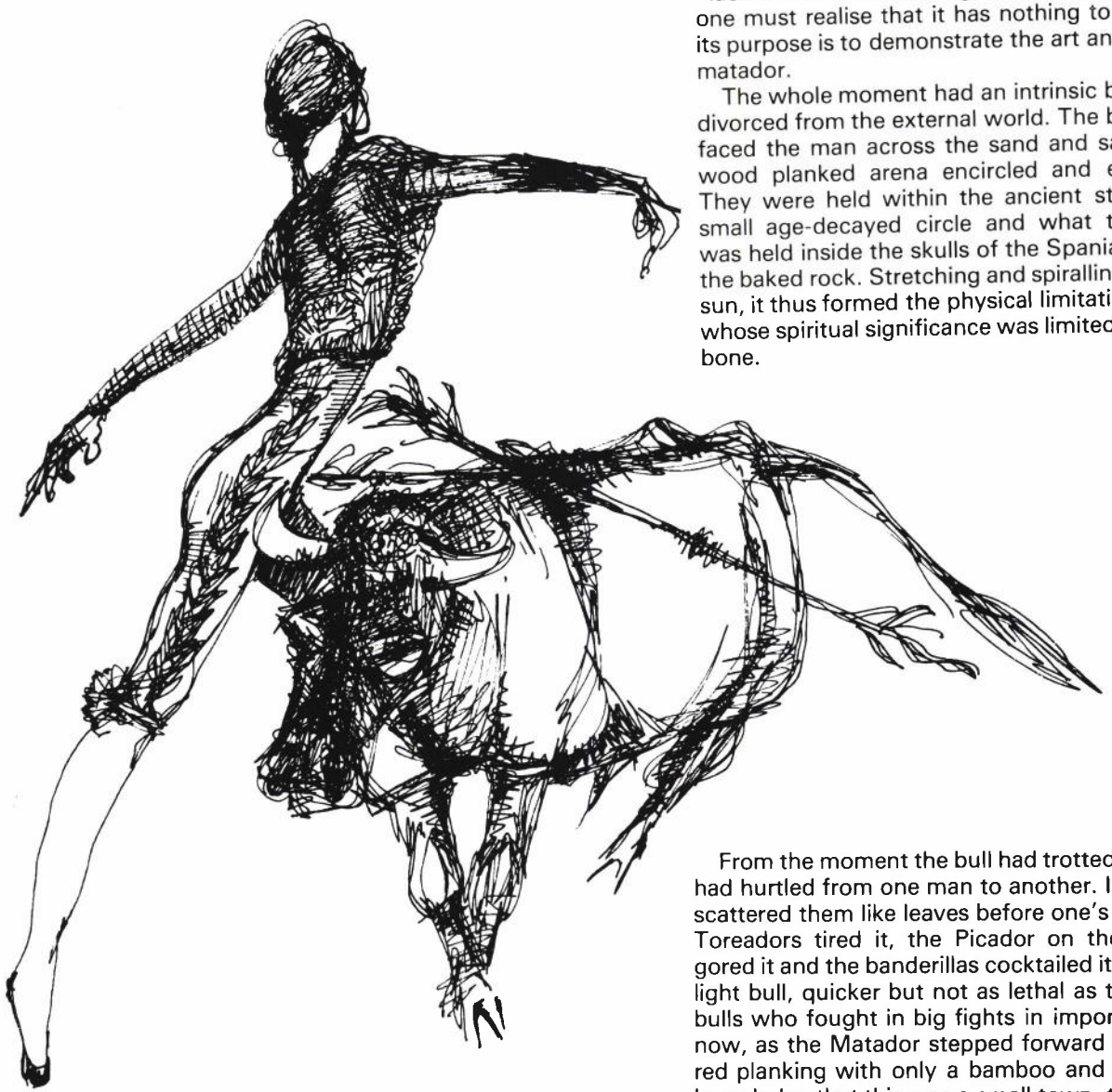
Jane Marshall, 2x.

THE STREET CLEANER'S BALLAD

Alone he walks the empty street;
The rain penetrating his moth-eaten clothes.
He stoops down, brushing up a piece of litter
And places it in his bin
In front of him.
His wrinkled hand wipes a solitary drop of rain
From his eye.
Or is it a tear?
Why do people have to drop litter?
Why can't they put it in their pockets?
He ponders for an answer
But he cannot find one.
He thinks of his childhood,
And how **he** used to throw litter
Around.
And how **he** laughed at old Joe the street cleaner.
Yes how he laughed.
Now he, as it were, was paying the penalty
For a mere few pence.

Trevor Brown, 3x.

THE BLOOD ON THE BACK OF THE BULL



The blood on the back of the bull shone and glistened black in the afternoon light. To understand a bullfight one must realise that it has nothing to do with cruelty; its purpose is to demonstrate the art and courage of the matador.

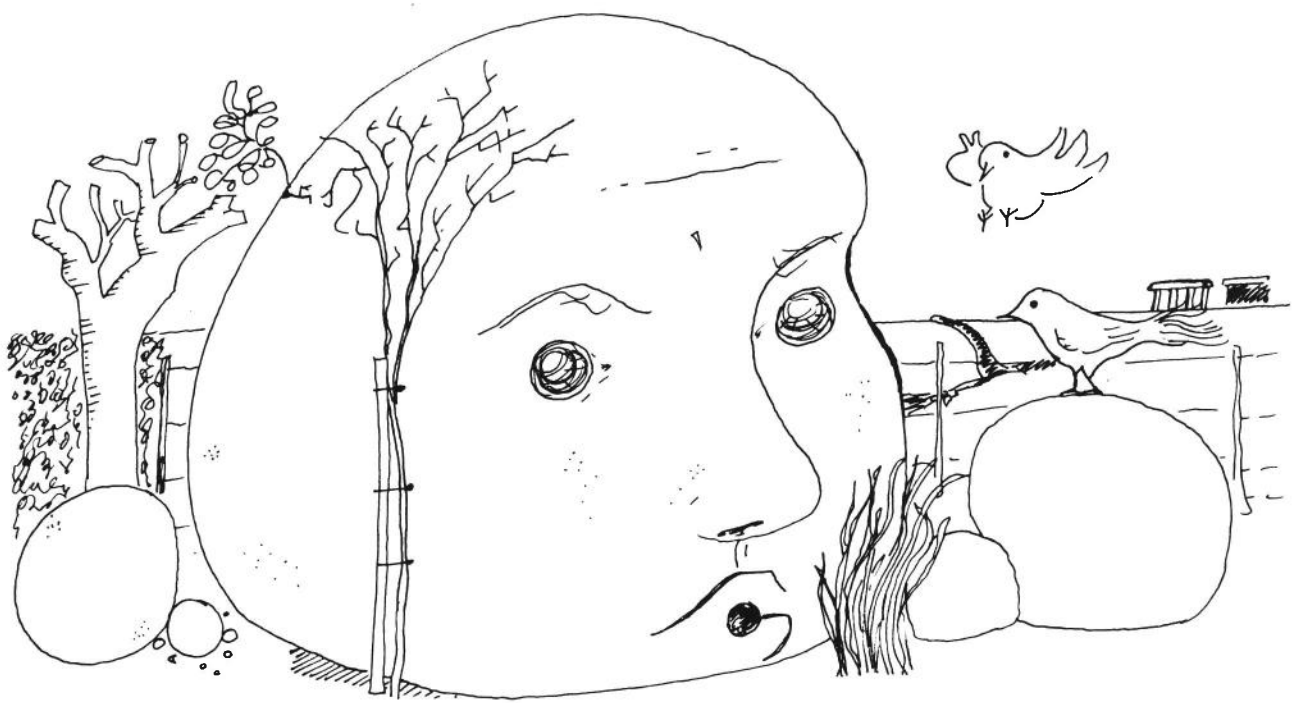
The whole moment had an intrinsic beauty seemingly divorced from the external world. The black fighting full faced the man across the sand and sawdust. The red wood planked arena encircled and entombed them. They were held within the ancient stone tiers of the small age-decayed circle and what they represented was held inside the skulls of the Spaniards clustered on the baked rock. Stretching and spiralling up towards the sun, it thus formed the physical limitations to a moment whose spiritual significance was limited, confined within bone.

From the moment the bull had trotted into the arena it had hurtled from one man to another. Its head down, it scattered them like leaves before one's feet. The young Toreadors tired it, the Picador on the padded horse gored it and the banderillas cocktailed it. It was a young, light bull, quicker but not as lethal as the heavier older bulls who fought in big fights in important towns. But now, as the Matador stepped forward from behind the red planking with only a bamboo and a red cloak, the knowledge that this was a small town, that the Matador was inexperienced and that in the opening ceremony one of the show riders had jogged backwards up his horse's back on his loose saddle till he sat ridiculously on its rump, failed to detract from the sheer morbid excitement inspired by the colour, noise and panache of the spectacle. Everywhere there was colour; reds, blues, yellows all flat and brilliant in the sun. The Spaniards sat in shirt sleeves, the Torreadors clothed to the ears in gaudy sparkling colours. The bull had a brilliance of his own, clothed as he was in matt black with a patch of glossy blood covering his back and shoulders. There was an atmosphere of pagan excitement unlike the grubby fumbling or idiot roar of Northern crowds. Everything was charged, or so it seemed to Northern eyes and ears, with daring, courage and danger.

And so the Matador swirled and gestured, the huge body of the bull passing inches from and sometimes even brushing his own. He flirted with, insulted, coaxed the bull. He left it on its knees. He made it giddy from running in circles while he stood still. He knelt before it, he turned his back to it. He humiliated it and dominated it. Finally, when the bull was left gasping for strength and understanding, the Matador walked to the red planking and exchanged his bamboo for a sword. All noise, smell and touch stopped; the cacaphony of sensation ceased and only sight was left as the Matador bowed to the bull, kissed his sword and then ran, in short accelerating steps towards the bull. When he was maybe six feet from the bull it ducked its head and started forward to meet the charge. The man jumped slightly to the left to avoid the bull and as he did so drove the sword with his entire body and strength between the bared shoulders. The bull's head swept backwards to follow the passing form and its body followed the arch. The pain struck it and as it was jerked back to the ground, slightly sideways and on legs of wood, a stream of blood rushed from underneath its chest onto the ground. The bull shook and coughed hoarsely as its blood gushed from it. As it fell to its knees its sob echoed around the arena. Then it fell to its side and as it was stabbed twice behind the ear to make sure of its death, the play was ended.

When the Matador had posed for his run there had been silence. When he struck there had been a joyous "ole". As it died there were the first muffled jerks of noise as at the end of a religious meeting. The half-frantic horses, huge and well-groomed, strung in polished harness, dragged the bull from the arena like a hunk of meat, which, strangely, it now was, and there was again the noise of the crowd as the black sack disappeared through the door of death.

Nick Fell.



WINDOW TRAP

Crescent cat in a pool of light,
Snowflake butterfly trapped by glass.
Moth beats carpets of air.
Spider swings, a black blob on a thread.

Trapdoor eyes open
Onto tips of flame,
Claws scoop.
Dagger teeth
Yawn into a snarl . . .
Pounce! Pounce! Pounce!

Empty cobweb.
Still snowflake.
Squashed moth.

Sally West, 3y.

FEAR

Lone and afraid,
Standing in darkness
His muscles tense
Hooves rooted
To the ground,
And his eyes open
Full of fear.

Nostrils flared and red
He is nervous. The skies are dark
Threatening storms.
The seas lapping
On the yellow shores,
Are unaware of future danger.
Stallion stands full of fear.

Isobel McCannon, 1x.

SILENCE

Silence is around me
In a meeting where no-one talks,
It's a boring half-hour
With people sitting
Staring at the floor
In silence.
A squeak from a chair
Disturbs the silence,
A cough is heard
Then silence once more,
People get restless and fidget
A noise arises from outside
Then we get up
And start talking again,
The meeting breaks up
Into a scurry of people

Matha Holmes, 1x.

ALONE, SILENT; A STONE

A large lump of stone,
But a very attractive stone,
Beautifully carved,
Carved into the shape of a head.

An irregular sphere
Worn down by the weather.
Characteristic features.
The nose,
A fat, short nose,
With large nostrils.
Thick lips
Very close to the nose.
The eyes,
Uncomplicated eyes,
But with a definite outline,
The forehead,
With a few lines carved
Across it.

Jo Holmes, 2x.

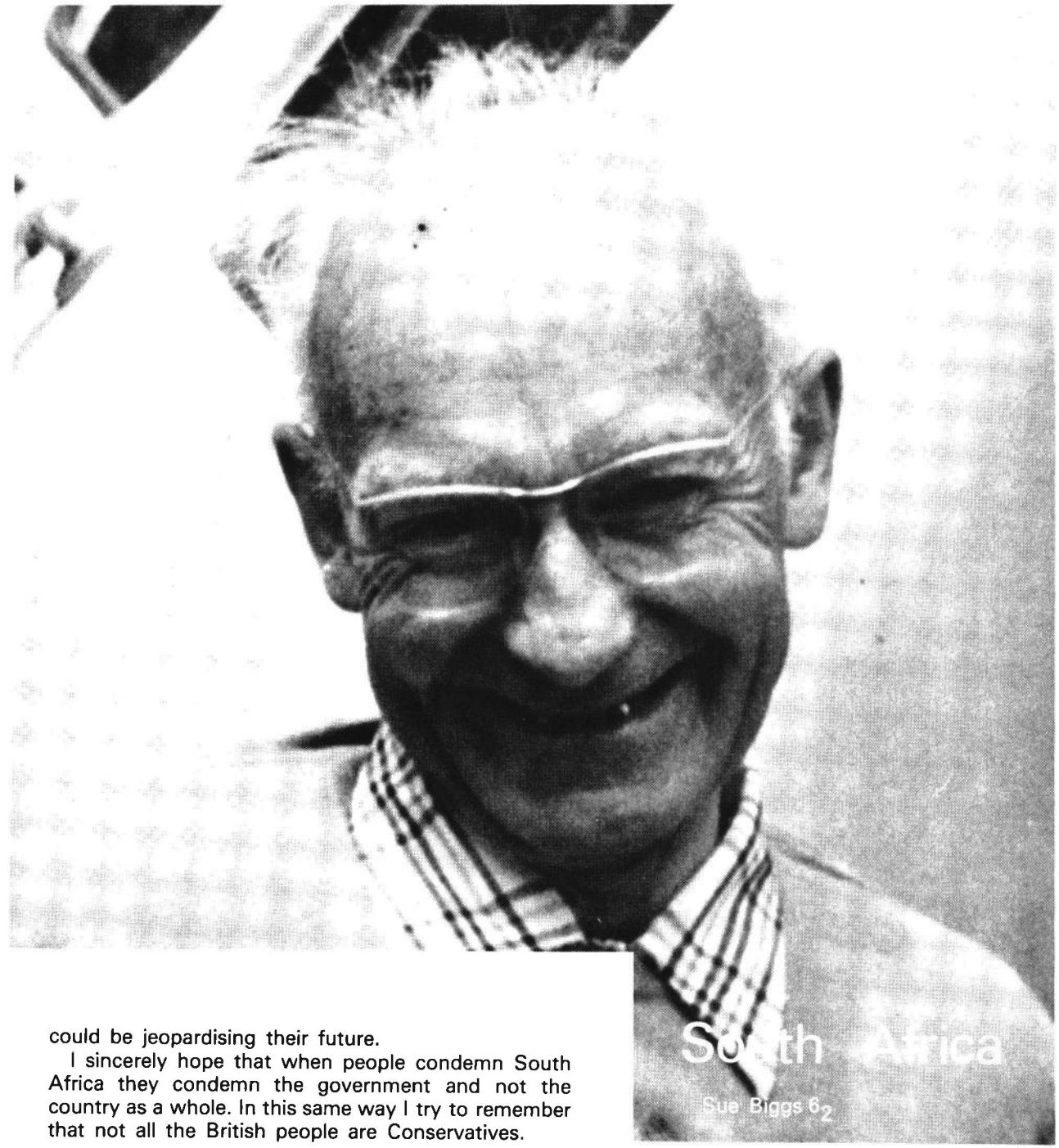
A country so beautiful. The two extremes—mountains and flat land (platteland), green hills and barren desert. The huge expanses of nothingness—only a long, straight, dusty road ahead, a few thorn trees and a few cattle eating the dry brown grass of the veld, and the bustling cities of Johannesburg and Cape Town. These are the geographical extremes.

I love my home, my country South Africa, but I cannot and will not accept the policy of apartheid. This means that I cannot have a full deep relationship with anyone who supports apartheid because it is such a moral difference which I would feel very much. However I am glad to say that there are many South Africans who are fine and thoughtful people. People who are realistic enough to see that the policy of apartheid is wrong and will never really work.

Unfortunately the press and other forms of the mass media overseas tend to forget about those who are doing something positive and constructive in South Africa. There are many people who have no privileges (the non-whites) to better themselves financially, physically (by providing the basically necessary food as cheaply as possible), and in their education. But at the same time they are working for a change. This change must come. The Africans, Indians and Coloureds cannot be suppressed indefinitely. One only sees a glimpse of those who are working for a change or are helping those in need, like the Dean of Johannesburg and Father Cosmo Desmond, but there are many who are doing their best to help those who are underprivileged. For example there is the Charles Johnson Memorial Hospital in Zululand which we saw in the film "The Dumping Ground". There are the other organisations such as the Child and Family Welfare Society which arranges for state grants to be given to those families in need, as well as supplying help in the way of food, money and books. There are also organisations such as the Black Sash which is a body of women who are trying to tell the public just exactly what the government is doing to the non-Europeans.

Unfortunately many of those who have openly opposed the government have been banned, house-arrested, banished to remote parts of the country, exiled or restricted in various other ways. Non-whites have been humiliated by the police or Special Branch. Many students have been bothered by the police because they have courageously spoken out against the government. It was indeed a courageous thing to do because they could be jeopardising their future.

I sincerely hope that when people condemn South Africa they condemn the government and not the country as a whole. In this same way I try to remember that not all the British people are Conservatives.



SEA

Sea,
Wild, mad and foolish.
A child pretending to be an adult.
Building up your salt circulation
of stingy acidness.
Then bursting into tantrums
Spitting, angrily, furiously attacking
Nothing.
You become depressed.
So you sadistically create a storm
And kill a ship
And drown its contents.
Then your madness dissolves
And all is a quiet, peaceful sonata.
But you soon become bored
And once more you start getting mad
Pretending you're Van Gogh painting
With your swirls and whirls.
But really you're an actor,
You're not the king of water
But of mad, cruel depressions.

Susan Isserlis, 2Y.

FANTASY

I wish I could write,
Make words, create illusions,
Scenes, shapes, people,
To live in an inert world
Animated by words.

I wish I could use words like puppets,
The woodenness become flesh,
An act-realityTo fashion emotions—sad and happy—
To make one belong to the make-believe.

I wish I could use my words like a canopy,
To hide behind,
to retreat beyond,
Till I live with my creations
Alone in a world where I am God.

Annamarie Critchard, 4x.

LOST

Alone in the desert
On the hard dry sand,
Cactuses around me,
Desert rats
Scuttle into their holes
The sun beams down
With great heat and power,
Crunch!
As I tread on the sand
It cracks beneath my feet,
The grains tickle my toes
As I slowly proceed
Towards death.
The sun has reached the horizon
And it is dark now
As I think of
Death!

Martha Holmes, 1x.

RAIN

Pattering on the window sill,
Pattering on the leaves,
Down comes the rain,
Dripping from the eanes.

I like the rain it always leaves everything clean and new.
It falls, thumps, patters all night through.
Then in the morning the rain drops are left shining like dew.

Pattering on the window sill,
Pattering on the leaves,
Down comes the rain,
Dripping from the eaves.

Some kids like it,
Some like it not,
But I like it even better
Than when it's hot.

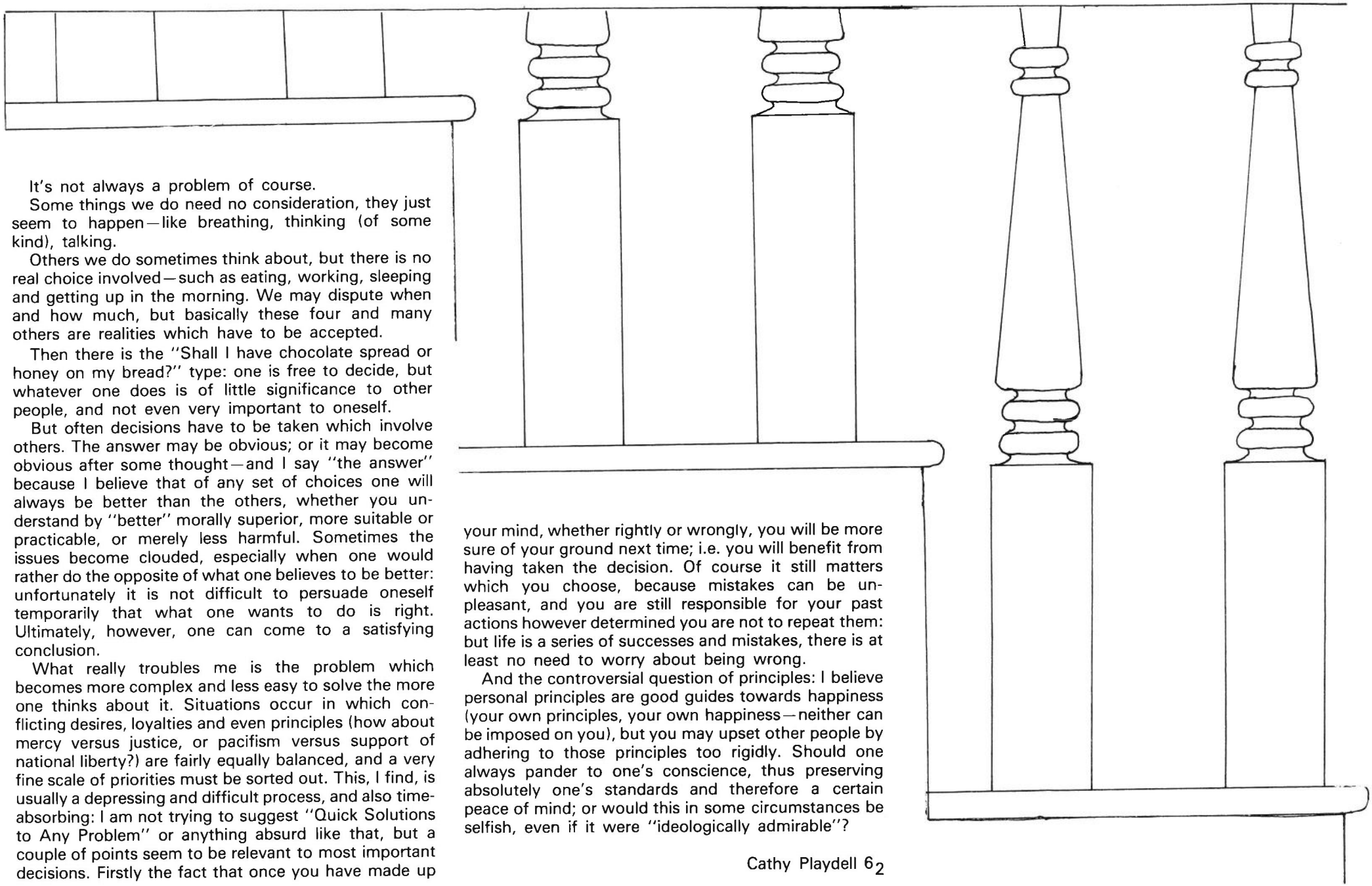
Pattering on the window sill,
Pattering on the leaves,
Down comes the rain,
Dripping from the eaves.

Julian Allen, 1Y.

THE WIND

My hair brushes my face,
Blocking my view for a second,
It sweeps around me,
Looking for something to carry away,
A leaf, or a small piece of paper,
To lift them for a few yards,
Then drop them onto the ground again.
It spins the leaves in spirals,
Like a small whirlwind,
Playful and carefree, for as long as it wished,
But me, I only had ten seconds,
To do what I liked,
Out of the stuffy classrooms
And children's voices.
The autumn leaves,
Rustle on their branches,
They too,
Will soon join the playful wind,
If it lasts that long.
A yellowy coloured leaf
Drifted past my face while the wind was still,
But before it reached the ground
It was whisked away,
Gone with the wind.
I looked up
Through Crosfields windows.
In there it was still warm.
Maybe I would be glad to go back,
In there.
But the wind wasn't cold;
In fact it was very warm.
I pushed through the swing doors,
Which swung back
With a bang!
My hair dropped back into place;
Work!

The Difficulty of Deciding Things



It's not always a problem of course.

Some things we do need no consideration, they just seem to happen—like breathing, thinking (of some kind), talking.

Others we do sometimes think about, but there is no real choice involved—such as eating, working, sleeping and getting up in the morning. We may dispute when and how much, but basically these four and many others are realities which have to be accepted.

Then there is the "Shall I have chocolate spread or honey on my bread?" type: one is free to decide, but whatever one does is of little significance to other people, and not even very important to oneself.

But often decisions have to be taken which involve others. The answer may be obvious; or it may become obvious after some thought—and I say "the answer" because I believe that of any set of choices one will always be better than the others, whether you understand by "better" morally superior, more suitable or practicable, or merely less harmful. Sometimes the issues become clouded, especially when one would rather do the opposite of what one believes to be better: unfortunately it is not difficult to persuade oneself temporarily that what one wants to do is right. Ultimately, however, one can come to a satisfying conclusion.

What really troubles me is the problem which becomes more complex and less easy to solve the more one thinks about it. Situations occur in which conflicting desires, loyalties and even principles (how about mercy versus justice, or pacifism versus support of national liberty?) are fairly equally balanced, and a very fine scale of priorities must be sorted out. This, I find, is usually a depressing and difficult process, and also time-absorbing: I am not trying to suggest "Quick Solutions to Any Problem" or anything absurd like that, but a couple of points seem to be relevant to most important decisions. Firstly the fact that once you have made up your mind, whether rightly or wrongly, you will be more sure of your ground next time; i.e. you will benefit from having taken the decision. Of course it still matters which you choose, because mistakes can be unpleasant, and you are still responsible for your past actions however determined you are not to repeat them: but life is a series of successes and mistakes, there is at least no need to worry about being wrong.

And the controversial question of principles: I believe personal principles are good guides towards happiness (your own principles, your own happiness—neither can be imposed on you), but you may upset other people by adhering to those principles too rigidly. Should one always pander to one's conscience, thus preserving absolutely one's standards and therefore a certain peace of mind; or would this in some circumstances be selfish, even if it were "ideologically admirable"?

Cathy Playdell 62

MY FAVOURITE GAME

This corrupt, wild, dangerous game requires a lot of skill to

(a) avoid the "bomb" or "torpedo", that nasty cold, wet, muddy object which some people call the ball, that is those people who close their eyes and minds to reality;

(b) keeping warm (i.e. not freezing). Gloves and hat prohibited. I suppose if you wore all your kit from the changing rooms you could survive, with some luck.

(c) If you do get the torpedo get rid of it as soon as possible, otherwise you'll have boots with sticks of gelignite (some fools call them spikes) in your body, also quite likely you'll be crushed to death, though you might escape with a broken leg.

(d) Not being cursed at by enthusiasts and trying to keep your position in the mud swamp some call the pitch.

The game has started. I see anyone who has the torpedo is immediately crushed to death, or smashed up. Everywhere there are people rubbing their broken arms, some lying unconscious, some dead, their bodies just stamped into the pitch. Strangely, even before the game has started, everyone is muddy, sweaty, and clammy. It is dark and freezing and of course, as ever when playing rugby, it is raining.

Suddenly I wake up from my day-dream hearing a wild, spoilt-child voice in my ear saying: "For Christ's sake, Gaussen, get on the wing!" I vaguely walk somewhere over there. Then again: "Look, James, get on a di-a-g-g-g-g-onal! Play the game and you'll enjoy yourself."

Then the torpedo suddenly dropped into my arms with a deadly thud. Before I can move I am crushed under everyone playing the game. Muddy, sticky heaving bodies. I am suffocated and knocked out. When I come round I hear: "Well done, Gaussen lad. This is what rugby's all about!" Meanwhile someone has scored a try, a whistle goes and the game has ended. Only twelve more rugby lessons this term. That's why rugby is my favourite game!

James Gaussen, 4x.

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Anon.



6i GIRLS CROSSWORD 1V

This season has seen a group of 6i girls cantering gamely into the crossword field. There has been an encouraging progression via the less subtle tactics of the Mirror to the Daily Telegraph Large. There is a stiff training programme, limbering up with the small crossword every morning before breakfast, which has helped them to get off to a creditable start to their first season.

There has been one outstanding victory, over the T.L. of Nov. 10th, numerous draws and an ever diminishing number of defeats.

The team this season is a strong one. We feel that Shan's progress has been slightly impeded by her complete inability to spell words of more than one syllable. However, her basic footwork in the sphere of vocabulary is commendable and in conjunction with Fiona and the Pocket Oxford Dictionary she makes a valuable contribution to the team. Fiona's work is frequently inspired, though we note a tendency to over-estimate the frequency with which anagrams occur, and some fruitless moments have been spent in quite deliberation over a vowelless jumble of letters. However, when anagrams DO crop up she has been a tower of strength. Jo has worked steadily, with some pleasing results and Phillipa we feel has made a REAL EFFORT. Better luck next season Phillipa!

We are proposing to introduce thinking caps as an optional games extra on the clothing list next term. In the future we hope to aspire to even greater heights and may even tackle the Times by 1973. . . . . PAR ANIGRAMA AD ALTA.

Fiona Adler.
Shan Poynder.

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The end of the Easter term saw the departure of our much-missed David Gray, who, among other things, had been the guiding light of Senior Lit. for the past ten years. His last meeting was a great occasion; an evening of creative music and writing in the round. Especially memorable was Richard Fleming on the Northumbrian bagpipes, Jake Douglas, Tanya Fox and Michael Hibbs who read their own poems, Jasper Kay's story about a pyromaniac, an excerpt from "Rosencratz and Guilderstern Are Dead" read by Alison Turnbull and David Gray and a madrigal from Small Choir.

However, the Society is far from languishing under the new captainship of John Gillett. On the contrary, the Autumn term has been rare for the quality and quantity of its meetings. A talk by Margaret Drabble on the future of the novel started us off, followed by an extremely funny rendering of "The General's Tea Party" by Boris Vinn read by miscellaneous members and coordinated by Mark Miller and Nichola Weate. Next came a talk on the origins of the Abbey Theatre by Richard Cave, effectively communicating the Irish flavour, and an evening of extracts from music and literature on the theme of the Supernatural rounded off the meetings. Hopefully we shall continue to present as broad a spectrum of aspects of literature as possible. A new and welcome development has been the formation of a Drama Club under Mark Miller which takes place on the Tuesday evenings unoccupied by Senior Lit.

Cathy Pleydell.

MUSIC

The main event of the Easter Term was the concert at Parents' Week-end, when Choir and Orchestra performed Handel's Dettingen Te Deum and Susan Walter was the soloist in a Mozart Horn Concerto.

At the beginning of the Summer Term the Second Orchestra and a large number of instrumental groups made their annual visit to the Chelmsford Musical Festival. We have a long-standing connection with this Festival, which caters only for ensemble groups and so manages to avoid the extremes of teaching and parental competition which mar so many events of this kind. This year an unusually wide variety of instrumental groups took part, a reflection of the growing diversity of musical activity within the school.

In October the First Orchestra gave its annual concert in aid of Friends' Service Council, this time in the Friends' Meeting House, and another in Hinxton Church. The programme included a Haydn Symphony, a trio for three horns by Beethoven, a Mozart Divertimento, and Bach's Suite in B Minor for Flute and Strings, in which Celia Pitstow was the soloist. The end of term has seen the carols by the Small Choir at Newport and Finchingfield Churches, followed by the Carol Service on the last Sunday evening. In addition to the carols this year, there was a Christmas Cantata by Scarlatti, sung by four members of the Choir and accompanied by the strings of the First Orchestra. On the last Wednesday evening of term the Junior Choir, who had already paid their traditional visit to St. Mark's, gave a Christmas concert to an invited audience.

The informal lunch-time concerts have continued, and the Long Assembly on Thursday morning has twice been the occasion for important musical events this term.

A large number of candidates have entered for Associated Board examinations, and we congratulate Susan Walter who obtained Grade VIII on the French Horn, and Celia Pitstow who obtained Grade VIII with distinction on the Flute.

R.L.S.

AMNESTY REPORT 1971

At the beginning of term we found ourselves with four prisoners, one more than usual: a South African, a Russian, a Greek and a Brazilian. In April we received the news that the Russian prisoner had died, and we then adopted a Spanish prisoner. In September headquarters informed us that our Greek prisoner was presumed released and recently we heard that our Brazilian prisoner had been advocating violence. Amnesty cannot condone violence of any kind, and we were advised to adopt another prisoner. At present we still have our South African prisoner, waiting to hear whether house arrest will be renewed.

Our activities have included organising another party for the juniors in the summer; preparing a display for General Meeting and arranging assemblies during Prisoner of Conscience Week. We are now planning to turn some of our attention towards another charity connected with Amnesty.

At the end of the summer term Alison Turnbull left, leaving a gap in our group. This gap is being amply filled by Don Miller. The meetings in Miss Turnbull's flat with coffee and biscuits have moved to Debden Road with the same provisions.

Sarah Edwards, 6_2

SCOUTS 1970-71

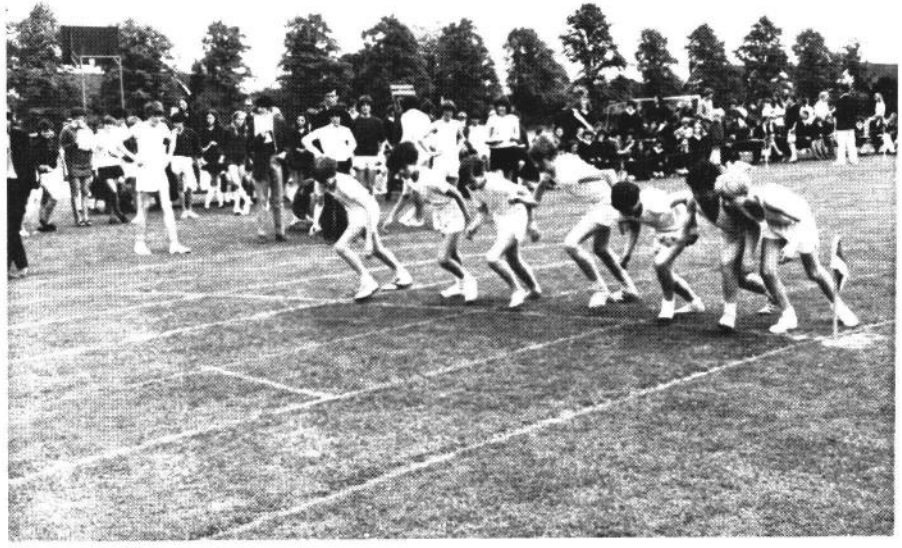
We started the year aiming for a water-borne camp and intending to build our own canoes. But the postal strike put paid to this idea. However we did some worthwhile activities, including winning the local swimming match and making hot air balloons out of tissue paper! The Stag's baloon reached a height of over 2,000 ft. above Stansted Airport 8 miles away. The other three were less fortunate and either didn't leave the ground at all, or burst into flames at five feet.

It rained during Training Camp (solidly) but most people enjoyed the experience.

Summer Camp was the opposite and we enjoyed a heat wave. Activities included water sports on the river, climbing Brecon Beacons and orienteering. Kestrels won the activities and camp. The troop would like to thank all who helped in Scouts this year especially Paul High and John Gillett.

William Stephens, 5y.





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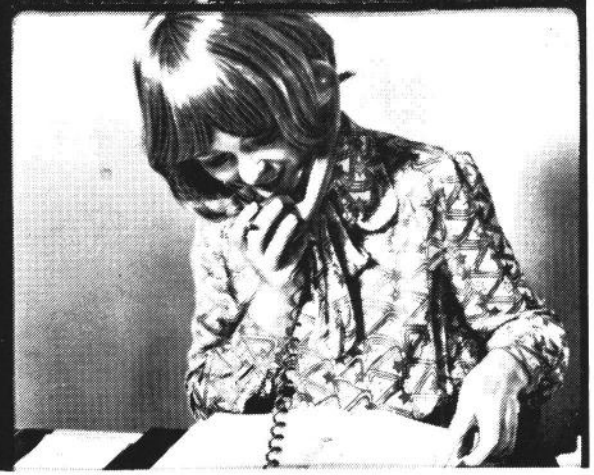
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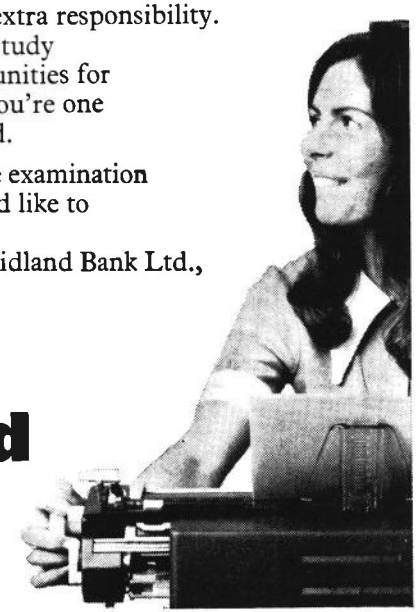




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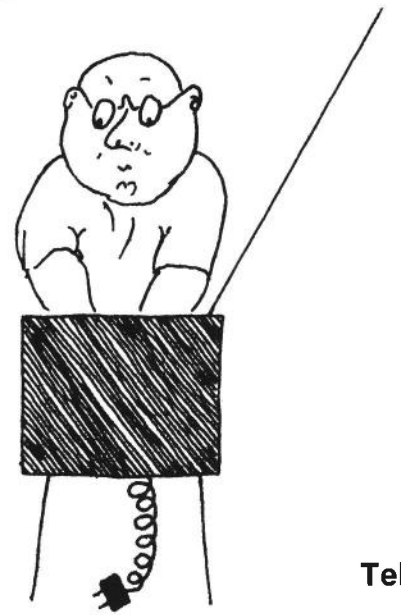
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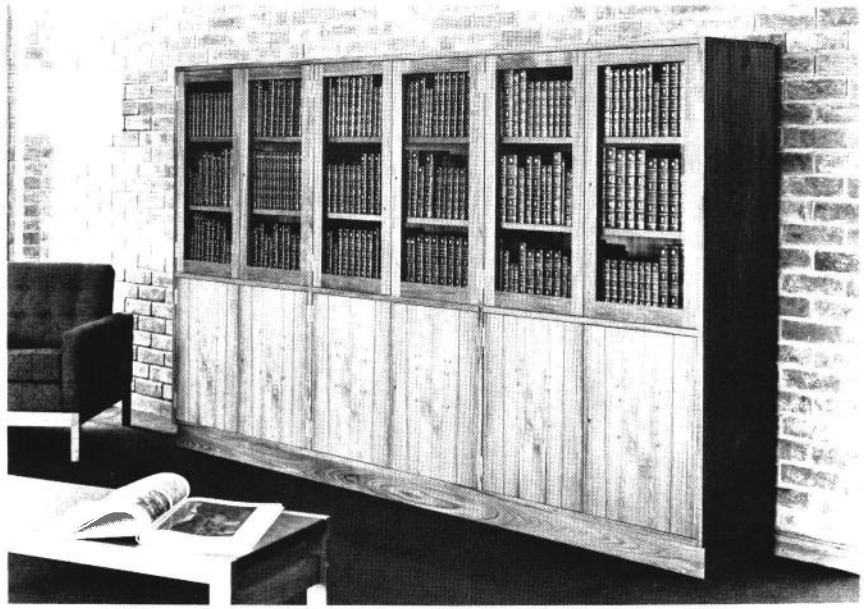
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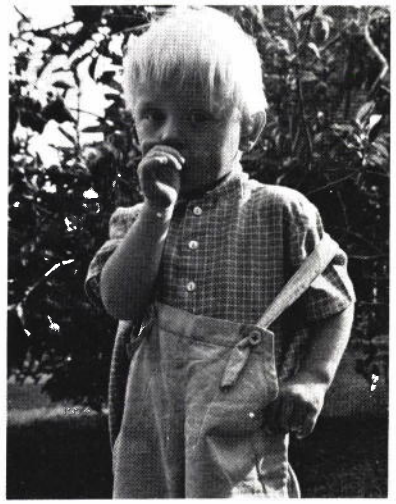
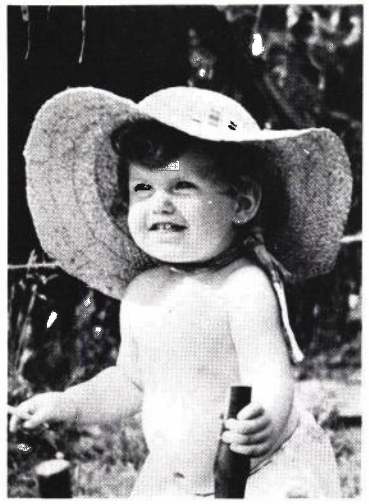
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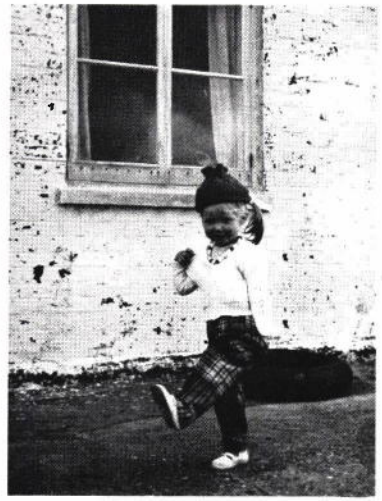
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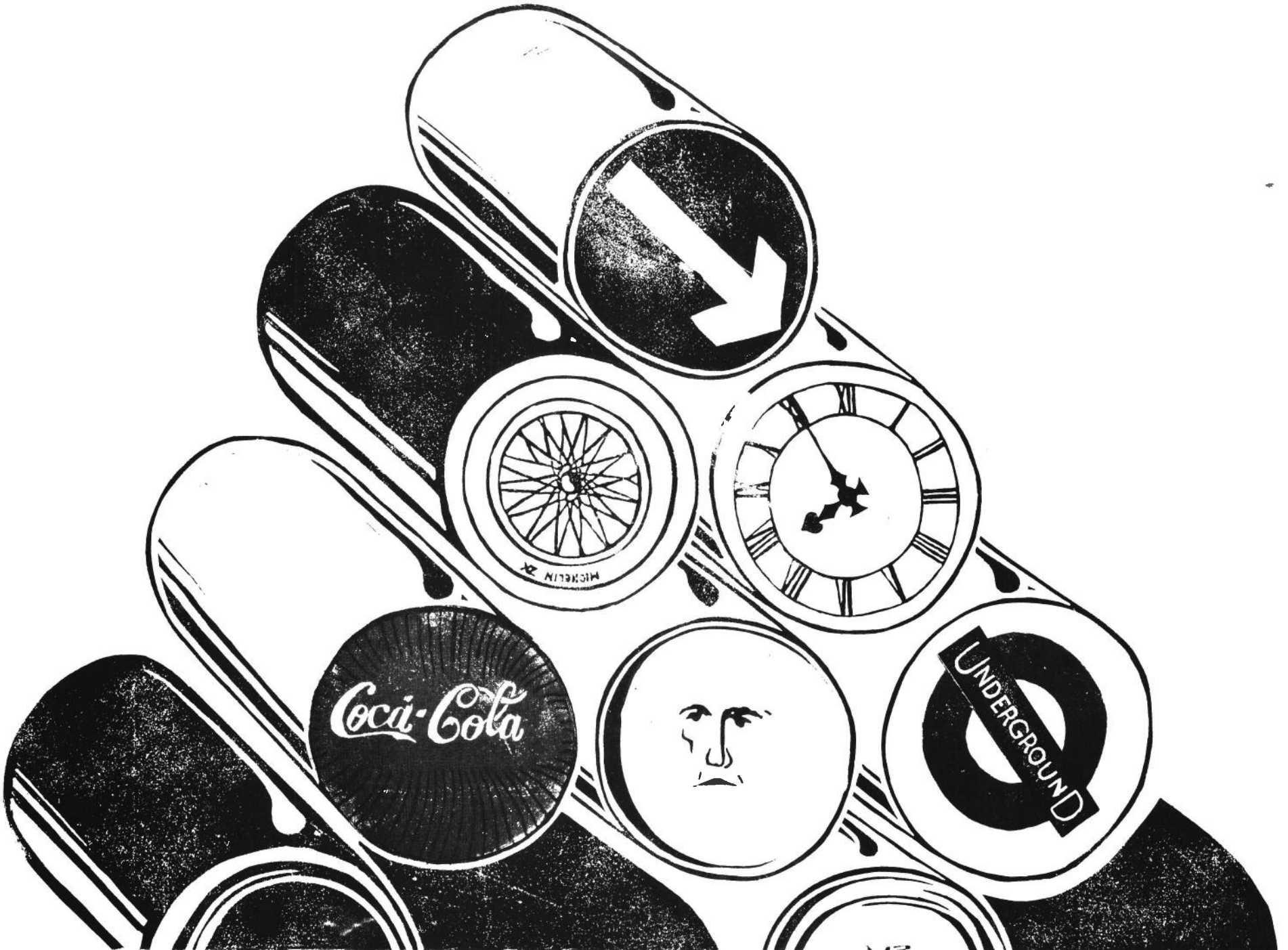






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