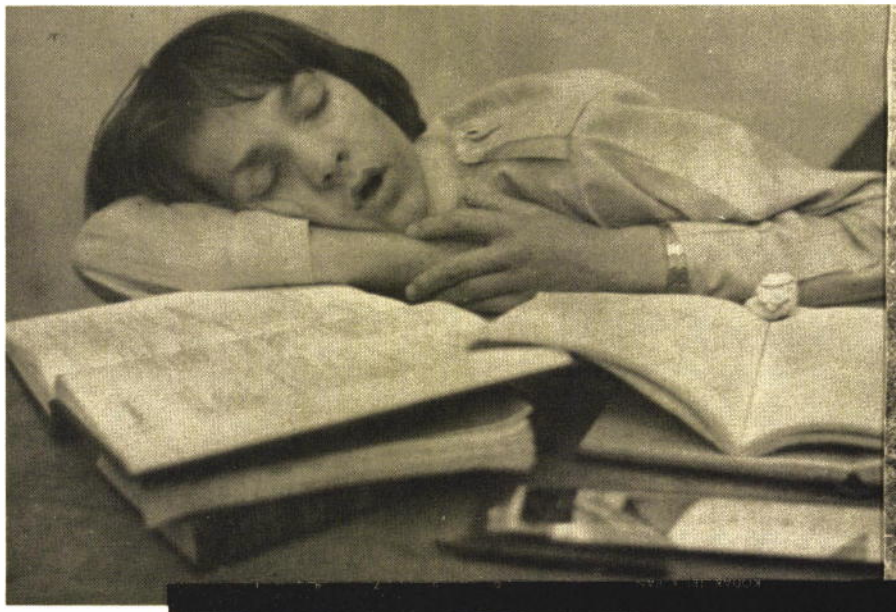
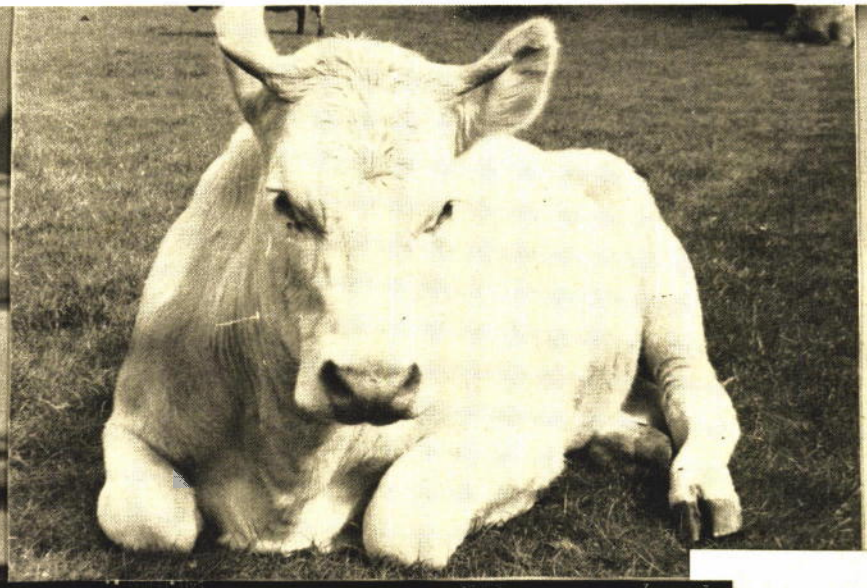
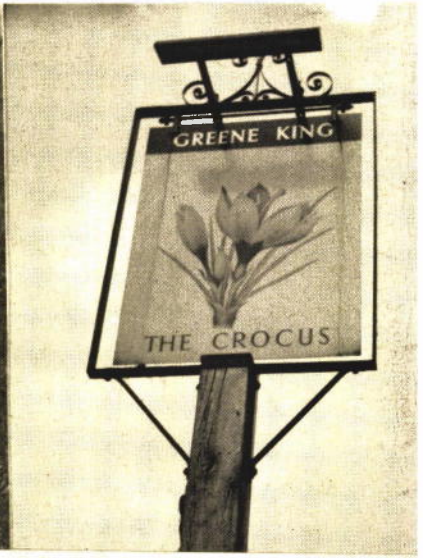
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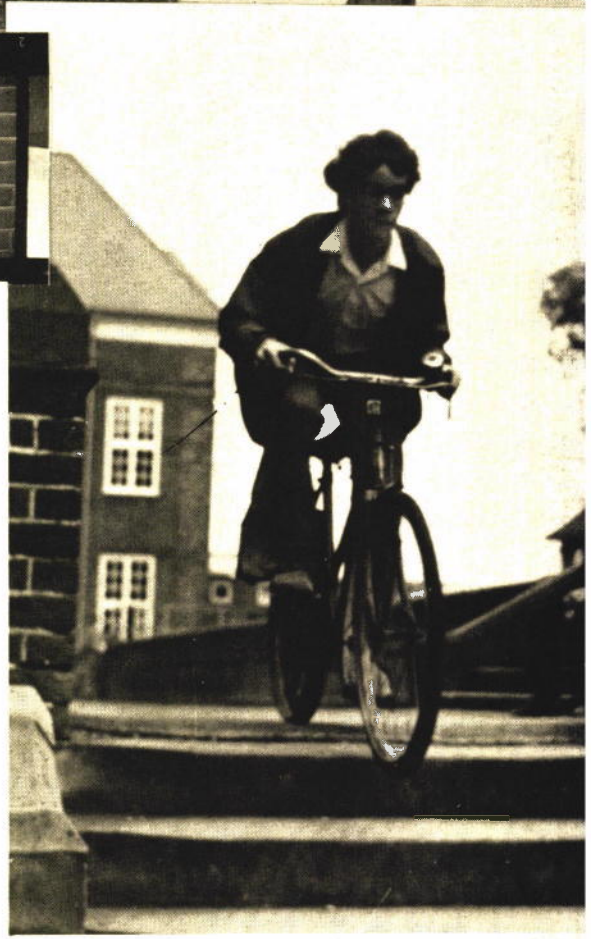












Orders for the next issue, or for copies of this, should be sent to The Business Manager, Friends School, Saffron Walden, Essex. Prices for this issue 20p to members of the school, 25p (post free) to others.

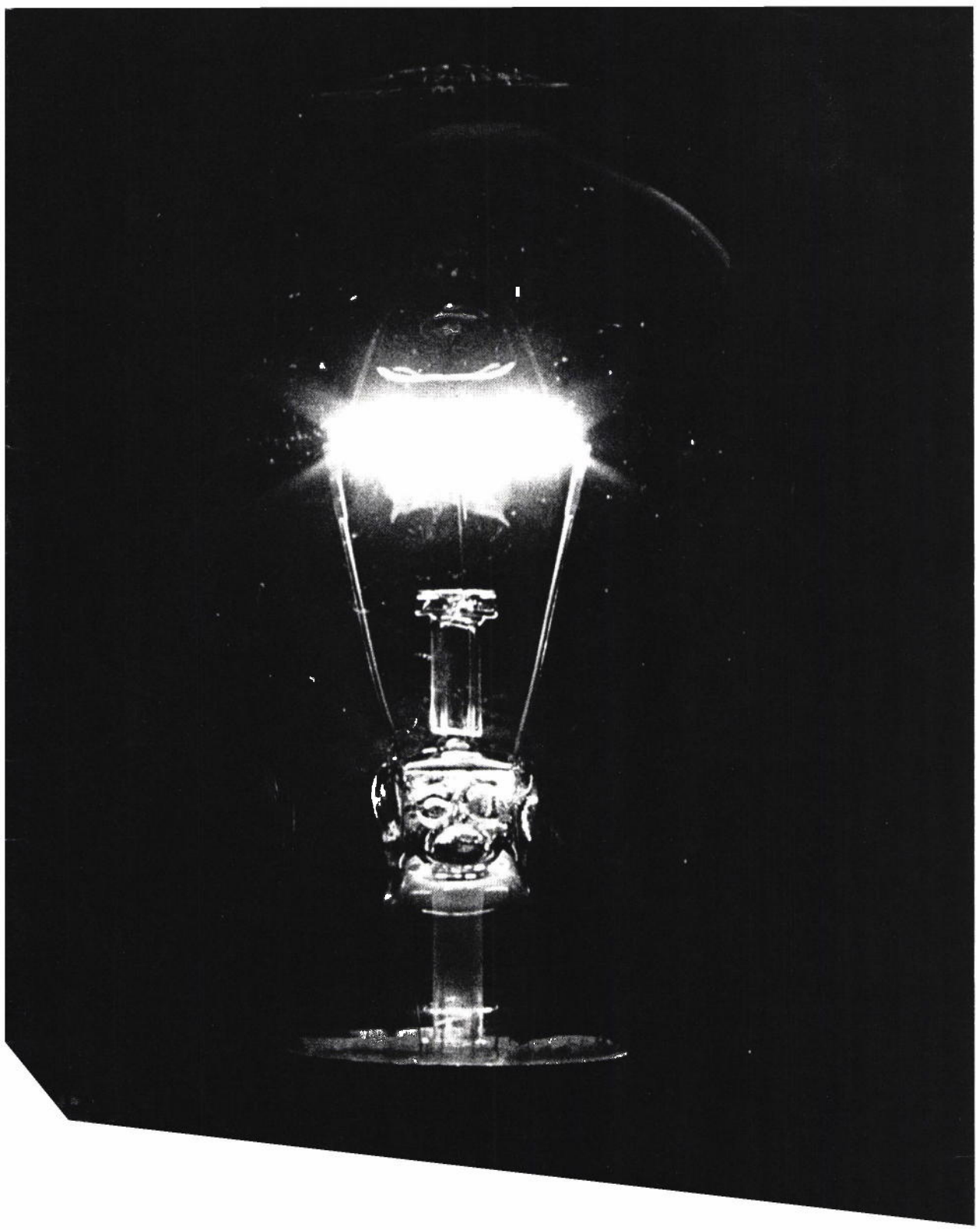
Details of advertising rates from the Business Manager.

Advertising copy for the next issue should reach him by 1st December, 1973.

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SPRING TERM

The good old English weather let us down this year; when we trooped back to school there was no snow. As the term progressed we found ourselves subjected to hurricane lamps yet again, but we were considerably cheered by the production of two plays: ''The Underground Lovers'' and ''Ernie's Incredible Hallucination'' which went ahead despite somewhat woolly emergency lighting. Thaxted church was packed out for the performance of the Brahms Requiem. Meanwhile, on the home front Sixth Form Day became School Day with several of the reluctant fifth form being bludgeoned into taking lessons.





SUMMER TERM

Peter Cutler departed for Germany and was replaced by David Pope, while Marjorie Holmes took over from Olga Miller at the girls' end. Then came the school photograph, which had to be slightly altered owing to the reproduction of some athletic people. Anthony Ratcliffe helped organise the twenty mile Shelter Walk along last year's route reversed. It provided welcome exercise for Paul High's doughty Iceland band as well as raising £1,082 for Shelter of which £380 came from Friends' scholars. Mark Miller and the fourth form produced ''The Dark Tower'' by Louis Macneice. The first of what it was hoped would be a regular series of events was the staging of ''Flax Into Gold'' by Junior Choir under Sue Betts. By the end of term the weather had recovered and the scouts (Snowdon-bound) and the Iceland party set out amid icy rain.

AUTUMN TERM

As usual this term there were many new faces at school; Jill French, Martin Hugall and Michael Coldham joined the staff with Ena Evans replacing Joy Ashford as Deputy Head. Joy left, having married Geoffrey Dupont and moved to Ipswich; Michael Ratcliffe and John Chapman both left to get married; Ruth York married but didn't leave and Jane Field left but was already married. Iorwerth John returned from a sabbatical term in Ghana looking unbelievably brown. Early in the term the Malaysian Minister of Education came to see us during a brief stay in Britain. Later we were vaccinated against 'flu, but this did not prevent a wave sweeping through the school (not Asian, however). This rather upset the school play, ''Zigger Zagger'' produced by Mark Miller. He stepped in twice to take the second lead and many others helped out. The result was much enjoyed and commended by all. Also well-received was Junior Choir's performance of ''Captain Noah and his Floating Zoo''. As Christmas approached Small Choir sang their lovely carols once more, Imogen Rowlands went off on her Sabbatical ''to stand and stare'' and everyone went home rejoicing. During the year three members of staff (or at least their wives) gave birth to Benjamin StJohn Sessa, Jenny Belinda Lightfoot and Lucy Alexandra Ratcliffe.



YFC



GRANNY

That nice old lady, whom everyone loved,
A right old age she was too, eighty.
Everyone knew her,
From the people next door and across the road,
To the people across the other side of the world,
She always had an open house, giving sympathy to
people with sorrows,
And love to everybody,
She used to ask people home to dinner after a brisk
walk over the heath,
To meeting.
She was cheerful, and willing, and friendly,
But then she went.
She had been ill for some time,
Not really ill, just losing fact of where she was and
getting frail and delicate,
After eighty long and well-spent years,
She died mainly of frailty and old age,
She was climbing mountains at seventy-eight,
What a dear old person she was,
She had always got a story to tell us,
About when she and my grandfather went mountain
climbing,
Her work in the war,
Helping everyone out,
She travelled the whole wide world (almost!),
Meeting people, making friends, solving problems,
One person or one hundred, it didn't matter,
She could find time for all,
And space round the table for everyone to join in,
Time to tell stories amusing and serious.
Her most valuable book was her brain,
In this she kept all her reminders,
Of birthdays and special events,
Of letters she had to reply to.
Her heart was full of kindness and love,
She died with some of the family round her,
Quite peacefully,
I shall remember her well,
So clearly,
It's so hard to believe she's gone.

Claire Greaves 2y



IN MAGGIE'S RAINBOW SHOP

In Maggie's rainbow shop they sell balloons
And paper flowers grow out of strange vases in the
window
I've never seen a rainbow there for sale
But Maggie always says they're out of stock
And rainbows don't grow on trees and things.
Maggie doesn't mind if you don't buy anything.
A smile's as good as money on a rainy day
And better than gold on sunny days
When the sun shines through the round windows in
Maggie's shop
You don't need balloons or sweets when Maggie
smiles.

Alison Coleman 5y

NATURE

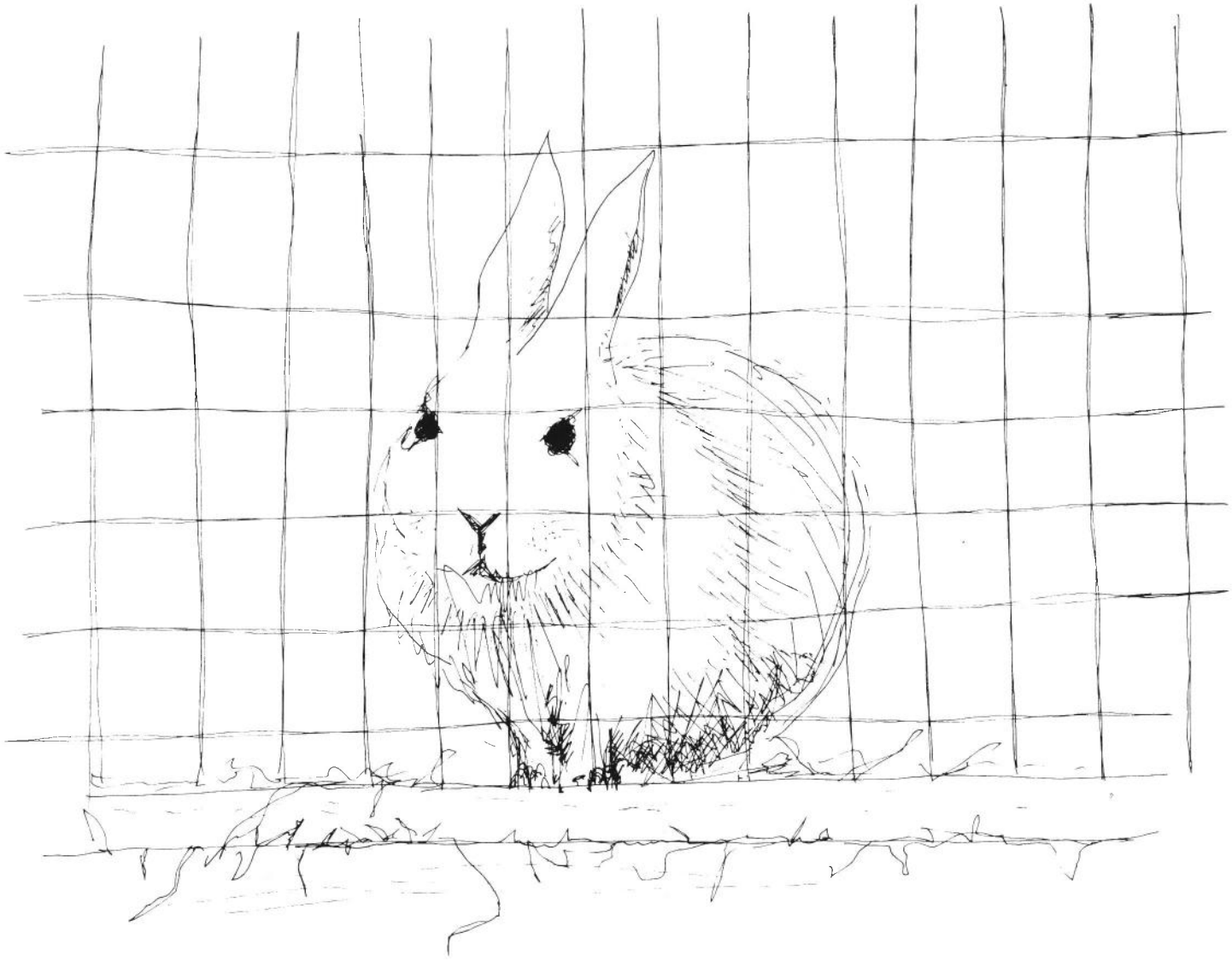
The rough mossy bank,
The long slender twigs,
And the green, green leaves all around.

The roots spreading out
All out from the tree
And crawling on the dirty ground.

The moist brown bark
Shelters Mr Mole
As he happily makes his mound.

The wind and the rain
Help all the flowers grow
So pretty yet without a sound.

Julie Hayward 2x



IN A HUTCH

I gaze earnestly,
Watching nothing,
I wait,
I dream of fresh grass and munchy bran,
I smell some juicy carrots far far away,
I hear a tap running,
A dog's bark reaches my sensitive ears,
Water in a bowl,
Comes at last,
I drink away my thirstiness,
I nibble a tasty cabbage stalk,
And I endure the loneliness,
Of another day.

Rona Newbold 2x

WAKING TO SUNLIGHT

I awoke to sunlight
pouring through the trees,
like golden water from a watering can,
and rolled from my bed,
warm with sleep,
to a cold, hard floor.

At the door I paused,
washing my eyes
with the soft new dawn of gold
and walked, drunk
with the wary light,
out to the dewy garden.

My eyes were used to the light
by now,
I sat on the swing
and the new morning was in my hands,
so I sat still
and watched the sun melt the world into daytime.

Elizabeth Geen 3y

JUST FOR A NICKEL

There in the street sat a dark-skinned boy. He sat so neatly; he sat cross-legged. He sat sifting the grit through his small dark hands. Beside his crosslegs sat a shining nickel. With that his large dark lips would ask for some gum, his dark-coloured hands would hand over the money. Would he be served in the store? Would his Nickel be considered the same, seeing that it came from a coloured boy's hands and not the pinky anaemic-looking hand of a white boy?

The little boy's ears pricked up. He turned round to see a crowd of white boys laughing and dancing at the top of the street. He stopped sifting the sand and with an axious look on his face, he picked up the silver shining Nickel and clenched it in his mall coloured hand. The boys grew closer to him, mimicking him they were. They were shouting insulting words, words of in-dentation. Words of unkindliness. They came nearer, chanting at him. Then one boy said to him:

"Got any money, then?"

"Yeah, but you ain't having it."

"Come on, hand it over 'ere."

Slowly the coloured boy opened his now damp, clenched hand. There it was, the dull, no longer shiny Nickel.

He was shivering, the white boy came and grabbed the Nickel. No word was spoken, they all ran off . . .

The little boy sat there in bewilderment. He returned once more to the sand and grit. But one thought haunted him.

How would he explain to his mum, why he had no gum? Would he ever be able to retell that story without feeling a little, if not a lot, of hatred for that gang of boys.

Deborah Pearce 4y



CHINESE POEM

The wooden music box
coloured and shiny.
Plays a tinkling tune
like a spring rippling and splashing.
A mandarin
Small fat and jolly dances.
A child sits
The music magic to his ears.

Catherine Greaves 5x.

HAKAI

Action
He fought with will and
A forceful, subtle move won
The rising struggle.
Consequence
Beyond the task was
Satisfaction of the mind
And all destiny.
Experience
In the future the
Lesson was recalled giving
Guide-lines to reason.
Attitude
Maintaining stable
But critical faculties
He abhorred bias.
Decision
Precision within
Right and wrong guaranteed the
Best resolutions.

Angus Willson 62

THE SNOWFLAKE

The town is in silence
Not a person in sight
As I fall from the heavens
Through the long frosted night.

I land very softly
On the snowflakes below
Unbroken, untouched
But melting quite slow.

As the break of the morning
The dawn of the day
Breaks through the night's shadow
I fade right away.

Jane Hood 2x

A MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE AT EVENING

Away to the horizon,
The reddish mauve of the sky and the sun,
As the sun fades away to go to bed,
And the moon gets up to do his shift.
Nearer to us the silhouette of a small mountain farm,
Shows up and as a puff of smoke comes from the
chimney,
It is wafted away in the cool night breeze,
The house looks still, calm and silent,
As if it was going to sleep.
As I peer through the flap in my tent,
I am snuggled up, cosy and warm,
I see the mountain landscape,
With a large white moon keeping watch over us,
Everything is going to sleep,
All is quiet and peaceful,
An owl hoots in the distance
The weather has got a chill to it,
My eyelids are slowly drooping
I am gradually dropping off to sleep.
Quite near I hear the gentle lapping,
Of the river as it winds away
Down the mountain till it reaches the lake
The birds have gone to rest,
I must sleep too.
I can feel myself drifting off to sleep,
I can hardly keep my eyes open,
Everything is at peace on the mountain,
Still, quiet and peaceful.

Claire Greaves 2y

LIGHT AND SHADE

A patchwork quilt,
Fields of grass, mustard, corn, wheat and barley.
Their different colours—some dark, others light.
As the clouds pass over they cast shadows.
Then as the sun peers through—the fields are
smothered in light—but as the sun goes in
the shadows creep up and the fields are shaded.

Hugh Topping 2x

COGITATIONS

It's amazing how many dark corners of the human mind
Lie undiscovered and unthought of.
In spite of what psychiatrists say,
Not all the places in the brain have been charted out.
There is always a spot in the map which remains blank;
An empty space in an ignorant mind.
And in spite of many millions of cynics,
The lemons of our civilization,
The destroyers of faith
Who do not believe in the basic emotion
But reach for the higher, more complex plane
Of superior motives to explain our actions.
There are still those who can argue and ignore
But nevertheless maintain that to those that can reach
the darkest corners of the human mind
Is given the gift of eternal Sanction and lots of peace;
Plenty of it;
enough to supply them with a lifetime's peace of mind.

Romany Cuevas 6.1

HE TAKES AN APPLE

His silent eyes look with hope at something, something interesting for him. His pointed eyes, hollow and dark inside, listen for that thing to make a noise, movement or talking and he will swing his arching neck round to look at you. Now he sees my hand with a juicy apple in it. He comes gingerly towards me stretching his soft clean muzzle out to me. He feels around curling his muzzle. He hates me teasing him, so I give him it, and he shakes his head up, to chew it up, his mane flips in time. He then, after eating that, again reaches for the other part. He takes it with ease out of my hand and munches it up with his grimy sharp teeth.

Jennifer Goddard 2x

school play

THE CAST

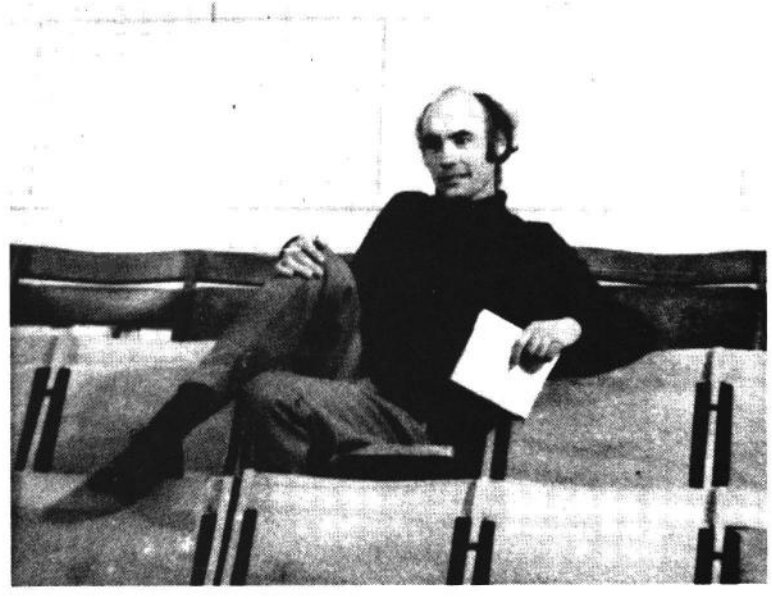
ZIGGER ZAGGER	Glynn Goodwin
HARRY PHILTON	Simon Winup
POLICEMAN	Stuart Fell
SCHOOL DENTIST	Emma Henrion
HEADMASTER	William Stephens
TEACHER	Sara Milton
NEWSAGENT	Angus Willson
HARRY'S MOTHER	Joy Worrell
UNCLE ALBERT	Peter Caswell
EDNA, Harry's Sister	Helen East
LES	Guy Busher
FOOTBALL CLUB CHAIRMAN	Francis Marchant
YOUTH CAREERS OFFICER	Fiona Adler
UNCLE BRIAN	John Powell
STUDENTS	Julia Clark, David Way, Alison Coleman, Robin Wright
RECRUITING SERGEANT	Stuart Fell
MEDICAL OFFICER	Charles Mills
FIRST LETTER READER	David Stuckey
SECOND LETTER READER	Annamarie Critchard
THIRD LETTER READER	Gaia Shaw
OLD SOLDIER	Simon Colbeck
MAGISTRATE	Chris Lyons
YOUTH CLUB LEADER	David Way
SANDRA	Bron Lewis
GLENICE	Penny Smith
AMBROSE	Geoff Barnard
HIS COMPANION	Angus Willson
VINCENT	Richard Le Mare
GIRLS ON BUS	Romany Cuevas, Sue Shaw
BUS CONDUCTOR	Rhoderi Ecans
VICAR	Mark Steele
POLICEMEN	Trevor Brown, Aubrey Bufton

Football crowd, supporters, school pupils, apprentices, etc: Michele Underwood, Jane Carter, Hilary Glegg, Jane Hollond, Sue Marriage, Anne Miller, Sue Needham, Clare Padfield, Rowan Slee, Beatrix van den Ende, Piers Fletcher, Paul Fowler-Dixon, Sheila Berry, Catherine Greaves, Alison Fielder, Sally Godfrey, Christine Hill, Hannah Roberts, Lucy Sutton, Tim Graham, Ifor Gray, Simon Marinker, Richard Marriage, Jeremy Nickalls, Jonathan Berry, Richard Edwards, Howard Newman, Justin Popham, Lorna Benson, Linden Brownbridge, Caroline Bush, Sally Church, Linnet Cooper, Anita Joysey, Sarah Kirkpatrick, Mandy Pitcher, Kathryn Edgley, Jane Eve, Delia Lister, Kristin Pagano, Annabel Richings, Yasmin Slupnicka, Fiona Whitney.

Percussion: Jane Cole, Robert Stembridge, David Stuckey
Stage Manager: Sally Holland
Custumes: Anna-Jane Izzard, Hermione Holmes, Deborah Pearce.
Lighting: Chris Prince, Anthony Jewel
Decor: Anne Miller, Rowan Slee
Props: Peter Jones, Erika Way
Scene Shifters: Anne Britten, Vicky Chapman, Jo Holmes, Sue Isserlis.

Parts taken over from those with flu:
Mark Miller—Zigger-Zagger, Fri., Sat.
Gaia Shaw—Teacher, Thurs., Fri.
Charles Mills—Les, Thurs.
Hannah Roberts—Student, Fri., Sat.
Catherine Greaves—Second Letter Reader, Fri., Sat.

produced by mark miller



ZIGGER-ZAGGER



ZIGGER-ZAGGER

Peter Terson

Choosing a school play presents problems different from those facing the producer of adult drama. First, the play needs a large cast, so that all who wish to may take part. Second, the actors should be able to identify easily with the scene and its characters. Third, the action and words should be within the actors' experience or understanding.

''Zigger-Zagger'' is a happy choice, for it satisfies all these conditions: the cast is limited only by the number of pupils available, or by the size of the acting area; its soccer and pop scene is familiar and exciting to actors and audience alike; and the things the characters do and say are done, said, heard or seen by all of us today. There are few plays in which people between 11 and 18 can become so completely involved. Mark Miller must, therefore, be congratulated on his good judgement in seeing the suitability and potential of ''Zigger-Zagger''. His direction, too, was excellent, for it was evident that his principals, his crowds and his off-stage crew all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. To get such enthusiasm in his actors, a director must strike a nice balance between saying how he wants something said or done, and leaving the actors to develop characters in their own way.

The play was presented arena-style, the auditorium becoming a football stadium. The audience were part of the crowd and they were caught up in the atmosphere of professional soccer as soon as they entered, for the usual stadium adverts festooned the hall, canned music blared at them, and actors wandered about in soccer-fan gear, casually and naturally filling up their sections of the stands. Those responsible for staging, decor, lighting, music and sound-effects must be congratulated on achieving this realism. The stage manager, Sally Holland, must also be commended for her organising skill and hard work with the scene-shifters. One felt that they were almost over-worked, and my one criticism of the play is that the author felt a need to look critically at so many facets of English life today; he might have done better to have made fewer and longer comments. However, from the opening ear-splitting hymn of adoration, the action was fast, telling and exciting, and each scene was acted with force and much skill.





Rarely does one see a large cast with so many talented performers. Although illness necessitated a number of late substitutions, almost all parts were played convincingly. I am told that Glynn Goodwin played Zigger-Zagger excellently on the Thursday, but he was then unfortunately one of the flu victims; Mark Miller took over on Friday and Saturday and did it splendidly. Simon Winup as Harry Philton was on stage almost continuously, giving us a quite brilliant study of a gum-chewing youth drifting aimlessly from school to work. His drooping mouth and lumbering gait were just right. Another excellent performance was that of Guy Busher as Les, with his pious voice and his suburban mind. William Stephens' portrayal of the Headmaster was also very well done, as was Sara Milton's Teacher. Joy Worrell played Harry's tarty mother with flair and humour, and Helen East, though not entirely convincing, did well as Edna, the little wife who still hankers after a more exciting life. Bron Lewis played Harry's girl friend, Sandra, with poise and surety, and David Way successfully showed the stresses and strains of a Youth Club leader's life. Chris Lyons acted the magistrate with the right ponderous and mouthy dignity; and the pair of pansies were played with great humour and no vulgarity by Geoff Barnard and Angus Willson. Mark Steele played a mealy-mouthed Vicar well, and I liked Charles Mills as the Medical Officer. I would have liked Richard Le Mare, who had the hair, face and figure for Vincent, to have been ever more brash in speech and action, but he made a very good attempt.

Two highlights of the show were group effects: the darkies' dance and the mass-production machine. The dance by Romany Cuevas, Sue Shaw and Rhoderi Evans was terrific (I was toe-tapping and swinging with them), and the machine was brilliantly done. Congratulations to the choreographer of both.

When I was asked to write a crit of ''Zigger-Zagger'' the editor said 'Perhaps not as eulogistic as your newspaper crit.' I have, therefore, tried to play down my admiration. But I must conclude by saying that I was delighted with this production from beginning to end, and that I consider it a model for what really good, enjoyable school drama should be.

George Scrivener



Mark Miller as Zigger Zagger drawn by Mrs. Monica Needham

the dragon

The forest lay silent in the moonlight.
There was a rustling and the wind blew colder.
Then
it
came
Crashing its way through the undergrowth.
This this thick-skinned deadly monster.
Snarling and watching
With spiteful eyes,
Pounching and grabbing
At heartbeats.

Hear pounding I lay frozen,
It trampled down gardens
. . .

I awoke in fright,
I shivered and after
Telling myself I was
Silly fell asleep again.

Likewise for three more nights it came
and
then
shrank
back
into
the
shadows of the forest.

Then on the fourth night it came right
Up to our house.

And knocking down the locked door crashed
Its way up to my room.

It raised its hand to strike.

I screamed and awoke.

My mother was there telling me to wake up
And stop dreaming.
The storm raged on while I slept peacefully until
Sunrise. When I awoke houses stood there
Still, weatherbeaten and old.

Not damaged by my terrible

NIGHTMARE!

Kathryn Ludgate 1x



THE TALL G-L-O-O-M-Y TOWER

I climbed up the steep stairway, slowly, looking about me to see that nobody was going to jump out and strangle me. On the stone walls were carvings of names, pictures of ghosts, skeletons and strange-looking creatures strangling people.

The wooden stairs were worn, and in some places broken. They creaked as I clambered up them.

Spiders' webs were all around me. Huge, black hairy spiders were waiting for their prey.

Bats swooped around me, and owls hooted. The stairs were long and tiring, but at last as I looked up—I saw a light, and a howling noise came from it.

I crept up near to the wall.

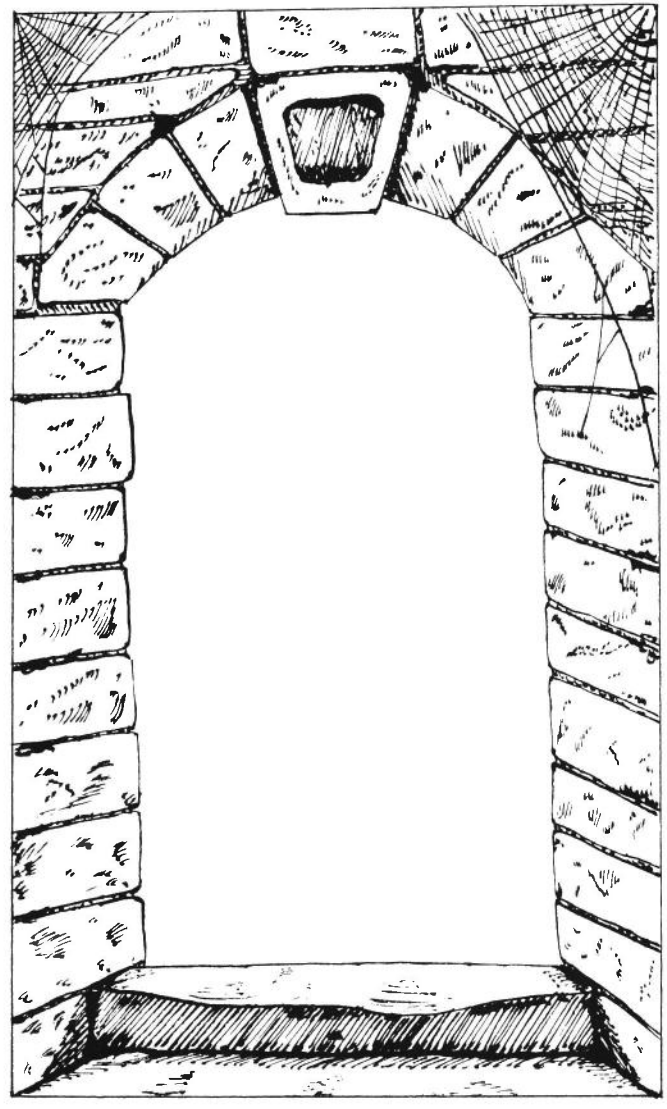
When I reached the top, I found a door, it said on it KEEP OUT—but the door was open, so I stuck my head round the door and there I found the strangest and evilest looking creature I have ever seen in my whole life (I am only twelve). This THING was making some stuff in some test-tubes, and there was a big, black, steamy pot next to IT. I was so terrified that I quickly rushed down the old worn stairs (some stairs broke when I trod on them!).

The creature (luckily) didn't hear me, because of the howling wolves in his den. When I got to the bottom of the stairs, I rushed through the old (haunted probably) house. I went home then, this was about one mile away.

When I got home, I thought that the monster was really only inside a person—dressed up, and the wolves were just furry dogs—in their winter coats!

I began to wonder what was going on, in the tall gloomy tower.

Katherine McKenzie 1x



THOUGHTS OF DEPRESSION

The black polluted rain,
drips off the slated roof top,
on to nothing.
But grime and stench
lies, along the gutter.
Steam rising off the pavement.
The rain washes away
all soot.
Soot which gathers
during day, after day.
The trains thunder past.
Lightning lights the sky.
Death has to this poor world.
Suicide, is here.
The sweat drips like the rain.
My eyes close like the night,
And death washes away all thoughts.
My mind, throbs like thunder,
And weakness shocks my strength.
For I am gone, to where the rain
drips from the sky on to the earth,
of grime and stench.

Nicola Ching 4y

THE SPYROGROTH

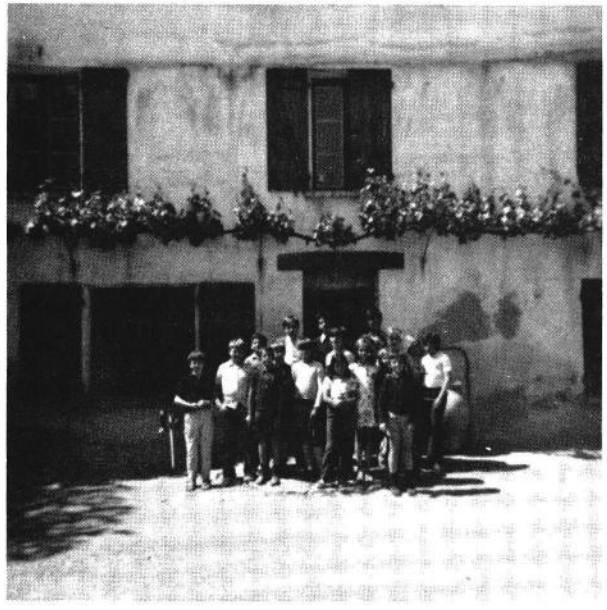
Now shut your eyes and imagine a creature
called a Spyrogroth.
Is it big or is it small?
Is it fat or is it thin?
There are many things a Spyrogroph can be.
Now I happen to have seen a Spyrogroth,
it changes its colour, it changes its shape,
it is a very funny thing is a Spyro . . .
(you know what).
Its special feature is being springy
twirly and it spies on people.
That's how it gets its name.
A very funny thing is a Spyrogroth.

Rupert Poynder 1x

an ordinary day at . . . la c

Le Reveil

At La Coûme this was usually sounded, not by a punctual bell but by a variety of sounds, ranging from a howling kitten, continous thumping on the wall by the boys, which would have been efficient enough had it been half an hour before breakfast rather than five minutes; discordant duets, again from the boys; or full blooded bellowing from Chris.



"Le Petit Déjeuner"

At 8.30 the Spanish children who had been waiting outside, thronged into the dining room, bright-eyed and lively. Between 8.30 and 9.00 we all slouched sleepily in, but soon woke up with a cup of coffee, or rather, a bowl of coffee, the size of an English soup bowl which we all agreed was much more sensible than the minute English coffee cups. One of the specialties of breakfast was the various kinds of jam, most of which were made at La Coume from fruits found in the area. After breakfast one of us, a different person every day, would start a working day in the kitchen where he or she could practise their French if they wanted to and talk to the Spanish children who were quite unlike most English children, eager and willing to do all the boring jobs, such as wiping up or peeling potatoes.



"A travail"

At about 9.30 we all trooped out ready to brave the hazards of our job. We all wore thick gloves to prevent blisters and rubbing, hats for protection against the sun and strong shoes. Most of us covered ourselves in a thick layer of insect repellant cream mixed with, after a few days, sunburn cream. Fortunately most of the larger insects had seen us coming and had left the area in good time so we were not badly plagued by them. We then set to with pick, shovel and barrow and continued our work of cutting back into the hillside to form a platform on which a building extension was to be erected and clearing out a ditch up the mountain — side through which water was to run into the swimming pool. As the morning wore on and the sun became hotter and hotter and we also became hotter and hotter, we were glad to see home-made apple juice being brought up to us. We finished the morning stint at 12 o'clock and prior to lunch, after a shower, was a good time to talk (or at least attempt communication) with the Spanish children. Several of the party could be seen trying desperately to erase naughty words from the children's vocabulary — where they learnt them we don't know but Dan Monck appeared to be very popular with them! Richard and Dennis could be seen strolling casually down the mountain-side, Richard swinging a dead viper round his head — its head grossly mutilated. Richard and Dennis left nothing to chance. Or Chris could be seen clutching an ice-cold beer, trying to hypnotise lizards — he actually succeeded one day and the lizard became very attached.

''Après le déjeuner''

This was the time for writing postcards, sunbathing, swimming, or rather frollicking in the pool; playing basketball or football with the fanatical Spanish boys and girls who all appeared to be Manchester United supporters; walking to Mosset, a nearby village of fascinating architecture and historical interest; and last but not least. . . .sleeping.

''**Le Déjeuner**''

It was enjoyable to be able to relax and satisfy our hunger with home-made soup; a main course, usually supplemented by fresh lettuce followed by fresh fruit, such as apricots or peaches, the latter being in sumptuous supply. We must have eaten dozens of varities of peach while we were there. The meal was washed down with a very pleasant red wine. one of Gerard's less potent vintages. Gerard, one should add, is a member of the staff at La Coume whose accomplishments range from teaching Maths to harvesting the crops; from school chauffeur to ''chef remarquable''.

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''Encore le travail''

We started working again late in the afternoon because it was too hot to work any earlier than 4 o'clock. Work was supplemented by several Monty Python repeats by courtesey of Jonathan Clamp and an endless stream of impersonations and jokes of dubious Irish origin! Steering a barrow full of rocky earth was a precarious business and Helen Campbell did very well — until she was seen one day to disappear over the edge — still clinging onto her wheelbarrow. Dennis could perhaps be seen breaking his third pick and Sue Shaw setting up a new non-stop singing record. When not working Chris could be seen lounging in the nearest barrow and giving orders from there! Sue Harlock and Jane Carter meanwhile were chopping their way through the undergrowth in an attempt to discover the ditch while at the same time trying to look cool and pose so that Fiona could take ''typical'' photographs. Work was punctuated at 5 o'clock by a break for peaches and then we finally knocked off at about 6 o'clock. Argument would then break out as to who should have the showers first, Chris vetoeing Dan's suggestion of mixed ones!



''Le dîner''

Dinner was a long, relaxing and pleasant meal. Over coffee we talked to Pitt and Yvès (the founders of the school) Gerard and his wife Yvonne, and Lumi and Marie-France in good or bad French. It was interesting to hear Chris and Gerard, neither able to speak each other's language, discuss at great length the varities and characteristics of wines. After dinner the Spanish children usually demanded ''le rock'' from Jonathan and his guitar and enjoyed his rendering of any Elvis Presley song. Dennis would accompany him on the piano and any other musical sound, e.g. Dan on the spoons, was welcome. The children then said goodnight with great ceremony and much handshaking and went to bed. Jonathan or Dennis would continue playing and singing and we would all join in until we too decided to go to bed. Somebody would then enthusiastically suggest a swim but nobody actually ever did go except for one historic cold evening when Helen and Sue Shaw jumped in but jumped out pretty smartly when informed that snakes infested the pool at night! Eventually we would retire to our respective bedrooms where it would be nice to be able to say ''silence fell and peace reigned throughout the night'' but usually it didn't. Nevertheless, eventually we all managed to sink into a sleep well-earned by our hard-working day, not necessarily a very exciting one, but certainly a very satisfying one.





GRID REFERENCE TL367526

I first made my acquaintance with the Hall two years ago. It has noticed little change since the fire in June 1966 which gutted the centre of the house, spreading upwards and outwards to embrace nearly all of the top storey, leaving it without a roof. Six years of wind and rain have removed most of the ceilings and floors, filling the cellars with a medly of masonry, plaster and charred beams. One or two rooms remained intact, or more or less so. They give a mere glimpse of the grandeur which the house must have had shortly after it was built in 1684. Over the fireplace there is a clean patch of paintwork where a painting used to hang. A door disguised as a bookcase with leather bound spines stuck to it leads into what was once a ballroom. The dance floor is hidden beneath tons of rubble, cracked basins from the bathroom above, and a mass of pipes and blackened cables.

Through a letter published in *Essex Countryside* I received a reply from the First Footman who was there in 1932. In those days the estate was run by a staff of twenty servants, four chauffeurs, four grooms, three keepers and sixteen gardeners. The photograph of the Hall before the fire is a copy of one taken in the thirties. The only significant differences, apart from being unburnt, are the shutters, no longer evident, and an extension to the servants' quarters on the left which has been removed. Behind the stables the rose-garden extends as far as the bathing pool. The roses are long and straggly, having had no attention since the fire. The beds are overgrown with thistles and dandelions and are almost indistinguishable from the lawn. An ornamental pond lurks amongst tall yew hedges, dark orange shapes glide beneath the dark green water. Behind the greenhouses the tall brick wall which surrounds the garden, their white paint flaking off, panes of glass have slipped off the roof and dead, crisp leaves carpet the floor. Wild strawberries compete with the huge thistles in the old frames in the front, one or two sweet succulent fruits hide beneath the leaves.

Dark clouds eclipse the sun, a sudden sharp breeze ruffles the trees, it is time to leave.

The future of Shortgrove Hall, Newport, Essex, is undecided. After the fire it has been bought and sold five or six times. The latest purchaser, a London building firm, have submitted two re-development schemes to the council. No definite answer has been received after eight months. Possibly it will be converted into houses or flats.

Christopher Prince 62

WINTER SUNSHINE

I was walking along a snowy road,
A small, quiet, country road,
It was lovely there, just walking along,
It was absolutely quiet, no song of a bird,
Nor bark of a dog, just me, alone.
I sat down on a tree-stump beside the road
And watched the sun's red rays,
Sifting through the branches of the trees,
Making the crisp white snow glow pink,
And the dry brown beech leaves a soft red.
A little grey rabbit scampered across the road.
The stump on which I was sitting was cold and hard,
And I saw small green patches of moss,
Beneath the great tall trees above,
And I thought how nice it would be,
If I was small enough to be sitting there
On nice soft moss in a sheltered hole,
Instead of out here in the cold by the road,
So I walked on down in the middle of the road,
With soft snow cruching beneath my feet,
And I thought ''I am making the only noise
In the whole wide world'' as my feet cruched on.
The sun was shining all over the valley
And the branches of the trees all covered in snow,
Were glistening gold and silver jewels
As the setting sun gave its last rays
To the snow-powdered valley and the hill beyond.
The woods on the hill turned a deep rich red,
As I walked down in the ruddy sunlight,
I thought as I walked how lovely it was
On the hill with the sun and the trees and the snow
With the sunlight shifting through the branches of the trees
And the little grey rabbit and the valley.

Georgie Benson 2y

FROSTY MORNING

The crisp morning air
Like the crunchy Autumn leaves,
Sharp and spikey
The frosted grass of silver white,
The frost has been about.

The icy wind that whistles
Past, so shrill and high.
Clear and clean.
I long to crack this frosted day
But it's too cold to touch it.

Jane Hood 2x



AUDLEY END PARK

The trees stand, tall arched doorways
Like a fruit about to open,
Chickweed on the gravel path.
Scored ridges of old rabbit-wear beneath
the old trees.
Summer sadness, a view of ferns,
always purple
The air is heady clear and visible.

Rushback through time
Glimpsing people together and alone, tracks
Across but never back.
A change in the evening,
Go there after stillness in the dark air.
Earnest people feeling feeling for you.

Peter Jones 5y

ROOTS

Soft yellow fingers,
Stretching twisting bending,
For nothingness,
Where is light?
Where is warmth?
Pressed by damp darkness above,
They'll find them not,
Drinking moisture,
Eating nothing,
The one they strive for,
Stands proud,
Trusting them . . .
The roots.

Caroline Bayer

A BIT OF NATURE

The trees are swaying in the wind,
The horses are drinking from the cool, calm pond,
The house in the background is as white as snow,
And the sky is murky and grey,
The wind just catches the pond's water,
And sends ripples to and fro,
The lofty trees are tall and commanding,
And us little people are just little ants,
Scattered around beneath.

John Mills 2x



Hey lazy bones!
Wake up your voice
Shout out your dreams
You could be the prophet
You could be the one
Hey lazy bones!
Wake up your eyes
You could see between
The hearts of men
You could be the healer
You could be the one
Hey lazy bones!

Happiness is
the art of taking a
delight in things
or people
or nothing
and the more you
take a delight in
the greater your
happiness.

Alison Coleman 5y

OUT, SO EAT

When we went out, usually the dogs (dalmatians) were shut in the kitchen. A barricade was made from chairs stacked up at the bottom of the stairs and at the end of the corridor. These were because of Spangle. She would wander upstairs, and probably proceed to chew up a pair of shoes or be sick. (There was something wrong with her which we found out in April 1972.)

After the barricades we put up she couldn't get upstairs, so she tackled the pedal waste bin. She'd nose up the lid and pull out anything conveniently at hand (or perhaps I should say nose). Anyway, she'd rip up paper and banana skins and goodness knows what else, and then just leave it.

I am usually the one to get in first, after shopping, so I'd scold her and show her what I was scolding her for and then clear it up. Naturally Mum was pretty cross.

At other times, when we had put a weight on the bin lid, she'd climb up on the kitchen working surface and eat the fruit out of the fruit basket. She also managed to get at the butter no matter how high it was!

Isobel McConnan 2x

A MESSY TEA

A messy tea is just what it says, i.e. things (people and the dining room) get messy. Food, instead of being broken down into smaller molecules etc. etc., is instead smeared on people's jackets, or clothes, or soaks into them, food also makes a mess on the tables, or gets onto the floor. To make this unpleasant situation, suitable materials must be available e.g: pickled onions, apples, oranges, golden syrup and soup.

It is a Sunday, and I am sitting inncoently at a table near near to the serving hatch. I am, at the moment, clean, except for the hot soup that slopped onto my hand and pullover, when I was jogged as I was walking into the dining room, to find a place, which I made a half-hearted attempt to clean up. Suddenly a vicious little pickled onion disintegrates on landing on our table. I look around and see a grinning second-former. Andrew, who cannot be bothered to ask for the sugar for the fifth time, gives up and puts honey in instead. Little globs of honey fall onto the table, and bigger globs land on his trousers. He smears it into his handkerchief and puts his elbow on a glob on the table which he smears into his pullover. The honey is, by now, of course, contaminated with peanut butter and butter (or Stork) in little streaks where people haven't cleaned their knives before dipping them into the honey. Chris, in the upper sixth form, after having been called by the name of a certain animal by Anthony, promptly puts butter into Anthony's tea making a soft, greasy, creamy mixture. Before Anthony can complain, an apple flying from the adjacent table knocks the cup over, making some of the tea slop onto Anthony's trousers, as he didn't quite get out of the way in time. Tea drips over the side of the table and little rivulets of tea mingled with globs of honey on the table. In one part of the dining room people are stamping their feet, and an apple and pickled onion fight seems to be in progress. Andrew sullenly and tiredly chews at an apple, flicking the pips aimlessly onto the floor. Then somebody on another table starts breaking up sponge cakes, and flicks the crumbs at our table. This is too much. I pick up my honey-smeared plate and large plate, cup and saucer and put them on the trolley, and stomp out, in fury. I HATE messy teas!

James Gaussen 5x.

THE FIRST BELL

Why is it so cold? I draw the sheets up to my neck and turn over. A drowsy feeling hangs in the air.

Somewhere a bell rings. The First Bell. Ten more minutes. The First Form start streaming into the washroom. The patter of bare feet and the screams as icy-cold water is applied to faces, breaks the silence.

Another bell, surely it isn't ten minutes since the last bell?

"Get up" shouts Ted, our bedroom prefect.

"Go jump in a lake" groans someone.

A pillow hits an unwary victim.

"O.K., O.K." we say, tumbling out of bed.

The five minute bell goes.

Then all out.

We get kicked out of Gibson in various states of dress or undress, and finish dressing in the boot-room.

All that for school breakfast.

Richard Wood 2y

"Double your pleasure, double your fun
With Wrigley's doublegood doublemint gum"

A grey hand reaches for the piece of chewing gum
Foil wrapped and abandoned in a bus stop
But a bored child has returned foil to sleeve
And the packet crumples
Empty
In deceived fingers.

Simon Colbeck 6z

A MATCH

When it is struck
It flickers,
Then lights into a flame,
A flame which is small
but gradually gets bigger.
It creeps up the match
Destroying it as it crawls,
A yellow and orange flame,
A flicker of red sometimes.
The wood of the match
was damp.
A short sizzle then a crackle
Nearly put the flame out
Just a small flicker was left,
It had gone out.
The flame that was once alight
Is now dead.
The colours that were once bright
Have disappeared.
All that is left is the
Black stick which is dull,
Not gay, not colourful
But black and dead.

Martha Holmes 2x.

LEAF

Once a green leaf,
On a tree soaking,
in the light.

But now a curled,
Crinkled, dry, dead
Leaf, a deadly brown.

Blown at the mercy of the wind,
It scuttles across the ground.
Tattered, decayed, veins,
Like bony fingers.
Soon it will rot away,
Where a new tree will grow,
With more emerald leaves.

Joel Lott 2y



THE LEPER

There he sits,
Suffering from malnutrition,
loneliness, cold . . . and leprosy.

He sits on his hospital bed,
His malformed body weighing like lead,
And he chats freely with death.

His dug-out eyes,
They tell no lies.
They're dead or dying, like him.

That bag of bones,
The one who never moans
Has sat out the pain too long
"He'll go soon", they said.

He slowly sinks into a painful sleep
His dug-out eyes no longer peep
Into Heaven he drifts.

He's just one of us.
But he makes no fuss
as the cold bites his lips.

And the hunger is still there.
And to death, he is open, bare.
but he still lings on
Like a limpet to the rocks.

Toby Perkins 3y

PART OF YOURSELF—in response to someone's dream

The poor inebriate man
Such kindness in making an offering
To you, such generosity you did not know
He could have eaten that biscuit
But offering it to you your mind reeled
You were not to know it would be
An opium biscuit. But you
Rejected him further from life
Scorned his alcohol; condemned his opiate.
He must have been hurt
He was so generous.

He swung his umbrella
Neatly rolled, delicately held
Perhaps his hairstyle, his clothes
Repulsed you but ignore or accept
His effeminate mannerisms.
His tone may not comply to your rule of masculine voice
But he may have something to say
You rejected him too, for your own better things.

Let these men live
They need not harm others
They do not.

Be your own moderate if you wish
Be the ideal of your own mind
But face those who you consider different
Do not reject them: help them
They are part of you
Acknowledge it
Or condemn part of yourself.

Angus Willson 6.2

ON FOOT IN ICELAND

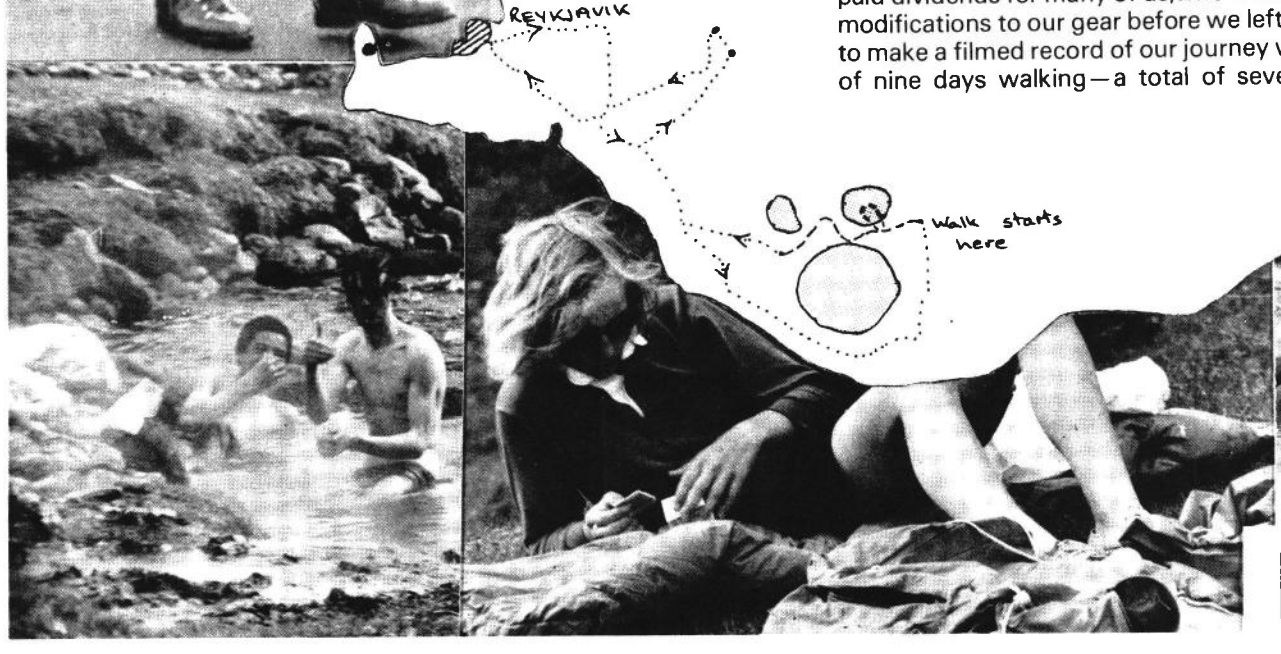






In July of last year fourteen fifth and sixth formers spent a fortnight walking and camping in an uninhabited region of south Iceland in the Myrdalsjökull icecap district. The group was led by Paul High and a professional guide. We had no objective other than to enjoy the fantastic combinations of ice, mountains, volcanic ash, rivers, cloud, moss, hot springs, waterfalls and clear fresh air that greeted us round every corner.

We had prepared ourselves in advance and this paid dividends for many of us,who were able to make modifications to our gear before we left. We were able to make a filmed record of our journey which consisted of nine days walking—a total of seventy-two miles.





An Impression of our Walk in S.W. Iceland.**

**With extracts from the pre-tour blurb.

an introduction to the true nature of the untamed interior of Iceland.

On it:- Tom & Chris Sparke, Geoff Barnard, Banji Adu, Peter Appleton, Simon Colbeck, Francis Marchant, Tony Mallett, Guy Busher, Philip Harkness, Anna-Jane Izzard, Judy Burrow, Michele Underwood, Anne Miller, Paul High, Clive Roberts.

Iceland demands more, perhaps, than any other country in Europe, and gives more in return.

Here, here, we all agree, it was a truly great adventure.

In Reykjavik we reluctantly enjoy the delights of a capital city .... sightseeing, whaling station, folk museum, chess championships, cream cakes, sauna baths, swimming in thermal baths, expensive food, cheap wool, the youth hostel, quiet walks etc. etc.,

From here we travel by bus back to Reykjavik via the Geysir district and the thunderous waterfall of Gullfoss. Also visit vast glass houses heated by natural steam and supporting fine crops of grape and banana

Here we come to the first habitation for nine days, Fljótsdalur at the head of Fljótshlíð,

where there is a free day before leaving for Reykjavík.

This is the last farm in the Markoflot valley - now a Youth Hostel run by Dick Phillips who organised this truly magnificent tour for us.

The final three days in the desert take us, twisting between ice-caps and glacial rivers, to camp by the cave in Lifrarfjöll,

In these overwhelming wastelands you can be sure of only one thing—that the unexpected awaits you.

let me quote from Hrafnel's Saga..... 'They got hold of Hrafnel's men and tied their hands behind. After that they broke open the store house and took ropes. They drew their knives, cut through the prisoners' heels behind the tendon, pulled the rope through the holes and strung the men up..... we could now sympathise with them!

Eventually arrive at the cave beneath a towering volcanic cone. In the cave plenty of stores and a cosy time was spent by candle light supping and yarning.

Here we came upon one of our most testing experiences. The River Markа (100 yds wide) was flowing far too swiftly for us to cross with rucksacks. Clive stationed himself in the middle while Chris and Phillip struggled across. These three then fetched planks and we all crossed at a gorge section upstream. What a relief to be across.!

Francis's boots give up the ghost.

At Hvanngil we have to cross 2 rivers to find a suitable loo!

From the spot we wonderful Rhyolite cones, Hy and the our rout

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Hvanngi

of our seco descend to

Tindfjallajökull

This hut seems like a 5 star hotel - wonderful atmosphere, great setting splendid food - and bunks.

Lifrarfjöll

Banji frightens us all by climbing high up the contorted craggy, volcanic slopes.

Simon limping from now on.

More black sand desert. Its raining again.

Einhyrningur

Geoff and Judy climb the massive volcanic plug above the hut.

Wonderful views across to Eyjafjalla jöckull (ice cap). Sunny.

Michele and Anne get bitten by gnats. See myriads of moths and wild flowers.

Fljótsdal

Across a thousand streams and..... AT LAST WE'RE BACK TO CIVILISATION.

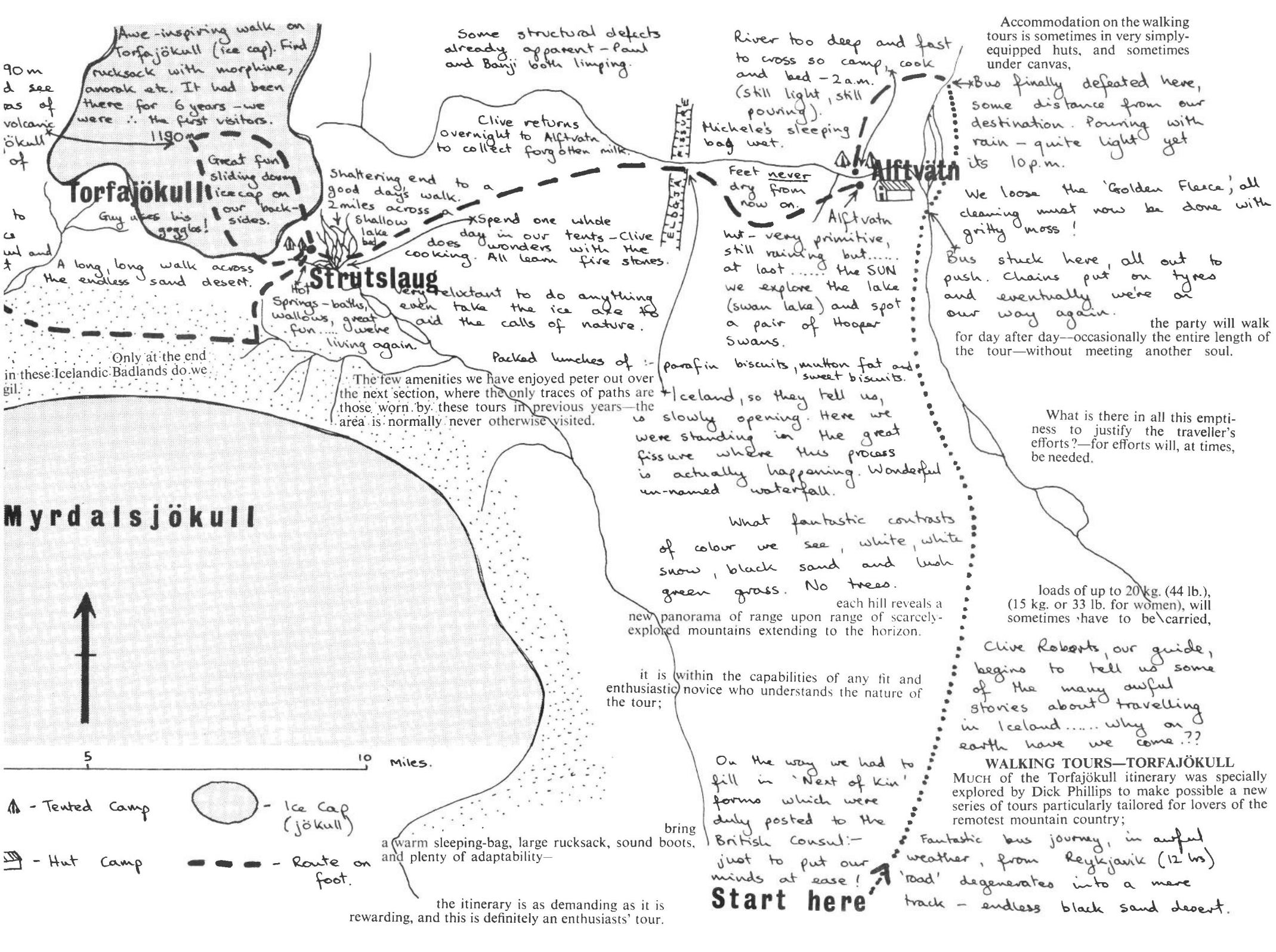
We find a beautiful gorge, very lush vegetation, its own microclimate, cut into the basalt lavas. Come across a Ptarmigan's nest with 12 eggs and a rounded stone. Geoff falls down a cliff... not too badly hurt.

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- Rivers

Fluvio-Glacial

- Black Sand Desert.

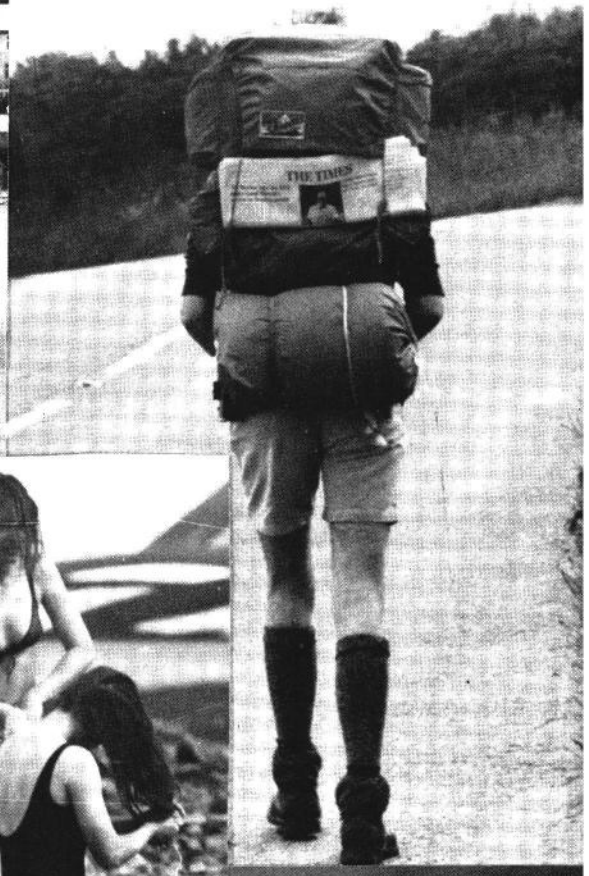


WALKING TOURS—TORFAJÖKULL

MUCH of the Torfajökull itinerary was specially explored by Dick Phillips to make possible a new series of tours particularly tailored for lovers of the remotest mountain country;



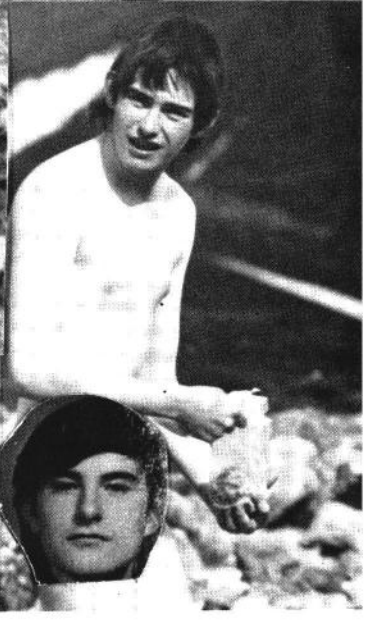




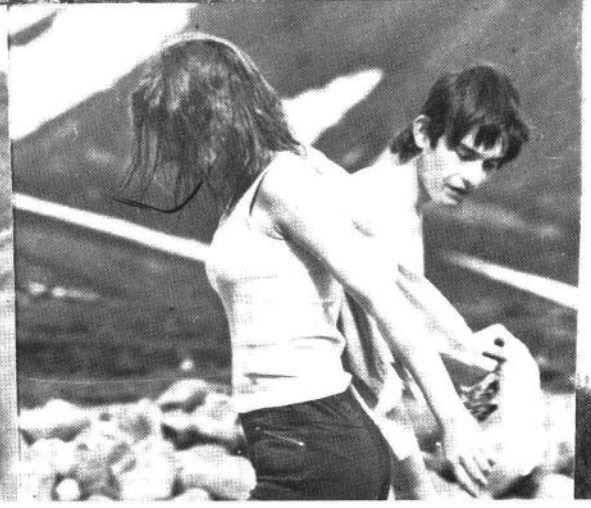














photos by Tom

two aspects of freedom

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

''Jonathan Price-five months for refusing to fight.''

A murmur rose among the crowd and people looked sympathetically, some angrily at the accused man. He himself stood absolutely still and his face remained with the same obstinate look on it.

HE WOULD NOT FIGHT.

He was led to the cell and pushed roughly in; he heard the door locked behind him and he sat down on the iron bed. Do they think this was the way to make people fight? Was this the way to treat a man for his beliefs, to shove him in a cell with only an iron bed, chair and table and in one corner a bucket?

He looked dubiously at the barred windows and he felt the anger rise up in him once more. He felt that they were not doing any good by locking him up in a cell when he could be outside helping in the Ambulance Unit or hospitals. He flopped down onto the bed and put his hands behind his head and thought about the last few days.

The trial, the endless questions and the angry impatience of the judge. It had been a thorough interrogation, he had told over and over again about his beliefs yet they just couldn't or wouldn't try to understand. He was even accused of being a coward.

''Why do you refuse to fight for your country and die for a good cause?''

''Is it not better to kill and end the war quickly?''

This was their idea of the way to end the war but not his. He thought of the medal he had received for bravery when he had helped wounded at the front,not only his own side either. . . .he had not old them about his cross or worn it at the trial in case they thought he was just trying to get them to change their mind or think he was a hero and he didn't want that. But now he was stuck here for five months when he could be helping the wounded outside. And his family how would they be able to manage without him? But he smiled and he knew that he would be able to trust his mother and father-in-law to care for them and he could just see all the family huddled together under the huge iron table in the kitchen during an air-raid. This thought made him laugh and he remembered the many games of consequences and 'I spy' played together in these times. He lay on the hard mattress for a moment and was dozing when the warder brought his meal. It looked thoroughly unappetizing although he was hungry. He ate the thin stew and the banana custard and ate the dry bread and finished his meal with a mug of boiling hot strong tea. He pushed aside the dirty plates and opened his small case. Out came his precious papers. He was thankful he was allowed to have them the book he was writing about conscientious objectors' beliefs which he started the last time he was in prison. Perhaps when this was published, if it was published, it would make them understand that he wasn't just a coward.

The days passed on and he heard the bombs falling and saw the bright sky lit by flames, through the iron bars.

He was going to be like those iron bars. Stick hard and firmly like iron to his beliefs and he wasn't going to let the prison change them.

The following week the warder and a man came to see him. They talked for a long time and finally agreed to let him work for the Ambulance Unit, but he said he would never fight or kill. He was acquitted and set free.

He carried on his work in Germany and England helping Jews, Germans and English alike.

But it didn't last long, he was confronted and brought to trial again.

This time he wore his medal. . . .

Catherine Greaves 5x written in 4x.

AN ATTEMPT AT CONVERSION

''Stand up!
No, don't let your hair down unless you want to
Make a clean breast of it,
(Having of course burnt your bra)''
— Wait a minute, the coffee's boiling.
''Stand up!
No, you don't have to wear a skirt unless you want to,
Smile undaunted at the new world.
(Having, of course removed your lipstick)''
''Stand up! No you don't even have to wear tights
unless you want to,
Meet the male glance without humility,
(Having of course, removed your mascara)''
— Could you hang on please, the washing machine is
breaking down again
''Stand up!
No, don't bother about your purse unless you want to,
Be proud to be a woman, equal to man,
Deserving of equal pay, free from conformity to the
stereo-type image
Of the rouged, mascara'd dumb blonde all long sexy
legs clad in sheer nylons and
Silk soft hands. You are you, Mrs Baxter, go out into
the world, see the universe,
Mix with other people, use the brain which has been
orientated and manipulated
Since your first toy even. Forget your diet unless your
husband sticks to his. . .
Come, Join the liberated women, a new cause, a valid
cause, a season for —''
— Is that the baby crying? I'm very sorry about this
Miss — uh, well anyway
do you think you could come back another time? I'm
very interested in
what you have to say, but, you know, I'm terribly busy.
My husband will be back from work soon and he'll
be wanting his lunch. THOMAS! LEAVE YOUR
SISTER ALONE! THOMAS? THOMAS, WHAT
ARE YOU DOING? GO ON OUT TO PLAY.

Romany Cuevas 6.1

TRAGEDY OF SHAKESPEARE

The writer is seated at his desk. The oil lamp casts a haze of yellow light over his papers, ink-pot, and lined bony skull. He seats his chin in his horny little claws and glowers impatiently at his unwelcome visitor.

''Be off, idle boy! I am trying to write for the Avenue'', he growls.

He tilts his glasses, scowls furiously, and wraps his raw red fingers around a stunted tooth-marked pen. He mumbles angrily and writes scratchily on the crisp, gritty paper. His tight dry lips tremble the gilt-edged words of ancient England and he tuts and mutters to himself, stringing them together into fragile poetic ornaments like ''A drum, a drum, Macbeth doth come''; and all the while his pen inscribes every comma and each literary passion upon the yellowed paper.

Overcome by curiosity, I venture to enquire of which God-sent force is he inspired. After muttering something dire about cream-faced loons, he replies bitterly:

''I am writing a tragedy. It will be called 'Macbeth'.''

Then with enthusiasm fired he explained:

''It will shock the world. Everyone will buy the 'Avenue'. I will be famous and all the colour supplements will pay for the story of my life! And I will get lots and lots of lovely money!''

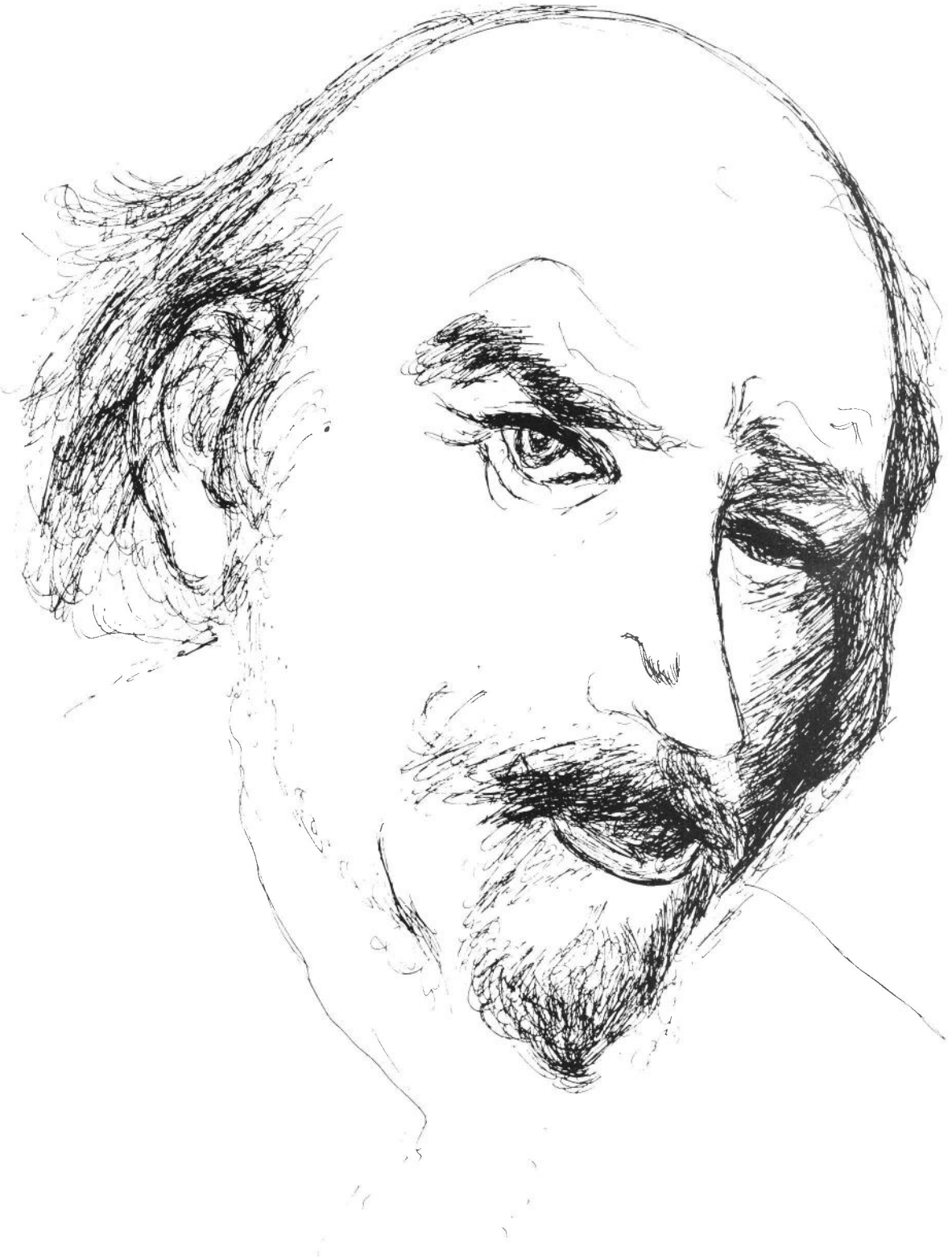
He beamed happily over his specs, his face flushed a healthy blue colour. As he smiled, the dust from his forehead fell away and after a quick algebraic calculation I concluded that he had not smiled since 1623. In my profound sympathy, I explained to him that ''Macbeth'' had already been published by a fellow named Shakespeare; it had been made into a strip-cartoon and free models of Lady Macbeth could be found in corn-flake packets. Macbeth had been and gone. He was three hundred and forty-nine years behind the times.

His expression switched instantly. He cursed vehemently, raised the desk lid and plunged his skinny head into one foot deep of screwed-up file paper.

From within the dark oppressive depths, I could hear him sobbing hysterically, ''Avaunt and quit my sight! Hence, horrible shadow! Let the earth hide thee!''

(© 1972. Shakespeare productions Ltd.)

And with those heart-rending words, Shakespeare bit the dust.



THE PRESENT FUTURE

I have lost the will to work. So I begin to write. I write because it is my wish to do so, not because someone tells me to do so.

I sit with the cold plastic against my thighs. There are hairs set in the blue paint beyond my feet which will remain there long after I have gone. I look through the framed gap of my brown-bricked walled partitioned cubicle and see the refuse of human inconsideration scattered in the passageway. Beyond this is a brown-brick walled partitioned-off cubicle similar to mine which waits expectantly. Words are written on the wooden paper-holder but I cannot read them. The silver-grey pipe leading from the cold black plastic-rimmed snow-white china bowl is off-centre. It rises to the contemporary black plastic cistern which contains the life blood of our sanitary system.

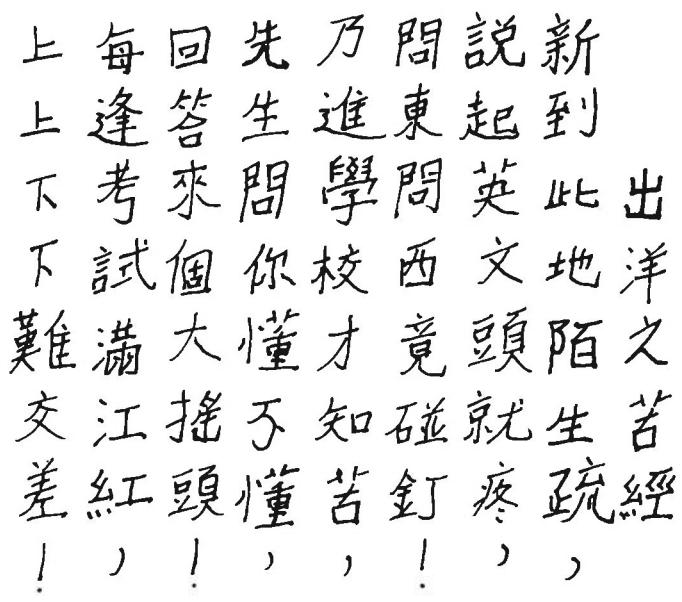
Now the plastic beneath my thighs is warm. I have stayed too long. I have work to do—work that they tell me I must do. Still I have no will to work. And they still demand work of a satisfactory standard of a will-sapped lethargic homo appathetiens. To what end? To the end of your life.

Robert Stembridge 5y

A BALLAD

This is the story of my tortoise Pat,
Who fell in love with a German Hat.
It all started one summer's day,
When she saw a lump lying in the hay,
All brown and prey and streaked with green,
This was the nicest thing she had ever seen.
As fast as he stubby legs would carry her
She was off to ask the lump to marry her.
With eyes closed tight and looks so queer,
She whispered sweet nothings in its ear.
Expecting an answer she opened her eyes
Imagine her unexpected surprise.
Her little pink cheeks grew redder and redder,
For she had asked a hat to wed her.

Patricia Heaton 1y, now 2y



(This poem written by James Chang, form five, illustrates the strangeness and difficulty of being in an English school. Editors.)

UNDERWATER DREAMS

Underwater's magical touch, in a palace full of dreamy
wonders.
Luxurious surroundings snow coloured features,
beautifully covered beds with goose feathered
pillows.
A strange dim light,
and
a quality of the highest brilliance,
Everything you could ever wish for, but alas,
Only a dream of magnificence and wondrous
beauty.

THE SPIDER

A queer little insect,
Which walks about the ceiling.
Then stopping to spin
Its web.

As it spins its silvery thread.

To catch a fly.
It takes so much care
To spin its web.

David Austin 2y

THE BLOB

A flick of my pen (accidental)!
And then,
A lovely blue blob,
On my book
This tiny bubble,
So small
Yet it leaves its mark,
For ever,
On my book,
The light shining on it,
Shows a tiny pinnacle,
Of light on the blob, and then I'm nudged,
And it becomes a streak of blue,
Right across my page,
Look what you've done now,
You clot!
I shout at my neighbour,
As I hastily get out
A piece of blotting paper,
My blob has left its scar,
It's too late now,
It's left its scar for good,
I've got to be content with what I've got,
I can't change it,
My big blue streak
Forever to remain on my book.

Claire Greaves 2x



The beauty of being 'alone' next to 'nature'



THE WILDERNESS

Think of a place where there is no sound, no smell, no material objects of man. That is what is called a 'Wilderness'. An area, where the land and its inhabitants have not been changed at all by 'modern man'. While in South Africa last summer I was fortunate enough to take part in a Wilderness Leadership Trail lasting five days, spending half the time at Lake St. Lucia, the famous bird sanctuary, and the other half at the Umfolzi Game Reserve. There were only eight of us and the idea of the trail is to teach the fundamentals of environment conservation through Wilderness experience.

The first thing Hugh, our Game Ranger told us was that 'Time is significant and the wilderness is no place for strangers' — a strange welcome to five days of my life I will not forget in a hurry. The first day was used up in travelling to St. Lucia and discussion among the group about ourselves (as we were all strangers) and what the trail was about. We reached the shores of the lake and crossed it in a motor boat, (our last sign of civilisation) and that evening was spent cooking our meat round the camp fire and talking. Although I felt very tired I went for a short walk on my own along the lake — a stupid thing to do as there were Hippos coming out of the salt lake and going inland for freshwater and food — but it really was so beautiful. The lake was rough and I could hear the Hippos making strange grunting noises to each other, the sky was bright with stars and nowhere absolutely nowhere was there an electric light! The night is never quiet in the bush.

That night we slept in the log cabin and rose early and by 7.30 we'd been canoeing for half an hour. We reached Lime Tree Point and then Hugh took us along to the shore to 'see some crocodiles'. I was most intrigued, so we started walking, barefoot, first ankle-deep in thick, black mud and then it was up to our thighs. We decided that there were no crocodiles and on the way back Hugh took us along to the shore. We were more lucky and as it had warmed up, we saw several herds of Hippo — they really are fascinating animals and they were just as intrigued by us as we were with them. The air was never still or quiet as it was filled with birds. Pelicans liked us and followed the canoes as we scared the fish — prividing a nice easy meal for them. Suddenly Hugh shouted to look and on the bank was a huge crocodile, (about 16-17 ft. long) it sank into the lake, under one of the canoes, we found out afterwards. By the time we reached the cabin we were all exhausted — so we had lunch and I lay in the sun, at last appreciating the warmth and the solitude. Hugh then took us inland and we listened to his lecture on the lake, and when we returned to our cabin another game ranger was waiting to answer our questions. Thanks to man's greed and thoughtlessness and to the removal of the natural sand bar at the mouth of the lake, the lake has increased in salinity and is now ten feet deep at the deepest, whereas 20 years ago it was 40 feet deep. After an exhausting day everyone slept well, rising early as we were going to look round Hluhluwe Game reserve and then go on to the Umfolozi Reserve.

After listening to a lecture on soil erosion and discussing why wild life management is necessary we arrived at the Umfolozi Base camp. Our packs were put on donkeys and we walked to our first camp Zulu style, that is one behind the other and no talking. Our camp

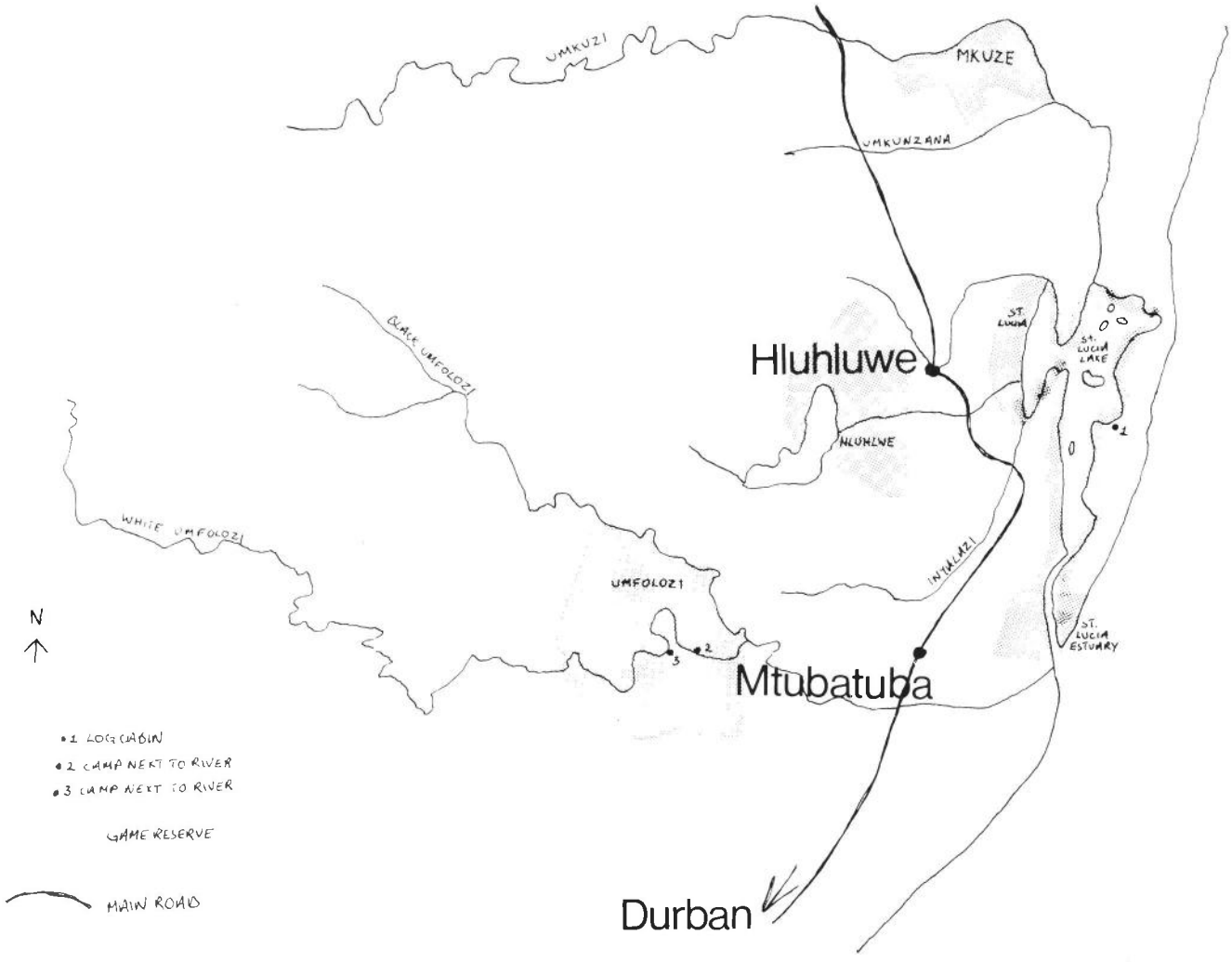
was just a piece of enclosed ground by the river. We washed, cooked a meal, arranged our sleeping bags in a circle round the fire and then sat and talked. Midnight in the bush is at 10 p.m. as it's pitch dark by 6 p.m. and there's no artificial light except for the fire. Hugh made us each take an hour's watch just for the experience. We had to sit up and watch that no animals came in. I heard some lions roaring and a great deal of rustling. A few buck had got inside, but as soon as I got up they quietly moved away. I had the last watch between 3 and 4 a.m. and I have never felt anything so satisfying. I felt responsible, lonely, scared and yet very happy. I was learning about our environment, our wild animals and also about myself.

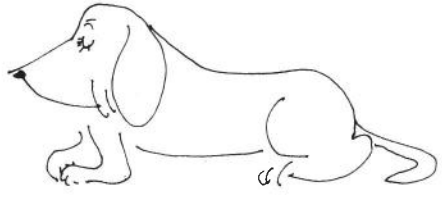
The last day was spent walking, getting close to wild animals seeing their tracks and getting used to the bush. We had been walking for about five hours and by 1 o'clock we were all thirsty. Hugh had kept us in sight of the river the whole time without letting us drink before 1 p.m. Just as we reached the water he said; ''Stop! Just think how an animal needs water. What's he going to do if there is none? Next time you turn your tap on at home THINK. . . .''There was a moment's silence; he had made his point. We continued walking until we reached our camp where we settled down for the night. This time, though, it rained. Luckily it was only a short shower, so we awoke feeling refreshed and ready for the eight mile walk back to the base camp. We arrived there hot, tired, dirty and subdued.

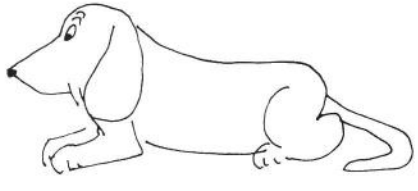
The journey back to Durban was peaceful but hot. We saw more and more signs of man such as tarred roads, telegraph poles, houses, people, towns and then Durban. Did any of them know their beautiful country? Did they appreciate it? I doubted it but I just hope that enough people in South Africa and in every country care enough to look after their land which has for centuries looked after them. The wilderness showed me a great deal. I can't describe how much of an impression it's left on me. Something else the trail taught me is how necessary it is to be alone sometimes, and being alone in the wilderness really is being alone. The nearness to nature and the discovery of parts of my own personality are treasures I will carry for ever.

If ever you are in South Africa do contact the School. You will never regret the experience. If anyone wants information on it I am willing to give it or contact the School itself: Wilderness Leadership School, Box 36, Bellair, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

Louise Harman 6 2.







ON A WET DAY BY THE SEA

Dark clouds loom around me,
Water breaks out from the skies,
The wind
Creeps up on me,
Hides,
Then shrinks away,
As though scared of my presence.

A current of cold, dank salt
Sneezes upon my thoughts,
Searches my mind,
Drains out the reasons,
Gives up,
And breathes away.

Streams trickle down my face,
Pull out the tears of loneliness,
The mind of nothingness,
Then runs away,
To form a pool,
Of my umcompleted reasons.

More water bursts out from the heavens,
Races down my bare legs,
To meet the gossiping toes
At the end.

Broken glass,
Cruel and unwanted,
Kills the people
At the end of my feet,
And allows them to run
Down the salt sand,
To leave me,
Companionless.

Sue Isserlis 3y

RUN OR THEY'LL TEAR US APART!

"What is that noise?"
"I don't know."
"It must be, 'it can't be."
"Oh no it is."
"Mum, Mum, what's the matter?"
"You haven't had the experience yet."
"We must run, run."
"But why please tell me Mum?"
"There is no time just run."
"I'm tired out I must stop."
"I'm sorry Mum, it's just no use."
"Please don't stop do you want to be torn to pieces?"
"No of course not, but I don't understand."
"Please, please run, I don't want to lose you.
Your life's only just begun.
Run into that hole, we're safe at last."
"What were they after Mum?"
"Our brush."

Kate Graham 1y

THE WAVE

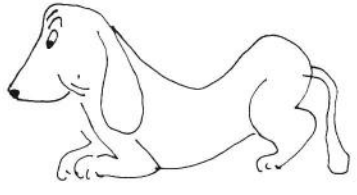
The
wave is rolling
here it
comes smash-
ing and bashing
the rocks. A splash
as it hits the rocks the
spray is as big as a house. And
then the wave retreats.

Oliver Freed 1x

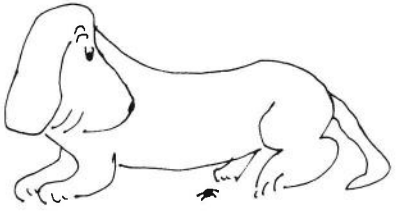
THE WIND AS I RUN

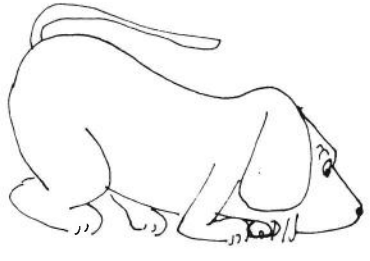
The wind as I run
With my hair blowing
Sweeping behind me
I run,
I run across the field
Laughing, shouting
Carefree.
The wind seems to blow my
worried, troubled mind
Carefree
Wildness creeps into me,
Overtakes my body.
I leap round,
Wanting to run
Anywhere
Just run through the howling wind,
I don't notice the coldness
The biting of the wind
As it cuts my face
And runs through my streaming hair.
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.

Hermione Holmes 5y.











MAGGOT NO LONGER

Maggot
no longer
Enclosed

In brown
waxy, hard
skin.
Moves little.

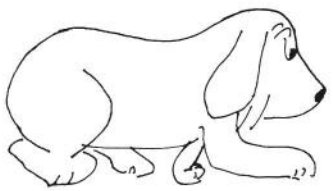
Eats nothing,
Secluded,
Alone.

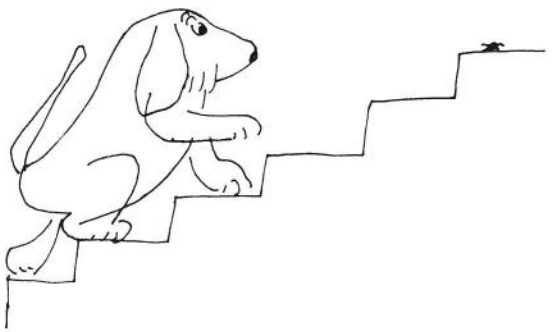
Compost,
Rubbish,
Surrounding it.

Emerges
Full grown
Six black pins
Bear weight on the ground

Strengthened
Straightened
Black crumpled thread
Bears it through the air.

Alison Denton 2y.





REVENGE IS SWEET

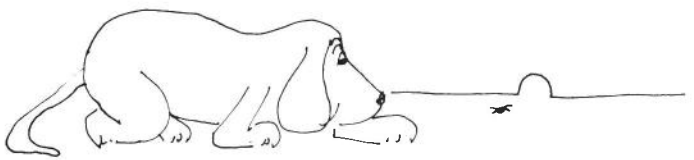
Isn't it terrible when the day goes slowly,
It is a sign that one has been bored.
But when you're running about,
And enjoying yourself,
The day seems to want revenge on you,
So it goes quickly too.
I plead to the day all the time,
But the power to control it will never be mine.

John Mills 2x

A FRENCH LESSON

''S'asseyez, s'ils vous plait!'' Everyone sits down. As it is the first period on a Monday morning, I am not yet fully awake. A mugginess settles on me as the hot radiiator lets hot air waft upwards. I am just ready for a nice little nap when suddenly — ''Jacques!'' followed by a stream of unfamiliar sounding words cut the air. ''Pardon?'', I say pathetically. Everyone laughs as she beats the table, passionately ''Tu réve, tu rêve, oi, oi, oi, la, la, la, ECOUTEZ JACQUES!'' She asks Charles to repeat what he has just said and he says it again. After about five minutes I can repeat it all perfectly. I am now fully awake and not prepared to risk going to sleep again. When asked to translate I make loads of mistakes which I consider justifiable, and then am bombarded with things like the direct object follows the verb when conjugated with such-and-such a etc. etc.. Then I say ''Nous avons alle''. A noise comes from her throat like the last of the water running out of a bath and I remember it is conjugated with circumflex over être. After making a fool of myself I am relieved to get away from this world of weird words and incomprehension! It is no use saying French is illogical — she just replies that it is more logical than English.

James Gaussen 5x.



ROTTEN APPLES

The wind howls around,
Around a pile of apples.
A pile of silent still apples
Apples which are dead and rotting in the ground.

Summer has past and the trees are silent.
The grass was green, it is now muddy and bare.
The trees once whistled with leaves,
But now they too are dead, dead and dying.

Now all is still
All is quite quite still,
All until next year
All until a new life begins.

Claire Wingfield 1y

I'M ALIVE!

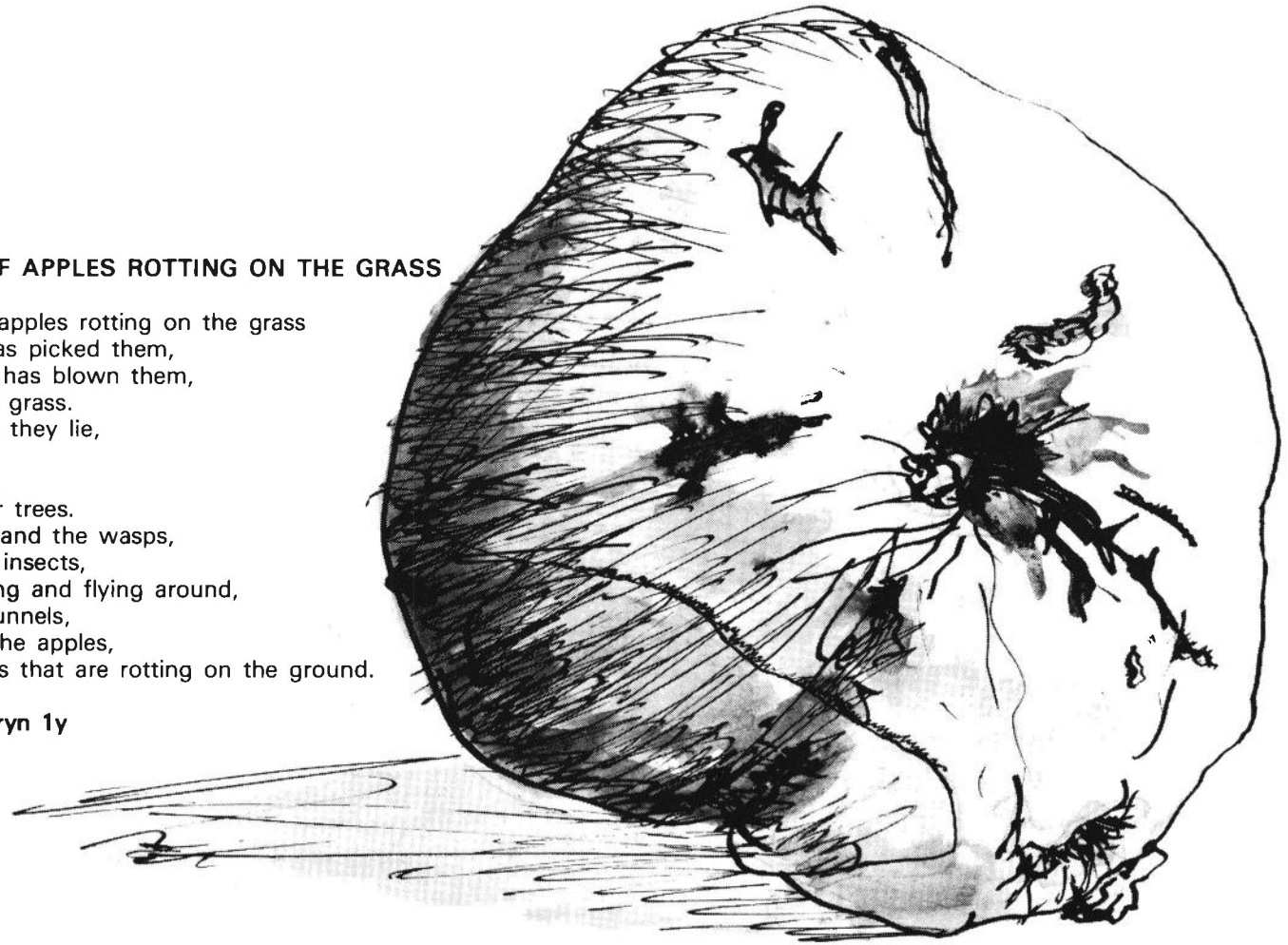
I rushed against the wind,
My eyes closed,
Completely relaxed,
enjoying that push against me.
The wind was so strong I thought it would
knock me over,
I heard the wind whistle,
I suddered,
It was horrid, And yet I loved it,
I had that free feeling.
I'm very glad I'm alive.

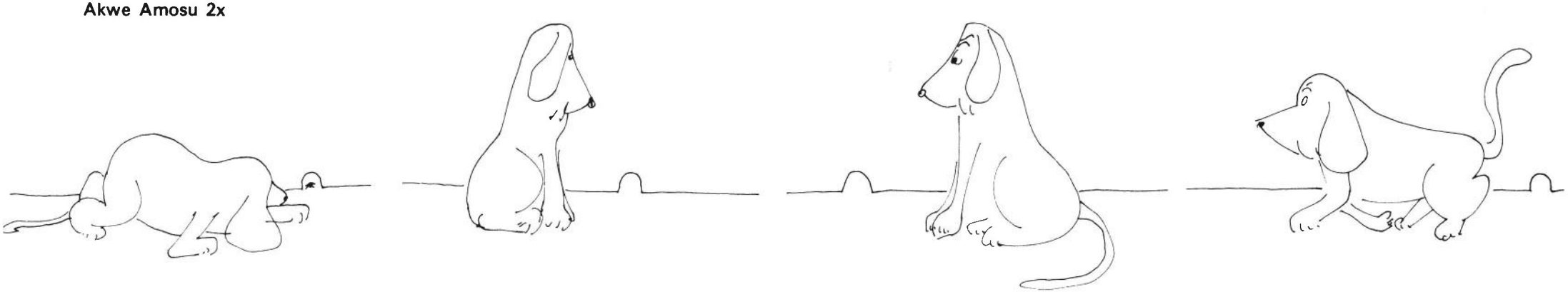
Akwe Amosu 2x

A PILE OF APPLES ROTTING ON THE GRASS

A pile of apples rotting on the grass
nobody has picked them,
The wind has blown them,
On to the grass.
And there they lie,
All alone,
All blown,
From their trees.
The bees and the wasps,
And other insects,
Are buzzing and flying around,
Playing Tunnels,
Through the apples,
The apples that are rotting on the ground.

Sally Conryn 1y





THE STONE PILLAR

The pillar was very dirty and crumbly. It looked as though it would just fall down is someone went up the staircase which was full of cobwebs inside. We found a filthy brick door which was built in nicely to the pillar for it took us some time to find it. The door handle was brass painted to look like brick. I opened the door very slowly, it creaked quite a lot which made me feel very uneasy. I looked up the tall staircase as I did so a shiver went down my spine! It was very dark as if it was haunted. I didn't touch the winding staircase otherwise I would get webs on my hand. I walked up shivering all over looking to see if there were ghosts, the staircase didn't seem to end. I thought I had walked three miles and was going to sit down but I noticed that it was getting lighter so I kept on going. At last! I put my foot on a wooden floorboard I must have reached the top. I looked around myself and was shocked! I saw a dagger covered with dry bloodstains and bones scattered all over the place. There were quite a lot of other objects but I couldn't make out what they were because the light was so dim it was coming through tiny holes. Suddenly, I ran down the staircase as fast as I could. I had seen a skull shining in the darkness. It must be the skull Jo had wanted! Because of the shape of it.

Edward Cox. 1x



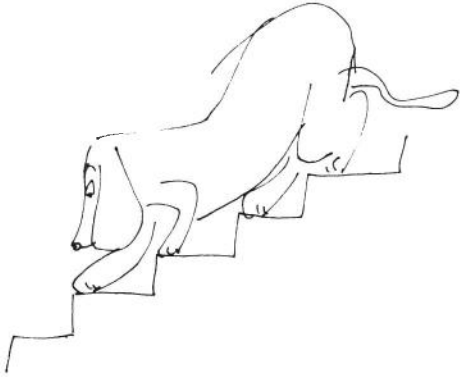
FLORENCE

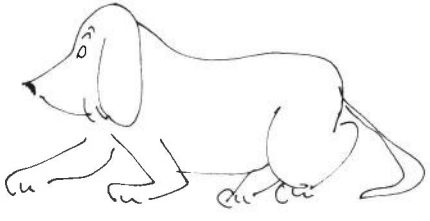
My Great Aunt Florence is the Tea Making Lady,
She makes tea for office boys.
At eleven and two it's Tea,
Or coffee for those who prefer it.
"George has sugar, and Bill has none,
And David has two,
Or is it one?"
"Then John has three—
Oh dear, the milk!"

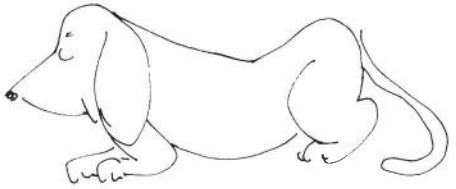
At home,
She lives in a little old cottage
With a little old cat
And she makes tea for those who visit
Whether they like it or not,
She makes tea for everyone—
Even her cat!
He's just as bad as her
He laps it up and asks for more
From that dear old lady who makes tea galore.

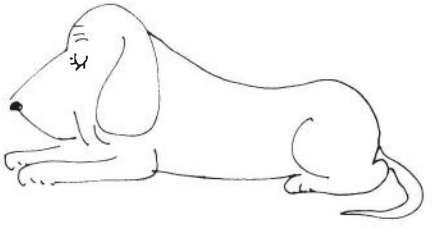
Her face is wrinkled
Her eyes are bright
Her teeth are black and almost gone
She always smiles to everyone
Her cheeks are red with roses
And her hair scooped back in a net
That dear old lady who makes tea galore!

Deborah Sutton 1x











AN EMPTY CITY

An empty, deserted city,
Like an old tin can,
Desolate buildings left to rack and ruin,
Like a child's building bricks left Scattered on the floor
At the end
Of the day.
Weeds, completely still, growing over
The roads and the cracks
In the walls,
Like an army of men standing all
Over a hill in wait for the
Enemy.
The blank silent faces of the ruined walls
Offer no explanation of the city
Being deserted.
Eerie, uninviting, empty city.

Alex Grounds 2x.

THE RAIN DESTROYS THE WORLD

The rain is starting,
Just a drizzle,
But soon builds up to a steady pour.
The puddles spread and join together,
Harder and harder gets the rain.
The rain drops are huge and close together,
They land on puddles with continuous splashing.
The rain is up to the doors of houses.
People getting worried and scared,
A few moments later
The drains are clogging up,
The water rising up to windows
The people trying to make rafts and boats,
The rescuers teams have nowhere to rescue to.
And those who have boats are no better
As all the boats have sunk,
Full of water it is impossible to bail it out quickly
enough.

DESTRUCTION

The rain beats on
Out of the night
On to the slippery
Window panes,
Like pellets on softer glass.
The small dots of street lights
Sway under the pressure
Of torrenting water.
The earth on the ground
Thickens in the water
To a brown
Swirling mass
And rushes everywhere
Like an eager giant.
The street lamplights
flicker out.
The only glimmer is the
Moonlight.

People, screaming,
Hang out of upstairs windows,
Seized with hysterical terror.
Mauled, water-soaked bodies
Rush with the mad water,
Bent and twisted.
Car roofs are seen
Above the mass.
Wood and trees float,
Uplifted by the water.
Goods from shops and houses
Swirl, sometimes hurled
Into the air.

Here is the rain
Which will begin again
The world—
Destructive

And yet creative.

Isobel McConnan 2x

THE QUEEN'S SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

On the occasion of the Queen's Silver Wedding Anniversary (may she have many more) the school were allowed the day off and the following are just a few of the planned activities that took place.

A bunch of thirty willing labourers went with John Gillet to his Cotswold cottage in Adlestrop. It rained and Peter Jones lost a fight with a wheel-barrow but some tasks were achieved, such as the discovery of the garden, the digging out of the drive and a pig-sty was almost completely dismantled!

Paul High and Don Miller accompanied the third form (plus Rosemary and Claire) to Norwich where they spent the day on various exploits including seeing the Cathedral and the Castle Museum.

Anthony Ratcliffe and some fifth formers went to Orfordness, observing the coastline in three selected places and looking at the Castle.

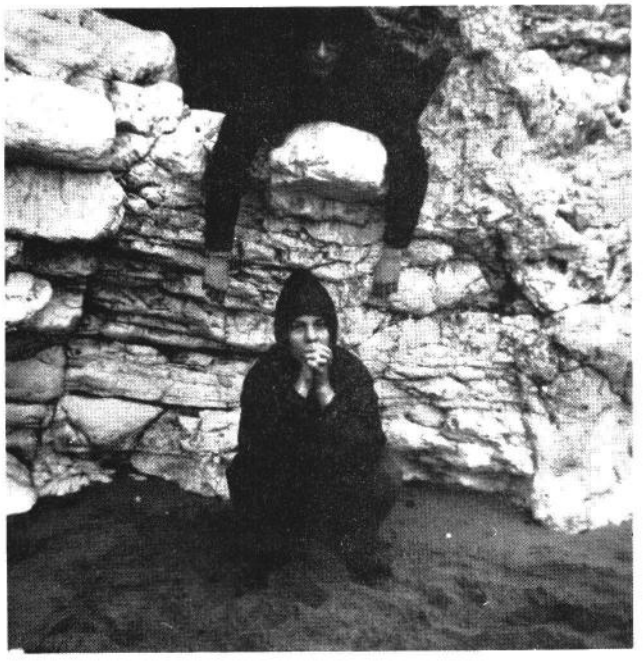
Some fifth form and Martin Hugall set out for the Vauxhall Motors factory in Luton to look at the cars but ended up looking at the animals in Whipsnade Zoo! However, they did go to the factory in the afternoon where the men on the assembly line found a friend in Rich Le Mare who was wearing his Luton Town football scarf.

Mary Mileson and Ruth Oinn accompanied many of the second form to the various museums in London including Madame Tussaud's. The only person to get lost was Ruth! Other people travelled with this group to London and then went off to the shops—this idea was soon regretted with the realisation that half of Great Britain were in London that day to see the Queen! In fact two sixth form girls, who shall remain nameless, almost missed the coach from being unable to barge their way through the crowds waiting to see the Queen, so they had to give up and join the expectant crowd. More sensibly, Mark Steele got away from these crowds, areoplane-watching at Heathrow.

Fred and Erica Sessa (and, of course, Hepzibah) bravely disappeared into the Chilterns on a ramble with some first formers and reached 'the Beacon' near Berkhampstead. It was a long walk but no-one got permanently lost.

Last, but not least, Elaine Winup and a group of third form visited Woburn Abbey where they looked round the Abbey, traipsed around the animal park and had a ride in a chair lift and they all enjoyed themselves, as did we all.

Fiona Adler and
Angus Willson 6 2



GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP A.R.

This year 6.1 geographers went up to Pickering in the North York Moors National Park and stayed in the Meeting House for ten days. We began badly with our ex-Civil Defence van breaking down on Spurn Head miles from a telephone, let alone a garage. From the Meeting House we sallied forth daily to observe, record and struggle with our environment. We tramped along parts of the coast between Whity and Bridlington, scaled cliffs and returned each evening laden with fossils and rock specimens. We also visited Friends' School, Great Ayton, on the way to the steelworks at Middlesbrough. On the whole we were lucky with the weather and a good time was had.



JUNIOR CHOIR

At the end of the Summer Term, the Junior Choir did a performance of Hugo Cole's ''Flax into Gold'', better known as ''Rumpelstiltskin''. This was the Choir's first venture into the world of opera, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all those involved.

The part of Rumpelstiltskin was splendidly played and acted by a nimble and goblin-like Mark Polge. Michael Anderson and Dorcas Wedmore were surprisingly well matched as the King and Queen, and David Levy was a suitably aggressive Miller. The chorus of peasants, ladies-in-waiting, goblins and huntsmen sang with a fresh vitality and enthusiasm throughout.

I hope that the production of a Junior Opera will become an annual event and that parents and friends will be able to come to future performances.

Sue Betts

AMNESTY REPORT

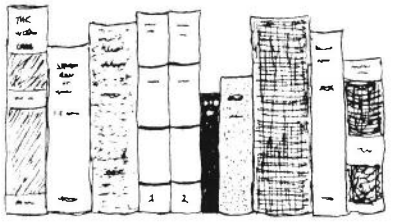
We started the year badly, expecting to have either to amalgamate with another group or close down altogether because of the increased affiliation fee to Amnesty International. However, with the help of Collections Committee we have not only raised this year's fee but also a reasonably healthy bank balance.

Unfortunately we cannot report the same success with our prisoners. We had to drop our Brazilian prisoner early this year because he was advocating violence. In his place we have received a Russian Baptist with whom, as yet, we do not have contact. Willy Bock, our South African prisoner, has received another five years house arrest after his sentence expired, and the Spanish authorities forbid us to write to our Spanish prisoner.

This year's activities have included sending food parcels to South Africa, a collection at the Meeting House and a house-to-house collection in Saffron Walden.

Our thanks to Don Miller for managing our finances this year and to everyone else who helped make this a memorable year.

Katherine Davis 5



SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The Society had one activity in November 1970 after 'The Avenue' report was written: this was a trip to the Cambridge Arts Theatre to see 'King Lear' presented by the Prospect Theatre Company which was enjoyed by all who went.

The first meeting of the Spring Term was to be by Thomas Blackburn but was postponed because of flu and replaced by an impromptu evening of humorous poetry. The following meeting was made of miscellaneous poetry and a rendering of T. S. Eliot's 'The Waste Land' with suitable recorded music organised by Mark Miller. The consecutive ocurrence of St. Valentine's Day, Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday gave rise to a meeting on the customs of these three days arranged by Lucinda Coleman. A number of fifth form (now sixth form) devised a meeting with materials by children and about children varying from 'Tolstoy's Childhood' to 'My Naughty Little Sister'.

In the Summer Term Mark Miller prepared readings from various works and parodies made upon them including some by Lewis Carroll. The other meeting was that postponed from Spring. Thomas Blackburn, poet and lecturer, titled his address 'The Outer Darkness' and read a number of his poems talking informally between them and giving each an introduction. This was an excellent meeting enjoyed immensely by everyone.

For this year Christine Brown has replaced Cathy Pleydell as secretary of the Society. The first meeting was in the form of a debate upon H. G. Wells' statement 'Human history is becoming more and more a race between education and catastrophe'. It was proposed by Adrianne Ryder-Cook and opposed by Simon Colbeck. Jonathan Richards and David Way were the respective seconders. Later a trip was made to the Cambridge Arts Theatre to see 'As You Like It' presented by the Oxford and Cambridge Shakespeare Company. Then at school Emma Henrion, Helen East, Simon Winup and Jane Cole gave a deliverance of Jean-Paul Sartre's fascinating play 'In Camera'. For the last meeting this term Jack Herbert, lecturer, used 'Sons and Lovers', 'The Rainbow', 'Emma', 'The Portrait Of A Lady', 'Middlemarch', 'The Mill On The Floss' and 'The Great Gatsby' to illustrate the comparative approach to literature which looks at the background and influences on the novel and the novelist. He commented that this is the method employed with the study of English Literature at University instead of the narrow study of individual works for G.C.E.

Many thanks must go to John Gillet, who ultimately organises the society, and those responsible for the high quality and good number of meetings this year.

Angus Willson (Chairman)
Christine Brown (Secretary)



MUSIC

The principal event of the Easter Term was the performance of Brahms' *Requiem* in Thaxted Church. The occasion was the Old Scholars' Lecture Week-end, and it was a particular pleasure to me to have a number of old scholars in the Choir and Orchestra. Present scholars from forms IV, V and VI who sang in the choir numbered over a hundred, so that the unique opportunity which choral singing offers for large numbers of amateurs to take part in music of the very highest importance was well exemplified. The soloists were Cynthia Glover and John Barrow, and Thaxted Church was filled to capacity. Unfortunately the vicar, Father Putterill, was unable to attend through illness, and as he is shortly retiring we shall not sing there under his auspices again. The privilege which he has so often extended to us of sharing in the great musical tradition of his church is one that we greatly value.

In May the Chelmsford Festival took place, and we were represented by Second Orchestra and a substantial number of instrumental groups. Contact with other schools rather than competition is the primary object of this occasion, but it is worth recording that Claire Holmes and Caroline Casson were first in their class. Many members of the orchestra stayed for an evening orchestral session with the other schools. The considerable burden of rehearsal and organisation which all this entailed was undertaken by Mrs. Mileson with her usual competence and cheerfulness.

Two other events of the Summer Term deserve mention. The first was a flue recital of exceptional quality given in Long Assembly by Celia Pitstow. The other was an outstanding operatic performance by Junior Choir. This and another occasion at the end of the Autumn Term, are noticed elsewhere in this issue.

In the Autumn Term, the First Orchestra gave a concert in the Friends' Meeting House in aid of the work of Friends' Service Council. The programme included a Haydn symphony, a Mozart Divertimento for wind instruments, and a Clarinet Concerto by Johann Stamitz. The soloist was Fiona Adler, who also received a major award for music this year. As I write, the Small Choir have just completed their carol concerts in Newport and Finchingfield churches, and the carol service at school.

Mrs. Rowlands' informal lunch-time concerts have continued, and in addition she herself has played to us on the last morning of each term. Her performances of Beehoven's Waldstein Sonata and Chopin's B flat minor Sonata still linger in the memory. On the third occasion, she was joined by Mrs. James and Mrs. Mileson in a performance of Mendelssohn's D minor Trio.

R.L.S.

BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP

There follows a cautionary tale in the form of a diary of an imanginary field trip carried out by the 1971 6.1 Biology class. Take heed, little children; this is published for your protection. The tale is told by various members of the group.

On the first day, the last day of the summer term in the year of Our Lord 1972 we packed up the Denbymobile, soon to be called the mother ship, and Hannah's car. Then men of the party, Stephen Pitcher, Richard 'Frog' Mongar, Jonathan 'Gribble' Richards and Denby Allen all travelled in the mother ship. John Chapman went with the ladies: Veronica Chamberlain, Pippa Bush and Hannah Rumpus. Not fifteen miles had been traversed before the two vehicles were parted. They were reunited in a lay-by forty miles on along the A.1.

The journey was too eventful for description, but to save petrol the uninitiated were introduced to Denby's coasting, both up and down hill. We coasted into Worfolk about tea time and had our last meal before Hannah's cordon bleu cooking. That evening we set off on a voyage of discovery towards the cliffs at Ravenscar. We had traversed the cliffs when out of the scudding clouds fell cold rain. True to form Frog removed his cothes and performed an exercise in the water. Could it have been swimming? We missed John and on struggling up the cliff we found him enjoying a drink at the top, having never descended. We had a 'quiet evening'.

On the second day, the 9th of July, we rose at 9.30 and sampled Hannah's porridge. I think the cows in the field nearby like it, though. We performed our first biological work that day, making a transect of the Hole of Horcum, poor thing. This involved learning the flora of the area and working out its distribution down a slope using a tape measure and unweildy one-metre square metal quadrants. That evening some of us tramped to the closest cliffs finding some 'rare' orchids. We had a 'quiet evening'.

On the third day, which was Monday, we performed various tasks. In the morning we analysed data from the previous day and we went sundew hunting, risking our lives in a dark and dangerous valley by a fast flowing river over a slimy, slippery swamp to find the carnivorous specimen of flora. That afternoon we studied the fauna and flora of rock pools. We crossed the breach with Gribble a hundred yards behind, dancing along with blood oozing from his feet. He

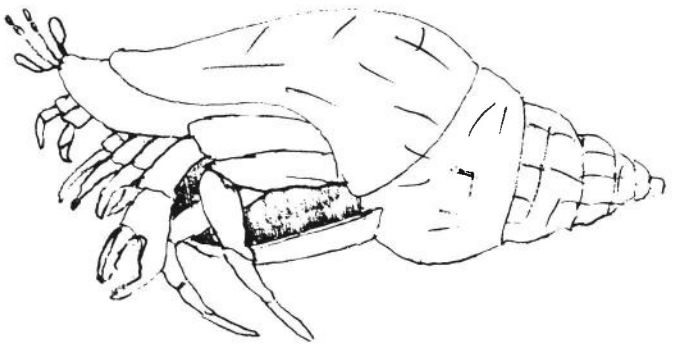


crossed the mussel (mytelus edulis) and barnacle (balanus balanodes) encrusted rocks hurling blasphemy and obscenity, all most uncharacteristic. The rest of the party spent an enjoyable hour sampling the pools and, as Gribble arrived, we turned back. We had another 'quiet evening' enlivened by the reward for bagging the first sundew flower.

On the fourth day, which was sunny, we were joined by one of Pippa's friends, Chris. We studied the fauna and biological characteristics of the river Esk from top to bottom using the latest bioanalysis equipment, the thermo and photopropes. We spent an enjoyable morning at the top of the river, and Pippa fell in while calculating the flow rate. We digested a very good luch and during the afternoon we studied the middle and lower sections of the river. These two sections can be classified as 'sewage' and 'mud' respectively. That evening three of your heroes made an attempt on the cliffs, being called back all the time by your heroines through the jungle on the sheer face. We had a 'quiet evening'.

On the fifth day (Orange Day in Northern Ireland) we carried out individual marine projects. Gribble studied the homing instincts of limpets (patella vulgata), Shephen studied the hunger instinct in winkles (littorina littorea), Frog studied the self-righting instinct in dog whelks (nacella lapidus), Pippa and Ve studied the distribution of little red sea anenomes (Anthrozoa sp.). Pippa fell in, emerging from the mud like a new-born sand eel (Ammodytes lancea). We had a 'quiet evening'.

On the sixth day, which was forgotten, we can't remember what we did. However, we do know we had a 'quiet evening'.



On the seventh day, which was penultimate, we carried out major individual projects. Gribble transected a forest (''Very interesting''), Stephen and Frog studied the distribution of crabs (''I think I've lost my finger in this pool, Steve!''), whilst Pippa and Ve transected a bog almost as nature created it (''Why are those sheep looking at us, Pip?''). We had a 'quiet evening'.

On the eighth day, which was the last, we travelled back. Everyone in the mother ship, at least the cricket fiends among us, listening to the Test Match.

For your perusal, little children, some general comments. Take heed for I bring a portent from the North.

A madrigal group (?) was formed: bass Jonathan Richards, flute Pippa Bush, piano Hannah Rumpus, with assorted voices. Pippa slid away to practise her flute in a field, to get away from Stephen's cutting humour. The cows joined in many a game of football. Hannah cooked with unbounded imagination, leaving us to eat and to wash up afterwards. Frog made good use of the 'quiet evenings' and smoke-free country air. Ve's presence was much appreciated by all. Denby provided the transport and was a fund of knowledge. John formed a 'quiet evening' appreciation club and a caravan hate club. We got to know each other very well. Why can't they have 'quiet evenings' at school?

Jonathan Richards 6.2

5BX THE CULT THAT'S SWEEPING THE COUNTRY

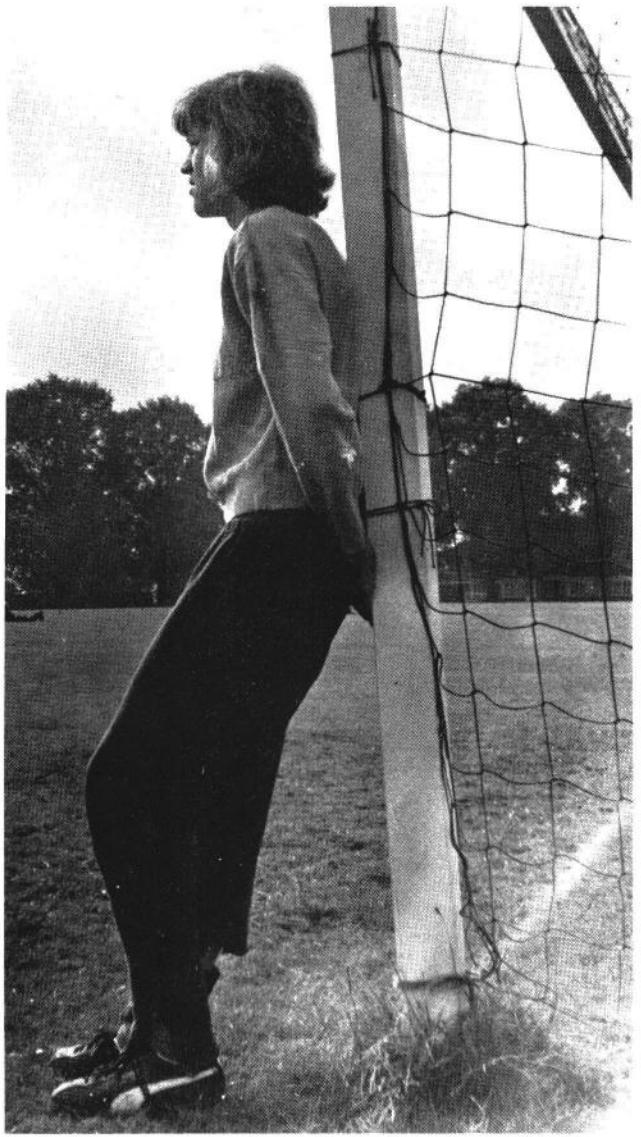
5BX (though frequently mistaken for a swearword) is a series of exercises the fifth form and others do in Thursday games. They were originally designed to turn Canadian Air Forcemen into muscle-bound brutes, and are no doubt intended to do the same for the amoeba-like bodies of Friends' School pupils. Each series is intended for a certain age-range, and the one we are doing is meant for nine to forty-four year olds. It's a well-known fact that they start young in the Canadian Air Force. The first exercise is a sort of arm-rotating one, where you touch your filth-caked hairy little toes, raise your arms and agilely swivel them around, bending or breaking your back as you do so, depending on your degree of fitness. No, don't bother to get up off the floor. Just stop writhing and do twenty-one sit-ups in one minute. Hard work, isn't it? Bet you found some muscles you didn't know you had. Yes, I can tell that you are tired by the way you are draped all over that bench, but you have only got two minutes to do twenty-four military press-ups. This is what I call good military discipline. Get the creep's nose bobbing up and down so fast that he can't see the instructor nipping off for a quick fag. But no, this is Friends' School, where fun and good exercise go on and on.

Now that you are half-dead, it is my duty to inform you that you now have a sort of leg-and-neck wrenching exercise to do before you can go for your running-on-the-spot run. And then you've still got a running-round-the-field run before I can let you go or die, or whatever it is you do after school.

No, you can't have a glass of water. Besides, it's time for your field run. On your feet, lads!

Ten red, sweating creatures drag their wracked and aching bodies into what might be described as an ''upright'' position and slump out of the Gym. on to the field. Within seconds, one can just make out over the other side of the field, tiny, moving bodies in Gym. kit, weaving through the trees, as they skilfully cut corners.

Is it a hunt of some sort? Or maybe some primitive religious ritual? A passer-by might well ask these questions, but there is an air of mystery about it all and there are very few facts on the obviously deep significance of self-torture. Could it all merely be some macabre product of the warped, sado-masochistic minds of Canadian Air Force P.T. instructors? And why does it have such a vice-like grip over our fifth form?



Maybe we shall never know. And 5BX will go on nibbling at the very core of civilisation as we know it. Get-thick-quick. Batter to death four million brain-cells a minute with wonderful 5BX.

Andrew Smart 5x

SHOCK, HORROR! FOOTBALL SLUMPS!

This season will not be remembered in the annals of rugby and soccer history. Both teams, young and inexperienced suffered from a chronic inability to score whereas the oppositions' scoring fell little short of epidemic proportions. Not wishing to bore readers (or embarrass the players) with statistics. We will state that in both sports, for every time we have scored once, they scored thirteen times.

However we must not paint a too despondant picture. Both teams played with spirit and enthusiasm if nothing else though the frequent sight of Robert Stembridge diving to retreive the ball from the back of the net, the comical sight of Chris Lyons kneeling to head clear the high ball and the pathetic sight of Simon Cannon embarking on yet another unfruitful sortie into the opposing half brought suicide to the minds of many. One must not forget to mention the four equal top scorers: Simon Canon, Simon Colbeck, David Way and Christian Dunlop, each with one goal to their credit. ''Never before in the field of human conflict have so few been scored by so many in such an uninspired way''.

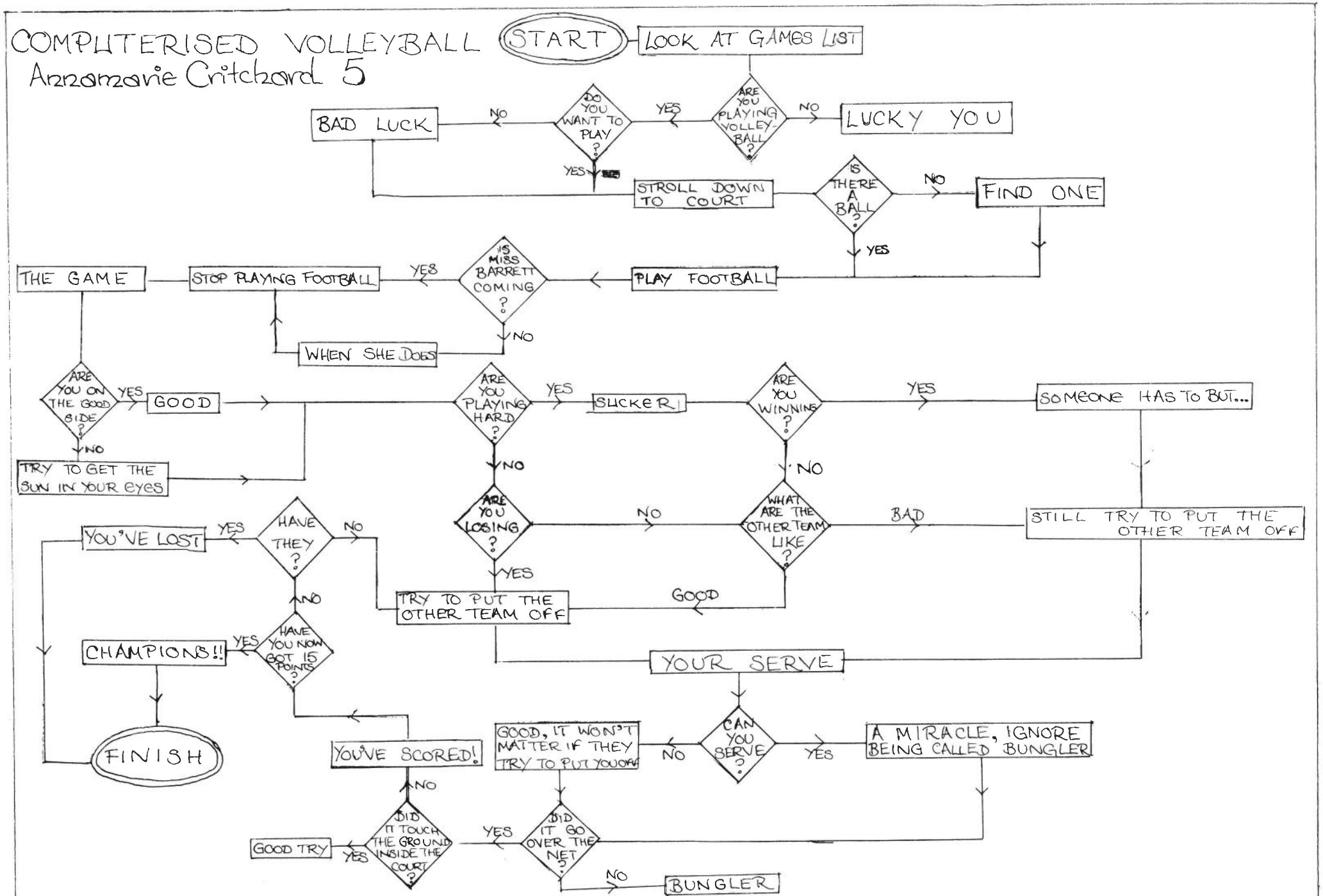
But turning to Rugby: Contrary to reports in the last ''Avenue'' rugby is not a basically violent game. The two hospital cases this term were only due to navigational errors by our players and subsequent collisions with their captain. Personalities including the 'mad vicar', 'heavy Kevvy' and 'big Ben' (RIP) were not enough to scare the oppositions into giving us one conciliatory try until the last game when GEOFFREY BARNARD touched the ball down behind his own try-line forgetting that the two teams changed round at half-time. Two wild kicks for touch from STEPHEN PITCHER completed our season's scoring when a minor miracle blew the ball between their posts.

Where have all the sportsmen gone? This indeed is a difficult question which we must ask ourselves at some stage in our lives. We personally think that there is in fact a potential wealth of talent lurking in the lower school that will hoefully be reaped in the not too distant future.

Those two well-known sports reporters,
ANON 6.2

COMPUTERISED VOLLEYBALL

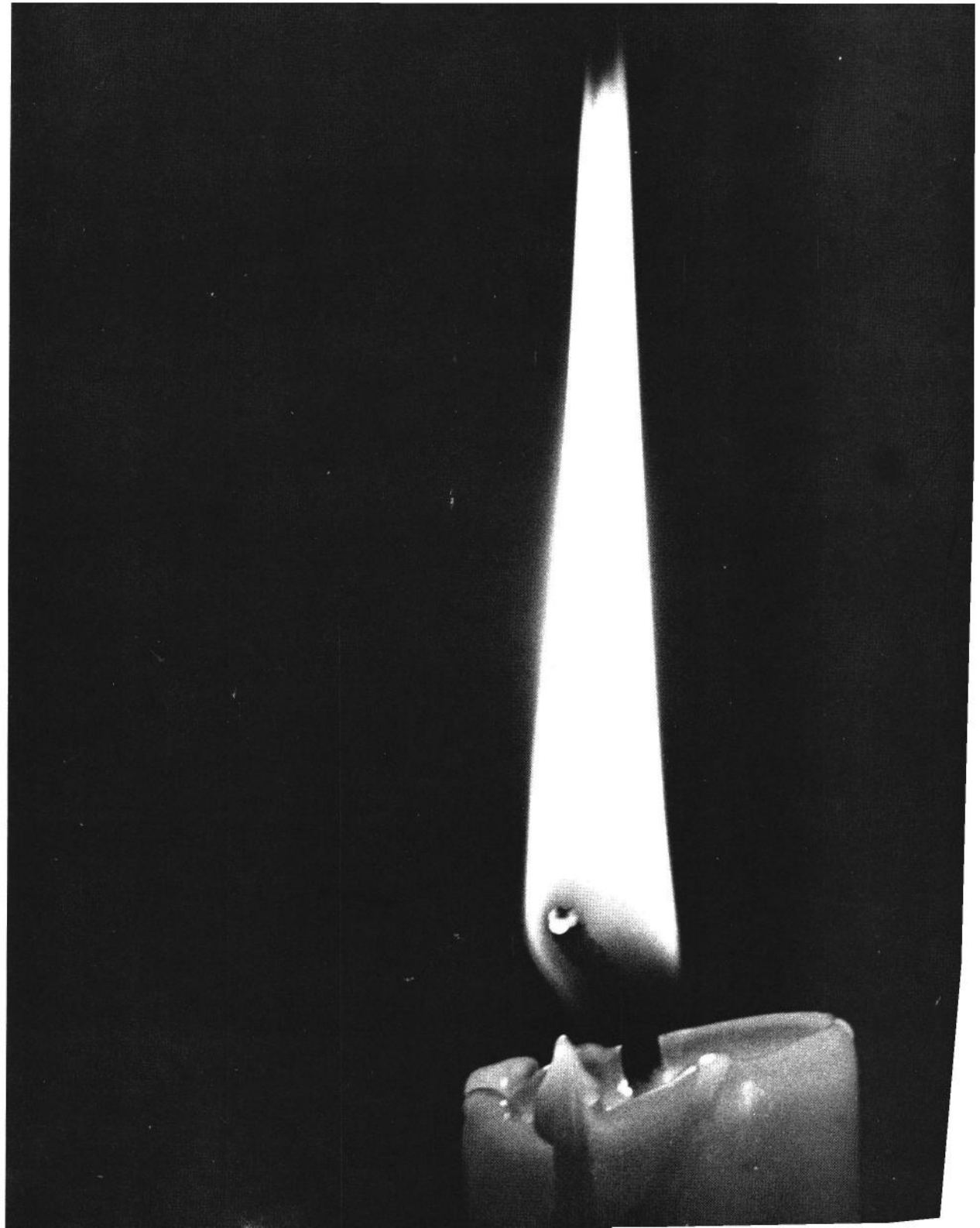
Annamarie Critchard 5



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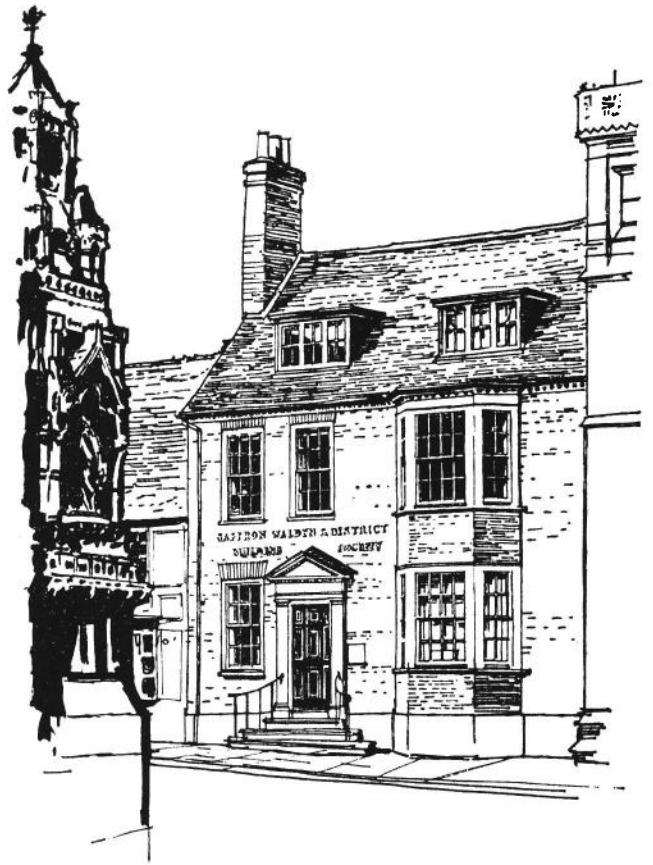
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