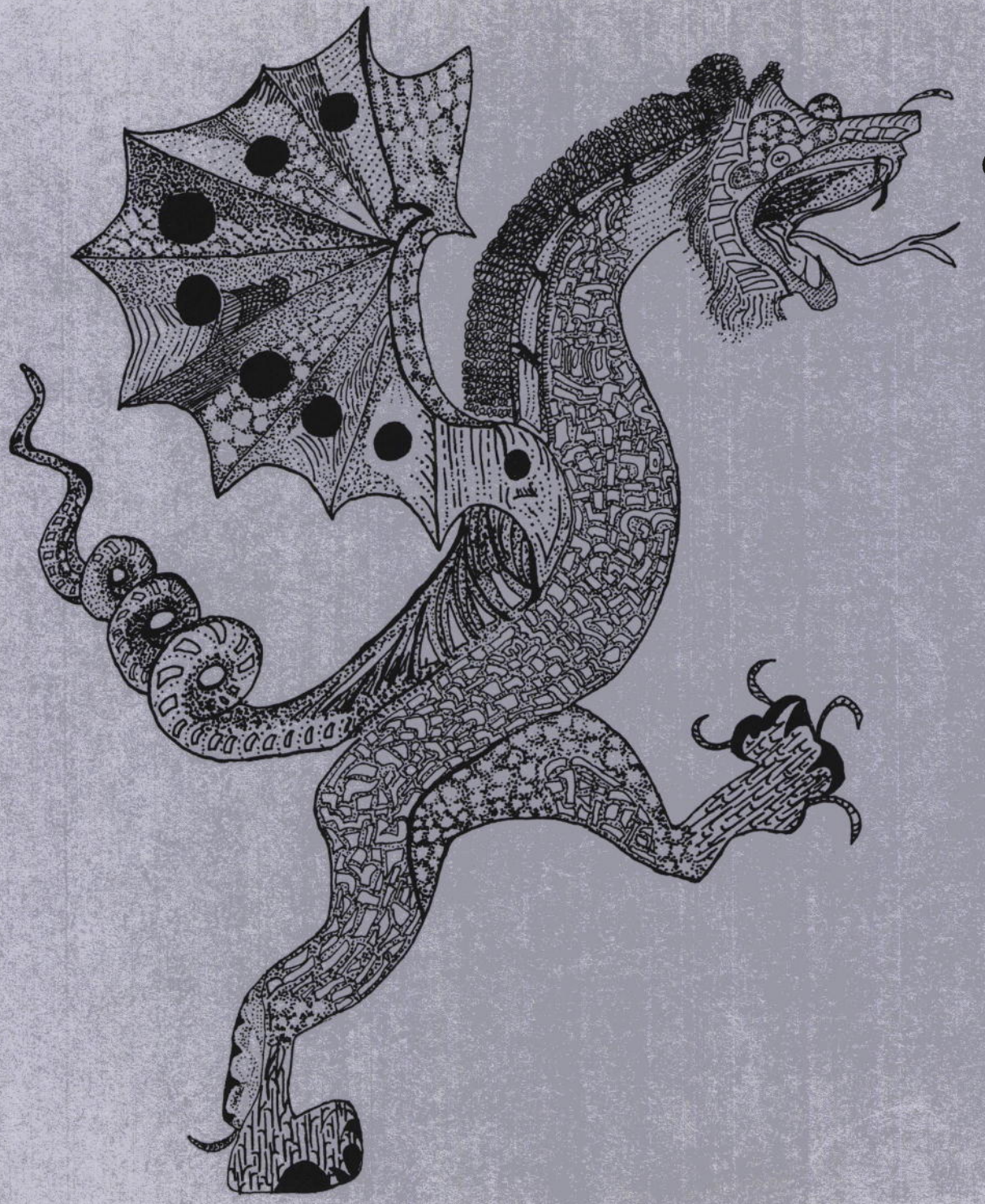


avenue '74

ADVERTISEMENT

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN

Head:
John C. Woods, B.A. (Manch.)

Deputy Head:
Cyril A. Mummery, M.A. (Oxon.)



Head Mistress:
James Gaussen 6(1)

Bursar: Eric Brown, A.C.I.S.

Telephone: Saffron Walden 3139

Do you get fed up with your children? Are THEY bored and tired of life, to such an extent that they are considering joining the Army? — Then send them to Happy Friends' School. It's the cheapest holiday camp for youngsters in the country. Here is a place for YOUR children with no worries, and no work either.

Of course there are some obligations but even the most enlightened of schools have that. For instance, if you are a sixth-former you have to do two, three, or four subjects. The type who are heavy sleepers or who, for various reasons, don't get enough sleep at night, will find Maths, Physics and Chemistry ideal subjects to pursue, for the teachers talk in a quiet unemotional way and the desks provided are quite comfortable, so it is easy to catch up one's sleep. Books are provided for no extra charge and are useful sedatives, as they are so boring, all figures and no pictures or conversation, that the reader will very soon fall asleep. If you have a strong stomach and do not object to vivisection, and take an oath to Martin Hugall that a) you will not breathe a word to the R.S.P.C.A., b) that you will, before each lesson, learn at least 5 Irish jokes, and c) will not make any snide comments in any way about him, **you** can study nu-style Nuffield Biology. If you want to learn about the world we live in try studying Geography; and if you want to learn about the barbaric side of life, try French, and if you wish to become a cynic like me, do Human Studies with David Pope. History is not an advisable subject for those wishing to catch up sleep; both teachers are decidedly un-dreamlike, one is very passionate and the other will call you a lump of political jelly or anything else edible, if he catches you not paying attention. English is a great one for the half-asleep coolers, man, peace on earth, brothers, do you dig the scene? You do? Well, come and join us all sitting in circle, cool man, and talk of life, or find non-existent meanings in some freaky way-out books.

For all these subjects you are given free books and paper to write on and work to do if you feel like it, if you've nothing better to do.

Of course every holiday camp has its not-so-pleasant side, and here it is the wish of the authorities for every boy and girl to become a MAN. Yes, plenty of the brute force and physical, tough flesh-and-blood aspect of life. That's right, lad, off with those clothes and nail-varnish and come into the freezing air and improve your circulation. Come on, laddie, let's have some jerks. No, not that kind; come on, press-ups, touch your toes, back-benders, spine-slitters, bone-bucklers. Go and START BANGING your head against that goal-post. That's right. Or do swimming. Swim under water till you're unconscious, then let's have some races. Improve your time at cross-country. Come on, laddie, if you took that long to get round the course you can only have been walking! Or if you like blood, sweat and mud do the gentleman's game: Rugby. Or if you're the soft-hearted and effeminate type, do football. Trouble about football is it has rules, whereas **anything** in rugby is not a foul. If you need a weapon try hockey, and bastketball is . . . Wake up, laddie, **you** let that goal through. What do you think this school is? Butlin's Holiday Camp?



The only other major obligation is preptaking. This means that sixth-formers are subjected to being insulted for up to an hour and threequarters a week, from younger people down the school. In return the insulted one has to give away precious file-paper with instructions on it. There is very little chance of the file paper ever being returned but very occasionally it is, but not with intelligent writing on it on ''Why the Roman Empire collapsed'' or whatever, but it is usually scarred and mutilated with yet more personal insults, filth, venom and unsubtle phrases too hideous to recount. Nor has it got the ''8 words per line'' asked for — more like three or four insults per line.

However, life is not all like this. Those with acting abilities can have their reputations torn to pieces in rehearsals, and this will soon drive them insane. With all these stresses, they will lie around together in dingy common-rooms with canned muzak constantly blaring away at them. Others will hibernate, never to be seen again. Some will spend their time doing Silly Things, others will try and change the camp's policies. And in this not at all boring way time flies on. The age range is generally 11 - 18; though some, at the age of 16, deliberately try to fail irrelevant little tests so that they can stay on and do them again and again, with the result that some people are in their forties before they give up 'trying' to pass these 'O' levels as they are called, and become teachers. Some people leave the camp after their fifth year, but generally the people are satisfied with the food and the facilities, and the service. The teachers are reasonably well behaved and most people enjoy their rest here.

So, if your child is in need of a rest send him or her to Friends' School. You'll never regret it. When your child has left this school, he or she will have become a MAN, with a broad mind and a constructive attitude to the world we live in today.







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, 1974.

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

THE AVENUE Spring 1974 Vol. 46 No. 144
Headlines by Letraset in Univers 55 and Helvetica Light 175

Printed by Plaistow Press Magazines Ltd.,
3 New Plaistow Road, Stratford, London E15 3JA.







inter alia

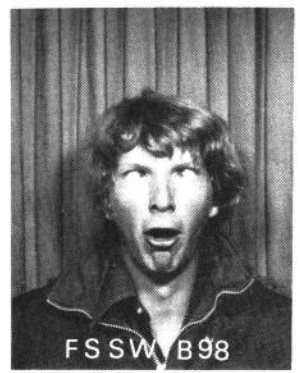


AUTUMN TERM

It seems that things French have a peculiar effect on Friends' School staff. During the summer holidays both Mark Miller and Denby Allen developed beards at La Coume. David Pope, who teaches French, also sprouted a beard. One dreads to think what would happen should one of the fairer sex cross the Channel. . . . . However Anthony Ratcliffe obliged by removing his beard and the spectacular demise of Mark Miller's own made the end of term entertainment. Beards were not the only changes this term: several new faces were to be seen, Rosemary Hughes (music), Greg Brookes (H.S.), Charlotte McGibney (French), and fleetingly Chris Woodhouse and Alex Selby (woodwork) joined the staff while Dorothy Keen, now Mrs. Goldspink, extended her duties to include teaching the first form domestic science. The new 6(1), a co-educational triumvirate, set to work with a will on a generally constructive reworking of the school rules. There were some surprises in assembly this term: the concert by the de Freville Trio brought welcome variety and David Pope's Martian thesis on the school brought the house down. The highlight of the term was Mark Miller's brilliant production of ''The Birds'' of Aristopanes which brought life and music to many. There were also meteorological marvels: an imperial purple sunset, three night hours of spectacular thunder and lightning and a November week of ice and snow. The term ended on a hopeful note, however, owing to the energy and economic crises.

SPRING TERM

This term included three very time-consuming events worthy of note. In February the School Choir performed Verdi's Te Deum and a Bach Cantata with great gusto. These had been rehearsed during the previous term. March saw the third annual School Day, which involved an immense amount of work before the event, and of recovery after it. Late in the term 6(1) put on their version of the Ben Travers farce 'A Cuckoo in the Nest' and this was much enjoyed by all the cast and hopefully by the audience as well. We also had the first paperback book exhibition, causing bankruptcy for a frightening number. Nevertheless we hope it will become a regular event in the school calendar.



SUMMER TERM

The term began with the discovery that, after several years of deep thought, numerous suggestions and not a few diagrams of varying hilarity, the conversion of the reservoir was finally under way. A few days later many scholars and many others from the town embarked on the now legendary twenty mile Skelter walk. We braved ghost trains on the old railway at Hadstock, mush mud and menacing bullocks in three counties. The total result was raised blisters, spirits and over £1,000 for Shelter. The following weekend there was much rejoicing when Denby Allen led the Young Farmers to a well-deserved victory at the annual YFC rally near Chelmsford. For much of the term exams of various sorts marred our lives, but in June the 4th form play about the Saffron Walden food riots of 1795 brightened things up. The last few days of term produced the final fling of the old school year. There were some very crazy sports on the field, Sue Betts' and Ruth Oinn's production of the second form in ''The King of the Golden River'', which brought the term to a musical close. Sadly this was Sue Betts' last appearance before leaving at the end of term. Other losses were Michael Coldham (chemistry) who married and now lives in Bristol, Margaret Vokins (French) whose wisdom now benefits a comprehensive in Kent, Tim Gay (Woodwork etc.) who took his many skills to Sidcot and Fred Sessa who is now head of Wennington School. We send them all our best wishes.

Rowan Slee 6(2)

Now you know only the heat
Of that quiet pool can melt the ice,
And also you know
That in seeking its removal
You can only cause a new deposit.

You must forget the coldness on your hand
And it will become warm in time.
You sit and observe the pool
And slowly you slide
Into its depths,
Below the bitterness to its warmth.

Charles Coulson 6(i)



NOW

I put my pen to the paper
and write, slowly.
I sit here,
Wondering, Pondering
Thinking.
The tap of chalk on the board,
The clicks of pens,
the flutter as a page is turned.
I think,
Think of all these,
yet still I wonder
WHAT TO DO!

Jennie Matthews 3y

THE WORLD ALONE

Along the deserted streets I stand,
Able to do all I can;
Free, what some people might say
'll only happen on judgement day:
Looking down the stars, sky and sun,
Look for another one;
Another person to be with me,
Then I can be truly free.

But I know I'm the only one,
The father, mother, sister, son;
I've been south, west, north and east,
But I haven't found another beast:
Civilization was bursting from its seam,
But now it's just my wildest dream;
I don't even know now how to smile,
In my life lasting exile.

Owen Cox 4x

INSOMNIA

Silence:
Except for sleeping bodies
In a different life
Where they are dead.
Breathing,
Heaving,
Sighing,
Squeaking
In their unconscious world,
A kingdom of sleep.

And here you are,
All alone in a one man world,
Trying,
Trying so hard
Just to sleep.
But bodies keep heaving,
And your eyes keep running,
And the clock keeps pounding,
And your mind
Goes counting on like a cancer.
Multiplying,
Never stopping to pause,
Just growing.

You can struggle
And kick,
And cry,
Because you're trying too hard
That you've resisted.
And sleeping friends become enemies.

The clock keeps pounding,
Getting closer
And closer into your mind.
And people keep breathing
And snoring
And heaving.

And it just goes
On and on,
The thump of your heart,
The thump of the clock
Until it all goes . . .

You are alone
In a corridor,
Cold . . .
A silent tick can be heard
In an empty atmosphere,
A dying cancer.

THOSE PARENTS!

When I was two
And cried in my pram
Mummy left me,
She didn't understand.

When I was four
And wanted to help a bird
Mother told me to leave it.
She didn't understand.

When I was six
And wouldn't go to school
My daddy shouted at me.
He didn't understand.

When I was eight
I wanted a pet.
Mum and dad wouldn't let me have one.
They didn't understand.

When I was ten
and played in dens
they didn't realize what fun it was.
They'd never understand.

Well now I'm thirteen
It's a funny age,
But I think I understand
That my parents understand.

Zita Killeen 3y

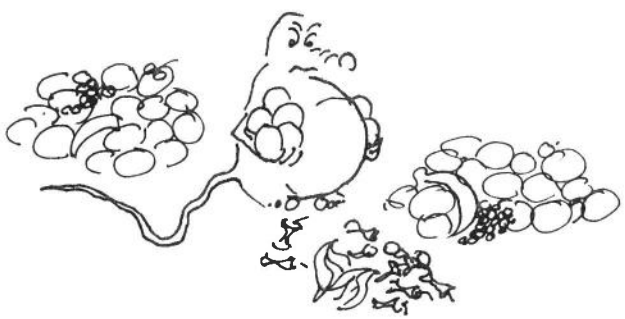


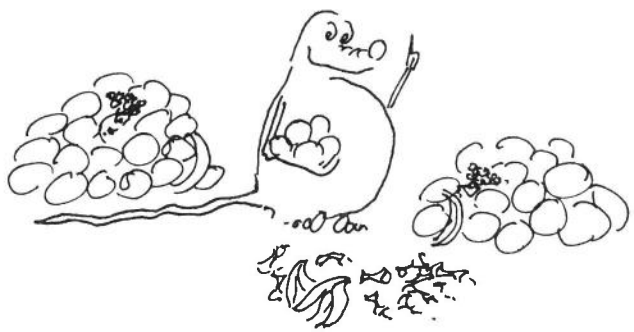
HOPING

The stray one
Stares at the pack,
His longing eyes hungrily glare.
No noise is heard.
He creeps slowly towards them.
Silently he glides nearer.
They hear
They smell
They know.
Suddenly without any warning they're on him.
He knows they wouldn't accept him;
no chance.
But still he knows he tried.
These are his thoughts
When the last spurt of energy comes from
His ripped body:
The body which once hoped.

Martha Holmes 3x



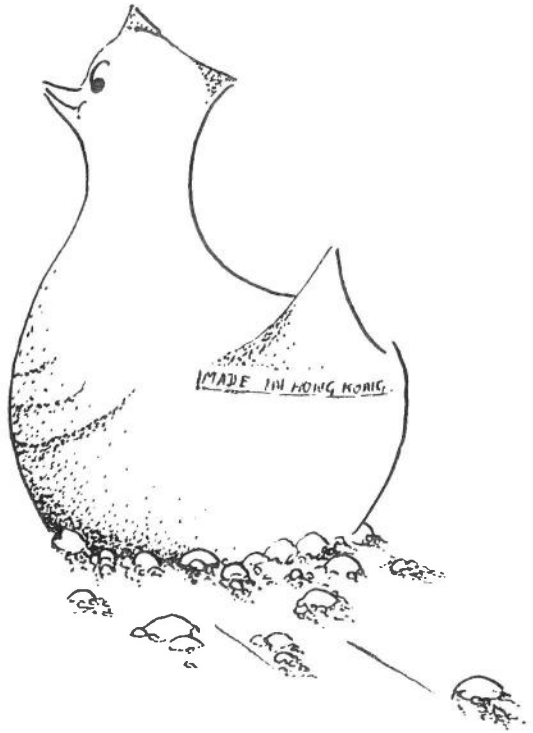




PLASTIC DUCK

I lie back, absorbing
the delicious bubbles.
My duck bobs straight through them
The stupid smile plastered all over his beak
On his tail a pathetic
MADE IN HONG KONK
wags at me,
a quick flick of my toes
and he waddles, plastically towards me,
over my shin and stops,
anchored at my knee
I can plainly hear him say
"QUACK!"
Then the vague memory
of Mr. Gillett in our lesson,
reading a poem and saying
"QUACK!"
comes back to me
I smile and say to my innocent duck
"QUACK!"

Liz Selby 3Y



TIME

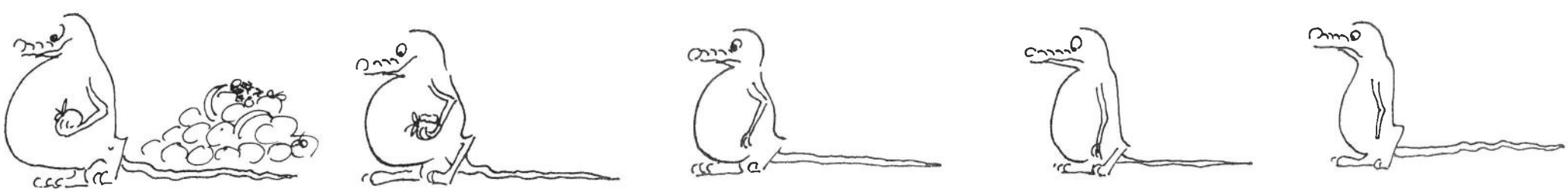
Time snatches away the hours
and nobody can touch those grasping fingers

Caroline Bayer 3y

YOUNG MINDS

The young mind, the seeing eyes, the hearing ears.
The young mind, the blind eyes, the dead ears.
Bowie stands on the stage, the fans scream as the music erupts in their ears; and the deaf people stay at home, in unsettled atmosphere.
The teacher roars at the scowling classes they slouch in hard chairs. The other teacher sits in quiet peacefulness persuading knowledge through a deaf childs' hands.

Isobel McConnan 3x



FREE DREAMS

I'm free
The wind rushes back into my face
My hair blows from side to side
The sun goes down
And the moon rises
Peace.

I'm free
The bats still fly
The swallows duck
In the evening sun
light
Peace.

I'm free
And the sun has gone now
The dark evening is alight
With the moon.
The bats still fly
The swallows are dead
The sun is dead
Peace.

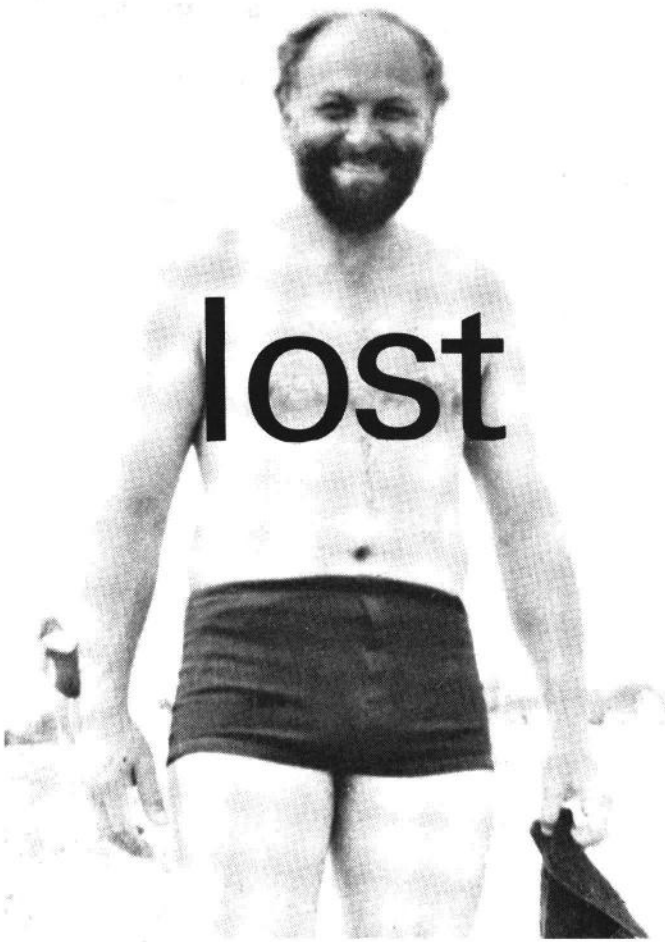
Am I free?
The wind whirled around my
Shoeless feet.
My tattered shirt rips
My trousers are loose
My last brace button has fallen,
But the bats still fly
Peace, is it peace?

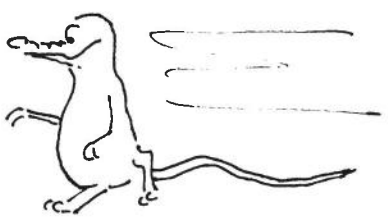
No longer free
Alas the wind still blows
It has come.
The thoughts of home
my mother sitting on the rocking chair
The candle still flickers
I wish I was there
Food, drink
But most of all love.
The peace I have now
Is in my dreams.

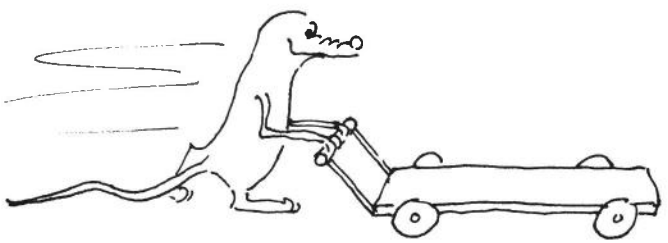
Oh God let me be free!
The bats still fly
The wind still blows
Again my thoughts beckon me
My mother's light and the
Creaking chair.
The only peace I have now
Is in my dreams.

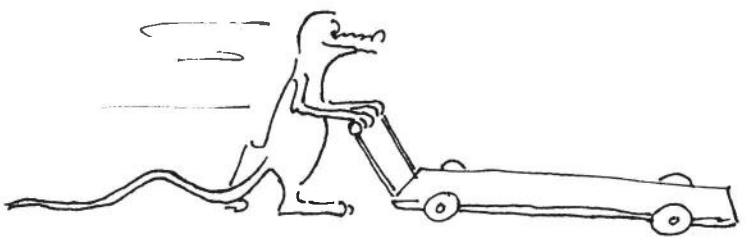
Oh God let me be free!
The bats still fly
The wind still blows
But at home
Where the candle flickers
And the chair creaks
No.
At school where the white people live.
May peace only be found in dreams?

William Baxter 3x









THE WOLF

His dark fur camouflages him against the black rock he
is on,
His bloodcurdling howl sends shivers down people's
spines;
His milky white set of teeth,
Glistening in the moonlight.
A pair of sinister dark eyes are planted in his head,
He stands upon a black rock,
His paws itching to tear something apart.
People, in the security of their cabins,
Glad that they don't have to be out in the cold, black
night.

David Hendry 1y

He talks slowly:
'' 'ello, who . . . who are yer?''
One long drawn out wheeze.
She's frightened;
She trembles . . . what now?
Suddenly a sorrow sweeps over her,
A sorrow forever,
A sorrow for him.

Martha Holmes 3x

SNOW

Snow!

Silently it fell overnight,
Froze the deserted railway points,
Covered the garden, white, crisp.
The nightwatchman blew his numbed hands.

Snow!

Fresh snow, bright snow,
Tingling snow, crunchy snow.
Snow, a fluffy cloud fallen down.
A complete newness to the dirty ground.

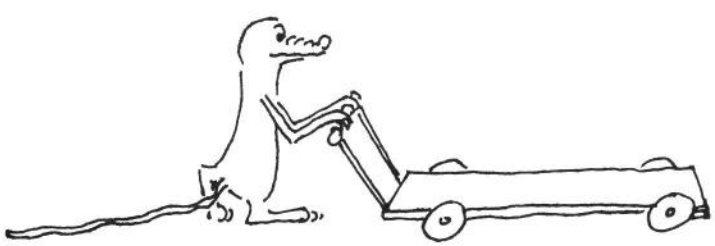
Snow!

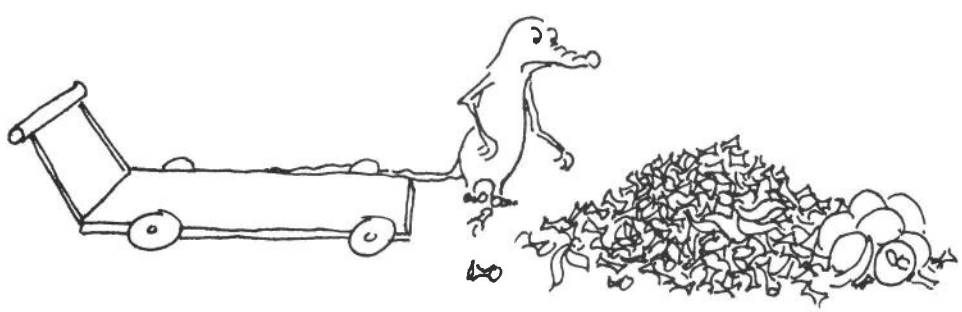
Children shout and slide,
Throw snowballs like oranges.
Wrapped in scarves and hats,
Warm and happy they slip to school.

Snow!

The tramp staggers across the frozen field,
Rejected cold and miserable.
Numbly he staggers on
Like a frozen scarecrow out all night.

Jonathan Evans 2x









THE GREY SQUIRREL

A little grey blur
Racing across the treetops,
Stopping every now and then
To look for signs of danger,
In the beautiful wildnerness surrounding it.
Then in little graceful leaps,
It glides down the trunk,
Scratches the bark for a bit,
Then scurries to the safety of another tree.

Gareth Jones 1y

THE HEDGEHOG

A prickled pincushion,
Scuttly on tiny feet.
Camouflaged in with the Autumn hedge.
Scurrying to and fro.
Pointed nose,
Blackened tip,
Sniffing.
Beady eyes searching the hedgerows,
Alert, Awake.
Fearing what might come its way,
piercing with tiny eyes,
The bleak landscape.
Little ears tensed to the smallest sound.
Turning into prickled ball deep in the hedge,
As a fox runs by.
Out again into nest of leaves.
Warmth around it,
Eyes closed, sleep,
no longer hearing
Autumn sounds.

Elizabeth Jeary 2x

BIRD

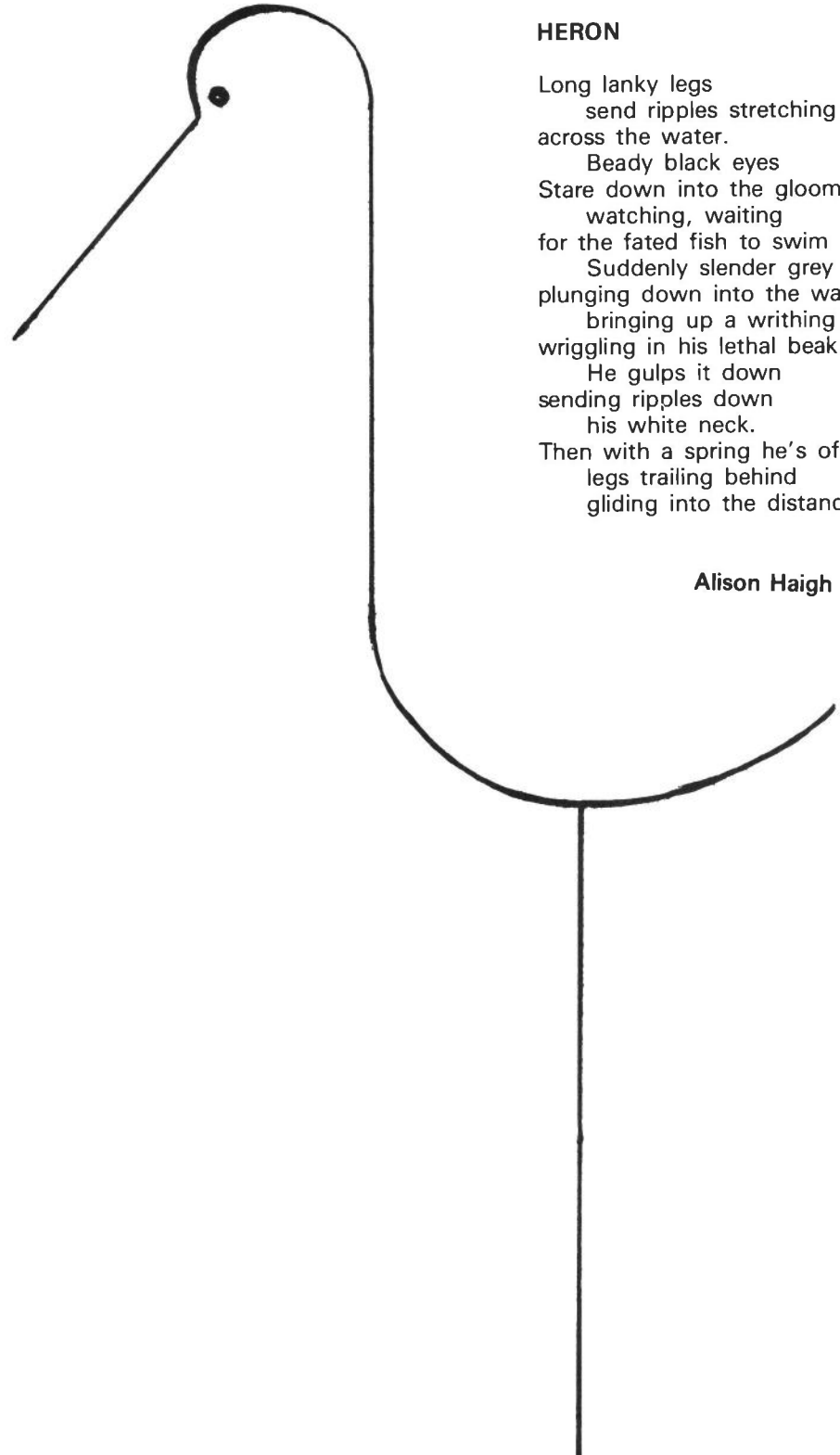
Swooping,
Diving,
The seagull sees its prey,
The fish
Quick as the fastest arrow,
Darts here and there,
Escaping death.
As light as silver in the blue,
Blue sea.
He cannot escape and in one
Quick swoop
The fish is caught,
The bird is satisfied.

Claire Greaves 3y

THE TREE

Defaced.
Mutilated
'It's a shame' cries the bird
that once rested
on its sun-beamed branches.
The sun never seems to
fall pools of light over
its degraded branches. Only
snow and
frost
collect there anymore,
heaped in little piles on its
poor twisted
naked body
Its arms sawn off.
Only stubs left
Defaced and
mutilated.
Only one bird sits
on its stumps of bark now
All Alone
Sitting, singing 'what a shame'
'What a shame', on his
Tree of and snow.

Rachel Miller 3y



HERON

Long lanky legs
send ripples stretching out
across the water.
Beady black eyes
Stare down into the gloomy water
watching, waiting
for the fated fish to swim by.
Suddenly slender grey head
plunging down into the water
bringing up a writhing fish
wriggling in his lethal beak.
He gulps it down
sending ripples down
his white neck.
Then with a spring he's off
legs trailing behind
gliding into the distance.

Alison Haigh 3Y

It kind of grows on you!

the birds

They laughed at the wrong places.

Do you want my frank opinion?

Liar, me?

producer: mark miller

You can't quote me!

What do I say?
What do I say?
Agh . . .

Apart from 4 explosive back-stage & an audience that sat there like stuffed dummies: It was very good!!







Rather super.

COR!

I'm still digesting it

I don't know

I don't wish to comment.

comments by participants & members of the audience

I'm still recovering from it.

I wish I had been a bird because the seats were too hard.







I don't understand it but the music was the best part

So good for the Blood pressure.

RESERVE Judgement

Very intellectual its over my head



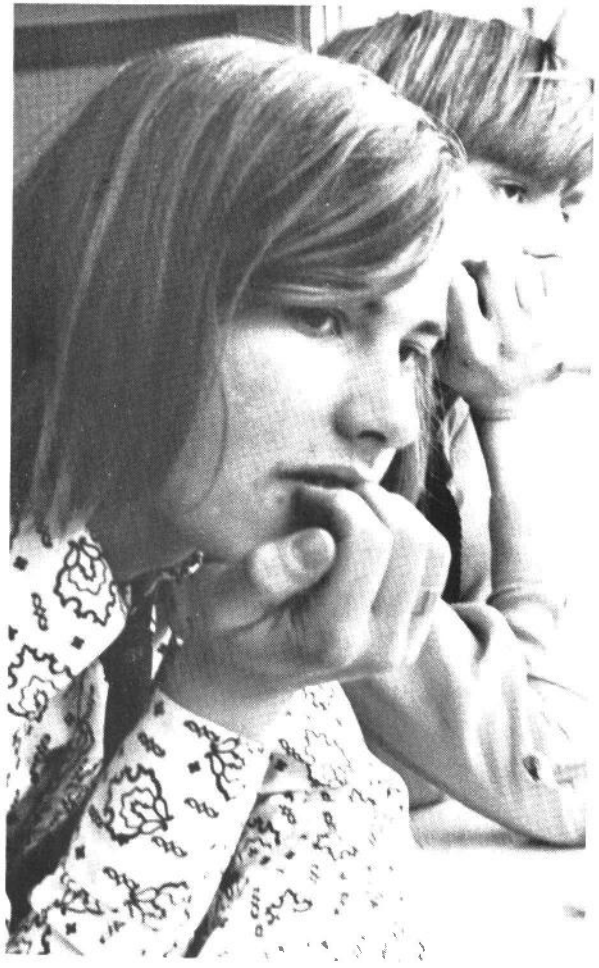
Greatifying, most gratifying !!

No, not tonight!

Thank God that's all over

Here there's a feeling,
A want to be free
A burning desire to move like the wind
Anywhere. Over streams and hills or seas
With boundless space, eternity!
But wait! Not really?
To forsake all friendship, be without love?
No. Say blast to freedom.
I'll not leave.
I'm bound in to my love and enjoy it.
To escape would be sadness.
I must be tied to something.

Charles Coulson 6(i)



REFLECTION

The reflection of the tree
A dark silhouette, lit only
by the pale moon.
Shimmering in the ripples
of the dark, dark, pond.
Quiet peaceful undisturbed
The skeleton tree stands.
Silent and ghostly
In the moon's white light.

Claire Greaves 3v

SUMMER EVENING

The reddening sun is sinking slowly, sending long shadows stretching away beyond us. Stretching away, mingling with the treetrunks, mingling with the leafs shadow, out of sight into the darkening sky. The sun is low now.

The girl beside me shivers and I press her closer to my side. The air is cool, a light breeze is blowing away the warmth from the land. The clouds cut across the big, red face of the sun, absorbing and reflecting light in a marvellous collage of all manner of greys and crimsons. There are thin red lines in the sky, curling at the ends as the clouds drift past.

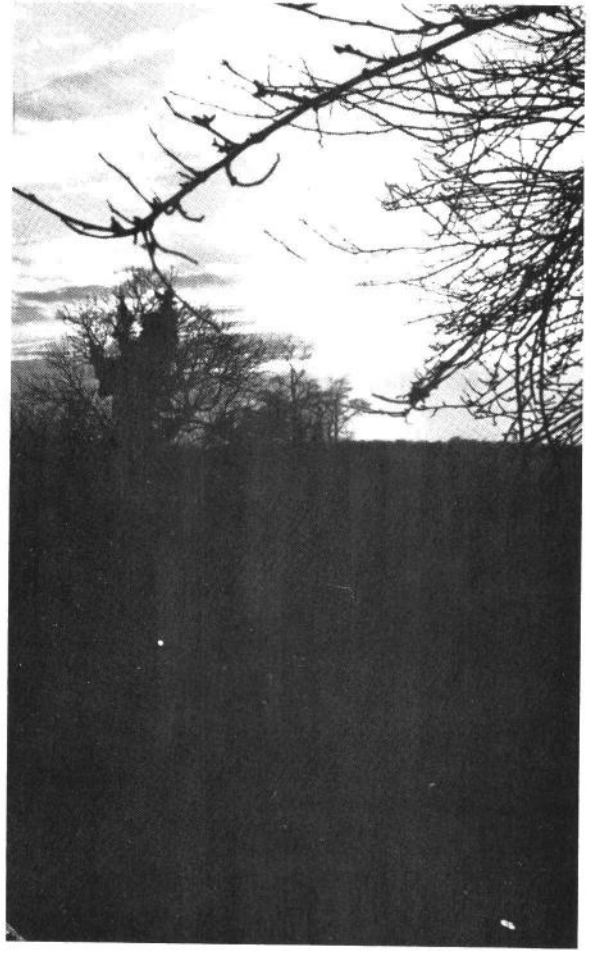
Dusk is nearing rapidly. That red glow in the west is withdrawing. The darkness encroaches on its boundaries, as a fire recede s towards its heart, leaving blackened surroundings to remind one of the passing. Behind us, a pinprick star tells of the night that is to come.

As visions fade, the mind flashes, smiles at breakfast, the laughter at lunch, long hours on the cricket pitch, lazing on a Saturday afternoon. And so to tea, and friends gathered, and friends ate and sipped their tea and talked of many things. And one by one they left, till we two were left alone, the girl and I.

We walked outside, and in the then warm air, we stood soaking up the last rays of the sun.

It is night. In the silence I know she is smiling.

Charles Mills 6(i)



WHAT THE DEVILS MADE

What's this I see lying on the ground,
Among the leaves from last year's fall?
'A piece of wood', I hear Nature say,
'All gruesomely twisted and tall.'

With a rough knobly stalk for a neck,
And blind eyes that peer through the rain,
With pointed ears and upturned snout,
'A piece of wood', she says again.

A head on top of a head—what was that?!
A ghostly rustle in the leaves,
And eerie eyes stare up at me,
And flitting figures form in the trees.

Oh, Evil Thing! I would say and look at
It with scientific care by day
But at this time when the devils roam—
Nay, I picked it up and ran away.

And Oh, so mockingly!
'Just a piece of wood', I hear her say.

Rachel Miller 3Y

THE SPIRIT FROM HELL

The rain pours down,
Lead shot on iron plates.
Horror and blindness strike
Mammals and reptiles alike
Who look on the dark advancing figure,
Who walks
Without vigour.

The grass dies or shrivels up
Where his grey hoofs tread.
The twigs bend and snap
Under the pressure of the evil,
Cloaked man.
He stops,
Pauses.

He speaks in a voice
Of thunder. Like rocks
From hell his lips move.
The rain beats on his
cloaks. He murmurs
''Come on, you crenellated coughdrops, the after dark bell has gone.''

Toby Wilster 4Y



the sports report



"RUGBY ON THE CHEESE-GRATER" REPORT

This is not a sports report, as most of the participants take their occasionally active interest in this "activity" due to their wish to drop-out of sport. The name for the activity can partly be blamed on the state of the sloping and often slippery patch of concrete that we play on, which seems to have originated from the day-dreaming of some concrete-mixer driver. Blame should also be laid at the feet of the abnormally large proportion of the personnel who sometimes have difficulty in remembering that this is not the day that they play Rugby. Distinction in this activity and the whole reason why it's played is due to Mr. Fred Sessa, who in his time at this establishment has obtained the only Softball colours ever to be awarded and must be the only member of staff to have been sent off within five minutes of arriving on the field of play while participating for a school side he wasn't picked for. Our "practices" (on how to break glasses in my case) fluctuate in numbers from two to twelve, depending on whether the 1st XI hockey practice needs its goal-keepers and how many of his own team the Rugby captain managed to lay out in their previous match.

The Season's Record

Home	**Away**
2 sprained ankles	Lost most
4 pairs of glasses	WON ONE!?!
an infinite number of scraped knees, behinds and all other parts of your body.	

We therefore describe this as our most successful season in living memory.

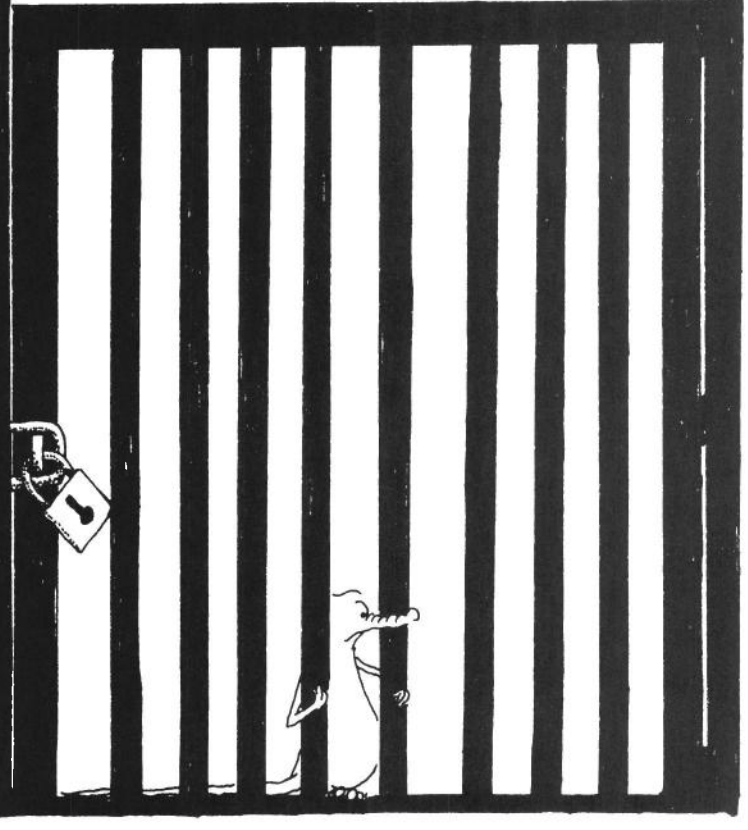
Anon. (with glasses)

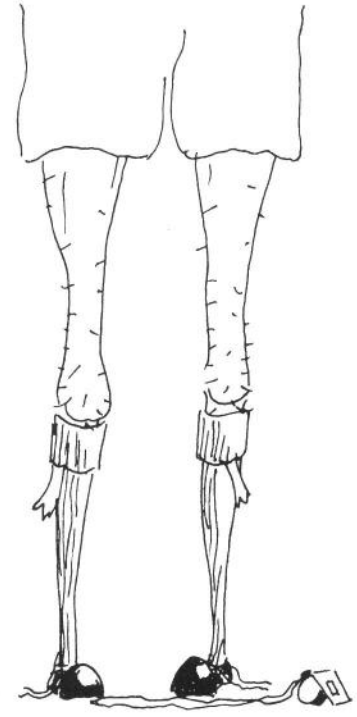
AMNESTY REPORT Katherine Davies 6(1)

This year has been a successful year for Amnesty in many respects. Perhaps the most cheering news is that of the release of our Spanish prisoner, Jorge Anguillo, on November 23rd 1973. Jorge is a conscientious objector for whom we have been working over the last two years. He offered to do alternative service, but was put in prison for his beliefs and has been there since 1971.

During the year we have: walked the streets of Saffron Walden on a house to-house-collection, read in Assembly, written letters, written more letters, made toffee apples, had an appeal in the Meeting House and, our most recent feat of activity, the launching of our Associate Membership. It is aimed at Friends and friends who are interested in our group. For a small fee they receive information about what we're doing, what our prisoners are doing and what Amnesty International is doing. We had a good response at General Meeting when the idea was launched and we hope it will continue to grow.

Our thanks again go to Don Miller for managing our finances and one or two other things and to everyone who has helped us throughout the year.





SCOUTS 1972-1973

During the past year, scouting in school has decreased in popularity. Even though we had a really interesting year culminating in an enjoyable summer camp, the numbers fell in the Autumn term.

The main highlight of the year was the A.P.L.'s great achievement of getting J.G. into the swimming pool for the first time in seven years. He seemed to enjoy himself on the rafts but was not really at ease in the races.

The (old) Bags (Badgers and Stags combined ha, ha, joke) had a most successful hut camp. Their spirits were kept up by other spirits but unfortunately no-one could get a wink of sleep but had to huddle together to keep warm.

The Gym was left at last with due ceremony and the scout hut opened by Anon. at the beginning of the Summer Term.

Summer Camp was spent in Exmoor near Porlock and was kept going by the revitalising liquid available now at your local Tesco (on offer this week!). We hiked up Dunkery Beacon and down the Doone Valley. The P.L.s had a dehydrated hike and were supposed to carry dehydrated food and bottles of liquid (water?).

The Camp was enjoyed by all who attended it and we would like to express our feelings but we cannot find words to describe them.

geography

Saturday 31 March

Arrived; we are in a three roomed converted coachhouse with one cold water tap, a two ring gas cooker and a choice selection of chairs. The sitting room is across the road and it looks out on a rain-swept graveyard: very fitting! There is a grandfather clock in the hall, and ghosts? The girls go to the loo in an army (the three of us) and sing 'The Sound of Music' to frighten them off. What do the boys do?

Sunday 1 April

Hilarious evening: Paul had described his Cosyjamas, a fitted romper suit in lavender blue, lemon yellow and baby pink. Then he found he had forgotten to bring them, so he got into bed and a spring went, he lost his hot water bottle, (to the accompaniment of David Robertson's raucous laughter), and then crippled himself on the bed end.





Monday 2 April

It snowed during the night, and David Newbold and Guy took advantage of it to stage a vigorous snowball fight. The highlight of the trip as far as I was concerned happened the same evening: Paul, exploring the graveyard, tripped over a tombstone in the dark and landed on his back. While lying on the ground recovering his wits he saw a flare over the moors, So, with accustomed vigour, he leapt to his feet and ran off to telephone the police. They arrived at an unfortunate moment for me whilst I was in my nightie in a basin of water in the middle of the floor. Guy came out, and, after wandering around rather vaguely, pyjama-clad, then began apologising to the policemen for not being able to offer them anything. This was understandable as we felt sure they would not have enjoyed our congealed cheese pie. Paul rose to the occasion, in his newly-found cosyjamas, and told the policemen, with much dignity, that he did not want to sound morbid, but he had seen the flare from the graveyard.

I should like to conclude this revealing account by thanking Guy and Elizabeth for their able cooking, though I suggest they start about two years before they intend to serve the meal! I'm also very grateful to Beatrix for the bacon served every breakfast. We do now realise how necessary it was for Anthony to sit and watch us walk and we are sure that our added knowledge of geography is a reflection of the great capabilities of our teachers.

Sue Shaw 6(2)

field trips:

biology

OUR GEOGRAPHY CORRESPONDENT WRITES:

It's amazing how two people undergoing the same experiences can record such different impressions. My recollections were that we stayed in primitive but spartan accommodation in a spot looking out on to the Skiddaw Massif. We conducted extensive and exhaustive geographical forays to such places as Whitehaven, Maryport and Workington for port studies; to Borrowdale for fluvio-glacial studies; to Loweswater for geomorphological mapping; to Keswick to examine the tourist industry, and to Cockermouth for urban geography. We also had a day of individual projects ranging from hill;farming to a study of an old mining community. I found the group first class company and recall that we all enjoyed ourselves!





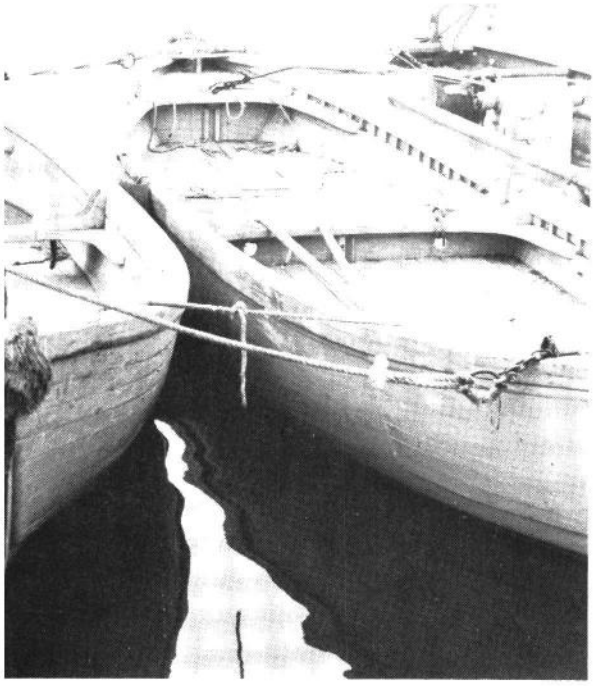




geoff's page











leisure activity award 1973

creepy crawly page

SLUGS

He trapped them,
He tortured them,
He killed them,
He was cruel,
He hated slugs,
Fat and oozy,
Slimy and black,
They hated him.
That night he slept,
Then they came
They crawled under doors
Through air vents
And open windows.
Leaving slimy trails behind them,
The floor was black with them
The air stank,
As up the bed they crawled,
On the boy, pillow and sheets
Silent as death.
Over his face
Rubbery bodies covered his head
Nose and mouth.
From his sleep he woke
They smothered him
He could not breathe
They were killing him
He let out a scream
Never to be heard
Stifled by black, slimy slugs
The things he hated.
His face went red
Blue then purple,
His main vein ruptured
It was all over.
He sank back on the bed
His eyes rolled back
He was dead.
Then they started eating
First quietly then quite distinctly
They feasted on the body
That was still warm.
Morning came
The strench of death was still in the air
All that was left
Was a pile of bones
Picked clean.
Slugs crawled away
Bloated with blood and flesh.
They had enjoyed it.

Jonathan Smith 3Y

THE SLUG

The little child
Cradles something in his hands.
He opened his tiny, grubby fingers,
And looked at the Black Thing with pleasure.
Shiny, Polished, and yet Rough-to-the-Touch.
Slug resting on his hands
The little child.

The adult
Glanced at the passing grass.
A shriek!
A piercing scream!
The slug is not picked up with gentle reverence,
But thrown aside, disregarded with contempt!
The adult.

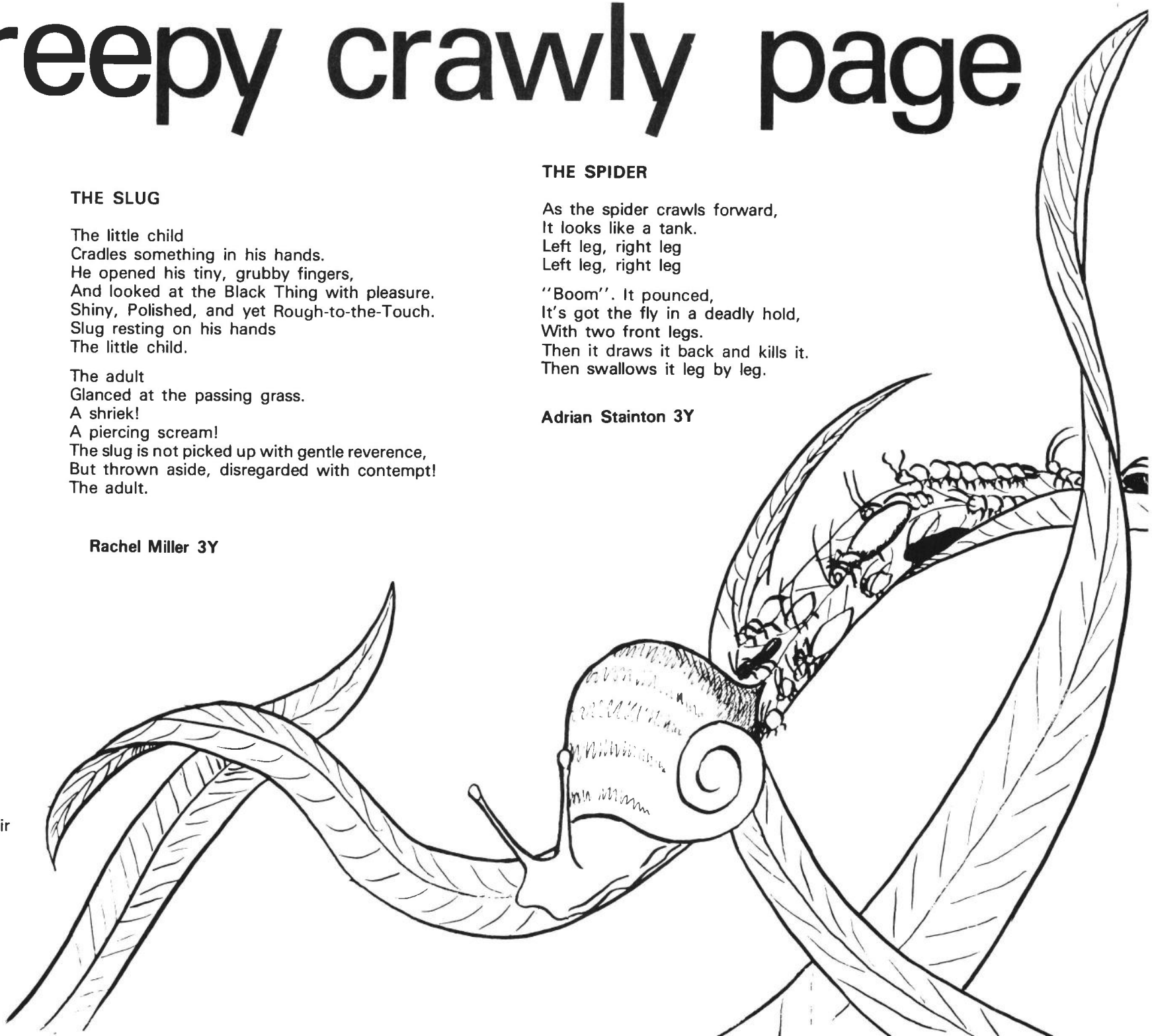
Rachel Miller 3Y

THE SPIDER

As the spider crawls forward,
It looks like a tank.
Left leg, right leg
Left leg, right leg

"Boom". It pounced,
It's got the fly in a deadly hold,
With two front legs.
Then it draws it back and kills it.
Then swallows it leg by leg.

Adrian Stainton 3Y



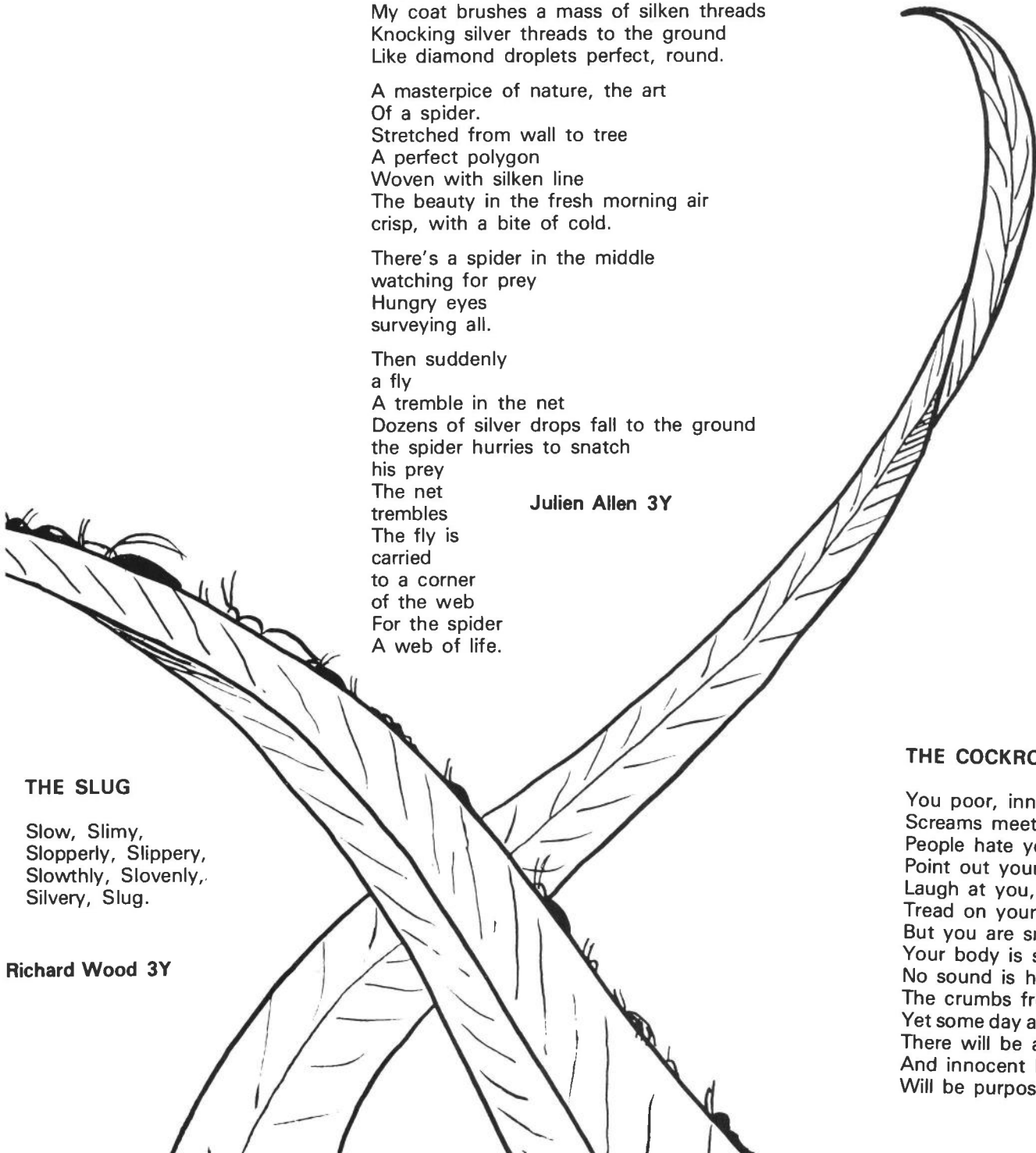
The dew fell last night.
I walk up the garden path.
My coat brushes a mass of silken threads
Knocking silver threads to the ground
Like diamond droplets perfect, round.

A masterpice of nature, the art
Of a spider.
Stretched from wall to tree
A perfect polygon
Woven with silken line
The beauty in the fresh morning air
crisp, with a bite of cold.

There's a spider in the middle
watching for prey
Hungry eyes
surveying all.

Then suddenly
a fly
A tremble in the net
Dozens of silver drops fall to the ground
the spider hurries to snatch
his prey
The net
trembles
The fly is
carried
to a corner
of the web
For the spider
A web of life.

Julien Allen 3Y



THE SLUG

Slow, Slimy,
Slopperly, Slippery,
Slowthly, Slovenly,
Silvery, Slug.

Richard Wood 3Y

THE KIND SPIDER

Its thin delicate legs,
almost as fine as its web.
As it dances to and fro,
weaving its dinner.
Then, the final touches over,
it waits,
still.
As if it too were caught,
fed up of struggling . . .
waiting for death.
Yet it does not know
that this is how its prisoners feel.

A furious buzzing commences
in spurts, as the fly dangles
by the leg,
the spider, cautious,
hesitates.
What holds it back?
perhaps he does know
and wants to give his prey a chance
just a thread of chance
as thin again as its legs and web
but just big enough
so if the prey got away,
it can be glad.
Which is better?
A full belly?
Or a light heart?
The kind spider agrees with me—
a light heart!

A full belly!

Liz Selby 3Y

THE COCKROACH

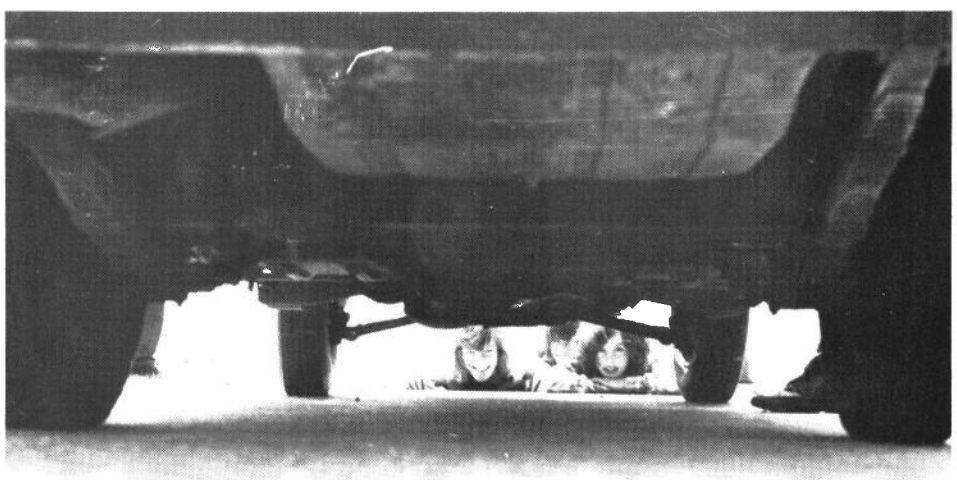
You poor, innocent, little creature.
Screams meet your approach,
People hate you,
Point out your hiding place,
Laugh at you, shriek at you,
Tread on your brothers.
But you are small and handsome:
Your body is sleek and brown,
No sound is heard as you go by,
The crumbs from our dirty hands just disappear,
Yet some day a careless toe will touch you,
There will be a shriek of disgust
And innocent little you, like your brothers
Will be purposely trodden on.

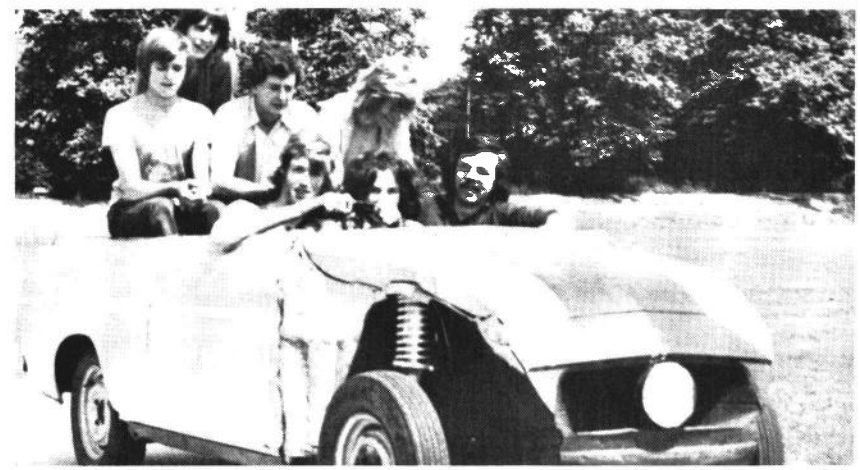
Georgina Benson 3Y






MOTOR CLUB





On a dreary Thursday afternoon in September '72 a maroon Ford Anglia estate could be heard painfully chugging and rattling around the school field. A moment later, it screeched to a halt in the car park, hissing noisily and with smoke pouring out from various places. Martin Hugall sprang out of it, a cool, reserved smile on his face.

"Hi there..." he said quietly, and, with a nonchalant glance over his shoulder at the half-wrecked Anglia : "Got her down town for fifteen quid: an M.O.T. failure. Not bad, eh?"

That was the start. This wreck sparked the enthusiasm of a great number of boys who were, despite the groans of disapproval from a few male chauvinists of the group, later joined by females, bringing the number of members to over twenty.

Work is now in progress on the three other club cars (all donated in the course of this year by members of staff.) We also carry out simple repairs on private cars. An idea of turning two of our cars into buggies was followed up and we now have a Morris 1000 buggy and an Anglia buggy.

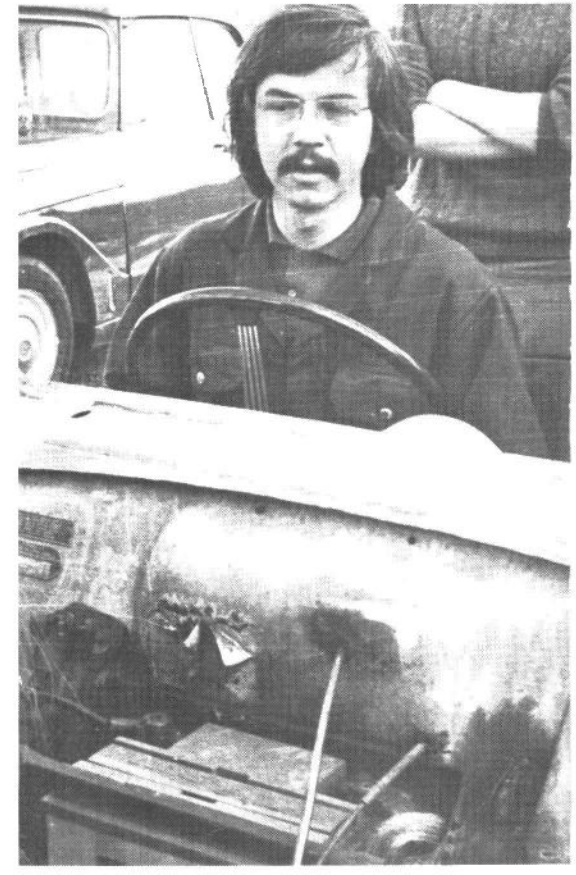
One afternoon, Martin told us he had bought the paint for the Anglia.

"Tango orange," he grinned.

This "Tango Orange" turned out to be a sick apricot-yoghurt colour which gave the car quite an original appearance. (Unfortunately, that is all one can say for "Tango Orange".)

Work in the Autumn term has taken a rather more serious line, as Martin has "introdooced a nu programme" which includes a series of theory sessions about the car and motor mechanics in general.

Chris Lyons 6$_1$

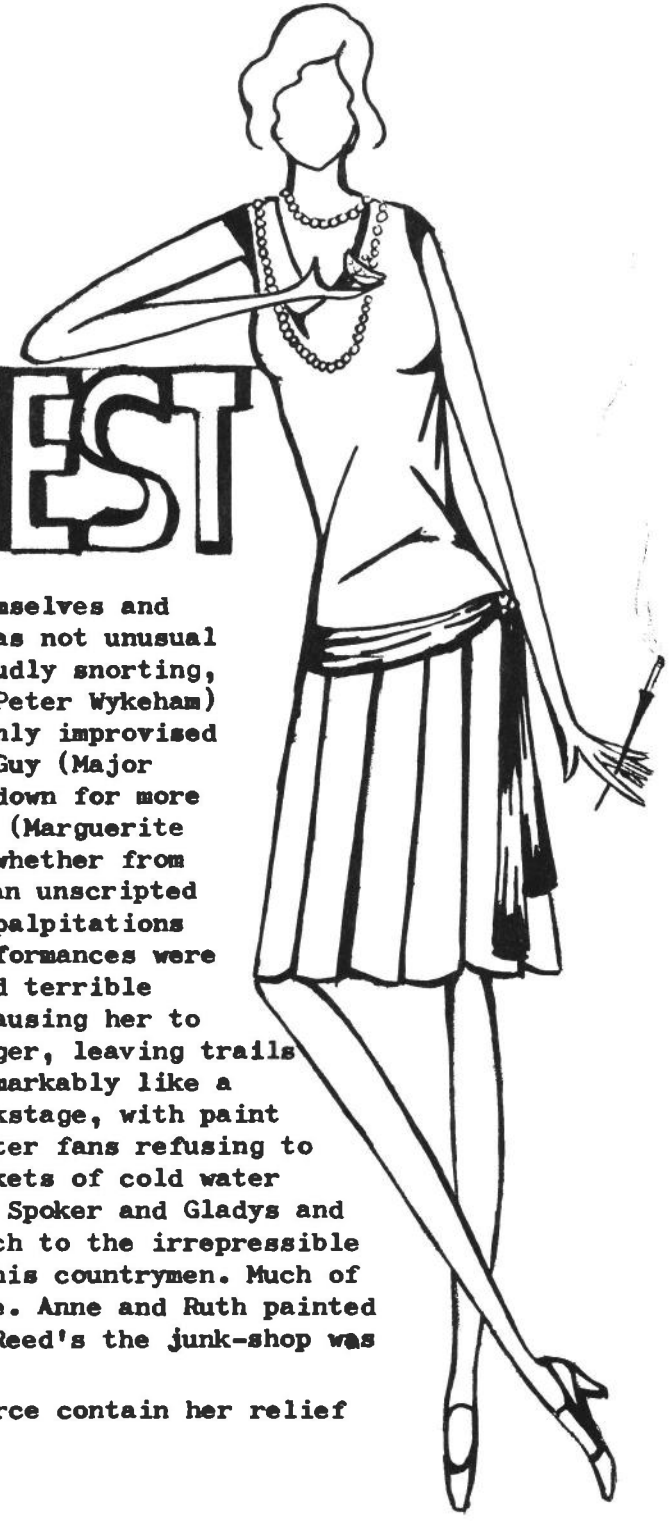








CUCKOO IN THE NEST



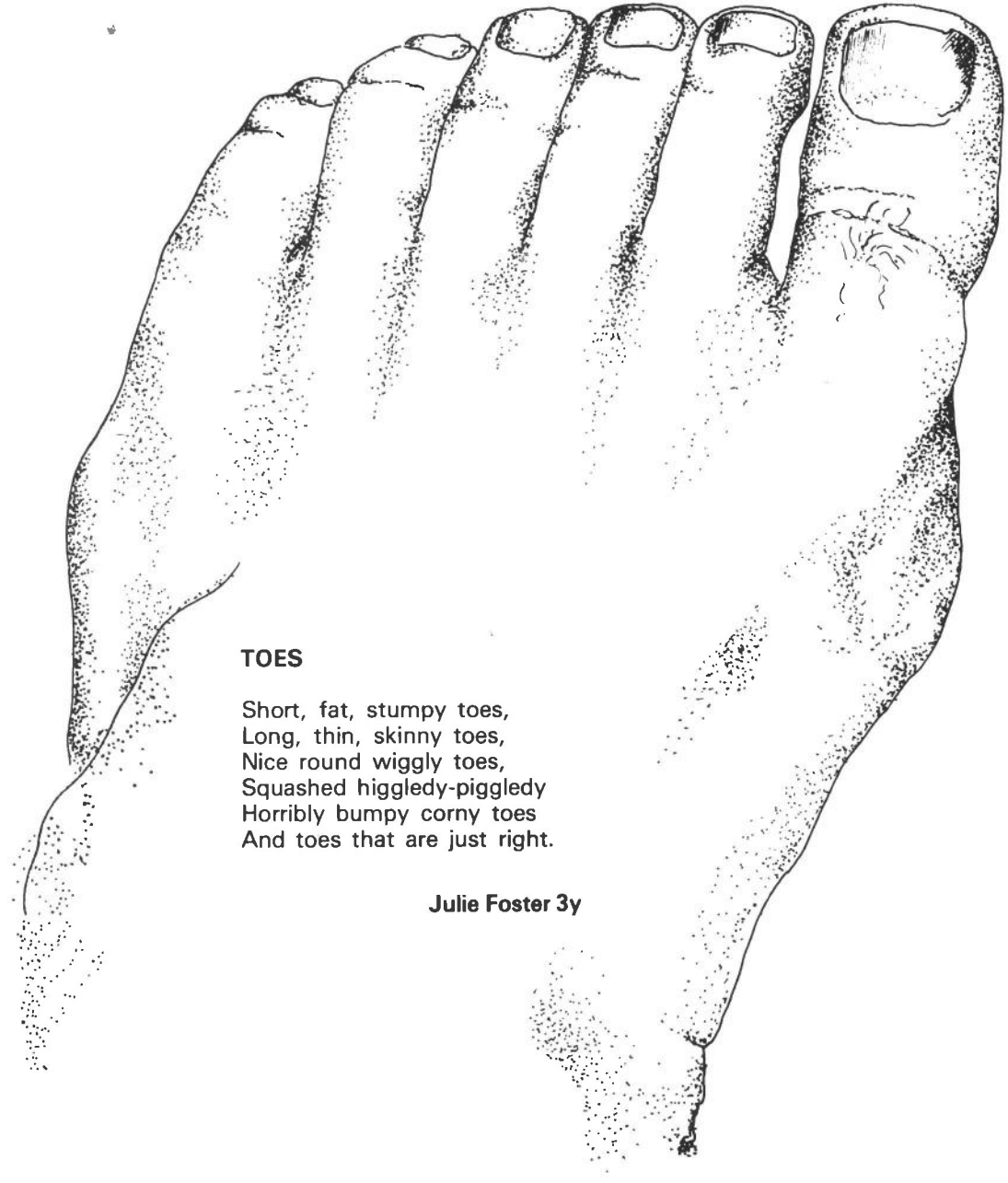
Parts were allocated fairly easily. The actors stopped being themselves and became the characters they were playing to such an extent that it was not unusual to see Helen (or was it Gladys?) shuffling down Centre Corridor, loudly snorting, trying to escape from the ever-pursuing Robin (Alfred),or William (Peter Wykeham) under a table intently munching a hyacinth. Rehearsals were mainly improvised and usually more riotous than the play itself. Neither William nor Guy (Major Bone) was allowed to stand up for more than five seconds or to sit down for more than three. The ladies were more demure, with the exception of Sara (Marguerite Hickett) who during one rehearsal jumped up and down so violently (whether from joy, anger or frustration is not clear) that she broke the bed, (an unscripted mishap), causing William, who had to lie under it, to have nervous palpitations every time it moved in case it collapsed on top of him. The performances were not without their chaotic moments either. Sue Shaw (Mrs. Spoker) had terrible trouble with her 'bosom' as it kept on sliding down to her knees, causing her to heave it up again as inconspicuously as she could. William cut his finger, leaving trails of blood all over the stage, while Francis (Claude Hickett), looking remarkably like a mini-Hitler, kept on losing his moustache. Things were little calmer backstage, with paint being emptied into the piano alcove, smoke-bombs failing to explode and heater fans refusing to produce draughts under doors. William suffered the most : not only were buckets of cold water thrown over him, but he also had the indignity of undressing in front of Mrs. Spoker and Gladys and spending the rest of the play trouserless. The building of the set owed much to the irrepressible Kevin Kinsella, who spent much time putting doors on backwards and defending his countrymen. Much of the fun in this department lay in seeing how revolting the décor could be made. Anne and Ruth painted 144 supremely tasteless flowers on vast expanses of apricot wallpaper, while Reed's the junk-shop was ransacked of its most disgusting furniture.

The after-effects of the play lasted for several days. Jane could scarce contain her relief at the prospect that "perhaps William will now act normally."

BLUE SHADOW

Ripples, Ripples . . .
tiny crests of foam that cling
beneath the bows,
Clutching in the fear of
Being left behind.
A shadow falls silently across the water.
All the driftwood floats across it
slowly appearing on the
other side.
The inky blackness presses my mind so
tightly that
My thoughts come out tight
and compressed,
squeezed of all their meanings.
Slowly I lean on the tiller and bring
her round into
A head wind.
I turn round and watch
Lisa's tousled head as she reefs the
topsail
I look towards land
a house stands with one
light on in the attic window
solitary on the hillside
It flickers and starts to dim and
then . . . goes out.
dissolved in the
darkness.
Suddenly my resolution breaks
I sob uncontrollably
That light
is my only
comfort.
Every night I watch for it,
It guides my thoughts,
Shows that someone is watching . . .
waiting for me.
But now apart from Lisa who is in her
Bunk asleep
No one knows
that I exist.

Akwe Amosu 3X



TOES

Short, fat, stumpy toes,
Long, thin, skinny toes,
Nice round wiggly toes,
Squashed higgledy-piggledy
Horribly bumpy corny toes
And toes that are just right.

Julie Foster 3y

la coûme

We started our heroic journey by meeting Mark Miller (who was to be our guide) and family, and five members from the Friends' School in Great Ayton at Victoria Station, London. The journey was fairly uneventful until we were all on the right train and bound for Perpignan and just nodding off to sleep, when Richard le Mare discovered that his wallet was missing! Rich, having imbibed some of the French atmosphere during our stop in Paris, did not quite have his wits about him and his wallet was later found in his suitcase after many false accusations had been made! Throughout this calamity Gribble remained (un)-peacefully stretched out (presumably sleeping) in the corridor!

We caught a local train, by the skin of our teeth, which took us to the feet of our most charming and loyal chauffeur, Gerard, who then drove us along the winding mountain roads to la Coume. Here we found Ben Heydecker, Sue Harlock and her friend Sally Davies who had already made themselves at home. We were surprised by the sudden outbreak of a thunderstorm but laid it down to one fact—that Denby and his troops had arrived! We discovered later that evening that we were moving further up to a place called Mate-Male to carry out our job as nothing needed to be done at la Coûme.

Arrived on Monday at our destination—rat-infested chalets surrounded by the most breathtaking view of a lake nestling in snow-capped mountains. We were expected to inhabit one of the chalets, and in the mean-time pull down and then renovate the neighbouring one which was in the same state (if not better) than ours. Unfortunately our arrival sparked off an electric thunderstorm which cut off the lights and hot water supply!

Shrieks and thundering footsteps of the Denby and Miller troops combined woke us up the next day. We had great fun ripping down the walls of the chalet, finding many hidden delights amongst which rats' nests, naughty magazines, ammunition and inter-war oranges numbered! Our spirits were heightened that evening by the fantastically cheap wine and sumptuous food.

Between work we went on a number of outings: Local Catalan dancing and afterwards to the local bar. A select few decided to attempt walking back but finding they were lost were rounded up by a group of young and friendly natives and guided back to the camp. Some beautiful lakes, but fate seemed against us again as a very violent hailstorm broke out, so Jonathan and Rich, who were paddling around on a lake, and Julia who was taking a quick dip, had to take cover as fast as possible.



Swimming in the nearby lake.
Ski lifts up a mountain towering over the lake.

The main break was for a camping trip to Andorra, on the borders of Spain and France. The tax-free facilities were made use of, both entering and leaving! Having made camp deep in the valley, parties set off to explore the landscape. Later, yet another storm broke out with a deluge of rain which necessitated a massive removal of all our belongings into the nearby tavern. After changing out of our sodden clothes before both startled and amused onlookers, we sat down for our meal. Soon all feelings of cold and wetness were driven away by the fresh trout, Spanish wine and song. Celebrations went on deep into the night. Few were now left sitting—they were either stretched out on the floor or, as in the case of Gribble, squatting in a puddle singing away happily. Handel's Te Deum! Perhaps the less said the better . . .

We emerged from our sodden sleep with the grey dawn revealing the horrors of the previous night, but few were dejected for long. Even a long hike up the mountainside could not tempt many to consume wine at dinner!

''T'was the morning of the 14th July!'' On our return journey from Andorra we stopped at Bourges-Madame, where we took part in the Bastille Day celebrations.

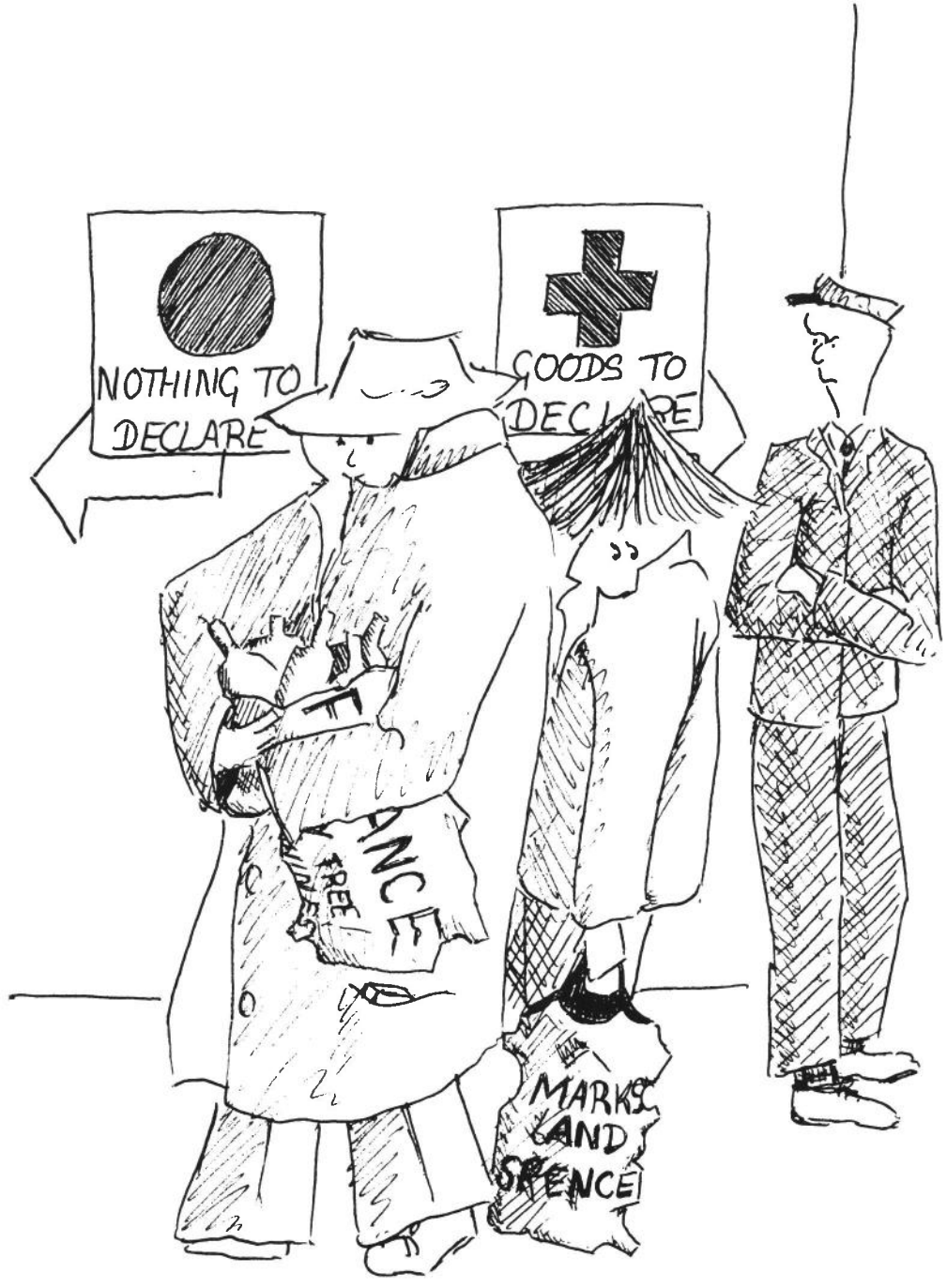
Back at Matemale we continued our work, interspersed with Dreamer and Jonathan Clamp (dressed up for the act in make-up, etc.) playing their guitars by the fireside while Gribble fulfilled his one ambition of becoming a pop singer—i.e. Mick Jagger.

Arriving back at la Coûme there was a mad rush for the showers. Unfortunately the boys made it first as the girls had frequently stolen their hot water for washing their hair throughout their stay in Matemale. Gerard had prepared a slap-up meal for us consisting of salmon and salads and baked Alaska amongst many other delicacies.

To end our marvellous holiday we went swimming in the Mediterranean at Perpignan—Gribble taking special care of his delicate skin and to protect it from the blazing sun by swimming in an oilskin jacket and sou'wester! Our last meal was at le Perriquet and we enjoyed many Eastern delicacies amongst which were squids and snails.

The train journey back was rather exciting for Tom (Gt. Ayton) and Gribble, as they slept in a sleeper with six other girls! Arrived back safely in England having smuggled much drink and cigarettes through the Customs and all went our separate ways.

Written by: Steve Pitcher and Ros. York Moore



WORM RIDDLE

My home is in darkness
I live in darkness
My mind is in darkness
I move in darkness
I'm hunted in darkness
But I peep into the daylight.

Zita Killeen 3Y



THE SEA

The waves smash against the rocks
And tears the seaweed out of the ground.
It swirls around the people paddling in the sea.
The people watching on the rocks
Get wet from the strong waves.
The sea was angry
And burst out into a rage
And the rocks were covered with water.
then suddenly it all stopped.
The sea was calm.
And it no longer swirled around and pulled up seaweed.
It was calm and still,
No longer did it smash against the rocks.
The seaweed floated back into the sea,
Only a ripple could be seen of a wave.

Mary Hickling 2x

FOLK SONG

Written for the Saffron Walden Food Riots of 1795, the play performed by the 3rd and 4th forms.

"Thieves, rascals, liars begone and take your bread,
Your mouldy cheese, your rotten meat, be gone," the people said.
"Would you have us starve to death to fill your bulging pockets?
Would you have us waste away to bones with rusty sockets?
Is money all that matters to your evil little minds?
Will you grow fat on roasted pig while we digest the rinds?"

"Cheats, swindlers, sharpers, your time has come to pay.
Put down your prices now, or else, and let us have a say.
We don't earn our wages just to make you all the wealthier,
And trying to live on nothing doesn't make us any healthier.
Babies die and children starve while you grow rich on profits
That they had paid for with their lives; but now we'll make you stop it."

"Cut your prices, lower them or suffer," cried the mob.
"We'll see who comes out better after we have done our job.
We'll string you from your scrawny necks and tie your legs in knots,
Then sink you in the village pond and leave you there to rot.
Your time has come, we've had enough. We'll stand for this no longer.
And when it comes to proving points we'll show you who's the stronger."

Anthony Hill 3Y
(AB also wrote the Nixon Bright

and Beautiful song for 'The Birds')



Sally, Anna, Peter, Charles and Robin stuck it together.

Deborah did the cover.

Anne + Monica did the pictures.

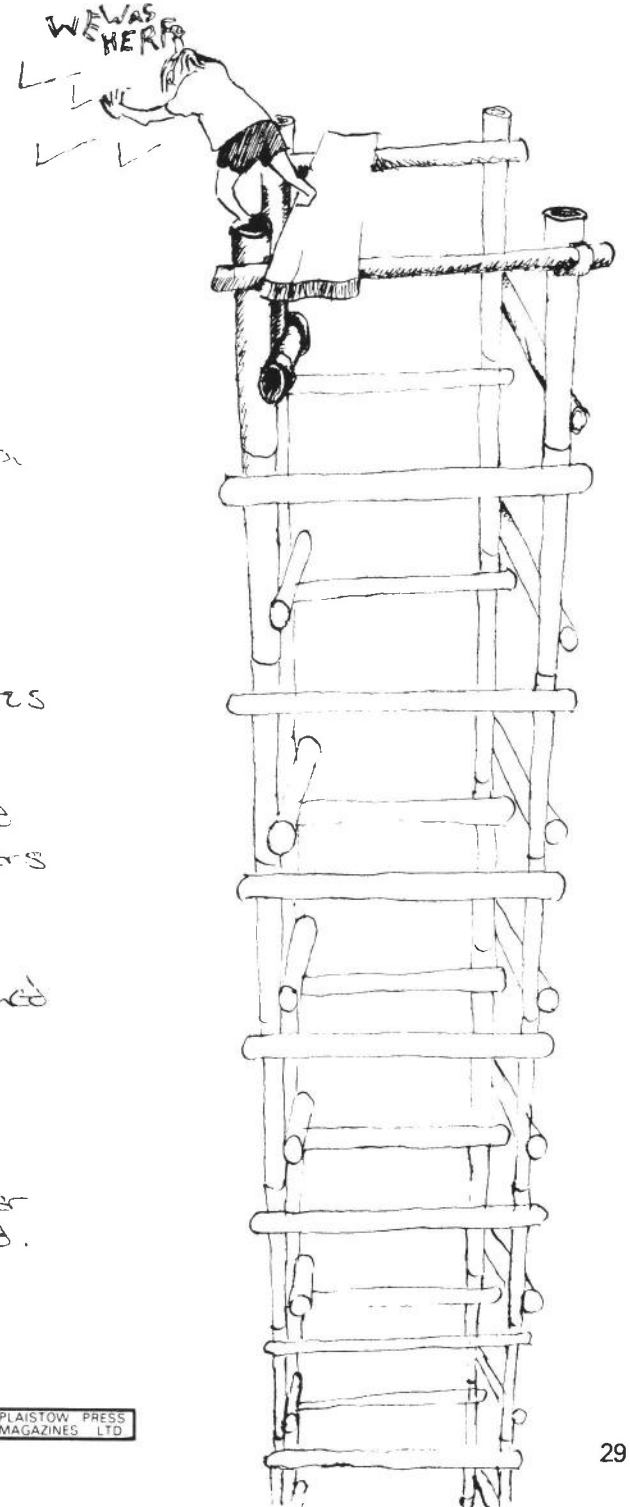
Chris + Peter took the photos

David twisted the advertisers arms

Anthony watched over with a careful eye.

+ lots of other people helped.

And lots of love from the mousligator.



DESIGN & LAYOUT BY THE SCHOOL PHOTO-SET LITHO PLAISTOW PRESS MAGAZINES LTD

Thinking of building or modernising your home?

CONSULT THE

SAFFRON WALDEN BUILDING MATERIAL SUPPLY CO. LTD.

STATION STREET, SAFFRON WALDEN CB11 3HG

Telephone Saffron Walden 23535

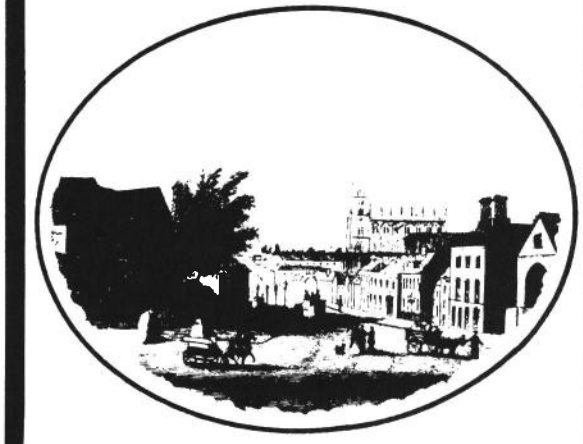
AND FOR

Domestic Ironmongery, Cut Glass, Garden Furniture and Tools our Retail Shop

GAYHOMES, The Market Place



We've been giving people a good nights sleep since 1849



Because that is when we first opened our office in Saffron Walden. Then, as today, we offered a good rate of interest to savers and they could withdraw their money at short notice.

But, most important of all, they appreciated that we offered real security. If that was true in 1849, just think how much more so it is today.

So come and invest in 124 years of security !

SAFFRON WALDEN
AND DISTRICT
BUILDING SOCIETY

MARKET PLACE, SAFFRON WALDEN. Tel: 22211

How does it feel to be in the money?

Money – is a subject close to many a heart. And when you work with money, you work with people. Our staff at Midland Bank – enjoy the money business. Meeting customers and finding out what makes them tick. Read what they say about life at the Midland – then, if you think you'd like to be in the money too, contact us right away.



"I've worked in every different department here, and the thing I enjoy most – is being trusted. With people and with money, it's a great feeling. Getting up and going to work is never a drag – because every day is different."
Ann Lewis – 24.

"I chose the Midland instead of university. It's a decision I've never regretted. At 26, I'm responsible for a large number of people and their work at a busy central London branch. To put it in a nutshell – you can get further, faster, with the Midland."
Nick Hughes – 26.





"I just didn't know what I was missing when I worked in an office. I've got real prospects now. Prospects for a good career with a future and equal pay. Eventually I'd like to become a tutor at a Midland training college."
Martina Shiel – 21.

Write to: The District Staff Superintendent, Midland Bank Limited, Scottish Life House, (6th Floor), 36 Poultry, London EC2R 8HD.

Midland Bank

A Great British Bank

Careers with

AN ADVANCED ENGINEERING GROUP

offers:

University Sandwich Courses. Study for an Honours Degree either at one of the new Technological Universities or one of the older universities. This is combined with industrial training at some of TI's companies in the U.K. L.E.A. awards are supplemented whilst at University and salaries during industrial training are progressively increased. A worthwhile career with every prospect of promotion in an expanding organisation is open to young men qualifying as Engineers, Metallurgists, Mathematicians or Applied Scientists.

Day Release Courses. Most TI companies have excellent training schemes with day release for young men and women with 'O' or 'A' levels. TI Research Laboratories at Hinxton Hall (between Saffron Walden and Cambridge) give day release for courses leading to ONC or HNC qualifications in metallurgy, physics and engineering. Successful completion of these courses can lead to transfer to the University Sandwich Course.

produces:

Iron and Steel Cycles and Cycle Components Steel Tubes
Domestic and Industrial Heating Appliances
Industrial Switchgear Aluminium and Aluminium Products Machine Tools

is engaged in:

General Engineering Research and Technical Development

For further information please write to:—

The Personnel Manager
TUBE INVESTMENTS RESEARCH LABORATORIES,
Hinxton Hall,
near Saffron Walden, Essex.

RAYNHAM & CO. LTD.

The Motor House

AA AID POINT

NEW AND USED CARS

RAC

Agents for

Austin **Morris**

Automobile Engineers–Car Hire Service

L SCHOOL OF MOTORING L

Saffron Walden

Telephone (STD 0799)-22334/27909

UTTLESFORD

is the new District Council which includes Saffron Walden, Thaxted, Dunmow and many unspoilt villages in North West Essex

JENNINGS

AUCTIONEERS, ESTATE AGENTS, VALUERS AND SURVEYORS

of

SAFFRON WALDEN

have practised in this area for over 70 years

FOR ADVICE ON ALL MATTERS RELATING TO PROPERTY AND CHATTELS

TELEPHONE

SAFFRON WALDEN 22329

(and in Sudbury Tel. 74359 &
Bury St. Edmunds Tel. 3049)

Brian & Barbara- their first year at National Westminster



Barbara celebrated her 18th birthday when she'd been with us a year. Not only did her friends buy her a big birthday cake, but the Bank gave her a handsome salary increase. In fact regular salary reviews are the rule with us. Barbara's present job is managing the proofing machine. Next month she's moving over to foreign exchange. The Bank knows a girl likes variety.

Brian joined us straight from school with 4 'O' levels. What decided him to go NatWest was the interview. "They talked my language", he says. The intricacies of bank procedures took some time to fathom, but a talk with his sub-manager soon reassured him that he was appreciated. Now he's number two in the Accounting Section at his branch.



Get the whole picture! *Post this coupon now for our booklet. It will tell you all about your opportunities with us, plus the many fringe benefits with the Bank such as our proposed profit-sharing scheme for all staff, a special house purchase scheme, and interest-free loans for season tickets.*

To: Malcolm Fortune, National Westminster Bank Ltd., P.O. Box 297, Throgmorton Avenue, London EC2P 2ES.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Tel. No. ..... Age .....

I am taking/have taken the following number of ..... 'O' ..... 'A' ..... CSE

National Westminster Bank

When you leave school
don't just take a job.....

Train for a Career

T RAINING IS
R EGARDED
A S ESSENTIAL IN
I NSURANCE ■
N EAR HOME

F RIENDS' PROVIDENT
O FFER
R EALLY

A TTRACTIVE

C AREERS ■
A LEVELS OR
R EASONABLE "O" PASSES
E NSURE
E XCELLENT
R EMUNERATION

If you expect good "O" level passes (or are taking "A" levels) you deserve the opportunity to attain a professional qualification — and to be well paid while you do it!

Friends' Provident & Century Insurance Group offer a wide variety of careers in insurance to those who have ability and the will to succeed. Special attention is paid to the training of new entrants and a day-release scheme is in operation. Progress depends on ability rather than age and, with Group assets of over £350,000,000, the prospects can satisfy even the most ambitious.

Working conditions, salaries, and fringe benefits are what you would expect in an enlightened and forward-thinking organisation.

CONTACT DAVID DRUMMOND, STAFFING OFFICER.

Friends' Provident & Century Insurance Group

Pixham End, Dorking, Surrey RH4 1QA. Telephone: Dorking 4511

What makes a class interesting? The teacher or the subject?

The same kind of question applies when you're choosing a career.

Is it the work that's interesting or the company you're working for?

If you choose to work at Barclays you get the best of both worlds.

The Bank is progressive, the people friendly and what's more, the work is challenging.

We pay both boys and girls the same. And what you are paid and how fast you are promoted depends on your ability, not your age. It's up to you.

Our career-minded entrants must have four 'O' levels, although two or more academic 'A' levels are preferable—they will put you ahead on starting pay too.

On the other hand if you're a girl who has a good general education and wants an interesting job, we'll welcome you just as much.

For more information either see your Careers Teacher or local Barclays Manager.

Or write to: The Local Directors, Barclays Bank Limited, P.O. Box 2, 15 Bene't Street, Cambridge CB2 3PZ.

BARCLAYS

The Complete Printing Service
Packaging Films & Self Adhesive Tapes
Full Design & Technical Service
Consistently High Quality. Competitive Prices
Prompt & Reliable Service

All delivered to your door by our Own Transport.
what else can we offer you?

UTP Packaging Company Limited
Universal Tape Printing Co. Limited
Shire Hill, Saffron Walden, Essex
Telephone 27333 Telex 81427

Members of the Bunzl Group of Companies.

