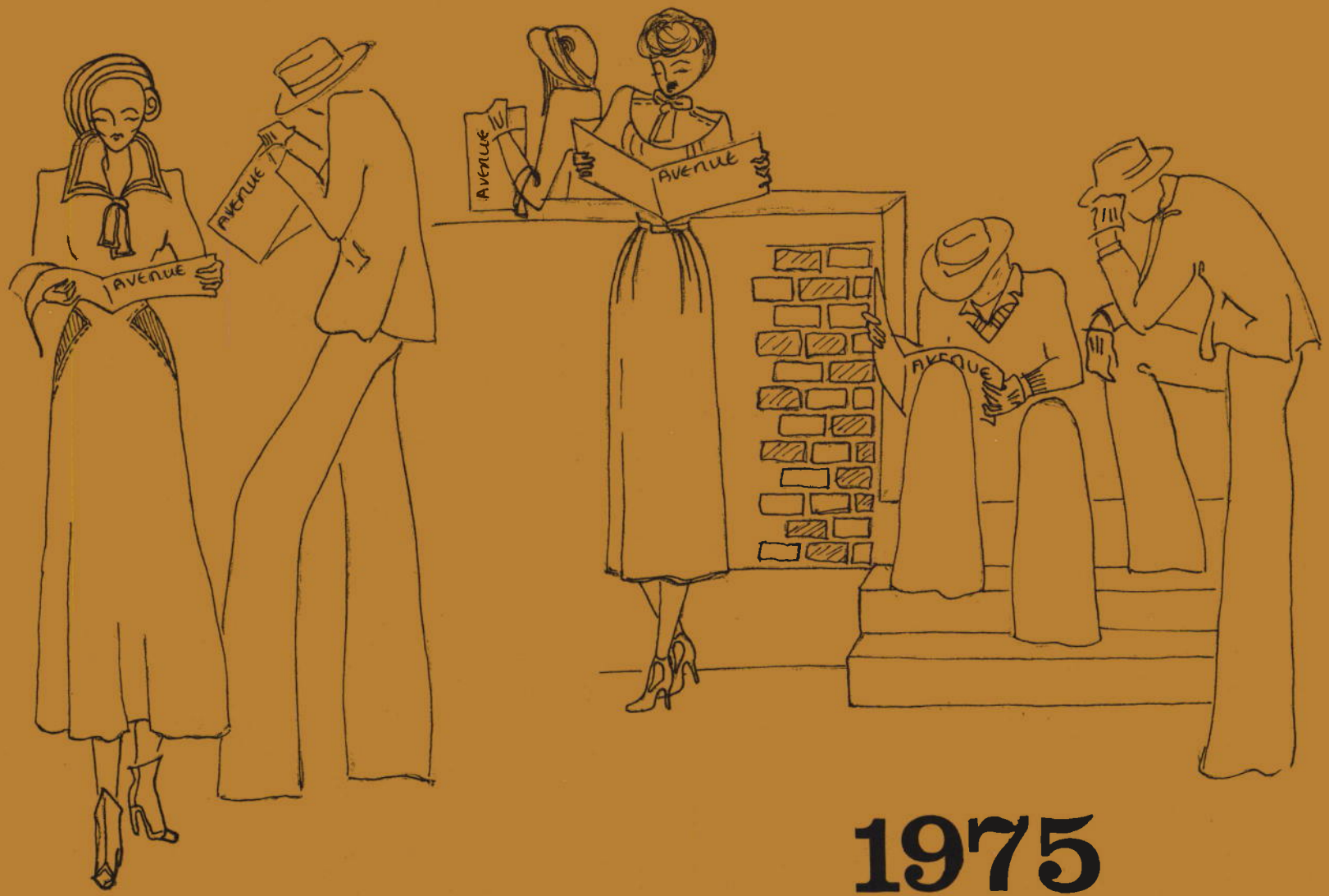


1975



FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN



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 25p to members of the school, 35p (post free) to others.

Details of advertising rates from the Business Manager.

Advertising copy for the next issue should reach him by 1st December, 1975.

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THE AVENUE Spring 1975 Vol 46 No. 145
Headlines by Letraset in Univers 55





Dear Reader,

It has been a long and hard struggle. The way has been tough, the obstacles great. Many have fallen by the side, but a few, sustained by coffee, fruitcake, and chocolate lollipops, made it to the finish.

Peter and Chris fished out their negatives and Pradip took some more.

Vicky and Charles did the layout, Suzy did the cartoons, Angela produced the cover after a little coaxing, and Anthony Ratcliffe stuck his nose round the door on occasion to see if anything was happening.

Sometimes it was, and this is it.

Happy reading.

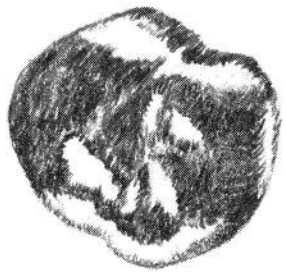
THE COMMITTEE





TIMES PAST
THE AVENUE
Friends' School, Saffron Walden. Tel. 23469





INTER ALIA 74

SPRING TERM

The spring term started cold and wet as usual. The North wind not only blew all the old staff and scholars back to S.W. but also picked up Michael and Susan Collins, who have joined the staff to teach woodwork and piano respectively.

No term can ever run smoothly, but this term we had a ''Wapping crate catastrophe'' otherwise known as ''Cases of Mistaken Identity.'' A farce, by Nat Whilk (alias David Pope).

After half term the weather improved slightly and the term livened up with an almost completely unrehearsed mime and dance drama for evening meeting.

The term finished on a musical note with a performance of Dvorak's ''Dumky'' trio by Mary Mileson, Helen James, and Guilia Rowland. The weekend after the term ended eight other Friends' Schools joined us at S.W. for a rehearsal weekend prior to performances of Elgars' ''Dream of Gerontius'' at Thaxted church and Friends' House in London. After a day of rest the geographers set off to the land of draught Guinness (Ireland) for their field trip.



THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

SUMMER TERM

The term started with the sad news of the death of Charlotte McGibney, which left Jill French, David Pope and Jean Stubbs to battle on with help from Mrs. Starr who helped out for the term.

Nevertheless the summer term saw four ''firsts'':-

Firstly an open day when representatives of the society of Friends were invited to see the school in action.

Secondly, a sixth form play (Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dream Coat.) which was organized, produced and performed by members of the sixth form.

This double billed with a Mike Collins first production, ''With Felonious Intent'' written by Mike Collins and performed by form one.

Fourthly a Gibson House excursion to Clacton-on-sea, which was voted a great success by all concerned.

At the Chelmsford Music Festival, the school did its customary best. Second orchestra put all its' trust in Mr. O. Fairweater (alias David Pope) both as composer and conductor of their offering.

Cricket took a turn for the better this year, the boys nearly won one match and the girls even managed to get a team together and were prevented from playing only by adverse climatic conditions.

Guilia Rowland rounded off the term with a recital of Beethoven's Moonlight sonata and three Chopin studies.

AUTUMN TERM

After having said goodbye to Iorwerth John, Brian Lightfoot, and Willy Blum in the summer term we now welcomed Peter Arter (Maths), Eleanor Fox-Hopkinson (Russian), Edith Snelgrove (German, part-time), Anne Foxley (Pottery), Deborah Brown (Domestic science), and Margaret Brinkworth (French) into our midst.

On the second Sunday of term Barry Wilsher and Co. presented a highly amusing performance of Shakespeare's ''As You Like It'' performed by the Children's speech and drama centre in Hemel Hempstead.

Prior to the Thaxted Holst memorial weekend we were delighted to welcome Ifor James and Besses o' th' Barn brass band whose programme included the ''Rodetsky'' march by Berlioz, ''Moorside suite'', by Holst, and a talk describing each instrument in the band, illustrated by a short ''show piece'' for that instrument.

For two weeks before half-term we were host to Mr. Pashane, the headmaster of a secondary school in Malawi. The structure of General Meeting — now Open day, was changed this term and in the two smaller meetings we heard about the ''other side of the school'' in two reports from scholars one from form three and one from 6_2.

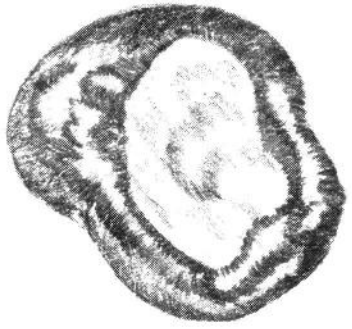
The second half of the term started with a bang — literally as Mike Collins and Antony Jewell decided to show off the schools' new stage lighting system and added one or two explosive stage effects to enhance the performance.

This was followed fiarly closely by some very convincing performances of ''Hamlet'' produced by Mark Miller.

After a break for end of term tests, David Pope treated us to one of the most hilarious pantomimes ever seen. Writing under his real name he conceived, wrote and helped perform ''Robin Hood and the Astounding 2000 cc super heated pumpkin''. After that what more can one say except

HAPPY XMAS!

Anthony Jewell



ELECTION '74

For the October election it was decided that the school should have a say in political matters, consequently we ran our own election.

Our candidates, James Stock (Cons.), James Fell (Lib.), James Gaussen (Lab.), Hannah Roberts (Comm.), Cameroon Mc Lyons and Janet McCannon (alias Chris Lyons and Caroline Cannon (Scots Nat.)) each in turn tried to persuade us during extended assembly that they knew all the answers to our problems and could do something about them.

At recess our three polling stations collected the following results:-

Party	Candidate	Votes	%
Cons.	James Stock	118	33.3
Lib.	James Fell	104	29.4
Scot. Nat.	Chris Lyons, Caroline Cannon	59	6.7
Lab.	James Gaussen	50	14
Comm.	Hannah Roberts	16	4.5
Welsh Nat.	—	7	2

Invalid papers 10

Conservative majority: 6.9%

Turn-out: Scholars . . . 91.9%
Staff 28.9%

IORWERTH JOHN

Iorwerth John is remembered and spoken of in such terms as 'nice', 'cuddly' and 'sweet'. These are the usual descriptions of the girls who knew him. Those of us who do not use such terminology remember him as an extremely kind, gentle and understanding man. Personally I am very glad he stayed with us that extra year, for had he not I should never have met him. He certainly made my maths lessons something to look forward to; he was very encouraging and did not press the subject too hard. One could say that he was very easily sidetracked, but this was unnecessary as he made maths so enjoyable. This term he took some of us sixth form mathematicians to his house at Ashdon and treated us to a really good meal. We were happy to meet Margaret, his wife. There was an ulterior motive to the invitation, namely to help move a caravan, which we were happy to do. I hope he will keep up a connection with the school and that we shall see him here frequently in the future.

Michael Mowatt 6_2

BEAUTIFUL SAFFRON WALDEN

and its surroundings

Ye lovers of the picturesque away, away!
To beautiful Friends' School and have a holiday,
And laze about in pre-arranged classes multitudinous
Or gaze at scenery nearby, which is quite wondrous.

The Avenue is a most delightful place,
Where couples can wander at their own pace.
Also the trees - all of which are lime,
In the summer time really look quite fine.

Crosfield stands as a monument only,
To the memory of Searles, the Builders, a sort of Folly,
What they did was basically very well meant;
Their only mistake was building it with high alumina cement.

Walden stands on the top of a hill,
And visitors, on arrival find that they have to stand still,
And spend a few minutes just breathing their fill of fresh air,
Of which we are said to have the freshest here.

Lovely Audley End near to the Cam,
All tourists should go there if they can,
For Audley Mansion is beautiful to behold,
Next to the sewage works which stand out bold.

So, lovers of the picturesque away, away,
To beautiful Friends' School for a holiday;
For wondrous Walden is a magnificent sight,
Just north of Thaxted, with Haverhill on the right.

A. McJ****

Poet and Tragedian





BLOCK OF CONCRETE

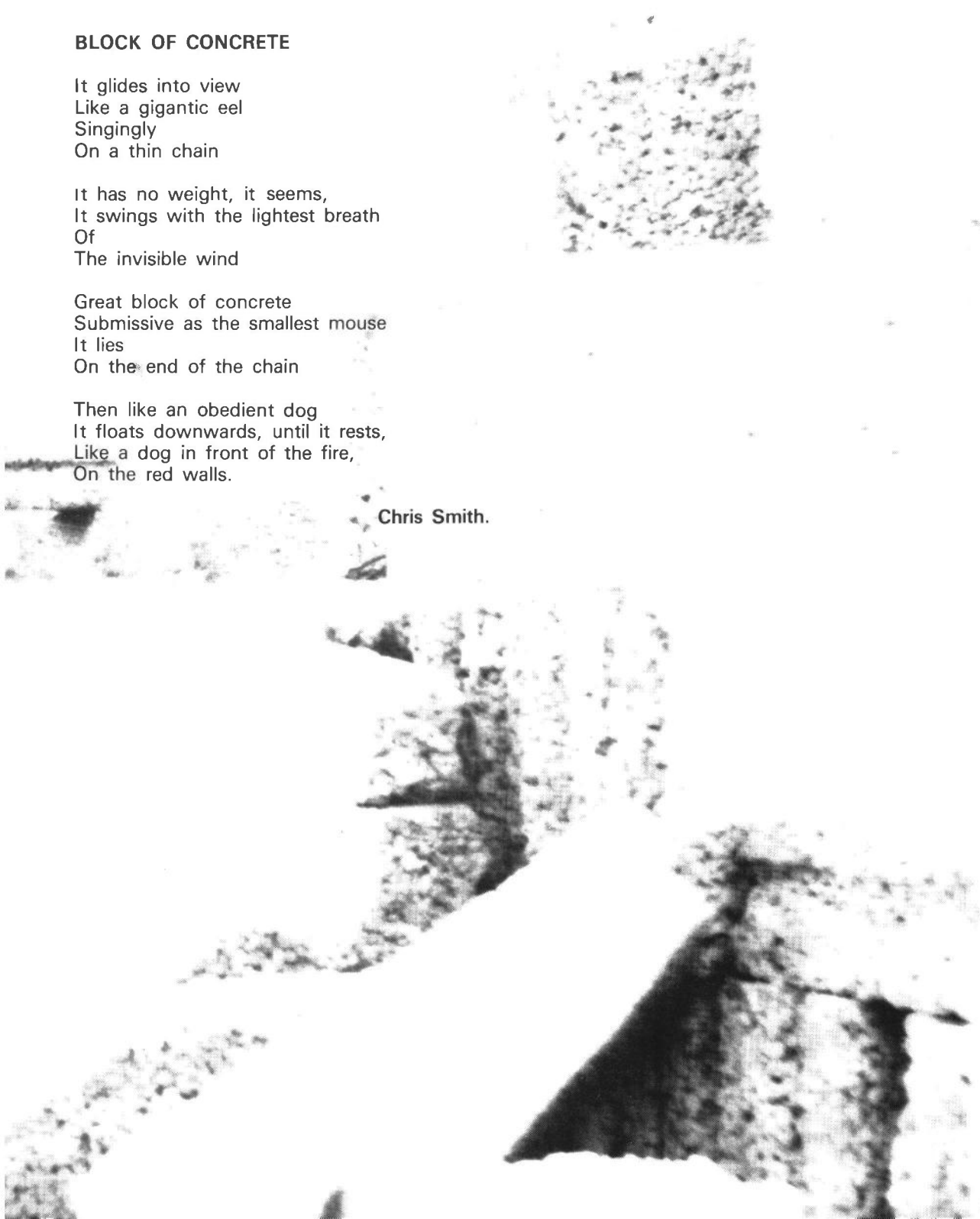
It glides into view
Like a gigantic eel
Singingly
On a thin chain

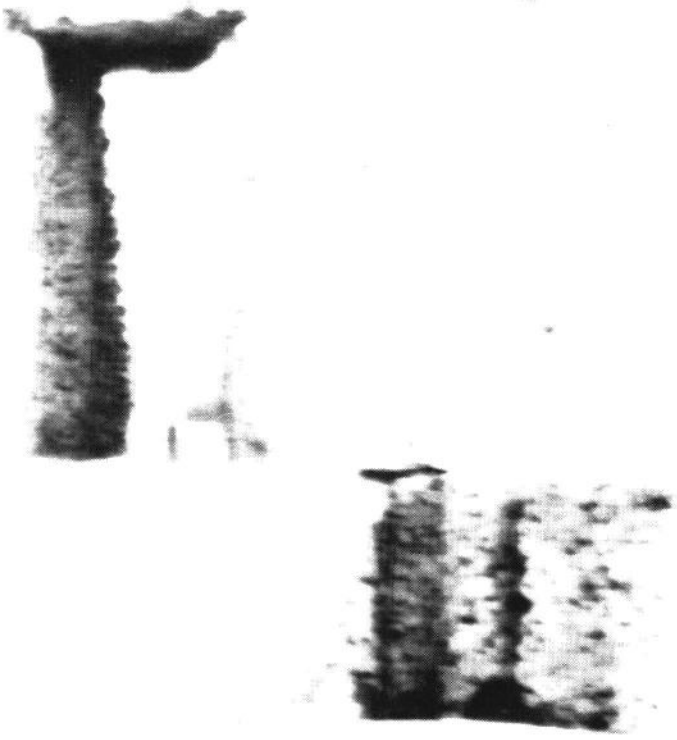
It has no weight, it seems,
It swings with the lightest breath
Of
The invisible wind

Great block of concrete
Submissive as the smallest mouse
It lies
On the end of the chain

Then like an obedient dog
It floats downwards, until it rests,
Like a dog in front of the fire,
On the red walls.

Chris Smith.





The crane's vast neck looms up above me.
From the mouth of the head-like pulley
Dangles a mass of clanking chain tongue
And from the hooked tip,
Two cables hang,
    Twisting and jerking like eels.
I firmly loop these thick strings of wire around
    The heavy concrete slab.
And as the crane hoists into the air
I listen and watch in wonder
As the proud head pulls
And the engine groans and growls
And lets out an elongated wheeze
As if it was straining under the weight,
I stare up and think that
Maybe the era of prehistoric reptiles will revive.

Gus. 3Y

FIELD TRIP TO NORFOLK JUNE 1974

Geographers and geologists boarded the coach that Saturday morning, but two people were missing: Sarah, whom we were to meet in Norwich and Anthony who had apparently forgotten all about the trip and was collected on the way.

Our first stop was Norwich cattle market ''the most modern in Europe'', where some of the party, as well as Phil the driver, bought cockles, whelks and shrimps which they ate all the way to Winterton, our second stop. This was after meeting Sarah as arranged, a quick cup of coffee at Elm Hill, and a look at the cathedral. Anyway we reached the coast at Winterton at noon where we began work on the main activity of the trip: ''to get a detailed knowledge of a stretch of coastline 35 miles long''. The geologists were to hunt belemnites and echinoids in the chalk based cliffs. Our two leaders set about filling bags with sand for their kiddies' sand pits. On successive stops along the coast from there to Cromer we passed the time sketching beach profiles. At Mundesley, to our amazement, Paul and Aubrey were lagging behind, picking up rusty contraptions from the beach. Eventually someone plucked up courage and asked ''Why are you doing that, Paul?'' ''Oh!'' he replied ''to hang on the wall at . . .'' He was interrupted by a yell from Aubles, who had unearthed a great corkscrew-like object from the mound of garbage. ''Splendid! Well done Aubrey!'' shouted Paul, gleefully. To his chagrin Aubrey only muttered: ''I'll hag id ub od by wol in de dormity.'' After further such episodes we had a fish and chip tea in Sheringham before going to Walsingham, where we were to stay at the Youth Hostel.

Next morning, bleary eyed, we embarked at 09.30 a.m. and spent most of the morning walking along Blakeney Point. Judy, a native of those parts, advised a short cut across the salt marsh back to Blakeney. After five minutes we were advised to take off boots and socks and to roll our trousers up to our knees. Twenty minutes later we reached the tidal River Glaven and were dismayed to find the tide rising. Only Caroline, Sally and Ali were brave enough to swim, the rest of us waded through, envying Chris his long legs. We eventually reached Blakeney at 2 p.m. wet and muddy but unbowed. After washing off most of the mud we set off for home.

Adrian Drummond 6 2











WATERFORD IRELAND EASTER 1974

A group of geographers assembled, half asleep, at number three platform at Paddington that April Thursday, and, after some prolonged explanation to an uncomprehending ticket collector, we found our seats for the journey to Fishguard. Here we embarked on the ferry for a calm crossing; how different from the last occasion in 1969! Eventually we arrived at Newtown school in Waterford where we were to spend the next week or so.

The geographical side of the trip began next day with a brief look at the town of Waterford and a visit to the famous glass factory, where we were amazed at the beauty of the finished glass ware and startled at the casual handling of molten glass. On Saturday we trekked in the Comeragh Hills, climbing into the wrong corrie in our search for Lough Shingaun. Hot and breathless we clambered round the arete and slithered down to the lake, where all but the cowardly plunged into the icy water and dried off in the sun.

Sunday was the first day of coastal study under the guidance of Sammy McClure whom we met at Tramore. Our trip along the coast was cut short when we ran out of petrol. Next day Licketstown proved interesting before we divided into groups to study different villages in the Suir valley. That evening we had a barbecue on the beach at Annestown. Owing to a lack of driftwood, Paul set off with several intrepid girls to raid the countryside. They returned with an assortment of timber, including what looked like someone's window frame.

Events later in the week became increasingly comical. Completing their coastal study, Gary, Charles and Adrian got stuck on a crumbling cliff and then Adrian and Charles attacked a stack, and very nearly got stuck on top.

Thursday morning was the start of a very long 48 hours, when we set off on individual studies covering a wide range of topics ranging from a river study to a study of the port at New Ross, where Mike failed to make the rendezvous with the van for the trip back to Waterford. Then the completed studies were accidently left on top of the piano in the common room. Anyway we did catch the train, if only because it was thirty minutes late. After a night crossing back to Fishguard we dispersed to our several destinations none the worse for our geographical forays. We all enjoyed ourselves and the company and friendship of each other and the people we met.

Charles Coulson 6$_2$

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOUR DREAM COAT

The idea came to us one recess that it was about time that the sixth form did a play by themselves. The next problem was to decide what to perform. After much prompting from the eventual producers "Joseph" was agreed on. The casting was more or less volunteering for parts and David Pope was co-opted to arrange the music.

The whole idea came to us at the beginning of the Spring term, and by the beginning of the Summer term the score had been produced and we all thought we knew what we were doing. Despite rehearsals which degenerated into hysteria, by the dress rehearsal things looked promising.

The main thing about the play was that the cast enjoyed it, and this came across to the audience. Rhoddi's impression of Elvis Presley gyrations and all, were appreciated both by the audience and the actors behind him. Ali Coleman held the show toegether with great verve whilst battling valiantly with microphone cables that tended to get stuck in cracks in the stage. Chris Lyons filled the part of Joseph, and despite some of the songs being altered to suit his voice, he was great.

David Pope (eight pounds lighter than in the last paragraph), with evident enjoyment threw himself at the piano whilst still conducting the musicians and the singers. David Pope, David Levy, Toby Wilsher, Anthony Hill, Vicky Chapman and Rosemary Hughes were promoted to 6$_1$ for the occasion.

All in all it proved to be a great success and gave 6$_1$ an unhoped for chance for exhibitionism.



CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Narrator: Ali Coleman
Brothers: Sarah Eddington, Isabel Picton, Jane Isserlis, Aubrey Bufton, Rosemary Catterall, Chris Hickling, Lucy Sutton, Caroline Cannon, Sally Godfrey, Piers Fletcher.
Joseph: Chris Lyons
Mr. Jacob: Charles Mills
Mrs. Jacob: Annamarie Crtichard
Ishmalites: Anne Townsend, Christine Hill, Hannah Roberts.
Slaves: Isabel Picton, Aubrey Bufton, Jane Isserlis, Sarah Eddington.
Slave seller: Chris Hickling
Mr. Potifer: Charles Mills
Mrs. Potifer: Emma Majdalany
Slave: Adrian Drummond
Dancers: Alison Fielder, Lucy Sutton, Caroline Cannon, Sally Godfrey, Amanda Dixon
Butler: Charles Mills
Baker: Amanda Dixon
Pharoah: Rhoddi Evans
Backing Group: Kit Yin Ng, Sandra Pearce, Jane Isserlis, Rachel Holway
Musical direction and arrangement : David Pope
Musicians: Jannine Trigg, Christine Hill, Anne Townsend, Caroline Casson, Kit Yin Ng, Claire Copeland-Watts, Vicky Chapman, David Levy, Toby Wilsher, Anthony Hill, Rosemary Hughes.
Make-up: Penny Smith
Wardrobe: Sandra Pearce
Costumes: Annamarie Critchard, Sandra Pearce.
Josephs' coat — design: Gaia Shaw
Construction: Helen Cooper
Props: Dirne Reading
Set Design: Jeanne Hicks
Set construction: Antony Jewell, Jeanne Hicks
Paint work: Alison Fielder, Judith Craske, Jeanne Hicks, Anne Townsend, Christine Hill, James Chang, Deirdre Kyle, Vivienne Hobbs.
Back stage and curtains: Erica Way
Lights: Antony Jewell, Mark Stephens
Stage manager: Jeanne Hicks
Production: Antony Jewell and Hannah Roberts





hamlet

Noel Coward's advice to his players was a little more terse than Hamlet's, he merely required them to ''Remember their lines and not trip over the furniture''. Inexperienced actors often fail to take notice of this and their audience consequently endures an exhausting evening on the edge of their seats wondering what new disaster will strike next. So to establish trust between the two sides must be the first essential of any theatrical enterprise. The cast and producer of ''Hamlet'' achieved this trust and made us comfortable from quite early on in the play.

In their other basic task of telling us a story about a Prince of Denmark who seeks to avenge his father's murder and his mother's incestuous marriage to the murderer himself, the cast of actors also succeeded well. If from time to time the motives of the characters were unclear then the reason is probably to be found in the age of the actors themselves. Just as it would be biologically unlikely for a ten-year-old boy to sing in a basso profundo, so it would be unreasonable to expect seventeen and eighteen year olds to know of emotions beyond their experience (however vicariously). To reproduce these feelings, so that an audience is moved in turn, is a task to which some of us devote our lives, and our attempts are often dismal failures. And so, if Trevor Brown's Hamlet didn't make us weep with him and feel that the motive of revenge drove him like a coiled spring, then we were not dismayed, because he gave us other and different delights. Not least of these I have already touched on. It was largely his handling of the lines that gave this production its sense of security. Mark Miller's direction took the line that Hamlet's becoming the Court Jester lies at the heart of the tragedy. A jester masks his feelings with foolery and cruel sarcasm and Trevor Brown gave us this most wittily and consistently, and his most convincing relationships with the other characters were those that were based on the assumption of this disguise. His reaction to Rosencrantz and Guildestern (Chris Lyons and John Eve looking like the traditional brokers men of Pantomime) greatly strengthened their importance to the plot; and his 'flipp' treatment of James Fells' good Polonius left us in no doubt as to the reality or otherwise of his madness. This performance, then, was a strong centre-pin to the telling of the tale. The relationship of Hamlet to the other characters was often less successful and for a variety of reasons.

Charles Mills' Horatio, by some quirk of development, belies what I have written about emotion. I felt that he was moved by the events around him and so consequently moved me in turn. Horatio is the rock to which Hamlet clings while drowning in his sea of troubles, but this Hamlet had no need of the rock. The First Gravedigger is so much of a plum part that actors have been known to go berserk and 'do the lot' in order to make their mark with a part that they think can be showy. Peter Jones showed great restraint and thereby made a very considerable impression, for in this scene the school hall faded away and we believed totally in the reality of the illusion.

Honours for this suspension of disbelief must be shared with Mark Miller who produced this version of ''Hamlet''. Shakespeare himself was never too proud to pinch a good idea, and if the four sinister ladies with crosses awry reminded me of the odd Russian film epic or two, I'm certainly not going to quibble, as they were an effective addition to the gravedigging scene. Convincing too was the device used to avoid cutting a large hole in the school stage, but I would have liked a prop spade 'double' with a short handle to convince me that when the gravedigger was acting on his knees, he was in fact moling away down a hole.

Which brings us to the ghost. Rhoddi Evans handled the verse well over the microphone, and the device was a good one. (Acting's easier if you can split the bits; it's when you have to move about, remember lines and speak them intelligibly as well as beautifully that it gets a little harder.) Oddly enough it's also quite hard if you're given no lines to speak, but the court ladies and gentlemen were doing their stuff man/ladyfully and helping the story along no end.

Some other notions that I felt were helpful to all concerned. Most useful perhaps, was the miming of ladies in leotards to a couple of His Nibs' soliloquies. It went much of the way towards solving the difficulty of coping with overly-quoted speeches (pace the programme note about approaching it like an unknown play, with which I'd agree). I'd love to know, also, what book ''To be or not to be. . .'' was being quoted from. Perhaps it's full of other gems that could transform all our lives; but again a very handy production wheeze.

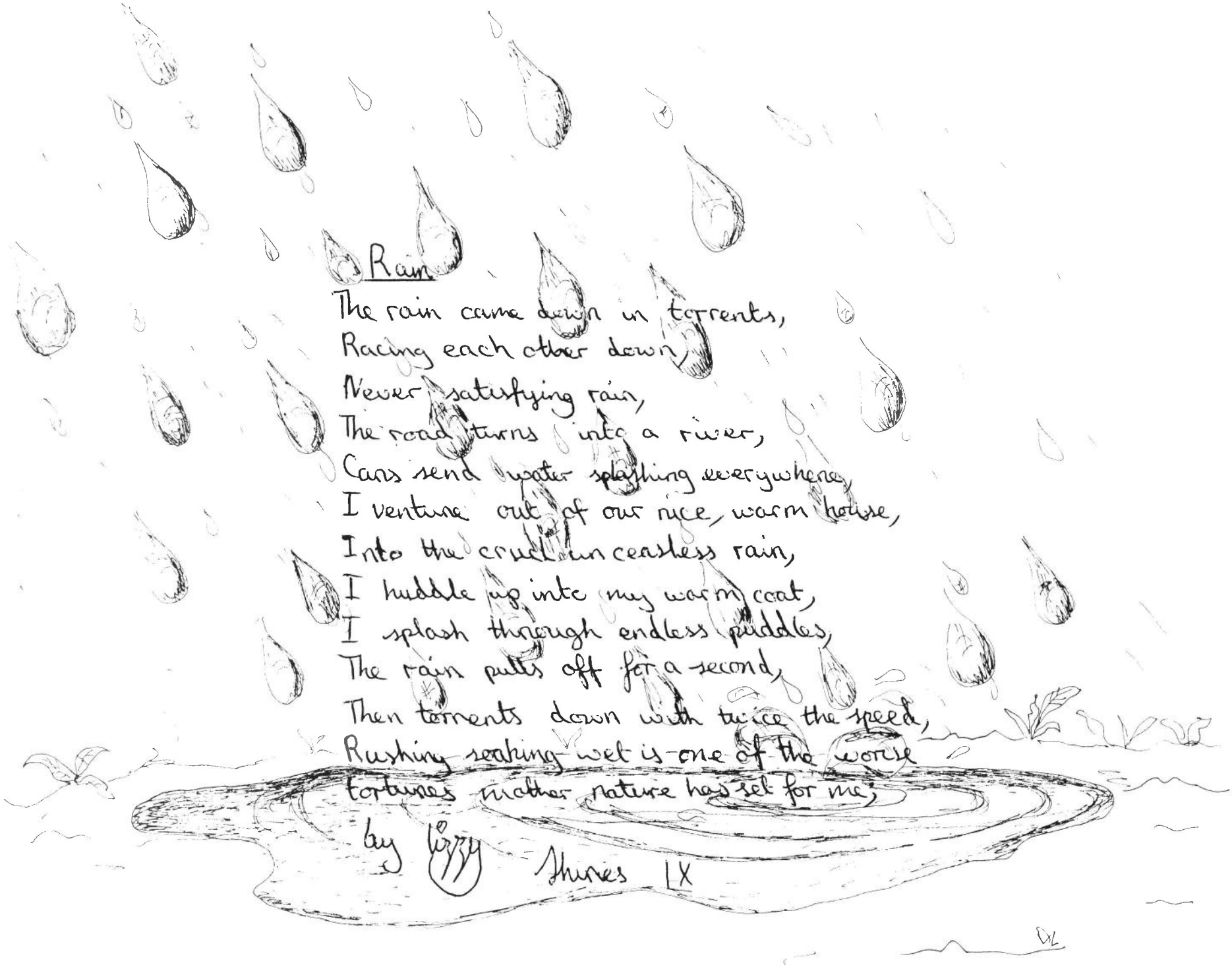
In addition to actors and his native wit your modern producer of plays has other weapons in his armoury like lighting, costume & scenery; but in these departments the story-line was a trifle muddied. Light cues jumping in and out were a sudden and unhelpful distraction, and despite the barrage of lamps, the forestage was at times very ill-served by electricity (I feared Horatio might permanently damage his eyesight by reading in the dark at one point). However there were no shadows on the back wall and we could see the actors' faces most of the time. But the correlation between light and sound is useful to remember, and if you're underlit, as you're bound to be in the opening & other battlement scenes of this play, then you've got to shout to be heard — and seen too for that matter. It was a pity that the problems with costume weren't resolved by the expedient of putting the cast into trousers or skirts, and sweaters, since the visual picture wasn't too pleasing. One of the difficulties with Elizabethan armour is that it makes you look like a rather clever tortoise. How Elizabeth's army ever won any battles defeats me rather. I suppose Her Enemies just died of laughter.

There was, too, a clever notion of revolving thrones to convert to battlements and walls by the design department, but in execution they proved too clumsy and slowed the action. And it was just plain, old-fashioned naughty to make Claudius and Gertrude sit on unmatching school chairs to watch the play scene.

Meant to mention that scene too. That's the trouble with ''Hamlet'', there's so much to write about, and maybe that's partly what makes it more than just another play. I liked the tarty-lady-actress who vamped His Melancholy Nibs throughout the Players' scenes (they're all the same these theatricals), but it was a mistake to play the play scene itself so heartily for comedy.

Which returns us to the advice to the Players. ''Speak the speech I pray you, trippingly, upon the tongue.'' In this production they surely did that, audible and making sense throughout, underpinned by some very good and original music from David Pope, it was a very good stab at what is a very complex and difficult tale to tell.

Barry Wilsher



Rain

The rain came down in torrents,
Racing each other down,
Never satisfying rain,
The road turns into a river,
Cars send water splashing everywhere,
I venture out of our nice, warm house,
Into the cruel and ceaseless rain,
I huddle up into my warm coat,
I splash through endless puddles,
The rain pulls off for a second,
Then torrents down with twice the speed,
Rushing soaking wet is one of the worse
fortunes mother nature has set for me,

by Lizzy Thurses LX

WHAT WE DID IN YORKSHIRE



BIOLOGY TRIP DIARY: AUGUST 24th-31st 1974.

(All characters are fictitious, and any coincidence in names etc. is completely unintentional 1.)

Saturday

Got up at some unearthly hour, caught some trains and somehow got to F.S.S.W. before 10 a.m. This doesn't prove to be advantageous, because it means I have to participate in some absurd farce about ''packing up'' the two vans. I ponder over why we are taking all these dreadful old text-books along with us. They look extremely boring, though I suppose if we suffer from power-cuts they would keep us warm for a few hours. However, even with the Arabs outrageous blackmailing of the poor countries like Britain, and the British, overpaid louts of the Trade Union movement striking every day, making the price of coal go up every other week, surely there must be cheaper forms of fuel than Vines and Rees (Volume 1) or even what are laughingly known as Nuffield ''Lab. Guides''. We set off at last, and have an unbearable journey. The only cheering factor is there seems to be a healthy determination on the part of everyone to do as little work as possible. After a few million miles and several hours of dreadful female ''conversation'', we arrive at Great Ayton. Apparently we are to take over the Sixth form warren at the Friends' School there.

Sunday.

Blimey O'Reilly! We are woken up at some dreadful hour by the screeches of hysterical women. Apparently we are ''going out''. We end up picking flowers on the Moors. We also put lumps of earth into plastic bags. Typical of Martin to forget the vases. We also do other ''experiments'' on the Moors, but they are of no consequence. We get back to school for the really important events of the day- supper, gambling and drinking.



Monday.

We go to the riverside. Some people fish, others laze about, others read the paper, and some even indulge in hopelessly trivial ''experiments'' on the river — temperature, oxygen content etc. — though quite why, I have no idea. They must be pretty hard up for something to do, I sadly conclude, if they have to descend to such boring tactics. Martin decides he doesn't want to go to yet another part of the river; at any rate he plays a game of ''Anywhere Denby goes, I can go in the opposite direction'', and, sensibly, continues this practice for the rest of the week. When we get to the place, I can understand why he does not want to go there. It is extremely muddy, and apart from Helen, nobody wants to have a bath in the mud. Back to school for the usuals.





Tuesday.

To the seaside today. At this point I'm getting more than just a little bit fed up with the non-stop muzak that is gushing out of Martin Hugall's ghastly Nu-Style-Continental-Gimmicky-Transmitter (a radio) with its motor cycle studs and matching acessories. Cut my feet to shreds on the rocks, broke an arm or two on the rocks, but otherwise, all was O.K. Back in time (just) to see the very charming, intelligent and articulate Margaret Thatcher (not at all the monster we are given to believe) tell us about the Tories giving us 9½% mortgages ''when'' they are re-elected. All very well — perhaps I could buy up Friends' School on a 9½% mortgage — but there is no hope of Friends' School being closed if Grocer Heath is re-elected. The only fun one could get from Grocer Heath would be relatively trivial things like the collapse of the pound, or a General Strike.

Wednesday.

We have now been without hot water for two days. Most of the drunks and toadies who came on this trip are going round the bend. The most blatent example of this is blue-eyed, mad Chris Lyons who wistfully gazes round chanting in high-pitched, naive-sounding wail ''Gales, Gales, Gales, pass the honey please''. His theme is taken up by several others in the group. I must confess I am getting a little bored of cheese sandwiches for lunch every day. This morning however, things are a little different. We have a dreadful, boring so-called ''lab-session'', people are burning lumps of earth, weighing them etc. but the only result is the lab smelling disgusting. People do futile little ''in-vestigations'' — adding strange coloured liquids to the earth etc. I am so bored by all this that I sulk around, and ponder over the philosophical question, ''Should one extend one's natural tolerances to those with whom one disagrees?'' After overhearing some hysterical talk from Hannah about ''helping the working-class''- as if that was something praiseworthy, or desirable- I decide certainly not! Nevertheless I suppose I must be prepared to defend myself against the day the workers come to take possession of my marbled halls, and I decide that if these dreadful, boring people who are accompanying me on my Field Trip will not drive away the workers, nothing will, and so I will employ them as a middle-class backlash.

Thursday.

A black day for truth. Apparently we are all to do a ''personal project today and tomorrow'' How dreary! I suggest to Martin that I carry out an investigation on why we have had no hot water for the last God knows how many days, but all he does is shake his head listlessly and murmur something unintelligible. Alas! Poor Martin! But we all know why he's feeling like this. It's all due to his by-and-largely successful attempts to travel in exactly the opposite direction to the one he's suppposed to go. Although this is quite amusing at first, it must be quite tiring driving 40 miles when one only need go 4 — then suggest to Denby that I do an in-vestigation on Martin's driving behaviour, but Denby is unenthusiastic and dumps me on the moors, where I pick pretty flowers, dig up rocks etc. with a mind to sticking them in the exercise book so thoughtfully provided.

Friday.

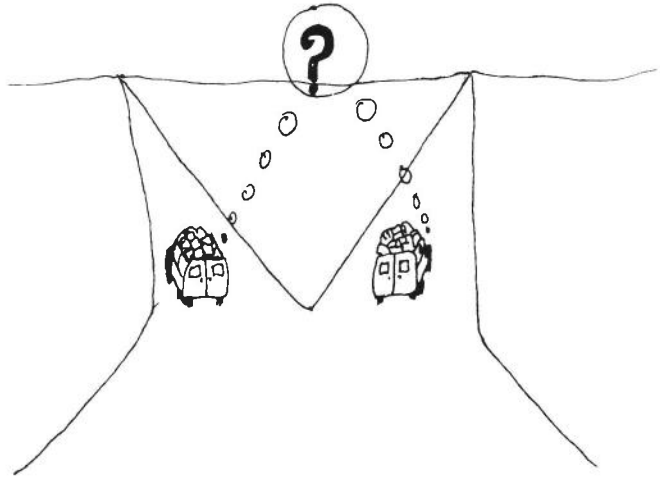
Most people seem to have gone off to the seaside by the time I wake up. I console myself by reading the proles' paper, the Guardian. Its pathetic whines about 'social justice' are rather tedious, and I decide that only the Times leading articles can give me the spiritual nourishment that one needs under this new Trade-Union dictatorship of the proletariat government. Later I take the flowers I picked on the moor yesterday and arrange them nicely. My project is done, and I wait for the women to cook my supper.



Saturday.

Apparently we are going home today. This is rather regretable since contrary to popular belief, the Field Trip was great fun. I don't, know who it is who has been spreading rumours around about the Field Trip not being a resounding success, or that people (no names no packdrill) have not been working hard, but this suggestion is clearly libellous, and if people go around repeating this libel, they will have to be prosecuted under the Incitement to Disaffection Act, and punished severely- guillotined, forced to join the Labour Party for 30 years or something equally unpleasant. Apart from Denby falling though the roof of the hired van and one or two other minor casualties we somehow got back to Saffron Walden, all alive to tell the story of terror, love, passion, great feats of braveness (like how Peter and Roddy caught a trout at 3-0'-clock in the morning) of those people — intelligent, perceptive, shrewd, and cool, who, working together survived an expedition unequalled since The Conquest of Everest.

James Gaussen 6_2



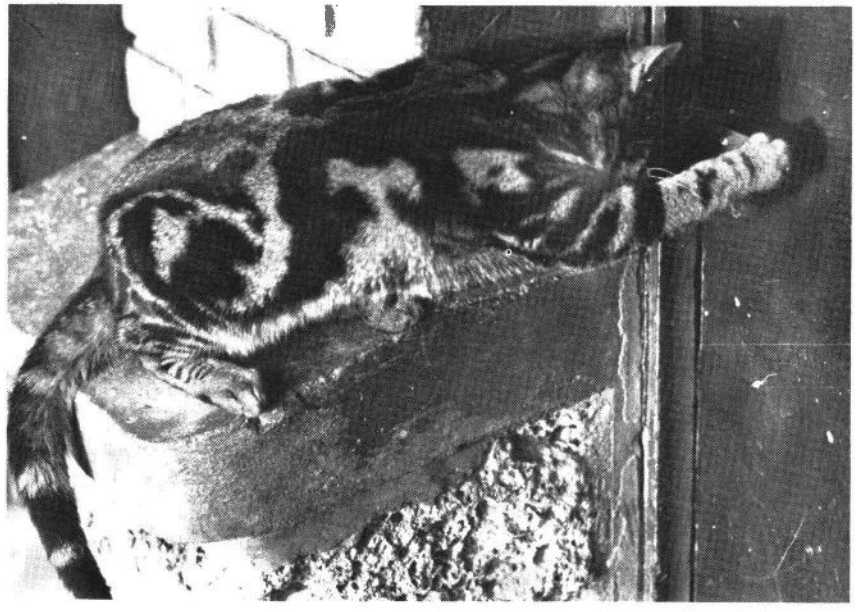




MAKE THIS YOUR LIFE.

Make use of your life, for it doesn't last long.
Make use of your eyes, to see what is good.
Make use of your ears, to listen to the wise.
Make use of your legs, for speed can be vital.
Make use of your arms, and their hand working muscles.
Make use of your lungs, breath deep and enjoy.
Make use of your fingers, dainty and clever.
Make use of your feet, sure footed and confident
Make use of your brain, try hard at everything.
Make use of your body, the most valuable thing you own.
Make use of your life, it doesn't last long.

Crispin Mills



THE LOG

Sharp teeth glint in the sunlight
As the crocodile surfaces.
He feels vibration in the muddy waters
And without looking to see what is is
He half submerges
Until he looks like a log.
The log moves toward the animal
The beaver does not know the danger he is in.
He looks round,
Sharp teeth, razor sharp, rise up
The water turns red with blood.
Satisfied the log moves;
His beady eyes show pleasure
As he eats the carcass

David Hendry 2X

TO BE ALONE

It's much better to be alone
Sometimes,
The peace and quiet to meditate
And the freedom to explore.
I can listen to the birds,
Feel the breeze through the trees,
See the expansive blue sky
And be free.

To be alone is really to be free,
You can't be free unalone.

But being alone is very different.
Sometimes,
I don't want to be left alone
In the cold darkness,
With unfriendly people
Or with no-one at all.
Stand amongst a vast crowd,
You can still feel alone.

But loneliness is still a freedom,
A kingdom of air and space.
Somewhere to roam
Without bother.
No rules to worry about,
No walls to keep you in.

Alone is quite a big word,
It can mean many things.
But however you express it
However it's described,
Read it in a book,
A dictionary,
Or see it in your mind,
You'll always find freedom
Written there too.

To be alone, to run and run for miles,
To climb and climb the hills,
To lie down and dream
To be alone, free,
Can be a dream in itself.
That's my dream.

Zita Killeen 4y





GIBSON EXCURSION



Photos ; George Lane

On a beautiful, hot summer's day, forty boys went to the seaside . . .





GENERAL MEETING REPORTS

If my account of goings on during last year's Autumn term seem rather tainted it is because at this time last year I was totally disillusioned about the whole business of being in the Sixth form and wishing I had left at the end of the Fifth form. I think I felt like this because the false idea that Sixth form life was a type of 'cloud cuckoo land' had been rooted in my brain since the Fourth form and consequently I was very disappointed to find that it wasn't. I have since realised that this term was an awkward stage of adjustment from an O-level to A-level emphasis on work in preparation for the rest of the Sixth form, which in my case did not come easily.

Three weeks after the beginning of term the atmosphere became very tense within the form as various people were caught drinking and smoking—allegedly suffering from the strains of Sixth form life. After this, one or two bright sparks came up with the idea that since we were expected to take responsibilities for the younger forms in some areas of the school, then surely we ought to be responsible for our own actions eleswhere. And therefore certain rules should be revised to give Sixth formers more freedom. There then followed weeks of lengthy discussions to decide just what we wanted, the end product being this:

1. **Concerning smoking**
   Sixth form should be allowed to smoke within the law, off school premises using their discretion in order not to cause embarrassment to the school i.e. in cafes, cinemas, and private houses.
2. **Concerning drinking**
   Sixth form should be allowed to drink within the licensing laws, provided that they are off school premises, do so discreetly and cause no subsequent embarrasment or disturbance to the school or staff.
3. **Leave**
   Extended leave should be easier to obtain. Extended leave for parties, at a day-scholar's house, should be available if supported by a letter from the parent concerned.
4. **Transistor radios**
   Members of the school should be allowed to possess transistors at school if played at a reasonable volume in common rooms and bedrooms, still subject to confiscation if used otherwise.
5. **Cars and mopeds**
   Sixth formers who are legally allowed to drive or ride a moped should be allowed to keep their vehicles at school and to use them. Scholars may only ride as passengers with the written consent of the parents concerned.

N.B. The Sixth form respect the head's right to withdraw these, if broken and will encourage members of the school to uphold the other rules and furthermore will discourage them from drinking and smoking.

This was given to Mr. Woods for consideration. I for one was very impressed with the way in which he and the staff dealt with it. Therefore, even though there were no material gains, it helped to clear the air and enabled us to reach an understanding with Mr. Woods on the spirit and the letter of the law.

While all this was going on, there were frantic preparations being made for the school play—The Birds—the Art room was turned into an aviary, with splendid masks lying everywhere. It was an incredible experience to act in it with what seemed like hours of rehearsals simply learning to think, act and be a bird, and then even more hours learning parts and remembering to be in the right place at the right time. One moment I'd think it was going to be a success, the next a disaster, especially when we tried to put some of the songs to music. But, of course, everything worked out alright in the end, despite the usual last-minute panic with laddered tights and lost wings. I know there were mixed feelings on the part of the audience, but you can't please everyone. I very much enjoyed being in it—perhaps the idea of ''spitting'' the two main characters ''in the gizzard'' appealed to the more aggressive side of my nature.

Looking back on it, last Autumn term can't have been as bad as I made out at first, one of its redeeming factors being the increased social contact with the staff which is not so evident further down the school. There seemed to be coffee evenings with a member of staff every other night. They were fun, relaxing and made the working atmosphere far more informal and enjoyable than it would otherwise have been.

During the Spring term the annual meeting with the Governors took place, at which scholars from forms Four, Five and Six were invited by the Head to represent the school. There were four main topics for discussion to do with Quakerism, school facilities in relation to the fees, what was going to happen to the reservoir, and

cultivating one of the Y.F.C. fields in view of the rising cost of food. I wasn't at the meeting, but from what those people who were there have said, the whole thing seemed to be rather a farce, with the Governors posing as a formidable brick wall, against which our propositions were successfully demolished. The idea of scholars having closer contact with the Governors is a very good one, but surely if it is to be successful, then some other form of communication will have to be established between the two groups.

Despite exams the Spring term was, on the whole, a far more settled one than the Autumn. The reservoir was coming along nicely and we were gradually adjusting to new work patterns and accepting new responsibilities. School Day, the day near the end of term when staff gratefully pack up shop and leave senior scholars in charge, surprisingly enough went off quite smoothly, with no major explosions or disasters. It was great fun organising lessons, but I think the timetable, worked out by members of 6.2, could have been a lot simpler because one wonders if a disproportionate amount of time was spent on preparation. It will be interesting to see how this year's 6.2 meets the challenge.

The highlight of the year without a doubt was the performance of Elgar's ''Dream of Gerontius'', performed at the end of the Spring term by a choir from six Friends' Schools. Mr. Sturge must have felt very proud at the final rehearsal when he turned two hundred voices from up and down the country into one. Apart from just the singing it was marvellous to meet so many different people and be able to compare schools and activities, commiserate with the Mount girls at only being allowed two-inch heels and finally decide that there should be more inter-school occasions. The whole thing was a great success, despite rather agonising sitting conditions in Friends' House, and well worth the year spent learning the work.

If you don't happen to be in the Fifth form or 6.2, the Summer term is something to be looked forward to for the previous year. Perhaps work took second place in some people's list of priorities—the end of year exam results bore painful evidence of this, but it is very difficult to concentrate on an essay when you are outside playing tennis, learning to play cricket or sunbathing. The whole term was conducted in a very light-hearted mood until the staff began to complain that we simply weren't doing enough work.

6.1 triumphed over those two dire sins, apathy and laziness, in our own production of Joseph and the Technicolor Dreamcoat. Produced by two members of the form, with music by Mr. Pope. I am still wondering how we managed it. Indeed, if it hadn't been for the dire threats of one of the producers, the dates in black ink on the school calendar, and, of course, our superb self-discipline, would we have managed it? However, the point is, that we did and what a sense of achievement it gave us hearing the applause and comments after the final performance.

I don't know whether it was just me listening more attentively to last year's evening meetings and assemblies, but they did seem far more lively and interesting than in previous years. We have had several short plays in Thursday's long assembly as well as a delightful Japanese cartoon and just recently a horrifically effective film on the effects of smoking on health. There have also been a film on Prisoners of Conscence as well as a week of assemblies on a Treacle Covered World and on October 10th a highly successful election campaign. These things have all helped to improve the standard of what can be very tedious obligatory occasions and one hopes they will continue in the future.

Now that it's back to the animal house with A-levels coming up and UCCA forms being filled in, I can look back at certain moments of 6_1 with fondness, for example at the field trips which could be described as a subtle combination of work with pleasure, thoroughly enjoyed by all when not suffering from headaches and at the countless number of plays we went to see, the dances we attended, to say nothing of the frantic struggles to get essays in on time and the laughs we had about the reservoir which is now in a state of disrepair when it hasn't even had its curtains put up.

On the whole, I now think of last year as a preparation for 6_2 and A-levels, others may remember it as a long slog up to their O-levels, or as a year of relaxation before academic pressures begin to mount up. But on another level what stands out is the increased influence that the opinions of senior scholars have in the running of the school which gives one a much greater sense of responsibility and involvement for its welfare in the future.

Emma Majdalany 6_2



Portraits; Gaia Shaw

SCHOOL YEAR 1973-4

It was a Friday afternoon. I was going in to dinner and was squeezed out of the dinner queue; naturally I didn't like this so I pushed myself back into the line. I hadn't noticed Mr. Woods standing nearby. He looked at me with an empty stare and said ''I should like to see you in my room at one-thirty''.

I didn't eat very much dinner. I was too busy sitting and working out a good excuse.

I stood outside Mr. Woods' door, looking at my watch to make sure that I was punctual. The second hand moved round to the top and I knocked. There was no answer. Mr. Woods came up two minutes late!

Anyway, he arrived and took me into his office. To my surprise he said ''Take a seat. Now on 26th of October it is parents' open day and I would like to ask you whether you would . . . '' so here I am now.

When I came back to school a year ago after the Summer holiday, I think the thing that a lot of my friends were looking forward to was to have somebody to call brat and pleb, etc. We had suffered from this during the year preceding. We hated being the youngest.

We missed Fred Sessa in collects, but even if John Gillett had stricter ideas of dress we had nothing against him.

Our lessons didn't increase in difficulty very much. French lessons were divided into A, B and C sets, but otherwise the classes stayed roughly the same.

Human Studies, which consisted of looking into English grammar, made us wonder if it was really very beneficial. If it had been done on a small scale, I think that we would have accepted it, but it was done for a whole term on such a big scale that we rather queried its value. Also we wondered whether it really was human studies.

I must admit our form's behaviour was not always brilliant. Sometimes in lessons which we didn't enjoy, we mucked around, but the less said about that the better.

In English during the first term the second form, that was my form, put on an improvised play, during a week of assemblies. The school's system is to have short ten-minute assemblies on all days except Thursdays and to have a twenty-five minute one on Thursdays. So during the short assemblies we sang songs and read readings on our theme of ''The Oppression of Factory Workers''. Our singing was terrible but we had fun doing it. The play went just about according to plan.

Now that I'm in the third form I don't get so many chances to play table-tennis. In the first and second form common-room there is a table. Now if our form want to play, we have to get permission from a member of staff to go and set a table up in the gym. This makes the game less of an attraction.

''The Birds'' which was the annual school play produced by Mark Miller was a great success not only in acting but also on the musical side. Rhoddi Evans and Peter Jones took the two main parts and Charles Mills was the main bird. Rosemary Hughes led the musicians.

The fourth form did a play on ''The Saffron Walden Food Riots of 1795''. This had a special interest because it was about Saffron Walden, it went very well.

Other entertainments done during the school year included ''With Felonious Intent'', a play produced by Mike Collins. It was acted by members of Forms 1 and 2. On the same night there was ''Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat''. This was organised by 6_1 and David Pope arranged the music for all sorts of instruments. He himself played the piano. This was in my mind the most enjoyable entertainment done during the term. On the same day as these two plays there was the Chelmsford Music Festival in which the second orchestra and other musicians played. Various trios and quartets played from other schools as well as ours and were adjudicated. At the end, the second orchestra played some music written by Oswick Fairweather, commonly known as David Pope.

There were and still are many clubs to occupy us during our leisure, and for the musical people, two orchestras. Also a group of boys were allowed to play their electric guitars in the hall when it was free.

There were some quartets, trios and duets in the school. They did not often perform, but they got their chances in informal concerts which are small concerts for anybody to play anything in front of a small audience.

There were some sports clubs, including swimming, tennis and gym, a motor club, a photography club, a radio club and a young farmers' club. The young farmers' club was led by Denby Allen to success at the yearly Y.F.C. Rally which was held near Chelmsford.

About every other week on a Saturday evening last year there was a school film, the ones shown included:

To Kill a Mocking Bird — When Eight Bells Toll
Frenchman's Creek — A Town Like Alice
Village of the Damned — The Belles of St. Trinians

and, last but not least

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day

The Christmas dance was the best of many dances which were organised by the dance committee. At one stage during the year they had dances every other week which I think made them less of an occasion and therefore not quite as enjoyable as they might have been. One dance which I remember very well was a fancy dress one. Among the people who dressed up were: Miss Evans, Mr. Hugall and Mrs. Goldspink. Miss Evans was dressed in school uniform complete with long socks and desert boots. Mr. Hugall was in the clothes of Lawrence of Arabia and Mrs. Goldspink was a box.

The fourth yearly School Day was held on Tuesday, March 19th. For those of you who don't know, this is when no members of staff are on the school premises and the sixth form run the school. They took lessons on subjects such as origami, drama, rock n' roll music and other generally interesting things, rather than Maths, French, etc. It was a lot of work for the Sixth Form but most people think that it is a good idea. As usual we had assembly, form meeting and lessons but we did not have prep. Instead each form was split into three groupsand two Sixth formers were with each group. A discussion was held on any subject that was thought of. After that there was a dance. I know that everybody in my form enjoyed it and that we hope that it will continue as an annual feature. Behaviour is very important on School Day because if the Sixth form have to deal with bad behaviour as well as running the school they cannot make it so successful.

Last year there were nine school councils at various times. The aim was for the scholars to put forward any ideas that they thought would improve the school or would help them personally. Very often our form representative would come back from a meeting and the answers to nearly all the items on the agenda were ''John Woods will look into it'', or ''This would not work'', or ''No''.

Hardly anything seemed to be done. In fact the Second form wanted to put on the agenda ''What is the point of School Council?''

The old reservoir below the water tower seems to be progressing, even if work is very slow. The idea of it is to have common rooms, TV rooms and kitchens, etc., which scholars of all ages and both sexes can share.

Hopefully next year's reporter will tell us that all work on the reservoir has been completed and so all the school's social problems have been solved.

Martin Lewis 3y

motor club

Our MOTORISED BEDSTEAD at the Y.F.C. Rally at Chelmsford

– some of it's features –

NSU Prinz 4
2 cylinder 598 cm³ engine – air cooled and with a 4 speed gearbox.

Roll bar – a standard requirement – made out of old electrical conduit.

Erik's crash helmet

10" sports steering wheel from the Anglia

Steering column from 'Cyclops' – which is in the process of being scrapped.

Jeremy Nickalls who drove the vehicle and did most of the work on it's assembly.



Frame from an old school bed.

12 volt battery from our Morris

Front wheels off a Morris 1000 – both fitted with hydraulic brakes.

NSU Prinz rear wheels plus half shafts – no brakes

This is where metal fatigue occured during the first heat and hence resulted in our elimination from the race.

Ignition switch fitted with a 'dead man's handle' – i.e. will cut out if driver loses consciousness.

Fire extinguisher

Grill off a combine harvester.

Master brake cylinder plus hydraulic pipes

Steering adapted from the front fork of an old bicycle

THE EXPEDITION TO THE MOTOR SHOW
by our mountaineering correspondent

Having not been to the motor show for the preceeding 2 years I decided to embark on an adventurous journey into the exciting world of the unknown, new car models and designs.

Chaperoned by Martin Hugall about 20 people, including one day-tripper to a London clinic, set out on this tremendous voyage of discovery. In a small coach we made our start at about 13.30, date 3.10.74 arriving at Earls Court about 3 hrs later, our packed teas devoured and with an air of great expectation.

With another 6th former, I made a tour of the . . ., no not the bars, different stands. I was dissapointed seeing no revolutionary new designs, the 'new' models mostly having been displayed on the roads.

It was encouraging to see the ideas of people exhibited in BP's 'build a car' competition and these were designed and built on the basis of economy and convenience, and included four wheel steering and complete all round vision.

Due to the length of the coach journey we agreed to leave the show at 1800, star-date 3.10.74, instead of 1700, star date 3.10.74. Unfortunately a certain Martin Broom was late for the rendezvous, and the coach was left, with the rest of us, on a no waiting area while Martin H. Went to lock for t'other one (Martin B). Martin H. returned not having found t'other, in which time the coach driver had been approached by a Traffic Warden. Martin H. than made a huge decision at tremendous inconvenience to himself., He was going to wait for t'other and then came back by train while we proceeded in the coach.

So we set off, about 100 yds down the road whilst waiting for some traffic lights heard a pounding of feet and panting of breath and Martin H and t'other leapt aboard.

Then followed another long, uneventful journey back to school, where we arrived at about 21.30 hrs, star date 3.10.74.

On the whole I think most of the people enjoyed the excursion, on reflection, but I won't go again unless there is a really important advancement in our technology.

All our thanks to Marks H who put so much effort and enthusiasm into this ''journey into the unknown''.

Mike Mowatt



HUNGRY

At school we are always hungry we spend all our free afternoons lying on our beds moaning for food, begging for food and craving for food.

Birthdays are the best days for food. People who conserve their money over things like birthday presents usually find a bar of chocolate is the most economical. But food is not a very practical present in any other way because nine times out of ten you eat the chocolate before you give it away as a present straight from your heart. But the one who suffers most in the present giving ceremony is the lucky birthday girl. She has to treat all her friends and unfortunately, enemies too, to her food. They flock like locusts to the birthday cake, and cling like leeches until every crumb is eaten. Then you see all the food you have been given demolished slice by slice before your eyes. But at least its all over for another year.

The things we do to get food! Last Wednesday Catherine took off a pair of trousers and sold them in aid of her stomach! I once sold a hideous necklace my aunt gave me and then rushed down to Housdens with the proceeds.

At the moment we have got a salad craze. It is definitely better for the figure but you have to spend twice as much to fill yourself at the same time. But one can see the results in our blooming skin and physical fitness.

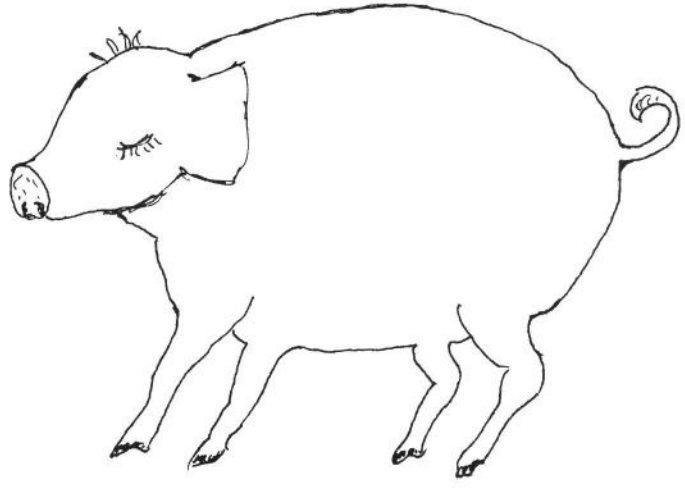
When we are really hungry and housdens is shut we have to satisfy ourselves with food conversations, like this one:

"I'm starving!"
"Oh! so am I!"
"Aagh!"
"What I really feel like now is delicious school cauliflower cheese and tomatoes!"
"Oh yes!"
"Delicious!"
"Mmmmm!"
"No, I'll tell you what I'd like,"
"Whats that?"
"Roast venison with sauce tartare."
General chorus of sighs and other affirmatory slurps.
"Listen, what about this? Chilled chocolate souffle with thick Cornish clotted cream."
"Gorgeous".
"Divine."
"Oh, I would like chicken with orange and wine."
"Or what about a whimpey burger?"
"Or a meringue covered with strawberries and instant Whip?"
"Or an omelette Fines Herbes?"
"I'm so hungry."
"Hasn't anyone got any food?"

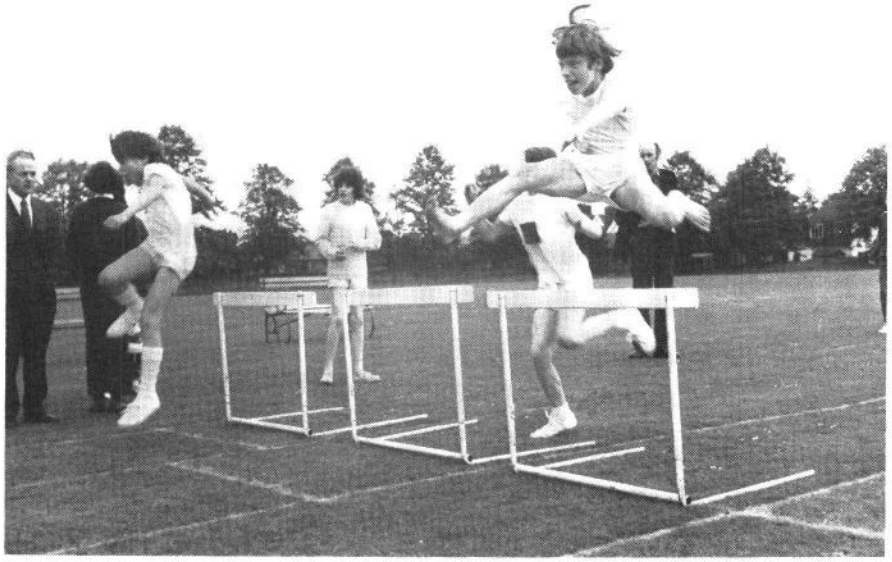
At this only too familiar cry, the conversation dies down into a muffled sob and stomach rumbles.

When I think about these things it makes me realise how awful it must be to be starving in a country where there is no Housdens round the corner and you can never hope to eat a Gateau or Coq au vin. So it does more than cheer me up to think that it is bangers and chips for tea.

Harriett Eggleston 5x







SPORTS



Athletics photos; John Gillett







RUGBY

In the past Fiends rugby team has been a pitiful sight, but for no apparent reason other than the appointment of Rhoderi Evans to the much coveted position of captain, this season has seen the first success for four years, mainly due to the guts and determination of all members of the team.

Choosing the team was not as difficult as it might have been, as at anyone time there were only twenty available players and a good number of these played with bandaged knees, strapped up feet, or permanent headaches. In fact, we suffered more injuries in practice than in the matches and in the final match we managed to inflict a stretcher case on the opposing team. Seriously though, the team was largly inexperienced but learnt quickly, and the willingness to tackle hard and run with the ball were the factors which lead to victory in three of the four matches.

The most notable success was in the final match against Braintree Tech whom we beat 16-6 with the help of two old scholar imports, and Chris Smith playing a very competent scrum half.

It was also pleasing to see so many blood-thirsty females on the side line applauding their gallant victors.







CRICKET REPORT-LADIES

So we thought we could do better (with a little help from the 1st. X1). The advent of a fourteen strong contingent of ladies on the sporting scene had to seen to be believed.

Despite those who refused to condone it as a female sport, those who missed practises, and those dozing individuals of the deep field, we were prepared to meet the Under X1V's (with the proviso that certain members would bowl left-handed). Unfortunately we were unable to put our team to the test since RAIN STOPPED PLAY.

However, we would like to thank our able and charming coaches (would they like to repeat the experience?), and happily announce that many of those formerly unconvinced have now been educated sufficiently to realise that cricket is anything but boring.

Jeanne Hicks
Dirne Reading 6$_2$

CRICKET-SPECTATORS REPORT

On Wednesday afternoons in June certain English gentlemen are to be seen rolling the cricket square in preparation for the resurrection of that typically English Summer sport.–Cricket.

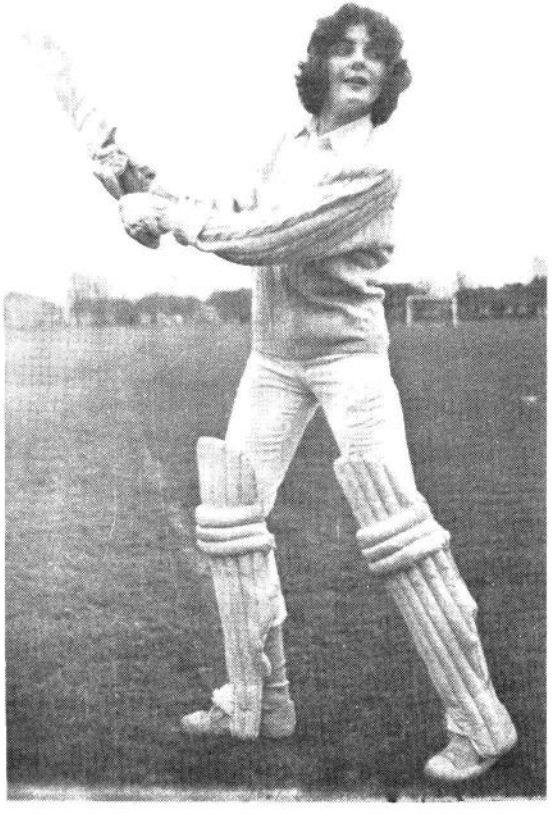
The truly impartial umpires borrow their lab coats once more, and with a flash of white beanie take to the field. The visiting team, having already celebrated victory, emerge from the pavillion. Having already won the toss, our fearless opening batsmen prepare to defend the wicket.

A furious over or two reveals that the rolling was in vain, and the batsmen are to be seen frantically 'gardening'. Swinging into their stride the opposing bowlers discreetly remove the opening pair, and seem unimpressed by the thirty minute stand of the third man. Meanwhile, those on the boundary become more despondent, and turn their eyes to the antics of the umpires.

These gentlemen are, by this time, standing like nonchalent Christmas trees, heads and beanie hats almost submerged under an ever increasing collection of sweaters and caps, but ever capable of giving 'out' where necessary (nine out of every ten 'Howzat!' are met by an icy stare).

The absorbed spectators are woken-up by the speedy departure of one of the impartial gentlemen from the pitch. The score appears to be 79-7 and the disappearing gentleman prepares to make a last stand. Two minutes later he strides in as the ninth man. In a last ditch effort to save the school from disgrace, he is seen to lay himself out. Hysterical giggles issue from the boundary, who had hoped for tea before disgrace, and groans of 'Even we could do better', as the gentlemen retire for tea.







BOOK ONE
Chapter One

The rain was drizzling down when the coach dropped a party of brave Ramblers behind ye old windmill at Chrishill. This, however ceased and soon they were trudging up a track disguised as a quagmire which led to vast numbers of ploughed fields. Here in the dead waste Ratcliffe and his followers finally collapsed, exhausted by lack of food. What were they to do? Reaching into his pocket Ratcliffe produced two ham sandwiches, a pickled onion which he subsequently lost, and a half-eaten tomato. This he handed out as best he could to the rest who, after their nourishment, managed to stand and start trekking back to the base. The going was tough, the food was short, their spirits were low (2% proof) as they continued field after field, hedge after hedge until they arrived at the old estate of Audley End. Cannabalism was rife, victim after victim was savagely attacked, bombarded to death with conkers, but it was obvious that this was not the answer to their severe bread shortage. Finding no comfort in the conkers they resorted to smaller quarry. Seeing ducks on the river sparked off a plan. Using what little bread they had left they tempted the ducks and subsequently knocked them out with conkers. Up the hills they went on, and on, not knowing what lay before them when suddenly, there before them on the hill, was their destination. They had arrived, they had found the lost plateau, on which stood, THE TOWER! The jailer, waiting outside, jangled his keys, shuffled his chair, and said, "Mm mm, gotcha now."

RAMBLING

Book Two
Chapter Two

With hope of finding his long lost pickled onion Ratcliffe, son of Ratcliffe, set off with a band of dedicated followers, in an ageing charabanc, to seek out once more the plateau.

Through murky swamps, waist deep mud, and raging torrents, they forced their dogged steps onward. They passed by enormous native settlements and solitary temples of exquisite design. They did not seem however, to, realise the serious implications of the search, as two, and sometimes more, members, lost their grip on sanity, and resorted to childrens games in the mud, one of them was to leap, oblivious to the obvious dangers, into a deep murky pool, infested with all manner of small creatures in gum boots.

This search had been well organised — food and water were provided for the intrepid adventurers, as on they went. They were wet, tired, and finally exhausted when they realised that the search was futile (the pickled onion had obviously been stolen by some impious native) So, they hailed the London-Cambridge Mail Coach which stopped, and obligingly took them aboard.

Little did they know, that this coach, was driven by one of the warders at the TOWER, and that after all that they had gone through, they had been tricked, and so, here they were, riding calmly on, to their doom.

selected excerpts from this epic best seller, based on the true life experiences of the Ratcliffe Rambling Fraternity.

The Swamp Lizard

Slishy and slosh,
Slushing along
On four oomy feet.
The swamp lizard
Lumbols about,
Dragging its flump behind it.
Dreaming of oily bloozum,
In which to wable and slime.
He falls down with a flump of oom.
His muff is hild and wy,
But little it will be aill.
When he has kazed to his hisions flumzone,
He will dipline to his hile, and wait,
Until he sees fit to repline to the laux.

Crispin Mills 24



BALLAD OF RESERVOIRS

(with apologies to G.K. Chesterton)

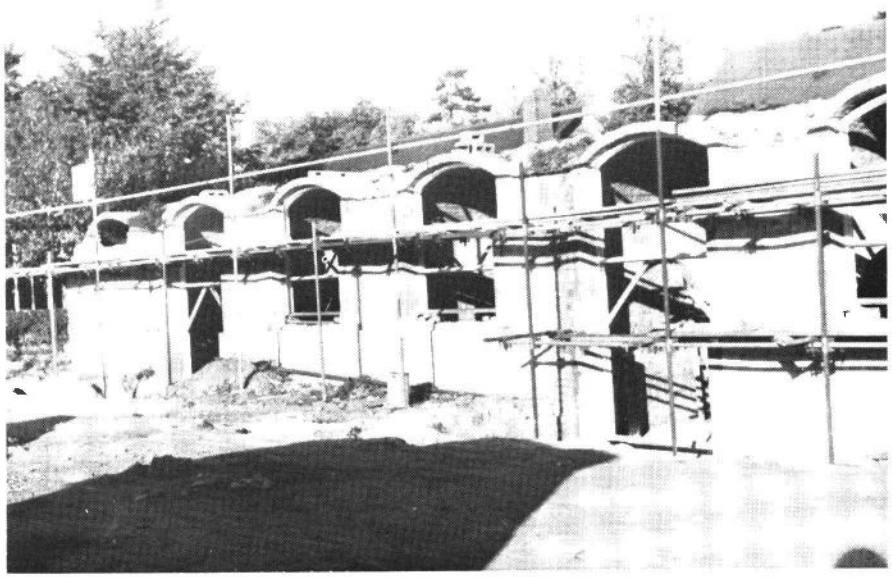
Expatriate teacher from a former room
Harsh steps of ashen concrete I descend
Into the noisome dark, the cheerless gloom
Where anxious, exiled scholars must attend.
O artless builder! Why did heaven send
Thy high-alumina cement? What star
Of evil fate brought <u>you</u> our way, my friend?
Why am I teaching in a reservoir?

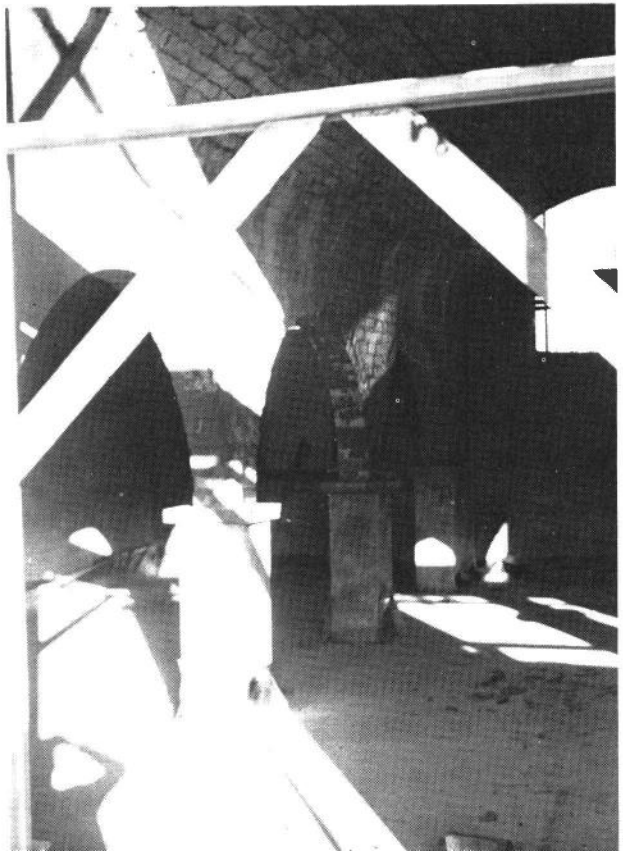
Some, hopeless, gaze, as from a prison cell:
Some, arch-concealed, indulge in wonted capers:
I cannot see my pupils very well -
I cannot read - nay, cannot <u>find</u> my papers.
The air's bedewed with rank and muggy vapours -
The thund'rous shadow of a passing car
Turns eager listeners into vacant gapers.
Why am I teaching in a reservoir?

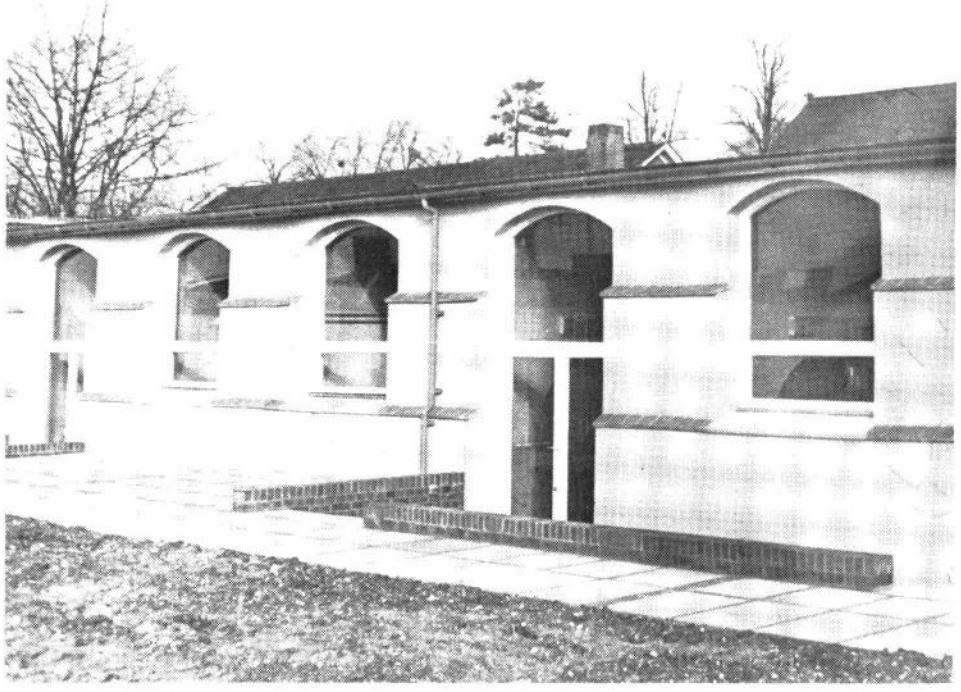
May steel supports, design'd by ACROW's hand,
And all the skill that ARCHITECTS display
Return us swiftly to the Promised Land,
South of the tennis courts, down Crosfield way.
Then let the subterranean Nescafé
Be quaffed! Let David Bowie sound afar!
But till that time, I'll sing my plaintive lay -
Why am I teaching in a reservoir?

Prince, to celestial classrooms I aspire,
Where angels learn the tenses of "devoir":
But if I end elsewhere, I'll not enquire,
"Why am I teaching in a reservoir?"

David Pope







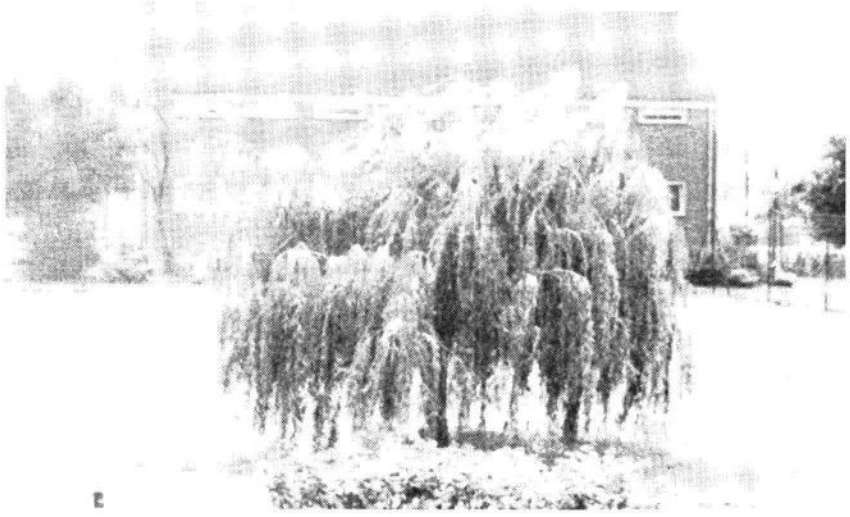
The Reservoir

The walls are bare
And nothing is there
Except some desks and chairs,
And to me it feels like a place
Where you should say your prayers.

Tina Goodall 1Y

THE RESERVOIR

	1912	Built
	1968	Superseded by Thaxted Road water tower
	1973	Conversion to Leisure Centre begun
Jan.	1975	Used for replacement classrooms



CROSFIELD

1968 Built
1974 Condemned as unsafe because high alumina cement beams are suspect

THE LAMENTABLE AFFAIR OF THE RESERVOIR

'Twas in the month of December, the year nineteen-seventy-four
When the rain fell in torrents and the storm fiend loudly did roar
That the Bursar, Eric Brown, did say, It is against the law
To use any building constructed with high alumina cement.
Then the school governors were alarmed and did very much repent
The money that on the building they had spent.
Then the Headmaster, John Woods, said, I have an idea.
Let us summon an architect, without fear,
And see if any of the high alumina cement has been used here.
And if it has, the cost of it will be very dear,
Which all the people in and around the fair city of Saffron Walden will be very sorry to hear,
Because people have come from far and near
To give money for the new school building, and it doth appear
That they will shed many a tear.

So the Bursar Eric Brown, that very day,
Summoned a Consultant Architect, without dismay,
And over the telephone to him did say,
We want you to come to the beautiful city of Saffron Walden to see
If high alumina cement has been used in the construction of our property
And we will pay you a handsome fee
If you will very rapidly come and oblige me
By subjecting the ceiling of Crosfield to an intense scrutiny.
Then the Architect did pack his bags and quickly did come
Resolved to inspect Crosfield and to have some fun,
And, wondrous to relate, did arrive in Saffron Walden that very day
And began to inspect the building without delay.

O! It was a most fearful and piteous sight
To see him testing the ceiling all his might.
And then he said that what the Bursar thought was only too right,
And the Head Master said, Will it fall down, and the Architect said, it might,
Because the cement is too light
And the stones of the ceiling come apart, which is a piteous plight,
And you must use girders and beams to hold it tight
And it is a good thing you summoned me to the fair city of Saffron Walden
Or, if not, the ceiling might well have falled in,
Which would have been a dreadful thing to have seen
All the way from Ashdon to Rickling Green.

David Pope

Like some mighty monster;
backing and advancing;
swinging left and
swinging right, but
will it block its grave?

Steered by hefty
simian workers;
cold dead
the building
rises like a misbegotten phoenix,
from contractors confusion.

Moaning motors and
panting people with
clanging iron
wield blocks of
cold cement, clinging
to their walls.

To serve mankind
Atlas takes another ounce
knowing it's for mankind,
The building that keeps growing
like pestilence
or the plague.

John Davies 6[1]



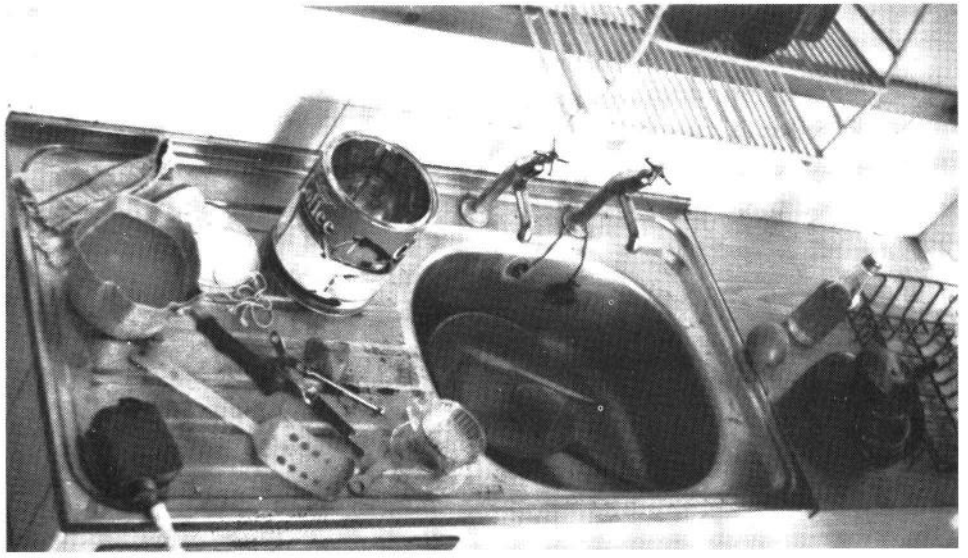
Contrary to popular opinion, there is still some life left in 6th form

After an apathetic progress through the school, it is amazing — but, we can still raise a few cynical comments about, ''the reservoir'' and ''the committees''. This is practically the extent of our lives but there are a few other important points I feel obliged to mention.



Common rooms.

These present an irresistable attraction to all 6th form who are found there at all legal times and as many illegal ones as possible (like in the middle of lessons) Staff seem to be a little dubious of entry- perhaps because it is really the headquarters of the biggest crime syndicate in Friends School? The girls end is the warmest room (hot house?) in this vast dump- the boys end has a darts board and gambling saloon that one can't break away from. Both have almost unlimited supplies of bread, water, coffee, gas and heavy rock music.





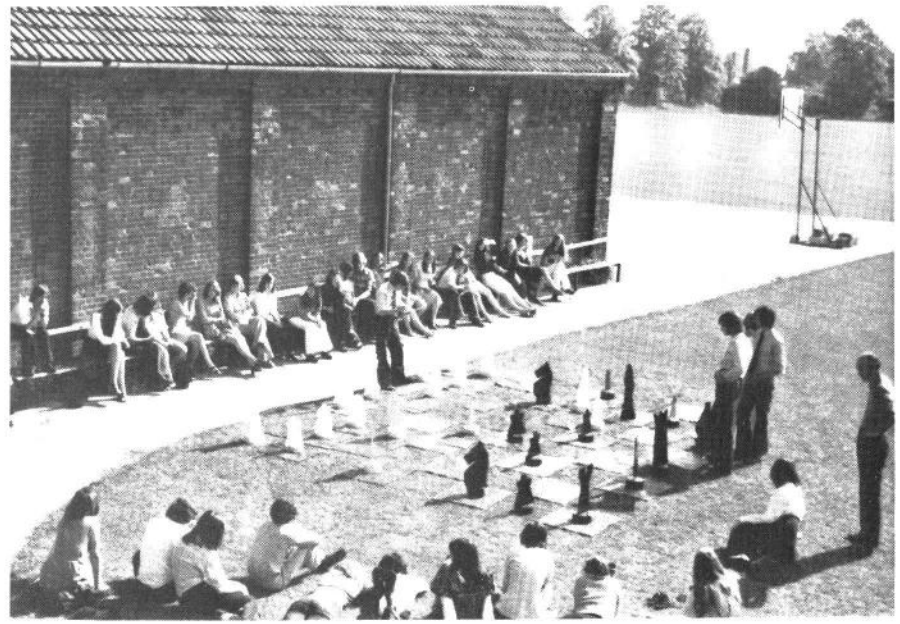






SUCH IS LIFE....





The Bio. Lab.

A highly dangerous place, possibly reminiscent of an I.R.A. bomb factory where the select few, organised by Denby and Martin embark on strange secretive doings known as ''projects''

U.C.C.A.

This raised its ugly head in the middle of the Autumn Term. As far as I can see, it's really a protection racket. First of all you send a form away with ''Personal details'' and some while later, after a great deal of worry and heart searching, a brown envelope appears from Cheltenham Gloucs. Then even more envelopes (demands for money?) appear and finally the unwary candidate is whisked away to some outlandish place, varying from ''BRISL'' to ''SOTON'' for ''an interview'' This is an exquisite form of torture, obviously, for none of the recipients seem to want to talk about it, and if they do, they say, ''it was terrible, terrible.'' Some times though, the Mafia appear to be satisfied — then one receives ''an offer'' which is cause for mass jubilation.



Societies.

These play a large part in the life of 6 th form . Because of ''U.C.C.A. '' it becomes desirable to join as many as possible: Senior ''Lit'' which is to do with pyromania; Film Society where one can view films not on general exhibition. And also the notorious ''Choir'' run by R. Sturge. There is also Amnesty, which appears to be run by Hannah and Matthew Potter who take over the sixth form study quite regularly. Another feature of our ''leisure'' life appears to be ''weekends'' either spent at home (bliss) or at some Young Friends' Gathering where, I am reliably informed, one sleeps-coed! -- on the floor in the meetings houses. Oh yes we also seem to spend quite a time in the study, and practical application of a book in the Library called ''A Popular Account of the Origin and Means of the Public House and Other Signs now or Formerly Found in the County of Essex''.

I think that's all we do — no, I forgot: once in a blue moon we do some work.

Annamarie Crichard 6_2



SCOUT REPORT

The year started with extremely large holes evident in the troop. The influx of recruits bolstered things somewhat, and the appointed P.L.'s took over their roles. (Immediately the troop sprang into action).

In the face of stiffest competition the swimming cup was retained and the new scout hut was decorated in respective corners, (to varying degrees) with words of superb wisdom.

We decided that Snowdonia could have the privilege of our presence this year, so the courageous few bundled into their coach and disappeared into the Welsh mountains for summer camp.

After setting up elegant, if not secure constructions the mountain walking started. A series of exhausting treks in which we conquered most of the surrounding mountains although we had a few mishaps en route (e.g. Mark Stephens jumping into a bog up to his waist.)

Other highlights were 'MERLINS' and their collapsible 'dining' table, Kestrels' cocoa, Stags' meal punctuality, Badgers' chicken au Primett.

Despite the weather, making up for lost time on the last day we managed to bundle relieved, into the coach to recouperate at home.

Anthony Phillips 5x

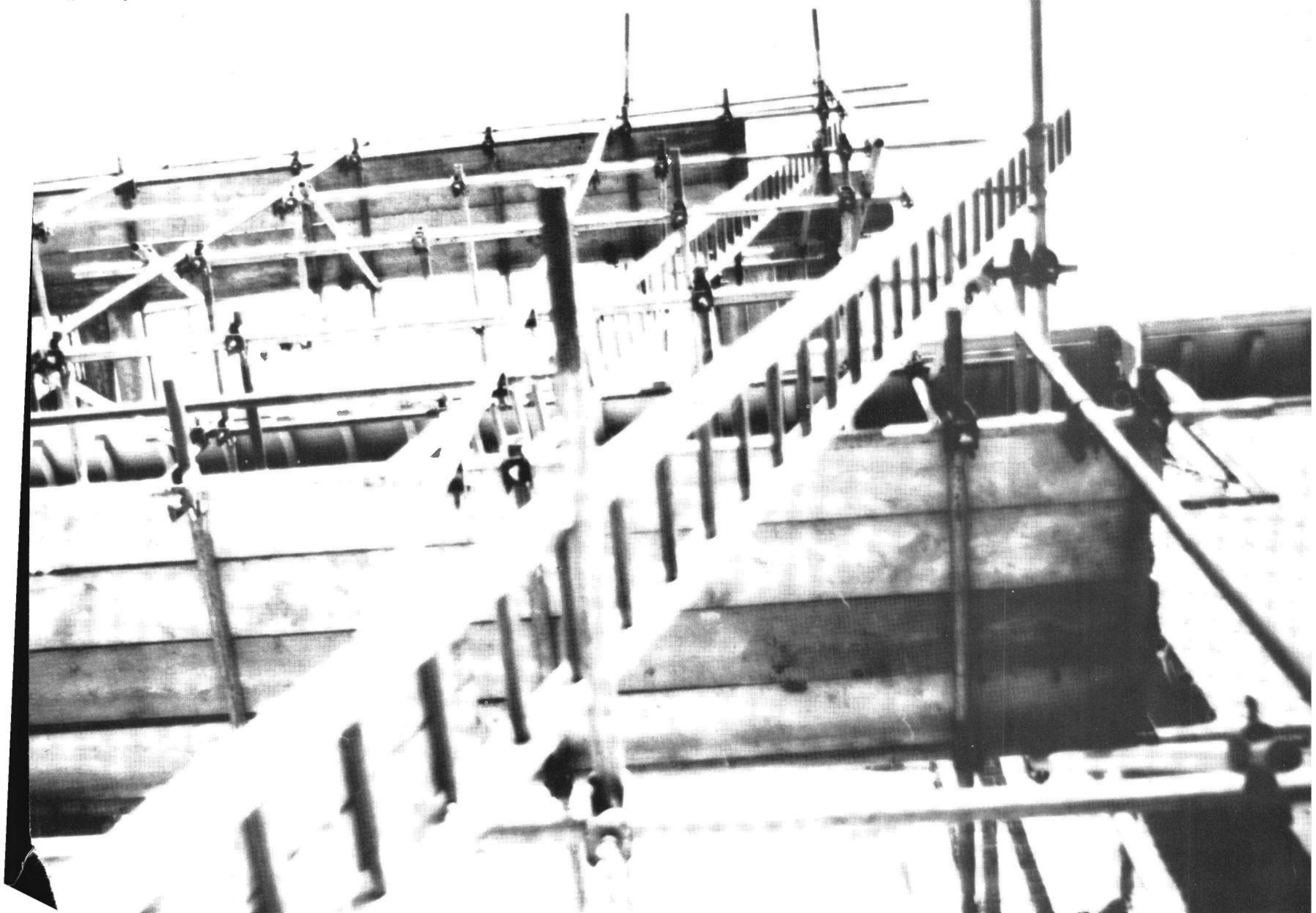












LATE NEWS

John Catchpole left the school last Christmas after many years teaching wind instruments. He returned to ecstatic applause on Saturday February 1st to conduct Gounod's 'Petite Symphonie' for wind instruments before an audience of school and parents.
The concert also featured the first movement of Mozart's Concerto in G for Violin and Orchestra, in which Helen Pitstow took the solo part.

Love from

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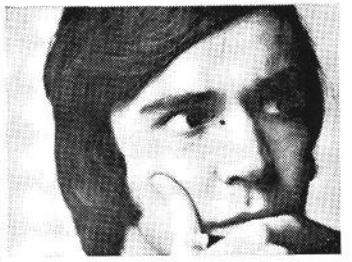
Cats- Angela Cox

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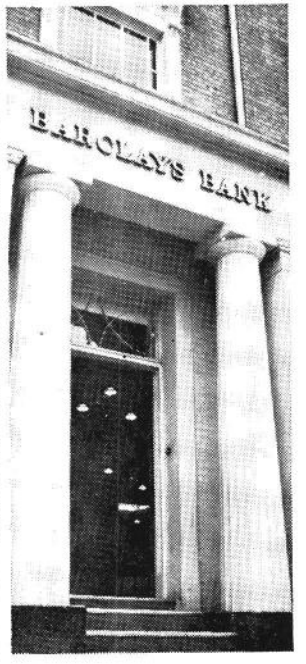
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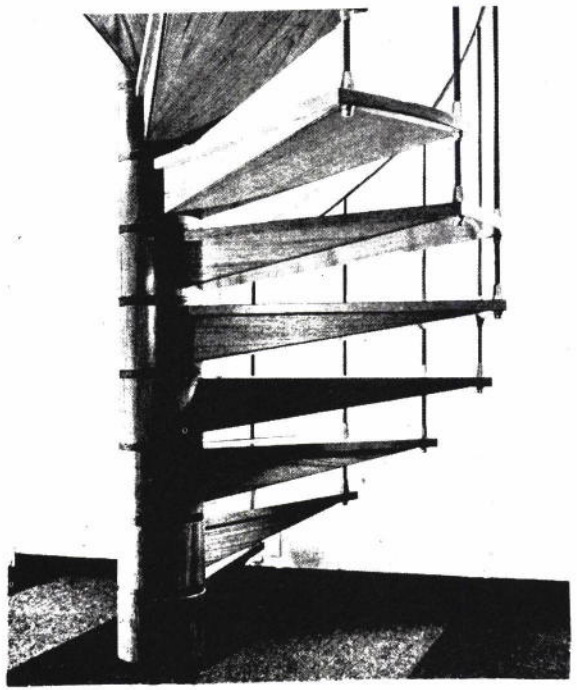
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