

the avenue 1976

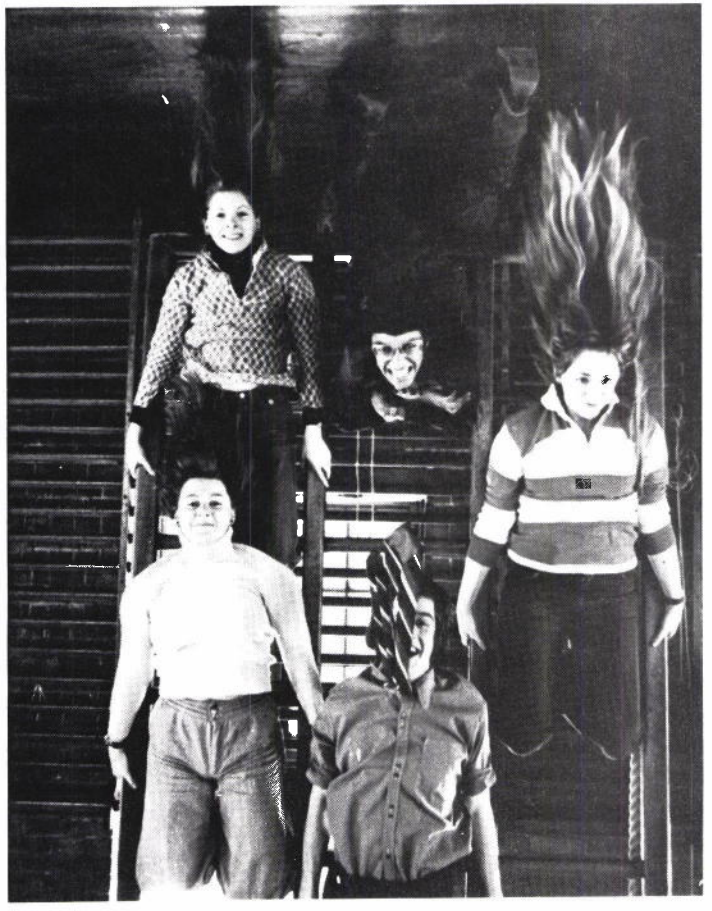
Unfortunately 'the Committee' this year was soley represented by 6₂. However we have tried to include material covering the widest age-range possible.

What to write next is hard to decide, but this communial bathing doesn't aid concentration.

Anyway we hope you enjoy the finished product.

'THE COMMITTEE'.





Anthony Ratcliffe has organised 'the AVENUE' for five years now, which explains his staring as 'the darling young man' to the right of this complimentary mentioning.



INTER ALIA

Spring Term 1975

The term began uneventfully, with Sixth Form Lectures on Law, Safety First talks, School Council and Rugby verus Newport Grammar. Newport was also represented at the first Geography Fieldwork Seminar, held here at the end of January. The idea was to share between Sixth Forms ideas about the fieldwork option of the Advanced Level exam. We were greatly helped by the examiner, Dr. Carr.

Film Society choices for the term included Lindsey Anderson's film ''IF'', a highly popular item. Also in March there was a meeting between the Governors and Senior Scholars where we shared our views on several aspects of school life. Meanwhile the rest of the school were putting on Richard Rodney-Bennett's ''All the King's Men'', this year's Junior Opera produced by Deborah Pearce and Mike Collins. The Middle School play was ''Grandmother's Footsteps'' by Mark Miller. Not to be outdone, Mike Collins produced ''The Passion of Christ'' with junior scholars.

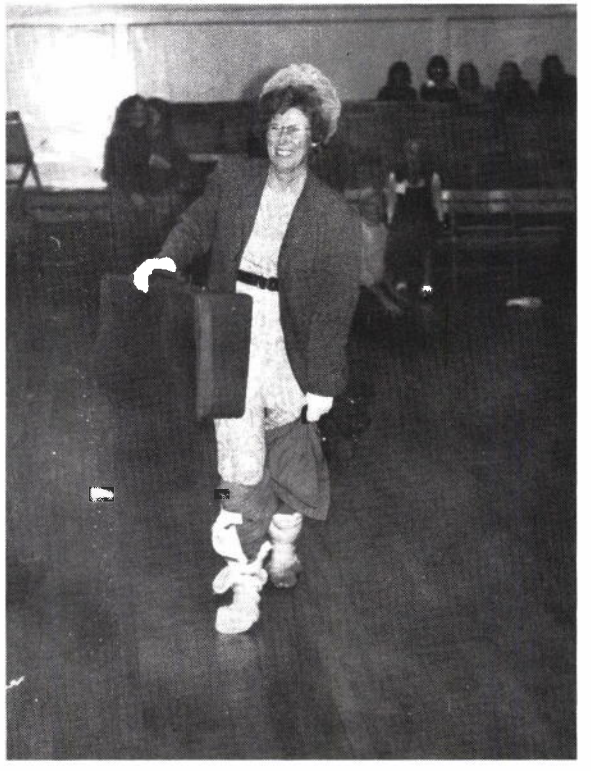
The term ended with School Day, the film ''Battleship Potemkin'' and Richard Sturge conducting Handel's Messiah. Straight after the end of term the sixth form Geographers went off to study the Lake District from the comfort of Glenthorne at Grasmere.

Summer Term

Early in the term we had the Quaker Open Day, when representatives of various meetings and organisations came to see the school on a normal teaching day. In May we had a musical extended assembly one Thursday when Helen Pitstow played a movement from Mozart's violin concerto in G. Then David Pope conducted First Orchestra in the first performance of his French Suite. The usual summer sports were scattered through the term: cricket, tennis, swimming and rounders, while the less athletic rambled, played at the Chelmsford Music Festival, went to Scout Training Camp at Horseheath or on field trips to the Norfolk coast, Harlow, or the port of King's Lynn.

Autumn Term

This term saw many changes, of which perhaps the most important was the absence of John Woods on a sabbatical term with the Quaker team at the United Nations General Assembly in New York. In his place as Head we had Ena Evans, which meant that Iorwerth John was recalled from retirement to take over some of her classes. Another old friend recalled from Cornwall was Rosaline Parker, replacing Sandra Knovskis as boys' matron until Easter 1976. There was quite a large turnover of staff, with Jill French replaced by Philip Morley (French); Anita Thistlethwaite by Amanda Cooper (History); Deborah Brown by Suzanne Jones (DomSci); Rosemary Jones by Anita Green (Chemistry) and Darita Barrett by Penny Kemp (Girls' PE) until Christmas when Tessa Brown will arrive. One most important change in the domestic staff was the arrival of Alan King to replace Ruby Williams as Caterer. This academic year is also Eric Brown's thirtieth and last as Bursar.



Well, the term began with the First Form party and Imogen Rowlands, Anne Foxley and family taking an art field trip to Norfolk, staying at Sheringham Meeting House. Some Sixth Formers went on the Southern Schools' Pilgrimage to the Fox Country with Margaret Brinkworth, while others attended a conference on Social Care at Hengrave Hall. We were hosts to two Malaysian Heads on observation. Drama and music were much in evidence with Junior Choir's ''Hip Hip Horatio'' in extended assembly, ''She Stoops to Conquer'', Goldsmith's comedy produced by Mike Collins with great verve and to general enjoyment, and the Pantomime ''The Sleeping Beauty'' rehearsed by Mark Miller. Another Sunday Evening Meeting was a concert by a string trio whose players were Mary Mileson, Helen James and Sue Hembry.



The term ended with the Christmas dance, dinner and tea, in that order (but not on the same day), Small Choir carols at Finchingfield and School, and the pantomime. Sadly these celebrations were without the customary presence of general factotum Richard Wright who missed the last ten days of the term through illnesss.

For John Eve the term will be remembered by ''The best ****** dance yet''.

SAN EYE VIEW

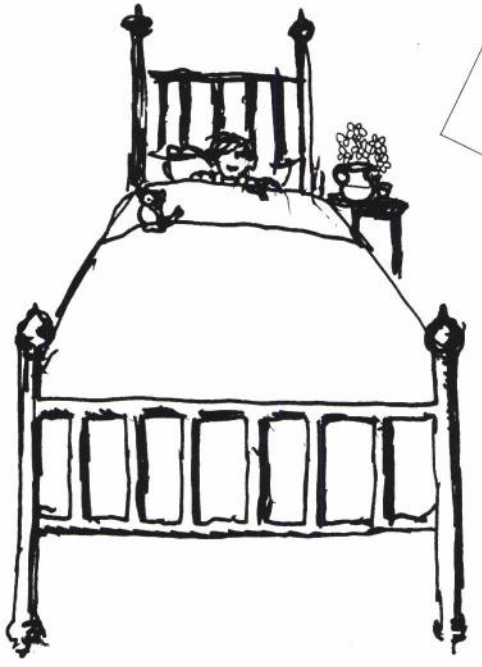
That Morning's surgery had produced numerous maladies, but then two third form boys were admitted to the San complaining of feeling sick and generally ill. By 9.30 two more had arrived with similar symptons and at 10 o'clock the number had risen to six.

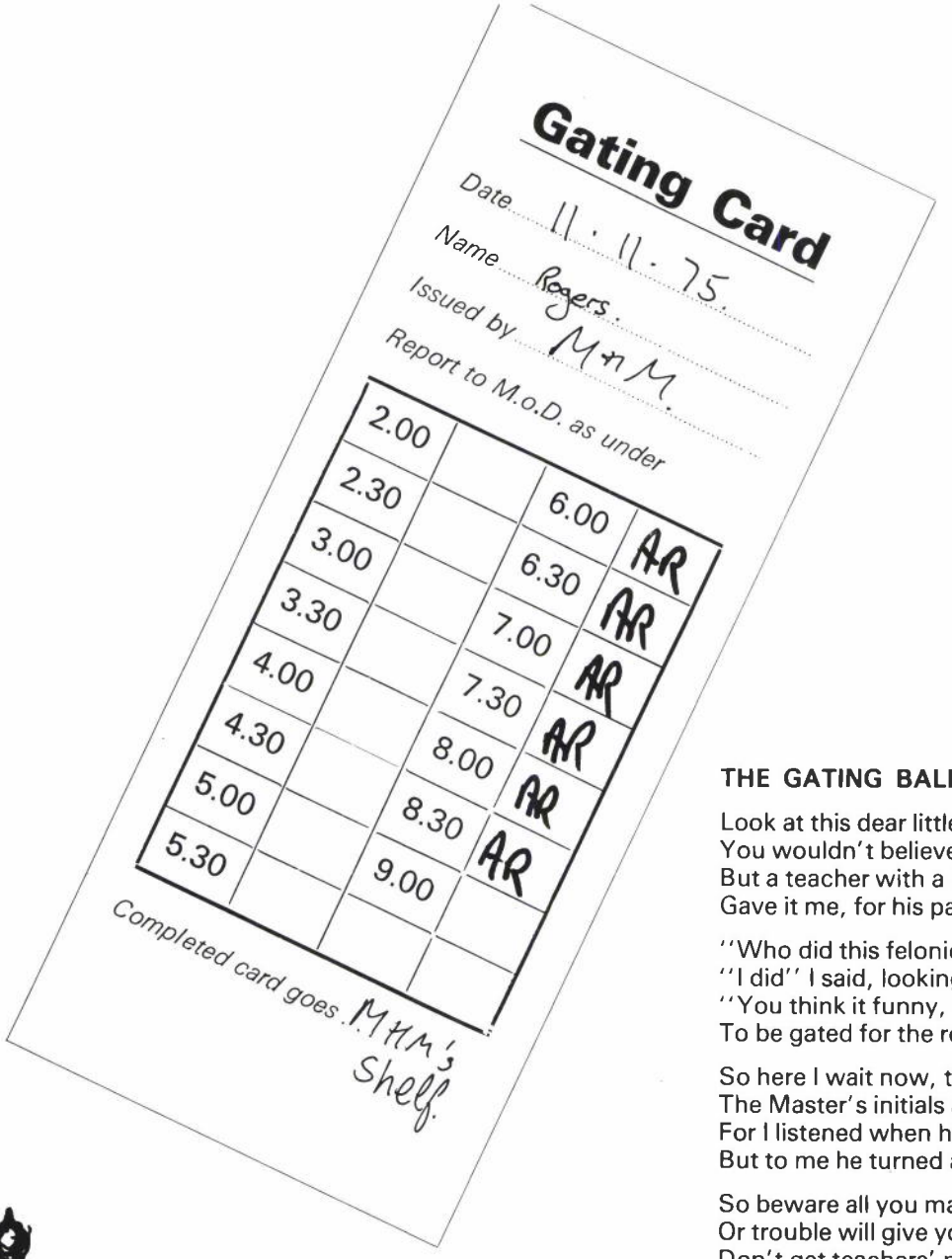
They were all put to bed, two to a room, for rest. During the whole morning not a single boy had produced any vomit, but each insisted that he felt ill and nauseated. On checking the menu I saw that sausage, beans and chips were down for lunch; the caterer was alerted and an alternative meal was promised. At 12 sharp all the boys made their way to the Day room where they began to play cards quite enthusiastically. (Clearly a very speedy recovery had taken place now that maths and French lessons were safely over).

At 12.30 lunch arrived and was served out to the six. When they saw the steamed fish and mashed potato instead of what they expected, they all called loudly: ''We want our bangers and chips!'' The air was electric! Not a single boy felt ill enough now to eat the meal, instead they declared that they felt so much better that they would return to school immediately (presumably to join their friends in the dining room).

They were very surprised to find that the San staff had rumbled their little scheme, and with heads together, were wondering if there was any chance of making a quick getaway in time for second helpings.

Doreen Hunt (Sister)





THE GATING BALLAD

Look at this dear little card,
You wouldn't believe it meant trouble.
But a teacher with a heart stony hard
Gave it me, for his papers were muddled.

''Who did this felonious deed?''
''I did'' I said, looking meek.
''You think it funny, I think you need
To be gated for the rest of the week.''

So here I wait now, to see
The Master's initials appear.
For I listened when he talked to me,
But to me he turned a deaf ear.

So beware all you makers of trouble,
Or trouble will give you a card.
Don't get teachers' papers all muddled;
He may have a heart stony hard.

Rogers 3x

''HIP-HIP HORATIO''

The idea of having all the juniors singing ''Hip-Hip Horatio'' proved fruitful when over a hundred voices joined together on October 18th, the nearest extended assembly to Trafalgar Day. As the learning of the songs was dealt with in lessons rather than an optional choir time, none of us knew what the total sound would be like until it hapuened. We were not disappointed!

Certain numbers had become firm favourites over the weeks, and in these especially the singers shone, a wildly enthusiastic ''Cor blimey, Adm'ral Nelson, You're a smashing bloke! Hoy!' being probably the most memorable. The words, by Michael Blom, contained history and humour pleasing to older listeners and the juniors alike. Michael Hurd's music also combined immediate appeal with an abundance of subtle and not-so-subtle musical jokes. The mixture of Cockney songs, calypso, English folk, blues, sea shanty, Palm Court, high drama and soft-shoe-shuffle, kept everybody happy some of the time, some people happy almost all of the time, and David Pope and myself in our element at piano and baton respectively. It was both thrilling and moving to direct such fervent forces.

Further explorations of works in this style can be expected shortly.

Rosemarie Hughes

THE OLD MAN

He stands in the dimly lit hall,
His baskets over his arm.
An old cane in one hand,
And his hat in the other.
He looks hopefully through
The half-open door
Into the warm bright room.

Deirdre Mills. 1x

OLD MAN

Old faded man
In an old faded photograph
Fading away
With an old heavy load.

Sarah Watson. 1x

THE OLD JUNK SELLER

He wanders and walks
With no home to go to
No fire to sit by.
He just travels
And sells.

Rachel Haigh. 1x



THE OLD MAN

Bent and weary,
Old and sad,
He goes his way.

Ann Wells. 1x

THE OLD MAN

There he stands
Wrinkled, withered.
Gone are the times
When he was young.

Anthony Marinos. 1x

''PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW. . .''

Coming back to school in September when all your friends are still at home or on holiday is a most peculiar feeling. This was made even stronger in the first tea when the rest of the school greeted each other rapturously but gave me odd looks out of the corner of their eyes. I felt a stranger in a school that I had been attending for seven years. The first day was full of people, asking if I was visiting, who looked amazed when I replied that I was staying for another term. I felt most insulted when, two weeks after the beginning of term, a 6_1 boy asked me if I had come to visit the school for the day.

After the first shock of actually having to do some work again I enjoyed the term's work. It has been demanding in places but worthwhile even if I do not manage to get into Oxford. Renewed investigation has made it possible to give ''flesh to some historical bones.'' Living out has made a great change: being free to come and go when I wanted was infinitely preferable to ticking in at Hillcroft by 9.45 every evening.

Some things stand out clearer than others in my memory: the traumatic experience of taking evening meeting and, on another Sunday, listening to Fred Sessa again; the school play; sitting on the platform on Open Day the ''nustyle'' food after half-term the completion of Leicester (I never really expected that to happen); November the Fifth and the fascination that everyone has for fire, not to mention the banger that was let off in Centre Corridor and a beautiful foggy evening that I spent alone on the field with the strange feeling of being lost and alone.

Although this term has generally been rather odd, it will be even more strange to leave. The school itself has changed greatly in seven years but it is still recognisable as the one that I first came to. On the whole I have been very happy here. I have also learnt a great deal about myself. There is a lot that is worthwhile in the school and many people who are prepared to help. Parting is, as has been remarked, 'such sweet sorrow' it is sad to leave because of all the good times that I have had here and all the people I have known, but it is sweet because it is time to move on.

Hannah Roberts. 6_3

TRYING TO CARE

Soon after the Autumn Term started, eight enthusiastic members of 6_1 got on a coach along with twenty people from Celmer Valley High School and Saffron Walden County High, to go to Hengrave Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, for a conference about ''Social Care''.

After having been there for a little while we met for tea, all being thoroughly impressed with the Hall and grounds, which were cared for by nuns.

We met for sessions of discussion and films during the following two days, finding out about aspects of ''Sixth form and caring''. In between the sessions we explored the grounds and village. Then the time came for us to return, tired and full of ideas.

In school we have set up a ''Care Council'', with activities in mind for the Spring Term. This term a group of First and Second Formers have sung to the elderly at St. James' Hospital, Saffron Walden.

Penny Nicholls 6_1



Hengrave Hall

1975 GEOGRAPHERS' FIELD TRIP

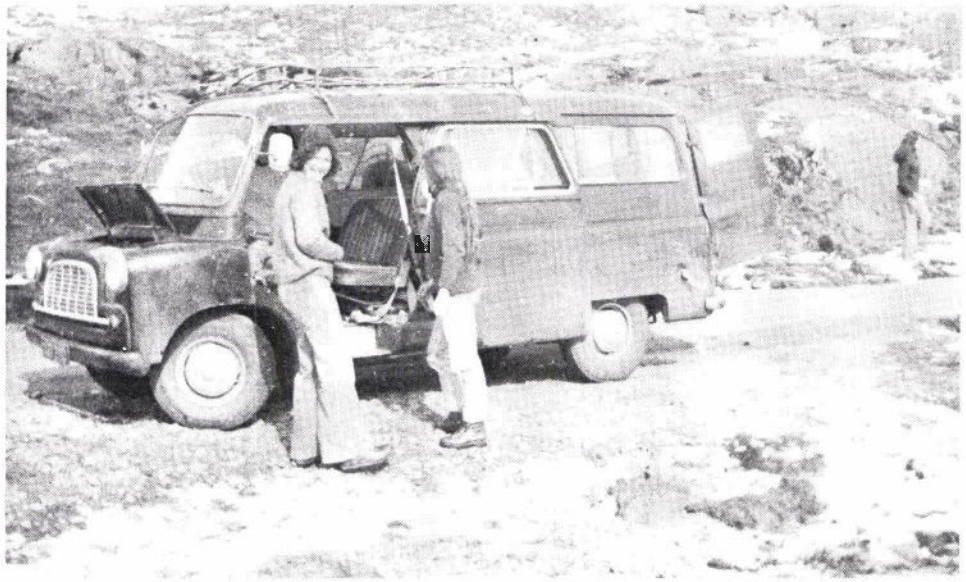
Sunday, April 6th saw a party of fourteen geographers prepared to take the unsuspecting Lake District village of Grasmere by storm. Packed into a twelve-seater minibus, the fearless fifteen (including our transport executive, Anthony R.) set off, arriving at Glenthorne Guest House in time for tea, after which, with true explorers' spirit, we familiarised ourselves with the surrouding area, and retired to bed after late night discussions.

The first morning we set off to make a collection of different geological paperweights, and after a stop to look round Keswick in the pouring rain, we went out to admire the clouds on the foothills of Skiddaw, where Paul High enthused about his frost-shattered face. As soon as it was diplomatically possible we returned to thaw out in the bus. On our way to Troutbeck we found that neither coaxing nor cursing were sufficient to propel the minibus up the gradients that abound the English Lake District, and that it was necessary to push the conveyance; of course as soon as we got it going we were called to stop and admire some feature of the landscape. After looking at some of the rocks, perched half-way up a mountain, and being very nearly blown away in the process, we returned to base camp, where we decided to mount an attack on the East face of Sergeant Mann: an hour later the cemainder of the party decided, in the falling light and falling snowflakes, that the last 200 ft. would take too long and, as supplies of Butterscotch were running perilously low, the party descended to tea and a talk by Paul.

On the following day we split into pairs and were dropped in our assigned parishes, quickly disappearing into whatever warmth the villages or towns possessed to plan out what we would do; venturing out into the falling snow to ask our questions for as little time as possible. That evening, having been collected by one or other of our resident sadists, we sat about on desks, chairs and at the table-tennis table, which politely declined to hold the weight of some of the girls, and talked about our parishes.



Wednesday 9th dawned clear as we set off to look at the coast: Paul took four people and the bulky packed lunches, while the rest of us piled into the minibus. The route chosen promised some breath-taking scenery over Hardknott and Wrynose passes (about 12-13,000 ft. high). By 500 ft. the minibus was labouring, and when the girls were given a lift to the top of Wrynose it was left to the lads to push it to the top. So with frequent rests for cooling off and snowball fights we finally reached the top of Hardknott pass, where the mini-bus finally expired with a burnt-out clutch and the distributor cap hanging loose. While Martin and Julian went off to find a telephone, the rest of us tried to build a dry-stone shelter. On their return it became painfully obvious we were expected to walk the 12 miles back to Grasmere. The story of this journey can never wholly be told: it is a tale of Edurance and Compassion, heroic deeds done and of hunger borne only by the sucking of icilicles. Many of the young ladies (?) were given lifts, and others were also lucky. The confrontation with Paul's party is one that is best left imagined.



Nancy and Vicky — and the van on Wrynose Pass — where the clutch burnt out.

The following day, without the minibus, we were restricted to the area immediately surrounding us, but on Friday we were able to go to the National Park Centre at Brookhole, where we were shown slides. In the afternoon we went up Sour Milk Gill to do a river study; even though the snow had melted we declined the offer of a swim made by Paul, in the tarn.

Saturday was our day off: Pradip went to Grizedale Forest to take photographs of deer, and only saw a rabbit's tail. A party went sailing on Lake Windermere, and others climbed Helvellyn where Vicky G. with her steamed-up contact lenses nearly walked over a precipice.

Sunday saw the party confusing themselves with the intricacies of glaciation, during the caurse of which we clambered up a hanging valley, quencing our thirst with the waters of the steam; imagine our sprprise on encountering a dead sheep in the stream at the top!

Monday was our last day, and was spent doing individual work, which ranged from taking a questionnaire round the almost deserted streets of Grasmere in the pouring rain, to studying non-existent streams, with one notable case taking a questionnaire up into the thick cloud that obliterated Helvellyn (AND finding people up there!).

On the Tuesday we set off back to school, stopping to retrieve the belongings that fell off the top of the motorway, arrivinging at an unsuspecting school at 1700 hrs. in time for the results of the Budget!

Tim Craske O.S.



Nancy munches by Lake Windermere.

sports?!

RUGBY REPORT

To start with the weather was not a great help in September; the ground was that hard it was impossible to tackle without removing a few layers of skin. We started off well enough with a broken thumb and a game leg or two. We lost the first game without really trying and from then on it seemed like a competition to see who could sustain the most injuries in a single game. Our second match was against our nearest rivals and to show them we weren't pooftas we sent their captain off with a couple of teeth missing. Next time it was our turn for the injuries; the broken finger either wasn't broken or just healed quickly. We soon cheered up, thanks to the match tea.

By the fourth fixture we were on a winning streak, if only just, and triumphed after a hard fight and a good deal of cheering from our faithful supporters, these being the players too mauled in earlier matches to play.

Our last game was against the Old Schols which gave us the chance to be nasty to our own kind. Perhaps the season is best summed up like this:

Points for:
2 Broken teeth
1 nearly broken neck
2 bad legs

Points against:
2 ½ broken fingers
1 nearly broken neck
1 sprained wrist
15 feigned deaths

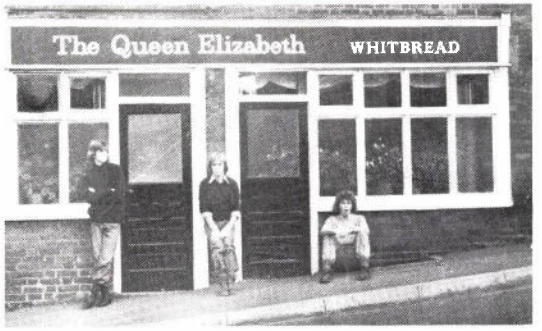
Richard Marriage 6_2

6_2 BOYS AND THEIR PUB GUIDE

Or "The map as art"

The source of this great work was a Mini-Guide of the town, about 6" square, and from this humble beginning grew a map 5' by 3'. The question of what this map should show was decided: a subject that has an enthusiastic following in the form—I refer, of course, to the appreciation of Public House Architecture. It was thus decided that the location of the said houses should be marked on the map (this information was gleaned from asking the members of staff); other buildings of interest were also marked (Museum and Castle, Repel ditches, Cathedral, and important centres of school life such as the chip shop. Off-licences were also marked because of their interesting range of shaped bottles). This simple Guide had obviously grown into a document of great sociological note and it was therefore passed for general audience (as defined by the Revolutionary Council—a non-profit-making concern aimed at making sixth form life fun). Unfortunately this helpful and illuminating plan was officially thwarted by one John Guilt (here and elsewhere it has been necessary to change the names to help the guilty get away with it); the plan was however continued in an unofficial/illicit manner, despite further intrusions by the said J.G. (self-styled "Devil's advocate" (29/11/75) and "Deputy for God" (1/12/75). To further this plan a list of the said houses was bandered out, with spaces left for members of the public to write their own comments (Mock-Gothic, Victorian, Plastic Era, etc.) and a note at the bottom saying where further information could be obtained; unfortunately this useful and informative document was expropriated by one Paul Hello! This document is of immense value and may escape Capital Gains Tax (if you have anything left after paying the school bills). Surrounding the map we mounted a number of photographs depicting the said erections, embellished with a number of models: Timothy Ford; Johnny Devroid; and John Davease, all ably photographed by the renowned Richard Muggeridge. The production of these prints sets a new record for the Dark Room: the photographs were taken between four and five on Friday evening, and were ready on the Saturday morning.

John Davies 6_2





TENNIS REPORT

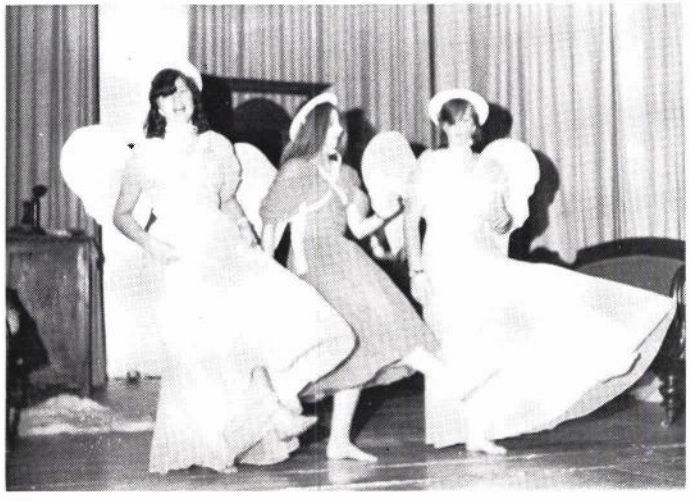
Last year's tennis fixtures were limited due to other commitments, such as exams. Each team (1st VI, 2nd VI and U.15 VI), played two matches, although without much success. The only victory was claimed by the U. VI team, who won one out of two of their matches.

In spite of the lack of fixtures, the weather permitted a considerable amount of play, including a tournament at the end of the Summer term.

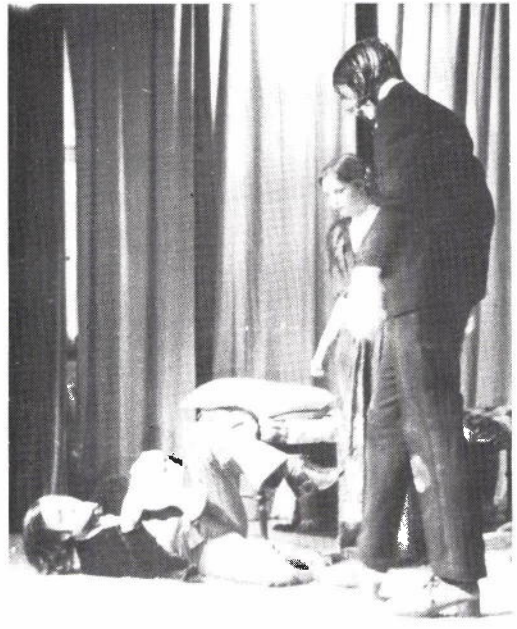
Terry Primett and Hazel Kyle. 6

PASSION, POISON AND PETRIFACTION.

Six one's production of Shaw's ''Passion, Poison and Petrifaction'' from start in the Common Room, via the Gymn, to the Assembly Hall, was wholly a 'home' production. Under the hands of Deborah Pearce the play appeared, in a set furnished with the Chaise longue brought (with great effort) from Hillcroft, a period Phonograph, and a suitably aristocratic Lady Fitz-tollemouche (Suzy Barnard), attended by the humble and emotional Phyllis (Kathryn Edgley). Quickly chasing the initial impact came the real ice-breaker with the attested synchronisation of our charming Angels-in-waiting (Helen Wood, Vicky Grosser and Terry Primett) dancing to ''Don't Dilly-Dally On The Way'' which captured the Audience. The Player's Tour de Force was further exhibited in the scene with the diabolical Fitz (Trevor Brown, who else?) and his wife with her lover, the gaudily dressed but ill-fated Adolphus (Alan Palmer) who is poisoned and only (nearly) saved by the lime content of the Plaster Ceiling, the unused remainder of which, in combination with a liberal addition of soda water, congealed into a thick paste on the stage. When the Soda and Plaster inside Adolphus had finally stopped reacting, and he lay sleeping the Audience were introduced to the ''detestable vulgarian'' landlady (Sue Damman) whose pronunciation jarred on the finest chords of our natures, and who soon introduced the helpless policeman (Richard Marriage), followed soon after by a Doctor (John Davies), concerned with the administration of Poison by a mere layman.











The final tragedy, with Adolphus filled with hardened plaster is magnified by a bolt of lightning, which is attracted to the Copper (last chance to laugh at that one), the Doctor and the Landlady, who after much writhing fall prone on the stage (in the paste), before being swept aside by Phyllis, leaving room for the final duty to Adolphus, which would have done credit to the modern Rock Opera. The production was completed with a distinctive rendering of the National Anthem by David Pope.

John Davies. 6_2

SCOUTS

The weekly Friday night meetings have exposed the various talents of our troop; from plate bashing, hunt the contact to decipher and continue. There is a Scout uniform which should be worn at every meeting, but it's not been too aparent this term!

Summer camp is the big event of the year, and we prepare for it with a Training Camp over a long weekend just before exams in the summer term; this was just a slight inconvenience for many.

For the best part of the Saturday night those who were not passing their six mile hike test were scattered about the countryside. In preparation for an archery contest I was bush whittling some fine darts which needed grooves for the strings to fit into. On a downstroke I received a nasty gash from my newly sharpened blade. Happily it did not bleed much and I was rushed to Saffron Walden General Hospital for flutterbuy stitches and anti-tetanus jab which worked wonders. Then back to camp, courtesy of the 'Elephant'.

Summer camp '75 was back to the familiar Exmoor site at Hawk Coombe near Porlock. We left FSSW on the coach heavily laden with equipment such as fire bricks, grid irons, poles, and mauls, not to mention Scouts. Arriving in mid-afternoon we de-bussed and carried kit to the site. It was a toss up as to which patrol had the best site. In the Merlins we had best access to stores and flagbreak at the top of the hill. This was a bit churned up by cattle and this, together with the steepness of the field made rapid movement hazardous.

The first full day in camp was devoted to making the unusual devices of kitchen furniture, which just about held out for the seven days camp. The first night was restless for many, but I managed to snatch a few hours work here and there.





The first walk was on the Monday. This was to Dunkery Beacon, which took us over the bracken-covered countryside until lunch-time. The next walk was to Lynton and Lynmouth, which took us into the civilisation of these two nearly tourist attractions. We didn't have to walk all the way there luckily, but were dropped off at the Watersmeet, and so walked along the river to them. We were picked up again by the hired 'Elephant' and dropped off at another point and walked some more. The last walk, was to Badgeworthy Water, incorrectly called Doone Valley. Each patrol was a group of people, the Cavaliers, Roundheads, or Villagers (you might know the story about Lorna Doone already, but there isn't the space for it here if you don't). Our main objective was to find Lorna Doone, but we were put off by a high pitched squeal from our Scout Leader, and eventually got the wrong person. The days went by quickly and on the Saturday we rose very early in order to have time to pack everything up. The journey back was a rest from the hard work at camp. and we were all glad to arrive safely back at school, everyone eager to get back home.

In the annual swimming gala against the other Saffron Walden Troops we won the under sixteen cup and drew with a troop for the under fourteen cup. This was a special occasion for Mr Gillett, our Scout Leader, because he received a medal from the District Commissioner for his contributions to scouting in the many years he has led troops from different areas. The majority of people in our swimming teams qualified for a place in the swimming gala at Basildon at which a fourth place in the final of the freestyle was achieved by Oliver Freed.

George Lane. 4y.









Turn to page 30
and see the rest

SENSES

TOUCH

Touch is important to blind people
Some people have a good sense of touch
Others don't
Most animals don't use the sense touch
They use the sense smell more
We don't notice our sense of touch
But we would notice our sense of touch if it wasn't there.

Lucy Finzi 1y

SIGHT

A lovely golden cornfield
Ripening in the sun
Nearly ready for harvesting
When all the work is done
Housing estates and gas works
Unfortunately they are necessary
for me as well as you.

SMELL

I walk through the fields and lanes
I smell the new cut hay,
The flowers and shrubs on my way
Sometimes the smells are unpleasant
The pigyards and the cowsheds
But best of all the smell of cooking.

Mark Goddard. 1y

SMELL

I smell perfume on a lady
Nice and gentle.
I smell pollution
Dreadful and dull like
A rotten apple.

Gregory Derian. 1y

HEARING

Loud noises, heavy and strong.
Aeroplanes roaring, and trains sushing by.
Traffic and motorcycles stopping and starting.
Such a noise.
Gentle and quiet
Clocks ticking, children singing,
Whistling, squeaking and rustling.
The wind blowing and the leaves falling.
Such happy noises aren't they?

Mark Goddard. 1y

SIGHT

I see the
Blackboard,
Some chairs.
Outside I see
Lots of
Cramped houses,
Television ae riels
People walking
Along the busy
Street.

Alex Kirkland. 1y

SMELL

The smell of freshly ground coffee
Makes me want to stop
When the lovely smell comes wafting from the shop,
But when I go past the leather works
I hold my nose and run.

SIGHT

Ray of light
Peers into the unlit room,
Shining onto the cylindrical pipes.
The dirty-white paint looks creamy
And smooth,
Standing out well.
And although the lockers are bright,
I see the pipes,
Lighted by light,
On the wall.

C. R. Nash/Anon.

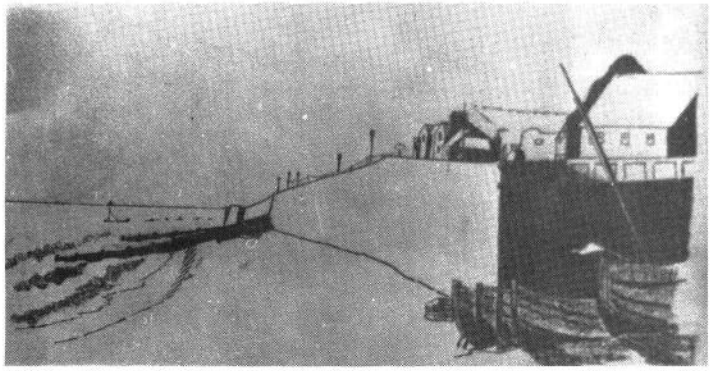
TASTE

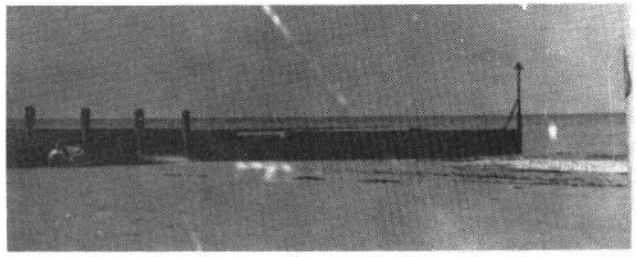
Taste is a very useful sense
It tells you the sweetness of all good things,
It also tells of sour and bitter things
Of medicine, lemons and cooking apples too
and pills that are supposed to be good for you
Things that are hot can burn your tongue
Like curries stews and a hot cross bun
Delicious ice cream on a hot summers day,
Tastes so creamy for more we'll stay.

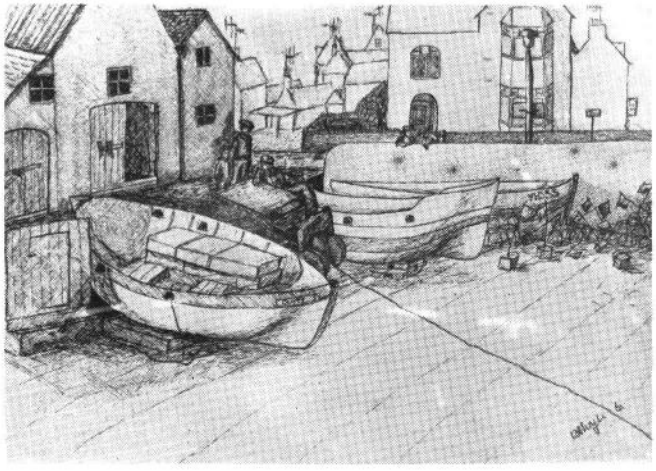
THE 6_2 ART FIELD TRIP TO SHERINGHAM, NORFOLK

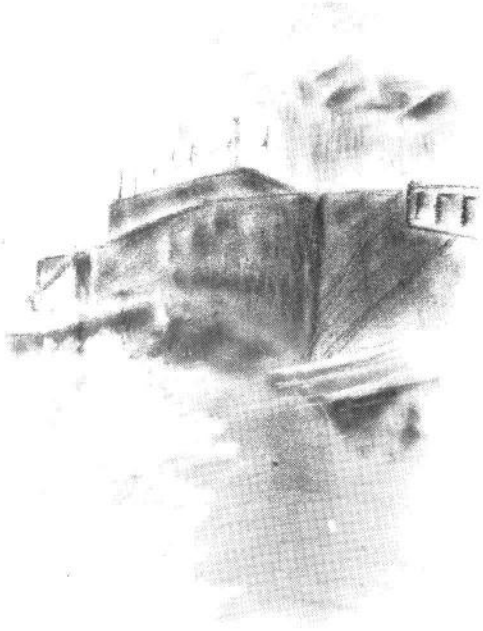
On the first Friday of the Autumn term, nine arty characters from 6_2, accompanied by the artiest of them all, Imogen Rowlands, set off in a small coach into the sunset (and through the rain) towards the treacherous Norfolk coast.

We were to stay in the local Friends' Meeting House, which provided us with basic cooking facilities and ample floor space for sleeping bags. Saturday was the day allocated to intensive ''Art'', so, armed with sketch books, paints, crayons and sandwiches we set out to give our creative abilities an airing. Airing turned out to be the correct term, as we found the sea breezes decidedly cold. We were all sensible enough, however, to have brought with us the appropriate form of dress, which made us look more like an eEverest Expedition than an Art Trip.









We all managed to produce some promising work by the end of theday, some of which we were able to develop into finished pictures. It was interesting to see how different our styles were from each other and how varied our approach was.

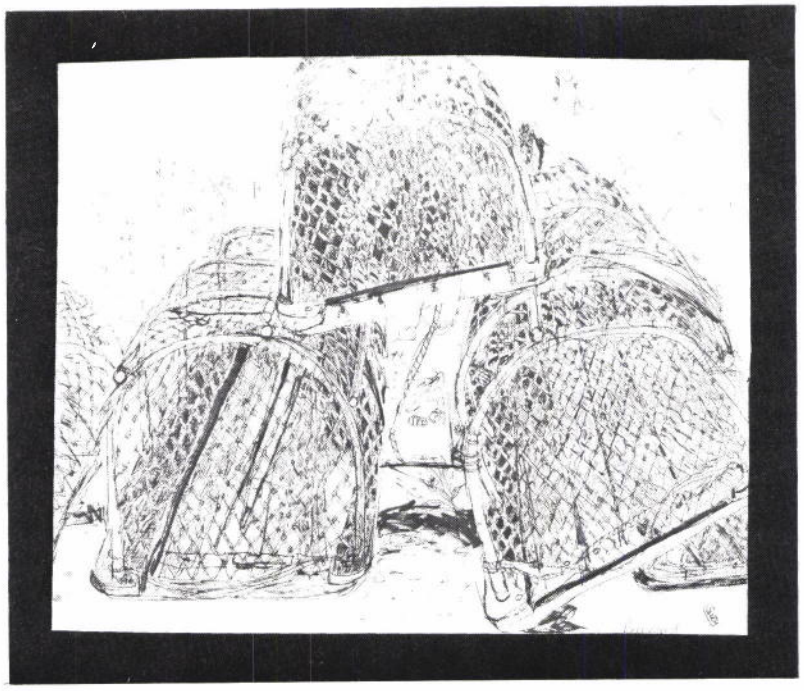
In the evening we sampled Sheringham's fish and chips—and found them to be of a very high order.

We returned on Sunday having attended the morning meeting. The local Friends were given a glimpse of our work, and were surprisingly complimentary.

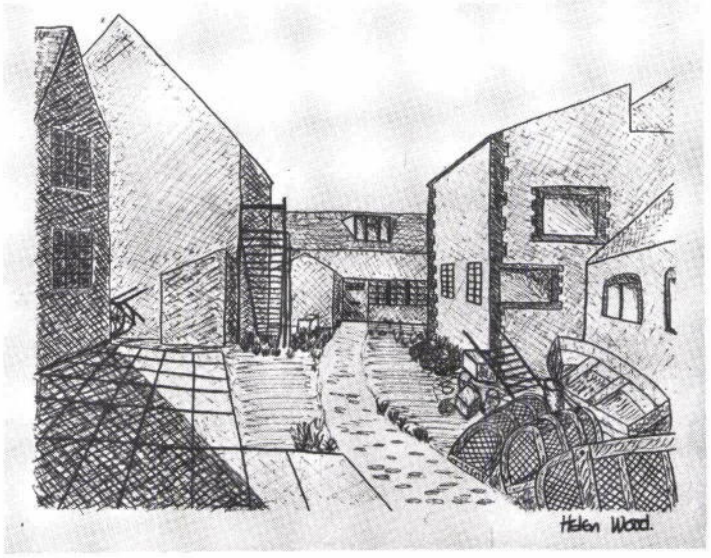
A very worthwhile trip indeed, and we are all very grateful to Imogen Rowlands for organising it so well.

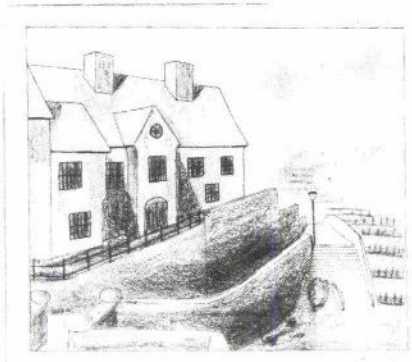
Suzanne Barnard and Kathryn Fitton 62











THIRD FORM ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

The Third Forms' E.V.S. outings this Autumn have mainly consisted of trips that have been done for the last seven years. They have offered an interesting variety of topics, visits and exercise. Opinion is varied amongst the form as to whether there is any value or enjoyment in this Monday afternoon pastime, but the majority enjoy most visits.

As usual, the most rewarding adventures have been the brewery and the sugar beet factory. We profited on both these occasions by the generosity shown us in advertisement stickers and a pound of sugar respectively. The aroma on both visits was rather overpowering, and encouraged us to release the darker side of our vocabulary.

We were expected to finish an exercise book by the end of term, but many centre pages still lie blank. As the year wears on our capacity will decrease, and with any luck we will get through a whole one by the end of the Summer Term.

Also, during the second half of the term we dropped in on Fisons Ltd. Chesterford Park Research Station, and we certainly came out with a headache due to the stretching of our brains with the complex explanations.

In the warmer parts of the first half of term, one of the most fruitful visits was to a Mallets' fruit farm in Ashdon where we were confronted with the problem of a bad plum crop, but we should like to add that there were a number of acquired apples on the coach back.

A traffic survey was done as a time filler in the middle of the term, and was not one of the higher rated escapades, especially when done in a typical English downpour.

We can look forward now to another two terms of visits, like to the slaughterhouse in the near future, which through squirmed about by some, has gory expectations for others. This should, by most, be ranked highly.

Hannah Pearce and Jeremy Gale 3y





JUST DUMPED

An old boot
On the kitchen floor,
Been dropped.

A hole in the toe,
A flapping sole,
Worn thin.

A torn off lace
Been dragging,
Crusted with mud,

Just dumped.

Juliet Rix. 3Y.

THE RECORD.

A record playing softly in the background,
The soft murmering of informal conversation,
Relaxed, a beautiful change,

Humming to the words of unknown song,
Foot tapping to the tunes of unknown music.
Restful, drowsy, slumbering in happiness.

Tranquillity, a joss stick burns slowly,
The smoke wavers upwards
Undisturbed.
The music dissolves into the walls,
We watch it calmly disappearing.

Playing with the smoke of our cigarettes,
It rises to the ceiling
Twisting and turning in time with music,
Then escaping through the open window,
And merges with the freedom of the reddening sky.

The record ends,
The spell is momentarily broken,
No words are spoken
And somebody silently gets up —

Then once more, the tune is beating inside your head.
The spell is woven again,
A web, you are quite happy to get eaten in.

Eyes shut, head nodding rhythmically,
Smiling, basking in a luxurious trance.
Until you must compensate
For your so called wasted time,
And return to school.

Kate Follows. 4y

ALL THE KING'S MEN

This proved to be a very happy choice as Junior Opera, both with the performers and with the audiences at our two performances in the Spring Term. It is hard to escape ''writing down'' to young musicians, but the pitfalls are admirably avoided both in Beverly Cross's wryly amusing libretto and in the score by Richard Rodney Bennett which, though modern and challenging, has the qualities of tunefulness and sheer fun to inspire the participants.

Crispin Mills looked suitably beleaguered and stiff-upper-lipped as the young Roundhead commander Colonel Massey who finds his city of Gloucester surrounded by superior Royalist forces. Charles I (Helen Berry) looked justifiably confident of success, as did her soldiers who entered boastfully but with undeniable effect from all corners of the hall. Yet His Majesty loses patience with the hevy of nonplussed generals, all of whose plans for taking the city founder in the waters of the Severn. At this point, Doctor Chillingworth (Juliet Rix) suggests the construction of a ''tortoise'' long enough to span the river and give access to the city walls. The machine is built, to the accompaniment of a rousing Latin-American song, and christened (to the Doctor's disgust) Humpty Dumpty. It is launched next morning, but unbeknown to the Royalists Massey has ordered his citizens to widen the river during the night. To the sound of a very effective spoken chorus (which incidentally marked Mr. Collins' debut as conductor), Humpty Dumpty advances into the river, only to prove several yards short and subside to an inglorious crash from the orchestra. Dr. Chillingworth, bereft of a bishopric, retires in dismay: the King marches off in disgust: and the jubilant men and women of Gloucester celebrate their triumph.

Many individual moments stand out in the memory: the defiant exchanges between Massey and the King's Herald (Mehr Khavari): much sensitive singing in the quieter passages, especially by Andrea Baqai and her attendants: the triumphant final Roundhead chorus (in which timidity was overcome only on the day!): and Jeremy Gale's closing solo as the drummer-boy only dimly aware of what the battle is all about.





The attractiveness of the music was also plain in the performance of the orchestra: the percussion section especially enjoyed discussing who should play what, and the pianists welcomed the chance of adding to orthodox playing what is known in wrestling as a ''forearm smash'' as Humpty Dumpty met his end.

Musical direction was in the hands of Rosemarie Hughes, who overcame the architectural difficulties of the hall by an apparent capacity for looking several ways at once. Costumes, setting and well-managed lighting effects ensured that the spectacle on stage never lacked interest. Production was in the hands of Michael Collins and Deborah Pearce.

''All the King's Men'' revealed a wealth of acting and musical talent in the first two years and set a standard which will be a challenge to succeeding forms. Any ideas?

David Pope

Y.F.C.

The Spring bloom saw the beginning of the year. The only trouble being that most of this was lacerated when it was decided that the hedge around the field needed cutting. The rest of the term was spent trussing chickens, and wasting wax in vain efforts at making candles. During the Easter holidays a few members spent some time touring the Eastern England farms drinking tea, eating cakes, and doing the odd bit of cattle judging here and there. Apart from this we managed to win the Y.F.C. schools' trophy, after spending many late nights and early mornings in preparation.





After the rally, it was decided to buy a cow and a calf. This is the biggest investment yet, and we hope to have another calf to look after this Spring. The next thing to do was to plant the potatoes. These went in easily enough but didn't come out very easily. In fact there weren't any to come out because of the dry summer. By this time we had severn lambs, two of which were unwanted by their mothers. These were reared by hand. One did not survive, but the other one, named Rufus — 'Lamb of God' — can be seen happily charging around the field. The rest of the summer term was spent doing odd jobs, including hay making. This was done with great efficiency, thanks to the loan of equipment by Messers Wells and Haigh. The main trouble was that we were not very good at stacking the bales. In fact, once we lost half the load and a couple of people off the back of the trailer. We finished though, and completed our success with a high-speed chase across the field, to the comforts of a hot bath and a good night's sleep.

The new year saw the welcome of new second form members, who blindly and enthusiastically launched themselves into any job.

Our thanks go to Denby Allen for making the club what it is; and to the laundry for putting up with the steady influx of dirty clothes.

Penny Nicholls and Richard Marriage. 6th

The novel, the ballet, the film and the play are all basically, methods of telling a story, and to be effective each method has to employ particular conventions and artifices. A novelist gets his effects through the written word which the reader can come back to again and again if he wishes, but a play is made to be seen and heard, not read, and its story has to be understood immediately at one seeing on a stage. This means that the producer of a particularly well-known play should be careful to direct all his efforts at the one member of his audience who has never seen or heard of the play. I know the story of 'She Stoops', but my hearing is not very good, so after the play I asked three people who had never seen or read it, but had good hearing, whether they had followed the story. The reply in each case was 'Yes'.

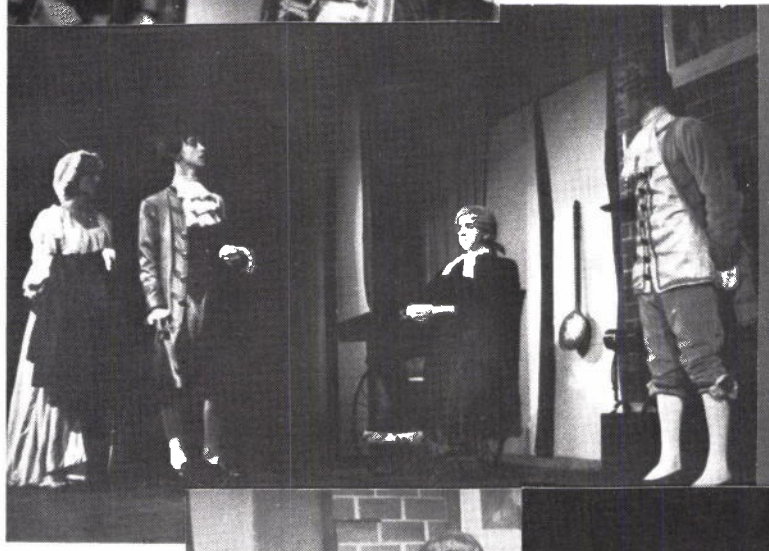
So congratulations, Mike Collins, for telling a story clearly. But this producer must be congratulated on many other things. I like to feel welcomed and immediately interested when I go to the theatre, and the 'She Stoops' set did that splendidly. The grand fireplace, the oak beams, the roasting spit, the warming pan, the wing arm-chair and all the other period-setting objects took my eye and gave me interest from the moment I entered the hall. David Pope's lovely music also set the atmosphere and the period for us, being as always full of delightfully hummable tunes. Lighting was, as it should be, unobtrusively effective, its dimming, blacking and high-lighting being always perfectly timed.

The producer was sensible, too, in deciding to hire costumes: they looked fine, and obviously gave the players much confidence. A special mention, too, must be made of the really excellent make-up, especially that of Trevor Brown whom his best friends failed to recognise. So, full marks to this producer for all those sides to a side-show, which are necessary and require so much imagination and hard-work.

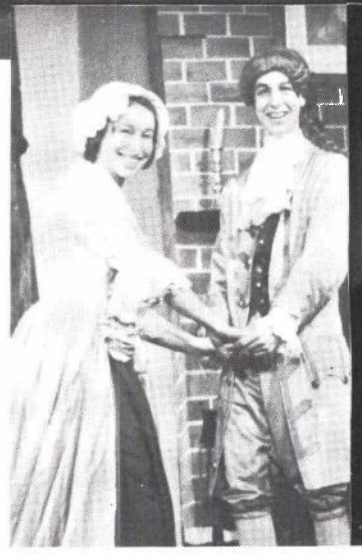
But what about the acting? I went to this production thinking: I wonder how they will manage the asides? In the eighteenth century, the aside and the soliloquy were taken for granted as stage conventions, but as they are rarely employed in plays written for stage or T.V. today, modern actors must use them skillfully and carefully if their audiences are willing to suspend their disbelief. I cannot say that all the cast managed their asides convincingly, but Vicky Chapman as Kate did so splendidly. Vicky's acting, backed up so well by her looks, poise and timing, was excellent throughout. She never over-played, her diction was clear, and her phrasing was just expressive enough.













Only just second to Vicky in stage-sense I would put Richard Freed who played Roger with that slow, controlled ease which is the hall-mark of good clowning. Richard Marriage played Mr Hardcastle with a quiet rather un-expressive voice and immobile face which I felt, did not quite match the emotions which were going on indide this harrassed father. Toby Wilsher revelled in the plum part of Tony Lumpkin, but for me his speaking was not at all clear. Just as the producer should direct his efforts at the one ignoramus in the audience, so the actor should direct his speech at the one deaf member. Ten out of ten to Mike Collin's again, for giving us a taste of Lumpkin's character with that grand opening chase.

Miranda Armstrong-Wright made a valiant attempt at Mrs Hardcastle. One of the difficulties in casting elderly characters in a school play is to find people whose figures, faces and voices can be made to look and sound old. I felt that Miranda was conscious of looking no older than Vicky, but she really did very well in the part — in spite of the loose piece on her mob-cap. Alex Grounds made a fetching and loving Constance. I would have liked her costume to have been grander, but she gave a good performance. Trevor Brown has the experience and the ability to play an elderly character, and how splendidly he was helped by his costume, his wonderful make-up, and that gorgeous wheel-chair: — another great production idea.

I must give a special word of praise to the roysterers at the Inn: a most convincingly staged, directed and acted bit of crowd work. All the servants were well done, too. If small parts are carelessly played, they can ruin a show; it was obvious that care and thought had been given to the directing of all these minor parts.

I now come to two of the main charcters, Marlow and Hastings and I feel I must be honest about Mark Polge and Owen Cox, who played them. Here we have two potentially good actors, luckily endowed with good, clear voices, interesting faces, and extrovert natures. When they learn that an actor doesn't have to hammer every word and gesture at his audience, and to be convincing he must be conscious of his audience only as an anonymous body at the receiving end of his illusion — creating techniques, then they will be an asset to the cast of any play.

And this brings me to my final point — on that most important question: the choice of a play for a school production. Ideally, it should be a play in which young people can really identify with all its characters, situations and ideas. A play of out-moded adult manners, however funny when played by experienced professionals, is not to my mind, very suitable for a school production. Mike Collins was able to give this play all the production and direction ideas it needed, but he could not make young amateurs into skilled professionals. It was a most enjoyable school event, but I felt that the presentation of an improbable story set in the society and stage conventions of Goldsmith's England was just beyond the abilities of most of the cast.

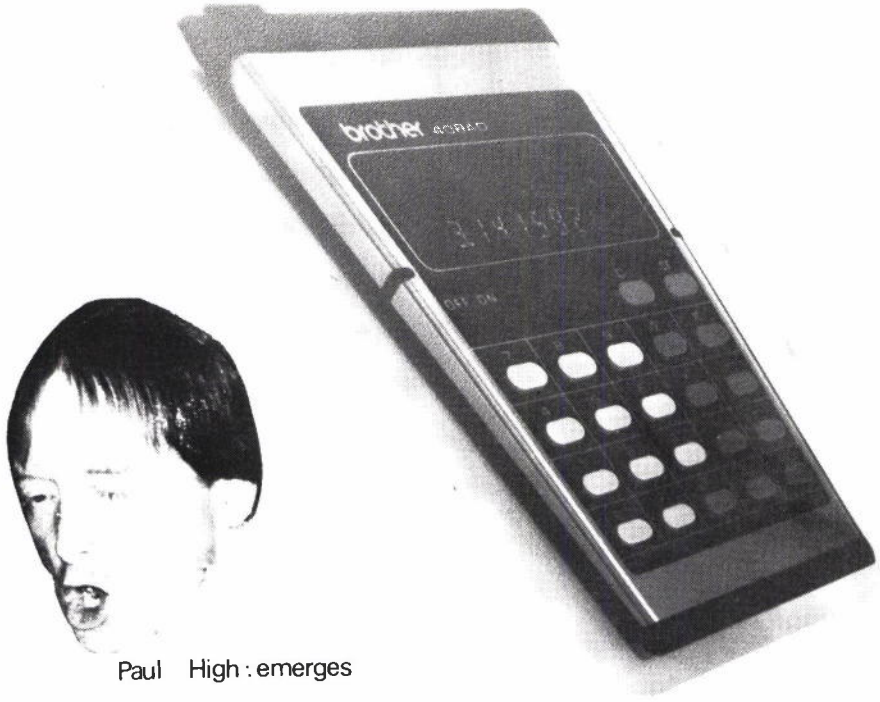
George Scrivener.





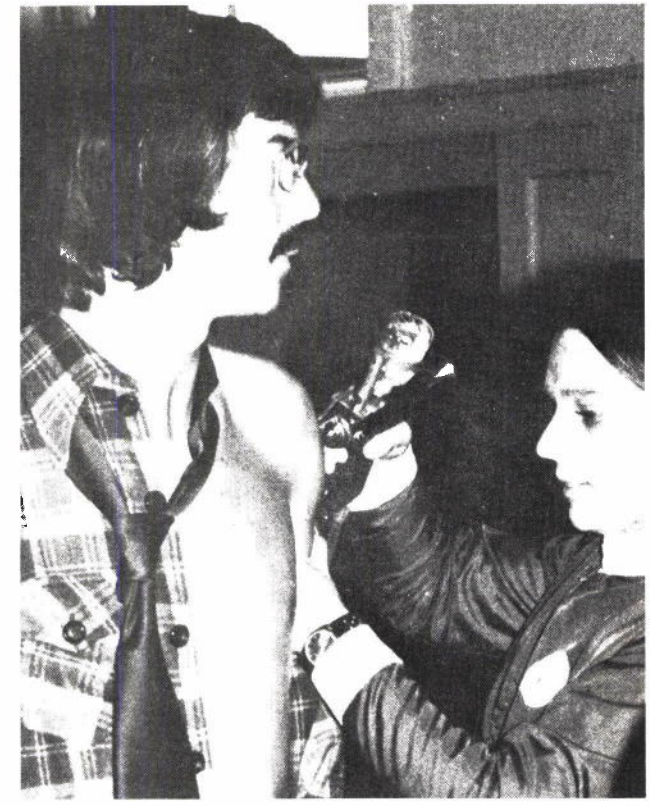
Photos:

GEORGE LANE 4th

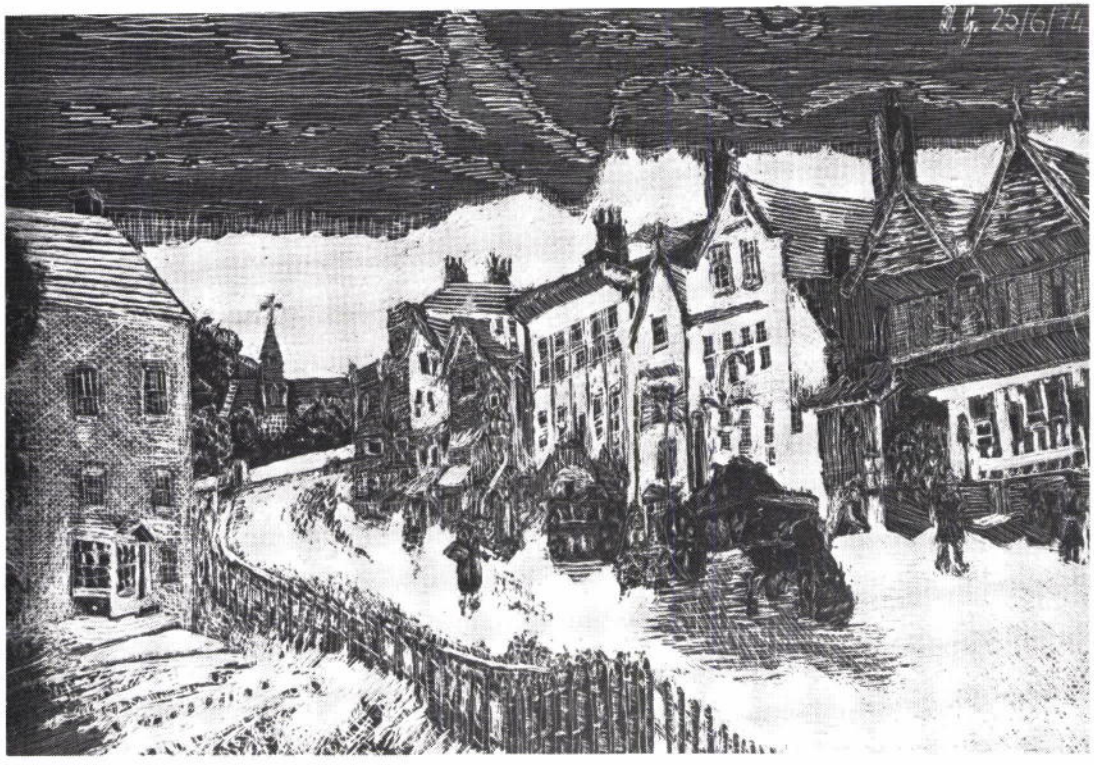


Paul High : emerges

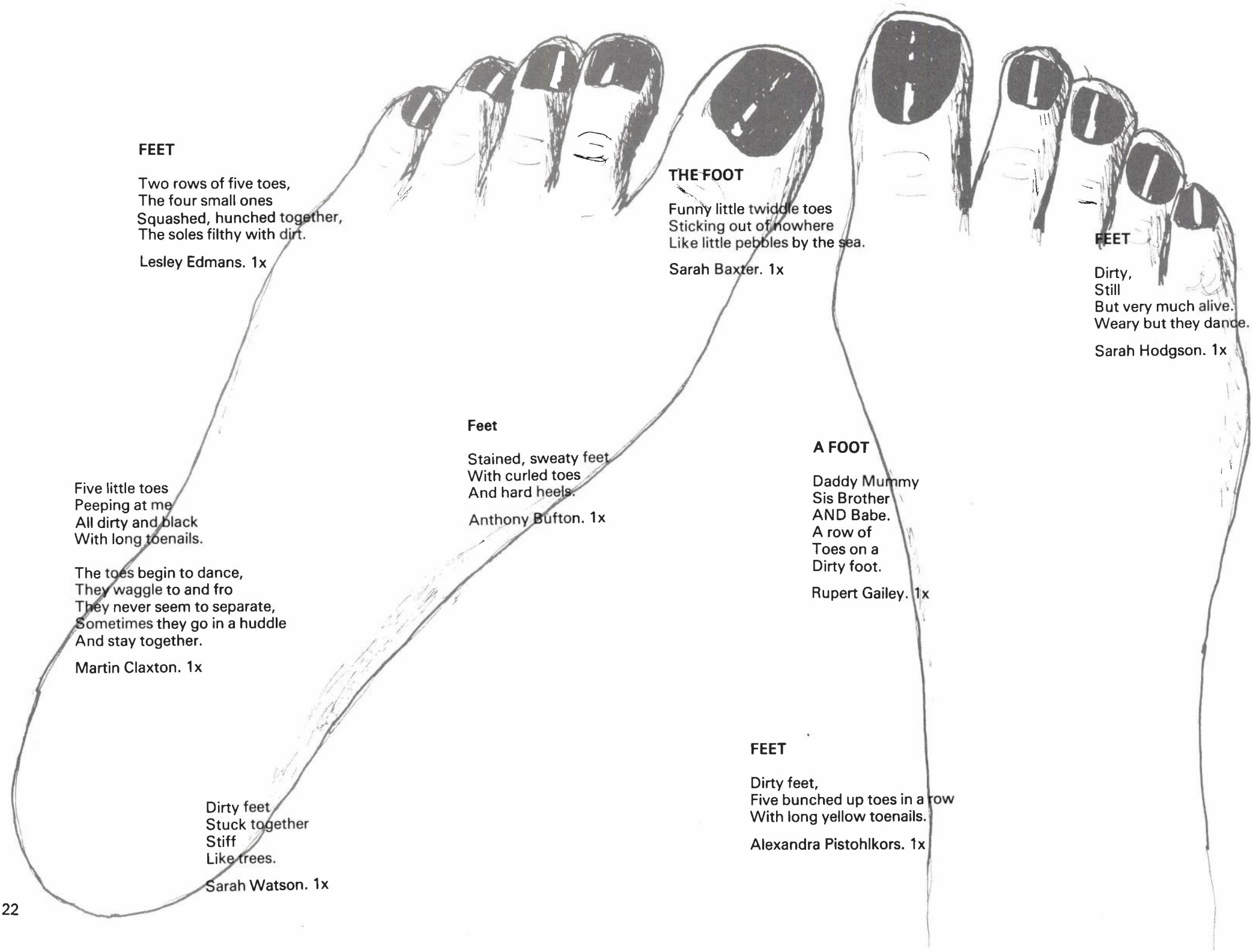




Bravery – Flu' vac







FEET

Two rows of five toes,
The four small ones
Squashed, hunched together,
The soles filthy with dirt.

Lesley Edmans. 1x

THE FOOT

Funny little twiddle toes
Sticking out of nowhere
Like little pebbles by the sea.

Sarah Baxter. 1x

FEET

Dirty,
Still
But very much alive.
Weary but they dance.

Sarah Hodgson. 1x

Feet

Stained, sweaty feet
With curled toes
And hard heels.

Anthony Bufton. 1x

A FOOT

Daddy Mummy
Sis Brother
AND Babe.
A row of
Toes on a
Dirty foot.

Rupert Gailey. 1x

Five little toes
Peeping at me
All dirty and black
With long toenails.

The toes begin to dance,
They waggle to and fro
They never seem to separate,
Sometimes they go in a huddle
And stay together.

Martin Claxton. 1x

FEET

Dirty feet,
Five bunched up toes in a row
With long yellow toenails.

Alexandra Pistohlkors. 1x

Dirty feet
Stuck together
Stiff
Like trees.

Sarah Watson. 1x

OPEN DAY: Reports.

OCTOBER 25th 1975

We came back in the Autumn Term of 6_1 to find the form very changed. Half the people had left at the end of the 5th form and had taken the old character with them. Instead we were a smaller, closer group with an influx of new people who quickly and easily formed a part of the whole.

The first novelty of sixth form life was the lack of uniform. It was lovely to have warm knees in winter and to go around in blue or red or black instead of being permanently bottle green. We gradually came to realise, however, that the statement ''You can wear what you like'' is not quite true. We aresent to change for the following offences: wearing jeans with frayed bottoms, football T-shirts, and shoes without backs. This last rule means that through we are allowed to break our ankles wearing four-inch platforms, we are not allowed to expose our heels wearing clogs. We have also found, through experience, that the only way to keep the rule which forbids us to show any bare midriff in any position is by wearing knee-length jumpers.

In the first part of the Autumn term there was a steadily increasing rush to get the production of ''Hamlet'' ready. By the week of the performance, I doubt if there were many people who hadn't contributed at least a few stitches to the costumes, or a few notes to the incidental music. And despite last-minute cries of ''I don't know my lines'' or ''It's going to be a flop'', the play turned out to be not only vivid and lively but also very original in conception.

Later on in the term, at the time of the October General Election, the school decided to have a campaign of its own. In long assembly that week we listened to candidates from the Labour, Conservative, Liberal and Communist parties—not forgetting, of course, the tartan-clad twosome from the Scottish Nationalists. The meeting was held in a slightly lighter vein than the national elections but nevertheless a very good percentage turned out to vote at recess. Conservatives won by a 7% majority.

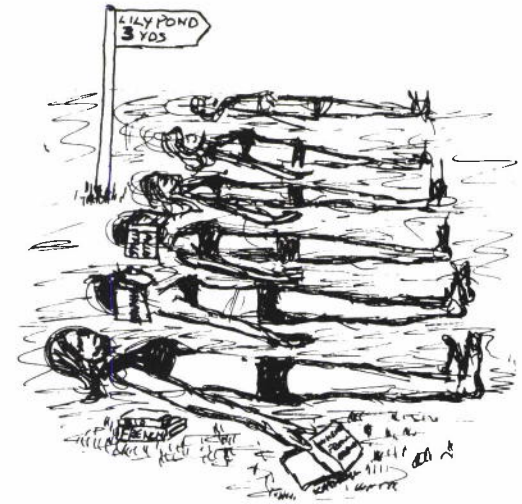
The Spring term seemed hardly to have started when we were faced with mid-year exams. There were a great many discussions as to what the exact point of varied from ''To test your knowledge of the first quarter of the syllabus'' to ''they keep you used to taking exams''. Not all of us were convinced, but, urged on by the thought of half-term, we sat for hours in the damp reservoir racking our brains and occasionally peering round the pillars to see how much time was left.

School Day, the annual event where teachers go home and the scholars take over, was perhaps the major happening of the term. When you think about it, it shows a lot of trust and goodwill on the part of the staff to let such a thing happen when so much could go wrong. But luckily, this trust has given rise to a feeling of responsibility among the students. It is *our* day and we know that we are only hurting ourselves if we spoil it. And so a lot of planning and reparation goes into making it work, mainly on the part of the Sixth Form. It was interesting last year, to be on the side of giving lessons instead of just going to them. It meant you could make your lesson anything you wanted it to be—and variations were immense. There was everything from pop music to yoga, from football to poetry. If any teacher dared to venture into the school buildings, he would have found things rather noisier than usual, but all in all none the worse for that.

A musical highlight of the Spring term was the performance of David Pope's ''French Suite'' which the orchestra found very lively and fun to play, and which kept the audience smiling with pleasure from beginning to end.

Then we sang Handel's Messiah. Richard Sturge managed yet again to make not only the performance but also rehearsals enjoyable and something to look forward to with his ability to get the best out of a motley group.





The hot weather of the Summer term unfortunately did not help our revision for exams. Sunbathing by the lily pond was a continual temptation to lure us from the studious confines of the library, and though occasionally you did see a text book among the bikinis, it was, more often than not, being used as a sunshield.

Just before the summer holidays the form decided to put on a play by Shaw called ''Passion, Poison and Petrifaction''. It was a short one-act farce with all the right ingredients for a good melodrama: jealously, deception and murder.

I have mentioned some of the main features of the year, but to understand the essence of life in 6_1, I must remember the everyday things: the evenings spent drinking coffee and listening to records in common rooms, the cold lessons spent in the reservoir while workmen were knocking the ceiling out of Crosfields, the last-minute rushes to get work done in time, the occasional impromptu dances, taking prep once a week, playing squash agains the swimming pool wall, burning your toast, being late for assembly and having to walk in with everyone looking at you, and all patiently waiting for the new freedoms Emma asked for in her report last year:

Freedom to have cars at school if we wish.
Freedom to smoke sometimes if we wish.
Freedom to go into a pub occasionally if we wish.
Freedom to leave school more often if we wish.

So much wishing, so much talking, still nothing gained. But we've had a good year thinking about it.

Sally West 6_2

25th 1975

It was in a Quaker meeting when I was thinking of a way to start this report. I looked around the room searching for ideas. I looked at how many people had their legs crossed, if their shoe laces were undone. Of course, none were. The people in the back rows were looking a bit bewildered and trying not to laugh at the person opposite. Alas, all these fruitful people didn't give me any ideas, until I looked at the ground. There were very highly polished pine floor boards which looked very attractive, but one stood out most. It was riddled with curving winding holes of a worm. This gave me a brain-wave, since where more appositely should a worm begin than in the reservoir? And this is where I began, especially so since last year's speaker assured us that I will give you a glowing report of the super social centre in action. Unfortunately it has echoed with learning rather than records and poured with condensation rather than with coffee.

In January it had to be used as classrooms, so the process of it being a social centre was delayed. This was because Crosfield was considered unsafe to use, having contained high alumina cement. This meant the school had to find some money to replace the floor and ceiling of the building. The school fees went up that term. Crosfield was abandoned for eight months, until the end of the Summer term, when they started work and was in use for the beginning of this term.

Part of the reservoir is in use for its normal function as television rooms, although two out of the three televisions have broken down.

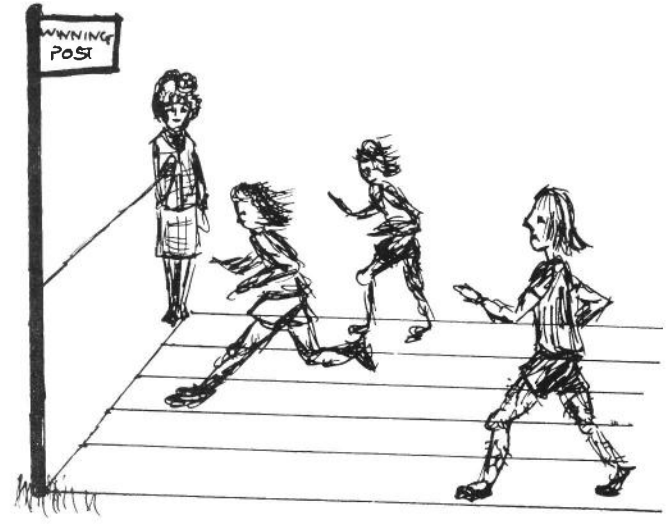
Leicester is in need of furniture more than anything else. The main services like heating and lighting are completed.

The rise to the second form made us feel more part of the school for some reason and some took advantage of having brats or first formers and started be . . . , well, the less said about that the better. This and the constant dull rainy days didn't start the year off very well and made the form feel a little depressed and fed-up.

Work wasn's increasingly harder, in fact, we thought there wasn't much of a change academically. Most of the form thought Human Studies didn't increase our knowledgeable minds, but never-the-less we enjoyed it. In English part of the form took part in a Thursday extended assembly, ''The Whole Truth''; apart from missing a page out it went well.

There were some entertaining films nearly every other Saturday evening. The ones enjoyed most were: Kes, Our Man Flint, Planet of the Apes, On the Beach, Some Like it Hot, Flame and the Arrow, The Omega Man. The main entertainment of the term was the play ''Hamlet'' done by the senior school, produced by Mark Miller, with main actors Trevor Brown (Hamlet), Hannah Roberts and James Stock. Although the language was at times a little difficult to grasp, it was enjoyed, especially the last scenes.

We were able to experience another production of ''Hamlet'' on the first Sunday of this term, by the company of young players from Hemel Hempstead, led by the Wilsher family. The group also did a performance of ''As you like it'' last Autumn term.



The Christmas dance was enjoyed by many. The decorations were quite elaborate, with the Christmas tree in the centre and there was a small alcove where there were easy chairs to relax after the flowing mistletoe. All the dances during the year have been ver well decorated. There was one with an entrance you have to go under and then up and down before you could enter. There was one with two old baths with bubbles flying above it. No flowing water.

The last day of the first half of term there was, as well as Parents' Day, a Sports Festival. This was a new feature, where different forms did games. For example some boys did swimming survivals, some did football, girls did hockey. The parents could go around looking a different sports. This was so you could see how bad or how good we were at sports. To end the term we had an evening meeting of carols.

The Spring term started with the news of Crosfield being unsafe, and we moved into the reservoir, where teaching and learning were made more difficult by the lights being at the wrong angle and the echoing formed by the arches. Things didn't start to get exciting until the Opera ''All the King's Men'' by Richard Adams. It was performed by the first and second forms and conducted by Rosemarie Hughes, piano David Pope, scenery and lighting Mike Collins and Deborah Pearoe. Only three weeks before the performance the producer were tense about the quality of our singing and if it was going to get off its feet. It went well and pleased the audience, both by the comedy and the singing. It also celebrated Rosemarie Hughes' birthday.

It was followed by the play ''Granmother's footsteps'' produced by Mark Miller and performed by the middle school. The last Sunday of term senior choir gave a wonderful performance of Messiah by Handel, conducted by Mr. Sturge, parents and scholars were invited to join in on the Hallelujah Chorus.

The Summer term started with the gorgeous weather. The sun shone most of the term and opened out the opportunity for a full games programme. All the sports, cricket, athletics and swimming had a good term. The under fourteen cricket team lost only one match—against Newport. In athletics four people from the junior section got into the finals of the North West Essex Championships at Harlow. They were Olly Freed, Eddie Cox and George Lane, and modesty forbids me to tell you the fourth. Later Eddie Cox and George Lane represented the Essex Championships. Swimming was also successful with quite a few records broken. Generally it was a good term for the junior section of the school.

On Saturday, May 10th the Young Farmers' Club (Y.F.C.) led by Denby Allen, went off to Hylands Park, Chelmsford. The weather was a little dull and cloudy, but didn't rain. We exhibited a scraper board, a home-made candle, a decorated victoria sponge cake, a miniature garden, poultry trussing, a rabbit, and many other subjects. Y.F.C. exhibited their own school hen and cock and won, considering we were the only ones that entered for it. The day was also enlivened by a death-defying dive from Flames into Flames, motorised bathtubs, vintage tractors, Scottish dancing, a hot air balloon which didn't take off, and last but not least Madame Cholet of the Wombles. We won the shield again, having won it the previous year, but Denby forgot to bring it. It was a very enjoyable day, except for me when I went to collect the victoria sponge cake which was awarded first prize and then stolen. My thoughts of stuffing myself on the way back on the coach sank. Recently Y.F C. have bought their most expensive item—a cow with a calf; we expect another addition in February and are building an ac-counchement hut.

We had ten lambs last term, but unfortunately three of them died at birth or soon after. This was a bad year and the most deaths we had suffered. One was rejected by its mother and had to be hand-fed, but all the rest of the lambs are doing well at the moment.

Since the weather was nice and the end of the year exams were soon coming, people were revising. One Sunday very near the beginning of exams there was a heat wave and everyone was taking books on to the field to revise, whether they set eyes on what revision theyhad to do was another matter.

In the middle of the term Quintus Benziger played and told us all about the harpsichord in an extended assembly. He played pieces composed by Henry VIII including ''Flight of the Bumble Bee''.



The previous Sunday First Orchestra did a concert at Friends' Meeting House. There were French folk songs with David Pope's character mingled in. The middle Orchestra did a concert on a Sunday afternoon of pieces from Mozart, Bobby Shaftoe, and some more of David Pope's French folk songs. Helen Pitstow did a solo for the violin concerto in G major from Mozart.

The last Sunday of term Gibson House went on another excursion to Walton-on-the-Naze for the second time running. The day was spent relaxing, going to the fair, fossil hunting and building sand castles. Besides the East wind, it was voted a success.





Rambles during the year have been very popular throughout the school. There were four in all of groups varying from 30-40 people, led by Anthony Ratcliffe. In the Autumn term there were two, one starting at Harlow and along forest way to Epping and the other from Saffron Walden to the Windmill at Chrishall. During the other two terms there was one on the other half of forest way and the other from Snape to Thor-peness by the coast. On all of these rambles Mr. John, who had recently retired from teaching at the school, accompanied the group to see friends and to get some exercise.

Well, as time is proceeding and you are probably filled with boredom, let me close, hoping that next year's speaker will tell us all about the success of Leicester, and the flourishing social centre all in action.

Jeremy Gale 3y

PANTO LINES

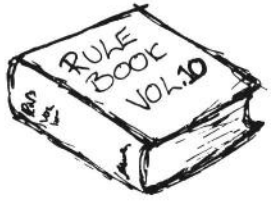
1 Each morning we rise at ten minutes to eight
Our timing is perfect, except when we're late.
The lessons commence at a quarter past nine,
Plus the ten minutes' difference from BBC time.
A punctual prep start is rarely observed,
The promptness of bedtimes is barely preserved.
The facts of the matter appear to insist
That synchronous time pieces do not exist.

chorus There's Cyril and Basher and Sherlock and Jean,
Nod, Gnome and Gillett and Ena the Queen
The School might be perfect
If only some day
They'd follow their leader to the US of A.

2 Despite good intent some of us grow frustrated
At keeping these rules we consider outdated.
And our courtesy fails us with certain staff members
Who will dexterous cunning track down the offenders.
They censure our apathy, not that we care;
The width of girls' shoestraps, the length of boys' hair.
If it weren't for our sacred community spirit
We'd have burned down the building with everything in it.

3 Pre-Greek philosophers study the human
The master of music gives Handel and Schumann.
Physics is lively, if somewhat erratic;
Like wiseone maths teacher, short but dramatic.
In Bio the smoother approach is preferred;
With English it's wit or the critical word.
Old but indistrious, disciplined history
Like Latin is learned, though its use is a mystery.

A. B. Hill 6,







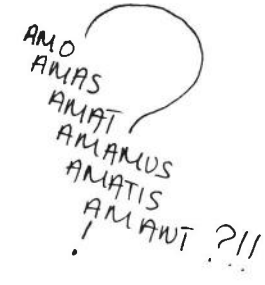


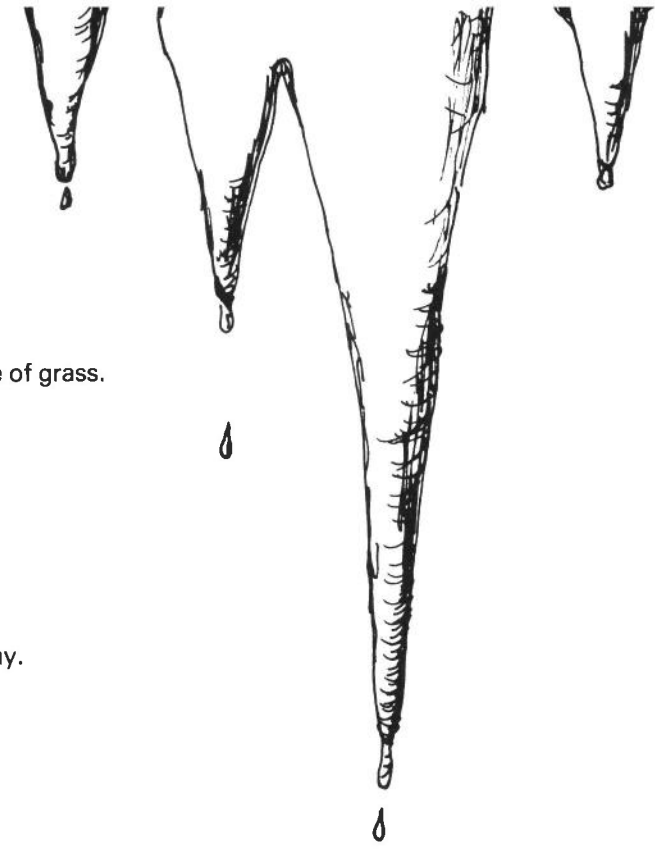


HAMLET by COYPU

Early in September, on a Sunday afternoon, we were privileged to see Hamlet, produced by Jill Wilsher, performed by young players. In the Hall we found an interesting two-level set at the wrong end of the building, already peopled with relaxed tense actors. As they put on costumes and prepared to start, we were mentally got ready with them. Hamlet himself turned out to be nervous, intense, preoccupied and sullied flesh, living or dead. The company played well together, with considerable assurance and individuality. Apart from Hamlet's own performance, there were touches of brilliance: the players' miming, Ophelia's doll-daddy, for example. The audience was held form start to finish. But there were aspects of the production that I found unforgiveable, unShakespearian: the lack of variety in the costumes; the occasional wilfull distortions of the text; and worst of all, altering the order of the opening scenes. How can any producer reject the brooding battlements, the ghost, followed by the corrupt cheer of the court? I could see the point, though. Everything in this production had its point, excogitated with keen intelligence. Certainly this Hamlet was a most rewarding experience for young players and audience alike.

Mark Miller





FROST

It arrives in the night,
When nobody is there,
And curls its icy fingers round every blade of grass.
The trees lie dead,
Not a rustle to be heard.
Everything motionless,
Apart from a small boy,
His breath going up in great clouds.
Then the sun appears from nowhere,
A great globe in the sky,
And the world unfreezes
And the mist goes away
And the forst lets the world live anothe day.

Paddy Allen. 1Y

FROST

It freezes pipes.
And also my dad's fields which he doesn't like.
It makes home cold.
And freezes the old.
It has no fright and it can fight.

It's cold and frozed.
It seems strong and royal.
It's always smart and clean
But in the end it melts away.

Mark Goddard. 1y

FROST

Everything is white
And sparkling in the sun
But soon it will evapor ate
And then it will all be gone
But while it is here it is really good fun
For slipping, sliding and also falling down.

Mark Deatker 1y

FROST

Frost is cold white stuff
That comes during the night,
In the morning it dominates
The scene,
Mixed togehter with the fog.
It comes during the night
Looking for somewhere to sleep.
He covers himself with
A thick blanket of fog,
In the morning
When the wind comes
And blows away the blanket
The frost decides to lie in
Until finally the sun
Tells the old tramp to go away.

Simon Pimblett. 1y

REFLECTIONS

It is the very apathy that strikes one first on returning to Friend's from Bryanston. The way people sit around in Common Rooms with loud music on, killing any conversation; this is a situation not untypical of FSSW but un paralleled at Bryanston. In defence one could say that the atmosphere at Friends' is less intense and more easy going. Since there are individual studies instead of common rooms, the social units are smaller at Bryanston and on meeting people have a lot more to say to each other.

Bryanston is a boys' Public School with a total of about ninety girls. This means that each girl holds a prestigious position in the community and she is therefore treated with respect. Inevitably this leads to some girls receiving an undue amount of attention. This in turn might mean that she gets a wrong idea of her own abilities with respect of the boys. It might come as a bit of a shock later to discover that she isn't as marvellous as she has come to think.

I think that people tend to be less honest with each other there than at Friends'. Girls like me have to be much more in control of their behaviour and less spontaneous in their moods. At Friends' it is a lot easier to speak one's mind, although I think that the result of this is a general lack of tact. The much more open atmosphere at Friends' simply does not exist at Bryanston. There are comperatively few rules at Walden where others are more aware of you as an individual, rather than just another pupil of the school. Relations between individual staff and pupils do not exist in the same way that they do at Friends', although the tutor system at Bryanston does ensure that every pupil knows that he has at least one means of direct contact with the Staff common room, and someone who will maintain his rights there.

The effect on all sides at Bryanston is the production of a much more positive and active community. The school is developing towards co-education and still has a relative falseness compared with society in general.

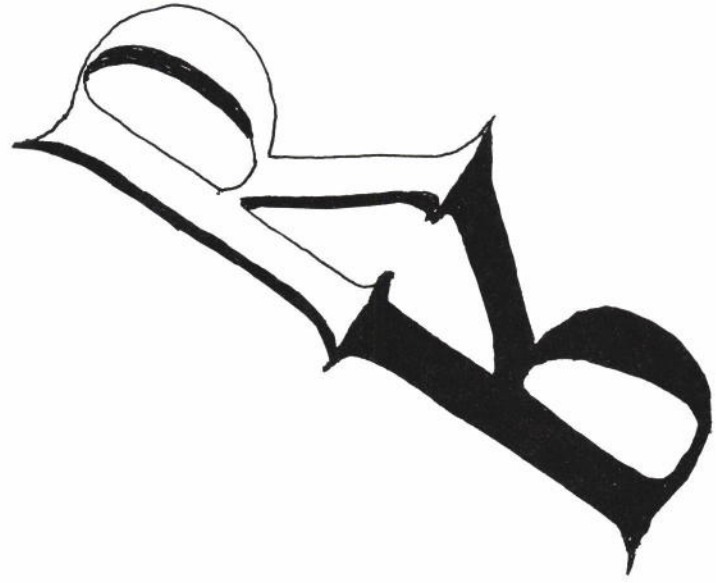
Friends' School has a great deal to offer to anyone who is willing to put something into the place, but it is the lack of such people that places a limit on its success.

Jo Holmes O.S.
Ann Britten O.S.

REFLECTIONS
Brummana, Lebanon

Brummana is a typical Lebanese school; although it is international, it is still an image of a Lebanese village. It is about one hour's drive from the city of Beirut. The school is not very big and doesn't have many boarders. It has stone houses which are used as classrooms with red tiles on the roof. It has some modern accessories, the swimming pool, for example. The food is mainly Lebanese which is the same as here, but with the addition of spices. This year the school ran down because of the terrible civil war raging in Beirut. Brummana High School is a Quaker school, like this one. There are many afternoon clubs, when we have no lessons. Every Saturday there is a film unless there is play or a holiday. Most of the scholars come from Saudi Arabia, but a lot come from Britain. We have a beautiful view of the city and the sunset in the west.

Adam Egee 2X



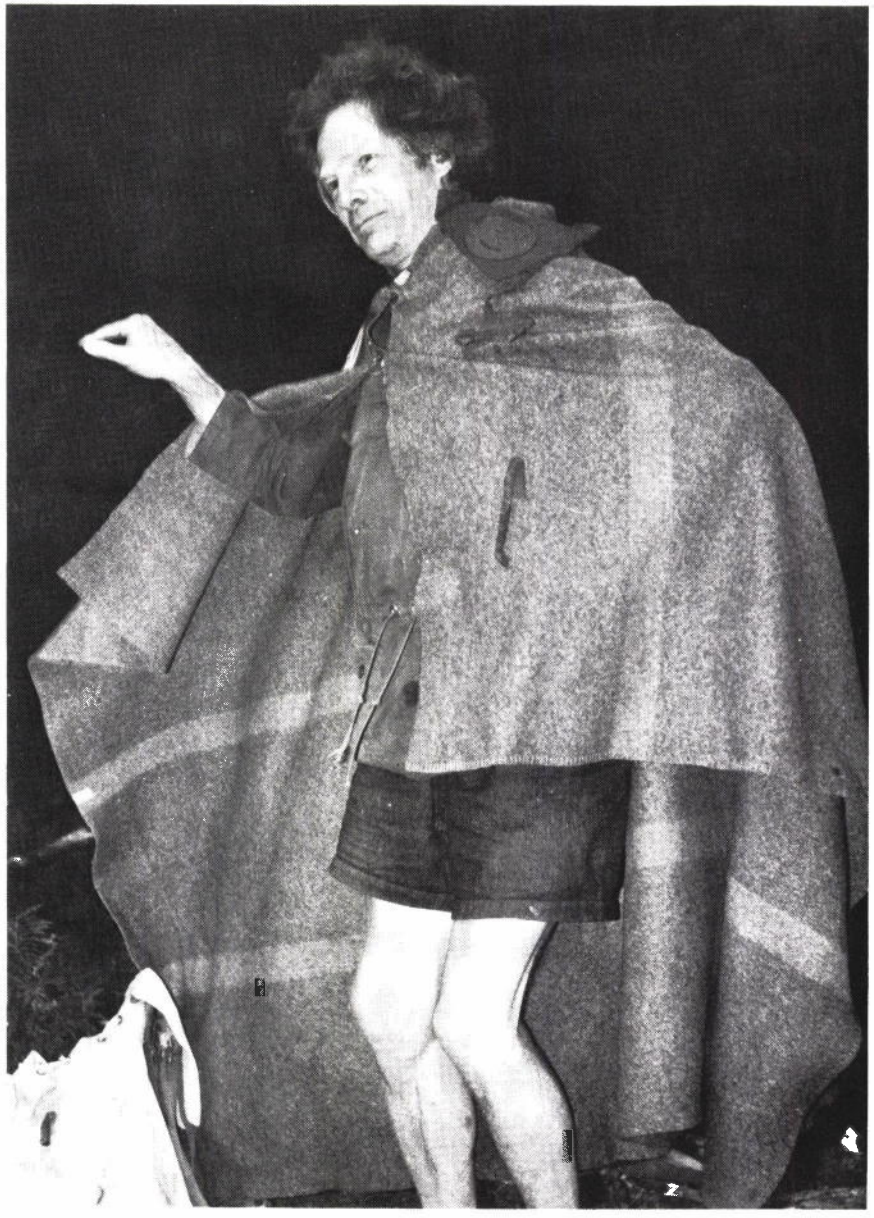


WATER REFLECTIONS

Reflections
In a pond

Gaze back at
Their owners.

Stuart Mills. 1x

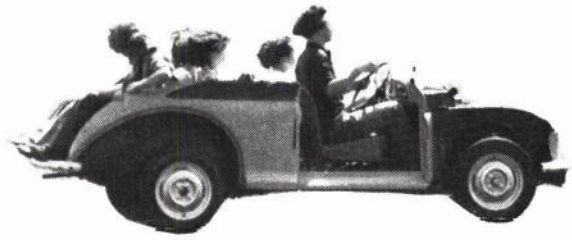


It's a little teapot
Short and stout
There's its handle
And there's its spout

When the kettle's boiling
Hear it shout
Fill it up
Then pour it out

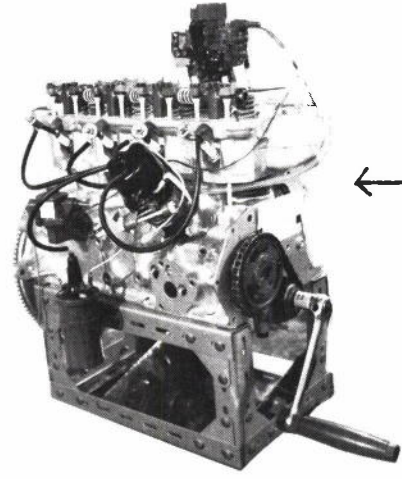
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motor club

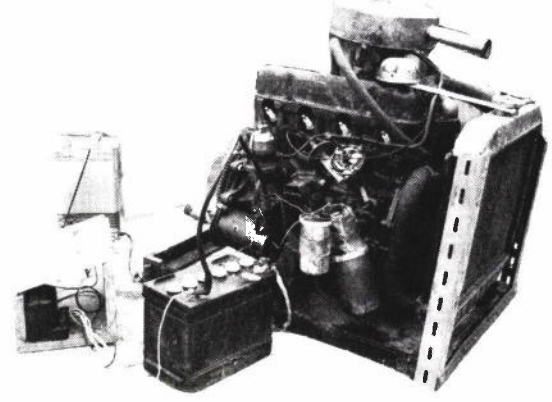


Our Francis Barnett 125 cc motorcycle which was bought in a delapidated state and stripped down, cleaned and reassembled by Richard Wood Richard Freed and Adrian Stainton.





This project was initiated by Martin Broom. It involved stripping down an Anglia 105 E engine and then cleaning, painting and reassembling it. Sections have been cut away to permit demonstration of the moving parts.



Another 105 E engine but this one, which is mounted on a frame made from an old school bed, is in working order. The control panel and improvised petrol tank can be seen on the left. Peter, Leslie, Ian, Nicholas Alex, Iain, Francis, Olly and Ralph helped with this project.

You shook the branch
So that the fruit would fall into my hands
But I kept my hands at my side
And looked down my nose
So they fell on to cold ground.

And I
At the lift of a finger
Made you
With your great capacity for hope
Lay your possessions
At my feet,

So I
With glee
Kicked your side.

Too late
Such folly makes its own terms
Table turned
I now
Am the enslaved

With no hope.

Anon. 6_1

COINCIDENCE

Who would have thought that I should meet
A person walking down the street
And I would tread upon her feet?

Who would have guessed that I gave her tea,
And asked her what her name could be
And fancied that she fancied me.

I guessed too late what might ensue.
Theatre tickets and dinner for two.
What sort of harm could it possibly do?

Maria was away for a Month in Spain
There would be no reason for her to complain.
I need never see the girl again.

An accident, a slip of the tongue,
I felt myself near the bottom rung.
Maria, I said, she was only young.

Sadly, Maria was not that kind,
Coincidence, I thought, but blind
To the intricate workings of a womans mind.

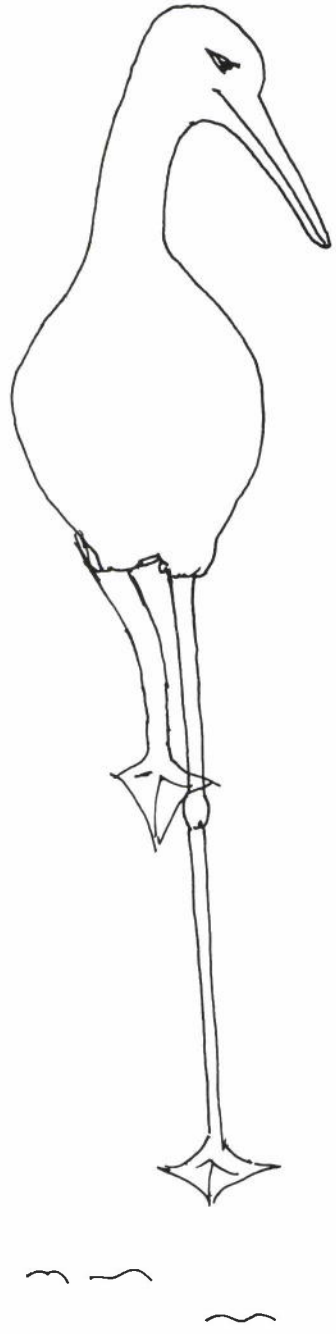
C.A.M. 6_3

THE PATIENT KILLER OF THE MARSHES

He rests standing on one leg,
With head hunched between his shoulders,
Eyes half closed he waits for his prey.
What will it be.
Shiny trout,
Or slippery eel;
Whatever,
He'll wait in endless patience.
He looks asleep,
But is alert and ready.
For hours and hours he'll wait,
That's the patient killer of the marshes.

Along comes a slippery eel,
He's seen it and waits.
Then like a streak of lightening
He darts forward
And stabs with his yellow beak.
After a long time he has his prey,
The only tactic
Was his endless patience.

Robert Scott. 1y



THE BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP SONG

Monday: We walk the moor, we pick wild flowers,
And press them in a book.
For supper we had curry
And Martin was the cook.

Chorus: Solo: I'm a Bioligist and I'm O.K.,
I sleep all night and work all day.
All: He's a Biologist and he's O.K.,
He drinks all night and he sleeps all day.

Tuesday: On Tuesday we went to the Esk,
The fishes did not bite.
For supper we had Jo's marrows,
And stomach ache all night.

Chorus.

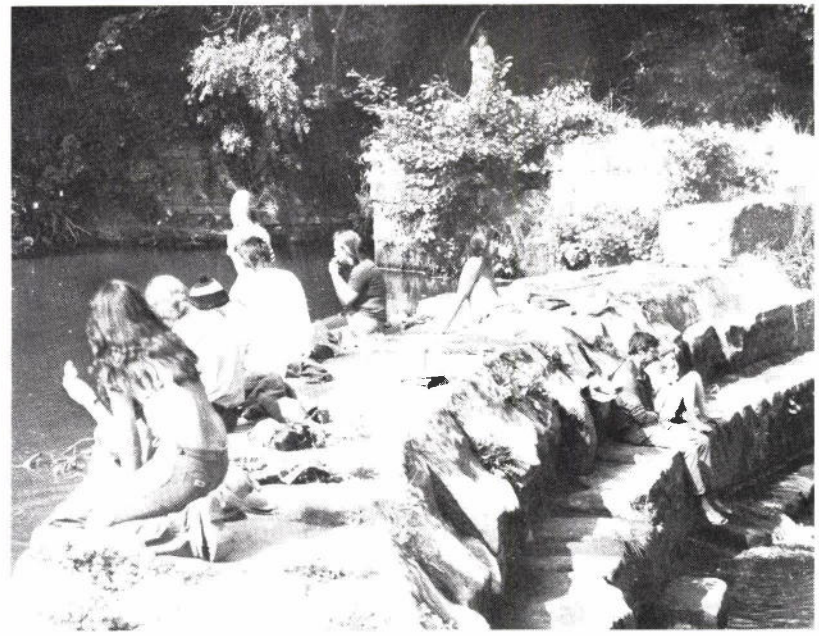


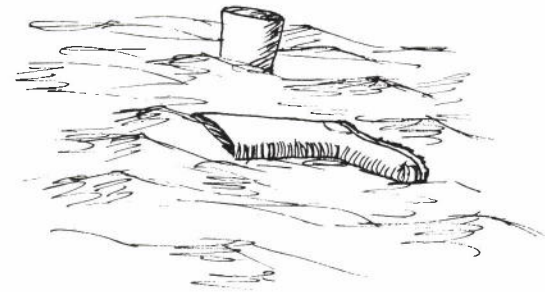
Wednesday: Today we had a picnic,
And found fossils by the sea.
The weather it was sunny,
And the hill was 1:3.

Chorus.

Thursday: Today we pushed down pine trees,
And frolicked in the heather.
We painted ants red, blue and green,
And sunny was the weather.

Chorus.

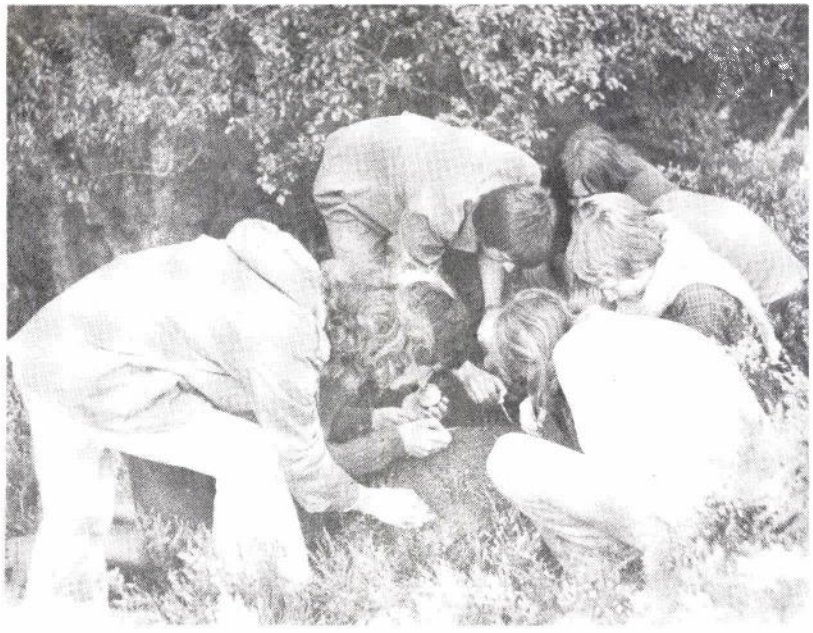




Friday: Today we did a transect,
Laying tapes upon the ground.
Robert took his wellies off,
And sadly they got drowned.

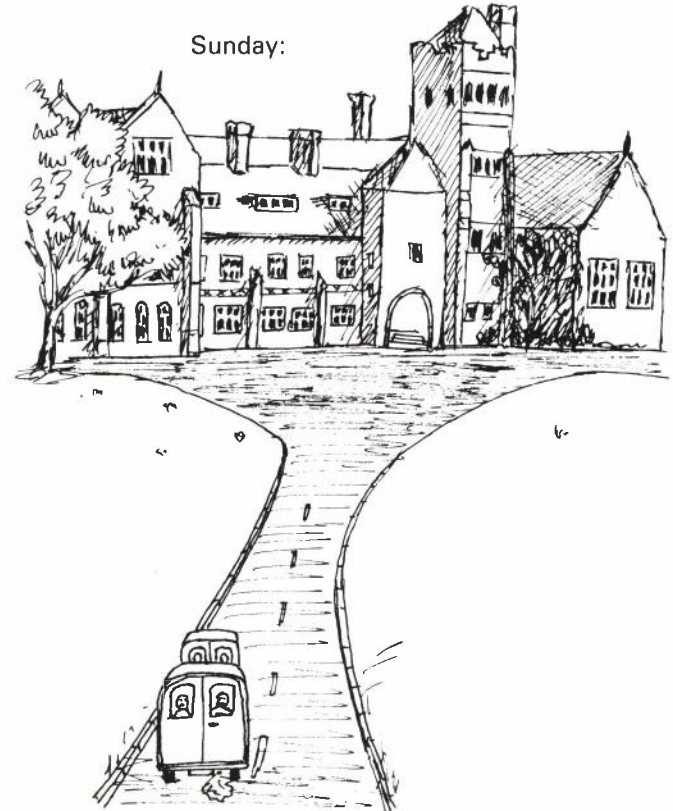
Chorus.

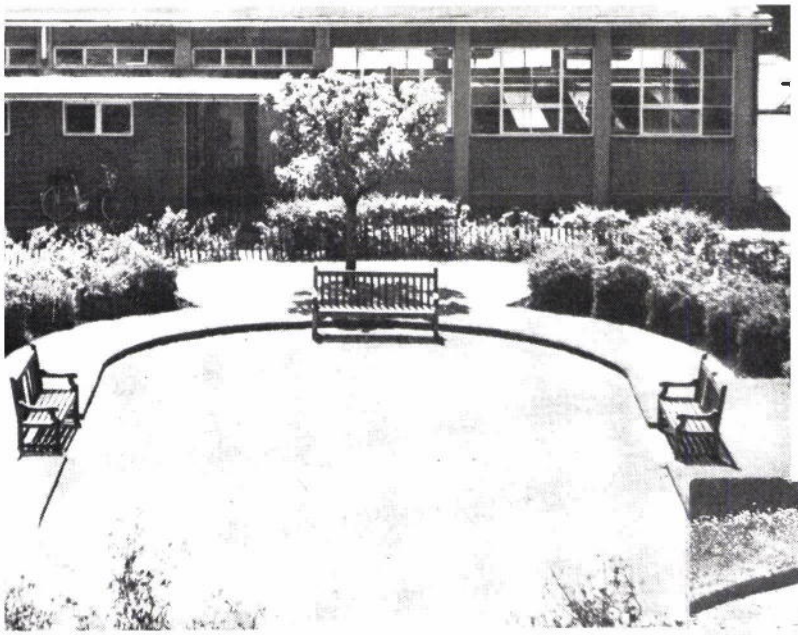
Saturday: Today we did our projects,
And went our separate ways.
For some it was the moorland,
For others, Robin Hood's Bay.



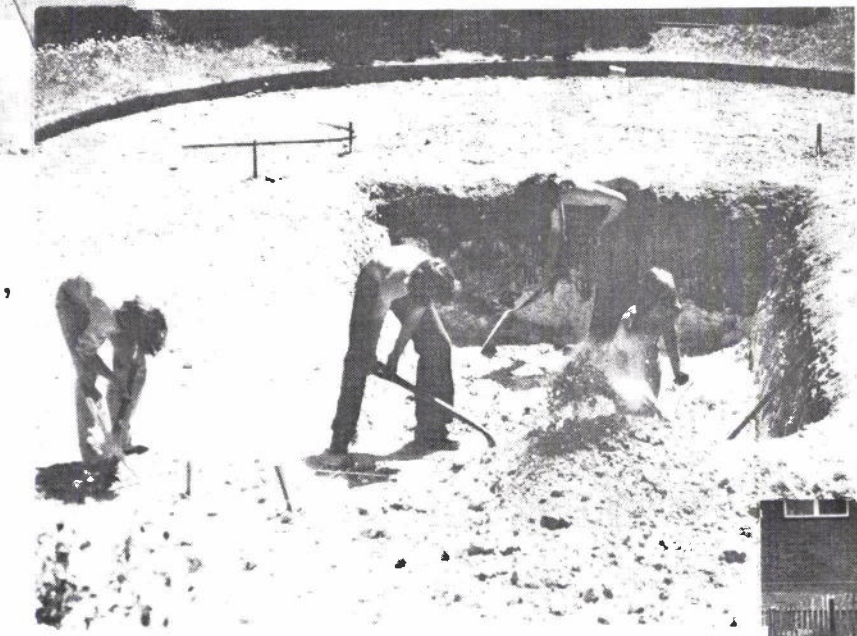


Sunday:





hugall's hole



Measuring 20' x 7' x 2½' deep, with a shelf at one end for marsh plants, the Horseshoe Pond will, when stocked, provide a source of freshwater material for the Biology Labs.

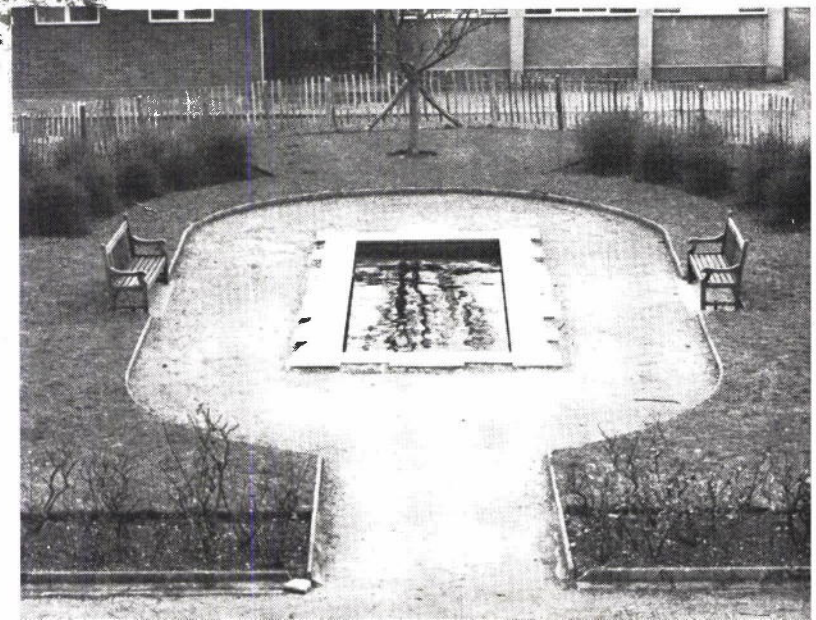
Although initially a post 'o' level project, the pond would never have been completed but for the help of many other scholars who assisted in its excavation.

Having settled for a rectangular design, the site was marked out and the digging commenced. Pickaxes were wielded by some, while others shovelled the chalk and flint out of the hole and into a trailer to be carted away.

After a week, the hole being complete, a polythene liner was laid before the steel reinforcements were placed in position and 9" of concrete poured into the bottom.

Next came the more exacting task of preparing the wooden shuttering and lowering this into position so that the concrete for the sides could be poured.

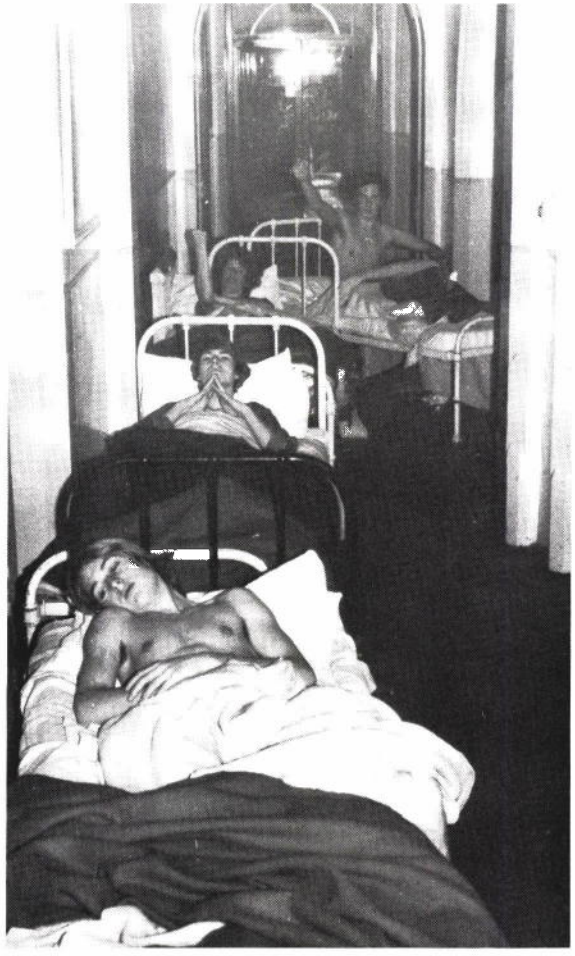
Finally the shuttering was removed and an overflow connected up to a disused drain, which had been uncovered during the excavation, and concrete slabs laid around the edge.



stop press



Judith and John



6_2 BOYS EXCURSION

Births: Rufus the Lamb last Spring.
A calf about a week ago – Jan. } Both Y.F.C products!

Engagements: John Gillett and Judith

Martin Hugall (Biology) and Rosemary

Doreen Hunt (Sister – See P. 3) – not to an old scholar.

and may we wish them every success for the future!

6_2 Boys Excursion:

Several years ago early arrivers at breakfast were greated by all 6_2 boys in their beds scattered about the corridor.

At the end of last Autumn term, the five 6_2 boy boarders managed to deceive their ever-ready Housemaster, and in the morning were discovered in the situation in the photograph to the left, taken by one of the offenders.

We would like to mention
Kathryn's kute kartoons
Suzy's stylish stuff
Terry's terrific typing
Trevor's turbulant tactics
Pradips professional printing
Vicky's versatile vivacity
Richards ribald remarks

cover: NICK GREAVES

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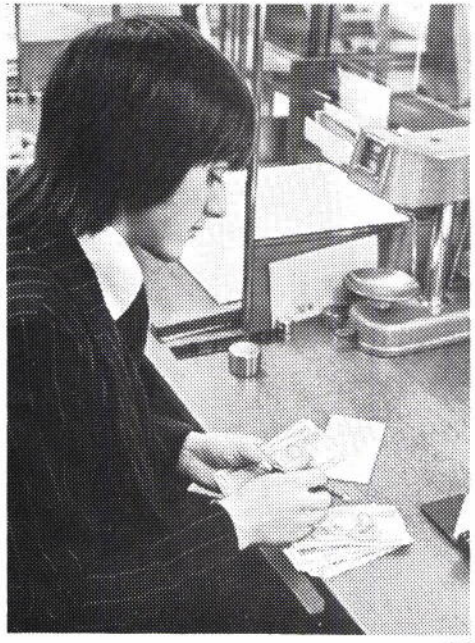
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At what age should you give someone responsibility?



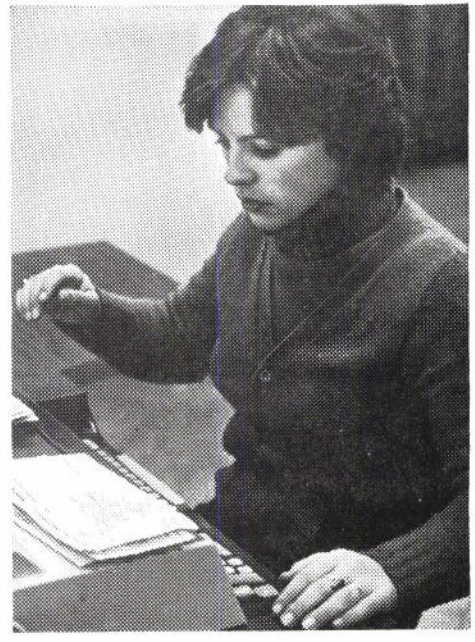
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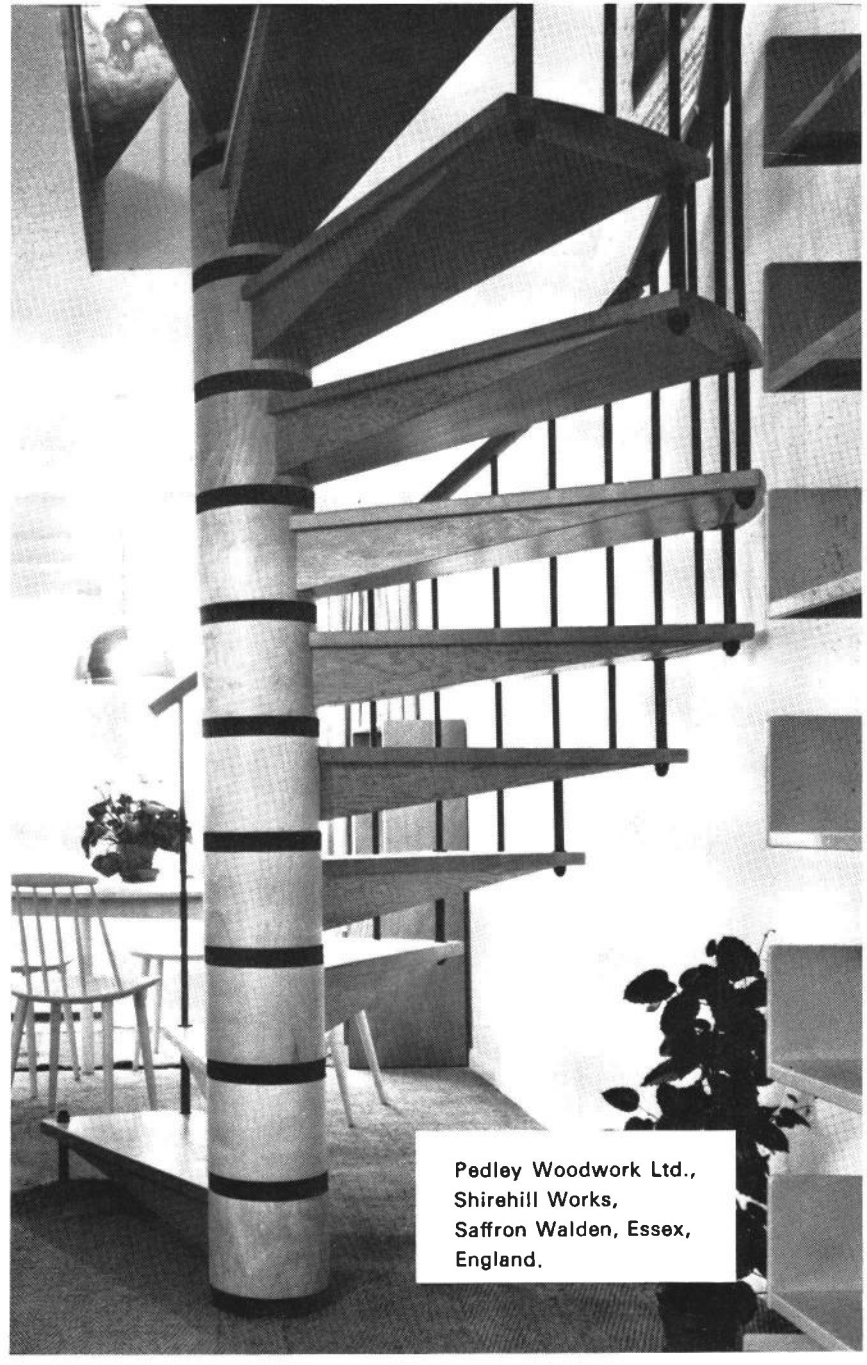
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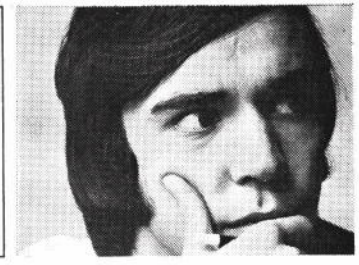
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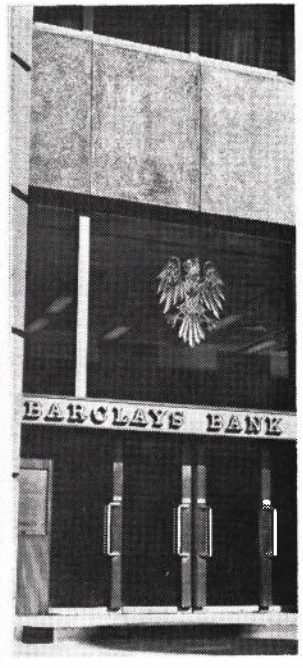
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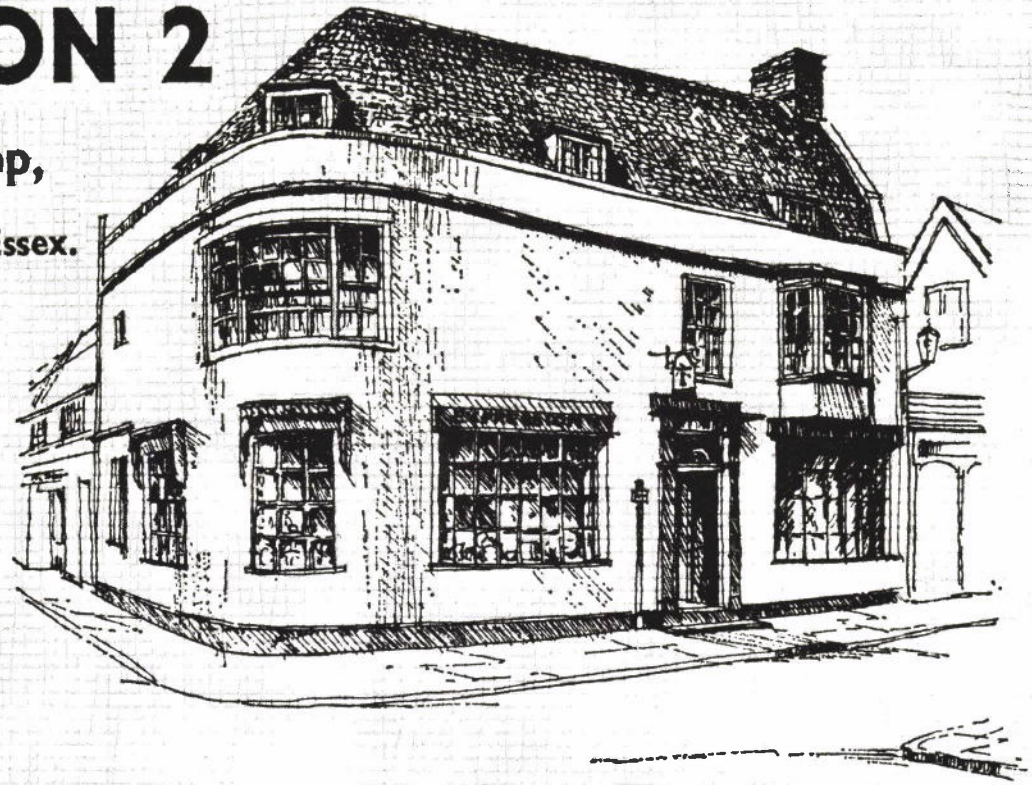


BARCLAYS

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EXPRESSION 2

The Card Shop,
13 George Street,
Saffron Walden, Essex.



EXPRESSION 3

The Music Centre,
27 High Street,
Saffron Walden, Essex.

EXPRESSION 1

The China Shop,
51 High Street,
Saffron Walden, Essex.

Kitchens,
Abbey Lane,
Saffron Walden, Essex.

Tel. Saffron Walden 22443