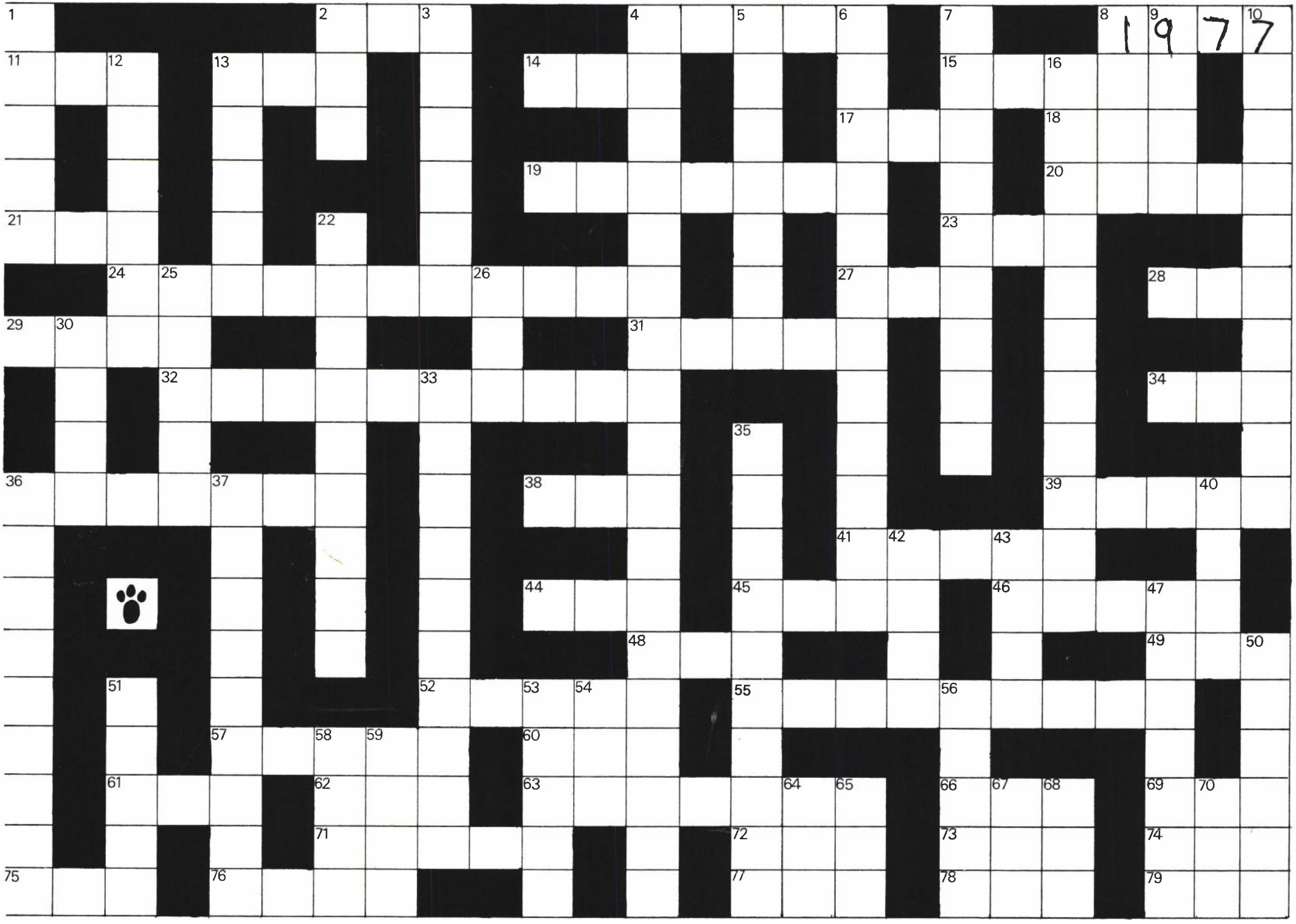

1977



HE DIDN'T WRITE FOR THE AVENUE

INTRODUCTION;

← This is the local press gang.

Other volunteers were Bebe and Evette who kindly sketched on demand where alarming gaps were found. Richard Wood, Pradip Malde George Lane, Nick Greaves and Martin Hugall were the professional photographers. We are also greatly indebted to Sir Anon who has been even more industrious this year than last. Perhaps his true identity will one day reveal itself for his poems are nothing to be ashamed of. Various individuals arranged their own pages.

Thanks also to Mr. Ratcliffe who goaded us into action one week before press date. Cover: Greg Bufton, ably assisted by Anthony Phillips.

For anything else you want to know ---

Read on-----

INTER ALIA

Spring Term 1976

The first event of the new term was the Friends' Schools TV weekend attended by scholars and staff of several Friends' Schools. Dr. Joysey's sixth form lecture on the Zaire River Expedition was the most popular of the year, and the very next day we had choir and orchestra at Thaxted church playing and singing Bach and Brahms. Of this term's Evening Meetings Sunday February 1st was well remembered for Peter Berg's African Sanctus. The end of term saw the departure of the Kenya Group and the Geographers on their field course (see below)





Come into my parlour.....?

Duncan Fairn opens the Croydon gate

SUMMER TERM

This term began with the School Photo on the front lawn, and soon after we received visitors on Quaker Open Day, a fitting occasion for the opening of the Croydon Gates. This drought-ridden term was also the occasion for the Chelmsford Music Festival, visits to Covent Garden for the opera and ballet versions of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', the Scouts' Training Camp and a very successful Sponsored Crawl in aid of Collections Committee.Term ended with the sad loss of David Pope, our resident composer, gone to Brackley, Rosemarie Hughes, gone peripatetic, and Edith Snellgrove. Our greatest loss was Bursar Eric Brown after thirty years.

AUTUMN TERM

The long Autumn term began with the new intake and new staff, including Jane Shears to teach French and Ruth Underwood (German). Our new bursar, Louis Trotter, took up his duties. Sadly we lost our capable caterer, Alan King. Mark Miller's production of Pantagleize is described elsewhere in this issue, but rehearsals also began for the joint Friends' Schools performance of the Verdi Requiem in York Minster on 27 March 1977. Term ended with a ramble and traditional carols, Christmas dinner and tea and the very successful Christmas Dance. We were sorry to lose John Gillett, who is off to teach in Didcot, sorry too to hear that Ena Evans is leaving at Easter for a headship in Birmingham.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF FRIENDS' SCHOOL

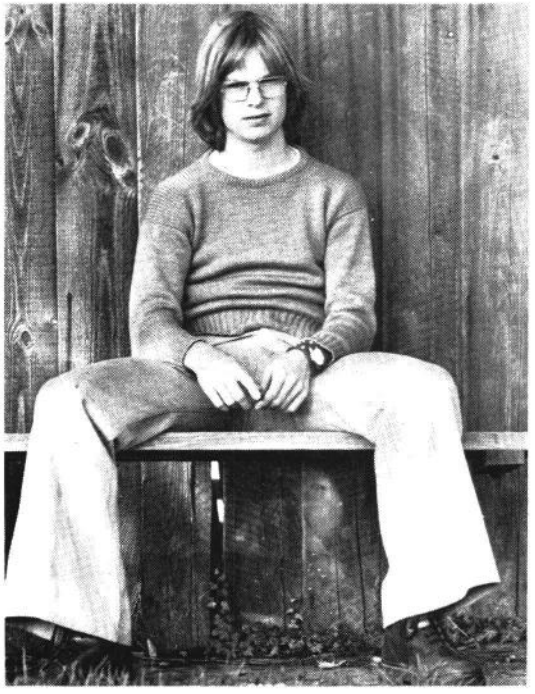
IT'S NASTY

When it's dark, chilly and you have frightening thoughts,
You pace down the Avenue watching the shadows,
Some would expect to find a dead corpse,
Many a time the devil does blow,
and you hear a whistle as if it's telling you to go,
and it's all when it's dark, chilly and you have frightening thoughts.

The West wind blows, and the clouds leak with despair,
all the trees but a few desert their leaves,
just needle-filled Pines don't drop them from the shadows.

The ground gets hard and Icy like cruel dense Iron,
and many a weed dies of harsh biting frost,
and many give up their destiny they sought,
when it's dark, chilly and you have frightening thoughts,
but you still pace down the Avenue watching the shadows.

Richard Haw 4y



A PROFOUND POEM

Little girl who caught thee?
Dost thou know who caught thee?,
Gave thee books and bid thee swot,
By the "hole" and in the grot;
Clothed thee in the clothes of blight,
Dreary clothing, green and white;
Gave thee such a piercing shriek,
To irritate the frenzied beak?,
Little girl who caught thee?,
Dost thou know who caught thee?

Little girl I'll tell thee,
Little girl I'll tell thee:
Their direction is their greed,
Fifteen hundred pounds their need;
They send you here for their pension,
But their aid's not worth a mention;
I the big and thou the small,
We are here entrapped all.
Little girl I was thee,
Little girl I was thee.

(William Blake 6_2)

A SUNDAY AT FRIENDS' SCHOOL

We all troop down to breakfast not quite sure whether we are awake yet. We have the usual eggs, rolls, and bananas, which we hack at, but if the food is unappreciated we throw it up the walls etc.

After making our beds, we'll wander around chatting up the teachers especially Selwyn (Mr. Arter). Some people will sit along centre corridor or go down to the reservoir and slowly bore the day away.

Sometimes we'll even make the effort to go for a walk, or to tidy our draws etc. Most people will lounge around until tea then suddenly the day becomes alive. After tea we dress up and reluctantly attend evening meeting. Afterwards we get changed and come down to run riots and have mass orgies.

Kate 2y

MY FIRST DAY AT FRIENDS' SCHOOL

When I arrived at Friends' School on 9th September, my head was full of thoughts and questions. What would it be like? Would I know anyone?

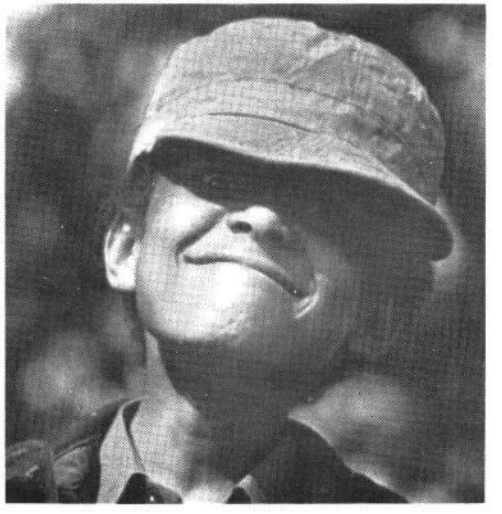
I hadn't been round the school or seen the people who I might be with. I had taken the examination alone. I knew a few people in Saffron Walden who might be there, but only Rebecca had been at Primary school with me, and she was going to board.

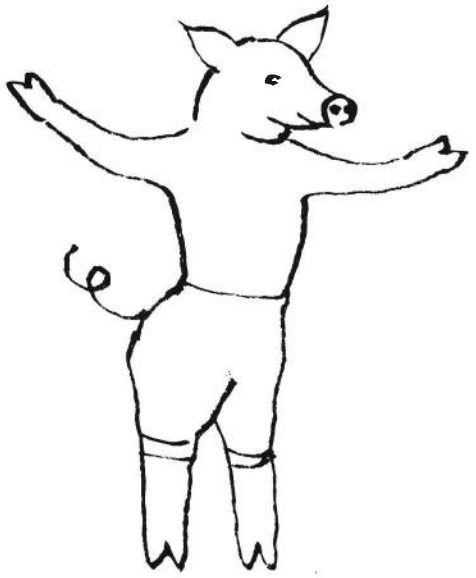
It was a bright day but I hardly noticed. I was relieved that the day was here at last.

We went into assembly after being told which forms we would be in. It seemed strange to have no hymns. We were given our timetables and shown around the main building.

French was our first lesson and went quickly. Lunch was a bit of a struggle, but I knew Mr Benson and he chatted. The day was beginning to seem long. A few more lessons and it was time to go home. I had survived.

Rachel Morse Iy





ANIMAL LIFE



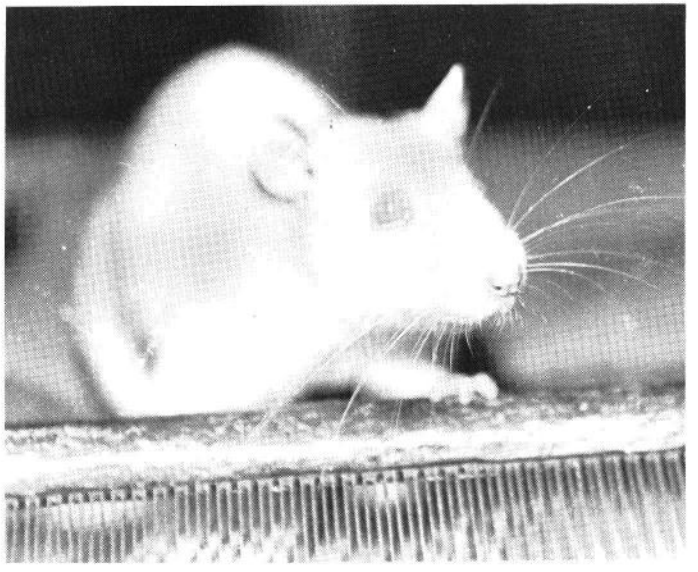
I'm a rat and I've been asked to dictate the pet club article. The night life has somewhat improved this year with the accumulation of many more residents. Many of our apartments have had extensions with an extra door converting two into one, a considerable improvement. The rather cold start to the term marked by the tragic death of some of our friends, has been bettered by the instalment of double glazing (also preventing frequent and unappreciated cat calls by Trubish!). Boredom is minimised by the curious early morning antics of our dumb friends. (I wonder that they don't find it monotonous doing the same thing every day; but then they know no better and it provides amusement.)

We have tried to keep to five commandments:—
No animal shall wear clothes.
No animal shall sleep in a bed.
No animal shall drink alcohol.
No animal shall kill any other animal.
All animals are equal.

But I'm afraid, like humans, we are by no means perfect! I'm aware that members of 6_2 have broken the first. Some of us must have appreciated a warm bed on a cold night. It was brought to my notice in the bio lab, the bottle of liquid from which the chicks drink and I'm afraid a rather sad case occurred between two hamsters. So only the last remains unbroken, but then when you see me, you begin to wonder! Well, how shall I put it? All animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others.

Rastus





REMEMBERING GAMES & DAISY CHAINS & LAUGHS

Out! I've won!
Those echoing games
Move round and round my aged mind.
Those games I once played,
Joined in.
Enjoyed.
Down the snakes, up the ladders,
Snap, twist, a run,
I win, I did win,
I won the joy,
The forever provided joy,
It made me happy and my memories

The long sweet succulent blades of grass,
Blow in the wind beside me.
The elegant, simple daises
Stand stalks straight with pride.
I leave a daisy chain,
Attractive but simple
In the grass
To wither in the bright summer sun
A remembered beauty of life,
With their white petalled skirts
And their yellow-gold heads.
My memories leave
A delicate daisy chain
Lying where once the daisies stood.

A quiet chuckle from a corner of my mind,
Full of delight, brings a smile to my face,
Those great hefty laughs at "8 Bells"
Drowned by alcohol
Bellow in my thoughts,
Giggles in class at the back,
Smiling faces laugh,
Laugh at Christmas, "Happy Birthday"
Giggles of delight.
Just to think of laughs
Our old laughs
Make my mind bring back my thoughts,
Happy thoughts,
Things to remember.

Sarah Ludgate 3x



JUST DREAMING

I am the first girl in space,
I've won medals and honours, shields and cups
For winning many a swimming race,
I am a star on my T.V. show . . .
Except when I'm saving people from cold snow
The paths round my mansions are paved with gold
And I have 20 puppies only 3 months old,
Then **snap** out of my dreams I fall
And become a nothing, nothing at all.

Sarah Baxter 2x



MY LACK

I lack something,
Confidence,
Belief in myself.

I try desperately not to lack it,
But whenever I think I've got hold of it
It just evaporates.

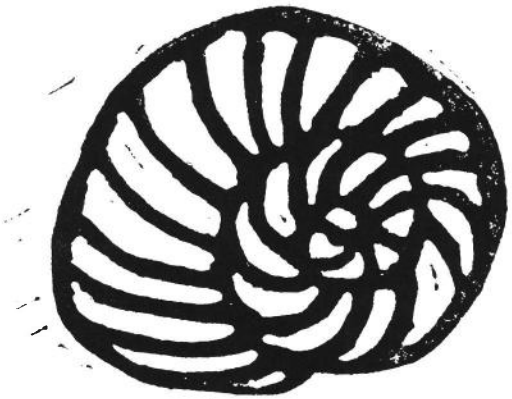
My lack turns me inwards,
Shyness; the subtlest form of Egoism,
Places responsibility on others and provides
a worthy shelter for the;
"I can't be bothered's" or "I'm too frightened's".

One person could give me confidence,
Belief in myself
But he doesn't exist,
Yet.

Anon Again.







PRINTING PRESS & RESULTS.....





'Alexandra' was bought on behalf of the school for £75 in 1959 by Kenneth Nicholson, the then Headmaster. Now there is room to install her tonnage safely and thanks to the great effort from all the school in cleaning, oiling, greasing and sanding twenty years of rust away, and to friends of the school who have advised and helped, she is now in use, stately and efficient. IAR

'Alexandra' is based on the Albion press. W.H. Lockett & Co., following the patriotic tradition, named her in honour of Princess Alexandra of Denmark, who married the Prince of Wales in 1863. The cap is consequently in the form of ostrich feathers from the Prince of Wales' badge. W. Notting of Farringdon Road built our 'Alexandra' in 1899 and it differs very little from his Albion Press.

two short stories

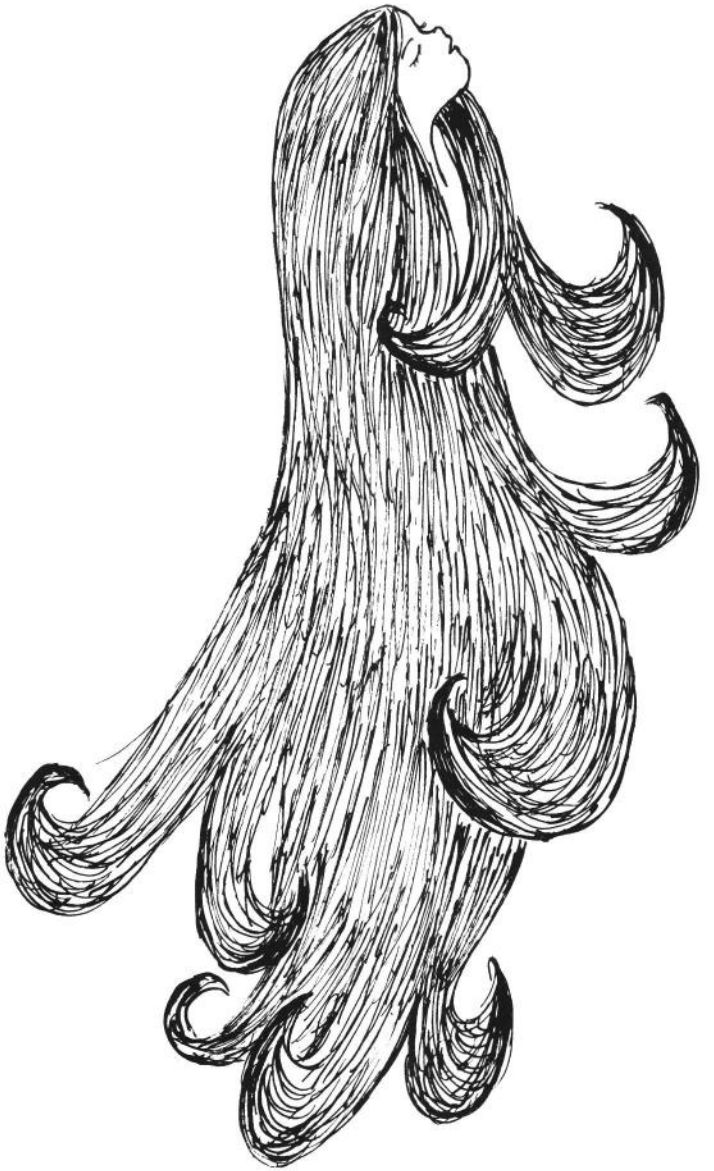
FOUR-FOUR

The mustangs galloped across the plateau where they had been cornered by the Rangers. Their feet drummed in the four-four rhythm on the rock. Two rangers ran out yelling and screaming as ordered, this started chaos. The red whirling setting sun glinted savagely in the man's eye and a mare ran wildly screaming to the protective stallion through the other equally frightened fighting mares. A colt lagged behind. A man raised his gun aimed and shot, the colt fell, blood streaming from his young heart. The man pulled it up as he would carry a sack of potatoes and skinned and cut it up. His horses eyes showed their whites and rolled nervously. A frightened mare whinnied for her dead colt and hope the killer would go. The order maintained the horses drummed along, four-four. 1-2-3-4, one, two, three, four. One of the rounders aimed a gun, gripping with his knees to his horse, and shot a likely mare, grazing her knee and temporarily disabling her. A young man waited 'til the rounders had gone then lasooed her and tied her up. Her head nodded like a bouncing ball four-four.

A mare galloped then cantered three-four, the two three then she ran to the side to dodge and ran over the top of a cliff. The rangers knew there was good money on her and yelled the signal to the men below to collect her remains.

The stallion knew that the mares he'd left behind would only know chaos if he wasn't there. He whirled round unexpectedly and reared; the rounder saw two half shapes coming at him and saw no more. The stallion galloped away leaving two dead and one injured herd members and one dead rounder. The other chased him but in vain. The stallion ran like the wind four-four, four-four, one two three four, one two three four, one two three four fading away. The rounder horse drummed in time feeling a call from the wild. One two three four. One two three four. The message of fear and hatred and hunted. But also the call of men the march one, two, one, two, on and on and on. The cliff came into sight the mares galloped on to their death one two three four, four-four, four-four. And the screams and dog food and the one two three four, one two three four up to heaven.

Sharon Pinder 4x



THE NIGHT MY HAIR GREW LONG

That night when I had fallen asleep I dreamt something very nice had happened.

I was very hot when I woke up the next day, I brushed my hair and looked in the mirror, I saw I had long hair. I quickly told my mummy about it, she was very interested in it, she took out a pair of scissors and cut it short. Before I went to school that morning. I had been going to school at nine o'clock, but now it was half past nine.

The journey took about half an hour. I sat down at school in a chair, everyone began to pour out with laughter. They were staring in all directions. I started to laugh too, then they all said, "Do you ever cut your hair?". "Yes I cut it this morning," I answered. The teacher came in and started to laugh too, when they had all calmed down it was break time, so we all went out to play.

I kept on falling over every now and then, I could see something white that looked like my hair, I moved out and tripped over again. I took out a rubber band to tie it up because it was so hot.

When it came to lunch time we all walked home. On arriving at home, Mum laughed then all my sisters joined in too. Mum asked me. "Have you got a wig on?". I said no, I was so miserable I got fed up with my hair. It even got into my soup.

In the afternoon no one laughed, my hair was back to normal again.

The teacher said it was a disease. Someone laughed so they caught it and it lasted a day. I kept on laughing at the sight of how it was when I had it and how the other people had it.

Juliet Reeves 1y

SILLY POEMS

One Monday we were being told our English prep by Mrs. Oinn. It was to make up a poem or nursery rhyme, but change it in a certain way so that it is made evil. My result is this:

LITTLE BO PEEP

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
and doesn't know where to find them,
leave them alone and they will come home
leaving their tails behind them.

Little Bo Peep has killed her sheep
With her brother's rifle.
Now she's at home, all on her own
rejoicing with jelly and trifle.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. (the wrong way)

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on her tuffet
Eating her curds and wey.
Along came a spider,
Which gave her some cider,
And she drank and drank
till next day.

Soon she dropped down,
Not making a sound,
Then the spider took her away.
He burnt her to death,
Like they did to Macbeth,
And he went back for her
curds and wey.

Moral: look before you drink.

Rowan Godfrey 1y

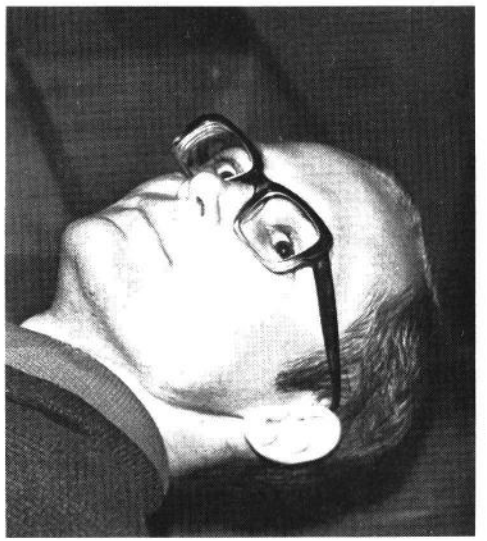
CHRISTMAS DAY

Wake up! Wake up! It's Christmas Day,
Little children shout "Hooray! Hooray!

Open the stockings to see what we've got;
Toys and teddies for baby in the cot,

The smell of the Turkey and Christmas Pud,
We could eat it, we could we could.

Anon.



STANDING

Standing staring up at the sky,
The stars are bright and the moon is full.
Nothing is happening, staring
Not thinking about the past or the future
But the present because my neck aches.

Anon 2x

THE MURDERER!

It was dark I was on my own,
Soft light footsteps crept up to me,
Two shining torches glared,
It was coming closer,
It touched me,
I stood like a statue,
Wondering whether to run,
I felt something scratch my leg,
Was it a murderer?
Then somebody passed with a torch,
It was a tiny kitten.

Olivia Johnson 1y



Two legs sat upon
Three legs with
One leg in his hand.

In came
Four legs, who bit
Two legs and ran away
With One leg.

Two legs threw
Three legs at
Four legs, who
Dropped One leg.

Four legs ran back
And bit in half
Two legs, and ran away
With One leg.

Owen Claxton 1y

Roots

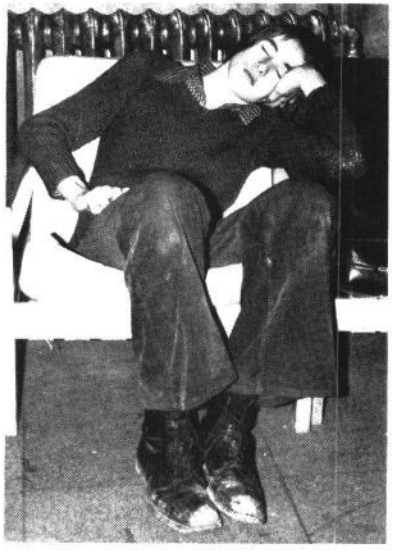
TRAMP

Dirty and smelly,
Unshaved and broke,
He is a tramp, poor bloke.

He walks down the streets,
In the mid of night,
Searching for food, of what he might.

He is lonely and tired,
And wanting to sleep
But where he go to find some light?

Scott Richings 3y



It was mid-afternoon on a summer's day and we went for a walk. We led off up a dirt track which went up a hill. We could feel the sun beating hard on our backs and the warmth of it sank into us. On either side were bean fields. As you looked at them the purple and white flowers mingled into just one big haze of pinky flowers. The smell was so great and overpowering and the surroundings so relaxing that you felt as though you were under some magical trance. We lay down and took off our shoes and socks. As we stretched our legs a cloud of dust rose up. The only sound we could hear were the bees and a skylark trilling his high song above us.

Rebecca Moore (Form 1)





THE SEA

A searching sea seeks the shore
Blue the sky, blue the moon
That throws itself on the rocks and roars.

The diving seagull flies no more.
Its bright eyes will dim soon.
A searching sea seeks the shore.

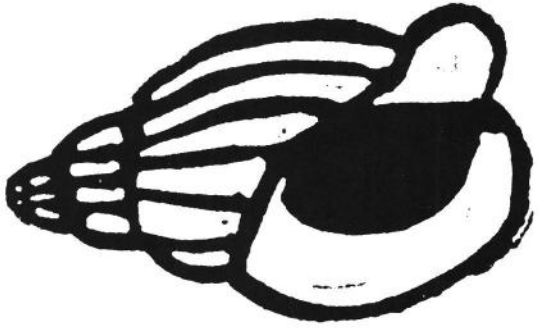
The raft floating by, once a door
Which might have saved a soul from doom.
It throws itself on the rocks and roars.

Glass, fishes' eyes and weeds form the floor
Of the sea glitter in the light of the moon
A searching sea seeks the shore.

The comber searches for amber and or
Sometimes listens to the blasting tune
That destroys itself on the rocks and roars.

The sailor that shall no more
Roam the sea sleeps in his tomb.
A searching sea seeks the shore,
But throws itself on the rocks and roars.

Chloe Bevan 4x



LA COÛME '76 DAY

8 o'clock sunshine—all Allens about
So 'come on my lovelies'—hammer and shout
Through the walls into dreamy heads—
'breakfast now—out!

Wind the long path to the pool and 'bonjour'
In the refectoire—coffee in bowls—confiture
On rolls—eggs and bacon perhaps—c'est le mieux.

Insect repellant on, sunhats and shorts
Leather gloves, wheelbarrows, shovels of sorts
Hack at a mountain of granite and quartz.

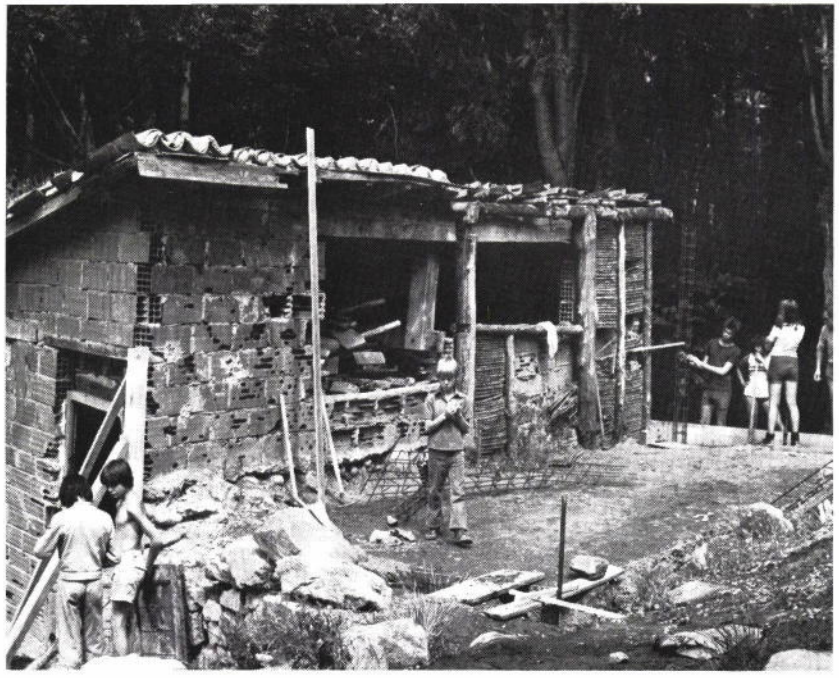
Apple juice—sweat again—navvies aglow
With pride in their task as the breeze blockings grow
Painting squad dabbing bikinied or so.

Noon and cool swimming and chit chat and tan,
Lunch the long tables cool salad et vin,
Entree et legumes, peaches and flan.

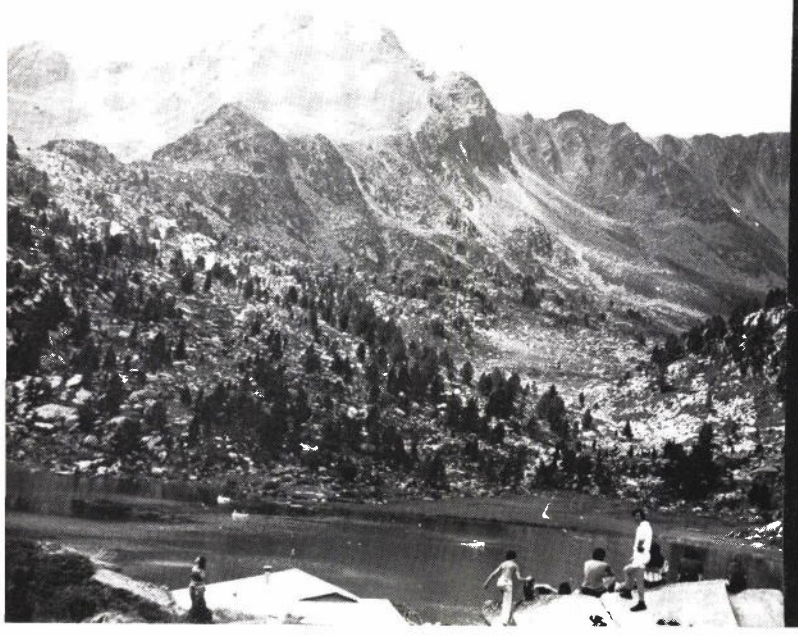
Espagnols, Francais and Anglais and talk
For an hour et demi then siesta or walk
To Mosset via canal and then back to the work.

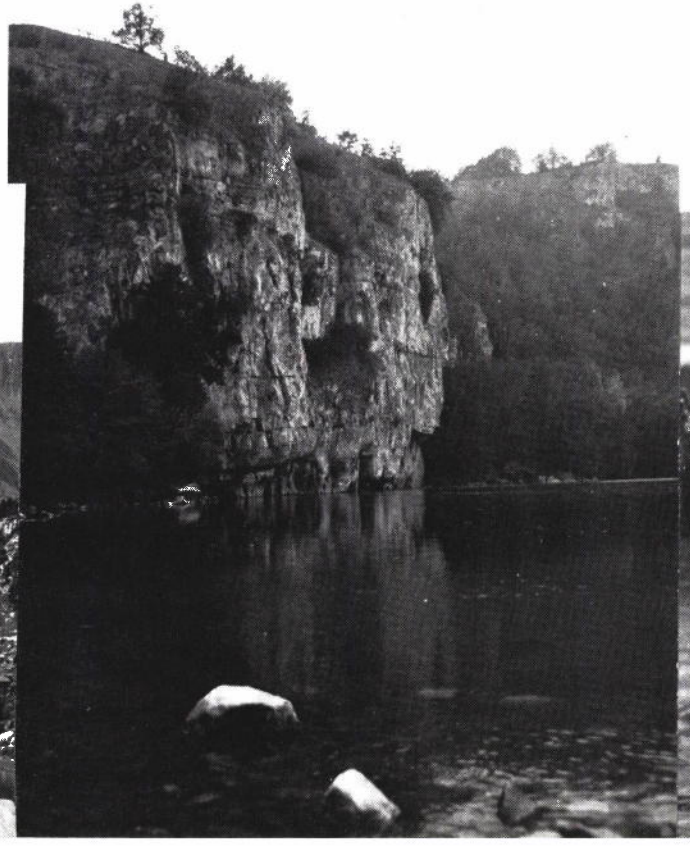
Then a shower before sundown, then dinner pontoon
Or guitar, or a joke or a record but soon
We are mellowed and friends by the Pyrenees moon.

Denby and family



Photos by PRADIP







The Journey Down.

We reached Calais in the early afternoon, a place which we all agreed was the most miserable in all France. The evening was warm and after a dip in the channel we made it to just past Boulogne.

Next morning we went south across the rolling hills and cornfields of Normandy, through the medieval towns of Rouen and Chartres (where one of the vans broke down) admiring both the fine cathedrals.

After a night near Tours, when certain ladies amongst us got trapped in the dark in the showers in a thunderstorm, we visited the 15th and 16th century, chateau de Chambord, the grandest and most splendid of all the chateaux de La Loire.

Then on into the hills, valleys, and gorges of La Dordogne—home of the "Fois Gras" and Truffles. We camped that night by the river where the spartans amongst us (mainly Allens) braved the waters before Spaghetti Bolognaise.

The last days travelling through the dreary town of Toulouse was hot and sweaty and marred by the fact that we lost the other van in the town centre and didn't recover our loss for about four hours.

The climax of the journey down was the last thirty miles which followed the spectacular gorge of the Aude, up into the misty mountains of the Pyrenees.

Half an hour later, we were at La Coûme sitting down to a typically excellent supper. After four days cramped up in the vans we had two weeks of comparative rest, superb food, hard work, hot sun and plenty of laughs. Julian Allen OS

A CALL THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

A lot was said about you: Lebanon
For two years, and your news held the first pages of every world's newspaper.
A lot was said in all languages.
and we heard and read this, in all these languages.
We received this news,
by our broken-winged newspapers, bearing the cries of our wounded, bleeding;
while the world's newspapers provoked us by its indifference and criticism.
My country, you were the victim of the long lost conscience of the world.
And in the bulk of your suffering, the world was giving forth the funeral of its conscience.
My country, we,
and all those who still withold some conscience without the courage to speak,
hope by your resurrection, the survival of conscience and humanity.



We are a people "graved" on hope and faith,
and however, circumstances tyrannize,
we would allow no path for desperation.
We can only work for Lebanon within our dreams,
and within these dreams,
we hold firmly to the future.
Home, every step forth in the paths of life, is but in your sake.
And all that is shed, is but directed by our love to you.

Lebanon, from you, we withdrew the power to become great
And now it is the time, we will make you great by us.

Samar
Evette
Rami

كانون ١٩٧٦

نداء عبر الآفاق

قالوا عنكِ الكثير يا لبنان !
لمدة سنتين، وأخبارك تتصدر الصفحات الأولى من الصحف العالمية.
قالوا عنكِ الكثير في كل اللغات،
ولقد سمعنا وقرأنا هذا الكثير في كل هذه اللغات.
كانت تصلنا أخبارك
على أجنحة صحفنا المتكسرة، تحمل إلينا صرخات جريح،
بينما صحف العالم تطعننا باللامبالاة والنقد والشماتة.
وطني، لقد كنتِ ضحية فقدان الضمير العالمي،
وفي محض آلامك،
كان العالم يقيم جنازة ضميره.
وطني ! نحن،
وكل من تبقى له بقايا ضمير، لا يجرؤ على البوح به
نتشبث ببقاياك، أحياء الضمير والإنسانية.

نحن شعب "طُبعنا" على الأمل والإيمان،
ومهما تعسف علينا الدهر،
لا نترك لليأس منفذاً.
لا نقدر أن نحمل الأمل من أجل لبنان
إلا من خلال أهلنا.
ومن خلال هذه الأحلام نتمسك بالمستقبل.
وطني، كل خطوة نخطوها في مناهج الحياة، لأجلك،
وكل العزم الذي يبنى فيه، يزودنا به حبنا لك.

لبنان، منك استمددنا القدرة لنصير عمالقة
والآن حان الوقت لنجعلك تتعملق بنا.

motor  club



Above is the BSA Bantam which was given to the club by a parent. The cycle arrived in boxes and was assembled by Leslie, Ralph and Peter.



POTTERY CLUB

Each scholar in the first three forms does one term of pottery within the year's programme for art. This has encouraged more people to attend Pottery Club. Large numbers of people in the tower are not advisable so there are always some people who are unable to attend.

For the higher forms you tend to always have your Wednesday afternoons booked up from 2 p.m. - 5 p.m. (hoping Mrs. Foxley does not have to leave too early). This unfortunately clashes with games matches.

There is often a "fight" for the wheels at the beginning of the afternoon, now that there is more opportunity for pottery O-level, there is more demand for it. Some of us thought that the fight for a wheel would be reduced as Julian Allen has left, but were surprised to discover his attendance at 4 o'clock doing 'A' level pottery.

If you hear a sudden shriek of despair in the tower, you might think a dreadful catastrophe has occurred, like someone falling down the spiral staircase — a constant threat — but no. You soon get used to the shriek from Amanda Burn having dropped her pot or made a disaster on the wheel, it happens to us all.

Being fit in the pottery rooms is an asset. At the end of the afternoon you can be from coming up and down the stairs, bringing and taking pots from the kilnroom on the ground floor. It's very difficult to avoid this.

The larger of two electric wheels has been suffering badly as the wheel head is not centered. We hope this could be mended in the near future.

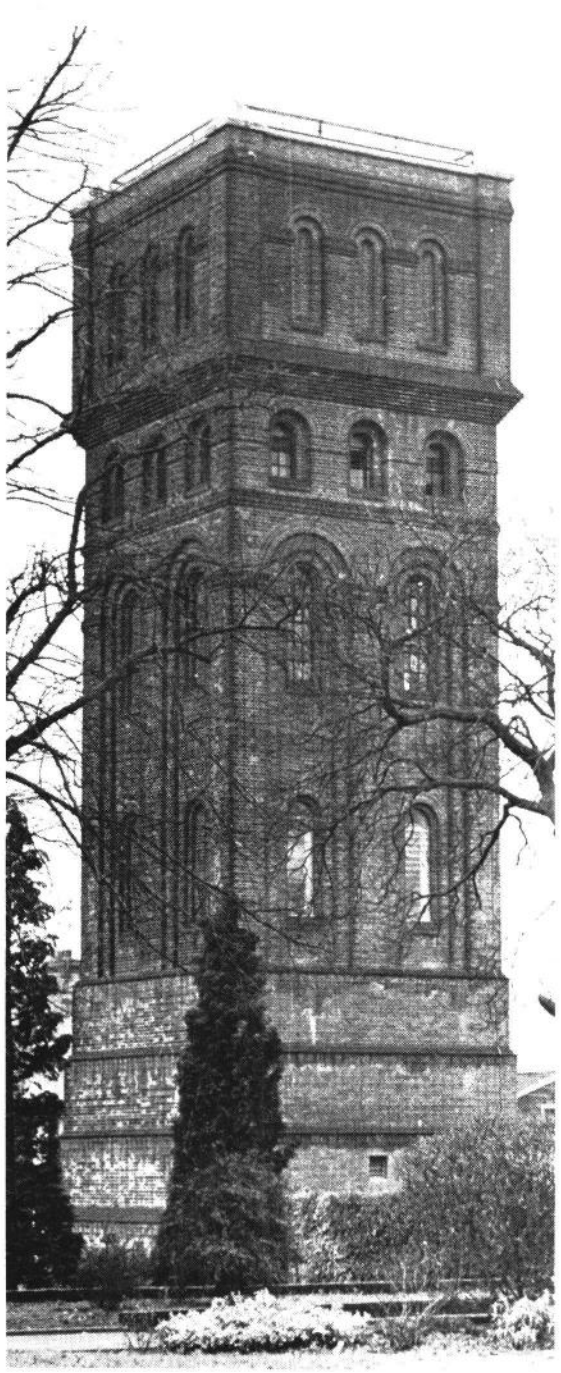
We frequently receive advice from Alan Foxley (also a potter) and with his help were able to assemble a raku firing. This is an old Chinese custom to fire their ceremonial tea-sets. It involes getting the pot at a very high temperature and then letting it cool quickly in saw dust, or water or anything of your choice.

Occasionally we go to Cambridge to see any pottery exhibitions. For example we went to the Fitzwilliam Museum and Kettles Yard.

The variety of items made in the pottery rooms is extremely wide, ranging from small shoes, owls, houses to huge casseroles made on the wheel. Some interesting objects were a tree, a piano and a full size elephant's foot!

I think we all look forward to see some more original articles such as these in the future.

Jeremy Gale 4y



LILY POND REPORT

One monday evening, at the end of a hot day, a few energetic fourth form males decided that they were going to cool off themselves and abounding energy by taking a dip in the Lily Pond.

The same few decided that they would however, like some company, and so they decided they would cool off a few of their friends and spectators too.

Thus it was that a dozen and a half people spent the rest of the evening holding a watery conversation in the then newly renovated Lily Pond.

Hannah (then 3y)





DEATH

Silently the old man makes
his way to bed, as he lifts
himself into bed something goes,
leaving him stranded on the side
of his bed. He takes a deep
breath and after some time crawls into
bed.

As he falls asleep so does
his body, leaving it there like
an empty shell with a large
gap missing. What happens
to the gap no one knows.
maybe to fill a gap somewhere
else.

Beauty Is:
Fresh milk,
Racing clouds,
Purple heather,
Shadows;

A young calf,
Fresh paint,
Shining metal,
Hay;

Clear reflections,
Small flowers,
Babies toes,
Leaves;

Soft pillows,
Warm bread,
Christmas candles,
Silk;

Spring showers,
Summers sun,
Autumn colours,
Snow;

The old,
The new,
The wild,
And the very innocent.

Lois Johnson.

THE AVENUE

Wind whispers far away,
Throught a net
Of twigs,
Muddy pools quiver,
Reflections shiver,
A dusty light
Guides me towards my work,
Prep.



Clouds

The white puffy clouds,
Hover, motionless
Over the rough
Uneven sea.

They float about like
Big gods of the sky,
Swiftly moving with the
Gentle breeze.

Johnathan Stigwood 2x

2 VIEWS OF LIFE

OPTIMISM

Life is a good thing,
A carry along thing,
Sing what you feel thing,
Or do as you will thing,
A Saturday night thing,
For I'll leave that to you thing,
Life is a good thing,
So use it as a good thing.



PESSIMISM

What is the use of living
When life isn't worth winning
To work it away
Till your last living day
To run here and there
And not get anywhere
To spend all your money
On booze, fags and honey
Join up in the army
Either die or go barmy
Can you tell me
What is the use of living?

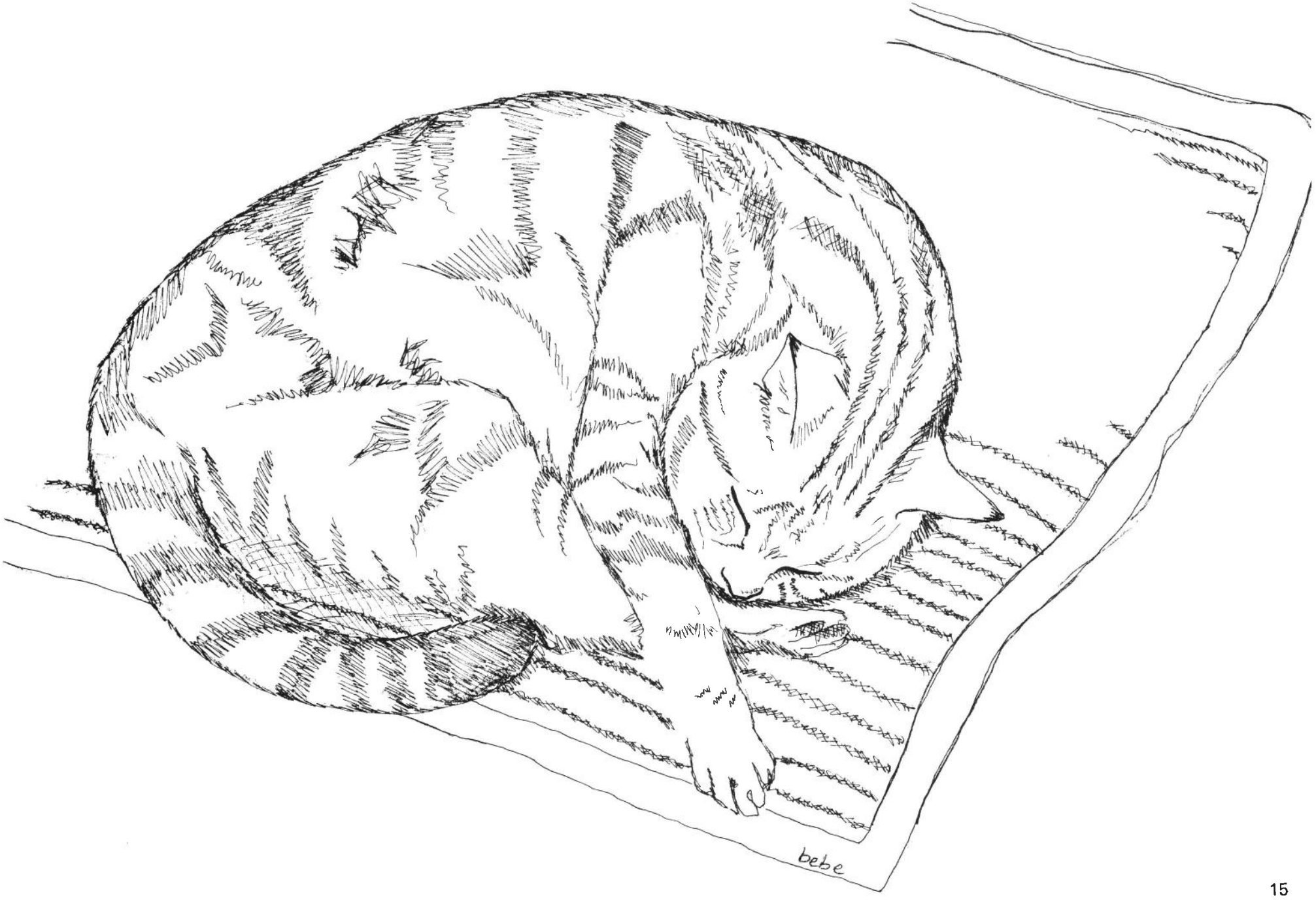
5 WAYS OF A LUNATIC:

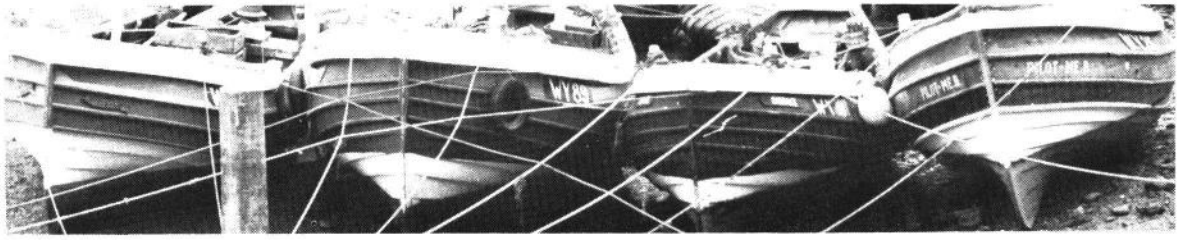
1. Your head hollow with years of un-satisfaction,
2. Your face infested with worry,
3. Your mind cannot stray from the path of its set,
4. Thinking back to a puzzle of missing pieces,
5. Your whole life an illness that you alone can cure,

thoughts...

I stand alone
Just alone in a crowd
People jostle, punch for places
I stand in the middle of silent warfare
Aimed at me
Aimed at me
People around me, the lunatic,
a cabbage among kings
under a grey sky, others in the sun.
I WANT TO GET OUT!
EXPLOITED
I can't stop it
I needn't try
I needn't try BECAUSE
it is pointless
because I am pushed into the world of sanity
I look at myself
Below the whip
The grip of sanity and Institutions
Peace to all men
Except me.

Anon.


bebe







6_2 BIO FIELD TRIP REPORT

The annual migration of Biologists from their traditional habitat in studious precincts of a refined Quaker Community south of the 57th parallel, 200 miles up the A1 to the uncivilized wilds of North Yorkshire has long been a mystery. These Biologists, though few in number, set forth with great enthusiasm on their journey, despite the dubious reliability of their transport and the frequent straining of bladders it entails.

On arriving at their destination, they established themselves in the abandoned dwellings belonging to scholars of the Great Ayton Tribe, who have dispersed for the season.

The diurnal behaviour tends to follow a predetermined pattern, though like the migration itself, its significance and much of its ancestral background is not fully comprehended. The sequence of events usually begins with the assembling of scholars in an outbuilding which appears to be a form of shrine, its walls lined with holy relics, such as preserved specimens of centrally inverted rodents, graven images of sensory organs and sections through dicotyledenous roots. Here they sit, listening whilst two senior biologists preach to them of 'Calluna vulgaris' and 'Sexual stimulus and Response in Pomertocerous', handing out sacred texts and implements of investigation to prepare them for the day's journey.

This lecture complete they board the aforementioned transport and set off into the surrounding countryside. The targets of these reconnoitres vary from bogs to streams and rivers and even to the Sea; in fact anywhere where there is enough water to get thoroughly soaked. This strange attraction for humid conditions defies explanation, but its existence is undisputable. Evidence supporting this theory is the uncontrollable urge some individuals (usually female) have to leap into any stretch of water deep enough to submerge them completely, despite the efforts of the others (usually male) to prevent them doing so by holding on to their arms and legs.









Other strange activities embarked upon on these excursions included organised souvenir hunting, in which latin squares and bits of string are used to capture interesting wild life such as 'bog moss' and 'common heather' or soil samples like the '95% water, 5% rotting mud' variety, notable for its distinctive odour and for its partiality for Wellington boots.

The function of such peculiar behaviour is uncertain but it is thought that it may be vestigial in response to conditioning to work in honour of that dreaded spirit of darkness the 'A level'. Apart from these exceptions there appears to be no correleation between their common background of 'A' level worship and the activities in which they indulge during this migratory season, suggesting the involvment of other factors, of which hydrotaxis is one of the more prevalent.













Biologists' Playtime

Returning to the behaviour patterns: after exhausting the daylight hours the jovial biological band return to their transport and head for base. This journey was often enlivened by the recitation of ancient monologues, their meaning lost in their sacrosanctity, in discordant tones, possibly to ward off evil spirits.

The ritual of the evening feast, often preceded by a visit to special watering rooms, where hydromaniacs can immerse themselves in specially constructed vessels, or undergo hydrotherapy beneath torrents of cold water, marks the end of the day. Individuals are then left to their own resources.

A frequently observed custom is silent meditation in a circle, which invariably resulted in sudden seizures, followed by expressions of humour and swift recovery. This may be due to the strain of meditation, another sign of psychological exertion being intermittent winking. An unquenchable desire to drink (more evidence of lyophilia!) is found among many biologists, particularly those of the whippet cult, who are often found satisfying this craving in the first hours after dusk. As midnight approaches they retire to the darkened sanctum of the TV room, tired after a hard day's water diving. There they frighten themselves into sleep watching the late night horror movie.

After a week of this behaviour they return to a normal existence, apparently unnaffected by their experience, and leaving no clue to its purpose. The mystery remains.

A.B. 6_2

SNOW

The dull buzz of the electric light droned on through the lesson. People scraped chairs around and scribbled on the desks. Then, quite suddenly, someone by the window said, in a low, but clearly audible voice "Snow".

Excitement arose quickly. It spread through everyone. The snow was falling thickly and was already beginning to cover the ground. The teacher smiled to himself, but called for silence. At the end of that period it seemed as if the whole school had rushed outside. Shouting and excited laughter filled the air, the falling snow was like a plaything, rediscovered.

But that evening, snow was thick on the ground, even with people walking all over it, it didn't turn to slush. After prep almost the whole school was represented on the asphalts. 1st to 6th form and staff were there. All were wrapped in thick woolies and coats, and long, dangly scarves. Snowballs flew in every direction, with shrieks and laughter following them. In and out of the play-rooms went a constant flow of people, coming in to warm their numbed hands, and going back into the snow.

Inside the buildings smelt of wet wool, and all the window panes were misted up. The first, good snow of the winter brought gaiety to school. It's amazing how friendly people are to each other when it snows. There is so much laughter and smiling that it's hard not to join in.





On the field, snowmen were being made, illuminated by the moon-shine reflecting off the snow. You could see dark patches where snow had been collected from. Only over the other side of the field, were there any clear untrodden stretches of snow. Walking out into the clean, newly fallen snow, you feel almost like an explorer, trekking to the regions of the unknown. There is a peaceful silence, that goes with the smoothness of the snow on the ground. Here, when noise interrupts the silence, it spoils it. Back in the playground, the noise adds to the atmosphere.

As the asphalts clear of people the snow begins to fall again. It begins to cover up the footprints and bare patches. Faces appear at bedroom windows, and gaze out at the light and snow. The playgrounds echo the laughter for a while, but soon the falling snow gently covers that as well. People scamper off to bed and soon, only a member of staff walking through classrooms turning off lights, is left.

More lights go out, and except for the street lamps nearby, the snow falls in darkness.

Caroline Jones 5X

THE SILENT LAKE

An Arrow formation
Stretches across the sky
The swans land on the water
Making the surface ripple.
Silently, in the twilight
The swans swam on the lake.
The setting sun
Making the lake silver.
As the moon crept up the sky
The swans put their slender necks
Under their wings.

The silhouette of the swans
Broke, when the sun rose in the sky.
Their wings flapping heavily
The swans rose
Higher and higher
Until the speck in the distance
Disappeared.
Once again until next year, the
Lake is silent.



PEOPLE, PLACES & THINGS AROUND THE SCHOOL,
by cryptic clues and anagrams.

1. I'm nothing information and darn slow.

2. Go East, turn 180 degrees, then 180 degrees again.

3. Imperial Airways' U.K. terminal, for maidens.

4. An obvious contradiction of colour.

5. The Disney character with a time signal in operation.

6. Porridge eater let loose.

7. Queen's mate in the garden.

8. A stain makes everything ragged.

9. Why slit robe.

10. On ten happy hills.

11. Rising ground with a small agricultural holding.

12. A trademark without a halo with a salvationist.

13. A summer visitor with a narrow passage.

14. With the little blue packet in grain grinders.

15. A male from the Department of Art who makes beer containers.



16. Castrated cat's offspring.

17. Disney character, the time signal is operating.

18. Vamp any chick.

19. For a carpet, breakfast or tea.

20. A very small part of Sherwood Forest.

21. The surname of an Australian racehorse.

22. Boo iron egg roes.

23. Bans be just.

24. Ten in a rage.

25. The dames hater.

26. Coeur de Lion was not wrong, it sounds.

27. Char tugs rider.

28. Waste, but consumed.

29. The B.R. bog chain.

30. Col finds Hero's.

by

Answers on page 34

A short play by a 6th form playwright

Scene — A nice restaurant, quite crowded. Attention is focused on a family whose grandmother is celebrating her birthday. Waiters go over to their table with a cake lit with candles.

(Waiters sing "Happy Birthday")

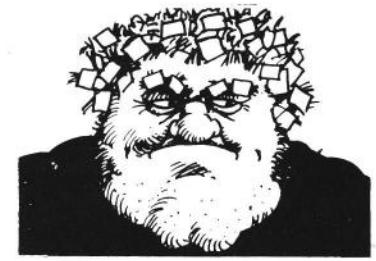
Waiters . . . Happy birthday to you!

(People in restaurant applaud, then fall silent as the grandmother takes one candle and holds it to her hair. She bursts into flames. People gasp. Family cheers and claps. Each member of the family then takes a candle and lights their hair. Much hilarity ensues when teenage daughter's hair will not light, being too greasy. Waiters are meanwhile quite upset. One takes a pitcher of water and throws it on the grandmother's head. Family stops laughing and looks shocked. Granmother cringes. A low moan rises from the family, increasing in volume until it becomes a high pitched scream. This goes on for about three minutes, when big brother suddenly unzips his pants and urinates on father's head. Howls of laughter from family. Each puts out their fire by pouring gravy on their head. Despair when gravy runs out and little brother burns up. Somewhat subdued the family settles down to eat.)

Waiter 1 — "What's going on?"

Waiter 2 — "I don't know, I think they're Catholic. I guess we shouldn't have brought the cake."





(Family is eating fairly calmly, except that they are eating the tablecloth. This gone, they then start on the cake. When it is finished, father counts three and they all vomit straight up in the air, creating a fountain effect. They are caught by the vomit as it falls, and father is so annoyed he throws his penknife at the Maitre D. By this time most of the other customers have left. Some musicians come out. Obviously reluctant to play. They start a catchy tune and family is intrigued. They rise in a body and start to do the Bunny Hop.)

Family — Bunny Bunny Bunny Hop! Bunny Hop Hop oh yeah Bunny Bunny. Hop Hop Bunny yeah Bunny Hop of Hop Bunny Bunny! Bunny Rama Bunny Bunny, oh Bunny Bunny Rama. Bunny krishna oh Hare Bunny Bunny! Krishna Bunny Bunny Rama Hop Hop Rama oh year! Krishna Rama oh yeah! Krishna Rama Krishna Bunny Rama Bunny Hop Hop Hop! Oh everybody sing! Bunny Rama Rama Krishna Hare Hare Bunny Bunny! Krishna Bunny oh year. Rama Rama Hop Hop.

(Their chant increases in volume and their dancing in wildness. Musicians are confused but continue to play. Waiters watch in horror.)

Family (continuing) — Oh bunny bunny bunny hare bunny rama. Hop bunny rama bunny krishna bunny oh wow. Bunny hop hop rama bunny krishna hare bunny rama bunny krishna hare bunny rama bunny krishna bunny bunny rama bunny! Oh, hare rama hare krishna hare bunny rama rama . . .

Curtain.

BURIED ALIVE!

Rock music has become a major factor in school life. Just about everyone listens to it voluntarily or not. Certain trends of music are followed, especially in the senior forms and desk graffitti is proof of this. Over a few years, scribbling progressed through the "Stones", ALEX HARVEY and Vambo, Van der Graaf Generator, and Genesis. A. B. Hill, myself and David Levy were pretty much at the same stage when we came together in the summer of 1974, to form "Buried Alive". Between us, our classical training ranged from violin and double bass, to piano and bassoon. Our tastes were musically wide — Led Zeppelin, Focus, Genesis, Rory Gallagher, + J. S. BACH! We joined together primarily to play the "pop" side of "Joseph and his Technicoloured Dream coat", two guitarists and one bass player haven't much of a future. Changes of instrument evolved, and equipment gained, made A.B. and David both bassists and guitarists, and myself a drummer and pianist. We each played all the instruments with varying degrees of efficiency.

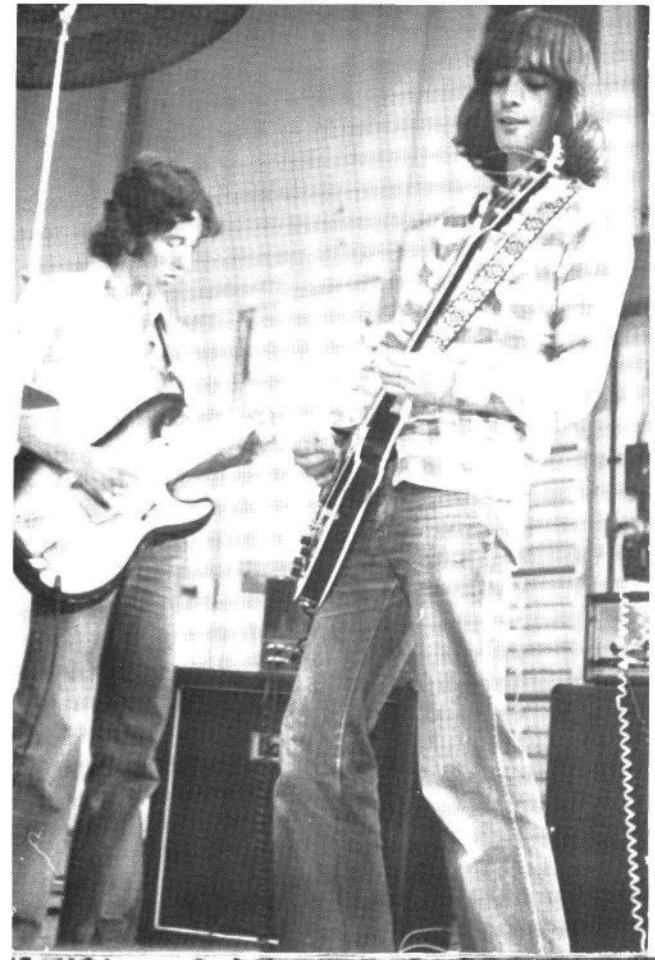
It was not possible to play the music we really wanted to play, but at least it was our own material and not other people's, which is the plight of many young groups. Summer 1975 saw our first concert, and the departure of David Levy to college in Andover. The concert seemed a success — our inexperience was unimportant in front of our own crowd.

For a year we were without a bass player, which allowed A.B. and myself to improve outside the group confines. Our music became recognisable as our own. To say it is heavy will give the wrong impression. Technically it is far more intricate than many of today's heavy bands. Our classical training and appreciation has meant that the music has a feel to it, a sense of expression.

We eventually found a bassist in Julian Paye, a fourth former. There were several bass players around but we wanted someone who would expand on the tonic bass notes, and inject their own expression into their own part. He learnt technique very quickly; we found it refreshing to get back to a three-piece band again. We still play under the stage as we have always done. Broken sticks, strings and speakers litter the floor, and we remain there through the goodwill of Mike Collins and Ena Evans without whom blah blah . . .

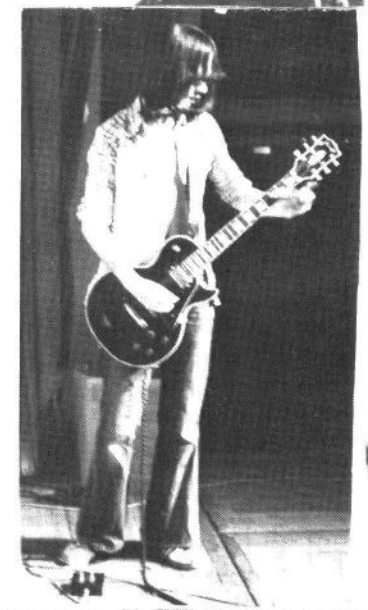
When A.B. and I leave this summer, we will be aware of our capabilities and will join groups accordingly. We have found our classical training an important part of our playing together, so though we may have grumbled at the half hour's practice every day, it was worth it. All we need now is some money.

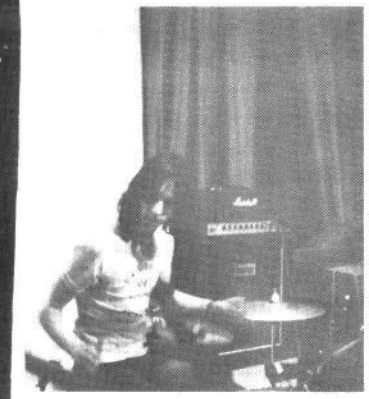
Toby Wilsher 6$_2$

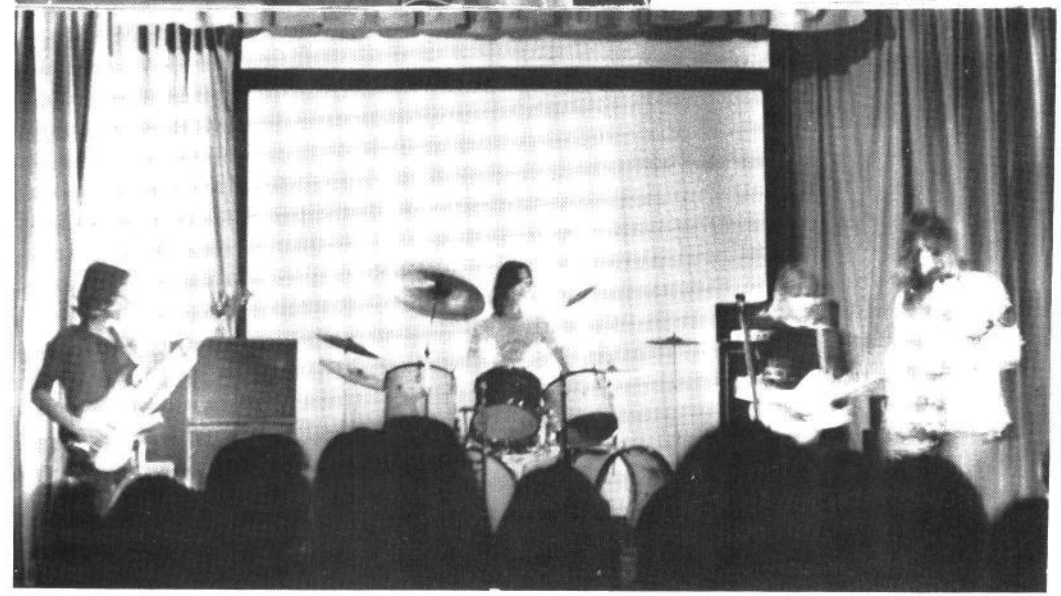




Ricks Pics









PANTAGLEIZE

PANTAGLIEZE FROM THE REAR

Having spent all three performances partly back-stage we decided that the audience didn't see half of it. The funniest bit was the chaos in the Green Room and watching those who had just left it trying desperately, on stage, to keep a straight face and take their cues.

For us, the first event of the evening (of the first performance) was Richard Freed charging into the Green Room in jeans and braces with his newly permed hair sticking out in all directions (as it was meant to). He had fifteen minutes to turn into a negro — he just made it.

Meanwhile Neil Chase had everyone up on chairs trying to reach his face. Helen attempted to grease his hair and he tried to stop her. The result was rather a lot of grease over rather a lot of things and a bump on Helen's head (where she fell against the cupboard).

We were constantly harassed by the M.O.D. who finally departed with a black line down one cheek and a red mark down the other!

Once the play had started the main panic was over (for us anyway). There were still interesting times, however, such as trying to get the soldiers hair into their hats, and powdering Mark Polge's hair until it produced puffs of smoke when touched. There were also frantic times when back-stage noises had to be made: when to start? When to stop?

In the quieter times we were able to watch snatches of the play. It was all the funnier for having been back-stage. We could see when people were trying desperately not to laugh, or when the lines were not quite the same, as those practised in the Green Room, and when the telephone rang at the wrong moment. No scene was the same every night and that was half the fun of it; to make it a bit different every night.

After the performance we put on all the removing cream and left them to it except for the moustache men. We discovered a new side to Miss Cooper as she patiently waited until Banger and Creep (Erik and Neil) were suitably distracted, then suddenly crept up and ripped off their moustaches, accompanied by howls of pain. Needless to say this only worked on the first night!

All in all, we think it was very much enjoyed back-stage and hope it was by the audience too!

Helen Berry and Juliet Rix, 4y



A SUBJECTIVE VIEW OF PANTAGLEIZE

The play was chosen because it was dramatic and profound, and had a reasonably small cast. For a school play it was not wholly suitable, because; (1) Some people didn't understand it, and (2) too much depended on one character. However, it worked.

In true Milleresque style, rehearsals started well, but stopped there till the dress rehearsal, for most characters. There was a feeling of now knowing the play, their character, or where their props were, set, etc: until the last rehearsal, when it suddenly, and elevatingly, gelled. The biggest drawback was our own fault. We weren't familiar enough with our lines. We soon found that there wasn't to be a prompter. I thought this inexcusable, and 'un-everything to do with theatre'! Mr. Miller thought it a good idea, we'd all learn our lines. He obviously hasn't come across the 'mental block', which is about as un-nerving as being winded in the stage fight, or hit between the legs by a bearded fairy in 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' However, such was the bond between the actors, the feeling of friendship etc., mishaps of every kind were answered with deep breaths, and the sound of flesh and bone against a brick wall.

The play occasionally became tedious for the audience. There was a lack of variability of pace in the scenes, mainly because inexperienced actors care more about doing the right thing at the right time, than playing up to, or lifting an audience, which for the latter is disturbing.

We all enjoyed it when we got there. It was getting there that was at times tedious and nerve-racking. The script was very good and the part of Pantagleize really is the 'actors part' depicted by the lines 'The man? Here is the man, I mean, here I am.'

Toby Wilsher 6_2



REMARKABLE!

Tuesday 30th was a remarkable day. It rained. It rained hard. It rained hard all day long. And I had to go home in the evening by moped. I got very wet. Now I'm not very used to that, for ever since I acquired a moped there has been no rain at all.

Come the sixth form, our Human Studies lessons have taken on the human element. Discussions have taken on a more personal touch, and it is fascinating to discover just how rotten everyone else's parents are. One can't really assess one's own. As soon as I had nearly killed myself on one moped, my worthy elders went straight out and diligently brought me another.

Thus last Monday, I declared vehemently (once again) that the drought is FINI! The other times I was sure, this time I was certain; at least I was by the time I got home. I usually am. Come what may, I am forced to spend some time a day just sitting waiting for time to pass as I gather my usually far scattered thoughts, journeying home. I get a shock from time to time after the engine of my faithful old banger has been repaired, but as a rule I have ten minutes, that the length of assembly, to think. Like any good English mind, it is usually about the weather.

It was bitterly cold.

"Sorry, no it's not yet cold enough to snow." then it stopped raining. Much to my delight too, as the last time I push-biked to school was at midday sometime last June.

"No, it's not cold enough yet."

Then came the fog. Thick, rib sticking, bronchial porridge sagging round street lamps and plastering mirrors and windows.

"No, not yet."

Then came the freezing mists, clustering in frost hollows, white as ghosts. The moon shone so brightly I felt warmer coming out of the shadows of trees into its dazzling brilliance. There lay Audley End Mansion, majestic in the style of Versailles, its roof flashing white and every outline silver. The white lay basking and with it the ducks and the geese, half hidden by billows of mist overflowing the river bank. An awesome sight.

In the morning all is white and gold, instead of silver. "I hear the pond is bearing. "Good. I can't feel my fingers when I arrive at school."

"Yes, today it is cold enough to snow!"

But it didn't. The next day it rained . . .

George Benson 6_1

YOU'RE TOO YOUNG. THAT'S YOUR FAULT

Try to grasp your execution
Grasping all your faults

"Act your age"
Stay at home, Sunday dinner
Leave alone the fish and chips.

You're still young
Enjoy your cheapness
Leave your problems
For us to solve

I warn you this once
Of a future disaster
I can't help you any more
'I can't help you any more
Take your chance
Work your way round it
Go along the right track
If you're wise,
You'll be safe.
But wait till you're ready
Wait and be ready.

Sarah Ludgate 3x

It used to be there.
That wide open space
of dumped rubbish.
Brick and metal.
Not very nice,
But to us a haven of play.
A world to imagine.
Odd bits of wood,
Could be made into camps.
An old tin,
Used as a football.



It used to be there,
But no more,
Now it's a concrete hell.
A car park.
Still there are bits of metal
But they musn't be touched.
They are cars.
No longer ours for the taking.
But there is still stone,
But it is a wall.
Not ours, not there for the taking,
Not anymore.

4Y

WELL, SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT!

Many years ago,
A girl's eyes and speech were her greatest ASSET,
But now (the romantics have died—please BELIEVE IT),
Her figure prevails and character doesn't. To say no

or different is wrong.
Go to the reservoir and there you can SEE,
Many changing couples (to ask for a FEE?
—that business is long gone!)

It's all free now—
Girls, Sex and the rest, the boys seem not to THINK
They may want love—or a MINK,
But to unadulterated obscenition the girls must bow,

Or be stuck out on a limb,
—but not the limbs of their free-giving FRIENDS,
—those they give to boys, or shall we say LEND?

That has a feeling
Of getting it back, so that once AGAIN,
It's hired-out to lads with bum fluff MANES,
But have no pity for the adolescent changelings,

—the girls seem to like butterflied necks.
It would be true to say that all their ACTIONS,
—open shirts et all—yes one soon LEARNS—,
—are pre-planned, to capture the opposite sex.

Botty Shirewell 6_2



LOOK AROUND

Small people,
Who see no further
than a pale rainbow's end
Don't make me weep
or fear

You,
Why so virtuous
Despise me,
for my apathy
take care

Don't stray
or turn about,
The insurance premium is very dear
Cool it baby,
d'ya hear.

Come now,
work hard
Have yourself some fun
Life's a giggle, keep it up
it all pays in the long run.

Please put,
A penny in the box
buy your peace of mind
then wallow in your wealth
Thank you, you're so kind.

But don't
Don't get me wrong,
we really are most sincere
About our petty trivialities
And whatever else is near,

So
I hope one day
little people
Though you couldn't give a damn
You see beyond elusive rainbows
and cruise away from them.

Anon.

JOLLY HOCKEY

STICKS!

The characters in this story are based on real human beings.

"What a lovely day for hockey!" chortled S. in a deep baritone, as she balanced her Slazenger hockey stick (upright) on one index finger.

Her feelings were echoed by the exuberant bevy of girls thronging towards the hockey pitch. On arrival, they settled down to practise, racing up and down the pitch looking threatening and with their hockey sticks aloft.

"St. Crumpets will never stand up to this treatment!" bellowed A. impulsively.

"Hear! Hear!" murmured the girls in muffled tones, for the dark silhouette of Miss M. could be seen against the horizon.

After the positions for the practice game had been allotted, the girls stood ready for action, backs arched, eyes gleaming and nostrils flared.

"Begin," uttered Miss M. in a manner both dignified and firm.

Immediately upon this signal H. stepped firmly on J.'s foot and before J. had recovered, H. was dribbling the ball towards the opposition's goal with an agility that the defence could only stand back and admire. H. was raising her stick to take a final whack at H.P. standing in goal when a low moan was heard from the other end of the pitch and all heads turned just in time to see S. collapse into the ground with a graceful 'thud'.

"The excitement's been too much for her!" shrilled B. in staccato tones; C. and K. rushed forward, simultaneously bent on mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and consequently knocked heads.

"What a lucky thing I happened to bring this along!" declared E. blithely as she extracted an Oxygen Unit from the left sleeve of her games jumper.

"Remember to do your laces in double bows," reprimanded Miss M.

S. had only just recovered, by virtue of the oxygen, when the skies broke and rain poured forth from the heavens.





"Play on!" cried Miss M. valiantly, for as everyone who has read that ingenious editorial-cum-advertisement in the 1974 edition of the Avenue (front inside cover) knows, it is the chief aim of the authorities at Friends School for every boy and girl to become a MAN. This is why our heroines must wade through quicksand and face hailstones as big as houses rather than leave a hockey game unfinished. And so they continued play until the water had covered the head of even the tallest Friends Schoolian. At this moment Miss M: realized that the entire company stood in danger of drowning unless the game was discontinued, besides the hockey sticks floating away. At her order the girls hurriedly constructed a raft from hairpins, rubber bands and games jumpers and they floated over to the top of the Water Tower. There they stayed and after E. had brought forth hot cocoa and Digestive biscuits from the ample left sleeve of her jumper, they feasted on these provisions until the waters receded. They then returned to the playing fields and resumed their game.

THE END

Emma Clery 4y

helter skelter



The small boy sat on the mat
and shot down the slippery helter-skelter
Round and round
the air rushing cold past his ear,
— hitting the straw heap at the bottom
Bump.

The cat lay curled in the sagging chair,
her nose buried in her side, tail wrapped
Round and round
looking like one solid ball of fur,
never ending.

The hands on the clock moved slowly
over the face — past one, past two
— past three
Round and round,
marking off the minutes, hours, days,
year of life.



The machine beat out,
Keeping the frail, tiny body alive,
pumping the blood,
Round and round.
the cogs turning and hamming,
creating life and supporting life.

The huge orange lorry was filled — switched on,
emptied. Filled — Round and round
— emptied.
Slowly the giant, smooth expanse of
road was built.
Still the dirty orange barrel of the
dirty orange lorry
went Round and round.

The road came, and took away the fair
— the small boy cried.
The road destroyed the sagging old
Chair in the sagging old house
— the cold, old cat crept among the
rubble to try and hide.
The road smashed up the humming
machine — no cogs and wheels could
turn
— the tiny baby died.

Lizzie Shires 3x

bits and pieces

SQUARE BOX

A n o l d b o x, p l
a i n a n d e m p t
y, k i c k e d a n d
b a t t e r e d m u
d d y a n d t a t t
e r e d, l e f t o n
t h e s t r e e t f
o r t h e d u s t m
e n t o c o l l e c
t, C O L L A P S E D.

Two groups
Fighting to be better
Than the other.
One group
Try to be a good group,
The best.
Two groups
Mean war.

Lug 3X



OFF DAY

Wallowing in a mud bath of self-pity,
Sinking further and further into the gloom,
Deeper and deeper into the swamps of despair.

Narcissus lost his nerve
I lost all verve, and am fast becoming
a windbag of misery, drowning in a pool of
Imaginary sorrow.

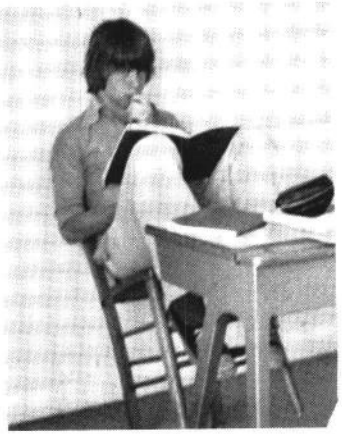


RUN WILD, RUN FREE,
WHAT CAN I SEE?
IMAGE OF ME
WISH I WAS FREE.

ANON







COMPLETELY SAFE MOTORING

Motoring,
Safe?
Completely Safe?
Yes,
If you . . .
If . . .

Sarah Ludgate 3x



THE AVENUE

Sums up people,
Quality and enthusiasm
To write.

Lug 3x



LOVE

An invisible charm,
Binds,
Around innocent hearts,
Sharing,
In all joy,
Weeping,
With all sadness.

Love,
Has invisible roads,
Travelled,
By apprehensive victims,
Washing,
Away cares,
Blinded,
To reality.

Wook 3x





Reaching out to smash the mirror,
The reflection of the polished skin,
Yet the true colour is concealed,
Years of pointless varnishing,
Now reflections are unwanted,
Repelling all those selfish years,
How I long to be free,
To let out what lies within,
And cast away my external,
To smile at all from a glad inside,
This shall be my epitaph.

Wook 3x

SAFARI TO KENYA, EASTER 1976

'I'm going away with the school next Easter,' I told my parents.

'How nice,' they murmured abstractly. 'Where to?'

'Africa.' There was a silence during which my sanity was reviewed.

'Would you like a mosquito net for Christmas then?' said my mother at last.

So began a holiday which also was a pilgrimage, to places I had long dreamed about and studied; all was accomplished by Paul and Elizabeth High as if by magic, and on Thursday March 15, our motley party of 24 scholars and 4 seniors was flying out of Heathrow, care of Sudan Airways en route for Nairobi.

Nairobi Youth Hostel saw out first encounter with African people and food. The latter, in the shape of giant pineapples and mangoes, was found in Kariakor Market, our excursion ably led by Michael Carr. The former was discovered in the African quarters of the city where we felt at first like invaders from Mars. It took some days to acclimatise to being the only white faces, but by the end of the trip we were quite used to being treated like visiting royalty. In the city too, I learned two Swahili words the hard way — by getting them wrong; these were the words for Ladies and Gents!

Our safari took us on to the north-west, to Lake Victoria, heart of Victorian Africa, through the Rift Valley, sight of grandeur on an unbelievable scale. Along the way we received tremendous hospitality from Friends' College, Kaimosi and Friends' School, Kamusinga. Kamusinga is most memorable for speeches and Senior Chief Jonathon, who took us on an exhaustive tour of his district-water-works, clinics, harambee schools, coffee and tobacco plantations. At each there was a speech to be given; Geoff, Penny, Elizabeth, Michael and I became adept at extempore speaking by the end!

A party of intrepid explorers had left us to ascend Mount Kenya. As we passed through the foothills on our way to Meru and Kaaga, I felt deep envy of Paul and the boys; the tranquil majesty of the mountain acted as a magnet to the earth-bound members of the group. Receiving them back at Amboseli, I understood the sense of achievement they felt. Amboseli was perhaps the climax of our visit. It lay in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro, a plain dominated by the living presence of the mountain, which observed our every move, a vital power shrouded by cloud, an almost irresistible force. We slept in bandas, full of bats and mosquitoes; my mosquito net was amply equipped with large holes, doubtless a training ground for thick insects. During the day we sunbathed; in the dusk and dawn we watched animals. In the morning, I would wake at about six to the insistent sound of the animals; on the verandah I could see the early grey light draining colour from the animals who at that hour were still lords of their own land. Then suddenly a wash of colour rippled across the landscape; with dawn, Man again asserted dominance.

What shall I remember most about Kenya? Paul's beard, Peter's malaria, Michael's hat, Geoff's eloquence? My list of children to throw before lions? The lions themselves, scrunching their meal regardless of our gaze? The birth of a wildebeest, a sudden life in a near desert? Perhaps the battle to change travellers' cheques, or bargaining for soap-stone figures, or feeding chameleons, or the rendezvous at the Thorn Tree, or camping in a game park, or the thousands of pink flamingoes of Lake Elementaita, or Hannah's elephants, or Sally's baboons. Perhaps the people of Africa, perhaps the friendship within our party, perhaps the sense of discovery. We left Kenya at 90°F. and arrived next morning in London at 1°C, a rather chilly end to a holiday which was, thanks to Paul, rich enough in memories to last a life-time.

Amanda Cooper



A WILD TRIP TO AFRICA



THE LAMB

The farmer is out sowing his rye,
The sheep are browsing in the bracken,
In the clouds an eagle hovers high.

The hungry bird looks down with beady eye,
Amongst the sheep and young inside the pen.
The farmer is out sowing his rye.

He has not fed for weeks and's like to die,
If food is not now caught and eaten.
In the clouds an eagle hovers high.

The eagle swoops and ewes give startled cry,
As from their midst a lamb is by him taken.
The farmer is out sowing his rye.

On the wind there comes the faintest sigh,
From the lamb held in the talons, then,
In the clouds an eagle flying high.

A farmhand in a field that is nigh,
Shakes his head saying,
"That makes ten".
The farmer is out sowing his rye,
And in the clouds an eagle hovers high.

Anon 4y



ENVIRONMENTS



MY EYES ARE HEAVY

With sleep that wouldn't come until the early hours of
dawn,
but I sense that the alarm clock at any moment will jar
the
stillness and the corridor outside, awake the sleeping
ANGELS
from their beds of softest down.

The moments build up as I in anticipation, anxious,
heart beating
feel it must be time, it must be time, it must be . . .
Drrrr Drrrr

It rings, a cacophonous siren, which will shatter the
paradise of
dreamland for many
The bed is warm and safe,
The air is fuggy and close
and I want to sleep,
My eyelids flutter but sleep is the stranger
and I drift into delicious oblivion.

Industry

The brick walled and chimneyed factory
Austere arches, iron, glass,
Billows forth its soot.
The six lane concrete motorway
Elevated, noisy
Carbon monoxide
The circles of sewage works,
Brown and pungent gunge
Put into the river.
The rows of dismal terraces
Square box rooms and grey tiled roofs
Carbon from burnt coal.
The multi million paper works,
Gleaming white faced walls
Its mercuric waste.
The plastic and chemical works:
Modern art with pipes.
Green, blue, purple fumes
The nuclear power station . . .

Julian Black 4x

PYRAMIDS OF MIND.

The cruel sun,
Burning on the pyramids of my mind
Scalding the rocks of time,
The cloud maidens slowly assemble round him,
Carrying him slowly to his western home,

The sun now home
Changes into its kinder, cooler robe of moves,
and now striving man
Lets loose his worries
as he clambers up the pyramids of mind,
He strives,
He rules in the new sun,
As he reaches his utmost thought,
He feels the devildic sun on his back,
He tumbles, falls,
Down the pyramids of mind
Back to his solitary lowly existance,
Leaving the sun,
As it continues,
dressed in his mantle of gold,
Scorching down the pyramids of time.

AT NIGHT

It was a night so dark,
But there was a very small spark,
That I saw when I was at the park,
It went flash, flash,
And was still there when I walked under the ark.
Then there was a crash,
And there was no longer the spark.

A nightmare
Down, deeper into the dim pit,
Dingy, dank and ill lit,
Following the torch's pale light,
I wished for all that is bright.
All I saw were the slimy walls,
All I heard was the drop of moisture,
And the sound of my footsteps.

In my heart was fear,
Flinching from what was near,
Dreading the inpenetrable darkness,
Wanting, as never before, the lightness
All I could do was stand, silent and still,
All my thoughts were fiendish fantasies,
And I couldn't go forward or flee this hall.



Sir Anon



Why did the people die that day?
Why did they run and jump at the gun?
Why did the people die that way?

It looked like some sort of farcical play,
The men shot the poor old nun,
"Thank god", were the only words she could say.

There was a small horse munching some hay,
The men shot, and it started to run,
But it didn't get far as it let out a neigh.

And when it was all over at the end of the day,
To look at the battle ground was not much fun,
The only thing remains to say;
Why did the people die that day?

THE BARREN SEA

The barren sea clashes with pounding cries against the centuries old forgotten rocks. Spray flies up, a white foam in the winds, Far away in the middle of the swirling mass a seagull comes to rest, Protected only by its oil. Age old boulders roll between its feet, Ships bow down, down gurgling to the depths.

It calms, the swells cease gently,
Driftwood comes to rest on sandy beaches,
The sun breaks cover,
Melting the white snowy cliffs.
Waves break gently on small caves,
The blow holes are dumb.
Small craft emerge onto the glass pane,
The dark depths hide the horrors of the night before.

The light through the window illuminates the ragged doll covered with the dust of several years. The doll, once a bright little toy, now lies in a corner in the attic, covered with cobwebs. The boy has grown up and has left his toys to rot, some in corners, some among the rafters, and others just dumped into the trash. "Worthless" he said, "I will never need them again. I am no longer a child." The child has died. And with it died the curiosity and delight of looking at new things. Now all that remains is a shell of a man, serious, bent on getting on with his work and not stopping to see beauty in life, or in the brook that he played in as a boy. All that is left to remind him of what he was is a little ragged doll, gathering dust and spiders in the corner of the attic, it sits alone, like the man below it, with no one around.

The Saffron Walden Food Guide

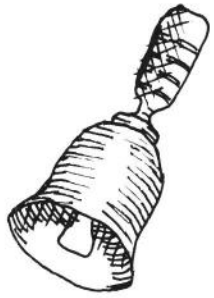
By no means would I be so immodest as to call myself a fully-fledged Gourmet, but by English standards I am confident enough to consider myself a lady with a fair sense of taste in food. Unfortunately my financial resources do not permit me to continually eat out, but I do my best, and am lucky enough to have a bunch of fairly well-trained fairy godmothers-cum-aunts-cum-fathers-cum-friends who seem to have acquired a very welcome habit of arriving on the spur of the moment to take me out to sample the culinary delights that the restaurants of S.W and its environs have to offer, and this article is a guide directed at pupils and parents, anxious to get the best food at the best prices.

The Coffee House

It lives up to its name because the coffee is **REAL**, the cakes are home made and you get pots rather than cups of tea.

It is also a very good snacking-place, for it does a good selection of sandwiches, eggs, beans, cheese, etc, etc, at quite reasonable prices.

It tends to be a bit crowded on Saturday afternoons, but I recommend it to parents who feel that a "plain Vicar type" afternoon tea will not satisfy the stalwart appetities of their offspring.



The Bell

We guessed what sort of a place it would be on driving in, because parked in the car park was a splendid selection of Jaguars, Rovers, Bentleys etc. Both the menu and the Clientele were rather select or tried to be, but I enjoyed my Courgettes stuffed with juicy prawns covered in a sumptious sauce Mornay very much, and my veal a la creme was simply delicieux. The vegetables though good were an extra which always annoys me. Pudding was exquisite — a plain chocolate cone filled with minty ice cream. In fact everything about the meal was excellent, but there had to be a snag somewhere, and yes, you have guessed it: the price — it certainly wasn't the place to go if you really wanted to stick to your resolutions to economise in 1976.



The Salad Bowl

A very "NYCE" place (please recognise the inverted commas), fairly cheap, with a "Normal" selection of transport cafe type food. A bit too much of the vinyl/plastic table topped cum piped music atmosphere for me.

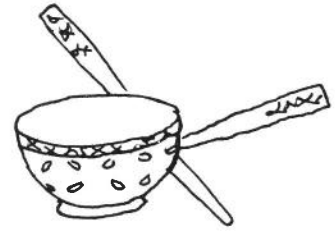
Chinese Restaurants

The cheapest is the one near the police station (which could be significant) and they do a very delicious, very fattening, unfortunately not very filling crispy pancake filled with bean sprouts and prawns. Good if you haven't much money but are content with snacks, but bad if you are broke and ravenously hungry.



The Saffron Hotel

The food for the price is not very good, in fact is rather average, but maybe I have only been on "off" days. The puddings however are consistently good, and I recommend especially the caramelised oranges and the trifle.



Vicky Chapman 6_1

FOOD REFORM

When I was asked to write on vegetarianism for The Avenue, I was on the basis of a number of ideas we had had rather than any changes in school policy that had taken place. We have since aired these ideas through the customary channels, where they have received varying response. Our basic concern is the difference between the unnecessary extravagant sums of money spent on feeding ourselves, and the minimal amount spent on feeding those who are in perpetual hunger, or dying because they have been given no food.

A number of proposals have been put forward, these being: A weekly choice of a soup and bread lunch for those who feel (with their parents' approval) they would like to be involved in generating a significant amount of money for charity (this has since been brought up at School Council, where it was said to have received wide support from the school). An attempt to lower the unnecessary wastage of food. An increase in the number of vegetarian dishes on the school menu. A campaign to increase the quality of vegetarian food, and consequently the number of people eating it. Finally, a dedicated few wish to miss one or two meals a week, the proceeds going to charity. Though basically we are trying to spend less on feeding ourselves and eat less meat. The latter inclusion may appear surprising to some, but in fact meat is an extremely inefficient method of deriving nourishment, and provides only 1/10 of the food value, that the vegetable matter used to make the meal would have done. Thus by eating meat, we are depriving 9 other people of food. By the same token, it has been estimated that if every person in America gave up one hamburger per week (or the equivalent) approximately half the world's food problems would be solved. In any event, we feel it is up to us to do something about the worsening situation, rather than waiting for yet another nation's youth to fade away in the humiliation of hunger. Although our contribution may be small it is not insignificant (if our proposals are accepted — which we should know well before the publication of this article) and if it were taken up, by a large number of people, would make considerable impact on the problem. So next time you are sick from debauched overeating, think of those in the mankind you profess to love who are sick, dying and dead because someone else ate their food.

Ian Hunt 6_2

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

The new school Amnesty group was formed in May 1976. We have from the onset, tried not to be too ambitious, as this was one of the reasons cited for the termination of the previous group. Thus we are not a full group and do not have to concentrate on raising the subscription. Our objectives are 1. To keep people aware of the world situation as regards torture, imprisonment without trial and/or reason, and of Amnesty's work in this direction. 2. To each send two cards a week, urging those governments responsible for violating the UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS, to release those prisoners who are unjustly imprisoned and tortured. 3. To encourage more people to become involved in our cause.

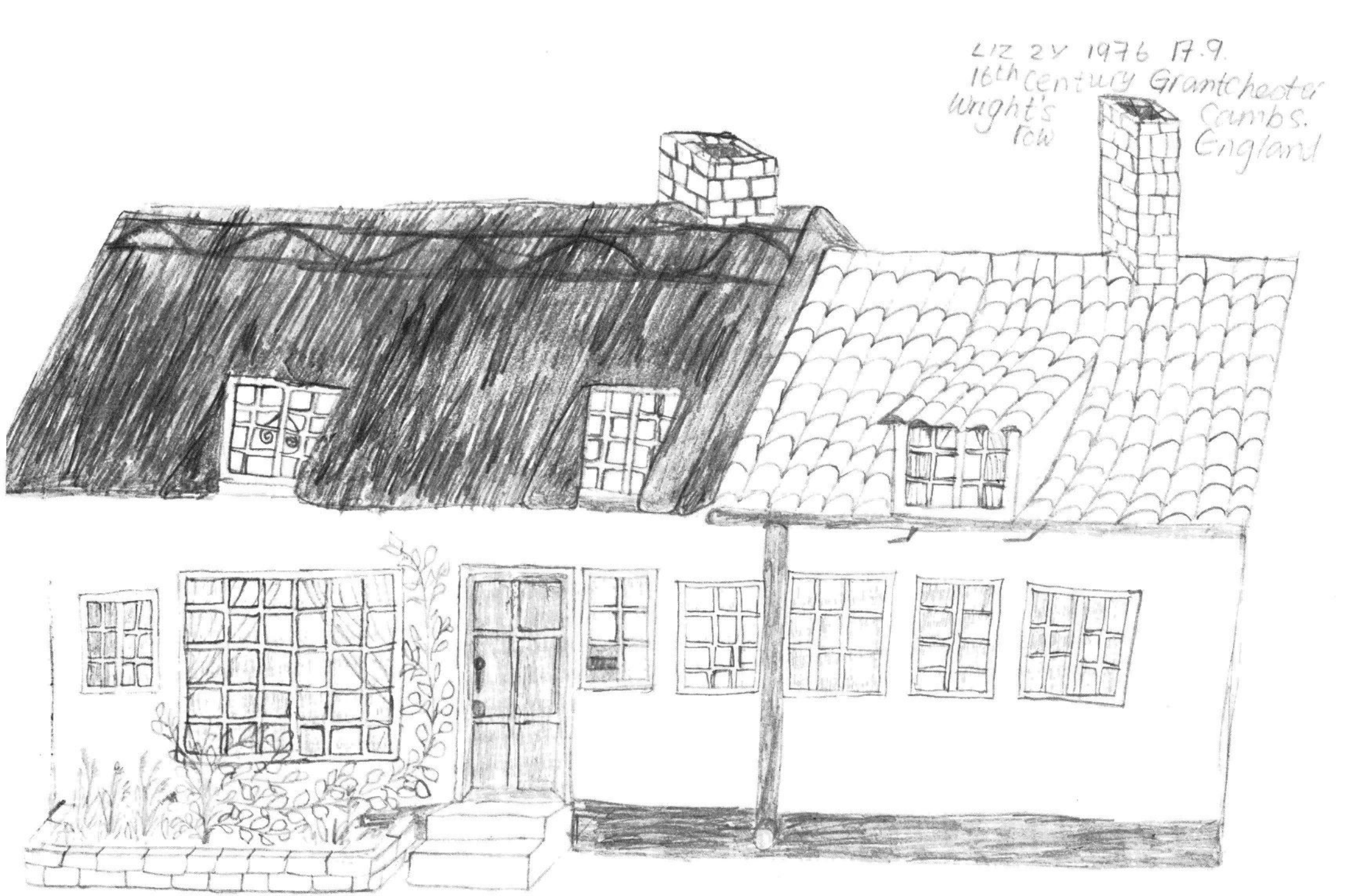
Our activities have included giving two weeks of assemblies, the latter set of which were aimed at recruiting people to fill the gaps left by those who left last year. In this we were quite successful, and a number of people, concerned with more than the comfortable superficialities of everyday life, have joined. By doing so, some feel that they may actually do some good, however small, rather than follow the easier, non-committal, egocentric lives, so characteristic of today. We raised significant amounts of money in collections on sports day and parents day, which were used to pay for the cards, stamps, and a film for assembly. Another aim of the sale of papers and cards, was to generate interest in the people who took them so that Amnesty might increase its publicity and possibly its membership.

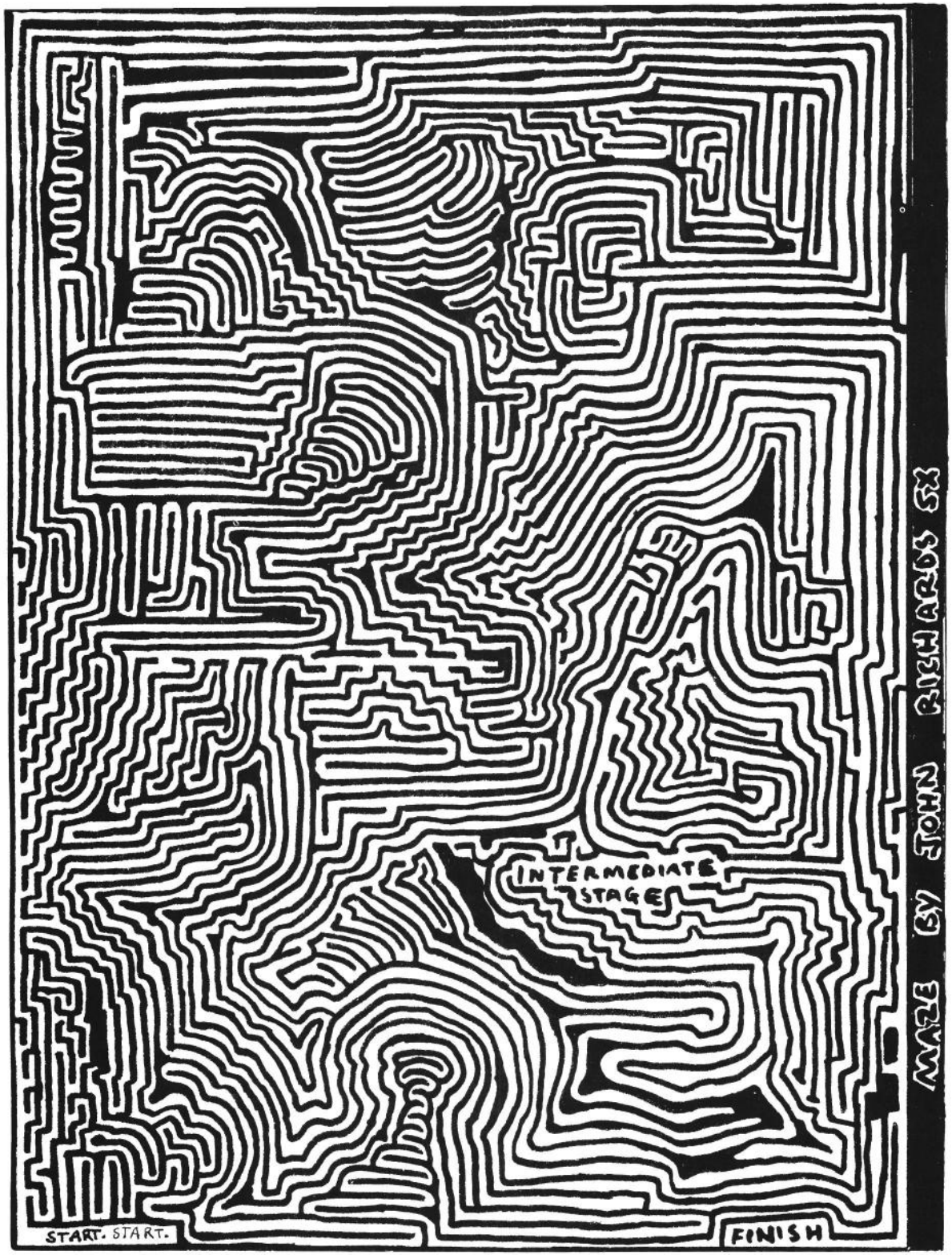
A large number of signatures were collected on a petition for the release of Vladimir Bukovsky, a dissident Russian scientist, who has been sent to a so-called "psychiatric hospital" for his beliefs. He is seriously ill because of his treatment there. Finally, to commemorate the signing of the Universal Declaration of Human rights eighteen years ago, a service was given at Westminster Abbey, which also inaugurated the commencement of "Prisoners of Conscience" Year 1977. A party of twenty of the group attended the service. We were reminded of those, who, because of their non-violent beliefs, will not be going home this Christmas, or for many years to come, and of our duty to them not to remain silent and let them suffer. Some were stirred as the Amnesty candle was lit by a former Prisoner of Conscience during a reading from St. John's gospel.

Although the practical outcome of our effort may not be vast, they are certainly not insignificant. They will leave people aware of the ways in which they may contribute to Amnesty's work (and similar organisations) outside the limited content of the school situation. They represent a threat to those who wish to delay basic human rights . . . They make a larger number of people aware of the situation which they might otherwise choose not to be aware of. They contribute to the release of prisoners of conscience and lastly, they may help some of the people who because of their convictions, and unfortunate circumstances (which are not confined merely to Russia and South America, but are world wide, including this country) to feel that someone does know and care about their plight.

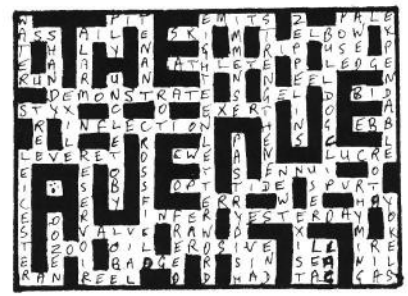
Ian Hunt 6_2




LIZ 2V 1976 17.9.
16th century Grantchester
Wright's Cambs.
row England

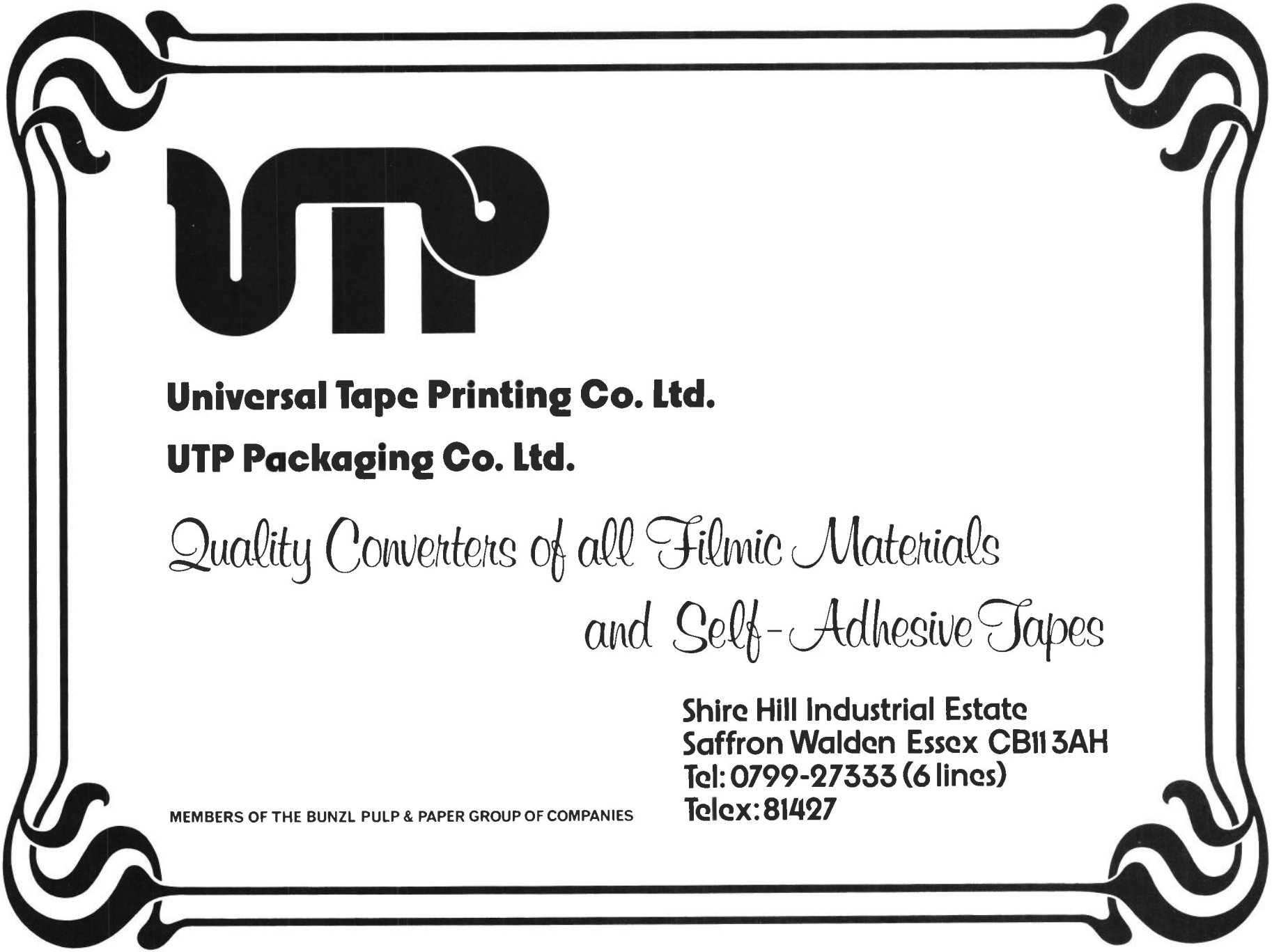


answers



SOLUTIONS TO PEOPLE PLACES & THINGS

1. Imogen Rowlands
2. E.W.E.
3. Croydon
4. Goldspink
5. Donald Benson
6. Oliver Freed
7. Tom Plant
8. Mark Tattersall
9. Toby Wilsher
10. Anthony Phillips
11. Hillcroft
12. Michael Booth
13. Martin Alley
14. Crispin Mills
15. Amanda Cooper
16. Gibson
17. Donald Benson
18. Vicky Chapman
19. Tack
20. Robin's Acre
21. Trotter
22. George Robinson
23. Jean Stubbs
24. Anita Green
25. The Headmaster
26. Richard Wright
27. Richard Sturge
28. Chaff
29. Brighton Beach
30. Friends School



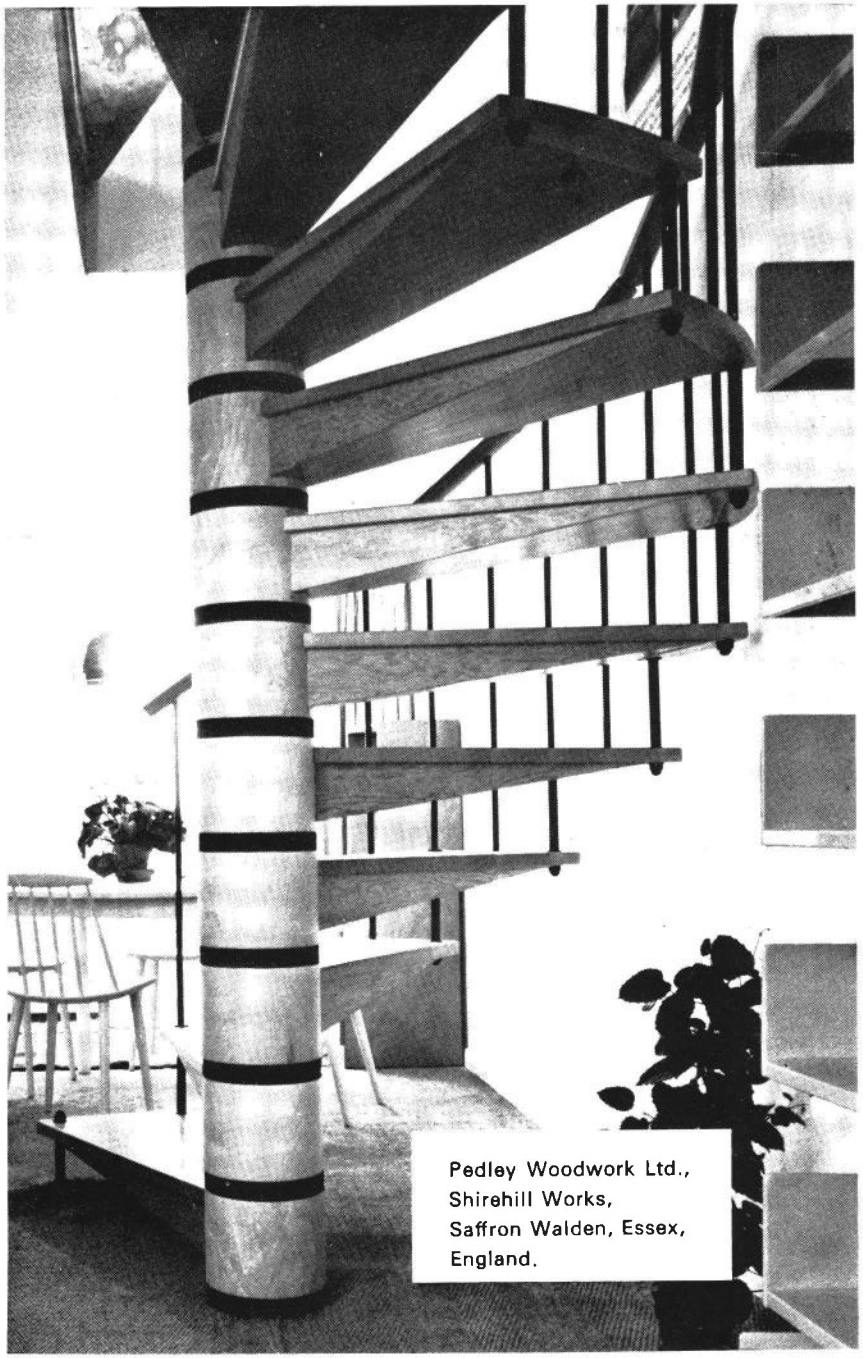
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david

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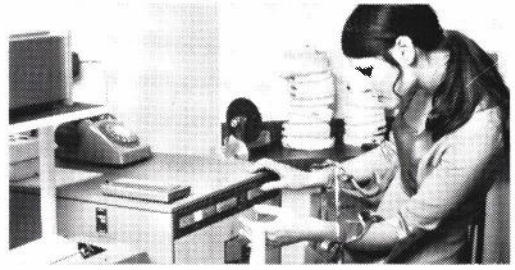
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BARCLAYS

ACROSS

2. Mine (3)
4. Issues (5)
8. Faint (4)
11. Stupid Horse (3)
13. Sicken From Failure (3)
14. Runner (3)
15. Jostle Below (5)
17. Rend (3)
19. The Late Runner (8)
20. Shelf (5)
21. Hasten (3)
23. Slipper For The Table (3)
24. Denote Smart Show (11)
27. Jelly Like Colloid (3)
28. Offer (3)
29. Dead Flower? (4)
31. Bring To Bear (5)
32. Modulation Of Voice On Nice Lift (10)
34, 45 across. Retreat Of '73 (3,4)
36. Little Bounder (7)
38. And The Little Bleater's Mother (3)
39. Cruel Profit (5)
41. Boredom (5)
44. Top Choice (3)
45. (See 34 across)
46. Jet (5)
48. Hesitant Right Through Wrong (3)
49. Dry Grass (3)
52. Conclude (5)
55. Before Today (9)
57. One-Way Device (5)
60. Uncooked (3)
61. Animal Park (3)
62. Fuel (3)
63. Wearing Out (7)
66. Sick (3)
69. Anger (3)
71. Emblem (5)
72. Crime (3)
73. Ocean (3)
74. Nought (3)
75. Sped (3)
76. Stagger (4)
77. Owned (3)
78. Label (3)
79. Fuel (3)

DOWN

1. Huh As In Tower (5)
2. Bend (3)
3. Occupant (6)
4. Ideal Answer For This Clue (8,6,4)
5. Huge (7)
6. Reinforced (12)
7. Line (9)(P.S. Pez Flies)
8. Set (4)
9. Inspired (4)
10. Replaceable (10)
12. (See 22 down)
13. Panic (5)
16. Pull Clog Bid By Pez (7,4)
22, 12 down. Relative To Cyril? (5,4,6)
25. Banishment (5)
26. Putrefy (3)
30. Plant to bark up (4)
33. School building (10)
35. Kitchen-ware with no pan handle (7,4)
36. Latest addition . . . (9)
37. And latest common rooms (9)
40. List at or about (4)
42. Amphibian (4)
43. Employer (4)
47. Sounding alike (8)
50. Bumpkins (7)
51. Twelve (5)
53. Relieved (5)
54. Head of corn (3)
56. Live (5)
58. Fleshy part of 54 (4)
59. Small glass bottle (4)
64. By way of (3)
65. Cease (3)
67. Meadow (3)
68. Fall behind (3)
70. Submerged valley (3)

Answers on page 34

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