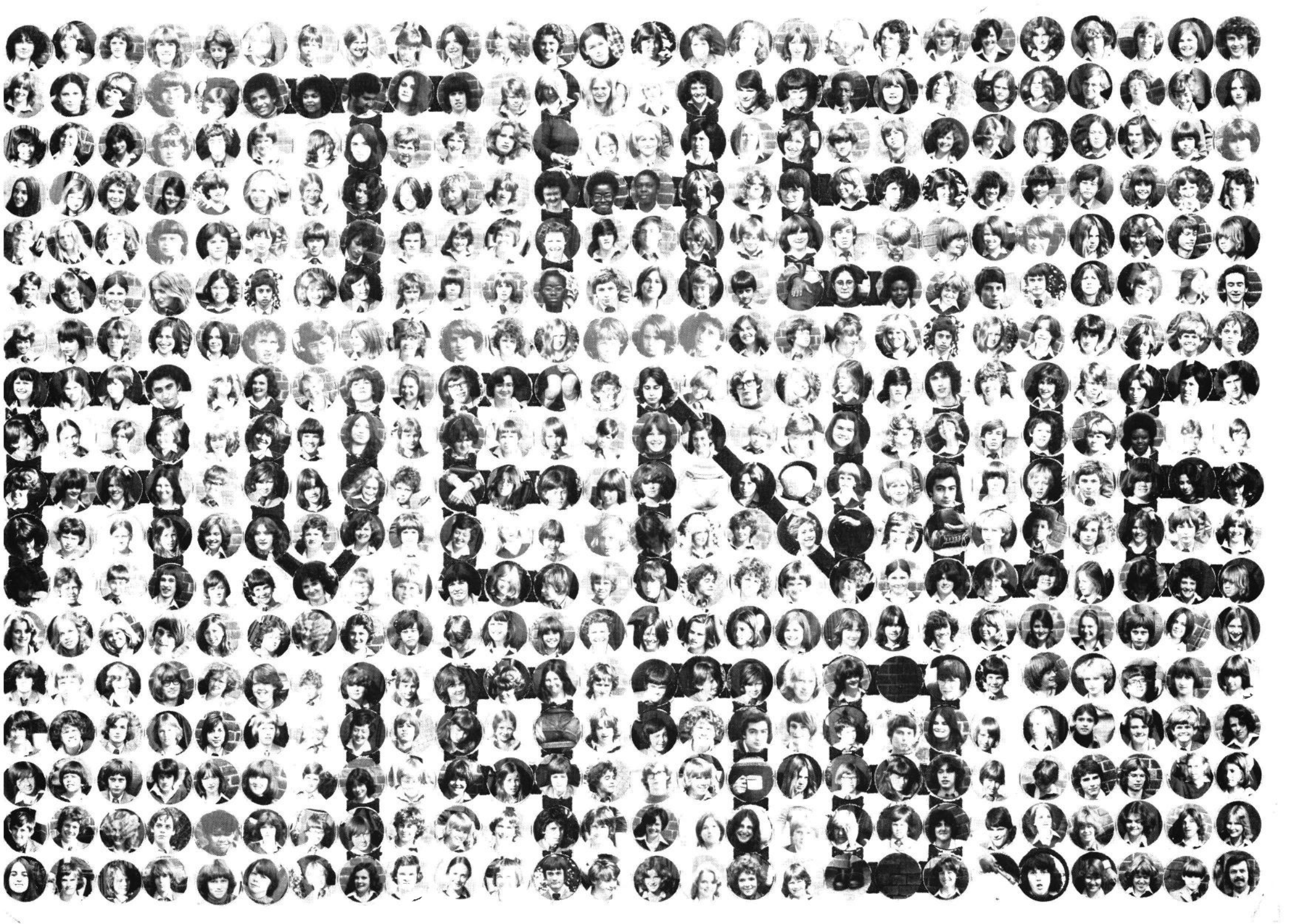
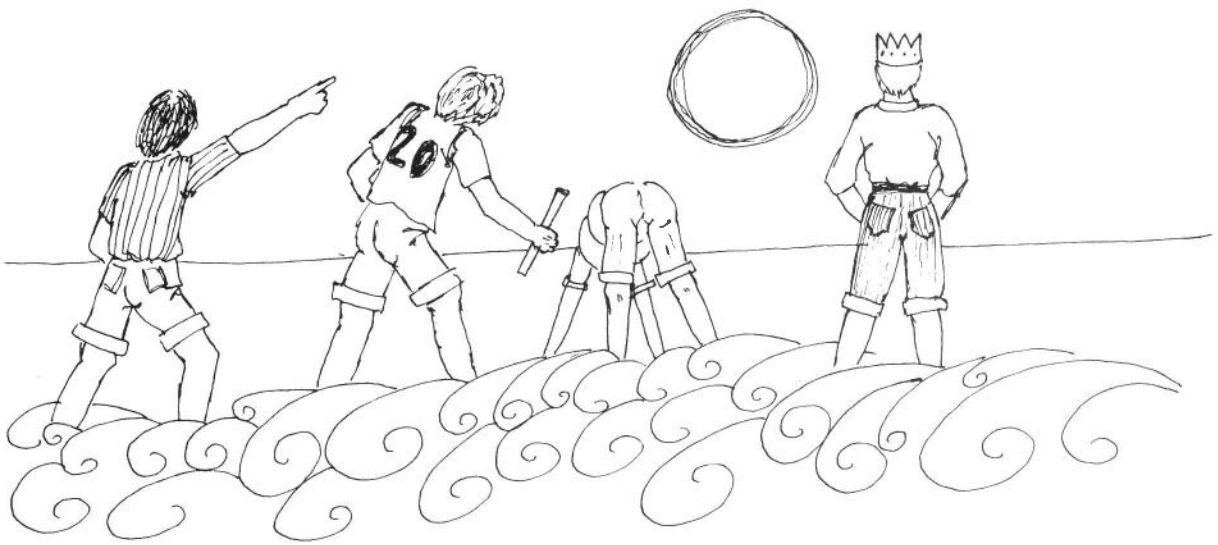


AN AUTHOR'S SONG OF WOE

Oh, I wish I'd written for *'The Avenue'*,
If only I'd have known
The prizes they were giving,
The work they would have shown.
Oh, I read the posters, yes I did,
I knew the deadline date,
I copied out my poems
But I put them in too late.
I saw my friend win second prize
And get her work put in,
I tried to draw a cover
But I threw it in the bin.
If I'd put my story in
There would be naught to fear,
But it's too late now to bother,
I'll try again next year.

Penny Walker 1y





ENGLAND. BEFORE THE COAST

Enter King John, Essex, Crosfield and Leicester

Once more unto the beach, dear friends, once more;
We'll fill it up with our English bodies!
In Winter there's nothing so becomes a man,
As thick warm overcoats and three-piece suits:
But when the blast of sun rests on our backs,
Then imitate the action of the lizard;
Loosen the sinews, forget about your blood,
Disguise fair skins with dark brown lotions;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it peer through the sunglasses,
Let the brass rims o'erwhelm the perspiring brow,
And joyfully suck your lettered rock,
Wander on the seaweed shingle
Swilled with the oily north sea water.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on you noblest English
Into the cold North sea. Roll up your trousers
And paddle like your Fathers,
Fathers, that, like so many salamanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even sunbathed,
And sheath'd their bodies for lack of ultra-violet rays.
And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were browned in Blackpool, show us here
The colour of your kneecaps; let us swear
That it was worth the bathing: Which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so white and hairless,
That hath not ambre solaire on your thighs.
I see you stand like vesiculine swine [1]
In the amusement halls.
Drink up your spirits; and when over-charged
Cry — 'God for Blackpool, Brighton and Saint Maws.'

1 Pigs under the influence of swine vesicular disease come up in boils and their skin peels.

Richard Wood 6_2

The State of the Nation

SPRING SESSION

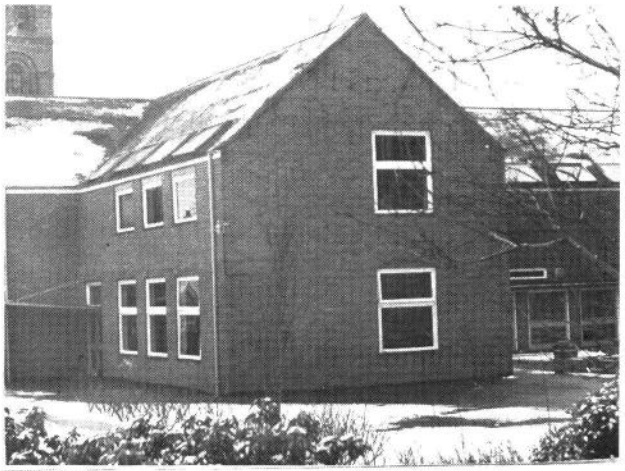
On January 15th. 1977, on the eve of a strike by members of the cleaning staff employed in the House of Commons (Staff Room), Prime Minister John Woods announced his new cabinet:

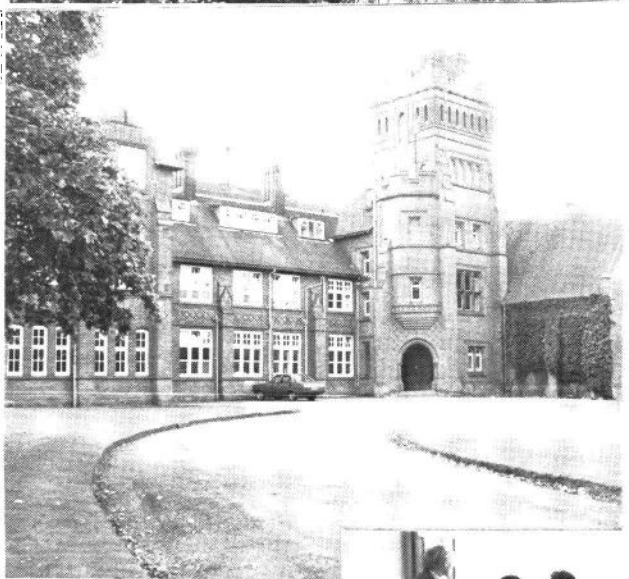
Louis Trotter (Chancellor), Jean Stubbs (Foreign Secretary), Margaret Brandon (Home Secretary), Cyril Mummery (Education), John Dickinson (Social Services), Paul High (Environment), Harry Tizard (Food), Peter Arter (Chief Whip), Christopher Smith (Sport and Housing), Michael Collins (Industry), Martin Hugall (Transport), Imogen Rowlands (Interior), Mark Miller (Arts), Denby Allen (Agriculture), Tessa Brown (Aviation), Donald Benson (Defence).

This announcement was swiftly followed by a press release from the Charpersons Union. Union spokeslady, Mrs. McSweety, announced that her members were not being paid enough and that a strike would take place unless a rise was offered. The Prime Minister advised Mrs. McSweety and her ladies to visit Tessa Brown, the Minister of Aviation who would make the necessary arrangements. He also took the precaution of appointing Anne Marriage Chief of Police.

On February 2nd., the Leader of the Opposition, the Rt. Hon. Tony Rotcliffe, said that the Government's Devolution Bill for Hillcroft and Gibson should be shelved (if possible in the Geography Room so he could burn it). Mr. Rotcliffe also stated that the country was agitating for a return to free collective bargaining, not to mention more chips in tea. He went on to add that the Government should not use such barbaric forces as the Chief of Police and the Chief Whip to enforce its tyrannical policies on the people. Angry debate followed in the House and the Speaker (Hannah Pearce) and Black Road (Richard Wright) were forced to intervene.

Much happier news came from Hillcroft Palace. Queen Trudy I received the Australian Ambassador (Donald Miller) and the Persian Ambassador (Nasser Fathi). Both were presented to Princess Amanda Jane and Princess Katherine.





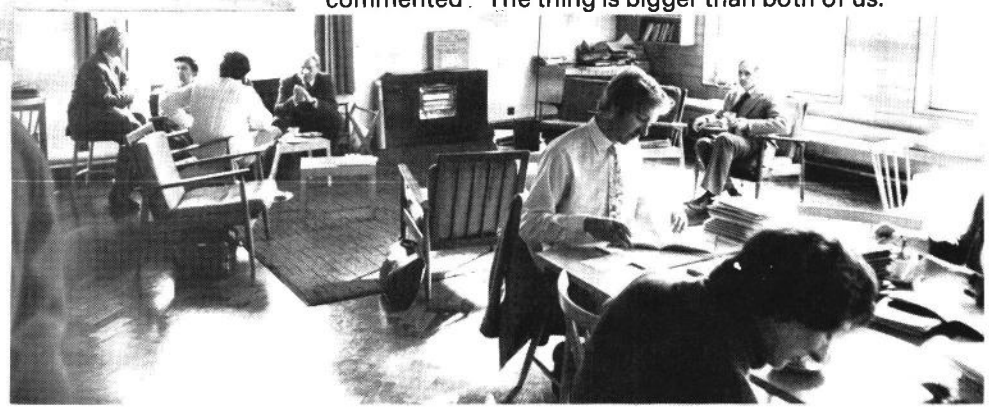


SUMMER SESSION

Early in June, the House of Lords (situated somewhere on Summerhill Road) was treated to an amusing though unconventional speech by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Right Reverend Philip Morley. The Archbishop's speech concerned the ethics of eating egg and cheese flan. This delicacy had recently been introduced to cabinet members and received rapturous applause on its first appearance at Robin's Acre. The Archbishop, although generally in favour of the flan, was wholly against and in fact condoned the addition of baked beans as a side dish. His speech was well received by the Lords and most members thought deeply on the matter. A vote on a motion to remove the baked beans was taken and the motion was carried unanimously.

Reaction from members of the House of Commons was swift. Mr. Tizard and Mr. Allen, Ministers of Food and Agriculture respectively, congratulated the Archbishop on his fair and just speech. They both expressed their delight at the vote and attacked those members of the press who criticize Parliament for devoting too much time to petty problems.

In July, the Housing Minister, Mr. C. Smith, proposed a scheme to save members pounds on rent . . . tents! These would be erected at specific points on the grassland around the Commons. Troublesome members would be segregated there: Martin Webster and Enoch Powell; Tony Benn and Shirley Williams; Peter Arter and Tessa Brown. This scheme was greeted with applause by opposition back benchers who saw a chance to get rid of their sore backsides by moving on to the more cushioned front benches. Afterwards C.S. commented "The thing is bigger than both of us."



AUTUMN SESSION

On September 12th., Prime Minister John Woods announced two cabinet changes. Graham Chambers replaced Paul High as Minister of Environment and Brian Gatward replaced Mark Miller as Minister for the Arts.

Near the beginning of this session, the National Team had a hard game against R. A. Butler Third XI in which they scraped a 3-3 draw. The game was watched by a capacity crowd both of which invaded the pitch at the end of the game. R. A. Butler took an early lead two minutes before the kick-off. But we soon came back with goals by Tim Small Potted Flower. After 43 minutes, Tim was stretchered off after being hit by a soggy Farley's rusk. Although the culprit was never apprehended, evidence points to the involvement of one, Ronald Palmbeach. Other goals were scored by Garfield Baldy and Mark Schenton.

On November 15th. Mr. J. Dickinson (known as J.D.) was listening to his radio (now legal since the Electrical Appliances Act 1976) when the programme was rudely interrupted by a police message. His first comment was "What a load of old rubbish." This has sparked off riots in Northampton and Prime Minister John Woods has ordered an enquiry to be held. It will be remembered that 'J.D.' is the Social Services Secretary.

In mid-December, during a lecture on Regional Geography, the Rt. Hon. Tony Rotcliffe, Leader of the Opposition, claimed that Julian Black, the world's foremost expert on methane, wassuggestingdangerous ideas on energy policy. The Prime Minister said he would be looking into this.

Christmas came with two Command performances. Queen Trudy I and the Princesses Amanda Jane and Katherine attended a performance of C.C.C. by B.B. and a special carol service in the Great Hall near Hillcroft Palace.

Mark Anderson 5X
Crispin Mills 5Y
Gareth Jones 5Y

THIS IS AUTUMN

The leaves turn brown and rush around,
This is Autumn;
They turn and swirl 'till they reach the ground,
This is Autumn;
The wind roars hard and clouds rush by,
This is Autumn;
The birds don't stay, away they fly,
This is Autumn.

Penny Walker 1y



YOUR NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENTS GUIDE

T.T. Friend's **NO DRINKS PLEASE WE'RE QUAKERS.**
"Bgryhbsdfu Nbjgutfd." — *The Outer Mongolian Chronicle.*

JIM CALLAGHAN SUPERSTAR.
"Superduper" — *Immigrant Weekly.*

Cyril Smith in **HUMPTY DUMPTY.**
"Scrumptuous" — *Good Housekeeping.*

Trudy Stobbart's **DIRTY LINEN.**
"Filthy" — *Mary Whitehouse.*

Jean Brodie in **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN STUBBS.**
"Revealing" — *Rome Evening News.*

John Woods and Margaret Brandon in **SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.**
"Sensational" — *The Avenue.*

BUTCH DICKINSON AND THE CHAMBERS KID.
"Sensational" — *G.C. and J.D.*

Phil Morley in **THE EXORCIST.**
"Unusual" — *Rev. Ian Paisley*

Peter Arter in **THE SPY WHO LOVED ME.**
"Revealing" — *Church Times.*

Prince Charles in **CROMWELL**
"Ga-Ga" — *Princess Anne's baby.*

Cyril Smith in **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**
"A very delicate subject" — *Mrs. Cyril Smith.*

Cyril Mummery and Amanda Cooper in **A HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE**
"Unbelievable" — *Patrick Moore.*

Donald Benson in **IPI TUMBI**
"Pulsating music and dance" — *The Friend.*

Esther Rantzen in **JAWS**
"Terrifying" — *Glynn Parsnip and Keirmen Prendergast*

Mark Anderson Gareth Jones Crispin Mills

THINGS I LOVE

A black velvet sky
Studded with stars,
Making me dizzy
When I gaze in awe.
A pink room with
Memories of other people
And ages gone before.
Necklaces,
Twenties' style dresses,
Monocles in cases.



I love mellow daffodils
When the rain fills
Their leaves and flowers.
Trees too, in the
Cascading rain
Look beautiful.

I lie on our lawn
And search patiently
Amongst newly cut grass
For a four-leafed clover.

I love fresh, natural smells,
Juicy and clean
Like orange peel,
Bitter sweet and
I love the wonder
Of being the first to see
The chestnut from its
Prickly shell. Brown.
Of feeling the rough
Wood of the tree
Newly cut down.
These I love.

Nicola Minaur 2x



I love the musty smell of a cellar,
The mixed smells of food in a grocer's shop,
The soft, warm body of a cat on my lap,
Watching fish swimming in clear rivers,
Walking through green meadows,
Riding in open top cars on sunny days,
The atmosphere of a fairground on a clear dark night,
Watching wax drip down a candle,
Ice cold drinks on hot days,
Steaming thick soup on cold days,
Fluffy bed feather quilts,
Cuddly teddy bears.

Catherine Gooderham 2x

SCOUT CAMP '77

It was with 'kind permission from the Duke of Devonshire' that we camped on Chatsworth Estate not far from the magnificent House. In our field, strewn with millstone grit boulders, we camped, the stones giving character. There were the Badgers, Kestrels, Merlins, Stags and the leaders Paul High and Rick Freed. Up a rocky 'cliff' lay a grassy field. Up on the edge there we put up our flag.

Wake up in the morning: biting cold and a wash-splash 'Ow!' Then there is the fire to light, the kit to air, the wet brailings to hitch. And flagbreak. Who cares for flagbreak? *MY STOMACH IS EMPTY!*

You see the most important part of camp is food: thick porridge (Oh, never enough!), bacon, eggs, toast, marmalade and gallons of tea.

But, of course, the chores have to be done:

'Washing up water's on the fire!'

'Dig the pit deeper than that (please).'

'A sack of wood.'

And we are off for the day (after a morning visit to the lats).

A hike up beautiful Dovedale (after a reckless drive in an F. C. Moore's van), climbing up a sheer rockface with agonizing pain when a boot is stuck. Lunch is sandwiches and fruit. Then the thrill of gliding. Striking Blue John outside the cavern beating the tourist trade! Or just walking the moors.

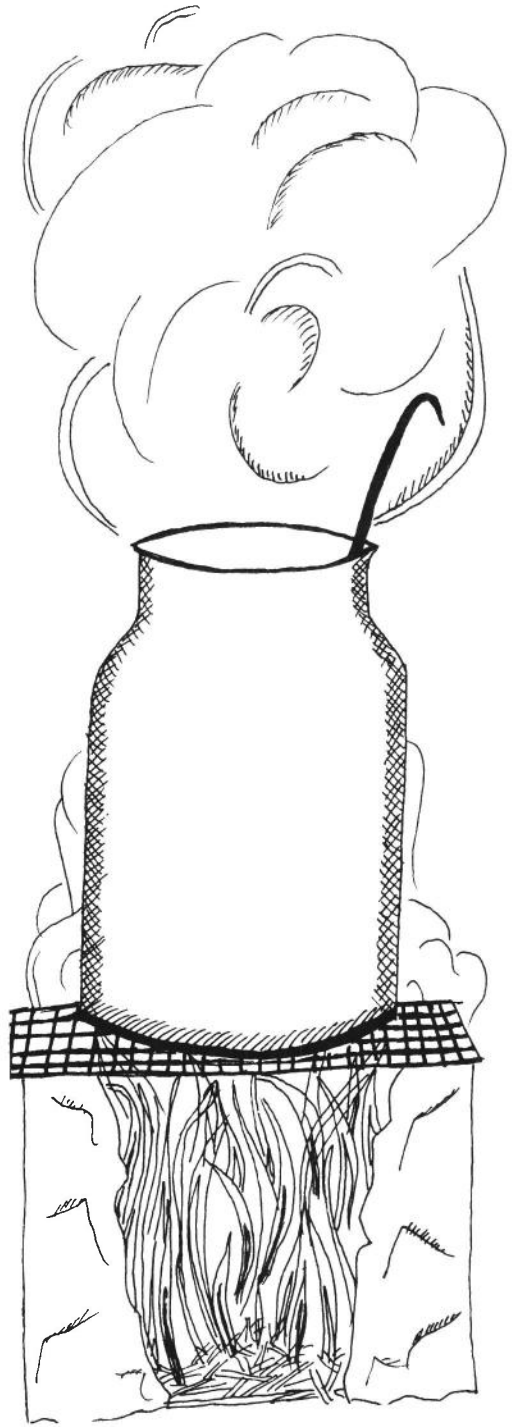
Back to an evening meal: curry, rice or steam pud or chicken roasted on a spit or summer pudding or rice pudding or meat balls in sweet and sour sauce. Delicious!

Afterwards clearing for the night. An evening laugh with the prolific sarcasm. We observe the wonderful glowing sunset or monotonous drizzle. Or set light to bubbles of gas given off the wet pit (guess what??)! Or we urge on younger scouts. Then hot drink and biscuits round the embers, leading to a widegame or, best of all, a campfire.

We had a beautiful crevasse to ourselves, between two oak trees. Shadows were cast on the rock around us. We sang songs like 'Never Let Your Braces Dangle' or 'Be Kind to your Web-Footed Friend' or 'Melon Cauliflower' or 'The Worms Crawled in . . . '. The smoke curled up higher, the wood burned and each played his part.

As camp ended, so did Paul High's leadership of the troop. We thank him very much for all he has done, and wish him well.

The frustrated Ex-P.L.'s



THE GUIDE TRIP

On the 8th October, the newly formed guides went to Epping Forest. We left school at 2 o'clock, and travelled by public transport. We stayed at the youth hostel in the forest.

We changed buses at Epping and when we got off the bus for the second time we walked as far as the place where they keep a history of Epping Forest. We had a good look at this and then we had a quiz. We then looked at High Beach church. After that we went to the youth hostel. We were all glad to rest our feet.

We cooked our supper of mincemeat and vegetables. After a filling meal we played some games.

We looked at a map to see where we had been and after cocoa and biscuits we all went to bed. We finished telling ghost stories and finally fell asleep to wake having had a good night.

We woke ready for some walking, but first we had a good breakfast. We washed up and did all the chores and made our packed lunches. We said goodbye to the warden and set off.

We walked through the forest using a compass and we ate lunch when our stomachs told us to. We walked some more but we then got a bus to Bishop's Stortford. Here we got a train to Audley End where Mr. Arter was patiently waiting for us. Half of us went with Mr. Arter in Miss Green's car.

We all enjoyed the guide trip and we all thought it was successful.

Elizabeth Wright 1y



The Players with one of the parts they played

The Delegate
Vicky Hunter
The Narrators
Samar Aoun and Faris Georgis
The Nobility

Julian Black	The Governor
Alex Grounds	The Governor's wife
Kareem Baqai	Michael her child when older
Kate Ludgate	Her maid
Richard Wood	Prince Kazbiki
Jeremy Gale	His nephew
John Mills	Shalva, the Adjutant
Gary Daldy	Messenger
Hannah Pearce and Anne Drevon	Lawyers
Debbie Bufton and Emma Clery	Doctors

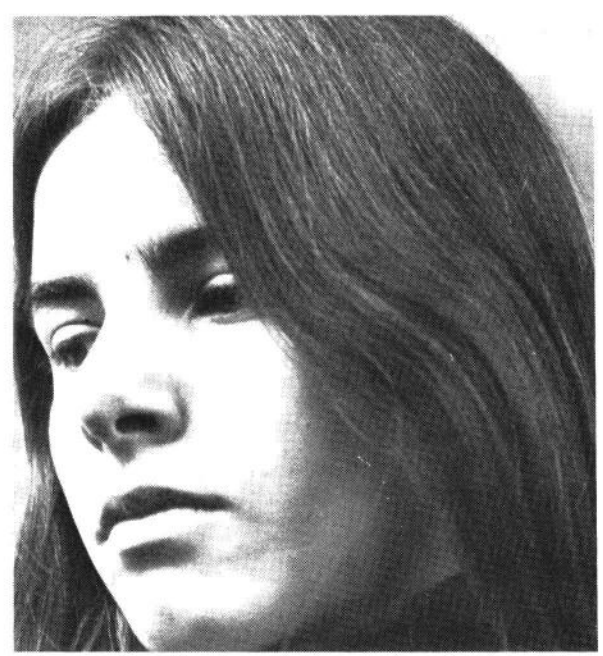
The Ironshirts
Mark Anderson, Tom Plant, Nigel McTear, Richard Haw and Martin Lewis as Simon
The Peasants

Sophie Halnaut	Cook
Toby Haggith	Groom
Caroline Jones	Grusha the kitchen maid
Crispin Mills	her brother
Stephanie Pindar	his wife
Martin Goddard	an old man
Sally Coryn	a farmer's wife
Idis Johnson	a peasant's mother
Erik Bichard	a Monk
Lucy Mason	an invalid
Tom Walker	a blackmailer
Amanda Wilsher and Jonathan Evans	another Doctor as Azdak

Other characters that appeared included: — Beggars, Architects, Policemen, Neighbours, Farmers and other peasants. These were played by various members of the cast.
Music composed by the singers.
Stage managed by Mehr Khavari.
Lighting managed by Mark Wilsher.
House managed by Anita Green.
Set painting organised by Sally Coryn.
Costumes designed and made by Ruth Oinn and Alison Haigh.
Properties co-ordinated by Amanda Wilsher.
Make-up organised by Amanda Cooper, assisted by Jo Moore and Helen Berry.



The Play directed by Michael Collins.
The Meeting directed by Brian Gatward.
The Mime directed by Tessa Brown.
The Whole designed and produced by Michael Collins.



THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE

Once more into the cramped and crowded Green Room, once more dipping into the box of make-up, daubing with the spirit gum and getting home too late to watch any decent telly.

The play itself gives a lot of scope for expression from the cast and I doubt very much if the younger members of the school, including my unimaginative brother, were bored stiff.

Since there were more in the cast than last year, the Green Rooms were *very* cramped and chaotic, especially when a large number of actors were supposed to be on stage in the next ten seconds.

We had a special privilege this year, a television showing the play in the left Green Room. Unfortunately we never saw the whole play; the seats were always occupied.

Unexpectedly, the Dress Rehearsal started late and the Thursday performance early. This threw us a bit and several people had to go on stage without much make-up.

Because of my experience with make-up (two hours reading a very simple book on the subject) Mr. Collins entrusted me with the Governor's beard. If there are any complaints because it was crooked, please don't come to me. He wouldn't keep his chin still!

To make matters worse, the backstage hands took a delight in making things as difficult as possible for the actors. The worst incident was when some clever person exchanged the warm water for Richard Wood's bath scene for freezing cold water. The threats uttered backstage afterwards shot Amanda Cooper's eyebrows sky high! There was also a rumour going round that boiling water would be used for the next night.

The most painful episode was nothing compared to 'Pantagleize' last year (see the last edition of 'The Avenue'). I had to pull the beard off the Governor and transfer it carefully on to a 'head', the 'blood' of which, my brother proudly informed me, he had helped to make.

The costumes were very well put together and Ruth Oinn and Alison Haigh spent hours on them. I too made a modest contribution: I ironed six of the dresses.

The play was very well put together and the slight hitches did not spoil it at all. I enjoyed all that I saw.

Helen Berry 5Y

Brecht has a lot to answer for. Without him, we might have been spared the horrid slide into non-theatre, the self-indulgent non-actors turning the stage into the boys'-end playground, the putting on of unskilful shoutings miscalled plays — in a word, Ziggerishness. But Brecht is better than his acolytes: Chalk Circle has a clear narrative line. We go to a play to be told a story, yes, but to be told it in a particular, unique way. This production did, indeed, tell the story, and in the special way which is peculiar to theatre.

The separate parts all worked: unobtrusively and efficiently, the play was timed, prompted, dressed, made-up. The lighting was skilful in proportion to its unassertive effectiveness. Music was felt, convinced, touching. Props and set were manageable and well-made. The costuming was functional and looked used-to, although it was unobtrusive to a fault: Brecht was a Marxist, after all, who put in the Governor, his wife, and Kazbiki as symbols of a showy and brutal feudalism, which here they did not look like. Bringing all these separate strands together is harder to do.

The Ironshirts, for example, could have seemed more menacing not only in their costume and manner and speech, but in the certainty with which they moved. Every time they came down any steps they had to look down at them, which did not exactly convince us that they knew this palace they were lords of. Their occasional passages of physical action, too, seemed to me to lack the detailed rehearsal stage violence needs.





In contrast, there were two quite splendid demonstrations of getting the parts together. The pair of Narrators commanded total stillness in total silence and so gave the whole production a shape easily taken for granted. Samar Aoun added a sense of timing and a clear projection which contributed vitally to the telling of the story. The other real splendour of the evening was Grusha. This is one of the 'big' parts of modern theatre, a man-sized trap for the vain or demonstrative. Caroline Jones gave the part a stark and sensitive simplicity which held attention throughout the second half. In so deliberately throwing our attention away from herself, she gave a lesson in what the art of theatre is all about.

Azdak is much harder to play. He has to echo Grusha's condition of being out of his depth in great events without the benefit of her cool. Jonathan Evans conveyed this, at the price of a certain Ziggerish noisiness at times, bringing a confident possession of stage-space and, again, pace and timing.

The rest of a large cast performed with cohesion and firmness, under-pinning the central line of the action without hogging any limelight, with no noticeable fluffs, without turning character parts into mere grotesques. The whole sustained the impression that endures: a waif of an unemployed housemaid, thrust suddenly into being mother, refugee, political prisoner, beggar — and bearing it all with endless acceptance while the world stampeded around her. It is the sort of memory that, repeated only a few times, makes one an addict of theatre for life.

Roger Opy

ON COMING INTO 61

Five years ago, as a timid and unsure eleven year old, I saw the sixth form as a cosy haven of coffee and soothing music into which I would plunge in the dim and hazy future. The sixth formers were higher beings who had few cares apart from where the next cup of coffee was to come from. This impression, although false, had glimmerings of truth in it.

The difference between the fifth form and the sixth form is large. Much of the uncomfortable tension disappears; the feeling that members of staff are constantly hounding you is no longer there. Relationships with staff are much warmer; they no longer breathe down your neck to make you complete your prep. You do your work because you want to and often make a special effort to do a piece of work well to please a particular member of staff.

For the first time you get a real sense of 'job satisfaction'. There is nothing so satisfying as handing in an essay which has taken a great deal of time and effort to research and write. Something of 'me' goes into my work now, not something vomited out because it has to be handed in that morning.

Rooms take on a new and special meaning. The library becomes very important; it is "the historian's laboratory" and a peaceful retreat to submerge yourself in when you feel depressed.

In the fifth form, most people have an irrepressible urge to leave, to get out and do something different. I did. The fact that I nearly left before entering the sixth form has made 61 seem even more valuable, more like the 'Heaven' I used to imagine it to be. I have got more out of the sixth form than I have out of any other form in the school.

Carey Hingston 61



2Q REPORT

Committee:

Joint-Presidents: F. Lawson, M. Anderson.
Chairman: Nasser Fathi.
Vice-President and Continental food expert: Rami Bourgi
Secretary: E. Bichard.
Treasurer: M. Fenton.
Business Manager: N. Warren.
Other prominent members: M. Lewis, N. McTear, T. Punshon, S. Cox, C. Baldeosingh.

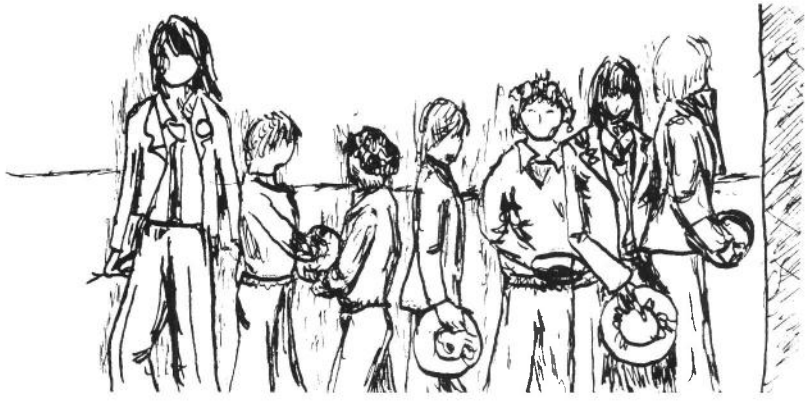
During the present year various awards have been inaugurated:
For example: The N. McTear Award for the most baked beans, the F. Lawson Award for the most Lancashire hot-pot at one sitting, the M. Anderson Award for more than thirty eight sausages in one sitting, the M. Lewis Award for the most helpings of ham and chips in one sitting . . . .

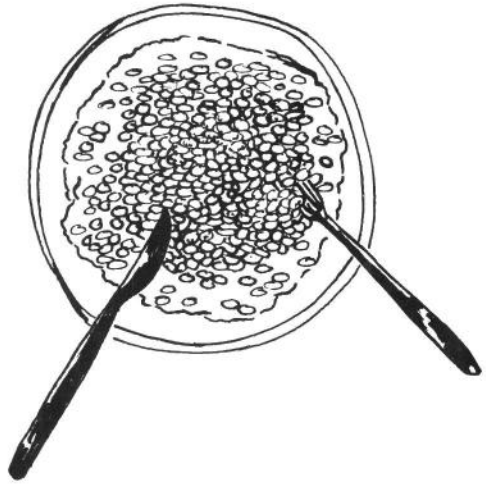
Recently there has been an influx of new members from the lower forms into our Q. We welcome these friends and compatriots and we trust that when we have left they will carry on the grand tradition of our Q.

We should like to tell with regret of the departure of our former chairman, Michael Davies.

"Eat drink and be merry for tomorrow the 2Q may be no more."

Mark Anderson 5x





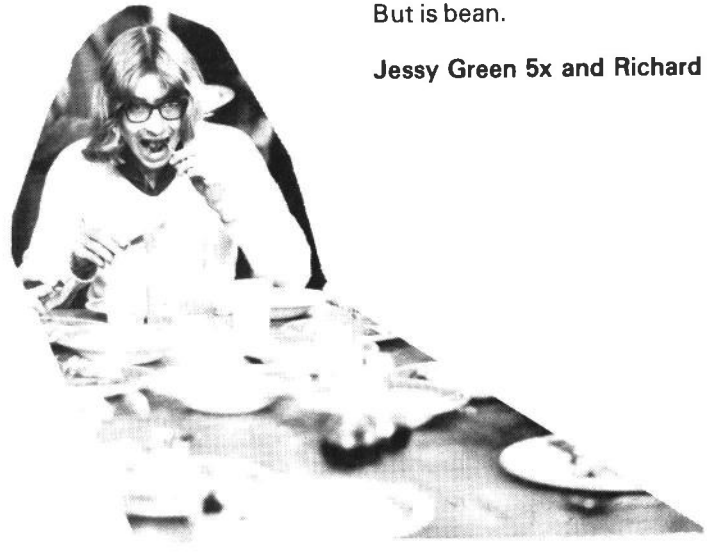
TO B.B.

Bean . . . . bean
(And we do not mean
Runner
Or soya
Or French
Or green)
But soft
And mushy,
Of orange sheen.

Bean . . . . bean
Of you we dream,
Not long,
Not short,
Not fat,
Nor lean,
But soggy
And sloppy,
Ye saucy Queen.

Bean . . . . bean
To go with toast,
Not jam,
Not cream,
Not Sunday roast.
Thou almost human bean,
Not has bean
But is bean.

Jessy Green 5x and Richard Wood 62



SIXTH FORM GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP

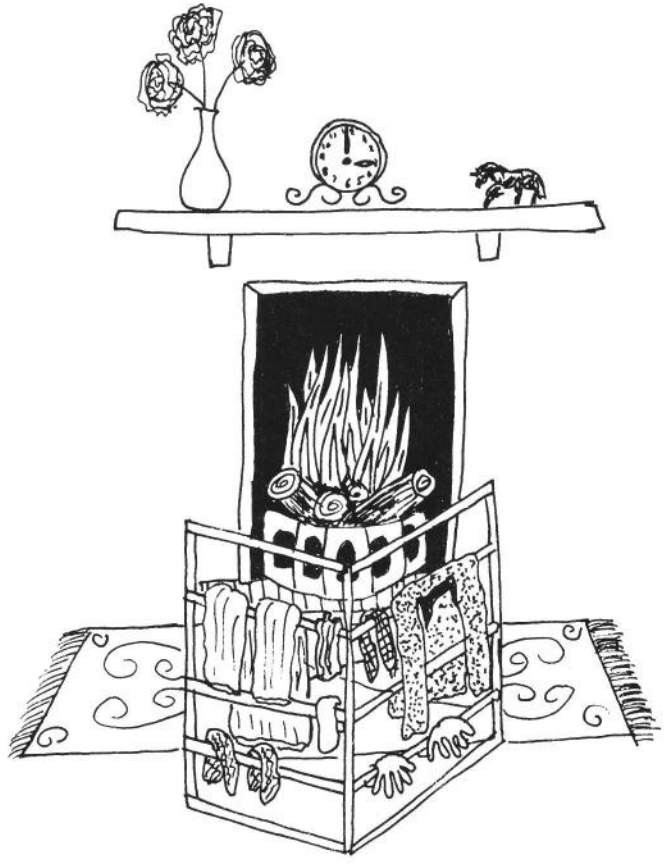
During the first week of the Easter holdiay, a group of ten geographers spent their time in North Yorkshire on a field course. The team was composed of Jenni, Iyabo, Nick, Martin, Rick, Paul, Erik and myself together with Paul High and Anthony Ratcliffe.

Accompanied by members of the choir, who were to sing in York Minster, we set off. On arrival in Cambridge we were transferred from our most comfortable coach to a minibus spewed off from an off beat garage.

After getting it to start we were to stop after five minutes with an empty petrol tank. Two gallons of petrol from a crematorium were greatly appreciated. On reaching York we dug in with the members of the choir. During the weekend we pranced around the city in the snow while those in the choir rehearsed for their big night. To follow street maps of York proved too hard for us geographers and so we often lost ourselves in the maze of the city.

After the performance our minibus took to the road to Staintondale. A cottage suitable for a hermit stood in the middle of nowhere besieged by the snow. On arrival we couldn't get in so we settled down to a half frozen cake belonging to Paul A. while Anthony smashed a back window to gain entry at one in the morning.

Day one, Monday, like most of the other days, started off with a bowl of 'Ratcliffe porridge' followed by a concoction of our own making. After pushing the minibus to get it started, we spent the day looking at certain resorts. These included Scarborough where we huddled under a fisherman's hut to get away from a snow blizzard and were abandoned by senior members of the team for three quarters of an hour in torrential weather. This was also the day that Erik and Martin found themsleves up to their knees in the mud at Speeton. That evening everybody completed field notes and the evening's entertainment consisted of tricks (Paul A.), piano playing (Erik) or darts at the Shepherds Arms, ten minutes across the moor.



Day two was our parish study day. After picking parishes with sources for refreshment, we were dropped off at various places. Iyabo and Jenni were dropped six miles from the chosen parish, Erik and Rick got stuck up Mount Misery (please see Messrs Freed and Bichard for further information) while Nick and Martin's work remains a mystery. Paul and I completed our study, rather sadly, at about three in the afternoon.

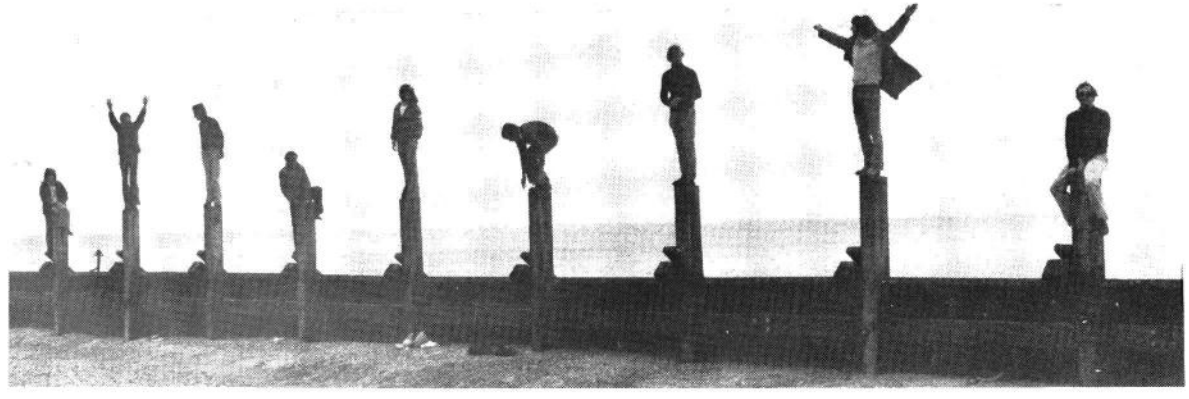
Wednesday was the day for a coastline study, including Flamborough Head, where we ended up by playing stick and rock French cricket on the beach.

On Thursday we undertook a river study. The river in question lay beside the cottage and we were to follow it to the sea. The day was perfect for this as the rain came down in sheets drowning our pencil or ink written notes. Three of us made a big mistake and it was some time before we realized that the beck was going in the wrong direction. We had taken the wrong turning when it split. After an hour we met a vicar who gave us a lift to Hayburn Wyke where we had found the others steaming their clothes in front of the fire at the inn.

So, Friday was the day on which we sent Paul High back to Walden prematurely with some toothpaste sandwiches as an April Fool joke. We leant later that he had shared these with a girl on the train. The final evening saw Nick working hard clearing away the dishes in order that we could say goodbye to Yorkshire over some beverage at the Hayburn Wyke Inn.

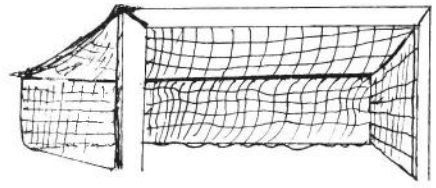
The only evidence we can think of to remind us of Anthony is a scratch measuring several inches on a curbstone belonging to the Mount School, York. Finally a word to future geographers: Take plenty of money, a sense of humour and a pack of darts.

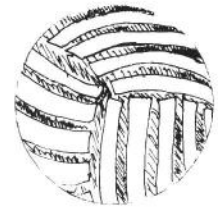
Keith Knightbridge 62



FIRST XI FOOTBALL REPORT

TEAM MOTTO: ''If you can't get the ball, get the man





MARK ANDERSON: The rest of the team's lack of confidence in Mark proved to be unfounded as did Mark's lack of confidence in the rest of the team.

CRISPIN MILLS: Although not one of the quickest of defenders, he tended to stay near enough to goal for it not to matter.

FRANCIS LAWSON: A utility man who was sometimes utilized in the wrong way when listening to his transistor during opposition attacks.

NASSER FATHI: A taste of the East. Team quote: ''Nasser bites yer legs.''

MARK BOWERS: Renowned for his control of the ball using his shoulder.

MARTIN LEWIS: Always looking for the thirty-five yarder. Pity the bar isn't higher.

JOHN MILLS: On the score sheet for us 7/10/77 and for them 14/10/77.

GARETH JONES: Although lacking in speed, he didn't lack the skill to beat the same player several times en route to goal.

JULIAN PAYE: Characterised by his subtle niggles at opponents' hamstrings.

GARY DALDY: Likened to Stuart Pearson for shots over the bar, but had enough on target to score.

TOM PLANT: Having perfected the dive, he digressed to jumping on opponents' backs to head.



We ought to mention the Club XI whose fixtures were highlighted by the first Clare College match. John Dickinson participated in this match. Mid-way through the second half, J.D. launched himself at the Clare defence in an attack dominated by the now famous hip-swerve. Beating three defenders J.D. dived over the fourth one and slotted home the ensuing penalty. Graham Chambers also put in a devastating performance. His vocal encouragement was especially valuable, consisting mainly of ''Come on boys.''

Derek Hales (West Ham Utd.) helped **Francis Lawson (61)** write the script.

THE EDGE OF THE BLADE

In groups they came
With swords and spears and axes and daggers
And things that pierce.

They were savage and wild and vicious and brutes,
Uncultured and smelly and dirty
Were the lords of the sea and of weapons and robbery.

They raided the monastery,
The houses and huts,
And took all the women and children and land.

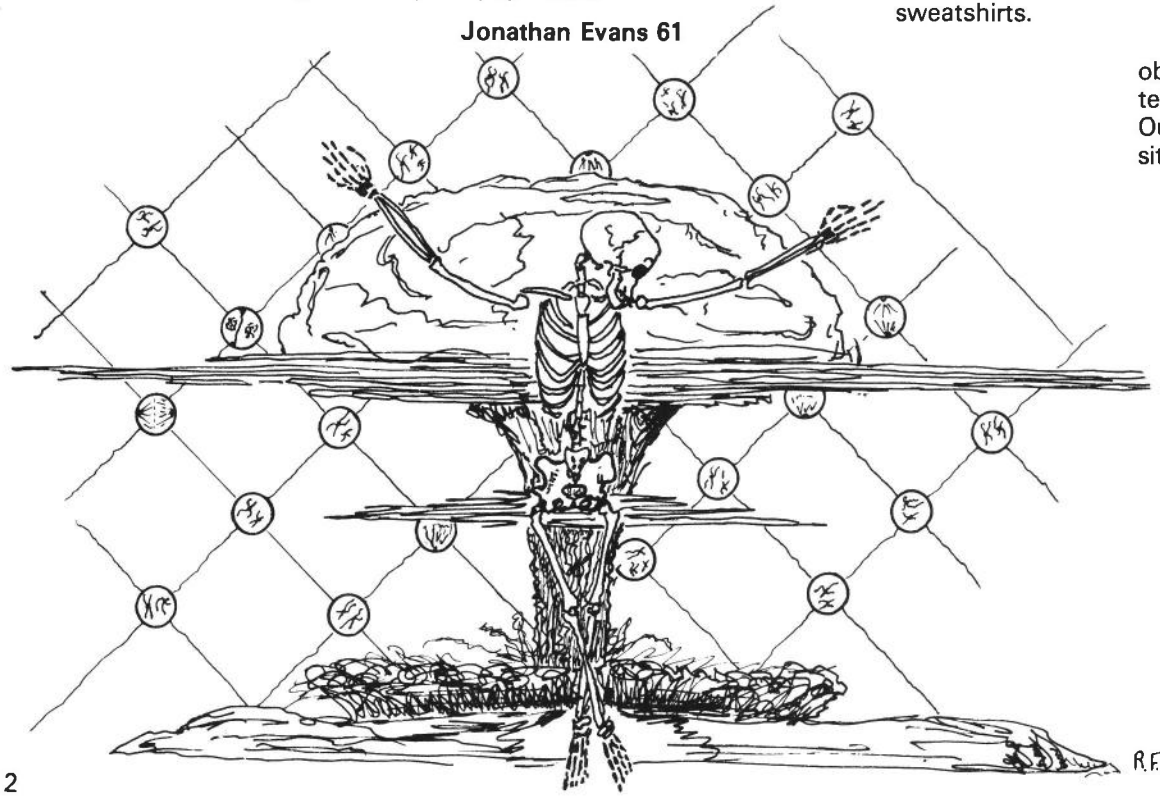
They drove us out with fire and rage
And then with the blade of their sword
Slaughtered us.

Adrian Allen 1x

FORMULA FOR THE ATOM BOMB

1 Atom Bomb = I willing President
A large and helpless population

Jonathan Evans 61

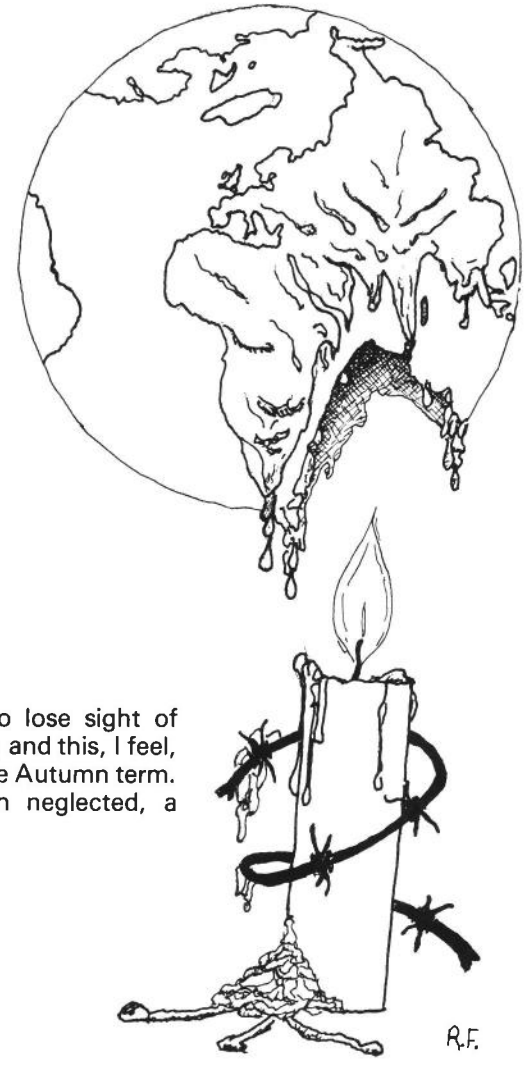


AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

Since the outset, the aims of the present school Amnesty group have been to make known the plight of prisoners of conscience throughout the world, to publicise the work of Amnesty International towards their release and make our own contributions to that end by writing cards on behalf of individual prisoners in various countries. Another important aspect of our work during the past year has been fund raising (usually an effective means of publicity).

In the Spring term of 1977 most members of our group spent Wednesday afternoons and weekends on a second-hand book hunt. The results were good. We found thousands of books and magazines ranging from nineteenth century Bibles and prayer books to 'Readers Digests' and 'Beanos'. During the following term we held two sales, one in Saffron Walden and one at the school, and raised £164. In the Autumn Term we decided to repeat the venture and raised a further £70. Our other fund-raising endeavours have included the sale of Christmas cards and, we hope, Amnesty 'T' and sweatshirts.

Unfortunately it is all too easy to lose sight of objectives when involved in fund-raising and this, I feel, tended to happen, particularly during the Autumn term. Our card and letter writing has been neglected, a situation we are beginning to rectify.



We have been given a 'Rhodesia File', containing information about prisoners in Rhodesia with addresses to write to, and are continuing with the Urgent Action scheme which demands occasional telegrams or express letters if a case involves torture or a prisoner's life is in danger.

These are the realities of Amnesty's work and I hope that you, the reader, are aware of the world-wide injustice and suffering that Amnesty is fighting and remember that it isn't mere platitude—it is very real.

Martin Goddard 62

SUICIDE

Michael looked down at Anthony's mangled, mutilated body; the unrecognisable remains were splattered on the railway line.

"Why? How could he choose such an end for himself?" Michael thought. Yet he knew why Anthony had committed suicide. He'd been with him only two days before in the cafe and heard Anthony's declaration of his intentions. That scene came back to Michael vividly now as he turned in revulsion from the bloody spectacle in front of him.

Anthony had said, "You see most people who are not religious can grasp that life is an interlude in eternity. They know that nothing endures yet they still, in reality, believe in their own immortality. People cannot fully accept that they are ever going to die. They hardly act as though the petty, futile worries of daily life mean nothing to them now do they?"

Anthony's thoughts had been in the same vein for weeks past. Michael knew that these speculations on reality had been the escape for Anthony from his own complicated emotional problems. Michael had seen the decline and the eventual tragic suicide from its earliest manifestations way back in school. This inability to face up to reality had culminated in this fate.

In the early thirties when they had met at grammar school, people had begun to take an interest in the political events of Britain and Europe. Hitler had not yet gained power in Germany but the menace of fascism was apparent. Michael and Anthony were from the lower class and had gained scholarships. The majority of the other boys were from the lower middle class. These boys' fathers struggled to keep up an appearance of respectability and slogged their guts out to get their sons boots without holes. Michael had a childish reverence for his friends and was greatly impressed when Anthony made such comments as "I don't accept their altruistic principles of right and wrong. The moral standard that society sets is pseudo-realistic."

At first Michael did not attempt to argue. Anthony was compelling and stuck to his views with obstinacy. Later, as he matured, he would have countered such a remark with a statement like "If there were no moral yardstick, anarchy would make life impossible. People need not only to identify themselves with something but need standards as a starting point and something to fall back on, like the law."

Anthony never married but lived alone in a small, barely furnished basement flat. Michael married, had two kids, an 'ordinary' office job and a decent mortgaged house. Anthony's suicide was an irony in that during the war he had been "shit-scared" a great deal of the time, just lying on his bed. He had, in short, 'gone to pieces'.

In the fading light of the evening, Michael walked home.

Sallie Curtis 3Y



THE IMPOSTER

Make-believe sorrow drips from your eye. . . .
You're crying dreams. . . .
Unreal dreams that fade.
Your sorrow exists only in your self-pity.
Love cannot be felt in a being that only feels
For itself;
Something inside you is dead
Or was it never born?
Unnatural smiles are forced from your lips,
And you make love only to raise your self-esteem.
In the mirror I see your reflection,
Warped and crooked,
Your face is colourless,
You live in a kingdom of black, white
And emptiness.
Don't look at me with your one dead eye,
You represent the dust
That might have been me.

Carey Hingston 6J

THE CELL

A dreary, gloomy, depressing, solitary cell. No privacy, the same old decaying bricks and a spider or lonely wandering beetle as company. Musty air and a cloud of vapour clinging to the ceiling like a baby to its mother. The damp, cold feeling of the rough wall dressed in thick layers of wet moss. A mouldy, damp, sick refuge of sick people and of mind. A weak, dim light, if any, shines through the rusty, cowardly bars of metal. A thick bracelet of iron eats into my wrist and the heavy chains pull me back like a cruel mother pulls her child. A rotting wooden ledge up high which can serve no use. A stench that penetrates and lingers and revolves about me and never stops. An empty cup lying upside down, mangled and rusty. A hole in the corner and no cover to stop the stench of the very poor sewage tunnels. The rat scurrying across the floor, hesitating and then moving to a wall, puts its front legs in the air and becomes still. Then he hurries back from an erect position.

The blood curdling shrieks of someone in an opposite cell resound through the prison corridors. Dirty, animal-like treatment. A morsel of food a day is just enough to keep the heart beating and the mind working. The drinking water is as though it has been taken directly out of the Thames. Numb hands and feet and coarse, matted hair. Sagging faces and tough skinned bony fingers. Rags hanging round my body.

There was illness there and a sense of being overcome. My will to live began to die as I hardly had the strength to lift an eyelid. I was the victim of a kind of man who in God's eyes was not considered a man but part of the devil's host.

Adrian Allen 2X



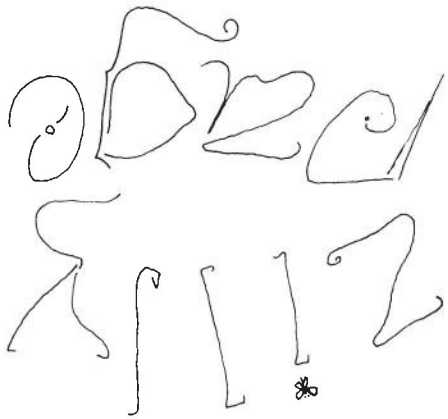
BATH TIME

I was lying in the bath,
Soaking my toes,
When what did I see

Right under my nose

But a great big hairy spider
Staring at me.
So I opened my mouth and shouted
MUMMY!

Karen Hdams (Poem)
Karen Bezante (In bath)



BEE

Innit funnie 'ow abee likes unnie Oi wundu Woi 'e duzz?? buzzbuzzbuzz.

THE MAN FROM BOMBAY

There once was a man from Bombay,
Who had to act in a play.
He said just to me, ''O what can I be?''
And he ended up going as a tree.

Tom Plant

THE QUARTET



George Benson
Alex Grounds
Ricky

M.L. X2

It lay there in the mud,
Crumpled and torn;
****** knows what it was,
But it didn't 'alf look a mess!

HAPPINESS

IS....

"A smile from Trudy."
(Martin Lewis)

"The Morley hurdle."
(5x Boys)

"Methane."
(Julian Black)

"Graham Chambers' Geography classes."
(Francis Lawson quoting a lady)

"Doing things together."
(Martin Hugall)

"A bubble bath during a power cut."
(Rami Bourgi)

"Wenlock Edge."
(Vicky Hunter)

"Being happy."
(Caroline Jones)

"Mark Anderson's poetry."
(Mark Anderson)

"Wales."
(Gareth Jones)

QUOTATIONS BY A WELL KNOWN MEMBER OF STAFF . . .

"History is made not by what is true but by what is believed to be true."

"The library is to the historian what the laboratory is to the scientist."

"If it had been announced as a political broadcast, you incipient eighteen year olds would probably have switched to the other channel."

"You can't be patriotic on an empty stomach."

"A man isn't born free; he's born helpless."

"In the eighteenth century Quakers got mixed up between the inner light and the inner pocket."

"Thinking is not one of the natural activities of man; it is the product of disturbed minds."

"Nice people, being nice to other people in nice surroundings—that's not religion."

"A right is basically an idea in somebody's mind."

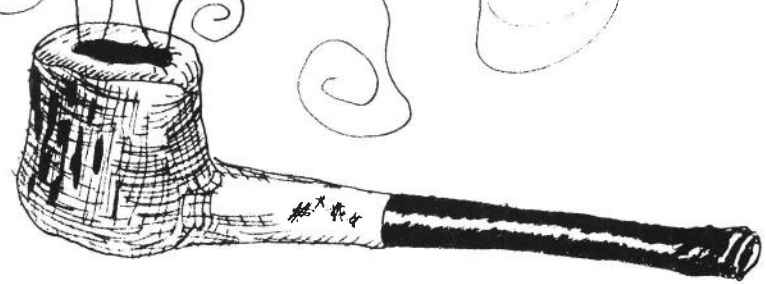
"It really was an achievment in the seventeenth century to rule England and die in your bed."

"Charles II may not have been father of his people, but he was at any rate father of a good many of them."

"A radical as minister is not necessarily a radical minister."

"Whichever party is in office, the centre is always in power."

"After all, they are the greatest pourers of oil on the troubled waters of life; that's what women are all about."



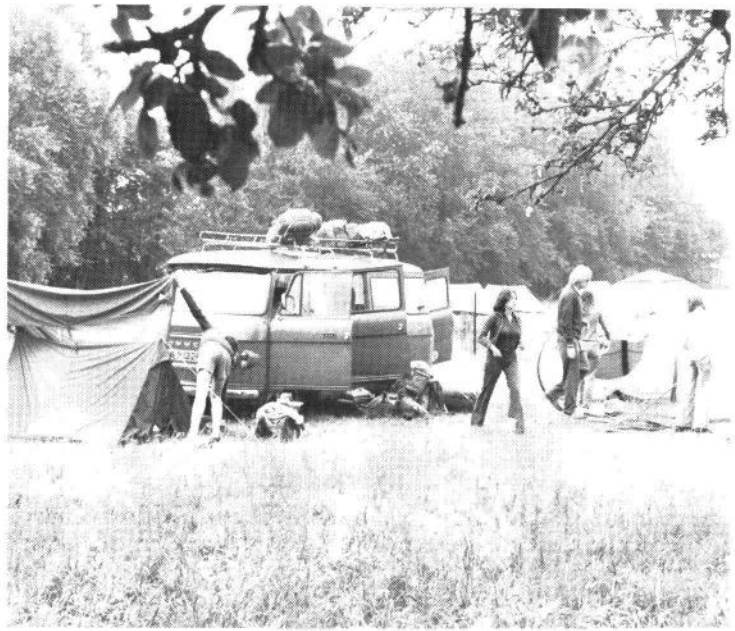
LA COUME 1977

The 1977 party to La Coume consisted of Mark Polge, Anthony Phillips, Owen Cox, Heather Joysey, Toby Wilsher, Lucie Tait, Neil Chase, Nick Allen, two girls from the Mount, Joanna Cundall and Liz Holtom, and Rosemary and Martin Hugall.

All but Rosemary set off on July 9th in a pillar-box red Commer bus loaded with rucksacks of varying shapes, sizes and weights, tents, camping equipment and enough food to last the journey there and back. Crossing from Ramsgate to La Belle France was something of a mixture between a ferry and an airliner. With only two victims of the high seas, we were soon in Calais; not exactly the best introduction to France!

We journeyed on to Abbeville where we camped adjacent to a field of pigs which, I believe, haunted some members of the party in the mysteriously threatening guise of werewolves for the rest of the journey. In a most efficient manner the boys unloaded the bus and pitched the tents while the girls found themselves delegated to the traditionally female roles of preparing the meal. A few of us went out to investigate the village and were soon engaged in listening to a garrulous old man who was somewhat under the influence. We heard his life history, met his wife, dog and cat, and all we wanted to know was where we could buy bread!

The following four days saw our bus passing through Rouen, Chartres, Blois, Limoges and the Dordogne where we happened to bump into Chris Lyons and Lucy Sutton who were camping in the adjacent field. That night we were woken by an electric storm. The girls, warm and dry in their tent, watched the boys one by one seeking shelter in the bus during the early hours of the morning. Then on to Rocamadour, a town jutting out of the side of the



mountain, Toulouse, a grey industrial sprawl to be avoided whenever possible, Carcassone, a beautiful, medieval, walled city, and finally over the Col de Jau in the French Pyrenees to reach our destination.

La Coume, for those who do not know, is a community which runs a small international school for about fifty children. In the holidays it also acts as a centre to which foreign (and mainly Spanish) children can come to learn French. The school is perched on the hillside amongst the Pyrenees and in the summer the scholars spend much time scrambling up the mountain side. In the winter months the whole school moves higher up into the mountains and much time is spent in cross country skiing. The school is quite isolated and the life there is one of simplicity and co-operation. Few outside staff are employed and everyone shares in the daily chores.

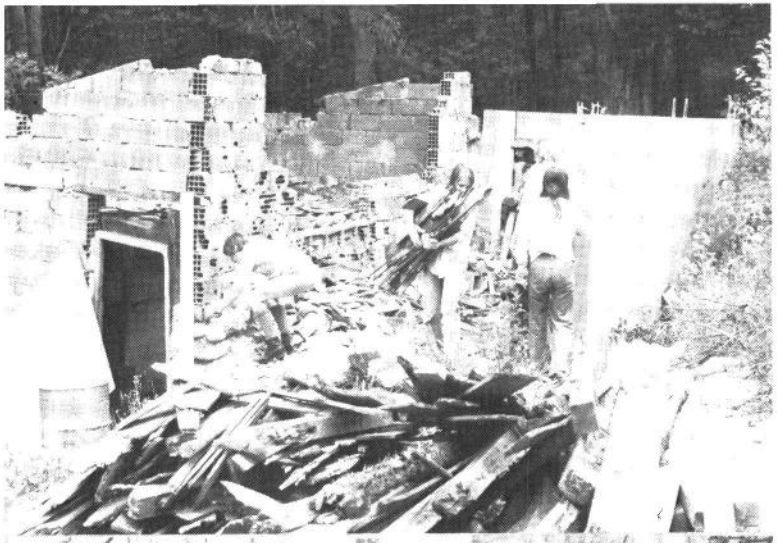
We had gone to work. There were two tasks to be done: The less desirable one was cutting grass, and this included clearing the vastly overgrown verges alongside the steep approach road. We used threatening looking sickles and to our surprise no serious injuries resulted despite the blisters some of the girls developed within the first fifteen minutes. We did manage to burst a hidden water pipe though!

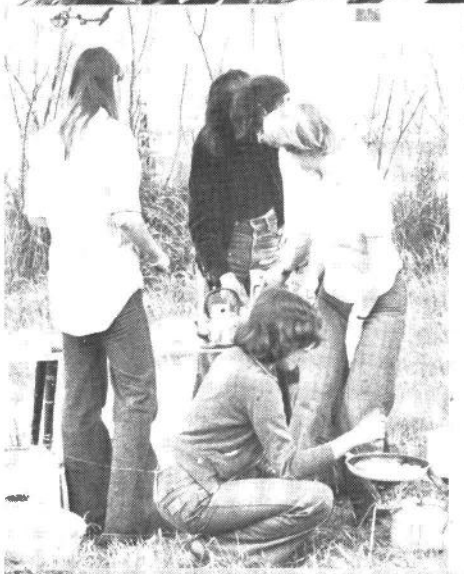
The main project involved the completion of a breezeblock hut which would be used to store skis in the summer months. Here there was no discrimination between the sexes and even though the extra muscle power of the boys enabled them to heave barrow loads of cement and sand with relative ease, the girls joined in with equal enthusiasm. Having French speaking supervisors presented few difficulties. We had one or two linguists present and the others were quick to learn the French equivalents for such words as cement, hammer, nails and spirit level.

With two and a half hours of work in the morning and a similar period in the late afternoon, there was plenty of time to recover from our exertions, lick our wounds, and sunbathe around the partly filled pool (it had a leak unfortunately).

Although flies cover everything at La Coume they failed to detract from the excellent cuisine. In fact meals came to be the main attraction and lunch and supper tended to last several hours. Well, with a few glasses of vin ordinaire at 25p a bottle one is really in no rush, but even at that we failed to hear Martin's life story (— an unfulfilled promise).











In the evenings we would either play cards, engage in such games as Murder Winks, or sing until our repertoire was exhausted. On the evening of July the 14th, Bastille night, we visited Prades. Events were somewhat dampened by the rain but Toby nevertheless succeeded in leading a Conga around the square to the accompaniment of a band from the West Country (UK).

Rosemary, having only a limited holiday period, flew to Perpignan on our first Sunday, and those who went to meet her had a most enjoyable swim in the Med.

Soon after, we were to make our two day excursion to Andorra, a beautiful state run jointly by the French and Spanish. Here we were able to partake in energetic mountain walks, passing through areas where snow was still present. We camped in a valley next to an isolated restaurant where we were able to watch the proprietor catch the trout that we would later consume that evening. On our return we had the opportunity to purchase duty-free 'goods' and bought what seemed enough garlic to last a lifetime.

On Monday the 25th July we set off on our return journey, and from the moment we departed the clouds closed in, never to reveal the sun to us that side of the channel. Nevertheless, we managed to include some sight-seeing: The Toulouse Lautrec art gallery at Albi, Bourges cathedral, the monastery at Vezeley, where pilgrims still visit the relics of Mary Magdalene, and finally a quick look around Rheims cathedral. Quite a pilgrimage.

On the return trip our enjoyable moments were intermingled with times that were less so such as washing up breakfast and packing the bus in the pouring rain, taking ages to find somewhere to camp and then taking it in turns to brave the guard dogs to ask permission from a farmer to camp on his land. We also had to put up with the condensation in the bus as 12 wet bodies dried off and we had a slight mix up at the British customs.

But the enjoyable times made up for these. We chatted round a log fire into the early hours of the morning, had a gift of eggs, and milk straight from the cow, for breakfast and ate French bread and cheese washed down with wine for lunch. Finally, the long drive from Ramsgate to Anthony's house was well rewarded with hot baths, food and a good night's sleep.

It was altogether a most enjoyable and worthwhile experience, not to be missed.

Based on an account by **Joanna Cundall**



THE MARGARET BRANDON INTERVIEW

In which Margaret Brandon talks to 'Avenue' reporter Claire Wingfield at the end of her second term as Deputy Head.

A. Where did you spend your childhood?
M.B. Huddersfield, West Yorkshire.

A. Did you enjoy your childhood?
M.B. Yes.

A. Where did you teach previously?
M.B. This is my third school. The previous two were Trinity High School for Girls in Southport and the Technical High School in Romford.

A. How does this school compare with the other schools in which you have taught?
M.B. It is about the same size as Trinity Hall but much smaller than the one in Romford.

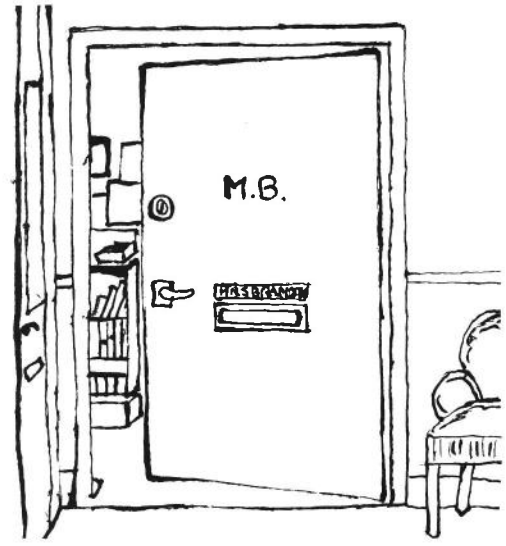
A. Are you a Quaker?
M.B. No.

A. In what ways does the fact that this is a Quaker school make it different?
M.B. There is more consultation between members of staff, and also between staff and scholars, before major decisions are taken.

A. Are the facilities at this school as good as at the other schools at which you have taught?
M.B. Yes, I would say that they match those of any other school in which I have taught.

A. What are your views on the food here?
M.B. Very good.

A. Are the recreation facilities here sufficient?
M.B. For sports, yes, but not really for boarders at the weekend.



A. What did you think of last year's 'Avenue'?
M.B. Super.

A. Did you think that the recent film of the school on B.B.C. gave an accurate picture of it?
M.B. Everything they showed was true but they didn't show the things that weren't so good and smooth-running.

A. What are your tastes in food, clothes, music and books?
M.B. I like Italian food and savouries (cheese), comfortable clothes, bright but not gaudy, and high heels. I like classical, light and some pop music (as long as the pop is not played too loud!) My favourite authors are Iris Murdoch and Charles Dickens.

A. Do you find classroom teaching a neccessary part of your job?
M.B. Yes, most definitely.

A. What ambitions do you have in and out of school?
M.B. None in school. Out of school, I would like a grandchild.

A. Would you tell me something about your family?
M.B. Yes. I have a married daughter and a twin son and daughter.

A. Do you like sport?
M.B. I like watching most sports but I don't like playing any apart from doing a little swimming.

A. Do you find it easier to discipline boys or girls?
M.B. I find no difference.

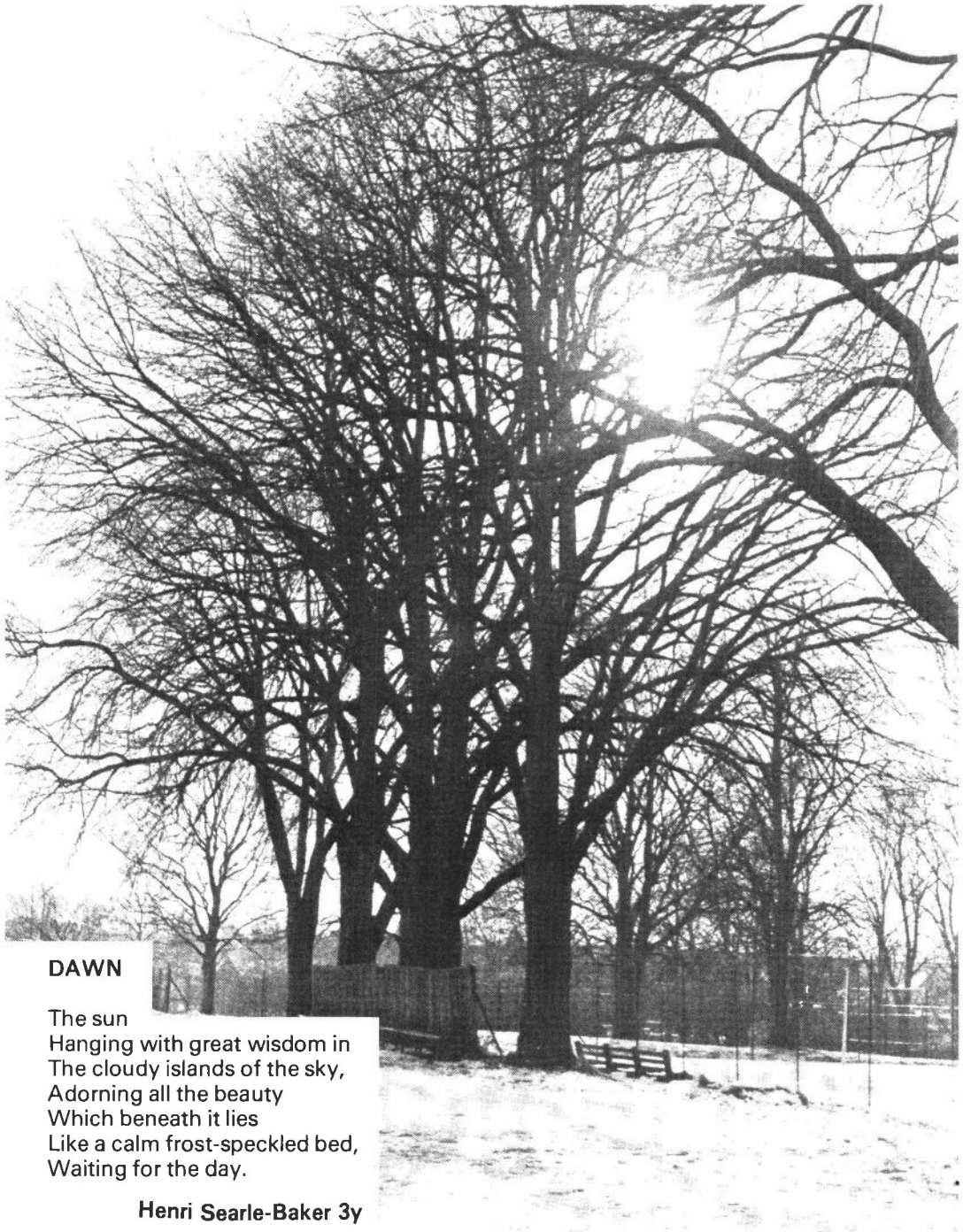
A. You live in school. Would you prefer to live away from the school?
M.B. I couldn't do my job properly unless I lived in the school.

A. Why do you teach?
M.B. I like kids and Bio.

A. What are your views on School Council?
M.B. I think it is a very good thing. It gets people talking.

A. What are your personal 'likes' in school and out?
M.B. I like the consultation, the pleasant atmosphere, the staff and scholars, the campus and gardens. I also like going to the theatre and talking to people.

A. What are your personal dislikes in school and out?
M.B. I don't like the language of the scholars in the middle school which is worse than at my previous schools. But it does disappear in the Sixth form which it did not at my other schools. I have not heard one foul word from a Sixth former since I have been here.



DAWN

The sun
Hanging with great wisdom in
The cloudy islands of the sky,
Adorning all the beauty
Which beneath it lies
Like a calm frost-speckled bed,
Waiting for the day.

Henri Searle-Baker 3y

INSPIRATION

I feel inspired
But don't know what to write.

Inspiration is only a vain hope for something brilliant to
come out of the garbled thoughts of my confused
mind.

I feel inspired
But somehow feelings cannot be expressed in words
That put false fences round the human mind.
Inspiration is a frame of mind
That only sometimes happens.
And if you listen very hard
And if the silence lets you hear;
The message, that might only be
A word or even less,
Comes through the darkness like a light
And comes at last to rest.

Caroline Jones 61

DEDICATED TO AN UNFORTUNATE FRIEND

Tomorrow creeps up your ceiling,
Coiling up in a ring of apathy,
And yesterday is lurking somewhere in your bed.
The bin is full,
But your mind is empty,
And outside it is raining make-believe.
The floor is comfortable. . . .
It is moulded to your contours;
And the rug keeps you warm when it snows
accusations,
Or the rent man comes to your door.
Reality is banished,
Rationality is dead,
And the ghost of reason lurks in your bookshelf.
As for today. . . .
Today is trickling into your gutters
In grey,
small,
drops.

Carey Hingston 61

MUSIC REPORT

The music during the last year has been varied and of a generally high standard. A week of assemblies by Andrew Owen, Erik Bichard, and Jonathan Leaning (all three newcomers to the school) gave us a look into modern music. This included some of their own compositions. Andrew did very well in that he did not know what a double bass was on Sunday and gave a performance on Monday. A more serious week of assemblies was taken by Julia Kerr and Ieman Hassan who played a series of duets for two pianos.

Chelmsford Music Festival was cancelled because of lack of funds which was a disappointment to many musicians as this had become an annual event for some.

Tii McClane gave an inspiring performance of a Mozart Flute Concerto. Tii was one of four to gain grade eight passes this year. The others were: Julia Kerr, (Violin and Piano), Ieman Hassan (Piano), and Anne Jewell (Violin and Oboe).





The end of the Autumn Term was the time for the concerts of the Small Choir. It is debatable whether more singing is done in the churches or on the coach from either Finchingfield or Newport Church despite Richard Sturge's desperate pleas to ''save your voices!''

Informal concerts were given at irregular intervals. These give chances for musicians to perform in front of an audience and to gain experience and confidence. It also gives the audience a chance to see, hear, and know more of the musicians in the school.

Thanks must go to all the music staff, but especially to Helen James, Charles Woodhouse, Ruth Underwood and Mary Mileson for their support in the orchestra, to Francis Whittington and Anthony Ratcliffe for providing the tenor line in small choir and to Mary Mileson for the organisation of second orchestra. Our biggest thanks go to Richard Sturge for his enthusiasm and support and we look forward to a great many more musical occasions in the near future.

The new school year began with a noticeable gap in the music section. The choir started rehearsals with only three sopranos, but the number was increased by moving up some of the altos. In orchestra there was a shortage of violinists to begin with. The 'cello section at one time was as large as the first and second violins put together. The orchestra, as usual, began by opening General Meeting. This year they played the first movement of a symphony by Bach. The meeting for the juniors which followed was opened with a performance by Jonathan Black (oboe), Sally Matthews ('cello) and Lucy Mason (piano). In the senior meeting a performance was given of the first movement of Schubert's String Quartet Op. 125 No.1. by Anne Jewell (violin), Julian Black (violin), Ieman Hassan (viola) and Penny Crowther-Watson ('cello).



Anne Jewell 62

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE SCHOOL?

The following is dedicated to those who have a poor opinion of it.

This school has meant such a lot to me that I find it extremely difficult to express how I feel about it. Reflecting quickly I see images of hot summer days sketching trees, cold winter evenings huddled by a radiator after playing hockey, the long hard slog of 'O' Level revision, the delight of drowning myself in library books, the inner peace gained in assembly, the inexpressible joys of school dances, the evenings spent talking to the background of Bob Dylan. To me . . . school is . . . beautiful.

Pupils are characters. They are not pictures which can be painted.

You can look at a rose through green plastic and it will be green, through red plastic and it will be red, through blue plastic and it will be blue. But it will still be the same rose.

Many people only look at the outward appearance of the school without trying to understand its core. Many parents send their children to this school merely because it is a private school, not for what the school is trying to do. At the heart of the school are friendliness, tolerance and caring. Every pupil is an individual. You cannot judge the entire school by what you see in a few individuals.

"Help me find my own ideas through other people's guidance." (Evans. Chapter 2. verse 3).

Everyone is unique. Everyone is different.

Read Jonathan Livingston Seagull to develop the idea.

Every lesson is an event.

We get on so well because everyone is searching for understanding, searching for meaning. This aspect is encouraged by the school. Teachers actively encourage you to develop independently. The self-discipline produced in the relatively free atmosphere can often be far more fulfilling and productive than imposed discipline. In the school thoughts are directed towards constructive as opposed to destructive ideas. Some individuals may show destructive ideas but they are in the process of change and are progressing.

A society of individuals is far better than a society of robots.

'Everybody' means people outside as well as inside the school.

The grass is always greener on the other side, but to discover it's not green we've got to see it first.

Hey man, this school's like a flower without any pollen.

But you can't eat flowers.

The school is a good family but it has an over-protective mother in that it doesn't allow outsiders in or insiders out. The community is beautiful but it is closed. Although there is contact with the town — for example the plays and the choir singing — these are superficial contacts. Do we understand them and do they understand us? If more people could see in, perhaps they would see more of the depth of the school.

You get what's right with the school when you put in what's right with you.

Carey Hingston 61 assisted by Jonathan Evans 61





CROYDON HOUSE WEEKEND CAMP AT THE PIG FARM

Early one glorious Saturday afternoon, way back last Summer, Anita Green and Ruth Underwood, accompanied by their faithful prefects (us) ventured forth, with the Croydon House rabble, into the unknown regions of the pig farm at Duddenhoe End.

To the Fosters' horror and amazement we had brought enough baggage to see us through any conceivable crisis.

Now, camping in a pig field does have its disadvantages . . . we did have a few accidents!

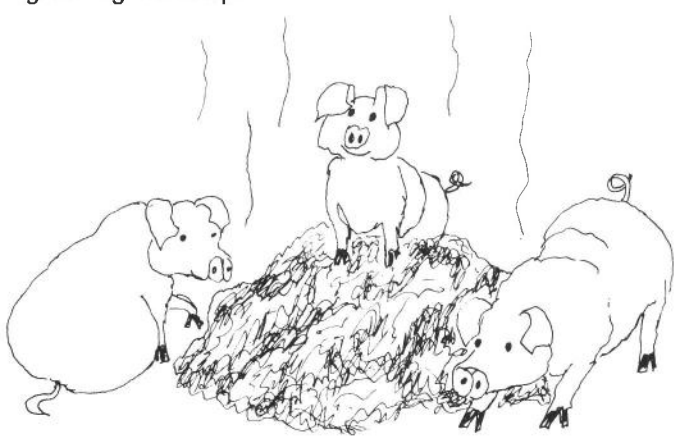
Under the blazing sun, nine bikini-clad females pitched camp. For the first time in decades, the Girl Guides' tents saw daylight.

To work up an appetite for a tea of bangers and beans, we were sent off, with directions, on an exploration of the surrounding countryside.

After tea, flavoured with the novel taste of cinders from the merry camp fire, we tried our hands at taking compass bearings. The discrepancies in some of our answers were quite amazing!

To round the evening off, we endeavoured to have a jolly singsong round the failing fire, clasping mugs of luke-warm cocoa for warmth.

We retired to bed: that is sleeping bags, suffering from rising damp, due to ground sheet improvisation, on ground that got steadily harder and bumpier as the night wore on. Mind you, two certain individuals contentedly snored upon their air mattresses so that in the morning they were the only ones who could claim a good night's sleep.





We enjoyed a breakfast of the remains of the last night's potato and beans with tomatoes, mushrooms, cheese and the inevitable cinders thrown in.

After de-pitching camp we set off with packed lunches to practise our dicey map-reading and taking of compass bearings.

Typically the two 'responsible' prefects managed to get thoroughly lost and were the last back by a good half hour! At one point we came across the back end of a sign, the other side of which proved that we'd been trespassing for a mile or so and were liable to prosecution! After two more unintentional detours we came to the conclusion that our route-planners were at fault, not us!

We all arrived back at school, dirty, sunburnt and exhausted.

We did hear that the trip was to be repeated but decided to give that one a miss.

Lucy Goodall
Alex Grounds 62

P.S. The pigs were removed from the field before we camped, although they did leave their mark.



York Minster, Sunday 27th. March 1977.

One of the highlights of the year: A performance of the 'Verdi Requiem' by the nine Friends' Schools.

PERCIVAL POLTERGEIST

One would not think that a poltergeist's life was boring but one spirit found it extremely dull, tedious, dreary, tiresome and monotonous. To put it more briefly, he did not enjoy it.

His name was Percival and for years he practised the usual pastimes of poltergeists including frightening little girls, terrorizing families and attending exorcisms. Then, all of a sudden, it struck him how drab, flat, stale, stuffy, slow, dragging and sluggish it all was. He was considering becoming a Buddhist monk poltergeist because it was so boring, leaden, prosaic, dry, irksome and humourless that he thought he might enjoy it.

But it was while he was practising meditating that he decided upon the future course of his life as a poltergeist. Before he took up this occupation he had to get much stronger, so he moved into a gymnasium. During the day he would loosen nuts and bolts so that the apparatus would collapse during use. He found this mildly amusing but his real purpose for being in the gym was for training. He would train all night, every night, until he had exhausted himself. He trained this way in the gym for years until he could tear a telephone directory in half. Then he fulfilled his main ambition: ruthless and malicious vandalism.

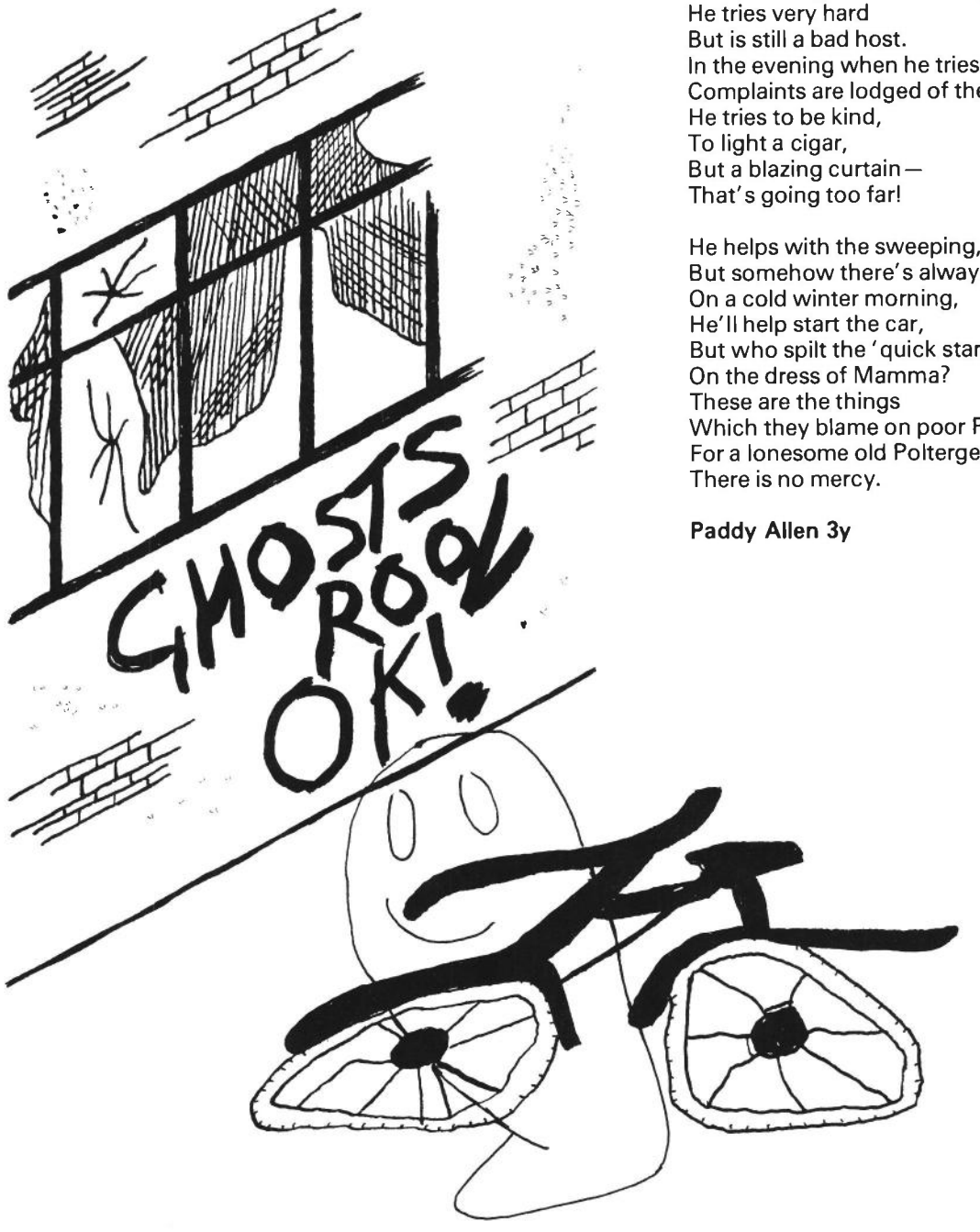
In this fight against the neglect of ghosts by society, he would let down car tyres, throw bricks through the windows of public buildings, dig up football grounds and cricket pitches, break street lamps, smash up telephone booths, trip up old ladies and write lots of graffiti (his favourite trick) like: ''Ghosts rule'' and ''The Polt rules.''

It was just when he was beginning to enjoy himself that he met Prue, and suddenly everything changed. Prue was a female poltergeist who was on the same quest for justice as Percival and she went the same way about it except that she tripped up old men. As soon as he saw her, Percival knew it was love at first fright. As he was a bit shy of girls, he just followed Prue around watching her every move and writing ''Percival loves Prue'' on walls.

He finally confronted her in a cinema when they both found that they were trying to slash the same seat. ''Want to go gate crashing with me?'' he asked. As a result all the front gates of the houses in the area were found broken off their hinges.

They became great friends and spent a lot of time together breaking everything in sight and lived maliciously ever after.

Dan Clery 3Y



PERCY

Percy Poltergeist is a friendly ghost,
He tries very hard
But is still a bad host.
In the evening when he tries to sing
Complaints are lodged of the terrible din.
He tries to be kind,
To light a cigar,
But a blazing curtain—
That's going too far!

He helps with the sweeping, dusting and more
But somehow there's always a mess on the floor.
On a cold winter morning,
He'll help start the car,
But who spilt the 'quick start'
On the dress of Mamma?
These are the things
Which they blame on poor Percy,
For a lonesome old Poltergeist
There is no mercy.

Paddy Allen 3y

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

In which Anne Drevon and Sophy Hainault, two French kitties in 61, are interviewed by members of 'The Avenue' Committee . . .

A. Anne and Sophy, what we really want to know is what you two French ladies think about England and English people. First of all, what are your thoughts on English food?
A&S. English people are reputed to eat only boiled meat, mint sauce, light green peas, custard and gorgeous jellies (chemical red and green). Anyway, they don't know how to cook.
A. What are your opinions on English clothes?
A&S. French women adore particularly the funny hats worn by elderly English ladies. Young people in France like your wonderful shoes with very big and high heels. The favourite colours of English people seem to be pink, light green, orange and yellow. We are intrigued by the uniform of the London gentleman: Black suit (generally with very short trousers), bowler hat, black umbrella and, of course, 'The Times'.
A. Any comments on our weather?
A&S. Fog, dampness, rain and grey sky.
A. Have you any comments on English customs and traditions?
A&S. The French people get dressed on Sundays while English people get undressed. French people try to entertain themselves as much as possible on Sundays and try to go out. English people stay at home. English Sundays are obviously boring.

English people are strange, driving on the left and doing systematically the contrary of people who live on the continent.

English people are deeply royalist and patriotic (It was quite funny to see the British flag everywhere, in every house, during the Jubilee).
A. What English absurdities have you noticed?
A&S. On one side you have the famous British quietness and 'phlegm'. On the other side, skinheads, rockers and punks vomit all the violence that the gentlemen have restrained (and punks are so cute with rings in their noses, chains in their cheeks and green or yellow hair . . .)

Elton John sings about ''Sweet English painted ladies.'' This is so true. At the age of fourteen English girls disappear under make-up and when you kiss them you've eaten for a week.
A. What have you noticed about English humour?
A&S. It is cynical and morbid. This is without doubt because of your weather which is rather special as well!
A. What has surprised you about England and the English?
A&S. Most French people would be rather astonished to see that not all English people have red hair and long teeth, that they sometimes eat 'wonderful' sausages, that there are at least three sunny days in the year and that sometimes an Englishman's socks are hidden by his trousers.
A. Would you like to make any final comments?
A&S. Yes. You're gonna think that we are very chauvinistic but after all (we're not so nasty as you imagine) we like your England. We don't like it as much as France but we're having quite a good time at Friends' School (no details!). And we would like to specify that we've been objective!

DUSK

Dusk,
The town fades and darkens,
Then drifts away to pastures new.
The people stay behind closed doors
Not daring to venture forth and sample
Life,
At night.
A street lamp flickers,
A dog barks softly and then,
As if to prove its point, a little louder.
Darkness enshrouds the town,
Herding it, as dogs do sheep.
The street lamp dies and all is black.
A man, in a carefully chosen suit,
Treads lightly upon the concrete,
Looks this way and that,
And crosses, his purpose, like the night, obscure.

Anon. Dan Rosenkram.

FROM A WINDOW

One smooth stone step.
And another,
And two more,
Tinder grey asphalt,
Sulphur yellow lamplight
Winking from behind wrinkled branches,
A black cat crouching on its haunches,
A bustling bird flies away.

The clatter of clogs,
Then,
Gone.
The shuffle of battered boots,
Crashing doors maliciously rap their frames,
Each echo whispers on.

Georgina Pawsey 4y

A BALLAD TO ALFRED THE GREAT

Men of Wessex need never fear,
While our great Alfred reigns,
He keeps our mead cups forever full,
And our spirits in good cheer.

Alfred is a great warrior too,
And we are prepared to fight,
We brandish our weapons so fiercely,
And put fear into the hearts of our foe.

He's made us a fine navy,
With the speediest vessels around,
They guard our coasts like serpents
With our enemy as their prey.

The Danish leader Guthrum,
Would wish Wessex was his own,
But Alfred, with his strength and knowledge,
Will see it's never so.

I will serve the great Alfred,
Until the day I die.
No greater leader could there be,
Or a greater kingdom for me.

Catherine Gooderham 1x







NUFFIELD ADVANCED BIOLOGY

AN INVESTIGATION TO TEST THE HYPOTHESIS THAT ELEVEN 6_2 BIOLOGISTS ON A BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP SHOW NO PREFERENCE FOR BIOLOGY FIELD WORK OR PLAY:

Procedure:

1. Place Paul, Erik, Richard, Joel, John, Stephen, Georgie, Julie, Iyabo, Jane and Jenni in a minibus.
2. Place Martin at the wheel and let him take them to Yorkshire.
3. Allow Denby and family to follow/overtake/get lost.
4. Install them in the concrete choice chamber at Friends' School Great Ayton and allow them to settle down.
5. Take them out in the daytime and allow them to do field work or mess about.
6. Bring them back in the evening and allow them to amuse themselves in the lab, cook and eat, watch T.V., sleep, go out, or work on their field notes.
7. Using Georgie and John as controls for the ''hard-working'' and ''non-working'' keep a record of the length of time spent by each creature in the work and play.
8. Subject results to analytical, statistical tests.

Conclusion:

An attempt was obviously made to do some work, however the attitude of the group showed the main object to be pleasure. This came in many different forms; notably playing in rivers and heather bouncing. The biologists will certainly remember the trip. Jane's ants and non-setting jelly, Erik's ''Whitby mud'' (being in it), Richard's attraction to sleep and fishing, Julie's pancake, gypsy toast and pilchard breakfast, Joel's fascination for the carnivorous sundews, Jenni trying to catch sheep on the moor, Paul's tendency to jump into any nearby water, Georgie's seaweed, Iyabo's cream cakes, Joel's loss of a boot in the Whitby mud, John's and Stephen's willingness to partake in any out of the ordinary activity, Martin's ''Duck Song'', Denby and family and dog eating winkles.

The biologists would like to thank Denby and Martin for all their help, without which this trip would not be possible.

Paul Abrey and Julie Foster 6_2











MOTOR CLUB

Well, what have we done over the past year? On most Sundays we spend some time driving, perhaps not as much time as some scholars would like, but nevertheless enough to give members the feel of being behind the wheel. I am grateful to Tessa Brown who has taken my place in the passenger seat on a number of occasions so that I can spend more time on the mechanics.

We have at last finished mounting our working bench Anglia 105E engine, and it can now be moved around on castors. It was recently stripped down, cleaned and painted and was on display on Open Day.

Motor Club's contribution to the Queen's Silver Jubilee was to paint a Union Jack all over our white Anglia. With a push to start it, it was nevertheless able to complete two laps around the athletics track on last Sports Day before being ushered off by the marshals.

At long last we have been able to purchase an arc welder. We have already had occasion to use it and will no doubt find it of great use in the future especially with chassis work.

We are grateful for gifts of two vehicles:

1. The BSA Ariel 3, a gift from a parent, has provided much fun driving, although at speeds unlikely to be considered dangerous!
2. The Austin 1100, a gift from Amanda Cooper, came to us with a highly unpredictable gearbox. With luck we will soon have it repaired and then our plans are to cut it down to make a working skeleton.

Finally, in November we visited Harlow Technical College and were shown around the engineering and automotive sections.

M.J.H.

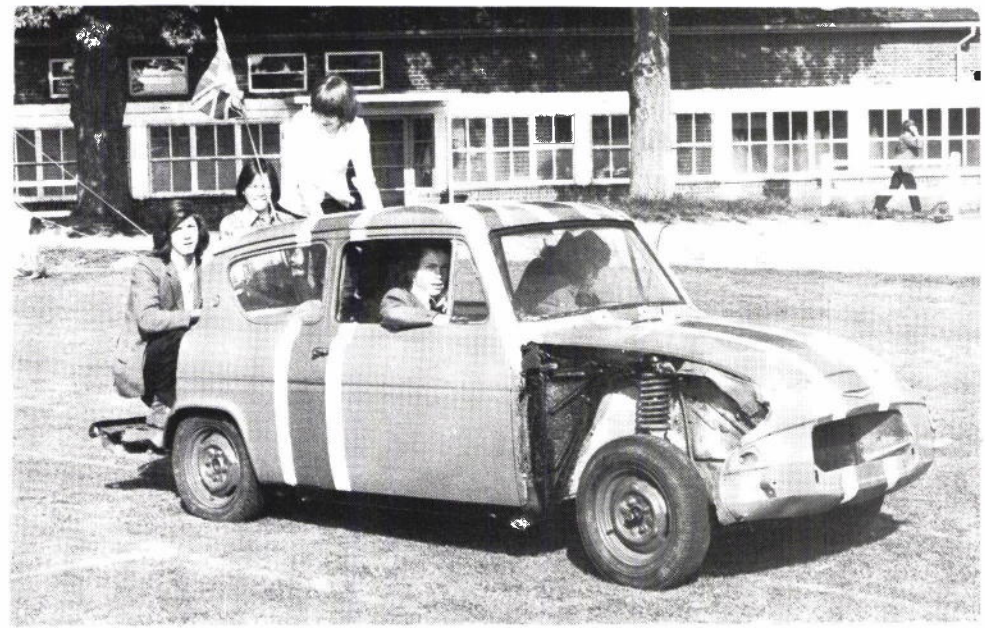
RUGBY REPORT

The following is part of the transcript of a conversation which took place in *'The Avenue'* office late in the Autumn Term.

J.G. Jessy Green. **R.F** Richard Freed. **M.G.** Martin Goddard. **R.W.** Richard Wood. Thanks to Amanda Brown for her secretarial work.

J.G. Would you say that this season has been a failure on the whole?

R.F. No! We have succeeded where we should have failed and failed where we should have succeeded.



M.G. Yea. Pass the peanuts.

R.W. Yes. This is it.

R.F. We expected to beat Bishop's Stortford and the County High but we didn't. We expected to lose against The Leys but we beat them, thrashed the hides off them; the model of Rugby Union Football.

R.W. The England Under-14 selectors were very impressed with our performance.

R.F. Yes, the mud was very good at the end of the season.

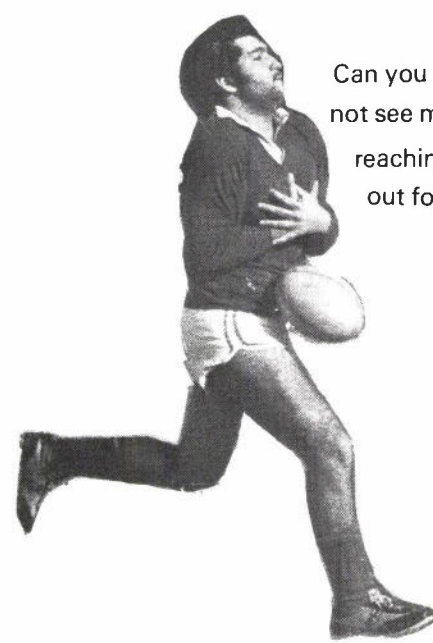
M.G. But to be perfectly honest we were never hot favourites in any of the matches. It's the team spirit y'know.

R.F. We've still got to lick the pants of the Old Scholars. I'll have some peanuts now please.

J.G. What do you think of the camaraderie of the scrum?

M.G. Rick, incidentally, is suffering from minor brain damage because in the last match he was trapped under Rami with a small Chinese bloke on top of him.

R.W. This is actually true. We had a very long conversation . . .



Can you
not see me,
reaching
out for you?

THE VILLAGE

Listen.

This is our village set by the sea.

It is a cold winter night and the north wind blows cold on the beach, numbing the skin of the tired sailors' cheeks. Wanes and screams echo from the sea; masses of charcoal coloured, empty water crashes on to the sand like tin on iron prison walls. The soul of the darkness drifts on bluffing and secretive, solid and drenched, sticky and tense and evil like a pool of trickling tar.

Listen. Only the wind is breathing.

Look. Only the moon is winking.

Move away from the shore, up, up the steep-hill cobblestone street, under the sign of the Sea Dragon pub, swinging and swaying, creaking and cranking on old and rusted hinges. Underfoot the cobbles roll tunelessly and hollow beneath the dusky, velvet-hatted lamp,whose beams pierce the inky darkness and outline rows of cold, cobbled cottages.

Look, see through the candle-lit, tobacco-filmed windows into the homes of the villagers.

Listen to the minds of those inside. To . . .

Captain Reggie Bidgeon conversing with the faded photo images in his damp, tobacco-ridden parlour . . . bristling beard, hawked eyes reflecting deep orange in the musky, whickering fire . . . tattered trousers with wafts of stale, blood-gutted fish . . . mermaids, tender blond bodies, wriggling on his Autumn coloured arms . . . parsley sage and basil all for the old man's tum . . . marigolds blushing at the wedding, huge roast joints oozing . . . ''Dorrie . . . Dorrie'' . . . muslin, silken swan rising and waning at dusk, sunken and dead at dawn. Captain Reggie . . . his soul drenched with fantasy.

Out of the door, up, up the steep-hill cobblestone street to the home of Molly Flitchin, strewn among her cakes in her cop-a-nob kitchen. Brass-flickering flames whispering in the grate illuminating forget-me-not tea sets, quaint Autumn water colours, jumble, clutter. She dreams of heat in the cornfields, posies of poppies, white muslin dresses with delicate red braid, cool, slumberous jungles of grass, slipping, sliding, laughing in the shade while music drowns the Renoir water-colour.

Listen. Upstairs children are bunked and drunken with sleep, placid moon drenched profiles dreaming of curls and bobbles, liquorice drops five for a penny, teddies in crinoline gowns, dancing shoes red and shiny at the toes, sugar pink ribbons, ringlets for the jelly and ice cream parties, blackberries in swarming, succulent flocks, hovering bluebottles, paths spun with silver thread. Sh!

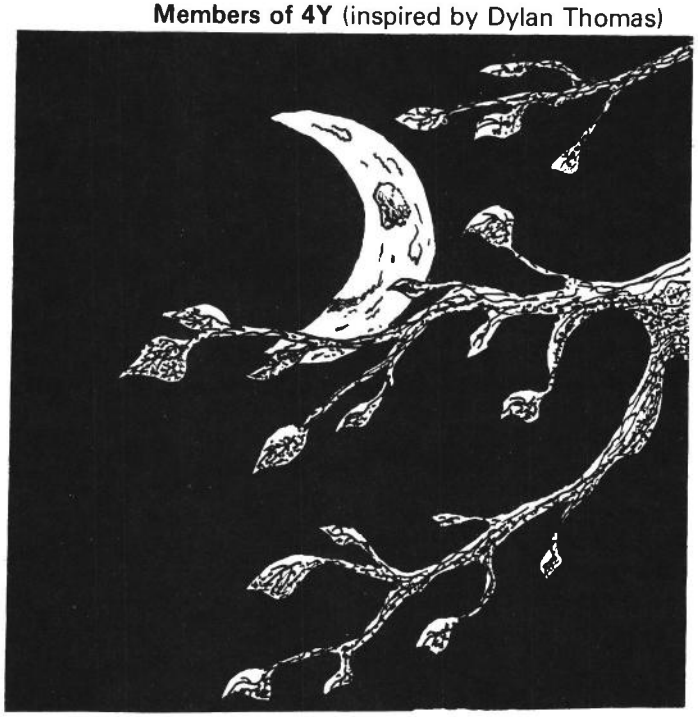
Out of the door, into the night, up, up to the top of the steep hill cobblestone street to the church perkily placed on the top of the hill. Listen to sermons, psalms, songs of praise. Look at pew upon pew, lines of faded velvet cushions warming the stale-smelling stone floor. Luminous stained-glass windows gaze down from crowns studded with rubies and emeralds on Kings bringing gifts to the infant Christ, future hero of Calvary.

Outside Jack Frost is tickling the feet of villagers walking home to bed.

Listen. Only the wind is breathing.

Look. Only the moon is winking.

Members of 4Y (inspired by Dylan Thomas)



MOUNTAIN LIFE

Like a bed-cover, misty lagging covers
All but a few sparse patches of the
Blanket of evening mountains.
Still the late sun shines through,
With pillars of gold:
Stairways to heavens.
Rivers like veins of silver
Spread down from rocky heights,
Where boulders have stood
For thousands of years.
And now,
Through the swirling grey roof,
Drops of thin mercury fall,
And silently
The sponge soft moss soakes them up,
To shed them again
Under the determined boots of walkers
Freshly polished for work.

As darkness approaches,
Slowly from the East,
Sheep, soft saggy,
Call in their offspring.
High on the cold and lonely hilltops
When it is cold and wet in these parts,
Beauty,
Is not in the eye,
But in the mind.
The feeling of loneliness is always there in winter,
Black and glistening around you.
It reaches into your soul
When you are high up
With the wind buffeting the cold blocks of granite
That have watched the world around
Since the wild beginning of eternity.
It is said that every year
A tar-black crow comes to these summits
And scrapes his beak upon a block of granite.
When all has worn away,
One year of eternity will have passed.
Until then,
The mountain life continues.

Chris Woods 4y

JEFT

After the separation of the previous school band *Buried Alive,* the Friends' School was left band-less, and from there we came together to start from scratch.

Tony, John and I first got together and then, out of the blue, a new bloke came who not only played guitar but had also composed some of his own songs.

By half-term we managed to buy ourselves two microphones, two amplifiers and an electric guitar. John previously had a speaker and a bass guitar and Tony his set of drums. After about three weeks of practice we put together ten songs out of which six were our own. Our style is quite different from *Buried Alive,* mainly because of the variety of songs we choose. We play rock and roll, folk, modern classics and our latest song 'Kentucky Fried Chicken' which is new wave.

Our combination is simple: a singer, a drummer, a guitarist and a bass player. We desperately need another guitarist, and if possible keyboards, woodwind and brass. Also, our amplification equipment is incomplete and we hope that the school may help us out during our Chrismas concert on the 10th December.

Our name *Jeft* is composed of the first letters of our first names. We are:



John Mills - Bass.
Tony Egee - Drums, percussion.
Eddie Cox - Lead vocals
Faris Georgis - Guitar, vocals.





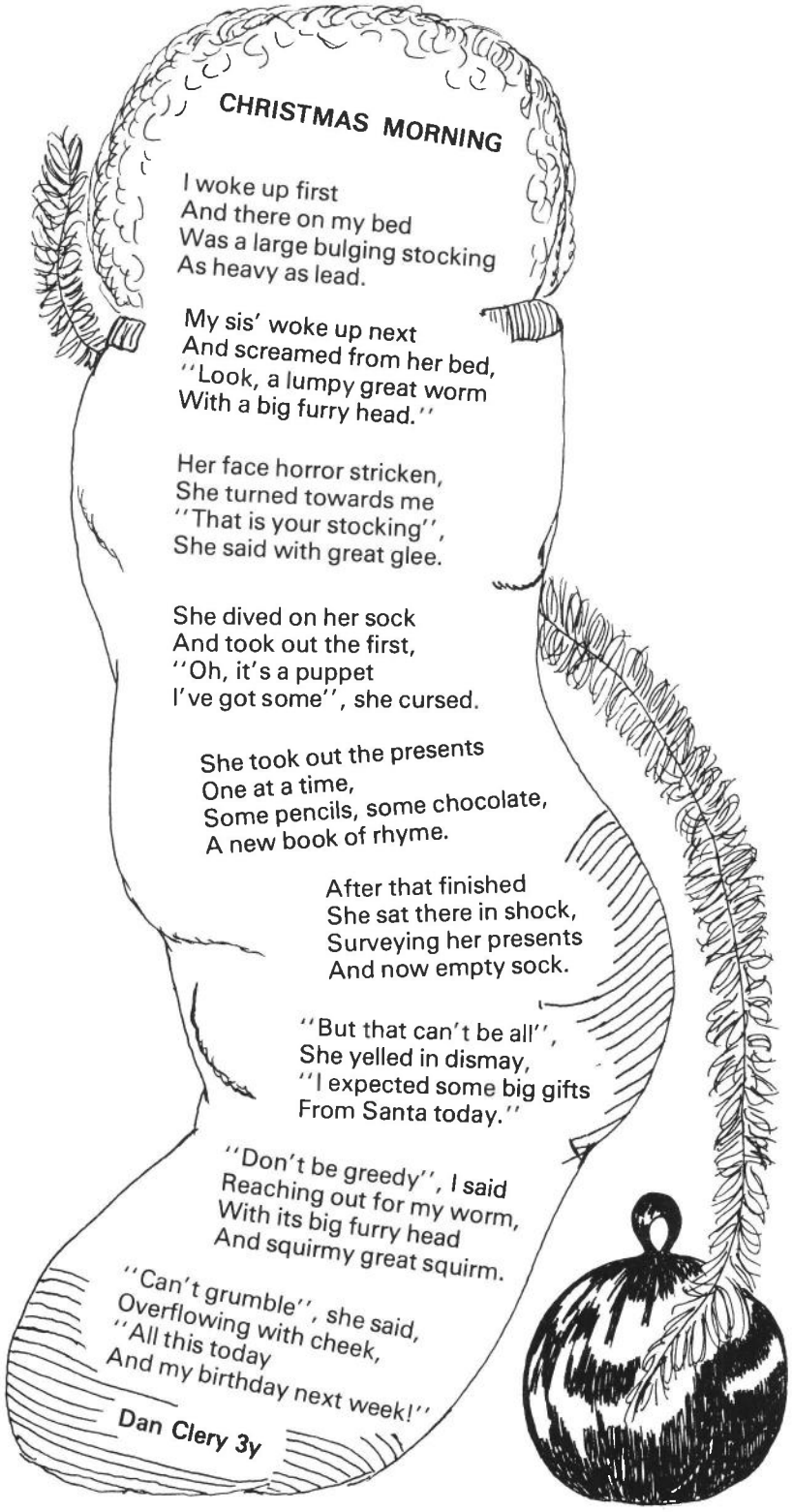
THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL

Rock music now plays a large part in the life of the school, In every minute of the day's free time a record is either shoved or placed on a record player, any one of the four in the school, and rock music in one form or another takes over from the relative silence. From *"The Stranglers"* to *"Yes"* everyone participates by either buying or listening whether they like it or not.

When the first form arrive they are to an extent usually pop-influenced, but until two years ago were gradually influenced into cultured beings. However, since the introduction of *PUNK* into the world the culture of the lower half of the school has remained basically nonexistent . . .

The school group last year was *Buried Alive,* and seemed generally appreciated by those who came to the concerts. Two members of the group were also members of the other school group — a mock-up punk group, which also received some appreciation.

Julian Paye and Robert Palmer 5y



THE COLOUR OF SILENCE IS. . . .

"Dark colour."
"Mushy, gushy, browny, gooey, grey—know what I mean?"
"Golden" (tra la la).
"White."
"Black."
"Mmm, definitely!"
"Deep blue, no sky blue, it's more poetic."
"Never really thought about it."
"Black, maybe green."
"Well, depends what kinda silence it is." (Oh, that's deep, that is).
"No idea."
"Black I should think."
"Actually, it's kinda rainbow innit?"
"It's grey, it's white, no, yeah, grey—very light."
"White reflections" (yeah man).
"It's not any colour, stupid." (D.B.)
"It's what you feel." (Oh! from the heart!)
"Um, light green."
"White, I s'pose."
"A nice black colour."
"How should I know?" (Terse!)
"I'm still working it out."
"Er yeah, well. . . . "
"Sexy colour."
"I reckon it's a yellowy colour."
"Second thoughts—its yelleranbloo!"
"Colour? Er . . . . white."
"I reckon it's white."
"Blue"
"Blue?"
"It's obviously black."
"Transparent."
"Silver."
"White, pure."
"Ti'sn't!"
"Golden, no, um, it's a mood, not a colour." Someone is avoiding my question.
"Black, I think."
"Who?"
"I dunno."
"One of many colours."

Silence is, in fact, wonderful to listen to.

Manda Wilsher 61

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD CYCLE EXPEDITION

It was a sunny morn on the 2nd of June when our small party of four assembled in front of the school. Our bikes resembled two-wheeled versions of a bunch of mules loaded with supplies for a five month expedition ito the Mongolian interior. Actually we planned to be away for four days.

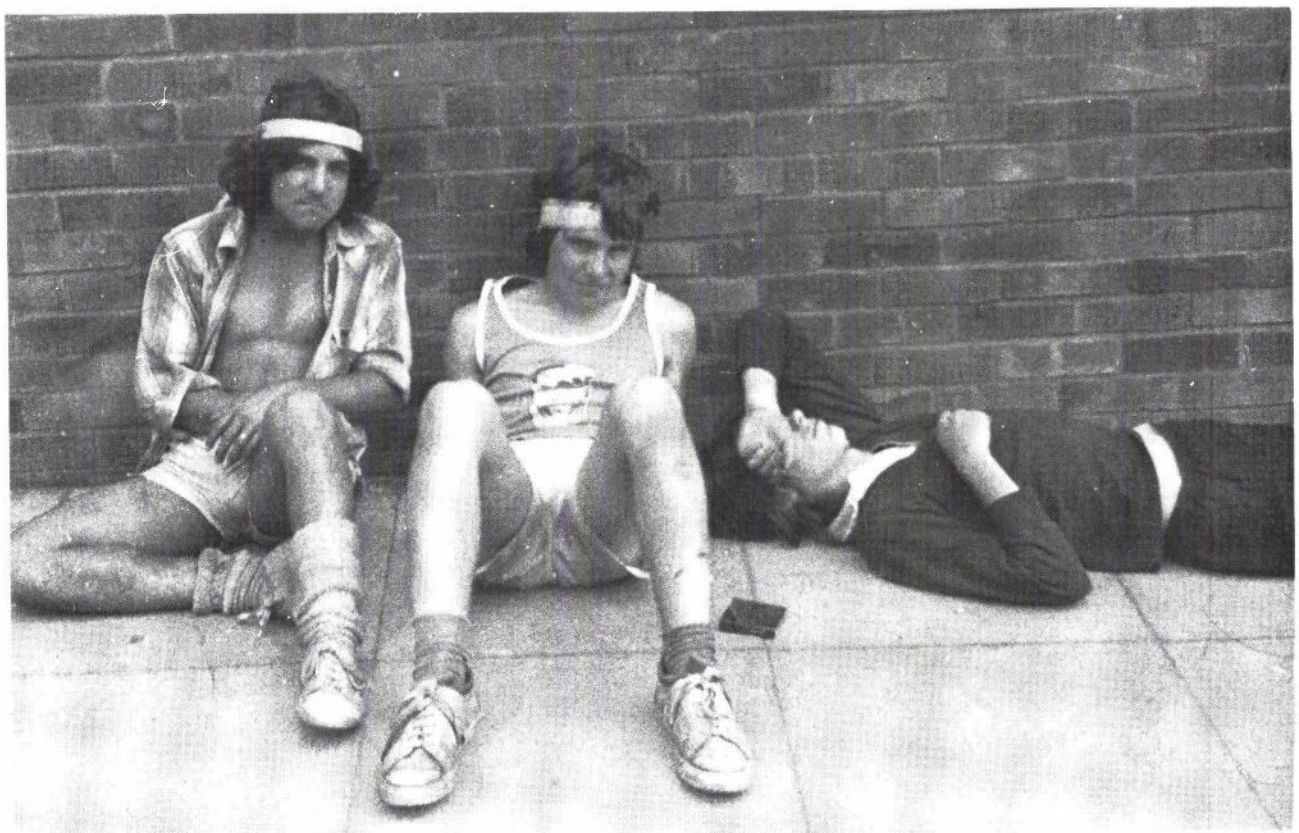
The purpose of our epic adventure was to complete my Duke of Edinburgh Award schedule, one part of which is the 'expedition'. This requires the participant (if the mode of travel is a bicycle) to cover 140 miles in four days and three nights. I asked Martin, Nick and Keith to come with me for company as well as for safety, although against what I'm not sure. Our well organized frame of mind soon broke as we realized that we had nothing with which to tie our equipment to our bikes. Mart's bike also packed up before we started, and perhaps most significantly, we almost forgot the toilet paper.

Once underway, our first day went fairly uneventfully. We camped for the night in the Thetford forest having completed fifty-two miles. The night's activities included a masochistic pine cone fight and a badger-watch at 1.30 p.m.

After muesli and milk for breakfast, which made us unpopular in public places for some time to come, we cycled all of five miles into Swaffam and gave up . . . knackered. Our target for the day was the coast at Hunstanton, but the heat poured down and we had a hard and desiccating time. Arriving at the coast some hours later, we expected a dip to cool us. However, as we came over the last rise, we found that a three mile hike through sucking mud preceded the delights of the Wash.

We found a camp site between a caravan site and a pile of junk, and it proved difficult to decide which was more loathsome.

As keen as you can imagine we would be after two hot sweaty days of cycling, we set off on the third day and were soon on our return leg to the Isle of Ely. After spending more time than was necessary restoring morale in Kings Lynn, we paraded out of the town to witness Keith's scrape with a moped which came out the victor and claimed a bit of his leg as the prize. But



Keith, and indeed all of us, being soldiering types, hearty chaps, carried on until after ten miles we couldn't stand it any more and collapsed from the heat and desiccation. It was to be a short rest but, as the sun threatened to burn our already fried flesh well past medium rare, we waited most of the day. The Fens welcomed us like a frying pan welcomes an egg. The only relief was an inn on the Ouse. Mart and Nick were eager to battle with eels and pike for a dip but the local shotgun committee chased us off to the sticky road again. The only luck we had that day was a beautiful camp site on the Ouse canal, far from the road. We swam and partied and, besides a couple of gatecrashing horses, who seemed bent on walking over the festivities and the tents, the evening was a quiet one.

We limped back home after seeing 173 miles and a stone or two. The trip had been a success thanks to Mart, Nick and Keith's support. I might add here that I shall be going to Buckingham Palace in the Summer to collect my award.

Erik Bichard 6₂

SPORTS DAY 77



THE SWALLOW

A small darting creature
Speeding through the sky
After a fly.
Shaped like an arrow head,
Swirling and darting
Swiftly through every nook and cranny,
Soaring up and round and round,
Then circling down
down
down.

This little animal
Swiftly, skilfully, chases a fly.
Then the dive,
And with one feather turned
It's up and round
To its home
In the town.

Jonathan Woods 2x

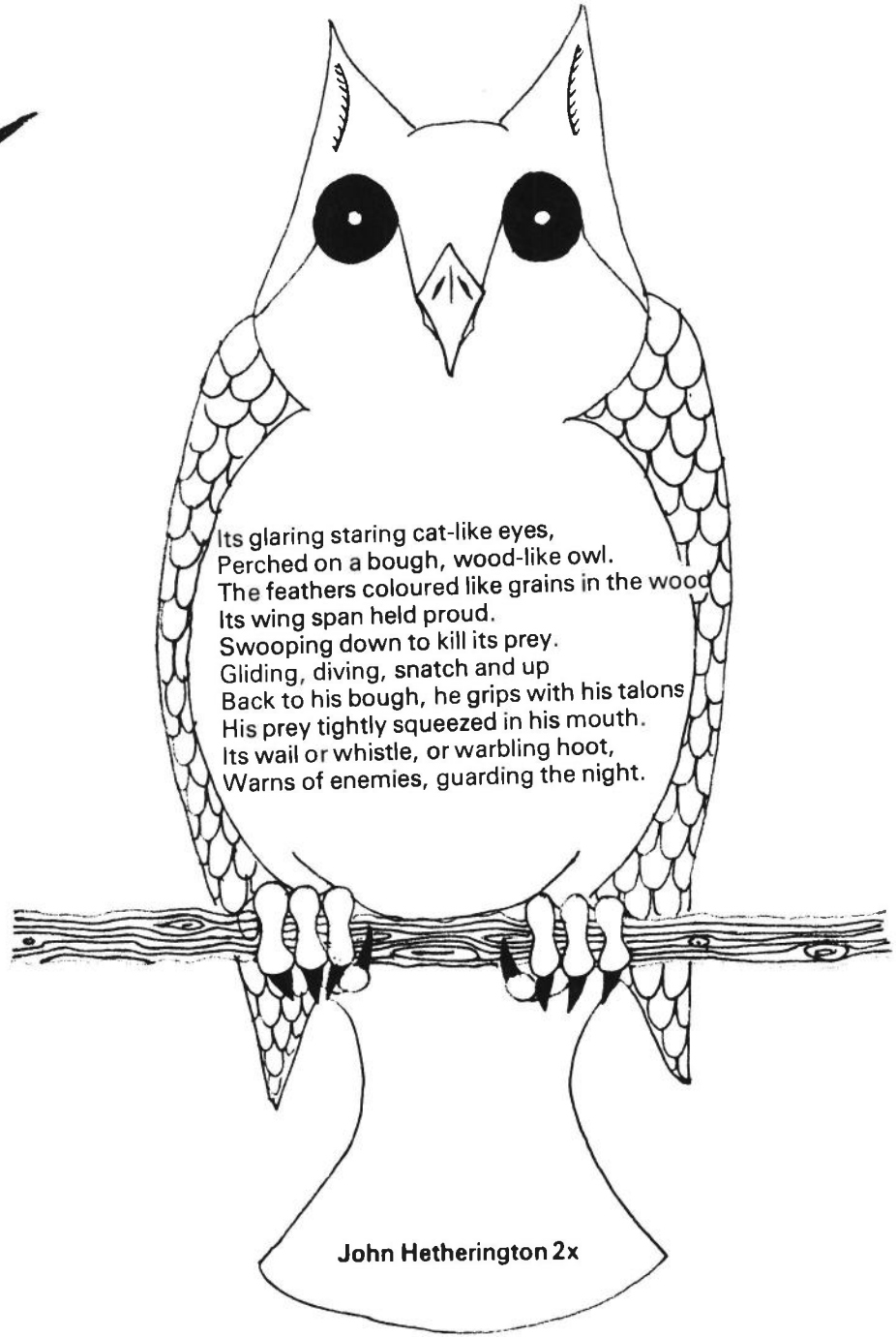




A SALMON

A cold blooded creature
Which lives in water.
A beautiful rainbow
Of a thousand shades,
An inhabitant of lake,
Sea, river and loch,
Spawning up high,
Feeding down low,
Mingling with
The eddies of tide.
A Salmon:
A beautiful creature,
Perfectly symmetrical,
Ribbed, slimy fins,
A bite like a thousand pins,
A body that
Slips through your hands
Like water,
A Salmon,
Perfection in itself.

Nicola Minaur 2x



John Hetherington 2x

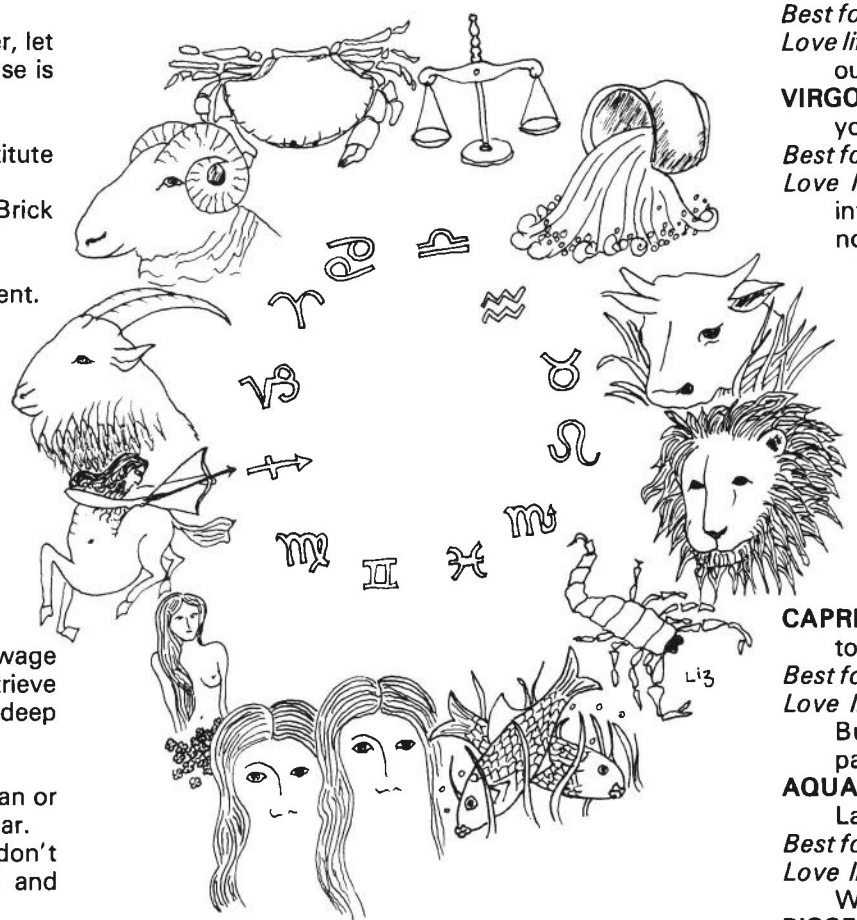
YOUR HOROSCOPE

(For any week of your choice)

ARIES: Good week for a 200-1 outsider, although a safer bet may fall through.
Best Food: Baked beans.
Love Life: Look out for the man or woman in the dark suit entering the Halifax Building Society on Monday.

TAURUS: If you go to a party or social get-together, let your hair down and have a good time. Expense is no problem.
Best food: Cheese and salami quiche.
Love life: You may receive a 'phone call from a destitute school teacher.

GEMINI: Good week for investing in the London Brick Company or Marks and Spencer.
Best Food: Jaffa cakes.
Love life: You will gain nothing except embarrassment.



CANCER: Give up smoking.
Best food: Sweet cigarettes.
Love life: Farley's rusks may increase your sex-appeal.

LEO: Do the lion's share of the housework and rewards may come your way.
Best food: Cadbury's chocolate fingers.
Love life: Do not let a difference of opinion upset a night out. It may affect the rest of your life.

VIRGO: Do not attempt any type of financial activity. If you do it will end in failure.
Best food: Egg and cheese flan.
Love life: A seemingly chance meeting may develop into a loving relationship. On the other hand, it may not.

LIBRA: Jump at any opportunity to visit a sewage works, but be prepared. Do not attempt to retrieve a halfpenny from the bottom of a six foot deep sludge trough.
Best food: Methylated spirits.
Love Life: You may find happiness with a gentleman or lady eating a hamburger in the local Wimpy Bar.

SCORPIO: If your work is getting on top of you, don't give up. Let it grind you into the ground and mentally destroy you.
Best food: Tesco custard creams.
Love life: Your love life this week will be non-existent.

SAGITTARIUS: You may feel all cramped up inside. If so, don't worry, you will be all cramped up inside.
Best food: Welsh rabbit.
Love Life: If you watch a Steve McQueen film you may fall in love with him.

CAPRICORN: If you are suffering from an in-growing toe-nail, do not let it affect your sports career.
Best food: Haggis.
Love life: Do not let a broken relationship upset you. But, if worried, write a letter to our "Dear Gareth" page.

AQUARIUS: A good week to attempt scuba diving in Lake Windermere.
Best food: Jelly fish.
Love life: You may be confronted, during your dive in Windermere, by a female pike.

PISCES: You will have a lousy week involving financial ruin and possible death.
Best food: Cyanide.
Love life: Don't bother.

by *Avenue* Astrologists, **Mark Anderson, Gareth Jones and Crispin Mills.**

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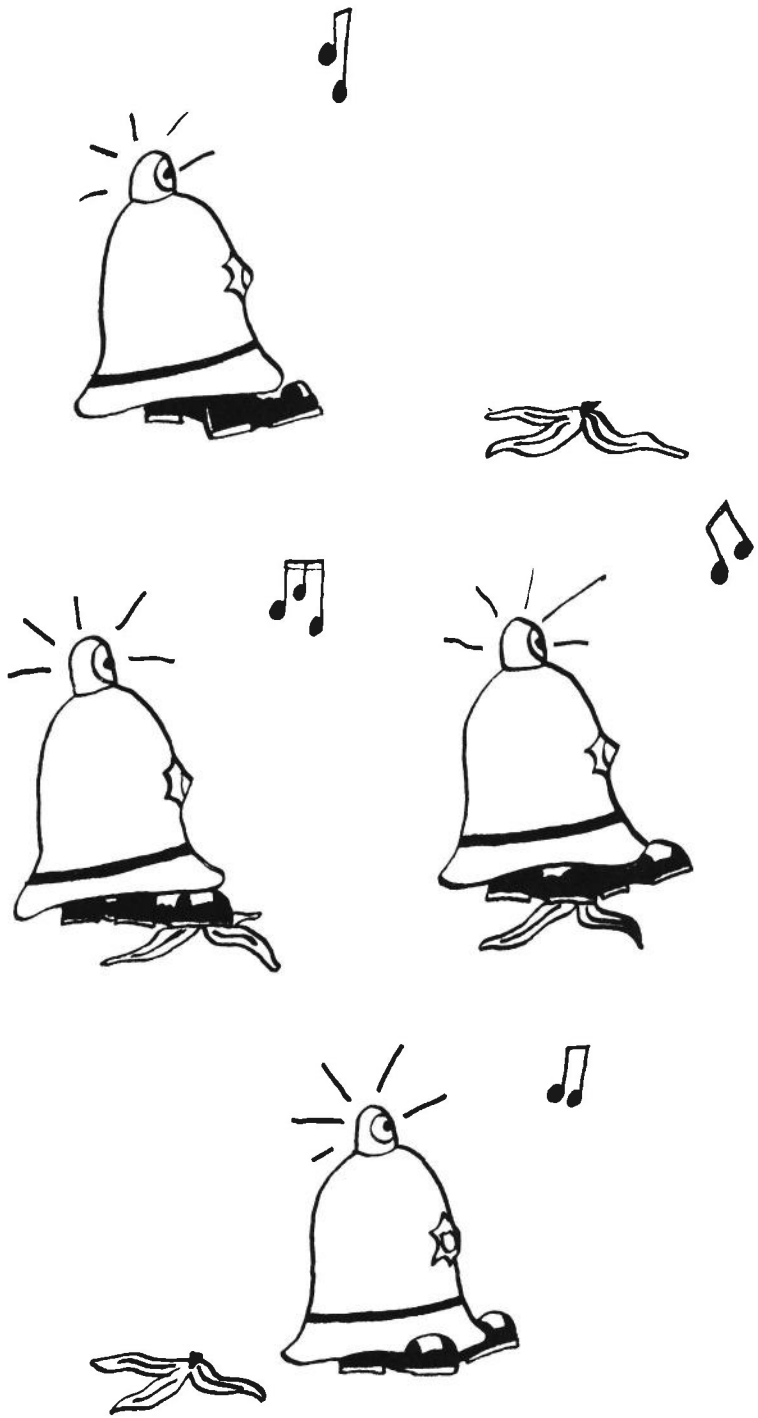
We'd like to say we're sorry
To those not shown below
Whom illness (or infirmity)
Had steadfast in their grip
(They had to go down to the san again,
To the bandaged sprains and cries,
And all they asked was an aspirin pill
And water to take it with).

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