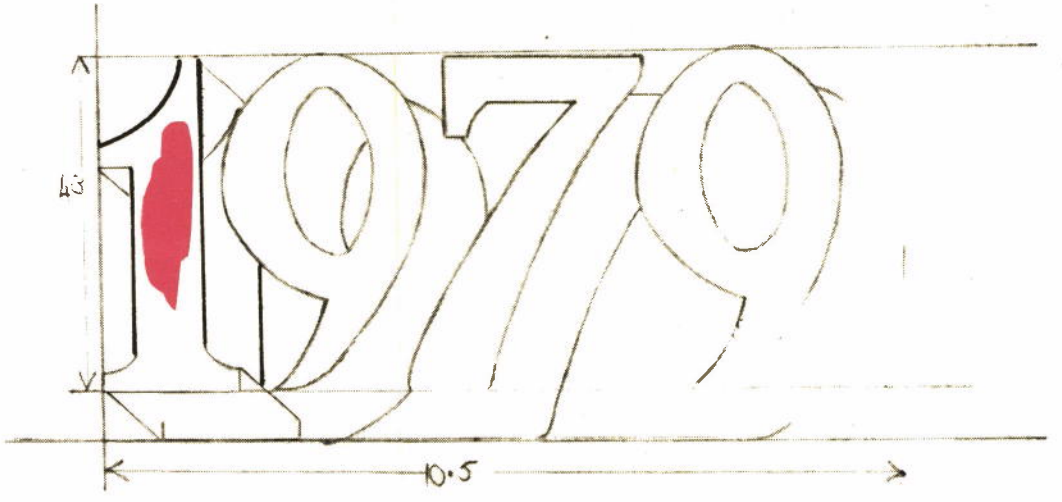
the avenue



N.B.
to be
done by
March 5th



''THE AVENUE''
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Inter Alia

Here continues the endless chronicle of F.S.S.W. The advent of the year 1978 Anno Domini saw the jet set (alias certain members of the sixth form) nipping over to Switzerland for a spot of skiing. The proceedings of the term proper began with the Company of Young Players Unlimited presenting a Sunday Evening Meeting on the subject of Human Rights. The following weekend the school was occupied with the Valentine's dance and on the 24th. of February Alan Haslehurst, the M.P. for Saffron Walden, came to give a sixth form lecture. March brought a dazzling display of school theatricals with extracts from ''Hobson's Choice'' and ''Pygmalion'' performed by the Third Form and the 61 play ''The Admirable Chrichton'' by J. M. Barrie.

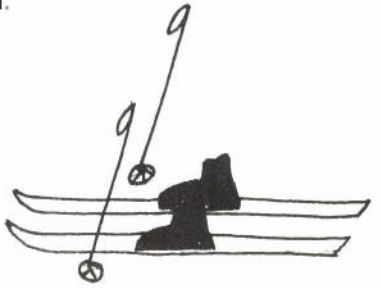


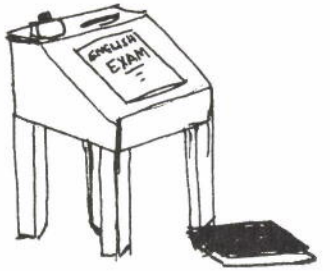
Trubbish

Events of the Summer Term began on the front lawn with the school photograph on the 29th. of April the First Orchestra gave a concert. After this an unfortunate amount of time had to be spent on the hard slog for examinations. However, the last weeks of term saw another flowering of creativity when members of 4y performed Oscar Wilde's ''An Ideal Husband'' and the Second Form presented that perennial favourite ''Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat.'' The end of term also meant the sad departure of Imogen Rowlands, who left us for a life of marital bliss; of Richard Wright to retirement and of the indefatigable Jean Stubbs who went into semi-retirement as she was returning in the Autumn to take up her Latin Classes again.

During the Summer holiday a load of sixth formers were transported as usual to La Coume to enjoy themselves (and to work presumably) under the hot continental sun.



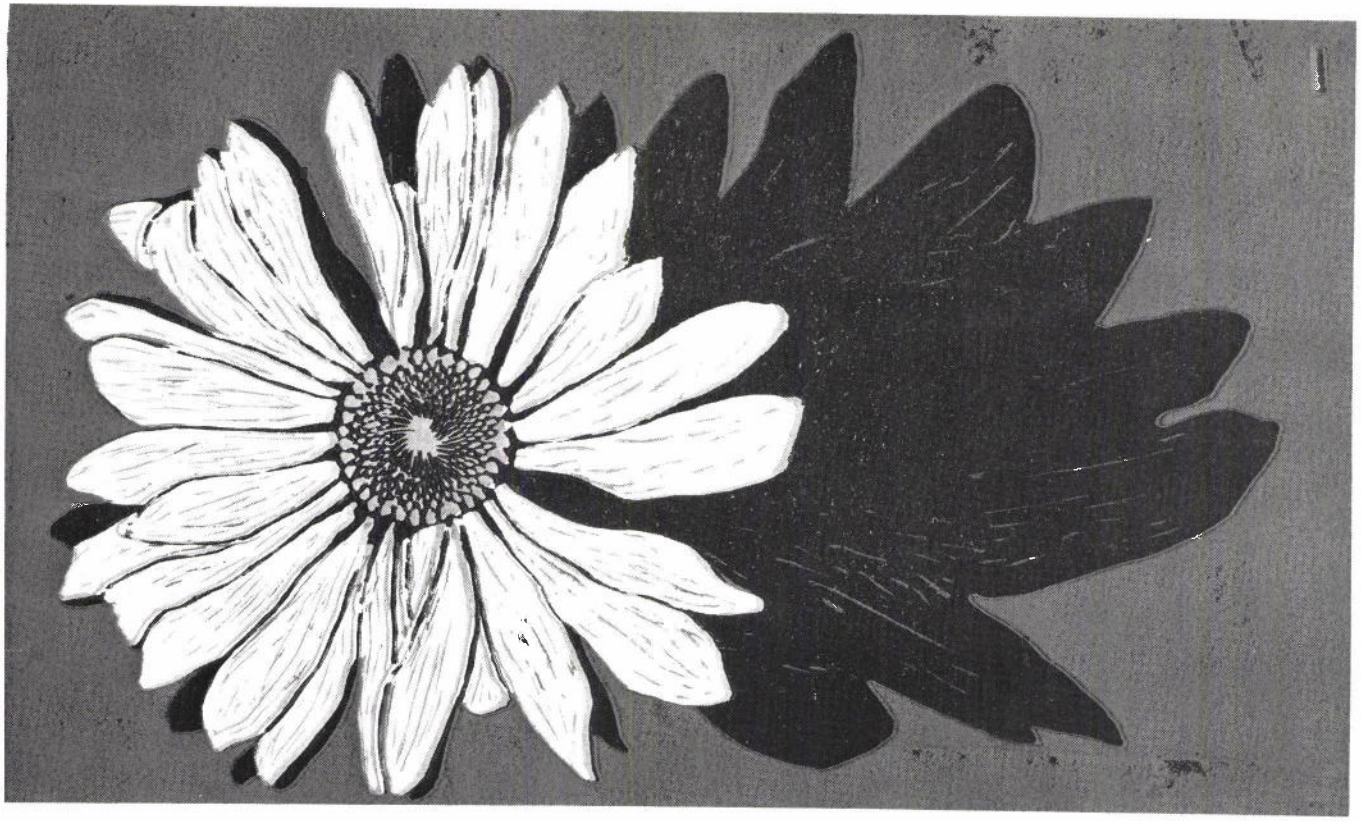




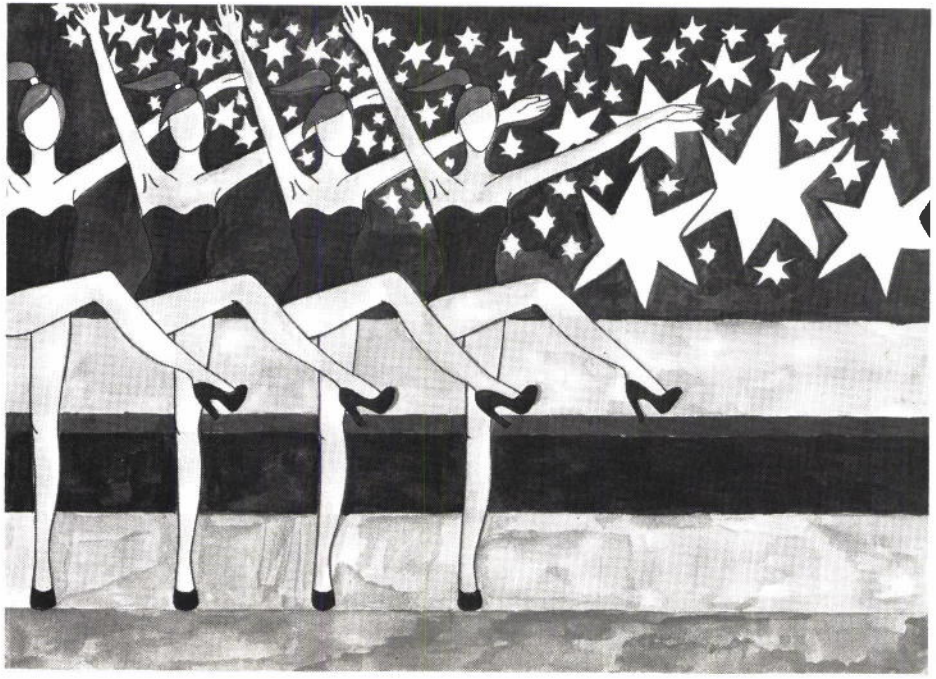
The new term began well with the return of C.O.P.Y.U. performing their latest production ''Twelfth Night'', many old scholars being included in the company. Phillip Richardson and John Capper arrived to teach Art and Maths respectively. They have already proved themselves invaluable. Philip Richardson is helping stage the School Play and John Capper is organizing the scouts, leaderless since Paul High left. A memorable Sunday evening meeting was that taken by Mrs. N. H. Jeanty-Raven who described her experiences in Nazi-occupied Belgium and consequently sold 130 copies of her book ''Without Frontiers.'' The royalties of this book are used for the aid of those who suffered in the last war. Half term was marked by a lively and well attended open day. In November both Paul High and Ena Evans returned to the school to take evening meetings. The school play was a very enjoyable Restoration comedy, ''The Beaux' Stratagem'' by George Farquhar. In December the small choir gave performances at the churches in Newport, Finchingfield and Radwinter. The Christmas dance went well and the end of term entertainment had to be seen to be believed. Little did the school realise that at this moment hoardes of rats were swarming up from the sewers, destroying all before them . . . to find out what happened next, buy next year's ''Avenue''.


A rat

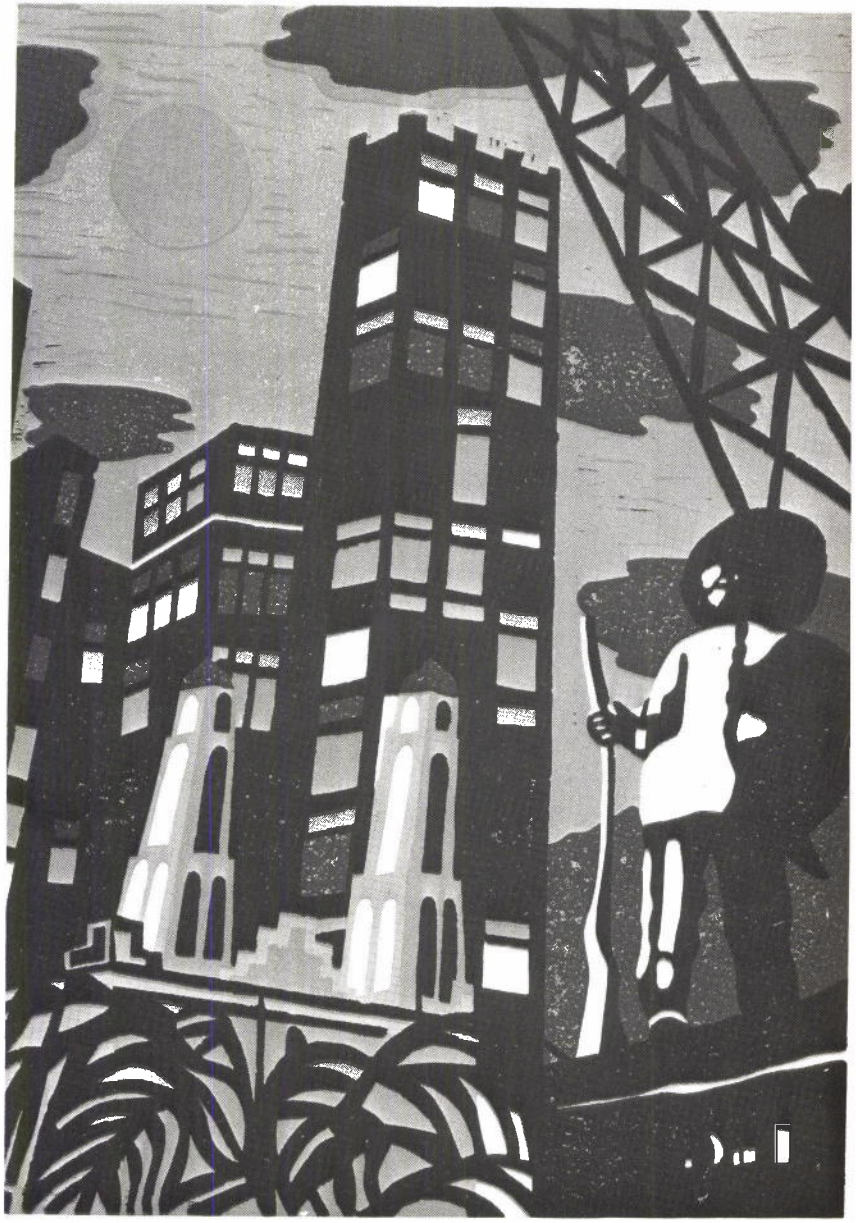
Emma Clery 6_1
Sarah Galey 6_1



Lucy Atkinson 6_1



Jo Moore 6_1



Jeremy Gale 6_1

LEYSIN SKI TRIP '78



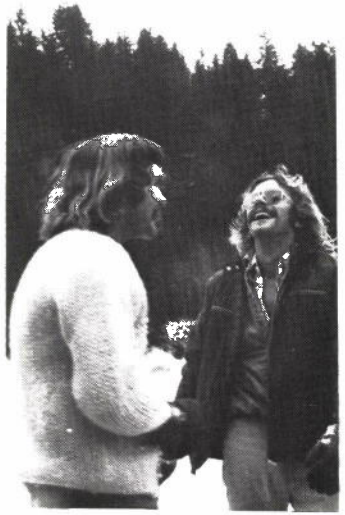
We met in La Belle Suisse to sample the joys of the snows of the slippery Alpine ski slopes, the local grape-juice, the food, the invigorating air along with a hundred other expectant school kids and their Sergeant Majors. All this was surrounded by what must be among the most dramatic and beautiful of all landscapes — The Swiss Alps.

We assembled at Gatwick Airport where we met our supersonic jet which was to whizz us across France to Geneva. We were cheerfully informed that our plane was one of the first to come into commercial service and, indeed, aviation has come a long way since then. Among us there were some who hadn't flown before: Graham Chambers stood with bated breath and knocking knees at the entrance to the plane saying 'farewell' to England (for perhaps the last time. . . . ?). But the flight was quite smooth and, on arriving in Geneva, we were welcomed by that familiar drizzling rain so reminiscent of good old London.

However, once we had got further up into the mountains, it was snowing heartily, apparently for the first time in several weeks. The skiing would be good!

Leysin is a mixture of modern and antique houses and people. Originally a small village, it now sprawls across the mountainside, boasting discos, super-markets and three churches. Our hotel, promisingly named 'Semiramis' (a legendary Greek goddess reputedly sexually excessive and of irresistible charm), was a mixed blessing. Apart from cramped bedrooms (compare box-cupboards), violently creaking beds (compare school beds), varying supplies of hot water (compare melted glaciers), the people who worked there (George, Dova, Ray, Frank and Michelle) were very welcoming (they spoke English).









The rest of the week was spent indulging in all those things people usually do at ski resorts, as well as skiing (sometimes). For those who had not had on a pair of skis before, the elementary step (standing up) proved almost insurmountable. But by the end of the week most people felt they had made some progress. In fact, a lot of people found the ski-lifts more difficult to deal with than the skis, but that's a different matter. The apres-ski took us some nights to the other hotel 'L'Aiglon' (meaning among other things, Napoleon II) ten minutes walk (up hill), where a disco was the main attraction and which will be remembered rather painfully by the more indulgent among us!

One of the many highspots of the week was the ice-skating. I think I may safely (?) say that Chris Smith was most definitely the star of the show. The determination, the refusal to be beaten, the speed, the . . . . . 'Je ne sais quoi' of his performance will remain imprinted on our memories.





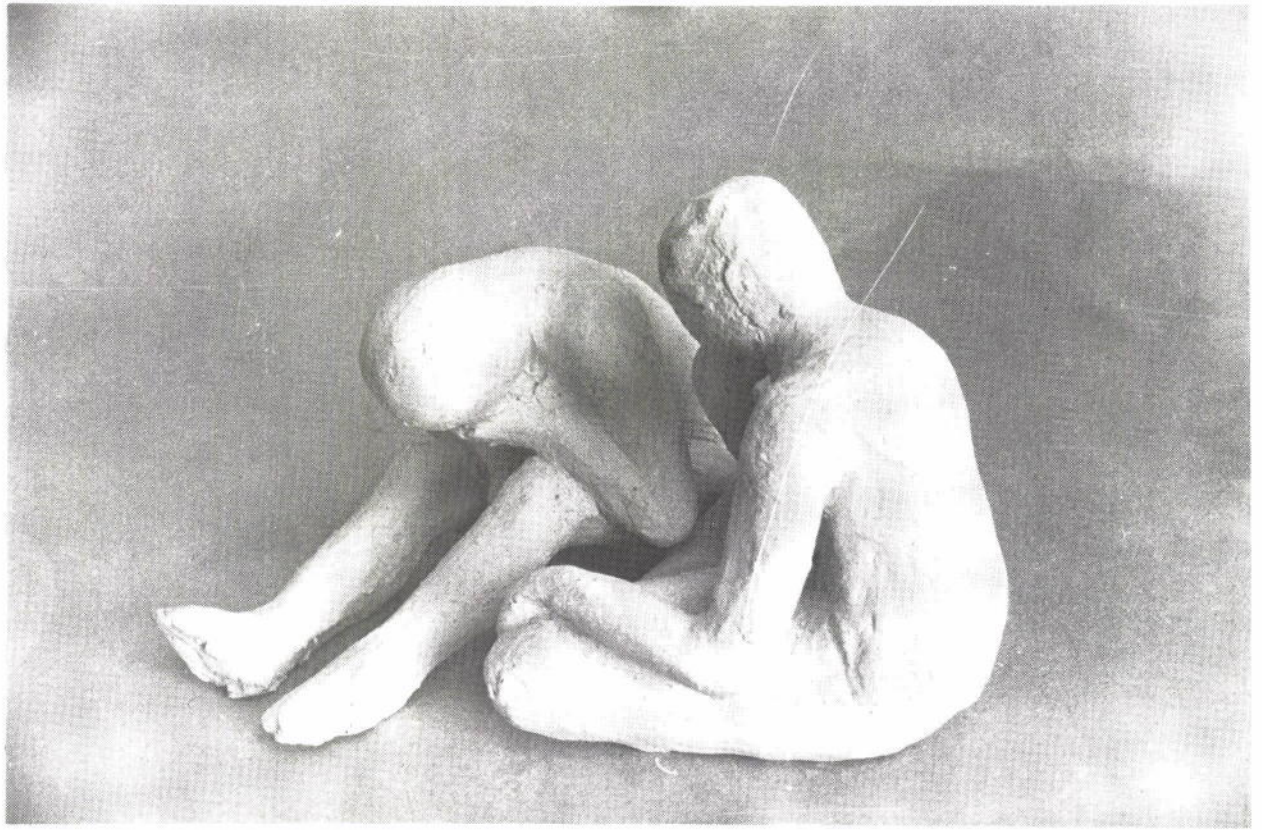




It was an intact but doleful crew that piled on to the coach at the end of the week. And as the coach swayed violently around hair-pin bends with 1000 ft. drops, we gulped goodbye to Leysin, and hoped the driver knew where he was going. The return flight was, perhaps, the most memorable event of all. We left Geneva in a lightning storm and were struck by lightning just as we entered the clouds. Then we were diverted to Birmingham because of highspeed cross winds in Southern England, and, after circling around that city for an interminable half-an-hour, the plane made its shaky descent to the already crowded airfield. As the plane stepped jerkily down the wings bounced alarmingly close to the ground. Bump . . . . . Bump, everyone held their breath, and we were down. A burst of spontaneous applause broke out and the plane slowed down. We discovered afterwards that the radar had been impaired by the lightning and that most of the flight had been handled manually.

I hope this year's group enjoy themselves as much as we all did.

Caroline Jones 62



He smiles.
Yet underneath his soul is crying,
''Won't somebody help me out of this wilderness?
Won't somebody show me a path and make my steps
less painful?''

He laughs.
Yet deep inside a twinge of pain
Echoes round the empty
Cavern of his consciousness.
''Give me something'', he cries,
''To which I may turn in time of need.
Show me a goal I should strive to achieve.''

He says ''hello''.
Yet from inside himself there comes another voice,
''An object for my passions, my life, myself.''
And with his head bowed, he walks on.

Caroline Jones 62x

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD

Bangers and beans
Cold meat and rice,
Gungy hot puddings
And toast by the slice.

Nice soggy chips
And cheap margarine,
Bullet hard peas,
Oh! the British cuisine!



Old Taffy Jones the milkman
Had a rusty old van
Tho' the tax had expired
And the engine was tired
He's still going to Wales if he can.

IRRELEVANT ASSOCIATIONS

How many times have you clipped your toenails since decimalization?
How often have you drunk pernod since you last cut your toenails?
How many times have you heard nature's silence since your last glass of pernod?
How often have you haggled intellectually since you last heard nature's silence?
How often have you sneezed since your last intellectual argument?
And finally, did you sneeze on your luncheon vouchers?
As intellectualism collapsed,
Nature's silence was uproar,
The glass of pernod smashed,
Your toenails were finally embedded and
wouldn't come out,
And all because decimalization had been replaced by a Binary system.

Jonathan Evans

CAPTIVITY

Locked in a dungeon
No one but me

Trapped in a hole
No light to see

Stuck in a room
Nobody about

Inside a prison
No way to get out

Captured in crowds
No room to move

Lost in a maze
No path to choose

Shut in a cage
No way to be free

Marooned on an island
No one but me

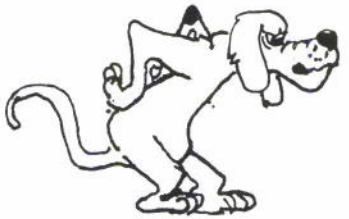
Anon

MY BLINDNESS

I was woken up in darkness by my mother, to live. We had treasures but they were unsuitable for me. I went outside and on my face shone the sun. The wind blew by to wash my sight as I skirted round the gardens. I felt the flowers which were uncoloured to me and then I knew I was in the darkness of horror. Once again the wind blew past my face and left behhind the cry of sadness, of joy. I dragged on the grass, leaving behind the trails of my feet and the tears of my face, leading to my room of darkness.

Warning struck and the insects chiselled into my arms, sucking my blood. The rain drops washed my tears; the trees rustled and the leaves fell on my head. I felt the uncoloured world round me and, sadly stretching my hands in front of me, I found my way to bed.

Bolaji Rosiji 2y



LOVE

More gentle than the
Soft touch of lamb's wool;
More beautiful than the
Pearly, dew-dropped rose;
More painful than the
Edge-cutting, gleaming knife;
More bitter than the
Sharpening taste of an unripe lemon;
More colourful than the
Sea's last shimmer before night;
More silent than the
Wind on the tips of the owl's grey wings;
More soothing than the
Cool kiss of cream;
More lasting than the
Hard, rocky mountains;
More dreamers suffer its
Deep and penetrating life;
More secretive than the
Intense mass of the galaxy
is love

Rebecca Nash 4y







by peter McBurnie
age 10



A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

Ron Daniel 5x

Having spent four years in England without a holiday abroad or away from home for any appreciable length of time, I was starting to think that I was missing something. My Mum and I were in agreement that I should have a really long relaxing holiday to make up for those missed whilst our financial standing was not healthy. Now that things were better, it was decided that it would be a good thing and, more importantly, that we could afford it, if I were to spend one whole summer holiday at St. Lucia, West Indies, my place of birth.

The preparations for the ''great summer holiday'' began with a massive money saving campaign within the family. I was thrilled and absolutely determined that enough money would be saved.

July 5th. came more slowly than ever before, and passed even more slowly. Five days after the school term had ended, on July 10th., I was to fly to St. Lucia. These five days consisted of plenty of packing and generally trying to get things into as little space as possible. Relatives resident in England were arriving all the time with gifts, food and presents for their beloved ones at home. It was a pity that so much had to be left behind.

At last July 10th. came and by 11.30 that night I was half way across the Atlantic Ocean. We made a brief stop on the tiny island of Tobago, the 747 airliner descending through and below the soft white clouds to make a perfect landing.

By the time we approached Vigie airport in the capital of St. Lucia the sun was already high in the sky and the heat could be seen shimmering from the half-molten tarmac surface of the runway. July 11th, being my birthday, I expected the welcome to be even more friendly. As I made my way through the lounge of the airport with umbrellas and scissors from my luggage playing havoc, I was suddenly overcome. All my relatives made towards me in one big surge. They were similar to a gang of surging football fans with the violence replaced with warmth and affection.

The preliminary greetings over, we made our way to the specially hired bus and set off for home. Along the potholed roads we went, and up the steep rain-forested regions which make up most of the island.

Seeing my home town again in the full flight of summer had me transfixed momentarily. It had not rained for some weeks but the mango trees and citrus trees seemed to find the water somewhere, for they were all heavily fruited.



Having changed into clothes suitable for the climate in which I would be spending the next seven weeks, I rested until the sun slowly made its way down the galvanized and thatched rooves. Old neighbours returning from work on the estates dropped in, usually with a bottle of the strongest sugar-cane rum, and the lemon punch began to flow more freely than I would have liked it to. I must confess that after not having drunk the stuff for four years I was not used to it and soon fell asleep on the warm, baked earth.

As soon as the night fell the fireflies were out in full strength, their luminous green tails giving them their name and a fairy-like atmosphere to the place. Supper was black pudding with huge amounts of pepper and lamb which had been slaughtered that day.

Over the next few weeks, I completely relaxed and let the tensions of city life in London flow out of me. I visited the dormant volcano some miles away where one could bathe in springs only before five in the morning since by ten they were boiling. I went on numerous shopping expeditions and visited relatives and friends whom I had forgotten or never knew I had. Spending Sunday on the beach was one of our favourite pastimes. We could take some matches, and the basic ingredients for making cool rum punch and set off before the sun had evaporated the dew from the night before. We would collect wood for the fire, coconut for food and drink, as well as crabs, fish and lobsters.

One Sunday about half way through the holiday we decided that the beach was too crowded and that we would walk across the tiny islet about three hundred metres off shore. It was low tide and we only had to cross a fifty metre stretch of water. We set up camp for morning there, when a news flash over the radio announced that a heavy storm was forecast. We didn't have a boat and the waterway was now too deep for the younger children to cross. Fortunately some fishermen had seen our fire and had come to sell some fish.

When the holiday drew to an end I was dismayed and heartbroken. On the way back to England I wept. All I had to show for six great weeks was a few photographs. I was too overcome to think about the wet and cold 'summer' I was dragging myself back to in London.





THE FIENDS OF FRIENDS' SCHOOL

On Saturday 8th. July we all gathered at Mike Collins's house (Gibson) where we began to prepare ourselves for the eventful afternoon. Mr. Whittington kindly provided us with some chemical potions which were intended to flare up in coloured smoke. However, this was not to be!

When we arrived, the float was parked outside Gibson door. Tessa Brown and Mike Collins were decorating the float with an assortment of horrors (for example, paper bats and kippers!).

Meanwhile, inside the walls of Gibson, other events were taking place: brown nails, black hats and cloaks, frizzled hair and green faces were being applied. Whether these were needed is up to you to decide.

At last we were all as fiendish as ever a fiend could be!

After an extremely bumpy ride on our fiend float, we eventually arrived at our destination, the Common. From here, the band led us through the streets of Saffron Walden while we made our own music which consisted of growls and fiendish gestures. The crowd seemed to accept these with very mixed feelings. Comments were thrown back and ranged from well intended growls to ''Oh, Mummy aren't they ugly!''

Sarah Baxter managed to drop the entire earnings from her bucket in the middle of the High Street.

We all arrived back to the Common safely finding ourselves parked next to the ''Oil of Ulay'' float: not very suitable! But all in all it was a very enjoyable day. We would like to thank all those involved.

Rebecca Moore and Juliet Parry (both 3y)

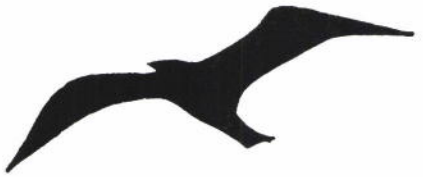

DIL

Gold, phosporescent streams of light slipped lethargically over the swooning smothers of crystal sea. Sighs of moping, humming waves trickled and splashed . . . . the dawn is a mystical haven. Solitary, in slumberous state, I wandered along the dozing, tepid shore . . . . alone and singing to the inquisitive whispers of the sand, the gulls cawing in melodious screeches, slinking their graceful bodies through the delicate veils of secretive salty mist.

My mind floated on, drunken with repose and smuggled cosy with sleep . . . .

Snippets of tantalizing giggles tripped on in my mind, silver and scintillating. The sand slipped through my bronzed palms, disappearing with a golden, swooshing sigh. I spun round, my burning eyes vigilant and tipsy with glorious light. The green, luscious stalks of smiling grass wallowed around me, caressing my naked, burnt body. Cornflowers, poppies and buttercups sank, drooping their pastel manes against me, cooling my copper brow. Yet still the call of floating gulls echoed on in my soul, aching with compassion. I gazed out from my pea-green, snuggled up haven to the misty, infinite horizon. The swooping silhouette of a swan-like maiden appeared in an amber haze . . . . her shaggy, curly mane of bubbling brilliant locks spinning, eyes amorous and blue . . . . fascinating! Enraptured I fell spinning with amber, happy tears 'til my puddle of sea-green grass was only a smudgy droplet on my imagination.



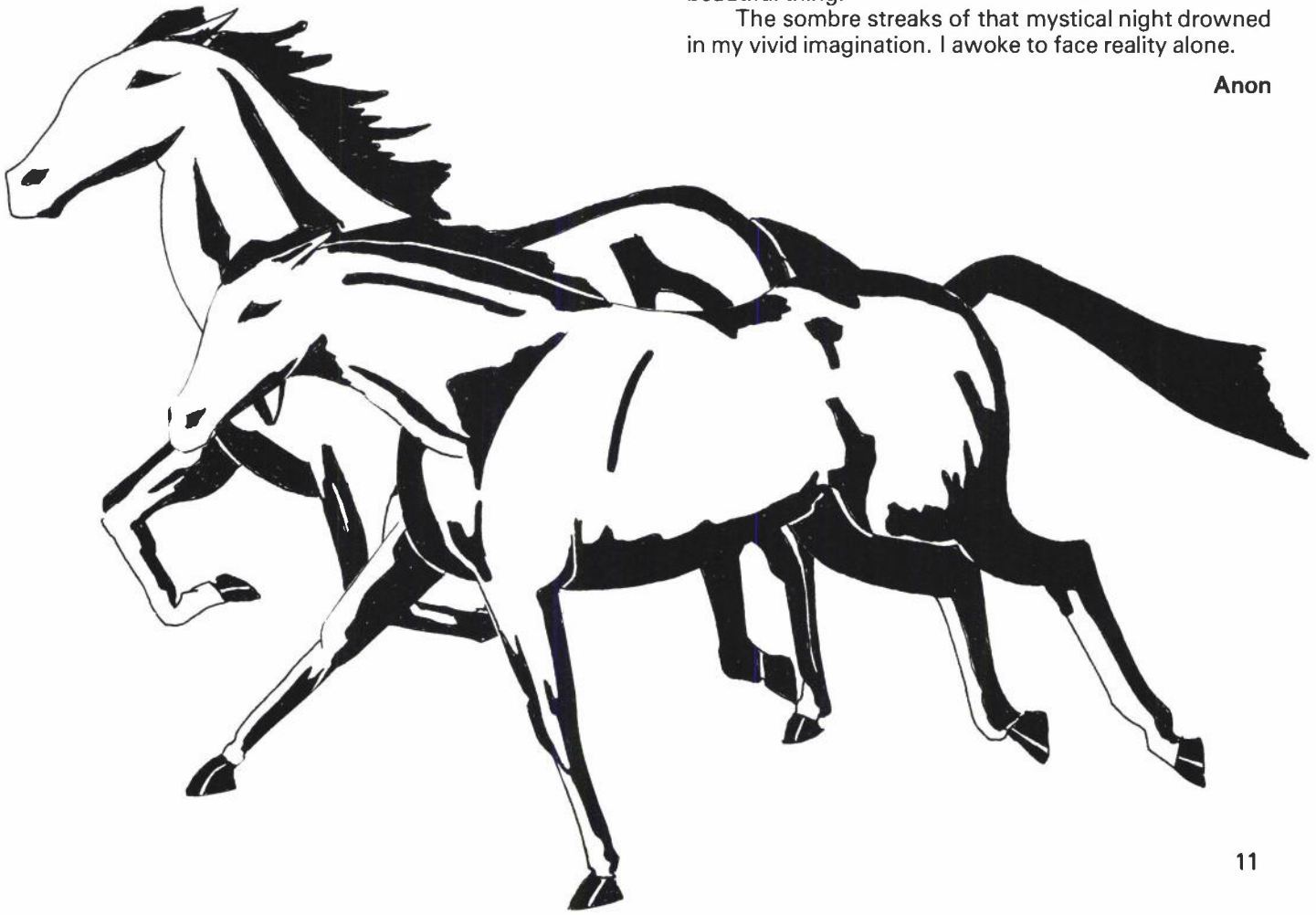


From the profound mysterious depths of secretive green pastures I found I was not alone in my ecstasy. His gruff, sensuous chuckle tickled in my ears as we spun through the pure white sands, his elaborated daisy button hole penetrating my nostrils, the aroma sticking juicy and fresh in my mind. Love wrapped us up in her warm, cosy bundle and we lay snug-as-a-bug among the havens of paradisical blooms and bees. I gazed up at his bronze, defined profile; nose Grecian with a soft furry tinge; mouth a hollow of succulent, pink roses, luscious and plump for plucking; and his eyes desirously warm and sincere, vivacious und bursting with spirit. The light disappeared with a waning sigh and slipped back, cowarding away from the earth. But love pursued us, securing us into her mystical chambers, comprehending the true, beautiful meaning of life in its purest state.

Night aroused us in her gullible, evil way, surrounding us in an ecstasy of black, slumberous blankets of wonder. Looming up into the profoundest depths, the horny gull, sullen, dry-tongued and bitter swooped in a swiggling circle for the last time and gracefully stepped down from his tumbling pedestal into the sombre depths of the unknown. Death, a beautiful thing.

The sombre streaks of that mystical night drowned in my vivid imagination. I awoke to face reality alone.

Anon



THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM

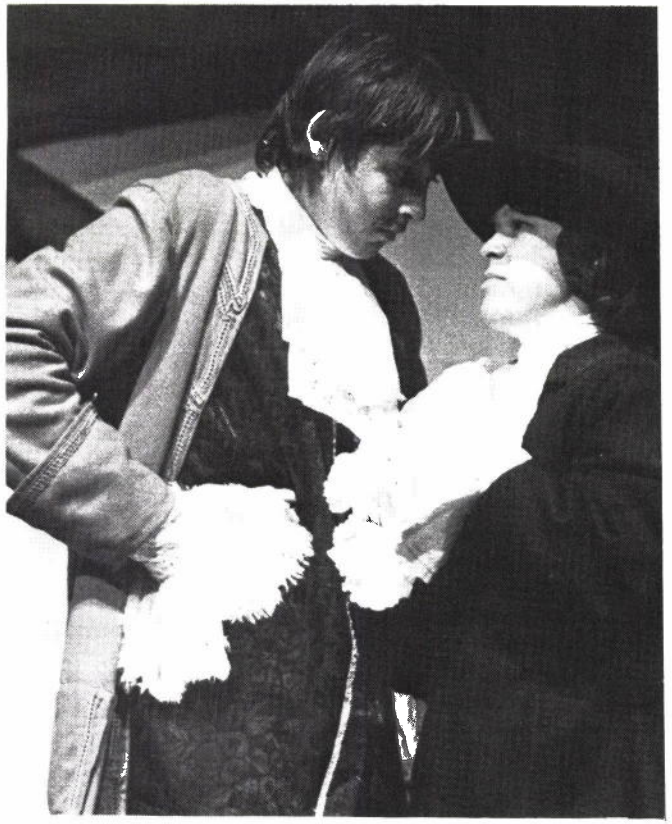
Strategy and intrigue were to the fore in Brian Gatward's production of George Farquhar's play ''The Beaux' Stratagem'', which was performed in the School Hall on the 23rd., 24th., and 25th. of November 1978. Many people must have put their plans into effect to allow the Beaux to put their stratagem into practice.

The second Brandenburg Concerto persuaded us that we were entering another, more elegant, period as soon as we took our seats, and our informative programme cleared up any difficulties which the complications of the plot might have provided.

I was particularly impressed by the work of Michael Collins and Phillip Richardson in organizing the construction and painting of an excellent revolving set which managed, with the minimum of fuss and maximum of conviction, to transform the inn to drawing room to bedroom. The pure construction of set and atmosphere is, however, only brought to life by the players. Here continual planning and rehearsing bore fruit.

Aimwell and Archer, the leading characters, were played by Martin Lewis and Jonathan Evans. Aimwell





showed that he was unused to the role of gentleman traveller. He assumed the necessary forced stiffness as the leader of the two which was delightfully relaxed when he was caught unawares in his nightshirt. Archer was supposedly Aimwell's servant but was infact the director of his policy. The dominance of the latter role in Archer's personality was emphasized by the true acting ability of Jonathan Evans.

The household of Squire Sullen should have provided a foil to all the inn scenes by its eighteenth century stylised formality. But Farquhar undermined the formality of the ladies, Mrs Sullen and Dorinda, so charmingly portrayed by Lucy Mason and Loraine Elsworth, with the comic relief of Squire Sullen and Scrub. Crispin Mills and Toby Haggith obviously revelled in the opportunity to play these parts. ''My head aches consumedly'' will be a long remembered phrase.

The most delightful character was Shona MacLean's Lady Bountiful. Her perfect capture of the essence of a fussy old lady won the audience's heart.

An element of pantomime entered with the appearance of Mark Anderson as the Highwayman, Gibbet, who knew no social boundaries. He was encouraged in his wickedness by the appreciation of the audience.

Julian Black, as the Innkeeper, Boniface, gave the most memorable performance ''as the sayin' is.'' In this role Julian who is, I am informed, a reliable and sober young man, did his best to portray a corpulent and jovial host. The inn scene was completed by the not so innocent carryings on of Boniface's daughter, Cherry, performed with relish and ability by Amanda Wilsher.

The English antipathy to foreigners, especially the French, was well displayed by the English characters to Dan Clery as Count Bellair, a typical theatrical fool, whose performance was greatly assisted by choice of make-up and costumes. Paddy Allen as Foigard coped admirably with having to speak French with an Irish accent. The necessary supporting roles obviously gave their players enjoyment.

This was a well polished performance by actors and stage hands alike, reforging the efforts of the pre-production team and the director.

David Witt



THE PLAYERS

THOMAS AIMWELL) two gentlemen of broken fortunes	MARTIN LEWIS)
FRANCIS ARCHER)	JONATHAN EVANS)
SIR CHARLES FREEMAN, brother to Mrs Sullen	CHRIS WOODS
SQUIRE SULLEN, son to Lady Bountiful	CRISPIN MILLS
SCRUB, servant to Squire Sullen	TOBY HAGGITH
COUNT BELLAIR, a French Officer, prisoner at Lichfield	DAN CLERY
FOIGARD, chaplain to the French Officers	PADDY ALLEN
BONIFACE, landlord of the inn	JULIAN BLACK
TAPSTER, servant at the inn	JEREMY GALE
GIBBET, a highwayman	MARK ANDERSON
HOUNSLOW) his companions	RICHARD HAW
BAGSHOT)	JONATHAN BLACK

LADY BOUNTIFUL, a country gentlewoman	SHONA MACLEAN
MRS SULLEN, her daughter-in-law	LUCY MASON
DORINA, Lady Bountiful's daughter	LORAINE ELSWORTH
GIPSY, maid to the ladies	CHARIS ADAM
CHERRY, the landlord's daughter	MANDA WILSHER

PRODUCTION

STAGE MANAGER.	MARK WILSHER
LIGHTING.	JOHN ROGERS
SOUND.	MICHAEL BUSS
SET DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION.	MICHAEL COLLINS
SET PAINTING.	PHILLIP RICHARDSON
COSTUME.	ARTS THEATRE WARDROBE, CAMBRIDGE. HANNAH PEARCE assisted by Trudy Stobbart, Hilda Sparkes, Lindsey Sheppard
PROPERTIES.	KATE DOUGLAS assisted by Sarah Charlton
MAKE UP.	AMANDA COOPER assisted by Helen Berry and Jo Moore
FRONT OF HOUSE.	ANITA GREEN assisted by Sarah Hutchison
PROGRAMME DESIGN.	SIAN JONES
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR.	VICKI HUNTER
DIRECTOR.	BRIAN GATWARD



A LIFE IN THE DAY OF

JOHN WOODS

by. **Margaret Brandon**

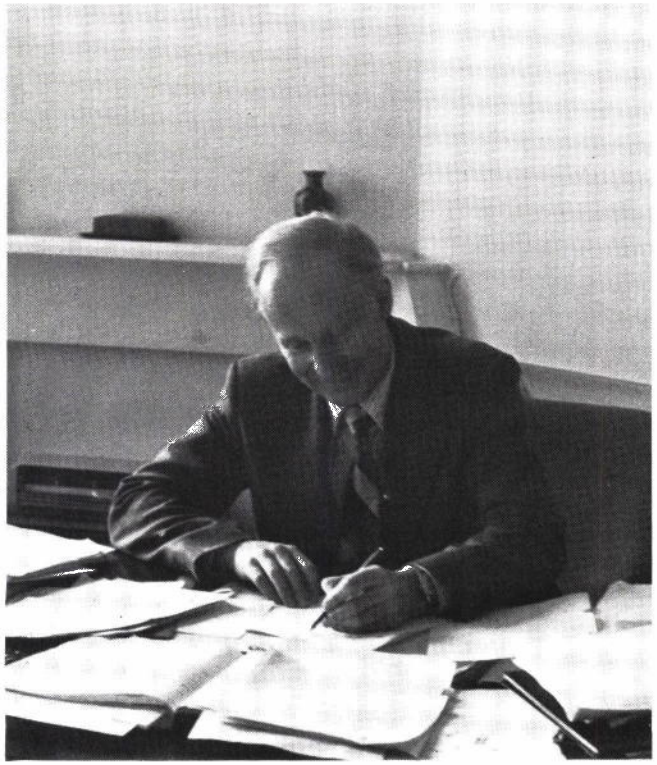
John C. Woods first appears to the rest of the world at about 7 am, or so it would seem, for when his wife Barbara rises he is up then, when Jonathan comes downstairs he is up then, and when Elizabeth and Sarah expect their breakfast the toast is burning madly whilst their father is reading the ''Guardian'' and the family shoes are clean, clean, clean! He shaves before this, and is dressed in his 'comfortable' clothes only changing into his jacket and tie just before leaving his family and his home around 8.10 am and arriving at school shortly thereafter.

Margaret Brandon sees him first about 8.15 am. If he is in his office when she leaves her tower, she is late! If his door is still closed she knows she is on time and if his day does not grow it has nothing to do with her timekeeping! He wastes no time at all our JCW. Off with his coat, in to his 'IN' tray, down to his desk. By 8.35 he has frequently dealt with last night's sinners so that they can suitably repent during assembly!

If he is late in the staff room before assembly all take notice. ''Is John not in today?'' they ask. ''Will he be in later on?''

If on a Monday morning he has not sent for, or seen his secretaries before 9.15 am, they know it must have been a bad week-end in school!

Ask him what he does with his day, and he'll reply it depends on what day it is. On a normal routine day he enjoys sorting out his correspondence. As he deals with the humdrum he is writing in his mind the letter of thanks to the school benefactor whose cheque for £100,000 he always hopes he will find when the next envelope is opened! He enjoys letter writing, and indeed has an easy way with words, and behind the organization man one suspects might lie a respectable journalist or author.



There are prospective parents to see, 'selling the school' he calls it, though he does not see himself as a salesman and, after all, a good product sells itself. Occasionally scholars are delegated to show people round although usually this is undertaken by one of the two charming secretaries. A scholar's eye view of the school though is often appreciated by other visitors and there are enough of them, students, teachers, visitors from far away places, to make entertaining or arranging for entertaining very much a part of the life of the headmaster.

There are staff and scholars who wish to be seen, and who need to be seen. ''I try,'' he says, ''to encourage the good, to discourage the bad, to support the staff.''

He teaches the younger members of the school, and those who are about to leave; he knows his scholars by name, he can spot who is not present in assembly, and knows instantly who has not returned from week-end leave. He recognizes the same clothes on different people in evening meeting! Oh girls beware! There is one famous dress which has been in school for at least three years and has been seen on more than one of you!! 'Where will it next be seen?' one might ask — for the sense of fun is never far below the surface!

He organizes his school as a sort of consultative democracy — with a benevolent despot in charge! He is incredibly kind, though it would not always do to let this show; a dedicated member of the Society of Friends who knows what he wants and where he is going. His decisions sometimes seem hard, but examined carefully they are based on the answers to fundamental questions. Is it good for the school? Is it good for the scholars? Will it improve the educational facilities for the scholars and for the staff? What is right, not who is right?

He is very much concerned with wider issues. Peace in our time — World disarmament and much of his spare time is devoted to these ends. When he is not preparing agendas and other supplementary homework for governors' meetings, he is often preparing them for other meetings with which he is very much involved. His mind is on tomorrow, next week, next month, next term, next year.

He is a family man, though the family remark sadly that they do not see enough of him. They are patient — or resigned. He cares about them deeply, and they care too. At the end of the day — he leaves school around 5 pm, but often returns until eightish or even later — he's tired. He reads, or watches TV, or listens to music, and talks. He likes the observations of Jane Austen, and the short and possibly long stories of Doris Lessing. He enjoys the music of Mozart, Bach and Handel, and wait for it — ''Tycoon'' on a Monday night, and a sneaky watch of Ivor over a big cup of tea!

He is often to be found in the garden sweeping up leaves in the Autumn. It is a good place to think things through. He loves the countryside and walking, and in holiday times this is part of his way of life.

He worries like most other people, about most of the things other people worry about. There are not enough hours in his day, but he makes use of each of the twenty four.

joseph

The proceedings started during the second half of the Spring term '77 when Mrs Mileson walked into a 2y Music lesson with a heap of printed sheets under her arm. When presented with them we discovered they were none other than the song sheets of ''Jospeh and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat''. There were mutterings and mumblings and the odd ''We done this in my old school'' was heard. From then every Friday lesson was devoted to singing (if you could call it that). However, it eventually began to take shape when a cast was given out and 2x and 2y began to meet in the Radley room for rehearsals.

There was a small orchestra comprising a double bass, a French horn, a clarinet, two violins and percussion. We began to meet in the hall and on one occasion we were given a piece of chocolate cake and a cup of squash, kindly donated by Mrs Mileson and Mrs Arlow. Mrs Crawley started to cut out the patterns for the costumes which were all Khaftan style while Mrs Mileson was trying to get the orchestra in tune and in time. Miss Seymour had many fits trying to improve the acting.

The big day arrived. Musicians rushed around trying to get in, whilst actors made last minute adjustments. I think the thought that was crossing all our minds was ''Is it going to work?'' The next few minutes at the beginning of the performance were tense but people began to relax and it ran smoothly. Everyone came off the stage with a sigh of relief amidst applause and a shower of milky bars bought by Mrs Mileson and Miss Seymour without whom we could never have done it.

A few comments from actors and audience were:

Tim Clymo	(Joseph):- ''Good''.
Rebecca Moore	(Potiphar's wife):- ''I enjoyed the performance''.
Rowan Godfrey	(adoring girl):- ''Good fun''.
Juliet Parry	(Narrator):- ''Very good''.
Olivia Johnson	(Ruben):- ''Great''.
Marian Buchanan	(Double Bass):- ''Speechless''.
Julie Reeves	(Issachar):- ''Well acted''.
Tom Punshon	(Pharoah):- ''Different''.
Jonathan Woods	(Jacob):- ''Brilliant''.



A lot of the audience thought it was a good laugh with Joseph riding in his golden chariot, Jacob crying into his son's sheepskin and the scene with Potiphar, plus his adoring girls, who would easily charm anyone! These were Zoe, Clare, Hayley and Rowan. Potiphar's wife was well acted as Rebecca paraded around the stage covered in jewelery! Tom made a beautiful Pharoah with his lovely deep voice. Personally I think it was a great play and would do it again any day.

Caroline Adler 3y

MUSIC IN 1978

In the Spring term, Choir sang in Evening Meeting Haydn's 'Te Deum' and 'Sleepers Awake' by Bach, enjoying a full orchestral accompaniment.

In the Summer term, First Orchestra gave two concerts playing a symphony by Dittersdorf and 'Rosymede' by Vaughan Williams. In the first of these, on Quaker Open Day, Ieman Hassan also played piano music by Debussy and Brahms. She played these pieces and a Bach Partita in assemblies. The second concert was in the Friends' Meeting House where a group also played a quartet by Telemann. A week of assemblies by staff showed a variety of music, while towards the end of term Helen James, Mary Mileson and Giulia Rowland played Dvorak's Trio in F minor in an Evening Meeting.

In the Autumn term Orchestra, having lost many experienced members and gained many new, worked hard to play Gossel's Symphony in D on Open Day. Later Jonathan Billington, Robert Ward-Booth and John Hethrington played to the juniors and parents. In the senior's assembly Julian Black and Caroline Jones played the Andante from the A minor violin concerto by Bach.

Towards Christmas the residents of St. Mark's College and St. James' Hospital much appreciated carols sung by groups of second and third forms. Small choir, so much part of Christmas to so many people sang in Newport, Radwinter and Finchingfield Parish churches and again at the school carol service.

There were many exam successes this year: Grade VIII was gained by Penny Crowther-Watson, 'cello, Ieman Hassan, piano and viola; Anne Jewell, violin and oboe; Elaine Jewell, flute; and Stephen Pistow, 'cello.

However before a performance there are many months of rehearsal. We remember morning practices, with their own atmosphere. We remember evening rehearsals where Richard Sturge conducts so energetically he takes off jacket, then pullover, then tie, then undoes his top button. We remember the faithful accompaniment of Mary Mileson. We remember the humour, and the hard concentration. And we remember the joy of coming familiar with a piece of music. Then there is the music no one hears — both individual practice and informal groups who just enjoy playing together. Surely this is all part of what music is about.

We thank Richard Sturge and **all** the music staff for their continued hard work.

Julian Black 6_1

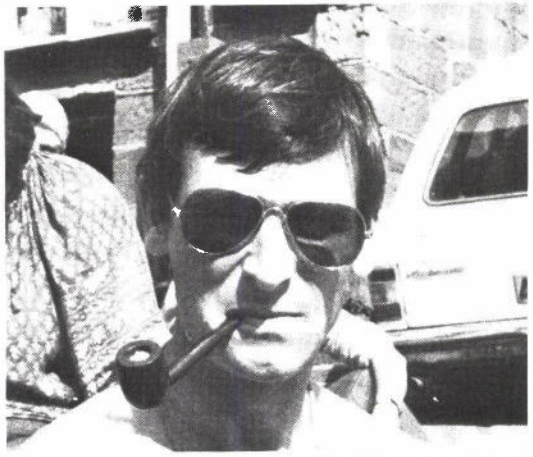
THIS BIOLOGY TRIP WAS DIFFERENT!

You will have read of strange tales of 'duck songs', 'heather bouncing' and 'Whitby mud', all of which seem to be integral parts of the infamous Biolgoy field trip. But you will not know what this peculiar annual occurrence is really like until you take part in one yourself.

Last year, we (the present 6_2 Biologists) set off with Denby Allen and Martin Hugall to reap the benefits of Yorkshire. The 'Duck Song' was cast aside for much more interesting songs; the heather was too damp for any semblance of bouncing, and the mud at Whitby had been filled in with gravel.

Time was spent playing cards, enquiring when supper was (as late as 11.30 one night!), talking into the early hours of the morning, and squabbling over which channel to watch on T.V. (Football vs. Graham Parker in concert; the football won). One memorable occasion was when we all decided to visit the local disco. Some of us never got there, as we were greeted on arrival with some of our party running for their lives! Apparently the local 'lads' and 'lasses' did not appreciate the intrusion of Rolling Stones on Elvis Presley (may he rest in peace), nor our presence. Trouble ensued. Denby and Dog to the rescue!





We were quite surprised to find that we did actually work. We spent hours in the lab; we compared marine life with esturine and river life (resulting in wet wellies and sniffles the next morning); we did transects (which some of us don't yet understand), we painted ants, then dug them up a couple of days later to try and estimate the size of the population, and much, much more.

One day, Denby and two of our party set off for the wild and windy moors, leaving Martin Hugall and the rest of us to follow in the other van. They waited, and waited, and waited . . . no sign of the next party. They retraced their steps, expecting to find a red van in a ditch round every corner, only to turn into the Great Ayton driveway to find that the van had moved all of five yards! A strange gurgling sound and a distinct 'non-movement' from the wheels had prevented any further advancement. We spent the rest of the day in the lab. So you see we **'do'** work on Biology field trips. However, when Denby announced we were to get up at six o'clock in the morning to catch the low tide at Robin Hood's Bay, not many believed him. He had to come around and bang on the doors to get us all up.

The most time consuming pastime was the providing of food for the hungry masses, and seating them all in the dining room, cum casino (strictly matchsticks), cum skateboarding park for Rupert Galey, Nick Brown, Paddy, Adrian and Jeremy Allen. We were quite glad to get back to school meals after Martin Hugall's bolognaise with spoonfuls of Cayenne pepper!

I don't know how much biological knowledge we acquired as a result of the trip, but we wouldn't have missed it for anything!!!

Shona MacLean 6_2

BOYS' SWIMMING

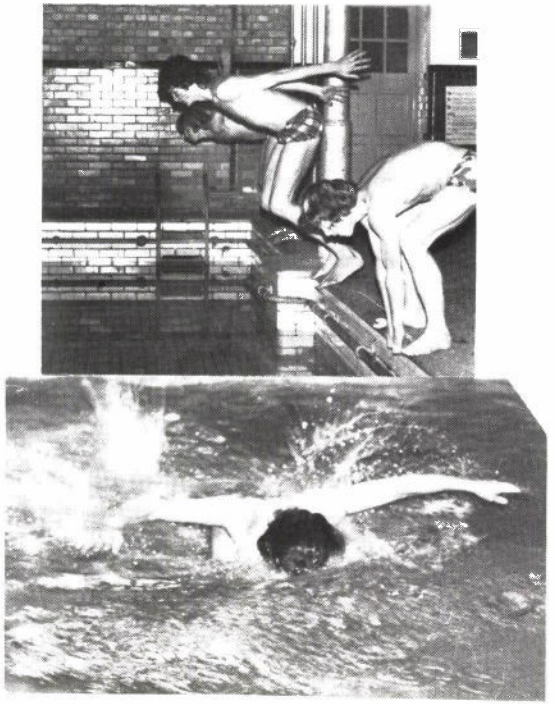
Over the past year the school has seen improvements in both the swimming standards and facilities. These include nylon ropes and the removal of the diving boards, creating much needed space. Hopefully within the next few years we might see the introduction of starting blocks and the possibility of the pool staying open throughout the year.

Just before the Autumn half-term a junior swimming club was formed with the aim of improving the swimming standards in the first two years. The sixth form boys responsible hope to start the club up again in Spring 1979.

By looking in the swimming records book, we find that twenty-six swimming records were broken in 1976, twenty in 1977 and sixteen in 1978. This shows that over the past few years swimming records have been getting harder and harder to beat.

We would like to thank Peter Arter and Chris Smith for all their encouragement and advice to all the swimming teams during the past few years.

Nigel McTear
Richard Haw




LEVI'S
THE WORLD IS LEVI'S
LEVI'S
Thank goodness for Guinness
Take home a Guinness to remember

The Fall And Occasional Rise Of The Friends' School 1st. XI Football Team

START HERE

Wednesday 13th September v Sherrardswood (away)

We set off equipped not only with clean shirts (a rare enough phenomenon) but also with a new manager (Graham Chambers) and spirits high. The only question prevalent was how many goals we would win by. Having arrived at the school, however, we found that our tactics, adapted for use against English sides, failed to be effective against the predominantly Oriental team that faced us. Indeed, our aspirations disappeared along with our socks and our new manager's smile.

FINAL SCORE: SHERRARDSWOOD 4 FRIENDS' SCHOOL 1

Wednesday 20th September v St. Christophers (away)

Revitalized by our manager's numerous pep-talks, we came out to do battle for the second time — and this time the scenes were more reminiscent of the Battle of the Somme than a football match. We recovered from a two-nil deficit to lead three-two, before finding the pressure of a large centre-forward too much to contend with.

FINAL SCORE: ST. CHRISTOPHER'S 4 FRIENDS' SCHOOL 3

right

Saturday 23rd September v The Old Scholars (home)

Just about the only, and certainly the most important, point to remember about this game is that WE BEAT THEM!

FINAL RESULT: FYFIELD 3 FRIENDS' SCHOOL 0

Saturday 9th December v Fyfield (away)

The first XI made its final appearance in weakened form because of Rugby (the game running on the 'if you can't get the man, hard luck' principle). Predictably we lost, though not as heavily as might have been expected in terms of injuries anyway.

FINAL SCORE: FRIENDS' SCHOOL 2 OLD SCHOLARS 0

THE END

Wednesday 29th November v Sherrardswood (home)

The annual invasion of the Orientals; but we managed to beat them in a high scoring game.

FINAL SCORE: FRIENDS' SCHOOL 7 SHERRARDSWOOD 4

Wednesday 4th October v Newport (home)

"Once more unto the breach dear friends", but this time the opposition did not live up to our expectations and we came away with a most uncharacteristic victory.

FINAL SCORE: FRIENDS' SCHOOL 4 NEWPORT 1

there's more

Wednesday 15th November v Newport (away)

Back to the old routine: two down in the first twenty minutes and spirits as well as bodies somewhat bruised. However, in spite of this we made a comeback.

FINAL SCORE: NEWPORT 2 FRIENDS' SCHOOL 2

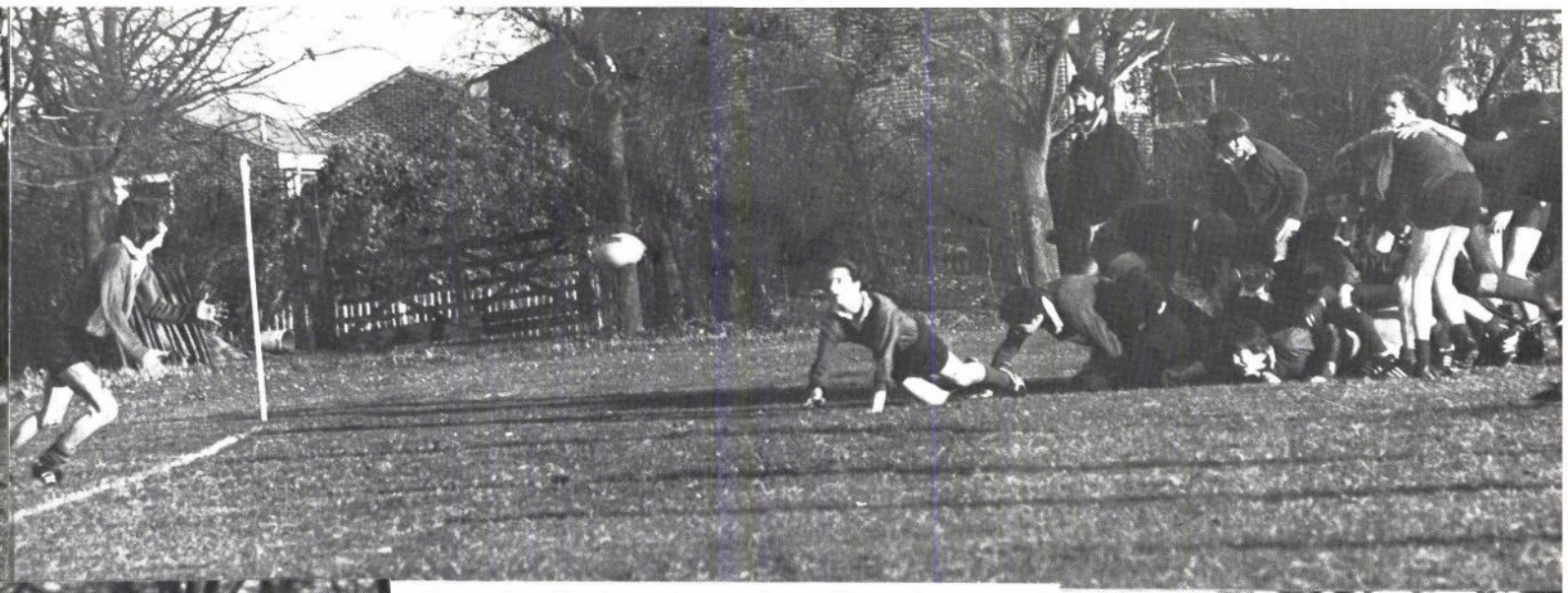
Saturday 14th October: Club XI v Clare College (away)

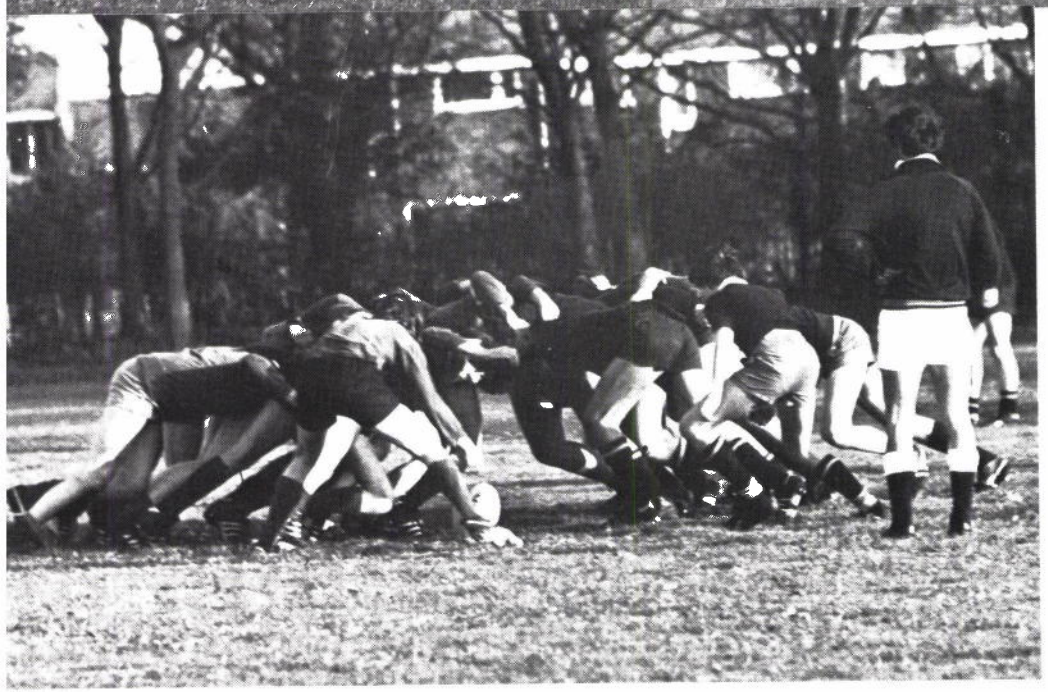
Strengthened by the diminutive and psychologically encouraging J.D., we burst forth on to the Clare College playing fields. Because of our last performance we were treated, for the first and only time this season, to some away support (well, Shona anyway!). Inspired by the support we took a 1-0 lead. But at half-time we noticed that our supporter had disappeared and were promptly defeated.

FINAL SCORE: CLARE COLLEGE 3 CLUB XI 2

read on







23.11.78. ''You're going to have fifty points scored against you on Saturday.'' (Chris Smith).
24.11.78. ''100 points.'' (Chris Smith).
25.11.78. ''We didn't but they nearly did.'' (Fiends).
FIENDS 46 LEYS 4th XV 0
27.11.78. ''Well done lads. That was quite an easy match. The next one won't be.'' (Chris Smith).
3.12.78. ''It wasn't.'' (Fiends)
FIENDS 3 OLD SCHOLARS 10
3.12.78. ''You should have won that match.'' (Chris Smith).
4.12.78. ''I still say you should have won that match.'' (Chris Smith).
6.12.78. ''Good luck lads.'' (Chris Smith).
6.12.78. ''Thanks Chris.'' (Fiends).
ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE 4th XV 0 FIENDS 42
7.12.78. ''If you beat Bishop's Stortford College on Saturday, you'll be the greatest rugby team to play for this school.'' (Chris Smith).
9.12.78. ''We did and we are.'' (Fiends).
BISHOP'S STORTFORD COLLEGE 4th XV 8 FIENDS 36
9.12.78. ''You're the greatest rugby team to play for this school.'' (Chris Smith).
11.12.78. ''This is going to be a pretty tough match. They'll certainly be better than anybody you've played so far this season.'' (Chris Smith).
13.12.78. ''You're telling us.'' (Fiends)
NEWPORT 19 FIENDS 3
15.12.78. Full colours were awarded to Eddie Cox and Nick Riederer. Half colours were awarded to Simon Bryan, Richard Haw, Gary Daldy and Crispin Mills.
16. 1.79. ''Did I really say all that, Crispin?'' (Chris Smith).
17. 1.79. ''Yes, Chris, you did!''



FIENDS' XV

RICHARD WRIGHT

Richard Wright joined the staff of Friends' School as a young unmarried man in 1946. He slept in a horse-box in one of the boys' dormitories which was lit only by gas light. He served the school for thirty-two years before leaving us to retire at the end of last term — one of the longest-standing and most respected teachers here. As a roving reporter for ''The Avenue'', I questioned him on some aspects of his years at F.S.S.W.

Looking back over the years his fondest memory was of taking part in a pageant for the 250th anniversary of the original Friends' School. This pageant illustrated scenes from the school's history and he acted the part of Richard Hutton (in the photograph he is seated on the left), Steward of Clerkenwell in the eighteenth century. Just for the record, he said that he hoped a similar celebration would be held in 2002!

Taking into consideration his experience of the school as a whole, he sees its best points as being friendliness and a sense of community. He pointed out that scholars are given an appreciation of religious values and this is one of the school's best justifications.

He now spends much of his time on Quaker activities and voluntary work at Addenbrooke's Hospital in Cambridge. He has also finally taken up book binding having put it off for forty years.

I am sure I may write on behalf of the school in wishing him the best of luck in this enterprise and for the future.

Emma Clery 61x



GLIDER

The first warm golden lights of dawn,
Streaking across the sky,
Destroy the chilling night-long hold
Of darkness on the earth,
Clearing a path for the queen of the day.
Badgers choose to hide
While the rest of the world around them
Awakens.
On an airfield day has started already.
A cable's attached from an aircraft to glider
Like a spider securing its prey,
And then they move . . .
Cautiously at first, then gathering up speed.

At last they leave the reality of earth
And enter into the fantasy world that is the sky,
Faster and faster,
Higher and Higher they fly
Until the glider struggles, then breaks free
From the aircraft's hold,
Which now descends in search of other prey.

But the glider, feeling its freedom,
Rejoices in the sky
With its insect like body
And wings swept forward to meet the wind,
It soars.
In this world of silence
It moves with all the grace of an acrobat,
Laughing at the world below
From its new home
In the ageless expanse of the heavens.

Water below seems crystal clear,
Reflecting light with diamond beauty,
Tufts of fluffy white cloud float by
Without a care in the world.

But the time offered in this paradise
Is limited as is life.
The glider must return to reality.
And so it does, with the gentleness
Of a falling Autumn leaf.

Simon Pimblett 4y

BLUE

Blue is cold,
As cold as the sea,
It freezes me
Still as can be.
Blue is the sea,
Blue is the sky,
Blue is the water
That flows gently by.

Susan Tunnah 1.

THE BALLAD OF HILDA SPARKS

I used to own a guest house,
For people out of town,
But woking seven days a week
Rather got me down.

So I thought I'd buy myself a shop
Selling uniforms and such
But the VAT MAN collared all my cash,
And I didn't like that very much.

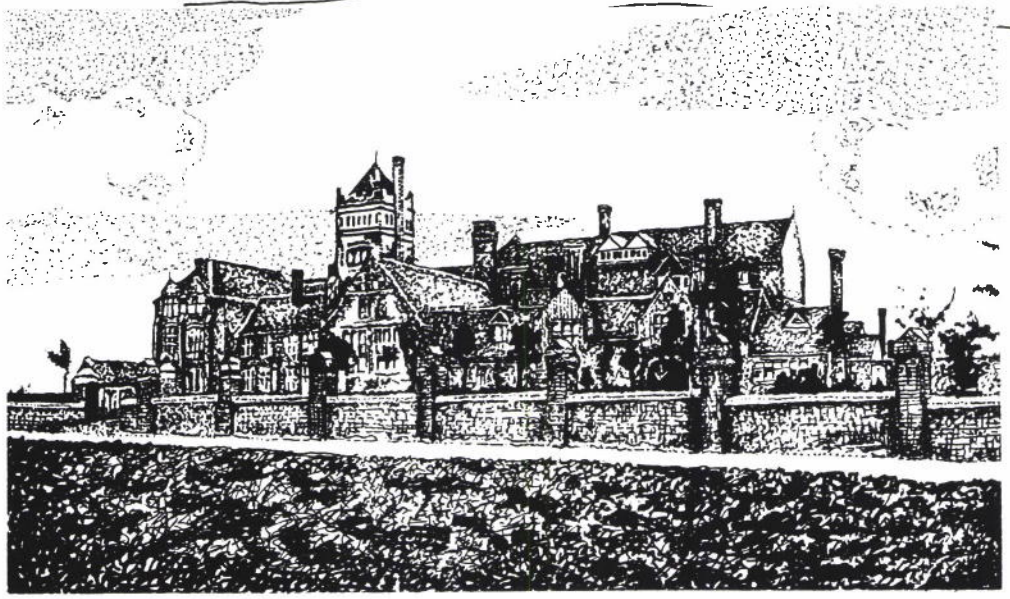
So I thought I'd be a matron
At a boarding school for ''Friends'',
Sewing buttons, darning socks
And other odds and ends.

The boys were very shy at first,
Now they greet me with a smile,
I think that I shall like it here
And shall stay for a little while.

But when I get too old to run
Up and down the stairs,
Someone else will have to come
And do their 'darned' repairs!

Hilda Sparks

FSSW 100 YEARS ON: 1879 – 1979



FSSW IN 1879



Main Building 1879

KEY

ORIGINAL BUILDING

BUILT 1880 - 1914

BUILT 1915 - 1945

BUILT 1946 - 1979

A HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL

In 1695, John Bellers, a prominent Quaker, had a plan. This plan, one of many he had for working communities, was for ''a College of Industry for all useful Trades and Husbandry''; for a poor people's 'colony' in which they would supply their own basic needs. They would make a small profit by selling things they produced and they would care for their own old and sick and train their young people. This concern for children was shared by many leading contemporary figures.

The first attempt, a workhouse at Clerkenwell, was really an experiment, and had failed in 1702. But John Bellers and his associates were not men who gave up easily; a new experiment was begun immediately.

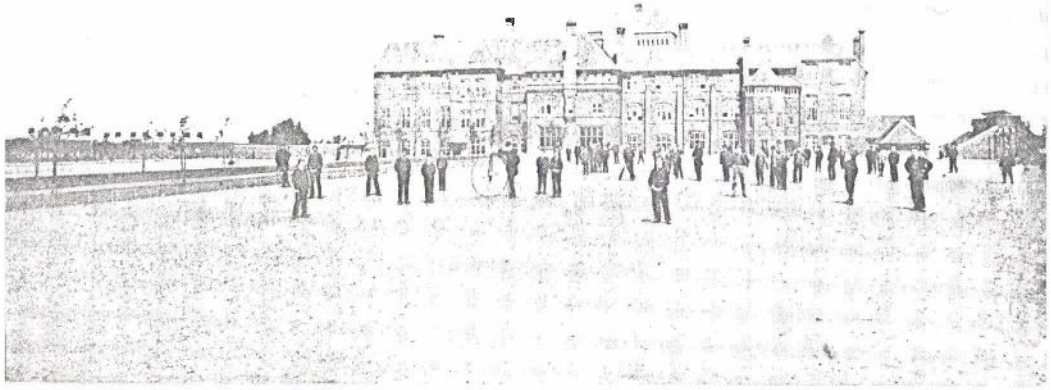
1879 – 1914

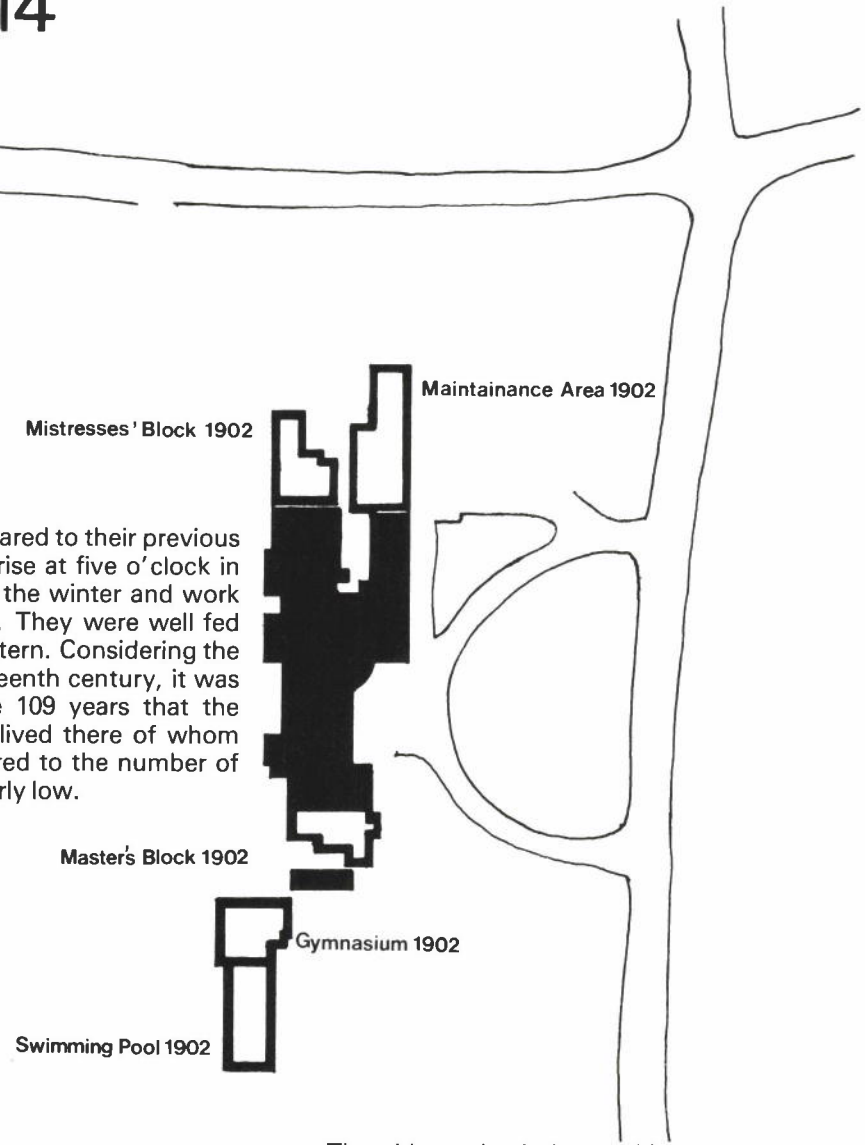
This experiment took place at Clerkenwell and was founded with a fund of £1,923. Nearly fifty old people and children occupied the colony's buildings during the years at Clerkenwell.



Life was harsh for them compared to their previous ways of life. The children had to rise at five o'clock in the summer and at six o'clock in the winter and work hard during the hours of daylight. They were well fed even if the meals had a routine pattern. Considering the living conditions of the early eighteenth century, it was a very healthy place. During the 109 years that the workhouse lasted, 1,159 children lived there of whom only forty-four died. This, compared to the number of deaths in other institutions, was fairly low.

THE BACK OF THE SCHOOL IN 1880





The girls made clothes and helped the couple who ran the workhouse. They did kitchen duties such as washing up, making beds and generally keeping the building tidy. The boys were taught trades so they could be apprenticed later on. Basic schooling differed for boys and girls. The boys were taught reading, writing and religion every morning and afternoon while the girls received instruction three times a week.

1915 – 1945

Life at Clerkenwell continued but, in 1774, ideas for the reform of many aspects of the life there, including the food, the apprentices' fees and the teaching, began to emerge. The children now commenced sitting yearly examinations or 'The Day of Judgement' as it was called. This shows the increasing importance of school work.

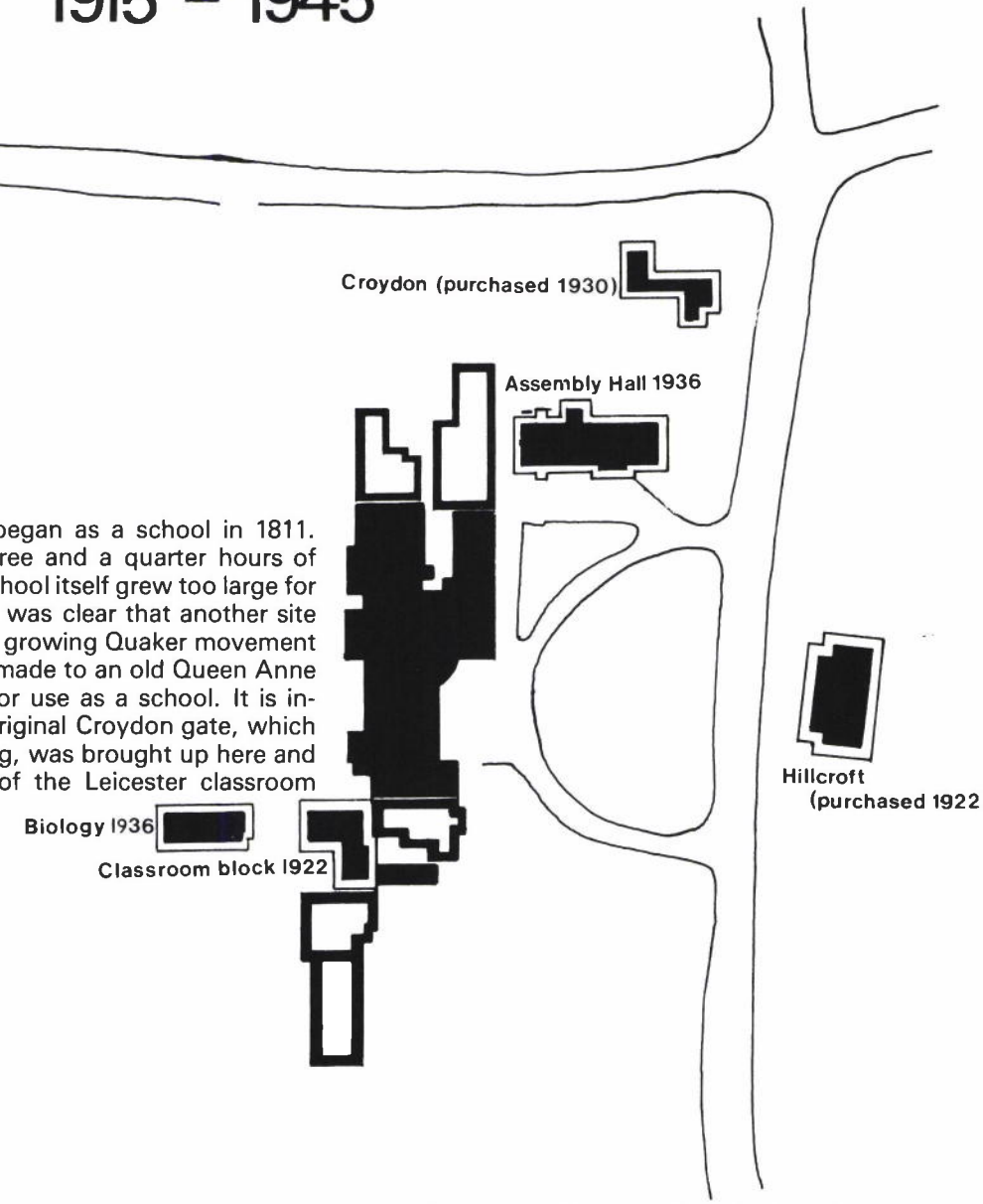
In 1786, the children were moved to a large house in Islington Road. It was not only a House of Industry but also a Meeting House and a Charity School for boys and girls. The old people remained at the old place until 1792. They grew gradually fewer in numbers and finally left in 1811. This meant that the children now had a life of their own and that the ground had been cleared for future development: of a school.



The community only began as a school in 1811. Children now had thirty-three and a quarter hours of school work a week. The school itself grew too large for the Islington building and it was clear that another site was essential. There was a growing Quaker movement in Croydon so a move was made to an old Queen Anne house adapted especially for use as a school. It is interesting to note that the original Croydon gate, which stood in front of the building, was brought up here and is now used as the gate of the Leicester classroom block.

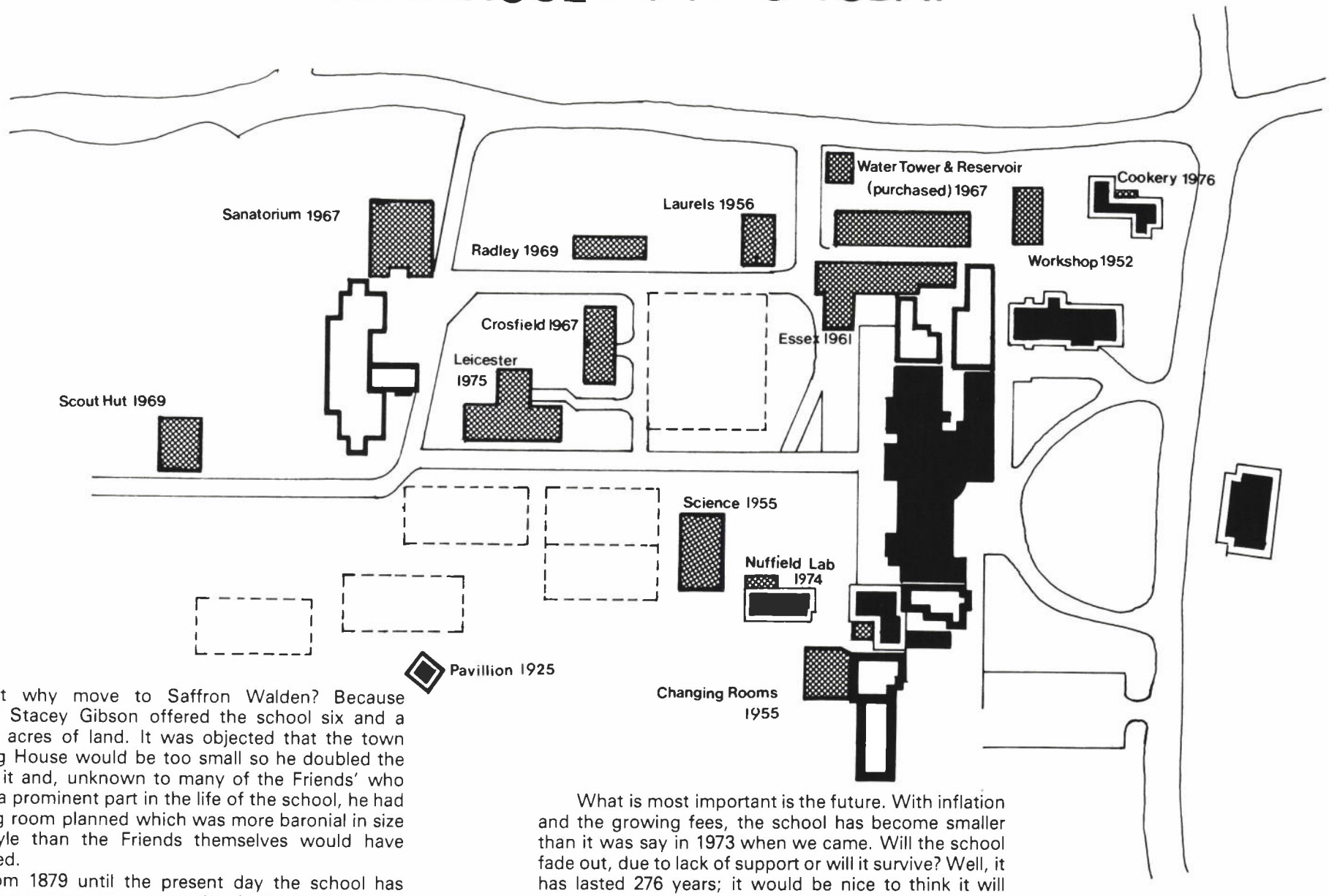


THE SCHOOL FROM THE AVENUE, 1979



The Croydon residence only lasted fifty-four years. By the late 1870's London's buildings were creeping closer and closer and the air of Croydon itself was becoming more unhealthy. The school had to look again for new premises.

THE SCHOOL AS IT IS TODAY



But why move to Saffron Walden? Because George Stacey Gibson offered the school six and a quarter acres of land. It was objected that the town Meeting House would be too small so he doubled the size of it and, unknown to many of the Friends' who played a prominent part in the life of the school, he had a dining room planned which was more baronial in size and style than the Friends themselves would have approved.

From 1879 until the present day the school has become a more open community. In the beginning its curriculum was narrow and the boys and girls were kept inside the school walls and apart from each other. But life has developed since then. Societies like the Senior Literary Society were founded and still continue today.

What is most important is the future. With inflation and the growing fees, the school has become smaller than it was say in 1973 when we came. Will the school fade out, due to lack of support or will it survive? Well, it has lasted 276 years; it would be nice to think it will continue.

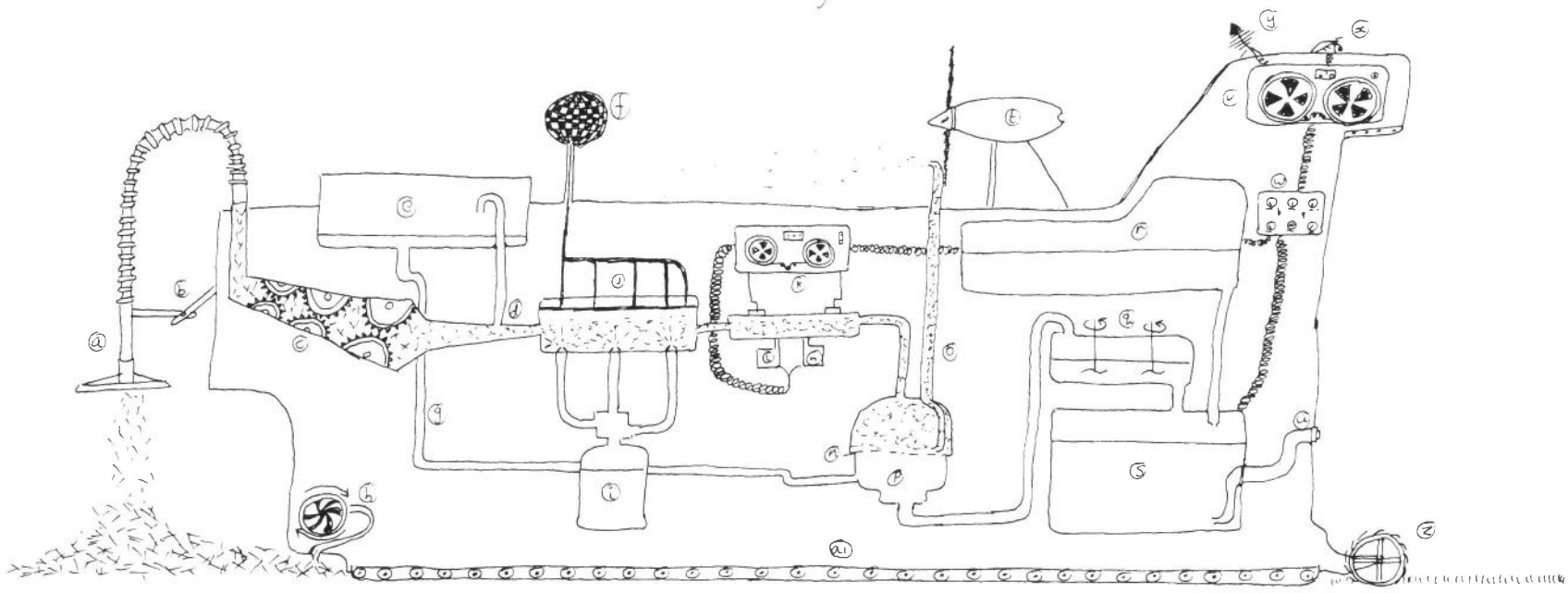
Lucy Atkinson 6$_1$
Helen Berry 6$_1$
Jeremy Gale 6$_1$

GERTRUDE.

The Mechanical Cow

A Fourth Form Project Set By M.J.H.

To Simulate Digestion



Key

- @ vacuum intake for grass
- (b) rod for manoevering @
- (c) 3-stage grass grinder
- (d) cell sap seperator
- (e) cell sap storage tank
- (f) solar receivor for temp. control
- (g) cell sap delivery pipe
- (h) high speed air jet for removing bugs in grass
- (i) Enzyme storage bottle with spray attachment
- (j) temp. control plate for enzymes. Connected to (f)
- (k) pH balance checking computer
- (l) acid solution (triggered by (k))
- (m) alkali solution (triggered by (k))
- (n) semi-permeable membrane for eliminating undigested food
- (o) undigested food waste pipe
- (p) sugars from cellulose and amino acid from sap mixer
- (q) secondary mixer for amino acids and sugars
- (r) storage tank for milk additives
- (s) very large milk storage tank
- (t) engine for propelling Gertrude by means of a propellor (also blows away waste products)
- (u) milk outlet valve
- (v) onboard directional systems and guidance computer
- (w) external monitoring panel (also connected to main computer (v))
- (x) guidance camera (connected to main computer (v))
- (y) radio transmitter and receiver (connected to (v))
- (z) grass cutting and cleaning device.
- (a1) castors for movement of Gertrude (wide track)

By Simon Pimblett 4Y

6_1 Geography Field



SIDCOT DIARY

Friday April 6th

Having arrived at Sidcot, following a . . . . . journey we were shown to the cottage which was to accommodate us for the next ten days. The headmaster came to welcome us, and left promptly, having been described as a 'pretty man' by Toyin. Perhaps he was envisaging better things to come! (Not satisfied with this, we then had an episode in which Toyin was found showering with Graham, although I hasten to add she was still fully clothed.)

Saturday 7th

Today we went on a walk finishing at Cheddar Gorge. Debbie, having complained bitterly about litter at Cheddar Gorge, promptly threw her apple core into the hedge, explaining that she was sending it back to nature. This is possibly excusable, but when, later in the week, the apple core became a chip-packet, there was some questioning of Debbie's philosophy.

Before we left the Gorge, Anthony took us to visit one of the caves, that is, minus Janet and Jo. Graham had taken them for coffee (for more details please ask the two girls concerned).

Sunday 8th

In the morning we all decided to go to the meeting, except Francis who found other sources of entertainment, — allegedly having a bath.

After lunch we went to Brent Knoll and, finding Graham's exploration a little tedious, digressed to Brean Beach where the sand was a little more hospitable.

Monday 9th

This morning we set off for Bristol to survey something of the town. One setback was when Jo fell out of the minibus. We certainly did some surveying, but, rather than the administrative centre, it took the form of chip shops.

We then left Bristol for Bath and were greeted with the first snow of the field trip. However this didn't interfere with a visit to the Roman Baths, and following this we prepared to attack a rather dubious one-way system.

Tuesday 10th

Today we visited Bridgewater, which became quite a milestone for Toyin. On this , our first visit, she was invited home for the night by an old gentleman. It's hardly surprising, then, that she opted to go back there to do her own individual field work.

Wednesday 11th

This was essentially Graham's day — a visit to his beloved Dartmoor. However it was Anthony who proved to be the 'mountain goat' leaving Graham, a tired and rather red companion, some way behind.





Thursday 12th

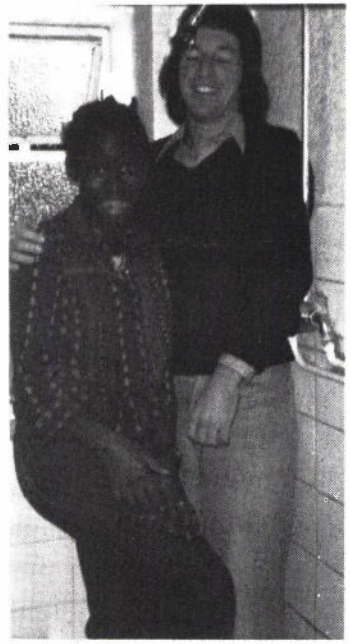
Today we each did a parish study. Everything went according to plan until it came to Janet. She had decided to walk to her destination, but she was not, as Graham suggested, asleep; she was merely getting in a patch of fog.

Friday 13th

The morning took the form of a river study and was much enjoyed by all.

In the afternoon we visited a N.P. Station. Having been shown around the station by a very obliging lady (Muriel, she insisted we call her) she enquired after Graham's age, and seemed surprised to find he was the second half of the Geography department and not a member of 6_1.

Trip '78.



Saturday 14th

Today we did our individual studies, each aiming for our chosen destinations. We were re-united in the evening. Jo cooked supper. Having eaten the meal, Graham enquired after the cook, of course being perfectly aware of who cooked it. The interpretation of this was wide and varied.

Sunday 15th

This was the final day, and we left quite early and arrived home in time for tea.

Francis Lawson 62x



Indeed

Something really m m m m m m.....

Weetabix

THIS J.D's. Briefcase

Double Deckers **IS** MATCH OF THE DAY.

Chippy Night.

me! 10p. **IT!**

If you've got it, flaunt it!

Carrots

1st Corinthians chapter 13 Verses 1-13

Harry's Cooking

Autumn Sunsets.

The solution to the four colour problem

THE END

Garibaldi; man or myth? or "There is more to life than prunes and custard."

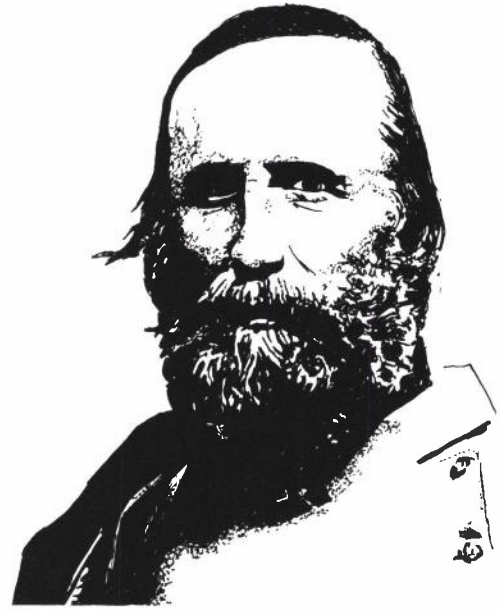
From time to time in the darkest corners of a certain library, when the sunshine blazing outside is enough to seduce even the most assiduous of scholars away from the delights of study, my ears have been assaulted by the most pernicious of all heresies:

"HISTORY IS BORING"

Feeling a little unwell, I, of course, throw up my hands in horror and try to purge the sinful words from my mind by plunging my head into the holy waters of Trevelyan or Grant and Temperley. But seriously . . . . . I do think that it is sad that something as rewarding and exciting as a heated battle with a mound of historical facts in an attempt to create something organised and systematic, can be regarded as boring. Even while plodding through the stodge of your daily dose of academic information, you can come across a taste of something inspiring, something heart-warming and heroic, that leads you to believe that there is more to life than the porridge, prunes and custard of the customary academic diet intended to prepare you for some badly set examination. One such "taste" can be found in the story of Garibaldi.

If someone yelled "Garibaldi" in the street, your first thought might well be of squashed fly biscuits at Sunday tea, something slightly different from stale bread at Tuesday recess. Garibaldi was indeed something a little out of the ordinary (and, incidentally, something more than a biscuit). Tempestuous, gallant, flamboyant and enchanting, Giuseppe Garibaldi was a nineteenth century Italian popular hero. He was born in Nice on the 4th. July 1807 and was a subject of Napoleon until Nice became a part of Piedmont in 1815. At that time, Italy was little more than 'a geographical expression", a ramshackle collection of states ruled by a motley collection of rulers, usually foreigners. In the nineteenth century the Italians threw off the weight of foreign domination and built themselves a nation state. The history of Italian unification is a gloriously colourful one, one that tempts you to be wickedly unhistorical and fanciful when writing about the heroic and dazzling figures that helped bring it about. Garibaldi's story is so unbelievably romantic that it smacks of an ancient black and white film shown on the telly on a Saturday afternoon.

As a young man inspired with a faith in a free and united Italy, Garibaldi was condemned to death for his part in a plot against the King of Piedmont. Undeterred, he went to South America where the political climate appeared to suit his temperament. Here he learnt the art of guerilla warfare as he helped the Republic of Rio Grande against the Emperor of Brazil. At Monte Video, where he helped the inhabitants against the Argentinian dictator Rosas, he raised an Italian legion, clothed his men in bright red shirts, waved a black flag above their heads to mourn the plight of his beloved country, and led them off into the wild blue yonder to beat up the baddies . . . .



At some point in this ripping yarn you would, of course, expect our hero to sweep some lucky lady off her feet. And sure enough, he did. Garibaldi first fell for his wife Anita when he saw her through a telescope whilst on board his ship. He leapt into a rowing boat, zoomed ashore and, after a feverish search for the lady in question, assailed her with the words "You ought to be mine." Quite undeterred by the fact that she was already married, he swept her into his arms and carried her off into the sunset. They were, naturally enough, happy ever after.

The "Romantic Scene" over, Garibaldi dashed back to the action in Italy, deciding that having bashed up the South Americans he was now ready to bash up the reactionary forces that were trampling over his country's potential liberties. He landed in Italy in July, 1848, garlanded in legendary tales of heroism, and took part in guerilla raids in the Alps. After taking a hasty respite in Switzerland he evidently got bored, for in October he decided to go and help the Sicilians in their struggle against their King. On his way there he stopped in Leghorn where the attractions of the war in Rome proved irresistible to him.

For the next few months, Garibaldi lent his talents to the Roman Republic. This was doomed to defeat, but our intrepid hero was not going down without a fight. With fire in his belly and light in his eyes, Garibaldi gallantly tackled the enemy even when he had to force his wounded limbs into action. Garibaldi's worthy efforts were in vain for the "baddies" were closing in. The Italians defended their Republic like true film-stars, and Garibaldi always in the lead role, with his white coat riddled with bullet holes, miraculously still in one piece, was the last to abandon the position that was the key to the city. When the final attack began, Garibaldi decided that he was going out in style. Recklessly seeking death, he led his legionaries in last desperate charge. This foolhardy action was in fact a totally superfluous for the Assembly decided to surrender. His shirt splattered in blood and dust, accompanied by wild cheers, he told the Assembly that "Wherever we go, there will be Rome." Stirring stuff indeed.

The Republic was dead, but Garibaldi's fiery magnetism lived on. "I am going out from Rome", he said, with all the passion of a man determined to defend his cause. "I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart and not with his lips only, follow me." Four thousand men, evidently spellbound by his special kind of magic, immediately volunteered to join him and continue the war. Hopelessly outnumbered, Garibaldi was forced to run from the enemy but he retained his courage through the gruelling marches and miraculous escapes. At San Marino he told his men to "remember that Italy must not continue in shame, and that it is better to die than to live as slaves of the foreigner."

Many a tear must have trickled down the swarthy Italian faces as fervour surged through them. Near Ravenna, Garibaldi's wife, who had been suffering from a fever, died. Garibaldi was smitten with grief. But he would not give up. After many further desperate adventures as he was pursued across the Appenines by the Austrians, he set sail for America near Elba. As his boat moved out to sea, watched by his faithful followers, he stood in the stern and cried, in tones that were to live in the hearts of Italians long afterwards, ''Viva L'Italia.''

After ten years of comparative restfulness, spent in exile in America and on the island of Caprera, Garibaldi pulled off what was perhaps the most spectacular of all his dramatic performances. In 1860, leading his famous ''thousand'', he sailed to Sicily where the peasants were revolting against Bourbon rule and defeated an army three times larger than his own. He then swept into Naples, demolishing an Austrian army and seizing the Kingdom. Against all odds, Garibaldi had won the south which he then handed over to the Piedmontese monarchy.

Garibaldi had reached the pinnacle of his glorious career. He had won and surrendered the south, held and resigned a dictatorship. The titles, wealth and decorations he was offered were refused, for they had no meaning for him; his spirit was not the sort to thrive in respectability. Renouncing the glitter, this splendidly theatrical personage left the limelight and sailed away with some seed-corn, some vegetables and some borrowed money to a peasant's life of poverty and hard work on Caprera. Sitting amongst the shepherds and goat herds, he brooded on how he could complete Italy's salvation, and made two final thrusts at '' the powder keg that was Rome'', which were tragically unsuccessful after all the dazzling excitement. He died quietly in 1882 in Caprera, having lived a lifetime devoted to an ideal, and bequeathing his love of liberty and truth to his children and a spark of interest to bored history students.

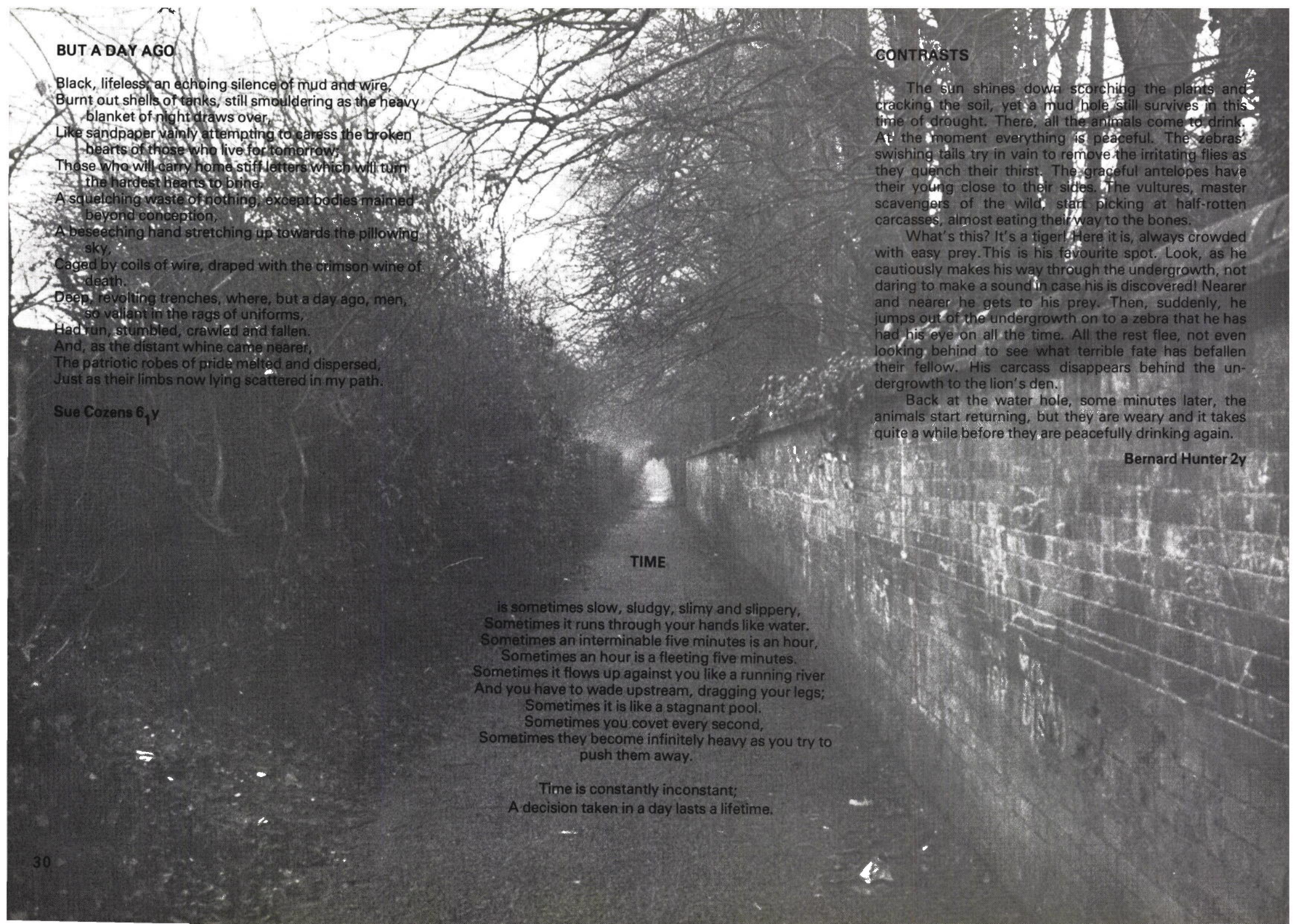
Carey Hingston 62

What I Liked About

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

"Staff/scholar relationships"...."Finding out what it's like to be engaged to J.D."...."Finding out what it's like to be engaged to Shona"...."Almost being engaged to Mike Collins"...."When we are married, Crichton"...."We butlers may...but do not"...."The bearskin"...."That Naval Captain"..."The foliage falling down about our feet"...."I hope we don't have a kitchen like that when we get married"...."Miss Cooper's profile"...."That infernal square dance"...."It was a ripping experience (considering my skirt)"..."All good clean fun"...."Denby plucking a chicken"...."Seeing the staff members making fools of themselves"...."I was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian slave"...."Winkie's patience and Vicki's dynamic direction."





BUT A DAY AGO

Black, lifeless, an echoing silence of mud and wire,
Burnt out shells of tanks, still smouldering as the heavy
blanket of night draws over,
Like sandpaper vainly attempting to caress the broken
hearts of those who live for tomorrow;
Those who will carry home stiff letters which will turn
the hardest hearts to brine.
A squelching waste of nothing, except bodies maimed
beyond conception,
A beseeching hand stretching up towards the pillowing
sky,
Caged by coils of wire, draped with the crimson wine of
death.
Deep, revolting trenches, where, but a day ago, men,
so valiant in the rags of uniforms,
Had run, stumbled, crawled and fallen.
And, as the distant whine came nearer,
The patriotic robes of pride melted and dispersed,
Just as their limbs now lying scattered in my path.

Sue Cozens 6$_1$y

TIME

is sometimes slow, sludgy, slimy and slippery,
Sometimes it runs through your hands like water.
Sometimes an interminable five minutes is an hour,
Sometimes an hour is a fleeting five minutes.
Sometimes it flows up against you like a running river
And you have to wade upstream, dragging your legs;
Sometimes it is like a stagnant pool.
Sometimes you covet every second,
Sometimes they become infinitely heavy as you try to
push them away.

Time is constantly inconstant;
A decision taken in a day lasts a lifetime.

CONTRASTS

The sun shines down scorching the plants and cracking the soil, yet a mud hole still survives in this time of drought. There, all the animals come to drink. At the moment everything is peaceful. The zebras' swishing tails try in vain to remove the irritating flies as they quench their thirst. The graceful antelopes have their young close to their sides. The vultures, master scavengers of the wild, start picking at half-rotten carcasses, almost eating their way to the bones.

What's this? It's a tiger! Here it is, always crowded with easy prey. This is his favourite spot. Look, as he cautiously makes his way through the undergrowth, not daring to make a sound in case his is discovered! Nearer and nearer he gets to his prey. Then, suddenly, he jumps out of the undergrowth on to a zebra that he has had his eye on all the time. All the rest flee, not even looking behind to see what terrible fate has befallen their fellow. His carcass disappears behind the undergrowth to the lion's den.

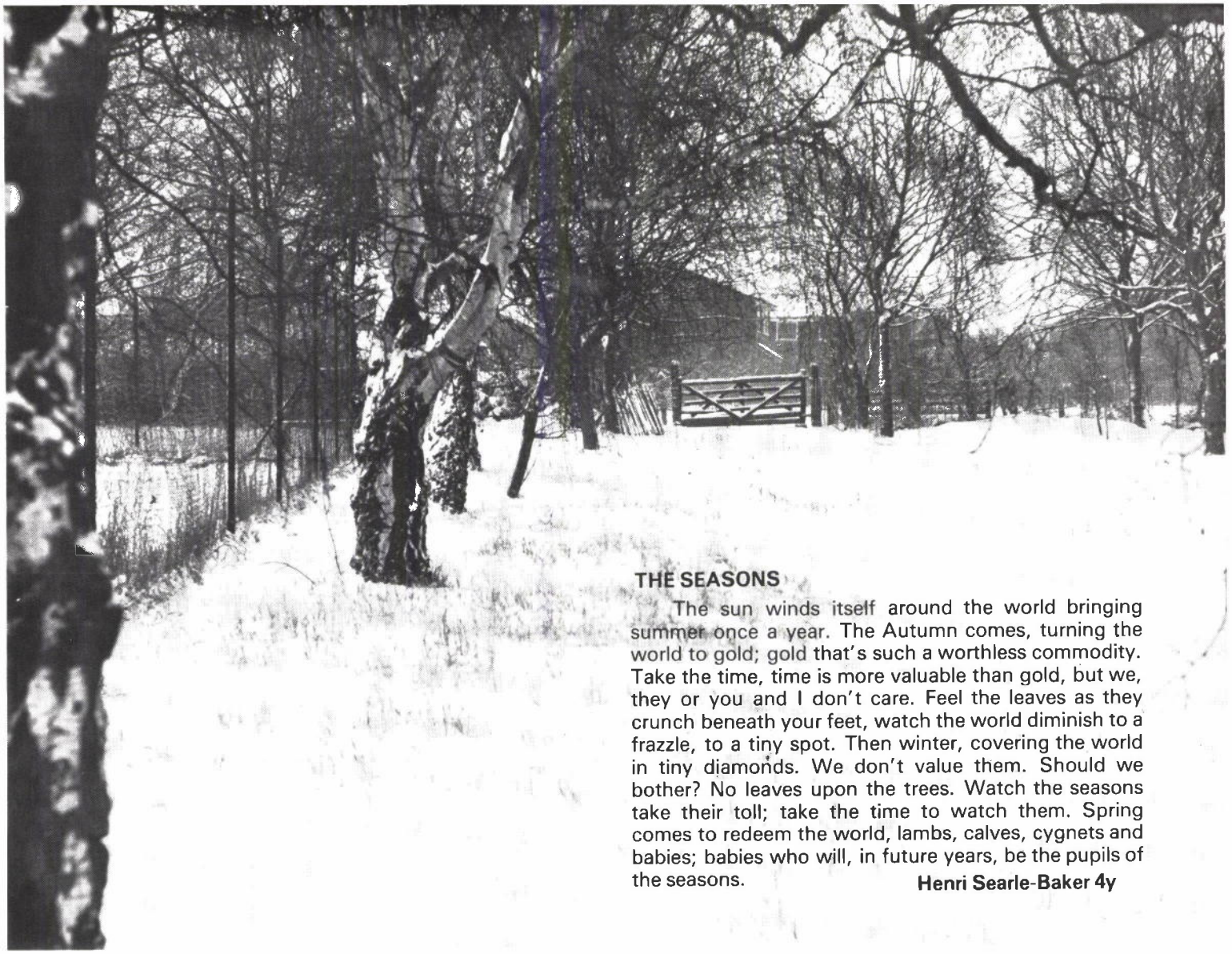
Back at the water hole, some minutes later, the animals start returning, but they are weary and it takes quite a while before they are peacefully drinking again.

Bernard Hunter 2y

THE HORSES OF THE SEA

Horses galloping up the strand,
Green tails swishing on the hot, hot sand,
Horses galloping, rearing, prancing,
Shying, bucking, tossing, dancing,
Hooves striking sparks on the sea green rocks,
Rearing up on their sea green hocks.
Tossing their foaming manes they fly,
Over the sea and under the sky,
And when those noble horses cease,
Only then is the sea at peace.

Lucy Johnson 1



THE ANIMAL PRISON

The dismal shed, smelly and dilapidated, was well inhabited with defenceless prisoners. Their rotten box like cages, cramped and filthy, stood like rubbish in stacks. The oderous fumes seeped through the maggot-infested hut, while the sleepy eyed creatures romped about in their damp boxes. The hay strewn floor, incredibly untidy, left a horrific distinct smell in the musty air.

A stained wash basin, bunged up with seeds, stood solid. A tap dripped slowly, noiselessly, in a rhythm and the petrified squeaks of starvation lurked in the background whilst the grind of teeth on a metal bar came repeatedly.

Suzie Ward 4x

THE SEASONS

The sun winds itself around the world bringing summer once a year. The Autumn comes, turning the world to gold; gold that's such a worthless commodity. Take the time, time is more valuable than gold, but we, they or you and I don't care. Feel the leaves as they crunch beneath your feet, watch the world diminish to a frazzle, to a tiny spot. Then winter, covering the world in tiny diamonds. We don't value them. Should we bother? No leaves upon the trees. Watch the seasons take their toll; take the time to watch them. Spring comes to redeem the world, lambs, calves, cygnets and babies; babies who will, in future years, be the pupils of the seasons.

Henri Searle-Baker 4y

THE RABBIT AND THE FOX

One day, as the rabbit was having a wash by a lake, he saw his reflection and also saw his ears which, being very big, he decided, must also be very beautiful. So, as he went past any other animal, he would say, "Look at my beautiful ears; they are much nicer than yours."

It wasn't long until Fox came to hear about this, and thought up a very clever trick of how he could get himself a nice rabbit dinner without having to be energetic.

Fox looked everywhere for Rabbit and, when at last he found him, he was boasting to a little field mouse about his beautiful ears. Fox went to Rabbit and said, "I was wondering if you would like to come to a dinner tonight. Rabbit, knowing how clever Fox was, was about to make an excuse, but Fox said suddenly, "It is mainly because I wanted to draw your beautiful ears." So Rabbit immediately agreed.

The time came and Rabbit knocked on the little wooden door. Fox let him in and they went and had a glass of dandelion wine together. After a while, Fox said, "I will just go and get my drawing equipment." He quickly went into a room which had an entrance to the outside and then came through another door directly behind Rabbit. He very silently crept up behind Rabbit, and slowly lifted his paws until he was on his hind legs. He then grabbed rabbit by his ears. Rabbit screamed and yelled; he kicked and bit and overall put up a very good fight. But it wasn't good enough and Fox soon had him in a pot of boiling water with a little flavouring. He had a very nice meal.

Katy Rumsey 2y

THE D. OF E.

AWARD SCHEME

During the Summer Term '78 seven brave scholars took to the wilds of Mersea Island for a week.

The International Projects camp was split up into villages each containing about eight canvas tents and named after capital cities.

EVERY DAY LIFE IN ROME

Not long ago seven scholars were quietly removed to the Roman International Slave Training Camp, because of their persistence in disregarding the civic laws. This is what happened to three of them.

They arrived at the camp full of high spirits, after their chariot journey, only to be disillusioned by their escorts and their living conditions. Chained and cowering from initial lacerations they made their way directly to Rome.

During this time, Romulus still being alive, Rome was only a small village of canvas tents, hence the saying ''Rome was built in a day''. The conditions for a slave from Britain were hardly a five star hotel, and the three friends were thrown into a tent with half the Roman Empire's luggage, the only luxuries being a camp bed and one grey regulation blanket each.

The afternoon was spent making room for their pitiful possessions and the evening dancing to the Roman Punk Band 'Remus Pistols'.

The following day they started their training to serve as slaves, learning how to light a stove and how to prepare meals. Lunchtime brought them meagre rations of ham, cheese, dry bread and yoghurt but no grapes! The three friends spent their free afternoon asleep on their camp-beds, exhausted from their energetic dancing of the previous night and sore from the beatings received from the overseer in the kitchen. After supper these Roman slaves found that another slave from their former employment, now promoted to centurion, was staying in the tent next door. That evening he enticed them to the entertainment that was provided every night.

During the following days the slaves were kept well occupied. The mornings were spent learning general house duties; the afternoons scouting out the surrounding countryside with their centurion friend, with whom they had struck up an intimate relationship. The slaves were planning to escape.

Very soon the three friends, joined by a kitchen slave, succeeded in hitching a lift on a rubbish chariot and headed for the country.

These four slaves trudged through fields, woods, along cart tracks and, as they hadn't had any map training, they soon lost their bearings. By nightfall they were totally lost in a village, which in fact was only quattor mille passu from Castra Mersea. They were befriended by a kindly farmer's wife who let them camp in a field behind her villa. Unknown to them she informed the Castra Authorities and in the morning a centurion escorted them back to the camp. As a punishment they were locked up in their tent.

Our three friends were not going to miss the last evening's orgy for anything.

In the hall they found parting friends having farewell dances and exchanging a little more than addresses. They managed to merge successfully into the crowd. At last around one o'clock they collapsed into bed and fell into happy slumbers.

The next morning, having reported to the office, the three friends were confronted with the news that they had been bought by 'Ludus Amicorum'. They wished their new friends 'goodbye' and boarded the chariot to their new home.

Sarah Watson 4x
Amanda Knight 4y

GUIDE CAMP

We left on Saturday 23rd September and went off to the Fosters Farm at Duddenhoe End, all ready for a weekend on our own. Upon arrival we put up our two tents and then went off in search of wood and blackberries. When we came back we had tea and then had a trail. After the trail we all sat around the fire as it had got dark and after that we went to bed.

When we woke up we had breakfast (a guide speciality) and then again went for a walk to collect more wood, and this time we came back with a large pan full of blackberries (later part of lunch).

We got back and had a very early lunch and then got ready for coming back — at about 2.30. Miss Green came and picked us up and bought us and our belongings back to school.

Julianne Cowdell 2x

A TOTAL DISCLAIMER

I am the spirit of that great writer and poet, Sir Anon.

I have to transmit these thoughts to say how disgusted I am to be credited with some of the world's most awful stories and even more atrotious poems, of which there are far too many in this so-called 'magazine'.

A few years ago this 'magazine' printed a portrait, the caption of which implied that it was me! I was most insulted. I did, however, refrain from sueing this school, as I did not desire to go through the expense and rigmarole of court proceedings.

I would also like to protest about the numerous letters in newspapers and the like, which are attributed to my friend Namende Dressup Lide.

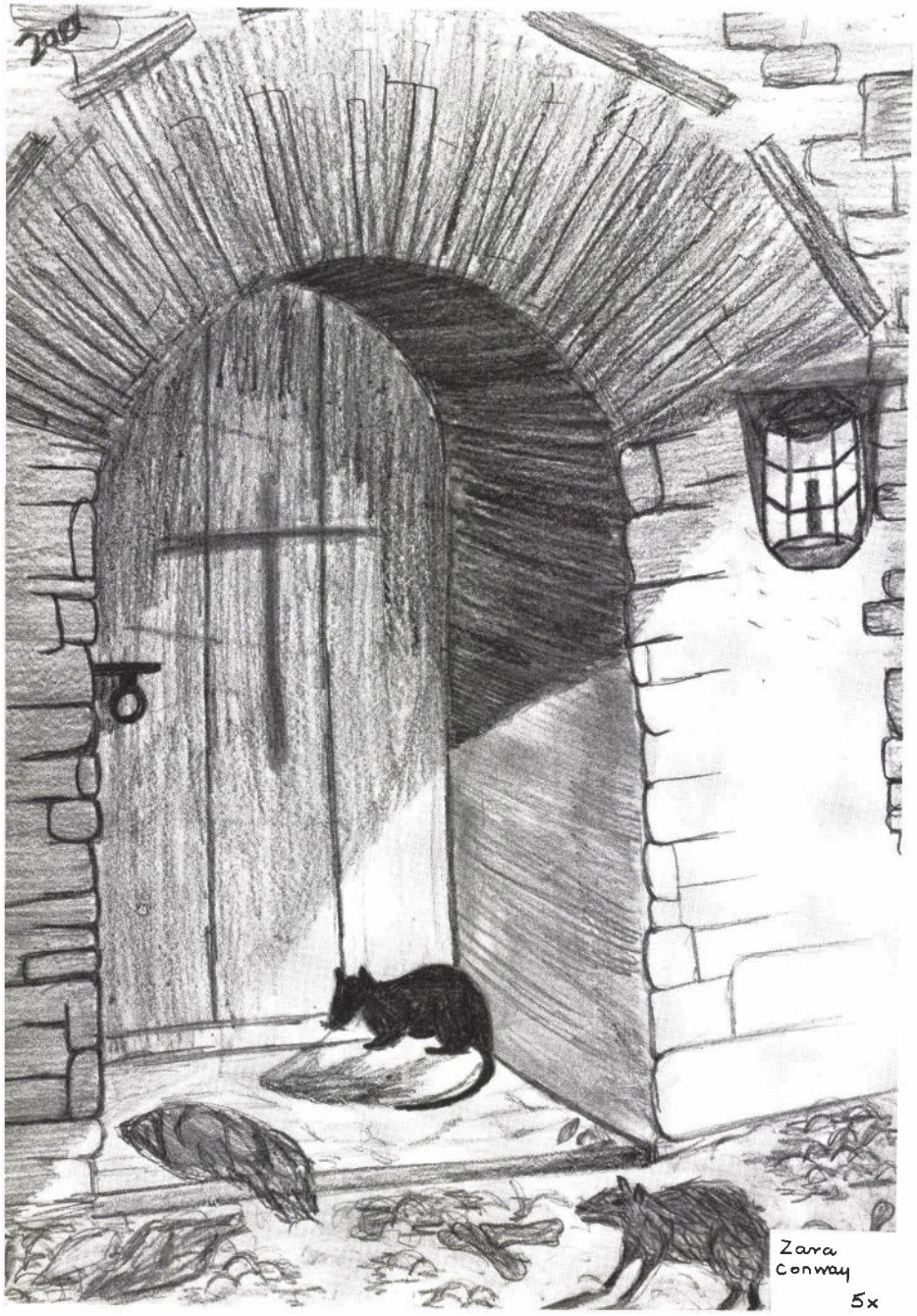
I would be most obliged if this detestable habit would cease immediately! If not I will be forced to prosecute under the Trade's Descriptions Act and the Mispresentations Act.

Yours sincerely,

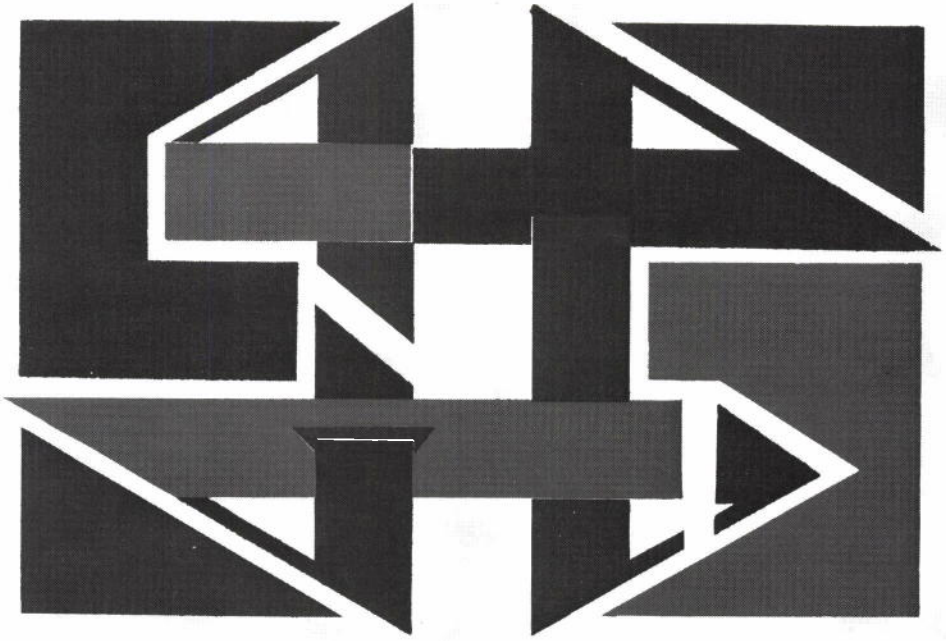
Sir Anon Imus

P.S. I have written this through the hand of Michael Booth (5x)


Wilhire
Van Rentals
LA COÛME
'78



Sian Jones 6$_1$



Sarah Wright 6$_2$



VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!

Les jeunes Francais que j'ai rencontrés s'interessent aux mêmes choses que les jeunes Anglais. Mais j'ai remarqué quelques differences de la manière dont ils pensent, s'habillent, mangent et se comportent entre eux.

La plupart des jeunes Français ont plus de conscience de la politique. Ils ont tendance à soutenir le parti de la gauche. Souvent les étudiants de quinze et de seize ans prennent part aux protestations comme celle à Pâques en mil neuf cent soixante-seize. A Paris les groupes sérieux se rencontrent dans les Jardins du Luxembourg et le Boulevard Saint-Michel pour discuter les problèmes actuels. Les jeunes Anglais traiteraient une pareille occasion en fête, par exemple la marche de l'ANL un dimanche s'est terminée par un concert. A Paris des pierres ont été lancées et la police a été brutale.

Quand les jeunes veulent se réunir et s'amuser, ils aiment aller au café. Ils peuvent s'asseoir à une table ou au zinc sans dépenser beaucoup. Je ne crois pas qu'ils aient beaucoup d'argent de poche.

Plus de jeunes Français montent à vélo et à scotter que nous. J'ai remarqué que les jeunes Françaises choisissent souvent le bleu marine, le rouge et le blanc pour leurs vêtements. Les garçons portent de très jolis blousons et leurs blue-jeans ne sont pas usés comme ceux que portent les garçons anglais de mon âge.

Quelques amis Français se sont plaints qu'en Angleterre les gens mangent trop tôt le soir. Les Français aiment manger après sept heures et demie et assurément ils prennent longtemps.

Aux collèges en France le sport n'est pas bien organisé et il a moins d'importance qu'en Angleterre. Les élèves ne portent jamais d'uniforme.

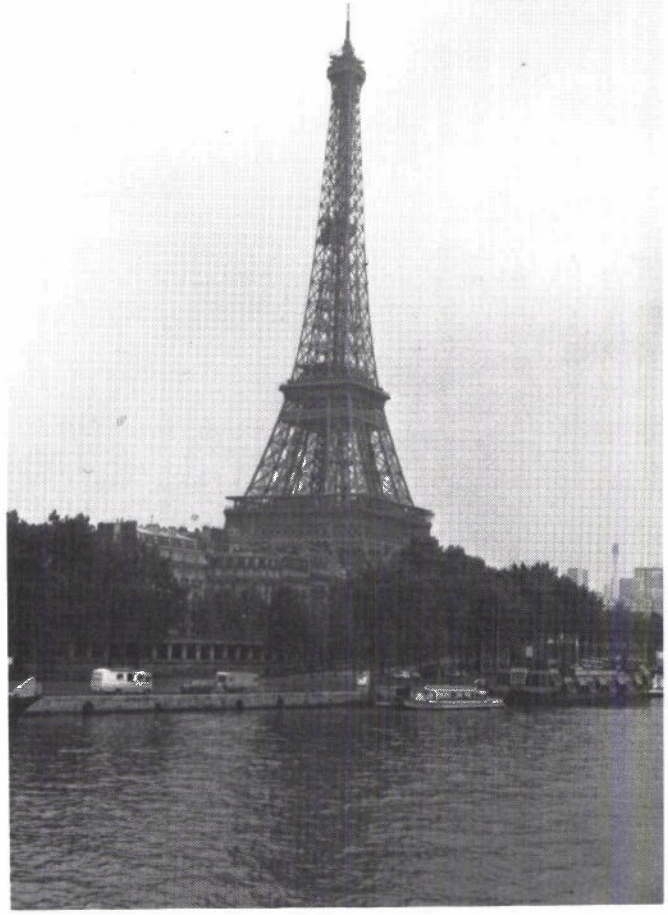
Je suis bien contente qu'il y ait ces différences entre nous et les jeunes Français. C'est pourquoi il est si intéressant de visiter la France ou de recevoir les Français chez nous.

Chloe Bevan 6$_1$

MARIANNE FAIT SES COURSES

A Lyon il pleut. Marianne habite une grande maison à Lyon. Devant sa maison, Marianne porte un imperméable, un parapluie, un chapeau et un grand sac. Elle va aux boutiques.

Marianne est dans la grande rue. Elle entre dans la librairie-papeterie. Elle dit: ''Une bouteille d'encre, s'il vous plaît.''



''De quelle couleur?''

''Noire, s'il vous plaît.''

''Ça fait cinquante centimes, s'il vous plaît. Au revoir et merci,'' dit M. Leblanc.

Elle parle à la vieille femme, Madame Painchaud. La vieille femme porte un bâton. Après cela elle entre dans la pharmacie et elle dit: ''Une boîte de savon et un tube de dentifrice, s'il vous plaît.''

''Ah, voilà, ça fait deux francs.''

''Merci, M. Colin, au revoir.''

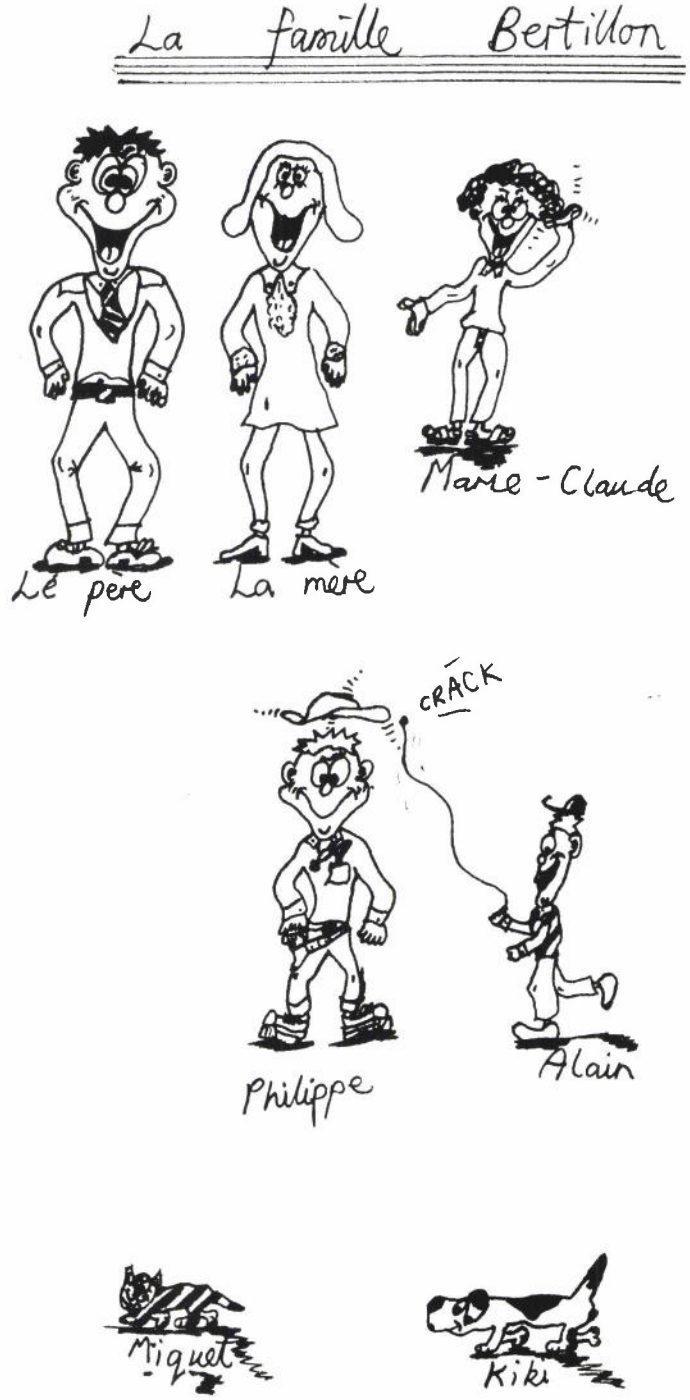
''Au revoir,'' dit M. Colin.

Elle parle à ses trois amis. Elle dit: ''Au revoir, Claude, au revoir Alain, au revoir Yvonne.'' Elle marche vite à sa maison. Il pleut encore. Il y a des éclairs. Il fait un temps de chien!

Dans la maison, elle se repose dans le fauteuil. Elle regarde un film détective et elle mange tous les chocolats.

''Quel plaisir!''

Peni Walker 2y



1

THE CASE OF THE MISSING GERBIL



CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND. IN THE VAULTS OF THE CITY'S MOST REPUTABLE BANK, IN A GILDED CAGE, PROTECTED BY CAREFULLY TRAINED GUARDS, IS THE MOST SOUGHT AFTER ANIMAL EVER; THE £8,000,000 GERBIL.

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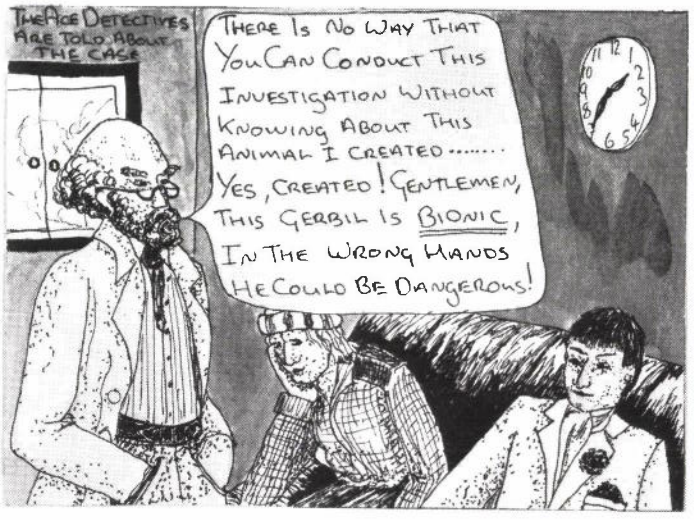
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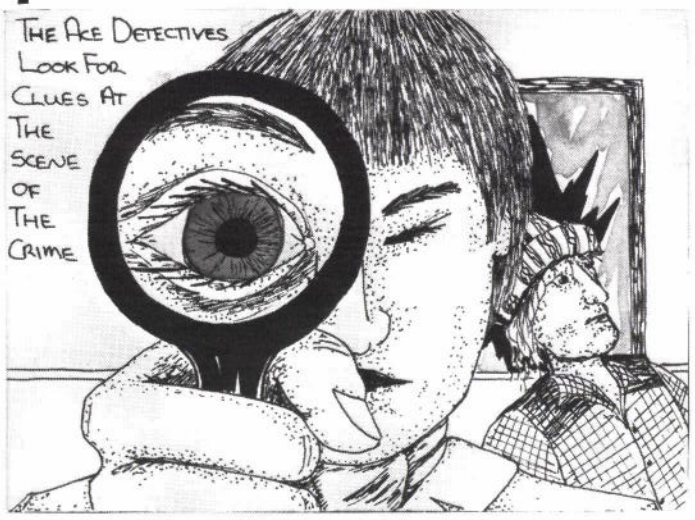
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7


THE ACE DETECTIVES LOOK FOR CLUES AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

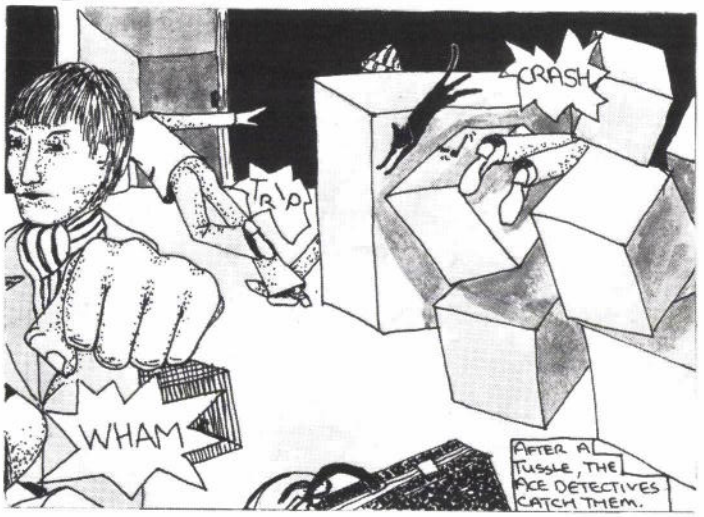
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LEFT AT THE NEXT JUNCTION MAC....
FINDING A LEADING CLUE, THE ACE DETECTIVES SET OFF FOR SNOWBOUND ESSEX, HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE VILLAINS

9


AT THE WAREHOUSE
THERE'S THE VILLAINS!

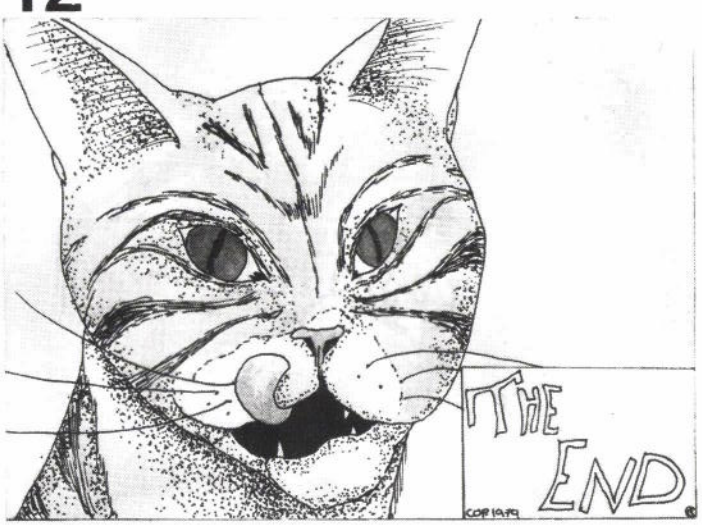
10


CRASH
TRIP
WHAM
AFTER A TUSSLE, THE ACE DETECTIVES CATCH THEM.

11


AT A PRESS CONFERENCE
So You See Gentlemen, It Is Most Unfortunate; Though We KNOW That These Villains Are Guilty, We Cannot Prosecute Them Due To Lack Of "EVIDENCE".....
Dr Mac Beagley

12


THE END



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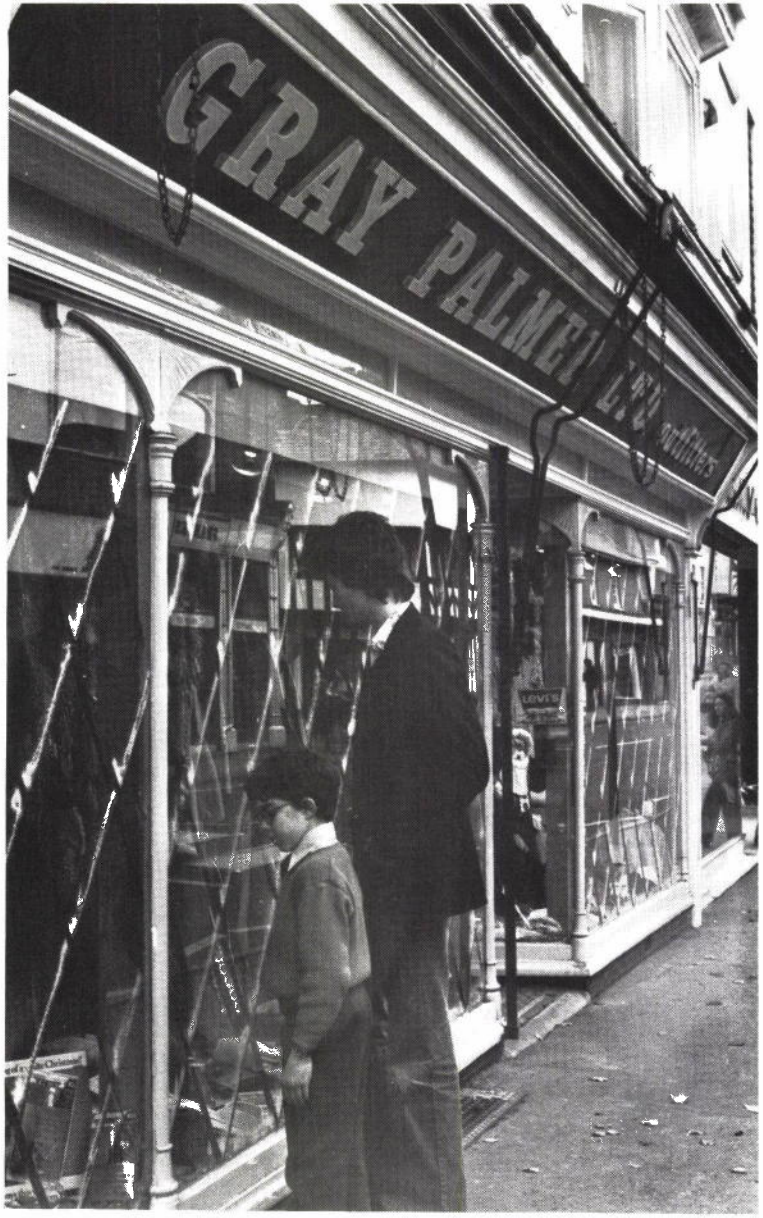
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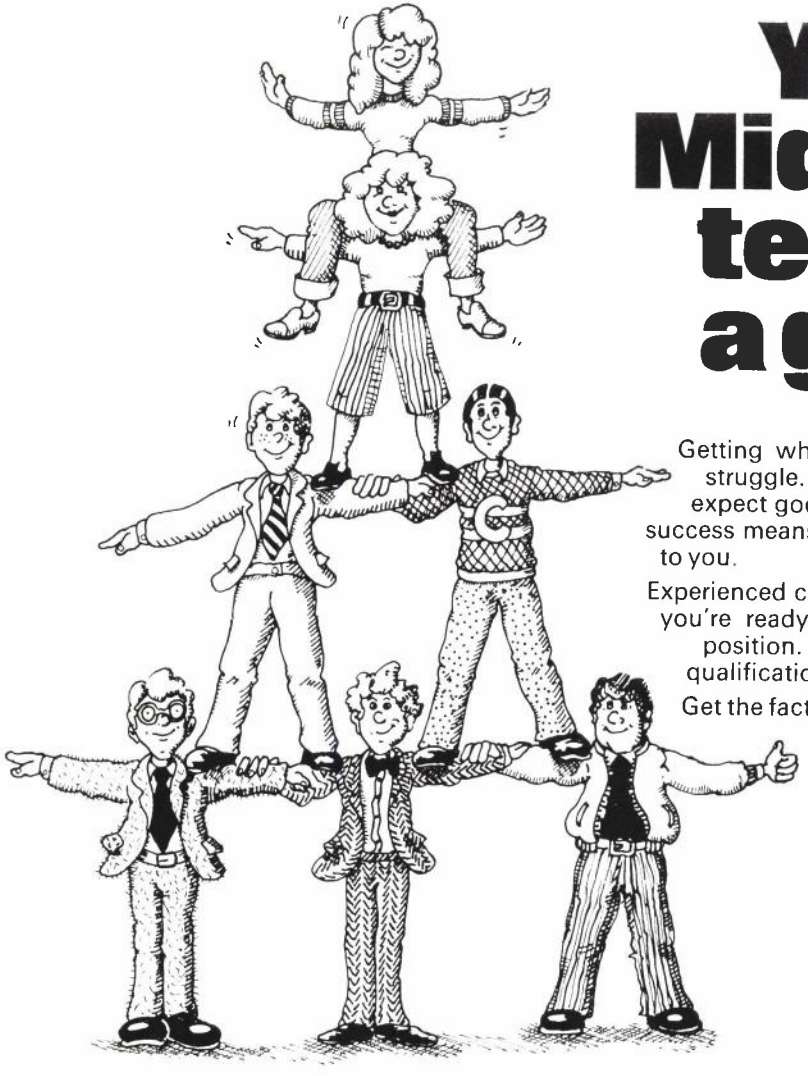
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