THE AVENUE

1980



'The Avenue' is the annual publication
of the scholars of
Friends' School, Saffron Walden,
Essex, CB11 3EB

OH WHAT A LOVELY YEAR

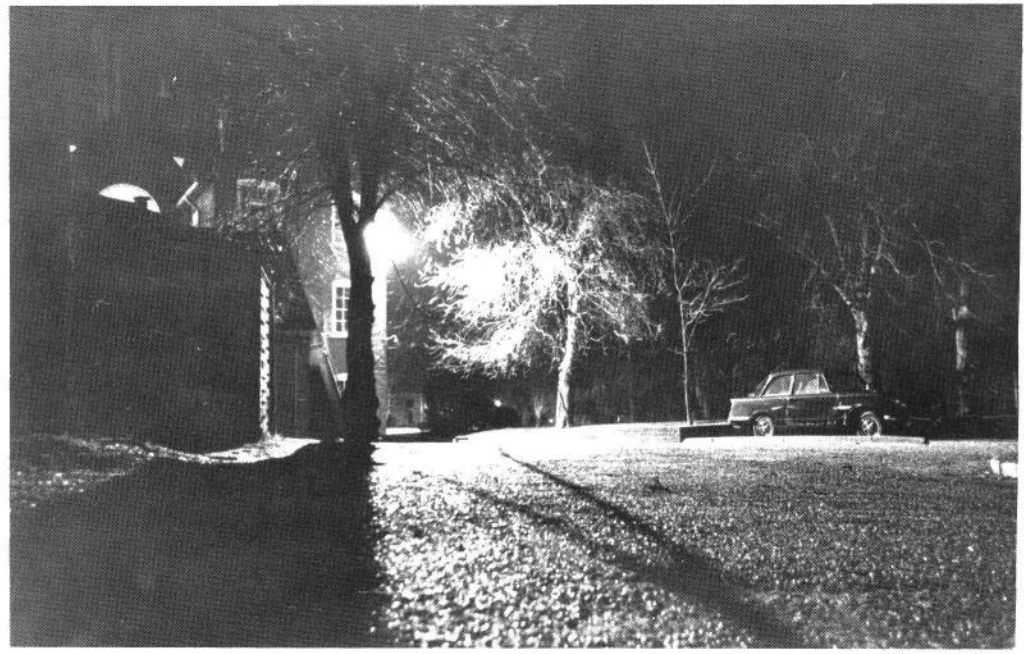
SPRING TERM 1979

The first half of the Spring Term saw a delightful change in the weather. After sixteen years of wet winters there were, instead, frequent falls of snow. The school grounds took on a picture book appearance. Recess and lunch times were spent on the field participating in snowball fights.

In the second half of the term the school was to see two plays. The first was 'Kes' performed by members of the middle school. This highly successful production, along with the equally popular production by members of 6_1 of 'The Government Inspector', livened up the latter half of the term.

At the end of term we bade farewell to Ruth Kerr and Iorwerth John.







SUMMER TERM 1979

The highlight of this term, apart from the arrival of Denis Christley, was the Year of the Child party held in Hyde Park. A small group took along a display on the subject of peace that had been painted at school. One of the party, Olivia Johnson, was asked by Prince Philip about the school sweat shirt that she was wearing.

Sports day was literally a 'wash out'. Brave athletes were watched by even braver spectators hidden beneath a multicoloured sea of umbrellas.

The close of the school year meant that the staff had to throw themselves around games pitches as they took on the scholars at rounders and cricket—a memorable occasion.

Apart from the scholars who left the school there were also members of staff that departed. Edith Snelgrove (who had helped out with German for a term), Jane Shears (French), Louis Trotter (a most popular Bursar), Roslyn Campbell-Watson (Sister in the San.), Harry Tizard (Caterer) and, perhaps most significantly of all, Richard Sturge, our much loved man of music.



AUTUMN TERM 1979

The new academic year saw the influx of new scholars and new members of staff. Sheila Addy arrived from the depth of Africa to teach French and Vanessa Ranger from the depths of the East End to teach German. Edward Dodge took over the Music department and Janet Capper made her part time debut in the Latin department. In the Sanatorium, Mary Bland took charge while the Bursar's Office saw the arrival of the new Bursar, Nicholas Hawksley and his assistant Nigel Redman.

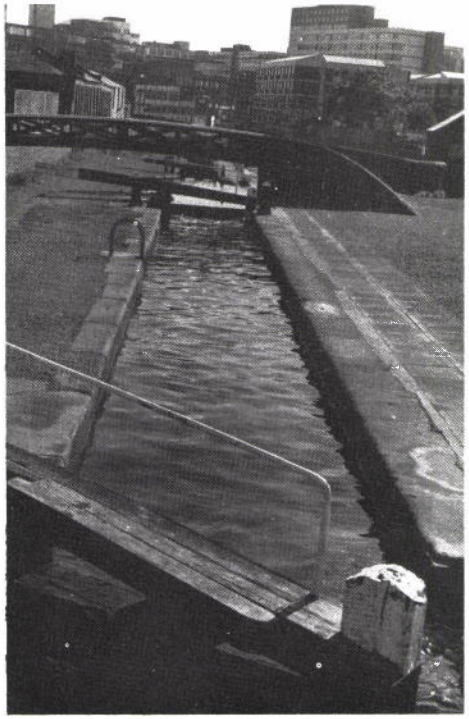
The term was full of events. Probably the most significant was the series of celebrations to mark the one hundred years of Friends' School in Saffron Walden. This was celebrated on a number of occasions but the whole school joined together on the 17th October for a party in the Hall. The highlight of this was the singing of Happy Birthday Friends' School and the consumption of the specially prepared birthday cake.

The School Play, "Oh What a Lovely War", was a great success. This was apparent from the number of times songs from the play were heard being hummed around School in the following weeks.

To end the term and the decade a 'spectacular' was staged for the Christmas entertainment.

Two members of staff departed at the end of term, Ann Marriage, the faithful long serving house mistress and games teacher, and Katherine Seymour, from the English department.

And so, into the Eighties!



BIRMINGHAM





INSIDE

THE WILD BOATER Tune: The Wild Rover

I've been a wild boater for just this one week,
And I've spent my cash hiring a boat with a leak,
Go home to me parents and confess me sin,
(But they'd probably say "Oh, I wish you'd fell in").

It sounds such great fun to spend one week afloat,
On a seven by seventy-two narrow boat,
So we all set off from Stockton on the Grand Union,
With a sink and a cooker and a smelly elsan.

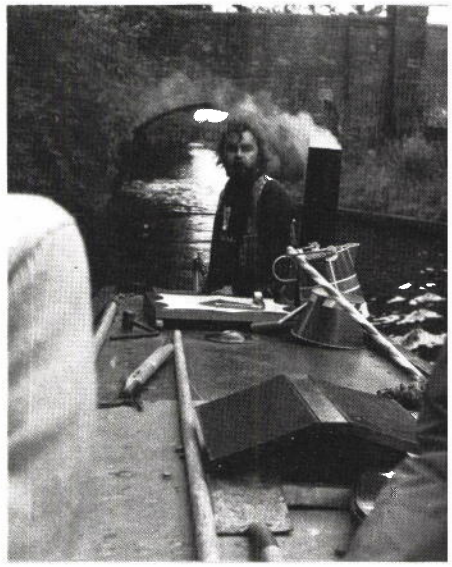
Now the food was wholesome if you're not a carnivore,
And except for the 'munge' you could always ask for more,
It's thanks to Felic, so let's give her a cheer,
(But I still wonder what caused that awful diarrhoea).

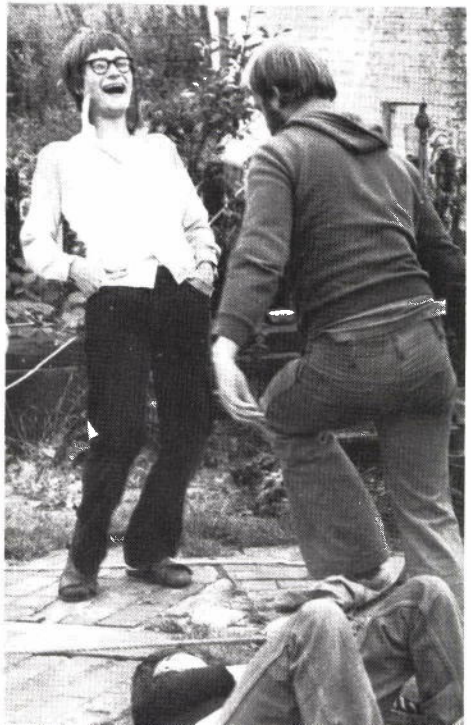
Steve was our driver, and a great boatman he,
When I drove on a bank, in no time were we free,
He knew the canals well, we'd nothing to fear,
Save at two in the morning after twelve pints of beer.

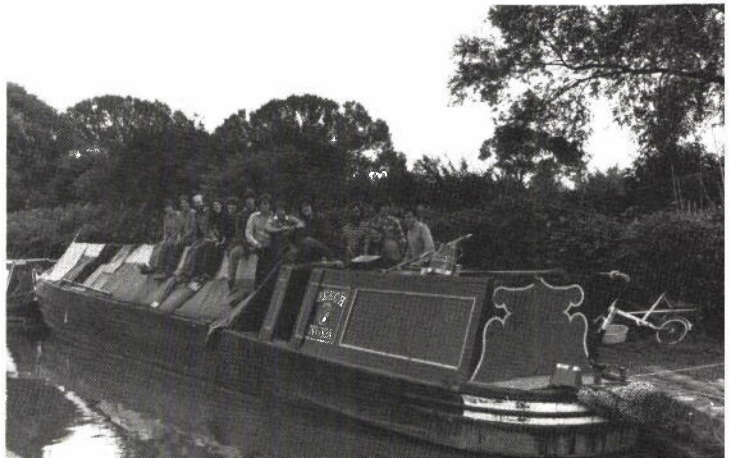
The tunnels were fun and the swing bridges too,
And twenty-one when the rains soaked you through,
But when under the bridges, Oh please mind your head,
Or you may find yourself in a hospital bed.

When the water tank's empty, the loo's overflowed,
You are pleased to moor where the pub's just up the road,
So, if you embark on the water again,
Choose a good boat whose canvas won't let in the rain.

by the barge trippers.
(Felicity Cook, Loon, Mark W., Mark B., Crispin, Lindsey, Jeremy, Amanda C., Brad and friends)







TEACHING IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

In January 1977 I arrived at a strange school in a strange country. The country was Swaziland, a mountainous kingdom surrounded almost entirely by the Republic of South Africa. The school founded in 1963 by an Englishman, Michael Stern, who, having witnessed the birth of apartheid in South Africa, decided to demonstrate that children of different races could learn to live happily together. His hope was that these children would return to their different environments with more understanding of other races.

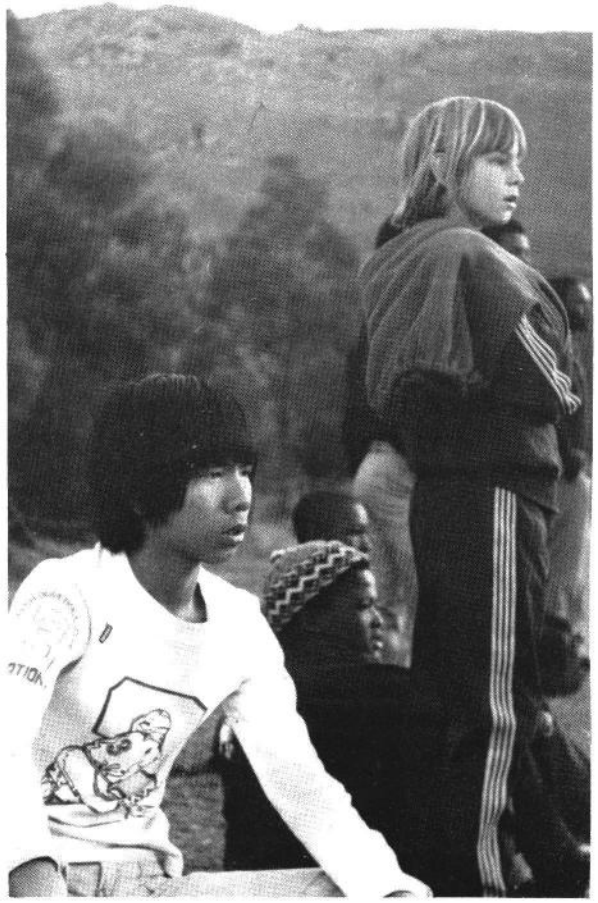
The school began as four thatched huts housing 16 students and four unpaid staff on a mountain some ten kilometres or so from the South African border. It has now grown to a role of 360 and boasts some of the finest academic results on the African continent. Supported by many individuals and business concerns, the school houses students from widely varying backgrounds; from the kraals of rural Africa and the palaces of presidents, from the slums of Soweto and the farms of the Orange Free State.

Having taught for several years in multiracial schools in the West Indies, I expected to find little new at Waterford. I assumed that much of what I had read in the American and British press about apartheid was exaggeration. I was quite wrong—it was far worse than anything I had ever imagined. To appreciate the evil of the apartheid system one has to witness it first-hand: eat with a coloured friend at the roadside because you cannot both sit in the same restaurant; talk to the girl who is forbidden to live with her own sister because she is white and her sister classified as coloured; console the child whose father has been detained by the Security police without charge and, hardest of all for me, see the hatred in the eye of the black man whom you have just greeted. Swaziland is like an island in a sea of inhumanity and on this island is Kamhlaba "the little paradise" as King Sobhuza had named the school. There I witnessed what very few South Africans could ever conceive. I shall never forget watching the first faltering steps of a bewildered Afrikaaner boy as he met a society totally alien to his upbringing, as he saw black and white arm in arm and heard the mingled laughter Indian, African and European.

After only a short time I was drawn into the school's preoccupation with apartheid. It was inevitable since I was surrounded by examples of its injustices and frustrations. But what is Waterford Kamhlaba achieving? I cannot pretend that it is Utopia nor that all its students leave as crusaders in the fight against racism. But I do believe that a seed is sown within each boy and girl and hope that that seed is carried back to the kraal, palace, slum or farm and that there it will grow and make some small but significant contribution. For me, teaching in Southern Africa was an intense and enlightening experience.

Dennis Christley

Some examples of the feelings of students at Waterford Kamhlaba expressed in the school magazine:



1. By a 13 year old South African Indian.

THE ANGEL

The sounds come clearly to my head
The bustling, busy, noisy Indian market
The dealers shout out their wares,
The people bargain, compare and buy.
the atmosphere is wonderful,
Indians, Blacks, Coloureds, Whites, mixed.
Suddenly . . . "Coolie, coolie, damn coolie!"
I looked down and saw a child.
Three years old, cute, fat, happy little child.
"Coolie, coolie," said he, loudly.
My hand throbbed; I was ready to strike.
Like a little angel, he smiled.
"Coolie," he said again and again, smiling.
Is it my fault that I am a "coolie"?
Is it his fault that he calls me a coolie?
He doesn't even know what he means.
Slowly my palms withdraw, further and further away,
I like him very much really.
I say hallo and offer him a sweet.
"Leave him, leave him alone, coolie!"
Screams the mother.
I turn my back and walk off.
With the sound of the angel's sobs ringing in my ears.

By a 14 year old coloured South African.

JUST AS I AM

I'm walking home today,
My mum isn't fetching me.
Oh! How I hate walking home.
The glares, the stares that seem
to be attracted to me as I walk.
When I cross the river,
Someone will bump me over,
Not by mistake, but on purpose
and in I'll go.
No-one will help me out,
They just walk on, 'cause
I'm not one of them.
The names they throw at me.
Oh Lord why did you make us . . .
In between?
Why weren't we all
Black or white?

ALMA MATER

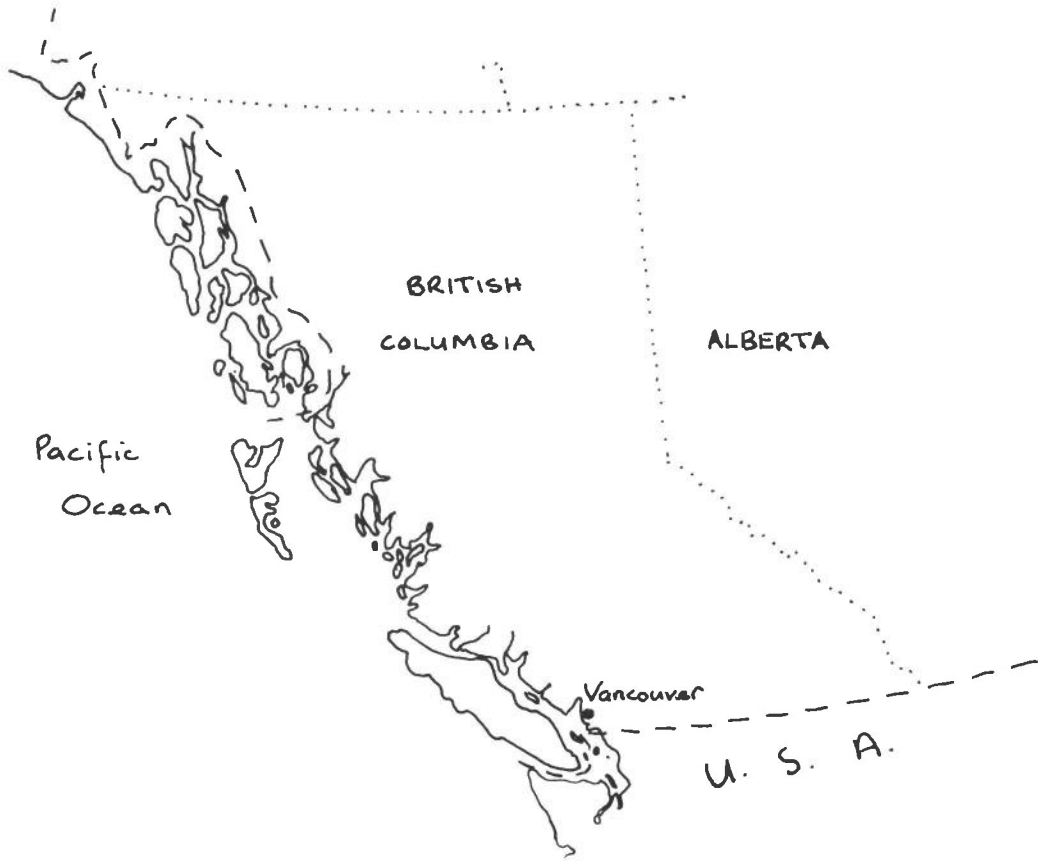
Alma Mater, that is my alma mater, was at the very long end of Alma Street which led on to the campus of University of British Columbia which in those days was like a park and in these days still is. The campus was large in the first half of the nineteen forties, to allow, one supposes, for the expansion that was to come in later years, notably the sixties and the early seventies.

And some expansion it was too, from five thousand in the days of the Second World War, when all the best men were A1, and therefore absent! Both faculty and student, the male population was sadly depleted. From five thousand then, to twenty-five thousand—or thereabouts now, with buildings and roads to accommodate the masses and even traffic lights at intersections to offend my eye when I first returned in 1973.
"Hail UBC", we used to sing as students,
"Hail UBC our glorious university,
Hail UBC, between the mountains and the sea".

And so it was and so it is now. Built on a peninsula, with the Columbia mountains to the north and the Sound to the west, this is surely one of the world's most beautiful sites. Up the coast the Indian still lives, and his culture is preserved on the campus at the Anthropological museum. To my knowledge no other building has ever been erected with totem poles in mind. There they are, painted and plain, as they have been found in the forest and carried to their last home—representatives of the culture of dying tribes—the Kwakewtal, the Haida and others.

Over on the Island, that is Vancouver Island, in Victoria is another Anthropological museum devoted to the way of life of the people of British Columbia since its history began. It is a short history by European standards. The land was the home of the Redskin and a few prospectors and adventurers in the fur trade until a mere hundred years or so ago. Then came the gold rush and the trek to the mining areas. Men of spirit from many countries turned west and braved the hazards of minimal transport, strange food supplies, and antagonistic population, not to mention Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and sudden death from mining accidents. One can see their names on the wooden headstones of burial grounds in places like Barkerville, a ghost town in central British Columbia, now being restored by the Provincial Government as a tourist town.

Many came from the mining areas of countries like ours. There they lie from the Rhondda Valley, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Cornwall and the North East. Young men, aged thirty or so, died in their prime from the fever or the collapse of a mine shaft. The history is a short, but violent explosion caused by man's sudden awareness of the resources of a land. Beautiful British Columbia has not only gold, but copper, silver, iron, tin, to list but a few of its riches.



Mountains of Jade provide material for carvings of great beauty—dolphins, whales, the symbols of much of the Indians' way of life.

And there is space too. Space for modern industrial Man to move. Vancouver itself is a crowded modern city, but out in beautiful British Columbia there are thousands of square miles, some of which has already been made available for leisure, play, and recreations such as mountaineering, skiing, skating, rock climbing, canoeing, sailing, pony trekking and horse riding. The rest is waiting—acres and acres of it—inaccessible? Yes; climatically harsh? Yes, some of it—but surely a technological age which can get a man on to the moon is capable of making this land available for some of the over-populated areas of the world. One flies over its northern reaches as one homes in to Vancouver Airport. The Lions, mountains in the northern range, tell one we are there. The Lions Gate Bridge revolves beneath one, the buildings of the Alma Mater turn through one hundred and eighty degrees and one touches down in this land of plenty—Beautiful British Columbia.

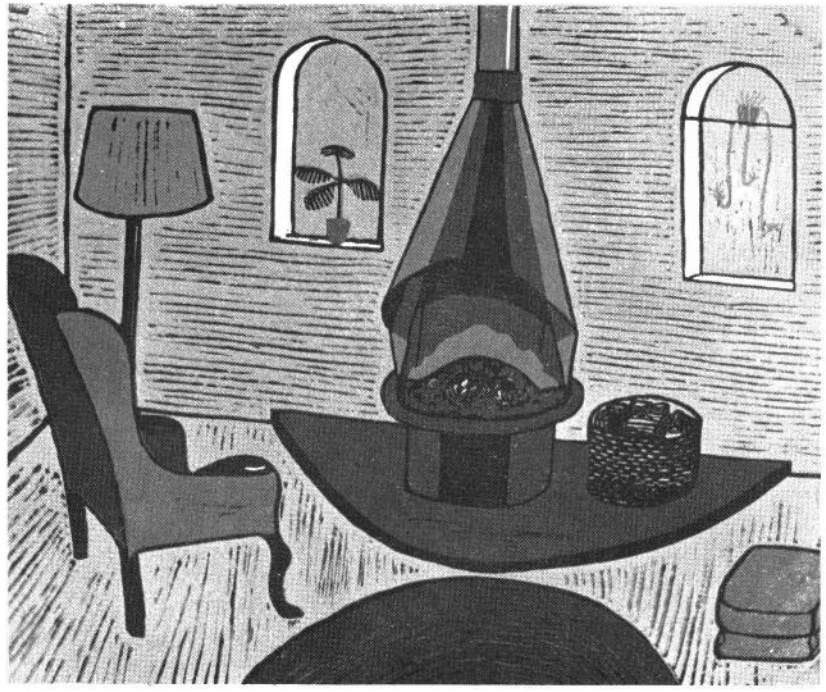
A.M.B.
Jan 1980



1 KATE HUTCHISON



2 LUCY ATKINSON



3 MARK WILSHER

THE GREAT CHILDREN'S PARTY



Having been asked by the Ockendon Venture to help make a display for the Year of the Child party in Hyde Park, some sixth formers, Mr Richardson and Mr Wadham put their heads together to try and think of some ideas. They chose five categories on the theme of 'peace'. These were friendship, nature, animals, solitude and play. Scholars then volunteered to draw pictures under one of the five categories. The pictures for each category were put on five large display panels. These panels could then be put together to make one large display unit.

Unfortunately Friends' School only had twenty tickets for the party, it was sad that not all who wanted to go could attend.

On the day an excited group of scholars clad in their centenary sweatshirts arrived at Hyde Park, London.

We made our way to the Ockendon Venture, where our display was. There were also six other displays in the same tent. We were given leaflets to hand out about a competition called 'A Chance For Tomorrow'.

Our tent happened to be on the route to be taken by the Royal party. Soon after we arrived the Royal Family approached. Our sweatshirts caught the eye of Prince Philip who asked Olivia about them. Later the Rainbow and Magpie team invited Jackie and Zoe to their caravan also to find out more about what was behind the sweatshirts.

By now our hunger had got the better of us so we made our way to the food tent. The food and drink was all free so it was not surprising that the queues were so long.

The rest of the day was spent looking at all the other displays. Most of them were advertisement tents such as Think Electric, Buzby and Gas. In between these were charity tents to remind the children why they were really at the party.

Then came the most impossible task of all. We had to carry the display across London on the underground. However, we did eventually manage it and all arrived safely back at school. The day was a great success, thanks to all those who put so much hard work into the project.

Jackie Adams and Olivia Johnson
Fourth Form



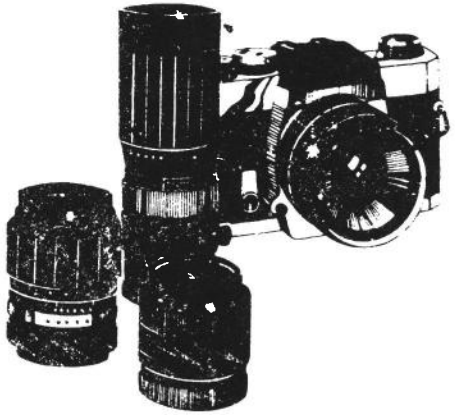


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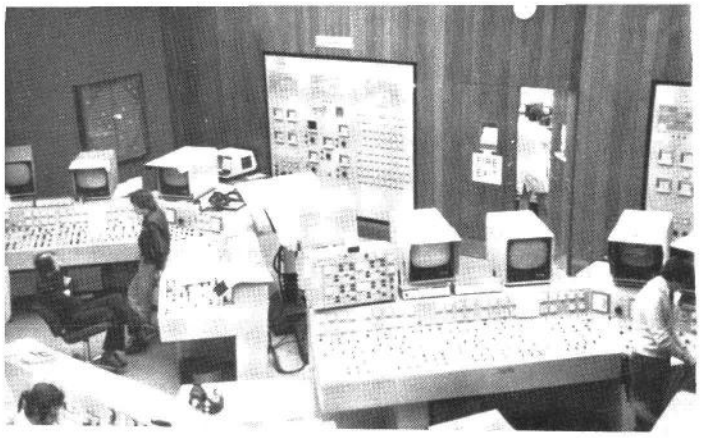
Telephone: SAFFRON WALDEN 22153

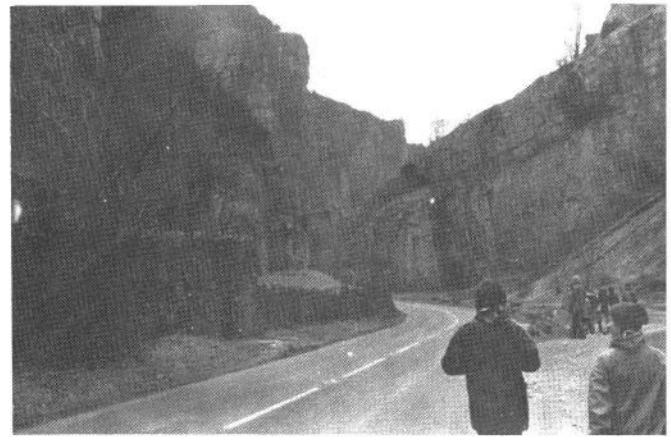
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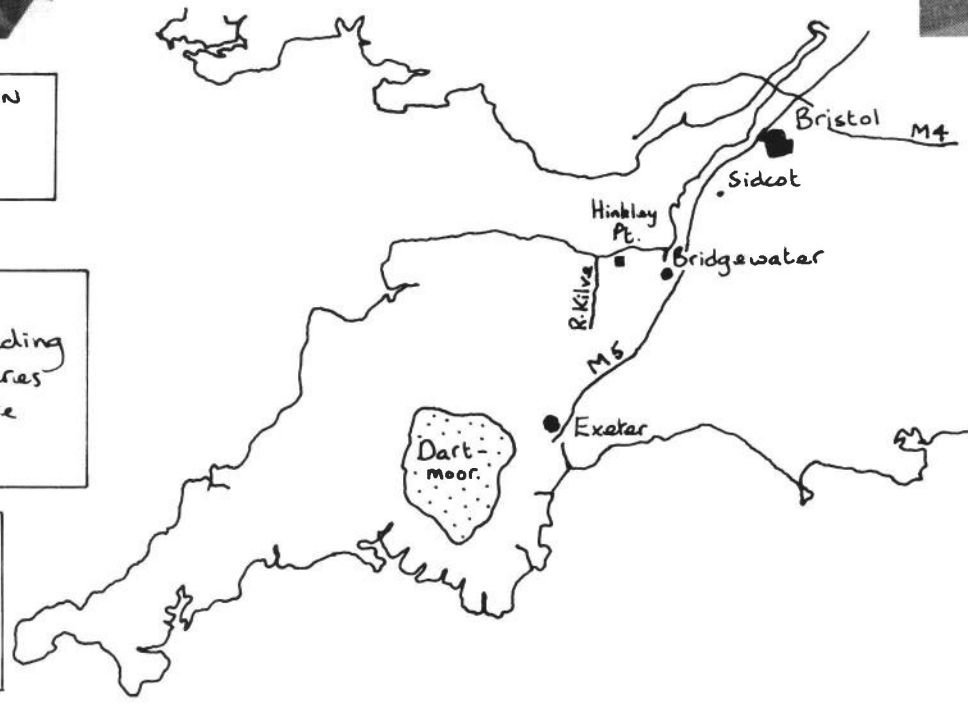
GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP....





Hinkley Point Nuclear Power Station

A most interesting half day visit.



The Mendips and Cheddar Gorge

A day examining the local geology and limestone landforms. Some ventured beneath the ground!

Bridgewater

A day of urban geography including land use mapping, determining spheres of influence and study town centre traffic schemes.

Sidcot School

Home for the week and centre for local settlement and independant fieldwork.

Dartmoor

A day examining the nature of granite weathering and tor formation — and getting very wet!

The River Kilve

A morning measuring the velocity, discharge and sediment load.

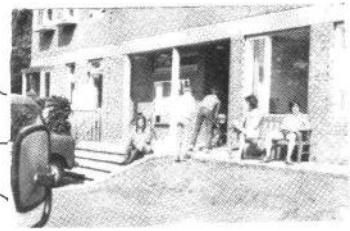






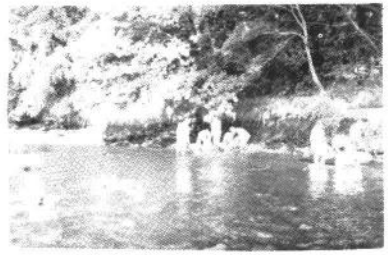
BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP

We took over Leven Hall to sleep and eat in...



...and the Biology Lab to work in. Each day Field work was backed up by Lab work





DAY 4.
Staithes and Runswarp. Day spent sing ing in minibus searching for choosing site - finding more marine and estuary creatures.

STAITHES

DAY 7
Up at Beautiful dawn to catch sunrise and search for painted imprints. Finishing personal projects.

DAY 6
Analysis of data (Ugh!) and personal projects (e.g. painting imprints)

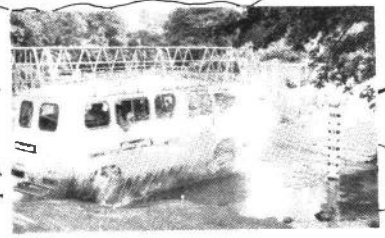


WHITBY

RUSWARP

Great Ayton

Leven



ESK

DAY 3 (The dreaded weather decision)
2 happy hours paddling in the river collecting creepy crawlies!

SLEIGHTS



DAY 2 (The dreaded day)
Investigating flora (ie picking wild flowers).
Collecting soil samples while avoiding grouse shooters.

KILDALE

MOOR

DAY 5
Traditional art marking and heather counting en route for Robin Hood's Bay for group research project and fish and chips.

ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

DAY 1
Travel

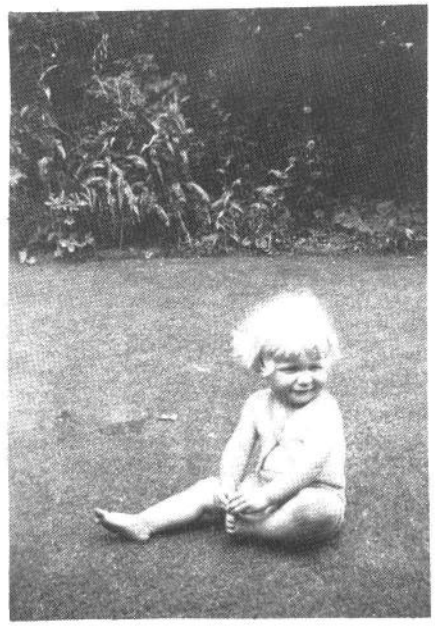




DAY 8
Home - to boring Essex.

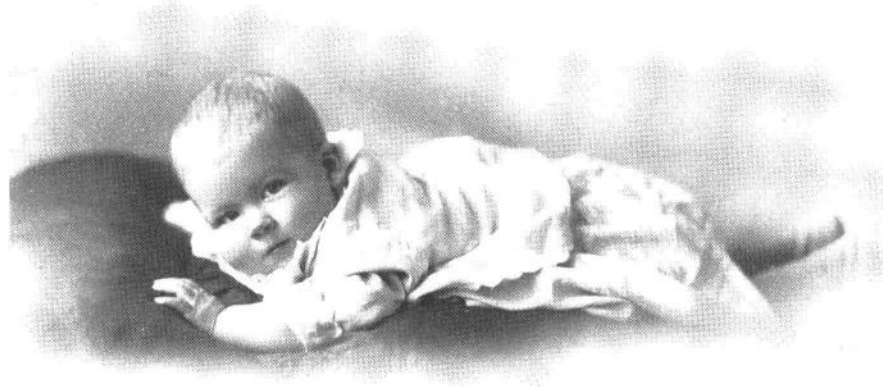
GUESS WHO ?











ON STAGE

The audience filter into the brightly lit hall, searching for their seats and studying the stage. Once seated they laugh and chat excitedly, read their programmes and examine pictures of their idols. Nobody listens to the lighthearted background music. That is not what they came to hear.

Suddenly the music stops, the silence being more noticeable than the music. Every face jerks upwards, waiting. Programmes are hastily shut and people move to the edges of their seats, subconsciously drawn closer. As the lights dim and black out, a surge of adrenalin sweeps through the hall, thumping every heart and stifling every breath, defying everyone to utter a sound. The atmosphere is strained with expectancy. A yellow circle of light strikes the bare stage, revealing a microphone in its path. Then another stamps the drums. Someone detects a movement offstage and thousands of eyes scan the darkness, seeking recognition in the shadows. The suspense is stretching all the time like a stiff elastic band on its last inch, fighting for life and pulling against the force and tension of every heartbeat.

Within seconds a figure has run on, slotting into the beam and flashing a familiar smile as seen in so many magazines. A hurricane of relief floods the hall, releasing all the watchers' breaths in a gasp as more figures appear. A clash of drums and a whine of guitar strings cause ear-drums to vibrate and allow lungs to breathe easily again. The stage is alive with movement.

Anon

FROM AN ENGLISH-ROOM WINDOW

There's a Co-op on the corner,
  Such a tiny, lonely place.
A dull grey roof surrounded
  By a glaring red-brick face.

It crouches on a junction,
  While cars choke past all day,
And 'phone wires drape from side to side
  With nothing kind to say.

Perhaps one day I'll sit again,
  And stare upon this place,
To find the shop replaced by just
  Another red-brick face.

Sue C. 6_2z

TICK

Tick, ticking day, timeless,
rough edged; blue.
All I see soaks through my rounded bouncing
universe.
Distance—whose?—recedes,
I am left
with crumbling holds
on other people's reality.
Ticking, tick,
push me further from
neatly-cut normality.

Anon

THE FIGURE

She sat there so still and lonely
As if she were false and phoney.
A bird or two entered into flight,
But she didn't bother to get them into her sight,
Not her, she still sat there
As if she couldn't care.

David Reeve-Jones 3x

SORDIDITY

I opened the back-stage door, its paint peeling, and stepped out into the cold mist of night. I lit a cigarette and sucked, inhaling deeply . . . I blew out the grey smoke. I turned to start the five minute walk to my flat. The road was sweating, sodium light reflecting. A drunk, bottle in hand, singing, lay in the bus shelter. I walked, hearing my hollow steps loud in my ears. Faintly, in the background, the screams of average housewives and working men reeled under the crudities I had thrown at them from the stage. I saw their laughing faces and, beneath that disguise, their sorrow. I saw their cheap evening dresses and suits, badly cut, sickly bright colours, and beneath them their dirty, unwashed bodies. I recognized myself as one of them.

R E

A GIRL

A shy little girl with fuzzy red hair,
sitting alone in a corner of the playground,
Wistfully watching the children who play there,
shouting and laughing and running around.

She's longing to join in their gay little games,
to soar on a swing to the wide, sunny skies.
She looks down at her legs in their small iron frames,
and watching the children, she silently cries.

C. Stringer

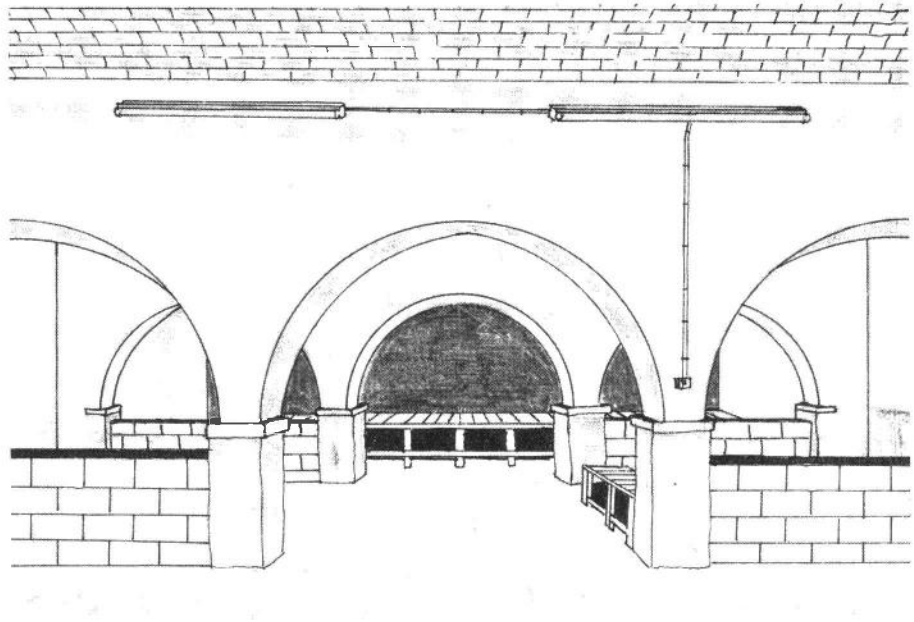
THE HUMAN RACE

The sea storms up the beach,
Clawing the stones and sand in its retreat.
Wind screams through the night
As black waves pound against the rocks.
Seven white horses struggle from the water,
Upon their backs,
The slaves of the mind—
  The beauty of life,
  The innocence of a new-born baby,
  The joy of childhood,
  The hope of adolescence,
  The charity of adulthood,
    The faith of old age,
    And the peace of death.
Seven black horses emerge behind them,
Upon their backs,
The slaves of the body—
  The emptiness of life,
  The pain of a new-born baby,
  The sorrow of childhood,
  The agony of adolescence,
  The selfishness of adulthood,
    The suspicions of old age,
    And the violence of death.

The storm has calmed now,
And faint pinks and lilacs streak the horizon.
  In the misty silver of dawn,
  The horses gather together
  And blend into one.
  This is the human race.

Romi Form 5

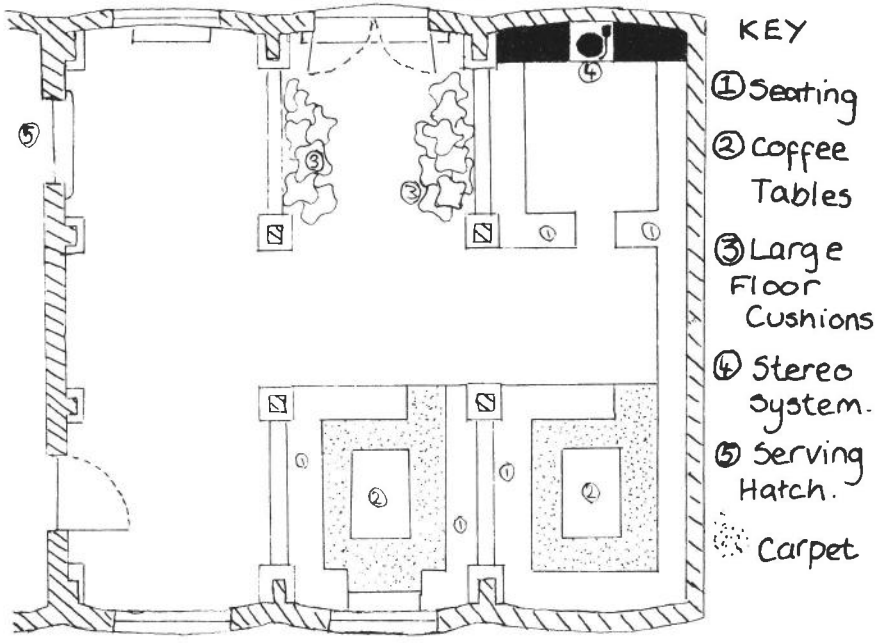
R4 FROM THE DOORWAY.



Since the start of Autumn term 1979 the enlarged Reservoir Committee has been trying to take some positive steps to make the Reservoir a more used and mored loved facility. Perhaps the hardest task has been to try and find what the users of the Reservoir want done with it. In an attempt to try and hear all opinions, frequent meetings of the Reservoir Committee have been held. The most common complaints have been concerned with the décor and the lack of seating. As a result plans have been drawn up for the improvement of the Reservoir.

Unfortunately the planned improvements are going to take time to implement. The work is to be carried out by scholars and subsequently has to be done mainly at weekends. A start has been made though. R3 has been painted, R4 has been painted and new seating added. Future plans are outlined below.

PLAN OF R4.



R4. It is in this room that we hope to make significant changes in the near future. In an attempt to break down the room into smaller areas breeze block walls have been built, between the arches, to the height of about one metre. The function of this room was seen as two fold: firstly an area where fourth and fifth formers can relax and listen to music, and secondly an area where suppers can be served and consumed.

The area beyond the second arches is to be developed with the first of these functions in mind. Fixed seating round the walls is planned, some has already been completed. Hopefully this will not be so prone to mistreatment. Tie on cushions should make the seating reasonably comfortable. Spot lighting is to be installed.

In the central area, containing the double doors to the garden, fixed seating is planned around the walls. This area will serve both functions outlined above.

The area just inside the door will cater for people having their suppers (it has been suggested that drinks might be available at other times of the day in the future). It was intended to fix a rail opposite the serving hatch to prevent the usual crush at supper times. Unfortunately this is not possible as bolting the structure to the floor would involve puncturing the damp course. An alternative is being sought. Shelving is planned for the walls around this area. Fixed stools could be placed against this and against the shelving on top of the new dividing wall, thus providing additional seating.

With the exception of the far wall in R4 the upper parts of the walls have been painted white. This is to allow the use of coloured spot lights which can be changed round from time to time. The Committee hope to see all of these alterations completed by the end of the 1979/1980 academic year.



THE MURAL IN R1

R1. This room is to be retained as a common room for years 1, 2 and 3. A mural on the end wall has already been started as has some repainting of other walls. It is quite obvious that further improvement will be required here but as yet no definite plans have been made.

R3. The use of this room is clearly undefined. The colour T.V. and, more recently, the video-recorder have ensured that watching the 'tele.' is the chief occupation here. The seating already provided is still considered suitable for this purpose. A new colour scheme was introduced in the Autumn term. Future developments will hopefully include full blackout, air conditioning and the provision of shelving for cups etc.

R2. At the present time R2 is being used as a work base for the other three rooms. Obviously, at some time in the future, it is planned to bring this room back into use. There have been two uses so far suggested. The first has been put forward by the fifth form. They see R2 as a fifth form common room, serving much the same function as R4, that is, a provision for amplified music.

An alternative suggestion is that R2 is turned into a 'quiet' room to be used by scholars of all ages. Perhaps this room could be more comfortably furnished, a magazine and newspaper rack could be installed and a chess table could easily be constructed for use here.

This latter suggestion might literally open up another area of the Reservoir. Access to the garden at the rear is not permitted at the moment because open doors cause a noise disturbance on Debden Road. If R2 was a room with no amplified music, then it may be possible to open the garden area in the summer months.

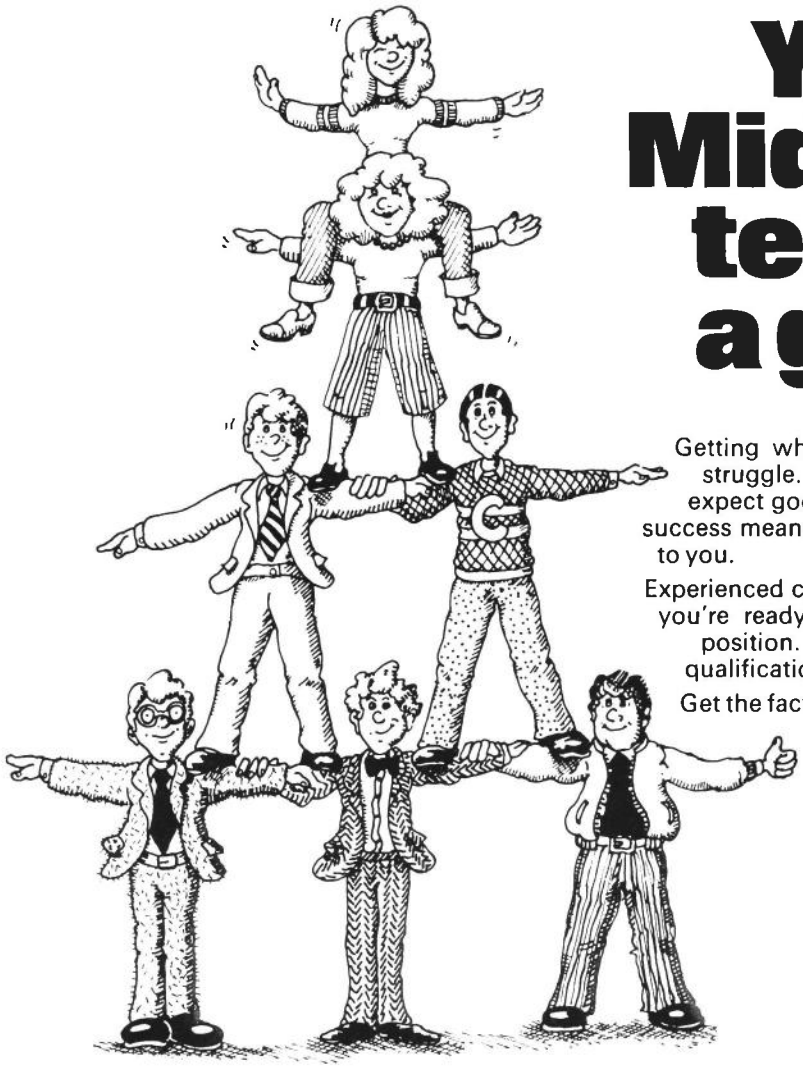
One project that has already begun in R2 is the creation of a mural on the large wall. This is being done on removable wooden panels. The design is being created by a professional artist and is a series of illustrations based on seven sayings about the moon. The final result should be most interesting.

Other areas of the Reservoir where improvements are planned are the two small entrance halls and the exterior. Again, no firm plans have been made. The committee realize that some year groups are having their facilities improved before others. It is unfortunate if some feel that they are being neglected, but we feel that it is better to tackle one task at a time and see it through, rather than have a dozen projects on the go and never see the finish of one. Also, it is not possible to please all the people all the time. In drawing up plans for improving the Reservoir the views of scholars do not always agree. The opinions of members of staff have to be taken into account (they have to do duties there) and, of course, there are financial limitations to what can be done.

The Reservoir Committee hopes that it can please some of the people some of the time, but it depends a great deal on everybody putting forward their point of view and, perhaps most important of all, on people volunteering to help with the work and caring for the Reservoir at all times.

RESERVOIR COMMITTEE





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Woodbrook College



Pendle Hill



The Kitchen in the Hostel

THE SOUTHERN SCHOOLS' PILGRIMAGE—

SEPTEMBER 21st-24th

Pilgrimage? It had its Quaker meetings and "spiritual talks", but we considered it an enjoyable weekend spent with people from other Friends' Schools, comparing our differing ways of life. We were up at dawn on Friday, had early breakfasts, and set off for Woodbrook College, Birmingham, to meet the other Friends' Schools—Sidcot, Sibford and Leighton Park.

Pendle Hill was our first quest. We arrived in bright weather, then, as we were beginning to climb, it poured down. Being soaked did not help, especially when we realised that a man was following us up with his bike! Needless to say he beat us up to the top. However, the view was worth it; aching knees and blistered heels were forgotten. On arrival at Yealand, we found that the boys had BEDS at Elfrida's house, whilst the girls had inch thick FOAM MATTRESSES in the Youth Hostel. What had we done to deserve it? Tea was crowded—forty-two people were "seated" in a room as small as L6. Catering was obviously difficult, but nobody complained; there was plenty for all.

Saturday—The weather was superb. We climbed up to Fox's Pulpit and took part in the Quaker meeting there. The sun was hot so we were given an hour to walk, sleep, or admire the view. Before tea we had "Discussion groups", presumably to discuss religion, politics or other subjects, but we turned to the schools and their differences.

Before bed Sarah and some Sidcotians decided they needed a walk. Feeling energetic, they scrambled up the hill in pitch dark to see the view. They stumbled through a nettle patch and bumped into several bewildered cows before they finally returned to the hostel, ravenous. Only frozen peas were to be found!

Sunday—Sarah's birthday and she hadn't told us! Trip to Swarthmoor Hall with our faithful driver, Stewart, and down to Morecombe Bay. After tea we had another party discussion. Here, Laurence (a Sidcotian and a real character) came into his own. He kept the discussion going when the whole evening fell flat. The attention of the company was turned when it was discovered that Helen was fast asleep on Laurence's shoulder! Nobody listened much after that.

Monday brought the parting of the ways. We said goodbye in Birmingham after numerous group photographs and promises to write (Have any been kept?). We arrived back at 6.15 with the beginning of streaming colds—Sarah's fault. It was a great weekend and we wish the schools could come together more often.

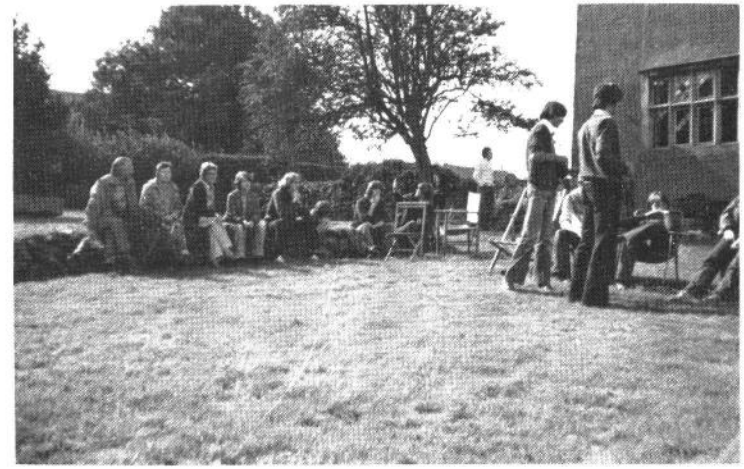
Julian Black 6_2 Mark Butcher 6_2 Jeremy Gale 6_2 Nigel Mctear 6_2 Mark Wilsher 6_2 Helen Berry 6_2 Kate Douglas 6_2 Lindsay Sheppard 6_2 Sarah Williamson 6_2 A.M.B.3.



The Old Courthouse



Meeting House at Brigflats



Swarthmoor Hall



If only they had been better informed they would have gone to

GRAY PALMER'S



Godfreys deny the rumours that they increase prices on Wednesday afternoons

WE SUGGEST YOU CHECK

A mad professor called Christley,
Had glasses that kept turning misty,
He thought it was gas
And cried "measure its mass",
But the class were all learning their history.

Clay is made to share
And throw about in the air.
Mrs F. hid in the kiln
And gladly missed a film
For wander out, she did not dare.

There once was an art teacher—Phil,
Who trained his pet spider to kill.
It attacked Mrs Brandon,
Who struck out at random,
The spider is now very ill.

An historian Amanda,
Fell in love with a panda
She said "Ooh, he's nice,
But not for that price",
So she sent him back to Uganda.

George III's history
Left the fifth form in misery,
He became such a pain
That they gave up in vain
And happily left Cyril the mystery.

R & A

THE ASSEMBLY HALL : EMPTY

The empty legs of the lonely chairs
The echo of an empty room
All alone
Thoughtful
The massive, open, glassy windows
Seclusion.

Peter Birnie Form 2



PERSON

Her brain intense,
upon work.
Her eyes flickering,
for answers.
Silence,
she smiles.
Tomorrow freedom,
do what she wants;
No work,
headaches,
Sadness,
freedom.

Anon

SOMEBODY

your mind is clear,
you can think.
your face is fresh,
you can smile.
your eyes are open,
you can see . . .
    something different,
    something full of life,
    something that makes your heart grow light.

you are happy
and it shows:
    the radiant smile, the happy laughter in the eyes.
and your mind is clear,
you can think.
but when you think,
you think differently . . .
    you think of people,
    happy people.
    you think of a world,
    to me a fantasy.
    you think happily.

I too have eyes,
but what I see is dark, dull, dead, oppressive.
it weighs on me,
    on my body,
    on my mind,
and it clouds my mind.
my head feels heavy, full, and I cannot think.
I can only feel,
and I feel . . . unhappy.
my eyes are shut, my world is dark.
but I am in a world and I can't shut myself out.
    I am trapped
    open my doors
    open my mind,
    open my eyes,
somebody . . .

Anon 6_2x

GIRLS' SWIMMING REPORT

The First match of 1979 saw victory against Felsted. Despite, or because of, the changing facilities (four pool-side cubicles for the girls and towels for the boys) this turned out to be a very friendly, enjoyable and close fought match—with records being broken by Sharon Taylor and Sarah Baxter. The First to Fourth year match against Chelmsford High School exhibited potential in L. Edmans and S. Watson, again supported by S. Baxter. In June, the match against Haverhill Swimming Club made me wonder if the girls' swimming team should consist solely of those previously mentioned plus S. Hodgson, D. Mills and K. Bezant. Four records were broken although we were defeated overall. The inter-house championships last October saw great competition between the houses, with many of the younger swimmers showing great promise.

With the many outstanding swimmers in the fifth form it seems likely that many of the keen sixth formers may have to relinquish their places in the senior team. I would like to take this opportunity to thank H. Pearce, C. Abrey, C. Parry and S. Taylor. Finally, the highlight of last season must surely be the smashing of both U15 relay records whose team consisted of—guess who? This incredible team must surely go on to higher things in the season to come.

Lindsey Sheppard

BOYS' SPORTS REPORT

The Cricket term, (or, as it is often incorrectly called, 'the Summer term'), is an event which is all too frequently interrupted by inferior events known as The Summer holidays, Spring term and Easter, to name but a few. The Cricket term is the time when, all over this land, groups of 22 white-clad people gather to play the greatest of games. Degrees of enthusiasm, of those involved in this magnificent pastime, range from plus to minus infinity; but those lucky enough to be able to appreciate the sheer, undiluted pleasure to be derived from the merest mention of this sacred game, have a field day/term. The glorious sound of seasoned wood striking shining leather is to the cricket lover what Rallentando Andante Grave e Maestoso F sharp sospirando ma moderato cadenza is to the music lover. Taking guard . . . bowling . . . the tumble of bails . . . 'Howzat?' . . . bowled 'im . . . great shot sir . . . six . . . Chris Smith's cow shot . . . lost ball down a rabbit hole . . . the list is endless. However . . . much as I would like to continue with the subject of cricket, I am bound, by the terms of my contract, to discuss two of the aforementioned interruptions to the Cricket term, namely the Autumn and Spring terms.

Hockey (Spring '79) was a non-event due to the generous quantities of ice and snow. Football (Autumn '79) was a different kettle of fish. Back to school after eight weeks of intense inactivity, came the shock to the mind and body of having to run about kicking an inflated plastic sphere, endeavouring to cause a mid-air collision between it and one's head which is an experience to be avoided if at all possible.

There you have a brief, *unbiased* summary of what *hasn't* happened on the playing fields at Friends' School in the past year.

Crispin Mills 6th form

1ST XI HOCKEY REPORT 1979

After ten matches were cancelled, nine due to heavy snow, last spring the 1st XI managed to win five, draw one and lose seven. The term closed with the coldest match any team member has or hopes to play in! This match, against Chelmsford High School, began in relatively fine weather and finished with two inches of snow on the ground.

Last term began with the selection of a new team comprised of:– H. Pearce, L. Stroud, S. Taylor, J. Golding, C. Parry, A. Brown, D. Mills, K. Douglas, S. Hodgson, S. Wells, K. Hutchison, S. Watson, C. Abrey and L. Johnson. All members of the team must be congratulated on their spirit and play throughout the year. Congratulations must particularly go to:–

Kate Douglas—half colours March '79 and
right half in the county 'B' team '78-'79.
Sandra Wells—half colours December '79.
Deidre Mills—half colours December '79.

and Charlotte Abrey, who has played to an extremely high standard, has shown enormous determination and justly gained herself a position in the county 'A' team in the last two seasons. She was awarded full colours in December '79.

It is only right that I should mention the fact that Miss Marriage left us at the end of December and we all wish to express our thanks for all the time she spent training and coaching us.

Amanda Brown
Team Captain



BOYS' SWIMMING REPORT

The past year has seen a steady improvement. The senior team was the most successful, winning well over half of their matches. The under-sixteens came next, with a victory record of fifty per cent. The under-fourteens trailed a short way behind with a thirty-five percent record.

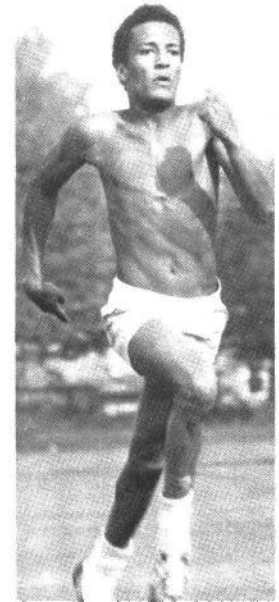
Exceptional performances came from: Iain Edmans—with a time of 31.1 secs. in the 50 yds. butterfly and Richard Haw with a time of 71.3 secs. in the individual medley. The only records came from the relay teams—no less than five were broken.

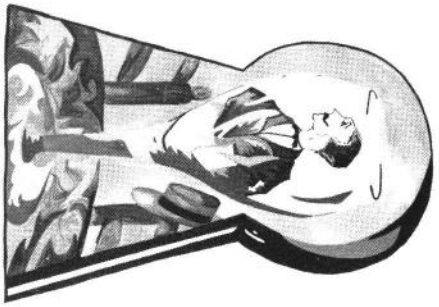
One weak point connected with the swimming must be the percentage that turn out for Peter Arter's morning training sessions. Possibly the answer for future progress would necessitate a changing of the times these sessions take place.

Once again, thanks to Peter Arter and Chris Smith for their coaching and encouragement over the last season.

Nigel McTear (captain)





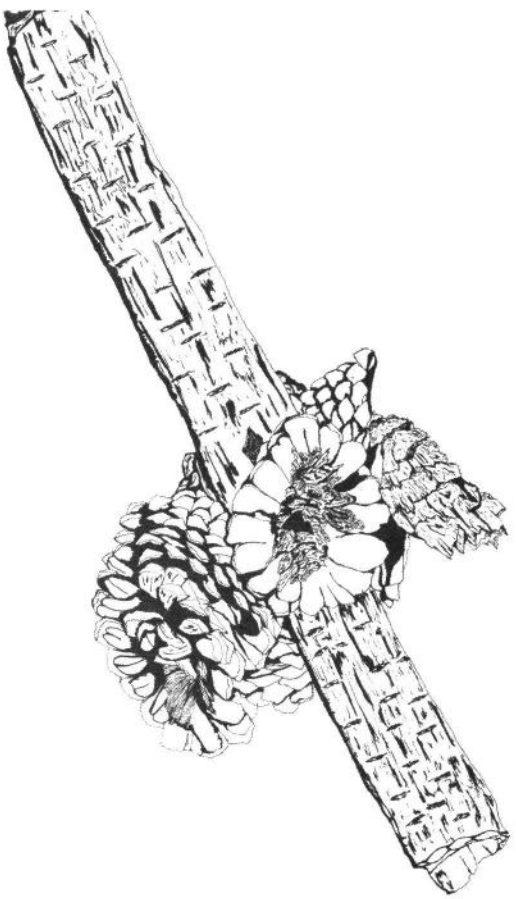


6 Clare Parry.

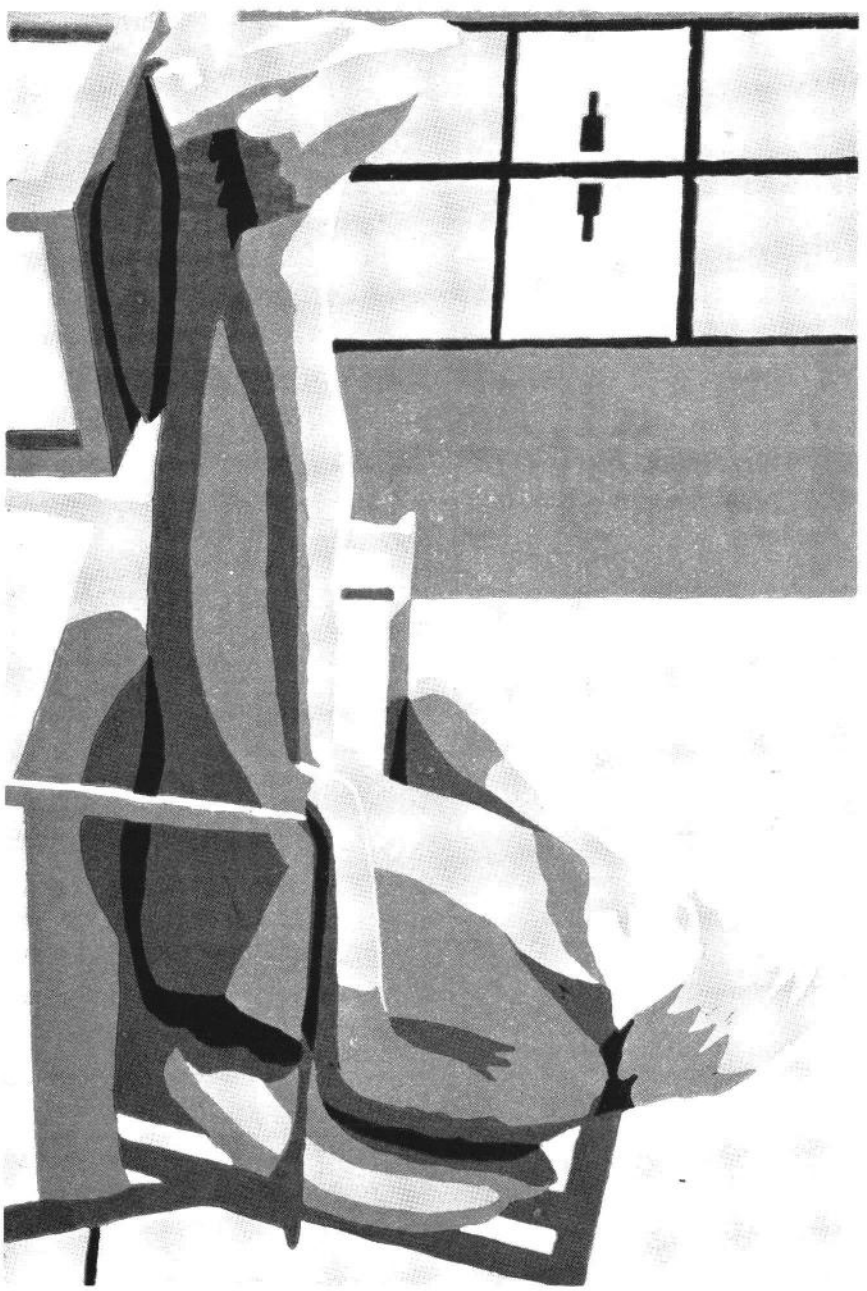


4 Kate Hutchison.

5 Alan Goodwin



7 Sharon Taylor



8 Rebecca Nash.



ARE YOU A WORTHY FRIENDS' SCHOOL PUPIL? A SELF-ANALYSIS QUIZ TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND YOUR ROLE IN THIS SCHOOL . . .

The intention of this quiz is to guide you on the right path to being a worthy scholar of FSSW. Tick one of the answers to each question and add up your points. The conclusions are so designed as to help you recognise your faults (so you can correct them, if it is not too late!). This light-hearted test of your competency in this school is *not* to be taken seriously, but it may turn out to be truer than you think. In fact, after reading these conclusive comments, you may wonder what you are doing in a place like this! So, go ahead and see how you fare, good luck!

1 Do you consider yourself to be:–
- a: studious
- b: lazy
- c: a cheat
- d: a compulsive worker
- e: indifferent
- f: a layabout

2 How much time do you spend studying a day?
- a: half an hour
- b: twelve hours
- c: what is study?
- d: as little as possible
- e: six hours
- f: three hours . . . instructing myself on the latest fashions

3 What do you hope to obtain/gain from being at Friends'?
- a: insanity
- b: fame
- c: wealth
- d: extermination
- e: education
- f: the art of keeping out of trouble!

4 What do you do out of school hours?
- a: recover
- b: get bored
- c: study
- d: eat!
- e: do things we shouldn't do!
- f: don't be personal!

5 Why did you come here?
- a: I read the holiday brochure
- b: Mother has a pin-up of JCW
- c: Tom Robinson (of TRB) came here
- d: it was here or Butlins
- e: for the good reputation and education
- f: through choice

6 Where do you do your prep?
- a: in the toilets
- b: in the library
- c: under the bedcovers
- d: en route to lessons
- e: in the study areas
- f: in the Mocca

7 Do you always keep to the school rules?
- a: always
- b: what rules?
- c: depends how I feel
- d: never
- e: depends how much money I have!
- f: only the reasonable ones

8 If a teacher is walking behind you and you come to a door, do you:–
- a: see who it is and then decide on your course of action
- b: hold open the door for them
- c: hold the door and stick your foot out
- d: hold the door and say "age before beauty"
- e: run
- f: do a pseudo Walter Raleigh

9 If you meet JCW in the corridor, do you:–
- a: sniff disdainfully
- b: smile meekly
- c: run
- d: ignore him
- e: talk to him
- f: wink

10 In assembly do you:–
- a: listen with great enthusiasm
- b: fall asleep
- c: learn your French vocabulary
- d: pick the cornflakes out of your teeth
- e: titter in the back row
- f: sit there impatiently

11 Do you hand your prep. in on time?
- a: always
- b: usually
- c: never
- d: never do any prep.

12 At the Meeting House do you:–
- a: think religious thoughts
- b: fall asleep
- c: watch the clock
- d: play "Wink the Murder"



13 Do you go down the san:–

a: when ill
b: every morning
c: when you do not feel like playing games
d: when you have got a test

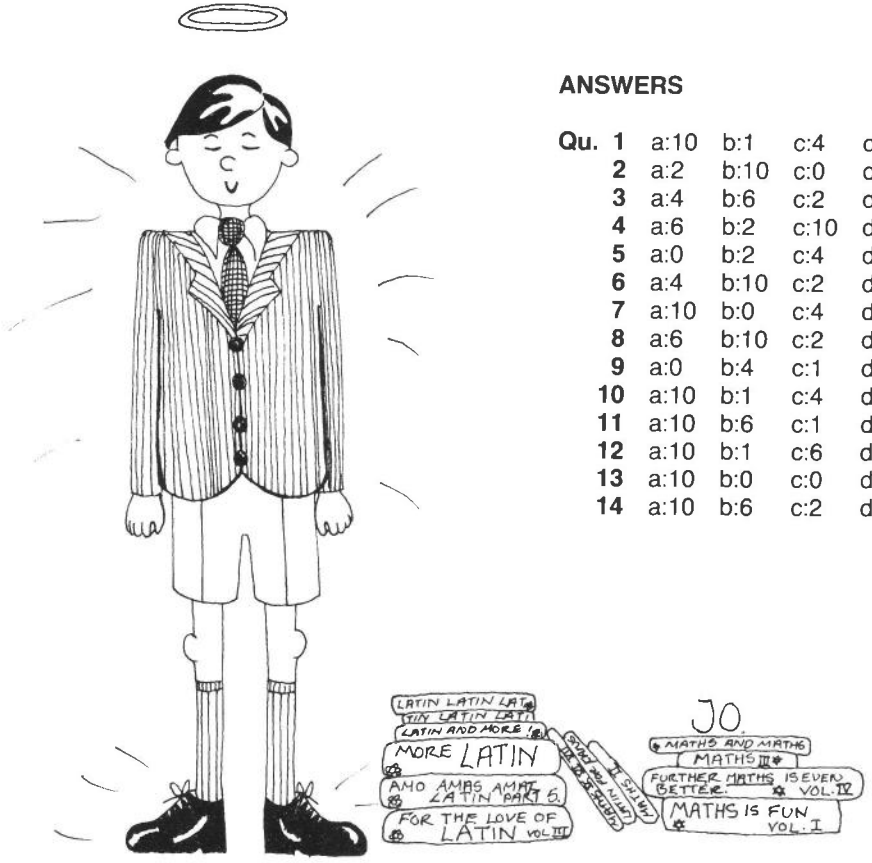
14 When the mo(u)rning bells ring, do you:–

a: jump into a cold bath at first bell
b: jump into a hot bath at last bell
c: crawl out of bed at last bell and just make breakfast on time
d: put your head under the pillow and miss breakfast completely

If you scored:–

140-100

You are the sort of person Friends' School needs more of! You are diligent, obedient and perfect in every respect. You are flawless . . . but you never have any fun. Break away from your studies once in a while and do something you wouldn't normally venture to do. Relax and enjoy yourself; get out of the military routine you seem to put yourself through every day and have some good, clean fun! (or some dirty fun, if you're that way inclined!) On the other hand, keep up the good work and, you never know, one day JCW might pick you to appear on the front of the new prospectus!



ANSWERS

Qu.						
1	a:10	b:1	c:4	d:0	e:6	f:2
2	a:2	b:10	c:0	d:4	e:6	f:1
3	a:4	b:6	c:2	d:1	e:10	f:0
4	a:6	b:2	c:10	d:4	e:0	f:1
5	a:0	b:2	c:4	d:1	e:10	f:6
6	a:4	b:10	c:2	d:0	e:6	f:1
7	a:10	b:0	c:4	d:1	e:2	f:6
8	a:6	b:10	c:2	d:1	e:0	f:4
9	a:0	b:4	c:1	d:2	e:10	f:6
10	a:10	b:1	c:4	d:2	e:0	f:6
11	a:10	b:6	c:1	d:0		
12	a:10	b:1	c:6	d:0		
13	a:10	b:0	c:0	d:0		
14	a:10	b:6	c:2	d:0		

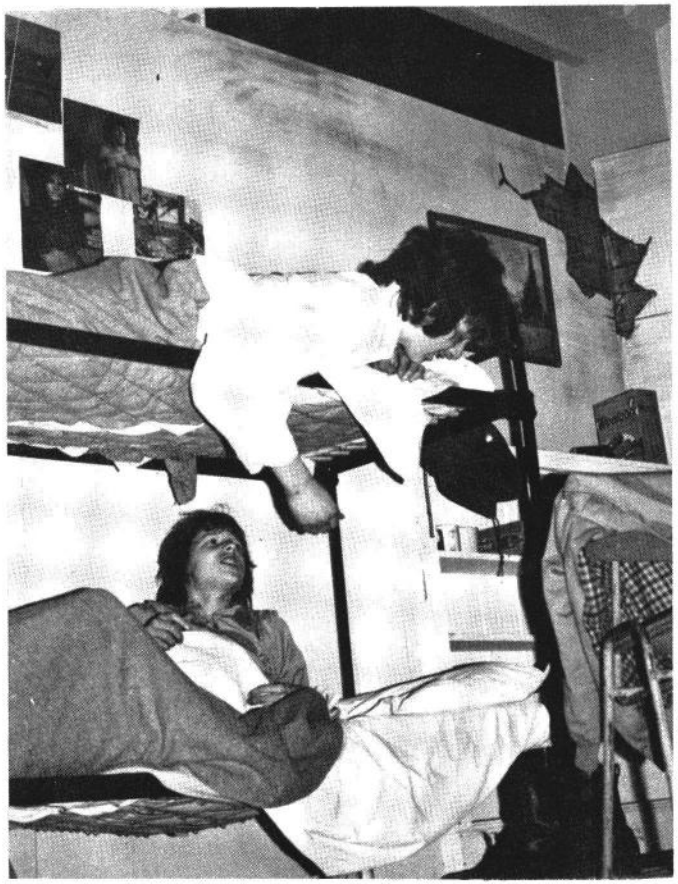
100-50

Sometimes FSSW can do without you, sometimes it is proud to know you. You go through bad patches some days when you can't do a thing right and yet there are days when praise is poured on you and you do not know what you have done to deserve it. You seem to lack a certain consistency in your behaviour and this can get you into trouble you can well do without. A little more time spent in study would do you no harm and this slight change could be for the better, improving your relationship with the staff but ending your relationship with all your friends. And you will live happily ever after.

Below 50

Well, you're a real case, aren't you? Can't do a thing right in the eyes of the teachers but you are popular in your peer group nonetheless. You are a great socialiser and you love to be the centre of attraction; but your work is a neglected area. You need to make drastic changes in your present life style if you are to survive your time at FSSW. Spend a lot more time on your academic work and less time concocting devious plans in that mind of yours. You evidently have a quick mind but you put it to the wrong use! Time will put things right if you work at it. We even have confidence in the worst of pupils, even if they do introduce sneezing powder into the atmosphere during the lesson!

Sharon Taylor 6_2x



`KES´

In the Spring term of 1979, Friends' School was hit by a hurricane of brilliance, 'Kes'. The play, based on the novel, involved almost one hundred pupils from the middle school and was directed by John Dickinson and produced by Phillip Richardson.

When J. D. started rehearsals several girls, in deciding their costumes, informed us that they wished to look like 'old bags'. The professional make-up crew managed this with ease. While rehearsals took place (not yet on the stage), Phillip Richardson talked of planning his set.

He was to have a near heart attack in creating twenty-three scenes and so did Tessa Brown when it was discovered the set was to cover part of her badminton court. Rehearsals went on from four o'clock to the third or fourth forms' respective bed times. As the final day drew nearer, enthusiasm increased. Phillip began to add the finishing touches to his brilliant set. It was ready, thanks to the constant help of Kate Douglas and Mark Wilsher, just in time for the dress rehearsal.

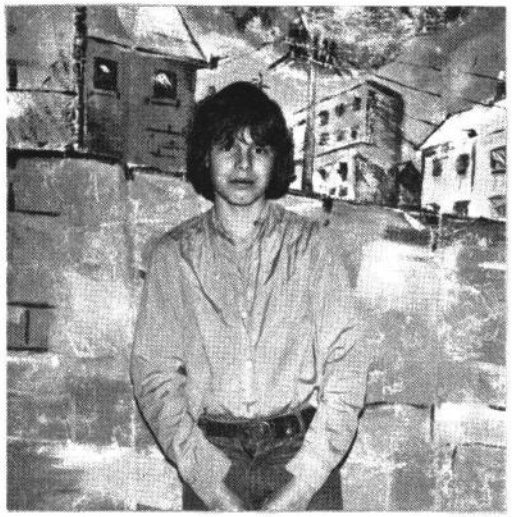
This dress rehearsal was poor. Horribly large gaps between scenes gave J. D. minor nervous breakdowns. During the rehearsal, tension was high and was broken, to my relief, when the noisy Yorkshire assembly came jostling into the hall. By the end of the second act I had several pages of criticism prepared.

For the performances, however, the cast of both actors and behind-stage helpers was surprisingly calm. On both nights I sat down at the back of the hall with J.D. and Phillip to watch. The lights dimmed and Andrea Jones sat down to sing 'Songbird'. When she had finished William and Anthony, playing Jud and Billy Casper, scuttled on stage and got into bed. The lights brightened and the play, we had all been waiting for, began.

It was perfect. The audience was captivated from the first note of Andrea's song to the pitiful ending when Kes died. Selfish, tarty Mrs Casper (Sarah Baxter); uncaring Mrs Rose (Amanda Knight); the old English headmaster (Jonathan Black); sensitive, thoughtful Mr Farthing (Dan Clery), to name a few, were played excellently. Roderick Cook, playing a part which especially suited him, made the audience laugh loudly at his idiotic gestures. Alison MacLean briskly dealt with an indifferent Billy in the youth employment office.

To my dismay, the second and last performance eventually came to an end. Graham Chambers was surveying his seating arrangements with pride. The last people filtered out of the hall. I was filled with gloom that 'Kes' was over. It had become part of my life for the previous six weeks. Every thought has been for 'Kes'. Now it was over. I sighed and began to wonder what the next play would be.

Rebecca Nash (5y)







david

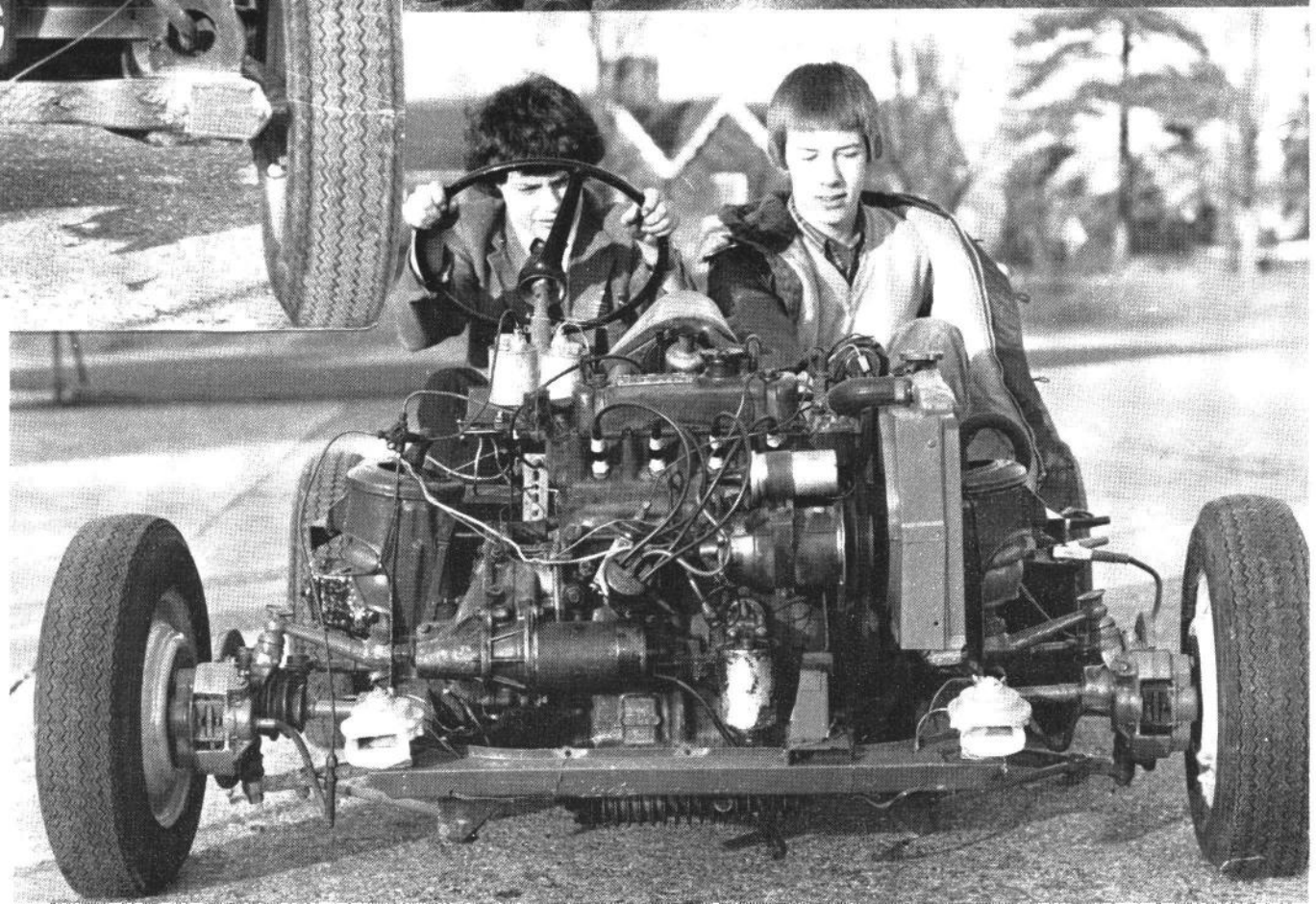
unisex haircutters

41 King Street Saffron Walden
Tel: Saffron Walden 23399









CENTIBUG

No, not a hundred wheels, nor a true offshoot from the Biology department, "Centibug" was, in fact, MOTOR CLUB's contribution to the school's centenary (Well, at least, its completion coincided with the latter event).

It took about eighteen months and many boy-hours to construct. We did not work from a plan, which gave us flexibility but nevertheless meant that unforeseen problems constantly arose and had to be solved.

The "Bug" consists of the front and rear subframes from an Austin 1100 joined together with a chassis made from several old school bedframes and plenty of welding!

Being so light, it is an extremely powerful machine and its acceleration can be quite alarming. For the sake of safety we have installed dual hydraulic brakes, the only snag being that the passenger can only operate the rear ones. Perhaps the next thing we should add is a rollbar?

THE EDWARD DODGE INTERVIEW

Edward Dodge came to Friends' School in September 1979 as Head of Music. He has the awesome task of taking over from the long serving Richard Sturge. Already his influence is beginning to be felt, not only in the Music Department but throughout the School. We hope that the following interview will provide some interesting insight into our new Head of Music.

Avenue **Where were you born?**
E.D. Canterbury.

A. **Can you briefly outline your education?**
E.D. Prep. School, Simon Langton Grammar School, both in Canterbury. Royal Manchester College of Music. Cambridge University.

A. **I understand that you were recently married.**
E.D. Do you? So do I! And I was—to Rosemary.

A. **Please tell me something of the last school you taught in.**
E.D. Emanuel School, London. Near Clapham Junction—do you want to know any more? That gives rather a false impression—it's really a boy's Public School—recently, at one time or another, has vied with the best at Rugby and Rowing. Technically it's an ex-voluntary aided London Grammar School which took some very able boys from Clapham, Balham, Wandsworth and Battersea. Now, thanks to ILEA's crazy "socialist"?! policy the School has been forced to go independent and seems to cater for some very unable pupils whose parents are disproportionately rewarded for their feeble efforts by our misguided society. Much bigger than Friends' School, about 900 scholars.

A. **What attracted you to the Head of Music post at FSSW?**
E.D. It was vacant!

A. **Have you any previous associations with the Society of Friends?**
E.D. Only by ideology.

A. **Do you see the role of Music in FSSW changing drastically in the near future?**
E.D. Not unless the school does something like becoming a state-maintained comprehensive.

A. **Has it been difficult to follow on from the long serving Richard Sturge?**
E.D. No. It has been a great joy to be able to continue a well established tradition which I hope to keep alive in response to the ever changing needs of the School.



A. **Do you see a need for an improvement of the Music facilities at FSSW?**
E.D. Yes. The advent of the telephone (not perhaps in the very near future) will come as a great shock to the Music Department. This is necessary as we're so split up at the moment and really need very substantial building modifications if not a Music School to make the department cohesive and manageable.

A. **What are your personal tastes in music?**
E.D. Very catholic I've always kept an eye on the pop scene but see present trends as a great regression in terms of imagination. Favourite composers at present: Rachmaninov, Delius, Fauré—all I regard as underrated.

A. **How do you like to spend your spare time?**
E.D. Under the bonnet.

A. **Do you have a favourite place where you like to go on holiday?**
E.D. Often go tampering in quiet rural places.

A. **What is your favourite food?**
E.D. Cheese and tomato sandwiches.

A. **What are your favourite T.V. and radio programmes?**
E.D. "Big Daddy" and "Thought for the Day".

A. **What type of reading do you prefer?**
E.D. Car Mechanics, naturally!

A. **Have you any interest in sport?**
E.D. I told you—"Big Daddy". My own passion is Squash.

A. **What type of car would you buy (money and the supply of petrol no object)?**
E.D. If money were no object I'd have a number of cars (as I am an aficionado!). I would go for both comfort and speed and avoid nasty little cars like turbo-charged Porsches and, Corniche as it may be, I would go for a Rolls. Other choices would be a Land Rover, and a number of interesting old cars to restore.

A. **What is the one thing that you would most like to see happen in the Music department over the next twelve months?**
E.D. A number of tenors are needed for various choirs but nothing short of a miracle will turn our deep-throated basses into tenors.

On the morning of Wednesday 17th October 1979 the usual morning routine was modified. This was the day that had been set aside for the School's own celebration of its one hundredth year in Saffron Walden. There had already been occasions to mark this birthday for parents and for local dignitaries. Now it was the turn of all those who attended the School as scholars, or who worked there, to share in this celebration.

The party had been meticulously planned weeks in advance. The cake had been baked and iced, the music skilfully prepared and the speeches long thought over. Recess took place as usual, except, that is, for the air of expectancy that circulated around the school. Instead of the fourth lesson of the morning scholars collected excitedly in the play rooms. Shy maintenance staff and laundry ladies made their way to the Assembly Hall. Even members of the teaching staff, usually noticeable by their aura of 'coolness', showed signs of excited expectancy. It was indeed an unusual sight to see scholars, teachers, office and ancillary staff gathered together.

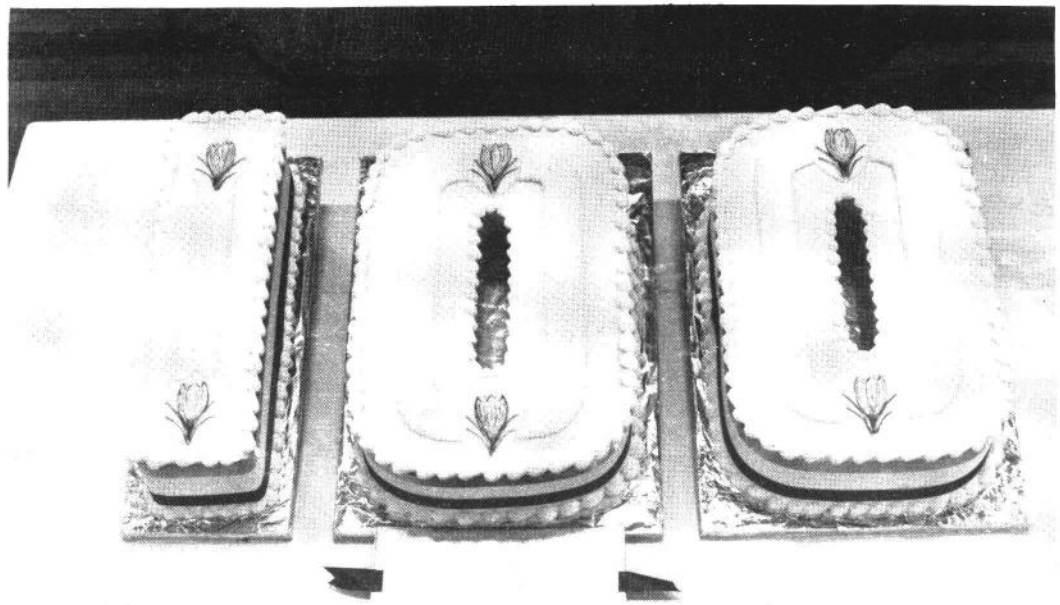
The doors were closed and a silence spread through the hall. Our past and future were reflected on in words and thoughts. The cake was brought forward in preparation for its cutting; this task was to be performed by the longest-serving member of the School, Jean Stubbs, and the youngest member of the School, Giles Ecclestone. At the grand piano the Music Department provided the accompaniment for 'Happy Birthday' which was sung with much gusto by the assembled masses. Behind the scenes the cake was being prepared for distribution, a slice to each person present.

As a more lasting momento of this occasion, a history of the school at Saffron Walden, written by John Woods, was given to each member of the School. Perhaps the most memorable thing that took place at the party was totally unplanned. From within a group of fifth formers a voice, much grander than the body from which it issued, called for 'three cheers for Friends' School'. The response was thunderous.

With the formalities over there remained but one thing, to return to period five to start the second century of Friends' School at Saffron Walden.



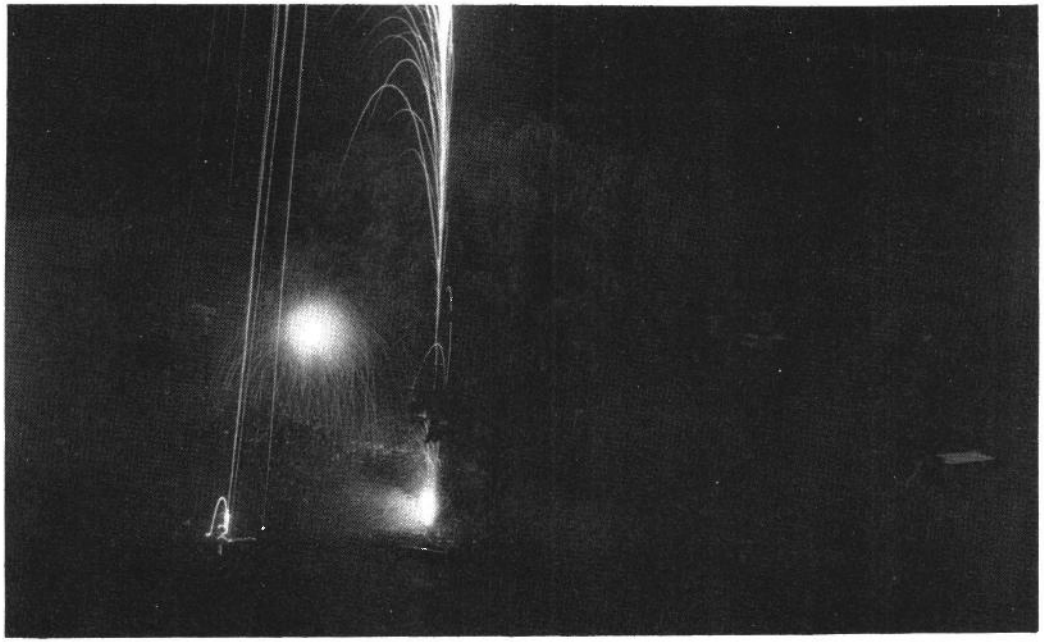
FRIENDS' SCHOOL BIRTHDAY PARTY

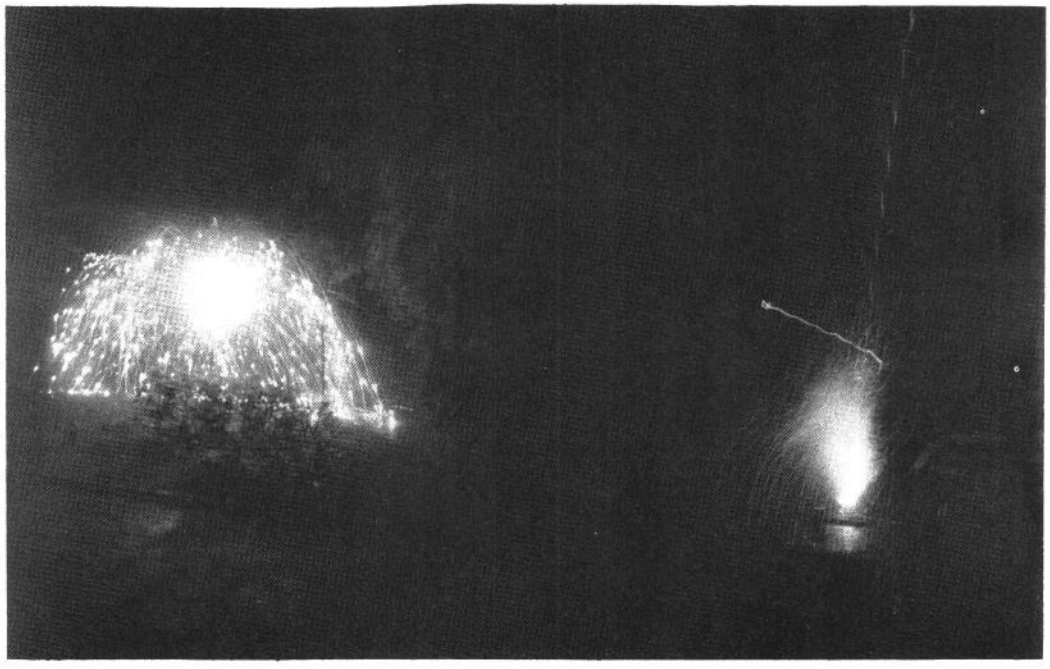












CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS (Fireworks)

As part of the Centenary celebrations it was decided, by School Council, that on 3rd November, bonfire night, there could also be fireworks. Woody and I volunteered to take on the job of organising the project. There had not been fireworks at Friends' School for many years so it would be something for pupils and teachers alike to look forward to.

John Woods did not really approve of the idea but he agreed to let the project go ahead if there was enough support from the school. After going around form meetings, Woody and I calculated that 294 pupils out of 343 were willing to stay for that particular weekend and pay the sum of money asked of them. With these figures, we approached John Woods once more, with the promise that everything would be properly organised and that we would keep him well informed as to how we were progressing. He gave us the go-ahead.

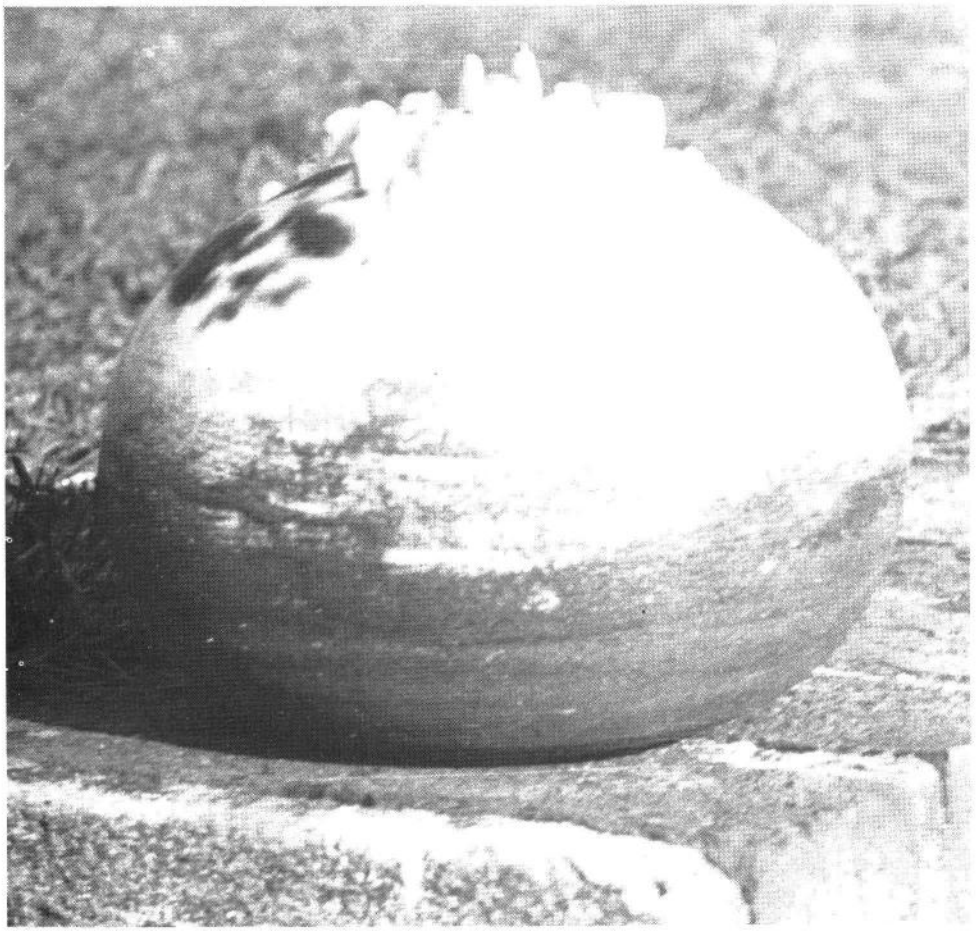
The problem was not with the supplier of our fireworks but with the actual collecting of the money from the pupils. A few moneybags and form-lists soon solved that one but Woody and I could not really carry fifty-eight pounds around with us so we made an arrangement with the Bursar's office who kept the money until we needed it. Everything was under control. The fireworks were collected on the Wednesday and were safely stowed away in Chris Smith's house. He had agreed to organise the display itself along with Mike Collins, Tessa Brown and Dennis Christley. The sixth form had also made a guy to add a bit of flavour to the bonfire.

At seven o'clock, on Saturday evening everyone was gathered outside the Girl's playroom, waiting expectantly. The bonfire was made, the guy was propped up against the wall, the fireworks were all set up. Cameras and faces were upturned to the sky. Chris Smith made a small speech and the display began. John Woods acted as the bouncer whilst excited beings, young and old, oohed and aahed at the array of colours that lit the sky and ground. There was a great variety of fireworks, more than we expected. Needless to say, I think everyone thought it was worth 20p. When the display was over food, kindly provided by Collection's Committee, was served in the playroom. Afterwards everyone went over to the splendid bonfire, set up by Fenton and Co. and lit by Denby. The guy went up magnificently and was enjoyed by all.

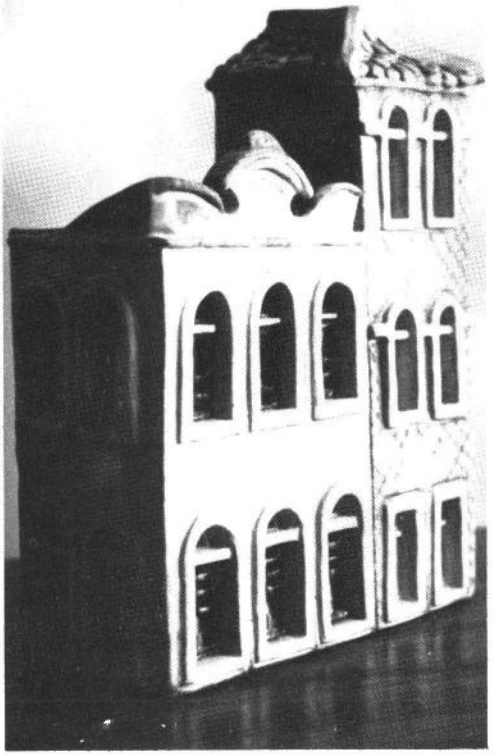
I think it was a successful evening. Woody and I would like to thank all those who helped with the organisation of the display, bonfire and guy and our thanks go to Collection's Committee for providing the food.

Sharon Taylor 6_2x

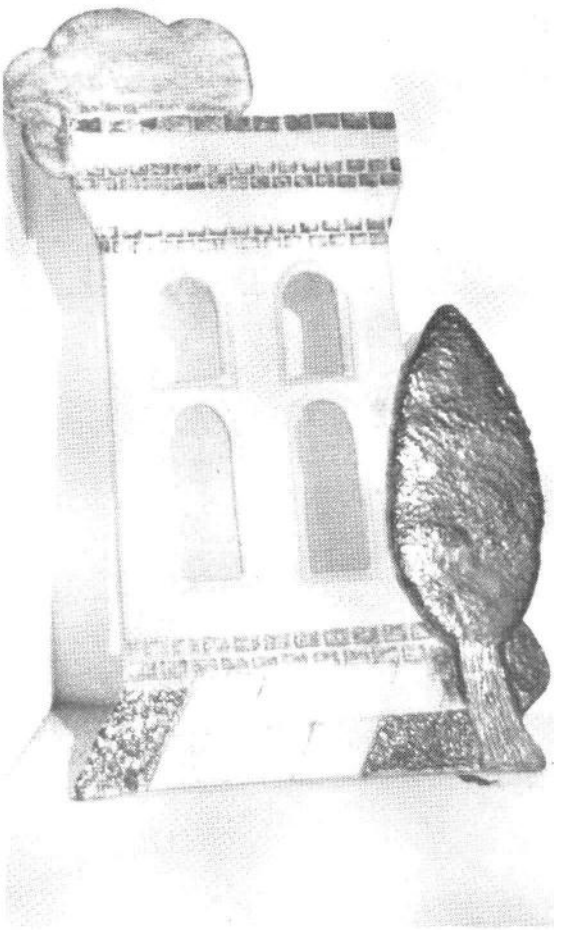
POTTY POTTERY

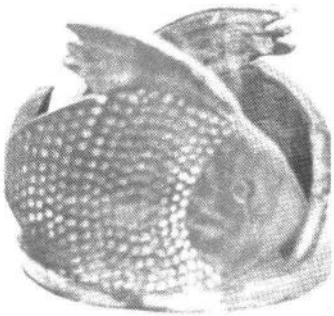


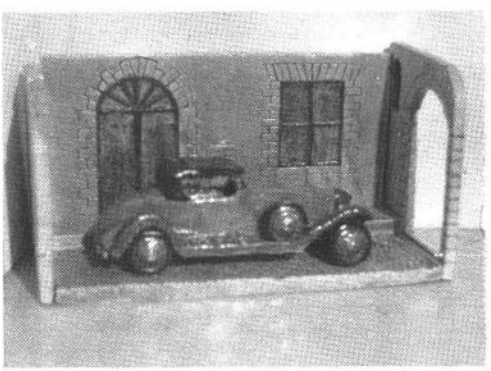












LOVE ME

Love me,
Forget about tomorrow now and love me.
There's time enough to borrow from another day
So just for now let's touch and do the things that drive our cares away.
Hold me,
Forget the world outside tonight and hold me,
And by the flickering candle light
Our love will grow
And then we'll share the words and feelings no-one else will ever know.
We should never end—
Hand in hand we'll walk the night together
And if it can't be so
There's one more thing I need before I go—
Just kiss me
And tell me when I'm gone how much you miss me.
Forget the lonely in-between
And then someday we'll open our eyes and see
The world we thought so far away.
Someday . . .

Anon

THEY STOOD

They stood, their legs so far apart,
And waited for the dreaded start.
He squeezed the trigger slowly down,
And fast the magazine went round.
They ran, so fast so sleek,
And raced up to the end to meet
A waving banner in the breeze.
They smiled and laughed,
As well as wheezed!
Now on the box marked "one",
He stands
While Her Majesty shakes their hands.
Will the next race be the same?
Will he once more first place gain?

Anon

THE BLIND

People stare
At blind people.
Hypnotized
Are their eyes.

They observe,
Whilst the blind detect
Observing well,
Every step.

Liz Hible 3y

WANDERING SLOWLY THROUGH THE NIGHT

Wandering slowly through the night
Trying to erase the memory,
Sorrow seeps in,
Never allowing pain to escape.
Trees whisper amongst themselves,
Pointing long, spiky fingers
And chuckling to each other.
Death rules the world
As cold rules the night . . .
The earth is full of shallow people,
Dead inside like puppets on a string.
Hearts burn
And brains ache,
King Death slowly ascends from his hell
And takes over my body,
Laying cold fingers on my heart.
And then there was nothing . . .
Anon

HYPOCHONDRIA

A very picture of health supposedly
Imagining, or imagining imagining
Hair receding, veins swelling,
Muscles twisting, heart beating irregularly.

An exact portrait of health
Undoubtedly
Imagining, or imagining imagining
Lungs spluttering, ears singing,
Skin cracking, back cricking,
Ominously.

Hypochondria—as horrific, as comic as diahorroea,
Heartburn becomes heart disease
Slight spots become chicken pox
The mind creates case histories
And breeds sickly fear.

R E

A WOMAN

The cigarette dropped from the old woman's hand,
  Whisky fumes reaked the air,
Empty bottles littered the floor,
  No longer did she care.

As her head nodded and her eyelids dropped,
  She was aware of the smell of smoke,
But she had grown drowsier and anyway
  Who cared if she ever woke?

Gasping suddenly she awoke,
  And shambled from her chair.
Life had nothing more to give
  But this time, could God care?

No one wept at her death,
  She was given no funeral at all,
Just dragged from one hot cindery place,
  To be put behind a furnace wall.

C. Stringer 6_1y

FRIENDS' SCHOOL IN AUTUMN

How we curse this place at times,
When everything goes wrong.
How we hate each ticking hour,
and wish that it was in our power
To turn, and find it gone.

Yet have you stopped to raise your head,
And look upon the scene—
You'll find no ugly grey-brick wall,
And smokey air from chimneys tall,
But freshness, brisk and clean.

Autumn colours deck the grounds
And ivy cloaks the school,
The grass is mossy, live and green,
While rainbow leaves boast glossy sheen,
In breezes gently cool.

Oh, how we curse this place at times,
When everything goes wrong,
But mark your time as it goes by,
For soon you'll notice with a sigh,
We'll soon be off and gone.

Sue Cozens 6_2z

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR !

(In which Hannah Pearce remembers rehearsals and performances)

From the word go, it was obvious that, 'Oh What a Lovely War' would demand a lot of effort and cooperation from all those involved.

It was undoubtedly both exacting and immensely rewarding. For the school as a whole it was an outstanding occasion which remains a vivid memory. It demonstrated a wealth of ability and talent, discovering flair both on stage, and in production. It saw the introduction of technical ideas in recorded sound effects and of the live band; both were of a very high standard. Above all, it was a sensitive production, with vitality and exuberance, which radiated to its captivated audience.

As organisation took shape, I was perhaps a little horror struck by the daunting demands. The cast approached Rachel Ball's choreography and the songs, under the direction of Mary Mileson, with a little hesitation and much amusement. Meanwhile, 'behind stage' technicians and production teams took on all the other aspects enthusiastically.

The set was colourful, simple, and effective, enhancing the make-up were a constant reminder that versatile clowns became soldiers, servants or chorus girls with beautifully simple changes and additions. The slides, projected on to the back of the set, created the time sequence so vital to the context of the satire.

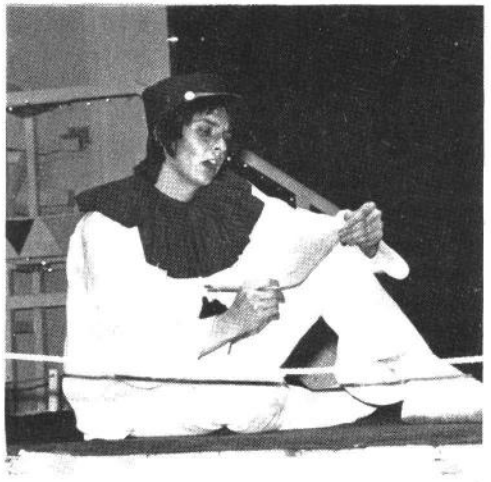
The sensitivity of the cast and its directors to the irony at the centre of the play gave full scope to the central characters: Toby Haggith captured the bitter sarcasm, and Paddy Allen, Crispin Mills, Andrew Wood and others reinforced it vividly many times.

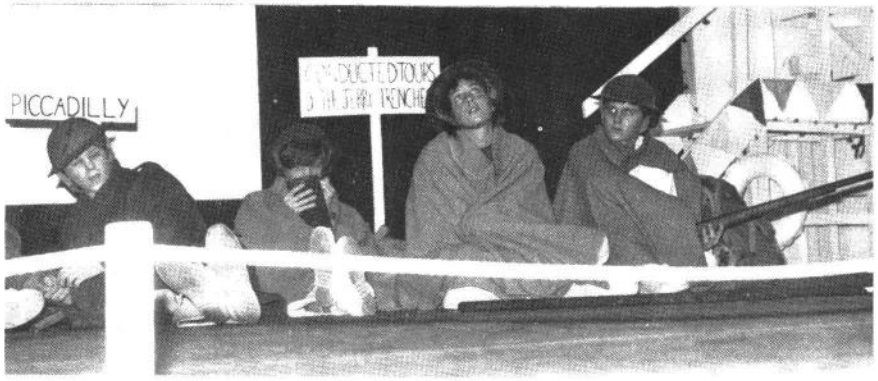
The whole cast gave a professional performance in the chorus, small parts, and individual sequences. Movement was achieved with grace and ease, while the songs were relayed with precision and power. In particular the talented soloists added another dimension. Others mastered several different accents.

Much of the overall success of the play was due to the dedication and the determination of its director, Brian Gatward and his assistant, Sharon Taylor. Through thick and thin they were able to push, encourage, bully and coax the cast to meet the challenge of a difficult play.

The work of other members of staff was a reflection of the cooperation and effort involved. The school made allowances for the takeover of facilities, and the excitement of the cast. It was worth it. ENCORE.

Hannah Pearce 6$_2$

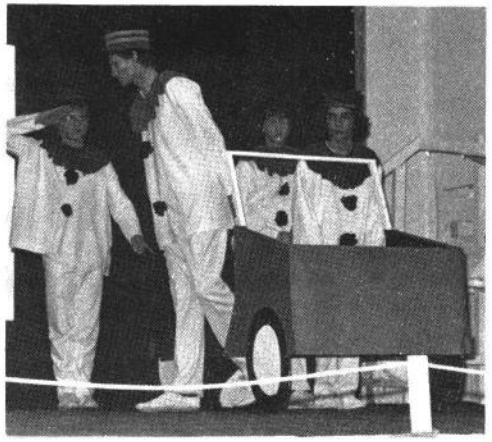




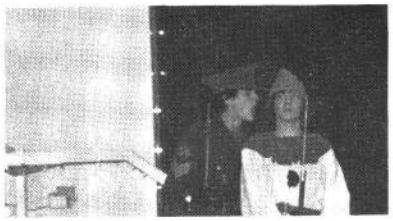




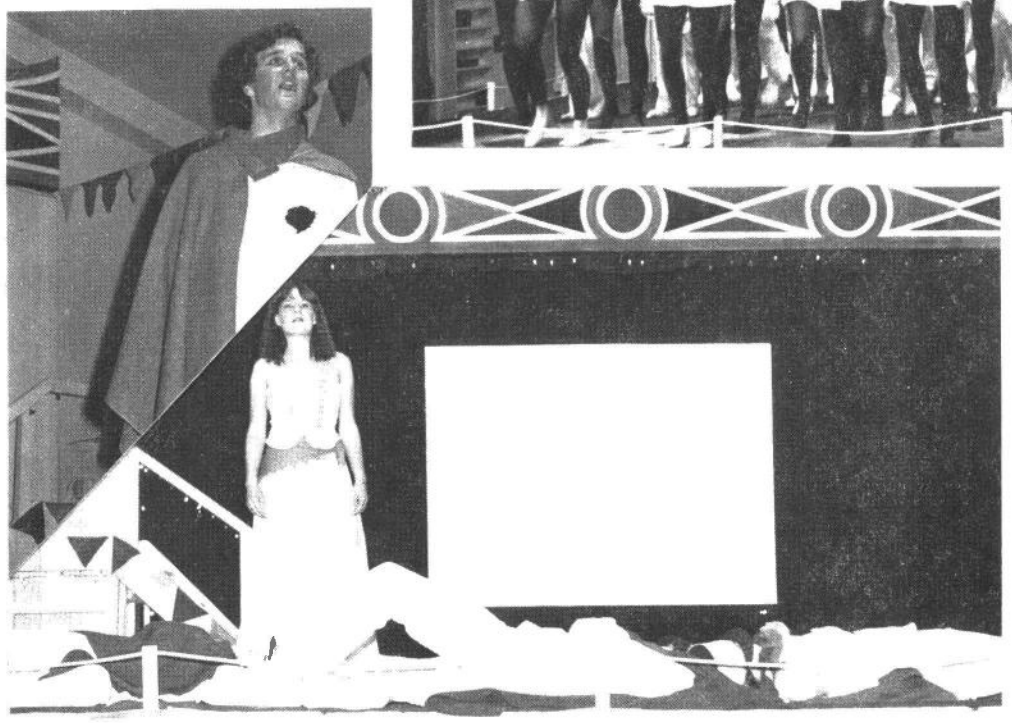


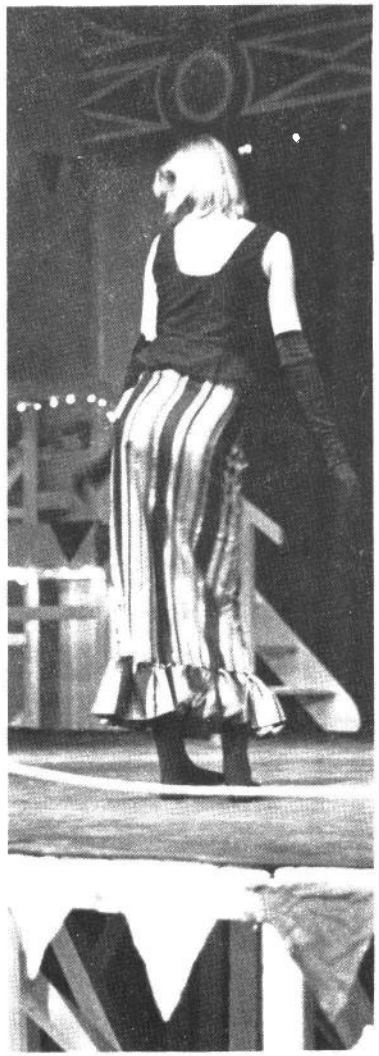














THE PIERROTS

Soloists: Kirsten Allen, Sue Cozens, Rosmary Holland, Sally Matthews, Crispin Mills, Robert White.

Others: Paddy Allen, Rachel Ball, Sarah Baxter, Erik Beale, Jonathon Black, Simon Bryan, Jo Clutterbuck, Roderick Cook, Michael Fenton, Alan Goodwin, Toby Haggith, Richard Haw, Dierdre Mills, Stuart Mills, Lucy Norris, Stephanie Pindar, Anna Ryland, Yvonne Steers, Claudia Stringer, Lee Stroud, Sarah Williamson, Andrew Wood.

The Band:
Piano — Mary Mileson
Percussion — Joanna Goose
Double Bass — Julia Pfalz

PRODUCTION

Stage Manager ..... Mark Wilsher
Assistant Stage Manager ..... Kate Douglas

Artistic Director ..... Phillip Richardson
Lighting ..... Simon Pimblett
Sound ..... Ronald Daniel
Projection ..... Mark Deatker

Assistants ..... Mark Butcher, Claire Engeham, Lucy Henderson, Matthew Lamb, Andie Miller, Helen Smith.

Costume ..... Clare Parry, Amanda Brown, Karen Davidson, Anne Foxley, Vanessa Ranger, Suzie Ward
Properties ..... Catherine Wright, Michael Collins, Michael Christie, Lois Johnson
Make-up ..... Amanda Cooper, Helen Berry, Vanessa Collings, Olivia Johnson, Jo Moore
Poster and Programme Design ..... Jeremy Gale

Assistant Director ..... Sharon Taylor
Director ..... Brian Gatward

Front of House ..... Graham Chambers

SCHOOL DAY

As there has not been a School Day for several years, the largest sixth form ever took it upon themselves to organise a School Day '78. The first problem was encountered even before the first committee meeting, when John Woods asked the sixth form if they wished to organise either a sixth form/staff play or a School Day. Fortunately, the final decision allowed both events to take place.

It was not long before the committee was meeting on a weekly basis. This continued right up to the evening before the day itself. Several changes were made to School Day. The largest of these involved a 4 o'clock finish, meaning that the staff could come back onto the school premises at this time. As it turned out, the only members of staff to appear—were those who were on duty and those who were helping to look after the dance. This year, there were only lessons in the morning. This eliminated the boring lessons that would have entered the extended timetable. The afternoon was made up of a number of options—there were sports, a ramble, or a film.

Having got the timetable worked out with three weeks to go, the fifth and sixth formers worked out the details of the lessons they had volunteered to take. The fifth formers who were not taking lessons decided to busy themselves by painting the Reservoir. The day before School Day itself saw the occurrence of a whole series of minor disasters. We were told that no candlemaking was to take place due to the fire risk involved. Also, we thought that we had lost the film for the afternoon, and, to top it all, half our slides for the assembly were missing.

A visit to Gibson House on the morning of School Day revealed empty beds and rather active first and second formers. Breakfast was unusual—cornflakes and Quadrophenia, with every other person dressed up in some bizarre manner. One of the more original outfits was that of a Russian soldier. Assembly was hilarious, with the fifth form boys making a late entry dressed up as fifth form girls. The assembly itself was made up of over one hundred colour slides, taken earlier in the term, of the school, set to music. They showed, amongst other memorable things, snow scenes.





The lessons in the morning went surprisingly smoothly. The fifth formers beavered away in the Reservoir, and we had a visit from the Cambridge Evening News. On their tour, they bumped into the two Pindars, who were dressed up as punks for the day (see advert). Martin Lewis, when asked what they were doing, did some quick thinking and said that they had just come from Witchcraft. Satisfied, the press moved onto the next lesson.

Lunchtime proved that congestion in the queue could be overcome—single file was the norm. The afternoon, having gone quietly, was finished with a lively dance. School Day '78 proved that while the cats are away the mice don't have to play; besides, the cats don't mind a day off once in a while.

Nigel McTear 6_2





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LA COÛME

The journey down to the little school in the foothills of the Pyrenees took us a week.

Our three vehicle convoy met up at Ramsgate and got onto the hovercraft. There was a slight hold up as we had a very suspect passenger on board. Toyin soon sorted out her passport and visa problems and lumbered back into the minibus.

We zipped across the waves and the delights of Calais soon greeted us, namely many factory chimneys and two church spires.

We made a dash for 'la ville' and heard our first words of French in the Street. Driving on the 'wrong' side didn't cause too many problems. We made a pit-stop to take on life's necessities and headed south.

The first night camping could be recalled as luxurious (hot water in the cow shed); harrowing (spade and toilet roll in hand); cold (brr), hazy (vin) and lumpy (the ground)—Ah, the pleasures of camping!

The next day the sun came out at lunch time in a grassy spot worthy of Renoir; white legs began to bloom like apple-blossoms.

Life on board a minibus tends to be cramped. We had to share space with food, pots and pans, tents and a guitar. The mess got thicker and thicker.

Sitting around the fire, feeling rustic and relaxed at our next camp-site, every now and then we peered into the starry heavens and wondered, with a little trepidation, what Sky-Lab was doing (it was predicted to fall somewhere in France or, as it turned out, in Australia).

Our trusty minibus was having gear box trouble. Our alarm led to action when the nauseating smell of burning clutch spewed forth at every set of traffic lights. But, the French mechanic took the wheel to demonstrate that "Cétait un problème de chauffeur."

The next evening we arrived beside the Dodogne and were given permission to camp by a farmer on a motorbike (later discovered to be fraudulent). Most people plunged gratefully into the river for their first real wash since we left England some three days ago.

Friday the 13th lived up to its reputation. Some of the numerous mishaps were a 50 franc parking fine, Carolyn's filling falling out, the windscreen on Denby's van shattering and Vicki's clothes being mysteriously dyed pink. However, there was a smelly weir to swim in and the stars shone brilliantly that night.

Bastille day was the pinnacle of the journey. The sun shone brilliantly as we drove on to Carcasonne through the beautiful countryside.

At Carcassonne we camped in the large garden of a large stone house. There, the girls donned their dresses and the lads their cleaner garments as we participated in a civilized party. It felt very luxurious, especially in contrast to a week of . . . yugh!

We had a grandstand view of the medieval battlements of the old city, and the display of fireworks that burst from it. The "oohs" and "ahhs" could not be suppressed; the extravagance was almost incredible.

We finally arrived at La Coûme the following day thankful for showers, loos, beds, no more cooking, etc, etc. The girls were given one big bedroom which was promptly converted into a chemist's shop-cum-jumble sale (the boys' room was merely a junk heap). Some choice comments from our boudoir: "Oh God! My nose is peeling"; "Where's the Vegetex?" "Aww, rub Baby Lotion into my back."

The days quickly began to fall into a routine and we began to get a feeling of what La Coûme is. The work was hard and often tedious, but most people appreciated the chance to flex physical rather than mental muscles.

We slept very well when we did sleep and in the mornings it took a tremendous pounding on the dorm wall and a loud "Rise and shine me lovelies" from Denby.

The heat was intense and every afternoon we turned into reptiles and toasted our bodies. The swimming pool was cracked and, as a result, contained a foot of bug infested slime. Thus, the mournful words of Chris Smith, "It just isn't quite the same, you know."



The food we ate at extended meals, washed down with ample La Coûme 'Ordinaire', was very good. The staples were potato soup, apricots, bread and large quantities of garlic.

We made several excursions. We climbed the local mountain, the Pic du Canigou, but unfortunately feelings of triumph on reaching the summit were dampened by a complete



lack of a view; the peak was shrouded in thick cloud.

The main excursion was a two day trip to Andorra, a few hours drive into the Pyrenees. We stopped on the way at Pas de le Case, a settlement of money grabbers dumped on a mountain side just inside Andorra, to take advantage of the duty free goods available there!

Our campsite was situated in a deep valley. We pitched our tents, and, after a quick lunch, we leapt up the nearest mountain, sampling the joys of Andorra's meadows, flowers, mountain breezes and secluded lakes. Our appetites were thus sharpened for the huge feast presented to us at the log-cabin restaurant at the samp site.

Returning to La Coûme, it was extemely difficult to get back into the habit or working. The highlights of the remainder of our stay were the 'shaving ceremony', when Chris was debearded and the banquète on the final evening. This is the traditional and delicious feast where a speech of thanks to those who looked after us so well was made.

Clearing up and packing the minibus brought us, with a bump, to the realization that we were going home. Still, we set off for Saffron Walden via Banyuls, where we skindived and swam, and had another farewell evening. The next day Sally and Kate left for the train back to England, Chris and Hazel for Spain and the Allens for Italy.

So, a very depleted crew, who wished minibuses could fly, started for home. Francis was a very reliable navigator; but for him we might still be somewhere around Reims. For our last night in France we enjoyed the hospitality of a farmer and his family who invited us in to supper, and for breakfast the next morning. The memories of the war and the English allies are still strong. Reminders in the form of cemeteries lie all around the countryside of Northern France.

We finally arrived in England after an uneventful passage across the Channel and through the customs. After a stop at the Coryns' for scones and jam (good English fare) we finally rolled into School amid a final heart felt rendering of Bob Marley's "Every little thing's gonna be alright".

Then, after unloading the minibus, off to the local hostelry and, as we clinked glasses, we realized that 'La Coûme' was over.

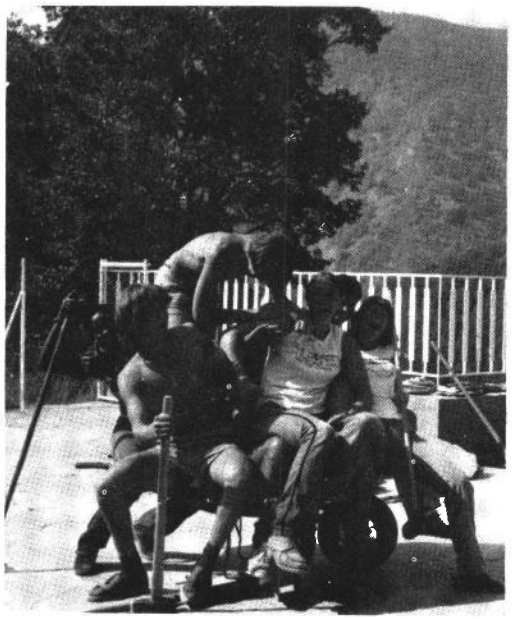
C. J.

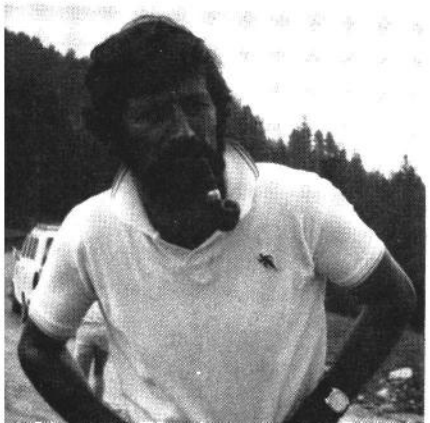


A JERM'S EYE VIEW OF A TYPICAL DAY DURING TERM TIME AT LA COÛME.

First the bedroom door flies open; it is still early and a sharp voice shouts "debout". We throw our sheets from our beds and walk sleepily to the washrooms and a cold shower; quite nice in the summer but in the winter it's real torture. When we have dressed and made our beds, we go to say "bonjour" to Yvonne, a very kind lady who organises much of the work. We either help her peeling spuds or whatever needs preparing for the day's menu, or go to clean rooms in the school, or give help in the kitchens to Monique, a friendly lady who reads a lot of Agatha Christie, teaches dancing and loves the children. Then our hands are checked as we go into the 'refectoire' for breakfast. Bread, butter and jam is served; large slices for the older ones, small for us, and a bowl of hot chocolate each.









Nobody can go to Mosset, the nearest village, so there is no tuck and any sent from home is shared amongst all the fifty children who are of many different nationalities. Yvonne then reads out the timetable for the day, the subjects being like those at Friends' School, but with Spanish as a main language. The Spanish border, higher in the Pyrenees than La Coûme, is quite near. The first period is one and a half hours followed by half an hour break with bread to eat and perhaps a game of marbles. Now work resumes but some soon go to lay the tables for lunch. There are three courses: perhaps salad, pasta or vegetables, followed by, perhaps, meat and potatoes, then, probably, fruit.

School work is now over except for some seniors who do their correspondence courses for the 'baccalaureat' which is like our 'A' levels.

After clearing and washing up, the jobs for the afternoon are allocated; collecting wood from the chestnut forest in the beautiful valley in which the school lies; clearing out drainage channels, which is important on a mountain slope; carrying up the milk from the road half a kilometre down the mountain; weeding the vegetable garden or some other job for the community.

Then, we are free to play our own group games, read, tend our gardens, play in the stream or go for a walk. After this there is another cold shower. Supper is at about eight p.m.; there is always very good home made soup. Nothing is wasted at La Coûme.

Meals often take an hour or more so there is plenty of time to chat. Some days we are expected to speak in the foreign languages that we study. After the meal the little ones are kissed and the older ones shaken by the hand by any member of staff present but especially by Yvès, who is the principal. She is a white haired lady who is very affectionate but can also be very stern. She loves singing and loves everyone else to sing. She administers the school and writes all the letters. Her husband, Pitt, is also very nice but sometimes he gets very tired. He was in a concentration camp in the war, caught by the Nazis on a return to La Coûme when the rest of the school were hiding in the mountains.

There is also Michou who teaches the infants and has her own little son 'petit Jean'. Her husband Jean Lou is an astronomer and is often going away, but he teaches senior Mathematics when he is at La Coûme. There are part time teaching staff too, especially for the Music department which is very well known. Pablo Casals used to teach there. Paul Tortelier, Igor Markovitch and Narciso Yepes are, or have recently been, parents of children at La Coûme.

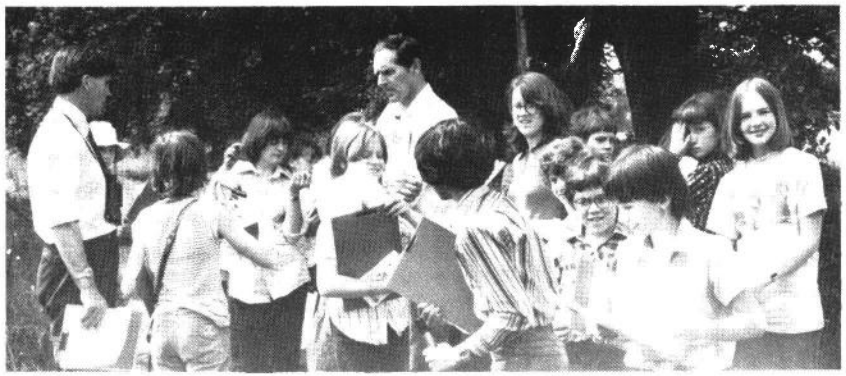
Gerard is Monique's husband and he mends anything that goes wrong, does all the shopping, and runs the gardens which grow the school's produce. He is, amongst many other things, the chief chef for important occasions like the 'Fete des Parcuts' on Christmas day.

Sometimes after dinner we would have a big log fire in the refectoire and listen to records in the firelight, or we might see films. Then to bed without much talking as we are very tired at the end of the day.

For about eight weeks in January, February and March the school moves to a village called Motemole high in the Pyrenees. School is the same but if the snow is good we ski in the afternoons, not downhill but 'ski du font', cross country. The school wins many competitions and Olivier, Gerard and Monique's oldest son, were champions of the Pyrenees.

One other special thing that the school does in September is pick grapes all day, every day for two weeks. They earn money for a school trip,'voyage d'etudes', the following year. They have been, in this way, to Yugoslavia, Greece, Morocco, Italy and many other countries. La Coûme is not like any other school.

Jeremy Allen and his dad







A WANDER ROUND WANDLEBURY WOODS

June 19th 1979 was a perfect summer's day. It was also the day when the First Year went to Wandlebury Woods, five miles south of Cambridge. The extensive woods surrounding the famous 'Ring', the site of an Iron Age fortification, have been turned into an outdoor classroom by the Warden, Bill Clarke. He was guide and teacher during the morning, dealing first with the history of the area and then leading the party along a fascinating nature trail.

The afternoon was spent drawing trees and leaves and other objects of interest and reading appropriate passages of poetry and prose. It was a lovely way to learn!

MH, PR, KS, JW

A LETTER HOME

Dear Parents,

Thank you for being you and thank you for the love you give us. We want to be friends with you, to enjoy being with you and to feel that you like having us around. What we say here is meant to be constructive. We hope you will understand that we say this because we want things to be right between us.

Try to think of us as people, individuals trying to learn through experiences and not growing up all the same way. Let us choose our own friends even though we may later find their influence is damaging us. But we need to find out for ourselves.

Do not prolong the agony of punishment applied, when you think we are in the wrong. Try to make the punishment as close to the incident as possible. Extended punishment breeds ill-feelings and resentment. Surely the guilt we feel for the wrong we have caused is enough? Please try to patch up the cracks in our relationship after an argument. If we both make a special effort, all may be quickly forgiven. Try to listen to our points of view and discuss matters over with us and not argue when you believe you are right. Try to express and explain what you are really trying to say to us and please do not say, "You wouldn't Understand".

When you receive our school reports, don't believe all that staff say. Sometimes the comments are rather one-sided. Let us discuss them with you and try to solve the problems. Although you may be clever, try to accept us as we are, even if we don't match up to your expectations.

Please do not try to use other people, especially brothers and sisters, as examples to compare us with. We are growing up at our own pace and don't wish to be held back by your being possessive.

Explain the consequences of our foolishness; but please protect us only as much as we feel we need to be.

Try not to favour one member of the family more than others. Favouritism is resented.

Proving you are not too proud to relate the truth about yourself and your experiences, would be valued. You may have been prevented from doing something as a child; but think of us now, a NEW generation. Times are continually changing and surely you were not always perfect? Much could be learnt through your own mistakes. We would respect you more if you admitted to some of your experiences at our age. We are different people now. As we grow up, we find ourselves confronted with problems, so please try and guide us through them.

Remember . . . you were young once!!

We love you . . .

Members of Form 4

THE SCHOOL ELECTION

During the time of the General Election, the school held its own election. The state of Friends' School was to have a leader of its people once again. On the Monday candidates were asked to step forward and pay their deposits to the returning officer. Then came the mandates: from Batman and Robin, one of security; from the Wallies and Heavy Metal Freaks, something freakish; from the Liberals, one containing gaiety and joy; from the Labour party, one promising equality, something long sought at Friends'. The Anarchist/ Communists party guaranteed freedom. The Conservatives pledged a democracy based on continuing change without a pipeline that keeps getting blocked.

Early indications were that Batman and Robin were leading, but a rumour that Nigel and Mike were a couple of gays soon put a stop to that. Then, when another rumour, of unknown source, got out—that they were a couple of Heavies—they recovered some of their early lead.

On the second gallup poll there was a massive swing to the Conservatives, due to outside influence from parents. So it stood on that Thursday morning. In assembly, the present leader of the house, Mr Mummery, gave his address and gave instructions to the school as regards polling. A heavy poll was expected.

The queue at recess stretched from the study library (the polling office) to the staff dining room; people filed in under the watchful eyes of the bouncers, who were instructed by the Polling Officer. That afternoon the votes were counted in the corridors of power.

A 79.6% turnout of the school population occurred.

A 12.6% turnout of the staff occurred.

The results were as follows:

I. Edmans—Conservative	47%
N. McTear & M. Fenton—Batman & Robin	14%
A. McTear—Liberal	10%
A. Ryland—Ecologist	3%
S. Taylor—Labour	7%
A. Wood—Anarchist/Communist	13%
R. White—Wallies & Heavy Metal Freaks	6%

I. Edmans was put into office on the Saturday.

Yours,
The Returning Officer,
Andrew McTear

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THE PROS AND CONS OF BOARDING

I arrived for my exciting week, boarding in School House, with a case large enough to accommodate the belongings of a rugger team. At least, I thought it looked rather a lot, until I saw my room-mate's bedside table top holding more than my case could possibly hold.

That night I said little, as I was busy finding a way of blocking out the noise in the room with the aid of a pillow which I stuffed over my head. The bed was surprisingly comfortable, in spite of the large lump on one side. Eventually I fell asleep, learning to live with the loud, rhythmical ticking of the clock. At 6.55 first bell rang. I sat up in bed, looking around me. Opposite me lumps under the bedclothes grunted and turned over. I shrugged and lay back, waiting for something to happen. At 7.15 Miss Marriage turned on our lights.

"Up you get, together!" she said and departed. Still nobody moved. I began to wonder if the dormitory were all playing a trick on me. Five minutes later someone stirred below. I followed Kate's lead and got dressed.

After the first morning I really enjoyed getting up, as I was woken up by a bell, which I could ignore, whereas at home my alarm clock is my mother, who does not let me sleep through her constant calls! During the short time I was in School House, I had getting up to an art (a large percentage of my dorm. had got it to a fine art!) It took very little time to get dressed and breakfast was there when we arrived downstairs. On the whole, the food was quite good, and even the polystyrene egg and almost liquid tomatoes, first thing in the morning, didn't turn my iron stomach. I never came out of a meal feeling hungry. I even had some tuck, that I had bought, thinking I would starve to death without it, left when I returned home.

At four o'clock I was totally free to do as I pleased until six. I had no books to lug home; no-one to tell me what to do; I was not confined to my room, to work until supper-time. The only thing I missed was a nice cup of "CO-OP special brand" tea. It was fortunate that no crises occurred for me during that week, as I had no parents to support or protect me if such a thing had happened.

One of the main things that struck me about boarding was the atmosphere of united friendship in the dormitory. I think it is necessary to learn more about other peoples' feelings and reactions. Day scholars can get isolated from others as they are influenced by the few who live around them.

Bed-time was such a casual and relaxed affair. I have never stayed with a friend without a parent in the house. This feeling was unique. I learnt the latest scandal first-hand! I also learnt a new sense—the boarders' sense of humour. My colleagues found it humorous to strip my bed, and throw my blankets, mattress and all, over the barn balcony. Other habits alien to me were such peculiarities as dressing myself up as the White Lady and frightening the first years. With the help of a deathly china bell and a few monks following me, we managed to make the fourth years scream (with laughter).

After my last night I sadly packed my case, feeling like nothing exciting was ever going to happen again. Although I was glad to go home to my family, I was depressed that my week had gone so quickly. Now all I have of it are memories; to me it is like a dream which I hope someday to relive.

Rebecca Nash 5y





OUR SCHOOL TRIP TO BOULOGNE 1979

Early one Friday morning, way back last Spring, a party from the Friends' School piled into the "Squash Bus" en route for Boulogne by hovercraft. Once over the channel, we arrived at Le Portel after a short bus journey from the port. The small hotel, where we were staying for a few days, had a good view of the beach. We could also watch the hovercrafts arriving and departing.

After a run on the beach, we set out to explore the town in groups of fours and fives. We were relieved to find that the locals seemed used to questions in Form 2 standard French! On the following day, we visited the large domed cathedral where we were shown a relic of a wooden hand, part of a statue which was supposed to bring good luck to the town. The Hotel de Ville contained the remains of an old castle, probably used to combat the English. Nearby was the house where Napoleon rested while planning his invasion of England.

Our thoughts then turned to souvenir hunting. Most people made a bee-line for the small fire-crackers not available at home. Some parents were to be delighted with enormous crepes, as big as dustbin lids and as thin as paper. Delicious!!

Our thanks go to Miss Brinkworth, Mr Morley and Mrs Shears for organising and running a very enjoyable trip.

Bernard Hunter

AUNTY SUE'S PROBLEM PAGE

Realizing the need for an emotional outlet in Friends' School, I decided to assume the role of 'Aunty' and invite everyone to send in some of their problems . . .

Dear Aunty Sue,
I don't know what to do; I seem to find Mr Christley's jokes amusing. This, I have been told is an awful plight. What can I do? And if nothing better should I consult a psychiatrist?

A worried giggler

Dear W.G.,
This seems to be a rather common plight, and there is a very simple solution. I suggest that you pay a visit to the sanatorium and ask Sister to inspect your ears or at least give you a hearing test. I am confident that this will quickly stop you committing such a terrible misdemeanour.

Yours sincerely,
Aunty Sue



Dear Aunty Sue,
I've got a terrible problem you see I'm madly, deeply and passionately in love with my Chemi teacher. And he doesn't seem to take any notice of me. I am spending all my time on chemistry and I'm just neglecting everything else. What can I do? Is this really a terrible sin?
Please help me because I'm desperate.

Anon

Dear Madam (I presume),
You certainly do have a problem! I'm afraid I've never encountered such a dilemma before, for although you do not state your age I am sure that there is quite a large gap between yours and that of the teacher concerned.
I have only one suggestion for you unfortunately, connected with your obvious interest in Chemistry. Have you considered making a Love Potion?

Yours apprehensively,
Aunty Sue

STAR LETTER

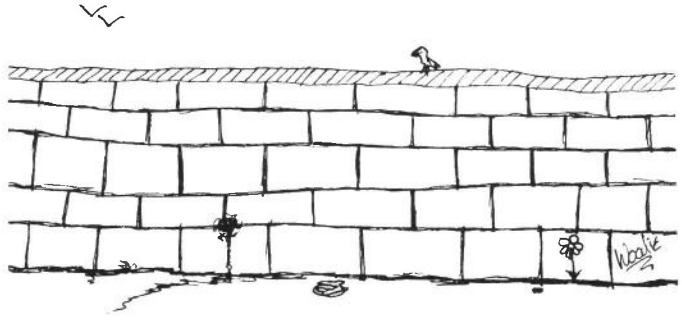
Dear Aunty Sue,
A few days ago I had terrible stomach and anal laxitivity. I felt as if the whole world was falling down. I tried to diagnose this problem myself, but my own amateur diagnosis was a bit shocking. I didn't know rabies had made it to this country. To help you with your investigation into my illness I have listed below the food I ate on that fateful day.

Breakfast: Large Bowl All Bran
Lunch: Steak Burger, Beans, Chips
Tea: Cauliflower-cheese

An undiagnosed sufferer

Dear Undiagnosed Sufferer,
It would appear that you have a DIRE problem! I can see that you are deeply distressed which is making you think somewhat irrationally; but fear not—as far as my extensive knowledge goes, rabies has not reached us yet (I don't think).
May I suggest that for the next few days you refrain from such delicacies as baked beans and the high roughage-content cereals which appear in your somewhat unusual diet. Try eating bananas and drink Phosformin Vitamin Tonic (be careful of the side effects, apparently it has a slight alcohol content!).

Yours sympathetically,
Aunty Sue



Dear Aunty Sue,

I cannot find a way of destroying my brother's record of John Travolta. I have tried nitric acid, singing, showing it a picture of a nude smurf, and it's still in good condition. I have even read it a story by Barbara Cartland. I really am at a loss at what to do. It's ruining the record player, to say nothing of splintering my ossicles. Please, please help.

from a distressed Cliff Richard fan

Dear D.C.R.F.,

I and many others understand this problem only too well! This greasy, slimy, super-cool effort is bad enough to look at; let alone listen to. I have seen several attempts to rid the sixth-form common room of this horror; once this record was made to adorn the highest point of a Christmas tree, well out of reach of the overenthusiastic owner. On other occasions it was cleverly hidden, or rather "well miss-placed". Though not always true, in this case violence is the best solution. Just jump on the damn thing. That never fails!

Yours only-too-gladly,
Aunty Sue

Dear Aunty Sue,

I don't know whether there's anything wrong with me but I'm in love. But it's not normal because I'm in love with TRUBBISH. What's wrong?

From Anon

Dear Person,

It would appear that you are suffering from a distant lack of affection and consequently you have turned to Trubbish. Perhaps, on publication of this letter, you may come in contact with some fellow sympathisers who you could meet to discuss this matter. As a by-product of this congregation you might well discover someone who holds much more attraction for you than Trubbish does at the moment. Your only worry will be making your partner forget the cat!

Yours PURRposefully,
Aunty Sue

Dear Aunty Sue,

I have a little problem;
It's to do with English Lang.
'Cos when I make up poems
The last line is never right!

I start off very slowly
And think out every line,
But when they are read out
Mine is always the worst

This problem it depresses me,
I never can think straight,
'Cos when I get to writing poems
I get into a bad mood!

I hope that you can help me,
(you promised in the ad.),
'Cos unless I get my poems right,
I'm sure I will go insane!

From Enid and Charlotte (5y)





Well girls I've read your poem,
And studied every line;
It seems you lack the vocab,
That makes a poem rhyme.

And so I have an answer,
Which I'd like to propose;
I suggest you give up poems,
And take up writing prosè!

From Aunty Sue



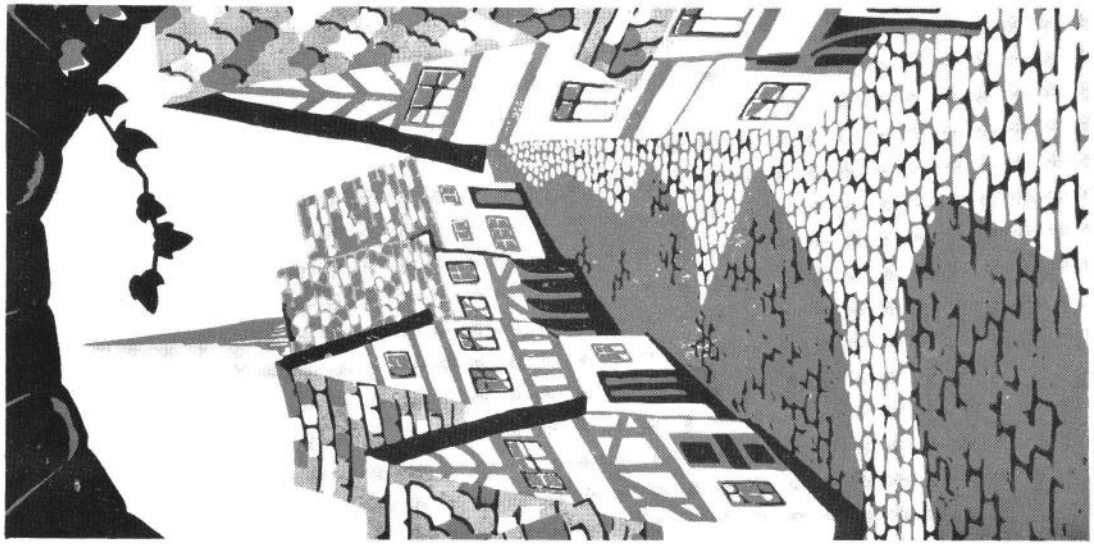
9 Mark Butcher.



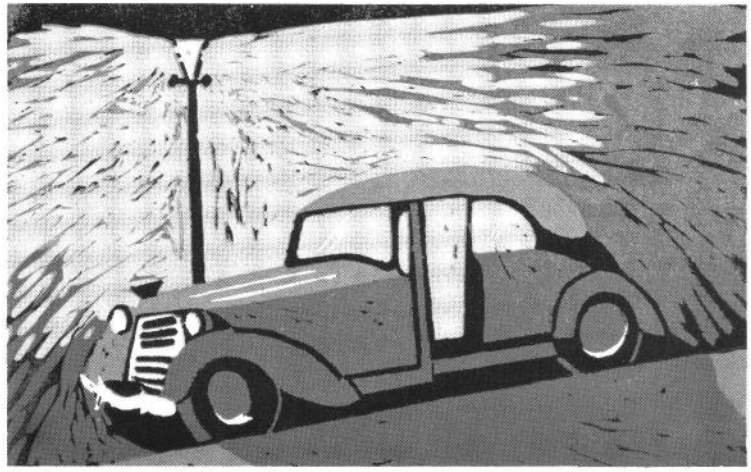
10 Jo Moore

11 Jane Golding





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13 Mandy Pollack.

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