

The Avenue

Price £1

Spring 1981

Goodbye Mr. Mummery



To mark the retirement of Cyril Mummery from the School staff, "The Avenue" has compiled this short review of his career at Friends' School. Our reporter, Clare Parry, took the opportunity to talk to him about his thoughts on retirement shortly before he left us.

YOUR FATE IN THEIR HANDS!

Most scholars, during their school lives, are faced with either "O" or "A" level examinations, often both. "Avenue" reporters Sheila Hurrell and Josephine Clutterbuck have attempted to find out about the organisation that lies behind these examinations, set by the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate.

Who are these people who jump dinner queues?

Find out more about the people who control our destiny; turn to page 16

—Airport '81

Does South East England need another major airport? If so should it be at Stansted? "The Avenue" has investigated the pros and the cons of this issue and has talked to the people involved in the planning process. Make up your own mind, turn to page 28



Have you got an EYE FOR THE BIRDS?

About 50 species of birds visit the school grounds during the course of a year. How many of them could you identify? 'The Avenue' wildlife correspondents have compiled a detailed insight into the bird life of Friends' School. Page 9

ADVERTISMENT



'HARMONY' HAIR SPRAY, Is he or is he not ?

STOP PRESS....

Skiers return. Full story and pictures, page 18.

School play reviewed plus pictures, page 6.

What went on at La Côume? Photographic evidence, page 26.

Sports latest. Hockey, Ist XI Girls beat Old Scholars 4-I.



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

Inter-Alia

1980



Spring Term

The year began on a sad note, the untimely death of the boys' matron, Muriel Robinson. She not only sewed on buttons and sorted the washing but also became a good friend to many boys. Fortunately, Janie Stagg has taken over in much the same vein. A new broom arrived in the girls' house and on the sports field in the form of Peggy McAdoo. During the term perhaps the most memorable occasion was the performance of "Wind in the Willows" by members of forms three and four. In the Reservoir work was proceeding on the mural in R2. A new face appeared in the Sanatorium, Anne Beckett retired and was replaced by Miriam Reynolds. The end of term saw the retirement of Helen James from the music scene. In the Easter vacation musicians from all the Friends' Schools met at Sidcot School to rehearse "Elijah" and later perform it in Bristol. At the same time sixth form geographers were getting very cold in the Lake District.

Summer Term

Attempts to raise money for a minibus provided a pleasant diversion from the rigours of revising for examinations. The day set aside for sponsored events and the fête, organised by the sixth form, were both highly successful. The Parent Teachers Association gave the school a computer, now better known as "our PET". Another new face to arrive was that of Peter Krabbenbam, who joined the kitchen staff in May. The Staff play, "Plunder" provided the dramatic highlight of the term. The Music department lost another good friend at the end of the term when Giulia Rowlands retired. Barbara Arlow left us to apply her skills elsewhere and we also said goodbye to Olive McSweeney as Household Supervisor. The La Coûme party left for the South of France soon after the end of term and the sixth form biologists for North Yorkshire in late August.





Autumn Term

Ruth Richards arrived to take charge in the cookery rooms, Celia Marriage to help with music and Bob Wolffs to face the unenviable task of keeping the school clean. The efforts to raise money in the summer term were rewarded when the minibus arrived just in time for all to see at Parents and Quaker Open Day. We had another open day, this time for members of the public who wanted to know more about the school. The school play, "Tom Jones", continued the high standard of drama that we have come to expect. The end of term saw the departure of Trudy Stobbart to Kent and the retirement of Cyril Mummery.

Something for the Avenue

I thought I'd better make an attempt to get something in the Avenue this year. Mr Ratcliffe, our form teacher, spent such a lot of time trying to persuade us that we had a good chance of getting our articles published due to the general laziness of everyone else.

The problem is though, what to write. I could write a ten page essay on the everyday language of scholars at Friends' School such as "Hey, bad bit" (I'll leave it to you to guess what that means). How about the Forbes favourite "Tough . . .". Perhaps I'd better not write on this subject!

What about writing about the crafty schemes of 3X boys? Their favourite trick is to put something that looks like stew (I hope) on the windows in C3. This is an attempt to prevent the girls goggling at Fourth form boys during Prep . . . Not a bad attempt.

I could even write about what goes on in R4 after Prep . . . No, it might shock certain people. Less goes on in R3 (I think). I had better stick to that.

On second thoughts that's boring. On third thoughts I'd better scrap the whole idea . . . I'll never make a journalist!

Pandora Powell, Form Three

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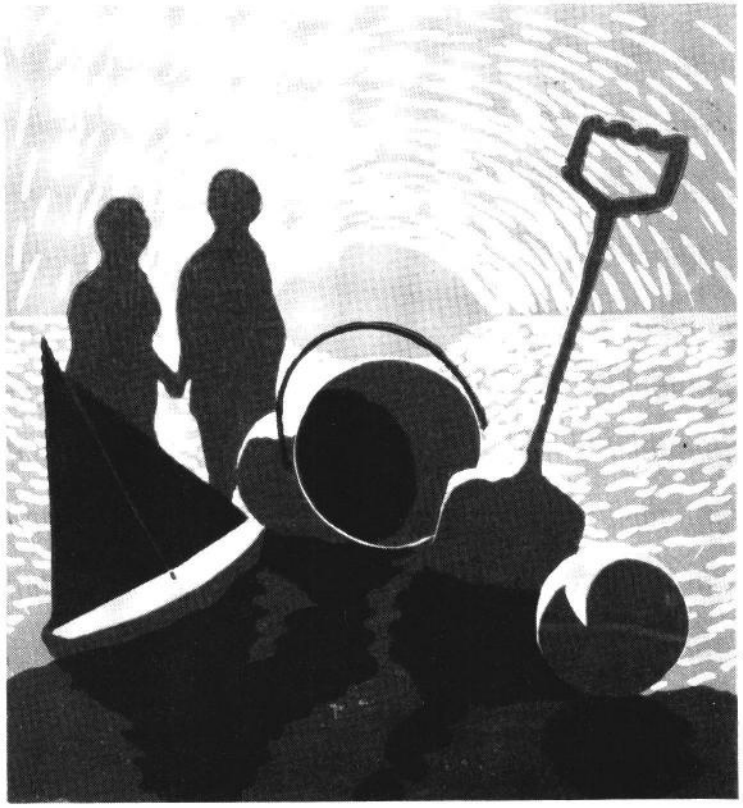
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Cheeky Toby reveals all for our readers.



Emma Miller



Alan Goodwin



Jenny Sutton

B.A. Hons., M.A. Exon., Mastermind Failed

I am not normally one to succumb to the low sentiment of competitiveness, but when my incredibly intelligent brother dared me to enter for Mastermind, adding a comment to the effect that I stood little chance, the battle was on. Certainly, my specialist subject stood me in good stead. After all, who has even heard of Bishop Colenso? I have a nice, fat thesis on him if anyone is interested.

After a good deal of shock, surprise and disbelief on the part of scholars and colleagues, I arrived at Girton College early in September. As I wandered into the Hall I heard the inimitable strains of the theme tune—incidentally known as the Hidden Menace—echoing round the oak beams and mingling with the yards of cable and tons of camera. After hearing that tune a dozen times more it held no menace, hidden or otherwise.

The competitors met for tea and cakes, and the men immediately began to vie with one another. We women talked about our dresses. During the rehearsal, Fred Housego, the eventual winner, and I, sat and chatted—which was not permitted—but which we continued even through the recording. He had a phenomenal memory but was so nervous, that he couldn't eat a thing, on the other hand . . .





By the time of the recording we had all worked ourselves into a fair state of panic. I was most worried that my brothers, typically, would be late. Buoyed up by sherry, and the confidence of not really caring as long as I didn't make a complete fool of myself, I took my seat in the waiting chairs and the programme began. It took roughly two hours to record the two half-hour programmes, including three retakes of the end because M.M used a rude word. It was a little unnerving to hear the recording crews talking through their head sets to someone somewhere and only hearing their end of the conversation.

The famous "black chair" is surprisingly battered and M.M is much smaller than one would imagine. It is also surprising how quiet one's voice goes when one is nervous. However, my ordeal was mercifully brief, and was followed by a superb supper. My brother was reasonably impressed by my performance but thought that the supper won hands down.

Amanda Cooper

TOM JONES

This year "The Avenue" invited an "outsider" to review the School play, "Tom Jones". George Scriv ner kindly accepted the invitation to undertake this task.

George, who lives in Saffron Walden, attended a village school from the ages of three to ten and a ninety-pupil Grammar School from ten to seventeen. He was then a student teacher until he was nineteen when he started a three year course at Bede College, Durham.

He began a long teaching career at Dagenham Elementary School with a class of fifty-two six-year-old boys. Between 1944 and 1970, he was a Headmaster. Since then he has been a part-time teacher.

In 1971, George was elected onto Saffron Walden Borough Council. Later, in 1978, he served as Mayor for a year. He expects to end his political career at the next Council Election but will continue to work for East—West trust and co-operation; for North—South mutual help, and for the world-wide abolition of nuclear arms.

The role of theatre critic is not new to George. His review of "Abigail's Party", performed by the Saffron Walden Studio Theatre Group, in October 1980, appeared in the "Saffron Walden Weekly News".







TOM JONES

I much enjoyed this play; it was expertly produced and staged, excellently directed, and, on the whole, very well acted. But it was more than just a production of an hilarious play; to me it epitomised what a good boarding school can achieve in any enterprise needing staff team-work, liberal-minded leadership, student-staff rapport, and sheer willingness to work hard together on a worthwhile project. I admired all sides to it: the very well designed programmes, the marvellous two-level multi-purpose set, the unobtrusive lighting, the costuming, the vocal and instrumental music, the props, the make-up.

Amateur actors can't be professional but they can and should strive towards professionalism in their attitude to the craft of acting; and this is what the cast of this play obviously did. Some got closer towards it than others, of course, but it was generally of an exceptionally high standard, no doubt helped by the use of Cast Tutors—a new idea to me.

Toby Haggith, with his easy confidence, good voice and swaggering jauntiness set the whole romp off on the right foot: the others just had to be audible and un-inhibited with his example to live up to. Jennifer Sutton's playing of Molly certainly lived up to and even surpassed it. She was the perfect country lass whose over-warm disposition is bound to spell trouble for her again and again!

I have often noticed that girls can play the parts of mature or even elderly women quite successfully, whereas boys often find the mannerisms, voices and postures of older men difficult to imitate convincingly.









So we had outstanding performances by Kate Lewis as "eye-for-a-good-chance" Susan, by Lucy Finzi as dutiful, beautiful Sophie; and by Zoë Grace as Honour, the girl who gets there, honour or no. Jo Clutterbuck gave a lovely, convincing and un-inhibited portrayal of Mrs Waters, a lady who had travelled far; Jo's voice was not always clear, but Mrs Waters' intentions certainly were. Rosemary Holland, too, did very well with her study of the arch-snob, silly, flirtatious Mrs Fitzpatrick, her affected voice being overdone just enough to make her one of Fielding's caricatures rather than a character.

Tom Punshon and Andrew Beynon, good though they were, found the stances and affections of Squire Allworthy and Captain Fitzpatrick a bit difficult to assume, and although Alan Goodwin's Squire Western was a terrific performance, the red-necked squire to the life, it was a difficult part to play without over-playing, even though Western is another caricature. Thwackem too is another mature and mannered man, and I felt that Mark Taylor was rather too slow and deliberate to quite catch him. The same could be said of Daniel Hilton's playing of Lord Fellamar—a good attempt at an elderly man.

Joanna Baddeley played Bridget well and Ben Vidler did blustering Blifil very well but not quite blusteringly enough. The Doctor and Betty were finely observed and acted vignettes, giving insufficient scope for the obvious talents of Simon Hunter and Alison MacLean.

Rebecca Moore, too, made her Woman with a Basket quite a character, as did Justin Bryan, the Constable.

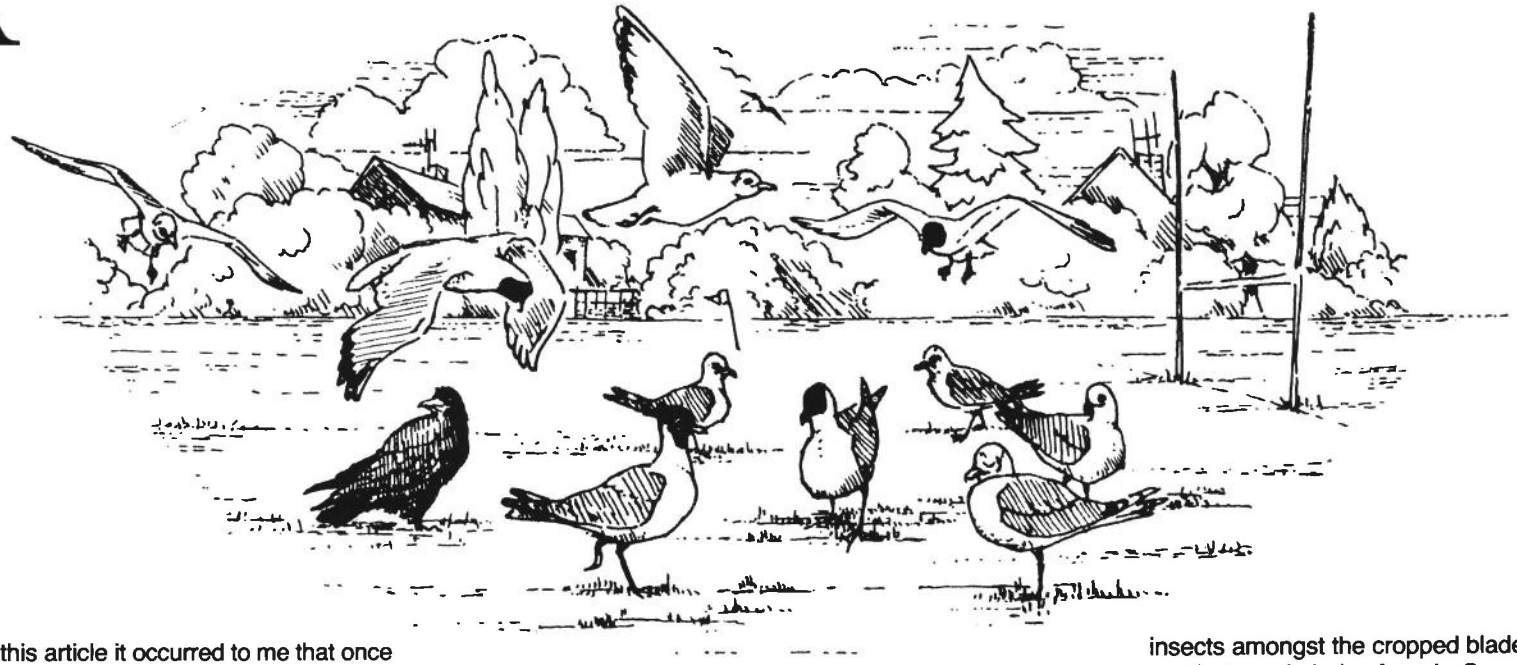
The crowd scenes, the brawlings and beddings, and the sword-fight were all excellently contrived and controlled, and the whole play had a rumbustious, slightly bawdy gaiety about it which infected players and audience alike. Hearty congratulations to the director John Dickinson and the designer and producer Phillip Richardson. What a good choice of play this was.

George Scrivener





AN EYE FOR THE BIRDS



When asked to write this article it occurred to me that once people realised that it was about the feathered kind nobody would read any further! And quite justifiably you might argue. After all, despite its delightful grounds, Friends' School is not exactly the Mecca of ornithologists. It is not a Nature Reserve or a site of Special Scientific Interest. This is hardly surprising since the habitat is totally unnatural with landscaped gardens, playing fields and neat rows of trees. There is a little undergrowth and wild flowers are invariably and mercilessly uprooted as weeds. Despite the intensive efforts of the administration to banish wildlife from our grounds, it still persists and the most obvious inhabitants are the birds.

Birds occur everywhere on our planet and one can watch them almost anywhere. Over the past year and a half I have seen about 50 species of birds in the school grounds without spending hours gazing out of the window! Regular, systematic watching will produce even better results.

The grounds can be divided into four principal habitats, each providing a specialist feeding area for different birds. The gardens and lawns surrounding the buildings, lovingly tended by Basil and Eric, are a favourite haunt for familiar birds such as the Blackbird, Robin and Song Thrush. The larger and greyer Mistle Thrush with its rattling call is actually commoner in the grounds than the Song Thrush. It prefers more open areas and loose flocks of up to ten can regularly be seen on the front lawn and playing field. In flight it shows prominent white spots on the tips of the outer tail feathers, a feature which many books omit.

The skulking Dunnock is fond of hedge bottoms and the sound of rustling leaves is often the easiest way to detect their presence. Song Thrushes and Blackbirds also turn over leaves systematically in search of food. The Dunnock, or Hedge Sparrow, is a member of the accentor family, a small family of shy birds all of which, except the Dunnock, inhabit remote mountainous regions of Eurasia. Although similar to a dark female House Sparrow in colouration, the needle-fine bill and dark grey head and underparts should easily distinguish it.

The tiny Wren, with its almost permanently elevated tail, is another bird of this habitat. Currently rated as the most common British bird, it too is shy and is more likely to be detected by its astonishingly loud song.

All these birds can be seen probing and meticulously searching for such gastronomic delights as worms and insects amongst the cropped blades of grass or between the neatly turned clods of earth. Song Thrushes are also partial to snails which they extract from their shells by smashing them on a favourite stone, leaving little piles of broken shells as evidence. Small flocks of seed eaters, such as sparrows and finches, descend to the lawns in winter to take advantage of fallen beechmast and windblown seeds. The male House Sparrow is a handsome bird compared to his drab female and in spring he sports a striking black bib, white cheeks, grey crown and chestnut upperparts.

Less loved birds such as the noisy Starling, the cumbersome Woodpigeon and the now familiar Collard Doves complete the picture in this habitat. Twenty five years ago Collard Doves were unknown in this country. Completely unaided they decided to extend their range from Turkey, across Europe and to every corner of the British Isles. Smaller than Woodpigeons, they are pale greyish brown with a black half collar. In many areas they are now considered to be a pest, and all within the space of a generation.

Possibly the most charming of all lawn-feeders is the elegant Pied Wagtail. About the size of a House Sparrow but with a much longer tail, it is entirely black and white. It struts over the grass, continuously wagging its tail and occasionally

running in short bursts or flying up to catch an insect with enviable agility. That other long tailed black and white bird, the much larger Magpie, is a rarity in the grounds. But since birds eggs and nestlings are among their favourite foods their absence should not be lamented.

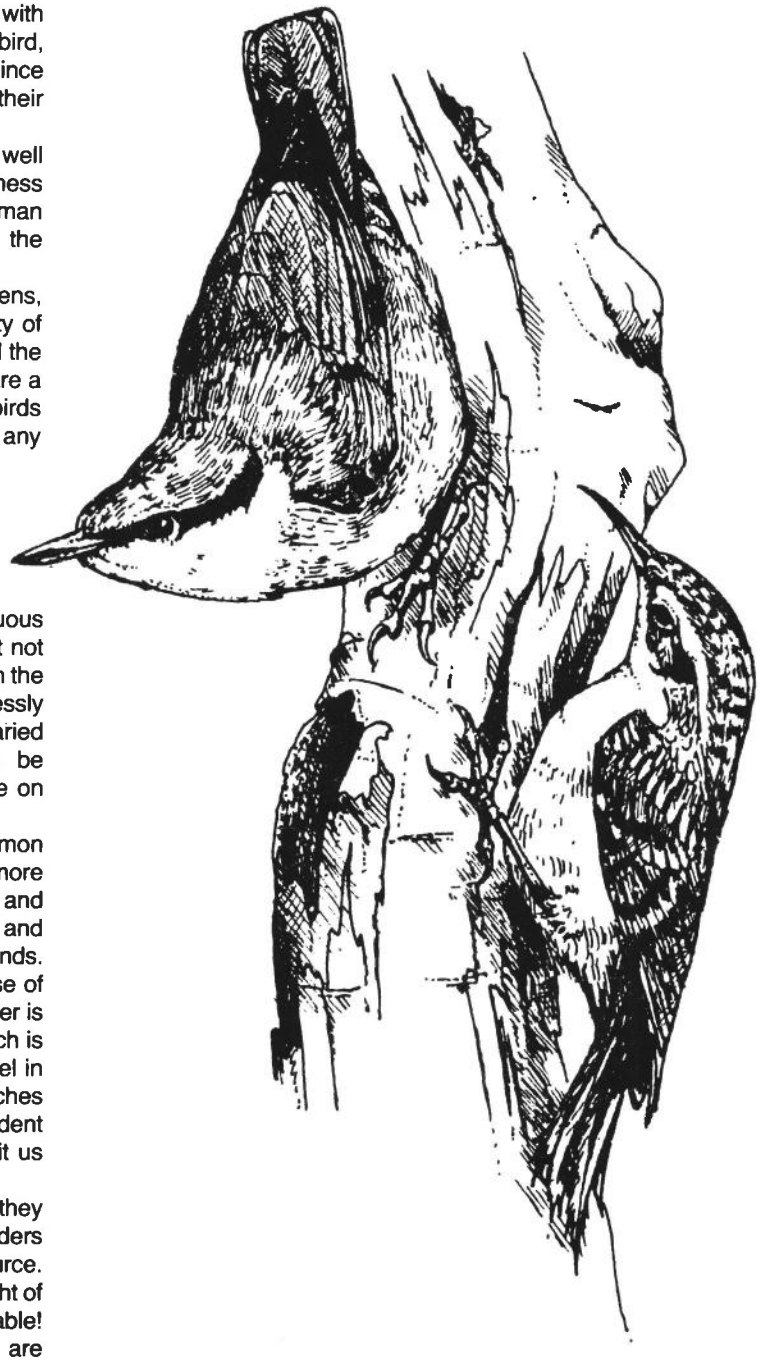
The birds found in the garden and lawn habitat are well catered for, having adapted well to man's desire for tidiness and regimentation. Their peace is only shattered by human traffic and the occasional intrusion of the cats of the community as they strive to prove their worthiness.

The second habitat, closely associated with the gardens, comprises the numerous trees and bushes. The majority of trees are deciduous which, fortunately for the school and the birds, are preferred by many species. Coniferous trees are a more specialised habitat although dedicated woodland birds such as tits and the Goldcrest seem equally content in any tree.

Great Tits and Blue Tits are perhaps the most conspicuous birds in our trees, but would go easily unnoticed were it not for their persistent chattering to each other as they feed in the canopy. They form loose feeding flocks in winter, restlessly moving from tree to tree. Great Tits have a more varied repertoire of pleasantly monotonous calls and can be distinguished by the black cap and broad vertical stripe on the yellow underparts.

The Goldcrest, Britain's smallest bird, is not uncommon and often joins up with tit flocks in winter. In summer it is more likely to be heard than seen. Its song is soft, high pitched and rather monotonous. Far less common are the Nuthatch and Treecreeper, probably only irregular visitors to the grounds. Both are adapted to crawling on tree trunks and because of this are often mistaken for each other. Yet the Treecreeper is brown above with a slender curved bill, while the Nuthatch is blue grey above with a stout straight bill. They also travel in different directions, Treecreepers crawl up trees, Nuthatches crawl down! I haven't yet seen any of Britain's three resident woodpecker species at schoòl but they must surely visit us sometimes.

The trees have one further important function: they provided shelter and a retreat for many of the ground feeders from the gardens, as well as an alternative food source. Thrushes in particular are fond of berries and fruit; the sight of a drunken thrush after eating rotten apples is unforgettable! Most birds roost overnight in the trees where they are relatively safe from predators.



The vegetable gardens and allotments provide us with the third habitat, although they are attractive to many of the species from the gardens and lawns. Finches in particular seem to thrive here, feeding on the seeds of thistles and grasses which grow along the allotment pathways. A poorly attended allotment is a special treat! The Children's Garden, which has recently been left as a weedy field, provides a suitable area for Skylarks in the winter, as well as the inevitable sparrow and finch flocks. Linnets and Goldfinches are finch species which prefer this wilder, unattended habitat. They regularly form mixed flocks in the winter. The drab Linnet resembles a steaky House Sparrow with white flashes on the wings and tail. By contrast the striking Goldfinch is a mixture of red, white and black head with black and yellow striped wings.

The Skylark is larger and is pale brown and white in flight; its white outermost tail feathers should clinch the identification. Highly acclaimed for its persistent, rich fluty song so typical of a lazy summer's afternoon, the brief liquid call, still rich in quality, can be heard when a bird is flushed from its retreat in the overgrown field.

An unusual recent visitor which took up residence in this area was a cock Pheasant, no doubt finding it a peaceful refuge from the firing squads of the 'Country Set'.

Possibly the most unlikely habitat is the playing field, occupying the largest area of the grounds, but much disturbed by games. Again totally artificial, it simulates the compact turf of rabbit infested grasslands. It is not as easy to watch as it might seem. Due to the lack of cover small birds will crouch close to the ground to be swallowed up by the vastness of the area. This is partly as a safeguard against overhead predators such as the hovering Kestrel whose distinctive form can sometimes be seen here. If one is lucky, one might see a Kestrel catch a small bird or mouse and carry it to a goalpost to devour it.

At all seasons, except during the summer, the field is a favourite haunt of gulls, invariably Black-headed Gulls but at least four other species have occurred. Lapwings, also known as Peewits from their plaintive call, are irregularly seen. They are mainly black and white with rounded wings and a long upturned crest which is not always visible. Mistle Thrushes, Carrion Crows, Rooks and Meadow Pipits are just a few of the field's more regular customers.

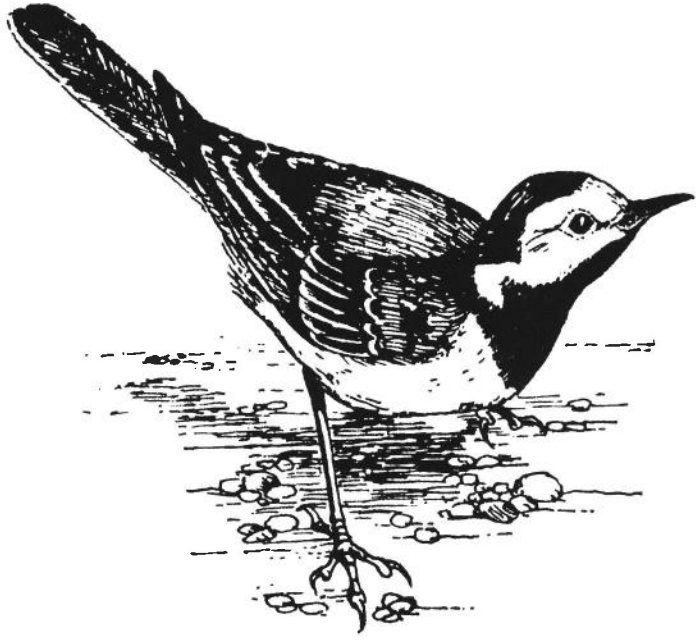
Devoid of trees, the field provides an excellent vantage point to watch the movements of birds overhead. Flocks of gulls gliding effortlessly across the sky are usually present to help fill in those dull moments of a football or hockey match. Skeins of Canada Geese flying in formation at dusk provided a fitting end to the day.

Most of the birds that I have already mentioned are resident birds, present virtually all year round with many of them breeding on site. The seasons add a new dimension. Not only do numbers of resident birds fluctuate widely from season to season, but many birds arrive to spend the winter or summer here. Being inland, Saffron Walden sees little of the spring and autumn birds which stop over 'en route' to breeding or wintering grounds.

As already indicated, many of our resident birds, such as the tits and finches, flock together in winter. These frantic feeding parties often comprise of several species and are easier to watch in bare trees. A flock of up to twenty five Bullfinches has become a regular sight on the front lawn. The male, with their fluorescent pinky-red underparts and black bonnets, cannot be mistaken. The females are much duller, but all show a dazzling white rump in flight.

The numbers of gulls reach a peak in winter; I counted over a hundred on one occasion. The Starling population is augmented by arrivals from the continent, but for me it is the birds from the north, such as the Redwing and Fieldfare, which are so typical of winter. To them our winters are mild! These two thrushes are the Scandinavian equivalents of the Song Thrush and Mistle Thrush. Redwings can be distinguished by a broad creamy eyestripe, the supercilium, and red patches on the underwings which are often only visible in flight. The larger Fieldfare is very striking with a grey head and a chestnut back. Once learnt, the calls are sufficient to distinguish all our thrushes.

By the end of winter many of our birds begin to disperse. The Redwing and Fieldfare return to Scandinavia, although a few have recently started to breed in Scotland; the gulls to the coast, and the flocks of tits and finches break up to form breeding pairs. When the leaves reappear on the trees the remaining birds become less obvious, but with warmer weather the often monotonous calls develop into rich songs as territories are established.





Spring sees the arrival of the summer visitors, birds which breed in Britain but winter in warmer climates. Virtually all Britain's warblers winter in Africa but the most familiar African arrivals are the Swift, Swallow and House Martin. These three insectivorous birds are superficially similar but in fact are very different. Swifts are completely unrelated to the other two and are black in colour with long scythe-shaped wings and a forked tail. They are possibly the most perfectly adapted bird for flight. They fly fast and high and can be heard screaming overhead, just specs to the naked eye. They even sleep on the wing and only interrupt their perpetual flight to breed. They are unable to land on the ground since their legs are too short to take off again, consequently they occupy vertical surfaces such as buildings and cliffs.

Swallows fly lower and can regularly be seen quartering the playing field just a few feet above the ground. They are steel blue above and buffy white below with a deeply forked tail. The outer feathers of the tail are elongated to form streamers.

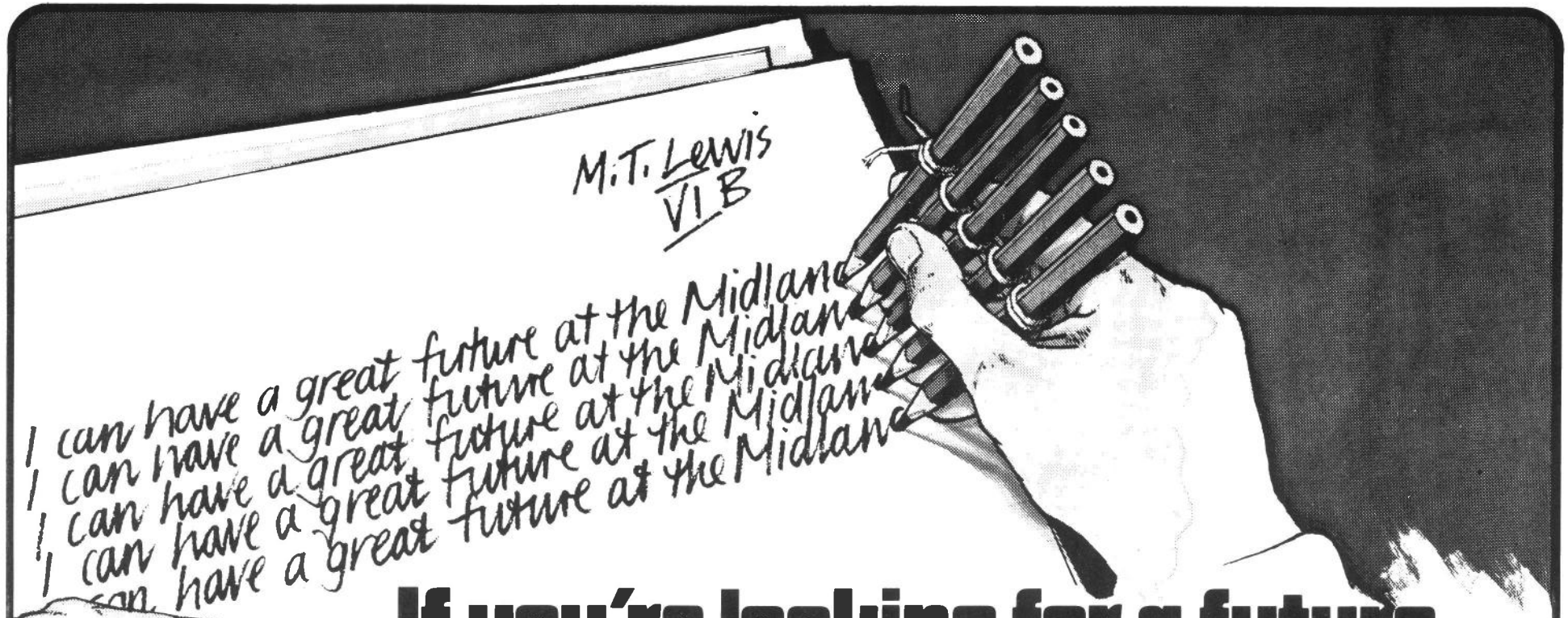
The House Martin is black and white with a short forked tail and are the most familiar of these three aerial visitors from Africa. It is the House Martin that nests under the eaves of the school buildings. Their nests are small and spherical and made of mud and saliva. One soon gets used to the continuous spluttering calls during the summer months but when they return to Africa in the autumn the school seems disturbingly quiet for the first few weeks.

Also in summer, when strolling down the Avenue, one might see a less conspicuous visitor, the Spotted Flycatcher. Small and brown with indistinct streaks on the whitish breast, it selects a few favourite perches and spends its days flying off its perch at regular intervals to catch insects. It is quick and efficient, rarely returning empty billed.

And so, despite the artificial habitats, I hope I have demonstrated that 'birding' in our grounds can be rewarding. Even the buildings are important with the House Martins under the eaves and Jackdaws in the chimneys. A rare bird could so easily turn up one day; even a simple breeding bird survey would reveal much suprising information.

The potential is there and so are the grounds!

Nigel Redman
Illustrated by Phillip Richardson



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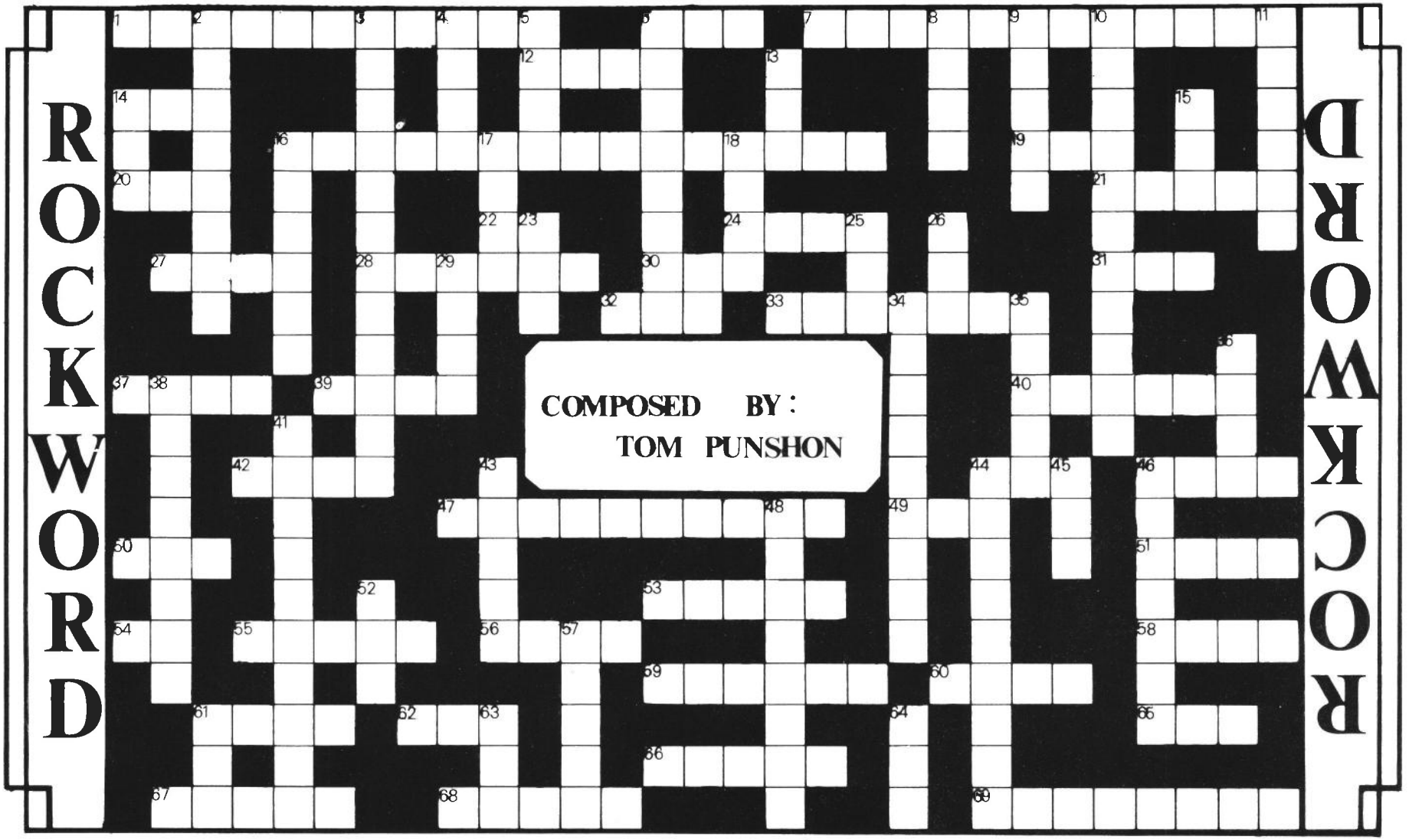
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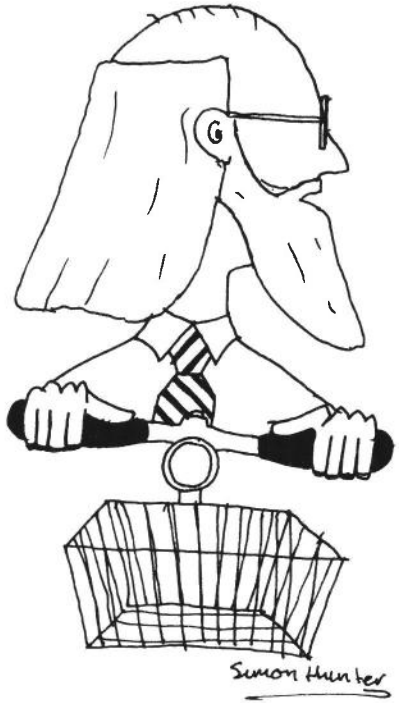
Clues Across

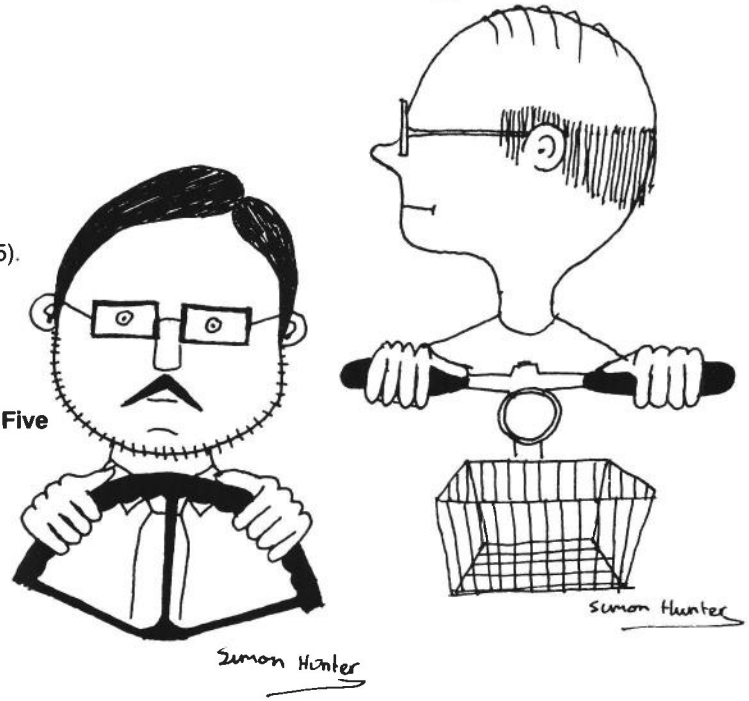
1 Heavy Metal clergy (5, 6).
6 Mr Orbison (3).
7 And God rested and said "Let there be no light." It was a ..... (5, 7).
12 Specials' guest (4).
14 and 6 down. He gave power to the darkness (3, 8).
16 Sham single (4, 3, 8).
19 Plastic .... band? (3).
20 Mr Maclean (3).
21 Fashionable singer (5).
22 D.J's initials (2).
24 Royal UB40 single (4).
27 Highway leads there (4).
28 Guitar or house (2, 8).
30 Yes album; Going for the ..... (3).
31 and 46 Specials' single (3, 4).
32 Brian ....., before and after science creator (3).
33 Guests of the banquet (7).
37 Group in a hurry (4).
39 One person playing or singing at one time (4).
40 Nuclear single (6).
42 Mercury and Co. play the ..... (4).
44 Affirmative group (3).
46 See 31.
47 Sabbath single (4, 6).
49 Space invaders! (3).
50 Mr Wobble (3).
51 Maiden's mineral (4).
53 Stranglers' bird (5).
54 Ready, steady ....., (Gen. X) (2).
55 and 41 down. Eagles' holiday spot (5, 10).
56 "Hard" music (4).
58 Go-feet group (4).
59 What Quo were living on (6).
60 Phil Lynott did a 39 there (4).
61 In a song or a cough sweet! (4)
62 Lydon, Levine and Co. (3).
65 Kate Bush single (3).
66 Whole lotta woman! (5).
67 Ms Wilcox is also an actress (5).
68 Bank robbers (5).
69 Two tone is said to be ..... reggae (8).

Clues Down

2 Derek's game (8).
3 It never gathers any moss (7, 5).
4 Judas Priest unleashed there (4).
5 What you will find the yellow ribbon round (4).
6 See 14 across.
8 Motoring group (4).
9 Fifth century British group (5).
10 He knocked it off! (1, 1, 9).
11 Stairway there (6).
13 Anti Nazi music movement (abbreviation) (3).
14 Mr Nugent (3).
15 Depressed Bowie L.P. (3).
16 Clash fought for it, and lost! (3, 3).
17 What Sid does (4).
18 Genesis' peer (4).
23 Dylan or Geldof (3).
25 Concert or small boat (3).
26 A mark left by a two tone cut (3).
29 Gabriel single, with a South African connection (4).
34 Ex-General of Tubeway Army (4, 5).
35 White reptile (5).
36 Electric group (2, 2).
38 John Foxx's old mob (5, 3).
41 See 55 across.
43 Kate Bush ..... forever (5).
44 Infantile Cliff Richard single (5, 4).
45 Nobody's heroes (3).
46 It was rising, but now it is down to earth (7).
48 Who listens to ....., that's what I'd like to know? (3, 5).
52 Leppard's disability (3).
57 Feeders of the 5,000 (5).
61 Touch, how much? (3).
63 Mr Creme, ex of 10cc (3).
64 Beds too big without who? (3).

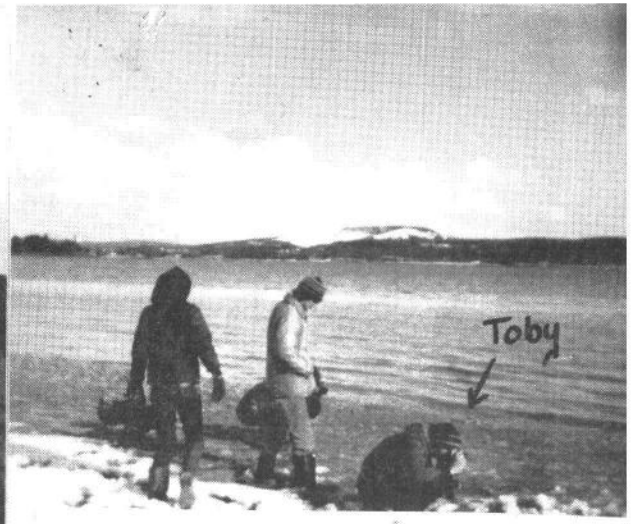
Tom Punshon, Form Five











Geog. Field Trip 1980
To The Lake District

By Mike & Toby

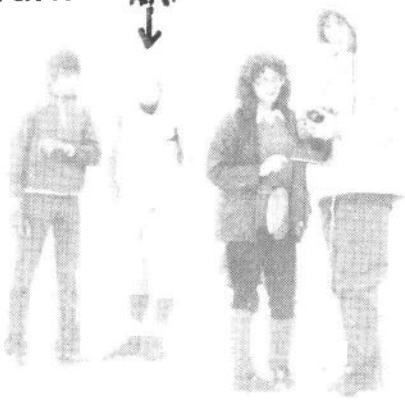


← Limestone Pavement

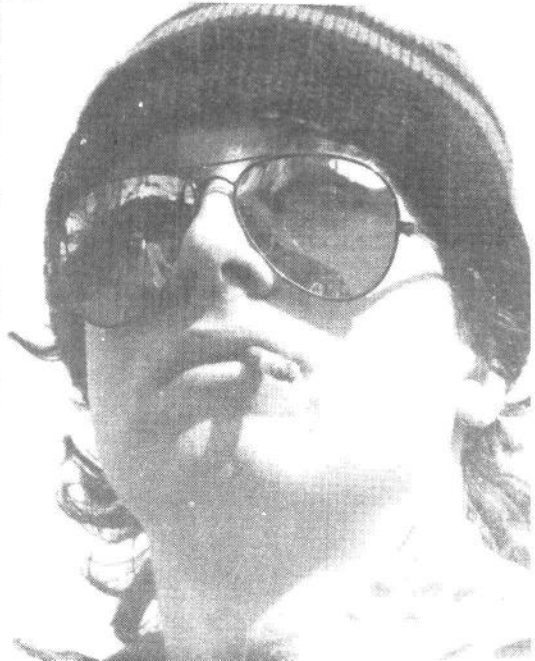
Glaciated Valley ↘



Red Tarn AR.





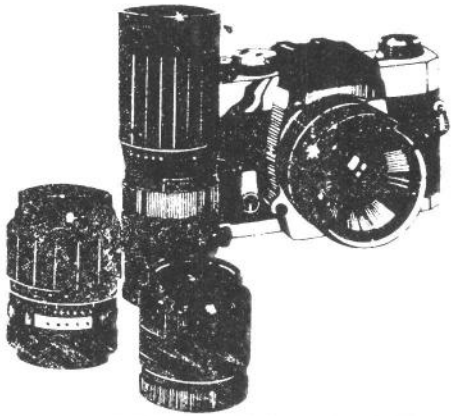


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THE GOVERNORS - Who are they?

Mrs Brandon paused, closed her book and then returned to her chair. The accustomary moments of silence slowly drifted by, broken only by the occasional cough or sneeze. Mr Woods stood up and stepped forward to the table. On this particular day he had an announcement to make. "The Board of Governors will be meeting in E3 throughout the day." He paused and glared at a second form boy who was talking. "Please find out from your form teachers where classes usually held in E3 will be today." The second form boy received another glance before he continued. "Please be quiet between Essex and the Reservoir during the day." Mr Woods indicated to the staff and sixth form to leave.

In amongst the general hubbub as we returned to our form rooms one or two questions were being asked.

"Who are the Governors?"

"Where do these Governors come from?"

"What do the Governors do?"

This strange group who, from time to time, intrude into our privacy, push into the dinner queue (and usually get the last porkpie salad) and restrict the use of our vocal chords are in fact here to aid the smooth running of the school.

There are twenty-four Governors in all, and each is appointed by one of three bodies. Fourteen Governors are appointed directly or indirectly by the London and Middlesex General Meeting (the owners of the school). Six Governors are appointed by associated General Meetings, namely, Essex and Suffolk, Kent, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, Sussex, Surrey and Hampshire and Norfolk, Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire. Two Governors are appointed by the Essex Education Committee and two by the Old Scholars' Association.

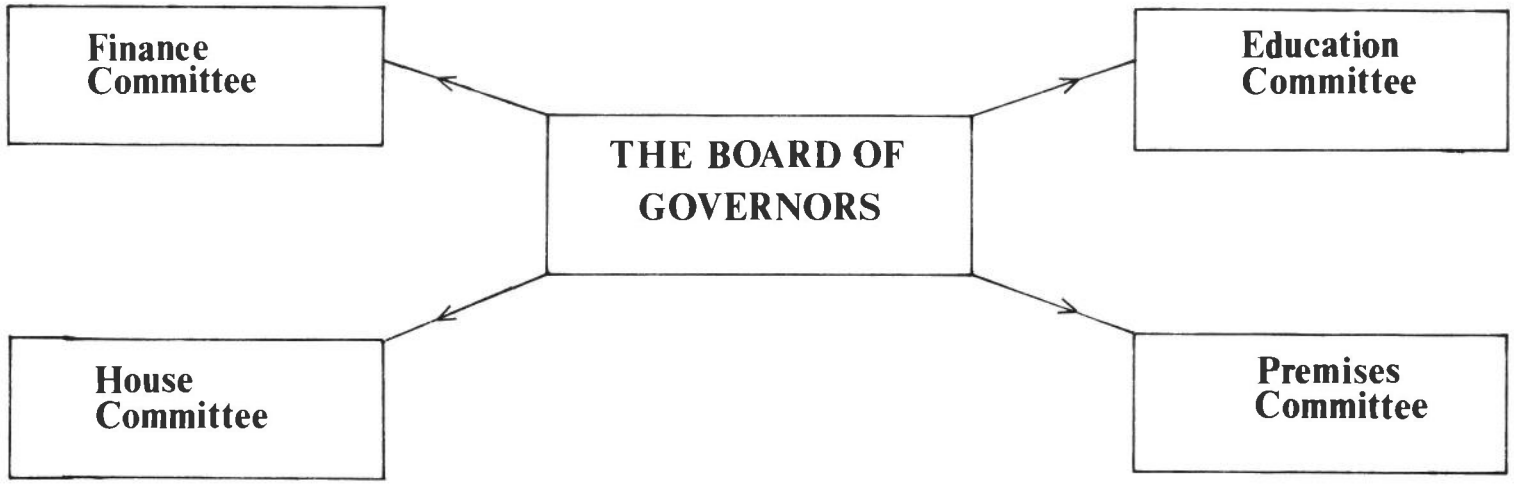
The Board of Governors manages the school in trust for the London and Middlesex General Meeting. At the moment the Board is divided into four sub-committees which are the Education Committee, the House Committee, the Premises Committee and the Finance Committee. Each committee meets once a term, which enables each Governor to visit the school at least three times a year.

The Head, his Deputy and the Bursar attend every meeting, though they are not members of the Board.

Any Governor can be called upon to become involved in a wide range of decision-making. Examples of the tasks involved include the appointment of senior staff, what the fees should be, planning of building projects, health care at school, accounting and educational policy.

So, the next time a Governor pushes into the dinner queue in front of you and takes the last porkpie salad that you were going to have, remember that it has been well earned. A free school lunch is a cheap price for the responsibilities that the Governors have to bear.

Jonathan Woods, Form Five



SOME FAMILAR FACES



Name: Godfrey Mace
Age: 9 x 10^{36}
Abode: "The Shack", somewhere in the United Kingdom
Occupation: None
Previous Occupation: Information Officer
Education: Friends' School

Godfrey Mace has been a governor for the past thirty years, or thereabouts. He represents the London and Middlesex General Meetings. It is his opinion that Friends' School is a good school in all respects. Caravaning is his favourite pastime.



Name: Mary Probert
Age: Insufficient data
Abode: Southend-on-Sea
Occupation: Housewife
Previous Occupation: Bank clerk
Education: ————————!

Mary has been a Governor for the last twenty years but has recently stepped down. She was concerned to see that Friends' School continued to flourish as it has done for many years. She is impressed by the number of old scholars who still think very dearly of the school.
Favourite Pastime: Being a grandmother
Favourite Television Programme: The Muppets
Idols: Eric Probert
Ambitions: "Too late! It's all happened."



Name: Alan Risdon
Age: ?
Abode: Danbury
Occupation: Production Manager
Previous Occupation:
Education: Friends' School

As Treasurer of the Governors, Alan is concerned about the economic future of the school. He thinks highly of Friends' School's ability to draw more out of its scholars than most schools.
Idols: Winston Churchill
Favourite Television Programme: "To the Manor Born"
Favourite Holiday Resort: Greece
Favourite Pastimes: Reading and walking.

Forwards, Sideways, Upsidedown?

SANTA CATERINA SKI TRIP 1981

Four in the morning is very early to get up, but we did on the morning of January 6th when staff and pupils met for the start of the ski trip. We arrived in Italy four and a half hours later at Milan airport. Then came a long coach journey of six hours up into the mountains. This included a brief stop at a transport café for lunch. It was snowing hard and we soon had to stop to fix chains to the wheels to stop the wheels spinning. The coach then continued to Santa Caterina except for a brief stop to wait for a funeral procession to pass. We began to wonder how dangerous this skiing business was!



Santa Caterina Valurfa is a small village at 1738 metres, the main piste being at 2093 metres and accessible only by a chair lift.



After a quick look around the hotel we were told by our courier, Mim, the hotel rules. We then went to have our boots and skis fitted ready for the next morning. The evening was spent 'opening the account' with the boys from Bishop's Stortford.

The hotel was unexpectedly good. The majority of rooms had more than standing room, and although the beds squeaked they were very comfortable. All the rooms were equipped with a basin, a wardrobe and drawers. The hotel was very clean, the only fault being that you could hear what was being said in the next room! The food was reasonable: a roll and butter for breakfast, pasta, fried food and soggy veg. for lunch and soup, followed by more fried food, for supper. Most of us ate well.

At 7.30 next morning the place was alight with excitement as the beginners made their way to the toboggan run while others shut their eyes and cringed as skis flew and bodies lay motionless on the ground.

The chair lift caused no problems unless you managed to loose your ski pass or if you were Denis Christley and scared of heights.

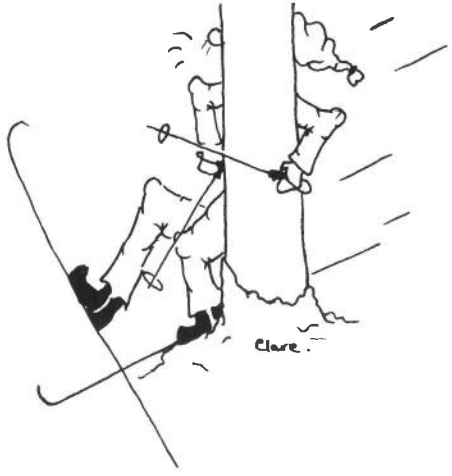
The mornings were occupied with free-skiing and the afternoons with lessons. On the first afternoon we were divided into classes according to ability, or to which instructor you had your eye on! We followed down the mountain learning different techniques, usually how to get up. By the end of the week everybody was able to ski.





Chris Smith was the advanced skier from Friends' School along with the staff of Bishop's Stortford College. They were Uncle Dunc, Snoopy, Ian, Charlie and Inger and Bob Kisbey, the experienced members of the group. The intermediate skiers, who followed Romano enthusiastically, were Hazel Smith and Tessa Brown who was not quite so sure on her skis.

The beginners were Peggy McAdoo and Denis Christley, the former finding the downhill challenge too great and changing to cross-country skiing, the latter determined to succeed.





Mim arranged several activities for us in the evenings. These included a disco on the second evening when everyone enjoyed themselves. Tobogganing was another evening activity. Chris Smith won the staff race convincingly. The after effects of this were noticed when competition for the soft seats in the lounge was greatly increased. Most people spent their free evenings socialising in the bars and listening to music.





On January 13th we were woken at 3.30 by a heavy-eyed Tessa Brown for the journey home. We arrived downstairs to find that several members of staff had not even gone to bed! We departed at 4.30 for a six hour coach journey. As we drew closer to Milan the snow covered roads began to slow us down. When we eventually arrived at the airport it was closed; we had to wait. At 1.30 p.m. the airline moved us on to Turin and so, after another two hour coach journey and a short delay for baggage loading and air traffic clearance, we took off.

After a bumpy ride we arrived back in England to find that it was snowing — typical!

Julia Beckett, Sarah Watson and Vanessa Collings

OUR NEW PET

I think that the Pet computer has had a great influence on the life of a number of scholars, such as myself.

When I came to Friends' School last September I had heard about the computer but didn't know where it was or how to use it. At first I thought "Cor a computer, what fun!" but I soon found that learning basic computer language is not much fun. I soon realised though that one could learn basic programming simply by watching a prerecorded tape.

The first programme that I made was one to print a statement many times on the screen.

```
10 FOR J=I TO 100
20 PRINT "THE PET COMPUTER"
30 NEXT J
```

This programme would print THE PET COMPUTER one hundred times on the screen. That was a very, very simple programme. Sixth formers like John Bufton make programmes of over 100 lines.

I gradually learned more of the basic language and am now able to write my own medium sized programmes. I have also discovered that the computer can play games; this is how I initially used the computer.

Once I had learned to programme the computer I wondered how I was going to remember the programme that I had made up. I soon discovered that there was a cassette recorder linked to the computer. One could record programmes off the memory onto a normal tape. When played on a normal tape recorder the computer programme sounds like a series of different pitched bleeps.

The computer is particularly useful from the mathematical point of view. It can, by programming it correctly, work out



practically anything. It is far more versatile than an ordinary calculator.

Our new PET has provided a large number of scholars an additional spare time activity, be it solving mathematical problems, designing pictures or playing games.

Michael Brown, Form One

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37 AND NOT OUT!



A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF CYRIL MUMMERY'S CAREER AT FRIENDS' SCHOOL

Cyril Mummery joined the staff of Friends' School in September 1943 as Group A Master of Junior Forms. The Annual Report of the time notes that "An additional master was needed in view of increasing numbers and Cyril Mummery was appointed to have special oversight of the younger boys in the School".

In 1946 he became Group Master, History and from that time he became responsible for most of the History teaching. Three years later in 1949 he undertook the job of Librarian.

Soon after he joined the staff the Old Scholars' report notes that he was "keen on games". In 1944, his first season for the staff cricket XI, he was second in the bowling averages and headed the batting averages.

A colleague wrote at the time, "When I saw him bowl, and later bat, I realised that here was a person of great ingenuity, and it was not only in his cricket, which he played with great enjoyment".

In the summer term of 1963 he acted as headmaster whilst the then head, Kenneth Nicholson, had a sabbatical. A year later he became Deputy Head. At the time there was a woman Assistant Head; this post became Head of Girls Side and later, in 1968, Headmistress. During this time he remained Deputy Head.

September 1965 saw the first appointment of a specific Assistant Historian onto the staff. This was the start of a line of young women who have taught with, and been trained by, him.

During 1969 he moved from his "historic room" in the Masters' Block, the room at the bottom of the stairs, to the room between the Head's Secretary and the Deputy Head. In 1972, with another shuffle of titles and when Ena Evans became Deputy Head, he became Dean of Studies and, "readily assumed the role of elder statesman".

At the end of the Autumn Term of 1980, Cyril Mummery retired from the staff of the Friends' School after thirty seven years service.



A TALK WITH CYRIL MUMMERY

Cyril Mummery was born at Kingston in Kent during the same year that the German Fleet escaped at the Battle of Jutland; that is, of course, 1916. He was the youngest of a farming family of six, all of whom followed the family tradition of agriculture, notably sheep breeding. His education began at the adjacent village school. Inspired by his Headmaster, Cyril Mummery won a scholarship to Simon Langton Boys' Grammar School, Canterbury. In 1935 he entered Wadham College, Oxford after being awarded an open scholarship in History. In 1938 he sat his degree which was followed by teacher training, again in Oxford. Having mastered supply teaching for a time, and the delicate art of writing legibly on a blackboard, he spent three years at Keil School, Dumbarton, a school of boys and kilts!

In 1943 Cyril Mummery was interviewed by a tall and impressive Head, namely Littleboy, followed by another interview with the Senior Master, Arnold Brereton, who was described as the "alpha and omega of schoolmastering". The thirty seven year career at Friends' School, Saffron Walden, had begun.

"My most vivid early memory", said Cyril Mummery, "is of the beauty of the singing in assembly. It was my first experience of co-educational singing since my days at elementary school."





Activities outside the world of desks and blackboards consisted mainly of games as well as active participation in village cricket for Sewards End. He recalls the effects of the war on the condition of local wickets. At Stansted, for instance, "the bowler started out of the shrubbery", while at Radwinter there was, "an unforgettable amount of poilution by cows."

In August 1946 he married Joan and together for thirteen years they provided a home for six boarders at 90 Debden Road. It was during this period that their two children were born, Andrew in 1948, and Elspeth in 1951. Both enjoyed the company and kindness of their "Number 90 Uncles", amongst whom was John Woods. Andrew received all his secondary education at Friends' School, and Elspeth, hers up to "O" levels.

"Memorable occasions", said Cyril Mummery, "were Old Scholars' Whitsuns, the 250th Birthday of the School in 1952, Kenneth Whitlow's 'Our Town', the control of Dorothy Waring, (Boys' Matron), crockery clearing in the dining hall and finally the good order that prevailed during the fire in the Chemistry laboratory."

Teaching sixth formers to think and pursue high academic goals has resulted in several treasured memories and results; Nigel Watt, Anthony Newton and Mark Anderson provided three of these. He also treasures memories of, "the elms whispering over the cricket or the noise of the bees in the Avenue limes during outside assemblies."

Facilities have improved out of all recognition. In 1945, Cyril Mummery's English classes were divided into twenty minute sections so that the cricket square sprinklers could be moved. Staff accommodation has changed from "primitive horse boxes" to "self-contained flats". The growth in the number of classrooms enabled partitions and slate blackboards to be phased out.

Are children basically the same today as they were thirty seven years ago? Apparently not. Today children have, "less motivation, a diminished vocabulary (the television being the greatest cause of this calamity), but today's children are, however, wealthier."

During his retirement Cyril Mummery hopes to pursue his outdoor interests, notably walking, and his work as warden of Shadwell Wood, Ashdon. So far he has had great success with two mini-books, "A Guide to the Techniques of Coppice Management" and "Essex Woodlands in Trust". He also hopes to help his wife in her work measuring, marking and monitoring roadside verges—especially in Uttlesford.

"I shall extend the time I have happily given to gardening", he said, "and wish that I could extend the garden." Besides the desire to revisit the Highlands, Cyril Mummery also hopes to read, and possibly write some History, "which I have been too busy teaching to write about."

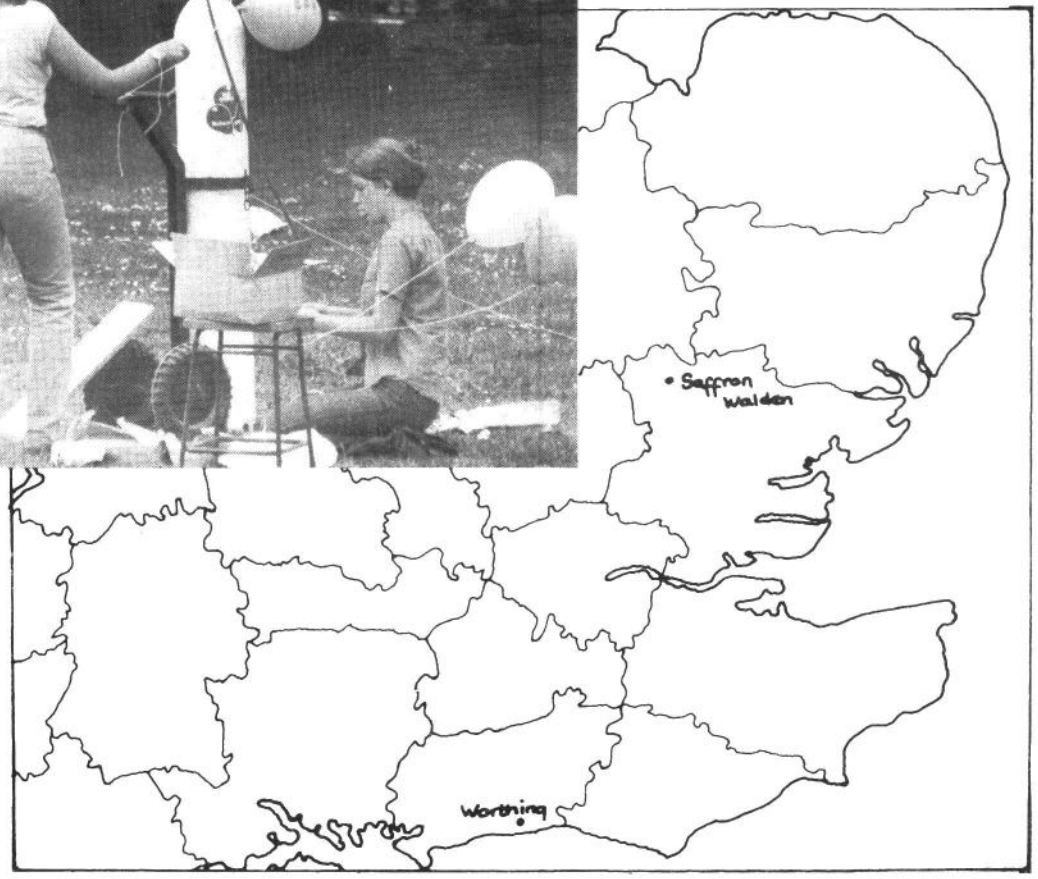
Clare Parry, Six Two





Summer Fete Balloon Competition





The winning balloon was found at Worthing 85 miles from Saffron Walden and was sent by David Menell.

OUR VIETNAMESE FRIENDS

Following our very happy association with the Ockenden Venture in preparing a display for the International Year of the Child Great Children's Party in Hyde Park, we have undertaken the long-term sponsorship of two Vietnamese refugee children. They are Hông, a girl of ten, and Nhut, her brother, who is thirteen. With the other five members of the family who managed to escape from Vietnam, leaving their parents behind, they are part of the Ockenden community at Haslemere.



Our commitment is to contribute one pound a week throughout the year towards each child's educational and general needs. We also send them birthday and Christmas presents and hope that, when they have gained sufficient confidence to leave the security of Ockenden for a while, they will be able to visit us in Saffron Walden. Meanwhile it is good to know that every scholar in the School feels this work is sufficiently important to warrant support.

J.R.W. and J.M.W.

LA CÔUME

1980

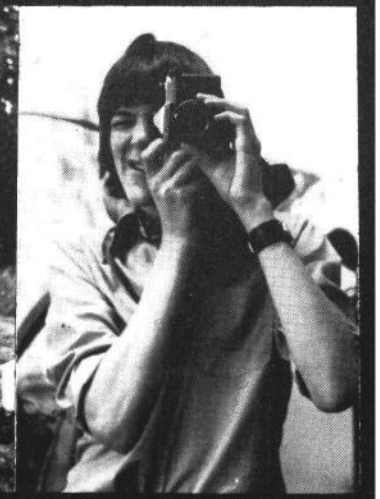


















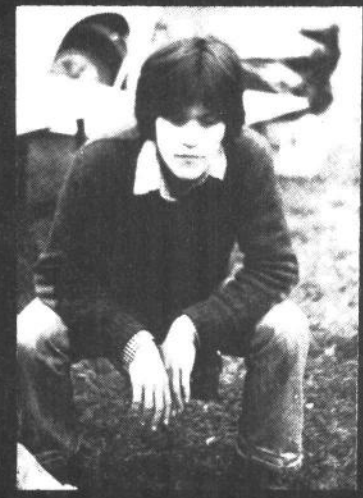


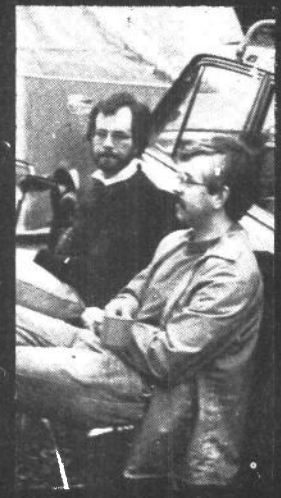
















THE END.

STANSTED: progress or pointless?



We visited Stansted Airport on a dark December afternoon. On arrival we were shown around the terminal buildings; they are new and clean but were also empty. It was explained to us that the airport, at the moment, is operating well below capacity in handling about 350,000 passengers a year. Traffic does increase in the summer months when holiday flights use the airport. After being frisked and electronically scanned by a security officer keen to demonstrate his equipment, we settled down in the terminal snack bar to talk to the public relations officer for Stansted Airport.

The British Airports Authority, who own Stansted and other main airports in Britain, were invited by the Government to prepare plans for a possible development of Stansted Airport in December 1979. The plans were to enable Stansted to handle 15 million passengers a year using the present runway. This plan will go before a public inquiry during 1981.

We tried to find out what the main advantages of Stansted were over the other sites that were rejected by the government as possible locations for London's third airport. The answers that we were given were quite convincing. The concern over the influx into the area of a large workforce is unfounded. The airport, when developed, will only require 20,000 workers. These workers will be drawn from the South East area without the need for a new town.

About 1500 acres of land will be needed outside the present airport boundary. A further 2,500 acres outside the boundary is being 'safe-guarded' for future development. All the terminal buildings and hotels will be built within the present constraints of the airport and the 1500 acre area. Gatwick was stated as an example of an airport that has been developed but has not sprawled across the countryside.

The close proximity of the London to Cambridge railway and the M11 motorway make Stansted an ideal location;none of the other sites have such good transport links with London. Stansted has already got one of the longest runways in Britain; this will make it considerably cheaper to develop than the 'green field' sites that were also proposed. From the point of view of air traffic control in South East England Stansted is in the right place, well away from Gatwick and Heathrow.

We asked why the estimated increase in passenger traffic could not be absorbed in regional airports such as Birmingham and Manchester. Apparently these airports have already grown, some, like Luton, to their capacity. A major concern, if the development takes place, is the noise from aircraft. We were told that aircraft noise would not be significantly greater than at the present time. The training flights which now take place would be stopped and many of the heavy cargo planes would cease to use the airport. In any case, modern aircraft are much quieter than the first generation of jets that are now being phased out.

The only doubt that was actually expressed over the development of Stansted was whether South East England actually needs a third major airport. The estimated growth of passenger traffic is not as high as it was. There is little doubt though that if there is a need Stansted is the most suitable site for development, so we were told.

When will the decision be taken to go ahead with the plans or to shelve them? As we have already stated the plans go before a public inquiry during 1981. This is a long process where the British Airports Authority put forward their plans and objectors object. The inquiry is expected to last for nearly a year. The adjudicator at the inquiry is appointed by the government and, being neutral, makes a recommendation as to whether the plans can go ahead. If the inquiry finds in favour of the British Airports Authority the government will then decide if the plans are to be put into action. It is estimated that the new terminal could not possibly be ready until 1988.

It was in 1964 that the present discussions on the future of Stansted began. In that year the government and British Airports Authority proposed a new international airport at Stansted. Fierce local opposition to this proposal resulted in the appointment of the Roskill Commission to investigate alternative sites for a third London airport, excluding Stansted. The comission's recommendation, Cublington in Buckinghamshire, was rejected by the government in favour of Maplin in the Thames Estuary. The Maplin scheme was then abandoned by the next government in 1974.

In 1974 it was hoped that the building of new passenger terminals at Gatwick and Heathrow would absorb the increasing traffic. But, in 1979 the government of the day again decided that a third London airport was needed and considered a number of possible sites, including Stansted. Of the sites considered Stansted was chosen and in December 1979 the government invited the British Airports Authority to prepare plans for the development of the airport. Hence the present controversy.



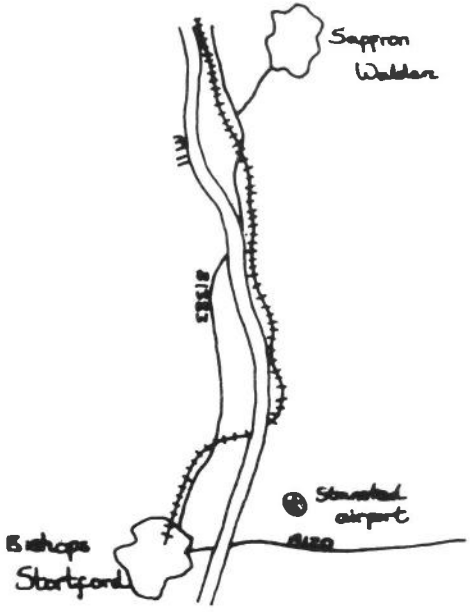
STANSTED AIRPORT—INTERVIEW WITH MRS FORSYTH

One Tuesday in October we arrived at Fortescue's Farm, Good Easter, the operational heart of the North West Essex and East Hertfordshire Preservation Association (NWEEHPA), a committed "anti-Stansted" group. An energetic Susan Forsyth ushered us into the kitchen-cum-office, which was crammed with filing cabinets, copiers and documents. She took the ever ringing telephone off the hook and was at last attentive. Her convictions on this issue were so strong and plentiful that she talked to us for over an hour. We have tried to condense the main points of her argument into the following account.

Susan Forsyth suggested that the expansion of Stansted would require additional land, a labour force, housing for the labour force and a vast injection of money. 1,500 acres of farmland surrounding the present airport would be subject to compulsory purchase, a further 2,500 acres would be safeguarded in case they were needed in the future. All this is prime agricultural land which we can ill-afford to lose.

The vast new labour force could be recruited from the North London area, if people were willing to travel the long distances to and from work. If not, it is claimed, new housing would have to be built, resulting in two new towns, each twice the size of Harlow. This would bring an estimated 300,000 people into the area.





Along with large airports come the inevitable warehouses, motels, supporting industries, garages, lorry-parks, contractors' yards and so on. Small towns, such as Saffron Walden, which were not built to serve a large population, would not be able to cope with a sudden influx of people.

Access to Stansted from Central London is not good. The M11 was not built specifically to serve Stansted Airport; the roads linking Central London to the M11 are inadequate for the amount of traffic that will be generated if the development goes ahead. Although London will soon have its long awaited orbital motorway, the M25, most of the traffic for Stansted will come from Central London.

The cost of developing Stansted Airport will be considerable. Of the 15 possible sites Stansted is the 9th most expensive. We were told that the British Airports Authority, even before they have got the official "go-ahead" have started to buy up houses on the perimeter of the present airfield.

NWEEHPA's solution to the "Stansted Question" is either to site the third London airport at Maplin, in the Thames estuary—an area of high unemployment, where less agricultural land would be required and housing development would be much less—or, to expand Stansted within its present limits, that is, confining development to the area already in the possession of the British Airports Authority.

Susan Forsyth then went on to tell us something about NWEEHPA, the organisation to which she voluntarily devotes much of her time. All the money they need comes entirely from public donations. The campaign is costly to run; £1,000 per month are needed just to run the office, even though all helpers are volunteers. The donations come from all over the world, but mainly from East Anglia. The fact that Stansted is the only site to have previously been rejected twice, makes NWEEHPA more determined than ever to succeed a third time.

A final word regarding noise: NWEEHPA ask us if our gardens will be double glazed! Dare we ask the PTA to dig their hands into their pockets once more, and double glaze our playing fields?

On the way out our photographer snapped a sneaky shot of Susan Forsyth and her daughter, the latter being more bothered about her shoes than Stansted! We drove away feeling rather dazed but much more informed.

Rebecca Nash, Rachel Haigh, Sarah Watson, Six One







Letter from Australia

Dorothy Goldspink was housemistress of Hillcroft from 1971 until her retirement at Easter in 1977. Since then she and her husband, Tony, have emigrated to Australia.

"The Avenue" recently received a letter from the Goldspinks describing their new life "down under."

LOOKING BACK FROM THE OUT BACK

I did promise in 1978 to send a line or two from Australia. Now it's nearly the end of 1980 and two years since Tony and I arrived in Western Australia. We came for the sunshine, the cost of living and, hopefully a good life, all of which have been better than we anticipated.

Most Australians live in cities, and only 10% in the Out Back or rural townships, so we do not conform to the norm in this respect. We live about thirty five miles from Perth "up in the hills", namely the Darling Range. The summers are hotter here than in Perth and the winters cooler although we have not put on our coats since we have been here. We know that the summer will give us five months of sunshine.

Prices have risen during the past five years, but the living is good for most families. Who wants to pay more for anything? The Aussies moan, now steaks are £2.00 a kilo and rates are up £5.00 a year. By English standards it's all incredibly good. "Good" being THE word. Ask an Australian "How's the family?", "How are you?" or "How is the job?" and inevitably the answer will be "Good". Whatever anyone thinks or says about Australians, we have found them very polite, extremely friendly and very helpful, and they seem to accept us "Two old Poms".

Tony practically built our house. We had professionals to put down the foundations, put on the roof but Tony did all the cladding and all the carpentry inside. It's in the old Colonial style, with verandas all round, and is lovely to live in. As 71% of Australians own their own homes and the majority have two cars it is a good country for individuals who want to do their own thing.

I have read that the average Australian believes that it is the job of the Government to see that everyone has a "fair-go". Australians see their government, which they both trust and despise, as giving help to those that need it but leaving the rest alone.

Western Australia, for those of you that don't know your Geography, is larger than India, fifteen hundred miles one way and a thousand the other—not much under a million square miles. It has phenomenal mineral deposits. There is enough iron ore in Western Australia to fulfil the world's needs for the next century. There is also oil, natural gas, tin, copper, talc, nickel, bauxite, gold, diamonds, coal and so on! It is now the fastest growing state in Australia, and one of the richest in the world.

Chidlow is a small town; there are no villages or hamlets in Australia. Like most towns it has a sports oval for cricket and football, floodlit tennis courts and polo-cross. It was once a fruit growing area and an important rail centre. Now the orchards are fewer and the railway has been removed.

We have visited a number of schools, which, like everywhere else, vary a great deal. Some spelling and writing books are almost Victorian, but by contrast there are computer lessons for ten year olds. There are no school lunches provided here; sandwiches or hamburgers have to do. School uniforms are not common here but shoes do have to be worn in school.

The Australians make up for their meagre mid-day snacks with a high dinner in the evening. Steaks or several chops, maybe a few sausages as well and four or five vegetables are usual. Fruit is plentiful and cheap; ice-cream is an almost daily dessert.

Looking back and thinking of our happy times in Saffron Walden, I asked Tony what are his fondest memories.

"The friendliness and the Town", was his reply.

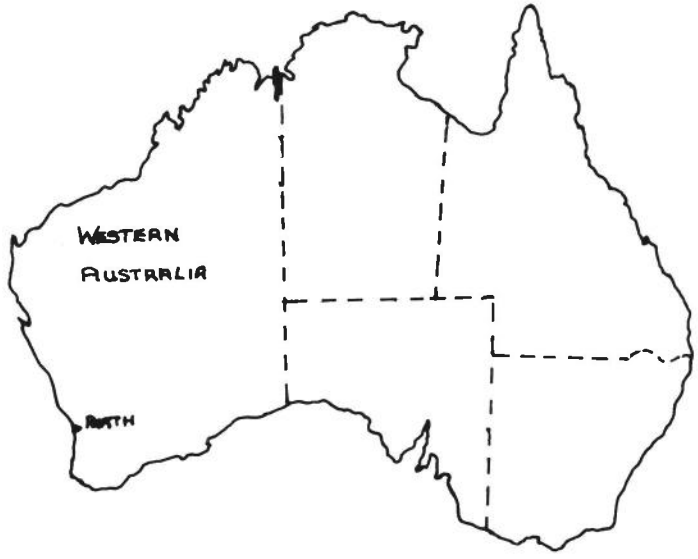
We have found some good new friends here, joined a stamp club, and started a junior stamp club, so if anyone reading this is interested in stamps, please write to me and maybe we can do some exchanges.

We can also offer a bed to anyone from Friends' School who is travelling this way (as we are only thirty five minutes drive from Perth Airport). It is a lovely part of the world and well worth a visit and it is a very good place to live.

Tony and I send all our good wishes to all at Friends' School, both past and present—and we would like to hear from some of you.

Lot 225 Willcox Street,
Chidlow 6556,
Western Australia,
Telephone 095-7244107

Dorothy Goldspink



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BARCLAYS SM

What about The Workers!?

For the past thirty-one years scholars and staff have known the lady who made Croydon House her special responsibility as "Mrs Hill". Under gentle pressure Mrs Hill, who comes from Holland, revealed to "The Avenue" that her first name is Wilhemyntje. Mrs Hill, no doubt, she will continue to be!

When she first joined the School, Croydon House was the house of Richard Wright and his wife. The cookery room was half its present size, the needlework room was sparsely furnished and there was no fitting room. Material was still only available in exchange for coupons and was consequently in short supply.

The head girl in Mrs Hill's first year was Gwyneth Jackson who, after training, returned to take over the Domestic Science department and, subsequently, to marry another old scholar, Jimmy Dutton, and become a Governor, a position she still holds.

Mrs Hill recalled many of the building alterations and additions described by Basil and Eric. She also remembered when the present dining room annexe was the staff room. Recess conversations were accompanied by the rhythm of a nearby butter-patting machine. Opposite the staff room door was a large bell-board by means of which domestic staff were summoned to different parts of the building. The young woman from Holland, conscious of her lack of English, was very nervous about answering a call to the front door, but overcame her fears quite quickly with practice.

Have scholars changed much over the years? Mrs Hill forgets her own youth; she knows that nagging usually makes matters worse and that high spirits are only natural. Taken over all, girls have changed very little. There was, though, that one who chalked heavily round a chair on a newly polished floor and left a note saying that that was where she wanted the chair placed—with her slippers on top! But that was an exception.

The trolley loads of assorted clothing that find their way to the laundry are today fed into machines very much like those found in commercial establishments. Three pressers restore the garments to something like their original shape and, after some magical sorting process, they find their way back to their owners. But 'twas not ever thus.



Mrs Price has been working in the cavernous rooms under the archway for the past thirty-six years. She told Rowan Godfrey and Julie Reeves, who ventured onto unfamiliar territory to talk to her, of the times when all socks had to be washed by hand; when clothes were boiled in large coppers; and when towels were hung out to dry on lines stretched around the school. The days of the tumble-drier were far away. Irons were heated by gas and required a great deal of effort and not a little skill to produce the desired effects.

Strangely, though, all this hot, hard manual work was done by four people as against the five who now operate the machines. Extra help has been taken on as the size of the school has increased. Wash-day miracles are still wrought, however, and steam oozes from the windows as a sign that mountains are being moved.



Mountains of autumn leaves; shining floors with lingering smells of polish; bulging baskets of washing: these are all part and parcel of school life. But what about the people behind them? Who are they? What is their view of the school? What changes have they seen over the years? What hasn't changed?

These were some of the questions that interested a group of fifth form girls and they set out to find the answers.

Olivia Johnson and Juliet Parry went in search of Basil Waterman and Eric Jarvis. The last of the leaves had fallen and been duly swept up, borders had been forked over and roses pruned. There was time for reflection—accompanied by the munching of apples. Basil, it transpired, had been looking after the gardens for thirty three years; Eric for eighteen. How, they were asked, had the Avenue itself changed during those years?

At the far end of the Avenue, it seems, vegetables were grown to supply the school kitchens, any surplus being sold to the Schools' Meals Centre at Fairycroft and to what is now the County High School. In return, the kitchen passed on its empty bottles and cans and they formed the foundation of the New Avenue. A gate once crossed the Avenue from a lump of rock known as the "Kicking Stone". Scholars were allowed past this point only on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. At other times, though, they would wander down the Avenue, kick the stone and return to school.

The lily pond was once the centre of a beautifully tended sunken garden with scholars looking after their own small plots under the guidance of a Mr Plant! The nearby hut was once inhabited by pigs; it later became a vegetable store.

We are, apparently, lucky to have the Avenue at all. Misguided gardeners in 1964 laid chlorate around the trees to kill the weeds. Basil and Eric spotted this in time, and dug trenches six feet deep and extracted the contaminated soil, so saving the trees from almost certain death.

A hedge used to stretch from the Pavilion to an area over at the other side of the field where Basil and Eric planted trees in memory of Mr Nicholson, the previous Headmaster. On the far side of this hedge a local farmer grew corn. Every Whitsun, tents were erected on the field to provide accommodation for old scholars. Tables were set up under the trees and food duly served on them—weather permitting. The birth of a baby to a member of staff was marked by the burning of a huge bonfire on the field.

Gibson House, now the boarding house for junior boys, was once the sanatorium, the surgery being located where the present day room is. When the new sanatorium was built, Basil and Eric laid the lawns and have looked after them ever since.

Crosfield and Leicester have been built where vegetables and fruit were once grown; Essex stands on a former parking space. The Radley Rooms belonged originally to an isolation hospital. The building was transferred to a position behind the Reservoir and then moved again, with Basil's and Eric's assistance, to its present position in the orchard, itself planted by Basil in 1960.

A strange activity for Basil and Eric was mowing the grass on the roof of the Reservoir. This, of course, was before its conversion to a leisure centre. A major task subsequently was the removal of the soil from the roof and the digging out of chalk dregs from the old reservoir so that alterations could take place.



Croydon House, now the home of third form girls, was once the junior school house. It had its own playground where the present pet sheds are. At one time the Croydon maid slept in a shed now used by Basil as a toolshed—without the maid!

Our reporters were interested to know whether the general attitude of scholars had changed during the many years covered by Basil and Eric. They were assured that they were much friendlier now than in the past and that boys today are not merely mischievous. Even John Woods was once a member of a gang . . . but that is another story.

JUST POEMS . . .

THE D.P. POEM

The half term sped so quickly by,
It hardly seemed a minute.
What I recall, the best of all,
Is something very silly.

We got up late, at ten to eight,
And rushed out to the tractor.
With wellies, coats and scarfs in hand
And music played by Henry's band.
We wrapped up warm, the cold to scorn,
For it was very chilly.

The muddy strip of green and brown
Was very fast approaching.
The tractor stopped, and out we hopped,
Alas, right in a puddle!

We set to work, I felt a berk
Just sitting in the trailer.
You'd n'er believe how mud clings
When throwing sodden dump-el-ings.
Once airborne, . . . graceful as could be,
They flew, and landed in a tree,
Except the odd one, two or more
That landed on the tractor door.

At last the long awaited hour,
We sped off home, with frightening power.
But safely parked, I don't know how,
On route we hit a neighbour's cow.

Hungry, waiting for our lunch,
We heard a penetrating CRUNCH.
Our mother, trying hard to please,
Had left the oven on "deep-freeze",
And sadly, appetites to blame,
We ate the Vicar when he came!

M.

PREP

Shakespearian couplets fight with Latin declensions,
Thee and thou against nomen.
Chemical equations float gently about
Because chlorine is so fond of hydrogen.
Depuis construction; der, die and das,
Is the femur in the neck or the toe?
Who fought a battle in 1066?
And what's the Italian for "no"?
Pythagoras sits there with Fleming's Right rule,
And Einstein is here with his Left.
What's the fifty-sixth note in "Clair de Lune"?
And which famous composer was deaf?
I sit here in Prep. and think to myself,
"Howcome this is all such a mess?"
And little Miss Muffet just smiles to herself
While sewing quarks onto her dress!

Jo Baddeley, Form Five

The laughing fire,
Its crackling tone reaching out,
Touching and stimulating a glow,
Reaching to warm inner depths,
Shying at the deepest frosts.
Cold eyes and blonde locks,
They stare and shake
Trying to get loose from a frozen leash,
Bidding release,
Leaping to join the gaiety,
Disquieting by the harsh hold.
Icy lover, let go.

Anon

A MISUNDERSTANDING

You saw me alone,
I, not wanting to talk.
You sat down beside me,
Beginning to talk.

You told me about life
And the one I may love,
About some philosophy
And the Lord up above.

I turned away from you,
Beginning to cry
From the look in your eyes
And the weight of your sigh.

I thought you would reject me,
Everyday leave me to moan.
It was just a misunderstanding
Of me, wanting to be alone.

Please remember, when I'm far and gone,
Not the bitter twisted side of me,
Remember the laughter and love in the eye,
The joyous nights and feelings of freedom.
Think of me with vitality and youth, happiness and hope,
For I fear you will only remember the bitter side of me—
And hate.
Think of the songs that we would sing for hours,
Our future plans,
And the wide white smiles, so easily shown,
At the slightest thought or word.
Let us forget the fighting and the hating,
The bitching and lying,
And even worse, the crying.
Please, just remember the good times.

Anon



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Behind the scenes at the Syndicate

Most scholars, during their time at Friends' School, are faced with "O" or "A" level examinations set by the University of Cambridge Local Examination Syndicate. But, the average scholar knows little of this mysterious organisation. Who sets the questions? Who decides what a subject syllabus should contain? Who decides which answers are right and which are wrong? What happens to examination papers once they have been marked?

To answer these and many other questions we visited the Examination Syndicate in Cambridge and talked to Mr J. M. Sharp, who works for the Syndicate. What follows is an account of our investigations.

The Syndicate is a University body which began life in 1858, and today employs 23 officers, 4 computer officers, 199 assistant staff and 196 temporary staff. The arrangements for the examination of candidates is under the control of the school examinations committee, which consists of 19 members (university teachers and representatives of local authorities). The individual subjects are under the control of 19 subject committees. These are responsible for the preparation and modification of the syllabuses and the instruction of chief examiners and moderators.

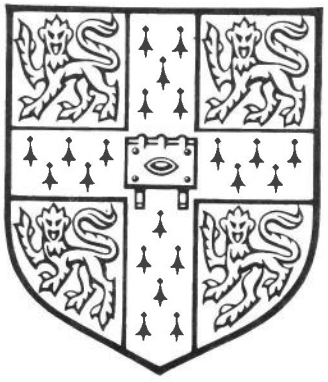
The Syndicate building (which we might add looks as impressive as the name sounds) is financed totally by the examination fees from something like 133,000 candidates each year. It makes a small profit but cannot be called a profit making organisation. This capital is needed for future developments.

The Syndicate has a worldwide influence, drawing candidates from countries such as Australia, Hong Kong, Japan, Saudi Arabia and Ethiopia. There are in fact more candidates from overseas than in the United Kingdom. However, this gap is slowly decreasing as more and more countries form their own examination boards.

The subject syllabuses are constantly being updated to reflect modern developments. Suggestions for changes (usually from teachers) are discussed by subject sub-committees and changes may be made. Whole syllabuses may be rewritten if they are considered too long to be covered in two years.

Reliable examiners are invited to set an examination paper about two years before the examination is to be taken. This is then sent to a moderator (usually a teacher) who checks the standard and relevance to the syllabus. (He looks at it from the candidates point of view!). Both June and November examinations for one year are set and discussed together. Although each question is discussed, this meeting takes place too far in advance of the examination for questions to be remembered! Some unsuitable questions are replaced. The paper is then printed and circulated to such people as the moderator. The papers are meant to be checked and completed by Easter in the year of the examination, but there are always some that are a last minute panic before the examination!

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE



Arguments have arisen over which examination boards set the hardest examinations. The Cambridge Syndicate likes to believe that its examinations are comparable to all other boards.

Most examination papers (excluding those from schools in Cambridge) are sent by post, double packed in a stitched brown paper bag and in heat sealed polythene. Schools have to be trusted to keep the papers under lock and key until they are needed. Inspectors are sent around schools to check examination conditions and security of papers (or lack of it!), but schools are only usually visited about once in every ten years.

Unmarked papers have been lost in the post and have never been found. In this situation marks have to be estimated by the teacher and on the basis of other papers.

The new 16+ examination has proved very popular with many schools. It has been proposed to combine CSE and GCE examinations, and at present may be taken in Biology, Geography, Technical Drawing, Needlework and Mathematics, with the largest number of candidates at the moment in Mathematics. In this examination a system of grades from 1 to 7 exists (grades 1 to 3 equalling "O" level grades A to C and grades 4 to 7 CSE equivalents).

The nucleus of examiners (those who mark the examinations) tends not to change from year to year, although the chief examiner is usually replaced (a carefully chosen word!) after about five years.

A standardizing meeting is held before the papers are marked and any problems over doubtful answers are solved (for example, rounding up or down in Mathematics). This meeting aims to start each examiner marking at the same standard. Ten to twenty scripts from each examiner are sent to the chief or assistant examiner to compare standards. Too severe or lenient examiners may have their papers remarked or regraded. Each examiner may have between 300 and 500 scripts to mark.

A neat script does create a good impression in the eyes of

The Syndicate headquarters in Cambridge



the examiner, although he is not supposed to take this into consideration.

Although there is not a fixed percentage for examination grades, arts subjects have a pass mark of about 40% at "A" level. In science subjects this varies more because examination standards vary more from year to year.

It always seems an unbearably long time for candidates until the results are published. For the people involved in marking, grading and distributing the results, this often feels too short! With the last examination at the end of June, marking does not end until the last week of July. All the results are then put onto the computer and are processed. Meetings are then held to set the grade standards and to discuss borderline cases.

Every year there are something like 1,000 appeals against results. This number increased when the Syndicate announced that appeals could be made. However, all grades are not changed as a result of appeals. There have been some cases where marks have been mixed up by examiners and the mistake has not been noticed during checking. (Are you sure your grade E shouldn't have been an A?!).

No examination papers are returned to the candidates as this would cause too many arguments over the marking system. Instead, all arguments are ended for ever when the papers are pulped!

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE

General Certificate of Education

ORDINARY LEVEL

So, now you know a bit more about the University of Cambridge Local Examination Syndicate. When you next sit down to an "O" or "A" level examination paper we hope that you will have a greater appreciation of the long and difficult process of producing the question paper.

However, rest assured, your completed scripts are in the safe hands of reliable examiners, and the results will be checked and rechecked. In addition, the Syndicate may award you a prize or scholarship for an outstanding performance!!

DID YOU KNOW ?

The following information has been compiled from statistics about "A" and "O" level examinations set by the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate in June 1979.

?

Almost 6½ million examination papers were printed.
3,065 examiners did the marking.
13,489 boys and 13,052 girls sat "A" level examinations.
50,935 boys and 53,658 girls sat "O" level examinations.

?

Of the 7,348 candidates who sat "A" level English 5,311 were girls.
Of the 3,902 candidates who sat "A" level Physics 2,966 were boys.

?

The highest pass rate in an "A" level subject was in Spanish where 91.3% of entrants passed.
The lowest pass rate in an "A" level subject was in Sociology where 59% of the entrants passed.

?

Of the 11,636 candidates who sat three "A" levels 59% passed all three, 23% passed two, 11.7% passed one and 6.2% passed none.

?

In "O" level English Language 59.8% of boys and 65.5% of girls gained grade C or above.
In "O" level Mathematics (Syllabus B) 68.7% of boys and 57.1% of girls gained grade C or above.

?

Of the 94,401 candidates entered for "O" level 36,413 took only one subject; 45% of them failed! 599 took ten subjects; 42.7% passed all ten.

?

Bow-wow, miaow, rabbit-rabbit!

CALADH BAHR FORTUNE KOOKIE OTHERWISE CEILIDH

Ceilidh (a Gaelic word meaning an informal gathering for song and story) is a Landseer Newfoundland—Newfoundland being the breed's country of origin and Landseer after the painter Sir Edwin Landseer who brought their popularity to a peak with his portrait of "The Distinguished Member of the Humane Society".

In Newfoundland their love of water was put to good use by the sea faring islanders and they became adept at pulling in fishing nets, carrying messages from one island to another, and saving the old fishermen from drowning. Ceilidh certainly loves to splash around in any available puddle, but her reluctance to go out of her depth may be attributed to the unhappy experience that befell her in Hugall's Hole, when as a puppy she discovered that exit was by no means as simple as entry!

The Victorians found their gentle disposition agreeable, and the Landseer became popular as a household pet. Nan, in "Peter Pan", was a Landseer. After World War I the number of suitable breeding animals was reduced almost to nil. Fortunately, however, dogs and bitches were imported from Europe and America and the black and white Newfoundland is making a come back.

Ceilidh is under the impression that she owns the school field and that anyone using it is fair game. She interferes with all ball games with a total disregard for the rules, and she will happily impede and topple cross country runners. With an evil glint in her eye she will steal any garment left on the field, and gloves, scarves and ties worn by scholars are considered to be useful additions to her wardrobe. Her fetish for removing socks from shoeless feet is guaranteed to reduce the victim to sobbing hysteria.

She is obedient but prefers not to be, and sometimes her aloof appearance is probably the result of too much attention. Her cunning ability to adopt an appealing pose has enabled her to become a proficient scrounger of tasty morsels.

She is a very sociable animal and falls in love with virtually every dog that she meets. Monday nights in particular are dedicated to the pursuit of pleasure at the local training class, where her sole object is to besot as many male dogs as possible. However, it is a well known fact that a certain Springer Spaniel named Jack is the recipient of her true affection.

Chris Smith



SCAMPI—A TALE OF WOE

Scampi is my pesky rabbit; he is five years old and is grey. An example of, shall we say, not very intelligent behaviour on his behalf occurred as follows.

My father was going to build Scampi a new run. The problem was that he only had enough netting for three sides, so he was looking for a fourth side; for example, the wall of a shed or barn. He eventually chose our small pond. After building the run he stood by to admire his handiwork.

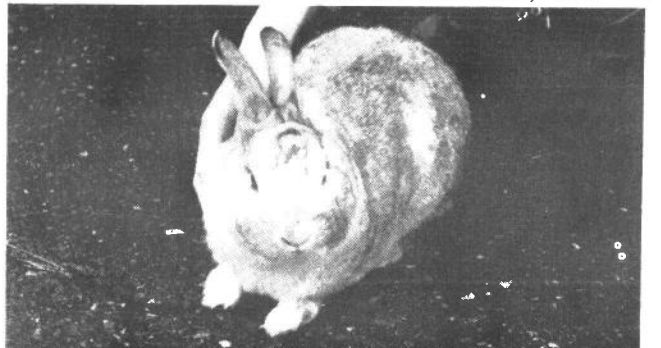
"Dad," I said, "won't Scampi jump in?"

"Of course not," he replied. "You've seen 'Watership Down'; rabbits don't swim." Famous last words!

I put Scampi in the run; he sniffed the duck weed and promptly jumped in. He swam to the other side before realizing the cat was there. By the time my father got to the other side of the pond Scampi was proudly climbing out.

Exit one wet rabbit and one very surprised father!

Heather McGowan, Form Two



PRUDENCE

Prudence Kitten was born in March 1979 in the county of Hertfordshire. She is still a shy little girl, preferring tried and trusted friends. When it comes to meeting new people, she is uncertain, but has a great reverence for her great-aunt Minou, whom she meets at weekends and on holidays. She is very fond of fish, particularly salmon and tuna, but also enjoys crunch snacks.

During the day, she likes exploring and hunting, although she is not adept at the latter. In the evenings she likes nothing better than to curl up in front of a warm fire on a soft rug with a good book (under her).

She is an early riser, and enjoys watching the dawn and the birds waking up. Her most endearing habit is her recognition of her best friend; when seen in the distance, Prudence will rush towards me and hug my ankles.

Amanda Cooper



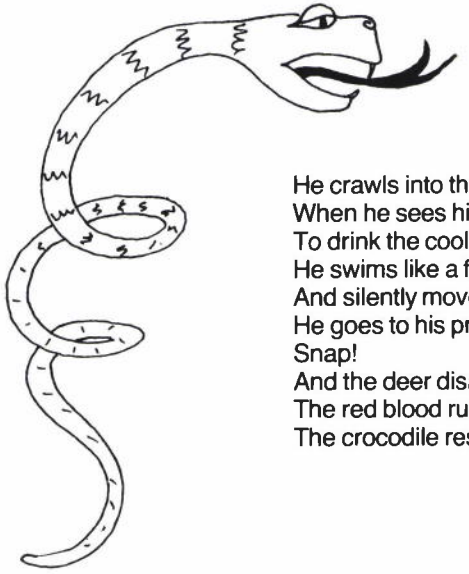
Animal Imagery from form 2

THE CAT

He stalks his prey so silently, silently,
Giving one long evil look.
Then with one bound he's on top of his prey,
Clawing, clawing, clawing.
He tosses it carelessly into the air,
Playing and mauling the prey to death.
Then in one gulp, he swallows it whole.

He walks home casually,
Slides through the cat flap,
Curls up in a ball by the roaring fire
And lazily goes to sleep.

Camille McMillan, Form Two



THE HUNTER

He crawls into the river as sly as a snake.
When he sees his prey coming
To drink the cool water,
He swims like a fish
And silently moves through the river.
He goes to his prey with a wide open mouth,
Snap!
And the deer disappears in his mouth.
The red blood runs down with the slow sluggish river,
The crocodile rests in the shallows.

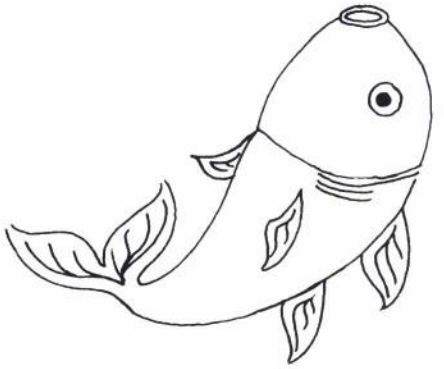
Jayesh Patel, Form Two

THE PIKE

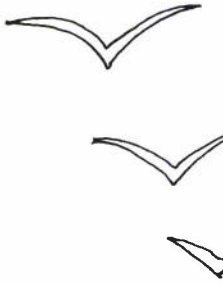
It swims through the water as if it wasn't there,
And pounces on its prey with a swift, darting move;
Before its prey knows where it is, it's in the pike's dark mouth.

The pike swallows little fish like peanuts, one by one,
But when it sees a juicy worm suspended from a hook,
It goes for it and ends its life trapped by the fisherman.
For tea tonight, we'll eat that pike, fried crisply in the pan.

Heath Greenall, Form Two



THE BIRD



The bird flies high.
It glitters in the clear, blue sky,
With brightly coloured feathers.
It hovers there above the world
Its height outstanding to the eye,
Compared with other creatures.
Its songs are smooth and mild as milk.
It finds its food in trees and ferns,
And migrates all winter long,
Until the summer sun returns.

Gregory Baldeosingh, Form Two

THE LEOPARD

The leopard sits on a bough,
Its beauty for all to see,
Upon a bough as high as a King.
The leopard gracefully walks,
Its eyes painted with death,
Then it sprints through the bare rocky plain.
Its prey frozen stiff.
The leopard pounces . . .,
The wild birds scatter, like ants on a summer's day.
All is still like a graveyard,
Alas! The zebra is dead.

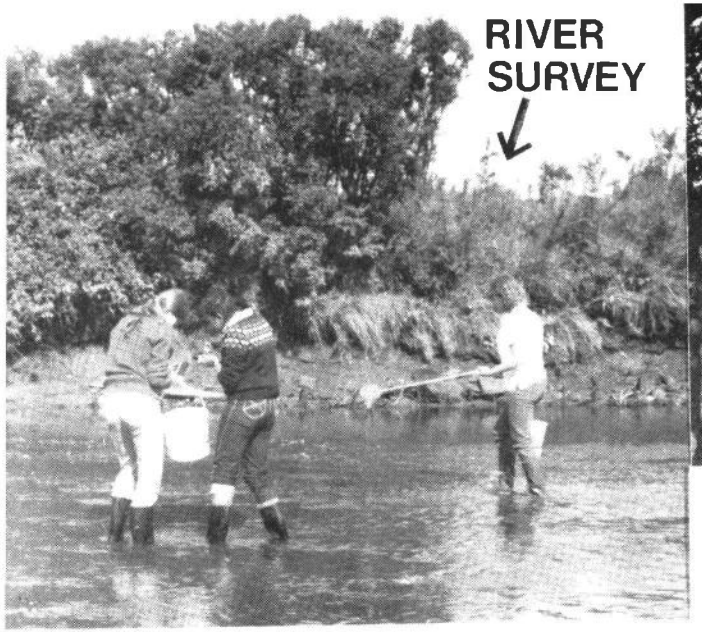


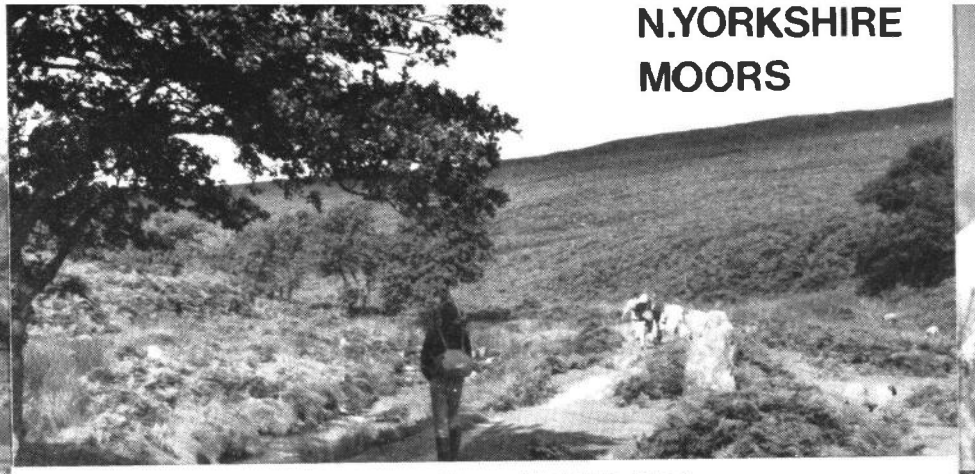
Alamdar Manzoor, Form Two

THE COW

The cow slowly walks through the field
Dragging her feet along, like lead weights.
They drag through the grime and the muck,
Then she stops . . .
And raises her head as though
She's not got a care in the world.
All of a sudden you're startled,
For, bursting with fury and rage,
She gives out a threatening "moo"!
Then her head sinks again,
And she walks off slowly,
Slowly to nowhere again.

Matthew Cottam, Form Two

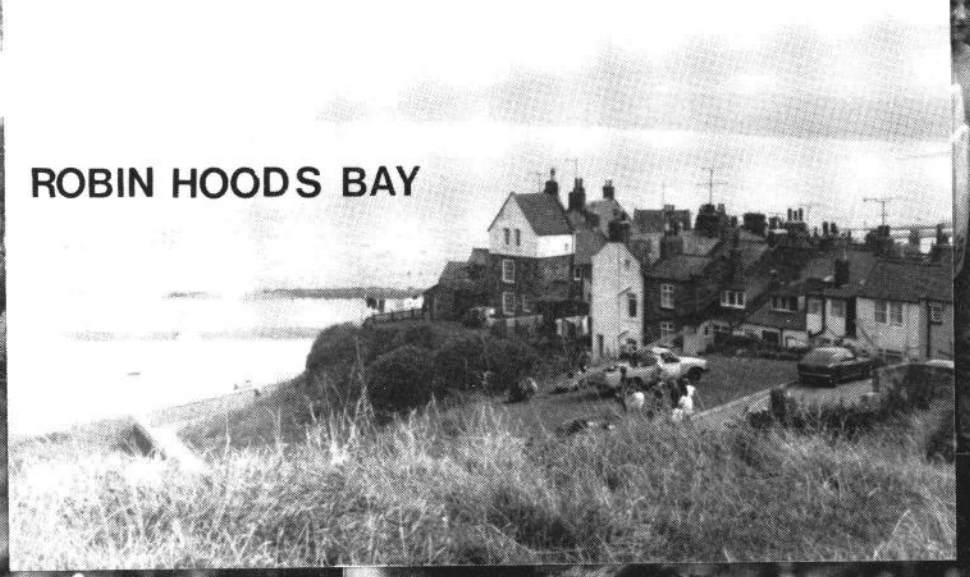




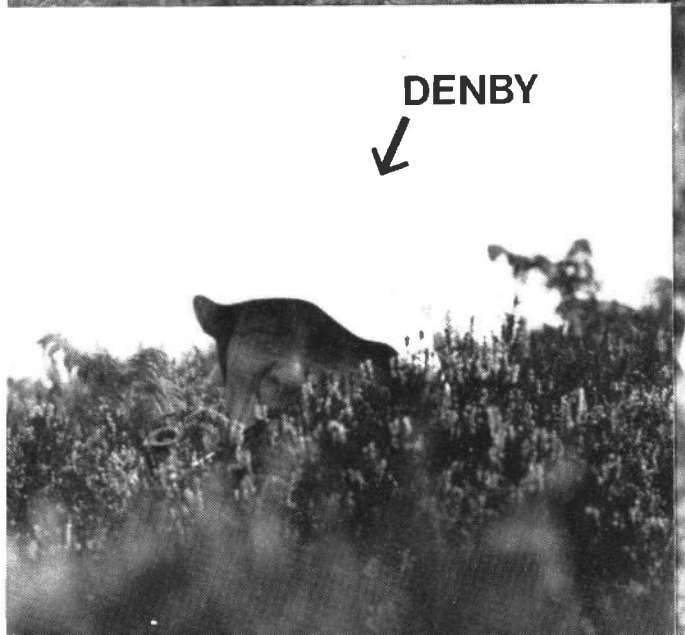


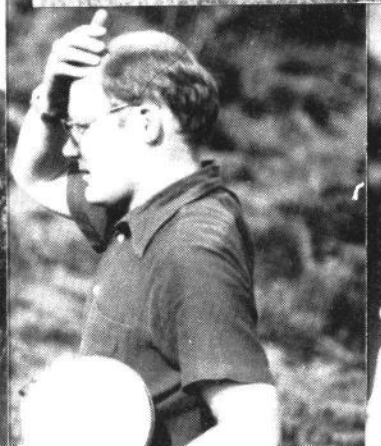
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