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JOHN HOWE FINANCIAL PLANNING

Adroit -- In the Field of Personal Financial Planning

Planning a secure school fees scheme

by John Howe of John Howe Finance Planning

The single largest problem when attempting to help parents plan school fees is that those parents will pre-judge the result or, to be more precise, the lack of it. Largely because of advertising their pre-judgement leads them to believe that either nothing at all can be done to reduce the cost of schooling or, if anything can be done, it can only be by planning years in advance. It is frequently the case that these initial thoughts prove to be misconceptions.

It is not at all unusual to see the total cost of pure tuition for say, two children, well in excess of £250,000 and currently the "all-comers" record for my practice stands at around £400,000. We believe the increases that we have seen in the last few years, will be continued, for there is a direct corollation between inflation, school fees and teachers' salaries.

A reduction in the cost is only one of a number of advantages that may stem from a study of a particular family's programme. It is possible to provide the family with a 'barometer' by which they may measure how difficult each year may become and do so many years in advance.

In the same way, any school fee programme is based upon the twin assumption that the parents will remain in good health and alive, and frequently there is a need to be aware of the effects upon the children of capital transfer tax not only with regard to their parents but often with regard to their grandparents.

Before we look at individual techniques, what may we reasonably expect from the study of a school fees programme? Past experience suggests that savings of between 30 and 60 per cent are normal and the reason for such a wide variation indicates that families and their economic background reflect themselves wide variation.

Very often savings at these levels will have immediate effect. It is also the case that frequently because of good planning the proposed programme will be much more likely to be completed.

This intimacy with the clients financial affairs we see as a pre-requisite for good financial planning. It is normal practice for us to have a first meeting which is entirely devoted to research under two headings; the educational aspirations and thereby the free structure, and the economic surround as we believe that only with full knowledge of both can we fully advise clients.

Indeed, there are some real dangers in advising without this knowledge because without full knowledge it is easy to advise in one area a process which may conflict with another activity in another area and, thereby, cause quite the opposite effect to the one desired and it goes without saying that as most of our clients already have a range of advisors, we consider it normal practice to work in concert with them.

With a total range of perhaps some fifteen or twenty separate techniques it is clearly not possible to examine in detail each one but we will touch upon those areas of particular interest or of recent change.

Techniques employing the use of capital, that is capital in the hands of parents or grandparents in the form of personal investment and capital which may be deposited with a school for the prepayment of fees. Usually the return upon such capital can be improved together with a reduction in taxation upon that capital, both in terms of income and in terms of capital growth. It goes without saying that such capital investments need to carry a very high level of security while, at the same time, needing to be of immediate call.

With regard to capital contained within Trusts and Settlements it is not at all unusual for parents to believe that techniques that they may have chosen to use with regard to their private capital can frequently be used in the case of Trusts and Settlements. Certainly the objectives in terms of investment performance are the same.

Medium term investment schemes can prove a successful way of funding for tax free money in the future.

Recent changes have made Covenants an attractive part of school fee planning but they are not straightforward and one should proceed with care. The business connections of the parents should be an area well worthy of examination as frequently techniques should be incorporated into the strategy stemming directly from observations here.

In conclusion, we have found that there is no one panacea answer, instead, by careful research and with full knowledge the individual strategy for a particular family may well comprise of two, three, four, five or six different financial techniques. These techniques must not be rigid, they must remain open-ended and flexible and will need to be able to be matched to the changing educational and financial position as one meets for regular reviews with the parents.

Member of the L.I.A. – M.D.R.T. Qualifying Level 1976 1977 1978 1979 1980 1981
Partners – J. Howe, G. E. Howe

5 Hedgerley Close, Madingley Rd., Cambridge CB3 OEW Cambridge 0223 352817

VAMPIRES

by Ronald Daniel

The orphan decided to avenge the only soul that had been left to him in the world. He could choose his moment because the murderer did not know that he had witnessed the crime.

As the years passed he found himself venturing further and further into the dark musty caves of Kramo. He always wielded a long baton for self protection. He often found himself sitting in the cavernous dark, thinking, as if drawn there by some unknown force. The bats often swept past him, their huge black wings brushing his face, hard and rugged from the sea air.

Though he did not know it, his subconscious was playing on revenge. He developed a strange intimacy with the ugly black bats, an intimacy even he could not understand. One day he found himself catching one. It did not struggle!

Inspecting it, Old Man Julius recognised it as not being any normal bat. It certainly was no *fruit* bat. He knew it to be a vampire bat, no less. And so were all the others he had "befriended".

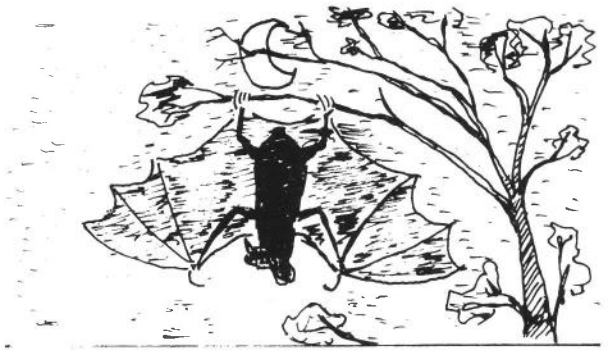
Like a flash of lightning, the method of revenge struck deep inside his inspired mind. From then on, Old Man Julius brought goat carcases to the vampires, the blood still warm and dripping from their recent slaughter. The vampires feasted on the meat. As time passed it was requiring more and more meat to keep the vampires satisfied and the goat herd was dwindling into nothingness.

The time soon came when, but for a breeding pair, all the goats were gone. Old Man Julius beckoned twenty bats forward and secured them in a large wicker basket he had brought across from Kromasto.

For a whole day he starved the beasts in his shack. At one stage he thought they would have had *him*, given the chance. That night, his face taut and concentrated he made his way across the sleeping village. He placed his feet carefully and with what agility his elderly body would allow.

Arriving at the man's house in the pale moonlight, Old Man Julius paused at the open bedroom window. He released the vampires into the room and shut the window. They were hungry for warm blood. He did not wait for the cries of pain and agony from within. He knew that the village would wake up with one more widow and a half-orphan or two, perhaps mute for life.

The old man went off for ever, to administer to himself the punishment his conscience told him he deserved. As for the vampires, they continued in their remote solitude. And the goat herd multiplied and became wild once more.



No-one knew how the herd of wild mountain goats came to be on the small rugged islet. Surely no-one would have caught the animals on the main island and transported them across the eight hundred metre stretch of deep blue sea which made Kramo so isolated. What made this idea so ridiculous was the fact that the goats were not to be found anywhere on Kramasto, the main island.

Over the years old Jonah Julius and his forefathers had taken over and tamed the goats. At the present time, Old Man Julius, thirty-five, but bearing part of his grandfather's name, would traverse the small channel daily in his wooden dug-out.

It was well known in the locality, indeed on the whole island, that the dark hideous caves and coves of Kramo contained an overwhelming number of oddities and bats. These dark and hideous creatures were reputed to be *vampire* bats.

None but Old Man Julius had visited the island of Kramo since that August day many years ago. On that occasion the then eleven-years-old Julius had returned from Kramo without his grandfather, mute. None of the villagers knew what had occurred but not a shade of suspicion was ever placed on the young lad, young and mute.

The orphan grew up. He lived opposite the islet so that he could be near his "pets". Every evening he could be seen setting off across the water in his splendid quiet solitude. His return was never witnessed, although he could always be seen pulling in mackerel beside his little wooden shack by the water's edge. Occasionally, the heavily salted carcass of a goat could be seen sizzling in the midday sun.

As is so often the case with the lonely and the disabled, the villagers began to spread rumours; suspicion and fear soon surrounded the tiny shack and its mute solo dweller, set some way from the other houses. What did he get from keeping those goats? Milk? A little meat?

Fifty, perhaps one hundred years later, the full story became known.

That August evening, as the old man and his grandson keeled the dug-out canoe into its usual place on the soft silver sand of the islet, they felt instantly that their privacy had been breached. As they climbed to the plateau where the goats were at present grazing, they noticed the silhouette of a man, set against the weak sun disappearing beneath the water. He was surrounded by slaughtered goats. They approached stealthily. The boy remained behind patchy scrub while his "grandad" went forward to apprehend the thief.

Julius heard shouting and scuffles. He emerged and ran forward. His "grandad" was dead, beaten about the head and face with a wooden paddle. He was just able to recognise the gait of the figure retreating into the shadows before a wave of shock and sorrow swept over him. He assumed that the man, a local, had intended selling the unbled meat in other parts where he would not be recognised.

The boy, shaking, his skin drained of blood, set off across the water. He felt sick as his weakened arms pushed and pulled on the oars. He found he could not speak.

FORM FOUR FRENCH FOETRY

La Campagne

Les fleurs, les arbes et les animaux,
Tous sont très beaux.
Les couleurs et le soleil,
Sont très bons pour l'oeil.
Il n'y a pas le bruit des voitures,
Seulement les animaux avec nourriture.
Si tu aimes la campagne comme moi,
Je veux y aller avec toi.

Peter Holland, Form 4



Le Petit Oiseau

Maman oiseau dormait dans son nid.
Bébé ne dormait pas.
Il n'était pas fatigué
Il n'était pas triste
Mais, il avait faim.
Il voulait manger
Il voulait manger un ver de terre.
Bébé oiseau était petit,
Mais il ne criait pas
Il avait beaucoup de courage.
Il a dit à sa maman:
"Réveille-toi, maman."
Mais elle ne s'est pas réveillée
"Oh la, la, je dois chercher un ver
de terre, tout seul!"
Il s'envolait
Il cherchait un ver
Il cherchait partout.
Quand il a trouvé un ver
Il l'a mangé.

Elizabeth Woods, Form 4



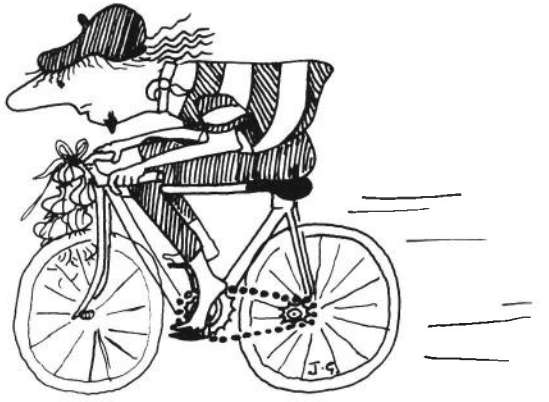
Le Petit Prince

Le petit prince,
Le fils de la Reine,
Est triste et mince,
Sa mère désespérée.

Sons gentil père,
Avait disparu,
Pour faire la guerre,
Sur son cheval.

"Que puis-je faire?"
A dit la Reine
Retourne mon père.
A-t-il répondu.

Lucy Johnson, Form 4

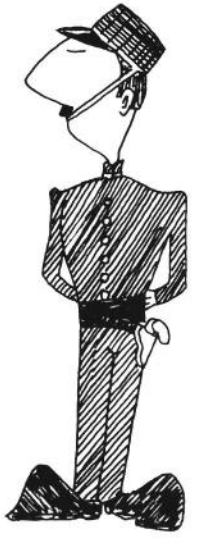


"Eddie. M?"

Le Coquillage

Si tu trouves sur la plage
Un très beau coquillage
Tiens-le à ton oreille
Et tu entendras des bruits sans pareils
Tu rêveras d'endroits lointains
Et tu te réveilleras le lendemain matin.

Rebecca Thomas, Form 4



"Le Gendarme"... JS.

J'ai eu un bon ami

J'ai eu un bon ami,
Et il s'appelle François.
Pendant quatorze belles semaines,
Nous nous promenions autour de l'école,
Et pendant les grandes vacances nous
Nous voyions.
J'aimais beaucoup mon bon ami
– Je pense qu'il m'aimait aussi, mais,
Alors il a rencontré une autre fille et,
Il m'a quittée. Ce soir il faisait froid,
Et j'étais très malheureuse.
Semaine après semaine, je le désirais mais
Maintenant je n'ai plus besoin,
Parce-qu'il y a un autre garçon
Qui se promène avec moi à l'école!
Oh, j'ai eu un bon ami!

Anonyme

ACROSTICS BY THE THIRD FORM

Barley tasting booze,
Eat it? No, drink it.
Everso tasty,
Roughly 53p.

Jeremy Allen

Wallowing in surging waters,
Heaving its body around,
An ugly thing to see,
Lazing around in the sun,
Eating plankton one by one.

Jeremy Allen

Runs smoothly,
Only for the very rich,
Loves petrol,
Leather seats,
Sixty thousand pounds.

Jeremy Gant

Baked from flour,
Ready for your tea.
Everybody eats it,
All different kinds.
Don't forget the yeast!

Lucy Singh

Stuffy
Noses-up
Obnoxious
Boring.

Anon

Nobody knew but everybody found out,
Unhappy with its unseen threat,
Clear to all, but still unhindered.
Left and right disagreed,
Errors made the threat remain,
And very few could still contain the
Race that continued through 1981 and 2.

Tom Hartley

Dreadfully large,
Ravaged the country in
Ages gone by.
Green and 'orrible
'Ot breath,
Not always friendly.

Andrew Collins

Across and down
Clever but trying
Rather perplexing
Often given up
Surprisingly difficult
Taxing our brains,
Intelligent? Sometimes.
Clinched it yet?

Heather McGowan

Death is cold.
Everyman fears it,
And it comes as a surprise
To many a person.
Horrible, scary, sad.

Nicole Hammond

Nobody fails to think about it.
Useless and unimaginable.
Closer than ever,
Leering over us.
Everyone hates it
And everyone fears it.
Remember Hiroshima? No, thank you.
War as ever.
Attack is near.
Recoil in utter darkness.

Crazy,
Unimaginable,
Barmy,
Easy for some.

Robert Mills

Here I stay, maybe forever.
Eager to escape this place.
Look I think I saw someone.
Perhaps someone's come to help me.

Giles Ecclestone

Stop going if you can!
Can't do anything about it.
Hate the lessons in it!
Oh what a place,
Oh what a bore!
Leave it as soon as you can, I implore.

John Walter



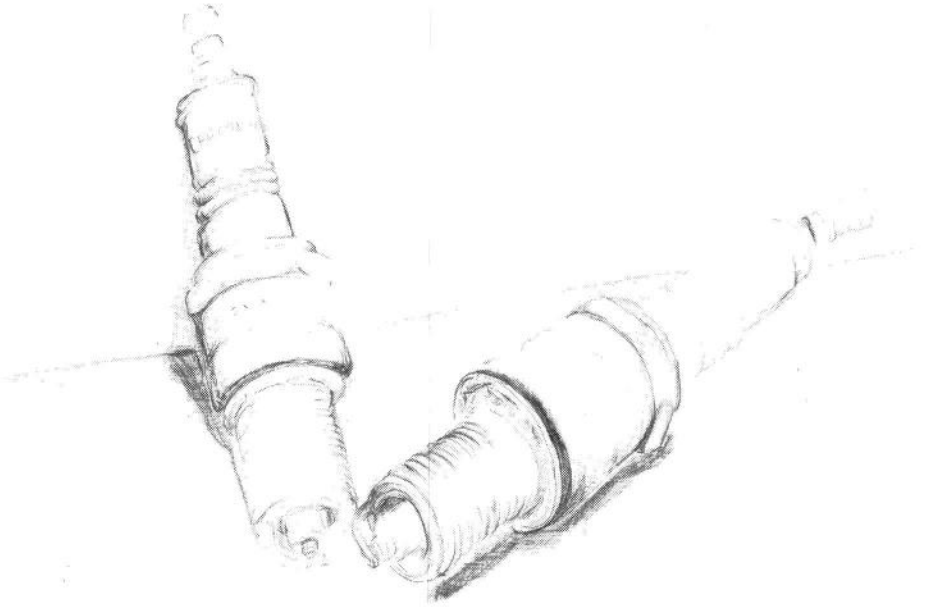
Tania Woods



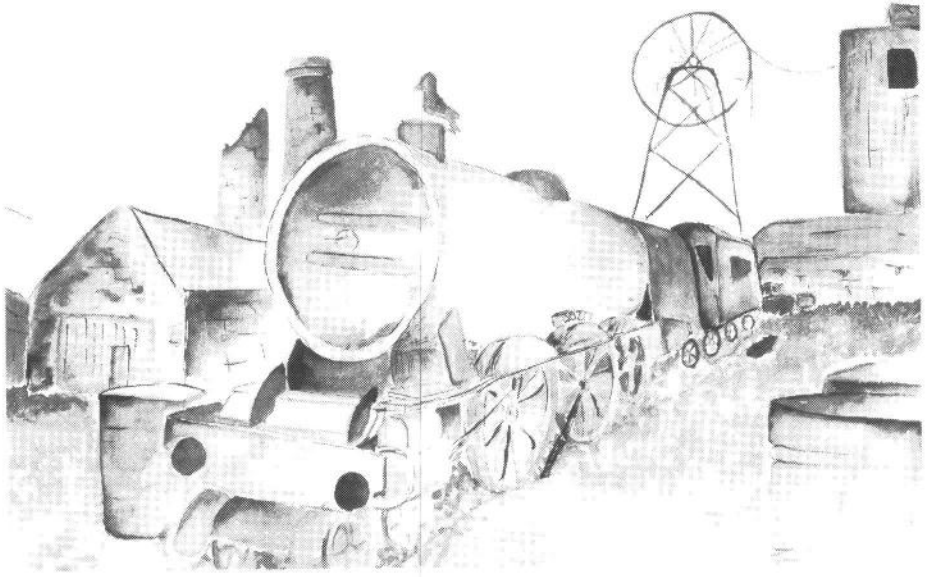


Emma Miller

Hugo Tait

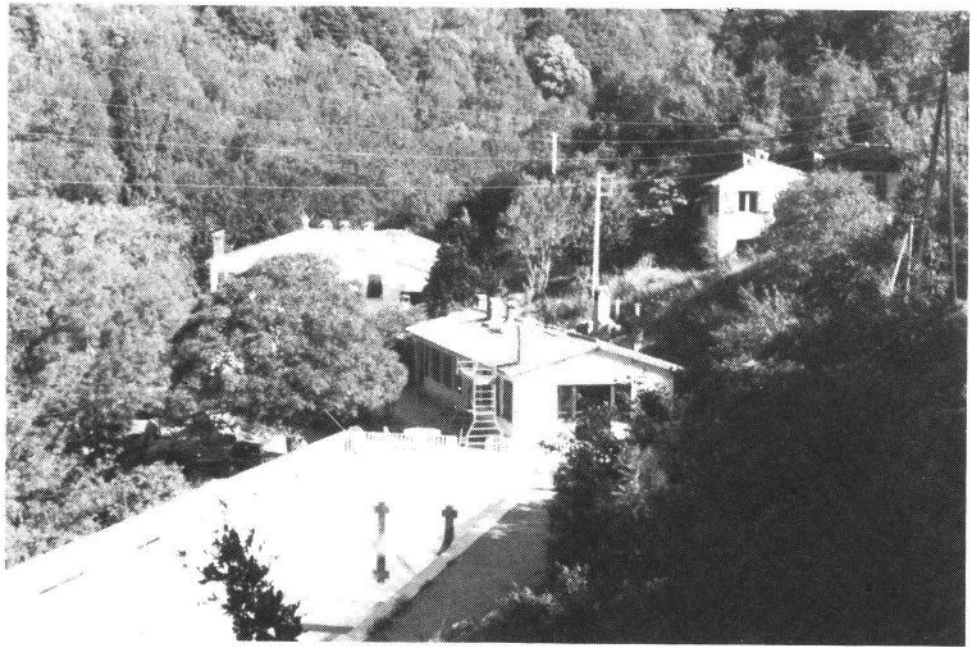


Kareem Baqai

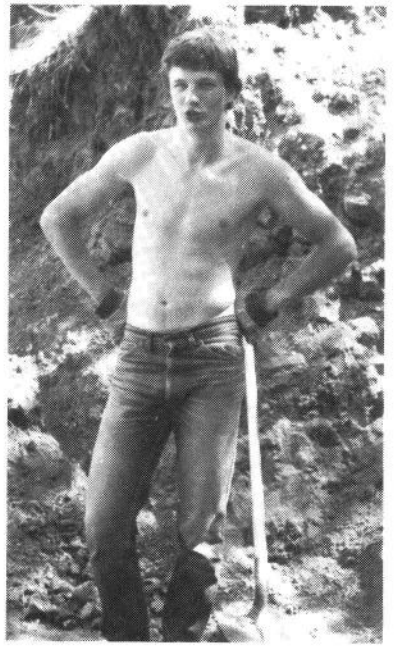


Jane Golding

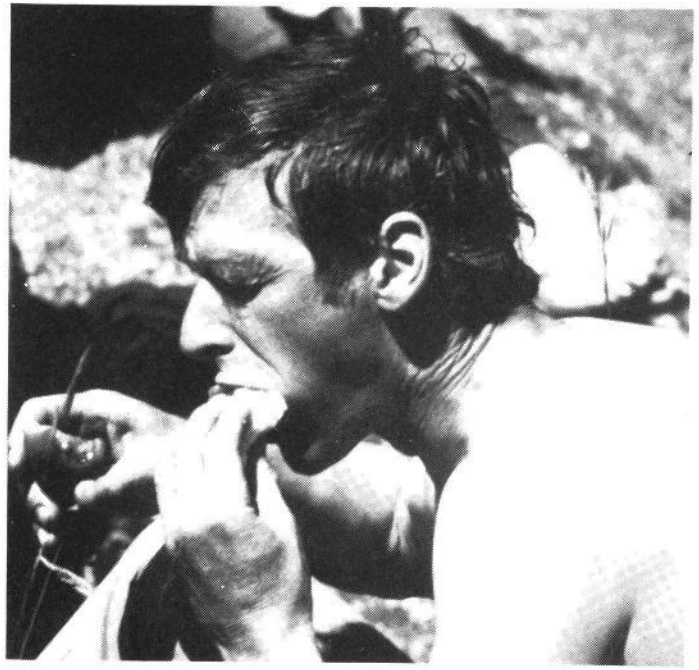


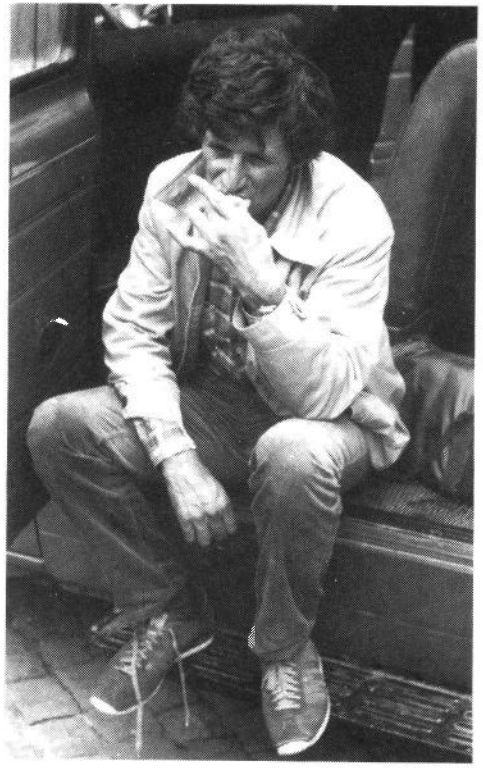






Pyrenean Postures

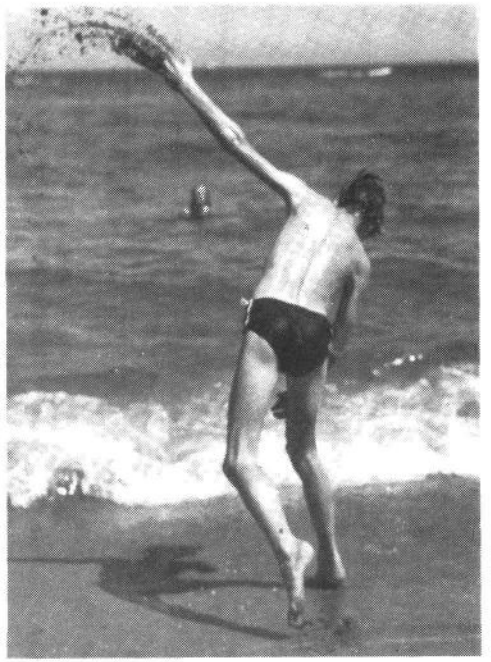












La Côume

1981





Murder in the Cathedral

In this play, written for the 1935 Canterbury Festival, T. S. Eliot used the death of Archbishop Thomas Becket at the hands of Henry II's knights as a vehicle to explore the validity of sanctity, or the possibility of an uncompromising moral attitude in a world where political expediency rules.

This central theme was conveyed powerfully and poetically to the audience by Friends' School scholars, under the sensitive direction of John Dickinson. A superbly simple, all black set, highlighted by glowing altar and stained glass window, was the foil for this moving and memorable production by Phillip Richardson.

Thomas, the dominant central figure, stands firm in the midst of shifting patterns of words and controlled movement. Adrian Iles as Thomas, gave an impressive performance of a man of authoritative purpose and integrity subduing his internal conflict, personified by the four tempters.

The tempters themselves gave excellent value, doubling effectively as the knights who finally commit the murder. Andrew Beynon, Simon Gant, Martin Clutterbuck and Simon Pimblett wove a sinister pattern of menace from urbane insinuation to coarse brutality.

Background plainsong chanting reinforced the cathedral setting and was offset by the repetitive cries of the women of Canterbury, who provided a vigorous homespun chorus, in lively contrast to the sober figures of the three priests, ably played by Jonathan Orford, Andrew Manasseh and Richard Baker. The vociferous women convincingly sustained a high nervous note of bewilderment and apprehension, resolved only by Thomas's death.

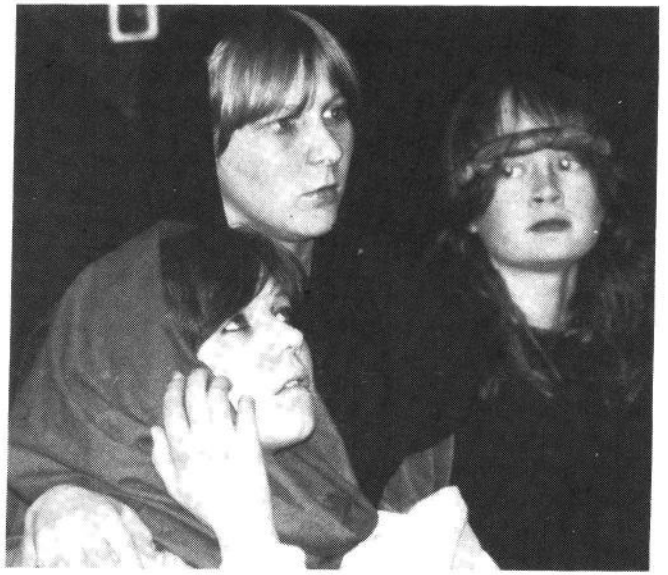
It was evident that the entire cast had given thought to the implications behind the often complex words. Variety of pace and pause were skilfully used; most impressively for me in Thomas's moving delivery of his Christmas sermon. A difficult play, difficult words, difficult numbers of cast to move around. But, under John Dickinson's direction, all combined magnificently together.

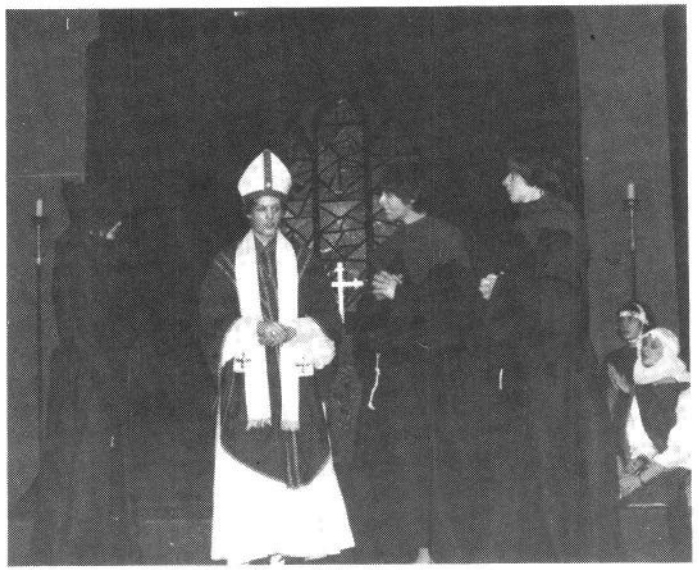
Sarah Wright

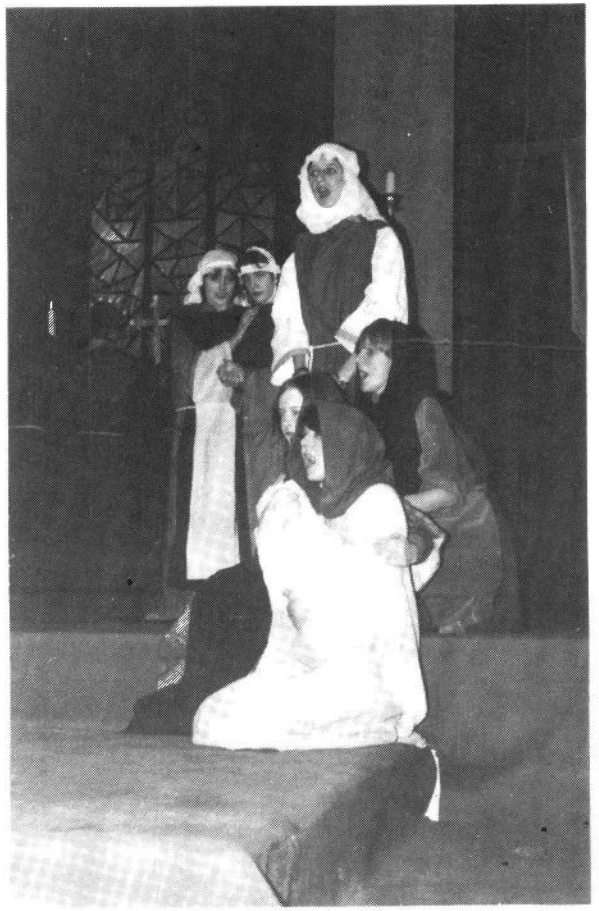




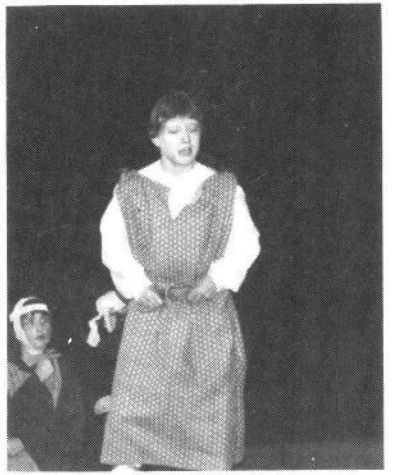












Frankly "Murder in the Cathedral" looked as if it was going to be a flop until, about a week before the actual performance, things began to slot into place.

The acting of a great tragedy had been hardly conducive to its setting in the first form's form room, so that when rehearsals moved into the hall it came as a welcome change of scenery. The sheer magnitude, blackness and void of the set almost immediately put the text into context and overnight the play went through a complete metamorphosis.

The intensity of rehearsals greatly increased over the last few days and the cast familiarised themselves with the play in a more general sense. The acting began to convey better the tension and pure fear felt by the various characters. Certainly the way in which the chorus broke away from the traditional Greek stereotype had much to commend it. The chorus was not merely a commentary on the events, but became part of the overall action helping to give an emotional response to the text by movement and expression, rather than simply giving a choral recital of the poetry.

Thus the involvement of the actors intensified, culminating finally in the dress rehearsal and the performances which spanned three nights. Backstage, of course, things did not always run smoothly. Major props were mislaid, even on the first night when one of the tempters, reaching for a stool which was meant to be side stage, found that it simply wasn't there! This was a problem as the tempters had remained standing for the scene making the whole thing rather static.

However, things were not totally gloomy. The dress rehearsal was interrupted, for example, by John Dickinson handing out flowers and chocolates: the flowers for the chorus and the chocolates, which were devoured in record time, for the boys. This, just before the retake of the final scene, left the corpse of Thomas Becket chewing sedately and the women of Canterbury trying to keep straight faces.

The main problem was, of course, how to get the deceased Becket out of the hall. Eventually it was decided that he should be placed on a stretcher by the priests. Everything went smoothly during the dress rehearsal until this point when Becket, the priests having forgotten, had to fold his own arms – a likely corpse! Nevertheless, on the night, Becket remained quite dead apart from the occasional movement of feet which intrigued many of the chorus.

These were the main mishaps of the play, apart from one. If you saw the second performance you may have noticed a twinge of concern sweep across my face during the murder scene. My acting, I'm afraid had not improved. My lens had fallen out and I was desperately trying to stop it falling to the floor!

Gabrielle Scott, Form 61

DOWN AND ACROSS THE AVENUE

Across

1. Crude Pen (anag.) (8)
4. Quaker (6)

11, 13 and 44 down. In place of study library (5, 6, 4)

13. See 11 across

14 and 23 down. The Saintly Chemists (7, 5)

16. Death in the Church (6, 2, 3, 9)
19. Mid-morning break (6)
22. Edward Dodge (1, 1, 1)
24. Lots of Bubble (6)
28. Mrs Foxley (3)
29. Third year girls' retreat (7)
32. And Hardy's (7)
32. FSSW rules –-? (1, 1)
35. Mr Hugall gives these for restless preps. (5)
38. Isabel McKecknie (1, 1)
39. Our Exchange (8)
42. Mathematician (5)
45. Nicholas Hawkesley (1, 1)

46 and 46 down Nudist Colony – to the south of swimming pool (8, 5)

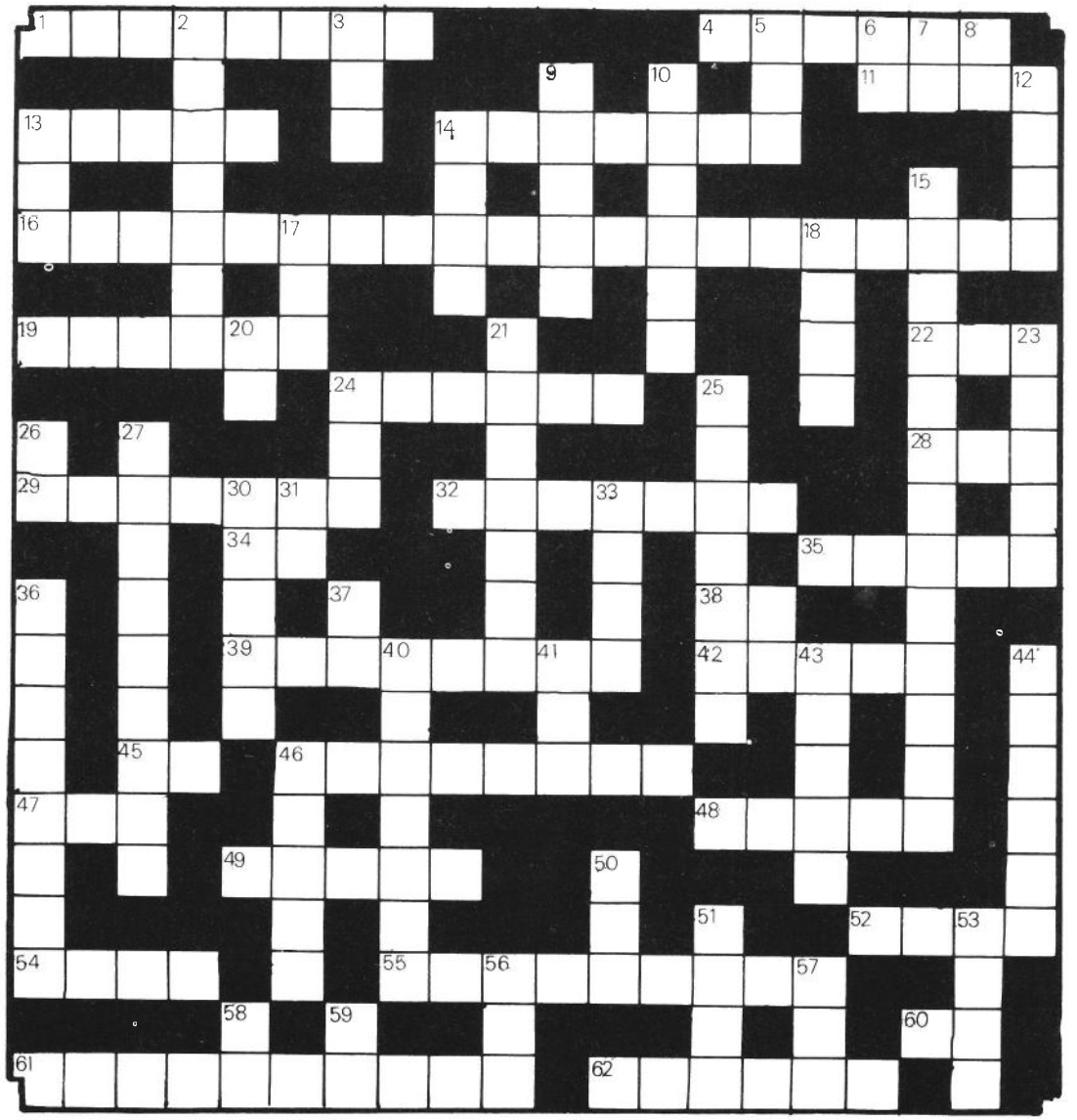
47. Amanda Cooper (1, 1, 1)

48 and 2, 9, 25 down quartet (5)

49 and 18 down. Our friendly gardeners. (5, 4)

52. Boarders wake to this (4)
54. School ---- shop (4)
55. Senior girls' retreat (9)
60. Friends' School -- Saffron Walden (2)
61. Puni (10)

62 and 56 down. Older School's "Club" (6, 3)



Down

2. See 48 across (7)
3. Certificate of Secondary Education (1, 1, 1)
5. Social Retreat (3)
6. Elizabeth Riley (1, 1)
7. Not allowed – in a word (2)
8. Benson (1, 1)
9. See 48 across (5)
10. Given to the pigs (6)
12. Breakfast is one (4)
13. The School's main --- is a good education (3)
14. Destiny (4)
15. Colours of the pitch before U15 girls stampede Sell set easy (anag.) (5, 3, 5)
17. See 5 down (3)
18. See 49 across (4)
20. Sheila Addy (1, 1)
21. Baby's bed – made out of a type of wood (7)
23. See 14 across (5)
24. Sanatorium (abb.) (3)
25. See 48 across (7)
26. Janet Claxton (1, 1)
27. Foreign hairstyle – could repair our damage (3, 6)
30. Bedrooms (5)
31. See 34 across (1, 1)
33. Bare – not nice (4)
36. Brandon, Brinkworth, Briscoe (8)
37. Anthony Ratcliffe (1, 1)
40. Furry Highland Fling (7)
41. Dynamite (1, 1, 1)
43. Spring, Summer, Autumn (5)
44. See 11 across
46. See 46 across
50. Young Farmers' Club (3)
51. Woods, Capper, Foley (4)
53. Tale (anag.) (4)
56. See 62 across
57. One --- three (3)
58. Jenny See (1, 1)
59. Mary Mileson (1, 1)

V·A·G Audi

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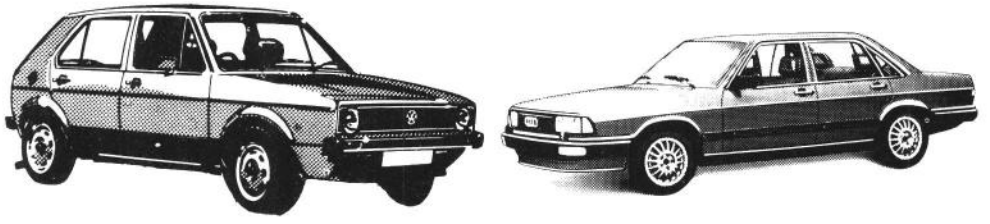
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Interview with Bob Wolffs

Who is the man with the big smile you see brandishing an electric polisher in the distance? "The Avenue" has interviewed this mystery man, and will now, for the first time ever, reveal to you his most closely guarded secrets: Bob Wolffs was in the depths of the kitchens. I arrived to find him icing a cake with pink lines. Commenting on the high standard of handiwork I was immediately shown photos of several others of his masterpieces by his rightly proud wife. We sat down, and the questions began:

Av: What does your job involve?

B.W.: General layabout (chuckles). No . . . my prime task was to come into the school and coordinate the activities of the female cleaners. I also re-train them to use modern materials and methods.

Av: You won't like the next question! . . . when were you born?

B.W.: 1st May, 1923, West Ham, East London.

Av: Could you outline your education?

B.W.: Primary School at Clarkson St., West Ham. At age 14 I went to Plaistow Grammar School, London.

(Just then one of Bob's seven children arrived home. Audrey, aged 18, had spent several hours with friends in a wine bar in Chelmsford. She collapsed on to the settee!)

B.W.: My children are called Gloria, Julia, Susan, Robin, Peggy, Deirdre, and Audrey! My wife is called Rose Wolffs (of course she's called Wolffs. Don't bother to put that!)

Av: You are a busy man! (Liar, I didn't actually say that!) What was the worst thing you did as a school boy?

B.W.: Well (laughs), actually I was a "goody-two-shoes". The worst thing I did was probably looking the other way whilst playing in a cricket match. I got a blow on the nose from the ball!

Av: Could you outline your career?

B.W.: I was general manager to a major contract cleaner company for 20 years. Then I was a publican.

Av: What made you decide to come here?

B.W.: (chuckles): Nowhere better to go. No, seriously . . . I was fed-up with the hurly-burly of business, and the government systems of taxation.

Av: What are your hobbies?

B.W.: Painting (I pinched an easel today off Phil Richardson), and cake decorating!

Av: Favourite food?

B.W.: All food. I like cooking it, er . . . steak, beef Wellington. (well, that's what he said, I don't know what it is either! He also managed to say about three other things but I couldn't spell them, so they're not here!)

Av: What do you think of life here?

B.W.: Excellent, because of working on your own initiative, and the full pride you can have in what you can achieve. I can say that whilst I have been here I have never once been treated impolitely by the pupils; they have always shown utmost respect to me – and they are fun.



Av: Radio?
B.W.: Radio 3. String ensembles. Haydn. I find whenever I get to the radio it is always on Radio One.
Audrey: It's not me! I'm never here!
Av: Sport?
B.W.: I like swimming, and watching boxing and football.
Av: Where do you like to spend your holidays?
(At this point Rose let out a loud guffaw, crying "Huh! Holidays?" and looked menacingly at B.W.)
B.W.: Put . . . "Much to the disappointment of my wife I'm not much of a holiday man."
Rose: Well, we went for a week at Bath, didn't we?
B.W.: Yes, dear. There you are then. You've had two weeks in ten years. What are you complaining about?
(R.W. goes out of room with sounds of mumbles about lack of holidays disappearing into the kitchen).
B.W.: Add to that that I much prefer to take weekends.
Av: What, if any, are your ambitions?
B.W.: To enjoy myself! . . . and to live out the rest of my business life here at FSSW.
Daughters: Creep!
B.W.: I've been with about seven businesses, but let the young take that over now.
Audrey: I got caught today kissing one of the lecturers.
(Audrey is a Sagittarian!!)
Av: What goes on at staff meetings?
B.W.: During the course of the interview I have found my interviewer so charming, and so polite and diffident about asking personal questions that when she concluded the interview by asking what went on at staff meetings, I felt impelled to tell her that the matter has been subjudice. Actually as far as I'm concerned discussion revolves round broken chairs and graffiti, most of which is disfiguring.
Av: Latest gossip?
B.W.: Ooh well. Anne Foxley has been to J.D.'s flat.
Av: (disappointedly): Oh, yes. Well . . . getting back to the point . . . are you a Quaker or have you ever thought of becoming one?
B.W.: I have thought about it, but I'm torn between Quakerism and alcohol! With the serious car accident I had last year, the ensuing turbulent year in regard to both family circumstances and personal requirements, has meant that time has been so taken up that I've not had time to pursue any new interests.
Av: Mr Bob Wolffs, thank you very much!
B.W.: Thank you.

Rebecca Nash 6²

Quak(ER)ing on the brink, or ODE to a new beginning.

First the town
One sunny Sunday morn.
The pleasant panorama
Approached at dewy dawn.

Perhaps this place
Could offer a new life,
Its slumbering face,
Deserted, quiet, free of strife.

The hotel, quiet, empty,
Gone the commercials
Presenting peace a plenty.
Quaint, beamed, provincial.

Lunch is over, let's explore.
Found the church in cloistered lane,
And stood in awe,
must come again.

Must find the School,
At the High Street not a face
In sight to ask the way at all,
But then behold, the Meeting House!

Quaker School not far from here
I thought, and quickly crossed the road.
A friendly soul says "Go up there",
and full directions followed.

My first sight!! It sat
august and red, astride
The rolling drive that
Seamed to curve away with pride.

Monday morning, "Bursar please",
Met assistant,
Pleasant fellow,
Put me at my ease.

Then the Bursar took the floor,
Probing, seeking, then he said,
Face impassive, "I need no more,
Come up and meet the Head."

Into the inner sanctum,
Most relaxed, but I remember
From the blue, the question came,
"What happens when you lose your temper?"

Home to Wales, mind in a whirl,
Analyse the morning as I go.
What a challenge to unfurl,
Wonder when they'll let me know.

The days go by, busy, busy,
Is this the missive on the way?
Finally it does arrive,
Disappointment? No, HOORAY!!

Bob Wolffs

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THE LITTLE SWEEP

In the spring term of 1980 we little first years (as we were then) started doing strange things in our music lessons. The time had come to do a musical and we sat listening to "The Little Sweep" by Benjamin Britten on record. To tell the truth I thought it would be a bore and if I got a solo part it would make me look very stupid. But enough people turned up for the audition with Mrs Hembry, one Thursday recess, to make the thing look worthwhile. For weeks we practised and in our form room one could hear tunes that prep. takers were powerless to stop.

During the exam. week things really began to move, and by 5th July we had got it down to the last detail. Last minute preparations in the alcove of the hall and we were off!

Vikki Lee played her part as a frightened sweepboy very convincingly. Shaun Cummings looked very brutal, as I hope I did, as sweepmasters and bullies. Karen Witham put great effort into her part as Rowan. The children were Michael Brown, Richard Edwards, Louise Johnson, Heather Ringrose and Caroline Stead. They sang some of the best songs. Rachel Whittington bossily played Miss Baggot. David Turner did his best as Alfred the gardener and John Moore showed us just how intelligent Suffolk coachmen could be.

Thanks must go to the choir who really showed up the cats in Saffron Walden with their singing. Thanks also to the staff and sixth formers who helped us along, especially to Mrs Mileson and Mrs Hembrey for their piano playing. We enjoyed doing the show and I hope that the audience enjoyed watching it.

Oliver Hartley, Form two

ARRIVALS

It is to be hoped it has not escaped your notice that at a recent Friends' School Ball, the M.C. had to announce the following late comers as under:

Ladies and Gentlemen will you please welcome Mr and Mrs Zacre and their son Robin Zacre.

Our contingent from the History Conference have just come in Mr and Mrs Nacarta and their daughter Meg Nacarta, Mr and Mrs Theconquerer and their son William and behind them I see Mr and Mrs Conquest and their son Norman Conquest.

All the way from Wales are Mr and Mrs Ndband and their son Wyn Ndband.

Could there be a greater pleasure than welcoming Mr and Mrs Emblyhall and their son Simon, who always signs himself as S. Emblyhall.

Straight back from a geography field trip are Mr and Mrs Tourline and their daughter Con Tourline.

Ladies and Gentlemen please warm greetings for Mr and Mrs Esticscience and their son Dominic, affectionately known to us all as Dom Esticscience.

What a pleasure it is to see Mr and Mrs Jingroom coming in with their daughter Jayne Jingroom.

I see coming in now are Mr and Mrs Issbuncombesonduty accompanied by their daughter Miss Issbuncombesonduty.

We only have room for three more guests so the biggest cheer of all please for Mr and Mrs Mnasium and their son Jim Mnasium.

Mr and Mrs O'Linclass cannot be with us tonight but their daughter Violet is able to make it so welcome Vi O'Linclass.

It is not usual for Mr and Mrs Ningroom to be late but their daughter Di Ningroom has just missed a train.

TO UNRAVEL

They have only just finished marking mathematics papers but here at last are Mr and Mrs Imalpoint with their brilliant son Des Imalpoint.

Please a big hand for Mr and Mrs Ductoroftheschoolorchestra and their daughter Con Ductoroftheschoolorchestra.

It is always a pleasure for us to welcome Mr and Mrs Nentrance, especially when they have their attractive daughter May Nentrance with them.

?

Mr and Mrs Iorlibrary never let us down so a big hand please for them and their daughter June Iorlibrary.

Ladies and Gentlemen did you really think that Mr and Mrs Manstudies would let us down? Of course not, and they are here with their son Hugh Manstudies.

The biggest welcome of all please for Lord and Lady Thyme and their recently knighted son Gerald, locally known as Sir Jerry Thyme.

We never have a function without those stalwarts, Mr and Mrs Netpractice and their son Clarence, known to us all as Clarry Netpractice.

Ah yes, now I see Mr and Mrs Terwing coming in with their son Les Terwing.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER FRIENDS' SCHOOL?

In an attempt to find out what was happening to ex-Friends' School scholars, "The Avenue" commissioned a survey of recent leavers from form five and form six. The "victims" were invited to relate their post-Friends' School experiences and to pass on any advice to present scholars who might be thinking of going in for the same thing. Twenty ex-scholars were contacted; the following replies were received.

Dear Editor,

I was warned before making my transition between schools that at Felsted I would be leading a completely different life: that of a strongly ruled establishment where one does what one is told, does not speak until one is spoken to and is seen and not heard. I was prepared, but, it was not nearly such a contrast as I had expected: in fact I am now in the "Felsted swing" and didn't even notice it! Certainly one calls the masters "Sir", never answers back and tries to adhere to the list of rules of courtesy: not looking into windows, not walking three abreast, greeting masters with "good morning Sir". To start with the list seemed unending but now one hardly has to think about it.

From being one of the many fifth form girls at Friends' School, it was rather a contrast to become one of the forty girls in the Felsted community. I was suddenly given a vast ego boost: constantly being the centre of attention, having seats offered me and doors opened. It took quite a while to become accustomed to these gentlemanly habits which I can honestly say I wasn't awfully aware of at Friends' (from the majority, that is!).

Another vast difference is that of "Felsted jargon". There seems to be a language particular to this village in mid-Essex. The predominant words being "spare" (private study), "swot" (lesson), "cargo" (congregational practice), "div" (human studies), "nip" (third former), "pig" (school prefect), "jock" (miss a swot), and "cool" (simply everything!!). It is the "in" thing to use such language: failure to do so implies that one does not know the school.

Felsted gives the impression of being a regular hive of activity with never a dull moment. Dull moments there are, just as at Friends', but they are usually self made. This impression is put across by the amount of societies, sports and other activities that exist. The feeling of earnestness is very strong for sports. The 1st XV rugby team Have to be supported when they are playing at home; the girls' hockey is just as serious. The whole school goes into mourning if the weeks' matches are lost (a rare event).

I think the answer to the question: "Is there life after Friends' School?" is yes (in a big way). In the "real world" things are nearly as good as within the bounds of Friends' School!

Yours sincerely,

Olivia Johnson



Dear Editor,

So you want to show your readers what the transition into the "real world" is like. I don't really think that I am in any sort of position to judge on that. Firstly let me tell you what I'm doing.

Since I left Friends' School in June I have done a few things. As soon as I left I travelled to Italy with a friend and my parents to recover from "A" levels. July saw me at La Coûme with most of the rest of my form. After this I took up a job of decorating a flat with the help of Ron Daniel. Now I am back at college in Braintree. The teaching is good but the place is a bit "yobbish" for my liking; even the teachers swear at you!

Any advice I would give to someone coming here is – don't if you can help it. Friends' School is insular compared to Braintree College of Further Education, where such pastimes as vandalising space invaders, stealing food and calculators are common practice. Marijuana hangs heavily in the air in the common room. The sound of the juke box is just heard over the ever present sound of a "D.M." denting the front of a pinball machine.

From the above you might think that I hate the college but that's not true, but it is quite a bit different from Friends' School.

Yours sincerely,

Gawaine Lewis

Dear Editor,

Thank you for your letter. If it is of any interest to those still at Friends', I have been retaking History and Geography "A" levels! This has been time-absorbing, but I have taken advantage of being at home by joining a local theatre company.

Joining local groups is really good fun, and helped me to feel a permanent member of the community, not just a temporary dweller (which I had been whilst I was a boarder at School).

In my glorious "year-off", I'm working in the famous Selfridges! I slave away as a waitress in one of the restaurants there. The worst thing about it is the daily commuting. This takes about an hour each way, very different from crossing the road from Hillcroft!). I hope to go to France or Switzerland as an au-pair, and go on a Camp America "holiday" next year.

Well, may this letter be of some interest to you. See you at Old Scholars',

Josephine Clutterbuck



Dear Editor,

Thank you for your letter. The answer to your question: "Is there life after Friends' School?" is, in a word, YES! This may come as a shock (I admit that it took me by surprise) but all the same it is true.

At present I am a "student", as opposed to a scholar, at East Ham College of Technology, doing three "A" levels in Chemistry, Physics and Biology. The course started in September and, if you fail your first year exams, it ends next June. East Ham is one of the most promising colleges in this part of London, famous for its social life (the girls). There are also other less interesting sports available!

I found out about the college by way of one of those large folders in the careers' room (yes, they are used for something) and wrote off for further information. My advice to others thinking of doing the same thing is – do it now.

As for my other experiences since I left Friends' School, well I don't think that they would be suitable for "The Avenue"!

Yours sincerely,

John Miller

Dear Editor,

Long before leaving school I had decided that I would not be going to University. This didn't solve any problems though. In fact, it created a few with unemployment running at 2.5 million at the time!

The day I left school I was given an advertisement from a recent newspaper. Our local cosmetics factory was offering places for trainee managers. Within a day I had obtained an application form and bright and early one Monday morning I went round to the factory in Lavenham (by this time I had really got the hang of application forms!).

I saw the personnel manager and had an "informal" interview. Along with my application form I had a chance to make an impression and also to find out a little more about the company. Within two weeks I was asked for another interview, this time with three people, including the chairman of the company, Mr A. R. Holloway. He offered me the job as a trainee marketing manager.

The work involved assessing the UK cosmetic and toiletry market, pricing surveys, obtaining competition brands and new products, the development of our new products (formulation, printing and packaging) and advertising – all very hectic and demanding work. After two months I was promoted and have now formed a new department within the company, a specialist accounts sales office. I carry out work for four national accounts sales executives who are travelling around the country most of the week. Again this involves product development, but also dealing directly with customer enquiries and problems. It really is the strangest feeling having your own office, own desk and own telephone!

My advice to future job hunters is wherever possible visit the prospective place of work. You create a much better impression than a featureless application form. Finally, yes there is life after Friends' School. The real world has its problems, but it's fun!

Yours sincerely,

Sheila Hurrell



Dear Editor,

When I had just left Friends' School I thought that there would be no life in the "after-world". I looked for a job in the summer and obtained just two weeks work; this depressed me. I also felt very decrepit being an "old scholar". After receiving my "A" level results I was offered a place at UMIST, which I accepted. UMIST is an acronym for "University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology". It is part of, but in many ways separate from, Manchester University itself.

Arriving at UMIST I felt a bit lost; there were so many things to do: get your grant, register, find your lecturers, decide which societies to join, find the best pubs in the area and so on. I soon became involved in the Union. Our Union is campaigning against the cuts being imposed on the Universities; UMIST is being cut rather badly. The most active people in the Union are very left-wing, so I felt that I ought to try and counteract them slightly.

Every student belongs to the Union. Apart from providing bars, snooker tables, etc. the Union also arranges sporting fixtures, helps students in difficulty and generally tends the students' needs. Also, it runs a "Community Action" scheme. This tries to help the people of Manchester who suffer from illness, disability, homelessness or loneliness for whom the local council is unable to do very much. We do a variety of things such as preparing a Sunday evening meal for one hundred men in a night shelter. We hope that this organisation will throw a better light on to the not too favourable popular image of students.

If you decide to go to university choose with care. The course may be good but if you don't like the city or town, don't choose the university. Get a bank account before you arrive. I found Williams and Glynn the best; they give you a £5 book voucher and do not appear to be involved with any unsavoury regimes.

I have found university freer than Friends' School, but people who went to day schools find it more restrictive. There are neither lights out nor morning bells. Now I don't feel so decrepit, but feel young and full of hope. School days were not the happiest of my life, although I enjoyed most of them; this is better. Yes, there is life after Friends' School.

Yours sincerely,

Michael Booth

Dear Editor,

Life out here isn't much different from where I passed the last five years. The major difference is that there are parents instead of John Woods, and that is not very different. Perhaps you don't get the immediate feeling that you've done something wrong when Mum or Dad approach looking concerned;



it's usually about leaving the emersion heater on or that you have been watching "Angels" again.

I still have to get up at 7.00 a.m. each morning and do prep. (too much) and borrow far more money than I have the resources to pay back. The list of unchanging things continue into a monotonous drone which isn't exactly the right impression.

There have though been several changes in my life. The main ones I shall list below.

(i) I see my parents more and my teachers less. This can be a handicap as teachers forget who you are and never remember if you've handed your prep. in.

(ii) The change of scenery has done me a lot of good. People round here haven't heard all the Essex jokes. The Hampshire air is cleaner so my lungs have a better chance of survival!

(iii) The work has become increasingly difficult, and you get more of it. I have a three quarters of an hour journey each morning and night so when I arrive home at 5.45 (I don't leave Winchester until 5.00) I find that I have little motivation to work for a couple of hours in the evening. The thing that keeps me going is knowing that my Senior Tutor would be quick to try and find out why I wasn't working.

The result of these changes is obvious: my parents know me better and my teachers less well. To help yourself settle down in a new situation my advice would be to forget about your past life and concentrate on the new. Accept any changes for better or for worse and when you know what's what then make a comparison. For me at the moment it is very difficult. I have forgotten bits of "Friends' life" and I don't know my new one well enough yet. At first I hated it. From three hundred to over a thousand students is a hell of a difference but "veni vidi vinceram"!

Yours sincerely,

Sophy Buckley

Dear Editor,

With a heavy heart, and rucksacks on our backs, we left Friends' School and hitched to Audley End; we were free! With little experience of the "big wide-world", except that gained from Mr Arter, we went for a quick pint to give us confidence before the "after life" began.

Our first problem was getting into the house for there was no Mrs Barrett waiting at the door, and the key could not be found. Here started our first argument, each claiming that the other had been given responsibility for its safe keeping. Finally it was spied amongst the exciting pages of last year's "Avenue".

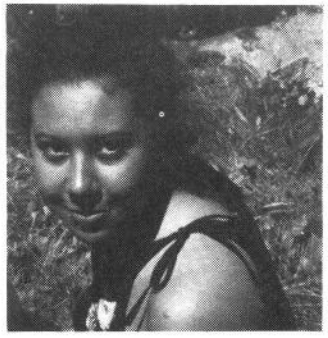
The next morning found us with our hair in curlers and flowered aprons on. We went to the doorstep, confident that no greedy member of our form would have taken our share of the milk, only to find that the birds had. We brought the pints into the kitchen to find the floor resembling the end bathroom in Hillcroft. One of us had left the freezer door open and all the ice had melted.

That morning we rode on our bikes to Sainsbury's, a big change from Randals, and got really carried away, taking one of everything off the shelves. We were determined to eat in style after School cuisine. Our skill in mathematics was not apparent when it came to handing over the money; we were £5.95 short! We ran like mad out of the shop, too humiliated to put all the things back. Oh, did we long for the days of fruit accounts, when the money stayed in our pockets and came out of our parents'.

Cleaning the house after visitors have left is no easy task. With dusters in hand, vacuum cleaner dragging around the ankles and perspiration falling from the brow, the slow transformation takes place. Only now do we appreciate why we used to keep finding the cleaners sitting down when caught unexpectedly.

Our experiences in the kitchen have been numerous, but we always keep a smile on our faces as we open a can of baked beans and empty the remains of a burnt dinner into the bin. The memories of lining up for ravioli or sausage seem like heaven to us now!





Amongst our discoveries was that the day did not end at 10.30 when the lights went out in Hillcroft. In fact, it's only just beginning. Also, the debauchery that our maths teacher had told us about did actually exist. We were ready to hit the Cambridge night life, although, on some nights we found ourselves in a place that we had sworn never to return to, Saffron Walden, but now we could enjoy the full delights of this town!

Although our new courses at the Cambridge Tech. demand more work, the old habit of pushing it to one side on Thursday between 7.20-8.00 p.m. still persists. Nevertheless, none of our new academic or secretarial skills is of any use when we have a domestic crisis. We just get on our hands and knees and stare at the ceiling, and, in a slight variation of the Quakerly tradition, ask God for peace of mind and immediate help.

Tonia Browne and Sharon Margetson

Dear Editor,

Thank you for the opportunity to take part in "The Avenue" survey. I am now retaking my "O" levels at a local college. The College is more formal and requires more self-discipline than Friends' School. Most of the work for "O" levels is done in the mornings, whilst in the afternoon I often play snooker and swim at the Central YMCA. When I am 18 I shall apply to join the Police Force, perhaps in the Devon and Cornwall area.

At weekends I take advantage of shows and museums in London. Sometimes I go to a farm cottage we have in Yorkshire and help renovate it. Since I left school I have been on holiday in Koblenz, West Germany. The Rhine Valley is well worth a visit.

My advice to those still at Friends' School is to work hard and so avoid the resitting of "O" levels and the holding back of a chosen career. With all best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Tim Newton

Dear Editor,

Nine weeks after leaving school I was so bored that I was beginning to wonder why I had ever left. I had recently pulled all the ligaments in my left knee and was immobile. It was a relief when I got fixed up as an au pair in West Germany with a British Army family. My job was to look after Tom, two years old, and Archie, eight months old. I got this job through a family connection.

I found it fairly easy to get into a day to day routine. Some parts of the job were rather tedious, especially the dirty nappies! I met a wide range of people though few of them were German. The family lived in Münster which is a town with a large number of Army bases close at hand. Münster was heavily bombed during the war but has been rebuilt into a modern town. I had to comply with a large number of Army regulations and was issued with an identity card which I had to show when entering Army buildings.

During July I went to Berlin with the family. We travelled there by car through communist East Germany. The road between West Germany and West Berlin is a motorway but on either side there are minefields to prevent escapes. Before starting a journey along the "corridor" you have to pass through checkpoints where your authority to travel and identity are checked.

One morning during our stay in Berlin I went on a tour of East Berlin. Checkpoint Charlie, the only crossing point between East and West Berlin, is nothing special. East Berlin has not been developed since the war to the same extent as West Berlin. Buildings are derelict and wild trees and shrubs grow up through them. When we got out of our coach we were confronted by the people of East Berlin. They were amazed to see so many denim jeans let alone a digital watch. Later we were told that we could have sold our jeans for £100!

When I returned to Britain I went up to Scotland to work in a fishing lodge for two weeks on the Isle of Mull. This involved cooking for seventeen people.

At the beginning of October I started another job which will last for about six months. Basically I look after horses, but it also involves caring for cats, dogs, cooking and doing the washing. The family I work for are often away so I look after the house. I'm only a few miles from home so it's quite convenient. My main work is looking after the horses. I also have my own horse which has to be kept up for hunting. I ride two or three times a day and hunt once or twice a week. But there are some dirty jobs as well, for example, mucking out and cleaning tackle.

In May this year I start my further education which is a cookery course in London and lasts for three months. When I've completed this I shall start work proper. During my year off I have met interesting people and been to many fascinating places. I admit that I have been very lucky finding work. If anybody reading this is thinking of looking after children then you must be prepared for very hard work. The money is not good but if you get in with the right family it is fun and you may have the chance to travel and to meet people. It can get a bit boring at times particularly when you have been asked to write for your old school magazine and there are eight inches of snow outside!

Yours sincerely,

Alex Kirkland

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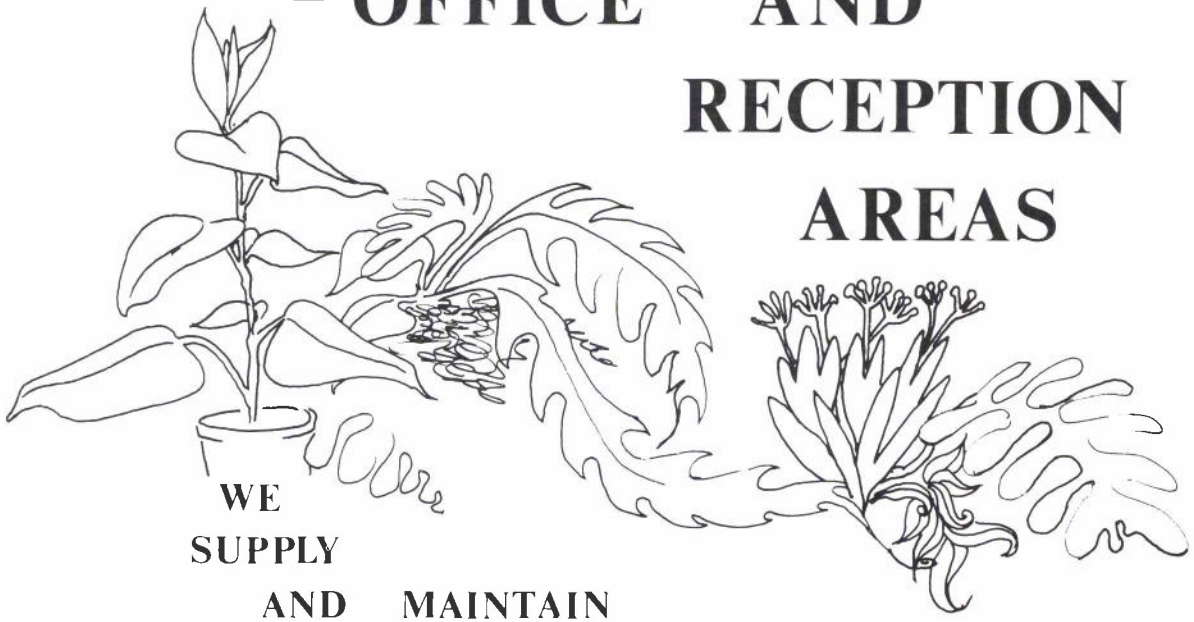
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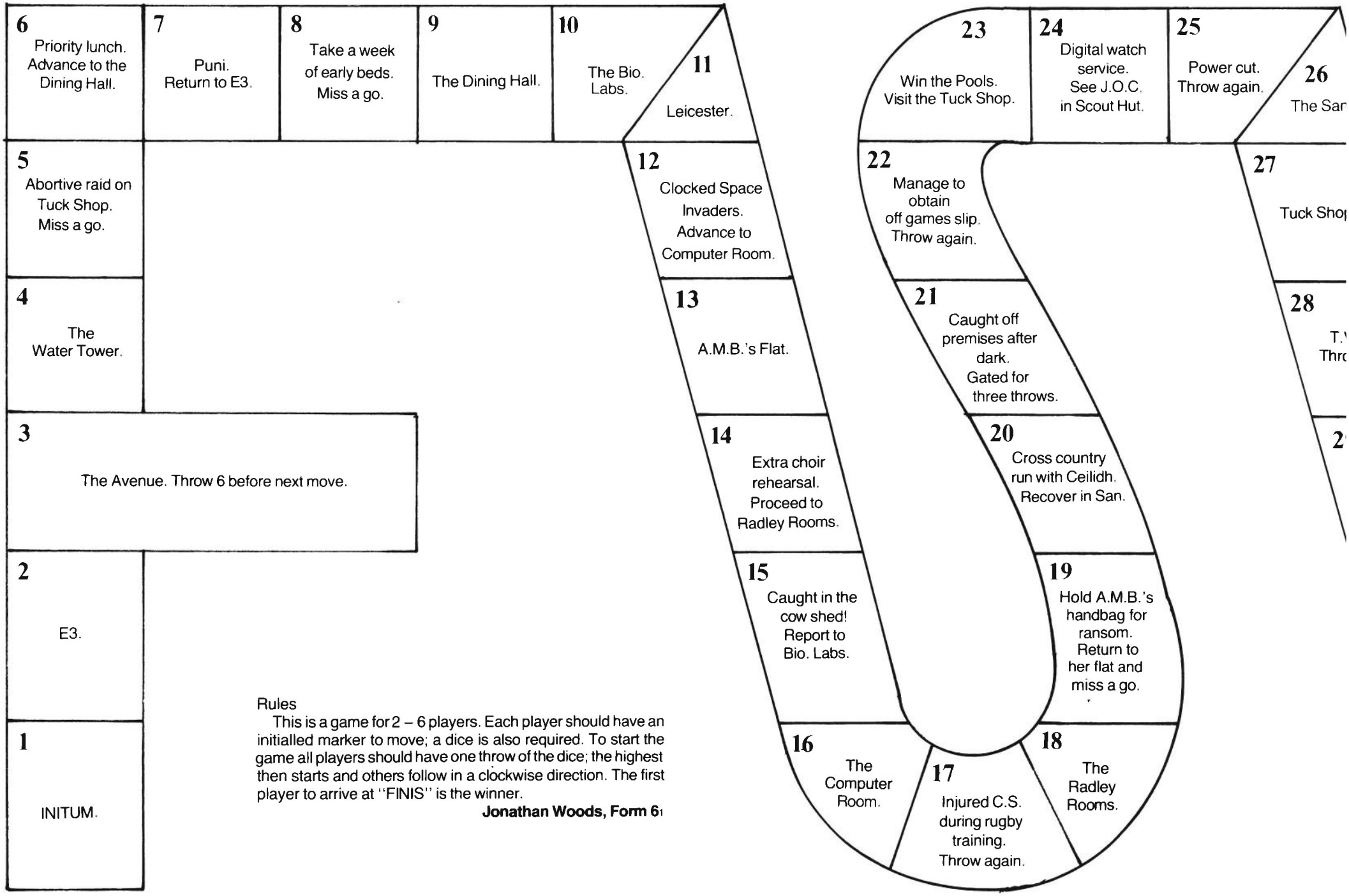
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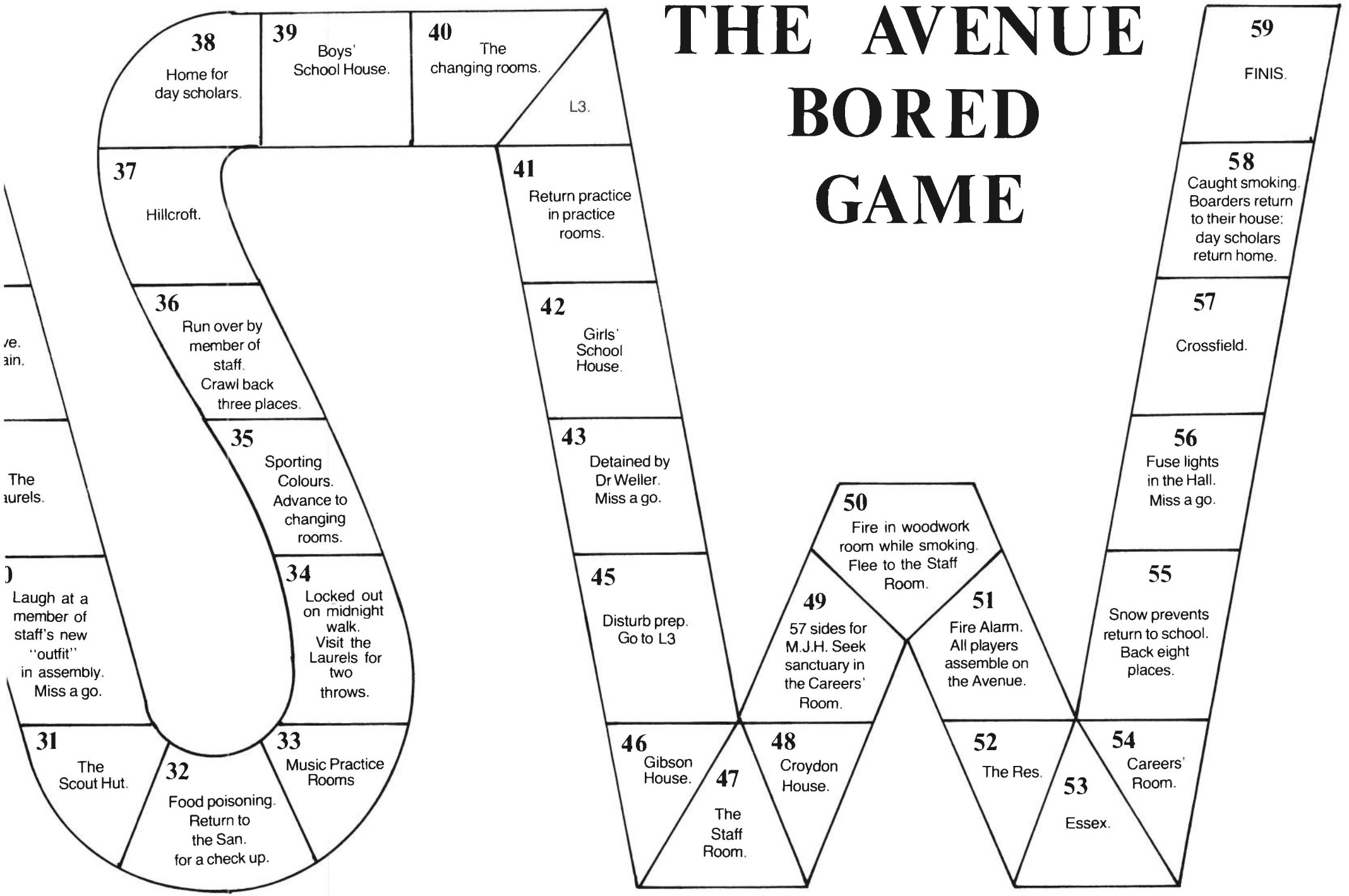


Rules

This is a game for 2 – 6 players. Each player should have an initialled marker to move; a dice is also required. To start the game all players should have one throw of the dice; the highest then starts and others follow in a clockwise direction. The first player to arrive at "FINIS" is the winner.

Jonathan Woods, Form 6

THE AVENUE BORED GAME



Saffron Tales

When in November the mists surround,
And frost bites deep in leafy ground;
When knife-edged winds cut flesh from bone,
And hedgehogs seek their wintry home
Amongst the bracken, crisp and dun,
Scarcely touched by a fading sun;
And tender birds, so blithe and free
Have flocked and fled o'er glittering sea,
Then people crowd to creaky hall
To laugh and weep and learn withal.
Especially to Walden's town they come
Where earnest Friends have made their home,
To hear a tale of murder foul and mean
Of jealousy and spite most keen.
Thomas Becket is the victim mild;
Royal Henry the schemer most reviled.



It happened in that season that one day
In Walden at the Regent as I lay
Ready to have my spirit moved,
My grave impiety to be showed,
At night there came into that hostelry
Some three and thirty in a company.
And as the sun sank slowly in the west
They fell to sharing quip and jest.
Away from scholars' eyes and ears
They roared and squealed 'till the tears
Ran freely down their burnished faces.
I listened close and noted well
What each one wore and had to tell.



A Smith there was of eye and wit so keen
Boys shrank and whimpered when his spleen
Was vented at some misdemeanour.
And yet the ladies sought his favour
For lean was he and strongly made.
Great courage with the ball had he displayed.
His stories rang with great veracity.
Sport was his life: cricket and rugby –
He played them both with spirit and aplomb.
Yet nursèd he a grievance 'gainst one, Tom,
Who carried away by the zest of youth,
Had fallen upon him and forsooth
Had nigh snapped his ankle afore he spied
That Smith was playing on his side.
"Let charity begin at home", said Smith; "and, pray,
Save that neat trick for when we play away!"
He wore a suit for running on a track,
Clipped at waist and ankles and so black
It gave him a faint air of menace.
Yet was his grin an answer to his grimace.

At the right hand of that men of steel
There stood a lad who plainly did not feel
The bitter chill. For, when all other men
Were dressed in winter's wool, then
He would bare his arms and ope his neck.
Full many a sinner did he seek,
For he did run when other men did walk.
'Twas heavy work to hear him talk
For he did use long words and such constructions
That would sometimes lead to the destruction
Of the point he wished to make.
Yet he did work without a break.
He was a mathematician of mighty brain.
His students struggled but in vain
To crack his logic and his case refute.
By midnight oil he did compute
And summon figures to his head.
That was why, it was rudely said
No hair grew there. But he did oft repeat
"Grass does not grow on a busy street".
His name was Peter, after that blessèd saint
To whom our Lord, not without complaint,
Gave the keys to heaven's door.
This Peter, too, clinked with more
Than four and twenty keys around his waist.
He had a passion for security,
And yet was known for kindly charity.



A Cooper there was, no longer crafting barrels,
Who raised an eyebrow with her strange apparels.
Like the Pied Piper with his young platoons,
She strode forth in velvet pantaloons
Patterned with diamonds in violet and blue.
There was no limit to what she knew
Of the history of our human kind.
This mistress was a master mind
Who, showing neither nerve nor fear,
Had faced St Magnus from his chair.
Full stern was she and brooked no nonsense:
Children did quiver in her presence.
But they knew her just in all her dealings.
As for her sympathies and softer feelings
She had a cat, a source of great delight,
Which roamed through Croydon house at night.
The hand that stroked it was kind and tender.
But the finger wagged at the young offender
Who through the window of that house
Slipped, as quiet as a mouse,
To secret tryst with smooth-haired lad
That was in leather jacket clad.
That sin demanded penitence
And confinement within the fence
Of the school she loved full well.
Prudence prohibits me to tell
Of exploits she blushes to recall.
Yet she was compassionate withal.





Space forbids a further extension
Of this tale. Yet must I mention
One who came and stood
Grimly at the Regent's door. He could
But fix with icy stare
The scene within, for there
Carousing and guffawing with glee
Were those whose scholarship he
For many years had so admired.
In formal grey was he attired;
Grey, too, his eye and pale his lock.
He was the shepherd of his flock
But felt that revelry ill-became
Those whose calling was the same
As his. And so until another time
I must postpone this kindly rhyme
Of Son of Dicken, Son of Richard,
Anne of Foxley, he of Gatward,
And many more of the thirty and three
Who labour at Friends' Academy.

J.R.W.



With sincere apologies to Geoffrey Chaucer

Rumsey's

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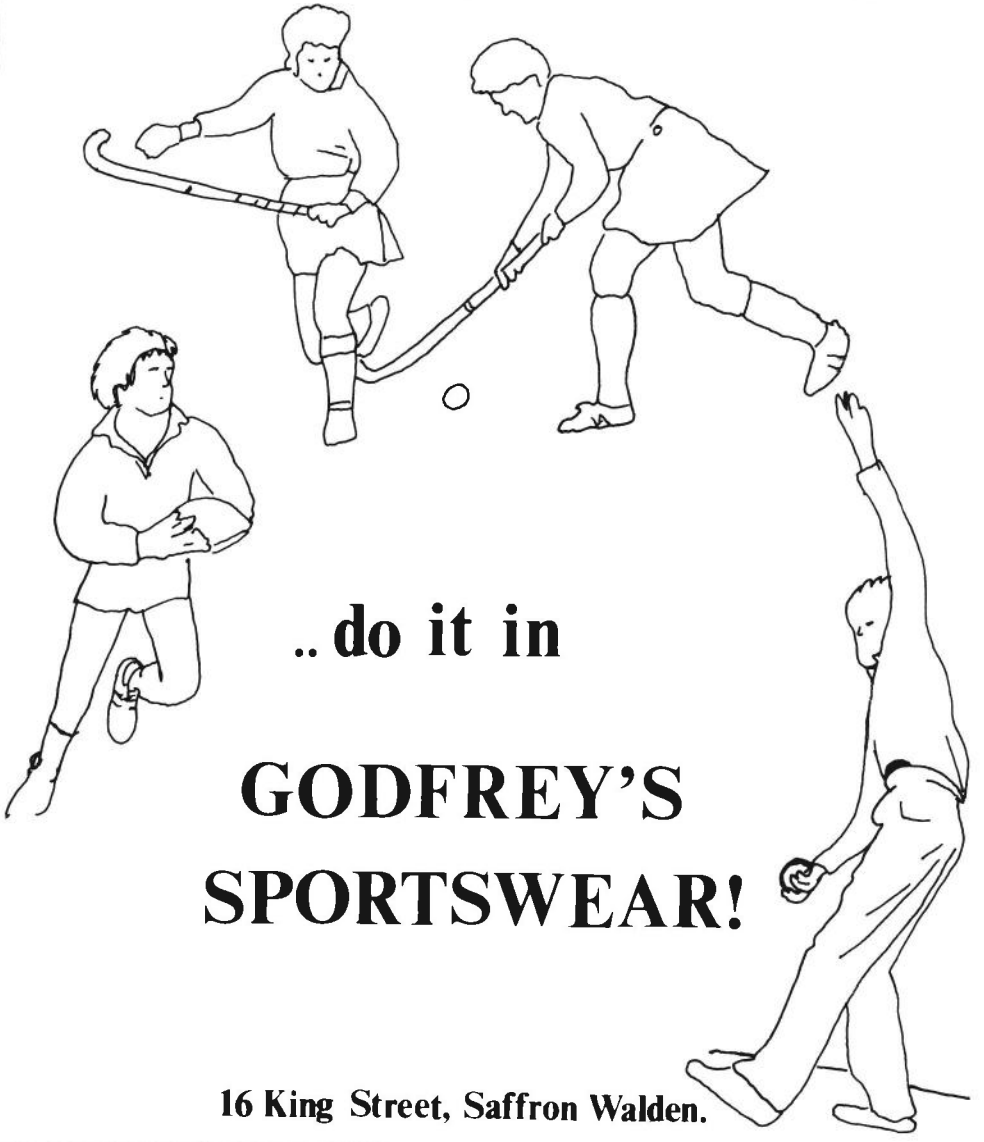
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PILGRIMAGE '81

I wonder how many people looked at the title on this page, shuddered and hurried on to the next page. Does the word "pilgrimage" conjure up pictures of people in medieval dress walking, penniless for miles around the countryside? It this did happen to many people, I think they have missed reading about a very enjoyable weekend.

There were four of us, Rachel Haigh, Emma King, Rebecca Nash and me, with our "leader" Mike Collins. We left early on the Friday morning for Woodbrooke College, Birmingham. There we were to meet about thirty other "Pilgrims" from the three other southern Quaker schools, Sibford, Sibcot and Leighton Park. None of us really knew what was in store for us except that we were to visit "George Fox Country". After joining with the other schools we set off for Pendle Hill, where George Fox first "Heard the Voice of the Lord". It was quite a hard climb, but one which broke the ice between us. All the fast climbers got together at the top and fired comments towards the slower ones who were finding the climb rather more difficult. After admiring the scenery for a while, which was fantastic, we sat down and held the first of our Meetings for Worship. We were accompanied on this one by a sheep, who unlike the rest of us, was not impressed by the atmosphere of total peace and togetherness that was achieved there. After that we were then taken to one of the first Meeting Houses at Settle. The interesting thing that we saw here was that the room in which the women used to have their separate meetings from the men, had been preserved. Later that evening, after we had settled in to Yeland Hostel, we had another Meeting and the first of our talks from Elfrida Foulds, who has an inexhaustable knowledge of Quakers and Quakerism.



Up and out early on Saturday morning for more visits to local Meeting Houses at Preston Patrick and Brigflatts. At both places we had talks from Elfrida Foulds, who relates the most amazing stories for a great length of time. We then had another walk (race!) to the top of Firbank Fell, which is the home of "Fox's Pulpit", followed by another Meeting for Worship with several readings. When we returned to the hostel we were split into several unsupervised discussion groups. Later we had a supervised discussion all together, and it was noticed that not all groups had discussed issues to do with Quakerism as had been instructed. Those of us who didn't discuss Quaker issues certainly left our group with a great deal of knowledge about the pro's and con's of the other Quaker Schools.

The Sunday was started with a quick walk (optional) to get the Sunday papers. We then had a Meeting in Yealand Meeting House, which was well attended by many of the local Quakers, who were intent of telling us their experiences as Quakers. This was followed by a picnic lunch at Swarthmoor Hall, where we heard the last of Elfrida's interesting talks on the "Valiant Sixty" and the spread of Quakerism in this country. Again this evening was filled with another discussion group, and although we tended to digress from the original subject, it was very interesting. We finished with a short Meeting for Worship.



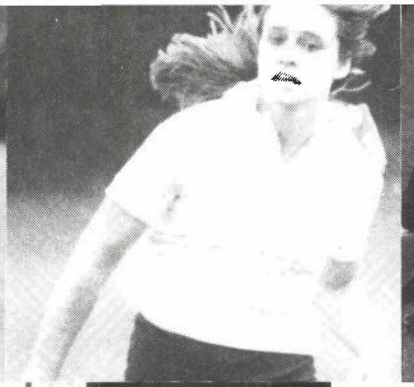
Monday was goodbye day to a lot of new friends who, like the four of us, felt that we had really gained something worthwhile and many of our questions had been answered. I hope this account of the week-end has not seemed to be full of talks and Meetings for Worship, because it certainly was not and the four of us would thoroughly recommend it as a great and interesting week-end.

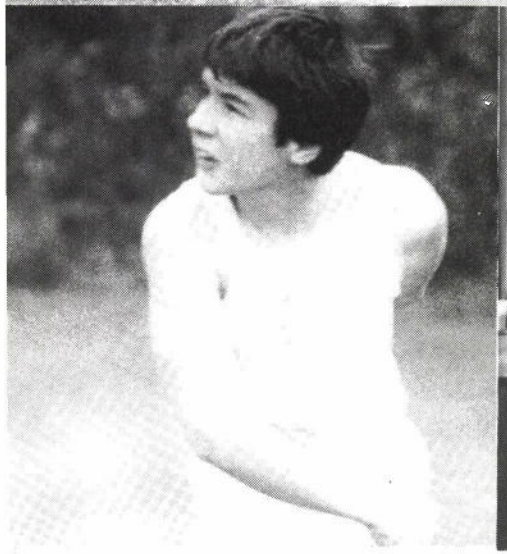
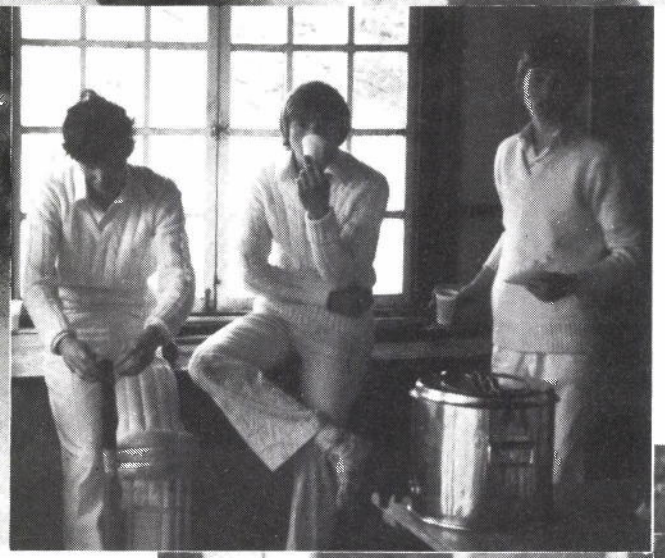
Vanessa Collings – 6²



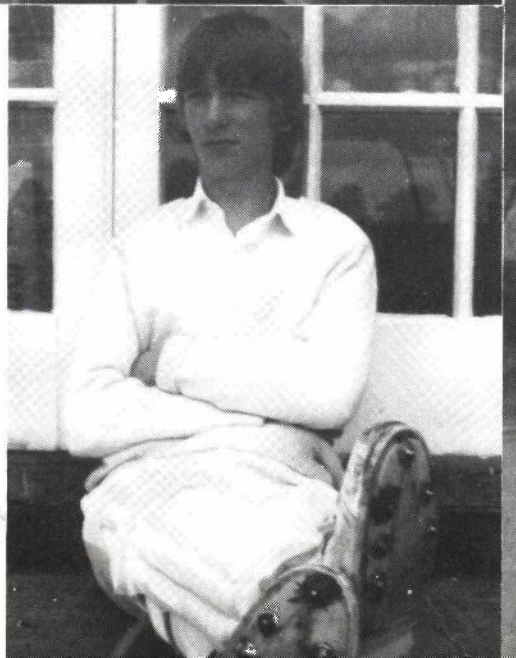


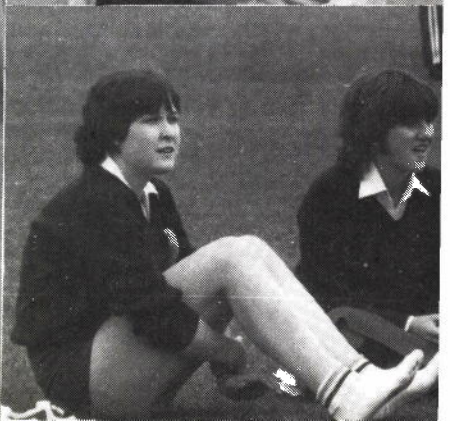




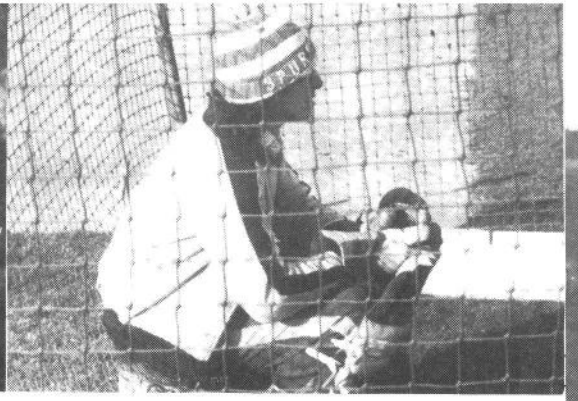




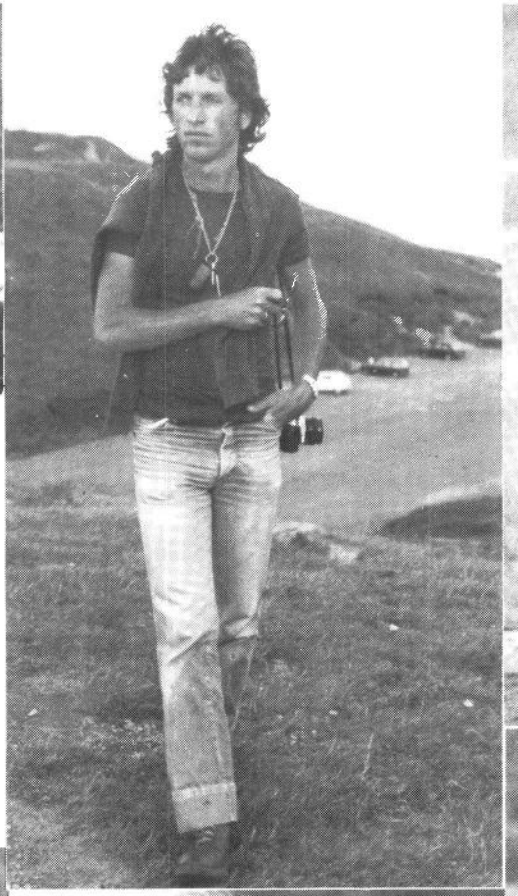
SPORTS

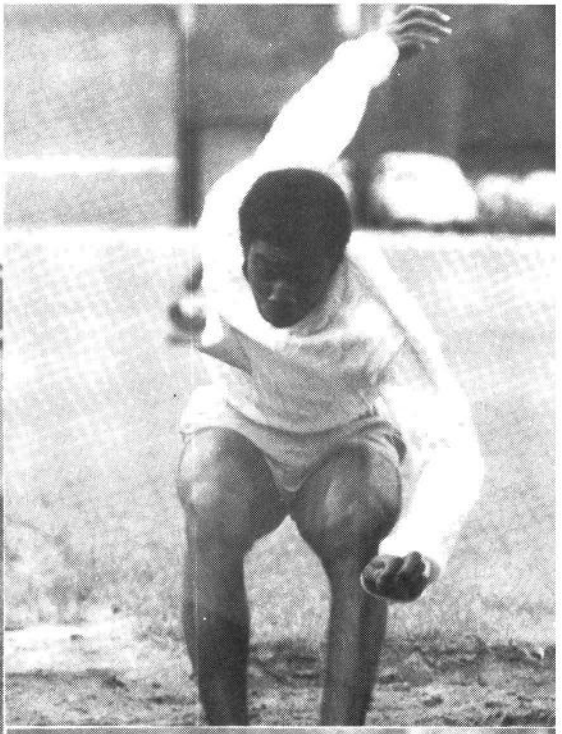



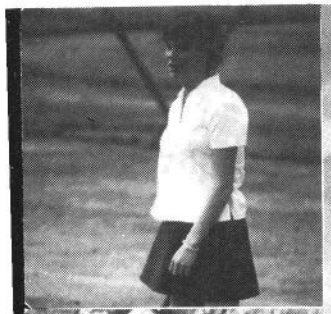


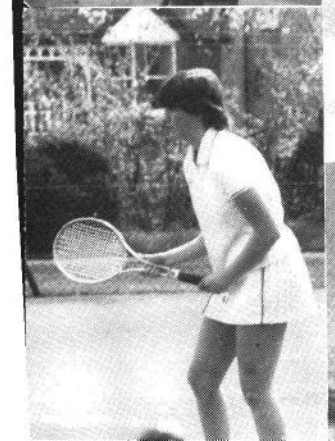






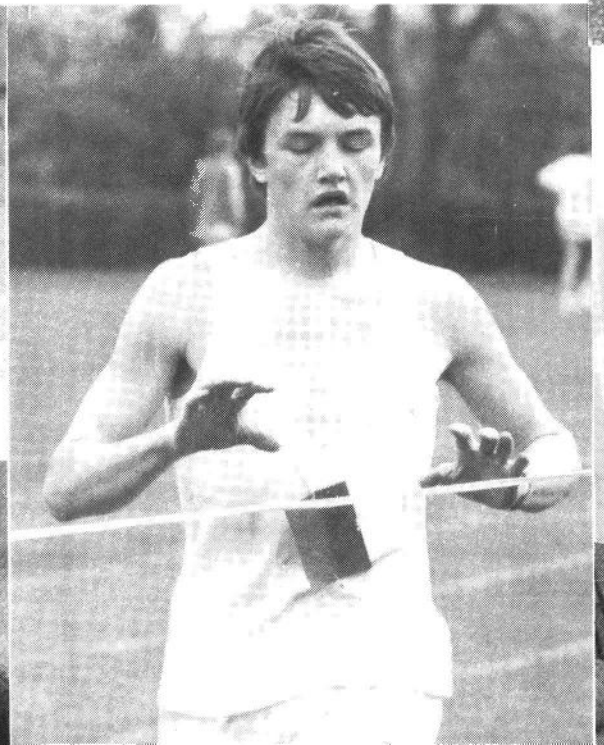
REVIEW

















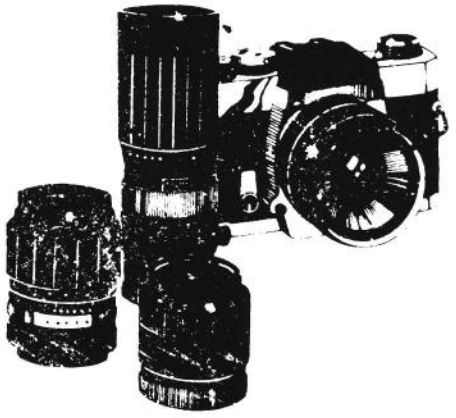
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The Great Cat Rescue

You may or may not remember the sunny June morning when a cat was discovered stuck high up on the Virginia Creeper. The situation was urgent; assembly was due to take place shortly on the asphalt. A daring rescue attempt was made; fortunately there were no casualties!



The intrepid Mike Duce with no regard for his personal safety scales his ladder. Basil Waterman keeps a steadying hand on the situation below.



Force is eventually required, the cat obviously thinking itself above climbing into a rubbish bin.



Mike tries to induce the frightened feline into a waste paper basket.



The descent begins with pussy perched precariously on Mike's shoulder, the basket idea having been dropped!

POO POO PALOOBA POLO
OR
AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS
BY FORM 1

The Dragonfly

Gaudy,
Gaudy,
Glistening jewels . . .
Bands of topaz and emerald,
Topaz, emerald and jet.
Like a king's sceptre,
Or crown.

Flimsy,
Flimsy,
Sparkling gauze . . .
Gold and silver lace,
Gold and silver and mother of pearl.
Like a bride's wedding dress
Or veil.

Menacing,
Menacing,
Eyes of fire . . .
Black coals in hearts of yellow flame,
Black and yellow and golden flame,
Like a devouring fire
Or sun.

Dragonfly,
Dragonfly,
A living jewel . . .
Like reflections on the water,
Reflections of the sun.
A gaudy, glistening, gilded ray
Of sun.

Janice Bagshaw

Black

Deep in the night the graves are opening,
The hideous din of creaking bones.
Deep in the ground the Devil is screaming,
The stealing of a thousand souls.

Danny Lee

The Little Lizard

As I walk down the road,
The little lizard scampers
Into a dark crevice of rock.
I stop, wait and listen.
Slowly, meekly, out he creeps.
Wait a minute, what's that?
A tasty meal for him?
As quick as a flash,
Out darts his tongue,
The fly is gone.

Daisy Gordon



White

The snow lies on the ground
All around your feet, crisp and fresh.
Snowdrops are swaying in the winter's breeze,
The clouds drifting slowly across the misty sky.

Lorraine O'Connell

Speed

The earth moves,
The car vrooms,
People groove.

The world turning,
Since time began,
Forever moving.

Why oh why,
Does time fly?
It will forever go by.

Jonathan Heywood

Grey

The dull old days,
With clouds and storms,
With fog and mist,
And hazy hours.

Debbi Piqué

The Snow Poem

Soft and glistening,
White as a cloud,
A field of flakes,
Each one shining as the moon's rays hit,
Shimmering, soft, still.

Jane Cox

The Killer Force

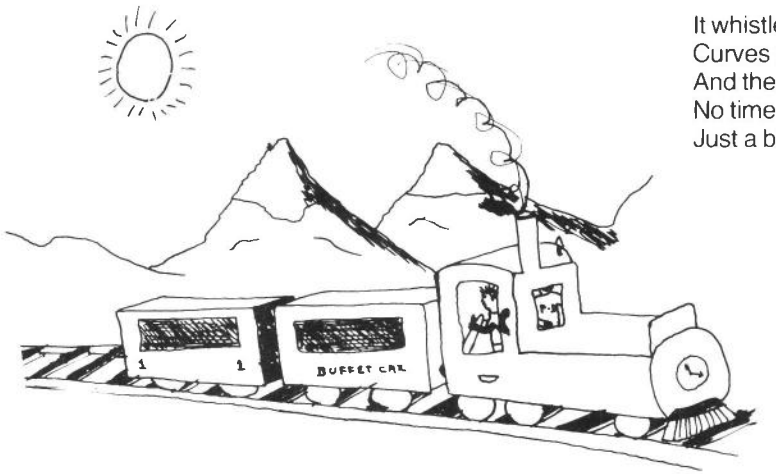
It closed in upon her,
It came still and frightening,
It curled around her,
It seeped into her ears and eyes,
Her eyes dimmed,
A scream rang out,
The angel of death passed,
Her silver life cord snapped,
Her ghostly soul arose,
Her life was eternally defeated.

Luke Sumpter

Night

It was a dark night;
My room was black;
Suddenly a dark shadow crept in;
It was as dark as death.
Two fangs appeared showing signs of blood.
I heard a dripping sound and a cold shiver ran down my spine;
I heard a screech and two shadows appeared near my head.
Something was crawling down my back;
A black, blood stained finger was beckoning to me to come
closer . . . closer . . . closer.
I hesitated but I was in a trance.
The place smelt of foul blood,
A hand came closer and was about to claw my face, when,
suddenly,
I woke up!!!

Yvonne Addy and Clare Ecclestone



The Train

It whistles down the line like a dart being thrown,
Curves round the mountain,
And then shoots along the road.
No time to look at scenery, as it's
Just a blur.

Yellow

The sunset in the sky,
The crisp pastry on a pie.
The leaves on the ground
When I'm homeward bound.
The light that shines so bright,
Burning through the night.
The daffodils in the sun.
Swaying, having fun.

Naomi Starling

Black

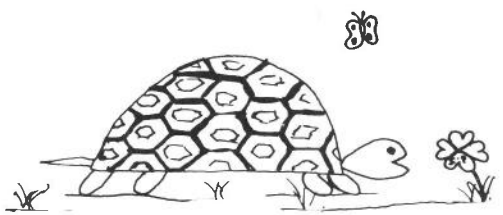
The pitch-dark night,
Spread over the sky like a thick blanket.
Engulfing everything it met,
In a stifling, inky darkness.

Louise Mozzanica

Silver

Dew on the grass in early morning,
Necklace shining in the light,
Fishes' eyes,
Spoons and forks,
Metal for flutes,
Fillings at the dentist.

Kate Fuller



White

The clouds that cover the soft blue sky,
The snow that ladens our earth,
And the dull look on a sick man's face.

Philipa Andrew

Slow and Fast Animals

A tortoise plods slowly,
An elephant thumps along,
A snake slithers alone,
Flashing out its tongue.

A horse gallops by,
Its legs stretching wide,
A kangaroo jumps high,
Its legs together, side by side.

Simon Brown

Speed

The racetrack ready,
The tension grows,
Green and red,
Then off they go!
Faster and faster, then a crash.
Splat and tinkle, wham and bash!
The smell is strong.
A blinding flash!
Pow and wallop!
Another crash.

Andrew Castle



The Devil

The Devil
Lives down in his fiery cave,
Warmed by flashing fire.
His body is always glowing red,
His fiery eyes are like rubies in the dark.

The Devil's
Trident is poised and ready,
To strike another human being;
Death to another man!

The Devil
Wine as red as blood,
And eats meat of human beings,
Seasoned with blood.

Simon Beard and Edward Garlick

A YEAR IN CROYDON HOUSE





We started the year without Jessica, but ended it without Sarah, Alysson and Jane; even then we had the largest number of red-heads under one roof. We also began without Tyke and finished with the big bedroom redecorated.

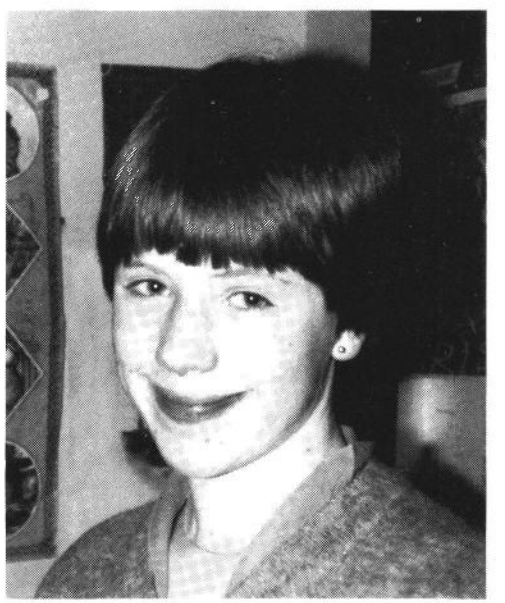
The year saw a number of adventures, and, strangely, Meriel figured in almost all of them. Croydon was a close little community which opened its doors to third-year day scholars but remained unsullied by anyone else, unless we count the vulture-like third year boys at the Pancake Party, Mrs Brandon at the end of term gatherings, and the occasional fifth former.

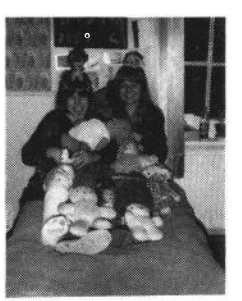
Our medical marvels are most memorable. First there was Rebecca's leg, clad, or rather contorted, in an amazing plaster. By Easter half-term, Rebecca was so fast on her crutches she could rival Sebastian Coe over the mile. Then there was Jessica's rabies jab. I don't think Kim or Prudence or even the staff threatened to savage her, but I suppose it pays to take precautions. Finally there was Jane, giving me my first opportunity to ride in an ambulance. It was a pity the siren wasn't going!

Other rare occasions included the time Meriel pulled the handle off the washroom door then shut it on Nicki so that we had to rescue her by ladder out of the window. Also when Meriel got lost one Sunday in Church while looking for her pew; and diminutive Catherine ordering everyone around while on supper duty.

There were times when I felt like the Old Woman who lived in the shoe; life was never dull when surrounded by Nicki and Jane, Corinne and Jessica, Jenny, Rebecca, Claire, Catherine, Meriel and Wendy with their loves and hates, their chemistry to be tested and their feuds with the third form boys. But alas, time passes and they are third years no more. My children have left home. One memory lingers on; a haunting, oft-repeated cry of "Oh Meriel!"

Amanda Cooper





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For the very best of reasons we are no longer sponsoring Hông and Nhut, the Vietnamese refugee children who have been cared for by the Ockenden Venture at Haslemere. The reason is that, amidst wide media coverage, the children have been reunited with their parents and the family, nine of them altogether, is living in a house in Guildford. It was exciting to see television pictures of Hông, whom we have watched change from a frightened bewildered "boat-child" to a lively, confident young lady, bouncing vigorously on the beds of her new home.

We shall, of course, keep in touch with the Nguyen family. Meanwhile we are waiting for arrangements to be made for us to adopt two more children.

Jonathan Woods
John Wadham

POST SCRIPT

We have been asked to sponsor Phan Thi Linh, a ten year old girl with no known relatives, and Tran Minh Tai an eleven year old boy with an elder sister who feels she can no longer cope.

Both are refugees from Vietnam.

John Wadham



Prep. in L3

Prep. in L3, Oh dear me!
Why oh why does it have to be?
Whenever I start to mess about
In comes a teacher and gives a shout
"Down to L3 as quick as can be."
And I think to myself "Oh bother!" I see
Another week in L3 for me.

James Taylor, Form three.

NAME SEARCH

Find the following names by ringing round groups of letters of each particular name. These may be horizontal, vertical or diagonal. Both names of a person are together.

Vanessa Ranger, Behrendt (separately)
Sheila Addy
Denby Allen
Peter Arter
Donald Benson
Margaret Brandon
Margaret Brinkworth
Margaret Briscoe
Tessa Brown
John Capper
Jenny Capper
Graham Chambers
Mike Collins
Amanda Cooper
John Dickinson
Edward Dodge
Anne Foxley
Brian Gatward
Lesley Green
Martin Hugall
Bob Marcotte
Mary Mileson
Philip Morley
Diane Richards
Phillip Richardson
Ruth Richards
Jenny See
Chris Smith
John Wadham
Francis Whittington
John Woods
Sarah Wright

A B E H R E N D T R E P O O C A D N A M A L L R I G H T M N
I K N O T W T H A T R T H D R A W T A G N A I R B I S M A O
M A R Y M I L E S O N E D O N A L D B E N S O N A Y N D R T
R Y E L R O M P I L I H P T O T B E A V E R Y N E G O I G G
U B O D P U Z S Z L E B H P U T A T L E F A O S S T J A A N
T I C T S M N Y S C O G N T A R I B U T O T N I I E O N R I
H N S F O R O T H I I E A V E C V N U E X I N I N N Y E E T
R E I T E E D N E R R I G H D E N B Y A L L E N T W Y R T T
I M R O N E N O W R R H A T N H E H L L E R Y N L I S I B I
C A B N E T A A E E N E C E I G H C O T Y S Y E T D W C R H
H R T O A S R O F C O U S R S E T C E J E D S I O T I H I W
A T E S S A B R O W N S W E L E E L D E E O D O N E I A N S
R I R S S K T Y O U A H A U N K E M A N A N W A G E D R K I
D N A P E T E R A R T E R A I T O W O R K N Y O A U T D W C
S H G T H I R S A P U Z J M A H D A W N H O J C Z L L S O N
E U R A N D A N F O R F E D W A R D D O D G E U A C I K R A
I G A N G S G L E S L E Y G R E E N J S A K E I D P O E T R
H A M O P E R E T H N O S D R A H C I R P I L L I H P A H F
T L G R R A A H A M C H A M J O H N D I C K I N S O N E B S
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CHAMPOUSSIN '82...

READY







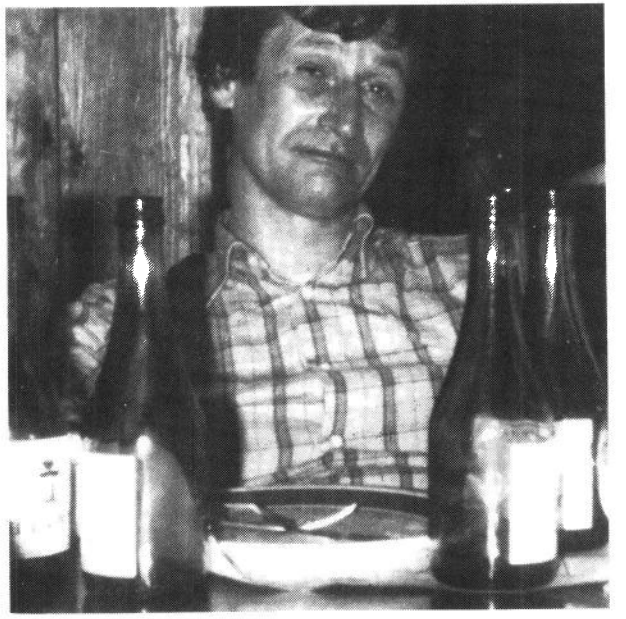


STEADY





GONE!



ASTROLOGICAL INFLUENCE

On the date of your birth all the planets of our solar system, including the moon, were in a certain position in the heavens; these positions are what astrology is all about. I can't tell you a thing about yourself until I know these positions. Your birth sign, or Sun sign, depends on the position of the Sun when you took your first breath. Because it is so easy to calculate the position of the Sun at birth we have neglected the other planets which are more difficult to calculate; tables are needed to find these positions. If you were born in the beginning of October your Sun sign is Libra, but that doesn't mean you are totally Libran.

What is meant when I, or any other astrologer, say "the Sun is in Libra"? Well, it would be impossible to locate the Sun and planets without a guide. For this reason the circular band of the heavens that contains the constellations, named groups of stars, was divided into twelve sectors each of thirty degrees by Babylonian astrologers in about 400 B.C. The band of constellations is sixteen degrees wide and the elliptic, or path of the Sun, seems to follow it and runs along its centre. The orbits of all the planets, except Pluto, lie within the boundaries of this band which is known as the "zodiac".

Each sector is named after the star pattern which roughly occupies it, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, etc. So if the Sun was in Libra when you were born it was occupying that thirty degree sector of the zodiac named Libra.

If you look at Chart 1 you will see that it shows the Sun's path around the Earth. The Sun makes its way through the constellations once every year and the earth completes its cycle around the Sun in the same time. We also need to remember that the Earth rotates on its axis once every twenty-four hours (resulting in the days) whilst orbiting the Sun. When we draw up a horoscope, the zodiac is charted according to the Earth. This is why your time and place of birth are so important, Chart 2

If you tell me that you were born at noon at any place, I know the Sun was nearly or directly overhead at that place, according to the season. If you tell me that you are a Libran I know the Sun was passing through the constellation of Libra. So, I can then plot Libra in the mid-heaven, above the Earth, and I can then plot the other constellations in their order, anticlockwise. So I know which constellations lie to the east and west of the Earth and above and below the Earth; in fact I know where all the constellations lie. When the planets are plotted I know where they are in relation to the Earth.

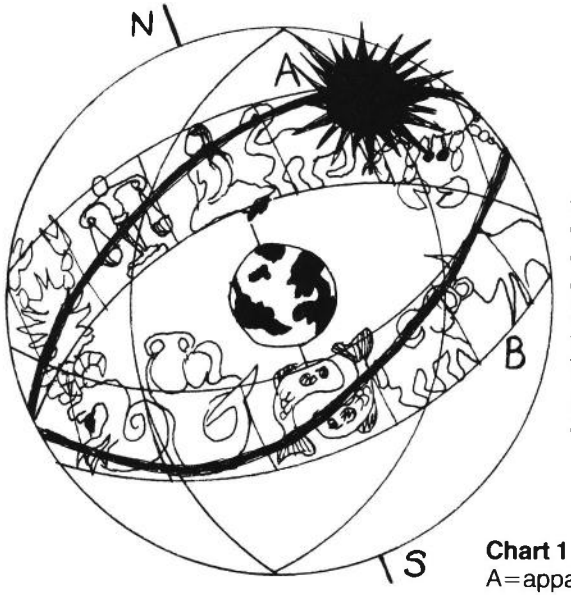
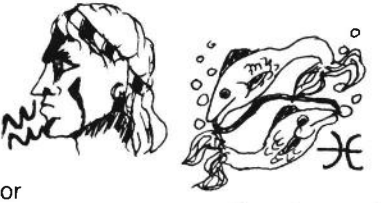
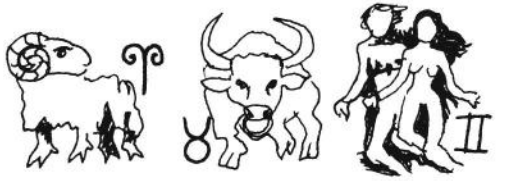


Chart 1
A=apparent path of the Sun
B=fixed zodiac
N/S=poles of celestial equator

The horoscope is a map of the planets in the heavens at the exact time of one's birth. The map covers the entire sky, a full circle of 360° (Chart 2). Imagine the Earth is in the centre. You can see all the planets in relation to the Earth by way of the constellations. We know that this man is either Aries or Taurus Sun sign. You can see that the Sun is passing from one sign to the other and is on the dividing line of the two constellations. This man could have been on a "cusp". By finding out the precise time of birth we can locate the exact position of the Sun and discover which sign it occupies, in this case Taurus.





Midheaven

Ascendant or rising sign

Line of horizon

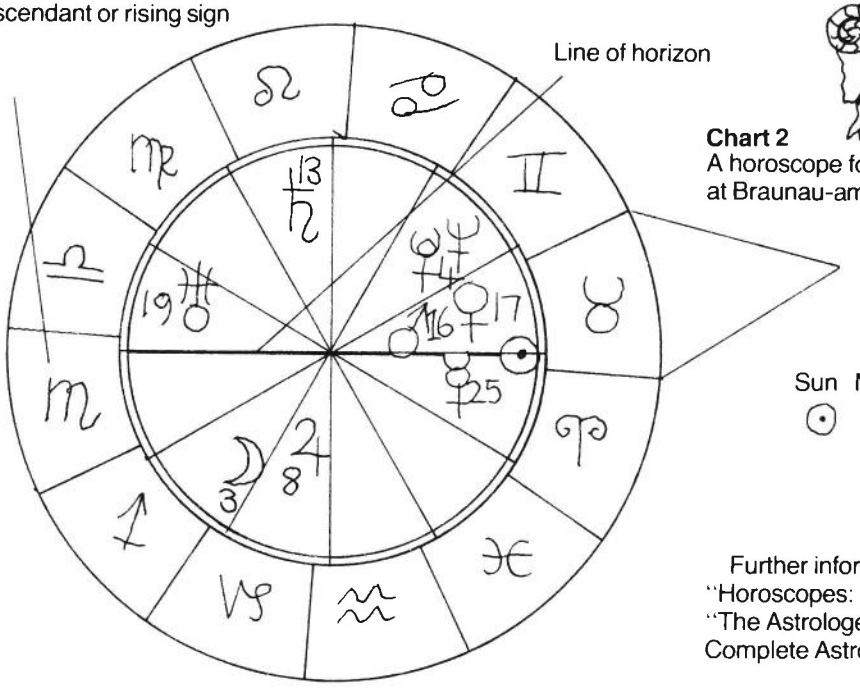


Chart 2
A horoscope for a man born at 0622 hours on 20th April 1889 at Braunau-am-Inn, Austria.

Cusps of constellations



Sun Moon Mercury Venus Mars Jupiter Saturn



Uranus Neptune Pluto



Further information can be gained from the following books: "Horoscopes: How to draw and interpret them", Brian Innes; "The Astrologer's Handbook", F. Sakoian and L. Acker; "The Complete Astrologer", D. J. Parker.

Groupings – The Magic of Twelve, Four and Three

All the signs are inter-related in some way. Each sign belongs to a group called a "triplicity". They are ruled by the elements and control the temperament. These groupings are extremely useful and the members of each are closely related. They are a good start for recognizing the characteristics of the signs. These triplicities lie 120° apart; thus there are three signs in each group. Three is a very important number of the zodiac as you will learn.

When the planets lie 120° apart, it is also a very important aspect and is called "trine". Planets do influence each other when they lie a certain number of degrees apart. There is also the "square" aspect, planets 90° apart, "sexile" aspect, planets 60° apart and the "opposition", 180° apart. There are more less important aspects.

Charts help us to interpret the triplicates. The Earth signs, Capricorn, Taurus and Virgo, have qualities of the element Earth, as you would imagine, and so with the other elements. These signs indicate a mind which works within the boundaries of reality and materialism. They are not dreamers and seldom have far-fetched ideas. Their primary attribute is practicality. These signs indicate skill in using and managing the material and financial resources of human life. Without the Earth signs we would not have a foundation.

The air signs, Gemini, Libra and Aquarius, deal with the intellectual capacity of man, which includes communications and social relationships. The air signs manifest strong mental abilities and they possess the power of exchanging thoughts and ideas. Without them we would probably lack communication even more than at present.

The water signs, Pisces, Cancer and Scorpio are concerned with the realm of emotion and feeling. They deal with sensitivity, intuition and the deeper psychic aspects of life. They never fail to bring out emotion of some kind. Without them the deeper bonds of human relationships would be missing.

The fire signs, Sagittarius, Aries and Leo are positive, aggressive and masculine in their expression. They are also idealists who love to have a goal to achieve. Without them we would lack progress and originality.

Famous Personalities

Aries: Charles Chaplin, Marlon Brando, Steve McQueen, Peter Ustinov, Spike Milligan, Penelope Keith.

Taurus: The Queen, Oliver Cromwell, Bing Crosby, Adolf Hitler, Barbra Streisand, William Shakespeare.

Gemini: Bob Dylan, Queen Victoria, Paul McCartney, Marilyn Monroe.

Earth, Air, Water, Fire,

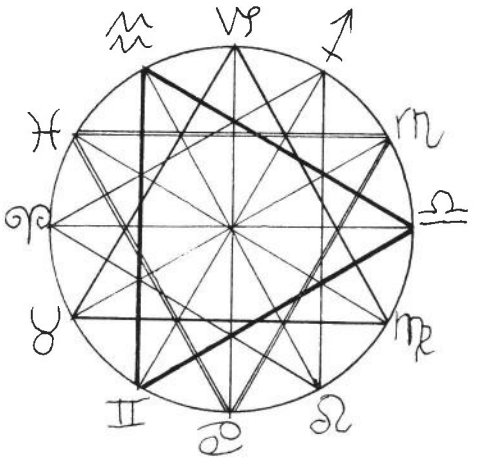




Chart 7 shows quadruplicity. The signs are also grouped in another way, that is, quadruplicities which deal with modes of activity and with adaptability to circumstances. They lie 90° apart in the fixed zodiac and are known as cardinal, fixed and mutable signs. Cardinal signs are Libra, Aries, Capricorn, Cancer. Fixed signs are Leo, Scorpio, Aquarius, Taurus. Mutable signs are Pisces, Gemini, Sagittarius and Virgo.

You can see, I hope, the magic of the numbers twelve, four and three!

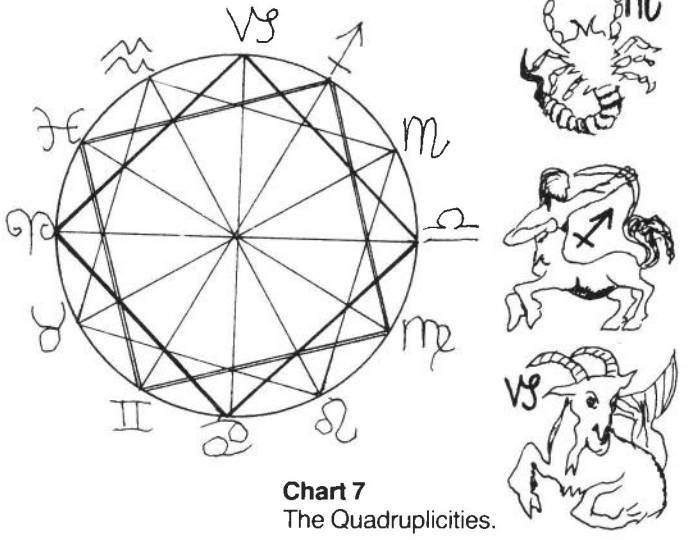


Chart 7
The Quadruplicities.

Cancer: Ringo Starr, George Orwell, Yul Brynner, Linda Ronstadt. Henry VIII,

Leo: Napoleon Bonaparte, Mae West, Kate O'Mara, Danny La Rue.

Virgo: D. H. Lawrence, Greta Garbo, Queen Elizabeth I, Sophia Loren, Lauren Bacall, Larry Hagman.

Libra: Brigitte Bardot, John Lennon, Mrs Thatcher, Angela Rippon, Felicity Kendal, Mahatma Gandhi.

Scorpio: Marie Curie, Prince Charles, Petula Clark, George Eliot, Katherine Hepburn, Art Garfunkel, Pablo Picasso.

Sagittarius: Frank Sinatra, Winston Churchill, Maria Callas, Walt Disney, Beethoven.

Capricorn: Nat "King" Cole, Joan of Arc, Martin Luther King, Mao Tse-Tung, Elvis Presley, Edgar Allan Poe.

Aquarius: Lewis Carroll, Charles Darwin, Galileo, Clark Gable, Yoko Ono, Telly Savalas, Ronald Regan.

Pisces: George Harrison, John Steinbeck, Elizabeth Taylor, Michelangelo, Albert Einstein.

Signs belonging to the same element tend to be very compatible and so do signs in opposition. Opposing signs exchange character traits as do element grouped signs. Signs ruled by the same planet tend to clash.

The Sun – Leo
The Moon – Cancer
Mercury – Gemini, Virgo
Venus – Taurus, Libra
Mars – Aries, Scorpio
Jupiter – Sagittarius, Pisces
Saturn – Aquarius, Pisces
Uranus – Aquarius
Neptune – Pisces
Pluto – Scorpio

These signs lie opposite each other in the fixed zodiac.

Aries – Libra
Taurus – Scorpio
Gemini – Sagittarius
Cancer – Capricorn
Leo – Aquarius
Virgo – Pisces

There is a lot to know about the planets that would take pages to detail. I have learnt a lot about the planets from their signs and a lot about the signs from their planets! Without knowledge of the planets and their influences the horoscope is impossible to interpret. The planet's influence is projected differently in every sign it is found in, so no astrologer would suggest that there are just twelve different types of people, the situation is much more complex than this. There are twelve signs, ten planets and twelve houses as well as the position of the zodiac in relation to the Earth to be taken into account. A good read on the subject is "Love Signs and Sun Signs" by Linda Goodman.

Tania Woods

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME

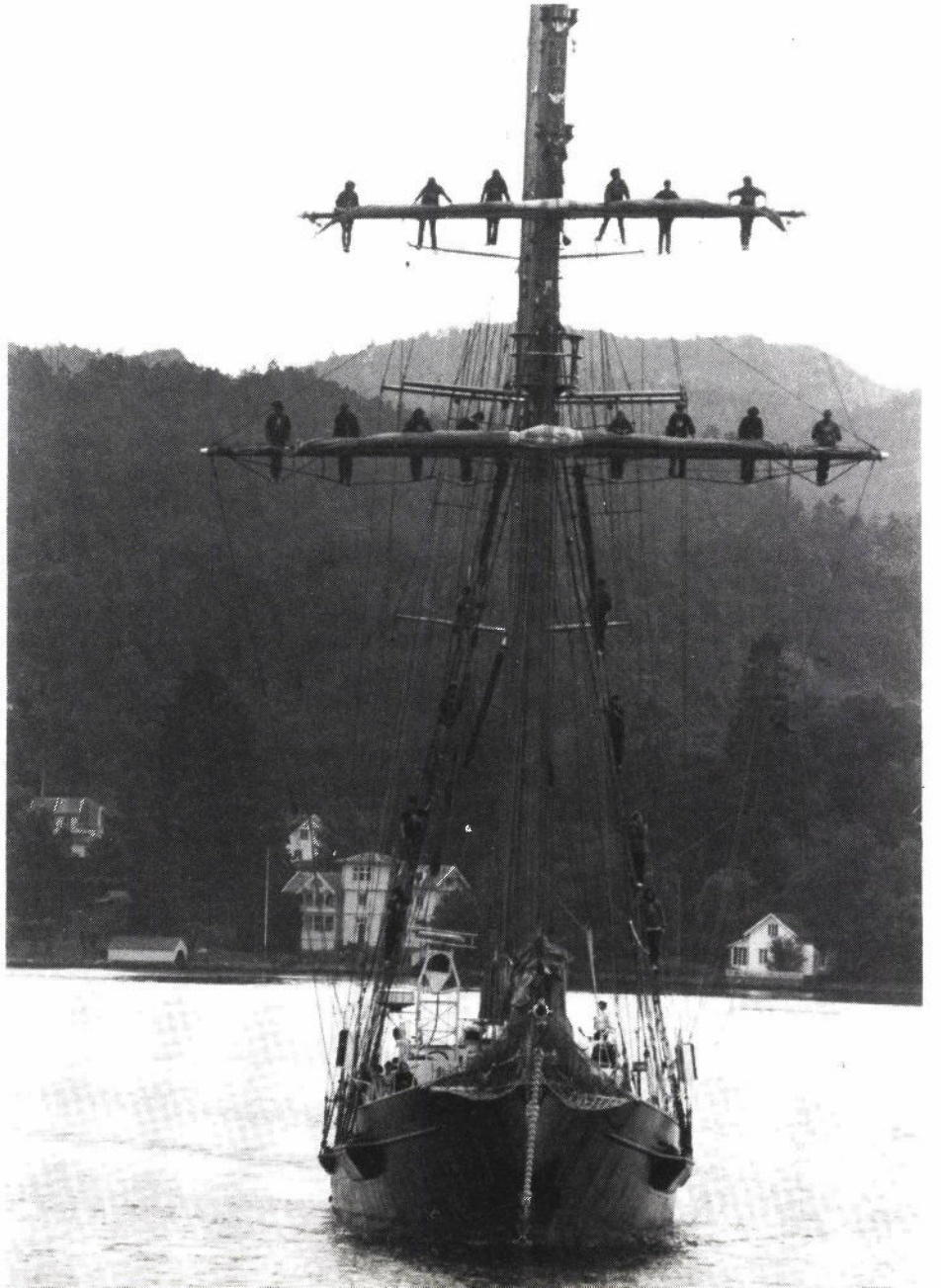
"As winds and fifty-foot waves battered the Transworld 58 platform, two helicopters touched down in darkness on her deck and then transferred the men to Stavanger, Norway." I shuddered as I read this account in the paper; it brought back memories of the two weeks that I had spent at sea last summer. After my last "O" level examination I left the fifth form behind; on the next day I arrived in Aberdeen to embark on "the experience of a lifetime".

This experience was to "man" a 153 ft schooner, the "Malcolm Miller", along with thirty-eight other girls, five permanent crew and ten volunteer afterguard for two weeks. The schooner was built by the Sail Training Association to, in the words of the Association, "provide young people with an outlet for their spirit of adventure and an opportunity to develop a sense of responsibility, self-discipline and, above all, an ability to work as a team, all of which will help them through their lives".

For the first twenty-four hours we learnt not to say "the front" and "back" or "right" and "left", but "fore, aft, port and starboard", and to call the captain "SIR", without fail. We learned how to hoist sails, and climb to the crow's nest, which was about one hundred and ten feet above the deck. Finally we were divided into three watches, consisting of thirteen trainees, a watch leader and a watch officer.

At 2.00 p.m. the following day we left the sheltered calm of Aberdeen harbour. Two pipers in traditional costume sent us off with "Auld Lang Syne". The crews of cargo ships waved handkerchiefs and the crowd on the quay stared with an enquiring interest. We set sail out into the North Sea. The pilot's parting words were: "if you want to get off, this is your last chance!". Of course no one did, but most of us were pushed during the next two weeks to the very limits of our physical and mental capabilities.

There was no prearranged destination, the whole cruise being dependent on the weather. However we set out to reach Bergen, Norway within about three or four days. For the first day at sea all was chaos, trying to remember which rope did what, while obeying every command that was fired at us, left, right and centre.



During the second night and part of the following day we were to experience a force seven gale. Some people think that ferry boats are bad, but I no longer do! I felt just like jumping overboard; I thought that my last moments had arrived. During those twenty-four hours I digested nothing and narrowly missed being thrown out of my bunk. Sea-sickness or not the work had to go on. No one was allowed to stay in bed, unless the captain said so, but as he was never sick there wasn't much sympathy to be had.

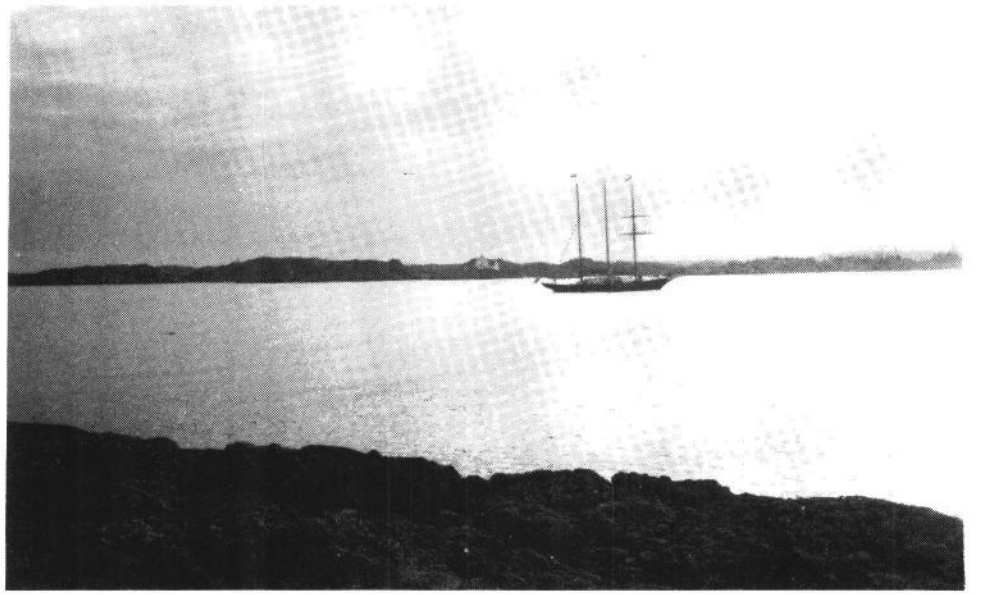
At about 10.30 a.m. on the fourth day land was sighted; about five hours later we docked in Bergen harbour. I have never been so glad to set foot on land! We all made a speedy recovery and were able to enjoy the evening and look round the small fishing town set in the midst of the Norwegian fjords.

At 11.30 a.m. on the next day we left Bergen for two days sailing down the fjords, which was some relief as the water was calm. That same evening we anchored in a small fjord and were all ferried to the shore where we had a barbecue; we were even joined by the captain. As we looked out into the fjord we could see the schooner with the setting sun in the back-ground, just like a picture postcard.

At 8.30 p.m. we set sail again and then spent the next evening harboured in a small fishing village. The bravest of us swam in the cold fjord, but for no longer than five minutes!

On 30th July we left the shelter of the fjords and set out into the North Sea again. By this time I could climb up to the crow's nest without thinking twice about it, and found myself being volunteered to go up every time something needed adjusting. I was quite happy to go out along the yards (for landlubbers, that is the cross bits which go across the foremast, just below the crow's nest) despite the fact that there was only a rope of one and a half inches diameter to stand on and that there was only a piece of rope to clip a waist harness to. My hands had to be kept free for undoing sail ties and other jobs so I couldn't hold on. One day I spent half an hour up there holding onto the corner of a sail which was waving around in the wind while someone else was attempting to tie a bowline, in order to attach a piece of rope to the sail. My legs were like jelly when I eventually got down. I soon learned that the captain and the chief officer had spent ten minutes laughing at us while we were nearly falling off the yards!

I suddenly realised how overpowering the sea can be when I was on watch from midnight until four in the morning (we kept sailing through the night). The sun finally disappeared at about 1 a.m. and started to rise at about 3 a.m. I think that I can now appreciate what sort of life a sailor leads. There were moments when I was completely overwhelmed – for instance, when we had a service on deck while sailing through the fjords and sang the hymn "Eternal Father Strong to Save".

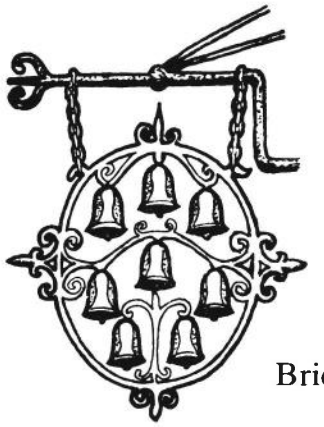


I think that the worst twelve hours of the cruise were when we had a force eight gale in the North Sea. It was impossible to walk; it was much easier to crawl. People were being thrown about everywhere, and in the end the people on watch had to be roped together. That night, and the night that we had the force seven gale, the most that I could do was to take off my wellingtons and get into my bunk, but that was easier said than done. Mine was a top bunk so I had to take a running jump in order to get onto it, but I was so tired that I couldn't even do that!

At 5.30 p.m. on the 3rd July we entered the harbour at Grimsby, with thirty girls manning the yards. It felt as though we were on the Royal Yacht Britannia! As this was the final evening we had a barn dance. This ended in us all attempting the can-can which was hilarious because none of us had lost our sea legs.

After getting back on the schooner at 12.30 a.m. we had to be up at 4.00 a.m. in order to clean her for the last time before signing off at 8.00 a.m. The captain's parting words were, "When you arrived two weeks ago you knew no-one and nothing about the schooner. Now you know everyone rather better, but above all you know a lot more about yourself. Just remember when you are sitting at home this evening that you are one of five hundred people that have sailed this schooner this year, and remember that you helped to sail it one thousand and ninety-one nautical miles. This would not have been possible had we not worked as a team."

Rachel Morse, Form 6i



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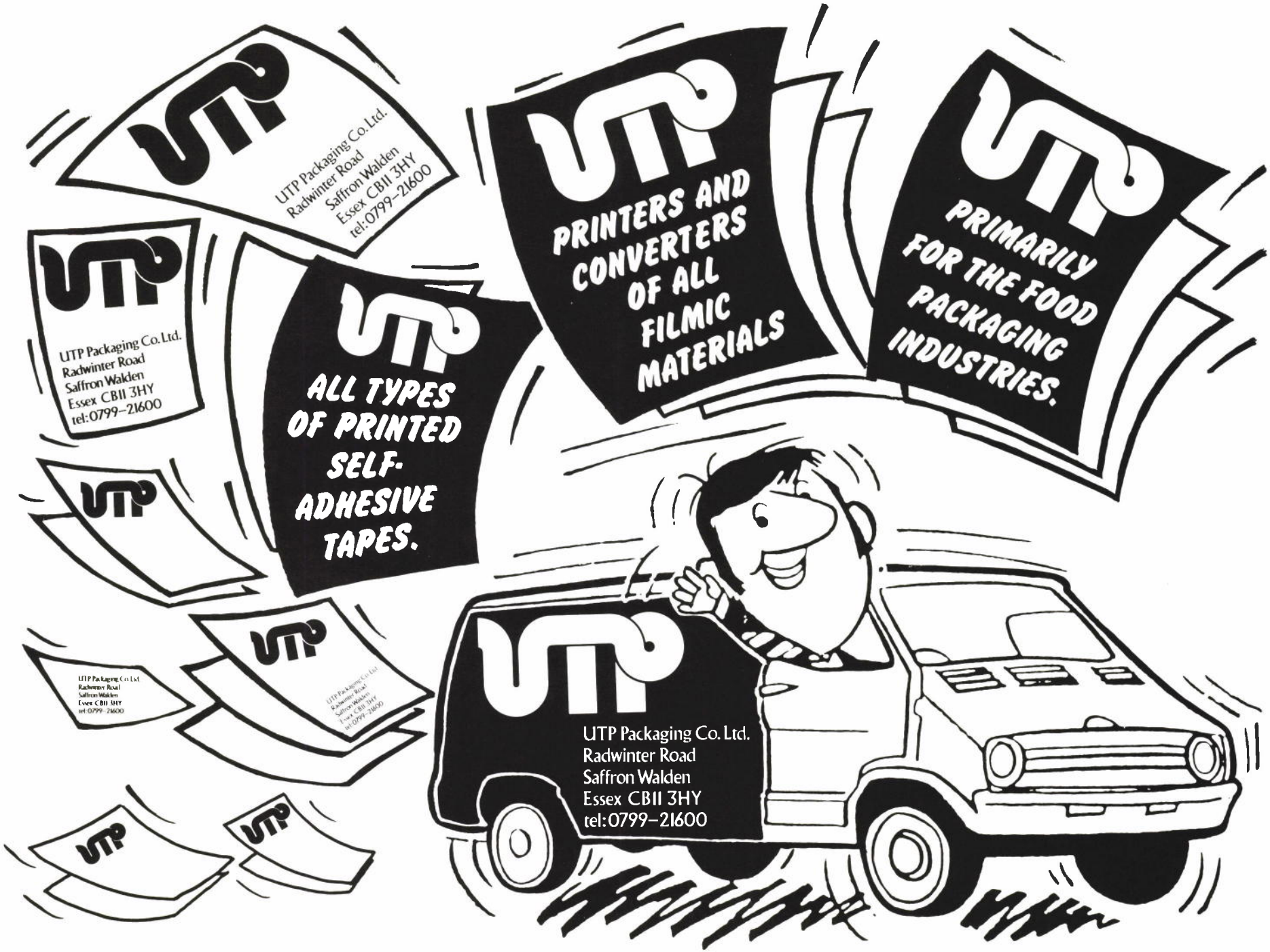
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My earliest memories

When I was young, really young,
Everything seemed just so much fun.
Tears forgotten in the happiness of play,
The excitement in a rainy day.
Sticky squashy blackcurrants.
Leaning over the broken fence.
Dressing up and feeling good,
Going for a scamper in the wood.
Mock shyness behind Mother's flowery skirts
The smell of ironing and newly washed shirts.
The old green carpet with bobbles of fluff.
Getting cross, going off in a huff.
Happy guileless days,
Innocent mischievous ways.
Sneaking down the stairs to peep,
When we were supposed to be asleep.
The continuous dribbling of my brother!
The soft bedclothes, pillows, and flowery cover.
Happy football with all the family,
No embarrassment in being silly.
Our lovely old black dog named Sheba,
Calling her when time to feed her.
Her softest of soft black velvety ears.
The unforgotten unhappy tears.
Happy family life and friends
A happiness that never ends.
Learning more, day by day,
Realizing more in every way.
The incomparable countryside,
That I grew up in,
In which nothing died.

Jo. Metcalfe




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