# AVENUE

FS



SW

1983

**Price £1.10**

# THE AVENUE

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



**Remembrance '82**

A single candle burns in peace
Within the stillness cold
Of altar light and incense glow
And quiet of saints of old.
A tiny flame, yet in its heart
Encompassed all the past
Of men and nations, hopes and fears
And death and peace at last.

It burns for them. They gave their lives
In conflicts old and new,
With arrow, gun, grenade and sword
Were slain; in turn they slew
The foe in causes good and ill.
For life and land and love
For frontiers, tribes and trade and spite,
For orders from above.

It burns for him. A child of Mars
Yet full of life withal.
He serves his country as he can,
Pray God he does not fall.
Why is it men still seek their deaths
On poets' foreign field?
Oh, let them fight with words instead,
And unto logic yield.

It burns for me. The patient scribe,
The waiter at the door,
Recorder of the deeds of men
And watcher on the shore
Of time and of eternity,
Till only ghosts remain
Of those who walk in memory.
And so I light the flame.

**The Ballad of 4X**

One day in bright September
When skies were clear and blue,
The staff room had an argument
About the people who
Were doomed to have the fourth form.
A pretty ghastly fate!
The job was given to J.D.
Because he turned up late.
And A.J.C. came later
So they were made a pair.
But both of them protested
It really wasn't fair.

'What can we do with Paddy?'
They whimpered with a moan,
'If looks could kill, then both of us
Would soon be turned to stone.
The gathering of male chauvinists,
Fred and Will and James
Are useless at their studies,
They're only good at games.
And Jamie only sits and grins
While Druce just makes a mess
Which Keiran never tidies up
Just leaves it, more or less.
There's Mark who wants to take his bed
To lessons about Sex.
And Matt, who runs away from work,
The fastest in four X
Frank sits quietly at the back
While Robert grimly ponders
And Roger's there to bring us back
If our attention wanders.



A.B.C.

But if the boys are bad enough
The girls are even worse.
The gigglers and chatterers
Could make a martyr curse.
Miriam and Helen find
That silence is a bore,
While on the contrary, Clare
Finds talking is a chore.
The beauties with the flowing locks
Friends Corinne and Miranda
Are matched by Tanya, who can swim
Fast as a salamander.
Rebecca runs just like a deer
When sprinting round the track.
Shoshana seems to live down san.
When will she please come back?
Then there's the mothers meeting
Pandora and Jenny Moore.
I wish they'd leave their tongues behind
When they come through the door.
Helen, who represents the form
On bodies large and small,
Finds getting sense out of our form
Like talking to a wall.
And last comes Sophie Warren
Who lives up to her name.
Without her kindly wisdom
Will L4 be the same?'

One day in glorious summer
The term came to its close.
In L4 sat two people,
Saddened and morose.
'What can we do *without* Paddy?'
They said between their tears,
'What shall we do without our form,
The best for many years?'
We shall miss their chatter
And we shall miss their games.
Without our class of idiots
Will life be quite the same?
The fights in prep., the cupboard shut
With smaller folk inside,
The work they've done, the race they've run,
We look back with great pride.
Their loves and hates, their tears and joys
In which we've had a part.
Their feuds with those across the way.
How can they break our hearts
By leaving at the end of term
So we must start again.
But what a year, and what a form!
Our work is not in vain.

A.J.C., J.D.

# WHO SANG THIS ?

by Wendrie Carn (5Y)

1. My Girl (7)
2. 2, 4, 6, 8 Motorway (3)
3. Going Underground. (3).
4. Eighth Day (12)
5. The Boxer (17)
6. Really Saying Something (11 and 10)
7. Just can't get enough (11)
8. Someone's looking at you (12)
9. Run to the Hills (10)
10. Another one bites the dust (5)
11. Mind of a toy (6)
12. Help! (7)
13. Ashes to Ashes (10)
14. Goody two shoes (7)
15. Fireworks (23)
16. Enola Gay (3)
17. Too nice to talk
18. Turning Japanese (6)
19. Ghost Town (8)
20. Hungry like a Wolf (10)
21. The Model (9)
22. You better you better you bet (3)
23. Bang Bang (11)
24. Boy meets Girl (18)
25. Don't stand so close to me (6)
26. Senses working overtime (3)
27. Make your mind up! (9)
28. Since you've been gone (7)
29. Atomic (7)
30. Three Minute Hero (8)
31. Money, Money (4)
32. Landslide (8)
33. Thunder in the mountains (5)
34. Chemistry (6)
35. Give me back my heart (6)
36. Brown girl in the ring (6)
37. Paranoid (12)
38. Take on the World (11)
39. Silly Love Songs (5)
40. Cannonball (3)
41. Mr Universe (7)
42. Wondrous Stories (3)
43. Hit and Hun (11)
44. For those about to rock we salute you (4)
45. Ladies' Night (14)
46. Plaything (4)
47. Oh Bondage! Up yours! (9)
48. Coz I luv you (5)
49. Wheels of steel (5)
50. Paper late (7)
51. Flashback (11)
52. You really got me baby (5)
53. Long way from home (10)
54. Joan of Arc (3)
55. I second that Emotion (5)
56. Happy Birthday (12)
57. White Riot (5)
58. Brown sugar Bitch let it Rock (12)
59. Suspicious (4)

**Pick out the name(s) of the singer(s) from the grid below. The names may go to the right, left, up or down.**

B L A C K S A B B A T H I C D C A R E N N O C O L E Z A H
O R Y E S K Y K E Y S E R O L E X T C I U E S S E N D A M
D E T O Y A H R A I N B O W H N A T I E E E G A S I V S B
Y W L D U R A N D U R A N N A Y W O L U A B E A T E I T E
S I S L A D E S K N I K M P O A H L O R Q T J Q L E S E A
N N E O M D K R E W T F A R K I I S P E C I A L S R E V T
A G L H I Y B U C K S F I Z Z K T X Z R L B M B W H I I L
T S E I R P S A D U J W D S K A E A A C A B B A A T W E E
C S C S A X O N J A O J E B R B S L N K S L S A L Y O W S
H S T I S E N E G H D H N N O L N A N I H K L B O O B O E
E D O M E H C E P E D H W S T N A A M A G D A O N B D N I
R O R G I R L S S C H O O L K O K S R O P A V A D N I D D
S C E P S Y A R X T T B A R O B E R S T O N M T H U V E N
L G I L L I A N T M M M Y E N O B E D L I W M I K F A R O
Y B T R B D K O O L A N D T H E G A N G R O P A V U D A L
N B I S S T U O A D A M A N T S E N O T S G N I L L O R B
X A P I D X B S E E H S N A B E H T D N A E I S X U O I S
L E K N U F R A G D N A N O M I S H E N O T U C R I A H S
H A I R C U T O N E H U N D R E D H I A M A R A N A N A B

## THE BALLAD OF 3 Y.

As the form teacher of 3Y for the year 1981-82, I have every reason to be grateful for the services of Tim, Alison, Sian, Joe, Jackie, Andrew, Jenny, Claire, Lester, Matthew, Nicola and Don (I hope I have mentioned them all) in dealing so firmly but yet so understandingly, during their time as prep-takers. Their views about this aspect of life often served to enliven proceedings at form meetings on the mornings afterwards and it is in this spirit that I offer these selections to readers of The Avenue.

* * *

A brilliant prep, without doubt the best I have taken, well done, keep it up!

**Tim.**

* * *

Tony left the room after an accident in which he discovered why chairs have 4 legs not 2.

Sheridan and Wendy enjoyed passing notes until one overshot the target and passed out of the window.

**Matthew.**

* * *

A restless prep with unexpected spasms of work done by all.

**Claire.**

* * *

Not a very good prep at all. I wish Melissa would accept that she is not allowed to talk without being rude to the prep-taker.

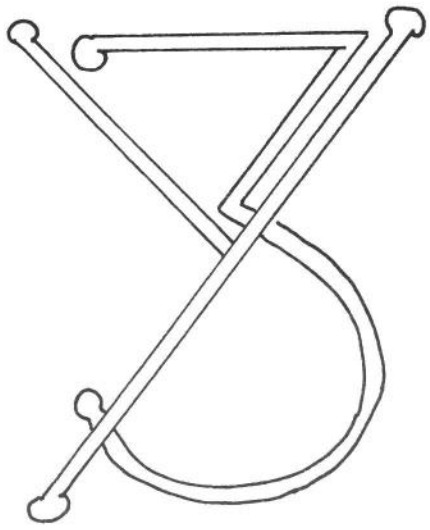
**Jackie**

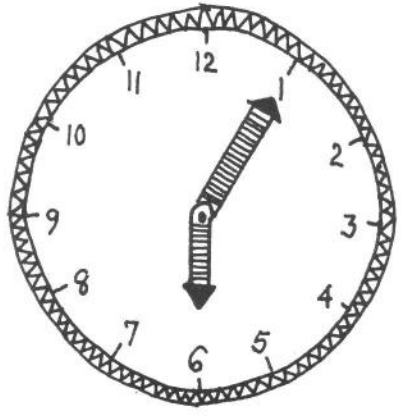
* * *

What's wrong with them? I mean they are normally quiet but this time they were just about silent. I nearly died of heart failure on seeing Nicole work without a verbal narrative. Further shocks as Heather, Sheridan, Wendy and Sarah went boldly where they'd never been before – delving deeply into books hitherto unopened since September when they wrote their names in them! No, this escapade of 1 hour and 25 minutes was not to de-face the literature or write rude comments about certain chemistry teachers, but to work! What is this form coming to? Is this the beginning of civilisation as we know it? A superb prep!

**Joe.**

* * *





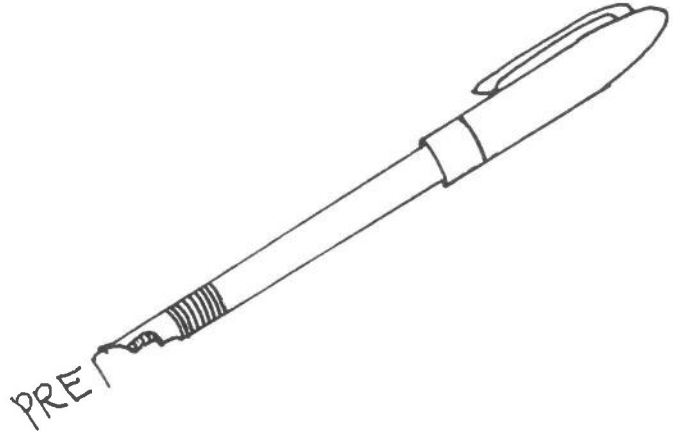

All around the winds were blowing, wolves were howling at the door,
I breathed a sigh as once again 3 Y came back for more.
Prep began on time " Well done! A pleasant start" I gasped,
The noise which followed meant, of course, "No questions till half past"
Little Greg, as ever vocal, voiced himself to one and all
As small restraining measure I put his desk against the wall.
A little missile, round and bouncy, passed round the room and then,
Found its way to Sherry's pocket so I intervened again.
Brian to loo at 6 and 40, back at 6 and 44.
Nancy, Ben and James at 7, Ben back late – could he find the door?
Strange exotic smells were wafting – this week 'twas not from the seat-
Philip had removed his footwear – the air was coming from his feet.
Overall, I must suggest, this prep was not among their best.

**Sian.**

* * *

Dear reader. There can't be much wrong with the school if we can live and work together so well. Understanding, toleration, humour!

**F.W.**



**NORMANDY TRIP** **Douglas Kent**
**27th March, to 1st April 1982**

We left the school at the unearthly hour of ten past five Saturday morning travelling to Southampton on Young's coaches with a party consisting of five teachers and forty-three children. It was a dark foggy morning with not much to see, so some of us took a nap. Mr Christley's beauty sleep was interrupted by a bag which came down from the rack above and hit him on the head. By six a.m. the coach was passing through London. We arrived in Southampton just before eight a.m. We boarded the Townsend Thorenson ferry named "Viking Valiant", which was about to sail to Cherbourg. It was overcrowded and there were no spare seats, most people hung on to theirs if they had managed to find one. We arrived on time at Cherbourg. After queuing up for a long time we boarded our coach which was parked with others and a cattle truck! The coach was driven out of the ferry and we started our journey to St Pair Sur-Mer in Normandy. On the way we saw many small farms. At ten past five in the evening we arrived at St Pair. We took our suitcases to our rooms which had either three or four beds. The hostel was modern and consisted of three buildings. We ate in a different building from the one we slept in. For dinner we had homemade soup, fish and rice in a strong sauce, followed by a tart. After dinner we went for a walk around the town, then we went down to the beach where I counted six lighthouses. Then we went back to our bedrooms and went to bed.

We were woken up by a teacher who we hoped was sleepwalking as it only seemed like the middle of the night to us – but we found out that it really was time to get up. For breakfast we were given a bowl of chocolate, coffee or tea (not mixed together) with French bread, butter and jam. Afterwards we went to our bedrooms and made the beds. We then bundled into the coach for the journey to Bayeux. It was another foggy day and we saw an elderly man driving a pony and trap. Most of the cars were French, but we did see some British ones like Cortinas, Escorts and Rovers. We crossed two single-track railway lines. Two hours later we arrived in Bayeux, and were divided into goups of eight to look around the town. At one shop called "le poterie du parvis" most of us bought postcards. After eating our packed lunches we went to see the famous Bayeux tapestry which shows the Battle of Hastings and the death of Harold. After queuing up for a long time we entered the room where the tapestry is housed. It is seventy metres long and fifty centimetres wide. It goes all the way round the room. We were given earphones to listen to the story of the Battle of Hastings. We moved on to a museum (near the Cathedral) which displayed paintings, Bayeux lace, and stone figures. Outside the museum was a plane tree planted in 1797. We then looked round the Cathedral which is massive with magnificent stained glass windows. The Congregation, we noticed, enjoys using chairs instead of pews. We travelled back to St Pair and for dinner we had omelettes and lettuce followed by cheese and a bowl of apricots. At quarter past nine we went to bed. The beds dipped in the middle and played a squeaky lullaby every time you moved.

After bed making we set off for what turned out to be a long journey to St Malo. On the way we saw farms with hedgeless fields. We travelled through towns such as Pontorson, Poultiere and St Broladre. When we got near to St Malo we found we could not get into the town because protesting lorry drivers had blocked the road with their vehicles and would not let us through even after Miss Brinkworth had pleaded with them. The only way to get into the town was to walk four miles. We decided to turn back and go to Mont St Michel. On the journey there were lots of old windmills. Some of them had been converted into houses. When we arrived at Mont St Michel we ate our packed lunches before attempting to walk up the Mount. After climbing many flights of stairs and looking in shops, we reached the Abbey, whcih was built in the eleventh century. It is topped by a statue of St Michel grasping his sword. The whole edifice rises to one hundred and fifty metres above sea level. There are five massive defence towers of which Tour de Nord is the tallest. The chancel was rebuilt in 1421. We walked back to the coach and each ate a slice of ham before travelling back to St Pair. On the way we saw fields of sheep with young lambs and in one case the sheep were in the road. The farms were old and small. The farms had cattle and poultry. We arrived in St Pair at half past three. Our dinner consisted of home-made soup, mixed vegetables such as tomatoes and onions with meat followed by cheese and tart. We had no horse meat, frogs' legs or snails as far as we knew. We went down to the beach until quarter past nine which was our bed time.

We were divided into groups of four in case one of us was mowed down by a lunatic driver, one would stay with the casualty and two would fetch help. We looked in shops such as patisseries, boucheries and Tabacs. For lunch we ate carrots in a strong sauce, and peas followed by yogurt before going on an afternoon excursion to Granville. We arrived at Granville at a quarter past one. The first thing we did was to look at the boats nearby before starting to walk to the aquarium. After climbing many flights of stairs we reached the aquarium. In the museum there were lots of shells arranged in different patterns and shapes. There were tanks full of fish such as piranas, electric eels and tiger fish. There were different breeds of waterbirds including penguins, ducks and gulls. The noise the sea lion was making reminded me of the School dining hall! We visited the aquarium souvenir shop before returning to St Pair (which is three and a half kilometres away from Granville). We arrived back at St Pair at half past three. Most of us went down to the beach. For tea we ate homemade soup, cheese and potato pie followed by pears. We returned to the beach before going to bed.

We were woken up at a quarter to eight. After breakfast we packed our suitcases and took all the sheets off our beds and put them outside the doors of our rooms. After loading our suitcases into the coach we left for Cherbourg at eleven. On reaching Cherbourg we visited the "Continent" a hypermarket which sold most kinds of food, clothes, souvenirs and toys. It had two cinemas. We got into our coach and went to the harbour. We queued up for a long time owing to the late arrival of "Free Enterprise V" which had been delayed by bad weather. There was also trouble with the ramp where the vehicles board. We were on the middle deck before hearing that a lorry had got stuck over the ramp. Half an hour later the lorry drivers were called to re-park because of excessive weight on one side. Eventually we set sail over two hours late. The sea was very rough and waves were splashing over the deck. Most people had green faces and were outside in the fresh air or being sick. During the journey two cars were thrown together by the force of the sea – I wonder at what extra charge? We arrived in Southampton at midnight. After waiting an hour on the coach we drove off. We drove to Saffron Walden stopping at London and then travelling down the M11. We arrived back at quarter to three. The parents were frozen. Even then many of us were still walking as though Saffron Walden was floating on a rough sea. That night we enjoyed a peaceful sleep with quiet beds.

P. S. The thanks of all who went on the trip go to Miss Brinkworth for her organisation

## WHO NEEDS A GIRL FRIEND WHEN YOU HAVE GOT PIGS?

Late last summer we decided to have some pigs to fatten. We consulted Mr Allen and then the Bursar for permission. We managed to get hold of some building materials. Freddy provided the fencing, James was able to obtain some pallets and sheets from his father's haulage company and William worked over the holidays on a pig unit to earn four pigs. We constructed a pen in the term. At the beginning of Spring Term 1982, the pigs arrived at a weight of 50 lbs each.

With the kind cooperation of Mrs Pearson and staff, we managed to obtain supplies of bread and other suitable food from the kitchen. This reduced our feeding bills by a large margin! We had one major problem – it was when we fed them with sprouts. The animals recovered after an injection.

There was a lot of rain in the autumn term and their ground was rapidly turning into a quagmire. We decided to put them on concrete but Freddy had to indulge in a ferocious wrestle in order to get them into the trailer. They stayed in their new home until 10th December when they undertook their last, one-way journey to Methwold in Norfolk. By this time they were about 200 lbs each. However they returned in a different form to many parents and members of staff. Mr Allen has now bought the pen for further use.

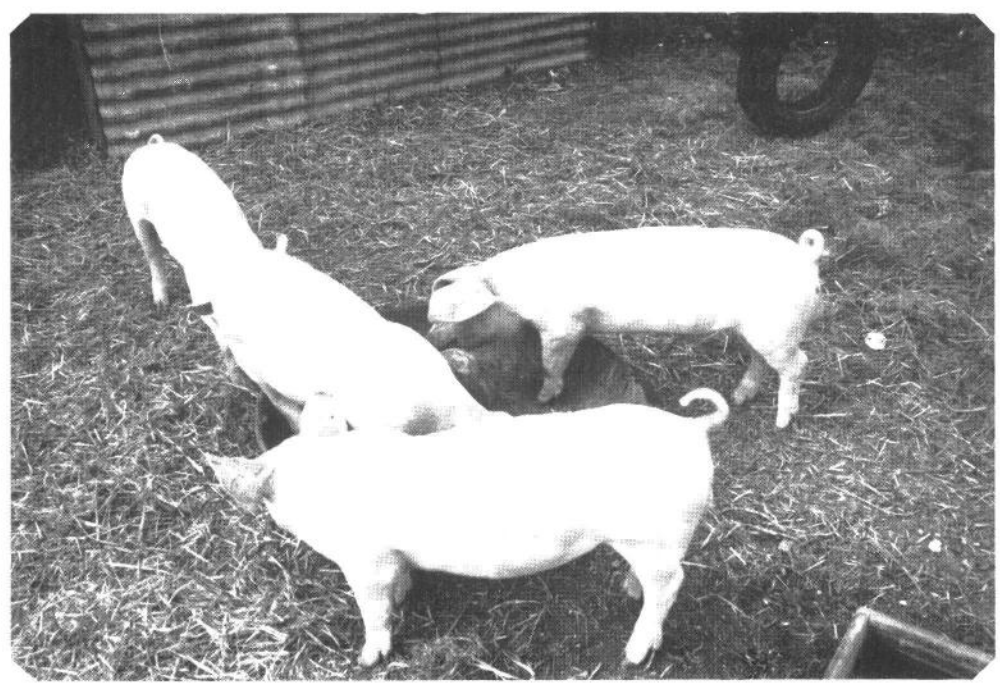
**Frederick Van Tuyll, James Sibson and William Forbes. 5x.**

### A Happy Tail

One little puppy dog all alone
Poor little puppy so far from home
Went for a walk then lost his way
Wandered about throughout the day
Felt quite tired, sat down to rest
Tried to decide what next to do best
And then I found him just before night
Took him home and cuddled him tight.

**Debbie Williams 1X.**





**IT'S NOT MY TOAST THAT'S BURNING – CROYDON.**

This should be chanted, in a fake American accent, and responded to loudly by such choice Croydon vulgarisms as "duck off" or "oh socks". I can still hear the strident screams of departing Croydonites as I sit surveying the wreckage of the year from the devastation of my study.

Could it be a year ago that I greeted the new and eager third years? Have I really survived three terms of Mikayla? Has Wendles and her Inquisition tactics indeed gone? And Lucy in her cave-woman suit? Sophie and her posters? Sheridan's tidy drawers? Claire and Eva and their stuffed animals? The sanity of the Emmas and Judith? Jenny's broad grin and skiing exercises? Amanda and the flooded bathroom? The silent Joyce and the noisy Nicole? Heather's lenses? The gentle giant and the new Noah, alias Jo and Vicki, are at last enjoying peace while Tessa and Tyke have found some quiet refuge. The shades of toast and biscuits, marmalade and midnight stories, snow fights and leaky roofs still haunt my memory. The tramp of day scholars up my stairs has, at last, receded.

The daytime world of Croydon contains the realms of Ruth Richards and Margaret Briscoe. What stories the needle-work room could tell besides the peaceful sound of scissors! The Archbishop's hair, Jo Smith's satanic vicar, the Charleston dancers and the Twenties' beauties. Vanessa, Claire, Lucy and I patiently scrubbing faces and tables alike. What feasts occur within the cookery room – from humble pizza to gorgeous gougère, with Scout cookery filling a long-felt want. The whole school passes through Croydon's doors. But how empty it all seems now! Could next year be as wonderful? We shall see.

**A.J.C.**



# A WHIFF OF. . . ?





Four is company Six is ....!

**and there's a CAT s-o-m-e-w-h-e-r-e !**

# THE BIG LIFT

**THE DAY THE CRANE CAME TO FSSW**

In the event of being asked to write a report on a 75-ton "monster" that turned up one Sunday morning at FSSW, what would you do?

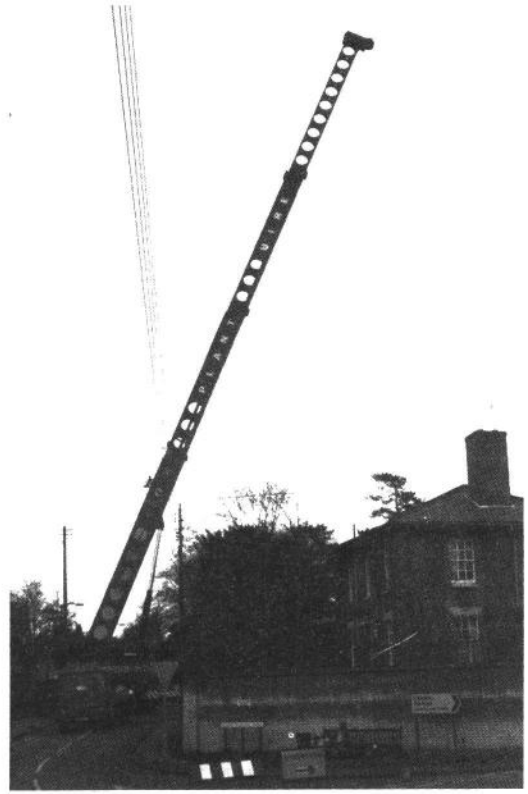
As I see it there are two approaches: either stimulate the literal-minded by writing an aesthetic review, with more reference to the scenery than the subject in question, or feed the technically-minded who seek to get to the heart of the matter. I have chosen a middling course.

Since the monster weighs about 75 tons (equivalent to about 83 Triumph Vitesses) it needs a hefty power plant. It was well equipped with a huge V-12 engine. Its top speed of 40 mph is quite remarkable for a structure of this size and weight. It travels on six axles with sixteen wheels. The front pair are steerable. The second, fourth and fifth axles are driven while the third and sixth allow a castor-type movement of the wheels to avoid excessive "tyre-scrubbing", while the vehicle is cornering.

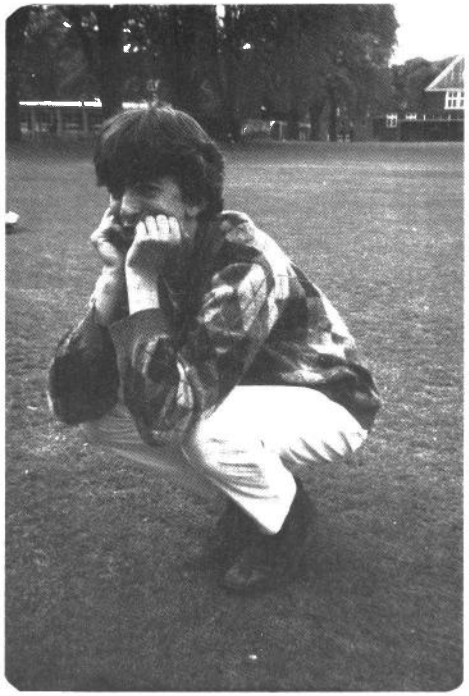
For me, one of the most incredible things about the monster was its lifting capacity. It could raise a load of 110 tons (more than 50 minibuses) and could extend its jib to 142 feet (higher than the water tower). Lastly, to really put you in the picture about this incredible piece of engineering, let me reveal its price-tag: a mere £300,000. In fact, at this price it was worth more than the music school (whose roof it was lifting into place) or the sports hall.

The monster's visit brought about a number of unusual events: Mount Pleasant Road was closed to traffic for most of the day (both carriageways blocked), the electricity supply was turned off and many of the neighbours in Mount Pleasant Road were invited round to enjoy an FSSW Sunday Lunch.

**Timothy Gant 6X**







## SIXTH FORM EXHIBITION.
## October 1982.

To tell you the truth, I don't think our exhibition reflected the real feelings of the whole of the 6th form. We tried to show some extreme views as well as the usual humdrum, but we left out what is really outstanding in the 6th form – APATHY. But we are the motivated ones – I hope we still are – the ones who are prepared to do a bit of work.

Since seeing the exhibition I'm sure my parents think I'm a Marxist Revolutionary – who knows, they may be right? We did get over our views in public. To some they were too outrageous but for others there was a grain of truth – sometimes a considerable grain – expressed forcibly. The written comments of the visitors reflected this divergence.

Although most of the contributors to the exhibition were making critical comments they also showed their appreciation of the good things – some of which are not always obvious. It is a healthy community which can take criticism in its stride.

**Matthew Foreman $6_2$X**











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## GREENLAND. Summer 1982

On the evening of July 22nd the main body of the expedition left Heathrow Airport on a flight bound for Keflavik – but it never arrived at its destination. Owing to thick fog, and after three nerve-racking attempts at landing, we eventually dropped out of the sky at Reykjavik airport. This was the start of the seven-week expedition.

Forty-eight hours after landing I left Iceland in a ten-seater plane for the small airstrip on the island of Kulusuk, some forty kilometres off the east coast of Greenland.

There was – as turned out to be usual throughout the expedition – a long delay while we waited for the pack ice to clear. This year the process had been very slow and surface craft were prevented from making the journey to the base camp some sixteen miles away on the larger island of Angmagssalik.

When we eventually did make it to the base camp it had all seemed worth waiting for. I don't think I have ever seen anything quite so enchanting – yet at the same time so menacing – as the pack ice through which we literally had to force our way. The quite unrealistic shapes of the ice combined with the hovering mist to produce an unforgettable and unimaginable scene.

The first stage of the expedition was the Training Phase, which lasted for ten days and consisted of five disciplines. We were split into groups of about sixteen; each group spent two days at each discipline.

During the two days spent at Kayak camp the ice took on a new dimension in bright sunshine and clear blue skies. It was rather like floating through a modern sculpture gallery where the statues only vaguely represent the objects that they are based on. Any thoughts of capsizing were quickly dispelled by reports that anyone in the water for longer than five minutes would die of exposure.

My time at ice craft proved to be one of the most exciting and exhilarating periods of the whole expedition. I had never done any ice work before and found the freedom that both crampons and an ice axe give to a climber most rewarding. I must admit that when a foothold crumbled from beneath me and I was left dangling on the end of a rope, I wondered whether the world would still be in existence when I stopped spinning – fortunately it was.

After completing the final three disciplines of camp craft, mountain trekking and ski poulk, we were re-grouped before setting off for our various science camps. Mine was the survey group and it was our intention to survey and map a glacial valley which included a lake, a waterfall and a glacier.

Because of the density of the pack ice, we were unable to visit the mainland, as had been planned. So, the surveying continued.

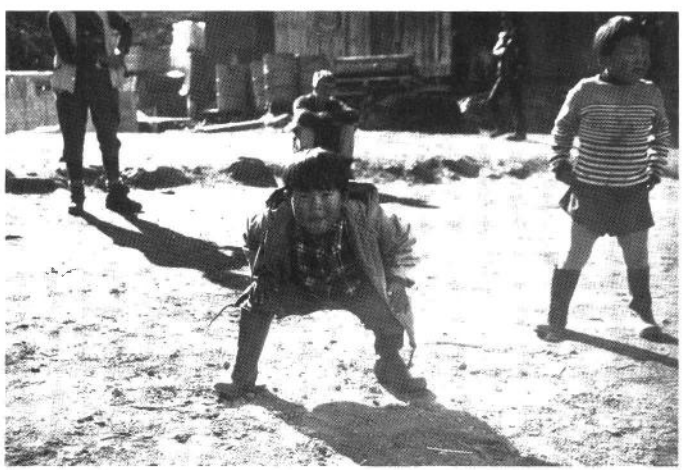
Having already experienced one storm during the science phase, in which I spent 60 hours under canvas, the threat of yet another such event seemed to pose little, if any problem. When 100 mph winds started to roll down on us at regular intervals, we began to think differently. It was rather like being in a station and hearing a speeding freight train coming towards us. It was during this storm that we experienced a "white out". I was literally blown off my feet while carrying both my rucksack and my tent and struggling to find shelter.

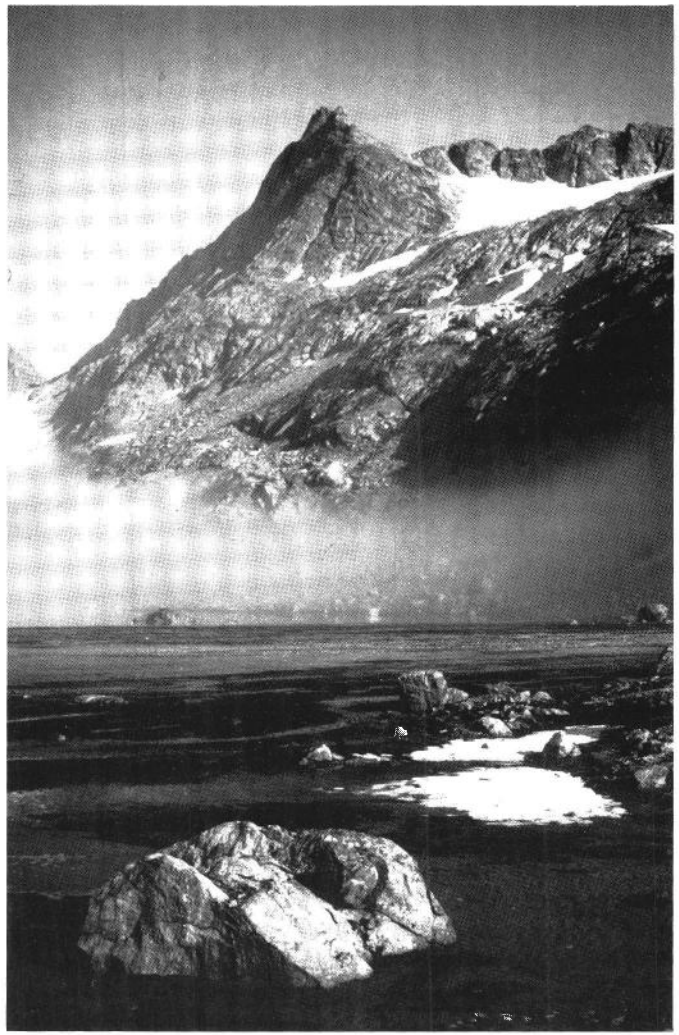
One of the things that has left a marked impression on me is the struggle to clean a frying pan in freezing water, with no washing-up liquid and a worn-out Brillo pad. Anybody who complains about washing up in hot, soapy water should be sentenced to an instant soaking.

During my last days in Greenland I visited an Eskimo community. This was a place of great contrasts. The eskimos still depend on hunting as a source of income, yet they have videos and supermarkets. But despite this apparent western influence, they still live in squalor – with rubbish and excreta littering almost every available space.

Then came the long trip back to Iceland, Heathrow and finally home to a decent wash and a good sleep in an amazingly comfortable bed.

**Jonathan Woods $6_2$X**







## OUR HOSTS AT LA COÛME or HARD LABOUR REWARDED

It is the Feast Night, the last night before we depart from La Coûme.The young children have been put to bed and now the adults (or at least, the *more* grown-up folks) have come together for a final celebration. We are sitting in the dining-room, plain and functional with its tiled floor and solid, serviceable tables and benches; however, any sense of monastic austerity is dispersed by the sight of the huge, canopied fireplace (built, I understand, with F.S.S.W. assistance) and the fine grand piano standing at one end of the room. The members of our party surprise each other by the smartness of their apparel, carefully preserved for this occasion.

The tables have been arranged to form one large one, covered with specially attractive cloths and the best crockery.

In front of the chimney-place sits the Grand Old Lady, Yvès, her pure white hair providing a strong contrast with her suntanned face upon which a broad smile radiates her enjoyment of the occasion. There is nothing of the frail 'little old lady' about Yvès. This afternoon, despite rain, she performed a thorough inspection of our work, and we gather, found it to be satisfactory, for now we may have our reward.– a Feast masterminded by Gérard. We know Gérard to be a dab-hand at cutting asbestos and using a concrete mixer but we have not yet sampled his culinary skills as it appears to be Monique his wife, who reigns usually supreme in the kitchen; energetic and swiftly efficient she works, seemingly endlessly, to produce meals for large numbers, making jam and preserving other foodstuffs, for nothing must be wasted. Tonight, enjoying her rare night off-duty, she smiles happily. Paul, one of the Friends' Schools group, who is going to study catering, has been given the honour of assisting Gérard. "Well then, Spud, what are we going to be having?" we've been asking as we make our final titivations (Carella is anxious about her eye-make-up). Paul is not sure what the dishes are as Gérard, with his amusing slightly crumpled face is a great tease, also there are the language difficulties. Gérard either can't or won't speak English while Paul claims not to know any French. Still, Paul has seen that the ingredients are first-class and no-one doubts Gérard's ability. Naturellement, the food *is* delicious.







At another side of the large table sits Pitt, the co-founder of La Coûme. Nowadays he is not very strong and while wishing to be present at special events, he prefers to remain on the periphery so as not to become too involved. Tonight he is enjoying a conversation with Vanessa, who has been chosen to sit beside him. Next to me Yvonne chats cheerfully. Her gentle way of speaking and her self-effacing manner belie the important role she plays as business manager of the Foundation as well as teaching classes.

Olivier, Sven and Annette, three of Gérard's and Monique's children who are at present home from University, assist with serving the food. During our stay they have acted as guides and directors of our labours by day, while on several occasions have entertained us with singing, playing and acting in the evening. Like their parents and in keeping with the ethos of La Coûme, they have skills and abilities of many kinds. Also present around the table are Jamine (Pitt's and Yvès's daughter) and her husband Rainier who are 'on holiday'from their teaching jobs in Germany. Pierre, their son who is studying music, spends long hours practising his 'cello. One evening, we enjoyed hearing him play with Annette on the flute and Francis nervously accompanying on the piano.

The eating being at an end, Tessa rises to deliver her carefully prepared speech, a resumé of personalities and events of the past couple of weeks. On our behalf she presents Yvès with some good English tea and other tokens of our gratitude. Monique and Yvès then demand some singing, so rather sheepishly we get our Puffin Song Book. We find that the French folks seem to know far more English songs than do most of the Brits. Still, we get through a goodly quantity of such old chestnuts as 'Green grow the rushes-O' and 'My Bonnie lies over the Ocean' and even 'Rule Britannia' (Quel Horreur!)

Time has gone on, in the morning we must start the long trek back to England. Gérard will be getting up very early to buy vegetables and the other people at La Coûme also rise early. We drift off to bed.

At La Coûme everyone works long and hard but they know how to enjoy themselves. I shall remember especially their enthusiasm and the readiness to give, take and share pleasure.

J.N.W.

## LA COÛME. A TRAVELLER'S VIEW.

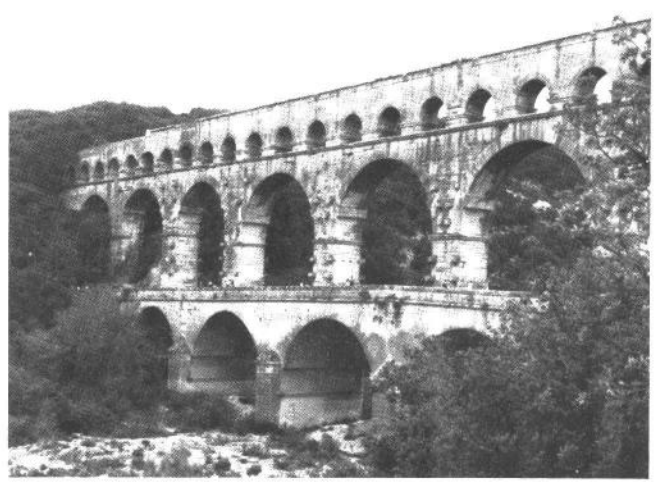
La Coûme '82 was different. Not in the wonderful, heart-warming welcome we received at La Coûme itself, but in the make-up of the party. Although the older contingent (Tessa Brown, Vanessa Behrendt, Charles Woodhouse, Janet and Francis Whittington) was firmly Walden-based, the younger elements came mainly from other Friends' Schools – Sidcot, Leighton Park and Great Ayton. It was sad to see the scholar interest at FSSW dwindling away during the months of arrangement and preparation. Nevertheless, Carella Ridley maintained the small link with Walden Scholars. The year 1982 marked a break with tradition, one hopes not a permanent break. Still, as things turned out, it enabled more people from the other schools to share in the delights of La Coûme and it enabled people there to meet those from other Friends' Schools – at least more than they normally do. It is often exciting to meet new people but in a group like this, where interdependence and trust are very important ingredients, if the majority are not known to each other then problems can arise. They did for us and it is largely thanks to Tessa that they were overcome.

An incredible amount of gear managed to find its way into the two vehicles (the FSSW minibus and FW's VW) and we were off, one hot Sunday afternoon early in July. Somewhere in Kent, Tessa discovered a fault in the tachograph – a device for showing an instant history of the vehicle's speed and driving-time. We had been given to understand that dire penalties awaited those who had the temerity to stray on to the roads of France in a vehicle the size of the minibus without a working tachograph. A call for aid at the last garage before Dover produced no help for us. The gloom for some was lightened by the news of the football cup final which was coming through to us on the radio: Italy had beaten Germany! Somebody's husband would be gnashing his teeth.

A long drive through the early wee hours, yellow headlamps, a close view of the side of the road (for the driver) and long, straight roads – but no police (as yet). Breakfast-time, bleary-eyed in Paris. Most of us were grateful for the pit-stop. The Whittingtons did some shuttling across Paris to make contact with relations and ask some questions, but it turned out that most French garagists had their eyes too much on Bastille Day to be able to help us with our tachograph – and some were positively frightened to touch it. It was much the same story in Rambouillet but at Chartres, with much linguistic skill from Vanessa, the offending part was corrected. But it all took time and we were obliged to stay at Chartres for the night (there would be many worse places to stay). The tremendous heat was broken by a thunderstorm of exceptional ferocity. The food was good and spirits were rising.







Three more days of southward progress interspersed with concentrated bouts of shopping, putting up and taking down tents, extending our camaraderie and generally getting to know one another at mealtimes; and then we were there. One's first impression was of hundreds of hands held out in greeting. We suddenly felt ourselves like royalty.

There are some aspects of the journey to and the time spent in Andorra which would be better not recounted here. Suffice it to say that it was here that the strength of the bond between La Coûme and FSSW was unexpectedly tested – and was not found to be wanting.

The homeward journey, after our happy weeks at La Coûme, inevitably started on a rather depressed note. Our route took us further to the east than on the outward leg and we had a brief glimpse of the Mediterranean – not, however, one that would make you want to stay. A motorway haul (with tolls and surprisingly understanding drivers) and then a northward turn which brought us to the famous Pont du Guard – the great Roman Aqueduct carrying water to the city of Nimes. The marvel of just how those ancient builders got those enormous stones into precisely the right places – well, it just left one marvelling! Do you have a good head for heights? One of the Ayton boys seemed quite happy to sit on the edge of the top coping stones – contemplating the view from 50m above the valley floor. The steps leading to the top were well worn; graffiti dating all the way back to about the year nought.

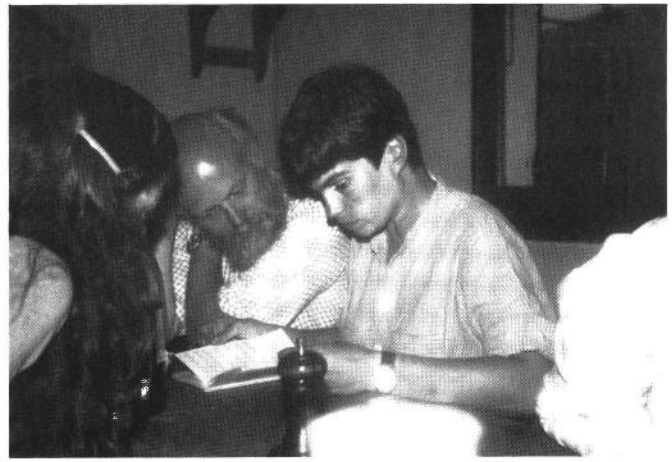
We then had three more days of fairly long driving. A few incidents stick in the memory: the night we set up camp in torrential rain and our farmer-host doubted our sanity, another with a jolly camp fire plus songs plus les specialités de Tessa, a third spent mostly at the wheel while we negotiated a road beset with sea mist. In all our 2000-mile drive, the two vehicles had managed to stay in convoy. Now, in Kent, we managed to get separated. But no matter. We all met up again at Walden, unpacked, said our farewells and looked forward cheerfully to the next time!

F.W.

# La Coûme



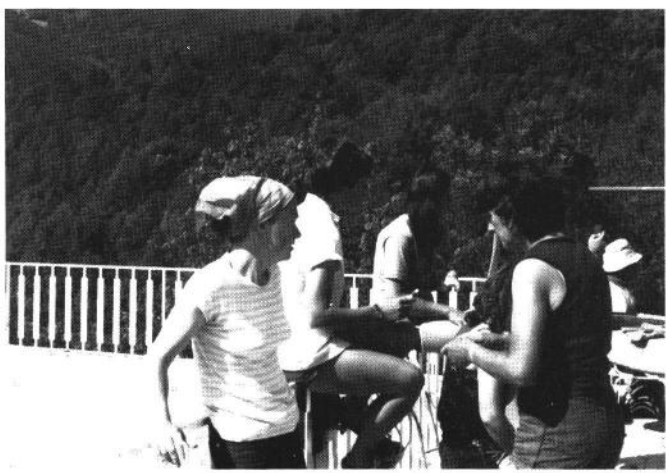






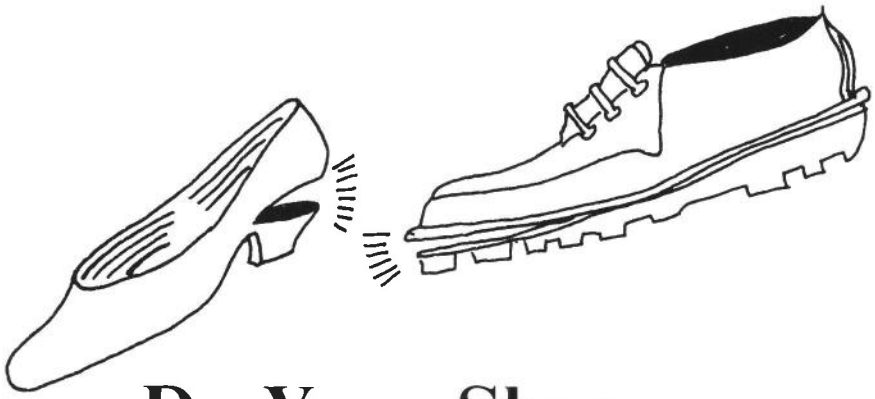












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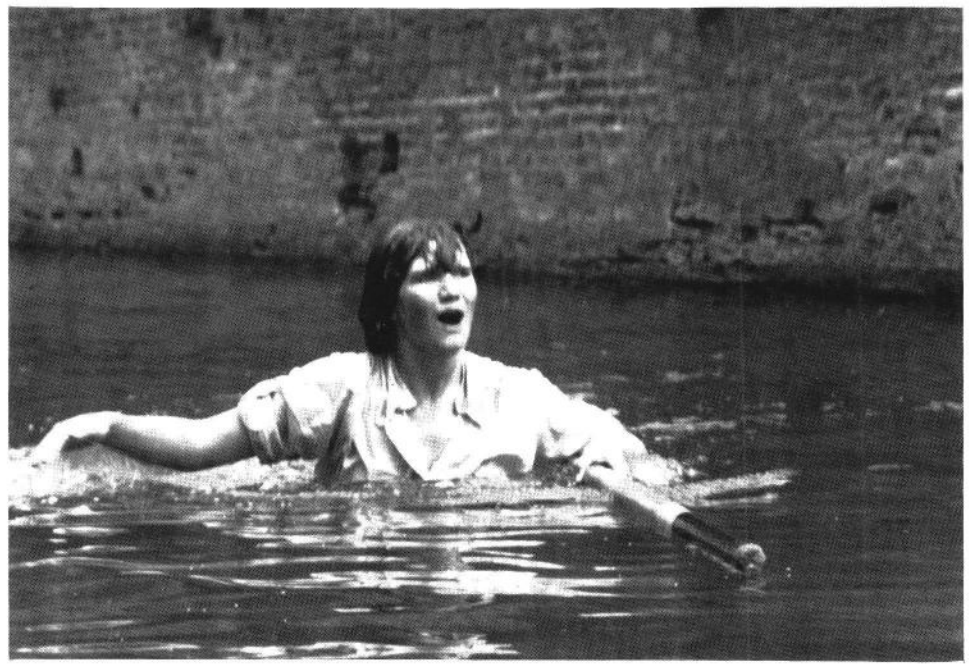
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Get Switched on

**FOOTBALL PREDICTIONS LEAGUE REPORT 1982 – 83.**

We, that is Alison and Matthew, decided that it was time to revive a short-lived tradition. This was the sixth form and staff football predictions league. Graham Chambers was consulted and found himself taking up the position of staff representative. After seeing John Woods about such trivial things as finance, we got off the ground in mid-October with 55 rarin'-to-go members.

The idea is to predict the results of football matches played in the First, Second and Scottish Premier divisions by simply putting H(home win), A(away win) or D(draw) on the sheet which is handed to each member each week. The management committee then settle in for a long week-end of marking and drawing up the new league tables and fixtures for the coming week.

Members choose a team they would like to represent and in doing so become the manager of their chosen club. Some interesting choices were made like Hamilton Academicals and Weetabix Wanderers (we're reliably informed that there is such a team). Other less obvious choices have been Rosslyn Park and Shepshed Charterhouse with an international flavour creeping in with the choice of Stuttgart, Kuala Lumpur, Harare, TUS Celle, Los Angeles, Yanga, Vatican City and Glasgow Rangers.

The initial league lasted until the end of the Autumn Term. After an early lead, Arsenal (in the shape of Brian Gatward) found Ipswich (Matthew Foreman) and Yeovil (Nick Brown) coming up fast on the inside lane. Ipswich just pulled past Arsenal and managed to hang on their lead and finish as winners amid cries from some quarters that there was some biassed marking going on.

Having consulted our members by means of a poll, we decided to start the league again in the Spring Term. Interest grew and the membership reached 75 members. The manager of TUS Celle (John Barnett) put forward the idea of having a knock-out competition (the B.C.F.M. Cup). (Think of some suitable surnames for those initial letters.)

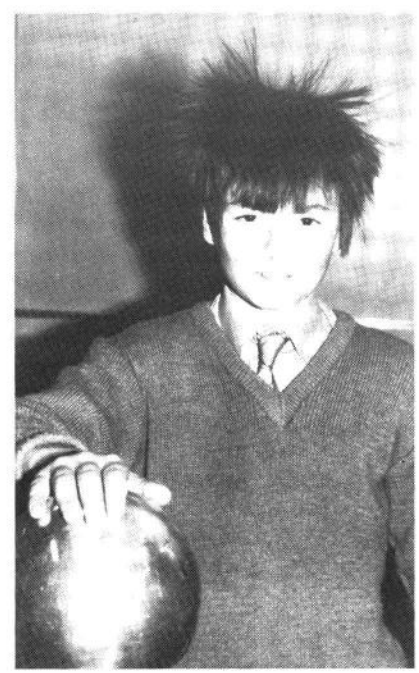
If you are thinking about joining in the future, remember that there's nothing quite like the atmosphere on a Monday morning when the new sheets are distributed – the tension, the cries of agony and of ecstasy.

The management committee, consisting of the managers of Kettering, Glasgow Rangers and Ipswich, are responsible for the rules, refereeing and running of the league (3 hours of paperwork a week). We would like to thank John Woods for giving the go-ahead, the staff for letting us use the Banda machine and to everyone who took part in making this an enjoyable competition. We hope it will continue after we leave.

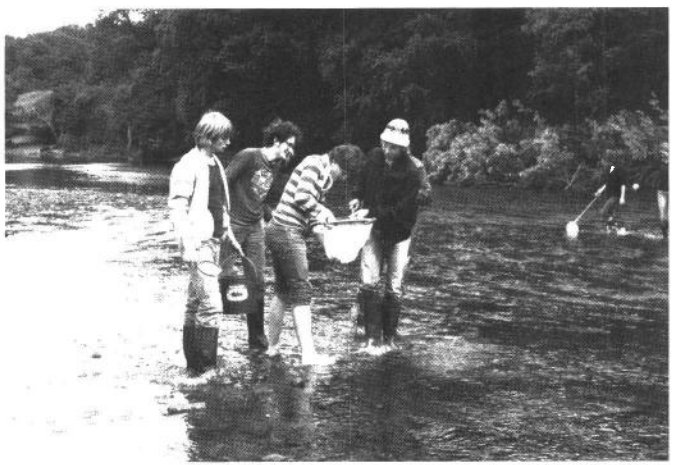
**Matthew Foreman (Ipswich Town) and Alison Maclean (Glasgow Rangers).**

Try that for a CRYSTAL BALL!

.... or study the League Tables!









**Bio Field Trip.**

Friday the 9th of July 1982, we packed up the trailer and the two minibuses, said our goodbyes and set for North Yorkshire. The journey took 5 rather uncomfortable hours – both vehicles were tending to fall to pieces.

We finally got to Friends' School Great Ayton at about half-past five; Alison, Adrian, Clare and Joe set about the task of preparing dinner whilst the rest of us unpacked. We were soon aware of a strong smell of burnt chicken. Still, our appetites were able to cope with this and the lumpy white sauce; there was less difficulty with the huge slices of water melon – some of which turned up on the breakfast table the following morning. After that it was beer, pontoon and television.

The next day we all went off to collect and classify some of the local flora. Denby offered a pint to the first person to find some sundew: he just happened to be the first to find some!

For relaxation after such arduous pursuits we had the excitements of 'bog scrambles' and 'river ducks'. To keep our minds on more serious matters, we had to estimate the size of an ant colony. This involved marking each one with a minute blob of white paint – not so easy as it sounds. There came a cause for celebration: we heard the glad tidings that J.D. and Carey were now married.

Besides the frivolous things we did in the rivers there were the more serious items. We had to find out about the salinity, oxygen-content, temperature and speed of flow of the water. With this background knowledge our classification and distribution of the plant and animal life would make more sense. All this field-work was suitably backed up with careful writing-up in the laboratory.

At last we were ready to test water temperatures on ourselves (or at least some of us were). Martin Hugall claimed the honour of being first in the sea, but there was no competition from either Denby Allen or Margaret Brandon, in spite of much encouragement. What fun it was dressing again while trying to avoid getting sand in one's clothes and being in the line of the cameras.

The end of the week came all too quickly but we had the feeling of a good job well done. The heavens opened on our return journey but the buses just managed to hold together.

**Susan Law.**





# Plenty of Energy ?
# Why not try .....

**Quaker Workcamp.**

Being an overseas student, I had to stay in England over the Easter Holidays so I decided to spend two weeks on a workcamp and thus ended up going to Netley Marsh near Southampton.

The workcamp included both manual work and study. The former involved the clearing out of old buildings so that the sponsoring organisation* –'Tools for Self-Reliance' – could build more workshops for the repairing of old hand tools for benefit of Third World countries. During our manual work, we found ourselves also pulling down fences and old greyhound kennels as well as clearing brambles.

The group, 12 of us in all, had two leaders, Bob and Caroline. It included four different nationalities among its members – so communication was sometimes a problem. Cooking for 12 hungry people on a stove with two gas rings was quite hectic, but we quickly devised a rota system to ensure a fair division of the labour. Our enthusiasm sometimes led to the tools being broken instead of being repaired, but skills and care increased as time went on.

The evenings were generally free for games, songs and walks. Half the time was set aside for discussions, films and talks on the Third World. Most of us were non-Quakers so we had some interesting exchanges about the Society of Friends. The ignorance about Quakers among the locals was quite profound: "they are the ones who wear the funny hats" ( ).

All in all we have had a very interesting experience: we learnt a lot about ourselves and about how to make a community work together and live together.

Quaker Workcamps have mainly non-Friends working in them; these people are not, by and large, particularly fit and hardy. The activities in the camps are suitably varied: children's play schemes, helping handicapped children, working in hospitals, to name a few. If this sounds like something which interests you, get in touch with Adrian Higgs, (Quaker Workcamps), at Friends' House, London. By the way, food and accommodation are FREE.

**Karin Gibberd.**






**L'Après Prep Boogies.**

Toujours on boogie après le prep. On trouve la same musique year après year. Mais le dancing change with les temps.

Meatloaf est la favourite music. Quand on feels sad on ecoute "Two out of three ain't bad" because it makes tout le monde cry. Mais a ce moment, le record qu'on plays tout le temp s'appelle "Freebird". It seems that toute les garcons veulent être "free" et "birds".

(Il n'y a pas accounting for taste!)

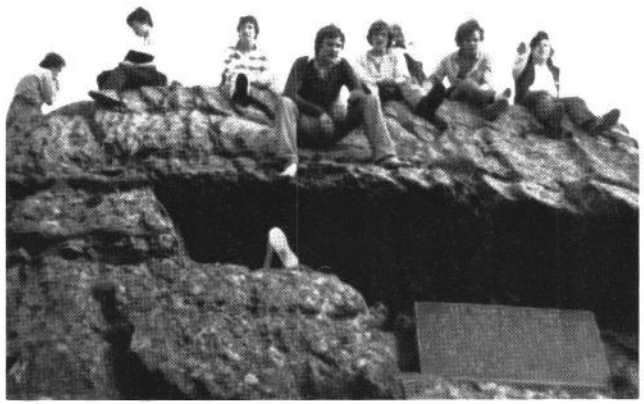
Les 2nd years boogie le plus. Avec wiggles of les derrieres, les filles boogie on down et dans this way, tout le monde est content avec un different dancing partner, chaque nuit!

A Friends School, on n'écout jamais Bucks Fizz. On peut definitely not boogie to such musique.

Billy Jean by Michael Jackson est absoluement le best boogie record. Avec turns and twists, screams and shouts, tout le monde, oui everyone (even les plus self-conscious of people) can be seen boogeing après le prep.

**Elizabeth Woods. 5Y**

# Quaker Pilgrimage



**An Edited Report of the Pilgrimage to the George Fox Country. (September 1982).**

. . . Khaki underwear . . . peas . . . hikers boots . . . sheep . . . 1652 country (Fox Trotting) . . . hard chairs . . . Swarthmoor Hall . . . grumbling tummies . . . yellow wellies . . . more peas . . . stimulating discussions . . . badge collecting . . . Who was John C. Denny anyway? . . . discussion groups . . . Firbank Fell . . . Hockey with the broomsticks . . . The Graveyard . . . Brigflatts . . . Meeting Houses we have known . . . Druids . . . What. No peas? . . . Leaking Bus radiators . . . Damson Crumble . . . Woodbrook.

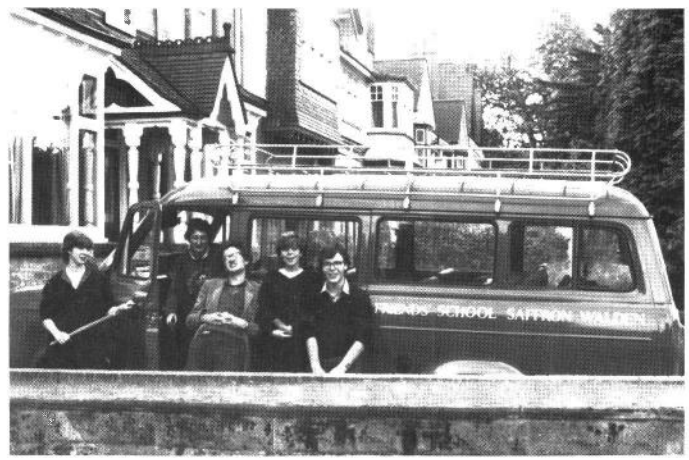
**Marion Buchanan, Owen Claxton, Matthew Foreman, Tom Punshon and Sian Walters.**

**$6_2$.**









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# AMSTERDAM

**Art in Amsterdam.**

Amsterdam in mid-January was cold and wet, but for Emma and myself, with 36 other art students from England, the five-day tour of this charming city, with its tree-lined canals, was something we wouldn't have missed for the world.

"Art in Amsterdam" gave us the opportunity to see for ourselves the magnificent works of the Dutch artists from the seventeenth century to the present day. The tour included an excellent arrangement of visits to the city's major galleries. There were also lectures, life-drawing classes and free time simply to explore.

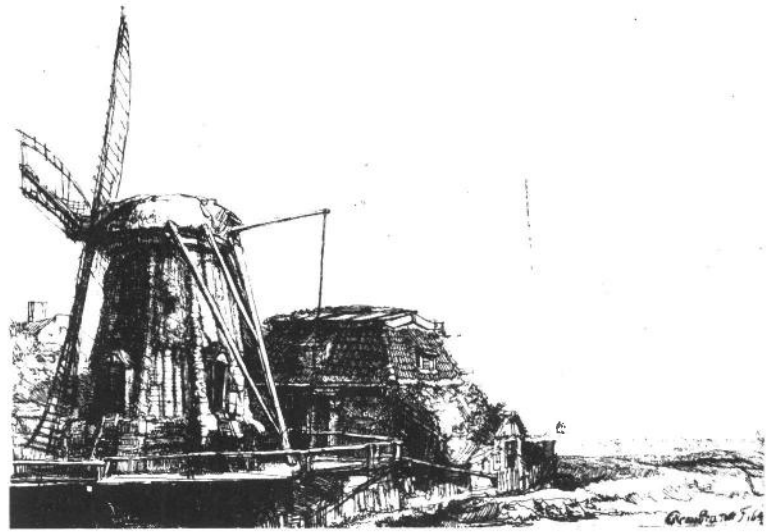
The magnificent Rijksmuseum (Holland's National Gallery) was huge and its scale made the task of enjoying all the treasures contained there almost impossible to achieve: we also wanted to see the new, superb Vincent Van Gogh gallery, the striking, outrageous Stredlijk museum of modern art and the tiny Rembrandt House, the grand master's home over 350 years ago.

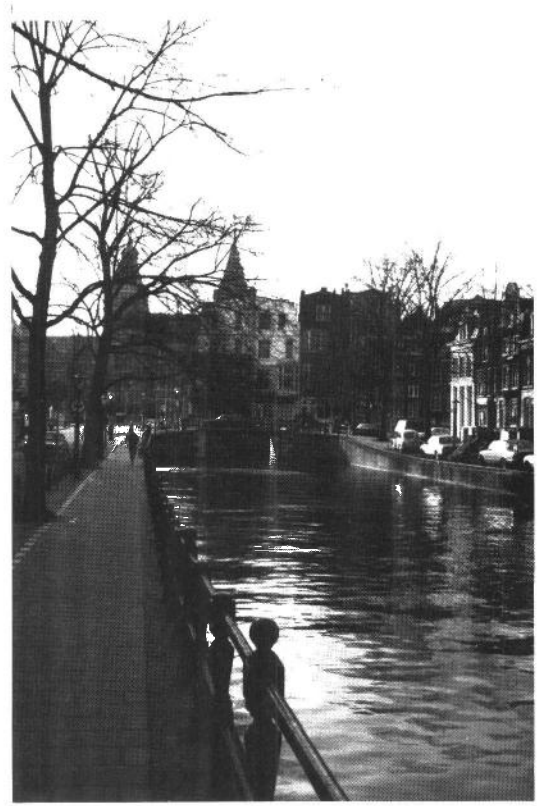
Supporting these visits, we received three lectures from Professor Colin Bayley of Edinburgh University. My favourite one was his first, on the history and growth of Dutch art in relation to the changes in the prosperity of 17th century, mercantile Holland. He talked of people such as Van Halls, Rubens, Vermeer and, of course, Rembrandt. His other lectures were on Van Gogh and the 'reasons' behind modern painting.

We spent the rest of our time exploring. We saw the best of Amsterdam from a canal boat on a trip which took us around the vast harbours and the small canals. Reflected in the canals were the 'tall houses' with their decorated doorways, high, narrow windows and ornamental gables. We took full advantage of the Amsterdam night-life. Yes, it all happens in this city. Its streets were crowded with traffic and its broad canals teemed with barges and motor boats.

The warmth and generosity of the Dutch people left us feeling sorry to have to return home, but I, for one, have every intention of returning to this beautiful 'Venice of the North.'

**James Wetherall. $6_2$.**







# MSND

**MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: AN ACTOR'S VIEW.**

Tom and Joe decided, for the best possible reasons, to make their report in the style of an interview. The result is an interesting view from "the other side of the footlights". Tom is the questioner and Joe answers.

Q. This was your first "school" play. We know you were in "The Farmer's Wife". Did you do any other acting before?

A. I have been a robot, a Dalek, a mouse in "Puss in Boots", Joseph in "Joseph and his Amazing Dreamcoat" and also a rather seedy vicar in "The Farmer's Wife".

Q. What did you feel like when you heard that you were to be cast as Oberon?

A. Sick as a dog, at first, because I knew I would get little work done. I didn't, either, but I certainly enjoyed the part!

Q. What were the major difficulties you encountered in rehearsal?

A. The first problem was learning how to act, the second was trying to mould the character of Oberon into my own character (or was it the other way round?).

Q. How did you finally come to see the character of Oberon?

A. The character of Oberon went through a complete metamorphosis from a quite indifferent, cold character to a sinister, brooding one – which was seen in the final performances.

Q. The scenes with Puck have been described as some of the best in the play. Why did these work so well?

A. Did they? We were both frustrated with our scenes: up until the last rehearsal before the performance we felt we still hadn't got it quite right. If these scenes were regarded as successful it must have been because we relaxed and enjoyed ourselves, first and foremost – rather than getting too pent-up over trying to make those scenes perfect.

Q. What did you dread most of all?

A. In order: learning my lines, the audience and stage make-up. I hope none of you ever have the "pleasure" of being plastered up to the eyebrows in green and blue make-up which is put on for you by some psychopathic, avenging angel from Croydon House.

Q. Were your fears justified?

A. Only in the first and last case.

Q. What, for you, were the best things about 'MSND'?

A. I managed to get to know people I'd never come across before, as well as experiencing the friendship of a happy crew.

Q. What was the reaction to your performance and to the play both in and out of school?

A. In the last four months I've been called everything from fairy to Obi Wan Kanobi to a Hell's Angel! My real reaction was relief, yet a little sadness, when it was all finished. It seemed such a pity to spend so much rehearsing-time just for three small performances . . .

Q. Do you think that the play is a valuable part of school life, or would you make changes?

A. I think the school play is an excellent idea. It brings people together from all parts of the school and from all ages. It enables people to learn how to work together, meet deadlines and, above all, enjoy themselves. I would like to see future school plays being performed at other Friends' Schools.

Q. Any final comments?

A. I would like to thank J.D. for being so patient with me and producing a performance of beauty and worth from a bunch of philistines such as myself, Tom, Simon, Don, Jim, Lucy etc. — maybe he'll get a V.C. one day!

**Tom Punshon and Joe Smith.**







# By courtesy of Saffron Walden Weekly News we publish this review

# Friends' updated Dream magic

A MIDSUMMER Night's Dream performed by students of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden might seem an inappropriate choice of entertainment for a cold November night.

However, having wisely abandoned the procenium stage, director John Dickinson set the scene centre hall so that Phillip Richardson's design of low staging, overhung with bright-toned, leafy trellis, welcomed the audience straight away as they entered, into summer magic.

When houselights dimmed, opposing gangs of fairies crept singing through the audience to excellent original music by Edward Dodge, casting spells and imprecations at each other with the zest of kids exchanging insults in the street.

The production was a neat exemplar of the different experiences of love. A drawling Theseus (Tom Punsham) and Diana-like Hippolyta (Sophie Borthwick), locked in a state marriage, fence off aristocratic ennui with plans for Royal revels.

Lysander (Simon Gant), Hermia (Alison McLean), Demetrius (Jonathon Woods) and Helena (Rebecca Moore) are teenage Gay-Ros typical of any Saturday night disco, dragged to and fro in violent eddies of emotion, challenging their elders and squeezing every ounce of drama out of rivalries and loves.

Their innocence and confusion is in good contrast to the spiteful manoeuvring of Oberon — a fine, dominating, Hell's Angel performance by Jonathon Smith — and Lucy Johnson as Titania making a bid for women's lib.

These two thrash about in the throes of the seven year itch and fight for parental rights over the changeling child.

Tania Woods as a punk Puck in turn aggressive and vulnerable, shared with Jonathon Smith some of the most effective scenes in the production.

This was a Puck who might easily have entertained the Royal couple at a late night post nuptial show with Toyah song and dance act, but the relationship with Oberon, drawn to his protective dominance, hanging on his favour, nose to finger-tips, wary of his changing moods, was wonderfully sensitive.

This Puck was truly elemental and knew nothing of elocution teachers. "Ah'll put a girdle rahn'd the erf in faw'y minutes" is belted out from behind the scenes and you imagine she is probably going to thumb a lift from a passing biker's Bonneville 750 cc.

Of the mechanicals as they send up the whole idea of romantic love James Wetherall's Bottom had attack and good comedy movement, John Barnet played a wonderfully goofy Snout and Harvey Thorne a good lanky and sardonic Quince.

The lighting by Nick Evansky was unfussy and very effective. Costumes by Ann Foxley cleverly bridged traditional and modern.

There was good use of space and geometric movement patterns in a very integrated, well conceived and cut production where, if some of the poetry of the words was lost, an effectively modern approach to the play underlined once more how well Shakespeare knew — knows us all.

Nice programme design by Tania Woods.

**Alison Paice**

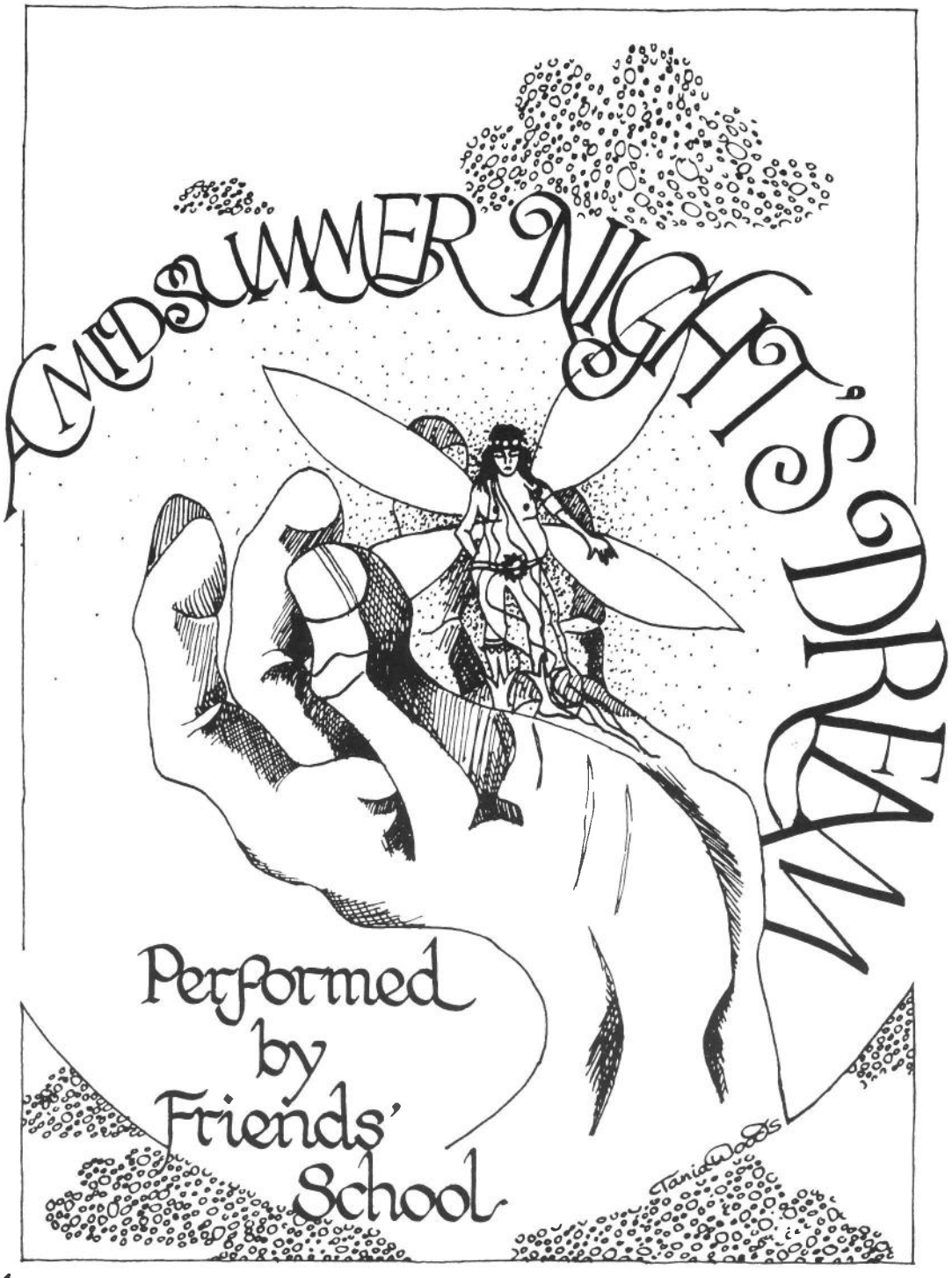






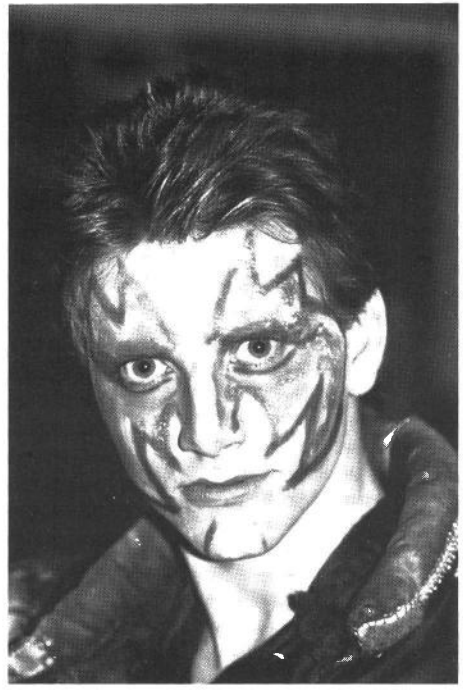





A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
Performed by Friends' School












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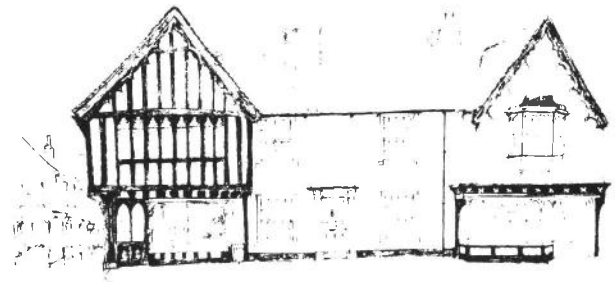
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# MUSIC

**MUSICAL MOMENTS**

T'was on a quiet Wednesday morning
Milk was standing by the door
Birds were singing, day was dawning
Friends lay still, one great big snore.
But for several hooded figures
Creeping round as others stirred.
Muffled up with many papers
Lest their woeful song be heard
What the reason in this madness?
Why the stealth, the looks so dire?
Who the early morning lurkers?
Who? The members of small choir!

**Sian Walters 6₂X**

Ooh or ah eh ee,
Ooh or ah eh ee,
(etc. 8 times, getting higher and higher)
"An egg with a leg is worth two beats".
"A dotted note is a note with a dot after it".
"Come on basses, are you there?"

**Anon**

**Music Report. (Edited)**

(But before you turn over, give us a chance).

The first thing that anyone will remember was the 3/4 time follies on March 5 and 6, where the 3rd and 4th years showed off what they had in the way of talent. March 14 brought a different kind of Evening Meeting with a performance of Vivaldi's 'Gloria'. There was, for this occasion, an orchestra consisting of staff and certain friends of the school.

Soon afterwards, we had a treat in the form of a visit from the Friends Central School, Philadelphia; their singing was superb. They also brought along a collection of flutes and showed just as much resourcefulness in this medium.

Those of you who are musically inclined will remember the Associated Board exams which took place on March 16. More pleasurable occasions were the trip to hear the Kent Opera at Newport School and the 'Magic Flute' visit. May 19 was the date for the renewal of activity by the Choir in its long road towards the performance of Messiah at Durham Cathedral, with choirs from the other Friends' Schools in March of '83.

Mary Mileson and Giulia Rowland produced a delightful Evening Meeting on two pianos during the summer term.

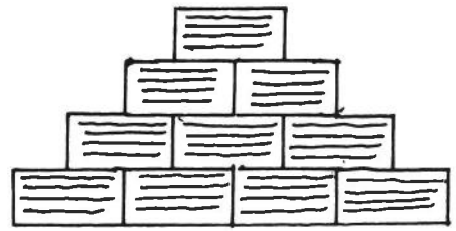
A number of musicians were involved in the production of Mid Summer Night's Dream in November, not least Edward Dodge as composer. Small choir were able to share with the school as a whole some of the pleasure they had gained from their activities in some of the surrounding churches.

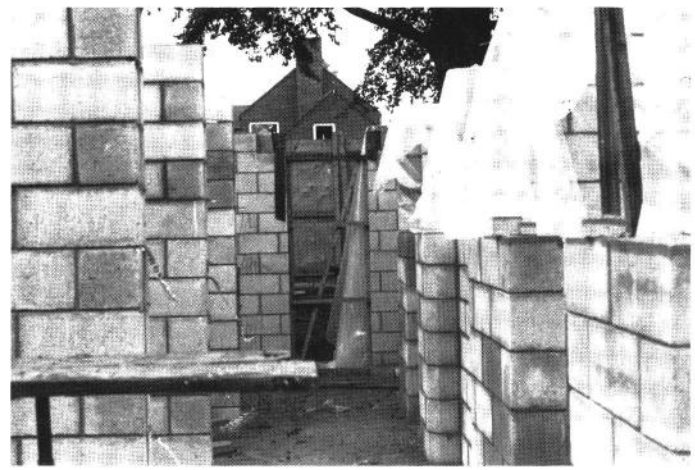
No trays were thrown on December 15 when a contingent from Small choir paid a visit to Stanley Wilson Lodge and the year ended with Large Choir singing the school, home with hits from the Messiah.

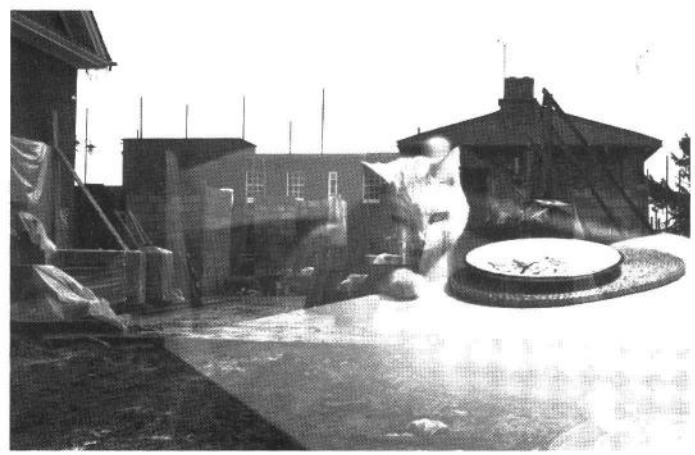
Read next year's issue for more delightful adventures!

**Music 'Committee'.**

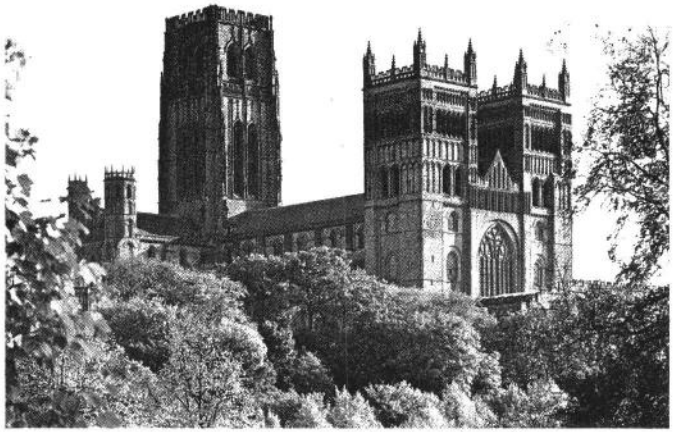
# Building in progress







# DURHAM



**Durham '83.**

The day started early on Thursday 24th March when the coach left FSSW on its long, long drive to Great Ayton. The journey was momentarily delayed when the back window came off worse after a collision with a tree branching out unlawfully... Nontheless, the coach seemed to be warmer after the loss of the window!

On arriving at Ayton we began intensive rehearsals, highlighted by Martin Essex (Great Ayton's Music Director) prancing around on top of a table and capturing our hearts. The appearance of a "Nutty" badge on his jumper, kindly donated by Jonathan and Matthew, clearly confirmed his state of mind after waving his magic wand over 380 people, telling the sopranos to "take care of their naturals" and "way-heys" appearing in the most undesirable places! The weather did not heed this advice and the most "natural" of hailstones started to come through some mysterious chinks in the roof of the Sports Hall.

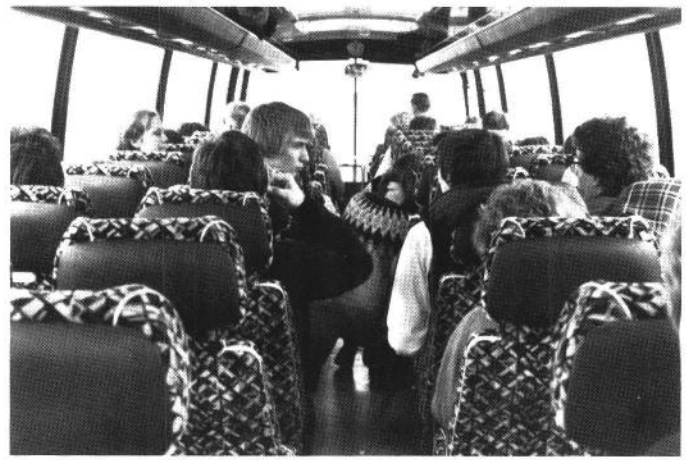
Saturday morning arrived (Friday night had been spent making merry, boogeing on down or turning in early in preparation for the ensuing day.) Rehearsals in the Cathedral in the afternoon proved that the hard work had paid off. The Choir then hurried away to be fed before the performance.

As for the performance? Some opinions:

magnificent
stupendous
Nutty
overwhelming

What more can I say? Except, of course, HALLELUJAH!

**Elizabeth Woods. 5Y**





# SPORTS











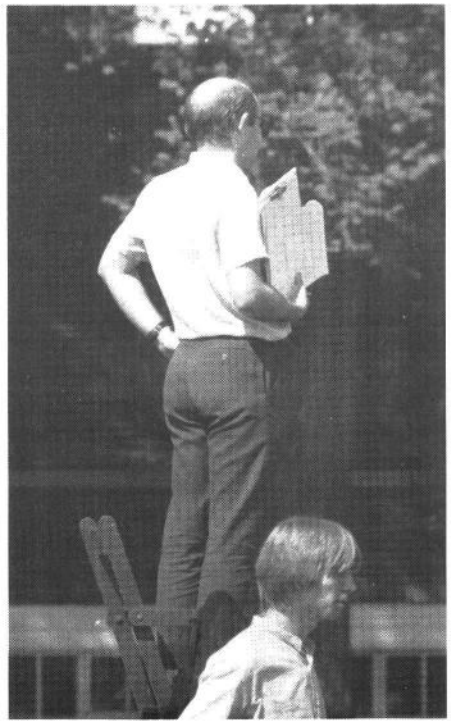
# SPORTS



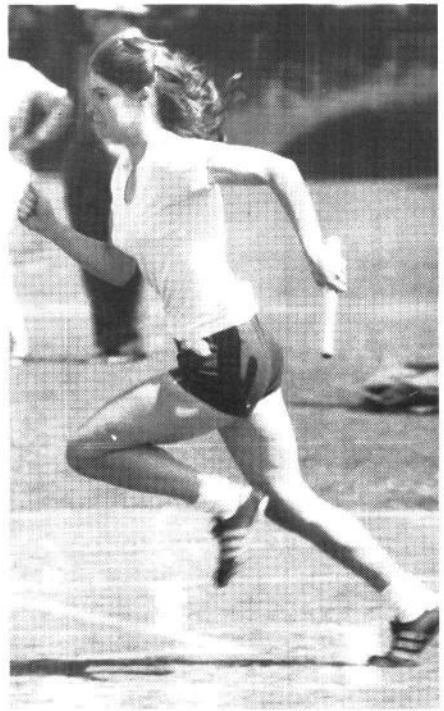
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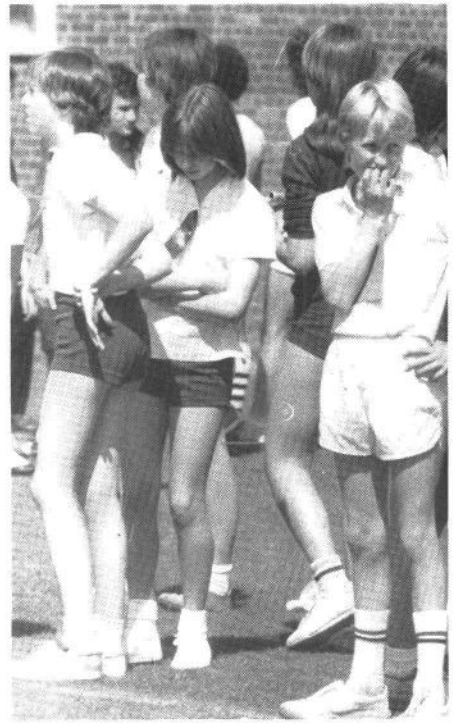
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# The Wedding





# Cinderella









# OPEN DAY



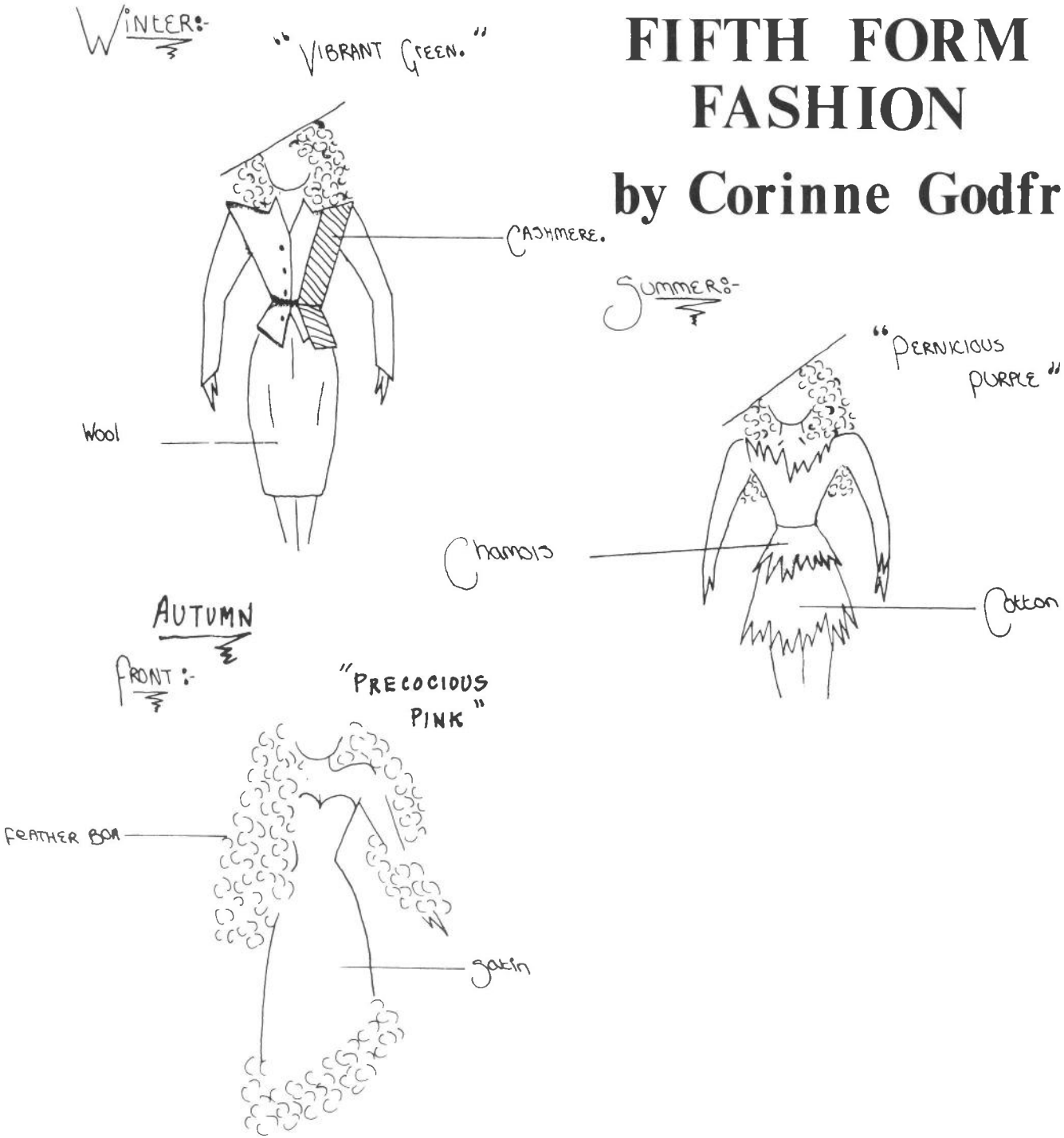






# FIFTH FORM FASHION

## by Corinne Godfrey




**Fifth Form Fashion.**

The fifth form Spring Collection from the House of Essex has taken Friends' School by storm. Ideas are stylised and exciting. The look is basically simple, sharp and cool, but there is such a wide variety that there is room for anybody's taste.

Young designers such as Niki, William, Corinne, Rizo and Meriel have each produced new and individual looks.

Niki's ethnic, post-punk, and wickedly verging on trendy clothes-sense has caught the imagination of many budding trendies. Rizo has, with her usual exuberance, burst on the scene wearing agrospecs and looking like an updated grease freak.

Contrary to public belief, it is Princess Di who has reintroduced the Wellington boot. It is, in fact, thanks to our very own designer, William, that the welly has made such a comeback. (I will omit reference to the Sloane Rangers Handbook at this point. It would be too predictable, besides 'we don' 'ave any of 'em round 'ere').

Concerned by the general standard of uniform we decided to ask one of our designers for an alternative school uniform and evening meeting wear. Corinne came up with the most stylish and unpractical idea. Her design is shown here.

P.S. We now hope to see a definite improvement.

**Lucy Johnson. 5Y.**



# USA exchange

### A Year's Exchange

On a stormy, but warm night in August 1981 World Airways flight 301 touched down at Baltimore International Airport. Our exchange year in the United States had begun.

The idea of going to the USA had been in our minds for several years. Once I had been accepted by the Central Bureau in London it took two more years before an exchange partner could be found in the US, Geography not being a common American school subject.

Bob Marcotte and I were matched in March 1981, and there followed a mass of letters covering all details of our exchange from visas and vaccinations to voltages and vacations.

We spent our first few days in the US at the American University in Washington D.C. While I attended lectures on 'The American Way of Life' together with Exchange teachers from France and West Germany, my family was free to explore the city with its famous zoo and aerospace museum.

On a hot and sunny day we flew from Washington National Airport, beside the Potomac, to Minneapolis on the Upper Mississippi. We were driven to the house in the Northern suburbs where we were to spend the next year.

Jackson Junior High School, named after President Andrew 'Stonewall' Jackson, turned out to be a very different place from Friends' School Saffron Walden. It is seven miles North of the suburb where we lived, which meant driving to work, although I did cycle on several days before the winter set in. JJHS is a much bigger school than FSSW, with over fifteen hundred students in grades 7, 8 and 9. I was to teach only ninth graders, roughly equivalent to our fourth formers. JJHS runs on a daily timetable, starting at 8 am. with a twenty minute reading period. This is ended by the day's announcements read out by the Vice-Principal on the intercom. In addition to the usual sports results and warnings about conduct on the buses, we also heard the day's lunch menu and the name of anyone who had a birthday on that day.

Each mod, or class, lasts twenty five minutes, although most are doubles. Lunch is taken on a rota between 11.20 a.m and 1.20 p.m. Seeing the same class at the same time every day meant that teaching at JJHS lacked the variety of FSSW, although the students were equally varied.

The Jackson routine was interrupted in October by a two-week strike, teachers' strikes having only recently been permitted under Minnesota State Law. Relations between teachers and administrators, never more than cordial, were particularly strained for a time. I had to be careful to avoid openly supporting the strike for fear of jeopardizing my exchange partner's salary.

We experienced one of the coldest and snowiest winters in living memory with nearly eight feet of snow falling between October and March. Determined to get on top of winter we went cross-country and downhill skiing, ice skating in our local park and snow shoeing over a frozen lake down by the River Mississippi. Dispite the arduous weather schools were closed on only one day, and that was the result of a glazed frost.

The school year ended at the start of June and we began our travels in an old Volvo wagon. First we headed South and West to Keystone Colorado, a mountain resort in the Rockies, the Mesa Verde, an early American Indian site, miles of Prairie and semi-desert, and several HEP dams. Finally we reached the Grand Canyon which was even grander than we expected. Our only regret was not crossing the Canyon on foot, but the temperature reaches over 100°F down by the Colorado. After three weeks in the South West we returned to Minnesota by way of Utah, Wyoming, Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and the Pipestone National Park, where the Indians still carve peace pipes from the local hard clay.

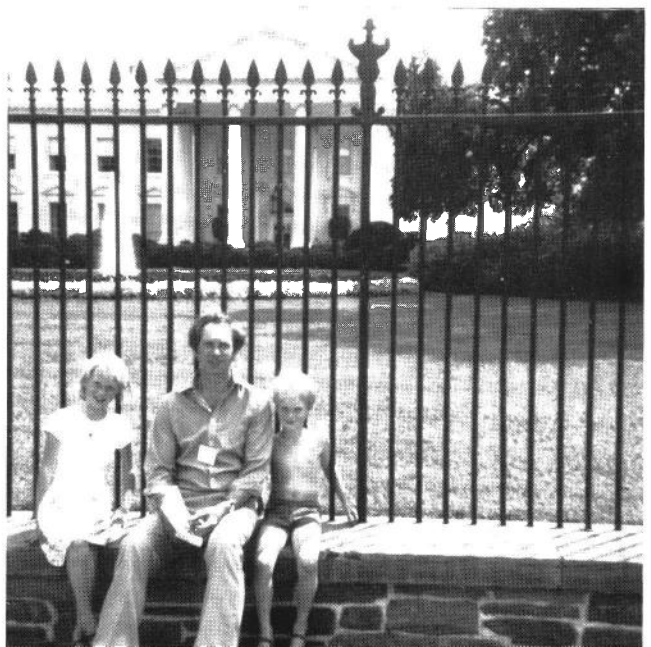
Back in Minneapolis we packed up our luggage and sent our non-camping gear by air to Montreal, where we were to take ship for home. After saying goodbye to our new Minneapolitan friends we set off Eastwards towards New England. First we had to cross a stormy Lake Michigan on the Chesapeke & Ohio train ferry 'Badger'. We drove South to Detroit then crossed the Blue Water Bridge over the St. Clair river into Canada. We camped just outside London, Ontario, then pushed on Eastwards to Niagara Falls. This natural wonder proved to be much more heavily commercialised than the Grand Canyon, but we enjoyed the ride on the 'Maid of the Mists IV' to the plunge pool below the Falls. We returned to see the floodlit Falls that night, a most impressive sight.

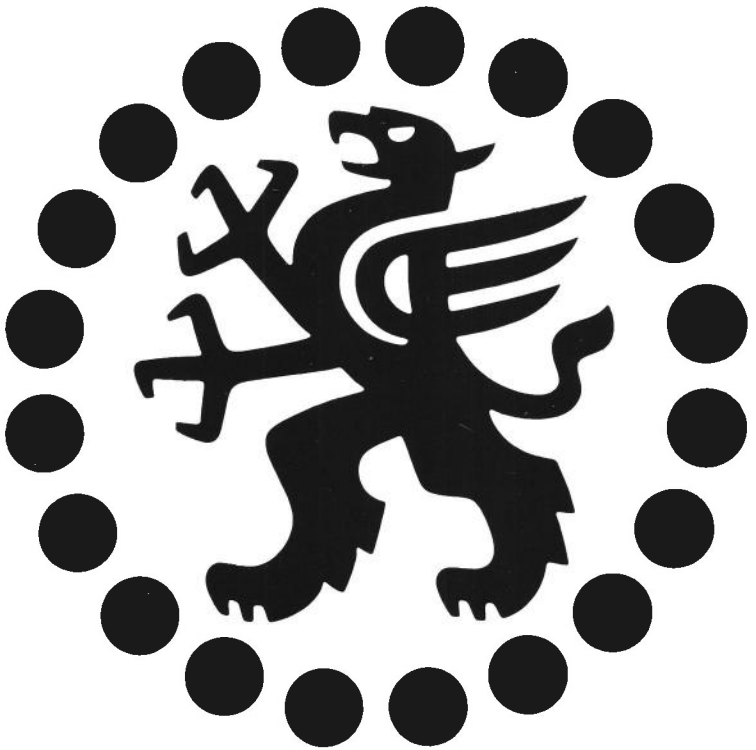
Driving further Eastwards, we toured a winery near Utica in the Finger Lakes Region of Upper New York State. Finally we took the Massachusetts Turnpike to Boston, where we stayed with friends at Hull, an abandoned beach resort out on a spit in the harbour. We spent our last two weeks in the US seeing the sights and sites of Boston and Cambridge, just across the Charles river. These included the USS Constitution ("Old Iron Sides"), Paul Revere's house and the Revolutionary battle site at Bunker Hill overlooking Boston Harbour. We even climbed Mount Monadnock.

In mid-August 1982, almost a year after we arrived in the U.S., we drove North to Montreal, where we spent two days visiting the Vieux Port and the Terre des Hommes on the island site of the 1967 Expo. I collected our boxes from the airport at Orval and delivered them to the Polish liner 'Stefan Batory' the evening before we embarked for the ten day passage to Tilbury via Rotterdam. On board we met again an English family we had not seen since Washington a year earlier. We ate blinis for breakfast and borschtsch for dinner, tried Polish folk dancing, as well as learning ten words of Polish each morning on the voyage across the cold, grey Atlantic (djien dobry?)

When we reached Saffron Walden we found that little had changed in our street. The garden was a jungle: Lucy and Tom needed new bikes. We were home!

**Anthony Ratcliffe**





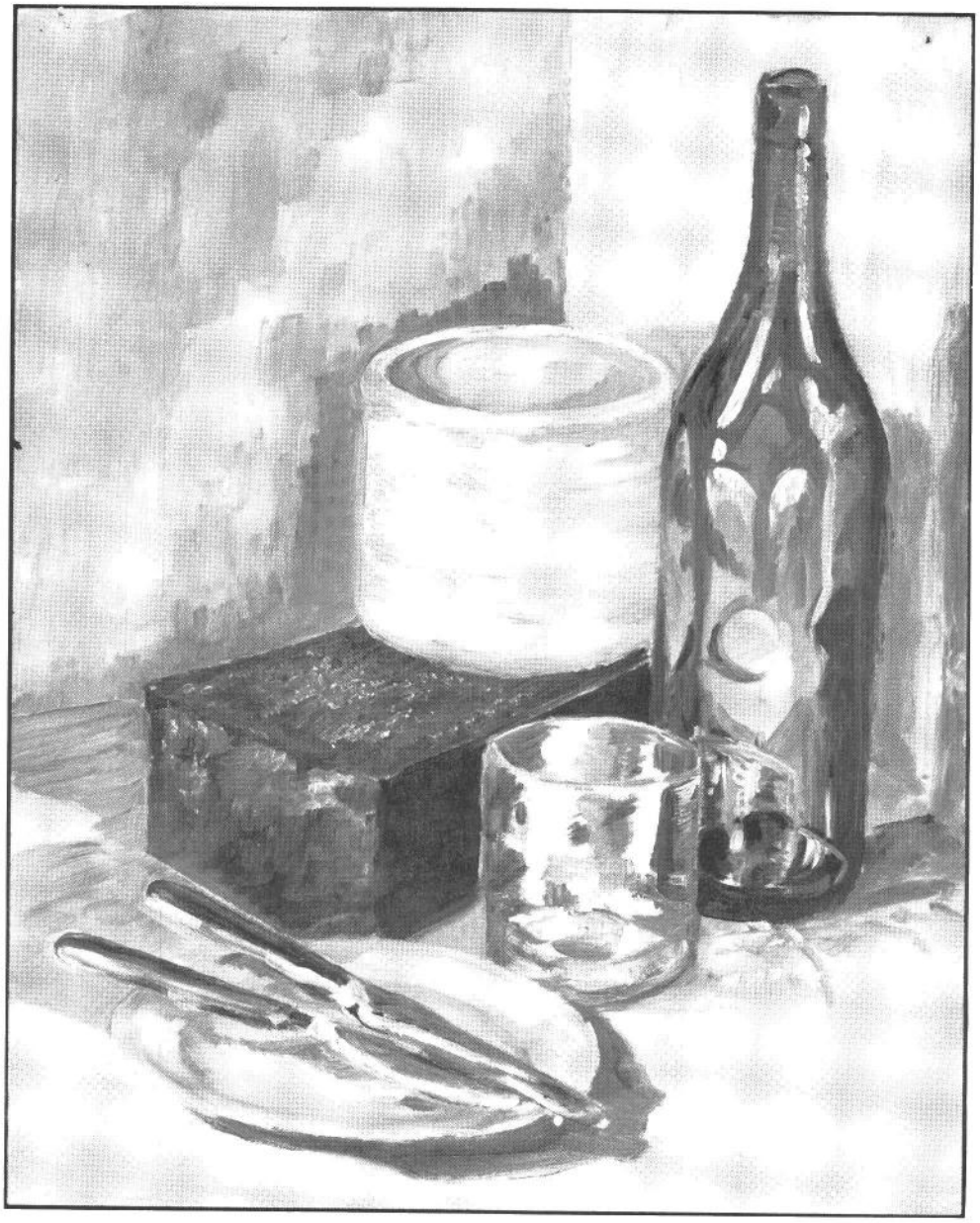
**Midland**

*Come and talk to the listening bank*

Midland Bank plc



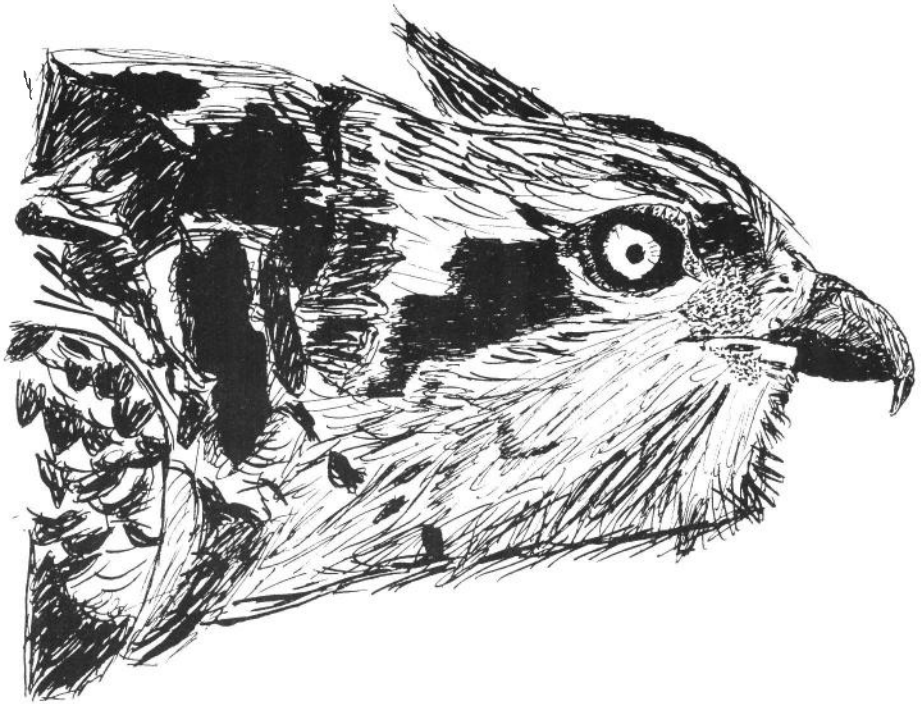

KAREEM BAQAI ($G_1$)



EMMA MILLER ($G_2$)

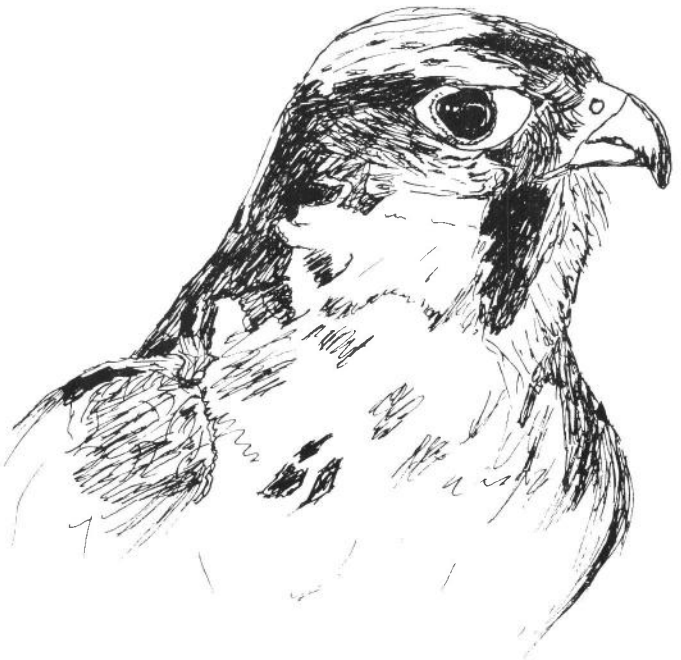



Jonathan Metcalfe (3Y)



Osprey

Michael Brown
(3X)

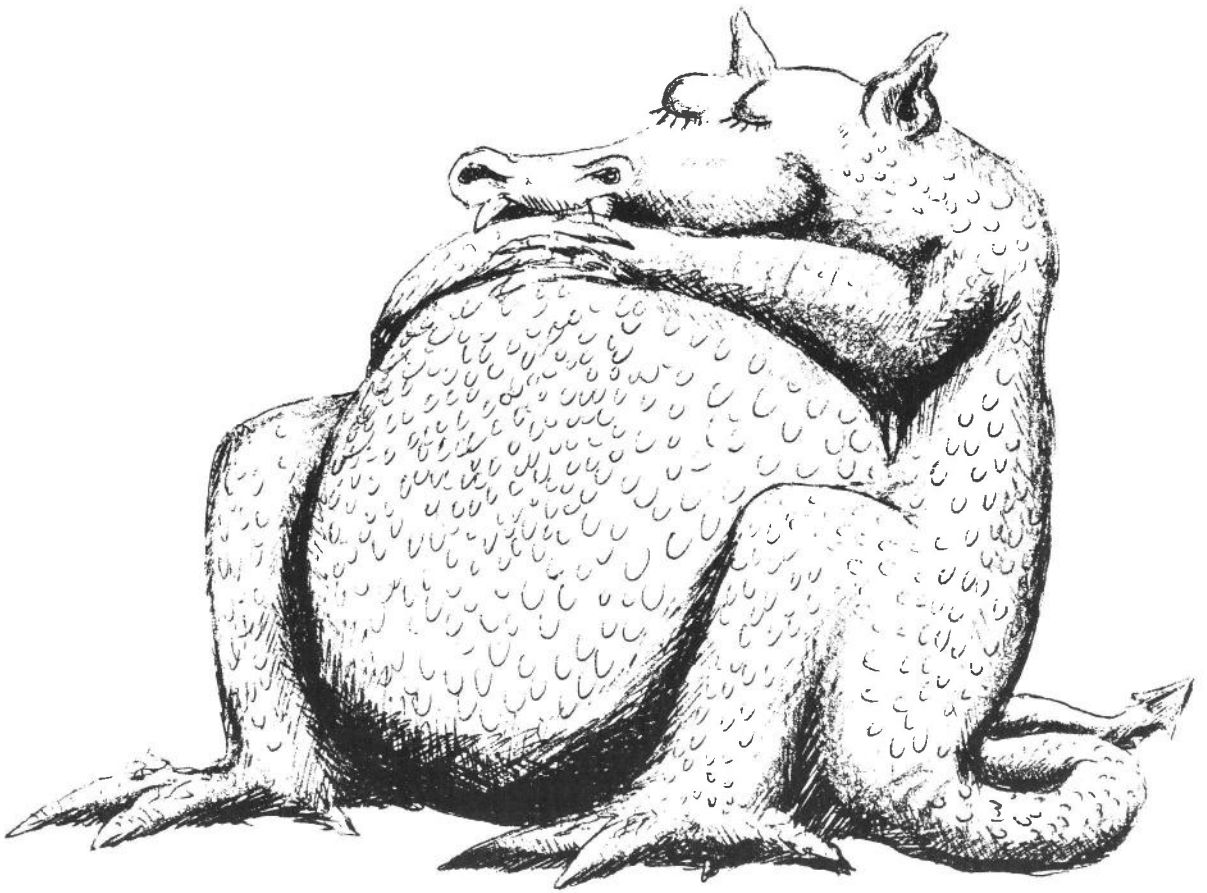


Lanner Falcon - Michael Brown



LOUISE JOHNSON (3 Y)





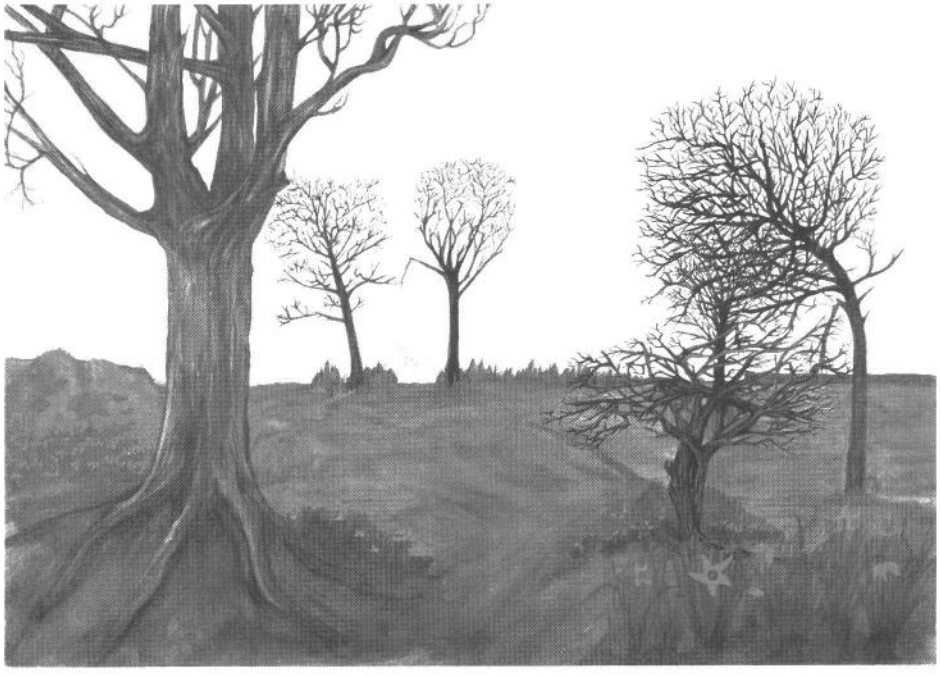
SIMON OGLE (5 Y)

Timothy Gregson ($6_1$)





James Wetherall ($6_2$).



Joannah Metcalfe (5Y)

# CAPTURE A CAPTION



①



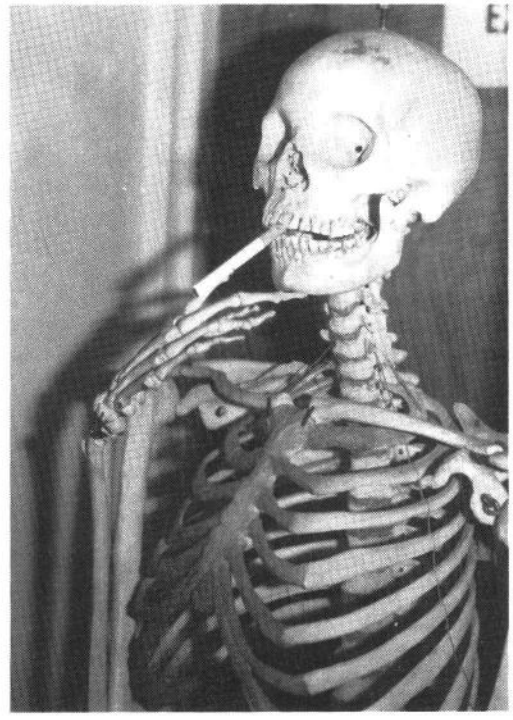
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# CAPTURE A CAPTION (cont.)

*Send your answers to the committee!*



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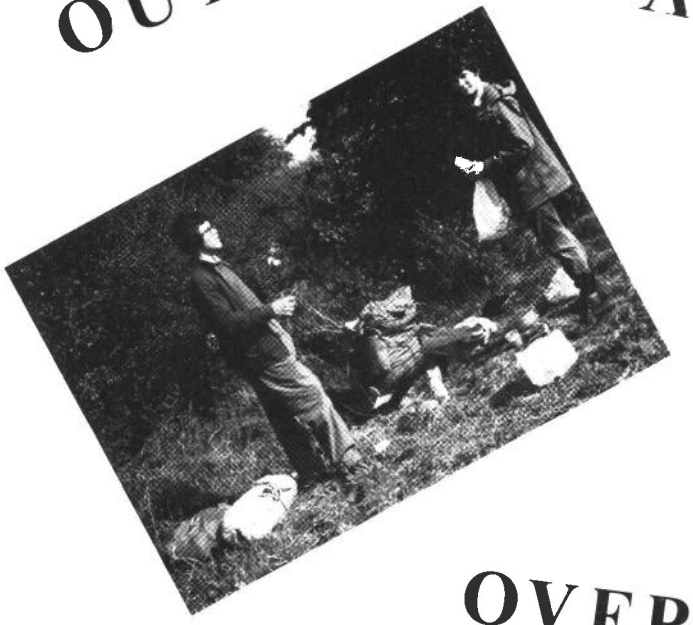
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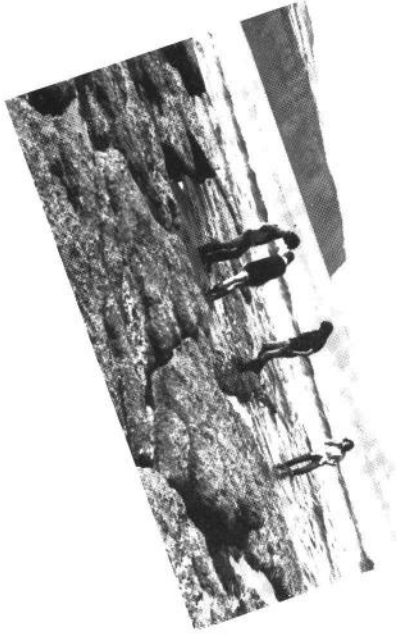
# OUT AND ABOUT OVER THE ALL PLACE





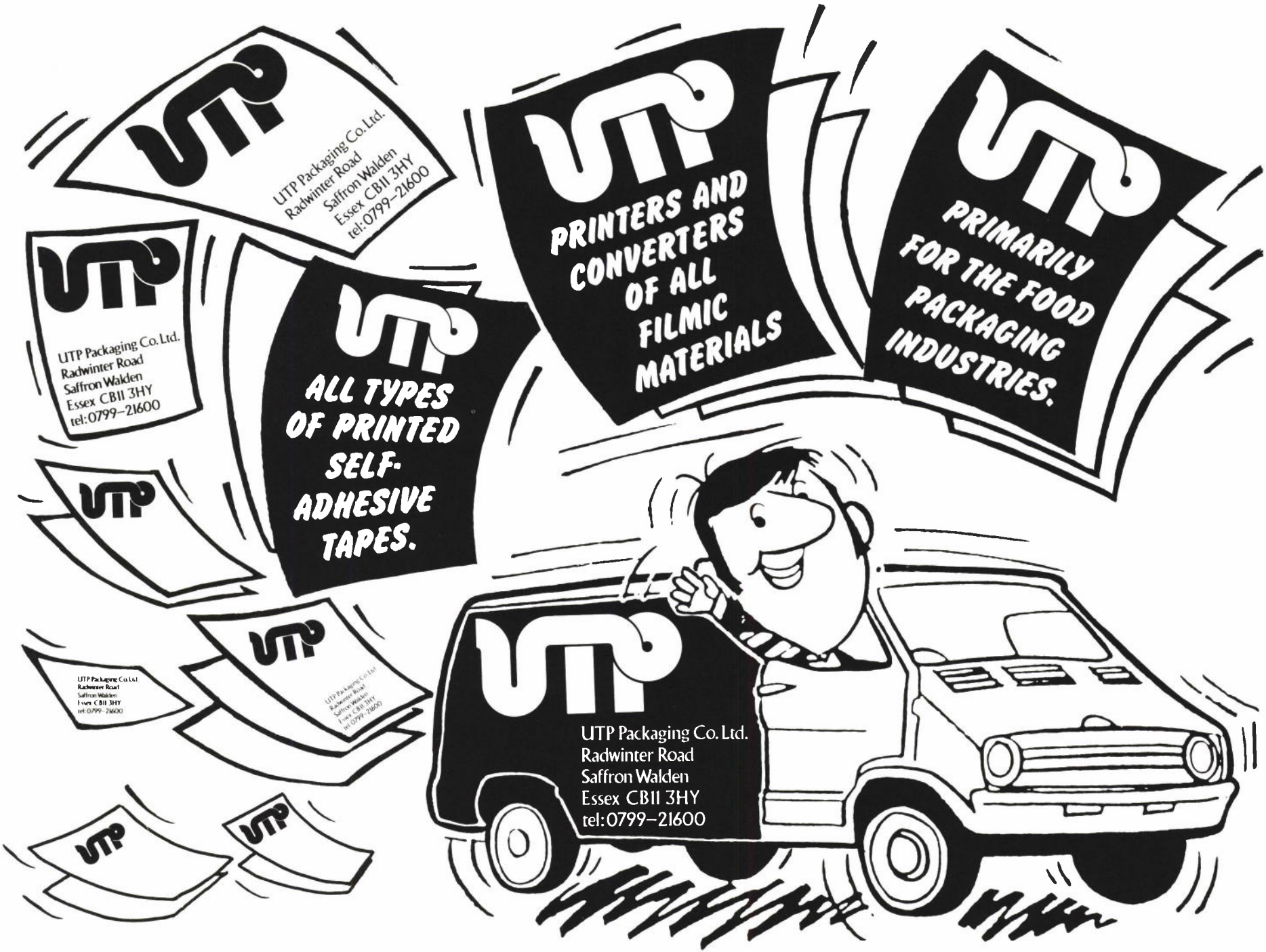











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