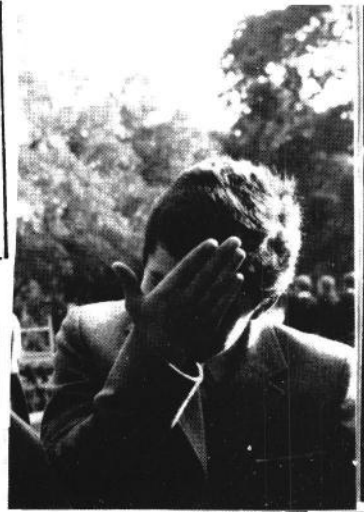

AVENUE
1984
SAFRONSCHOOLDEN
WAR

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

PER ARDUA AD ALTA

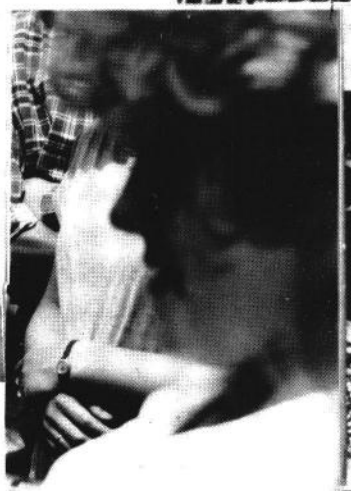
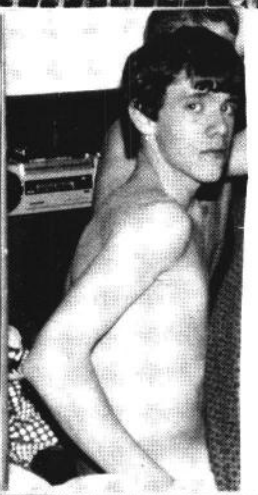




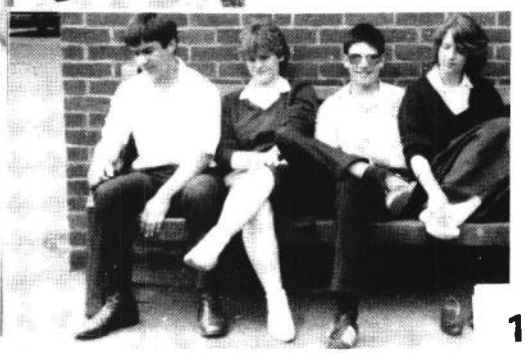






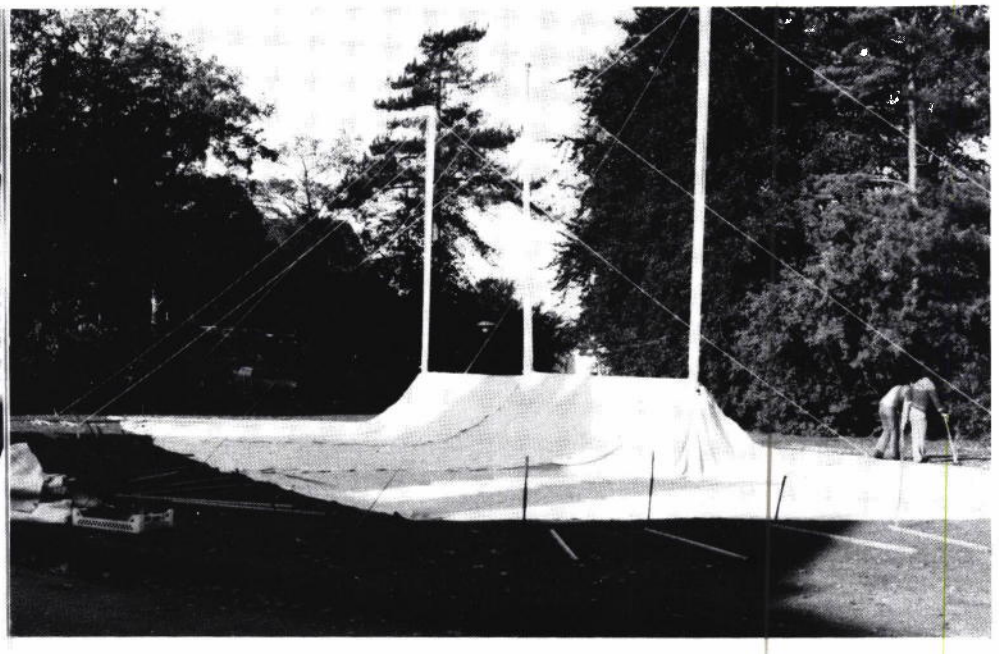





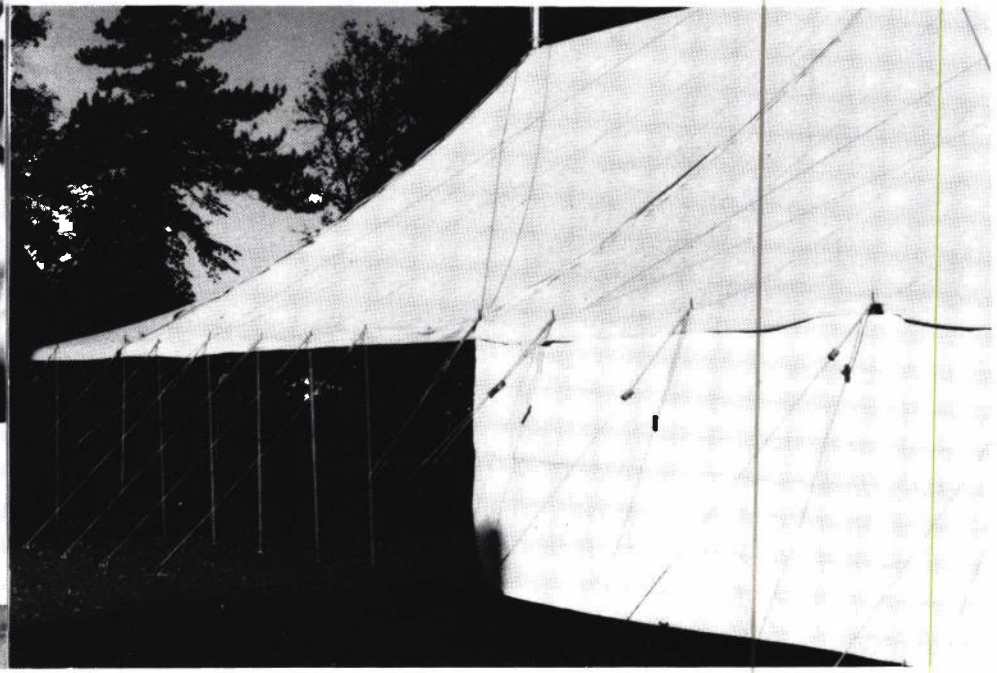



THE LEAV(en)ERS









A CHRISTMAS CARD

Snow is crispy,
Snow is soft like cotton wool.
Snow is white and gleaming.
Snow is bits of ice landing on the ground.
It lands on the ground and
melts away, away, away softly.

When the snow comes again
you have to wrap up like a cozy hen.
A hat on your head,
gloves on your hands.
And the deep crispy snow
all over the ground,
Snow, snow, snow.
In the morning all is white,
But in the evening nothing in sight
All is slush, dirty and grey.
It's not the pretty Christmas card
like the other day.
Let's hope it comes again soon.

Rachel Stevens 1X.



SNOWMAN

It's snowing again
I'm going to make a friend.
First of all
I'll make a ball
And roll it around.
Then it'll get big.
I'll give it a stick
and a carrot as a nose.
A bowler hat
and a coat made out of a mat.
In the morning I woke up
to see that all that was left
were his clothes
as wet as water in a cup.

Andrew Hill Form 1.

SNOW

It falls like a blanket
Slowly and steadily,
Covering and shrouding everywhere.
It's soft and gentle like the pitter patter
down a window pane.
It is as though a white sheet has been
thrown over the world.

The children are playing,
Snowballs go whizzing past,
They melt as they reach their doom
on the wet paths.

Andrew Mainprize 1X.

SNOWFLAKES

Snowflakes gently drifting down,
As though someone's emptying a giant pillowcase.
They look so pretty when in your hand,
With a delicate pattern so fine.

Faster, faster, blowing everywhere,
Covering the world with ermine fur.
Touching the ground they disappear.
Just like magic in a dream.

Ann Nightingale 1X.

A SEASONAL LEAF.

A leaf in winter is full of snow,
A leaf in summer is full of glow,
A leaf in spring begins to grow,
A leaf in autumn begins to blow.

Michelle Poynter 1X.

The Fountain of all Goodness







AUSTRALIA

British Airways offers a non-stop flight from England to Australia, but it costs a fortune and takes 16 hours — so not many sane people fly this way. A much cheaper way is to fly the 'milk run', which lands in about 5 countries on the way and changes passengers each time. There is one small drawback in that they serve all meals by local time. So, in one stretch you might have breakfast, land, take in new passengers and then get breakfast again, all in the space of six hours.

The Australian Immigration Control is an experience not to be forgotten. To say that they are tight-fisted is a gross understatement. So, unless you hold an Australian or New Zealand passport, or you're a qualified electrical or mechanical engineer and you want to move to Australia, forget it.

When people think of Australia they think of koala bears, eventually. If you see one of these in the wild you are extremely lucky. On no account are these bears "cute and cuddly". If you picked one up, you probably wouldn't have a face left to see it. The only thing that stops them from being a public menace is the fact that they are so lazy. They just can't be bothered to climb down out of the gum trees.

One thing that I found very strange was Australian TV. Almost every film shown on the national network — channel 4 — is British. Even the news shows more about Britain than it does about Australia. They love the Royal Family.

To most people, the country is an enormous continent buried under sand, with a narrow strip of fertile land down the east coast. This is basically true, but this "narrow strip" is as wide as France and twice as long as England. In this "narrow strip" are "crammed" 11 million people — which is over three quarters of its population.



The scenery is reputed to be very impressive but unfortunately I did not manage to see much of it. If you are ever lucky enough to go to Australia, I recommend a visit to Tasmania. Remember to get there before they flood it. It is very beautiful, "so small" (the size of Ireland), travel doesn't cost much and motorists are prepared to give hitch-hikers a lift to the next town, 30 miles along the road.

One memorable feature of the homeward (westward) flight was the incredible four-hour sunset. You fly off straight into the sun, your plane 'overtakes' the sun and then you land at your next point in time to enjoy another sunset. So, for that 'timeless' feeling, try. . . . . .

Ben Hodgson 62

STAFF SURVEY

A small team of Avenue reporters descended on their unsuspecting victims at various times during the Autumn Term. Here are the revealing answers to the questions asked.

Name: Margaret Brandon.
Age: As old as Methuselah.
Nickname: You know!
Your ambition in life: Not very ambitious, really.
Other Jobs: Technical Chemist. I.C.I. Mum.
Likes: Nice people!
Dislikes: Nice people being "not nice".
What to do with a million pounds: Give it away — well, most of it.
Would like to be stranded on a desert island with: You!
Number of children: 3 biological and 328 adopted

Name: Diane Richards
Age: 26
Nickname: None that I'm aware of, though Noddy when I was small.
Schooling: George Dixon School. University College, Wales.
Ambition: A small ambition would be to own a shop that sells lots of useless things that people like, bits and pieces (like hoops!).
Other Jobs: Management in an Insurance Company Au pair.
Likes: Italy, autumn.
Dislikes: Teaching on Saturday morning. Bank Statements.
Do with a million pounds: Give up work for a while and travel — to the East and South America. Buy the paintings 'Venice' and 'Mars' (but the money might not run to that!)
On a desert island with: One of my friends has tried it for 12 months. If I wanted to survive, she might be useful. On the other hand . . .David Bowie!

Name: John Collier Woods
Age: 52
Nickname: Woody
Schooling: Here
Ambitions: Don't think in terms of ambitions.
Other jobs: Hospital orderly, postman.
Likes: Novels of Jane Austen, music by Mozart.
Dislikes: Food which is too fatty, litter.
Do with a million pounds: Make sure my family's future was secure. Help other people.
Number of children: 3.

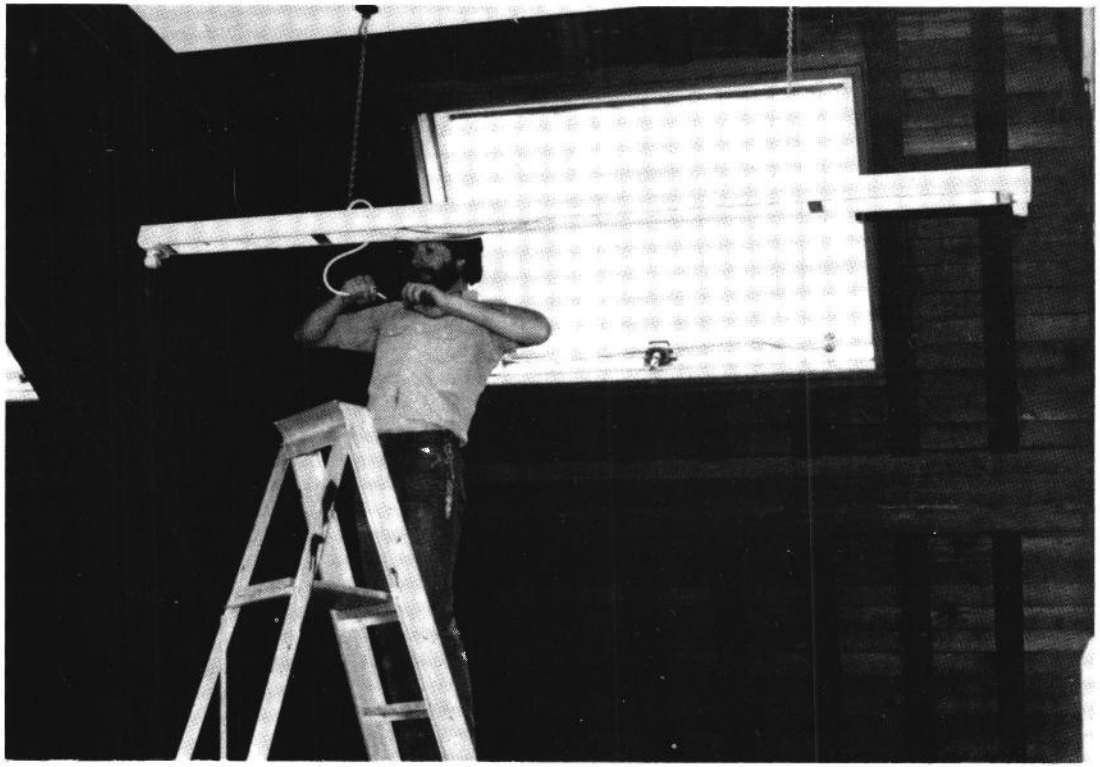
Name: Dagmar Bradley-Manning
Age: Should be old enough to know better about most things.
Nickname: None to my knowledge.
Schooling: Girls' Grammar School in the North.
Ambition: To remain useful and cheerful.
Other Jobs: Selling ice cream, making pots, delivering Christmas mail.
Likes: Colours and comfort. Hilly landscapes in mist and sunlight. Good folk-singing.
Dislikes: The nuclear threat. Job insecurity for young people.
Do with a million pounds: Probably waste some of it.
Children: one boy and one girl.
On a desert island with: Someone who had been a dentist, a folk-singer, a comedian, a bricklayer and gardener. The someone would be able to get my car started on a cold morning!

Name: Lin Parker
Age: Only 39
Nickname: Pappy.
Schooling: Baltimore Friends School. Union College, New York.
Ambitions: To do the best I can.
Other Jobs: Civil Engineering Draughtsman. Sailing Instructor. House Construction.
Likes: Woodworking, Lacrosse, Folk-music, Guitar playing.
Dislikes: Conflict, War, Poor Sportsmanship.
Do with a million pounds: Share some of it. Invest most of it to allow for early retirement.
Children: 2
Be trapped on a desert island with: my wife.

Name: Selwyn Peter Arter
Age: 31 (32 next Spring).
Nickname: Not nice enough to be mentioned.
Ambition: To spend it studying.
Other Jobs: Teaching!
Likes: Maths, reading maths, calculating.
Dislikes: No strong opinions.
Do with a million pounds: Buy a good computer.
On a desert island with: I haven't met HER yet!

Name: Sheila Addy
Age: Young at heart
Schooling: Withernsea High School, East Yorkshire
Ambition: To live a long time.
Other Jobs: Waitress. Shop Assistant in Switzerland. BBC Secretary, French Monitor for Ghana Broadcasting. Translator.
Likes: French language and literature. Music of all kinds. Spicy food. Babies.
Dislikes: Winter. Untidy classrooms. National Front.
Do with a million pounds: Give most of it away. Secure my family's future. Travel. Have a house in a warm country.
On a desert island with: My husband and my 3 daughters (on their good days).

Name: Amanda Jane Cooper
Age: Over 21
Nickname: Mandy
Schooling: Tottenham High School for Girls.
Ambition: To take part in a West-end Musical. To write a good novel.
Other Jobs: Packing disguise outfits. Packing chemistry sets.
Likes: Classical music. Good food and wine. Warmth.
Dislikes: Rudeness, semolina, pop music.
Do with a million pounds: Buy a house, several cats and a fast car.
Be with on a desert island: Not with Tony Benn. As for who I'd like, well that would be telling!
Children: None, I hope!



SEE IT THIS WAY

As the number of members of 61X who were making visits to the optician increased, we came to the conclusion that the lighting in the balcony study was too poor to work in.

We broached the subject with the bursar. He gave us the use of a "light-measurer". This instrument informed us that there was nothing wrong. Much embarrassed, we did not bring the subject up again.

We were very surprised, a few days later, that steps had been taken – pictured here – by courtesy of Alan! He lowered the lights and, needless to say, we spent much of our time applauding his progress and ensuring that no one flicked the light switch.

We thank all those who went to so much trouble on our behalf, but we moved out at the end of term. . .!!!

Liz Woods 61X.

PREP.

When all the room has settled down,
I raise my head to look around.
I notice plainly most are working,
Or, behind their books they are a smirking.
Notes are thrown both to and fro,
Some up high, but some down low.
And when the 'super' cares to look,
They all dive down to read a book.

Sam Cadman. 1 X

ON BEING THE OLDEST

I like being the oldest,
Because I can boss my brother about.
One of the bad things about being the oldest is
You get all the blame, for everything.
Tap the little one gently on the shoulder
And he'll go off crying to MUM.
That means I'll get sent to my room.
Then my pesky little brother
Will go off laughing.
And I hate that!

Anon. Form 1.

ON BEING THE YOUNGEST

Being the youngest is awful.
You get nagged at,
For things you haven't done.
But you get spoiled a lot,
So it's not bad.

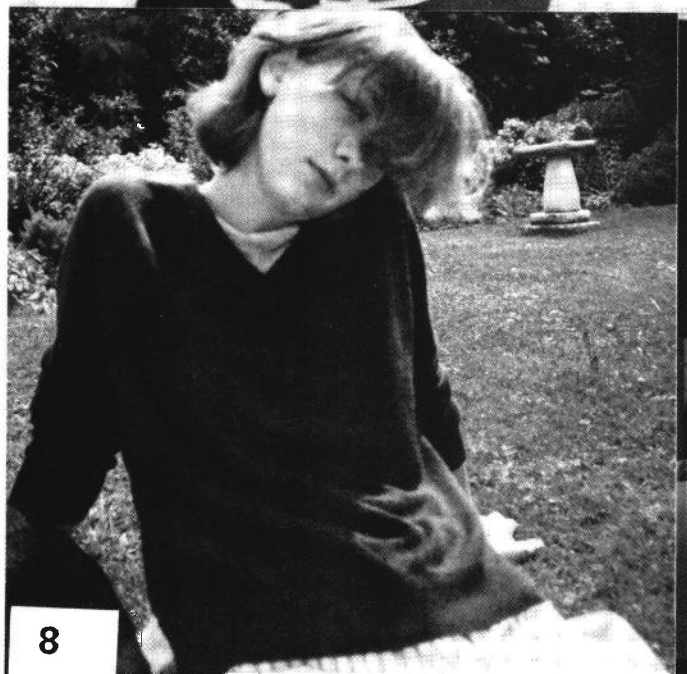
Kieron Dick. 1 X.

Emma's Page



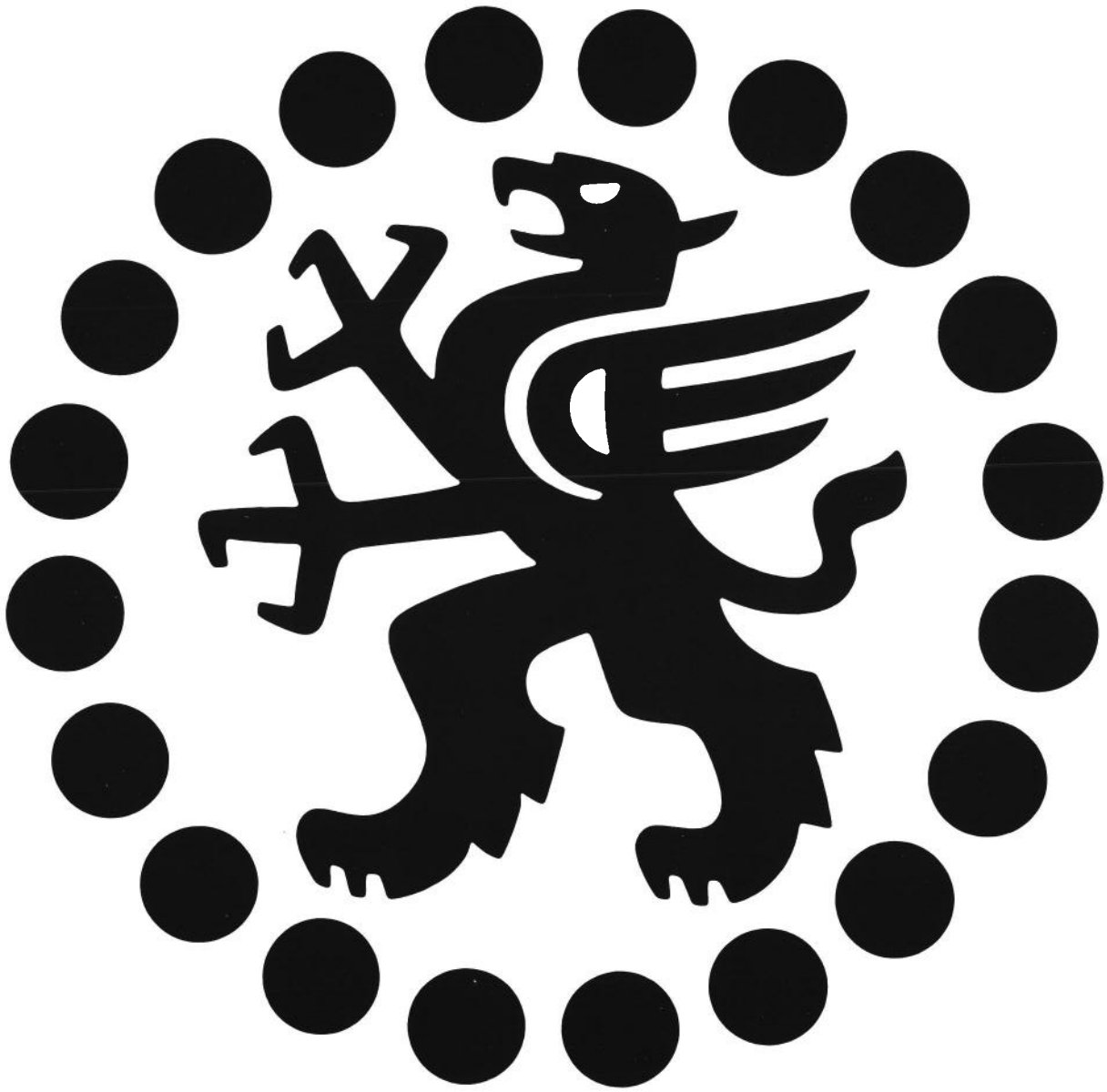












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JOHN HOWE
Financial Planning

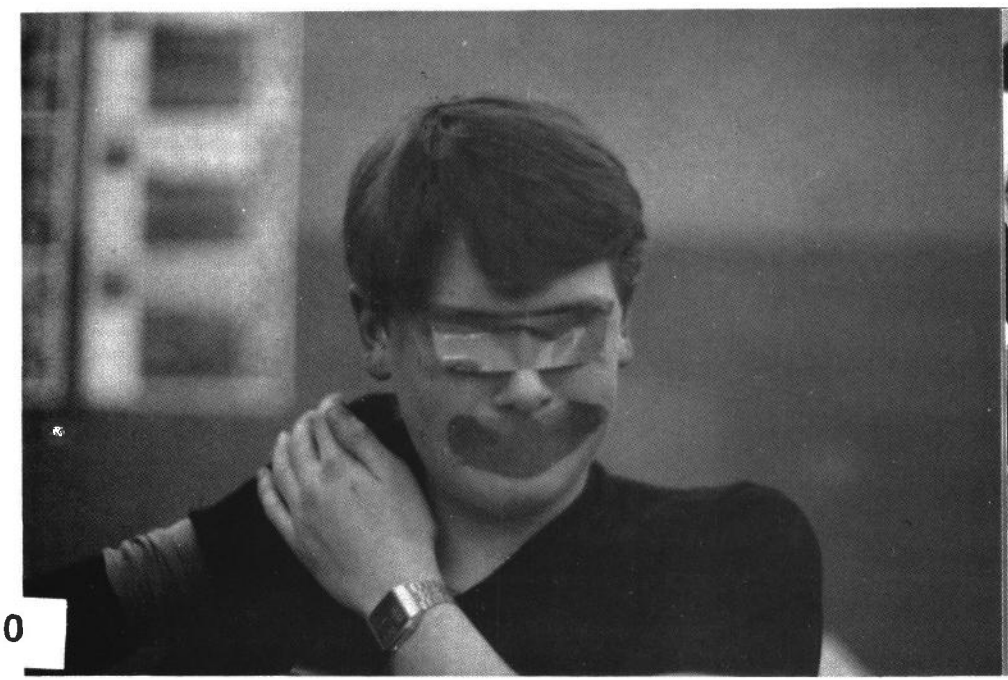
Largely because of product orientated press advertising, most parents believe either, that substantial capital sums are called for, or, that one needs to plan years in advance to achieve a saving in school fees.

Whilst we constantly reduce school fees by about **half**, seeking a saving is not the sole objective. The raison d'être is to secure the most **EFFICIENT** way of paying fees.

With 20 or so techniques to choose from; most families can use two or more techniques as part of a flexible overall strategy.

For a personal and confidential discussion, Telephone JOHN HOWE

Cambridge 352817





DAYBREAK

I awake to the music of the dawn chorus. As I return to the world of reality, I wonder how our feathered friends can be so lively this early, especially considering it's Sunday! Through the haze of sleep, I blink at the brightness of day. Gradually the window-framed picture of morning appears in focus. The sun beyond the woodland reveals its glory – a bubble of light surfacing from the depths of the night. It brings life to the fields. A hare appears, races across the dew-blanketed earth, stops, then continues into the distance.

The garden trees are decorated with sparrows joining the morning choir of song. A dog barks nearby and the sky is speckled with life in a confusion of flight. It swiftly clears again, as the deserted trees are rejoined, for one by one the chorus returns to its place and continues its song. Shortly, they are joined by the discordant squawks of a squadron of geese, whose flight is out of character with their song, for it is graceful and flowing as they curve like a wave across the sky. They descend in unison on the field across the valley, and begin their feast. I gaze at them, but what I see is soon disolved in a flood of happy childhood memories.

I reflect on the times when we went for long early morning walks across these same fields, when we used to play Hide-and seek in the woods, have races down the valley, and collect wild flowers to brighten the lunch table. I recollected too, the time we went on a midnight ramble through the moonlight countryside. It was the quietest of nights with nothing to guide us except the moon, as we aimlessly tramped across fields and meadows, with our footprints and shadows eerily tracking us. Once in a while, a great tangle of trees would loom ahead of us. We then ventured through this woodland and discovered what wildlife it sheltered. Two golden eyes, that shone out from a mass of speckled feathers, winked as we passed. The petals of the flowers at our feet were wrapped in slumber, awaiting the coming dawn to reveal their beauty, we passed through and stepped into the freedom of the fields again. Soon, the woods behind us became nothing but a silhouette against the moonlit sky. That same sky was rapidly brightening, as the dawn approached and we headed homewards.

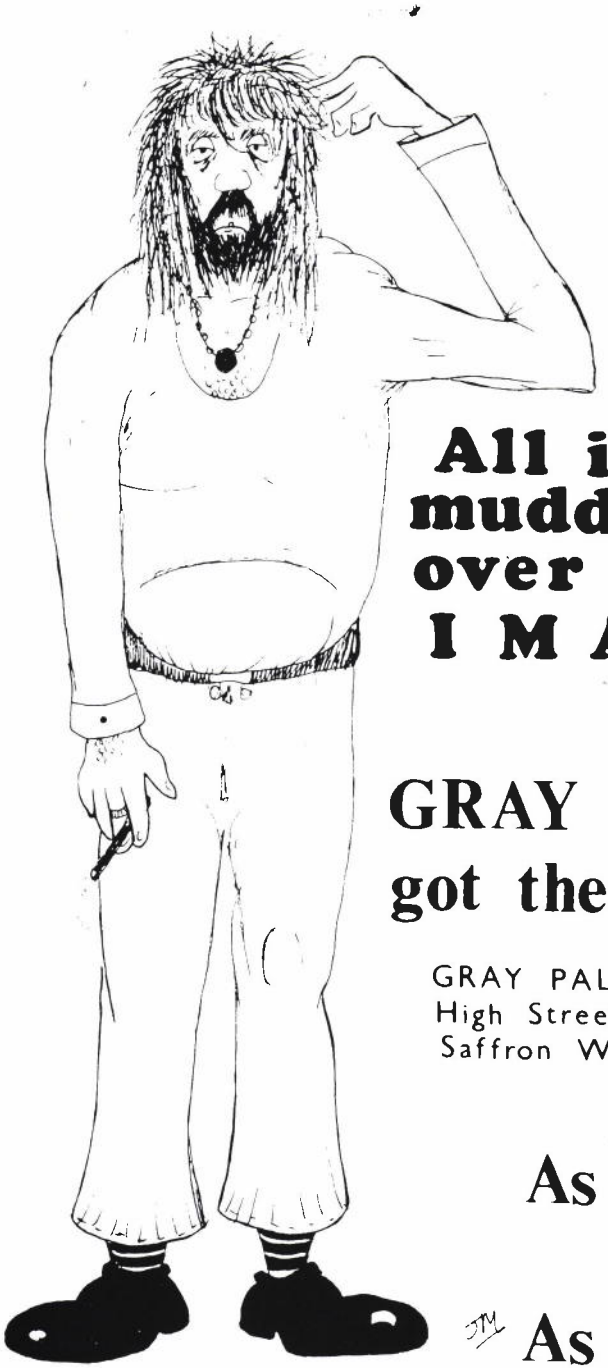
My thoughts are shattered by the noise of the geese taking flight again. Their mission accomplished they return to the river. I realise it is getting late, and leave to begin the chores of the day, my mind still lingering on those joyful memories, almost lost in time.

Karina Bailey 61Y

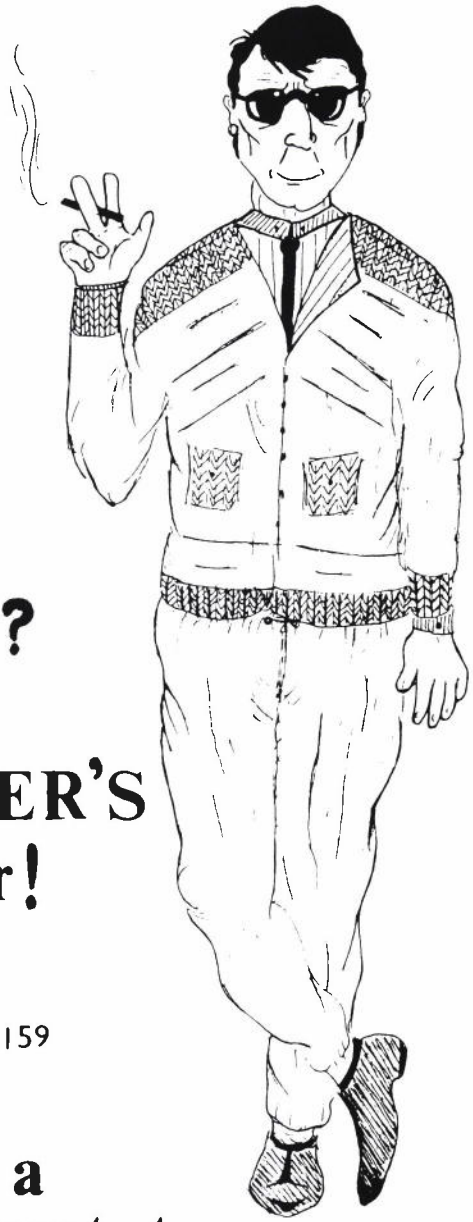
DNUOR YAW GNORW EHT

We eat cream cakes to be thin
We put weed killer where we want weeds
We go to the desert to learn to swim
We torture and kill the ones we love
We muck around and never work to pass exams.
We drink beer to stay sober
We are rude and coarse then people think we are polite
We lie in the sun to stay pale
We have bombs, guns and grenades
– these are for Peace.

Anon.



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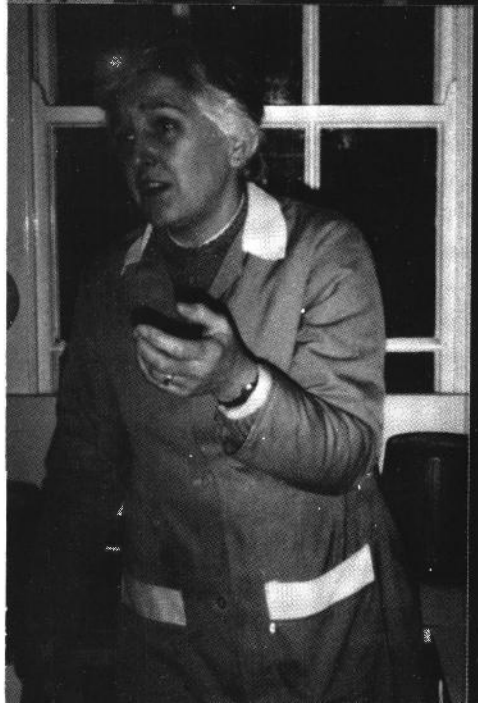
Philip's Page





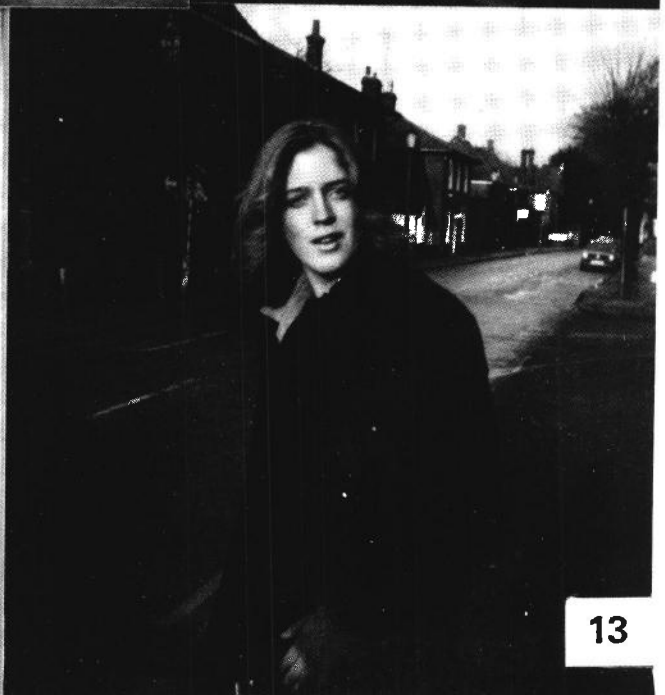












RESERVOIR TUCK SHOP.

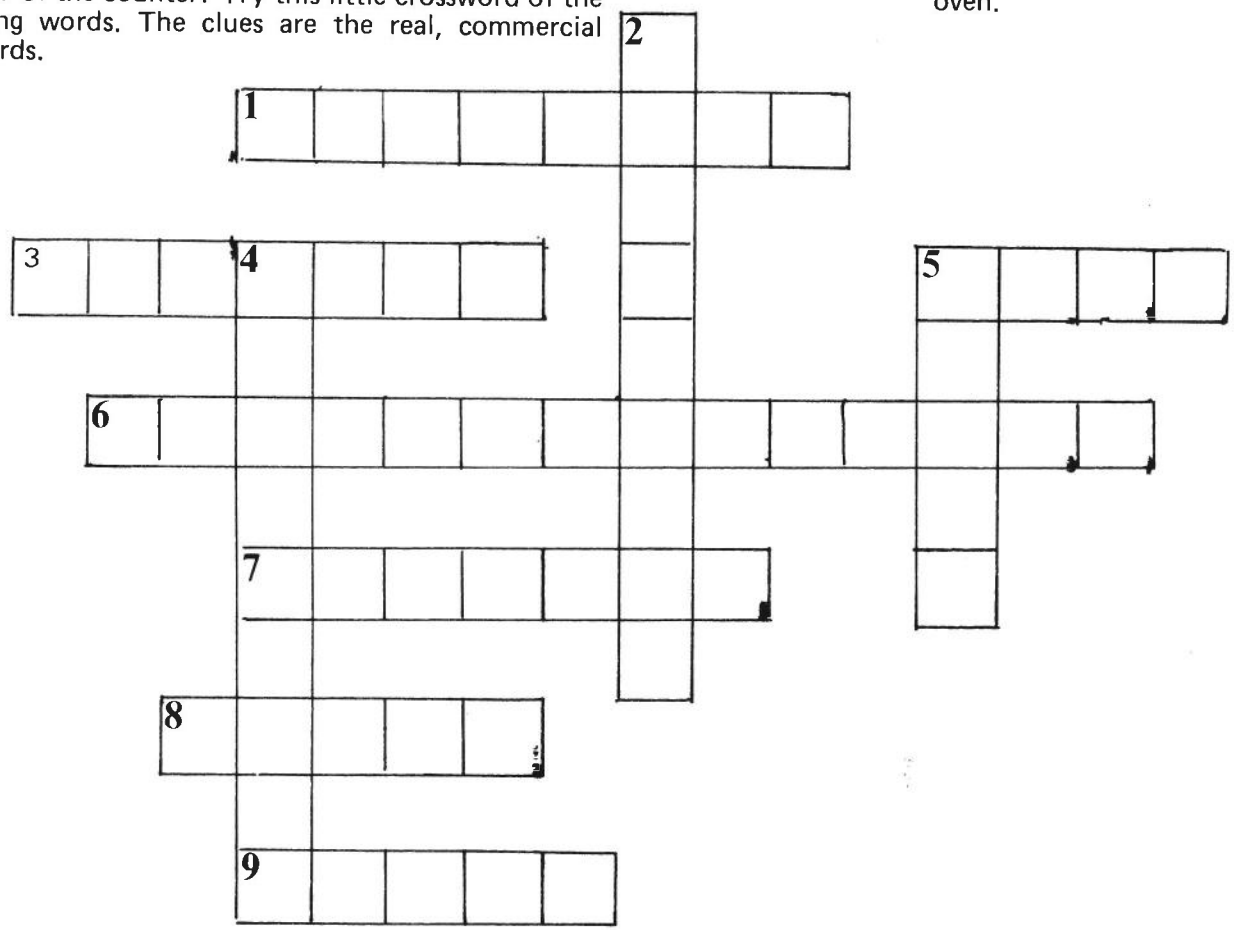
The Reservoir Tuck Shop

Below is a picture of what R3 might look like in the future. It is suggested that we move the Tuck Shop into the kitchen and open up two arched serving hatches into R3 which will then become a combined TV room and Coffee Bar. With improved facilities in the Tuck Shop, we can extend our range of food into hot snacks etc.

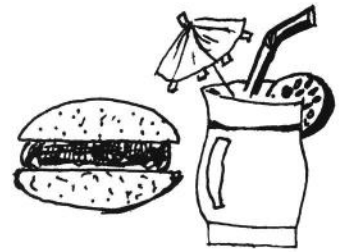
Sue Collins



To work in the tuck shop you need intelligence. You need to be able to add and subtract prices. You need to have masses of patience for the constant enquiries as to when the tuck shop is opening . . .also those tedious moments when your customers decide how they will spend their 10p. You need to cope with the continual cries of 'rejects' and with the complaints which seem to be unending. You need a sense of humour to see the funny side of the use of slang terminology. Translating school slang can be fairly easy, with experience, but you've no wish to make a fool of yourself when confronted with a new word. How would you cope with it all if you were on the other side of the counter? Try this little crossword of the slang words. The clues are the real, commercial words.



TUCKSHOPSPEAK



The tuck shop has expanded its stock from sweets and drinks to include malt loaves, pies, mini rolls, shuttlecocks, tee-shirts, mugs, stationery and stamps. We are moving to larger premises during the Easter holiday (see note below by Sue Collins). The improvements gained will be running water, a sink, room for a cooker and microwave oven.

Wendrie Carn 61Y

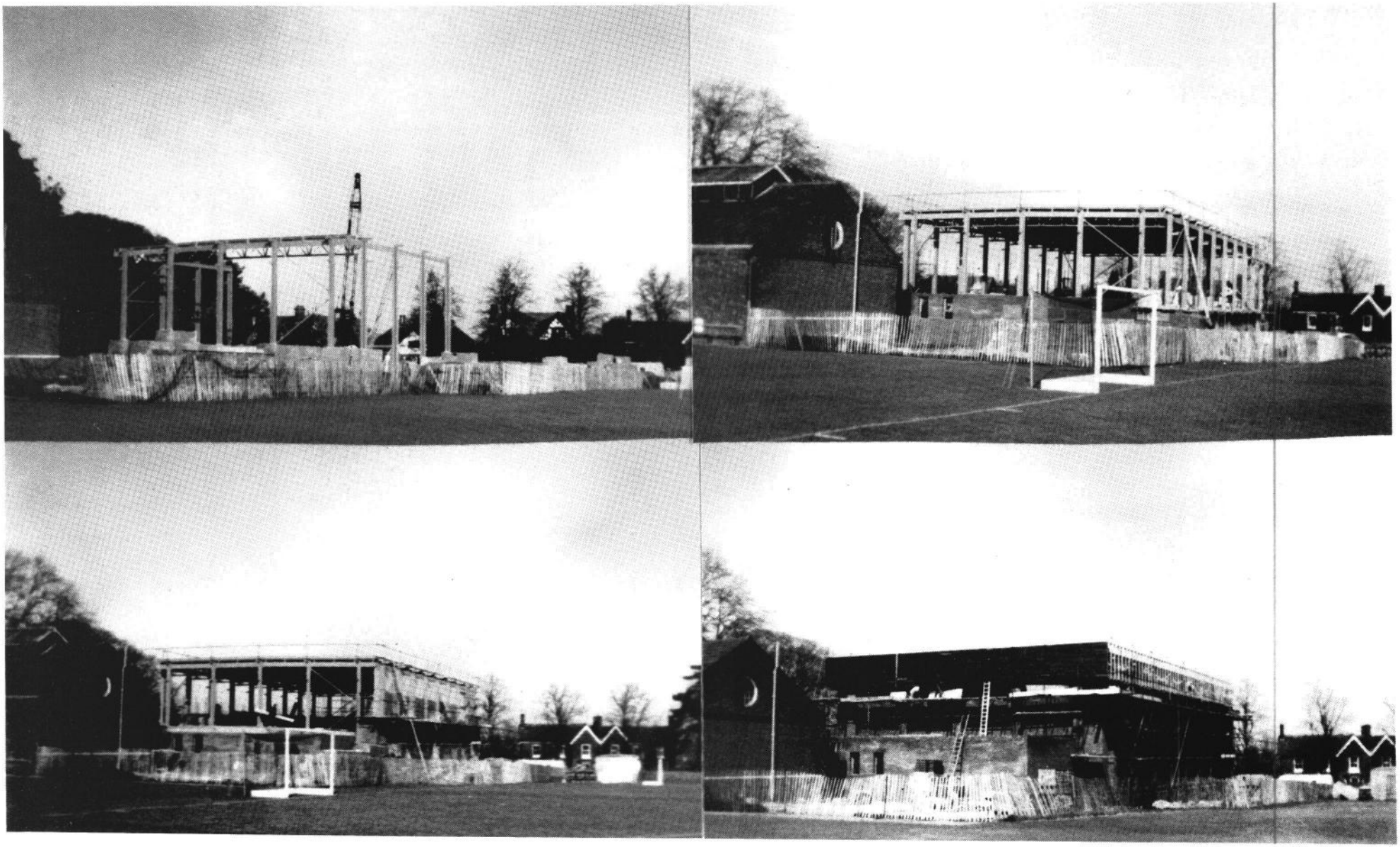
CLUES - across

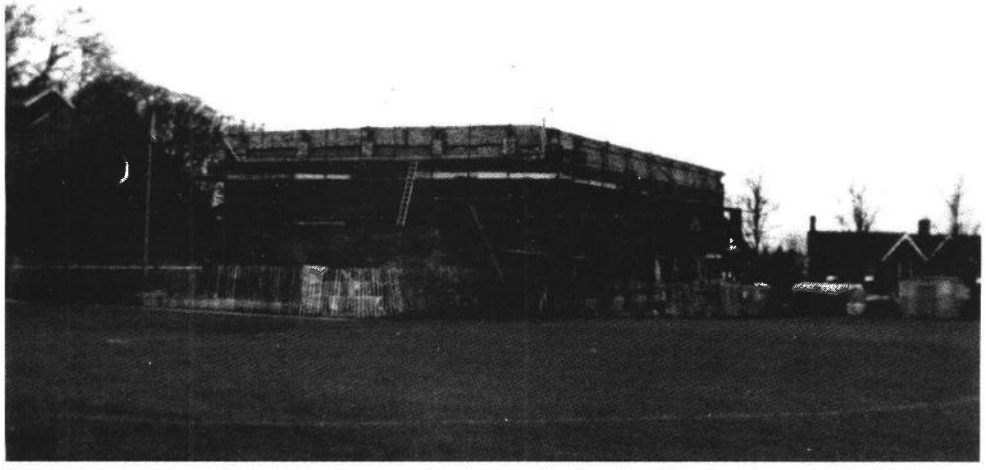
1 Shrimps (8)
3 Twix (7)
5 Blackjacks (4)
6 Polos (14)
7 Mushrooms (7)
8 Kojakpop (5)
9 Mojos (5)

down

4 Choco lolly (9)
2 Cherryloops (9)
5 Caterpillars (5)

SEE HOW SHE GROWS







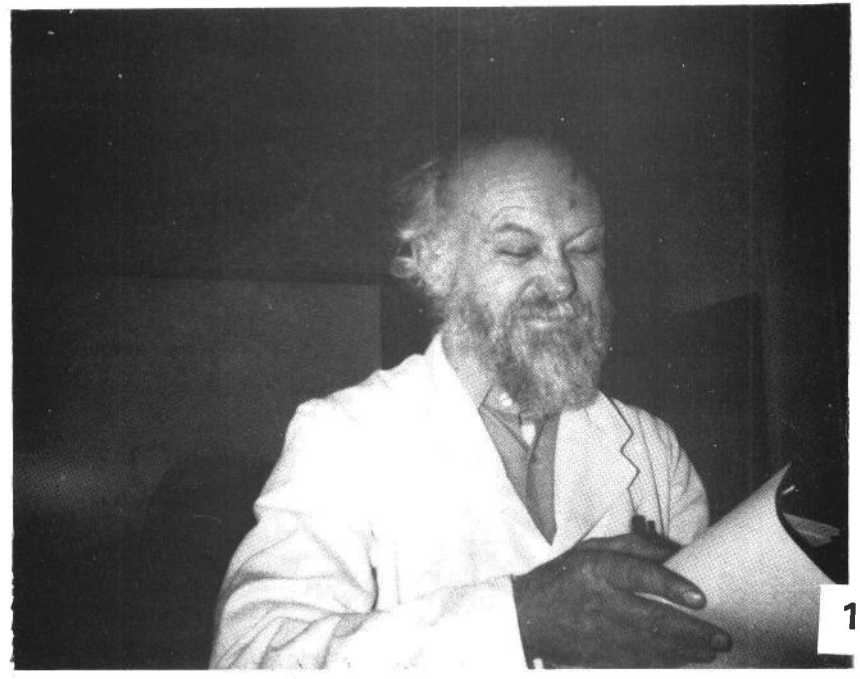
STINKBOMBS

Stinkbombs should not be used at all because of the dangerous gases which are produced by the evaporation process. The smell is most unpleasant and can distract other people from their business.

If used in a science lesson, they could stop people concentrating on their experiments and they could, therefore, get bad marks. It can be dangerous in other ways – startling people or causing them to bang into things or knock things over as they come to investigate the trouble. All this can lead to pain or grief or even anger in the teacher or pupil. It costs money to bury them (!) and the whole thing is annoying, smelly and dangerous. The broken glass from the stinkbomb can cut you and then the chemical can get into your blood causing poisoning. I was lucky and I only got scratched. The stuff doesn't wash off your clothes very well and the result is that you are smelly to the people around you – like rotten eggs, most foul.

Anon
(composed on a Wednesday afternoon)

the result ↓



"YARHOO BROTHERS"

Those of you lucky enough to pass C2 in recent weeks may have had the pleasure of hearing the talented group "Yarhoo Brothers". Although formed only a few weeks ago the "Yarhoo Brothers" have already had a varied line-up.

James Tuckwell, although a beginner, has learnt to play the drums with the determination necessary to succeed in his area.

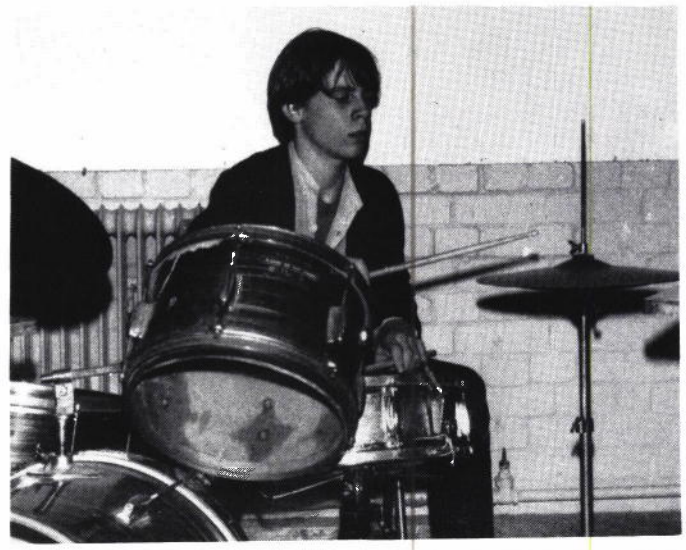
The brothers Tom and Oliver Hartly lay their chords down on rhythm and lead guitars, both playing with an amazing sense of style. Oliver being the perfectionist of the two.

The latest member is Mark Stancomb on bass guitar, replacing Simon Strafford who left because the rest of the band thought him too good.

The percussion section contains Heath Greenall and Greg Baldeosingh. Heath is a grand master of the percussing arts.

Greg also lends a hand with the vocals backing the ever present James Taylor. The rough and raw approach of James blended with Greg's harmonious backing gives an original vocal cocktail, an approach that some might find offensive.









The band do not hold many political opinions. What views they do have are unsuitable for expressing on paper. They do however try to incorporate peace into a lot of their songs.

"We're all pacifists at heart" says James frankly.

"Getting the band together and writing your own material helps keep your aggressions and frustrations to yourself" adds Tom.

"Yeah well, like, you know we put the peace elements into our songs, but kind of subtle, you know, so we don't offend any one who does not hold our views"

Whatever the message, the "Yarhoo Brothers" are a pleasure to watch at work, and they are something really special when performing. They might not get anywhere, but that's not the point. The band is obviously the best thing that has happened to the school for a long time. Tom sums up the point with a final comment,

"Yeah, it's like we wanted to do something for the school, in return for their time and patience, and that's the ideal environment to play in, thanks."

G.J. Riley

"The band would like to thank the following Tessa Brown, John Woods and John Wadham for their help. We are grateful to Martin Moore for the loan of his guitar and to Grant Riley for his drumsticks" . . . .James Taylor.

One Wednesday afternoon I took a trip to the Coffee House. I sat and waited for the "YARHOO BROTHERS" to arrive. The interview was due to start at 2 o'clock. It was now 1.55 and the first member appears, Mark Stancomb, shortly followed by Oliver Hartley and James Tuckwell. We waited five minutes and ordered our drinks, then Tom Hartley enters, sits down and says rather harshly,

"The rest are not coming, and if they are not here I am not going to talk!"

I sat and drank my coffee and tried to think what I should do. Shortly Jeremy Allen arrives saying the rest will be here soon. 2.15 p.m. and we see Greg Baldeosingh ride past on a small B.M.X. bike, shortly followed in the opposite direction by James Taylor on a similar, small B.M.X. bike, could it be the same one we asked ourselves?

Twenty minutes late we begin,

"Greg, who had the idea for the name and where did you get it from?"

"I got the idea from my brother when we used to mess around he would call me a yarhoo, I did not bother asking what it meant, but soon got the gist of what it meant, so I thought it would be a real heavy name the yarhoo brothers".

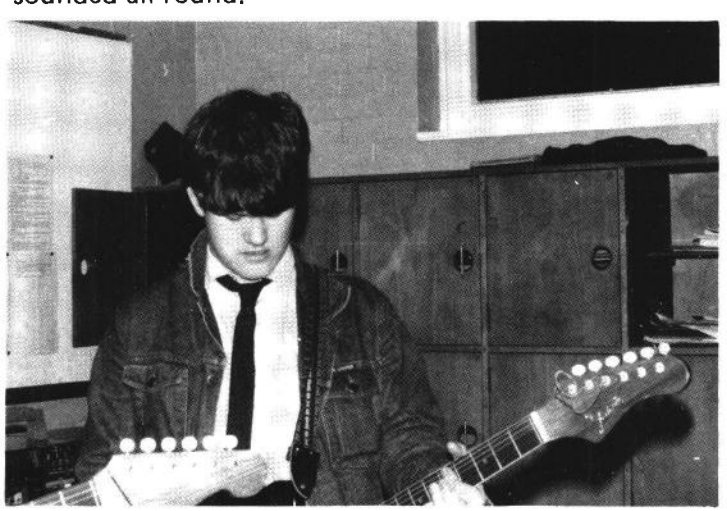
"Who are your main influences?"

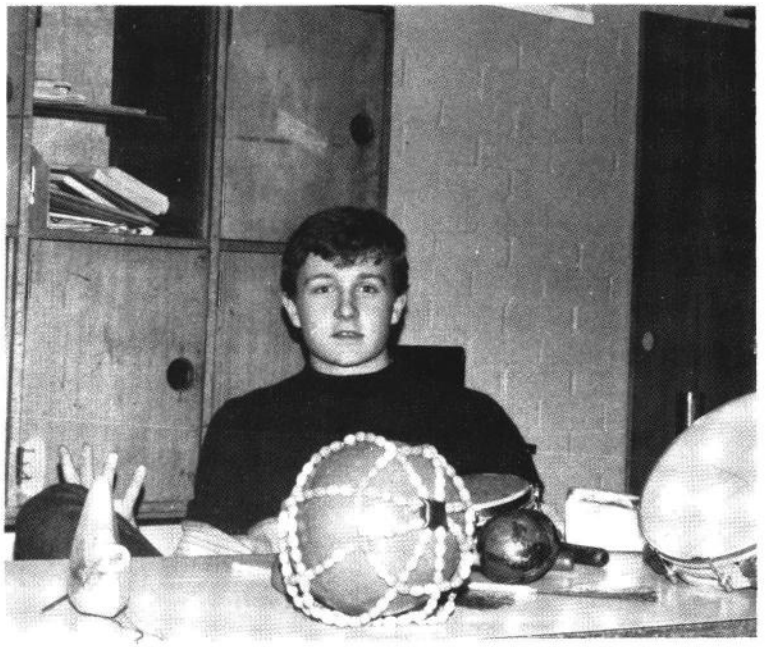
"The Beatles, the Stones, and especially John Lennon." states Tom.

"Don't forget the ol' Kinks." adds James Taylor.

"Manfred Mann and oh yeah Bob Marley" says Greg,

"What about Bob and Charlie!" says James Taylor, a general murmur of agreement was sounded all round.





I then asked Heath how the addition of the percussion section had changed the sound of the group?

"Well since I came along the group has got so much better, I got all my gear from Barbados when I went there, I did an album with the Thompson Twins but then I came back to join the Yarhoo Brothers as they are much better."

"Yeah and don't forget me in there on the old percussion" says Greg.

"How has the band affected your school work?" I asked James Tuckwell,

"Well I'm a bit of a genius really, but. . . ."

"Jim's being funny!" butts in James Taylor.

I asked Oliver what he enjoyed playing most,

"Well I don't mind playing anything – as long as I have written it myself – that's all there is to it – basically I am a great believer in myself and I just think I am great!" says Oliver vainly.

I asked Mark who he would most like to be stranded on a desert island with?

"I think to start with it would be Eve Libertine, one of the many voaclists of the notorious Crass. Secondly, if I had half the chance, I would like to be with Beki Bondage – ex-Vice Squad." Fair enough I thought!

"James Taylor, what was the first record you ever bought?"

"This is no lie, the first record I ever bought was "Staying Alive" by the "Bee Gees. . . "amongst the laughs and jeers he continues,"but the most influential record I ever bought was "Sgt. Peppers" by "The Beatles". "

"Heath what will you do when you are rich and famous?"

"Well first of all I would buy a Ford Sierra from the Gates Group, a Granada from the Gates Group, a house from the Gates group and a Ford woman from the Gates Group and also I would like to say hello to Ted – cheers!"

"Greg what influence has the coffee house on you?"

"Well I first came down here one weekend and there were all these cups and pots just lying about and that's where I learnt my rhythm from!" From here picks up a pair of spoons and proceeds to demonstrate but is immediately halted.

"Heath where are you going from here?"

"Solo! After the first night with the band I got so many compliments as I was so good!"

"Have you had any previous band experience before joining the Yarhoo Brothers?"

"Yeah I have, at my last school I was in a band called "Selective Killing", I played bass for them as well."

"What sort of music was it that you played?"

"Educated punk! "Everybody burst into laughter." Well we knew how to enjoy ourselves, and that's what really counts." Everyone agrees.

I asked Tom if the band had any gigs planned?

"Yeah we are going to play live at a party of about 500 in James' pub."

"Have you any ideas on playing at the school?"

"Yeah, of course, we would like to do that, but later."

Finally I asked "James will you pay for my coffee?"

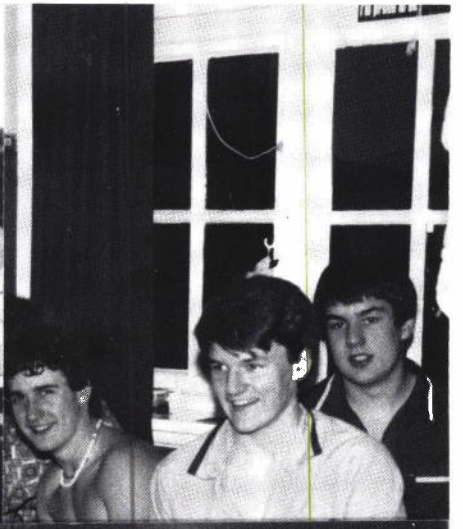
There was a long pause and in a word,

"NO!"

by Grant Riley



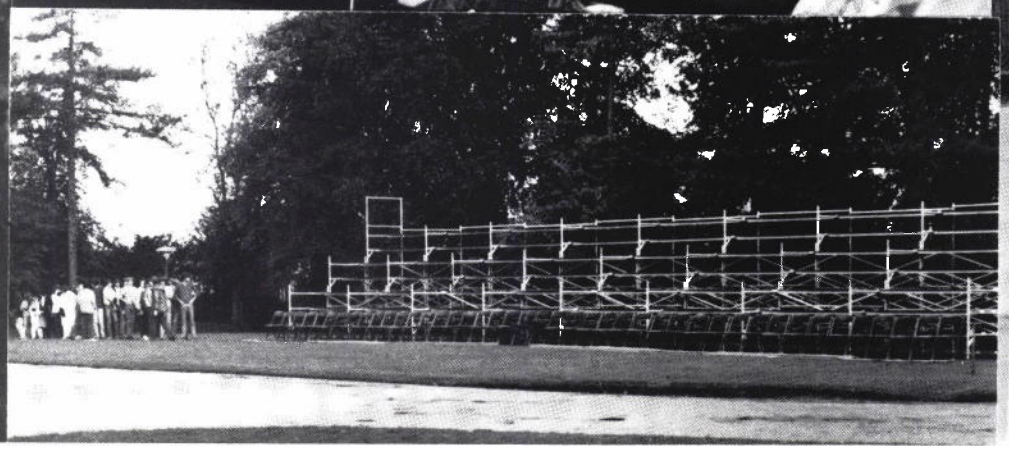





QUIET, PLEASE!
EXAM



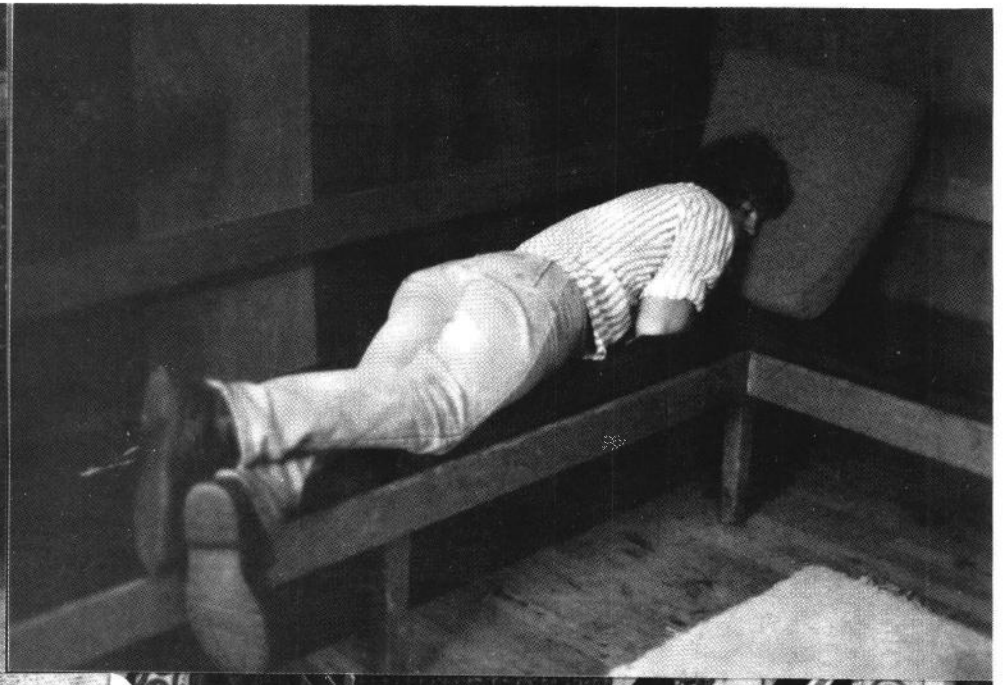


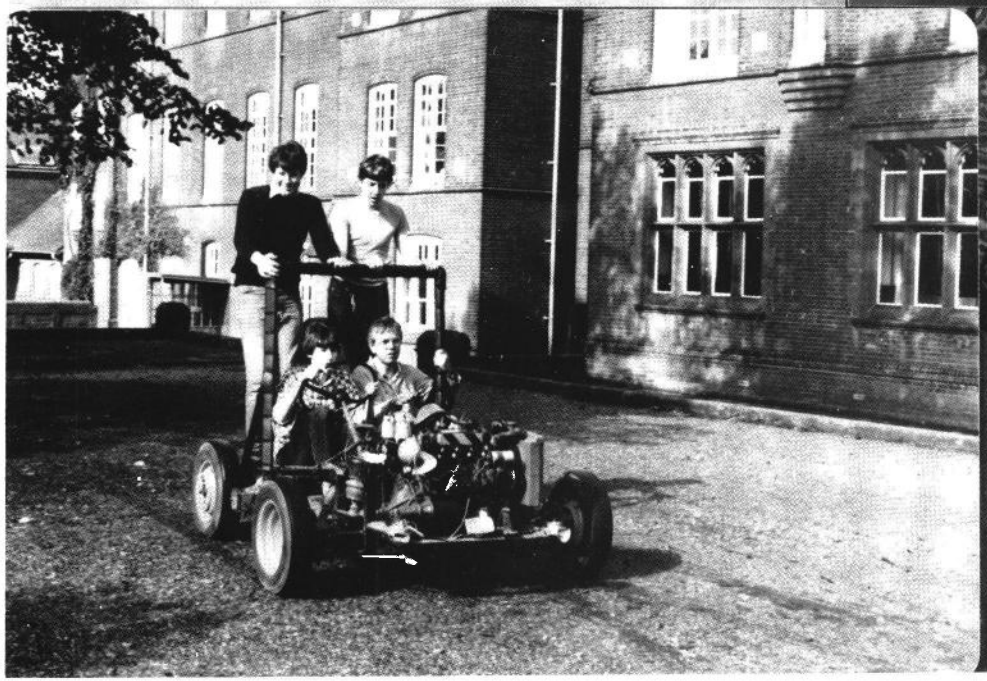




FRANK'S PAGE









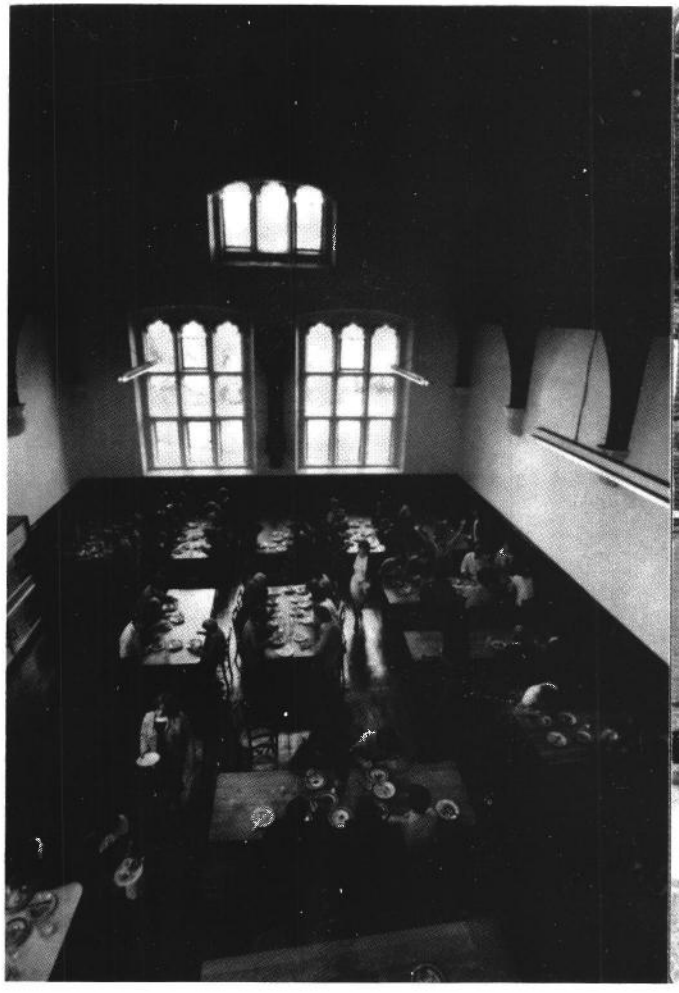
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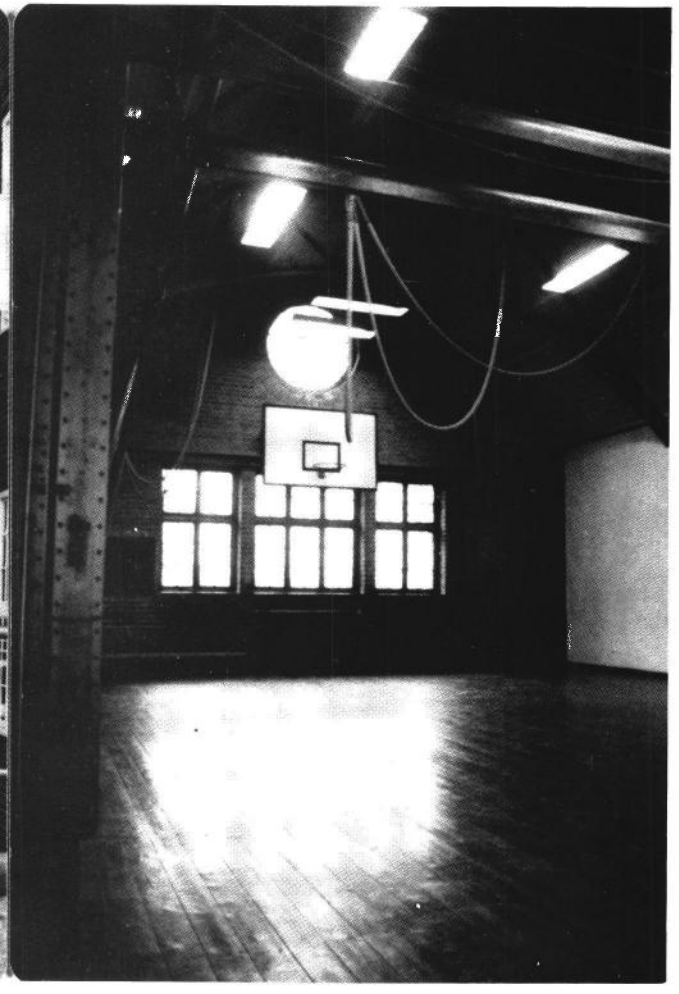




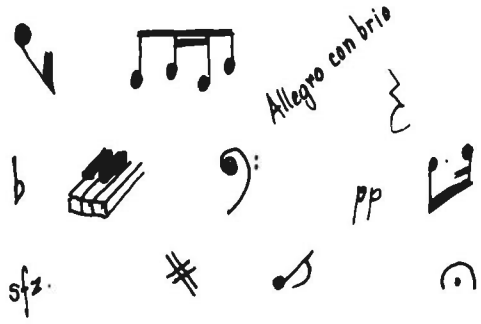
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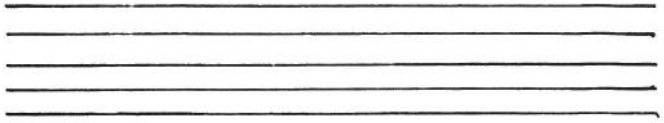






MUSIC







PERFECT CADENCE 5 4 3 · BARITONE · PERCUSSION · RECORD PLAYERS · ANALYSIS · CRAMP · MOZART'S 40TH SYMPHONY IN G MINOR · RETURN PRACCY? HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS FAIR · GET IT UP ALTOS · WHAT ARE THE FIRST YEAR DOING? EXAMS · CONCERTS · COMBINATIONS · PREP · BE QUIET · NOISE · SOUND PROOFINGS? DON'T MENTION WRITING TABLETS OR TIMPS! WHERE'S MR DODGE? NOT THERE? WHO'S CHECKING?

THE FSSW MUSICAL OFFERING.

The year has been a very busy one, with many concerts in and away from school.

During the summer term, when music is at its lowest ebb, the 'O' level group attended a lecture and a performance of the Bartok concerto for orchestra. A concert in Evening Meeting showed the rest of the school what we musicians had been up to during the previous term, and also showed what some had not done.

A week of assemblies given by the 62 of 1982-3 will always remind us of those memorable 'silences' of Stockhausen. . .!

A wonderful version of 'Smike' produced by Jocelyn Howell (Joss to her friends), with a perfect Smike acted by Justin Cleveland-Peck. Even the loss of a voice did not stop them, as even Alex Everitt managed to sing by himself.

The Christmas term, with its many carol concerts, is always busy. The recital by the David Owen Norris Piano Trio and the Canonbury Ensemble started off the many and various 'odes' to the New Music School, which opened, in all its unfinished glory, (just as Schubert did) on Open Day the following week.

The extensive move was made during half-term and a completely new life started. A life of complaints to 'always busy' Edward Dodge, moans to 'ever-patient' Mary Mileson and interruptions of our practices due to sound-proofing – or rather the lack of it. Many things have been done about this: blankets and fibre glass on the walls and lead in the doors.

The sixth-form lecture, given by the Emmanuel College Choir was wonderful and they all enjoyed themselves immensely, just as those who were listening did, with their versions of 'Moon River', 'Michelle' and, especially, 'In the Mood'.





Richard Sturge's Evening Meeting brought all the older generation back to their childhood with the playing of the Coronation Music on what seemed to be the original record.

Once we were well into December all the usual (and monotonously boring) carol services began with the Small Choir concert in Hempstead Church and ended with the usual Evening Meeting, in which the crescendo of 'O come, all ye faithful' was as powerful as ever.

At the beginning of the Spring Term the pianos were finally tuned, so that all those musical ears could be relieved of their cotton wool and ear muffs.

The next musical Evening Meeting was taken by Susan Hembry and Stephen Dunstone, with music for flute and piano. The light-hearted "No watches bleeping at seven o'clock, please!" was not all in vain.

A fortnight later the film 'African Sanctus' brought a varied response, with affection from some and laughs from others (who obviously did not understand the full meaning).

All in all, the year since last year's 'Messiah' has been busy (with many informal concerts). The end, as last year, is a concert (two, even) by the large choir. This time it is at school and this time it is the Brahms 'Requiem'. The perfect finale to an adventurous concerto.

Clare Jardine.5Y





DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

Having received their Gold Award badges at a County Ceremony in January, Martin Alley, Owen Claxton and Jonathan Woods are now awaiting their call to Buckingham Palace to receive their certificates from Prince Philip himself. This will be the somewhat-delayed climax to two years of work, begun when they first entered the Sixth Form.

During this time, amongst many other activities, Martin helped with an archeological dig; Owen taught handicapped people to swim and Jonathan looked after the finances of the School's Ockenden Venture sponsorship and spent some time at the Ockenden Community in Surrey.

Jonathan combined his qualifying expedition with his B.S.E.S. adventures in Greenland and, together with loyal camp-follower Nick Brown, joined Martin and Owen for their final expedition.

The 'wild country' chosen was Exmoor. The trek began at Porlock and then followed a circuitous route to Dunkery Beacon, the highest point on the moor, Simonsbath, 'Lorna Doone country' near Malmesmead and back to Porlock.

Extracts from the log capture the flavour of the expedition:—

Day 1 10.08.
With the chirping of grasshoppers on either side of us and the sun largely shaded, we came across some deer. (At least the first three did: the fourth, who was trying to keep the log, arrived too late.) We kept along the side of a steep-sided valley (1:2 — 1:1), along a peaty path with very little vegetation other than the fir trees.

Day 2 09.21.
Rucksacks on, and off we go. There is a good view across the valley below the level of the cloud which obscures the hill-tops. Weather: 8 octaves of cloud — stratus, nimbo-stratus — light rain with a mild breeze.

Duke of Edinburgh Award (cont)

10.12.
Onto path through moor. All rather wet and a little cold but sound. Through heather on moor. Many different plants were seen, including tormentil, sphagnum moss, polytrichum and bell heather.

17.50
(At Winstitchen Farm). Our wet boots and socks were taken into the farmhouse and dried on the radiators.

18.20
Supper: beef risotto followed by fruit, drink and biscuits.

19.50
Bed.

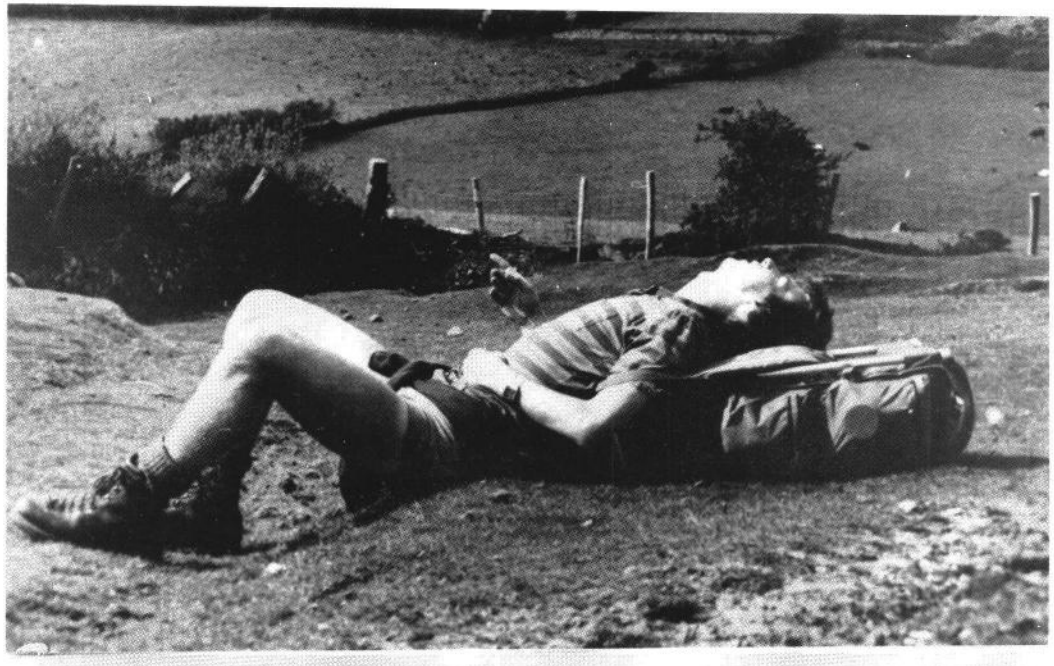
Meanwhile, back in Saffron Walden, Alison Birch has joined the Royal Observer Corps and has been on duty at their post at Linton.

Karina Bailey, Liz Clayfield, Carole Pugh and Helen Whittington chose Thetford Forest for their Preliminary Silver Expedition. Wendrie Carn, who was prevented by injury from joining them, has been helping elderly people in the town.

A number of 4th year students have now joined the scheme at Bronze Level and are beginning to see what is involved in making constructive use of leisure time.

J.R.W.







LA COÛME '83.

(In which one survivor, J.D., interviews another survivor, Honest Mat Foreman).

J.D. The editor thought, Matthew, that an interview would be best for this slot this time. Out of the thirty or so nutty characters who made this trip, you have been chosen as the nuttiest.

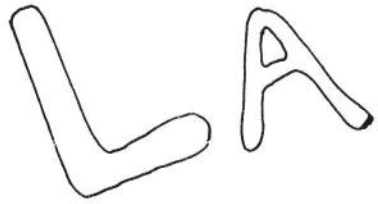
M.F. Who by?

J.D. The other twenty nine! I have also been asked, for the sake of new readers, to make sure you say something about La Coûme and its history. Could you start with that?

M.F. Denby held some meetings before we went. He told us that La Coûme was a small school in the South of France and that each year, at the end of the Summer term, twenty to thirty scholars and staff from F.S.S.W. travel there to work with their staff on projects such as the roofing, painting and general tidying-up we did this time. We were also told that there would be some sightseeing, including a trip to Andorra.

One evening, when there, we saw some slides and listened to a commentary on the origins of the school. In the 1930's, Pitt and Yvès Krűger left Germany, Pitt having fallen foul of the Nazis because of his views about the German education system. They settled in France, eventually at La Coûme. Pitt was forced to flee into the mountains when the Germans invaded the country but had to give himself up when his wife and child were threatened with imprisonment in Germany. He was sent to a concentration camp. During his absence, Yves started a school. It was thought that Pitt had not survived but one day, to the astonishment and joy of his friends and family, he walked up the drive. Pitt, Yvès and the school have been there ever since and are remembered with warmth by many old scholars of Friends' School. It was Kenneth Nicholson who forged the original link with them. Denby and Carolyn Allen and family have been largely responsible for maintaining it.

J.D. What did you think about La Coûme before you knew all this?



M.F. It was just a place where old scholars went in the summer and I read about it in the school mag. When I knew I was going, I looked forward to Andorran pipe tobacco and a fitting climax to seven nutty and enthralling years at F.S.S.W.

J.D. What did you think you could offer to La Coûme?

M.F. The huge "Nutty" badge, brute force and ignorance, a boost for the Andorran economy and "that of God in all men".

J.D. Looking back, did your wishes come true? Did you succeed?





COÛME

M.F. The Andorran tobacco was dreadful but I did boost the economy because bought in bulk (then had to throw it all away: Karin said that I smelt). We forgot the huge "nutty" badge but I think the French understood something about "Nutty" by the end. My brute force helped to shift a boulder. I'm still fairly ignorant but I gave and I received.

J.D. What was your best experience at La Coume?

M.F. Putting a huge pile of bricks in front of your and Carey's front door at the dead of night and watching you come out in the morning.

J.D. Break out! What was your worst experience?

M.F. Camping next to a railway line on the last night of the trip back. Quite apart from the noise, a storm soaked our tent and us. I ended up digging a ditch round a sopping tent, sopping sleeping bags and clothes. Futile!

J.D. Other memories?

M.F. Denby and Carolyn's greenmobile (it's last trip?), the Whitmobile (voted the 'most luxurious van'), Carcassonne, when thousands of French people on their 'Bastille Night' watched 'Ze Eengleesh" from F.S.S.W. take over the stage and dance the night away alongside the band. Adrian (Allen) cutting his foot twice! Solid, reliable Jonathan W. My rendering of "With God on Your Side" being cut short by Jo Baddeley's fall. The Ghandi sketch with me as the Mahatma. My Year's last trip all together. Shall I cry now?

J.D. Not just yet.

M.F. What about you? What did you think of La Coume?

J.D. This was my third trip so, obviously, I enjoyed the first two enough to go again and it was just as good this time, possibly more nutty. I think the times when we all (French and English) sit round the tables after supper and sing are when I am most moved. There's the work, relaxation and the journey from England and back, but most of all I value the friendship of La Coume when we all meet, work with each other and care about each other. Somehow the harmonies of the songs, be they French or English, seem to contain the essence of such friendship. It's certainly the best educational trip I've been on.

M.F. Me too.





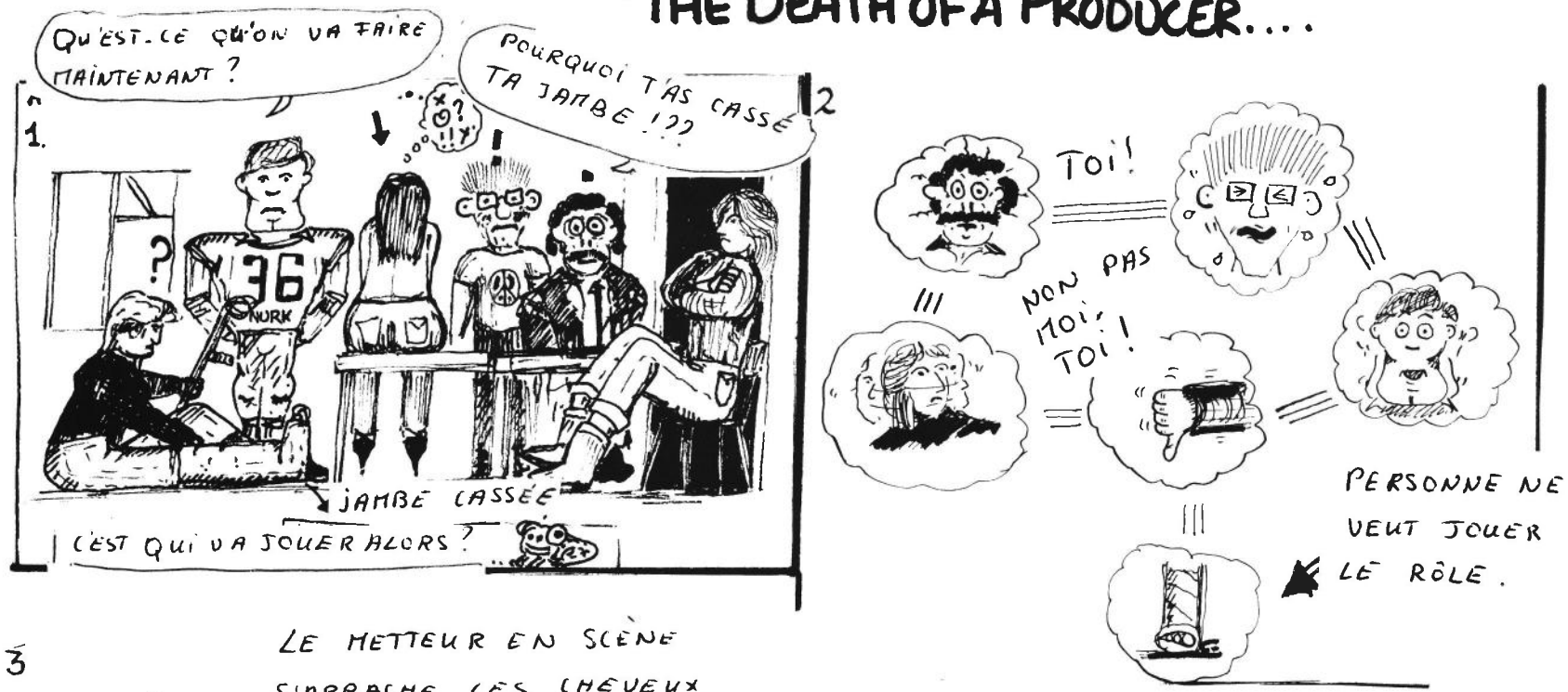
MUCH ADO — about something!





THE DEATH OF A PRODUCER....

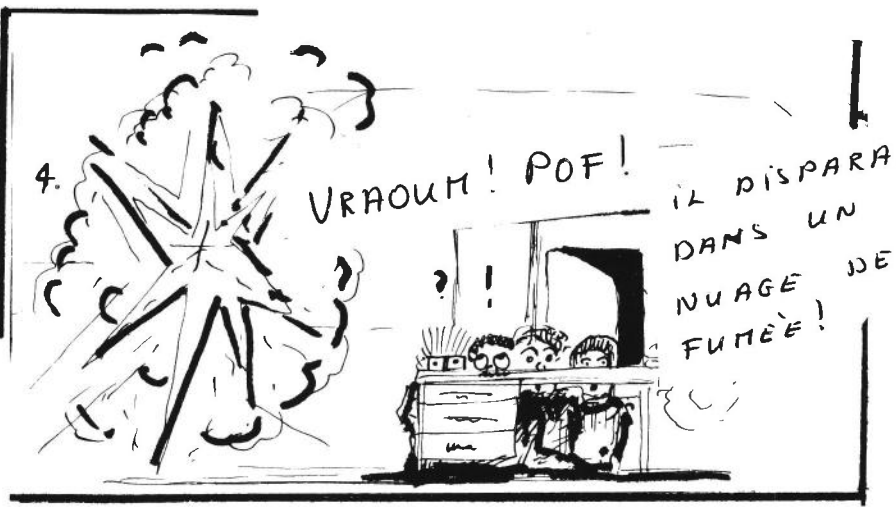
DESTIN TRAGIQUE



3

LE METTEUR EN SCÈNE S'ARRACHE LES CHEVEUX DE DESESPOIR







6.



LES ACTEURS ONT PLACÉ UN AVIS DE RECHERCHE SUR CE PANNEAU D'AFFICHAGE ON NE L'AVAIT TOUJOURS PAS TROUVÉ QUAND.....

9.



EN SON HONNEUR LES ACTEURS DÉCIDENT DE JOUER LA PIÈCE ET TROUVENT UN REMPLAÇANT POUR LE RÔLE !

7

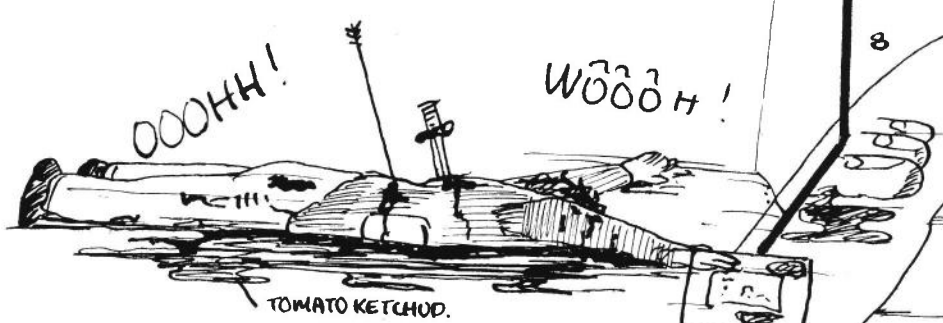
BEURK !!!

AHHH!

BÊH !

OOOHH!

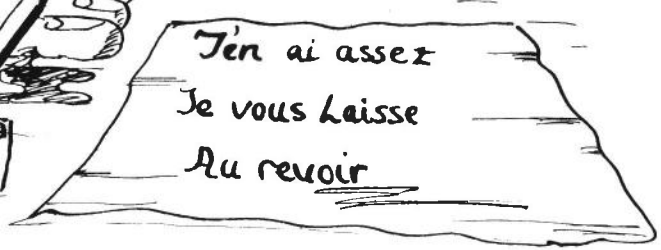
WÔÔÔH !



ON LE DÉCOUVRIT DANS UNE SALLE D'ÉTUDE, SAUVAGEMENT ASSASSINÉ ! (ENFIN, ON LE PENSAIT !)

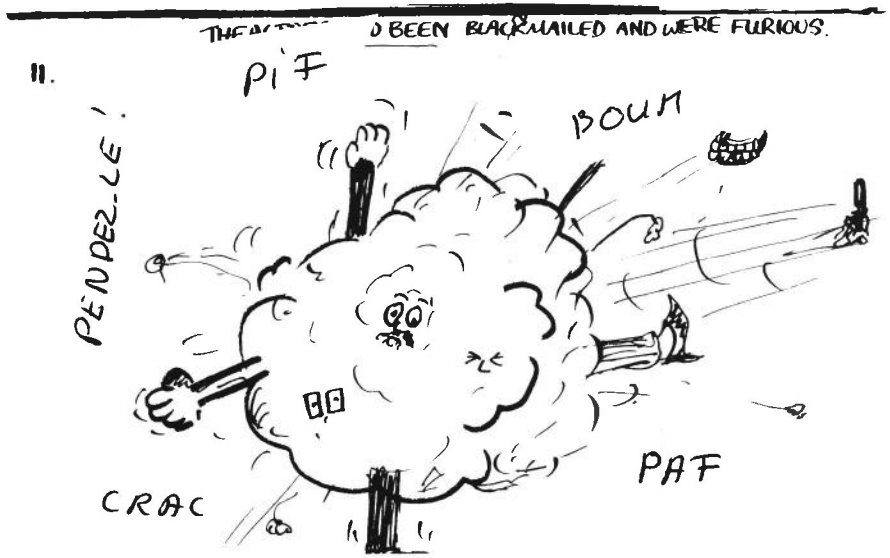
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ON TROUVA UN MESSAGE ....

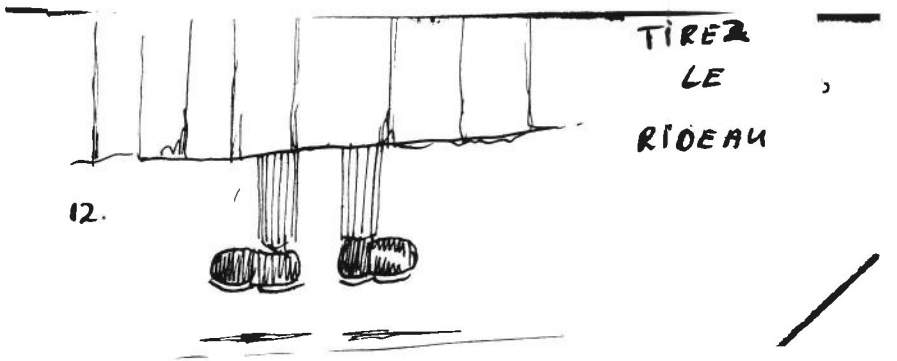


P.T.O. →





LES ACTEURS SONT FURIEUX....



SHAKESPEARE C'AVAIT-IL PREVU AINSI?!

THE FIN
END

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By H.V.T
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DE C.E.M.
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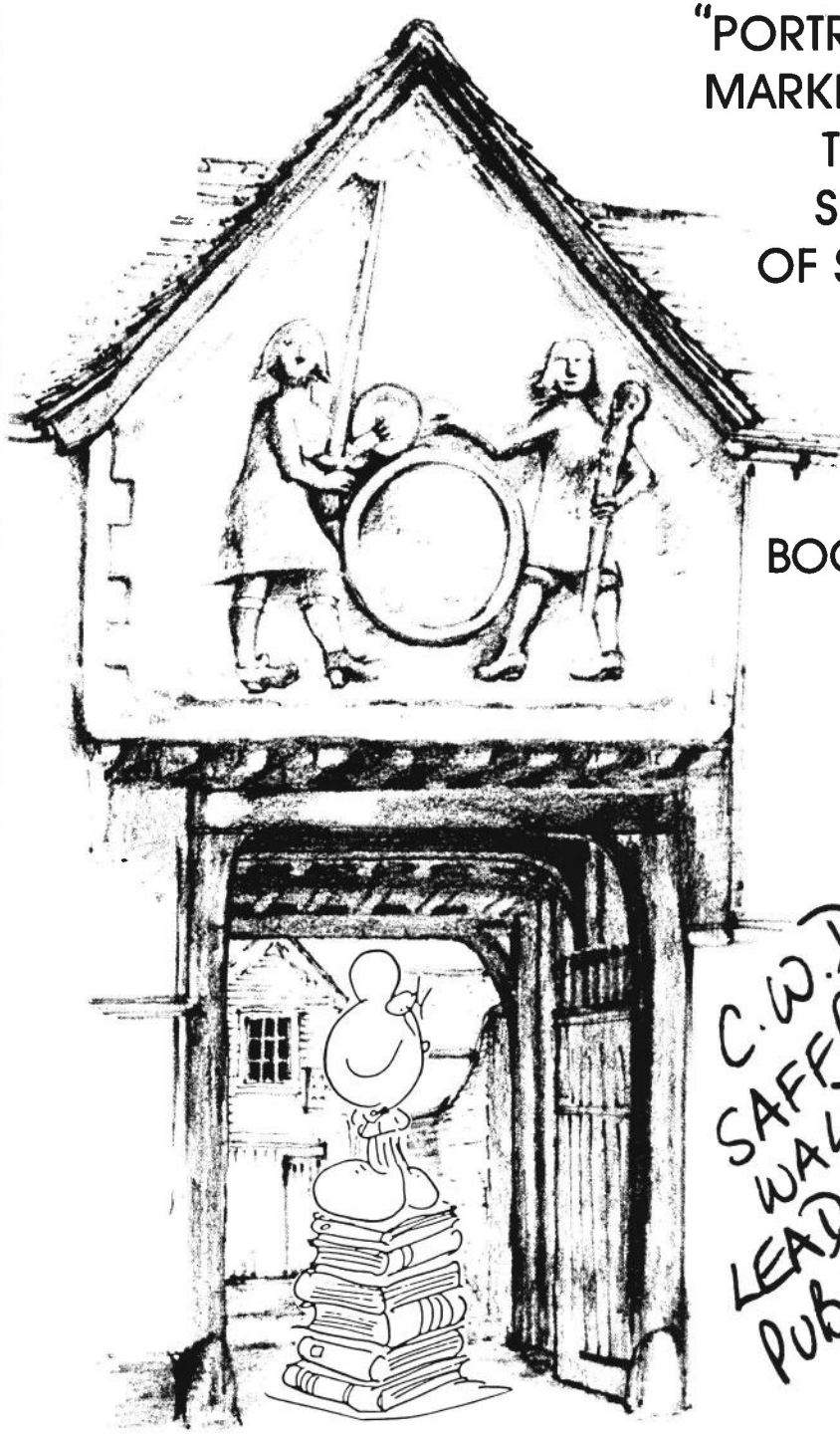
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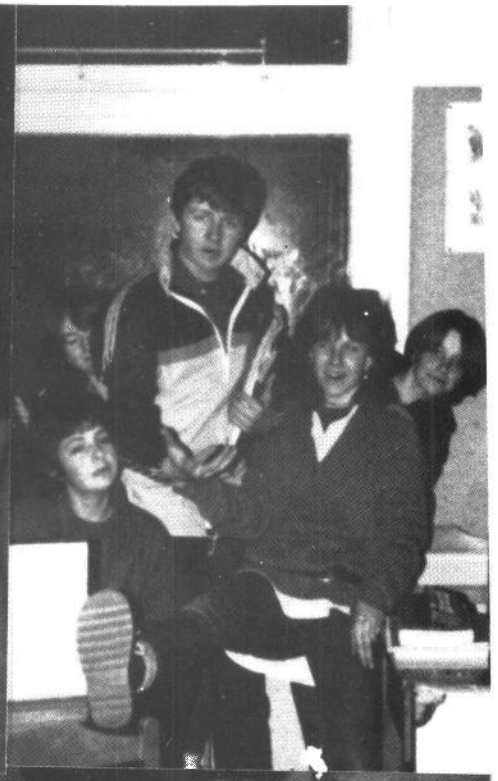
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BARCLAYS

Kate's Page













Piccadilly Line

Focal point and dark perspective,
Tube line rattles on in space.
All alone in mood reflective
Squashed with millions face to face.
Rush hour thoughts intense and lonely,
Pondering the day, but only
Finding shades of silk and lace.

Morning passed with painted image,
Pale exquisite, tiny neat.
Then with costume's distant visage
Trace the past on modern feet.
Would I like the Twenties beauty,
Better still Victorian duty
Or the Regency elite?

Decadence or gracious living,
Furs that must have cost the earth.
Comradeship is taking, giving,
More than silk and diamond's worth.
Leisured rest in leather settle
Shop assistants on their mettle
Merits your superior birth.

Tube admits of no diversion
Travels straight and travels true.
Past and present's joint assertion
That the future lies with you.
Yours is victory, you the winner.
Neither saint nor yet a sinner.
Tube line murmurs its adieux.

ABC.



LOST

"Lost in the laundry", is the constant cry,
"Is it named and numbered?" I reply,
"Yes, and they were new last week",
So around Friends' School I begin to seek,
Girls' Jeans, Boys' Jeans all look the same,
But they wouldn't be lost if they did have a name!

Home for the weekend, back with gifts new.
You know who to see and what to do.
Matrons will willingly name your clothes,
Things you wear on your back and your toes.
You know my answer is always the same,
It wouldn't be lost if it did have a name!

"You know my shirt", they always say,
"You saw me in it the other day."
I see dozens of shirts in that shade of blue,
How can I tell which belongs to you?
So give me a treat, give all clothes a name,
Then if they get lost, I'll take the blame.

Marion Crawley.

SPORTS REPORT (UNDER 15) 1983.

23rd September 1983. . .Chris Smith heard whispering to J.D. "It's going to be a bad season".

As usual, we started the season with people telling us that we were going to lose all our games. But, being a cool, capable, resourceful and, at times, skilful side, we put this news behind us and played the game of football.

Our side was made up of ten classic players and one wally. Marc France, our goalkeeper, played an exceptional season except when it came to collecting back-passes – which he called for and then promptly evaded.

The back four was where the sheer tactics and brainpower of the team lay:–

Ben Morbey – the mere mention of his name is enough. Throughout the season he. . . .Oh well, forget it!

Robert Riley showed great ability in kicking for touch.

Richard Edwards showed amazing coordination in the way he ran and kept his head very calmly when others would have thrown it away in disgust.

Simon Beard's falsetto voice rang out in every match and we owe him a great deal of respect for it.

The midfield was a case of all our eggs in one basket, or, alternatively, all our baskets in one egg.

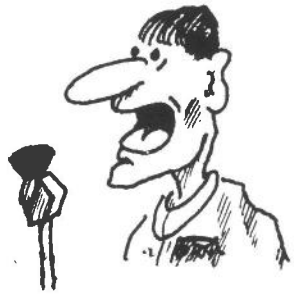
Gabriel Miller was as often in puni as on the field and he supplied our pre-match entertainment in the coach to away matches.

Mark Holmes, the centre of the midfield and our lord and master captain when Giles wasn't playing, played remarkably well under the emotional stress of his relationship with. . . .

Giles Ecclestone got behind us many a time and helped us to many a victory.

In the forward line there was Stephen Semaganda on the left wing, a player's Player, a true professional and the scorer of 15 goals – obviously the most skilful member of the team.

Phil Young used his large and capable head to give us the advantage of 13 goals.



Taco Mesdag showed us that even with an I.Q. of 3 it was possible to score 4 goals from the right wing.

Thanks go to Nick Greenall who proved that the duracell advertisement was not a fake, to Kofi Arkaah, Matt Parker, Gary Millbery and to Oliver Hartley who played in at least 2½ games. Although his goal average was quite low, he helped the team in many ways . . . .

Thanks to our team manager, J.D., to John Foley for showing that even if we can't play football, our pitches are better than theirs. Also, thanks to all those I haven't mentioned and should have. .

Statistics:– Played 8, Won 7, Lost 1 (the last match).

Oliver Hartley 4X.

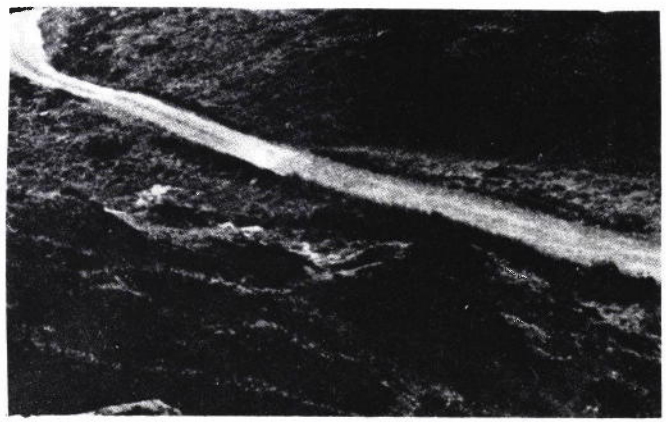


NOT THE UNDER 15 XVI !

Essay: How I spent my Summer Holiday

If I told you the truth, you'd laugh. Or take it as confirmation of my eccentricity. Perhaps impressions of Salisbury would serve instead. The dominating cathedral hunched ready to spring on an unwary visitor, bringing consciousness of more than human grandeur. Evensong, a solemn adieu to the day, made joyful by the grimace of the chorister who caught my eye and was hungry for his supper. A slow walk back, punctuated by honeysuckle and lavender tugging at my senses and the gentle warmth of clear evening sun, purer than London. The villages, full of coveted cottages and elegant abodes, some thatched and low, others bricked and slender. The traditional rose grew either side of archetypal porch. What seems stylised when read about is real and comforting when experienced. But the hills were best; the psalmist was true. To walk to the top and feel the troubles unknot and the worries unravel as the muscles extend and shake themselves like reluctant kittens leaving the winter rug. To see the quilted landscape, stretched around, yet close enough to feel possessive. This view is mine, mine alone. No other walker to share or divide the spoils. Some harvested fields in proud and fruitful red, others still in diffident golden, awaiting the combine. The green of autumn sheep and docile, (I hope I have to pass through them) cows. To revel in the random perfection of the farmlands, still with tall trees surrounded at the roots by slow and sheltering livestock. And then to withdraw yet further in time. Away from the Medieval order of church and village, the eternal progress of agriculture. Back to the black and red and muddled times before the Romans sorted us out. An iron age hill fort proud upon its eminence. Not lonely, for it suffers many visitors from then and now. Why build a fort so far away, my hot and nettled legs demand? Far away from what? Perhaps it was nearer then — closer to the enemy. Imagination fills the wooded fort with dwellers, denudes it of its modern forestation. Smelly, noisy, inconvenient — no running water except rain through the hole in the roof, — no Sainsburys for quick snacks. The men, vivid in matted rugs it seems, yet ready for the fight, blades sharpened and prepared, named for luck or victory. Golden hair flowing in joy at the approaching battle. Necessity not inclination drove them to the conflict — cattle and women stolen, fields to claim. But banquets after battle — mead flowing, probably out of drunken and negligent goblets or horns. Rings given as in Beowulf. The hall resounding to the calls of triumph and echoed by their fellows in Valhalla. The past is home to me. At length, and length it was the shadows told me, I brought my feet from the sandled then to the booted now and started back the long way home. Never mind. The past is always there. But not as clear — now I am released from anxiety, then it will be work. The sun, as always, works its miracles of warming soul as well as body. My hair is tinder dry and brittle as straw though not yet straw coloured worst luck. A prosaic pub and common carriage-way complete the recall. My blisters tell me I am home.

A.J.C.



THE END OF AN ERA

It was a good year to remember — they were all good years, really — and now it is all over. I can still relive the exciting moments and take out cherished memories as evidence of my extended family, which has now finally left home. Now that Croydon is so unnaturally quiet, it is hard to imagine the bedlam that drove Tessa and me out of what remained of our minds. Janna's incorrigible way of contacting people with a penetrating shout that could reach Mars. It was rivalled only by Dudu in a more-than usually ecstatic moment. There was the mouse-like quality of Vicky and Fiona — until the lights went out, that is.

As well as powerful sound, there was also powerful light — the sheer brilliance of Sohpie's smile and the dazzling array of garments in Alex's wardrobe. Mature control was contributed by Heather and Louise and youthful Joie de Vivre by Lucy. Julie was a bountiful mother hen while Carmen lived up to her name and was a song of joy indeed. I don't know whether I shall remember Charlotte's noodles or her piano-playing longer, but certainly Vashti's delicious sense of fun will long live with me. And what of our prefects, those paragons of virtue, Catherine and Claire, shepherding the girls and me with eternal patience and tender care?

What times we had — the Christmas party with presents and mince pies flying in all directions, the deportment classes along the corridor, supper-times like feeding-time at the zoo, the daily tasks of tidying, returned practices and hockey matches to share. Like all families we had our quarrels, but we all loved each other really — Tessa and Tykes, Prudence and me, the prefects, the girls — even the cockroaches.

Now that era is over. Next autumn, with luck, Croydon will be home for the sixth form. I'm sure that the ghosts of Croydon past will haunt the new inhabitants, but I'm equally sure that they will be benign and loving ones.

A.J.C.

CHARLEY'S AUNT

'Charley's Aunt' made us a form. The realisation gradually dawned that we couldn't present a play as individuals: we had to become a team. Despite the fact that fear and panic only really materialised at the dress rehearsal, the amount of adrenalin that was flowing throughout the form was evident during the two days before the first performance.

We had the least time ever (about a week!). We did it! Various rooms all over the school were stripped of their paintings and furniture – to such an extent that the first laughs in the play were from members of staff realising whence such items came!

Our "without whom" department was vast. I think you all know who you were. Thank you!

It's all been said before, but it can be well said again: such a situation as a form play really brings out a "certain something" from its members and it becomes evident which members want the form to win.

Liz Woods 61X



SIXTH FORM STUDY GROUP TO THE E.E.C. IN BRUSSELS. APRIL 1984

This sixth-form study group, comprising pupils from Saffron Walden, Bootham, The Mount, St. Christopher and Sidcot, gradually threw off all initial diffidence as the week wore on, resulting in the exchange of addresses and a general desire for the trip to continue.

The visits to the institutions of the European Economic Community were arranged from Quaker House in Brussels. We spent some considerable time at Quaker House, meeting Belgian Friends and hearing how the Quaker Council for European Affairs (QCEA) is involved in the EEC.

As the week progressed, the confusing collaboration of institutions involved in the EEC began to become clearer. A simple summary of how each is linked with the other is probably the best way to represent this.

The European Commission prepares a draft for the Council of Ministers which refers it to the European Parliament and the Economic and Social Committee – whose resolutions go to and are passed back to the Council of Ministers.

We also visited the UK Delegation – representing the political link between the countries within the Community; the Council of Europe – dealing with inter-governmental affairs, such as protection and development of human rights and the facilitation of access to justice for the individual; and NATO – whose chaotic and disorganised cafeteria could be taken as a reflection of its mentality!

The trip was, I think, enjoyed by all, I, certainly, returned much wiser on the affairs and institutions of the EEC, with many more concrete views on the Community as a whole.

Liz Woods 61Y

MERCY FROM THE POND.

Should I admit to what happened on that fatal, celubrious night of more than a year ago? If you read on you will learn of unbelievable horror, complete and ultimate exhaustion, fear, fight for honour, dignity and womanhood. (well it sounds good).

It was just before Christmas, black as a hole in the night, the field was swimming with mud, it was about 2° C and drizzling at the time. (my blood was considerably hotter by the time we'd finished.) My brain refuses to remember what happened in the correct order; it shuts off – as it might do after a horrific car accident – but certain things I shall never forget.

I'm not sure why it started, but what had been a peaceful prep erupted into a shaving cream and water fight, with everybody (even the most gentle) dripping and iced with white. All were gasping for breath. Someone shouted "Let's get her" . . .and I was dragged, pulled, thrown and carried by most of the males in our year. But I wasn't going to make it easy for them. In the course of the struggle, my necklace was broken but some counter-attacks went home.

Screaming, yelling and charging across the field with deafening war cries, the heroines of our story arrived in the nick of time to effect my rescue. They punched, kicked and fought with courage and determination: the lads fled like flies. At last I could breathe a sigh of relief. Most of the girls went over to Hillcroft to scrape off the mud whilst I went up-stairs to mop the shaving-creamed floor. Fatal mistake! Having finished, I proceeded, with delighted intention, towards a nice hot bath. I squelched down the stairs, opened the door to the boys' playroom and heard a slam. BANG! I was trapped! I ran from one door to another but the circle was growing ever smaller. I pleaded for mercy, tried running again, cried H. .E. .L. .P– but all to no avail. I battled on, kicking and hitting out wildly but I was being lifted and dragged ever nearer the pond. My energy was draining away, I let out my last cry for help and hung on to the arms of the two brutes who administered the final push into the. . .

SLIMEY, ICY, STINKING,. . POND. I do not recommend it. YUK.

P.S. The Biology Department will be very pleased to know that, having been to various sixth-form lectures, we appreciate ecology more fully than we did before and will not, again try to imitate the tadpoles.

The photograph was taken after the first slide across the field but before the dunking.

Julia McDade 62Y



WHY GET UPSET?

Coming to Friends School you learn to laugh over the most serious things.

A micro drama in 61. This was between Tall and Medium. Tall, though he needs to get a maximum of attention from the girls, is not always successful. On seeing a bottle of tea leaves (sweet-smelling) he decided to pour it over Medium's books as a way of gaining attention. Oh yes, he got attention all right and a bit more.

As a new-comer to F.S.S.W., Medium got upse and decided to reply in kind – all over Tall's desk Tall's answer to that was to sprinkle them not onl in Medium's desk but also in his drawers, penci cases, between books etc.

The idea came up: WHY GET UPSET? Why no get some fun out of your mishaps? Medium though briefly about how to apply this: "if I get the te why shouldn't Tall get the milk and sugar?"; so bottle of milk from yesteryear, with sugar added was poured into Tall's box of tissue, thereby making the game fair.



That was the last straw as far as Tall was co cerned. He is so badly in need of callous help fro his friends. He didn't get the chance to laugh la so he didn't laugh best.

Ade. 6

Food for thought!



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