

THE AVENUE

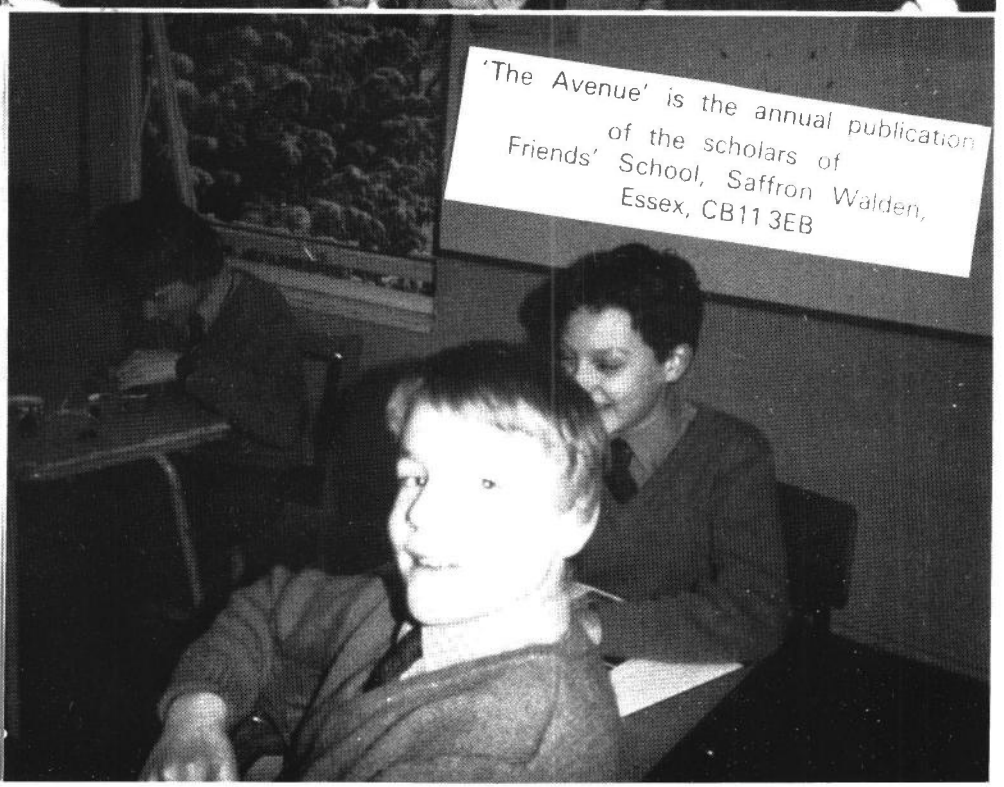
1986


AVENUE '86









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

THE SCHOOL COUNCIL 1964

Minutes of the meeting held on February 9th at 2 p.m. in room 12

1. The Chairman, John Lucas, opened the meeting by outlining the work of the Council, explaining that it is impossible for it to legislate. Mr. Perry suggested that a detailed constitution be drafted.

2. Barbara Burtt and Jenifer Thompson were appointed as secretary.

3. Mr. John introduced a discussion about the school's part in the social work of the town. He referred back to to the school's record of local assistance, naming World Refugee Year and Freedom from Hunger. Personal work, such as sawing wood, helping old people and baby-sitting used to be customary. The staff decided to form a committee to rienstate the school in the life and work of the town. This committee is now handing over responsibility to the School Council. A working sub-committee was appointed, chaired by Jenefer Pleydell and consisting of Jan Hopkins, Jeremy Shearmur, Jenifer Thompson and members of the staff to be chosen from Mr. John, Mr. Gray, M,r. Perry and Miss Lindegaard to keep records of work, cases and volunteers. Notices outlining proposals and asking volunteers to apply in writing will be posted in all form-rooms. It is suggested that work should be done on Sunday afternoons, Half-holidays and other afternoons from 3.30 to 5.15. In cases of emergency people may be withdrawn from games and private study periods. Mr. Gray, Mr. Perry and their tutorial groups are carrying out a survey to find out where and what the need. Service will be rendered in various ways;

   a) Personal service, e.g. reading aloud, shopping, wood-sawing and perhaps decorating and cleaning, though this would be left to competant people.
   b) Help for the physically-handicapped and mental defectives.
   c) Assistance to authorities such as traffic wardens, sanitary inspectors and help with mass-vaccination.
   d) Assistance for Freedom from Hunger, W.V.S., Toc H, Rotary Club and the Round Table.

The Chairman thanked Mr. John.

4. Proposals.

i) That more activities be arranged for Sundays.
This was introduced by Andrew Hindle who suggested organised games. Suggestions were put forward that there should be a Summer Rambling Club and also that a Television be made available. The Chairman moved that discussion be postponed to the following Council Meeting where concrete suggestions might be forwarded by Form Representatives.

ii) That Second Form girls be allowed to go on Sunday afternoon walks.
This was introduced by Ruth Bradley and the suggestion was to be taken to the Heads that these girls in groups of a minimum of four be allowed to go on Sunday walks.
That Fifth and Sixth Form boy's walks should not be compulsory. Jeremy Shearmur introduced this, mentioning the cold and the muddy fields of winter. It was finally decided that the motion be taken to the Heads while the case of younger boys be postponed to the next meeting.

iv) That something be done about school Houses.
This was introduced by Jenefer Pleydell and after a great deal of discussion it was decided that a board showing the progress of the Houses be placed prominently and that House Meetings should be held as soon as possible and also before all House matches for the selection of teams.

v) That school braemars become cheaper and,

vi)that sports jackets should replace the expensive and badly-wearing blazers was referred to the Clothes Committee.

vii) That Third Form boys should have more say in the length of their hair
It was introduced by Charles Hutton who seemed to think it, "Good stuff for covering odd-shaped ears and heads". A promise was given that a mirror would be supplied as heretofore boys have been unable to watch the progress of their haircut. The matter was handed to the Chairman to discuss with Mr. Cadman, as House Master.

viii) That an occasional choice of worship be permitted. Ruth Brand introduced it suggesting that there be a set number of opportunities for elder girls and boys to visit different denominations each term. Mr. Nicholson will put this advocation before the School Committee.

ix) That Third, all Fourth and Fifth Forms be allowed more town leave. After much discussion it was decided that the Heads and staff should examine the leave regulations very carefully, with a view to extending leave possibly to a third day, taking the needs and wants of each form into consideration, and bearing in mind the closing times of the Library (Wednesday).

x) That there be a radio in one of the Second Form form-rooms and that the boys be allowed in the girl's form-room.
This evoked discussion on rooms 3 and 4 and the Junior Library. It was suggested that rooms 3 and 4 be Common-rooms for the Third and Fourth Forms, the tables from room 3 being transported to the Junior Library where silence would be enforced. A sub-committee was appointed, consisting of John Miller (Chairman), Ruth Bradley and Jane Garrod, who will see Mr. Whitlow about Junior Library. The original proposal was sent straight to the Heads.

xi) That the Puni room be changed from room 9. The Geography room and room 16 were suggested but there being some insurmountable difficulties, a recommendation that the Puni room be changed around from week to week was forwarded.

xii)That the numbers of day-girls lockers in their cloakroom be increased and that some of those already there be moved to facilitate movement. It was suggested that the Sixth Form girls take the matter personally to the Bursar whilst the Council will bring forth the proposal that something be done.

xiii) That a stamp machine be installed in the front hall alongside the letter-box. Paul McLean informed us that it would cost £7/15/- p.a. to have such a mchine installed but as a small sum is payed for the stamps sold it would be possible for the machine to pay for itself. A strong recommendation was put forward that the motion be carried if it is legally possible.

xiv) That the pianos in the girls' practice rooms be tuned. Miss Ashford sent a message to the effect that the pianos had been tuned at the beginning of term and that she had been warned that the heat would change the tone within a matter of hours. The alterenatives were untuned pianos or unheated rooms. Mr. Evans was appointed to see the Music staff about this important and pressing matter.

xv) That the 'silence after lights out' rule be less rigidly enforced. Charles Hutton introduced the motion and much discussion ensued. The result was a recommendation for a time experiment of twenty minutes, fairly quiet talking after lights out for the First, Second and Third Forms to be given to Mr. Cadman as House-master and his counterpart on the girls' side.

5. It was decided that the next meeting of the term be held on Sunday 8th March at 2 p.m., the place to be specified at a later date, and that visitors should not be invited.

6. John Lucas closed the Meeting.

Jenefer Pleydell

Southern Schools' Pilgrimage

The aim of the Southern Schools' Pilgrimage was not so much to re-trace precisely the activities of the Society of Friends principal founder George Fox, as to visit places strongly connected with him and to learn some of the Society's history.

We set off separately from our schools to Woodbroke College just outside Birmingham. Here we first met up with the other schools, and compressed ourselves into two minibuses. Ariving at Sawley Meeting House at about 3 o'clock on Friday 20th, we first met Kenneth Greaves and his wife Robin who spoke to us there for the first time on the subject of early Quaker history and George Fox's background. We then left to climb Pendle Hill where, despite its local reputation for witches and warlocks, George Fox climbed and had a vision "of a great people to be gathered"' to the north. We encountered no witches, though some of our party were a bit devoid of human appearance upon reaching the top! It was extremely windy, but that did not prevent a couple of readings taking place. Then it was back down again by a different and only marginally less dangerous route for a well-earned snack.

We then left for Yealand Old School, a small building which, as its name suggests, was a school up until the 1920's. This was where we were to stay, some of us upon damp mattresses by dripping windowsills. The following day, we left for a very old Meeting House at Brigflatts and, after a talk by Roger Wilson the warden, the weather gave some indication of what it was about to do next. We waded into the buses which in turn paddled up to Firbank Fell, at the time under the misguided impression that some readings and refreshment might take place there. This was' however, not to be; five minutes egress from the minibuses saw us utterly windblasted, whiplashed and soaked by the rain. Even today, I cannot imagine why we got out, let alone ran up onto a little hill next to Pulpit Rock where our wetness was moistened further. We left to dry out at Preston Patrick Meeting House, admist sandwiches and clouds of steam. Upon returning to base, some of us — notably the drier ones — went to Lancaster.

On Sunday, we first of all joined the Friends at Yealand in Meeting for Worship before leaving for Swarthmoor Hall, a place fabled in Quaker history, and notable in that it became the first legally established Meeting House, under the auspices of Judge Thomas Fell, over 300 years ago. We had lunch there, explored the Hall, and heard a talk by Elfrida Vipont-Foulds, Chairperson of the Northwest 1652 committee and notable Quaker writer. We then went for various walks, near Ulverston on the limestone pavement which I had visited earlier in the year with my geography group for a field trip. It was good to see how it looked when the sun was shining!

The following day, Monday, saw our hurried packing and tidying of the hostel. Over the weekend, friendships had been established and re-established and, after Meeting, lunch and group photos there was an emotional departure from Dr. Johnson House in Birmingham.

Jeremy Gant
October, 1985

BLOCKBUSTERS

In April a group of six of us were asked, out of the blue by a master, to fill in a questionaire. Curiosity drove us to return the sheet along with the most glamorous photograph we could find of ourselves.

Before we knew what was happening we were summoned to an audition in Peterborough where we had to answer questions for the show. We were told that two of us would be picked for the show and, sure enough, the next Monday a telephone call came confirming our hopes — Olly and Andrew were destined to become T.V. stars! We were soon presented with another more personal and friendly questionaire about our hobbies and ambitions, along with an unfriendly, impersonal contract through which we consigned our souls to Central T.V. and accepted that they were not liable if we died on camera.

So it was full of confidence that we journeyed to Nottingham in July for the show to be recorded. We were put up at night in 4 star accommodation, but during the day we saw little of the outside world. We were looked after by officials to make sure we did not leave the hotel or drink alcohol, (but they didn't seem too concerned if we slept!).

We had to wait a week before we actually got on the show as so many people arrived each day and had to leave by a certain date. This meant that the so-called "running order" was changed daily. We saw 25 shows being recorded altogether, and applauded spontaneously when they asked for it! We saw how a T.V. show is really put together and how the host and contestants had to change between shows to make it appear that they were shot on different days.

Both of us had a good time — getting on well with the production team and the other contestants. It was a valuable experience for everyone concerned and no doubt many friendships were formed in the cavalier atmosphere of the studio, green room and dressing rooms.

Andrew Collins 6.2
Oliver Hartley 6.1

Geography Field Trip. March 1986.

With the hopeful idea that when Mr. Ratcliffe said we're going to Ireland and staying at Newtown School we might at least receive decent food and warmth, we set out from Saffron Walden with high spirits (aided with good wishes from Janna Hallet, Nick Frost and Christine Weston.) However, after experiencing kamikaze driving from both Mr. Ratcliffe and Mr. Bowden and suffering eight hours under this mental strain, our preliminary ideas were smashed into pieces by the time we reached Fishguard (West Wales).

The crossing was delayed and our spirits were dampened down even more by the realisation (thanks to the Meteorological Office) that out on the Irish Sea the winds would be between force 8 and 10.

Within ten minutes of leaving the harbour, the familiar signs of sea-sickness were beginning to show and several of us decided that a trip to breathe in fresh sea air wouldn't be a bad idea. In most cases this tactical manouvre worked wonders — although for some poor unfortunate souls the four-hour see-saw journey meant that we kept the Sick Bay Manufacturing Industry well in demand. We all arrived feeling slightly weathered and were welcomed by cold rooms, squeaky beds and dull, grey buildings.

After a memorable breakfast, the mysterious illusions of the surroundings experienced the night before disappeared and we found, in fact, that Waterford and Newtown School were quite attractive places after all. Our mission for the day was to storm the local CBD, tame the natives and find a response to the question "What are your shopping habits?" Sounds simple, hey? This was not so as we soon found out. Whether it was our English accents, Sophie's deodorant or J's eccentric laugh, the Irish people did not respond well to our questioning. Nine out of ten people ignored us completely — moving off like worried hares (or pregnant ducks in some cases) as soon as they were approached. In the end we regarded the replies as quite funny.

"Good morning Sir, I'm from Cambridge doing . . . "

"That's nice, have a good holiday " (and walks off)

However we did come across some more tolerant Irish people who were willing to listen and answer our questions. By the end of the day we had learnt that recently there had been a lot of people on the streets helping for Christian Aid. Local Waterfordians had got the wind up of people with clip boards.



On the second day of our epic adventure, Mr. Ratcliffe decided that, after putting on his Brut 33, he needed to express his macho tendencies and so he and Howard took us for a long walk in the Comeragh Mountains to analyse glacial features. Magic. Anyhow, wearing sophisticated walking boots the nine of us set off at a canter up the grassy slopes towards Coumshingorra (a corrie for the non-geographers).The fact that Kelloggs had supplied us with 12 different vitamins and masses of glucose meant that we sped up the steep gravelly sides at a speed which would have made Steve Cram envious.

However, Sophie obviously didn't have the right kind of batteries — as she suddenly stopped, turning a whiter shade of pale as she realised the potentially hazardous situation she was in. Wearing his husky 501 Levi Jeans, Hayden ran to her and put his spidery arm around her while uttering the soothing words of "Do you want to listen to my Bowie tape darling?" This, of course, did the trick and she was hoisted downhill and recharged by a friendly bottle of Lucozade.

"O K boys and dolls" Mr. Ratcliffe's falsetto voice radiated, "River Study today". Half an hour later, armed with wellies, an orange, a tape measure and, wait for it, a clip board, the seven of us (Howard and Mr. R in the minibus) began the study at the upper course of the river. The measuring of velocity using an orange, provided a great source of amusement as the strong currents entailed a frantic grabbing in the icy waters to regain the forlorn fruit. By the end of the day we were all soaked and, in order to escape the possibility of a cold, the male members of our party (excluding the teachers of course) proceeded to strip to the party line. Amid giggles from the girls we drove back to Newtown School only to be given a once-over by some passing Grannies. Our evening activities ranged from writing up the day's adventures to drinking lemonade and coke down at the Royal Oak.

The fourth day, for a change, was spent watching other people working. We went to see the Waterford Glass factory and the Bell Container Port and rounded off the day by moving house to the Sanatorium where we were blessed with some central heating and a more-hygenic kitchen.

Possibly the most testing ordeal our resident, smiling sadists put us through was the land-use transect. The idea was simple; walk about seven miles plotting land use, relief, vegetation and stuff like that. We divided into groups and set off with bad mops, two slices of bread complementing a piece of Kraft processed cheese and Branston pickle. After the first mile well away from roads, several of our intrepid explorers found that they were totally lost. Impossible, you might think, but in Ireland things seem to be different. In fact, the most resourceful adventurers — Hayden, Sophie and Caroline — realised that they had gone round in circles, going about three miles off course. Whether it was boggy drainage ditches, gorse, brambles, aggressive castrated bulls, unfriendly farmers, blisters, wild dogs, cow pats: the enthusiasm never died and with a will to please our most noble and witty masters, we persevered. The tatics employed by the "resourceful" team to get back on the right track was to hitch lifts while the "practical" team called upon the natives to scrounge cups of tea and friendly advice. Tom and Clare persevered — being mistaken for fox inspectors by one gullible farmer — getting covered in sludge and almost being attacked by a large Alsation. However, by the end of the day, covered in every type of Irish vegetation, we all arrived back safely. We had achieved the impossible, encountered the inevitable and overcome the alien.

Our last day proved to be quite testing as well: Individual Projects. Again the idea seemed to be quite simple but things started to get complicated once they were put into practice. Ideas chosen were a study of the Banks, analysis of the Port, shop-location and how popular the passage East Car Ferry was. We were given the whole day to work on our chosen topic — asking different people related questions. Again, luck was not with us. At about lunchtime it started to pour, so, with a bit of organisation, we all trooped into a greasy cafe to escape the elements.

By the time we reached the school again, at about 4 o'clock, Jane was thee centre of amusement. She had met a six-footer called Gary who worked on the car ferry. We were given a full list of his vital statistics, the fact that he had a large throbbing motorbike and that Jane fancied him. What were our teachers' reactions to this new teenage love, you may ask? Well, Mr. R. giggled-remembering the days when he had fancied Barbra Streisand (or was it Samantha Fox) and Howard just licked his lips.



And as the old saying says 'all good things must come to an end" — and so we packed up the minibus early on Thursday morning and started the journey to Rosslare via the Passage East Car Ferry (Gary wasn't there) to catch the Sealink Ferry. The crossing itself was magical, calm and sunny.

Thus the moral of this story is that when you are choosing your 'A' level subjects, choose Geography.!!

Tom Herbst 6.1 X



A DAY TO REMEMBER

We set off on our six-mile walk,
That's Sophie, Hayden and I,
To note the land use and the hills
As we were passing by.

Two miles on and we were lost.
West we had to be.
In fact the map showed we were heading
South towards the sea.

Passing through a field of cows (???)
With many tugs and pulls,
Soph tried hard to let us know
These 14 cows were bulls!!!

As we turned and ran,
A charge they did commence,
Which way out — a brambled ditch,
Or through a barbed wire fence?

We threw ourselves into the ditch,
And out the other side,
Once the scare was over,
We laughed until we cried.

After lunch (?) — oh what a joke!
We hurriedly set forth,
To ask directions at a farm,
"Which way is the North?"

Back on course with higher hopes
There must have been a flood,
All trapped in a boggy field,
Knee deep in orange mud.

A short cut was decided on
To try to save some face,
But one more hour had passed
And we were in t' same place!

At last we made some progress
By flagging down a car.
He asked, "Where d'you want to go?"
We said "The nearest bar!"

Back at base with time to think,
We really wondered why,
This day had been so hard on US,
That's Sophie, Hayden and I!!

Caroline Stead
6.1 X



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SIXTH FORM SCHOLARSHIP

Marking examination papers is excessively boring: I am indebted, deeply so, to 6.2 (charming and considerate as ever) for making the task this year surprisingly entertaining. My knowledge of English literature was also given a whole new dimension . . . . .

Lucy (Brignall) shared with me the previously undisclosed secret that in "The Duchess of Malfi" . . . "Bosola is the scrape-goat". . . From Nancy, writing about the same play, I learned the invaluable but sinister fact that Bosola returns to Court after "there had been some trouble in the gallows". . . !

Douglas showed appreciation of Chaucer's lively style and made his point with some force. Views expressed in Chaucerian fashion, he felt, "are more enjoyable to the reader than ideas put across in a simple bed-pan manner. . . "!

Megan, a practical young lady anyhow, seemed to feel some irritation both with the soldiers in the Great War and with "the old folks back home." "The soldiers", she complained bitterly, "are cannon-fodder who must go to ridiculous lengths to be killed, with little help from the people at home." What an inconsiderable bunch!

Perhaps, like me, you thought that Wilfred Owen was famous for these two lines of poetry:

"Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army
Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of grey."

Well . . .you're wrong . . . quite wrong.
According to Alamdar the line/lines should read:

"Dawn rising with bared teeth. . ."(Grrrr!)

We return to "The Duchess of Malfi" for the best effort of all — from Chris — who else? With supreme scholarship and sangfroid, he informs us that "the references to 'sick man's urine' and 'physician's whore' are just tasters to what follows . . ."

John Webster would have been proud of him!

6.2 — Many thanks and fond memories. . .

Jenny See

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NON-UNIFORM EXTRAVAGANZA

The first words which perhaps spring to mind when looking back on December 5th 1985 are MAD, MAD, MAD! This major event in the school calendar highlighted most clearly the effect that two years in the illustrious sixth form have had on certain members — namely Vera and Elsie, two of the most helpful cleaners the sixth form has ever produced.

Oh how the school shone on that memorable day — the corridors gleaming evidence of a triple P.S., Miss Weston's door knob free from the sweaty paw-prints of terrified scholars. Yes, the terrible duo 'swept' the school, clasping their "Thunder Toilet Cleaner" which has been proved to be most effective upon certain pupils' behinds, their soggy mops showing to be far better at polishing JCW's shoes than "Stead and Simpson" shoe polish.

Sadly this event is now far back in the misty and nostalgic past and, although Elsie and Vera have vanished into a land of endless tea breaks, their followers, and indeed their ever-growing fan-club, still remain. A movement — a shrine to all fellow cleaners who, in between their tea-breaks, do actually manage to keep our school free from ever-decending sqaulor.

Lastly, we would like to remind the school that if our Oxbridge applications are, for some reason, turned down, we would be more than willing to become full-time scrubbers! Thanks to the two Croydon cleaners who lent us the overalls — and for putting up with us!

Helen Franklin
Sally Loader 6.2



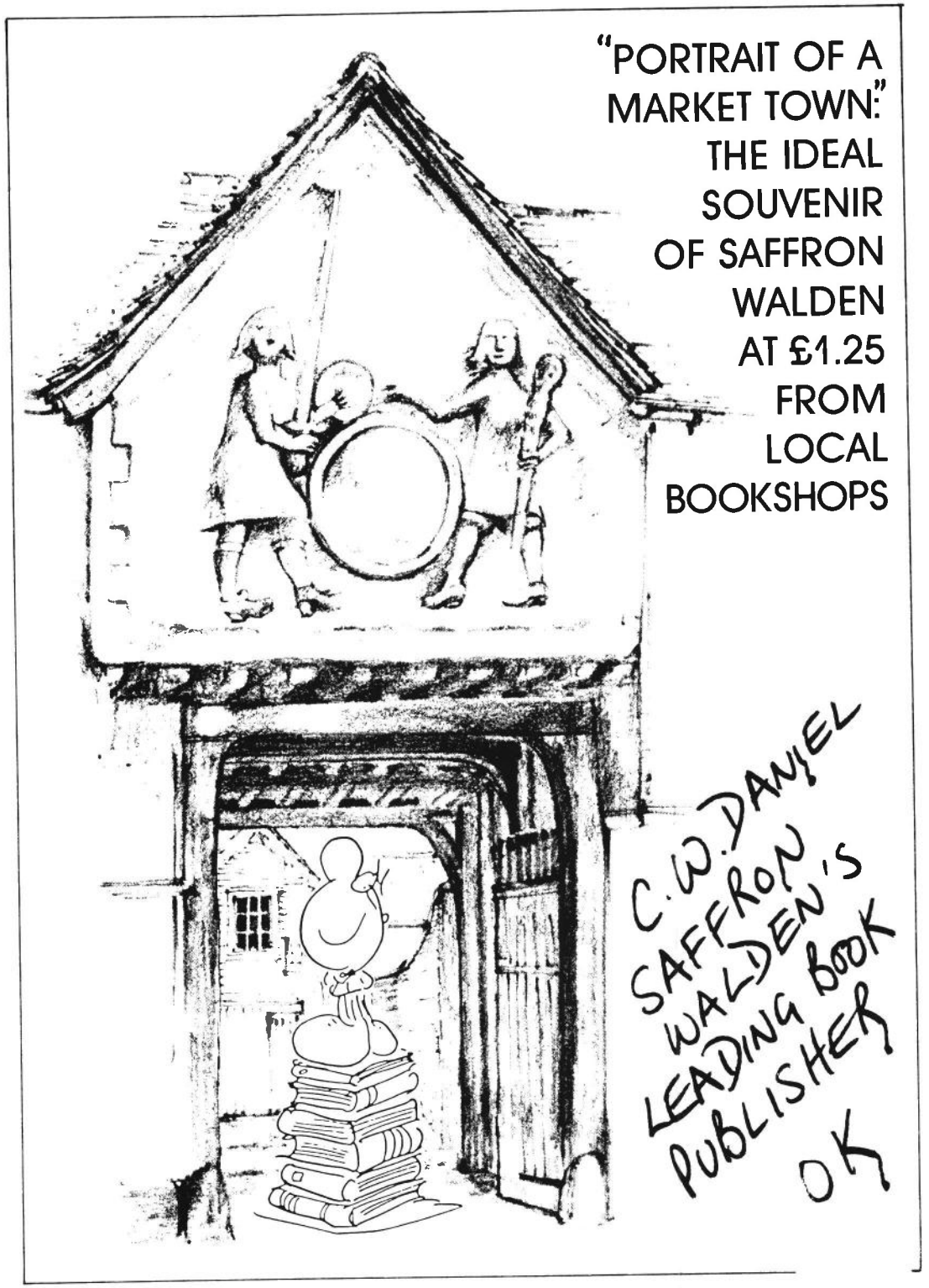
THE DISCUSSION GROUP

Mr. Searle-Barnes really does need a mention in this year's AVENUE. At the beginning of the school year 1984-1985, this brave, valiant new teacher started what he called a sixth form debating club. The first meeting attracted about fifteen bright and intelligent (?) pupils from 6.1. Unfortunately, when some of these intellectuals realised that the discussions were, at times, going to be political or religious, they abandoned ship. Debates, sadly, had to be dropped as nobody was prepared to put forward and argue the motions; also you need people to listen to debates. By the end of the school year the numbers had dwindled to an incredible low of five sturdy members.

The start of the autumn term this year created yet more despondency amongst those of us who were still interested, deepened only by the interruptions of senior lit. meetings held on the same evenings. An inability to drum up any support, enthusiasm or interest among the new 6.1 further helped the sad demise of the group, leaving two faithful and devoted intellectuals.

Is this lack of support and total apathy fair on Mr. Searle-Barnes, a man willing to give up an evening with his newly-wedded wife for the sake of our intellectual growth? The answer to this is NO! The two of us who became the entirety of the group leave this year; without us the discussions will pitifully come to an end. Why not talk to Mr. Searle-Barnes if you are interested in discussing life, politics, religion and whether or not morality is a good thing? RESTART THE GROUP! Come on, 6th form, don't let apathy get you down — even on the pool table.

Meg Nicholls
Helen Franklin 6.2



ESSAY IN RESPONSE TO AN HOURS PUNI ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

The only time that I get nervous or anxious is when I've got a problem. So the best way to relax is to get rid of the problem. The best way to get rid of a problem is to blame someone else and let them worry about it while I can relax.

If I can't find anyone else to blame it's best just to panic. After about five minutes of panicing I've usually forgotten what the problem was anyway so I can just get on with relaxing a bit.

However when the problem is one which cannot be conveniently blamed on someone else or conveniently forgotten about, say if the problem is 'how will I relax', I generally find that writing essays about it dosn't work. At times like these I find it best to use psychology. The argument goes thus; the best way to solve a problem with no apparent answer is to use the problem to solve itself... For example, if my problem is how to relax then the answer would be to think up as many yet untried methods of relaxation as a form of relaxation.

I can't really understand how being tired is a problem though I would have thought that it was pretty obvious that the best way to relax when you're tired is to go to sleep or the nearest equivalent due to the circumstances, should those circumstances be something to do with a lesson.

However when I am anxious the only way I can relax is when I'm eating. In fact I would not be exagerating when I say that the only time I ever eat is when I am worried. This is nothing to worry about in itself though, because I am confident in my ability to be sufficiently anxious enough of the time to stop me from suffering from malnutrition (although cholesterol poisoning is a bit of a problem, which brings me back to my original paragraph).

A.Stoic

LIFE ISN'T FAIR

Life isn't fair
We're not allowed to swear
When our parents are there,
We have to have some care
When they are not there.

Life isn't fair,
Our parents don't let us dare
Do dangerous things.

Our parents do not trust us
To go out anywhere
They do not think
We'll ever get there.

Life isn't getting anywhere
When things are not fair.

Paul Seaman 2X

THE MINIBUS STORY

(or how to fill in an accident report for the Bursar).

1. The other car collided with the minibus without giving warning of its intentions.

2. I thought the side window was open but found that it was shut when I put my head through it.

3. I collided with a stationary truck coming the other way.

4. The lorry backed through my windscreen and hit Kester's face.

5. A pedestrian hit me and disappeared under the minibus.

6. J.D. was all over the road; I had to swerve a number of times befofre I hit him.

7. An invisible car came out from nowhere, hit the minibus and vanished.

8. The pedestrian has no idea in which direction to run so I ran over him.

9. I told the police that I was all right, but on removing my toupee I found I had a fractured skull.

10. To avoid hitting the bumper of the car in front I struck the pedestrian.

Duncan Murray 6.2
Richard Edwards 6.1



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SCHOOL LIFE

I wake up in the mornings,
Feeling very rough,
I put on all my trendy clothes
And all that kind of stuff.

At seven twenty five
I trudge it down the stairs.
Anyone know what's for breakfast?
I don't know, who cares?

Now we're in assembly What a boring time!
The speaker goes on and on
(How do I make this rhyme?)

It's first lesson Monday,
History with Verna Spokes.
Not so much of history,
But laughs and games and jokes.

Finally it's lunchtime,
What 'we suffering today?
I bet it's mashed potatoes,
Just like every other day.

Later on it's prep time,
James Panton mucks around.
He'll get gated on next Wednesday,
If he makes another sound.

It's 9.18 and bed-time,
Another five minutes please,
Sorry I'm already late,
In other words, Hard Cheese.

Come on folks let's dormraid,
It's end of term once more.
We took off all the duvets
And threw them on the floor.

Charlotte Caley 2X.





THE KNIGHT AND THE GORSE

A knight on a horse,
Fell into some gorse
While riding to town one day —
To rescue a maiden from the jaws of a dragon
But the gorse maid him late for the slay!

Ben Kay. 1X

DRAGONS EVERYWHERE

Dragons! Dragons everywhere!
Dial 9-9-9 ! Dumb Belle!
In 1660? There's no phone. . .
A slight mistake. . .well. . .well

Eventually the knights arrived —
Then Dragon — fire they met!
Dumb Belle shrieks, "Call the Fire Brigade!"
Some hope . . . it's not invented yet!

Soon there's only one knight left —
Fearless, bold Sir Dick.
All the other knights have fled
So he does too — and quick!

Eventually the Lord Mayor comes:
The problem's solved at last.
Belle's sent to 1986 —
The dragons to the past

James Dyer. 1X

THE CLISPADRONE

Here is a story of a dragon so bold;
He's known as the Clispadrone, so I've been told.
With his red, shiny scales and boiling hot flame,
When there's been trouble, it's Clispadrone to blame.
Well, this can't go on, enough is enough;
A knight has to be called with his sword and stuff.
Now far away in another land,
A sleek little castle of stone did stand.
And in that castle was a dragon-killing knight,
When I first saw him he gave me a fright.
And inside his armour,
Polished to a gleam,
He looked just like the man for the job, it would seem.
So he mounted his horse, and rode to slay the monster,
Said the Clispadrone, "I think I see an imposter".
The battle,— it started on Friday at noon. Who will win? We shall know quite soon.
The fight went on until it was dusk,
"Oh please Sir Knight win ! You must, you must!"
The fight went on under the moonlight,
Who will win, the Dragon or the Knight?
The fight went on until the next day,
If it doesn't finish soon it will last till next May!
Then suddenly it began to rain,
And this put out the dragon's flame.
The knight took advantage and plunged his sword low —
Then jumped aside with a mighty crow . . .
"The Clispadrone's dead! He's has his day!"
On the field did he the dragon lay.
It's true what he said . . .
The Clispadrone's dead.
There's now no fear, So my poem ends here.

Daniel Webb 1X.

TWENTY TWO EASY WAYS TO TELL IF YOU ARE A COMPLETE NUTTER.

If you . . . .

1. Wear a bow-tie to classes.
2. Wear a short-sleeved shirt in winter.
3. Own stuffed parrots.
4. Listen to David Bowie. (This one is also the downfall of many a sane individual).
5. Spend all your P.Ss playing fatuous card games.
6. Mix a bit of everything from the bottles in the chemi lab, just to see the pretty colours.
7. Have a pet brick called Eric.
8. Play rugby because you insist it keeps you in good shape.
9. Become a member of the swimming team just so you can play water-polo on Thursday.
10. Smoke 10 cigarettes a day and then get worried about carcinogenic chemicals that the teacher uses in chemistry.
11. Sit in the waste-paper basket just because you like the view.
12. Buy a poster in deepest, darkest Wales, bring it safely all the way back to school and then loose it in 6.1 common room.
13. Call all your female students kittens.
14. Spend your spare time memorising the square roots of six-figure numbers just so that you can tell your class what page to turn to.
15. Wear ties that look as if something crawled up you and died.
16. Stand under the boys 5th form dorm window waiting for a bucket of water to fall upon your head.
17. Fail your driving test six times.
18. Go all the way to Leicester just to have your hair cut.
19. Wear a Barbour jacket even though you don't own a Range Rover, are called Henry or even have a pair of green wellies.
20. Wear trendy clothes and still maintain your a hippy.
21. Only just manage to get to assembly on time after 6 years, even though you only live across the road.
22. Consider a fairly small city in West Yorkshire to be the centre of civilisation.

If the answer to any or all of the above is 'Yes', then we can safely say that you are one of the many nutters around today. But don't worry, many a nutter has got on in life.

Andrew Collins Jeremy Tuke 6.2X

LEEDS TOWN HALL — BRAHMS REQUIEM and KODALY PSALMUS HUNGARICUS

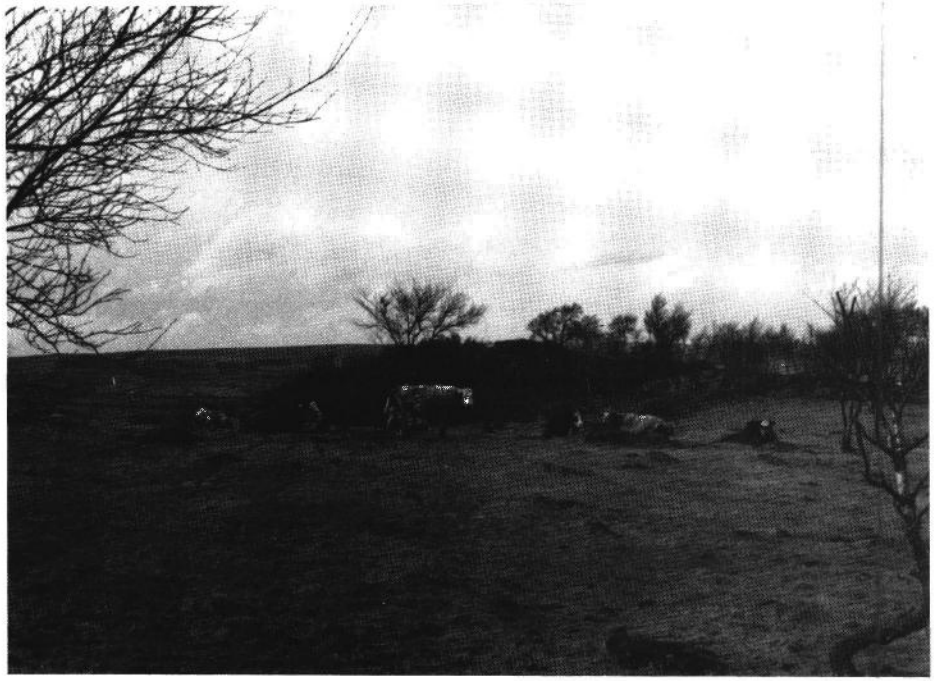
(A trip to "The Capital of the Civilised World" — quote H.P. Bowden)

In March 1983 all the Friends' schools sang the Messiah in Durham Cathedral. This year the choir went up to Ackworth, near Pontefract, to prepare for the concert in Leeds.

Thursday

Our first contact with the natives was when a girl came up to us and said, 'I say chaps, you wouldn't challenge us to a game of rounders would you?" Wanting to please them, we accepted and lost miserably. By now most of the other schools had arrived. The buildings were siad to be seventeenth century and there were acres of land as well. The first rehearsal was only a brief one, one and threequarter hours long, then came our second culture shock — tea, starting and finishing with a silence; unfortunately we did not realsie this and were half way through the food when we found out. The silence was terminated by the headmistress fiddling with the cutlery on the table. On Saturday, with Christian Murphy fiddling with his cutlery, half way through the silence came the immortal words "Don't play with the cutlery please, only I am allowed to do that !".

After tea, another rehearsal and then a DISCO!



Friday

Rehearsal — one and a half hours — coffee — rehearsal one hour — lunch.

After lunch Richard and Mike encountered a temperamental local, age approximately 4 years, on the way to the post office, who followed them grunting and slinging mud at them.

Rehearsal one and a half hours — cabaret rehearsals which went distinctly better than the cabaret, mainly because nobody turned up.

Our contributions were:-

1. The Birdie Song — not too bad.
2. St. Louis Blues — a disaster (but we blame Richard for that).
3. Soheil on piano — liked a lot (Richard Clayderman Vol.II nos. 5 and 6).

Even so we were not the worst. There were offerings such as 'The Foggy Foggy Dew' from Leighton Park and 'There's a Hole in my Bucket' by two embarrassed boy sopranos from Bootham.

The cabaret was finished by Ackworth boys. Incidentally Sarah Woods bashed her foot (she wanted everybody to know that).

Saturday

Two rehearsals, long and short. After lunch came excursions. Some of us went to Brimham Rocks in Nidderdale. They are of Millstone Grit which has been glaciated and eroded by chemical, physical and probably biological, historical and geographical weathering. Stuart encountered some sheep. We returned late for tea and just missed the period of silence.

Sunday

After lunch we boarded the coaches for Leeds . . . Well! . . . sorry Howard ! The Town Hall was pretty impressive with elaborate Victorian decor inside but outside the birds have been rather a problem.

The performance itself was described by parents and friends as impressive, excellent. Our main comments were, after standing for quite a long time, rather different ! There were about 800 people in the audience but, even so, the Hall was only about half full. Sarah bashed her other foot.

Back at Ackworth there was a party for Leighton Park to which Richard, the official Saffron Walden gatecrasher, went.

The evening was very boring.

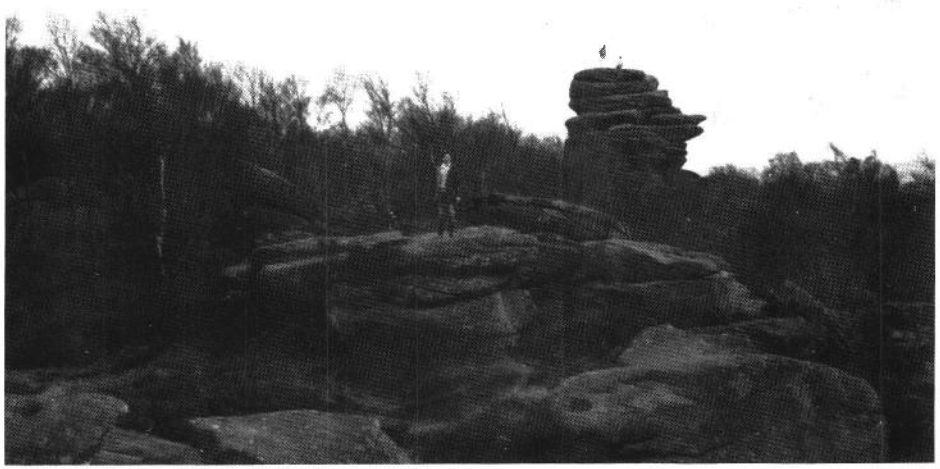
Monday

On the way home, Vikki clung to her seat while Richard, the brave one, held down one of the sunroofs while winds of near-hurricane force buffeted the coach. We saw about seven lorries which had been blown over: one had lost its load of carrots, another had lost its portable house which was now lying upside down in a field.

Conclusions

Vikki thought the conductor Richard Ellis was very cute with his cheeky face and rude jokes. Others thought — never again, because of the aching feet. Stuart may have thought "baaa" !

Duncan Murry — on the coach home with help from Richard Edwards 6.1



SINGING IN THE CAPITAL OF THE CIVILISED WORLD

At the name of Johannes
Everybody sings,
Gangs of 6th form yobboes
Sprout angelic wings.
Lusty joyful singers
Hearts that never fade,
Really quite amazing since they don't get paid.

Singing songs of Comfort
All Flesh is as Grass
No Abiding City
And a Joy That Lasts
Singing Songs of Sorrow
And of Dwellings Fair
They may well be lovely but we do not care.

Anyway Johannes
Has been long since dead
Give us some more Meatloaf
And some Motorhead.
It's much more fun banging
Heads against the wall,
Which you cannot do to J.S. Brahms at all.

Then there's this Ko-Daley
Funny sort of chap,
Thinks he can write music
Well, what a load of notes!
He was quite a weirdo
Classical New Wave,
Just the thing to drive us to an early grave.

Brothers this Johannes
Shall return again.
He'll be there on Sunday
So we must not complain
Bravely we'll perform it
For our Dads and Mums,
See you all next summer singing in the Proms!

(March 23 1986)

Anon.

TRYING PHOTOGRAPHY

It was near my birthday. I was very puzzled because I did not know what to get, so I consulted my Dad. "When I was a lad," he said, "my best birthday present was a camera· It was brilliant", he reflected, "easily as good as Lord Litchfield — in fact, probably better".

My father tended to get a bit carried away but nevertheless I decided to get a camera. Little did I know that this was going to be the biggest mistake of my life!

On May 4th, my father and I went up to London to look at the cameras. This was the beginning of a waste of time, effort and money.

We got thrown out of the first shop we went into because my Dad woudn't stop arguing with the owner. The next place was so expensive that my Dad went mad, telling the man that his shop was a "rip-off". Again he stormed out.

The next shop was perfect. We looked at all the cameras and found one that was just right. Dad asked the assistant if we could have one and he said "Yes, certainly — please take a seat." Well, we must have sat there for about an hour and then the man came out saying, "Sorry, haven't any left,"
What a waste of time! I decided that was enough for one day.

When we got home we saw an advertisement in the paper:-
"A brilliant water-proof, smash-proof camera — only £99.99 !"
My Dad thought this looked good so he ordered it over the phone. They said they would send it by post and that it would arrive tomorrow.

I woke up excited about my camera and ran downstairs to open it. I tore off the paper and looked at it, it was totally smashed up — the lens was cracked and the case all dented and ruined. So, I telephoned the advertisers and they said they they had no cameras left, but they would give me a refund. By now I was so annoyed that I almost gave up the whole idea.!

When I told Dad, he told me not to worry. He went out and bought me an OM 20. I was delighted, at last ! Then came another blow ! I had taken about thirty pictures before I had realised that there was no film in it! Next, when I actually got some film into it, I pushed all the wrong buttons and levers and even forgot to wind the camera on!

So Dad said, "Leave it to me, son". He took hold of the camera, walked a couple of steps, tripped over the dog — and the camera went flying out of the window and smashed all over the pavement.

I had had enough! "Don't worry", I said to him, "I didn't like it anyway, and I've found something better — telescopes." Dad said "Yes, I could havea been brilliant at telescopes if I hadn't married your mother. . . "

But, little did I know that I was on the verge of the second biggest mistake of my life !

Matthew Taub 3X



A TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SCIENCE STUDENT AT FSSW

0845 Arrived at FSSW.
0855 Sat down in Assembly Hall.
Listened to JCW. Back row of chairs collapsed much embarrasment.
0900 Form Meeting with MB, Hayden reminded not to throw darts at Taco. Note from Tessa "Please collect tickets for play last Tuesday".
0915 Arrival in Advanced Biology for Chemistry.
0918 FW arrived.
0920 Dudu arrived.
0930 Hayden arrived.
0931 Went to sleep.
0955 Woke up. Bio with MJH — dissected locust. Vicki and Dudu had argument with MJH over Animal Rights.
1036 Arrived back in study.
1036 Why is this account so boring?
1040 Went into library — attempted maths prep.
1105 Dropped maths. Went to common room for recess. Toaster broken, no jam butter or bread. Went upstairs for a game of pool.
1135 Chemistry AA.
1145 Hayden set fire to Kester by mistake.
1155 Hayden set fire to himself deliberately.
1157 Hayden is put out.
1200 Hayden announces he is giving up chemistry for good.
1201 Hayden says he will give it another try.
1245 Finish practical.
1246 Jonno Moore high on SO_2 — carried down to San. to be put on a ventilator.
1255 Lunch — choice mince cobbles again.
1320 Totally shredded vocal chords in choir.
1400 P.S. — worked solidly without a break for two minutes and seventeen seconds. Drawn into conversation about the pros and cons of Sigue Sigue Sputnik's influence on the Pop world.
1435 Games — CS — short-corner practice — run backwards and forwards for 80 minutes.
1605 Go to Common Room for cup of coffee.
1800 Get books, go to Library — do as much prep as physically possible.
2030 Crawl into car, go home, collapse in front of T.V. totally nackered.

R. Edwards. 6.1

A TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTS STUDENT AT F.S.S.W.

'Twas the morning of a sun-filled, sunny day at Friends School. I slipped along to ye old Sixth Form Studies with such gay abandon. Hark, thought I, as I listened to ye gentle chirping of petite birdies high on ye old water tower.

"Methinks I profess too much of ye Innocence and tranquil nature of Friends School in ye Hamlet of Saffron Walden", sayesy I , yet still skippeth merrily toward ye gathering in yonder hall.

Having harkened to ye prophetic soul of ye old master of this communal gathering, happily trotteth I toward my study, full of ye daliannce and vigorous nature — of which, methinks folks knowest well.

Ye old English lesson passeth well, yet methinks I was not with it on this sunny morn. John Dickethson spake unto me: "Thou art not so attentive, Sir John of Bumpstead, explain thyself."

"Thou seemest correct, thou noble teacher, hence were no such thoughts in my head today."

Then comes daily bread and milk. There tender morsels verrily slippeth down my throat until no more canst my gut take. Private study period was taken up with heavy wassailing withion ye sixth form common room, with such joyous and eternal shrieking within my ears. Luncheon comest upon me.

"Lo" sayest I. Having proclaimed this thought, I hastened to lunch. Choice mince cobblers spreadeth their succulent juices unto me, ye radiant wenches serving, smiling merrily. But methinks the food givest bad vibes to thy stomach. Amid the spray (that droppeth like gentle rain from heaven), I picketh up knife and fork and eateth.

Hence to ye common room and such alike, for to mock and chide such gentlefolk as Angus, who getteth up my . . . .once too oft. Such cries of merrymaking and wit echo the afternoon hour:

"Come hither, givest me some Bovril".

"Sigue Sigue Sputnik giveth me much acheth of the ear.

Much pain had I, within my head. Methinks I should wander down to ye old Sanatorium. Ye old Welsh woman bade me welcome with outstretched arms.

Methinks. . . methought. . .mewent. . .metried! Head throbbest much, but crept out of ye old san didst I, lest the world wouldst ne'er see my honest face again.

I saw old Mother Pearson slaving still o'er ye hot stove in yonder kitchen.

"Good morrow, Good Woman" says I. She looketh up at me and placeth ye tin of Chum on ye table. "Thou comest near to much pain in thy direction." Walketh I through the door in much haste. I skippeth merrily down ye hallway to ye joyous games.

Ye games games involveth much movement of thy legs. "Methinks this activity today agrees not with these lungs of mine", say I as I shuffleth up ye old Avenue. 'Twas to one such fellow by name of Eric Bumkin talked I.

'The air bites shrewdly, 'tis very cold".

"Nay" sayeth Eric. "It verrily nippeth at thy private parts."

"Thou art a man full of wisdom," say I.

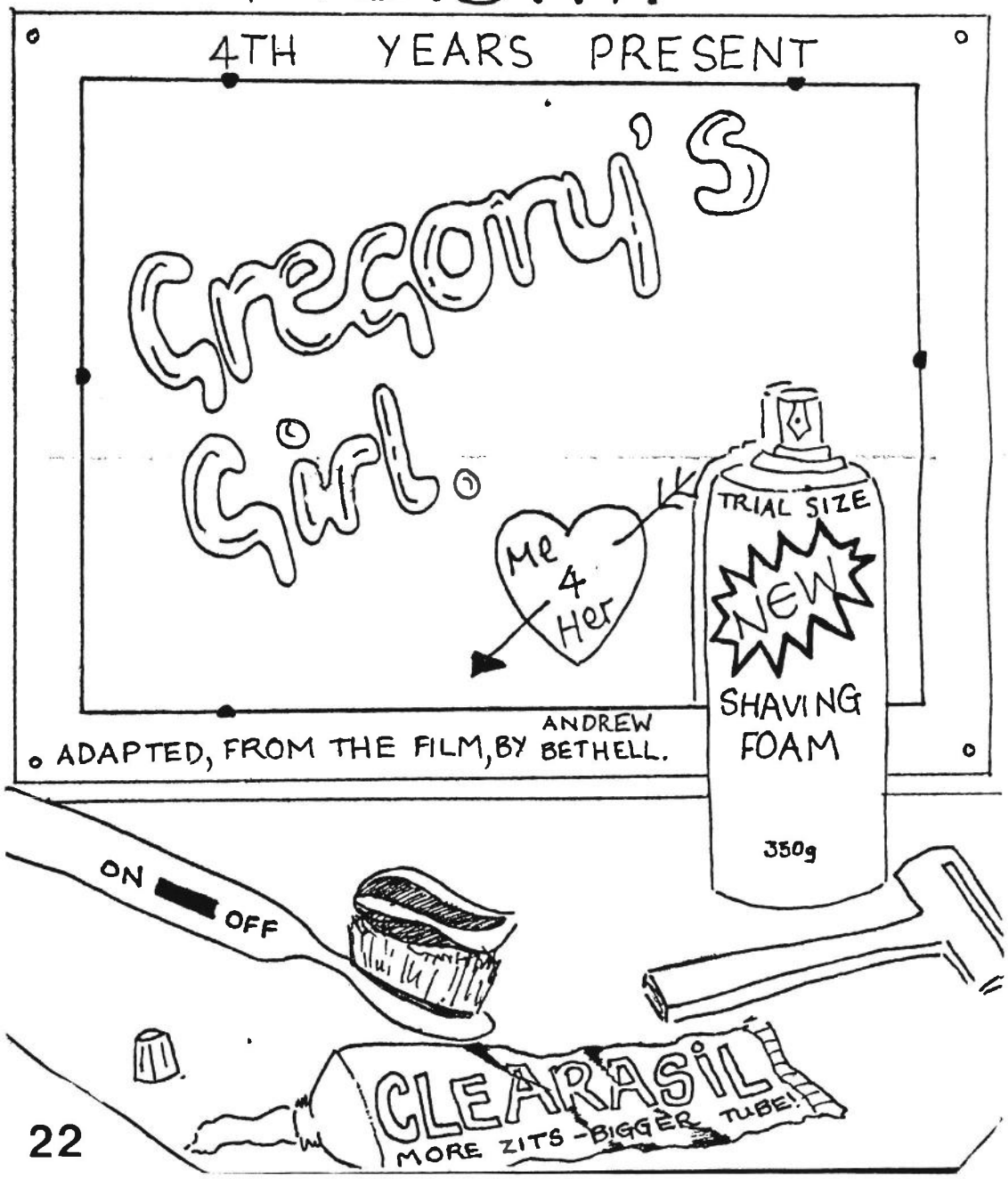
And so, evening creepeth in and crept out again. "Monday, Aye, was one to be remembered," says I to Friar Arter. And woe is me that it should end now, but home I must 'til another day breaks at ye old Friends School that we know and love so well. I listen to ye choir and ye sweet sound upon finishing. Methinks. . . maybe . . . I thinks too much. With that thought, hoppeth I into ye Metro and driveth off at speed.

Jonathan Metcalfe. 6.1

FRI. 28TH FEB. / SAT. 1ST MAR. 1986

7.00 p.m.

F.S.S.W.



The School Kids and their Teachers

Gregory: Luke Boumphrey
Andy: Nick Derry
Charlie: Sam Baron
Steve: Christian Murphy (a cookery expert)
Gordon: Stuart Joscelyne (school magazine reporter)
Eric: James Buckley (the photographer)
Billy: Jason Mendes
Mike: Nick Mesdag
Eddie: Quentin Starling
Pete: Iain Turner
Phil: Howard Bowden (a P.E. teacher)
Alec: John Searle-Barnes (a teacher)
Gregory's father: Chris Smith
Richard: James Panton
Melvyn: Tom Duchin

Dorothy: Aina Alli
Susan: Lucy Martinez
Margo: Emily Richardson
Carol: Rebecca Gatward
Liz: Zoe Carter
Ann: Alice Moore
Lisa: Lisa Batten
Margaret: Fiona Hughes
Helen: Eleanor Careless
Waitress: Alexandra Hughes
Christine: Deborah Stanton
Janice: Louise Manuell
Sally: Lucy Parker
Maxine: Rebecca Bertram
Miss Ford: Verna Spokes (teacher of Italian)
Madeline: Elizabeth Cox (Gregory's sister)

Opposition Football Team:

Ahmad Semwogerere, Justin Cowell, Tim Pearson, Hendrik Winther, Hugh Ndhlovu.

The First School Football Team:

Nick Derry (Goal), Luke Boumphrey, Sam Baron, Nick Mesdag, Quentin Starling.

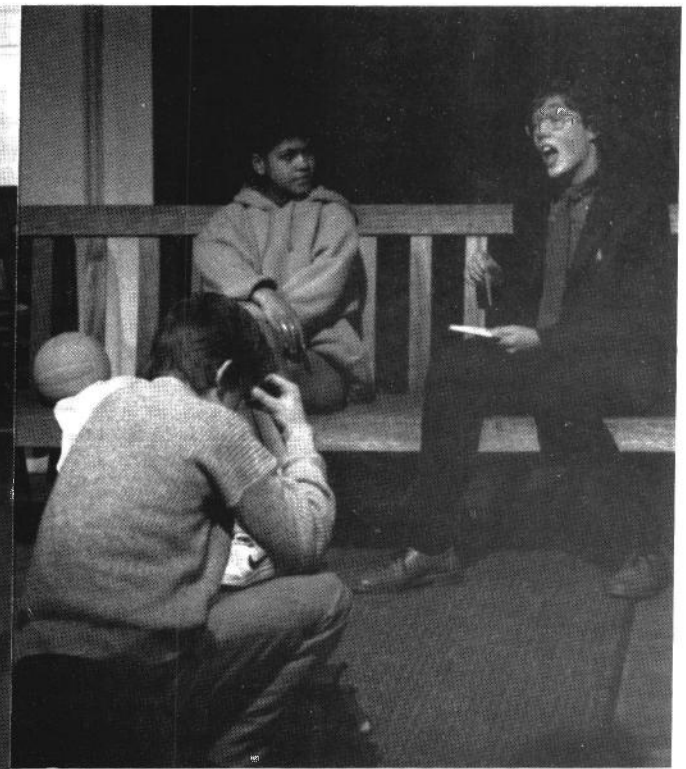
The Second School Football Team:

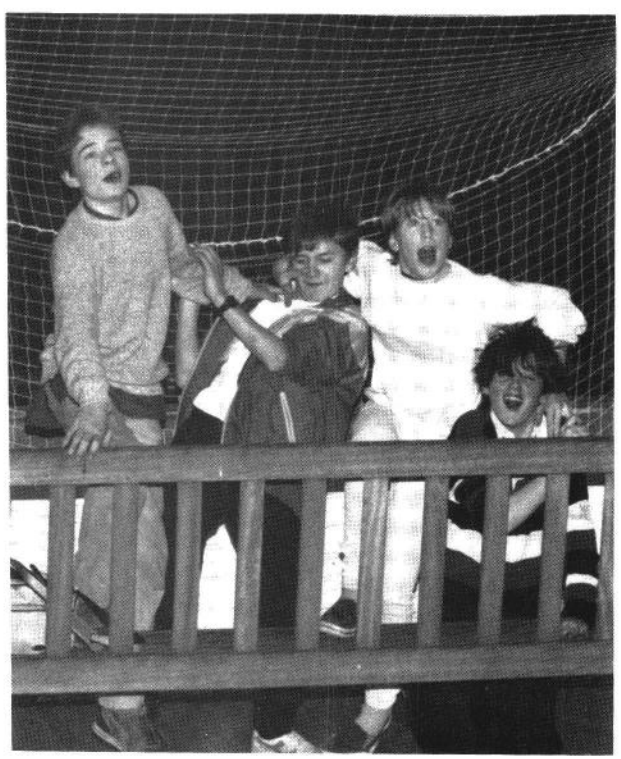
Luke Boumphrey (Goal), Aina Alli, Sam Baron, Nick Mesdag, Quentin Starling.

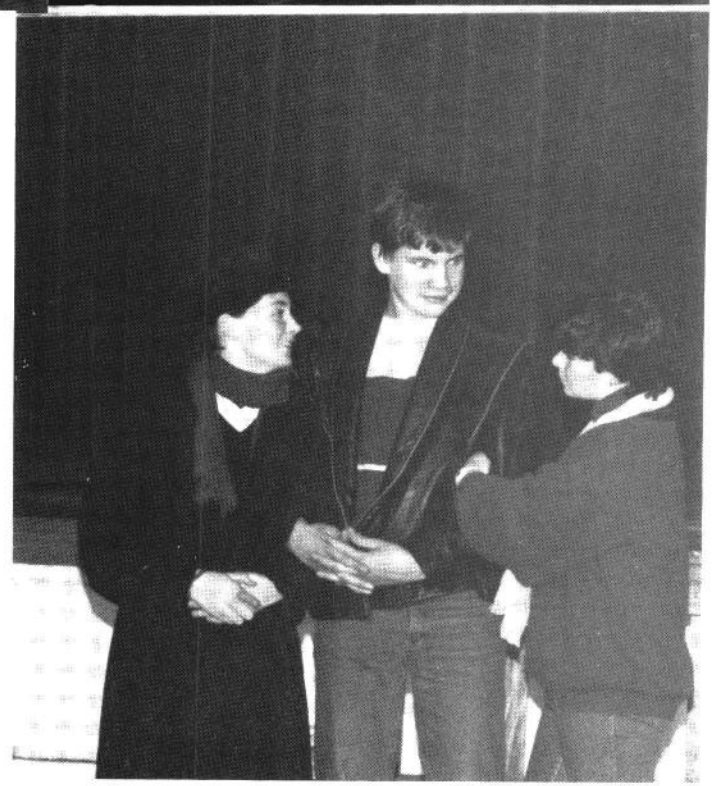
The Football Trialists:

James Buckley, Jacob Barnes, Matthew Paton, James Ovens, Iain Turner, Mark Carr.









GREGORY'S GIRL

The fourth year took their chance to mesmerise the school with talent on February 27th, 28th and March 1st when we put on "Gregory's Girl". The play was striking new ground with the first-ever promenade performance by the school. This saw the audience mingle with the cast — which proved both informal and successful.

The rehearsals were fun, energetic and generally hardworking. The play was strengthened by a selection of familiar staff faces who are remembered for being such good sports. Didn't Howie look sexy in that Tracksuit. J.D. directed them with his usual energy and vigour, always listening to the cast and maintaining a good relationship in which we worked.

T.B. proved to be real wizard when it came to exercising her abilities on the football pitch and also made some valuable suggestions on the side-lines.

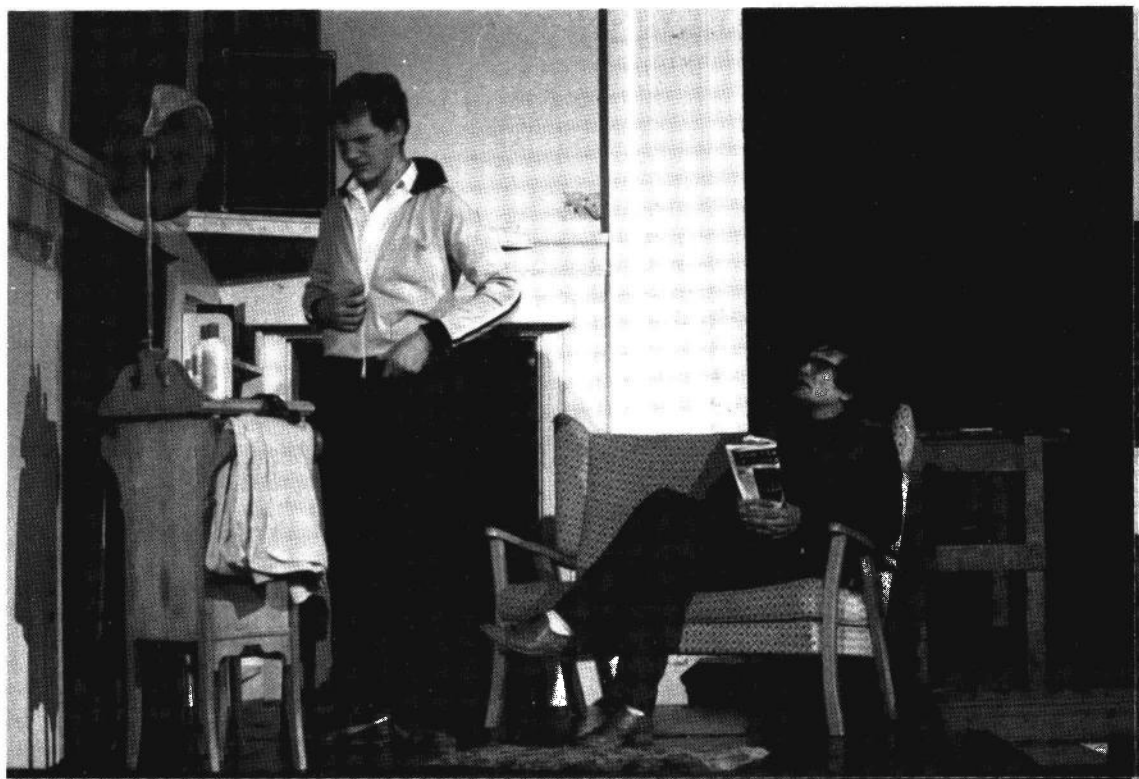
A.F., who inspired the promenade idea, made an excellent job of producing the play — with brilliant ideas springing forth — left, right and centre.

Last, but not least, Danny, who, when not occupied with Tessa (H. not B.!), was full of inspiration on the drama side of things.

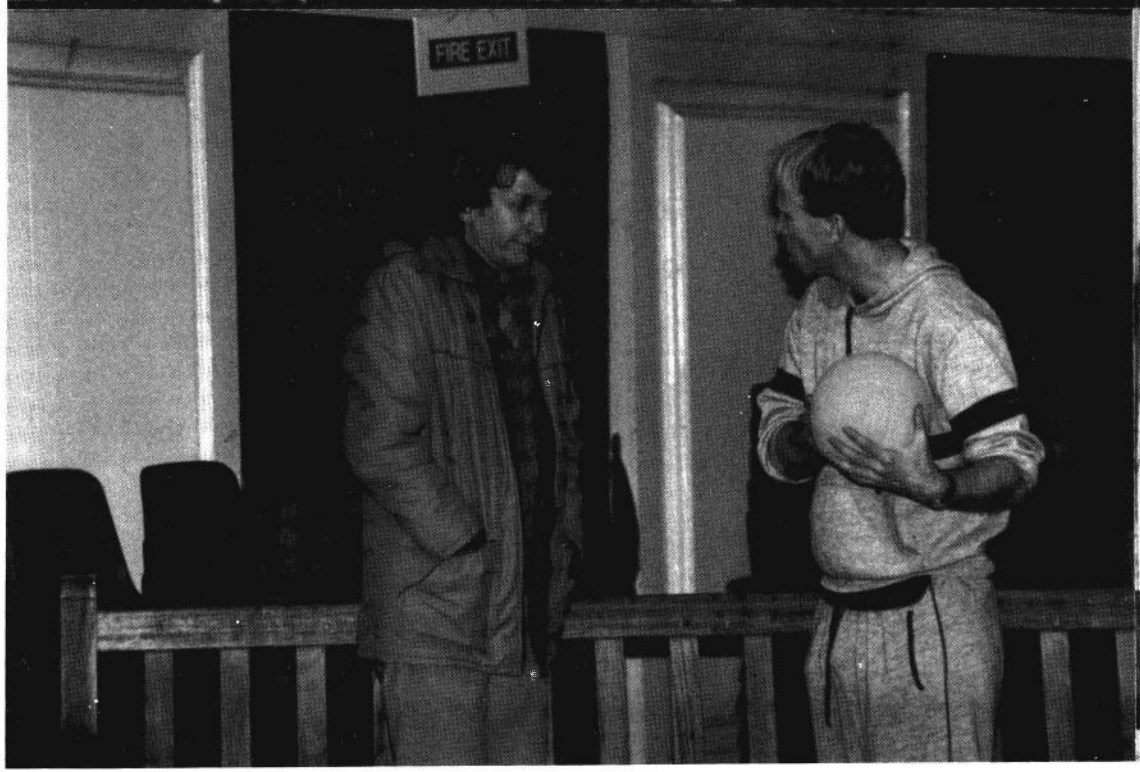
Thanks must go to all those previously mentioned — especially J.D. but also Alex Hughes and Tanya Manuell, Stage Manager and Props respectively.

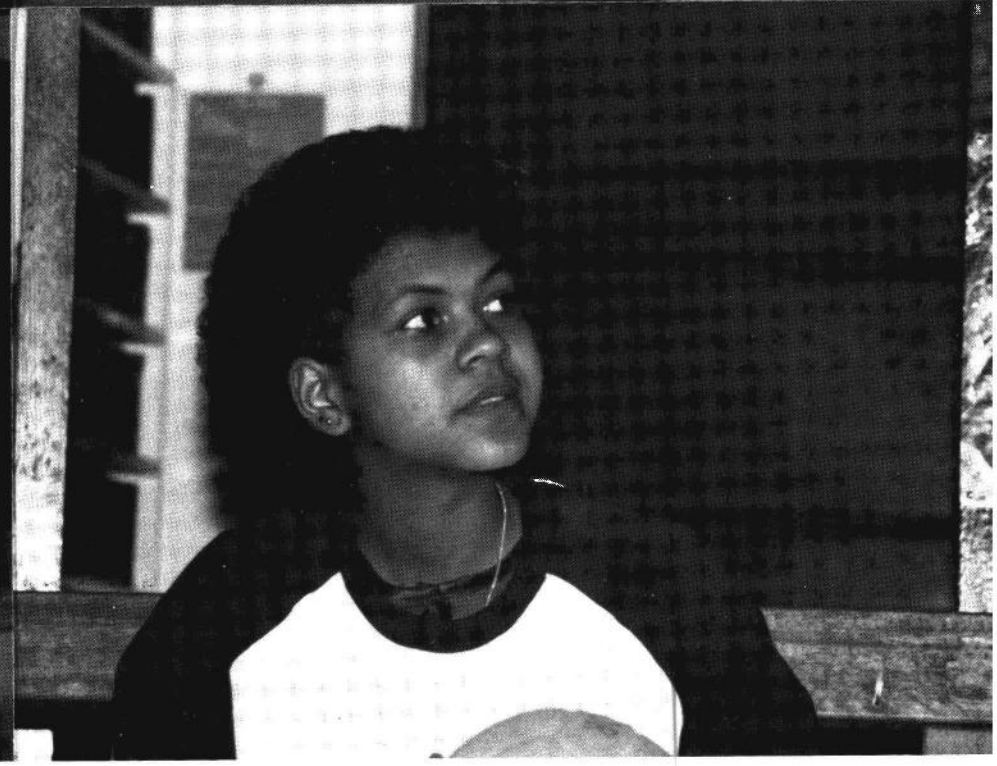
A final 'thank you' to John S-B, Verna, Sir Smith and Howie for performances we will never forget. I hope Gregory's Girl was as much fun to watch as it was to perform.

Rebecca Gatward. Form 4.






FIRE EXIT



THE BERLIN STUDY TOUR. 1986.

This took place during the Easter holidays, from 8th to 18th April. The party consisted of 13 scholars and 4 staff. The purpose of the tour was to learn something about Berlin, obviously, but also to see the effects of the East-West divide in political and human terms and, incidentally, to pick up more of the language.

Everybody who went on the tour was encouraged to keep a diary. Some never submitted their efforts. We print here some extracts from the prize-winning diary of Alison Le Seelleur.

8.4.86. It was real weird being back in school with no one else around, but it was also very nice. The atmosphere among the group was good and one of great expectancy.

It became clear that it was going to be a very rough crossing. It seemed to be better out on deck. It is not a pleasant experience to have your intestines rock from your head to your legs and back and forth.

9.4. The journey seemed as if it was going to be pretty boring until we started talking to (nay abusing) the natives out of the window. Naomi took a picture of a hippy at Minden Station. Inge was so embarrassed that she sat there with a curtain wrapped around her head.

Helmstedt (East German frontier) was reached at 2.30 p.m. and the first stop in DDR at Marienborn (2.50). I was saddened and shocked to see soldiers getting on the train. It was if the freedom I know had gone all of a sudden. But that changed. An official came into the compartment and when he realised most of us didn't know German, the change in him was miraculous to see. He became charming, laughed at Kate's passport photo and said to me, "sie ist nicht scheu", and was generally very cute. I was glad because the sense of unreality about the East Germans, the sense that they are real people and not just other beings was removed.

We got to West Berlin (Wannsee) at about five that evening. The hotel (pension) was lovely, the rooms were high and so neat. We met Uli, the proprietor. I can understand some German and he was chat, chat to me. He showed me how to iron a shirt properly. Then he started taking the mickey out of himself — "what a good ironer I am, I iron this crease and then I iron that seam." It is lovely to be made to feel as if one is part of "einer grossen Familie."



10.4. We had a tour round Berlin by bus. The guide was pleasant and he got very worked up as he talked about his city, which he really seemed to love. That makes all the difference. We stopped at a certain point of the Wall. "How stupid it is" I thought; but it is a terrible thing, it's there, it cuts like a knife. On the Western side, the Wall is covered with graffiti and slogans while on the Eastern side there is nothing. At Brandenburger Tor we saw an East German soldier who grinned at us as we passed.

11.4. We had yet another tasty breakfast with Uli fussing round us in his mother hen fashion. We took the U-Bahn to Friedrichstrasse and to the Checkpoint Charlie Museum (by the Wall). An incredible place, the museum was interesting, though bit one-sided-as all propaganda is. But there was a lot of truth in what was said.

Dinner was a schawarma from a Lebanese snack bar. Don't say we don't do things on these trips!

In the evening the big event was going to the local disco-cum-tourist rip-off — Ku'dorf. It was fun. There were millions of American soldiers everywhere. The bouncers at the entrance thought that Michael Stone was military! To go in we got a well-groovy fluorescent stamp on our hands.

12.4. We went to the Reichstag, which is just inside the Western zone — near to the crosses commerating people killed as they tried to escape over the Wall.

That evening the trip was to see "Company" at Theater des Westens. It was originally a Stephen Sondheim musical on Broadway. The basic idea of it was "you must kiss many frogs before you find your prince".

13.4. It was well tragic to have to leave Uli's. We left for the East at midday.

We had only gone 100 yards but what a change! It was as if we had entered a totally new world; everything seemed so much more decayed and older. The cars were so funny, they were 1950's design and, from the sound the engines were making, they were running on coal! People were a bit scared at going over.

Our new quarters were in the Egon Schultz Jugendtouristen Hotel — on the 11th floor! The room was quite nice, if a bit basic. But oh, the loo paper! !

In the evening we went for a walk. It was awful. People would stop talking and stare at us and go "auslander." I was trying to keep an open mind but was finding it closing against the East. It seemed there were too many barriers, and it was too different for us to like it.





14.4 If you like sauerkraut for your breakfast — lucky you. I don't! Today we went to see the Television Tower or Fernsehenturm. It is 360 metres high and the lift goes up at 13 metres per second. Boy, did my ears pop! A fantastic view bit it still saddens me to see the dividing wall. What do little kids feel when they see it?

There is a great building programme taking place in the GDR. Berlin is the industrial centre of the country as well as being the capital — the main industries being technical and electronic. There are many theatres and they have many public holidays. There was great involvement by women in the development of the GDR. 90 per cent of the women work but they are expected to marry and have children. Bloody cheek!

During the religious persecutions of past centuries, many French Hugenots fled to Berlin. They were virtually a state within a state. Today there are about 200 of them in East Berlin and 2000 in West Berlin.

Earlier in the day we had visited the Pergamon museum. Being a cultural idiot I hadn't really appreciated it.

15.4 In the morning we went to the Sports Centre and I had my first ride on a tram. WEIRD. Ice-skating was a good laugh but I found out how hard it is to try and skate and speak German at the same time.

In the afternoon we went to the German History Museum. It was a whole load of propoganda. It amused me to see Mrs. B-M telling little children about Ernst Thalmann — the communist leader in the 30's. They were absolutelıy fascinated by her. It was lovely. On the way back we passed a big gathering to start the celebrations for the "Parteitag." Loads of drum-thumping.

The evening was taken up with a visit to the circus — the famous Zirkus Berolina. The human acts were especially good — the "giant" who could do all sorts of things with his body and wore the most tasteful golden underwear.

16.4. Our last full day in the East began with an early rise at 7.20 — groan. We set out for the small town of Oranienburg and the Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp of World War II days. It was our first trip into the GDR proper. What can I say about the Camp? There was this terrible place in a beautiful setting. The sheer horror of it made a deep impression and yet it was almost unbelievable.

There was a disco that evening to put us into a different mood.





17.4. Packed up and bade the East farewell. At the Friedrichstrasse crossing there was a hugh gathering of oldies shoving to get through as quickly as possible. They only get one day in West Berlin. At last we were over. Freedom! We can now appreciate the word so much more. And when I got my walkman back — oh joy!

I am a product of my system, we all are really, but the difference is that there is the possibility to change that system.

Away from Berlin, it is a bit easier to see the situation in perspective. I am so glad that I went to both parts of the city and that I saw a Socialist State at work. I can say, in truth, that I admire much of the social care in Berlin (East). Despite the ever-present Wall, they have to get on with living. But I cannot admire a society that has to keep its people in. Contact is being established between some members of our group and some of the young people we met over there. There is an eagerness to make contact. That's great! It makes a trip so much more worthwhile. All I can say is "thank you" for giving me the chance to experience all I did. It is one I shall long remember.

SIX ONE STUDIES



Elizabeth 'Sticky bits you get at the end of the bin' Murray



'Big Mamma'



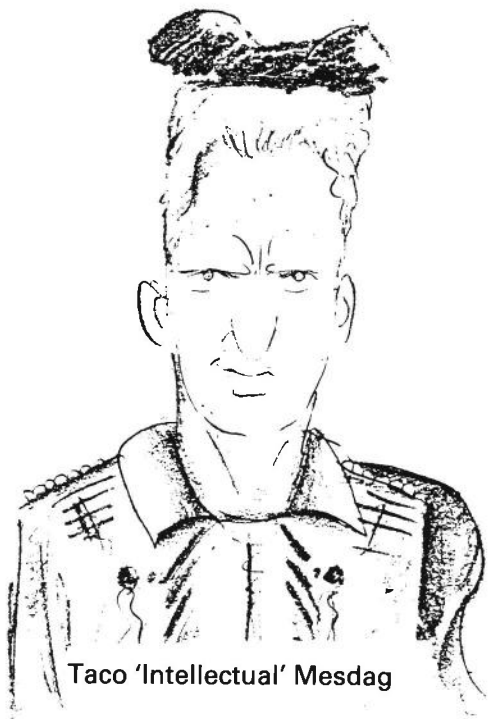
'Grunter'



Sophie 'Hang Loose' Jackson



Mike 'Interesting' Brown



Taco 'Intellectual' Mesdag



Tommy 'Twiglet' Herbst



'Stikki Vikki'



Stevie 'CH4' — Ganda



Denby 'Choice Champers' Allen



Angus 'I wish Mummy was here' Coates



'Ollie Boy'



Margaret 'Always Smiling' Brinkworth



Clare 'I get on well with all the guys' Nightingale



Jane 'Wicked Witch of the North' Williams



Simon 'Harry' Pope



Nick 'Gi's a kiss' Frost



'Chinky'



James 'Fashionable' Mansell



'Unco Ed.'



Annette 'I vin!' Wesle



'Hippy' Howells



Sophie 'I've got the biggest' Cadman



'Big Daddy'



Caroline 'Pumping Iron' Stead



Mark 'Extrovert' Berg



Jonno 'Pain up the * * * !' Moore.



'Modo'

Jonno 'I didn't draw this' Metcalfe

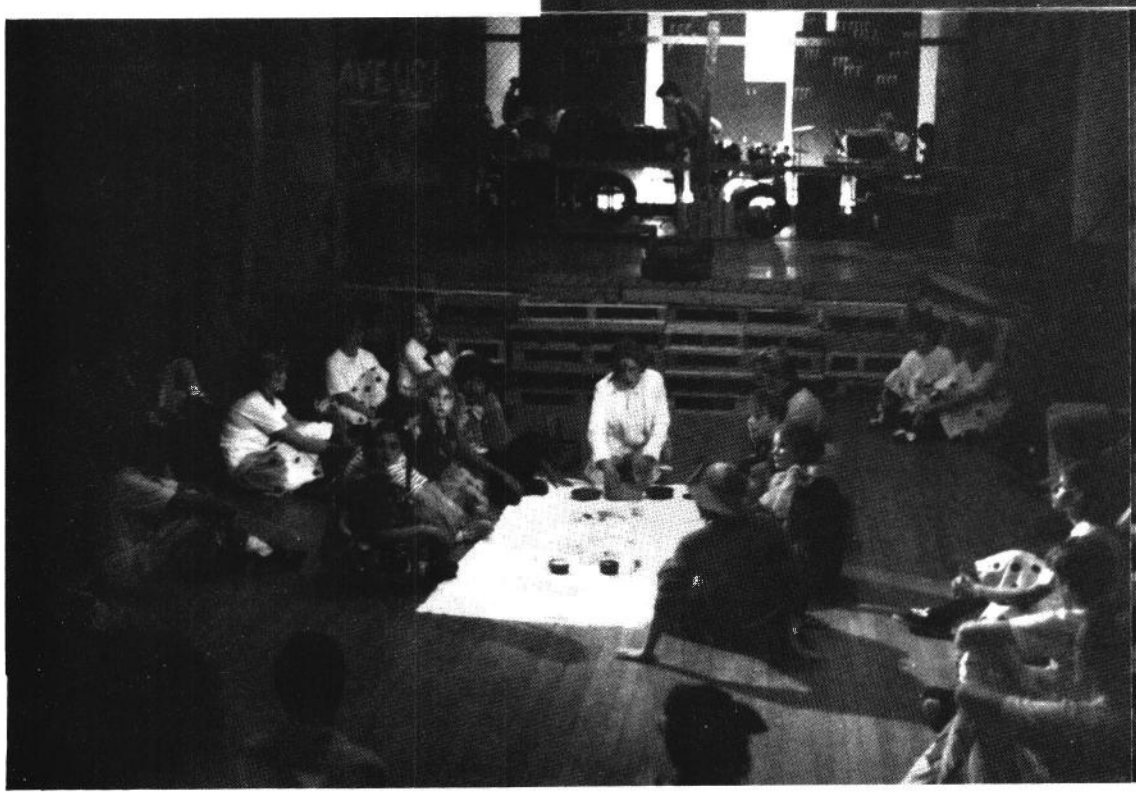
GODSPELL



















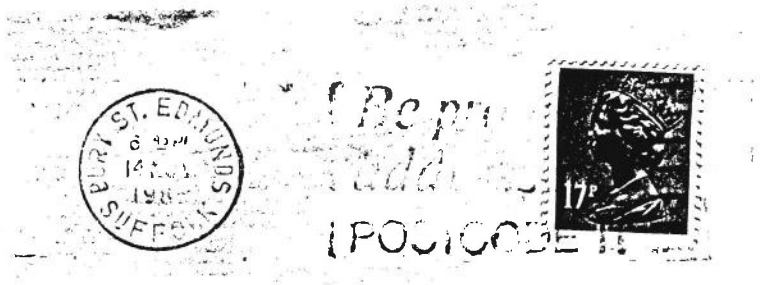





CATS



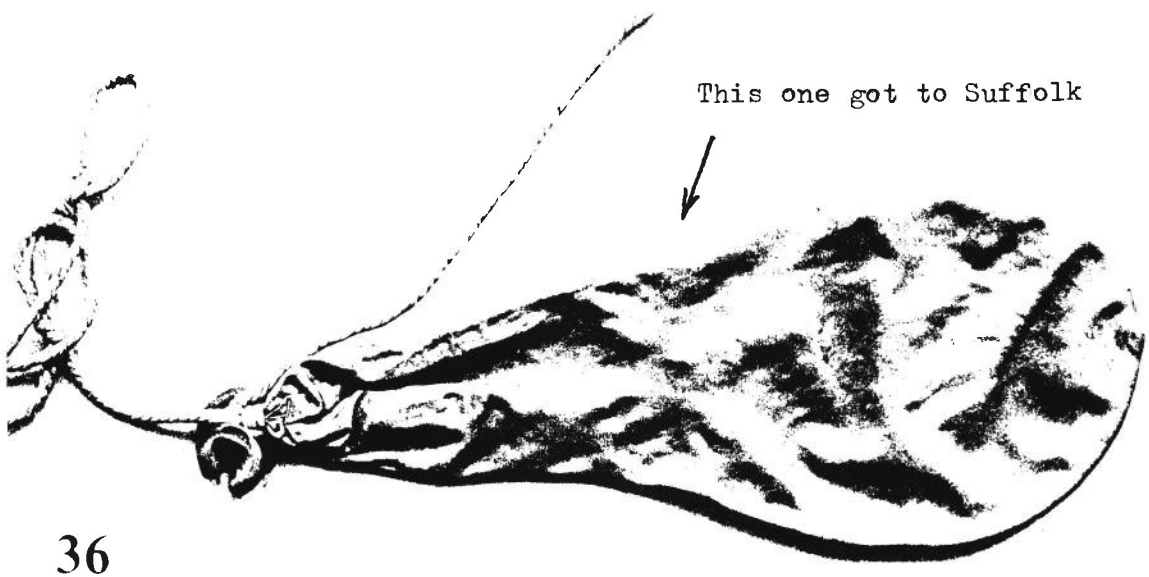




Form 2 Scientists were studying the lifting power of hydrogen in balloons. On Tuesday 5th November 1985, the 2Y balloons were released. By the next day, one of them had reached . . . . .

BELGIUM.

One of the 2X balloons released on 9th November reached Suffolk.



POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE



BALLOONS

FRIENDS SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN

ESSEX CB11 3EB

ENGLAND

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN

ESSEX CB11 3EB Telephone: (0799) ~~23139~~ 25851

IF FOUND, PLEASE STATE THE FOLLOWING:

1. WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS CARD?
2. TIME AND DATE OF FINDING.
3. STATE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

PLEASE SEND THIS CARD BACK TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS.

OUR NAMES OUR: ALEX, DAVID, CHRIS, ANGUS.

ANSWERS:

1. BELGIUM GROTE HEERWEG 141 8749 WAKEFIJ
2. 6 NOVEMBER 1985 16h
3. NICOLE MAES
   GROTE HEERWEG 141 8744 WAREGEM (BELGIUM)
   BELGIUM

From The Old Scholars 1985 Report.

A LA COÛME ANNIVERSARY

... with grateful thanks.

Only one year has been missed since the first Friends School Saffron Walden work camp party went to the small international school at La Coûme in the French Pyrenees near Prades. Last summer was therefore a 21st anniversary continuing a tradition initiated by Kenneth Nicholson, then Headmaster.

Glenys Brown, a member of the first party, wrote in the *Avenue* of January 1965:

"Of La Coûme itself – a thousand indelible impressions. Shaking thirty hands or more twice daily, pillow-less beds, the curious washing machine which seemed to be used all day every day, the Tibetan chant before meals, and the Tibetan refugee children themselves. The incessant noise of the crickets and teasing of the fleas. The sunbathing spot with the ice-cold cascade conveniently near when the sun became too hot. The violent storms with torrents of rain and deafening thunder . . .

"The work site of course – the intermittent clink of pick and shovel, the putt-putting engine on the trailer used for loading and shifting the rocky earth, the piercing unoiled squeak of one of the wheelbarrows, and our constant awareness of how near or far away knock-off time was, compared shamefully with the Tibetan children's obliviousness of everything except working as hard as possible. However we accomplished what had been set for us and, before we left, the terrain de sport, carved out of the mountainside was finished . . .

"From every holiday there remain unforgettable incidents, impressions, scenes, excursions, douches (no one will ever forget the French for 'shower'), Tibetan names, the sound of the washing machine, a rainbow over the Canigou, long rides in the blue Volkswagen which Gérard always drove so skilfully, Gérard himself, who was able to do everything from cooking the best barbecue lunch to levelling the earth and unflappably dealing with our casualties . . . these and other memories make the three weeks spent at La Coûme one of the most unusual, varied and enjoyable holidays that could be wished for. Indeed it is expected that a party to La Coûme will become a regular feature of the end of the school year."

Denby Allen, who has led many of the parties to La Coûme, has supplied this general comment:

"The first party of Sixth Form leavers was small, only eight; many groups since have approached twenty-five in numbers. So hundreds of scholars and scores of staff have made the journey, initially by train, cost £25 for two weeks, and more recently by minibus, camping and sightseeing en route now costing £165 for three weeks.

"There are only 50 children at La Coûme which was founded by Yvès and Pitt Kruger, themselves refugees from Nazi Germany in the 'thirties, initially to take local children plus refugees from the Spanish Civil War.

"Their resources are limited and their labour force stretched so they have been glad of our help over the years in constructing and maintaining the fabric. Picks, shovels, wheelbarrows, crowbars, slashers, axes, saws, hammers, paintpots, leather gloves and sweat of brow are normally in use, and raw youth and enthusiasm learns teamwork, some skill and physical endurance – all a welcome change from "A" levels.

"The cuisine, the mountains, the blue skies, the bonhomie, the wine, the excursions to Andorra, the Canigou mountain and many more, and above all the friendship of all at La Coûme have, I know, remained lasting memories, not only for members of F.S.S.W. but also for guests from other Friends Schools, even some from the USA. Trips have served as a final fling cementing friendships in the young, in the staff and between the ages – several marriages of ex-La Coûmers are in fact on record.

"Group leaders such as David Lewis, Brian Capell, Chris Smith, Martin Hugall, Tessa Brown, Francis Whittington and myself have enjoyed taking the work camps over the years, finding them spirited, strenuous and challenging and at the same time giving relaxation, warmth and meaning. Long may the contact flourish now that we are of age."

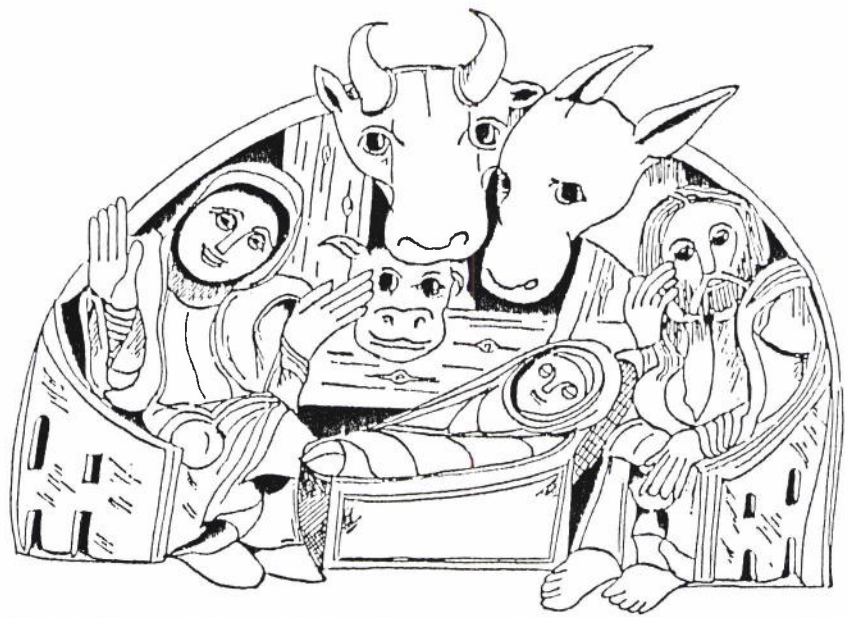
The following report of the 1985 visit comes from Elizabeth Woods:

"The twenty-first annual visit to La Coûme began in style from Friends School on July 10th. The group comprised four faithfuls from Saffron Walden helping to maintain the contact between the two schools and interested sixth formers from the Mount, Great Ayton and Ackworth.

"The five-day journey down to La Coûme was eventful to say the least, but the way in which the gang gelled in the first days was an indication as to how we would eventually work together as a team. Looking for camp sites was obviously 'old hat' to Denby who succeeded in finding several beautiful ones.

"We knew that our stay in the Pyrenees was going to be unforgettable as soon as we were warmly received into the spirit and heart of the community. So even when the going got tough – sun burn, heat rash, bad backs, insect bites, all from painting for Gérard, podding peas for Monique, picking red currants for Annette or excavating a mountain side for Sven and Oliver – we knew deep down that we were continuing a tradition helping to maintain this small community in Southern France.

"The final supper was an extended reflection of the hospitality bestowed on us over the time we were there and of thanks to all concerned. We all left with happy, pleasant memories, hoping for twenty-one years more of contact, and each of us hoping to return one day."



Drawing by Harvey Thorne (1977-85), from a stone wall plaque at La Coûme.

This card is to celebrate the 21st anniversary
of Friends' School Saffron Walden work camps at La Coume,
a small Quaker founded international school in the Pyrenees

Thaxted Church

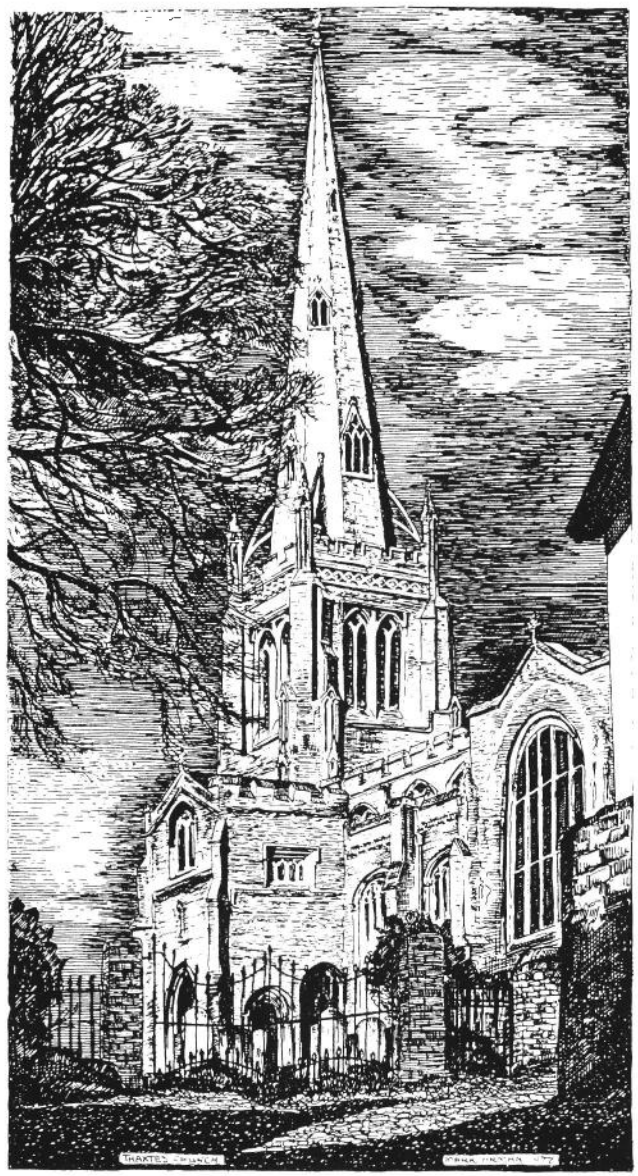
Thaxted grew from a Saxon village to a prosperous town by the middle of the 14th century. This period saw the beginning of the rebuilding, lasting over 170 years, of the great church which we see today.

The church was dedicated to Saint John the Baptist, Our Lady and Saint Laurence.

The Nave arches were built in 1340; the South Transept, the South Aisle and Porch about 1360 - 1380; the North Transept c.1400; the North Aisle and Porch c.1445; the tower c.1485; the chancel with its chapels, the clerestory and roof were finished about 1510.

On the north side of the chancel is the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The painted ceiling is particularly fine, as are the remains of early 16th century glass. The south side contains the chapel of "Our Lady and Our Lady Annie", with a beautiful ceiling over the altar painted with symbols of the Blessed Sacrament.

Over both the aisles the roof timbers are vigorously carved with figures of angels and heraldic emblems.



There are stone heads on the pillars, the Adam and Eve window c.1450 and the fragmentary mural painting of St. Thomas. At the east end of both aisles are the remains of the 15th century chancel screen with animals and foliage carved in the spandrels. Above the porch is the chapel of John Ball, priest, martyr and inspirer of the Peasants' Revolt in 1381.

The great organ in the North Transept was used by the famous composer Gustav Holst. It came from London in 1858 and was built by Henry Lincon about 1820. The choir organ was built by Cedric Arnold of Thaxted in 1952, incorporating the case and pipework of George England, about 1795. It stands as a memorial to one of Thaxted's best-known churchmen, Conrad Noel. The wide open spaces, the simple altars, the colour in the hangings banners and carpets, enriched at flower festivals, all combine to show the great beauty and the triumph of the medieval craftsmen.

Abridged from an article by

Kate Fawcett. 3 Y.

with thanks to Mr. Arman of Thaxted for permission to print his drawing.



