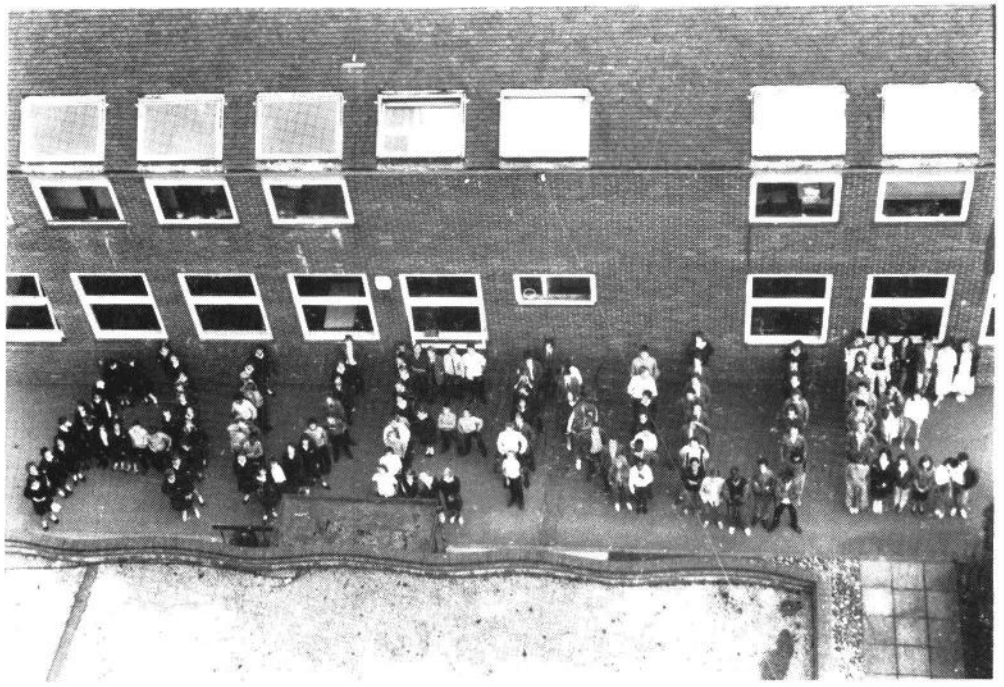




1987 AVENUE


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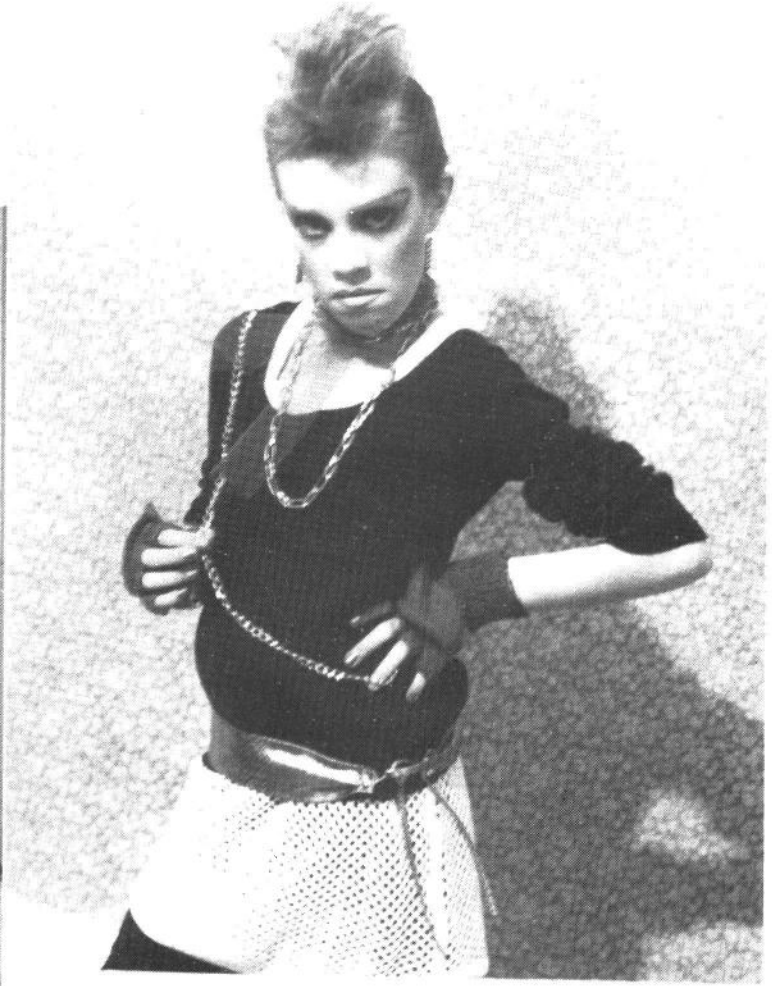
"The Avenue" is the annual publication of the scholars of Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex.

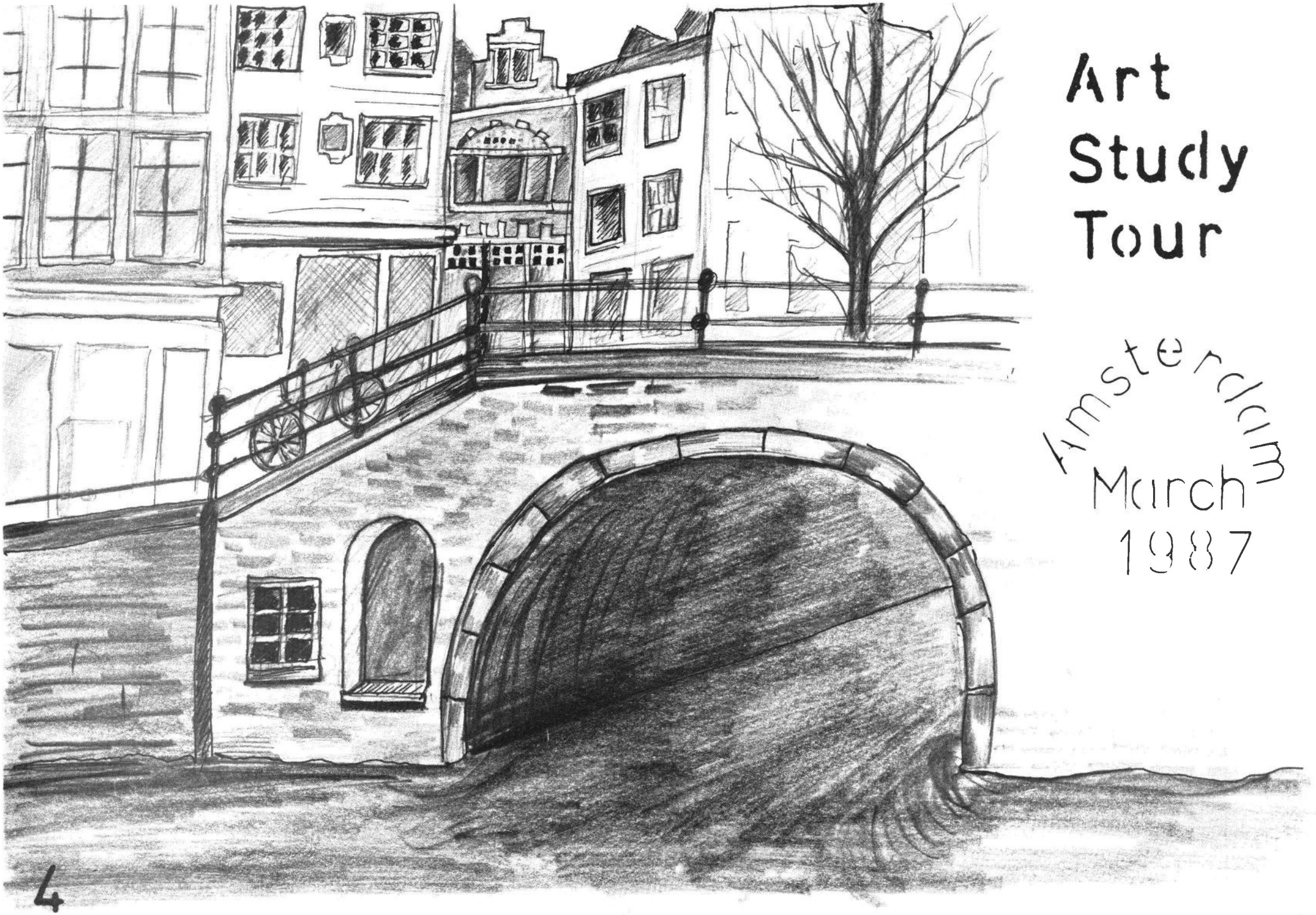
PER ARDUA AD ALTA











Art Study Tour

Amsterdam

March 1987



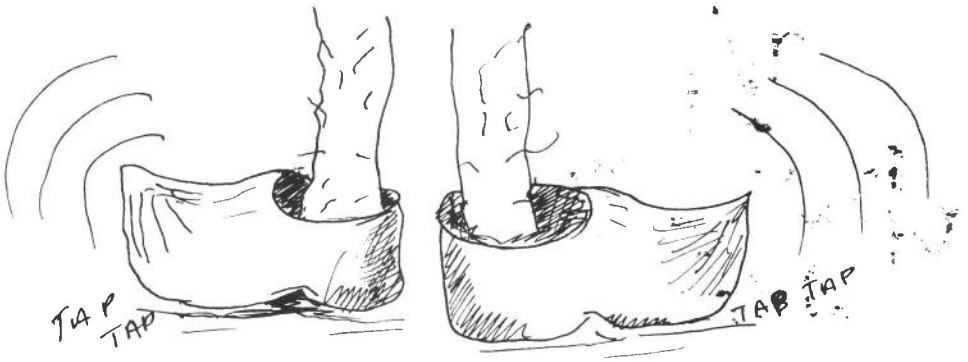
Barbara, Anne and Sophie
still eating breakfast.

Breakfast in the hotel:
the only meal we didn't
have to pay for, therefore
you've just got to . . .
EAT AS MUCH AS YOU CAN!!
(That's also because of the
good food)
N.B. Jason is not here
(.... in bed again!)





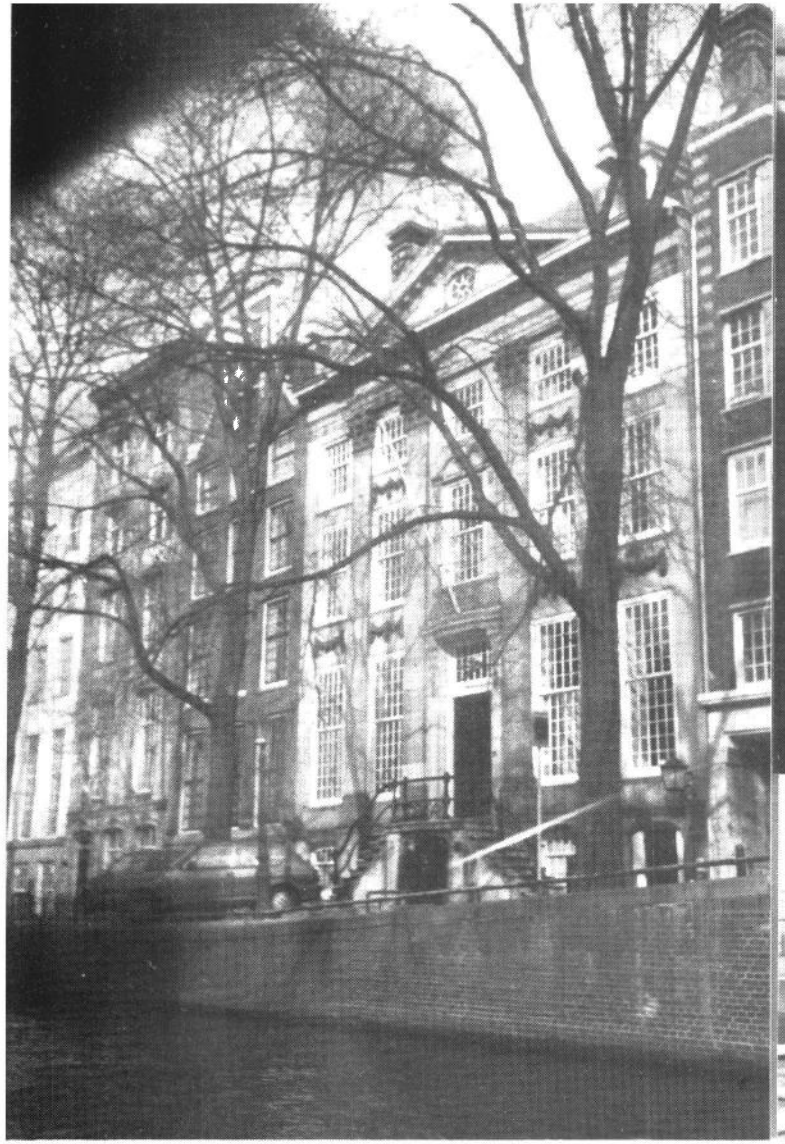




Dagmar's supply store.

If you want to make it really difficult for someone to nick your bike, then just . . . .





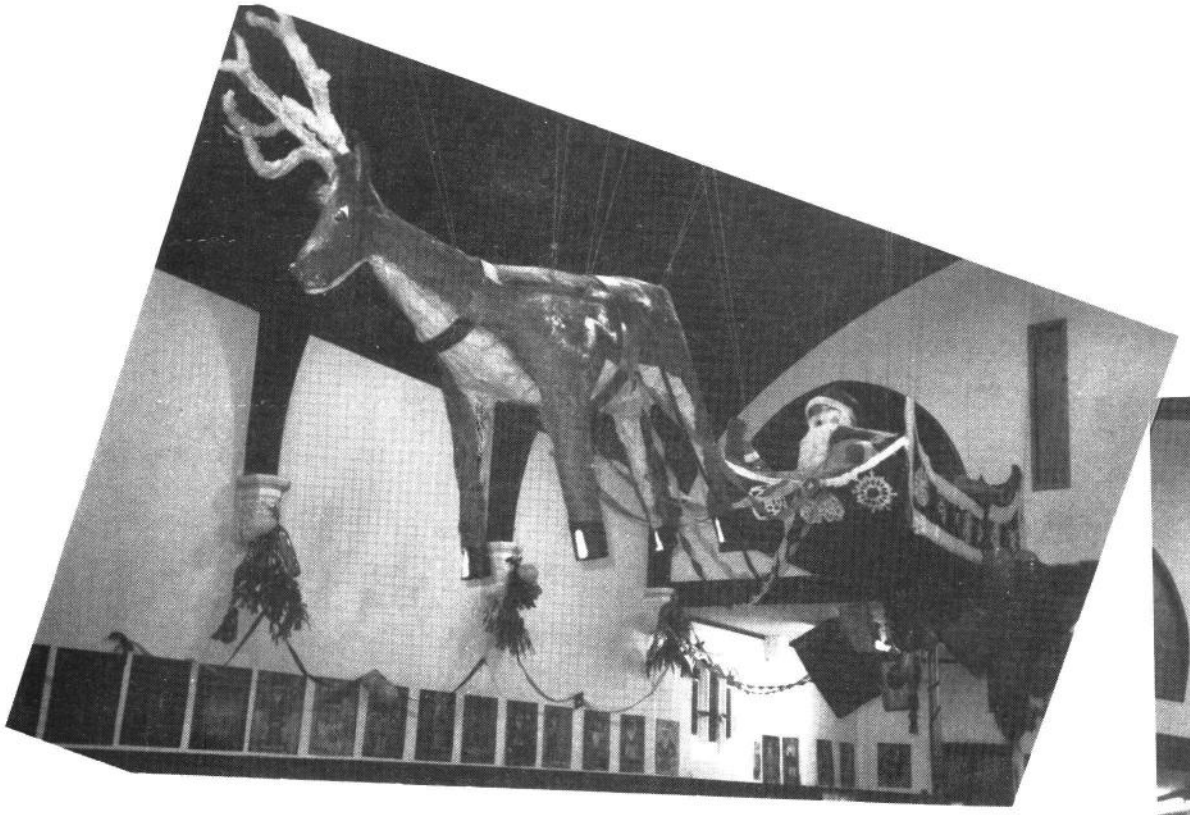




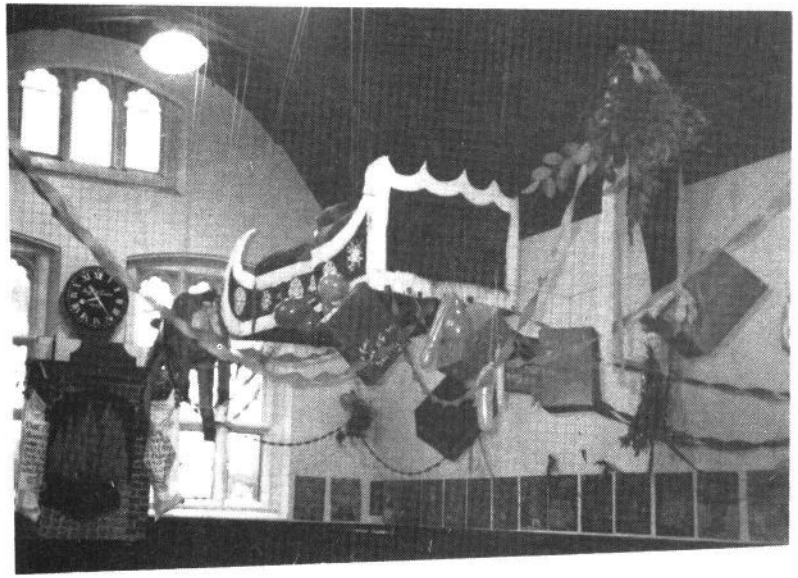
Wij willen meneer, meurouw Richardson en Anne Foxley bedanken. Wij hebben enn lenke weekend gehad. Nog eens bedankt.
or, if you prefer it this way -
Finally, we'd like to thank
Mr and Mrs Richardson and Anne Foxley
for a wonderful weekend.

HARMONY HAIRSPRAY finished
on the way back!!!

CHRISTMAS 1986







Christmas is a time for families to draw close and work together, creating a festive atmosphere, remembering the good times they have enjoyed throughout the year that has passed and anticipating the joys a New Year has to offer. No less is the student spirit of the the school moved with inspiration to employ their collective talents and so create the imaginative decorations that are pictured on this page.

Those portrayed below pooled their energies and time, together with a few others (who were too shy to come forward) and enjoyed the camaraderie that comes hand in hand with this kind of effort. The whole school appreciates their work and hopes that future years will produce students with equal determination and dedication.

Bob Wolffs.



JASON GODDARD.
Comes from Saffron Walden. Studying History, Art and English. Ambitions - Deep Thought, Art and Design. Likes pop music, doesn't care for the food.



BARBARA WEST.
Comes from Santa Cruz. Studies Art and English. Wants to be an architect or a graphic designer. Loves skuba diving. Wants tennis courts to be illuminated.



SARAH ATTRIDGE.
Comes from Cambridge. Studies History, Art and English. Ambitions lie in Media or Film design. Likes sport and travee travel but not keen on the food. Doesn't like heights.



SARAH EDWARDS.
Comes from Haverhill. Studies Art -apparently to the exclusion of all else. Has open ambitions and just wants to enjoy life with her family.



MIKE REED.
Comes from Debden. Studies English, Art and Theatre. Wants to pursue career in dramatics. Likes pop, classics and Eric's cat.



HANNEKE GIBBERD.
Comes from Sudan. Studies Maths, Biology, Chemistry and Art. Wants to pursue a medical career in the Third World. Likes hot weather, doesn't like Liverpool Street Station, bananas or Mr Reagan.



VICKY LINFOOT.
Comes from Stebbing. Studies English, History and French. Hopes to spend next year in New England and then do Legal work. Likes horse-riding and social friendship. No sense of balance on ladders.



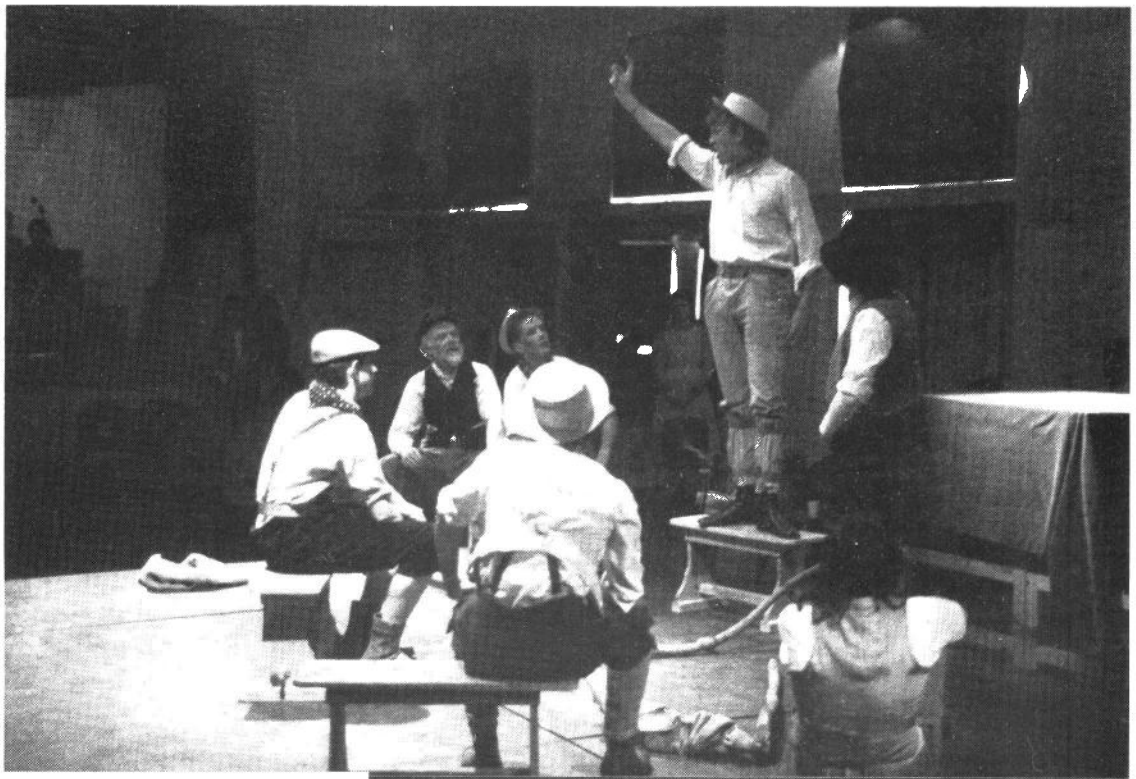
ANNABEL HAY.
Comes from Ipswich. Studies Art, Biology and Home Economics. No ambitions.. Likes water skiing and yachting. Deplores the lack of social life.

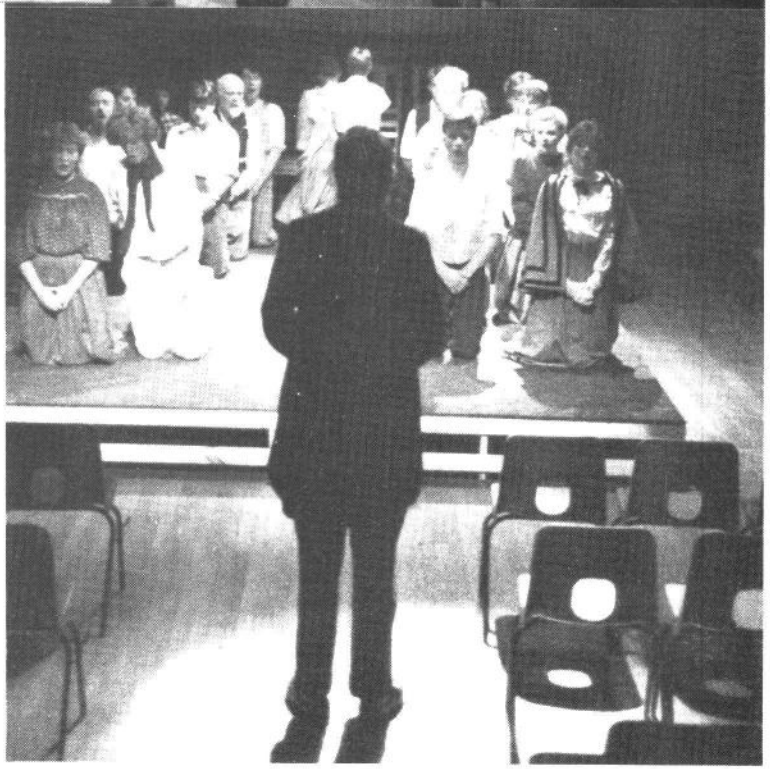
LARK RISE

The Hamlet stood on a gentle rise in the flat, wheat-growing north-east corner of Oxfordshire. We will call it Lark Rise because of the great number of skylarks which made the surrounding fields their springboard and nested on the bare earth between the rows of green corn. For a few days, or a week, or a fortnight, the fields stood ripe unto harvest. It was the one perfect period in the Hamlet year. The 1880s brought a succession of hot summers and day after day, as the harvest time approached, the children of the end house would wake to the dewy pearly pink of a fine summer dawn and the swizzh, swizzh of an early morning breeze rustling through the ripe corn beyond their doorstep.

Hark says the fair maid
The nightingales are singing
The larks are a winging
Their notes up in the air.
Small birds and turtle doves
On ev'ry bough are building
The sun is just a glimmering
Arise, my Dear.

Rise up my fair one
And pick your love a posy
It is the fairest flower
That ever my eyes did see
Yes, I will pick you posies
Sweet lilly, pink and rosy
There is none so fair a flower
As the lad that I adore.





CANDLEFORD

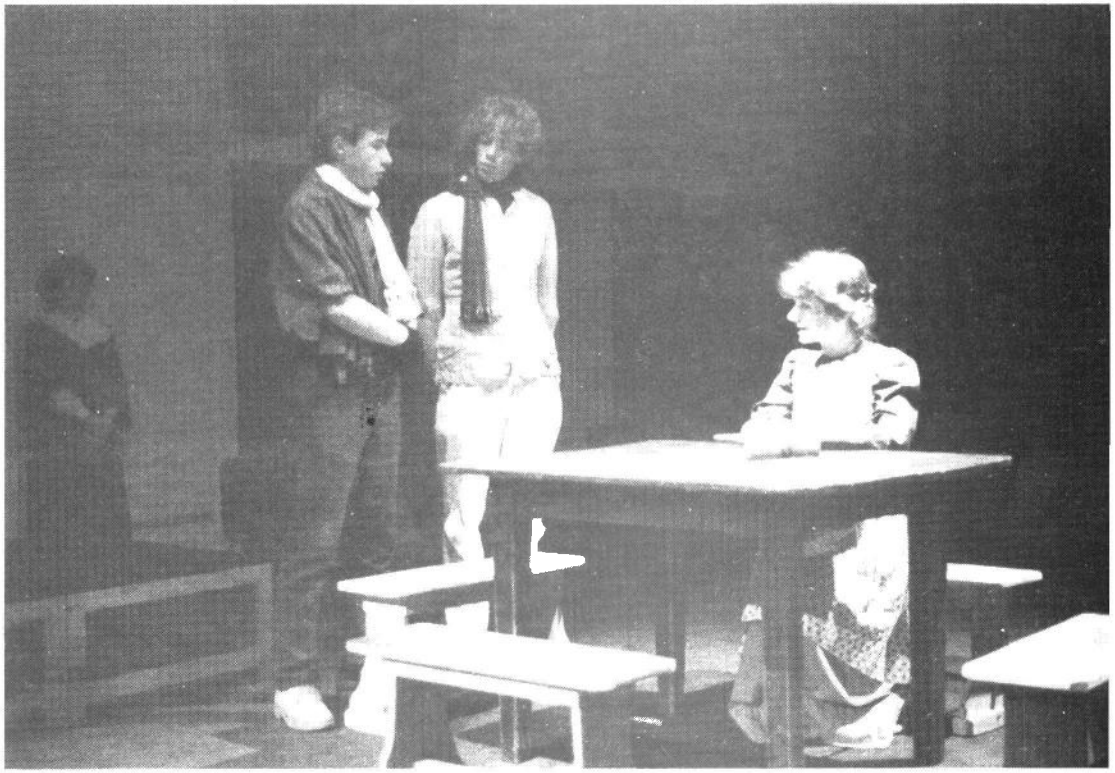
One day, when Laura was 13, a letter came from Candleford Green. It said that Miss Dorcas Lane wanted a learner for her Post Office work and thought Laura would do, if her parents were willing, which they were. There were now four younger children to be provided for in the little cottage at Lark Rise and Laura's future must depend on herself and what opportunities might offer.

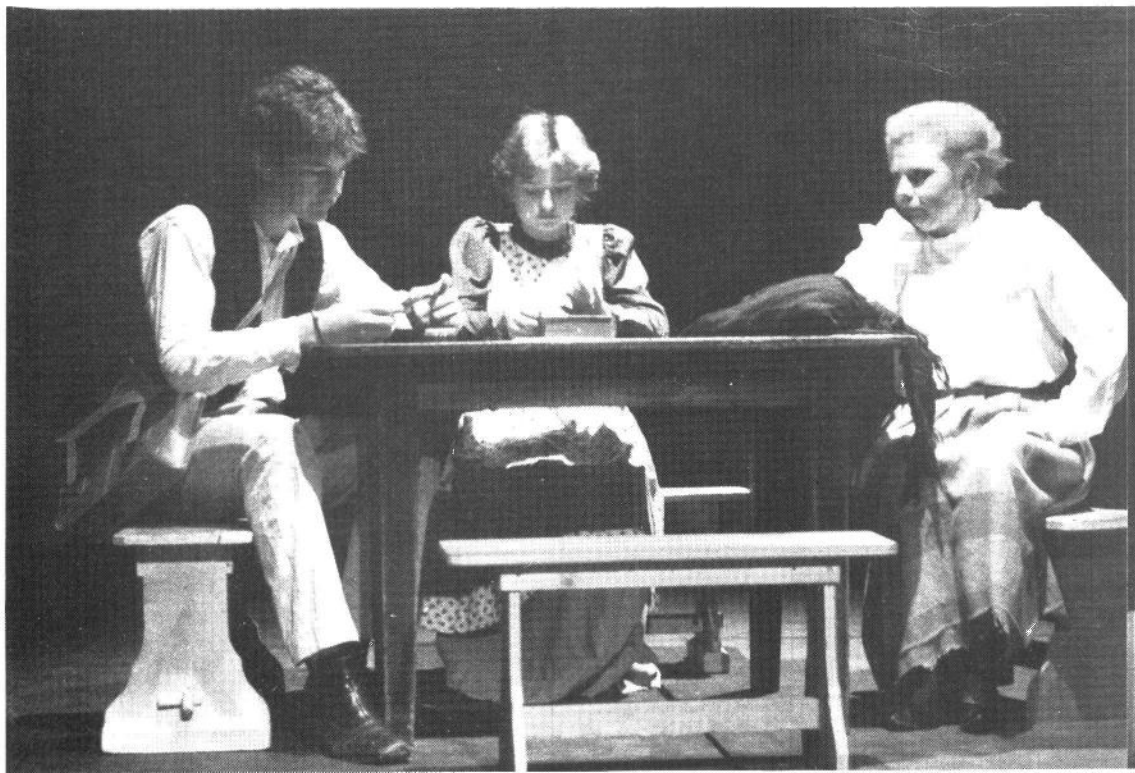
Cruel winter cuts through like the reaper
The old year lies withered and slain
But like Barleycorn who rose from the grave
The old year will rise up again.

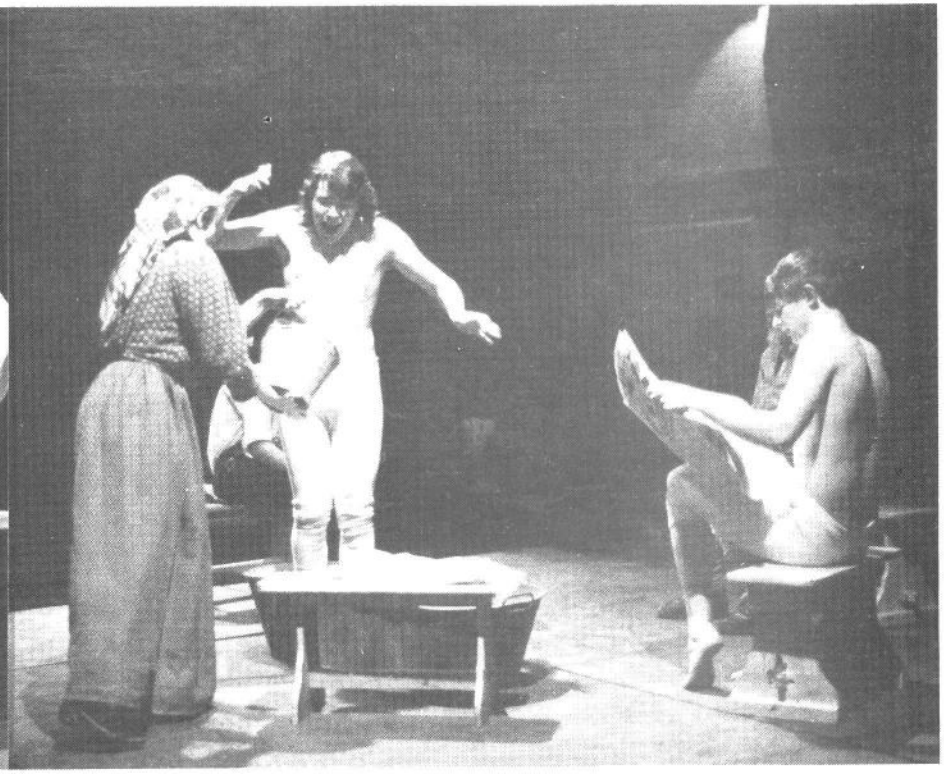
And the snow falls
And the wind calls
And the year turns round again.

But there will come a time of great plenty
A time of good harvest and sun
Until then, put your trust in tomorrow, my friend
For yesterday's over and done.

From Flora Thompson's Trilogy.
compiled by Rebecca Gatward.















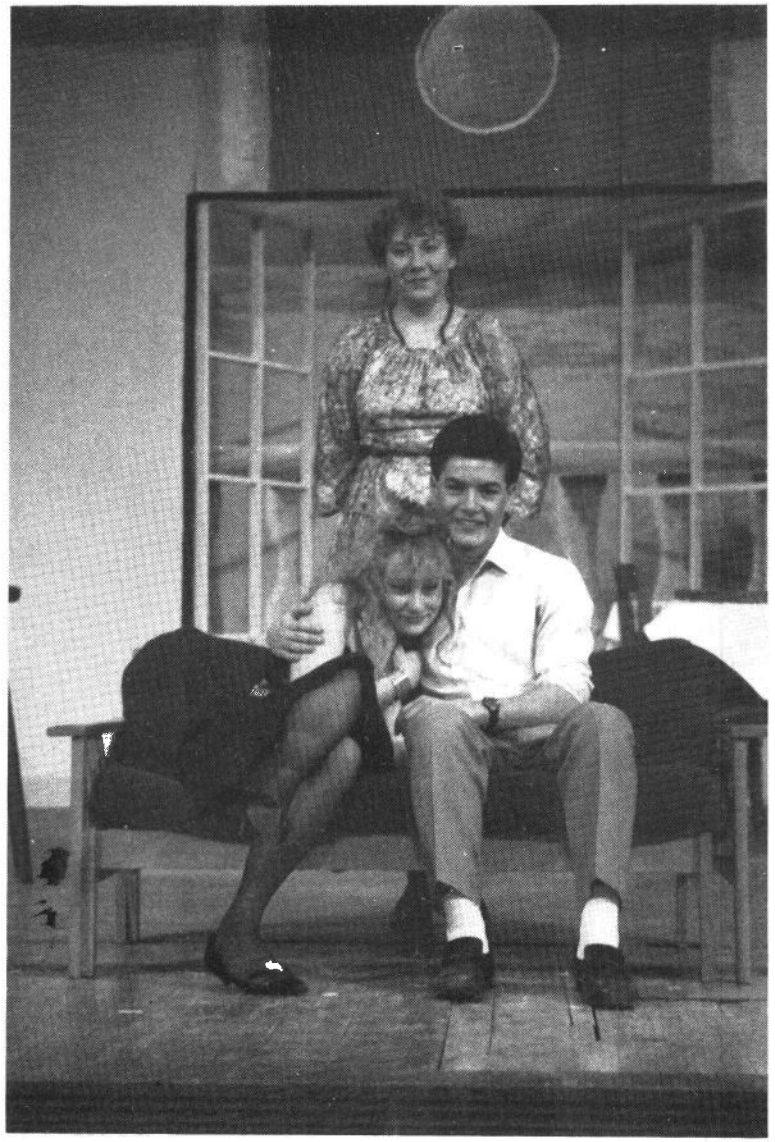




The Devil may Care!



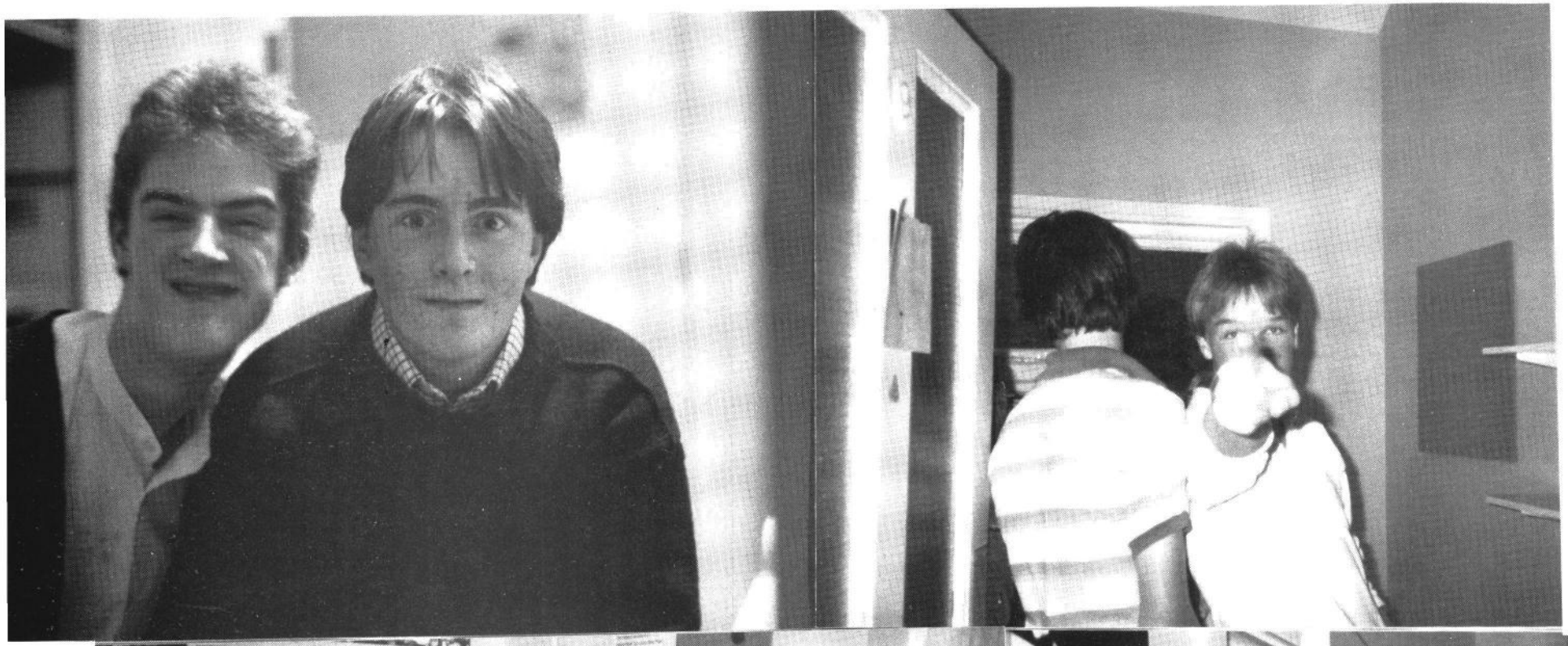




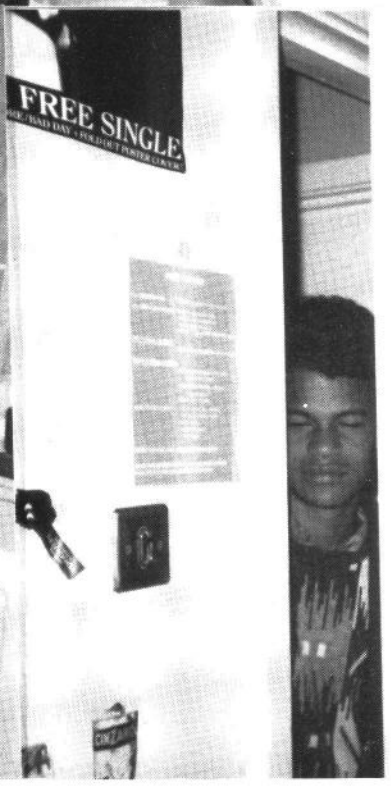


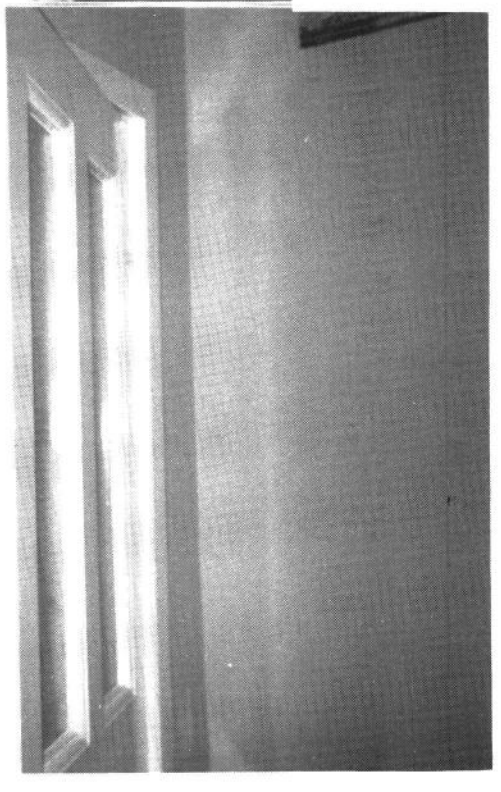




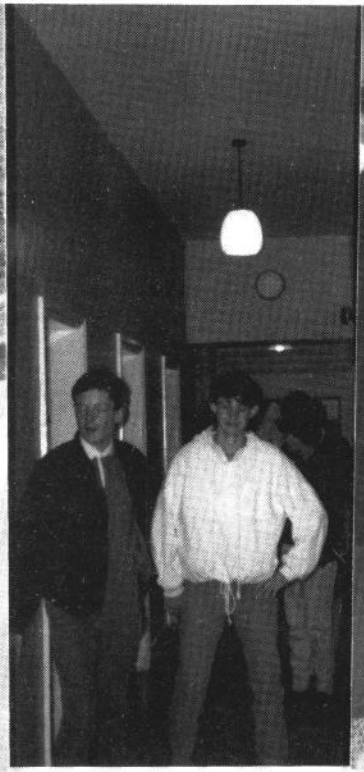


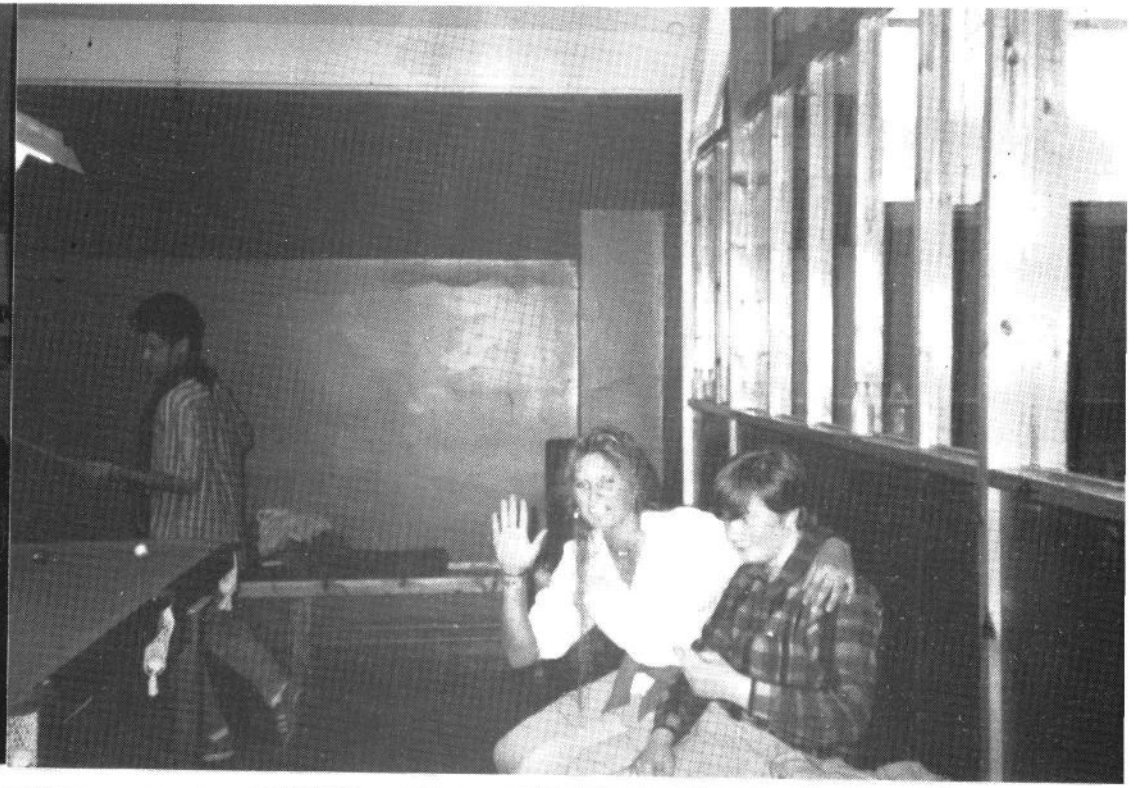



FREE SINGLE



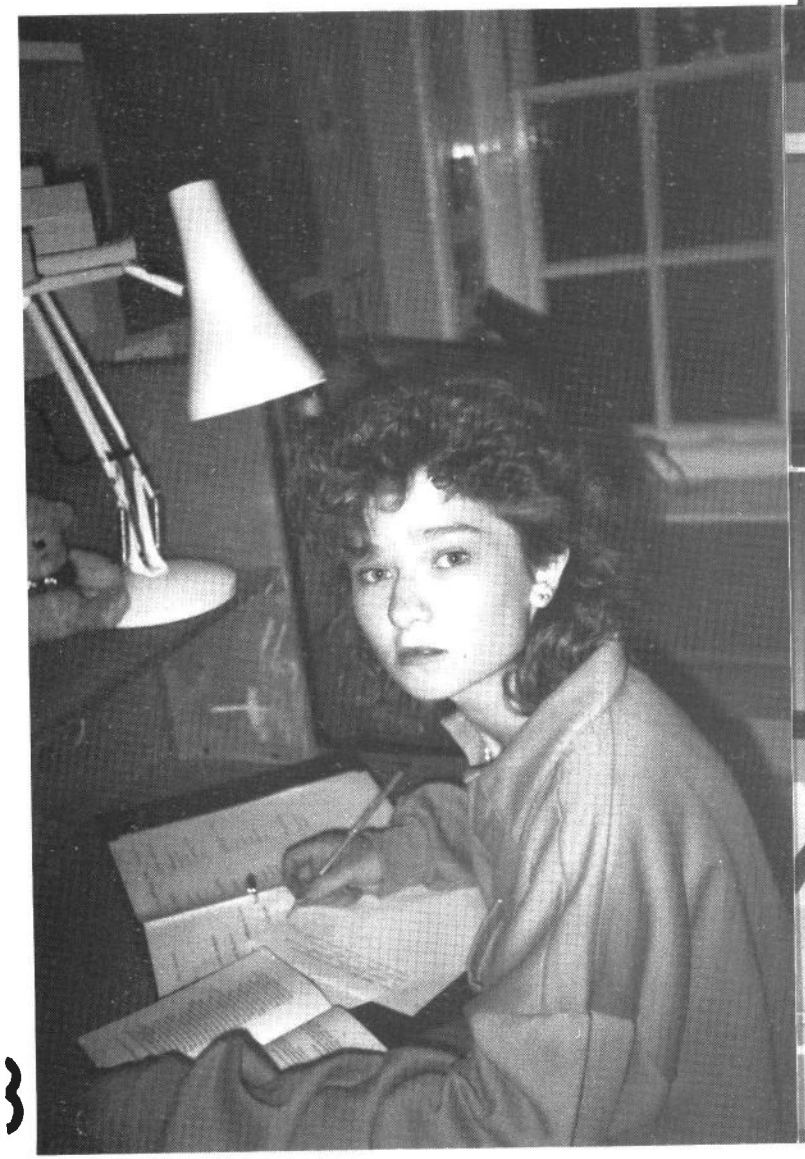




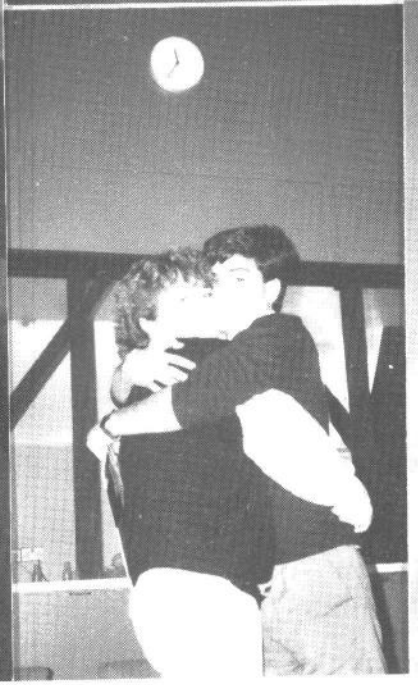









IF YOU GIVE UP.....
SMOKING, DRINKING
and SEX —
YOU DON'T LIVE LONGER
IT JUST SEEMS LIKE IT!
ESSELTE
designer

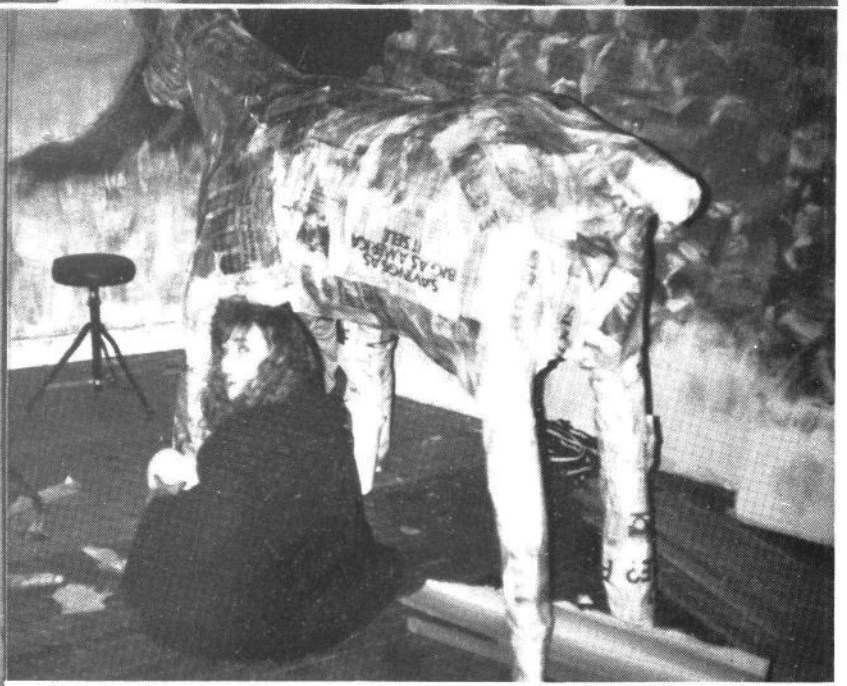


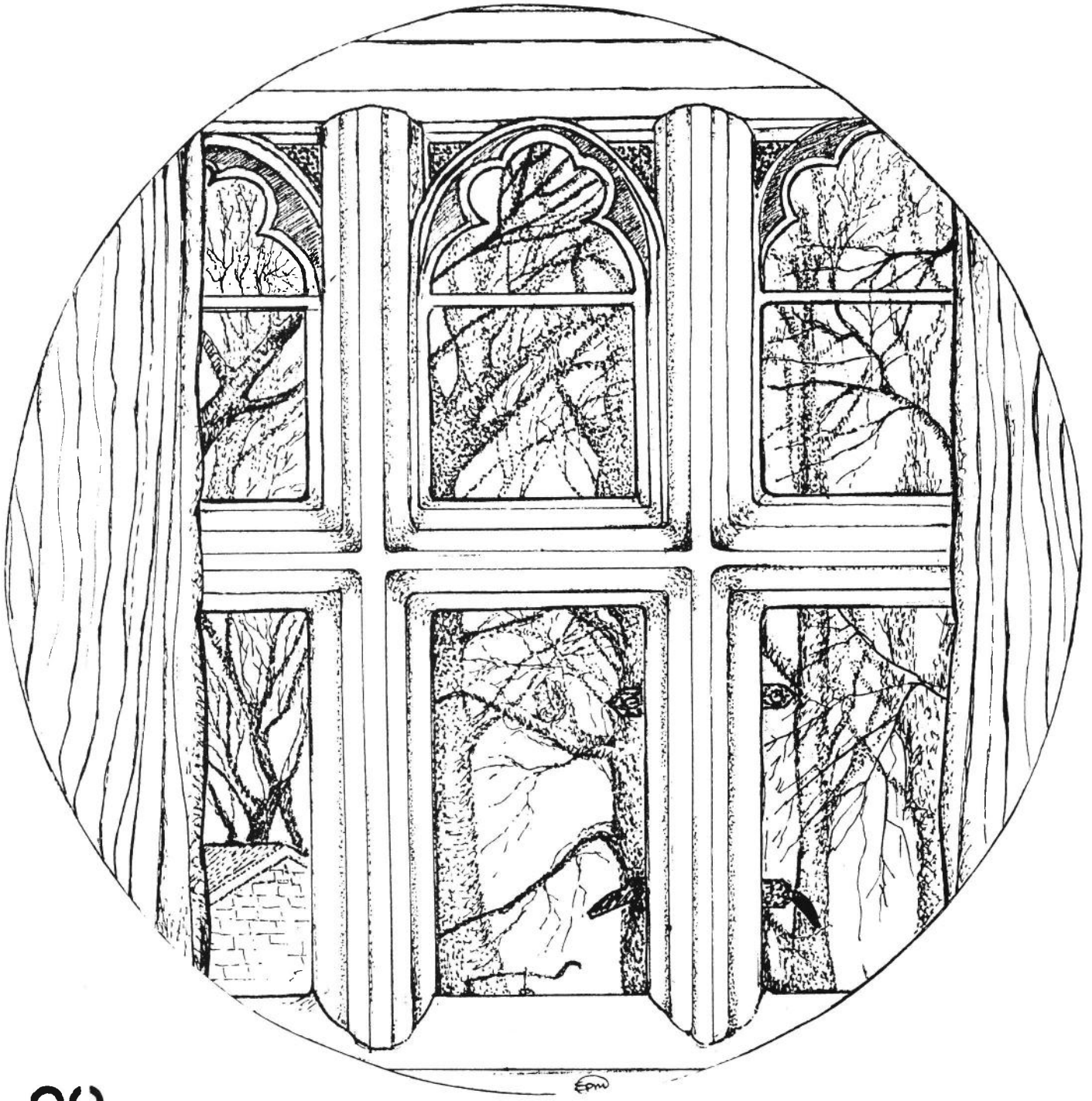












THURSDAY MORNING MEETING

Thursday Morning Meeting,
Circle in a room.
Oh speak to my condition,
Drive away this gloom.

The clock ticks on relentlessly,
It shows the course of time.
The ministry is silent,
Some words would be so kind.

My eyes have left the bookshelves
And are watching tossing trees,
In my view appears a squirrel
Who scampers with such ease.

How I want to be you, squirrel,
Outside, wild and free.
You have no words of comfort,
But still you speak to me.

Elizabeth Evans.

IF I WERE EIGHT AGAIN.

If I were eight again
In my life no pain,
I'd run and jump so free,
That's a life for me.

If I were back at Alphamstone
I'd never be alone,
With friends that are always there
To play my game of loving care.

Even though I am here,
Living my life without a tear,
I wish that I were there again
In the place I left when I was ten.

Memories can mean so much,
They're always there at the smallest touch.
For though we want to be more old,
Our younger life is the best, we're told.

But I'm not eight or six or seven,
I'm just making my way to heaven.
But knowing I've got a long way yet,
I'm happy with the new life I've met.

Anon. Form 5.

WEEKENDS.

When I go home at the weekends,
Oh how relaxing it is.
No maths with Mr Arter,
And no history with Verna Spokes.
No mess, no noise,
Just "do what I want"
Oh how I love the weekends.

When I come back from the weekends,
Oh what hassle I have,
Some maths with Mr Arter,
Some History with Verna Spokes,
Lots of mess, lots of noise,
No "do what I want"
Oh how I hate the school days.

Emily Lowson. 4W.

MOCKS – FRIEND OR FOE?

As Monday the 16th approaches
Panic begins to set in.
Notes are gathered together
As Mocks are about to begin.

Preps are unusually silent
Heads bowed down in deep thought
The absorption of facts and figures
Causes tempers to be rather short.

Lining up in the Playroom
Last minute revision takes place
When suddenly comes realisation
Of the exam that one's shortly to face.

The Hall inspires with all its precision
Desks lined up neatly in rows,
Ominous looking exam Papers
Decked with Cambridge Board prose.

Attracting the Invigilator's attention
Is sometimes a job and a half
Involving the coughs and the splutters
It is often hard not to laugh.

But when the exams are all over
And the last answer sheet taken in,
The mind begins to wander
To the hell that's about to begin.

The results were not unexpected,
Considering the work that was done;
U's, D's and E's in abundance
And a pass for the odd brainy one.

Now all that is left is the summer
To go through the whole thing again,
This time to impress on outsiders
The merit of the candidate's brain.

Rebecca Gatward. 5Y.

FOUR WHY

'Twas in a cafe they first met,
Romeo and Juliet,
Where Romeo first ran onto debt,
For Romeo owed what Juliet ate.

November the 5th has come and gone,
But thoughts of it still linger;
I held a banger in my hand,
Has anyone seen my finger?

Bonaria Blackie. 4Y.

PREP.

Silence until 5 past seven,
Feels so relaxing, so like heaven.
Maybe a sneeze, maybe a cough,
Perhaps a flutter at an odd moth.
A drop of a pencil
A drop of a stencil,
A few yawns of tiredness
A few sighs of boredness,
A whisper to your friend next door,
Prep taker shouts "No more",
Then comes the end of prep
Everyones is out of step.
"Put up your chairs, then you may go"
"And make sure they're all in a row."

Kate Minns. 1X.

LA COÛME 1986

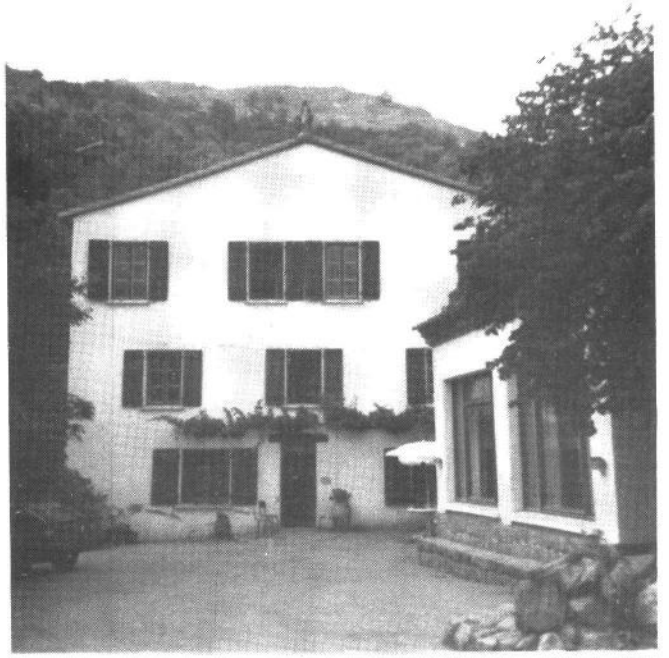
On Saturday 12th July, a group of nine ex-sixth formers set off from Saffron Walden with Chris Smith and his wife Hazel – destined for La Coûme. Brian Gatward and his family were to join us later. La Coûme is a small school situated in the eastern foothills of the French Pyrenees, close to the town of Prades. Our main purpose in visiting it, we were told, was to do 'a job of work'. The trip was to span a period of three weeks and compromise three parts: five days travelling down the eastern side of France; ten days at La Coûme itself and the remaining six days visiting Andorra and journeying back through the western side.

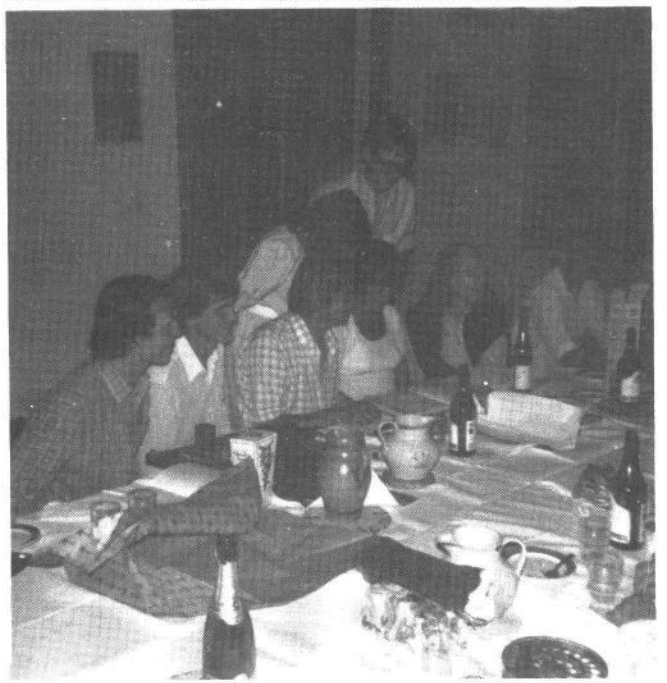
At Ramsgate we caught the Sally Line's 'Viking 2' for the two and a half hour crossing to Dunkirk. On the way to the port, Alamdar had been warned by Chris that he might be mistaken for a Libyan terrorist! We were all amazed when the Customs officer asked to see "Mr Manzoor". According to his passport he was, apparently, married to his mother and she was described as standing a towering 5.3 metres tall. Except for a temporary loss of power mid-way, the rest of the trip was plain sailing.

After arriving in Francé in the early hours of Sunday, Chris and Hazel shared the driving while the rest of us slept – through Laon and Reims to our breakfast spot at the Valley of the Swans. Our first night's camp was at Basolles, north of Nevers.

Monday evening saw us arrive at Le Puy in the Massif Central, where there is, as all fourth form geographers should know, a fine instance of a volcanic 'plug'. This one is topped by a large madonna, displaying what most of us regarded as a hideous coat of red paint. Having beaten a French team 7 - 1 at football, we descended on the town centre and were treated to a firework display (it was the 14th of July). We were told to be on the alert: there might be fireworks thrown around our feet. As for the rest of the night ..... need any more be said?

Most of us began the next day by shopping. Chris and Hazel, more adventurous, climbed to the top of the volcanic remains. This day's travelling took us through the Ardeche Gorges, where some of the most spectacular limestone scenery is to be found. We emerged from the south end of the gorge into vineyard country and our stop for the night was near Bagnols in the valley of the Rhone.



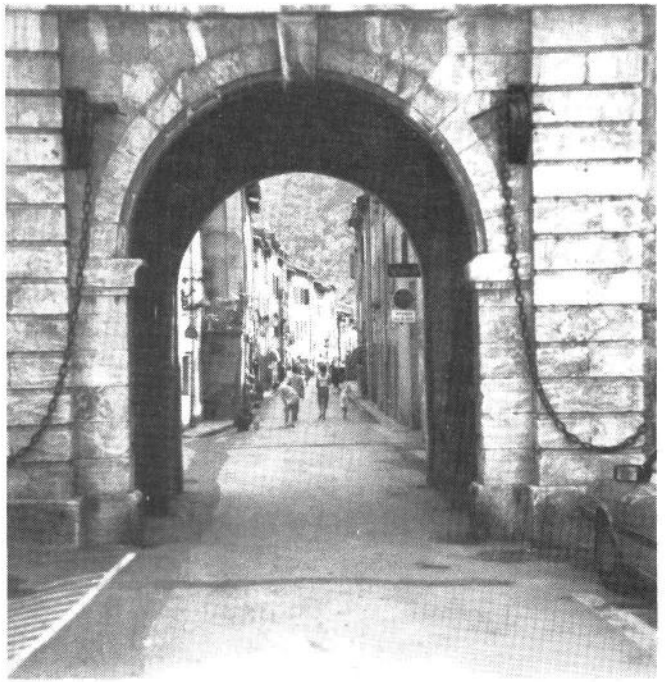


The next morning our route southwards took us along 'Route des Vins'. Hazel was now our navigator, Alamdar having been demoted to window-washer because he had fallen asleep on the job. In spite of this change, we still took a few wrong turnings but we managed to find the River Gard for lunch and then the famous Roman Aqueduct – tthe Pont du Gard – built to supply the town of Nimes with water. Some tourists were walking casually along the top of the aqueduct, looking straight down at the river 50 meters below – no hand rails or anything of that sort!

By Wednesday evening we had reached the Mediterranean coast and were obliged to camp on the beach – not a place to be recommended – but the pressure on camp sites was predictably high. At last it was La Coûme itself. The time was 4.30p.m. on the Thursday. The situation of the school half way up the mountainside is quite unforgettable. We were welcomed most warmly and quickly got to know the school's permanent residents and visitors – the 50 or so pupils being away on holiday. We got to know a little of the history of the school: how it had originally been a farm, had been bought by a Quaker and had become a school under the guidance of Pitt and Yves Krüger, refugees from Nazi Germany in the 1930s.

We quickly adopted a pattern of working in which the day was divided into two shifts: from 9 - 12 and from 5 - 7, allowing a 'siesta' during the hot part of the day. One of the main outdoor activities was to dig a trench for a new sewage pipe straight through a patio which had been laid by a previous group from Friends School. At one point, one of the group managed to drop a rock on the newly-laid PVC piping. After the necessary repair, there was little rest for anybody until the whole job was complete.

Other work included harvesting some of the fruit and vegetables from the La Coûme gardens, repairing, painting and decorating the walls and learning a few things about French cuisine from Monique. Sunbathing and exploring the nearby village of Mosset took up some of our leisure time. Food and drink were excellent and long remembered after our return.



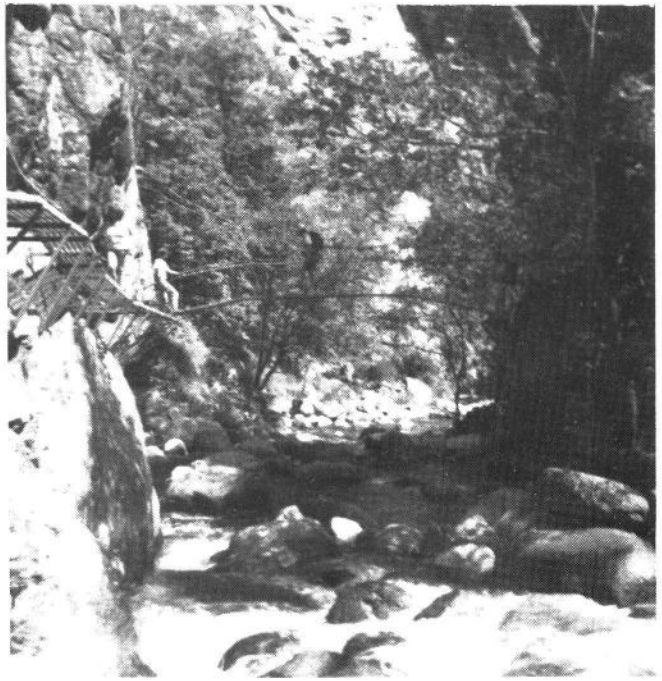
One Wednesday morning we set off on a treck to the Carensa Gorge near the Spanish frontier but the going was rough and only a small number of the group actually made it; they got their reward in the form of Olivier's energy potion.

On the final evening, Yves inspected our work and then we were treated to a great banquet. Jeremy made a speech in French which was read in English by Chris and our hosts were presented with gifts.

The following morning we packed our bags, said our farewells and set off in the company of Olivier and Sven to the small landlocked country of Andorra, between France and Spain. After the rather tawdry border town of Pas de La Cas the countryside was delightful and we experienced the pleasures of a bathe in a mountain lake at over 6000 feet. Only the hardier members of the group could brave the chilly waters for more than a minute or two. From Andorra the route was now back to England. Among the highlights of this return journey was a visit to the Cave of 100 Mammoths with the prehistoric paintings on the walls. Slowly we returned to the present and to such delights of modern civilisation as the Hypermarket in Calais and the Customs Officers in Ramsgate. Then back to dear old Walden, wiser and happier and able to dwell on a host of widely-varied memories.

Adapted from the account by DOUGLAS KENT










LA COUME











A HISTORY TRIP TO THE TOWER OF LONDON.
18th May 1987.

We kept all together while we were being introduced to a guarding beefeater by the teachers. Going through the entrance, two men checked our bags with a portable mechanical bomb-detector. I was a bit surprised to find security so negligent, as any of our party could have been carrying a bomb on our person. There were no devices to do so at all.

Then the big group split up into two smaller groups with an accompanying adult at the head – to calm us down!

The first stop was the White Tower – a quite large place – rather interesting as I'd never had it explained to me before. When we entered we went up big wooden steps that were fixed to the castle. This was called the plinth. It could be knocked down in an emergency if attackers were coming. The entry was very high. Inside were weapons like rifles, arrows and bows, cross-bows swords and daggers. Also there was a lot of armoury dating back to very early days. To go upstairs to another level, you had to go up very steep spiral steps. After that we went to the Crown Jewels.

These were fascinating. The carved gold was amazing. There were lots of things that were the same, like in pairs, which made a good arrangement for them to be shown. We saw the special robes that were worn by people, which were highly decorated with different materials and patterns. The jewels were very extravagant. They were securely kept behind automatic doors, about 1½ feet thick. It was like an enormous safe.

I think they are a waste of money. We have poor people who are homeless. But still they are definitely nice! There were all the crowns dating back hundreds of years. There was one tiny crown of Queen Victoria. My guess is that she found it much lighter and more comfortable than all the others. Also there were swords and dishes of pure gold, worth money unthinkable.

After lunch, which was about 1 p.m., we went to the Education Centre. I though this was the best part of the day. Here we were shown how to do brass-rubbing. Afterwards we got into small groups and tried it ourselves. It was good fun. After that we were shown a film about armoury and going to battle. This was also good and interesting. They even had armour for children. Some of the armour was pointed in shape so that arrows would be deflected off it. We tried on some helmets. It was very difficult to breathe and it hurt your head if you knocked it. It must have been terrible to be a knight!

If there was a dead man with good armour then it was taken off him, because it was so expensive – a bit like leaving a Rolls Royce with the doors unlocked. Some people were able to buy this armour – just like some people have expensive cars today.

We then walked around the battlements and got thoroughly worn out, then to the shop and finally to the coach and collapsed. I really enjoyed it!

Members of Form 2.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A HILLCROFTER.

I wake at 7 a.m. to the sound of Chrissy's alarm. "Oh no" groans Em. Tanya and Lizzi fight over the loo to find that Lucy's there too. Mrs Addy demands that we close the drapes. Someone may peep, and then .....

I run to breakfast pulling my vest on. To my horror I meet Miss Weston. "Look at that shirt, you wicked one, go and put a Robert Syale's one on instead." My gratitude for breakfast is shown by a belch.

Hiding behind the door is Mrs Welch. We walk up the stairs and what should we meet but the choking smell of Zoe's feet.

Rouge is red, eyeliners blue, Lizzi and Ceall's dorm is in a mess too. We are all ushered out by matron and the door is locked at 8.44

by curiosity killed the Tyke (Tessa's cat)

Anon. Form 5.

THE COLLABORATORS.

I am woken up at eight o'clock by my jailer, who either sings a song or just shouts at me until I have shown some signs of rising. There is a strict regime in my prison and it starts from the moment I get up until the moment I go back to sleep. I am given half an hour for a morning wash and fifteen minutes for breakfast. From then on, it is a strict and tightly-held schedule, closely guarded by our jailers. If I am not where I am supposed to be, when I am supposed to be there, I may be severly reprimanded, miss a meal or even lose a sum of money – (as all great capitalists would say "time is money"). This strictness is continued throughout the whole day, and if I miss anything by not being there on time, it could prove fatal to me later on.

In our breaks, which are always watched over by our jailers, I find it hard to forget the ever-watchful eye. There are some ways of temporary escape....but I am always forced back into reality.

Let me make this point clear. I am not in prison because I have committed a crime of any sort; in fact, no one is here for that reason. We have all been born into this prison, which is impossible to escape from by any sane human being.

So, you might ask me, if we are all prisoners then who are the jailers you keep talking about? How do they keep control over everyone?

Well, the jailers are helped by collaborators, that is the system needs them, and, in return for their services, they are well rewarded. We all have our own jailers and everyone wears their jailer around their wrists. All the inmates in this prison have a nickname for the jailers. We call them clocks.

Mark Berg. 6_2 X.

CLARENCE THE DRAGON

Clarence the dragon was a dragon that was Green,
His teeth were lined with armour,
His claws with nicotine.
For Clarence loved a cigarette while resting
In his cave,
He thought upon that gallant knight,
That gallant knight called Dave.

Sir Dave had often fought with Clarence,
Far or close at hand,
Clarence preferred to sit in battle,
Dave preferred to stand.
Whether this is relevent who can really tell?
But round one and two have been completed,
Sir Dave the knight has been deleted,
And Clarence rings the bell.

So Clarence that large and frightful dragon,
With green and spotted tail,
Has beaten poor old Dave the knight,
Who said he'd never fail!,
Alas poor Dave we knew him well,
A man of infinite jest,
As we see nothing left of him,
But socks and shirt and vest.

Clarence rules the kingdom with food he is
Full laden,
A knight, a king, the Emporer Ming, and now
And then a maiden.
The dragon employed a servant called Jake,
To find his meat for him,
While Clarence sat within his cave and gave
His nails a trim.

Clarence loved his servant his bright blue
Eyes would sparkle,
But alas! One day Clarence breathed too
Hard and turned poor Jake to charcoal.

Nevertheless, Clarence was happy everything
Went his way,
Men would grin and walk past him and very
Softly say:
"Hello there Clarence how are
We then? Feeling good today?"
And Clarence breathed a breath of fire
And send them on their way.

The dragon felt his life was complete
His days fulfiled and free.
Until one day he spied a knight perched
Upon a tree.
The knight looked down from his tree and
Saw the dragon eyes,
He clambered down the old oak tree most
Quietly for his size.
He said to Clarence in a thunderous tone:
"I knew I'd find you there!"
While Clarence stood and puffed out smoke
And fiddled with his hair.

"I have sought you here I have sought
You there without a stroke of luck".
Said the knight to Clarence, stepping
Forward two steps surrounded by the muck.
"You filthy dragon you clear that up do
You realise what you've done?"
"Yes", Grinned Clarence and winked at the
Knight, *"It's really so much fun."*

The battle took place upon the beach,
And sometimes on the grass,
Where Clarence breathed a breath of fire,
Which shot straight up his back,
Whence George the knight (who could not fight)
Tried to slay sly Clarence,
By waving his sword about the air and leaping
At his larynx.
But the bright green dragon would not give in,
His skin was as tough as leather,
Where George the knight appeared so brave,
But quivered like a feather.

A hit from George, a hit from Clarence,
The blood began to flow,
For Clarence stepped upon a pin,
Which went right through his toe.
"You win the fight, you win the battle."
Roared Clarence full of pain,
But as the dust began to clear,
The truth became quite plain,
There was the knight a sorry sight,
An imprint in the ground,
For when Clarence leapt straight at the
Knight,
He could have sworn he heard a sound.
A muffled yell and the small knight fell,
Under the mass of fat,
And there was George, a wafer thin knight,
Where Clarence once had sat.

So Clarence yet again, was the victor on
This day,
And beat the famed Sir George, where on
The beach he lay.
But the dragon rejoiced a touch too much,
Lost balance, tripped, fell forward,
Upon the flattened knight beneath,
Upon his crumpled sword.
Was Clarence dead as was Sir George?
He had gone to heaven?
No, as Clarence still had nine lives left,
He'd used up number seven!

Jonathon Metcalfe 6_2 Y.

SKI TRIP 1987.

31st March, 11 a.m. After Vicky R. had had a mishap with 'birds doings', we boarded the coach. When we arrived at Luton, we had to face an hour's delay before Britannia Airways took to the air at 3 p.m. Our flight resembled an 18-30 Club Holiday and we were entertained with the film 'Airplane II', with Sheila Ashcroft playing the leading role. The most entertaining clip from this film was the time when she thought that the reclinable seat button would eject her from the plane. A famous quote from this budding actress was "can I throw unwanted food out of the window?"

Talking of food, the veggies had to suffer sausages; in fact so did the non-veggies, but as this article has been censored, there are no gory details!

After being welcomed by a cheery passport officer at Turin, there followed a long, boring coach journey to La Thuile. Our apartments were first-class - apart from the mould growing in our fridge. Our illusions of breakfast in bed quickley vanished when at 7.45 our 'continental breakfasts' - consisting of bread rolls were delivered to our door handles in plastic bags every morning. There were cordon bleu lunches every day including more rolls. In the evening we enjoyed our three-course meal at a restaurant; alcoholic water and yes, more rolls. Our pizza night was much appreciated - especially by Annabel, who was the only one to finish the whole thing.

Fortunately we had no major accidents, which was surprising owing to the late nights, early mornings and the occasional hangover. On the first day, and in Catherine Edward's case for the rest of the week, beginners suffered the humiliation of snowploughing, whilst Tom and Taco mono-skied off over the edge of the mountain.

By Monday, virtually everyone had experienced the horrors of skiing, bum-sliding or walking down the mountain to the hotel apartments.

7th April 9 - 12 a.m. Our last day was spent at La Crenerie, the hotel cafe. Vicky R. managed to eat her way through every flavour of ice cream in the cafe and still managed to lose half a stone. She should definitely be included in the Seven Wonders of the World in a dieter's handbook.

Our coach ride back to Turin Airport seemed a lot more subdued than the one delivering us to La Planibel. Our last farewells were said at Luton, though at Turin we were given an extra hour as Britannia Airways was delayed.

I think the only thought people had when they arrived back at school at 9 p.m. was to catch up on a week's lost sleep. Thanks must be given to Mr and Mrs Smith, Mr Christley and Miss Cross for making a most memorable holiday possible.

Em Richardson and Tanya Manuell.

THE MIRACLE CHILD

There was a cold impersonality about everything Mr Saunders undertook. Even when he proposed to his wife he appeared to feel nothing; it was little wonder she refused first time. Theirs was not a conventional marriage. In fact, his 'other half' was a buxom woman who cared greatly about everything she did. They annoyed each other but there was a warm sense of security in their partnership, a stability that could neither be touched or broken.

It was amusing to walk together on a Sunday afternoon down to the old railway bridge. They made such an obscure couple: she was short, ruddy cheeked and jolly, enveloped in a motherly air that seemed to hover about her. He was a tall lanky fellow with a bleak uninteresting face and an air of austerity about him. They were childless until suddenly, out of the blue, materialised a miracle child. Mr Saunders knew it wasn't his and Mrs Saunders.....well, she carried a secret air that would sometimes betray itself in a smug grin of satisfaction.

Life carried on in their snug, comfy cottage enfolding the two in their close lives. The flowers blossomed, the apple trees bent their weary arms under the weight of the fruit that God had graced them with, and Mrs Saunders bent heavily under the weight of her fruit. All the time the sun shone on them. As the apples ripened, a warm glow of contentment developed around her. Mr Saunders was filled with a strange curiosity at their unforseen gift. He took on a shy interest of one who is awed, watching furtively at the full woman as she moved around the house, yet still he kept his detachment. Mrs Saunders argued possesively over the child's name, he merely remained adament and firm. Eventually they compromised and named the expected new being Georgina. The time came upon them. She went away to a small farm they owned in Essex, to avoid any fuss. He often sat in his haze of tobacco smoke, pondering over the new entrant into the world. Mr Saunders looked forward to the return of Mrs Saunders and when she did, he greeted her in his fashion tenderly, looking into her eyes with a bemused smile as she proceeded to place a big, sloppy kiss on his cheek. He didn't seem to mind when he was enveloped into her maternal embrace. They installed the new-born into a room they had converted into a nursery.

A new peacefulness broke over the house, they shared the responsibility of Georgina, strengthening the bond between them. As soon as Mrs Saunders heard the sweet melody of Georgina's cry, she would plod up the stairs and succumb to the demands of the pink wrinkled thing. The serenity that often comes over a mother and her child suited her as she snuggled the child close into her breast, protecting it. The proud father looked on as a gentle quality seemed to bring his blank face to life. The child would grow up secure in the knowledge of it's parent's love.

One day, a week after Mrs Saunders' return, the vicar called. They were not religious people and stayed apart from the village, yet they didn't seem surprised at the vicar's visit. Mrs Saunders invited him in and proceeded to make tea, using her best china and laid out some home-made biscuits - to which Mr Saunders was especially partial. They sat in the living room, making conversation, yet really talking about nothing.

Suddenly the vicar expressed his congratulations on the new birth, of which he had come to hear (quite accidentally mind you) from the local gossip. He clearly expressed the point of his visit to be an inquiry about Georgina. He concluded that it was a just and beautiful thing to have christened. As soon as Georgina's name was mentioned, the Saunders exchanged secret smiles, dwelling on the thought of the peaceful thing sleeping soundly in her cot.

Mrs Saunders invited the vicar to take a peep at the sleeping beauty. He followed the couple up the narrow stairs and into the bright little room, in the middle of which stood a cot, carefully painted in pink. There were toys scattered on the floor where she had been playing. The vicar, a rather nervous man, stayed behind at the door as the couple moved forward and stood still by the cot. Their faces filled with a warm, obsessive love as they looked fondly down into the cot. The vicar was quite impressed at the closeness of the family. Eventually the vicar stepped forward quietly so as not to disturb the sleeping treasure. He had been curious to see this baby, a miracle child some had said - for the Saunders were well past their prime. There was a calmness in that room that he would never forget. He leaned forward as the mother sighed contentedly, heaving her bosom. "Beautiful" she breathed. The vicar looked down.....into the empty cot.

Vicky Newman. 6_1X.

Name: David Cianciola
Age: 29
Job: Caterer
Family: 2 boys aged 2 and 4
Home: Haverhill
Star Sign: Taurus

Q. Do you like working here?
A. Yes, I enjoy working here. I found it difficult at first because it was so totally different from anywhere else I have worked at. But I think I now have a good relationship with the people here.
Q. Where did you work before you were here.
A. At Kings College Choir School in Cambridgeshire, before that in a factory and before that I was catering in a Post Office.
Q. How does FSSW compare with the other establishments you have worked in?
A. It is totally different here. All Compass catering contracts are different. I think the thing that stands out most is the free expression of the pupils. At Kings I was dealing with 7-11 year olds. There, we were more involved in giving a balanced diet. Here you can make up your own minds.
Q. So you don't consider our diet to be particularly well-balanced?
A. No, I didn't mean that. There, we had the two main courses with meat and 2 veg. Here, people have a more adventurous palate.
Q. How do you find the relationship between staff and pupils here?
A. It comes across as caring from the staff side. I get the impression that the staff care more than the pupils think.
Q. What about relationships with your staff?
A. They think more about the children than the children realise, as well. Just imagine serving 400 dinners. When the staff are gruff or seem stroppy, try reversing the roles.
Q. Would you have liked to come to FSSW as a pupil?
A. Broadly speaking, I wouldn't have liked to be a boarder - at any school. I haven't been here long enough to know much about the academic side of the school.
Q. Have you any interesting hobbies?
A. Now, what do I put on my application forms? I'm a cub scout leader. I do target rifle shooting. I enjoy gardening and racket sports. Oh, and my family. They're a full-time hobby.
Q. Who would you like to be stranded on a desert island with?
A. Good grief. Well, there's different people for different reasons. For example, I could listen to Pat Jennings talking for ages. I think he's got a really relaxing voice. And Richard Burton, for the same reasons, but he's dead, unfortunately. Sexpots? Well, Linda Bellingham and Lynette Newman.
Q. Who do you think will win the next election?
A. I think the Conservatives will get back into power. I'm not saying I agree with it though.
Q. Which cartoon character do you think best describes you?
A. I suppose it must be Baloo the bear from the Jungle Book, because he's slow and lumbering, but it's probably mainly because of his hair.
Q. What was your nickname at school?
A. I can't remember. Oh, Chunker was one that I had.
Q. Have you got one here?
A. I don't know - it would be interesting to find out, actually.
Q. Had you always wanted to be a chef?
A. From my mid-teens I began to think along the catering lines.
Q. What is your burning ambition in life?
A. I don't have any burning ambitions in life. One lesser ambition is to establish my own wine bar, coffee shop or similar establishment. The other is to run a small-holding.
Q. Do you do the cooking at home?
A. Yes and no. My wife does most of the cooking. If there is a group of people coming, I end up finiishing it off. It's harder to cook at home when you are used to cooking for large numbers.
Q. Which FSSW meal are you most proud of?
A. The one that satisfies all the customers.
Q. Corny?
A. I don't cook, my staff do. I just plan the dishes. I would like to get more involved in life here. Ideally, I would like to live around the corner and come back in the evenings to run a table-tennis club or something.
Q. How would you feel about having to eat the food that you dish up to us thre times a day?
A. I do. Apart from personal likes and dislikes - for example I don't like eating curry - I would never put anything on a menu that I would not eat myself. There is nothing different in our dining room to that which the pupils have in theirs.

Interviewer: **Lara Nimmo. Form 4.**

Name: Eric William George Jarvis
Works as: Head Gardener
Lives at: Seward's End

Q. Do you have any favourite pets?
A. Yes, dogs and birds, well everything. I don't care for rats.
Q. I've heard you take care of a cat here. What do you call it?
A. Tiddles or Tiddler (but that sounds rude).
Q. Do you miss us during the holidays?
A. Yes, It's so quiet - I like young people. I run a youth club and like going to discos. I was at one last week.
Q. What kind of music do you like?
A. Rock 'n' Roll is the best thing that has happened. I like all modern music, country and western and I used to belong to a jazz club - I like Diana Ross.
Q. What's your favourite job around here?
A. Cutting the hedge with electric sheers, but then I like all my work.
Q. Have you any hobbies?
A. Helping people - they call me a samaritan.
Q. Have you any ideas on how to stop people smoking?
A. Gnawing raw carrots is a good one. It's cheap and good for your eyesight.
Q. What did you vote in the General Election? You dont have to answer that one.
A. I.m a very moderate socialist. I voted for Russell Green in the Local Election... because he helps the poor, and the sick; in the General Election middle of the road.
Q. Where would you like to live?
A. California.
Q. Have you any Quaker connections?
A. Yes, I used to live in a house that belonged to Miss Gibson (a Quaker lady). She was very kind.
Q. Who is your celebrity?
A. Well, there are so many.... I used to like that little tennis player, Christine Lloyd.

Interviewer: **Hanneke Gibberd. 6,X**

Name: Mary Blann (Sister)

Q. How long have you worked at FSSW?
A. About 8 years.
Q. What is the most tedious aspect of your job?
A. Filing.
Q. What is the best aspect of your job?
A. Not knowing what's going to happen next.
Q. Do you find your job boring?
A. No.
Q. Tell us about your education and your previous place of work?
A. N.E. England, left school at 16. Godolphin School for Girls in Salisbury.
Q. Who would you like to be on desert island with?
A. I haven't even thought of it - I suppose the present 5th form because they're all leaving. (We're not that bad are we?)
Q. What are your hobbies?
A. Gardening, knitting and reading - I can't stand housework.
Q. Where else have you lived?
A. Singapore, St. Lucia and Antigua in the Caribbean, and Mauritius. I did voluntary work for the Red Cross there.
Q. If you weren't a sister, what would you like to be?
A. A doctor.
Q. What would you do if you were given £1 million?
A. Make sure the taxman didn't find out.
Q. What's the busiest time in the sanatorium?
A. Between the Autumn and Spring Half-Terms - mainly due to the weather.
Q. Are you relieved when the holidays start?
A. It all depends on how the term has been.
Q. If you were given a free holiday, where would you go?
A. Probably somewhere I haven't been before. I would like to go to Antarctica. I like the mountains, although I couldn't climb any of them.

Interviewer: **Alexandra Hughes. (5 X)**

A VISIT TO THE U.S.S.R.
An Interview with CHRISSY PETERS

On October 29th 1984, Chrissy left Heathrow – her destination Moscow. The flight took seven hours and the worst thing was the food. It was freezing. Arriving at Moscow airport, where the Russians were separated from the other passengers and the temperature was a mild −2°C, Chrissy and her mother were met by Mr Chernenko, the former Soviet Leader. "There was no Press, thank God" she remarked. From the Airport they were chauffer-driven to the Kremlin where they had an elegant meal. Chrissy was then taken to one of the best hotels in Moscow – the Sovietskaya Hotel, where she resided alone in a suite for a month. After this she moved to Tbilisi in Georgia and stayed at the palace for two months.

When asked about some of the customs of the U.S.S.R. Chrissy replied: "Most girls are married at 15 or 16 years of age. If they are not married by 20, they never will be!" The fathers of three different grooms tried to make arrangements for Chrissy to marry their sons – in return for riches. Her mother siad that it was for Chrissy to decide, which shocked them quite a lot – of course, Chrissy refused!

During her time in the Soviet Union, Chrissy did four things which girls are forbidden to do: she rode a bike, went horseback riding, played the cello and wore skirts above the middle of her calf.

She also met quite a few famous people. Among them were: the world's best woman chess player, Mr Chernenko, Mr Gromyko, actors, actresses and prima ballerinas (none of whom we would recognise). Chrissy had her lessons at home with three governesses. At the end of 1985, she managed to get into Art school and she stayed there for 3 months.

When asked about the way people live, she remarked: "Everyone lives in tiny flats, which is a problem when you want to have a party, because you have to have thirty people or more! Shops are different from those in England because everything is at a mediocre standard. If you want to have something decent to wear, you have to have it tailor-made. Cosmetics are pretty bad as well. If you want good-quality stuff then you have to order it from abroad, and that can take 6 or 12 months before you get it! Food is pretty much the same quality – if you want pork chops you have to buy a live pig!"

There was little or no night-life. If you wanted to hold a party then at least thirty people have to go. Any alcohol consumed has to be made at home as the shops don't sell it.

The holidays are different from those in Britain. There is no such thing as Valentine's Day but there is Womens' Day' on March 6th, when all the men have to buy flowers or other presents for their womenfolk. Easter is usually celebrated by the non-communists, and if it is, then you have to celebrate Lent and do without meat and dairy products. May 7th is Victory Day to celebrate the Russian victory over the Germans in the Second World War. There are parades and fireworks all over the country. All Soviet schools end for the summer holidays on May 31st, beginning again on September 1st. December 15th is Stalin's birthday which is celebrated everywhere with parades. Christmas is not celebrated by the communists but there are Services in the churches. New Year's Day is the biggest holiday of the whole calendar. Most people stay awake all night on New Year's Eve.

Alexandra Hughes.

ETIQUETTE

by MIKE REED 6 X 1

"Now, Olivia, we are all going to the Harvey's house for dinner this evening. Won't that be nice?" Claire MacMillan looked at her daughter and smiled The Smile through her expert make-up.

"Yes, Mother," Olivia replied, sending The Smile back, like a human radar target. Olivia thought her Mother was very pretty, much prettier than Mrs. Harvey, who had a long, sharp face that always reminded Olivia of the picture of the Witch in her 'Hansel and Gretal' book. How could her pretty mother like people like the Harveys? Mr Harvey had a long face to match his wife's, and always wore black suits which aways made Olivia think of Grandfather's funeral, where nobody except Olivia cried, and she hid it, not wanting to spoil the occasion.

And then there was Miles. Miles Harvey was a horrible little boy, a year older than Olivia. When they played together while their parents talked, he made fun of her, called her Olly, and tweaked her nose all the time. Olivia hated Miles.

"Right," her Mother said, "what will you wear?"

"Please could I wear the blue dress?" Olivia gave the correct response.

"Of course, dear!" Mother smiled. "I hoped you would say that."

Olivia did not like her blue dress at all. It was plain and stiff. The high collar irritated her.

Olivia's mother took her by the hand and they went up the wide stairs to Olivia's pastel pink bedroom. Olivia did not like pink, either, but she was, she knew, only seven. None of the pop posters or funny posters that adorned some girl's rooms were on her walls. On her walls were paintings of cats and windmills.

They got out the blue dress and Ollivia slipped out of her frock and into the horrid dress. Her mother buttoned it up the back, and the neck formed it's familiar manacle around her pale throat.

"There," said her mother. "Lovely!"

Olivia smiled The Smile. It was the practised Smile she always smiled at dinner parties when people asked her how was school, did she enjoy it? Had she met their daughter? Olivia would smile The Smile, and the other girl would send The Smile right back. The Smile. The polite, happy, meaningless, dead Smile. Then Olivia would take the peanuts to someone else and smile again. Olivia was well versed in the etiquette of body-language.

Her mother stood and said,"Right. I'll go and get ready. Do you want to read for a while before we go?"

"Yes, Mother," Olivia, completed the ritual. Olivia's life was ruled by rituals. Each part of the day had a different set of actions and reactions. Everything was ordered and planned so that nothing could go wrong. At night she would read until seven and then her mother would say, "Off to bed now, Olivia," and Olivia would mark her place in her book (she had read 'Grimm's Fairy Tales" - some of which gave her nightmares - and "Alice in Wonderland ", now she was reading "Through The Looking Glass". Olivia was proud of her good reading ability), go upstairs, wash and brush her teeth, change into her white nightdress and get in bed. Then, on cue, her mother would come in and tuck her in (Olivia always made sure there was some cloth hanging out for her mother to tuck in). Her mother would kiss her cheek and say, "Goodnight, Olivia," and Olivia would say, "Goodnight, Mother." Then her mother said, "Sleep well, God bless, see you in the morning," and switch out the light. The words chanted, the actions played out. Always the same.

So Olivia read for twenty minutes until her mother and father came downstairs.

"Ready?" Father asked.

"Yes, Father," replied Olivia, standing up. She put on her thick coat and they went out and got into the dark blue Mercedes. There were the familiar car noises; clunk, clunk, clunk as the doors closed, then the whirr of the heater accompanying the ignition. The leather seats squashed around Olivia's delicate body.

"Are you going to be a good girl, Olivia?" her father asked. The question was, of course, superfluous, but a part of the sub-ritual of The Journey.

"Yes, Father," she replied.

They drove the two miles to the Harvey's large house. Gravel crunched as they entered the drive, the Mercedes purring softly. As they got out, the front door opened, spilling out light onto the porch, and Sara Harvey cried, "Hello, Claire! Richard! And Olivia! How gorgeous you look!"

"Thankyou," Olivia responded, and they were escorted in. Mrs. Harvey kissed Olivia's parents, as Mr Harvey appeared from the living room, and the voices from there told Olivia that there were others here too. Mr Harvey kissed Olivia's mother and pumped her father's hand up and down twice: just right.

"Hello, Olivia," he said.

"Hello, Mr Harvey," Olivia completed yet another ritual, and was thus cancelled out of the equation. As they entered the living room, Olivia saw that the other guests were Mr and Mrs Hamlyn. Thankfully they were childless.

But Miles was there. Hair swept neatly across his crown, tie immaculately tied, shoes gleaming.

"Hello, Olivia," he said, his eyes glittering. He smiled like a shark.

"Hello, Miles," Olivia said, and smiled The Smile.

Sherry was distributed among the adults, and Olivia accepted her orange squash with The Smile.

Soon, after the Sherry Ritual was over, they went through into the large dining room. A beautiful pine table was laid with gleaming china and cutlery with flowery handles. Everyone was designated their seat, and when the hostess sat, the rest followed suit.

Olivia was opposite Miles.

Once food was distributed the adults began to Talk. To an unwitting observer it might well have looked normal, as long as the observer did not look to deeply at their eyes, but Olivia knew (though she could not understand why) that they were not real people any more, but had somehow become zombies, deadened by the self imposed rituals of Saying the Right Thing, Using the Right Cutlery, Giving the Right Responses. Each person knew who to talk to, and what to talk about. They knew what was coming, and what they would say next. And if anyone forgot, the mistake would quickly be covered, like a wrong line in a play. Olivia knew her place in this farcical visual lie, and conformed. She did not speak unless it was really necessary. She watched her parents perform their roles flawlessly, the gears of the rituals turning smoothly, lubricated with the oil of practice.

Miles watched her, smiled when their eyes met.

Then a sharp piece of roast potato caught in her throat.

Smooth as silk, a new gear of the ritual started up. She would not cough or say anything - it was not her place. She would not embarrass anyone, or break the ritual.

Calmly she tried to swallow. She couldn't. Breathing was getting difficult. She kept quiet.

She picked up her orange squash and took a sip. It slipped down, dislodging the potato, but the latter just caught in another, more painful position.

She couldn't breathe.

She looked at her mother. Her mother was still performing. Olivia was sure that trying to swallow more orange would only make her cough and spray orange over the table. She was worried. Her face was reddening. Nobody noticed. For some reason Miles was talking to Mr Hamlyn.

Olivia tried a discreet "ahem", but all that came out was a barely audible wheeze.

Lights began to dance before her eyes.

Mother! she thought, but could not say it. The weight and fear of the ritual stopped her. Her lungs ached. Her face was going purple.

The other ritualistic gears purred as smoothly as the Merrcedes. Black dots invaded her vision. She tried desperately to breathe, but nothing got past her throat. She mustn't disturb the Ritual! But what could she do? This didn't fit, the Rituals had no answer to this situation, and she was lost.

Darkness washed over her vision.

She broke out in a sweat.

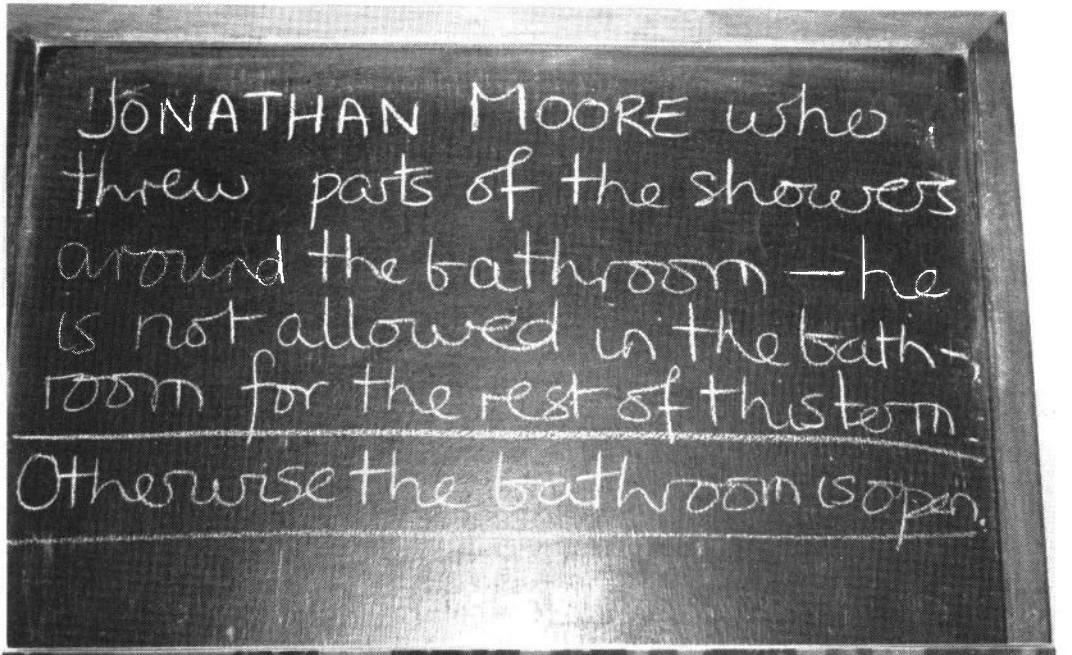
Voices, normal and comforting, became indistinct.

Her hands twitched.

Her head pounded.

Her face was deep mauve.

She closed her eyes and silently, politely, with ultimate decorum, Olivia slipped under the table, where her lifeless body rested on the deep pile carpet.









LIFE IN GIBSON.
We asked several people to say what they thought about Gibson.

by Philip Clapperton and Feray Macmillan.

Gibson is quite good but there is too much staffing and you're always told to get to bed, so sometimes it can be really good but sometimes it can be not too good.

I think Gibson's all right but it's a bit crowded and I reckon like the 2nd years we should have a whole first year dorm to ourselves, but mainly it's pretty good.

Gibson is all right it could do with a bit of expansion about the kitchen area. We ought to be allowed to have baked beans on toast instead of just ...toast. Also I think lights out should be later.



It's cosy down here, quite family like. I like it down here. I think I would prefer down here than up school.

Gibson is a very good home for the boarders to start school at. It is very friendly and nice.

Gibson House has a very homely atmosphere. It provides a firm stepping-stone between home and school.

HILLCROFT BY NIGHT.

9.15 Boredom takes over: Kirsten, Fiona and Eleanor decide that there's no point in staying out any longer and turn in.

9.30 Racket from downstairs "It's my turn, I was here before you." Arguments go on about whose piece of toast goes in next. "Oh my God" says Chrissy in her usual tone.

9.32 Phone rings, Eleanor rushes to answer it, eagerly. It's for Tanya. "Tanya" she shouts - as only she can - and Mrs Welch gets all het up "Where is that girl?"

9.33 "Here she is." Meanwhile Kirsten goes out to 'do her contacts'. "Does it hurt?" or "How long does it take?" comes her way. A family dispute breaks out - "You're so pathetic Tanya", says Louise moodily.

9.43 Well, that's over. Lizzi, Ceall and Lucy settle down to have a good ol' gossip. Eleanor decides to join in .....

9.45 Eleanor queries Fiona on her health. The reply is "Fine thanks, why?" "Well, you're not watching Moonlighting." There are sounds of a crisis - perhaps Ponder has been thrown out of the window.

9.50 Julie decides to do some last-minute washing - she seems to spend most of her time in the basement.

9.55 Mrs Welch does her rounds "Clear up, clear up", while those in the common room are exclaiming over the cuteness of Bruce Willis getting soaked.....

10.00 Lucy enquires of Lizzi about whether she can borrow her tights.

10.05 Exclamation of horror over a lost nightie, final "Clear Up" from Mrs Welch and some interesting gossip from Ceall.

10.10 Everyone comes up from Moonlighting: "Wasn't it sad, poor David." "Come on Eleanor, get changed." She and Mrs Welch have one of their frequent rows.

10.15 Lights out but Max and Eleanor burst into song with 'Annie' and 'The Streets of London.' Fiona makes an exit under her pillow and Kirsten buries herself in her Walkman and pretends not to hear.

11.30 Rrrrr....urgh, what's that? Surely not time to get up yet? "It's a fire-alarm, stupid." Everyone grabs dressing gowns, duvets, coats, teddy bears - well, you never know, it might be real. "I hope the boys aren't watching" - translation "I hope the boys ARE watching." And so, a typical night in Hillcroft.

Anon. Form 5.



JUNIOR YEARLY MEETING

We arrived at Ackworth School with mixed feelings and found that we were among the first to be there. After finding our dorms we met a few people and got dragged into a game of frizbee (remember that Bec?)

Each day we had sessions when speakers talked to us of their varying experiences in relation to the J.Y.M. theme this year which was:
'Rejection, Tolerance, Understanding, Acceptance.'

The first speaker peoples' psychological barriers and tendency to conform, with an experiment which we participated in. (For some it was difficult to understand - Sarah ?). On Saturday Noel Warr spoke to us about the rejection he had suffered because of his homosexuality. The talk was truthful and interesting, which we received with understanding.

Our last session was less enjoyable and gave rise to some hostility. A Jewish Rabbi spoke to us about Jewish tolerance and intolerance. By the end, some had lost concentration and others disagreed with him, which caused restlessness.







After this we were split into our discussion groups of about fifteen people to talk about the morning session. But the groups broadened into sharing our personal experiences, getting to know each other and having fun. We all became very close.

Evening entertainment featured crazy games that everyone joined in, singing and 'The Band' (?) and even crazier dancing - including the ever-popular 'Teddy Bear's Picnic.'

Saturday afternoon was spent in York where we went shopping and had a look around. (Shame about the weather).

We then went on a visit to the theatre to see 'Charley's Aunt' (no comment). Food - alot of it - I think we all put on a few inches around the waist - especially Richenda.

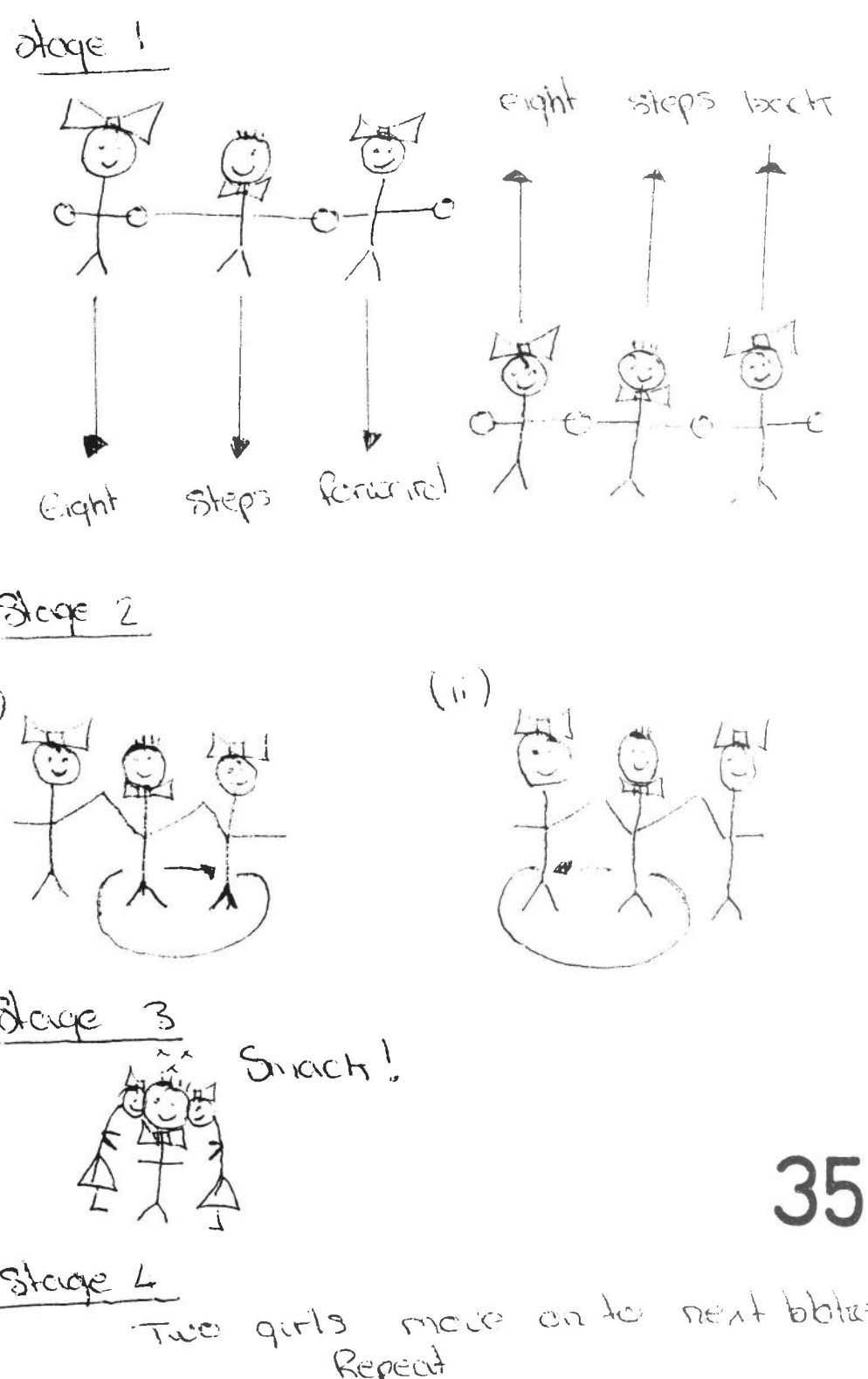
There was the opportunity in the afternoon to go to the workshops, including yoga and drama. Others were stage make-up, non-violent direct action, know yourself (ask Danny or Hanneke about that one) and music.

At least once a day there was a meeting for worship; at night with candles. On Sunday everyone had the choice of different Meetings in the area. We went to York again and this time it was sunny.

The last meeting for worship was more relaxed and people felt more able to express their feelings.

But J.Y.M. was not all heavy religious stuff. It was a great opportunity to meet many people of our age and outlook and also to have fun.

Sarah Woods and Richenda Collins. 6_1X.



U15 Football Report 1986

As our year group hadn't actually won a football match, our main hope this season was to gain a victory somehow or other. Our hopes were further raised by the fact that we appeared to have four goalkeepers.

Our team of skillful, calm and complete players consisted of J. Kay in goal whose height advantage was a help but soon he was playing for the 1st XI so P. Clapperton, A. Annis or J. Gatward had to fill his place. J. Gatward was our final keeper who played well, weather permitting, with A. Annis turning into a good midfield player and P. Clapperton being the U14 keeper.

The back four were I. Garbett, a good player who tackled hard and used his head boldly, also acting as mini-bus comedian, D. Antell could read the game well, clearing the ball efficiently when under pressure. G. Cox had a kamikaze - like style but he did his bit even if he was a bit clumsy. G. Risdon, the mere mention of my name says it all.

In midfield were two very good players, A. Annis and J. Man, our Captain. Together they passed the ball up field setting up some good attacks, although some of John's intricate patterns of dribbling brought confusion to the opposing defence and they sometimes left our own forwards baffled.

The left-winger was right-footed J. Brattle who was a little slow but twice he managed to wriggle his way into the penalty area and score.

Our right winger was R. Semaganda, a miniature replica of the 1st XI Captain who dribbled in ever decreasing circles and occasionally crossed the ball to set up a few goals.

One of our two centre forwards was J. Hurn. His powerful shooting was one of our weapons but he tended to think of himself as a deep lying striker to such an extreme that on several occasions he was found hovering behind our own keeper.

Our other forward was L. Farley who used his cool and, at times, rather large head to score half our goals. Thanks to M. Taub, S. Gooderhan, T. Reagan and N. Kenny and also thanks to M. Howells who, as a defender, jumped on anything that moved.

Our first match against Sherwood was a 2-2 draw. Then we switched to our usual style and lost the next three matches. However, we got better nearer the end of the season, losing only two of our last six matches.

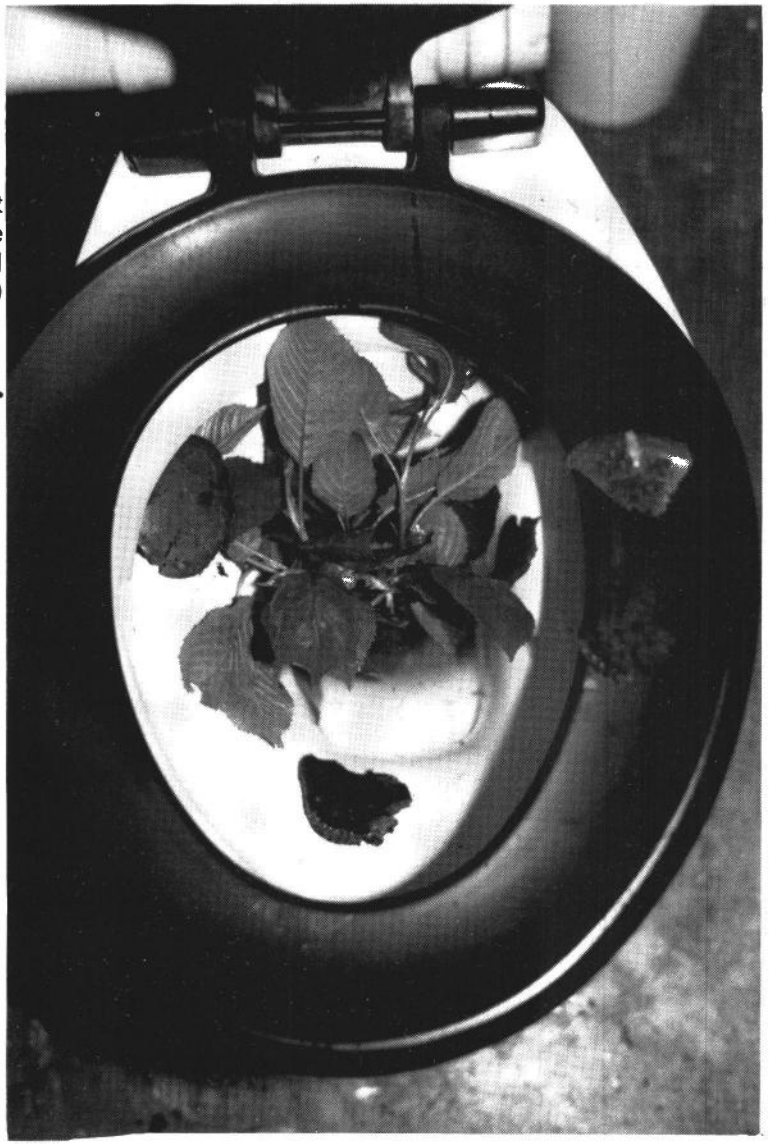
The highlight of the season was our first match at Waterside where we won 9-0 against their U15's. In the return match against their U16's last week we played brilliant football but threw away the game in the first 20 minutes making a present of three goals. Chris Smith was distraught and chastised us for celebrating Christmas early.

However, his day was cheered up by some unofficial poaching on the way back. A pheasant, unable to make sufficient height, clobbered the mini-bus. Mr. Smith then gave us an enlightened talk on how, if you hit a pheasant, you are required to put the dead bird back in the field it came from. You can imagine our mirth when having stopped for petrol down the road the pheasant was found trapped, dead, on the roof rack. We insisted that it was returned to the field but Mr. Smith had other ideas.

Final statistics are - played 10, won 3, lost 3, drawn 2. Goals for 31, goals against 34.

Thanks go to Mr. Smith for coaching us, organising our matches and taking us away and to the kitchen staff for their late teas.

G. Risdon



Chocolate Cup-Cake Tree: Fact or Fiction?

The initial intimation of the arrival of this rare phenomenon came as a seedling of the plants fruits – i.e. a cup cake paper – was sighted by N.D. He remarked on this to a friend – a decidedly French friend – and was soon engaged with his colleague, J.B. in defending the issue, news of which was greeted with considerable derision by many who heard it.

Spuirred on, the two intrepid botanists – world renowned for their investigations of the Italian Lasagna tree – set off to the misty wastes of the Young Farmers' Field in search of their goal. Perseverance paid off, for, after several hours of waiting, a cup cake was spotted at one of their favourite places of refreshment.

The bold pair attempted a stealthy approach, but alsa, they were upwind of their quarry. It sensed the presence of baking trays and took off across miles of broken grassland with the two scientists in breathless pursuit. The location of the motherplant was established in the vicinity of the lily pond tennis court. A photograph was taken before the plant revealed a hitherto unknown ability: it heaved up its roots and disappeared round the pavilion, leaving only a trail of papers to mark its progress.

Knowing that the plant must require at least fifteen gallons of water a day to maintain the subtle flavour of its fruits, the clever investigators were able to forecast a likely location for the plant. They were not disappointed but moved in smartly to restrain Horace (for that was its name) by its now succulent extremities. Some more work with the camera followed, but Horace declined the invitation to be dissected and viewed by numerous disbelieving First Years during science lesons and took its leave, rapidly, depositing more seeds during its retreat.

So, in future, the sounds of the tiny patter of the feet of cup cake papers will be heard by future generations, as Horace and his offspring are here to stay.

Nick Derry and James Buckley (slightly abridged)

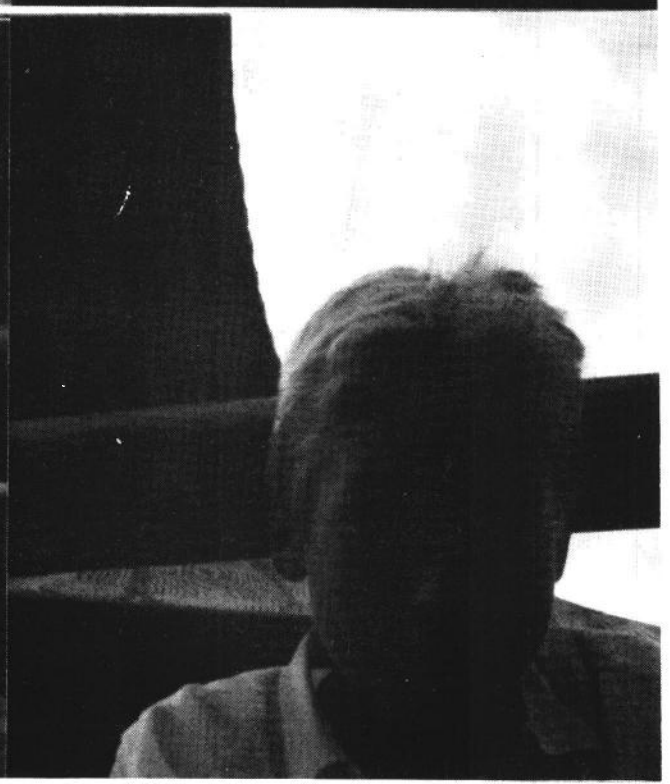



IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM







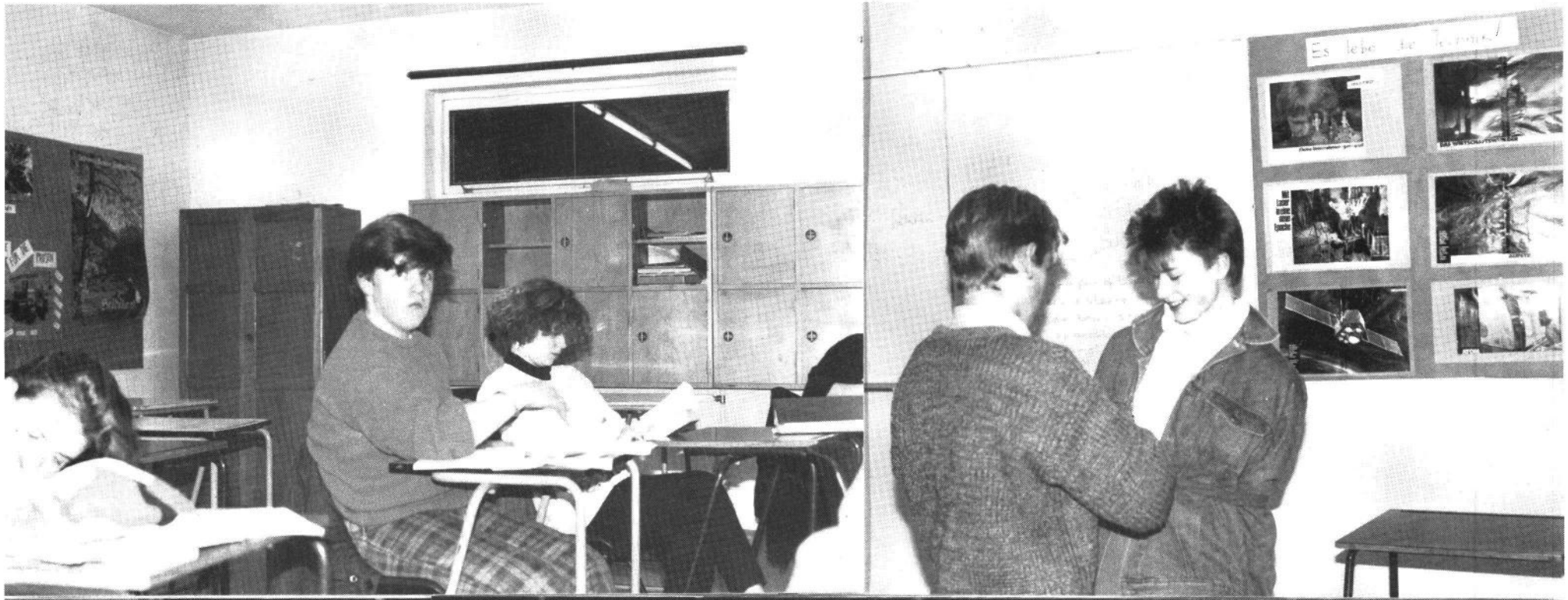
















The Good Ol' Days 1982-3

















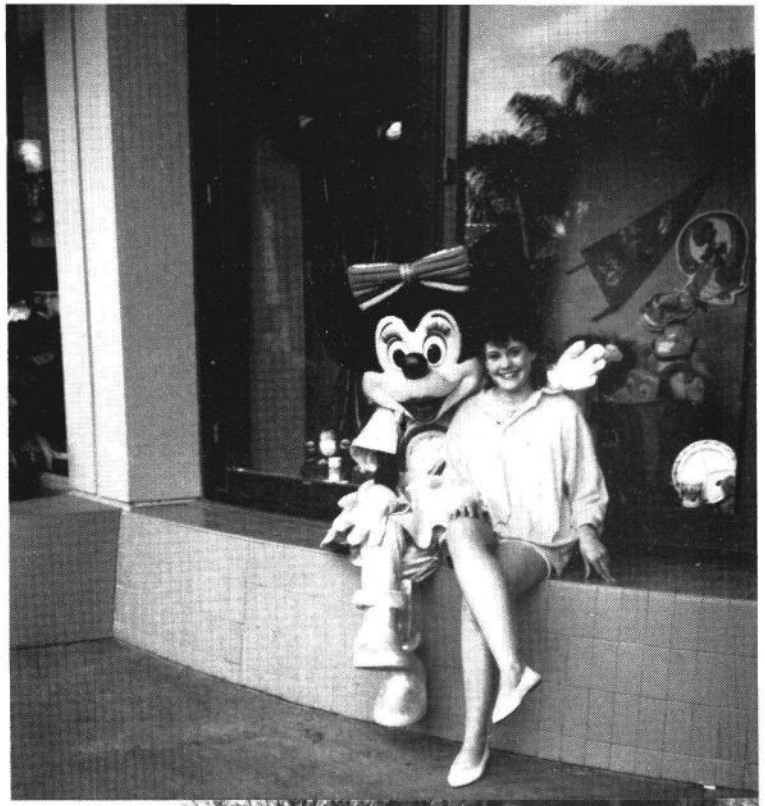

Teddy















IDENTIFICATION PARADE

(When we were very young)











devised by Sophie Baker









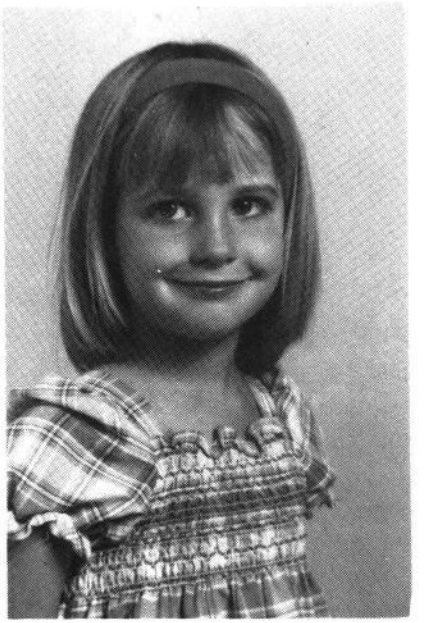
Tell Bob Wolffs what this is – you might win a prize! →

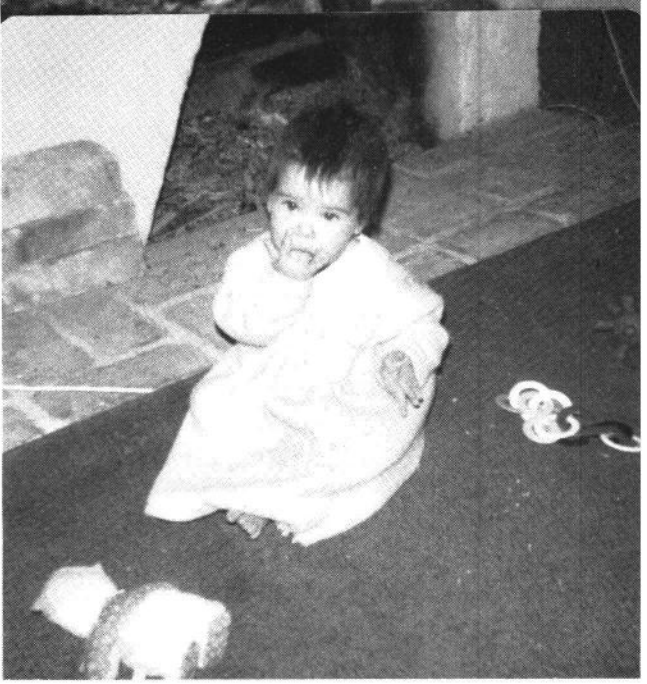












. . . . out the Pond



















