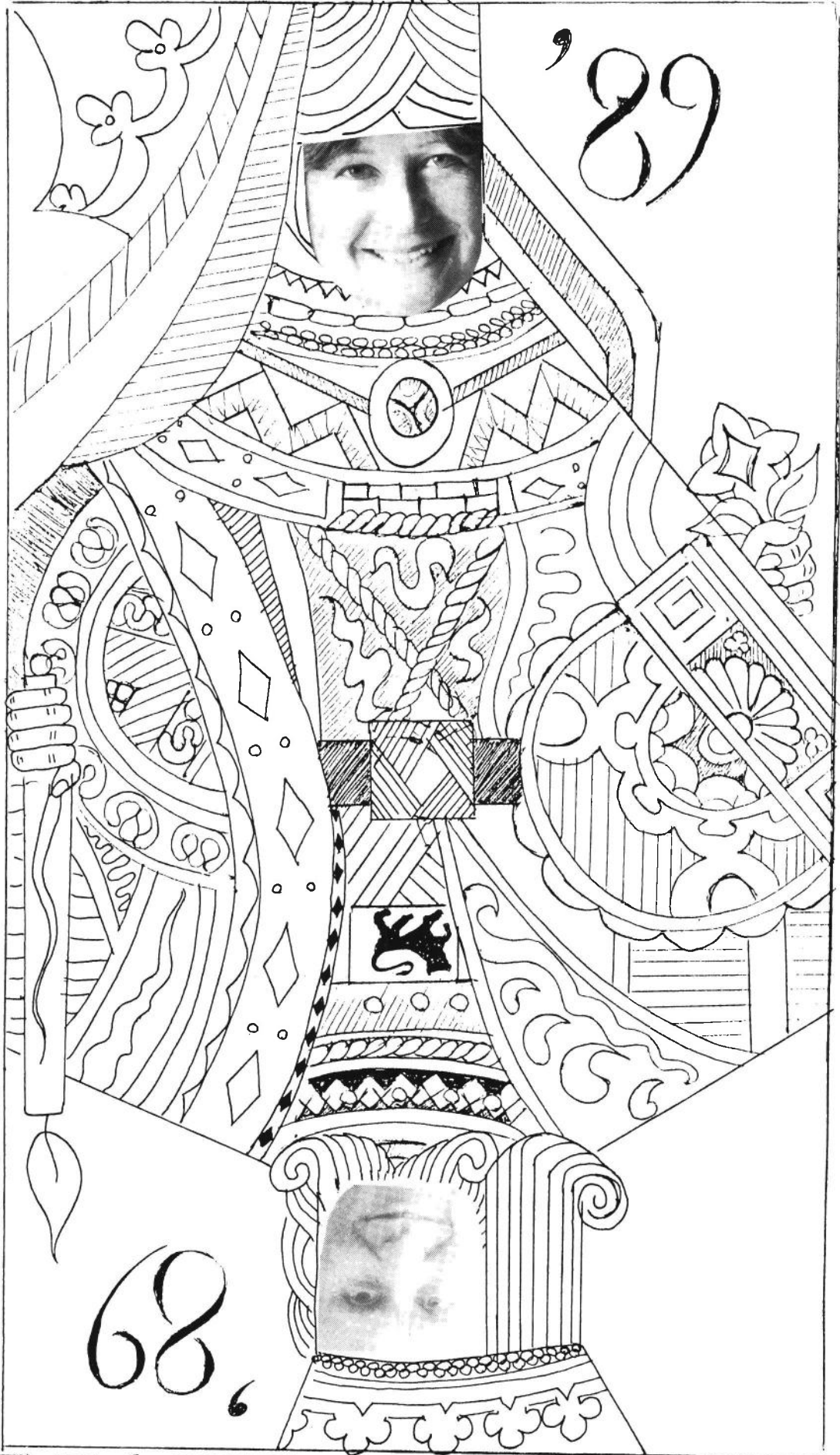


THE AVENUE



THE AVENUE



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## EDITORIAL

I'm afraid this year's Avenue is again different to all its predecessors (what ever happened to tradition?), being more full of text of a rather dubious nature and with fewer photos despite the fact we now possess a rather flashy camera. It has also been divided into two, giving birth to Mistresses' Walk by default and it is also much later than I'd hoped, owing to the fact yours truly has been in the 5th form, has had exams and is on the verge of a nervous breakdown and alcoholism due to the incredible pressure of the driving whip of John Searle-Barnes (you have been warned!).

Enough excuses made! I hope you can cast your minds back to the events enshrined in this issue after the intervening gap of the glorious mind-blanking summer holidays. And, of course, those joining the school won't be able to remember them but I hope they'll gain an insight into the 'real' FSSW and come to the horrifying conclusion that this isn't the place they were shown around on Open Day.

I won't hold you back much longer - I'm sure you're dying to read the more 'racy' stuff - but just a little message to any future aspirants to this incredibly prestigious post of Editor: don't, unless of course you desire to lose any dregs of sanity that you may by some miracle still possess by the end of the year and enjoy spending your time in communion with the word processor.

Lisa Kiew

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For their help and ideas, I would to thank the following: Simon Blow, Phil Clapperton, Caroline Churchill, Sarah Deacon, Rebecca Jewell, Emily Lowson, Mary Massey, Robert Stead, Lizzie Stone, Melanie Thomas, Judy Thompson, Shannon Wilson, Tamzin Zalucki, Claire Stringer, Suzi Naylor, David Preece and Rachel Smy.

Also I would like to thank Charlotte Caley for the cover, Vickie Paulo for photos and type-setting, Rachel Mason for all sorts of things, Rosamund Ponder and Carol Thompson for help with layout and final format, John Searle-Barnes for his abundance of advice and patience and Mike Collins for all the time he spent at the computer.

Thank you also all those who contributed articles.

## ENDWORD

I would like also to add my appreciation for all the ideas and enthusiasm shown at the various Avenue Meetings during the year. As always, having ideas and seeing them through are two entirely different occupations, but for those who gave more than their share of time and blood, an especial thank you.

I hope you enjoy this issue and, if you would like to take part in the creation of 'Avenue 1990', apply to Jani Abbs. We are going to take a holiday!

John Searle-Barnes

## INTERVIEW WITH SARAH EVANS

AVE. Where did you go to school?

SHE. Knaresborough, Yorkshire.

AVE. Were you naughty?

SHE. No, I was always very good. I was one of those passive children.

AVE. What was your favourite subject? Did you continue it to 'A' level or University?

SHE. My favourite subject was English Literature and I took it for 'A' level along with History and Geography. At University I read English.

AVE. What have you worked as besides a teacher?

SHE. Apart from holiday jobs, as a student when I worked as a waitress, fruit picker...I have been teaching since university.

AVE. Where did you teach before FSSW?

SHE. At two girls' schools, Leeds Girls' High as Head of English and at Fulneck Girls' School as Deputy Head.

AVE. How does Fulneck Girls' school compare to FSSW?

SHE. It's quite similar, part day and part boarder. It had boys in the sixth form and began at 4 years and was mixed from 4-11 years. The main difference was that there were lots of little ones.

AVE. Do you have any ambitions for the future?

SHE. To make a great success of this job.

AVE. And for the school?

SHE. I suppose I want the school to be a place which is attractive to a wide range of people, for it is to be open to the community. Young people should leave us with a tremendous amount to offer.

AVE. Would you have liked to have been a scholar here?

SHE. My main hesitation is of going to school anyway. I didn't enjoy being at school and I went into education to ensure young people would be happier at school than I was. I wanted to rectify what went wrong in my education. My answer to that question is coloured by my being at school. Pupils have more opportunities than I did and a happier relationship with the staff than at the school where I was. Also I didn't like being a teenager. Life is much more pleasant as an adult. I wouldn't want to be a teenager again.

AVE. Thank you.

## OUT OF SEASON

I walk along the deserted front,  
The icy wind stinging my face,  
The sand swirling.  
Gaudy signs banging  
Beside the abandoned summer huts;  
"Chez-nous" by the sea.  
Strings of dead light-bulbs sway  
Above the horizon of the  
purple-grey sea.  
The lifeblood of this town has  
lost it's warmth  
And with it goes the life.

Sophie Moseley



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## FIRST YEAR INTERVIEWS

The majority of the first years are happy in this school some of the time. None of the little things are happy all of the time and only a few are totally unhappy here. All of the first years wanted a five day week, more drama and being able to do prep as they want. It's hard to summarise the next bit: they couldn't agree. Some like Wednesday afternoon, but want a five day week; some like the freedom, while others think it's too strict. Anyway, read their views for yourself.

Next, most get on with some of the teachers. Few manage to get on with all their teachers. Most like being in a mixed house (except day scholars) and prefer not to go to a single sex house. Most of the first years thought there were not enough school activities and most of what they wanted was sporty like horse-riding, canoeing and one wanted archery. The subjects they wanted most were latin, pottery and drama, while computing was also popular.

Most of them felt there is not enough freedom here at the school. Read for yourself what their favourite things are. Most would possibly send their kids here. More said they definitely would than wouldn't!

### SOME STATISTICS

Q1. Are you happy at this school?

19% said they were happy all of the time, while 81% said they were happy some of the time. No-one said they were never happy!!

Q4. Do you get on with your teachers?

30% said they got on with all of their teachers, but 70% said they got on with their teachers some of the time. No-one said they never got on with their teachers!!

Q6. Do you think there are enough out of school activities?

4% said they didn't know! 26% said there were enough. 70% said there weren't enough.

Q7. Would you like to be offered a wider range of subjects than you are now?

37% of pupils said they were happy with the subjects they had, but 4% said they wanted a wider range; however, they didn't say what.

Q8. Do you think there is enough freedom in this school? Be realistic.

42% said there was not enough. 43% said there was. 15% couldn't decide.

Q10. Would you send your children here, do you think?

12% said they would, 8% said they wouldn't. 80% said possibly.

Now some improvements they wanted:

1. (the obvious) 5 day week
2. A school play for younger years
3. Day scholars having Sunday Evening meeting
4. Boarders being able to do prep at a day scholar's house
5. Not leaving children alone in prep after 7.15pm
6. Less bullying from older children (does this happen?)
7. (now this is rather odd) Dispose of teachers (even Mr Boyd??)
8. Giving Boarders more advantages as Day scholars have
9. Going to Post Office at Recess

And 9/24 couldn't think of any improvements to make.

NOW SOME GOOD/BAD POINTS:

GOOD

Bread, milk and recess  
Wednesday afternoon

Saturday morning school

Good atmosphere

Freedom

Not much sexism

Computer room

Sports facilities

Pet shed

Food!

the Res

?the staff

BAD

Accessibility for the disabled

Not allowed out of prep when you've finished.

6 day week

Not being allowed down town after prep

Food

Early beds

Music practice

Mr. White making new rules

Prep - too structured

House jobs

Tea is too late

6 couldn't think of things good or bad

2 couldn't think of anything good

5 couldn't think of anything bad.

Ideas of things to do:

Roller-skating, art and CDT club, horse-riding, canoeing, modelling, football for girls, archery, drama, gymnastics, chess.

Some subjects wanted:

German, Geology, Latin, Pottery, Physics, Computers, Robotics.

Favourite things:

The staff with good subjects!

P.E.

Wednesday afternoon off

Pet Shed

Atmosphere

JD

Mr Boyd (v. popular)

Swimming pool and Generals

Pocket money

Tuck



THE SAME INTERVIEW WAS GIVEN TO THE 3RD YEARS AND THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID:

Are you happy in this school?

15% said all of the time  
83% said some of the time  
3% said never

Do you get on with your teachers?

3% said with all of them  
94% said with some of them  
3% didn't know

Would you prefer to be in a mixed house?

43% yes  
18% no  
12% don't mind  
27% were day scholars

Do you like being in a single sex house?

15% yes  
37% no  
5% don't mind  
43% were day scholars

Do you think there are enough out of school activities?

25% yes  
73% no  
2% made no comment

Do you think there is enough freedom for you at this school?

68% yes  
25% no  
7% made no comment

Would you send your children here?

4% yes  
18% no  
78% possibly

Here were some of their comments:  
Teachers should be stricter.  
No student teachers.  
No Saturday morning school.  
More courses like typing  
School day to be shorter.





Younger years to be able go to Cambridge.  
No uniform.  
Better dorms.  
More weekend activities  
More Quaker influences.  
Tea after prep  
More books in the library  
More salad and sandwiches for lunch.

GOOD POINTS

Freedom  
Sports facilities  
Buildings  
CDT  
Music school  
Medical Centre  
Laundry  
6 day week  
  
Going down town after school  
Drama  
Long holidays  
Small classes

BAD POINTS

6 day week  
Student teachers  
Not allowed to Cambridge  
Horrible food  
Mr Bufton  
No stereos allowed  
Too much drinking and smoking  
Not allowed to go to Post Office at recess  
Evening meeting  
No carpets in dorms  
Nothing special for Comic Relief

What they would like introduced:

Mixed Scouts, computering, boxing, shooting, self-defence, Red Cross, drama, horse-riding, pottery, dry skiing, Spanish and Italian classes, business management, typing, engineering, shorthand, Greek & Latin classes, Zoology.

Close

Oppressive, contained within a clear shell.  
Clouds form a barrier between this and breathing space.

A wind to match the elements,  
A mood to echo the heat.  
And damp exteriors cling to form.

Tension engulfs the atmosphere within,  
A couple set on edge tentative and empty - yet full.

A severed unity,  
A silent sound.  
And the inner heat causes lines of electricity.

Storm follows to clear the air.  
The fearful thunder breaks loose the barrier.  
The lightning sections,  
The water washes away,  
and the oppressive moment is relinquished  
- for the present.

Rebecca Gatward

# HOBSON'S CHOICE

HOBSON'S CHOICE: an actor's view

It was a night early in the autumn term of '88 that those who fancied themselves as thespians gathered in anticipation in the Res. We were unexpectedly treated to an episode of 'Coronation Street'. After 15 minutes of sitting on the edges of our seats, riveted to the screen we removed ourselves to the warmer climate of L1. For the next hour or so we were entertained with each others' attempts at a Lancashire dialect. In fact we travelled from West Country to Liverpool to Scotland. By process of elimination, Brian Gatward chose the cast.

The following weeks consisted of intense rehearsals. We were measured for costumes by Dot Free who managed to whip up some very 'interesting' designs. Mike Collins and Vickie Paulo constructed a very intricate set. Meanwhile rehearsals continued. Richard amused us when he revealed his dancing talents. When investigating various methods of stage fighting, Luke knocked Feray for six. Fortunately we managed to remain in one piece for the dress rehearsal. With the stage in the last processes of decoration, everything seemed to be finally coming together. The make-up crew had taken sadistic pleasure in turning our faces orange, the costumes were almost complete and most of our lines learnt. Vickie, our stage manager, kept us all in line while she and the stage crew ran around with the odd door or wall and managed to transform the set.

Finally, the night: our first performance was upon us. Hobson's Choice, otherwise known as Gatward Productions, was on the road. Our 3 performances ran with no major hitches. We were encouraged greatly on Friday night

by Mr Smith's raucous laughter and were considering paying him to return on Saturday night. All too soon our Saturday performance was over. We'd got over such problems as Emily spilling orange juice down her dress, dropping props (mentioning no names in particular) and, of course, the popping of a button off Luke's jacket when he was in mid-speech. All ended in style with the last night party where we all had a jolly good time!

Much appreciation must go to Mike Collins, Vickie Paulo and their band of followers for their handling of the set, Dot Free and her disciples for their designing and sewing of costumes, Mr. Wadham and Co. for their making-up skills and of course to Mr. Gatward for managing us all without having gone through a breakdown.

Charlotte Caley

## Backstage Report

Five-forty five Thursday evening - Everyone (excluding Jonathan Gatward) present and correct awaiting Rachel Mason's skilful touch with the lipstick and maxi pack of bright orange foundation. Panic struck with the absence of a few necessary articles of clothing, i.e. Charlotte's skirt, which turned up a quarter of an hour later with Dot Free (costumes).

A look of worry or rather panic came across Phil and Richard's faces as the appliance and removal of sideburns was demonstrated. Alisa meanwhile, tucked away another loose wisp stating that her hair was long enough and that she needn't wear a wig!

On stage, things were going nearly smoothly: panic had struck there and with Sam's tendencies to

add a touch of colour to our beautiful Victorian set. As the cast, who were orange and greased on the hair piled through the stage door, the paint was still drying.

'Macbeth!' Oliver 'do you like my slick style' Plunkett greeted us all with a naive comment that the Make-up department had forgotten the brill cream and had to use make-up remover (with added bleach) which turned our Oll into a stunning blonde. Meanwhile Rebecca Gatward was turning a lovely shade of green under the wall of foundation and promptly left to meditate in a corner. As the five minute warning was given the sound of shaking knees grew louder.

Seven o'clock - the trumpets sounded, the house lights were down, I raised the curtain, the music stopped....

Lights, Adrian...."Oh it's you, I hoped it was Father going out...."

As the evening progressed things grew worse. David 'I think you'd look good with a perm' Pritchett ran out of hairspray. The candle went walkies and even the smokers had run out of matches. Rebecca's starring piece was in the wings when she did her striptease during the lightning quick costumes changes.

CRASH! the bottom of the props box fell apart as Carol 'someone trod on my foot' Thompson carefully avoided tables and chairs during the final scene change (which was only appreciated by the Saturday night audience).

On the whole, things didn't go too badly - excusing the injuries, arguments and fights that went on behind the scenes. By 10 o'clock, however, everyone was the best of buddies with a little help from Mr Gatward's mulled wine. All admitted knowing that the show couldn't have gone on without help and co-operation from all, which enabled all to have a great time, cast and crew alike.

Vickie Paulo, Stage Manager

## Audience Report

Thursday: School night.

The audience was somewhat disruptive in the initial stages. This would seem to show the play took several minutes to catch and hold the attention.

The general feeling was that the plot did not immediately appeal to the audience. The appearance of Luke Boumphrey as Will Mossop caused several people to react favourably and, with Richard O'Connell's arrival on stage, managed to secure and hold the audience. Rebecca as Maggie soon cemented her vibrant personality on the play and the Second Act was greeted by the audience much more favourably.

Friday: Parents and Friends.

This audience was much more appreciative from the outset and seemed to warm quickly to the characters and situations of the plot. The actors, in turn, seemed to be more at ease and much more responsive. People taking the less important roles: Emily Lawson as Ada, Alisa Goddard as Mrs Hepworth and in particular Jonathan Gatward as the doctor seemed to reach a peak in their characters. It would appear that a resounding WELL DONE was justly deserved by them all.

Cousha & Shannon Wilson.

## *lighter Entertainment*

The entertainments manager of the largest amphitheatre was having trouble balancing his books; the lions were eating up all his prophets.

**He spends his time sharpening aspirins for splitting headaches.**

A shapely young barmaid was repeatedly asked for raisin whiskey, which was kept on the top shelf. When reaching for the bottle she had to climb onto a stool and show her knickers to the delight of the regulars. One night a regular came up to the bar and automatically she said: "I suppose yours is raisin". This answer came back: "No, but it sure is twitching a little!"

□  
Before his wedding to a certain princess, a young photographer asked his future wife's brother-in-law as to the correct procedure on the wedding night, since he was not too familiar with them. He replied: "Stand at the bedside and say, I offer you my honour, to which she will reply, I honour your offer, and then it's honour and offer all night!"

**THE SIXTH FORM  
CONFERENCE**  
at Central Hall, Westminster.  
May 3rd 1989  
"Ten years of Thatcherism."

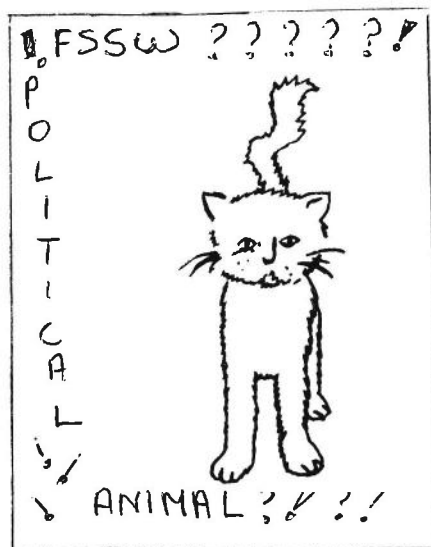
The day started very early for most of us. We piled into the coach and were subjected to the torture of Jason Donovan and various heavy metal "artists" at 8 o'clock in the morning. The bus driver didn't seem to know the quickest route, and so we arrived two hours later, which felt like five hours later.

The lectures started off with Dennis Kavenagh, a very dry lecturer on the values of Thatcherite society. Then came a break during which coffee was served at 50pence a cup.

Next we had a very amusing talk by Martin Holmes. He associated Margeret Thatcher with Josef Stalin, a brilliant likeness. Then we had a "long" break of one minute before suffering the droning voice of Roy Hattersley on the losers of Thatcher's Britain. After some very controversial questions from students, we were allowed a much needed lunch hour.

So, with our packed lunches in our hands, we set off on an intrepid expedition around London. Some only made it to Big Ben, which was five minutes walk away, to collapse on the cool grass from the heat. We returned to the sound of Hugo Young's speech, who spoke on the role of the media since 1979. Then the climax of the afternoon came as Douglas Hurd arrived with a troupe of bodyguards, cameramen and reporters. After his speech the questions that were fired at him by students were controversial. Some left him speechless and some he refused to answer. Then, after being filmed by ITN news (a clip of which was shown that night) we left to return, after another couple of hours on the bus, to school.

Rachel Mason.



## POEMS BY TOM BARNES.

These poems are written by Tom Barnes, previously a student teacher here. He sent us "If something's Funny...." because he used to teach us. "Magnificat" because he taught H.S. and "Waiting for number 13" because he actually wrote the first draft on the train to Audley End during Friends's School exam week last year.

copyright Tom Barnes 1989

### IF SOMETHING'S FUNNY

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO SHARE IT WITH THE REST OF US.

I've had therapy, taken the injections,  
Now I no longer fear rejection,  
The word "education" doesn't make me blow a fuse,  
I've come off the valium, come off the booze,  
I can look at children without breaking into a sweat,  
I no longer see school buildings as a daily threat,  
I can do things I enjoy not what I'm allowed,  
'Cause I used to be a teacher but I'm normal now.

No more English no more French  
No more the terrible stench  
as the school toilets overflow.  
I've learnt to see people as though they're human,  
To ask questions to which I don't know the answers,  
To have a conversation where I don't mention children  
more than four times in ten minutes,  
Not to say "is something funny?"  
or "I'm waiting"  
when someone laughs.

Your schooldays were worse for me than mine.  
If they were the happiest days of your life it was because you weren't  
teaching.

But now

I've escaped the cogs, broken the wheels,  
Now I've no longer got ideals,  
My eccentricities don't get odder and odder,  
I'm no longer feeding factory fodder  
With facile facts and flaccid knowledge,  
I've been through Teacher Training College:  
Let's train these louts for revolution,  
The ultimate form of Evolution.  
No more "Peace Studies", I've made my final vow  
'Cause I used to be a teacher but I'm normal now.

### MAGNIFICAT

Me?  
Why Me?  
What have I got that others haven't?  
What haven't I got that they have?  
And why now of all times?  
I'm fourteen, just starting out,  
And this is the last time I need to be saddled with something like  
this.

I mean for God's sake  
(If you don't mind me saying so, Sir)  
I do have a life ahead of me  
I've got decisions to make, choices to choose,  
And this is really going to put those up the spout a bit.

No, don't get me wrong, Sir,  
This is a great honour and all that,  
But you must admit it's going to look a bit odd.  
I mean what's Joseph going to say?  
That's my boyfriend, Sir, yes we were thinking of.....  
No I don't think he'll think it's all right, Sir.  
You know what men are like, Sir.

If it's all the same to you, Sir,  
I'd much rather give this one a miss.  
There's Judith down the road:  
She's dead keen on the idea of being a mother,  
And I'd much rather take it as it comes if you don't mind, Sir,  
You know like in the course of a normal...  
Oh. I'm the one chosen, am I?

Yes, Sir, I do feel this as a great honour,  
A great honour, Sir.  
Obviously if that's the way it's got to be  
But if you don't mind me asking, Sir:  
Me?  
Why Me?

#### WAITING FOR NUMBER THIRTEEN

The faces are the same but uglier,  
The street ends with a broken barrier.  
Only one door has a light above it,  
No one has known to love it.  
In the darkness nothing's seen:  
You're just stuck at number 13.

Pockmarked faces, pitted and pussied:  
A paper bag is an absolute must.  
Nothing can be taken on trust,  
As your skin unravels and turns to dust.  
Only with a pot of vanishing cream  
Will you be safe at number 13.

Everyone has a fate that they want  
At Jack the Ripper's favourite haunt:  
We specialise in types of death:  
Come and stay at Macbeth's.  
From the nightmare land outside your dreams  
Come the occupants of number 13.



Why not come on a ghost-train ride  
With Burke and Hare and Mr Hyde?  
Dig the bodies, get the gold,  
You'll never return once you've left the fold.  
They've closed "Good Funerals" Magazine,  
The only publication at number 13.

Miss Muffet in her silken web  
Sucks in Blofeld and Rosa Kleb.  
Silver strands enshrine the door,  
The sounds of life are heard no more.  
The shafts of silk shut out the screams,  
So everything's quiet at number 13.

All the dices have been weighted.  
Death came to him who hesitated:  
Asphyxiated, died of fright,  
Clawed to death by the hand of night.  
Invisible death has always been  
A favourite at number 13.

The tailor with his pregnant dummy  
Leaves with Lon Chaney and the Mummy.  
But once outside there's no escape:  
They feel their limbs are wrapped in tape.  
Like a dog to vomit and a cat to cream  
They return all to number 13.

Rumplestiltskin wears a scowl  
To frighten off the howling owl.  
The taste is sour, the age is old.  
You must believe what you've never been told.  
The needles are sterilized, squeaky clean,  
You are back from the dead at number 13.

T.S. Eliot shares a flat  
With the Witch of Endor and Aladdin's cat.  
Their dreams and visions blow your mind  
But you have to be crueller than that to be kind.  
Everything's worse than it seems,  
And it seems bad at number 13.

Kiss the girls and make them cry.  
Speed it up , slow down , and die.  
The veins are open, filled with glee.  
It's Alive, come and see:  
Strangelove's baby has been weaned:  
It's coming of age at number 13.

Face the front, try not to frown,  
The council's trying to close it down.  
But we need to stay and we can't leave,  
Mayor, please grant us a reprieve.  
Councillors, find out what we mean.  
Come.

    Spend a night with us at number 13.



## THE BABY

The dark face at the window peered through the heavy half-drawn curtains. She looked anxiously at the deserted street, and then disappeared. Presently the front door of the boarding house opened, and a slim, short girl stepped out, holding a baby. She walked out across the road and into the bush beyond.

About twenty minutes later she came back. She crossed the street without even looking for cars, as if her life was no longer worth anything. The baby was no longer in her arms!

About a week later it was found. It's head was smothered by a "Pick 'n Pay" bag. In its arms was a red teddy bear. It had been suffocated. Its mouth was open as if it had been laughing. The murder was investigated, and posters were put up everywhere asking for help in their inquiries.

Meanwhile the mother of the baby had packed a bag and left. She got on a bus and went to Ruwa. She bought herself a drink at the garage and then walked down the dusty road that headed east. She walked for about twenty kilometres towards her grandmother's village.

As she came in sight of the village, cries and shouts greeted her, and people ran to meet her. They carried her in on their shoulders, as if she was a queen. In a way she was, she was the future chief of the small Shona tribe called the "Nyoka" (Snake).

Rosaria had been born nineteen years before, her father had been chief of the village. She was orphaned at the age of ten. Her parents had been killed by a man-eating lion that had attacked the village. It had grabbed her father and pulled him into the kraal. When her mother had gone to try and rescue him she was also grabbed and killed. So she had been brought up by her grand-mother who was the local witch-doctor, but her grand-mother was ninety-four now and Rosaria

was old enough to take over her role as chief. The village had scraped together enough money to send her to school. She had just returned from looking after one of her friends who had malaria. She had been there ten months.

That night there was a celebration held in her honour. Two cows had been killed for the occasion and roasted over the fire. After they had eaten, the warriors of the village danced for her, a dance about how they had killed a herd of kudu last month. The celebrations lasted until the golden break of day peeked over the hills.

Rosaria retired early as she had had a hard and tiring day. She lay on her straw mat in her hut remembering the last few months. She remembered Tibuku who had hurt her so badly. She had really loved him but he had discarded her like rubbish. The first months of her pregnancy were hard. Luckily she had had enough money to get a room. She had tried to get an abortion at the central hospital, the Parienyatwa, but they had refused to do it. She knew that if she kept the baby she would disgrace herself and her tribe.

When the baby had been born, she had doted on it. But it had looked like Tibuku and she had got upset whenever she looked at it. Then she received some bad news. The baby was deaf and blind. Now she could never get it adopted. So she had killed it. She had been very drunk because she had seen in the newspapers that Tibuku had just gotten married.

When the baby started to cry, she had hit it. When she had seen the baby not moving she had tried to bring it back to life but it was no use. It was dead. She had then gone back in her room, packed her bags, dumped the body in the grass, and gone home to Ruwa, to start living her life as it should have been lived.

Rachel Mason.

## FSSW: A CHRONOLOGY 1879-1989

A cameo gleaned from Committee and Board minutes with an entry for each year between 1879-1989.

The family assembled for the first time in the new buildings on August 19th 1879.

Music was introduced for girls so that they were better qualified as governesses when they left.

In 1880 a report of an external examiner pointed out academic weaknesses which provided stimulus to improvement.

By 1883 when that Liberal supporter of the institution, George Stacey Gibson who had given land to the school died, Arthur Lister, Henry Mennel and William Tuke were active members of the Committee, when a pupil's place cost £31.2s.6d.

In 1884 men and women members of the Committee met together for the first time.

The next year the external examiner was better pleased.

Over the next few years the Committee minutes record boiler trouble, the first day scholar, declining numbers, the expulsion of a boy and a joint meeting of the boys' and girls' Literary Society.

In 1891 the Superintendant began to be called headmaster.

The new one introduced cookery, a chemistry laboratory, new urinals for the boys, automatic flushing of toilets, music for boys and grassed the field for girls' cricket and boys' football.

But in 1893 a boy was expelled for shoplifting, a year later one for stealing postal orders and in 1901 a girl because of the difficulty in treating a corn on her foot and her continued refractory conduct.

In 1897, however, income was greater than expenditure for the first time in twelve years, so that plans for the buildings could be started.

1898 saw the completion of the girls' music rooms, and the introduction of full time music.

A year later the heating system was extended.

For the bicentenary of the foundation, the Swimming Bath, gym and masters' block had been completed.

The Committee marked the beginning of the third centenary by deciding to meet together, men and women, regularly.

In 1904 the three term year was introduced.

Fire escapes were constructed, bedsteads were bought, education up to age 17 was established. In these years before the war educational holidays were started, evening meeting moved from the Meeting House to the School, the first editions of The Avenue appeared, the Sanatorium and the Water Tower were built, chairs for the dining hall were purchased at 3 shillings and 9 pence each.

But the most important progress was in 1910 when mixed instruction was introduced throughout the school: so began the advance towards co-education.

When war came in 1914 troops occupied the buildings and the school was evacuated with 24 hours notice.

But matters returned to normal next year when the Committee paid a bill for £18 on account of the damage done by the boys in the chalkpit in Thaxted Road.

A death from measles, a change of date for the end of term to aid the Christmas rush on the railways, a scheme for more Quaker teaching and a fire in the laundry brought the school through the war, marked in 1920 by the scroll in the Library.

Although the school was recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education in 1921, waste paper was found to be blocking the boys lavatories!

In the 1920's Hillcroft was purchased, grass tennis courts were laid out, the new avenue of lime trees was planted, the

cricket pavilion was opened, pets were allowed and the nurse was allowed to have her husband living with her in the San.

Boiler trouble continued, Croydon house was bought, the grand piano was presented by the Old Scholars, German measles was a major epidemic, a member of staff died on the football field and a child from polio.

In 1929 fresh fruit was added to the diet.

In the years before the Second World War, pupils organised a sale of work to raise money for new lighting. There were 'flu epidemics and the first cine-projector was purchased.

In 1935 Essex County began to send day girls.

New buildings appeared too - the Biology block in 1936, the Assembly Hall in 1937 and the Library was created, with a cross-reference catalogue in 1941.

Before war was declared in 1939, bringing the need to blackout all windows at night, the internal telephone system had been installed and mid-week meeting for worship became voluntary.

During the war Hillcroft was requisitioned for American airforce men and expectant mothers, there was no leave to go home during the term and flying bombs were reported. But the most significant development was the agreement in 1942 to admit a larger number of day girls sent by Essex, and later a number of boys too.

After the first Bursar was appointed the first tractor was purchased, and the kitchens altered.

By 1949 the Sixth form had developed well enough to bring the first state scholarships.

The 1950's opened with new classrooms, later to be the workshop and the first common rooms.

Great celebrations of the 250th anniversary in 1952 brought 2 hard tennis courts - and the synchronised clock system.

The next year a groundsman was appointed and a TV hired especially to watch the Coronation.

The Committee became concerned about comics.

The 1950's ended with new science labs and changing rooms, 10 staff in the San with colds, a regular school play in November and the choir singing carols around the Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square.

Boys and girls were allowed to go for walks together in 1957 and sex education talks were introduced the next year!

In 1959 the boys' bedrooms in the roof were built and the boys beat Newport 3-1.

With the new Essex block and the boys' changing rooms the 1960's opened with 2 boys leaving in disappointing circumstances.

Verdi's Requiem with other Friends' Schools, closed circuit television, a half term holiday in the Autumn term and the new Human Studies course were elements in the mid-1960's before Crosfield was built. The water tower site was purchased and Gibson opened wasas a boys' junior house.

The Committee, by now the Board of Governors, was anxious about smoking, visits to public houses and the misuse of drugs, but approved changes to Sunday worship, dress requirements outside school and cafeteria meals.

The 1970's began with a balcony study area, the first School Day and meeting of Governors and senior scholars.

But in 1972 Essex decided not to send any more day girls.

In 1972 Governors heard of new seating arrangements for Assembly, were anxious about moral values, but gladly heard the Dream of Gerontius performed by choirs of 8 Friends' Schools and agreed to hair dryers for the boys.

In 1975 the Reservoir was opened, followed by Leicester adjoined by the Croydon gate.

A school trip to Kenya, an

increase in weekend leave, a BBC film about the school, the intrusion of unwanted visitors brought the school to 1978 and the opening of the Junior Science Lab.

In 1979 celebrations were held to mark 100 years at Saffron Walden with a gift of new chairs for the Assembly Hall and a mini-bus.

Next year the school accepted an invitation to join the Government's Assisted Places Scheme.

Following the restoration and regilding of the Dining Hall clock and the support for 2 boys selected to join a British School Exploration Society's expedition to Greenland, the new Music School and Sports Hall were opened in 1983 at a ceremony with a marquee on the front lawn.

In 1984 two performances were given of Brahms' German Requiem.

Next year staff were invited to appoint 2 representatives to attend meetings of the Board of Governors.

In 1986 saw construction work to create a drama workshop from the old gymnasium and a new Craft, Design & Technology Centre.

As a result the school archives, dating back to the original foundation in 1702 were deposited with the Essex Record Office.

Next year the introduction of GCSE was welcomed with reorganisation of classrooms to provide specialist rooms for all subjects in the curriculum.

In 1988 there was a complete overhaul of toilets, bath and washroom facilities.

Gibson was opened as a house for junior boys and girls, and Hillcroft as a house for Sixth form students.

The Sanatorium was reorganised as a medical centre.

As 1989 opened the school looks forward to the challenge of the next decade with the appointment of the first woman head.

J.C.Woods  
Headmaster, 1969 - 1989.

## THE HOLIDAY

It is the year 2030. As the ozone layer disintegrates the earth has become a barren place. The population has become hostile in its fight to survive and the Earth has become a place where murder and stealing are regular pursuits.

But in the middle of this race for food and survival everyone needs a holiday! Come to sunny Pluto for a break! You can raid the natives, be as rowdy as you like and have a proper English Costa Packet holiday complete with steak, chips and gallons of cheap beer. The only thing you won't get away with is the Duty Free as the Customs Officers take it all for themselves.

Alternatively, for spectacular fire fountains, visit the Sun. You are guaranteed a tan, but a radiation proof suit is recommended. The sights are amazing and with a temperature of 4000 degrees C+ it must be the hottest resort going.

For the less adventurous, there is always Mars with its canals and Russian bases. On top of this there are still the Costa Packet facilities as on Pluto.

For those with money to spare, or those who have discovered gold, there are always the gambling rings of Saturn. Your prize can be taken as any supply you need: food, oil, petrol or gas, or taken as straight cash.

For those with plenty of time to spare, we also offer a trip of a lifetime (and a lifetime trip) in a Voyager satellite. This trip will take you past all the planets and eventually out of this Universe. As an added bonus, all your holiday snaps will be automatically sent straight back to Earth.

As you can see, we offer a great range of breaks, so for more information contact 'Get rid of these rebellious punks so there is more for yourselves' Holidays PLC, Fort Knox 2, nr Cambridge, England.

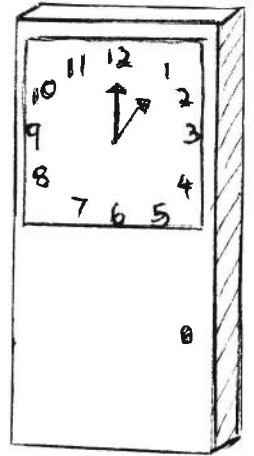
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# ONE O'CLOCK FROM THE HOUSE

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## Audience            Reaction            Report

The audience were somewhat curious about this play. 6' had kept it very much to themselves, and so had aroused some attention before the lights were dimmed. As the curtain was raised, Emily Lowson portraying Miriam was warmly appreciated, her two tone character prompting many stifled giggles. Natasha Bartels playing the ever present Josey, seeming somewhat shy to start with, was a little quiet in the opening scene but, as she became less tense, her character came forward, resulting in a very entertaining performance. Jonathan Gatward lived up to his usual high standards as the laid-back Austin. Catherine Edwards as Avril caused some confusion to the audience as to just what her character entailed, although her other half, Adrian Gray as Tudor, more than compensated. Being an absolute treat to those who know him, and quite a novelty to those who didn't. Lizzie Stone was satisfactorily frumpy although some said that Margaret did bear an uncanny resemblance to Vicky Hobson, but she kept up the tacky atmosphere with Emily that reminded many of a home situation. Melanie Thomas's dramatic entrance as Maureen caused some stirring from two elderly ladies behind me, but with much laughter from

everyone else and bringing with her the quite out of character Ann Nightingale, as the 'Star Wars' obsessed Rupert, who brought some light relief for the younger members of the audience. Probably the most appreciated entrance was that of Sophie Moseley as Mavis 'mark 1'. Mavis's entrance was the start of chaos on the stage and non-stop laughter in the hall. Many thought that Mansel suited Jeremy Kay exceptionally well; this manic depressive, obsessed with a shopping trolley called 'Rover' caught everyone's eye and his costume went down a treat. Sam Cadman and Simon Gooderham playing Desmond and Hugh respectively, were very ingenious and picked up their parts well, especially Simon, whom I understand to have been very nervous! Patrizia Spenge received special praise for losing almost all of her German accent and being very 'wardenly'. Janina Rosenbaum caused many gasps as she revealed the psychopathic Mavis 'mark 2', and she looked especially sunken and frightening.

The play was very funny and the cast's enthusiasm was infectious. On the whole, it was thoroughly enjoyable for all of those who saw it. Many good comments were made about the set and many more about Richard's brilliant direction.



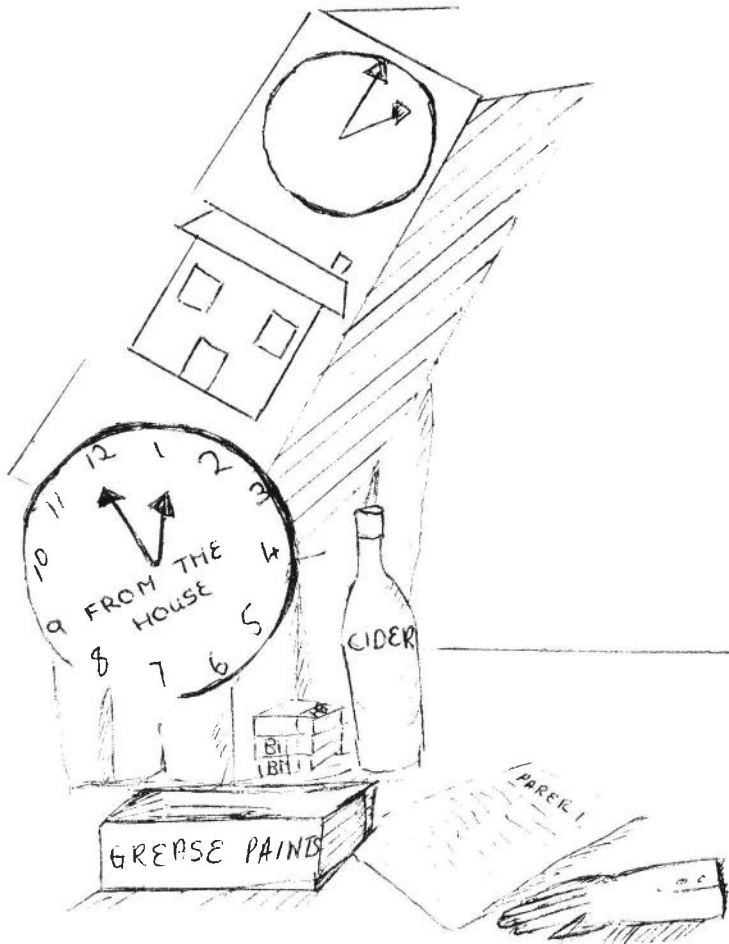
# ONE O'CLOCK FROM THE HOUSE

## Cast And Backstage Report.

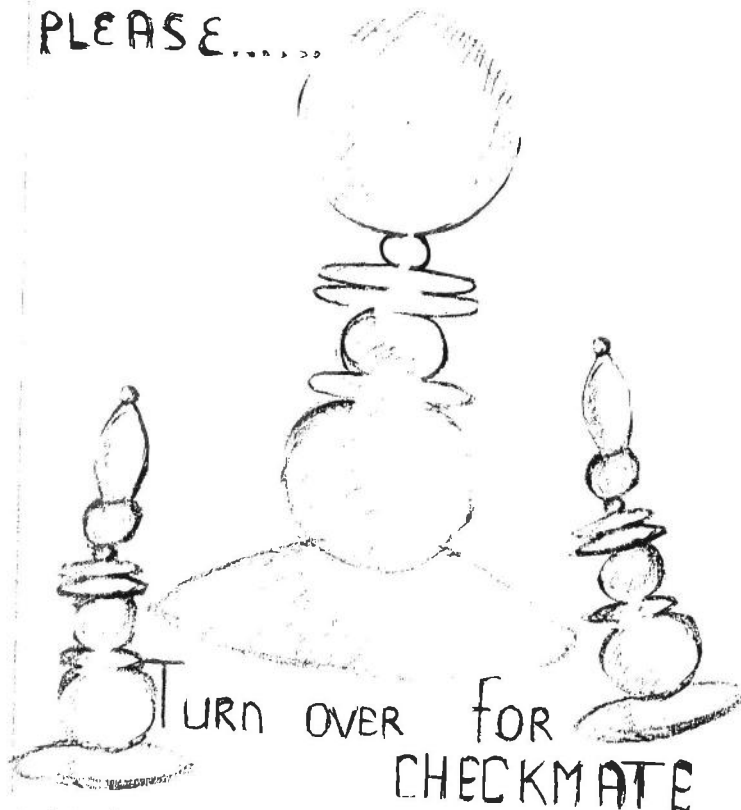
Putting on a Six One play for the whole school was a daunting prospect. Some of us were unsure of our acting abilities and whether it could be managed in such a short term: There was no lack of enthusiasm, however, and under the authoritative direction of Richard O'Connell, rehearsals were well under way soon after the first week of term. The play chosen, after some discussion, was a comedy centred on a rather crazy family, recently bereaved by the death of the elderly father. The eccentricities of the family gradually unfold and much of the hilarity is caused by the different characters of the relations before and after the funeral.

On the whole the cast enjoyed it very much and had a good time, all without too much work. As Sophie Moseley said, "It's made me a wiser person" and they would all do it again, but obviously not the same play! And despite disasters like the curtains not closing on the first performance and with 'Digs' Delve panicking as he hung from the curtain rope, it seemed to go well. There were, however, some grumblings from the actors about the ginger ale instead of cider, the fake fags, make-up and the long waits backstage and from Jeremy that he hadn't been able to enjoy the production because his trousers were too tight.

A note to close on is that Sophie would do it again anytime and to call her on 224981.



PLEASE.....





## CHECKMATE

"King, A4 - B4. King takes Pawn."

Intrigued with the subject of his slaughter, overflowing with pride, the boy eyed the silent lady whose body lay in front of him. Think of the praise his master would give him when he heard - a promotion was on the cards. He took off his new white cap, nice, but rather bare. He thought for a moment, then looked down once more. His eyes moved up her body to the arrow-head which still lay in her breast. The crisp whiteness of the feathers now had a red border to them. He once again inspected his cap then slowly stooped to retrieve the arrow, mischief glinting in his eyes.

A stately figure bearing a gown of fine black silk. A black and gold striped fur draped over his shoulders. A golden crown created a magnificent contrast against his full head of the richest, darkest hair that one has ever seen. He carried a long-bow, intricately carved out of gold. He also carried a quiver of arrows. Each arrow was as sharp and slender as the quill of a porcupine. Three black feathers blew gently in the whispering breeze, enhanced by the shrill echo of a man's voice as it rang out down the ears of the boy, "An arrow, for your cap."

The boy's mouth dropped open and his face paled rapidly as he speedily retrieved his hand, terror then stopping his body dead as a stone. The arrow shot through so swiftly that it went straight into his body, pierced his heart and shot straight into the awaiting cap, clasped in his hands.

The man took one last look at his wife as she lay there with

sad eyes, but he would get them back, all of them. Revenge.

The white player moved his hand confidently in to move the Knight into the 'block' position to counteract the possibility of Black check-mating him. He glanced to the square where he was just about to move it to, then grasped as he noticed that this was no good, for his own piece was unprotected on that space. Black's King would now simply take it.

Well, maybe the time delay could well be to White's advantage. Maybe disaster had not yet struck. All that was needed was a piece to defend the Knight on his crucial prevention move. Ah! And once protection was complete - anyway - enough of that for now, the protector had to be found.

White scanned the board for a suitable piece, but could not find one. White frantically searched the board. His eyes passed over the Queen then looked once more at her for he could not help but to notice the expression on the Queen's face. It seemed to be a cross between intense anger and frantic worry. Maybe this was it! Yes, of course. Queen could move to protect the square upon which the Knight would then move to prevent the final kill, just so long as Black moved his Rook first before his Knight, which would be both the most sensible and most obvious move.

It would take a great deal of hard studying of the board to notice the true intention of White's Queen. A cunning move which should almost certainly prevent the check-mate of White's king and following that, White could even see a clear path to check-mating Black's King. Perfect. Nearly.

Jo Edmunds

## CARMINA BURANA

Leaving FSSW after Thursday assembly we headed towards Reading and Leighton Park, reaching our destination about midday. Having driven to the reception area, hushed discussion commenced at the front of the coach while rumours spread round the rest of the coach: it was the wrong place; they had heard about our singing ability; there weren't enough pillows! We were finally informed of a change in sleeping arrangements and were driven to a boarding house over-looking the pool, which we were not allowed to throw people into(!) and a large field. The females were escorted to their rooms and sometime later the rest of the group was taken to another house.

After a good meal, we had our first rehearsal presided over by the Leighton Park music teacher - Andrew Forbes, who had us shouting "Hallo Andrew" at his command. This was followed by various strange vowels before we were finally allowed to sing. After a break for tea, we had our second rehearsal followed by another break while the rehearsal room was transformed into a disco.

The next few hours were a break from choral music and instead we were treated to Kylie Minogue dedicated by Ackworth to one of the other schools, who returned the favour with Duran Duran! Meanwhile someone fixed up INXS for 'Saffron Walden'. Friday morning was spent in more rehearsals, finally learning the meaning of the words in Carmina Burana!

The afternoon was spent in Windsor and we amused ourselves looking around the castle and sampling the local cuisine in Macdonalds! We returned to Leighton Park to prepare for

cabaret time! A select few (the only ones willing to make fools of themselves) were led by Phil - as the infamous bent scarecrow - in a short musical play. The brave few were rewarded by the odd clap as they left the spotlight.

Finally the big day arrived and after yet another rehearsal we boarded the coaches for London. Lizzie and Emily kept us amused during the journey by informing us of the name, age, marital status and telephone number of the van driver behind us and a German tourist.

One more rehearsal, this time with the orchestra, a packed tea, a tour of the sights of London, and we were sitting ready to sing.

The performance was fine though the tenors did occasionally forget to sit down! I am sure everyone involved enjoyed preparing and performing it.

Carol Thompson

### QUOTES

"Do it like Larry the Lamb" - Andrew Forbes telling the tenors how to express sorrow over a burnt swan, that had returned to life to sing to them.

"Put in more of Larry the Lamb" - AF after they did it wrong.

"If you are a gentleman between now and tomorrow" - AF again

"Friends School" - somebody when asked what school they went to.

"If somebody wants special lighting tonight, for the cabaret, not the bedrooms" - John Anderson the organiser  
"This is what a number looks like" - JA holding up a figure 1

"I'd prefer to go to Windsor Safari Park than Eton" - Feray Macmillan



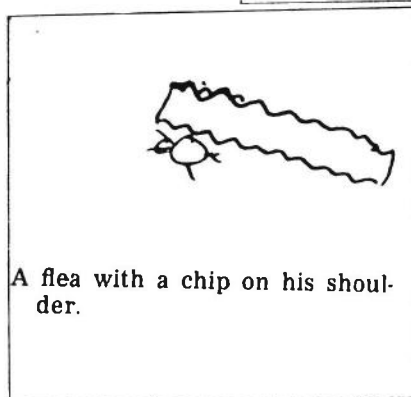
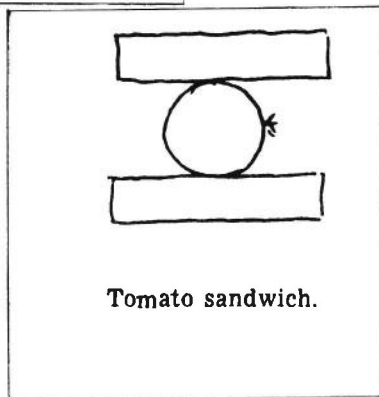
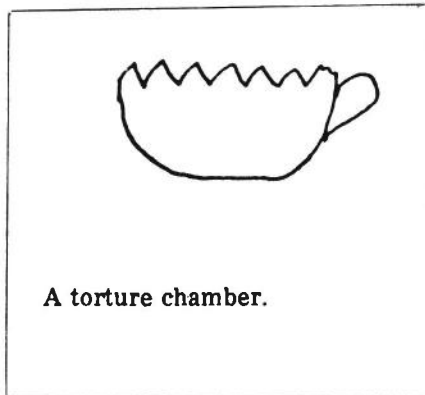
## ALONE

The lame stumbles, alone afraid,  
He is not stupid, he is wise.  
Yet when wisdom leads to death,  
Then it is the time of the unwise.  
The time of no-knowledge is here.

Stupidly they walk unaided,  
They know not the biting cold  
That comes with loneliness.  
Yet as they realise their gift  
They are struck and stumble also.

Feray Macmillan

*Back to the Drawing Board.*



## 3Y FORM TRIP TO HARLOW DRI-SKI SLOPES

Most of 3Y and Hannah from 3W went with Mr Rich, his wife and their baby daughter to Harlow on Wednesday afternoon. We left at about 1.15 in the minibus. Giles directed us the wrong way about three times.

We arrived late (no thanks to Giles) and the skiing instructor greeted us. We collected our ski-boots of the right size and tried to walk about. We had to learn how to put on the skis which was pretty simple, but then we had to get the skis parallel which was a different matter for Lucy and Becca who found that they couldn't stop falling over each other. We were then taught how to do a snow-plough which Fleur named 'The Spread'.

Now we were getting really advanced as we were allowed to go down the slope, which to get up we had to struggle along on side-steps, this proved how unfit everyone was.

We went down the slope and Vicky found that she couldn't stop and so found herself ski-ing on concrete, Fleur just couldn't help falling at the instructor's feet!

Another exercise was when we went down the slope with parallel skis while touching your "shoulders, knees and toes", the instructor said that we were doing a 'toilet', in other words we were leaning back on the skis instead of forward. Nick ignoring this came down with his hands in his pockets looking poserish (as usual), Tizzy came down really fast not being able to stop while knocking over Claire. Giles thinking that he was being really clever fell over on purpose which wasn't very bright when he was going so fast that he fell over and got his nose trapped in the holes of the bristley mat.

Vicky and Fleur fell over the most. Hannah went slowly but making no mistakes down the slope.

Thanks a lot Mr. Rich and his wife for putting up with us and taking us.

Sophie Baker 3Y



## THE GRADUATION BALL, 1989

The Senior Ball - the FIRST Senior Ball - was held on the twenty-sixth of May (very formal).

A full programme was arranged for (expensive) ticket holders who were mainly Fifth and Sixth formers, but with some senior citizens also in attendance. It began with an Assembly and Quaker Meeting in FORMAL dress (that means for the rest of you, gowns (for the ladies) and tuxedos for the gentlemen). A photo-call session on the elegant front lawns, which were lit by the dappled rays of the early evening sunshine filtering through the leafy trees onto the rich verdant lawns, was held. The assembled throng then walked sedately towards the banqueting hall (the Dining Room) where a light repast was consumed with gay abandon. The siren call of the disco brought a reluctant end to the meal and, after dinner drinks having been satisfactorily quashed, steps were traced and retraced towards the Dance Floor. There to be enjoyed was music for all tastes (refined, that is), ample fruit punch and a celebrated three piece jazz ensemble provided an entertaining soiree.

Dawn came all too soon, and the assembled company walked or by using alternative methods of transport headed towards their places of residence.

Many thanks were extended to all involved in making such a positive contribution to the emotional residues of the departing spirits.

May next year's Ball Committee act as appropriately and with as much dignity as what we did.

## GIBSON HOUSE REPORTS

### Girls'

The most important change that Gibson underwent in September 1988 was that it became a mixed boarding house.

Judith's point of view: Compared to Girls' House, Gibson is more homely. As it is so much smaller you get to know people more quickly. You also tend to mix with the boys more. All I miss from Girl's House is the long climb of stairs!

Flora's point of view: I only arrived in September 1988 so this was all new to me. Even though I was very homesick at the beginning, I have enjoyed my first year at Friends' School. I made friends quickly because Gibson has such a small community, which makes it more homely.

### Events

At Christmas, we were given a small party. Everybody exchanged Christmas cards. Mr and Mrs White and Miss Butcher made mincepies, Christmas cake, and mini-puddings. Then we all gathered in the Day Room, where there is a pool table and our tuck lockers, and Mr and Mrs White gave everyone a small present and Miss Butcher gave us each a packet of sweets.

On June 25th there was a Gibson garden party, mainly to say goodbye to the 2nd years. It was organised by Mr and Mrs White. All the parents, brothers and sisters were invited and a number of activities devised, including a three-legged race, where one of the two was blindfolded! But the most important of all, and undoubtedly the funniest was the Jelly Lobbing. Two people stood on a plastic mat some distance away from each other. In case of emergency, they were covered in dustbin sacks. The object of the game was to see which pair could throw AND catch two jellies at the same time, over the furthest distance.

As jellies were dropped the plastic became even more slippery. Ruth Marriage, a 1st year, created the most laughter because she slipped over several times even before she had thrown her jelly! Even Mr White couldn't pull her up! The weather was superb, everyone enjoyed themselves and the food, including strawberries and cream for dessert, was a hit.

Thanks go to Mrs Parry for sorting out our clothes, Miss Butcher, Mrs Richards and Miss Brinkworth for doing duties, and to Mr and Mrs White for an enjoyable year.

Flora Varcoe and Judith Astell-Fuller

### Boys'

Since Gibson House has become mixed, it has become a noisier place and there is a bit less space because of rooms like the TV room, which had to be moved to the middle of Gibson. Also, boys are not allowed to go down to the Girls' end and vice versa.

The plans of what Gibson was going to look like were put on display near the reception, and showed dorms of about 4 or 5 beds. That isn't the case, which in a way is good because you make friends more quickly in a big dorm.

During the last year we have had activities going on down at Gibson. For example, one weekend there was a barbeque and another a garden party with jelly lobbing and other things. After Prep, a lot of the boarders like playing frisby or football, which we can do in the Gibson gardens. Gibson also provides a bike shed for keen cyclists, although no one actually uses it at the moment.

There are lots of people who enjoy modelling; in Gibson they have the chance to make scenarios and paint.

Andrew Churchill and Kai Savage



## GIRLS' HOUSE REPORT

In the first term we had Miss Caird for bedput on Fridays and so, much to our advantage, our lights never got turned off at the right time unless a 5th former came and turned them out: a 'fun' start to the year.

At the Christmas party, in Mrs Crawley's room, we had a groovy time with lots of food and music. Everyone was dancing and stuffing their faces. All, or most, of the girls came and we were joined by Mrs Crawley, Miss Cross, Miss Abbs and Miss Caird.

One dramatic event which occurred this year was when the fire alarm went off, caused by the toaster going up in flames. It was some time before we got a new one though.

Even in the new bathrooms we have had disasters; the 5th form had a fountain in theirs when a tap burst. In the ones upstairs the transformer, the bit which changes water from the tap to the shower, was faulty too and there were many little spurts.

We have also been joined by Gemma and Heidi from Gibson. One weekend we had a visit from Sarah Evans. She was shown around the House and got a bit of history from Judy and a description of the Brat course which 1st Years used to have to do when they first came.

There has been the crazy run for the flower festival one cold and early morning in which most of the House took part. We also baked cakes which were sold at recess.

All in all an eventful year with the many changes which have taken place. What will next year be like?

Caroline Churchill

## BOYS' HOUSE

We regret that there is no report from Boys' House this year. Any chance of one next year?

## HILLCROFT REPORT

The introduction of mixed boarding in Hillcroft seemed a rather scandalous idea at first, but in general, I think all parties will agree, it has been a major success.

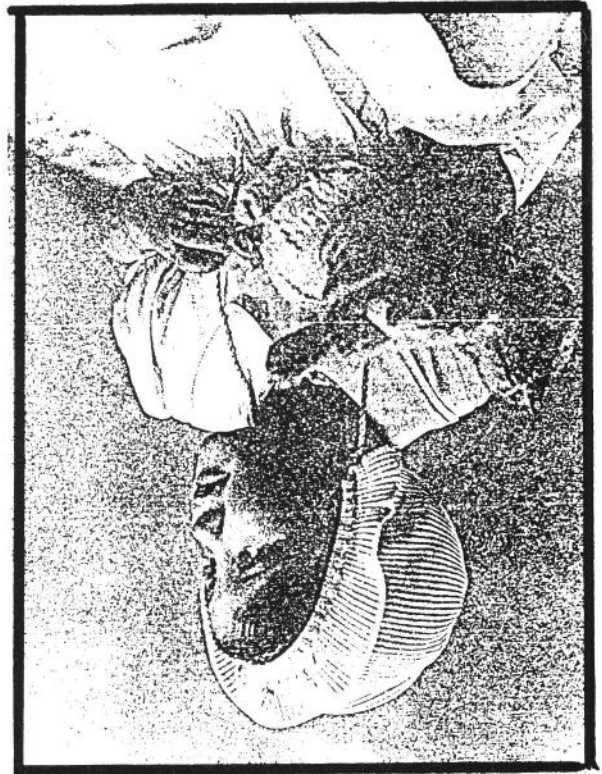
Apart from the washing facilities, there are few complaints about 'living conditions'. The recent introduction of a video in the house has caused delight among most of the residents - for some they are now able to watch their beloved "Led Zeppelin" whenever they wish and for others a daily dose of "Grease" is a welcome treat!

Hillcroft is not unlike the other boarding houses in school - a kitchen, common room, cardphone, and so on, but we are privileged in that our dorms range from single rooms to rooms with up to four people in, meaning we have a certain amount of choice about who you share with (or don't share with as the case may be!).

As Hillcroft is an almost separate unit from the rest of school, 'privileges' are the same for both Upper and Lower sixth. Instead of one job for each member of the house, we share kitchen-clearing, laundry and locking-up duties between us on a rota basis, so life is really very simple!

A WORD OF WARNING TO ANY FUTURE RESIDENT OF HILLCROFT: the basement in Hillcroft is used as the laundry room. Once you have encountered the rather precarious steps leading down to it you must then mind your head! Not only is the ceiling low - there are low-hanging pipes as well! YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

All in all, the changes in Hillcroft over the last year have made it a far happier house to live in, and I recommend any boarder thinking of staying on for the sixth form to do so at once! It's the best house in school!



**COMM-SSS**



# BONNY BABIES

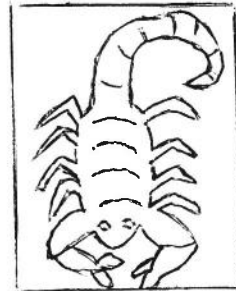


There's a great deal of promise in relationships. The reason you haven't been too successful is you're trying to be too mature. If you act about 6 they'll come flocking.

Beware! Don't take this too far - there is looming over the horizon a hooked-fanged monster (sounds like someone we know?) with a threat of 3 years banishment to the sewage works!!

## SCORPIO

Famous Scorpions: JSB  
Lucky Number: 354  
Lucky Stone: amber  
Lucky Colour: baby blue  
Lucky Flower: hawthorne  
Perfect Partner: a pensioner



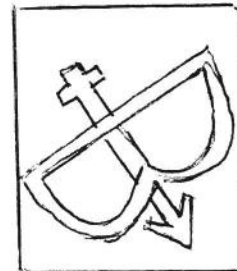
This year is for re-examination. You've spent too long sticking to your guns and they are the wrong ones. If you stay there much longer you'll find yourself murdering Sarah Evans! - that's probably not a good idea.

If you suddenly develop a taste for coal dipped in tomato sauce - don't worry. Due to the cooking of Compass, you've missed some vital vitamins. However, after 3 months of this I suggest you see a doctor or tell your mum and buy worry beads as you will become increasingly irritable and nervous - a side-effect of coal eating, I'm afraid.

But academically you're tops and the teacher you hated so much will become the object of your passion.

## SAGITTARIUS

Famous Sagittarians: FW  
Lucky Number: 9  
Lucky Stone: turquoise  
Lucky Colour: ochre  
Lucky Flower: morning glory  
Perfect Partner: the intellectuals



Your generous and extrovert nature brought great happiness in 1988 but in 1989 things will be even better.

Your schoolwork will improve greatly, even in those subjects that weren't going too well last year. Try to be more athletic; believe me, Miss Green / Mr Smith will appreciate it and don't forget, Sagittarians, the place for you is the Great Out-Doors.

Try not to be too obstinate, just be the interesting and magnetic person you are and you will be rewarded with respect and admiration from all those around you.

## LEO

Famous Leos: PR, JA, JS, SW  
Lucky Number: 666  
Lucky Stone: jet  
Lucky Colour: black  
Lucky Flower: poison ivy  
Perfect Partner: a doormat



Now is the time for change. Your life will change dramatically, it could be for better or worse. But there is nothing you can do, so just relax and accept it (or make the best of it).

In your personal life, things should perk up. Some good times on the social front are on the cards.

You may find yourself slacking in work - DON'T!! Work extra hard and you will get where and what you want.

## VIRGO

Famous Virgos: MB, LB  
Lucky Number : 7  
Lucky Stone : sapphire  
Lucky Colour : blue  
Lucky Flower : rose  
Perfect Partner: Capricorn



Virgos will definitely not get on with Leos, e.g. Mr White! The next school dance could mean a surprise relationship. Knowing Virgo's luck, it will be a disaster. When your next major exams come you will worry endlessly, but you will come out on top.

You discover that your new Head takes a liking to you and asks you round for tea.

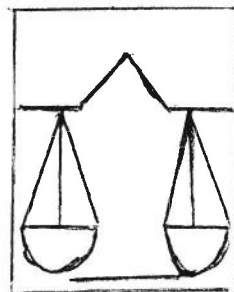
Your music teacher tells you that you have great talent in music.

You develop an illness which sends you into the clutches of the Medical Centre.

The school food gives you salmonella poisoning and you sue 'Compass' for £2 million and you win!

## LIBRA

Famous Librans: JD  
Lucky Number: 34  
Lucky Stone : pink quartz  
Lucky Colour: bottle green  
Perfect Partner: a hippie

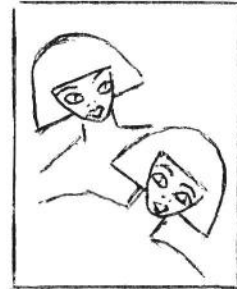


This year is going to be wild! Don't listen to all those people who say it's time to settle down. They're all wrong as usual. Work is a field in which you won't be able to settle but don't worry, it will sort itself out. Many of your friends and teachers won't like this turn of events but be strong and they'll back down.

Friends are a problem but that'll soon pass so don't worry about it too much. An unexpected letter sets you thinking and as you trace its origin, you discover exciting things you never knew.

## GEMINI

Famous Geminis: TD, GH, JRW, FS, RR  
Lucky number : 129.5  
Lucky stone : beach pebble  
Lucky colour : pink  
Lucky flower : cow parsley  
Perfect partner: musical Aquarians



You won't win any Nobel prizes this year . It's quite a strain just bumbling through the simple stuff - your mind is still on other things.....Cupid will be twanging his little bow around March, but beware of slimy Leos.

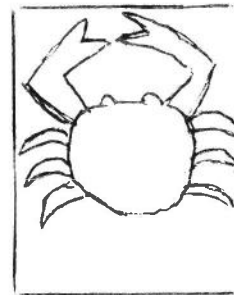
Avoid sausage rolls at next year's christmas tea which could lead to major digestive problems.

You may not be superstitious by nature, but on the night of a full moon, steer clear of the Medical Centre.

You will make vast steps forward in the Science department and may come out top in tests if you try hard. Keep asking questions in line with your inquisitive nature but don't expect to get answers to all your questions.

## CANCER

Famous Cancers: JOC, LG  
Lucky Number: 3.14  
Lucky Stone: granite  
Lucky Colour: yellow  
Lucky Flower: self-raising  
Perfect Partner: anybody but a Leo



There will be plenty of parties but beware not to ruin them by inviting Leos. Even in lessons your infinite sense of humour livens up the dullest of classes. And for those of you NOT taking French..... Naturally your humour does not go down a treat with everybody, those slimy Leo teachers have really got it in for you.

Your relationships are improving all the time but a nasty encounter with a Leo leaves you shaken.

Academically, you will receive very poor results this year especially for those of you taking public exams.

Financially, you suffer a loss this year (this could range from dropping a two pence down a drain to your house being burgled by a gang of Leos).