



**THE
OLDBURIAN**

OLDBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

1963

THE OLDBURIAN

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MAGAZINE

1963

Vol. V. No. 3.

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SCHOOL STAFF

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J. B. RICHARDS, M.A., B.Sc. (*Deputy Headmaster*)

MISS F. D. TWEEDIE, Dartford P.T.Dip. (*Senior Mistress*)

F. L. HAWLEY, M.Coll.H.

W. D. MORRIS, M.A., M.Sc.

J. S. EACOTT, B.A.

E. G. SWAIN, B.Sc.

A. A. L. PEARCE, B.A.,
B.Sc. (Econ.).

H. LAYCOCK, B.Sc.

B. R. LAWTON, B.A.

K. C. HUDSON, B.Sc.

H. G. DAVIES, Carneige P.E.Dip.

E. JONES, B.Sc., A.R.C.O.

T. B. HETHERINGTON, M.A.

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D. A. PUGH, B.Sc.

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R. K. ANDREWS, B.A.

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MISS N. HARDING, B.A.

MRS. M. ROULSTONE, B.A.

MISS L. MERCHANT, A.T.D., N.D.D.

MISS M. SANDERS.

(*Headmaster's Secretary*).

PREFECTS

Boys:

Russell (Head Boy)
Gray (Deputy Head Boy)
Barnsley
Bayliss
Beard
Franks
Griffin
Griffiths
Hadley
Hicks
Hickton
Jackson
Jarratt
Jones, H.
Jones, P.
Percival
Roberts
Smith
Swallow
Williams
Wood

Girls:

Gillian Blackham (Head Girl)
Janet Randell (Deputy Head Girl)
Alison Chapman
Judith Cutler
Penelope Daniels
Pamela Downing
Ann Draper
Denise Cannon
June Hart
Dorothy Jones
Lorraine Madeley
Joan Plimley
Rona Spencer
Marjorie Weston
Susan Baker
Pat Fairclough
Dilys Flavell
Kathleen Goode
Helen Griffiths
Ann Hamer
Janet Hutchinson
Judith Newbitt
Christine Richards
Pauline Stokes
Delia Warwick

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Editor: M. Roulstone.

Assistant Editors: Susan Baker, Gillian Blackham, Judith Cutler, Ann Draper, Denise Gannon, Christine Richards, Rona Spencer, P. Jones, R. Hingley, T. Swallow.

THE editors thank all contributors, and regret that the quantity of material offered to them was so great that they have had to omit articles and pictures submitted by Jane Nicholls, P. Bayley, Gillian Blackham, Janet Spittle, J. Williams, J. Wood and Jill Parry.

FROM THE HEADMASTER

NOT very long ago a certain statesman felt impelled to use the phrase, 'the wind of change'. I suppose that when a new headmaster takes over the responsibility of a school this is the phrase that is most often on the lips of everybody connected with it. Like many phrases of many statesmen, however, it is an ambiguous one, for winds can be either tempests and hurricanes or they can be the zephyrs of summer that cool our cheeks. I expect that the changes that are bound to come whilst I am in the headmaster's chair will be at neither of these extremes, and that though change there must be, it will be like the moderate summer breeze which is refreshing and invigorating.

All change must be built upon tradition, and before I go further I must pay tribute to the tradition which Dr. Howard has established in this school: a tradition of scholarship and service, of care for the welfare of those in his charge, for which large numbers of people who have passed through his hands must be for ever grateful. My own gratitude is especially deep, however, for Dr. Howard has made it possible for my assumption of his responsibilities to be made as easily as any new headmaster could wish, and I have found it quite remarkable that I have had to refer to him on so very few occasions in order to clarify any difficult situation that has arisen. I am sure that every member of the school will wish to join with me in paying tribute to a man of whom it may in truth be said that he devoted his life to the children of this Borough, and in wishing him and Mrs. Howard the greatest happiness in his retirement.

To me Birmingham and the Midlands are a completely new part of the world. Before my wife and I came here we had no contacts, no friends in this particular area, but already we are beginning to feel the warmth of friendship and kindness of all of you who have received us in so gracious a way into your community. Not only have the ladies and gentlemen of the staff been of enormous help in putting themselves out on my behalf and taking on extra work; in being tolerant when I seemed to be particularly obtuse; and particularly in realising that a headmaster has his busy times and forbearing to knock at my door on such occasions; but so has everybody connected with the school. from the Governors who have collectively and individually been extremely helpful, to the domestic staff, who have mollycoddled me far more than anybody could deserve. I must not of course forget you, the boys and girls of the school who, as you gradually get to know me better, are being very courteous and not betraying the fact that you may be thinking what so many children think of the man who keeps their noses to the grindstone. We northerners tend to believe that we have the monopoly of kindness and friendliness, but after four months' experience of Midlanders Mrs. Aykroyd and I have now erased that idea from our minds, and will endeavour in future to assure all our northern friends that, in our experience at least, friendliness increases rather than decreases the farther south you go.

I suppose that as a new headmaster I am expected to pronounce weighty words of wisdom when writing for the first time in 'The Oldburian' though I must say it goes against the grain somewhat, for I think that example is always better than precept. I should like, I think, to put two thoughts before you which will perhaps help to reveal something of my philosophy of life and hence to enable you to get to know the sort of person you will be dealing with during the coming years. The first is this: we hear today a great deal about standards of living; we don't hear very much about standards of life, and I think the latter is much more important. The second is closely linked with this, and some of you heard me use it in Assembly not very long ago. Somebody once said (I don't know who) that basically there are only two possible ways of life; one can be expressed in the words 'first the feast and then the headache', and the other, 'first the sacrifice and then the feast'. I will leave you to think out what that means, and merely add that the latter seems to me to be right. Only when you have realised this can you be said to have developed the maturity which is the mark of the whole and happy man or woman.

H.A.A.

VALETE

MORNING Assembly on the 25th July, 1963, was clearly an important occasion. On the platform with Dr. Howard were his Staff, Mrs. Howard, several Governors, the Borough Education Officer (Mr. Marsh) and the three officers of the Cresconians (Mr. D. Butler, Miss A. Bradley and Councillor Broaderwick).

After the religious service, Alderman B. T. Robbins, Chairman of the Governors, told the School that he had been a member of the committee at the Shire Hall, Worcester, when Dr. Howard was selected as Headmaster in 1936. He went on to say how proud he was of his part in the selection, for the choice had been abundantly justified by subsequent events. Under Dr. Howard's administration many developments had taken place at the school: the playing fields and grounds had been extended, corridors enclosed, a new gymnasium provided, laboratories enlarged and a new block erected for art, domestic science and the library. Recently a new block of laboratories for Chemistry and physics had been added. The number of pupils had risen from 300 to nearly 600 during Dr. Howard's headmastership, a marked feature being the large increase in the size of the Sixth Form. The examination results, too, had been most encouraging, each year setting a new record. Dr. Howard had devoted his life to the School, concluded Alderman Robbins, and he and Mrs. Howard deserved a very happy retirement.

Next it was the turn of two School captains to pay their tribute. P. R. Webb, the Boy Captain, first mentioned a number of fairly recent improvements – notably, the installation of the Dawes' Organ and the purchase of a stage for dramatics – and then pointed out that Dr. Howard's concern was not solely confined to the academic side but extended to the School Concert, the Joint Societies and other 'out-of-school' activities. Underlying everything Dr. Howard had done was his desire for the welfare and happiness of his pupils.

Jean Hunt said that Dr. Howard, although kindly and understanding, had always insisted that pupils should observe school rules and by so doing he had raised their moral code and made them better persons. As Girl Captain she had always found Dr. Howard most helpful and anxious to maintain the happy relations between Staff and pupils. At the close of her speech Jean, on behalf of present and past pupils and with their best wishes, presented Dr. and Mrs. Howard with a cheque.

Immediately afterwards came one of the most impressive moments of the ceremony. The two captains moved across the platform to a photograph veiled in the school colours. There was

a moment of silence: then Webb declared, "It is with great pleasure that the Girl Captain and I unveil this photograph of Dr. Howard, which will hang on the walls of the Assembly Hall as a reminder of his long and memorable service."

In reply Dr. Howard outlined his philosophy of life. Only those who have lived closest to him can know how powerful that philosophy has been in shaping his career. After winning an Open Scholarship to the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London, he had a distinguished university career; then, before coming to Oldbury, he served on the staff of the Finchley County School and subsequently took charge of the large Mathematical Department of the Latymer School, Edmonton. Apart from his work as an educator, Dr. Howard has had two great loves: the open air and music. He has always insisted that health is wealth and that no mind, however gifted, can do its work efficiently unless housed in a healthy body. Certainly in his case, long rambles in the countryside and strict attention to diet kept him so physically fit during his 27 years at Oldbury that he was never absent for a single day on account of illness. A pianist and organist himself, Dr. Howard took a great interest in the music of the School. He founded the School orchestra and conducted it for 15 years; he formed the three school choirs (girls' choir, four-part choir and large choir) and for several years trained and conducted them; and these choirs with the orchestra gave many excellent public concerts.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard are now living in West Southbourne, Bournemouth, and the good wishes of Staff and pupils, both past and present, go out to them for a long retirement blessed with good health and happiness.

SCHOOL LEAVERS SINCE JULY 1962

T.C.—Training College. Dip.Tech.—Diplomy in Technology.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Reason</i>
Irene Abell	Avery Hill Training College.
Joan Allen	Manchester University — Biblical Studies.
Jennifer Bagley	Civil Service.
Jennet Beach	Birmingham Training College.
M. A. Bragg	Bangor University — Electronic Engineering.
Susan Brazier	Insurance Office.
Sylvia Brown	Doncaster Teachers Training College.
B. Bywater	Liverpool University — Medicine.
M. Chapman	Insurance.
Barbara Child	Student Teaching
Alison Cooke	Birmingham Training College.
D. J. Cooper	Physiotherapy.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Reason</i>
Lynette Daniels	Stafford Training College.
P. W. Downing	Sheffield University — Law.
A. S. England	Birmingham University — Dentistry.
H. I. Flavell	Actuary Training.
T. Gethins	Birmingham University — Mathematics.
Angela Grant	Civil Service Executive.
Joan Hadley	Banking.
J. Hall	Borough Engineers Dept., Smethwick.
T. Hall	Apprentice, Hopes Ltd.
Joan Hammond	Banking.
Barbara Harris	Student Teaching.
J. S. Harris	Averys Ltd.
Marilyn Harvey	Tube Investments Ltd.
Susan Hawley	Manchester University — American Studies.
Margaret Jones	Bristol University — Geography.
Marion B. Jones	Birmingham University — Social Science.
R. Jones	Dip. Tech. Austins.
A. Lave	Apprentice at Birmid Ltd.
Josephine Layton	College of Commerce.
Christine H. Lewis	Bordsley Training College, Birmingham.
Sheena F. Lowe	School of Dancing, London.
Vivienne Mills	Civil Service.
J. Mitchell	Insurance
M. G. H. Morrey	Draughtsman.
J. W. Oakes	Dip. Tech. Chances Ltd.
D. W. Olden	Birmingham College — Arts and Crafts.
J. D. Palmer	Leeds University — Civil Engineering.
R. F. Robinson	Insurance.
Judith Rollason	Birmingham Training College.
Patricia A. Smith	Worcester Training College.
Janet Somers	Student Teaching.
Dawn Stopp	Banking.
Elizabeth Sutton	Catering at Burford.
Ann Townsley	Wolverhampton Training College.
J. Trickett	Loughborough Training College.
Linda Turner	Laboratory.
M. J. Turner	Dip. Tech. B.I.P. Ltd.
A. C. Wakeman	Birmingham University — Chemistry.
R. T. Walker	Liverpool University — Dentistry.
Brenda Walker	Civil Service — Executive.
Audrey Wright	Lab. Assistant — March & Baxter Ltd.
A. H. Yates	Kings College, London — Mathematics.
B. S. Harris	Weights and Measures.
Sandra Hadley	The Radcliff, Oxford — Nursing.
Barbara Fitch	College of Insurance.
C. L. Bullock	Banking.
R. J. Bird	Insurance.
Judith Tranter	London University, Queen Mary's College — English.
Margaret Bagley	Nursing — Queen Elizabeth Hospital.
Jennifer Bennett	Bangor Training College.
A. J. Bridgen	Dundee University.
Jennifer Brown	Matlock Training College.
P. J. Cheese	School of Photography — Handsworth.
Clarke	Midland Red Offices.
Anne L. Clay	Civil Service.
Janet Detheridge	Student Teaching.
Alwynne Dickens	Nursing.
R. Downing	Banking.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Reason</i>
Carol Drew	Banking.
Margaret Eswards	Secretary.
S. Edwards	Accountant.
Jennifer Ekins	Laboratory Assistant.
Ann Fletcher	Southland (London) T.C.
P. H. Gibbons	Architecture.
Janet Graham	Nursing.
R. Green	Birmingham University — Medical Biochemistry.
Jennifer Greenhalgh	Commerce.
Jennifer Harding	Banking.
D. Harvey	Architecture.
Pat Hawkins	Barnsley Training College.
T. S. Hemming	Merchant Navy.
Christine Higginbotham	Secretary.
Hazel Hopkins	Commerce.
Jean Hunt	Birmingham School of Cookery — D.S. Course.
Celia Jones	Laboratory Assistant.
E. Jordan	Dip.Tech. Lucas's Ltd.
R. Jukes	Shenstone Training College, Bromsgrove.
Pat Kirby	Insurance.
D. Latham	Isleworth Training College.
K. G. Lewis	London University, Imperial College — Physics.
P. Limbrick	Liverpool University — Biology.
A. McDougall	Dip.Tech. English Electric Company.
P. Thorley	Audit Clerk.
Jane Nash	Birmingham University — Dentistry.
Margaret Newman	Worcester Training College.
Christine Norris	Nottingham University — Maths. and Economics.
I. Parker	Birmingham University — Metallurgy.
Margaret Poole	Catering.
Lindy Randford	Commercial College.
D. T. Richards	Agriculture.
Joan Rickers	Comptometer.
P. Rogers	Dip.Tech. English Electric Company.
R. J. Skeldon	Dip.Tech.
Janet Skitt	Secretarial College.
A. J. Smith	Barcklay's Bank Ltd.
Gillian Smith	Physiotherapist.
Yvette Smith	Goldsmith's Training College, London.
Doreen Stevenson	Physiotherapist, Wolverhampton.
M. K. Stevenson	Apprentice in Metallurgy.
Stella Taylor	Dartford Training College.
R. Trevis	Liverpool University — Biology.
M. Truman	Birmingham University — Chemistry.
P. R. Webb	R.A.F., Commissioned Rank.
Mary White	St. Katherine's T.C. — Liverpool.
R. T. White	Leeds University — Metallurgy.
Elaine Whitaker	Health Department, Smethwick.
K. J. Whittall	Stewart & Lloyds Ltd.
Joan Willetts	Secretary.
M. T. Woolvin	Matlock Training College.
P. P. Isherwood	Sheffield University — Law.
M. Caldicott	Inland Revenue.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION 1963

G.C.E. Ordinary Level

S. Baker	9	C. Higginbotham	5	M. Poole	1
S. Baxter	8	A. Homer	7	L. Postins	6
P. Beighton	2	H. Hopkins	1	P. Quinn	1
R. Bharier	8	H. Horton	2	L. Ranford	5
C. Billington	4	J. Hutchinson	9	G. Read	5
C. Dicken	7	J. Insley	1	C. Richards	9
J. Downing	4	C. Jones	1	J. Skitt	6
J. Ekins	4	C. Jones	7	N. Smith	9
P. Fairclough	7	P. Kirby	3	P. Stokes	9
D. Flavell	5	M. Messenger	6	D. Sutton	3
K. Goode	9	S. Millward	1	D. Warwick	5
J. Greenhalgh	1	J. Mole	7	E. Whittaker	3
H. Griffiths	9	J. Newbitt	3	A. Wilkins	4
J. Harding	6	A. Palmer	4	J. Willetts	5
Baldwin	7	Handy	2	Parish	1
Bastable	9	Hartill	1	Perry	5
Beighton	1	Hatton	2	Plant	7
Bell	2	Hingley	7	Pollard	1
Billington	9	Hemming	5	Priest	3
Burford	3	Hirons	2	(Aegrotat)	
Caldicott	4	Hodgetts	5	Sabin	3
Cheese	4	Holding	5	Shepard	3
Coleman	7	Hughes	3	Smith	4
Crump	4	Humphries	8	Stace	6
Edwards	5	James	6	Stalker	3
Franks	6	Jarratt	7	Stevenson	3
Frost	5	Leighton	2	Summers	6
Goode	2	Minchin	8	Swallow	2
Gooding	9	Morley	1	Turner	2
Griffiths	8	Need	2	Wenlock	1
Hadley	1	Nevett	4	Williams	6
		Noble	7	Withers	7

Additional G.C.E. Ordinary Level passes

G. Blackham	J. Plimley	F. Harvey
J. Cutler	J. Randall	A. Hicks
P. Daniels	R. Spencer	G. Hickton
A. Dickens	M. Aston	A. Jackson
P. Downing	P. Barnsley	H. Jones
A. Draper	G. Bayliss	P. Jones
C. Drew	M. Beard	B. Powell
D. Gannon	D. Bytheway	B. Roberts
J. Graham	I. Davies	T. Swallow
J. Hart	D. Griffin	J. Williams
L. Madeley	G. Hadley	J. Wood

G.C.E. Advanced Level

P. Aldridge	1	C. Norris	3	Jukes	1
M. Bagley	1	G. Smith	2	Latham	2
J. Bennett	3	D. Stevenson	2	Lewis	3
J. Brown	2	J. Tranter	3	Limbrick	2
A. Clay	1	M. Weston	3	McDougall	2
J. Derricott	2	M. White	1	Parkes	3
J. Detheridge	2	Bridgen	3	Rogers	2
A. Fletcher	2	Downing	1	Russell	2
S. Groves	1	Gibbons	1	Skeldon	2
P. Hawkins	1	Gray	1	Trevis	3
J. Hunt	1	Green	3	Trueman	3
J. Nash	3	Harvey	1	White	3
M. Newman	2	Isherwood	2	Woolvin	1
		Jordan	3		

ONE-ACT-PLAY FESTIVAL

July 17th and 18th, 1963

TRINITY HOUSE. "The Happy Journey", by Thornton Wilder.

Set in present times, in New Jersey, U.S.A., the play depicted a rehearsal for a play, with no properties, and the stage manager taking many parts. Difficulties presented by accent and the necessity for miming were well overcome, although the standard of both accent and miming declined towards the end.

Pat Hawkins, as 'Ma', the central figure, deserves special credit for 'living' the part. Her magnificent, over-powering hat drew attention to her throughout the play, as, otherwise, her costume was suitably drab.

Jean Hunt as Caroline also emphasised the salient points of the character. She was vivacious and inquisitive, and maintained a "little girl" attitude throughout the play. Pa, portrayed by Ernest Jordan, contributed humour by his amusing facial expressions and occasional basso profundo contributions to the ceaseless chatter of Ma.

The general effect was of clear diction and suitable costume, resulting in a smooth-running performance greatly appreciated by the audience.

KING'S HOUSE. "The Dear Departed", by Stanley Houghton.

Poor stage-managing and casting were the downfall of this performance. The play called for a broad West Midlands accent, surprisingly lacking in the cast! Positioning of furniture on the stage was not to the best advantage, giving a bad impression before the play had really begun, and the fact that many of the voices were inaudible resulted in some restlessness and fidgeting in the audience. Malcolm Woolvin, as Mr. Jordan, and Arthur Smith as Abel Merryweather deserve congratulations on their timing of humorous lines and acting in character. The timid, 'hen-

pecked' Mr. Jordan continually 'dropped bricks' to the amusement of the audience, and the elderly Mr. Merryweather caused laughter, if only through his appearance.

The play, in general, seemed unpolished and unrelaxed; a pity, since a 'natural' presentation of the play would have given much amusement.

QUEEN'S HOUSE. "Villa for Sale", by Sacha Guitry.

The humour in this not so obviously humorous play was well brought out by the performers. The plot concerned a cunning business deal by a Frenchman purchasing a holiday villa, and the timing of exits and entrances of various members of the cast was an important factor in ensuring the success of the performance. Unfortunately, timing was a little erratic in places, but this did not detract drastically from the quality of the performance. Clear diction made this play popular with the audience for all the characters could be heard by everyone. Particular credit for this goes to Delia Warwick, as Juliette, Nora Smith, as her maid and Helen Griffiths as Jeanne. Margaret Newman, as Mrs. Al. Smith, looked a typical American film star, but her accent rather spoiled the impression. However, the scene between her and John Stalker, as Gaston, was well-acted and very amusing.

The properties used created the impression required – of a holiday villa somewhere in France, and were arranged to good advantage on the stage.

The general impression created was of smooth-running performance with much atmosphere – a production well worthy of eventual victory.

SCHOOL HOUSE. The Playgoers, by Sir Arthur Pinero.

Authentic properties and costume helped this performance to transport the audience back into the Edwardian era, with its so-called "servant problem". The scene was set in the drawing room of a large London house, where the master and mistress had just engaged a new set of servants.

Peter Isherwood and Lindy Ranford as the master and mistress seemed, at times, a little stilted and unrelaxed, though their general interpretation was good.

The various servants all seemed to "know their place". Pauline Stokes, as the "terribly refined" parlour maid maintained a haughty air throughout the performance, while Anne Clay, the cook, was characteristically over-humble and apologetic while appearing righteously indignant. Janet Skitt, as a hysterical "useful maid" and Philip Rogers as a very comic "odd man" also deserve credit for authentic character portrayal.

Audible diction and varied accents maintained all through the play, created a lively atmosphere complementary to the situation, giving, on the whole, a very favourable impression.

Gillian Blackham, Upper VI.

THE ORCHESTRA

THE retirement last term of Dr. Howard left the orchestra with no conductor. This post was very quickly filled by our visiting violin, viola and cello teacher Mr. Farmer, who, by arrangement with Dr. Howard, took over at the beginning of last summer term.

We have been meeting regularly since then at one-thirty on Mondays in the hall. There, under the very capable leadership of Mr. Farmer we have played various items of music.

Before Mr. Farmer took over as conductor, the orchestra consisted only of string players and a piano, but now under the Farmer régime, the beginnings of a wind section has been installed in the form of a trumpeter, B. Humphries, and a clarinetist, P. Jones.

Inevitably, because various members of the orchestra left last year (we lost P. Morley, Mrs. Howard and P. Cheese among several) and since Mr. Farmer relinquished his position as a violin player to take up conductorship of the orchestra, the remains of the orchestra were undoubtedly sounding rather forlorn. Mr. Farmer, in an effort to change this, has moved A. Hicks from the viola section to first violins and introduced many new violin and viola players to the orchestra. The numbers of new players are, in fact, still increasing. Mr. Farmer is directly responsible for this regrouping of the orchestra.

Unfortunately, there was no Christmas concert last year but we hope to make amends this year by providing an exceedingly high standard of performance at the concert at the end of this term.

This year we are trying something which has never been attempted in the school before. There will be two soloists from the orchestra and they will be provided with an orchestral accompaniment, something which calls for perfect co-ordination between conductor, soloist and orchestra. They will be A. Hicks, who will play the second movement of the Viola concerto by Teleman, and B. Humphries, who will play a concerto for trumpet and strings by Handel. We are also this year joining forces with the four-part choir and M. Pegg at the organ to give a rendering of the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah."

A final note about the concert; there will be organ and choral works and the orchestra will play a big orchestral work and various smaller ones. (We hope to give a rendering of Haydn's Toy Symphony amongst other items).

To conclude this brief account of the orchestra's recent history and its projects for the Christmas concert may I make a plea for more players to come forward, whether they play a violin, a trumpet, a French horn, or even double bass. You will certainly improve the tonal ability of the existing orchestra and I am sure you will gain much enjoyment and satisfaction by joining.

A. B. Hicks, U.VI.

JAZZ CLUB

THIS term a Jazz Club has been formed under the auspices of Mr. K. Andrews by Martin Elliott and Melville Jones of the Upper Sixth. It is open to 4th, 5th and 6th form members of the school, but as membership is limited the full quota of members was made up even before the first programme.

It runs alternately with Gramophone Society, at 1.30 on Fridays.

It is hoped during the first term to trace the origins of jazz back from its early beginnings up to the present day.

M. Jones, U.VI.

THE DANCE BAND

THE most pleasing feature of the Dance Band at present is its versatility. It now has a varied repertoire, stretching from the old-fashioned waltz tune to the top twenty, and including the Latin-American dance rhythms. For these Latin-American dances the violinists relinquish their instruments and take up Latin-American rhythm instruments, maracas for example. In this and many other ways, the band has become able to produce more varied and vastly different tones and noises.

As mentioned before, the band's repertoire is becoming more varied. Not only is it becoming more varied, it is becoming more extensive, and the band could now comfortably play for a three-hour dance if required.

Over the last year there have been a number of changes. The band is expanding: a new saxophonist and trumpeter have been introduced, and since three of last years members, P. Gibbons, R. Trevis and P. Morley have left, new players have been "signed on" to fill the gaps. These are R. Acutt and G. Hadley, but at present we have no replacement for Morley. The new players of saxophone and trumpet are J. Rose and R. Cooper respectively.

The new musicians have quickly settled down to the routine and the band is now producing a "nice noise".

Finally, I should like to ask anybody who can read music (well or badly) who can play a trumpet, saxophone, trombone or any other instrument, and who would like to join the band, to see our leader, Mr. Eacott, who, I am sure will make them welcome. For the benefit of such people I would say that practices are held every Tuesday after school in Mr. Laycock's room finishing at about five thirty to five-forty-five.

Personnel. Saxophones: Mr. Eacott (alto), J. Rose (Tenor); Trumpets: B. Humphries, R. Cooper; Violins: T. Swallow, J. Rose, A. Hicks; Guitars: R. Acutt, P. Handy; Piano: G. Hadley; Bass: Mr. Pugh; Drums: R. Summers.

Andrew B. Hicks, U.VI.

FRENCH CHOIR

DURING the early part of this year, a number of girls from the second forms formed a French choir and with the help of Mrs. Jones, practised several French folk songs which they sang at the Joint Societies Musical Evening. Clad in gaily-coloured skirts and blouses, they sang first of all two rather sad songs entitled "Ne pleure pas Jeannette" and "A la Claire Fontaine". In contrast however to these, the third song "Sur la route de Louvier" told the story of a happy road-mender, the sound of whose tapping could be heard very clearly in the music itself.

The girls would like to thank Mrs. Jones for the time she put in to teach us the songs.

J. Dovey, 3A.

GUIDE COMPANY ACTIVITIES 1962-63

Captain: Miss F. D. Tweedie.

Lieutenant: Miss B. Pine.

Cadets: Janet Randell (*Leader*), Yvette Smith, June Hart, Sandra Hadley, Joan Plimley.

Leaders: Chaffinch: Gillian Read; Clove: Celia Jones; Daffodil: Kathleen Goode; Hawthorn: Anne Palmer; Kingfisher: Christine Richards; Orchid: Delia Warwick.

THE Guides and Cadets met regularly on Monday evenings throughout the school year. Meetings consisted of many varied games and competitions, these helping to foster a keen inter-patrol competitive spirit. A patrol challenge, covering several aspects of Guide work, was arranged. This was well done by the patrols which entered.

Groups of Guides, aided by the Guiders, Cadets and senior Guides have worked for their tenderfoot, second class and first class badges. We are indebted to Mr. Swain for giving up some of his spare time to demonstrate for us the mouth-to-mouth method of artificial respiration which is to be adopted for first-class first aid. Some Guides on their own initiative have succeeded in gaining proficiency badges ranging from map-reader and cook to needlewoman and emergency helper.

In November, nine new Guides were enrolled, three cadets were invested in March and one more at camp in August.

The company was represented at several church-parades during the year. The first of these was the Armistice Parade in November, followed by one for Mayor's Sunday in March. The Annual Edgbaston Division parade was held at Edgbaston Old Church during June. The Cadets acted as stewards in the church.

Although every Guide pays a weekly subscription, funds are needed every year to help finance our camp and other activities. As is now customary, our annual sale of work was held in the school hall at the end of November. Although there were two stalls fewer than usual, the creditable sum of over one hundred pounds was raised. We were once again pleased to welcome Mr. Hudson, who was selling Christmas cards in aid of the N.S.M.H.C.

Our Guides succeeded in retaining the Guide Shield in the Annual Youth Swimming Gala. Congratulations to all who took part!

Four of the Cadets attended a most interesting and helpful week-end for senior branch members at Buxton, Derbyshire. The course consisted of talks and discussions on such topics as make-up, hair care and etiquette as a hostess or visitor. All who attended learned many useful hints and had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

At the end of the summer term we were all glad to pack our rucksacks in preparation for our camp to be held in Beer, Devon. An outdoor holiday is either made or marred by the weather and ours was certainly made this year, for it was glorious for most of the time. We were joined by six ex-members of the school company and also by Mr. and Mrs. Hetherington, Mr. and Mrs. Milton and Mr. Richards who this year managed to gain his first-class badge! The usual programme of duties, swimming, walking, shopping and eating was followed and we were all sorry to return to Oldbury after such an enjoyable holiday.

We should all like to extend our sincere thanks to Miss Tweedie and Lieutenant Pine for all the time and effort spent in making these activities possible.

Joan Plimley, U.VI.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Chairman: Christine Norris.

Vice-Chairman: Judith Tranter (left in March); John Russell (March onwards).

Secretary: Marjorie Weston.

THIS year S.C.M. has continued to be a lively and interesting society. However many people who are eligible never attend the meetings so I shall try to describe a typical Friday at S.C.M.

During the year we have had two study series; one on Science and Religion, and another on Communism. These topics are sub-divided into smaller ones, such as "Genesis and Evolution" and "Capitalism and the need for Revolution". One or two people present a subject at a meeting and afterwards pose some controversial questions, based on the subject of the talk, for discussion. The meeting then splits into small groups to discuss the questions. If a group reaches any conclusions they read them to the others at the end of the meeting.

There are many other S.C.M. activities. We borrowed two films for one meeting; we held an inter-form quiz in which the sixth and fourth forms both defeated the fifth form. A successful idea was the introduction of an informal evening, when a hard-working chairman and secretary prepared a number of games. We also had a number of outside speakers. During the Spring Term members of various trades and professions spoke about Christianity as it affects their jobs. Besides this series other speakers spoke on various topics, such as Modern Church Music (with sound effects), China, The Church Army, the Inspiration of the Bible.

In March many sixth formers visited Kidderminster High School for the S.C.M. Conference. The subject of this was "The Church and the World". We enjoyed meeting people from other schools and hearing other people's views.

This report has been devoted to the Senior S.C.M., but there is also a Junior S.C.M. which meets every Tuesday. Mr. Barbour does much valuable work leading the group and we would like to thank him very much. Mrs. Chinnery also has worked hard for us in our senior S.C.M. and we would all like to thank her for making possible the many activities of which I have told you.

Christine Norris.

JOINT SOCIETIES

September 27th. Dr. Howard, as President of the Society, welcomed new members and appointed Philip Rogers as chairman, Peter Isherwood as Vice-Chairman and Mary White as Secretary. The meeting took the form of an inter-house quiz which resulted in victory for Trinity over Kings with 19 points to 17. A vote of thanks was proposed by Jean Hunt, the Girl captain and seconded by D. Latham.

October 4th. Mr. Laycock, who had taught in California for a year, gave a talk on "The Many Faces of California", illustrating his talk with colour-slides. The vote of thanks was proposed by Margaret Bagley and seconded by Jordan.

October 11th. Members of the society debated the motion that "This House proposes that the motor car should be abolished." The chairman of the debate was Pat Fairclough and the clerk was R. Stace. Peter Cheese and Christine Richards proposed the motion and the opposition was provided by Janet Skitt and C. Baldwin. The motion was eventually put to the vote and was overruled by a large majority. A vote of thanks was proposed by T. Swallow and seconded by Gillian Blackham.

October 25th. The society was privileged by a visit from Miss M. Hayward, a Home Service adviser from the West Midlands Gas Board, who demonstrated how to cook several "Quick and easy snacks." A vote of thanks was proposed by Peter Webb, the boy captain and seconded by Margaret Newman.

November 8th. Members of 6B Physics group gave talks on "two great physicists". The talks were enlivened by experiments performed by members themselves. Wood proposed the vote of thanks which Rosalyn Deakin seconded.

November 15th. The society had the privilege of a visit from P.C. Hadley, who gave a talk on the training of police dogs, demonstrating with his own German Shepherd dog, Greta, how trained dogs react at the word of command. A vote of thanks was proposed by Yvette Smith and seconded by Jukes.

November 29th. Members of 6A Chemistry group entertained the society with a talk about the phosphorous industry. The talk was demonstrated by experiments performed by members themselves. Pat Fairclough proposed the vote of thanks which was seconded by Hingley.

December 6th. Members of the society gave an account of the boys' holiday in Brittany, France. Hickton introduced the programme and described the outward journey and spoke of some of their excursions, whilst Goode described some other excursions. A vote of thanks was proposed by Dorothy Jones and seconded by Philip Jones.

January 10th. The society was privileged with a visit from Mr. Hathaway, who gave a talk on the Bayeux tapestry, illustrating his talk with many slides. Ann Draper proposed a vote of thanks which was seconded by A. Bridgen.

January 17th. The society was privileged to be entertained by Mr. Round, an ex-pupil of the school, who spoke about his life and his work in Kenya in the Colonial Service. Mr. Round illustrated his talk with many colour-slides. A vote of thanks was proposed by Bozena Zalepa and seconded by R. Percival.

January 24th. The society was entertained by Dr. Howard, the President of the society, who gave an illustrated talk on "Life in Florida". A vote of thanks was proposed to Dr. Howard by Baldwin and Carol Deakin seconded it.

January 31st. 6A Art group presented the Society with a programme on "Nine Angry Young Men" (the Impressionist painters). They illustrated their talk with many enlightening colour-slides. Hicks proposed the vote of thanks which was seconded by Rona Spencer.

February 21st. The Society was privileged with a visit from Mrs. Cole, who gave a talk about mentally handicapped children. The vote of thanks was proposed by Cheese and seconded by Janet Graham.

February 28th. Some of the group of senior girls who went to Holland told the Society about their holiday. The speakers were Joyce Downing, Janet Mole, Jennifer Harding, Dorothy Sutton, Lynette Postins and Helen Horton. Many colour-slides were shown, and also a movie-film was shown by Janet Detheridge. A vote of thanks was proposed by Pegg and seconded by Pamela Downing.

March 7th. The society was privileged with a visit from Mrs. Glencross who spoke to the society about the production of a B.B.C. programme. Janet Mole proposed a vote of thanks which was seconded by Minchin.

March 14th. A technicolour film of Shakespeare's play, "Henry Vth", starring Sir Laurence Olivier, was shown to the society. Woolvin proposed a vote of thanks and Janet Derricot seconded it.

March 21st. Senior members of the society entertained other members by taking them on an imaginary trip around the world with a party of music and dance. The items included instrumentals, dances, songs and piano solos. A vote of thanks was proposed by Keith Gooding and seconded by Dilys Flavell.

The session as is customary was concluded with a most enjoyable dance.

Mary White, U.VI.

J.S. OUTING 1963

ON Tuesday, 9th July, a party of a hundred or so members of our fifth and sixth forms left school in three coaches (inevitably a few minutes late) bound for Chester and the Wirral Peninsula. The weather was rather dull but all its efforts failed to dampen our spirits. We arrived at Chester at eleven o'clock and had until twelve thirty to explore the ancient city. We then went on to Hoylake where we ate a picnic lunch and afterwards some brave souls went for a paddle in the sea. Although the wind was rather strong they all said they enjoyed themselves. Our next move was to New Brighton where we boarded "The Royal Iris" for a two hour cruise (complete with dancing) along the Mersey Estuary. We then returned to Chester for tea at a riverside café. Afterwards the more nautical minded of us took to the water again for boat trips on the Dee. We then set out for home with everyone singing lustily. Our thanks for a wonderful day are due to Mr. Hancox for planning our day and to Dr. Howard for allowing us the time off to undertake this journey.

Philip Rogers, U.VI.

WRITERS' CIRCLE

EVERY week, at one-thirty on Tuesday, three or four aspiring writers gather in Room Thirteen. Poems, short-stories or articles on Science are read out by the author, whose work is then discussed. The opinions expressed are usually either of total disgust or of total incomprehension, or even both. As yet another Eliot has not been forthcoming, but we think our work shows great promise. More support would perhaps enliven the meetings and partly dispel our auras of self-satisfaction.

Judith Cutler and Ann Draper.

HOCKEY

THIS season the hockey teams were able to play only a few matches, owing to the extremely hard weather which was encountered throughout the spring term. In fact, the House matches had to be played during the summer term.

The 1st XI played 7 matches, winning 5, drawing 1 and losing 1. They scored 19 goals, with 14 scored against them.

Members of the 1st XI were as follows: Stella Taylor (captain), Lindy Ranford, Janet Skitt, Gillian Read, Rona Spencer, Jean Hunt, Jane Nash, Hazel Hopkins, Pat Hawkins, Ann Fletcher and Dorothy Sutton.

The 2nd XI won 3 of their 6 matches, drawing 1 and losing 2. The team scored 16 goals, and 14 goals were scored against them.

Hockey colours were awarded to Jane Nash, Janet Skitt and Hazel Hopkins.

Jean Hunt, 6A.

GIRLS' SWIMMING GALA, 1963

Breast-Stroke finals

12+ years

1. Hilary Madeley (K);
2. Katherine Morle (Q);
3. Jayne Madeley (K).

13+ years

1. Jeanette Dovey (K);
2. Elizabeth Walters (Q);
3. Wendy Willetts (K).

14+ years

1. Joan Wiseman (Q);
2. Diane Rasmussen (K);
3. Kathleen Goode (Q).

15+ years

1. Joan Willetts (K);
2. Stella Taylor (K);
3. Lynette Postins (T).

Backstroke Finals

12+ years

1. Hilary Madeley (K);
2. Josephine Green (K);
3. Rosemary Penny (Q).

13+ years

1. Christine Gordon (Q);
2. Christine Blinkhorn (Q);
3. Elizabeth Walters (Q).

14+ years

1. Jane Nicholls (S);
2. Margaret Rollason (T);
3. Kathleen Goode (Q).

15+ years

1. Lynette Postins (T);
2. Delia Warwick (Q);
3. Jennifer Harding (T).

Freestyle Finals

12+ years

1. Josephine Green (K);
2. Hilary Madeley (K);
3. Jayne Madeley (K).

13+ years

1. Jeanette Dovey (K);
2. Christine Gordon (Q);
3. Elizabeth Walters (Q).

14+ years

1. Jane Nicholls (S); 2. Margaret Rollason (T);
3. Joan Wiseman (Q).

15+ years

1. Delia Warwick (Q); 2. Lynette Postins (T);
3. Gillian Read (Q).

Sculling Finals**Intermediate**

1. Kathleen Goode (Q); 2. Wendy Willetts (K);
3. Christine Gordon (Q).

Senior

1. Delia Warwick (Q); 2. Lynette Postins (T);
3. Celia Jones (T).

Junior Diving

1. Hilary Madeley (K); 2. Josephine Green (K);
3. Pamela Coldicott (T).

Intermediate Diving

1. Jane Nicholls (S); 2. Jeanette Dovey (K);
3. Christine Gordon (Q).

Senior Diving

1. Lynette Postins (T); 2. Gillian Read (Q);
3. Ann Mortimer (K).

Junior Relay

1. Kings; 2. Trinity; 3. Queens.

Intermediate Relay

1. Queens; 2. School; 3. Kings.

Senior Relay

1. Queens; 2. Trinity; 3. Kings.

Houseboat

1. Kings; 2. Queens; 3. Trinity.

Championships

- Junior:** Hilary Madeley (K) 11 pts.
Runner-up: Josephine Green (K) 7 pts.
Intermediate: Jane Nicholls (S) 9 pts.
Runner-up: Jeanette Dovey (K) 8 pts.
Senior: Lynette Postins (T) 11 pts.
Runner-up: Delia Warwick (Q) 8 pts.

Final Total

Kings 55. Queens 54. Trinity 28. School 13.

BOYS' SWIMMING GALA

Junior

1 Length Free Style

1. Stevenson (Q); 2. Goddard (Q).

1 Length Breast Stroke

1. Stevenson (Q); 2. Siviter (S); Williams (K).

1 Width Beginners

1. Griffiths (Q); Emms (K); Hall (K).

1 Width Back Stroke

1. Tibbetts (Q); 2. Merris (K); 3. Fletcher (S).

Dive

1. Williams (K); 2. Millerchip (K); Stevenson (Q).

Relay

1. Queens; 2. Trinity.

Intermediate

2 Length Free Style

1. Wilkinson (S); 2. Powell (K); 3. Hadley (K).

2 Lengths Breast Stroke

1. Houghton (Q); 2. Johnson (Q); 3. Garfield (K).

1 Length Back Stroke

1. Powell (K); 2. Houghton (Q); 3. Williams (Q).

1 Width Beginners

1. Webb (S); Hargreaves (K).

Dive

1. Wilkinson (S); 2. Steele (K); 3. Williams (Q).

Relay

1. Kings; 2. Queens; 3. School.

Senior

2 Length Free Style

1. Bell (S); 2. Hadley (S); 3. Griffiths (K).

2 Lengths Breast Stroke

1. Smyth (Q); 2. Fisher (T); 3. Hatton (S).

2 Lengths Back Stroke

1. Bell (S); 2. Griffiths (K); 3. Parker (Q).

Plunge

1. Jordan (T); 2. Williams (S); 3. Hadley (S).

Dive

1. Bell; 2. Swallow (Q); 3. Burford (Q).

Relay

1. School; 2. Trinity; 3. Queens.

House Results

1. Queens 86 pts; 2. School 70 pts; 3. Kings 62 pts.

Champions

Junior: Stevenson (Q) 14 pts.

Intermediate: Wilkinson (S) 12 pts.

Senior: Bell (S) 18 pts.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SPORTS 1963

HIGH JUMP

- 11 & 12 yrs. 1. H. Madeley (K) (3' 8"); 2. P. Smith (S);
3. B. Millsom (Q).
13 & 14 yrs. 1. J. Wiseman (Q) (4' 3"); 2. A. Tonks (T);
3. J. Nichols (S).
15 yrs. 1. G. Reed (Q) (4' 5½");
2. S. Baker (T), P. Wilkins (K).

LONG JUMP

- 11 & 12 yrs. 1. G. Gregory (K) (11' 3½"); 2. A. Johnson (Q);
3. H. Madeley (K).
13 & 14 yrs. 1. J. Wiseman (Q) (13' 0"); 2. M. Franks (T);
3. W. Hart (Q).
15 yrs.+ 1. G. Read (Q); 2. S. Taylor (K);
3. J. Harding (T).

ROUNDERS BALL

- 11 & 12 yrs. 1. J. Smith (K) (42 y 2' 7"); 2. V. Parkes (T);
3. V. Smith (T).
13 & 14 yrs. 1. J. Middlemiss (S) (48y 0' 11"); 2. L. Cole (T);
3. P. Cox (K).
15 yrs.+ 1. S. Taylor (K) (53y 2' 6"); 2. C. Walwyn (Q);
3. S. Akers (K).

100 YARDS

- 11 yrs. 1. J. Whyte (Q) (14.0); 2. S. Bissell (K); 3. V. Parkes (T).
12 yrs. 1. H. Madeley (K) (13.6); 2. V. Smith (T);
3. B. Millsom (Q).
13 yrs. 1. J. Knapton (T) (12.7); 2. M. Letts (S); 3. C. Tarks (Q).
14 yrs. 1. J. Wiseman (Q) (12.4); 2. M. Franks (T);
3. W. Lewis (Q).
15 yrs. 1. G. Read (Q) (12.1); 2. E. Wall (K); 3. L. Ranford (S).

220 YARDS

- 11 yrs. 1. J. Whyte (Q) (35.8); 2. S. Bissell (K); 3. V. Parkes (T).
12 yrs. 1. H. Madeley (K) (33.2); 2. A. Wheatley (S);
3. J. Madeley (K).
13 yrs. 1. J. Knapton (T) (32); 2. M. Letts (S); 3. W. Willetts (K).
14 yrs. 1. J. Wiseman (Q) (32.8); 2. M. Franks (T);
3. C. Cowley (K).
15 yrs. 1. G. Read (Q) (29.6); S. Taylor (K); 3. L. Ranford (S).

100 YARDS SKIPPING

- 11 yrs. 1. J. Whyte (Q); 2. V. Parkes (T); 3. S. Bissell (K).
- 12 yrs. 1. H. Madeley (K); 2. V. Smith (T); 3. C. Ford (S).
- 13 yrs. 1. J. Knapton (T); 2. W. Hart (K); 3. M. Letts (S).
- 14 yrs. 1. W. Lewis (Q); 2. J. Middlemiss (S); 3. J. Wiseman (Q).
- 15 yrs. 1. G. Read (Q); 2. E. Wall (K); 3. C. Jones (T).

JUNIOR RELAY

- 1. Trinity; 2. Queens; 3. Kings.

INTERMEDIATE RELAY

- 1. Trinity; 2. Queens; 3. School.

SENIOR RELAY

- 1. Kings; 2. Queens; 3. Trinity.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

Junior: Hilary Madeley

Runner Up: Jacqueline Whyte

Intermediate: Joan Wiseman

Runner Up: Joan Knapton

Senior: Gillian Read

Runner Up: Stella Taylor



BOYS' ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1963

100 YARDS

- Group A/B—1. Hadley (T); 2. Emms (K); 3. Bharier (Q).
Time: 13.0 secs.
- Group C—1. Hadley (K); 2. Jarratt (S); 3. Rowbottom (T).
Time: 11.3 secs.
- Group D—1. Totney (T); 2. Harvey (Q); 3. Hale (T).
Time: 11.5 secs.
- Group E—1. Harvey (S); 2. Hemming (Q); 3. Jarratt (S).
Time: 10.4 secs.

220 YARDS

- Group A/B—1. Hadley (T); 2. Cooper (K); 3. Higginbottom (K).
Time: 31.4 secs.
- Group C—1. Jarratt (S); 2. Downing (K); 3. Gough (T).
Time: 27.9 secs.
- Group D—1. Fisher (S); 2. Harvey (Q); 3. Johnson (Q).
- Group E.—1. Harvey (S); 2. Hemming (Q); 3. Jarratt (S).
Time: 25.5 secs.

440 YARDS

- Group C—1. Gough (T); 2. Fellowes (S); 3. Webb (S).
Time: 72.9 secs.
- Group D—1. Totney (T); 2. Morley (K); 3. Smith (S).
Time 66.6 secs.
- Group E—1. Russell (K); 2. McDougall (S); 3. Beard (Q).
Time: 55.6 secs.

880 YARDS

- Group D—1. Jukes (K); Morley (K); 3. Pierdzwol (T).
Time: 2 m. 41 secs.
- Group E—1. Russell (K); 2. McDougall (S); 3. Letts (S).
Time: 2m. 12.2 secs.

1 MILE

- Individual—1. Russell (K); 2. McDougall (S); 3. Letts (S).
Time: 5 m.
- Team—1. Kings; 2. Queens; 3. Trinity.

HIGH JUMP

- Group A/B—1. Williams (K); 2. Hadley (T); 3. Cooper (K).
Height: 4' 2".
- Group C—1. White (S); 2. Hadley (K); 3. Gough (T).
Height: 4' 10".
- Group D—1. Loveday (K); 2. Martin (Q); 3. Meakin (S).
Height: 4' 9".
- Group E—1. Hicks (T); 2. Jukes (K); 3. Smyth (Q).
Height 5' 1".

LONG JUMP

- Group A/B—1. Lester (Q); 2. Dews (T); 3. Higginbottom (K).
Distance: 12' 2".
- Group C—1. Jarratt (S); 2. Downing (K); 3. Hewitt (Q).
Distance: 15' 3".
- Group D—1. Hale (T); 2. Johnson (Q); 3. Loveday (K).
Distance: 14' 11".
- Group E—1. Bell (S); 2. Latham (K); 3. Jackson (T).
Distance: 17' 4½".

HOP, STEP AND JUMP

- Group C—1. White (S); 2. Morris (Q); 3. Rowbottom (T).
Distance: 33' 1".
- Group D—1. Jukes (K); 2. Harvey (Q); 3. Totney (T).
Distance 31' 4½".
- Group E—1. Hicks (T); 2. Jarratt (S); 3. McDougall (S).
Distance 35' 10".

JAVELIN

- Group A/B—1. Dakin (K); 2. Goddard (Q); 3. Siviter (S).
Distance 70' 9"
- Group C—1. Kowalczyk (Q); 2. Fox (Q); 3. Price (T).
Distance 89' 0".
- Group D—1. Haughton (Q); 2. Sidaway (K); 3. Howe (S).
Distance: 101' 6½".
- Group E—1. Harvey (S); 2. Parker (K); 3. Acutt (K).
Distance: 133' 6"

DISCUS

- Group C—1. Hadley (K); 2. Kowalczyk (Q); 3. Fellowes (S).
Distance 89' 8"
- Group D—1. Haughton (Q); 2. Sidaway (K); 3. Howe (S).
Distance 80' 6"
- Group E—1. Parker (Q); 2. Hemming (Q); 3. King (S).
Distance 95' 1½"

SHOT

- Group A/B—1. Millership (K); 2. Harrison (S); 3. Emms (K).
Distance 28' 6¾"
- Group C—1. Kowalczyk (Q); 2. Fox (Q); 3. Fellowes (S).
Distance 33' 3½"
- Group D—1. Peet (K); 2. Stevenson (Q); 3. Howe (S).
Distance 31' 4½"
- Group E—1. Whittall (T); 2. Lealand (K); 3. Parker (Q),
Stalker (Q).
Distance 34' 8"

RELAYS

- Group A/B—1. Trinity; 2. School; 3. Kings.
- Group C—1. School; 2. Queens; 3. Trinity.
- Group D—1. School; 2. Trinity; 3. Queens.
- Group E—1. Kings; 2. School; 3. Queens.
- Standard Points before Sports Day
Kings 214; Queens 168; School 222; Trinity 94.

Final Position in Boys' Athletics

1. (Kings with 375 points
School with 375 points)
3. Queens with 310 points
4. Trinity with 212 points

Junior Champion: Hadley (Trinity) with 25 points.

Intermediate Champion: Jarratt (School) with 36 points

Runner Up: White (School) with 29 points.

Senior Champion: Russell (Kings) with 40 points

Runner Up: McDougall (School) with 37 points.

1st XI CRICKET, 1963

Captain: P. Webb.

Vice-Captain: G. Hadley.

Secretary: J. Franks.

	P	W	L	D
1st XI	9	3	3	3
Under 15 XI	5	2	0	3
Under 13½ XI	7	7	0	0

ALTHOUGH a 2nd XI could not be formed, due to lack of interest in the Upper School, the 1st XI had a most satisfactory season, good, keen cricket being played by every member.

The batting standard varied but gradually improved as the season progressed. Jackson topped the batting averages with an average of 21 runs per innings, followed closely by J. Hadley who had an average of 20.43. G. Hadley topped the bowling, taking 19 wickets at an average of 7.3 runs per wicket. Good bowling was also achieved by Bayliss (13 wickets for 111 runs) and Jarratt (13 wickets for 138 runs).

Although the parents' cricket match this year had to be postponed after tea because of rain, and continued on the following Friday evening, it ended in a win for the school. The parents batted first and were all out for 100. The school replied with 101 runs for 4 wickets. Congratulations to Mr. Morley for a fine innings of 66 not out and also to Bayliss who scored 61 not out for the school.

Colours were awarded to Jackson, Bayliss and Jarratt, and reawarded to Franks, Webb, Hadley, J. and Hadley, G.

Junior honours went to Johnson and Harvey, who played for Oldbury Town and the County Under 14 XI.

Congratulations to the Under 13½ XI who won all their matches. They also won the Birmingham Grammar Schools' shield.

HOUSE RESULTS

	P	W	L	D
Kings	3	3	0	0
Queens	3	2	1	0
School	3	1	2	0
Trinity	3	0	3	0

All four Houses, having equally talented sides, produced some enjoyable cricket. As the results show, King's House proved the best side.

Thanks must be extended to Mr. James for time devoted to organising the 1st XI and Under 15 XI games throughout the season, and to Mr. Sant for his highly successful work with the Under 13½ XI.

G. Hadley, U.VI.

FOOTBALL

Captain: P. R. Webb.

Vice-Captain: J. Merrell.

Secretary: R. A. Gray.

RESULTS

1st XI: Played 14; Won 4; Lost 9; Drew 1. Goals for 43;
Against 54.

2nd XI: Played 7; Won 1; Lost 5; Drew 1; Goals for 19;
Against 32.

Under 15 XI: Played 8; Won 2; Lost 6; Drew 0; Goals for 20;
Against 33.

Under 13½ XI: Played 7; Won 6; Lost 1; Drew 0; Goals for 30;
Against 12.

The 1st XI was usually chosen from among the following boys: Hadley, Hicks, Gray, Webb, Beard, Richards, Barnsley, Beighton, Jones, Merrell, Whittall, Harvey, Swallow, Jarratt, Lewis.

BIRMINGHAM & DISTRICT GRAMMAR SCHOOLS' CUP

Round I. Sheldon Heath 2 Oldbury 3.

Round II. Oldbury 5 Waverley 3.

Round III. Oldbury 4 Holly Lodge 1.

Semi-Final: Oldbury 0 Wednesbury 7.

The exceptionally harsh winter resulted in a severe curtailment of fixtures, especially in the latter half of the season. However, the season was fairly successful.

The 1st XI, though disappointing in some games, deserves to be congratulated for reaching the Semi-Final of the Birmingham and District Grammar Schools' Cup, thus maintaining the excellent record of the school in this competition.

The 2nd XI did not have a very successful season; neither did the Under 15 XI. The Under 13½ XI, however, had an excellent season.

The school entered 3 teams in the Six-a-side Tournament held at Handsworth. The Senior team were defeated in the first round but the other teams obtained better results, the Junior team being defeated in the Semi-Final Round, while the Intermediate team reached the Final but were unfortunately beaten.

During the season Senior representative honours were gained by Harvey, who played for Worcestershire. Intermediate representative honours were gained by Gray, Acutt, Harvey and Jackson. Junior representative honours were gained by Jarratt, Morley, Morris and Tibbetts.

HOUSE MATCHES

It was decided that the two winners of games played before the onset of the winter should play each other to decide the House Championship. In this game School beat Queens 4 - 2, thus making themselves House Champions.

R. A. Gray, U.VI.

SEMAIN CULTURELLE, PARIS, EASTER 1963

On Easter Sunday a large party of sixth formers from many parts of the Midlands, including Stella Taylor and myself from Oldbury, thankfully set foot in a wet, dreary England after a very rough Channel crossing. This was the last stage of an otherwise very enjoyable holiday arranged by the Birmingham Anglo-French Society, and spent at the Lycée Lakanal at Sceaux, a suburb of Paris.

We had arrived at the school ten days previously, at about eleven o'clock in the evening, and had been immediately astonished at the immensity of the place, emphasised at night by a seemingly endless number of dimly-lit cloisters. These we came to know well, as we spent most mornings at the school having lectures on translation and on our set books.

In the afternoons we negotiated the Métro to see some of the "sights" of Paris, including the cathedral of Notre-Dame, the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre and the U.N.E.S.C.O. headquarters. On our second day we visited the magnificent palace of Versailles, which greatly contrasted with the fairy-tale impression from the Chateau de Maintenant which we visited later, on our day excursion to Chartres.

There were opportunities to see other aspects of French life. Stella and I saw Molière's "Le Misanthrope" at the Comédie-Française, where we seemed to step back into France's glorious seventeenth century. We were also fortunate enough to see the Spring and Summer collection of one of the more famous of Paris fashion designers. Perhaps the most impressive view we had of the capital itself was Paris by night.

All too soon we were crossing Paris for the last time on our way to the Gare du Nord and the boat train to Dieppe. Thanks to the work of the staff who accompanied us, including Mr. Lawton, and those at the Lycée, we had not only enjoyed the holiday, but had come home with a greater appreciation of France, its culture and its language.

Marjorie Weston, U.VI.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

ON Tuesday, May 21st, 1963, a group of sixth-formers visited the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, where Clifford Williams' production of 'The Comedy of Errors' was to take place.

Although the plot was a rather intricate one consisting of a series of mistaken identities between two sets of twins, it was extremely well and humorously performed. Diana Rigg as Adriana was especially notable, as also was Derek Smith in his one scene as Pinch the conjuror, providing a different, more slapstick type of humour than elsewhere in the play.

The setting, which depended ultimately on the imagination of the audience, was original and was used to the best advantage by all the performers. The costumes too were very colourful and varied.

This excellent performance of the play was on the whole thoroughly enjoyed by everyone and I should like to thank all members of the staff concerned, especially Mrs. Leefe for organising the visit.

Christine Cowley, L.VI.

VISIT TO STRATFORD TO SEE "JULIUS CAESAR"

ON Thursday, May 30th, a large party of sixth formers visited Stratford-upon-Avon to see the Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company perform "Julius Caesar".

The majority of the party thought that the production was not of such a high standard as previous plays, for the company is usually highly praised for its Shakespearean productions.

The set conveyed the atmosphere of ancient Rome quite well but certain incongruities of costume tended to destroy this atmosphere. The Roman soldiers wore battledress of the last war, complete with tin hats and hob-nailed boots, and Caesar's night-attire looked like a track suit.

The acting was not so good as one might expect from such a famous company. Caesar, played by Roy Dotrice, was unconvincing and, I thought, misinterpreted his major speeches, especially the one where he addresses the crowd just before his death.

The crowd was quite effective while it was off-stage, and only a few people were visible, being restrained by the aforementioned Roman soldiers. When, however, the crowd gathered round Caesar and it could be seen that only about twenty people were raising all those tinny sounding cheers, the whole became funny instead of dramatic.

The highlight of the evening was the fifteen minute interval during which we stood in the cool, evening air on a balcony overlooking the river.

We were all glad to see this play, even though it failed to reach the usual high standard. It gave us an excellent opportunity to test our capabilities as critics and would-be producers.

We wish to thank all members of staff concerned for making this visit possible and, to the best of their ability, enjoyable.

Janet Townsend, U.VI.

THE TEMPEST

A PARTY of sixth formers set out by coach on Tuesday, 30th April, to see a performance of "The Tempest" at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford upon Avon. Many of us had read criticisms of the somewhat controversial production and were anxious to see it for ourselves.

We found the set disappointing. Instead of conveying the atmosphere of the enchanted island it appeared to be the drab interior of a cave. Its main features were a great variety of moveable parts. Characters entered on an escalator-like moving strip

at the front of the stage, or ascended and descended through the floor. The extensive uses of such devices made the island seem comical, and the discordant musical effects added to the strangeness.

The acting was generally of a high standard. Gonzalo was excellently portrayed by Ken Wynne, the scheming Sebastian by Donald Sinden, At times Tom Fleming, as Prospero, was too mild for the all-powerful enchanter; and Ariel, played by Ian Holm, lacked lightness and grace. Ferdinand and Miranda did not convey their naivety to the audience, and even made fun of their parts. The comedy provided by Caliban Trinculo and Stephano was a very enjoyable contribution to the play.

We would all like to thank the members of the staff, especially Mrs. Leefe, who made the visit possible,

Marjorie Weston, U.VI.

6th FORM VISIT TO "THE HOLLOW CROWN"

ON the 17th of December last year, a party of sixth-formers went to the theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon to see a performance of "The Hollow Crown". This was, as described in the programme:

"An entertainment by and about the Kings and Queens of England. Music, Poetry, Speeches, letters, and other writings from the Chronicles, from plays, and in the Monarchs' own words - also Music concerning them and by them."

The readers of these passages were: Max Adrian; John Barton; Paul Hardwick and Dorothy Tutin. The singers were Stephen Manton, John Lawrenson and Richard Golding, who were accompanied on harpsicord and piano by James Walker.

Part one began with the Prologue - "The Hollow Crown" by William Shakespeare, then proceeded with passages from such writings as "The Death of Kings", Jane Austen's views on the Tudors and Stuarts, and speeches from Monarchs and by Monarchs. The second part was a biographical account and continuation of speeches by the Stuart, Hanoverian and Victorian Monarchs. The songs included "Here's a health unto His Majesty" and "Agincourt Song".

The Epilogue was from "Morte d'Arthur" by Sir Thomas Malory.

The visit was enjoyed and appreciated by all who attended. Therefore, on their behalf, I would like to thank Mrs. Leefe and Mr. Hetherington for making the visits possible.

Pamela Downing, U.VI.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL ASSOCIATION OUTING TO WARWICK

AT one-thirty on Thursday 11th of July, five members of the sixth form Geography group and Mr. Laycock met at the Hall of Memory. It was the first stage of the Geographical Association visit to Warwick, arranged for sixth formers in order to study the town's site and layout. There were members of other schools in our coach, some from Birmingham, and one group from Tamworth. A few minutes before the coach left, the other two members of the Geography group arrived, having been delayed by a shortage of Midland Red buses and heavy lunchtime traffic in Birmingham.

The journey to Warwick was uneventful, apart from a few attempts at community singing, which petered out after the first verse of any particular song, because very few people could remember any more, and the one or two left singing soon stopped when they found themselves unaccompanied.

On arriving at Warwick we found someone in a green sweater who was apparently a fourth year student, and was to act as our guide. Our little group followed the rest of the party to a bridge near the castle, scribbled a few quick notes, then walked back to the castle entrance, and had another short lecture. After that we went into a church and were told about its history and architecture. We walked round it and into the crypt, noticing the remains of a ducking stool.

After touring Warwick, noting timber houses here, brick houses in the next street, and a few odd pieces of town wall, we arrived at the museum, where there was a model of the town. The student pointed out a few features, and then told us to meet him at the East Gate in half an hour. We waited till everyone else had gone, then one of us drew a map from the model and we set off, our group having by now been reduced to five. We found the East Gate easily enough, then three of us went back to the starting point to take a photograph from the bridge. We met again at the East Gate, to find that the two missing members of our group had let us down by asking a policeman the way.

The student asked us what was the difference between the street in front of the gate and the one behind it. One of our group replied,

"Well, the street outside the gate is much older, because it's narrow and winding and has half-timbered houses, while the street behind us is straight and quite wide. This is because after the great fire a law was passed saying that the people could only build brick houses with slate roofs, which reduced the fire danger.

The reason for the street behind being burnt down and the street in front not being burnt down was that the wall was in the way, stopping the fire from spreading, and the wind was blowing from the south-west."

"Oh".

The student seemed surprised; the rest of us laughed, and he turned away to one of the other groups.

Then the whole party moved off down the hill, only to find on reaching the bottom that we had been going the wrong way and had to come back. We arrived at our coach at approximately five-forty-five, ate or drank whatever refreshments we had brought with us or could beg from someone else, and reached the Hall of Memory at half-past six.

June Huckfield, U.VI.

FRENCH OUTINGS

ON November 14th the annual verse-speaking competition was held at Birmingham University. The school was represented by the following six people: Christine Richards, Susan Baker, Denise Gannon, Susan Jones, Humphries and Kowalczyk. Susan Cartledge was the reserve. Christine Richards was a runner-up in her heat, and the other entrants consoled themselves with the thought that they had spent a pleasant afternoon in the University, and they would have another chance anyway.

On December 15th the Lower Sixth French group went to the Matthew Boulton Institute to see a film called 'Vive Monsieur Blaireau'. The film was entertaining, but the group's enjoyment was somewhat marred by the fact that the sound track was extremely indistinct. However, the sub-titles in English compensated for this, and everyone was able to enjoy the action of the play even if they could not appreciate the finer points of the dialogue.

On Friday 14th the French group went to a lecture on Jean Anouilh's play 'L'Alouette.' This lecture gave a criticism of the play and aided their understanding of it (it was in French of course!). Also it increased their eagerness to see the play performed.

On February 20th, this desire was fulfilled. The entire French group went to see a performance of 'L'Alouette' at Birmingham University. The performance was given by members of the University Cercle Français. The play told the story of the trial of Joan of Arc, and during the trial there was a series of

flashbacks showing Joan's life before the trial. The part of Joan was well played by Jane Grierson, and the group found the play fascinating.

On February 27th six entrants (Anne Clay, Ann Draper, Denise Gannon, Susan Jones, Catherine Scott and Grigg) went to the University for the prose-reading competition. As usual the male population of the school was under-represented. It is difficult to say whether this is due to the fact that boys are worse at French than girls, or that they are less enthusiastic. Catherine Scott and Denise Gannon were runners-up in their heats. Even though no prizes were won, the afternoon proved very enjoyable.

On March 20th a group went to see Jan Rosol, a French guitarist, at the Midland Institute. He sang folk songs from different parts of France, describing each region before he began. His facial expressions as he sang were entertaining, and this was one of the most successful outings of the season.

On May 22nd there was a lecture on 'Le Théâtre Moderne' in the Midland Institute. This was given by Monsieur Beveiller. The lecture was entirely in French but was not incomprehensible to members of the advanced French group. Monsieur Beveiller outlined the structure and function of the modern theatre, mentioning several modern playwrights. Unfortunately he did not talk about Jean Anouilh, as we had hoped he would.

On May 23rd a small group went to see a performance of 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' at King Edward VII Grammar School, Nuneaton. Their interest in this play was increased by the fact that it is one of the 'A' level set books, but they enjoyed the performance for its own sake, mainly uninfluenced by this. The humour of the play was well brought out, in fact the farce was rather over-stressed, but everyone thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

Thanks must be extended to members of the French staff and the Anglo-French society who made these outings possible.

Denise Gannon, U.VI.

THE GIRLS' VISIT TO EDMOND HALL - AUGUST 1963.

EDMOND HALL stands in a small village in the heart of Shropshire and consequently it offers many attractions to a city-bred person unaccustomed to country life. Moreover a stay at Edgmond provides an opportunity for pupils to live together as a community of friends and to share and do things for each other.

Therefore when this year's group of Oldbury Grammar School pupils went to spend a week there during the Summer Holidays, many found it a completely new experience.

The Hall itself is set in vast grounds which include beautifully arranged gardens, spacious fields and woods. The latter were especially inviting to everyone since a fallen tree served as a very unusual see-saw and a strong rope tied to a tree gave the more daring a chance to show their bravery as they were pushed backwards and forwards, each time just avoiding a bed of nettles, until they pleaded for mercy.

However there was one set-back in going to the woods, and that was the field of cows in front of the entrance. Everyone knows, or pretend they do, that cows are harmless creatures, but somehow it is the way they stand and stare or amble closer, which is rather off-putting. Nevertheless, by the end of the stay everybody had become used to them as long as they were no nearer than two feet.

Life at Edgmond did not merely consist of getting acquainted with outdoor life; we also had to adjust ourselves to the housework. Each person was given a special duty ranging from helping to prepare meals - every morning a small cluster of girls could be seen outside the kitchen, enveloped in pinafores, busy peeling potatoes - to cleaning the dormitories and the recreation room.

The 'Rec', as it was commonly known, contained facilities for table tennis and other games; there were also some pop records which were greatly appreciated and along with the Television made Edgmond seem home from home.

Although Edgmond Hall and its grounds had a great deal to offer, there were various places nearby which proved interesting to visit. Chetwynd woods and Lilleshall Abbey could both be reached on foot as we only too well found out; and even though strips of plaster were handed out afterwards to those who had not come prepared, everyone enjoyed the walks as there was so much to be seen.

We saw not only obvious things, which everyone expects to find in the country, but unusual sights that only a local person would know about. For example, very few people passing by a slab of concrete half covering a hole, surrounded by a fence, would believe that it was a true wishing well, formerly called "Our Lady's Well", now known as "Robin's Well". If a gift is dropped down the well to "the Lady" she will grant a wish; that afternoon thirty four pins went down to her, so it was little wonder that few of us had wishes granted.

Our excursions were not confined to surrounding districts; several outings by coach were arranged to the Wrekin, Shrewsbury and Caernarvon. Each visit was completely different from the others, the most strenuous being the trip to the Wrekin.

At the top of the Wrekin we were invited to take a test for marriage, by passing through the "Needle's Eye" which is so called because it consists of a very narrow gap between two huge masses of rock. The legend connected with this says that if anyone can pass through the 'Eye' without looking back, then he will surely marry in the future; but anyone looking back is a condemned spinster or bachelor.

Having scrambled up and slid down the Wrekin, the coach was a welcome sight, along with the basket of food awaiting us.

The journey to Caernarvon was undoubtedly the longest, and although the weather was typically English the day proved to be the most successful of all. An early start was made which meant that every one had to force themselves out of bed at 6 a.m. and so there were no signs of life in the coach until it was well on the way to Ellesmere.

Unfortunately, although it was sunny early in the morning, when the coach reached Wales and the Horseshoe Pass it began to rain, and the mist over Ffestineog and Snowdon prevented everyone from admiring the scenery. At Portmadoc, lunch had to be eaten to the sound of rain drumming on the roof of the coach.

Luckily the clouds lifted on our arrival at Caernarvon. In order to appreciate the historical background of the town most of us toured round the castle. The stairs up to the towers were steeply winding and although some of the party managed to count the steps, it took the majority all their breath to climb them.

Much to everyone's astonishment and great delight, "hot dogs". One optimistic man enquired the price of them but was so for some time the aroma of sizzling sausages and onions wafted round the car park at the foot of the huge castle walls. Passers-by gazed enviously at the group of school girls eating crisps and "hot dogs", one optimistic man enquired the price of them but was extremely disappointed when he learned that they were not for sale.

During the journey back to Edgmond everyone was in high spirits, and animals dozing in the fields along the road looked up in alarm as shrieks of laughter came from the coach, accompanied by rather different versions of the latest 'pop' songs.

At Shrewsbury the outing was brought to a traditional close with fish 'n chips, and by the time the coach reached the Hall everyone was full, tired, but extremely happy.

Helen Griffiths, Pat Fairclough, L.VI,
Kathleen Gallagher, 4C.

THE SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH

ON the first of April the School Photograph was taken. Fortunately this momentous event occurred after twelve o'clock, and, though there was much evidence to the contrary, this was not a joke. It was a **SERIOUS OCCASION**. But of course, everyone enjoys having the School Photograph taken. It was a cold, windy day, and thus ideal for the project. Form by form the pupils marched out on to the asphalt at the back of the school. The sun did not shine brightly, but there was no rain, despite the ominous clouds which appeared as soon as the first pupils. The prefects were given places of honour, they were allowed to sit on chairs. A small dog did his best to disrupt the orderly approach of the pupils, but his attempt was defeated, since he was escorted from the premises by the caretaker. Some of the middle school were standing on chairs. Behind them was a table on which there was a bench. A row of people were standing on the table. The photographer blew his whistle. There was a burst of chatter. Again he blew his whistle. Gradually the chatter ceased, "Will those standing on the table step back on to the benches, and will those standing on the chairs step back on to the table please?" Isn't this fun? Much better than Maths and Latin anyway. The photographer's request was accomplished, with the minimum of accidents. The casualties were taken away as unobtrusively as possible. Another form filed on to the chairs. The staff sat on chairs next to the prefects; they positively radiated enthusiasm with every shiver. But everyone enjoys having the school photograph taken. Since there were still some first and second formers for whom no places had been found, there was speculation as to whether the people standing on the benches would be asked to step back again. This would prove a novel way of removing surplus pupils. No doubt the staff would support this innovation. This brilliant idea was ignored. The second formers knelt in front of the chairs. The first formers sat in front of them on the damp asphalt. We have some brave juniors in the school. But they enjoy it so much!

Soon the photographer was ready to take the photograph. It was a great pity that the pupils were not similarly inclined. Some of the younger pupils, who were standing behind the staff, were

seen to exhibit a desire to exterminate the member of staff immediately in front of them. This idea was not confined to the junior school. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending upon whether one is a member of staff or a pupil, the photographer asked everyone to remain absolutely still while he took the photograph. It is amazing how everyone has a sudden compulsion to move when told not to. The photographer seemed pleased with the photograph, but one or two movements necessitated another photograph. Once more everyone tried to keep absolutely still. This was an impossibility, as everyone expected it to rain at any moment. After a second attempt the photographer submitted to fate, and we were allowed to return to school. Those pupils who were not suffering from exposure wandered back into school in time for the beginning of second lesson. The photographer packed away his equipment, and departed, wearing a harrassed expression. It becomes increasingly obvious why School Photographs are so infrequent. But we all enjoy them, don't we?

Denise Gannon, U.VI.

THE TIDAL THEORY

WHAT is the Tidal Theory? It is one of the many theories presented concerning the origin of the Earth and the other planets.

What does it state?

The sun, we know, consists of hydrogen and slight traces of other materials. The tidal theory states that another star, usually referred to as the sun's twin star, passed close enough to our sun to exert a gravitational "pull" on it. This "pull" caused a huge gaseous "tide", in the same way as the moon causes the Earth's sea-tides. This "tide" was so large that eventually the gases began to belly out across space towards the sun's twin star. This moving of gas continued until a huge cigar-shaped mass of gas hung like a chain between the two stars.

After a time (a few million years) the sun's twin star and the sun began to move away from each other. The heat in the cigar, which had now been burnt out, became, very slowly, less intense and eventually the denser gases condensed and solidified, forming the planets.

But why did the gases condense into spheres? The short answer is that they did not! While still in a plastic state the axial rotation of the planets forced the matter to take up a spherical, or

near-spherical shape, by exerting centrifugal forces on the matter. According to the theory, the axial rotation of the planets was caused by the rapid movement of the condensing gases.

Why should we believe this theory and not the others that have been put forward? This theory is one of the very few to cater for one very important fact,

Let us go back to our "cigar" in space. The points of the cigar would obviously be the ends and these would obviously be the portions nearest to and farthest from the sun. It is not unreasonable to assume that the biggest masses of condensation would occur in the fattest part of the "cigar" and the smallest in the points of the "cigar". In actual fact the nearest planet to the sun is Mercury, the farthest from the sun is Pluto. These the the smallest planets. The biggest planets, Jupiter and Saturn are sited approximately mid-way between Mercury and Pluto, that is at a place corresponding with the fattest part of the "cigar".

This arrangement fits in with the argument of the Tidal Theory, and so it seems the most feasible theory. The majority of the other theories do not account for the fact that the planets gradually increase in size and then decrease as one proceeds from or to the sun.

This then, is the Tidal Theory.

Andrew B. Hicks, U.VI.

THE TAKEOVER

SILENCE prevails, sound is forgotten, no
Stirring, stillness rides the gaps of space.
Hundreds, thousands, millions of miles
Parted by small stars, sprinkled here and there:
Pulsing with naked energy.
Rich with minerals, that man has not crossed.
Blackness, bareness, reigns omnipotent in the
Kingdom of space,
Constellations, Galaxies, Systems of
Planets, all revolving, whirling through
This dark infinity.
A star dies in a holocaust of mighty power.
Boiling, bubbling gases, creeping,
And swirling menacingly through
This endless void.
A star dies in a holocaust of mighty power.
Bursting apart in a nova of light,
Throbbing then gradually lessening
To become but gas.

This 'was' space in its infinite
 Beauty, the sun, the king, and Emperor.
 Then man intervened, searching to
 Break the puny bonds of Mother Earth
 Rising in his clumsy state,
 Endlessly seeking yet more knowledge
 From the depths of space, and time,
 Striving to reach Earth's one small
 Satellite, forging and smashing his
 Way through space, eventually he
 Must succeed, but what then?
 Who knows!

P. Smith, 4B.

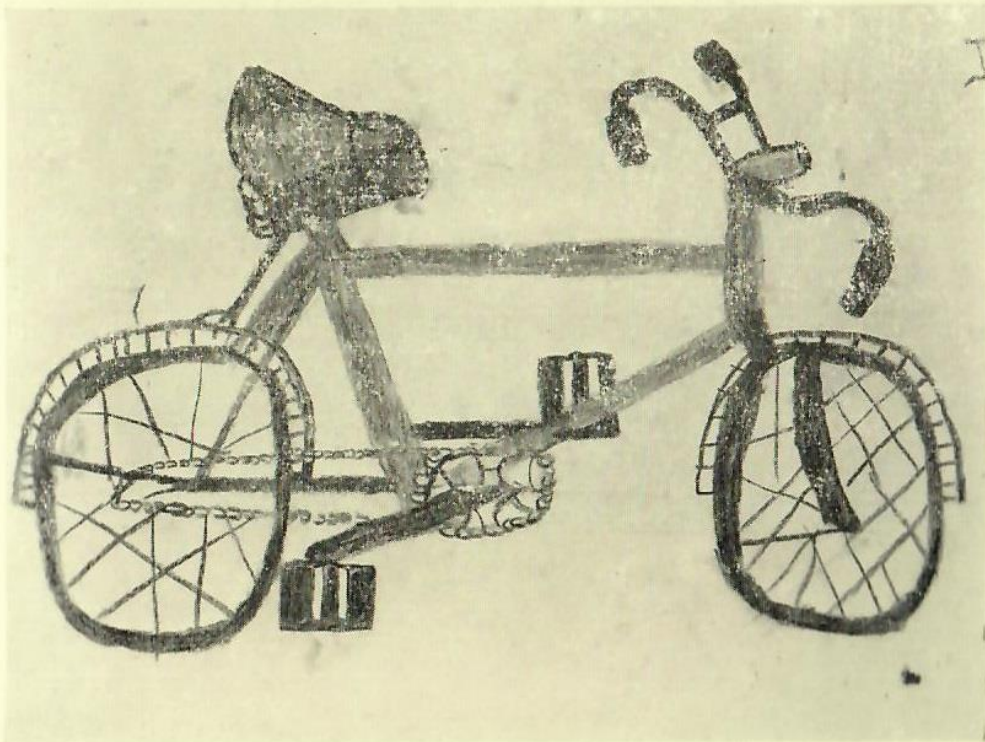
"I WISH WE COULD STAY HERE FOREVER"

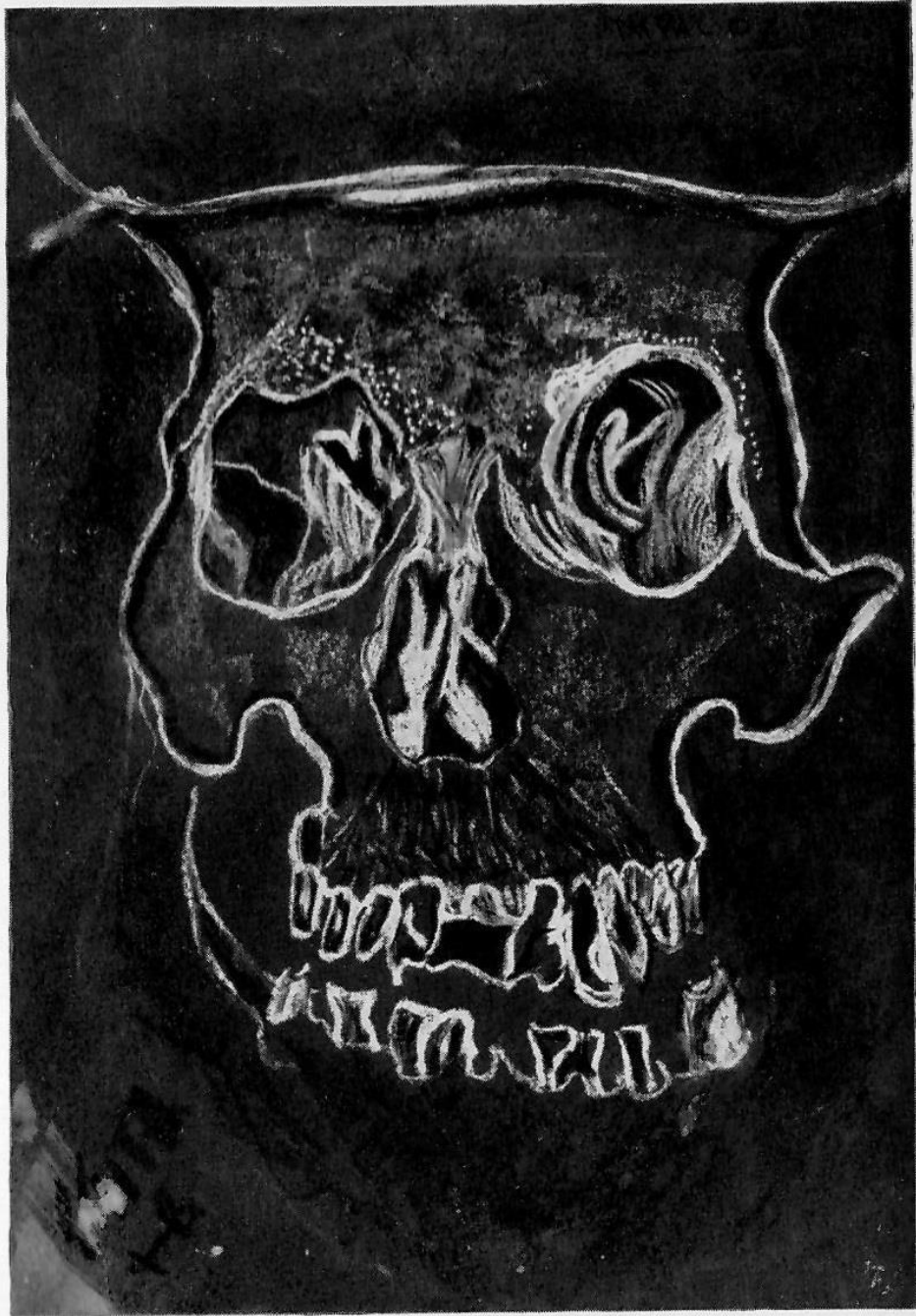
IF this were eternity
 time would be annulled
 and we would be free.
 Time hunts down life,
 time is ruthless and savage
 and it leaves its claw marks,
 maiming before it finally stifles.
 But what is eternity
 but time that grinds on forever?
 And it will leave its terrible tracks.
 What hope, then,
 does eternity hold for us
 when we will still be pursued chronologically?
 On the other hand,
 perhaps one specific second
 will become eternal.
 How much more satisfying;
 no more haunting time,
 only a single blissful moment
 stretching forward into pre-history.
 How often the poet wishes
 his eternal moment
 were reality.
 Then he could keep his transient joy,
 and his life would no longer be inflicted.
 And yet,
 how can the finite mind comprehend
 the necessities of sensuous luxury
 which must last until infinity.

Ann D. Draper, U.VI.



By courtesy of the "Birmingham Evening Mail".





LIGHT

LIGHT:
The sole source of life,
Without it there would be nobody,
Without it there would be nothing.
The rays from the sun
Parallel, never ending, cardying on for infinity,
What wonderful body can create such beauty?
Beauty created by light, by light alone
Light:
Never ending,
Uncreatable.
The light like a lighthouse on a stormy night
Lightens up the world, for us to see.
To see: to see: to see the beauties of our planet
Our eyes are aided by light,
For without light we could not see.
The sun: the fruit of life,
The light penetrating the earth's atmosphere
So that we can see.
The stars, they light up the night
Specks so far away,
Millions of years back into time.
Light:
It has no sound, no smell
But we know it's there.

I. Jukes, 4B.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

CONSTELLATIONS contain countless clusters;
Condensing, closing, claiming more
Colonnades of cascading fountains
Of heat and light.
Clouds combine, combust, disperse
With endless effort to eternity;
Forming, failing massive systems
Of heat and light.
Infinite darkness, indefinite lightness
Rules the roaming rotations and revolutions
Of the Universe
And among the angelic array,
Man's rockets roam the reaches
Of heat and light.

Duncan Cummings, 4B.

SPACE

THE Sun,
 Heat, light, radiation
 Moving silently through Space,
 Infinity, darkness, meteors, emptiness.
 This great void called Space
 Devoid of life, cold, dead, unwanted,
 Waiting to be conquered.
 Mysterious, confused, since time before time.
 But in this great nothingness, Life.
 Small creatures, evolution, the replica of Earth.
 Slowly changing.
 The Sun.
 Heat, Power, Radiation,
 Source of Life.
 Lights the moon, like a lamp
 Lights the night, stars, other galaxies.
 Revolving, speed, emptiness, infinity
 The first glimmerings of exploration,
 Satellites, rockets, probing the darkness
 Like searchlight beams, slowly conquering the
 Great Infinity. The moon, colonization,
 Place for unwanted thousands, from earth,
 The source of Life, the beginning of
 Discovery, like Columbus, the new frontiers
 Of space and of Life.

Martin R. Howe, 3B.

NOT WELCOME; NOT WANTED; NOT WHITE

BLUE water, banana, humming-bird, bamboo. I left them all in
 Green Island, Jamaica. I left them for concrete, and cold
 glass, rain-flooded gutters and locked doors, doors which were
 slammed in my face, shutting me out, barring my way, dividing
 my kind from yours.

When your skin is black, sir, a decent home is too good
 for you, good food is too good, and clean work was just never
 meant to put money into your dirty pocket.

Tread narrow streets, head so low that your black face
 looks back at you from the wet pavement, to find only a place
 where the stairs are broken and bare, where green paint peels
 from greasy walls, where the sloven that opens the door, she
 cares nothing for the colour of your skin, as long as the colour
 of your money is good.

Work for your kind is plenty, in any back-street cafe. Wash those dirty cups and plates. Scrub the filth from those muddy floors. Scrape oil from reeking machines until the smell sticks to your nostrils, and stoke up that hissing furnace, hissing and burning, burning like your hands, burning like your blood.

You start right from the bottom and they keep you there. They are afraid that you will learn, they are afraid that you will share their jobs, their politics their God, and they are terrified that you will marry their daughter,

Why do they hate your silk tie, the smell of your foreign bread, the heat of your wild song, the beads of sweat on your brow? Are you thief? No sir. Are you coward? No Sir. Are you murderer? No sir, no sir you are black.

Susan Baker, L.6.

YOUTH

HOW can youth ever hope to understand, or to live? He is faced with an unsurmountable wall of indifference; he turns, but is trapped. Trapped by the world, waiting like an immense fist, to close and crush him into conformity.

Fear and Enthusiasm are his companions. He throws himself in vain at the wall, shouting his unanswerable questions - seeking desperately for Truth.

But Truth is long dead and Youth must provide his own answers. He pours forth his ideas, his opinions, his theories - only to be deafened with the laughter of Experience.

Despair envelopes him in a suffocating mist. Enthusiasm flees - he is blinded - he cannot see Experience and Conformity creeping closer. At last he drives away Despair, and sinks down, exhausted. The fight is almost over.

"Surrender! Surrender your foolish thoughts and ridiculous ideas! Conform - or die!" He is crushed against the wall - he yields - how can he die? - he has never lived. The pressure increases - realisation dawns - he has been tricked!

Youth dies slowly, in agony, fighting with every breath the world which imprisons him.

And from his crumpled, tortured body there rises another - Conformity.

Shirley Baxter, L.VI.

LENGEDE

THE dark labyrinth
 Stretches onwards
 Onwards.
 Darkness
 All is still,
 Death
 Death is about us
 In the dark labyrinth.
 Drops of water
 From ceiling and walls.
 Slime.
 But still there is no life.
 Then light,
 Merciful light from above,
 Rescue has come,
 Rescue.

Melville Jones, U.VI.

EVERYBODY IN GENERAL, NOBODY IN PARTICULAR

HIS life is service. Misery and toil.
 He is unknown, nothing more than a cog in a
 large wheel called life.
 His life brings little pleasure, but much pain.
 His companion is squalor, his masters machines.
 Machines control his life, it seems.
 He only lives for the sake of running machines.
 Who cares what happens to him as long as the
 machines keep running?
 He can always be replaced by someone craving the
 necessities of existence.
 Then he goes on and will go on.
 There will be others like him.
 They say, a lifetime of work will bring its rewards,
 But his hours of labour bear but sour apples, unfit to
 be picked.
 Who will remember him? What use is an apple
 rotting away?
 He will not achieve what life offers, for the necessity
 to exist leaves him no time.
 He must conform and allow his life to be governed
 by machines, What for?
 To live!

S. Gray, L.VI.

A CHURCH

Quiet, serene, lonely.
A church stands,
Open,
Open to anyone.
A Sanctuary, A haven.
And when you enter,
The silence.
The rows of seats,
Where people sit,
On the one time they come to church,
Bored, uncomfortable.
Sitting on hard seats.
Wishing the sermon would finish,
So they could get back
To their comfortable houses.
Their televisions.
And so, after the last hymn,
After the farewells,
The church again stands alone,
A sanctuary, A haven,
Open to anyone.

Martin R. Howe, 4B.

ALONE BECOMES A SAINT

O WILDERNESS!
Bleak and desolate blackness.
Empty plenty of those with all.
Everything is nothing
without
without

O decisive indecision!
Transient night
transformed to day,
by a monosyllable.
The affirmative.
Linger and be lost.

Alone,
 in the abysmal dampness.
 Burdened
 with superficiality.
 Surrender!
 Non-existent alternatives press.
 Ignore them.

Peace comes
 when war ends.
 Conquer and surrender.

Unleashed!
 The damp is a torrent,
 the blackness shines.
 Plenty is empty and empty is all.
 Empty is filled and leaps.
 The uncontrolled joy
 surges.
 Alone is gone,
 replaced by a Saint.

Ann D. Draper, U.VI.

HE gazes moodily out of the window, staring into the street
 and yet unseeing, engrossed in his resentful thoughts.

Of what use am I? How pitiful a being! A body with no soul,
 an artist with no inspiration.

He must find her.

He must immortalise her purity, and his own soul, upon a
 meagre canvas.

But where is she, this sublime creature, this divine Athene
 whose presence fills his every conscious hour?

And what is she? A nun whose face reflects the serenity of
 her mind? A ragged street urchin begging for pennies?

He does not know.

But when he sees her he will know. He will find her, and
 paint her and leave her as a lasting lesson to a dying world.

Christine Richards, L.VI.

RELAXATION

THE drums begin like a tidal wave
Swallowing, churning. Thunder,
A flash! Twanging, soulful, deathly instrument
Caught by light reflected to the dancer;
The rhythm moves through bodies, like,
Like wild fire, roaring, licking flames
That draw the swaying people from their hideaway.
The bodies sway. The music grows louder,
Throbbing, painful darkness.
Hot, swirling smoke, devils,
Flames and black
Black, the curtain falls, the heat,
The perspiration pouring from the brow.
Deep into the unknown depths
Of a blank, black mind.
Peace, Quiet,
Relax, take it easy
Put your feet up, forget about life
Throw away all cares. Relax.

Joan Ann Lucas, 4B.

THE DAYS BEFORE IT RAINED

AS he pressed the tips of his fingers against the window-pane he screamed, and in fury the rain beat back from the other side. The rain fell and cleaned away the accumulated factory dirt, or at least did its best to: it was trying to create that mountain cleanness here and he knew it. He had only seen the deep transparency of a mountain lake once, but it was there in his mind, all the industrial grime could not pollute it for it was washed clean by the incessant downpour.

That rain; the dimness of memory splashed until the rattle on the windows was magnified and as his mind clutched for the water that was drowning the centuries, he could see it through opaque glass; the roaring resounded until his whole being was carried in the maelstrom, he was flung mercilessly by the torrent, and as he screamed that this could not be, he could not be swept away, he had seen the colours in the sky, he had . . .

Suddenly he could see the world before all this water. He remembered the outstretched hands, the begging and praying but it had all been to no avail. He had had to get the wood, timber from the forests, the trees used to fall as the rain-drops fell now, but that was before the rain, just a little before. He knew it was going to happen, it was heartbreaking because they wouldn't listen, it was just the same now, they laughed, they jeered; he was mad of course, but what he couldn't understand was that the colours were still there.

Again he could see the factory chimneys and the eternal greyness, that inherent banality of industrialism. He knew that lake would be recreated though he couldn't understand the fractured vow, the colours were there, others had seen them, that was not his harmless inebecility. Perhaps the scoffers were right, perhaps he was a little unhinged, perhaps . . . but that was heresy; why should he not prophesy? Why did that jar, why did the chalk squeak on the blackboard and halt his connected inspiration?

He stood in the main square and a pigeon fluttered: he stretched out his hand, and as that gesture repeated itself in his mind a thousand times, as the bird's wing strove against the downward pull, his deepest unrealisations stirred and strove to push aside the irrelevances of three thousand years. The lens altered and he could see the dove which circled softly round about him and once again the mountain lake. It was much larger than he had ever imagined, time had muted his memories, it was no longer a lake among the mountains but rather a vast sea interpolated with odd peaks.

Standing on the sea-shore he watched the ceaseless ebb and flow, the water that stretched towards the horizon and past it into eternity. Thinking of an enormity more vast than this he felt a tremor, yet his eyes still rested on Richard of York spanning the sky. When the rain had stopped, the first time, he had wept: the promise had been spoken, and flooding over his mind had come the relief that he would never again suffer that humiliation and scorn and know that they were lost, yet sometimes sympathise with their incredulity. Even then he had had a vague discomfort in his mind. Now he knew that if only he could have slowed down his mental revolutions sufficiently he could have seen what was happening now, but if he had seen the presentiment that he had now he would have lived through centuries of fear and torment. Was he not grateful to have evaded that? He was grateful for his limitations and wished their bounds were equal to the bounds of others' minds.

He had always been fond of animals, he had been brought up on a farm, but it went deeper than that, again the mud stirred in the depths and even the surface became murky, he could not quite distinguish things around him. The whole world turned slowly and stopped many centuries ago. He watched the animals, a memory of his pairs of pets stirred but he could not grasp it, he watched these more ferocious beasts until they float away in pairs and he can see how the world would have been without them. Had he caught the human doubting disease, had he not been a craftsman, had the water seeping in . . .

Why wouldn't they believe him? It was going to happen again, that he knew, something external that spoke to him internally made him sure of it. The preparations wouldn't be the same of course; but the result would. Perhaps that had been a thousand ages; it seemed only short to him but then, though close to sanctity, he had been dormant for part of it. During that dormant time he had missed part of the mutation, that was why they wouldn't believe him, they immediately thought of the fairy stories of their childhood, it was no real and imminent danger to them. They had experienced the deluge just as he had but only he remembered; it had always been he alone who was faithful.

He came back to reality and looked at his white fingers pressed hard against the glass but the rain had stopped. He looked out and saw the factories drying, no cleaner than before, but all this dirt was preferable to the rain. It was always the same, the rain beat down and his small faith could not believe the promise that he had been given; the trouble was that he could remember the time the rain had not stopped and the times before it. His memory went back to ante-deluvian days, it was the only one that did, his had been the only boat, he was the man that built it.

Noah had lived through that time but he was afraid of rain now, it jarred his memory and his was the only memory that reached back to the days before it rained.

THE TRENCH

LONG, dirty, muddy, dug-out hole,
 Where men and arms retire.
 A hole where screams of men are heard
 Above the bombs and fire.

Long, dirty, muddy dug-out hole,
 That makes a man turn white,
 A hole that's full of broken limbs,
 And men that see no light.

Long, dirty, muddy dug-out hole,
 Protecting men in war,
 A hole where men can rest their bones,
 And return to peace once more.

Long, dirty, muddy dug-out hole,
 That men made with their hands,
 A hole that smells of rotting flesh,
 Of men in foreign lands.

Yet looking upward at the stars,
 Seeing God's lamp above,
 Man's soul redeemed in heavenly grace,
 Transcends from hate to love.

Kenneth Pegg, 4B.

ALIAS A PIANIST

A SIBELIAN starkness of contour
 Swathed in a softening mist of dampness
 Is cut against the barrenness of grey-rinsed cloud.
 A Nordic peasant gleans his abstract melodies of
 thought,
 Turning a distant phrase into a symphony.
 His eye regards with just malevolence his body's form
 And mocks the world that loves his beauty.
 Beauty? Watching this, his world of naked pasture?
 Perhaps, perhaps it is his soul they see?
 And does another's one blind eye
 See the depth within his brainward majesty?
 Can someone else with inward sight,
 See through worldly life himself, and through himself
 the world?
 But Odin shakes his head, and sighs,
 Returning to his thoughts.

Judith Cutler, U.VI.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, THE REFUGEES

THEY flee the oppressors.

Impoverished, they drag their undernourished bones;
emaciated, they seek emancipation.

A man leads a broken cart-horse out;
away.

Away from the grime of the industrial slump.
Where?

To be a serf in a feudal agricultural system.

No longer an industrial slave.

The refugee can never escape;
but

he can move from serfdom to slavery;
and back.

The tired and careworn woman hangs her grey face,
the expressionless eyes express a sorrowful joy.

She looks at her child,

“Will it live? Few do, for times are hard.”

But this child must live.

He must live:

to die.

This boy-child has a predestined purpose:
to die.

The parents are wearily unaware
as they trudge,
trudge.

The desert between slavery and serfdom is wide,
it is desolate,
it is hard.

They have nothing,
but, for a fleeing moment
their nothing is free.

And so they bear our future
in their arms,
on an old horse,
shuffling wearily
forever
into Egypt.

Ann D. Draper, U.VI.

THE MEANING

ALBERT, donning his fading, grey, checked cloth cap, once
more left his house at 91, Mountpelia Road to venture out
into the park, one hundred yards down the road.

He had repeated this sadly for ten years now, since he
retired from the factory – pigeons, you see, had always been his

hobby, but as times grew harder and his pension seemed to buy less and less, he'd had to sell his own – champions they were too. So, every day at about eleven o'clock he could be seen walking the short distance to the park, carrying a mysterious bag; only if his follower continued with him into the park would he see the contents of the bag.

From the magnificent gates marking the opening Albert proceeded to a much quieter part, to a slowly deteriorating wooden bench. There, he laid down his bag and settled himself to wait, talking quietly, as if to himself. Very soon the bench and surrounding area would be filled with the coo-ing, strutting companions of the old man.

"Not as good as mine used to be", he would muse, all the time feeding them from his green cloth bag, tit-bits which he could ill-afford to give. Then he would settled down into a day-dream of his own life, of his beautiful, champion, homing-pigeons, – his wife never liked them, still she never liked anything much, except her weekly visits to the Darby and Joan Club. "No, give me pigeons anytime," he chuckled to himself. "They understand you!" As his thoughts were following this pattern, he observed how contentedly his small, hungry flock were coo-ing around his feet – like children dependent upon the bread of a father, and it warmed his heart to see how he could help them in this way.

Suddenly his life, and this daily routine took on a new meaning. He was needed; and he could now look forward to the rest of his life – a long one he hoped – in this knowledge, and even if the rest of the world passed him by, ignoring him, in this small corner – he was king.

Pamela Downing, U.VI.

LOST!

A SMALL boy scurried through the barrier and stopped at the station entrance to obtain his bearings. He stopped and pondered.

To the left he could see huge factory chimneys, dulled with grime and soot of many years. A dank mist was rising from the river and as it enveloped the stacks and barren warehouses, it enhanced them slightly with an air of mystery. Straight ahead was the other side of the road, littered with paper, dust and the inevitable bus tickets. Behind the dustman's paradise, arose a grim building, the windows being painted over to display the owner's name and business. Solid, green-painted doors concealed the dealings going on inside. To the right, he could vaguely see the lights of the shopping centre battling against the oncoming evening. The aroma of fish and chips reached the keen nose of the little

boy and, having had nothing to eat for several hours, he set off in the more welcoming direction to the right.

As he rounded the next bend along the road, he noticed the lights appear to dim and could feel the wind begin to whine amongst the buildings around. Instantaneously, large spots of rain began to pelt down. Not wishing to become wet while so far from home, he looked around him for shelter. The only likely place was a building he did not recognise as being there when he had last passed along the road. As he approached it he felt a sense of inferiority as his stature of eight years was dwarfed by the immense proportions of it. Entering by the main door, he was confronted with a row of identical doors, buttons and lights. Curiously aroused he pressed a knob marked 'press' and waited. He entered the lift and the doors closed behind him. His stomach felt as though it had been left on the ground floor as the top floor approached rapidly. His skull seemed to tighten as the lift began to slow down for the twentieth floor. Stepping out of the lift into a long passage-way, he perceived a curious sense of desolation. His normally friendly-noised heels made no echo in the sound-proofed building. The hygienic composition filed walls showed no individual taste. The ends of the corridors were made entirely of glass. Even to an eight-year old boy, the strange combination of claustrophobic yet insecure conditions seemed typical of events he had before experienced. After peering into several rooms off the corridors and seeing each time identical images of the one previous, he could no longer dare to look down twenty storeys to the street below without so much as a brick to provide a form of security. Sickened, the now lonely boy made his way downstairs and into the street, away from the horrors of being shut in a room and not being heard.

The shopping centre was a more welcome prospect. At least it appeared to be so from a distance. As he neared the hive of commerce, he was seized with panic as masses of people swarmed around him. Because of his lack of inches, everyone appeared to be a body, legs, feet and a shopping basket or brief-case. They seemed to him to have no faces, the usual distinguishing mark of a personality. The mob of figures were hurrying as the boy was swept along with them. The apparent need for everyone to fight a common enemy, time, was seen as they sought to reach home quickly so that there could be a similar return migration the next morning. The apparent futility of their object was not so clear to them.

The teeming multitudes were making their way to the tube stations and the boy had little choice but to follow them for there was no easy way of escape from a surge with one direction and aim.

When once in the train, the boy again experienced a feeling of alarm as the doors silently slid to and the roar of the train echoed through the tunnel. The sardine-packed strap-hangers were not perturbed by the claustrophobic conditions, however.

As he escaped from the train some miles from the starting point, pangs of hunger overtook him. Feeling in his pocket for change, he found only coins which would not fit into the slot-machines on the station. He felt despondent as he realised the shops too would be closed by now. To think he had money which could not buy what he needed.

Leaving the station, he found himself wandering through a strange menagerie of streets and alley-ways. A nauseating aroma of alcohol met him around a bend and through the half-open doors of the public bar he could see drunkards becoming more so. The warm atmosphere inside provided no connections with the dampness outside and the people showed complete oblivion to anything happening outside. Those partaking in the brawling not inside were completely enveloped in themselves yet lonely in their detachment from the world. A drunkard left the public-house and as he fell down the steps, kicked the boy crouching in the shadow of the doorway. The boy rubbed his bruises and turned sickened, away.

Turning the next bend, he came upon the sound of water dripping from the roof of a canal bridge. He could hear the slowly increasing sound of a canal barge wending its way through the sludge-like water. He wondered if the bargees ever thought that the hole at the other end of a tunnel they were in was not wide enough for them to get through. He laughed as he realised that everything looked smaller and more insignificant from a distance.

Arising from the canal arm the boy could see a track leading up to the stars he could vaguely see twinkling through the mist. After the smells of the infested canal water, the sense that fresh, clean air was to be found at the top of the hill urged the boy to try and reach it. It pained him to use his still-smarting limbs but he set out to try and reach the summit. Feverishly he struggled against gravity to be able to grasp what he could see was pure and clean. He sweated as he dragged himself up the endlessly long, steep hill. He stubbed his toe against a brick-end he did not see. Straining, he longed to reach the top but however hard and fast he walked it always seemed to be the same distance from him. He wanted to lie down and let the world pass by him.

"John, John wake up, it's nearly time for school". Relief poured over him as he realised the panic he had experienced was his subconscious playing tricks. His experiences had been a figment of the imagination and everything was as it should be, his mother calling him for school, his bedroom and his life.

Thirty years later a mature, bowled hatted business man walked or rather was pushed down a street at rush-hour time. A thought struck him that he did not know why he was so intent on going home only to have to return the next day. He remembered his dream of years ago, a subconscious view of the life to be.

Joan Plimley, U.VI.

“**N**OW just mind how you cross the road and don't forget the butter.”

“No Mom,” replied Jimmy agreeably. At eight years old he was a very agreeable fellow.

“And don't ride that old cart down Market Street.”

“No Mom,” grinned Jimmy, and off he set, a morning, and a world of sights and smells before him.

As soon as Jimmy had left his own street behind him, he promptly forgot all his mother's instructions, including the fact that he was supposed to be shopping. He whizzed down Market Street, narrowly missing two sedate old ladies, who were taking a morning stroll. When he came to the bottom of the hill, he found that his surroundings were far too interesting to rush through in his cart. He stopped to watch some road men digging a very big hole in the middle of the road. They were using some very interesting instruments, such as power drills and pick-axes. Tiring of this, his gaze fell on a dead cat, lying in the gutter after it had been run over. This appeared to fascinate the boy tremendously.

Remembering that he was supposed to be doing his mother's shopping he went to the grocer's, outside where the delivery boy was trying to pump up one of his tyres with no success. The manager was growing very angry, because the orders were already late, without this added difficulty. Jimmy stopped to watch and eyed the bicycle enviously; he wanted a bicycle badly. Eventually the delivery boy began to look speculatively at the cart, and so after a few preliminaries they exchanged vehicles. The errand boy hurried off down the road to deliver his orders and Jimmy proudly wheeled his new possession up the street.

The only flaw in this apparently wonderful machine was the flat tyre, which Jimmy was determined to have repaired. So he went to a garage down the road and stood around for a long time, taking a great deal of interest in the mechanic's work. The mechanic soon tired of the inquisitive little boy who kept bother-

ing him with questions, so he asked him what he wanted. Jimmy explained about the flat tyre, and, after a short inspection, the mechanic discovered a rotten valve, which he replaced. This done Jimmy rode off very proudly, even if with a little difficulty.

In a quiet road just outside town, Jimmy saw a young lady, vainly trying to start her scooter. She was becoming more and more frustrated and angry at every attempt that failed, and as Jimmy's curiosity had won over him again, he stopped to watch. The woman was glad to have someone to talk to. "What am I going to do?" she sobbed, "I'm late for my audition and this is my last chance." Jimmy was not very keen on the fair sex anyway, but when they cried he absolutely hated them. However, his generosity won him over and he offered the lady his bicycle for her scooter. This offer was gratefully accepted, and off she went to keep her appointment.

Now Jimmy's elder brother had a scooter just like this one, and, as Jimmy had often watched him start it he knew how to start this one. He remembered that the petrol had to be switched on, and he discovered that the lady in her haste had forgotten to do this. He had no conception of how to drive the scooter but he had a fine time revving it up.

He had been playing with his new toy for about five minutes, when a shiny black limousine spluttered to a halt beside him. The car, which had a coat of arms on its side, was chauffeur-driven and the chauffeur got out and lifted the bonnet to see what was wrong. The car's passengers, who incidentally were the Mayor and Mayoress, were in a state of near nervous collapse. They were supposed to be at the station to meet the Queen but how could they be there in time if their car had broken down? Jimmy tittered to himself and cheekily offered the Mayor his scooter. Much to his amazement the Mayor accepted this offer and after calming down his almost hysterical wife they climbed aboard the scooter and set off down the road, with official chains askew and the Mayoress holding grimly onto her garden party hat and imploring the Mayor to be careful.

Eventually the chaffeur managed to correct the trouble and so Jimmy was ushered into the car and driven away. Jimmy soon tired of playing with the cigarette lighter and the radio and he also ate all the chocolates. They passed through towns and country villages and Jimmy looked for tractors and farm machinery. After about two hours travelling they reached the coast, and, Jimmy, recognising the town gave the chauffeur directions.

Finally they reached the docks and they went onto the quayside. No one stopped the Mayoral car as it drove along the

quays with a very excited little boy, who was delighted to see the big ships and tugs, inside it. Suddenly Jimmy asked the chauffeur to stop so that he could watch a huge liner being cast off.

Everybody stared as little Jimmy scrambled out of his huge limousine. He gazed with admiration at the huge ship in front of him and was absolutely amazed by the mere size of it. Jimmy's gaze wondered up and down and along the superstructure of the ship and then he noticed the small figure of the captain, standing on the bridge giving the orders for casting off. Jimmy waved to the Captain and the Captain, having a son of his own about Jimmy's age waved back. With a speculative gleam in his eyes, the boy looked at the Queen Mary, and, cupping his hands to his mouth, he yelled up to the Captain, "Captain, wanna swop?"

Dorothy Jones, U.VI.

GUILTY

HIS face covered by his hands,
He sat.
His mind enveloped in a hazy mist,
He could not think.
Sweat ran down his forehead
He was too hot.
Tears ran unrestrained down his face
How he wept!

He opened his hands and looked up,
Up, up at the judge in his aloofness —
In all the pomposity of his robe and wig.
He could not think.

Suddenly, in an isolated picture,
He saw.
He saw himself triumphant,
He was victorious.
A victim at his merciless feet,
Who was dead
A hot revolver in his clammy hand —
He had killed!

The picture faded and he relapsed,
Relapsed into an abyssmal oblivion
Of all the cloudyness of his soul and mind.
He was guilty.

Janet Hutchinson, L.VI,

LIVERPOOL

FROM the river the city seemed like the untidy yard of some derelict metal factory. Great arms of steel, and high, tapering chimneys jutted at angles from the jumbled maze below. Row upon row of blackened terrace houses, their cheerless windows grey and broken, lay rigid among factory walls and obscure buildings, from which the dull hum of machinery drifted across the cold water of the river.

Rising from the black brick and smoke, was the great dock, towering majestically over the city roofs like some enormous watch-dog, and in the distance a block of new flats overlooked the house to which it provided a complete and striking contrast.

The grey gloom, which wrapped itself around the steel and concrete, gave way to the colour of the docks. The blue, bright green and yellow paintwork of river barges, and the rusted red of dockside cranes were reflected in the grey, restless water.

The cold, white steel of a ship's hull, ready for launching, thrust itself from a dismal obscurity, soddened paper and drifting strips of black wood, mingled with oil from the barges close to the dockside, and moved with the water.

From the wet spray and the deep bellow of barges, to the docks and the hollow clang of steel, to the narrow streets and the subdued hum of machines, to the silhouetted horizon – everywhere was brick, iron, stone and steel enveloped in grey grime and smoke.

Susan Baker, L.VI.

SPEED, WIND AND GUTS

JUST reaching the crest of the hill now. Not much strength left though. Legs very weak. Made it.

Long downhill run now. Gathering speed. The wind whistling across the top of my head and ears. Strange noise but very glad to hear it. My friends are coming up behind me. Don't want them to pass me. Don't want them to call me a scrubber. I must pedal harder. That's better.

Suddenly a sign – Sharp Bends for Three Miles. I just about make the first one and the others follow easily. A long downhill stretch now.

Tighten up the straps of my toe-clips, seat myself comfortably and then push hard on those pedals.

About half way down now. My legs are going stiff. It must be my imagination, must concentrate on keeping pedalling. Can't stop because I have a fixed wheel.

At last the flat. The first to Blackheath is the winner. The other aren't in sight. Just coming into Blackheath now. I've won.

L. Meakin, 4C.

FIRE!

THE destroying flames leaped about like an Indian dance, flickering and glowing. The fire was so hot and immense that it seemed to lick up the trees and shrubs one by one as it passed by. Shacks that were scattered here and there just crumbled as the eager flames danced round them. The smoke lay on top of the flames like a carpet. Sometimes a cheeky wisp of smoke stepped out of line and danced with the dazzling flames. Now and again the cry of an animal could be heard, and then it would stop as the flames licked it up. Gradually the fire grew less and less, and soon all that could be seen was the smoulding ash.

Veronica Thorneycroft, 2C.

NOVEMBER DAY

BENEATH the clouds of dismal grey,
That race full speed across the sky,
The hungry gulls skim over the waves,
Screeching out their mournful cry.

Off shore a small boat passes by,
And dips its bows in waves dark green,
Fighting its way across the sea,
To distant shores as yet unseen.

The shores deserted by the crowds,
No longer sounds of laughter gay.
Oh how I long for Summer time
This dreary wet November day.

Jacqueline Burwood, 1B.

THOUGHTS

DO your thoughts ever stray
 To far off foreign shores?
 Where blue lagoons come into view,
 And stately palm trees
 Wave their slim green leaves
 In the soft sea breeze;
 Where rippling waves rush up the beach
 Across the golden sand
 On these far off foreign shores?

Pauline Mordan, 1C.

RAIN

AHUSH descends and tension builds
 And trees stand still almost in fright,
 Whilst lowering clouds drift over head
 And make the day-time seem like night.
 All at once the tension breaks;
 A sound is heard in tree tops high,
 And spots show up on pavements clear
 Like pennies falling from the sky.

Jacqueline Burwood, 1B.

THE TRAIN

THE great black monster slowly began to stir,
 Breathing smoke and fire like a great dragon.
 Gathering speed with every turn of its wheels,
 Devouring the track mile by mile.

The sound of the wheels beat into my brain,
 As the train entered into a long, long tunnel.
 The whistle screamed and echoed to and fro,
 As the train rushed on, regardless of time.

Mile by mile speeding along,
 Through small stations, past red signals.
 Faster than the cars which rush on the road,
 Burning up track mile by mile.

Slowly, slowly slowing down.
 Into the station at journey's end,
 Jerking to a halt at the great iron buffer.
 The black monster sleeps.

D. Crumpton, 3B.

THE WATERFALL

THE Waterfall, a cascading crescendo.
Bubbling, boiling, foaming, gushing
To the rocky caverns deep below
In the unknown, secretive depths
Of black velvet darkness.
Deep, deep below in the heart of the earth
The unknown terror of evil peril,
The home of witchcraft,
Ancient rituals, The palace of Mephistopheles.
All this is deep, deep below the green grass,
The bright blue sky,
And the merry song-note of the thrush.

Janet Spittle, 4B.

THE UNICORN

THE people stand there in mocking wonder,
Gazing upon this poor defenceless creature;
He stands there with his head held high,
That one horn unmistakably protruding.
He looks out on the disbelieving crowd,
Oh, why won't anyone believe he's real?

Brenda Millsom, 2C.

THE OWL

IN the still night the hoot
Of an owl breaks the silence.
As he swoops over the countryside.
Looking for prey,
He sees
The solitary movement of a mouse.

At once he swoops with eyes aglow
And talons stretched in front,
He takes hold in his merciless claws.
To bring and feed
His young ones,
In their warm cosy nest.

Jane Baldwin, 2A.

THE CHAMELEON

HE gloats upon his prey, gently closing in on him,
 His independent eyes swinging freely.
 His tongue shoots out as quick as lightning,
 And he goes off satisfied.

Jeffrey Bharier, 2C.

THE JAGUAR

HIS glowing eyes gazed in hate
 At the jeering mob before him.
 His coat was as black as darkness
 But they shouted and laughed at him.
 They did not see his beauty
 But I could see it.
 His tail lashed with the anger of an animal in its pride
 But all he heard was more laughter —
 Laughter from the crowd.
 And when he did not move
 They teased him all the more.
 He could not revenge himself on them.
 Instead he let out a roar.

Shirley Bissell, 2C.

THE PANTHER

ALWAYS I remember the panther
 When I walk in the zoo.
 I remember the pasty-faced public
 That teased and annoyed him.
 He stood there aloof and unfriended —
 The lithe, muscular panther went unfriended —
 The panther in the zoo.
 He was a scornful, jet-black animal,
 Standing aloof,
 Gazing with hate-filled eyes at the public,
 Feeding time came: he was roaring his hunger.
 The public were there saying "Oooh!"
 After he had satisfied his hunger
 He roared with his mighty jungle voice.

R. Chester, 2C.

CORRIDA DE TOROS

THE third of the six fights is over, and the muleteers with a team of fine horses are dragging away the carcass. The muleteers are dressed in white drill suits with red berets and red sashes. The trappings of the team are decorated with plums and numerous tiny bells so that the carcass is removed with a flourish of plums and the tinkling of many small bells. It has been a poor performance of the ancient ritual of the bullfight; a poor bull, and a poor matador. The President has awarded no trophies. The crowd registers its disapproval by loud whistling and jeering. My neighbour, a citizen of Toledo, who speaks a little English, makes a grimace of disgust, spits between his shoes and takes a long pull on a bottle of pepsi-cola. At this corrida there are the traditional number of bulls, six, and three matadors with their teams, performing alternately.

We managed cheap bench seats in the sun or Sol side of the arena, and on this mid-August afternoon the sun is vicious. One half of the arena is in shade, the other in glaring sunshine. Across the glaring crescent we look towards the President's box, and the boxes occupied by the local ladies dressed in traditional mantilla and combs. The 'sandmen' clean up the blood stained sand, and we await the fourth performance.

The matador enters the arena; there is tumultuous applause, this is the local boy who gave such a magnificent performance as number one. He wears tight fitting black trousers richly embroidered with silks, reaching just below the knee; a white shirt with starched front; a red tie and a broad red sash tightly wrapped around his waist. On top he has a short sleeveless jacket or talequilla also of black velvet ornately decorated with gold motifs. On his feet soft expensive shoes. On his head the montera, a hard hat, small and of peculiar shape, from beneath which appears the coleta or false pigtail. His short silk cape as ornate as the talequilla and trousers is bunched and carried in his hand. This graceful and slender figure awaits the entry of the bull. A white handkerchief flutters in the President's box, there is a flurry of trumpets and the roll of drums. The gate of the bull pen corridor opens and the bull enters the arena with a tremendous rush, carrying between his shoulders the dart of the ranch, from which flutters a blue and yellow emblem. So sudden is his rush, that the toreador skips nimbly behind a burladero; this invariably happens. The bull gives this protective barrier a few prods with his flowing horns, then majestically, head raised high, trots away towards the shade. A nudge from my neighbour, obviously an aficionado of the fight - 'This one he has the spirit!' The bull, quieter now, stands at the junction of sol and sombra. The toreador leaves the protection of the burladero, and waving his cape

attempts to attract the bull. He faces the bull squarely, cape outstretched between his hands. A snort; a belligerent flash of the tail; pawing the sand the bull moves forwards, at first slowly, then with increased speed, then full charge at the outstretched cape. The toreador steps gracefully aside from the line of the onrushing bull, feet apart, legs tensed, pelvis thrust back, his shoulders hunched over the back of the charging animal, chin sunk on chest; his right hand releases the cape, the left hand draws the cape between the fuming nostrils along the forehead, between the horns and along the back. He repeats this pass, the veronica; then a half veronica; combines these two as the chicuelina. The crowd is silent, impressed. The trial of strength and skill, of grace and agility moves from the shade into the sun and back into the shade; a crash of horn on burladero, the toreador spins off balance, trouser leg split from sash to knee. His thigh is bleeding. My neighbour assures me 'a touch only!' Again under control, the bull is drawn back into the centre of the arena. The toreador faces the beast again, cape outstretched as if to give a repeat of the veronica, but to round off the superb performance of his art, unexpectedly, he falls to his knees, flashes the cape over the head of the charging beast in a complete circle, bringing it to rest in the sand in front of his own knees. The kneeling farol delights the crowd. A flutter from the President's box concludes this phase, the Suerte de Capa and the toreador retires from the arena.

A brief pause and the President signals Phase 2, the Suerte de Picar. Traditionally, this phase is intended to give the bull a second opportunity to demonstrate his courage, after being subdued by the toreador's cape. The Picador, mounted on a blindfold horse with padded flanks, armed with a lance, must prick the bull 'right on top'. This goading must be performed facing the bull and confined to a track not more than eight yards wide. It seems impossible to comply with all the rules of this phase and at the same time to effect four thrusts. The whinny of the blindfold horse is disturbing, the whole event grotesque, and it is with some relief and pleasure that one sees the signal from the box and the Picador retires.

For a brief space the bull is alone in the arena. The toreador enters. This is unusual, although it sometimes happens when a toreador who has made a fine impression in the Suerte de Capa wishes to impress further his mastery of the whole ritual of the fight. This local boy no doubt has this intention, in performing the Suerte de Banderillas or placing of the darts. The banderillas are about eighteen inches long and are decorated with coloured streamers beguiling their viciousness. The banderillo, armed only with a pair of darts, must plant them in the shoulders of the bull.

Two pairs are normally planted although the President may authorise more. This phase requires great courage, skill and agility, and one must admit that at the vey moment of planting the posture of the banderillo is artistic. The banderillo immediately gains the attention of the bull. The bull is furious! Can it be that he remembers this man from the Suerts de Capa? He snorts and immediately goes into a charge. Neatly the banderillo steps aside, and simultaneously it seems he lifts himself off the ground, feet and legs closed, body rigid, arms forward and parallel, holding the banderillas vertical. A smart jab and the darts are planted; the enraged bull charges on; the man pirouettes away to collect a second pair of darts. With equal skill and agility he plants the second set on the opposite shoulder and leaves the arena.

Suerte de Matar, the finale. The matador enters the ring, this time carrying a sword and a piece of red flannel draped over a stick. He stands bareheaded in front of the President's box, receives the signal, and casts his montera over his shoulder, dedicating this kill to the crowd. Meanwhile the bull champs the sand some distance away looking like some monstrous mutant. In this the final phase the matador again demonstrates his skill and courage. The capello flows gracefully, and all his movements are precise and artistic. Patiently, artistically he performs the manoletina, the windmill, the breast pass, then repeats some of them, to the death pass, until he has brought the bull firmly under control, standing 'square', four feet widely spaced, a position from which the bull is unable to charge, and the slightest movement or intention is obvious to the matador. Man and beast, face to face, barely three feet apart. No sound, no movement save the heaving flanks; ten thousand breathless bodies freeze; the man lunges forward until his legs lie along the lowered head, his chest between the horns. The beast sinks to the sand. The crowd roars, the President signals one ear, two ears and the tail. Purses, cordobas, belts, odd shoes, flowers and oddments are showered into the ring. The band breaks into the Matador's personal pasodoble, to honour this superb performance. My neighbour takes a long pull at his pepsicola, 'a good fight'.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH — A SOCIAL COMMENT

"HE'S a good boy, but he has his own life to lead. Anyway, I don't like having her round all the time".

"Yes. When you can't get about like you used to, you feel they're criticising every speck of dust, don't you?"

The two old ladies, meeting for a chat on the corporation bench outside Woolworth's, voiced the feeling of too many of our local old people. They lapsed into silence, clearly enjoying each other's company and unwilling to say goodbye and return to their separate homes. Two elderly people together. Groups of middle-aged housewives gossiping at the corners. Three young mothers pushing prams abreast along the pavement, too deep in conversation to notice the party of schoolchildren who had to step into the road to let them pass. Four distinct age groups, entirely oblivious of each other.

This is no isolated scene. A glance at our town will reveal it not as an interdependent community but as a collection of individual groups. Some of these groups are independent: the complete family with its wage-earning father, competent mother and collection of healthy children needs no support from outside. The young unmarried people have their clubs, their dances, their well-paid jobs, and ask nothing more than to be left to get on with it.

But what of the widows, the sick, the unemployed, the old? Those who simply cannot help themselves to the kind of life they have a right to expect? There are many such in our town, and they need our help. Not financial help: this is beyond our scope, and in any case, adequate pensions are available for most of those who need them. But we can offer sympathy and friendship. The widow with six children, whose eldest cannot go to his (junior) school because he has no shoes, can be put in touch with the National Assistance Board and shown how to fill in forms which she does not understand. The temporarily bedridden need to have their shopping done for them. Above all, perhaps, the old people of Oldbury need active help.

Oldbury is primarily a town of young and middle-aged people, and the old tend to be forgotten. This is nobody's fault directly: indeed it is due to a combination of circumstances including the pride of the old people themselves.

One primary cause is the unsettled nature of present housing conditions. Many of you will know elderly people living in the houses where they were born, next door to people they have known as long as they can remember. What happens when the slum clearance programme begins to operate in their district, when their houses are pulled down? They are moved to bright new council houses or flats, among strangers. And these strangers are predominantly young married couples, occupied with their own growing families. Many new estates consist in large part of people under thirty and over sixty-five. They don't mix. Life has changed so radically in the thirty or forty years that separate the two groups that they have practically nothing in

common, and possibly more than a little contempt for each other's outlook and background.

So the old people live alone. Their neighbours are strangers. Their families are dead. Their children live at a distance, with "their own lives to lead", and with husbands and wives whose interest is often regarded as interference: "She notices every speck of dust, and always wants to be washing things as if I was dirty". The idea that people are interfering is very widespread among the elderly. They can just manage on their pensions, and resent unfamiliar people witnessing their poverty. They "can't get about", and hate to be pitied. They just don't want to admit to competent and often overpowering strangers that they need help.

So are we at a deadlock? What can be done if they won't accept help even when it is offered?

The answer to this is one which places responsibility squarely on the shoulders of the very young. It is that these old people regard fifteen, sixteen, eighteen-year-olds as children, and are willing to accept them as uncritical and incurious companions. The teenager can be accepted as a friend and confidant, while the eager social worker is met with defensive hostility. So, having been accepted, what is to be done?

You must know at least one or two old people living alone. Do they know of the Meals on Wheels service, which distributes hot dinners to the incapacitated? Do they know of the district nurse who will visit them from time to time? Do they know that they may be able to have a home help occasionally? (Home helps, by the way, are hard to come by, and it doesn't take very long for three or four energetic teenagers to scrub a couple of floors.) Could you persuade them not to be too proud to accept National Assistance, on the grounds that they haven't paid any contributions and are therefore not entitled to benefit? More important, do they know where and how to contact these organisations, and can they write the necessary letters? You can make sure that the answer to these questions is "yes".

Even if you feel unable to tangle with authority in this way, there remain many things to be done. Bureaucracy penetrates into the lives of everyone, and many old people are bewildered by the numbr of forms that descend on them. You can help them to fill in these forms, which are a constant worry. You have unshaking hands and good eyesight, and you can write letters. You can run errands, especially the extra trip to the shop for something that has been forgotten. You can find out times of trains and buses. You can accompany your old friend along the

street, if, as is probable, he is afraid to go out on his own in case of falls. If you drive, or can command the use of a car occasionally, you can take him for a ride to Clent, or the Lickeys, or to visit a daughter in Wolverhampton. You can hardly imagine how old people look forward to a change of scene, or how much they enjoy movement as a break from sitting within the same walls.

Surely some of these things are within your power? Even ordinary conversation is a great gift to someone who lives entirely alone, with no-one to talk to except busy and preoccupied shopkeepers. Your elderly neighbours will enjoy hearing about your life, your activities, your school, or hearing two or three of you discussing your hobbies. And they will enjoy having someone to listen to them. If they can look forward to a promised visit, an hour on Sunday afternoon, fifteen minutes on the way home from school on Thursday evening, a chat over a cup of tea when you call to collect the shopping list, then perhaps they will no longer need to say, as so many of them do, "It's the loneliness that really gets me down".

Christine Richards, L.VI.

M. Roulstone.

SMOKING

TOBACCO smoking offers a means of partial escape from a frustrating reality, from stress and from strain, but in doing so it may have disastrous effects on one's health. The medical profession condemns smoking, especially before and during adolescence, and the person who encourages or even allows a child to smoke may be regarded as an irresponsible criminal.

A great amount of damage is done to the human organism by smoking. The most commonly recognised danger is death by lung cancer: it is a fact that non-smokers seldom contract cancer of the lung, while smokers are very open to the disease.

Lung cancer consists of tumours which grow in and on the lungs, although there are variations of this type. The disease may be cured if diagnosed in its earliest stages, but it may spread until the whole lung is affected, when death gradually occurs after much pain and suffering.

Pipe smokers are in less danger from this disease, but they may develop cancer of the mouth at the place where the tip of a pipe has been held. Cancer of both mouth and lung occurs more often in males than in females.

Smokers are also prone to bronchitis, since the smoke has the effect of irritating and inflaming the respiratory tract. Similarly, smoking has disastrous effects, if carried to excess, on the digestive organs, the nervous system and the sexual organs.

There is no longer any doubt that smoking is harmful to health. But since it cannot be abolished altogether, it must either be made less harmful or people must modify their smoking habits.

It is essential to avoid excessive smoking and to adopt a sensible technique. Do not inhale and do not smoke quickly. Leave an inch of cigarette unsmoked, since the cigarette itself acts as a filter while it is being smoked, and it is in the final inch that the most poisonous matter collects. It is safer to smoke a pipe or cigar than a cigarette.

However much discussion, argument and research takes place, it is fairly certain that tobacco smoking is here to stay. As C. Van Prossidy says: "(The smoker) smokes more and more. Ultimately he smokes between dinner courses, between kisses at tryst, before, during and after moments of pleasure . . . He hurries away from performances, however sublime, to the foyer of the theatre or concert hall".

June Hart, U.VI.

A VISIT TO NIGERIA

IF one wishes to escape the rigours of an English winter, a sojourn in Nigeria, just north of the Equator, in the dry season from December to March is to be recommended. Then the temperature is between 69° and 94°F with humidity at its lowest at 98% and rainfall is light.

Fortified then by inoculations against small-pox, yellow fever and typhus, and carrying a supply of mepsarine to combat malaria, I met my family at Lagos on January 2nd after a voyage of thirteen days. The journey by air takes less than twelve hours, but one misses so much – the attraction of flying fish skimming over the waves and vanishing in a flurry of spray, schools of dolphins gambolling in the smooth waters beyond Las Palmas, the bustle of Freetown, Tima and Lagos, floating log-rafts, mountains of ground-nut sacks, white-robed moslms slowly chanting from a yellow copy of the Koran on the lower deck, fat "mamas" in voluminous blue robes and butterfly turbans.

The journey inland was hot and my cotton dress was soon sticking to my back, so the breezes from the car windows were welcome. We passed palm and banana trees on both sides of the

tarmacadam road with its dusty red laterite verges, and after two and a half hours reached Ibadan, the largest city in the Western Region, (about one and a half million people in 1952), and the administrative and educational centre of the Yoruba people. On its outskirts has been built the modern university College Hospital, whose senior staff live in bungalows in the grounds, surrounded by pleasant gardens where brilliantly-enamelled tiny sun-birds flit amongst the scented frangipani bushes and the hibiscus hedges. My impressions of life in Africa are conditioned therefore by these surroundings.

I was aware first of the strange noises. Too hot to sleep, I lay in my "tent" of mosquito-proof nylon netting and listened to the unceasing shrilling of cicadas, the muted croaking of frogs and the metallic morse code of a bird which began at dusk, at 6.30 p.m., and ended at dawn, at 6.30 a.m. Fire-flies danced about the ceiling like tiny electric torches. Then came the repeated call of the bulbul bird "Quick, Doctor, quick," and a racket started in the closely-shuttered sleeping-quarters of the African boys as they laughed and argued in their Kura language. Our steward, an Ibo from the South-East region, later brought in tea, and we had a European breakfast. Imported foods are dear, tea 3/6 a quarter, lettuce 5/-; the West African spends about two shillings a day on a restricted and monotonous diet of starchy goods such as cassava and yams cooked in palm-oil, eating little fruit and protein, though oranges, grape-fruit and pineapples are plentiful. Consequently there is malnutrition and no reserves of strength in illness.

By 10 a.m. it was usually very hot and often the Harunaton haze reduced visibility over the hills, so we welcomed a trip into town to shop at the new air-conditioned Kingsway Stores. It was like plunging into an icy pool after the over-heat of the car-park. Small boys and men with nothing to do swarmed round the entrance, and beggars with mutilated limbs hopefully held out their bowls for money. At the photographic counter I was attracted by a polite young assistant with five slashes on his dark cheeks. He said they were Yoruba tribal marks made when he was eight days old and that he would not have his son marked.

On our return one day a handsome itinerant Hausa from the north region walked slowly up the drive, followed by a boy carrying on his head an enormous bundle. They squatted on the veranda, displayed their thorn and ebony carvings, leather cushions and mats, and we bargained for them - but prices are high.

After lunch and a long siesta in the heat of the afternoon we cooled down in the hospital swimming pool, chlorinated to

prevent infection by guinea-worm and bilharzian. This was the meeting-place of the staff off-duty and I met Scots, Irish, Australians, Indians, Syrians, Africans, Italians, Germans, French, Swedes, Poles, Americans. In the tropics they are liable to be called out for such emergencies as men sustaining severe skin lacerations by falling out of palmtrees or being slashed by machetes. The ratio of hospital beds in 1953 was one to 3,000 patients. Treatment is sometimes hampered by folk remedies administered in the bush and by delay due to distance patients travel.

There is great hospitality among the white community, so we learned of conditions in Ghana and Sierra Leone from visitors to the medical conference at the university, and of life in the bush from officials in the afforestation and water departments and the isolated missions, which have done so much for education in the southern provinces. Forest reserves are highest in the South. The Government reservations have water laid on to the houses but the townspeople depend on standpipes in the streets or wells in the bush. Even so, our water-supply was cut off for hours towards the end of the dry season; it was always boiled and filtered. We were fortunate too in having electricity for lighting and to work the fans and refrigerator. It sometimes failed after severe storms. These would be heralded by darkness and a strong wind which swept through the open windows blowing pictures off the wall and sending the tiny gecko lizard scurrying for cover. There followed one or two hours of vivid lightning and if you were lucky a heavy cooling rain.

Some evenings we went to the air-conditioned cinema and I was always amused by the African actor who advertised Coca-cola, drinking it with a beatific expression on his face. The narrow road through the town was lined with small open-fronted shops and houses of red laterite made with tin roofs. These often disintegrate in the rainy season. Men in flowing robes on bicycles, young children balancing heavy loads on their heads, most women carrying piccan tied to their backs with scarves, lambs, kids, chickens scattering, taxis driving on the horn all made progress difficult. The drive back in the dark is romantic; sleeping forms lie on the roadside in the wet air, lit by flickering candles or kerosene lamps; sometimes there is a glare of fog and the brilliance of neon lighting; we met Fulani herdsmen with swinging lanterns leading their heavy loaded, hump-backed cattle through the bush from their grazing grounds in the north.

At weekends we went further afield, 135 miles to Iseyin and back — I saw six four feet high ant-hills, and clusters of road side huts where the women swarmed around us and sold

us 48 oranges for 1/6 and pineapples for 6d. The naked children laughed and shouted, "Aingebo!" (White man!) The countryside was charred by forest fires still smoking in the heat. We met overburdened converted lorries carrying twenty passengers and swaying dangerously. One carried the slogan "One with God is Majority", another "Sea never Dry".

On our way to get our first glimpse of the great River Niger at Iebbon, we stopped at Glorin for two days and had an audience with the Emier in his Chief's House. He sat on his throne and wore a white head-dress over a red pill-box cap and a blue cloak while his chief advisers squatted in two rows on the floor. We sat on modern tubular chairs when the Emier spoke to us courteously in perfect English. He had been in Washington three years previously. He is a moslim with ten wives and ruled over Goruba subjects.

It is impossible to give a balanced picture of conditions in Nigeria in a few words, but I feel I was privileged to see it at a time of great change. Nigeria is now independent and making great efforts to improve her agriculture and standard of education and living. Her problems are vastly different from ours and progress will be slow without help from outside. I am glad that I had this brief glimpse of her daily life.

L. Pearson.

PRO C.N.D.

I support the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament; if another world war should ever break out the best we can do is to try to prevent the powers concerned from using Nuclear forces. All sane people live in mortal terror of these horrific weapons, having been repulsed by the mere fraction of their power which has been seen; the power which devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki during the last world war. The bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima was very small, most of Japan was unscathed, but the physical horror within Hiroshima was enough to attack well-controlled minds; for example, John Hersey says on Hiroshima:- "Mr Tanimoto found 20 men and women on the sandpit. He drove the boat on to the bank and urged them to get aboard . . . he reached down and took a woman by the hands, but her skin slipped off in huge glove-like pieces. He was so sickened by this that he had to sit down for a moment . . . He had to keep repeating to himself, 'These are human beings.' "

We live in peace, at the moment, but an unsettled insecure and threatening peace. According to an American study, "the accidental explosion of nuclear weapons in the next 10 years is not improbable", and there have already been about 10 major accidents with nuclear weapons though none has yet blown up. What sort of peace is this? At the moment our peace is based on the balance of deterrents, each side struggling to get ahead of each other. However is there not great temptation to strike? The advantage still goes to the first-comer. What if a deterrent fails or what about the horror of a "slow motion war" — the devastation of one city at a time with discussions between blasts

Defence mechanisms can never hope to prevent all bombs from getting through. The only warning we have is Fylingdales, in Yorkshire, which will only give us 4 minutes preparation for a nuclear attack. It will take 20 seconds for the warning to be relayed; leaving 3 minutes, 40 seconds for Civil Defence command posts to take decisions and give orders to 50,000,000 people to take cover. What hope have they? Civil defence can never prevent thousands of deaths, "there is no practical means of providing effective defence against thermonuclear war."

A nuclear bomb will give off a flash blind or burn the eyes two or three hundred miles away. It can blow a crater up to 240 feet deep and 1 mile across in the earth; it would burn fatally up to 22 miles away, start fires and destroy buildings in an area 34 miles across. There is not only this immediate danger, but anyone within 1,000 square miles of the blast, who was unprotected, would die from radio-activity within an hour.

The shattering experience which shook men into sanity has been forgotten; they have forgotten that another war is "un-thinkable" and "impossible". Scientists now coldly and objectively discuss megadeaths — a "megadeath" is a **million** dead people. What sane person can tolerate this? What course is left but to oppose these evil weapons in every possible way? No leader can afford to ignore criticism and the feeling of the people, war is no longer an instrument of policy but rather a form of mass-suicide. We must leave the government in no doubt as to our feelings and ignore their abuse about irrelevant and irresponsible action. If enough people support the abolition of these evil weapons the will of the majority must prevail. What choice have we but to support the C.N.D. when we are threatened by such horrific war?

Ann D. Draper, U.VI.

'AND SO IT SHALL BE IN THE END OF THE WORLD'

IT was day-time but the sky was already blanketed by a thick, dark cloud. Everything lay mortally still. An almost unrecognisable figure of a girl crawled in the ruins, her face contorted with grief and agony, the warm blood trickling down her cold face. Her eyes, practically blind with the flashes of the bombs, saw the dark, human shapes and heaps of bones which were once her friends. The girl stopped and turned her face towards heaven, her heart silently crying out for the end. Where was this God? She had belonged to C.N.D., she had protested, but for what? . . . Her body contracted in agony as she rolled in the dust. "Make it soon, please God, the end of the world," she muttered,

Cynthia Woodhall, L.VI.

A THERMO-NUCLEAR WAR

THE word, the switch, the tale of destruction;
 Slowly the shimmering shining weapon
 Rises, like a swan from its nest of concrete
 And points towards the blue deep heavens
 Where it will send so many to their peace.
 The rocket, like a racehorse pulling at the reins
 Tears itself loose, and slowly rises from the earth,
 The self same earth that it will ravage and destroy,
 And speeds on its deadly mission to a far land.

Some children playing in the street, look up
 And see a silver sliver, a shining star
 Enlarge, and a faint rumble stirs the tranquility
 Then oblivion, space, death, and quiet,
 No horror, no cries, no fire, nothing but silence
 And desolation.

The wind wanders and whines over a plain,
 A plain of rubble, doors, windows which saw
 The happiness and sorrow of ordinary humanity
 Shattered, by a word, a switch, and a weapon.

Peter Gosling, 4B.

THE DAY I WENT SIN-EATING

ALTHOUGH the day was disappointing, for once we were having a fine evening. The rain had ceased, and apart from an unprecedented amount of water in the canal, the scene was normal: the usual barges, with their garishly decorated cabins, howling dogs and blasheming occupants; the derelict factories, inhabited by rats; the rotting lock-gates; an infrequent pedestrian.

Across the water a wokman leered at me with obscene intent. "Meet me under the bridge, eightish, luv?"

"Not tonight".

The gravel towpath was worn and pitted by successions of sweating horses. I walked on in their toiling footsteps, and within twenty minutes had gained the open country. Someone, on the other bank, was fishing. Poor fellow, had no-one told him about the city's chemical effluent which had destroyed the piscine inhabitants of the canal?

Some twenty yards further on, a bridge crossed the water. The view from the parapet, looking back towards the town, had for some reason always attracted me. Tonight was no exception, and climbed through a fence, into a cow-lined field, and out on to the road, the surface of which had suffered in the previous winter's frosts. Before I could gain the comparative safety of the parapet. I heard the raucous, disenchanting splutter of a badly-tuned motor-cycle, and turned to watch its approach. A wide load was strapped to it, the machine was steered slowly and gently across the ruts, before a violent burst of acceleration took machine and rider from sight. The wide load, I had realised, was a violin case. Was he going to silence nature, with the taut ecstasy of a Bartok sonata. Perhaps he was merely trying to take his mind off things. ". . . Mind off things." That was why they had suggested a walk — "Nothing like a walk in the country to take your mind off things." Unless it was a ride in the country. Someone else was taking exercise tonight. An adolescent girl on a chestnut mare, which was obviously resenting harsh treatment, was following in the motor-cyclist's wake. Her younger sister — at least I gather it was her sister — ran behind.

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret . . . wait . . . do wait . . . I can't . . . keep up."

Margaret reigned in her mare.

"I can't wait, don't you see?"

She galloped off. I retained a mental image of her face.

Petulant, badly made-up, hard, uncompromising. A family trait? Her sister had the same features.

"But Mummy says . . ." she told me.

But what Mummy had to say on the subject I shall never know. The child had a new idea. Her face brightened momentarily, puckered, and she started to sob. She ran home, contented by her new role.

I was alone once more to look around me. The sky was brilliantly Wedgewood, and at seven the June sun was still surprisingly hot. The ecstasy of the vibrating foliage in the hedgerows screamed with joy against the silent platitudes of the mute blue. And to complete the attractive scene, on the towpath on the other side of the bridge was a painter.

I scrambled down to inspect her work, something I always do before allowing someone the title "artist". That this middle-aged woman was worthy of the distinction was obvious. Her sketch of the scene was filled with some indefinable warning, something alive yet putrefying, beautiful yet repulsive.

"Er — good evening", I ventured.

When she turned round to reply I realised that she was crying.

"Yes, if it would only stay fine".

I walked on, suddenly depressed by people: the futility of the fisherman, the urgency of the two young people, the spoilt child, the awareness of the artist, my own undue sensitivity. Bubbles were rising from the green silence of the canal with an irregular precision which would normally have fascinated me. Tonight, they only served to enhance my irritation.

But I could still be amused and I choked with shocked laughter at the sudden appearance of a butterfly collector. Perhaps it was his dedication to learning that forced him to dress as he did: plus-fours, a torn khaki shirt, topped by a pork-pie hat. He had captured his prey.

"Yes, a beauty . . . a gate-keeper . . . how lovely. My word, yes . . . Oh, hello?"

"Hello, may I look?"

"Yes, my dear, look your fill . . . Poor little thing, what a shame you must die . . . But, die you must. But it is painless — and you wouldn't live long anyway".

I was disconcerted. Who was to die?

"A little ammonia in the jar and . . . there!"

The gatekeeper had expired.

“What an enormity it is to take life . . . What an enormity . . . But it’s all over — just like that — in a moment and then . . . so peaceful, so very peaceful . . .”

With laughter that was admittedly a trifle forced, I commented,

“How cheerful you are, Mr. . . er?”

“Jenkins, my dear. But it is so peaceful. And it could not have lived much longer. No more will I. I’m seventy today. I’ve had my three-score years and ten.” I was, for once, lost for words.

“Good-bye, my dear”, and off he stumbled, like some huge benevolent bee.

For a time, only the sound of my footfall broke the silence which was so overwhelming that I thought I would suffocate unless I could hear something living. At last I was penetrated, by a fragment of violently fluid notes. A blackbird was in an elm above me, so close that I could see his throat vibrating under the strain. Suddenly, I sneezed. The bird flew northwards, hammering the shattered silence with the metallic “pink, pink, pink” alarm cry showing his obvious displeasure.

“Vhy have you done zhat?”

I had whirled round to face the speaker, blushing like a naughty schoolboy.

“Och, it is nuthing, for zhe bird, he always vin.”

“Win?”

“Ja, for I am always following behind him, and he goes on singing vhen I try to write down his song. And zhe music is spoiled, so zhey mock me, zhey vhistle.”

“They — er — give you the bird?”

“?”

“It was a poor joke, Herr Wolpe” (for I too had laughed at his music). “A very poor joke.”

“Oh, ha! ha! I see. Zhis joke, it is a “pon” is it not?”

“Yes, a pun.”

“But zhe bird, he has flown away, and soon zhee sun vill go, and zhe blackbirds vill “pink, pink, pink” because zhey always do it, and I vill to bed, perhaps . . . How sad it is. What is zhe hour?”

“Nearly eight o’clock, Herr Wolpe.”

“So . . . only another hour . . . it is not long. Zhe goot Gott be with you . . .”

“And with you.”

I watched him, as he stumped off, seeing him clearly for the first time. Physically, he was ungainly: short thick body, immense head, with a beard to match. Spiritually . . . but he had turned, and was shouting something. I could not hear what it was, and he walked on before I could stop him. I continued on my way.

The sky foretold rain for the morrow. Who cared? No-one, for the present beauty of the pinkly green sunset was timeless and defied thought. But, that metallic, brassy harshness was still ominous, as though there was a storm to the south west. I quickened my step. I had no desire for a soaking. Then I started to think about Wolpe again. I had always known that I loved the countryside, yet done nothing about it, and openly ridiculed the attempts of the little German to express his feelings. Longhaired intellectualism? No, merely a love of the world. Merely? If only others had had his deep humanity, if only he could have shared his enlightenment. But if I had, why should not other also? Perhaps there was yet hope for mankind? How banal that sounds! But on a evening such as this, all thought must be banal . . .

I had arrived at a lock. Kneeling by the full basin was a middle-aged woman. She peered into the water before getting slowly to her feet. She squatted on her haunches gazing at the marks she had left in the mud then rested her elbows on the knees of her slacks, cushioning her chin on her palms. The result was muddy elbows. She stood up again, removed a notebook from her shirt pocket, and started to make notes.

"God, you made me jump!" She offered me a cigarette.

"No? You're lucky." She tapped the packet nervously.

"Must look odd, suppose?"

"Well, er . . ."

"Want to know?"

"Can I guess? A thriller?" (This was infectious).

"God. Out of the mouths of babes . . . How d'you . . . Well, how?"

"I don't know, but —"

"— Never mind."

A half-smoked cigarette hissed on the dark water.

"How old d'you say you were?"

"I didn't, but —"

"— About eighteen, eh?"

"Twenty-two."

"What do you do?"

"Teach, soon."

"Anything else?"

"Write."

"Ugh. Don't. Never — ruins your nerves. Poetry?"

"Poetry."

"Better than an old woman's thrillers, eh? Not worth it. All the worry. You create people, killing 'em off. Such — a — a — . . ."

An enormity?"

"My God, don't be so damn' cheerful . . . Humph. Must be going. Damn these experiments."

She ran off. The sound of a church clock rang across the fields. Half past eight. Gnats were beginning to devour my flesh.

I turned left into Friar's Wood. There should be a bus back to the town at nine o'clock, and two miles' walk would need speed. But why hurry? To disturb the peace of existence demanded greater temerity than I possessed. Suddenly, just as I had seen Wolpe, I saw myself, with all my faults and failings. Walking on this cloud of self knowledge, there was only one thing to say: "Parce mihi Domine!"

I was too engrossed by my own thoughts to pay any great attention to the path, and it was not long before I was forcibly reminded to concentrate. I had stumbled over a protruding root, and fell. As I scrambled gingerly to my feet, my fingers found something cold and slippery: a book. Golding's "Inheritors". with a record catalogue used as a marker. The fly-leaf showed my signature. It was mine, and must have been lying there for a month.

There were woodlice underneath it, scuttling around in an agony of self-protection. Gently, I replaced their home.

Distantly came the sound of a chiming clock. A quarter to nine. I started to run, feeling hunted, wanted only fellowship, thinking only of my lone-ness. Then the sound of singing, a rich tenor, flooded through the trees. I ran nearer.

Towards the edge of a wood, in a clearing, is a dingle, with a desultory stream crawling along the bottom of its gently sloping sides. It was there the singer had installed himself.

"Gerontius?"

My question was unnecessary: I had sung in the University production.

"And you are the guardian Angel."

We laughed. For a few moments, neither spoke.

"Do you know . . . What's the . . . Oh! What's the use?"

