



THE OLDBURIAN

OLDBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

1963/4

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Vol. V. No. 4.

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R. T. HANCOX, B.Sc.	MISS M. SANDERS
K. ANDREWS, B.Sc.	(Headmaster's Secretary)
R. BROOME, B.Mus., A.R.C.O.	

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

DURING the School year ending in July, 1964, we lost the services of two members of staff: Mrs. Chinnery in February, and Mr. R. K. Andrews in July. Mrs. Chinnery, you will be glad to know, is now the proud mother of a son, whilst Mr. Andrews left to take up a post of assistant master for Russian at Marlborough Grammar School. In bidding farewell to both these teachers we send with them our very best wishes for a happy and successful future, and hope that, whenever they are able, they will call upon us to renew our acquaintance.

At the time of writing, we have also said goodbye to Mr. R. T. Hancox, who has been appointed Senior Chemistry Master at Rowley Regis Grammar School. Mr. Hancox was the mainstay and inspiration of our 5th and 6th Form Joint Societies and, like Mrs. Chinnery and Mr. Andrews, a very great loss to the school. We wish him and Mrs. Hancox, who like her husband is an old student of the school, the very best of good fortune.

On Mrs. Chinnery's departure, Miss Helen Doyle was appointed to fill the vacancy in the English Department until a permanent appointment could be made. Miss Doyle rapidly established herself as a most competent teacher and a respected colleague, and we were very sorry that she was not able to stay with us longer than she did. At the end of the Summer Term, Miss G. Owen came to replace Miss Doyle, and we welcomed in September Mrs. M. Thomas (Economics), Mrs. B. A. Menches (French) and Mr. R. Broome (Music). We hope that their stay with us will be a most happy one. We shall also be losing very shortly the services of our laboratory assistant, Mr. Amatt, who has been with us for just over four years, and whose services to the science departments have been extremely efficient. Mr. Amatt has obtained an appointment with Birmetals Ltd., and we wish him all happiness and success in his new post.

I should now like to offer my heartiest congratulations to certain members of the school for their achievements this year.

To Mr. T. B. Hetherington for his writing of a play, "The Fighting Man," which will be performed in school on March 31st, April 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

To Judith Cutler, for winning the first prize in the national short story competition organised by the review "Critical Quarterly," and for having a story published in "Sixth Form Opinion."

To Henry Jones, for gaining Grade I in his three 'A' level subjects, as well as in the Maths. Special Paper, and to D. M. Beard, who also gained three Grades I.

To Tom Swallow, for winning a place in Christ's College, Cambridge.

To Susan Day, for obtaining four Grade I's at 'O' level, at the same time as studying for three 'A' level subjects.

To the members of the Committee for Aid to the Young for their initiative and hard work in "adopting" an orphanage at Kidderminster.

To all the girls who took over the W.V.S. work during the holidays.

To all the people who have done community service of one kind or another during the past year.

To Kathleen Goode, on becoming a 'Queens Guide.'

And now I should like to say a few words to our present Fifth Formers and their parents. The time is not far off when the decision will have to be made about your future. Many of you will already have decided that you wish to stay at school for the Sixth Form course. Others of you are probably not so sure. I should like to stress here the importance of continuing your full-time education until the last possible moment, and to suggest that, if you are capable of taking two or three Advanced level subjects, you should seriously consider this. To some of you, the thought of leaving school with its attendant "benefits" of independence and a weekly wage, may seem very attractive; but you should take into account not so much what your position will be for the next year or two, but what it will be in ten years time. It is becoming more and more true that people who have, through full-time education, obtained higher qualifications than 'O' level, will in the space of ten years or so have surpassed in salary and status those who left at 'O' level to get a job. You should seriously ask yourself the question, "Would I be wise to leave now?" Furthermore, a situation is arising in this country when people with advanced qualifications are becoming more and more necessary. The development of new fields of technology, of new techniques in administration and commerce, demand the attainment of qualifications without which it is becoming more and more difficult to get on. And it is much easier to obtain these qualifications through full-time study than through part-time courses.

One final word. A state of emergency is rapidly arising in the teaching profession. The need for more and more highly qualified people in all walks of life creates the need for people to teach them. At the present time, and for the next few years, this need will be most greatly felt in the infant and primary schools, and I would ask those of you who feel that you may have a vocation for teaching, boys as well as girls, not to put this call aside lightly. No trained teacher will have any difficulty in obtaining a post, and the need is tremendous—so great in fact that it can be said with truth that unless rapid measures are taken to persuade more people to enter the teaching profession, the teaching service in primary and infant schools is liable to collapse. You are needed, and needed badly, and I ask you to think seriously about the possibility of becoming a teacher before you make a final decision about your career.

H.A.A.

BOYS' SPORTS RESULTS

FOOTBALL successes this year ranged from good to quite good. The Under-13 XI won 14 per cent. of their matches and the 1st XI 24 per cent.

The Under-15 XI showed great promise for the future by winning 50 per cent. of their games, and the Second XI was our most successful team, winning 60 per cent. of theirs.

Highest scorer honours turned out to be a family affair, Derek Jarratt scoring most in the 1st XI, David Smith in the 2nd XI and Ian Jarratt, Derek's brother, in the Under-15 XI.

Unfortunately, our team was defeated in the first round of the Birmingham and District Grammar Schools' Cup, but in the Wade Cup, a local Under-14 competition, our team reached the semi-final before being defeated by Oldbury Technical School.

During the season, Derek Jarratt and Calvin Burford played for Worcestershire County, while the school was represented in the Oldbury Intermediate team by Morley, R. Harvey, Johnson and Totney, and in the Junior team by Hearen and Tibbetts.

For the first time to our knowledge, our school had a cross-country running team which competed in three events. The mainstay of the team was Captain John Russell, who gained third places at Halesowen and Tipton, and second place in the Worcestershire County Championships at Dudley. For this, he represented the County in the English National Schools' Championship at London. The team is even stronger this year, and we hope for even better things.

The school Athletic Sports Day was held early in the Summer Term, and was highlighted by the exciting Senior High Jump event, which was finally won by Dennis Beard.

From these sports our athletes were chosen to represent the school in the Birmingham and District Grammar Schools' Sports. This year the school was more successful than usual, gaining six firsts and numerous other places.

The Swimming Gala was held in the Summer Term and resulted in a win by Trinity House. The Senior Individual Champion was Griffiths, and the Junior Champion was Fletcher.

This appears to be the only sport which is not extended to inter-school activities. The reason would appear to be the difficulty in obtaining the local baths at a convenient time for matches.

Our cricket teams performed well this year, the 1st XI winning 50 per cent. of their games, while regular player John Franks also played for Worcestershire County. The Under-13 XI promised well for the future by winning 80 per cent. of their matches, and the Under-15 XI won 83 per cent. without losing a single game.

TOM SWALLOW.

GIRLS' SPORTS RESULTS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drew	Goals	
					For	Against
School Hockey						
First XI ...	10	6	3	1	35	19
Second XI ...	6	5	1	0	37	8
'A' XI ...	2	2	0	0	18	1
Hockey House Matches						
King's ...	2	1	1	0	2	1
Queen's ...	2	2	0	0	5	0
School ...	2	0	1	1	2	6
Trinity ...	2	0	1	1	2	4
School Rounders						
First XI ...	4	3	1	0	33	12½
Second XI ...	4	1	0	3	25½	20½
School Tennis	14	8	5	1		
Swimming Gala: 1st, King's; 2nd, Queen's; 3rd, School; 4th, Trinity.						

AWARDS, 1964

FORM PRIZES FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Form 1C	Nadia K. Neale G. Whitehouse	Form 3C	B. S. Underhill Annette Green
Form 1B	Elaine M. Bending B. T. Debney	Form 3B	Maria E. Aldridge M. Gough
Form 1A	J. M. Young M. T. Cowley	Form 3A	Z. G. Kowalczyk S. R. Grigg
Form 2C	Gwendoline E. Harris I. R. Dawson	Form 4C	Janice Whitehouse Janet F. Aston
Form 2B	Georgina Gregory Hilary Madeley	Form 4B	P. Gosling I. F. Jukes
Form 2A	A. J. George Susan Nicklin	Form 4A	P. W. Taylor Barbara E. Evans

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION IN THREE OR MORE
SUBJECTS AT ORDINARY LEVEL

Form 5A

J. R. Barton: e.h.g.f.m.
A. R. Clarke: e.h.l.f.m*.p.c.
R. J. Cooper: e*.a.f.m.p.c.b.
D. B. Hutchings: e.h*.l.f.m.c.
G. Letts: e.g.m.c.b.
D. G. Morley: e.el.h*.l.f.m.
R. Parkes: e.s.a.f.m.c*.b.
B. J. Partridge: e.f.m.p.c*.b.
B. Percival: g.a.f.m.c.b.
I. Powleson: e*.h.g.f.m.
J. T. Rose: e.h.l.f.m.p.c.
T. Sidaway: e.s.a.f.m*.c.w*.
A. M. Smith: e.h.a.f.m.p.w.
M. A. Strode: e.a.m.c.w*.
P. M. Tabbush: e.l.f*.m.p*.c.b.
Janice Allbrooke: e*.l.f*.m.p.c.b.
Iris M. Blewitt: e*.h.s.f.m.ds.
June A. Clewley: e.l.f*.m*.p.c.b.
Lynn E. Cole: e*.g.l.f.m.ds.
Jacqueline R. Edwards: e.el.h.s.f.m.ds.
Janis L. Hughes: e*. el*. h.s*.f.m.ds.
Margaret S. Jones: e.el*.h.a.f.m.ds.
Jenifer E. Norris: e.h.l*.f*.m*.p.c.
Margaret Rollason: e*.el.l*.f*.m*.c.ds*.
Susan Sawbridge: e.el*.s*.l.f*.m.
Frances H. Smith: e*.s.a.l.f*.m.b.

Form 5B

R. C. Basterfield: e.g.f.m.p.c.b.
K. J. Brown: e.m*.p.c*.w.
S. Downing: e.g.f.m.p.c.b.
D. S. Fisher: g.m.p.c.w.
I. I. Hall: e.g.f.m.p.c.b.
R. J. Hawkins: e.g*.f.m.p.c.b.
P. G. Jones: e.g.f.m.p.c.b.
J. M. P. Leavy: e.h.g.a.f.
D. K. Peet: e.g.a.b.
K. G. Pegg: e.el.s.f.m.c.b.
M. W. Slim: e.f.m.p.c.

Jacqueline Fox: e.l.s.m.
Joan Glaze: e.h.s.
Carol A. Holden: e.s.a.ds.
Susan W. S. Jones: e.el.h.g.f.b.
Anne Mortimer: e.el.h.g.f.m.
Jean A. Pardoe: g.a.f.c.
Jennifer A. Twining: e.el.h.s.a.f.m.
Lynn P. Valentine: e.el.h.s*.a.m.ds.
Christine A. Yates: e.el.s*.a.f.

Form 5C

J. M. Bailey: e.g.m*.p.c.w.
A. H. Baker: m.p.c.w.
C. C. Charlton: g*.m.c.b.
A. C. Fisher: e.g.m.p.c.b.
S. H. Hollingsworth: e.h.g.m.w.
J. D. Jermyn: e.g*.f.m.p.c.b.
R. K. Lealand: e.g.m.p.c.
K. I. Massey: e.s.f.m.p.c.
K. Wilcox: e.s.m.p.
M. Wilcox: h.g.a.m.w.
Barabara H. Cadman: e.el.h.g.a.
Susan Clemmett: e.el.g.a.f.m.c.
Lindsey A. Cowell: e.el*.s.f.c.
Susan K. Hawkins: e.s.a.f.m.c.b.
Irene M. Johnson: e.f.c.ds.
Susan Male: e.l. h*.s*.
Nicola G. Ranford: e.el*.s.a.f.c.
Dorothy J. Spittle: e.el.g.f.
Glen M. Waldron: a.c.ds.
Elaine Wall: e.s.m.p.c.
Diana Wiggins: e.el.h.g.m.

Form Lower 6

R. Acutt: e.f.pm.c*.
S. J. Gray: e.l.f.pm*.c.
A. A. Jackson: l.f*.pm.c.
Barbara H. Bagley: e.g*.f.m.
Jean Cooper: e.s.m.p.
Christine A. Cowley: e.l*.f*.m*.
Susan L. Day: e*.g*.s*.m*.

D. V. Smyth: g*.m.p.c.
 Susan B. L. Akers: e.el.m.
 Linda A. Biddulph: e.el.h*.s.f.m.
 Carol A. Brown: e.el.f.m.p.c.b.
 Margaret E. Chapman: e.el*.h.s*.f.m.b.
 Jean Dallaway: el.s.f.m.c.

Cynthia R. Woodhall: e*.s*.f.m.

Additional Subjects

H. C. Baldwin: pm.
 J. W. Bastable: pm.
 M. J. Billington: pm.
 C. W. Burford: e.p.w.

ADDITIONAL SUBJECTS (cont.)

J. E. Franks: h.
 D. R. Frost: a.
 K. W. Gooding: pm*.
 R. P. Griffiths: pm.ph.
 J. L. Hatton: e.
 S. D. Hodgetts: e.
 J. M. Holding: pm.
 B. M. Humphries: pm.
 D. G. Jarratt: pm.
 A. I. Nevett: f.
 G. Perry: pm.

J. M. Plant: pm*.
 L. R. Stace: pm.
 J. A. Stalker: a.
 R. J. Summers: pm.
 P. Withers: pm.
 Carole S. E. Dicken: pm.
 Patricia W. Fairclough: h.
 Ann Homer: ph.
 Helen Horton: f.
 Delia M. Warwick: ph.
 Marjorie A. Weston: pm.p*.c*.

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION AT ADVANCED LEVEL

M. A. Aston: EL.G*.B.E.
 P. V. Barnsley: M.F.M.P.
 G. Bayliss: m.C.
 D. M. Beard: M*.M(s).FM*.P*.
 D. J. Bytheway: PM.P.C.E.
 I. S. Davies: M.p.C.E.
 M. Elliott: E.
 R. A. Gray: PM.B.
 D. Griffin: P.C.B.E.
 G. E. Hadley: M.F.M.P.
 F. J. Harvey: EL.H*.S.E.
 A. B. Hicks: M.F.M.P.E.
 G. J. Hickton: C.B.
 A. J. Jackson: M.F.M.P.
 H. Jones: M*.M(s)*.FM*.P*.E.
 M. Jones: EL.G.
 P. Jones: P.C.B.E*.
 M. L. Pegg: EL.MUS.f.E.
 R. Percival: M.p.
 B. Powell: M.E.
 B. A. Roberts: M.F.M.P.C.E.
 J. S. Russell: EL.H.E.

D. R. S. Smith: M.F.M.
 T. Swallow: M*.M(s).FM.P*.E.
 J. E. Williams: P.C.B.
 J. N. Wood: h.S.
 Gillian A. Blackham: P.C.B*.E.
 Alison M. Chapman: EL.S.
 Jennifer D. Coley: EL.L.F.E.
 Judith M. Cutler: EL.L.F.E*.
 Penelope J. Daniels: S.P.M.
 Pamela Downing: EL.h.E.
 Ann D. Draper: EL*.A.F.E*.
 Denise V. Gannon: EL*.L.F*.E.
 June I. Hart: EL*.B.
 June M. Huckfield: el.G.
 Dorothy M. Jones: g.
 Lorraine Madeley: PM.B.
 Jill A. F. Parry: EL.f.
 Joan H. Plimley: M*.FM.P.E.
 Janet Randell: p.c.B.E.
 Rona A. Spencer: EL.H.B.
 Janet A. Townsend: F.

Capitals: Advanced level.
 Lower Case: Ordinary level.
 Asterisk: Highest possible grade achieved.
 E: English Language.
 e: English Language (O level).
 EL: English Literature.
 H: History.
 G: Geography.
 S: Scripture.
 A: Art.
 F: French

L: Latin.
 M: Mathematics.
 PM: Pure Mathematics.
 FM: Further Mathematics.
 P: Physics.
 C: Chemistry.
 B: Biology.
 P.H: Physiology and Hygiene.
 W: Woodwork.
 DS: Domestic Science.
 MUS: Music.

SPECIAL AWARDS

Frank Dawes' Prize for Leadership	J. S. Russell
Lydia Dawes' Prize for Leadership	Gillian F. Blackham
Best Individual Academic Achievement	H. Jones
Pearson Memorial Prize for English (shared)	Ann Draper and Denise Gannon
Cup and Prize for Best Ordinary Level G.C.E. —Girls (shared)	Susan L. Day and Jenifer E. Norris
Cup and Prize for Best Ordinary Level G.C.E. —Boys (shared)	S. J. Gray and P. M. Tabbush

(This is a new trophy presented by Mr. and Mrs. T. Swallow)

**UNIVERSITY, TECHNOLOGY, COMMERCE AND FURTHER
EDUCATION COUNTY AWARDS, 1964**

M. A. Aston ...	Birmingham University (Geography)
P. V. Barnsley ...	College of Advanced Technology (Civil Engineering)
D. M. Beard ...	Bristol University (Mathematics)
Gillian Blackham ...	Birmingham University (Medical Biochemistry)
D. J. Bytheway ...	Birmingham University (Chemistry)
Jennifer Coley ...	College of Commerce, Birmingham (Interpreter's course)
Judith Cutler ...	Birmingham University (English)
I. S. Davies ...	Liverpool University (Metallurgy)
Ann Draper ...	Reading University (Fine Art)
M. J. Elliott ...	Leicester College of Technology (Surveying)
Denise Gannon ...	Queen Mary College, London (French)
D. Griffin ...	Bristol University (Dentistry)
G. E. Hadley ...	Staffordshire College of Advanced Technology (Electrical Engineering)
A. B. Hicks ...	Birmingham University (Civil Engineering)
G. J. Hickton ...	Leicester College of Technology (Surveying)
June Huckfield ...	College of Commerce, Birmingham
A. J. Jackson ...	School of Architecture, Birmingham
H. Jones ...	Liverpool University (Mathematics)
M. Jones ...	School of Architecture, Birmingham
P. Jones ...	Birmingham University (Medicine)
M. Pegg ...	Birmingham University (English and Music)
R. Percival ...	Leicester College of Technology (Mathematics)
Joan Plimley ...	York University (Mathematics)
B. Powell ...	Sandwich Course with Bryants of Birmingham
B. A. Roberts ...	University College, London (Chemistry)
J. S. Russell ...	Bristol University (Divinity)
Rona Spencer ...	Liverpool University (Law)
Janet Townsend ...	College of Commerce, Birmingham (Interpreter's course)
Marjorie Weston ...	King's College, London (Geography)

TEACHERS' TRAINING COLLEGES, 1964

Alison Chapman ...	Westhill, Birmingham
Pamela Downing ...	City of Coventry
R. A. Gray ...	City of Birmingham
F. J. Harvey ...	Dudley
Dorothy Jones ...	City of Birmingham
Lorraine Madeley ...	Shenstone
Jill Parry ...	Huddersfield
J. N. Wood ...	Huddersfield

PRIZES FOR THE BEST USE OF LEISURE

Prizes awarded by the late Mr. A. P. Hands ...	Janet Mole Marion Franks
Prizes awarded by Mrs. C. T. Barlow	Jane Nicholls A. E. Eaves
Prizes awarded by the late Mr. C. T. Barlow ... (No second prize awarded in this section)	Philippa Grant

EXAMINATIONS OF THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Janet Mole ...	'Cello: Grade III (Transitional)
Ann Homer ...	'Cello: Grade III (Transitional)
Elaine M. Bending ...	Violin: Grade III (Transitional), Distinction
D. C. Turley ...	Violin: Grade II (Elementary), Distinction
Susan J. Terry ...	Violin: Grade II (Elementary)
I. M. Homer ...	Violin: Grade II (Elementary)
D. G. Weston ...	Violin: Grade II (Elementary), Distinction
A. B. Hicks ...	Viola: Grade VII (Advanced), Distinction

AWARDS FOR GAMES, ATHLETICS, SWIMMING, ETC.

Girl Guides' Prizes	Delia M. Warwick Kathleen Goode
Games' Prizes	Gillian Read J. S. Russell
Boys' Athletics Champion, awarded Vernon Cup	J. S. Russell
Girls' Athletics Champion, awarded Albright Cup	Gillian Read
Parents' Cricket Match	The School
Chess—best individual player (Trophy given to the School by J. N. Wood)	D. Slim

HOUSE CUPS

The Howarth Cup for Games	Queen's House
The Jephcott Cup for Athletics	King's House
Swimming Cup	King's House
Dramatics Cup	School House
The Beard Cup for National Savings	Queen's House
The Davies Cup for Junior and Middle School Studies	Trinity House
The Hadley Cup for Academic Achievement of Seniors	School House
The Davies Cup for Music	Award deferred

TROPHIES WON BY THE SCHOOL

Oldbury and Langley District Guide Swimming Shield
Birmingham and District Grammar Schools Athletic Association Schools'
Cup for senior half-mile (won by J. S. Russell)

SOME RECENT SUCCESSES OF OLD SCHOLARS**University of Birmingham**

Mrs. G. Pardoe, B.Sc.	Ph.D. Biochemistry
T. Eaton, B.Sc. ...	Ph.D. Physics
J. Gosling ...	B.A. IIa English
T. Daniels ...	B.Sc. IIb Chemistry
J. Hughes ...	B.Sc. IIa Comparative Anatomy
D. Turton ...	B.Sc. IIa Metallurgy
C. Dittrich ...	B.Soc.Sc. IIb

University of Nottingham

Jennifer Turner ...	B.A. I Geography
J. Round ...	B.Sc. IIa Mathematics/Economics
Sheila Cooke ...	B.Sc. Mathematics

University of London

Royal College of Science and Technology

P. Isherwood ... B.Sc. I Mechanical Engineering

University of Cambridge

A. W. D. Pardoe ... B.A. IIa Law (Part II)

Birmingham College of Advanced Technology

M. Stone ... Dip. Tech. A.C.T.

Chance Technical College

Margaret Barratt ... Higher National Certificate in Mechanical Engineering

E. H. Templeton ... Higher National Certificate in Building

G. Plant ... Higher National Certificate in Chemistry

A. G. Franklin ... National Diploma in Mechanical Engineering

H. W. Robertson ... National Diploma in Mechanical Engineering

P. E. James ... National Diploma in Mechanical Engineering

J. J. Upton ... National Diploma in Mechanical Engineering

Training Colleges

City of Birmingham

J. E. Campbell ... Teachers' Certificate

St. Mary's, Cheltenham

Nina Rogers ... Teachers' Certificate

Coventry

Susan J. Bates ... Teachers' Certificate

Nottingham

R. C. Broadbent ... Teachers' Certificate

Nursing

Radcliffe Infirmary

Teresa A. Sulley ... S.R.N. Specialising in Paediatric Surgery

MR. L. F. RYDER'S SPEECH

OUR speaker, Mr. L. F. Ryder, the School Liaison Officer for the Northern Region of the B.B.C., began by letting us into the secret that he and Mr. Aykroyd were old friends, and that naturally he wanted to know "what sort of a place Mr. Aykroyd had come to." Mr. Ryder went on to say that he had been able to judge for himself the kind of school which Oldbury Grammar School is, from the standard of the speeches of the Head Boy and Girl, with which he seemed suitably impressed. He continued by telling us that he always knew that Mr. Aykroyd would come to a wonderful school.

Having given ourselves a mental pat on the back, we listened to the rest of his speech with obvious interest. Mr. Ryder informed us that this was his twenty-seventh Speech Day, man and boy. He traced his progress from the time when, as a small boy, he was made to endure the ceremony sitting on the floor. From there he was promoted to a hard seat (there were several sympathetic smiles at this point) and then participated in Speech Days as a teacher. Now he was taking part in yet another Speech Day as the Speaker, which experience Mr. Ryder said he could only describe as nerve-racking.

He then amused the audience by recalling just a few incidents which had taken place on previous Speech Days. On one occasion, a Polish lady, invited to present the prizes to the School, decided to give a piano recital and to demonstrate the Mazurka, a dance

which requires the making of loud noises, stamping and moving backwards energetically. All of these the lady did, only to fall through the curtain at the rear of the stage. It is surely to the everlasting credit of that particular school that no-one laughed. One wonders whether this demonstration would have had the same reception at Oldbury Grammar School.

Another amusing incident concerned a lady educationalist, who, when addressing a school of six hundred and fifty boys, forgot herself entirely and began, "Now, girls . . ."

Finally, an anecdote about the present Speech Day. Mr. Richards looked rather abashed when Mr. Ryder made it known that, upon his arrival at the school, our Deputy Headmaster greeted him with: "Now, please remember that the seats are very hard."

He summed up the first part of his speech by saying that, during the course of his twenty-seven Speech Days, he had come to realise that it was the job of the Speaker to "speak up, stand still and keep it as short as possible."

Mr. Ryder followed his own principle in the talk which followed, during which he told us something about his job and about the B.B.C. as a whole. He said that although the statement that television was the greatest means of communication had now become a cliché, it was nevertheless still true. He referred to the televising of such recent events as the election of President Johnson, the State Opening of Parliament and the Olympic Games, which achievement he called "incredible."

Mr. Ryder went on to say that many people in the audience could recall the first time that they switched on a television set, but that now television was simply accepted. Ninety per cent. of the population have access to a television set, and spend approximately two and a half to three hours a day viewing.

Mr. Ryder then put the question: "What is television giving us, and what are we asking of television?" He quoted this fact: "When young people start watching T.V. at the age of three, for three-quarters of an hour per day, they will reach the climax, when they are about twelve, of twenty-four hours per week."

Mr. Ryder continued by saying that it is hard to believe that there has been so much development since the days of the crystal set, that we can now both watch and listen.

He believed that parents should take the necessary responsibility and not regard radio as a background noise. This, he said, is what has happened to the radio, particularly with the invention of the small portable radio: people of the older generation keep the radio continually playing, because they cannot stand silence. This has developed so that people of the younger generation "find it impossible to do their Physics without the Light Programme." He

asked, "Are we in danger of doing the same to television, making it an audio-visual background to the things we do?" Mr. Ryder has noticed that often, although the television set is switched on in a room, people are not watching it, but doing other things, such as housework, eating their tea, reading or attempting homework. (Many people in the School began to feel uncomfortable at this point, knowing that all too often this is just what happens).

Mr. Ryder questioned whether we can give our work the necessary amount of concentration under these conditions. Not to view becomes a "conscious act of will" when a television set is on in the room in which we are working. "Thirty-seven per cent. of Grammar School pupils do their homework to a background of T.V.," Mr. Ryder continued, and asked whether it was right to expect young people to work under these conditions, here echoing one of the themes of our Headmaster's report.

Mr. Ryder went on to say that television serves society, and pointed out that whether or not we are presented with a totally undemanding form of entertainment, depends upon the relationship between the providers of this entertainment and the viewers themselves. People tend to regard television merely as "chewing gum for the eyes." We are prepared to watch something which makes no demands upon us. Mr. Ryder said that this had a particularly bad effect upon young children, for, if they are fed with a diet of the second-rate, they will develop an appetite for this. He then quoted one of the many letters sent by viewers, attacking the B.B.C. This was from a lady who believed that "the B.B.C. is obsessed with sex" and that it was "about time Percy Thrower stopped using the word 'germinate'." She also pointed out that Cliff Michelmores looked at her in "a most provocative manner."

Mr. Ryder assured us that no mass media were insensitive to public demands; the viewers themselves were in this respect partly responsible for the standard of programmes shown on television. If society requests something of the B.B.C., it will usually obtain what it wants.

Finally, Mr. Ryder mentioned the question of the ability of television to teach. He believed that the answer to this question was an affirmative one, and that it was ridiculous to say that television had nothing to offer to the classroom; but, on the other hand, television was no substitute for the teacher who operated the set. Television as a means of teaching, is of use, so long as the pupil does not adopt a passive attitude to learning.

Mr. Ryder ended this most interesting and amusing speech by leaving us with this thought: any society will ultimately obtain the kind of television entertainment for which it asks, but it may not be the kind which the next generation deserves.

Susan Day, U.6.

LEAVERS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Reason</i>
Form 5C	
A. H. Baker	_____
A. C. Fisher	B.I.P. Lab. Assistant
D. Griffiths	Apprentice—Brookes
S. H. Hollingsworth	Apprentice—Hope Bros.
J. D. Jermyn	Transferred to South Wales
K. L. Massey	Audit Clerk
R. T. Plant	Tube Products
B. D. Powell	Navy
M. Wilcox	Shop Fitter
B. Baker	Accles & Pollock
S. Clemmett	Barclay's Bank
J. Hanford	_____
I. Johnson	M.N.I.P.
A. Lawrence	Riding Stables
D. Parsons	Bank
G. Waldron	Further Education (Halesowen College)
E. Wall	Insurance
C. Walwyn	Accles & Pollock
D. Wiggins	Librarian
L. Yates	Accles & Pollock
Form 5B	
R. F. Hale	Butcher's Boy
K. Hughes	Apprentice
R. W. King	Apprentice—Accles & Pollock
J. M. Leavy	G.P.O.
L. Biddulph	Insurance
J. Dallaway	Lucas
J. Glaze	T.C. for Teachers of Spastics
C. Holden	Further Education (Halesowen College)
A. Mortimer	Midland Employers' Mutual Assurance
L. Valentine	Cardiological Technician
L. Watkins	Insurance
C. Winwood	Comptometer Operator
C. Yates	Wyatt & Green
J. Young	Lab. Assistant (Birmingham University)
Form 5A	
J. R. Barton	Lloyd's Bank
G. R. Clark	Insurance
A. M. Smith	Technical Apprentice (Accles & Pollock)
I. Blewitt	Insurance
L. Cole	Secretarial Training
J. Edwards	Prudential Assurance
J. Hughes	Midland Bank
Form 6X	
S. D. Bell	_____
C. W. Burford	Quantity Surveying
R. J. Hartill	Apprentice
J. L. Hatton	Trainee—Cost Accountancy
L. Hirons	_____
R. D. Need	Insurance
J. A. Stalker	Traveller
H. Horton	Midland Bank
P. Quinn	Draughtsman



<i>Name</i>	<i>Reason</i>
Upper 6	
M. A. Aston	Birmingham University (Geography)
P. V. Barnsley	College of Advanced Tech. & Civil Engineering
G. Bayliss	Civil Engineering
D. M. Beard	Bristol University (Maths.)
D. J. Bytheway	Birmingham University (Chemistry)
I. S. Davies	Liverpool University (Metallurgy)
M. J. Elliott	Leicester College of Technology
R. A. Gray	Birmingham Training College
D. Griffin	Bristol University
G. E. Hadley	Staffordshire College of Advanced Tech. (Electrical Engineering)
F. J. Harvey	Dudley Training College
A. B. Hicks	Birmingham University (Civil Engineering)
G. J. Hickton	Leicester College of Technology (Surveying)
A. J. Jackson	Birmingham School of Architecture
H. Jones	Liverpool University (Maths.)
M. Jones	Birmingham School of Architecture
P. Jones	Birmingham University (Medicine)
M. Pegg	Birmingham University (English & Music)
R. Percival	Leicester College of Technology
B. Powell	Apprentice—Bryant
B. A. Roberts	London University (Chemistry)
J. S. Russell	Bristol University (Divinity)
D. R. S. Smith	Accountancy
J. E. Williams	Physiotherapy
J. N. Wood	Huddersfield Training College
G. Blackham	Birmingham University (Medical Biochemistry)
A. Chapman	Westhill Training College
J. Coley	College of Commerce
J. Cutler	Birmingham University (English)
P. Daniels	Nursing
P. Downing	Coventry Training College
A. Draper	Reading University (Fine Art)
D. Gannon	Queen Mary College, London (French)
J. Hart	Ministry of Health
J. Huckfield	College of Commerce
D. Jones	Birmingham Training College
L. Madeley	Shenstone Training College
J. Parry	Huddersfield Training College
J. Plimley	York University (Maths.)
R. Spencer	Liverpool University (Law)
J. Townsend	College of Commerce
M. Weston	King's College, London (Geography)

HOCKEY

MUDDY,
Boggy,
Soggy,
Squelchy,
We tramp across the field,
And get into position.
There's a clash of sticks,
The ball goes rolling over the grass.
The inner takes it,
And runs with it.
Fast.
"Come on that half-back,
WHERE'S the green half?
TACKLE, don't stand,
Now hit it, blues!
Go on,
PUSH it in,
SHOOT, DON'T stand there, backs.
CLEAR it the green back,
OUT to the side—
Now HARD up your wing,
Back into the centre with it, blues,
Shoot now—
Go on that inner.
WHERE'S the green back?
Who should be tackling her?
SHOOT—it's in.
Well done, blues."

Elizabeth Watters, 4.B.

LIFE

YAWNING and then stretching; itching, and then scratching;
Rising, talking, walking and eating a sandwich;
Saving and then paying; laughing, or crying in self-pity;
Believing, aching; hating, then longing till it hurts;
Hurting, fearing, hearing, seeing
Nothing but
A book, a shop, a man, a cup with no handle;
Words, fog, sunshine or a loaf of bread.
Caught in a cage of convention.
But to stand darkly on an autumn hill at night,
Protected beneath by a moat of yellow light,
Alone.
Surrounded by your world continuing below without you.
A world in which you strive in vain to find fulfilment.
A net of glittering tinsel drawn across the night.
To smell the air, to hear the air,
To feel the wind as if it were a living thing;
To be alone, but surrounded by this something,
Live throbbing, pushing, pulling;
To sway with the wind,
A masterless puppet on a deserted stage.
To stagger forward pushing back the wind,
Drunk with freedom.
To jump into the wind,
To run, leap, fly,
Cry, shout, scream, scream.
To lie on the cold ground.
To pull at tufts of grass.
To laugh;
To raise up your hands and worship
A star, the moon.
One of these is life;
One is simply living.

Susan Day, U.6.

HIAWATHA'S MOTOR BIKE

IN a Wayside Caff near London
Sat a group of singing Rockers.
Suddenly the singing stopped there,
All was deathly, silent, quiet,
For a Rocker on his Enfield
Came right past that Wayside Café.
Big and fast and powerful was it,
Faster than a bolt of lightning.
So this group of singing Rockers
Took their helmets and their girlfriends.
Off they went along the by-pass,
Trying to catch that Royal Enfield.
Must have stopped for them to pass him?
If he had, they would have seen him.
So they recommenced their journey,
Off along the boring by-pass,
Turned off down a lonely sideroad,
Looking for the Royal Enfield.
But the Rocker on this Enfield
Had long gone and left them standing,
Left them standing on the by-pass.
For the rider of this Enfield
Was the speedy Hiawatha.
Hiawatha, Bolt of Lightning,
Faster than a winging arrow.
With his bow upon his back there,
Shooting arrows at policemen.
But they had no chance to catch him
Whilst upon his Royal Enfield.
Faster than the whitest Z-Car,
Faster than the bolt of lightning.
All the police were on the lookout
For a giant Royal Enfield.
But this Enfield needed petrol,
Needed petrol for the engine.
So he went into a garage,
To a garage for some petrol.
As coincidence would have it,
Round a corner came a Z-Car,
Fast and powerful was it also.
Just in time, for Hiawatha
Was a wanted man by this time,
Had his name on all the posters,
Had his name in all the records,
So that day he was arrested.
He was sent to Brixton Prison
For a term of eighteen months there.
That's the end of Hiawatha
And his giant Royal Enfield.

B. Harvey, 4.B.

THE NIGHT HUNTER

THE flap of wings in the night
 Is heard.
 Two bright eyes shine,
 Piercing through the dark
 They filter gracefully through
 The mist.
 Then they are gone.
 Shadows crease the land,
 Gruesome, sombre,
 Out of the night.
 The mist descends,
 All is dark.
 It surrounds the forsaken
 Place.
 The winds whistle.
 They seem to sense
 A midnight chase.

Sandra Willetts, 1.S.

ROCKS

THE rocks are sullen,
 Silent in the sun.
 Three of them.
 Smooth.
 A shadow is cast;
 Jagged mountains pierce the sky,
 Black and uninviting.
 A fiord is calm,
 Unmoving.
 Sand untrodden on,
 Flat.

Jeffrey Bharier, 3.C.

STRETCHES of pale yellow sand,
 Eerie shadows cast by the western sun.
 The sea,
 Still,
 Blue,
 Dark jagged rocks break the stillness of the water.
 Mountains pierce the sky.
 Peaceful.

Joy Jones, 3.C.

THE BULLDOZER

CRUNCHING, straining, churning, breaking,
Mammoth in its own right,
The driver dwarfed as he sits perched high above
Looking down on the world.
Tearing the aged roots from their warm beds,
Showing no mercy to anything in its path,
Roaring onward, cutting deep grooves in the earth below,
Scraping from the earth formations which took years to accumulate.
Pressing onward,
Never ceasing motion,
Nothing can deter this giant.

A. R. Lester, 3.B.

HIAWATHA'S SHOPPING

HIAWATHA did the shopping
On a Thursday, lovely Thursday!
Oh! he really truly loved it,
What a pity, what a pity,
For the poor shopkeeper loathed it!
Hiawatha did his shopping
At the big and bright-lit foodstore,
In the high-street of Oldbury.
First he went and took a trolley,
With a little basket on it,
Little wispy, wiry basket,
On the little shiny trolley.
First he went up to the jam-shelves,
Where all kinds of jam were loaded,
Raspberry, gooseberry, plum and damson,
Robertson's, Hartley's and some New-jam.
Hiawatha saw his prize,
A lovely pot of clear, red plum-jam,
Clear and fruity Hartley's New-jam,
How he loved that fruity plum-jam!
He stood upon his little trolley,
On his little shiny trolley,
Alas, the trolley rolled away,
Rolled away with Hiawatha,
Leaving a trail of rolling jam-pots,
Rolling, rolling along behind him,
Breaking, cracking, spilling New-jam.
Hiawatha could not stop them,
Could not stop the rolling jam-pots,
Could not stop his shiny trolley,
As he rolled along the gangway,
Along the lovely long wide gangway,
He came upon a big display,
A big display of washing powders.
He saw them coming nearer, nearer,
Nearer, nearer, could do nothing.
Nothing but just go right through them.
All the store was in a chaos,
Nobody would try to stop him,
Nobody would dare to stop him.
Mothers screamed and held their children,
Children laughed and were not frightened.

Then the manager came to him,
"Excuse me sir, I say, excuse me,"
Hiawatha took no notice;
He could not, even if he wished to.
Alas, he could not steer his trolley.
Into a wall it crashed and battered,
Hiawatha knew it mattered.
The manager came up and helped him,
Helped him from his poor wrecked trolley,
From his "shiny" little trolley.
Poor Hiawatha, in a bad state,
Paid for all the damage he'd cost them,
Piled the big display of powder,
Lovely white and soapy powder,
Back up in the food-store gangway,
Left the store, his feathers drooping,
Oh! his lovely feathers drooping,
Never, never to go back there.
What a shame for Hiawatha,
Poor old lonely Hiawatha.

Christine Gordon, 4.B.

THE LIZARD

I SAT upon the river's bank, and fished,
In the heat of the mid-day sun.
A lizard crawled upon a flat stone
And basked in the humid warmth.
His skin was wet and slimy,
Like green, sickly sea-weed floating by the shores of the ocean.
He moved.
His green and mottled body squirmed elusively
As he swished his long, slippery tail.
His lazy, insolent eyes winked idly.
He looked intensely bored.
I stared into his round, vacant eyes
And observed his expressionless face.
Whatever he thought or was thinking
Never showed on his countenance:
Those glassy orbs searched my mind.
I turned away.
My abrupt action startled him;
In an instant he had vanished—
The wet patch where he had lain remained on the stone,
The only proof that he had been there,
Or existed.

Andrea Boswell, 2.T.

THE HARE

A LONE animal
Pads softly through the sunset,
(Soft, sleeky fur),
With nervous breaks and ears pricked high
Sits on the hill,
And at the slightest sound
With a flash disappears through the undergrowth.
The night is still, the moon is high,
Gradually,
One by one,
Animals appear.
With one accord they hunt and kill,
Except the lonely hare.
With a sudden movement of the undergrowth she appears,
With eyes aware of everything,
Brown fur gleams in the moonshine;
She stands majestic in the night.
Then she is off.
No human being could tell, but
She hears the padding of paws,
She feels the nose quivering behind her.
She is someone else's prey.
She's off! She runs with all her might,
She hears the fox behind her,
She tires quickly,
She slows down.
Then her screech rings through the night,
All is lost.
The beautiful hare who once ran and sprang
And stood so still, is gone.
Perhaps to another world,
Perhaps to an animal heaven,
Perhaps to the future. No-one can tell.
But one thing is sure—
She will never sit on the hill,
Handsome, majestic, with ears pricked high.

Gillian Hetherington, 2.T.



“THE CRUCIBLE”

(left to right)

Ann Draper as Elizabeth Proctor
and
Philip Jones as John Proctor



“THE CRUCIBLE”

(left to right)

Susan Baker as Betty Parris

Christine Richards as Abigail Williams

Barbara Bagley as Mercy Lewis

Pamela Cox and Susanna Walcott

THE GIRLS' VISIT TO EDGMOND HALL

A PARTY of girls climbed into the Midland Red coach on a warm, sunny morning; a terrier puppy was barking and wriggling furiously in the arms of Mrs. Sorril, and cases were being piled into the back of the coach. Seven days ago the same sun had been shining and the same dog had been barking—the only difference was that another group of people had been departing from Edgmond Hall, and we from Oldbury Grammar School had just arrived. Helen Griffiths and I both knew what to expect, for we had spent a week at Edgmond the previous August. However, the other members of our party did not feel lost for very long, for soon afterwards everyone had assembled in the large recreation room to be warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Sorril and Mr. Sykes.

At the end of the first day, when everyone was comfortably in bed in one of the three dormitories, the general opinion was that the holiday was bound to be a good one. We were not mistaken: by the end of the week we had seen much of Shropshire and had made several trips further afield. The weather was gloriously hot and sunny, except for one notable occasion when it poured and poured. Unfortunately, the afternoon this occurred was the one on which Mr. Sorril sent everyone for a long, unaccompanied walk.

We were informed of the "ramble" after a particularly filling Sunday dinner, but the groans of dismay heard then were not as loud as those uttered by Helen and me a few moments later: Mr. Sorril declared calmly that we had been placed in charge of the party. The reason, he said, was that as we had been before we knew the area well enough. I'm glad he had some faith in our powers of memory; Helen and I certainly had not, and it was with some trepidation that I led my party through a field of cows towards the canal on the start of our walk, whilst Helen took her group towards Chetwynd Woods.

Everything went fine at first, except when I took a short cut, only to be chased out of a field by an irate man anxious for the welfare of his baby pheasants. Suddenly we noticed that large, ominous grey clouds had appeared from nowhere, and everyone began to wish she had brought a plastic mac. The inevitable happened, and soon there were fifteen rain-sodden girls squelching along what had once been a hard, dry lane, but which was now reduced to nothing better than a quagmire. Luckily, it was not too far to the main road, where Mr. Sorril and his daughter finally met us in their cars. Unfortunately, there was only room for seven people in each car, so Joyce Downing, Nadia Neale and myself had to walk all the way back. What seemed like hours later, dripping wet and not in the best of tempers, three worn-out girls sank thankfully into chairs, only to find that everyone else was warm and dry, with some of them actually playing table-tennis.

Meanwhile, Helen's group had been more fortunate: they had not even known it was raining, being deep in the heart of the woods. It wasn't until they heard Mr. Sorril shouting their names, that they discovered that this was his second journey to deliver everyone from the rain. Some people get all the luck!

A more successful outing was the main event of the stay—a day in Wales with Conway as the final destination. The weather was perfect, even at six o'clock in the morning, when thirty pairs of eyes first blinked at the daylight. Conway itself is a picturesque town situated at the mouth of the river of the same name. It is dominated by the castle, which everyone thoroughly explored on arrival. Even then there was plenty of time to look around the shops, buy a few souvenirs, and to go down to the harbour before the start of the return journey at half past six. Several hours later, Llangollen was the port of call, and here each girl was issued with half a crown. Soon there was a long queue outside the fish and chip shop, then another to buy pop and sweets with the change. What a combination! but everyone survived.

As the visit to Edgmond had been organised by Miss Harding, it was primarily concerned with history. Therefore, an excursion was made to Congleton in Cheshire, where Little Moreton Hall is justly acclaimed as one of the finest examples of half-timbered architecture. It is far more ornate and elaborate than any other half-timbering in the country, and even the shape of the building is completely unconventional, with more corners than would seem possible for one house to possess.

Other fine samples of Tudor architecture are abundant in Shrewsbury, where we were fortunate enough to spend almost a day. The most memorable sight was not, however, the famous, centuries old Rowley House Museum, or any of the almost incredibly narrow side streets, but Smithfield Livestock Market. Even then it was the smell rather than the spectacle that remained with us in more ways than one, long after the visit!

Not all the time was devoted to organised trips and walks; there was plenty of free time, most of which was spent playing croquet or table-tennis, although the woods also proved very popular. There was also a bus service to take those with money to spend into Newport, although the more energetic could walk the two miles into town along by the canal.

As you have probably gathered, there was never a dull moment during the whole of our stay at Edgmond Hall: days were amply filled from dawn till dusk. By the time "lights out" came round each night everyone was more than ready for sleep, including we sixth formers, who had at first been rather annoyed at the thought of having to go to bed at the same time as the first formers. One night there was more merriment than usual: Miss Harding, B.A.,

teacher of History, was visiting her pupils. However, she was not armed with sheets of foolscap paper, or even "History for Today, Book One." Instead, she entered our dormitory carrying a camera and a supply of flash bulbs. Then, in spite of many indignant protests from those in hair rollers, Miss Harding took two of the strangest photographs she must have in her collection.

Unfortunately, the informality of the week's stay was soon over, and I'm sure all of us were sad to leave the happy communal atmosphere of Edmond Hall. Although it may seem rather late now, I should like to thank, on behalf of all who went, Miss Harding and Mr. and Mrs. Sorril for making our stay as enjoyable as it was.

Pat Fairclough, U.6.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT (1963-4)

Chairman: Marjorie Weston
 Vice-Chairman: Denise Gannon
 Secretary: Judith Cutler

THE year began with a "Games Night," when members were divided into two teams and various competitions were held. From then on an attempt was made to make the meetings a little different from usual with a view to attracting more members.

A poster campaign was held, followed by several meetings when testimonies were given by Christians. Atheists came along to attack them and heated arguments ensued. We had several outside speakers, including two Methodist students, who spoke on the topics "Missionary Work in Africa," "Religions in Britain Today," "Is the Church out of Date?" and "S.C.M. in Schools." We also had a talk from Miss Doyle on Roman Catholicism.

The study outline this year was "Personal Relations," but it lasted only three weeks. Its sub-divisions were "Human Nature," "The Family," "Friends" and "Neighbours."

At two meetings of the year films were shown: "Life in an English Monastery" and "The Oxfam Story." Stratford Johns, who was invited to the latter because of his interest in Oxfam, was unfortunately unable to come, but sent us a letter of good wishes. An "Any Questions?" night was also held.

The S.C.M. Conference this year was held at Kidderminster and was attended by a large number of sixth formers. The subject was, "What has Christ to do with Me?" It was to have been introduced by Mr. Sproxan of the B.B.C., but he was unable to attend and his place was filled by Mr. Milner.

We regret the loss of Mrs. Chinnery, who led us for a number of years, and we thank Miss Merchant for so ably taking over.

Susan Sawbridge, L.6.

CONCERT VISITS

IN the Autumn Term 1963, a number of girls visited Birmingham Town Hall to hear a performance by the Vienna Boys' Choir. This was a very pleasant evening indeed, and those who had not seen and heard the choir before found it was something different and refreshing. The boys are aged between ten and fourteen and have to reach a high standard of singing before they are accepted to train for the choir. The item in the programme which was particularly enjoyed by both audience and performers was the one-act comic opera, "Monsieur and Madame Denis."

Two other musical visits were made this year, both to Oldbury Technical School. The first was to a vocal concert given by several local primary and secondary modern schools. Each choir sang three songs.

The second visit was to an orchestral concert in which our own orchestra took part. Enjoyment came partly from hearing youth orchestras as a change from professional adult companies, although the handling of the pieces was decidedly professional. The item which was most appreciated by all present was a brilliant trumpet performance of "The Holy City" given by a member of Allbright Boys' Brass Band.

I am sure that all who attended these concerts would like me to thank Mr. Jones for making possible three most enjoyable visits.

Susan Sawbridge, L.6.

THE SCHOOL PLAY

"THE CRUCIBLE," by the American playwright, Arthur Miller, was the choice for this year's School Play, and was staged at the end of March.

The play is set in the small seaport of Salem in Massachusetts, in 1692, and the main theme is a witch-hunt.

Many exhaustive rehearsals, which began before Christmas, led to an excellent production, the climax of which was undoubtedly the Saturday performance, when the whole cast excelled themselves and several members of the audience were in tears. The play was a difficult one for amateur actors, being full of deep emotions, passionate feelings and great fear. Nevertheless, the actors succeeded. Special mention must go to the performance of the leading actor and actress, Philip Jones as John Proctor and Ann Draper as his wife, Elizabeth.

The thanks of the whole School and of the four audiences go to Mr. Laycock for the production of one of the best School Plays that has ever been staged at Oldbury Grammar School.

Thanks also must go to all the people who worked behind the scenes, and especially to Miss Sirmon who, aided by some of the girls, designed and made many of the costumes.

Margaret Rollason, L.6.

NOYE'S FLUDDE

ONE of the first visits by the newly-formed Dramatic Society was to see a performance of "Noye's Fludde." Several members of the Society and members of staff arrived at Aston Grammar School prepared to observe and criticise the acting ability of the pupils there.

Some of us were surprised, however, to discover that the play was not a play at all, but an opera. Nevertheless, we settled down to watch an original and well-performed musical play.

The story was, of course, that of the Great Flood, and the younger members of the cast as the birds and animals formed an adequate background choir, aided in some parts by the rendering of certain hymns from the audience.

The climax of the opera came during the storm itself, when the central character—played by a member of the School staff—dominated the scene with his splendid singing.

The orchestra, too, was good, although it tended in some parts to drown the singing, especially when the younger members were involved.

The scenery and costumes were very spectacular, while the lighting helped considerably the overall effect.

Although the production was not quite what we had expected, I think that everyone enjoyed it very much. It was certainly unusual, and I should like to thank the members of staff who were responsible, and hope that the activities of the Dramatic Society will continue to be as successful as this, its first visit.

Christine A. Cowley, U.6.

CHESS CLUB

FOR the first time for many years, the School has a thriving Chess Club under the chairmanship of Mr. Barbour and Mr. Andrews. Enthusiasm is at a high level in both senior and junior departments of the School.

In the Summer Term an individual championship was held, the eventual winner of which was D. Slim (4.A), captain of the Under-16 team, who just beat Griffiths (U.6) in an exciting finish.

John Wood, one of the leading players, made a fine gesture to the School by presenting a magnificent trophy to be awarded annually to the individual champion. Moreover, a cup was presented by the staff and pupils of the School to be awarded to the successful House in the Inter-House Tournament, which will be held for the first time this year.

A team was entered for the Under-16 Warley and District League and did extremely well, finishing as runners-up by losing only one match throughout the season. A team has also been entered for the "Sunday Times" Competition for all schools in Great Britain.

P. Withers, U.6.

THE WRITERS' CIRCLE

THE WRITERS' CIRCLE met as often as possible during the year. Judith Cutler achieved considerable success, having some of her work published in "Sixth Form Opinion" and winning a "Critical Quarterly" prize for a short story. A publisher has since expressed interest in further work.

All members attending meetings did so completely voluntarily. This principle is most important, since it means that no-one is under any obligation to write at any time. Work submitted is therefore the result of a personal desire on behalf of the writer to express his or her own ideas, unrestricted by the made-to-measure composition which, though perhaps necessary, may deaden any literary ability a person may have.

This fact, coupled with the fair, honest criticisms that are made of any work submitted, make our meetings stimulating and lively.

Christine Richards, U.6.

VISITS TO THE BELGRADE THEATRE

ON November 12th, 1963, a party of fifth and sixth formers went to the Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, to see "Under Milk Wood," a play by Dylan Thomas. Once everyone was seated comfortably in the auditorium and the lights had dimmed, many were more than a little surprised when they first noticed the set. It consisted merely of a large ramp, a high wooden platform and what seemed to be a line-post. "How," they wondered, "could this set possibly be used to convey the various scenes adequately and convincingly?" However, no-one need have worried, for the use of the set to portray many different things from a boat-deck to a dining room was highly successful, even though it was never altered in any way.

As the play progressed, it became increasingly obvious that no conventional "props" whatsoever were to be used. Even the costumes were not those one would have expected inhabitants of a small Welsh village to wear—for many were dressed in long winter "combs." for much of the time!

The play told of the incidents taking place during a normal day in the village near Milk Wood. The action began in the early hours of the morning, with the narrator, played by David Waller, introducing the characters one by one as they lay dreaming in their beds.

Much of the dialogue was humorous, and the actors' use of mime added to the humour. However, the director's interpretation of many of the speeches was in some places too exaggerated, so that the action detracted from Dylan Thomas' words, and the whole play was debased by unnecessary stage directions.

Nevertheless, everyone enjoyed "Under Milk Wood" as light entertainment, and I should like to thank those members of staff who made the visit possible.

Pat Fairclough, U.6.

IN April this year, most of the members of the Dramatic Society (and a few non-members) took the opportunity to see a production of "Hamlet" at the Belgrade Theatre.

Some of the acting was excellent: Hamlet, apart from some rather garbled speeches at the beginning, was played very competently, and Laertes and Polonius were also very convincing.

However, I think that most of us were disappointed with the production of the mad scene of Ophelia. Of course, there are many different interpretations of this scene, but the general idea is that it should produce a feeling of sorrow. The speeches are nonsensical but gentle, Ophelia's ramblings childishly innocent, giving an impression of sweetness and simplicity. Yet this producer allowed Ophelia to give an impression of drunkenness rather than simplicity of mind. She swayed across the stage and lisped her speeches with the result that the flowers and the tears of Laertes looked completely out of place. This interpretation of Ophelia's insanity debased her whole character; it was the one really bad defect of the play.

In spite of this, I think everyone enjoyed the experience, even though the play did not reach the same high standard as other productions we have seen here.

Shirley Baxter, U.6.

ONE-ACT PLAY FESTIVAL

AFTER they had finished their 'O' and 'A' Level examinations, the fifth and sixth forms took part in a festival in which the four Houses, each completely unaided, produced a one-act play on either 16th or 17th July.

A panel of judges, consisting of the Headmaster, Mr. Hetherington, Mrs. Leefe, Miss Doyle and Mrs. Roulstone, watched the plays and allocated marks on different aspects of acting and play production. At the end of the festival, Mr. Hetherington announced the results and some of the comments the judges made on each play.

King's House presented "April Dawn" by Philip Johnson, produced by Marjorie Weston.

This play told of Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, a middle-class couple from the suburbs of London, and of how Mr. Kemp won a newspaper competition. The prize was either a sum of money or a night out with a glamorous film star. Mrs. Kemp wanted the money, Mr. Kemp the night out. After Mr. Kemp discovered that the film star was to be chaperoned by her mother, complications arose.

The judges allocated eighty-seven out of a possible two hundred marks, and in their summing up, Gillian Blackham was complimented on her excellent performance as Mrs. Kemp.

Queen's House presented "Disclosure Day" by Harold Brighthouse, produced by Judith Cutler.

The play related the reactions of two sisters and a brother when they discovered that their apparently wealthy father had no money left, owing to his gambling. He had already divided his estate among his children. One son, however, had left the country and could not be traced, and therefore he had not received his legacy. On Disclosure Day, the father's birthday, the wife of this son arrived, quite unexpectedly, and claimed her husband's legacy, saying that he was dead. As she was relating her sad story, the long-lost "dead" son appeared. He had become extremely rich, and the play ended with him giving his father a large cheque.

This play was awarded eighty-three marks, and the judges noted that the choice of play was at fault, since the story depended on coincidence and surprise, which it is difficult to act successfully.

School House presented "The Proposal" by Anton Tchekov, produced by Robert Cooper.

The action of this play took place in Russia in the pre-Revolution era. It told of the difficulties of a proposal of marriage by a hypochondriacal landowner to his neighbour's rather independent daughter. The play was acted by three sixth formers, Ann Draper, Fred Harvey and Philip Jones, all of whom deserved mention for their amusing acting.

The judges had largely praise for this quick-moving and highly entertaining play, which won the festival with one hundred and sixty-eight marks.

Trinity House presented "The Stepmother" by Arnold Bennet, produced by Rona Spencer.

This was another play set in modern times, and told of the romantic difficulties of Mrs. Prout, a famous novelist, and her secretary, Christine Faversham. As always, the women won their men and everyone was happy, with the "Wedding March" being played on the School organ as the curtain fell.

The main criticism was that the choice of a farce was not good: farces are difficult to act because they should be quick-moving. Nevertheless, this play came second with one hundred and twelve marks.

Margaret Jones, L.6.

A VISIT TO DUDLEY TRAINING COLLEGE

AT two o'clock on Friday, 3rd July, a party of fifth and sixth formers boarded a coach outside the School gates and set off for a tour of the Teachers' Training College at Dudley.

On arriving at the College, we were welcomed by the Principal. We then divided into groups, each group headed by a student of the College who was to act as guide for the afternoon. We were allowed to walk round all parts of the College and to see the various departments. One department of special interest was the handicraft section, where we saw some really fine pieces of furniture made by students. Also on display were a magnificent canoe and a sailing boat, again both made by students.

Another interesting feature was a display of pottery making in the Art Department, where we also saw paintings and pieces of sculpture, all of a very high standard. Other features of the practical side of life were a camping display on one of the lawns, and a demonstration of "Method" acting and a gymnastic display held in the gym.

We did see something of the academic side of life as well. We were shown round the science departments, where many experiments and pieces of apparatus were laid out for our inspection. Many of the things we saw here bore a close resemblance to our own experiments which we carry out in our science laboratories at School. In another department we saw how students are taught to carry out a very difficult task, that of starting a young child on the path of knowledge, and of helping the backward children in primary schools.

After having seen all these displays we had tea at St. George's, one of the resident halls of the college. Then we returned to our coach and made the journey home after a most interesting and enlightening afternoon.

K. Minchin, U.6.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

EARLY this year, a party of fifth and sixth formers visited Hales-
owen Grammar School to see "The Merchant of Venice,"
performed by the pupils of the School.

It was extremely well handled by its young cast, and particularly notable were Martin Moore as Shylock and Margaret Buckle as Portia.

The settings were also successful, being simple and not overpowering. The costumes were dazzling, and the overall effect showed that much hard work must have gone on behind the scenes.

We all thoroughly enjoyed it, especially as we were studying the play for 'O' level, and would thank those members of staff concerned for arranging the visit.

Susan Sawbridge, L.6.

AMBITION

A SOUL-DESTROYING, powerful driving force, deadly as a plague, intangible; as burning a desire as love, but over-riding it; cruel, cold and malicious; as strong a passion as anger, but overwhelming it; the force which can bear man through every danger, help him to overcome any obstacle and finally devour the very life-blood of society in order to achieve his goal. The force which causes war, the slaughter of women and children, the absolute destruction of beauty and freedom in its cruel thirst for the superiority of one man or one ideal. The force which could eventually mean the end of mankind. One man's greed for absolute power; one country's envy of another. Ignoring the cries of the hungry, the dying, to provide the rich with more riches. Selfish ambition.

Yet beneath this hard crust, at the core of society, lies the pulsating warmth of the ambition of good men, who strive to counteract evil, feed the starving millions, loving all mankind. The ambition not of gain for themselves, not of a higher place in society, but for justice, equality, freedom for all. The ambition that could save mankind, mean an end to war and destruction. Selfless ambition.

Two sorts of ambitions: one to save, one to destroy. Which will triumph in the end? Will man be obliterated? Or is it possible that, one day, all nations of the world will dwell in Peace and Fellowship with each other?

Patricia Green, 5.A.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SEMAINE CULTURELLE

AT about nine o'clock one Thursday evening, a desolate group of Midlanders, including Janet Townsend, Jennifer Coley and myself, stood in the centre of a quadrangle in the Lycée Lahanal, at Sceaux, a suburb of Paris, where we were to spend the next ten days on a "cultural holiday" organised by the Anglo-French Society of Birmingham. We were dormitory three, and as yet had nowhere to go. On the train we had been given dormitory numbers, but had found dormitory three already occupied. Consequently, we were abandoned in the quad, surveying a pile of dejected cases. By the time we had traversed the quad and straggled through long, gloomy corridors and dormitories, we were unable to wax enthusiastic about anything but sleep. We had had our first meal at the Lycée, and in our travel-worn state were utterly depressed by it. (We were frequently assured that real French food was nothing like this; after all, this was school food, and we all know about that, don't we?) In fact, the boys of King Edward VI Grammar School, Aston, were already calculating how long they could last on bread and water.

In the morning the scene assumed brighter proportions. We had half a mile to walk along draughty cloisters for breakfast, which consisted of a bowl of coffee and as many rolls and butter as you could eat. We were urged to dip buttered rolls **into** our coffee, but who could face that ordeal at half past seven in the morning? After this we were given an introductory talk in which we were informed that, in theory, our mornings would consist of lectures on our set books, conversation lessons, phonetics classes, reading practice and language lessons. Also there were competitions in translation into French, and in French essay writing. In practice we had two reading lessons and one conversation lesson, during which we ate chocolate. During lectures we took frenzied notes, and between lectures—there was a ten minute break after each one—we even more frenziedly ate biscuits, rushed to the information room to find out the afternoon's engagements, which would change every thirty minutes, and to the Secretariat to fetch post, money and theatre tickets. One advantage of the lecture system was that notes written in a semi-stupor could be deciphered later. Lectures were in French, hence "deciphered." Janet, Jennifer and I were so keen that one evening we held a phonetics class of our own at the suggestion of one of the people with whom we shared a table. Six of us sat on the bed in her cubicle, loudly reciting, "L'oncle monte un bonbon à Léon qui ronfle sur son edrédon." We were commended by Miss Holmes for this show of zeal while she was ordering us back to our own cubicles on the grounds that it was half past eleven. This dampened our ardour, and we never rose to such academic heights again.

The food improved as the week passed. (It may be interesting to note that the French week, *semaine*, is more often referred to as eight days, *huitaine*, whereas this particular *semaine* lasted from March 26th until April 4th—ten days!) We shared our table with three girls from Worcester and two boys from the Lycée. All of us managed the food very well until cold rice appeared. We ignorant English assumed it was a sweet, and our table were half way through it when Mr. Massell began to run up and down the refectory shouting "No! No! It's a vegetable!" We philosophically decided it was too late to transfer it to main course plates, so pressed on regardless. Other poor souls attempted this delicate manoeuvre and chaos resulted. Mealtime announcements frequently had this devastating effect. For instance, there were persistent and mysterious telephone calls for Miss Penberthy. Everyone thought she must have acquired an indefatigable admirer, but we shared a table with her and we knew it was her father, holidaying in Paris with his school. Not that we told the interested crowds!

Afternoons were spent on outings. On the first afternoon we took a coach trip round Paris. Particularly noticeable here were the Eiffel Tower, L'Hotel des Invalides and the roadworks. Unlike the haphazard English, the French fence off their roadworks neatly. In

this way they can leave them unworked and unattended for months, without the danger of pedestrians falling into them. We were allowed to wander round alone for a while, and thus had our first experience of "conversing with the natives." We were sufficiently daring to buy postcards and coffee. In theory you learn a great deal of French by shopping, but have you ever thought how much you say to even an English shop-keeper? "How much? I'll take it. Thank you." Naturally you say even less in France. Shop-keepers in departmental stores are hardly likely to exchange philosophical views anyway. Our French conversation was improved, however, by lectures in French and during our free time. After organised outings to Paris, for instance, our visit to the fashion house of Dior, we were left to find our own way back in time for dinner. These excursions proved most profitable, as in groups of three or four we could wander at will, clutching Metro maps in our hot little hands and advertising our Anglicism to the local inhabitants, who would immediately take an interest. We had been given horrifying instructions about the Metro, such as, "If tickets are required for additional journeys, buy **two** tickets, for both outward and return journeys," followed by the ominous warning: "Ligne de Sceaux tickets cannot be bought at urban stations." In fact, we followed the crowds and used our eyes and only twice went wrong. Once, Janet and I led a whole group on to the wrong line, and another time we held up our party by getting off at the wrong station and having to catch the next train.

The highlights of the trip were our afternoon visit to Versailles and our day trip to Reims. At Versailles we had been advised to keep up with Mr. Lawton if we wanted to see everything. Janet and I managed this feat of endurance, only to find that we were at Marie-Antoinette's "hameau" about half an hour from the coach, five minutes before we were due back. Obviously we were late.

We returned so full of adventurous spirit that we asked to go into Paris in the evening. This led to the formation of a group visit to Paris. We had time in Paris to wander along the Champs-Élysées from L'Arc de Triomphe to la Place de la Concorde, where the party was to re-unite. Here, Janet and I were literally surrounded by French boys under the leadership of one Patrice, who had been to school in Shrewsbury. On discovering that we were English they stood beneath l'Obelisque and played us Beatle records on their portable record player.

We visited Reims on April 1st. Unfortunately, we did not notice the date until too late. The French press did. Newspapers carried headlines that the Eiffel Tower had been sold to Greece and was to be carried away section by section, that the Queen of England had been assassinated, and one had the day of publication as Thursday instead of Wednesday. We visited the cathedral at Reims and spent more time here than scheduled, as one of the coaches was late owing to a puncture. We left the cathedral for the Taittinger

champagne factory, where everyone, especially the guide, seemed full of high spirits at the sight of so much champagne, and there was a phenomenal wish to purchase champagne at prices reduced for visitors. Some of us visited the Abbey Church of St. Remy after this experience, and were able to see the contrast between the Romanesque and Gothic parts of this church, and the simplicity of it as compared with the elaborate Reims cathedral.

On our homeward journey we passed dodgem cars. A request to visit these was refused by Mr. Mills, who later apologised by loud-speaker to the instigator of the request. At Soissons our coach was halted as it managed to damage a car parked in a street where parking is not allowed in the first fortnight of the month. The coach driver, car driver and local gendarmerie stood on the pavement arguing for an hour, during which Mr. Lawton bought newspapers, our Worcester friends bought food and Mr. Mills inspected the damage, returning with the news that if you knelt down and used a magnifying glass you could see a scratch on the car. This provided welcome diversion from a tedious journey which we enlivened by looking for unlikely shop names, such as "Blanchisserie." However, we eventually reached the Lycée, ate our meal and struggled the half mile to the dormitory, where we sank thankfully into bed. Fortunately, this was **not** one of the nights when Jennifer's bed had decided to collapse. When it did this, Janet and I would burst into hysterical laughter, which annoyed Jennifer.

Some of our visits were fated. We managed to visit the Sainte-Chapelle with its marvellous stained glass windows, the cathedral of Notre Dame, where we ascended the towers and took photographs of the wonderful views of Paris and the Conciergerie. Here we saw Marie-Antoinette's cells, her letters, her Bible and crucifix, and heard about prisoners during the Revolution. We visited the Louvre, but had only half an hour there as some of the party lost themselves looking for the others. We visited L'Arc de Triomphe and saw the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior with its everlasting flame, but were unable to count the steps to the top of the archway as it was a Tuesday, a day on which State monuments are closed. We visited the Château de Sceaux, but could only see the gardens, as it was Easter Sunday and the Château was closed to the public.

Incidents such as these did not dampen our enthusiasm in any way; in fact, they contributed to our enjoyment, because a holiday during which all went smoothly would have been very dull. Most of our pleasure came from the fact that there was not too much organisation; there was room for mishaps which did not disrupt the holiday but rather added to its entertainment value. Many thanks to Mr. Lawton, Mr. Mills and the English and French staff, who made the Semaine possible and pleasurable by keeping organisation to a minimum and originality to a maximum.

Denise Gannon.

THEATRE VISITS

1. On the evening of October 21st, several members of the Dramatic Society went to see a performance of "The Seagull," by Anton Chekhov, at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

"The Seagull," a comedy, is about Russia at the end of the nineteenth century. It was a most entertaining play with admirable performances from Simon Ward as Constantin and Dulcie Gray as his famous mother. It was a very enjoyable evening out, and we are looking forward to the possibility of another.

Mary Macdonald, 5.A.

2. This year, the Stratford Memorial Theatre produced most of Shakespeare's history plays, and three parties of fifth and sixth formers attended productions of "Richard II" and both parts of "Henry IV."

In each performance the skill of Roy Dotrice was outstanding. He took the three very different parts of John of Gaunt, Hotspur and Justice Shallow, thus proving his talent and versatility. We were particularly impressed by his change from Hotspur, the brave, blunt, impetuous North countryman, to Justice Shallow, the dithering, feeble-minded friend of Falstaff. Roy Dotrice drew every ounce of humour out of this part, and the audience proved their delight by enthusiastic applause at the end of his main scene.

Of the other members of the cast, Hugh Griffiths seemed at home in the part of Falstaff, and Ian Holm was Prince Hal, who was very credible as an irresponsible reveller and a brave soldier, but who lacked sufficient dignity as Henry V at the end of the cycle.

The heavy scenery throughout the three plays conveyed to the audience an appropriate sense of misery and difficulty. King Richard's prison scene especially evoked this sense of hardship and desolation.

The heavy scenery also stood up well to some buffeting during the battle scenes in "Henry IV, Part 1." Here, Hotspur wielded a huge two-handed sword in a very ferocious manner, and Douglas reeled round the stage under the momentum of a vast and formidable spiked club. The final fight between Hal and Hotspur was very convincing and exciting, and was, in fact, one of the highlights of this very successful series of visits.

3. On 18th December, 1963, a group of first formers went to see "Treasure Island" in Coventry. The outing was organised by Mr. Hetherington, and Mrs. Chinnery and Mrs. Roulstone came with us. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely. It was a big success, and if we ever get the chance to go again we will all jump at it.

V. Snooks, 2.C.

ARGENTEUIL, EASTER, 1964

IT was on 25th March, a fairly fine day for the time of year, that twelve boys and girls from Oldbury, including Barbara Higgins, Geoffrey Tibbetts, Tony Mills, Carol Davies and Susan Cartledge, and accompanied by Miss Wood and Mr. Beynon from Bristnallhall School, set out for Argenteuil, Oldbury's twin town in France.

We arrived in Argenteuil at about one o'clock in the morning and were transported to a local gymnasium where we spent the night. The following day we were taken by train to the Château de la Besnerie, the "Colonie de Vacances d'Argenteuil," in the Loire Valley. We had been warned that structurally the Château was not exactly a holiday camp, but this and the lack of home comforts was outweighed by the hospitality extended to us by the three hundred or so French boys and girls at the Château, and the wonderful comradeship offered to us by Miss Wood and Mr. Beynon.

We spent a very full two weeks at the Château, during which time we were taken on several excursions to see some of the less famous, but nevertheless beautiful châteaux, including Plessis-Beurré and the Château d'Angers.

After two most enjoyable weeks, we left the Château to stay with our respective French families in Argenteuil, and we can safely say that we were all accepted as part of the family. We were taken on trips organised by the Council, and on private visits with the family. We visited Versailles, Orly Airport and, of course, many of the more well-known sights in Paris, including the wonderful Sacre Coeur. We also visited the Eiffel Tower, where some of the more adventurous members of the party went to the top, whilst the rest of us were quite content to sit on terra firma and watch.

We sincerely hope that our knowledge of French was improved by this trip, and we are extremely grateful to the organisations on each side of the Channel for making this trip such a success.

Susan Cartledge and Carol Davies, 5.C.

JOINT SOCIETIES ACTIVITIES, 1963-4

OCTOBER 3rd. Mr. Aykroyd, the new President of the Society, opened the session and appointed Tom Swallow as Chairman, Philip Jones as Vice-Chairman and Marjorie Weston as Secretary. The meeting took the form of an inter-house quiz, Trinity being the eventual winners followed by King's, Queen's and School.

October 10th. Mr. R. K. Andrews, who had spent a year in the U.S.S.R., gave an account of life there. A film strip, colour slides and Russian records illustrated the talk.

October 17th. The meeting took the form of a debate, the motion being, "Civilised people should be able to manage without Politics." A. Hicks and Ann Draper proposed the motion, and opposition was provided by F. Harvey and Judith Cutler. When put to the vote, the motion was defeated by a large majority.

October 24th. Dr. Rogers gave a talk on colour photography, with demonstrations.

November 7th. Members of the Society were shown two sound and colour films. The first was about pottery and was entitled "Bridging the Centuries." The second, called "Analysis by Mass," concerned scientific investigations.

November 14th. Mr. I. Butterfield gave an illustrated talk on the Ministry and architecture of Coventry Cathedral.

November 21st. Mr. Blower, from the Birmingham College of Advanced Technology, came to talk to the Society about the "C.A.T.'s," their development and courses of study.

November 28th. The Lower Sixth biology group presented a programme on "Migration and Radiation." K. Minchin introduced the talks, and speakers were Nora Smith, Christine Richards and R. Hingley.

December 5th. Members of the Gramophone Society and the Jazz Club entertained the Society with a varied programme of music. Items were introduced by F. Harvey, Judith Cutler, M. Elliott, M. Pegg and M. Jones.

January 16th. Three talks were given by members about recent holidays. Philip Jones described a bird-watching holiday on Islay, Delia Warwick a Guide Camp at Beer, and Mr. Swain a holiday spent in Rome.

January 23rd. A version of "What's my Line?" provided the entertainment. The panel: John Russell, Lorraine Madeley, Roger Hingley and Iris Blewitt, were challenged by several members of the Society who had adopted various professions. Tom Swallow acted as Chairman.

January 30th. An illustrated talk about life in Australia was given by David Wright.

February 27th. Three films were projected on the school's new cine projector. Their subjects were: "A Visit to Ireland," "Living in Caracas" and "Wine Making in Jerez, Spain."

March 6th. Mr. J. Walmsley gave an account of the expedition he led which conquered Mount Nuptse in the Himalayas. The talk was illustrated with numerous colour slides.

March 12th. The Lower Sixth history group entertained the society with historical anecdotes of Paris. They concluded with a short documentary film about Paris today.

Marjorie Weston.

July 9th. JOINT SOCIETIES' OUTING. We left school at the unearthly hour of half past seven, bound for London.

A brief stop was made at the "Blue Boar" for morning refreshments, and then we continued along the M.1. The journey was soon over and we arrived at Hyde Park Gate for an early picnic lunch by the Serpentine.

The party divided into groups for the afternoon, one group visiting the Tower, another the Planetarium and Madam Tussaud's, and smaller groups visiting the Science Museum and an Art Gallery. The biggest group took a river trip from Westminster Pier to Greenwich.

Everyone enjoyed the afternoon. We were to assemble in the Strand for tea at a quarter past five, and made our way there by way of various places of interest such as the Houses of Parliament, Fleet Street and St. Paul's Cathedral. In Forte's, we sat down to a delicious tea of plaice and chips followed by fruit pie.

By this time the coaches were ready to take us home along the M.1. Our thanks for such a successful day go to Mr. Hancox for arranging it and to the members of staff who accompanied us.

Janice Allbrooke, L.6.

HATE

HATE is sour apples
 And snobs with yellow eyes,
 Tradition and society and swelling mud.
 Hate is pain, physical and psychological,
 And unripe tomatoes;
 The good old days and overcrowded bowling alleys.
 Hate is convention, stagnation, slums.
 Beer and cold tea, lumpy custard.
 Debutantes and Pakistanis.
 Green onions, yellow onions and black tea-strainers.
 Hate is disease, malnutrition, needless suffering,
 Ignorance, illiteracy and rain.
 Melting snow and rotting trees,
 And semi-dormant, apathetic masses.
 Hate is failure and crabs.
 Routine, average people advertisements,
 Liars, shampoo and stale cigarette ends.
 Hate is coldness, hotness, nothingness and greenfly,
 Oakapples, maggots, innards and drowned rats.
 Sunday newspapers and recurring cliches.
 Hate is death and death is the end.

C. M. Hornsby, 5.A.

THE CHURCH

THE church is peaceful,
 Serene,
 Sunlight is sticking through the small thin windows.
 In each ray is captured
 Dust,
 Fine small dust.
 Trying to escape.
 The rays pierce the cold marble
 Statues.
 They come to life.
 They smile and laugh.
 At night the church is warm;
 All the corners are dark,
 And in the aisles
 Candles brightly burn.
 Their yellow hair streams upwards
 And curls into smoke.
 The evening service begins
 And the people sing a hymn.

Christine Gordon, 4.B.

THE CLOAKROOM

EIGHT o'clock and silence reigns,
 No breath breathes,
 No feet clatter.
 All is wrapped round in warm, comfortable peace.
 Time ticks lightly on.
 A solitary footstep breaks the silent pattern,
 Movement enters the warmth,
 Voices come nearer,
 Feet and voices join and enter.
 The air is broken with noise.
 The walls are clothed with darkness,
 And the tempo grows.
 There is no place of emptiness.
 Shrieks and laughter,
 Abuse and ridicule.
 Even a fight for a chance to ornament.
 Seconds drag heavily by.
 Movement and noise are gone.
 Only a sigh from a duty prefect.
 Nine thirty, and silence reigns.

Christine Chapman, 4.B.

THE COMMODITY

THIS modern world revolves,
Man develops,
In science, art and philosophy.
But advancement would be impossible without
The commodity.
The days pass by,
But time would stand still without
The commodity.
Modern buildings arise
Where all had been slums,
But where would construction be without
The commodity?
The commodity is an essential part
Of the world today.
The shortest of expressive languages,
The most logical form of logic.
Man would still be caveman
Without mathematics—
The commodity.

STUDY OF SCIENCE AND ART BECOMES CONFUSING

ON one side, the ocean of science;
On the other, the sea of art.
In the middle, I cling to the lifebelt,
The lifebelt of sanity.
Every day, the current tries to tear me,
Tries to pull me to one side or the other.
I become weaker.
My mind throbs with pain.
One day, my strength will fail,
And I will slip and fall.
But in which sea will I drown?

J. Dickinson, 5.A.

WAR

A CHILD is screaming in agony;
His arms have been torn from his body,
Destroyed by the bomb that murdered his parents.
This is war.
That time of senseless destruction
That is wrought by a fierce hatred
Eating into the soul of Man.
Darkness.
Not the peaceful darkness of night time,
The darkness of War, of men's minds
Occupied by a Terror
That none understand or wish for,
That none can cast out until the day of victory.
Victory?
Millions of women and children dead;
Once-beautiful countryside devastated;
Towns reduced to blackened, burning ruins,
Or rubble.
Can this be victory?
Sirens!
Confusion and bewilderment!
Skies darkened with planes, bombs,
Obliterating the moon and friendly stars,
Destroying buds, birds, babies,
Innocents.
Comradeship.
Men drawn together by an unbreakable bond,
Be it love for their country or hatred for another.
No class distinction,
No petty quarrels.
Death is too real, too close, too frightening
For pettiness.
Torment.
The anguish of the bereaved.
Mothers weeping for their sons,
Mere children until the war began,
Now lying in muddy ditches,
Giving their most precious gift to their country,
Yet forgotten by all save a few.
A number to be added to a rapidly lengthening list
Of dead.
Blackout.

Not a ray of light glimmering in an already too-black night.
The streets resembling Man,
Empty and black,
Void, yet full of action,
As a hundred men strive to undo the evil work of one man
And a bomb.
Traitors.
Creatures who betray their countries,
Incapable of Love or Loyalty,
Clinging to their miserable skins,
To Life.
Agents.
Courageous men risking torture and death for their countries.
Men who win wars, achieve Freedom,
That Traitors might live in Peace.
Doctors.
Healing wounds that others have inflicted,
Easing agony, pain and torment,
Messengers of Peace in a troubled, divided world.
Shelter.
People huddling together in terrified groups.
In cellars and Tube stations,
Driven underground, away from their homes, by Evil,
Praying for Peace.
Peace.
A whole generation obliterated;
Hatred depressed by weariness and exhaustion;
Relief for the Victorious;
Yet not the End.
For Faith, Hope and Courage never die,
The fight continues for much nobler things,
Freedom, Equality, Justice and Love,
Which outbalance the Evil of War.

Patricia Green, 5.A.

. . . AND THEN, THE VULTURES DESCENDED

THE bell, it rang
And then I knew,
Eager,
Ravenous,
Voracious—
The vultures would descend.
A mass of hands,
And disjointed bodies surrounded me.
Clutching their spoil
In tight fists
Until satisfied,
They retreated;
But more starving creatures came
And still more . . .
'Til all I saw was hands,
Hands like claws
And sinister emaciated elbows,
Each contributing to the ambush . . .
And then—Silence!
For like an army,
They had retreated,
But soon, soon they would return.
Ardently,
Impetuously,
Like birds of prey,
They had returned for more.

Enid Coley, 5.A.

SCHOOL

A SMALL, insignificant first-former,
 I scurried through the corridors the Right Way,
 Hoping no one would notice me.
 Regarding fifth and six-formers with awe,
 Teachers as demi-gods,
 Accepting authority without question;
 I longed for the second form.
 A self-important, giggling second-former,
 Regarding first forms with contempt,
 Prefects as unnecessary obstacles to fun,
 Regulations as irksome, useless binds,
 I longed for the third form.
 During the third year I realised rules were essential,
 Rebelled against homework,
 Went to my first Speech Day,
 Developed a couldn't-care-less attitude to life,
 And longed for the fourth form.
 In the fourth form I began to feel part of the school.
 Went to my first S.C.M. meeting,
 Helped with costumes for the School Play,
 Rebelled against school uniform
 And longed for the fifth form.
 Now I saunter through corridors the Wrong Way,
 Knowing the sixth form as friends,
 Toiling through mountains of homework,
 Free to join in all school activities,
 Feeling part of the community
 And dreading the G.C.E.

Patricia Green, 5.A.

THE scene is set, the feelings high,
 Conviction burns in every eye.
 Tongues are silent, yet not still,
 Watching, waiting for the kill.
 The signals up, defences down,
 The monsoon breaks, the senses drown.
 Voices erupt and tempers flare,
 Principles, beliefs all choke the air.
 Sarcasm, anger, disgust and scorn,
 Convictions destroyed, loyalties torn.
 An oral war fought by eager minds,
 Searching, striving for the truth.
 Traditions fall and pride is lost,
 And yet these people know no hate,
 For this is no battle, this is no war,
 Just an ordinary form five debate.

Joan Wiseman, 5.A.