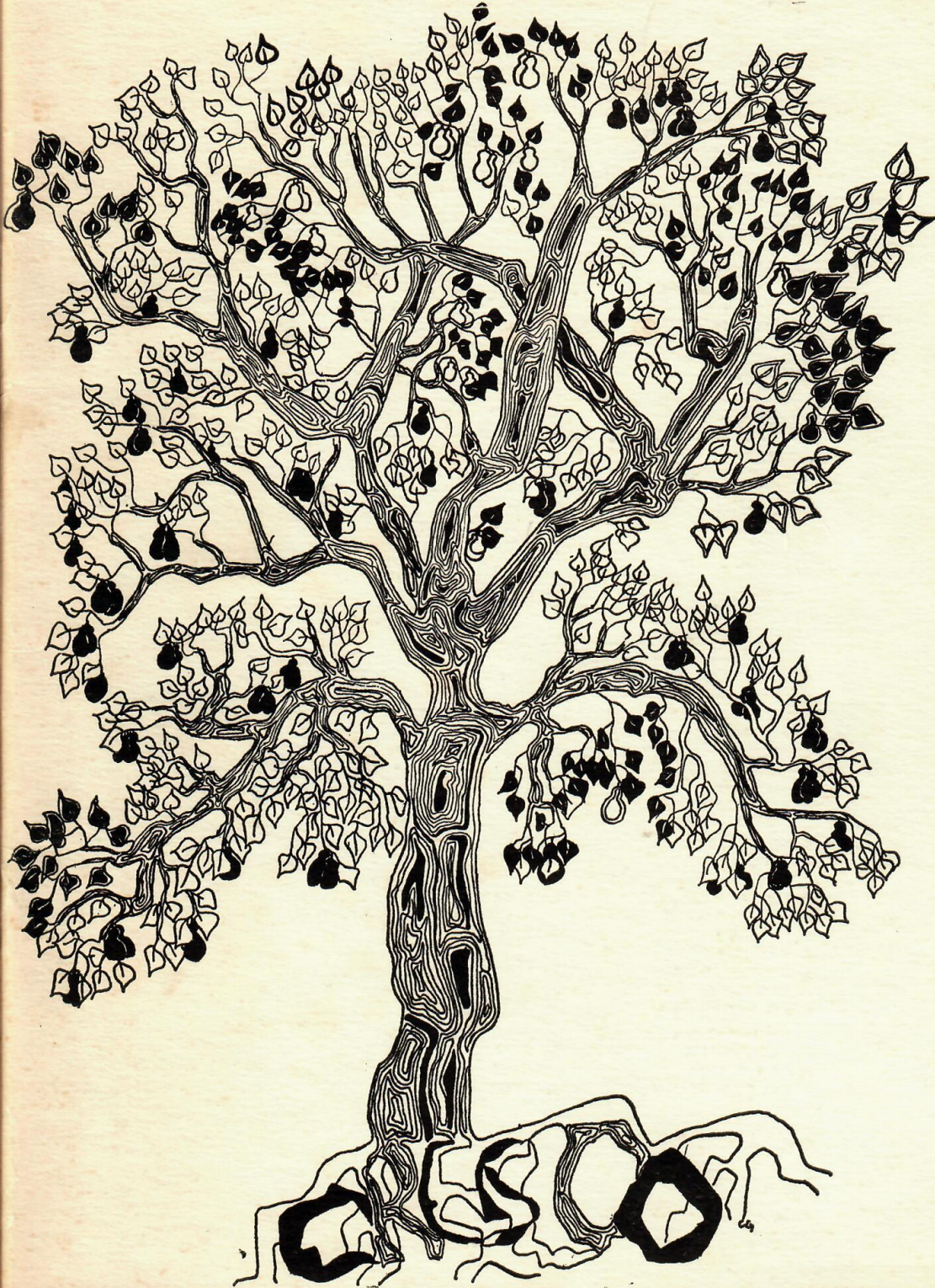


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THE OLDBURIAN 1967

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OLDBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

First I should like to congratulate the Editorial Committee of the Magazine for the efforts they have made to produce a more lively and interesting publication. I am sure that the more we can encourage our young people to express themselves creatively and critically, the healthier our community will be.

During the academic year 1966/7, we said a very reluctant farewell to four of our members of staff: Mrs. M. Roulstone, of the English Department, left us in July to take up a post at Churchfields Comprehensive School, West Bromwich; whilst in December, Mr. K. C. Hudson went to be Head of Science at Saltley Grammar School, and Mr. J. G. Barbour went to the Head of Religious Knowledge at Handsworth Grammar School. At the end of the Summer Term, Mr. N. H. George went to take up a Research Post in Chemistry at the Sir John Cass College, London. All of these teachers gave a very great deal to the School, and the institutions to which they have gone will benefit greatly by their presence. We wish them well, and trust that their careers will be even more successful in the future.

In September, 1966, we welcomed to our staff Mrs. J. Mends as our Senior Mistress. The tremendous energy and concern for the high standards of our school life which she has shown since her appointment will by now have convinced everyone that her presence in the School will give us all considerable inspiration.

To replace Mr. Hudson, we were fortunate to secure the part-time services of Mr. F. B. Jenkins, who was with us until July, and who has now been succeeded by Miss J. M. Smith, B.Sc., in the Physics Department. Mr. Barbour was replaced temporarily by Mr. P. Sewell, and the permanent appointment was subsequently given to Mr. H. Croft, B.A., who joined us in September last. The English Department have had a hard time since Mrs. Roulstone's departure, since Mr. J. Squire, who replaced Mrs. Roulstone, had to leave in April, 1967, for a post in the personnel side of industry, and for various reasons we have not yet been able to appoint a further member of staff to fill that vacancy. Into the Chemistry Department has come Miss B. E. M. Challis, B.Sc., who also joined us in September last. We welcome all these new members of staff, and trust that their stay with us will be happy and fruitful. We have also welcomed during the course of this year, Mrs. D. M. Ford as our assistant secretary, and Mrs. H. Hewson as our laboratory assistant; both of these appointments have been of very great benefit to the School in a period when the amount of non-teaching work that needs to be done is growing at a great rate.

Our academic achievement during the course of this year has been in many ways highly commendable, 62% of our pupils taking the ordinary level examination gained five subjects or more, whilst at 'A' level, many of our results were exceptional. Particular congratulation must go to the following students, whose achievement in the 'A' level examination produced at least three grades A: Z. Kowalczyk, J. Dickinson, Janet Aston and Janice Whitehouse, whilst the following achieved at least two grades A: Marion J. Franks, Patricia V. Green and Marilyn Shaw. A further interesting academic development was the success of our candidates in the General Studies examination, and in the University Test in English.

In sport, our major achievement was the Birmingham and District Grammar Schools' Cup. The final of this competition was a most exciting match against Sheldon Hall Comprehensive School, Birmingham, and our team, under their captain, D. Smyth, are to be most heartily congratulated on this achievement. We must also congratulate K. White on being chosen to represent England against France in the high jump, together with L. Heaven and G. Tibbetts, who were chosen to represent Worcestershire Grammar Schools in the Schools' Soccer Festival held at Bognor Regis during the Easter holiday. Our hockey team too are to be congratulated on their

winning the first Warley Inter-School Hockey Tournament, and the introduction of Netball, a sport new to the School, has been welcomed by many of our girls. I should like here to say how fortunate the School has been in having the use throughout the year of Langley Baths. This facility has shown its value, particularly in the very large number of pupils who have qualified for the various stages of the National Swimming Awards given by the Amateur Swimming Association in conjunction with the Schools' Swimming Association, and in the very large number of our pupils who have qualified for swimming quite long distances.

Outside the classroom the big events of our school year are, of course, the Concert and the Play, and once again the orchestra are to be congratulated on a very high standard of performance. I must say that the encore which the orchestra were asked to give at the Concert in December, 1966, was the very first I have known in the very whole of my teaching career to be demanded of a school orchestra. We are most grateful, too, to our teachers of the various musical instruments in the School, both for the high standards they achieve from their pupils, and for the time they are willing to give in rehearsal and performance when the Concert comes round. We are most grateful to them for their help.

The play, 'The Lark,' by Jean Anouilh, was of an equally high standard, and not only are all the actors and actresses to be congratulated upon their subtle performances, but also the very large number of other people who work, often unsung, though certainly not unhonoured, in doing all the innumerable jobs without which the play could never be produced at all.

In many other ways, too, our school year has been eventful. Two ski-ing holidays in Switzerland have taken place under the leadership of Mr. D. Crofts; members of our fourth form spent a week at the adventure school at Nantmor, North Wales, during the summer term; members of our sixth form have spent a week in Paris on the Semaine Culturelle during the Easter holiday, whilst others in the Geography and Geology Departments have been on field studies courses to various parts of the country. Our Guides continue to flourish under the able leadership of Miss B. Pine, to whom we are most grateful for the energy and devotion she displays as our Guide Captain, and altogether this year has been a most busy one.

Joint Societies have, as usual, pursued their great variety of activities, with lectures, debates and other more formal activities, giving way occasionally to more light-hearted events. Particularly enjoyable are their visits to the theatre, especially to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. The climax of Joint Societies' year, however, is, of course, their annual outing, which this year was to Liverpool, where we saw the Anglican and Roman Catholic Cathedrals with their completely contrasting styles of architecture, and something of the commercial activity on the Mersey by means of a two-hour cruise.

I am glad to see also flourishing in the School a Stamp Club, and to know that many of its activities are leading its members towards an interest in philately and the study of stamps as opposed to mere stamp collecting.

It is most heartening also to see the growing numbers of students who are giving their time to social service in various ways. We have now instituted what I hope will be a continuing contribution of a Harvest Festival in the autumn, when our gifts are distributed to the old and needy people of the area near the School, whilst the sixth form gave a party and entertainment to the old people of the district at the end of the Easter term.

I write these notes at the end of the Autumn term, 1967, after our efforts for the Save the Children Fund, which to date has raised more than £160. This, of course, will go towards helping deprived children in other countries of the

world, but we are now starting to think about the deprived children in our own area and what we can do for them.

Meanwhile, I am glad to see that many of you continue to help old and handicapped people on an individual basis, and I am certain that this work can do nothing but good.

We often tend to become immersed in our own affairs, and think very little of the needs of those who no longer have families to look after them. The more we can go out into the wider community and help those who are in need, the better community we shall be ourselves.

H. A. AYKROYD

JOINT SOCIETIES 1966-67 Present Secretary's Report

Joint Societies recommenced on Thursday, 15th September, with the election of David Stevenson as Chairman and Mary Macdonald as Secretary. The first three weeks were then occupied by a series of talks entitled "What is education for?", "What is work for?", and finally, "What is life for?" Many interesting and immediate issues were dealt with under the able leadership of Reverend Tytler, Canon Stevens and Reverend Anderson respectively. Our thanks must also go to the churches of Warley for organising this event.

As the year progressed it appeared that many members of staff had been abroad quite recently, and Joint Societies was frequently enriched by interesting accounts of their travels. In addition, the slides that accompanied and illustrated these talks often revealed a great talent for photography. Mr. Swain began by giving a very detailed account of his visit to Rome. Miss Harding incorporated glimpses of the United States and Mexico into her description of an exchange visit to Canada; while Mr. Clarke revealed how he had spent some years teaching in Thailand with his family. Mr. Withers, a temporary scripture teacher, gave an informed but very amusing talk on his stay in Palestine, adding appropriate atmosphere to his narrative by sporting a genuine Arab headdress. Finally, Miss Heeks produced a beautifully illustrated account of her visit to Greece.

One very interesting evening resulted when Mr. Aykroyd, the President of Joint Societies, presented a comprehensive talk on the origin and meaning of English place names. A point clearly brought out was how such names form an everyday link with the past, having altered little over some thousand years. Interesting facts of a different nature came from Dr. Nichol, who paid a visit to speak on "The Control of Epidemics." Here emphasis was placed on the importance of prevention rather than cure.

On several occasions during this session the Society proved itself able to provide more domestic diversions. The almost traditional "Any Questions?" evening drew lively opinions from a panel consisting of Mrs. Mends, Mr. Aykroyd and Mr. Crofts for the staff, and Janet Aston, Janice Whitehouse, Gosling and Kowalczyk for the School. Such opinion became aggressive argument when the House bravely debated the motion: "Further education for women is a wasteful pursuit." Through the efforts of Valda Webb and P. Stevenson, the motion was eventually carried, but not before Pat Green and J. Dickinson had lodged strong opposition. The competition was divided four ways for the inter-House quiz that occupied a further evening, and here it was Kings that emerged victorious with 39 points; Trinity came second with 32 points, leaving School and Queens to tie with 29 points. Then, in one of the final meetings, the personal resources of Joint Societies culminated in an impressive musical evening. Many members of the Sixth Form contributed to provide a wide programme of musical taste: Pat Green played a prelude by Bach on the organ, while a clarinet quartet performed their selection of pieces equally well. Paul Smith and Martin Howe combined guitar and piano with a high standard of

results, and Pamela Cox sang with her usual proficiency. A selection of records completed this very enjoyable occasion. A similar performance was repeated at the end of the year for an audience of elderly people drawn from the district. Last mention goes to the annual Joint Societies outing, which this year consisted of a trip to Liverpool, which was its usual success.

From this brief resumé it may be seen that Joint Societies enjoyed another successful year. The thanks for this are due mainly to Mr. Swain, who continues to do a great deal of work for the Society. In addition, many thanks must go to Miss Derby for coming so regularly to conduct the dancing class after each meeting.

CHRISTINE CHAPMAN

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THE SCHOOL CONCERT AND MUSICAL ACTIVITIES 1966-67

Last year's concert was a success for both choir and orchestra. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Broome, played with confidence and dexterity; the choir sang magnificently, and I am sure that everyone who heard the performance thoroughly enjoyed it.

Included in the concert was a clarinet trio, consisting of Peter Gosling, Jayne McNeil and Ian Hall. They played "Trio in four movements," by Hook, and although the piece was rather lengthy, it held the audience's attention throughout.

Pamela Cox, accompanied at the piano by Eunice Duxbury, sang "Why So Pale the Roses," by Tchaikovsky, Sullivan's "The Sun and I," from "The Mikado," and Bernstein's "I Feel Pretty," from "West Side Story." Her singing was much to be admired, so perfect was her intonation.

The Recorder Group's performance, which followed, was most enjoyable, and their interpretation of "Hoe Down," by Bonsor, was played especially well.

Also included in the concert was a piano duet by Pat Green and Marion Franks. Their playing of Dvorak's "Slavonic Dances, 6, 7 and 8," even excelled their previous year's performance.

"O Isis and Osiris," by Mozart, and Handel's "March from Hercules," were played on the trumpet by Brian Humphries, with Pat Green accompanying him on the organ.

The orchestra itself played a folk dance entitled "Tyrolean Landler," and "Divertimento in B Flat, K240," in three movements by Mozart, also "The Entrance of the Sirdar," by Ippolitov-Ivanov, and a Polka from "Schwanda the Bag-piper," by Weinberger.

"The Entrance of the Sirdar" was much appreciated by the audience, who requested an encore.

Most of the second half of the concert involved the participation of the School Choir, who sang brilliantly under

the direction of the Headmaster, and the many hours of rehearsals proved to have been worthwhile.

The audience were then invited to join with the choir and orchestra in the singing of Christmas carols, so bringing the concert to an end.

At the end of the Autumn Term, parents were invited to come and join in a carol service held at St. Michael's Church, for which the choir had rehearsed several carols.

During the past twelve months, the musical activities of the School have been expanded, including the formation of a Brass Group. Also, at the suggestion of Mr. Crofts, classical records, mostly obtained from the School Record Library, are now being played at the beginning of Assembly. However, if anyone would like a piece of music played, would they please contact Joan Wood.

In February of this year, the Warley Youth Orchestra was formed under the direction of Mr. J. G. Atkins. Since then they have practised regularly. Their first concert was held in the School Hall on 27th September, and was a great success.

On July 10th, the School Orchestra played in a concert, at the Technical School, for the Warley Schools' Music Festival. They played four pieces, and there was a perfectly-performed clarinet solo by Peter Gosling.

The Warley Schools' Music Festival also held a concert for the choirs of the borough on May 22nd. The School Choir sang "Lazy Liza," by Thomas B. Pitfield, and "The Wee Cooper o' Fife," arranged by Norman Fulton. The Choir was again directed by the Headmaster, and they were accompanied by Mr. Broome on the piano.

This festival ended a most successful year as far as the School's musical activities were concerned.

JOAN WOOD, 6G

THE BIRMINGHAM REHEARSAL ORCHESTRA

On September 18th, the assembly hall in the new Mount Pleasant School, Balsall Heath, resounded to the rousing Academic Festival Overture played by a newly-founded orchestra—the Birmingham Rehearsal Orchestra.

This was the first performance of the orchestra, and its purpose is to give musicians a chance to perform in a full-sized symphony orchestra whilst increasing their repertoire. It is hoped that soloists will come and play with the orchestra. The orchestra has been viewed with interest by the Birmingham Adult Education Authorities and has now been included in their syllabus for this year.

The orchestra was founded by Mr. William Brown, himself a professional violin player, who leads the second violins in the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Unfortunately, he was unable to attend the first two meetings of the orchestra, so on these occasions the associate conductor stepped in, Mr. Amos, who is another professional string player—a cellist. When the full orchestra is present its total runs to over fifty, but unfortunately there are only about sixteen string players. Here I pass on a plea from Mr. Brown—will any players of string instruments who are interested in joining, please contact him, giving full details (exams, etc.), at the address at the end of this article.

It was noticeable on the first night that strings were needed. In fact, the requirement was so bad that a bassoon had to double for the cellos, which were non-existent. The orchestra had at least started, and the position as far as strings are concerned (especially cellos!), has now improved slightly. On the following Monday evening, the work tackled was the "Lyric Suite" by Grieg, and the "Leonora 3" overture by Beethoven.

The following week was the first week that Mr. Brown was able to attend. He decided to try something more ambitious—a Beethoven Symphony. He chose the most popular, the Fifth in C minor. This work is reasonably long, and only

the first and last movements were attempted. By this time, the orchestra had found its feet, and the Schubert C Major was tackled, and then the Prince Igor Ritual by Borodin.

During the tea interval, Mr. Brown decided on some of the works to be performed during the next session. They are: Sibelius—second symphony Kovalia, Finlandia; Tchaikovsky—Capriccio Italian; a Mahler symphony; and many other works. As you can see, the programme is rather ambitious for a strictly non-professional orchestra, but the music, however difficult, rolls out of the group of musicians and is, at least, recognisable.

Lastly, I would like to thank all of the peripatetic staff, without whom the playing of instruments would be almost non-existent in schools, and also without whom people like myself could not partake in such activities as the Rehearsal Orchestra.

Any players of string instruments who would like to contact Mr. Brown should write to him at the address below: Flat 2, 99 Sandford Road, Birmingham

P. A. BODLEY, 5B

TASTES

A Frenchman loves his champagne,
He calls it "magnifique!"
A Scotsman loves his haggis,
A Welshman loves his leek.
But though these fancy foreign foods
Give foreigners great glee,
An Englishman's heaven
Is his nice hot cup of tea.

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"THE LARK"

On the four evenings from 15th to 18th March, 1967, the Dramatic Society presented the annual School play which, this year, was "The Lark," an English translation of the play by Jean Anouilh. The play deals with the familiar but powerful story of Joan of Arc, told in flash-back form and with emphasis on her trial. Because of the well-known nature of the story, much of the plot must stem from a clash of personalities and conflicting doctrines. To hold the attention of the audience, therefore, the actors had to make their characterisations convincing, and in this they were generally successful. In particular, Marilyn Shaw in the title role was especially effective in her portrayal of the young country girl

caught up in a storm of political events but maintaining her simple faith.

Notable performances were also given by Paul Smith as the weak, immature Dauphin; David Hewitt as the elderly Bishop Cauchon; Roger Siviter as the stern Inquisitor; and Richard Jones as the easy-going Beauricourt. The complex lighting was efficiently handled by Mr. Sant's footplate crew, and this combined with an open set ingeniously designed to handle many changes of scene, to give the play its mediaeval and charged atmosphere. Mr. Laycock, the director, is to be congratulated for yet another first-class production, and we look forward to seeing his next presentation.

P. TONKS, U.6



Joan of Arc, by Gaynor Southall, L.6

"MOTHER COURAGE"

Members of the J.S. saw "Mother Courage" at the Belgrade Theatre, Coventry. The play, by Bertolt Brecht, describes the adventures and tragedies which befall a family journeying through the Slavic countries during the Thirty Years War. At the start of the play, the family consists of Mother Courage, her two sons, and a daughter who is a deaf mute. In trying to dissuade her eldest son from joining the army, Mother uses a form of Black Magic which prophesies that they will all be killed; although we have the impression that Mother Courage herself is sceptical about the validity of this method, it is seen to come true. All die except Mother Courage, who is left to struggle on alone as best she can.

The acting was, on the whole, very good, and Mother Courage was brilliant. If, in parts, she seemed to be lacking in emotion, for instance, when her dying son was shown to her and she did not so much as "bat an eyelid," or when her

daughter was facially wounded; it must be remembered that she had been hardened by the life of wandering to which she had condemned herself. The daughter was superficially good, although it was difficult to understand why the family took so little notice of what she was trying to convey, as this was always something of the highest importance. The parson provided a necessary element of humour in the play, which did not detract from the seriousness of the theme.

Music existed in the play in the form of tuneless singing, for which there was mixed reaction, but it was not in excess and aroused attention with its unusual and striking contrast to the rest of the play.

Scenery was as simple and stark as possible, emphasising the monotony and difficulty of the journey.

It was an absorbing and enlightening production.

JILL PARKINSON, U.6

"THE LARK"



Paul Smith as the Dauphin



Marilyn Shaw as Joan



Valda Webb as the Dauphin's Mistress



Peter Tonks, as the Promoter, with Joan

IMPRESSIONS OF "ROMEO AND JULIET" STRATFORD 1967

The first impression that we had was one of a stage completely dominated by two large concrete blocks, but these subsequently proved to be very effective and adaptable pieces of scenery.

The puns of Sampson and Gregory in the opening scene were unexpectedly funny—unexpectedly because when one is reading the play they seem merely vulgar and not at all humorous.

David Weston, as Benvolio, made a great impression on many of us, for he was by far the most attractive actor, but unfortunately he made it difficult for Ian Holm to appear young when set against him.

Ian Holm portrayed Romeo very well, especially when his initial desperate love for Rosaline changed to his joyful love of Juliet. Both he and Esther Kohler, as Juliet, were marvellous.

The nurse and Mercutio were also superb. Norman Rodway obviously enjoyed his part immensely, and the audience was swept away by his bawdy humour. Only with his death did one's attention turn fully to the tragedy of the lovers. The scene between Mercutio and the nurse might well have come from a "Wednesday Play" judging by its vulgarity, and yet it was very funny and not at all offensive. The nurse was perhaps the character who seemed closest to modern life, especially in her reminiscences of Juliet's childhood.

Of the other scenes, it can be said that they were all effective. All the fight scenes were most convincing, and the balcony scene was beautifully performed. The balcony itself

was super because it was such a change from the tradition balcony. Another particularly touching scene was that at the Capulet's dance when Romeo and Juliet met; all the actors froze and remained still for several seconds, and the impact upon the audience was tremendous. The only scene which caused any real controversy was the one where Romeo learns of his banishment from Friar Lawrence. It involved Romeo in grovelling upon the floor and sobbing like a child, and some people found it distasteful.

When writing about any Royal Shakespeare Company production the conclusion is invariably that it was good, but the originality that the company introduce with gesture costumes, scenery, props and interpretation of characters in their speeches is always amazing. This production was certainly no exception.

The test of a good production is the degree of audience involvement, which was very high in this instance. There were, however, a few people in the audience who insisted upon laughing at everything, including Mercutio's death, and this rather spoilt it for everyone else.

Still, we all thoroughly enjoyed the visit, and everyone feels it has helped their appreciation of the play for the G.C.E.

A special vote of thanks should go to Miss Harrison and everyone else who helped to organise the trip. It is sincerely hoped that many more visits to Stratford will be possible in the future.

MARY HARRISON, 5A
PHILIPPA GRANT, 5A

CHESS



WE'LL HAVE ONE VERSE OF 'GOD
SAVE THE KING', THEN RUN FOR
YOUR LIVES.

This has been the fourth year of existence of the Chess Club, and it has been our best, mainly due to considerable enthusiasm throughout the School.

The junior team failed to retain the Warley and District School Chess Shield. The senior team were more successful, finishing in the top six of the Birmingham Junior Chess League, and the same team through to the third round of the "Sunday Times" national competition. The senior team is unbeaten so far this season.

Last year, two chess tournaments were held in the School, both of which are yet to be completed. The individual championship has resulted in a tie, and so has the play-off of The Inter-House competition resulted in a triple tie.

Chess has not been confined to the School; several of our members have been playing extremely well for Warley in the Birmingham and District Chess League. D. Slim has represented Birmingham on several occasions, and is due to represent Worcestershire in a future county match; he has also tied for first place in the under-18 section of the Birmingham Open Championship. J. T. Dickinson and D. Slir attended the annual chess festival at Eastbourne during the summer holidays. Both put up a good show in some very strong tournaments. Next year they intend to play in the British Junior Championship.

Thanks must go to Mr. Price, who has helped to run the Club efficiently.

D. SLIM, U.6

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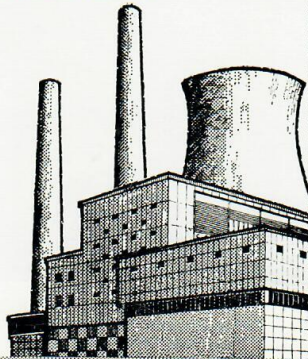
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BULWARK MARK II

Every morning in assembly, the headmaster of my old school implored the Lord to make his school "a bulwark of Godliness, righteousness, and all good learning," in return for which, it was said, the head had a private arrangement with the Lord to hand over eight hundred and fifty spotless young souls. It is hardly surprising that, when we jumped onto the bandwagon of sixth form cynicism, we re-named the school, "The Bulwark," a designation which the head publicly deplored, privately relished. In these enlightened days of dynamic socialism and non-selective schools, I hear that the present sixth form refers to the school as "The Collective," which may be a very good name. Indeed, I have it on the authority of another old boy, who visits the place more frequently than most, that boys with I.Q.'s as low as 115 are now being admitted.

It was with vivid and fond memories of "The Bulwark" (I refuse to call it "The Collective," preferring to remember it as it was) that I first entered Oldbury Grammar School, and I was inevitably to compare the two schools. I knew, of course, that I had been appointed to a mixed school (my application was described by my old English master as "a piece of recklessness" and "youthful folly"), but I was staggered to see girls openly walking about the corridors. At "The Bulwark" the existence of girls was never officially admitted, though most of the boys seemed to have vague notions of it, and there was a story being put about during my time that one of the senior masters had stumbled by chance into the kitchens and discovered the presence of female cooks, but that this startling news was suppressed at staff room level. Then there was the famous occasion when a young English teacher, fresh from university and full of atrocious ideas, suggested to the head that girls from the local girls' school should take the parts of the women in the school play. The story runs that the head blinked in disbelief for several seconds, heard the suggestion repeated, and then, with a scandalised rustle of papers, sent the man packing. This was an improper suggestion, and no more was heard of it. Those who ran my old school would have strongly disapproved of Oldbury, and had they seen a girl in the corridor, would have sent at once for a policeman to put her off the premises.

After a brief inspection of the facilities of the staff room, and after passionate refusals to be Mr. Clarke's fag for the year, I turned my attention to the time-table. I was greatly relieved to discover that I had been spared the indignity of supervising football. I would not, except in the extremes of self-ridicule, describe myself as a sportsman, suffering as I do from severe physical indolence such as is rarely found in one so young and spry. I have not the slightest interest in the destination of a bag of wind, and my usual reaction when I notice the approach of a ball is to turn my back to it and fall into a ludicrous furtive crouch. It has long been a theory of mine that if it is necessary to run in order to get from A to B, then B cannot possibly be worth a visit, a theory I have never had cause to revise. I do not feel compelled, as a schoolmaster, to "get out there and show 'em you're not a cissy." Indeed, if anything had deterred me from the teaching profession it would have been the prospect of standing on a muddy field in slight rain, absurd in plastic mac and suede shoes, with the sole purpose to blow a borrowed



whistle at sweating, heaving boys in accordance with meaningless rules.

At "The Bulwark," as you might expect, there was a most sophisticated penal system, perfected over a period of six hundred years, which worked to the disadvantage of staff and boys alike. I was delighted to find that Oldbury supports no such scheme. The system at "The Bulwark" involved a one-hour detention class each evening, usually full, for the supervision of which the staff had a rota. And so it was that if Mr. Brown found himself watching over the miscreants unearthed by Messrs. Cook, Forbes and Travers, in his own time, he would then feel obliged to ensure a good gate for them in their turn by detaining large numbers of the sulkiest louts. As any mathematician will easily explain, after three months of term the class would have grown in geometric progression reflecting the mounting revenge in the staff room.

There were also Saturday morning detentions, a vestige of the days of Saturday morning school, and field detentions, so called because the punishment was to sit reading in the library instead of playing football. To be awarded a Saturday morning detention—called "Winning your spurs" in the lower streams—a very serious offence had to be pinned on one. It was very rare to hear of a boy in Saturday detention. Field detention, on the other hand, was open to interesting abuse. The assumption was that all boys, except the occasional rotters you find in any school, love to play football, therefore, to be prevented from doing so is a real hardship. "The Bulwark" must have had more than its fair share of rotters, for field detentions were prized as a means of avoiding an afternoon of sport, resorted to by all boys who could not produce sufficiently impressive verrucae. It would have been amusing to take part in a system like the one outlined above, now that I am at the other end of the chalk, but on the whole it is a good thing for Oldbury that none such exists. The crime rate would probably soar.

In spite of everything, I was very happy at "The Bulwark." I think that I shall be happy at Oldbury Grammar School, which is no more perfect than "The Bulwark" was perfect. If the perfect school exists at all, it does so only with Plato's table and Paley's watchmaker, and I think that a very good thing. At the moment I have little of which to complain, except perhaps the gurgling pipes in Room 10. They make their vulgar noises just as I have delivered myself of a profound theological statement, and I find this acutely distressing. At "The Bulwark," the Queen of Sciences was housed in a most beautiful room.

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Drawing by John Drew, 2L

BI-LATERAL

The dead man sleeps,
While the live man keeps
A watch on his grave.
The black man dies,
No white man cries
For he does not care.
The bombs big bang,
The children all hang
Themselves in the street.
The man looks on,
Says: "Oh what fun,"
And presses the button for more.

G. MILLERSHIP, 5C

Linocut by A. Lester, 6G



ANOTHER YEAR HAS GONE

Another year has passed,
And I sit here,
Waiting, thinking quiet thoughts.
You are probably like all the rest.
You think I'm mad, that I'm a pest,
But you'll find out one day,
One day. It may dawn on you,
You may realise how mad you are.
And,
Like a fool you will try to save,
To save humanity from going mad.
But it will be too late,
So you might as well let fate
Go its own way.
For you must not make
The same mistake
As I did.
If you try, and tell the world
How silly they are
You will end up like me.
I did that you know.
Yes,
I told them the truth,
But you know that the truth hurts,
And so
Here I am. Sitting quietly.
They picked me up, like dirt,
And locked me away here.
No-one misses me,
No-one cares, except to say
"Oh, do you know where old so and so is?
You know, that funny little thing.
I haven't seem him lately, still
He always was queer."
See what I mean?
They don't care.
They just go on living
Like rats.
Don't despair though, you are not alone
In all this world of rats
And mad people.
There are still a few of us
Who remain. Yes, and we are the
Only sane people.
It's a strange feeling,
Is it not?
When you think that all the world is mad
And the sane are locked away
With nothing but four bare walls
And barred windows.
Another year has passed.
How long must this last?

JEAN WRIGHT, 4B



Mountains by Jean Knight, 4W

THE ISLE OF ARRAN

Arran is the kind of place one does not see advertised on posters in railway stations; in fact, it is so remote as to be practically unheard of. It was to this remote isle that our well-meaning geology master sent us one fateful Whitsuntide. He declined to join our elite band on the pretext of domestic engagements, but one could almost hear the sigh of relief as we departed into the unknown.

As we arrived on the shuddering, but remarkably-on-time British Railways ferry, we saw it emerge out of the mists of the Eastern Atlantic. After disembarking we stood for a while admiring the transport museum on the quayside, when some kind local inhabitant informed us that the tin monstrosities we were gazing at comprised the local 'bus service. We were later to discover that the physical fitness of the natives was not, in fact, due to the invigorating air our geology master had promised us, but to prodigious 'bus-pushing episodes.

We descended from the 'bus accompanied by several elderly tweed-clad individuals whom we later found to be our colleagues. At dinner we were ushered in to the accompaniment of a large gong. The known members of our geological party duly found themselves a select table as far away from the other members of the company as possible. A rendering of "All things bright and beautiful" was given

in mellow tones of complete tunelessness, although the octave range was from ultra-bass to ultra-sonic, with a degenerate squeak in the middle. Silence for this procedure was obtained after our host, Walter, had struck his bell with a resounding "ping." This, unfortunately, had the deplorable effect of causing minor hysterics among the less aged, of whom there were very few.

Our daily excursions proved very popular and successful. Science made history when one pleasant, plump member of the teaching profession discovered a new method of rock identification. At each locality she proceeded to lower herself onto any convenient projection and the hardness registered on her lower portions was calibrated accordingly.

Our evening programme was officially one of after-dinner lectures which, when in progress, consisted of general discussions on anything irrelevant to geology. These were curtailed by the approach of opening time, when the party adjourned to the local tavern, where the discussion was continued in a lighter vein.

Thus the week sped by in true Scottish fashion, and, as we waved goodbye, we decided that in the distant future we might conceivably return to Arran, the island of dreams.

G. GARFIELD, U.6
S. DARBYSHIRE



FASHION

Waistlines and hemlines are continually rising and falling. Many fashion-conscious people now ignore Balmain and Dior and concentrate on the fashion designs of Mary Quant, Courreges and Yves St. Laurent.

Each season one main colour is launched and many clothes and accessories are made in the "in" colour or to match. The "in" colours this season seem to be black or brown.

Each season the large fashion houses decree that hemlines must rise or fall. Very often the majority of the public ignore this declaration in favour of the young designers which they have in their midst. France was once regarded as the fashion centre of the world, but now London has taken over.

Boutiques have sprung up all over England. They provide a market for all the clothes designed by young people fresh from Art College. The boutiques sell unusual and inexpensive clothes and are popular because they do not deal in mass production of clothes.

Fashion is so fickle that it is best to dress to suit yourself.
JANE MOORE, 5A

Picture also by Jane Moore

EXPERIENCES OF A HOLIDAY JOB

I had given up all hope of obtaining a temporary job for the summer vacation when a friend, taking pity on me and my low monetary status, got a job for me in a newsagent and confectionery shop in Hockley.

I had never been to Hockley before, and as the 'bus transported me from the new Birmingham into the old I began to think how fortunate I was. The places which I best remember passing on my first morning are a dingy but somehow cosy café, an overgrown graveyard, a dirty factory and an overcrowded second-hand clothes shop which for me had not previously belonged to 1967. My shop was situated in a busy high street of friendly shops. I soon became accustomed to the prices and the customers, especially the children.

Dirty, parent-free children tightly holding onto sticky pennies were continually popping in and out. The amount of sweets which they ate would have given any self-respecting dentist nightmares. Often it took them several minutes and a whispered consultation to decide on their choice, which ranged from such terror-inspiring things as "Flaming Cherries" to "Red Bombs." They were children whom I had not previously encountered. They were daily put out into the bustling main street, having as companions other "small adults" and a continual flow of pennies. They were the type of children whom I had previously associated with bomb-sites. I remember that one day a young boy was caught stuffing adult paper-back books into his coat. He was frightened by possible police action, and we did not see him again.

Many interesting people were customers at the shop: I remember one family especially. I was told, or rather warned, about them on my first morning at work. I was eagerly told what had happened on the previous afternoon. Apparently, two of the sons had been seen stealing a box of chocolates, and had therefore been ordered out of the shop. Soon afterwards their irate father had stormed into the shop and, in his angry demonstration, had smashed the glass frontage to the counter, scattering glass and sweets everywhere. I myself saw the mother and married daughter later in the morning when they came to smooth over what had happened. The mother's voice would have made a fog-horn on the River Mersey envious. The daughter looked as if she had worked in an Irish potato field all her life without having a bath. I gradually met the younger members of that notorious family, who were known as "The Pinchers." There was one son, however, whom

STUDENT LABOUR

The government have decided that even in this affluent society, where dogs have to have licences to live, they cannot afford to subsidise a poverty-stricken student like me. So the result is I have to defy my strict moral code and work.

Every Saturday morning I crawl out of bed and force myself to enter what can only be called the twilight zone, at a time when the only other human being functioning is Tony Blackburn of Radio One fame, and journey by a 'bus service, apparently laid on just for me, to the garage where I work.

I accept the invitation of five fellow-sleepwalkers to join them in a cup of tea, and when we have all had a sip the world starts to function. They usually fill the cup up again for a second round. Around this time I discover what cold limbs feel like—cold.

I then set about my work and laugh at my senior's jokes which, fortunately, are usually funny but, of course, unrepeatable. Many of our customers arouse much humour in continually displaying how little they know about their "treasured vehicle." The majority manifest many ways to enhance the appearance of their vehicle, incorporating "go-faster" transfers and sometimes even mud flaps, but although they consider they know just how their little engine ticks, it is blatantly obvious that this is an incorrect assumption. This results in people accosting the boss claiming the Mini he has recently sold them has no battery; they are quite taken aback when informed that the battery in a Mini is usually situated somewhere in the vicinity of the boot and not under the bonnet. Or would you believe someone complaining that his new noise must be at least big-ends, and feeling somewhat relieved when a mechanic finds it is really made by a stone trapped between the chassis and the exhaust. Of course, some try to hide this ignorance, usually by asking the machanic to look at this or that little thing while he is checking the oil and water levels; but our boss has a way round this—he charges them for it.

The rest of the workers are a jolly bunch, always willing to be of service, and I pick up many tips by watching them at work. For instance, only the other week, I was shown an ingenious method of entering locked cars. When I asked if the police had ever been interested in this fascinating hobby, I was informed that they are regularly called upon to open cars which the owners have carelessly parked in restriction zones.

As a result of all this practical experience I feel I can live as a better citizen, and (from my wages, of course) as a more prosperous one.

L. MARLOW, U.6

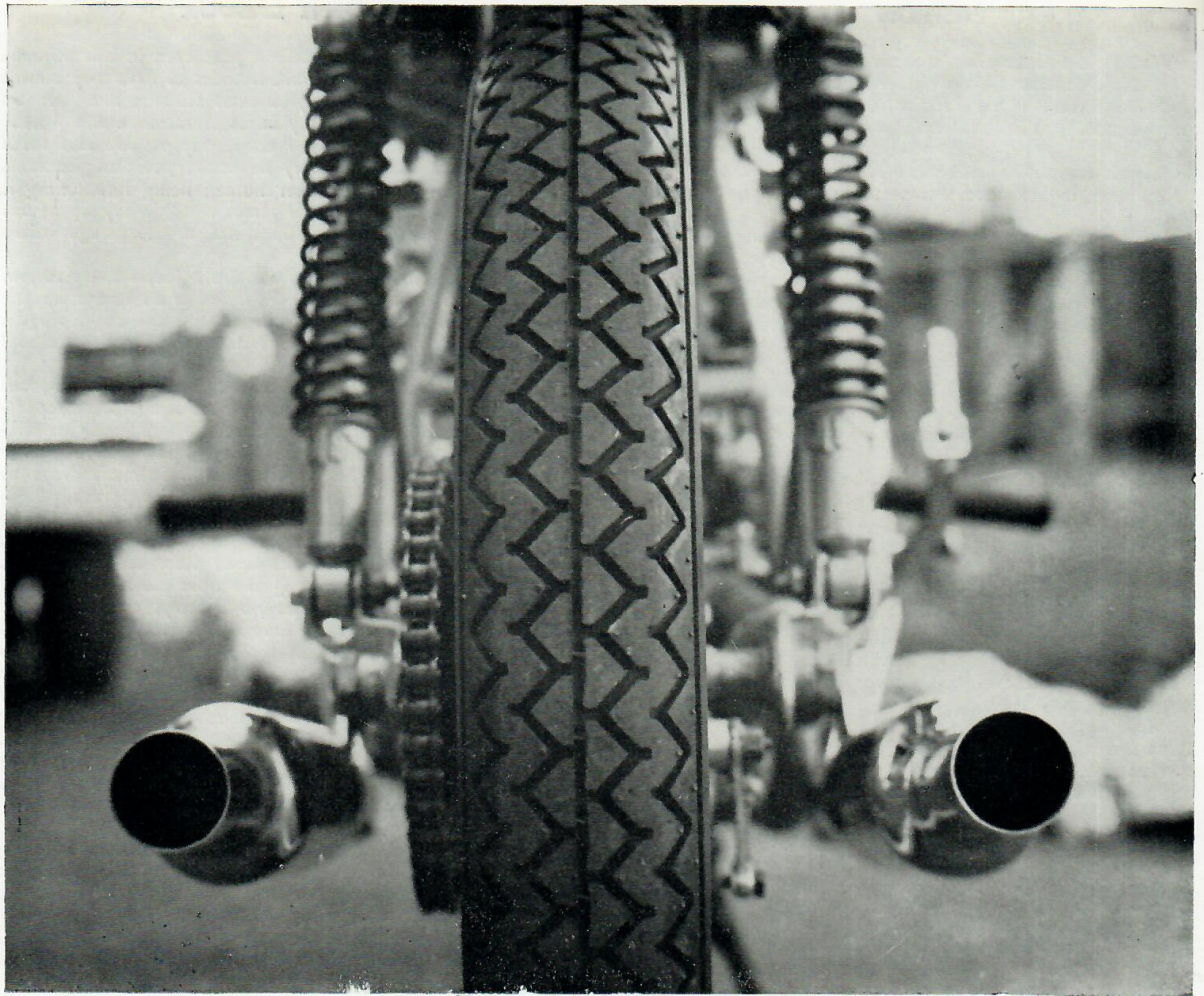
I did not see as he was at an approved school.

The housing problem is particularly bad in Hockley, and many of the customers lived in poor conditions. One of the customers had formerly been living in a "half-way house," which is a large house where several families live together, sharing all amenities. She, with some other mothers and children, had been photographed for the "Cathy Come Home" book as an example of people suffering the squalor of bad housing.

I also remember another interesting customer. She was almost 18 years old, but already she had married, had a baby, and was awaiting her divorce. We never saw the baby, as he was in hospital seriously ill. The girl herself cared very little for her baby and hardly ever went to see him.

I enjoyed working in Hockley and it was a worthwhile experience meeting people who belonged to a world previously unknown to me.

ANDREA TONKS, U.6



Photograph by Peter Goddard

THE AGE OF STEAM

During the year, throughout the country, a number of traction engine rallies and meets are held. Such a rally is held every year in Birmingham, outside the Museum of Science and industry in Newhall Street.

A number of traction engines congregate in this street, having come from various towns and villages throughout the country. They begin to arrive from about nine in the morning, on trailers or under their own steam, until at about 2 p.m., there is a steamy smoke-filled street of roaring, moving machines, gleaming with bright colours and the sun glancing off the highly-polished brasses. If you were to arrive a few streets away from the rally you would smell the smoke and oil and hear a dull groaning, clattering sound, punctuated by hoots and blasts of the steam whistles and hooters.

Walking in and out of the steaming, thundering monsters, gushings of steam hit the floor and rise in clouds towards your face. The engines are warm and throbbing, gently lurching backwards and forwards on their axles. When they move all in a procession, the first engine lets out a screech, a clanging of gears, several spurts of hot steam, and with a final monstrous shudder, it moves from its chocks and rumbles slowly up the hill with its engine hammering away in first gear. This performance is repeated by twenty or so engines until the first one has completed the circuit and returned to its former position at the top of the hill,

where the chocks are quickly replaced and the engine grinds back on to them.

On these occasions, in the past three years, a fairground organ has appeared on the scene. This massive showpiece is resplendent in flashing, brightly-coloured painted sculptures in wood. Powered by electricity, generated by the great engine, "Winston Churchill," built by Burrell, the organ bellows forth a great volume of gaudy fairground music which literally deafens anyone in close proximity, and can be heard in streets up to three hundred yards away! With this great organ in action, it turns the street into a clattering, spangled holocaust of sound, light, colours and smell which engulfs the milling people under a smoky brown and white canopy.

As the sun begins to sink into a deep red sky, people begin to leave gradually, and a few engines depart, or clamber wearily onto their trailers. The number of people dwindles and the street begins to look empty as more and more engines leave, until there are no longer any bright colours or happy noises.

At the end of the day, the last few people begin to make their way home, tired and weary. As they go, they leave behind the black, dirt-stained street, a remnant of a small part of a vast and a glorious age, the Age of Steam.

M. HOMER, V.A.

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More than a thousand different local newspapers are published throughout Britain every week. Some are evening papers, others only come out once a week, but the chances are that wherever you live, city, town or village, a local paper of some kind is delivered regularly to your home. Therefore, it is a fascinating hobby to collect the titles, or mastheads, of local papers.

What is your local paper called? Probably it is either "The Advertiser," "The News," or "The Times"; over a third of our local papers carry one of these three names in their title. The only other names to rival these in frequency are "The Gazette," "The Chronicle," "The Express," "The Guardian," "The Herald" and "The Journal." Between them these nine names account for just over nine hundred of our local newspapers.

However, the really interesting newspaper names are the unique ones. Seventy-two different names are used in Great Britain, and nearly thirty of these occur only once. It is difficult to understand why some of them have not been more widely used, for they all seem such obvious choices for newspaper titles, such as "The Newsman," "The Banner," "The World," "The Graphic," "The Speaker," and many other titles, all of which are found only once.

Some of these unique titles show great imagination and originality—titles like "The Redditch Indicator" and "The Cambuslang Pilot." But the prize for the most unusual newspaper title in Britain must surely go to one of the following: "The Warley News Telephone," "The Keswick Reminder," "The Royston Crow," "The Epworth Bells," or, my own particular favourite, "The Kidderminster Shuttle."

A few newspapers, like "The Southport Visiter" and "The Birmingham Despatch," are unique because they retain an older spelling in their titles, which distinguishes them from similarly-titled papers with the modern spellings.

Incidentally, "The Southport Visiter," along with other newspapers circulating in seaside resorts, remind us, by their titles, of a practise that was common at the turn of the century. Each week during the season the local paper would publish a visitor's list, containing the names of all people staying at the various hotels and boarding houses in the resort. However, this practise had to be discontinued long before the resorts became large and crowded.

When you examine the long list of newspapers you find that the majority of names form themselves, by association, into three main groups. First there are those connected with the actual work of journalism—"The Advertiser," "The News," "The Journal," "The Press" and "The Reporter." Then there are those that suggest messages being sent over long distances—"The Courier," "The Messenger," "The Express" and "The Telegraph." Another group of names are reminders of the past—"The Chronicle," "The Gazette," and "The Herald." Also, "The Sentinel" and "The Tribune" sound Roman, "The Argus," "The Echo" and "The Mercury" sound like mythological characters, and "The Sun," "The Comet" and "The World" suggest the vastness of the universe.

If you made a short list of all the papers that circulate in and around your district and in the towns that you visit during holidays, you would find some fascinating titles for yourself.

This hobby can be extended even further if you collect the titles from foreign newspapers, and even from magazines, and you can build up an interesting collection of unusual newspaper titles for yourself.

JOHN MORLE, 3]

DO YOU UNDERSTAND LONG DIVISION ?

In this problem, the numbers have been replaced by x. The figure 8 in the answer is the third digit of five figures.

Strange as it may seem, this division has a unique solution and is easier than it looks, yielding to a few mathematical insights.

Can you solve the problem, rewriting all the numbers instead of x?

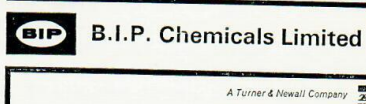
$$\begin{array}{r}
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 \text{xxxx} \\
 \underline{\text{xxxx}} \\
 \text{....}
 \end{array}$$

(Solution may be obtained from Mr. Worts).



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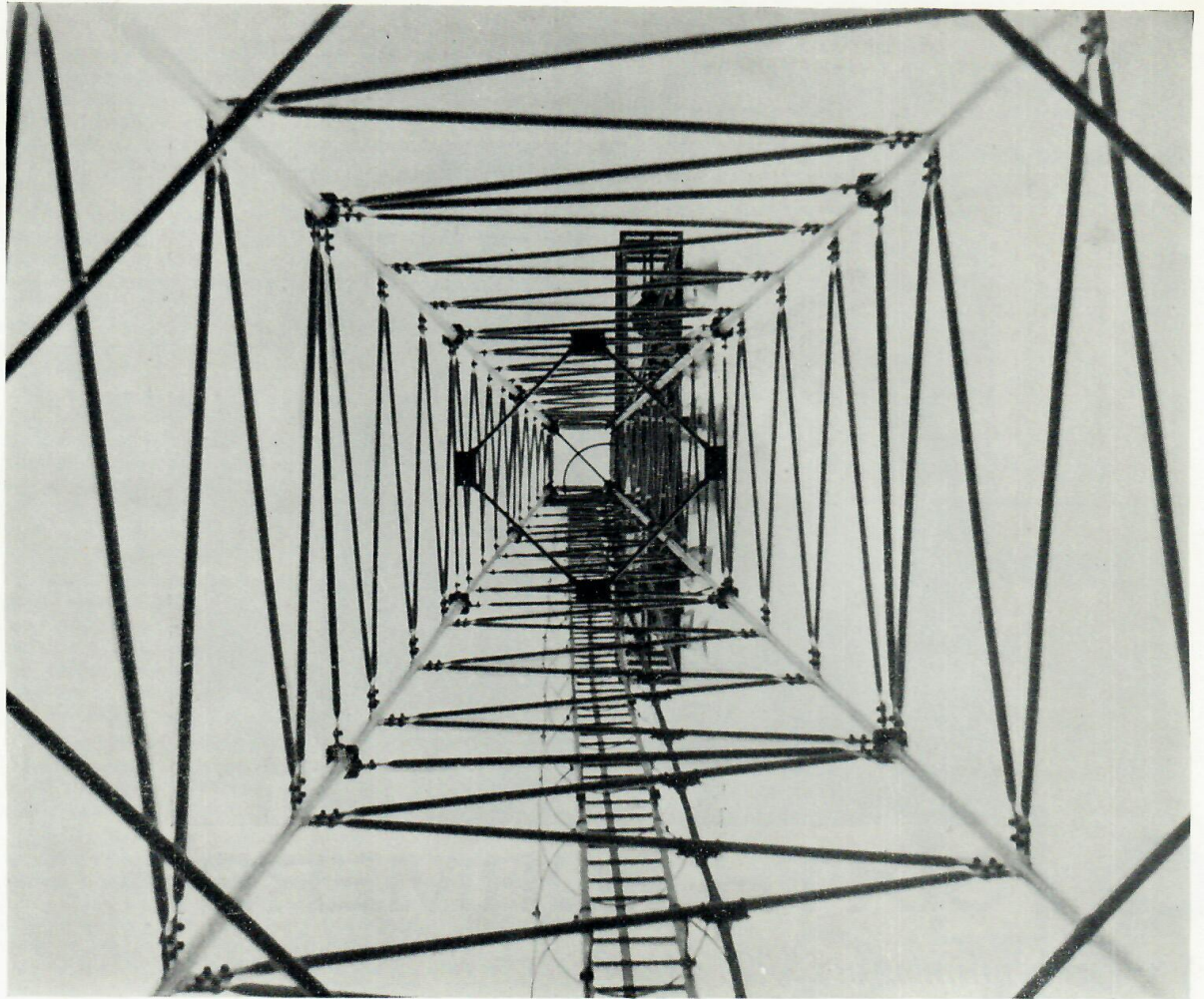
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Floodlights at the Hawthorns, by Peter Goddard

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Mr. Croft came to teach scripture in September of this year. He was a little concerned about the lack of a society for sixth formers, and said that he was willing to start some sort of society if he had the support. Previously there had been a Student Christian Movement, but it seemed that the enthusiasm to recommence this was small. Mr. Croft suggested a Philosophical Society. This sounded very enterprising, and the first meeting was held in the prefects' room on a Tuesday evening.

A dozen people attended the first meeting. We sat in a group wondering what exactly we had come for, and while we were drinking coffee Mr. Croft proceeded to enlighten us. The Philosophical Society was born.

It is a very informal meeting where sixth formers discuss any relevant topic. It was hoped that perhaps someone would come along each week to start a discussion, but this was found to be unnecessary.

It has proved to be successful most weeks, although it is only supported by a minority of the sixth form. Topics have varied greatly, and such things as "The Ultimate Reality," "Transcendental Meditation" and "Christian Ethics" have been widely discussed. Usually, entirely opposite views are taken, and this, of course, makes the evening a success.

It is hoped that this Society will strengthen in order to fulfil its task of enabling sixth formers to voice their opinions. It is also hoped that in the future we will be able to hold discussions with other sixth formers.

CHRISTINE CHAPMAN, U.6

CHARITY COLLECTOR

Trust it to be raining today of all days. I'm soaked to the skin and the flags are getting soggy too. Five hours I've been here bumped by crowds, trodden on and stared at, and I've still got plenty of flags left.

"Thank you very much." Well, there goes another half-penny to my grand total. I've never seen so many half-pennies. Still, they make the box seem heavy; it feels as though I've collected pounds, and there's only about ten shillings altogether.

Gosh, my feet ache. I'm not hanging round much longer whether I've sold these flags or not. I could catch pneumonia standing here like this, when I could be at home sitting by a nice coal fire. I'm going home, flags or no flags.

CHRISTINE FORD, 5C

POEM No. 1

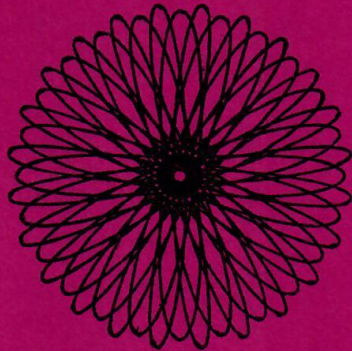
Head spins round
Mind is light
Feet from ground
Eyes no sight
Memories brought back to the Drain
Circuit head
Then fade again
Flashing light
Lashing feet
Fumbling hands
Crumbling minds
Life is gone
The world is dead.
When again the world begins
People pure, without their sins
Perhaps they'll see what we did wrong
Go on living long and strong.

RAE HALL, 5C

COMING

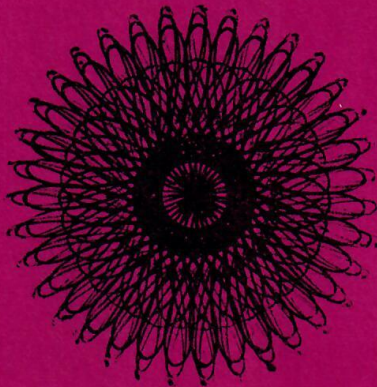
A faint buzz came from the brilliant sun,
A faint buzz carrying a gun.
Run out of sugar,
He was killed with a Luger.
Life gets a drag
There's always some snag
What sort of car shall we buy?
A hum as bees with a sting
But with glittering silver wings.
Always squashed on the train
I wasn't to blame,
Don't hang me.
Another cup of tea?
What sort of house shall we buy?
A drone like a moan can be heard
A great, white, mechanical bird.
Why do they bother, why should they try?
Can't they see how low they fly?
How the bomb hatch doors start to part?
And how . . .

CHRISTINE FORD, 5C



When a person dies in this country he is usually mourned by everyone who hears of his death. This general unhappiness makes people frightened of death.

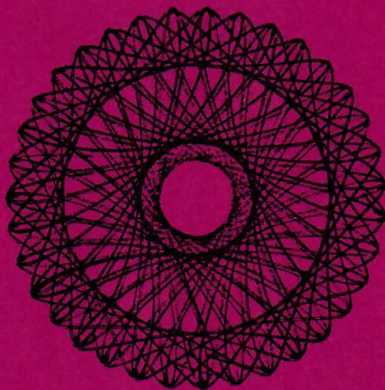
M. ANDREWS, 5C



“ Oh no, he’s dead,”
The old woman said,
 Bending over the body.
“ I hardly think so,”
Said husband Joe,
 As they stared at the chap’s face.
 —All bloody.

Said Marjorie slick
“ Get an ambulance quick,
He’s bleeding.”

R. HARRISON, 5C



TIME

Ah, Time, merciless Time,
You continue to flow like blood from an open
 wound,
Blind to our world.
But pray, be still.
Halt in your eternal walk,
And look back.
Open your eyes and look down upon our world.
See the unhappiness that lies in your wake.
And repent.
Lay down your tired,
Ticking body,
And sleep.

JACQUELINE REYNOLDS, 2B

FRENZY

Pulsating
Ecstatic whorls of
Hands, arms, flesh,
Flowing in never-ending movement.
Abysmal gyrations of
Unknown, unseen.
Terror of uncontrolled gesture.
Peace of freedom from
Life.
Rhythmic pounding of
Blood.
Blood through the brain,
Throbbing, swelling
Blood through the arteries;
Life
Roaring through bodies
Joined as one.
Paradise regained
In the flow of eternal revelation
Of freedom.
Rules abandoned, gesticulating limbs
Wave, jerk, twist,
In an agony of living flesh
Desires of something,
Something alive,
Passionate, flow in the brain
Of the risen dead,
Trickles of sweat, salt,
Pour from faces,
Into eyes, lit with a fire
Unearthly.
Slippery flesh
Shining in the light
Of ethereal flame
From the eyes of the incarnate,
Incarnate flesh.
Resurrection of ancient thought
Ancient longings of things
Beyond men.
Unholy rites of dead religions
Dancing forever with the fevered moans
Of beings
Human?
Inbred fear of the dark
Overcome by
Mass gyration.
Light of souls
Released from earthly tension
In the
Twilight of a risen
People.
The pulsating pitch
Reached
Forgive them, Father, for they know not
What they do.

ANDREA BOSWELL, 4B



LIFE IS FOR LIVING

Another thing, amongst the much-discussed and
argued thoughts, is life.
A life, not born nor dying or weeping for a better
world, but saying merely, "I live."
By thinking "I live," who can believe that this state
can end?
That my thoughts and sins are chemical processes
mainly produced by acids and bases,
ludicrous.
Or so I believe.
But believing in what?
In God, or sorrow or nothing, none of them can
inspire much hope for the world as it is.
God will come and save us, I hear,
Save us from sorrow, from nothing as well, and send
all the Buddhists down to hell?
I can't believe that, my god is a much nicer person.
When did I last exist? Before I went to sleep?
Where was I when I was dreaming?
In my mind?
Am I in the same world when I wake up or am I in
many at once, flitting from one to the other.
Asleep in one, awake in another.
If God put me on the earth he put me here to live,
and then to die.
And then . . . ?

D. ALLBROOKE, 4A

I DO NOT LIKE THE SPRING

I do not like the Spring.
It brings swarming to my mind
Images of fertility,
Conception, birth and mating,
Which have always troubled me.
And do not cease to do so.
I gave myself to the higher things of life,
Books, Art and Music.
But Spring always disturbs me
And the excited silence of this wood
Hangs on me like an ill-fitting garment
That was not meant for me.
I live alone in a room like a box,
Full of books, pictures, records.
I have achieved a levitation of the spirit
Above the body,
That is hard to keep up now.
A fever flushes through me
And I, turning my face to the wall,
Can feel it only as an illness in my blood.

G. WORTS

OLDBURY G.S. TELEVISION RATINGS

Sixth formers and members of staff were asked to fill in a questionnaire about their television viewing habits—over sixty forms were completed. The questionnaire consisted of a list of all the programmes shown during the week ending November 12th, 1967. On the list they were asked to do three things:

1. To underline their five favourite programmes;
2. To tick programmes they watched regularly and counted as favourites;
3. To put "H" against those programmes they particularly disliked.

From these completed forms it was possible to compile two lists, of popular and unpopular programmes. This was done on the basis that a tick means one point, and an underlined programme means two points for the popular programmes, and "H" means one point for an unpopular programme. The figures in the parentheses represent points gained in the other list.

Top Twenty Popular Programmes

1. Top of the Pops	64	(1)
2. The Frost Programme	63	(2)
3. The Avengers	40	(0)
3. University Challenge	40	(4)
5. Twice a Fortnight	38	(1)
5. The Prisoner	38	(3)
7. Match of the Day	37	(6)
8. Twenty-four Hours	35	(1)
8. Dee Time	35	(2)
10. Dick Van Dyke	33	(0)
10. The Untouchables	33	(3)
12. Steptoe and Son	32	(3)
13. Morecambe and Wise	30	(2)
14. Tomorrow's World	29	(0)
14. Tom and Jerry	29	(1)
16. The Invaders	28	(3)
16. Dr. Finlay's Casebook	28	(8)
18. World of Soccer	26	(2)
19. News at Ten	24	(0)
19. Wednesday Play	24	(1)

From these charts it is possible to draw several interesting conclusions. For example, seven out of the most unpopular programmes are shown on I.T.V. These are mainly variety shows and serials, and it was shown on the forms that these programmes appealed mostly to members of staff (but some members of the upper sixth also seemed to have unusual tastes!).

"Top of the Pops" was voted the most popular programme, and this was only to be expected when one considers the average age of the people who filled in the questionnaires.

"The Frost Programme" was the next most popular programme. This shows that young people take an interest in current affairs, and this is emphasised by the fact that "Twenty-four Hours," "News at Ten" and "Tomorrow's World" also appeared in the list of most popular programmes.

Certain of the most popular programmes are concerned with escapism, showing that people like to associate themselves with things totally devoid of the world to which they belong.

An equal number of forms were filled in by both boys and girls, and it was interesting to note that football programmes still appeared in the list of most popular programmes.

This survey also showed that BBC 2 programmes did not appear in either list; but this is probably explained by the fact that BBC 2 is not available in all homes.

L. CHICK, L.6

Ten Most Unpopular Programmes

1. Take Your Pick	39	(0)
2. Crossroads	38	(5)
3. Opportunity Knocks	31	(3)
4. Coronation Street	30	(6)
5. Mrs. Thursday	28	(2)
6. Dixon of Dock Green	22	(6)
7. White Heather Club	19	(4)
8. Golden Shot	19	(6)
9. Daktari	12	(1)
9. Englebert	12	(3)



Seated Figure, by Janet Noble, 1D



SCHOOL VISIT TO SWITZERLAND CHRISTMAS 1966 (1)

The mountain railway rises very steeply on a sort of cog-wheel arrangement from the lake to the mountain tops and the plateau of Einsiedeln. It is a most exciting ride. We had travelled for hours and hours by bus, plane and train, but the weather remained dull and snowless, and we were worried. Half-way up the mountain the snowline was passed, and at Einsiedeln we seemed to be in another world, where the snow was evidently permanent. We had our meal when we arrived, fitted ourselves up with boots and skis, and looked forward to the morrow.

The snow was about two feet thick, quite firm enough to ski on, but by no means rock hard; if you fell, you would not flounder about in a mass of flakes, but you did not think it would hurt. We were on the nursery slopes for beginners, and the slope was so gentle it was a job to get going. A beginner finds it difficult to balance, and Simon (aged 10), swayed and jerked this way and that as he glided down. He was about to fall and the Swiss instructor shouted "Sit, sit down," but Simon determinedly went on by jerking himself up. But then he did fall, and in a rather twisted manner. His legs seemed to be under him, and the two skis in opposite directions. The adults cruised or shuffled towards him to help him up, and his mother shook off her skis so as to move quicker, as she was a beginner too. We straightened him up on the ground, and he was in pain and calling out. I ran my hand over his shins and felt a small swelling which seemed like the onslaught of a bad sprain and bruise. "Nothing broken," I cried confidently, but Miss Taylor was more cautious and said we must put him on a stretcher, and Mr. Clement agreed that he must be got to a doctor. He was put on a sledge that some boys had been playing on, and dragged to the doctor.

Simon had a spiral fracture. He and Mrs. Clement stayed on in Switzerland until he could be released from the "stretcher" in the hospital bed (about three weeks after we returned home), and he was on crutches for three months. What a start to our holiday! We went on the slopes on the first morning at 10 o'clock and his leg was broken by 10.45. Mr. and Mrs. Clement took turns to be with Simon in the

hospital for about 12 hours out of the 24. Boys and girls from our party visited him often, and took him presents. His sister Jane would be alone in their hotel bedroom, but volunteers quickly offered to share with her, and the girls' beds were re-arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Clement naturally had Simon on their minds for the rest of the holiday, but they were most dutiful in fulfilling the duty roster we had previously agreed on, and Mrs. Clement did no more skiing and Mr. Clement did very little. The whole party were told to make sure that their skis were fixed so well on the "quick release" system that if they fell their skis would release properly. But we were shutting the stable door after the horse had gone.

The hotel had two juke boxes, one in the dining hall and another in the bar. The only other residents in the hotel were a party of schoolgirls of about our age, from Luton, but they didn't sing. Most people skied most days, and about a dozen persevered through a set course and obtained a bronze medal. After I had got used to the skis, I liked to go up a little ski-lift which dragged you up the mountain so that you could glide down again. My target was to glide down without falling once, but I don't think I reduced my number of falls below 10. We arranged trips to Zurich and to the top of a mountain in a cable car. We looked round the monastery church and visited cafes. On New Year's Eve, the instructors presented the Festival of Lights, which was watched by the whole population of the town. They carried lighted flares and skied down the mountainside together, weaving patterns. When they reached the nursery slopes at the bottom, they stood in a circle and sang songs of every nation.

We spent most of our evenings in some kind of jollification, and although we are not boozing types, we visited a number of bars in Einsiedeln. We noticed that our girls seemed to be getting starry-eyed about the boys of Einsiedeln, but we were very grateful that we did not have to play the part of the stern disciplinarian too hard. Two boys from another party had a beer or two and started dancing together like cossacks in our bar one evening, and I had great pleasure in knocking their heads together and pushing them out into the cold at the request of the girl behind the bar. On New Year's Eve, there was a dance for all the school parties from eight to midnight, and the hall was so crowded we could hardly move. We had another dance on our last night which went on till two, but the only person still there then was one of our girls who had a bad leg due to skiing! We all joined in the dancing, pupils, adults and especially the ski-instructors, and our happy trip was concluded. D. CROFTS

EASTER TRIP TO AUSTRIA 1967

I went on the Easter holiday to Austria. Owing to a certain member of our party we nearly missed the plane, but it was held back for us by the airport authorities. We boarded the plane; it was a four-engined turbo-prop Britannia. We took off and it took us approximately an hour-and-a-half to get to Basle. At Basle we had lunch at the station while waiting for our train. The train arrived and we boarded. It took us four hours on that train and another three on another train to get there. We got off the train and into two coaches; these then took us to the hotel.

The next morning, after breakfast, we went to get our boots, skis, and ski-sticks. The first day was so hot that everybody had a sun-tan. The other days passed quickly—one day we went to Liechtenstein, and another day to Innsbruck, where I went to look at the Olympic ski-jump. On the last but one day we went up the mountain nearby on a chair lift. This mountain was 6,000 feet high and it was very cold. The next day we left and caught the train which took us to Basle, where we boarded another Britannia to take us to London Airport. At London we got on a coach and arrived back in Oldbury at about eleven o'clock at night.

D. LEA, 3L

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SCHOOL VISIT TO SWITZERLAND CHRISTMAS 1966 (2)

Switzerland had never seen anything like it before Oldbury Grammar School was there. The journey itself had been eventful. We passed the beautiful Lake Zurich on the way to our hotel in Einsiedeln. We were quite shocked at the steepness of the railway track. The engine had no difficulty in climbing the 3,000 feet to Einsiedeln through the snow, which was very deep.

We were exceptionally lucky with the weather. They had just experienced a heavy fall of snow, which provided us with a very pleasant landing cushion for our first morning of ski-ing. The whole party looked like a load of waddling ducklings following their mother as we trekked behind the ski instructor to the nursery slopes. Of course, there were the usual variations on how to come down the slope, correctly, on one's front, and I think that we all know the other way—this seemed the most popular.

There were, naturally, other embarrassing moments off the ski-slopes. One of our party had obtained permission to attend a party, but like Cinderella, was told to be back by midnight. He returned in the early hours, not, I am glad to say, disguised as a pumpkin. The next day he told us all

about it.

In the near future, I do not think that we shall ever experience a New Year's Eve or a New Year like the one we let in while in Switzerland. The Swiss do not do things by halves! A jolly good time was had by all, that is, those who could remember what went on!

The perseverance of some of the party paid dividends when half-a-dozen of us obtained our bronze standard ski-ing medal. They were: Pete Stevenson, Miss Taylor, Dave Cooper, Geoff Tibbetts, Steve Checketts, Geoff Garfield, Susan Darbyshire and Catherine Scott.

On behalf of the pupils I would sincerely like to thank the members of staff who accompanied us, for allowing us, and helping us, to have a great time—ski-ing or otherwise. There was only one serious accident—a broken leg—but there was such an atmosphere of friendliness on the holiday that it did not deter skiers or spoil anyone else's holiday, although everyone was sorry for little Simon. Once more, thank you to the staff, and our apologies for what we did to Switzerland!

G. TIBBETTS, L.6



VISIT TO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT 1967

On Tuesday, 5th December, a trip to London consisting of a group of fourth formers and lower sixth was organised by Miss Harding, accompanied by Mr. Swain and Miss Woodburn. The main aim of this excursion was to be shown around the Houses of Parliament by Warley's M.P., Mr. John Horner. The coaches left School at 7 a.m., and after a four-hour journey, we reached London. Our M.P. met us and we were split into two groups, and after a very interesting tour around the Houses of Parliament, we returned to the coaches for our lunch, where we met Mrs. Winifred Ewing, a Scottish Nationalist, the M.P. for Hamilton.

After lunch, we were separated into three groups, Miss Harding, Miss Woodburn and Mr. Swain each being in charge of one group. We started off together for a small walking

tour of London. The first place of interest was 10 Downing Street, where we hoped to see Mr. Wilson. Although several people arrived, we did not see anybody of interest leave.

As we passed the B.B.C. studios, we saw Radio One D.J., Tony Blackburn, signing autographs. Many of us rushed up and got his autograph. Then Paul Jones came out, but he was rushed to a waiting car.

We then walked to Oxford Street, where we all split up to do our shopping. We met up again at Oxford Circus, then we went back to the coaches.

After a stop on the motorway, we arrived back at School at nine o'clock.

ANNE HYDE, WENDY COSNETT, 4J

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IMPRESSIONS OF A REMAND HOME

Lest anyone should jump to the wrong conclusions, I would like to make it quite clear that my experience of remand homes, or to be precise, of one particular remand home, is strictly limited to the two or three hours I spent there one Sunday evening earlier this year: I was a member of a group which had been asked to sing at the home's evening service.

The approach to the school, a leafy, suburban lane, was deceptively peaceful. Had it not been for the nameplate, tucked away in the shrubbery near the entrance gates, the "Naughty Boys' School" could quite easily have been mistaken for one of those large, not unpleasant Victorian houses which have been successful so far in evading the scourge of progress.

On arrival, we marched boldly up to the large oak door, rang the bell, and retreated to the steps of the porch, our initial courage rapidly deserting us. We were ushered into a bare, panelled entrance hall and the door was shut, or rather locked, behind us. Obviously we were not to be allowed the luxury of second thoughts.

We were shown into the board room, again austere furnished, on principle, I suppose, and invited to take a seat. The chairs, we soon discovered, were all hard, extremely hard. A stern portrait of the founder was balanced precariously over the fireplace, hung at such an angle that it seemed in constant danger of crashing down onto the head of any person foolish enough to walk underneath it.

As we entered the assembly hall the whole school rose to its feet. The younger ones seated at the front of the hall, stood up. The older members, seated at the rear of the hall, proceeded, by what appeared from the expression on

their faces to be an excruciatingly painful process, to drag themselves to their feet. They had it perfectly timed—sufficiently speedy to escape a reprimand from the duty-master, and sufficiently slow to convey their resentment.

I think we all felt something like acute embarrassment as we mounted the platform and sat down facing seventy frankly curious faces. I was surprised to see how young they were—just children. Most of them smiled impishly—few, if any, were openly hostile. A little lad on the front row winked.

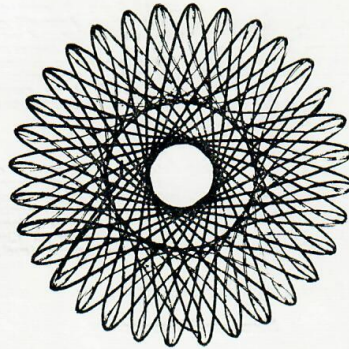
When the service was over, we had to remain in our seats until the whole school had silently filed out, row by row. I have a suspicion that those responsible for this rather pathetic order expected us to be torn limb from limb if we so much as approached within ten yards of the boys.

They were all so young that I could not help wondering if we really ought to hold them responsible for their "crimes" against society. How many would not have been there had they had better home lives, or had they not had such neurotic, over-pampering parents? How many had committed their petty little misdemeanours simply to gain attention?

I do not ever expect to know the answers to these questions in terms of facts and figures, but I would just like to ask if society (and let us not forget that "society" is people—US, in fact) can, in all conscience refuse to accept the responsibility for this state of affairs?

From my visit I gained the impression that the remand homes are genuinely trying to make the best of society's bad job. It's just a pity that it is the children who are forced to suffer because of our indifference and our self-indulgence.

PAT ELLIS, U.6



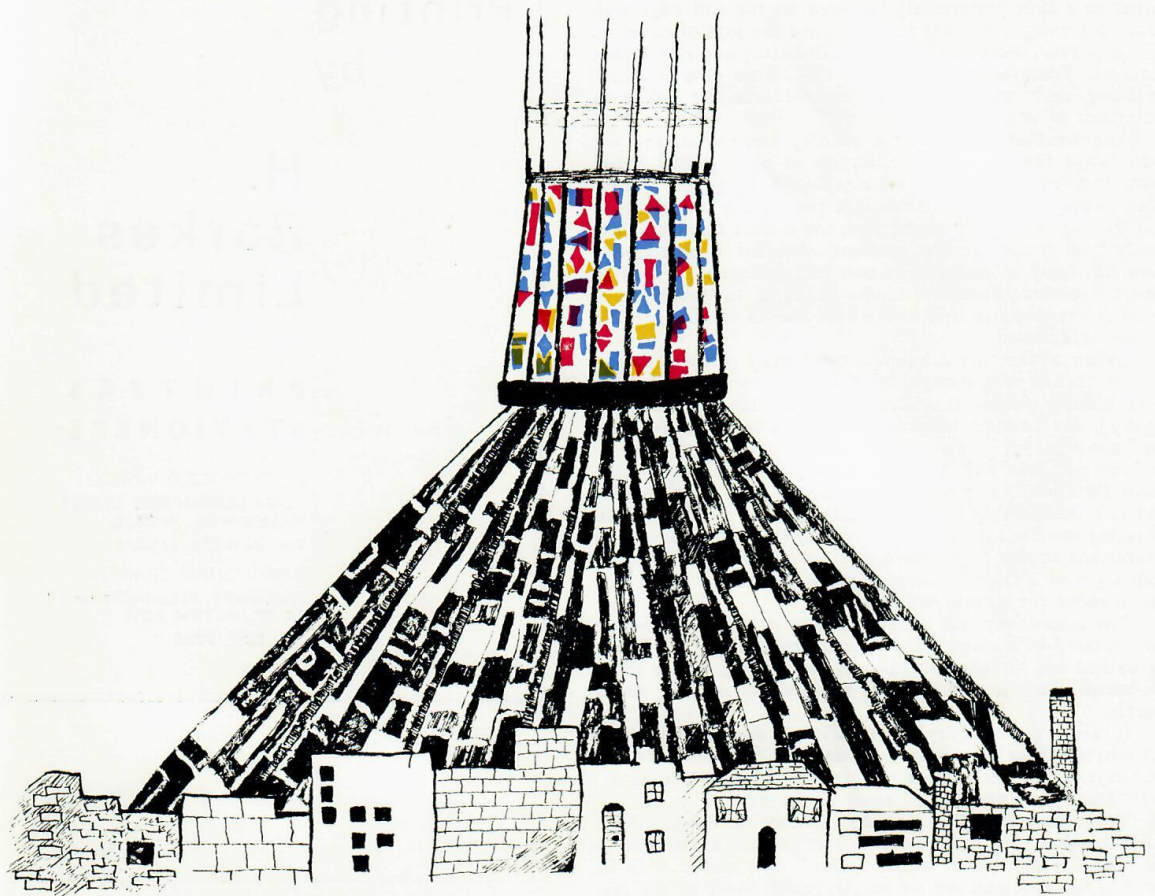
THE NEW LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL

During the Joint Societies' outing to Liverpool we visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral and the Anglican Cathedral. The old and the new Cathedral are both visible, silhouetted against the sky in a stark comparison, the new Cathedral being a symbol of modern Liverpool. The contrast between them was immense and noticed by everyone. The Anglican Cathedral merged into the slum area surrounding it, hazy with the murky industrial setting of Liverpool. It is a forbidding Cathedral with Gothic architecture. The inside is no less forbidding than the outside, with nothing to give relief to the drab appearance of it but the very traditional stained glass windows.

We left this with relief and continued on to see the new Metropolitan Cathedral, feeling more than a little dis-

spirited. As soon as we were in sight of the Cathedral the difference was apparent. From the dirty slum houses around it the impressive white Cathedral rose like a vision. It was surmounted by circular stained glass windows from which rose sixteen spires. The four bells, which are electrically operated, are dedicated to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

The Cathedral has taken one-hundred-and-fourteen years to be transferred from dreams to reality. It has been re-designed four times, mainly because the original plans would take too long to complete and would cost too much money. The original designs were for a very large Cathedral and were much too impractical. The final design was submitted as a result of a competition begun by Cardinal John Carmel Heenan, and the Cathedral was completed in ten years. It was opened on the Feast of the Pentecost, 14th May, 1967.



Impression of Liverpool R.C. Cathedral, by Anita Wheatley, L.6

The Cathedral symbolises the new approach to religion that is growing. The high altar is in such a place that it is the focal point of interest, and the congregation are all seventy feet from the sanctuary rails. The candles of the high altar are few so as not to impede the view of the actions of the minister at Mass. The altar itself is a rectangular block of black and white marble, from Skopje, in Yugoslavia. The bronze figure of Christ with outstretched arms was designed by the sculptress Elizabeth.

The stained glass windows are the most interesting feature of the interior. The light filtering through the windows is coloured and lights the area of the Cathedral around it with a tinted glow, giving the onlooker a sense of being in another world. The design of the windows, done by John Piper and Patrick Reyntiens, represents in abstract form the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. The three pieces of white light represent the Trinity—the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. The design is based on the continuous colour progression of the spectrum (representing the unity of God's nature).

The chapels are separated from each other by coloured glass walls, which shed blue and green lights onto the grey walls of the Cathedral and onto the marble floors. The chapel next to the Baptistry is dedicated to St. George and the English martyrs. It is decorated with a simple temporary wooden altar. The chapel of St. Patrick by the east entrance

is one of the three which incorporate the confessionals in their design—the confessionals point out and serve the sacrament of Christian reconciliation.

The Cathedral, when we visited it, was incomplete, and there is to be a free-standing sculpture of the Saint in the chapel of St. Thomas, when it is completed. The most individual chapel is that of St. Columba. It is silent and dimly lit, and the entrance to it is a small arched doorway. It is lit by small, square coloured windows designed by David Atkin. The chapel is to have a small sculpture set on a four-foot column of rough-hewn granite against the wall opposite the entrance.

The largest and most important chapel is the Lady Chapel. The design is almost feminine and elegant. The walls are draped with raw silk, and the tall, narrow windows, designed by Margaret Trah, are filled with glass of warm tones. Above the altar stands the ceramic statue of Our Lady and the Child Jesus, designed by Robert Brumby, which is lit by a small glazed spire. The elongated bodies of the Mother and Child add to the beauty of the statue and to the sadness portrayed in the Mother's face.

The Cathedral had a lasting effect on all who visited it, and everyone remembers it as a most fascinating and beautiful piece of modern architecture.

JACQUELINE HACKETT, U.6

GUIDES—THE CAMPING SAGA

Since the year dot, the 1st Oldbury Girl Guides (that is our claim to fame) have been annually travelling to Beer, or rather to a spot precariously balanced on the cliff edge well above the village, in order to experience the joys of camping.

July, 1967, must surely go down in history as a memorable occasion. Tradition was shattered; the "little girls in blue," forsaking their usual hideout, ventured into the unknown mountains of Welsh Wales.

The weather was fine, the journey uneventful, and we soon found the approximate location of our "field." However, one small problem remained—the luggage! Finally, after twenty minutes of climbing a particularly steep mountain track, piled high with baggage, the Guides surveyed their gently sloping floor at that moment inhabited by sheep, who were obviously at home with two feet permanently shorter than the others. Then the scuffle began as to which patrol could secure the flat land and which had to endure the less comfortable areas.

When at last the camp was completely pitched, we all retired to bed and thought of things to come. The sheep were making noises—they did so day in, day out (likewise nightly), but bedtime laughter and stories went on between the "baa's."

For our first day it was gloriously hot, so we strolled down from our camp on to the beach. The thirty bodies clad in blue suddenly gave way to thirty pale shades of flesh all racing for the sea. The other holiday-makers looked on in amazement at this organised dip. If you have never tried to keep sight of a large number of bathing caps and faces, just visible above the waves, you should.

The second day was warm again, so it looked as though our breaking of tradition had been a good thing. We lazed, we bathed and we also worked. In the evening, rather more sun-burned bodies, clad in blue, trooped the mile or so to church.

It rained the next day! Perhaps it was due to our singing but whatever the reason, it continued for the next three or four days. By now cries were coming of "The tent is leaking," and "Move over and let me sleep in the dry."

Wales is a beautiful country, mountains, lakes, rivers, sea-shore—but the most notorious of all its attractions is the rain and the typical mists. "Our" mist stayed with us for days on end, and we no longer gazed down to the sea, or attempted to see our ration of corn flakes blow away in the morning. All we saw was what was underneath our noses—mud, mud, and dripping canvas.

By this time spirits could have faltered, but the laughter won, it had to, to ward off insanity. The Guides kept smiling through all their difficulties, until one eerie night when we were woken by shrieks, which were taken up by the rest of the tent. After a mad scramble we were forced out into the night, but our invader had gone, probably a sheep scratching against the tent.

We did not see the sea again that week. In fact, we only saw as far as the hedge round the field, and we were almost drowned by the rain, but no doubt the joys of camping outnumber by far the disadvantages. I wonder where it will be next year?

S. TAYLOR

CHESS PROBLEM

Danish Grandmaster Bent Larsen provides Europe's strongest threat to capture the world chess championship from the Soviet Union. The following position was taken from the recent Santa Monica tournament. How did Larsen (White to move), brilliantly defeat Petrosian, world champion?

(12 men). BLACK (Petrosian)
(11 men). WHITE (Larsen) to move

D. SLIM, U.6

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SOLUTION ON PAGE 39

Drawing by J. Merris, 6G



DOMINUS

I am lord of all I survey,
This is my kingdom,
My forest,
My hills,
My fells.
I am the master of the herd.
Each doe is my concubine,
Each inferior stag my courtier,
Except those who challenge,
Who die.
For I am supreme.
I only say when to move,
Onwards
Through my domain.
I am the king of the herd.
Even the eagle, who wheels
From rocky heights
Is below my status.
I reign over each heather-strewn hill,
Each moor pricked with gorse and covered with
rustic bracken.
And the wild winter wind is my general,
And the crest of a hill is my home.

DEIRDRE MORRIS, 3J

TILL THE NEXT OROGENY

On and on it goes, that sea,
The cliff face crumbles beneath its might.
That cliff, which seems so solid to human eye,
Is so frail that it will soon be gone.
Could this be life?
And the sea be time, which knows no bounds.
If there no alpha and omega be
Is the sea infinity? The horses dance;
Are they eras? The cliff crumbles
Only until the next orogeny—
If there be one; but what if not?
Could all life crumble before the march of time?

GEOFFREY GARFIELD, U.6

ANOTHER YEAR HAS GONE

Nineteen sixty seven is here;
Nineteen sixty six has been left,
But not forgotten.
The inevitable snow came in January
And so did the accidents
Which brought the deaths
And so the weeping and mourning.
Then came a victory;
Sir Alfred Ramsey embedded his name
In the pillar of fame.
The World Cup was won
(Thanks to "Pickles").
After, the country was subdued.
A slag heap crushed a school;
Aberfan became a nightmare.
People were waiting, hoping.
No children cried, no children came.
Donald Campbell was killed,
The Bluebird was gone.
Twenty seconds, and everything was lost.
Nineteen sixty six was a year
To remember, for ever, like any other.

P. HAYES, 4B



A LOSS

One minute she was there,
A person alive and breathing,
Her thoughts expressed by eyes of suffering.
Now my mind is numb;
She is not here any more.
I cannot communicate with one dead.
The word stops all perception;
Now I am not with her.
I remember her eyes
As we entered a church once.
It was awesome, silent and all beautiful.
The graves were trodden
And the names wiped out.
When I too am dead, who will remember?
The dark and gloomy grave
Is that all she is to have?
And is she to have
Drooping flowers and grey rain,
Or is there life after death
As she has said?
Will she come back haunting me
For my wrongs?
There are things I should regret
And do, but what love now rights the injuries,
Now that she is dead?

*Poem by Yvonne Curry, 3L
Design by Christine Gordon, U.6*

FROM ONE SCHOOL TO ANOTHER

We dedicate the following to our first formers, without whose co-operation this collection would not have been possible.

"The old school was quite a nice school, but I was glad to leave it, as I was sick of the teachers having favourites all the time. My old head mistress said she did not have favourites, but she did really."

"My old class room was a lively place as the boys were always chasing the girls, or banging them on the head with a book."

"In the junior school the football pitch was only half as grassy as ours."

"The first day I was not very pleased with the school."

"It was dowdy and dull."

"As I entered Oldbury Grammar School's gates, a funny thing struck me."

"When the bell went, we walked into the hall and there, for the first time, we saw Mr. Aykroyd. He was sitting in a chair with his cloak on."

"The hall, to my surprise, seemed like a church."

"I enjoyed being treated as a grown-up in assembly."

"When assembly had finished, we were told to stop behind to see our form teacher."

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Details from The TRAINING OFFICER,
HENRY HOPE & SONS LTD.
Smethwick, Warley, Worcs. Tel: 021-558 2191

"I liked Mr. Price from the moment I saw him, his face told me that if I was good and worked hard, he would help me."

"Our form room was untidy, but Mr. Bradley told us he would tidy it up."

"We should have had biology with Mr. Swain, but it was too late."

"Really it was quite easy, being as it was only scripture."

"At play time I realised the difference because at my old school the girls used to play, but at this one they just stand about and talk."

"The boys are good at playing football, but we never know who is on which side."

"I liked the school dinners because most of the time they are cooked."

"I think that the rules and teachers of this school are taken more notice of than in any other school that I know. The school does not only think about your appetite as well, as they cook very good dinners, and I expect they will be getting even better as the dinner money goes up . . ."

"I marvelled at the vast area the school covered. The number of pupils and the size of some of them amazed me."

"I am one of the smallest, and the sixth formers are bigger than my mom and dad."

"One of the first things that impressed me was the corridors going here and there."

"To get lost was common on my first day."

"I think the teachers are very nice, but my friend says there are a couple of horrible ones that she has met."

"I cannot say if I like it or not. I hope I will like it, for I am here for a long time."

Selected from First Form Essays by
MARGARET KNIGHT, U.6

THE STAMP CLUB

Intense concentration! This is the atmosphere that greets you every Thursday at 1.20 p.m. in Mr. Tudor's biology lab. The members are busy with the first part of the meeting, buying and selling or swapping stamps.

The second part of the meetings has taken various forms. So far we have talks by Mr. Tudor and Mr. Lawton on how and what to collect, methods of mounting and displaying stamps in albums, writing-up, and the care of a collection. Demonstrations have been given in each case. There have been two exhibitions—the first by Leslie Franks (4J) of his wide collection of first-day covers, from the Shakespeare issue to date; the second by Mr. Lawton of covers from 1825 to 1925.

At the beginning of the autumn term a stamp auction was organised. Members and non-members put in their swaps, a catalogue was prepared, and the stamps were then auctioned by Mr. Lawton, with Mr. Tudor as treasurer. Over eighty lots were submitted, and the auction took five meetings to complete, each one being very well attended.

Some time later, arrangements were made for the Christmas competition. Each entrant was allowed up to three sheets of stamps or covers which were to be judged by neatness, writing-up and condition. The prize was won by Andrea Wilde, of Form 1, whose entry showed, in the judges' words, "Not only neatness of arrangement and interesting writing-up . . . but also more than a mere interest in COLLECTING stamps." Catherine Warwick's (4H) entry was highly commended for neatness and good presentation. The Headmaster and Mr. Eacott were the judges. On the whole, the entries were good, although not so numerous as had been expected at least four members having forgotten the date in the hurly-burly of the end of the Christmas term!

We look forward to another varied programme of activities next term, the following talks being planned: "The Stamps of India," "How to Use a Catalogue," "What makes a Stamp Interesting?" and "Dates and Plates." There is also the magnificent collection in the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery waiting to be explored!

In closing, may we offer a hearty welcome to anyone interested in stamps to any or all of our meetings?

JANICE CASSELLS, CATHERINE WARWICK, 4H

Adventure, world travel and a great career

Yours in today's Royal Navy

Most young men who leave school end up at a desk or bench.
This need not happen to you.

If you want an active, exciting life of scope and opportunity you'll find it in the Royal Navy.

Today's Royal Navy has a vital, world-wide role to play - with new ships, new weapons and more nuclear power. It offers you an assured and rewarding future.

As a specialist or technician, you'll have a good secure trade with good pay and excellent prospects. And you can add in world travel, sport in plenty, fine company - and an average of 6 weeks' paid holiday a year. You can join at 15. Or at 16 you can become one of the Navy's soldiers of the sea in the Royal Marines.

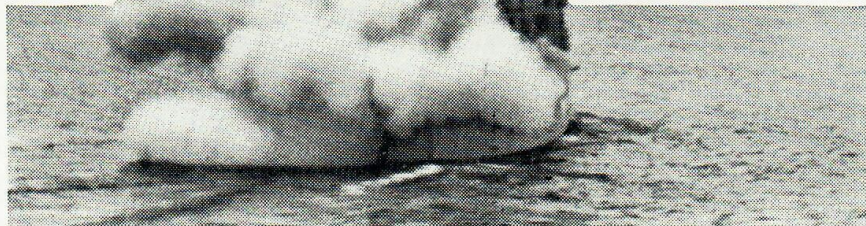
How you can become an officer. If you are aiming for a degree, 'A' levels, or expect to get 5 or more 'O' levels you could well qualify for a permanent or short service commission as an officer in the Royal Navy or the Royal Marines. And there are schemes which can help to pay your school and University expenses too.

Even if you are only 14, you should enquire now!

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BOYS' ATHLETIC SPORTS, MAY, 1967

A/B Age Group

- 100 Yards.—1, Sutton (K); 2, Borriello, P. (Q); 3, Phipps (T).
Time, 12.9 secs.
220 Yards.—1, Lee (T); 2, Ray (K); 3, Grainger (S). Time,
29 secs.
High Jump.—1, Hall (Q); 2, Grainger (S); 3, Penney (S).
Height, 4 ft. 3 ins.
Long Jump.—1, Borriello, P. (Q); 2, Hale (T); 3, Blewitt (K).
Distance, 13 ft. 6 ins.
Javelin.—1, Malyzc (S); 2, Lea (T), 3, Borriello, P. (Q). Dis-
tance, 85 ft. 9 ins.
Shot.—1, Lea (T); 2, Cadman (K); 3, Stevenson (T). Distance,
31 ft. 11 ins.
Relay.—1, Trinity; 2, School; 3, Kings. Time, 60.2 secs.

C Age Group

- 100 Yards.—1 (tie), Griffiths (T), and Dakin (K); 3, Mills
(Q). Time, 11.9 secs.
220 Yards.—1, Howell (T); 2, King, Neil (S); 3, Plant (K).
Time, 27.5 secs.
440 Yards.—1, Howell (T); 2, Griffiths (T); 3, Cartwright
(S). Time, 70.8 secs.
High Jump.—1, Acutt (K); 2, Griffiths (T); 3 (tie), Row-
berry (T) and Debney (S). Height, 4 ft. 7 ins.
Long Jump.—1, Howell (T); 2, Dakin (K); 3, Cartwright (S).
Distance, 14 ft. 10 ins.
Hop, Step and Jump.—1, Dakin (K); 2, King (S); 3, Cutler
(K). Distance, 29 ft. 11 ins.
Javelin.—1, Acutt (K); 2, Richardson (T); 3, Edge (Q). Dis-
tance, 104 ft. 6 ins.
Shot.—1, Martin (Q); 2, King (S); 3, Rowberry (T). Distance,
27 ft. 1½ ins.
Discus.—1, Acutt (K); 2, Martin (Q); 3, Edge (Q). Distance,
86 ft.
Relay.—1, Trinity; 2, Kings; 3, Queens. Time, 1 min. 2.87 secs.

House Points

1, Kings	309 points
2, Trinity	262 points
3, Queens	239 points
4, School	173 points

Individual Champions

- Senior.—1, Stevenson (Q); 2, Turner (K).
Intermediate.—1, Howell (T); 2 (tie), Acutt (K),
and Young (T).
Junior.—1, Lea (T); 2, Borriello (Q).

D Age Group

- 100 Yards.—1, Young (T); 2, Cowley (K); 3, Hambridge (K).
Time, 11 secs.
220 Yards.—1 (tie), Cowley (K) and Allbrooke (S); 3,
Coombe (S). Time, 28 secs.
440 Yards.—1, Pendress (K); 2, Howell (T); 3, Allbrooke
(S). Time, 68.5 secs.
880 Yards.—1, Pendress (K); 2, Bishton (Q); 3, Moore (T).
Time, 2 mins. 36.9 secs.
High Jump.—1, Charlton (T); 2, Young (T); 3, Gordon (Q).
Height, 4 ft. 8½ ins.
Long Jump.—1, Young (T); 2, Coombe (S); 3, Cowley (K).
Distance, 16 ft. 5 ins.
Hop, Step and Jump.—1, Bishton (Q); 2, Pendress (K); 3,
Howell (T). Distance, 31 ft. 2½ ins.
Javelin.—1, Debney (Q); 2, Homer (S). Distance, 118 ft. 3 ins.
Shot.—1st, Challenger (T); 2, Downing (Q); 3, Homer (S).
Distance, 35 ft. 9 ins.
Discus.—1, Challenger (T); 2, Allbrooke (S); 3, Wilcox (S).
Distance, 96 ft. 2 ins.
Relay.—1, Trinity; 2, Kings; 3, School. Time, 2 mins. 36.5 secs.

E Age Group

- 100 Yards.—1, Stevenson, P. (Q); 2, Turner (K); 3, Hewitt
(Q). Time, 10.4 secs.
220 Yards.—1, Stevenson, P. (Q); 2, Turner (K); 3, Grout
(T). Time, 25 secs.
440 Yards.—1, Jones (S); 2, Tibbetts (Q); 3, Heaven (S).
Time, 62.1 secs.
880 Yards.—1, Tibbetts (Q); 2, Ball (K); 3, Heaven (S).
Time, 2 mins. 32.4 secs.
High Jump.—1, White (S); 2, Smyth (Q); 3, Loveday (K).
Height, 5 ft. 3 ins.
Long Jump.—1, Turner (K); 2, Hewitt (Q); 3, Tibbetts (Q).
Distance, 16 ft.
Hop, Step and Jump.—1, Stevenson, P. (Q); 2, Hadley (T);
3, Dakin (K). Distance, 36 ft.
Javelin.—1, Howe (S); 2, Fanthom (Q); 3, Hadley (T). Dis-
tance, 138 ft. 4 ins.
Discus.—1, Stevenson (Q); 2, Smyth (Q); 3, Basterfield (T).
Distance, 111 ft. 7 ins.
Shot.—1, Stevenson (Q); 2, Kowalczyk (Q); 3, Millership
(K). Distance, 35 ft. 6 ins.
One Mile (Individual).—1, Ball (K); 2, Tibbetts (Q); 3,
Stevenson (Q). Time, 5 mins. 43.5 secs.
Relay.—1, Queens; 2, Kings; 3, School. Time, 4 mins. 28.8
secs.
One Mile (Team).—1, Queens; 2, Trinity; 3 Kings.



ATHLETICS 1966

This year saw the first Warley Championships and the School had many successes in all age groups. Resulting from these Championships we had several athletes chosen to represent Warley at the Worcestershire Championships, where I. Jarratt, P. Stevenson and K. White all won their respective events.

P. Stevenson, C. Acutt and K. White were also chosen to represent the county at the English Schools' Championships, with K. White being appointed the county captain. Stevenson was placed seventh overall in the intermediate 100 yards with a time of 10.5 secs., but unfortunately the others were not placed.

K. White was also chosen to represent the English Schools in an international against France, the match taking place in France.

Some of our athletes were also entered for the A.A.A. County Championships with quite good results. P. Stevenson was second in the intermediate 100 yards and 220 yards; I. Jarratt won the junior 100 yards, and K. White won the junior long jump and the senior high jump and was placed second in the senior triple jump.

These three were also chosen to represent the county at an inter-county meeting at Leicester, where White was placed second in the long jump with a jump of 21 ft. 3½ ins.

K. WHITE, 6G

"SPORTS DAY" Photo by Peter Goddard

ROAD RACE 1967

Senior : 1, Higginbotham (K); 2, Tibbetts (Q); 3, Jones (S). Time, 12 mins. 14 secs.

Team result : 1, Trinity; 2, School; 3, Kings.

Intermediate : 1, Pendress (K); 2, Howe (T); 3, Homer (S). Time, 12 mins. 47 secs.

Team result : 1, Kings; 2, Trinity; 3, Queens.

Junior : 1, Stevenson (T); 2, Lea (T), 3, Hale (T). Time, 11 mins. 39 secs.

Team result : 1, Trinity; 2, Queens; 3, Kings.

SOLUTION TO CHESS PROBLEM

1. Q x P!!! Kt.—B5.

If 1 P x Q then B x Kt. ch. wins as in the game.

2. R x Kt. P x Q.

3. B—K6 ch. R—B2.
forced

4. R x R. K—R1.

5. R—K Kt. 5. P—Kt. 3

6. R—Kt. 3! Resigns.



"SPORTS DAY"

Photo by Peter Goddard

CRICKET 1967

During the cricket season, only two sides were regularly fielded, 1st and 2nd XI's. Both teams put up good performances, the 1st XI only losing two of their ten matches, these being against Greenmore College and the "old enemy," Bromsgrove. Good victories were scored against Lichfield (by one run), Redditch, Five Ways and Parents. The team was ably led by David Stevenson, a useful all-rounder who will be difficult to replace in the coming season. Outstanding with the bat were Ballisch, Hargreaves and Childe, who scored 64 against King Edward's, Five Ways. Gough, one of our best batsmen, was unfortunately unable to play in many games, but with his return in the coming season, the batting should be considerably strengthened. Among the bowlers, Webb and R. Jones bowled their hearts out, Webb turning in some particularly good performances, including 8 wickets for 13 runs against Redditch, but it was clear that the School had to rely on these two far too much. Among the newer players to School cricket, C. Cooper had a most encouraging season. The School approached their cricket keenly, and with few of the regulars leaving, the coming season should be a memorable one.

One of the essentials, if school cricket is to be a success, is to have a strong, reliable 2nd XI, and during the past season they played six matches, their only victory being against Bromsgrove. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm was always there, due to the untiring efforts of captain Fellows. There are a number of players who must now be on the verge of regular 1st XI appearances, Heaven and M. Smallwood particularly coming to mind.

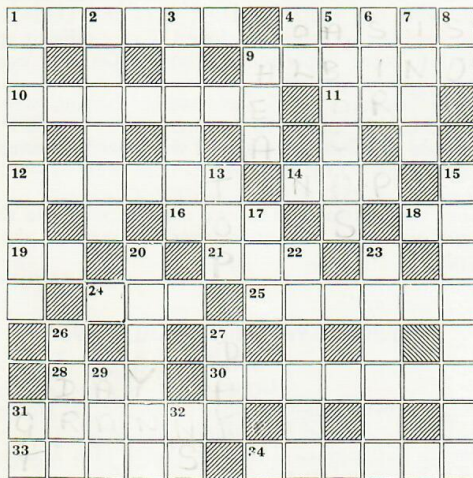
The two Junior XI's played only occasionally, but a number of younger players made their mark, including Bishton and Ray. During the coming season the junior teams will be playing in the Warley League.

With a successful season behind us, and the nucleus of the sides remaining at school, we are looking forward to some exciting cricket this summer, particularly in the new fixtures.

Finally, on behalf of the lads, I should like to thank the members of staff who have given up time to umpire matches, and the girls of 5A who have produced some excellent teas.

O. TUDOR

PRIZE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

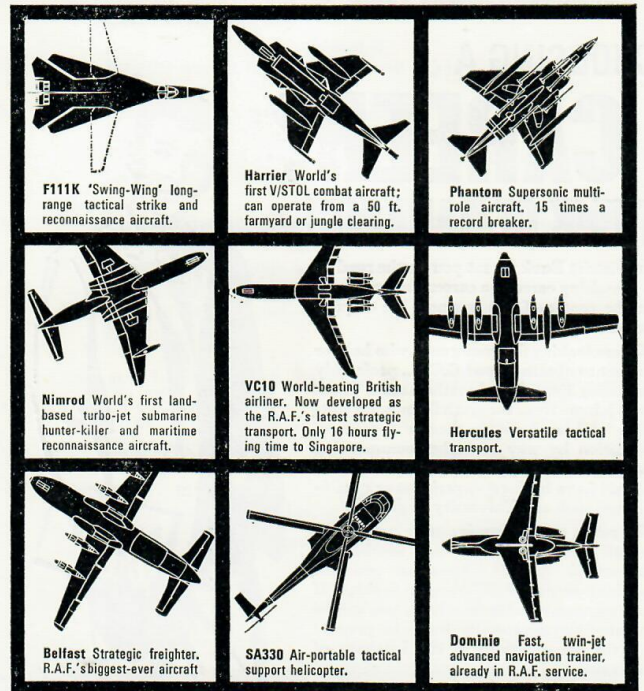
1. Wince at a fluid measure. (6).
4. Welcome sight in the desert. (5).
9. A white one. (6).
10. Take it when offended. (7).
11. Did the maid come in a car? (3).
12. This holds the bull's eye. (6).
14. The National Union of Pharmacists made a play on words. (3).
16. Put on, Little Donald. (3).
18. A French "he-man." (2).
- 19, 24. That is. (2, 3).
21. The iron swine. (3).
24. (See No. 19).
25. Simple song. (6).
28. Time in a shorter age. (3).
30. A rage in the lab. over abstract maths. (7).
31. Older relative in a knot (6).
33. Looks after mixed dents. (5).
34. Sung from a Psalter. (6).

DOWN

1. Squirt water ornamentally. (8).
2. Robin gained the "n" as it was inherited. (6).
3. Engraved, whilst being pursued. (6).
4. Old Latin, in short. (2).
5. Counting frame. (6).
6. To a gentleman, with respect. (3).
7. Was Cain an ancient South American? (4).
8. Next to "fa," then ... (2).
9. Briefly, the Air Efficiency Award. (3).
13. Spins at the summit. (3).
15. Happy clothes for a grand occasion. (4, 4).
17. Part of a pen in the bin. (3).
20. Land all at sea (6)
22. A snag, for example, in the Indian sacred river. (6).
23. Round like the world. (6).
26. At this place, now. (4).
27. Never at night. (3).
29. Seven did so in the 2.30 p.m. at Epsom. (3).
31. Grand Touring mini. (2).
32. Small National Savings. (2).

DEIRDRE MORRIS, 3]

A book token for 15/- will be awarded to the first member of the School who offers the correct solution to the puzzle. Entries to be handed to Mr. Price.



Have you any plans for the future? Above are some of the R.A.F.'s

The R.A.F. is also seeking a new generation of officers. Not only the pilots and navigators who will fly the new aircraft, but also the *Ground Branch* officers who make flying possible: the engineers, logistics experts, personnel managers, ground defence specialists, air traffic and fighter controllers and many others. They will all have important work to do. If you are interested, now is the time to do something about it. Ask your Careers Master for some R.A.F. pamphlets—or

get him to arrange for you to meet your R.A.F. Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat.

Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain M. A. D'Arcy, R.A.F., Adastral House (25HDI), London, WC1. Please give your date of birth and say what qualifications you have or are studying for (minimum 5 G.C.E. 'O' levels including English language and mathematics), and whether you are more interested in a flying or ground branch career.

HOCKEY

At various times during this past term, we have fielded three different teams—U.15, 2nd and 1st XI.

As far as results are concerned, it has been quite a successful season.

U.15 XI have played 5 matches, won 4, lost 1, scored 13 goals for and had 2 goals against them.

2nd XI have played 2 matches, won 1, lost 1, scored 3 goals for and had 2 goals against them.

1st XI have played 7 matches, won 3, lost 2, drawn 2, scored 15 goals for and had 11 goals against them.

The School 1st XI has been chosen from the following girls: goalkeepers—Sheila Coldicott (4th year), Helen Sutton (4th year), back—Elizabeth Watters (vice-captain) (U.6), half-backs—Margaret Parker (5th year), Joy Simpson (5th year), Anne Sexton (4th year), forwards—Jayne McNeil (U.6), Christine Fisher (captain) (L.6), Sandra Wheale (5th year), Lesley Windsor (5th year), Cynthia Wincott (4th year), Alison Watters (4th year).

At the beginning of the season the 1st XI entered the county trials, and Christine Fisher was chosen to go to further trials for the Junior Worcestershire XI—however, she was not ultimately chosen.

MISS TAYLOR

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In District Bank we set you on the road to a promising career—a career that puts you in the centre of the business life of your community.

We are looking for young men who hold or expect to obtain a good G.C.E., preferably including English and mathematics. Those who join us from the sixth form, with suitable "A" level passes, receive special recognition by way of higher commencing salaries. Older applicants, up to age 25, should have business experience or qualifications such as a University Degree.

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District Bank Club provides a wide range of activities for our staff—football, golf, photography, dramatics and a host of others. There are special benefits, such as help in buying a house and a good pension on retirement.

Prospects are good—Branch Managers' salaries range from over £2,000 to around £5,000 and there are opportunities for advancement to the higher administrative positions with much greater rewards.

If you want to know more about a career in District Bank, have a word with the manager of your local branch—or write to the Staff Manager, District Bank Limited, Head Office, 17 Spring Gardens, Manchester 2.



DISTRICT BANK
LIMITED

NETBALL

This is the first time the School has played competitive netball, with the 1st, U.15, U.14, U.13 and U.12 VII's all fighting hard for success. They found it very difficult to hold out against more experienced schools. On one occasion, however, victory was on our side, much to the relief of Jacqueline Hackett, the School netball captain, when we played U.14, U.13 and U.12 matches against a school much in the same position as ours, and we proved the victors in each age range—U.14 won 14—7, U.13 won 17—14, U.12 won 9—7.

Thus we look forward a little more hopefully to the day when we can boast hockey and netball teams of the same standard.

MISS TAYLOR

JUNIOR SWIMMING GALA 1967

GIRLS

Group A

One length Breaststroke.—1, Elaine Hall (K); 2, Pat Morris (K); 3, Janie Letherland (Q). Time, 33.1 secs.

One length Backstroke.—1, Barbara Smith (T); 2, Lynn Aris (K); 3, Hilary Hossack (S). Time, 24.2 secs.

One length Front Crawl.—1, Vicky Whittard (K); 2, Rosemary Jordan (T); 3, Pat Morris (K).

100 yards Free Style.—1, Barbara Smith (T); 2, Vicky Whittard (K); 3, Janie Letherland (Q). Time, 82 secs.

Dive.—1, Barbara Smith; 2, Lynn Aris; 3 (tie), V. Whittard, J. Letherland, R. Jordan.

Group B

One length Breaststroke.—1, Janet Hall (Q); 2, Susan Gray (T); 3, Joy Booth (S). Time, 23.5 secs.

One length Backstroke.—1, Joy Booth (S). Time, 27.6 secs.

One length Front Crawl.—1, Susan Gray (T); 2, Angela McCool (S); 3, Leslie Staten (Q). Time, 21.4 secs.

100 yards Free Style.—1, Janet Hall (Q); 2, Joy Booth (S); Time, 75 secs.

Dive.—1, Janet Hall (Q); 2, Susan Gray (T); 3, Susan Lee (K).

Group C

One length Breaststroke.—1 (tie), Linda Picken (K), Rosemary Baker (T); 3, Yvonne Barratt (Q).

One length Backstroke.—1, Catherine Warwick (K); 2, Rosemary Baker (T); 3, Annetta Randall (K). Time, 32.2 secs.

One length Front Crawl.—1, Sheila Coldicott (T); 2, Annetta Randall (K); 3, Yvonne Barratt (Q). Time, 25 secs.

100 yards Free Style.—1, Sheila Coldicott (T); 2, Linda Picken (K); 3, Janet Sutton (Q). Time, 90.1 secs.

Dive.—1, Sheila Coldicott (T); 2, Linda Picken (K); 3, Annetta Randall (K).

BOYS

Group A

One length Breaststroke.—1, Wood (Q); 2, Walker (T); 3, Parkes (K).

One length Backstroke.—1, Clarke (K); 2, Powell (T); 3, Law (S). Time, 26.6 secs.

One length Front Crawl.—1, Walker, (T); 2, Price (T); 3, Powell (T).

100 yards Free Style.—1, Walker (T); 2, Clarke (K); 3, Borriello (Q). Time, 85.7 secs.

Dive.—Walker (T); 2, Clarke (K); 3, Borriello (Q).

Group B

One length Breaststroke.—1, Rollason (Q); Pitts (S); 3, Baker (T). Time, 28.4 secs.

One length Backstroke.—1, Parke (S); 2, Lea (T); 3, Baker (T). Time, 26.6 secs.

One length Front Crawl.—1, Stokes (T); 2, Fisher (Q); 3, Hale (T). Time, 22.8 secs.

100 yards Free Style.—1, Rollason (Q); 2, Stokes (T); 3, Ball (K). Time, 85.8 secs.

Dive.—1, Borriello (Q); 2, Norden (Q); 3, Rollason (Q).

Group C

- One length Breaststroke.—1, Dakin (K); 2, Franks (T); 3, Griffiths (T). Time, 28.8 secs.
 One length Backstroke.—1, Poole (T); 2, Debney (S); 3, Camwell (K). Time, 24.9 secs.
 One length Front Crawl.—1, Martin (Q); 2, Rowberry (T). Time, 20.4 secs.
 100 yards Free Style.—1, Marvin (Q); 2, Dakin (K); 3, Rowberry (T). Time, 79.4 secs.
 Dive.—1, Dakin (K); 2, Debney (S); 3, Griffiths (T).

Individual Champions

- Boys, Group A : P. Walker (T).
 Boys, Group B : I. Rollason (Q).
 Boys, Group C : B. Dakin (K).
 Girls, Group A : Barbara Smith (T).
 Girls, Group B : Janet Hall (Q).
 Girls, Group C : Sheila Coldicott (T).

House Results (Boys and Girls)

1, Trinity	190 points
2, Queens	125 points
3, Kings	118 points
4, School	58 points

SENIOR SWIMMING GALA

GIRLS

Group A

- One length Breaststroke.—1, Gwynith Willetts; 2, Karen Coulthard; 3, Carole Stokes.
 One length Free Style.—1, Karen Coulthard; 2, Carole Stokes; 3, Nadia Neale. Time, 20 secs.
 One length Back Crawl.—1, Gwynith Willetts; 2, Christine Parbutt; 3, Nadia Neale.

Group B

- One length Breaststroke.—1, Hilary Madeley; 2, Jane Baldwin. Time, 25.5 secs.
 One length Free Style.—1, Veronica Thornycroft; 2, Jo Green; 3, Jayne Madeley.
 One length Back Crawl.—1, Jo Green; 2, Jayne Madeley; 3, Veronica Thornycroft.

Group C

- One length Breast Stroke.—1, Wendy Willetts; 2, Jacqueline Hackett; 3, Rosemary Sharland. Time, 29.9 secs.
 One length Free Style.—1, Christine Gordon; 2, Wendy Willetts; 3, Jacqueline Hackett. Time, 28 secs.
 One length Back Crawl.—1, Christine Gordon.

Open

- 100 yards Free Style.—1, Gwynith Willetts; 2, Karen Coulthard; 3, Jo Green.
 100 yards Breaststroke.—1, Hilary Madeley; 2, Jayne Madeley; 3, Gwynith Willetts.
 Dive.—1, Veronica Thornycroft; 2, Hilary Madeley; 3, Gwynith Willetts.

Individual Champions

- Boys, Group A : I. Homer (S).
 Boys, Group B : B. P. Stevenson (Q).
 Boys, Group C : D. Smythe (K).
 Girls, Group A : Gwynith Willetts (K).
 Girls, Group B : Hilary Madeley (K).
 Girls, Group C : Wendy Willetts (K).

BOYS

Group A

- Two lengths Breaststroke.—1, Wattley (T); 2, Homer (S); 3, Bishton (Q). Time, 62 secs.
 Two lengths Free Style.—1, Allbrooke (S); 2, Cummins (T); 3, Coombe (S).
 Two lengths Back Crawl.—1, Moore (T); 2, Cross (K); 3, Coombe (S). 68 secs.

Group B

- Two lengths Breaststroke.—1, Round (Q); 2, Stevenson (Q); 3, Hadley (T).
 Two lengths Free Style.—1, Stevenson (Q); 2, Hall (K); 3, Goddard (Q). Time, 48 secs.
 Two lengths Back Crawl.—1, Ball (K); 2, Tibbetts (Q); 3, Cooper (K).

Group C

- Two lengths Breaststroke.—1, Smyth (Q); 2, Steele (K); 3, Hewson (T). Time, 58.2 secs.
 Two lengths Free Style.—1, Hewson (T); 2, Gosling (K); 3, Smyth (Q).
 Two lengths Back Crawl.—1, Palastanga (Q); 2, Hewson (T); 3, Gosling (K).

Open

- 100 yards Free Style.—1, Steele (K); 2, Smyth (Q); 3, Wattley (T). Time, 92.8 secs.
 100 yards Breaststroke.—1, Ball (K); 2, Fletcher (S); 3, Tibbetts (Q).
 Dive.—1 (tie), Homer (S), Stevenson (Q); 3, Smyth (Q).
 Plunge.—1, Millership (K); 2, Stevenson (Q); 3, Harrison (S). Time, 46 ft. 8 ins.

House Results (Boys and Girls)

1, Kings	190 points
2, Queens	109 points
3, Trinity	58 points
4, School	31 points

FOOTBALL 1966-67

	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Agst.	Goals
1st XI	32	22	4	6	138	78
2nd XI	15	6	2	7	58	55
U.15 XI	9	3	2	4	33	44
U.13 XI	7	4	0	3	23	20

The First XI had a magnificent season, reaching a climax when they defeated Sheldon Heath Comprehensive School 4-0 in the final of the Birmingham and District Schools' Cup Competition. This is only the fourth time in the history of the School that the cup has been won.

The First XI, representing the Cresconians, also reached the final of the Birmingham A.F.A. Youth Cup, but was defeated by Wolverhampton G.S.

The team which won the cup consisted of the following players: Smyth; Hargreaves, Tibbetts; Heaven, Fellows,

Childe; Jarratt (captain), Basterfield, Turner, Czacher, Price. Substitute: White.

The following also gave valuable assistance to the First XI during the season: Loveday, Jones (R.), Stevenson, Smallwood (M.), Smallwood (R.) and Rowbottom.

Heaven and Tibbetts represented Worcestershire Grammar Schools in the soccer festival at Bognor Regis. Leading scorers were Turner (42 goals) and Jarratt (35 goals).

Colours were awarded to Hargreaves, Tibbetts, Heaven, Fellows, Childe, Basterfield, Turner, Czacher, Price and White.

Although the Second XI and U.13½ XI had moderate seasons, the U.15 XI had a fairly successful season and some players showed considerable promise for the future. From the U.13½ XI, Phipps, Nicholson and Kavanagh all represented the East Warley Schools.

IAN JARRATT, U.6

BIRMINGHAM & DISTRICT SENIOR SCHOOLS CUP FINAL

at Hadley Stadium, Smethwick, on March 11th, 1967
Oldbury Grammar School 4,

Sheldon Heath Comprehensive School 0

Oldbury kicked off and both teams soon found difficulties with the strong wind. Sheldon, who had only been beaten once before that season, were made to struggle, but Oldbury's eager forward line was kept out by Sheldon's strong defensive wall, set up by their 4-2-4 formation.

For twenty-three frustrating minutes, Oldbury battered away before the first goal came. Turner was the marksman, slotting home the ball after Jarratt's centre had caught the Sheldon defence in a tangle. First Basterfield had a shot charged down, but Turner made no mistake when the ball ran loose to him.

Oldbury were now in full control, and their fans, in a crowd of over 500, were really making their presence felt. Sheldon were beginning to be very shaky, and it was no surprise when Czachor scored Oldbury's second goal, a great left-foot shot from 30 yards.

A minute before half-time, Oldbury scored the third goal when Jarratt broke down the middle. He lost possession as Evans dived at his feet in the penalty area, but as he fell to the ground he managed to slip the ball over the line. Randle made a despairing effort to keep it out, but only succeeded in helping it in.

After the break, it was Sheldon's turn to attack, but they found the first-time tackling of Oldbury's defence was too much for them. Oldbury clinched the cup when Heaven scored from the penalty spot after Jarratt had been brought down.

A great day for Oldbury Grammar School. Having won the competition previously in 1955, 1958 and 1960, and been losing finalists on two other occasions, they maintained the

'THE WINNING TEAM

*Standing: Hargreaves, Heaven, Fellows, Smyth, Childe, Tibbetts, White (sub.)
Kneeling: Jarratt (capt.), Basterfield, Turner, Czachor, Price*



School's proud record with a display that would have graced any final.

IAN JARRATT, U.6



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