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THE OLDBURIAN 1968

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

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OLDBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

There are so many events during the course of any school year that to single out any of them in notes such as these would be invidious. They do, however, reveal something of the philosophy behind the education in this school, which is directed not only at academic achievement, important though that may be, but in developing young men and women so that they are well able to take their place as responsible people in adult society. Responsibility is a matter of taking part and giving what one can both of time and of talents, of accepting any disappointments that may arise, and using any successes to make the future even better. When you read about the events that have taken place in the year 1967/68 in this magazine, you may be struck by the fact that so many people have all sorts of talents in one direction or another, and one of the purposes of school life is to try to find out where those talents lie, and to develop them as fully as possible. Whoever you are, there is something you are good at, and you should try to see that you develop it as far as you can.

The school has recently been saddened by the loss of two people who have gone from us tragically and unexpectedly. Mr. Islywn Thomas Davies was taken ill during the School Play, and passed away on November 2nd, 1968. Mr. Davies had been a member of the staff of the school for almost ten years, and his work with us had been characterised by a faithfulness and loyalty that were second to none. It is perhaps significant that before his last illness he had never been away from school for a single day, and had made a most significant contribution to the life of the school. He will be remembered particularly for his work on the stage staff of the Play, and for his contributions to our musical activities. He was an accomplished pianist, and year by year helped to train pupils for the school concerts. He will be sadly missed.

The other loss was that of Barbara Fenton, who died tragically at home when she was about to enter the Sixth Form. The passing of one so young is always hard to bear, and Barbara had shown much promise of a successful career. Our condolences go to Mr. and Mrs. Fenton in their grievous loss.

At the end of the Summer Term we said farewell to five of our members of staff. Miss N. Harding took up a teaching post in the Royal York High School, Toronto, Canada, where some two years previously she had spent a year on exchange. Mr. L. Clarke was appointed Head of Humanities Department in the Prince Henry Grammar School, Otley, West Riding. Miss S. Taylor joined the staff of the University of St. John, Newfoundland, as a P.E. Instructor, and the school will be glad to know that she has since become Mrs. Green. Miss D. J. Heeks, Head of the Art Department is spending some months in Italy pursuing her profession as a painter, and Mr. G. Worts is now teaching in Kenya. We wish all these teachers the best of success in their future careers, and give them our grateful thanks for the work they did for us.

We have welcomed to the staff Mrs. M. Roulstone, B.A., who is an old friend of ours, and who has returned to the English Department after three years at Churchfields Comprehensive School, West Bromwich. The Art Department has been taken over by Mr. G. Heath, A.T.C., who came to us from Shenley Court Comprehensive School. Miss M. K. Fisher, P.E.Dip., is now in charge of Girls' P.E., and Mr. D. R. Benson,

B.A., has replaced Miss N. Harding. Mrs. A. Brayne is now a well established member of the Mathematics Department. We have also been fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. D. Gibson, who is teaching part-time in the English Department, whilst for the Autumn Term 1968, Maths and French were covered by Mrs. M. Oldfield, B.Sc., and Miss J. Carr, B.A., respectively. Permanent appointments have now been taken up by Mrs. A. Rook, B. Sc., and H. J. Quarterman, B.A. As Head of the English Department we welcome Mr. W. A. Smith, B.A., who comes to us from Brierley Hill Grammar School.

In December 1968, Miss A. M. Harrison retired from the teaching profession. Miss Harrison was a teacher devoted to the welfare of the children she taught, and was a lady of extremely high principles, whose influence in the years she was with us was always for good. We wish her many years of happiness in the life that lies ahead of her.

Of the other events which took place during the eighteen months before this magazine was published, I will mention only three. I want first to congratulate the magazine committee, composed largely of members of the Upper Sixth Form, who last year produced the first of these new, and much more interesting publications. Many expressions of approval have been made of the new layout, and the new vitality of the OLDBURIAN, and this is but one example of the good work that the pupils of this school are doing. I must also congratulate all the many people who make contributions to it.

I must comment also on the original and often amusing ways in which each different form of the school made its contribution towards our social services campaign. The fact that we were able to hand over to the Halesowen Branch of the Society for Mentally Handicapped Children a cheque for £186 17s. 0d. is an indication of the way in which so many people feel their responsibilities to those less fortunate than themselves. This year our campaign is to be devoted to Cancer Research, and already the signs are that we shall exceed last year's figure by a handsome margin. Let us not think, however, that the raising of money should be the extent of our social service activities. There are many people who need help, even if it is only a chat from time to time, having a few errands done for them, a lawn mowed, or a room decorated. There must be somebody who lives close to you who is in real need of this kind of help. **What can you do about it?**

I also want to mention the fact that large numbers of our Fifth and Sixth Form pupils seem to be gaining considerable benefit from the week or two they spend in the Primary Schools towards the end of the Summer Term. This has enabled many of our senior pupils to realise that a career in the teaching profession is one in which they can exercise their concern for young people as well as their academic achievement. It is good that this is so, and this should be a means of bringing more people into a profession which is still badly in need of highly qualified people.

Finally, I send to all our old pupils our best wishes for success in the careers they have chosen, and to express the hope to them and to those of you who will be leaving school shortly, that you will not lose touch entirely, but will let us know from time to time either by a visit or by a letter how you are getting on.

H. A. AYKROYD

NOTE

It has therefore been decided that the magazine will in future deal with a calendar year rather than an academic year. Thus this magazine deals with the 1967-68 academic year (to avoid any gaps in coverage of school events) plus those events taking place during the Christmas 1968 term. Next year's magazine will deal with the whole of 1969.

G. PRICE

JOINT SOCIETIES 1967/68

President : Mr. H. A. Aykroyd Chairman : Malcolm Franks
Secretary : Christine Chapman

At the first meeting, Mr. H. A. Aykroyd, President of Joint Societies, installed the officers and gave an address on Spiritualism, based on personal psychic experiences.

This was followed by an "Any Questions?" evening, when a panel of staff and Joint Societies' members answered questions, prepared in advance and submitted by the audience.

Two of the meetings of the session were musical evenings. The first was a mixture of records, and personal vocal and instrumental performances, and the second consisted entirely of records chosen and discussed by the members.

During the year there were six outside speakers and thanks are extended to them for their most interesting addresses.

The first of these was Mr. Edwards, Manager of Lloyds Bank, Langley, who spoke about his visit to Rome, illustrating his discussion by showing slides which he had taken.

The second outside speaker was Mr. Charles (Chuck) Wheeler, an American student on an exchange visit to England, who showed slides of his home and of major American cities. Afterwards there was a lively discussion with the audience on several topical subjects.

At another meeting, Dr. Joannes, the Deputy Medical Officer of Health for Warley, came to talk about Public Health, with particular reference to Warley, and stressed the importance of constant vigilance, since no bacterium is ever conquered, but only contained.

Mr. Brian Pagett, the owner/director of a firm of computers, gave a lecture on computers and computing. He described the mechanism and how information is fed in and passed out, with the aid of diagrams drawn on the blackboard and of computer tapes which were passed around the audience.

The fifth speaker was the Senior Tutor of the new Dental Hospital in Birmingham, Mr. E. Whitehead, who showed a film on dentistry. He was accompanied by Mr. J. Charlton, the Senior Dental Officer for Warley, and, after the film, they both answered questions put to them by members of the audience.

The last of the outside speakers was Mr. Lett, whose son, Patrick, was a journalist and radio commentator in Vietnam. Mr. Lett showed coloured slides of Vietnam while the audience listened to a taped commentary made by his son. The slides included photographs of the war zones and of facets of life behind the lines.

Unfortunately, the dancing class, taken by Miss Dorothy Darby and which had been a feature of Joint Societies for so many years, had to be disbanded through lack of support, particularly on the part of the boys. This was a disappointment to those who had been loyal to Miss Darby in previous years and who had hoped to improve upon what they had already learned.

At the end of the Summer Term, members of Joint Societies, accompanied by Chuck Wheeler, his friend, and Annette Strand, a Swedish student, went on the annual outing. This year they were ambitious enough to cover several hundred miles. The first stop was at Longleat House the home of the Marquis of Bath, where they were conducted on a tour of the Stately Home before driving through the famous Lion Reserve. The next stop was at Cheddar, where the view of the Gorge was rather spoiled by the pre-flood rain. Afterwards, the party went on to Bristol where they had High Tea and then continued their journey across the new Severn Bridge and through the Wye Valley, slowly wending their way homewards.

Thanks are extended to all who attended Joint Societies and helped to make the meetings interesting, and particularly to Mr. E. G. Swain who took a large part in the organisation of the session.

JOSEPHINE GREEN U.6

STAMP CLUB NOTES

The O.G.S. Stamp Club has met regularly since the last issue of the magazine, and a wide variety of topics has been covered at our meetings.

The Autumn Term opened with one of our, by now well-known, auctions at which over a hundred lots were sold. We feel sure that more collectors would find items for their collections, at prices they want to pay, if they came to our auctions.

This term we have made a start on a study of the Fourpenny Post which we hope is going to occupy a number of our members for some time. It was put in hand by Mr. Tudor after his talk on the same topic. A good accumulation of material has been sorted out by members but we should like more, particularly of the early Queen Elizabeth issues. If you have any used fourpenny stamps you would be willing to let us have, please contact Mr. Tudor or Mr. Lawton or any member of the Stamp Club.

At the moment we are busy preparing for the Christmas Competition which we hope is going to attract more entries this year. We are also going to make the occasion more attractive by exhibiting parts of the collections of some of our members which will show their particular interests and specialities. In order to prepare for all this we have had the usual talks on arranging a collection for the benefit of our younger members.

Next term's programme has not yet been arranged in full but we are looking forward to an illustrated talk on "Printing methods applied to Stamp Production" by T. Poole of 5P; a continuation of our study on the Fourpenny Post; and talks on "Penny Plates", "France" and "Thematic Collecting".

May we say, once again, that all new members will be welcome. There is no membership subscription and attendance is entirely voluntary. We are a Club which caters for the interests of its members. Watch the notice board for information about meetings.

O. TUDOR and B. R. LAWTON

MUSIC 1967

The orchestra rehearsed throughout the year every Monday dinner-hour for its big annual event, The Christmas Choral and Orchestral concert. Mr. Aykroyd started rehearsing the choir in September.

Once again a good performance was given on all sides. The orchestra played such pieces as Handel's "Largo", "Allegretto" from Beethoven's 7th Symphony, "Andante" Cantabile" from Tchaikovsky's 5th Symphony and excerpts from Wagner's operas. They were, of course, conducted by Mr. Broome, who deserves our praise.

Mr. Broome's recorder group played a Rondo, five American marches, and a Rumba, by Bonsor. This selection was very popular with the audience.

The choir, conducted by Mr. Aykroyd, gave a very polished performance, and individual items came from Paul Bodley, oboist, Pamela Cox, soprano, Pat Everitt and Philippa Grant who played a piano duet.

The Warley Youth Orchestra continued to rehearse in the school music room on Tuesday evenings. This orchestra is conducted by Warley's music adviser, Mr. John Atkins. They gave a highly successful concert in the school hall in October.

We have now acquired a large family of peripatetic music teachers:- Mrs. Sheuer (violin), Mrs. Goodbourn ('cello), Mr. Pryor (brass), Mrs. Malley (flute) and Mr. Davies (clarinet), and it is thanks to them that the concert has been a success.

LYNDA CONLEY, 5P

CHRISTMAS CONCERT 1968

To anyone who knows anything about music a glance at this year's programme would show them that the orchestra and choir were being more ambitious than before. The orchestra opened the concert with a "minuet" by Arne and "Allegretto" by Hook, which sound simple enough but consider the violinists' grace notes! They were both quiet and the 'minuet' slow, in the main, and I thought then an unwise choice for an opening.

The "Arrival of the Queen of Sheba"—Handel, brightened the start as it followed next. Patricia Everitt and Phillipa Grant had given up most of their dinner-times and other spare hours to practising this and it was well worth their efforts. The choir made an appearance with Wesley's anthem "Blessed be the God and Father" which was simply beautiful and the same can be said of Diane Jewkes' solo part in it. It was accompanied by the organ which completed the effect. A delightful flute duet followed — "Sonata in C" by Telemann, played by Stephanie Jennings and Robert MacDonald, before the orchestra returned to play "Sleigh Ride" by Mozart. This was a dainty and very appropriate piece, considering the weather, and it gave the percussion department a chance to introduce their new glockenspiel — commonly called "the tinkler". Then Alan Sheward played Grieg's Piano Concerto arranged by Weismann. The concerto is a beautiful piece and Alan managed to portray this in the short time the arrangement, which combined the main themes of all three movements, allowed. The Junior Brass Group filed on to the platform next to play a short but sweet piece — "Intrada" by Schutz. After the stage had been re-arranged a second time, the Recorder Group played "Begaine" by Benjamin and "Rumba" by Bonsor. Both times they were accompanied by Alan Sheward and various types of percussion. As usual the audience enjoyed them both very much as they were both very well played. The percussionists, Phillipa Grant and Janet Andrew, followed with "The Two Imps" — Alford, on the xylophone, a stranger to Oldbury Grammar, kindly lent by Mr. Hanson, their percussion teacher. The orchestra replied with three pieces from "Pictures at an Exhibition" by Moussargsky, very well played indeed.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" STRATFORD 1968

A coach trip, organised by Miss Harrison, went to see the Stratford performance of "As You Like It", which proved to be of the same high standard set by other Shakespearean productions.

The play was well produced and the acting of a high quality. The scenes at the Duke's palace were somewhat gloomy compared with the woodland scenes, which were visually attractive because of the predominance of greens and browns. The device of raising and lowering the trees at the end of each scene was startling at first, but ensured that the actors would not always be grouped in the same position.

All actors gave excellent performances, the wrestling scene between Charles and Orlando being particularly convincing. The contrast between the melancholy Jacques, played by Alan Howard, and the humorous Touchstone, played by Patrick Stewart, was clearly defined by both actors. The shepherds and the country folk added to the earthy humour, Corin and Touchstone were amusing, the latter particularly in his courtship of Audrey. Rosalind, played by Janet Suzman, of course, was the most outstanding performer and she gave an air of vitality to the whole play. She expressed her last soliloquy with sincerity, adding the final touches to the play — the success of which was due to the fine acting and the colourful stage scenery.

All those who saw the play, would like to express their thanks to Miss Harrison and other members of staff who organised the trip.

R. WOOLVIN, Upper Sixth

After the interval the choir took a more prominent part in the proceedings. They began by singing, accompanied by the orchestra, "Unto us is born a Son" and the Junior Choir then sang two very pretty items; "Bells over Bethlehem" and "Little Bull" which are Spanish and Mexican carols respectively. Then Duncan Rowberry and Paul Bodley played "Study in C major" by Langley as an oboe duet which was very good considering they had only eight hours notice of the piece they were to play, before the Wednesday evening. The audience were able to let off steam next as they joined the choir and orchestra in "Angels from the realms of Glory". The choir sang "Past three o'clock" and the delightful "Gloucestershire Wassail Carol" very well before they and the audience were once more accompanied by the orchestra in "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen". In "Silent Night", the next carol, Michael Page sang the verses solo accompanied by the orchestra and the "tinkler". The effect was very good, mainly due to his lovely voice. To end, everyone, including the Brass Group, joined in "While Shepherds watched their Flocks by Night" and it was a very good finish to a very successful concert.

This year was the first for many years that Mr. I. T. Davies was not with us, and it was a great loss. However, Patricia Everitt took over as accompanying pianist with the orchestra and managed admirably. A thank you must go to the old pupils who came to help us. We had a few minor set-backs on the second night: a violinist's music went astray; Mr. Jones was indisposed and was unable to come; and the choir music for "Bells over Bethlehem" disappeared and so that item had to be omitted. However, with the help of Mr. Broome all these difficulties were smoothed over and many people were none the wiser.

Our thanks go out to the peripatetic teachers who gave us their valuable support, and indeed, trained our players so that the concert was possible. But most of all we must thank Mr. Broome whose devoted attention to our efforts in music has made this most recent concert a great success and the high standard reached by both choir and orchestra is evidence of his hard work.

JANET ANDREW, Lower Sixth

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

There has been much controversy over British Standard Time and the danger of school children having serious road accidents. It is realised that all children from the age of 5 to 11, cannot be escorted to school by a parent, and it is because of this that I have a suggestion to make. In this situation, when a child must find its own way to school, isn't it possible for the senior pupils of grammar or technical schools to volunteer to assume responsibility in getting a child to school safely? Perhaps this would lead to the organisation of two senior students to take a group of six young children and deliver them safely to their school. This, I am sure, would minimise the danger to young children and would be welcomed by many parents and teachers.

Yours sincerely,

A. MOORE, Lower Sixth

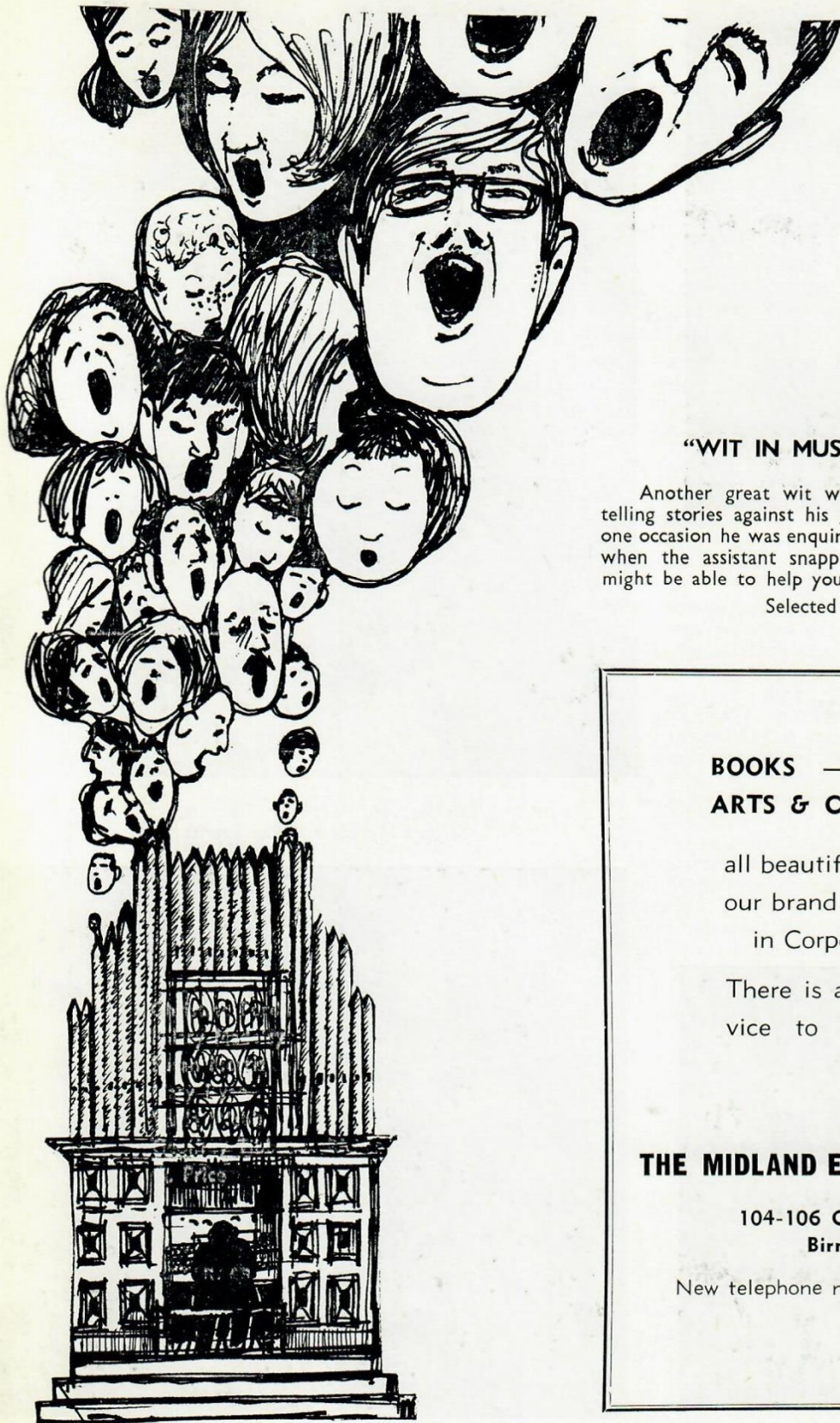
Dear Editor,

In view of the fact of the recent government cuts which have resulted in the abolition of school milk, I would like to put forward the idea of having a coffee/coke/milk machine.

This idea would be profitable for all and receive great support. There are many schools who have had one of these installed and they have proved a success.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN COOMBE, Lower Sixth



"WIT IN MUSIC" by LESLIE AYRE

Another great wit was Sir Landon Ronald who loved telling stories against his generously proportioned nose. On one occasion he was enquiring at a box office about a concert when the assistant snapped, "If you'll shift your elbow, I might be able to help you."

Selected by P. BODLEY, Lower Sixth

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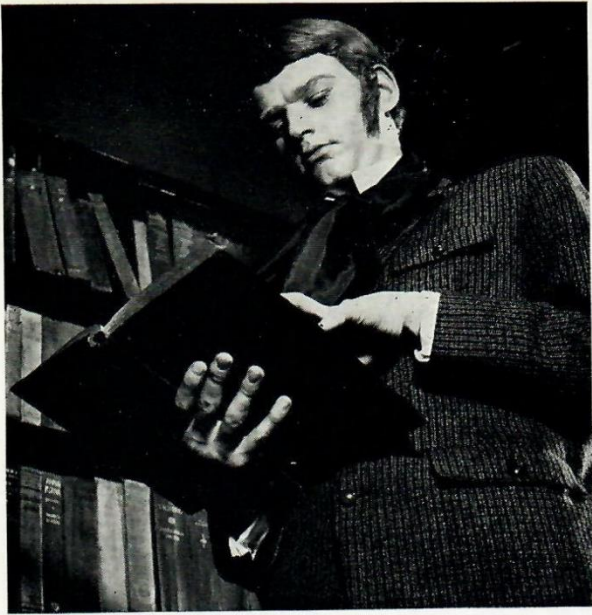
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Geoffrey Tibbetts

**THE IMPORTANCE OF
BEING EARNEST
1968**



Lee Heaven, Geoffrey Tibbetts,
Barbara Mynott and Pat Everitt



Linda Curry and Jonathan Goodwin



Valda Webb, Barbara Mynott,
Geoffrey Tibbetts and Lee Heaven

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST 1968

This production was as professional and as meticulous in attention to detail as always. My own feeling, however, was that the performance lacked the lightness of touch and the delicacy of delivery necessary to carry it off with complete success. There is, in Wilde's play, a lack of physical action which makes special demands upon the actors who are left for most of the time with no specific actions to perform other than those which accompany polite conversation. One sensed the relief of Lee Heaven when he had some sandwiches to toy with and the gratefulness of Jonathan Goodwin, as Dr. Chasuble, for a role which permitted more exaggerated mannerisms than were allowed the other characters. As it was, there was sufficient awkwardness of movement and evidence of the actors being ill at ease to detract from the smoothness of the witty dialogue.

Possibly the excellence of the sets had something to do with this. Judged by the contemporary standards the stage settings were almost formidable in their weight and precision and, though they helped to re-create what I imagine the atmosphere of Edwardian theatre to have been, they may well have inhibited the movements of the actors.

Nevertheless the cast turned in some creditable and very promising performances; even the minor roles of the two men-servants were given thoughtful treatment by David Hewitt and Ian Dews. I remember particularly well some genuinely amusing exchanges between Geoffrey Tibbetts and Lee Heaven, as Jack and Algernon (with the latter's splendid appearance drawing enthusiastic applause from a partisan audience on the final evening); the performance of Valda Webb, who struck just the right note for the aloof utterances of Lady Bracknell; the vitality of Barbara Mynott's Gwendolen; the charm of Pat Everitt, as Cecily; and the sedate relationship portrayed by Jonathan Goodwin and Linda Curry as Dr. Chasuble and Miss Prism.

One had only to glance at the programme of this production to become immediately aware of the vast number of people involved in putting on the play. The amount of work put into it and the extent of the co-operation between various members of staff and pupils are very impressive in these times of apathy.

We await Mr. Laycock's current production with impatience.

G. PRICE

GEOGRAPHY IN THE FIELD

Sixteen new sixth form geography students, afire with enthusiasm for their subject, spontaneously committed themselves to going on a "Geography Field Course" the following year. The deposit was duly paid and all sixteen duly forgot all about it.

By October 1968, one or two of us recalled something about going away somewhere for a week to study geography. Looking into the subject more closely, we discovered that in our youthful enthusiasm of the previous year, we had actually requested to go to such outlandish places as Snowdonia and Preston Montford, for the last week of October. Strangely enough, this coincided with our half-term; we wondered if the members of the geography staff had realised this way back in 1967. Well, anyway October 23rd dawned early — 6.00 a.m. for most of us — and off we set into the distant unknown all of us laden with rucksacks and boots and Hilary with her eternal hammer.

Taking Monday as the typical day in the life of a Field Centre; you would find Hilary and Barbara scaling rocky slopes, 1,072 feet above Swallow Falls; Anita, Janet and Ann crawling along the coal adits of South Wales in their search for anthracite; Mary and Gwen standing precariously inside a blow-hole.

Of course, boys being boys, they volunteered for courses in the Southern Counties. Two of them stayed at Slapton vicarage for a week — very apt, don't you think? Another boy even had the audacity to ask Miss Firth if the weather would be warm enough for swimming.

If your idea of geography is merely text books and maps, then be positive and spend a week at a Field Centre. A week in an original Victorian Fort at 100% humidity is much more enjoyable than one would suppose.

However, we all returned to school prepared to recommend a Geography Field Course for anyone with an interest in that sphere. This was not only because of all the useful work we had done but also because we had met a wide variety of interesting people and found an added enthusiasm for our work.

MARY RYAN, Upper Sixth

THE JUDO CLASS

It could be quite interesting, I thought as I sat in Assembly; so I signed my name down on the notice-board. Everybody turned up on Thursday evening wearing old trousers and shirts; everyone looked quite relaxed, especially the numerous boys standing in the gym — I was quite scared and regretted coming. Finally I managed to resist the temptation of going home and relaxed as their instructor introduced himself. All of a sudden he threw himself into the air and landed quite easily with a shattering sound on the wooden floor; needless to say my confidence was shattered, absolutely shattered! It's too late to back out now, I thought, as I watched him demonstrate a few basic breakfalls.

I practised along with everyone else and began to relax a little. Then, when I was least expecting it we had to try a basic throw known as, — oh I can't remember it! My partner was quite tall and heavier than myself but I found I could land her on the floor with ease. Now it was my turn to be thrown but I found that I broke my fall without noticing it and relaxed completely. Then we were taught a few strangle-holds as a part of groundwork practice. After a few struggling tries we found we could do it easily and we practised up to the end of the class. How quickly the time had gone, and though reluctant to admit it, I found I'd enjoyed it!

As I was going home I thought, "It doesn't really hurt, does it?"

"No!"

"So, I suppose I'll take this sport up won't I?"

"Yes!" I answered myself, "I'll go next week as well!"

LINDA ELLIOTT, 5J

CHESS CLUB

In the first term of the present year the Chess Club has flourished. Membership has grown rapidly and this enthusiasm has been reflected in four victories out of six matches played. However, the greater part of the membership comes from the first and third years of the school. The future fortunes of our team will be endangered if second year people, especially, are not willing to come forward. Whether or not they can play the game, they will be made welcome.

D. R. BENSON

FIFTH AND SIXTH FORM CHRISTMAS DANCE

This year's dance was notable in three respects—outsiders were allowed in; tickets were sold; and last but not least it nearly didn't happen at all.

The first mention of the dance came half-way through a prefects' meeting in November and after half an hour of fruitless discussion it was decided that it would be best not to have a dance. It was, however, suggested that the Fifth form should be consulted.

They were and they decided overwhelmingly to have a dance. A committee was formed therefore to organize the newly-reprieved dance. Mr. Heath was approached and agreed to supervise the proceedings.

The committee met several times over the next few weeks and a format for the dance was made out. Members of the committee were also responsible for the sale of tickets which could be purchased in either double or single form.

The dance itself began at 8.00 p.m. with about forty minutes of pop music on tape. The tape recorder and various other large chunks of equipment were hidden by a psychedelic tissue paper screen made by Mr. Heath and some clever lighting effects engineered by John Langford added to the atmosphere.

Following the pop music were a couple of elimination dances and a further period of taped music. All this time food had been available from a running buffet excellently prepared by Mrs. Mends, Miss Westwood and the girls of 4L.

The highlight of the evening came next and consisted of a pantomime produced by members of the Fifth form. This was a very good effort especially as they had only one day in which to rehearse it and everyone was well entertained.

Another period of taped pop music interspersed with novelty dances followed and this took us up to about 10.45.

The evening's festivities were completed with the last waltz and Auld Lang Syne.

IAN DEWS, Upper Sixth

FIRST FORM PARTY

Tuesday, December 17th.

This was the day of the "First Form Christmas Party", and amongst the crowd of teachers and prefects, one could see here and there an occasional little first former enjoying himself.

The party opened with a noisy game of "partners" and this led on to Oldbury Grammar School comical version of the "Barn Dance", which the ninety first formers carried out to perfection after four weeks practice under the supervision of Mr. Davis in the gym. A quote from a girl, "the boys kept stepping on my toes" and a quote from a boy, "I don't like dancing with the girls" shows just how popular the dancing was! The general criticism was that there was not enough modern dancing—and too many lights in the hall.

Pass the polo was the next exciting event in the programme and all went well until the polo mint was eaten in excitement by one hungry little boy. The hint was taken and they all went up to tea, which again was a great success, although the boys complained that there were not enough sandwiches—after the prefects had eaten them all.

Having wrecked the dining room the party continued with a swing. The first formers did not leave all the work to the staff—they organised their own entertainment—for example "The Christmas Charade"—well acted by members of 1R—and the "Talent Competition" for which there was much support.

On the whole the party proved to be a memorable occasion for all concerned and it finished with that old favourite—the Waltz.

ANITA WHEATLEY, Upper Sixth
DORIS MOORE, Upper Sixth

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ORPINGTON 1968

"You went on a school trip last summer, I believe. Was it any good?"

"Yes, it was great. The weather was so good, you see. Some days it was so hot that I could hardly stir from the swimming pool. We had our own pool in the grounds."

"Where was it you went, then?"

"Oh, it was only to Orpington in Kent. But we had lots of trips out. We went to the seaside—Hastings—and had a gloriously hot day there. We went twice to London—once by boat up the River Thames, and once all the way by coach. Hampton Court, Lullingstone Castle and Roman villa, Chislehurst caves, Greenwich observatory . . ."

"All in one week? It sounds a bit too organised for me."

"Well, I suppose it was, in a way. When the walk 3½ miles across the golf course was planned, it was far too hot and I stayed by the pool all day. But if it had been bad, wet weather, I suppose we would have been glad of all the trips."

"What was the food like?"

"That was the best part. I was a bit afraid it would be rather dull when I heard that the staff and four senior girls were going to do the cooking, but that Mrs. Clarke certainly knew her job.

She planned the menus, and we even had roast beef and Yorkshire pudding followed by sherry trifle one day. And the chicken salad we had in our packed lunch in the grounds of the Tower of London was delicious."

"I heard you had to help with the washing up."

"Yes. We had a group of five, and we had to lay the tables and do the washing up for one day. It wasn't too bad. Most of the dirty work was done by a young Spanish man who was employed there—he didn't speak a word of English. Incidentally, the best team on duty were supposed to get a prize, but I haven't heard anything about it."

"What was the place like where you were staying?"

"It is a boarding school. For boys, of course. You could tell that by the way it was all damaged and knocked about. When I carried my luggage in on the first day through a huge doorway like the Marble Arch, and then saw the trestle tables in the dining hall, and we were allocated to a 'dormitory' for nine of us that was hardly bigger than a ordinary bedroom! We had double bunk beds, and managed somehow—and it was fun having plenty of people to talk to at night—we hardly got any sleep—especially since we got up very early the first morning to have a swim before breakfast."

"Who were the staff who went?"

"There was Mr. and Mrs. Clarke (did you know he nearly became an actor instead of a teacher—he acted all the time when he was at Cambridge) they had their son and small daughter. Mrs. and Mrs. Price had their little baby with them. And there was Mr. and Mrs. Croft."

"Where did you go in London?"

"To Buckingham Palace, of course. There were thousands of visitors outside watching all the complicated ceremonies of the Changing of the Guard. There were foot soldiers led by a band; mounted soldiers; police in cars and on motor bikes; shouts from officers inside the palace railings; and little groups of soldiers marching off in all directions. I didn't know what was going on, and we walked off before the finish, to go to an exhibition of computers making contemporary art—funny designs, and noises they call music. Quite good, especially the ones that moved about on their own like Daleks."

"You said earlier that you went to the Tower of London."

"Yes, but we didn't go inside. There was a man all bound up in chains and a sack outside, and he demonstrated

how he could escape—he wriggled free in no time."

"Did you go to Madame Tussaud's?"

"Some did, but I went by Underground to Carnaby Street and Oxford Street. Fabulous. Look, here's a button I bought."

"What about the other trip to London—the one up the river?"

"We didn't really go to London. As we went along the river, the guide told us all about it, from the Houses of Parliament to Tony Armstrong-Jones's mews cottage. Then we spent the rest of the day at Battersea. It was very hot, and I bet the West Indians playing cricket very volubly in the park were enjoying it. I went into the funfair. The big dipper had a water-shute at the bottom, and Mr. Price won a prize for his baby by knocking over some skittles."

"Did you go round the maze at Hampton Court?"

"Yes, but that was another day. The river was lovely there, too,—and the history in those old buildings—Henry VIII really seemed to come alive when you could see where he lived. But the best day apart from Hastings (it was another hot day there, and I swam in the sea to get cool, and sunbathed on the beach so long that I got red and started peeling when I got home) the funniest thing was Chislehurst caves. There was this fabulous guide—a young chap dressed in a fur coat. Yes. Because inside the caves it was so cold. He took us in for miles—we each carried a little oil lamp to light the way, and then he told us to put them down and we went round a couple of corners by the light of his torch, so that when he switched it out it was pitch dark. But, pitch dark. You could not see your hand even if you put it right in front of your eye. The guide told us some great ghost stories, too, and tales of ancient druid rites in the caves."

"Did you have a cricket match one day?"

Well sort of. We started in the morning, but in the afternoon people drifted off to go swimming. Mrs. Clarke was top scorer. Later on that day, we built a bonfire as it was our last day there. We lit it after dark, and sat round it drinking cocoa. The wood must have been very dry, as it burnt up furiously and it was fun."

"And the next day you came back?"

"Yes. That was that for another year."

D. CROFTS

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NEW YEAR 1968

"Marvellous scenery, glide down the mountain slopes, bask in the sun amidst the snow in the sparkling air."

So enthralled with these wonderful words 27 of us decided to spend our new year in Einsedeln, Switzerland for a ski-ing holiday. As only two of our party had tried this venture previously, a majority of us tried out our "feet" before leaving on the ski-slopes of Wednesbury. This is a large wooden construction covered in nylon rings, about the height of a two-storey building looking up at it — but once you eventually made it to the top (this is a 'miraculous feat on its own!) the end below seemed to stretch far into infinity. Exercise too, we had in plenty and although these may have seemed child's play to an active 16-18 year old, to one who is not so young and used to a gentle stroll from the school door to a car, the results were many hours of aching muscles.

But eventually we set off for our holiday. The flight was excellent and we landed in Zurich in a flurry of snow. Our coach for the hour's journey to Cinsedeln was driven very well by an elderly Swiss gentleman in a leather cap. But have you ever been driven at 3.30 in the morning, in snow, on the "wrong" side of the road with a drop of thousands of feet on one side and a steep rocky outcrop on the other?! We arrived at what we thought was to be our hotel only to discover that there had been a mistake in our booking and we were to be accommodated elsewhere. But as the coach reversed out, one wheel stuck in an ice rut, and we slowly but inexorably slid into the side of the hotel. One hour later and with six ski-instructors pushing hard we managed to leave, but Oldbury Grammar School has left an indelible mark at which any tourist may gaze and wonder! We finally arrived at our hotel and managed to sort out our rooms, unpacked and rested to start another day.

Early next morning! we began our fittings for boots and skis. It is quite an experience marching around the town in 10 ton boots and 6ft skis slung over one shoulder and a pair of sticks in the other hand. On films this performance appears to be rather a simple operation, but for the newcomer, everything is heavy and awkward. Also, there must be no impetuous turning round, otherwise you are liable to knock some-one's eye out or break one of the numerous plate glass windows of the very attractive shops in the town.

So to the slopes, which on the first two days were relatively simple and with that invigorating air you appeared never to tire. After those first lessons I was informed that at the end of the first week I would be gliding down those mountains; alas, as the rest of the party progressed up the slopes I slid further and further down mainly not upright on my skis! You see, although I had been walking for many years on my two feet and could make one foot go in front of the other, it was a different matter when trying to balance on two narrow planks of wood!! The rest of our party did magnificently, in fact in less than a week they had all passed the first ski-tests with skill and great credit.

But, back to the beginning, there was magnificent scenery, we unfortunately only had one afternoon of sun, the rest of the time we had snow and then more snow and although I never did glide down the mountains I shall always remember new year '68 with great nostalgia and the thoughts that next time — well who can tell?

PAMELA WESTWOOD

QUOTE OF THE YEAR.

"I was going to write an article for the School magazine about apathy, but I couldn't be bothered."

H. CROFT

EARLY IN THE MORNING (WE GO A CAMPING)

This year's Guide Camp was held at Arthog in North Wales. For some unknown reason we were expecting a level green pasture for our camp site but instead we were confronted by a gentle mountain slope.

It was almost impossible to find a level piece of ground on which to sleep and most of the night was spent rolling round the tent. (We did think of tying ourselves to the tent pole with string but we used it all to make the washstand stand up).

The camp got off to a good start when Miss Pine's car broke down. When transferring the dinner from her car to that of a helpful passer-by it was spilt all over a Welsh road.

But we were lucky and the weather held. We had a great week working, (if you call fetching water and being drowned, working) bathing, walking, sleeping and eating, especially eating.

Some way away from our site were some scouts from Coventry. We went to their camp-fire and it was amusing to see that some of our Guides suddenly became aware that hot, soapy water existed!

The camp-fire was memorable because when the cocoa was made some-one left a brillo-pad in the bottom of the dixie. Fortunately Guides are hardened people and there were no ill-effects.

We made visits to both the Blue Lake and to Barmouth and managed to return to the camp-site with no broken bones or lost guides.

Really this camp was a great success; there were no real disasters unless you count the occupation of the marquee by a herd of bullocks, who turned the place into a cattle shed. Miss Pine, Mrs. Probert, Miss Cartwright and the Cadets deserve a special vote of thanks.

Now we are looking forward to next year's camp when I hope they are going to let me help with the cooking. That should be great fun!

MARY HARRISON, Lower Sixth

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EPITAPH TO THE BLIND ORIGINALS/2

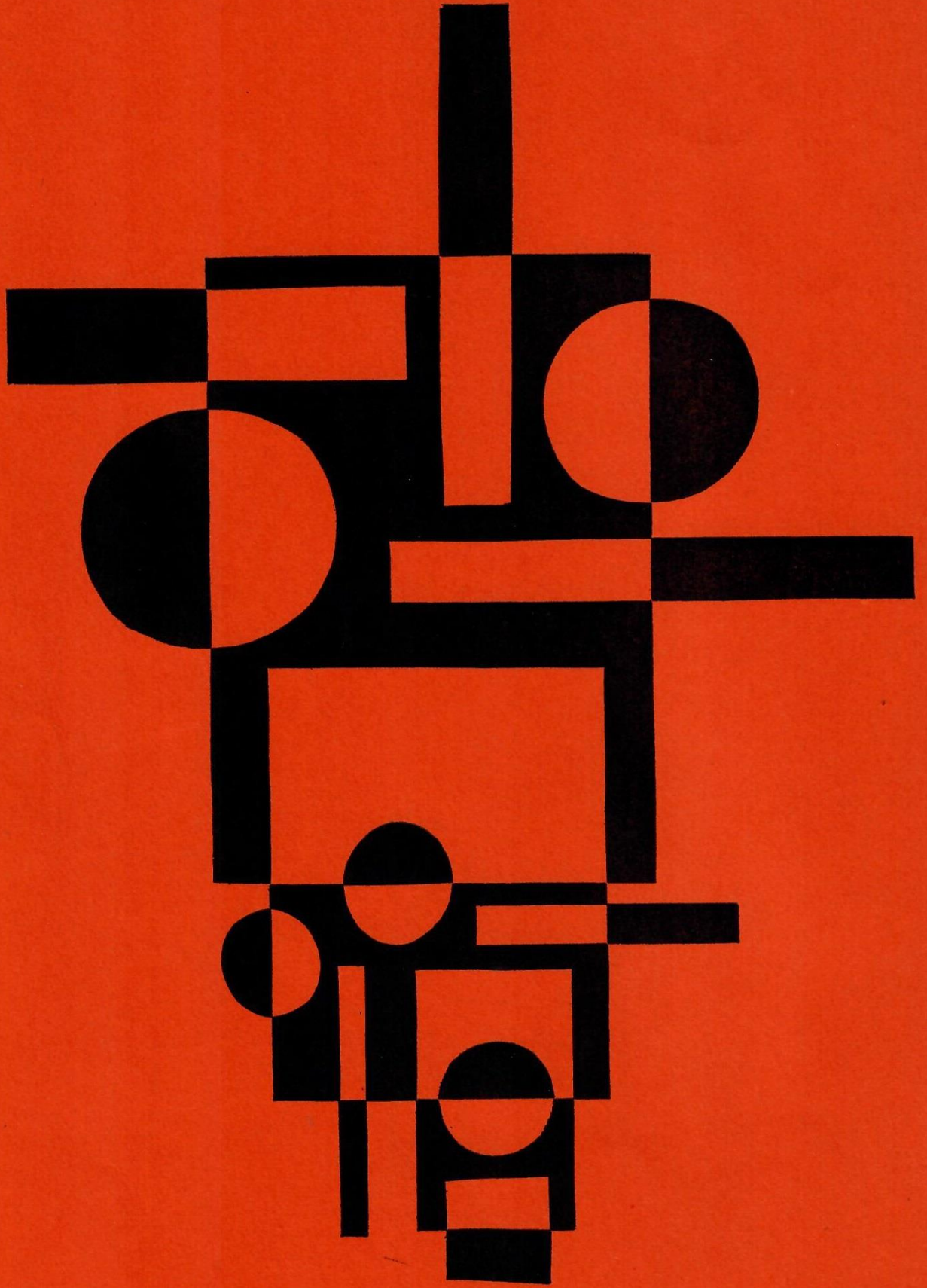
Sooner or later,
Who cares what sacrifices,
But to be free?
An runnin,
Silhouetted
Against the oceans twinkling smile,
Splashin through the sea.
Arms wavin: free
Laughin now an then
Together at dusk;
You an me.
The old sun dies
In weakness an red mist.
Quiet.
('cept for the waves.)
An the stones on which we sit
In darkness
Are warm.
We three;
Me
An you
And the Friendly Darkness
All around us.

EPITAPH TO THE BLIND ORIGINALS/1

Here I come, men,
Runnin as hard as I can.
Who t' fight?
Who t' hate?
— t' blame?
— t' accuse?
An I stop: despairin:
Tired of chasin,
An sit
In the hot sun,
Pantin an sweatin
An cryin
Warm tears in the dust.
I am alone
Am afraid
The Blind Originals are dead
And only the hangman cares.
LESLIE ROUND, Upper Sixth

EPITAPH TO THE BLIND ORIGINALS/3

As I go, by night,
Like a thief escapin
I stop
On the hillside
To glance back
At what I am leavin;
An only can see
Smokestacks in the fog
Below me.
The fine rain
Has wet my face an hair
An raindrops glisten on
The coat I am wearin.
I see the lights below me
An hesitate,
—but then sharply turn
An walk
(Quicker)
Into the rain.
I pull up my collar
An feel
A trickle of cold water,
Down my neck.
By the time you are up
It will be too late
I will be gone.
LESLIE ROUND, Upper Sixth



S. Moore, 3P

THE DAY OF THE LIFE OF MR. B6971/Y

It was a cold, wet February morning, at least that was what the Weather and Environment Control Computer had arranged it to be and 200 billion people believed it. Mr. B6971/Y woke from his sleep, drowsily energised his brain and thought about his schedule for the day. Today was his terminal birthday.

Mr. B6971/Y decided he wanted vision so he saw, through the 3-dimensional, colour television camera attached to his body. He saw the blue bubble which surrounded him, just as billions of people see their own blue bubbles every day. This was the year 197,000,000 and 200 billion people inhabited the now dead Earth. They lived comfortably happy lives in their blue bubbles.

Mr. B6971/Y thought, as it was his terminal birthday, he would take his education period early and so leave the rest of the day for other, more important matters. He linked the reception centre of his brain to the wavelength of the Trans-Universe School Computer and sat for a number of hours while millions of facts flooded his brain. When he thought he'd learnt enough he disconnected.

Now it was time for S.I.S.S. (Simulated Incident and Stimulus System) so Mr. B6971/Y connected with the appropriate wavelength; everything blacked out. Suddenly his whole body felt hot; he saw in a blur many primitive human beings running and screaming and dying; he saw the Sun enlarge into immense proportions; he felt the heat and light as the Sun erupted into an all-consuming, all-destroying

Nova. "Not that rubbish again", he thought "How bored one gets with re-living the end of the Solar System".

After many searches for an interesting "trip" Mr. B6971/Y disconnected; he was bored to tears, fed up with life. "Never mind", he thought, "today's my terminal birthday".

He communicated with the Emotional Control System and made love to his wife, Mrs. B6971/X and, after sending her tender caresses by high-frequency thought waves, with a tear in his television lens, he said goodbye and disconnected.

He paused and looked around him; around the dark blue bubble which acted as his outer skin; at the red tube which led from his body to the Earth's division of Main Control Computer 1096, the computer which was allotted to this particular Galaxy and which floated in space, nobody knew where.

At about 10 p.m. Mr. B6971/Y, while sitting reminiscing, felt a vibration in the red tube; his birthday party had come. After acknowledging the signal he took one lingering look at his bubble and vaporized.

Far away, in the Main Control Computer, a light flickered out and an adjacent one came on. In the bubble a small black blob appeared.

In the morning the blob awoke. It was a cold, wet February morning, according to W.E.C.C., and Mr. B6972/Y believed it. He would believe anything, for today was his terminal birthday.

PETER GODDARD, Upper Sixth

OLD MRS. MOP

Old Mrs. Mop is busy all day
Dusting out corners and throwing things away
She never has a coffee break until the work is
done
And then she finds some more to do—believe
me, it's not fun.
She's had some nervous breakdowns;
She's had some heart attacks.
But she never has the time to frown,
It's time, that's what she lacks.

CHERYL CLARKE, 2J



Rosamund
Pickerill, 2J

WHY IS THERE WAR?

Why is there war? War is senseless and vile, and solves nothing. There must be other ways of solving problems than this, but man, with all the advanced technology and thinking now available to him still cannot find another way. Maybe it is the advanced thinking that is the cause of the trouble in the first place. Were we given brains and the power to reason so that we could conspire to kill innocent people? Were we given brains so that we could invent atom bombs and hydrogen bombs? If God is love, why does he give Man the power to cause pain and death to others, and why does he let people suffer at all? Why, if God is love, did he plant the idea in man's brain of a bomb that could destroy all living things? What is his motive?

I would prefer not to think about this at all, but it is difficult to push from my mind, for I cannot understand. Why cannot men live peacefully together, and how can a country's leaders, knowing the consequences, be so cruel as to let their

country go to war. I ask these questions but nobody answers them and I just have to wonder, trying to find an answer myself.

War is thousands of people — faceless people — without homes and without hope, lost in a sea of blood and bone, their blood and bone. Soldiers fight for freedom, but freedom is not often bought by fighting, and there is always a loser. War is misery, tears, blood and screaming. Guns and knives and uniforms. Noise and filth and dead bodies littering the ground and being trodden on. It is cities burning and houses falling and people starving. Then one more city will burn, one more person will die and there will be a great, orange, mushroom cloud overhead. Then, will everything be fine? There will be no more war. There will be no more world. Oh God, why is there war?

JUDITH STALLWOOD, 4L

ALEC EMERGES

Alec was a rather pathetic figure. He looked a reject from society with his coat greasy with dirt, his old shoes, frayed collar and vacant expression. His stooping stance did not exactly inspire confidence, and the wall he propped up seemed as fatigued as he. The cigarette drooped from the red-raw sloping mouth, the nose was spattered with open pores. The eyes sank into grey crevasses of skin and the eyebrows rambled over the forehead. His wrinkled face was not pretty.

Yet here stood the hero of the hour, the man on whom the medals should be pinned. This drooping down and out had conquered the highest peak of all, fear; fear of people.

As a child Alec had not stood out from the crowd, he was the boy who seemed to blend with school-room walls, the same pale grey sort of intermediate colour. His clothes were clean but just off being smart, his hair had just too little brilliancy and his skin was just too anaemic to look completely healthy. He was never in trouble and people tended to say, "Oh yes . . . Alec . . ." about him and nothing else. He progressed from infant to junior, junior to secondary. He passed to a grammar school and on his first report the predominant comment was satisfactory.

His family did not notice him in the chaos of a factory worker's life. It was also 'Dad's strikes' that were discussed at table, that and the threat of the Huns. Alec just buttered his bread and retired to Superman or the pantry where he scribbled away at his homework by candle-light. The rest of the family passed him over as a permanent fixture, to be spoken to only if the crossword became difficult. When a new arrival entered the fold, it became just another thing that ignored him.

At school, friends did not abound. He talked occasionally to his desk-mate but when the talk turned to girls, he sank back into his shell and was again unnoticed. His fellow pupils got tired of his apathetic attitude—his way of never doing anything wrong, or for that matter, anything right. He was ignored, but not in a nasty way, but just because there was never anything to talk to him about. Alec turned to work and scribbled hard in the hope that the people he could not communicate with would recognise him as a genius. But he was no genius and nothing ever came of the hours spent writing a ghost story; they were always dismissed as not original.

Eventually he left school and took a job at a factory, identical to his Dad's. The job required no brains and the little knowledge he had stagnated and disintegrated. Gradually Alec descended into the depths of obscurity. He became a nobody.

Alec was pushed out of his home by the marriage of his younger sister, who forced her husband upon the family.

Alec had to take the only lodgings he could find—a dirty hole in a dirty area. The life he led was purely and simply an existence. He woke up, got up, went out, worked, came back, and slept. He hibernated slowly but surely.

His withdrawal from life and society was soon complete. Fear overtook his will to survive, he cowered when he heard a voice. Alec soon gave up his job and with no money was kicked from his 'home' onto the street.

Suddenly the little he had was no more. The tiny bit of peace and security he had achieved was gone; there was nothing.

Alec as a person had ceased to exist instead an object remained. He could not talk to anyone; the croak of fear that came forth from his unwilling throat caused smiles, smiles against him. His family had always laughed at him, now the man in the street, the interminable crowds took their place. He wandered aimlessly, leading an automat existence: the little money he had quickly ran out on the dehydrated, pre-packed foods he filled his body with.

Sleep was impossible on the benches and in the cold of winter. It took a week for his frailty to overpower him. The Samaritans picked him up and housed him in a hostel but its club-like atmosphere was too much for him and he ran again.

One cigarette was all he had left, but his weak fingers forced him to drop the last match in the snow. It hissed and died and Alec's red-raw eyes watched his last luxury depart. He grovelled but he could do nothing. He looked around, he was alone, completely on his own. The factory walls stretched up to eternity on either side. Through his mind flashed a life alone. What would happen if he was knocked down? No-one to hold his hand on a death-bed, no-one to bury him, no-one to help him, no-one to care. He must find someone; begin again. He must smoke the cigarette.

A man turned the corner. A chance for Alec, he jumped and blocked the man's way. He hesitated for a year-long moment and then asked—

"Have you a light?"

No smile from the man just a fumble in the pocket. The match struck and shot into life. Alec bent his head and sucked. The smoke filled his body.

"Thanks"

"Any time, ta-ra"

Alec slumped against the wall, the cigarette hanging from his lips. The fear had been overcome, life stretched before him—friends, work, a home.

A girl wiggled past in a tight skirt. A thought ran across Alec's mind. He turned and slowly whistled. The girl turned, blushed, giggled and teetered off. Life had begun again.

BARBARA MYNOTT, Upper Sixth

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

Viva Che !
The posters say,
As the students all revolt.
But he has flown,
To a place unknown
To lead another people.

We have won !
Long live the Gun,
The victors always shout.
Che Guevara's dead,
The people said,
But we fight ever on.

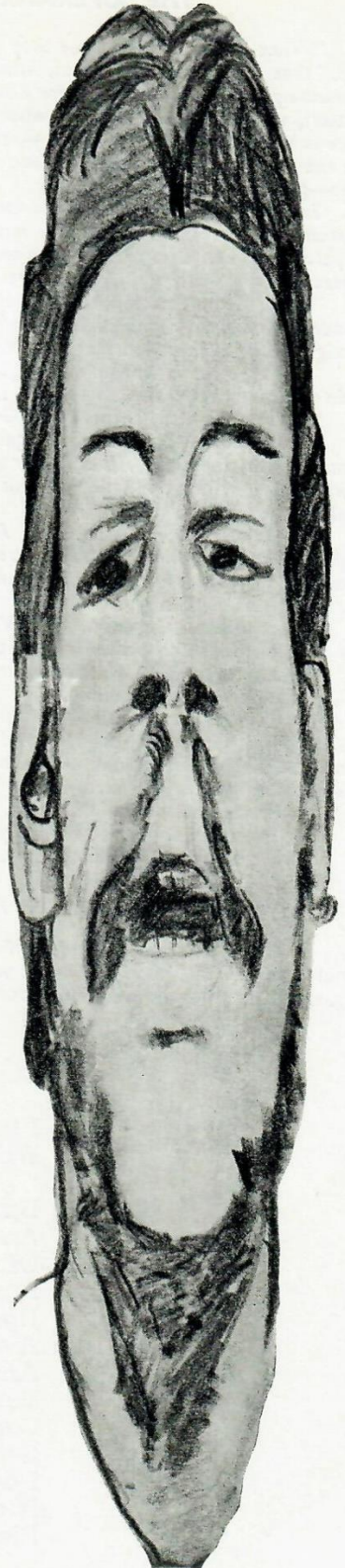
The Yanks have fought
But all for nought
Though they killed him in the end.
Still his spirit fights
For the people's rights;
They'll never put it down.

R. B. GRIFFITHS, Upper Sixth

UNSTABLE SONS OF ANARCHY

1 2 3 4 kill !

PETER GODDARD, Upper Sixth



T. Charlton, Lower Sixth

THE SUPERMARKET

"What is white? The cane they gave me is white." Tap tap, "that was a drain—a drain, what is a drain for?—For something without colour; it is for dirty water. It rains (pitter patter), some is purified, some is whooshed away. Somewhere here is the 'zebra', where?—oops—here. The cars stop, step on the road, other people rush back and forth (don't panic) step—gutter—safe."

The woman walked on, apparently the most confident person on the High Street, she vanished into the familiar Supermarket, her hand reaching the exact height for the palm-sweat covered door push. In she went.....

"Over to the fish counter Jennie! I'll buy George some haddock, and a bit of plaice for me. Walk around the pillar, straight along. Oops, I'm sorry."

"Can't you see where you're going? Oh! I'm sorry, I didn't know that you—well you are"

"Quite all right. Thank you. Goodbye."

Jennie became an individual again after the incident of bumping into the man. An onlooker would have thought her always stern with such incidents, this was not so. The sympathy annoyed her.

"What was it I was? Ah yes, fish. Queue on right. Over, slowly forward until that strange sensation comes, someone in front. He's moving, metal, cold, rail-supporting bar. In front of till, my turn."

"Next please. Oh hello, Mrs. Walker. I've put it aside for you, haddock and plaice wasn't it?"

"That's right, Bill. Rather warm today, isn't it, humid. It'll probably rain this evening."

The conversation continued. Mrs. Walker concentrated on her purse. She asked the price and handed out the money. Jennie amplified her keened senses by stating the names of the coins as she handed them over.

She pretended to be nonchalant.

"Half a crown and a two-shilling piece—four and six Bill."

"Thank you, Mrs. Walker."

Ring.

"Remember me to George, see you Friday."

Slam.

The day was her own, and Jennie continued in what we would call an adventure. To her it was an everyday happening, ever since they allowed her out on her own. Her parents

had died three years ago. How did a blind woman get an opportunity to marry? Luck? Yes of course, or had he followed her? Crossed her over the road, the first time she had accepted help without being ashamed of her stolen sense. "Stop. I've got a lot of work to do, work, shopping, work. Now I need to make my way to the preserves. Steady Jennie, Jennie steady—Masterman Ready."

Marmalade, I know those jars. There's a golliwog under the label. It slides, side to side. What's this? A basket. Nearly tripped over it. Go round it. Here they are, on the left, Marmalade. Jam is on the right. One of each in the basket. They tell me the basket is white as well—with red handles. Red is light, but white is bright and silver shines. If only I could see; if only I could see."

DEREK L. CAMWELL, 5J

"HAIR"

"It's hard to see how any audience could resist a show so cheerful, so noisy, professionally polished and fundamentally gentle."

(Observer)

"The frenzied, marvellous activity, the brash behaviour all is overwhelming while it lasts."

(Punch)

"An overwhelming triumph of Public Relations."

(Times Educational Supplement)

For four guineas it is possible to see a hallucinatory, hilarious, provocative comment on the problems that the younger generations have to face today.

The music was stimulating and provided an admirable, if raucous, backcloth to the multitude of dancers, singers and hangers-on. The audience participation invested the proceedings with an air of convincing festivity.

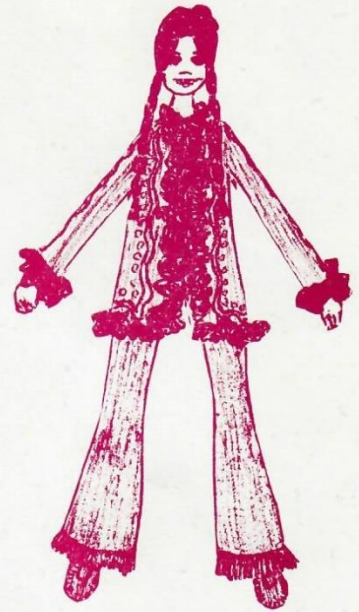
The technique of using the whole theatre as a stage may not be acceptable in traditional theatre circles but it has been used to great effect in this production. The effects so obtained were unusual in their originality of concept but did not detract in any way from the standard of the performance.

JAYNE MADELEY, Upper Sixth
JANET RALPH, Upper Sixth

TO THE LOVE THAT I MAY NEVER FIND

I thought of you
While drifting endlessly through light and
shadow,
But finding not that love.
And so I thought of you once more,
Of you,
And of the summer breathing a lasting warmth
Upon your olive skin,
A warmth that I may never reach,
And your words to me,
Words of comfort
Composed in my empty, cold subconscious.
Or perhaps I was aware of them,
I do not care,
It does not matter.
Please do not fear my love for I will warm
thee.

G. H. CHILDE, Upper Sixth



Beverley Quance, 4S



"Views of Birmingham", Peter Goddard, Upper Sixth





RUIN

It stands where no feet ever fall,
Where whisperings of life never break
The silence of a pall
Of yellowed age and grandeur.
Decayed with no sign of the love
Which once echoed its walls where
Now dust, like a glove,
Enfolds the pride and secrets
Of the time of souls
When spirits lived within the halls;
The fires, once heaped with coals,
Are ashes and stones diseased by time;
The rusty scabs of antiquity are
Fabric of the weave of decline,
Defiling as a scar,
That which once stood whole.

Photograph Peter Goddard
Upper Sixth

Poem Andrea Boswell
Lower Sixth



Beverley Quance, 45

POPPY

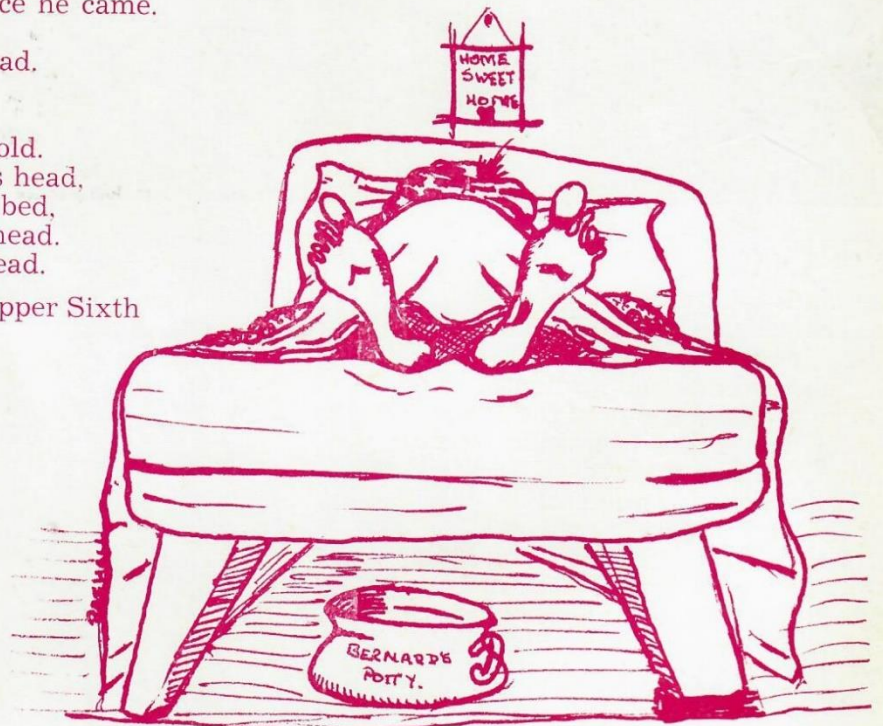
Silky, shimmering,
 Transparent taunt,
 Floating.
 Following wind
 Being followed,
 Fervently,
 Frantically.
 Black support
 Bearing, building.
 Leaning over,
 Dared for,
 Depended on.
 Died for.
 Red petals
 Red holes
 Black stem,
 Mourning.
 Centre seeds
 Sown in human frailty
 By the red devil.

CHRISTINE FORD, Upper Sixth

BERNARD TUCKER

Bernard Tucker was his name,
 No-one knew from whence he came.
 He was such a happy lad,
 But now he's very very sad.
 His hair is grey,
 His blood gone cold,
 And he is looking oh, so old.
 He may be sound within his head,
 But his poor body's laid in bed,
 Jet black cloth around his head.
 Bernard Tucker's very dead.

RAE HALL, Upper Sixth



Rae Hall, Upper Sixth



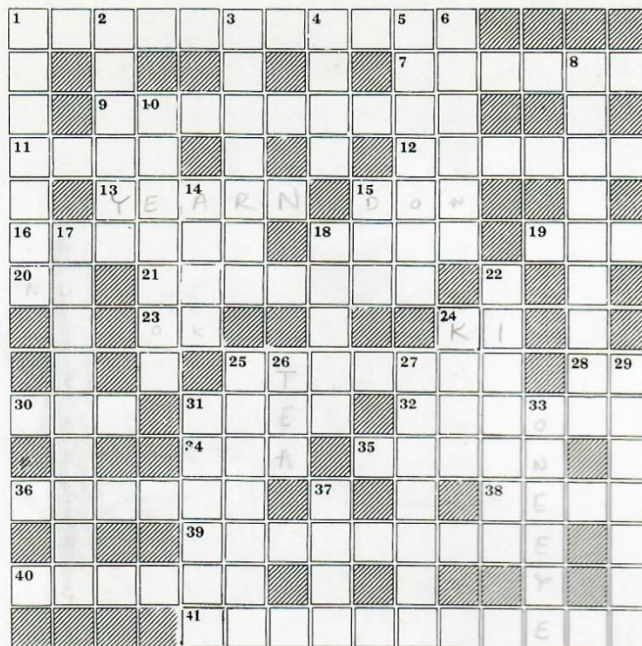
Rae Hall, Upper Sixth

FAT UNCLE GEORGE

I have an uncle,
He's my favourite uncle George,
He's very fat and very small,
And very nearly bald.

MARIA MALYSZ, 2J

PRIZE CROSSWORD



Completed entries with name and form to be handed to Mr. Price. The sender of the first correct entry drawn one week after publication will receive a book token for fifteen shillings.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Unenthusiastic, like a part of a cabbage (4-7).
7. A mixed-up American titled lady would petrify you. (6).
9. Of the later Stone Age (9).
11. A semi-precious stone (4).
12. People are in N.A.T.O. mixed (6).
13. Crave to make your mark (5).
15. He's big in London (3).
16. Charles's palace (6).
18. Rant about the small lake (4).
- 19/30. Could be one heart or diamond (3,3).
20. In the negative (2).
21. A brown man makes a sudden digression at this? (6).
23. An abbreviation, all the same, from the latin (2).
24. Potassium iodide (2).
25. The sect has nil for making a template (7).
28. Twice the first for the motorist's friends (2).
30. See 19.
31. See were-wolf holding a pitcher (4).
32. Fruit solemn, somehow (6).
34. She was born this (3).
35. The woman who caused a war (5).
36. An act for two? (6).
38. Ran up with note inside for a short distance (4).
39. Travel from strange rite in tea (9).
40. Takes a confused five-a-side to give verbal help (6).
41. Rants about mother or father, transmitting rays of light without diffusion (11).

CLUES DOWN

1. From the lone hag is one of five (7).
2. Vision on the moon, phonetically-madness! (6).
3. Put some life into it (7).
4. Tear spoil a certain degree (4).

5. Met about nine somehow who were outstanding (7).
6. Confused Ted can remove the mother liquor (6).
8. Will he propose repair to wheels? (9).
10. The last ice somehow stretches out (7).
14. Dare anyhow to peruse (4).
15. Prohibit (3).
17. The musician couldn't find it (4,5).
18. "I'll _____ me to all things of sense" — "Othello" (5).
22. Mail ten assorted for an illness (7).
24. Somehow like a German canal? (4).
25. A small Scottish rest arranged for more sugar (7).
26. The golfer's beverage (3).
27. We hope the weather will make things tidy (5,2).
29. Is tract confused to confine (7).
31. Sign on (6).
33. Because of this, the cyclops is short-sighted (3,3).
37. In short, unknown (4).

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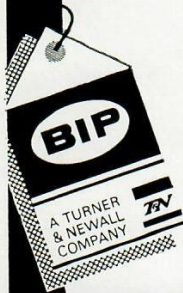
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THE LONG AWAITED FULL STORY RELATING TO THE REVELATION TO ALBERT GRIME

Albert Grime awoke at 6.30 a.m. the morning of June 2nd, 1965, and got up immediately. Having eaten only a small breakfast, and packed his paper carrier bag with 3 packets of sandwiches and a flask of hot tea (not too sweet), he scurried out of his little house in Rosetree Avenue, and headed in the direction of the Coach depot. Albert Grime was going to the seaside for the day. To be more specific, Cleethorpes.

He returned a happy man. He had seen the sea for 1965, eaten his squashed sandwiches and drunk his hot tea on the seafront, and sung "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" with great gusto all the way home, to the amusement and blushes of many of his fellow passengers, who were convinced he was blind drunk. Needless to say, this was incorrect, for Albert Grime was merely having a good time.

It was a very contented Albert Grime that prepared to retire at 11.30 p.m. He whispered a fond good night to the death-mask of his late wife, which hung on the wall of his bedroom, and went to sleep, twittering something about a most enjoyable day.

However, one thing was to mar the whole episode. At approximately 3 o'clock the following morning, he was woken up by the sounds of an intruder downstairs. So Albert Grime, with butterflies and the days refreshments in his stomach, his heart pounding, and his palms sweaty, began to descend the stairs to deal with the villain below. Albert Grime deliberated outside the door of his parlour for a few seconds, fiddling with the collar of his pyjamas and sweating.

Then, rather hastily, he kicked open the door, as he had seen Eliot Ness do so often.

But there was no burglar, as Albert Grime soon found out; just a blonde-haired gentleman who emitted a very peculiar coronal glow, and was writing in a golden book. At the noisy entrance of Albert, the gentleman looked up, rustling his wings a little.

Albert Grime, having seen the angel, was deeply relieved that he would not, after all, have to engage in fisticuffs, and slumped into an armchair, sighing deeply.

After a few minutes consideration on how to phrase his question he said, "What's the book?"

The angel looked up from his work and replied:

"It's the Roll of Honour — one gets behind, you know, so I thought, if I could find a quiet spot, I could catch up"

"I see", said Albert.

The angel returned to the task in hand.

After a pause, Albert casually sauntered over to where the angel was sitting, and began to read.

"—Please" said the angel, "you mortals are not really supposed to read this; Top Secret, you see. Be more than my job's worth".

"Sorry," said Albert, "I was just curious. Is my er . . . Is my er"

"Name on the Roll of Honour?" queried the angel.

"Quite", said Albert with a naughty grin.

An awful silence followed as the angel flicked through the golden pages looking for Albert Grime's name.

After a while, "Er, no, sorry"

The shock hit Albert Grime straight between the eyes. His jaw dropped, and he fell into the armchair and remained motionless, his eyes focussed in mid-air.

At this the angel began to slap his face in the hope of helping him regain consciousness. But Albert Grime was not unconscious; instead, he silently waved the angel aside, and his face expressionless, except for a frightened look in his eye, he stood up and slowly walked upstairs to bed.

In the days that followed, Albert Grime became depressed. He had done what men have longed to do for centuries; to look into the future. But it was not pleasant, and it had changed a basically cheerful man into a despondent introvert. Albert Grime no longer cared about anything. He stopped cleaning his shoes and feeding the cat (which was very distressing for his shoes).

And so it was that he decided to bring the inevitable forward a little; Albert Grime was bent on suicide. He decided to commit the heinous crime with a war-time relic he had guarded over the years, a Luger pistol. He cursed savagely as he took the skin off his shins in clambering into the attic. Later he stood in the centre of his parlour and lifted a trembling hand to the side of his head.

But his head was quivering so much and the recoil of the gun was so great that he succeeded only in burning his right ear and firing three shots into the ceiling. After an embarrassed silence, he looked up to see the ceiling come cascading down and he was left standing ankle deep in debris, with the room full of plaster dust.

Albert remained motionless for a while and beneath a thick covering of white dust his face blushed. Then he sat down on a nearby chair to think. But he succeeded only in disturbing yet further clouds of dust, which made him cough.

Almost immediately he was struck by the idea of drowning himself. He ran a bath and got in, only to find that he could not do it — it took all his courage to duck his head. He stayed in the bath trying to devise easy ways of killing himself but finally he gave up.

But when he tried to get out of his bath he found that he could not; his big toe was stuck up the tap. Firmly. He tried soap; he tried switching the water on; he tried wiggling his toe; he tried wagging his toe.

As the water got cool and the skies got dark, Albert Grime realised that his throbbing toe was there to stay.

So Albert Grime succeeded after all.

When you are encouraged "to have an enquiring mind", then, remember, it was curiosity that killed not only the cat, but also Albert Grime.

LESLIE ROUND, Upper Sixth

MAGGOT'S WORLD

A wall,
A crack,
A maggot,
Surveying its little world.
A tree,
A payment,
A leaf,
Little and yellow and curled.

A sun, ...
A brick,
A cloud,
White and bouncy and swirled.
A man,
A leg,
A foot,
End of maggot's world.

RAE HALL, Upper Sixth

ONE MORNING

I opened my eyes. It was early, very early. The darkness still hung in the sky but some kind of instinct told me that it would soon be light. I lay back and shutting my eyes firmly I tried to resume my slumber but I was wide awake and my eyes refused to obey my commands to dose. I got quietly out of bed, fearing that I might disturb someone: I donned a thick, warm dressing gown, opened my door, stole down the staircase which was thankfully silent and let myself out of the back door taking great care to shut it silently. I sniffed the cool, sharp air, the day was definitely on its way.

I felt reckless and free as I stood outside. The breath I breathed escaped from me into the outer air and disappeared in minute, white, frosted globules. I did not quite understand why I was there at all but after one appreciative glance around me I was glad that I was.

My eyes pivoted in an arc, scanning the east sky for a glimmer of morning through the mist. It was cool, everywhere was cool like the air. I pulled my robe tighter round me but I didn't shift my position.

After a while a pale speck of brilliant magnesium white fluttered on the line where sky and water married. The speck enlarged, gaining strength. Clouds that I had never thought could have existed in the dark, mysterious, crystal morning were uplifted on reflections of heavenly shades of white light which were then diverted into the pit, the loch, giving a life to its inert body. Ripples, prism-like, pushed shafts of light upwards into the black void.

The sky was an iridescent mass which spread out into infinity.

A small semicircle materialised like a halo over the head of the water, its canopy multiplying about it. The embryonic movement increased like a baby chick, not hatched. The spark spilled its rays over everything.

With the coming of the dawn the shroud began to lift a little and my view of the loch was unimpared. It was mirror-like, its surface occasionally broken by the wind into waves. The hushed breeze died and the air was quiet except for a lonely bird singing for his mate on the far side of the water.

A wavelet appeared from nowhere almost in the centre of the loch and was followed by others. The succession seemed to move but there was not a breath of wind. From the middle point of the line of waves a circular, black, shiny hoop surfaced and, thrusting away the water like a power boat, came towards me. One more, then two, three, four came into view, each one behind the other in strict formation almost as if they were joined.

The hoops were partly submerged but as I watched they swayed from side to side accelerating their speed as they went leaving a rippling trail of water behind them. The central hoop changed shape and dived below, another then came up behind the last and likewise the rest changed formation. Rushes, in proximity to them, quivered in the water. The hoops elongated and formed one complete, ebony, glossy tube. It then disappeared from my sight. The frosty air was forgotten; I was fascinated. In earnest I cast my eyes over the loch and soon the bodies came up, three of them near the spot where they had submerged. They started to move away from me in the direction from which they had come.

As they drew farther and farther away they decreased in size, past the spot where I had just spied them at speed, and continued on their course. After a time they got so far away that they were merely spots of black in the dark, murky distance of the loch.

Feeling deflated I turned my back and returned to sanity.

SANDRA WILLETS, 5J

BALLAD OF THE SCAPEGOATS

"Don't blame me," said the statesman,
Wagging his practised tongue,
"I am the voice of the people,
The people's will be done.
I am the shadow of their fear
The mirror of their hate,
If neighbour can't love neighbour,
How can state trust state?"

"Don't blame me," said the vicar,
Reading his little book,
"The world is very wicked
You only have to look—
There was Sodom and Gomorah,
Could one just man be found?
(We'll sing another hymn before
I pass the hat around)"

"Don't blame me," said the scientist,
Wiping his white hands,
"This thing is now your creature
And will answer your commands;
This genie you've unbottled
Will do your every will,
Its power is unimpeachable
Whether to bless or kill."

"Don't blame me," cried Everyman
"How am I to blame?
I didn't press the button,
I didn't spread the flame.
Oh turn your heads away, children,
I cannot bear to see
The last look of your stricken eyes
Accusing me"

VALDA WEBB, Upper Sixth

The lingering warmth of the long summer
days was fading,
The golden sun was dying behind the wooded
hills,
Lighting the open window where the child sat,
rug-covered.

The scent of the late roses in the vase,
Mingled with the rich, earthy smell of wood-
fires and damp leaves.
White, shell-like petals lay fallen like tears.

In the distance the lake water shimmered,
Around its depths trailed copper leaves,
Rippling and shading its mirror-like calm.

“Mother, why is it so warm in late October?”
“It’s an Indian Summer,” she replied,
“You treasure it more because you know it
won’t last.”

The child listened wonderingly, but had not
understood.

He saw white-breasted swans floating over
the water,
And he remembered a time when he had stood
by the edge.

SWAN SONG

He had seen a mute swan, its breast crimson
with blood,
Fold its wings and die, and as it did so,
It lifted up its long, proud neck and began to
sing.

Poignant, plaintive sounds of echo and despair.
Loneliness and silence
Had torn at its heartstrings and filled him
with pain.

His soul was filled with a deep longing,
“Why did the swan sing when it died?”
“Swans always sing when they die, my child.”

The red and gold sunset streaked the darken-
ing sky,
Today would be the last warm day,
Already the berries were ripening in the lanes.

Soon his mother would close the windows,
draw the curtains
And carry him into his room,
Where the endless hours of emptiness awaited
him.

His sad aching eyes searched for an answer,
“Will I be like a swan and sing when I die,
Or will I pass peacefully into heaven like the
warmth of a late summer?”

LATE FOR WORK

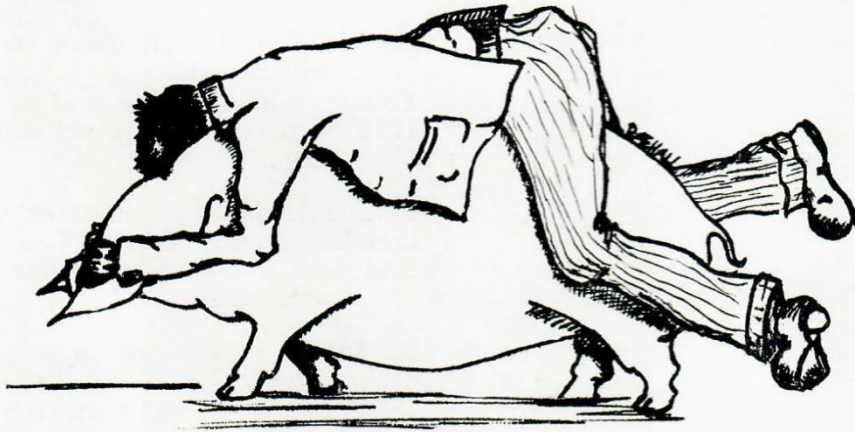
Twuz a bryat sunnee mornin' darn Creadlay,
The church clock shode a quarta tew six,
As little Tummy Evans was tekkin'
'Is ponies tew Coselay tew the pits.

Now this summa's mornin' ole Tummy,
Wuz a bit lert ta work an' so
'E wuz startin' tew pull booth the 'osses,
When one on um stamped on 'is toe!

Theer wuz tew on um, Sally an' Rosy,
Uz 'ad tew pull cole darn the mian,
An' booth on um wuz friskee young 'osses,
Uz ud kick an ud jark all the tiam.

Now Tummy was dancin' an' 'oppin',
An a cussin' theez 'osses tew deth.
So when ole Joe Sammuls the butcher cums,
Our Tummy was clean out of breath.

"Worro Tummy arnya gooin' ole pal?"
"Well ar bay nontew grand just now,
An arm lert fa werk threw theez 'osses."
Sez Joe "Yoc'n ryad mar pryaz sow."



Rae Hall, Upper Sixth

So up Tummy gets an' still limpin'
E cliams on the back of the pig.
An oldin' 'er ears uz 'e ryads 'er
Sez "Ar never thawt sows uz so big."

Sez Joe, "Ar con see uz theez 'osses
Bin pests, arshood gyum a thump."
Says Tum, "So ud I but tha bay relay marn
Thaym a blowuk's os lives over the tump."

Well tha got tew the pits at six thertay
An tha gaffa sez, "Tummy, thee's late."
An Tummy sez "Boss ar coontelpet,
Theez 'osses dun danced on mar fate!"

R. G. GROOM, Upper Sixth

LA MORT DE SAMMY WHITEHOUSE

The moon shone bryat over Tippun,
Sam Whitehouse had just passed away,
His family was mournin' an' cryin'
As quietly old Sammy there lay;
Sam's wife was upset at that moment,
'Cos he'd died without aytin' 'is tay.

Ode Sam was the hero of Tippun,
At dominoes he was the champ,
His play was the talk of all Britain
But the light had gone out in his lamp.

At the funeral the Vicar praised Sammy,
"He never got up to no tricks,
He'd alliz play fair would ode Sammy,
But his mate hadn't got double-six."

Now this was too much for ode Sammy
When faced with his only defeat
And suddenly Sam started spluttrin',
And ther he lay, dead in his seat.

And now Sammy's gone up to Heaven,
I say this while shedding a tear,
There's onnee one thing uz I 'ope for,
They got ale an' dominoes theer.

R. GROOM and J. GEORGE, Upper Sixth

~~~~~  
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Birmingham and District Senior Schools Cup Final

Oldbury G.S. 1 Handsworth G.S. 0
March 1968 :—

For the second year in succession, Oldbury Grammar School found themselves in the Birmingham and District Grammar Schools Final after successfully defeating Joseph Leckie 4-1 in the semi-final.

Although there were seven players from last year's successful side, there was still much tension as the game started. The game was rather scrappy with both teams showing signs of nervousness. After a fairly evenly matched opening half-hour, Lee Heaven confirmed Oldbury's creeping superiority with a fine opportunist goal.

The second half was better, in particular for Oldbury, for whom Heaven, Dakin, (substitute for Phil Czachor) and Tibbetts all went close.

In the drama of the last few minutes, only a fine save from White kept out the desperate Handsworth forwards.

But the final whistle went, leaving Oldbury the winners for the second year running and bringing in headlines in the newspapers, such as :— 'Heaven sent opportunity . . .'

The team's efforts had been well rewarded. The players would like to thank their supporters for their fine encouragement. GEOFFREY TIBBETTS (Capt.)

Photographs: A tense moment from the match, and the victorious Oldbury team, by Peter Goddard, Upper Sixth.

CHess PROBLEM

Steinberg v. Makarov, Ukraine 1956

Black is the exchange and a pawn up, and his is the somewhat better position.

White to play and draw

Solution on page 43

	R						R
				P	P	K	
		Kt	P	B	Kt	P	
Q	P		Kt				P
				P			
P				B	P		
	Q			B		P	P
	Kt				R	K	

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FOOTBALL 1967/68

Last season was highlighted by the First XI winning the Birmingham and District Grammar Schools' Cup for the second successive season. Although the team consisted of many of the players who contributed to the success of the previous season, nevertheless it was a splendid achievement as it is always more difficult to maintain success once it has been achieved. The team, ably led by Geoff. Tibbetts, won twenty-three of its thirty-four games. Three were drawn and only eight were lost. Altogether 125 goals were scored with 63 being conceded. Leading scorers were Pete Stevenson with thirty-nine goals, Ian Jarratt with twenty-five and Lee Heaven with seventeen. Colours were awarded to Les Howell and Roger Smallwood. The team also reached the final of the Birmingham A.F.A. Youth Cup, representing the Cresconians, but were defeated in the final by West Bromwich G.S.

Naturally, this success was coupled with many representative honours befalling team members. Tibbetts, Heaven and John Hargreaves played for Worcestershire in the Senior Schools' Football Festival at Bognor Regis, while Stevenson, Tom Fellows and Keith White represented Birmingham and District at the same festival.

The 2nd XI also enjoyed a successful season. Led by Steve Grigg, they won thirteen of their twenty matches, losing the other seven. High scoring was a feature of their play and they scored no fewer than one hundred goals in their twenty games, Grigg being top scorer with twenty-one

goals. All of their players performed well when selected for the First XI and their fine team spirit did much for their success.

The main reason for the fact that the two junior sides in the school, the U15 and U13 XI's, did not do too well, was that many of their better players were unable to play due to representative calls. Five players, Acutt, Cutler, Edge, Dakin and Howell, all played for the Warley U15 side. Edge and Dakin played for Worcestershire and the latter also represented Birmingham and District.

Nicholson, Phipps and Kavanagh all represented Warley Schools' U13 side. This all seems to add up to a good future for the First XI.

School House swept the board in the House Football Tournament, winning all their games, but the rest gained some consolation when a combined team drew with the champions two goals each:

With good players stepping up from junior sides, the 1st XI should do well this season. They have been entered in the National Senior Schools Cup Competition and, of course are bidding for a hat trick of Birmingham and District Cup successes. Let's hope that all the school teams keep up the high standards set in the last two seasons and in particular that the First XI, now led by Pete Stevenson, bring off that hat trick of cup wins.

LEE HEAVEN, (Football Sec.) Upper Sixth

FOOTBALL RESULTS, WINTER 1968 (up to December 8th)

1st XI Played 14: Won 8: Drawn 3: Lost 3: Goals For 54: Against 31.

Have reached the Quarter Final of the Birmingham and District G.S. Cup which we have won the previous two years.

Have reached the 3rd Round of the National Championship.

Top Scorers :- D. Cooper 13; R. Tracey 12; L. Heaven 10; P. Stevenson 6.

2nd XI Played 10: Won 2: Drawn 1: Lost 7: Goals For 35: Against 44.

Top Scorers :- K. Jones 9; D. Cooper 7; R. Groom 4; J. George 3.

Under 15 XI Played 5: Won 0: Drawn 1: Lost 4: Goals For 8: Against 36.

Under 13½ XI Played 5: Won 2: Drawn 0: Lost 3: Goals For 15: Against 16.

1st year, 3rd year, 5th year Cup teams all won their way through their 1st round of the various cup competitions.

3 House Matches played :-

Kings 2 School 1

Trinity 2 Queens 1

Queens 3 Kings 2

G. THOMAS, Lower Sixth

CHESS RESULTS 1967/68

Last year was not such a successful year as we had hoped for. Our chess team, after starting the season very well, finished up next to bottom of the Warley Schools' League table.

The results were as follows :-

Played 12; Won 5; Lost 4; Drawn 3.

The regular team was (1) S. Ball
(2) N. Hale
(3) M. Cassels
(4) K. Andrew
(5) D. Powell
(6) S. Pittaway

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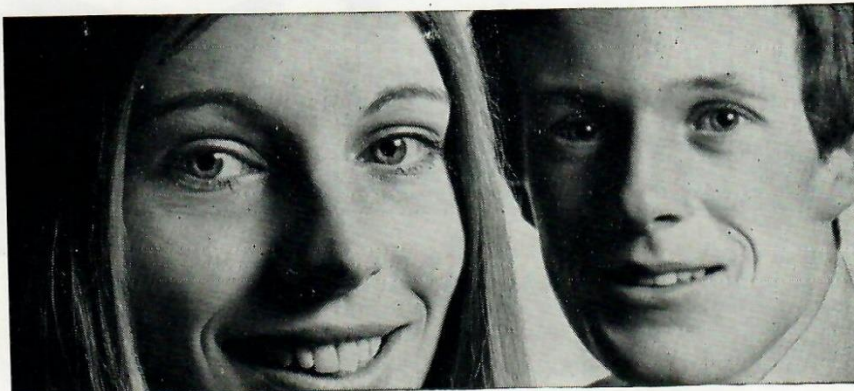
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Q "Will it be fun?"

A Well, people won't exactly be doing hand-springs and blowing up coloured balloons all over the place. But they will be earning good money to buy clothes and holidays. Independence is fun. And so is working with bright and friendly people. And so is dealing with peoples' affairs. This is what banking is all about.

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JUNIOR SWIMMING GALA

FIRST YEAR

Breaststroke.—1, Dakin (K); 2, J. Cooper (T); 3, M. Parsons (Q).
 Freestyle.—1, Jones(S); 2, J. Withers(S); 3, C. Clarke (Q).
 Backcrawl.—1, S. Green (K); K. Parke (K); A. Strange (Q).
 Diving.—1, School; 2, School; 3, Kings.
 Relay (Mixed).—1, School; 2, Queens; 3, Kings.
 Champions (Boys)—Dakin, Green and Jones, 6 points.
 Champions (Girls)—K. Parker, J. Withers and J. Cooper, 5 points.

SECOND YEAR

Breaststroke.—1, Wood (Q); 2, Walker (T); 3, E. Hall (K).
 Freestyle.—1, Price (T); 2, P. Morris (S); 3, B. Smith (T).
 Backcrawl.—1, Clarke (K); 2, Powell (T); 3, L. Aris (K).
 Diving.—1, Clarke (K); 2, Boriello (Q); 3, Powell (T).

Relay (Mixed)—1, Trinity; 2, Kings; 3, Queens.
 Boys Champion.—G. Clarke, 9 points.
 Girls Champion.—B. Smith, 5 points.

THIRD YEAR

Breaststroke.—1, J. Hall (Q); Equal 2, K. Philpotts (T); D. Pitts (S).
 Freestyle.—1, Rollason (Q); 2, S. Gray (T); 3, Oldroyd (K).
 Backcrawl.—1, Ball (K); 2, Boriello (Q); 3, J. Booth (S).
 Diving.—1, S. Gray (T); Equal 2, Boriello (Q) Philpotts (Q) Hall (S) Morris (T).
 Relay (Mixed).—1, Queens; 2, Trinity; 3, School.
 Boys Champions.—Ball, Rollason, 6 points.
 Girls Champions.—Susan Gray, Janet Hall, 8 points.
 Junior Houseboat.—1, Queens; 2, Trinity; 3, Kings.

SENIOR SWIMMING GALA

FOURTH YEAR

Breaststroke (Boys).—1, Cartwright (S); 2, Franks (T); 3, Dakin (K).
 Freestyle (Boys).—1, Martin (Q); 2, Debney (S); 3, Rowberry (T).
 Backstroke (Boys).—1, King (S); 2, Camwell (K).
 Breaststroke (Girls).—1, A. Gurmin (Q); 2, L. Conley (K); 3, C. Sadler (T).
 Freestyle (Girls).—1, S. Caldicot (T); 2, S. Whitehouse (K).
 Backstroke (Girls).—1, A. Watters (Q); 2, K. Warwick (K); 3, L. Elliot (T).
 Dive (Boys).—1, Dakin (K); 2, Martin (Q); 3, Butt (Q).
 Dive (Girls Open).—1, A. Gurmin (Q), H. Madeley (K), G. Willetts (K); 2, E. Watters (Q); 3, L. Conley (K); S. Coldicot (T).
 Relay (6 x 1).—1, Trinity; 2, Kings.
 Champions (Boys) King (S). (Girls) A. Gurmin (Q).

FIFTH YEAR

Breaststroke (Boys).—1, Bishton (Q); 2, Homer (S).
 Freestyle (Boys).—1, Cross (K); 2, Seabridge (Q).
 Backstroke (Boys).—1, Charlton (T).
 Breaststroke (Girls).—1, S. Jennings (Q).
 Freestyle (Girls).—1, K. Coulthard (K); 2, E. Dunn (Q).
 Backstroke (Girls).—1, G. Willetts (K).
 Dive (Boys).—1, Charlton (T), Homer (S); 2, Bishton.
 Relay (6 x 1).—1, Queens.
 Champions (Boys) Charlton (T). (Girls) G. Willetts (K).

SIXTH YEAR

Breaststroke (Boys).—1, Richards (K); 2, Hadley (T); 3, Smallwood (S).
 Freestyle (Boys).—1, Stevenson (Q); 2, Tracey (T).
 Backstroke (Boys).—1, Tibbetts (Q); 2, Tracey (T).
 Breaststroke (Girls).—1, E. Watters (Q); 2, M. Madeley (K); 3, J. Hackett (T).
 Freestyle (Girls).—1, J. Green (K).
 Backstroke (Girls).—1, J. Madeley (K).
 Dive (Boys).—1, Hadley (T); 2, Stevenson (Q), Tracey (T).
 Relay (6 x 1).—1, Queens; 2, Trinity; 3, Kings.
 Plunge (Girls Open).—1, G. Willetts; 2, E. Watters (Q); 3, J. Green (K).
 Plunge (Boys Open).—1, King (S); 2, Grigg (T); 3, Smallwood (S).
 Medley Relay (Open).—1, Kings; 2, School.
 Houseboat (Open).—1, Kings; 2, Queens; 3, School.
 Champions (Boys). Stevenson (Q); Hadley (T). (Girls) E. Watters (Q).

House Totals

	K	Q	S	T
Junior Gala	10	29	14	23
Senior Gala	63	58	24	37
	73	87	38	60

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HOCKEY RESULTS 1967/68

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals	
					For	Agnst.
1st XI ...	13	7	2	4	27	27
2nd XI ...	3	1	0	2	3	4
U.15 XI ...	13	8	1	4	29	17
U.14 XI ...	2	0	1	1	1	6

Both the 1st XI and U.15 XI had many commendable victories during the season and I am sure that the standard of play will improve even more next season. Due to lack of opponents, matches were hard to fix for the younger teams and as a result they did not do very well in the few matches in which they played.

On behalf of the 1st XI I would like to thank Christine Fisher for all the hard work she put in as captain of the team.

As a result of the games played, hockey colours were awarded to the following people: J. McNeil, J. Simpson, L. Windsor, S. Wheale, M. Parker, C. Wyncott, A. Sexton, A. Watters, L. Elliott, S. Coldicott, E. Parker.

NETBALL RESULTS 1967/68

This is only the second season that school teams have participated in netball matches and due to lack of competition the results are not exceptionally good:

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals	
					For	Agnst.
U.15 IX ...	6	0	0	6	26	112
1st IX ...	2	0	0	2	3	42
U.14 IX ...	4	2	0	2	31	39
U.13 IX ...	1	1	0	0	17	14
U.12 IX ...	2	1	0	1	12	19

Hockey colours were awarded to: J. Hackett, L. Staten, B. Williams, D. Morris, J. Morris, L. Moore, S. Watkins, E. Binfield.

JOY SIMPSON, Lower Sixth

Rounders Colours were awarded to: A. Watters, M. Morris, E. Parker, E. Binfield, J. Morris, S. Watkins, B. Williams.

Tennis Colours were awarded to: L. Windsor, J. Green, M. Smallwood, J. Hackett, E. Watters.

Athletics Colours were awarded to: B. Jones, A. Watters.
Captains for season 1968-9: Netball - Linda Stalen;
Hockey - Joy Simpson; Tennis - Joy Simpson.

HOCKEY SEPTEMBER 1968

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals	
					For	Agnst.
1st XI ...	2	0	0	2	7	32
U.15 ...	3	0	0	3	8	59
U.14 ...	5	0	1	4	38	115
2nd Year ...	3	1	1	1	12	37
3rd Year ...	3	0	0	3	5	54
4th Year ...	1	1	0	0	6	5

NETBALL SEPTEMBER 1968

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals	
					For	Agnst.
1st XI ...	5	2	1	2	16	7
2nd XI ...	2	0	1	1	1	10
U.15 XI ...	3	2	0	1	8	5
U.14 XI ...	2	1	0	1	2	2

CRICKET 1968

1st XI: Played 10 Won 1 Drawn 7 Lost 2
2nd XI: Played 6 Won 2 Lost 4

Despite the handicap of adverse weather conditions, willow struck leather with greater relish and frequency than for some seasons past. The School Under 13 and Under 15 sides competed in the Warley League for the first time, and though the Under 15's did not fare too well, the youngsters won all their matches to reach the final of the competition, unfortunately losing to Holly Lodge.

The seniors had a most enjoyable season, the standard of play rising above the level of the past few seasons. The cricket squad worked hard at practice and in combat under the able leadership of Gough and Grigg. Opposition was stiffer than in the past, and although there were many drawn games, our elevens were far from discredited. The bat held sway during the season, our 1st XI passing 100 in 7 out of 10 matches. Hargreaves and Gough were the pillars here, Hargreaves scoring 106 not out, against Greenmore College in a stand of 186 with Childe. Jarratt and Ballisch also gave steady batting performances, while for the 2nd XI, Downing, James and Smallwood all showed potential.

Once again, the bowling was a little weak, Webb doing a lot of work, with Charlton and Heaven of the quicker bowlers adding useful support. The healthy batting situation allowed the use of spin bowlers, giving them valuable experience. Childe, Bishton and Tibbetts all shaped well, but school cricket sadly lacks real penetration with the leather.

The experience of the past season where 2nd XI's have been regularly fielded has maintained a nucleus of cricketers used to competition, and many now have to step up to fill the gaps. On their shoulders rests the fate of cricket in this school—I'm sure the lads of the calibre of C. Cooper, Childe, Heaven, Tracey and all are equal to it.

Finally, on behalf of the lads, I should like to thank members of staff for giving up valuable time to cricket, and the girls of 4J for preparing teas.

O. TUDOR.

ROAD RACES 1967/68

JUNIOR RESULT

Individual: 1, Nicholson (T); 2, Penny (S); 3, Green (K).
Team: 1, Kings; 2, Trinity; 3, School.

INTERMEDIATE RESULT

Individual: 1, Howell (T); 2, Baker (Q); 3, Griffiths (T).
Team: 1, Trinity; 2, School.

SENIOR RESULT

Individual: 1, Tibbetts (Q); 2, Childe (T); 3, Heaven (S).
Team: 1, School; 2, Trinity; 3, Kings.

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