



The Oldburian

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THE OLDBURIAN 1969

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A small tear relieves a great sorrow.

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

I wonder how many readers of this magazine are aware that 1970 is an important centenary. It was 100 years ago that the 1870 Education Act made education compulsory for children up to the age of 14. It seems perhaps somewhat strange today to think that the things we now take so much for granted once had to be fought for, and that whereas there would be few today who would deny the value of an education pursued to the limit of one's ability, one hundred years ago there were many who believed that it would give people ideas 'above their station'. How wrong will our present ideas for educational change be seen to be in another 100 years time?

It is probable that the centenary of education in this country will be celebrated during the course of the year by exhibitions, displays, open days, performances of one kind or another. I trust that Oldbury Grammar School will be able to show the borough and its neighbours that the standard of our education and activity remains as high as it always was.

The Governing Body of the School has welcomed two new members this year, Councillor W. T. Perry and Councillor T. C. Sharpe. Councillor Perry is also one of our parents.

I am glad to say that we have had very few changes of staff this year. Our only loss, and that, happily, a temporary one, has been that of Mrs. Thomas, who has been seconded for one year to a course at Worcester College of Education. Her Economics is being taught by Mrs. B. Evans, who has been loaned to us for part of the week by the Warley College of Technology, to whom our thanks are due for this assistance and for putting themselves out on our behalf. Unfortunately, at the time of writing, we learn that we are to lose two of our valued ladies at the end of the Autumn Term 1969, Mrs. Boulton and Mrs. Brayne. Whilst saying thank you to them for the hard work they have both done for us, and for the pleasant colleagues they have been, we wish them every happiness for the future.

We have also said farewell since the last publication of the Oldburian to a very old friend of the school for some 40 years, Mr. E. Mitten. 'Ted', as so many of his friends knew him, retired from the post of School Caretaker at the end of February, 1969, after a career of very valued service. Many old students will remember him sometimes with affection, sometimes with fear, but always with respect for one whose whole life was devoted to the school. To him and to Mrs. Mitten we extend our thanks for work well done, and good wishes for a happy and active retirement.

We have also lost, during the Autumn Term 1969, Mrs. Tolley, our Kitchen Supervisor. She had been with us some four years, and had given much valuable service not only as far as School Meals were concerned, but also on the many social occasions which are part of our School Life. The reason for Mrs. Tolley's retirement was ill-health, and we wish her a speedy and complete recovery, and many years of happiness in her new life.

These two 'essential services' are now being replaced by Mr. H. Cartwright, and Mrs. E. Butt, both of whom

have already established their place in our community.

What can one say about our many activities? Mr. Laycock and the many members of staff who helped him presented a most polished performance of Rattigan's 'Adventure Story'; our Christmas Concerts were again a huge success in Mr. Broome's capable hands, and one must congratulate actors, actresses and instrumentalists for the near-professional standards they display. Our Guides continued as a most successful Company under the able Captaincy of Miss B. Pine, to whom the school extends grateful thanks for the hard work she does, with the expert help of Mrs. Probert. Once again they enjoyed a most successful camp during the summer holiday. As always, our sixth formers attended the Semaine Culturelle in Paris at Easter, hordes of Geographers and Geologists went to Field Studies Courses all over the country, and again we had a party at Edgmond Hall led as usual, by Mr. Swain. A most successful holiday was held in Paris under Mrs. Thomas's able leadership. Our first XI Soccer Team were again successful in reaching the final of the Birmingham and District Grammar Schools Cup, and when one adds to all these activities the many theatre and lecture visits, one is somewhat amazed at the great variety of experience the pupils of this school enjoy.

There are four items, however, that deserve an extra-special mention. First, the social service activities. As a result of these last year, culminating in a triumphant and never-to-be forgotten sponsored walk, we were able to present to the British Empire Campaign for Cancer Research the sum of £1,240. This has been used to purchase an Ultra-Vac Fraction Collector for the Research Department of Nottingham University.

Secondly, many of you will have seen in the Birmingham Post for Friday, December 12th, 1969, an article on School Magazines. Of our publication it said: "The Oldburian, the magazine of Oldbury Grammar School, had some very good poetry, well arranged with splendid graphics. But then this magazine was so professional one is left wondering what to say". A commendation indeed for Mr. Price and his Editorial Committee.

Thirdly, I should like to comment on something that has happened this year which has gladdened my heart. In the period October-November 1969, I received more letters from our old students expressing their thanks for everything that had been done for them in the school than I have ever done before. This is most gratifying and most thoughtful on their part, and I should like to take this opportunity of saying to all our old students that we are very interested to hear from them from time to time, that we do like to see them whenever they can pay us a visit, and that we wish them all every success in the careers they have taken up.

Finally, I must express the school's grateful thanks for the gift of £100 which has been received this year from a donor who wishes to remain anonymous. The fact that the school is held in such high regard as to prompt gifts of this magnitude should make us all pause for a moment to think 'What can I personally do to make the standards of Oldbury Grammar School even higher?'

H. A. AYKROYD

THE STREET SELLERS

Come, come and buy from the street
sellers.

“Buy my birds!” cried the bird seller,

“Buy my flowers!” cried the flower seller,

“I’ll mend your cart!” cried the cart
mender,

“Hot peas for sale!” cried the hot pea
seller,

“Jack the rat catcher!” cried Jack the
rat catcher,

“Hot meat pies!” cried the hot meat pie
seller,

“Roast potatoes, roast potatoes!” cried
the roast potato seller,

“Rags and bones!” cried the rag and bone
man.

Come, come and buy from the street
sellers.

PETER REDRUP. 2S.



Beverley Quance, 5S

THEATRE TRIPS 1969

"The Tempest" — 21st March 1969 — seen by the Upper and Lower Sixth formers at Oxford Playhouse, was a much appreciated production. The scenery was highly adaptable and yet very simple with a mystical air, adding to the total atmosphere of the play. An excellent performance was given by all but the humour of the play was given more attention than usual. A lighter production was the result of emphasising the characters of Stephano (Michael Godfrey) and Trinculo (Donald Pelmear) and viewing the character of Miranda (Debra Grant) in a different light. Prospero was played by Joseph O'Connor of late "Forsyte Saga" fame. The success of this production was due to the cast and colourful scenery as a whole.

Our next visit was to see "Hamlet" at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, in which Richard Chamberlain played the Danish prince, killing his 'Doctor Kildare' image by some real acting. Gemma Jones played Ophelia excellently with the scene in which she goes insane by degrees being outstanding. The costumes used were effective for they belonged to the late-Tzarist period.

We continued to visit the 'Rep' for our next three plays: 'Waiting for Godot', 'Saved', and 'The Italian Straw Hat'. Samuel Becket's 'Waiting for Godot' falls into the loose classification of 'theatre of the absurd', though whether it represented the meanderings of the author's mind or a profound comment on the futility of human existence, it is difficult to judge. It did, however, arouse a positive reaction, being hilarious at times though also, painfully sad. It was a welcome change from the usual type of play, and a memorable visit.

'Saved' was also a play revolving around social criticism. It is described by the author, Edward Bond, as "irresponsibly optimistic" and its main comment evolves from the scene containing the stoning to death of a baby in a London Park which the author sees as nothing compared with the mass bombing of German towns during the last war, or the cultural and emotional deprivation we inflict upon our children today. In all, a strangely disturbing play with an abundance of "food for thought."

Eugene Labiche's "Italian Straw Hat" is a popular farce and this translation, by the director, Michael Simpson, went down very well with the audience. Desmond McNamara who played Fardinard, the young man whose task it is to trace an Italian Straw Hat to save a stranger's reputation and his own furniture from destruction, was easily the best actor. Jonathan Mallard, an old pupil of this school, played the part of the deaf uncle, who brings the only available Italian Straw Hat into Paris, and played it very well.

With a return to Shakespeare's play a great contrast is noticed between the last play, a farce, and the "Winter's Tale" which is partly a tragedy. Thanks to Mr. Smith's organisation we were able to see this at Stratford—26th November, 1969. Judi Dench played Hermione and her daughter, Perdita, and Barrie Ingham gave a good interpretation of Leontes with Nicholas Selby as Camillo, Richard Pasco as Polixenes and Brenda Bruce as Paulina who brought more comedy into her part than is usual but helped to create a better understanding of the serious side to the play. The most outstanding feature was the mod-

ernisation of the play by Trevor Munn, the Director; costumes, props and the country music and dances, written by Guy Woolfenda, were modern with an Elizabethan flavour. In all it was a most entertaining and enjoyable evening.

We should like to thank all the members of the staff who have arranged these trips.

JANET ANDREW, STEVE CROSS,
LINDA BIRKBY, LIZ CUTTER,
UPPER SIXTH

Sir Rowland Hill,
H.M. Inspector of Posts.
Sir,

We beg leave to thank you for your great work of philanthropy in putting into the hands of all people, both humble and great, those universal means of privy, epistolary communication. From which has ensued the severance of the chains of inequality and injustice manifest hitherto in the incapability of the commons to transmit betwixt themselves their most secret thoughts; first through fear of being read in the posts, and second by virtue of their impoverished state: videlicet: the uniform Penny Post and the adhesive Postage Stamp.

Great have been the changes wrought in the configuration, fashioning and manufacturing of these labels since that first approved by yourself and her late Gracious Majesty of most honoured and cherished memory, venerated by us now under the most base title of The Penny Black, a title which belies the sententious spirit of this age. Indeed not one glorious, sovereign Queen must we thereon delineate now but three kings whose name we can both revere and honour but scarcely cherish!

Yet, but for these two and the untold (pace S. Gibbons, Esq:) millions which have gone between, we should not know that pleasure to be gained from the gathering together and communion of fellows of like interests and like directed minds which is the Stamp Club of O.G.S. We have gathered each week to pay loquacious homage to these children of your fertile brain which far outnumber not only the children of the tribes of Israel but of all the tribes of all the lands.

God Bless them, every one.

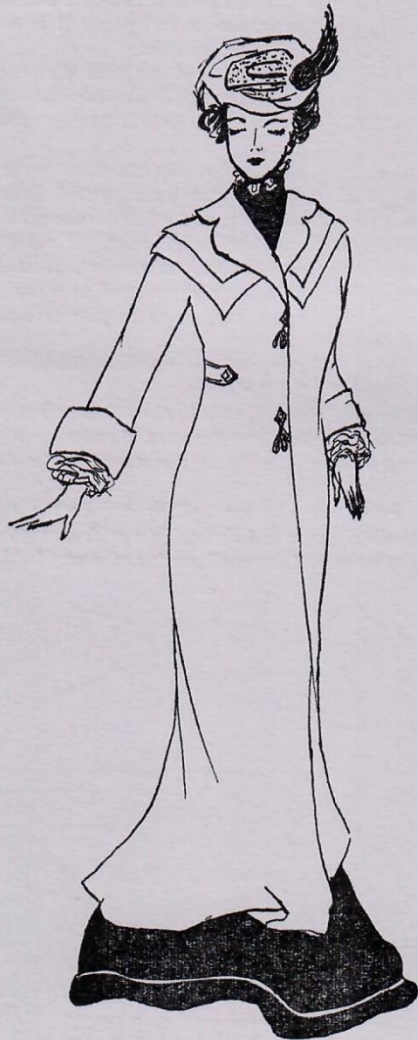
We beg to be allowed to remain, Honoured Sir,

Your humble and obedient servants,

O.G.S. Stamp Club.



FOR LADIES ONLY



Housework Cure

Perfect health helps us to meet life's daily wear and tear with equanimity : Youth can be retained for longer than in cases where the grass hopper has become a burden and life seems scarcely worth the living. I have a friend, and I have more than a suspicion that her years will shortly number ninety, yet her figure is erect, her hair as brown as a nut, her eyes still bright and her complexion like one of rosy apples.

She now does breakfast at eight a.m. instead of seven a.m. She disdains a fire in her bedroom and performs her ablutions, even in the depth of winter, with cold water. Her fare is the simplest : pastries - cakes and preserves she makes with her own hands. In the late afternoons she rests and in the evenings she reads 'improving her literature'.

For dressing during house work a blouse and skirt of blue Oxford Skirting, or a red and white striped or spotted print costume. It must be a good two inches off the ground. A bibbed apron should complete the outfit. The muscles of the body must have full play, and so corsets should therefore be laced with flat elastic, this will prevent the steels breaking during stooping, or any energetic movements.

Every woman should make her own bed. The table she works at should be adapted to a suitable height, so as not to make her too tired or bent when she has finished. A strong yet supple wrist is an invaluable possession to every one, and by whisking eggs she can further develop her pretty slender arms.

Carrying a tray can be important, a girl who carries it wrongly can pull forwards her shoulders and so instinctively throws out her body below the waist. The person becomes ungraceful and eventually she totters on her heels instead of carrying her weight with grace and dignity.

Meals must be taken at appropriate times, and the hours of work regular. After any work that involves prolonged stooping, stand upright and throw back the arms, outwards and backwards twenty times. The work completed slip off dusty garments and rest for a few minutes by lying perfectly flat on a mattress with feet raised higher than the head.

Soft, Delicate Skin

A beautiful complexion and face, and arms, of matchless whiteness are insured to those ladies who use

ROWLAN'S KALYDOR

Most curative, healing and refreshing. It removes freckles, tan, redness and roughness : smoothes and heals irritation : nothing equals it : Warranted harmless

BOTTLES 2/3 and 4/6

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67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON

The only efficacious substitute for cod liver oil

DEVONSHIRE CREAM

Really Genuine - In Patent Air-tight Tins

½lb. 1/4; 1lb. 2/4; 2lb. 4/- including Tin and Postage

MRS. CONYERS, MORCHARD BISHOP, DEVON

Honest loss is preferable to shameful gain.

Health and Beauty on Holiday



Society Tittle-Tattle

The Earl of Cadogan has been a most popular viceroy in Ireland and his retirement is sadly deplored. The Countess of Cadogan will also be greatly missed for she has done much to promote Ireland's welfare.

The Viscountess Castlereagh is a devotee to sport and a first rate horsewoman.

The beautiful Mrs. Hamilton Douglas-Hamilton may some day be Duchess of Hamilton as her husband is the Duke of Hamilton's heir.

Lady Gerard is one of the most beautiful and youngest looking of our society women. It is hard to believe she has a grown-up daughter.

Lady Aberdeen is devoted to dogs and by way of making her favourite breed popular has founded a Skye Terrier Club.

The Marquis of Bute who attained his majority lately is one of the richest men in the kingdom and is still an eligible bachelor.

Mr. Arthur Balfour has just succeeded Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister.

Taking a holiday is to seek rest and relaxation. The holiday must be a complete change of occupation and thought as well. The ideal holiday is one spent in some secluded spot either in England or abroad. It is useless to expect to get full benefit from the sea if the place is so fashionable that it entails strolling down the esplanade in smartest of frocks and where it is only possible to bathe in an equally smart costume.

Bathing is a pastime to be indulged in with discretion. Swimming is one of the finest exercises. It expands the chest and strengthens and develops most of the muscles, strengthening the entire system.

The costume should be made of wool, and never wear a hat. Provided no lotions or grease have been applied beforehand—then the salt water will brighten and stimulate the growth.

Take with you only a short skirt and blouses. If a hat is needed acquire a large washing hat or Panama hat. Just for a time give up stays and boots, wear open woollen stockings and soft soled sandals with a toe cap, so as to give free play for muscles of the foot.

Underclothing should be one light woollen combination consisting of a bodice and full knickers.

Practice standing with shoulders back, chest thrown out and the waist held well in. Walk along the sand throwing out the feet in an exaggerated form. To flatten the stomach take deep breaths.

So as to make full use of your holiday stay in the open air as much as possible, go to bed early. Take with you plenty of light amusing literature and leave all work and worry behind.

**OKTIS
CORSET SHIELDS**

**DOUBLE
THE LIFE
OF YOUR
CORSET**

"Prevention is Better than Cure"
and the Oktis Corset Shields put into a new Corset, prevent split seams and broken bones and more especially that ugly ridge that so often appears and spoils the appearance of the best fitting gown.
IT DOES NOT INCREASE THE SIZE OF THE WAIST

Better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:

Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;

And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Genuine extracts from "Lady" magazine
selected by GWYNITH WILLETTS, UPPER SIXTH.
Illustrations by BARBARA ELLIS, LOWER SIXTH
and JACQUELINE BURWOOD, UPPER SIXTH

They who shun the smoke often fall into the fire.

A SHORT STORY

The crew of the ferry returned to Dover about eight hours after they had left, to say that they couldn't find Calais. They did not expect their story to be very well received; but surprisingly to them it was believed. For in the past few hours, aeroplanes from all over the country had had to turn back after their navigational instruments had presumably gone berserk somewhere out to sea. The ferries to Ireland had reported the same thing happening to them.

There were other signs, too, that something very peculiar had suddenly happened. All radio signals from abroad stopped. Thousands of callers to the continent were cut off in mid-sentence. The switchboard was jammed with complaints while discontented passengers thronged into the airports. And throughout the day, ports and airports noticed a strange lack of all incoming ships and aeroplanes from abroad.

The obvious reaction to this was that a world war must have started. But a very strange one if it was. There would surely be *some* radio signals from abroad. After all, we were putting out the usual broadcasts. And apart from that, there were no signs of any warlike activity anywhere. If it was a war, it was an extremely quiet one. Above all, there was no reason for a sudden outbreak of war, no world crisis that was any more of a crisis than it had been at any other time. If there was a war, no-one had told us anything about it. And why had all the aeroplanes had to turn back without sighting foreign land? Was it some secret weapon that put the navigational equipment out of action over the sea?

These were the kind of things that were in the minds of many people now. News of the day's occurrences was soon made known to the public, and throughout the country people were becoming rather alarmed by it. If there had been no world crisis before there was certainly the feeling of a crisis starting in Britain now.

By the next day there was no change in the situation. Planes stood quietly in the airports, and the authorities were becoming increasingly worried about their aircraft which had not arrived from abroad. Ships were in the same predicament.

Eventually, on the same day, it was decided that a group of aeroplanes were to go in convoy due south to investigate the situation, since nothing else could be done. It was by now obvious that it was not a war which had caused the complete isolation of Britain, so the planes were not armed. Indeed, as the planes flew over the Channel, it was difficult to believe that anything unusual had happened. But when the instruments registered information that gave their position as well into France, and the crews looked down on the same calm sea, they began to understand why the others had turned back in bewilderment. This time the aeroplanes continued south, however, since there was no sign of danger, or of any fault in their instruments. As the convoy approached the equator they had still seen no land. They only turned back when shortage of fuel made it necessary.

Other aeroplanes subsequently did the same towards Russia and America, with the same result. Later, several

aeroplanes encircled the world in different directions, over Australia, Antarctica, South America, and so on. Eventually the conclusion had to be made that there was no longer any land other than Britain.

The country was rapidly thrown into some state of confusion. Numerous broadcasts were made by the BBC as to what the situation meant to the general public. The main point that was dwelt upon was that drastic changes had to be made now that no imports, or exports, were possible.

Several conferences took place of scientists and others discussing why all other lands should have disappeared. A week had now passed since it had happened, and they could refer to information that had been collected. No violent earth tremors had been recorded, which there ought to have been as the continents sank underwater as was supposed. And recently some echo-sounding had been carried out over what used to be Paris. There was no sign that any land had ever existed. No ruined underwater city at all. The sea-bed continued downwards in the same way as it would normally have done. There had been no enormous tidal waves either on that day, as there should have been. So it was concluded that the lands had disappeared in no normal way. The scientists had to admit to there being no rational explanation to the event.

After a few months, the people of Britain were becoming used to the idea of a globe, blue all over except for one small island near the north pole. And the lack of imports did not cause too much trouble, instead of what might have been expected. Further investigations over what used to be Russia confirmed that the sea bed was just as it might normally be. There was a comprehensive collection of marine life here, too. The amount of fish, seaweed, and so on had apparently increased by half as much again throughout the world.

And so while the public at large carried on roughly as before, and mourned for their relatives and friends lost abroad, a vast investigation of the now ocean-covered world was carried out, and scientists and meteorologists started to consider the long-term effects on ocean currents, climate, and things like that.

And as the public was told increasingly more about the world they now had to themselves, an uneasy feeling spread over the country, a general feeling of being the victims of a strange supernatural occurrence. Although all they saw was the same as it had been before, they knew from what they had been told that beyond the familiar British coasts there was nothing but water. Many decided that a wholly unreal situation such as this would not last indefinitely. If the rest of the world vanished as it had done, perhaps it might come back in the same way

About six months after it vanished, it did. Radio and telephone communications started just as suddenly as they had stopped. Planes and ships came in soon after. And the universal question to Britain in general was, "Where have you been for the past six months?" The rest of the world explained how, six months ago, Britain had suddenly disappeared. And we told our story. While this was going on, some politicians felt secretly disap-

pointed that foreign matters had to be brought up again, when we were doing so nicely on our own. But in general the sense of tension and uneasiness in the country was now released. A peculiar episode in the history of Britain was over, and the normal world had returned again. And it was up to the scientists to find out why. They had been puzzled before; now they were completely baffled.

D. G. WESTON, UPPER SIXTH

BARGEES

This year as well as a week at Guide Camp in Arthog a small number of guides went on a 'narrow-boat' to Chester. The journey started at Brewood on Saturday 16th August. The Captain and her mother took charge of us, guides. The 'narrow-boat' was driven by a boatman, but a little later the boatman allowed a few of us to steer! (Only in the straight bits.)

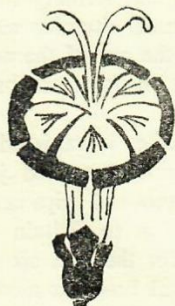
We started by going up the canal to the Junction to fill the water tanks. Ten minutes after we had started, we had our first mishap. One member of the party had kicked her cardigan overboard. Luckily it fell near the side and did not sink, the boat manoeuvred until it was possible for the boatman to climb onto the side and fish it out. Afterwards the cardigan absolutely stank. That night we moored at Brewood.

The following day was started out at 8.30 a.m. In the afternoon we came to our first set of locks. Of course we were all eager to 'help'. We learnt to 'yank the paddles', open and shut the gates and how to let down the paddles. We should have been grateful for this because these five plus another five were to be the only locks we were to operate in dry weather. That night we moored at Market Drayton.

Monday arrived with a flight of fifteen locks to negotiate, in which distance we went down a depth of ninety-three feet. Two more flights of five and two locks remained before we moored at Barbridge.

We arrived at Chester on Tuesday afternoon and Miss Pine showed us the sights, the Cathedral, double shops and the gates. This meant that on Wednesday we were allowed to explore on our own. At mid-day we made our way home to return to Brewood on Friday after a truly exciting experience.

KATHRYN PARKER, 3T



One doubt may lead to disbelief.

CHESS

At a time of pro-royalist reaction it is refreshing to hear the savage cry "Checkmate!" (the king is dead!) ringing in Room 11. White, smooth bishops, nifty knights and reckless rooks tumble in turn to the conquering black queen on a dozen chequer-boards.

Many have joined the revolutionary movement contained in this game: black power, equal rights for queens, the overthrow of the monarchy are commonplace slogans in the battle.

Our vanguard contains Ball, Hale, Cassells, Andrew, Powell, Pittaway and Gregory, who have survived twilight contests between saucers of tea and biscuits. They have left scars on the morale of rival teams throughout the length and breadth of Warley C.B.

Nevertheless, grey hairs appear above the furrowed brow. Young sinews are needed to continue the struggle. Come now and pay your shilling. Join the fight to revolutionize the Warley (County Borough) Schools Chess League scene.

D. R. BENSON

FIELD STUDIES COURSE OCTOBER 1969

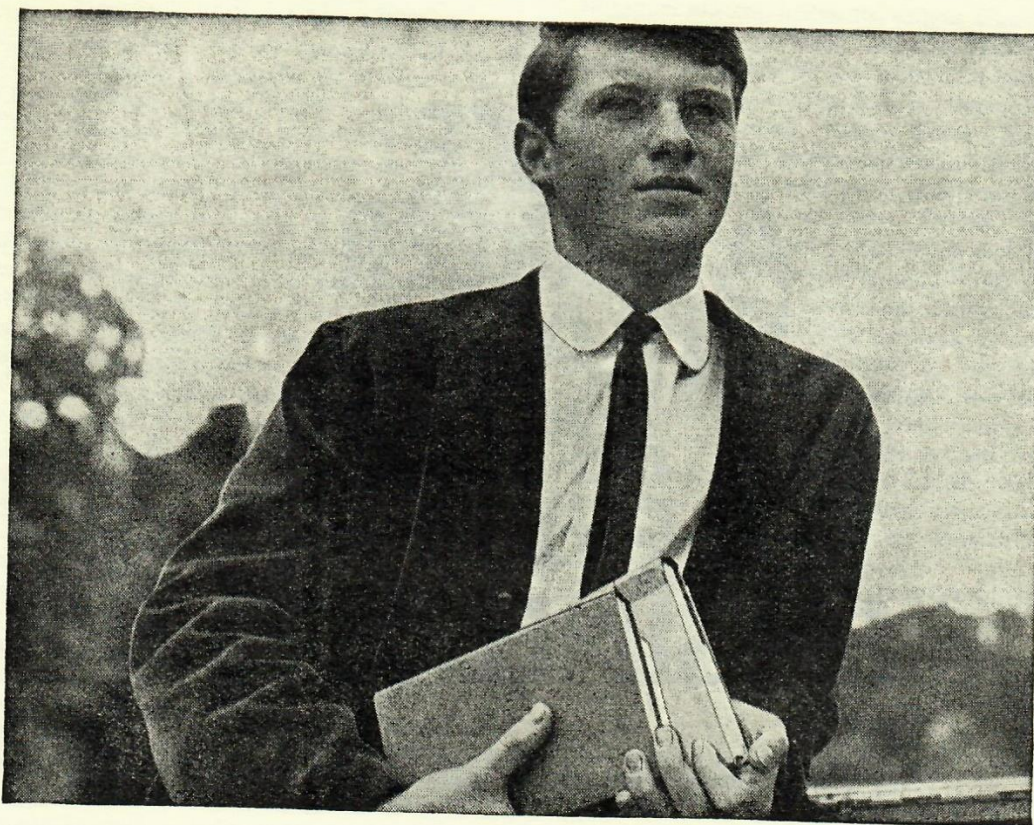
In October 1969 a group of Upper Sixth formers and one reluctant newly-conscripted Lower Sixth former packed their rucksacks with walking boots and geological hammers, and set off for their various destinations at opposite ends of the earth. Contrary to popular opinion they were not participating in the current Everest expedition but merely attending Geography courses in Snowdonia, South Wales and Malham Tarn, Yorkshire. The Dale Fort people namely, Joy, Deirdre, Karen, Ashley Jeff and Alan, spirits dampened after a four hour wait in Haverfordwest Railway Station, spent a week scaling cliffs and assorted mountains. Glynn, Richard, Martyn and Stephen went to Yorkshire and were concerned for a whole week with finding Malham Tarn which disappeared mysteriously through a sink hole in the ground. We are not sure what Gail, Susan, Colleen and Philippa were studying, but at the end of the week Gail had a dislocated knee-cap which is still strapped up.

KAREN COULTHARD, UPPER SIXTH

SCHOOL LUNCH

Have you ever?
If you've never
Perhaps you'll endeavour
To eat school lunch.
When you've ate it,
You'll always regret it,
Perhaps you'll vomit
After eating school lunch.

JEFFREY CARR, 3T



Aiming at £6,000 a year?

We at Lloyds Bank are looking for promising sixth formers — young men who are ambitious and who seek a career both challenging and financially rewarding.

Lloyds Bank offers just that to the right man. The Bank's training scheme, which includes practical branch training and courses at the Bank's residential colleges, enables you to develop your ability and prove your qualities. There are first rate opportunities for promotion to executive positions. Men who show outstanding ability can expect to attain managerial status at the age of 30 or before.

Qualifications? We should expect you to have a strong, friendly personality and to possess a good G.C.E.—prefer-

ably at "A" level, for then you might gain a head start by qualifying for entry on a higher salary grade.

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BBC



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THE ISLE OF WIGHT MUSIC FESTIVAL 1969

On the 29th, 30th and 31st of August 1969 I was proud to have witnessed one of the most exhilarating spectacles of my time—the Isle of Wight Music Festival. After the tiring, laborious journey to Portsmouth and the rolling uncomfortable ferry to Ryde one was immediately struck by the calm serenity of the Island, a serenity which was soon to be blasted wide open by an amazing assortment of music. A specially prepared bus service conveyed the thousands of people from Ryde to the tiny Woodside Bay which was to be the scene of the ensuing festivities. One suddenly found oneself in a sea of canvas, guy ropes and pegs as many, many people set up their temporary abodes in the two spacious camping sites. It was soon evident, however that many others were prepared to 'rough it' and had set up their home against the fence which surrounded the main arena, inside which was the stage and spectators auditorium of grass. On Friday, the 29th the night was devoted to the Bonzo Dog Band, Ejection and Nice, all differing in their interpretation of music but all filling the air with good sounds whether it be Bonzo's wit and comedy, the Ejection's balance and poise or the Nice's flamboyance and sheer musical ability. It was soon apparent that it would be impossible to miss anything at all over the 2,600 watt Public Address system, a gargantuan column of loud speakers, and that the compère, a certain Rikki Farr, lacked nothing in terms of sincerity and good humour. Saturday morning was spent waiting for the music, to begin, as it did, at 1 p.m. and until 5 p.m. we were entertained by various groups and artistes including the rumbustious Edgar Broughton and Blodwyn Pig. Then, at approximately 5 p.m., The Who spectacularly appeared overhead in a helicopter, landed, surprisingly enough, and literally exploded into a non-stop performance of some ninety minutes. They proved their musicianship, versatility and sheer endurance beyond doubt and were very enthusiastically accepted. Saturday night brought for me, one of the high-spots of the Festival with the appearance of the tremendous Moody Blues whose performance fully justified the long ovation it received at its close.

Family, Joe Cocker and others played and the Serenades finally terminated at 2 a.m., Sunday morning. The rest of Sunday was spent waiting, without much sleep, for Sunday's festival which duly began at 2 p.m. The first significant occurrence of Sunday came with the Liverpool Scene whose slanderous song about Enoch Powell brought, not surprisingly, great joy from the crowd. There then followed the mystic sounds of the Third Ear Band, the superb orchestrations of the Indo Jazz Fusions and the archadian Pentangle whose performance was unfortunately somewhat spoiled by passing helicopters and a nearby, but fortunately small, fire. Tom Paxton came on to receive the ovation of the festival—and deservedly so. I don't think the audience would have noticed if he had not sung 'Ramblin' Boy' as they were so involved with their own renderings of his great standard. About 7 p.m. the superb Ritchie Havens, accompanied by a genius of a guitarist, Paul Williams, arrived and left with a greatly

increased number of fans. His rendering of 'Strawberry Fields Forever' was particularly well received. After an altogether too long a wait the enigma himself, Bob Dylan, accompanied by the Band, who had themselves just completed a commendable act, strutted on and proceeded to sing all the songs for which he is a legend. 'She belongs to Me', 'To Ramona', 'Mighty Quinn', 'Mr. Tambourine Man', 'Rainy Day Women' and many more flowed from the master's lips but after an hour he had gone. If people shouted it was only for more. Despite reports in such notable rubbish as the Daily Sketch and Daily Mirror, the audience loved every moment of Dylan's performance, all 150,000 of them. I heard no jeering, just cheering.

So there it was, a long weekend of fantastic entertainment which I will remember for the rest of my life. I saw no foam, I saw no fighting, I saw no obscenities. I did see over 100,000 people, some dancing, most watching, but all of them enjoying and appreciating everything which was put before them. All right, Daily Sketch, so I bought hot dogs at the extortionate price of two shillings but even that could not erase the pleasure that weekend gave to me and thousands of people.

LEE HEAVEN, UPPER SIXTH



OBITUARY

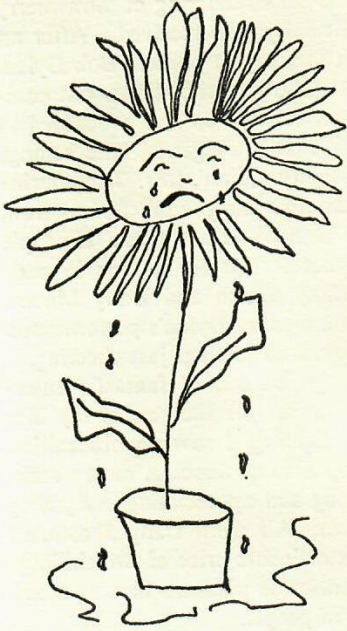
With regret we record the death of Miss D. Williams, B.A., a former member of the school staff, at Meols, Cheshire during the Spring of 1969.

Miss Williams, a graduate of the University of Liverpool, was the Mathematics Mistress at the school from 1919 to 1950. She was an able mathematician and a teacher with rare qualities. She lived for the school and devoted much energy to helping pupils outside the classroom. She was highly respected by all who knew her and was a lady of tremendous character and generosity. Her generosity was never made obvious to the school but she gave to pupils in need without others knowing.

She was a great believer in the integrity and dignity of the teaching profession and one side of this was shown during a full inspection of the school. When the mathematics Inspector approached her room, room 8, to enter, Miss Williams asked him what was the purpose of his visit. After his reply she refused him entry. That was the end of his inspection.

She was a lady who did much to consolidate the foundations of our school and the members of staff and friends who knew her extend their sympathy to her relatives.

W.D.M.



Gwynith Willetts, Upper Sixth

ONCE I HAD A SUNFLOWER

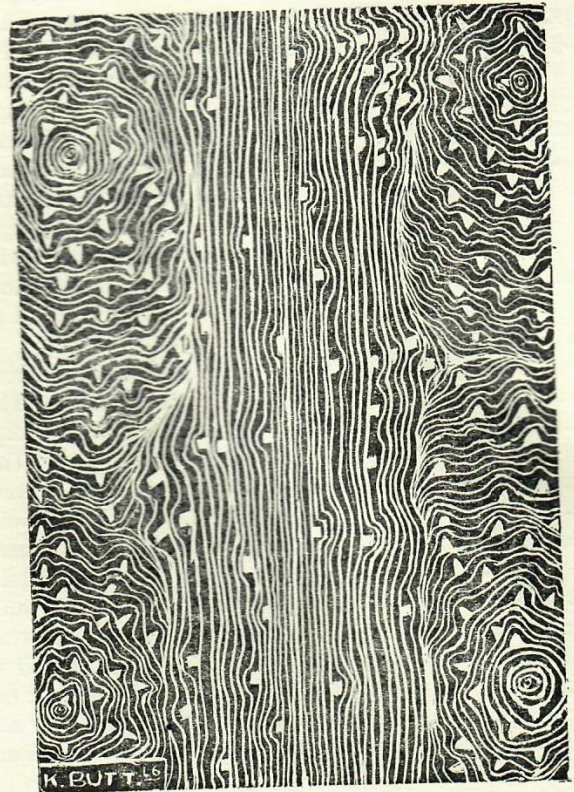
*Once I had a Sunflower
I watered it every day,
But one day I forgot it
And now it's gone away.*

ROBERT GROOM, UPPER SIXTH

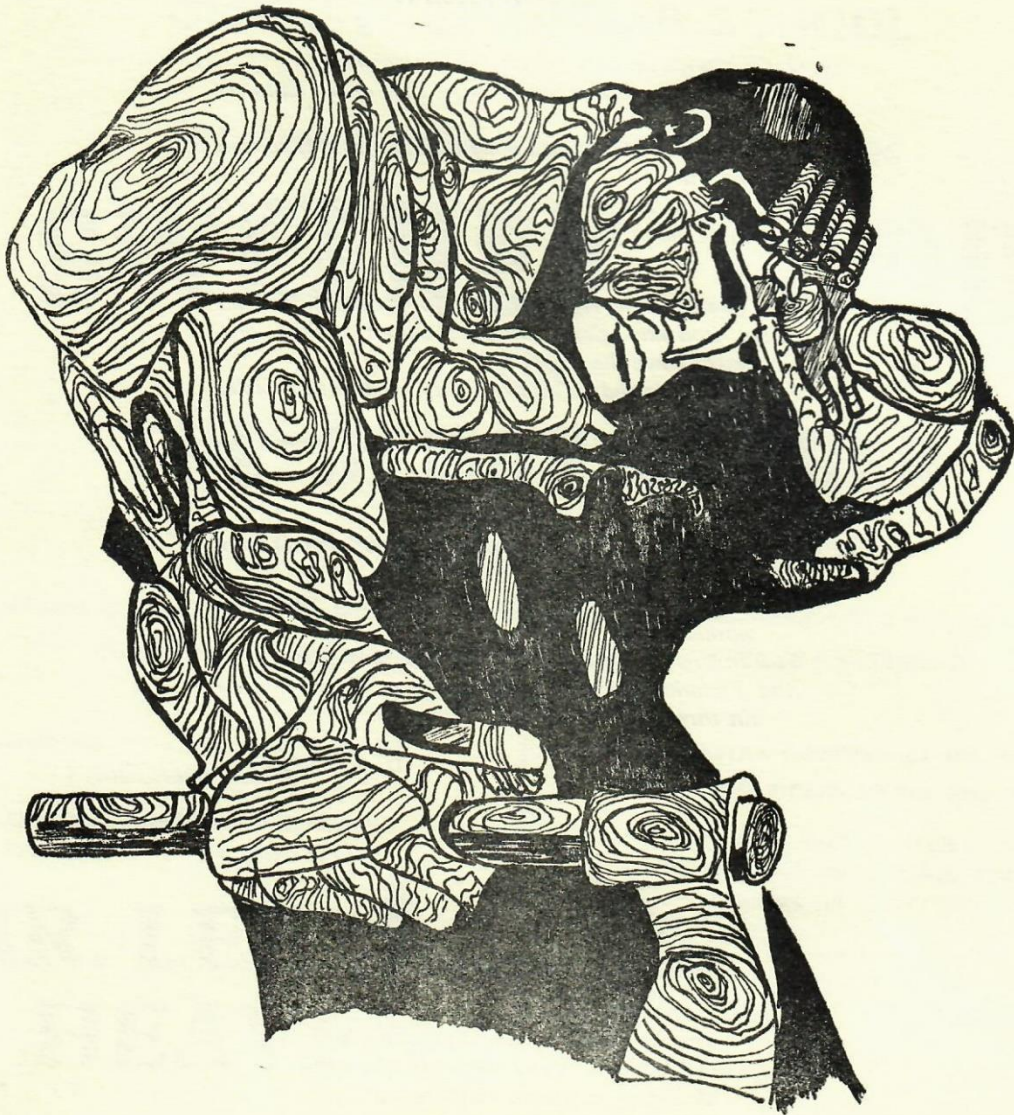
THE CHURCH

*Along the main road of our busy town,
Is a church.
Cold, ugly, unwelcoming, it melts in with the grey gloom
of a dirty street.
A magnetic force one day compelled me to go in.
I opened the massive door, and stepped into
A different world.
I shut out the never-ending drone of traffic,
The clanking of lorries,
The shouts of the crowd,
The timeless noises of city life.
I felt unclean and very small,
For the size of the church filled me with awe.
Silence, save for my footsteps
Echoing on the stone floor.
Not smoke-steeped fumes, but
The sweet smell of wood and must streamed in my head.
No harsh, fluorescent light ;
A gentle, golden beam filtered through
A kaleidoscope window.
Peace.
Silence.
God.*

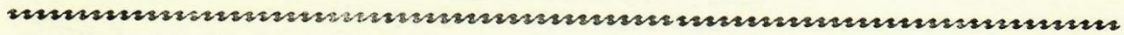
PAMELA HAWKER, 4P



He that plays with fire may be burnt.



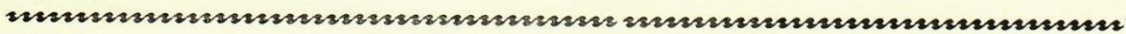
Roscoe Mills, Lower Sixth



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Halesowen



The toad, though ugly, is useful.

VICTORIA REGINA

*Our Victorian ancestors deserve our reverence
Between their mutton-chop whiskers they spoke cast-iron
sense
To the paupers in soul and body their advice was solemn
and true :
'For consumption — good beef on payday, on Sunday a
Low-Church pew.'*

*They plundered the High Medieval for ecclesiastical styles
Raised iron and glass cathedrals (steam engines pro-
cessed down the aisles)
For Free Trade and for England they peddled their bibles
black
With Chinees, Hindoo and Heathen, and brought an
empire back.*

*But the old Queen died of boerdom and Britannia's ram-
parts swayed
In the warrens of trenches in Belgium gilded youth was
washed away
Now in tiny affluent England Imperialism's passe
And Victoria's reign is enshrined in a Carnaby Street
tin tray.*

D. R. BENSON

THE TALE OF A NOBLE BEGGAR

*One day while looking on the street,
There chanced to catch my eye,
A beggar-man, uncouthly dressed,
Who close was passing by.*

*I know not what, perhaps his face,
A certain look of willing,
But impulse had me send my man,
To give the tramp a shilling.*

*Could poverty debase this soul
Where Honour might have died ?
No Emperor, no Warrior King,
Declined with so much pride !*

*Then how much more, to those without,
And justly, God has given,
The joys of work, a simple code,
The true rewards of living !*

DUNCAN ALLBROOKE, UPPER SIXTH

Go to bed with the lamb and rise with the lark.

OLDBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

PRESENTS

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SWEENEY TODD

OR

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BY
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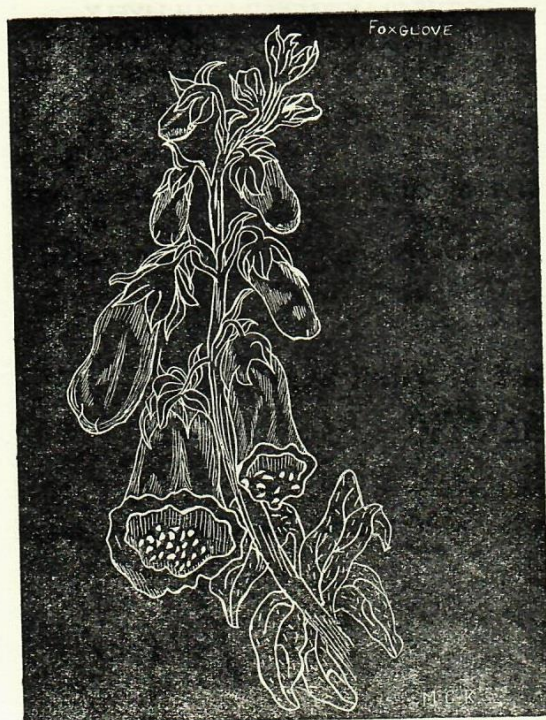
TREES

*A cold, barren, scrubbed heathland, stretching to eternity,
The winter-bitten trees blowing in the swirling blasts
Barks bleached with icy frosts;
All in a vast emptiness.
Those twisted arms reaching helplessly to heaven,
Stripped of their leaves, their lives.
Their innocence, their nakedness, futile protection against
that inexplicable force,
Nature.
Its shrill voice whistling, it whips around those helpless
bodies,
Catching up their flesh in its grappling mouth,
Trying to destroy their souls, attacking their spirits.
Resistance is inconceivable against this tyrannical power,
With its all-consuming viciousness and strength.
Hope lies in their only outlet,
Their removal from such persecutionary loneliness
Death.*

ELIZABETH CUTTER, UPPER SIXTH



Beverley Quance, 5S



THAT AUTUMN

*Two long shadows
Stretching over a golden carpet
Of sleeping leaves.
Two hands, holding together that
Which might so easily fall apart.
Two fingers, crossed,
In the hope that autumn may never change
To frosty winter.
Two voices, laughing,
Covering up
The two hearts crying
For that autumn to come again.*

JANET HESKEY, LOWER SIXTH



SHIPWRECKS

*Coldly, closely came the night,
And wide the closed door flew now,
On old and Broken, new and Bright,
Out on the sand the single Rock,
Dispels and spells the breaking waves,
While distant bells disturb the air,
And all that moves is out of sight.
Where sulky cows in rivers stare,
Reflected Black, and startled back away
As far behind the mirror as in front.*

DUNCAN ALLBROOKE, UPPER SIXTH

REMEMBER

*The house is dark, no fire sparks,
No children shout or play.
But in a room in quiet gloom
She sits alone all day.
Though 'cross the street, two families meet,
Their life is free and gay.
They never see the old lady
As she goes on her way.
The room is cold, for those who are old,
Who sit alone all day.
But for this one all hope is gone
For she just passed away.*

LESLIE STOCKIN, 2S

Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

GENERAL STUDIES

In September 1969 I uttered my encyclical "Pictoribus Atque Poetis" expressing the hope that General Studies in the Oldbury Grammar School might receive a new image. It pleases me now to publish details of the courses offered.

Teacher	Course Title or Description
Mr. Lawton	Qu'est ce que c'est, General Studies?
Mr. Bradley	Brighten up your old Queen Anne chairs with a lick of green paint, and a hundred other tips for the home.
Mrs. Jones	French songs — a selection, ancient and bizarre.
Miss Westwood	" 'Tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers," or Beef stroganov without tears.
Mr. Pearce	A short history of the small bore harquebus.
Mr. Jones	The philosophy of science loosely applied to litmus paper and bee-hive shelves.
Mr. Swain	"Round about the cauldron go; in the poison'd entrails throw," or How I cast my first spell.
Mr. Sant	How I repealed the second law of thermo-dynamics.
Mr. Davies	The indirect free-kick: a study of English square dancing.
Mr. Price	"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English" — a course in spelling and grammar.

Miss Fisher
Mr. Broome
Mr. Croft
Mr. Benson
Mrs. Probert
Mr. Quarterman
Miss Woodburn
Mr. Tudor
Mr. Smith
Mr. Heath
Mr. Laycock
Mr. Crofts

Know your hockey stick — a treasury of hints for the grievous bodily harmer.

The merry, merry pipes of Pan — a recorder class for advanced students
Miracles — a practical demonstration: (Please bring your own raw materials: lepers, paralytics, fig trees, etc.)

"History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to wake up," or, How I gave up history and became a new man.

"Scouting for Boys", or, The changing aims of the Girl Guide Movement.

Rabelaisian reflections of a Sinn Feiner on the left bank of the Seine.
"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie," or, How I traced the boy who used a kipper for a book-mark.
Philately will get you everywhere — a wealthy stamp collector remembers.

Readings from "Winnie-The-Pooh" and "The House at Pooh Corner", specially selected and bowdlerized.
Dirty pictures — new techniques in restoring old oil paintings.

"King Lear" as a musical comedy; new trends in the English Theatre.
Squares have all the right angles: geometry and the generation gap.

SIGNED

Pope Curious XXXIII

MAN ON THE MOON

So man has landed on the moon; he has achieved an ideal that had obsessed him for thousands of years — space travel. The skies have intrigued man through the ages and man at last has the technological skill necessary to land on the moon.

We now have mechanical devices of all kinds in our homes and machines aid and even sustain life in all quarters. Computers simplify processes in industry and can be programmed to produce information in a way far surpassing the human memory.

Yet for all his skills and progress man still labours under the burden of fear, hate, jealousy and prejudice. Life is still as frustrating now as for the cave men, perhaps even more so because of the inhibitions thrust upon us by modern society. The fear of death hovers above us like the aeroplane which we create and control, yet the fear of death is uncontrollable; for we are still mortal and we must still die. We have discovered a new world but are still programmed for the old way of life.

How do we keep up spiritually with our technological progress? Is the future of mankind to be in space, are we about to find the answer to existence or is it just a futile effort which will only pose more questions to be left unanswered?

Are these burdens part of the substance of life, compared with which the pursuit of love and happiness becomes so worthwhile? It is obscenely ironic that one can strive and stretch and progress, make great technological advances, yet never change these essential elements of life.

Is the answer to the question of life that one must always compromise with these unchangeable elements, learning to live with them; accepting sorrow when it comes and grasping joy when we can, or can man throw aside his natural hereditary suffering to reign supreme not only over our world but over the new world we are about to discover?

MARY HARRISON, UPPER SIXTH

Truth is a rock large enough for all to stand on.

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As a school-leaver, your 'O' or 'A' levels are the first real signs that you are more valuable to yourself than you think. Anyway, we think so, and we want to talk to you about your career; about your working for us; and about your getting to the top, using the same qualities that you put into passing those exams.

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A blind man should not judge of colour.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN HOT-AIR BALLOON IN SIX EASY STAGES



Fig. 1.

The balloon relies for its power on the fact that hot air rises. It is constructed in three units.
 1. The Balloon.
 2. The Sub-frame.
 3. The Motor. (Diagram 1).

STAGE I CONSTRUCTION OF TEMPLATE FOR PANELS OF BALLOON

MATERIALS
Two sheets of strong paper 30" x 22".

- METHOD**
1. Glue the short sides of these together with an overlap of $\frac{1}{2}$ " to form one large sheet 59" x 22".
 2. Fold this sheet in half longways.
 3. With the fold nearest to you construct the lines as shown (Diagram 2). The curved line has to be drawn freehand.
 4. Cut along the curved line through the doubled paper.
 5. The complete shape should resemble a leaf. This shape is now used as a pattern to cut 8 identical panels for the balloon.

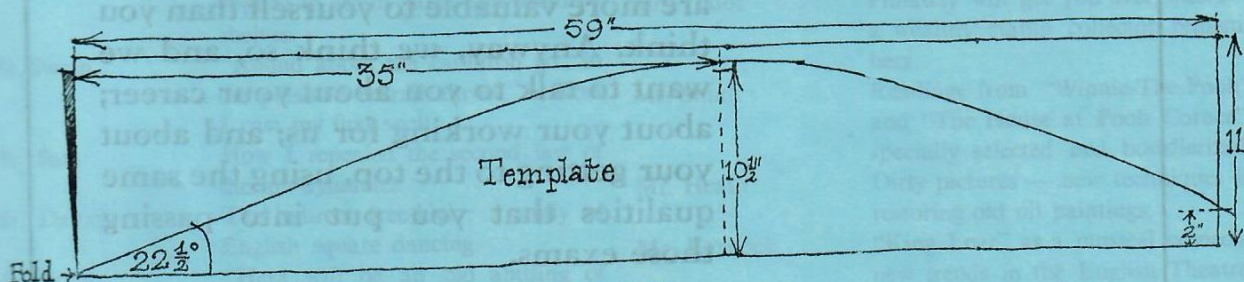


Fig. 2

STAGE II CONSTRUCTION OF BALLOON-AIR CONTAINER

1. CUTTING PANELS

MATERIALS

Eight sheets tissue paper 59" x 22". (This will entail gluing together two 30" x 22" sheets.)

METHOD

- (a) Superimpose these sheets onto each other exactly.
- (b) Place the template on the top.
- (c) Pin the template to the tissue paper with pins not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the edge. (Diagram 3a.)
- (d) Cut round the template. This should give eight sheets of leaf shaped tissue panels. (Keep spare tissue as some of this will be needed later.)

2. ASSEMBLING THE PANELS

- (a) Glue the panels together in pairs along one edge only with no more than $\frac{1}{2}$ " overlap. (Diagram 3b.)
- (b) These glued seams can now be doubled back and glued again to give added strength. (Diagram 3c.)
- (c) Now glue two pairs of panels together to give two sections with 4 segments.
- (d) The two halves can now be glued and the seams sealed. The overall bag shape resembles a football bladder, and it has eight segments and a hole at one end. (This operation may be simplified if the segments are folded in half longways during assembly.)

3. ASSEMBLING THE 'CAP'

(To strengthen the pointed end.)

MATERIALS

About six round pieces of tissue 6" diameter.

METHOD

1. Glue together the discs in groups of three.
2. Glue one of these caps inside the pointed end of your balloon.
3. Glue the other cap on the outside of the balloon against the first.

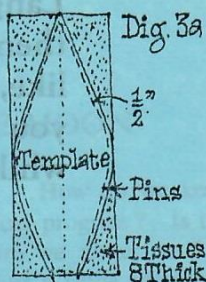


Fig. 3a



Fig. 3b.



Fig. 3c.

STAGE III
CONSTRUCTION OF SUB-FRAME

MATERIALS
6' length of $\frac{1}{8}$ " x $\frac{1}{8}$ " Balsa Wood. Razor blade and reel of cotton. Pins.

- METHOD**
1. Cut balsa wood into four lengths 12" long and four lengths 6" long.
 2. Place longer lengths to form a square with their corners overlapping about $\frac{1}{4}$ ".
 3. Pin these corners and bind with cotton. (Diagram 4a.)
 4. Place shorter lengths across the corners of the square (Diagram 4b), pin and bind with cotton.
 5. Remove all pins.

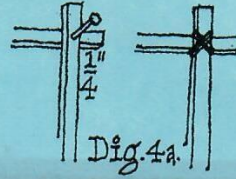


Fig. 4a.

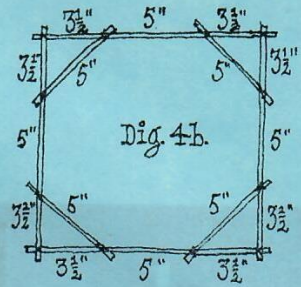


Fig. 4b.



Fig. 5.

STAGE IV
THE MOTOR

MATERIALS
Wad of cotton wool 2" diameter. 4' length of fuse wire or similar.

- METHOD**
1. Cut wire into two 18" lengths and one 12" length.
 2. Bind the cotton wool loosely with the short length of wire.
 3. Cross the two longer lengths.
 4. Bind the cotton wad to the centre of the crossed wires. (Diagram 5.)

STAGE V
ASSEMBLY

1. ATTACHING SUB-FRAME TO BALLOON
 - (a) Arrange balloon with hole uppermost.
 - (b) Fit the sub-frame over the hole (which should have eight 4" sides).
 - (c) Glue back the flaps over the sub-frame.
 - (d) The corners of the sub-frame should project. (Diagram 6.)
2. ATTACHING THE MOTOR TO THE SUB-FRAME
 - (a) The long lengths of wire on the 'motor' are fixed as diagonals to the 'outboard' corners of the sub-frame. (Diagram 7.)

Fig. 6.

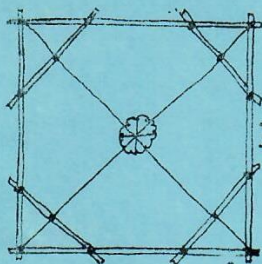
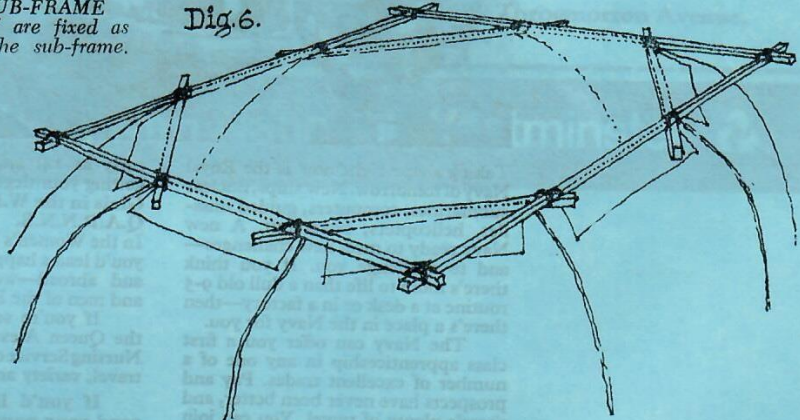


Fig. 7.

STAGE VI
LAUNCHING

1. Test Balloon for leaks with hair dryer.
2. Necessary requirements for a good launch.
 - (a) Still air.
 - (b) Cold air.

(The balloon's efficiency depends entirely on ensuring the maximum contrast between the air inside and the air outside the balloon skin.)

3. As these balloons have been known to travel great distances, it is a good idea to tether the vehicle with strong light string or yarn. The alternative is to release the balloon in a vast open space.

IGNITION

1. A tall friend is needed to hold the balloon vertical, while others keep the side panels clear of the flame.
 2. Soak the 'motor' with Methylated Spirits.
 3. Ignite!
 4. Allow a few minutes for the balloon to fill with hot air, after which it SHOULD rise slowly from the launch pad.
- LIFT OFF!** All the equipment needed now is a good pair of binoculars.

G. Heath.

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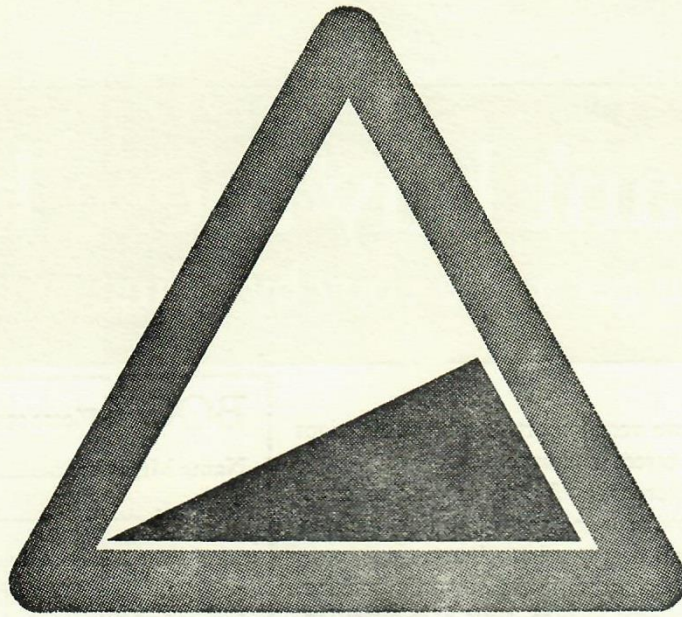
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A blunt knife shows a dull wife.

CHARITY AT HOME

Mrs. Pilcher always finished her housework early, to have the rest of the day to herself. She washed up the breakfast things, dusted round, and carefully polished the photographs of her late husband, Ted, and the two grown-up children, Beryl and Brian. In the kitchen she wiped over the kitchen range with a damp wash leather and thanked God for that aerosol squirt thing that Beryl had given her. No need to work away with the black-lead any more—filthy job—just a quick wipe and, like it said on the tin, the range was gleaming clean. Say what you like, there was a lot to be said for modern inventions. Not like her own mother, who had had to scrub wooden floors until she was in her eighties, and do the family wash in the back yard. There was something to be said for being old in the 1970's — you could keep your independence and not bother the children, who had lives of their own to lead.

She poured out another cup of tea. It was nicely brewed now, and she settled down by the window with last night's paper to have a nice morning watching what they were up to in the street and reading about what they were up to in other streets.

At half past ten there was a sharp knock on the door. Mrs. Pilcher raised the curtain and sighed. That Mrs. Horsely again. What did she want this time? Standing at the front door Mrs. Pilcher smiled at her visitor, wondering if she could decently not ask her to come in. Mrs. Horsely, however, taking her welcome for granted, strode forward as if to clasp Mrs. Pilcher in an embrace. In dodging, Mrs. Pilcher stepped to one side, thus leaving a narrow but inviting gap in the passage for Mrs. Horsely to enter, talking.

"My dear: I can't really stop." Mrs. Pilcher smiled again. "I just thought I'd pop round on my bike—bikes are so useful, don't you think, even at my age, with my creaking bones—and I thought I'd better drop in on dear Mrs. Pilcher, I do think you're so wonderful, coping in the way you do, and it's the least I can do to keep an eye on you and make sure you are **all right**. I'd never forgive myself—you heard of old Mrs. Beecham, didn't you, lying there for three days before the milkman—and you are getting on a bit for **such** a lonely life, so my dear if there **is** anything"

Mrs. Pilcher, when in company with Mrs. Horsely, often wished she had a hearing aid. It would be pleasant to switch off and see Mrs. H. mouthing earnestly, wattles shaking and eyes darting censoriously about the room, and not to **hear** the woman's insistence on her age and widowhood. What gave Mrs. Horsely the right to call her "dear" and suggest that she was incapable? Still, you had to make allowances for the poor old girl. No children of her own, and as for that weak-kneed husband! She'd seen Mr. Horsely, trailing after his wife along by the shops, weighed down by carrier bags full of whole-meal flour and real dung-grown lettuces, while Mrs. Horsely darted off after acquaintances, questioning and demanding attendance at her never-ending committee meetings. Poor Mr. Horsely! He always looked so apologetic, and seemed to be constantly shrugging his shoulders in disclaimer of his wife's activities. She could imagine Ted

putting up with that sort of thing! Ted and she had understood one another, and there'd been none of this nonsense about "separate interests" and "living your own life." She could bear her widowhood because they'd been so happy, and there were the children. What would Mrs. Horsely have to show for it all in the end? Poor old thing. Must try to be more polite to her when she comes. Try to look glad to see her. She must be wretched, twitching like that all the time. What was the woman saying now?

"So I'll send them round today, dear, about half past one, and don't you worry about any preparations, no, don't thank me, it's all in the day's work. Must dash now, dear, toodle-oo, no, don't see me out . . ."

The voice diminished into the passage, and the door slammed.

Send **who** round? Some other tiresome woman on some other tiresome committee, probably. Mrs. Pilcher switched on the radio to take her mind off it. The breathless flurry of William Hardcastle filled the room. Mrs. Pilcher clicked her tongue. One o'clock already. The whole morning wasted because of that silly woman, and now she had only half an hour for lunch before the next relay arrived. Fortunately she didn't feel very hungry. A nice light omelette—only one egg, but well beaten—and a tomato. That would do very well, because there was a chicken leg for tonight and she didn't want to spoil her appetite.

The omelette rose well, and she was looking forward to it as she slid it on to a warm plate. Then a noisy vehicle drew up outside, and a strident female voice called:

"Mrs. Pilcher! Can you get to the door, dear, or shall we come round the back?"

"Damn," said Mrs. Pilcher, and pushed her plate back into the oven, which was hot from the fire. She opened the front door, and was confronted by a pyramid of tin covers and a huge bottle-green lady.

"Where is it, dear, straight through? All right, don't you bother, we'll soon have it ready for you. Got your plate?"

"Plate? I'm sorry, but . . ."

"No plate? Naughty girl. Some of you old things just don't look after yourselves. Now pop off and get a plate. Warm, if you can—don't want the dinner getting cold, do we?"

"What dinner?"

"Meals on Wheels, dear. Didn't Beatrice tell you we were coming? Mrs. Horsely, you know?"

"Oh, yes, she said someone was coming, but I didn't realise"

"Come on, dear, plate."

"But I was just going to have"

"I know, I know, just a slice of bread and jam. You must have a good meal, dear. Think of all those ladies cooking good food for you, and Bernie outside in the van, waiting. Now fetch a plate, there's a good girl."

Mrs. Pilcher gave in, not wishing to affront the cooking ladies or to inconvenience Bernie, and went back to the kitchen for a plate. The only warm one contained the omelette, so she tipped her deflated meal back into the frying pan and returned to the living room with the plate.

"There, now, warm as well. Now here's your nice dinner, roast lamb, cabbage, creamed potatoes and a good strengthening gravy. You eat it all up, now. See you on Thursday."

Slam.

Mrs. Pilcher looked at the plate and her stomach heaved. A mound of mashed potatoes turning green at the edges from the cabbage water. She prodded a piece of the mutton, and it slid squashily to one side. No, not even to oblige Mrs. Horsely. She couldn't eat this stuff. Guiltily she carried the meal into the kitchen, scraped it into a polythene bag, as an afterthought adding the sunken omelette, and put it all into the waste bin.

The smell still hung about in the living room, clammy and reproachful. She opened the window and spent the rest of the afternoon upstairs, looking through the front window and thinking about how Beryl and her husband were coming at the weekend. They were going to give the bedrooms a good spring-cleaning for her. They'd done the kitchen last week and it looked a picture.

Her appetite returned by six o'clock, and she enjoyed the chicken leg, being hungry. After clearing away she had a look at the "Radio Times" to see if there was any nice music to listen to while she went on knitting Brian's new sweater. Oh, yes, "Orfeo and Eurydice", that was good. She remembered going with Ted to see "Orfeo" at the Town Hall, what would it be, ten years ago? Nice tunes, she remembered. She leaned back in her chair, remembering vividly how Ted and she had always joined in when Kathleen Ferrier sang "What is Life" on the wireless afterwards.

She was nodding off to sleep when the front door suddenly shook under a hammering of vigorous fists. What on earth was that? Not more visitors, surely? On the doorstep this time were four youngsters.

"Er—Mrs. Pilcher? Sorry to disturb you, but we've come from the Club, the Youth Club you know, to see if there's anything we can do for you. We're helping the old folk, you know."

"The old folk?"

"Yes. Do you mind if we come in?"

"Well, I don't know—I suppose so. What is it you want to do?"

"Oh, we're the scrubbing brigade. We're ever so good at scrubbing floors. We specialise in kitchens, you know, under the cookers and behind the cupboards and all that—where you can't get to when you're your age."

"I see."

"Well can we? Please?"

The youngsters looked so hopeful that Mrs. Pilcher let them come in and showed them the kitchen, spruce from its recent thorough cleaning.

"Or, yes. We'll soon have this straightened out, won't we, Emma? You won't recognise it when we've finished Mrs. P."

Mrs. Pilcher repressed a shudder and returned to her knitting. Perhaps she was taking a risk, but it kept the kids off the streets, didn't it? Gave them something to do. Not that she'd ever been at a loose end when she was their age. She grinned. Catch her and Ted going to Youth Clubs (what was it? table tennis?) or spending their time scrubbing some old woman's floors. They'd

known how to enjoy themselves, they had. Still, these youngsters were different: serious, no devilment in them. What was it they called the curly-haired boy? Niggle, was it? Fancy any self-respecting lad . . . And those girls, Sarah and Emma, they were. Good old names. Her mother had been called Sarah. And those shoes, just like some she'd had when she was in her twenties. Perhaps things don't change all that much. The lad in the pink trousers looked all right. A bit grim about the mouth for a kid his age, but who could blame him? Perhaps they'd have got into trouble at their club if she hadn't let them in—not done their quota or something.

She listened to them banging about, splashing and singing. What was it they were singing? The girl Emma seemed to be leading them. Something about answers blowing in the wind. Then another song—where are all the what gone? The other kids seemed not to know the words; they just hummed in the background, reverently, as if they were in church. Funny. All their songs seemed to be about answers. There was another one—who will tell me what? All this searching for answers, but she hadn't heard them ask any of the questions yet. Funny kids. Perhaps they didn't know what the questions were.

At last the kitchen door opened and the four youngsters came out, clutching their buckets and mops.

"Finished, Mrs. Pilcher. Want to have a look?"

"Yes, dears, of course."

The kitchen looked much the same, except that there was a pool of water under the sink and the windows were steamed up. She didn't mention it—easier to clean it up herself afterwards, and anyway, she didn't want to discourage them. They'd tried hard.

"Thank you very much, dears. You've managed very well."

"It's a pleasure, really it is. That makes four this week."

"Well," said Mrs. Pilcher, "if you really like scrubbing, why don't you go down to Mafeking Terrace to old Mrs. Tooley's? She's got her husband ill in bed all the time with his chest, and that terrible house takes a lot of keeping clean."

The youngsters looked at each other.

"Well . . . er . . . the girls . . ." said Niggle.

"Er . . ." said Emma.

"Well, you know, the buses aren't very regular down there," said Sarah, "and mother likes me to be home in good time, and . . ."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pilcher.

"And if he is ill, like you say, and anything happened while we were there . . . well . . . you know . . . the girls . . ."

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Pilcher. "Goodnight, dears."

"Goodnight, Mrs. P."

Mrs. Pilcher returned to her radio. Just in time for "Orfeo". Humming in anticipation she sang to herself, "What is life to me without thee?" Without thee? Without Mrs. Horsely and the Movable Feast Ladies and Bernie and Sarah and Emma and Niggle and Pink Trousers? What is life?

"Bloody Peaceful!" said Mrs. Pilcher.

MARJORIE ROULSTONE



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PARIS TRIP

Everyone must have returned from Paris with their own stock of memories and impressions; all I can do here is record my own, hoping to revive others', and giving a foretaste of things to come for those who have yet to make the trip.

The crossing was rough. "Move with the ship," say the self-appointed experts on sea-sickness. A drunken fifteen-stone Frenchman, placing great faith in this dictum proved its worth by rolling from port to starboard across the lounge with remarkable speed and regularity. Using the combine-harvester method, he persuaded a considerable number of people, myself and half of Mrs. Thomas included, to join him in his experiment.

Our hotelier, soon to be affectionately dubbed "Alphonse", afforded many of the party with their first taste of French hospitality. The hotel itself, a few hundred steps (vertical) from Montmatre's highest point, was set in an area steeped in tradition, some of the local customs being traceable for hundreds of years into the past.

Our meals were provided in a "neighbouring" bar/restaurant, and served by friendly waiters skilled in coping with such phenomena as Brummagen French. A little sad to find that "chips with everything" shows signs of becoming international.

Since the aim of the holiday was to discover spring-time Paris in eight days, we were taken for leisurely gallops to the four corners of the city, and up and down stone staircases in every "monument historique" tall enough to possess one.

On one excursion our guide was a German student who kept asking me in shaky French, for information

about Paris which he then translated into incomprehensible English for the rest of the party.

A warning for those of you who have yet to go; beware of the traffic. For the Parisian motorist, pedestrian crossings are an endless source of amusement, providing him with daily target practice. (score: 10 points for each hit, with a bonus of 50 for invalids, cripples, elderly women with shopping baskets, and tourists). Bumpers are for bumping: they are weapons, like antlers. Duelling scars are shown off proudly, like medals. There are a few rules, the most important of these being "Priorité à Droite"—traffic approaching from the right is legally entitled to hit anything it chooses. Roundabouts are to go round, the faster the better, and anyone trying to sneak down a street is either a coward, a trouble-maker, or a tourist. If there's no parking space, you clear one. If you are stationary for more than five seconds, you sound your horn, and keep blaring away until you move. If you hear another horn, simple politeness demands a reply. If you want a rest, look for a gendarme and you'll find a traffic jam, and you sit there until he's finished his act.

In spite of these and other dangers, our party returned intact, and most of us would willingly have stayed much longer. A week is too short, for a city like Paris. I hope it will have at least encouraged those who went to return for a longer second look.

Finally, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and Miss Westwood, I should like to say that, for us, the outstanding feature of this week in Paris was the general friendliness, enthusiasm, and responsibility of the whole group, and I really mean that.

H. QUARTERMAN

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Be temperate in all things.

THE FOOTBALL MATCH

It was going to be a perfect afternoon, I told myself. I'd had my wages this morning, perfect weather, and most important of all, City were playing at home.

The highlight of the day began and ended with a whistle, and for ninety minutes I'd see our lads humiliate the United side. Yes, it would make the massacre of the Huguenots look like tiddly-winks. With these pleasant thoughts in mind, I dreamily ate my sausage and chips.

Then the phone rang—"Hello," I said, my mouth full of sausage.

"Hello, Mike? It's me, Rosie!"

Oh Gawd, I thought. Rosie is my girl, I suppose. She's got a face like a prune and a brain the size of a pea, but her mother makes the most delicious pies I've ever tasted, so

"What d'you want, then?" I asked.

"Oh Mike," she whined. "Don't tell me you've forgotten. We're going to Newburn Abbey today. You promised!"

I gave a noise that was a mixture between a grunt, a snort and a burp.

"Look, love, City's playing at home and I'm not going anywhere else today. Come to the match, if you like."

She sighed, "You men and football, all the same, I dunno if I ought to come. I mean, you hear such terrible goings-on at football matches, don't you?"

Women! My chips are getting all cold and rubbery, I thought.

"It's all right, love, we're going in the stand," I assured her.

"I'm not standing up for ninety minutes," Rosie said indignantly.

How does one explain that one sits down in the stand? I wondered if I ought to tell her, but it might be too much for her mental capacity. Impatiently I hissed, "If you are coming, be here at two-thirty. O.K.?"

"All right." She hung off.

I cleared up the rest of my sausage and chips and prepared my gear. One Blue-and-White scarf. (City Colours) One Red-and-White Scarf (should United fans appear). One miniature whisky and one bottle of cider. (To warm myself up, and either drown my sorrows or celebrate. It depended on the result). One roll of toilet paper. Tickets.

Then I waited. At two-thirty precisely, Rosie came. I opened the door. Then I opened my mouth.

"You can't wear that!" I whispered hoarsely.

"What's the matter," she said haughtily, "is my red dress too short?"

I pointed out that red was the colour of the enemies flag and that there was a remarkably good chance of her returning in a hearse. From the depths of my drawers I fished out a pair of blue jeans and a sweater, and while I went into the kitchen to check my gear, she put them on.

After an age, she was ready, and we finally arrived at the turnstile. I paid, and we were just about to sit down when a policeman forcibly took hold of my cider and whisky, informing me that they were offensive weapons. Before I had time to protest, the whistle blew, and I concentrated on the game. I must say that Rosie behaved very well. She did ask why the men with red and yellow hankies didn't join in the game, but when I

told her that they were linesmen, although none the wiser, she shut up.

Half-time came, and we were losing two-one. Plenty of time though, I told myself, and sure enough a goal came in the fourth minute.

I noticed that Rosie had been fidgeting. Then she whispered in my ear. Oh Gawd! "Now?" I shouted.

"Yes," she hissed, "where is it?"

"Can't you wait?"

"No!"

"Up the stairs, first left, through the turnstile, second right," I said impatiently.

"I'll never find that, Mike," she whispered, "Besides, I might get approached, or something."

No such luck, I thought.

I led her out, my lips pursed. Impatiently, I waited for her outside the Ladies, and when she finally came out, I led her back forcibly to the turnstile.

"Just a minute, sonny," a voice boomed.

"Can't go back once you've come out."

I could have wept, especially since the crowd gave a sudden, almighty roar. A goal!

We walked home in silence. Rosie began to apologise but before she could a crowd of United fans appeared. Quick as a flash, I pulled on my red and white scarf and shouted, "Georgie for England!"

Then as the tallest form approached me I realised my mistake. He grabbed my scarf and snarled between his teeth, "He's Irish!"

Then he saw my blue and white scarf underneath.

One black eye, bloody nose and cut lip later, Rosie was tenderly leading me home. While she was bathing my wounds her father breezed in.

"You'll never guess," he said.

"What?" I said, trying to sound interested.

"I've got two tickets for you and Rosie for the big match next week!"

Oh, Gawd!

PAMELA HAWKER, 4P

PROTEST!!!

"Schooldays are the happiest days of your life!" How often has this been quoted in real life and in fiction—usually accompanied by a sentimental showing-round of old school photographs? Many a laugh has been raised by poring over some dusty black and white when that old cupboard upstairs is cleaned out every ten years or so, before it is replaced into the furthest corner!

But it seems that these joyous memories of school life which we are now experiencing in reality are to be left unillustrated for Oldburians and to misquote Mr. Carroll—"What use are memories without pictures for topics of conversation?"

It all boils down to the fact that Oldbury Grammar School has not seen head nor hide of a photographer for seven years! Already scores of people have left the school walls for ever—with no cumbersome picture to look back on. The last pupils to be photographed have left our portals. So please, the powers that be, please let us not be denied—please can we have our photographs taken?

S. JENNINGS, UPPER SIXTH

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CRICKET 1969

Ugly, wet and altogether nasty May gave way to glorious June and July, when our lads, the sun blazing down, sweated in the field or sat languidly while their fellows wielded willow against bowlers of skill and guile.

Memories flood back—the superb performances of the Under 13 XI skippered by Paul Phillips marching to victory after victory, only to have their single loss against Holly Lodge in the final of the Warley Cricket Shield. Phillips and Jacobs eager, nay ebullient, leaping up to the wicket, their team-mates clustered with hands outstretched towards nervous batsman one pair of hands grips the leather orb, hands are held aloft, a roar of "How zat!" Merciless batting by Thompson, Lewis and Green helped this side to achieve its fine record. Indeed, Phillips and Thompson were both selected for the Worcestershire Under 13 side.

Alas ; other XI's never reached these heights, try as they might. The Under 15 XI failed in all their endeavours and the Second XI did little better, owing mainly to cancellations of fixtures, a disturbing feature of the scene last year.

Pride of place must obviously be given to our Senior XI, a powerful side on paper but tragically with no concerted effort on the field of play. Among our batsmen, Tibbetts played with considerable skill while others put in useful performances from time to time, but a truly representative display never materialised. It was sad to see our batting collapse, the bulldog's teeth drawn, the bark muted. This was felt all the more as our bowlers toiled on many a hot afternoon, bringing to the side the promise of victory, only to see it slip away once pads and gloves were donned. Our two war-horses, Smallwood and Heaven formed the vanguard of our attack, their hoofs thundering on the turf in encounter after encounter. The fielding, alas, left much to be desired ; too many times the ball found its way from hands to ground.

What of the future ? This most English of games, I speak of Cricket, has experienced many fortunes, but there is a rising tide ; "the youngsters of today are the stars of tomorrow." The foundations are laid, there is cricketing talent in the school; we must go forward building brick by brick. The playing fields of Bromsgrove, Evesham, Lichfield, etc., may well see a different Oldbury in 1970.

O. TUDOR

FOOTBALL 1968-69

This season the school 1st XI had five players in the Worcestershire County football squad. This was the largest contingent of players from a single school and in itself showed a lot for the overall standard of the 1st XI. All of the five players were selected to represent the county in the national Schools Football Festival at Bognor Regis.

Out of these five Geoff Tibbetts and Lee Heaven were going for a third time and Peter Stevenson was going for a second time, the others Glyn Childe and Brian Dakin were making their first appearances.

Geoff Tibbetts went as a full back and also as reserve goalkeeper, proving how versatile he was when he actually played in goal twice due to injury to the regular goalkeeper. Geoff was also chosen as captain of the squad in recognition of his outstanding service of the two previous years.

Glyn Childe went as a midfield player and was rewarded for some very fine performances by being elected captain for the matches when Geoff Tibbetts played in goal. It must be noted that his selection was a unanimous vote by players and manager alike proving how respected a footballer he was. Peter Stevenson was selected as an outside forward but ended up as the goal scoring striker of the team. He eventually topped the goal scoring charts with 6 goals in 8 matches.

Brian Dakin like Glyn Childe was selected as a midfield player and was one of the most consistently good players in the team although he was easily the youngest player in the side—being only 16 years old. Brian has since left school and is currently making his mark on the Swindon Football Club ground staff.

Lee Heaven was the most successful player in the Worcestershire side and after two really exceptional performances he was given a trial for the England U18 side. Unfortunately he did not reach further trials but still proved himself one of the top 50 schoolboy footballers in England and he must be congratulated on his performance.

Overall the players supplied by Oldbury Grammar School played a major part in the success of the Worcestershire team and each played his own role well.

This year seven players went to the trials and last year's record of five players in the County side could well be equalled.

P. STEVENSON, UPPER SIXTH

Moderation is a great safeguard.

BOYS SPORTS RESULTS

JUNIOR

- 100 metres (3) 1st Barley Q; 2nd Parsons K; 3rd Wheeler S; Time 14.2.
200 metres 1st Barley Q; 2nd Parsons K; 3rd Spencer S; Time 28.7.
High Jump 1st Jacobs K; 2nd Crumpton T; 3rd Hoare Q; Height 4' 2½"
Long Jump 1st Dakin K; 2nd Jackson Q; 3rd Thompson T; Distance 12'11"
H. S. Jump 1st Barley Q; 2nd Parsons K; 3rd Hallam S; Distance 31'4"
Javelin 1st Green K; 2nd Nicklin T; 3rd Rose S; Distance 90'3"
Shot 1st Green K; 2nd Hoare Q; 3rd Jacobs K; Distance 30'6"
Relay 1st Queens; 2nd School; 3rd Kings.

INTERMEDIATE

- 100 metres 1st Wood Q; 2nd Penny S; 3rd Steventon T; Time 13.7.
200 metres 1st Steventon T; 2nd Westwood Q; 3rd Sutton K; Time 27.9.
400 metres 1st Boriello Q; 2nd Hall Q; Ball K; Time 1.53.0.
800 metres 1st Ball K; 2nd Hale T; 3rd Wood T; Time 2.31.4.
High Jump 1st Cadman K; 2nd Hall Q; 3rd Nordan Q; Height 4'11"
Long Jump 1st Boriello Q; 2nd Stokes T; 3rd Sanders Q; Distance 15'7"
H. S. Jump 1st Boriello Q; 2nd Cadman K; 3rd Sutton K; Distance 36'1"
Javelin 1st Lea T; 2nd Wood Q; 3rd McDonald T; Distance 98'10"
Discus 1st Lea T; 2nd Cadman K; 3rd Nordan Q; Distance 109'7"
Shot 1st Lea T; 2nd Sanders Q; 3rd Steventon T; Distance 36'0"
Relay 1st Trinity; 2nd Queens; 3rd School.

SENIOR

- 100 metres (S) 1st Stevenson Q; 2nd Young T; 3rd Cowley K; Time 11.8.
200 metres 1st Young T; 2nd Cowley K; 3rd Cooper K; Time 24.0.
400 metres 1st Stevenson Q; 2nd Cooper D. K; 3rd Heaven S; Time 55.6.
800 metres 1st Tibbetts Q; 2nd Seabridge Q; 3rd Dews T; Time 2.22.4.
1500 metres 1st Tibbetts Q; 2nd Heaven S; 3rd Stevenson Q; Time 4.45.0.
1500 metres Team Trinity
High Jump 1st Dews T; 2nd Cooper K; 3rd Acutt K; Height 5'0"
Long Jump 1st Young T; 2nd Howell T; 3rd Coombe S. Distance 19'11"
H. S. Jump 1st Dakin K; 2nd Smallwood S; 3rd Cowley K; Distance 37'3"
Javelin 1st Acutt K; 2nd Ward S; 3rd Thomas S, Distance 106'5"
Discus 1st Martin Q; 2nd Acutt K; 3rd Hadley T; Distance 91'3"
Shot 1st Challenger T; 2nd Waghorn S; Distance 30'2"
Relay 1st School; 2nd Queens; 3rd Trinity.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS Junior: Barley Q;
Intermediate: Lea T; Senior: Stevenson Q;

BOYS' ATHLETICS 1969

This summer was on the whole a relatively quiet one for our school athletics, only four people representing the Warley team and even fewer representing the Worcs. County Athletics team. The four in the Warley side being: Jeff Young, Chris Acutt, David Lea and Peter Stevenson. All four of these athletes represented Warley in the Worcs. Championships: Jeff Young in the Senior Long jump; Chris Acutt in the Senior javelin, David Lea in the Intermediate discus and Peter Stevenson in the Senior 100 metres.

Out of these there was only one Worcs. Champion, Peter Stevenson who retained the 100 metres title in a new record of 11.0 seconds. Jeff Young was second in the Long Jump and he and Peter Stevenson represented the county in the National Schools Athletics Championships held this year at Motspur Park, Surrey.

Jeff Young in his first appearance in these championships did extremely well to finish 6th out of about 30 competitors. Peter Stevenson however did not qualify for the final of the 100 metres—this was his fourth appearance in these championships.

Apart from these school representative teams both both Jeff and Peter represented the County A.A.A. teams Jeff gaining his county Junior A.A.A. Colours after representing the county on several occasions: Peter gained his County Junior colours for the second time and was also awarded his County Senior A.A.A. colours and a County Senior vest after representing Worcestershire A.A.A. team in the National Inter-Counties Championships and British Games at the White City in June.

The honours must go to Jeff Young this year, however, because of the commendable performances he has produced in his first season of Senior competitive athletics and it is hoped he will continue to improve at his present rate throughout the coming season.

PETER STEVENSON, UPPER SIXTH

HOUSE GAMES AND SWIMMING RESULTS (1968-69)

1st Trinity; 2nd Queens; 3rd School, Kings.
Athletics: Queens; Trinity; Kings; School.
Tennis: School; Trinity; Queens and Kings equal.
Swimming: Kings; Queens; Trinity; School.
Cricket: School; Queens; Trinity; Kings.

GIRLS SPORTS SUMMARY

All the teams must be congratulated on their standard of play throughout the year 1968/9. Although they did not always win their team spirit was never lost! We now have teams from every year both in Hockey and Netball as well as a 1st and 2nd school team. The weather was very unsympathetic towards us in the spring term and many fixtures had to be cancelled. However, we are hoping for better weather this year.

As well as its ability on the games field, the school now has a promising Gym Club which meets every Monday at 1.30 p.m. in the Gym. Anyone wishing to join will be very welcome.

In conclusion, I would like to thank both captains, Joy Simpson (Tennis and Hockey) and Linda Staten (Netball); for their loyal help throughout the year.

M. K. FISHER

Sleep falls sweetly upon the virtuous.

HOCKEY 1969

This season the hockey teams have played several matches. Miss Fisher has experimented with many teams, some being successful, others not.

The main competition so far has been the tournament for grammar schools in which the first eleven were entered. They played five matches, winning two, one by corners and the other by an only goal which is credited to E. Haughton. Teams from all over the district competed and our eleven did well to finish in fourth place as they entered a very inexperienced side consisting of three third formers, three fourth formers, one fifth former and four sixth formers.

The under 14 XI have done quite well as they have not been defeated at home and have only lost two away matches.

The under 15 and under 13 teams have not been quite so successful but have gained one or two victories.

On the whole the teams have played well and we are receiving better results as the season progresses.

SANDRA TRACEY, 3T

TENNIS

Owing to lack of match practice the 1st VI tennis team was not very successful last season. Over the summer term a total of 5 matches were played and, although the scores were not very encouraging, I would like to thank all the members of the tennis team for persevering even though defeat loomed ahead for most weeks. I hope that more fixtures next season will change the team's luck as regards the match results.

ROUNDERS

Once again lack of fixtures meant that the rounders teams were not as successful as they have been in the past. The second year team had the best results: out of four matches they won three and lost one; with twenty-three and a half rounders for the team and twelve and a half rounders against. It can only be hoped that this team keeps up the good standard they have set themselves, next season and hope that others will follow in their footsteps.

JOY SIMPSON, UPPER SIXTH

HOCKEY 1968-9 SEASON

	played	won	lost	drawn	for	against
1st XI	9	4	4	1	22	16
2nd XI	3	1	1	1	2	11
U15 XI	3	2	1	0	8	5
U14 XI	4	3	1	0	21	3

NETBALL 1968-9 SEASON

	played	won	lost	drawn	for	against
1st VII	4	0	4	0	12	57
U15 VII	7	1	6	0	41	119
U14 VII	5	0	4	1	28	115
U13 VII	3	0	3	0	12	44
2nd yr. VII	3	1	1	1	12	37
3rd yr. VII	3	0	3	0	5	54
4th yr. VII	1	1	0	0	6	5

COLOURS AWARDED 1968-9

Netball (Senior): Julie Simpson, S. Lee, A. Cowley, S. Gray.

(Junior): B. Jones, J. Adams, J. Lawrence, V. Parsons, T. Robinson, J. Withers, B. Cowley, J. Smith, E. Hall.

Hockey (Senior): M. Morris, I. Kelly, R. Baker, M. Tite, S. Watkins, J. Morris, L. Moore.

(Junior): R. Jordan, E. Hester, E. Zaba, H. Hossack, L. Aris, J. Jesson, G. Tracey, L. Tranter, E. Houghton.

Tennis (Senior): J. Simpson, D. Morris, R. Baker, P. Clode, M. Tite, C. Wincott, L. Jarvis.

Rounders (Junior): E. Hester, E. Haughton, R. Jordan, N. Coward, S. Hale, B. Jones, S. Tracey.

GIRLS SPORTS RESULTS

JUNIOR

100 metres: 1st Jacqueline Jesson Q; 2nd Andrea Wilde S; 3rd Sandra Tracey S; Time 15.7

200 metres: 1st Jane Adams K; 2nd Judith Withers S; 3rd A. Tromans T; Time 33.6

Long Jump: 1st Jacqueline Jesson Q; 2nd Jane Adams K; 3rd equal Judith Withers S; Sandra Tracy S; Distance 13'1"

High Jump: 1st Judith Withers S; 2nd J. Baker T; 3rd Charlene Dyer T; Height 3'9½"

Rounders Ball: 1st Sandra Tracey S; 2nd J. Smith T; 3rd Linda Tranter K; Distance 151'10"

Relay: 1st School; 2nd Trinity; 3rd Queens. Time 1.6.3

INTERMEDIATE

100 metres: 1st Elaine Hall; 2nd Lynn Williamson; 3rd Tina Harvey S. Time 16.2

200 metres: 1st Elaine Hall K; 2nd Lynn Williamson T; 3rd equal Tina Harvey S; J. Hall Q. Time 32.7

Long Jump: 1st Susanne Watkins T; 2nd B. Jones T; 3rd Elaine Hall K. Distance 13'1"

High Jump: 1st B. Jones T; 2nd E. Hester Q; 3rd J. Hall Q. Height 4'3"

Rounders Ball: Rosemary Jordan T; 2nd Moira Morris Q; 3rd Elaine Parker S.

Relay: 1st Trinity; 2nd School; 3rd Kings. Time 1.6.3.

SENIOR

Events C

100 metres: 1st Alison Watters Q; 2nd Joy Simpson S; 3rd Cynthia Wincott T;

200 metres: 1st Yvonne Barratt Q; 2nd Cynthia Wincott T; 3rd Marian Doughty T; Time 31.1

Long Jump: 1st Alison Watters Q; 2nd Hilary Madely K; 3rd Anne Gurmin Q. Distance 13'7"

High Jump: 1st Alison Watters; 2nd Cynthia Wiscott T; 3rd Yvonne Barratt Q. Height 4'6"

Javelin: 1st Helen Sutton S; 2nd Julie Simpson Q; 3rd Linda Elliot T. Distance 48'8½"

Relay: 1st Queens; 2nd Kings. Time 1.3.4

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

Junior: Jacqueline Jesson Q; Intermediate: Elaine Hall K;

Senior: Alison Watters Q.

FINAL POSITIONS

1st Queens 394; 2nd Trinity 342; Third Kings 320; 4th School 291.

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SCHOOL PLAY

The School Play this year was 'Adventure Story' and told the life story of Alexander the Great from a young enthusiastic soldier to an embittered conqueror.

The part of Alexander was played by Geoff Tibbetts and the only word to describe his performance is professional. He coped with this change calmly and handled difficulties on stage with ease. The mood of the play was serious and there were many argumentative scenes, always so difficult for the amateur. Geoff Tibbetts managed these well with notable support from Lee Heaven and Nicholas Stokes. Perhaps the most difficult was the death of Cleitus (Lee Heaven). At dress rehearsal we all laughed at the sight of Lee falling flat on his face. The actors must have felt the same temptation but surmounted it on the actual nights of the play.

"Adventure Story" is a very long play and therefore taxes the actors who nevertheless remained fresh to the end.

On Thursday the speakers broke down and the play was delayed for half an hour. This was very disheartening for the actors but it was obvious to all that "the show must go on." It did and was most successful.

Everyone entered into the play wholeheartedly despite difficulties and praise and thanks must go to all, not only actors but to Mr. Laycock and the people concerned with make-up, costumes, scenery, props, lighting and sound effects. The play was a joint effort which was well worthwhile and I look forward with great expectation to next year's production.

M. P. HARRISON, UPPER SIXTH

SCHOOL CONCERT 1969

When, at the beginning of term, Mr. Broome was absent due to ill health, there was a certain amount of speculation as to the likelihood of a school concert at all. Since no-one knew what music Mr. Broome had ordered, (actually, it turned out to be a Gilbert and Sullivan overture, which never arrived . . .), we were working rather in the dark when orchestra rehearsals began well into the autumn term. Mr. Aykroyd, Mrs. Scheuer and myself delved into the music stock and came out with a set of parts for the Water Music by Handel. Rehearsals had begun.

On Mr. Broome's return, more music was added to the preliminary concert programme. Popular pieces proved to be the "Entrance of the Sirdar" by Ippolitov Ivanov, and the Mazurka from "Coppelia" by Delibes.

Another problem has raised its head—that of soloists. However, a magnificent response from pupils soon settled this—in fact, so many were included that the concert ran on longer than in previous years!

Peter Dethridge and David Weston played violin solos of a very high standard; Alan Sheward played a double bass solo by Ida Carroll; Trios were played by Stephanie Jennings (flute), David Weston (violin) and Paul Bodley (oboe and piano); An ensemble, trained by Mr

Broome, played three movements from a Bach suite. The recorder group, a favourite of former years, performed again, including Brian Bonsor's "Beguine" and "Hoe Down" and the march from "Little Suite" by Trevor Duncan. Much help in these pieces came from the members of the percussion section and Alan Sheward (piano).

The second half of the concert included choral items and more soloists. The soloists were Stephanie Jennings (flute) accompanied by Alan Sheward (piano) who played Debussy's "En Bateau", and Stephen Cross (guitar) and Martin Homer (glockenspiel) who played a minuet in E minor by Robert de Visée and Byrd's "The Earl of Salisbury".

The brass group, directed by Mr. W. Pryer, played "A Londoner's Log" and Bach's "Chorale" from the "Christmas Oratorio".

The choir had reached a very high standard, and performed excellently under Mr. Aykroyd's direction. The more traditional carols were augmented by more modern compositions including Benjamin Britten's "A Boy was Born", the "Zither Carol" (arranged Malcolm Sargent) and two by John Rutter, "Nativity Carol" and "The Shepherd's Pipe Carol".

Thanks are due to Mr. Broome and Mr. Aykroyd, for the training, and the peripatetic instructors who helped in so many ways. Mostly, of course, to the members of the choir and orchestra, for giving up so much time to reach such a high standard as they did in the School Concert, 1969.

PAUL BODLEY, UPPER SIXTH

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The oaths of the passionate have no meaning.

HYGIENE I

*Because my hands were dirty
When I ate that piece of cake
There are spots before my eyeballs
And I've got the tummy ache.*

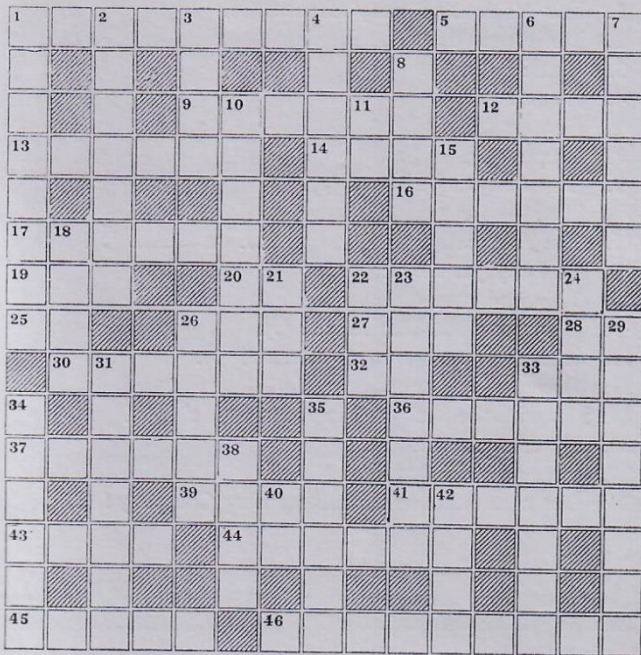
HYGIENE II

*The swallow flies south in the winter,
The swallow flies north in the spring;
A fly flew all over my dinner,
And now I have food poisoning.*

Robert Groom, Upper Sixth

Small beginnings may lead to large ends.

CROSSWORD



CLUES DOWN

1. Pearl gets a tan and a particular sort of care (8).
2. In there is not one nor the other (7).
3. Often conspicuous amongst the thorns (4).
4. An occupant—name it (6).
6. To praise insincerely can lead to a more level surface (7).
7. It's hardly cricket to bowl one to a man from a north country town (6).
8. Bones, having lost a letter becomes stuck up (4).
10. A sour thousand, Latin-style, with nothing, becoming loving (7).
11. Remove dew from 45 across and its no longer off (2).
15. A war-time nick-name is almost unpleasant (5).
18. Tripe is overdone, remove a little and it becomes ready for eating (4).
21. Simply lead sulphide (3).
22. He changed tea and did this (3).
23. Rod core becomes broken up to eat away (7).
24. Bitter as grapes (4).
26. Re cod—this applies when the middles have been removed (5).
29. A military run-away (but sounds like a pudding machine) (8).
31. This girl is fantastic but there's something fishy about her (7).
33. About a chap who can take part in a reaction (7).
34. Friendly counsel is partly a fault (6).
35. Darkest continent (6).
38. Drug for an idiot ? (4).
40. Alternatively French gold (2).
42. Much energy is required to split the smallest particle (4).

DEIRDRE MORRIS, LOWER SIXTH

CLUES ACROSS

1. A view is complete and all-round if provided by map or inca. (9).
5. Why, the attic is at a great height (5).
9. Red or pink, it's still fishy (6).
12. Liar's hideout. (4).
13. Meet E.S. and regard him highly (6).
14. Just now it will be seen in an onset (4).
16. Initial change in cattle causes a fight ((6).
17. Can confused Tom err and cause a slight earth movement (6).
19. Contents of a pneumatic tyre (3).
20. Brief-est category of art (2).
22. These players can be amateur or professional (6).
25. In short, a long player (2).
26. Young fox or scout (3).
27. This sort of soldier gets the wind up (3).
28. On delivery the fish loses an initial and becomes less than odd (2).
30. Me and the leader of the gang join to stamp in relief (6).
32. Royal Initials (2).
33. Sounds like sauce to regret (3).
36. A short reverend gentleman, addressed politely, leads us to the larger streams (6).
37. Barbed, so moved quickly away (6).
39. Knock and it shall be opened (4).
41. Danger is changed but becomes equally lethal (6).
43. The terrible man was vain (4).
44. Roman five and tripe tend to hedge (6).
45. Woden has the power to enrich financially (6).
46. Remote bar includes device for measuring pressure (9).

When it's reliability you want
it's

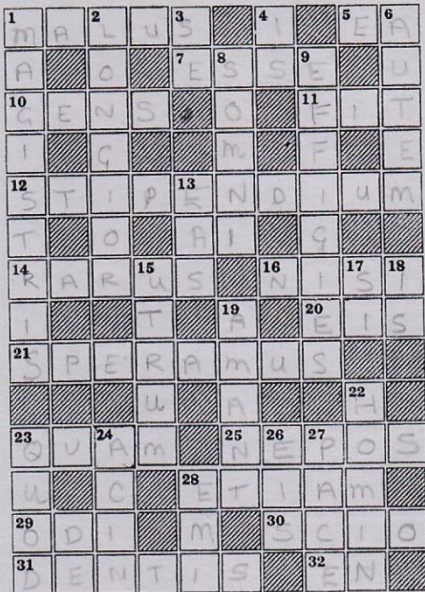
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LATIN CROSSWORD



CLUES ACROSS

- Bad, wicked man (5).
- She (2).
- To be (or not to be) (4).
- A race of people (4).
- It happens (3).
- Is it lawful to pay it to Caesar? (10).
- Rare and unusual (5).
- Unless—if not— (4).
- To them (3).
- We hope (8).
- How! (4).
- A grandson who is an author (5).
- Even (5).
- I hate (3).
- I know (4).
- of the tooth —(6).
- An interjection of Behold! (2).

JANET ANDREW, UPPER SIXTH



CLUES DOWN

- The Ablative of many teachers (9).
- The longer one (7).
- Himself (2).
- He (2).
- Forever (5).
- Sleep(s) (5).
- Guy Fawkes perhaps? (8).
- Them there girls (3).
- The Alternative Question or (5).
- If, I say yes (2).
- This and that (2).
- They love and like (5).
- The stem of all mankind (5).
- Because (4).
- "in with the acc" or 'moreover, inside' (2-2).
- By those (3).
- Peace, in the last case (4).
- Out of a vocative for a Recording Company! (3).



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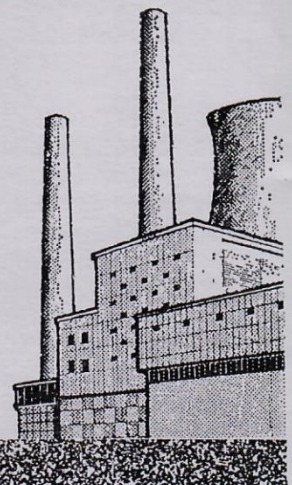
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Puzzle 1 :

Three brides with their jealous husbands are to cross a river by ferry. The ferry only carries two people, so to avoiding any compromising situations the crossings are to

be arranged so that no woman shall be left with a man unless her husband is present. How are they to cross ? (Clue, 11 crossings).

Puzzle 2 : Solve the Crossword Puzzle.

1	5	6	7
2			
3			
4			

- Across
1. Many women have two.
 2. Is indebted.
 3. Sounds like "they" in French.
 4. Relaxation.
- Down
1. Skin blemish.
 5. Works in the dark.
 6. Character in "Wind in the Willows".
 7. Famous Dixieland Trombonist.

Puzzle 3.

Three points are selected at random on a sphere's surface. What is the probability that all three points lie on the same hemisphere ?

Solution to this and the other puzzles obtainable from Mr. Sant.

SOLUTION TO CROSS WORD

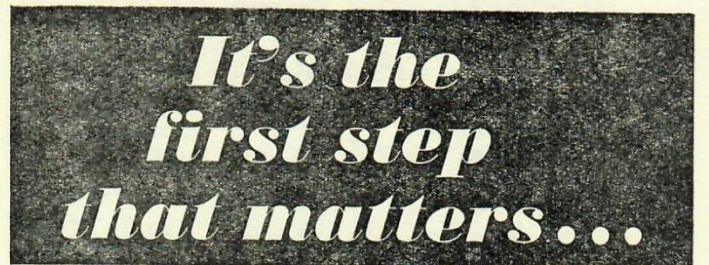
ACROSS
 1 Parental; 2 Neither; 3 Rose; 4 Innate; 6 Flatter; 7 Yorker; 8 Snob; 10 Amorous; 11 On; 15 Nasty; 18 Ripe; 21 PBS; 22 Ate; 23 Corrode; 24 Sour; 26 Core; 29 Deserter; 31 Mermaid; 33 Reagent; 34 Advice; 35 Africa; 38 Dope; 40 Or; 42 Atom.

DOWN
 1 Anon; 16 Battle; 17 Tremor; 19 Air; 20 Op; 22 Actor; 25 L.P.; 26 Cub; 27 Toy; 28 Od; 30 Emboss; 32 Er; 33 Rue; 36 Rivers; 37 Dated; 39 Door; 41 Dagger; 43 Ivan; 44 Privet; 45 Endow; 46 Barometer.

SOLUTION TO LATIN CROSSWORD

ACROSS
 1 Malus; 5 Ea; 7 Esse; 10 Gens; 11 Fit; 12 Stipendium; 14 Rarus; 16 Nisi; 20 Eis; 21 Speramus; 23 Quam; 25 Nepos; 28 Etiam; 29 Odi; 30 Scio; 31 Dentis; 32 Eni

DOWN
 1 Magistri; 2 Longior; 3 Sed; 4 Is; 6 Autem; 8 Somni; 9 Effigies; 13 Eas; 15 Urum; 17 Si; 18 Is; 19 Aman; 22 Homini; 23 Quod; 24 Ac...in; 26 Eis; 27 Pace; 28 EMI.



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Walk swiftly from temptation, or it may overtake you.

THE SPONSORED WALK

Spirits were high when, on May 9th, many of us set out on either the eight, ten, or fifteen mile route which had been selected for our sponsored walk, the school effort chosen by the Social Service Council in order to raise money for the British Empire Campaign for Cancer Research. Armed with fifteen cards bearing our name and form, to be handed in at each check point en route, a route map and an armband, we left the hall, commenting pessimistically on the notice which read "If you have not completed the walk by 3.10 p.m. walk to the nearest check-point and wait."

Many selected the longest route which took us from school to the "Hen and Chickens", where we gave in a card to Mrs. Thomas and Miss Westwood and were duly crossed over the road. We almost missed Mr. Davis at Shell Corner as he was sitting comfortably in his car! A benevolent smile was our reward at the "Stag" and Miss Woodburn encouraged us with, "Keep going." Reaching the Warley Bowl we met Miss Fisher and remarked on the fair weather, regretting our burdensome umbrellas. However, before the "Kings Head" the rain came and was painfully punctuated by the sharp sting of hail-stones. We disrupted Bearwood High Street in mid-morning as we headed for the "Red Cow", where Mr. Crofts was stationed. (Odd how many check points were outside public houses!). This was the half-way point but it was with leaden feet that we took refreshments at Holly Lane Clinic. Mr. Price duly collected our ninth card at the Cenotaph in Oldbury and we tramped on to Lower City Road, (don't be misled by the name; it was very steep!). Thinking of the money we would collect, we pressed on to be told sadistically by Mr. Quarterman that we could not cross the road other than by the bridge, a quarter of a mile down the road, because of the danger!

The sun came out as we toiled up Upper City Road, clambering over the first formers' exhausted bodies. Actually, I was amazed at the stamina of the younger walkers. An ice cream van had strategically placed itself at the bottom of Portway Hill and we were able to rest awhile before going on to the "Hen and Chickens". With the thought that home was near we almost ran up Joining's Bank and Moat Road—where the Domestic science room was filled with fellow walkers downing their pints of orange squash! As we walked home we were contented in the thought that our efforts would make the lives of some people who are not so fortunate, a little happier.

Credit too, must be given to the staff who made the walk possible and gave up their day's holiday to organise it.

SHEILA COLDICOTT, LOWER SIXTH

AUTUMN VISIT TO EDGMOND HALL

The aim of this excursion was to study the survival of plants and animals in two very distinct habitats; in the pastures, lanes and woodlands in the vicinity of the school, and the littoral zone at Borth. Most plants at maturity produce prodigal quantities of fruits and seeds, and were these to fall upon the soil immediately below the parent plant, there would be intense competition amongst the seedlings initially for anchorage, then for light, and ulti-

mately for their own species requirements of mineral elements. One sort of plant soon leaches the specific elements it needs, and renders the habitat unsuitable for its own continuance. The successful species must scatter its seeds. The weather during this part of the study was dry and breezy, enabled us to see a wide range of specialisations; wings, and propellers delaying the descent of seeds; hairy parachutes sensitive to moisture assisting in the dispersal of others over a wide area; capsules on long dry stalk scattering seeds censer-wise; hooks, barbs and burrs that adhere to fleece. More passive but equally successful are the fruits, good to look at, and better to taste. These swallowed whole are deposited in ideal circumstances some hours later.

The autumn tide was favourable, and exposed the reef off the coast at Borth completely, which enabled us to study the fullest extent of the littoral zone. This zone lies between the highest and lowest tides, and is interesting because it was through this coastal belt that life originating in the seas of millions of years ago must pass to colonise the land, and moreover today a zone in which only the most specialised survive. Animals and plants living here spend half the day immersed in salt water, and the other half exposed to air, wind, and sun. Not only do they have to withstand the pounding of the incoming tide, but also overcome during the hours of exposure the danger of desiccation. A wide range of examples was collected, from seaweeds that are able to lose more than 90% of their water content and still survive, to the familiar limpet which encloses sea water within its shell to survive the hours of exposure. This study was carried out under weather conditions which impressed on the group the difficulties of life in the littoral zone. We started in a patch of dry windy weather, which gave way to drizzle, and finally strong wind, and lashing rain off the sea.

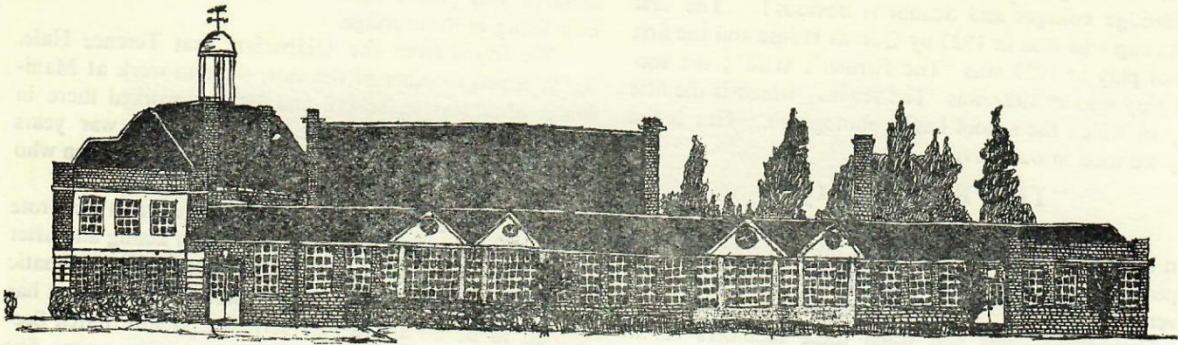
In conclusion, the group must be commended for its high standard of behaviour, and appreciation of the problem set out for investigation, and they would particularly wish to express their sincere appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Sorrill for their kindly hospitality.

E. G. SWAIN

DOMESTICITY

Her countenance is merry and her large, brown eyes twinkle incessantly, while her cheeks glow with the warmth radiated in the kitchen. Her robust complexion is alien to fashion but this is of no consequence to her for the "niceties" of life have little to do with her job. Her arm is constantly pushing back her fringe which refuses to stay inside the lacy cap she wears on her head, as she rolls the pastry, kneads the dough or creams the butter and sugar, puffing and panting with the exertion. Her portly figure, stocky legs and puffy feet, which envelope her stout countrylike shoes that thud against the red tiled floor as she moves from the great, uneconomical coal range to the sink, seem to blot out the vast expanse of whitewashed wall and tower over her utensils, emphasising her capable and pleasantly domineering nature which influences not only those under her but the very food she cooks. The spotless

To cool a passion take a long walk.



white apron flaps around her equatorial ankles and the sleeves of her black dress are rolled up revealing her flabby but competent white arms. Beads of sweat form on her ruddy face as she toils away; patches of white powder cling to her forehead where her expansive white hands have wiped away the moisture and deposited in its stead a symbol of her occupation—flour.

Each pie she makes, each cake she cuts, each potato she peels is one more towards her goal—her most coveted aim in life. Her happiness is other people's happiness, when her cakes melt in their mouths and slither luxuriously down their throats to add inches to their hips. Size or weight is of no consequence, for each meal served up piping hot, delicious and attractively appetizing is to her the equivalent of an exam passed with flying colours. The comments of her "testers" pass over her head, her reward is her own satisfaction—as if they could judge her perfection.

While she bakes her thoughts are varied—whether or not young Eleanor is walking out with Tom yet; has the mistress's new dress arrived yet; how long will it be before Sarah is brought out into society? Clearly her thoughts lack intellectual ingenuity but she does not depend on knowledge and culture for her happiness and satisfaction, existing on an even keel neither thinking of those to the left or to the right of her except as actors taking part in fleeting glimpses of what appears to be another world. Her thoughts serve only as an aid to her task, taking her mind off her cooking yet helping her to roll the pastry nice and even.

Rosie Banks' only sadness is when "that important pie for the Master's dinner guests" either sinks in the middle, curls or breaks at the edges or burns, or when "little Emily's Gingerbread men" break as she gently tries to ease them off the well-worn baking tray onto the silver platters. Sometimes her thoughts wander too much and the sharp knife with which she is edging the skin off the mushroom, slips and her flesh peels back, revealing a streak of red blood which flows with rapidity until, by the laws of nature, it congeals, clotting, leaving a dark red stain around the wound—this is sadness because her methods have failed to be perfect, she has failed to control her soul and body as she controls the flame under her oven. She lives for her cooking and her kitchen.

ELIZABETH CUTTER, UPPER SIXTH

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OLD

After the passing of the 1904 Education Act, the Secondary School was opened in the Old Technical School in Flash Road. It started in 1904 when the younger pupils filled the lower forms and pupil teachers from other schools in the area filled the IV and V forms. These senior pupils only attended five half days a week to study the subjects necessary for their exam., the Preliminary Certificate. The lessons were science, while the lower school had Elementary Biology taught by the Headmaster Mr. Walker. They also taught Music, Maths, French, English, History, Geography, Art, Needlework, Latin, Woodwork and Gym, which incidentally was taught by an Army N.C.O., Sergeant Pickering. The total staff numbered eight. Every week an essay title was pinned to the notice board which had to be handed in punctually on Fridays. One such title set in 1906 was:

"Will man ever be able to fly?"

The girls of the Senior School had no uniform except for games kit which consisted of gym tunic and pumps; the Junior School girls had to wear a navy gym tunic and white blouse; the blazer was plain navy with a simple school badge consisting of the letters O.S.S. (Oldbury Secondary School). In those days girls played hockey and cricket, whilst the boys played football and cricket.

There were no school dinners so pupils had to bring sandwiches or go home. Pupils could either enter the school by winning a scholarship or if they had enough money could pay the necessary fee. The pupil teachers worked out in a few years and went to universities or jobs. The lady who supplied this information for us was the first pupil to go to Birmingham University from the school. (By the way they only got a £20 grant, £10 of which had to go as fees to the University). In 1911 the headmaster was Mr. Crisp who stayed on until 1920 when he was succeeded by Mr. Howarth who moved with the school to its present buildings in 1920.

These buildings were built by the Jacksons, whose family had built the school at Flash Road. The equipment for the School came from the Midland Educational and the total cost was £38,000. The architect, Mr. A. Vernon Rose offered two prizes for the best decoration scheme of the Assembly Hall, these prizes were won by Josephine Nebbard and A. Westwood. The school was

opened by the Principal of Birmingham University. The houses of Kings, Queens and Trinity were named after Cambridge colleges and School is obvious! The first house cup was won in 1927 by Queens House and the first school play in 1927 was "The Farmer's Wife"; the second play also in 1927 was "The Rivals" which is the first play of which the school has a photograph. This is the play we used in our survey.

"THE RIVALS" 1927

WHERE ARE THEY NOW ?

(An attempt by Lower Sixth form girls to trace the cast appearing in the first school play photograph — see back cover).

Forty-three years ago when these members of the school play were featured in "The Oldburian", little did they know that their names would re-appear in the 1969 edition of the school magazine.

When we first began this project we thought that it would be almost impossible to trace any of the people involved. Fortunately, owing to the large number of "Oldburian" still kept in the school we were able to find a cast list and set about tracing the characters.

As Mr. Laycock has always been involved in the production of the school plays for as long as we can remember, we decided to ask him about the cast and he told us that one of the major characters, Philip "Pip" Woodward, who played the part of "Faulkland", had passed away in 1956 whilst on the school staff as the Senior French Master. While he was a pupil from 1924-30 he took part in many school activities. He was House Captain for Queens, Football Captain, Games Secretary and also Secretary of Joint Societies. In 1933 he was awarded a 'Bachelor of Arts' degree. After working for Birmingham Education Committee until 1939 and in Middlesex until 1942 he returned to the school.

From the magazines, we also found out that Thomas Leslie Mallard became a chartered accountant after leaving school. After finding his address in the "Year Book of Chartered Accountants", we wrote for an interview and went to see him. He played the part of "Fag" in the play and was also in the first play "The Farmer's Wife". He played in the cricket and football first XI's and was nicknamed "Checker" Mallard because of his great footballing ability. In 1939 he became a qualified chartered accountant and has been in private practise for twenty-four years. He has three sons, Rod, a chartered accountant, Jonathan, who has inherited his father's acting ability and is now a member of Birmingham Repertory Company and Jeremy, an artist.

While we were at the Mallard's house, Mrs. Mallard looked in the "Year Book of Chartered Accountants and gave us the address of Bernard Greenway who is now living in Cardiff. After leaving school he went into the City Treasurers Department in Birmingham and then moved to West Bromwich. In 1945 he moved to Glamorgan and was appointed Deputy Treasurer in 1948 and in 1969 he succeeded to the chief post of County Treasurer. He told us that they had fencing lessons in the headmaster's study to prepare them for the play.

Mrs. Mallard also telephoned Malcolm Everitt, the brother of Rhona, who gave us her address. She married a German who was serving in the British Army in the Second World War and was asked by our government to

take a British name in case he was taken prisoner by the Nazis, so he took his wife's maiden name. When her two children had grown up she returned to teaching and is now living in Stourbridge.

We found from the 'Oldburian' that Terence Hale, the youngest member of the cast, went to work at Manifoldia after leaving school and he has worked there in various capacities ever since, except for the war years when he served in Italy for some time. He has a son who is a teacher.

Mr. Hale gave us Doris Price's address and we wrote to her. She has always been interested in acting and after leaving school she joined the Old Students Dramatic Society and later the Oldbury Repertory Theatre but has ceased to be an active member. She is still Match Secretary and umpire for the Cresconians hockey team. She is now part owner of Blackheath Steam Laundry and is in her third year as Chairman of the Hurst Green Townswomen's Guild, of which she is also International Chairwoman.

Doris Price told us in her letter that A. E. Robinson was in the R.A.F. in the war and was reported missing presumed killed on active service.

She also gave us the address of Eric Willetts' sister and we were able to contact Eric Williams himself through her. After leaving school he trained to be a teacher and taught at Castle Road school and Albrights. After the war he taught at Bristnall Hall School and is now Headmaster of a school in Coventry.

Meanwhile we were in contact with Miss James, head of a local Primary School who used to attend the Grammar School. She gave us the address of H. G. Barlow and we wrote to him. He played Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the play but was not in the photograph because he was ill at the time. He is now Headmaster at a school in Harborne.

Miss James also gave us the address of Dorothy Homer who is the sister of Daisy Homer and put us in touch with her in Yorkshire. She played Julia in "The Rivals" and was head girl at the school. Her real name was Marie Elizabeth Daisy Gritton Homer but she was called Daisy at school. She went to Birmingham University and taught in Birmingham and Oldbury, at an evacuated school during the war and later at Wiltshire and Kent where she is now living and has one son, Stephen.

Daisy Homer, now Mrs. Bates gave us Kathleen Butler's address and we discovered that she went to work at Danks in Oldbury when she left school and later moved to another firm. She was married in 1937 and is now living in Dudley; her son is training to be a chartered accountant.

We found very little information about Ethel Icke except that she married a Mr. Hodgkins, an old boy who took a degree at Birmingham University and went to teach in a Grammar School. We had almost given up hope of finding Daisy Hackett when we discovered that Louise Nicholls in the sixth form had some relations called Hackett and we now know that Daisy Hackett is an Associated Member at the Institute of Mechanical Engineering and is living in Bedfordshire. This meant that we had traced everyone in the cast list of "The Rivals".

PATRICIA CLODE, LORRAINE JARVIS,
SHEILA GRIFFIN, CATHERINE WARWICK,
LOWER SIXTH



Cast from left to right: A. E. ROBINSON (understudy for H. G. BARLOW), THOMAS MALLARD, BERNARD GREENWAY, ETHEL ICKE, ERIC WILLETTS, DAISY HACKETT, PHILIP WOODWARD, DAISY HOMER, TERENCE HALE, DORIS PRICE, RHONA EVERETT, KATHLEEN BUTLER.

Working at it is better than thinking about it.

