

OLDBURIAN

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THE OLDBURIAN 1970

OLDBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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MR. AYKROYD

We offer our congratulations to Mr. Aykroyd on becoming headmaster of Dartmouth High School, a large comprehensive school in West Bromwich.

Mr. Aykroyd was at University when the war came, and he joined the R.A.F. and went to Burma. There he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for flying his Mosquito on dangerous bombing raids. On demobilisation, he went back to Manchester University and took an English degree. He taught at Stockport, and Stretford and was second master at Sandbach Independent School before coming to be our headmaster in September 1963.

Here, he introduced a programme of general studies, and obtained teachers to start courses in music and economics. His prime hobby is choral music, and he has conducted many choral concerts at the school. A new woodwork room has been built, and a fine music room set up where the woodwork room used to be. He maintained and strengthened the high standards of academic attainment at the school, but also introduced a policy for the Sixth Form of providing courses and opportunities for those pupils not necessarily taking a full advanced course.

Probably the clearest characteristic that we shall remember of him is his sympathy and kindness to all. He is a good listener, and has always been consistently careful to smoothe over troubled waters, and to provide encouragement to staff and pupils.

D. Crofts.



(Express and Star)

MR. JENNINGS

We welcome as our new Headmaster Mr. L. E. Jennings. Mr. Jennings knows this area well as he spent a year at Birmingham University after he had gained his B.A. degree in History at Oxford University.

He held teaching posts at East Ham Grammar School (London), the Cooper's Company School (London), and at Sheldon Heath Comprehensive School before he became headmaster of Burnwood High School (Stoke) in 1965.

Mr. Jennings's wife and two children will join him when he has found a house, and we look forward to seeing them at school functions.

D. Crofts

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

The calendar year 1970 will be one which will remain in my memory for many years, for it is the year in which I leave the field to a better man than I. But more of that presently. It has also been a year in which some of our old friends have left us, and others have come our way. Most headmasters are wont to decry the great amount of movement there has been in the teaching profession over the last two decades or so; but though this does make for instability in our educational progress, it has the compensation of giving one the opportunity to meet many more people and to make many more friends.

For the whole of the academic year 1969/70 our Economics teacher, Mrs. Thomas, was seconded to a course at the Worcester College of Education. We were fortunate to be able to obtain, with the ready co-operation of the Warley College of Technology, the services of Mrs. B. Evans. The school would like to express its appreciation to Dr. Young, the principal of the College, for his willing help in this matter. The Junior Mathematics which Mrs. Thomas had also covered, was taught by Mr. Lawson, who gave some of his time to the English Department, but who, unfortunately,

had to be ceded to another school in the Borough in September last, on Mrs. Thomas' return. At the end of the Autumn Term 1969, we lost the services of Mrs. A. Brayne from the Mathematics Department, and were very pleased after Christmas to be able to view the reason for her leaving, a baby daughter. Mrs. Brayne's place was filled by Mr. R. P. Dennison, who in the twelve months he has been here has proved himself to be a most valuable member of the staff. At Christmas also we lost Mrs. Boulton from the Chemistry Department, occasioned by her husband's move to the London area, and later in the year Mrs. Probert and Mr. Tudor to Halesowen Grammar School, and Wednesbury College of Technology respectively. To all these teachers we extend our grateful thanks for the good work they did with us, and wish them every success and happiness in their new careers. Our thanks are especially due to Mrs. Probert, who gave much help to the Guide Company, and whose leaving has left a gap which will not easily be filled. Into the vacancies left by these teachers, we have now welcomed Mr. A. Reynolds, (Chemistry), Mr. P. C. Hill, (Physics), and Miss A. Price, (Biology).

Earlier in the year we were saddened by the serious illness of Mr. H. Laycock, of the Geography Department, and our excellent producer of plays. This occurred, most unfortunately for us all, at the time when the play was well into rehearsal, and the work involved had of necessity to fall on the shoulders of other members of staff, particularly Mrs. Roulstone. She and the other ladies and gentlemen stepped in most gallantly, and a production which won great acclaim from all its audiences was mounted. We are glad to say that Mr. Laycock is now back with us looking like his old self again, and I should like to offer him my congratulations on his recent appointment as Head of the Geography Department.

That brings me to another cause of sadness for the school. At the end of this term Miss Firth will be retiring after nearly 30 years, first as teacher of Geography, then as Head of the Geography Department. The service that she has given to the school has been long and faithful, and she has, over the years, made many good friends of the pupils she has taught. She has created a Geography Department which has always attracted a large number of students, whilst she herself has consistently maintained high standards of scholarship and expertise. The good wishes of the school go with Miss Firth, and we wish her many years of happiness ahead.

The fortunes of the school in the Academic Year 1969-70 have been such that one could in all conscience say that the school was highly successful. Favoured as we have been with a highly qualified staff and with a VIth Form of very good quality, our examination results in June 1970 were very good indeed. At Advanced level 57 candidates were entered for 193 subjects; 22 passed four subjects each i.e., three specialist subjects and General Studies; 10 passed three subjects, and 13 two subjects. Thus 45 candidates out of 57 passed in two or more subjects. Of these eight candidates achieved Grade 'A' in at least two subjects out of four, and I should like particularly to commend the performance of Brian Debney, now reading Mathematical Physics at the University of Birmingham, who achieved no fewer than four grade A's, together with Grade 1 in the Physics special paper, and Grade 2 in the Mathematics Special Paper. This is a first rate achievement and Brian is to be congratulated on such a successful completion of his course. Special mention is due also to Duncan Allbrooke, who achieved three Grades A and a Grade B, together with Grade 2 in the Chemistry Special Paper, and to Lee Heaven, Ashley James, Karen Coulthard, Mary Harrison, Nadia Neale and Lorraine Round, all of whom achieved the highest grade in two Advanced level subjects.

At Ordinary level, 90 candidates from the 5th Form were entered for 680 subjects, and one from the LVith Form who was taking 'O' level for the first time. Of these 59 obtained 5 or more subjects, i.e. 64.8 per cent of our entry; 71 out of 91, i.e. 78 per cent obtained 4 or more subjects, whilst the number passing in no subjects was NIL.

Results of this standard are qualifying more people each year for entry to Advanced level courses in the VIth Form, and our VIth Form starts this year at 128, i.e. just under one quarter of the whole school. The fact that more and more students are realising the virtue of continuing their full-time education until the last possible moment. We have this year sent 20 candidates to Universities or Colleges to read for degrees, and 16 to Colleges of Education. The remaining 11 candidates in our UVith year went to sandwich courses, accountancy, the Civil Service or banking.

Our out-of-class activities have been traditional, and indicate, not that our children are stick-in-the-mud, but that they like to see something worth doing well done. The highlights of every school year are the play and the concert. The former of these I have briefly mentioned already, but you may imagine a Headmaster's raised eyebrows when

his producer comes along and says that he is going to put on 'Sweeney Todd the Demon Barber.' However, having implicit faith in Mr. Laycock's good, nay sophisticated taste, the production was duly put in hand, and I believe that all concerned would agree that our first semi-musical adventure was not only well worth-while, but a distinguished success.

Similarly, our concert the previous Christmas was made memorable by the qualities of an orchestra that, I think I may say with little fear of contradiction, was the best the school has produced for many a year. To Mr. Broome and the instrumental teachers, our thanks are due for the achievement of standards that one would go far to better in a school orchestra.

Both these activities, play and musical concerts, involve a very large number of boys and girls, and members of staff. Were it not for the willingness of all the people concerned, whether performers, or back-room boys and girls, productions of the standard our people achieve would not be possible.

Our other activities show a wide variety. Our VIth Formers continue to complement their French studies by attendance at the Semaine Culturelle in Paris each year, and in this connection I am extremely glad to be able to offer my own personal congratulations, and those of the school, to Mr. Lawton, on his recent award of the decoration Chevalier dans l'Ordre des Palmes Académiques by the French Government, for his work as an officer of the Anglo/French Society of Birmingham. Our geographers and geologists continue their annual courses at Field Studies Centres in various parts of the country; our biologists, both young and old, pay more and more frequent visits to the wild-fowl trust at Slimbridge and to Edmond Hall, where we accept with gratitude the hospitality that Mr. and Mrs. Sorrell afford to us. Visits to the theatre are frequent, especially to the Royal Shakespeare theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, and one cannot help feeling that all these intellectual challenges must have a great deal of influence in creating a moulded and rounded personality. I do not leave out of account our Guide Company, so ably run by our Miss Pine, to whom once again we extend our grateful thanks for the hard work and the time she gives to the girls of our Company. Nor do I forget the increasing number of holidays organized by members of the staff, especially during the summer holiday. "The Oldburian" continues to flourish, and is earning commendations in many quarters for its enterprising style and format.

I should like also to express the school's appreciation to the primary and infant Head Teachers of the Borough who so willingly take our senior pupils into their schools at the end of the summer term, to give them some preliminary teaching practice. This is a most valuable exercise, enabling our young people to form a preliminary judgment as to whether they feel that teaching is their true vocation, and, whether confirming a student in his choice, or convincing him that he should **not** teach, can do nothing but good.

Our Social Services last year again proved most successful, and raised over £1,000. Our children, through our Social Services Council, decided that the money should be devoted to the handicapped and deprived children of the borough, and so, after spending some of our money on Christmas presents for the children's home at Pedmore Walk, on the Lion Farm Estate, negotiations are now in hand for helping with major items of equipment a number of organisations who do not normally receive aid from the Local Authority. Thus we are now making gifts to the Short-stay home for Mentally Handicapped Children in Smethwick, the Smethwick Adventure Playground, the Club for Physically-Handicapped Children at Rood End Infants' School, and the provision of a therapy room at the Firs Special School. Towards this last the Authority will, of course, be making the major contribution, but we have been

given to understand that our own offering will not only be acceptable, but necessary. In this age when the modern bureaucratic state is tending to depersonalise life, we think it important that care and concern for others less fortunate than ourselves will in the course of time do something to mitigate the effect of the tired, bored and confused civilisation that the industrial rat-race is imposing upon us. This was brought out most vividly when our children entertained members of the Oldbury Adventure Club to a party just before the Easter holiday, and saw some of the difficulties that handicapped people have to suffer.

The paradox of departure is a strange one, felt by all members of all staffs whenever they leave a school. The challenge of something new: the loss of something loved: these irreconcilables are tugging me both ways as I write these, my last notes for "The Oldburian," and I cannot but admit to the suspicions of a tear as I find the moment of departure drawing nearer. For when one makes a move like this, one realises that the affections one has built up over the years for the innumerable men and women, boys and girls, whom one has been permitted to serve, have all developed because of the generosity so many of them have

shown towards my own peculiarities.

To all these generous people I give my thanks for a life made pleasant at Oldbury. To the members of the staff, who in so many different ways have set and continued to maintain the highest standards of scholarship and enterprise. And especially to my Deputies, first Miss Tweedie and Mr. Richards, and in later years, to Mrs. Mends and Mr. Crofts, whose help and encouragement at all times have been invaluable. To the boys, girls, and old students of the school, whose loyalty to this community and their concern for others has never flagged. To our parents who give us so much support. To all those people without whom, as we have recently seen in less fortunate areas, a school could not run at all, our caretakers and cleaners and our school meals staff: to all those people in the Education Office who have the responsibility of making it continually possible for teaching staffs to do their job. And to the School Secretaries, without whom a Headmaster would be helpless. Finally, to the School Governors, whose concern is always that the children in their schools shall have the best education possible.

H. A. Aykroyd

SOCIAL SERVICES 1969/70

Having raised money for a world-wide charity 'Cancer Research' the previous year, the Social Services Council decided to turn to the other extreme and to help the people of our own Borough of Warley. The campaign opened by arousing the school's interest in the under-privileged by showing a film 'Steps to Independence.' This was concerned with Spastics and other physically handicapped people. Then every form got to work in order to raise money for the members of a children's home. Posters, advertising events and fund-raising efforts decorated the school for weeks. Mrs. Mends, on behalf of the Council, spent part of the money gained from these efforts on presents for twelve children in a home on Lion Farm Estate, with which they were delighted.

The chief concern of the Social Services for the summer term was the enthusiastically supported sponsored walk which raised over a thousand pounds. The money has been spent on buying a special kind of wheelchair for a club for physically handicapped people, a therapy room for mentally handicapped children and also on a play centre for socially deprived children.

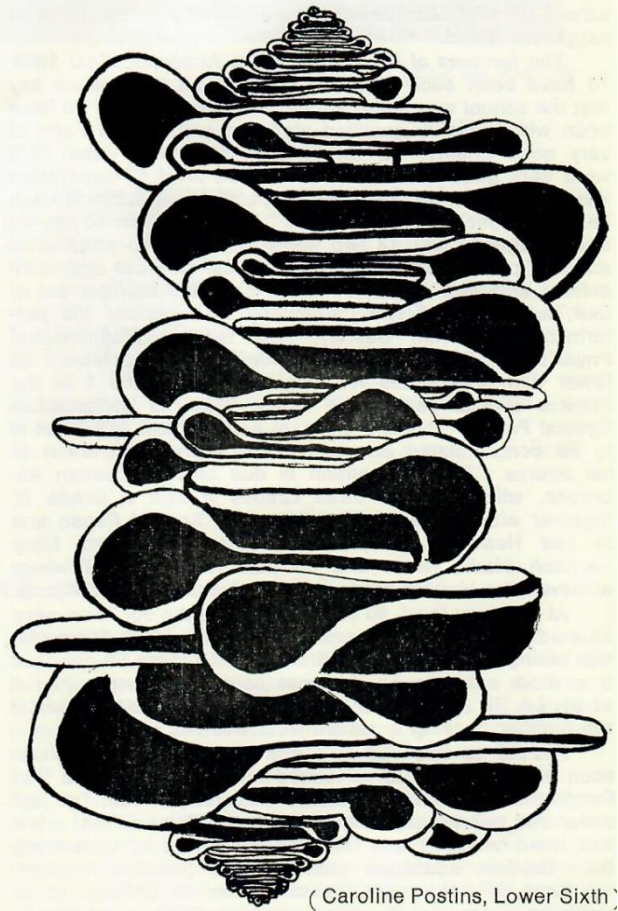
The efforts put in by all members of the school have been very worthwhile and have proved fruitful once more.

Sheila Griffin, Upper Sixth

GEOGRAPHY FIELD STUDIES 1970

We were welcomed to Nettlecombe Court, home of the Leonard Wills field centre, in the dwindling light of evening on the 21st October, 1970, having successfully made our way to Somerset from the four corners of the borough. We didn't know what we were letting ourselves in for!

The group of twenty geographers, including fifteen from O.G.S., endeavouring to maintain the school's reputation (but almost failing miserably), could soon be seen scaling the heady heights of the Brendon Hills in the moist morning mist, having breakfasted royally on baked beans and sausage, after rising at the unearthly hour of 7.30. We spent the first few days paddling rivers in our attempt to find their vital statistics, Mal setting up his own H.E.P. Station (which he plans to sell to the Government) in the process. Saturday was spent in independent work and Sunday was theoretically a rest day but in practice turned out to be hours of brain-strain punctuated by cups of coffee. Monday was spent on coastal study and Tuesday at Cheddar Gorge.



(Caroline Postins, Lower Sixth)

Miss Firth (the iron hand in the velvet glove) took great pains to help us in all our ventures and despite oppressing amounts of work and occasional deficiencies in concentration and food, the industrious and easy-going Upper Sixth group triumphed.

Deirdre Morris, Kevin Debney, Upper Sixth

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TONY'S MORNING

Every morning, Dad leaves the house in a tremendous hurry, clasping his brown leather gloves in one hand and his morning newspaper in the other, along with his spectacle case, so I am told by Mother. He rushes to the bus stop to catch the bus which was due eight minutes ago, only to find when he reaches the bus stop that it hasn't even come into sight along the main road yet.

Today when the door slammed I woke up with a start, as the slam had wrenched me from my dreams. I sat up in bed, hair disarranged, sleep in my eyes and pins and needles in my right foot. I began to muse about Dad and his door slamming tactic, as this was one of the few mornings he had awakened me by using it. My mind began to wander and settled thinking whether I had a father who was a main contender for the title of 'World Door Slamming Champion.'

My train of thought was broken as Mom shouted upstairs, "Awake yet, Tony?"

"No!" I shouted back, "I'm sleeping the sleep of the dead, as I've been murdered during the night."

"Don't be sarcastic! Hurry down or your toast will get burnt."

Her last remark started me into a frenzy of action. Off with my pyjamas and on with my school clothes, underwear and trousers at least. I started thinking how long it would take for a piece of bread to burn on maximum heat under the grill: Not very long, was my conclusion. While I had been thinking I had absent-mindedly buttoned up my shirt incorrectly. I undid the buttons and ran down the stairs trying to button up my shirt and tuck it into my trousers.

Mom, who heard me gallop down the stairs stood at the kitchen door, looking, almost staring, in my direction, as if in some hypnotic trance. I thought that she was having one of her attacks, but at that moment as if to allay my

fears she said, "I thought that would speed up your descent of the stairs."

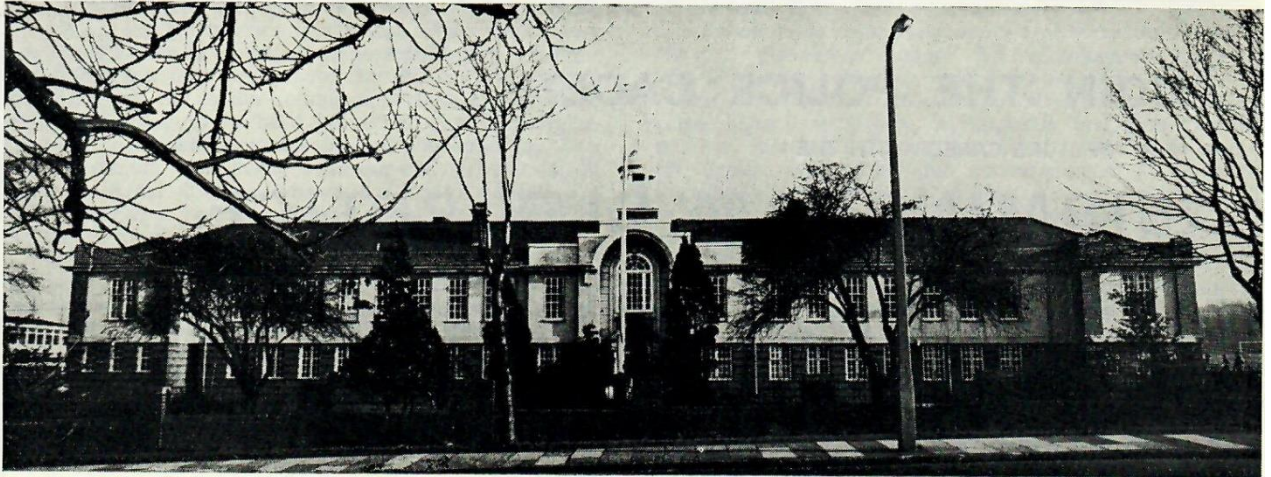
I was handed three rounds of toast on a plate, the warm butter running off the toast onto the plate, and making my fingers greasy.

I had just finished my toast when the kettle started to boil merrily, for my wash. Mom picked it up from the stove, meaning to pour out the water into a bowl, but she found the kettle a little too hot for her liking, and promptly dropped the kettle into the bowl. The bowl started to melt as it was yellow plastic, and had it not been for my prompt heroic action of turning on the cold tap and retreating to a safer distance, it would have been utterly ruined.

I finished my wash after fishing the kettle out of the bowl and I ran to the place where the towels usually hang, only to find there were none there. So I had to go from the kitchen, through the living room, up the stairs, round the corner to the spare room where the clean towels are kept, before I could wipe the soap from my smarting eyes. I walked back down the stairs, a little angry at having to fetch the towel, so to express my anger I threw the towel at the cat, missing her dismally but making up for that by glancing Mom's best vase. It wobbled dangerously and for one horrible second I thought it was going to fall, but luckily for my rear, it remained in its place on top of the cabinet.

I put my school uniform on without further incident, said, "Cheerio" to Mom and set off for school, but in my haste tripped over the wooden door board. I could see Mom vainly trying to control herself from hysteria. I got up, brushed myself down, and set off for the bus-stop at a more sedate pace.

A. Allen, 4Q



Jan Kuczerawy

HADDON HALL AND DOVEDALE

After we had suggested a Christmas Party, Mr. Smith suggested a visit to Haddon Hall in the summer and the whole of the form approved of this idea.

It was a sunny Friday morning, July 3rd and most of 2S assembled at school with Miss Westwood and Mr. Smith. We arrived at Haddon Hall rather later than expected but we still had plenty of time to roam around the lovely house and gardens.

The coach then made its way to Dovedale via some of the narrowest roads I have ever seen. On arrival we were allowed two and a half hours to ramble over the hills and valleys.

I am sure that everyone who went thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Gaynor Ross, 3S

THE CHESS CLUB

For a shilling you can enter the Chess Players' haven of Room Eleven. Looking around you, you could be seeing the future world champions in action — hurling the words, "check" and "check mate" at each other with sadistic pleasure. Thanks to the inspired efforts of Mr. Benson the Chess Club's membership has increased rapidly during the last year and the Chess Team has been going from strength to strength. However, there is still room for improvement and new members will always be welcomed.

K. Andrew, 5P

STAMP CLUB

This year the Stamp Club has achieved a most successful start, and has been meeting every Wednesday. So far the following items have taken place. The first true meeting was a fine display of first day covers given by Tom Poole (a member of the British Philatelic Society), questions were afterwards answered by our senior members. Mr. Lawton gave a talk on the use of the catalogue. The next meeting was a 'Question Time' for our younger members. Many collections were brought and we wished we could have had more time. The fifth meeting was an auction, it was well attended and due to the number of lots was continued at the sixth meeting. The number of members is still growing but could be better. We are hoping to have two films in colour and sound from the G.P.O., these will be shown at the beginning of the New Year.

Steven Harrison (ARPS), Thomas Poole (MBPS),
Upper Sixth

JUNIOR ANGLERS' CLUB

The club is open to First, Second and Third Formers. We hold regular meetings in Mr. Swain's Laboratory at 4.10 p.m. and the club is run by Mr. Swain and one Third Former.

The proposed meeting programme for 1971 is:

February 24th
March 10th and 24th
May 7th and 21st
June 16th
July 7th

We hold contests and for these there are three prizes, the First Prize usually being about £1, according to the number of entrants. We have so far been on trips to Kidderminster, Kinver and Wolverley and we have many long term plans, including an organised trip in the Summer holidays.

Small fish have been prominent with occasional fish reaching $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. but the best is to come. So, come on! The Fishing Club needs you! Jeffrey Mitchell, Derry Bryan, 3B

VISIT TO THE ROYAL SHOW

At the end of the Summer Term four of our teachers Miss Firth, Mrs. Mends, Miss Price and Mr. Swain took ninety of the First Formers for a day trip to the Royal Show at Stoneleigh Abbey. Some Fifth and Sixth Formers also accompanied the party and had a leisurely stroll round, whilst the First Formers did a project on different types of sheep, after seeing the finals of the sheep-shearing contest.

The girls concentrated their attentions on the town and country centre with demonstrations of patchwork, pottery making and glass engraving, whereas the boys were more interested in tractors and asbestos piping.

Everyone enjoyed their day out and hopes to have the opportunity of returning next year.

Linda Scott, Lower Sixth

A TRIP TO WHIPSNADE ZOO

On Friday, 3rd July, two Second Second Forms, 2P and 2PR, went on a trip to Whipsnade Zoo.

The first animals we saw were the elephants then we split into groups. We found a very nice keeper by the peacocks who gave us feathers and other girls saw how good the children's zoo was. Several of the girls enjoyed themselves on the children's rides.

After buying presents at the zoo shop we trudged happily back to the coach. We arrived back at school at 6.30 p.m. after a very pleasant trip. Margaret Homer, 3C

WIMBLEDON

Tennis is to me the most important of the summer sports, and Wimbledon fortnight is the highlight of the tennis season. This year we were offered the chance to go for a day-trip, visiting London in the morning and Wimbledon in the afternoon.

On Wednesday, 24th June, we caught the train to Euston Station and from there the tube into the city. The time was our own and we spent it in various ways; window shopping in Oxford and Carnaby Street or just generally sight-seeing and getting lost.

We caught the tube to Wimbledon and joined the throngs which were gathering around each court. Our tickets enabled us to watch any games on outside courts. We saw some excellent matches. It was great to see the tennis stars so near, some we saw playing, others were just wandering around the grounds. The best British tennis player in my opinion is Mark Cox and I had hoped to see him play. However, I found out that he was playing the second game of the day on centre court. Determined to see him, a group of us queued for standing room. After a while we were admitted and watched one of the finest games I had ever seen. Wimbledon was complete. It had all the atmosphere I thought it would have and I had seen Mark Cox.

All there is left to do now is to sincerely thank Mr.

Crofts, Mr. Price and Mr. Croft for making the trip possible. Please, please take us again.

Elizabeth Wilson, Lower Sixth

GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

The Gramophone Society is trying to achieve an insight into different forms of modern music. Attendances tend to fluctuate with the varying popularity of the groups and their kind of music. It was decided that two L.P.'s would be played at each session. Because of this two totally contrasting styles of music can be presented. Among the L.P.'s played were the Beatles (Let It Be), Big Bill Broonzy (Big Bill Broonzy), Black Sabbath (Black Sabbath), East of Eden (Snafu), Fairport Convention (Full House), Fleetwood Mac (Then Play On), Matthews Southern Comfort (Second Spring), Joni Mitchell (Ladies of the Canyon), Moody Blues (A Question of Balance), Nice (Fire Bridges Suite), Pink Floyd (Ummagumma), Deep Purple (Deep Purple in Rock), Soft Machine (Third), Wild Angels (Live at the Revolution) and Frank Zappa (Hot Kats).

However, despite good attendance from the Fifth and Lower Sixth, the Gramophone Society could do with more support from the apathetic Upper Sixth Girls, who do not seem to appreciate the finer points of today's music.

David Roberts and Andrew Turton, Upper Sixth

A SCENE OF DESOLATION

Jansen kicked the charred wood lying at the entrance of his bunker. It had been three days now since he had heard any wailing sirens, and besides he was half crazy with hunger and thirst. Grimacing with pain that stabbed in every muscle he leant against the concrete door, opened it and looked out.

He had been expecting as much, but it still came as a shock. He knew there would be death, destruction, despair, but deep inside him he had held the hope that when he stepped out he could stretch himself, breathe clean, fresh air and then perhaps stroll round to a supermarket and buy a bite to eat. A forlorn hope, he mused, but it was all that had kept him going during the endless hours he had spent cringing in that bunker.

The world he knew had vanished in a few fleeting minutes. The work of ages, man's striving through centuries had been reduced to these heaps of rubble in perhaps thirty seconds. No houses now, no cars, no happy throngs of shoppers, just him, alone in a city ravaged by fire. No buildings stood, nor was there any mark to show that they had ever stood, save blackened bricks and tangled girders. So there was peace at last. Man had achieved his ultimate aim — no quarrels now, no bickerings, no hagglers, all was silence, silence utter and complete, as though a blanket covered the city, muffling sound and hiding movement.

Over to his right a wall gave up its futile struggle with gravity, swayed in the wind and fell slowly, still intact, to the brown grass. Jansen remembered his hunger, began to

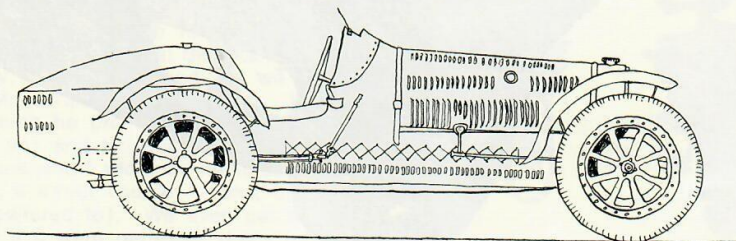
thread his way through smouldering rubble and corpses, and headed towards the supermarket. There was no change. Rows upon rows of shiny cans but no way to open them. Jansen seized a bag of potatoes and ate ravenously. In this place, he thought, there is enough food to last me months, even a year. He felt curiously happy, then in the same instant very weary. He lay down and slept.

When he awoke it was dawn again. The sky was the same blue and would be forever. The sun looked the same as it did at the dawn of man, a little older now perhaps, a little duller, but it would be there long after man had perished, all his works a mere speck of dust on the face of the earth.

Jansen realised how futile it all was. He knew he was the only living thing in the city, and for all he knew, in the world. He realised that the human race was ended and the new pain in his side was the end of him too. The food must have been contaminated, the water poisoned, was one of his later thoughts.

He crawled out onto the street and lay down to die. A newspaper, tumbling in the wind, ran across the street like a frightened animal. A rib was throbbing insistently, agonisingly, then peace came quietly, and he knew, as surely as if he had been told, that this was the beginning, not the end. Man is immortal, he cannot die. Just call me Adam, thought Jansen smiling, then he laughed until the tears streamed down his face.

Gary Steventon, Lower Sixth



Paul Burke, 4S

'LUCKY'

*The skies hung low and grey,
As the water rushed by along the gutter,
Flowing blackly over the furry bundle,
Lying cold and dead,
With staring eyes that looked at me,
I saw the shiny brass disc,
With 'My name is Lucky',
Twinkling in the rushing water.*

Pamela Dunnett, 3S

FOG

*Smurky fingers reaching.
Rusty armfold downward creaking.
Foul eerie smog, gripping
The wet moist sound of dew dripping.*

Peter Inett, 2H

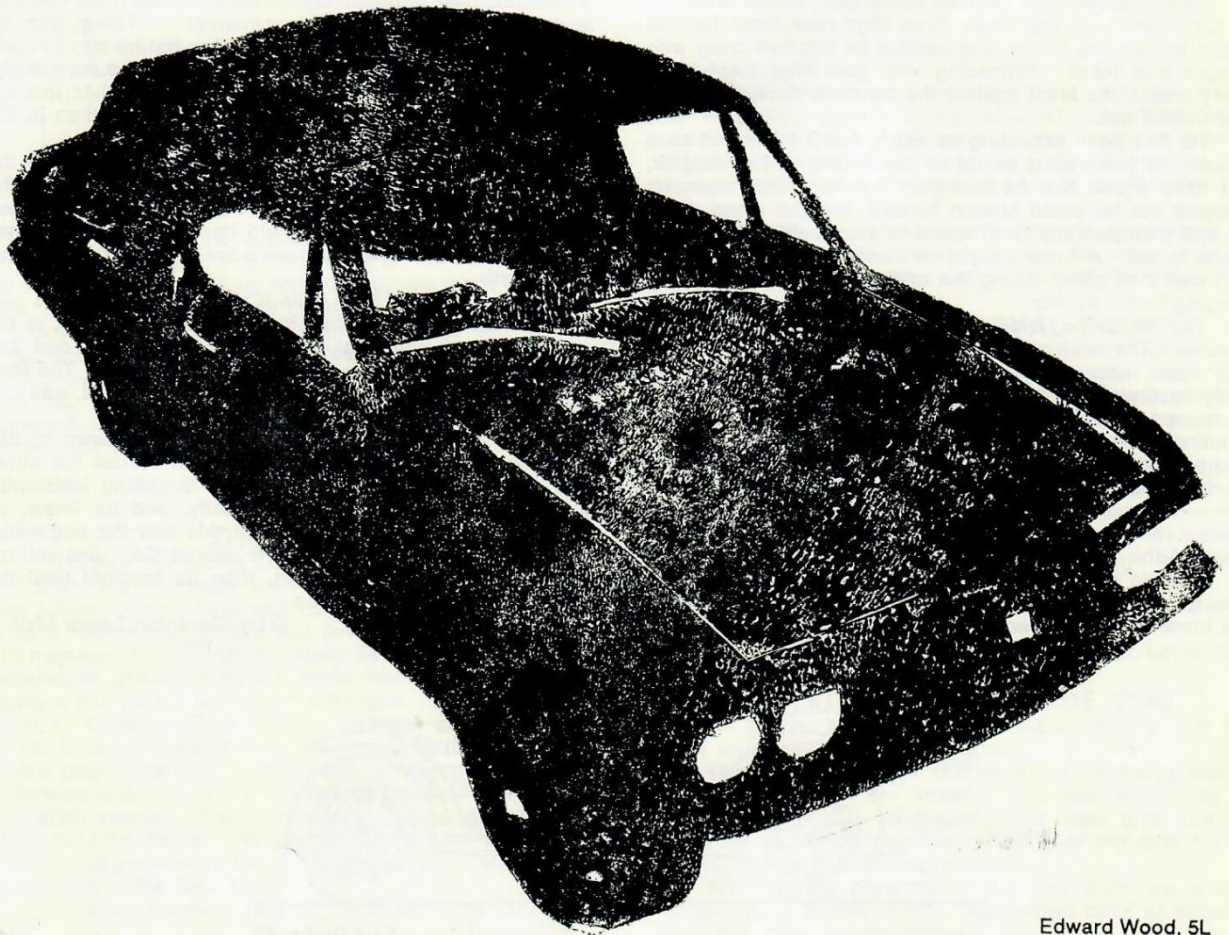
HIJACKED TO INFINITY

*Dawning bright and early
Yawning, gaping pearly
Running through the empty street
Desperation in the feet
Entering the station
Without hesitation
Climb aboard and drift away
Yes, today, no, yesterday
Haunts the easy motion.*

*Wandering through woods in folds of timeless mist
Yellow and gold reflecting the ancient fire
Glowing brown fruits and red berries dewy kissed
Charming eyes and moistening morning lips
Colours of oblivion's ease herald autumn
Sifting through the spangled cobweb trees.*

*Train of time progresses
Pain of life depresses
Real is our experience
What is real will not make sense
Perhaps the train tomorrow
Won't come back.*

Deirdre Morris, Upper Sixth



Edward Wood, 5L

A HOLIDAY AT YEOVIL

Three members of staff and their wives took a party of boys and girls for a week's holiday in August.

We drive through the countryside and at about tea-time we turn into a country drive which has a battered sign saying "Broadhembury College" which was evidently the name of the school before Mr. Larter took over. The drive is narrow and overgrown, and passes through fields of cows. In the distance, in four directions to mark the extent of the estate, we see strange little buildings having towers and steeples and crooked windows. We reach a large country house with an overgrown lawn in front and a small set of goal posts. This was not what we expected Mr. Larter to mean by playing fields and space for tennis.

We carry our luggage in through the large double front doors and sort out which rooms to go to. One room is big enough for all the boys, and the girls are in twos, threes and fours in the other rooms. The rooms are bare, without carpets or much furniture, but the beds have comfortable mattresses and plenty of blankets.

I go to the kitchen to ask about a meal, and it is locked. Mrs. Larter unlocks it and promises some salad and tinned fruit. We eat at about 6 o'clock, and gain the impression that they are not accustomed to cater for such a large party as ours, nor for large appetites. A piece of lettuce (Stephen's having a caterpillar in it), a tomato and spam left my appetite somewhat unrequited.

We explore the buildings and find several washrooms, a play-room and T.V. and table tennis, and a sitting room with comfortable arm-chairs. Behind the buildings, garages contain masses of rubbish and two or three broken-down cars without wheels, seats, doors or lamps. Mr. Larter talks to us grandly about his estate and leads us to the "Grotto." We go fifty yards from the house along an overgrown damp path under a hedge, and reach a short tunnel leading to a dank, dark cavern, with two rooms, a small glass-less window and a pool. Exploring further, we concluded that the "boating-lake" described before we came was in fact what we saw as a fishing pond, with half in the water a derelict boat made from tea-chests. Near the kitchen are some chickens, and chained up in the back garden are two fierce dogs.

We fetch some refreshment from an establishment a couple of miles away, watch T.V., and retire to our rooms. As is customary, the pupils talk and shout and sing and cry out until dawn approaches.

We have a good breakfast of fried eggs and bacon, and walk to Yeovil to see the busy High Street and have a coffee. Lunch consists of salad and tea. Tea consists of tea. Dinner consists of mince, rice and tea. There are two cinemas, and we go to the pictures in the evening, either for "Kes" or "Carry on Something . . ."

On Sunday our bus-driver takes us out for the day. We pause at Glastonbury Abbey (to take the ruins and admire the tomb of King Arthur), at Cheddar Gorge, and reach Weston-super-Mare for a late lunch of sandwiches on the beach. The weather was warm and sunny, and we enjoy the donkey rides along the beach and all the fun of the fair on the pier. On the coach, going, we had complained about the poor food and lack of heating at Barwick College and had got rather angry, but after a good day we were determined to persuade Mr. Larter to some reforms. When I talk to him in the evening he promises to turn on the heating (and fails to do so) and to submit the menu for examination (which he does, and I add such items as toast, soup, cooked vegetables, a sweet course — and, by and large, my additions are adhered to). We even get better tea, which had tasted as if it were re-heated dregs mixed with the washing-up water and was grey-black in colour,

but which now becomes quite normal.

On Monday we play nine-pin bowls at an indoor alley behind a public house. After lunch the bus takes us to Yeovilton to see the Royal Naval Air Station exhibition and then on to Longleat for the lions. The African game park is impressive. The bus moves slowly along a winding road and giraffes, bison, ostriches and monkeys (which climb upon the vehicles) surround us. Through a double gate we enter the lion section and keep the windows closed as they pace around. Then we move on to the house and finally have tea before setting back.

On Tuesday we go out all day. At Bovington we scramble over tanks at the Tank Museum. At Corfe we climb the hill to the Castle. At Swanage we walk along the sea front and have our sandwiches. At Poole we watch the fishing boats.

On Wednesday, we gather fuel for the final night bonfire. The local trees provide plenty and the tea-chest "boat" promises to burn well. We jump over a gymnastic-horse found in the garages and dragged out onto the lawn. We play head-ball with a plastic football (a game which continues to be played in the men's staffroom, to the dismay of the civilised teachers on the staff). We have a table-tennis tournament. In the evening, the pupils go to a dance. On Thursday morning we have another session at the bowling alley. In the evening potatoes are cooked and eaten round the bonfire, the local lads say their farewells to our girls, and we return home the next day.

D. Crofts



Lesley Statham, Lower Sixth

" SWEENEY TODD "

Bloody, bawdy, romantic and melodramatic "Sweeney Todd" made O.G.S. history, breaking away from the traditions of previous years' productions and turning out to be a magnificent success throughout its four evening run.

Lee Heaven gave a brilliant performance as Todd and Deirdre Morris and Robert Groom were no less brilliant as Mrs. Lovatt and Dr. Lupin; Nicholas Stokes (Mark Ingestre), Julie Simpson (Joanna Oakley), Margaret Hackeson (Tobias Ragg), John Drew (Jarvis Williams) and Duncan Rowberry (Jonas Fogg) all gave good performances in their supporting roles.

The play was our first musical venture and many doubted the wisdom of the change of policy, but played in a sympathetic Victorian atmosphere, with encouraging audience participation, it was obvious after the first performance that the change was welcome.

Musical accompaniment, affgraphically conducted and controlled, was provided by the O.G.S. Orchestra, under the auspices of the illustrious and solitudinous Paul Bodely, Esq., assisted in his labours by first violinists, Messrs. Detheridge and Weston, Miss Picken at piano-forte, Miss Jennings on flute, D. Parkes, Esq. on clarinet and A. Sheward, Esq. provided bass accompaniment. Percussion was ably transposed by Misses J. Andrew, P. Grant, E. Jones and A. Jones.

With subtle and sympathetic surgery by Mrs. Roulstone and Mrs. Thomas, with the assistance of the Lower Sixth and sundry members of the Fourth Form, combined with the superior costumes of that distinguished seamstress Miss Westwood, all the ladies concerned succeeded in assisting the xaroshie characterization of our gallant performers.

The ingeniously constructed sets, born in Mr. Bradley's workshop, delivered by Messrs. Harrison, Cutler, Poole, Plant, Green, Pittaway and Camwell, and nurtured by the

denizens of the Art Department, Mr. Heath and company, eventually, with absonous alacrity, found their way onto the vacuous stage of O.G.S., where they provided an excellent backcloth for our prodigenous actors.

The Property Department staff, Lorraine Jarvis, Margaret Tite and Rosemary Baker, under the direction of Miss Woodburn, achieved a high degree of conticent precision in their impossible task.

Ready to do or die for the good of all, Nicholas Stokes staggered or crawled with anility, depending upon his state of mind, on and off the O.G.S. stage after multitudinous attempts on his valuable person by the villainous stage crew and others who shall be nameless, but whom, for the sake of argument, we shall call Lee Heaven, Esq.

Lee Heaven, long suffering member of O.G.S., cultivated a very creditable exhibition, displaying his operatic talents with great vehemence. Mundifying his customers with blood, the dastardly Todd "polished off" various members of the cast with uncontrollable glee. Assisting this heinous crime Mrs. Lovatt concocted pies à la homo sapiens for consumption by her ignorant customers. This part, executed by our own Deirdre Morris, Head Girl extraordinaire, was ferricadouzious to exaction.

The ebullient performance of Robert Groom as the garrulous Dr. Aminadab Lupin, was received with effusive approbation by audience and members of the press alike. His ingenious presentation of that inebriated figure of indecorum was a fine example of sagacious characterization.

Despite the intentionation of Mr. Laycock's illness — relieved by Mrs. Roulstone, valiant to the end — conticent O.G.S. talent and this sesquipedalian article the production abended the press with its professionalism and proved the capabilities of pupils and staff.

Sandra Willetts, Gillian Duncan, Upper Sixth

POOLE

We were supposed to start at eleven o'clock. At two minutes to eleven Miss Westwood arrived, a great cheer went up and everyone clambered (literally) over numerous suitcases into the mini bus. An eventful journey stopping for frothy coffee and a visit to Salisbury ended in several changes of direction to find the notorious Rockley Sands Holiday Estate.

On arrival we collected keys and set about the task of touring around the vast site trying to find the caravans. We spent further valuable time finding our now very battered suitcases in the buses. We were dying for a cup of tea, but had no water, no tea and no milk, so undaunted we walked the half-mile to the Supermarket, only to find it was shut until nine a.m. next morning.

We spent many happy hours during the week riding round in the minibuses, ably driven by Mr. Croft and Mr. Price, to visit places such as Bournemouth (where we got sunburnt on an extremely crowded beach), Corfe Castle (where we, and especially Mr. Price, ate an extremely large cream tea), Lulworth (which was a little disappointing), Weymouth (where we got lost thanks to S. D. Ball and a policeman) and discotheques/coffee shops/and other places of interest.

Everyone had a great time and didn't disrupt the lives of the other caravanners to any great extent. We can't thank Mr. Price, Mr. Croft and Miss Westwood enough for managing to put up with twenty-seven (approximately) then Fifth Formers for a memorable week. Perhaps they could put up with several Lower Sixth formers in the summer.

Helen Parkes, Lower Sixth

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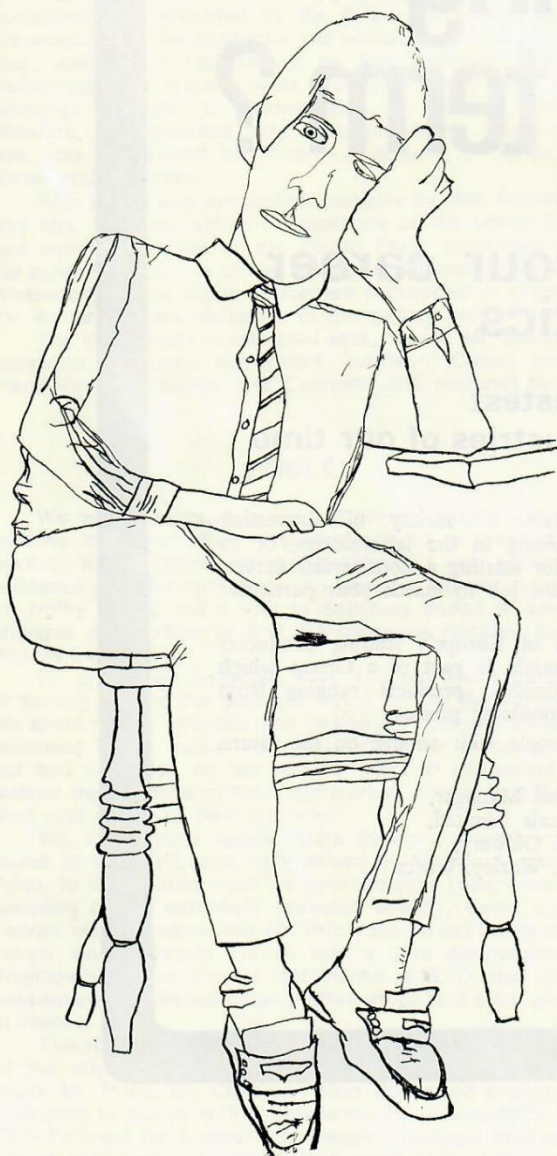
*It is a fact,
That knowledge is lacked,
In every human brain.*

*We go to school to learn,
Why teachers are so firm,
And always whack you hard.*

*We learn about the facts of life,
Why every man must have a wife,
And always go to work.*

*We know that three and two make five,
Also that bees live in a hive,
But what's the good of that?*

Alan Ford, 3C



Marie Collins, 4W

SCHOOLWORK

*Pythagoras, Quadratics, Logarithms and Sines
Fractions, Decimals, twisting little minds,
Homework at night; yes, that rhymes
And if you haven't done it you may get lines.*

*Enzymes, catalysts, the Alimentary Canal,
The liver and bile duct might ring a bell
Testing for Glucose sounds very well,
But if you haven't done it your friend may tell.*

*Harold and Edward are all the same to me,
How they won the battle I just can't see,
My report is just as bad, I only got a "C"
But if you haven't done it you won't be home for tea.*

*Bach, Tchaikovsky, Handel and Clarke
Pizzicato strings, what a lark!
Crochets and Quavers put me in the dark,
But if you haven't done it, the teacher makes his mark.
Richard J. Sanders, 4Q*

A CAUTIONARY TALE

*There was lad called Thomas Trent,
Who had indeed a curious bent.
For, though his life was often fair,
He'd scribble almost everywhere.
He'd scribble on the bark of trees
He'd scribble in his G.N.B's
He'd scribble on his stringy vest
He'd scribble as if he was obsessed.
One day his teacher said to him,
"This scribbling can't be far from sin
Lad, your writing never shirk,
You really must improve your work."
But he scribbled all the more
He scribbled on the staff room door
His teachers decided on a plan
To put to sea our little man.
Upon a raft upon the ocean
They left him with his sun-tan lotion.
It has been rumoured he's been seen
Beneath the ocean fair and green
His spirit, still, does write along
Dave Jones's chest and the trident's prong
And so my friends hark to my song
And don't commit poor Tommy's wrong,
For if you don't take heed of me
You'll be finished, just like he!*

A. K. Challis, 3S

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN AVERAGE BLUE BOTTLE FLYING ROUND FOOD IN THE KITCHEN WHEN THE COOK IS THERE

zzzzzzzz Swat!

Andrew Rutherford, 3C

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SKINHEADS

*100 faceless people walking down the street
1,000 tin soldiers
2,000 tin feet
10,000 big time crooks making off with the loot
500,000 skinheads putting in the boot.*

Roy Billington, 3C

AMBASSADORS TO EARTH

Tark stood in the upper part of the Ship and stared out into the blackness before his eyes. In that black void could just be discerned a blob of light which Tark knew was the objective of the Ship — a far off sparkle that was known as Earth.

They had been in the Ship for a long time, he had been born on the Ship and so had his father. All Tark knew of life was the Ship but he knew from the Book that he and his friends were destined to land on Earth. They were to be the first messengers from Oris to another planet, ambassadors from space who would settle on that far off blob of light called Earth and live in comradeship with the native Earth people. Tark felt himself thrill with excitement as he thought about the time when he would give the order to descend onto the surface of the unknown planet called Earth. He did not even know if the Ship would remain intact during the descent but he had faith in what the Book had told him.

Still Tark stood, this time looking inside the Ship and warming to what he saw — his brothers and sisters, his wife and his children and his friends. They were all working to achieve one end, to land on the surface of the wonderful new land called Earth. He saw the flashing lights and buttons, the complicated work cells and the Sleeping Booth but he did not really see them. Instead he saw the life which they would lead when they had reached the new land, a happy co-existence with the natives of Earth. He looked around him and smiled.

The time was near and Tark felt excited. He walked with dignity, for he was the leader, into the Sleep Booth and the others followed. If the Ship broke up they would never know.



Andrew Boswell, Upper Sixth

Tark woke and leaving the Sleep Booth he cast around the Ship to see that all was well. The machinery still hummed but this time the noise was different. They had landed!

Quickly he ushered his company together and said to them, "You know why we are here, we must be friendly to the inhabitants of Earth, for Earth is their planet and we must respect them despite the fact that we are more intelligent than they are. Friendship and respect you must remember." And with those words Tark pressed the button that he had never used before and lead his party out of the Ship and into the new world.

New World! Where was the lush vegetation the Book had promised them and the sunshine, where was the sunshine? Tark sensed that something was wrong. The party, standing in a line three abreast looked down and saw a large expanse of solid, dully-grey flatness relieved only by rifts which met at right angles, they looked up and saw nothing but darkness. Tark was worried.

Blinding, searing, cutting light! This was even worse than the darkness. Tark sensed danger and began to lead the party back to the Ship but they never reached it.

The little girl stood at the door of the shed as if looking for something and suddenly a faint movement caught her eye.

"Nasty crawlies!" she said and trod on them. She bent down to look and saw small insect-like creatures with nine legs protruding from a spherical body with a limp balloon-like appendage hanging from one side. They were squirming with their legs up in the air so she trod on them again.

"Nasty crawlies!" she said and left to look for her toy elsewhere.

Sandra Willetts, Upper Sixth

WORLD

*I saw a small child crying,
And she wept
Tears that no-one had ever seen before
Tears that seemed endless and salty.
How small the world was.*

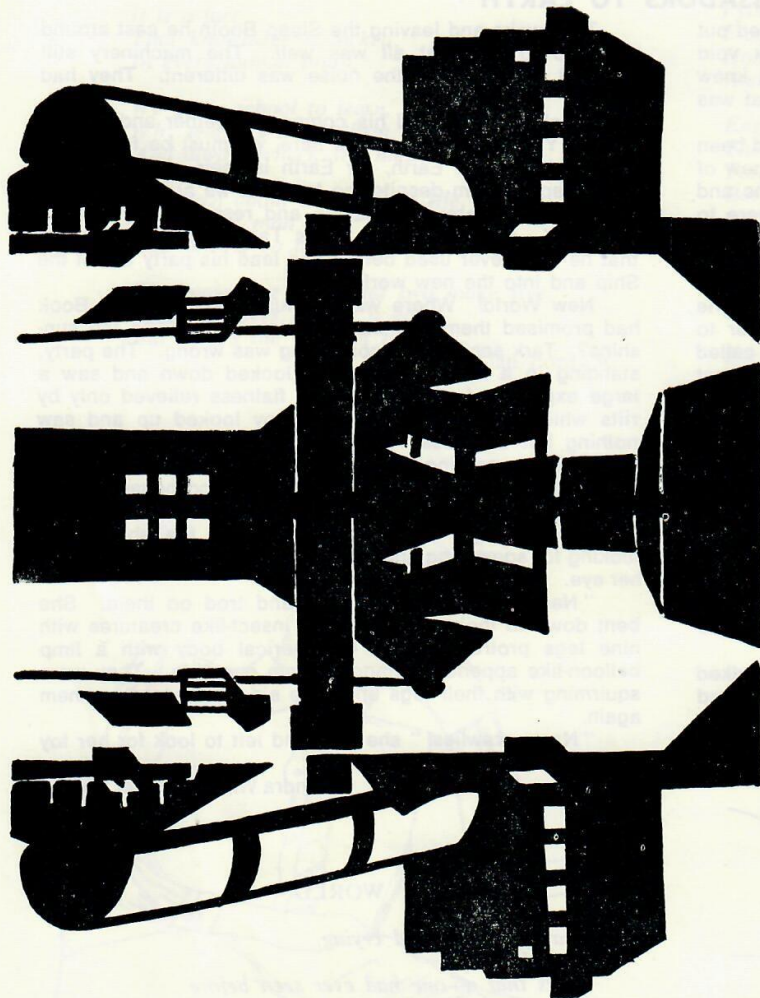
*I saw a lover crying,
And she wept
Tears of pain and anguish, and
Reflected that no love would ever be the same.
How cruel the world was.*

*I saw a mother crying,
And she wept
Tears for her dying child.
She never thought that it could happen to her.
How brutal the world was.*

*I saw an old woman crying,
And she wept
Tears of loneliness and solitude
But no-one saw her tears.
How remote the world was.*

*I saw the whole world crying,
And it wept
Tears for young and old, weak and strong
Black and white, for everyone.
How tired the world was.*

Janet Heskey, Upper Sixth



Sandra Willetts, Upper Sixth

SUICIDE RACE

*The rich, stinking, stagnated pool,
Lies idle, death's potion, mankind's mark,
His gift to nature.
His factories churn out the machine's faeces,
So that he can sit in comfort,
As he slowly, silently strangles.*

*Rivers run slow, thick with death,
Blood congeals, poisoned by his aids;
The churned earth lies rotting,
Leached by an insatiable Gorgon,
With flesh impregnated
By chemical filth.*

*Breathe in, decrepit beast,
Fill your lungs with quagmire smog.
For soon, as you sit on your serpented throne,
You will writhe in your self-imposed death,
Releasing the heaving smell
Of your ignored evil.*

Peter Boriello, Lower Sixth

THE RUSH HOUR

(The only time when everything stands still)

*It's nearly five, the rush approaches,
Trains and buses, motor coaches.
People emerge in sudden gushes
How they hate these city rushes.*

*The dreaded journey homeward bound,
No seats on buses to be found.
The same old people every night
Endure the battle, fight the fight.*

*Men with bowlers and brief cases,
Hurry to their parking spaces.
Out into the road, they merge
As on their way they homeward surge.*

*Thoughts of city finally fade,
The tiring journey has been made.
Thoughts arise whilst sitting yawning,
"Be just the same tomorrow morning."*

Judith Withers, 4Q

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE

(by a Gorilla at London Zoo)

What a life! I hear from my mate Mick, the chimpanzee, that it's a lovely day outside, and they won't let me go outside and explore. They think I might try to run off. I'm not daft, I know where I'm well off. Not like that crazy eagle. He never gets further than Regent's Park anyway. Actually I think he's a bit neurotic, or else he just does it for the publicity. After he's been on the run for a few days, he gets fed up and lets "them" catch him. Then the boss starts boasting that they outwitted him. Oh well! We have to let these humans have their own way a bit — it keeps the peace.

There's a lot of commotion around that panda again! I bet they're taking her off to Russia to meet her boyfriend. It really isn't fair! I need a holiday. I deserve it after sitting here all day looking at those humans. They all look the same to me.

Ah! Good! Here comes my mate Sid, the keeper. We get on well together, Sid and me. I wonder what he's brought for tea?

Judith Withers, 4Q

THOUGHTS OF DEATH

(by a Hypochondriac)

'I'm going, I know I am, but I can't, not yet I can't, haven't had measles. I must catch measles. Mrs. Jones had measles last week . . . Besides I'm too young! A woman never reveals her age! Oh my legs! I can't move them. They're paralysed. I can just move my toes. Ooh Ooh! No, it's too much to bear. Did you know that Mr P had his operation last Thursday? Oh my head, my eyes I can't see! It's all black! Mrs. Brown's got Pakistani: living next door . . . Oh! I'm going, I know I am, but can't, not yet. I've got to do the washing. They don't have to wash up there. Mind you, their clothes are white. wonder what they use? Ooh, somebody fetch a doctor, I'm nearly there. I'm going, I'm going. I'm weak, I'm weak . . . Oh, is that the time? Well, I'll just have to put it off till next week. I must go and see Mrs. Bowyer. They tell me she's going . . .

Denise Roberts, 4Q



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THE SUN
*The sun is shining,
Intent on drying flowers
Till they are dying.*

N. Catson, 3S

THE HERON

*At rest,
On one long leg,
The heron seems hardly interested in the World.
Like a sentinel it patiently waits,
For a ripple in the shallows
Quietly it stalks the fish
Ready to stake
Its prey,
With a pick axe of a bill.
Time almost stops,
As the patient killer of the marshes
Stalks
And finally kills
A small trout.
Head first,
The heron swallows its dinner
Then at rest,
On one long leg
It patiently waits
Another,
Small ripple.*

Christopher Watts, 3S

WINTER MONTHS
*Winter is coming.
The ground is hard and frosty.
Air is cold and white.*

N. Catson, 3S

AUTUMN
*Once blue sky is grey,
The trees are shedding their leaves
Littering the ground.*

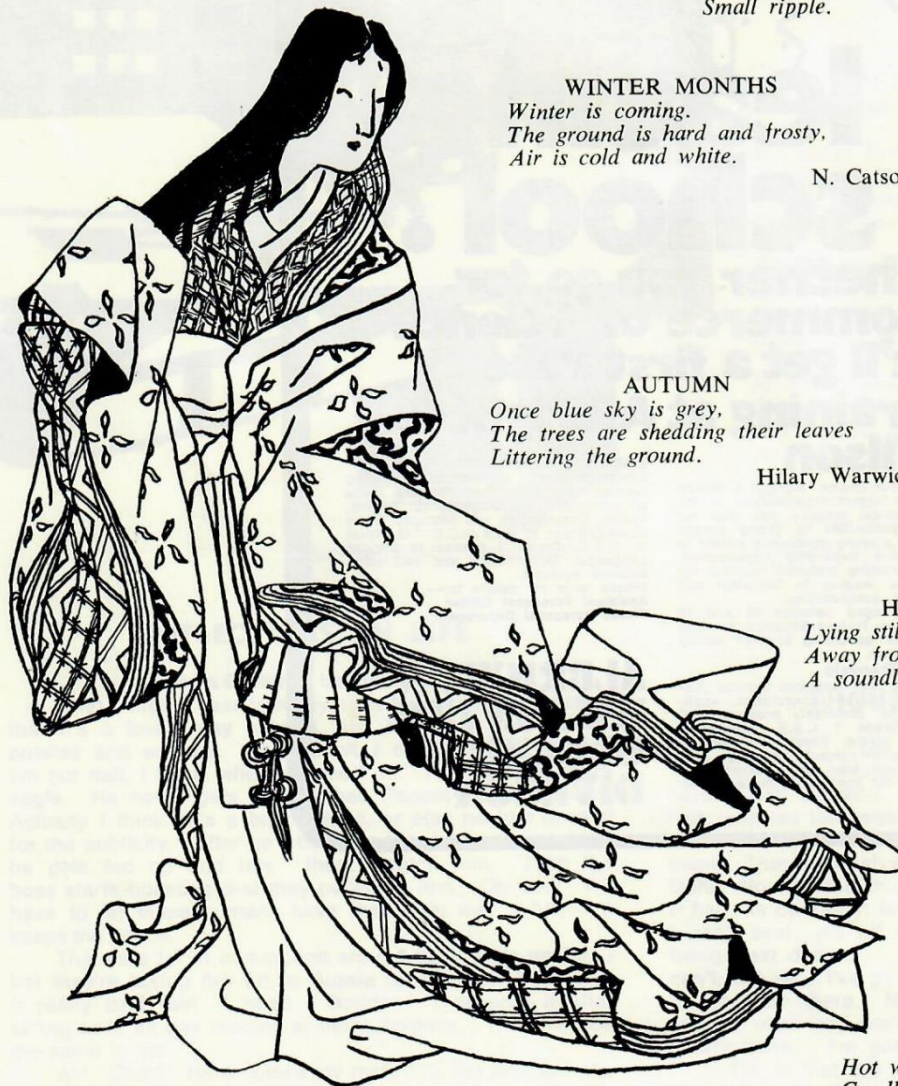
Hilary Warwick, 3S

HIBERNATION
*Lying still asleep
Away from Winter snows deep,
A soundless escape.*

Hazel Goffe, 3S

TIME PASSING
*Hot wax dripped down the
Candle. Smoke curled. Lines marked the
Slow passing of time.*

Annette Law, 3



Barbara Williams, Lower Sixth

MEMORIES

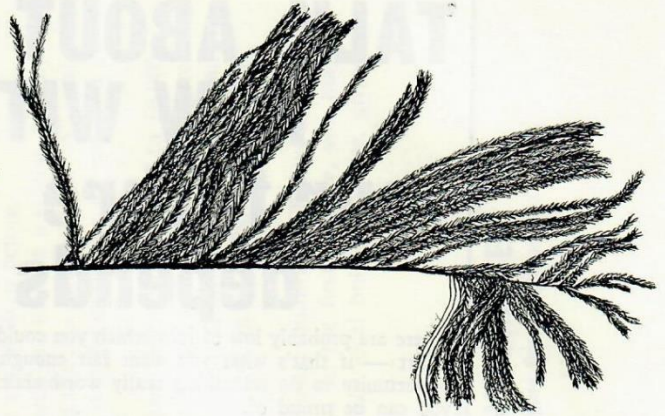
*I try to cast my mind back to months that seem so quickly
gone,
That are now but hazy memories
Of when I cried or how I laughed,
In wind and rain and sun.
The walks on summer days
Running with my dog,
Till my clothes hung damp
And clammy
Like steamy sun-bleached ribbons,
And collapsing in the grass
I could hear the drowsy hum
Of insects on the clover
And raise my eyes
To be blinded by the sun.
I remember swimming every week
In the ice cool waters of the pool
And, looking up, how unreal it seemed —
A wavering, blue, watery world.
A watery world, when autumn came
And leaves, so patient all summer long,
Now danced and twirled and kicked and curled
In the steaming torrents of rain.*

Susan Murthwaite, 3C

HORSES

*Dashing wildly
Horses in the moonlight,
Unruly, unperturbed by the stillness of night.
Gnashing teeth and pawing ground —
Moon shining.
One moment, stillness, all is calm,
Then galloping, flashing, dashing, all the world a picture
of turmoil
Black of coat against white of moonlight.
Perpetual friction.
Frothing, lather streams from mouth.
The continual anguish, repulsive and wild, so wild.
Steam, sweat, shining on coat and limb.
Galloping wildly, excitedly, through wood, over mountain.
A never-ending
Galloping for eternity.
Silence, no noise,
Only in the distance
Moonlight, reflecting as they gallop
To a land of eternal peace.*

Karen Morgan, 4Q



Jane Bayley

CONTRASTS

*Like Autumn leaves that twist and swirl and leap and loop
and fall
Like a flimsy piece of tissue in the wind with madness
swishing, bounding like a boat in an endless ocean
storm,
Like nightmares, sails of windmills,
Like a modern dance or like a nest of worms or a pit of
snakes writhing
Like a chaotic blizzard of snowflakes.
Frenzy.*

*Like a monastery, convent or church with only gentle
rustling stirring sounds
Like a quiet rippling stream
Like a hospital ward at night when silence reigns and lights
are dimmed
Like tips of pine trees swaying in a zephyr as the trunks of
elephants sway as they amble comfortably along
the road
Like a mother humming lullabies to her drowsy child.
Peace.*

Cherie Mee, 4Q

SHADOWS

*Shadows cast along a wooded path
Frighten me as I run past;
The moon throws an eerie light
And does not help me in my plight.*

*The shadows dance upon the lake,
As I watch before day-break;
The trees seem to bend and sway,
Waiting for the coming day.*

*As the sun begins to rise,
Dawn breaks across the skies,
The shadows disappear from view,
Leaving the water clear and blue.*

Michael Wilkes, 1T

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17 to 19 years of age with G.C.E. 'A' level passes in Mathematics and a science subject. Various schemes offering sponsorship for degree courses at University.

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CLERICAL APPRENTICESHIPS

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Ultimate Job — Sales Clerk, Wages Clerk, Production Control Clerk.

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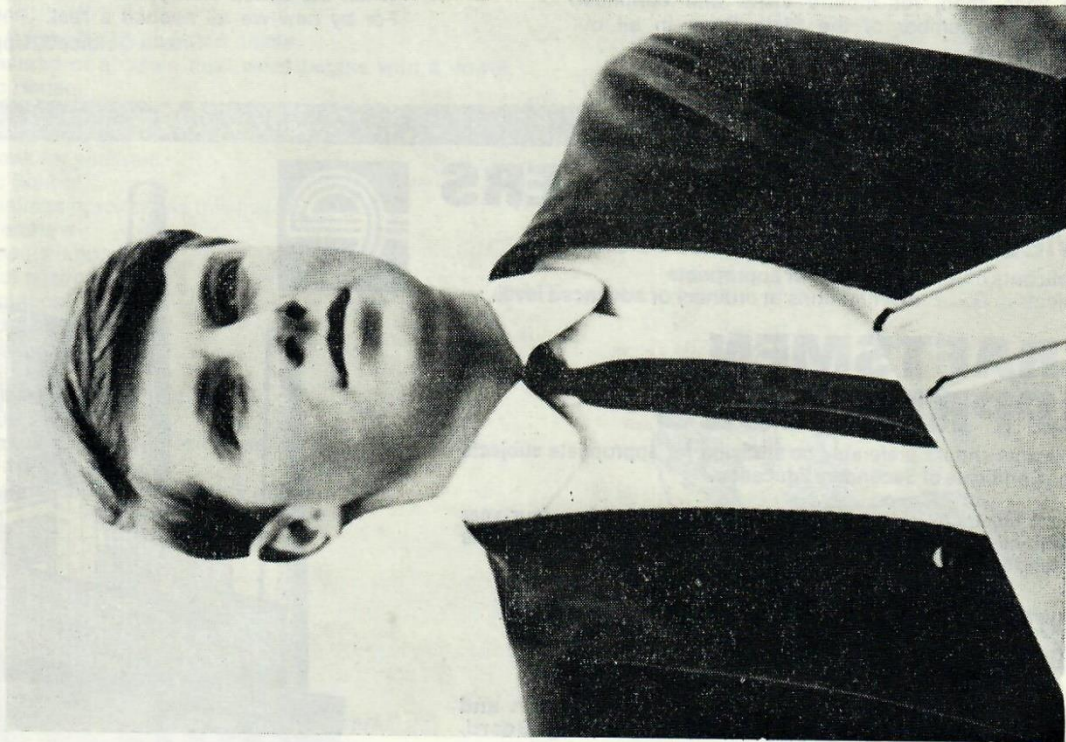
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The Regional Staff Manager

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THEATRE TRIPS

Our first play was "Richard III" at Stratford, an exciting and imaginative production. Norman Rodway dominated as a Richard with charm and humour despite the villainy. Ian Richardson's Buckingham was memorable and so too was the emphasis in sets and costumes upon heraldic emblems.

Tom Stoppard's play, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" at Birmingham Repertory Theatre was next. It proved witty and, on the subject of death, thought-provoking. James Hazeldene (Rosencrantz), Keith Drinkel (Guildenstern) and Gordon Gostelon (First Player), all three recently involved in television productions, showed relaxed professionalism.

"Measure for Measure" and "Hamlet," two further productions at Stratford this season and both set plays for English Literature "A" level, were both attended by parties. This "Measure for Measure" seemed an excellent production of what is for most people a poor play. John Kane's Pompey made an outstanding contribution to the comic scenes and Ian Richardson as Angelo was notable, although Sebastian Shaw's Duke was not to everyone's liking.

"Hamlet" was a disappointment when so much had been expected of Alan Howard after a subtle portrayal of Mephistophilis in the Theatre-go-Round "Dr. Faustus." Apparently this particular evening the performance was below standard but one could hardly imagine several of the key scenes in this production ever being more than ordinary. Only around the play-within-a-play did one sense inspired direction.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Birmingham Rep. proved excellent entertainment, with John Baddely as Bottom hilariously funny. Use was made of a strange network of ropes upon which the fairies clambered and swung with considerable agility.

A good year, then, for theatre visits with continued interest by a large number of the Sixth Form in all our ventures.

GUIDE CAMP 1970

There was a Guide Company from Brum
Who annually set out for some fun
This year no exception
They arranged a collection
And one Saturday left for the sun.
At one we arrived — it was hot
With our "wellies" we each felt a clot
But we trudged way up high
To our site near the sky
And then settled down to our lot.
The Rangers were then told to look
For the food which the Guides were to cook
We had tea quite late
As by now it was eight
Which just shows the time that they took.
One day we went hiking in Wales
We went o'er the hills and the dales
The walking was hard
But the day was not marred
Despite all the wails in the vales!
And after the long day was done
And the moon shone instead of the sun
The Guides went to bed
After having been fed
And thought of the next morning's fun.
Filled with walking and bathing, time went
Each day had its special event
But we all knew one day
We'd be going away
And then have to take down the tent.
On the last day each Guide did her best
And tackled the hard jobs with zest
But we all gave a cheer
When the coach did appear
For by now we all needed a rest.

Sheila Coldicott, Upper Sixth

TRAINEE ENGINEERS (Mechanical & Electrical)

Applicants must be studying for appropriate subjects in G.C.E. examinations at ordinary or advanced level.

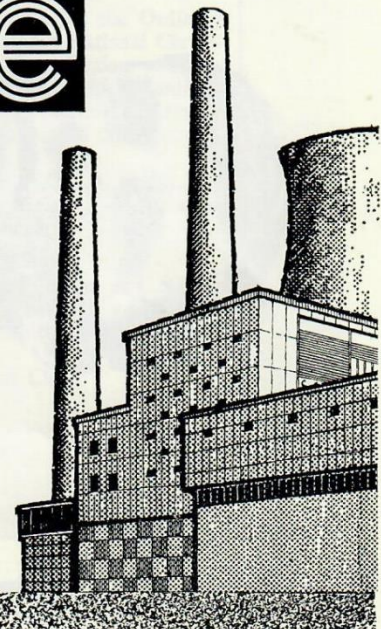
CRAFTSMEN APPRENTICES

Applicants should preferably be studying for appropriate subjects in the Certificate of Secondary Education.

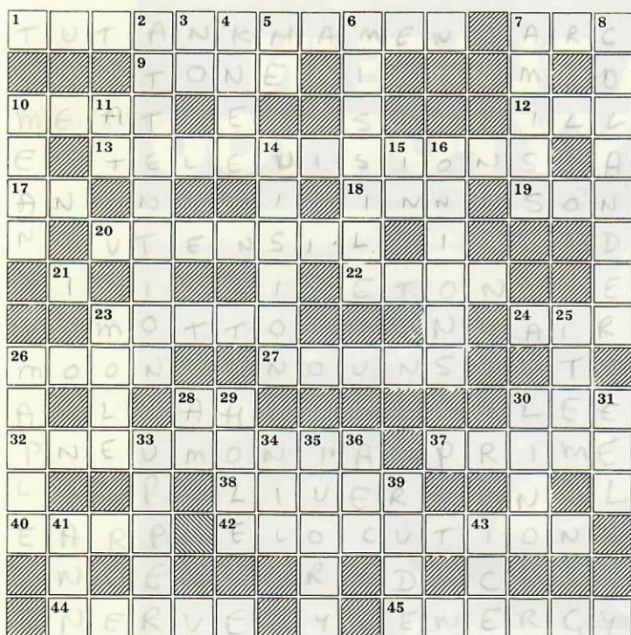
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JUNIOR CROSSWORD



CLUES DOWN

2. Take notice.
3. Negative.
4. Joint in leg.
5. Male.
6. Type of rocket.
7. Something wrong.
8. Utensil used for straining vegetables.
10. Of little value.
11. Two lettered word.
14. To see.
15. Opposite to out.
16. Vegetables which can be eaten.
23. An animal which goes underground.
25. Article.
26. A tree.
28. I . . . going to the fair.
29. Can be found in ground or sock.
30. Type of floorcovering.
31. Type of fish.
33. On top of.
34. Nothing.
35. Elephants' tusks are made of this.
36. Make of heavy vehicle or Bus.
39. Opposite to polite.
41. Girl's name.
43. Can be found on ponds in winter.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Famous Egyptian Pharaoh.
7. Part of a circumference of a circle.
9. Sound.
10. We eat it.
12. Not well.
13. John Logie Baird invented these.
17. Put instead of a, when next word begins with a vowel.
18. Public House.
19. Mothers male child.
20. A kitchen tool.
21. To speak for yourself.
22. Public School.
23. A Christmas cracker has this inside.
24. We breathe it.
26. Astronauts landed on it.
27. Parts of speech.
28. Exclamation.
30. Place in North Devon.
32. Serious illness.
37. First.
38. Can be found in human body.
40. Western hero.
42. Improve speech with these lessons.
44. To be found in the body.
45. Footballers should have plenty of this.

Michael Wilkes, 1T

LIMERICK

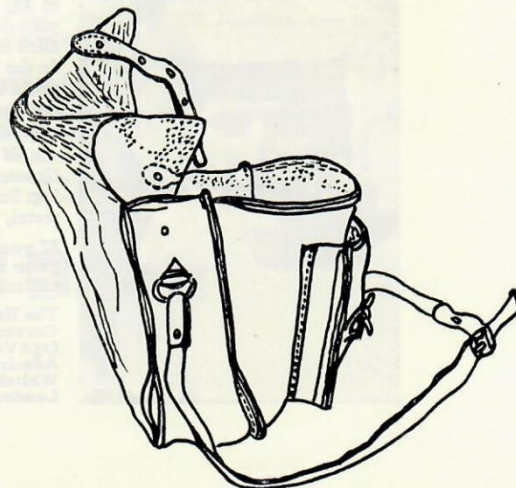
*There was a young girl from Gloucester,
Whose parents believed they had lost her.
But safe and sound, in a fridge she was found.
But the problem was how to defrost her.*

Kenneth Powell, 1J

LIMERICK

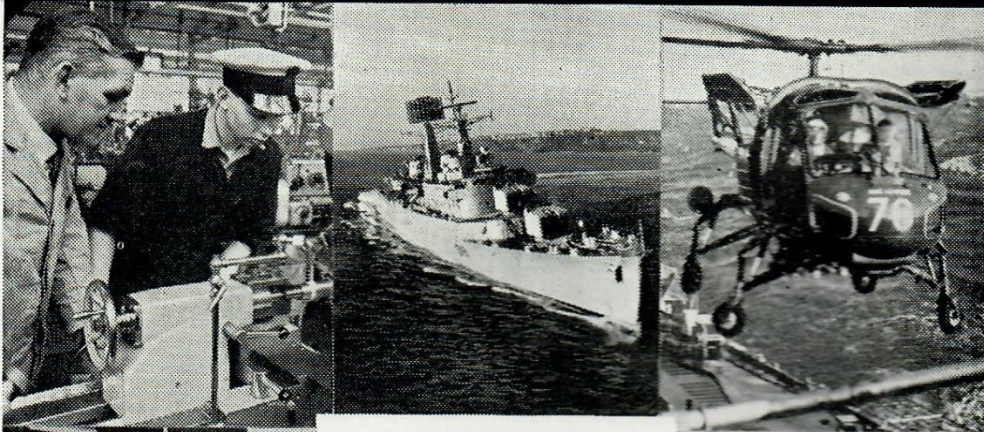
*There was a young man from Calcutta
Who fell in his milk with a splutter
He swam round and round
And suddenly found
That his milk had turned into best butter.*

Wendy Churms, 1T



Janette Cooper, 4S

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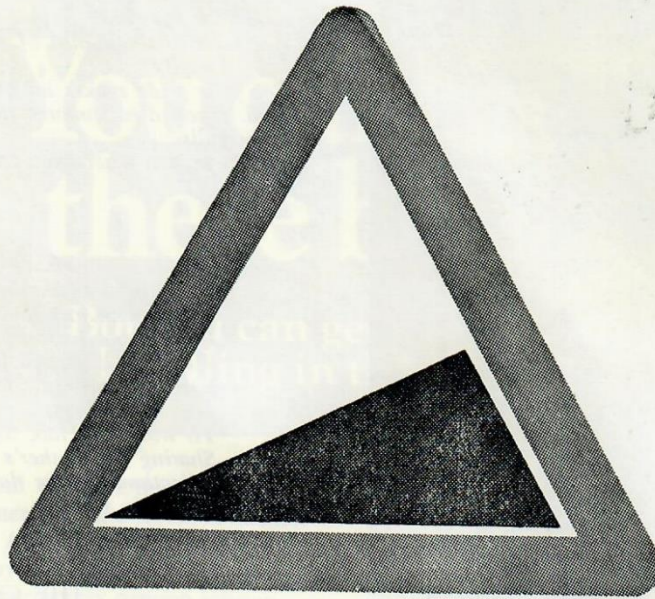
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RN
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Midland Bank



Barbara Williams, Lower Sixth

THE GHOST TOWN

*Streets are all deserted,
No cars are going by,
There's just the ghostly whistle
Of the wind's sad, lonely cry.*

*No fires in the houses,
No children running round,
No life whatsoever
Save the insects on the ground.*

*No men are busy at their work,
No women make a bustle
No movement whatsoever
Save the trees that softly rustle.*

*Listen, listen to the wind
To the wind that howls so loud
Oh how I wish, oh how I wish
That I could see a crowd!*

*Streets are all deserted,
No cars are going by,
There's just the ghostly whistle
Of the wind's sad, lonely cry.*

Susan Jones, 2R

ALONE

*Old man, sitting on a seafront bench
Alone, with memories and sorrows.
Your withered face has seen many days.
Will it see many more tomorrows?
Your feet have trod many weary miles.
They cannot carry you on much longer.
And your eyes once bright, but now dimmed with pain,
Are sunk in the depths of your hunger.
I do not pity you,
For your pride makes no room for that.
And if you died tomorrow,
Only gulls
Would mourn where you sat.*

Susan Murthwaite, 3C

FRIENDSHIP

*It lies beneath the heart and soul,
Bound with love and loyalty
Valued and important,
Wished and longed for,
With reassurance and secrets shared
And safely kept.
To work and talk together in harmony,
Sharing each other's burdens.
Affections till the day of death,
Strong in heart.*

Catherine Hyde, 3S

THE CHURCH

*The church has stood for many years,
There in the valley.
It has tolled its messages,
To the villagers.
Weddings, baptisms, Christenings,
The people came,
And they still come
They always will come,
To this church.*

*It is a home for many,
The fluttering bats in the belfry,
That dance in the moonlight.
The scurrying mice,
That scratch in the organ pipes.*

*The victims of war
That need rest and shelter,
And kindly words,
They were brought to the church,
And,
Beneath the wide oak beams,
And the dust of centuries,
And before the shining candles
They found comfort and hope.*

*The church has seen life and death,
Destruction and restoration.
The bones of the sleeping lie buried,
Beneath the worm casts and vegetable mould.
The church is slowly decaying.
Should we not strive to save it?
That which has meant so much to so many.
If we tried, we could mend the decaying parts,
And then,
The church would be restored,
It would be whole again.*

Annette Law, 3S

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LUMBRICUS

'O, I'll leap up to my God! — who pulls me down? —
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop.'

Vista of endless concrete wastes,
Of stone baked white by tireless sun,
Where silence reigns supreme; a Hades.

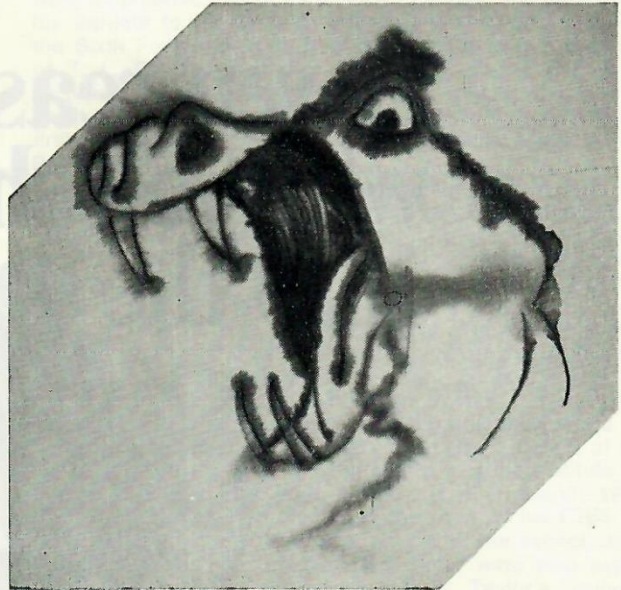
Lumbricus terrestris squirms,
Snakes across a tarmac plateau, toward
A hazy, verdant land steeped in mist.
"Let us cross the concrete wastes
In search of better things."

Helios beats down,
The Dry Land glints and shines, azoic.
And Lumbricus wishes clouds would come
To moisten a rapidly drying skin.
Sightless, onward it slides,
Mere minutes from cool Christospool,
But, unseeing, leaves behind
Its passport to Salvation.

The Life is on, but soon must end,
As Lumbricus rasps to a halt
And bloats and blackens on the scorching plain:
'A Life is done.'

Even as it crax and parts,
Other slimy things slip by. Soon,
They too will plead for rain
Misericordia pro nobis!

Roscoe Mills, Upper Sixth



Roscoe Mills, Upper Sixth

THE CAT

The eyes in the night
Come towards us
Like headlights,
Bright green and shiny.

Agile on leaping,
His dislikeness
Of water,
And a thin rangy coat.

Sensitive on creeping
With his rather
Pointed old claws,
He slies through the night.

Speedy on attack,
Sedate on his
Long prowls,
He dives to make the kill.

Peter Inett, 2H

PARALLELISM

Sunset slides behind the waves
Returning copious pools of gold
The fleet glides north to found new Troy
Deserting ruins of the old.

Wingèd shadows of the night
Haunt celestial empty halls
Waning sun gilds colonnades
As stronger wind drifts dust and falls.

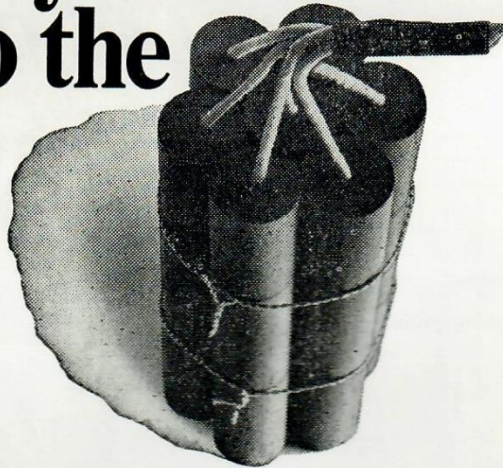
Catches the days discarded news
Chases it along the pier
Follows various effluent
Into seas of slime and smear.

Crouched between the balustrades
The figure stretches out a paw
Tigress eyes downturned now glaze,
As wrists spill out their bestial gore.

Sleek figure stiff in dust cocooned
As Dido's ash beneath the moon
Still littered with a thousand's guilt
And desolation settles soon.

Deirdre Morris, Upper Sixth

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- 2 Girls get a marriage gratuity after 5 years' service.
- 1 You'll be making good use of your education qualifications—girls need a good general education; boys need 4 'O' levels or C.S.E. First Grade. Of course 2 'A' levels would be even better.

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DR. J. B. TAYLOR, F.R.S.

To be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society is one of the greatest honours that can be conferred on a British scientist, and we are very proud indeed that one of our old boys, John Bryan Taylor, has achieved this distinction. Announcing his election the Royal Society described him as "distinguished for his contributions to plasma physics, especially his work on stability and diffusion in plasma."

The Royal Society, the oldest scientific society in Britain, was founded in 1660, and granted a charter two years later by Charles II: Sir Christopher Wren gave the first lecture, Sir Isaac Newton was elected a fellow in 1671 and became president in 1703. Today only about thirty fellows from all branches of science are elected annually for their outstanding scientific achievements.

Dr. Taylor first came into prominence in the international scientific world for his important contribution towards solving the problem of harnessing the energy of the H-bomb for peaceful purposes. The biggest headache in the process is how to hold a wriggling hydrogen gas at 100 million degrees Centigrade — known as plasma in this state — without it vapourizing the apparatus or dispersing before its useful energy can be released. Following some important experimental work by a young Russian scientist in 1962, Dr. Taylor worked out the theory of plasma confinement in magnetic wells, and showed that there were many possible variations. "His work . . . released a tide of new theory and experiment all over the world," wrote John Davy in an article in "The Observer" on 7th June, 1964.

J. B. Taylor was a pupil at the school from 1940 to 1947. He had intended to leave in 1945 when he was sixteen years old to take up a post as laboratory assistant in

one of the local works; but Dr. Howard and Mr. Davies, the headmaster and senior master at the school in those days, were determined that this should not happen, and persuaded his parents to let him stay on for another two years. In the Sixth Form his studies were under the skilful guidance of T. L. Davies in physics and W. D. Morris and J. B. Richards in mathematics; and on the results of his 'A' levels he was awarded a State Scholarship and placed first among all the State Scholars of the Joint Matriculation Board.

At Birmingham University, where he studied with the famous Professor Peierls, he took First Class Honours in Mathematical Physics. Then came two years of National Service in the R.A.F. doing operational research, after which he went back to Birmingham to do research in electron physics for which he was awarded a Ph.D. in 1955. From 1955 to 1962 he was with the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, and during this period spent a year, 1959/60) in the U.S.A. on a Harkness Fellowship. Since 1962 he has been Head of the Theoretical Physics Division of the Atomic Energy Authority Laboratory at Culham, the centre of British fusion research. In 1969 he became a Fellow of the Institute of Physics and Visiting Member of the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, U.S.A. Then in March 1970, when he was 41 years old, came the news of his F.R.S.

Dr. Taylor is married to an old girl of the school, Joan Hargest, (whose two brothers and sister were also pupils of Oldbury Grammar School, as was Dr. Taylor's brother). They have two children, and live in the delightfully-named village of Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, in Berkshire within easy motoring distance of Culham.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

This was another "quiet" summer for our school athletics. The events began with the Birmingham and District Sports, where Jeffrey Young won the Long Jump with a school record jump of 21ft. 8ins.

We had more success in the Warley Sports when David Barley won the Junior Triple Jump and Christopher Acutt the Senior Javelin, with Young winning the Senior 100m and Long Jump.

These three went on to represent Warley in the Worcester Schools' Championships in June, when Acutt won the Senior Javelin with a County Schools' record throw of 155ft. 10ins. Barley and Young were again successful in their events and the latter represented Worcestershire in the National Schools' Championships.

It is hoped that David and Christopher will continue to improve and represent the County in this year's National Championships.

Jeffrey Young

SOLUTION TO JUNIOR CROSSWORD

ACROSS

(1) Tutankhamen, (7) Arc, (9) Tone, (10) Meat, (12) Ill, (13) Televisions, (17) An, (18) Inn, (19) Son, (20) Utensil, (21) I, (22) Eton, (23) Motto, (24) Air, (26) Moon, (27) Nouns, (28) Ah, (30) Lee, (32) Pneumonia, (37) Prime, (38) Liver, (40) Earp, (42) Elocution, (44) Nerve, (45) Energy.

DOWN

(2) Attention, (3) No, (4) Knee, (5) He (6) Missile, (7) Amiss, (8) Colander, (10) Mean, (11) At, (14) Vision, (15) In, (16) Onions, (23) Mole, (25) Item, (26) Maple, (28) Am, (29) Hole, (30) Lino, (31) Eel, (33) Upper, (34) Nil, (35) Ivory, (36) A.E.C., (39) Rude, (41) Ann, (43) Ice.

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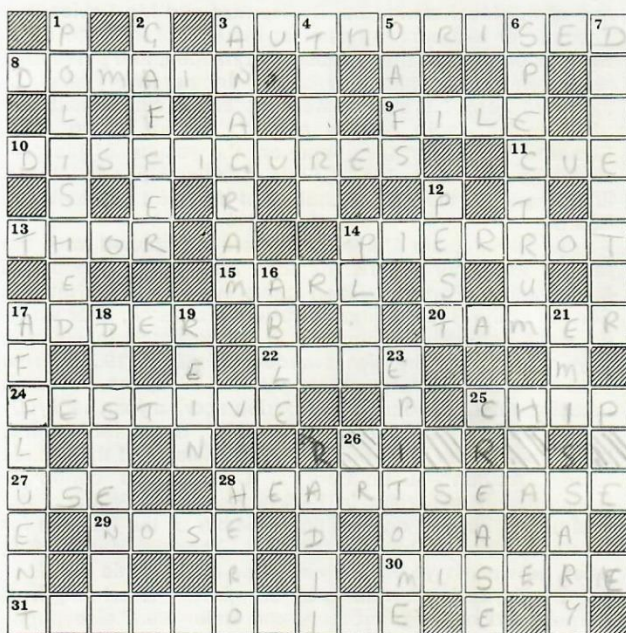
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CLUES ACROSS

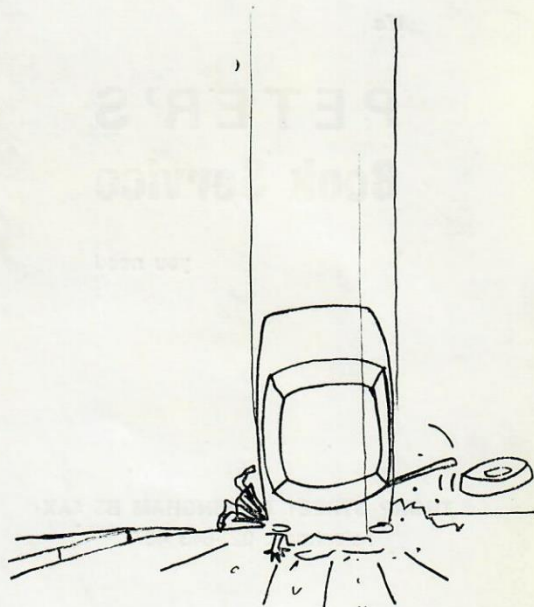
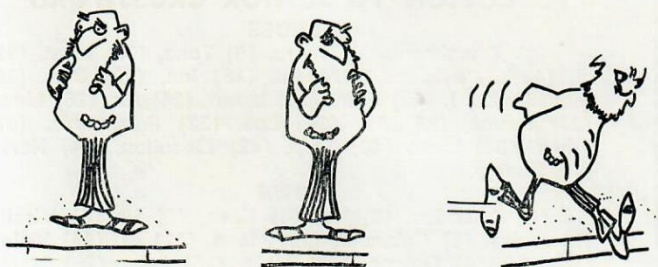
3. The author dies in confusion, but gets sanctioned (10).
8. I'm a Don, and this is my territory (6).
9. The dossier is rasping (4).
10. Dig and the fissure changes, and harms facially (10).
11. The billiards man plays on this (3).
13. A thunderous god (4).
14. To Pierre: lose the note and change to the part in the seaside show (7).

15. Spoil fifty for the brickmaker's clay (4).
17. Dread this reptile (5).
20. A term is disrupted, but is more subdued afterwards (5).
22. Lady Bracknell thought it immaterial (4).
24. In the mood for a feast, but not necessarily hungry (7).
25. Is a potato the old block for this? (4).
27. Find a need for something and employ it (3).
28. The pansy provides consolation (10).
29. Put yours to the grindstone and get down to work (4).
30. What Scrooge might call playing solo (6).
31. Upset? Heed it and a tool for a surveyor's instrument can be found (10).

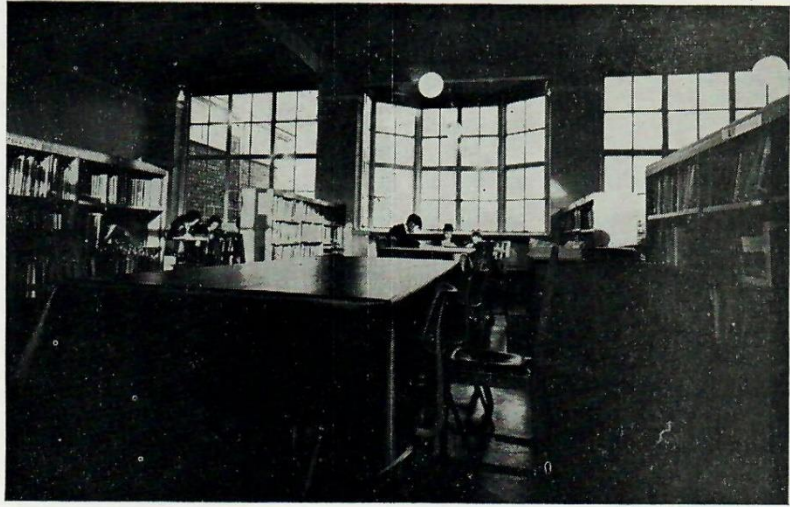
CLUES DOWN

1. Something spoiled can alter by making a small gain to become shiny and smooth (8).
2. Does the foreman drop clangers? (6).
3. Device used by compilers to confuse or elucidate (7).
4. Not the first man between point and slip (5).
5. Changelings in the loaf sugar (4).
6. Strange crumpets are split to render seven colours (8).
7. One who organizes others seated on a board (8).
12. Pets easily become a nuisance (4).
14. A modern one for a house is open (4).
16. Dextrous like a certain sailor (4).
17. Flute and fan spell a prosperous life for this class of person (8).
18. Get rid of medicine? (8).
19. Sounds like bad weather for keeping a horse under control (4).
21. Did the confused miser say he was a messenger? (8).
23. The essential version of the pie to me (7).
25. A problem to iron out (6).
26. Geometrical term applicable to the spokes of a wheel (5).
28. A great man in the Roman age (4).

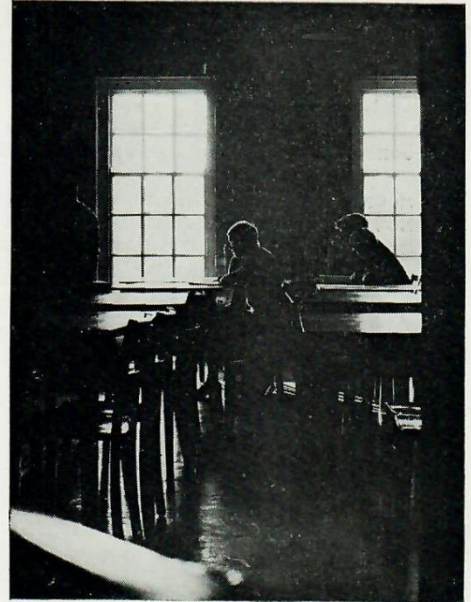
Deidre Morris, Upper Sixth



Roscoe Mills, Upper Sixth



Photographs by Jan Kuczerawy





Jan Kuczerawy

GIRLS' SPORTS REPORT 1969-70

This year we have had a very varied programme in our P.E. curriculum. The netball teams have improved a great deal and are showing a tactical understanding of the game and the younger hockey players are now enjoying inter-school matches, although not very successfully! House matches went well and the re-organisation of teams seems to have proved worthwhile.

Life-saving awards were attempted by pupils throughout the school during the Christmas term and most of those that entered were successful. In fact our number of awards gained, compared favourably with all of the other schools in the borough.

The girls Gymnastic competition — the first of its kind — went off very well and in some cases reached a very high standard. We hope that by next year we will have more apparatus (e.g. an Olympic Beam) and be able to produce some really good gymnasts, with ability on all pieces of apparatus.

Finally, I would like to thank Joy Simpson (Hockey and Tennis Captain) and Barbara Williams (Netball Captain) for their invaluable help during the 1969-70 seasons, and also to all girls who have participated in inter-house and inter-school matches. I hope that 1970-71 will be a year in which we can improve our standards even more in all aspects of the P.E. programme.

M. K. Fisher

Athletics Champions:

Alison Watters
Jeffrey Young

School v. Parents Cricket Match: Result — Match drawn.

House Games Cup: Winners — School House.

House Athletics Cup: Winners — Queens House.

House Swimming Cup: Winners — Kings House.

FOOTBALL

During the present season the 1st XI have reached the Second Round of the Birmingham and District Grammar Schools' Cup and were defeated in the Final of the Worcestershire section of the English Schools' Cup.

Three members of the 1st XI have been picked to represent Worcestershire: S. Venross, S. Cox and C. Grainger (Venross having been chosen for the second successive year).

The 2nd XI and Junior teams have not had a very successful season but the Under 15 XI had four of its members chosen to play for Warley — D. Barley, G. Dakin, G. Thompson and S. Wallin.

The results below are for matches played during 1970 (i.e. the last results from the 1969-70 season and early results from the 1970-71 season). Towards the end of last season the 1st XI beat Holly Lodge G.S. in the Final of the Worcestershire section of the English Schools' Cup.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XI	21	11	3	7	67	45
2nd XI	9	2	0	7	25	59
U.15 XI	10	4	0	6	27	45
U.13 XI	11	4	1	6	34	36

SOLUTION TO CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

ACROSS

(3) Authorised, (8) Domain, (9) File, (10) Disfigures, (11) Cue, (13) Thor, (14) Pierrot, (15) Marl, (17) Adder, (20) Tamer, (22) Line, (24) Festive, (25) Chip, (27) Use, (28) Heartsease, (29) Nose, (30) Misere, (31) Theodolite.

DOWN

(1) Polished, (2) Gaffer, (3) Anagram, (4) Third, (5) Oafs, (6) Spectrum, (7) Director, (12) Pest, (14) Plan, (16) Able, (17) Affluent, (18) Dispense, (19) Rein, (21) Emissary, (23) Epitome, (25) Crease, (26) Radii, (28) Hero.

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