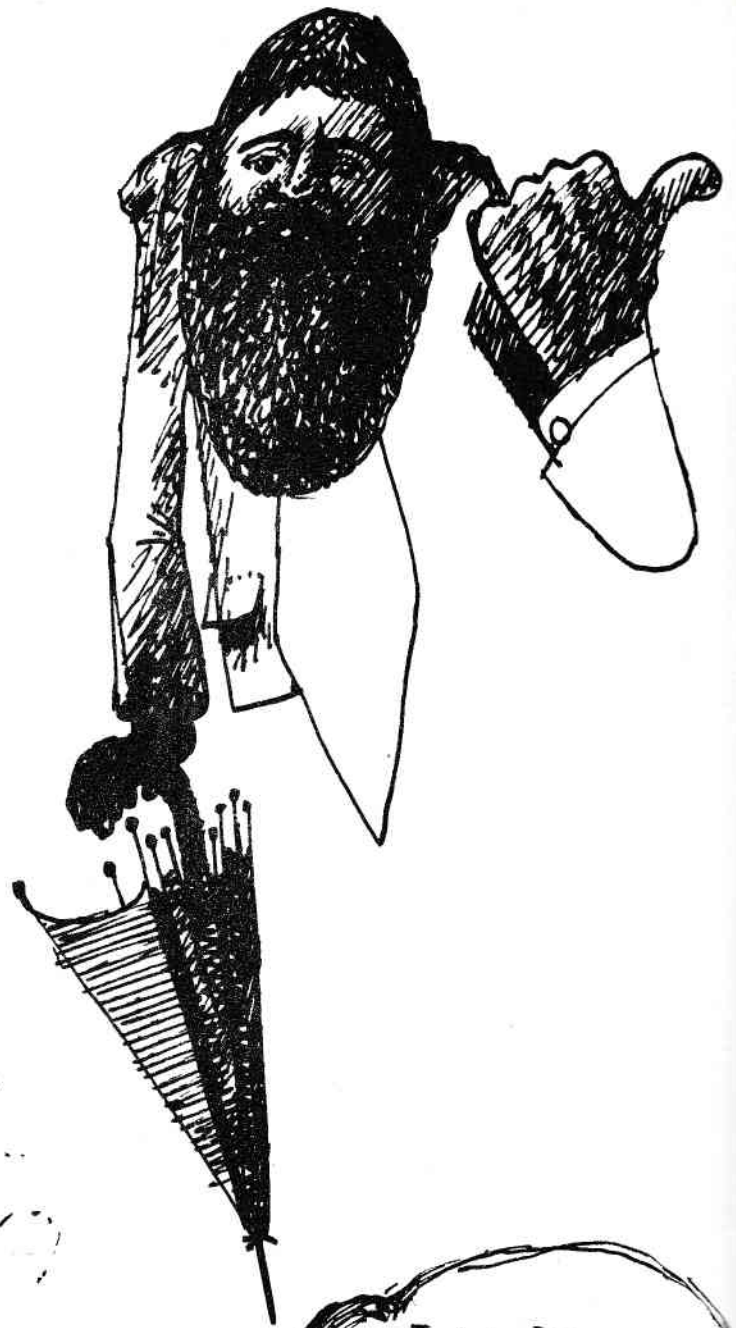




OLDBURIAN





THE OLDBURIAN 1971



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HEADMASTER'S NOTES

One of the more difficult jobs for a new headmaster is to write an introduction such as this for the School Magazine. My brief is to summarize and comment on the School over the past year; this is usually an easy task but made difficult this time by the lack of reference on my part to other years. I have, of course, experience of other schools but schools are strange institutions. They all have the same goal, this is true, but they can achieve this goal equally satisfactorily in such a wide variety of ways that experience in one is not always completely relevant to the practice of another school. In these circumstances it is a temptation to enter a sort of profit and loss account of the School, what it does well, what it does not do quite so well and finish with a declaration of intent. This is not quite the appropriate place for this, not indeed after only six months in the School.

Best, I feel, therefore to concentrate on those aspects of Oldbury Grammar School life which, among many, I have found most pleasing. The first must surely be the Magazine itself. Here competition with other Schools is useful and it can be said that this is a quite outstanding publication, both in terms of material and in terms of presentation. It is a tribute to the School in general and to those concerned with editing and publishing it. Long may it continue to be successful.

I was also delighted to find a School which was so outward looking in terms of visits outside the School. The whole of life is concerned with education and although what happens in the classroom is the real essence of our school, it is also as educationalists our duty to expose our pupils to as many beneficial new experiences and places as possible. Thus in the short time I have been here we have looked at the cultural treasures of Paris and France, we have ringed geese in the Wildfowl Trust of Slimbridge, we have taken fossils from the bonebeds of Ludlow, our Sixth formers have talked on the present day problems of Race Relations with the Sixth formers of Worcestershire Grammar Schools, and have heard about the development of the new Japan with Sixth formers from Birmingham. We have listened to debates in the House of Commons and in Birmingham Council Chamber. We have walked the walls of Chester, we have seen the sights of the Royal Show and in lighter vein we have visited Wimbledon and made theatre visits too numerous to mention. In all these respects I would congratulate the School. We have added to our experience of life and at the same time brought back glowing reports of our department, appearance and behaviour.

I have said almost ad nauseum to the various groups a Headmaster has to talk to about the School that there are two sides to the relationship between pupil and school. The school first makes the pupil, it creates in him or her its own standards and attitudes. The pupil then makes the school by adding to its reputation and standards. In this sense I have been particularly fortunate to have inherited a particularly strong prefect body. These young men and young ladies from the Upper Sixth have set particularly high standards in their academic work, their conduct about the school and their regulation of the conduct of others. This has been of great assistance to me in my first terms here.

The other area of pleasure for me has been outside the school but closely connected with it. It was pleasing to find in existence such a strong and enthusiastic body as the Old Students Association, the Cresconians. I became their guest at a number of functions and was greatly impressed by their friendliness and desire to help the school. I would thank them for their hospitality to my wife and myself. I would further commend the organisation to all those leaving the School. There is a very strong football section and sections for most other games, and this is an ideal opportunity to carry on the friendships made at School

My acquaintance with them has been short but it is with real regret that I have to record the leaving of various members of staff. Mr. Croft, Head of the Religious Instruction Department, is leaving us for a position with a publishing firm. Mr. Bradley, the Head of the Woodwork Department here, is leaving us for promotion to a bigger Craft Department at Dartmouth High School, West Bromwich. Mrs. Thomas, who has taught Economics to the Sixth form for a number of years is leaving us to begin her family. Mr. Hill of the Physics Department, who is going to undertake two years service overseas. Finally two part-time teachers of the English Department. Mrs. Hill has already left us for a full-time post and Mrs. Gibson is leaving us for domestic reasons. I would like to thank them all for their service to the School and wish them the greatest success and good fortune in their new lives. Their loss will be a serious one but it has always surprised me how enduring an institution a School is, members depart leaving apparently irreplaceable gaps but new members appear to fit into the team. They may not make quite the same contribution as before but one that in a different way is just as valuable.

In this light therefore, we welcome to the School in September, Mr. J. Russell, who was once Head Boy of Oldbury, and is coming to us as Head of the Religious Instruction Department from Handsworth Grammar School. Mr. K. Mears, who will be taking over the Woodwork Department, coming to us from the Joseph Leckie School, Walsall. We have two new entrants to the profession, Mr. R. Coupland from the University College of Wales, who will be joining the Physics Department, Miss Judith Field from Reading University, who will be filling the vacancy in the English Department. We also welcome again to the School Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Brayne, who will be returning to teach English and Mathematics. Mrs. Evans will also be returning, seconded to us from Warley College of Technology to teach Economics and finally Mr. Cragg will be coming to begin the teaching of German to our fourth year pupils. We hope that for all of them this will be the beginning of a long, happy and fruitful association.

L. E. Jennings.

A HOT DAY

Stifling, intense heat shimmered on the roofs and pavements of Calais, the port was at a standstill. Heat rose from the desolate streets, paint peeled under the blistering sun.

Lights danced before my eyes, the heat became a torment which never ended and all the greenery drooped and wilted before that shimmering jewel. The vindictive sun tantalised, and became even hotter, and soon, not even in the shade could I escape from the burning heat. Nothing could be seen on the silent streets, except perhaps a dog, its pace slow and tongue fully out.

Hours passed and dusk fell, the heat diminished, people moved out of their resting places and once again the town became a busy port.

Mark Brantingham, 1J

*The slow ponderous steps trudged up the metal stairs,
The metallic clanging rang in the quiet night.
Out through the door, into the pure fresh night
And over, nearer the low brick wall,
One, two, three -- he tensed himself and toppled over
One shrill scream shattered the still night air.*

Catherine Hyde, 4S

STAFF NOTES

We record with sorrow the departure of Mr. Graham Bradley of the Woodwork Department. His fanatical support of Derby County and his interminable and unamusing jokes have endeared him to us all. He is a personality who will be sorely missed. His place in the department will be taken by Mr. Mears.

We are sorry that Mr. Howard Croft is leaving us for a new career in Publishing. His contribution to the general tone of the school has been vast and damaging. Under his capable direction many cobwebs have been swept aside and in the process he has set many female hearts a'flutter. We wish him well on his Quixotic journey and welcome Mr. John Russell, an erstwhile head boy of the School, as the new head of Scripture.

Mr. Paul Hill has vacated his place in the Physics Department and will be replaced by Mr. A. Coupland. Mr. Hill has insinuated himself into the less reputable corner of the staff-room, where skulk the radicals, the trendies and the disaffected; here, his vigorous personality and penetrating cockney manner revitalised the flagging spirits of some of our elder statesmen, especially Mr. Quarterman. We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Hill will both enjoy their stay in Africa, during their two years of voluntary service and that they will send us news of their endeavours.

During the final few weeks of the summer term, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Gibson and Miss Banner became increasingly schizophrenic.

Miss Banner, being the charming and considerate lady that she is, has tried to persuade us that she doesn't **really** want to leave us at all. She would much prefer our semi-lethal staffroom to the glories that await her in Dudley Girls' High School. What does a Head of Department job matter, after all, compared with the esoteric pleasures of Room 16?

Miss Banner has enlivened us all, with her tales of life in New Zealand (where it seems that the male teachers wear shorts in summer) and with her general zest and good humour. She leaves us all the better for her company during her regrettably short stay.

Mrs. Gibson is a relatively old stager, having been with us since 1968. She concealed her leavers' schizophrenia very effectively behind her customary calm efficiency. Only occasionally we heard her muttering, "Tomorrow and tomorrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day" as she waited for the end of term. For the most part, she put up a fairly convincing display of rational sorrow at leaving. Her departure will no doubt be greeted with exhausted relief by certain fifth formers, who will dive straight back into the blank torpor from which Mrs. Gibson's crusading energy has aroused them.

In September Mrs. Gibson will be taking up a post teaching juniors (whom she secretly prefers). She will be sorely missed in the staffroom, and we can only congratulate Rufford County Primary School on acquiring such a dynamic colleague.

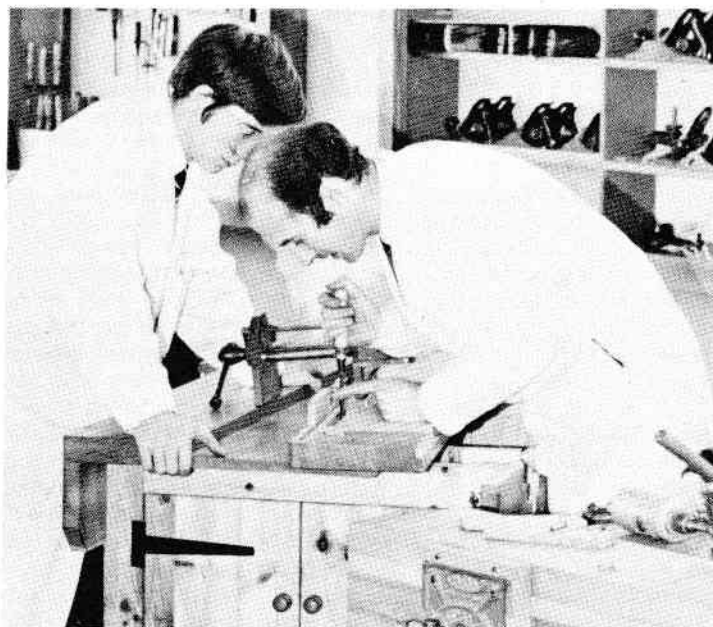
During her final weeks with us, Mrs. Thomas crouched in corners of the staffroom doing complicated things with graph paper. Sometimes she emerged from her calculations and informed us that there were only fifteen days to go, or nineteen if you counted week-ends. At less fraught times she would appear with tiny tissue-paper parcels and gaze mistily at their contents, assuring us that the present first/second/third/fourth/fifth/sixth form was the nicest group of children she had ever known, and that she would think of them whenever she changed the baby.

Is she coming back? Will she, won't she? We all sincerely hope that the Voice of the Valleys will ring round the corridors again as soon as Thomas Junior can spare his mam.

To all three ladies we offer our thanks for their friendship and our very best wishes for their future occupations.



Mr. Croft



Mr. Bradley



Mrs. Thomas

PARIS — EASTER 1971

I cast my mind uneasily about for several weeks before I allowed myself to be persuaded to venture abroad for the second time in my life. I have bitter memories of how in 1960, after having eaten a rather colourful French sausage, I was sick on the pavement in Lille. Ever since I have associated "abroad" with diseased sausages and vomiting.

But I consented to it and set off in high good humour surrounded by Messrs. Benson and Quarterman; the former's pockets bulging with proprietary medicines of every conceivable sort, the latter hung about with cameras and light filters and sporting a very racy umbrella. I passed the journey, hunched and doleful, hourly checking my travel documents and money, and fingering my ancient rabbit's foot.

The French have a reputation for being romantic, but it seems to me incontrovertible evidence to the contrary that those in charge of the Paris school where we stayed accommodated my wife and I in separate buildings. Instead of the discreet married quarters I had anticipated I found myself bundled without apology into a vast dormitory occupied by our boys, numerous coarse Liverpudlians, and Mr. Benson. I had much to suffer, and Mr. Benson, who was in the next bed to mine, was by no means the least troublesome; hardly a night went by without his waking me in the small hours to confide yet another hilariously incomprehensible history question he had devised for the June examinations. Then there was Stephen Harrison, only yards away and eager, if you let him catch your eye, to tell the most abysmal jokes at any time of the day or night. I will say nothing of Robert Gould's midnight antics clad only in a sheet, apparently stolen from Powell. Mr. Quarterman had his own private room which I can only describe as "chic" — as "chef de groupe" (his term) he took several privileges — and was so spared these and other indignities.

One of the most distasteful features of the holiday was the constant vigilance it was necessary to maintain against Algerians, usually drunk and seldom under thirty-five, who pestered our girls tirelessly throughout the week. There were occasions when we felt like sheep dogs, circling our charges and gesturing at these vile creatures one of whom, one day, accused me of being the father of all thirty-three; perhaps he sought to ingratiate himself with subtle continental flattery. On one occasion the situation was rather different; we had to drag my wife and Sue Cartlege from an arty district where they were gazing at a loathesome painter with a deep tan of the cosmetic variety. I suspect he was a poseur from Halifax in spite of his superficial Gallic charms. I myself did not go undisturbed in this respect; on several occasions I was pestered by exquisite French girls who begged me to go off with them "chez papa in ze Alps" and so on, and some even pressed folding money into my hand, but I hurried on affecting not to notice their blandishments.

Outside the Louvre, to my shame, I was mistaken for a Frenchman. I find comfort in the fact that the error was made by an American, a race notoriously without discrimination. I further console myself with the knowledge that I was ill and looking ghastly; I had, the previous evening, unwisely permitted Mr. Benson to press me to a little wine at dinner and the result was that the morning found me feeling rather delicate. I may have resembled a Frenchman that day, for I was green faced and retching in a gutter.

The lavatories were a disgrace, no more than holes in the ground. But I will say no more; the expert in such matters is Diane Jewkes, who investigated several hundred of them with a thoroughness that was almost Teutonic, and relentlessly reported her findings at dinner every evening. Ask her.

H. Croft



Susan Banyard chatting up the Paris police



Mr. Quarterman and Mr. Benson in reflective mood



Some of the Paris group sight-seeing

BIRDS

*Like pieces of silver paper
They rise and fall above the fatal landscape,
Above the blackened bricks and church spire,
Aspiring like Man's soul
New-born.*

Yvonne Curry, LVIS

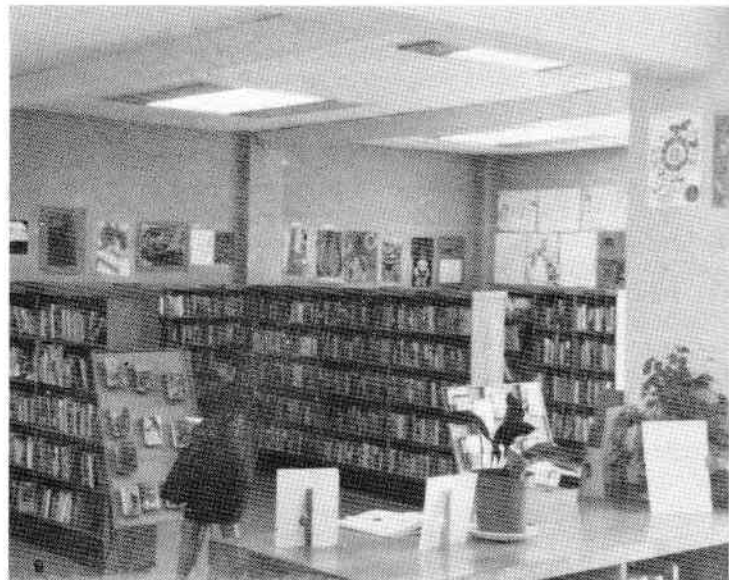
" EXHIBITIONS "

If anyone has visited the Halesowen Co-op recently and felt in need of refreshment, they should have noticed in the cafe a display of artwork by pupils of this school. The work is changed every few weeks, and about a dozen pieces are exhibited at one time.

It is due to Mr. Heath's friendship with the manager of the store that the exhibition was suggested. The result of the publicity in the local paper brought a representative of the Warley Libraries to get in touch with the school. There is now another exhibition of art work at Rounds Green Library.

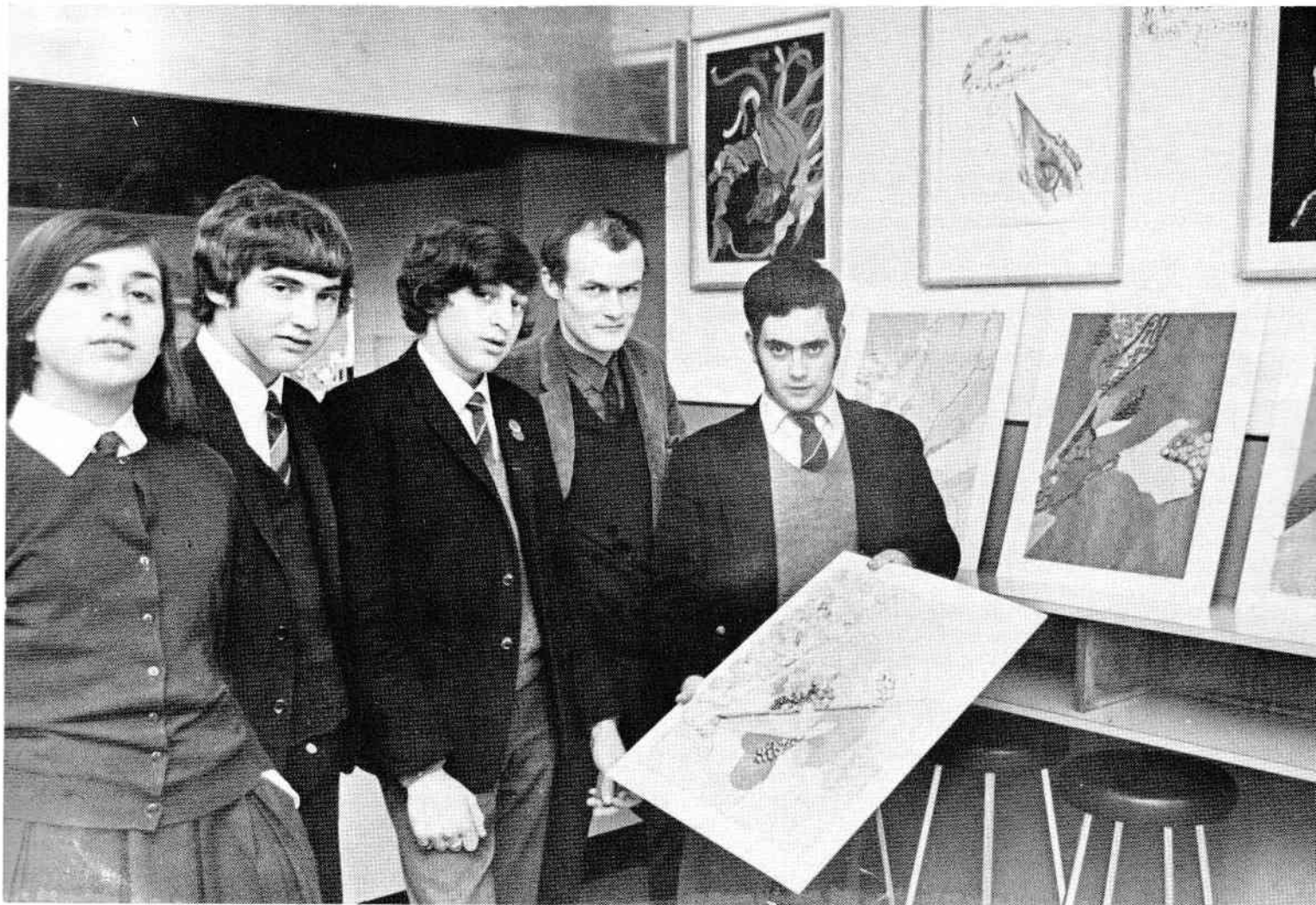
This type of exhibition is a new outlet for talent which exists in the school and must be encouraged.

Susan Breckles, 5L



Exhibition at Rounds Green Library

"It's all at the CO-OP!"



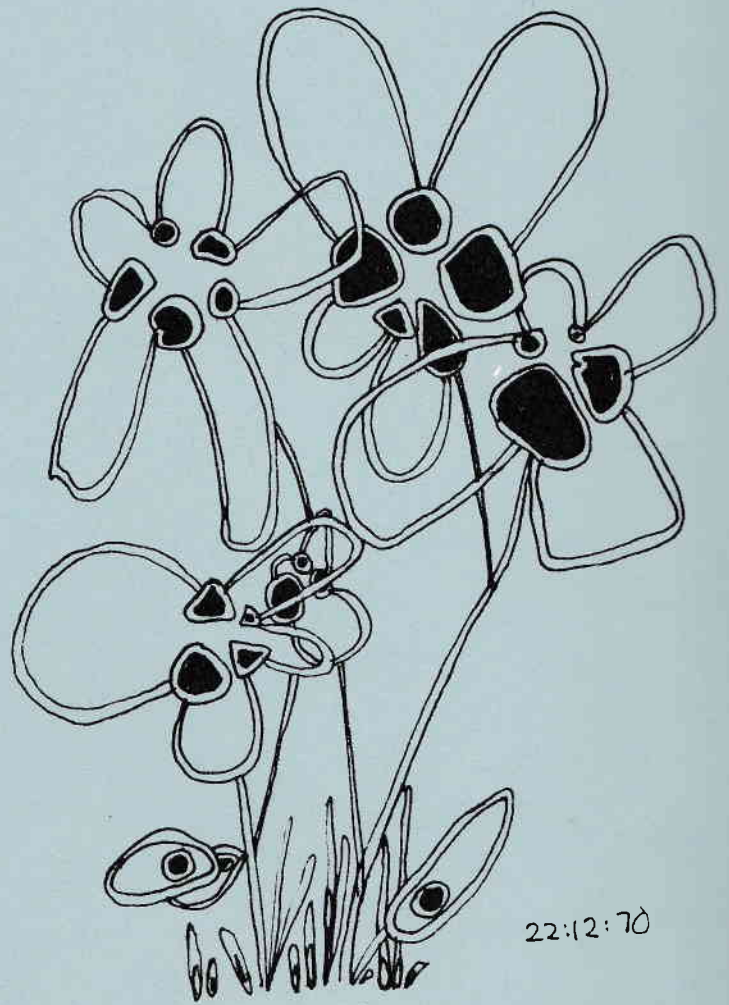
INFLICTION

*It was at midnight or round about,
When we stumbled on an old dugout.
It was dark and black and full of stones,
It was evil with the smell of rotting bones.
The shells were dropping all around,
When we raised our heads to the horrid sound.
We put the soldier in a space,
While the gushing blood dripped off his face.
I'm blind, I'm blind the soldier said,
Then a match was struck above his head.
Thank God, Thank God, I see your light,
But the match had dimmed in the early night.*
Martyn Jackson, 4S

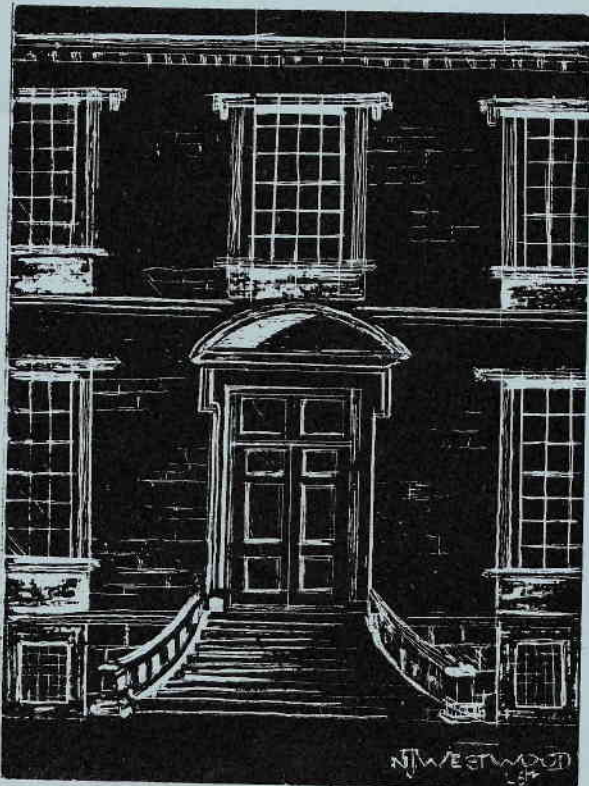
AUTUMN

*Walking in autumn
Crunch went the leaves
Fluttering down
Like jewels
From the trees
Sapphires and Rubies
Squirrels scuffle
From tree to tree
Rustling the dead leaves
Collecting acorns
And hoarding them.
It is beautiful
In the woods
In AUTUMN.*

Jane Moore, 1D



Lesley Moore, LVIS



*She stood there stroking petals
Looking at nowhere infinity from her eyes
And I stole upon her, and asked her,
And she began to cry.*

P. Borriello, LVIS

SEASONS

*Summertime and the sun is shining
And the grass is growing
And my head is aching
From the merciless sun.
Wintertime and the snow is falling
Bitter wind and an owl calling
Engine froze and the car stalling
But Autumn comes and the leaves
Dance in a rhythmic whirling swirling
Trance
Earth at peace, worryings cease,
And my world is
Copper coloured.*

Susan Murthwaite, 3C

MY CHILDHOOD FRIGHTS AND FEARS

I remember lying, listening to the footsteps on the stairs, never ending stairs. I was frightened because I could only hear them when my ear was to the pillow. They came loud and throbbing through the thick pad beneath my head. I remember clutching the sheets tightly as the floorboards creaked. The footsteps would come more quickly and the black fingers of shadow and evil would close in on me, surrounding me, clutching, clawing. Alone, I lay, alone and frightened. The footsteps would come, come into my room. A creak, a bump, and I was alone. The light of dawn would filter softly through my curtains. Those curtains that cut off my nightmare from the world. Those curtains that kept me from the sky and freedom. The evil would vanish as the light came. No clutching fingers to snatch me from life. The birds sang. It was morning. I was no longer alone.

My fight for life and sanity went on night after night. But no-one ever came. I waited, but no-one ever came.

I remember also "God's Anger." The blinding flash, splitting the sky. The angry roars of the City above the clouds. I stood face to the wall, sobbing as the rain knocked at the window. Then roars would come, loud and angry, making the glass vibrate and the trees shudder. The birds would no longer sing and again I would be left alone, alone in my world of fear. Then the worst. I would wait, count until the flash, the blinding flash, that lash of death would whip me. I could see it flickering, licking, lashing at the wall. The slithering snakes of hell, fire and destruction.

I would stand, shaking until the last, the very last distant rumble had died away. Then I would turn away from the wall and turn my tear-stained face to the sky. Eagerly I would search, my eyes pools of loneliness, search for a patch of clear blue goodness to appear in the infinity of evil black. I would wait, watching, praying for the light. It would come. The birds would sing. I would no longer be alone.

Denise Roberts, 4Q

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SIMPLY CLEANING THE KITCHEN FLOOR

Most Sunday mornings my allotted job is to thoroughly clean the kitchen floor.

First I put all the stools in the verandah and roll all the mats up. These are then shaken outside, well away from the kitchen window, to prevent any dust from coming back inside. Then, with the small, soft brush I sweep out the corners and get all the surplus dust from off the lino-tiles. The wastepaper basket is emptied and cleaned out.

Now I can run some hot water and with some detergent begin to clean the floor with a mop, starting from the far end by the cooker and working up to the table. Before this I have chained up the dog to prevent any calamity. When I've cleaned the floor I leave it to dry, warning everyone not to slip on the wet tiles.

One particular Sunday I was indisposed, so my brother was given the task of doing the floor.

"Great" said he with enthusiasm.

"Now, what do I do first?" He pondered for a while, then remembered about taking the mats up. He grabbed them and with a flourish flung them over his shoulder, forgetting to roll them up. A cloud of dust rose up over his head and descended gracefully onto the clean white cloth on the table. Spluttering a little, but otherwise unconcerned he carried the mats outside, catching the stool on the way out, knocking it over with a clatter.

Laying them on the ground he boisterously began beating them with a wooden beater. A grating crunch rang in his ears and he looked disconcertedly at the handle left in his hand and the head of the beater lying on the ground. Furtively he looked over his shoulder and then picked up the broken beater and ran and dropped them into the dustbin.

A little upset now he re-entered the kitchen and carefully put the stools in the verandah. Not upset for long he

ran and fetched the mop and put the detergent in some water. Happily he swished the mop in the water and was interested to see how white the mop suddenly became. "Good stuff, this detergent," he thought. Little did he know that this "detergent" was high power bleach! Stopping the mop back and forth he realised that he had omitted to sweep the floor first. Getting slightly irate he went and snatched the first broom he came to, which happened to be the large, stiff garden broom, filled with leaves and grass cuttings, he commenced to sweep out the corners.

But as he looked and swept, instead of the amount of dust diminishing it seemed to multiply, until there were thousands of small pieces of grass all over the floor.

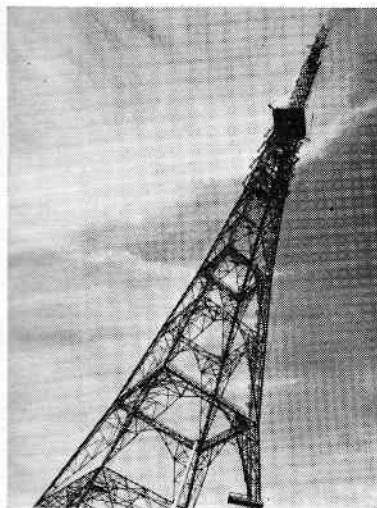
Extremely angry by now he slammed the brush down and went and fetched another one and tried to sweep up the mess. Finally managing to clear it up he took the brushes out and came back to the mop, which had been soaking in the "detergent."

Picking up the handle he swung it down to the floor and jarred his arm as just the stick hit the ground. He looked down and saw no mop, just a metal clasp. He looked up and again saw no mop. Almost mad with annoyance and frustration he yelled "Jan, come and do this kitchen floor quick, or I'll go mad!"

I sauntered downstairs and into the kitchen. There I saw little bits of mop floating dejectedly on the surface of some green water, grass cuttings all over the floor and a little boy standing, purple-faced, holding a broom or mop handle in the middle of a filthy floor.

Laughing, I crossed the kitchen to look how dirty the cloth was and slipped, landing most ungraciously on my bottom in a puddle of water. It soon wiped the smile off my face.

Janet Sturman, 3S



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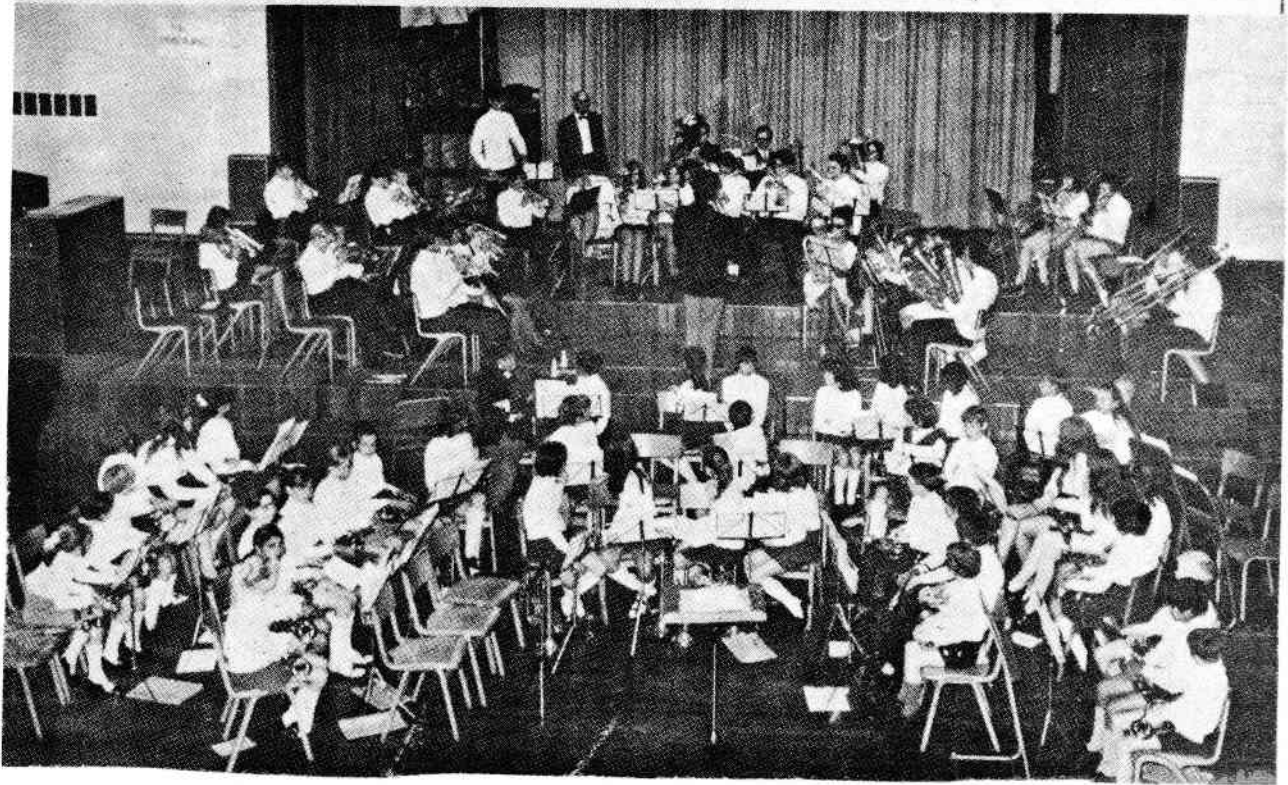
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WARLEY SCHOOLS BRASS BANDS



THE VISIT TO SWITZERLAND BY WARLEY SCHOOLS BRASS BANDS

On 1st July, 1971 I had the privilege of going to Switzerland with the Warley Schools Brass Bands, to represent Great Britain. "69 Ambassadors of Music" went, the ages ranging from 8 to 18. The occasion celebrated 100 years of brass banding in Krenzlingen.

I found the town of Krenzlingen very quiet in comparison to Birmingham. I found that it was also very clean and tidy. There were few cars, and the air was fresh and clear. The public transport consisted of trams and coaches, but local families rode around on bicycles and the teenagers on mopeds.

We played six times in a huge marquee, which accom-

modated over 2,000 people, each night. The Swiss were very friendly and joined in all our concerts, by clapping and cheering.

The officials took us on many trips including visits to local shoe and chocolate factories and to a Lido. On our way home they even took us a long way round to Zurich airport so that we could spend an hour at the famous Rhine Falls.

In return for all their kindness we gave a rousing chorus of Auld Lang Syne at Kloiten Airport. This was a trip which I know will be remembered and cherished by all.

Lesley Mitchell, 3B

A PHOTO

*Once I saw a picture of her,
Taken when she was young.
She looked so different there
So pretty, as carefree as a bird.
"It was taken back in 1911"
She explained, "That's why it's so faded"
I looked at it carefully a while
Wondering
There was a person behind that face,
One I'll never know.
I'm too young to understand
anything about her. I never ever
thought of her being young,*

*But this was proof:
Her hair was long and untidy,
Blown about by the sea wind,
I laughed at her clothes,
So strange and old fashioned.
Though I suppose she thinks
The same of ours. I can't tell?
It's strange but that picture
makes her look sad,
Maybe she was, I don't know.
But now I know she's happy,
Even if she's old.*

Michele Schymyck, 3B



Lita Blewitt, LVIS

VISIT TO AMERICA

In June I spent three weeks on holiday with my parents, in America, visiting relatives. There are a great many things which are different or larger over there, for example the supermarkets are giant size, similar to Lewis's only on one floor. They sell everything from clothes to guns, sportswear and of course all types of food. Prices are about three times as much as they are over here, and the prices marked do not include tax, so you in fact pay extra.

The people I found friendly. They would say 'hello' to you in the street even if they had never seen you before. The Americans make no secret of their wages or taxes they pay. The English seem to find them bigheaded, but this is not so, it is just their way.

While we were there we were interviewed on television, when we went to see round a television station. They took our names and asked from where we came in England, and then we were on the air! We were asked why we had come, the differences between England and America that we had noticed and also if we liked America.

Transmission begins at 5 a.m. through until 3 a.m. There are about twelve stations which can be picked up in Clarksbury and many others throughout the country.

There are many differences to be found in the various states. In West Virginia there are no pubs and the beer is 3 per cent proof, whilst in Maryland the beer is 6.4 per cent proof!

Most of the houses are large, detached, wooden structures, almost like Swiss Chalets. The weather was very hot while I was there, usually in the top 80's and 90's, how-

ever I quickly got used to the heat. I saw a baseball match before I left, I couldn't understand the rules but it looked very exciting.

For two days I went to school. Lessons begin at 8 o'clock and there are four lessons, all one hour long. There is no break except for half-an-hour at dinner time. In the afternoon there are two more lessons. School finishes at 2.30 p.m. Summer holiday lasts from June 1st to August 29th. The pupils, at the school I visited, were allowed to smoke and play radios in the grounds. As for the staff teachers, I guess they're the same all over the world.

Stephanie Wood, 3B



Stephanie Wood in America

SIXTH FORM CONFERENCES

In the past year various members of the Sixth Form have attended four different conferences. Two of these were open to all sixth formers — whether arts or science students. The first of these was held at Halesowen Grammar School and took place during a normal school day. The subject was "Race Relations," there were various speakers, and discussion groups figured as an integral part of the conference. The attendance of pupils from this school compared very favourably with those from other schools in the borough.

The second of the conferences open to all, took place at Aston University, and this one lasted for two days. Japan was the topic chosen and all the speakers were highly qualified and for the most part interesting. Many of the lectures were illustrated by colour slides and during the lunch break films about Japan were shown. This conference was on a much larger scale than the one at Halesowen and here discussion groups were held only to decide on questions for a Brains Trust.

A science conference was held at Birmingham University and offered a number of topics, this too took the form of talks, films and discussions. It extended over a number of days — each day being more appropriate for biologists, chemists or physicists.

The final conference was held at Wolverhampton Polytechnic, as places were limited only one representative from the lower sixth and one from the upper sixth were able to go. It was a three-day science course, involving the use of equipment which is too expensive for use in schools, and was therefore a very worthwhile experience.

These conferences have all been well attended and mostly very interesting and they certainly add an extra dimension to sixth form life.

Rosemary Goodyear, LVIL

1D's VEHICLE SURVEYS — 1971

Some interesting facts and conclusions came from 1D's survey on vehicles in this district. The "sample" consisted of nearly 10,000 cars.

There were three separate surveys, and the usual histograms were drawn to represent these figures. Survey 1 was "What type of vehicle uses Moat Road the most often?" The answer to this was as expected with private cars coming "top." Next in line was the bus, then vans, lorries and motor bikes.

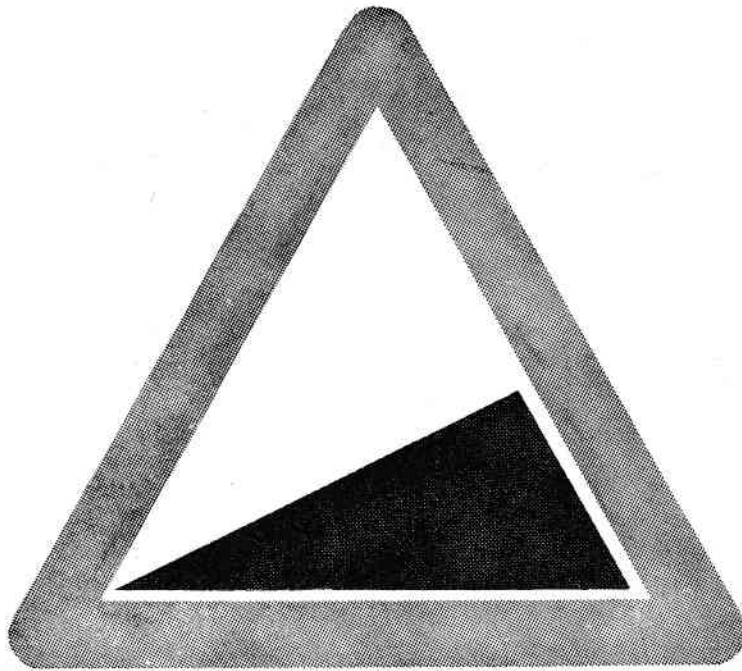
Survey 2's problem was "What is the most popular colour of car in this district?" Two colours were predominant. Blue and green. Then came red and maroon. Other colours were fairly equally spread. Rust seemed to be quite popular . . .

Survey 3 consisted of finding the age of the cars in the area. It was a close thing for "top place" between 1962 cars and before, and the "F" registration, 1968. So the most usual car to see in these parts is one that is nine years old (plus!) and then a three year old car. "J" registrations were next in popularity.

These three surveys were then combined to produce the following illogical conclusions:-

1. Most cars that are green or blue are 9 years old.
 2. All cars that are not green are new.
 3. All cars without a colour, weren't.
 4. Two-tone cars tend to be partly old and partly new.
- Can you think of any others?

R.P.D.



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" A POOR PLAYER, THAT STRUTS AND FRETS HIS HOUR UPON THE STAGE . . . "

The absence of a school play this year has led to a frustration of talent among the inmates of O.G.S.

In an attempt to gratify their dramatic ambitions, numbers of people in the school appear to be holding furtive rehearsals in corners and classrooms, and the most favoured play seems to be " Macbeth."

This is why a visitor to the school might hear snatches of the great tragedy issuing from unexpected lips all over the building.

At 9.15	The bell invites me. Hear it not.	II i 62	Careers room	Thriftless Ambition, that will ravin up Thine own life's means!	II iv 28-29
At registration	Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?	II iii 23-24	Senior master's room	Did he not straight, In pious rage, the two delinquents tear?	III vi 11-12
In Assembly	But they did say their prayers, and addressed them again to sleep.	II ii 24-25	Men's staffroom	Hath he asked for me?	I vii 30
Uniform inspection	What are these, So withered and so wild in their attire?	I iii 39-40	Music room	I'll charm the air to give a sound While you perform your antic round	IV i 129-30
Ladies staffroom	Hark! more knocking!	II ii 68	Dining room	And mounched, and mounched, and mounched. " Give me " quoth I.	I iii 5
Greenhouse	If you can look into the seeds of time And say which grain will grow, and which will not, Speak then to me.	I iii 58-60	Props cupboard	Why do you dress me in borrowed robes? " Enquiries "	I iii 108
Biology Lab	With his brandished steel Which smoked with bloody execution	I ii 17-18	In the lobby	He that's coming must be provided for	I v 65-66
Mr. Swain's little room	There are a crew of wretched souls That stay his cure	IV iii 141-2	Dinner queue	Pr'ythee, peace. Shut up.	I vii 45 II i 6
Room 17	Stands Scotland where it did?	IV iii 164	Corridor duty	Thou marshalls't me the way that I was going	II i 42
Tuck shop	I have supped full with horrors	V v 13	Football pitch	Fair is foul and foul is fair: Hover through the fog and filthy air.	I i 11-12
Sick notes	Your pains Are registered, where every day I turn The leaf to read them.	I iii 151-3	Staff meeting	What's the newest grief?	IV iii 174
Prefects' room	Signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deservers.	I v 65-66	N.U.T. representative	Everyone shall share i' the gains.	IV i 40
Gymnasium	Often upon her knees than on her feet.	IV iii 110	N.A.S. representative	There ran a rumour Of many worthy fellows that were out.	IV iii 182-3
Room 15	Strange things I have in head, that will to hand, Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned.	III iv 138-9	A.M.A. representative	Make we our march towards Birnam.	V ii 31
Fourth form room	I am one Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world Hath so incensed, that I am reckless what I do, to spite the world.	III i 107-10			
Fifth form room	Bring me no more reports	V ii 1			
Room 10	How he solicits Heaven Himself best knows.	V iii 149-50			
Room 7	What do you mean?	II ii 39			
D.S. room	Go, get some water And wash this filthy witness from your hand	II ii 45-46			
Library	This place is too cold for Hell	II iii 18			
Art room	Leave no rubs nor botches in the work	III i 133			

Marjorie Roulstone

HATE

*The Lord Hate reigneth o'er
His kingdom of pain and death and war
A city where love is no more
Cloaked in hate, the bitter black shawl.
With jealousy the bitter words fly
Whilst children scratch and bite and cry,
Their elders try to reason why
What choked their love? Why did it die?
The immortal Hate has made them blind
To love and feelings of that kind.
But try to love and you will find
That Hate is banished from your mind.*

Denise Roberts, 4Q

LOVE

*Many times in this world and the next,
Love will happen as a way of life,
As trees grow, flowers bloom, as we expect
Them to, love will go on through joy and strife.
Many times when all our hope is lost,
And things seem endlessly at war;
The love of man is suddenly the host
To all, easing pain, and justifying law.
Although we try to govern our emotion
And treat it most inferior to ourselves,
It is the key ingredient to the potion
Of life, and in everything it delves.
Life is love, the essence of the hive.
Without love; no man is alive.*

Angela Parkes, LVII



Military (Regular and T. and A.V.R.) Cap Badges

GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE

- Don't go on a Geography Field Course to Red House, Hackness, Nr. Scarborough, Yorkshire, unless you want to:
- arrive in Scarborough and face a possible two hour wait in the cold and rain
 - meet probably 8 or 10 other folk bent on the same course of self destruction as you are
 - walk approximately 60 miles in a week.
 - see part of the magnificent Yorkshire coastline around Scarborough and Flamborough Head and see the beautiful Yorkshire countryside
 - do a land use survey, urban study and perhaps a farm or village study
 - crawl through enlarged joints in chalk cliffs, climb near vertical hills and paddle in streams (all for geographical reasons!)
 - be treated like adults and to be made very welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Priestley.
- and last but certainly not least
- learn a lot of very useful geography in ideal surroundings from someone who knows everything and everyone in the area.

The Lower 6th Geography Group did, and lived to return and tell the tale.
Helen Parkes, LVIL



Sixth formers on the Field Course

THE GOOD ODE DAYS

*When yome ode, ther ay much left,
But yer memries a the past,
Yone got moor tyme ter sit 'n brewd,
On the things that just day last.
Cos when yome young, yow jus' dow think
That life woe be the saem,
Yoe thinkin' that yow'll all'is be
Aeble, fit and gaeme.
But comes the time when yoe retire,
From work yoe'n all'is knowd,
Yoe find that sum a the fire's gone out,
An' yoe startin' feelin' code.
An' as yoe start ter change yer life,
An' try ter change yer ways,
Yoe find with all yer tyme ter spare,
Yoe think o' the good ode days.
The thing I find most 'ard ter tek,
Is 'how they change the naeme,
A things yoe'n known all yer life,
An' they'm still the flippin' saeme.
I live now in an avenue, that used ter be a road
An' sun meself on a patio, that used ter be a foad,
Another thing, I'll tell yer now
That I just cor' abide,
Is the un'ealthy way they an the lavetries inside.
I used ter live in a terraced 'ouse,
An' lived theer like a lord,
Now it's an ode folks bundelow,
An' a rent I cor' afford.
I used ter like a drink er tew,
An' a Woodbine now an' then,
But worrit cost me in a wik,
Now buys a pint an' ten.
But though these things 'an chaenged sa much,
An' life is offen 'ard,
I'm quite content ter sit an' think,
An' play me final card.
So when at last they callin' me
To account for all me crimes,
I's ten ter one I's'll start ter think
Of 'em as the good ode times.*

Angela Parkes, LVIIJ

*Here is lapsed thought
At the brilliance of interpreted tragedy.
The after-effect, almost apathy,
At performance so right.
I wonder why the critics
Are not still, even now, writing their views
And how
They could forget so easily
What to me has been an
Inexpressible success
Of expressed emotions.
I saw the actor say:
"This is a good night"
To our wild unleashed applause.
Which almost drove away
The feeling that it had-been
His own tragedy, his own tears,
His own absolute part.*

Yvonne Curry, LVIS

A STRANGER

*A stranger sits huddled in an empty room.
Outside the snow falls.
All is frozen in the hard, intense cold.
All is silent and still.
Only his thoughts move.
They swirl round and round in his head, like the snow outside.
Confused thoughts.
What is the matter with everyone?
Somehow friends and family change,
You try to make them understand, you shout to make them
hear.
No one listens.
Why bother then? Why talk at all?
Questions, questions, but no one answers them.
What's wrong? Why does everything seem so different?
Suddenly life has changed.
Growing up is terrifying—
The stranger is afraid.*

Elizabeth Wilson, LVIL



Caroline Postins, LVIS

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In the next few pages we have tried to remind you of the origins of some of the things we take for granted in school, also to compare Oldbury Grammar School when it first opened with Oldbury Grammar School today, and finally to give you something to think about.

Rosemary Goodyear, Susan Lee, Elizabeth Wilson.

THE BEGINNING

Our present school premises were opened in 1926 on 26th October, by Principal C. Grant Robertson of Birmingham University. The growth in the number of pupils had made the original buildings in Flash Road completely inadequate. Tributes were paid to the generosity of the County Council, to the ability of the Director of Education and to the wisdom of the Architect. One wonders if there would still be praise for the Architect from the pupils today!

It was said at the opening ceremony that however "beautiful and effective" the buildings were, that they were only environment and that the teachers were all important as they were training our future citizens. The true function of the school was not merely to enable its pupils to earn their living but to teach them higher things that make life worth living.

The Headmaster closed the ceremony by saying that the school would try to be worthy of its new home and as our school song says to "play the game."

OLDBURY SCHOOL SONG

WORDS BY HEADMASTER

MR. J. G. HOWARTH, M.A.

'Mid ceaseless toil and the swirling smoke, where the mighty furnace glows,

With night skies ablaze through the murk and the haze, the Oldbury School arose;

Her sons and her daughters both have attained a due meed of renown,

For some the hero's fame, for some the scholar's crown.

Chorus—

*So hurrah! for the Old Boys of Oldbury,
Who have built up the fame of our School,
For they played the game, we must do the same,
Until all hail the fair name of Oldbury.*

*Though the strife of life may be swift and keen,
Though we may find hard knocks to rule,
Heed not the praise or blame, carry on and play the game,
For we are boys (girls) of Oldbury School.*

When war clouds rose, spread afar o'er the land, then her sons gave of their best,

We honour those who have paid with their lives for safety for the rest;

Her fair daughters all came forth at the call to work in freedom's name,

So let us in our turn, carry on and play the game.

Chorus.

When games go fast and the time passes by, and the goals are hard to find,

And half-back and back bear the shock of attack, and forwards gasp for wind,

It's then gallant hearts are game to the last, no fear their strength shall tame,

So strive on to the end, the glory in the game.

Chorus.

In years to come when we're grown stiff and staid, and we wonder how we played.

And we think of the games in the rain and the sun, and the records that we made,

We'll pause for a while and count up the score, with neither fear or shame,

We'll face our lives and say, we've always played the game.

Chorus.

" PRO DEO ET REGE ET PATRIA "

On Sunday, 27th October, 1929 the Memorial Window was unveiled. This window can be seen in the Assembly Hall. That is, it can be seen if one takes the trouble to look behind the stage curtains!

Its purpose is to make people remember the many students associated with the school who were killed while fighting in the 1st World War.

"They gave their lives to the Commonwealth and received each for his own, memory and fame that will never die."

The window is composed of ten stained-glass pictorials. "The ideas depicted are Courage, Justice and Fortitude, ideals inspiring these youths, who were not hardened soldiers but young men of honour, courage and conviction, who died believing in the justice of their cause."

In the central light is the enthroned figure of Justice holding in her hands the ancient emblems, the sword and scales, and looking upon the world with cold, impartial gaze.

On her right, Courage is depicted as a youth, holding aloft in his left hand a torch, whilst his right hand rests lightly on the hilt of his sword. Though clad in armour, he wears no helmet, suggesting that these youths were not professional fighting men, but boys who went from school, college, office and factory, at the call of duty.

On his left, bearing his banner, unflinchingly, amid a shower of arrows, stands another youth, showing the fortitude with which these brave young soldiers faced hardship, privation, suffering and death.

The two outer lights contain cartouches on which are inscribed the names of the eight Old Boys who laid down their lives.

In the four upper lights appear emblems of the various arms of the services, Navy, Army, Medical and Air Force, whilst in the centre is emblazoned the badge of the school.

It seems a shame that something as significant and interesting as this window is all but forgotten by the pupils of today. Almost everyday we walk through the hall and sit in there for a quarter of an hour, but we do not even notice that the window exists, let alone study it and consider what it portrays and why it is there at all.

PLAYING ITS PART IN THE SCHOOL

The organ, a significant part of daily assembly which is taken for granted. Few people know the history of this instrument. It was donated to celebrate the Jubilee Year of the School, 1954.

A large proportion of the money needed, was given by Dr. Dawes, a governor of the school at that time, who founded the Dawes Memorial Fund in memory of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dawes. The generous sum of £4,000 purchased a two manual and pedal pipe organ.

To supplement this gift an appeal for £1,200 was launched to cover the cost of installation and construction of the organ in the Assembly Hall. The trustees of the Oldbury Charity offering to pay £1 for every other £1 raised, not exceeding £500.

The organ was erected in two sections; the Great and Pedal Organs being at the back of the Hall and around the doors leading into the lobby, while the Swell Organ and Console were placed in the Annexe, built into the Quadrangle on the Girls' side, where the end window of the Hall was originally.

From 1954 up to 1971 the organ has remained an integral part of school life and only recently an organ recital was given on it by Mr. Pegg, a former pupil of the school. It is certainly a very impressive addition to the school and it is only to be hoped that it will be used fully in the future.

SPORTS

Sports in past years consisted of more or less the same type of activities which are carried on today, but there appears to have been greater inter-schools competition. The old favourite sports of tennis, rounders, cricket and football stretch back as far as the school itself but one notable addition is that of cross-country running, which was first introduced for boys in 1952. Meetings took place between West Bromwich, Holly Lodge, Harborne Harriers, King Edward's and Five Ways, in which we did very well, being placed near the top in several of the meetings. It was hoped this event would continue for many years and it seems a pity that it should now be lost to the school. Gymnastic competitions were also instituted in 1952 and in the athletics field a three-mile race event was introduced but dropped the following year, much to the relief of many senior boys!

It is therefore apparent that today the school participates in a more varied sporting field with such sports as judo, fishing and cycling. One hopes that these events will continue to be supported and that perhaps even more will be introduced in future.

THE GYMNASIUM

The new Gymnasium was opened on 5th November, 1938, by Dorothy Round, the Women's Lawn Tennis (Singles) Champion of the World. The building was officially opened with a silver key (whatever happened to that?) after a short speech by Miss Round. This was followed by an inspection, displays, games and a film on physical training.

The Gymnasium was not built until 12 years after these school buildings were first used, it makes one wonder how they managed in those days, there is so much we take for granted, such as the gym, which in 1938 were considered luxuries.

A WET PITCH AND A SOAKING BALL

*A wet pitch and a soaking ball,
The raindrops falling fast,
And whistling through the net, I hear
The cold and icy blast,
The cold and icy blast, my boys,
While like a cannon's fire,
The ball flies into goal, and leaves
The goalie in the mire.
"Oh! for a clean and level pitch!"
I hear a fair one cry;
But give to me, the grassless bog,
Which never shall be dry;
Which never shall be dry, my boys,
A heavy ball for me! —
The world of quagmires is our home,
And merry men are we.
There's mud upon our players' clothes,
And water in their shoes,
Yet visitors upon our pitch
Are pretty sure to lose,
Are pretty sure to lose, my boys,
For this is our abode —
The muddy sphere our pleasure is,
Our heritage — Moat Road.*

TO SWIM OR NOT TO SWIM

The open air swimming bath was completed towards the end of the Summer Term of 1927, shortly after the school buildings were opened. It was donated by Mr. Albright, a governor of the school. However it was not a complete success, the bad weather hampered even the most enthusiastic swimmers and it became more use to the biologists who caught magnificent tadpoles in the murky waters.

OUR BATHS

A parody on "D'ye Ken John Peel?"

*D'ye ken our baths on a summer's day,
D'ye ken our baths where the frogs do play,
D'ye ken our baths with the water so grey,
With the slime and the sleet in the morning?*

Chorus—

*For the sound of the splash makes us shiver in bed,
And the croak of the frogs which we oft times fed,
For the botanist's cries would awaken the dead
Or the frogs from their lair in the morning.*

*Yes, we ken our baths and the "footer pitch" too,
Frogs and newts by no means a few,
From a shiver to a sneeze, from a sneeze to the 'flu,
From the 'flu to a death in the morning.
Then here's to our baths, from three who do know,
Let's bathe in its waters while there's no snow,
We'll follow the frogs thro' high and thro' low,
If we want a bad cold in the morning.
D'ye ken our baths with the water so nice,
They are built to swim in when you break the ice,
But they are used, you know, as Miss Green's paradise,
When they pickle their catch in the morning.*

HOW GOOD ARE YOU AT SPORTS COMPARED WITH CHAMPIONS OF 1921-27?

100 YARDS

Under 12

Girls — H. Mansell, 13 1/5 secs. 1921
Boys — C. H. Greenwood, 12 2/5 secs. 1926

Under 15

Girls — M. Bowden, 12 2/5 secs. 1921
Boys — D. E. Adams, 11 2/5 secs. 1927

Open

Girls — H. Mansell, 12 secs. 1926
Boys — H. Jennings, 10 1/5 secs. 1927

HIGH JUMP

Under 12

Girls — B. Turnbull, 3ft. 2 3/4 ins. 1927

Under 15

Girls — R. Everett, 4ft. 1926
Boys — D. E. Adams, 4ft. 4 3/4 ins. 1927

Open

Boys — J. H. A. Hawkins, 5ft. 1921

MILE

Open

Boys — L. Blundell, 5min. 15 1/5secs. 1927





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" YOUR SCHOOL DAYS ARE THE BEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE "

No doubt every pupil has heard this phrase at some time during their lives. Whether you accept it or not, have you ever wondered why life at school during your parents' childhood is reputed to have contained the best days of their life? Looking back through old copies of the Oldburian, the answer is easily found — that school in those days appears to have been much more pleasant, due to social and educational activities within the school.

It is also surprising to see how many excursions to various places have been undertaken since the school was built. Places visited (for educational and recreational reasons) have been interesting, informative and widespread; Oxford, Aldershot, The Peak District, Stratford, London, The Isle of Jura, a coal mine, local factories and even a brewery (support likely from VI formers!) have all been visited, ventures abroad have included Switzerland and Northern France.

A social activity which has been forgotten in recent years, was a day-long social visit to Redditch Secondary School for senior pupils, occurring every six months, visits alternating between the two schools. The pupils, on arrival were paired off with members of the host school and during the day various activities were arranged. Meals were provided and at night a dance was held complete with supper at the end of the evening.

It would be a good idea if the school revived even a few of the activities mentioned above, it would certainly make school more friendly and bearable!

SCHOOL HUMOUR IN 1928

(These were funny?).

A glazier is a man who runs down mountains.

Virgil was in love with a girl named Enid and wrote lots of books about her.

The Angustan Era was a mistake of Augustus.

Mushrooms always grow in damp places, so they look like umbrellas.

The Salic Law is that you must take everything with a pinch of salt.

(We apologise)

SNIPPETS

Did you know . . .

. . . that there have been seven Headmasters of this school; Mr. C. H. H. Walker (appointed 1904); Mr. P. Henderson (1908); Mr. G. H. Crisp (1911); Mr. J. G. Howarth (1920); Mr. C. C. Howard (1936); Mr. H. A. Ackroyd (1964) and Mr. L. E. Jennings (1971)?

. . . that the original school at Flash Road had only two classes with 50 to 60 pupils?

. . . that the first school Captains in 1926-27 were J. Hebbard and P. Icke?

. . . that one school trip in 1929 consisted of a visit to a local brewery with 'light refreshments' provided?

If not it's time you found out more information about your school.

In the past any school activity was an important event and a full attendance could be expected, these days when an event is arranged it is usually poorly attended, and in fact sometimes one feels that the school motto should be "Apathy Reigns" rather than "Cresco." There are reasons for this state of affairs and probably the most obvious is that times have changed — the events and activities that interested pupils thirty years ago, would now be greeted by a total lack of enthusiasm. There are, it is true, more sources of entertainment outside the school than there were when the school was opened in 1926. We must of course remember that the war years were partly responsible for this lack of outside activity.

School is not so important as a source of pleasure as it was, friendships are formed outside school, entertainment and social life are found far from Moat Road. Perhaps if the first and second forms could become united as they moved up the school, there would be more social activities and less apathy.

In the past there was a greater interest in inter-school activities, which surely must be beneficial even if only open to fifth and sixth forms. It is true that recent sixth form conferences have tried to re-establish contact with other schools, but this could be widened to include inter-school dances, day exchanges and inter-school debates.

It is up to the pupils to pull themselves out of the apathetic state they find themselves in, especially as regards to school sports, swimming galas and entries for the School Magazine. The school is only what the pupils make it and it is no use complaining if you are not prepared to alter the situation.

Keith Mellor, LVIJ

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THE NIGHT OF THE DREAM

Grant Hargreaves shivered, although he was hot. His every nerve was on edge as he gripped the side of the bed, his knuckles numb with the pressure of his grip. It wasn't as though he had anything to worry about, he thought, he was happy in his job at the bank, he couldn't think of anything that was upsetting him, and yet every night he had the most horrible nightmare. He thought about the dreams that he had had over the past two months. They weren't exactly the same in every detail, only the last part, where he was about to die. Before the fatal act he would wake up screaming in a cold sweat, terrified to open his eyes in case the dream was true.

He leaned across the bed and switched on the light. It was half past two. That was another thing, his dream always ended at the same time. He always went to bed at approximately midnight, but why should his dream always end at the same time? His shaky hand reached across for his cigarettes. He fumbled with the lighter, nearly dropping it and then got up and went downstairs to get something to eat. This dream had been the worst so far. He had been in the jungle, confidently cutting his way through the draping vines when he had heard a sharp, rasping sound to his left. He had turned to see a gigantic grasshopper crouching and ready to leap onto him. Then he was running over cliffs and it was coming after him and he couldn't get away. He had tripped and his leg was numb after smashing it against the rocks. He had stumbled again and it was standing over him, hot saliva and blood dripping from its mouth, its jaws making the harsh rasping sounds which he had heard before, and then —

He shuddered. He didn't want to think of what might have happened had he not woken up. The kitchen floor was cold to his bare feet as he staggered in an almost drunken manner towards the 'fridge. No! it wouldn't make any difference if he ate anything. He went back into the hall and made his way to the 'phone. He began to dial Frank's number — if only he could talk to someone! Then he remembered what Frank had said to him once —

"I never answer the 'phone in the middle of the night — I don't believe in talking to anyone inconsiderate enough to disturb my beauty sleep!"

And he had laughed with Frank and they had joked about Frank's need for beauty sleep. So Frank wouldn't answer the 'phone call.

Grant slept on the bed-settee for the rest of the night. But all through the next day he thought about the dream. Perhaps it had reached its climax now. Perhaps it had been the last one, but the chance that one night he wouldn't wake in time was too great. His mind wasn't on his work while he was at the bank, so he was sent home early by the manager who said that it was no use him staying because he was doing no work, and if he was at home, he wouldn't have to be paid. Grant had driven home without even realising what he was doing. He opened the door, slowly taking off his coat and set the kettle boiling for a pot of tea. Then the solution to his troubles suddenly dawned on him. He almost longed for the night — he knew he was safe now, nothing could worry him any longer.

NIGHT

*Night is coming on,
Twilight is diminishing,
Another day has gone.*

Mark Brantingham, 1J

Twelve o'clock midnight struck, but Grant stayed down stairs. One o'clock, two o'clock. He picked up his cigarettes and his lighter, and poked the fire. Then he went upstairs. By quarter past two he was undressed and in bed. He lit a cigarette and then tipped out two sleeping pills onto his bedside table by a glass of water. Twenty-five minutes past two, and he placed the cigarette on the table, picking up the pills. He swallowed them quickly. By now the dream would have been nearly over. He would miss it tonight. He put down the glass and lay back, waiting for peaceful sleep to come. By half past two his eyes had closed and he was asleep.

Suddenly, he found himself diving down towards the ground from a tremendous height. What had gone wrong? Great walls of flame were on either side of him and the sickening smell of burning rubber attacked his nostrils. Then he realised his mistake in going to sleep at this time. Instead of the beginning of his horrific dream he was experiencing the end. He remembered one of his former dreams finishing at such a point, so now he was going to find out what happened.

A sudden lurch in his falling brought him to his senses. It was no good just sitting there thinking, he must stop his fall. By remembering his other dream he knew who and where he was. Test-pilot Hargreaves must stop his 'plane from crashing. The ground was rushing up, even more swiftly than before, to meet him. He tried to force the controls upwards, in vain. Sparks flew from the control panel and set his khaki uniform smouldering. He felt sick as the dying 'plane started to spiral in its terrific dive. So now he was going to find out what death was, but not if he could help it. His conscious mind struggled to regain control of his brain, but failed against the effect of the sleeping pills. Then he was only a few feet from the ground — his scream of terror was cut short as the flame engulfed cabin crumpled like tin foil against a board. There was a tremendous explosion as the fire reached the fuel tanks, and then the shattered wreck burnt quietly. There wasn't enough left to even guess that there had been a pilot.

The fireman watched in silence while the roof of the house caved in and then continued hosing the bottom half with filthy water. In half an hour there was nothing left except a few damp pieces of charcoal and the occasional smouldering piece of metal.

"The person inside wouldn't have stood a chance," one of the firemen told news reporters. "It was an inferno in there. No one could have managed to get out in time." They asked what started the fire. He didn't know, but there was some talk later of a cigarette end which was still alight when it fell onto the bedclothes.

Lesley Stockin, 3S

*I want to love
But all they offer is marriage,
I want to believe
But all they offer is religion,
For Jesus he was a very compassionate man,
Believe in him and you can go to heaven,
But if you don't you can bloody well go to hell.
Am I not human because I don't want your God?
I crave love, to be loved, to give love,
To understand and be understood,
I want peace to cry
I need peace to die.*

Peter Borriello, LVIS

SOCIAL SERVICES REPORT 1970-1971

We have had six full social service council meetings this year, where the main points of discussion have been how to use last year's money which totalled over £1,000, how to raise and distribute this year's money, and in what other ways we could help the borough directly.

The money from 1969-1970 was divided to help three needs within the borough of Warley. One third went to decorate the lounge of Astbury House — a new short-stay home for mentally handicapped teenagers. Another portion went to buy a collapsible wheel chair, games, and a storage cupboard for the Rood End Club for the physically handicapped, and the remainder was used to buy basic materials such as paint and climbing ropes for the Smethwick Adventure Playgroup.

This year, we again hope to reach £1,000 with form activities within the school such as raffles, discotheques in the dinner hour and even a pet show, and also the proceeds from our annual sponsored walk, which took place on 13th May. It was decided that 30 per cent of the money which we raise this year will go to charity, whilst the remainder will be spent on amenities for the school.

The whole school did something to help the borough when they either provided food, helped with the catering or in entertaining for the party which we held at the end of the Spring Term for the housebound people of the district. This was greatly enjoyed by all who attended — pupils and old people alike.

Some sixth formers eagerly volunteered to help with the adventure playgroup schemes in our local parks during the school holidays. They were welcomed gratefully and enjoyed the experience of working and playing with young children.

The sixth form have also done useful work on Wednesday afternoons, instead of games, when, some visit Grafton Lodge old people's home, others help at Barnford Day Nursery, and some go to the two local Welfare Clinics.

Our work in many different ways throughout the borough has been looked upon with great admiration and it is hoped that it will continue in the future.

Linda Scott, LVIL

DEATH ON THE ROAD

A rapier thrust of white hot anguish darted through his swelling thigh, in his head was a terrible beat of angry blood and he was writhing against the continual bombardment of piercing shrieks. He struggled against the grey shrouds which were slowly drawing down his eyelids with some awesome, momentous force. He lay in pools of red, red blood which gushed from his mouth and leg.

"Call an ambulance someone." Yet they just stood, fixed, with gaping mouths, one girl sobbing, uttering low guttural moans. "Poor lad," one said . . .

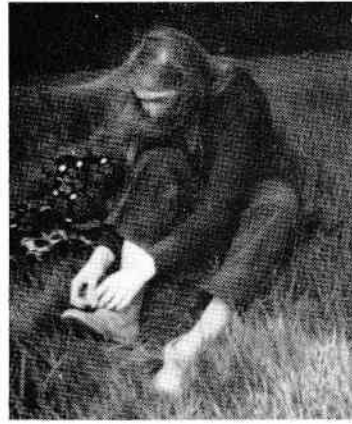
"Why did it have to be me?" he asked, as an ice cold needle came up his spine colliding with the heat in his head. "Must keep . . ." and he was turned onto his side so that he could cough more blood and phlegm into the gutter. He lay in a pathetic little heap, his collar opened by some dutiful passer-by. The torrents inside threw his senses into a state of semi-consciousness. Someone had put a lead sheet on one half of his body. He was paralysed. Lying there on the cold, uneven surface he thought of his mother. How would she be taking the news? He forced his eyes open, only to reveal a stone haze in front of his face.

"Does it hurt love?" . . . How could anyone be so ignorant?

His forehead was like a furnace now; barely able to move save from uttering a few gurgles as he outstretched a hand. How quiet it was; his head was remarkably cool.

"It's all right lad, the ambulance is here." Too late.

Robert Macdonald, LVIS



Sponsored Walk
"And there's still another 13½ miles to go"

Old People's Party



INSPIRATION

I thought it might be nice to write something for the School Magazine this year. Show willing, set a good example, show that apathy has not completely taken over; and all that. But . . . what shall I write about? My creative ability seems to have died a sad death, buried beneath a mass of grey cells.

Several topics eventually emerge from my subconscious. "Women's Lib." was one, the beginning and the end were fine. The ending especially would have been . . . (talking of male domination) and who are we, mere women, to change all that? . . . Yes, the end and the beginning were great, well not too bad, but the bit in the middle just wasn't worth the effort.

I ponder. What are people interested in? Sport? — (I know little about sport — apart from football, to a small degree). The "Permissive Society?" (I know even less about that). Poetry? — I could write a poem. After some considerable time, when the wastepaper basket is utilised to the full, I decide that I'm not one of the world's greatest poets. And anyway who would read my puny effort? No, I'll leave it to more worthy bards.

I dream. I still haven't thought of anything to write.

Why not write about writing something for the School Magazine? a voice suggests. What a ridiculous suggestion, who would be interested in reading about writing something for the School Magazine? "Don't be daft! . . . I mean, well, how stupid, ridiculous, rubbish — what ever next? Can you imagine? Well really . . .

Never mind, I might manage something next year.

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DAYDREAMS AND NIGHTMARES

It is Thursday again, our History lessons are interesting, distress after 1815, the Factory Acts. When it comes to homework I am slow. I sit at the table facing the window. I open my History book, write the title and my hand stops.

Why homework? Just think I could go into town and spend the money I had for my birthday. I could go into "Bus-Stop," I love the dark discotheque atmosphere. The low quiet hum of records put the long velvet dresses in their right setting. A green light flashes on a handbag. I want a new handbag. As I leave "Bus-Stop," the cold city air makes me button up my coat.

I cross the road with a crowd of shoppers, no one bothers to look. I push open the heavy glass doors and neat counters in rows attract my attention. The light, hot, crowded atmosphere of the store is a contrast to the dark, quiet boutique.

The shop assistants ring bells and wave hands like a football fan. The supervisors, in black dresses, run to the counters with bags of change and tongues ready to apologise for mistakes.

The escalators are ready to heave their human load upward. I make my way to the second floor through rummaging, gossipy women. As I step off the escalator it seems to be relieved, one more person safely transported to the top.

On the second floor I see a History book, I blink and shake my head. I must do my homework.

THE ROYAL SHOW

There seemed to be hundreds of first years, but there probably weren't more than ninety, when we went to the Royal Show at Stoneleigh, near Warwick, on the 8th July with them, and the Biology and Geography staff. It was hot — no, it wasn't hot it was **very** hot. We wandered off on our own, but during the morning the first year pupils were shepherded around by the staff to see the sheep and cattle, in preparation for their project. In the afternoon they were free to wander at their leisure.

At three o'clock when we returned to the entrance, for our departure, there were tales to tell of great hot air balloons, flower shows, livestock, especially bulls, which most sensible people steered well clear of. People had sat on tractors, eaten strawberries and cream and collected dozens of leaflets which were available at each stand at the show.

On our way out, tired, hot and extremely sticky, we were held up for several minutes by six horse drawn carriages which shone and glittered in the sun. We arrived back at school soon after 4.30 and from the comments we heard it certainly seemed that everyone enjoyed themselves.

Linda Scott, Helen Parkes

QUOTE FROM THE PRESS

"The old wife's tale that knowledge is absorbed through the back of the head, used to be widely believed by headmasters who thought that only students with short hair were capable of learning.

There has been a new outbreak of this superstition in Kensington, South London, where boys of Archbishop Tennyson's Grammar School have been suspended until they get a haircut.

Tradition has it that when asked to account for their strange convictions headmasters would chant "I do not wish to comment any further." This is said to ward off evil spirits.

I am glad that the headmaster of Archbishop Tennyson's did not let us down and that this charming folk-custom has not completely died out."

N.B. — This is no reflection on the practical hair standards of this school.

The essay is finally finished and I go to bed. My fingers are smuged with ink, and my hand is stiff. As I lie between the cool sheets, I close my eyes and my subconscious takes over.

I see a fawn book as large as a satchel gradually shrink, until it is as small as a pin-head. My face is flat against a desk and I can smell a musty smell. It tears at the back of my throat, making me cough. My head is stinging, someone is hitting it hard and making holes. Around the desk there is a low hum of Indian music. I try to put my fingers in my ears.

As I part my hands two searing pains run up my arms. My wrists are bound together with bright silver chains. Suddenly the pounding stops and I see two women dressed in black laughing at me. They are holding two chain-mail bags filled with sixpences. I look up and the edge of the desk rubs my neck. All around the desk are rows of velvet dresses, smelling musty and old. Each one has an enormous price tag, two pounds.

The green light changes to a bright electric light and I close my eyes to shield them from the brightness. The pattern on the desk lid moves and changes to a cool, clear pond. My face becomes cool and I can smell hot coffee. My eyes slowly open and I move my hands, they are no longer tied. I look around and there beside the bed is a cup of steaming coffee. Dangling in the liquid is a stained corner of a sheet.

Hazel Goffe, 3S



O.G.S. Farmers

THE DUSTMEN

*The corporation dust cart,
Was filled up to the brim,
The driver overbalanced,
And found he couldn't swim.
They laid him on a stretcher,
They laid him on a bed.
They rubbed his tummy,
With a drop of rummy,
And this is what he said
Rule Britannia,
Marmalade and jam,
More pay for the dustmen,
For that is what I am.*

Linda Curley, 1D

POLLUTION



CRESO?



Taken a walk along any one of our local canals lately? Caught the nauseating stench of that river of rivers, the Tame? Or perhaps viewed from Barnford Park on a chilly day the pall of smoke and filth which hangs over us? It is said that in Oldbury, birds no longer sing — they cough and splutter like part of some anti-smoking campaign.

O.K., O.K., before all you would-be industrialists or economists turn on to the "Sports Page," I know that because of our factories we are part of one of the wealthiest areas in the country and that without the factories and roads everyone would be in a sorry state, I quite agree. What I object to is the fact that industry can put men on the moon, give us radio and television, but has still not yet learned to become "house trained." It nonchalantly dumps its chemical wastes into our seas and rivers, and smoke, dust and grime into the air we breathe. Are we all slowly committing suicide?

But, climbing down off the soap-box for a moment and coming back down to earth, stopping pollution is a mammoth task; one which (if ever) will take a lot longer than our life-time to complete. But at least some people have made a start. Don't be fooled into thinking that the end of 1970 saw the end of European Conservation Year. That was only the beginning.

Our social service efforts have in the past helped many worthy and needy sections of society (including ourselves), why not then do everyone a favour? Why not devote our next campaign to helping other organisations in their fight against pollution or why not devote a campaign to the general cleaning-up of our own area — Warley? We could get together to clear waste land of its usual conglomeration of refuse and scrap.

If you are willing to give up part of a holiday in order to walk fourteen miles, then you shouldn't mind wielding a shovel for an hour or two. It might even be fun.

Ian Gough, LVIL

NEW ZEALAND — LAND OF THE LONG WHITE CLOUD

New Zealand is a small country with a variety of climates and scenery. The summers however, tend to be hotter and sunnier than those in Britain and the winters have frosty nights and bright sunny days. The scenery includes volcanoes and glaciers, rugged mountains and extensive plains, semi-deserts and rain forests. One of the most amazing things is to find hot springs on the slopes of a snow covered mountain or on the coast where the warm water gradually mixes with the cold sea.

People in New Zealand lead a very out-door type of life and make full use of the large areas of unspoiled countryside. It is a 'trampers' paradise and clubs go off into almost unexplored bush for days at a time.

Every large city is within easy reach of ski-fields in either North or South Island and ski-ing is rapidly becoming a popular winter sport. All shops are closed on Saturdays so everyone has a long weekend and large numbers of people are active sports players. It is nothing extraordinary for a school to run eight hockey, football and netball teams and every team is expected to practise at least twice a week.

My first Easter in New Zealand was spent at a Maori Hui Hanga. As visiting 'Pakehas' we were made very welcome and provided with mattresses on the floor of a local school-room, which we shared with three Maori families. We had a marvellous time, but got little sleep. At the concerts traditional Poi Dances and Ahoi Songs were performed, the most dramatic of these being the Haka or War Dance, which was executed by the men of the village in full Maori dress.

Gold fever is one of my New Zealand legacies—Broken finger nails, frozen hands and cramped feet were forgotten in the excitement of seeing raw gold in the bottom of a pan or watching 'penny weights' jump the ripples in a box. I never made my fortune but I thoroughly enjoyed the weeks

I spent in the bush searching hopefully for a nugget. Of course, if you ever grew tired of searching for gold there were always the thrills of roughing it! Milking the wild goat, shooting deer or eeling, in the icy cold, clear water of the Moonlight Creek, by the light of a torch were just a few of the adventures we had.

On returning to Britain after nearly four years in the Antipodes I found particularly noticeable the cramped conditions with houses, people and cars everywhere and little space in which to move. Another marked difference is the dependence that the British seem to have on television and other commercial activities. In New Zealand this is certainly not the case.

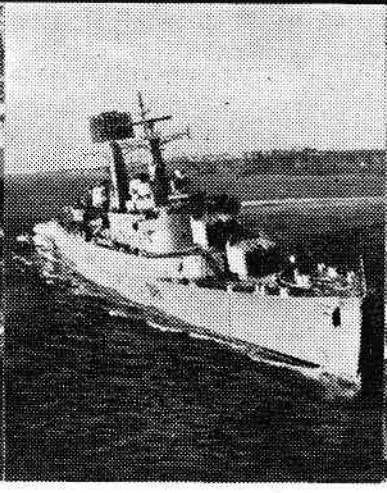
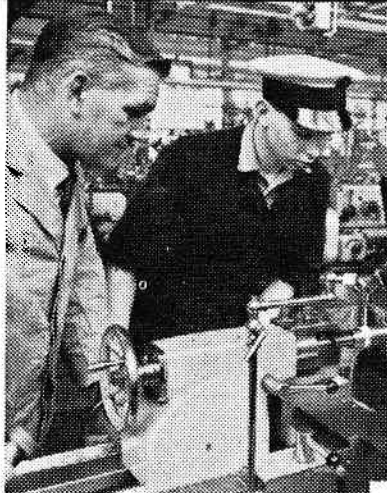
J. Banner

THE HEART ATTACK

*The hooter blows, disturbing the cool
Serenity of night. Workers—
Laughing, chatting, whistling. Released
From the oven-like atmosphere into the stillness.
Crowds of workers, erupting from the doors
And covering the ground like glowing lava.
Terrific noise, getting louder. Lava—
Moving faster, eating the earth
Soaking up its tranquility.
A worker,
Laughing with his friends, falls
Dead to the ground.
His work bag falls open, his flask rolls in to the gutter
Then, for one peaceful moment, all is still.
No movement, no noise.
The quiet that accompanies death.
Only frightened hearts thump.*

Janette Cooper, 45

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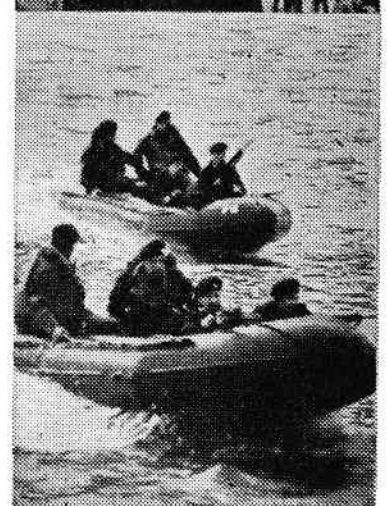
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RN
ROYAL NAVY



Look at that lady, ain't she phat
Look at the flowers in 'er hat
Now I wonder what she's at.

D. Bryan, 3B

BELFAST MARKET

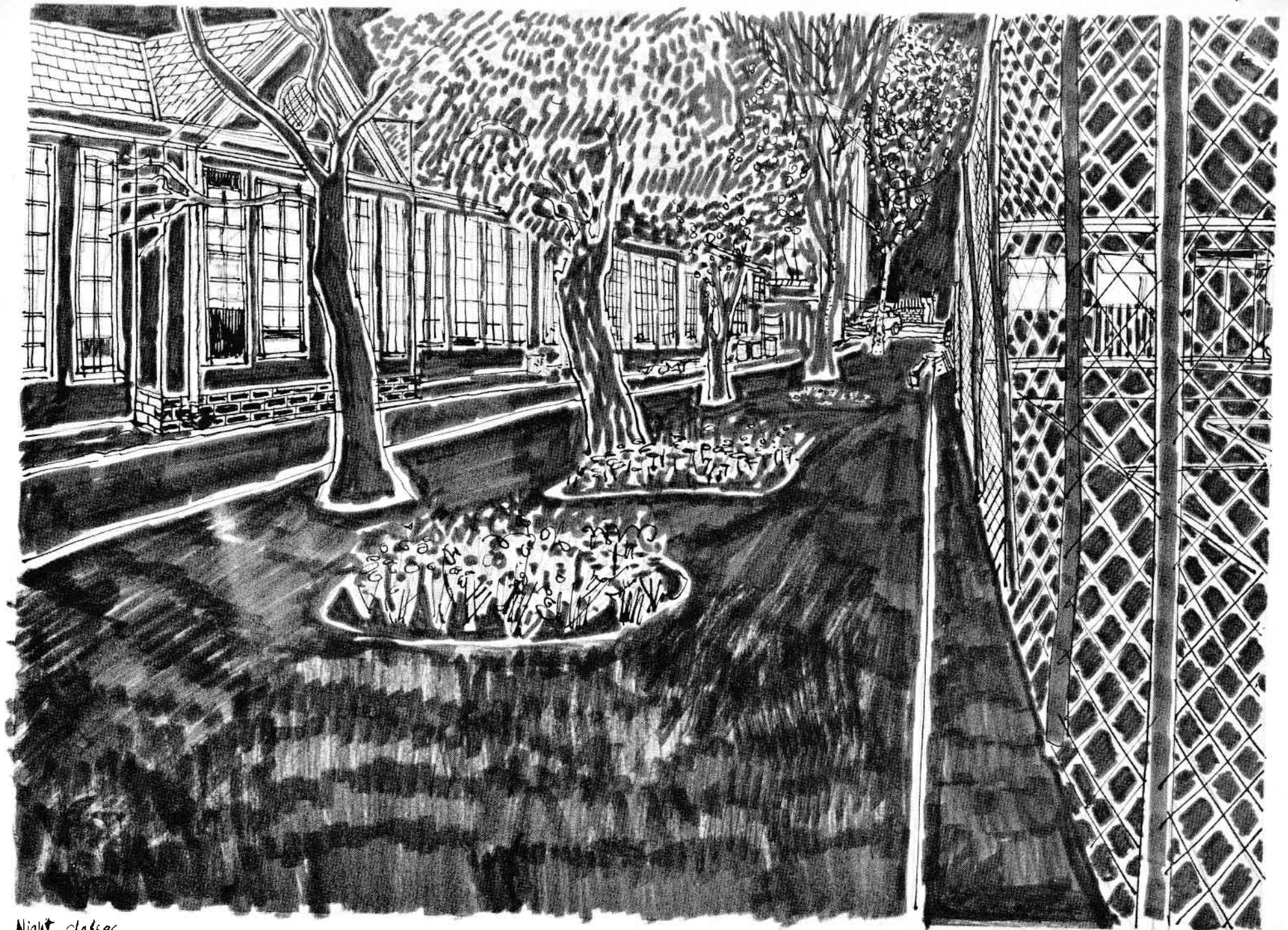
The childlike simplicity of enjoyment gone,
I wander through the market streets
As a lost adult
Seeking once more the excitement
Roused by second-hand bookshops and
Stalls with flowing scarves and beads
Where men with rolled-up sleeves
And brown faces wander through
Their own museum.
And along these corridors of power
The sights and sounds burst out
To dazzle would-be buyers
With cheap mockery.
The singing Irish voices selling fruit
Mingling with the cries and mutters
Of headscarved-mothers with children
Reading old comics and grinning;
Filthy hands, child's grime
Accumulatèd with such ease and custom
And stickiness; early buying in
Cool morning — are quickly ridding of their stock
Whilst round about the half-mews
Of sixpenny black and white kittens in thin cages
Melt the hearts of people, though they do not buy:
"Come orn, we have wun at home!"
The baskets and leather-long leads
Hang loosely from hooks, jingling when passing
And three-goldfish-to-a-bag moon
Glumly from high perches
Next door — a dirty half-boarded window just betraying
Hardware: from nails of small sizes
To old barely-working irons with thick handles.
Amidst all the brightness of parodied jewellery
— polished brass chains and cheap silver rings
by watches and price-marked-down pearl necklaces —
The stuffy and disconsolate scent of books
In scattered arrangement, the browser's dream,
The old school prizes which nobody read,
Classics kept from school and selling at sixpence,
Wells and Stevenson, Dickens and Trollope prevail,
For every student that buys, another comes in
To collect dust and a falling-off cover
With inside leaf marked obscurely with
A name and Nineteen hundred and something,
To inherit the mustiness
To inherit the earth
and Smithfield.

Yvonne Curry, LVIS

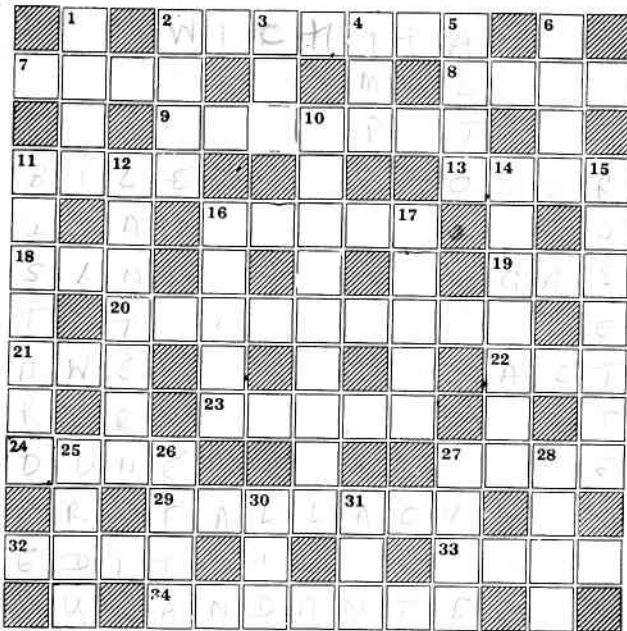
I
AM REALLY
AMAZED THAT ONCE
PEOPLE START TO READ
THIS TRIANGLE THEY NEVER
STOP TILL THEY HAVE READ TO THE END.

'Mask' by Sharon Gregory, Form 1D





Night classes.



CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

2. I, a witch in Kansas, am confused.
7. Arise, without Eastern clothing.
8. I'll shuffle till you sing a lively tune.
9. Dad, the artist and a well-loved farm animal form a low wall.
11. Bad-tempered fluid.
13. Unpleasant smelling German river, perhaps?
16. Stepping out in military manner.
18. He's in the wrong.
19. American fuel found under the sea.
20. A community weeper?
21. Reverence distilled from seaweed.
22. Crazy theatre cat!
23. Rod, pole or perch for a hen?
24. Mixed up nude in desert.
27. A French father figure.
29. It can't be true!
32. Newspaper chief loses a couple of letters.
33. Wine or mineral.
34. Somewhat slow movement, an' brought to an end by poet.

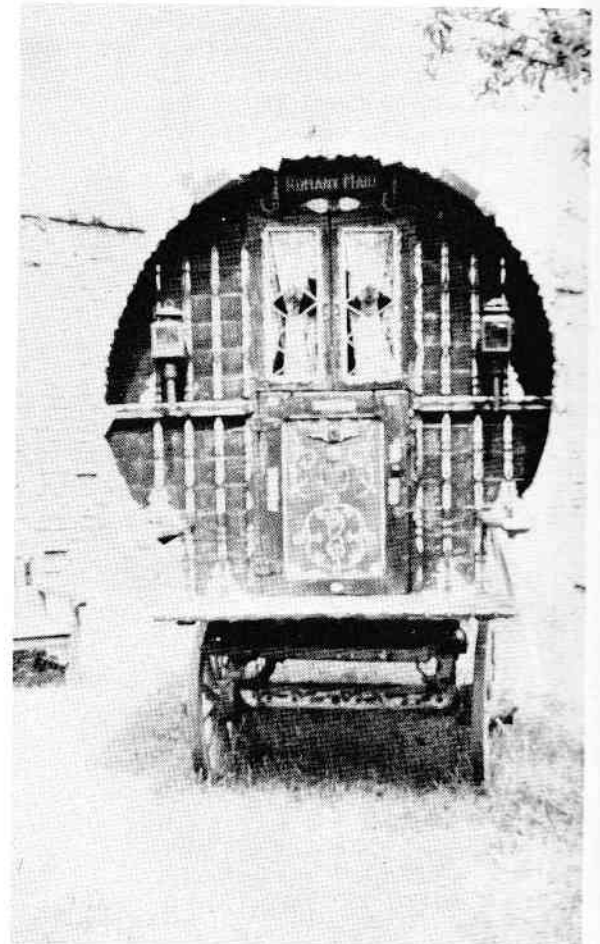
CLUES DOWN

1. Eastern island involved in cannibalism.
2. Dry clean.
3. This curiosity, rather reduced, has no pedigree.
4. Devilish small!
5. Sing at least two octaves higher!
6. "limping invisible down to the — black . . . sea."
(D. Thomas)
10. Very bad actor is out. He'll miss his tea.
11. Bird runs fit to bust, arduously to fly.
12. Forerunner of the cinema was a magic one.
14. Short ex-university student found in Welsh river. For shame!
15. Prized pinned to steer.
16. Cut short the Queen?
17. . . . "'tis sport to have the engineer — with his own petar."
(Shakespeare and Hamlet)
25. A speakable mixture of Persian, Arabic and Hindu.
26. Yesterday — , tomorrow E.E.C.
27. No, it's a blazing heap of fool's gold.
28. Magic clothing won by dice.
30. All idle teapots have had this damaged.
31. The headless hunter rises in a Martian sky.

THE TRAGIC EVENT LEADING TO THE DECLINE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

*In Roman times
Young Julius Grimes
Had a very nasty shock
Because, one day on the Appian Way
His arm and left leg fell off.*
Bertha Williams, 5P

*There was a young man of Dundee
Who got stung on the neck by a wasp
When they asked did it hurt?
He said no, not much
He can do it again if he likes.*
Marcia Waterhouse, LVII



'Romany Maid' by Neil Samaraweera

*I've been told to write a poem,
A thing of which I hate.
But if I do not do it,
I will have to stay in late.*
Valerie Nelson, 4S

" ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANISM "

A report on the opinion survey conducted in the school by Julia Hall and Marcia Waterhouse during Summer Term.

Our Opinion Survey began as a deeply probing, six page questionnaire, but was later whittled down to become the modest " opinion survey " which some of you answered.

However, our enthusiasm was only slightly dampened and upon receiving your answers we scraped together this article. But do not think it fully reflects opinions held in the school.

One of the most outstanding features was the display of apathy. Apathy on our part. Apathy on your part. On our part because of 300 surveys printed we only distributed 160. On your part because of these 160 only 90 were returned and 80 of those were collected by members of the English staff. We had an absolute zero response from 5L and very little response from the Lower Sixth. We also espied apathy within your answers. It was obvious in some cases that you had discussed the questions amongst yourselves and argued pro and con until you arrived at the same answer. Therefore we did not have your own opinion. (We smelt you a mile away and we record the fact here).

However, a few amongst you gave us some original ideas and we gathered that most of you are content as you are. Most of you stated that you partook in some activity or others, examples being football, cricket, tennis, Stamp Club, Gramophone Society (when it happens) and Girl Guides, etc. On the question of more opportunity for school activities you were fairly evenly divided. Many of the Upper Sixth favoured the re-institution of the Joint Societies and a more frequent happening of the Gramophone Society.



A. Borriello, 5L

We were delighted to see that many of you badly missed the School Play and the idea of a dramatic society was suggested.

The main grievance of you of the Fourth and Fifth years, it seems, was that you were not allowed to end of term dances. But we notice that although the Fifth year is being invited to this term's dance it is **not** being well supported.

A youth club at the school! This idea seemed popular among the Thirds, Fourths and Fifths. Who knows? . . . If you make enough noise . . . !

On the question of Assembly many of you said that it was the form of the meeting which you found tedious, rather than the actual event. We suggested that there should be a communal gathering every day, which it would be optional to attend, and most of you agreed that this would be a good idea. Surprisingly enough quite a number of you said that religion should be included in this gathering, though not necessarily the Christian religion, and not necessarily every day.

Few people decided they were dissatisfied with the curriculum. Suggestions for German and other modern languages were submitted, also driving lessons. However, the upper school and in particular the VI form, want more Field Courses.

You were again evenly divided on the subject of advice for your optional subjects. It is difficult to give a general opinion here. The topic needs far more thought and debate.

The attitude of 99 per cent of you to part-time jobs made us wonder. The common opinion was that part-time jobs give you valuable experience of life and also money-sense. Everyone agreed that the individual should decide whether to work or not, without interference, encouraging or otherwise, from the school, but that a job should not affect school work. When we worked last year we were sadly disillusioned. It is true that the experience is interesting and valuable — i.e. " I don't want to do that all my life . . . " etc. As for money-sense, we think that the experience gives you some sort of money-sense, but does not really help you decide the value of money.

General impressions we got from the survey were interesting, too. People of the lower school who submitted entries without names were sometimes rude in their answers, but at the same time " nameless entries " often revealed true opinions. We appreciated this greatly. A couple of the questions were silly and everyone except one person tried to answer them correctly. This person told us he found the questions stupid. Sarcasm was also apparent as was cynicism. A break in the afternoon was suggested instead of an assembly or 8th period. However throughout the whole survey we only found one answer which we found truly offensive. In answer to the question about improving the school activities one person said " I'm not particularly bothered as I won't be here next year." The truth perhaps, but probably the best example to illustrate how far apathy has diseased our community.

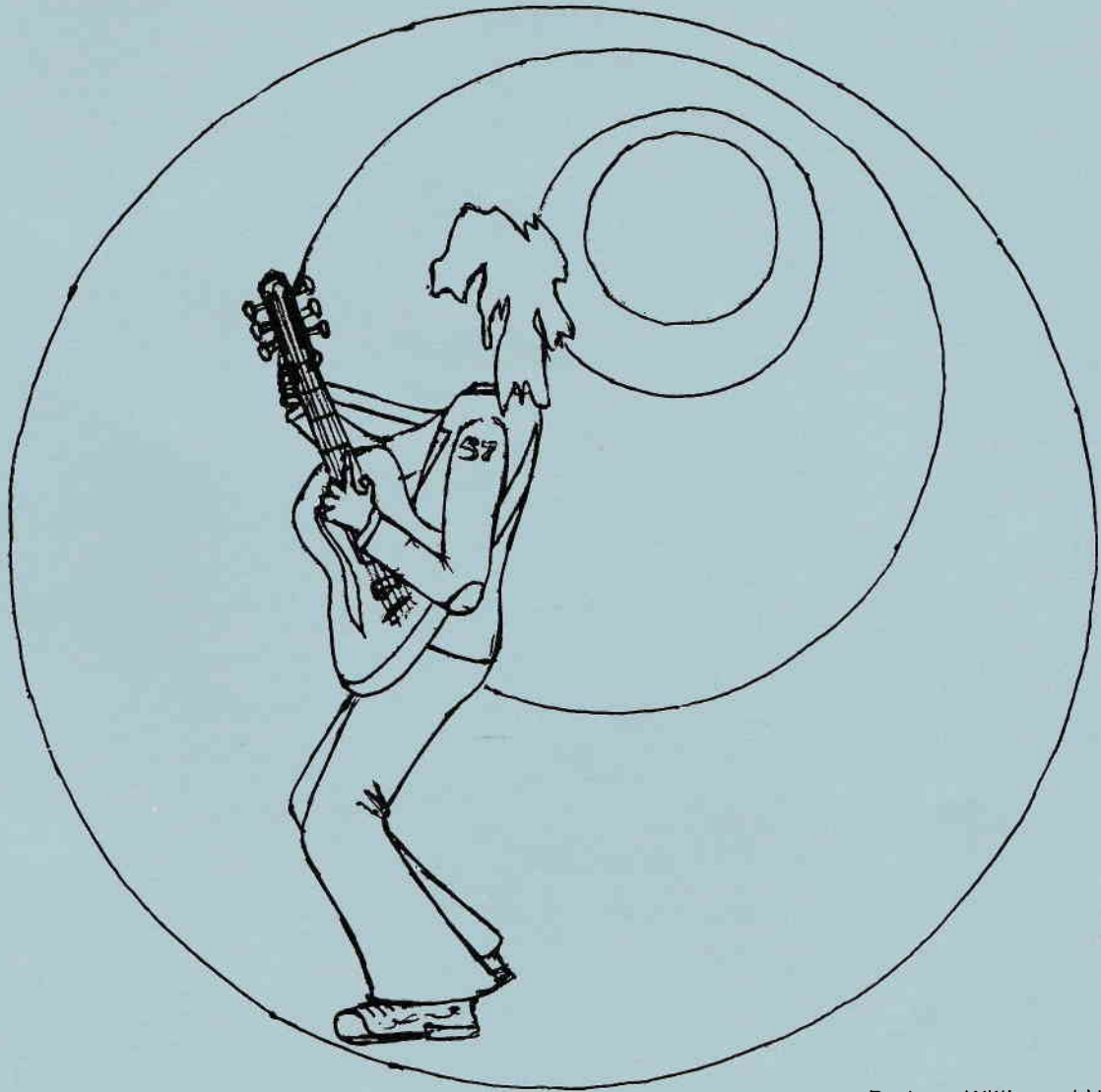
(1) Ball, (2) Wipe, (3) Cur, (4) Imp, (5) Alio, (6) Sioe, (10) Atrocious, (11) Bustard, (12) Lantern, (14) Degrade, (15) Rosette, (16) Mower, (17) Hoist, (25) Urdn, (26) Eta, (27) Pyre, (28) Robe, (30) Lid, (31) Ion.

DOWN

(29) Falsity, (32) Edit, (33) Rudy, (34) Andante, (21) Awe, (22) Act, (23) Roost, (24) Dune, (27) Pere, (16) March, (18) Sin, (19) Gas, (20) Town-Crier, (2) Wichita, (7) Sant, (8) Lilt, (9) Parapet, (11) Bile, (13)

ACROSS

ANSWERS



Barbara Williams, LVIS

THE CONCERT

An expectant hush descended over the assembled people. For thirty endless minutes they had waited for their heroes and now the moment was here when they would blast off on a journey through time with music as their vehicle and the group as their guide.

Endless questions swept through their minds as they sat there, "Would they be as good as expected?" "What would they play?" and so on. At last the moment arrived, the group entered. Shoulder length hair hung limply about their heads. They walked slowly across the stage and took up their positions as if preparing to begin a race. Then it began.

A single chord ripped through the smoke filled, dead air, then another, eventually joining together to form a loud shrieking sound. The audience stirred uneasily as the co-pilots of the musical rocket joined in forming a solid mass of beautiful sounds which blasted out from the stage. Lights flicked on, off, then finally shone out as wierd patterns emerged on the faces of the crowd. Music, lights, lights,

music, then the two coming together, the lights giving forth visual images, the music creating images in the mind.

The group stood oblivious to the audience, to the lights, their minds concentrated only on the music they were playing. Sweat dripped down like blood from a wounded animal. The crowd were now an extension of the group, clapping, dancing, screaming out to reach the intense spiritual enjoyment they had built up within themselves. Someone fainted from a mixture of the oppressive, exciting atmosphere of the club and the suffocating of his mind as he soared to incredible heights, driven on by the group. Not noticing, the group play on for an hour, two hours and then as suddenly as they had entered, the group put down their instruments, gave a nochalant wave to their admirers and strolled off the stage.

The possessed, robbed of their gods screamed madly for more, but, eventually realising that they had re-ascended to their Olympus they left their sanctuary and returned to the jungle of concrete and steel. The concert was over.

Keith Hall, LVIL

FOOTBALL 1970-71

1st XI

The 1st XI, although fielding a young side, had a fairly successful season, reaching the final of the Worcestershire Cup, losing 2-3 to Hollylodge, and also reaching the quarter-finals of the Birmingham and District Grammar Schools Cup only to lose 0-1 to King's Norton after a replay. Three of the players, S. Cox, C. Grainger and S. Venross, were selected to play for Worcestershire.

2nd XI

The 2nd XI were not able to field a regular side and therefore it is hardly surprising that they did not enjoy a very successful season, only winning three of their eleven matches.

Under 15 XI

The under 15's had a very successful season which culminated in beating Oldbury Technical 2-1 in the final of the Warley Schools Cup. This success was not surprising considering that the under 15 team contained five players who were selected to play for Warley. These players were S. Jacobs, S. Wallin, G. Dakin, D. Barley and G. Thompson. The last four players on this list all played for Worcestershire and the latter three all played for the Birmingham and District Grammar Schools team.

Under 13 XI

The under 13 team had a fairly successful season, winning half of the matches they played. S. Smith and I. Goffe both played for the East Warley team and A. Stone played for the full Warley team.

RESULTS

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XI	28	14	3	11	71	53
2nd XI	11	3	0	8	28	63
U.15 XI	12	8	2	2	35	20
U.13 XI	10	5	0	5	30	38

HOUSE MATCH RESULTS

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts
Trinity	3	2	1	0	13	4	5
School	3	2	0	1	10	9	4
Queens	3	1	1	1	7	7	3
Kings	3	0	0	3	6	16	0

CHESTNUTS

CHESSE (the game and playe of)

- (1) Instruction in the elements of the game may be received free (on payment of 10p to) from D.R.B., on Monday, Wednesday or Thursday.
- (2) The ills cured by real Bulgarian live yoghurt are the benefits of the intensive playing of the Game.
- (3) Chess is an O.K. game in civilized company; has the status which Snap and Monopoly have not.
- (4) If your ambition is to be a Field Marshal, War Lord of Manchuria, or failed examinee, the early cultivation of the Queen's passed pawn (Malenkov variation) is a must.

A team of gigantic loyalty and fair talent brought Oldbury Chess Team to within 5 Aces of victory in the Warley Schools' Chess League in the 1970-71 season.

Thanks to the Captain, Keith Andrew, and Cassells, to Gregory, Powell, Pittaway, Parkes and Huskinson, for their regular appearance in all weathers: Malcolm Cassells in particular should be noted for a full season of victims, which earned him the League individual award.

D. R. Benson

CRICKET 1970-71

1st XI

Although an extremely young side, the 1st XI enjoyed their quota of success, managing to break from tradition by actually beating King Edward's, Aston and drawing with Bromsgrove and King Edward's, Lichfield. The bowling performances far outweighed the batting performances with staggering analyses from Phipps (7-25 against King Edward's, Aston), Nicholson (7-15 against Redditch), Phillips (7-13 against Aldridge), and Hall (5-29 against King Edward's, Lichfield).

Although the batting was not exactly of the highest standard at the beginning of the season, it steadily improved towards the end. For instance, against Bridgnorth Bowen scored 51 and Grainger 52 not out and enjoyed a partnership of 87 runs. The season culminated in a very fine and sporting game against the Parents, who left the 1st XI the challenging target of 147 runs in 110 minutes. The 1st XI reached this target with Bowen scoring 55 and Grainger 41 not out. It is hoped that next season the 1st XI will have a strong team and be capable of holding their own with the best.

U.15 XI

The under 15 team suffered from a lack of fixtures and only played five matches all season. Despite this setback Thompson scored 60 not out, 38 not out and 43. Phillips and Jacobs also bowled very well.

U.13 XI

The under 13 team only played five matches but managed to win three of them.

RESULTS

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st XI	12	5	2	5
U.15 XI	5	2	1	2
U.13 XI	5	3	0	2

HOUSE-MATCH RESULTS

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.
Kings	3	3	0	0	6
School	3	1	0	2	2
Trinity	3	1	0	2	2
Queens	3	1	0	2	2

ANGLING

Late in the summer term we learned that it would be possible for School Angling Clubs to obtain Affiliation Membership of the Birmingham Anglers' Association. Three offers to pay the Affiliation Fee for the first year were received; one from a parent. Each pupil member will be required to pay 30p per annum. Membership of the B.A.A. offers a number of advantages to the School Angling Club — access to waters; advice from the B.A.A. on the fish content of pools, canals, and stretches of rivers under their control; lecturettes; demonstrations by experts, films and contests. Obviously these are advantages not to be missed. Membership is open to all boys in the school. Further information from Biology Lab A.

E.G.S.

NETBALL RESULTS 1971

January 12th

U.14 lost 9-4 Manor High.

U.13 lost 19-0 Manor High

March 15th

U.14 lost 24-0 Oldbury Technical

U.13 lost 19-0 Oldbury Technical

U.12 lost 5-3 Oldbury Technical

March 16th

U.13 lost 8-0 Menzies High

U.12 lost 13-3 Menzies High

March 22nd

U.14 lost 14-2 Halesowen

U.13 lost 13-2 Halesowen

GYMNASTICS

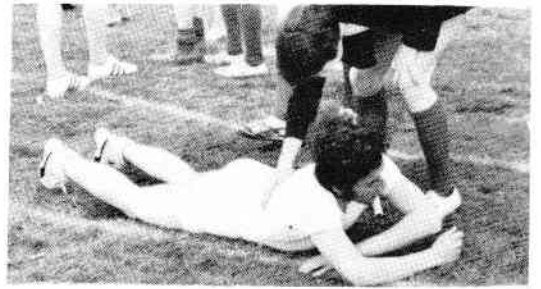
The Oldbury Grammar School Gymnastics Club (to give it its full name) has now been in existence for three years and its members are developing into very able gymnasts.

The addition of new, Olympic standard equipment, such as the beam, has had the effect of raising standards which became apparent in this year's Gym competition.

The competition, only the second of its kind, consisted of three sections; 2 vaults, a beam sequence and a floor sequence, and was won by School house.

The Gym Club meets every Monday dinner time and after school on Wednesdays and Fridays. All new members are very welcome.

Susan Gray



David Lea after a fall in a Sports Day track event

TABLE-TENNIS

This year began with the formation of a school table-tennis team, which was chosen from five players, namely, Christopher Grainger, Clive Handy, Duncan Rowberry, Robert Macdonald and Christopher Acutt, all from the 6th form. Our successes at home were in beating Oldbury Technical, Rowley Regis twice and the Edgbaston Archery and Lawn Tennis Club twice, whilst away we lost to Rowley

and the E.A.L.T. Club. After the Headmaster had obtained a new table tennis table a table tennis club for the 6th form was started. This was run by the pupils on Wednesday nights and is still enjoying a large amount of success. We hope that the club will continue with this enthusiasm and that eventually this interest will spread to the rest of the school.

HOCKEY 1970-71

(or "How to lose Friends and Injure People")

When icicles hang on the wall and the air is thick and damp, cries of 'Tackle!' 'Pass to the centre' and 'Shoot' herald not the hunting of the stag, but the quest for something less tangible — victory on the hockey field. The weather that so curtailed this season that it was in a sense conspicuous by its absence, is not the only trial we have to endure since hacked and lumpy shins witness that 'ways be foul' and that hockey-players tend not to be ladies, particularly when losing. The season was one of mixed fortunes, characterised by the clashing of fixture dates, and the heavy knell of defeat by teams from Oldbury Technical, Halesowen Grammar and Bilston High, alternated with the cheerful carillon of success against teams from Menzies High and Manor High.

The team's enthusiasm was not always matched by their

skill, but often imaginative play went unrewarded — do our forwards really suffer from goalmouth paralysis?

Several 1st team members played for the Cresconian team, and our junior players also show great promise. The under 13 team are a new team, who in their first match were taught how to lose, suffering a 7-0 defeat by Halesowen.

Under the pretence of teaching Geography, Miss Banner joined the school staff and undertook to bring players to fitness — 'Run twice round the hockey pitch!' — and coach us in essential basic principles, for which we are very grateful.

It is hoped that next season will have its complement of fixtures and players and that it will prove successful for all teams.

RESULTS

	P.	W.	L.	F.	A.
1st XI	7	3	4	14	16
U.15 XI	2	1	1	2	2
U.14 XI	4	2	2	5	5
U.13 XI	1	0	1	0	7

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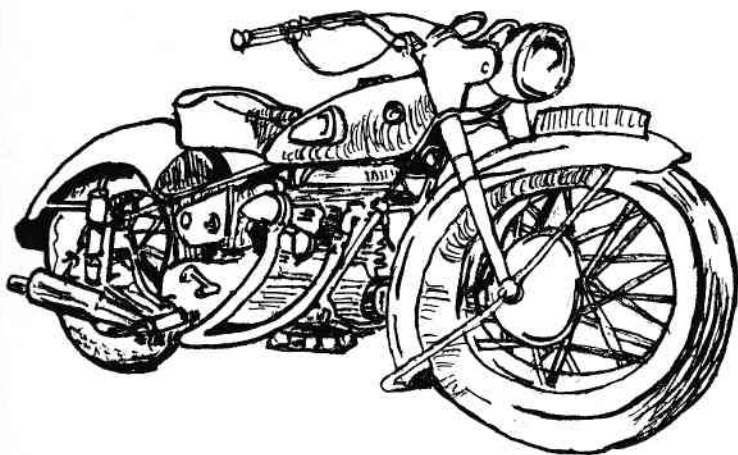
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M. Simmonds, 4W

JUDO

Judo is one of the optional sports that has been taken up quite successfully by a number of our 5th and 6th formers. A measure of the success can be seen from the facts that last year P. Borriello, A. Borriello and D. Rowberry represented Warley schoolboys in the National Schoolboy Judo Championships at Crystal Palace, and also represented Worcestershire Team 'B' in the inter-counties championships at Corby. P. Borriello and A. Borriello, the junior team captain, represented Warley schoolboys in this year's national championships at the Harry Mitchell Recreation Centre, and in the Warley Judo Championships.

As can be seen, Oldbury Grammar has made a big impact on Judo circles in the relatively short time that Judo has been on the school's curriculum.

TENNIS

The inter-house tennis competition was won for the third year running by School House. Every match was closely fought and points often hotly disputed — the umpire usually gaining the advantage in the end. Kings and Queens came second equal — both winning two out of three matches. Trinity (undeservedly) came last unfortunately losing all three matches.

CYCLE-RACING AND THE O.G.S. PUPIL

Unknown to many, cycle racing is a sport which plays a big part in the school games programme. Although not one of the usual school activities there is no lack of enthusiasm, with the English Schools' Cycling Association giving an opportunity for entry into National Championships. For example Charles Newman and Neil Hale of the lower 6th (1970-71) were grass track champions of 1970. Schools such as Bristnall Hall enter a team of riders into most E.S.C.A. events and O.G.S. should also be able to do this. Cycle racing is not just going along a road, there are many aspects — Cyclo-cross in the winter is like Rally-cross, only on two wheels. There are competitions taking place in the evenings in parks — such as West Smethwick Park. This racing has the added advantage of no cars being present! There is also grass track racing, where the spectators can see the whole of the race, all of the time.

If you are interested, there are training sessions run by the Warley Schools' cycling coach, Bob Mansell, at Hadley Playing Fields. These courses take place during games lessons and bicycles can be borrowed if you do not have your own. There are also advanced courses, lasting one week at Ribbesford, near Bewdley, which help you to get to know and handle your cycle.

If the prospects interest you, there is every encouragement with very little obligation until you are sure that cycling is the sport for you.

C. Newman, LVIS



Keith Andrew, beaten finalist in Tennis Tournament, after defeating Mr. Reynolds

TENNIS TOURNAMENT RESULTS

1st Round		2nd Round		Final		Winner	
L. SCOTT	} v.	S. LEE	} v.	S. LEE	} S. LEE		
S. LEE							
R. GOODYEAR	} v.	H. PARKES	} v.				
H. PARKES							
E. WILSON	} v.	E. WILSON (Bye)	} v.				
G. WESTWOOD							
S. COLDICOTT	} v.	S. COLDICOTT	} v.	S. COLDICOTT			
M. GUY							

TENNIS TOURNAMENT RESULTS

MEN

1st Round	2nd Round	3rd Round	Final	Winner
Mr. SMITH v. C. HANDY	} Mr. SMITH v. } C. GRAINGER	} C. GRAINGER	} C. GRAINGER	} C. GRAINGER
C. GRAINGER v. R. OWEN				
L. LAW v. P. MORRIS	} P. MORRIS v. } THE HEADMASTER	} P. MORRIS	} C. GRAINGER	
R. GROWCOTT v. THE HEADMASTER				
M. CASSELLS v. Mr. REYNOLDS	} Mr. REYNOLDS	} Mr. REYNOLDS	} K. ANDREW	
D. POWELL v. P. NORDAN				
K. ANDREW v. R. MACDONALD	} K. ANDREW v. } S. CADMAN	} K. ANDREW	} K. ANDREW	
J. NORDAN v. S. CADMAN				

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Name

Address

Age

I am taking/have taken 'O' 'A' CSE

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SWIMMING RESULTS (Boys)

1st Year

Breaststroke: 1st, Adams (Q); 2nd, Manders (K); 3rd, Hadley (T).

Backstroke: 1st, Boulter (Q); 2nd, Day (S); 3rd, Littleton (T).

Frontcrawl: 1st, Whittall (S); 2nd, Weavin (Q); 3rd, Small (T).

2nd Year

Breaststroke: 1st, Jones (Q); 2nd, Wilson (K); 3rd, Robinson (S).

Backstroke: 1st, Wood (T); 2nd, — ; 3rd, — .

Frontcrawl: 1st, Wilson (K); 2nd, Jones (Q); 3rd, Robinson (S).

3rd Year

Breaststroke: 1st, Pullin (K); 2nd, Watts (S); 3rd, Stanton (T).

Backstroke: 1st, Wilson (K); 2nd, Forrest (T); 3rd, — .

Frontcrawl: 1st, Wilson (K); 2nd, Coley (S); 3rd, Bryan (Q).

4th Year

Breaststroke: 1st, Dakin (K); 2nd, Allen (S); 3rd, Hearnshaw (T).

Backstroke: No competitors.

Frontcrawl: 1st, Tibbetts (Q); 2nd, Hearnshaw (T); 3rd, — .

5th and 6th Year

Breaststroke: 1st, Walker (T); 2nd, Westwood (Q); 3rd, — .

Backstroke: 1st, Ball (K); 2nd, Powell (T); 3rd, J. Nordan (Q).

Frontcrawl: 1st, Walker (T); 2nd, P. Borriello (Q); 3rd, — .

Open Events

Butterfly: 1st, P. Wilson (K); 2nd, D. Wilson (K); 3rd, — .

Dive: 1st, P. Nordan (Q); 3rd =, Dakin (K), Walker (T).

Plunge: 1st, Walker (T); 2nd, Powell (T); 3rd, Nordan (Q).

FINAL HOUSE POSITIONS

1st: Trinity — 196 points

2nd: Queens — 162 points

3rd: Kings — 100 points

4th School — 58 points

SWIMMING RESULTS (Girls)

1st Year

Breaststroke: 1st, S. Fantham (Q); 2nd, J. Rutherford (K); 3rd, S. Harvey (T).

Backstroke: 1st, E. Sadler (Q); 2nd, S. Brown (K); 3rd, S. Harvey (T).

Frontcrawl: 1st, S. Fantham (Q); 2nd, P. Clode (S); 3rd, J. Coles (T).

2nd Year

Breaststroke: 1st, E. Connolly (Q); 2nd, S. Gibbs (K); 3rd, B. Gipton (T).

Backstroke: 1st, K. White (K); 2nd, M. Grindey (T); 3rd, L. Humphries (S).

Frontcrawl: 1st, E. Connolly (Q); 2nd, L. Humphries (S); 3rd, J. Bowdler (K).

3rd Year

Breaststroke: 1st, L. Stockin (T); 2nd, S. Wood (Q); 3rd, J. Sturman (K).

Backstroke: 1st, P. Roberts (Q); 2nd, D. Maskery (K); 3rd, J. Siviter (S).

Frontcrawl: 1st, S. Wood (Q); 2nd, K. Doughty (T); 3rd, K. Hyde (K).

4th Year

Breaststroke: 1st, J. Cooper (T); 2nd, C. Hyde (Q); 3rd, — .

Backstroke: 1st, J. Smith (T); 2nd, C. Hyde (Q); 3rd, — .

Frontcrawl: 1st, J. Smith (T); 2nd, C. Hyde (Q); 3rd, — .

5th and 6th Year

Breaststroke: 1st, J. Booth (S); 2nd, C. Postins (T); 3rd, — .

Backstroke: 1st, S. Gray (T); 2nd, J. Booth (S); 3rd, — .

Frontcrawl: 1st, S. Gray (T); 2nd, P. Jones (Q); 3rd, — .

Open Events

Butterfly: E. Sadler (Q); 2nd, L. Stockin (T); 3rd, — .

Dive: 1st, E. Sadler (Q); 2nd, K. Toy (Q); 3rd, S. Gray (T).

Plunge: 1st, S. Wood (Q); 2nd, L. Stockin (T); 3rd, S. Gray (T).

Mixed Relays

1st Year: 1st, Queens; 2nd, School; 3rd, Trinity.

2nd Year: 1st, Trinity.

3rd Year: 1st, Kings; 2nd, Trinity; 3rd, Queens.

5th and 6th Year: 1st, Trinity.

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS



The Rounders Teams

It appeared to be rather a rushed decision to hold the end of term rounders match, in fact when I arrived at school on Thursday morning I was roped into the lists (I hadn't even got a kit with me!). We managed to get together a team and endeavoured to find half an hour to practise before the match. The nine included three meaty lower sixth boys, who helped to compensate for our lack of strength against a team of 'butch' members of staff, who had beaten us into the ground the year before. We didn't intend letting it happen again.

The staff won the toss and elected to field. It looked as though we might not be able to hit anything past the deep fielders but we managed to conjure up 3½ rounders by the end of our first innings. The staff fielding and bowling was reasonably accurate, which can't be said for that of the Lower 6th. We never actually gave away any rounders, but it wasn't for lack of trying. The boys in our team also tended to forget how frail a girl is and they threw the ball like firing a cannon! There was more than one pair of sore hands at the end.

The second innings progressed with much argument, they said we cheated! In the end we both ended up with 5½ rounders each, probably the only satisfactory result there could be.

Moira Morris, LVIS

SPORTS DAY — ATHLETICS (Boys) RESULTS

Juniors

100m: 1st, Harvey (S); 2nd, Whittall (S); 3rd, Wagstaffe (Q). Time 14.1 secs.
 200m: 1st, Wagstaffe (Q); 2nd, Smith (S); 3rd, Winters (T). Time 31.2 secs.
 400m: 1st, Winters (T); 2nd, Levy (K); 3rd, Boulter (Q). Time 73.0 secs.
 H. Jump: 1st, Burnett (Q); 2nd, Powell (T); 3rd, Harvey (S). Height 1.22m.
 L. Jump: 1st, Stone (K); 2nd, Harvey (S); 3rd, Goffe (Q). Distance 3.75m.
 H.S. Jump: 1st, Stone (K); 2nd, Wagstaffe (Q); 3rd, Stevens (T). Distance 8.45m.
 Javelin: 1st, Burnett (Q); 2nd, Pawlowski (T); 3rd, Moore (T). Distance 21.70m.
 Shot: 1st, Jones (Q); 2nd, Willetts (K); 3rd, Selvey (T). Distance 7.93m.
 Relay: 1st, Kings; 2nd, Queens; 3rd, School. Time 62.3 secs.
 Champion: WAGSTAFFE (Q)
 Runner-up: HARVEY (S)

Intermediates

100m: 1st, Wallin (Q); 2nd, Barley (Q); 3rd, Higgitt (K). Time 12.4 secs.
 200m: 1st, Barley (Q); 2nd, Wallin (Q); 3rd, Phillips (K). Time 26.3 secs.
 400m: 1st, Wallin (Q); 2nd, Wheeler (S); 3rd, Phillips (K). Time 61.5 secs.
 800m: 1st, Wheeler (S); 2nd, Jackson (Q); 3rd, Jacobs (K). Time 2 mins. 28.2 secs.
 H. Jump: 1st, Jacobs (K); 3rd =, Thompson (K), Hoare (Q). Height 1.45m.
 L. Jump: 1st, Jackson (Q); 2nd, Thompson (T); 3rd, Sanders (K). Distance 4.26m.
 H.S. Jump: 1st, Barley (Q); 2nd, Parsons (K); 3rd, Jacobs (K). Distance 9.48m.
 Discus: 1st, Allen (S); 2nd, Rutherford (K); 3rd, Coley (S). Distance 22.10m.
 Javelin: 1st, Jackson (Q); 2nd, Parsons (K); 3rd, Nicklin (T). Distance 33.28m.
 Shot: 1st, Dickens (K); 2nd, Mallen (Q); 3rd, Galland (Q). Distance 9.10m.
 Relay: 1st, Queens; 2nd, Kings; 3rd, School. Time 1 min. 49.1 secs.

Champion: BARLEY (Q) Runner-up: WALLIN (Q)

Seniors

100m: 1st, Rowberry (T); 2nd, Debney (S); 3rd, Sanders (Q). Time 12.6 secs.
 200m: 1st, Howell (T); 2nd, Morris (S); 3rd, Nordan (Q). Time 25.4 secs.
 400m: 1st, Royston (T); 2nd, Ball (K); 3rd, Borriello (Q). Time 61.3 secs.
 800m: 1st, Nicholson (S); 2nd, McLeod (Q); 3rd, Steventon (T). Time 2 mins. 31.8 secs.
 H. Jump: 1st, Acutt (K); 2nd, Cadman (K); 3rd, Hall (Q). Height 1.62m.
 L. Jump: 1st, Howell (T); 2nd, Borriello (Q); 3rd, Cartwright (S). Distance 4.78m.
 H.S. Jump: 1st, Acutt (K); 2nd, Cadman (K); 3rd, Grainger (S). Distance 10.60m.
 Discus: 1st, Lea (T); 2nd, Nordan (Q); 3rd, Sharif (K). Distance 26.10m.
 Javelin: 1st, Acutt (K); 2nd, Lea (T); 3rd, Cadman (K). Distance 43.33m.
 Shot: 1st, Lea (T); 2nd, Sanders (Q); 3rd, Cartwright (S). Distance 10.11m.
 1500m (Open) 1st, Ball (K); 2nd, Green (K); 3rd Howell (T). Time 5 mins. 0.1 secs.
 Relay: 1st Trinity; 2nd, School; 3rd, Kings. Time 4 mins. 20.5 secs.
 Champion: ACUTT (K) Runner-up: LEA (T)

SPORTS DAY — ATHLETICS (Girls) RESULTS

Juniors

100m: 1st, D. Sadler (T); 2nd, V. Underhill (T); 3rd =, K. M. (T), D. Lee (Q), A. Deakin (S). Time 15.0 secs.
 200m: 1st, Marshall (K); 2nd, Cottrell (Q); 3rd, Deakin (S). Time 32.9 secs.
 L. Jump: 1st, V. Underhill (T); 2nd, S. Fantham (Q); 3rd, D. Sadler (T). Distance 3.34m.
 H. Jump: 1st, C. Hamilton (S); 2nd =, S. Gibbs (K), S. Fantham (Q). Height 1.15m.
 Rounders Ball: 1st, W. Churns (S); 2nd, D. Marshall (K); 3rd, L. Davies (T). Distance 39.63m.
 Relay: 1st, Kings; 2nd, Trinity; 3rd, School. Time 65.8 secs.
 Champions:
 V. UNDERHILL (T) D. MARSHALL (K)

Intermediates

100m: 1st, C. Dyer (T); 2nd, C. Plant (K); 3rd, L. Shelley (T). Time 15.1 secs.
 200m: 1st, J. Walters (Q); 2nd, C. Plant (K); 3rd J. Jesson (Q). Time 31.8 secs.
 L. Jump: 1st, J. Walters (Q); 2nd, S. Tracey (S); 3rd, J. Perry (Q). Distance 3.66m.
 H. Jump: 1st, T. Robinson (S); 2nd, L. Shelley (T); 3rd, C. Dyer (T). Height 1.29m.
 Javelin: 1st, S. Tracey (S); 2nd, J. Pierce (Q); 3rd, C. Plant (K). Distance 18.81m.
 Relay: 1st, Queens; 2nd, Kings; 3rd, Trinity. Time 65.2 secs.
 Champion: S. Tracey (S)

Seniors

100m: 1st, A. Watters (Q); 2nd, C. Wincott (T); 3rd, M. Doughty (T). Time 14.5 secs.
 200m: 1st, B. Williams (Q); 2nd, M. Doughty (T); 3rd, E. Hall (K). Time 32.4 secs.
 L. Jump: 1st, B. Williams (Q); 2nd, A. Watters (Q); 3rd, C. Wincott (T). Distance 4.0m.
 H. Jump: 1st, A. Watters (Q); 2nd, C. Wincott (T); 3rd, E. Hall (K). Height 1.29m.
 Javelin: 1st, L. Elliot (T); 2nd, L. Higgitt (K); 3rd, R. Jordan (T). Distance 17.18m.
 Relay: 1st, Queens; 2nd, Kings; 3rd, School. Time 65.7 secs.
 Champion: A. WATTERS (Q)

Open Events

Shot: 1st, S. Tracey (S); 2nd, S. Wood (Q); 3rd, S. Lee (K). Distance 8.47m.
 Discus: 1st, J. Baker (T); 2nd, S. Wood (Q); 3rd, L. Higgitt (K). Distance 18.49m.
 800m: 1st, S. Brown (K); 2nd, J. Bowdler (K); 3rd, J. Perry (Q). Time 2 mins. 0.55 secs.

FINAL HOUSE POSITIONS

1st: Queens — 466 points
 2nd: Kings — 418 points
 3rd: Trinity — 317 points
 4th School — 315 points



C. Acutt — Winner of High Jump



Tap! Tap!



GUESS

WHO.