

THE

OLD BURIAN



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TEACHING STAFF 1971-2

L. E. Jennings, B.A. (Headmaster)
D. Crofts, B.A. (Deputy Headmaster) Mathematics.
Mrs. J. Mends, B.Sc. (Senior Mistress) Geography
D. R. Benson, B.Sc. History.
R. Broome, B.Mus; A.R.C.O. Music.
A. Coupland, B.Sc. Physics.
H. G. Davies, Carnegie P.E. Dip; Physical Education.
Mrs. M. J. Davies, B.A. French.
R. P. Dennison, A.M.S.E. (Mech.) Mathematics.
J. S. Eacott, B.A. Latin.
Miss M. K. Fisher, P.E. Dip. Matlock, Physical Education.
G. H. Heath, A.T.C. Art.
E. Jones, B.Sc. A.R.C.O. Chemistry.
Mrs. M. A. Jones, B.A. French.
B. R. Lawton, B.A. French.
H. Laycock, B.Sc. Geography.
P. Lucraft, B.Sc. Geography.
K. Mears, M.C.C. Ed. Woodwork.
W. D. Morris, M.A.; M.Sc. Mathematics.
A. A. L. Pearce, B.A.; B.Sc. (Econ.) History.
Mrs. J. Philips, B.A. English.
G. Price, B.A. English.
H. J. Quarterman, B.A. French.
A. Reynolds, B.Sc. Chemistry.
Mrs. M. Roulstone, B.A. English.
J. S. Russell, B.A. Scripture.
A. R. Sant, B.Sc. Physics.
W. A. Smith, B.A. English.
E. G. Swain, B.Sc. Biology.
Miss P. Westwood, D.Sc. Dip. Domestic Science.
Mrs. A. M. Wetson B.Sc. Biology.

LABORATORY ASSISTANTS

Mrs. H. Hewson
Mrs. D. P. Porter

SECRETARIAL STAFF

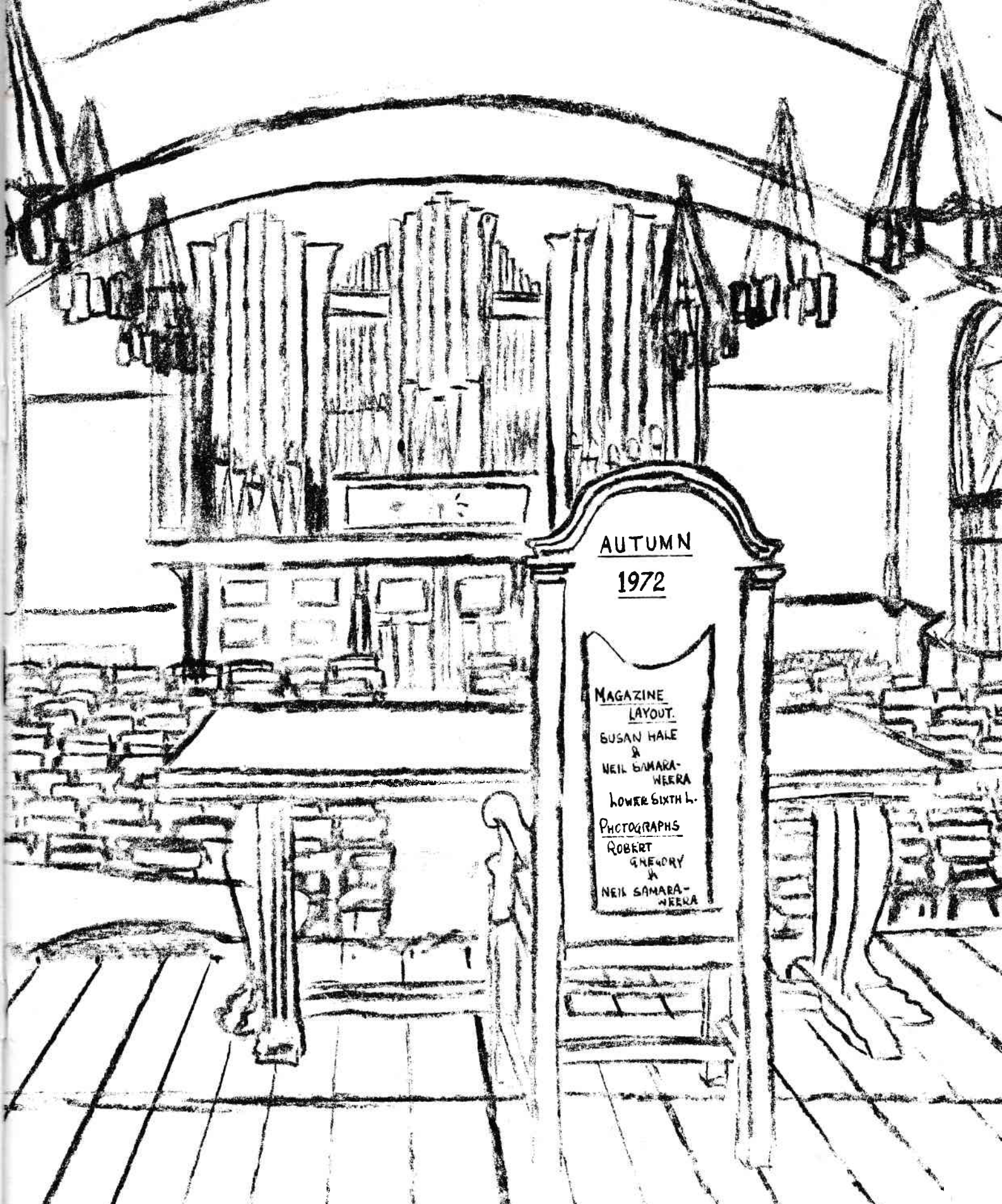
Mrs. D. M. Ford
Mrs. M. Love
Miss M. Sanders

PART -TIME STAFF

Mrs. A. Brayne Mathematics.
Mrs. P. Brown, B.A. English.
D. B. Cragg, B.A. German.
Mrs. B. Evans, B.Sc.; (Econ.) Economics.
Mrs. A. Rook, B.S.c. Mathematics.

VISITING MUSIC TUTORS

M. N. Davies.
K. Farmer.
Mrs. O. Goodborn
Mrs. B. W. Osbourne
J. H. B. Patterson
W. Pryor
D. Whitehouse



AUTUMN
1972

MAGAZINE
LAYOUT.

SUSAN HALE
&
NEIL SAMARA-
WEERA
LOWER SIXTH L.

PHOTOGRAPHS
ROBERT
GREGORY
&
NEIL SAMARA-
WEERA

THE OLDBURIAN

Janette
Cooper
85.

We would like to welcome these new first formers to the school.

Jacqueline Hunter
Susan Glover
Tracy L. Knight
Wendy E. Lake
Isabel J. Mason
Carolyn J. Turner
Tracy Edgington
Wendy Cockbill
Debbie E. Goucher
Julie T. Bastable
Katherine A. Cartwright
Joy Y. Checketts
Darla Evitts
Tracy Hadley
Gillian F. Harris
Christina J. Hopkins
Jacqueline A. Hunt
Kathleen A. Salisbury
Elizabeth A. Tye
Susan M. York
Gillian V. Beresford
Jayne Fox
Linda J. Hadley
Joy L. Higgs
Anne Norton
Sandra Young
Joy Cottrell
Elaine Donaldson
Lesley Scarrett
Janie E. Stephens
Julia Collins
Dawn Hollyoake
Julie A. Finch
Julie D. Schofield
Jacqueline Deeley
Christine L. Dyas
Jayne L. Harris
Dianne Kenny
Joanne Williams
Kim Ford
Wendy Picken.
M. Smith
J. Healey
N. Beacham
J. Winwood

C. S. Griffin
D. Hinton
M. A. Jones
M. A. Keeling
D. C. Kennea
M. Law
C. J. Phipps
B. N. Price
M. L. Simmonds
G. C. Smith
S. R. Timmins
D. J. Yardley
M. C. Young
D. M. Avery
A. R. Forrest
P. J. Griffin
S. Lester
T. R. Spillets
D. J. Wathen
A. Brettle
D. M. Davis
G. Greenfield
P. J. Mernagh
B. Wood
M. J. Young
D. Gascoigne
C. Mahon
J. Mills
J. R. Taylor
S. Worley
T. O'Toole
A. Round
M. Thomas
M. R. Sadler
M. Haycock
C. N. S. Amos
M. N. Lloyd
R. J. Manders
A. C. Parker
R. Pierce
I. D. Robins
R. M. Shorthouse
P. G. Turner
R. J. Weston
A. Fasham
A. M. Fincham

HELLO.....



.....GOODBYE

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

Looking back on the academic year 1971/72 from the comparative serenity of the holiday period, I am irresistibly reminded of Disraeli's description of Gladstone's ministers in 1874 as a "range of exhausted volcanoes." This has been such a busy and fruitful year culminating in such a busy term for us that I feel that many of the school must find this description appropriate for them albeit only, I trust, in a strictly temporary sense.

I must first congratulate the magazine committee on their zeal in producing such a worthy example of the now familiar "new type" school magazine. It is to their credit that this was in a term which has a large number of other distractions. The economics of magazine production are nowadays such that any venture of this sort must be an act of faith. The business editor is faced with the agonising decision, in order to recover the cost of production, of either charging so high a price that few will buy or charging a price which is almost certain to be uneconomic. It is therefore difficult to see a situation in which the magazine can entirely pay for itself, but it is most important that every member of the school tries to achieve as wide a circulation for the magazine as possible.

Our results for the public examinations in June 1971 show a quite remarkable similarity to those of June 1970. At Advanced Level 57 candidates took a total of 193 subjects, 16 passed in 4 subjects, 16 in 3 subjects, and 15 in 2 subjects. Thus 47 candidates out of 57 passed in 2 or more subjects. Special mention must be made of the Head Girl for this year, Deidre Morris, who crowned a very successful school career by gaining 3 of her 4 passes at the highest possible grade. Particular congratulations, are due also to Rosemary Baker who during her second year in the sixth form gained a place at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and to Janet Sutton who got the highest possible grades in 2 subjects. It is pleasing to note that of this group, 20 young people went on to University and 18 to Colleges and Polytechnics.

Our fifth formers once again performed very adequately indeed at "O" Level. We entered 86 for a total of 875 subjects; of these 54 gained 5 or more passes, i.e. 62.8% of the total entry. On the other side of the coin, however, it must be recorded with regret that 3 young people gained no passes at all. The "O" Level prizes for this year went very deservedly to Patricia Long who, of course, passed in all 8 subjects, and gained Grade 1's in 4 of these. Stephen Wood gained the boys' prize, he got only one Grade 1, but supported this with 6 Grade 2's. Both worked very hard for these results and deserve great congratulation.

It is at this point that writing these notes becomes slightly more difficult because an element of selection must come into the matter. This is for the very best of reasons that the school has done so much that to try to mention everything is completely impossible. A multitude of visits therefore we shall largely take for granted, an increasing number of societies and increased activities within these societies we can hardly take for granted but shall have to leave largely unmentioned. It is, however, very pleasant to see the Sixth Form Society beginning to develop and under the capable direction of Mrs. Wetson, a Debating Society emerging. Add to this a pleasing sense of activity in the traditional areas of school life the orchestra and the choir and we have a picture of a developing community

life. Two points only I would make about this, that we certainly cannot take for granted the immense amount of time given by the staff and senior pupils of the school to make these societies work, and that to make the community life of the school completely effective it needs to have as wide a support as possible. It is symptomatic of modern society that there seem to be fewer people prepared to contribute actively to community affairs and more people prepared to complain about what is provided for them. The School reflects society but I trust that we shall continue to have a large number of those prepared to take an active part in the extra curricular activities of the school.

I noticed in the magazine of 1966 a plaintive request in the letters to the Editor by L. Coombes then of the Lower Sixth that with the stopping of school milk a means of dispensing liquid refreshments be provided. It has taken some time to manage this, but finally the scenery in the corridor outside the Biology Room has been changed somewhat by the appearance of a vending machine. An interesting statistic is that this machine dispenses in term time an average of 150 drinks per day. This at a cost of 3p a drink is a tribute both to the thirst of the school and presumably to the amount of their pocket money. It is also pleasant to report that all this is managed almost painlessly; there is slight congestion in the corridor but Mr. Swain and 5S cope with this most efficiently. The one jarring note is that the plastic cups used turn up in all sorts of appropriate and inappropriate places around the school, but on balance, there is no doubt that the vending machine is now a fixed part of the Oldbury scene.

A beginning having been made on innovations during the year, it is appropriate to mention some more. The School had its first Senior School Christmas Dinner; this was provided by our own school cooks and a very good meal it was. One remembers Pete Borriello's toast to the guests and, perhaps less pleasantly the apple juice in which it was drunk, but, above all, the absolutely wonderful appearance of the girls who had decided to really dress up for the occasion and did so marvellously well. We also had our first Speech Day by candlelight, although we cannot claim to have planned this. In fact this event went very well, thanks largely to a quite inspired address by our speaker, Mr. Stephen Gibbs, which included, I might add, advice to me as to how to operate my own Tilley Lamp.

I can do little more than mention that another first was the descent on the Frank Chapman Centre at Ribbesford for a week at a time of our three first year forms. One can only admire the fortitude of Mr. Loughran and his staff trembling under the impact of first 1D then 1L and last but by no means least 1W. There is, however, no doubt that educationally and socially these visits were a great success. They will certainly be repeated this year and I hope in succeeding years.

Our Parents Association was also born this year, but a very lusty infant it has already become with two well attended and successful social functions to its credit. Last but by no means least we had our first Summer Fair. This was an exhausting but immensely successful event. This was certainly true in the financial sense, where we raised over £850, but in the wider sense as well because I feel that it is important that the School deepens its contact with the community which

supports it and gives as much pleasure to this community as it can. This was, I feel, very well done by the fair.

In this context I must pay tribute to all those of the staff, the pupils and the parents who have supported the school with both these new activities and the older ones. Innovations do mean more work but this has been a burden nobly borne by all concerned. I must include in these general thanks also the name of Miss Pine, who continues most conscientiously and efficiently to run our Guide Troop.

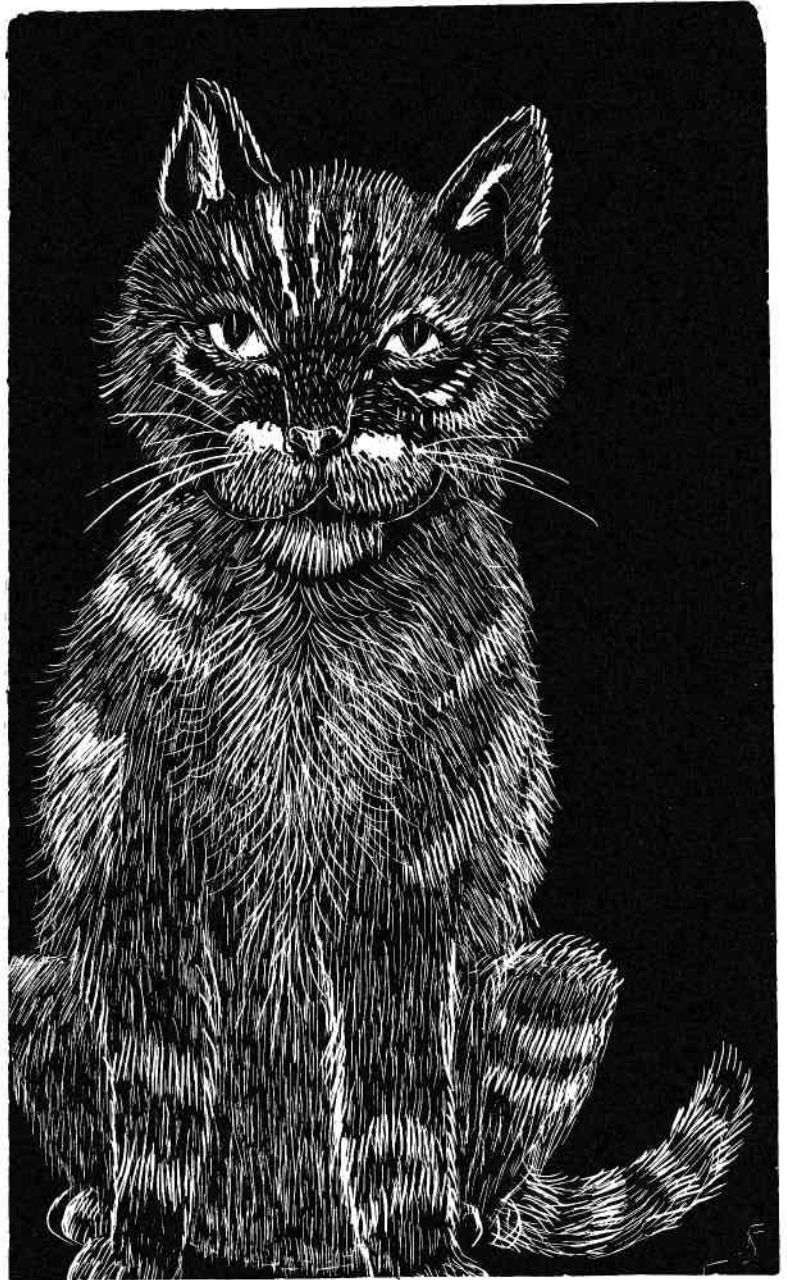
The end of this year will also see a number of changes of staff, two of them quite important changes. Mr. Roulstone and Mr. Heath are being seconded for a year's further study, they will be replaced by Miss Simpson and Mrs. Springer respectively. Mrs. Springer is an old friend of the school, having been in charge of the Art Department here for a number of years before getting married. We welcome her return. Mrs. Thomas also returns to teach Economics; Mrs. Evans has again taken over while Mrs. Thomas has been away and has made a valuable contribution to the School. Mrs. Phillips will be leaving us as her husband has obtained a post in Yorkshire; Mrs. Lloyd will be taking her place. Mrs. Rook will be leaving to start her family; we have been able to appoint two new mathematicians, Mr. Parkes and Miss Norris.

Mr. Crofts, our Deputy Head, will be leaving us for a headship in Botswana. He has been with us since 1966, and has contributed very greatly to the efficient running of the school during this time.

Mr. Eacott will be retiring after 28 years of service to the School. I only knew Mr. Eacott over the last year and a half but a glance at school records and even more a talk with the old pupils of the school quickly reveals the tremendous contribution Mr. Eacott made to Oldbury under Dr. Howard. His own prowess as an opening bat and his ability to inspire enthusiasm in others were for a long time the great inspiration behind the cricket in the school.

I would wish happiness and success in their new jobs to all those coming or going, and to Mr. Eacott in particular a long and happy retirement.

L. E. Jennings



S. Samaraweera 2.S

I had wandered wearily through the doors of life,
Sad from finding they were not all good, all fair, all fine,
And I feared my emotional bruising would leave scars
for all to see.

I was so tired.

None, wanted to give, only to get,
I kept searching, but I found nothing, and I was quite
ready to despair,
To bang my head against the wall in bitter frustration.

So I left for a while, and came to a kinder place.

The sun flowed into my aching mind like warm,
soothing honey.

I tasted the sea's salty kisses, I walked in warm water,
And smiled as merry waves played with my body.

I was changing.

Then he came, and from his teaching, his worldly
wisdom,

My mind began to reel with the delirium of new sensations,
thoughts and experiences.

He was as wild as the foam that threshed the rocks,,
As wise as the wind that knew the sea's song.
I could no more hold him than hold the tide
But we shared fourteen sunsets, all russet and gold.
I was like a child, learning the magic secrets of a wizard,
And yet a woman, mellowed by the love of a man.
I had changed.

I had to return, yet journeying home,
New found faith and hope smiled in my eyes.
They were not all good, all fair, all fine;
But at least there was one.

Pamela Hawker, Lower Sixth L.

STAFF NOTES

Leaving fever has broken out in the ladies' staff room this summer. Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Roulstone have succumbed to it for the second time, and Mesdames Rook and Phillips are suffering from their first attack.

Mrs. Evans has been popping in and out of O.G.S. since 1969, bringing calmness and order to the division room between the eruptions of Mrs. Thomas. She will be sorely missed, especially on pay day, since the rest of us will now have to find out for ourselves the inscrutable workings of the Income Tax.

Mrs. Phillips has been with us for only a year, during which she has done her duty as an English teacher by extending the vocabulary of the staffroom. She came to O.G.S. from the British Museum, and having stood us for a year is fleeing to a comprehensive school near Doncaster. It is clear that she is gradually edging her way north, and won't be really happy until South Care lighthouse is once again shining on her bottle of Newcastle Brown.

Mrs. Rook, after four peaceful years with us, has suddenly burst into a frenY OF ACTIVITY. She is soon to have not only a new baby, but a new house in a new part of the country, and a husband in a new job. It became evident that she was thirsting for change when she joined the dog-owning classes and began to tidy up the staffroom, a task beyond the scope or ambition of the rest of us. She leaves Oldbury carrying with her numerous parcels of tiny knitted garments and our very best wishes for the immediate and the remote future.

Mrs. Roulstone seems incapable of staying put for more than four years at a time. During her present spell at O.G.S. Room 13 has been reduced to a heap of wreckage and the staffroom table has gradually blackened under a heap of inky pencils. Her departure will relieve Mr. Dennison and Mrs. Davies, who have been subjected to a constant barrage of tape-recorded noise. She and her briefcase will be returning to O.G.S. in September 1973, shattered and humbled after a year at Birmingham University.

We wish all these ladies luck and happiness in their future careers, whether domestic or academic, and hope that they will not disappear from our circle altogether.

On the men's side we see the departure of Mr. Eacott, Mr. Crofts and temporarily of Mr. Heath.

Mr. Eacott has reached the age of retirement following a length of service at the school which stretches back so far that it is difficult to imagine the place without him. His presence has been powerfully felt by pupil and teacher alike. In the staffroom we shall remember with great affection his anecdotes, his jokes and above all his warmth and general good humour. A great character whom we shall all miss.

Mr. Crofts, apparently fired with missionary zeal has sold up his house and possessions (many to bargain hunting members of staff) and is off to be head of a school in the wilds of Central Africa. His enthusiasm to do good has for some reason often aroused great wrath in those round about, possibly because of his individualistic approach to matters. He has been able to reduce participants in staff room discussions to tears of frustration at the tenacity with which he clings to eccentric views. He will in leaving, deprive the staffroom of a rich personality and Mr. Sant of any opportunity for further discussion of bridge games.

Mr. Heath is off for the whole of next year engaged upon individual work in the Art field, but we expect him to return refreshed in September 1973.

RETIREMENT OF Mr. J. S. EACOTT

Mr. Eacott is a graduate of Cambridge University and in addition to his academic attainments he had a distinguished record for hockey and cricket.

After teaching experience elsewhere he joined the staff of Oldbury Grammar School, then the County High School, as Geography master just prior to the 1939-1945 war. On the outbreak of the war he joined the R.A.F. attaining the rank of Squadron Leader. At the end of the war he rejoined the staff and shortly after was appointed Classics master, though still teaching Geography to 'O' and 'A' level G.C.E. forms. One might add that the academic results of his students were quite exceptional.

He took an active interest in sport, both in school and in the county. He spent hours on the School field coaching and was indeed a most devoted and loyal member of the staff. The School was the centre of his life.

His cricket feats are well remembered by old students. When he and Alan Malcolm (now in charge of Physical Education and Athletics at Cambridge University) went in to bat for the Staff the other members were able to sit and watch the game being decided by these two brilliant cricketers.

He was a devoted schoolmaster and so with memories of this the whole school sends to Mr. Eacott its sincere wishes for a long and happy retirement.

W.D. Morris

J. S. E.



Police-cadet training is only for tough, strapping young men.



Not altogether true. Although most cadets are male - intelligent, independent-minded young men who want more out of life than a nine-to-five routine - you can't run a police force with men only.

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of years will prove fascinating, rewarding, and very, very enjoyable.

You will be ready then for the one job that never lacks variety, the one job where you see more life in a day than most people see in a month.

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CHILDREN IN THE RAIN

They stand,
Soaked to the skin
Ankle deep in water.
Raindrops dribbling along snub noses
Drip into that magic land that is a puddle.
"We're not very wet, are we?"
They dabble small cold hands; shoes squelch and
bubble
Unheard, alone in protestation against the mystery and
wonder of the rain.

Janet Muldowney. Lower Sixth P.

IMPRESSIONS OF A NEW SCHOOL

I thought I'd be so lonely here,
'Cause all my friends had gone.
But I've made new mates here in this school
And I'm not the lonely one.

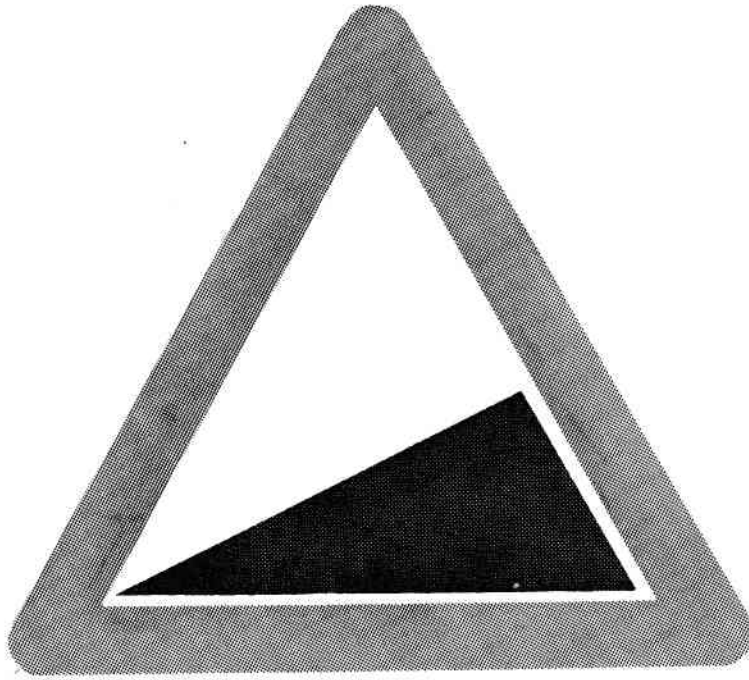
I thought the school was too big for me,
And I'd get lost all the time
But now I've wondered, I can see
I'll get used to it in time.

I thought I would do no good work,
And I'd be in the bottom few,
But I've done well so far
And I've enjoyed it too.

Barry Griffiths 2J. 8







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SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

The pupils this year 1971-1972 have kept up their interest in social service work and have raised a total of £437.52 from various functions. The senior pupils arranged successful discotheques and folk evenings. Some fifth year boys have formed a group, called Leviathan and have given concerts both during the dinner hour and the evening. There has been a sponsored walk which raised £292.75 and a sponsored football match. On the day of the pet show many different pets were brought to school including a spider called Mac which belonged to Peter Borriello. The pet show was one of the most popular events held.

The Juniors have arranged discotheques, a valentine party; a penny fair and a dancing display. (The display involved several of the Junior girls dancing to pop records).

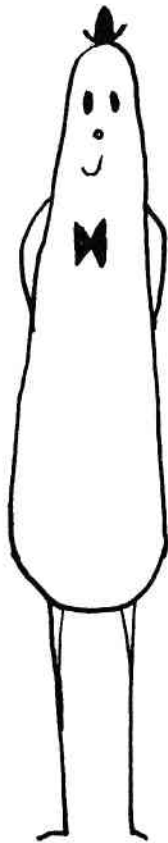
All the money raised from these events has been put to good use. At Christmas twenty five pounds was given to Warley Council of Social Service and used to buy Christmas boxes for the needy people in Warley. The remainder of the money £412.52 is to be presented to Halesowen and Stourbridge and District Society for mentally handicapped children. This society aims to build three residential homes similar to Halas House. This house was originally for under five year old children, but now it is taking special care cases involving older children. It is run by voluntary workers and is a very worthwhile cause to donate money to. It is hoped that the money we send will bring the opening date of the homes forward.

Besides money raising efforts other activities have been arranged. At the end of the spring term a party of senior citizens living in the Borough of Warley were collected from their homes and brought to school. During the course of the afternoon they were entertained by members of the school, who put on a magnificent show and provided a delicious tea.

Other social service work includes visits to Moat Farm and Road End Junior and Primary schools, a local clinic and nursery, St. Chads Hospital and Grafton Lodge Welfare Home by members of the sixth form. Several sixth formers of Oldbury Grammar School are members of a Youth Committee for Warley Council of Social Service. This committee is organising a coffee evening for September 25th at Grafton Lodge. The proceeds of which are to be used to take all the old people residing in the Lodge on a holiday.

All the work done this year has been gratefully appreciated by many people. We hope to continue helping all those less privileged than ourselves, in the year to come.

Alyson Steele
Lower Sixth L.



EGGSTENDED

LOWER SIXTH CHARITY FOOTBALL MATCH

On the 30th November, the lower sixth, organised a sponsored charity football match, girls versus boys. Mr. Russell officiated as referee and Mrs. Philips 'bravely' but 'foolishly' volunteered to play as goalie for the girls. In dull, but fine weather, the two teams led by Nicola "Chico" Coward and Paul "Doog" Bowen, lined up for the team photographers, watched by a spectacular crowd of approximately 50,000?

Girls kicked off and rapidly showed their prowess by zooming into the lead, aided and abetted by the ref, whose many decisions were obviously in their favour. The boys retaliated valiantly but somewhat violently, it being strange that every time a member of the boys team got within two feet of one of the girls, that poor defenceless female ended up sprawled elegantly across the field which by now resembled a quagmire. The boys eventually scored 14 goals despite Mrs. Philips courageous defence of the female fort. However, the girls managed to score a miraculous 8, all of which, apart from the 4 own goals from the boys, were outstanding feats of female football finesse! After 20 riotous minutes of what seemed (to us girls) to be more like a rugby final at Twickenham than a charity football match, Mr. Russell blew the final whistle and both teams staggered gamely off to the changing rooms.

It was felt by all that the bruises and broken bones were well worth the effort because eventually over £20 was raised for charity.

Lower Sixth girls XI.

THE VEGETARIANS

The dark sky over the moor was becoming creased with the orange glow of dawn. The Moor itself was deserted save for a few sheep; shadows lay between the small hummocks and the dew glistened over the velvety sheep-bitten grass.

As the sky lightened and the sun began to scatter the shadows, a long cocoon slowly sank below the surface of the marsh. It was white and looked rather like spun fibre glass, but it had a certain brittleness, a glittering sheen. It was nearly six feet in length and was cylindrical, with the appearance of an oversized sleeping pill.

It had come hundreds of millions of miles from the Outer Galaxy. The planet from which it had come had had an atmosphere similar to that of Earth with vegetation and water and warmth. Suddenly the warmth had disappeared and frost covered its surface, the vegetation died and its vegetarian inhabitants began to die also. The sturdiest of these creatures wound themselves into their cocoon-like space capsules and set themselves adrift in space in hope of finding a planet similar to their own on which they could thrive. They had found the Earth.

The cocoon in the marsh was only one of many; as the sun rose higher and shed its light over the moor, it glinted on many more. They lay in hollows, ditches and under trees. The silence was uncanny, even the sheep were silent as they nibbled their way over the land.

By eight o'clock the sun was growing warm but no birds sang. The coming of the capsules had disturbed the wild-life, even the air was still.

A humming which grew to a high pitched whine split the air. The cocoons glowed from inside and an orange hue took the place of the glittering white. Slowly the cocoons began to disintegrate and from then uncoiled frightening serpent-like creatures. Their narrow

skulls wavered in the air as if charmed by music. Six tentacles grasped at nothing and a huge clamp at the other end of their long sinuous bodies opened and shut like great hungry jaws.

What appeared to be mouths sucked in the clean air with a loud rasping which echoed across the moor from one creature to another. Communications, or perhaps an insatiable thirst for air satisfied?

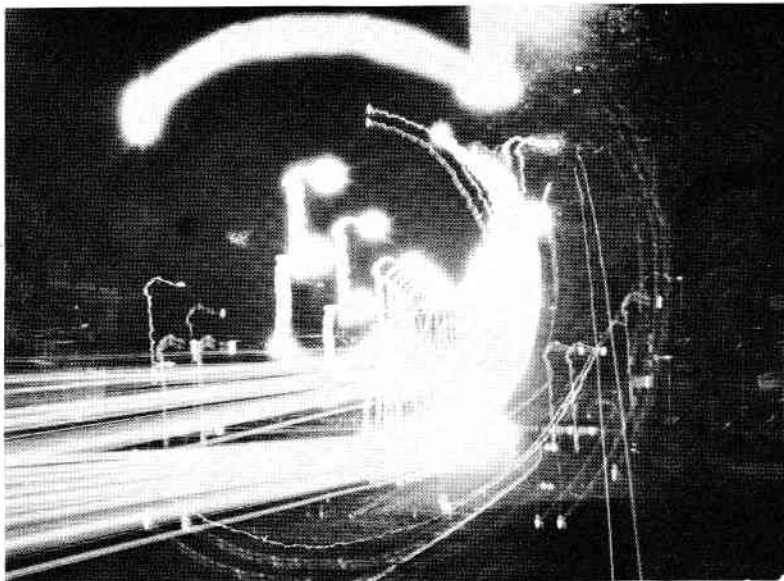
Trees perished one after the other as with an in-suppressible strength the huge clamps reached up and tore down boughs and the leaves were sucked into the mouths.

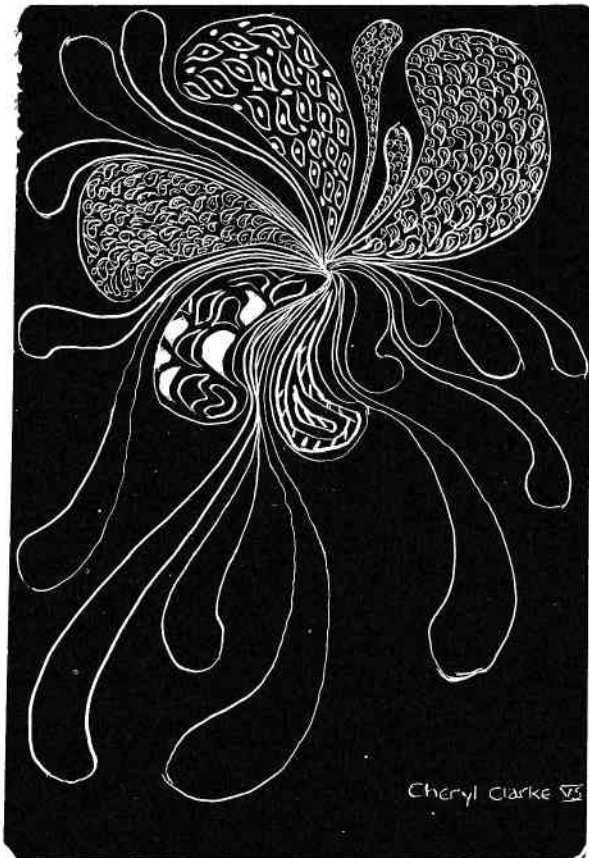
The creatures moved forward in a long line across the moor, devouring the foliage of every bush or tree that got in their way. At the edge of a small village the creatures hesitated, unsure of these strange boxes built of hard inedible materials.

A child and a dog heading out for the moor stopped, confronted by a line of unknown terrifying creatures. The child stood stock still while the dog, its hackles up began to bark and yap in an excited, high pitched tone. A clamp from one of the creatures shot round and grasped the dog and broke its neck. The child with wide terrified eyes screamed, turned and bolted.

Shortly, armed with shotguns and other weapons a group of fear-filled men came to the edge of the village. Men and creatures regarded each other with an obvious fright. Then two shots were fired and one of the creatures was struck down, the men then ran for their homes as fear overtook their defences.

The damaged creature coiled and uncoiled on the ground. Its mouth opened and closed and its clamp snapped at the air in agony. These creatures were harmed by mans more primitive defences, what would happen when a bigger attack was made? They would perish like the first.





The creatures hung over the dead one in a writhing circle, rasping and whining. Even they realised mans power in their own unearthly way. They were easily frightened by things to which they were unaccustomed and the death of one of them meant that the rest had become fearful of human beings.

For two hours they stayed at the edge of the village while its inhabitants watched from their houses. Then, suddenly, as if a final conclusion had been reached the creatures coiled on the ground. From their tentacles they emitted a white fluid which gradually shaped into a cocoon around them. Then, with no logical explanation of how or why, they lifted into the sky and rose higher into the blue until only a speck was visible.

From the mouth of the dead creature an orange enzyme oozed which slowly coated the body and ate away at it until only a wet patch was left on the floor.

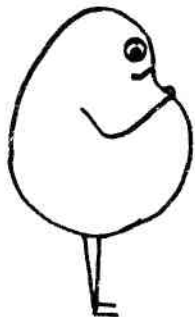
Out in space the cocoons drifted on towards nowhere. Their voyage to earth had been useless, the easily frightened, peaceable vegetarian creatures had sensed this at their first encounter with man. They could not survive in such a place; even with its warmth and abundant vegetation it was not suitable. Creatures with four tentacles and harmful weapons already inhabited it.

Jane Mallard 4P.

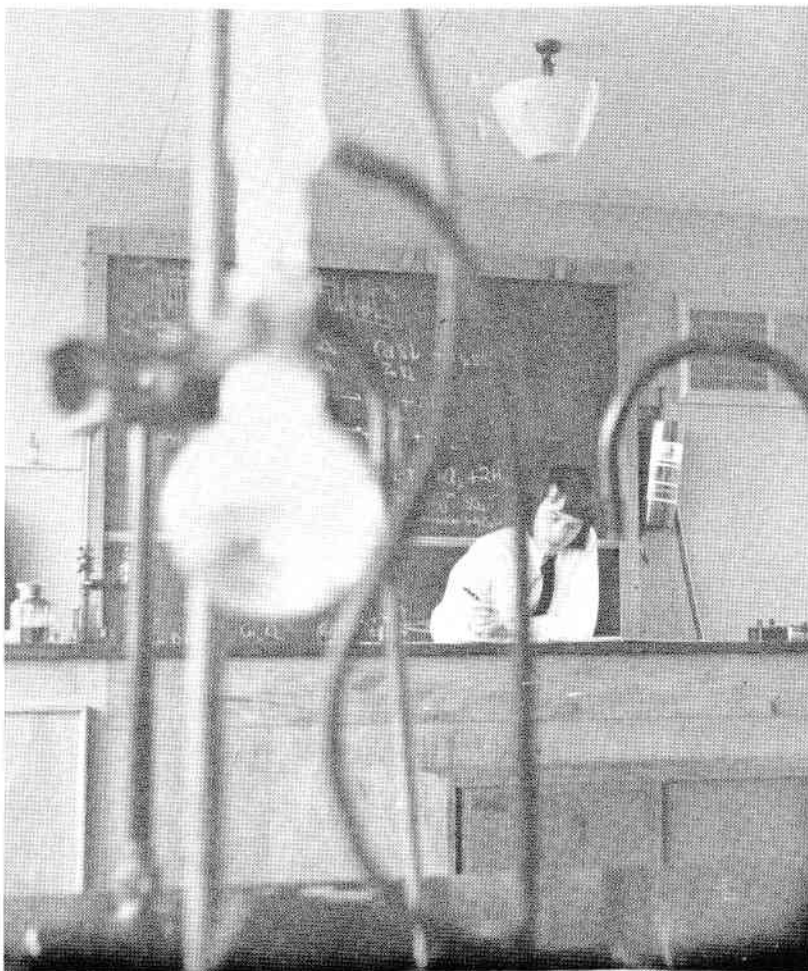


You began in a dream.
 I fell through the air slowly,
 Then gaining speed I hit the ground.
 The mist covered me
 Changing into a fog
 Which froze me.
 I tried to find you
 And felt a face
 Materialize,
 Only it wasn't yours.
 My chained body was flung
 Into the frothy sea.
 I cried out for you
 Only you laughed
 And left me to drown.

Michele Schymck 4P



EGGSPECTANT



SCIENCE LAB

FOG ON A MOOR

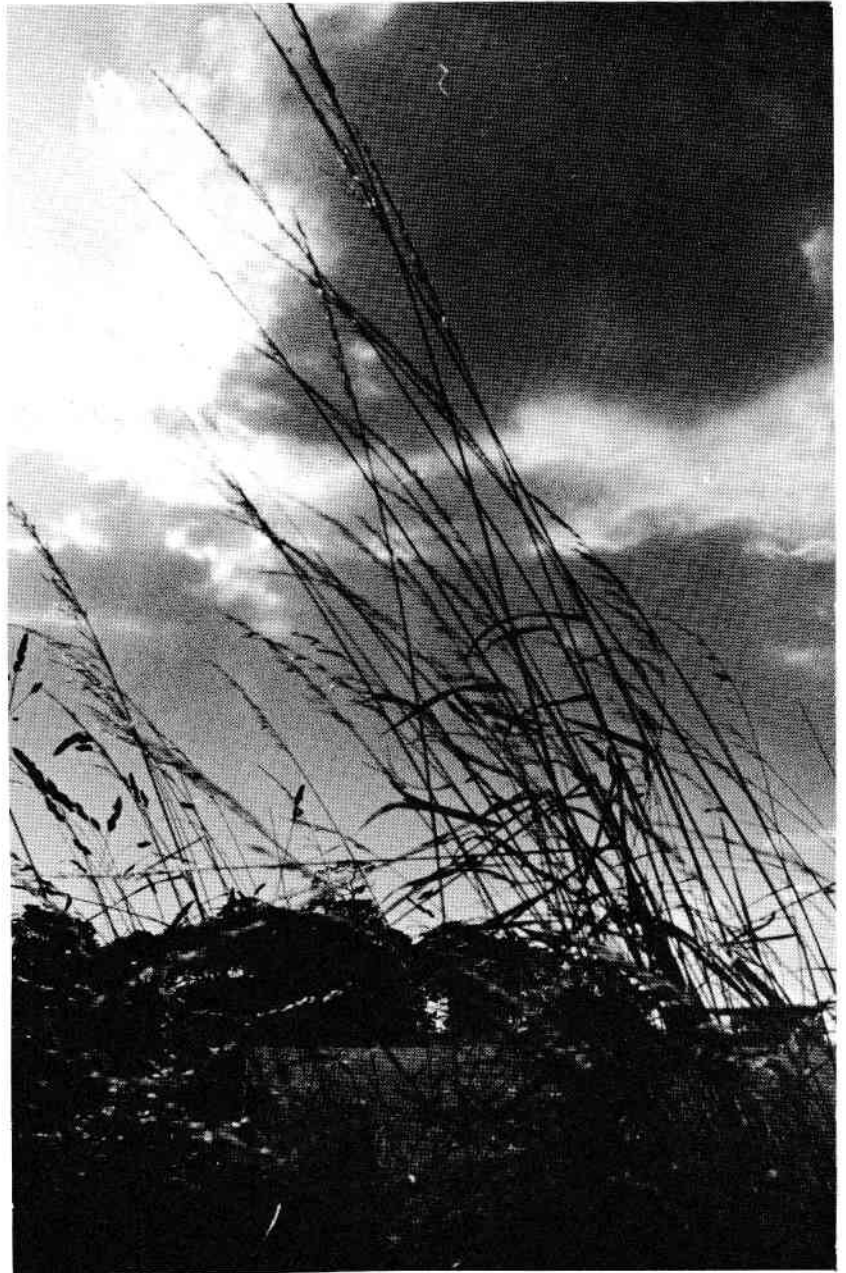
Slowly, like an old man
Fog invades the moor.
As a white sheet
It stifles sounds,
In cloudy chains.

No mercy given,
With cunning it hunts for living things
And pours chill into their veins.
Wisping arms clutch at the thin air
Making the air its slave.

The temperature drops
Until as cold
As the fog itself,
And fog like death
Drives life out of things as it pleases.

But then relent,
The warming sun comes out
Driving the fog into its lair
And turns it into other forms
Until the air is clear.

Paul Manders 2RB.



Have you ever written your name
In the sand by the sea
Have you ever loved so strong
That it hurt
And you wanted to cry out all feeling
Yet even then the sun sets
As the waves wash your memory
Off the beach
But the sand remains
What morbid desire to etch your life
In rock, for tomorrow, tomorrow,
Forever tomorrow, never now,
What do they fear,
The condemnation of other dead
I have felt their comments
Cut my mind
But I will not join them
In the security of their coffins
How can they have seen
How can they have felt
I have cried and laughed
Touched and been touched
I wish I knew
For I ask always why
Even the question I do not know
Maybe man's obsession to burn candles
Will mark me
And the moon will show
And I will never know.

Peter Borriello. Upper Sixth.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Through the mists of time
And the shadows in his mind,
The old man strains to find
A glimmer of the past.

The days of youth are now confused
His mind and body old and used,
The questions asked, his brain refused
The answers in the past.

He stands at the window with his back bent
And watches children playing content,
And then to his brain a message is sent,
Could this be a clue to his past?

Stephen Palmerini 4Q.



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BARCLAYS

STAMP CLUB NOTES

The year began well with a number of promising meetings which were well attended. Later, however, difficulties in finding a room suitable for mounting displays, as well as examination commitments, meant that meetings had to be cancelled.

The Autumn session opened with two preliminary meetings during which new members began to get to know each other and each other's collecting interests. These meetings were followed by three talks on early Great Britain stamps, in particular the 1d black and 1d red. A number of these were shown, both on and off cover, and it was these specimens on cover which led to a further meeting on cancellations old and new.

Now that it looks as if we shall soon have display boards fitted in Room 19 we look forward to mounting two exhibitions of material kindly supplied by the Post Office Public Relations Officer. Some of this material concerns the Regional Issues, and it is intended to follow it with displays of stamps of these issues.

It is pleasant to be able to record news of past members and old friends who have maintained their interest in philately. Tom Poole and Steven Harrison are now both members of the Royal Philatelic Society, London, attending meetings whenever they can. I am pleased to have this opportunity of recording my thanks to them for all the help they gave me and for all the work they did for O.G.S. Stamp Club over several years. Good luck to them both, and good hunting!

B.R.L.

Dans une lacune infinie de paix
Qui nous reste dans notre douleur,
Nous demeurâmes assis, nous deux
Inconnus l'un à l'autre,
Nous touchant des yeux, sûrs
Sans être convaincus muets
Nous nous parlâmes,
Et nos âmes se moquèrent de toute barrière
Dressée par les langues.
La sensation en reste toujours et s'exprime
Dans les mots que je trace,
Et pourtant le souvenir s'efface
Comme les couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel.
J'étends la main pour étreindre
Le monde sensible
Car j'avais vu la promesse
Que les circonstances me refusaient;
J'avais vu le défi dans vos yeux
Sans qu'il me fût permis
De me justifier.
Et dans ma peine je veux retourner
A ce mur
Où le sommeil nous échappa, où le rêve était réel
Et la nuit éternelle.
Un jour,
Un jour, peut-être;
Car, dit-on, même les arcs-en-ciel reapparaissent.



So we sat, two strangers
In a timeless gap of peace
Which remains in our sorrow,
Touching with our eyes, each knowing
But neither sure
As we talked in silence with our minds
To mock all barriers of language.
Yet even as I write the feeling remains
But my memory fades as the
Colours of a rainbow
And I grasp for something solid
For I saw the potential that
Circumstance refused me
I saw the challenge in your look,
But was not allowed to prove myself,
And in my sadness I wanted to return
To that wall
Where sleep escaped us, dreams were real
And the night eternal;
One day,
Perhaps one day
For it is said that even rainbows re-appear.

Peter Borriello. Upper Sixth





Ten-nine-eight! I suddenly felt very scared. I seemed to be oblivious. Five-four-three! I began to tremble and could feel the butterflies flitting madly about in my abdomen — Zero! What was to happen now. Slowly I felt myself being lifted and placed against what appeared to be a wooden plank. It was then that I heard the voice for the last time. It laughed hideously.

For ten seconds everything was quiet. Then the noise began monotonously — it was the ticking of a clock. With each tick I felt my so-called “plank” move. It didn’t take me long to realise that I was attached to the second hand of the clock. Time after time I went round and round the clock. It was like being on the waltzers at the fun-fair but I felt my stomach constricting at the thought that this might not be safe. It might go on forever!

I soon lost count of the number of times I spun round the face of the clock. The numbers seemed out of proportion and distorted to me. Then came the big boom! I was nearly deafened and the terrible noise kept echoing and re-echoing through my head! When my head finally cleared I realised that the clock had struck one! Then I came into light, into realisation — when the clock struck twelve I was going to die.

I began to think over my life — of my parents, my friends, my cat, my dog. What would become of them?

Would they think of me kindly and often — or soon forget me after the cremation?

Round and round and round I went I was half-unconscious and my head was reeling as a result of the continuous motion. Each time I managed to grovel my way back into consciousness the clock would strike again and the ear-splitting noise would send me almost gratefully back into the world of oblivion.

Two o’clock, three o’clock, four o’clock the hours sped by. I surfaced again about seven o’clock and began to think of my mother. I thought of all she had done for me and of her many endearing little ways. She would be heart broken when I died — God knows, I didn’t want to die! I loved the world! Then the hideous clock struck eight and it seemed as though my head would burst. Again I became unconscious.

The next thing I was aware of was again the striking of the clock but this time it was much safer. I was able to count nine, ten. O Jesus, this is it! — eleven. Everything suddenly disappeared. I shut my eyes tight, frightened to see my fate. With my arms stretched out before me, I stumbled forwards and moaned.

“It’s all right now, she’s coming round. ‘She’ll be fine.” I had come out of the anaesthetic.

EXPEDITION TO LAKE DISTRICT

Easter 72, April 8-15

Arriving at school on Saturday in the pouring rain, I saw the luxurious coach — it boasted four wheels, a roof and seats. It was spacious to say the least, it must have been a good twelve feet long. Thus I had to travel the "thousands" of miles crammed in with five other boys. (I would like to say that even so all the teachers had a seat to themselves). We arrived at the hotel just in time for dinner, which was very convenient for all.

On Sunday morning after breakfast, which was at any time between eight and nine depending upon the time one decided to stroll along to the dining room, we all boarded the coach which followed the lakeside to Borrowdale. We then walked, visiting slate quarries, Grange and Rossthwaite. The coach returned its wearied load to the hotel for dinner. Afterwards people discovered the cellar bars, that is if they hadn't already. . . .some are quicker than others.

On Monday, for stream studies, the party was divided into four groups; each was deposited within walking distance of their allotted stream. Activities that day included mud-stomping, bug-crawling and virtually walking up streams. From miles around members of O.G.S. could be seen throwing little chunks of orange peel into streams and finding the time they took to travel ten yards which was paced out extremely accurately by people of all sizes, dodging boulders and peat bogs on the way. Mr. Coupland was the first in our party to pass the snow line followed closely by myself and T. Cooper. I must state here that while all groups boasted of some mishaps K. Terry deserves mention for falling flat on his back in the stream which he seemed to be studying too closely.

Tuesday was the day set for the big event — the mornings arrival heralded the coming of the momentous ascent of Helvellyn, all 3,054 feet of it. On top of Helvellyn I had expected a panoramic view, however snowfall, mercilessly cutting the extent of view to twenty yards and as for scenery — one patch of mist looks much the same as another. Having walked along Swirral Edge Mr. Lucraft thought it wise to head for the safety of the lower slopes and proceeded to show his expertise in the use of a compass, with intermittent cries of "keep away from the left side" where the ridge plunged down to the valley below.

With Wednesday there "knocked the opportunity" for us all, in our groups, to have a bash at finding our own way round the misty depths of the lakeland fells armed only with maps, compasses and a slip of paper telling us the position of the next check point. Apparently Mr. Lucraft and Co had decided to do away with the first check point but a certain teacher, later nicknamed Tarzan of Physics Lab A, omitted to tell my group and we tramped off merrily to the "first" point. Thus we were overtaken by two groups behind us and we were one hour late. On the way we had to answer questions on land forms etc. and it seems that we can all map-read and answer such questions efficiently.

After an urban survey of Keswick on Thursday, the males of the party decided to play football. Mr. "Twinkletoes" Quarterman emerged as another Stanley Mathews and Mr. Lucraft as an explosive midfield player in the class of Gunther Nezzar. "Tarzan" Coupland played with the brilliance expected of him.

Friday was the last day of the expedition before we returned to the wilds of Oldbury. It had been decided that we would scale Great Gable, nearly 3000 feet high. Medals must be awarded posthumously to Beverley Wilshaw who determinedly made it to the top and to Sandra Tracey who also achieved the summit despite a

sprained ankle. Meanwhile two cunning lower sixth formers, aided and abetted by Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lucraft, bought Mr. Lucraft's present which we'd all put together to buy. It was in the form of waterproofs which I presented to him with a vote of thanks to him and the other members of staff after dinner. That night everyone got to bed just a little later than usual and the next morning dawned with the sounds of our heavy sighs as we finished our packing. We all tramped gloomily into the dining room, had breakfast, then boarded the coach staring through the windows to get a last view of the scenery we had come to take for granted. We then quickly found the familiar Oldbury skyline looming up announcing the end of a wonderful holiday.

Paul Mosely 5L



REPORT ON THE FIRST FORM VISIT TO THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, STONELEIGH, WARKS.

On Thursday, July 6th 1972, the first forms of Oldbury Grammar School, accompanied by Mrs. Phillips, Miss Westwood, Mrs. Wetson and Mr. Denison, Mr. Lucraft, Mr. Swain, departed through the early morning sunshine to attend the Royal Agricultural Show at Stoneleigh, approximately six miles from Coventry.

The basic motivation for this visit was to expand each student's knowledge of British agriculture and its' applications, and also to make comparative observations with various aspects of foreign agricultural industries. This was accomplished, (much to the pupils disconcertion) by the distribution of project sheets, to be completed by applying the information available at the show.

Upon arrival at Stoneleigh many first formers looked horrified as they stared aghast at the over littered, tent packed and people jammed show ground.

At the entrance to the show ground there seemed to be hundreds of O.G.S. uniforms, jumping impatiently, however, as soon as we were admitted, all were engulfed in the seething swarm of people.

Approximately half-way through the morning the first formers accompanied by the staff, observed firstly the disappointment of the immense quantity of oppressive heat the relatively flat exposed area of Stoneleigh could accumulate and secondly the cost of purchasing an ice-cream from an opportunist ice-cream vendor. (We preferred to remain sweaty rather than swindled). Throughout the day the first formers bombarded tent after tent digesting each and every scrap of informative literature it could yield to utilize it for their projects.

After the mornings guided tours with the staff the first formers were permitted to roam around at their own leisure. While most of the girls worshipped the horses or other livestock, the boys demonstrated their preference for farm machinery and heavy livestock, which seemed to dominate the showground.

When at five o'clock we reassembled each first former carried a bulbous wad of sales promotive literature, and each possessed lengthy tales of adventure based on the same theme but with variations. After a minor delay we departed slightly remorsefully at five thirty. All who spent a delightful day at Stoneleigh would like to thank Mr. Swain and the staff administering and organising it.

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Or you might prefer to be concerned with seamanship. Or communications. Or a more administrative job, like stores accountancy or office management. While, if you're interested in medicine, we can give you a three-year specialist training as a radiographer, physiotherapist, or S.R.N.

In fact, whether your bent is academic or practical, you can go a long way in the Navy. Or with the Navy's sea soldiers, the Royal Marines.

For example, with five 'O' levels (or 2 'A' levels) you can try for a commission as a Naval Officer.

And of course, you can now join us for a much shorter period, if you wish.

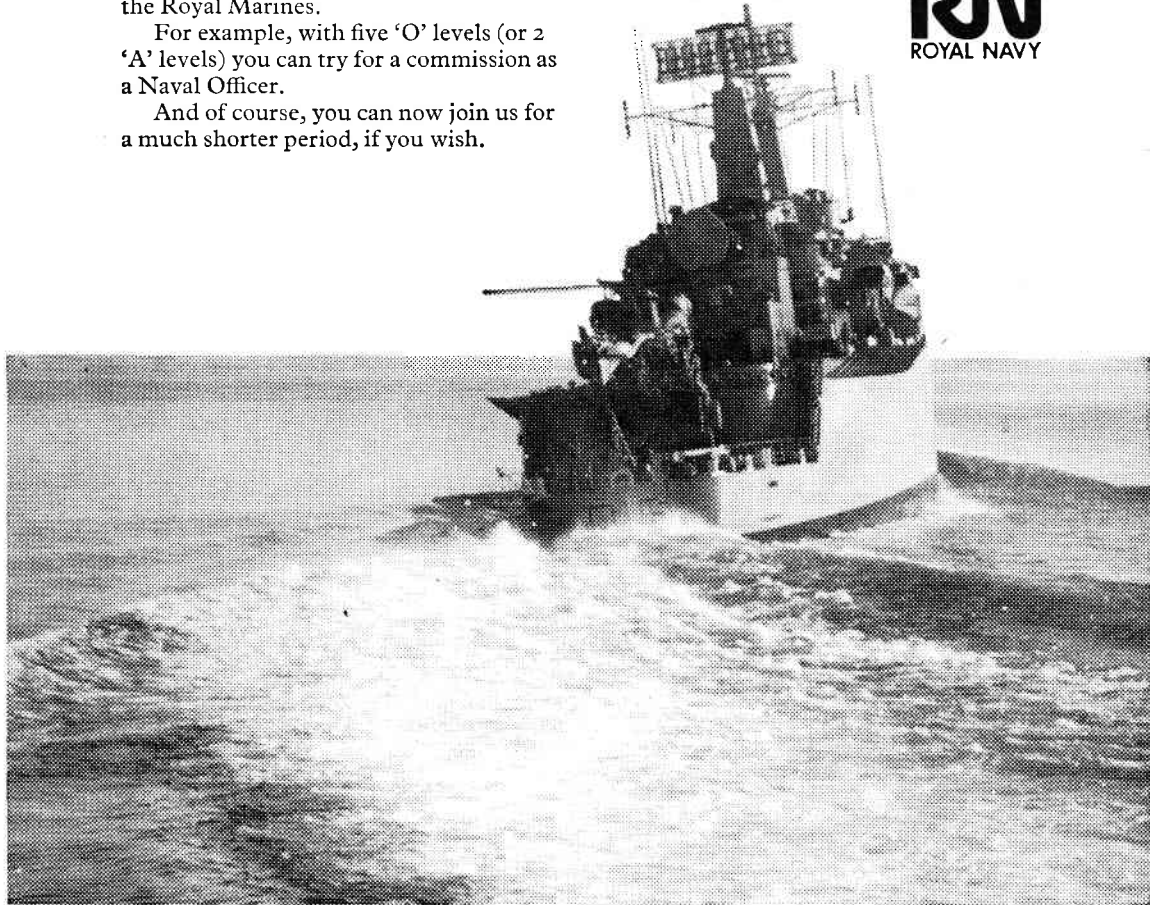
For Girls. If you're a girl, there's a happy, active life waiting for you in the Wrens (the Women's Royal Naval Service). Here you work with officers and men of the Royal Navy. There's a choice of many interesting jobs. You also have the same opportunities to try for a commission. And you may well see something of the world.

For someone keen on nursing, the Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service is a career that offers excellent training, travel, variety and an active social life.

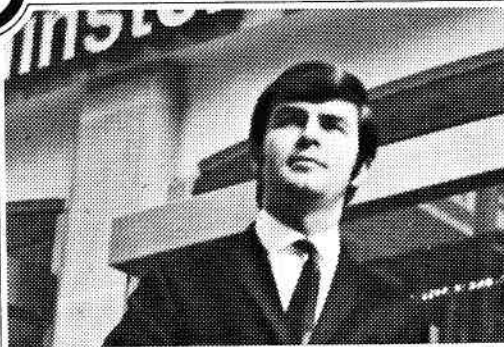
For full details of any of these careers, talk to your Careers Master or Mistress. Or write to the address below giving your name, age and any examinations you have passed, or hope to pass.

**The Royal Naval Careers Service (25 FD),
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RN
ROYAL NAVY



Brian & Barbara- their first year at National Westminster



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Barbara celebrated her 18th birthday when she'd been with us a year. Not only did her friends buy her a big birthday cake, but the Bank gave her a handsome salary increase. In fact regular salary reviews are the rule with us. Barbara's present job is managing the proofing machine. Next month she's moving over to foreign exchange. The Bank knows a girl likes variety.



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Mr/Miss.....

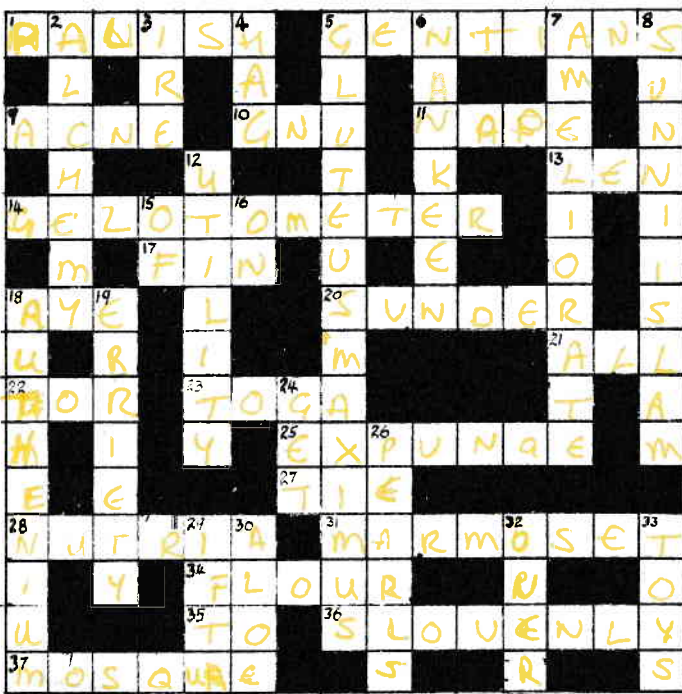
Address.....

Age.....

I have taken/passed 'O' 'A' CSE



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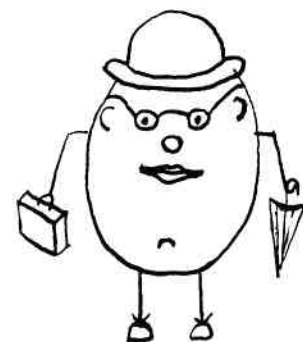
Clues Across

- 1) Slightly pale looking (6)
- 5) Blue flowering plants (8)
- 9) A skin eruption characterised by red pimples (4)
- 10) A South African antelope (3)
- 11) A prominent place for getting sunburnt (4)
- 13) Leonard is often called this (3)
- 14) A gauge for measuring laughter (11)
- 17) An object with which a fish propels itself (3)
- 18) A member of the grass family (3)
- 20) To keep apart, to separate (6)
- 21) Everyone (3)
- 22) A rocky hill would be this (3)
- 23) A Roman garment (4)
- 25) To strike out (7)
- 27) A piece of material around the neck (3)
- 28) A South American rodent has this fur (6)
- 31) A small monkey (8)
- 34) The sifted part of meal (5)
- 35) The other member: Two, too, . . . (2)
- 36) Sluttish (8)
- 37) The Mohammedan place of worship (6).

Clues Down

- 2) The early stage of chemistry (7)
- 3) Anger (3)
- 4) Piece of soft bog in moor or morass (3)
- 5) The largest human muscle (7, 7)
- 6) A yellow cotton cloth (7)
- 7) To make better (10)
- 8) The religion of Afghanistan (5,5)
- 12) Usefulness (7)
- 15) Belonging to (2)
- 16) Above and touching (2)
- 18) A greyish metal similar to platinum (9)
- 19) Drunkenness (7)
- 24) To obtain (3)
- 26) Substance found in oysters (6)
- 29) International Federation of Trade Unions (Abbrev. 4)
- 30) A drug comes from this plant (4)
- 32) On top of (4)
- 33) Child's playthings (4).

Solution on page 37



EGGSECUTIVE



**THIS
BLESSED
PLOT...**



**THIS
ENGLAND**



LEVIATHAN

Leviathan, Oldbury Grammar Schools own rock group, was formed in September 1971 by Ian Tibbets, who played guitar, Keith Mellor, on bass and acoustic guitar and Andy Thomas on drums. In March '72 Paul Phillips joined the group after a successful school gig and the line-up was changed. . . .with Paul on lead guitar, Ian on drums and Keith on keyboards. Then, the need arose for a new vocalist — Andy's voice was giving way. So Kevin Spencer joined and the present line-up was completed. Jeff Carr, their 'roadie', has been with the group from the beginning and devised their name — which is a philosophical term for peace. It can also mean a sea monster — as I was told at the interview by Andy who made derogatory remarks about Ian's face inspiring Jeff to that choice of name.

Ian seemed to be the main spokesman for the group, although most of the members threw in a comment here and there, so I asked him where they had played so far. He told me that they played as a foursome (before Kevin joined) at school, and they had had a booking at Cosely Church Hall — the latter it seems was a failure with the boys being asked for such songs as 'God bless the little tweetie birds'. Their next appearance was at school, where they played in assembly and during dinner-time, to raise some money for social services.

The boys themselves gain nothing financially from their appearances at the moment but they need proper bookings. As Ian says — "We need bookings desperately". Their equipment is all their own, except for the drums — for which thanks are given to Dave Curler. They write a lot of their own material, and play mainly general beat and rock.

When I asked them what their hopes for the future were, the general feeling was that they need more bookings. I received a very optimistic comment from Andy — "To cut our first L.P." Jeff summed up the over-all hopes of the band as "To be appreciated by people and to, give people enjoyment in return."

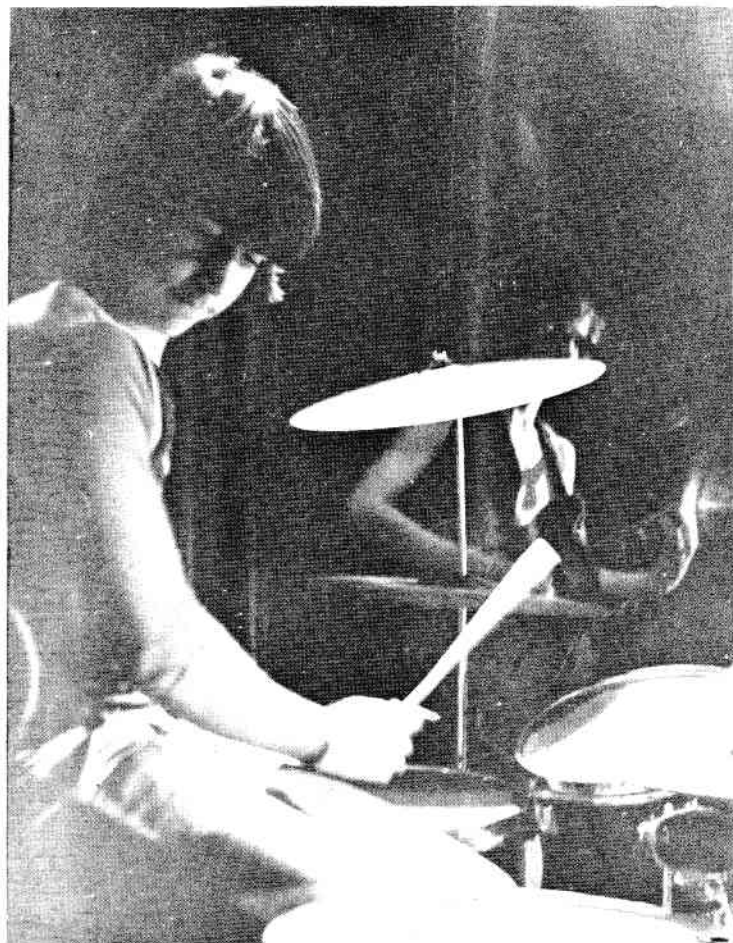
On Wednesday July 5th a concert was held in the School Hall. It commenced with a selection of folk songs by Bessie Wilson who accompanied herself on guitar. This made a pleasing contrast to what was to follow — that is, the heavy rock played by Leviathan who made a spectacular entrance, riding various go-karts and trikes, and dressed somewhat un-conservatively.

The band played till 10 o'clock, with a varied selection of music. They played some of their own compositions for example "Tranquilty" and "Space Epic" — the latter was a tremendous spectacle. Ian Tibbets made a contrast by singing solo a James Taylor song, accompanying himself on acoustic guitar. They also played songs by such groups as Free and Cream.

They were relaxed and humorous on stage, despite having trouble with the mike, and the fact that there didn't seem to be enough room on stage for all their equipment.

Finally I would like to congratulate the boys on their performance, into which was put a lot of hard work. I wish them all success in the future, with maybe more concerts at school which I hope would be supported more than this particular one was.

Janet Muldowney Lower SixthP





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WAR

Toast crumbs litter the headlines,
"Bombs were dropped today".
Ten thousand million people
Are dead, out of the way.
But have you really listened,
Have you really heard,
Have you really taken in one single word?
I know that while you're sitting there
It's all so far away,
But this is what concerns you
Not your breakfast tray.

Gail Jenkins 4Q.

WAR

As Time the spider spins her web
Each darkened spindled thread
Is hastened on by hate; by war — the stupidity of Man.
And when the spider's web is finished,
The world, like a fly will be caught and diminished.

Carol Bartlam 4Q.

PRISONER

He slumps, dying,
Down the green-encrusted wall,
Victim of society,
Failing to grasp one final crumb of sunshine
Out of the barred window
His face contorts in agony,
Every move another life.
His ribs gleam in the darkness
A petty thief — solitary
In confinement.
Then suddenly,
A smile breaks out and spreads over his
face
Like a rash.
His suffering is gone; his soul is free.
He lies cold and motionless
— Dead.

A scurry of activity,
A silent squeak.
A head appears from beneath his scanty
jacket.
The mouse, snuffling in his sorrow,
Is fit and healthy, despite his diet of bread
and gruel.
His only friend?

Patricia Long. Lower Sixth P.

A Borriello L6L

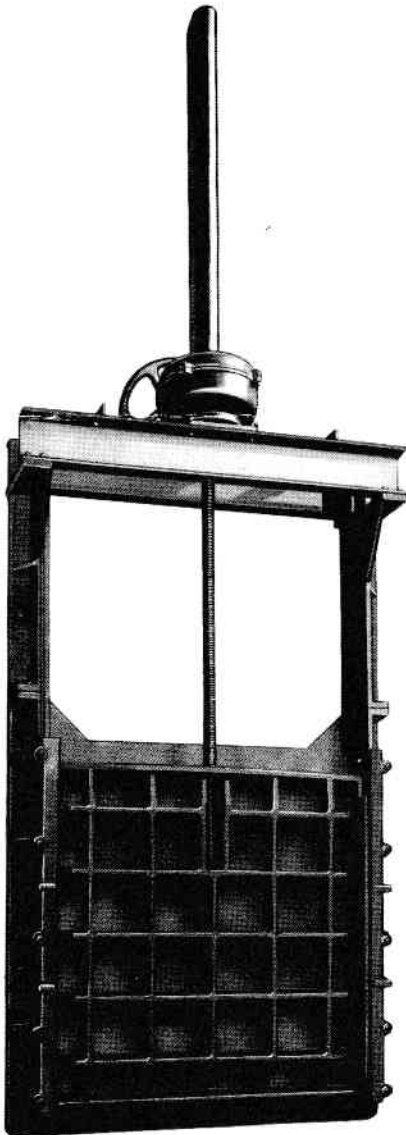
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GEOGRAPHY EXPEDITION TO THE LAKE DISTRICT
— EASTER 1972

Our coach driver was the embodiment of the Tory Ideal. The archetypal Abrasive Stand on Your Own Two Feet Man, cocksure that God or Barnsley, or possibly both, had revealed unto him alone the many manifold and mysterious ways of making a bit on the side and of looking after Number One. He could drink his way through the spectrum in an evening, chat up birds, gather the blokes round the bar in a blue haze of barrack-room bonhomie and still rise with the lark and clean out his coach before ordinary mortals had managed to prise their eyelids apart.

We quickly realised that he had his doubts about us. Fancy giving lame ducks such as we full responsibility for the moral and physical welfare of a group of juveniles, all obviously either scheming delinquents, monsters of teenage depravity or doe-eyed innocents teetering on the brink of the pit.

Teacher number one — a mad geographer who spent his days humping sackfuls of Skiddaw Slate up and down mountains and his evenings chasing lumps of rock round the hotel lounge with a hammer and lovingly wrapping the battered remains in newspaper.

Teacher number Two — a Southerner. A Surrey bar-fly whose moral fibre had been eaten away by the worm of corruption at a very early age. Hair down to his ankles and good for nothing but jabbering away in Frog

Teacher number three — the absent-minded one who slept in his trousers in case he forgot to put them on. He contrived to get lost not on some remote mist-shrouded fell, but in the middle of Keswick High Street, and was finally found plotting his way across the pitch and put course with a protractor, a lump of plasticine on a string, and a pre-war edition of *Physics for Fun*.

Thankfully, however, he never actually told us our job. He knew that although your customers may be fools you must not tell them so. His doubts surfaced only in winks, knowing smirks and asides across the bar counter to the hotel manager who received them with a sympathetic nod and then turned, winked at us, and raised his eyes heavenwards.

Equally thankfully, none of his doubts were confirmed. Evenings in the hotel did not degenerate into orgies of lust and liquer, the nearest anyone came to falling off a mountain was Stephen Pain striving to emulate the agility of the local sheep, the nearest anyone came to drowning in a tarn was Guy Thompson who map-read himself into a bog, or possibly Kevin Spencer pursuing a grid reference through a particularly large dung-heap, and the only cases of severe frostbite were the result of people grimly doing field sketches in a blizzard. We didn't even lose Mr. Coupland all that often.

As far as the main features of the expedition are concerned, I have refrained, out of my customary modesty, from describing the leading role I played in the ascent of some of the loftier peaks. I would simply refer to those uncharitable cynics among you who would question my ability to scale the average molehill to the photographic evidence. There I am, high on the snow-clad summit of Great Gable, propped casually against a rock, gasping, at the breathtaking view. But no more of that. Those whom I left struggling on the lower slopes will relate these and other marvels to you.

H. J. Quarterman.



THE RECORD SOCIETY

The spring term 1972 saw the revival of the Record Society after determined efforts by various fifth formers and Mr. Quarterman to rescue the shaky society from oblivion.

The attendance at the first meeting was most encouraging and the society has flourished ever since. Our aim has been to play varying styles of music in an attempt to cater for everybody's taste at sometime or other.

The Moody Blues and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young were complimented by Cat Stevens ("Teaser and the Firecat") and Carole King ("Tapestry") in the following week. James Taylor rubbed shoulders with Jonie Mitchell while melodies from Melanie were later contrasted by heavier sounds from The Who.

We would like to thank Messrs. Quarterman and Reynolds for sacrificing precious smoking time to support the society, Janet Noble for the kind donation of her record player on so many occasions, everyone who lent their records and, of course, all of you who have given us your support.

Pamela Hawker
Susan Hale,
Lower Sixth

SIXTH FORM CONFERENCE

On Monday 27th March, a group of eager sixth formers accompanied by an equally keen Mr. Russell attended a conference at Stourbridge High School. The theme of the conference was "Freedom in Education."

On arriving we made our way to the school hall and were each given a paper on which was written such words as "plenary" and "feedback". We were horrified to find that we had each been placed in one of eight groups which were to meet in separate classrooms at various times during the day. We each visualised a meeting where everyone sat in silence with nothing to say, but found that when the groups had assembled and names had been exchanged, it was easy to discuss the different topics.

The "plenary", we discovered, was a session when the groups all joined to form one large group, and the "feedback" was merely a short interval during which a member from each group reported the ideas put forward by the group members, to the conference leader.

In the afternoon we were shown a very interesting film on Summerhill a school where there are no set lessons and the pupils make their own school rules.

We all agreed that a conference is an interesting way of meeting other sixth formers and for exchanging ideas; and we look forward to attending future conferences.

Janet Noble. Lower SixthP

STAFF v. SCHOOL ROUNDERS.

At the end of term there was the annual Staff v. School Rounders Match. After winning the toss the School decided to field first. The men were at the disadvantage of not knowing the rules and this was aptly shown when Mears asked if he could run all the way round if he hit it hard enough. Reynolds was one of the first out at first post after doing the splits most gracefully. He was closely followed by Russell and Crofts.

"Slogger" Price was the first to hit a rounder and he followed this up with another one later on. Quarterman fluked a lucky rounder when the ball (for once) managed to hit his bat. The other rounder for the Staff came from "Smasher" Coupland. "Hard-hitter" Mears surprisingly did not score, but this was due to the excellent fielding of the School. The men then declared at 4 rounders to let the School have a bat.

Mears was the bowler and with the first ball Joanne Walters managed to get half a rounder (as she didn't hit it). Unfortunately there was no spectacular batting from the School although we moved the posts in every time we ran round. I said to Coupland "Your post is in the wrong place," and moved it in about 3 yards. He said "Oh I see. Thank you very much."

No one got a rounder for the School but they did get a most justly deserved half after Lucraft obstructed. The final score was 4-1 to the men Staff.

Nicola Coward
Lower Sixth L.



PLACE BETWEEN THE TREES

Sheltered by a veil of
Feathery spruce they stood.
Set on a base that was not
Particularly clean or special.
Their wrought iron bodies
Gnarled and twisted.
The ivy-covered ground
Around the base formed a
Deep, tangled carpet.
The sculptures seemed
Alien; framed between two
Great spruces, cutting stark
Black images against the
Soft, leafy background of
The distant trees.
And in the shaded place
Beneath the trees, two
men pondered and gazed.
Their bodies standing in
Rounded, untidy contrast
Against the figures on the base.
The old man, slightly stooped
By age and the young man,
Plump and carelessly dressed.
They might have been statues
Themselves, cast in stone with
Frozen expression of disbelief
And aged seriousness.

Jane Mallard 4P.

The elementary Penguin
Goes well with lots of chips.
A Penguin with his wellies on
Costs two pounds thirty six.

Another poem by Bertha Williams Lower Sixth P



EGGSPLORER



A RIDDLE

These pets of mine they have no feet,
They do not feed on oats or meat,
They love to play inside a weed
On funny smelling food they feed.
They have very flimsy tails
And also very shiny scales.
They are orange, but some say gold,
This is the way they shine I'm told.
They can swim, with their tails they swish.
Have you guessed? They are two goldfish.

Karen Thompson ID.



EGGSHAUSTED

GUS AND REBECCA

Gus and Rebecca, as they were called, had been together now for almost two years. Gus was dominant over Rebecca. He beat her when she displeased him. He stole food from under her nose. He treated her as if it was immaterial to him whether she ate or starved, lived or died. He knew of no other way to treat his friend. He was a typical male gorilla.

They lived at Berlin Zoo, in a large and comfortable enclosure designed by the Zoo's leading authorities on apes. They ate specially prepared food which lacked no vitamin, no mineral. They had heated indoor enclosures and outdoor enclosures open to them all the year round, in short, they were treated like royalty.

The enclosure had originally been designed for a larger number of animals, the idea being that they should live together in a communal group, just as they would in the wild. But the Berlin Zoo had only been able to obtain two apes, due to a recent ban on export by the governments of the countries concerned.

So when Karl Gustav, the Zoo's manager, saw three gorillas offered for sale by a dealer in Antwerp, he ordered them to be sent immediately and willingly paid the sum of £4,000 for them.

The gorillas arrived five days later by rail. Gustav met them at the station and proudly attended to them during the three mile journey to the Zoo, feeding them on semi-ripe bananas and ripe apples.

On arrival at the Berlin Zoo the animals were given a ten day quarantine period and then introduced into the new enclosure. Gustav had no doubts about the safety of doing this. The gorillas, being intelligent animals, would fight a little at first. This would be to establish a peck order. The apes would then settle down and live happily ever after.

Gus eyed Bruno suspiciously. Bruno was slightly smaller than Gus, but was obviously very strong. The two females who had come with Bruno immediately set about the large dish of food that had been put there for them. Rebecca ambled over and joined them and the three sat eating in silence. Gus moved slowly towards the dish. He pushed away one of the new females. She hissed, then went and sat amongst the straw on one of the "tables" that served as a bed.

Gus picked up an orange and began eating it. Bruno moved towards the dish and Gus bared his teeth, Bruno kept moving, Gus beat on his chest, still Bruno moved. The females watched in silence. Rebecca was amazed that anyone should disobey her master.

Gus pounded again on his chest, the deep drumming echoing around the spacious indoor enclosure. Bruno still moved towards the dish until his face was less than a yard away from that of Gus. The two gorillas retained this position for almost a minute. Then Bruno became restless; he shuffled his feet a little, he moved his hands a little. Then, as if embarrassed by Gus's penetrating stare, he momentarily looked away. This was the moment the larger gorilla had been waiting for during the last tense sixty seconds. He lunged forward and grabbed Bruno's left arm. The force of the attack threw Bruno backwards and he screamed out loud as Gus bit deep into his arm, the sharp teeth removing a chunk of flesh the size of a golf ball. Again Gus bit, and again Bruno wrenched himself free and galloped into the outdoor enclosure, his left arm dangling uselessly by his side, his fur stained crimson. With his arm still bleeding profusely he lay down. Soon, he thought, he would get revenge.

Karl Gustav regarded with pleasure his colony of five Lowland Gorillas. After six months Bruno's arm was almost back to normal. A remarkable recovery, Gustav said to himself. But still the great apes were remarkable creatures.

Gus now dominated the rest of the group. His answer to any form of resistance was a bite on the neck or arm. But there was not much resistance to his tyranny, so life in the colony ran pretty smoothly. Then Karl Gustav added another female to the group. Helen took immediately to Bruno. Gus, of course, treated her in the same way as he did the other three females at first. Then he began to notice that Helen was always with Bruno. She would have nothing to do with Gus.

Gus did not become simply angry. He became insane. He bit the new female. And scratched her. At this point Bruno stepped in. He fought furiously and soon Gus was driven into the outdoor enclosure. Dusk fell on the enclosure but still the fight continued, unseen except by the four females.

The following morning Karl Gustav went for his walk around before the public were allowed inside. He passed the pink flamingoes with their fragile legs and dipped wings. He spent a pleasant half hour in "Pet's Corner" watching the innocent guinea pigs munching their cabbage leaves. He left and continued his walk past the docile Galapagos tortoises. As he approached the primate house he thought of how successful the larger group of apes had been. The idea of a larger group of apes certainly made the animals more lively of body, if not of mind.

Having thus mentally prepared himself Karl Gustav was surprised to find two male gorillas dead in their outdoor enclosure at the Berlin Zoo.

C. W. Hearnshaw. 5S.

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EARLY MEMORIES

I seem to remember standing on our old-fashioned settee, well it seems old-fashioned now, it didn't at the time; it was big and brown and I used to have to stand on it to see out of the window and down the avenue. I spent many an hour standing on it in the first six years of my life and must have had many a smack for not taking my shoes off first. It was on Sunday afternoon I used to stand there, Mum was too busy with the dinner and my little brother to even notice whether I had my shoes on or not. It was only Gran who was coming and she didn't mind a little dirt here and there — she sometimes said it had come from her old shopping bag when I was told off for wearing my shoes to look out of the window. Nobody else was in yet, there were only my Mum, my brother and I in at that time on a Sunday. I don't know where my Dad and other two brothers and sisters were but they were never in when I used to wait for my Gran to come round the corner.

She used to wave to me all the way up our avenue and she used to bring me lucky bags and sugar men but these were secrets because Mum didn't like the silly little plastic things out of the lucky bags and sugar men didn't exactly do wonders for my three rotten teeth. But Gran used to tell me where to chew and it didn't hurt me.

Sometimes she even used to play with my worms on the doorstep. I know now why she used to wear her black gloves to play that game, but I remember her telling me it was because the worms didn't like her cold hands.

The phone rang out loud breaking into my thoughts of lucky bags and sugar men. I jumped down and pulled off my shoes because I knew that in a minute my mother would run in, probably with a steaming saucepan in her hand so that the baby couldn't touch it, to answer the telephone.

When she came in I was fumbling with the buckles on my shoes, that were supposed to have been undone before they were removed.

While my mother was talking quietly on the telephone I wished my Gran would hurry up. If she didn't I'd have to go to Sunday school. She used to get me out of it sometimes and we used to go to the swings instead. But if I had to go she'd be there when I got back. I don't remember my mother's face when she put the receiver of that awful black phone down. All she said was "Gran isn't coming today and you're to . . ." "Oh not Sunday School mum, not today, Gran said we would—" I interrupted.

"No," she cut in "you go to Aunt May's with the baby." My shoes were hurriedly put back on and I was rushed round next door to Aunt May's with Mum and the baby. We were there for dinner and tea and later on her phone rang and when she came back in she said we were staying overnight with them. My brother was already asleep on the settee. I liked to stay there because we knew them quite well and Joan their eldest daughter had a lot of teddy bears that she didn't play with any more and she used to let me see them. But they weren't as good as the monster teddy at my Gran's house. She bought it for my fourth birthday. It was enormous so I used to leave it there. She wanted me to leave it there and I think it was so I could go over more. Often, at first I pleaded to go twice a week, but the real novelty wore off this big teddy and we were back to our once a week visit. I stayed with Aunt May for a few days then my mum explained to me that my Gran wasn't coming anymore, that she'd gone away. Her funeral went past our house but I still didn't understand. I still used to wait for her some Sundays. But when she didn't come I went to Sunday School and forgot all

about her in a way that now I can't even remember what she looked like, but I still remember what I was thinking and how I felt, and even the colour of my red shoes the day I waited and she didn't come.

Christine Hamilton 3R.

SHOP STAFF PRACTICES (dated 1852)

- 1 Godliness, cleanliness, and punctuality are the necessities of a good business.
- 2 This firm had reduced the hours of work and the shop staff will now only have to be present between the hours of 7 a.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays.
- 3 Daily prayers will be held in the Staff Room. All the shop staff must be present.
- 4 Clothing must be of a sober nature. The shop staff will not disport themselves in raiment of bright colours. Nor can they wear hose unless in a good state of repair.
- 5 Overshoes and top coats may not be worn in the shop, but scarves and headgear may be worn in inclement weather.
- 6 A store is provided for the benefit of the shop staff. Coal and wood must be kept in the locker. It is recommended that each member of the shop staff brings four pounds of coal each day during the cold weather.
- 7 No member of the shop staff may leave the room without permission from Mr. Foan. The calls of nature are permitted and the shop staff may use the garden below the second gate. This area must be kept in good order.
- 8 No talking is allowed during service hours.
- 9 The craving of tobacco, wines, and spirits is a human weakness, and as such is forbidden to all members of the shop staff.
- 10 Now that the hours of working have been drastically reduced, the partaking of food is allowed between 11.30 a.m. and noon, but work will not on any account cease.

There were other conditions on the sheet, but these had become to faint to read. The sheet itself was found on the notice board of the shoe shop where I work on Saturdays.

Adrian Allen. 5L



EGGSPOSED



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LUNCH HOUR CONCERT

Not content with being the most likely cause of the worst winter weather in Britain since the Ice Age (! ! !) the O.G.S. choir took it upon itself to ruin everyone's summer by performing in a lunch hour concert on Monday, 10th July. On this occasion the choir was aided and abetted by the junior French Choir.

It was rather disappointing however that the concert was not well supported but those who did attend thought the singing pleasant and entertaining.

The French choir took the audience on a musical tour of France with "En passant par la Lorraine", a marching song from Lorraine; "S'il chante", a love song from Languedoc in Southern France; "J'ai descendu dans mon jardin", a flower-seller's song from Touraine and "A la Claire Fontaine", a love song from Brittany and Normandy. Other songs were the traditional folk songs "La Chasse au Coucou" and "Le Prisonnier de la Tour" and a modern song, "C'est la recette de Papa". This was a highly commendable performance and the quality of the singing was very good.

The school choir sang an assortment of songs with the well known "Bobby Shaftoe" and "de Battle ob Jerico", Britten's "Old Abram Brown", three Hungarian folk songs arranged by Matyas Seiber, and Orlando Gibbons' "Hosanna to the Son of David".

"Hosanna to the son of David" was a rather adventurous piece of music for a school choir. This is an anthem in six parts: 1st and 2nd sopranos, 1st and 2nd altos, tenor and bass. Before the choir sang this Mr. Jones took the precaution of warning the audience that the choir might get a little lost during the rendering of the anthem. The choir sang it to the best of its ability and only near the end of the anthem did it seem to go a little astray, but everyone managed to reach the final note together.

The choir sang the Three Hungarian Folk songs as a finale. The final song was "The Old Woman" which was sung at a rapid speed only achieved after many weeks of practice during which time the choir had discovered the real meaning of "Keeping up with the Joneses". (Well, what do you expect — wit?! ! !)

On the whole the performance was good and very much appreciated by the audience and the choir itself.

Janet Noble Lower Sixth L.

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society was newly formed last school year at the beginning of the Spring term. The first debate was held on February 3rd and a further two extremely successful meetings followed with attendances increasing each time.

The motion of the first debate was "Compulsory education should be from the ages of four to fifteen years." The two other motions were "The woman's place is at the kitchen sink" and "The convention of marriage is no longer wanted in society today." The latter motion was proposed and opposed by two female members of staff.

Further meetings were planned but owing to examinations and other school activities these had to be postponed. But it is hoped that they and many more successful debates will be held next year and that they will be as interesting, funny and well attended as past debates.

Susan Birch 4P.



CHRISTMAS CONCERT

1971 saw a revival of the O.G.S. Christmas Concert.

The orchestra performed very well under the direction of Mr. Broome, playing "Sleigh Ride" and "German Dance" by Mozart, "Danish Folk Dance" and Curzon's "March of the Bowmen".

Soloists included Margaret Hackerson (cornet) and David Parkes (Clarinet); duets were played by Drew Selvey and Charles Wood (recorders), and Robert MacDonald and Susan Darby (flute).

As always the recorder group's performance was well received. It played a selection of American Military marches.

The Brass Ensemble under the leadership of Mr. Pryor played, "Break Forth O Beauteous Heavenly Light" by Bach.

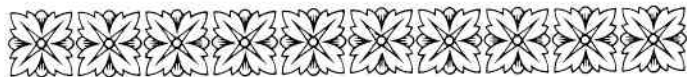
A new introduction to the concert was the Folk Group which played and sang "Many Years Ago" and "Song of the Kings". This was a very pleasant contribution to the concert.

The choir sang a varied selection of songs ranging from madrigals by Farmer and Pilkington, to carols, and the anthem "Rejoice in the Lord alway" by Redford. Carols included "Torches", "The Holly and the Ivy", "Lullay my Liking", "Tomorrow Shall be my Dancing Day", "O Little One Sweet" and "Sans Day Carol". The choir's performance was of a very high standard and very much enjoyed by the audience. Some of these carols along with those of the folk group were sung at the Christmas Carol Service which was held at St. Michael's Church, Langley.

As in former years the audience joined with the orchestra and choir to sing several Christmas carols.

The concert was very enjoyable and it is encouraging to find that so many people are taking an interest in all forms of music.

Janet Noble, Lower Sixth P.



EGGLESIASTICAL

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH

The sun is rising in a bloodshot sky
A hawk wheels in the morning air,
All is still, not a sound is heard,
Nothing to disturb the graceful bird.
A shot rings out.
The bird without a sound
Comes plummeting to the ground,
Never to be lost again,
And never to be found

D. Winters 2RB.

Sorrow rots at my heart
And my faith in life slowly dies
As it decomposes.

I am searching,
I am looking for someone to love,
I am looking for all those
Total small things
Like holding hands,
Laughing at nothing,
That excitement of wanting
To hold her so tight and not
Being able to say the feeling exploding inside:
It appears alas that I want too much.
But I tire of empty conquests.

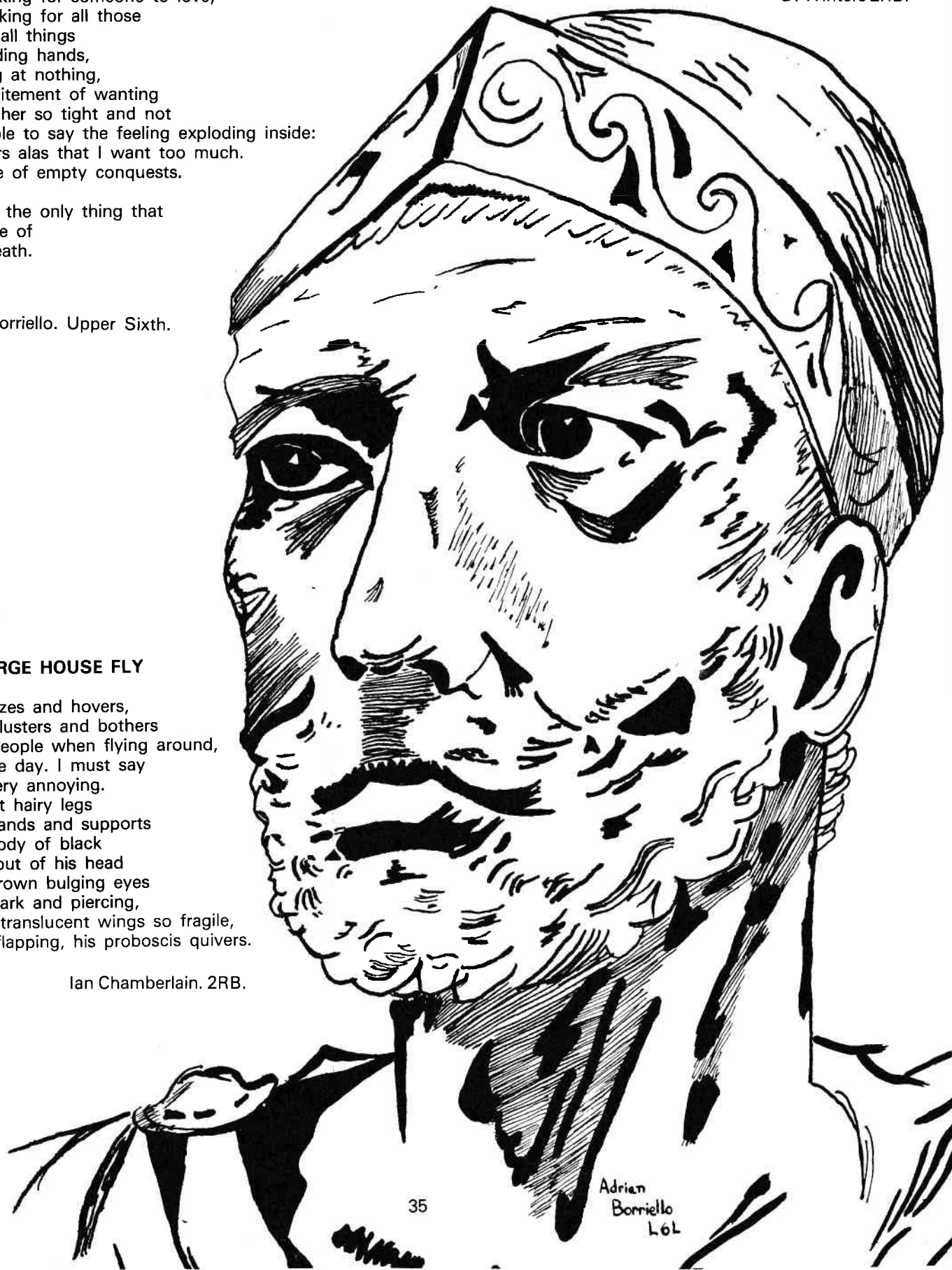
It seems the only thing that
I am sure of
Is my death.

Peter Borriello. Upper Sixth.

A LARGE HOUSE FLY

It buzzes and hovers,
And flusters and bothers
The people when flying around,
All the day. I must say
It's very annoying.
On fat hairy legs
He stands and supports
His body of black
And out of his head
His brown bulging eyes
Are dark and piercing,
With translucent wings so fragile,
And flapping, his proboscis quivers.

Ian Chamberlain. 2RB.



SUNDAY NIGHT AND MONDAY MORNING

The members of the United Nations nuclear disarmament committee retired from the conference room into the contrasting richness of the informal lounge.

Cigars were lit, whiskies and ports were poured, the grossly oversized figures of the delegates lowered themselves down into the engulfing black leather chairs. Flooding white light from the three crystalline chandeliers showered itself through the increasingly thick grey smoke and laid itself upon the deep, sponge-like scarlet carpet. That same carpet absorbed the soles of subtle pigskin shoes of one of the subordinates of the American delegation as he pulled the cord which brought the two halves of heavy purple curtains together, excluding the bay window from the light of the tinkling converse pyramid of glass.

Conversation and laughter passed freely between the esteemed men. If the common man in the street had been able to avoid the guards in the corridor outside and find himself in the same room as these honourable men he would have concluded that he was amidst a party of social significance for bachelors.

As the night wore on the amount of bottled alcohol decreased as the hills of ash constructed on the several silver ash trays increased. Small knolls of ash also came into existence on the plush redness, very near or even directly beneath the seats where the first delegates from the veto countries were seated. The smoke became denser and lay and rolled on the floor like the dawn mist covering immeasurable pastureland, except the cigar cloud possessed no beneficial nutrient as did the moist mist.

Just after eleven thirty a pair of unworked, smooth hands pierced the join of the royal curtain. No one saw the hands but all heard the high noted swish of the curtains as they were divided above the sound of talking and chinking of glasses, and all saw the stranger as he stepped out of the shadowed bay. He was dressed in a uniform of striking yellow, including a double breasted jacket with gold buttons, gold lapels and collar. A green stripe ran from his shoulders and strapped his wrists, and a similar width stripe flanked each of his legs and then blended into his emerald coloured boots. Even the most drunken occupant of the room could not have failed to notice such a striking design of clothing.

The delegates being too stunned or too drunk to respond to this unexpected appearance with words the stranger took the opportunity to open the conversation.

Bowing then raising his head he addressed his blurry-eyed audience, "Good evening noble gentlemen of the United Nations disarmament commission, I am Sreak, ambassador assigned to this quadrant of space by the mighty Galactic Kingdom under the ruler Svar Jerad, our beloved King."

As he spoke the name of his ruler he placed his right hand on the top of his curled brown hair and put his left palm on his right breast. Immediately the Chinese delegate let out a series of high pitched laughs as he did so, the rest of the room's occupants followed his example and the room once more became like a confined carnival.

The stranger was unmoved by the humour he had caused at his own expense, he stood erect and silent as he carefully increased the distance between his feet and clasped his hands behind his back. Eventually the laughter subsided, finally concluded by a short titter from the little yellow man who had cued the response. The typically overweight American politician seemed no worse for his consumption, and considering the joke over he burped and then called in some guards from the corridor. Three appeared.

"Throw this nut out", he ordered, "and don't let anyone else in". Too sensible to contest the fact that it was their fault that the stranger had entered, the guards made their way towards the strangely garbed man without hesitation.

"Stop!" said their objective and they stopped. "I am here because the Kingdom and your planet both hold the same things as being precious. As I am the ambassador of a great interstellar force I am in a position where I can demand that you pay twenty million dollars worth of diamonds or gold before midnight tonight."

Again the fat American voiced his view, "And what if I tell you that the governments of this planet are not about to pay any nuts twenty million dollars, eh?"

"Then I'm afraid that you will all have to be destroyed."

"So it's twenty million dollars ransom money?"

"We also offer you protection from space invasion by any of your enemies, so you see it's really quite a fair price to pay for safety. Of course if you wish for permanent security then there is an additional payment of ten million every ten years, plus the costs of fuel, armaments or damaged ships which result as a direct consequence of defending this planet."

The American appeared to think for an instant, was about to speak again when one of his subordinates, a young, sober man with uncreased suit, tugged at his suit's sleeve and inquired whether he should inform the president.

Taking his cigar from the corner of his mouth while turning red, the fat man almost felled the questioner with the volume of his reply, "What? Wake the president up at this time of a Sunday night, you must be insane. Don't you realise if I did that we'd both be sweeping the alleys of New York this time next week?" He turned his attention back to the stranger, and repeated, "Throw this nut out."

The 'nut' held up his hand to halt the second advance of the guards before it even started.

"I will leave the same way as I came. My space vessel will remain locked on your conversation until midnight, if your decision is not reversed by this time then this world will be automatically exterminated."

He turned his back on the faintly smiling men, walked into the bay, gave a parting bow, drew the curtains and pulled his hands into the shadows after him.

The three helmeted guards finally surged forward and threw back the curtains to reveal a vacant arched window, the paintwork around the window panes faintly glowing with a phosphorescent amber, and the floor making a resting place for the tired moonbeams after their distant journey from the lantern of the smiling moon.

"Alright — go," the American ordered the guards, who left after pulling together those two halves of the curtain for the third time that evening.

Withholding his beliefs until he was sure the guards were beyond hearing range, the burly American took the initiative to talk once more.

"Gentlemen, we're not going to let a nut who is able to pull off one amateur magician's stunt of climbing through a window without us hearing any obvious noises and leaving a few specks of luminous orange just to make us think he had done something we could never comprehend, spoil our night are we?"

But it did despite the coaxing of the politician's voice. With an increasing rate of filtration the delegates bade each other a good night, hid their heads inside turned-up collars, high quality woollen scarves and

tweed hats, and sauntered away from the recreation room. All were sombre, save for the Chinaman who frequently let out one of his characteristic titters.

There remained only the first American delegate and his subordinate by eleven fifty. It was the younger man who interrupted the silence which was only broken by the never ending 'tick tocking' of the half hourly chiming clock as it stood on top of the varnished mahogany drinks cabinet, which had the shallow contents of the alcohol bottles inside.

"Sir, do you . . ."

"Well what is it, boy?"

"Er, do you want me to dismiss the corridor guards and inform the caretaker that the building is cleared?"

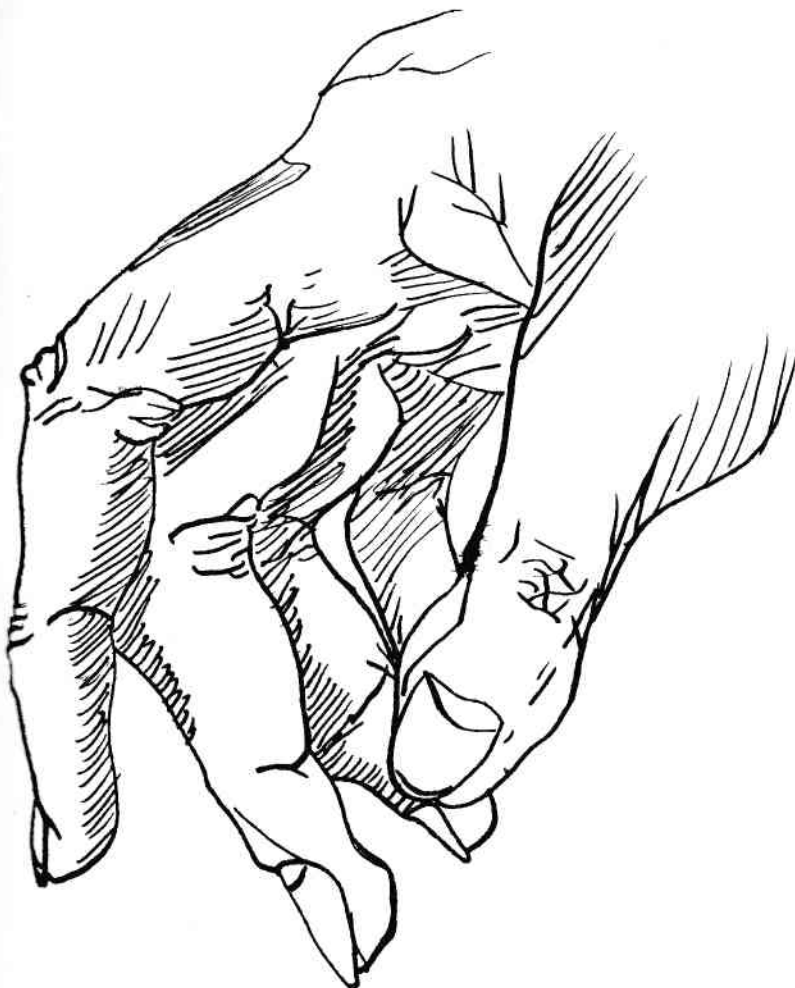
"You may; I think you're at least capable of doing that." Seven minutes later these two were also on their own way home, travelling in diverging directions. The one hazardously driving his estate car towards his country mansion where he had once lived with his now divorced wife; and the other riding in a taxi, raking the linings of his pocket for his fare, eager to return to his ageing, widowed mother whom he knew would be waiting up for him as she knitted and worried and rocked in her favourite chair in their small, squalid

apartment on the fringe of the slum region of the city.

In the basement of that particular United Nations building the caretaker pulled down the red painted master switch, dousing the light emitted from tiered glass chandeliers so that virtual total darkness engulfed the room and compacted itself around and compressed the remaining remnants of white light until it was non-existent. Not total darkness, for as well as the moonlight, the dim amber rays filtering between the space of curtain base and floor, there glowed the yellow stub of a dwindling dwarf cigar. And as its length receded as the chimes of the clock struck to tell the ghosts present in the room that the time was twelve o'clock Sunday night and would soon be Monday morning, so too, in turn, the volume of the chimes decreased as they stretched out to register on the still air of the night sky above the city until the immense vacuum of space neglected the sound a (medium) and commanded it silent.

As the final chime struck the barrier between sky and space the final speck of tobacco became ash, and a draught which had ridden the moonbeams brushed over it, levelling it and scattering it into non-existence. And in the next instant the world too was swept into nothingness.

Stephen Wallin. 5W.



KEITH ROSE

I looked into the night
 And saw her standing there
 Beside the old mill pond.
 Moonlight danced and played
 Upon her silver hair.
 Her dress like satin moved
 With each breath she gave.
 The water lapped around her feet.
 Daylight came and broke the spell
 And she drifted across the pool.

Michele Schymyck 4P.



CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Across: 1) Palish, 5) Gentians, 9) Acne, 10) Gnu, 11) Nape, 13) Len, 14) Gelotometer, 17) Fin, 18) Rye, 20) Sunder, 21) All, 22) Tor, 23) Toga, 25) Expunge, 27) Tie, 28) Nutria, 31) Marmoset, 34) Flour, 35) To, 36) Slovenly, 37) Mosque.

Down: 2) Alchemy, 3) Ire, 4) Hag, 5) Gluteus Maximus, 6) Nankeen, 7) Ameliorate, 8) Sunni Islam, 12) Utility, 15) Of, 16) On, 18) Ruthenium, 19) Ebriety, 24) Get, 26) Pearls, 29) I.F.T.U., 30) Aloe, 32) Over, 33) Toys.

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SWIMMING GALA 1972

This year the Swimming Gala was held at Langley Baths on Thursday June 29th. The School was divided into two parts for viewing the events as there was not enough room for them all to go down at the same time. The First to Third Years were allowed to go down from nine thirty a.m. to eleven ten am. and then the Fourth to Sixth Formers were able to see the final few events from eleven twenty five to twelve forty five.

The standard of swimming this year in general has been greatly aided by Elizabeth Taylor of the first form who was not only used to pace the fifth and sixth formers in our own gala but who has represented our school in the Interschool Swimming Gala and also in the County Championships.

Results of the Swimming Gala.

1st Trinity 211 points; 2nd Queens 136 points; 3rd Kings 124 points; 4th School 100 points.

Girl Swimming Champions

Senior: L. Stockin; Intermediate: G. Cotterell; Junior: E. Taylor.

HOUSE MATCHES

This year the competition between the four houses has been very keen due to the revival of the presentation of the House Cup to the house that gains the most points from all the competitions held, a good part of which was made up by sports events.

This year the competition was won by a very narrow margin by Queens House with Kings a very close second.

Netball Results

Junior:

School won 3, lost 0	1st School
Trinity won 2, lost 1	2nd Trinity
Kings won 1, lost 2	3rd Kingd
Queens lost 3	4th Queens.

Intermediate:

Queens won 3, lost 0	1st Queens
Kings won 1, lost 2	2nd Kings
School drew 1, lost 2	3rd Trinity
Trinity drew 2, lost 1	4th School.

Senior:

Kings won 3, lost 0	1st Kings
School won 2, lost 1	2nd School
Trinity lost 3	3rd Queens
Queens won 1, lost 2	4th Trinity.

Rounders Results

Queens v. Trinity	Trinity won 2-1 ½
Kings v. Queens	Queens won 10 ½-4 ½
School v. ztrinity	Trinity won 4 ½-0
Kings v. School	School won 10-7 ½
Trinity v. Kings	Trinity won 5-0
School v. Queens	School won 8-2
1st Trinity won 3, lost 0.	
2nd School won 2, lost 1.	
3rd Queens won 1, lost 2	
4th Kings lost 3.	

SWIMMING RESULTS (BOYS)

1st Year:-

Breast stroke: 1st Wheeler (T), 2nd Cox (Q), 3rd Sturman (K).

Backstroke: 1st Bryan (Q), 2nd Moczadlo (T), 3rd —.

Butterfly: 1st Wheeler (T), 2nd Hill (S), 3rd Cox (Q).

Front crawl: 1st Hill (S), 2nd Bryan (Q), 3rd Foster (K).

2nd Year:-

Breast stroke: 1st Mantle (S), 2nd Tomkins (Q), 3rd Manders (K).

Backstroke: 1st Small (T), 2nd Day (S), 3rd Green (K).

Butterfly: st Weavin (Q), 2nd Day (S), 3rd Hadley (T).

Front crawl : 1st Whittall (S), 2nd Small (T), 3rd Jennings (Q).

3rd Year:-

Breast stroke: 1st Jones (Q), 2nd Moore (T), 3rd —.

Back stroke: 1st Wood (T), 2nd Willetts (K), 3rd Gurmin (Q).

Butterfly: 1st Wilson (K), 2nd Wood (T), 3rd —.

Front crawl: 1st Wilson (K), 2nd Jones (Q), 3rd Carter (T).

Senior:-

Breast stroke: 1st Walker (T), 2nd Pullin (K), 3rd —

Backstroke: 1st Powell (T), 2nd Thompson (K), 3rd —

Butterfly: 1st Wilson (K), 2nd Billington (T), 3rd —

Front crawl: 1st Wilson (K), 2nd Billington (T), 3rd —

Relays:-

1st year: 1st School, 2nd Trinity 3rd Kings.

2nd year: 1st Queens, 2nd Trinity, 3rd —

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

Senior: 1st Kings, 2nd Trinity, 3rd —

Open Events

Dive: 1st Powell (T), 2nd Wood (T), 3rd Thompson (K).

Plunge: 1st Walker (T), 2nd Jones (Q), 3rd Allen (S).

TENNIS RESULTS

1st and 2nd couples played.

Kings won 6, lost 0; Queens won 2, lost 4; Trinity won 2, lost 4; School won 2, lost 4.

Positions decided on match scores:

1st Kings

2nd Trinity

3rd Queens

4th School

HOCKEY RESULTS

Junior 7 aside.

Kings won 2, drew 1

Queens won 2, lost 1

School won 2, lost 1

Trinity drew 1, lost 2

1st Kings

2nd School

3rd Queens

4th Trinity.

Intermediate 7 aside.

Queens won 3, lost 0

School won 1, lost 2

Kings won 1, lost 1 drew 1

Trinity drew 1, lost 2

1st Queens

2nd Kings

3rd School

4th Trinity.

Senior 7 aside

School won 3, lost 0

Queens won 2, lost 1

Trinity won 1, lost 2

Kings lost 3

1st School

2nd Queens

3rd Trinity

4th Kings

CROSS COUNTRY

For the first time this year we held a mixed Cross Country run in Barnford Park.

Despite the fact that it was held in March it was a rather warm day and even before the race began many of the contestants were looking very warm.

By the end of the race the contestants all looked very healthy having very deep red, rosy cheeks but not feeling healthy in the slightest.

In all fifty nine people completed the course out of the field that started.

Also was held an all girls cross country which was won by Suan Brown in the fastest time of 5 minutes 28 seconds.

RESULTS

- 1st Susan Brown, 5 minutes 28 seconds.
- 2nd Carol Simkins, 5 minutes 53 seconds.
- 3rd Ann Kealy, 6 minutes 02 seconds.
- 4th Christine Plant.

Final positioning of Houses.

- 1st Kings
- 2nd Trinity
- 3rd Queens
- 4th School



Neil Mollen 4P

HOCKEY.

This year despite various setbacks, e.g. the retraining of the school field, our hockey teams managed to play five fixtures against various schools in the borough including one boys' school.

Results:

September 14th: 1st Eleven played against Oldbury Technical school, lost 4-0; Under 15 Eleven lost 6-0.

September 28th 1st Eleven playing Hill and Cakemore won 3-2; Under 15 Eleven won 1-0.

September 15th 1st Eleven playing Dudley High School lost 3-0; Under 15 Eleven lost 4-0

November 9th 1st Eleven playing Holly Lodge drew 0-0; Under 15 Eleven lost 3-0.

March 13th 1st Eleven playing Allbright Boys School lost 2-0.



CRICKET REPORT

This season, 1st XI Cricket was badly hit by lack of fixtures and bad weather in May. However, in our first match of the season we managed to draw with a strong Evesham side thanks to G. Thompson who scored 45 and figured in a stand of 54 with Phipps.

The annual parents match proved to be a harder game than usual with the Parents making 169 for 6 with Mr. Jones scoring 74. The 1st Eleven then managed to hold out at 56 for 7.

Finally the season was finished on a brighter note with us winning the "Dartmouth Youth Challenge Cup" at Sandwell Park. We scored 75 off the 20 overs and we managed to restrict Menzies High School to 53 off their 20 overs.

The Under 15 had a fairly successful season playing 8, winning 2, drawing 1 and losing 5. Their most successful match was against Lichfield when they managed 100-3 declared with Glasby hitting 58 n.o. and Parsons taking 6-13. Another successful player was Lewis who hit 20, 21 against Lichfield and Uplands in successive innings.

The Under 13 played 7, won 5, lost 2 and drew 0. This was a very successful and talented side for such young players. Pawlowski was their best batsman with 45 to his credit and a lot will be expected from him in future. Day was their best bowler, taking 5 for 1 in one match. They managed to get to the final of the Warley Cup beating Smethwick Hall, Bristnall Hall, Uplands and Britannia Road but lost to Holly Lodge in the final.

The fifth year also won a cup by beating Britannia Road. They scored 99 for 6 in 20 overs with Jacobs hitting 47 n.o. The other side only managed 66.

Robert Phipps
Lower Sixth P

GYMNASTICS

This year the Gym Club has been regularly held each week and many of the girls in all years at the school have eagerly attended. This year the numbers in the Gym Club were boosted by the addition of many first formers who have done very well. The Gym Competition held in March was well represented by people from all four houses and one of the first year girls showed her prowess at this sport by coming first against many girls older than herself.

RESULTS

1st P. Mitchell, 2nd D. Sadler, 3rd S. Harvey, A. Deakin.

1st Trinity, 2nd Kings, 3rd School, 4th Queens.

ROUNDERS 1972

Fixtures and Results.

April 25th against Tividale

4th Year Lost 13-4½

3rd Year Lost 10½-5

2nd Year Won 3-3½

3rd Year Lost 3½-1

May 9th against

2nd Year Lost 10-2½

3rd Year Lost 7-½

May 16th against Halesowen

2nd Year Won 3½-2½

1st Year Lost 3-1

SWIMMING

E. Taylor and E. Sadler selected for the Junior Butterfly Nationals on Saturday July 7th.

E. Taylor 1st County Champion in 4 x 2 length individual medley.

E. Sadler 1st County Champion in Backcrawl and Frontcrawl.

NETBALL

Our netball teams only in the third year of existence and still trying their best, this year played three matches during the winter term. Unfortunately their efforts were not quite good enough but with luck next year should see further effort which I hope will be rewarded by better results.

RESULTS:

September 28th against Hill & Cakemore	Under 15 lost 28-14
	Under 13 lost 24-2
October 5th against Dudley High School	Under 15 lost 10-8
	Under 14 lost 12-5
November 9th against Holly Lodge	Under 13 lost 14-0
	Under 12 lost 13-1

TENNIS 1972

Due to bad weather and also the external examinations taken during July only three Tennis matches were played. Unfortunately the majority of these were lost. I hope that next year the tennis couples will gain better results than these.

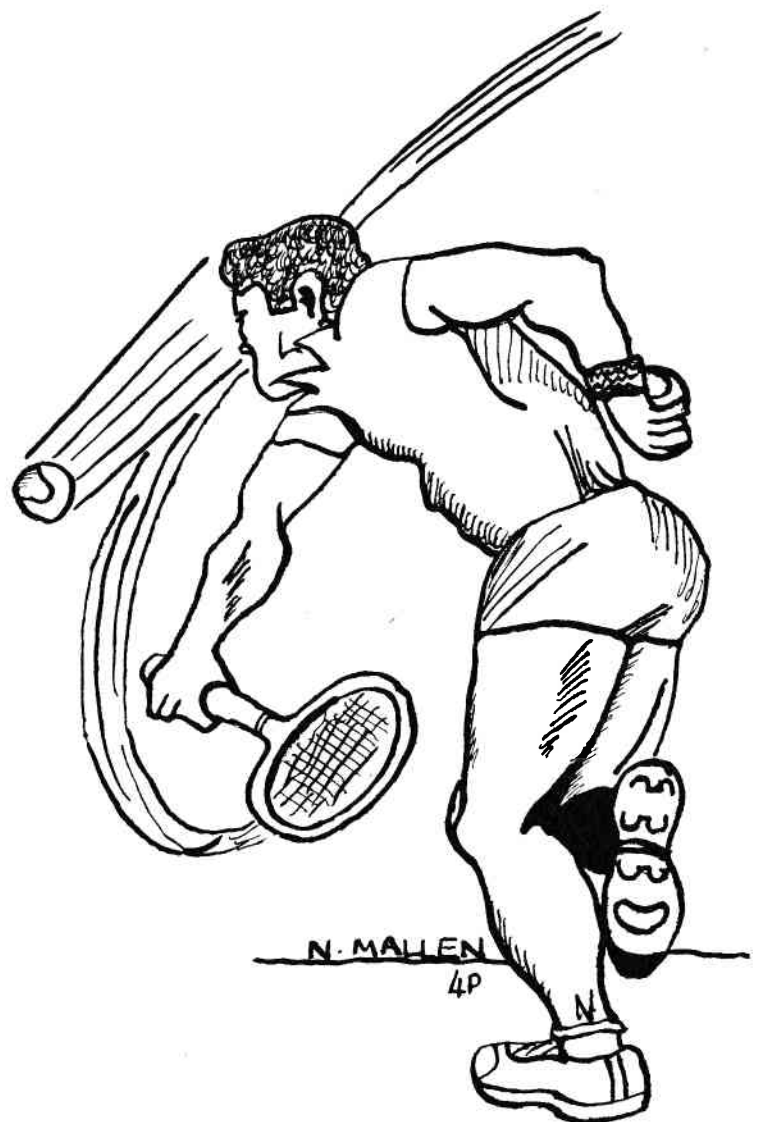
May 9th away at Holly Lodge 1st six lost 7-2.

May 16th at home against Halesowen 1st six lost 8-

1.

July 1st at home against Cresconians 1st couple
lost 6-0 6-1;

2nd couple won 6-4 6-4.



SPORTS DAY 1972

Our Sports Day this year on May 19th was held on the new Tartan Track at Hadley Stadium which was not due to be officially opened until later that same afternoon.

This is one of the only Tartan Tracks in England and due to this our sports teachers expected some new school records to be set by the pupils.

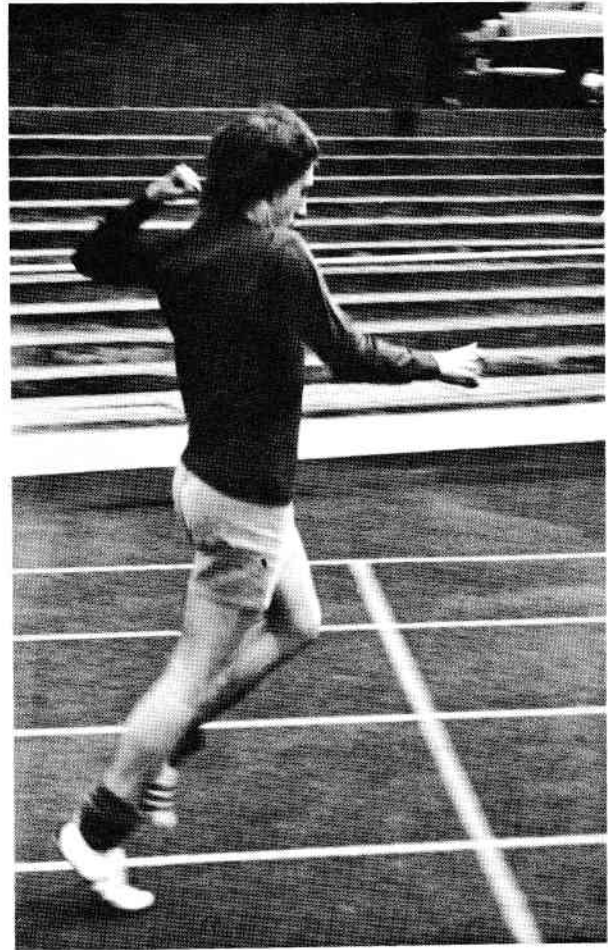
To run on it was very good as it was very springy and therefore added to the power in your legs. The only disadvantage that we found was that when wet you tend to get a shower free of charge.

RESULTS

- 1st School
- 2nd Kings
- 3rd Queens
- 4th Trinity

Girls Sports Champions: Junior: G. Clifford, A. Deakin; Intermediate: C. Dyer; Senior: S. Tracey.

Activities which took place which were less serious than most of the sports events were the Staff v. School Rounders Match and the School v. Cresconians Hockey Match. The results of these were: **Rounders:** Staff 4, School 1. **Hockey:** School 1, Cresconians 7.



INTERSCHOOL SPORTS

This year we were very well represented by the first to fourth year girls in the Under Fifteen Interschool Sports held at Hadley Stadium.

They did so well that overall Oldbury Grammar School came fourth out of the eight schools in the borough which took part by gaining 23 points from the events they were in.

Results:

800 Metres	1st	S. Brown	2 minutes 36.6 seconds.
Relay	2nd	C. Dyer, G. Cotterell, D. Marshall,	S.
Shot	3rd	S. Wood	6.58 Metres
Shot	5th	J. Baker	5.82 Metres
Discus	2nd	P. Roberts	20.19 Metres
Discus	4th	J. Baker	19.26 Metres
High Jump	4th	C. Hamilton	1.20 Metres.

In the Colts Inter-School sports we were again well represented by a number of first and second year girls.

Results

Aileen Deakin Long Jump 4th, 12 feet 6 inches.
Vivien Underhill High Jump 3rd, 4 feet 4 inches.
Gloria Clifford 100 metres 1st equal.
Susan Brown 200 metres 1st.

2nd Year Relay Team 1st.

All the second years who took part in these sports were placed in their events.

1st Year Girls Results:

200 Metres A. Kealey 4th.

100 Metres P. Mitchell 5th.

High Jump J. Morgan 5th.



SPORTS DAY — ATHLETICS (BOYS).

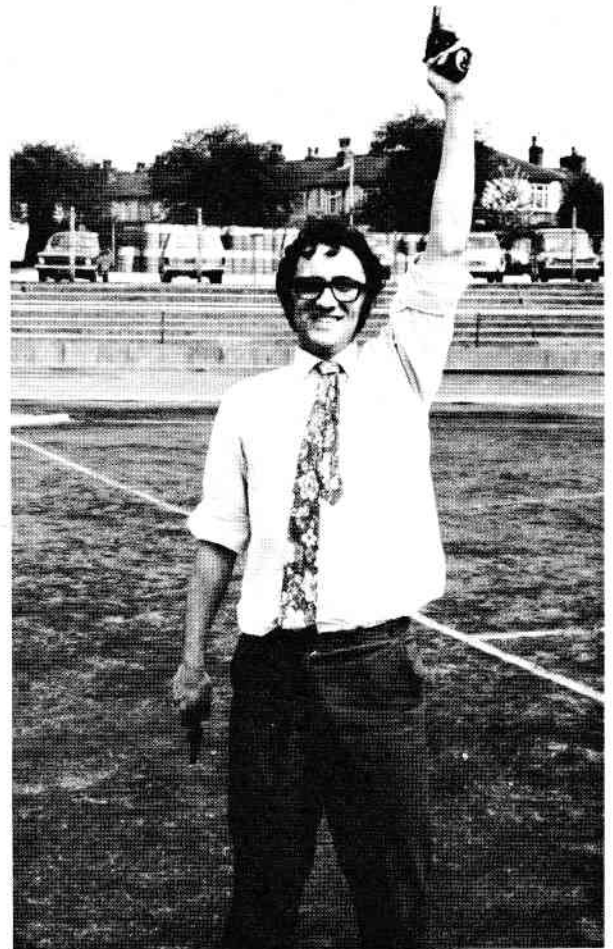
Results

100 m 1st yr:- 1st Murthwaite (K) 2nd Moczadlo (T),
3rd Oakley (K).
100 m 2nd yr:- 1st Stevenson (Q), 2nd Mantelli (S), 3rd
Calcutt (S).
100 m 3rd yr:- 1st Griffin (K), 2nd Harvey (S), 3rd
Hubbleday (T).
100m 4th yr:- 1st Higgitt (K), 2nd Mitchell (K), 3rd
Thomson (T).
100 m 5th and 6th:- 1st Hall (Q), 2nd Phillips (K), 3rd
Sanders (Q).
Relay 1st yr:- 1st Kings, 2nd Trinity, 3rd School.
Relay 2nd yr:- 1st Queens, 2nd School, 3rd Trinity.
Relay 3rd yr:- 1st Kings, 2nd School, 3rd Queens.
Relay 4th yr:- 1st Kings, 2nd School, 3rd Trinity.
Relay 5th & 6th yr:- 1st Queens, 2nd Kings, 3rd
School. **Junior.**

200 m:- 1st Mantle (S), 2nd Willetts (T). 3rd Pawlowski
(T).
400m:- 1st Winters (T), 2nd Boulton (Q), 3rd Littleton
(T).
Long Jump:- 1st Stevenson (Q), 2nd Hunt (S), 3rd
Winters (T).
Shot:- 1st Spilletts(Q), 2nd Allen (S), 3rd Gough (Q).
Javelin:- 1st Pawlowski (T), 2nd Allen (S), 3rd Moczadlo
(T).

Intermediate

200m:- 1st Higgitt (K), 2nd Mitchell (K), 3rd Wagstaff
(Q).
400m:- 1st Wheeler (S), 2nd Watton (S), 3rd Griffin (K).
800 m:- 1st Watton (S), 2nd Wheeler (S), 3rd Palmerini
(Q).
High Jump:- 1st Rose (S), 2nd Hale (T), 3rd Coley (S).
Javelin:- 1st Glasby (K), 2nd Nicklin (T), 3rd Parsons
(K).
Discus:- 1st Parsons (K), 2nd Willetts (K), 3rd Galland
(Q).
Shot:- 1st Lewis (K), 2nd Mallen (Q), 3rd Rutherford (K).



Senior

200m:- 1st Wallin (Q), 2nd Phillips (K), 3rd Morris (S).
400m:- 1st Wallin (Q), 2nd Ball (K), 3rd Nicholson (S).
800m:- 1st Hale (T), 2nd Ball (K), 3rd Newman (T).
Long Jump:- 1st Wallin (Q), 2nd Cadman (K), 3rd Hoare
(Q).
High Jump:- 1st Hall (Q), 2nd Allen (S), 3rd Green (K).
H.S. Jump:- 1st Cadman (K), 2nd Borriello (Q), 3rd
Morris (S).
Javelin:- 1st Glasby (K), 2nd Powell (T), 3rd Parsons (K).
Discus:- 1st Lea (T), 2nd Lloyd (S), 3rd Sanders (Q).
Shot:- 1st Lea (T), 2nd Lloyd (S), 3rd Sanders (Q).

Open

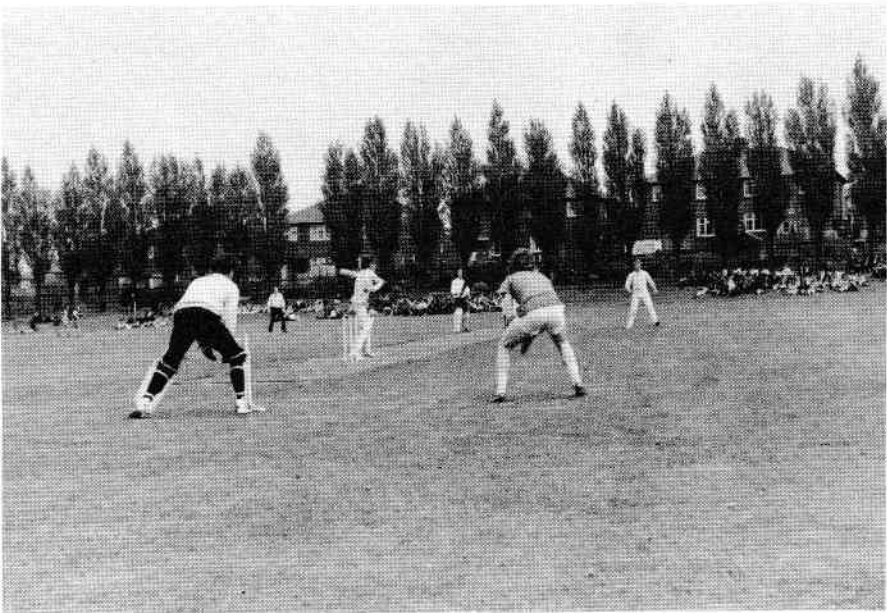
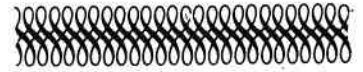
1500m:- 1st Hale (T), 2nd Green (K), 3rd Ball (K).
1500m Team:- 1st Kings, 2nd School, 3rd Trinity.

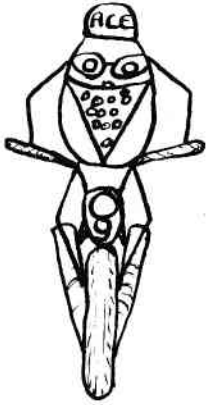
Final House Positions:- 1st School - 542 points; 2nd
Kings - 514 points; 3rd Queens - 512 points; 4th Trinity -
450 points



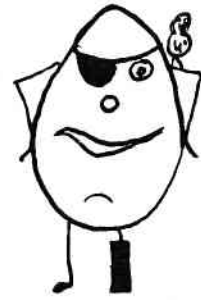


**STAFF v PUPILS
CRICKET MATCH**



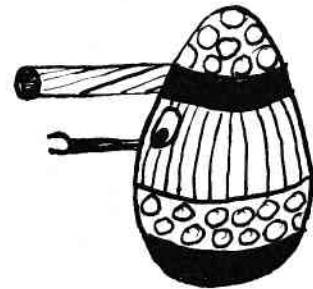


SCRAMBLE EGG

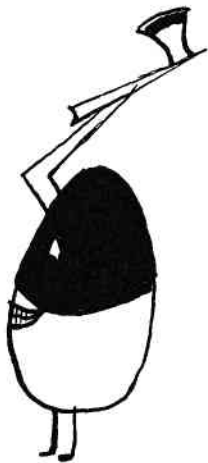


PEGG - LEGG

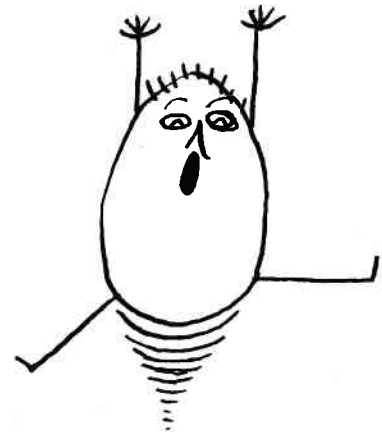
ALL EGGMEN BY A. BORRIELLO, L.V.I.L



EGGSTERMINATE



EGGSECUTIONER



EGGCITED

The Magazine Committee (Bless 'em) in their infinite wisdom reserve the right to deny all liability and responsibility for the contents of this magazine. Any complaints should be addressed to the Holly Lodge Grammar School.

Finally we should like to thank all readers who have reached this far for enduring yet another copy of the "Oldburian".

