



VOOOMP!

OLDBURIAN

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MANY THANKS TO THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

JANE PIERCE
ELAINE PORTER
BEVERLEY WILSHAW
KAREN MORGAN
JANE CARTLEDGE
STEPHEN PAIN
MICHAEL GUTTERIDGE
AND OTHERS.

AND SPECIAL THANKS TO MRS. LOVE.
WHO TYPED THE WHOLE THING.

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

Looking back from the comparative peace and tranquility of the Summer Holidays, over an eventful school year, it is extremely invidious to attempt to pick out single developments from such a full time. But from this very fullness there is a lesson for us all. Instruction, the imparting of knowledge, is a part and only a part of education. A school should be an organisation of conditions and circumstances in which a child may develop as an individual and as a useful member of society. At the same time it should try to implant some critical standards to act as a restraint against the commercial pressures which are always present in the press and television of our present society.

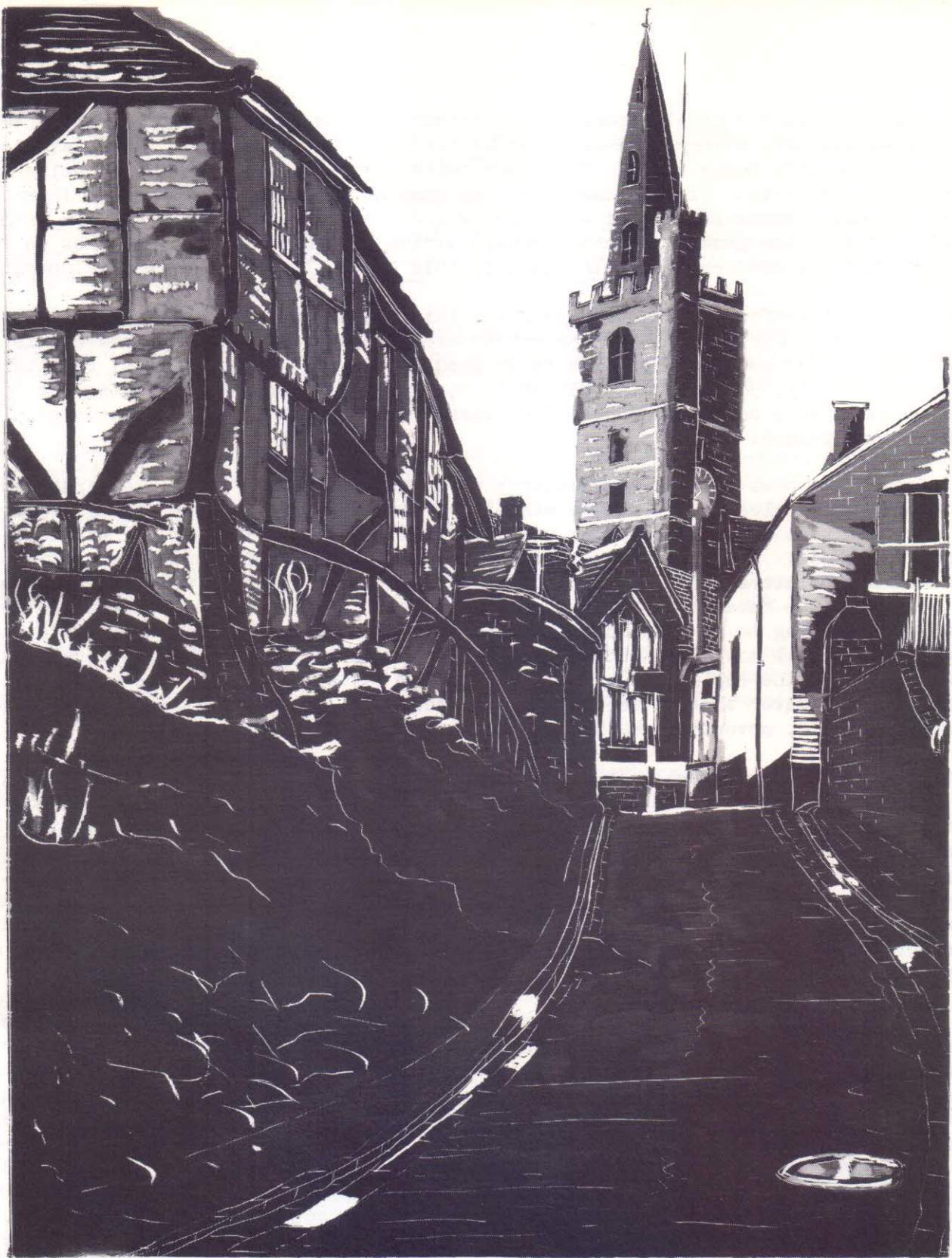
Some of this can, of course be done within the framework of our schoolwork; although there is no curricula taught here concerned with judgements of value and with the importance of standards, this is implicit in much of the academic work of the school and is also seen and learnt from the examples of behaviour in the school. On the other hand however, the so called "out of school" activities have a vital part to play in allowing each pupil a fuller opportunity to work with others and to develop his or her particular talents to the full. It is therefore both pleasing and instructive to note the fullness of school life and the contribution made to this fullness by the school's clubs and societies. It is to be hoped that these activities can, in the future, extend even further because they have a vital part to play in the development of the school.

In this connection it always pleases me to see the magazine functioning so well. It is a product of the hard work and co-operation of staff, senior and junior pupils. The standard of its contents and presentation has won very well deserved praise. Another aspect of school life which has been particularly pleasing has been the Social Service effort for this year. Not so much because of the amount of money raised although this has been considerable but because of the interest shown at form level and the varied and ingenious ways in which money was raised at this level. We had numerous sales and parties; the somewhat unnerving spectacle of second years whistling around the school grounds on cycles as part of a sponsored cycling effort and the even more unnerving sight of a sponsored rugby match between the young gentlemen of the 1st XV and the young ladies of the sixth form. I would not say that the dictum "the female of the species is deadlier than the male" was entirely confirmed by this match but suffice it to say that the ladies certainly gave a good account of themselves (helped possibly by some slightly biased refereeing). Innovations this year were Social Service Concerts, some organised by our own group "Leviathan" and one by the school. This last effort brought together much that is valuable in our Social Service effort, the use of the talent that we have in the school to give pleasure to the community of which we are a part, and at the same time to provide money for those less fortunate than ourselves.

I remember also the inspiring sight of some three hundred Oldburians pouring down the ridge walk on the Malverns from the top of the Beacon. The organisation involved in getting some 300 young people to Malvern, across the ridge walk and back to school without losing anyone was very considerable and its successful accomplishment reflects very great credit on Mrs. Mends and her helpers and indeed on the general helpfulness of the whole school.

One exciting by-product of this event was another sponsored effort, the Lyke Wake walk. Various sixth formers had said that the five miles in the Malverns was too easy and they wanted something more challenging. They found it in the Lyke Wake walk, a well known "stroll" of forty miles in twenty four hours over the North Yorkshire Moors. Mr. Lucraft organised the party assisted by Mrs. Lye, Mr. Quarterman and Mr. Price. The long awaited school minibus proved its worth and nine of the thirteen strong walking party managed this truly difficult walk. Congratulations are very much due to all concerned and I hope that this effort will be an inspiration to the school for their efforts in the 73/74 season.

It was also pleasant to see the games of the school functioning on such a high note. Our best individual performer was certainly Elizabeth Taylor of the second year who has



Keith Rose 5Sm

brought a number of trophies to the school for her swimming and went on to represent English Schools. In the team games, the football 1st XI had a very successful season; they suffered some heavy defeats but played well enough at other times to reach the final of the Birmingham Grammar Schools Cup where they narrowly lost to Kings Norton. The cricket team also had a sound season, Robert Phipps and Guy Thompson were selected to play for Worcestershire School boys and Michael Wilkes played for the Worcestershire U 15 side. On the girls' side, after several years of team building, it was particularly pleasing to see a very workmanlike hockey team emerging who were quite capable of holding

their own against our usual opponents; if enthusiasm and hard work are anything to judge by they should have a very successful 73/74 season. One innovation this year has been the emergence of a Rugby team. This is a quite spontaneous innovation stemming mainly from the Lower Sixth. Clearly coming to the game so late they have much to learn and have lost their games so far but they have a great deal of enthusiasm and are prepared to work hard at the game. A school should strive to provide as many spheres as possible for its members to develop and, in this light, I welcome this development.

Clearly therefore a very busy year and this without any mention so far of our academic work. Our results for the public examinations of June 1972 showed this important side of school affairs to be in good heart. The Advanced level results were very satisfactory, 38 candidates out of 50 passing in two or more subjects; the 'O' level results were some of our best for recent years 69 out of 84 candidates gaining four or more passes.

There have been however some unhappy parts of this school year. The first was the gas strike which closed part of the school for five weeks during the spring term; only the accident that the science block was oil fired enabled us to keep our examination groups in school. It is, I feel, particularly unfortunate that industrial action should be taken which interferes with the education of pupils at school; we found throughout the course of the remainder of the year that in both the social and educational sense we were struggling to make up for time which had been lost. On the credit side it is pleasing to recall how both teachers and pupils coped with the difficult conditions and managed to keep the senior school, at least going quite well during the emergency. I would repeat however that it is tragic that industrial disputes not affecting schools directly, should, nevertheless, lead to those schools being closed.

The other even more unhappy event of the year was the tragic and untimely death of our Head of Geography, Mr. H. Laycock. Mr. Laycock's contribution to the school was quite tremendous. I shall remember him not only as a good teacher of his subject but as a good form teacher, someone whose interest in the boys and girls in his form was of personal and lasting value to them all. Someone too whose integrity, conscientiousness and consideration for others was very marked and who had the ability to communicate these qualities to others. Others will remember him as the producer of a long and very fine series of plays for the Dramatic Society. In all, a most untimely death and a very serious loss to the school.

In other respects we have been particularly fortunate in spite of the approach of plans for comprehensivisation, in seeing little movement of teachers. Miss Fisher, upon her marriage, left us in December 1972 for a post in Redditch. We were fortunate to obtain the services of Mrs. Lye who joined us in January 1973 and took over charge of the Girls' O.E. department. Mr. G. Heath who had left us for a year's secondment gained promotion to a post in Bristol; this meant however little change as Mrs. Springer who had taken charge of Art temporarily was able to remain with us as the new Head of the Art Department. Mrs. Wallace came to us as Miss Simpson in September 1972 with the intention of returning to her native New Zealand after one year with us. However, both her name and her intentions changed over the year and she has now departed with her husband to the Highlands of Scotland. Mrs. Roulstone will return after her year's secondment to take up her customary role in the English Department. Mr. S.W. Hughes has been appointed to teach science and Miss L. Harvey will join us in September as a member of the Geography Department. I would like to wish good fortune to all those either arriving or departing.

I would also like, in concluding these notes, to thank all those who have contributed to the success of this year. My thanks are therefore due to the School Governors, to the Parents, whose Association is a source of strength to the school, deserving, had space permitted, of rather more than this brief mention and above all to the teaching and ancillary staff of the school without whose help and support nothing can be done.

L.E. JENNINGS.

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

I am pleased to report another excellent year of Social Service activities in the School, in spite of the Gas strike in the spring term.

The target of £500 for P.H.A.B (Physically Handicapped, Able Bodied) was surpassed so that the total collections were in excess of £800. This magnificent sum was achieved by an unusual variety of Fund raising (fun-raising) activities through which members of the school discovered that helping others really can give pleasure to those who help.

The sponsored walk was a most exhilarating experience for all concerned. I think most people would agree that this should be a definite annual school event. The beautiful view around the Malverns was hardly marred by "Hurricane Malvern" which chose that day to strike.

The Sixth form sponsored Rugby match (Ladies? v. Gentlemen?) was also hit by freak weather conditions - it hailed - but nevertheless things warmed up in the scrums. I have heard many different versions of the final score but may I suggest that next time the scrums are sponsored, and not the tries?

The Leviathan concert raised £11. Other successful S.S activities included 1W's raffle, the pet show, a sponsored bicycle rally and the Lyke Wake walk.

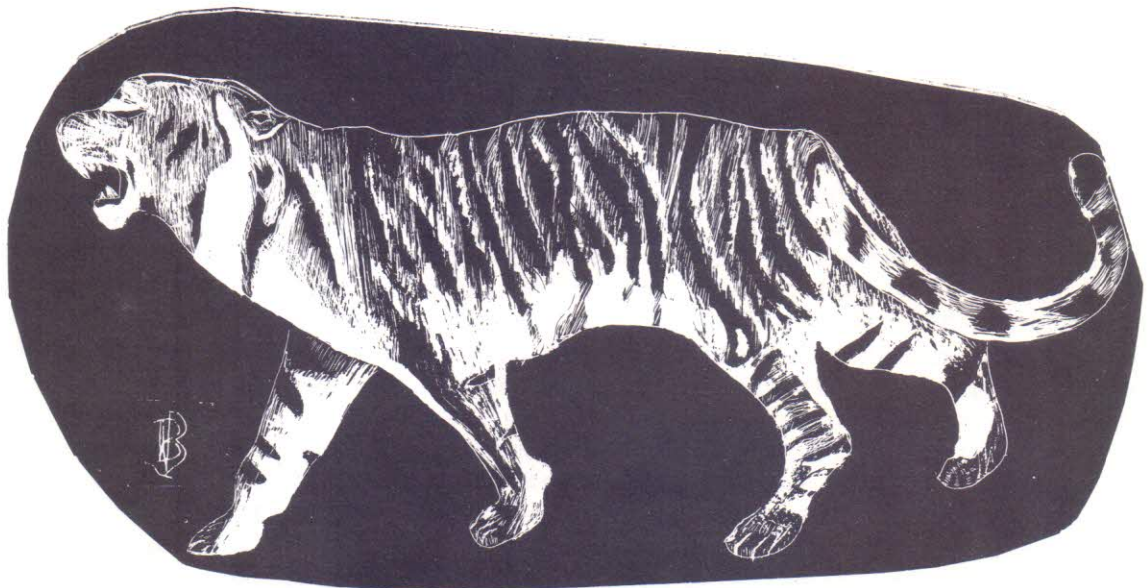
Several 6th formers have taken part in various S.S. activities outside school. Helping at Day Nurseries, Welfare Clinics, Mentally and Physically Handicapped playgroups and Adventure playgrounds. Some of the 6th form also attended S.S. meetings for Warley Young Volunteers and from this the Oldbury Branch continues.

In conclusion, I must add thanks which are due to members of staff who have given us many valuable hours of their time organising and helping with these activities.

We can only hope that next year this record of Social Service will continue and also that one day Social Service will no longer be so badly needed.

CHERIE MEE

LOWER SIXTH L.



SECRETARY: Mr. Dennis Butler,
88 Manor Lane,
Halesowen, Worcs:
021 422 3504.

It was a warm July evening in 1972 and things were very pleasant indeed. A coach and several cars emptied on the car park at Worcester Race Course, but no one was going to the Races. Instead, groups of young, and not-so-young people, filed onto a pleasure boat carrying baskets of sandwiches, pick pies, pop and salad. The scene was set and nearly one hundred Cresconians, and friends, stood at the rails waving to fishermen, and riverside strollers, for all the world as though they were on the way to discover the new world. However, the boat turned round at Upton-on-Severn and soon it was dark. Pilot lights searched for the banks, the river was smooth, the meadows quiet, and tiny lights marked the position of the anglers. The Band from "Brum" rated, and the dance floor cleared for Steve Perkins to do his very own "Spectacular". So many went on deck to see this peculiar event that it became relatively easy to obtain drinks in the bar below. The committee won all the raffle prizes, and the boat berthed at midnight. Malcolm Gough and Les Dingley organised the trip from the cricket section.

Norman Jones organises the theatre parties to Stratford-Upon-Avon and by block booking, the Cresconians obtain very favourable reductions in the price of tickets to see plays by Shakespeare. These productions are quite superb, and would make even Lee Haven and Geoffrey Tibbetts boggle.

Throughout any given year there is a constant week-by-week thread of activity in the various sections of the Cresconians. At the head is what we call the Main Body with the Headmaster of the School as President. Mr and Mrs. Jennings attend many of our functions and we regard them as firm friends, as we do Mr and Mrs. Aykroyd, who have so keenly kept in contact. Branching as it were, from the Main body the sections provide facilities for soccer, cricket, tennis and Ladies' hockey. There is a small balance in the Bank available for the dramatics section to start up again. Each of the sections has a committee, which organises its own functions. Recently the football section attended a night club with their girl friends, for half price, again by virtue of a block booking.

The Main Body chairman is Mr. Roy Blackburn who was at the School in the 1930s, the Secretary is Mr. Dennis Butler (1940s) and the Treasurer, Mr. Michael Turnbull (1940s). They are outstandingly young in spirit, and will give full support to any feasible ideas from school leavers, who, by definition, become old students of Oldbury Grammar School, and therefore Cresconians. However, to become members of the Cresconians Association, an annual subscription of 50p (75p for a married couple) is necessary. Regular newsletters, and the "Oldburian", are supplied on receipt of the subscription. We gladly welcome people, who marry Cresconians, into our general framework, as associate members.

The Main Body committee has recently been strengthened by the addition of Mr and Mrs. Barry Watts, Joy Simpson, and Geoffrey Tibbetts. The first function arranged during the 1972/73 year was the Supper Dance at the Pavilion Suite, Edgbaston Cricket Ground, at Christmas. We expect to have a repeat of this most enjoyable evening on 29th December 1973. The most formal Cresconians occasion is the Main Body Annual Dinner, which was held this year at Stone Manor, near Chaddesley Corbett. We were captivated by thoroughly warm and interesting speeches from Mr. W.D. Morris and Mr. M.L. Franks, who sparked an evening which buzzed with excitement and fine comradeship.

The Main Body claim no responsibility for Sue Smith (nee Cutler) and Janet White (nee Picken) having babies on behalf of the Hockey Section. Feeble excuses of this nature would never be tolerated in the football section for failure to turn up for matches. The Hockey Section play field hockey at Londonderry Playing fields, and over a wide area of the Midlands. They also play Indoor Hockey in the Worcestershire League on Tuesdays at the Harry Mitchell Centre, and in the Dunlop 7-a-side tournament.

The strength of the section depends on a continual flow of new members from the School so, if you are eligible, please contact the Secretary.

Following their absorbing tour of North Devon in 1971, the Cricket Section motored to South Devon in 1972, and will be in Cornwall for the 1973 tour. The team is keen, and competitive, under the capable leadership of Graham Darby and administration of John Wood. They have an interesting fixture list with games against some local teams, and others versus clubs as far afield as Shipston-on-Stour, Loughborough, and Newbury. Malcolm Gough headed the batting and Dick Jones the bowling averages last season.

In December 1971 the Football Section held a Jubilee Dinner at the County Ground to celebrate 50 years as a football club. This function was quite magnificently organised by Mr. Barry Watts, and his wife Sylvia. Two hundred and twenty members, friends and guests filled every available seat at Dinner and the Chairman, John Hartland, introduced the Speakers who were Mr. L. Hitchman, President of the Birmingham and District A.F.A. Mr. J.B. Richards, President of the Football Section, Gordon Russell, currently Chairman of the Football Section, and Mr. Cecil Patten, Secretary of Old Wulfrunians Football Club. Several old players from the 1920s and 1930s were present and they were clearly as fit and lively as ever. The Section runs 4 teams and begins training in early July under the expert guidance and coaching of Mr. Bernard Steer. Entries are made into all the League Cups, the Oldbury Charity Cup, the Birmingham Junior Cup and the Worcestershire Junior Cup.

The Cresconians is a fine flourishing organisation and its life blood is drawn from its attachment to the School. The Headmaster and his Staff give every encouragement to School leavers to join the Cresconians but, in the end, the decision has to be made by the individual. Many have completely ignored the Association and in later years have admitted regret at their failure to take full advantage of an organisation which was created solely for their benefit. The Secretary would be delighted to have every 1973 school leaver in his register book even if some are going away to College or University.

OBITUARY - MR. HARRY LAYCOCK.

It was with the deepest regret that the School learned, on 23rd March 1973, of the death of Mr. Harry Laycock.

Mr. Laycock was appointed to the School in the Geography Department in July 1951, after taking a B.Sc. (Hons) degree at the University of Birmingham. His career at university had been interrupted by the war, and he was training for air-crew in the R.A.F. in Canada when the war ended. He was appointed Head of the Geography Department in January 1971. It was thanks to his efforts that Geology was introduced into the curriculum and thanks to his energetic lead that it gained the popularity and excellent reputation that it still enjoys. His contribution to the academic life of the School was immeasurable and always of the highest order; his many former pupils knowing him as a man to be satisfied only with the highest standards.

Yet, great as this contribution may have been, he will surely be best remembered by former pupils and colleagues for his tremendous interest in extra-mural activities. This interest was wide-ranging, and no matter what the activity Mr. Laycock's attention to it was whole-hearted and scrupulously detailed. Whether he was taking his geologists to the Wren's Nest or leading them on an expedition to his beloved Hebrides; whether he was taking a party of pupils to France or Switzerland for a holiday or directing them in a school play, he always succeeded in instilling in his charges a sense of adventure.

This sense he himself possessed in abundance, as those of us who worked with him well know. It was undoubtedly this which led him off to California U.S.A. in 1961 to spend a year there in an interchange of teachers, a visit from which his pupils at O.G.S. greatly benefited on his return, as they always benefited from his constant search for "fresh fields and pastures new".

Was it perhaps this American experience which led to what was probably the most successful of his eleven school drama productions? His production of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" in 1964 made an impact which few who were here at the time will ever forget, and earned a 'Midlands Oscar' for the best amateur actor's performance of the year.

Others will remember Mr Laycock for his love of music which made him not only a valued performer in both choir and orchestra but also a tireless organiser of Gramophone Society Meetings. Many will think back to those Friday lunch hours when the old Geography room was crowded and when seats - even on the window-sills - went to the earliest arrivals!

Mr Laycock never lost his great concern for the School, even while he was so ill during his last three years with us. Failing strength and sight did not deter him from trying to continue with his work. We all owe him a debt of gratitude, not only for what he did but also for what he was - a teacher for whom teaching meant, above all, instilling an enquiring spirit and a sense of adventure in his pupils.

Among those who attended the Memorial Service held at St. Michael's Church, Langley, on 11th April 1973, were many former and present pupils and colleagues who had come to acknowledge that debt as well as to honour his memory.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his parents and to his wife, herself a great friend of the school. Perhaps they will find some consolation in the knowledge that Mr Laycock leaves behind many friends and an abiding memory at Oldbury Grammar School.

B.R.L.

STAFF NOTES

The only male member of staff to leave this year has been the head of the Art Department Mr. G. Heath. He had been on secondment during the year undertaking further study in Art education. His departure was therefore a softer blow but we shall still miss his no-nonsense approach to staffroom debate and his awesome, Monday morning accounts of constructional feats achieved over the week-end. We wish him success in his new teaching post at Cheltenham.

There have been fewer comings and going in the Ladies' staffroom this year. We have been glad to welcome Mrs. Lye and Miss Harvey, who are new to the school; and Mrs. Roulstone has come back for a third shift.

To balance these three gains we have had two losses, Mrs. Wallace and Miss Fisher, so the number of ladies on the staff has remained much the same.

Mrs. Wallace is the lady who was welcomed last year as Miss Simpson. She moved with antipodean determination and the speed of a boomerang through her year in England, while we watched with awe and admiration the swift succession of engagement, marriage and complete change of job. Mrs. Wallace has swept northwards, leaving us all pondering on the difference between a groove and a rut.

Miss Fisher has also changed her way of life considerably. As Mrs. Jones she has moved to a different part of the Midlands and has indulged her secret preference for teaching younger children by taking a job in a middle school. We are sorry to see her go. For a long time she provided us with a shining example of health and vigour which we all, at different times and for short periods, determined to copy. When we found out what hard work it was to be so healthy, we lapsed into sheer apathetic envy, while Miss Fisher continued to bounce and spring around the staffroom.

To both these ladies we give our good wishes for happiness and prosperity in their new lives.

CANOEING

Canoeing can be a very enjoyable pastime, but it should not be undertaken lightly as the canoe and accessories will be extremely necessary to ensure your safety.

For example, it is advisable to pack both stern and bows of your canoe with a buoyant material so that when you capsize at sea the canoe will not sink, but will be a good lifecraft.

A canoe is very much like a pair of shoes! You don't go into a shop and buy the first pair but try out a few to find the most comfortable and the best fit. The same with a canoe. Last year I bought a second hand canoe plus paddles and buoyancy for £24. This year I joined the Birmingham Canoe Club in order to learn to roll (Eskimo Style) and to improve my general canoeing.

The B.C.C. hold a dry meeting on Wednesday this is just talks and slides on canoeing and canoe building. On other days of the week Edgbaston Reservoir is open for use. May I add here the importance of learning the roll, (then you can right yourself when you capsize) - it helps you to gain confidence.

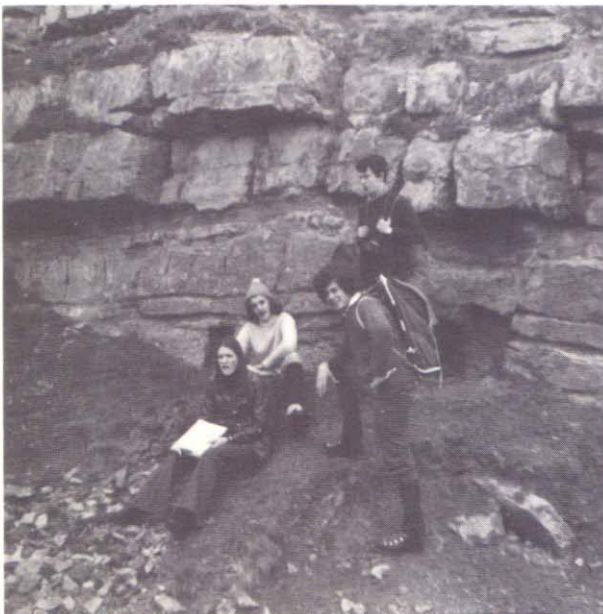
We go away for holidays and weekends and also Slalom competitions and sea surfing. It is an exciting and healthy outdoor pastime with a touch of danger, calling for a degree of skill. I find it very satisfying.

ANDREW WALFORD LOWER SIXTH L.

FIFTH FORM GEOGRAPHY TRIP

In May 1973 the 5th form geography group, under much pressure, duly paid 50p to experience the delights of Ironbridge and Telford. Armed with information sheets writing sheets and the most cock-eyed map ever printed we split into groups and rampaged through the streets of Ironbridge. We walked up and down the steepest roads imaginable and made unsuccessful attempts at finding mine shafts, only to find the locals knew everything there was to know about Ironbridge (Point noticed: River Severn is not polluted as there was one duck swimming across it)

In the afternoon we moved on to Telford but the coach driver did not know where, amid the vast estates, the assembly hall was, and after what seemed like hours we stumbled (stumbled being the operative word) upon some workmen who directed us to it.



The members of staff found the lecture on Telford rather interesting, though the 5th formers views were somewhat different. Amongst other things we discovered that it is virtually impossible to make notes while travelling on a coach and that the toilet signs were not words but pictures.

We would like to thank the members of staff for making this trip possible, although we made several complaints, we all had a most enjoyable day.

ANITA TROMANS 5 SM.

LLANDUDNO

After an enjoyable coach journey we arrived safely at our destination, the St.Kilda Hotel on the central promenade.

On the first day of our holiday, Sunday, we went for a walk around the Great Orme, noting physical features of the sea coast and rock type. Most of our party, following Mr.Lucraft's advice were weighted down by hefty boots and rucksacks, while some sensible people, realising the lack of severity of the walk, were prancing about in slacks and slippers: we were embarrassed. By courtesy of the hotel staff our packed lunch was a pile of the infamous spam 'sarnie'.

Our equipment came in more useful on Monday when an ascent of Ygarn (3104') was carried out by the more adventurous members of the party. The remainder walked along the Nantfrancon valley accompanied by a certain member of staff who appeared to have his head in the clouds most of the time. After this former group split up again having seen the Devil's Kitchen and about eight of us then decided to attempt Gribbon ridge which was quite severe scrambling on account of snow, mist an icy wind and hefty drops. Unfortunately for lunch we were again greeted by a lump of spam 'sarnie'.

In the evening the night life was centred around a certain little abode where light refreshments could be acquired. The hotel also sported a games room.

On Tuesday four groups independently studied four streams in the Carnedd region. The group of Gribbon fame studied the Afon Croch, a scree slope was negotiated and the Aber falls were seen, lunch was not spam 'sarnie' but spam and egg pie.

When the stream study was finished we continued up the valley to the summit of LLwyhmir (2750') Mr.Lucraft seemed to be endeavouring to find the longest and grassiest way to the top: appeared to be suffering from "rockaphobia"

Wednesday saw group leaders showing their ability to map read over wild tracks of Welsh mountainside - we ended up walking mile upon mile of tarmac road and it was more like a game of follow the signpost.

Each group attempted to answer questions at check points en route dealing with the local land and scenery. At one such check point, Mr Coupland switched off his prayer wheel just in time to give us scanty instructions on the co-ordinates of the next check point. Meanwhile Mr. Quarterman was enjoying the company of one of the Hotel waitresses.

The map reading exercise was both successful and enjoyable and we believe it should remain an integral part of future field trips.

An urban survey of Llandudno and Conway followed on Thursday in which settlement patterns transport and the importance of the two towns were noted. The rest of the day was spent window gazing and touring Conway Castle.

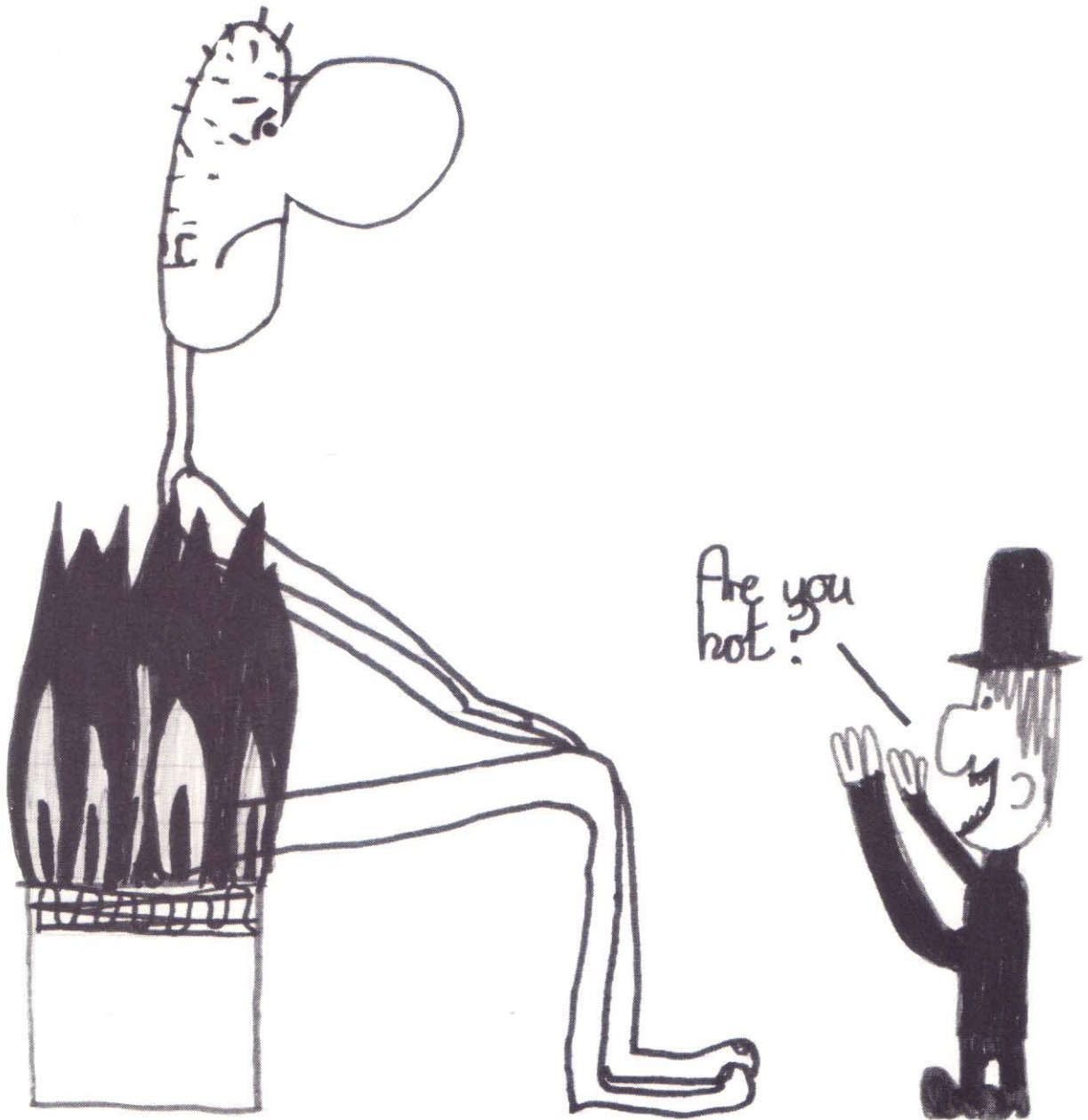
Having had a quietly relaxing day in the sunshine we all felt energetic enough for a game of beach football the ball spending more of the time in the sea than on the sand. A series of tackles, worthy of Norman Hunter, soon established Mrs.Watson as one of football cloggers.

Friday was the climax of the holiday- the ascent of Snowdon from the Pen-y-pass, Clanberis up to Pyg track to the summit (3560') which was covered in snow and cloud. To the amazement of fellow walkers a rugbyball was placed ceremoniously on the summit cairn by Paul Moseley.

The last evening was spent reminiscing and the usual merriment prevailed in the bar. A few braver ones went for a midnight paddle, not surprisingly we found it cold and rather wet. After a late night, we dragged ourselves out of bed early next morning and prepared for the return to Oldbury.

Thanks must go to the staff who contrived to give us the best ever Geo graphy field trip and we hope the next one will be equally successful.

There was an odd fellow from Tyre,
Who constantly sat on a fire,
When asked "Are you hot"
He said "certainly not"
"I'm James Winterbottom Esquire!"



David Oakley 15.

SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

To rejuvenate and re-establish the Sixth Form Society we endeavoured to start with a thought provoking and highly intellectual quiz between staff and school (Example question Who was the first man to fly? Answer: Pontius Pilate - all complaints to the Scripture Department). The quiz was followed by our first attempt at showing a film. We ordered "Billy Liar" and were rubbing our hands at the long list of people we had and at the profit we would make when the film was delivered - not "Billy Liar", but the "Marx Brothers Go West"! Our list dwindled alarmingly and so we opened the film to the whole school and were saved by the First Year and Mr. Lucraft, who amused most people more than did the film, by frequently having hysterics at Harpo Marx.

Following attempts at showing a film successfully were thwarted. At "Gumshoe" the dialogue could not be heard; at "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" the projector bulb blew up and could not be replaced; we made a loss (the greatest calamity of all) at the "Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher", but at last we made it! "The Graduate" went off perfectly and what is more, we made a profit.

During the course of the year we held various dances, including the dinner dance at Christmas. However, due to the increase of rowdiness and trouble at these dances, we were understandably unable to hold a dance at the end of term, much to the disappointment of many. We wish to thank the staff, who spent not so happy hours on duty at these dances, for their help and perseverance. Until we can find a cure for this element of unruliness at our dances we will be unable to hold any more. Any ideas, besides lynching, will be gratefully accepted.

We also held a girls v. boys rugby match. The match which was played in a howling blizzard was drawn (much to the girl's surprise) and these female participants wish to thank the impartial ref. (Mr. Johnston) for the beautiful tackle with which he felled J. Nordan, preventing him from scoring and giving him a black eye in the process.

We have done many things during the year- held various talks and arranged a barge trip; the trip to M & B was also appreciated, especially the samples. We also decided to open the society to the fifth year and so we hope to attract their support in all activities next year. Our thanks go especially to Mr. Quarterman and Mr. Lucraft for all the help they have given us and also to Mr. Cartwright for his invaluable assistance. We look forward to another year of panic, hysteria and near suicide as we try to arrange events. Anyway the refreshments are always excellent though I do say it myself.

THE COFFEE MAKER

MOM.

My Mom is determined to learn to drive and she will pass her test even if it is the last thing she does. And it will be, the way she's going on. She makes such a commotion about anything. While she's trying to remember she's left the hand brake on she's got her foot on the accelerator instead of the clutch and also is putting the light on instead of pressing the choke. While all this is going on, she has forgotten whether the hand brake is on or off. As for me, I sit on the back seat and tremble. If Mom wants to drive into the garage she needs Uncle Dennis at the front shouting directions. Nan to the right telling her to come over a bit, then Grandad to the left telling her the car door is a millimetre away from the wall. Once when she was putting the car into the garage she ran over Uncle Dennis's foot. When she asked why he did not shout, he replied 'If I had shouted you might have gone into such a panic that you would have run right over me. So I decided to take the lesser of two evils' When at last she does manage to get the car into the garage we might have a through room, but my Mom will boast and brag until she has got a sore throat.

DARICE DAVIES 1W.



30

Move forward 30 places.

QUI
CROSSWORD
K

JULIE BEACHAM 2J.

Across

- 1) One on its own is this
- 6) A word denoting ownership
- 7) May be used in the garden or hospital
- 9) Employ
- 13) French King
- 14) Root
- 15) A type of fish
- 16) A plot
- 17) Make a living
- 18) Give out
- 20) Furrow made by a wheel
- 22) They live in the imagination
- 25) This is a failure.

Down

- 1) Could be musical
- 2) Where people sleep
- 3) A writing implement
- 4) Maiden name
- 5) One of ten
- 8) A flower
- 10) Old fashioned reaping instrument
- 11) Opposite to subtract
- 12) Spoken untruths
- 16) Money bags.
- 19) A rolling one gathers no moss
- 21) African wild animal
- 22) A bird that cannot fly
- 24) Used in front of a word beginning in a vowel.



A SIDEWINDER

On a sandy background
A long brown scaly body
Moves silently on the ground
Keeping a watchful eye
On his prey
And he is quite easy to track
Because

He leaves a long
and funny track, it
goes to the side then
goes back.

ANNE KEALY 2C.



SHARON SAMARAWEEERA 3D

THE CHASE

Leaping, Bounding,
Moving in smooth curves,
Steady rhythm,
Bounding along,
Gracefully running with beauty
Effortlessly travelling along.

Black dots on tawny skin
Make a pattern against the
Green background
of the
African bush.

It turns,
And,
Gracefully curves away.
The beauty of speed vanishes
In a cloud of dust.

The gazelle,
Which is the chased,
Shows a similar beauty
But in just a different way.
The long slender legs
Propel it along with great ease.

Ears back, head forward,
With the tail gracefully moving—curving
behind

Can he find shelter?
Is all finished?

His smooth hide
Passes swiftly
In front of
The patchwork of the bush.
Greens, tawny browns, tans, dark browns
And the clear blue sky above.

Alas!
It is finished
Finished too soon
A cloud of dust smothers the scene.

TERRY YOUNG 3R.

WINDOWS

Windows are eyes
Through which those within
Watch the lives of passers-by
Who play their part
And then depart
Like smoke rings on a breeze blown day.
And they, in turn, look in
At the shadow interior,
Only to see nothing can be seen,
Leaving those inside as merely mystery
Or actors playing secret plays.
And there lies the danger in false assumption;
When reliance is placed
On that which is not
And never was as believed;
When pitfalls are found
To bring one, wheeling down
Oh, for courage to approach
And stare through those windows,
So all inside is clearly known
And doubt into exile finally thrown
Curiosity truly satisfied.

S. WALLIN LOWER SIXTH Q.

THE BUN

Podgy, sticky and fattening,
Squats on a plate,
Sweet and slurpy,
Eyes of currants
Stare unthinkingly,
Piercingly at you
Bun is round, tempting,
A menace to all figures.
Beware of Bun!
It will round you off.

PAUL TURNER 4 PR.

My eyes run over your luscious skin,
I feel the fur that covers your body,
My teeth go deep into your shell,
And the sweet but tangy juice runs into
my mouth.

The inside of you is orange and soft,
The outside is warm.
You are over half gone,
I feel a hard rough piece inside you
I look and find a sticky brown stone.
A sticky brown stone - the last remaining
memory
Of my beautiful peach.

ANNE CLOUT 1L

MY PAPER ROUND

Sleeping houses with dozing tenants
Awakened to the clatter of the letterbox
A gowned figure drowsily walks the stairs
As I sneak quietly across the lawn.

A yapping dog awakens the household
As I dreamily finish the round
I go back to have my breakfast,
Wishing I was still in bed.

That was Thursday morning,
Only six more rounds to go,
Of the tedious boredom of lumbering papersacks,
Till PAYDAY,

CHRISTOPHER WINWOOD 3D

People say that the youth of today are going downhill. So did authors of the following three quotations. Can you guess who said these words, and when? You may be surprised!

1. "Our youth loves luxury, has bad manners, disregards authority and has no respect whatsoever for age; today our children are tyrants; they do not get up when an elderly man enters the room - they talk back to their parents - they are just very bad"
2. "I have no longer any hope for the future of our country if today's youth should ever become the leaders of tomorrow, because this youth is unbearable, reckless-just terrible"
3. "Our world has reached a critical stage; children no longer listen to their parents; the end of the world cannot be far away"

The first statement was made by Socrates in about 450 B.C; the second by Hesrod in 720 B.C. and the last by an Egyptian priest as far back as about 2000 B.C. Perhaps, just perhaps, we are no worse than our ancestors!

DAVID PARKER LOWER SIXTH L.

WORK

The twisting, turning, slapping and squeaking of motors and pulleys,
Drowning you with noise until your ears surrender to it,
And then it fades away.
The operators are slaves to the machines,
Keeping them oiled and clean so the lumps of iron are happy.
The whole grimy black factory is alive and buzzing like an ants nest.
The people moving 'to and fro'
Carrying, pulling and pushing things.
As the dull machines look over them
As they move in their graceful ways,
A contrast to the peaceful countryside.

STEWART PALMER 4 PR

CAREERS

The age old question "What are you going to be when you grow up?" continues to be asked young people by parents, relations, friends and school teachers. Answers vary considerably; some seem based on fantasy, others appear more mature. Yet as the child grows older the importance of the decision increases as "work" draws nearer.

Work for most children starts at sixteen though some, including many readers of this article, start work at eighteen or even later, for those who attend Colleges or Universities. But the decision about employment has to be taken sooner or later, and there are pressures upon the secondary school child to take the decision as soon as possible. The questions to be asked are:

1. When should I start work?
2. What job am I going to do?
3. Why do I want a particular job?
4. Where am I going to work?
5. Am I, or will I be able to do the job or gain the qualifications needed?

At this school pupils ought to have given some thought to these and other questions concerning their choice of career by the third year as it is by the end of this year that they have to take the all important decision of what subject options to study in the fourth year and on to 'O' level examinations at the end of the fifth year.

Some pupils may choose subjects merely because they like them or are good at them and in the absence of career plans this may be very sound policy. Others who have come to some decision about future career plans will be able to choose the subjects which will help them to gain necessary qualifications for a particular sphere of employment.

Though ideas may change considerably it is obviously an advantage to gain some sound idea of at least general direction of career choice. The careers advisory service exists in school for the purpose of assisting all pupils to come to sound decisions about career choices. Careers lessons for the fourth and fifth years are designed to stimulate pupil decision making. Pamphlets, books and general advice can always be obtained from Mr. Russell in room 10.

The school also fosters close links with the careers service in Warley, which can prove invaluable in assisting pupils to choose and find jobs.

The pressure, however, remains firmly on the pupil to think, question, look and then decide. Help may be valuable and needed but eventually the decision of "what are you going to be?" needs to be answered by the pupil.

J.S.RUSSELL.

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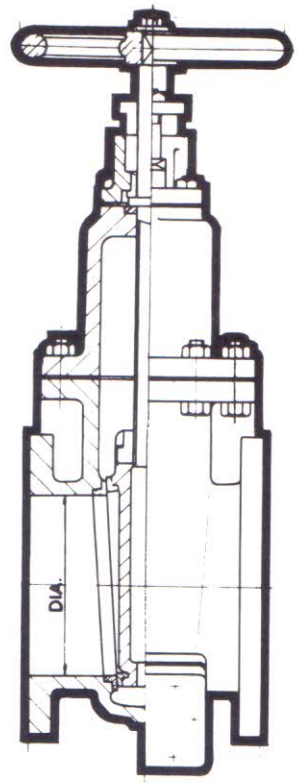
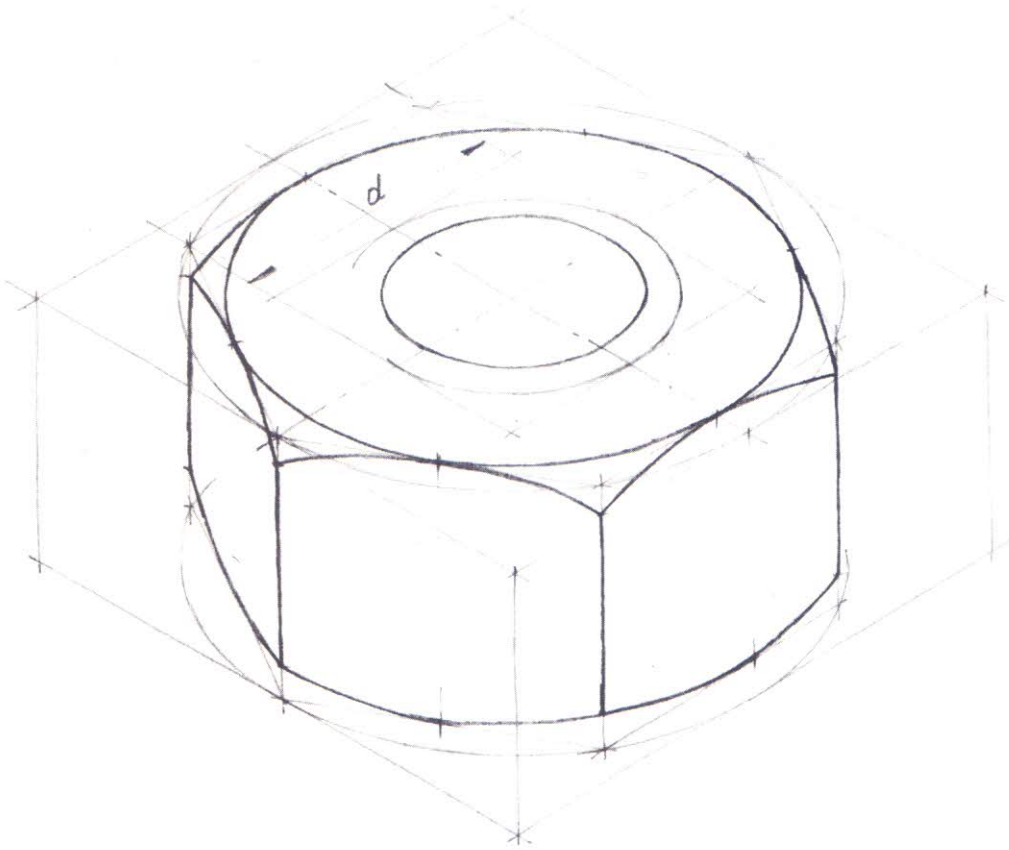
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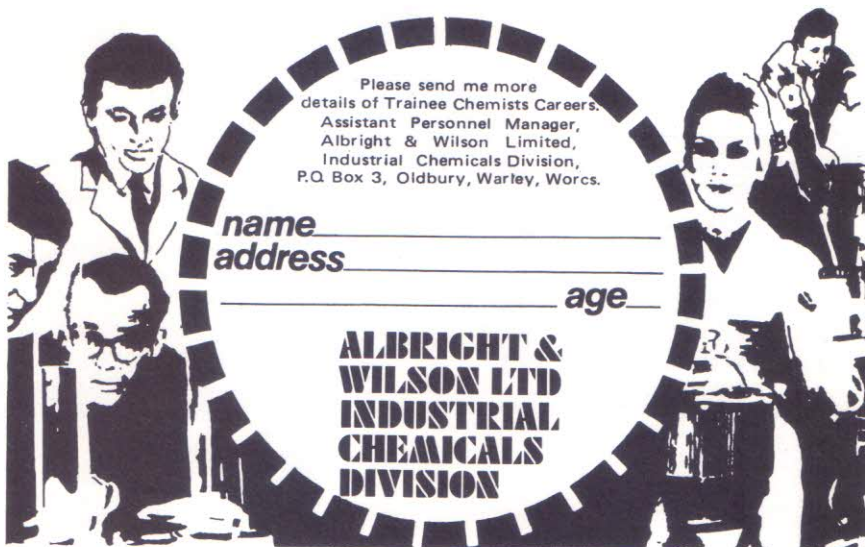
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RN
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Brian & Barbara-their first year at National Westminster



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Barbara celebrated her 18th birthday when she'd been with us a year. Not only did her friends chip in and buy her a big birthday cake, but the Bank decided to add their greetings too with 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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SPONSORED WALK

On May 10th we set off from school in a fleet of coaches complete with sandwiches, pop biscuits, fruit, plastic macs, combs and various other items essential for our sponsored walk. A convoy of five coaches looked quite impressive up the Hagley Road, containing approx. 300 pupils of O.G.S. The sixth form girls had a whale of a time on the back seat singing along to the radio (with harmony) waving at people through the windows, smiling coyly (?) at personable young men in cars and getting several invitations from lorry drivers to join them in their cabs (despite the fact we were going along the motorway)

When we finally arrived at the beginning of the walk we were greeted by a downpour in which the people in the earlier coaches were caught. We set off optimistically and were nearly exhausted by the first incline. When we reached the check point at St. Anne's Well we all brought ice creams. Had we known we need'nt have bothered to buy such a cooling item as we were promptly caught in a hail/sleet/rainstorm.

I hasten to add that throughout the walk there was a near hurricane blowing-it was so bad at one stage that some of the 1st year resorted to crawling up the hills.

Another check point was at a cafe at the highest point of the walk. Here we were cheerfully informed by a nice warm Mr. Quarterman that it was downhill the rest of the way. What he really meant was that one went down fifty feet and then up forty - hardly downhill all of the way!

At another check point (there were five in all) we were given orange squash and were crossed over a road by Mr. Swain and Mr. Parkes, who both assured us it was easy going from then on - I wonder if any of the staff did the walk?

After trailing on and being asked by a friend who can't see very well without her glasses, who the twit in the red hat was as we passed the Headmaster, we finally caught sight of the coaches. Inspired by the thought of food we hurried on and arrived windswept but quite healthy. A lot of people felt they hadn't walked five miles (some felt they'd walked fifty) but all thoroughly enjoyed the invigorating walk.

On behalf of the participants of the walk, I'd like to thank all the staff for their help and encouragement (although it was sometimes deceptive). I'd like to congratulate all who took part as it wasn't always very easy - we had to contend with all types of weather - rain, hail, sleet, scorching sunshine and of course the wind. All in all it was a very enjoyable day and I'm sure many people will want to go on such a walk again.

JANE PIERCE LOWER SIXTH Q.

CHESS NOTES

What was in the Christmas pudding?

This question, marrying visions of hope and tableaux of decadence, found no unraveller. At the end of the Autumn term the possibilities of victory were clear; in January days we reeled from defeat to disaster. The O.G.S. chess team scoresheet for the Warley League Shield resembled an election manifesto in post election days. Prospects of the first victorious season in living memory had again been blackened.

However, there were happier signs for the new season. The wardenship of the Chess Club passed in the new year to Mr. Hughes, who will represent a violent break in the tradition in that he knows how to play the game! Under his brilliant tuition the mature fifth year team should have their best chance ever of a glorious record.

Interhouse chess is a sluggish beast, but the spur of wintry weather may produce more dramatic results than in the past. Trinity House's previously dubious victories may this year prove to be honest, in that the competitions should run their full course and establish the all embracing virtues of the red badge.

D.R. BENSON.

THE LAST HOURS

The old man lay on the rickety old bed, his white hair and pale face a complete contrast to the dark grey walls of the dingy box room. The pattern made by the cracks on the ceiling was repeated in the wrinkled face of the old man.

Everything was deadly silent, even the parrot in the corner of the room seemed to sense the shadow of death that hung over the whole of the small cabin, and did not chant its well learned phrases. Then the old man opened his eyes and saw the same four walls that he had seen for the past fifty years, only once they had been new and sparkling white but they had grown old and grey like the old man.

Suddenly the parrot squawked and the silence was shattered. The old man began to sink into unconsciousness once more but as he felt himself falling, he tried to fight off the blackness. He thought of his life, it had been good in the earlier days when his wife had been alive to look after him and care for him. He had been a happy, friendly person then, but when she had been killed in the war, she was only thirty two years old and he had turned bitter and cut himself off from the world. He especially hated men in uniform, any uniform, and this hatred had landed him in trouble with the police several times. Now, as his final hours were slipping away from him he began to regret all the bad things that he had done. For the first time since his wife had died, he was sorry for all the unhappiness he had caused the people who had tried to help him; - people who had wanted to be his friends but whom he had turned into his enemies. He had hated everything and everyone outside his own cabin, up until now, when it was too late. Or was it? He could still do one thing before he died. The parrot - he could set it free so that it would at least have a chance of finding food instead of dying, caged in as he would do.

Slowly, with great effort and extreme pain, the old man sat up, swung his feet round to rest on the cold damp floor and held onto the bed post. Then he tried to stand up, but his head spun round and the floor seemed to rise up to meet him. He fought against unconsciousness and crawled to the corner where the cage stood. Then painfully he dragged himself up so that he could reach the cage door, but his legs collapsed beneath him and he dragged the cage to the floor with him.

The parrot fluttered frantically in the cage and the door sprang open. The bird flew out and perched on the old man's shoulders as it had done every night for the past four years.

The old man sat up as best he could and picked up one of his boots. Summoning all his strength into one last effort he hurled it at the tiny window. The window shattered into millions of tiny fragments and the old man collapsed as the last breath of life came from his lips. Then swiftly and silently the bird flew out of the broken window, and out into the open world- free, just as the old man was free at last.

DAWN MARSHALL 4 PA.

AN OLD MAN

Down by the church on the wooden bench he sits,
His drooped shoulders, his feeble worn figure
His wrinkled, trembling hand clasping the black thorn stick,
His grey hair disturbed by the gentle breeze
His rheumy watery eyes gazing at the passers by
Reminiscing on his spent youth..

Homeward he strolls, his feeble legs resenting the hill,
Wondering waiting, uncertain of tomorrow,
Oh, cruel, cruel nature,
Why did you not give us eternal youth?

MAUREEN GRINDEY 5R

LYKE WAKE WALK

Following the schools' Sponsored Walk, some of the Lower Sixth decided that they were capable of greater things, and so attempted the Lyke Wake Walk.

We started off from Osmotherley at about 5.a.m. and were obviously very apprehensive at the thought of the 39 mile journey ahead, particularly as we had already missed one night's sleep due to leaving school for Yorkshire at 11.p.m. on the Friday evening.

Any fears that we may have had were soon realised in the first 10 mile stretch which, in fact, must have been about 15 miles, particularly as after having walked about a mile we were told that the actual walk hadn't even begun. Then, in order not to lose height we climbed a steep hill and spent three quarters of an hour zig-zagging round it only to find that we had taken the wrong route altogether.

However, after this brilliant start, things went more smoothly and the walk was accomplished in a most creditable time, 14 hours 50 minutes, but to the disappointment of Mr. Quarterman this was not reported in the newspaper.

A lot of credit for this must be given to the support group who had to work harder than many people imagined. However, one or two complaints were received particularly when the hungry walkers having walked the first 10 miles arrived at stage one only to find that the breakfast had been cooked one hour previously. Mr. Price took great delight in telling us how delicious their breakfast had been when they had eaten it over an hour ago, while we tried to force our way through the bacon (it s description as 'crisp' being the understatement of the year). However, this was a thoroughly enjoyable yet exhausting challenging week-end for all concerned. We would therefore like to thank Mrs. Lye and Mr. Lucraft for organising it and hope that such a venture may be repeated in the future.

SANDRA TRACEY

LOWER SIXTH Q



Lyke Wake walkers only.

THE PLAYS AND I

I have been at Oldbury Repertory Players Ltd for one and half years now. The first play I did with them was "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg". In this play I was "call boy".

Then after preparing the rather elaborate set, we performed "Toad of Toad Hall" which lasted for two weeks, with two Saturday matinees during which time I helped with the sound and effects, as well as helping out by calling when the call girl/boy failed to turn up.

The next play we prepared was "Arms and the Man" In this play I was helping with props The 1971/72 season began after the summer holidays. It began with "Little Boxes" a play of two parts, each taking place in an old house but with different props. The first part was "The Coffee House" and the second was entitled "Trevor"

Then came the best play in my opinion, "The Boyfriend" a play set in a young ladies' school in France during the 1920s. In this play I was on lights, but this time I was on spotlight, moving the spot to follow the actors over the blacked out stage while they sang and danced. This play was so good, to my mind that no words could possibly describe it. I have a tape recording of the complete play which was recorded on the last night.

MARK COLCLOUGH 2J

THE CHOIR AND MADRIGAL GROUP 1972-73

On Wednesday, 13th September, 1972 a momentous occasion took place in the Music Room The Oldbury Grammar School Madrigal Group was formed.

This arose out of an idea by that choral chemistry teacher Mr. Jones, who thought that a few members of the choir might be interested in forming a group to sing, and perhaps perform in public, Elizabethan songs written for 4, 5 or even 6 parts, purely for their own pleasure, at first. Thus the Madrigal Group began, consisting of 7 pupils, 3 members of staff and 1 member of staff temporarily absent from school on a course.

I am very happy to say that Mr. Jones' idea proved very fruitful. We, the Madrigal Group, gave seven public performances in all during the year, in places ranging from Churches to Grafton Lodge Old People's Home, and we, at least, enjoyed them all. We were also very privileged to be allowed to give a performance to friends in the Long Gallery of Aston Hall, Birmingham. This beautiful oak-panelled and floored Tudor Room is an ideal place to perform Madrigals because of its marvellous, unique acoustics. We were amazed that we were permitted to perform there, but were also very glad and an enjoyable evening was had by all.

And so the Madrigal Group has been a great success and I hope it will continue to be so in the coming year.

The choir has also had a successful year, despite the low number of public performances given. The first of these was the school concert in December, which was not as successful as it could have been and should have, been for the choir because the presence of friends and relatives in the audience afforded too much of a distraction for many members of the choir so that peak performance was not attained.

However, this was not the case at the choir's other performance at St. John's Church, Hagley, here the choir and Madrigal Group sang many pieces, one of which - the "Hallelujah Chorus" - moved several members of the audience-cum-congregation to tears of pleasure, I hope. Another enjoyable evening was spent by all concerned, gathering from the many complimentary comments we received afterwards.

And so this had been a year of success as far as our singing goes. And although the singers can take some credit for this, most of the credit must be given to Mr and Mrs. Jones who have done so much to make it all possible. Thank you both for giving us all so much pleasure in giving pleasure to others.

Finally, I make an appeal to all males of the school: JOIN THE CHOIR. We need more tenors, altos and basses and I am sure that most of you have very good singing voices. Singing really is enjoyable, but you may not believe this unless you try it - so try! Just come to the Music Room at 1.20 p.m. on Thursdays - you will be very welcome.

ELAINE PORTER LOWER SIXTH Q

THE AUTUMN WOOD

I like to walk alone in the woods in autumn,
The crisp, golden leaves
Crunching beneath my feet
On the soft, grassy bed.
I look up and see the watery sun filtering through the trees,
The clouds, like curtains, covering the window of the sky.
The cool breeze gently nips at my face,
I find a space and lie down on the dewy grass.
The leaves on the trees make a fresh rustle.
And leaves scuttle across the ground.
The long grass waves happily in the blowing air
The sun goes behind a dark cloud.
I get up and leave the tender shadows of the autumn wood.

LYNNE THOMASON 2J

AROUND EUROPE IN 31 DAYS

In the spirit of true Englishmen my friend and I set off on a voyage of exploration across Europe, by train. We said farewell on Tuesday July 24th and crossed on the midnight boat to Ostend.

From there we travelled to Amsterdam which seemed to be overrun by hippies. We went on to Luxembourg and thence to Paris arriving at 22.27 We had 23 minutes in which to cross Paris by Metro in order to catch our train to Irun (Spain). We succeeded with only 2 minutes to spare, having pushed countless Frenchmen and Old Women from our path.

The train was crammed full of Portugese and consequently we spent the night sleeping in the corridor. We reached Irun next morning and changed for Vilar Formoso on the Portugese border. The heat of the sun was terrific and the Spanish countryside bare and desert like. We arrived in Lisbon next day at 7.40 a.m. and changed to travel up the coast to Valencia. Unfortunately we caught the wrong train and when we tried explaining to the guard he turned us off at the next station and shouted abuse in Portugese. Without our knowledge the station master in this remote place had phoned for a taxi and before long we were driving back along the dusty road to Valencia at over 120 km/hr. Once there we bought a bottle of champagne to cool both us and our emotions.

The next few days were spent travelling across Spain via Madrid and Barcelona and then along the French Riviera to Ventimiglia. On the way we were entertained by a party of Moroccan Moslem workers who shared with us their goat's milk and sardines. They gave us two of their seat reservations of which we were very glad as the train was packed.

In Italy we visited Rome, Naples, Milan, Florence and Venice. We spent a day in Venice wondering through the city's labyrinth of passages and canals which I found really impressive. We went through all the Alpine tunnels- Lotschberg, Gothard and Simplon and from there through Yugoslavia on an express train to Athens. The train was almost bursting with people but we amused ourselves by playing chess and draughts with the Greeks.

Once in Athens we visited the Acropolis. We had left our rucksacks at the station but when we returned we found they had disappeared. We discovered them at the police station over two miles away - where they had been impounded. 15 minutes later we emerged but not without having our passports scrutinized and ourselves thoroughly interrogated. We had to take a taxi in order to catch our train but it was a close thing.

In Paris 4 days later my rucksack again disappeared from the station, but this time I found it hidden behind an escalator, after being found by the lost property office.

The next few days we spent travelling up through Denmark and Norway as far as Narvik which is on the same latitude as Alaska and North of the Arctic Circle. We went on to Helsinki in Finland and finally to Stockholm and back across the train ferry to Denmark. We arrived back at New Street two days later with a greater respect for our country than when we had started.

The holiday cost me about £64 in all. I went on only one ticket called an Inter-Rail ticket costing £33 this entitles the holder to free travel on any of the European railways for a month. We slept on trains all the time except for three nights on stations and once in a youth hostel. Altogether we covered 21,876 miles and would willingly do it again.



LEVIATHAN



Leviathan, the rock group based at O.G.S. once more underwent a series of changes this year.

At the end of summer term 72 Keith Mellor, keyboards, left the group to follow his studies at St. Oswyths College, Clacton. This move left the group with a gap in musical sound. To counteract this Andrew Thomas moved onto rhythm guitar and Andrew Stelmasiak was brought into the line up as Bass. This made the line up of Ian (Tiffle) Tibbetts on drums, Andrew (Vince) Thomas on Rhythm guitar, Paul (Phyllis) Phillips on lead guitar Kevin (Spanner) Spencer on vocals and Andrew (Stalmo) Stelmasiak on Bass.

Due to the change in line up and the notable absence of keyboards all the numbers of old were dropped and a new era of Leviathan Music began. Our best performance of the year was undoubtedly at the school when a full length concert was staged on May 9th.

The concert began at 7.30 p.m. with a respectable hour long act by Warlock, a newish band. They played a variation of rock music which had its ups and downs ending with "A Spoonful" and "In my chair" - Two good numbers which gained audience appreciation. Stephen Black proved his versatility with an excellent drum solo and some fine vocal work. The other members were David Barley, Andy Legere and Dawson Fenney.

There was a short interval and then the hall was plunged into darkness. Eerie wails and grunting voices originated somewhere from the direction of the stage and several shadowy cloaked figures approached from the back, holding candles. As they reached the stage the curtains and a human being(?) Stephen Pain was sacrificed to further the group's ends. The corpse was dragged off and the hooded figures grabbed instruments and belted out the opening chords to "Rock and Roll" by Led Zeppelin as the stage was illuminated and Leviathan were clearly visible rocking on. The band played through a string of well known rock numbers including "Jailbait", "Sunshine of your love", "Jumping Jack Flash" "Honky Tonk Woman" and also the self penned "Bull---- Blues". The highlights were probably the soft "Stairway to Heaven" and rocking "Cherry Red". The concert finished around 10 o'clock and was a great success raising £10 for charity.

No small thanks must go to Mr. Swain for help given to the group throughout and arrangements for the concert evening. Since the concert another upheaval in the group which saw the departure of Andy Stelmasiak and inclusion of Jeff Carr on Bass. Summer Holidays 73 saw the return of Keith who is now staying with the band.

This return saw inspiration for several, new self written numbers and another change in style of music. Who knows what the future may bring. Leviathan would like to thank all their friends at school and also Mr. Cartwright, caretaker, for all his help.

ANDREW THOMAS LOWER SIXTH L.



Go home Australians

ALONE AGAIN

Joan walked along the small pebbled beach near her home. She should have been one of the happiest girls alive at that moment, but she wasn't. On the contrary she was feeling utterly wretched. She picked up a stone and threw it into the sea. She watched the ripples in the water where it had landed. Brooding, she stared unseeingly out to sea. She felt so little, in such a vast world. She walked on and a cool caressing breeze blew freely in the hot, summer sun. A tear trickled down her face and fell to the ground like a tear of rain. She lifted up her head and looked along the beach. Very few people were there only a picnicking party and a few children scattered here and there. A family were leaving by a path which ran up to the cliffs. She turned to look in the other direction. There was no-one there, and only the sound of the birds could be heard. The sun was beginning to sink in a golden splendour and dusk was beginning to descend. Joan felt lonelier than she had ever done before. She thought of her school and how she was always lonely there. It wasn't her friend's fault, they were happy and pleasant. No, it was her own fault she decided. She was the one who was grumpy and childish. When her friends asked her to join in she always refused.

"If only I tried" she said unhappily. "But I do try, I do" she said, almost aloud. "But it's not enough" she sighed.

All the others joined in the fun except her. She sat aside looking sad. If anyone was left out it was her, it seemed. She was always lonely, with no real friend, like everyone else had. She hated herself for being so childish. For one moment she hated all the other girls too. Then she shook herself back to reality. It was getting dark now and the beach was deserted. She was once more alone. She turned and started to make her lonely journey home.

JACKIE DEELEY 15

21 Room 7

O.G.S.

Moat Rd.,
Oldbury.

Dear Editor and Magazine Committee,

I think the way you push us hard worked kids to write pulpcaps, skeats of short stories, poems etc. for the school magazine is absolutely preposterous. You know we're so overworked with homework and have got writers cramp so couldn't you lay off us for a couple of years PLEASE!!

Yours unfaithfully,
Hardworked

Dear Hardworked,

I quite agree. You're time might be better spent improving your spelling.

Ed.

AFTER THE BALL.

Much as I appreciate Mr. Jennings' efforts in providing social activities for our parents, I wonder if he considered that we senior pupils have parents who come to them? The effects of his famous barn dance on my mother were mentally invigorating, but physically!

The morning after, I woke to see her in a low position (on hands and knees) by my bed, asking if I would get up and see to the breakfast as she was feeling a bit stiff. Then she hobbled off to the bathroom, muttering that a bath might help. About half an hour later, as Dad was about to H.P. his egg, the sportsman's lament 'Ha-aa ! Ho-ooo!' came from upstairs, with an order to bring up the linament and rubbing oils. After five minutes of massage we got her verticle and mobile. I snapped at Dad 'Could'nt you see she was overdoing it?' 'It was hopeless' he replied Apparently at the first beat of the music she had grabbed his hand, rushed onto the floor, and taking up her position, had started in first gear with a swift change to reverse, at speeds more befitting the M 1 . And when Dad hopefully suggested that they should sit one dance out, in her state of enjoyment and enthusiasm Mum deliberately ignored him.

Well, that was several months ago and as I sit writing this, the usual peace of home is shattered by the roar of the sewing machine. Oh yes! she must get this dress finished for the next Barn Dance. Looking at Dad, I can read his thoughts. He is hoping for a longer interval between the dances. And I will cook his breakfast the night before so that I can sleep until my usual time.

M. GRINDEY 4S

THE DEATH SHADOW

The mist lay heavy on the lake,
An ominous ripple stirred the water,
Bringing strange thoughts into my mind
A sound so eerie floated on the air,
Making my skin creep, my legs feel weak.
I could no longer move to see what was behind.
The sound drew louder, terrifyingly near
In front of me a shadow rose.
Growing to gargantum size,
I turned, afraid to look,
But knowing that I must
See the monster of the lake with my own eyes
The shadow of death will fall upon you.
I was warnedm but still I came.
Drawn somehow towards this wicked place
Now looking upon this huge and slimy thing
I shrank and trembled, unable to move
Or run or turn my face.
The moon shone through the mist
And then I saw more clearly
The horror of my fate.

A scaly hand stretched out,
And, stirred into one last fight for
life,
I screamed and fled.
No-one believes my tale
For no-one else was darkened by the
creature's shadow and lived.
But I cannot forget my night in the
valley of death.

BARRY GRIFFITHS 2J

DOWN A HILL ON A CYCLE

The momentum of peaceful toil,
The grind of pedal on shoe
Was withheld as I neared the hill,
Then in a mad dash
The pedals seemed to fly,
As if they had developed
A mind of their own.
The seat seemed to fall back
My body lurched in a tide
Of frenzied motion.
I leaned backwards,
Gusts of electric air
Screamed past my temples,
Roared past my ears,
And my hair billowed and beat
The flanks of the wind,
A sheet of pressure had built up
In front of me.
The world of Bilberry Hill
Passed me in a blurred whirl.
Shops, people, vehicles, obstacles,
Mingled with each other,
Till they packed in a solid mass
Like a blob on a spectrum.
I heard no noise
Just the wheeing of the wind,
Till I came swooshing to the base
And swept smoothly on.

STELLA CACOULLIS 2R.

WORK

The men shuffling along,
Like milk bottles on a belt,
Inserting their cards,
To the click of the machine.
Putting on overalls,
Boots and their caps.
Pulling a lever,
Pushing a button,
Wheels rotating,
Slowly and fast.
Everywhere is movement,
Noise engulfs natural sounds,
Deafening noise never-ending.
The packing machine stops,
But it is soon started,
Continuing its smooth action,
The stinging smells
Of oil and tobacco,
And the fresh smells
Of materials and cardboard,
Cotton and linen,
Nylon and wool,
The smells linger on.
Finally it is six-o'clock,
The hooter blows,
With an ear-piercing shrill,
And the machine stops.
Men shuffle out,
All tired and weak.
Then all is still,
Quiet.

DAVID TUCKER 4 PR.

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING SCHOOL

I look forward apprehensively
And wonder what life will be like soon.
I will leave my family, love and friends
To travel, and explore unknown places.
I will be lonely, bemused and then
Will make friends, settle down, be happy
But as happy as in the place, where
I have been both child and adult
Where I have felt both joy and pain?
Something tells me it cannot be so
That I cannot find such contentment,
Or recapture those feelings elsewhere.
But I know there'll be new happiness
New pain, new experiences, a new life.
And as I look backwards with a smile
I look forwards without fear and know
I'll enjoy that new life just as much
As the old one, which I love so well.

JANE PIERCE LOWER SIXTH Q.

SNOW FLAKES

Crisp and White,
Falling from the sky,
Dancing their flight,
They land and die.

TONIA HADLEY 2C

THE GRAVEYARD AT NIGHT

Here lies the body of Norman Jones
Killed in a gas explosion
June 17th 1904
Rest in peace.

The neon lights from 'Tom's Caff' shone through
the crooked railings.
And rested on the tomb stone
Dead flowers fell from a vase
A wreath lay withered and discoloured
And a rat with piercing eyes scratched the
dry stoney earth
Ivy choked the trunks of ash trees
And their branches hung and shivered gently
in the cool breeze.

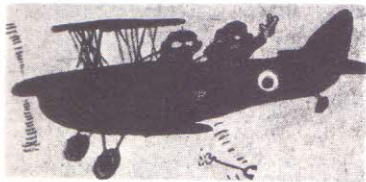
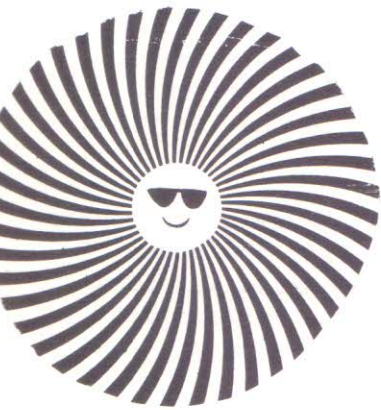
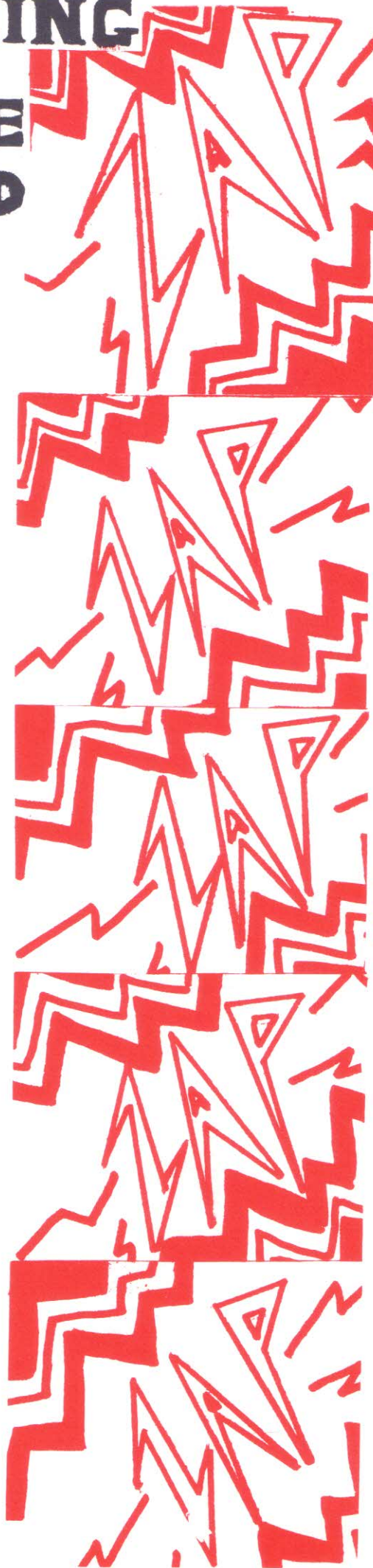
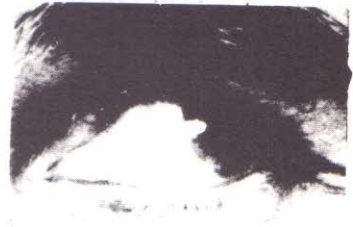
And slowly, as if gaining strength
The sun rises through the sky
To put a new face on the graveyard.

JANET MORGAN 2R

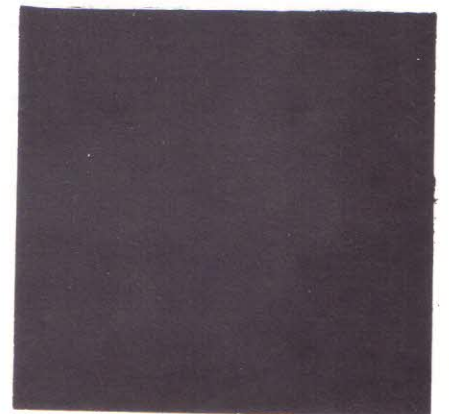
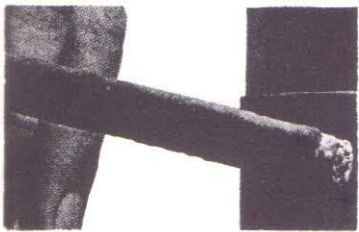
INTRODUCING

THE WAND

GREAT MAGIC



BRUNO BORRIELLO 5L



DEBATING SOCIETY

When the debating society was formed eighteen months ago, six very successful meetings were held with attendances going from strength to strength at each meeting. The motions debated were both interesting and varied, including: "The Woman's place is at the Kitchen sink", "No couple should have more than two children" and "The sixth form is worth its keep". But due to unfortunate factors beyond our control such as the gas strike and external and internal examinations, the society ceased to function as successfully as hoped. However, during this term the debating society is to be revived for third forms upwards, and it is hoped that once more your support will be given. We hope to hold a debate once every three weeks after school and possibly some discussions during the lunch hour. If anyone has any new ideas for future debates please contact:-

Susan Smith Room 15 or Mrs. Wetson Biology Lab.B.

SUSAN BIRCH 5 SW.

SCHOOL HOUSE

School House only had an average sort of year last year. If a little more effort had been made by some members of the House we could have easily been first overall. However, our Senior Hockey and Junior cricket teams managed to win their competitions so they must be congratulated; as must the intermediate football team who also came first. The other event that the House managed to win last year was the Music Cup. For this our thanks must go to Bowater and Simmonds, along with the hope that they can retain the cup for us during the coming year.

The lack of effort affected mainly the Savings competition, which the house usually wins but in which this year it had to be content with second place. Once again the House managed to gain second place in the swimming and cross-country. The swimming was lost by one relay team failing to turn up. Perhaps to say lack of effort was responsible for the loss of the cross country is unfair as Kings fielded a very strong team.

School House also came second overall in the public speaking contest.

The House was third in punctuality and also third in the Arts Festival. In fact only seven points behind the winning house. So with care the house could easily manage to have the least late bookings.

Finally, I would like to thank all members of the House who helped in any way and I hope we can rely on your continued effort and support. Thanks also to the staff who gave up their time to help organise various practices etc.

With your help the House can be more successful in this coming year.

A. ALLEN LOWER SIXTH Q.

KINGS HOUSE

Kings House have finished off the year very successfully by taking the House Championship proving beyond all doubt that we are in fact the GREATEST! Apart from taking the overall house trophy we also won the W.T. Davies cup for the music festival, the A.C. Jephcott cup for athletic sports and the cricket competition. We were also very unlucky not to win the Swimming Gala which was a very close fought competition. Two points only separated the first three houses.

I would like to take this opportunity to welcome the first years to our supreme house and encourage them to give of their best to maintain the high standards set them.

I would also like to record our thanks to the staff of the House for the invaluable help and encouragement given by them and in particular to the House Master and Mistress, Mr and Mrs. Jones. Furthermore we welcome a newcomer, Mr. Hughes, to the House and hope his time spent with us will be both productive and enjoyable.

In conclusion I would thank everyone in the House for pulling their weight so well last year and encourage them to continue in that vein so that we can again be sure of winning the house competition.

STEPHEN P. T. GREEN LOWER SIXTH Q.

QUEENS HOUSE.

Queens had yet another successful year though not quite as triumphant as usual. We failed to obtain our previous overall position of first although falling only a little behind.

During the winter term sports the senior boys won the football competition and all the girls hockey teams fared well.

In the academic arena the juniors won the public speaking and we reached an unprecedented degree of success in the musical section of the Arts Festival, though enthusiasm was lacking in some other areas of that competition. Thankfully, the number of our savers began to increase towards the end of the school year and the House is hopeful of doing well in the Savings Competition during this year.

Winning the Swimming Gala was our most jubilantly sporting triumph and in contrast, finishing a heartbreakingly close second in the Athletic Sports was probably our bitterest disappointment .

The members of the House would like to thank the Queens House members of staff for their enthusiastic assistance and we would also like to welcome the new first formers and hope they enjoy their membership.

S.WALLIN LOWER SIX Q.

TRINITY HOUSE

Unfortunately it has been a rather disappointing year again for Trinity. The House was defeated in all the major competitions yet we still managed to win two cups through punctuality and National Savings. Happily these were all-round efforts by the house and perhaps with a similar all round effort in other areas we can improve and win further cups in the coming year.

I would like to welcome the first formers to the house and hope that they too can help Trinity to challenge the strength of Kings House in the coming years. I would like to congratulate the first, second and third form girls however for their wonderful effort in winning their hockey competitions with eleven points. Unfortunately the fourth, fifth and sixth forms were not so successful and the hockey trophy went to School House.

Finally I would like to thank Robert Phipps and Sue Breckles for their endeavours to make Trinity successful. They have set an example to everyone.

DAVID KNOWLTON LOWER SIXTH Q.

THE RECORD SOCIETY

Last year saw the continuation of the "Record Society". After several attempts to revive the society we managed to provide the members of the fifth and sixth forms with a varied and entertaining programme.

Sounds from Focus, Cream, Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Osibisa and Strawbs were blended with melody from Carly Simon, James Taylor, Cat Stevens, Sandy Denny and Simon and Garfunkel.

Our intention was to cater for everybody's taste at some time or other and still pack the Chemistry lab full. This we achieved a few times when attendance numbers reached the fifties.

Finally I would like to thank the master minds behind the society, Mr. Quarterman and Mr. Reynolds for their time and effort used to keep the society going Janet Noble for the use of her record player, those who lent their records, our ardent followers and of course all of you who came to listen.

DIANE WOOD. LOWER SIXTH L.

HOCKEY REPORT 1973

Since January four hockey fixtures have been played.

The 1st XI lost their first match 1-0 to Rowley Regis but from then on improved with every game, beating Dudley High 1-0, Earls High 3-0 and drawing 1-1 with Oldbury Technical. The under 15 XI were playing their first season together and so took time to settle down losing 3-1 to Rowley Regis 7-0 to Dudley High and 4-1 to Earls High, though all these games were lost, the team improved considerably in them and they proved this in their final match by beating Oldbury Technical 2-0.

This has been a very good season for us, particularly as all the games had to be played away from home, due to the condition of our school field. We are therefore awaiting the coming season with great optimism, especially as both teams will be able to choose from the same players, with the exception of Elaine Hester, and so should not take long to find the form that they exhibited towards the end of the season.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the girls who have taken part and worked hard, not only in the matches themselves but also in the practices. Finally I would like to thank Mrs. Lye, on behalf of all the players, for her efforts which have already made such a difference in both the standard and enthusiasm of hockey at this school.

SANDRA TRACEY LOWER SIXTH Q.

FOOTBALL REPORT.

The 1972-73 football season was one of mixed fortunes for the school's football teams. The under 15 and under 13 XIs had a largely unsuccessful season with some high scores recorded against them. The 2nd XI also had a bad season, winning only one match. However the 1st XI did to some extent retrieve the school's honours. After a very mediocre start the 1st team recovered and managed to win their way to the Birmingham and District Cup Final, beating Marsh Hill, Highfield Comprehensive School and Sheldon on their way. The final was played against King's Norton at Hadley Playing Fields. The 1st XI took an early lead through Parsons and it looked as though his goal might decide the match until fifteen minutes from the end when King's Norton scored three times in quick succession. Nicholson pulled a goal back from the penalty area when Parsons took a fall there, however the score remained 3-2 till the final whistle, so the 1st XI ended the season as runners-up in the Birmingham and District Cup after losing only five games throughout the season. I would like to congratulate Stephen Smith for being chosen to play for Worcester and Robert Parsons on being accepted as an apprentice by Walsall and wish him every success in his future career. Also I would like to wish all of the schools teams success in the coming season.

STEPHEN WOOD UPPER SIXTH M.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

These were held on May 18th at Hadley Stadium.

Girls Results.

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

ROBERT PARSONS

Individual champions were Junior:Wendy Picken, Intermediate: Aileen Deakin; Senior Charlene Dyer.

Altogether 13 records were broken in 20 events of these Kings hold 5 records; Queens hold 4 records, School hold 7 records and Trinity hold 4 records.



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

Individual champions were Junior: Young, Intermediate. M.Willetts, Senior: S.Wallin

Altogether 15 records were broken. Kings broke 3 records, Queens broke 6 records, Trinity broke 4 records and School broke 2 records.

Overall the results were as follows: Kings 1st, Queens 2nd, School 3rd, Trinity 4th.

TENNIS REPORT

This year for the first time an Open Mixed Tennis Championship was arranged. Fifteen couples entered and these included staff, boys from the 5th and 6th year and girls throughout the school.

After some exciting games Ian Tibbetts and Catherine Hyde reached the final and played Robert Parsons and June Perry. The result was a win for Ian and Catherine 6-0, 6-0

A championship for girls in singles and doubles was also arranged. Altogether sixteen couples took part in the doubles and 24 girls took part in the singles. The final of the doubles was between Sandra Tracey and Elaine Hester and Catherine Hyde and June Perry. The winners were Sandra Tracey and Elaine Hester. 6-4, 6-3

The singles final was between Sandra Tracey and Dawn Massey. The result was a win for Sandra 6-0, 8-6

Altogether the tennis in the school has improved considerably this year and Mrs. Lye would like to thank all members of staff who have helped to encourage tennis in the school.

SANDRA TRACEY LOWER SIXTH Q

CRICKET REPORT

The first XI due to the tarmac pitch being replaced by a grass wicket, were forced to play all their matches away from home. Considering this, plus the fact that some of the regular members had started Saturday jobs and two other members, Thompson and Phipps were playing for good club teams, the 1st XI did very well. Thompson and Phipps both played for Worcester.

Malik provided most of the light entertainment, an example of this was at Bromsgrove where, whilst bowling, he started his run-up and dropped the ball, kicked it about three or four yards, picked it up and continued to bowl.

The 1st XI played eight matches

Won 3 Drew 2 Lost 3

Top scorer was Green with 30 against Greenmore College and best bowling average was from Phillip's with 5 for 13 against King Edwards Five Ways.

The under 15 had quite a good season and played eleven matches.

Won 5. Drew 1 Lost 5

The highest scorer was Steve Smith with 41 and the best bowling performance was from Masters with 6 for 18.

The under 13 played 7 matches.

Won 1 Drew 0 Lost 6

The highest scorer was Cox with 26 and the best bowling performance was also from Cox with 8 for 10

PAUL PHILLIPS LOWER SIXTH Q

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Our inter-school athletes had yet another exceptional year, with the school having successes in the Warley Sports, the Birmingham and District Grammar School Sports (boys only) and the Worcestershire Sports.

It was in the first of these three which the school achieved the greatest amount of success, with girls like Susan Brown again swimming the junior 800m and Sandra Tracey winning the senior 800 m and coming second in the senior javelin. The male contingent also had their share of success, with Kevin Glasby coming a close second in the intermediate javelin, Neil Stevenson achieving the same result in the junior long jump Jeremy Nordan obtaining high places in both the senior discus and the senior high jump and Stephen Wallin finishing second in the senior 400m

Susan Brown was also second in her event when she represented Warley in the Worcestershire sports thus enabling her, along with 400m winner Stephen Wallin, to qualify for the national county athletics meeting. Neil Stevenson and Kevin Glasby also fared well, finishing 4th and 6th in their individual events respectively.

STEPHEN WALLIN LOWER SIXTH.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

In the Warley Athletics Championships held at Hadley Stadium the results were as follows:-

SENIOR (i.e. under 20) FINALS

800 metres	Sandra Tracey	1st
	Janet Noble	4th
200 metres	Elaine Hall	5th
	Elaine Hester	6th
100 metres	Elaine Hall	5th
	Elaine Hester	6th
Javelin	Sandra Tracey	2nd
Relay	Jane Pierce	
	Elaine Hester	3rd
	Elaine Hall	
	Sandra Tracey	



INTERMEDIATE (i.e. under 17)

High Jump	Leslie Smallwood	5th
Discus	Pat Roberts	6th

200 m.p.h.

JUNIOR (i.e. under 15)

800 metres	Susan Brown	1st
	Elizabeth Tye	5th
200 metres	Susan Brown	2nd
Javelin	Carol Simkins	4th
Discus	Diane Sadler	3rd
	Peggy Clode	6th
Relay	Susan Brown	
	Wendy Picken	5th
	Aileen Deakin	
	Paulette Mitchell	

Susan Brown was selected to run in the 800 m. for Warley in the County Championships in which she came 2nd and was then selected to represent Worcestershire in the all England Championship

GIRLS' SWIMMING

Congratulations must be awarded to Elizabeth Taylor who won the Edwin Adams Trophy Shield for the fastest freestyle. She was also selected along with Susan Fanthom, and Elizabeth Sadler to represent Warley in the Worcestershire Championships, but unfortunately the girls were unable to swim due to other commitments. Times, however have been submitted to enable Elizabeth Sadler and Elizabeth Taylor to swim in the divisional gala at Worcester later this year. Elizabeth Taylor was also third in the Butterfly in the Nationals with a personal best time.

SANDRA TRACEY

LOWER SIXTH Q

BOYS' SWIMMING

Last year David Wilson won the Smethwick Challenge Shield for the second time running. David also represented Division Six (Herefordshire, Shropshire and Worcestershire) in the Schools Nationals held at Tynemouth in the intermediate boys 100 metres Butterfly. Peter Wilson swam in the senior 100 metres freestyle. This year both Peter and David Wilson will be representing Worcestershire in the divisional championships.

PETER WILSON 5L

SCHOOL SWIMMING

Some of our girls took part in the Warley Senior School Swimming Gala

<u>JUNIORS.</u>			
	Backstroke	Jacqueline Hunt	2nd
	Breastroke.	Jacqueline Siviter	5th
	Individual Medley	Elizabeth Taylor	1st
	Front Crawl	Susan York	2nd
	Medley Relay	Jacqueline Hunt	
		Jacqueline Siviter	1st
		Elizabeth Taylor	
		Susan York	
	Freestyle Relay	Susan York	
		Jacqueline Siviter	1st
		Elizabeth Taylor	
		Jacqueline Hunt	



You are in the middle
of a field.

This junior team won the Warley Junior Girls' Shield.

INTERMEDIATE (3rd and 4th years)

	Backstroke	Elizabeth Sadler	1st
	Breastroke	Susan Fanthom	1st
	Medley Relay	Karen McGafferty	
		Jane Rutherford	2nd
		Elizabeth Sadler	
		Susan Fanthom	

The intermediate team were second to Holly Lodge for the intermediate shield,

CROSS COUNTRY

Last year's school cross-country championships postponed owing to the notorious and well sung gas strike, finally took place during the summer term. There were three races - a girls' race, and junior and intermediate boys' race.

The girls' race was entertaining, for the spectators that is, and after an arduous course Elizabeth Tye of the first year (a remarkable achievement) came home to heart warming applause. Susan Brown was second apparently saving herself for her race in the English School's Championship 800 m the following weekend. Ann Hyde finished third.

The boys races proved exciting with runners battling against the course (some were defeated or even surrendered) and the nature of the event.

JUNIOR 1. Weston (T) 2. Moczadlo (T) 3. Avery (K).

INTERMEDIATES 1. Griffin 2. Atkins (K) 3 Tucker (S)

GIRLS. 1 E.Tye (K). 2. S.Brown (K). 3 A.Hyde (K)

SCHOOL TEAMS.

Various school teams competed in the Warley Schools races last year performing adequately without winning any of the team honours. Elizabeth Tye proved most successful, winning two of the first year girls races. Susan Brown ran well but was hampered by injury. Thanks are due to all girls, especially the jovial group from last year's 2R.

The boys ran better than in previous years with Levy, Boulter, Watts, Bache and Purshouse our best representatives.

J.RUSSELL.

COLTS RESULTS (1st and 2nd years)

800 metres	Ann Keeley	5th
200 metres	Ann Hyde	5th
80 metres hurdles	Judith Buck	5th
Relay	Elizabeth Tye	
	Ann Hyde	5th
	Judith Buck	
	Paulette Mitchell	
Discus	Kathleen Jarvis	1st
Shot	Kathleen Jarvis	1st
High Jump	Elizabeth Taylor	1st
Long Jump	Paulette Mitchell	5th

The colts finished overall in 2nd position. Kathleen Jarvis and Elizabeth Taylor were selected to represent Warley in the County Colts Championship.

JANDRA TRACEY LOWER SIXTH Q.

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SUCH TIMES COULD BE CALLED MELANCHOLY

Pausing, his hand already pressing lightly on the red button, he peered through the glass porthole upon the slumped frame, whose pulse he now knew sounded more slowly than ever, whose breath he knew grew fainter. For the last time he stared at the string-severed puppet once his closest friend.

Ashamed, neck unable to support sagging head, the hand was allowed more weight and a muffled click mocked from the inside of the palm. If he had cared to raise his head again he would have seen the marionettes strings magically re-attach themselves, giving a sudden jerk as soon as the first star appeared through the outer airlock doors, buffeting the frail individual into the arcing metallic blocks until the aperture was wide enough and then dragging him off on the tidal wave of gushing air into the abyss of space.

He ignored the buzzing so nauseatingly intermittent, which told him like a scolding mother that he had opened the outer airlock doors without primarily evacuating the chamber. The green button pressed to ensure the return of order. He swung his back on the convicting porthole.

On reaching the bridge he flicked the switch opening his communications channels.

"Come in, home base" he murmured evenly

"Space station Libra, go ahead Oedipus"

"Bakewell here. Reporting danger to mission has been averted"

"Understood, Bakewell. Ensure the next report be made as schedules. Out"

Only then did Bakewell allow his head to slump into his hands.

Bakewell towelled off his patent hair dissolving cream, stroking the sides of his newly smoothed chin with his fingers.

It had been four months since he had had a companion: four months of observations of often unique space phenomena writing reports, schedularly contacting Libra. Alone..Just alone. That was the only way he had felt for all that lonesome time, confined to three claustrophobic decks. For amusement he had only video taped films recorded years before the mission began, all with worn out or threadbare stories and ham actors.

He combed his greying temples while the mirror still presented itself to him, then proceeded as ritual demanded when off duty, to the control deck, pipe and tobacco pouch in one hand whisky flask in the other.

How considerate , Bakewell always thought when he had been enticed thus far along the ceremony and found himself before the viewing panel, to leave a vacant acre amid the extensively cultivated panel, rich with rows of dials, buttons and stalked switches, just forresting feet on. And so he did, kicking the switch responsible for the viewing panel with his heel, and only then swigging from the whisky and packing his pipe.

Staring out he did not see, for those faint and dwindling images had been viewed too many times to make an impression on his eyes. All were merely glows he had placed with due precision on countless star charts, with he and wise Oedipus at their centre like hanging smoke stagnated in the stillicide of a summer noon, portraying Indecision herself, with not a speck to call their sun.

No, wait. There. And there again. Change.....

He started, almost tilting his container of nectar too far. He relaxed into the plush softness of his seat once more as soon as he realised his familiarity with the sight. It was only his home, the home he often wondered when he would relish again, when it would substitute his temporary eternal tin can.

He tottered in his rocking chair, waving a friendly gesture to the occasional passing electro car, as he sat beneath the shade of his favourite silvered birch there in the middle of his comfortably spaced semi-circular garden. A neighbour passed by and wished him good afternoon from the other side of the golden green hedge and fresh brick wall. Where?..... Ah, there he is, faithful Cassius, Bakewell slapped the side of his leg, causing the dog to instantly pin up his ears and scurry across the gravel drive and over parched afternoon turf to the side of his master (his golden Labrador) fur rippling as he ran. The electro car pulled up as Bakewell was about to have his face licked, inspiring the master to soothe his pet's nerves before standing to welcome the guest, who he knew only too well was his partner-to-be aboard the Oedipus for fourteen months. The two shook hands, the host expounding the all too familiar joke about them never going to be able to stand each other for all that time.

"Carry on up the path, Ralph" ushered Bakewell "Katy should have some afternoon tea prepared by now I'll just put the old chair in the shed and follow you up" Bakewell turned himself from the screen, lowered his feet from the control panel, and swivelled his chair around. He raised himself with effort, applying equal concentration as he half climbed, half slid down the stainless steel ladder leading perfectly vertically into the depths of Oedipus' bowels.

There was merely a space suit locker on one wall and a portholed door with three different coloured buttons adjacent to it. Unconsciously reacting Bakewell approached the lockered wall first, suitably attiring himself in the jointed silver armour.

A shin gloved finger pressed the green button, waking the long slept inner airlock door. A magnetically heavy boot was stretched into the chamber the second was dragged to follow it into the place where a twin set of buttons presented themselves. The same digit lunged at the amber and the door shut and slumbered to peace. A tube of fluorescent red liquid on the wall fell like a thermometer taken from boiling water and plunged into snow, the whispering of fleeing air ceasing when red was no longer visible.

A clanging of saucepans sounded down the path from the house, chased closely by distant laughter. A smile edged onto his lips too, as he saw his wife appear on the step, two large saucepans in her hands.

The first evening breeze soothed his moist forehead. And looking up he saw fine white plumes roll out and temporarily blind that lofty eye, the music of rustling leaves charming his ears as trees flexed their branches.

He pressed the red button.

"Alright, Katy, I'm coming. I'll be with you in a moment, Ralph".....

STEPHEN WALLIN LOWER SIXTH Q

FIRST FORM VISITS TO FRANK CHAPMAN CENTRE

In November last year the first form went to the Frank Chapman Centre for five days. We had an enjoyable time with trips to Ludlow Castle and Museum and to some fossil beds. We also had lots of walks through the woods and altogether had great fun. At night we could play records, table tennis or football on a floodlit pitch.

The meals were nice and I'm sure everyone needed them after the long walk to St. Leonard's Church. One day the Headmaster came and talked about camping and hill walking and then we pitched tents. Before we went to bed we watched television and we had some good fun in the dormitory. But I think the thing people enjoyed most was the tuckshop!

RICHARD PIERCE 15

THE RED SAPPHIRE

Salingsbury Museum had been owned by the Vale family for six generations. Alison Vale and her Father were the present owners of the museum. Alison's mother had died three years ago. She had always been a strange woman, many people had often thought her a witch. She had often been seen standing on the rocks, the waves thundering past her and her arms outstretched to the sun. Alison and her Father often wondered what had happened to her as she had never returned from one of these walks. The villagers said she must have fallen but no trace of her body was ever found.

The museum caretaker who looked after the museum during the evening said that he heard noises in Mrs. Vale's room every Thursday which was the day she vanished. Yet when he opened the door to see who or what it was, there was nothing there at all.

Alison missed having a mother, and spent a lot of time in her mother's room. One day she came across a small box opened it and inside was a beautiful ring. It had a large deep red stone set against the gold. It was enough to put you in a trance the way it glowed. Alison inspected the box. On the side in gold lettering it said "The Red Sapphire".

That night a terrible storm blew up. The vast windows in the hall let in all the lightning flashes which lit up the hall and stairway. Alison was in her room asleep. A clap of thunder awoke her. She sat up in a daze and her eyes fixed on a figure at the bottom of her bed. It was a woman, whom Alison recognised as her mother. She was wearing the Red Sapphire and was beckoning to Alison to follow her. Some force urged her on, and she followed her mother through the hallway. However, she knocked over a vase and the crash awoke her father, who immediately got up to see what it was. He was just in time to see Alison disappearing through the door at the far end of the hall into the night. Her mother led her past streams and through woods and finally down to the sea. Alison stood on the rocks just watching the waves hurtling themselves against her. She swayed forward and stumbled, but someone gripped her around the waist and pulled her back. She collapsed onto the ground and her Father carried her back to the museum.

She awoke later remembering nothing that had happened. However she sat up and said a most startling thing to her father "Mother was wearing that ring" "What ring"? asked her father. "The one in the small box in mother's room" replied Alison.

They both went to look at the ring but only the small box remained - empty.

BERNADETTE RUSSELL 20

HEAT

Reds, yellows and oranges illuminated the factory. The men, perspiration dripping down their red faces and over their parched lips, placed the copper in the furnace. All crawled like insects. The metal was tipped slowly into a blazing fire. At the other end copper trickled out of the inferno of flames, a giant incinerator, that transmitted an orange glow that carefully, methodically, made the men boil under their film of sweat. Outside the sun emitted energy to the corrugated iron roof of the human oven.

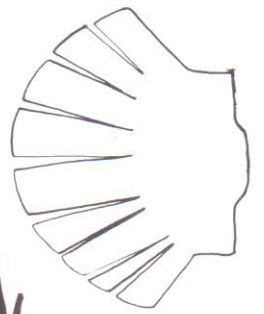
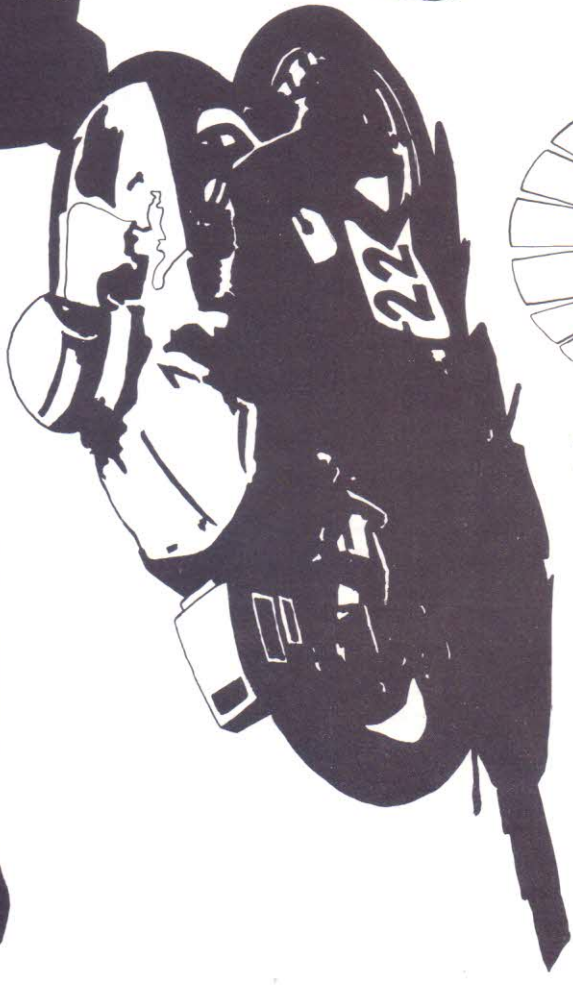
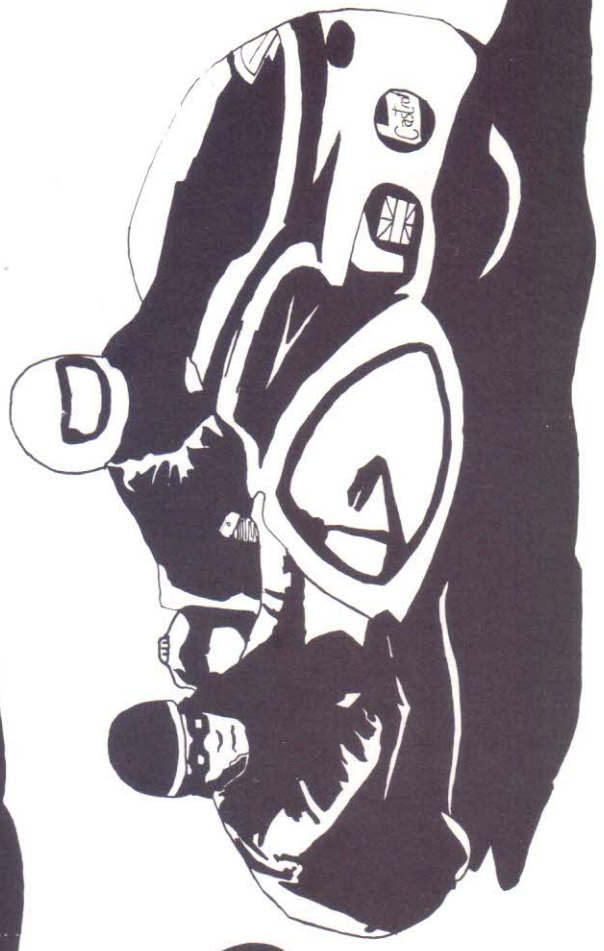
The flowers that once girdled the factory in a sea of green and blue, withered and died. The sole remaining occupants of those beds being the charred skeletons of trees and bushes that fell prey to the drought and terrible heat, that destroyed everything. The world's fresh water dried up - it was a life and death struggle.

Yet still, in the factory those men were baked like cakes in an oven on full blast.

Within one week all was finished, the factory was inundated in a flood of molten copper which steamed its way over the dehydrated sand - that was earth. It was over, all was spent - it was too late for earth.

PAUL HUSKINSON 4PA

DUNLOP



Shell

I PRESSED THE BUTTON AND ...
...AHEAD OF ME...*OLDBURIAN*-
BLAZED THRO' THE SKY.

