

number seven

CHENET

summer 1965

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EDITORIAL

There are apparently four possibilities as to what an editor can do with an editorial. One can impress one's readers with the brilliance of one's wit by saying a great deal about nothing whatsoever. One can moan and groan about the apathy of the vast masses who have contributed nothing, yet expect wonders and are seemingly as brimming with ideas as one is oneself (heavy sarcasm). One can write a serious discourse on some philosophical or moral problem, or one can produce an editorial on "Editorials", as most editors do.

As I am no non-conformist and as I have now filled in the necessary space, I can say all that I really want to say. I hope you enjoy this magazine. If you don't like it edit the next one yourself.

FOUR YEARS OR FIVE?

This year there has been much discussion amongst sixth formers as to the respective merits of the four and five year courses leading up to the General Certificate of Education at Ordinary Level. Accordingly we thought that it would be interesting to ascertain the general opinion on the matter. A quick survey was taken in which the following questions were asked:—

Which course do you consider to be the best and why?

What advantages has the four year course over the five year course and vice-versa, bearing in mind its effect not only on Ordinary Level results, but also Advanced Level and ultimate careers?

What improvements would you suggest for either course?

As we had expected, most people interviewed thought that their own particular course had been the right one for them. Though both courses came in for occasional criticism, the shorter course suffered slightly more than its counterpart. It was interesting to note that the comments of people who took the examination last year were very similar to those scheduled to take it this year.

The four year course was criticised because it involved more tension, and several people felt that there was too much emphasis on examinations. On the other hand the people who have taken the shorter course in the past have generally fared better in the examinations. Several of the latter felt, nevertheless, that in this more restricted and academic course there was too little time for interesting pursuits because they were 'off the syllabus'. For example, the absence of a craft course was regretted by many people.

Some of the five year people, however, felt that for some of their time they seemed to be at an academic standstill, particularly in the third year. This may of course be because of the increased tempo when the actual G.C.E. syllabus is embarked upon.

All of those who took the shorter course and stayed to take Advanced Level subjects were glad of the increased opportunity to stay on for a third year in the sixth form. A few of them, however, spoke of the initial difficulty of adjusting themselves to the different rhythm of sixth form work. Five year course people did not seem to have experienced this difficulty to such a marked extent. The opinion was expressed that the broader education had given them more time to develop their personality.

The survey did not reveal any strong feelings on the subject amongst many of the school population, since many seemed to have accepted the system as satisfactory for their needs. Because of this and the fact that the majority felt that the course they had taken had brought them better results than the alternative would have done, there seems little justification in changing the system. —B. SKELTON, Upper VI.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

HEAD GIRL: *Sandra Aston*

DEPUTY: *Eileen Beverley*

HEAD BOY: *Roger Metcalfe*

DEPUTY: *Richard Donithorn*

SCHOOL PREFECTS: *Kathlyn Adams, Pat Allen, Jean Baker, Linda Carmichael, Roosje de Ridder, Deirdre Hall, Mavis Hampton, Sheila James, Cheryl Massey, Marjorie Molineux, Ann Perry, Gillian Pointon, Brian Barnard, Sydney Boswell, Peter Chadbund, Christopher Hinks, Michael Plant, David Powell, David Rhodes, Brian Skelton, David Sneyd, Stephen Symes, Philip Taylor, Brian Thomas*

JUNIOR PREFECTS: *Mavis Belcher, Christine Eccleston, Jennifer Plant, Susan Willetts, Keith Alderson, Robert Cooper, Alistair Gourlay, Andrew Jardine, Stuart Richardson, Susan Wright, Jennifer Brown, David Bushnell*

RUGBY FOOTBALL: *Captain: B. Skelton. Vice-Captain: D. Bushnell
2nd XV Captain: D. Wilson. Vice-Captain: B. Cooke*

CROSS COUNTRY: *Captain: S. Boswell. Vice-Captain: M. Crowe*

CRICKET: *Captain: P. Taylor. Vice-Captain: R. Metcalfe*

Not Really

But we are not really pigs,
Those snorting demons;
Black-faced and uncouth,
Dwelling in sties.

But we are not really pigs,
The old familiar story,
But each day that trade-mark
Grows more thick and dark.

Each day is a conflict
Of manifested futility;
Our gnawing hate munifi-
cently poured
In bounteous quantities on
our foes.

Vindictiveness, pride, vanity,
wealth,
All flow like adrenaline into
the heart,
Into the dark and fearful
strife
Of this, the great 'Arma-
geddon'.

Each day we struggle
To emancipate our souls
From this dark unyielding
chord,
Scarred so deep into our
lives.

Although consubstantial,
We are but condemned;
Wicked oppressors to face each new day
Hoping the burden will soon be removed.

But soon we will move forward,
Our dismal past forgotten,
The intensity of cries reaching the skies,
But we are not really pigs — and we don't live in sties.

—DAVID RYDER, 4B.



—Illustration by John Gill, L.6.

School Notes

As last year's Chenet neared publication, Mr. Madge, supported by four other members of staff, set out on yet another venture of faith at the head of a multifarious troop of first-formers with Dovedale the ultimate objective. Almost record progress was made, since the destination was reached with only one intermediate stop. On arrival some climbed, some explored caves, others fell, but happily not to destruction. All succeeded in re-boarding the coach at the specified time and extempore choral items shortened the return journey.

In September G. block resounded to the ululations of seemingly innumerable new entrants, many of whom soon attained early fame or notoriety.

December brought two traditional events. With Mr. Smith (who in the preceding week had indulged in some spectacular unrehearsed aquatics) acting as ringmaster, Mr. Spencer catching invisible resounding coins, Mr. Lloyd performing fantastic mindreading feats, and Miss Bottomley accomplishing the impossible in satisfying over a hundred voracious appetites, the First-Form party was again a success. The following day the school was able to examine at close range an establishment 'similar' to itself when Mr. Madge projected the film 'Pure Hell at St. Trinians'. Two showings were necessary so that all the school could be accommodated.

Almost all of the school was involved (but not drowned) in the February inundation popularly known as 'The Flood'. This year's Speech Day on April 6th marked the end of the first decade of the school's existence. The Rev. W. A. Gofton and Mr. S. C. A. Webb performed the morning and evening honours respectively to make it a 'home' occasion. Full accounts of both of these items appear elsewhere.

In the early hours of Saturday, April 10th, a party of pupils, with Miss Andrews acting as bergère, left Cannock for 'Le Lycée Condorcet, Aubervilliers, situated in the industrial outskirts of that famous French capital. Many of the party were old hands, but a few more youthful globe-trotters were present. On arrival in Paris all duly found their correspondents, two a little tardily since a visit to the medical room was a necessary preliminary after the rough crossing. This was the fourth year of the exchange between the two schools. A welcoming reception was given at 'la Maine' at Aubervilliers. Pat Allen replied on behalf of the party to the Mayor's welcoming address. Many trips were organised by the French school, including trips to 'la maison de la Radio' (the Radiofusion Television Francaise headquarters where all the radio studios are concentrated) and 'le quartier du Marais', one of the older parts of Paris. On the second day there was a general exodus via the Aubervilliers state coach to visit 'Les chateaux de la Loire'. Although the most vivid memory is one of aching feet, the expedition was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Another visit was to the modern and well equipped theatre of Aubervilliers where the party and their correspondents witnessed a rehearsal and managed to acquire both the autograph of Monsieur Claud Dauphin and the last of the scheduled spending money. On Saturday, April 24th, at a much more respectable hour, 'au revoir' was said to our hosts, and tears were successfully held back by the consoling thought of beans on toast in just another six hours. The return visit of the French party in July is eagerly awaited.

The Beetle

One day as I was walking happily (?) on my way to school, I stopped and looked down at my leg.

OOhaagh.

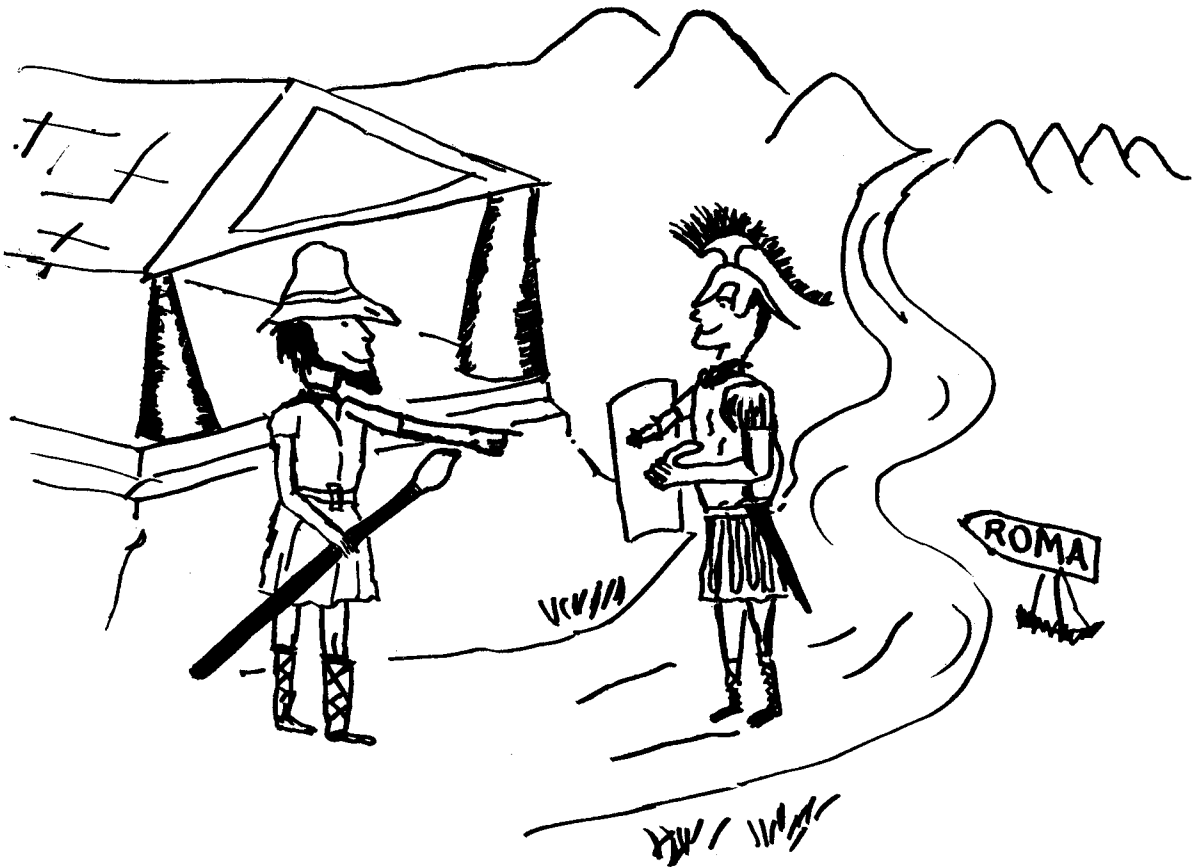
Slowly inching its way up my right leg was a small, grubby, harmless-looking beetle. It stopped for a moment, having encountered a large fierce-looking hair on my knee. I gazed at it, fascinated, entranced, almost hypnotised. My eyes felt magnetically attracted to this grubby puny, eight-legged insect which dared to walk up my leg. Not being of nervous disposition, I plucked it off my leg and examined it closely. It reacted to this with mixed emotions. One minute it lay still, the next it was kicking wildly in the air with all its fragile, stick-like legs. Lacking the know-how of a coleopterist, all I was able to make out of its appearance (even after brushing some of the mud off) was that it

possessed a large, gruesome-looking, branched scar running all the way down its back. I wondered how on earth it had managed to get that scar there. I toyed around with its legs, rather morbidly wondering how securely they were fixed to the trunk, but after encountering an unpleasant yellowy-brown substance, I desisted.

I wondered whether or not it was poisonous. I pored over every inch of its black, slimy body with scrupulous care, but could find no trace of poison or glands. What exactly I was looking for I don't really know, but on finding nothing I gave up the search. 'Must be the harmless variety', I ejaculated rather derisively.

A distant bell sounded from the neighbourhood of the school. Quickly I brushed the beetle on to the ground and hastened on my way. 'Biology first period', I mused.

—JOHN LYCETT, 3A.



AGRICOLA HASTUM MILITI DAT

—MICHAEL G. DONITHORN, 3A.

Sixth Form Notes

In previous years, after the 'A' level exams, we had seen blissful sixth-formers quietly lazing in the sun, or, more energetically picking balls out of the tennis net, or walking between the earth-mounds with lightened step. This year it was not to be. A group of members of staff organised a week of 'activities' as a corrective. Perhaps they considered the period of stultifying emancipation or that it gave rise to too many dubious activities in dark corners.

The scheme proved very successful. During the week there were outings to Coventry, providing an opportunity to see the cathedral and the art gallery; to the Staffordshire Constabulary's police-dog training centre at Stafford; and to Lichfield Cathedral.

Between visits, a tennis tournament was held.

The girls were introduced to the mysteries of cricket in a 'Ladies v. Players' match, for which the rules were modified. The result was a triumph for feminine charm allied to the umpire's masculine gullibility.

Sixth-Form Dance, Friday, 11th December

As is usual in the period before the dance, the sceptics were rampant. For no other event in the calendar are sectional interests more in evidence, nor opinions so varied and stubbornly held.

The progressives conservatively refused to accept any substitute for a 'pop-group', whereas the traditionalists were unable to dissociate 'pop-dance' from barbaric tribal rituals.

Those with a plethora of extra-sixth-form companions confronted the practically minded who saw the consequence of every sixth-former bringing a partner — never would the sixth-form have been so close.

The early sluggishness of ticket sales prompted wizened campaigners to reminisce over what was done in rose-tinted 1963. Much sorrow was expressed at the sloth of rising youth.

Nothing was sacred in the heart-searching.

With this background of controversy, the dance itself was perhaps an anti-climax. Mr. Alan Westwood's music, combined with the excellent decorations and very varied choice of refreshments must have soothed protagonists of all opinions since there was no longer any hint of discussion.

One missed the cut and thrust.

Sixth-Form Weekend, Rydal Hall, Summer Term 1964

To those who had passed through the constriction of the A-levels, the sixth-form weekend held a high promise of liberation into wider spheres. With relief we exchanged the clutching fog-shroud of the black country for the greenness of the Lake District.

We allowed romanticism a free run. We soaked in the atmosphere of the 17th Century Rydal Hall, resplendent with stained glass, portraits, and ancient plumbing. We walked where Wordsworth walked; made dutiful pilgrimages to his grave and his cottage and sealed our association by buying a trinket at the novelty shop.

The company was congenial. We talked, laughed, and held hands; but more than once felt a pang of guilt at being too freely oblivious of nature.

All this acted as a soporific. A critical assessment might infer that the discussions were adversely affected. The general enjoyment of these periods however is not in doubt.

On the return journey the party attempted to dispel its gloom by lusty singing. Themes were wide ranging.

A similar conference was held in the spring term of 1965 at Launde Abbey, Leicestershire.
The Alchemist

In March a large group of sixth-formers went to see the 'Alchemist' at the Oxford Playhouse. Organisation of the trip seemed surprisingly successful when one considers the interesting mix-ups which have enlivened previous school theatre trips.

The play was acted with verve and there was a fine set. However, a bench which had to function as a seat both inside and outside the house, proved rather distracting as everyone was intent on catching out any actor who should put down his hat — the hats were large and feathery — on the bench and then remove it from the wrong side of the bench. Unfortunately no-one did.

A similar expedition was held to 'Winter's Tale' at Birmingham Repertory Theatre in April.

—ROGER METCALFE, Schol. VI.

Old Dan's Daughter

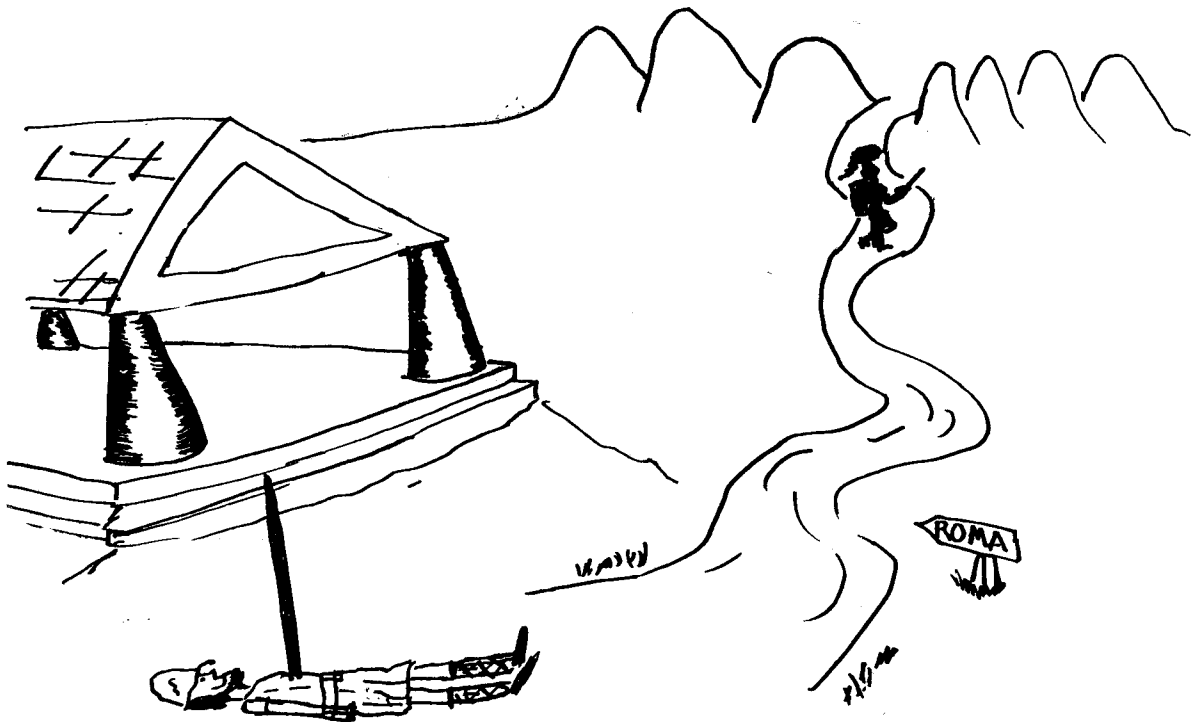
Old Dan had a daughter,
So pretty and gay,
But cruel men caught her
And took her away.

Old Dan cried and cried,
And called out her name.
He sighed and sighed,
But all was in vain.

His daughter they'd taken,
To a town in the hills,
Now she was a lady
In lace and frills.

The joy was now gone
From Old Dan's life,
With happiness none,
He died in strife.

—LINDA GROVES, 2A.



MILES HOSTIS EST

—MICHAEL G. DONITHORN, 3A.

STAFF NOTES

BIRTHS

June 3, 1964 *Nicholas John Dixon*
 June 6, 1964 *Monique Bonville-Ginn*
 July 3, 1964 *Rosalind Ellen Bailey*
 January 13, 1965 *Joanne Pearman*
 March 15, 1965 *Laura Jane Skinner*
 May 21, 1965 *Cyrus Lee Merrills*

WEDDING

July 19, 1964 *Mr. A. Whieldon and Miss J. Townshend at St. Luke's Parish Church, Cannock.*

Since last year's edition of *Chenet* we have said goodbye to seven members of staff. At the end of the summer term Miss Smith moved to Spurley Hay School, Manchester, whence we learn that she is proceeding to Newnham College, Cambridge, to take a degree in Theology; Mr. Hosking went to Addlestone, Surrey, for a year's course at the Laban Art of Movement Studio, whence he too is moving into the higher reaches of education — a lectureship at Coventry Training College. Mr. Jones moved a shorter distance to become Head of the English Department at Cheadle Grammar School, and Mr. Whieldon left to devote all his energies to the family business. In the new year Miss Duffy took up an appointment at a London Grammar School, Mr. Dawson did likewise at the Edward Shelley School, Walsall, whilst Mr. Spackman took the first step towards Holy Orders by commencing a Divinity course at Wescott House, Cambridge. Our best wishes for the future are extended to them all.

Meanwhile we have been pleased to welcome:

Miss W. Bratby, B.A. (London)
 Miss J. Brown, B.A. (London)
 Miss M. Dodgson, B.A. (Dunelm)
 Miss J. Fenwick, B.A. (Keele)
 Mrs. J. Page, B.A. (Keele)
 Miss D. M. Price-Owen, DIP.P.E. (Nonington College)
 Miss J. Ryndycz, Certificate of Brighton Training College
 Miss M. Walker, B.SC. (London)
 Mr. K. Gange, A.R.C.M., F.V.C.M. (Newland Park Training College)
 Mr. J. Lees, D.L.C. (Loughborough)
 Mr. R. Skinner, D.L.C. (Loughborough)
 Mr. P. Spencer, B.A. (Dunelm)

In the new year we have been grateful for the temporary services of Mr. E. Tierney, M.A. (St. Andrews) before he moves on to a post-graduate course in London and of Mr. C. Terry, B.A. (Cantab) before he takes up the post of Lektor at Würzburg University. Monsieur Francis Tirtaine of Lille University is spending the year with us as French assistant, and we have had brief visits during the year from Miss Kelly of Nelson Hall Training College and of Miss Margy Stone from America. We were very pleased to renew acquaintance with the Rev. (though we still think of him as Mr.) Gofton on Speech Day — his sermon, postponed from last year, was well worth waiting for. Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Hosking and Mr. Reed have also 'dropped in' at various times during the year.

Turning to present 'incumbents' we congratulate Mr. Happé on two important temporary appointments. Last summer he acted as tutor on a Vacation Course for teachers of English in Mid-Western Nigeria, and this term he is furthering his researches into the Vice in pre-Elizabethan Drama by dint of a schoolteachers' fellowship at Exeter University.

As the school expands, so by a natural chain reaction does the staff-room become more thickly populated. New 'signings' are immediately

interrogated as to whether their particular talents are to be found at the bridge table or on the soccer and cricket fields. Since the departure of Mr. Jones the management of the staff cricket team has passed on to the triumvirate of Messrs. Lloyd, Morton and Dixon, and it is hoped that by the end of term the team will be in the peak of condition to improve on last year's performance against the school when a very honourable draw was earned. On that occasion the staff bowlers toiled mainly in vain as the school built up a formidable total, but splendid innings by Messrs. Lloyd and Jones warded off any possibility of defeat. Soccerwise the pattern has been similar to previous years. Victories over the Under XV's (4-2), and the Under XIV's (3-0) were counterbalanced by a 6-0 defeat at the hands (or rather the feet) of the Seniors, though on the latter occasion extenuating circumstances may be pleaded since illness and injury robbed the staff of the vital services of Messrs. Merrills and Hill respectively. In other spheres one records victory at Badminton (7-2), defeat at Table Tennis (7-2) and of the ladies' venture on to the netball court it would be kinder to say nothing.

Yet the most spectacular test of staff fitness was completely unexpected, for on Thursday, March 4, the sudden heavy snowfall reduced motorists, cyclists and patrons of Walsall Corporation alike to the same level, a pedestrian one. The hope is unanimous, however, that this will not become an annual fixture.

—G.T.A.

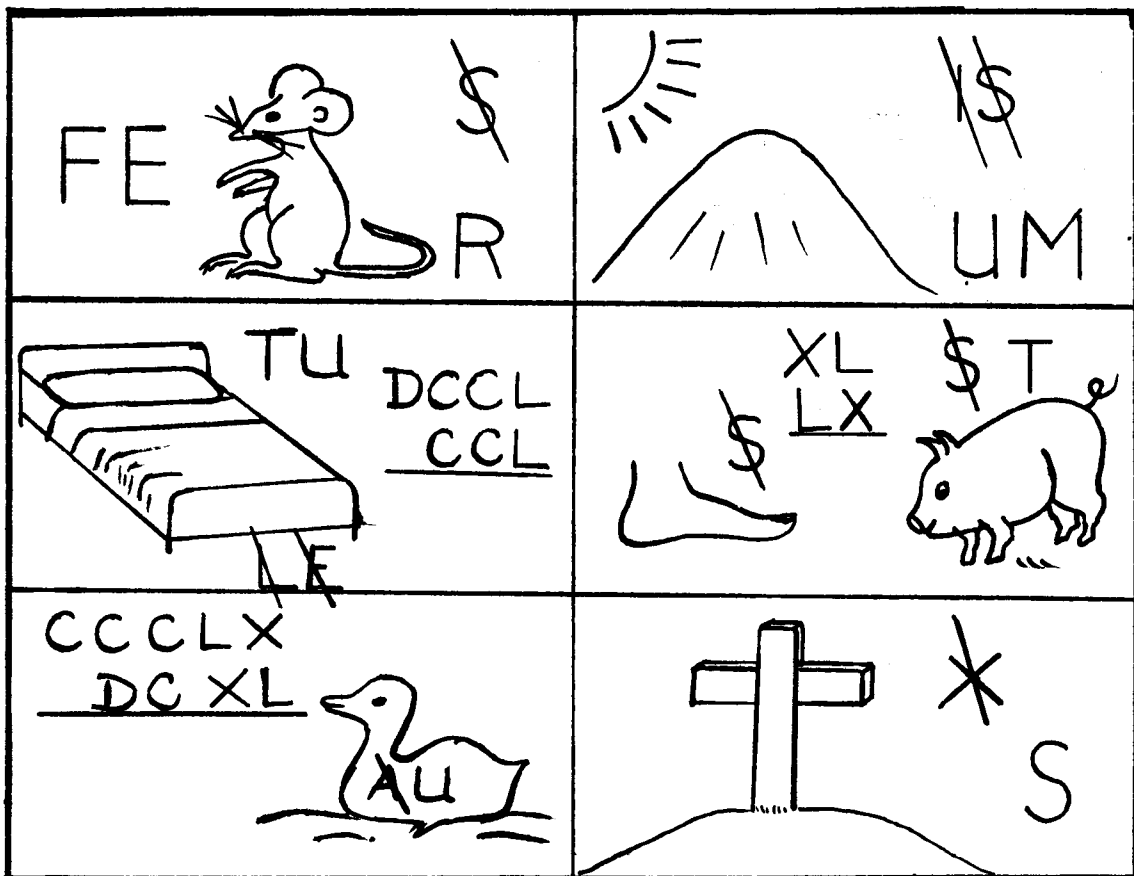
Miss A. J. Baker

Miss Baker leaves us at the end of this term to become a Senior Lecturer in Religious Education at St. Matthias Training College, Bristol.

I should like to place on record my own and the whole school's indebtedness to Miss Baker for the excellent service that she has given during the last ten years as Deputy Head, combined with responsibility for Religious Education. Her contribution during this formative period of development has been one of our major strengths. There is no need for me to comment upon the exemplary manner in which she has devoted herself to her teaching and matters of organisation and administration in the discharging of her responsibilities, but I should like to underline the invaluable contribution that she has made in the unseen though vital field of personal relationships. The pleasant, happy atmosphere of the staff room, which has its influence on the school as a whole, owes much to the personal qualities of Miss Baker.

She has given generously of herself both to the school in its large numbers and to countless individuals. We are grateful for her enriching company during the first ten years of the school's life, and we wish her continued happiness in her new sphere of service.

—J.P.



PARTES CORPORIS CELATAE

—ELAINE GREENSILL, 3A.

FRANÇAIS

1. Une dame se présente chez le pharmacien du village et demande s'il n'existe pas un remède qui guérirait son homme de son intempérance.

— Certainement, vous allez utiliser une ruse. Voici une bouteille dont vous mettrez une cuillerée dans un verre d'eau. Dites à votre mari que c'est de l'eau pure et faites lui boire la mixture.

— Moi je veux bien, soupire la dame. Mais n'avez-vous pas une ruse pour lui faire avaler le verre d'eau.

2. Dumas père, dont la façon de faire était célèbre, avait été invité à une soirée. Le lendemain, son fils demanda :

— Alors, cette réception, c'était bien ?

— Oh ! tu sais, sans moi, je me serais fort ennuyé !

3. Dans sa mansarde, un bohème famélique achève le roman qui doit, à son avis, lui rapporter gloire et fortune. Il écrit fébrilement : "A cette révélation, Jean devint blanc comme un linge . . . "

Ici, ses yeux se portent machinalement sur les draps de son lit et il rectifie ainsi sa phrase :

" . . . devint plus blanc qu'un linge "

4. A la pelouse du champ de course, un habitué a repéré une petite vieille qui, depuis huit jours, se promène régulièrement sur les gagnants. Durant une conversation :

— Vous avez l'air de vous y connaître, chère Madame !

— Moi, proteste l'heureuse parieuse en souriant, je n'y connais rien du tout ! Je prends simplement un programme et, avec une épingle, je pointe un cheval au hasard.

— Mais vous venez de toucher quatre courses successives !

— Oui, c'est une chance. Je n'avais pas d'épingle, alors j'ai pris une fourchette.

5. Un petit journal de province. Vers onze heures du soir arrive une dépêche ainsi libellée :

"Au cours d'une enquête sur un crime, les policiers ont fouillé dans la vase qui forme le fond de la Sambre. Ils y ont découvert un crâne qu'on suppose être celui de Boduoguat."

Le rédacteur de garde trouve le titre suivant pour cette nouvelle inattendue :

"L'affaire Boduoguat rebondit."

—PIERRE LIEFOOGHE, 4A.

Crossword

Answers on page 44

CLUES ACROSS

4. Past of 58 across. (3)
6. Found in space. (6)
10. Plants need this. (4)
11. Label. (3)
13. Pass. (3)
14. Plants are sometimes found in this. (3)
16. British Aircraft Corporation. (3)
18. Dilapidated house. (4)
21. These are found on a ship. (5)
25. The name of the expedition that crossed the Pacific. (7)
27. Used for gardening. (3)
28. Bachelor of Law. (2)
30. Interjection. (2)
31. Most of the world is covered with this. (3)
32. Shelter from the wind given by some object. (3)
33. She exports a lot of beer. (9)
37. Used to open a door. (3)
38. Put. (3)
40. Noises made when sleeping. (6)
40. X's. (3)
44. French for 51 across. (2)
45. Used for making marks on paper. (4)
46. Stop. (3)
47. Civil defence. (2)
48. Your cwn. (5)
51. Third person singular. (2)
53. Found in chimneys. (4)
54. Boy's name. (3)
55. The year is divided into them. (3)
57. Third person singular of verb 'to be'. (3)
58. Devour. (3)
60. Worn by ladies. (4)
61. To — or not to —. (2)
62. Skill. (3)
64. British mammal. (3)

CLUES DOWN

1. Note in the tonic solfa scale. (2)
2. Used in weaving. (5)
3. Friend. (3)
5. Track (5)
7. Girl's name. (3)
8. 'And' in French. (2)
9. Water comes from it. (3)
10. South Carolina. (2)
12. You do this on green. (2)
15. Boy's name. (3)
16. Thorn (5)
17. A cold country? (3)
18. Done on a chair. (3)
19. United Kingdom. (2)
20. These live in holes. (5)
22. Used when shopping. (4)
23. Part of the body. (4)
24. 'The' in French. (2)
26. Opposite of the affirmative. (2)
28. Insect. (3)
29. Place. (3)
31. American carnivorous animal. (5)
33. Preposition. (2)
34. This is the way to give. (10)
35. This is usually at the top of maps. (5)
36. English town. (3)
39. Fish. (3)
41. Insect found on animals. (4)
42. Terminus. (3)
43. Steam ship. (2)
46. Farther away. (6)
49. Fish eggs. (3)
50. Boy descendent. (3)
52. Supernatural creatures. (3)
56. Wrath. (5)
57. Pronoun. (2)
58. Female sheep. (3)
61. A sharp steed from Barbary. (3)
63. A — of whisky. (3)
65. Not here. (4)

Sunday

Sunday. A day made by God for worship, and used by man for 'Bingo'. A day to hear the Rev. Godfrey Entwhistle preach, and to watch Mae West in the film. A day to go out for a picnic, or to stay at home and have the Sunday joint.

Down the road at the Odeon there is 'Family Bingo'. Queues form, hours before opening time, and pray — that they will get their favourite seats.

Across the road too, people are queueing up, as nonchalantly as possible, waiting to see "Three Hundred Nudes" and "What the Butler Saw". The queues get ever longer with people on one side of the road waiting to have a flutter, and on the other, a little bit of 'slap and tickle' on the back row. Two doors away, the theatre presenting "Hamlet" is closed. Closed by some antiquated order now gathering legal dust on the lawyer's bookshelf — a law which never foresaw Bingo or cinemas.

Mrs. Rowlands calls across the street to 'our Aggie', and they discuss 'my varicose veins' or 'my potted petunia' or Mrs. Jones's new fruit hat'. Husbands go down to "The Spotted Dog" for one or two, or three, or four, or more pints, where they discuss yesterday's match of darts, bowls or football.

The corner shop wraps up all produce other than tea caddies, chair springs and gob-stoppers, and tells the children not to show anyone their packets of Park Drive tipped, or else the bogey-man will get them. The terrified children hurry home — just in time to see Episode Three of "The Monster from the Gasworks".

Families pile into their cars, depart from home and the normal humdrum routine, and go for a picnic. Five hours later, two miles farther on, the traffic jam moves, or does it? Father reads the "News of the World", mother does her knitting, and junior sits in the back and moans.

What is Sunday without its chapel services? Almost the same as Sunday with its chapel service! The only difference is that, without it, a dwindling, aged flock would not have to change and set out to sit on a cold hard seat, in a cold dank chapel, and hear a local preacher expound his theories on Life after Death. Which, from the look on his face, is a subject very near to his heart.

Sunday. Father's done his duty — he's packed the children off to Sunday school while he has his afternoon snooze. The minister takes a last-minute look at his sermon — the next-door neighbour clears his car.

Ah well, time for 'Sunday Half-Hour', and then Cliff's on the Palladium Show Goodie.

—ANTHONY CARTWRIGHT, 4A.



—Illustration by John Gill, L.6.

Sunday

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a Sabbath unto the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work."

Throughout the ages, much trouble has been caused with regard to the interpretation of this, the fourth commandment. Does it mean that one should do no form of work on the Jewish Sabbath which is the equivalent of our Sunday, or that any work done should be totally different from the usual daily routine?

The attitude of the Pharisees is clearly recorded in the Gospels, together with the enlightened attitude of Jesus. The Jew was not allowed to pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath, even though in doing this he was satisfying a mild hunger-pang, since this constituted a form of work. Jesus was subject to severe criticism because he healed people on the Sabbath. Regarding the Pharisaical attitude as senseless, he asserted that man was master of the Sabbath and could use the day to his own advantage.

A milder form of the Pharisaical attitude was prevalent in the minds of Victorians and Edwardians, because church-going was the rule and practices such as playing cards or even reading a newspaper were not to be tolerated. The mother of the family would spend most of Saturday night sewing and cleaning clothes for her children in readiness for Sunday worship. All day the children wore their best clothes, often uncomfortable ones at that. The normal timetable was breakfast, matins, lunch, Sunday school, tea, evensong, and (accompanied by sighs of relief) bed. It was terribly boring at Church because this was the age of long sermons and moreover the merest fidget was certain to bring reprisals from father. Yet in those days Churches were FULL. Today they are EMPTY.

The crux of the matter is how much benefit, if any, the churchgoers obtained from observing this pious ritual. It is difficult to estimate how many people had a sincere religious conviction and how many went to Church just because it was the done thing. Of greater significance, however, is the fact that when many of the children grew up, Christianity and churchgoing became associated with tense, dull Sundays and it is not surprising that many would have bitter feelings against the Church, since attendance there so far from seeming to be beneficial, was regarded as an unpleasant duty.

Nowadays the picture has changed. More sincerity is shown by the few remaining churchgoers and there is no longer an air of malaise and despondency about a Sunday. This has great advantages in that one can now please oneself as to how one spends a Sunday.

It is important that Sunday should be available for recreation. This may involve an outing in the car, a spell in the garden or a visit to Church. Some form of spiritual recreation is necessary and this can help in achieving spiritual refreshment, leading ultimately to a greater sense of purpose in life. I find that successful spiritual refreshment can be achieved by worshipping God at Church, but not everyone can obtain the same benefit. Unfortunately the Church is to blame in being too introspective and reluctant to introduce more attractive services.

However since in the past there has been so much humbug with regard to Sunday, the present attitude would seem to have greater spiritual potential.

—PETER TRUSSELLE, Upper VI.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

The wreath hung silently and back she stepped,
Her only thought was the way she had wept,
That day when the solemn faces she saw,
That day of the dark, never-ending war.
On each coat a scarlet poppy was worn,
A symbol of thought for those poor men,
Who lived not to see a new nation born,
Who died in a dark, death-driven den.
The humble bloom blows in the morning sun,
But soon all thought will flee away
Of the great victory which has been won,
The victory told on poppy day.
Although the flowers wither and fade,
Hearts do not forget the sacrifice made.

—JANE DENNIS, 4B.

Clubs and Societies

The **'STUDENTS' AID FOR ALL' GROUP** has been able to make a more noticeable impression on the school this year, owing to more ambitious projects, and also to the influx of new members. The main body of members has come from the Sixth Form, but membership has been extended to the Fourth and Fifth Year also. The aim has been to do simple social work in the Cannock area, but members have also visited St. Matthew's Hospital, Burntwood, and Hoar Cross, Church of England Children's Home.

During the year, three successful sales of home-made cakes have been held. The first, which yielded £4/10/-, was to provide money for the Hoar Cross Christmas Appeal. Two more held in the spring term, together with form collections, raised £12/-/- for Oxfam. Thanks are due to Mavis Belcher and the Rev. Holland, who have organised the social aspect of the work, and to Mr. Dixon, for the benefit of his advice.

This year has been a most successful one for the **DANCING CIRCLE**. With a steady increase in membership it has continued to function throughout the year, owing mainly to the efforts of Miss Duffy. When she left at Christmas Miss Brown kindly offered to take her place.

As well as the usual activity of modern ballroom dancing, the society has tried to increase its range by the introduction of some of the simpler Latin-American dances. It is hoped that, with more experience, the scope of the Dancing Circle will be widened still further to include more Latin-American, country and old-time dancing.

The **SENIOR SOCIETY** held its first meeting at the beginning of the autumn term to choose the committee, but the venture seemed doomed to failure, as so very few people attended. Several subsequent meetings were held, but there was a complete lack of enthusiasm and interest. Members of the Sixth Form were asked their opinion as to whether the Senior Society should be maintained in its present form; the result was a divided one, but a high percentage of answers asked for the society to continue. So the committee together with several members of staff resolved to change the form of the society into a smaller, more intimate group, where a body of interested members would meet weekly to hold informal discussions. Several meetings were held, and among the subjects debated were 'racial discrimination' and 'courting in schools'. Examinations have at present interrupted the programme of the Society, but it is hoped that the enthusiasm which has begun to appear may continue in the future and that next year a new society will be formed which has learned from the mistakes of the old.

The **CHESS CLUB** has been well supported this year, mainly by the lower forms of the school. Club meetings have been held regularly on Mondays after school, and on Wednesdays during the lunch hour. Attendance, especially on Wednesdays has been good. One problem resulting from this high attendance has been a shortage of chess sets. At the beginning of the year Mr. Haslam became the master in charge of the Chess Club.

During the year, a senior match was played against Wednesfield Grammar School, a junior match against Newport Grammar School, and a match against the staff. Unfortunately all three matches were lost.

The latter half of the autumn term saw the beginning of a new society, the **AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY**. Members from the Sixth Form met during the lunch hour to listen on the 160 and 80 metre amateur

wavebands using a government surplus receiver, and meetings after school hours were also held. Over two hundred amateurs were heard, including those in the British Isles, and in France. Attendance at all meetings was very good in view of the fact that amateur radio is a little known hobby. As most of the members were involved in examinations the society has not been maintained, but it is hoped it will be continued next year.

TENNIS CLUBS for both boys and girls have been meeting regularly during the summer term after school hours under the direction of Miss Price-Owen and Mr. Skinner. The clubs are organised for the benefit of Sixth Form pupils who are unable to play during the course of the day. Practices are held for matches due to be played later in the term.

During lunch-time on Tuesdays in the summer term the **TRAMPOLINE CLUB** meets to practise, out-of-doors when the weather is fine. The club is directed by Miss Price-Owen and Mr. Skinner, and has about twelve members. Club members have reached varying stages of achievement on the trampoline and practices are arranged for the West Midlands Championships which are to be held during the summer.

The **BADMINTON CLUB** continued to increase both in membership and range of activities during the season 1963-64. Although attendance fluctuated during examinations and periods of bad weather the average weekly attendance rose and the members' contributions have put the club on a sound financial footing. The most popular activities have been tennis, badminton and table-tennis, but other club facilities including cards, darts, the record player and the trampoline have been utilised. Badminton, table-tennis and tennis club championships were arranged during the year and gave a touch of competitive interest to the meetings. Several boys' tennis and badminton matches were played between the Badminton Club and other schools and the latent talent discovered bodes well for the future. A new feature of the club meetings has been the provision and sale of refreshments, the profits from which were utilised in the acquisition of several new items of sports equipment. It is hoped that the membership of the club will continue to increase and that the Sixth Form will support it to the full.

—R. DONITHORN (Club Secretary).

The **BEGINNERS' SWIMMING CLUB**, formed at the start of the school year, has grown considerably and membership, coming mainly from the First and Second Forms, stands at about

twenty-four. The club meets on Tuesdays after school under the direction of Mrs. Broadgate who has helped the members to learn to swim. Members are able to join the **SWIMMING CLUB** when they are able to swim the minimum distance of three lengths. This is held on Thursday evenings after school hours, and has approximately thirty members. The club is led by Miss Price-Owen, who has encouraged pupils to train in life-saving techniques. Most are now up to Royal Life-Saving Society's Bronze Medallion standard and two members have reached the standard of Bronze Cross.

At 3-40 p.m. on Thursdays the **DRAMA GROUP** meets to rehearse and act short plays and sketches. The ten regular members, coming mainly from the Third Forms, are divided into two groups according to age and ability. Attention has been concentrated on comedy, and there are hopes that a play now being rehearsed may be produced in school.

—Contributed by: PETER TRUSSELLE, U. 6C, CAROLYN GILHAM, 5a, ROBERT WARD, 5A, ANNE WENLOCK, 3C, LINDA REYNOLDS, 3D, GILLIAN WALLBANK, 3E.

At the informal concert held in July last year, the **SCHOOL ORCHESTRA** showed the extent of its capabilities in the performance of three works, 'Czech Dance' by Smetana, 'Sonata No. 12' by Mozart, and the slow movement from Mozart's Horn Concerto in E flat, in which the soloist was Robin Hopper.

This year the orchestra has continued to expand and improve, with the help of a larger string section and the increased number of County Orchestra players who form the backbone. Although the departure of Miss Duffy was a sad blow, it is hoped that Mr. Gange will lead the orchestra to greater achievements in the future.

This year has seen a **RECORDED MUSIC SOCIETY** as varied as the school collection allows, with a choice ranging from Handel's 'Firework Music' to Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue' regularly interspersed with popular requests for the '1812 Overture' and Rossini's 'William Tell' overture. Support, however, was rather disappointing even when the horizon was extended and jazz enthusiasts were invited to bring their own records.

This year the **RECORDER CLUB** has continued, as in other years, but membership has slowly decreased. There have been two groups, one for beginners led by Jean Baker and a more advanced one led by Michael Plant. Members again participated in the School Concert playing

marches by Handel amongst other items. This year's greatest achievement, however, was participation in the highly successful production of 'Noyes Fludde'. For this event the school ranks were augmented by a treble recorder player, Mr. Dunn, who proved conclusively that a recorder is not merely a childish instrument. New members are cordially invited so that even more ambitious works may be attempted and the club made more interesting for all. Treble, tenor or bass recorder players would be particularly welcome.

—Contributed by: JEAN BAKER, Upper VI,
ANN PERRY, Upper VI, MICHAEL PLANT, Upper VI.

Climbing Cruachan

(Argyll, Scotland)

Returning from Oban, we found Ben Cruachan to be clear, with only a few wisps of cloud around the top peak. We decided to climb it. Our party of seven set out from Taynuilt along the main road towards Tyndrum. After a few miles we stopped the cars and parked them near the end of Loch Awe, where it ran into a river. Carefully we crossed the West Highland Railway, which disappeared into a tunnel towards Oban. Scrambling through some brambles, and surmounting a wire fence we set off along the bank of a stream, which cascaded down the smooth rocks. The climbing was very difficult here as we crossed the large, wet and slippery rocks and climbed out of the bracken on to the coarse grassy mountain side. Such was the steepness that we had to pause a few times, and this enabled us to admire the view. The heights across the magnificent, steep-sided pass of Brander gradually came down to us until at about 900 feet we could see above them. As we climbed higher we could see Loch Awe stretching away for twenty-four miles to the south. In line with the river we could see four spots of white near a forest — the caravans at the site. The Glen Nant Road past some isolated buildings.

Still, however, we could not see the top. We climbed higher and left the small valley of the stream after first having a refreshing drink of the crystal-clear water. Large boulders were scattered around. Two ravens glided in the strong wind which bit and cut through us. The top peak (3,689 feet) loomed high up in the cloud. To get there we should have to climb over a smooth face of rock, sloping steeply to the top with very few breaks. The other, slightly lower peak was also very difficult. We stopped a while and admired the view. We could see along Loch Etive to the Connel Bridge and over to the island of Mull.

The terrific wind supported us easily as we leaned well forward but it was freezing cold. In the hollows were soft, sticky bogs. Then came a steeper part, consisting of boulders and mossy, smooth, sloping rocks. We had difficulty in keeping our feet and climbing became precarious. The cloud suddenly came down, cold and wet. It was like a thick driving fog. With numb fingers, aching legs and tired arms we clambered up to the top and built a cairn.

Only spiders moved up at the top. The top peak, seventy feet above us, ended in a sheer drop, and a ridge leading to it looked very dangerous. We waited, but the cloud did not lift and we did not see the view we had hoped to — up to the end of Loch Etive.

We started down, but every step jarred our legs and it became very slippery and painful. We had to go back quite often in order to avoid sheer drops. We reached the stream and proceeded alongside it. On the way we found two pairs of antlers, seven pointers and nine pointers. Going carefully and painfully we reached the bottom nearly five hours after we had started. We had climbed to a point 3,611 feet high from a point in the road 120 feet high. Amazingly enough after tea we went for a walk. We were to feel the after effects next day.

—ROBERT HUME, 4A.

A NETBALL GAME

The whistle has blown, the game has begun,
Throw, throw, throw Jane.
We are starting to have lots of fun,
Shoot, shoot, shoot Jane.

The first goal to us is scored without haste,
Pass, pass, pass Jane.
Now of our prowess they're getting a taste,
Throw, throw, throw Jane.

At half-time the score stood thus,
Shoot, shoot, shoot Jane.
Six to them, sixteen to us,
Pass, pass, pass Jane.

Opponents look worried, it seems to me,
Throw, throw, throw Jane.
Now the final score we shall soon see,
Shoot, shoot, shoot Jane.

We've won at last thank goodness for that,
Cheer, cheer, cheer Jane.
If we'd lost I'd have eaten my hat,
Thanks, thanks, thanks Jane.

—SUSAN CANTRELL, 2A.

Monday Morning

"Claude". That was Mom shouting. "Yah breakfast's ready, an' 'urry up or that 'alf past eight 'bus will be gone". By 8-15 I had struggled downstairs, still in my pyjamas.

'Up them stairs quick an' get washed and dressed'.

By the time I had reascended the stairs, washed and dressed it was 8-25 and I still had to surmount the breakfast obstacle. After the second swig of cold tea and the first mouthful of soggy cornflakes I gave up the unequal struggle and climbed into my new, stiff gaberdine. I reached the bus stop just in time to see the tail end of the school bus disappear round the corner. Not fancying a four-mile walk I returned home in quest of my cycle.

"Why aren't you on that bus?" was the comforting welcome I received.

"I missed it Mom."

"Why the dickens didn't you chase it to the next stop then?"

"Mom, the next stop isn't till Farmer Jones's pond (a distance of approximatey 1½ miles).

"No need to get mouthy with me, son. When ah was young we'd have had the birch round us by now'."

"Well look Mom, I'll get to school a lot quicker if you'll stop pestering me and let me get my bike."

I mounted the machine and rode off. Less than a mile from home it sustained a puncture, so I locked it up and walked.

"Well boy, are you late today or early tomorrow?" That was my form-master. The ensuing interview was a painful one.

—DENIS SUNLEY, 3C.

The Ghost

Hark! What is that they hear?

Ah! Naught but the Church bell loud and clear.

Eleven-Twelve-the witching hour,

Time of ghostly spirits, white as flour.

Old Mother Slipper slopper looked out of bed,

Then under the pillow she popped her head.

"John! John! The Spirit's come,

To take my soul right down-o."

John heard this and jumped out of bed,

Then under the pillow he popped his head.

"Mum, Mum! I've gone quite numb,

'Cos I'm scared of the Spirit-Ow! No!"

The landlord woke and leaped out of bed,

His eyes popping out of his head,

For on the cupboard was John's white shirt,

The tails all dangling down-o.

When mother and John looked out of bed,

They saw the landlord laughing and red,

"Oh! what fools you are," at last he exclaimed,

And never again could he manage to frown-o".

Weren't they nits, that silly pair?

So if you hear a creak on the stair,

Don't be scared as stiff as bricks,

It's only your mind playing you tricks.

—GRAHAM CARR, 1Y.



—Illustration by John Gill, L.6.

Do I hear a calling?

Listen, the owl is calling again,
Piercing his notes through shadows and beams
Sent by the moon to fall through the rain —
Drops that alight in specks on the ready speckled
Breast of the owl, alone in his tree.
Why won't he send his message to me?

Waiting here still I wonder why I
Cannot perceive the code of your cry,
Trumpeting loud through darkness from high
Trees where you wait for rabbit or mice.
None of us hear the warning he sends,
Wondering why this song never ends.

Sometimes when melancholy defeats
Happiness, joy and pleasure, the owls own plea beats
Hard at my mind's thin door and now greets
Sadness with a sorrow deeper than before,
Carrying thoughts of hopeless tired things,
Expressed in fear that unfulfilment brings.

Fly with me now before I must sleep:
Soon I will laugh and see things of value before.
Now no ambition flourishes, dead
Dreams are awaiting burial deep
Perhaps, in soil enriched with flesh,
Rotted, of owls who started afresh.

—CHRISTINE CADMAN, Lower VI.

Holidays with Parents

This year my parents are in for a 'good' time with me. I detest going on holiday with them.

It isn't that I don't like them, but they are so much older than I am and our interests aren't the same. I want to be up and about, always doing something. Most of the time they want to laze in the sun (if there is any sun) and read boring books or go to sleep or hold boring conversations. When I ask them to go for a walk with me or to play tennis they accuse me of never being satisfied and threaten never to take me on holiday again.

Equally tiresome to me is the mealtime routine. We have breakfast, dinner, tea and supper at exactly the same times, eating exactly the same food and holding exactly the same conversations as at home. I have also suffered from too rigid a bedtime routine. Last year we went to 'Holimarine' at Burnham-on-Sea. This is a holiday village and I made friends with a number of boys and girls from different parts of the country. We spent the daytimes together, but when the time came to go to our respective family caravans, I found myself being called in an hour earlier than most of the others even though some of them were younger than I was.

Parental restrictions have also proved irksome when I have wished to tour a pleasure beach or gamble with a one-armed bandit. I have found their confident assertions that I don't really want to waste my money on such things singularly unconvincing.

In fact the only time when I find parental company really enjoyable on holiday is when I go round the shops with Mom. Dress shops, shoe shops and hat shops are particularly pleasant. In fact a week in London might well be my ideal, but then this might become equally boring — and far more expensive.

—HILARY GROVES, 4B.



—Illustration by Bruce Haycock, L.6.

The Second Book of Noah

"After the Flood" So began many expressions of future intentions during the months of preparation for this much heralded catastrophe. It is not given to men in the normal course of natural events to be able to anticipate impending doom, certainly not to anticipate it with such an atmosphere of expectation. In the event, our expectations were fully justified and "Noye's Fludde" was a tragic success.

It is debatable whether Noah would have approved of transplanting the right hand end of the Mediterranean into the chancel of Cannock Parish Church, threatened by the additional hazard, not in the original version so far as we are aware, of mining subsidence. This small space, however, generously accommodated a turbulent sea, the glorious heavens, and a seemingly endless quantity of animals, some of them more human than others.

The two outstanding, lasting impressions are visual and aural. The triumph of staging such a safe, stable edifice with its colourful and symbolic setting, was matched only by the vitality of the changing moods of the musical accompaniment. So powerful and controlled was the latter that, unlike the background music of films and television which is often insipid but at best appropriate, it determined and directed the emotional atmosphere. It was in this, rather than in merely the congregational singing of the three hymns, that the audience were made part of the whole production. The surging sympathetic response of some four hundred people was compellingly evoked each evening, and for most it was an experience rather than an entertainment.

It was difficult on the whole to follow the words, and this is the only criticism offered. The acoustics of the Parish Church are notoriously difficult in any case, and some of the voices were not quite strong enough to penetrate through the music. The story was so well known that this did not effect people's ability to follow the sequence of events, which were adequately interpreted by mood and actions. God boomed sonorously and effectively from the organ loft as though speaking from the Bishop of Woolwich's anathematised "up there"; the besotted gossips and Mrs. Noye were alarmingly convincing, and made one profoundly hope that some of our senior girls and the wife of one member of staff were really just good actors. Animal phenomena abounded, traditional species displaying new contours, and four-footed beasts walking on two legs like well-trained circus troupes. Eyes sparkled unfailingly and it was clear that they were thrilled with their symbolic roles. Noye's sons, spruce and alert; Noye himself, beset by many worries but strengthened by his adoring faith; the dove discovering a branch on the dry land surrounding the choir vestry; and the medieval scene-shifters, quiet, neat and efficient; all contributed to the moving enjoyment of the piece, and reminded us of the tremendous amount of work which was reflected in the effective costumes.

Tribute must be paid to the army of helpers, who not only assisted in innumerable ways before and during the production, but who transformed this ancient chaos and restored a scene of ecclesiastical peace by removing what might have been a "cause or just impediment why these persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony" on the following morning. Thus, strangely, as the Fludde ended we returned to antediluvian times when men "were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage". For making possible this unique interlude in the normally peaceful existence of an old parish church, we are grateful to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Cannock.

It was indeed an experience. Some confessed to "never having been so emotionally moved by anything before, as by the storm", which was brought about by the energetic application of a large number of musicians and the swelling strains of "Eternal Father, strong to save". The end came, with the audience sensing that applause was inappropriate, as Mr. Noye walked slowly, deliberately, and with an air of meditative thankfulness, into what seemed to be the distant, enveloping darkness of the nave of the church, in a state which reminds us of the end of each term — "Lost in wonder, love, and praise". —J.P.

'Noyes Fludde' in full spate

Pushing aside a rickety music stand (which promptly collapsed) and picking up a tattered copy of Noyes Fludde Bass Solo I reluctantly parted with coat and satchel.

I ascended to the Ark through a cacaphony of handbells, organ, piano, violins being tuned, the tinkle of bottles, clash of cymbals and thunder of drums. The Ark, composed entirely of several rows of chairs, with animals conversing in groups together and rehearsing hymns, was constructed on the stage. Into it (in 'orderly' files) we would pour at appropriate moments, yelling 'Eternal Father' and 'Alleluia, Alleluia' at the tops of our voices, and Mr. Bailey would try frantically to speak above the hubbub of the orchestra which persisted in continuing long after the final bar.

Above the thunder (on drums), the tinkle (on assorted wine bottles) of 'rain', the squeals and screeches from recorders and violins and the efforts of the handbells to keep in time, the animals were supposed to be heard.

The storm was, however, unfortunately loud enough to drown many efforts of the red-faced, yelling animals, who failed to make 'Eternal Father' hear their pitiful plea.

Nevertheless rehearsals went with a bang and a clang and a tinkle and the animals emerged hot, breathless and hoarse. Extricating the correct articles from the towering piles and pushing aside the anxious member of the orchestra who has mislaid page two of his violin piece, the animals are finally free. Into the cool refreshing air they rush-away from the hustling, bustling uproar and clatter of drum and cymbal, the surging, breathless menagerie of hot noisy perspiring people — to a quiet home.

—AN ANIMAL.

The Chenetians

Just as Cannock Grammar School now looks back on the first ten years of its eventful life, the Old Pupils' Association looks back on its first three years of equally eventful life, in which it has survived what has at times been a rather stormy passage.

There have been achievements coupled with disappointments, lack of support at some functions and heartwarming turnouts at others. For the most part it has been the tremendous spirit of 'the few' (they know who they are) that has kept the Association alive in its infant years.

Social evenings, it appears, have now become a regular item on the Chenetians' calendar and three enjoyable evenings were spent at school last year. Badminton, Table Tennis and cards were played, and refreshments served. The second Annual Dinner, the highlight of all our functions, was held at Eaton Lodge Hotel, Rugeley, when the guest speaker was Mr. F. J. Oxford, Chairman of Staffordshire Education Committee 1946-1964. It was pleasing to note that the attendance this year was even better than the last year.

Support was also good for the Car Treasure Hunt, organised on July 2. The weather was very kind on this occasion, and this activity seems likely to become an annual event.

The Annual Rugby match against the school once again resulted in a win for the 'Old Boys' (18-3), and it seems that the tide has now permanently turned in our favour. The school were also vanquished in the first of what we hope will become an annual cricket match.

Association ties and scarves are available, as ever, from the secretary at school, and would-be members are invited to contact either Mr. D. K. Lloyd or the secretary.

OFFICERS 1965

President: Mr. J. Pomfret

Chairman: Ron Sammons

Secretary: J. Margaret Richards, 48 Highfields Road, Chasetown

Treasurer: Jean Parry

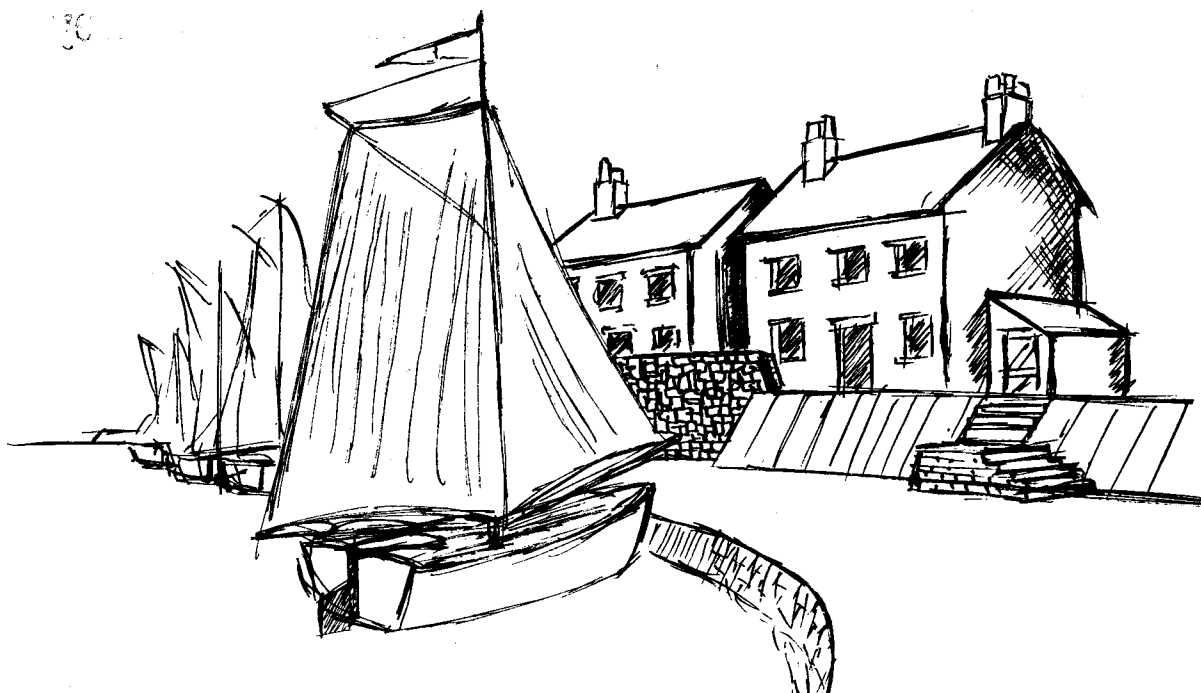
Committee: Staff: Miss D. M. Dale, Mr. D. K. Lloyd, Mr. D. V. Ginn

Old Pupils: Yvonne Harding, Pat Taylor, Nigel Bailey,
Arthur Portsmouth, Roy Sammons, Geoffrey
Shakespeare

Assistant Secretary: Elizabeth Heath

Assistant Treasurer: Jane Griffiths

FORTHCOMING EVENT: Annual Dinner at Eaton Lodge Hotel, Rugeley, Saturday, September 11, 1965. Tickets 13/6.



—Illustration by Bruce Haycock, L.6.

The Island of Coyiwidyē

This name may cause the reader to think that I am telling a fictitious story but in fact it is an island tucked in between Borneo and Malaya. You may ask what's different about Coyiwidyē, well . . . things aren't quite the same there as in the rest of the world.

I was travelling to Malaya and as my ship had become short of water I entered a small harbour on the western coast of Coyiwidyē, of the town called Codamtrop. It was a quaint little place with fishing vessels moored along granite quays and two merchantmen anchored in the centre. It seems that visitors are few and far between on this island for I was treated by a hostile committee.

As I entered the harbour a small gun boat put off from the dock. At first I could not make out what was wrong, but as it came closer I noticed to my great surprise she was travelling stern first towards me. She fired a warning shot across my bows and one of the men shouted "Evaeh oot." I guessed the meaning, took my sails in and dropped anchor.

The boat drew alongside and a gangway was placed between us. Two men then started up it. At this point I would like to give a description of

the average inhabitant, in this case a Smotsuc reciffo. For argument's sake I will start at the bottom and work my way up to the top of this uncanny fellow.

His hands I could not see as they were covered by leather mits, all three of them. On his arms were sleeves like trouser legs, which fastened on to his coat. His head was placed at ninety degrees to his body. Under his coat he wore a doublet and a sleeveless shirt, which were held on to his trousers by braces (to stop them falling about his head). His trousers were strapped on to his bare feet (only two of them). One had a sheath of papers in it, the other a gun which I thought was back to front.

I gather that you have realised that Coyiwidyēs walk on three thick arms and three large stubby hands. This so amazed me that I was speechless when he said "I raeh yb ekat ruoy pihs sgnignoleb dna uoy otni ydotsuc." I was then towed into the harbour and taken to jail. There they took some of my belongings to the value of ytfif sralod and was put in jail for eight hours. During this time I wrote down what I had seen on Coyiwidyē and deciphered their language.

It goes like this.

I came to the conclusion that everything on this island is back to front or upside down. On my way to the jail I saw two ships leave port stern first with the rudder at the prow. A carriage was like ours except it was upside down and rode on square wheels and was drawn by horses trotting backwards, a sedan chair with a woman inside sitting upside down sniffing an orange and several dogs which walked backwards on front legs only.

The shops were laid in the same manner, everything was laid out upside down and back to front for the convenience of the cilbup.

The most ridiculous thing on the island was the jailing system. They take you into the jail office and lock themselves in the cell and leave you free in the office with the keys. I was told afterwards this was so because if they were in the office they would open the locked door and let me escape.

As for their language it is simple they use the arabic alphabet like us and just spell the words backwards, e.g. spell=lleps — so after some thought I asked them for water.

After eight hours a few of my belongings were returned and I was freed. They were anxious to get rid of me because of my build, opposite to them. I asked them for water again and they showed me to a pump. Water there behaves very funnily. I pumped away and after a minute water (crystal clear) shot up from the drain into the upside down bucket, filled it and stayed there, the rest going up the spout of the pump. I turned the bucket up the right way after thirty seconds according to my instructions and drank. For I was told that when it rained, before it fell it stayed in the cloud for thirty seconds before falling, and the water always goes uphill once it had touched the ground. I got my water and got away quickly from topsy turvy land as Coyiwidye. By the way Coyiwidye is the only word in their language which is not a form of English or any other language back to front.

—COLIN HILL, 3A.

The Fate of Barney

Barney was a mongrel dog,

A woman found him in a bog

By Cranmead Fell — there was a fight

To get the poor dog home that night.

His paws were sore, his face in scratches,

One could see he only ate in snatches.

He was so thin, no-one could tell

How he arrived at the dangerous fell.

But that same night he stole away,

Away from the moon's bright, golden ray,

For he fell into a hunter's trap,

His legs held by a small strong strap.

A hunter found him that very same night,

Poor Barney paralysed with fright.

Then the man took him up in his arm,

Carried him back to his little farm.

There he shut Barney up in his shed,

'He'll keep till I want him', was all he said.

But wrong he was, for as he went

Poor Barney collapsed, his life all spent.

So a mongrel dog died from want of care,

No-one loved him, no-one knew where

Or why he had come to these perilous parts

Where people were hateful — no love in their hearts.

—FIONA FINIKIN, 2A.

THE INDUSTRIAL TOWN OF TIPTON

The dust, the dirt, the damp, the stacks, the smoke and the slums.

A black desert stretching across a dirt displayed town,

Chimneys belching out a forever flow of thick unhealthy smoke,

Small, filthy, unstable buildings acting as houses,

This is Tipton.

—D. BELLWOOD, 3E.

RUGBY

Rugby! This dreaded word signifies to me and most of my colleagues if not a threat on life at least some sort of permanent physical injury. Every time we change for a game of Rugby there is a general air of discontent amongst pupils. Why, after three years of playing Soccer, must we turn to Rugby? Why, when one is just beginning to like football enough to want to play it turn to a completely new game — and that a game for maniacs?

Yes, I call it a maniacs' game because to play Rugby you have to be made or have nerves of steel and guts of iron. I fail to see how anyone can find pleasure in being pushed, thumped, punched and hacked in a vain effort to obtain possession of a ball which is out of shape anyway. What skill or point is there in picking up a ball and running with it?

As long as you are tall, hefty, strong, and can shout strong words of abuse you're a good Rugby player. I always thought that in any sport you respected the opposing team. Rugby, I suppose, is the exception. It is just a battle to see who can cripple the most players, which team can do most injury to the opposing team. If you have ever played Rugby you will know what I mean. Not that I am a coward — I will take part in a Rugby game if I am forced to do so. During Rugby matches you will often find yourself stranded, holding the ball with no-one to pass to and about ten thirteen-stone opposing forwards bearing down on you with that killer look in their eyes. At this stage you have the choice of either being trampled to death or throwing the ball into the air and running for your life, though the latter course tends to result in your being labelled 'lily-livered chicken'.

There are few Rugby games that do not end with casualties. I know one boy who has broken his collar bone, one who has been concussed, one who has lost his memory, one who has broken his neck and one who was crushed to death — all whilst playing Rugby.

So I suggest that when you grow up and are looking for a job you don't become a professional Rugby player. Go in for a safer job, such as that of a siunt man, a guide on Everest, an electrician fixing a 10,000 volt wire 500 feet in the air, or a missionary amongst the head hunters of the Amazon.

If you are tired of life, become a member of a Rugby team, otherwise heed the motto:

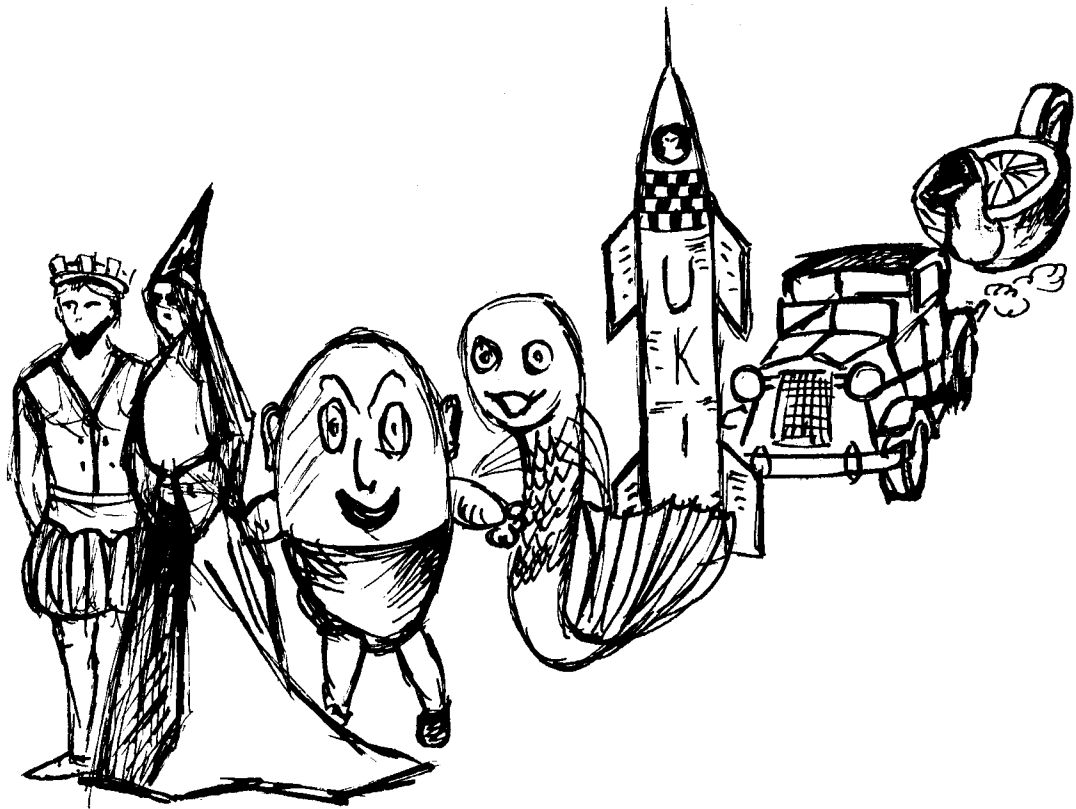
'To live longer — forget Rugby'.

—B. MARSHALL, 5 Alpha.

RONs

Acheron	— Ron in pain.
Baron	— Keep Ron out.
Baronet	— Keep little Ron out.
Cauldron	— Ron freezing.
Citron	— Make Ron take a rest.
Cyclotron	— Ron's means of transport.
Decahedron	— Ron president of a record company.
Drone	— Noise made by Ron.
Electron	— Put Ron in parliament.
Hangeron	— Ron's dwelling.
Heron	— Ron's possessive girl-friend.
Macaroni	— Ron's raincoat.
Neutron	— Small Ron.
Patronage	— Ron and Pat's anniversary.
Patronize	— Ron admires Pat.
Prone	— Ron's method.
Throng	— A lot of Rons.
Wrong	— Sinful Ron.

—ROBERT CRITCHLOW, 3A.



—Illustration by Bruce Haycock, L.6.

Dreamland

Dreamland is the place for me,
Where you can swim to the bottom of the sea,
You can meet in every country
Kings and queens and Humpty Dumpty.

Big Ben's bell you can chime,
Or any mountain you can climb,
Veteran cars you can drive
Or climb into a honey bee's hive.

Make yourself a miniature man,
And drive a model car or van,
Or turn into a giant man
And lift a ten-ton lorry or van.

Be a driver in a motor rally,
Or be a cat up in an alley,
You can be almost everything,
Hear Rudolph the reindeer ring.

You can fly to the moon in a rocket ship,
Rub the genie's lamp, have a lucky dip,
But dreams all end when you awake,
As mother gives you a friendly shake.

—ROBIN BAILEY, 1Y.

PAGINA LATINA

PARTES CORPORIS CELATAE

Illustration on page 12.

PRIMUS ANNUS LATINAE

Illustration on page 7.

IOCA

Gaius: Quot milia passuum intersunt hunc locum et Roman?

Puer: Idem spatium ac inter Roman et hunc locum!

—JOHN SEARLE, 3A.

Primus Captivus: Dic mihi quid in porta arenae inscriptum sit.

Secundus Captivus: Cavete leones!

—NICKY TRANTER, 3A.

Brutus: Cur est feminae mens mundior quam hominis?

Gaius: Quod femina eam saepius mutat!

—JOHN HARGREAVES, 3A.

Caesar: O Brute, quid primum te percussit, ut in forum venisti?

Brutus: Ornamentum antiquum!

—ANN JONES, 3A.

Q.: Cur aves ad meridiem hieme volant?

A.: Quod nimis proculest alicui ambulanti!

—PAULINE WARD, 2A.

Primus Puer: Maculas semper video.

Secundus Puer: Vidistine medicum?

Primus Puer: Minime, modo maculas vidi!

—PETER SAMBROOK, 2A.

Q.: Quid est porcus postquam ille tres dies natus est?

A.: Porcus quattuor dies natus!

—JOHN BEWLEY, 2A.

Magister: Volo vos iocum in linguam Latinam reddere.

Puella misera: Hoc facere non possum, O magister. Lingua Latina mihi non iocum est!

—ELIZABETH BREWE, 2A.

Carmen Britanniae aestati scriptum:

"Unus dies serenus".

—CLIVE TURNER, 2A.

Q.: Quid tres pedes neque ulla bracchia aut crura habet?

A.: Regula XXXVI digitos longa!

—KATHLEEN SPENCER, 2A.

Pater: Unde tu illam pilam adeptus es?

Filius: Puer quidam eam amiserat.

Pater: Quomodo tu scis?

Filius: Quia eum illam petentem vidi!

—SHARON CRADDOCK, 2A.

Ashness Bridge

The bridge is narrow,
But stands so protectingly
Over the sun-drenched, mingled water-stars
That it carries away bitterest thoughts and mournful hearts.

It casts away grief,
Relieves pain with its beauty,
Leaving clear, fresh visions in troubled minds.
The impression lasts and urges away torrent and fear.

Infinitely the image lingers,
Pushing beauty in ugly beings,
Creating vigour and excitement
In barren, weak and feeble highways.

Mountains tower high and bold above,
But they have not the strength or sureness
Of the dainty, secure spot below,
Nor have they the heartening solitude.

—CHRISTINE CADMAN, Lower VI.



—Illustration by John Gill, L.6.

Janet Lucas

Everybody in the school knew Janet, even though she was only in the first form. Her courage, her determination, and her independence were an example and inspiration to all of us.

For those readers who are not members of the school, Janet had a leg amputated during the summer of 1964, before joining us in the September. We therefore watched her gain successive victories over crutches, sticks, and an artificial limb. She simply refused to accept this handicap. She put the fully fit shirkers to shame. When the weather was reasonable she put on a coat and went with her form to games or outdoor P.E. Though she could not do everything, she was associated with everything. There were no excuses or easy courses. If the next empty seat in assembly was in the middle of a row, she struggled to it, ever determined to avoid being different.

Janet's brightness, cheerfulness, and sense of fun, will have made many of us realise that the great and lasting things of life do not depend on outward circumstances.

She died after a further illness on Thursday, May 20th. Although we enjoyed her fellowship for only two terms, she gave more to us than we were able to give to her, more than some give in a full school life.

We are thankful for those two terms, and we shall remember Janet as one who did, in an enriching and infectious way, "Live Worthily".

—J.P.

SPEECH DAY

This year being the tenth year of the school's existence, speech day assumed more than usual significance. It was therefore doubly appropriate that the service should be taken by Miss Baker who is leaving the school at the end of the year. Mr. Draper led the intercessions.

The sermon was given by the Rev. Gofton, B.A., a founder member of staff. In it he condemned materialism and self-interest and emphasised the need to search for a vocation acceptable to God. He quoted his own example — feeling God's call, he had turned from teaching to become a priest.

The lessons were read by José Dale and Roger Leese, head girl and head boy from the school's first intake.

The evening's proceedings were opened by the Chairman of the Governors, Alderman A. Hampton, O.B.E. In his address, he pointed out that pure academics would not fit the individual for full citizenship. He was sure that the evidence of participation in the activities of the area, both by single members and as a body, showed that the school was achieving a correct balance. He again strongly emphasised the responsibility of parents in the formation of the socially well-adjusted child.

The Headmaster began by welcoming Mr. Webb, the Divisional Education Officer, and the Rev. Gofton. He expressed appreciation for the contribution to the school made by Miss Baker, in being such a great part of the administration, and by Mr. Bailey — “a musician without the musician's inconvenient temperament.” Both are taking posts at training colleges.

In a very brief resumé of the school's first ten years, Mr. Pomfret concentrated more individual success than on the overall picture of school activity. He drew attention to the four former pupils now at Cambridge, including John Powell who was awarded the Clare exhibition, to the first-class honours degree gained by Roy Saffhill (at Manchester) and to the Durham open exhibition awarded to Kathryn Adams.

Those who derive pleasure from “bigger and better” statistics were amply satisfied by an indication of the extent to which the school has grown, and is likely to grow. It is poignant, however, to note that last year's sixth form, the product of one of the smallest intakes, achieved the greatest success in the ‘A’ level examinations.

Mr. Webb distributed the prizes and certificates. His address took the form of a short history of the educational climate of the area, the struggle for increased facilities and for the establishment of the grammar school itself.

—ROGER METCALFE, Schol. VI.

Prizes 1965

<i>First Forms</i>	Fiona Finikin, Lynda Pee, Kim Berrington, John Bewley, Mervyn Bibb, David Maughan, Paul Richardson, Stephen Rose, Peter Sambrook, Clive Turner.
<i>Second Forms</i>	Susan Brown, Susan Charlesworth, Kathleen Mills, Susan Preston, Jane Tranter, Anne Wenlock, Ian Pritchard, John Somerville, Peter Taylor.
<i>Third Forms</i>	Jane Dennis, Susan Hill, Susan Owen, Rosalind Wilkes, Leslie Farnell, Gilbert Park, David Ryder.
<i>Fourth Forms</i>	Linda Cresswell, Vivienne Hopley, Elizabeth Makeham, Susan Rowley, Barry Marshall.
<i>General Certificate of Education, Ordinary Level</i>	Drucilla Craddock, Carol Dalloway, Mary Humphreys, Rita James, Susan Jordan, Carol Mayle, Brian Bradbury, Robert Cooper, Alistair Gourlay.
<i>General Certificate of Education,</i>	Kathlyn Adams, Patricia Allen, Sandra Aston, Judith Clowsley, Lynne Davies, Pauline Mudd, Michael Groves, David Rhodes.
<i>Advanced Level Crafts Course</i>	Susan Corbett, Denise Plevin, Ian Daker, Robert Hopcraft.
<i>Physical Education</i>	Jane Webster, Clifford Jackson.

Top of the Pops

Mr. Allman and the Permissions singing "Down Town"	Mr. Bailey and the Musicians singing "Roll over Beethoven"
Miss Andrews and the Patients singing "I feel fine"	Mr. Whieldon and the Green Bus Company singing "Ticket to ride"
Miss Walker and the Mathematicians singing "5, 4, 3, 2, 1"	Mr. Middlehurst and the Dissectors singing "Anyone who had a heart"
Mr. Stanley and the Heights singing "Over you"	Mr. Draper and the Detentions singing "Come and stay with me"
Mr. Haslam and the Historians singing "I'm Henry VIII I am"	Mr. Ginn and the Explosives singing "This could be the last time"
Mr. Lees and the Metalworkers singing "Any old iron"	Miss Bottomley and the Fashions singing "Times they are a-changing"
Mr. Madge and the Globetrotters singing "I'm sitting on top of the world"	Mr. Cloke and the Insects singing "Beatles for sale"

—GILLIAN ANSLOW, 2B.
LINDA BELL, 2B.

THE LONELY DAMSEL

Wisps of gay music hovered in the calm night air.
The distant murmur of intertwined voices,
Laughing and joking
And merrily conversing,
Floated through the window
And on to the balcony,
Brushing the ears of the lonely damsel.

Her head was bow'd and her golden locks drooped.
Her chiffon gown stirred as a sudden breeze passed,
And from the downcast eye
Stole a solitary tear.
Her very first ball but ne'er a dance.

A willow by the stream wept with her
And compassionately touched the moonlit water.
The night was cool,
The maiden sad,
And a star blinked in sympathy.

—JILL TITTERTON, 3C.

PART OF MY HEART

When every phrase is a miracle
And my heart strains under feelings of complete
Fidelity, love, hope, gratitude —
Then I know that in each word, I meet
A poet, into whose life I intrude
And must do so again for love and joy
So tremendous I could almost dwell there all my days,
Rejoicing in a life nearer to Paradise
Than to wars and violence and evil ways.
He would have given the world a miracle.
Not through boisterous speeches and 'sound advice'
But warm and tender love, truth,
Sincerity, an abundance of graciousness, respect,
And a spirit blessed with the vigour of youth.
Why was his world too peaceful by far
For the vain leaders of humanity?
Why did these unfeeling men set a bar
To keep the poet from his beloved countryside
And cut short a life with brutal finality?
But his works in my heart will always abide
For the joy of reading these special delights
Stands firmer than hate of the glory-seekers.
Little succeeds in driving out
All I would like to forget about
And put instead what I crave to caress,
Like the poems, whose glory I cannot express.

—CHRISTINE CADMAN, Lower VI.

The Attic

The Attic is a wonderworld,
Of relics of bygone ages;
Full of ancient history books,
With old and mellowed pages.

Faded silks, dancing shoes,
Things now long forsaken;
In the attic, old and worn,
Old memories re-awaken.

Ribbons which, once so gay,
Adorned such pretty curls;
Lie as they were put, years ago,
While time's sad tale unfurls.

Flowers, crumbling and old,
Are lying in confusion;
Though placed there so long ago,
They complete the sad illusion.

—GAIL BALI, IY.



—Illustration by John Gill, L.6.

Salvete

- 1A Yvonne Allport, Elizabeth Birch, Jeanette Blair, Lindsay Coleman, Jacqueline Davis, Karen Degg, Christine Fletcher, Veronica Hall, Louise Hardwick, Maureen Lakin, Antoinette Majewski, Theresa McClean, Elizabeth McClintock, Carol Page, Vivienne Rogers, Joy Waltho, Barbara Wheatly, Brian Barfoot, Raymond Caddick, Peter Lufflum, Stephen Male, Richard Parry, Robert Preece, John Ryder, Kenneth Saint, Brendan Smith, Geoffrey Stanley, David Stevens, Alan Thomas, Andrew Thursfield, Jane Barber, John Ford, Robert Walker.
- 1B Margaret Campbell, Susan Herron, Sylvia Jackson, Moira Janson, Alison Leighton, Yvonne Marsh, Ann McCulloch, Jane Moule, Janice O'Dowd, Elizabeth Parkes, Jacqueline Pountney, Carol Richards, Lesley Smith, Christine Syska, Vivienne Teague, Patricia Whitehead, Christine Wickett, Terence Caulton, Richard Davies, David Gough, John Hancox, David Hipkiss, Stephen Jaworski, Petar Jovicich, Brian Keene, Leslie Kent, Ilmar Luik, Roger Smith, Graham Starling, Charles Steadman, Johnnie Stevens.
- 1X Sonia Bird, Jane Bloomfield, Gemma Castin, Julie Feasey, Carole Gill, Lilian Harrogate, Susan Higgins, Hilary Hodgson, Janet Lucas, Sandra Myatt, Lorna Rastall, Christine Sharman, Valerie Smith, Olga Tocar, Lynn Wilson, Carol Wright, Pamela Yates, Graham Austin, Timothy Beech, David Gilligan, Gordon Harding, Nicholas Madge, Andrew Parsons, Stephen Parton, Michael Rogers, Adrian Smith, Peter Stretton, Kevin Tindill, Philip Wooley, Christopher Wooton.
- 1Y Gail Bali, Jennifer Ball, Beverly Bowers, Nora Dean, Maureen Devereux, June Dunning, Gillian Eaton, Sally Girling, Evelyn Grice, Eleanor Harris, Carol Heron, Susan Higgs, Linda Morris, Susan Nock, Christine Smyczek, Diane Stevens, Lynn Stimpson, Marilyn Wood, Robin Bailey, Andrew Carpenter, Graham Carr, James Carter, Allan Matthews, David Park, Patrick Phillips, Keith Powell, Roy Preston, Jonathon Sides, John Weetman, Adrian Willett, Peter Wood.
- 1Z Janice Ball, Lynne Binder, Julia Brown, Linda Busby, Angela Carena, Elspeth Dowding, Lavinia Hunt, Kay Lomas, Cheryl Mason, Christine Millington, Ann Morris, Julie Price, Susan Robinson, Jane Sheridan, Hillary Simms, June Stratton, Bridget Townrow, Janet Ukrainec, Meryl Yates, Keith Bird, Richard Evans, David Houlston, Terence Judson, Michael Kuske, John Lomas, Graham Pockett, Trevor Pope, Jonathon Roberts, Kevin Rogers, Peter Smith, Martin Sparrow, Paul Thirlby.
- 2D Catherine Rowley, Graham Birt, Allan Jones, Peter Rogers.
- 2E Susan Martin, Graham Collyer.
- 3C Jill Titterton.
- 4B Elizabeth Goodacre, Susan Taylor.
- 5 alpha Annette Jones.
- 5B Janet Preece.
- L6A Christine Cadman, Mary Somerville, Graham Gornall.
- L6B Diana Brumby, Gillian Evans, Judith Wilkinson, Alan Hill, Philip Luke.
- L6C Leonard Burt, Bruce Haycock, Richard Heathcote, Robert Wetton.

Valete

- S6 Kathlyn Adams, Maureen Doody, Marilyn Greensill, Jane Griffiths, Alison Room, Timothy Bond, Stanley Challener, Roger Clifton, Terence Follows, Robin Hopper, Peter Johnson, David Neville, Jurek Piasecki, John Powell, Colin Price, Ernest Richards, William Roberts, John Spraggett, Peter Wearing, Peter Dilworth, Clifford Jackson.
- U6 Linda Birch, Diana Brown, Judith Clowsley, Jayne Cole, Lynne Davies, Elizabeth Heath, Pauline Mudd, Eileen Newbould, Joan Ridge, Lynda Roberts, Rosemary Roberts, Judith Sandland, Barbara Selvey, Margaret Street, Pamela Wall, Faith Williams, Robert Bowman, Mervyn Dudley, Robert Gorman, Ian Gretton, Michael Neville.
- L6 Margaret Fletcher, Carol Lane, John Bradbury, Patrick Bowers, Roy Cope, Maurice Hattersley, David Kennedy, Geoffrey Sollom, Peter Tipton, David Walters, David Wright.
- 5A Sandra Austin, Margaret Bowers, Susan Cordley, Anne Lindop, Carole Perkins, Kay Rollaston, Hansen Draper, Philip Haytree, Malcolm Herrington, Frank Perkins, Peter Rogers, Gillies Webster.
- 5a Susan Allen, Wendy Birch, Jacqueline Cartwright, Glenys Edwards, Linda Haywood, Ann Heeps, Angela Lewendon, Carol Mayle, Jean Topliss, Keith Barnett, Gerald Gourd, Patrick Larnier.
- 5B Gloria Butler, Maureen Coombe, Patricia Gannon, Francine Kendrick, Lauren Leighfield, Margaret Russell, Susan Smith, Jennifer Thomas, Mary Wallace, Judith Whitehouse, Alexander Dowie, William Emberton, David Horton, Leslie Hurmson, Peter Kendrick, William Rhodes, Marshall Richards, Roger Sutton, Alan Wrotchford.
- 4B Arnold Rowlands, Elizabeth Harrison.
- 2B David Beardsley.
- 2C Suzanne Dunning.
- 2E Linda Goodwin.
- 1B Leslie Getley.
- 1Y James Hancox, Michael Smith.
- 1Z Jonathon Roberts.

Entrances 1964

L6A

John Bradbury Stafford N.C.B.
David Lenham Accountancy.
Geoffrey Sollom ... Westminster Grammar School, London.

L6B

Gillian Gornall College of Arts & Crafts, Stafford.
John Gliddon Banking, Lichfield.
David Gunn Civil Service, Birmingham.
Maurice Hattersley Accountancy.
Geoffrey Morris Perfichrome Ltd.
David Stevenson ... Trustee Savings Bank, Cannock.
Peter Tipton Westminster Bank, Wolverhampton.
David Walters Advertising Salesman, Caxtons.
David Wright Surveyor, Wolverhampton.

L6C

Margaret Fletcher Clerk, Fraser, Wood & Mayo, Walsall.
Carol Lane Civil Service, Cannock.
Roy Cope Laboratory Assistant, Manor Vinegar.
David Kennedy Boots, Cannock.

U6A

Linda Birch Summerfield Training College,
Judith Clowsley Wulfrun College, Wolverhampton.
Jayne Cole Shenstone Training College.
Lynne Davies Hull University.
Pauline Mudd College of Arts & Crafts, Stafford.
Joan Ridge Summerfield Training College.
Rosemary Roberts Brighton Training College.
Margaret Street Nursing, Oxford.
Pamela Wall Redland's Training College.
Faith Williams Alsager Training College.
Ian Gretton Reporter, Cannock Advertiser.
Michael Neville County Council, Architects Department.

U6B

Diana Brown Wolverhampton Technical College.
Elizabeth Heath ... Programmer, Computer Centre, N.C.B.
Eileen Newbould ... Library Assistant.
Lynda Roberts Laboratory Assistant, Stafford.
Judith Sandland Didsbury Training College.
Barbara Selvey Laboratory Assistant, Manor Vinegar Co., Burntwood.
Robert Bowman ... College of Advanced Technology, Birmingham.
Melvyn Dudley Didsbury Training College.
Robert Gorman Avery's, Walsall.
Ernest Richards ... Pre-College Farm Training.

S6

Maureen Doody Goldsmith's, London.
Marilyn Greensill ... Swansea University.
Jane Griffiths Radiography, Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham.
Margaret Guthrie ... Trainee Buyer, Marks & Spencer.
Alison Room Redlands Training College.
Keir Blackley College of Advanced Technology, Stafford.
Timothy Bond Newcastle University.
Stanley Challener ... Newcastle University.
Roger Clifton Lanchester College, Coventry.
Peter Dilworth College of Advanced Technology, Sunderland.
Terence Follows ... Leeds University.
Robin Hopper N.C.B.
Clifford Jackson ... Civil Service.
Peter Johnson Liverpool University.
David Neville Commercial Apprentice.
Jurek Piasecki College of Advanced Technology, Birmingham.
John Powell Cambridge University (Open Exhibition).
Colin Price Royal College of Music, Manchester.
William Roberts ... Newcastle University.
John Spraggett College of St. Mark & St. John, London.
Malcolm Tolley Laboratory Assistant, Birmingham University.
Peter Wearing Swansea University.
Robert Wells Journalist, Express & Star, Shrewsbury.

4B

Elizabeth Harrison Timothy Whites, Cannock.

5A

Margaret Bowers ... Cannock Mining & Technical College.
Susan Cordley Civil Service.
Anne Lindop Book Keeping, Chase Terrace.
Carol Perkins Civil Service, Birmingham.
Kay Rollaston W. H. Smith & Sons, Wolverhampton.
Patrick Bowers Stafford House, Estate Agents.
Malcolm Herrington Midlands Tar Distilleries.
Frank Perkins Wulfrun College, Wolverhampton.
Peter Rogers Co-op, Trainee Manager, Chase Terrace.
Gillies Webster Salesman.

5 Alpha

Susan Allen Nursery Nurse, Cannock.
Kathleen Aspley ... Children's Nurse, Lichfield.
Wendy Birch Midland Bank, Lichfield.
Glenys Edwards Dentist's Receptionist, Chase Terrace.
Linda Haywood ... Military Police.
Anne Heeps Civil Service.
Angela Lewendon Banking.
Carol Mayle Park High School, Liverpool
Jean Topliss Technical College, Willenhall.

5B

Gloria Butler Banking.
Maureen Coombe Shop Assistant, Cannock.
Pauline Edwards ... Computer Centre, N.C.B.
Patricia Gannon ... Shop Assistant, Cannock.
Francine Kendrick Henry's, Walsall.
Lauren Leighfield Nurse, St. Matthew's.
Margaret Russell ... Shop Assistant, Walsall.
Susan Smith Midland Bank.
Jennifer Thomas ... Secretary, Aldridge.
Mary Wallace Banking.
Alexander Dowie ... English Electric, Stafford.
William Emberton Burton's Tailors, Cannock.
David Horton Chef's Course, Stafford.
Peter Kendrick Civil Service.
William Rhodes Police Cadet, Cannock.
Roger Sutton Banking, Lichfield.
Alan Wrotchford ... Army.

As it was written in the First Book of the Education Act

And on the first day, MADJICUS, the chief scribe of the Regions, approached there to be educated and said unto them: 'The Great MIN OF ED offers unto the servants of its Scribes a COURSE, whereby the Servants of the Scribes may visit the TRIBES OF THE NORTH, and examine their ROCKS AND MOORS, called LIME-STONE. And it would be meet and fitting for my underlings to comply with the Great MIN OF ED.

And so it was that many moons later, two servants of the Scribe MADJICUS set out on the arduous journey, laden with BEADS AND GREEN PAPER as gifts for the TRIBES OF THE NORTH, who took their gifts of GREEN PAPER with the greatest of relish, but used not the BEADS, but fed the servants of MADJICUS upon strange foods named SOSAGE and SPRAGGETY, and the distaste thereof was great.

During the day the servants of MADJICUS, the chief scribe of the Regions, was sent out in the cold, rain and ANARAKS to look at the strange and wonderful ROCKS called LIMESTONE. And they learned the language of the TRIBES OF THE NORTH, of CLINTS AND GRYKES, of EMAY and PEE AITCH DEE, of GRATIKS and UNDERGROUNDWATER and of all of which the great SCRIBES OF THE NORTH told the servants of MADJICUS, the chief scribe of the Regions.

At last the Day of the End of the COURSE organised by the Great MIN OF ED arrived, and there was CELEBRATION in the lands of the TRIBES OF THE NORTH, which went on late into the night with a munching of KRISPS, MINT CAKE, and PEANUTS, even unto the time to depart thence, early in the morning.

And MADJICUS, the chief scribe of the Regions, welcomed back his faithful servants, and told them of the GRANT, the gift of the great MIN OF ED, which was being SEEN TO.

And even now the great gift of the MIN OF ED is being SEEN TO or has been lost on the road from the OFFICE in the SOUTH, amid great wailing and lamentation in the Camps of MADJICUS, chief scribe of the Regions, and his good and faithful servants.

—D. A. POWELL,

R. DONITHORN, Schol. VI.

(Two pupils of Cannock Grammar School attended a field course at Malham Farm Field Centre, Settle, Yorks, in September, 1964).

SPORT

CRICKET

First XI

The 1964 season saw a relatively junior side representing the school and although victory was not always achieved the experience gained throughout the season began to reveal itself in the improved results during the last month. Several matches were decided in the last few minutes of play, notably that against Nigel Bailey's XI.

The penetrative bowling of Patrick Bowers, well supported by Clifford Jackson at the other end, and the marked advance in the batting of Christopher Hinks did much to encourage the team's spirit.

Members of the team were:—C. Jackson (Captain), P. Dilworth (Vice-Captain), P. Bowers, S. Boswell, D. Bushnell, R. Clifton, C. Hinks, P. Kendrick, R. Metcalfe, S. Richardson, D. Rhodes, D. Sneyd, P. Taylor. —D. BUSHNELL, Lower VI.

Second XI

This was a mixed season with several fixtures cancelled, others curtailed by rain, and several narrow defeats. Several times we found ourselves facing opponents who were far more experienced than ourselves, but only against Nimrod were we really outplayed. Particularly good performances were achieved against Wolverhampton Municipal and against Stafford Grammar School. Throughout the season the splendid all-round form of Leslie Hurmson was an inspiration to the team.

—STUART RICHARDSON, Lower VI.

Under-15 XI

The 1964 season for the U.-15 XI was not a very successful one, although some good cricket was produced. After a good start to the season when only time prevented the team gaining victory, many changes had to be made throughout the season owing to players being unavailable. This resulted in an unsettled team and the form promised at the beginning of the season was never really obtained.

Members of the team were:—Cooke, Richardson, Smith (Alan), Smith (Andrew), Hill, Hall (Steven), Homeshaw, Fenton, Phelps, Davies, Wilding, McAlpine, Baker, Barrs, Mallen, Scriberras, Thomas, Marshall and Dando.

—T. DANDO, L.VIA.

RUGBY

First XV

One of the most obvious and pleasing aspects of the season has been the steady improvement in the standard of play, as with more and more players taking the field competition for places has been extremely keen.

Though several matches were won by large margins, these did not bring as much satisfaction as those against strong teams when we lost by a small margin. Since many of this year's regular players are still in the fifth year, the future would seem to be bright since most of these should be available to form the nucleus of next year's team.

This year the school again entered a side in the County seven-a-side competition, in which they were defeated by Walsall, the eventual finalists.

—B. SKELTON, Upper VI.
D. BUSHNELL, Lower VI.

Under-15 XV

The season was a good one on the whole and was characterised by several outstanding performances. In the opening match against Abbotsholme the team fought back after being six points down in the first five minutes and finally won 15-9. In the New Year the Municipal Grammar School, Wolverhampton, were trounced 18-0, but one of the team's finest displays ended in defeat. This was the final game against Kingshill, when in summer-like weather and despite injuries to two key players the team fought all the way before losing 23-14.

An outstanding feature of the year's play was the determination of the pack.

—RODERICK McALPINE, 4X.

NETBALL

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
First Team	5	0	5	0	36	78
Under-15 ...	7	2	5	0	93	87
Under-14 ...	6	0	5	1	40	96
Under-13 ...	8	7	1	0	121	57

First Team.—C. Eccleston (Capt.), P. Hesketh, J. Faulkner, B. Spencer, J. Webster, S. Maddox, J. Evans.

Under-15 Team.—J. Perks (Capt.), J. Dennis, C. Reynolds, P. Groves, S. Owen, E. Goodacre, S. Gunn.

Under-14 Team.—S. Preston (Capt.), N. Tranter, K. Mills, D. Jones, D. West, A. Webster, B. Currie.

Under-13 Team.—C. Sammons (Capt.), K. Spencer, L. Pee, S. Howes, S. Cantrell, E. Sellman, A. Codd.

This season has not been one of the best; in fact, with regard to the first team, it has been particularly bad. The under-14 team also has had a poor season, and for a team that showed so much promise last year, they have played most disappointingly. The results in both cases would seem to point to shooting, which indeed is nothing to shout about, and yet it is the lack of co-ordination between individual players that has so often been the principal cause of defeat.

However, looking on the brighter side of things, the under-13 team have played extremely well in all their matches, and have thoroughly deserved to win so many times. The under-15 team have had a rather mixed season: most of their matches were very close defeats, and yet the two games that they won were most decisive. As with the other teams, the under-15 team showed a marked improvement as the season progressed. A single match was arranged for the under-12 team, and they played a very good game, beating Aldridge 20-6. They showed great promise for the future, and with the under-13 team should prove to be strong opponents. All the practices were well attended and I am very grateful to the members of the teams, and the reserves who have given of their time and energy to attend both practices and matches.

The inter-form netball tournament was won this year by 5A, who defeated 2A by 20 goals to 19. The win was deserved, for 5A played very well against a junior team who nevertheless put up a strong resistance.

The first team maintained the tradition of the school concerning the annual match against the staff by defeating the staff ladies by 10 goals to 6.

—C. ECCLESTON, L6A.

HOCKEY

This year for the first time an attempt has been made to form a regular girls' hockey team. Support has fluctuated throughout the season, but with constant practice a future team should be quite formidable.

Only two matches have been played and, although the school lost both, they were very encouraging and stimulating performances by so young and inexperienced a team.

It is hoped that next season more matches will be played and the team will be able to profit from more active competition.

—DANIA WILLIAMS (Captain).

CROSS-COUNTRY 1964-65

This season's results are somewhat mixed. The school entered the Wolverhampton relay for the first time, this event taking place before Christmas, and so before our official Cross-Country period. The four making the team, Barry Cooke, Robert Wetton, Martin Crowe and myself finished last. No doubt future entry into this event will be preceded by some "down to earth" training.

After this initial set-back, the few that realised it would be a hard struggle to gain fitness persisted. The remainder, though not apathetic to the cause, reaped rewards elsewhere. At this stage it would be unfair to say that we did not have a few conversions' (begging Brian's pardon) notably those who turned up to run in the Mid-Staffs., where, if we could have bullied two more into participating, we would have won the senior team trophy. The results are given below. The team to represent Mid-Staffs. at the County Championships included Bob Wetton and myself, John Ormrod being unlucky not to gain selection for the junior team.

The Staffs. Schools Championships were held over a bleak, snow-covered course, and as a result of some good packing Mid-Staffs. Seniors won the team trophy for the third year running. The teams chosen to represent Staffordshire in the National Cross-Country Championships at Colchester, included a now somewhat antiquated schoolboy athlete, namely myself.

The school team again took part in the Lichfield relay. This year's team included two juniors having their first outing against older athletes and giving inspired performances, which we hope will see the beginning of a medal-winning team.

RESULTS

Mid-Staffs.

Intermediates: John Ormrod (13), Martin Crowe (26), Dave Wilson (54), Thomas Meeson (57).

Seniors: Sydney Boswell (3), Robert Wetton (4), Ken James (10), David Bushnell (11).

Staffs. Schools.

Seniors: Robert Wetton (11), Sydney Boswell (8).

National Schools.

Sydney Boswell (113).

Lichfield Relay.

Team: Sydney Boswell, Brian Bloxham, Robert Wetton, John Ormrod.

Placing: 4 x 2 miles. Time: 47 min. 42 sec.

—S. G. BOSWELL, Cross-Country Captain.

FOOTBALL

Under-14 XI

Played 8, won 6, lost 2. For 33, Against 10

This has been a most successful season as can be seen from the results. In defence Hawkins played well at centre-half holding the defence together so that only 10 goals were conceded in 8 matches. In the forward line Davidson was the highest scorer with 16 of the 33 goals to his credit. A double was won over Shire Oak when away we won 5-0, Davidson scoring 4, and at home we won 8-0. Honours go to Critchlow and Roberts who represented Cannock District.

—R. CRITCHLOW, 3A.

Under-13 XI

The 1964-65 season has been reasonably successful for the under-13 team. The team has won four matches, lost three and drawn one. Three of the eleven matches were postponed on account of inclement weather.

Outstanding players this season have been Davies and Holston, both of whom were selected for the Cannock and District team.

The season started well with a 3-2 victory over Regis, but we then fell to Shire Oak 3-1. Later this season the defeat was avenged by a 3-0 victory. Other memorable victories have been against Rugeley and Aldridge whom we beat 4-1, ending the season on a good note.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Dawson and Mr. Morton who have 'coached' the team.

—JOHN BEWLEY, 2A.

BOYS' TENNIS

This season the senior boys ventured into a new competitive field for the school, namely tennis. Armed with much talent but little experience, the 6-strong team proved themselves worthy opposition to the school teams they encountered. With advice and encouragement readily forthcoming from Mr. Smith and Mr. Woodcock, the team began the season with a fine 8 sets-1 set victory against Joseph Leckie. That this was not purely beginners' luck was proved by the results of the following five matches, each of which the team won handsomely. The final match against the staff produced both skilful and entertaining tennis for the somewhat partisan crowd and it was with some relief that the school team left the courts tired but victorious; their unbeaten record maintained.

Team: B. Barnard, R. Donithorn, S. Challener, P. Evans, J. Gill and J. Myers; L. Davies, E. Heath, S. James, P. Mudd and D. Williams, and J. Piasecki (for staff match only).

Results: May 9th (H) School v. Joseph Leckie 8-1

May 16th (H) School v. Tamworth 9-0

May 23rd (H) School v. Abbotsholme 7-2

May 30th (H) School v. Royal School, Wolverhampton 6-3

June 16th (H) School v. Staff 10-3

—R. DONITHORN (Capt.).

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS. 4, Ate; 6, Planet; 10, Soil; 11, Tag; 13, Col; 14, Pot; 16, B.A.C.; 18, Slum; 21, Holds; 25, Kontiki; 27, Hoe; 28, B.L.; 30, Interjection; 31, Sea; 32, Lee; 33, Argentina; 37, Key; 38, Set; 40, Snore; 41, Tens; 44, Il; 45, Inks; 46, Bar; 47, C.D.; 48, Yours; 51, He; 53, Soot; 54, Len; 55 Day; 57, Is; 58, Eat; 60, Gown; 61, Be; 62, Art; 64, Bat.

DOWN. 1, Te; 2, Spool; 3, Pal; 5, Trail; 7, Lil; 8, Et; 9, Tap; 10, S.C.; 12, Go; 15, Ted; 16, Briar; 17, Chile; 18, Sit; 19, U.K.; 20, Moles; 22, List; 23, Shin; 24, Le; 26, No; 28, Bee; 29, Lay; 31, Skunk; 33, At; 34, Generously; 35, North; 36, Ipswich; 39, Eel; 41, Tick; 42, End; 43, S.S.; 46, Beyond; 49, Roe; 50, Son; 52, Elf; 56, Anger; 57, It; 58, Ewe; 61, Barb; 63, Tot; 65, Away.

