

1967

chenet

THE MAGAZINE OF CANNOCK GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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Editorial Adviser: Mr. D. K. Lloyd.

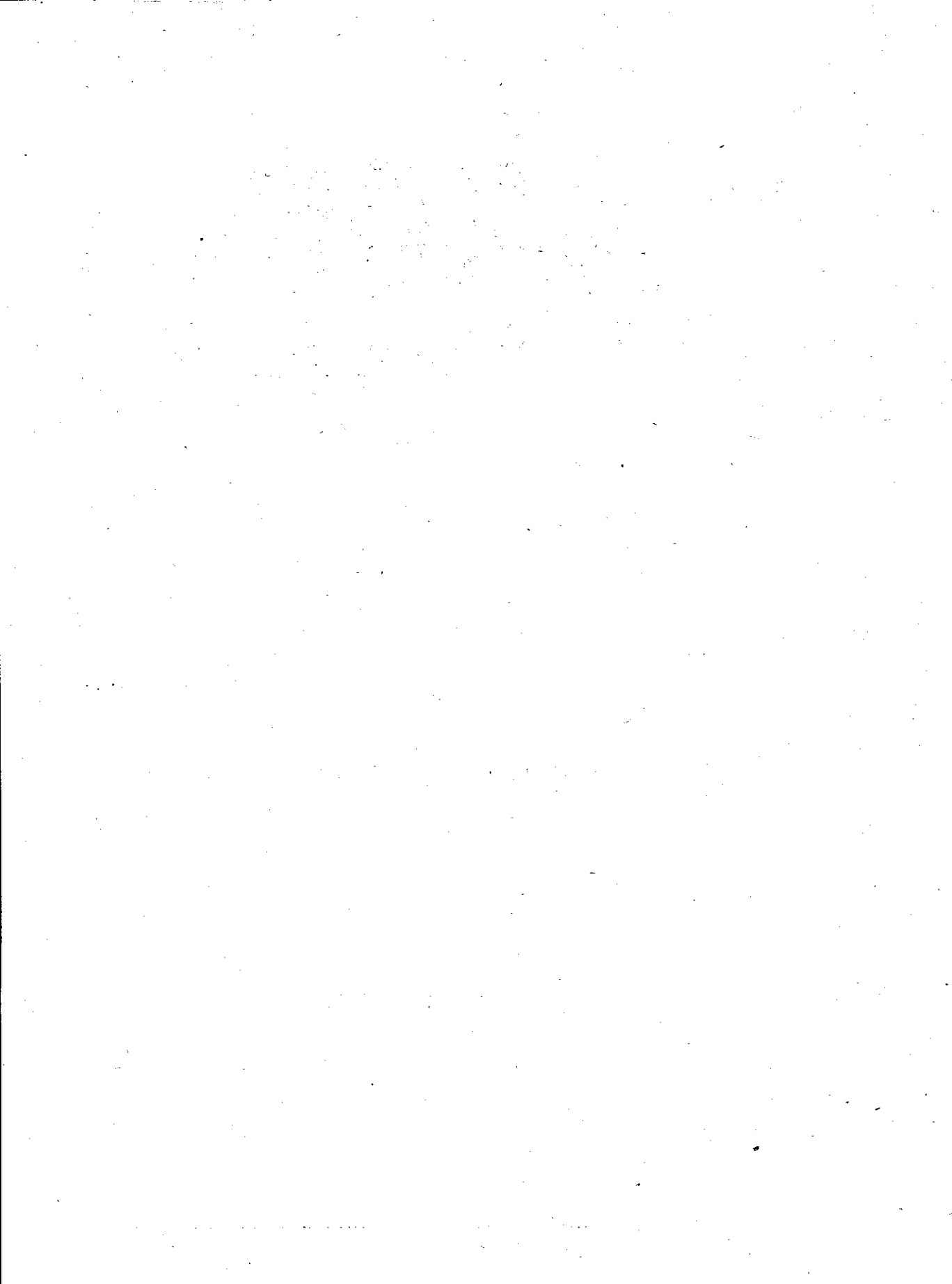
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Cover Designed by Alan Mayes



EDITORIAL

A SCIENTIST as Editor of Chenet! Sacrilege! Fortunately for the poor, ignorant scientist, the magazine virtually wrote itself. Original contributions flooded in from all sides. No longer, it appears, does the magazine committee have to coax, force and bribe all its material from the school. Ex-members of Staff, ex-pupils, Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all, seem eager to give vent to their literary talents, at the merest suggestion of publication.

The departure of our present Headmaster is marked by Mr. Pomfret's own letter of farewell and by a panegyric written by Mr. Draper. Robert Barker's winning of a Cambridge Blue is commemorated by an article by Bob himself.

After the breaks in tradition in the magazine's recent years culminating in last year's florid mantle, there can be no turning back. It is hoped that Chenet is becoming not merely a school magazine for pupils past and present, but for parents, friends and whoever has the privilege of obtaining a copy.

PETER TAYLOR. L6C. Editor

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

Twelve enjoyable years!

Not quite so grand as "Sixty Glorious Years", but joy does not always accompany glory. Quite often 1955 does not seem all that far away, but when I realise the significance of twelve years it surprises me. Most of our present first formers had only just been born when I started at Easter, 1955, without any staff or pupils, and some still had to make their appearance into the world. Our sixth formers had just started at the infants' schools or were still looking forward (!) to that treat. The opening of Cannock Grammar School would mean nothing to any of the girls and boys now in the school. What many had eagerly awaited is taken for granted by the present generation. They have known no other. When translated into these terms twelve years becomes a long time.

Much of my time has been devoted to planning and preparing. The school's subsequent development has given the kind of joy and satisfaction that parents experience as their children grow up — when they grow up the right way! It is probably not generally realised how much I have had to live in the future. When staff appointments are being thought about some nine months ahead for one September, they have to be considered in the light of likely requirements in the following September or even after that. I live in the future so much that it sometimes seems more real than the present.

It has been a great privilege to serve the school and the community in this way, and what could so easily have been a burden has actually been a delight because I have had such nice people to work with. Among the happiest of memories will always be the quite large group of long serving members of staff, most of them in senior posts, who to me were more like a family than a team. In particular, of course, those with whom I have had to work most closely could not have been more conscientious, dependable, considerate, and loyal, even if I had been a magician with the power to produce what I desired. In Miss Baker, Miss Knowles and Mr. Draper I have had not just good colleagues but real friends, and to have had this partnership undisturbed for the first ten years of its life is one of the school's greatest blessings. However lonely other headmasters and headmistresses find their lot, this has not been my experience.

Depending upon the age at which I retire (that is the dreamer in me!), twelve years and a term could be a third of my active teaching life. It has been a happy and healthy period, for I have not missed a day through illness. How can I cease to be reminded of all that Cannock Grammar School means to me!

There are so many things I shall miss and so many ways in which the familiar scenes will be brought back to my mind. One which can be guaranteed to transport me, and which means a lot to me, is the tune Blaenwern which we have sung at our closing service at the end of each term. Whenever I hear it I shall be back with you

"Lost in wonder, love, and praise"
as I count my blessings, your blessings, our blessings, which the fellowship of these years has produced.

When writing to the Christians at Colossae, Paul said that he and Timothy never ceased to pray for them that they might receive all wisdom and spiritual understanding so that their "manner of life may be worthy of the Lord". This is the background to our school motto, and this is my prayer for you.

LIVE WORTHILY.



MR. J. POMFRET

CANNOCK Grammar School is his creation. He will, of course, reply that the school has been built by the hundred staff and fifteen hundred pupils who have worked here, and this is true. Sir Christopher Wren did not build St. Paul's Cathedral by himself.

It has been said that all a Head has to do is to make it possible for his staff to teach and his

pupils to learn to the best of their ability. The greater his success in this complicated task, the less this success is noticed, the more it is taken for granted. Every year we make greater demands on the timetable and assume that it will work; we return in September and know that what we need will be here, we are surprised when we meet a problem because, generally, the possible cause has been foreseen and dealt with before the problem has arisen. As with all really good administrators, it is easy not to recognize Mr. Pomfret's excellence here, since his skill lies not in remedying mistakes but in avoiding them.

We have much to thank him for in our relationships with the community in which we live. We have experienced great co-operation from the Local Education Officers, from other schools, from the community in general, largely because they have found in Mr. Pomfret a sincerity and helpfulness which have demanded a response. Inside the school, these same qualities have been evident. It is rare to find a Head who is strong and knows his own mind, yet is so friendly and approachable. When a firm decision has been needed, it has been given, but when all the rest has been forgotten, what I shall remember is his warm smile.

Mr. Pomfret leaves us to become Vice-Principal at Sunderland College of Education, where at least one member of staff, Mr. Parkes, realises how fortunate the College is. I can think of only one College more fortunate, the one which one day will have him as its Principal. We are grateful for the influence of his personality, and we wish him happiness in his new sphere of service

H.D.

STAFF NOTES

HERACLITUS of Ephesus, the Ancient Greek philosopher once said that all nature was in a state of flux, and this indeed is the case with the Staff this year in which an unprecedented number of changes has taken place. To say goodbye to a Headmaster who for so long has guided our destinies is indeed a great wrench (tribute is paid to Mr. Pomfret elsewhere), and the departure of such stalwarts as Messrs. Ginn, Smith and Douglas and Miss Bottomley and Mrs. Broadgate will leave gaps in our midst which

will be hard to fill. In addition we said good-bye at the end of last year to the Misses Fenwick and Pantlin and Messrs. Swinton, Allman, Happé, Pearman and to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas during the year.

The Staff has continued to increase in size, and the queue for the morning cup of tea has grown progressively longer.

We welcome to our midst this year:

Miss J. M. Benson, B.Sc. (Birmingham)

Miss S. Templeman, B.A. (Leeds)

Mrs. B. C. McLaren, B.Sc. (Hull), from Coleshill Grammar School.

Mrs. E. Waterhouse, M.A. (Edinburgh)

Mr. N. Blakeley, B.Sc. (Wales)

Mr. O. R. Cosham, B.A. (Bristol) Academic Dip. (London) from Owen's School, London.

Mr. B. Humphrey, B. Eng. (Sheffield) from Wisbech Grammar School.

Mr. G. S. Shaw, B.A. (Leeds) from Pembroke Grammar School.

Mr. R. B. Sutton, B.A. (Manchester) from West Bromwich Technical High School.

Mr. A. White, B.A. (Manchester) from John Willmott Grammar School.

Miss P. Brown has come to us for a short time to take Miss Pantlin's place, but will leave at the end of the term for Johannesburg; and Mrs. Dixon has arrived to replace Mrs. Douglas in the Geography Department.

We offer our congratulations to Mrs. Mapstone and to Messrs. Gaunt and Lees on their respective marriages, to Mr. and Mrs. Baskerville on the birth of their son Stephen Robert, and to Mr. and Mrs. Horne on the birth of their son Christopher Darren.

We also welcome to the Staff this year as French Assistante Mlle. Hélène Cartier Veyret. She has proved a decided asset, not only adding a splash of colour to the austere British scene, but also helping to increase the popularity of the French language.

For the first time we have had a Spanish Assistant, and in this capacity we welcome Senor Joaquin Taborga, who in spite of the rather strained Anglo-Spanish relations on the political scene, has proved an amiable colleague.

Members of Staff have done well in supporting the various projects of the Chenetians this year, and have derived much enjoyment from their continued contact with their former pupils at such events as the Annual Dinner, Ten-Pin Bowling and the Social Get-togethers. At the moment of writing we are looking forward to embarking with them on a Barge trip to Coven.

The Staff Badminton Club has been keenly supported this year and is now rapidly approaching the popularity of its halcyon days. Meeting every Tuesday, its members have enjoyed many a pleasant hour with the shuttlecock, and it is pleasing to record that the standard of play continues to improve.

We were all delighted at the award of a Blue to Bob Barker. His progress had been keenly followed during the season, especially by those who remember him as a small (was he ever that?) boy learning the rudiments of Rugby. Our one regret was that we were unable to witness the Varsity match on Television in School on the appointed afternoon.

We offer our congratulations to our former colleague Mr. P. Happé on being awarded his Ph.D.

The Staff ladies for the first time in recent memory defeated the Upper Sixth at Netball by 7 goals to 4. This, following the victory over the School at Mixed Tennis last summer points to a resurgence of athleticism amongst our lady members.

Although it is becoming increasingly difficult to field a full Staff Cricket team owing to the demands of external marking and other Summer activities which make a heavy call on the Staff, the 1966 season was a very successful one, not only in the number of victories won, but also in the amount of enjoyment which the season produced. For the first time for many years, the School was completely outplayed, and the Staff were easy victors, due mainly to a steady innings by Mr. Morton. Undoubtedly the most exciting game was that against Rising Brook. Set to make over 100 runs in the twilight, Mr. Dixon batted on to an excellent 79, before sitting on his wicket through sheer fatigue. Four runs were still needed in the last over which was played in almost pitch darkness. These were eventually obtained off the last ball of the match by the captain, Mr. Lloyd, who later admitted that he had judged his stroke entirely by sound.

An exciting occurrence of hair-raising proportions took place mid-way through the "mock" examinations, to relieve the prevailing gloom. Miss Simpson, who had retired to the "Quiet Room" to get down to some serious marking, suddenly discovered to her horror that she had become incarcerated. The lock on the door yielded neither to violence nor gentle persuasion, and as the cries for help became fainter, consternation began to be felt for the hapless victim. Also the hour of "Tea-Break" was fast approaching, and despair began to mount at the thought of all the equipment essential to the decanting of the ethereal beverage — now alas — so far out of reach! After several attempts to break in had failed, Mr. Skinner climbed through a window on to the roof, and with an agility well suited to a man of his calling, effected a heroic rescue by means of a "fireman's lift". After Miss Simpson had been restored to the bosom of her colleagues, Science was brought to bear on the problem, and the removal of the lock by the Physics Department ensured that all were able to recover from the excitement with a soothing "cuppa".

After their narrow 1-0 victory last season over the Under 15 XI, the Staff anticipated yet another close game this year. With this in mind they decided to bring in some "new blood" and substituted youth for experience. Con-

sequently the team took the field without the old hands of Messrs. Draper, Baker, Ginn, Stanley and Middlehurst. The result was disaster. The "new boys" failed to combine with any sort of cohesion and were completely outplayed by their younger and more nimble opponents. The state of the pitch contributed further to their undoing. When interviewed before the game, the referee expressed grave concern about playing conditions, and it was only his desire not to disappoint the large crowd of Juniors who anticipated with glee the sight of their mentors floundering in the mud that prompted him to allow the game to proceed. From the first whistle it was obvious that the Staff were in for a hard time, and panic in the defence soon allowed the School to run up an ominously high score. With the help of some spectacular "own goals" the Under 15s eventually won by 7 goals to 1.

The Selectors must bring back some of the old hands next season if the Staff's former superiority is to be re-established.

At Easter, the same team, reinforced by the return of Mr. Draper more than atoned for their debacle, in a match against the Prefects. In a ding-dong struggle between two evenly matched sides, the Staff took an early lead through an opportunist goal by Mr. Cosham. In the second half the Prefects levelled the score with a hotly disputed goal. Both Staff and spectators were of the opinion that it was scored from an off-side position, but the referee after consultation with the linesman remained adamant.

Some late news is that Mr. and Mrs. Dixon will also be leaving us at the end of this term. We wish them well in their new habitat.

STOP PRESS

I should like to acknowledge on behalf of the school a large Stuart Crystal Vase presented by Mr. and Mrs. Lucas in memory of Janet, who spent two very happy terms with us as a first former until her death two years ago. It is a most acceptable gift which will add to the sparkle and lustre of our special occasions. We thank Janet's parents for their generosity.

J.P.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Head Girl: Cynthia Davis.

Deputy: Susan Owen.

Head Boy: David Baker.

Deputy: Robert Cooper.

School Prefects: Eva Brookes, Susan Cope, Drucilla Craddock, Carol Dalloway, Carolyn Gilham, Shirley Gunn, Annette Jones, Susan Jordan, Elizabeth Makeham, Christine Powell, Susan Rowley, Christine Sedgwick, Janet Shaw, Susan Willetts, Terence Dando, Robert Davies, Laurence Finch, Philip Griffin, Stephen Hall, Stephen Heath, Brian Jones, Stephen Jones, Robert Mallen, Douglas Maund, Stephen Sides, Philip Thomas, John Woollaston.

Junior Prefects: **Upper Sixth:** Carolyn Harrison, Rita Smyczek, Brenda Winfield, Royden Cope, Anthony Griffiths, Graham Pratt.

Lower Sixth: Susan Hill, Kathleen Perry, Robert Critchlow, Michael Donithorn, David Sciberras, Peter Taylor.

Rugby: Alan Smith.

Cricket: Alan Smith.

Soccer: Robert Cooper.

SPEECH DAY

SPEECH Day was held on Wednesday, 22nd March.

Owing to the growth of the school the First Forms were unable to attend the morning service, which for the first time was held in the school hall instead of the Parish church.

The sermon was given by Mr. A. Bailey, Vice-President of the Methodist Conference, and the Lessons were read by the Head Girl, Cynthia Davies and the Head Boy, David Baker.

The evening ceremony was opened by the Chairman of the Governors, Alderman A. Hampton who mentioned the school's academic achievements and praised the work of Mr. Pomfret.

In his final annual report of the school year the Headmaster made special mention of Annette Frost's success in gaining a place at Oxford. He also thanked those members of the Staff who had come at or near the beginning of

the life of the school, for all their help in the establishment of the school.

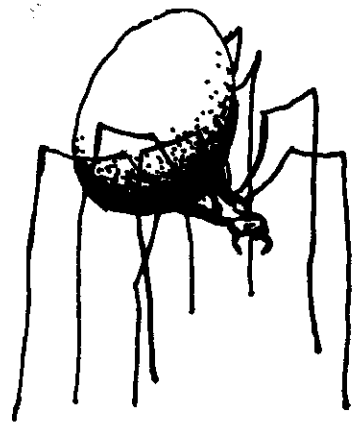
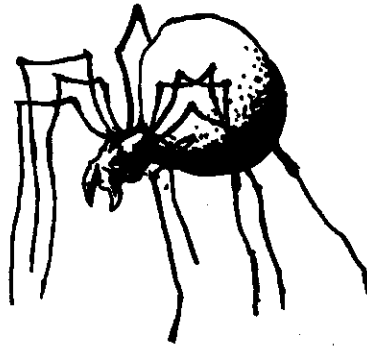
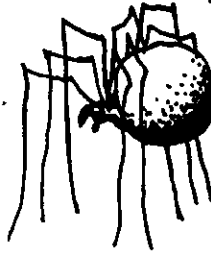
The guest speaker, Mr. J. H. P. Oxspring, County Director of Education, also praised Mr. Pomfret's work at Cannock. He then prefaced his distribution of certificates and prizes by a speech in which he enumerated the qualities he thought essential of a good Grammar school. He mentioned the need for academic achievement, exploitation of latent talent and a corporate spirit along with the need for a sense of purpose, for right thinking and for responsible behaviour amongst the pupils.

Mr. Oxspring was thanked by the Head Boy, and the Head Girl made the traditional presentation to the speaker (who with great acclaim had asked for a day's holiday!) of a wooden bowl handsomely engraved with the school crest.

PETER TAYLOR. L6C.

SPIDERS

Night-time;
Black without,
cold cheerless darkness.
Bright within,
warm comforting safe.
The moon is pale
like a watery sun;
depressing.
The fire is crackling in the grate;
smiling,
friendly.
Night wears on,
The fire dies;
The moon's ray is molten gold,
streaming in the velvet of the sky.
The embers glow
in the grate; and by them
little silver darts of light.
Scurrying,
gently sliding o'er the floor,
exploring in the night.
Silver fishes!
Dainty, mercury creatures,
sliding into cracks and grooves,
charming little friends!
But wait;
thy're no longer gleaming;
black now and dull.
Crawling slowly round,
Little, fat bodies,
Slender, thread-like legs;
Spiders!
Ugh!
Horrible devils of night,
sliding left and right,
silhouetted in the light,
Evil shapes,
repulsively so.
Brown, black,
creeping,
crawling,
disgusting,
Spiders!



GAIL BALI 3A.

SIXTH FORM NOTES

KNOWING how hard the Sixth Formers worked, and the strain of exams upon their nerves, it has been a tribute to them that they managed to cover frustration with a mask of gaiety and light-heartedness.

With the new additions to the English Department, trips to the theatre became more a way of life than tentative expeditions into the unknown.

Shakespeare remained particularly popular, with students travelling as far away as London to see "Antony and Cleopatra" performed by the National Youth Theatre. "Othello," "Macbeth" and "Richard II" seemed to awaken enthusiasm, and in each case students found watching a performance much more enjoyable than reading the play. Two lesser-known plays were, "Electra," a tragedy, and, "A Pot of Gold," a comedy, written by Sophocles and Plautus. Though both works seemed "heavy," they provided a very entertaining night out.

Relations between Grammar Schools of the area became increasingly friendly in the year.

Rugeley Grammar showed their hospitality by inviting us to the Valentine Dance and also a lecture on University life, while King Edward VI school at Lichfield continued to welcome us to their organised dances.

Conferences organised by the Scripture Department were again most successful. Although the Sixth Form weekends were once more held at Rydal Hall and Launde Abbey they proved strong favourites, and many members showed eagerness to go again. Speakers proved interesting and undoubtedly upheld the tradition of being good sports. These weekends were described with such enthusiasm that many more people not involved with "A" Level Scripture went, and this was bound to lead to colourful and heated discussions.

General subjects this year appeared to have been more productive.

The Needlework Group displayed considerable ability in a fashion show, with one of the Sixth Form boys setting a trend of his own in the world of male modelling. Our Art Group made stunning achievements, although we have not yet ascertained the value of their work. (Where else can be seen an old boot and a tooth-paste tube joined in frottage and collage than on the walls of Cannock Grammar School?) Boys whose interests lay in metalwork constructed a furnace, which was then displayed in the Stafford Craft Exhibition. Economics students found a plentiful supply of chocolates and ballbearings after their visits to Bourneville and Fafnir Bearings. Lectures on Trades Unions and agriculture proved useful to their discussions.

The theme of the Sixth Form Dance was somewhat unusual and there was a huge effort to break the tradition of fairy lights and Christmas cake.

Instead, the hall was decorated (?) with ghoulish masks and skeletons to create an atmosphere of the supernatural. Although this aspect was successful, the dance itself was far from horrific and, to use a rather outdated but apt cliché, a good time was had by all.

Many Sixth Formers were involved in Continental holidays, and Geographical Weekends at Swansea. A summer visit to Spain was exceptionally successful, and reports were that the group had made a great impression on their Spanish associates. The trip to France for a course in French literature was enjoyed, although numbers were limited. Generally the Sixth Form was not involved. A visit to Austria was organised by the P.E. Department for those boys interested in skiing, and although this took place at Easter they returned considerably more tanned than when they left.

CYNTHIA DAVIS

SPANISH EXCURSION

OUR holiday began on July 17th, at 3 p.m. in the pouring rain under the care of Messrs. Montague, Douglas, Brown and Page and their wives. Our journey by coach to Southampton was quite pleasant, passing through Banbury and Oxford.

We boarded the boat and found our sleeperettes which, being so uncomfortable, proved very unpopular. The crossing was fairly calm and we arrived at Le Havre early in the morning. Our first stop was at Rouen, where we ate our breakfast under the shade of the cathedral. Soon we were speeding along the motorway to Paris. There we went straight to our hotel, and when we had eaten, we were taken on a guided tour of Paris which turned out to be extremely interesting. Fortunately our driver had lived in Paris as a boy, and was therefore able to provide us with an excellent commentary during the tour. We saw all the famous landmarks of the city such as the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Louvre. At each stop everyone hurriedly got out of the coach to take a photograph, and then we would be off again. In the evening most people ventured out into Paris for a "night on the town".

During the following three days we passed most of our time in the coach, travelling across France to Spain. We stayed at Nimes and Lyon for the night and visited Aigues Mortes, Saintes Maries de la Mer and Avignon where Mr. Page delighted us with his dance "sur le pont".

At about midnight, having crossed the Pyrenees which were very impressive, in the dark, we arrived at our destination—Rosas.

Rosas is a small fishing village on the Costa Brava with one main street running through it. Apart from the beach, perhaps the main attraction was the fish market, where every morning and evening at about 6 o'clock the boats arrived with their catch, and fish were washed, sorted and sold by auction. It was a sight to see the different varieties of fish all neatly displayed on wicker trays.

At night we saw some "bonito" fishing: small rowing boats shining lamps into the water to attract the fish which they then caught. People found this most interesting to watch.

All the time was our own on the trip, but Mr. Montague and Mr. Douglas and their companions gallantly took parties to Ampurias, Gerona, Barcelona, Cadaques, a bullfight and a night club to see some Flamenco dancing.

We began our return journey on the following Thursday with an air of sadness. We pressed on through Carassonne and Cahors that day and spent the night in a hotel in Toulouse. On Friday we passed through Souillac and Limoges, stopping only for meals, to arrive at Poitiers for the night. The next day we went straight through the Château district of the Loire valley, and to our amazement we saw only one unimpressive château covered with ivy. We also raced along the famous Straight at Le Mans and reached Le Havre in time to catch the night ferry. Unfortunately the crossing was disagreeably rough and many of our members suffered the ill-effects of mal de mer, and emerged the next morning pale and wan.

We arrived back at Cannock on Sunday, July 31st as we had left it, for despite vigorous applications of "Ambre Solaire" we had retained our natural paleness, and it was only left for us to thank our guardians for a marvellous holiday.

SUSAN OWEN, JANET SHAW, U6C.

PHOENIX

JUNIOR PHOENIX

JUNIOR Phoenix has been meeting regularly every Monday dinner time in C3 during this year. Variety and experimentation have been important in the establishment of this new section of Phoenix. Being well attended by 1st, 2nd and 3rd forms, the following is a sample of the meetings held. We had a series of slide shots by Mr. Middlehurst on Scotland, Mr. Baskerville on Nigeria and also Jerusalem, Miss Smith (ex-member of staff) on Taise and Miss Edge (local school headmistress) on a visit from the "Feed the Minds" Campaign. Numerous quizzes and competitions of a biblical nature were held as was also a series of 6 modern filmstrips on Bunyan's "The Pilgrim's Progress".

SENIOR PHOENIX

MEETINGS have been at roughly fortnightly intervals in G2. The Senior Phoenix has invited outside speakers on a variety of topics. Three such talks and discussions were on the problems of Youth; Drugs by Mr. J. O'Sullivan, Sex by Rev. R. Furnell and Christian Pacifism by Miss J. O'Harra. Rev. Peter Lane also came to talk on Humanism. Along with inviting speakers and arranging for discussion on such points, the Phoenix has also embarked on making its own filmstrip with sound-track, called "God on Approval". This is an ambitious project and at the time of writing, the results are being awaited with trepidation.

P.T.

SAFETY FIRST

Blink, Blink, Wink,
Everybody think.
In, Out, In,
Hear the traffic's din.
Out, In, Out,
If there's any doubt.
Flash, Flash, Flash,
Do not ever dash.
Cross, Cross, Please,
And do it with ease.
Blink, Blink, Wink,
Everybody think.

SUSAN MARSTON, 1B.

AFTER A MAJOR OPERATION

A blurred blue uniform,
Striped grey by bars,
A soft hand that was warm,
Gently held mine.

Confusion in my mind,
The turmoil calmed,
By a voice that was kind,
Bringing comfort.

When daylight came at last,
My vision cleared,
And after two weeks fast,
My only thought,
To quench my raging thirst,
Water! Water!
White gown removed, the worst
Was over now.

LYNDA JONES, 2A.

WATER MAGIC

A thousand shining rainbows shone,
As the water tumbled over the rocks,
Falling, leaping, gurgling on its way,
Ending finally in a pool,
So calm and cool,
That the very stillness seemed unreal;
As if touched by magic.
I plunged my hand into the deep greenness,
So many ripples to break the spell.

PETER JOVICICH, 3E.

THE GREAT RODENT CONTEST

(Or "Any second helpings?")

DURING the few short years of school life, a tradition has already sprung up. This tradition is an awe-inspiring sight and known as The Great Rodent Contest. It has to be seen to be believed, but a short guide to the proceedings is given below.

Every day at a pre-arranged signal, all the rodents enter the arena and split up into teams. The referee for that particular day makes sure that each team has an equal number of rodents, and a captain is appointed.

The captain then determines the batting order for the team and completes any other formalities necessary. The referee indicates that the contest is under way and the first rodents move to the starting grid.

At the starting grid each rodent is given a tray of obstacles, and these are conveyed back to the rest of the team. The obstacles are divided amongst the rodents and then classified as disposable or indisposable. The disposable articles are disposed of, and the indisposable obstacles remain. (During this part of the proceedings, the referee moves among the teams to ensure that no-one cheats.)

All the remaining obstacles are then gathered together and conveyed to the finishing grid. Whilst this is going on, another rodent moves to the starting grid and receives a second tray of obstacles. These are taken back to the team and classified as before.

Any remaining obstacles are conveyed back to the finishing grid, while other rodents rally round and clear up the arena. The winning team is the one which disposes of the most obstacles in the shortest time. At the end of the contest, the captain is rewarded with a soggy dishcloth and a pile of crumbs.



P. GRIFFIN. Schol. 6

The Temple of The Dead

HELP! I sat up rubbing my head. There I was, in the tombs below the Temple of the Dead. I must have been unconscious for some time, because there was no noise from the temple up above, where workmen had been taking down a statue of a stone goddess. I had rolled underneath a table, on which stood a gold-plated coffin of Lord Myjanga.

Noticing that there was a lamp on some sort of altar at one end of the tomb, I stood up, feeling in my pocket for matches. All I had was one solitary match. I walked stealthily over to the lamp, half frightened in case anything pounced on me. Striking the match gingerly on the damp wall, I expected it to go out, but luckily it didn't. The lamp gave out a dim light. The things around me made me gasp. I saw mummy cases, coffins of great lords, all covered with dust and cobwebs.

A shiver ran down my spine. To think that I was alone with a lot of corpses! There was no obvious way out. All I could do, was to sit and wait. I tried to think what to do, and then I saw what might be a solution. The Lords of the Desert are put in their coffins with their own personal belongings, such as swords or armour. There was a loose slab above, but not loose enough for me to move with my hands. I would remove a sword from a coffin and try to work the slab loose!

I walked over to a coffin, and broke open the lid which came away in my hands as it was rotten. Inside was a sword, which I picked up.

Examining it, I found it to be in quite good condition, considering how long it had been there. Carefully I stood on a table and tried to slice around the slab. It was beginning to get looser when I heard a long, deep moan. At first I thought it was the workmen returning, but then I heard a noise behind me! I turned, and what I saw petrified me. My legs felt like jelly. The mummy case had fallen flat, and slowly rising from it was a large, bandaged figure. It moved smoothly towards me like a ghost!

I jumped off the table and ducked underneath. The mummy thumped down on the table, just missing me.

Then I heard something to my relief. Up above in the temple I heard my fellow-scientists calling my name. A group of scientists had been sent out to the desert to carry out research in the Temple of the Dead, and I was one of them. In response to my shouts they immediately began to hack through the floor. Jumping down, one of my friends threw an axe at the mummy to no avail; so I threw the lamp at it. The mummy burst into flames and perished.

I was helped out of the tombs, and I covered my eyes because of the bright sun.

A voice from somewhere shouted "Hold it!", and then "Cut!"

At last the filming of the new thriller was finished!

JULIE PRICE, 3A.

In front of a warm fire on a cold night

THERE is no light in the room. It seems so big and cold, but around myself and the fire there is a big warm glow and a soft orange-golden light surrounds me. I am curled up like a kitten in the big soft armchair.

Turning round to look at the room, I see only a bright yellow spot where the fire has imprinted its image upon the eye. Slowly this turns to green and then to a dull pulsating red. A throbbing noise is in my ears. As the red spot spreads out and fades away, so the throbbing grows louder and louder until it seems that my

eardrums will burst, and then with a loud "pop" the throbbing stops. In the following silence I listen to the wind; it howls, it whistles and now that I listen hard, I can hear, above the noise, the rushing and rustling of the leaves as they blow up against the window. Shivering, I turn round and stare once more into the fire. I sink back into the chair; I feel its comfort; I feel drowsy. Everything is unreal, dreamy. The wind is forgotten as my eyesight blurs. The fire becomes fantasy and I sleep.

JOAN HAYWOOD, 5B.

The 'Chenet' Committee will meet after School on Tuesday

THE mists of time that have formed around that legendary term "Chenet" begin to clear away and one discerns again the plethora of articles promised, the paucity of articles evolving in material form; the mass of complaints about the present magazine, the absence of constructive suggestions for its improvement. On more detailed scrutiny one sees now the deadlines that were not kept, the hasty dashes to Hedgesford, the happy chats with Mr. Bruce our long-suffering printer, the autograph hunters on the last day of term, the intended puns in the "Staff Notes" that went unnoticed, and the accidental ones that were highly commended. One hears again the accusations of poor taste from the D.S. Department and of lack of sparkle from the Chemistry Department.

Now one is suddenly back in A Block and to a cacophonous background of the school orchestra at work (the reserves seem to be functioning at the moment) a magazine committee seems to be in progress. Voices rise. "Let's ask Jennie Lee to write an article . . . or Harold Wilson . . . or the Bishop of Woolwich . . . or Mr. Parkes". Other ideas come forward. "Why not Cassius Clay? . . . or the Beatles? or Mr. Jones?" Chaos reigns and any motion is lost in the midst of a secondary debate as to who is to write the letter of invitation, the Editor, the Staff Representative, or the member who made the suggestion.

More voices are to be heard. "Let's have an article on school assembly . . . or Manchester United . . . or school dinners . . . or Sandie Shaw . . . or 5B . . . or the common market . . . or staff romances . . ." "Is anyone writing notes on past pupils?" the staff representative hastily intercedes, but attention is now distracted by the entrance of two more committee members whose advent has been retarded by a science teacher who hadn't heard the bell. They bring tidings that other members of the committee are in session in B block, under the impression that that was the appointed venue, and have apparently progressed two thirds of the way through the agenda. It is therefore decided to join forces, but another debate ensues as to which "committee" was the official one and which will change rooms. One member now withdraws — he was scheduled to be rehearsing for the French play and has only just realised that he is in the wrong place. He is immediately replaced by a hefty perspiring member of the Scholarship Sixth, fresh and half changed after rugby practice.

Comparative order is restored and someone remembers that a new committee member from the Lower Sixth has to be elected. "Let's ask X'." "No, he can't write," "Y then". "Well, the Senior Mistress caught her at the back of G Block with . . . "Z's a good choice", the staff representative chips in hastily", but he's already in the rugby, cricket, badminton, and table tennis teams besides being in the French play and he's got 3 "O" levels to catch up on this year". Finally pupil Q is agreed upon, but a hush descends as someone remembers that he left last week to work for the N.C.B.

Proceedings are enlivened again as the ubiquitous school caretaker enters, armed with brush, shovel and sand, only to beat a hasty retreat as he realises that if he stays any longer he may well be chosen to collect notes on "School Societies".

Alas, as the caretaker vanishes in a cloud of dust, the mists begin to descend again. There is just time to see a former Editor complaining to a former Deputy Head about vandalism of a magazine poster only to find that she is addressing the culprit, an array of "ioca Latina" beautifully illustrated in Indian ink and the Head of the Art Department (a tower of strength at magazine time) designing a brand new cover.

Imagination now takes charge as a familiar Celtic classicist, sustained by frivolous comments from a fellow Welsh Nationalist with chemical leanings and a portly historian with Methodist associations, peers over his spectacles at an ill-written manuscript in ruthless pursuit of potential "botches".

G.A.

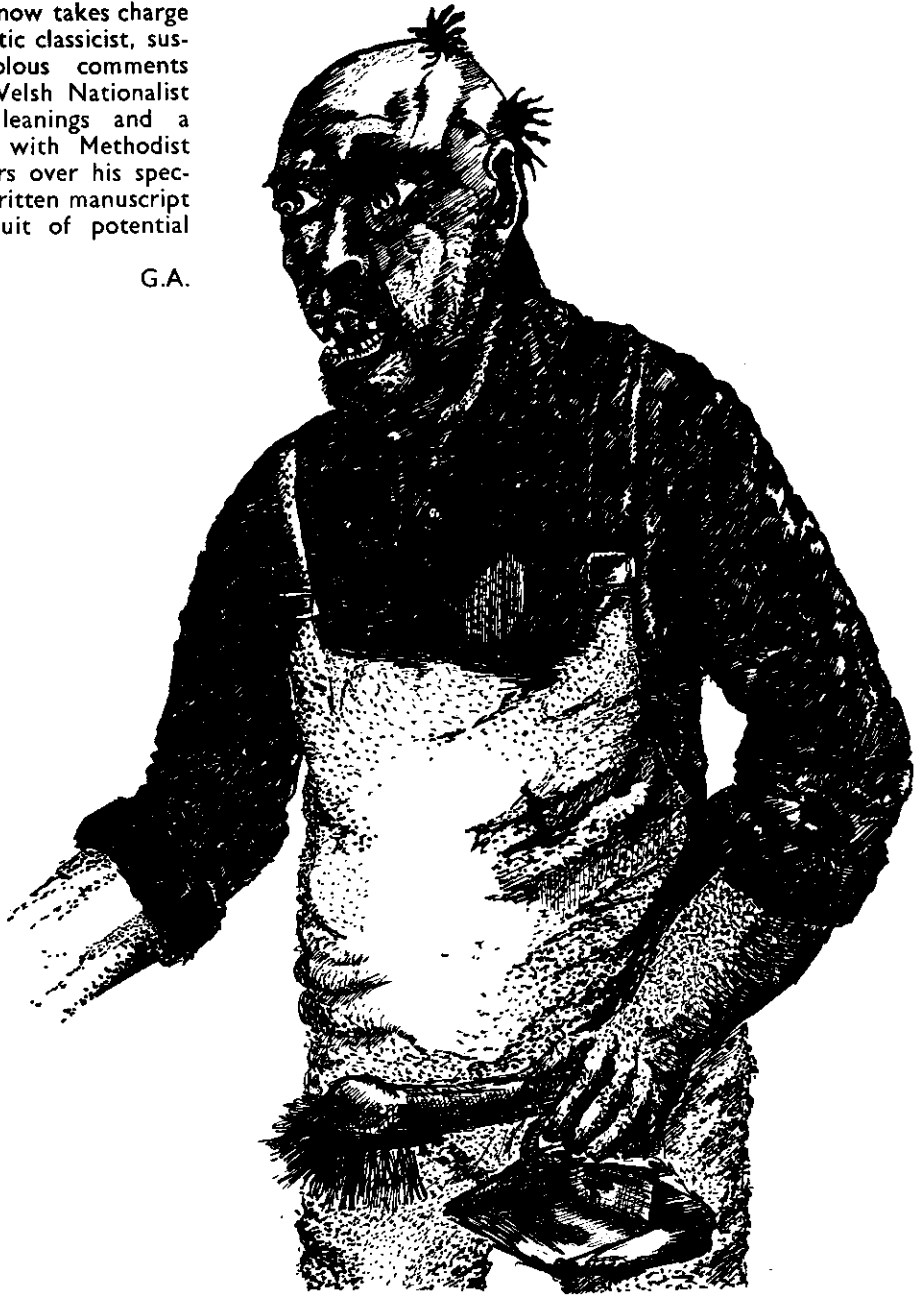


Illustration by David Yorath, L6A

UNIVERSITY LIFE

WAITING was the worst part and, in the uncertainty, the innumerable questions from one's relatives, friends and acquaintances — "Have you heard? Any news?" Eventually the long awaited letter arrived, and within a short space of time, booklets from every bank in Sheffield, a guide to the city — its restaurants, pubs and cinemas, leaflets from outfitters and booksellers, leaflets from the theatre, pages of information about Rag Week and of course, three books of prize-draw tickets to sell. Some students live this! The academic information came soon afterwards!

The time could not pass quickly enough. Leaving home was not a frightening prospect. I missed my parents and sisters of course, and one of the nicest things was to find letters on the mat in the morning.

The first week passed in a whirl. So much to get acquainted with! There was Registration, during which everyone seemed to be looking round carefully, and feeling extremely nervous. Next came an interview with a doctor, which was very pleasant and in fact most surprising. Students were told to return if they looked pale and interesting!

It was very easy to pick out the Freshers, as all the new students are called, during the first week. They crowded timorously round the Pater Noster lift, when going to lectures, not knowing whether to get on or not. They, or to be fair, we, must have presented a strange sight opening doors with furtive glances round the rooms! After a few days we grew more bold and marched straight in!

One of the nagging fears was whether one would be able to maintain the standard of work and understand the lecturers. Most of these fears were soon dissipated. The lecturers, I found, were really kind and helpful. I had imagined them to be so far above me, but they went to great length to explain that they were there to help us and would always discuss any problems with us. The work became a pleasure. It was something done entirely on my own. The lectures were opinions and thoughts to be assembled together along with one's own.

Students are always given advice on what lectures to attend and how to spend one's time. The information can be helpful but also very confusing. It is necessary therefore to sort out one's plan of campaign, so to speak! Work! The library seemed huge and so complicated. I remember with shame the amount of time it took me to find my first book. I suppose I felt very self-conscious at first, as did most others. The Freshers always seemed to leave the library first, to go to their lectures. Now, after a term, they are probably the last ones to leave!

One cannot talk about University life without mentioning the Union and its many facilities, the coffee lounges, refectories, television room, theatre/picture house, bookshop, travel bureau, launderette, and so many other amenities. The "Blower" for instance. At school, trying to find someone often meant searching for a long time. In the Union one merely gives the name of the person wanted to the porter, who then calls it out over a loudspeaker, and then waits.

There is no need to feel lonely in the Union, as there is always some form of entertainment.

Rag Week was great fun with its many stunts and the processions through the town. Crowds of people lined the streets to watch the floats go by, while the other students, hoping to get some money, rattled tins at them.

At first there were very few people one knew, and then the number of friends just grew and grew. Interests that seemed unique at home were quite common in fact, and many friendships are formed just through one small interest in common.

You are responsible for the kind of life you lead and for the impression of yourself which you give to others. Relationships can be as deep or as shallow as you wish. There is so much one could say about University life. So much to do and to enjoy. Without any doubt, it is worth all the work and sacrifices that need to be made. You don't believe me? Then come and discover for yourself!

CHERYL MASSEY

L'IMPORTANT

(d'après une chanson de M.Gilbert Bécaud)

L'Important c'est la rose au premier matin,
L'Important c'est le matin qui s'éveille dans
mon coeur,
C'est un enfant qui pleure, un poète qui se
meurt,
Et la croyance qu'on a en demain.

L'Important c'est des paroles qu'on n'écoute
jamais,
L'Important c'est le jamais au lieu du toujours,
C'est un amour jou, un musicien de carrefour,
Et vouloir goûter la parfaite amitié.

L'Important c'est la clémence que nous montre
le ciel,
L'Important c'est le ciel sans change et sans
fin,
C'est l'humanité divine qui gouverne notre
destin,
Et l'Infini c'est mon Dieu fidèle.

ANNETTE FROST

FOG

But not a hope to find the criminals.
Fog, a blanket over the earth,
Cold, damp and miserable,
Ordinary citizens abhor,
(Criminals' delight),
Ample cover for daring snatches;
Pepper flies,
People sneeze,
A million pounds vanish;
Visibility down to nil,
Fast getaway;
The gang vanish into thin air;
Police sirens,
But not a hope to find the criminals.

Fog, a blanket over the moor;
The prisoner looms out of the murk!
A punch, a ladder, a rope, a jump . . .
And freedom!
Hurrah!
Helicopters and Alsations,
Squad cars and road blocks,
A chase;
A car crashes into a wall
A struggle,
And the prisoner unhappily returns.

NICOLAS MADGE, 3A

THE WIND

The wind seems to be human in its moods,
It fears no-one, rules everyone; so quickly can
the wind change.

The oak trees planted from little acorns
Have taken years of loving care to grow,
But the wind in one cruel minute uproots the
trees
And tosses them away, no more to grow.

The wind can be gentle and low,
Rustling up the leaves,
Lifting the daisies' shy little peeping faces
Up towards the bright sun.

Yes, the wind is beautiful,
Mysterious in its own way.
It seems to be howling, sighing, whispering,
The ever whispering wind,
The wind — who can describe the wind?

ANNA D'ANGELO, 1B

THE VELVET TERROR

No other cat could ever fight
The Velvet terror of the night.
Silently he creeps away
To prowl the street till break of day.
Up in the oak the night owl hoots.
In the street that's dark and gloomy,
On the rooftops quiet and roomy,
There you'll find an alley cat,
And fluttering round, the old blind bat.
There's not a movement, not a stir,
Except an occasional gentle purr.
Suddenly he rouses with a start
And faster beats his pounding heart.
The Velvet terror — would he meet his fate?
He turned to flee, but much too late.
The band of cats that he once led,
He'll lead no more, for he lies dead.

LYNN PEDLEY, 1X

A GOOD GUMMING

IN MY opinion, false teeth are a constant source of delight to everyone; everyone that is except the people who actually wear them. The absence of an efficient set of "choppers" seems a staggering loss that can never be compensated: I mean to say, how do these people open bottles of wine? And how do they keep their finger nails a convenient length without inflicting a great damage upon their gums?

The other day I was standing in the High Street, passing comments to the proprietor of a flower shop about the state of his daffodils, when a voice cut through our conversation. "Hello—'click'—haven't seen you for ages—'click'—". I turned round, slightly perturbed by this intrusion.

"Dammit", he clicked, "they're loose again." "What are?" I enquired politely. "My teeth, old man, my teeth. Look. How about coming round to my place tonight for a bite to eat? About eight will do—Cheerio!" With that he was gone.

I wasn't actually filled with enthusiasm that evening, as I rang the door bell. After a brief pause, a voice floated through the letter box, bidding me enter. The door opened, revealing my host in a strange posture, seemingly attempting to crawl under a table. "I've lost them", he grumbled. "Just sneezed and out they popped." It was obvious to me that he was extremely agitated and I replied "Oh really", in a most soothing voice. Not wishing to be left out of anything, I flung my coat on an empty chair and joined him on the floor.

While we searched, he explained to me that "en route" from the kitchen to the dining room, he had been seized by a violent attack of sneezing which rendered him temporarily incapable. The discovery of the absence of his teeth followed shortly afterwards, and he had spent the last ten minutes looking for a pair of dentures that had seemingly vanished into thin air. At length my friend indicated that it was "no use" and marched into the kitchen.

The meal which followed was consumed in silence. The first course caused my companion to look directly at me, mutter something under his breath, and swallow heavily. By the end of the meal, my friend had acquired two glowing red cheeks. We talked for a while about the advantages of a permanent chewing mechanism, and then it was time for me to leave.

A few days later, I learned that my friend had been saved from undue suffering by his housekeeper, who had found the offending dentures lodged behind a mirror in the hall.

P. GRIFFIN, Schol. 6

Further Austrian Meditations

TERROR struck the small village of Fieberbrunn, in the heart of the Austrian Tyrol, last Easter when a party of eager senior boys returned for a second year to cause further suffering and devastation! Many of the party had discovered this swinging village the previous year — but the rest were innocent victims of democracy when they left the warmth and security of their homes on Easter Monday.

After a rough channel crossing — which we managed to stomach! — we sped across the flat, primitive plain of Northern France. Whilst travelling rather laboriously across Europe, we nourished ourselves on stale “jam-butties”, slept on hard French couchettes and crawled out at last — for atmospheric refreshment — into the snow blinded city of Innsbruck.

Our arrival at Fieberbrunn was somewhat belated due to two factors: Austrian platforms are non-existent to the point of not resembling a station at all and a blinding snowstorm obscured the station’s means of recognition. These two misfortunes caused us to overshoot our destination so that we had to retrace our steps by a later train. When we finally arrived at our hotel — appropriately called the “Schloss(ed) Hotel”, — we timidly showed our faces to our old friend Frau Eberhardt, the proprietress . . . and after we had brought her round, she was quite pleased to see us again!

Our stay in Fieberbrunn was spent in the company of a party from Luton who helped us to exploit the village to the fullest — which incidentally was not very far! Notable incidents included a visit to the local cinema to see a much publicized version in German of “Goldfinger” — which we all slept through —, and the local social, which was made known to us by the waitress in a local hotel who inquired in broken English if we would like to go to a dance that evening. In answer to our nodding, she replied that it was tomorrow night. We left feeling rather bewildered and wondering whether yesterday was tomorrow or today was a week last Tuesday.

Having survived a week of heavy snowfalls and Messrs. Skinner and Horne — oh, and by

the way, we had a fantastic time skiing — we returned to that gorgeous English sunshine!

Apologies go to the French Department for my occasional lapses into international comment, and to the peasants of Fieberbrunn.

R. CRITCHLOW, L.VIA.

Second Form Trip

JULY 2nd, 1966

KENILWORTH AND WARWICK CASTLES

THE trip left Cannock at five past eleven in the morning (an alarming punctuality for such a trip, marred by a mere five minutes). The journey through the country to Kenilworth was uneventful but pleasant. On our arrival we found our time would have to be curtailed, due to the preparations for a carnival. Nevertheless our visit to the castle proved to be an enjoyable one. The grounds were spacious though deserted and buildings formed extensive and magnificent ruins (the gatehouse alone in habitation). Of the sturdy keep, one wall had been demolished by the Parliamentarians in the aftermath of the civil war. Of the remainder, most worthy of note was the apartment added by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. The great mere which once surrounded the castle was drained back in the 1650’s.

We moved on to Warwick, whose castle is in excellent preservation and still a fine residence. We had a guided tour of the more interesting rooms; the comprehensive armoury including swords, daggers, blunderbusses, cross bows with breast plates and helmets; the state rooms containing much continental furniture, tapestry and paintings with the usual impressive carpets and fireplaces; the Queen Anne Bedroom (though she never slept in it) with its four-poster bed; the great hall with its mighty, thick walls.

The conservatory was visited in the grounds and we viewed the famous peacocks and goldfish. We then bought souvenirs and returned to the park, where some went on the river; the braver ventured into an ice cold out-door swimming pool and the members of staff concerned seemed to gain enjoyment from joining in the fun. We boarded the coach, eating a fair assortment of refreshments and were back in Cannock by six-thirty.

CHRISTINE SHARMAN, EX-2E.

THE CHENETIANS

IF YOU are leaving this year and wish to retain a link with the school and meet your old school friends, why not join the Chenetians?

The Chenetians are now five years old and we are always in need of new support and new ideas, even though this year we have tried out several new schemes which are becoming very popular with our existing members. At our new social-evening venue at the Cannock Conservative Club on April 14th, we held our first get-together of the year. A varied menu was prepared by the committee chefs and all the refreshments were swiftly cleared. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all who attended.

This year's Annual Dinner and Dance held at Eaton Lodge Hotel, Rugeley, on Friday, September 16th, was so successful that it seems certain to become a trend-setter for years to come. This year the informal no-speech dinner included dancing to the Regent Dance Orchestra, an innovation that was welcomed by all 120 members and friends who attended, and very few were to leave before the close, at 1 a.m. on Saturday morning. Such was the success that another dinner-dance was booked for **8th September, 1967** — again at Eaton Lodge. Members please make a note of the date.

Members were asked to submit new ideas for the year at the dinner, and as a result we arranged Ten Pin Bowling at Wolverhampton on December 2nd. This was attended mainly by Staff members, but another Bowls evening held on April 14th met with more support.

Unfortunately one event in our activities has had to end. This is the Car Treasure Hunt which had proved so popular. Regretably new government regulations now make the holding of this event impossible.

On January 6th another Social Evening was held and was very well attended. During the evening we were to hear some folk songs sung delightfully by Mary Somerville accompanied on guitar by Brian Barnard.

The Annual Rugby game against the school resulted in another victory for the Chenetians who won by 14 pts. to 8.

The A.G.M. this year was held on March 23rd at the Conservative Club instead of at the school. Larger numbers attended than heretofore. Unfortunately we have to say good-bye to our first president, Mr. Pomfret, and in token of our thanks to him for all that he has done for us, we presented him with an engraved desk set during the evening.

Would-be members are invited to contact either Mr. D. K. Lloyd or the Secretary at the school.

Association ties (13/9) and scarves (25/6) are also available from the Secretary.

President:	The Headmaster.
Chairman:	Mr. Ron Sammons.
Secretary:	Miss Margaret Richards.
Assistant Secretary:	Mr. Nigel Bailey.
Treasurer:	Miss Lesley Bridgewater.
Committee:	Messrs. Philip Woolridge, Roy Sammons, Geoffrey Shakespeare, Brian Barnard, Miss Jane Pritchard, Mrs. D. Tolley and Mrs. M. Harper.

Note: It was proposed at the A.G.M. that a News Letter should be incorporated in future editions of the school magazine for circulation to members. In order to make this possible, would members keep the Secretary posted about their activities?

* * * *

The Association would like to thank Mr. D. V. Ginn for his past services. He has been a conscientious committee Staff representative over the years, and we wish him well in his new appointment. He is replaced by Mr. T. Baker who now joins Mr. Lloyd and Miss Dale on the committee.

Cambridge University 6pts. Oxford University 8pts.

"GOOD morning, Sir; Reception calling; the time is 8-30 a.m." "Thank you", I said, emerging from whatever it was I had been dreaming of. I did not need to rack my brain to recall that dream — I had had it for the past two weeks — the scores equal, me picking up the winning pass, and scoring in the last seconds. Now the days of dreaming were gone; there was no turning back. I glanced nervously at Nick Martin, my room-mate, looking for some sign of comfort; his beaming smile put me at ease, but his "Never mind, Bob, it will get worse", certainly did not. How many times had I looked forward to this day during the previous ten weeks of sprint, jump, tackle, ruck, and sprint again? The final selection had been made a week before; we had been awarded our "Blues", but that mattered little now; that was just a blazer or scarf to be worn with pride in the future. Our immediate horizon stretched no further than 2-15 p.m. on Tuesday, December 6th — the only day that mattered in our lives, the day that in our young lives was the one most feared but most coveted. We knew we were prepared tactically, and there was now only the performance itself, with all its possibilities. Were our tactics right? Would certain players stand up to the strain? Would I stand up to the strain? Could we contain the opposition's strong features? Soon we would know.

Breakfast was a quiet affair overall, everyone looking to Brian Rees for that comforting nod which can mean so much at such a time. The packing followed and then came the donning of blazers — the ritual of the "Old Blue" holding the jacket for the "New Blue". At 11-30 a.m. we meet in the hotel lounge, all a little embarrassed by our clothes, and even more so by our self-evident discomfiture of spirit. As usual, there were the efforts at humour, tolerated if not appreciated. The coach whisks us off to our luncheon venue, and we begin to see the crowds heading to the East. Perhaps it is the police escort which brings it home; locked once more in the coach there is no escape; one hour is left, and it is the last hour of our lives. A sort of hysteria overcomes one or two but the dressing room calms us down. The telegrams make us realise who and what we are playing for, what we have to live up to, and the examination of the pitch is done reverently.

The final half-hour flies by; the captains toss; and this is it. We are out first, the coconut matting is under our feet, and then comes the surging roar of 55,000 voices, slowly dying down until the appearance of our opponents.

The game I can only remember through a dull haze; 80 minutes have never passed so quickly. No longer overawed by the occasion, we set out to pull back the Oxford lead. Twice we get within two points, but the kicks fail, and it is 6-8, with three minutes to go. We know that their pack is wilting but can we press home our advantage? The final whistle blows, and the emotional tension of ten weeks just overflows. It is difficult to remember those first few moments when defeat became a reality. Everyone of us sat and wept solidly for a quarter of an hour at least, and not one of us was ashamed of our tears, or the effects which had so nearly brought tears of victory. Soon the pain of defeat is dulled by the wine of celebration and we all realise that, as a team, we have probably realised our full potential. I personally am left with the happy feeling of having experienced an occasion reserved only for a lucky few, but still that dream haunts me, now based on the actual incidents of the game. Thoughts like these are the essence of the game, this match in particular; it is difficult to express the emotions rekindled every time I now go to put on my Blue blazer. Whatever they are, they are eminently worth the weeks of sweat and worry.

R.E.B.

WHO ARE THE SICK?

- Lourdes —
A Bathchair and a cheap souvenir.
- Lourdes —
A crowd at a Shrine and a crowd in a Supermarket.
- Lourdes —
An invalid sick from an attack of polio and a person suffering from a surfeit of ice-cream.
- Lourdes —
The chant of "Ave Maria" and the sound of a transistor.
- Lourdes —
A prayer costing nothing in a dimly-lit chapel and a Coke costing 2/6 in a street cafe with the sun burning down.
- Lourdes —
Where Christians come in a desperate plea for help and where Catholic Irish schoolgirls have their photos taken.
- Lourdes —
Where the firm walk, watching the crippled children being blessed by a priest.
- Lourdes —
Where the crippled children are pushed along, watching the firm being blessed by a shopkeeper.

Who are sick?
The Infirm or the makers of our Society?
Who will deserve the most mercy?
Who will need the most mercy?

M. DONITHORN, L6C.

ANTS

In a massive, black horde they stripped the forest

Of all its bounteous life.

Creatures of all kinds ran in terror before them,
The once lush, green forest was transformed to stark, dark skeletons;

The ants had arisen to conquer.

They sweep down onto plantations
Destroying everything in their path.

Men try to kill them, to crush them,

But still they come on;

The ants do not fear death.

Animals and humans fear ants alike,
Although an ant is so small.

If ants were just larger they would rule the world,

For ants in their millions are greatly feared.

JOHN LOMAS 3A

THE STREAM

Slowly on it's way it goes,

Now fast,

Then slow again,

Over rocks, and through the meadows,

Tossing, swirling,

Leaping on,

Now it forms a waterfall,

Cascading, rushing down,

Never stops, but on

Foaming as it leaps the rocks.

Towards the river bank,

To join the river

The rushing, roaring river.

CAROL HERON, 3A

“WHICH?”

EXCUSES for all manner of transgressions in schools are becoming more and more the “sine qua non” of today’s go-ahead grammar school pupil. With this important fact in mind, our team of experts has been investigating the types of excuses available to the modern pupil who wishes to have something up his proverbial sleeve which will be appropriate in any conceivable set of circumstances likely to befall him. Readers may wish to choose which excuses fit their own personal needs best. It was found that excuses should be classified into the following types:-

(1) **The “All-purpose Excuse”** This is generally of the type, “I have not done my homework/brought my P.E. kit/brought my dinner money (delete where necessary) because I was away when the others were told about it”. This excuse is a good reliable one on the whole, but our experts uncovered a number of drawbacks. The main one was that the original task might still be required to be done in addition to a further task. The main purpose of an excuse would then be defeated; more energy would be being expended than the original task would have taken. Another important point was that an absence note might be demanded which would otherwise have been forgotten.

(2) **The “Call for Sympathy Excuse”** This was found to be of limited use, depending largely on the gullibility and/or sex of the teacher. The general pattern which had most success was the appeal to the maternal instinct of female teachers (“My baby brother was sick on my homework and I had to throw it away.”) [What - the baby? —Ed.] or the sociological sympathy of the “do-gooder” (“I couldn’t finish it because I had to look after my twenty-five brothers and sisters in our terraced house while my mother and father are drinking away all the housekeeping money in the Red Lion.”) The obvious drawbacks to this type of excuse caused the experts to insist that the inventors of this type modify it to make it safer for the general consumer.

(3) **The “Fact is stranger than Fiction” Excuse.** This type of excuse was found to exercise a greater effect than had heretofore been suspected. It was thus given a star of merit for its value to those in desperation. The excuse works on the principle that since, as the name suggests, “fact is stranger than fiction”, the stranger the excuse, the nearer to the truth it will seem to approximate. Latin seemed to act as a stimulus in producing the best specimens of this type; in fact some of the research team had to admit to being dazzled by some of the gems produced by successive 2DE Latin sets. Two stars of merit were awarded to the inventor of the description (heart-rending as it was) of how his dog had died and he had spent all the available time burying it, thus being unable to produce his homework. This excuse had all the merits of type (2) as well as type (3) in that it evoked sympathy.

(4) **The “Mini Excuse”.** This excuse had the worst rating of all excuses investigated since it involved partly telling the truth, thus leaving the user liable to punishment. The Mini excuse had one great virtue, that of brevity, thus cutting out mistakes in delivery and inconsistencies. A typical example is as follows:- “I’m sorry sir, but I left my book on the 47 bus”. or “It just disappeared from my locker.”

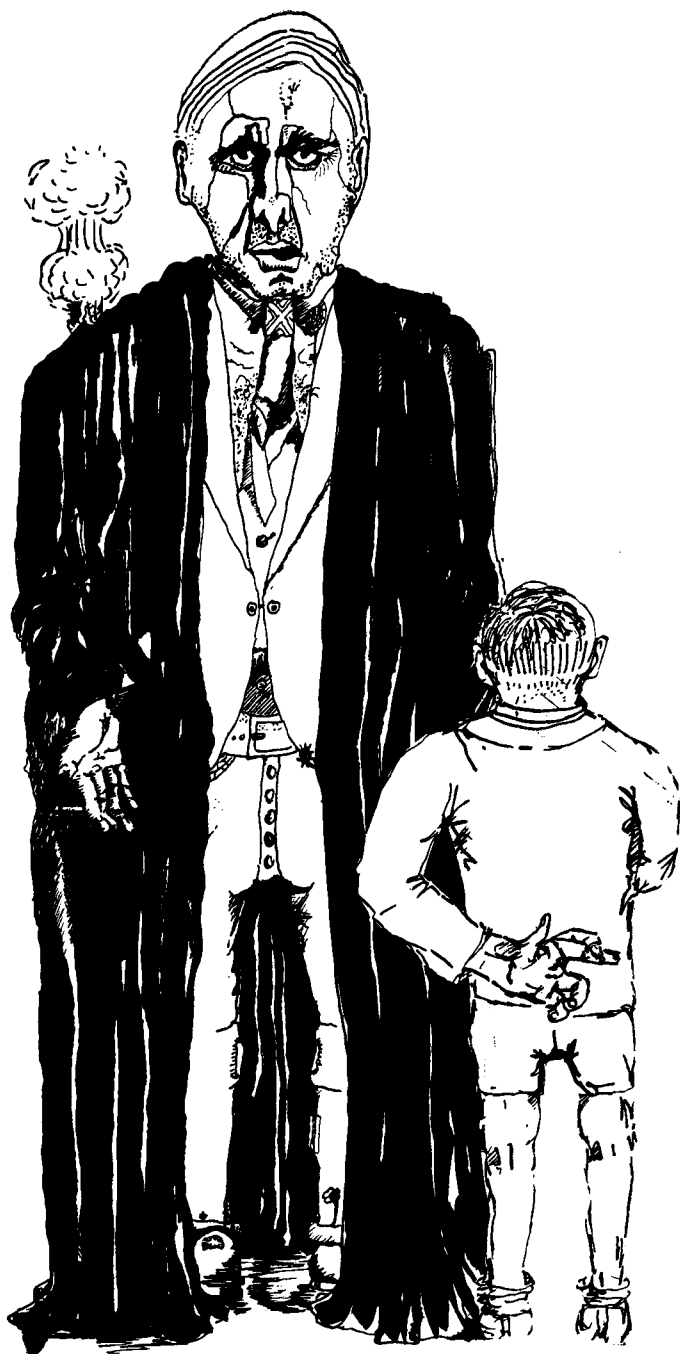


Illustration by David Yorath, L6A

BEST BUY. None of the excuses stood up to the rigorous tests to which they were subjected. The experts eventually gave the title "Best Buy" to a simple written excuse bearing an authentic signature of a parent. Unfortunately these documents were found to be in short supply.

NUPER DIGRESSUS





Illustration by Diana Hallchurch, L6B

FRENCH PLAY

THIS year's dramatic production consisted of four one-act French comedies. Since there was (theoretically at least), a phonetic distinction between the French of the two lower school and that of the upper school productions, the former depended to a great extent on visual effects and involved a less intricate plot.

The first production progressed basically on the theme of the much-upbraided schoolboy ("Le Polton Courageux") eventually proving his worth by foiling the designs of a thief at the school with notable enthusiasm — a quality which pervaded the performance.

The Magic Box ("La Boîte Miraculeuse"), the second of the plays, maintained the enthusiasm of the first, as the boisterous "doctor" effortlessly cured his humorously afflicted patients by admitting each for a period to his box. Such activity did not remain unnoticed by one whimsical servant in something like the garb of Malvolio (cross-gartered in blue and white) and brandishing a feather-duster, who managed, with the aid of the box, to secure for himself one dumb wife.

The two plays after the interval, despite greater reliance on the language itself, were well received. In the first "slice of life", the gullibility of a set of patients was exposed, in exaggerated terms by "l'arriviste" impersonating the doctor. Notable in the performance were the flying speeches, amounting to something like platform oratory, of "l'arriviste" himself, whose swift accumulation of nouns and epithets mingled with cacophonous medical terms left his victims completely convinced, and earned the approbation of the audience.

The final play, "A Louer, Meublé", again involved deception, as two unscrupulous females (remarkably credible) sold a house which they



did not own. The character of the husband, subjected always to his wife's weeping, and the entrance of the original owner resulting in a swift variation between anger imperfectly submerged in logic and confusion leading to dismay (another lacrimal outburst!) provided the play with additional comic ingredients.

As ever, full credit must go to off-stage industry; costumes, make-up, lighting, scenery and to the combined efforts of those members of staff who guided us through the productions, apparently with unflinching optimism.

R. MALLÉN, U6B

CRAZY MIXED UP TITLES

- Down Came the Rain:
Mr. Horne and the Dejected Set.
Sugar Town:
Mrs. Yates and the Domestics.
Down Town:
Mr. Smith and the Permission Boys.
Bend It, Bend It:
Mr. Moreton and the Robots.
I've been a bad, bad boy:
Mr. Draper and the Det. Boys.
She's a dedicated follower of fashion:
Mrs. Aston.
He's got high hopes:
Mr. Stanley and the Overheads.
Hubble, Bubble:
Mr. Ginn and the Alkalies.
The Spanish Flea:
Mr. Montague and the El Gringos.
Mellow-Yellow:
Mr. Merrills and the Artists.
Help!:
The Staff.

RICHARD GETHIN
GRAHAM WHITTAKER } 2D
DEREK PALMER

ODD LIMERICKS

A trumpeter called Alfred Glee,
Ate soap in error for cheese.
That night when he played;
Oh the sight that he made,
Blowing bubbles in six different keys!
* * *

There was a young man from Glengorren,
Who wished that he hadn't been borren;
In his kilt he'd insist
On doing the twist,
Till he strangled himself with his sporan!
* * *

Nero while plucking the lyre
And watching Rome burn in the fire,
Said "My weather forecast
Has come right at last—
As predicted, it's warmer and drier!"
* * *

There was a young policeman who hated
His cheese to be grilled up or grated;
His wife threw a fit,
With a dish he was hit,
And now he's a young copper-plated!

NEIL HYDEN, 2D

THE BIRD

THE sand was frozen hard, and but for those rough waves, I am sure the sea would have been too. Then I saw the bird; it was flying in the flock with the other seagulls, but it seemed somehow different, almost the same size, a little bigger maybe, but the plumage seemed whiter, the beat of the wings prouder, the way it flew more kingly. It flew towards the sea in a majestic swoop, catching a fish from the cold sea.

I suppose a weaker bird might have been a better choice for the lone hawk, which winged that way. I think the hawk must have been young, for no experienced bird would have taken on such a magnificent specimen. The rest of the flock scattered, but the hawk paid them no attention; it changed its path of destruction, homing in on the other bird. The bird seemed to sense its danger and began aeronautical manoeuvres which baffled the hawk. When the snow came down and visibility was lowered, the hawk then made futile attempts to get the other, but blinded by the snow, flew off.

As if on a signal the other birds returned, flying for the shelter of the cliffs. The day itself was dull and grey, sombre as if mourning the death of the sun; only the birds reminded me that I was not the last thing on earth. But in the midst of it all, a bird could show itself so magnificent and kingly, when man was not.

CAROL HERON, 3A

DOVEDALE

ONE showery June morning, an enthusiastic party of first formers under the supervision of six teachers, set off in the direction of Stafford in a fleet of coaches. The destination was Dovedale, although the route was roundabout — Cannock to Stafford, to Leek, and finally to Dovedale. The trip was well organized, and the only unintentional stoppage was for half-an-hour at Leek, where two of the group's females rather absentmindedly mistook the time. The trip was of great geographical interest, particularly the twenty or thirty mile journey through the Peak District north of Stoke. At Dovedale most of the party braved the dangers of Thorpe Cloud in an effort to beat their form colleagues to the summit. Fortunately, nobody was hurt!

The homeward journey was much more direct, and the party arrived back at School at about 7 p.m.

MARTIN BAKER, 2A

THE ALIEN

HIS ancestors had arrived many thousands of years before. After a long search, they had found this planet, only the latest of many they had visited, exhausted and abandoned; here was a species capable of evolving a suitable technology.

The aliens had allowed this species to become their masters, becoming an integral part of their way of life. Through countless generations its masters had advanced, building up their civilisation, while the servants had waited patiently. They had waited for their masters to discover a source of power which needed no control, which could provide warmth for many years, before they left the planet in the spacecrafts their masters had built.

Now the masters had electric heaters, controlled by atomic power stations that could go on producing electricity for thousands of years. The servants were ready to take over; a few of the masters would be needed to control the spacecraft, but the rest would die.

Soon there would be unlimited warmth; soon he would have a shelter of his own; soon he would have a mate all of the time, instead of just when the masters wanted more servants. He would be able to hunt his food, not be forced to eat the dead flesh his masters fed him. He wagged his tail with joy; what more could a dog want?

J. WOOLLASTON, Schol. VI

THE RIVER

On and on the river flows,
For many miles its green bank goes.
Foaming, bubbling over rocks,
Passing many large sheep flocks.

Passing cows and horses too,
Passing houses old and new.
In a tempestuous waterfall,
The water cascades, then falls.

Sometimes the flow is very small,
Often greatest of them all.
See the fish that in it swim,
Beneath its waters, cool and dim.

Flowing on towards the sea,
Crashing onwards ever free.
See how all the fishes flee.
Before it meets its end, the sea.

CAROL HERON, 3A



Illustration by David Yorath, L6A

THE PIRATES

Pirates are big, pirates are bold,
Who sailed the seas in the days of old;
Robbing ships of their treasure,
Doing this for fun and pleasure.

Grappling on to other ships
With knives between their teeth.
The crews they try to fight them off,
But failed and so retreat.

J. HARRISON, P. SEAGER, 2D

REMEMBERING

Remembering . . . hot lazy summers when we
played all day,
. . . cool busy autumns with bare trees and
howling winds,
. . . cold foreboding winters with numerous days
beside the blazing fires,
. . . mild springs welcomed with the friskiness of
a lamb,

Remembering . . . the happiness and the sorrow,
. . . the joys and the fears,
. . . the hopes and the disappointments,
Remembering . . . bygone years.

KAY LOMAS, 3A

RUDD OF THE RODEO

The boys were making merry
In the shack of Dan McGrew.
The tough and towsey cowboys
Were lining up for stew.

Suddenly a shot rang out.
A man fell to the floor
And Rock Rudd with smoking guns
Was standing at the door.

"Why did you shoot?", said Dan McGrew,
"The boy was only sitting",
Said Rocky Rudd, "That no good dud
Was SITTING ON MY KNITTING"

NEIL HYDEN, 2D

WRITING A POEM FOR CHENET

Behind a table, piled high
with papers, pen and ink,
in a chair, by far too small, sit I,
trying hard to think.
My paper's grimy and so torn,
my pen does nought but leak;
So there I sit all forlorn,
on the chair that has a squeak.
On I go into the night,
with inspiration none;
alas I have but one weak light,
and all my friends have gone!
The clock strikes nine, and from my pen
no words of wisdom flow;
Defeated, I give up right then,
and sadly homeward go.
It seems I'm not cut out to be
a poet, brave and true,
but doubtless as that is to me,
I hope this pleases you!

GAIL BALI, 3A

LIGHT

Little heavens shining bright,
Lighting up the world by night.
Stately lamposts line the street,
Light the way for many feet.

Electric light in modern day,
All the rooms it will array.
Firelight flickering on the wall,
Making all the figures tall.

Sun by day and moon by night,
This is our great main source of light.
Tiny things give light as well,
Glowworms shine down in the dell.

What would we do without our light?
What would we have to light the night?
What would we have to light our room?
If we had neither sun nor moon.

LYNN PEDLEY, 1X

PAGINA LATINA

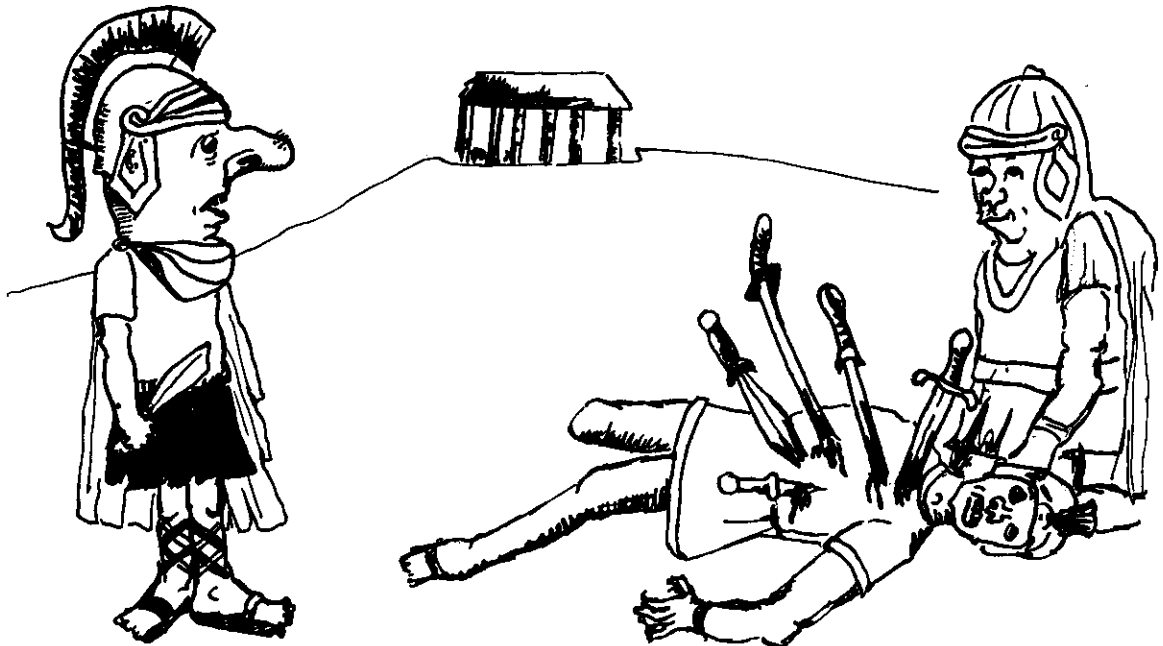


Linda Winton, 3A

IOCA

Puer aegrotans se non diu victurum esse putans, ad medicum ivit.
Pueru scrutato medicus "ad harenam," inquit, "ire non debes neque dulcia edere.
Tibi autem diligentius studendum est."
Tunc puer: Ita diutius vivam, o medice?
Medicus respondit: Immo, id solum diutius videbitur!

A. CARPENTER, 3A



DIC MIHI NUM HIC MILES SIT MALE VULNERATUS

Kay Lomas, 3A

MUSIC NOTES

THIS year's musical activities have not been as numerous as in the past, due to a lack of the usual local visits from professional companies and orchestras. They did however manage to be both full and varied.

At the July concert, we said goodbye to three prominent members of the school's music department. They were Jean Baker, Michael Plant and Duncan Connor, who all contributed in an important way to the concert, by playing solos. The school can now boast two choirs as well as two orchestras. The junior choir, newly founded by Mr. Hunter, has shown itself worthy of inclusion in future programmes, with its rendering of Holst's "Song of the Shipbuilders" and other traditional songs. The senior orchestra performed works by Sullivan, Britten, Handel and Mr. Gange.

Following this came the slightly more ambitious production of the St. Nicholas Cantata", by Benjamin Britten, which filled the second half of our concert in February. We are grateful for the help of Mr. Michael Clarke who took the part of St. Nicholas, the professional string quartet and Miss Daphne Appleby, a former pupil of the school. The junior and senior choirs, after many rehearsals gave a reasonable performance of this difficult choral work. The first half of the concert included both choirs and orchestras.

At the beginning of December a party comprising mainly staff and school went to Manchester, to see the Manchester College of Music's production of "Die Walkure" by Richard Wagner. Despite the ambitious programme, the entire performance was excellent, and was very much enjoyed by the whole of the party. Our appreciation was shown on the way back, when the singing on the coach almost equalled that to be heard in Manchester. At the time of writing another trip is being organised, to see a D'Oyley Carte production of "Ruddigore" by Gilbert and Sullivan, in April.

Some members of the senior orchestra are also in the County Orchestra, while an even larger number are members of the recently formed Cannock Youth Orchestra and took part in a concert given in the Youth centre just before Christmas. Part of the programme consisted of Haydn's Trumpet Concerto, and we were grateful to Mr. Gange for providing his Christmas Overture as the final item and for helping out in the viola section.

Philip Leah played the flute in Cannock Operatic Society's production of "The Merry Widow", and also in Wolverhampton Trinity's production of "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore". In March a small section of the senior choir went to Hanley to perform in Miss Smith's annual production of "The Passion according to St. Matthew" by J. S. Bach.

Next year the music department hopes to reach even greater heights by giving enough support to tackle a full scale musical work.

STELLA THACKER, L6C

Folk Club

THERE have been regular meetings of the Folk Club, which have been well attended in the past year.

As a result of its popularity we have been able to invite guests from outside schools. The Chase Folk, a well known local folk group, have made numerous appearances, as well as the regular performers inside school.

We have been pleased to welcome members of Staff, who have entertained us with their hidden talents. Mr. Sutton brought along his banjo and trombone, much to the delight of the audience; Mr. Skinner performed pieces of drama and poetry, which were much akin to folk music. Mr. Merrills, who has kept his talent hidden for so long, has recently been forced into the open. He now entertains us with songs with a difference, unaccompanied.

At the beginning of the year we succeeded in forming a Folk Group, consisting of two guitarists, a bass player and a singer. They were very well received, but after a short run they split up owing to lack of time for practice. However they have continued to perform individually. We have exploited musical talent even further by incorporating a flautist and an harmonica player. As Folk Club has progressed it has become more apparent that it tends more towards being a music society rather than an actual Folk Club. Undoubtedly the main theme is that of Folk music, but as it is our heritage and recognised as being cultural, we have been able to incorporate other arts.

Although well attended by all forms, it is the Sixth form who show the greatest enthusiasm to perform; the lower school are more eager to listen than to participate. A good example of this would be the "Sixth form male voice choir" who sing very slow mournful songs. To add light relief, another choir was formed from a good proportion of the tone-deaf people in the Sixth. This only goes to show that everyone has his chance at Folk Club.

It is to be hoped that next year will prove as successful as this one has been.

JENNIFER GALLATLEY, U6B

The Debating Society

THIS year has seen the first attempt to form a regularly-meeting Debating Society in the School. Deb. Soc. has tried to organise debates to cover all interests, some serious, some light-hearted, and to keep a balance between the two. It has brought speakers from the Staff, Lower and Upper School into conflict. We hope that the initial enthusiasm will continue throughout the years, that more interest will be shown in the Upper School in particular, and that any apathy in Current Affairs and Social problems which existed in the School will disappear, and that people will have greater interest and awareness of things going on about them.

J. D. G.

Due to the great interest shown in the Lower School, a Junior Discussion Group has been formed to meet on Fridays. This caters for more informal discussions among members of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd forms.

It is hoped that the Debating Society will eventually be able to leave the organising of J.D.G. to its members and merely to assist in an advisory capacity.

M. DONITHORN

WHY?

We live, we are sick, we die; why?
Everything dies; why shouldn't we?
We are no better than the rest; so we die.
We are no better? Indeed we are worse,
Fighting, killing our brothers, our friends.
We kill each other. We are the source
of bombs, all kinds of dreadful plans,
Made to kill, but why should we
Punish our fellow men with hands
So bloody, with the countless wars,
Long ended. So we work, learn, get home,
sit in front of warm fires and no cause
have we to think of the empty mouths,
bare skins, full graveyards, the needy poor,
the countless thousands we need to house.
It's been said before, will be said agin;
So before we all kill each other,
I say a million times,

Amen.

PETER M. UTTON, 4E

Christmas

I LOVE Christmas; I love the bustle and hurry and rush of the pre-Christmas weeks. All the jostling crowds, getting those last few presents for relatives they hardly ever see. Laden with brightly coloured parcels they make their slow passage homewards, to a warm fireside, a gaily decorated home.

I love, too, the joy and excitement of wrapping parcels, whose shape is always wrong and for which there is never enough paper. Fingers covered with sticky tape which sticks to nothing but its owner. Then, at last, to hide away the finished article, smothered in tape and very little paper.

These things are all a very important part of my Christmas. So, too, are the flushed and beaming faces of little brothers or sisters, who are bursting to tell you what they've brought you, and only just contain their enthusiasm.

Then comes the putting up of the decorations. Dad, perched precariously on a wobbly stool, pinning up streamers. The cries of encouragement and shrieks of warning, from Mother, who always says "It's the last time", but never means it.

The hunts for presents in unlikely places. The little things which altogether mean Christmas, while by themselves they are nothing.

At last, the tree is put up, resplendent in all its tinsel, mistletoe glittering glory. Will it be too big? Will it be too small? Will it be safe on the stool? The thousand and one bulbs and baubles glitter and dance. It is safe!

Then, Christmas Eve, the long never-ending night; the tightly closed eyes, the frown of concentration as we seek elusive sleep, in vain. Cries of "Is it morning?" and sighs of longing and disappointment on seeing the empty stocking.

Christmas Day! At last! He's come! The cold lino on the floor, the morning sky, still dark. The presents which stubbornly refuse to leave that stocking. The parcels which are now wrapped so tightly our fingers can't undo them. Then at last the moment of joy, as the gifts are revealed in all their splendour, before our eager eyes.

Then, oh! that Christmas Dinner! The succulent chicken or turkey, cooked to perfection. Afterwards, we tell ourselves we can eat no more, whilst clearing the plate yet again.

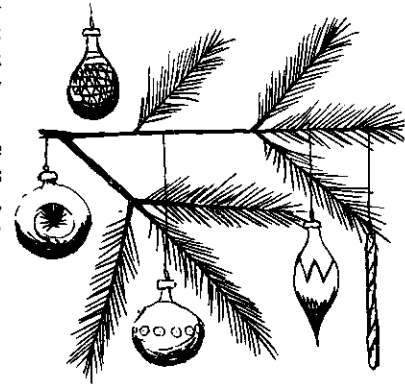
But we always find room for a piece of the Christmas cake, despite our earlier protests. Yes, there is always room for the cake; it would be sacrilege if there wasn't.

Round and fat and white, it looks like snow on the lawn. The many decorations glisten and shine. And when the great cake is cut, the aroma fills the room, or it seems to me. This is my Christmas, all rolled into one. Everything I have waited for, all the year, everything that is Christmas to me is conveyed in that one luscious smell. The rich spiciness of the dark, fruity cake is the height of my Christmas, and it proclaims Christmas to me, in every sense of that expressive word.

I would not really miss the Christmas Tree or decorations, but without the cake, Christmas is nothing for me.

Yes, I love this time of the year, with its snow and log-fires and lovely decorations. When all is happy and everyone is friends. Yes, I love Christmas.

GAIL BALI, 3A



Alan Mayes, L6A

HYDRATED RECOLLECTIONS

"THE rain in Spain falls mainly in the plain" — but in Wales it falls mainly on Snowdon. After drying out, this was the conclusion reached by the gallant band of Sixth Formers when they braved the precipitous (pun) wastes of Snowdon.

The aim was to achieve the supreme Celtic elevation but to be perfectly frank, and honest, and reasonable about this, the surfeit of aqueous fluid and the excessive atmospheric turbulence meant that only the lesser contours were scaled. The expedition set out in the already adverse conditions on an easterly ascent battling against the Niagra-like torrents.

After reaching super-saturation and having traversed numerous Noahic expanses, the historic decision was made to forsake our forlorn task and retrace our amphibious steps. Sharing a barn with fleecy, barbaric natives we divested ourselves of our sodden rai(n)ments (a further pun) and attempted to dehydrate them by various devious means.

On the return journey from the flooded terrain of Snowdon, we paused a while to satisfy our nutritious requirements in the hospitable establishments of Llangollen.

N.B.—In a word — We went to Snowdon. We got wet. We came down and we went home.

P. TAYLOR, L VI C
R. CRITCHLOW, L VI A

DEATH

Death, an eternity, darkness without an end,
Death, with no ambitions, no hopes, no joys,
yet with no fear, no pain, no anxiety,
Existence without feeling or emotion,
Death.

Death, an eternity after the span of life,
Death, darkness after light, rigidity after
motion,
yet relief after pain, freedom after the captivity
of life,
Existence without feeling or emotion,
Death.

KAY LOMAS, 3A

ON February 17th, on a Friday evening, a party from the school, made up from the Sixth Form and the Staff, went to the Victoria Theatre in Stoke to see a production, in English translation, of two plays from Greek and Roman times; "The Electra" by Sophocles (a Greek tragedy) and "The Pot of Gold" by Plautus (a Roman comedy). Quite an ambitious production for a small provincial theatre, both plays being admirably done. In the former, although the chorus was reduced to two, the effect of seeing the play in the round enhanced its overall effect.

The latter was an enjoyable earthy Roman comedy with the actors doing much ad-libbing. Essentially the same actors performed in both plays, making the transition admirably. The final touch to the trip was added by the sight of Warren Mitchell (of "Till death us do part" fame) among the audience.

D.C.P.

MYOPIA

Tall and gaunt,
Upon the hill,
Alone the building stands;
A place equipped for devil's work,
But built by mortal hands,
No curtains hang,
For these blind eyes,
No carpets on the floor;
The building is so stark and bare,
Where one must work for evermore.
Each morning,
Groaning, grumbling,
The prisoners shuffle in;
Although they are not chained,
They know they cannot win.
The warders,
Clothed each one, in black,
Express their great desires,
That our immortal souls be saved,
But we know they are liars.
The world,
Outside and free,
Ignores the patient pleas;
We beg them to release us,
But they just smile with ease.
What is this light facade,
The short-sighted world
Can't penetrate for mirth?
It's commonly known as school
But to us it's hell on earth.

GAIL BALI, 3A

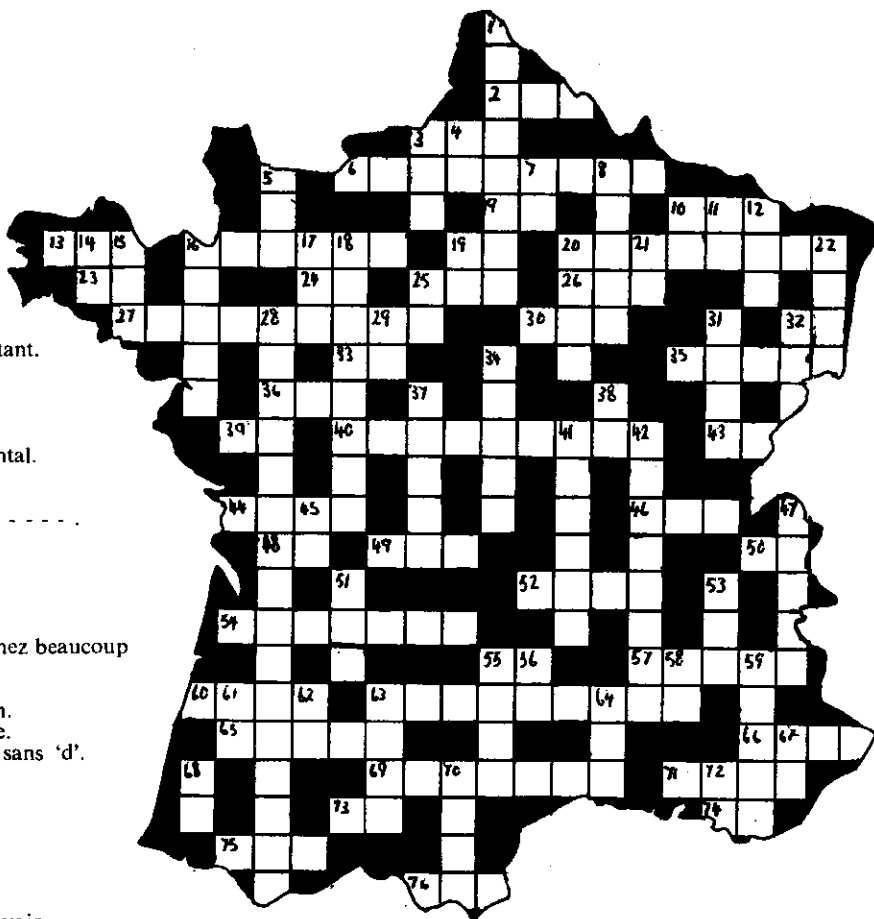
HORIZONTALEMENT

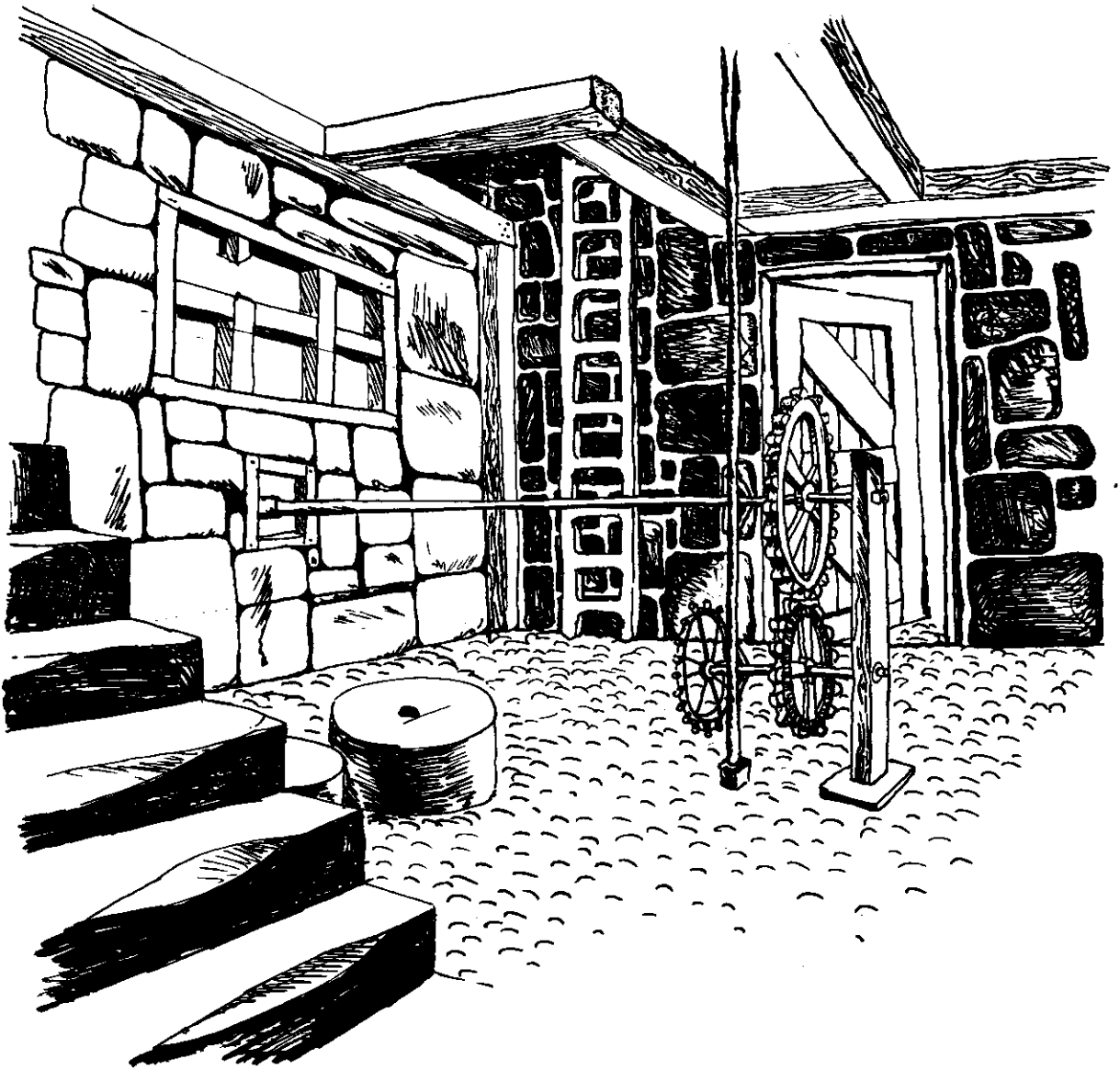
2. Un cri de douleur.
3. Singulier de 10 horizontal.
6. Nom de fille.
9. Singulier de 32 vertical.
10. Pluriel de 3 horizontal.
13. Ce chien, mais - - - vaches.
16. Pays américain.
19. Contraire de non.
20. Illisible?
23. Il - - baigne.
24. Singulier de 25 horizontal.
25. Pluriel de 24.
26. Les Anglais en boivent beaucoup.
27. Un vin.
30. Une route dans une ville.
32. Singulier de 32 vertical.
33. Singulier de 32 vertical.
35. Beaucoup de monde pense que les Beatles sont - - - - -.
36. On la boit.

39. 76 sans queue.
40. Pas vite.
43. Une note.
44. - - - - ou face?
46. Le mari de la reine.
48. Participe passé de devoir.
49. Une partie du corps.
50. Exclamation.
52. Pas tout.
54. Couper la gorge.
55. 3 horizontal sans tête.
57. Un fleuve de France.
60. Beaucoup de monde y dort.
63. Un savant.
65. Poil du mouton.
66. On peut y trouver beaucoup de trains.
69. Beaucoup d'élèves vont à l'école en - - - - -.
71. Un parent?
73. Participe passé de boire.
74. Singulier de 25 horizontal.
75. Pas mou.
76. Contraire d'ouest.

VERTICALEMENT

1. Une langue.
3. On y met des achats.
4. Voyez 55 horizontal.
5. Pas mal.
7. Mot d'interrogation.
8. Féminin 15 vertical.
10. Contraire de non.
11. Conjunction.
12. Jus.
14. Je suis, tu - - .
15. Pas sous la pluie.
16. Contraire de froid.
17. Dieu oriental.
18. Un homme très important.
19. Me, te, - - .
20. Une boîte.
21. Une note.
22. Pluriel de 36.
25. Singulier de 25 horizontal.
28. Il fait des tours.
29. Sans vêtements.
31. Allez au travail sur un - - - - .
32. Pluriel de 9.
34. On y attend l'autobus.
37. 41, sans 'r'.
42. Pas bon.
45. Participe passé de lire.
47. Une dame que vous aimez beaucoup est - - - - .
51. Une époque.
53. Un mot d'interrogation.
55. La capitale norvégienne.
56. La maison de l'oiseau sans 'd'.
58. Voyez 38.
59. 18 le fait en France.
61. Singulier de 64.
62. Mais non, mais - - .
63. Tout le monde l'a.
64. Pluriel de 61.
67. Une pièce de Rome.
68. Participe passé de pouvoir.
70. - - - - bien.
72. Singulier de 64.





THE OLD MILL

Illustration by Alan Mayes, L6C

Standing lonely and deserted,
Walls crumbling around shuttered windows,
Unused doors creaking with age,
Rusted machinery that will never work again.
The old mill.

Solid structure reminding one of past years,
Each part of such a rustic building,
Throwing forth a character of it own,
The old mill.

KAY LOMAS, 3A

Achtung

Demarkationslinie!

I HAD seen the "Iron Curtain" before. It did not exist at the border of Austria and Czechoslovakia, of Austria and Hungary, of Italy and Yugoslavia. It did not exist — just a phrase of Churchill, in one of his more poetic moods. But here in my hand was a piece of pink paper telling me of the Iron Curtain — of the gunning tower, of the bunkers, of the mines, of the barbed wire, of a 5 kilometre line of Germany torn apart by the other side, the Communists.

"Here is the grave of a German who tried to cross the border" continued the guide, informing us of the actions of the Russians, who watched us from their towers 700 metres away; for we were assured that it was the Russians who always acted thus. "They are keeping all the East Germans virtual prisoners" we were assured. "The German people don't wish to be divided, they would not fight against each other".

I looked up from the grave, and beyond the two-foot fence of wooden slats — it was this that was the real border, not that 10 foot barbed wire fence farther off. "Remember, Ladies and Gentlemen, if you tread over that line, you will be shot!" warned another guide to a party of American tourists. They pulled out their coach field-glasses at the ready. Perhaps they would see a real Communist! It must have been very important to them to see what the enemy looked like — after all, most of their taxes went in fighting him. The friends and defenders of the free world had come to see some of their handiwork — but they were just as guilty.

"Step across that little fence" I told myself. "Show the world that the whole farce is ludicrous. Step across! No-one will shoot. Prove that the Iron Curtain doesn't exist. Step across!" I shuddered. I could not fight that fence, that minefield, or that bunker. I could not prove my point. I might have died. Better to live with an Iron Curtain than to die with an iron-spattered body. I hadn't the guts — It's stupid to fight against things set down by governments. It was stupid to fight against Hitler and France. If they said Jews had to be

killed, well, they had to be. We cannot do anything about it, if we haven't the courage. If I dare not try to prove something, how can I expect anyone else to fight against anything? "The Communists have troops to guard the border — we have not," continued the guide. I noticed a West German policeman on guard, complete with helmet and machine gun, but he was not a soldier, and the West Germans do not guard the border with troops — only armed police!

M. DONITHORN, L6C

THE DEER HUNT

My heart begins to pound
As I run from the hunter's dogs;
I bound over hedges and leap over streams.
I feel my heart will burst,
But I dare not stop to rest;
So I run through the bracken,
Fleeing for my life.

I hear the horses close behind me
And the yelping of the dogs;
So I go on bounding o'er
The fields, the marshes and the plains.
I cannot run for much longer;
So I pray they give up soon,
I pray they give up soon.

MARY O'HARNEY, 1B

MISTRESS TINY MOUSE

Silently, quietly, not a sound,
For the kitchen cupboard I am bound.
My name is mistress tiny mouse,
And now's the time to see the house.
I wonder if that cheese is there,
Ah! Yesterday I had my share.
I wonder what is that, "Tick, Tock",
Last night it gave me quite a shock.
I'll eat that loaf tonight I think,
And from that cup I'll have a drink.
I've had enough, I'm homeward bound,
Sh, quietly, not a sound!

ELIZABETH DEGG, 1Z

Australian Schools

THERE are three types of schools in Australia, the most popular being the State Schools.

These government schools are built up on new ideas. They are planned so that a student may express himself to the full.

One important feature is the "Guidance Officer". This person, usually a woman, is there to smooth out problems of any kind. If a teacher seems to "pick on you", you go to her, and if you were in the right, the teacher may be reprimanded!

Geography and History are taken as one subject and called Social Studies. Boys take Metal Work, Woodwork and Technical drawing. Girls take Cookery, Sewing and Art.

Subjects may be chosen by pupils according to their ambitions. For example, a girl may

take Domestic Science and Shorthand Typing, and a boy may take Science A — Anatomy and Chemistry, or Science B — Physics and Biology.

There are no school dinners, but all pupils sit on the lawn and eat sandwiches, giving the appearance of a large picnic.

At the end of the term and of the year, school picnics are arranged, and all including the teachers participate. There is also a social or party for each age group.

Exams are taken at 15 ('Junior Certificate') and 17 ('Leaving Certificate'). Then there is Matriculation and University.

The prospects in Australia are good and full of life for young pupils.

CHRISTINE SHARMAN

THE TIGERS

Quiet, quiet,
The quiet of dusk.
A rustle in the undergrowth —
A graceful antelope,
Running, jumping, bounding,
Speed.
And then it came,
As silently as a bat skimming through the sky,
Crawling, slinking, creeping . . .
And then a bound,
A cry of pain,
A struggle on the ground.
The tiger looked up,
Blood dripping from those powerful jaws,
An animal of beauty, but . . .
Oh, so terrible!
Capable of killing elephants,
Capable of catching the swiftest antelope;
And those claws!
Bloodstained from many a kill . . .
Saiga, Nilgai, Gotred, Gazelle and Blackbuck,
Tapir, Muntjak, Tahr, and Angali,
All have fallen to this skilful hunter.

NICOLAS MADGE, 3A

THE WIND

The wind is like a hurricane,
A hurricane of draught,
It creeps under doors and in open windows,
The wind is cold,
Cold! Cold!
Cold and draughty,
It surprises you like waves when you are not
looking.
The wind makes things fly around.

The wind makes things rustle,
Rustle as though they were on strings,
Skeletons! and Ghosts!
That's what the wind sounds like,
It will break windows,
If the door is not closed properly,
The wind will smash anything behind it,
The wind is a pest sometimes.

JANETTE SUFFOLK, 1B

THE FROZEN WATERFALL

It stands there like priceless gems,
Glittering in the frosty air,
Just like ghostly paintings,
The frozen waterfall!
The icicles are coloured white and green,
And are as sharp as daggers,
They are as slippy as a toad's back,
The frozen waterfall!
But gradually the sun comes out,
And slowly kills the precious ice,
The water starts to move quite fast,
The winter's life is over,
The poor waterfall!

STEPHEN TITLEY, 1B

The rays of the setting sun,
Glitter on the patterned icicles,
Hanging from the rocks of the waterfall.
The pool at the bottom is as still as those rocks.
The sun is shining but the air is cold.
The sheet of frozen ice shimmering down the rocks
Glams with different colours of the rainbow;
Patterns of different thicknesses of ice seem strange,
Strangely beautiful.

P. SUNLEY, 1B

Illustration by Alan Mayes, L6C



TIMELESS VOID OF EARTH AND HILL — A MEDITATION

Timeless void of earth and hill . . .
The rural scene which plays upon the mind
Is green, and rich, and full . . .
Why then, conceal thy verdure within the hard, cold realm
Of jagged rock and blade,
Of grey screen and acute blast?

Life is found by sons of doting sheep—
Minute faces, which—
As trembling bodies of pink and
Fragile white behind the mother's
Shield now hide—

Ask:
Is this life? The great promise fulfilled?
Exposure to the biting air?
. . . And death to come?

The meagre plea, which barely
Bores its hole in the solid clime,
Is nothing;
Is lost.

The morsel of life at its weakest
Is the evanescent fraction of time.

The scanty creature ventures and peers—
Peers fearfully over the mountain crest,
Yet more world beyond!
Yet more life!

But you are weak and slender,
A mere speck of life:
You are a lamb . . .

Timeless void of earth and hill . . .
Up where the wind slaughters the hardened earth
Is a cold, woollen heap:
— A fragment. Dead for but an hour.
Was life too much for this adventurer
Lying on the crest?
The corpse, unmourned, will blend
With the dead sky.
Survival is agony—so is death.

Likewise the lost lamb
Who mourns each several sin.
Likewise in a fruitless world
Peered He o'er the hill-top,
Beheld a million minds
—His for magic display;
Battled the force and blast of mortal desire.

What is the chance for a form so slight
When, desolate in nocturnal fear,
Is eyed greedily by such wolves
That tear and ravage,
Delighting in lethal sport?

. . . Until the carcass,
Clotted, clammy,
A hideous, putrid heap,
Remains to rot in the wind
And feed indifferent flies.

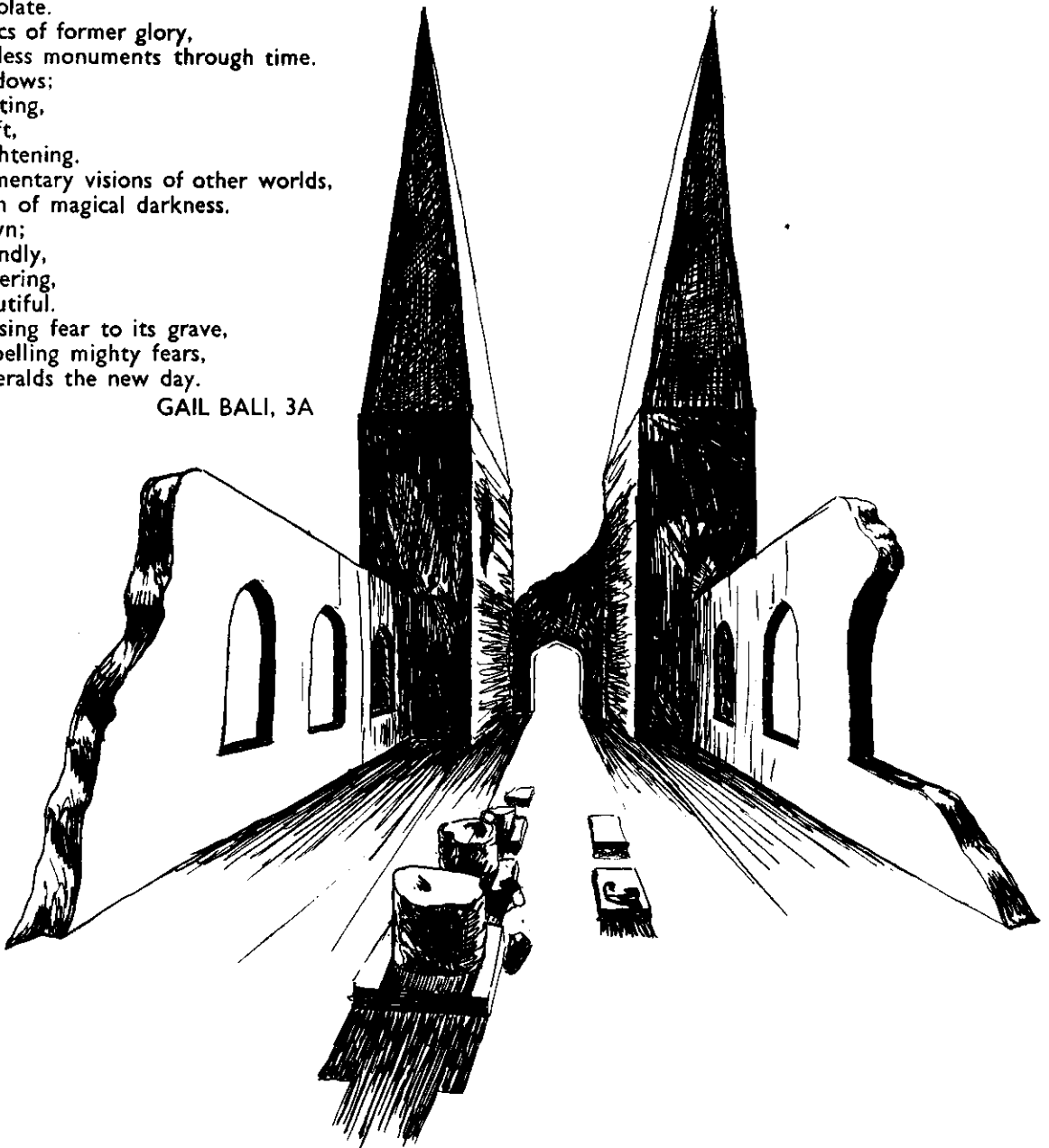
Timeless void of earth and hill . . .
Renascent Lamb is first:
The realms of rock now turn to verdancy:
Hail, rural scene, and play upon my mind!

THE ABBEY BY NIGHT

Spires,
Dark,
Tall,
Forbidding,
Silvered with moonbeams,
Black against the sky.
Ruins;
Stark,
Bare,
Desolate.
Relics of former glory,
Ageless monuments through time.
Shadows;
Fleeting,
Swift,
Frightening.
Momentary visions of other worlds,
Born of magical darkness.
Dawn;
Friendly,
Cheering,
Beautiful.
Chasing fear to its grave,
Dispelling mighty fears,
It heralds the new day.

GAIL BALI, 3A

Illustration by Alan Mayes, L6C



THE WOOD BY NIGHT

My torch cuts the darkness, like a knife cuts
butter.
One thin stream of light surrounded by a wall
of darkness.
The trees seem to loom before me.
The shadows are misleading.
They seem large and creepy.
The twigs crackle beneath my feet.
Noises have a dampness,
They seem lost in the dense fog.
The wind rustles in the trees,
Which have a silvery tint in the artificial light.
Suddenly a moth flutters across my torch's
beam;
Its wings are ragged and brittle and flutter
quietly, almost ghost like.
The whole atmosphere is ghostly and weird,
But the wood by night is beautiful.

LINDA WINTON, 3A

SNOW

Snow is clear,
Snow is white,
Snow is clear,
A delight.
It lies on the ground like a sheet,
People snowball, people meet.

When the ground is covered with snow,
People nearly always go,
Indoors by the fireside,
Scared of it, trying to hide.
People snowball one another,
Snowball their sister, snowball their brother.

When the snow melts and goes away,
Boys long for another day,
When the snow lies on the ground,
With people to snowball all around.
Summer is coming and snow no longer falls,
The boys are getting restless,
And the summer-bird calls,
The white sheet is gone,
And old folk for one,
Are glad that the snow is done.

GILBERT WRIGHT, 1X

THE TUNNEL

Walking down the darkened tunnel,
"Click . . . , click . . . ", a hollow sound,
"Click . . . , the sound of heels on stone;
Musky stone,
Green and slimy,
Dank and bitter
"Click . . . ", the echo shouts.
The walls creep in around,
Hands reach out and grab.
The dim distant light grows bigger.
"Click . . . ", the path turns corners,
The odour comes and knocks you down.

Caskets, barrels, jewels and riches,
Footsteps light and swift,
Dangers rejoicing,
Men of rich and poor alike.
Caskets, wealthy treasures,
Blank hope
Revenue . . .
Poison prison . . .
Trial . . . Death.
Once is long ago, the bats now shun it.
Dead men lay in shady gullies,
Bones now mottled,
Glow worms lie beneath the boulders.
Skulls bear holes of pistol's bore.
"Click . . . ", the light is nearer,
Crashing waves and falling tide.
Gone - - - , the world of loot and booty
Gone - - - , the boat's last hull.

VALERIE SMITH, 3A

INSECTS

Worms, beetles and ants,
All the way from Lancashire to Hants.,
Green ones, brown ones, black or blue,
Flies that fall into your stew.
Ladybirds, spiders, daddy long legs,
Woodworm eating away at your pegs.

Dragon flies, green flies,
Blue bottles too,
Gnats that nibble away at you,
Bugs, wasps and bees,
Butterflies that float in the breeze.
Moths, lice or leather jackets,
Bugs that come in polythene packets.

JACKIE GROVES, LYNNE PARDOR, 2D

The Nature Class

"RIGHT-o children, off to the woods we go. Be careful of the main road; Look right, Look left, all clear? Quick march! Now Molesworth, you should have looked where you were going; look at the poor vicar, you have ruined his trousers; they are all covered in mud now, and his bicycle is in a terrible state. No I am sure he didn't say that word, Molesworth."

"Now children, as we are in the woods, everyone on tippy toes, and listen everyone! What can you hear? Browning blowing his nose? No, not that; it is the call of the Golden Eagle; this has excited me considerably; I . . . knew that the call sounded a little strange, Keggleston, take that peculiar whistle out of your mouth, and hand it to me!"

"Right, everyone scatter to find some specimens, and when I blow my whistle, everyone hurry back to the fairy ring."
Peep!

"Now, what have we here, a worm, Higgins junior? Well I think that we already have enough of those in our museum. Someone's packed lunch, Molesworth? No, I don't think that it would be a very good exhibit. You had a mouse Keggleston; well, where is it? It has only just escaped? Now, now girls, off that bench; it won't hurt you! Giggleswick, I distinctly saw you put that beetle down Mary's neck! Right any further queries? Yes, I know that Bigglesworth is a query, Molesworth, but that wasn't what I meant."

"Now, back to the school! Stop at the main road children; Look right, Look left! Molesworth, I told you before about looking where you were going. I'm very sorry vicar. The vicar said a word Molesworth? What word? Oh!"

"Back to school everyone! We left who behind, Molesworth? Well go back and fetch him!"

JOHN WARING, 3A



T.Caulton.

VOUS NE SAVEZ PAS COMME VOUS AVEZ L'AIR STUPIDE AVEC TOUS CES CHEVEUX

SOCCKER

First Eleven

The first eleven soccer team has had, as was the case last year, a very successful season. The team played eleven games of which 8 were won, 2 drawn and only one was lost. The team continued its winning ways at home, having won every home match for the past two seasons. After some team shuffling at the beginning of the season, a 4-2-4 formation was adopted which proved most effective. The team's best performance was against T. P. Riley's, whose strong team was defeated by 3 goals to one, avenging our defeat of last season. Bailey and link-man Critchlow were outstanding, as was vice-captain Davies, who was the team's top scorer. The team played some excellent attacking football and near the end of the season the team's blended talents produced some excellent teamwork. The fact that the team was comprised mainly of lower sixth and fifth form pupils should ensure the continuation of the excellent record of the school's first eleven. The following players represented the team during the season; Roberts, Bailey, Waltho, Boot, Smith, McAlpine, Cooper (Capt.), Ormrod, Ponder, Davies, Wilson, Cadman, Critchlow and Reece.

R. COOPER, Sch. VI

Second Eleven

Team members showed a great deal of interest in the game and, although fixtures were few, the team enjoyed a good season, including a 5-1 win at Ounsdale. Boot made a competent job of his captaincy and other outstanding players were Gilbody, Richardson, Smallman, Wilson and Somerville. The only other match played was against Rugeley in which the school, after being 3 goals down at half time, recovered well to force a 3-3 draw. We should like to thank Mr. Horne for his refereeing services.

R. GOURLAY, 5A

Under Fifteen Eleven

This year the under fifteen team has done exceptionally well, losing only one of their ten games. We must give our thanks to Mr. Morton for his expert supervision. This year the team has been built around; Henderson, Pritchard, Poynton, Davis, Dunn, Bewley, Weston, Houlston, Maughan, Turner and Nicholls. Houlston, Dunn and Davis went on to represent Cannock District and Houlston and Davis achieved a county trial. The season's record is 10 played, 7 won, 1 lost and 2 drawn. The outstanding goal scorers were: Henderson 10, Dunn 8, Poynton 5. We hope that this success will continue in the coming season.

J. DAVIS, 4D (Captain)

Under Fourteen Eleven

Nine matches were played during the season of which 6 were won, 3 drawn and only one lost. The team scored 23 goals and conceded 16 — which was fairly successful. After a slow start to the season, the team's play improved under the supervision of Mr. Gaunt. The season ended on a high note with 5 consecutive wins. Outstanding displays were against Ounsdale (A) 3-3 where the home team equalized in the closing minutes through a hotly disputed penalty, Regis (H) 4-2 and Smestow (A) 2-1.

J. RYDER, 3C

Under Thirteen Eleven

This year the under thirteen eleven did not have a very successful season and out of the ten matches, 2 were won, 1 drawn and 7 lost. Our heaviest defeat was one of ten goals to one against Rugeley. The most consistent players this season were: Hyden, Westwood, Withers, Kolakovic, Baker, Danks and Palmer.

M. WITHERS, 2E (Captain)

CRICKET

First Eleven

The first eleven cricket team was not very successful last season, despite the good efforts and captaincy of David Bushnell. The main fault was that the batting performances by the side fell short of their better bowling performances. The best performances by the school were put up against Cannock and the Chenetians (we almost drew!), when the team assembled quite reasonable scores. A further rebuff was suffered at the hands of the staff who for the first time in many years succeeded in beating the school. This was due mainly to Mr. Morton who showed his true form in a staff match for the first time. The best bowling performance of the season was by R. Ashforth who took 5 wickets against Rugeley when they were all out for 57 runs. Vice-Captain Aanenson was the one bright spot on the batting side of the team. Team members during the season were: Captain—Bushnell, Vice-Captain—Aanenson, Ashforth, Cooper, Hughes, Dando, Richardson, Gourley, Gill, Hill, Skelton, Nevill, Ormrod, Howard and Piasecki.

R. COOPER, Sch. VI

Second Eleven

Although the season was rather mixed as regards success for the team, all the regular members thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The record for the 8 matches is that we won 2, drew 1 and lost 5. An outstanding performer in all 8 matches was fast bowler Jonathan Sides, who, though still eligible to play in the under thirteen eleven, was the mainstay of the second eleven bowling attack. Despite the excellent performances by Sides, the best aggregate bowling figures went to Nevill whose best performance was 4 for 4 against Joseph Leckie. Sides' best figures were 8 for 17 against Kingsmead. Despite consistently good performances by Piasecki and Sides, the batting of the side was poor, but if it can be improved, I am sure that the team will do well in the future.

Regular Team Members were: McAlpine (W.K.), Baker, Piasecki, Nevill (Capt.), Ormrod, Price, Sides, Austin, Davies, Jones and Hall.

K. NEVILL, U VI

Under Fifteen Eleven

To put it mildly this was a season better forgotten, because, as was the case, last year, the season was disastrous. Daker and Richardson did well as opening batsmen, but echoed the mood of the team in playing too defensively. The only bright spot of the season was the away victory over Tamworth G.S. The home team batted first and after a fine start of 49-2, lost their last 8 wickets in 25 balls for 2 runs, to be 51 all out. This was mainly due to the bowling of Dyke (4-4) and Hargreaves (4 for 10). In reply the school made 52-5. That was the only victory of the season amidst many defeats. We should like to thank Mr. Merrills whose hard work and enthusiasm kept the team together through this difficult season.

R. CRITCHLOW, L VIC (Capt.)

Under Fourteen Eleven

In the main the under fourteen cricket team enjoyed a successful season, losing only one match out of the five we played. Often it was found there were too many players up to standard from which a team had to be picked. There were four new players in the team that had not played for the school before; Philip Turner, Andrew Brown, Keith Dixon and Philip Croxall.

P. UTTON (Captain)

Under Thirteen Eleven

We enjoyed a mixed season — 2 wins, 2 losses. In our first match Regis scored 86-2 and we were all out for 32. In our next match Shire Oak scored 42-8 off 20 overs, to which we replied with 44-7 off 13 overs. In our third match we scored 82-5 off 20 overs, Houston making a good 35, proving enough to beat George Balfour. Our Final Match against Kingsmead was a disaster; they well beat our score of 32 all out, by 34-5.

J. RYDER, 3C

RUGBY

First Fifteen

At the beginning of this rugby season it was feared that Cannock Grammar School's first fifteen would be an embarrassment to the school. During training sessions and practice matches, it was seen that although the team had the potential in the backs, it seemed unlikely that the rather weaker forwards would be able to win the required possession. There was no spirit and little enthusiasm until the choice of R. E. Barker for a Cambridge Blue in December. The fact that he had previously been a pupil at the school seemed to spark off new incentive. Barker came to the school and gave the team several really worthwhile coaching sessions, especially good for the forwards. This together with Smith, Wilson, McAlpine and Baker getting good pre-season experience with Stafford Rugby Club, gave the team a more hopeful look. In the first game of the season against a strong Old Boys Fifteen, containing such players as Barker, Skelton, Bushnell, James, Hinks, etc., the school emerged with a moral victory, although they lost the game 13-0. The 15 heroes in green played undoubtedly well and are to be congratulated on their determination and courage. After Christmas although the team showed flashes of brilliance, they could never quite reach their previous form and lost heart when scored against. This was evident in losses against strong teams such as St. Joseph's College and Adam's Grammar School. The team slowly improved and gave King Edward VI, Stafford a close hard fight, although they still lost 8-0. Eventually things began to click and the team began to play as a unit, for the forwards won good balls for the now impressive backs to run in for try after try. At this stage, near the end of the season, good victories were collected against Shire Oak G.S. 41-0, Brierley Hill G.S. 41-0, Municipal G.S. 33-8 and Queen Elizabeth G.S. 19-5. The policy of the team was if someone was good enough, they should be played, regardless of age. Thus many fifth years were in the team, Henderson of the 4th year held a regular place, and at one stage Ryder, a 3rd year, played for the team.

Scorers for the team were: Henderson 55pts., Wilson 24, Critchlow 18, Smith 12, Cooper 12, Griffiths 9, McAlpine 6, Baker 6 and Hyden 3. Regular players were: Roberts, Critchlow, Smith (Capt.), Wilson (vice Capt.), Griffiths,

Henderson, Cooper, Baker, Nevill, Hyden, Lomax, Madeley, McAlpine, Stanley, Daker, Hargreaves, Ryder, Rotchell, Rowley, Hawkesworth and Armitage. A. R. SMITH, U VI C

Under Fifteen XV

Last season was not very successful as out of six games, four were lost, one was won and one was drawn. Our lack of match experience and an unsettled team were our main disadvantages. Due to the small numbers of good fourth year players, third and fifth formers were imported. Our only victory was a fine 14-0 win against Brierley Hill. Tamworth held us to a 6-6 draw and our heaviest defeat was 0-22 against St. Joseph's College.

JOHN KIRKPATRICK

Under Fourteen XV

This was regarded as an excellent season by the team. It was our first season, so a number of defeats was inevitable. The three teams who succumbed to us were Blake, Brierley Hill and Wednesfield, the latter giving us a good run for our money. The players who shone in this first season were, M. Spence, who was our top scorer with 44 points. At fly-half he controlled a lot of our game and his goalkicking in the later games was superb. R. Caddick stood out because he was the one person who didn't try the impossible, and his scrummaging and line work was invaluable. At the most hated position, that of full back, was K. Rogers, who played gallantly and his sure catching was always something to notice in his game. The two younger players in our team, Shiston and Miller proved themselves worthy of inclusion with some good performances.

J. STEVENS

Hockey

The hockey team began the season as usual with two defeats. The next game an evening match, however was drawn. Suddenly renewed spirit entered the team and the next game was played with determination. Victory was achieved, the first time ever in the team's history. The following matches were also won. However the season ended with a defeat due to the lack of practice caused by the poor condition of the pitches at school and a deterioration in the morale of the team.

R. BROOKES, U VI B (Captain).

Swimming (Girls)

First Year Swimming Club.

This was held on Tuesday Night's from 3-40 to 4-20. There is no set routine, most doing what they like. We are allowed to use flippers and balls, but the large attendance prevents us from holding races. Many non-swimmers turn out and all concerned seem to enjoy themselves.

ANN PHILLIPS, 1Y

Swimmers Swimming Club

This is held on Thursdays after school, with members regularly attending from the second form upwards. Even the bad weather did not deter the determination or reduce the enthusiasm of each member in attending weekly. This has been proved by an average attendance of 25. Most of its members are hoping to attain their Bronze Survival Medal of the Amateur Swimming Association.

CAROL MATTHEWS, 4D

Gym Club

Gym Club commences every Wednesday evening at 3-45 p.m. Miss Brown is present to help with new techniques or to revise old ones with the pupils there. Each week certain pieces of apparatus are worked on with one movement. Pupils either request for these or a vote is taken which apparatus to be used. The whole club then proceeds to work on the movement. The whole idea of the club is to gain a standard of excellence in their work and to achieve a movement necessary for harder work. The attendance this year has not been particularly good, averaging about 10-15 per week, occasionally lower, but rarely higher. A greater attendance might not only lessen the difficulty of learning a new technique together, but also ensure that more could be gained from the club's activities as a whole.

J. GROVES, 2D

Netball

On the whole the netball teams have done well this year in the matches which they played. The weather did n't affect our fixtures. The under 13, 14 and 15 teams especially have done well; and won a large percentage of the games they played. Due to lack of enthusiasm, the first team has been unable to get together as a permanent team, and have therefore played very few games. Next year with more support, we hope to improve.

D. WEST, 5C

DARKNESS

Darkness and chaos,
Hurrying here and there,
A sudden cry —
Tinkle of a broken stalagmite,
Dim forms hurrying around.
"Got a torch?"
"Over 'ere".
Another broken stalagmite.
Slowly the noise lessens —
Drip, drip.
Eternal drips from the stalactites,
Drip, drip.
Will the lights ever come back?
High above,
A chink of light,
Small green ferns,
Growing out of the rock.
"Help, let me out!"
Then the echo —
Hellllp, letttt meee outtt!
I was becoming frightened.
In a few years —
"A skeleton."
Viking or Celtic?
No — me!
Dimly I saw the stalactites,
Horrible and slimy to touch.
"Urrrr".
A shiver ran down my spine,
Long ones and pointed ones,
Thin and pointed,
Thick and stubby,
Like witches' fingers,
Casting dim eerie shadows,
A dog here,
A bear there.

NICHOLAS MADGE, 3A.

Pupils Proceeding to Further Education

Universities

Lesley Bickley	Reading
Carol Bickley	Newcastle
Elaine Busby	Newcastle
Christine Cadman	Sussex
Elizabeth Gilbody	Aston, Birmingham
Deirdre Hall	Durham
Margaret Holt	Nottingham
Cheryl Massey	Sheffield
Ann Perry	Goldsmiths, London
Gillian Pointon	Keele
Rita Proud	Warwick
Keith Alderson	Aston, Birmingham
Alan Biggins	Salford
Brian Bradbury	Leeds
Alistair Gourlay	Manchester Institute of Science and Technology
Christopher Hinks	Keble College, Oxford
Kenneth James	Aston, Birmingham
David Rhodes	Trinity Hall, Cambridge
Brian Skelton	Leeds
Peter Starr-Martin	Aston, Birmingham

Colleges of Education

Jean Baker	Whitelands
Jennifer Bateson	Furzedown
Christine Bewley	Worcester
Patricia Boddy	Derby
Diana Brumby	Totley Hall
Barbara Groome	Wolverhampton
Christine Eccleston	St. Katherine's, Liverpool
Gillian Evans	Edge Hill, Liverpool
Sylvia Fereday	Summerfield
Phillippa Hall	Madeley
Susan Harding	Bangor
Mary Humphreys	Lancaster
Valerie Keen	Summerfield
Jennifer Pritchard	St. Osyth's, Clacton
Mary Sellman	Madeley
Mary Somerville	St. John's, York
Brenda Spencer	Wrexham
Jane Swanson	Weymouth
Diane Tonks	Bognor
Judith Wilkinson	Manchester College of Domestic Science
Pamela Winfindale	Poulton
Keith Aanensen	Winchester
Gordon Atkins	Shoreditch
Sidney Boswell	Madeley
Leonard Burt	Bletchley
David Bushnell	Chester
Paul Evans	Matlock
Bryne Scorey	Edge Hill, Liverpool
Derek Sheasby	Lancaster
Frank Whitehouse	Sheffield

Other Colleges

Barbara Smith	Birmingham College of Commerce
William Anslow	Rugby College of Technology
Duncan Conner	Royal College of Music, London
Adrian Cooper	Birmingham College of Food & Domestic Art
Colin Davis	Rugby College of Technology
John Gill	Stafford College of Art
Bruce Haycock	Stafford College of Art
John Myers	Wolverhampton College of Technology
Michael Plant	Northern College of Music, Manchester
David Spencer	Lanchester College of Technology, Coventry

SALVETE

- IA Patricia Armishaw, Yvonne Barrett, Christine Brickley, Janet Burbridge, Jane Higgs, Yvonne Jones, Lynne Morgan, Lynda Palmer, Ann Reynolds, Marguerite Ricketts, Alison Rigby, Susan Scott, Susan Wylde, Maureen Yardley, Robert Bell, Christopher Bohills, Paul Corrigan, Alan Elcock, Ian Gethin, John Horobin, Paul Madge, Alan Marshall, Michael Morris, David Moule, Michael Perry, Andrew Plant, Kevin Smith, Graham Utton.
- IB Mary Ashton, Anna D'Angelo, Ann Driver, Ivy Hollingmode, Ann Lane, Susan Marston, Mary O'Harney, Christine Palmer, Janette Clegg, Carol Sanders, Anna Strila, Janette Suffolk, Patricia Sunley, Dianne Williams, Carolyn Yates, Jeffrey Allsopp, John Beardsmore, Russell Dent, Ian Harrison, Stephen Law, Alan Moutter, David Parsons, Joseph Poole, Raymond Price, Paul Steventon, Michael Teece, Stephen Titley, Neil Tombs.
- IX Sarah Clarkson, Carole Evans, Elaine Ferguson, Gillian Gilbert, Angela Herrington, Karen Longmore, Lynne Mainwaring, Jeanne Murphy, Lynn Penhorwood, Janet Pope, Catherine Read, Enid Seabury, Elaine Williams, William Bate, David Bell, Glyn Berrington, Nigel Boddy, Barry Davis, Geoffrey Egginton, Michael Gallery, Vaughn Harvey, Stephen Hughes, Phillip Richardson, Kevin Williams, Gilbert Wright, Kevin Youll, Lynn Pedley.
- IY Margaret Ashton, Alison Bromley, Glynis Davies, Barbara Griffiths, Susan Hall, Janet Harley, Jacqueline Hill, Sharon Holmes, Maureen Howarth, Jane Moore, Ann Phillips, Valerie Rawlins, Gillian Shilton, Katharine Solomon, Geoffrey Benson, Stephen Bott, Paul Dunn, Michael Marshall, Gordon Owen, Jonathan Parsons, Malcolm Pearson, Ian Roskell, David Shaw, Colin Smith, Andrew Steed, Paul Wood, Michael Woollaston, James Woolley.
- IZ Gillian Brevitt, Elizabeth Brotherston, Elizabeth Degg, Janet Dunning, Carol Hill, Geraldine Howes, Jacqueline Jones, Shirley Lovick, Mary McCrone, Sharon Pugh, Linda Shields, Susan Williams, Janet Yates, Christopher Bateson, Robert Brevitt, George Busby, John Chiffers, Michael Dutton, Andrew Howell, David Jeffers, David Marshall, Steven Palmer, Michael Reaney, Kevin Sheridan, Steven Small, Nicholas Stanley, Roy Stanton.
- 2B Elizabeth Short, Peter Bowden.
- 2D Yvonne Dunning.
- 2E Christopher Northway.
- 3A John Waring.
- 5A Josephine Bacon, Patricia Dalby, Judith King, Jane Rowe, Patricia Shaw, Meryl Smith, David Westwood, James Whitehouse.
- 5C Suzanne Dunning.
- L6A Christina Brearley, Anne Copley, Jennifer Haywood, Philip Leah.
- L6B Heather Anderson, Angela Pearn, Peter Cadman.
- L6C Susan Gunn, Susan Lloyd, Kevin Madeley, Richard Mountfield.

VALETE

- Schol: 6 (1966) Jean Baker, Christine Bewley, Lesley Bickley, Philippa Hall, Cheryl Massey, Gillian Pointon, Rita Proud, Jane Swanson, Keith Alderson, Alan Biggins, Colin Davis, Michael Plant, Derek Sheasby, Brian Skelton.
- (1967) Drucilla Craddock, Suzanne Dent, Annette Frost, Gill Gibbons, Maureen Jeffers, Jean Phillips, Bramwell Williams.
- U6A (1966) Jennifer Bateson, Margaret Binnion, Christine Cadman, Christine Eccleston, Valerie Keen, Mary Somerville, Diane Tonks, Keith Aanensen, William Anslow, Robert Cooper, Paul Evans, Philip Griffin, Kenneth James, Stuart Richardson, Peter Starr-Martin.
- (1967) Barrie Stephenson.
- U6B Patricia Boddy, Diana Brumby, Gillian Evans, Susan Harding, Rita James, Barbara Smith, Judith Wilkinson, Robert Ashforth, John Gill, Alistair Gourlay, Edward Horobin, Alan Hull, Philip Luke, John Myers.
- U6C (1966) Mavis Belcher, Elizabeth Gilbody, Margaret Holt, Mary Humphreys, Jennifer Pritchard, Pamela Winfindale, Brian Bradbury, Leonard Burt, David Bushnell, Adrian Cooper, Bruce Haycock, Richard Heathcote, David Spencer, Robert Wetton.
- (1967) David Armitage.
- L6 (1966) William Moulding.
- (1967) Susan Taylor.
- 5A (1966) Patricia Beardsley, Patricia Ford, Susan Phillips, Marian Plant, Andre Rogers, Mary Thirlby, Michael Angrave, Duncan Conner, Barry Cope, Paul Dawkes, Michael Goodacre, David Haden.
- (1967) Anthea Newlyn, Jane Rowe, David Stretton.
- 5Alpha Susan Burt, Marilyn Devereux, Margaret Emberton, Valerie Hayward, Suzanne Herrington, Susan Jeffrey, Angela Jones, Marilyn Skivington, David Palmer, Ryszard Piasecki, Glyn Price, Alan Pugh, David Spruce, Graham Stratton, Michael Thacker.
- 5B Kathleen Baker, Jane Bowen, Karen Brickley, Mavis Carthy, Jane Dennis, Elizabeth Goodacre, Susan Gough, Hilary Groves, Patricia Lloyd, Patricia Lomax, Lynn Rowley, Irene Stanfield, Susan Taylor, Anne Thomas, Denise Walsh, Josephine Weetman, Brian Bloxham, Graham Randall, David Smith, David Stretton, Malcolm Walters, Maxwell Wollaston.
- 3E Christine Sharman.
- 2B John Pomfret.
- 1Z Diane Tyler.

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AUTOGRAPHS

